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MOORE'S

RURAL NEW-YORKER

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

—— DEDICATED TO THE ——

HOME INTERESTS OF BOTH COUNTRY AND TOWN RESIDENTS,

—— EMBRACING DEPARTMENTS DEVOTED TO ——

AGRICULTURE, SHEEP HUSBANDRY, HORTICULTURE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, EDUCATION,

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.,

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER FOUR HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS.

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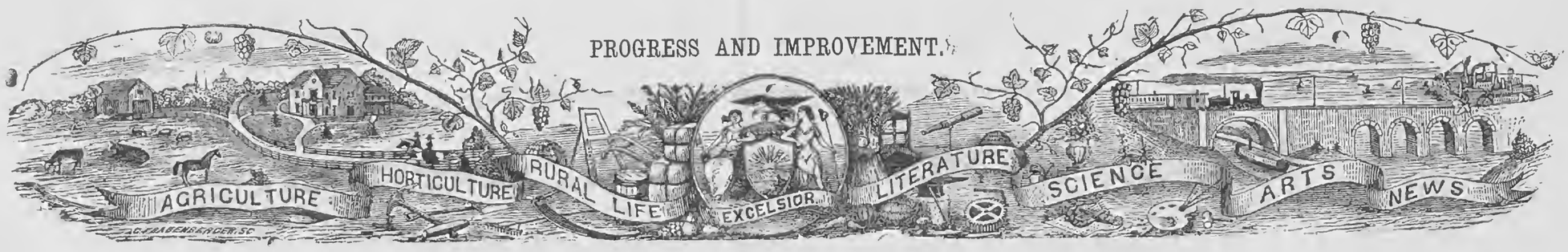

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Parity, and Variety of Contents. Its Conductors earnestly labor to render it a Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining,—adapted to people of intelligence and taste in both Town and Country. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary, News and Commercial Matter, with appropriate ILLUSTRATIONS, than any other Journal,—rendering it by far the most complete RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY AND BUSINESS NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ FOR TERMS and other particulars see 6th and 8th pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

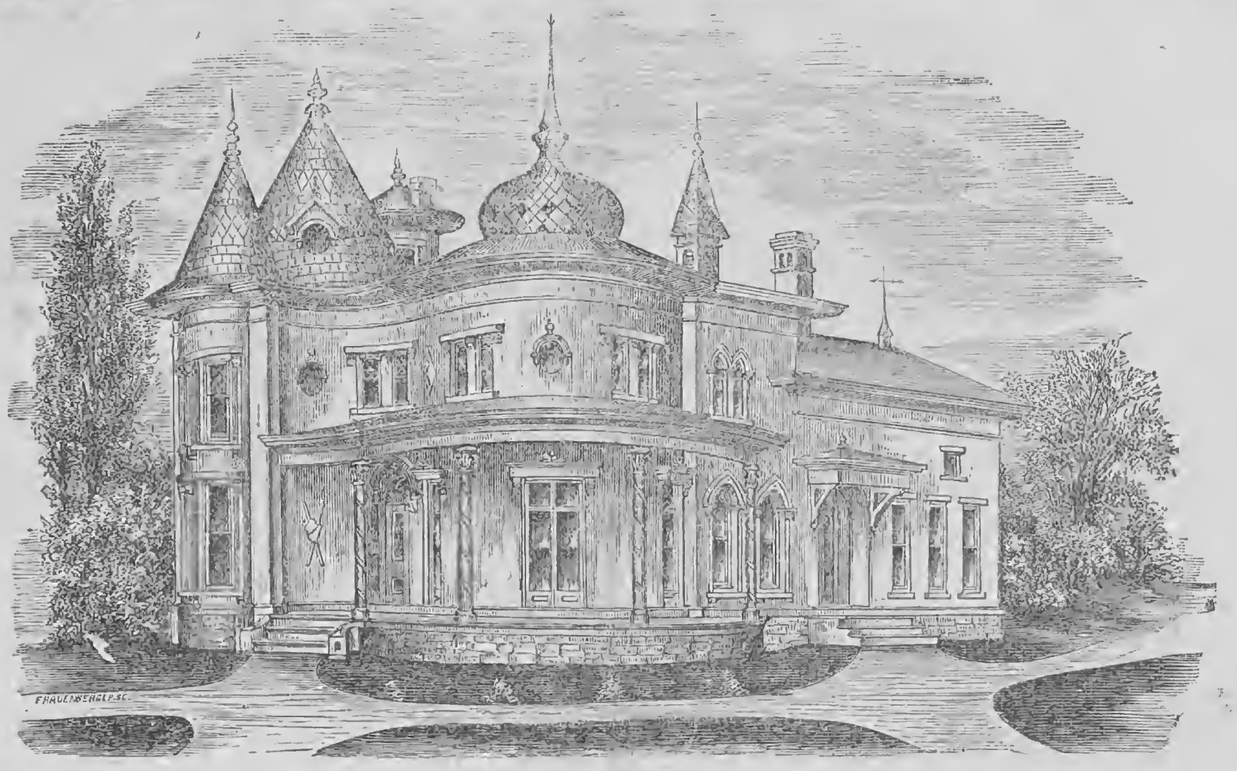
VOLUME XIX—INTRODUCTORY.

READER, before you is the initial number of a new Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Necessarily gotten up in haste, amid the vexations attendant upon a change involving the labor and skill of type-founders, paper-makers, engravers, stereotypers, printers and pressmen, as well as editors and writers, we must still present it as a specimen of the enlargement and improvements promised, though confident that we shall do better in future. And perhaps it is well that the ordeal through which we have passed has prevented us from attaining the perfection desired; for we much prefer to improve as we advance, rather than to start a new volume with extra illustrations, reading, etc., and then retrograde,—a plan "more honored in the breach than the observance," albeit often adopted by respectable journals, and even those claiming superior dignity and ability. *Our* promises are for the *whole volume*, yet we hope to render each and every number acceptable and valuable—equal to the best issues of those papers which make spasmodic efforts to start in a halo of glory, but whose brilliancy usually proves of brief duration.

In presenting No. 1 of Vol. XIX, our first duty—after wishing the reader a "Happy New Year"—is to tender grateful and profound acknowledgments to each and all who have in any manner contributed to the remarkable success and prosperity of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—to its myriads of warm friends and supporters all over the land whose confidence and substantial encouragement have enabled us to so materially enlarge it and introduce corresponding improvements in its Contents, Style and Appearance. As those to whom we are thus indebted are both numerous and widely scattered throughout this broad Union, the Canadas, and even other lands, our acknowledgments must be somewhat Cosmopolitan in character, yet they are none the less cordial and sincere. To some thousands of Contributors, Correspondents, and Agent-Friends, near and distant, we are especially indebted for timely and valuable aid in augmenting both the value and circulation of this journal,—for, without the generous exercise of their ability and influence, it could never have attained a tithe of its present prosperity and usefulness. While, therefore, we return grateful thanks to the multitude of ardent friends who have so kindly and substantially aided the RURAL in the past, we bespeak a continuance of their favors,—and also frankly ask all others of our tens of thousands of subscribers, who can consistently do so, to second our efforts in like manner—by contributing the results of their experience and observation for publication, or efforts to augment and widen its circulation.

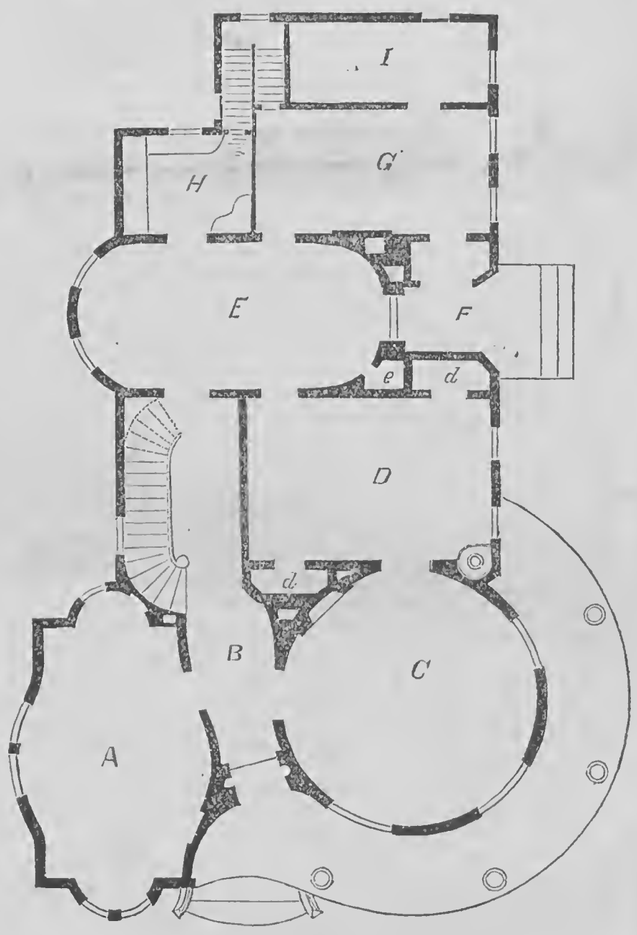
Those familiar with this journal will require no explanation of its character or objects. They know that, with "*Excelsior*" as its inspiring Motto, and "*Progress and Improvement*" for its laudable Objects, it has for eighteen years zealously and continuously sought to promote the best interests of the Rural and other Industrial Classes—never, through either "fear, favor or the hope of reward," proving false to those interests, or failing to speak plainly and independently in regard to matters coming within its province. And it will be as outspoken and unflinching—as earnest in advocating the Right and condemning the Wrong—in the future, as it has been in the past. To the many thousands whom we now address for the first time—the new subscribers from all sections—we will say, introductorily, (as we have on similar occasions,) that "Our object from the commencement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER has not been to furnish either an exclusively Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary, or News Journal,—but rather to *combine* all these, and thus present a paper unequaled in Value, Variety and Usefulness of Contents. Our earnest desire has been to make it an honest, independent, reliable and eminently useful RURAL, LITERARY, and FAMILY NEWSPAPER—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and entirely free from deception and quackery." Such has been our "platform" for the past eighteen years—brief, explicit and comprehensive—and such it will continue to be; for it is not only RIGHT, but has rendered the RURAL NEW-YORKER the most prosperous and widely circulated Journal of its Class.

In conclusion, we are determined that the future of the RURAL shall be worthy of its past,—and especially that the volume upon which we now enter, under the most favorable auspices, shall far excel either of its predecessors. This is no vain boast, for we have the means, facilities and talent at command,—as well as a disposition to use them liberally,—to fully redeem all our promises. For example, read the names of our Associate Editors and Contributors above—nearly all of whom are known as able authors or writers of experience, possessing much practical knowledge and also rare literary acquirements. Indeed, far more confidently than last year, we can say that, having a corps of Editors and Contributors who are conversant with the condition and wants of the Industrial Classes of both America and Europe, why may not the RURAL claim, without arrogance or pretension, to speak for, and in the interest of, the Rural Population of the whole Continent? With subscribers in every populated section of our widely-extended Republic, (and also in the adjacent British Provinces, Europe, etc.,) it behooves us to be well posted in regard to the best Interests, and true "Progress and Improvement," of all civilized countries, and we trust the utterances of the RURAL during the year 1868 will demonstrate that our claims are not unfounded.

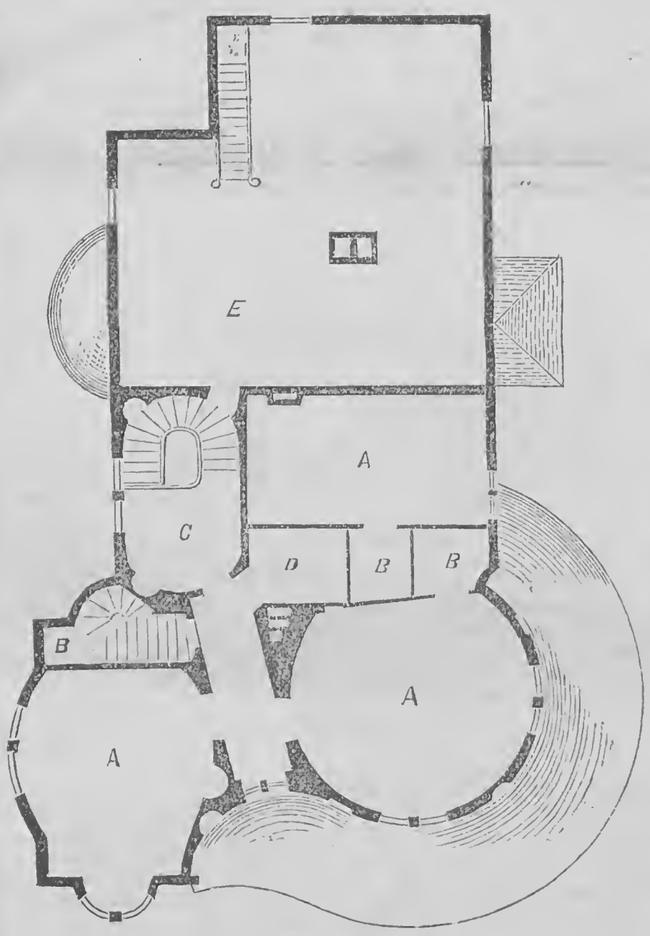


NOVEL DESIGN FOR A FAMILY RESIDENCE—ELEVATION.

EXPLANATION OF PLANS—*Principal Floor.*—A, Parlor, 15x24; about twenty-seven yards area. B, Hall. C, Sitting-Room, eighteen feet diameter; about twenty-eight yards area. D, Family Sleeping-Room, 12x18, with Closets, *d, d*. E, Dining-Room, 12x24; *e*, China Closet. F, Back Porch. G, Kitchen. H, Pantry, 8x10, with stairs to Cellar. I, Fuel Room, 6x14. *Chamber Floor.*—A, A, A, Chambers. B, B, B, Closets. C, C, Halls. D, Bath-Room. E, Store-Room. For a more full explanation of the design, read the accompanying elaborate article by the architect,—Mr. J. E. SWEET, now in Europe.



PRINCIPAL FLOOR.



CHAMBER FLOOR.

DESIGN FOR A FAMILY RESIDENCE.

THIS design, with accompanying plans, is not presented to the readers of the RURAL as one which carries with it the recommendation of having been erected, and in use; in fact, the designer hardly expects that a building will ever be executed from the plan at all; but he has simply combined a number of ideas, gleaned from the extensive collection at the Paris Exposition, and arranged them in the form of a residence, which, it is thought, will prove to be a tolerable convenient one, if not quite as complete as a few families might require.

Its novel and leading feature is too prominent to need special mention, and the argument in favor of its adoption is based on the theory that, for the same amount of money, a better result can be obtained by employing a graceful form and simple finish than a simple form and costly finish. Whether the present plan will aid in gaining converts to this theory is of but little consequence; this we will venture to predict, that whoever leads the fashion so far as to build a sitting or dining room in the form shown by the plan, will not live long enough to want to trade it for his neighbor's "best square room" or his "city cousin's" gaudy parallelogram. No doubt circular rooms will be found costly to build; so, too, are square ones, with heavy walls, elaborate joinery, and a bay-window or two. In fact, house building is a very costly necessity now-a-days, and as the lightest of walls when put in a circular form will be found sufficiently strong—a finish so simple as not to be tolerated ordinarily, will, when put in a curved form, look well, and as such a room is in itself a bay-window, it is questionable if the square room will not be the costlier one of the two. The brick commonly used in constructing the outer walls of an ordinary square house, would answer to build one of this kind, inside partitions and all. Inside partitions should be of brick, because the plastering then would all be alike; it is also better than on wood, and noise is not transmitted so readily. A four or a four and a half inch brick partition is quite sufficient in strength, if the work is well done; such is the common practice in England, and what answers in England ought to in America. A ten inch hollow wall is all that is required on the outside; even that portion in circles could be built without headers, and still be abundantly strong.

The complaint has constantly been made by architects, builders, and plenty of other people who have tried them, that hollow walls with the plastering on the brick render the rooms damp; but in every case where such appears to be the truth, a thorough search for the cause has developed the fact that there was something wrong in construction.

Enough water cannot pass through a good four inch brick wall and across a two inch air space, to saturate another good four inch wall, so as to render it either inconveniently damp or unhealthy, unless it has some other way of getting there besides that which comes battering against it in a rain storm. If the gutters and conductors are leaky and the water comes dripping down the walls, or if the ground is damp and the water runs up as it does in a sponge, the evil is no more than in a solid wall furred out, but is sooner apparent. Precautionary measures would prevent it in either case, and equally as well in the one as the other.

In designing the elevation, such examples of architecture have been used as seemed best calculated for the plan, and such samples of detail as seemed best suited to the place; the little ornamentation that has been added is only that which seemed called for by the nature of things, and what little beauty the design may possess, is more owing to the curved lines and irregular outline, than to any elaborate detail; and were the walls, roof and cornice entirely straightened out, they would look very simple indeed. As to what particular style of architecture the design may belong, architects and amateurs who have got so far as five orders, and six or seven styles, may call it Oriental, Occidental or Accidental, whichever they like. The roof of such a building would necessarily be of tin or slate, or other sheet metal, both of which will make good roofs if properly done. When slate is used, it should be put upon boarding as near air-tight as possible, or else have the joints filled with mortar, or some other material, so as to effectually prevent snow or water from driving under, and tin or metal roofs should never be so secured but what every part should be left free to expand or contract in any direction. Many a slate roof has proved a nuisance, because of its not being well done, and many a tin one has failed because the workman had nailed it too tightly, and it tore itself loose by its expansion or into strips by contraction.

A dwelling costing as much as one of this design necessarily would, ought to have something for floors better than inch and a quarter pine, which is usually more free from "sap, knots and shakes" in the specifications than anywhere else, and something more real for sash and doors than the ordinary pine and basswood painted in oak and black walnut imitations. The Austrians exhibited at Paris samples of doors and windows, with frames and casings complete, composed of two, and, in some cases, of three and four kinds of wood, which were perfect gems in the way of house joinery, and almost any French or Swiss cottage can boast of better floors than the majority of our costliest mansions. Until we change from our outside show to something more substantial, there will be vast room for improvement.—J. E. S.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

A HAPPY and prosperous New Year to you, honest farmer, and trusting that we are permitted to help make it so, let us begin by looking over the accounts, surveying the field of last year's operations, and drawing some useful conclusions therefrom for the benefit of the next. Taken altogether, was not 1867 a tolerably prosperous year for farmers? True, some of us dwelt in the region where rain fell too plentifully; more, probably, where it was scant and we called it very dry, and a few in the belt where the happy medium of moisture and dryness prevailed. We found a great deal of fault with the weather, (that's a chronic habit, you know, with farmers,) but after all have we not got along with our work pretty well, harvested good crops, received a good deal of money for them, and, all things considered, are we not fairly prosperous? It seems to us, too, that the dry weather farmers, which are the most numerous, have got considerable advantage over those who were too much "out in the wet." Their crops yielded more and are secured in better order. *Dry seasons make good crops if the crops are well cultivated.* That is a truth which many don't recognize, but when from the end we look back at the "great drouth," we can't see, after all, how it damaged us very much. For instance, last year, where the drouth prevailed we had a splendid wheat crop, the meadows yielded first-rate, barley and oats were good, corn was very sound and yielded fairly when thoroughly cultivated. True, late feed was short and dry, but it put fat on the animals; potatoes were a medium crop, but they did not rot; and though the ground was rather hard to put the wheat in well and to do the desired amount of fall plowing, yet there was no working in the mud, the crops were secured in good order, and millions of dollars were saved by the grain stacks of the West keeping dry.

The Agricultural Interest of the past year has prospered well, and, dear RURAL reader, hasn't your individual share of it done so too? How do your accounts show, for surely you have kept such? You took an inventory of your property last year, did you not? You have taken one recently, and balanced your receipts and expenditures, and, we trust, are well remunerated for the year's labor. You are in the habit of keeping a farm account, so that you can do better than *guess* at the amount you have made, and the record of each field and crop will plainly determine many changes which will diminish expenditures and increase the income in the future. This is the first important work we hint at for the opening of the year. Book farming in this way is a very sensible operation, and we advise every farmer to get his accounts in order and begin right and early in keeping them.

Agricultural Intelligence.—Farmers as a class should discuss their vocation and interests more extensively than they are in the habit of doing. The information they possess and may command should be generally disseminated, discussed, digested and brought within the scope of practice; and the means to effect this lie in Farmers' Clubs, Agricultural Fairs, Books and Journals. Winter gives the farmer some leisure, which should be improved in every practicable way to gain such knowledge as will direct manual labor to more effective results.

Fodder and Feeding.—Coarse fodder should be fed first, leaving the best for the warmer weather of

spring, when the animals' appetites are somewhat dainty. Economise by cutting and mixing various kinds, and by adding some grain. Save also by having good racks, warm stables, clean, abundant bedding. Ventilate the stables, give plenty of water, and feed regularly. By watching animals and supplying their wants the skill of the feeder is manifested. Begin now, if you have not already, to feed stock with grain that are intended for the butcher early next summer.

Timber.—Cut timber for rails, posts and lumber. Lay up a stock of choice oak, ash and hickory, where it will season slowly under cover, for pins, wedges and the wood work of farm implements. The farmer should never be without a good stock of seasoned timber for these purposes.

Ice.—Fill the ice house with the first freezing which makes clear, solid blocks six inches thick. Later in winter it will be porous and will not keep as well. Ventilate the ice house above and drain below. Encase with sawdust a foot thick.

Farm work which, in this latitude, pertains to fall and spring months, may be done in the winter time further South. Open ditches, clear fields of rubbish and stone, repair fences, get manure, implements, seed.

Tools.—Secure these from the weather; paint the wood parts, and put them in order for working.

Stall-fed Cattle should be so accustomed to their new quarters as to be on full keep. Their houses should be kept moderately warm, and well ventilated, but no cold currents allowed to chill them. Feed at regulated hours. Keep them thoroughly clean, and curry and wisp them down twice a day. Dispose of ill-doers, as nothing is to be gained by keeping them over.

Milch Cows should be kept closely in the house, with the exception of an hour each day for exercise if the weather be fine and temperate. Feed liberally on cooked and raw food alternately. Keep them moderately warm, clean and well curried and wisped down twice a day, which will supply the want of exercise, in promoting the insensible perspiration so necessary to their health.

Young Cattle should be carefully housed and well fed; they require an abundant supply of nutritious food as much, or more so, than those full grown, to supply the requirements of their increasing size, and the full development of bone, muscle and flesh.

Pigs of every description should be kept warm, dry and clean, and liberally fed; cooked roots are excellent auxiliaries.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

N. Y. STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the New York State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association was held, pursuant to notice, at Syracuse, Dec. 12th.

The President, on calling the meeting to order, announced the death of VICTOR WRIGHT of Middlebury, Vt., and spoke in high terms of his merits and ability as a man, as a breeder and improver of sheep, and as a zealous and efficient friend of the National and State Wool Growers' Organizations. Messrs. W. M. HOLMES of Washington, E. E. BROWN and J. R. PAGE of Cayuga, A. F. WILCOX and D. COSSIT of Onondaga, and other gentlemen, also paid tributes to the memory of the deceased.

Mr. E. ENNIS of Wayne, moved the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That inasmuch as a National Wool and Woolen Exposition, under the auspices of the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' Associations, is expected to be held in the Spring of 1868, and as it will probably occur about the time our State Sheep Fairs are usually held, that this Association, in order to contribute all its efforts to the success of the former, will hold no Fair next spring.

After a full explanation of the objects, and, so far as now known, of the proposed mode of conducting the National Exposition, the resolution passed unanimously.

The Chair appointed the following Committee on Resolutions: W. M. HOLMES, A. H. AVERY, F. H. HIBBARD, E. ENNIS, S. N. FRANKLIN, H. ALLEN.

The Committee reported the following

RESOLUTIONS:

Resolved, (1st.) That a tariff being indispensably necessary for revenue purposes, it accords with sound principles of political economy, as well as the settled policy of our Government, that the duties imposed by it be made discriminatory and so arranged as to afford reasonable protection to all branches of American industry which requires protection.

2. That sheep husbandry furnishes two important necessaries of life, wool and mutton—the first being indispensable and admitting of no substitute; and that it accords with our own experience and is an established maxim among the enlightened agriculturists of other countries whose objects and modes of production are similar to our own, that sheep husbandry is necessary, as an auxiliary branch, to give the most profitable results to, and preserve the permanent fertility of the soil under, that system of general husbandry which furnishes the other staples of agricultural production.

3. That while the soil and climate of the United States are as favorable to sheep husbandry as those of England, France and Germany, and the cost of our land is far less, it is nevertheless true that the higher price at which mutton and other farm products fertilized by sheep, sell in those countries, their more extensive and certain market facilities, the lower cost of labor and the lower returns demanded by capital, in them, enable their wools to be produced and sold at prices which would not be remunerative in the United States;—and hence duties found adequate to *protect* wool production in those countries, afford no criterion to determine the necessary amount of protection in the United States.

4. That in portions of South America, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope and some other countries, from which wool has been largely imported into the United States, the capital employed in wool production is concentrated in fewer hands, and, as in the countries previously named, requires less returns than in the United States; that their grazing lands are vastly cheaper than the farm lands devoted to sheep in most parts of our country; that labor (including subsistence) costs far less in them; and that owing to their climates, which render artificial food and shelter for sheep unnecessary in winter, the amount of labor requisite to subsist sheep is far less.

5. That the farmer, in the United States, is not to blame because our institutions and other circumstances tend to a more equal distribution of the capital employed in agriculture, and demand that it pay greater profits; or because the lands which his industry and enterprise have settled, improved, rendered acceptable to marts by railroads and canals, surrounded with churches, schools, and the other institutions of civilization, and rendered capable of sustaining heavy taxation for the support of Government, are more valuable than the thinly populated wildernesses of South America, Australia and the Cape of Good Hope; or because climate requires him to employ more labor, and the circumstances of those employed, more expensive labor. That he should not be punished for conditions, some of which are highly beneficial to the public interests and all in a great measure due to his own efforts, by being compelled to abandon a branch of production which is necessary to the permanent success of his general farm husbandry. That in so punishing him, the nation would punish itself by materially diminishing its own wealth and sources of revenue.

6. That we trust the day is far distant when the legislators of the United States will seek to depress the returns of capital by closing up any legitimate avenues to its employment; or to lower the price of improved land by limiting the number of its productions, or causing a deterioration of its fertility; or to sink the value or social status of labor by compelling it to compete at a disadvantage, in our own markets, with foreign labor which is cheaper because it is mainly performed by a class who are less civilized and intelligent, who demand fewer physical comforts and social advantages, who have a more restricted choice of occupations in which industry can secure a just reward, and who are not stimulated by those opportunities for bettering their condition which are open to provident and intelligent laborers in the United States.

7. That, independently of the above considerations, we trust the day is far distant when the United States will voluntarily surrender up the home production of any great and universal necessary of life because it can, either temporarily or permanently, be more cheaply produced in other countries; thus rendering our supply entirely dependent on nations with which we may at any time become engaged in war, and which even in peace could and undoubtedly would take advantage of the destruction of our domestic production to raise prices in our markets to the highest practicable limit;—whereas, if such protection is properly encouraged and put on a permanent basis at home, domestic competition, and foreign competition regulated by tariffs which are not prohibitory, will always keep prices at a reasonable point, and thus permanently protect the interests of the consumer far more effectually than would an entire free trade policy.

8. That it is the united testimony of our wool manufacturers that our clothing wools are stronger and more durable than a great proportion of the imported wools which are used in manufacturing the same fabrics, and are therefore more valuable for consumption; and that our other wools are at least as good as the imported wools of the same class.

9. That it admits of demonstration that the late wool tariff did not impose duties on foreign wools equivalent to the internal taxation imposed on the wool growers of the United States—thus in effect discriminating in favor of the foreign grower; that this was markedly the case in respect to Canadian wools under the now happily abrogated Reciprocity Treaty; that we do not hesitate to avow that it was an object of the friends of the present wool tariff to compel foreign producers to pay as much for enjoying the benefits of our markets, as do our own citizens.

10. That the present wool and woolen tariff was framed with a sincere purpose to benefit equally the permanent interests of the producer, the manufacturer, the consumer and the Government in our country; and that nothing has yet occurred to shake our faith that it is as well adapted as any legislation which can now be devised to secure these results, after its operations shall cease to be disturbed by temporary and exceptional causes.

11. That prominent among these disturbing causes has been the vast over-supply of woolens in our markets, on the passage of said Tariff, occasioned in part by the extraordinary stimulus given to domestic manufactures by the war, and still more by enormous and disproportioned importations of foreign goods made in anticipation of an increase of duties, while the subject was pending in Congress. That this over-supply has been slowly reduced by consumption, owing to the necessity of the American manufacturer constantly to make additions to it, or stop his mills and throw his laborers out of employ: owing to short crops in the West and famine crops in the South in 1866, and the comparative failure of the cotton crop in 1867, which vastly diminished the usual means of purchase consequently the amount of consumption: owing to other obvious circumstances which have severely depressed trade in some of the States; and owing to the high taxation and general condition of monetary affairs, which have enjoined on the prudent portion of the rural population, at least, of our whole country the necessity of reducing their expenses in this and all other practicable directions.

12. That a repeal of the present wool and woolen tariff, or a change in its scale of duties, before its ultimate and real effects are fairly demonstrated by experience, is not called for by any of the great interests which it most seriously affects; that it has been earnestly and unanimously deprecated by the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' Organizations, which represent the interests which are claimed by the opponents of the law to have chiefly suffered under its operation; that it would injuriously and unjustly disturb business arrangements made in consequence of its provisions, and tend unnecessarily to create distrust in the future prospects of wool production and manufacture; and finally, that it would afford a new and striking example of that fickleness in tariff legislation which has repeatedly inflicted the most serious injury on the business interests of the country, and which is always more damaging to those interests than a reasonable degree of stability even in imperfect legislation.

13. That "the interests of Wool Manufacturers and Wool Growers, being recognized as identical, further measures should be adopted to make each class familiar with the respective wants and necessities of the other."

14. That we highly approve of the resolution passed by the National Wool Growers' Association at Pittsburg, Nov. 27th, empowering a committee at its discretion, to arrange with the National Association of Wool Manufacturers for a National Exposition of their respective industries at such time and place as may be agreed upon.

15. That these Resolutions be signed by the President and Secretary, and copies forwarded to the New York Senators and Representatives in Congress.

On motion, the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

The Chair appointed the following committee to audit the accounts of the Treasurer: E. E. Brown, W. M. Holmes, D. Cossit. The committee presented an exhibit of the accounts which they reported to be correct. By this it appears that there is now remaining in the Treasury the sum of $391.59. The report was adopted.

The Treasurer read a list of the collectors of and contributors to the funds raised in the State, to defray the expenses of Tariff Committees. The paper was ordered to be placed on file.

The Association then proceeded to the election of officers, and the following were unanimously chosen:

President—HENRY S. RANDALL, of Cortland Village. *Vice Prest's*—Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook; D. W. Percey, North Hoosick; John D. Wing, Washington; Wm. R. Pitts, Honeoye; Franklin J. Marshall, Wheeler; E. E. Brown, New Hope; Wm. M. Holmes, Greenwich; Allen H. Avery, Manlius. *Cor. Sec'y*—E. B. Pottle, Naples. *Rec. Sec'y*—H. D. L. Sweet, Syracuse. *Ex. Com.*—David Cossit, Onondaga; William Hayden, Auburn; I. V. Baker, Jr., Comstock's Landing; Peter McMillan, Canandaigua; Lionel Sherwood, Newark; Chas. Champlin, Hammondsport; Wm. T. Remer, Penn Yan; John Stebbins, Cazenovia; Hugh T. Brooks, Pearl Creek; Asa Pellett, Norwich; Francis H. Hibbard, Cortland Village; Elbert Townsend, Genesee; John R. Page, Sennett; S. Newell Franklin, Kings' Ferry; I. N. Johnson, Seneca.

The Association then adjourned.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

CORRECTION.—We published, November 30th, extracts from what we termed "a paper read by H. D. TELLKAMPF at a meeting of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers," &c. Mr. T. calls our attention to the fact that it was a report addressed to the President of that Association, in consequence of the fifth and sixth resolutions, adopted by the Association Oct. 2d, and heretofore published in this paper.

SALT FOR SHEEP IN WINTER.—"New Beginner," St. Louis, Mo., asks if "salt is indispensable for sheep in winter." We regard it so. We should not dare to winter sheep without it, especially when any kind of disease is prevalent. The best way is to give sheep constant access to it—allowing their instincts to guide them in its use.

TAPE WORMS IN SHEEP.—T. P. SKINNER, Sego, Ohio, has answered our questions in relation to the tape worms in sheep, supposed by him to cause pale disease. We shall publish his communication as soon as practicable, with our own views on the subject.

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF RAMS.—"J. R. P.," Elkhorn, Wis., asks how "high fed rams should be treated after the close of the coupling season." The grain feed should be *gradually* reduced to a moderate amount, but not entirely taken off. The animal should not be confined in a stall or small enclosure in the barn, but be suffered to run out daily in the open air and sunlight. If the high feed is kept up, and the ram kept closely confined, there is great danger that illness, if not death, will be the result.

HISTORY OF COTSWOLD SHEEP.—We have received from a Cotswold breeder a pamphlet on the above subject, by JAMES MARSH READ, Cirencester, England, which we shall call attention to on some future occasion.

WOOL GROWERS' MEETING AT PITTSBURG, PA., NOV. 27TH.—We exceedingly regret that a report of this meeting has not appeared in our columns. But a miscarriage of one of our letters, and the detention of another by blocked-up roads, have deferred its publication until so unseasonable a period—and other matter has so much accumulated on our hands—that we have reluctantly concluded to pass it over after merely stating the following facts:—H. S. RANDALL of N. Y. was appointed President, and W. F. GREER of Ohio, Secretary. Dr. F. J. LEMOYNE of Pa. offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the present low price of wool does not result from any defect in the present tariff law, but has resulted from the postponed enactment of it, thus giving opportunity to importers to glut our market with wool and woolens, causing an extraordinary and protracted ruling of low prices.

The general subject of the wool tariff was then discussed by Dr. LEMOYNE of Pa., Hon. C. DELANO of Ohio, Dr. WHITE of Pa., Gen. S. D. HARRIS of Ohio, Hon. THOS. J. BINGHAM of Pa., Col. JAMES M. COOPER of Pa., Dr. MCCOOK of Pa., Hon. R. M. MONTGOMERY of Ohio, Major SAM'L MCFARLAND of Pa., and others. Some of the addresses were very eloquent and able. All the speakers favored a protective policy, and all supported the resolution, which was unanimously passed. Major MCFARLAND of Pa. offered a resolution recommending wool growers throughout the United States to organize county associations for the purpose of establishing wool depots, under conditions intended to protect the rights of the grower and secure for him a fair price for his wool. The subject being new to most of the audience, and time not remaining for its investigation, Maj. M'FARLAND, on request, withdrew his resolution. The meeting then adjourned.

EFFECTS OF THE WOOL TARIFF.—Extract from a letter dated Buenos Ayres, August 13th, 1867, from Mr. FRANK LIVINGSTON:—"But the tariff in the United States on wool has brought all the American houses to a complete stand; and if the tariff is not taken off, which I think it must be, this country, so far as wool growing is concerned, will be ruined. Sheep are now selling, with nearly a year's wool on their backs, at forty or fifty cents, gold, per head. Any quantity can be bought at fifty cents—the same that two years ago would have brought $1.75. Wool is a complete drug in the market, at present, and no buyers, even at extremely low prices, can be found to purchase the few lots that still remain on hand from best clips. It is supposed that the very best lots will be bought the coming season for about 60. $. currency, per the Arroba twenty-five pounds,"—(or, twenty-five pounds for $2.40 in gold.)

The Dairy Department.

CHEESE FACTORIES IN ONEIDA AND HERKIMER COUNTIES.

EDS. RURAL:—Having recently paid a visit to the dairying districts of Oneida and Herkimer counties, I send you a few notes in reference to the cheese factories in that region. In the vicinity of Whitesboro Dr. WHITE has two factories—one supplied by 460 cows, and the other by 800. The furnace and vats used were those invented by CHARLES MILLER, and were deemed to be excellent for the purpose designed—producing both heat, water and steam. The furnace is constructed of brick, through which large coils pass, both for steam and water. At first the milk is heated gradually—as it always should be—by water, then by turning certain valves, steam is circulated, and the milk warmed more uniformly and accurately.

At the other factory of Dr. WHITE there were over 800 cows, producing from 30 to 35 cheese per day, of an average weight of 65 pounds. There were in store some 3,500 cheese in all. The cheese at these factories have a fine appearance. Several of them, of varying ages, were tried, and all were smooth, buttery, and rich and of excellent flavor. They were colored orange. The coloring varies to suit the several markets for which they are intended. London and Liverpool call for highly colored, and the former is partial to the fancy gilt edged variety. Liverpool is less exacting; while many other markets do not want cheese colored at all.

Among the novelties seen here should be mentioned a milk agitator. Cold water circulates about the vats during the night, and keeps in motion the "agitator," formed something like a small rake, which moves about slowly in the milk and prevents the cream from rising or forming on the surface. This obviates the difficulty of thoroughly incorporating the cream with the milk, saves time, and adds greatly to the richness of the cheese.

Alluding to the factory system of dairying, Dr. WHITE gave it as his opinion that needless fears were entertained as to the undue extension of it, since some had already failed entirely, while others made an article of so poor a quality as to render sales difficult and unprofitable. Were a few important rules followed these failures would be of less frequent occurrence. Pure or clean milk is the first requisite, and a most essential one. It should be thoroughly cooled before being canned for the factory, and not adulterated with water. Some who supply milk are suspected of an undue partiality for wells, brooks and other aqueous accumulations. In some instances the manufacturers get all the blame of bad products, when they, if not wholly blameless, are at most but *particeps criminis*. It is the business of the manufacturer to have every thing about the factory clean, and to see that the manufacturing operations are properly performed. It is equally the duty of the dairymen to have clean pails and cans, and to abstain from diluting their milk.

One of the most successful manufacturers of cheese is said to be Maj. MILLER, near Trenton Falls, N. Y. He never raises the temperature of the milk above 94°. By observing this rule of heating, and care in breaking the curd and letting it remain a long time in the whey, cheese are produced entirely free from pores. As probably no two factories pursue precisely the same method in manufacturing cheese, I may advert to these variences in subsequent notes.

H. M. L.

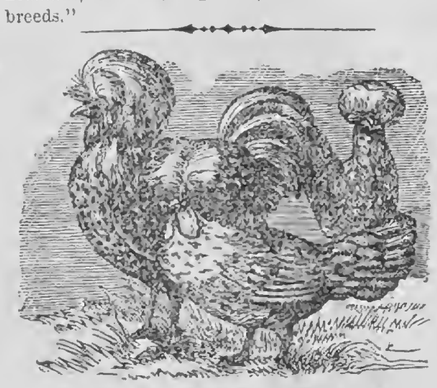
BUTTER FACTORIES.

AMONG the marked improvements in farm operations of the day may be ranked the institution of cheese factories. They have produced, in the prominent dairy regions, a marked revolution in the manufacture of cheese, affording an improved article and a consequent appreciation of its value in the market. The tendency of New York farming sets strongly in the direction of the dairy, not only in sections where wheat growing is a precarious business, but also in those heretofore noted for the production of this commodity. Success in the factory system of cheese making has naturally lead to its application to the department of butter manufacturing, hence we find butter attachments to cheese factories, or the erection of buildings specially designed for this branch of the dairy business, rapidly growing into favor with the farming public. In sections where water-power is readily available for churning purposes, a butter factory could be cheaply operated,—but in the absence of this power, that of steam may be substituted and prove a paying investment. Among the essentials to success, the N. Y. Tribune mentions a cold spring of water, a good stock of ice well stored and saved. That paper adds:—"A large reservoir (like a cellar) is dug in the ground and tightly walled with planks; board platforms extend into this, floating on two or three feet of water, constantly renewed from the spring. In this reservoir, deep pails or cans are set and filled three-fourths full of milk—they sinking and floating in a like depth of water. The milk remains here 24 to 36 hours, when the cream is taken off and churned by steam or water-power—six to twenty-four churns being operated at once, with no draft on human muscle. The butter thus made each day, from cream in the very highest condition, is of such uniform and superior quality as to bring from five to ten cents per pound more than fair farm dairies will command. And the milk, thus skimmed, is then made into cheese, rather mild in flavor, but palatable and of very fair quality. We never wish to eat better than some of this, made wholly of skimmed milk, and sold by the makers at ten cents per pound to their entire satisfaction."

The Poultry-Yard.

THE NEW YORK POULTRY SHOW.

THE N. Y. Tribune states that at No. 112 East Thirteenth street the lovers of poultry can find a remarkable congregation of the barn-yard family, ranging from "the tall, long-legged, heavy-limbed, stout-bodied Dorking, to the wee Bantam just large enough to feed, but brave enough, forsooth, to do battle with the most gigantic Shanghai. Here are ducks, too, and geese, that make the exhibition hall horrid with their quackery; and black-eyed pigeons that coo melodiously. Here is also a brood of young chicks hatched by steam in a patent cocalcobien, and a monstrous white turkey gobbler that needs only another pair of legs, and a saddle and bridle, to make him a brave steed for a soldier of Brobdignag to ride. White Bantams, game Bantams, fancy Bantams, Bantams with top-knots, Bantams with spurs as long as their little bodies; white Dorkings and gray; imported Houdans, Spanish fowls, Hamburgs, Polish fowls, Creve Cocurs, Brahmas, Cochins, Leghorns, and a score of other breeds."



GROUP OF CREVECOEUR FOWLS.

THE Crevecoeur derives its name from the small, heart-shaped divided comb; it is one of the crested varieties, of ordinary size, and has a large, white, full, depending crest of feathers. The hen has no comb. The plumage of both sexes is of a beautiful dark color, with blue and green metal hues intermingled. The hen is a good layer: the chickens are tender and require much care while young. A pair of this breed was recently exhibited at a New York poultry show, for which the price of $250 was demanded.

KILLING POULTRY.

POULTRY raisers differ somewhat in their views as to the best mode of killing fowls. Some advise to perforate the neck, and let the blood all run out before dressing. Others think this process of depletion renders the meat less savory than it would be if a portion of the circulation were retained in the body. The Poultry Chronicle favors killing by breaking the neck—the mode generally practiced by dealers—causing speedy death, and giving a better flavor to the flesh than when all the blood is drained out. It adds:—The bird is taken by the legs and wings in the left hand, while the head is taken in the right, the body and neck being stretched to their extreme length; the head is then bent backwards and pulled at the same time. Dislocation takes place, and the body is held in the same position two or three minutes for the blood to run into the neck. Then, and not before, plucking should begin.

Rural Notes and Items.

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.—After the trials, tribulations and dangers which we have passed in materially enlarging, and, we trust, greatly improving the RURAL, we close our extra labors by cordially greeting all RURALISTS,—Contributors, Correspondents, Agents, Subscribers, and even borrowers. The outside pages are on the press, printing, and we insiders can see how the RURAL will appear in its entirely new dress and enlarged borders.—and the verdict is (what we hope the reader's will be) highly favorable—not guilty of bad style or taste. We have neither time nor inclination to dilate upon the subject; but, as DEAN SWIFT said, after reading a brief text for a charity sermon, "If you like the security, down with the dust." So, Reader, if you like the RURAL, *write for it, subscribe for it, and induce your friends to do likewise.*

—If not averse to apologizing, we would add that this number has been gotten up in such haste,—amid so many cares and perplexities,—as to preclude proper attention to details, and hence lacks the completeness, in some departments, which will be apparent in future issues. As to the prospects of the RURAL, they were never so encouraging as on this 31st day of December, A. D. 1867—as the receipt of several thousand dollars per day substantially testifies. Thanks, Good Friends, all over the land, for so generously and successfully seconding our efforts to furnish and circulate the Best Journal of its Class.

THE RURAL'S SOUTHERN CIRCULATION is increasing in a gratifying manner, though we have made no special effort in that direction. Every mail brings us remittances, requests for specimens, etc., from sections where the RURAL never before circulated—showing that former prejudices are vanishing, and the prevalence of an increasing desire for information in regard to our best systems of culture, labor-saving implements, etc. We are also receiving articles for publication from intelligent gentlemen in various parts of the South, and think they will be read with interest in all sections of the Union. Those given in late numbers of the RURAL—and especially the excellent letters from Texas and Arkansas, published in our issue of the 14th ult.—have attracted much attention, and many inquiries for further information about the South. No doubt the RURAL'S Southern Correspondence,—including the articles from its able and experienced Southern Corresponding Editors,—will prove an interesting and valuable feature of the new volume.

THE RURAL IN CANADA.—During the late "onpleasantness" between the North and South, and the more recent Fenian imbroglio, our Canadian circulation was considerably diminished, but the past year it has been increasing, and, judging from present indications, will ere long be as large as ever. Many of our old friends in Ontario (*nee* Canada West) are subscribing and forming clubs for 1868, and not a few of them express regret that they ever left ye good ship RURAL. All right, friends! You may return, (minus the sackcloth and ashes,) as are many temporarily mistaken souls on this side of the line—such, for example, as changed to other papers under the delusion that they were *cheaper* because they *cost less* than the RURAL! But *that* delusion rarely lasts over a year, as our books attest. "THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST."

WEARING OUT THE LAND.—The editor of the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, J. R. DODGE, Esq., has been on a tour of inspection through the wheat growing regions of the West. His observations there lead him to the conclusion that the manner of wheat cultivation in that section is wrong, and must soon prove ruinous to the farmers who practice it. By the course of cropping pursued the yield per acre has dwindled down from twenty-five to thirty bushels to an average of twelve or fourteen, and is yearly diminishing. To arrest this downward tendency it is proposed to diversify the crops more, thus giving the soil a chance to recuperate while supplying a greater variety of products.

THE RURAL APPRECIATED IN THE FAMILY.—Among numerous recent letters, which speak in very complimentary terms of this Journal, none have been more gratifying than a note from the widow of a former ardent Agent-Friend.—because it shows a high appreciation of the RURAL *in the family, and among the young.* We have ever striven to render the paper eminently pure, instructive and entertaining,—acceptable and loved in the home circle,—and are more gratified in achieving success in that direction than pecuniarily. After announcing the demise of her husband, Mrs. A. of Yates County, writes: "Mr. A. was a great friend of the RURAL. I think he acted as agent for it fourteen or fifteen years, and introduced it into a great many families. The first number visited us the first week of our house-keeping, (eighteen years ago,) and it has been a regular weekly visitor ever since. Our children would as soon think of doing without their regular meals as without the RURAL.—When I received the circular I thought I would try for the Dictionary Premium, but am afraid I shall fail this year. Will do what I can."

—Mrs. A. has since remitted for a club, and shall have the Dictionary. How many will do likewise?

ADVERTISING IN THE RURAL.—An Eastern advertiser writes us that his system is such that he can tell what papers benefit him most, which are the best mediums, etc. After several months' experience, he avers that the RURAL is the cheapest medium—that it ranks with the Weekly Tribune, Harper's Weekly, etc., (which charge about or over double our increased rates.) He is not the only advertiser who has discovered the great value, and comparative cheapness, of advertising in this paper. We have lately received many letters of similar purport, but with more advertising than we could insert, had, and still have, no occasion to give any testimony on the subject,—and only allude to it now as we have advanced our rates. As our advertisements are given *in the paper*, instead of on an advertising cover or supplement, they are generally read and preserved.—not thrown aside or destroyed.

GOOD THINGS IN RESERVE.—We have many excellent articles from Editors, Contributors and Correspondents, with which to enrich early future numbers of the RURAL. Indeed, unless we are mistaken, the "constant reader" will find that we have not given the best dishes in No. 1,—after the "clap trap" style of some papers,—but reserved as good, or even better, for other issues. Our Veterinary and Bee-Keeper's Departments will be given next week,—alternating with some now given.

GOVERNMENTAL SEED STORE ABOLISHED.—When the appointment of Col. CAPRON, to the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, was announced, the Chicago Republican expressed a hope that one of his earliest official acts would be the abolition of the Government seed store at Washington as a nuisance and swindle. A recent issue of the Republican states that its hope has been realized; the seed store is abolished, with the concurrence of the Congressional Committee of Agriculture.

SHIP CANAL FROM LAKES TO OCEAN.—The acting Commissioner of Agriculture suggests in his report the propriety of making a ship canal from the lakes to tide-water, or a double track railway, for the transportation of western produce, subject to an equitable grade of tolls. Such a scheme, carried out by Congress, would afford fine pickings to a favored few inside of such a ring as would naturally result from the undertaking.

A COUPLE OF VERY WEIGHTY STEERS.—F. H. HIBBARD, Cortland, N. Y., writes:—"I take the liberty of sending the weight of my two year old steers, as weighed on the 11th of this month. The pair weighed 3,640 pounds. One was two years old in March, and weighed 1,915 pounds, and the other two years in April, and weighed 1,725 pounds. Both are thorough bred Durhams, and were bred and raised by me."

ANOTHER FACILITY.—After getting this number nearly ready for press,—and finding it impossible to print the necessary edition on two presses before the next would be ready,—we concluded to adopt the "Papier Mache" system of stereotyping, and ordered the required material and machinery. Our purpose is to stereotype each number of the RURAL, which will enable us to supply back numbers at any time.

MONTHLY NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—We are indebted to the publishers for a nicely bound copy of this journal for 1867. It is made up from the weekly issue of the Farmer, and in a form convenient for reference, constituting the initial volume of a "New Series."

UNION OF PAPERS.—The Farmer, Richmond, Va., and the Southern Planter of the same place, are to be united on the first of January, 1868. After that the style will be "The Planter and Southern Farmer." Success attend the sensible combination.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE Iowa potato crop was large last season.

THE Shirley Shakers send apple-sauce to Russia.

CHEESE FACTORIES are becoming common in Canada.

THE Buenos Ayres wool clip of last year amounted to 100,000,000 pounds.

THE opening ceremonies of the Illinois Industrial University are to take place March 11.

AN Iowa farmer tells of cutting 35 tons of timothy hay from 15 acres—receiving $350 therefor.

NEAR Monroe, Mich., farmers and gardeners have planted, within 3 years, 27,000 grape vines.

THE HOP CROP of Maine exceeded the general estimate last season. Upland crops were never better.

FARMERS measure their duties by the yard just now—the barn-yard, the wood-yard, and the poultry-yard.

THE Annual Meeting of N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held at Albany, the second Wednesday (13th) of February.

THE American Dairymen's Association will meet at Utica, N. Y., Jan. 8—9. See notice in our issue of Dec. 21.

ONE of the aims in farming should be to produce, as far as possible, everything you consume—to buy nothing you can raise yourself.

COTSWOLD SHEEP are said to be in greater demand in England now than ever before. At a late sale, 55 rams averaged $150, gold.

THE farmers in a portion of Iowa are said to have one hundred thousand bushels of surplus wheat stored, awaiting higher prices.

A SOIL may contain all the elements necessary for fertility, be sufficiently moist, and still not be fertile unless air has free access.

FOR the location of the grand National Wool Exposition, to be held next Spring, Chicago, St. Louis and Cleveland are understood to be competitors.

N. A. WILLARD says that Mr. Stearns of Herkimer Co., N. Y., last year raised 96 bushels of wheat from four bushels of wheat sowed broadcast on three acres.

A ST. PAUL paper thinks 15 bushels per acre is high enough as the average yield of wheat in Minnesota last season, and that the crop in that vicinity was damaged 20 per cent. by rains after stacking.

A LOT OF FINE WOOL, consigned by a single dealer, (the product of Harrison and Belmont counties, Ohio,) valued at $175,000, is now stored on the upper floor of a wool warehouse in Philadelphia, Pa.

AN Ashtabula County (Ohio) farmer is now engaged in buying sheep, believing they are a good investment at present prices. Recently, he was allowed to pick fifty young ewes out of a flock at $1 25 each.

THE Illinois State Ag'l Society's committee on scoured fleeces recently reported an elaborate trial of wool cleansing, with results which are but the repetition of those which have been reached by New York and Vermont trials.

AT the Government Experimental Farm, at Washington, 576 varieties of cereals and garden vegetables were tested last year. Among these were 109 varieties of wheat, 20 of oats, 10 of corn, 29 of grass seeds, and 36 of potatoes.

HORTICULTURAL.

STEM PRUNING THE CONIFERS.

THE most majestic trees in the world are found among some species of the conifers, or evergreens, in their natural state. They are in the fir forests of the North countries of Europe, the pine woods of America, and in the shadows of the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada tower skyward the unequaled mammoths of the *Washingtonia gigantea*. Largely planted as are the conifers in this country for ornamental purposes, the idea of the grandeur and majesty which pertains to them in their fully developed natural state does not seem to be impressed on the minds of cultivators. We know them as shrubs merely—ornamental bushes with rounded masses of green foliage resting their broad bases on the lawn, and rising in pyramidal form scarcely never above the attic windows. As rare as effort is made towards its attainment, probably, is thought taken of what perfect and inspiring tree forms might adorn our landscapes, in course of time, if the conifers were trained with that object in view. To many, doubtless, the idea is new of pruning the stems of evergreens to the end that lofty height and massive columnar trunks may be attained, and they might urge that it was contrary to the natural process. But Nature is indeed a severe and constant pruner; the close proximity of forest trees destroys the lower branches, and forces the head of the tree upward in search of light and air. Limbs die and drop off; the new growth closes over the scar, and the stem becomes smooth and graceful. But the knots which the lumberman finds when he converts the tree into boards are the remains of limbs which once grew from the trunk.

In the forms to which our conifers are now generally pruned and trained the full beauty they are capable of can never be shown; they cast little shade, and there is no contrast between gracefully drooping branches and the rugged, massive trunk by which they are upheld. By judicious stem pruning we can attain these desirable results, and also force the tree to a height and dignity which will render it an imposing object in a landscape. We do not wish to be understood as advising stem pruning of evergreens as an exclusive practice. By no means; we want ever on the landscape the bushy forms which they are so well adapted to make; but let us also put them to other and perhaps higher uses.

As a people we have planted largely of evergreens, and that class of trees justly stands well in public estimation. Our varieties are numerous. Are we never to make more of them than mere shrubs—masses of green foliage lying low on the landscape? We admire the towering oak and the elm and the tulip tree; the conifers are capable of like grandeur while the foliage adds distinctive beauty.

Stem pruning will force the evergreen tree to a more rapid upward growth; the plant to which the knife is applied will, in a few years, far exceed in height its companion with low, vigorous, wide-spreading branches. The best season for pruning the conifers is probably the latter part of summer and the early autumn. From two feet to six or eight, according to the size and variety of the tree, is the range of height to which it is desirable to remove the branches from the stem. The lower branches left should be pointed or clipped, to throw growth into the leaders. It is an operation, however, which should not be undertaken without the exercise of discretion and judgment, and that artistic faculty which perceives what will best adorn the landscape, the shrub or the tree.

OHIO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society was held at Sandusky last December on the 4th, 5th and 6th inst. The attendance of members and the display of fruits were not as large as usual, owing to the deficient fruit crops of the past season. There was a fine show of apples on the tables, and a few winter pears, with a number of fine samples of Catawba grapes.

Among the subjects discussed was that of the obstacles in the way of successful fruit culture, or the cause of the frequent failure of orchard crops and the premature decay of fruit trees. A committee was appointed to investigate this subject and report at the next annual meeting, viz: J. STORRS of Painsville; F. R. ELLIOTT, Cleveland; H. B. BUTTLES, Columbus, and J. D. CLARKE, Lancaster.

The ravages of insects was regarded as one of the commonest sources of loss or failure to fruit growers; and this evil was evidently on the increase in Ohio as elsewhere. A very interesting lecture was delivered before the Society by its President, Dr. J. A. WARDER; and it was resolved that the Legislature be asked to appoint a State Naturalist, whose duty it should be to instruct the people in regard to the appearance and habits of injurious insects, and the means of preventing their ravages.

The proposition was adopted for changing the name of the Society to that of a State Horticultural Society, and the constitution was modified accordingly. The aim of the Society will now be to encourage general horticulture, including arboriculture and the embelishment of grounds, as well as fruit growing. It will co-operate with the State Board of Agriculture in the management of the State Fairs, especially in the horticultural department. It will encourage the formation of city and county horticultural societies, and occasionally form with them at their meetings and exhibitions. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, Dr. J. A. WARDER, Cincinnati; Vice President, G. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware; Secretary and Treasurer, M. B. BATEHAM, Painesville; Committee ad interim, A. B. BUTTLES, Columbus; N. L. WOOD, Smithfield; N. OHMER, Dayton, and D. C. RICHMOND, Sandusky.

Grapes were largely discussed. The samples of Catawba grapes exhibited elicited the highest admiration, especially the tons of this fruit from the Islands and Peninsula, found stored in dry cellars in perfect keeping, designed for shipment to the eastern cities and to Chicago during the coming three weeks, up to Christmas and New Year's holidays, when of course the highest prices will be realized. This late keeping and shipment is a new and profitable feature of the grape trade, and is not likely to be confined to Sandusky or to Catawba, after the vineyards of other varieties planted along the lake shore come fairly into bearing.

Some choice samples of wine were exhibited and reported on very favorably by a committee, viz: Sparkling Catawba, Delaware, Norton's Va., and Ives, from M. WERK & Son, Cincinnati; also, still Catawba from the same, and Catawba and Delaware from Gen. W. H. MILLS of Sandusky. The sparkIves wine was quite a novelty, and elicited high commendation, as it had also done at a recent meeting of the Wine Growers' Association at Cincinnati, where it was exhibited along with sparkling Concord wine, which also created quite a sensation.

M. B. B.

GROUP OF PETUNIAS.

THE PETUNIA is a well-known and favorite hardy annual, and the improved varieties of the past few years are really splendid. Although prone to sport, and therefore somewhat unreliable as to color and even form, there are very few of our garden flowers that will make as showy and desirable a mass of bloom. It is not likely the Petunia will ever become a favorite with florists, although recent improvements are giving more durability and constancy to the blooms, and they are every year becoming nearer the florists' standards.

Most of our readers can remember the introduction of the *double Petunia*—a poor white thing, hardly worthy of notice except as showing the disposition of this flower to produce double varieties. The best double flowers are now really magnificent, four or five inches in diameter, and the coloring exceedingly varied and rich. Then there is no difficulty in obtaining choice double flowers from seed, as it may be safely calculated that full fifty per cent. will produce good double blossoms. The following are some of the most showy and desirable varieties:

Maculata Grandiflora, embracing all the large flowered spotted and striped sorts.

Venosa, of a great variety of colors for the ground, beautifully veined.

Rosea, magnificent large flowers, bright rose, with a delicate white throat.

Countess of Ellesmere, bright pink, white throat, rather small, but always coming true, and therefore very desirable for forming a bed of rose-colored flowers.

Grandiflora Kermesina, a beautiful deep crimson, almost always true to color, at least near enough to give a good bed of deep red or crimson flowers.

Petunias make much finer plants when grown from seeds than if raised from cuttings, and when it is desirable to cover the ground entirely this is an important consideration.—J. V.

FRUITS OF THE SOUTH.

WE extract the following from an address by T. J. BERCKMANS, Georgia, read before the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society:—The *Apple*. This being the most reliable in its products must rank as our first fruit in cultivation. For years past the prevailing opinion throughout the South has been that this fruit will not succeed well enough to be depended upon as a profitable crop. Happily, this prejudice is losing ground, and more attention is being paid to the cultivation of this fruit. The main failures are owing to the selection of varieties unsuited to the climate, and the training of trees as high-bodied standards. The Northern and European summer apples generally improve in quality here, but few late fall apples of the North are worthy of cultivation; and, so far, I know no true Northern winter apple that is of any value for us. The latter drop their fruit in August, before they are perfected; and, as a whole, are unfit for any purpose whatever. The want of southern winter apples, long felt, is now amply supplied. Thanks to the efforts of our Southern Pomologists, we have now a class of fruits which are making the culture of the apple on a large scale a profitable feature here. As to the quality of these winter apples, numbers are of the very best description, and we have scores of varieties that will keep until April or May in the middle sections of the States of Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Mississippi.

The training of the apple trees has been heretofore very defective. Having few works treating upon Southern Pomology, the public have been dependent on the writings and teachings of the Northern pomologists; and, although no work has its equal in the world to "Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees," it will not do to follow it verbatim in every section of the country. We require *shade*; in the Eastern States, *sun* is necessary to perfect fruit; hence our aim is to train our trees with low bodies, making the foliage of the tree shade its roots, and endeavoring to make the head as compact as possible, and produce the fruit as near its centre as can be feasible. Hence high, naked bodied trees are short-lived—the bark is diseased on the south-west side, the heads are likewise deficient there, and after a few years, the tree decays and dies. The apple tree begins to bear much sooner than further North. Some varieties, like the Shockley, will produce remunerative crops the third year after transplanting. Others require more age; but as a rule, an orchard begins to bear well the fourth year of planting. We require young trees to start with—one year old apple trees cut back to two feet are the most preferable. The apple grows with such vigor that one-year old nursery trees often attain ten feet growth upon ordinary upland.

The *Pear* is also well adapted here, if we except some varieties, which though of good quality North, become worthless. Others, again, improve in size and flavor. The season of maturity of most varieties is hastened. For instance, Doyenne d'Ete ripens beginning in June; Bartlett beginning in August. We are still deficient in Southern winter pears; few good varieties have been originated here, showing that the pear requires more care in its reproduction than the apple. The latter has furnished us with its best varieties from chance seedlings of the Indians; the pear in general produces worthless fruits if unaided by a judicious knowledge in selecting the proper seeds. We have been visited with very destructive seasons of blight, especially in the spring of 1866. This year we are entirely free from it.

The *Peach* nowhere attains the size and quality it does here. Its season of maturity commences by the 15th of June and is often prolonged until the middle of November, a period of five months. We require, therefore, a longer list of varieties than where the season of maturity scarcely lasts two months. The protracted warm weather gives to the fruit a degree of perfection unknown in colder latitudes. Clingstones have long been the favorite class of peaches in this country. They are more vinous and juicy than the bulk of the seedling freestone peaches, and the prevailing taste having once settled in that channel it is difficult to change it. Freestone varieties are the earliest to ripen, and for supplying Northern markets they alone are profitable to cultivate. So far our best shipping peaches are about the same as those varieties cultivated largely North. We have several Southern seedlings that, in point of earliness, compare favorably with such kinds as Early York, but are immensely superior in point of size and flavor. The defect with them is that they are too tender to stand carrying to distant markets. The finest of all clingstone peaches is unquestionably the Chinese Cling, a fruit that is of surpassing excellence and beauty, but it must be eaten without being carried far to enable one to appreciate it fully. Clingstones, if picked before maturity, do not ripen well, as they are apt to shrivel; and if left on the tree until ripe they cannot be shipped hence the clingstone peach must remain a fruit for home consumption. The raising of peaches for Northern markets is again assuming some importance, wherever communications are easy and regular—especially along the railroad lines of South Carolina and Georgia, and the St. John River, in Florida. This, it is hoped, will increase in the same ratio as it did formerly.

CANBY'S AUGUST GRAPE.—Chas. Downing writes us from Newburg, N. Y. as follows: "In a late number you give an outline and description of Canby's August grape, and say 'many consider it identical with York Madeira and Hyde's Eliza.' It is identical with York Madeira. There is no distinct Canby's August. It is only a synonym of York Madeira. Hyde's Eliza is distinct, a larger and earlier fruit, and was raised by Miss Eliza Hyde of Catskill, N. Y., many years since. York Madeira is one of the oldest varieties and has many synonyms, such as Canby's August, Marion Port, Large German, Small German, Tyrol, &c."

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

The Richardson Pear.—A Committee of the Alton (Ill.) Hort. Society reported "that after extensive correspondence and examination of authorities, they are prepared to state that the Richardson pear is not the "Dorr" pear of Cornish, N. H., or of the Books. Nor is it the same as grown by Mr. Colby of Meridian, N. H.. We find the Richardson pear was imported from England to Pomfret, Ct., and there called the August pear. From Pomfret, Ct., in the year 1779, scions were taken to Cornish, N. H., and grafted in seedling pear stocks, only one of which grew, on the farm of a gentleman by the name of Richardson. From this tree scions were taken by Mr. A. A. Hilliard of Brighton and brought west. It is worthy of note that the Cornish Richardson pear tree is now about ninety years old, and although it shows signs of decay, yet it continues to give its annual, full crop of fruit."

Gathering Apples in a Scoop Net.—Sometime in the month of October, 1817, there was a driving north-east storm in Massachusetts—especially severe in the western part of the State—causing the streams to rise to a height rarely witnessed in that region. The consequence was that the apple orchards were denuded of their fruit in showers, and, as the low grounds were submered, there was a sea of apples afloat. As they were forced into coves, by the back set of the main stream, the surface of the water became literally bridged with apples. Acting on a hint to that effect, boats and scoop nets were soon in requisition, resulting in the most speedy apple gathering ever witnessed in that section of country. There were no questions of flotsane or jetsane raised over the occasion, and the boys had the benefit of a rich pomological harvest.

The Concord Grape—Pruning.—The owner of a Concord grape vine tells the editor of the Germantown Telegraph that neither the bunches nor the berries are as large as formerly and asks the reason. The reply is that as a general thing the Concord is not pruned as closely as it ought to be. It should be cut down nearly as much as the Black Hamburg. A Concord should not be fruited more than four seasons, as it requires frequent renewal of wood, which is most readily effected by layering. If thus managed, the Telegraph thinks, the fruit will not deteriorate and will be subject to but little mildew or insect attacks.

Black Knot in Plum Trees.—D. D. Walsh of Rock Island, Illinois, well known as an entomologist, says that all his examinations have resulted in the conviction that the black knot on the plum trees is the effect of a fungus, and is not a disease nor a gall. He thinks the spores or seeds are formed about the end of July, in latitude 40 deg. 30 minutes, and therefore if the excrescences be all cut off and destroyed by the early part of July, an effectual stop will be put to their further spread.

California Grapes to New York.—The California Farmer notices the shipment of grapes from San Francisco to New York, and says that if one third of them arrive at their destination in a marketable condition the business will pay. When the Pacific Railroad is completed it is assumed that tons of California grapes will go forward daily during the grape season.

Wines in France and Europe.—The amount of wine produced in France the past season is estimated at 884,000,000 of gallons, worth at the press twenty-five cents per gallon, or $221,000,000. The grape average of all Europe is 12,285,780, and the aggregate annual product of wine 3,107,039,000 gallons, valued at $763,733,500.

Cutting Down Shade Trees.—The New York Citizen mentions as a noteworthy fact that W. B. Astor recently cut down all the maple trees in front of his residence in Lafayette Place. They were fine and thrifty trees, about sixteen years old, and the hope is expressed that the fuel thus supplied will prevent the owner from suffering by cold the present winter! The results of time gold cannot achieve.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

APPLES FOR NAME.—I send you a box of Russet apples, from two trees. Would like to know the name—what kind of Russets they are. The Russet does the best of any apple we raise on these high lands, and I would set out some more of the same kind if I could ascertain the name to purchase by.—A. B. TABOR, *Eagle Village, N. Y.*

The apples you send are the *Golden Russet of Western New York*, one of the best Russets we have. Those marked No. 2 are the same as the others, though a little more matured.

INDIANA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The tenth annual meeting of this Society will take place at Indianapolis on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, January 7th, 8th and 9th. The friends of horticulture throughout the land are invited to be present and bring samples of fruit for exhibition. Any person may become a member and receive a copy of the transactions by remitting one dollar to the Corresponding Secretary, JOS. GILBERT, Terre Haute, Ind.

PREPARING GOOSE QUILLS FOR PENS.—A subscriber, who has got tired of using metal pens, wants to know how to prepare goose quills as a substitute. We believe the customary preparation consists in immersing the quills in oil raised considerably above the natural temperature; but for our own use we should prefer a pinion freshly plucked from the goose.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—The publishers of the Cultivator and Country Gentleman, Albany, have issued "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs" for 1868, edited by J. J. THOMAS. It has, in addition to the customary calendar, numerous engravings relating to rural affairs, besides many valuable articles relating to farm management. Price thirty cents.

GIRDLING GRAPE VINES.—A correspondent asks if there is any advantage gained by girdling or "ringing" grape vines in the summer or spring? The effect of such treatment is to produce large, showy clusters of insipid, watery fruit. The vines are ruined if the practice is followed extensively. To gratify a whim or curiosity it may be indulged, but not to gain profit.

A YANKEE PRESENT.—We have received from our contributor, "Yorick," a seasonable present in the shape of a well developed, yellow pumpkin, which obtained premium honors at the late Monroe County Fair. If it fails to make good pies the fault will not be in the pumpkin.

SAVE THE TREES FROM MICE.—With the first snows of winter comes danger to young trees from mice. Destroy their harboring places in dead grass, and tramp down the snow around the trees. Also remember some of the hints we have given about other means of protection.

WINTER MULCHING OF STRAWBERRIES.—Mulch should be put on the vines soon after the first hard freezing. Its effect is to keep the soil in a friable condition, retaining its moisture and rendering it easily pulverized. Freezing and thawing are also prevented.

PROFITABLE APPLE.—The Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society, balloting on the question, "what apple is the most profitable for a term of fifteen years," chose the "Gilpin" first and the "Wine Sap" next.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

BUCKWHEAT GRIDDLE CAKES.—I have used the following receipes for years and find them first rate: Put 3 pints of warm water into a stone pot or jar, add ½ gill of baker's yeast, or an inch square of turnpike cake dissolved in a little warm water; add a heaping teaspoonful of salt, and ½ a small teaspoonful of saleratus, have a pudding stick or spatula and gradually stir in enough buckwheat flour to make a nice batter, beat it perfectly smooth, then cover it and set it in a moderately warm place until morning; a large handful of corn meal may be put with the flour, and is by many persons considered an improvement.

TO BAKE BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Set a griddle over a gentle, steady fire; when it is hot, rub it over with a bit of suet, or fat fresh pork on a fork; the griddle must be hot, but not scorching; put the batter on in small cakes; when one side is nicely browned and about half cooked through, turn them. These cakes to be perfection, must not be much thicker than a dollar piece (if RURAL readers can recollect the thickness of that ancient coin) and both sides a delicate brown. Should the batter prove too thick it may be made thinner with sweet milk; this will also make them bake a finer color. The best of sweet butter and sirup to be served with buckwheat cakes hot from the griddle; should the cakes be preferred thicker than mentioned in this recipe, it is an easy matter to make them so; take care that they are baked through. Buckwheat may be mixed the same as wheat muffins and baked on a griddle.—IDA DARE, *Monroe, Mich.*, 1867.

TO MAKE HAIR OIL.—Take a teacupful of fresh hog's lard, and a teacup of water, simmer them together until the water is all gone; then cool; beat the white of one egg to a froth, and add to the lard, mixing them thoroughly, and perfume to suit your liking.

GOOD BISCUIT.—To one quart of sour cream and milk, add a teaspoonful of saleratus, one of salt; dissolve them well in the cream; rub a small teaspoonful of cream tartar in the flour. Bake in a quick oven.—Mrs. W. P. C., *Bemis Heights, Saratoga county, N. Y.*

MINCE PIES—May be made at all times a year by preparing meat, apples, and seasoning, ready for baking, bringing them to a scalding heat and canning. I have recently used some which I put up a year ago, and found it perfectly fresh.

TO OPEN OYSTER CANS.—Place on the round tin on top of can a piece of red-hot stone coal large enough to cover it, letting it remain a very short time, when the tin will be unsoldered and easily removed, thus leaving the cover perfect, and ready fitted to solder on again, the cans being as good as any in use for preserving peaches, pears, or anything not containing acid.—Mrs. J. S. T.

TO KEEP MEATS FRESH DURING WINTER.—Take all the pieces you wish to save and hang them in a loft or outhouse until they are *frozen solid*, then wrap in paper and put them in your wheat bin (if you are fortunate enough to have one), and cover several inches deep with wheat. It will keep sweet if the weather is not warm enough to thaw it until spring.—Mrs. N. M. L., *Omro, Wis.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Care of Calves.

THE Farm and Fireside urges the importance of keeping young stock in good heart and thrifty condition. If kept growing as they should be, a two-year old steer will make more beef than one twice that age which has been stinted in food and poorly sheltered.

Turnip Yield.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canada Farmer furnishes that paper some statistics with reference to the turnip yield in North Wellington. The yield of one lot was 1,150⅞ bushels to the acre, and another 1,237¼ bushels. These were purple tops, grown in drills eighteen inches apart, and the roots about seven inches in the drills.

Cattle in Missouri.

A WRITER in the Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis (Mo.) writing from Vernon county in that State, says:—"Being able to winter stock at so little cost, this country will soon astonish the eastern butchers in the amount of beef cattle furnished." There is no doubt that Missouri will rapidly multiply its agricultural products, and in nothing is the prospect more flattering than in regard to farm stock.

Negligence—A Gentle Hint.

THE editor of the Maine Farmer says he recently passed the premises of a man who ought to set a better example to the farming community, of which he is a prominent member. The particular sin charged was in leaving his farm implements exposed to the weather. The ox cart was bedded in snow, by the roadside, while near it a portion of a harrow projected from under a bank of the same material. It is deemed probable that they will be readily found when required in the spring,—but their value will be much less than would be the case if properly housed during the season of winter.

Calcined Bones.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canada Farmer asks concerning the manurial value of calcined bones. The editor replies that bones, in any form, impart increased productiveness to land,—but are especially effective on the sandy or lighter soils. Calcined bones absorb, with avidity, air and water, by which the phosphate of lime, amounting to some seventy-five per cent. of the bones, is rendered soluble and easily appropriated as food by the plants. Burnt bones are deemed especially valuable to turnips, and scarcely less so to the cereals.

Horses' Feet—Swelling.

ON this subject the Prairie Farmer says:—"If the swelling is accompanied with great heat and tension of the parts, and more particularly by cracked heels, then mild aperients and fomentation is a good beginning; but where any flaccidity exists, stimulants and tonics we have found the sovereign remedy. Take of powdered sulphate of iron, one ounce and a half; powdered gentian root, two ounces; nitrate of potassa, one ounce; mix and divide into twelve powders, and give one night and morning mixed in cut or soft feed, with no more water in the feed than will keep the particles together. Feed the animal generously and well, and give a little exercise daily.

Ladies' Department.

MY DREAM.

A SLENDER form, a girlish face,
Blue eyes and golden hair:
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
A vision angel fair!
Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
Why will you haunt me so,
Filled with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago?

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
Sweet music, unforgotten still,
Around me sings and swells.
Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
A picture fading never.
The anguish of a vanished hope,
That clings to me forever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream?
Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

A PLEA FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY L. E. L.,
AUTHORESS OF "THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSEKEEPING."

IN a recent number of the RURAL I read with interest an article on "Murdering the Infants," which was replete with sound sense and the most important considerations for mothers. Now, Mr. Editor, I believe in children. When the "sweet Psalmist of Israel" said, "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," there is no doubt in my mind that he meant just what he said. And if any one thinks the contrary, let him or her faithfully and lovingly perform all the offices of fatherhood or motherhood to the offspring GOD has given them, and see if they do not find in so doing the most genuine and intense happiness.

I never pick up a New York paper and read the advertisements for boarders "without incumbrances," but I feel a flush of indignation. There's room for everything else in the great metropolis, for all sorts of useless people, but none for children. They can keep dogs by the ten thousand, and parrots and monkeys, but the moment a landlord or a boarding-house keeper is made acquainted with the damaging circumstance that a married pair are blessed with children, his houses are all leased, her apartments are all full. I think the Social Science Convention ought to take action on this subject and prevent, if possible, this most pernicious error from spreading any further. Let it rather be taught and believed that children are a blessing, a boon and a crown, fountains of hope, sources of joy and delight, earnestly to be desired and gratefully received.

But what shall we do with them from the time they pass infancy until the brain becomes somewhat mature so that they begin to be useful? Grant that the plea for infants has been regarded, and they have had fresh air in abundance, and have reached the age of four or five years in perfect health. Then every fiber clamors for activity, the little feet never weary all the day long with running, the little fingers ransack every nook and corner in pursuit of mischief, the little brain prompts all sorts of questions, simple and profound. The nimble little animal is on the *qui vive* for every sort of activity — physical, intellectual, moral.

But JOHNNIE'S mamma is busy, and JOHNNIE must be put out of the way somewhere, where he wont do so much mischief, make so much noise and take so much of mamma's time. She is very busy braiding a frock for the baby or embroidering a little shirt for JOHNNIE, and can't be so much interrupted; so the little sprightly, bright-eyed fellow is sent to school to learn his a, b, c's. We have an admirable public school and school building in our village, and there are a great many just such admirable schools all over the country. The rooms are large and commodious, amply furnished, comfortably warmed and well ventilated. The scholars are graded with punctilious nicety, and every progressive step up the rugged hill of learning is made with the utmost system and regularity. This is certainly the best place in the world for a little boy or girl; and thither, with his hair neatly brushed, his dress tidy and a new primer, JOHNNIE goes, and his name is entered on the school register. His education begins. Sixty little boys and girls of just his age and literary attainment are seated on very easy benches in the same room, with a teacher and assistant, perhaps, to take charge of them. "Order is heaven's first law," and order is the first law of that school-room; no whispering, no moving about, no noise can be permitted. Five mortal hours with slight intervals, must the helpless victims sit while the young idea is learning how to shoot.

Mr. Editor, what have our little boys and girls done that they must be so punished? that all the natural activity of their natures should be so checked —their insatiate curiosity stupefied and deadened by mere mechanical study, and they converted into automatic children, governed by the iron tongue of some bell, or the nod of some excellent teacher, teaching according to rule? As they grow older and go up a grade or two, instead of learning the habits of birds or squirrels, of spiders, ants and bees, the names of trees, and taking in Mother Nature as the infant takes its mother's milk, they are loading their memories with such rubbish as this:

"Etymology teaches the derivation of words and their true signification."

"Orthography teaches the nature and power of letters, and the just method of spelling words."

"A has five sounds as in mate, ask, ball, hat, what."

"I has three sounds as in pine, pit, fatigue."

More than one-half of the time passed in school by children under ten years old is spent in pure idleness and enforced quiet. The greater part of what they learn is tedious and hateful, and the things they wish to know are kept far from them.

"But," some earnest-minded mother asks, "what shall I do with my boys and girls if I don't send them to school?"

My dear madam, allow me to suggest. In the morning when you are washing dishes, or ironing, or rolling out pie-crust, let your child stand beside you with his primer open and take from you a reading lesson fifteen or twenty minutes in length. Later in the day let him draw upon a slate the letters he learned in the morning. Meantime whenever he asks a rational question, answer it, and encourage him to ask more. See that from the cradle the English he speaks is pure and the Grammar correct. As he grows older, buy a small globe and give him the rudiments of Geography by oral instruction. Ask him such questions as this:—"If there are eleven eggs in a nest and five are addled, how many good ones remain?"

In methods simple and natural, like this, every intelligent mother can conduct the education of her children at home till they are nine or ten years of age. In this way the life of boyhood and girlhood is simple, normal and wholesome. The young mind is kept, where GOD intends it should be, in contact with a mature mind, and that mind more intensely interested than any other in the universe can be in the highest interests, both physical and mental, of that child.

THE MANAGING WOMAN.

To be a good house-keeper is one of the most essential and useful accomplishments, and the man who secures for his wife one whose education in this respect has not been neglected, combined with a mild, confiding and loving disposition, has a most valuable treasure; and if his home is not agreeable and pleasant, he may be assured that the fault is with himself, and that he does not possess the manly and gentlemanly attributes necessary for such a partner for life. We commend the following just and truthful remarks to the attention of our readers:

"The managing woman is a pearl among women. She is one of the prizes in the great lottery of life, and the man who draws her may rejoice for the rest of his days. Better than riches, she is a fortune within herself—a gold mine never failing in its yield—a spring of pleasant waters, whose banks are fringed with moss and flowers, when all around is bleached white with sterile sand. The managing woman can do anything; and she does everything well. Perceptive and executive, of quick sight and steady hand, she always knows exactly what is wanting, and supplies the deficiency with a tact and cleverness peculiar to herself. She knows the capabilities of persons as well as things, for she has an intuitive knowledge of character. The managing woman, if not always patient, is always energetic, and can never be disappointed into inaction. Though she has to teach the same thing over and over again, though she finds heads as dense as boxwood, and hands as inefficient as fishes' fins, still she is never weary of her vocation of arranging and ordering and never less than hopeful of a favorite result."

COLOR IN DRESS.

A GOOD natural figure, and taste in the shape of dress, may be wholly spoiled by inappropriate or ill-harmonized colors. Remember that white increases the apparent size of the wearer, while black diminishes it; remember also that stripes add to height, while cross-bars lessen it. Large checks are invariably in bad taste, unless a person's figure is so bad that it is sought to be concealed. Never wear a dress of many colors; and when you have more than one, see that they are what is called complementary. Thus green and red are complementary. They harmonize well; so do yellow and purple, orange and blue.

Blue and green are utterly inadmissible together. Thus, too, these strong colors ought to be chosen with respect to the color of the complexion. Green gives a rosiness to the face of the wearer, while red tones down the redness of the skin. Blue assists the beauty of a blonde, yellow that of a brunette. White vivifies a bright complexion, black subdues it. Thus a negress can wear a colored dress which would be intolerable on a white; and an Indian nurse or ayah, however old, is becomingly clothed in muslin, which is unsuitable to any but a youthful European.

BEECHER ON KISSING.

THE following scene is from "Norwood":—"It was evening twilight. They sat alone in the porch. A few late blossoms of the Chinese honeysuckle shed down a trace of perfume through the air. There were no locusts singing, no katydids, nor gurgling cricket, and yet some soft sounds I certainly heard. Not birds, surely! I think it must have been the plash of one honeysuckle blown against another. Yet there is no wind to move them. I hear it again. Listen! It is like the falling of a drop of dew into the silver lake from some birchen leaf! No, that is rude. It is as if two dreams, floating in the night, had clashed; or like the joining of two prayers of love on their way upward; or—nay, it was a kiss!—pure, sacred, holy! It is the soul's symbol, when words fail it. It is the heart's sigh, or interjection, when it has a feeling for which there is no experience!"

OUR SPICE BOX.

FEMALE gymnastics — jumping at an offer.

THE best day to wed — *Wed*-nesday, of course.

STUFFING improves the fair as well as the fowl.

MANY talk like philosophers and live like fools.

GIRLS who *knead*, are the ones who are *needed*.

TROUBLES are like babies — they grow bigger by nursing.

A DANGEROUS character — a man who "takes life" cheerfully.

WHAT roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

THE real champions of the ring — mothers with daughters to marry.

A RAINY day is "damp," but the refusal of a young lady is a "damper."

WHEN were the first sweetmeats made? When Noah preserved *pairs* in the ark.

WHY is a smile invariably behind the time? Because it is *a little laughter* (little after.)

WOMEN plow the fields of Austria with cows. Who talks about the weaker vessel?

NO matter what part other persons may play, a grocer is very sure to play the counterpart.

A YOUNG man who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a *gal*-vanic battery.

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wigging?" Mr. Wigging (hesitatingly) — "I really don't know, Miss; I don't recollect attending one."

"I HOPE this hand is not counterfeit," said a lover as he was toying with his sweetheart's fingers. "The best way to find it out is to *ring* it," was the reply.

AN old bachelor remarks that, though the Scripture says "the glory of a woman is in her hair," it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair.

A PREACHER, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering."

YOUNG ladies who are accustomed to read the newspapers are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands.

LADY MARGARET HERBERT asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "O! child," said she, "you know *in case of fire!*"

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEPARTED.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

ANOTHER June, with balmy breath and sweet
With Summer thoughts in store,
Has gone to lay its garlands at the feet
Of Summers gone before.

There must be somewhere in the shadow-land
To which the years have flown,
Among the roses-crowned, — a lovely band
Of Summers we have known.

And with them dwell the half-forgotten dreams
That were too sweet to last,
That fling their sweetness and their mellowed gleams
Across the misty past;

And buds of hope that once had promised fair—
Not ours in blossoming—
Are blooming somewhere in the wooing air
Of a perennial Spring!

'Tis Summer always in our dreams, I ween,
No Winter's frost they know,—
The Junes glide ever on, nor intervene
The chill December's snow.

But in the toil of life, Decembers chill
The years' ripe blood congeal,
As through the vale, and o'er the wooded hill
The frosts of Winter steal.

And we have seen another year enshroud
Itself in mantle white,
And float away, as floats a Summer cloud
Thro' space, beyond our sight.

Within the cycle just completed, sleep
Unnumbered hopes and fears,
And countless graves, o'er which sad hearts will weep
Forever bitter tears.

And lips of beauty, matchless in their bloom,
That ours have often prest,
Have faded with the year, and in the tomb
Are silently at rest.

And voices sweet, that rarest music made,
Are calling to us yet.—
But only echo from the twilight shade
In which the past is set!

RAVELINGS — NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. I.—INQUISITORS.

THERE are some persons, I do verily believe, who must have been born with an interrogation point in each eye, and another on the end of the tongue. Their talent at asking questions is simply wonderful. And they don't bury it in the ground, or hide it away in a napkin. They give it full opportunity for development. They add to it upon every possible occasion.

It is surprising how many of these persons I meet in my journeyings. I have a holy horror of one of them, whether male or female. If masculine, he will be curious as a woman; if feminine, she will be more curious than the commonalty of her sex.

Honestly, I confess to a positive fear of the *genus* Inquisitor. When I meet one I expect to surrender pretty much all the personal knowledge I may possess to him or her. Particularly to *her*. For to be put through the inquisitorial suction pump, with a woman to work the handle, is to come out very thoroughly squeezed.

But begging her pardon, I will speak only of him. I expect he will find out how I am, who I am, what I am, why I am it, where I am going, how long I have been going, when I think I will get there, that I am a bachelor, why I am a bachelor, how I like it, how much I am worth, how I made it, if I speculate, if I invest in stocks, what stocks, what my political and religious faith is, why it is n't something else, if I have traveled much, why, if travel agrees with me, how I like it, if I enjoy good health, where I was born, if I have a home, where my home is, what the climate is, how I like it, if I couldn't find a better location, who manages my household affairs, why I keep up my establishment, if I don't find traveling dreadfully expensive, if—

But deliver me! The mere enumeration of these things puts me entirely out of breath. How do you suppose I survive, then, while the pumping process is going on?

Your genuine inquisitor cannot be put down. He is in his element, and no hint less broad than a fair and square refusal on your part to utter even a monosyllable will he deign to take. Now I can't bear to be actually uncivil. I positively envy some men who have such a stolid habit of silence as will not be broken only at their pleasure. This is why I entertain so much fear of the inquisitor. If a man enters a car I am in, and takes a seat next me, I anxiously scan his features, to see if he be of the *genus* of which I am treating. Much study has made me tolerably expert, and I do not often fail of judging aright. If I mentally pronounce him one of the dreaded, then I feign sleep, or become absorbed in my paper. The best way is to give him no opportunity to address me. But if I do, inadvertently, and his remark ends with a rising inflection, I am seized with a sudden tremor. Where will he stop?

One of the most persistent of his class disposed himself at my side the other morning. I was starting upon an all-day's ride, and had hoped I might enjoy it in peace. But the train was crowded, and every seat must be filled. At a glance I saw that my neighbor was talented in the use of the rising inflection. All the little artifices to which I resorted to keep free of his attentions failed. I went to sleep, but forgot myself, and opened my eyes just in time to meet his cool gaze. He asked if I was going far, and I responded affirmatively. Then I fell to perusing the morning paper. Whereat he asked what was the news. I couldn't say—was about to see. He didn't think the papers now-a-days had much news in them. Did I? There was considerable in mine. All the while I was busily reading, and never once looked up. But he hung on. From general assertions and interrogatories he glided into those of a personal nature. I grew nervous. I hitched about in my seat most uneasily, and fairly turned my back upon him. It was of no use. He would subside a moment; then I would have some hope. Directly he would resume the attack, and I would grow dolorous again.

An hour went by. He became communicative, and interspersed his questionings with interesting bits of information about himself. Say what I might; he would bring the conversation, or the one-sided talk, back to its personal tone. He was a bachelor, he said, and he infered I was. I admire truth. I flatter myself I am as truthful as the average of mankind. But I instinctively felt, from his semi-confidential air, that he was going to favor me with a recital of some love-orn tale, and after giving me his reasons for bachelor life, would ask my own in return. So,—may the angel that appeared to ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA forgive me!—I replied to his inference by asserting that I was a married man, and had four little heirs and cares at home! Telling so big a lib didn't help me much. He made all manner of inquiries about my family,—was my wife's health good, of what age were the children, were they girls or boys, *cetera, cetera*, &c., &c. I had to tell a score of fibs to cover that one. Do not think I will ever resort to that subterfuge again. He pumped me thoroughly, and beside, made me act in the capacity of a receiver. I was duly posted concerning all his affairs, the main events of his life, and his ambitions. A good half day he plied me. Being civilly disposed, I merely *re*-plied, and as sententiously as any descendant of "Lo, the poor Indian," could have done. When he left he kindly hoped he might meet me again. If he ever does, I shall tell him its a case of mistaken identity,—that I never saw him before in my life!

I have learned wisdom. I feign deafness now as a guard against the whole race of inquisitors. This last experience gave me the hint. If I see the rising inflection pictured forth on any countenance with which I come in contact, I am immediately as deaf as a post. I find this absolutely effectual. One or two questions, and the questioner is done.

Asking questions isn't to be decried entirely. I am by no means making a trade against everybody who indulges in it. If not carried to excess, it is commendable. I have a faint suspicion that if somebodies had not done a little in the questioning line, all of us legitimate members of the human family would not have had an existence. Looked at in this light, interrogatories assume a more respectable guise. Some questions are necessary. A moderate desire for information is a good thing.

—Well-a-day! What if I had acted the part of a mild inquisitor, years ago, and asked a question—*the* question—of a certain black-eyed girl who wore curls? Perhaps she would have responded pleasantly, — who knows? — and then there might have been a pretty home-picture, with the black eyes and curls always set charmingly in the foreground—such a picture, and such a setting, as would have contented me ever, without all this rambling about after new scenes.

The question is a momentous thing. There are a hundred others that are knotty, and puzzling,—but I fancy it has the most wrapped up in the answer.

I have been wondering who asked the first question,—ADAM or EVE? A curious, and no doubt a profitless, speculation. But really, I should like to know, and further, what the question was. I am anxious to learn whether my inquisitorial friends got their propensities on the paternal or the maternal side. Here, then, is a question for the savans. Let them search the *Adamic* record. I've turned inquisitor, and I want an intelligible reply.

—Thus much I wrote, and then I read that which was written to my Aunt JERUSHA. She was in one of her more tender moods, and her comment, though brief, was not quite like herself. She had sat, as in a dream, her head leaning upon her hand, while I was writing. When I had read it, she said, absently—

"Our very living is only questioning."

Her remark has turned the current of my thought. It is suggestive. *Living*, only *questioning*. Vague, blind questioning—a groping after something hidden. To-day asks to-morrow what it will bring, and queries if what yesterday brought was the best, and most to be desired. Youth is questioning manhood; manhood vainly queries of itself and of the Future; and age questions, child-like again, if the dead roses will bloom once more when the Summer comes.

And when life is ended, and the questioning all is over, what will be the reply?

GENIUS AND POVERTY.

IT is one of the mysteries of our life that genius, that noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance; not in the library well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth, green lawn, or a broad expanse of scenery; not in ease and competence — is genius born and nurtured: more frequently in adversity, and destitution, amidst the harrassing cares of a straitened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalid children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birthplace, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched, have men labored, studied and trained themselves, until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity the shining lights of their times; become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind, and exercise an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

QUAKERS AT HOME.

THE Friends present a model of interior home-life. They cultivate the amenities, the consideration, the cheer and the abundance which make a home happy. They speak to one another with surprising gentleness; they smile upon one another with a sweet benignity; they welcome the visitor to an astounding hospitality. Their religion consists in creating happiness in the household. They are gentle, loving and attentive to the children. They seek to promote like docility and cheerfulness among the "rising generation." They are equally attentive to old age, with a chastened respectfulness of manner, which exalts the self-respect of declining years. Whatever can be done to make a home comfortable and cheery, is first to be done. Other Christians deny to themselves home comforts for the sake of preaching the Gospel to the heathen; but the Society of Friends believe that charity begins at home. Their Gospel is one of home and peace. Their heaven on earth is to win some foretaste of the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." They exemplify what the Christian fireside ought to be—warm without heat, cheerful without excitement, bright without dazzle. Long live the Quaker homes!—*N. Y. Commercial.*

KEEP THE BIRTHDAYS.

KEEP the birthdays religiously. They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so light, to show that it is remembered. Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside little Charlie, who is "six to-day," and is soon "going to be a man." Fathers who have half a dozen little ones to care for are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too often — sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are cherished by the children years after, they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALONE.

OH mourning heart, why dost thou cry
With such a bitter moan
For comfort, when no comfort's nigh,
And thou art all alone?
Alone with bitter memories
Of fallen hopes and broken ties.

No more thou'lt hear the voices sweet
In happy childish mirth,
No more the patter of the feet
Around the fireside hearth;
Nor morn nor eventide shall hear
The soft tones whisp'ring "Mother dear."

None call thee by that dear name now—
No little fingers press
The wrinkles from thy aching brow,
And with their sweet caress
So softly charm away the pain,
And bring thee joy and peace again.

Alone, alone, with bleeding heart,
And crushing, mad'ning pain,
And woe, whose burning, fiery dart
Rend flesh and soul in twain;
With none to hear thy anguished moan,
Thy bitter wail—"alone! alone!"

Alone! Ah no, I see a Form
Bowed down with many a grief,
That through the bitter blast and storm
Hastens to thy relief;
He comfort brings, and joy, and peace,
He bids thy pangs and pain to cease.

Oh CHRIST! Thou mak'st the heavy cross
A burden light to bear,
And Thou dost from our bitterest loss
Make something sweet appear.
Oh heart, thou art not all alone,
With whom our dear LORD makes His home.

Rochester, Dec. 17, 1867. ELLA D.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.

FIRST, to escape trouble by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but he soon found himself where all his imitators will, in the end, find themselves. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

Second, to become a christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, that is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed luster.

Third, to form an independent character, except when thrown on their own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and sickly; but away from its protectors, and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beat upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely upon his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

Fourth, to be a growing man when you look to your post for influence instead of bringing influence to your post. Therefore, prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to roll down with inglorious ease.

WE FADE AS A LEAF.

As the trials of life thicken, and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle, and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation, says an eloquent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so, likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dry and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name.

EVIL AND WANT.

THE connection between the kingdom of God and our daily bread is closer than is generally believed. I am far from asserting that a truly good man may not sometimes get into great troubles without any fault of his own, for God often puts his people into the crucible, that like gold they may come out of it all the purer. But this I make bold to say, that where a man has come so low as to have nothing to eat or drink, as a rule there is something wrong in him. He is either a lazy man, or a drunkard, or dishonest, or unmanageable, or something else of that sort. There must be some hidden evil within him which causes him to succumb under the evil of the day. Our Lord is not such a shepherd as sends the sheep that follow Him into a barren wilderness where there is no food. It is a trifle to Him to open His hand and to liberally feed men and beasts. How much more will He fill with food and joy the mouth and the heart of those whom He knows as His servants, and friends, and brethren, who labor not as men-pleasers, but to please Him, their all in all!

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.—Awful as the consideration of eternity is, it is a source of great consolation to the righteous. A voluble minister, after having been silent in company a considerable time, and being asked the reason, said that the powers of his mind had been solemnly absorbed with the thought of everlasting happiness. "O my friends, said he, with an energy that surprised all present, "consider what it is to be *forever with the Lord*—forever, forever, forever!"

USES OF TEMPTATION.—When a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it in the steeple, but tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side, to see if there be any flaw in it. Christ does not, presently after he has converted a man, convey him to heaven; but suffers him to be beaten by many temptations, and then exalts him to his crown.—*Arrowsmith.*

UNTIL you view sin as your determined enemy, you never will successfully strive against it: not *this* or *that* sin, but sin itself in the general.

Educational.

ELEMENTARY STUDIES.

ALTHOUGH much complaint has arisen from time to time, from various sources, because the elementary branches are sadly neglected in many of our schools, we feel disposed to add a few words regarding this neglect.

It is natural for educators to be ambitious. To have "advanced pupils" is a worthy desire on the part of the teacher,—but it may assume detrimental proportions. Properly enough, the teacher takes pride in passing a class through brilliant examinations in Geometry,—but too seldom is there any pride attaching to good attainments in reading or spelling. Now a familiarity with squares and angles is very desirable,—but if a student draws a parallelogram never so deftly, and then spells the word with but two *ls*, we feel to pity rather than praise. And there are hundreds of thoroughly educated (?) collegians who blunder most stupidly in their spelling—who ought to go back to the elementaries and begin anew.

The good old days of spelling schools, we suppose, are gone by. Time was when to be "the best speller in school" was a genuine honor, and sought after with eager effort. The rivalry springing up, in consequence, served a most useful purpose. If all did not become the *best* spellers, all did become *good* ones. Can as much be said now of scholars? Would not some kind of stimulus in regard to this one particular elemental branch be productive of good? We appeal to teachers, in all earnestness, to devote more time to their spelling classes. Devise some means by which you may more fully interest those classes, and excite the members to more careful study. Impress deeply upon their minds the fact that to spell words correctly constitutes an accomplishment of no mean importance. Do not give five minutes to the spelling lesson, and as many hours to Philosophy, and Chemistry, and Algebra. To write out each spelling lesson upon the black-board may avail much in fixing correct renderings in the memory. It might also benefit greatly to have some member of the class write on the board a letter, at your dictation, made up in due form, and then ask the rest of the class to point out any errors in spelling which they may discover. This will cause the writer to use care in regard to spelling, while writing, which is highly necessary. Many individuals cannot think while on their feet addressing an audience; so many others cannot spell properly at the point of their pen. The exercise suggested, too, will have a two-fold effect for good, as it will accustom the pupil to forms of correspondence, and impart ease in composition. The ingenious teacher, thoroughly intent on making his pupils proficient in spelling, can invent plenty of other modes to add a zest to the perhaps dry columns of words, and render orthography really attractive. Unless he does it, his duty is not fully performed.

And so with reading. It is too frequently considered as of minor importance, ranking with spelling and writing. Very few good readers come forth from our schools. The majority are deficient in emphasis, in accent and inflection—in everything that goes to make up fine expression—to an almost surprising degree. Mainly this is the fault of the educators. Not enough effort is made to awaken interest in the reading lessons; too many of these, indeed, are old and dry, and literally barren of aught agreeable and entertaining. Let new chapters, gleaned from current literature, be added now and then, spiced with pleasant words of comment, appropriate and suggestive questions, and the like. Thus will the reading exercises take on a freshness before unknown, by which will be engendered a liking fruitful of improvement.

Few as are the good readers, the good writers are fewer still. And this without any reason whatever. Penmanship has been reduced to an art distinctive and beautiful, yet by no means difficult to acquire. In the hurry of business and pressing demands upon one's time, an illegible chirography is excusable; but in the years of student-life there is no such occasion for haste, and a graceful handwriting may be, and ought to be, diligently striven for. In the whole list of accomplishments there is nothing finer than that. It has made the fortune of many a man, and won admiration for many a woman. The idea that genius must sign its name with a horrid scrawl which might as well be put "JOHN SMITH, his mark," is altogether a mistaken one. Publishers, at least, do not believe in it. Illegibility never helped a manuscript along into editorial good graces.

One of the qualifications demanded of every school teacher should be, we think, good penmanship. Unless the teacher possesses it, we need expect little from his pupils, save ungainly and ill-formed characters. Possessing it, he should make the writing lesson a prime consideration in the daily exercises, and by every means possible stimulate to more perfect attainments those under his charge. Let every scholar be required to write out the lessons of certain days, and let the degree of neatness and perfection in the writing count as a part of the perfectness of such lessons. This will insure no inconsiderable improvement, while it will render the lessons less liable to be forgotten.

Elementaries cannot be too sedulously cultivated. Rapid promotion from them to advanced and classical studies will not inure for good. Thoroughness lies at the bottom of all really beneficial education, and must be appreciated and followed out, else all after work and study will be of comparatively little worth. If we enjoin it upon teacher-friends with repeated earnestness, it is because we realize how glaringly it has been, and is being, overlooked or disregarded, and because we sincerely desire for the rising generation a better order of things.

TEACH SCHOLARS TO THINK.

WRITERS have often discussed the importance of correct habits of thought, and have dwelt at length on methods of mental culture. While it would be unjust to decry the value of their labors, it may be asked, "Of what use are they to persons who do not think?" Every intelligent man must be conscious that there are many whose thinking is so extremely limited in its scope that they can scarcely be said to think at all. They are content to depend upon the thinking of others. Often they pay a heavy price for their folly.

It is the business of the educated teacher to teach to *think*, as well as to teach *how* to think. It is well for him to cause his pupils to acquire as many facts for future use as possible, and to give the memory its due share of culture. But let it constantly be borne in mind that the facts learned in the school room bear but a small proportion to those acquired by observation and reading. A true education will so develop the mental powers, that they make a proper use of the knowledge thus gained. The result can only be reached by the cultivation of habits of thinking in the pupil.

WINTER. SPRING. SUMMER. AUTUMN.

ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE FOUR SEASONS:

FROM BRONZE STATUETTES EXHIBITED BY M. DETOUCHE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—[ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.]

THE above allegorical group is beautifully expressive, and we think cannot but win the admiration of all RURAL readers. The lesson of each Season is told in a most charming manner, very poetically, indeed, yet with rare grace and truthfulness. Could anything be more suggestive of chilling blasts, when we involuntarily wrap our robes more closely around us,—of balmy breezes in which the buds open to beauty and fragrance,—of warm sunlight, when the grain ripens for the harvest,—and of clear, perfect days, when the gorgeous tints hold the glory of the year, than are the different figures? The taste for statuary is increasing. At the late Paris Exposition, where the statuettes represented in our illustration were exhibited, the Bronze Court was a marked feature. Florentine bronzes, or, as the French call them, artistic, are admirably adapted for ornamentation, and must tend greatly to popularize Art.

Various Topics.

THE HOLIDAY-TIME.

O THE glad holiday-time, when it is Saturday afternoon a whole week for all the old Boys and Girls! It is the week of all the weeks,—it is beauty, and cheer, and mirth, and music,—it is summer for the heart, let the rude December blasts blow never so wildly.

And here we are once more, right in the midst of its gladness. Again have we come to the charmed place in the year's ever rounding circle, where the merriest laughter echoes and re-echoes with the clearest ring, and where gaiety holds highest carnival. Hearken to the joyously pealing bells! Out on the street happy parties dash by, and their laughing voices overflow with the holiday exuberance. Hurrying crowds jostle one another upon the sidewalks,—for all are busybodies now, and the business of each is to enjoy and be glad—to procure something which will give joy and gladness to another. Proud fathers and mothers peer curiously into the temptingly arrayed shop-windows, in their search for handsome toys for the "wee ones;" lovers look longingly through the book and jewelry stores for fitting souvenirs of affection—a volume of love songs in dainty binding, or a plain circlet of gold which shall typify plighted faith; and sweethearts turn over numberless specimens of worsted to find some pretty pattern for slippers or smoking cap, or conjure up gay trimmings for dressing gowns.

On the day before Christmas we fancied we could take the measure of sundry little pairs of stockings, just from looking into the countenances of the papas and mammas. And we rambled up and down the streets for an hour, taking a certain kind of pleasure in the kindliness that shone out of the faces we met, and in our mind etching quaint pictures of SANTA CLAUS cramming candies, and skates, and nobody knows what else, into the places where busy feet hid away only a few hours before. We all remember how it used to be with us, before our feet grew tired on the way of life,—when SANTA was not a myth, but a veritable personage,—how we used to count the days till Christmas came, and how we kept our sleepy lids open just as long as we could, in the hope to see the funny old fellow when he should come down the chimney! Of course he always waited till we were sound asleep, and of course by-and-by we came to believe that there was a little shadow of doubt about his identity, and then a little later and we were confirmed unbelievers concerning him! It is the one unpleasant feature of the years, that they bring doubtings and unbeliefs. When we turn our backs on SANTA CLAUS we forsake a whole catalogue of childish faiths that would, perhaps, insure us happiness if we could but cling to them—could but anchor alongside of them through the brief forever of mortality.

But we drift out on the pleasant waters of youth and speculation, and find that life is not the long holiday we fancied; one by one the years hurry by, and one by one the glad things we covet glide out of our reach; some Saturday afternoon proves cloudy and there is a shower of tears; there's a boy-love cruelly slighted, and a pang of disappointment cuts keenly into the young flesh of the heart,—and then manhood is attained, and there is never any sunny playdays more, or if they come it is with this cheery holiday time, and with a whole year intervening.

But a blessing on this week of all the weeks, with its gladness and its gifts! Gifts! Let us echo the word again and again,—there is unheard music in it. We all have gifts—gifts that are not bought with a price, that were not put in our stockings on a night beyond which our memory goes not—gifts to be happy and to do good, to see blessings under the cloud as in the sunlight, and to cull sweets from many a bitterness. Then may the gifts all be cherished lovingly, until there comes a holiday-time which shall know no ending forever and forever!

MR. T. P. BARKAS states that the surface of the sun has become much disturbed, and that there is at present upon his disc a spot of remarkable magnitude and clearness. The approximate length of the spot is 50,000 miles, and its width 30,000; and so well defined is it, that it can easily be seen by the naked eye when protected by colored glass. The spot forms a beautiful object for telescopes of very moderate power.

YOUNG MEN—BUSINESS MEN.

IT is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half of the energy displayed in keeping ahead, that is required to catch up when behind, will save credit, give more time to attend to business, and add to the profit and reputation of those who work for gain. Be prompt. Keep your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do—do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting around stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct work to advantage. Have order, system, regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with business you know nothing of. Never buy an article simply because the man who sells will take it out in trade. Trade is money. Time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive, then stay there to wait on customers.

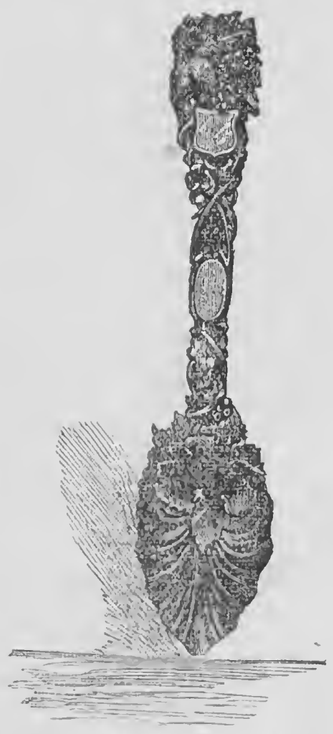
Help yourself and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to get rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope or work for success—spend time in idleness. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants—and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be honest. Be vigilant. Keep ahead rather than behind the times. Young men, note this, and if there is folly in the argument, let us know. You must test it thoroughly, as, sooner or later, practical life repeats its experiences.

TEMPERANCE AND EXERCISE.

IT is remarkable how constantly, and with how little thought, we violate the laws of health. Look, for instance, either at the quality or quantity of food we often take at a single meal, and see if the human stomach is not a marvelous contrivance, to assimilate the incongruous mess. A lecturer enlarges on this subject as follows:—Soup, fish, flesh, oil, vinegar, wines, pastry, ices, confectionery, fruits, and numberless minor ingredients of conflicting chemical qualities are among the materials "thrown in." Stir these things together in a vessel, and which of us would not sicken at their appearance and odor? Yet at a dinner party they are all crammed into the stomach, there to ferment and generate pernicious gasses. Truly, man is "fearfully and wonderfully made." No other creature could exist on such diet. It would kill a gorilla in a month. It does kill, though more slowly, thousands of that high and mighty variety of the human race commonly called gentlemen. Universal temperance in eating and drinking would quadruple the general health, and add years to the average life of the race. But exercise is as essential to health as temperance. In fact, intemperate eaters and drinkers sometimes stave off disease for many years by using their muscles manfully. As a rule, however, gormandizers and guzzlers are indolent. There is a story in the Arabian Nights of a physician who cured a sultan of plethora by introducing certain medicaments into a mallet, with which the patient hammered every day until he fell into a profuse perspiration, when the virtues of the panacea in the mallet passed through the fibers of the wood into his pores. This is merely an allegorical way of enforcing the great lesson that bodily exertion is beneficial to health—that exercise is excellent physic. Everybody who knows anything about the mechanism of the human frame, sees, of course, that it was made to work, and we may add that if it does not fulfill the conditions of its structure it is sure to corrode and drop to pieces prematurely.

MUSKRATS UNDER THE ICE.

MUSKRATS have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding-grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. They then rise up to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and ice, and then take it again, and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner:—When the marshes and ponds where the muskrats abound are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way; and hunters have frequently told me of taking otter in the manner I have described when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat for prey.—*Trapper's Guide.*



THE WOODEN SPOON OF YALE COLLEGE.

IT is the custom of the graduating class in Yale College to select by vote the most popular man in the class and make him the recipient of a wooden spoon. Our illustration shows the one given to the lucky member of the class of 1866. The presentation is made quite an affair, and the spirit in which the prize is offered and received prevents any hard feeling. One of the singular facts is that the receiver of the spoon is very frequently also the gainer of the cradle, which the class on graduation votes to give to one of their number who first becomes a father. Such a combination shows that the judgment of the class is not incorrect, and that there are not two standards for judging of a man's popularity.

DON'T TOUCH COLD IRON.—Henry Norrison, a laborer at the New Jersey freight depot, while moving some bars of iron on Friday morning, took up one so cold that it adhered to two of the fingers of his right hand, and when he threw it down it stripped the flesh entirely from the first joints, leaving the bones bare, rendering amputation necessary.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PURE HEART.

BY GLENN HERBERT.

LITTLE BESSIE hung her stocking
  Close beside her little bed,
Then, while many funny fancies
  Flitted through her little head
Of the one who was to bring her
  Pretty gifts and pleasant things,
Sleep came gently down and 'round her
  Closely wrapped his fleecy wings.

In the morning, when she wakened,
  Would you really like to know
What so deeply she found hidden
  In the stocking's very toe?
Many things she found before it,—
  Many beautiful and bright—
And she said "I thank you, SANTA,
  For remembering me last night."

Folded in a dainty paper,
  All the other things below,
Lay a heart of whitest sugar
  In the stocking's tiny toe.
Folded with it, neatly printed,
  So a little girl might read
Were the words that every BESSIE
  Ought most carefully to heed:

"Strive to keep *your* heart, my darling,
  Evermore as pure as this,
So your life, when it is finished,
  Will be crowned with perfect bliss.
Far from every evil-doing
  See that it may always be,
And from evil thought and feeling
  Try to keep it ever free!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE PAUL.

A HAPPY YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year to you all, young friends! We do not need to ask if you had a Merry Christmas. There's a laughing sparkle in your eyes, at the mention of that time, and some of you are still fairly atremble with glad excitement over the good things SANTA CLAUS brought and smuggled so carefully away in your stockings. Did you all get up as early in the morning to find them, as our home-trio did? MAGGIE and KATE proposed sitting up throughout the night before, in order to see old SANTA's pretty team of reindeers, as he should drive along, and they even tried to get CHARLIE to keep them company. But we told them they'd have a dull and sleepy Christmas, if this plan was followed out, and finally they began to think so too, and pretty soon three little tongues had said their "good nights," and six busy hands and feet were at rest.

What a chattering there was the next morning! Six dainty stockings were stuffed full, clear down to the toes,—SANTA had come, and measured out generously, sure enough, and though the girls felt rather sorry that they hadn't seen his handsome reindeers, they were too much interested in what he had left to think long about it.

Perhaps it will be a little late to give good wishes for the new year, when this number of the RURAL shall reach you. Will it, though? Let us think. Does the new year get old in a day, or two days, or a week? We don't call a man old, generally, until he has reached fifty years. You know the Bible says man's years are threescore and ten; well, that's seventy, isn't it? Fifty is about two-thirds of seventy, so a man goes two-thirds of the way through life before he becomes old. We may say, therefore, that the year will not be old until about the first of next October. "A happy new year," then, means more than a happy day,—more than a happy week. In wishing it for you, we mean it for more than two-thirds or three-fourths of the twelve months. We want you to be happy through all the three hundred and sixty-five days of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight.

Now, young friends, merely wishing this will hardly make it so, we fear. Haven't you heard the old rhyme—

"If wishes were fishes we'd have some fried,
  If wishes were horses we beggars might ride?"

To wish for isn't always to secure. In order to acquire anything, *something must be done*—some effort must be put forth. Maybe you think it isn't very hard work to be happy. But it might be easier we think. It needs a little care to hold happiness. How, then, will you be happiest? Keep a willing heart, for one thing. Be willing to oblige others, to do little acts of kindness, to speak pleasant words, to be smiling and cheerful no matter what may come up to vex you. Be willing to learn from those around you, to avoid all evil, even though it be tempting, to love the good and the pure. A willing heart will be a sunny heart, and a sunny heart will make a sunny and happy life day after day. So the sunny days will become sunny weeks; and the weeks will grow to months, and thus will you have finally a really happy year!

FRANK AND SUSIE.

"THERE! that kitten's run into the pantry," said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner. "Children, one of you get her out, won't you?"

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry: "Here! 'scat! clear out!"

Poor Kitty, frightened with the noise, ran wildly in every direction but that of the door, and finally crept behind a barrel. Frank, of course, could not move it, and as little could he get the kitten out. When he found that she would certainly stay where she was as long as he scolded, he tried coaxing, but it was too late for that: Kit would not trust him.

"Here, Kitty, Kitty, come, little Kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry. Kitty knew that pleasant voice, and she put her head out, but hesitated.

"Come, Kitty, dear little Kitty," said Susie again, and she came. Mrs. Lee had heard it all.

"Which do you think the better way, my boy?" she asked, laying her hand on Frank's shoulder—"Susie's or yours!"

"Susie's," Frank replied.

"Remember, then, little ones, always, that gentleness and kindness are better than roughness, and the rule of love better than that of fear."

POWER OF KINDNESS.—A poor woman used to give an elephant, who often passed her stall in the market, a handful of greens, of which he was very fond. One day he was in a great fury, and broke away from his keeper, and came raging down the market-place. Every one fled, and in her haste the market-woman forgot her little child. But the elephant, instead of trampling it to death, picked it up tenderly and laid it on one side in a place of safety. Do you think she was sorry she gave him his handful of greens as he went by? No. We never lose by a kind action, no matter to whom it is done.

The Publisher's Desk

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is send free.

Send Early!—That we may get names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as early as possible, friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—at once. Those forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards. Many keep to work for months, remitting from time to time; and some, after sending for one club, form another and get a second or larger premium.

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the RURAL is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending in their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Keep a List!—If each agent will keep a list of all the names sent us, with dates and amounts of remittances, it will greatly facilitate the correction of any errors which may be made at either end of the line.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the RURAL. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure. Send for the list, which (together with the show-bill, prospectus, &c.,) we send free. A little effort will secure a good club in almost any locality, and this is the best season to make the effort. Reader, will you please see that the matter is attended to in *your* neighborhood?

The Price of the Rural.—If any one objects to the price of the RURAL, please ask him or her to compare the paper in Contents, Appearance, &c., with any similar journal, weekly or monthly,—or with any reprint of a daily or trashy literary paper. State the FACT that the first cost of the RURAL (for Editorial and other Contributions, &c., &c.) is far greater than that of any of its contemporaries,—and moreover that it is far cheaper now, at $2, than it was at $2 before the war. A little examination and figuring will satisfy any candid, intelligent person that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is really the cheapest paper of its class.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE canal boat Robert White, from Lockport, N. Y., loaded with staves, was burned at Fort Plain a few days since.

The Albany & Susquehanna Railroad was opened to Nineveh and Harpersville, 120 miles from Albany, on the 26th ult.

Ground has been broken for the Rondout & Oswego Railroad at Kingston.

The checks recently taken from the bank messenger of the Bank of the State New York in New York city, amounting to over three millions of dollars, have turned up. A package containing them was given to a boy to deliver at one of the hotels, but he handed it over to the Supt. of Police.

The New York Central Railroad has changed management. Commodore Vanderbilt is now its President, with a Board of Directors of his own choosing. This involves minor changes. All trains at Albany are now made up and started from the west end of the Hudson River bridge, and none of the through trains run down to the old depot. Albany is thus made little more than a way station, and its citizens are quite indignant thereat.

The Cohoes mastadon has been mounted—the missing bone being supplied by plaster casts—and is on exhibition at the State Geological Hall in Albany. The skeleton measures nine and a half feet in height, and the spinal column is fifteen feet in length.

Mrs. Eckert, who was convicted of having caused the death of Mrs. Mary L. Moorehouse of Brooklyn, by producing an abortion, was sentenced by the Brooklyn City Court yesterday to two years in the State Prison.

From Washington.

GENERAL Orders issued by Gen. Grant on the 28th ult. make important changes in the commands of Military Districts. Gen. Ord is to be superseded in the Fourth District by Gen. A. C. Gillem, and will proceed to San Francisco to relieve Gen. McDowell of the Department of California. On being thus relieved, Gen. McDowell is to supersede Gen. Gillem. In the Third District, Gen. Pope is relieved by Gen. Meade, and is ordered to report at once at Headquarters, while the Department of the East will be commanded by the senior officer on duty there until Gen. Meade's successor is named by the President. Gen. Swayne is relieved from duty in the Bureau of Refugees, and will resume command of his regiment.

The funeral of Gen. Griffin took place here on the 28th ult., with impressive ceremonies. Among those present were Generals Grant, Sherman, Hunter and Carr. Over 3,000 troops escorted the body to Oak Hill Cemetery.

Senator Sherman intends to urge his financial bill upon the early attention of the Senate, so as to give the country a certain basis for the resumption of business in the spring.

General Grant reports that the balance due from Southern railroad companies to the United States on the 1st of November, 1867, including interest, was $4,884,500.

Lieutenant-Commander J. N. Stillwell, United States navy, has been dismissed the service for conduct unbecoming an officer.

Orders were to-day issued discharging one hundred and thirty-four mechanics from the ordnance department at the Washington Navy Yard. This is upwards of one-half the force employed there; and much complaint is made among those discharged that their services are dispensed with during the most severe part of the year.

The Internal Revenue report shows a gradual daily increase, and the lowest estimates for the fiscal year do not fall short of $200,000. Thus far the receipts amount to over ninety millions.

Col. Ely Parker, of General Grant's staff, was privately married to Miss Minnie Sackett on the 23d ultimo.

The rumors relative to the reduction of the regular army are entirely unfounded. General Grant has not recommended any such measure; but, on the contrary, thinks a reduction of the force at the present time not at all advisable.

The system of converting mutilated national currency into pulp, to be again manufactured into paper, which was inaugurated about a year ago, nets the Government from $300 to $400 per day, and it is now proposed to amend the law regarding national banks so that their mutilated notes may be disposed of in the same way. A bill will be reported at an early day, embodying the necessary legislation.

From the South.

THE United States steamer De Soto, Commander Boggs, has arrived at Fortress Monroe after a passage of six days from St. Thomas, with the Danish Commissioners on board, and also the Rev. Dr. Hawley, who was sent out by our Government to secure the acquiescence of the people of St. Thomas to the annexation of the Island to the United States. The De Soto was not so badly injured by the earthquake at Vera Cruz as stated in first reports.

Galveston advices state that the Kickapoo Indians have committed murders and outrages on the Rio Grande and crossed into Mexico.

Two serious breaks have occurred in the levee near New Orleans. Gen. Hancock has telegraphed for authority to place the starving negroes at work upon the levees generally, and to issue to them rations. Accounts from parishes in the interior state that negro depredations continue in an alarming manner. A large military force will be needed, it is stated, to prevent a rising of the loyal leaguers.

Large assemblages of armed negroes have been disbanded at Jackson and East Taliciona.

The steamer Raleigh took fire on the 24th ult., at sea off Charleston, and a large number of lives were lost.

Judge Busteed, of the United States District Court, was fired upon in Mobile, the other day, by District Attorney L. V. B. Martin, and badly injured.

A negro was tied to a stake and burned by the mob in Jefferson county, Georgia, on the 23d ult., for an alleged outrage on a white girl.

The Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate, a Radical organ, calls for the re-assembling of the Convention to modify the objectionable features of the proposed Constitution, namely: the clause about schools, the franchise and registration oaths. The paper says if the Constitution is not modified its adoption can only be accepted as a choice of evils not defended as right and proper.

The following is the article adopted by the Louisiana Convention as the second article of the Constitution:—"All persons, without regard to race, color or previous condition, born and naturalized in the United States and residents of the State one year are citizens of this State. They shall enjoy the same civil, political and public rights and privileges and be subject to the same pains and penalties."

Gen. Howard thinks Congress will have to provide for the destitute at the South. A proposition is made to have a Government loan of twenty-five or twenty-six millions at six per cent., secured by lien on property and crops.

General Canby has issued an order officially announcing that the Convention has been carried in South Carolina, and appointing Charleston as the place, and Jan. 14th as the day, for its assembling.

From the West.

THE distillery of Boyle, Miller & Co., in Cincinnati, on the 27th ult., was entirely destroyed by fire. The building contained a large lot of whisky. The loss on the building, still, machinery and stock is $511,000, on which there is an insurance of $288,000. Several other establishments were seriously damaged.

Congressman Hamilton, of Ohio, was murdered a few days ago by his son, who was laboring under a fit of insanity. Mr. Hamilton was on his farm at Maysville, and while engaged in feeding some stock the young man stepped up behind him and with a heavy piece of board struck him on the head, killing him instantly. The maniac then attempted to murder his mother and brother, but failed.

A brick school house in Pontiac, Mich., was blown down during a severe gale, recently, and a number of scholars were severely injured.

A locomotive belonging to the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad Company exploded in Chicago on the 27th ult., killing one man instantly and wounding two others.

A movement has been initiated to connect the navigable waters of the Columbia with the Union Pacific Railroad, through Idaho and Oregon.

The late flood in California was nearly as destructive as that of 1861. The entire Sacramento Valley was submerged, and travel generally suspended. The levees at Marysville were broken away, and the greater part of the city overflowed. Such a disastrous storm was never before known on the mountains. The roads over the Sierra Nevada mountains were rendered impassible for animals, and the mails and express matter to Virginia City and other places in Nevada are carried by men on foot.

The meeting of the Chicago manufacturers in Chicago on the 27th ult. to ratify the proceedings of the recent National Convention at Cleveland, was the largest gathering of manufacturers ever assembled in the Northwest. Resolutions were unanimously adopted indorsing the action of the late Convention at Cleveland.

A fire in Quincy, Ill., on the 29th ult., destroyed property valued at $50,000.

From New England.

THE Vermont Central Railroad bridge over Onion river, one mile from Burlington, 300 feet long and 60 feet high, was destroyed by fire on the 24th ultimo.

Much excitement prevails in Haverhill over a murder and an attempt at bank robbery perpetrated on the 23d ult.

A terrible gale swept over Pittsfield, in Berkshire county, recently, uprooting trees, blowing down chimneys and doing other serious damage.

The outfits and returns in the fisheries from Boston annually are rated at $11,000,000, and there are two firms that sell fish to the amount of $2,000,000 annually. The trade of Boston, with the maratime provinces, in 1865 reached $6,000,000, and the imports of cattle, lumber and breadstuffs from Canada in the same year into the State were estimated at $10,000,000. In this branch of her commerce Boston has annually at stake more than $27,000,000.

A severe fire in Boston recently destroyed property to the value of a quarter of a million dollars, mostly in woolen goods.

About two-thirds of the workmen in the Portsmouth, N. H., navy-yard and the Charlestown yard have been discharged, and the number is to be still further reduced.

The Russian Government has made a contract with the Colt Patent Fire-Arms Co., Hartford, for the manufacture of 30,000 Berdan rifles, the contract to be filled in eighteen months. One hundred revolving cannon have also been ordered by the Prussian Government, to be built by the Colt Company; and the Russians are likewise to have some built.

Southern Editorial Correspondence.

THE Weather in Maryland, Virginia and Georgia—The Climate contrasted with that of the North—Wood-houses, and Sheds for Stock, *non est*—The Cotton Crop—The Cotton Tax a Failure—Anticipated Suffering, &c.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 24, 1867.

I LEFT Baltimore Dec. 18th, when the snow was from six to eight inches deep, the ice at least six inches thick, and the weather cold and winterish. At Washington it was much the same. The 19th, left Washington early in the morning by the boat for Aquia Creek. It was clear and frosty, and the ice on the Potomac, when not disturbed, was at least six inches thick and increasing. We cleared it, however, and for nearly half the way had open water.

At Richmond there was just snow enough to make the streets *sloshy*. Before we reached Petersburg, all snow and ice had disappeared. The weather began to moderate, and long before we reached Wilmington overcoats were a burthen, and fires in the cars, except at night, unnecessary.

At this place (Augusta, Ga.) the weather is much like a mild October day. Mosquitos buzz and bite quite summerly; overcoats and fires are not seen. I can imagine my Northern friends having a good time getting up wood, foddering, and otherwise enjoying the comforts of the season. But I must say that I find myself quite willing to let them have the enjoyment without my company, until summer comes again.

The difference of climate makes great changes in the domestic habits of the people. Less care is given to preparation for winter. Nobody thinks of having a supply of wood, or even a wood-house. Such a thing as a good wood-house, filled with fuel ready for the fire, is almost as rare in all the South as a white elephant would be.

Shelter for stock is also rare, and valuable manure lost, and the farmer has only a moving pile of bones in the spring, when, with but little trouble, he might have sleek-looking animals from which a profit could be made. But all this is changing, although slowly, and I can see that there has been some slight improvement since I first came among them some ten months ago.

The cotton crop in some sections has been a fair one for the surface planted, but the breadth was much narrowed, and the price has fallen so low (not more than 10 to 12 cents to the planter) that a large number of planters will be ruined. The best cotton lands are not so good for corn, and cotton will continue to be cultivated, but on a much reduced breadth of land.

The cotton tax, as a measure of political economy for the whole country, has not been a success, and the North and West have lost in business more than they have saved in taxes,—and the loss is still going on,—while the suffering of the laboring population for the next six months will be frightful. Government will be heavily taxed for their support this winter, or starvation is certain.—T. C. P.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Fenians seem to be unusually active all over the United Kingdom. Nearly every hour of the day dispatches are received in London by the authorities announcing a contemplated movement by the Brotherhood, or its absolute occurrence. A general uprising was anticipated on Christmas, but it did not occur. Extraordinary measures were taken by the Government to guard against it. It would seem that the Brotherhood are intent on mischief. Large numbers of letters have lately been received at the post-office in Dublin, addressed to prominent citizens, each of which was loaded with explosive materials, designed to kill whoever should open it. A policeman was horribly mangled by one of them. Great excitement prevails in consequence. Attempts have been made, also, to destroy the gas works at Glasgow and Warrington, but proved unsuccessful; and an effort has been made to fire the General Post-Office by means of Greek fire. The attempt was happily frustrated.

A large powder mill at Faversham, about fifty miles from London, was blown up and utterly destroyed on the 28th ult. Ten persons were killed outright, and a large number injured. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Dispatches received from Naples mention that the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius is continually increasing in power and splendor. Immense sheets of white, yellow, and crimson flame arise hundreds of feet above the water, and at night the Bay of Naples is lighted up for miles.

The Pope has enjoined the Rothschilds against paying the coupons of the Italian bonds taken in this country.

The existing Italian Cabinet is not to be dissolved. Some changes in its composition will be made, but General Menabrea will remain at the head of the Government. Under his direction the reorganization of the Ministry will proceed.

There is much political agitation in Northern and Southern Italy. In Naples and the cities of Piedmont the excitement is dangerous, and fears are entertained that it may culminate in risings against the authority of the Government.

The sessions of the Spanish Cortez commenced at Madrid on the 27th ult. In the usual speech from the throne, Queen Isabella pledged the support of the nation to His Holiness the Pope, for the preservation of the temporal power.

A number of eminent Russian statesmen and diplomats have met in St. Petersburg, and are holding a conference on the Eastern question.

DOMINICIAN NEWS.—Senor Pujal, President of the Dominician Government, is on his way to Washington as a special envoy extraordinary, to close negotiations in regard to Samana. The resignation of part of Cabral's cabinet has been accepted. Gen. Palanco's death has been confirmed. The French loan has been disapproved. The lease of any port of the territory to a foreign power is unpopular. The chief reason for closing the legislative chambers was the proclamation of martial law by the Executive. Extraordinary powers have been conferred upon President Cabral, who was proving his excellent abilities and energy of character in the present emergency. The provinces of St. Domingo, Cibao, Asua and Samana are tranquil. In the northern part of the Republic the Baezist Revolution, under the lead of General Purgra, was still in progress.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.—The first Parliaments of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec were opened at Toronto and Quebec, respectively, on the 27th ult., with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. John Stevenson, member from Lennox, was chosen Speaker of the Ontario Assembly, and Col. Blouchett was elected to the same position in the Assembly of Quebec.

DURING the past seven years the monks of Mont St. Gothard have given more than 20,000 rations to needy travelers, besides many articles of clothing; and the total expense has been less than $1,100.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A FRENCH company is extracting $3,000 worth of silver a day from the refuse of the old Greek mines managed by Zenophon two thousand years ago.

A DAM nine hundred feet long and eighteen feet high is to be built across the Kennebec River at Waterville, Maine, by the Ticonic Water Power Co.

FOURTEEN out of two hundred girls employed by a dry goods firm in Boston, were recently taken the same day with the small pox, supposed to have been contained in imported goods.

THERE is now unbroken railroad communication from New Nork to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly two thousand miles, a temporary bridge having been completed across the Missouri River at Omaha.

A TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCH the other day came from London to Washington in nine and a half minutes. Suppose it to have kept on around the world, the circuit would have been made within an hour.

THE Dutch Government is about to construct some powerful fortifications, which project is expressive of its fears of Prussia. Three forts will be erected near Amsterdam, and two others at important points.

BY steamer we have the news of a most terrible disaster at sea off Montevideo. The English mail steamer Saturn was lost, and all on board to the number of four hundred, save fourteen, perished with the vessel.

AT St. Louis, on the 13th inst., the workmen excavating for the pier of the bridge over the Mississippi, came upon the wreck of the steamer Glencoe, which was wrecked by a boiler explosion seventeen years ago. Six skeletons were found imbedded in the mud on the deck.

REVOLUTION IN YUCATAN.—Latest advices from Yucatan state that the revolution there was assuming alarming proportions. Santa Anna had been proclaimed Dictator by the revolutionists, and was expected to arrive from Havana with men and a million of dollars. The port and town of Sisal were in the hands of the rebels, but the port was blockaded by two Mexican gunboats. A number of officers who formerly served under the Empire had arrived at Sisal from Matamoras. On the 6th an engagement took place between the gunboats and the batteries on the shore.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, January 1, 1868.

WE wish the readers of the RURAL, "A Happy New Year," *financially*. At this season, it is important to review the accounts of the past year, note the errors committed, and put everything in shape for 1868.

The merchant who does not once a year take an account of stock, overhaul the bills "payable" and "receivable," and by careful footings of his ledger see just how he stands, is likely to let his business get so far in arrears, that it can be brought up only by the *Sheriff*. The successful merchant knows at stated intervals, if not constantly, just how he stands, and this fact, even if no exhibit be made to others, gives him credit. Bankers and Commercial men have confidence in those who know their own business; and they have very little faith in the debtor who remembers with difficulty his indebtedness, not knowing the amount, and when reminded, has no knowledge of the means to cancel it.

The daily, or yearly, transactions of the Farmer and Mechanic may not be as large and varied as those of the men whose business is purely commercial, yet large or small, they are of consequence, and important to each individual, and should be managed with economy and system.

We give our often repeated advice, which is, *pay every debt* as far as possible, especially the smaller ones. If the balance sheet of last year's transactions does not show something in your favor, then put up the bars, shut the gates, and lop off unnecessary expenses until they are brought within your income. In the pruning process, discretion is to be used. Be not "penny wise and pound foolish." We have known farmers, from pretended economy, neglect the use of the very means that would insure thrift. "Time is money," saith the proverb. Be industrious, therefore—employ the best aids and implements in your business, take the RURAL, and a happy and successful year we are confident will be the result.

That ancient damsel of whom we read in our early school-boy days, who attempted to carry her eggs to market on her head, and thereby lost them, was not a reader of MOORE'S RURAL, and probably would not have been, had it been published in her time. She would have been too busy with air castles to subscribe, or in any respect to pursue the proper course to gain wisdom. That venerable lady was a fair type of those who expect great rewards, and neglect the true road to success. There are still men who as stupidly neglect to adapt themselves to the times, as the farmer who went to mill with his corn in one side of the bag and a stone in the other to balance it. They will carry an unnecessary load, because their fathers did before them. Every day, every year, thinkers and readers are increasing—and the fact is demonstrated that knowledge is not only power—it is true wealth.

In the other columns of this paper the reader will find Agricultural Information, Philosophy, Notices of Improvements, News, Poetry, Sentiment, &c., in each of which some one of our learned associates is at home. This column is devoted to Financial and Commercial Topics, and we shall endeavor each week to give the reader such information as will prove of interest and advantage.

As the RURAL has grown,—enlarged its borders, because it was demanded, and therefore inevitable,—we have a little more space each week to talk of finance, trade and subjects connected therewith. At this we are right well pleased, and trust the reader will be. Much of our space this week is occupied with these general remarks. From our column we could not resist congratulating the reader on the enlarged and improved appearance of their old friend, THE RURAL. These remarks are perhaps too extended—we therefore at once return to "our muttons"—the record of the financial and commercial transactions of the week.

Gold sold yesterday at 133¾. Sterling Exchange is high, selling at 110¼@110¾ for sight bills on London, and in consequence the exports of coin are large. The total shipment last week was $3,227,077.

Money in New York is a little closer than last week, but there is no unusual pressure considering the time of year. The last weekly bank statement was favorable—the legal tenders and currency had largely increased.

Currency is extremely scarce at the South, and about $1,500,000 was sent there last week from New York.

Stocks are somewhat unsettled. Express stocks are lower, under the rumor that Mr. Vanderbilt contemplates terminating the contracts with the Companies on the Central and Hudson River Roads.

Our local Holiday trade has been active for the last week or ten days. The loss of the sleighing made a perceptible difference in the number of out-of-town customers, and was unfortunate for our shop-keepers. Wholesale dealers at the east are doing very little just now—except taking an account of stock. In dry goods houses, losses are to be footed up, instead of profits.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The price of red wheat yesterday was $2.50@2.57; white, $2.80@2.90. Flour, $13.50@16.00. Grain and flour have been dull in the eastern market for some days, and at the close of last week sold at a slight decline.

There is now an abundant supply of water for our city mills. The long drouth was unfortunate for the milling interest in Western New York.

WOOL.—Prices continue firm, but the market has been very quiet the past week. Holders are generally of the opinion that the market will be again active before the new year is far advanced. Sales in Boston last week were only to the amount of 700,000 lbs., at prices for fleece ranging from 39 to 57½c., and for pulled, 26@47c. The market for woolen goods is very dull.

PETROLEUM is dull and low—and the export demand has fallen off. At the wells crude oil is greatly depressed, not paying the cost of production and transportation. On Oil Creek it is quoted at $1.70@$1.75 per bbl.

PORK.—Dressed hogs are selling at $8.50@9.75. The number brought to this market last week was small, the weather being quite unfavorable. A large business has been done at the west. The heavy packers will stop buying, it is expected, about the 10th of January.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat,	$15,50@16,00
Do. red wheat,	13,50@14,00
Do. extra State,	9,00@10,00
Do. buckwheat, ℔ cwt	,5,00
Millfeed, coarse,	20,00@26,00
Do. fine,	25,00@35,00
Meal, corn, cwt,	2,50@ 2,75
Wheat, red, ℔ bu,	2,50@ 2,55
Do. best white,	2,80@ 2,90
Corn, old, ℔ bu,	1,25@ 0,00
Rye,	1,50@ 1,55
Oats,	65@ 70c
Barley,	1,20@ 1,25
Beans,	2,00@ 3,00
Meats.	
Pork, old mess,	$00,00@00,00
Do. new mess,	21,00@22,00
Do. clear, ℔ lb,	15@ 16c
Dressed hogs, cwt,	8,50@ 9,75
Beef,	13,00@14,00
Spring lambs,	2,75@ 3,00
Mutton, ℔ lb,	4@ 6c
Hams,	15@ 16
Shoulders,	11@ 12
Chickens,	12@ 14
Turkeys,	16@ 18
Geese, each,	00@ 00
Dairy, Etc.	
Butter, choice roll	36@ 38
Do. packed,	33@ 35
Cheese, dairy,	13@ 14
Do. factory,	15@ 16
Lard, tried,	13@ 15
Do. rough,	12@ 14
Tallow, tried,	8@ 10
Do. rough,	6@ 6½
Eggs, ℔ dozen,	33@ 35
Forage.	
Hay ℔ ton,	$18,00@24,00
Do. new,	00,00@00,00
Straw,	8,00@12,00

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Apples, green, bu,	$ 0,50@ 0,88
Do. ℔ bbl,	2,00@ 2,50
Do. dried, ℔ lb,	6½@ 7c
Peaches,	25@ 30
Cherries,	30@ 35
Plums,	25@ 30
Blackberries,	7@ 8
Potatoes, ℔ bu,	62@ 80
Onions,	75@ 1,00
Turnips,	00@ 00
Hides and Skins.	
Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Do. untrimmed,	7@ 8
Green calfskins,	14@ 15
Sheep pelts, each,	25@ 75
Lamb pelts, each,	25@ 75
Seeds.	
Timothy ℔ bu,	$ 0,00@ 0,00
Clover, medium,	6,00@ 0,00
Do. large,	7,00@ 0,00
Peas,	1,30@ 1,40
Flax,	1,90@ 2,00
Sundries.	
Wood, hard,	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Do. soft,	5,50@ 6,50
Coal, Imp, ℔ ton,	7,00@ 0,00
Do. large egg,	7,65@ 0,00
Do. small egg,	7,90@ 0,00
Do. stove,	8,00@ 9,00
Do. chestnut,	7,45@ 0,00
Do. soft,	7,00@ 0,00
Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Salt, ℔ bbl,	2,20@ 2,30
Wool, ℔ lb,	30@ 40c
Hops,	45@ 60
Whitefish, ½ bbl,	6,00@ 6,50
Codfish, ℔ cwt,	6,50@ 7,00
Honey, box, ℔ lb,	22@ 25c
Candles, box,	12½@ 13½
Do. extra,	14@ 15
Barrels, each,	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.50; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 15½c; Flour, $8.30@13.00; Rye Flour, $7.50@9.50; Wheat, $2.20@3.25; Rye, $1.73; Barley, $1.65@1.80; Corn, $1.34½@1.41; Oats, 80@86c; Pork, mess, $20.87@20.95; prime, $17.37@18.25; prime mess, $19.75@20.00; Beef, new plain mess, $12.00@18.00; Beef hams, $29.00@32.00; Shoulders, c@9¾c; Hams, 12@13½c; Bacon, —@—c; Lard, 12¾@13c; Butter, 33@46c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 30@60c; Dressed Hogs, 8@9c.

ALBANY, DEC. 23.—Flour, $11.25@15.00; Rye flour, $9.00; Buckwheat flour, $4.50@4.75; Corn meal, $2.75@2.87 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.80@3.25; Rye, $1.63; Corn, $1.30@1.32; Barley, $1.70; Oats, 80@83c; Pork, new mess, $24.00; clear, $26.00; boneless, $27.00; Hams, 13c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 11½@15½c; Dressed Hogs, 8½@9c.

BUFFALO, DEC. 30.—Flour, $10.00@14.00; Wheat, $2.08@2.80; Corn, $1.15; Oats, 74c; Rye, $1.20; Barley, $1.65@1.75; Peas, $1.20; Beans, $3.30; Pork, mess, $21.00@22.00; Lard, 13½@13½c; Butter, 25@36c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2.55; coarse, ℔ bbl., $3.60.

CHICAGO, DEC. 28.—Flour, $8.75@9.00; Wheat, $1.87½@1.96; Corn, 82@83c; Oats, 54½@54¾; Rye, $1.53@1.54; Barley, $1.72@1.74; Pork, mess, $20.75@21.00; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 32@36c; Cheese, 12@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2.20@2.30; clover, $7.40; flax, $2.20.

TORONTO, DEC. 27.—Flour, $6.75@7.50; Wheat, fall, $1.65@1.70; Spring, $1.46@1.48; Oats, 55@58c; Barley, 95c@$1; Peas, 70@72c; Pork, mess, $18@19; Bacon, 7@7½c; Hams, 7½@8c; Lard, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20c; Butter, 15@20c; Hops, 30@50c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 24.—Beeves—Market dull and prices generally about ½c lower; receipts 5,681 head; quotations 9@17c. Veal closed scarce; receipts 162 head; quotations 5@13c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 29,716 head; quotations—Sheep 4½@8c; Lambs 5½@8c. Swine—Market opened firm, but closed dull and heavy, receipts 26,111 head; quotations, 6 4-10@7½c.

ALBANY, DEC. 26.—Beef Cattle sell at 3@11½c; Milch Cows, $45@100; Sheep and Lambs, 3¾@5c; Dressed Hogs, 9@9½c; live do. 6¾@7¼c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, DEC. 25.—Beeves range from 7@11½c; Working Oxen, $150@300 ℔ pair; Sheep and Lambs, 4@5½c; Swine, 7½@8c; Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ lb.; Sheep and Lamb skins, 75c@$1 each; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 26.—Cattle dull, sales at 4@10c; Sheep, 4@6c. gross; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CHICAGO, DEC. 26.—Beef Cattle are dull; sales range at 3½@7¾c; Veal Calves, 4½@6¾c; Sheep range at $2,50@4,50; Hogs, in demand, at $5,50@6,90.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, DEC. 26.—Receipts and Shipments at the Union Stock Yards for the last seven days foot up a grand total of 61,572; prices have ranged from $5.50 to $7.40 per 100 lbs.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 24.—Hogs dull; but little demand, and prices are 25c. lower—closing at $7.75@8.50 for light to heavy.

ST. LOUIS, DEC. 24.—Hogs in good demand and higher; sales at 6@6¾c. for dressed.

MILWAUKEE, DEC. 25.—Dressed hogs are active at 7½@8¼c.; live hogs 5¾@6¼c.

TOLEDO, DEC. 24.—Dressed hogs are in good demand, and held at 7½@8¼c.

TORONTO, DEC. 27.—The following are the rates paid: Heavy 5¾@6c.; medium 5¼@5½c.; light 4¾@5c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—Wool—Market is quiet and firm; sales 400,000 lbs., at 40@55c. for domestic fleece, 35@40c. for pulled, 27@29c. for Texas, and 27@28c. for California.

BOSTON, DEC. 26.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c; Full Blood, 50@55c; ¾ and ⅝ Blood, 42@48c; Common, 38@42c; Pulled, extra, 45@53c; Superfine, 35@45c; No. 1, 25@40c; Western Mixed, 37@42c; Cape, 37@45c; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, DEC. 26.—The market was steady and quiet, but holders anticipate a change for the better. The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@44c; Medium, 33@42c; Coarse, 33@37c; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 26.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 29@38c; Tub Washed, 35@38c; Unwashed, 23@28c; Fleece, 32@42c.

MARRIED.

IN Fairport, N. Y., Dec. 11th, 1867, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. H. W. MORRIS, E. B. WRIGHT of Brookfield, Mo., and Miss LIBBIE P. STAATS of the former place.

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Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

ONLY 150 BUSHELS PEACH PITS LEFT for sale. Price $1 per bushel. Address BRAGG & POTTER, Union Nurseries, Kalamazoo, Mich. 937-4t

FARM FOR SALE.—80 ACRES, 2½ MILES from Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. Price $100 per acre. Inquire of J. E. BRIGGS, Esq., Newark, or N. S. OSBAND, on the premises. 937-eo

DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK RASPberry.—Origin—How and where to get plants, with full directions for its *profitable* cultivation, all for 10 cents. Address Rev. Mr. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y. 937-1m4m

$300 COMMUTATION MONEY RECOVERed for persons improperly drafted. SOLDIERS' CHECK BOOKS collected. PENSIONS FOR WAR OF 1812 obtained. Address, with full particulars and stamp, C. S. TREVITT, Washington, D. C.

130 ACRES SMALL FRUITS.—PHILADELphia and Clarke Raspberries, Early Wilson and Kittatinny Blackberries; 40,000 Peaches, Apples, Pears and Cherries. Send stamp for Catalogue. 937-6teo WM. PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL THE PATENT Gem Scissors Sharpener, Ripper and Button-Hole Cutter, combined. An article in great demand. Large profits to Agents. Sample for 50 cents. N. SMITH, Carthage Landing, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

3,000,000 GRAPE VINE CUTTINGS.—Concord, Hartford, Ives' Seedling and Norton Virginia, cheaper than anywhere else. Also, 500,000 Grape Vines. Send stamp for Price List and Essay. 937-2t DR. H. SCHROEDER, Bloomington, Ill.

GOLD! GOLD!—MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face, in every case, in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 50 cts. a package, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

OSAGE SEED.—WARRANTED FRESH AND good. By the Pound, Bushel, or Hundred Bushels, at low rates by the quantity. Printed instructions for preparing and planting the Seed will be sent with each lot, if desired. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

FOR SALE.—A FARM OF 195 ACRES, SITUated four miles south of Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y. Is a good Grain or Stock Farm; has good outbuildings; is well watered, plenty of timber and good fruit; is a desirable location. Will sell all, or part. Terms easy. For particulars, address P. M. DE ZENG, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—TWO DURHAM BULL CALVES, aged ten and six months, respectively, named "Lord Valentine 3d," and "Lord Valentine 4th." Or I will exchange one of them for one not akin to my stock. For Pedigrees see 8th Vol. A. H. B. Address F. H. HIBBARD, Cortland Village, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A FINE VILLAGE RESIDENCE, (2 story, Brick,) with Barn, Well, &c., and about four acres choice Land, situated at Newark, N. Y.—formerly owned by Dr. Seegrist. 3 acres of bearing Grapes, of choicest varieties; also, 1 acre of Orchard and Berries. Buildings new, and everything in the best condition. Inquire of, or address JOSEPH N. ARBUCKLE, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—STENCIL TOOL SAMples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Desirable Plantation for Sale—J. W. Huntoon.
Bloomington Nursery—F. K. Phœnix.
Quackenbos's Arithmetics—D. Appleton & Co.
Cherry Lawn Farm—D. H. Brown.
1,000 Lives Saved—T. P. Symmes.
Piedmont Land Agency—E. C. Randolph & Co.
Wanted, Agents—Secomb & Co.
Economy is Wealth—J. C. Otis & Co.
A New Order of Things—S. C. Thompson & Co.
The Springfield Republican—Samuel Bowles & Co.
Fowle's Pile and Humor Cure—Henry D. Fowle.
Solartype Wood Burning Stove—J. C. Cochrane.
For Sale, One Gang Saw Mill—John B. Herreshoff.
Blacking and Harness Oils—Frank Miller & Co.
Patent Revolving Diaphram Churn.
Davis's Patent Mixer and Masher—H. G. Suplee.
Book Agents Wanted—J. B. Burr & Co.
Fruit, Forest and Ornamental Trees—Ellwanger & Barry.
A Farm for Sale—P. M. DeZeng.
Osage Seed—F. K. Phœnix.
Flower and Vegetable Seeds—M. O'Keefe, Son & Co.
Ayer's Cherry Pictoral.
Davison's Black Thornless Raspberry—Rev. Mr. Hoyt.
Commutation Money Recovered—C. S. Trevitt.
Agents Wanted—N. Smith.
160 Acres Small Fruits—Wm. Parry.
Grape Vine Cuttings—Dr. H. Schroder.
Farm for Sale—J. E. Briggs.
Seeds, Horticultural Goods, &c.—Wilfred Ramsey.
Apple, Pear and Plum Stocks, &c., for Sale—E. Y. Teas.

The News Condenser.

— Paris has thirty theaters.
— There are in Iowa two walled lakes.
— Lord Brougham is 90 years of age.
— The population of Spain is 16,000,000.
— There are 24,000 shoemakers in Paris.
— Charlotte Cushman's income is $25,000.
— The population of Cincinnati is 275,000.
— Cambridge, Mass., gained 198 houses last year.
— Pike's new Opera House will seat 1,900 persons.
— The births in England last quarter were 87,120.
— They have a fog in Sitka 300 days out of the year.
— There is a tree in Western Australia 480 feet high.
— The U. S. imported 35,325,151 lbs. of wool last year.
— New York pays her clergymen $5,000,000 per year.
— There are 500 newspapers in the State of New York.
— There are 50,000 dwelling houses in New York City.
— The Lincoln monument in London is to cost $10,000.
— Richmond, Va., has colored detectives on its police.
— It is now said Garibaldi will be banished to America.
— The Methodists have founded a College at Lucknow, India.
— Johnson has pardoned 8,000 persons on special application.
— Land near Jacksonville, Fla., is offered at 50 cents per acre.
— Trains between London and Liverpool run 81 miles per hour.
— Eight papers in the United States are edited by colored men.
— The barbers of Washington have petitioned for a Sunday law.
— A Colored Militia Company has been formed in New Haven, Conn.
— There are but two manufactories of wire rope in the United States.
— The fourth wife of the Sultan died the other day, at the age of 130.
— The new Catholic Cathedral at Boston will cost a million and a half.
— The Duke of Wellington is printing his illustrious father's papers.
— Dickens has concluded to lecture in Canada before returning home.
— The losses by the late tornado at St. Thomas will reach $8,000,000.
— The Western Union Telegraph Company have a capital of $40,000,000.
— The Oxford University was founded A. D. 886. That of Paris, A. D. 792.
— A Club Company in Paris owns 4,500 vehicles and employs 4,000 drivers.
— Daniel E. Bandmann, the eminent German actor, is playing in London.
— In Denmark the number of converts to Mormonism is said to be very great.
— There have been 33 lives lost in Alpine ascents during the past eight years.
— A sporting man in Liverpool, dying recently, left a fortune of $1,000,000.
— Charles Lever, the Novelist, has been appointed British Consul to Vienna.
— Virginia has registered 115,157 white, and 101,490 black votes, this year.
— Six waiter girls in Paris have married titled men during the Exposition.
— A man at Havre de Grace has been fined one cent for beating a colored girl.
— There is a religious sect in Germany which worships in silence and darkness.
— John Stuart Mill contemplates a visit to the United States at an early day.
— Napoleon has built 18 new bridges across the Seine, at a cost of $5,000,000.
— The revenue of Italy is about $32,000,000 per annum. Her debt is £137,320,000.
— Dickens' first appearance as a public reader was in Peterboro, 14 years ago.
— The Archduke Heinrich of Gratz is to marry a charming little German actress.
Leavenworth, Kansas, has 6 daily papers, 17 public schools and 16 churches.
— There were 170,000 sewing machines sold in the United States last year.
— Coffins with bells, in case of premature burial, have been patented in France.
— It has been discovered that Queen Victoria is descended from Caractacus.
— Tennyson's poems have been translated into French, and are having a great run.
— Two hundred thousand cigars are made per month in the Michigan State Prison.
— The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, is said to be the largest in the world.
— There are 100,000 drunken women in the United States. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."
— The cotton yield of Egypt last year was one thousand times larger than six years ago.
— The Germans in Nashville have organized an Immigration Society on a large scale.
— The London underground railroads are said to be dangerous on account of bad air.
— The Princess Metternich is a Crete, and is said to be the handsomest woman in Europe.
— Seventeen National Cemeteries have been founded in Virginia since the close of the war.
— A daughter of Capt. Cook, the celebrated navigator, died recently at the age of 104 years.
— The Russian Government is said to be in favor of establishing the Pope at Jerusalem.
— France is fortifying Mentz as fast as possible. Prussia is returning the courtesy at Treves.
— The London Underground Railway Co. carried as many as 119,569 passengers in one day.
— Ex-Gov. Wise declares that the annihilation of Slavery is alone worth the cost of the war.
— The death rate of London is 24 to a thousand. That of Liverpool 50, and that of Birmingham 18.
— York, New Hampshire, is the oldest town in the United States, having been chartered in 1641.
— Earl Russell expresses great admiration for the American system of educating young ladies.
— A sawing machine has been invented in Connecticut which sharpens the saw while it is being worked.
— It is proposed to erect a monument in Berlin to the man who first introduced the potato into Europe.

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400,000 STRONG 1 AND 2 YEAR APPLE Stocks.—Pear, Plum, Paradise, Mahaleb, and Mazzard Stocks. Grapes, Roses, Dahlias, Green-house Plants, *cheap*. Houghton Gooseberry, 1 yr strong, $35 ₱ 100; 2 yr, $35. Kittatinny, *true*, $20 ₱ 100; Wilson's Early, $10 ₱ 100; Philadelphia Rasp., strong, $18 ₱ 100, $170 ₱ 1,000. Price List free. E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Indiana.

FOR SALE.—BY JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, Yacht and Boat Builder, Bristol, R. I., ONE GANG SAW MILL, complete and in good order. Has been but little used. Sash of wrought iron, 33x67 inches, inside. Has outside connections. Is driven by 36 inch pulley, 18 inch face. Logs fed by spur rolls, and dogged at ends on short tracks. Has 26 saws, No. 11 wire gauge. Price $850. 937-3t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Written by 70 of the most distinguished Divines in Europe and America. Illustrated with over 125 *Steel and Wood Engravings*. Complete in One Large Octavo Volume. Price $3.50. We employ no General Agents, and offer Extra Inducements to Agents dealing with us. Send for Circular and terms. 937-4t J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn.

DAVIS'S PATENT THREE MINUTE MIXER AND MASHER,
For mixing Cake, Batter, Sauce; also for mashing Potatoes and Vegetables of all kinds. Something really useful. Liberal terms to the trade. Send for Circular.
937-4t H. G. SUPLEE, No. 482 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENT REVOLVING DIAPHRAGM CHURN
And Butter Worker Combined, with Patent Air-Tight Covers.
937-4t WAREROOMS, 482 Broadway, New York.

FRUIT, FOREST AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR SPRING OF *1868*.—The largest stock in the country. For sale in large or small quantities. A descriptive and illustrated priced catalogue of Fruits, and one of Ornamental Trees and Plants. Sent, pre-paid, for 10 cents each. Wholesale Catalogue FREE.
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

SENT FREE.—Nos. 1 & 5 CATALOGUES OF CHOICE
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For time has rolled, and men grown old,
And now reigns rough king Winter bold;
All things proclaim his coming;—

The leafless trees and chilling breeze
And snow-flake light as feather;
The freshie ease, and *low degrees*
That mark this bitter weather;
The brook again in icy chain
Is bound, and where stood waving grain
Are snow-drifts heaped together.

In many lays, the poets praise
The summer months the fairest;
In many ways, O autumn days,
Blessings to us thou bearest;
But winter old, no power does hold
To make love in the heart grow cold,
And love brings joy the rarest.

A richer boon, a summer noon
Brought to a mortal never,
Or fairest moon of leafy June;
For love no storm can sever!
So, winter drear, you bring no fear
Into my heart, for love is dear,
And love warms hearts forever!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

CHAPTER FIRST.

A VERY graceful little figure was KITTY MARTIN, with her golden locks, sunny face, and merry ways; and then she had such quaint, old-fashioned ideas that you would at least have pronounced her in the twenties instead of not yet out of her teens; and such artistic taste had the little fairy that there was never an inch of ribbon or lace too much in that most difficult of all arrangements, the finishing up and setting out of a lady's toilet! The tiny little boots (for KITTY wore thirteens) were always a model in their way; and then the gloves—could you have seen them once you would have had something of an idea of the delicate hands and taper fingers which they concealed.

KITTY was country born and bred, and the light of the old house with its ancient architecture and surroundings. Death had but once visited the quaint old homestead, but it then took the idol of the hearth-stone—the almost worshiped wife of GUY MARTIN. The same spring morning that ushered into being his first-born saw the white hands of the young mother folded down with the orange blossoms, and left a blank in the life of the father never to be filled. With the fresh clods of earth still trembling upon her coffin-lid, ascended a prayer to Heaven for strength to bear the terrible blow, and for the life of the frail little blossom which had just oped into being. The blue eyes unclosed as wondrously, and the baby lips learned to smile as sweetly as though no shadow rested upon the hearth-stone, making still darker the dim halls and corridors; and at length the merry laughter rang out in the old rooms, dissipating the shadows, until the sunshine lingered where they had once rested so dimly.

KITTY was just seventeen when we introduced her to the reader,—the pride of her father, the pet of all the neighborhood, and the veriest little flirt in the world. Not in the common acceptation of the term, dear reader,—she was too artless for this guise, too ignorant of the fashionable world, "to sway the scepter at will;" besides, there was in her nature an under current of soul-sympathy, a disinclination to wound the feelings of others, which would never allow her to become one of the world's heartless ones. Yet, for all this, KITTY was a flirt, and a most desperate one, too, in her way!

There was GILES NORTHAM, only son of the deacon of the parish, who imagined all her sweetest smiles reserved for him,—but who, if he ever had a heart, would have been troubled to know just where to find it. Of this fact KITTY, too, seemed cognizant,—for she flirted with him to his heart's content, and left him at last, "heart whole, and fancy free." There was SCHUYLER MOORE, M. D., who had come to R —— fresh from the "dissecting room," with all the honors of the profession clustering about his youthful head, and who boasted most emphatically that he "would as soon amputate a limb as eat an orange." Whether KITTY thought such a man almost *too* handy "to have in the house," or for other reasons best known to herself, we cannot say; but at any rate we *do know* that little Miss KITTY MARTIN most respectfully declined becoming Mrs. Dr. MOORE. There, too, was young JONES, a "sprig of the law" from the nearest village, who quoted BLACKSTONE continually, and whose egotism was only equaled by his vanity. He also was wholly unprepared for the astounding intelligence that KITTY MARTIN preferred remaining plain KITTY MARTIN to becoming Mrs. STERLING JONES, Esq.!

Now all this came about in due course of time, with scores of similar things, and yet KITTY MARTIN neither wedded, nor was likely to wed, with one of the profession. It is a trite, though rather common adage, this: "'Tis a long lane which has no turning," and so it seemed that our heroine was at last to meet her fatality. She was nineteen now, and a shade more thoughtful and loveable than ever,—but how long things might have gone on in the old way we know not, had not such a man as ARTHUR SOMERS crossed her pathway.

Young SOMERS had a face and figure which APOLLO might have envied. Brown, clustering locks decked his pale brow, which rose high and massive, revealing rare intellectual endowments, while his eyes were of the same peculiar brown which gave to his locks their singular beauty. In repose they were soft, and dreamy as the gazelle's,—but lighted up with strange brilliancy when his artist-soul was stirred within. He had come to R—— to do some sketching, and KITTY met him almost daily.

At first she treated him with a shy reserve which was not at all natural to her,—but then he was so unlike her gentlemen friends, she thought; besides she did not even know if he were pleased or not with her, as he always treated her with such grave dignity. She only trembled when she found how her whole heart went out to him, and how the golden links were being drawn closer and still closer about her hitherto unfettered soul. Intermingled with his quiet dignity was not a spice of egotism or levity, and his grave, thoughtful demeanor always cast a gentle restraint over KITTY'S gushing, impulsive ways. Indeed, he seemed a very balance-wheel to her nature, and she never looked half so lovely as when her blue eyes drooped under his deep gaze, and her sweet lips trembled with emotion as some burst of eloquence escaped his own.

He never tired of recounting his travels and adventures in "sunny Italy," where he had acquired his artist-lore, and, strange to say, KITTY never wearied listening,—but would sit for hours breathing in, like inspiration, all the glowing thoughts and emotions of her companion. Sometimes she wondered if he loved her; then the blue eyes would grow dim, and the mists would gather as she remembered his lonely, isolated life, and thought it was this which lured him to her side.

His descriptions of tropical scenery were very graphic, and as he pictured the tall trees laden with eternal foliage, and the frail vines clinging to them so tenderly, and showering down their wealth of gorgeous coloring, shimmering and swaying to and fro in the soft breeze, or breaking in eternal stillness upon the vision, like a dream of Heaven,—then the drops would fall unbidden upon her clasped hands and the pure soul look out from the blue eyes with a wistful, yearning gaze, into his own. At such times he would appear almost tender; and once he wiped the drops away and whispered "My darling" in her ears; then, with a sad, startled look he dropped the little hand which he had taken, and hurried away.

"The brightest day must have a close," and at last the hour of separation came. The long summer days had waxed and waned; the autumn stores were gathered in, and the crisp and dying leaves quivered down to earth again.

ARTHUR SOMERS came no more to the old homestead for two long weeks, and when he did come again it was with a sad and changed look.

"I am going away, Miss MARTIN," he said. "Please give me some little token by which to remember this happy summer-time, and forgive me when I tell you it has been the happiest period of all my life! You will not refuse me some little memento, will you, KITTY?—pardon my asking it."

"I will give you this, ARTHUR," she faltered, as the hot tears rained down upon the little golden circlet which she drew from her finger and passed to him. "Keep it always; it was my mother's, and has been very dear to me!"

"Always!—always!" he murmured, as he pressed it to his lips; and then placing it upon his little finger, he said, "See, it is a perfect fit, KITTY! and maybe it is an omen of good. Heaven grant that it may be! Here, take this in exchange, and keep it forever for my sake,"—and he clasped a circlet of pearls about her wrist. "And here are a few of my sketches—take them; all will be familiar to you."

Then he went away and left her riveted to the spot—the light all gone out of the blue eyes, and the white lips quivering with emotion. Only for a moment, though, she stood thus; then she went out and took up the great burden of her young life. "No one should know how she suffered—perhaps after all he had never loved her, and what if he had? it was all past and gone now! The bright, happy days were all gone!" And so she locked their memory away in her heart, as she locked the jewels which he had given her away in their casket. That was a long and fierce struggle in the heart of one so untried before; but hers was no weak nature, so she looked the grim future fairly in the face and grew stronger. Only once she wavered, and that was when a letter bearing a foreign post-mark was handed her—then she grew very weak and white, leaning against the mantel for support; but it was only for her father, and a business letter, after all.

"So he is coming at last, darling," said GUY MARTIN when he had rapidly scanned the contents of the letter—"So he is coming at last."

"Who is coming, father?" asked KITTY.

"Why, MARK FARNHAM, the son of my old friend who died in India more than a year ago. Had you forgotten him, KITTY?"

"Not entirely, father,—but it was so long ago that you first expected him."

"Yes, I know,—but he is coming now and will be with us for the holidays. Have everything in order, KITTY, and make his visit as agreeable as possible. And do you know, KITTY, that I can think of no one whom I would like better for a son-in-law than this same MARK FARNHAM!"

"I was not aware of your preference, father; I shall certainly do all in my power to make his visit here a pleasant one,—but really, papa, I can't promise to fall in love with him, you know," she added, with a grave smile.

How much meaning the words conveyed perhaps he never knew. As it was, he only kissed her and said, "We shall see, darling; we shall see!"

CHAPTER SECOND.

Thanksgiving had come and gone—December had cast her white mantle over the brown earth, and already little hearts were beating in anticipation of the coming morrow. KITTY had made all necessary preparations for their guest, for he had written he would be with them the day before Christmas. There was plenty of spare room—for the house was large—but the furniture was the same that had been her mother's; besides, it had never been elegant—only nice and comfortable enough, her father had said. Now the plain "mahogany and hair cloth chairs" in the parlor had been rubbed and brushed until they looked almost as bright as new; the "three ply" carpet had been turned "bottom side up," and BIDDY declared "it could never have looked the half so well in all its life!" The simple curtains at the windows were as white as snow—there were winter bouquets on the mantle and wreaths of evergreen above. A few choice pieces in water colors, which had been her mother's, were tastefully arranged, while two old fashioned portraits of her grand-parents occupied a place over the sofa. Two ottomans in mosaic, with a small table, upon which were a few choice books and ARTHUR SOMERS' sketches, completed the arrangements, simple enough, truly, dear reader, but breathing an air of refined elegance in their very simplicity, nevertheless.

Now it was almost noon and the "train" would be in at one; so KITTY exchanged the patch work quilt in the chamber above for a spread of snowy white, arranged the curtains a little more to her liking, laid aside the neat chintz morning wrapper and in its stead put on a plain blue merino edged with velvet, with a band of delicate lace at throat and wrist—all the time unconscious of how lovely she was looking—while all her thoughts were far away in dreams of what the morrow might have been to her. O, KITTY!

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—'*It might have been!*'"

As the truth of the poet's lines came back to her there was a faint mist about her sweet eyes, a drooping of the fringed lids, and just the faintest sigh to tell that all was not peace within; and then she went down to the little sitting room to await the arrival of the old family carriage which was to bring MARK FARNHAM. And it came even sooner than she had expected, and brought, instead of the gay, dashing exquisite which she had expected to see in the son of the Planter millionaire, a grave, sedate looking man, who appeared to be at least thirty—with a frail, beautiful woman, some years younger, leaning upon his arm, and whom he introduced as his sister.—[Concluded next week.

HOW HE EARNED A WIFE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"AND so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing the pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir. I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a *very* good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you ——"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry *you*, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away,—as it is in thousands of instances,—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask, what can you *do?*"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought ——"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the wealth I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are a strong, able-bodied man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine-lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I *did* say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she's taken a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do: go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; then come to me, and, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, disconcerted look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added, softly:

"Never mind; I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul, "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will you take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in; I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded the daughter quizzically.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em,—but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make your old father will ratify.

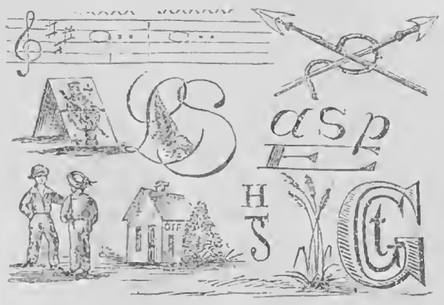
As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be imagined by the speedy wedding which followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delighted his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what *he* declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Shortsville, N. Y. C. W. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 56 letters.
My 1, 20, 15, 45, 16, 42 is a county in New York.
My 56, 13, 2, 32, 35, 19, 8 is famous in history.
My 2, 42, 7, 27, 3, 11, 55, 23, 5, 13, 27, 42, 7, 42, 8, 33, 47 possessed greatness, yet lacked goodness.
My 12, 40, 22, 19, 7, 42, 30, 8, 42 was a queen of Egypt.
My 47, 14, 7, 21, 4 is as easily expressed by my 56, 16.
My 18, 36, 42, 24, 15, 42, 29, 28, 8, 49, 42, 27, 51 was a contemporary of Lord Byron.
My 41, 55, 44, 11 is the strongest passion of the human mind.
My 48, 37, 56, 19, 50, 24, 34, 39, 27, 15, 53 was a celebrated Orator.
My 42, 8, 24, 39, 56, 42, 46, 51, 42, 8, 43 was a renowned writer.
My 6, 11, 53 seems easier to pronounce than 20, 16.
My 9, 25, 52 are alike.
My 17, 13, 31 is often incorrectly used for my 38, 17, 42, 30.
My whole is a Proverb. U. & I.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A FATHER has $10,000 deposited in an annuity office that pays five per cent. per annum compound interest, and at his death makes an arrangement with his executors to allow his children, aged respectively 5, 8 and 12 years, certain annual dividends, during the minority of each, and to have their respective shares deposited in a saving's bank that pays six per cent. per annum compound interest. As it is the father's wish that each child shall draw from the bank the same amount at the age of 21, what sum must be deposited for each per annum to accomplish it, and to exhaust the annuity at the majority of the youngest child? B. F. BURLESON.

Munnsville, Mad. Co., N. Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ho'renfdispih! wolfre fo rflates ewh,
Ot reathyl nadhs os models vigne;
Hyt moblo lahsl rothe milsec werne,
Tyh tanvie lois si veahne.

Factory Point, N. Y. H. A. TAYLOR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 935.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Go to the ant thou sluggard. consider her ways and be wise.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Bad spelling, so troublesome to printers, ought by all means to be avoided.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

A LASTING DOCUMENT.—An iron will.

THE BEST POSSESSION—Self-Possession.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION—Butchers' meat!

WHEN young women blush and weep, can they be said to raise a hue and cry?

"TWO AT A TRADE CAN NEVER AGREE."—This does not apply to gin and bitters.

"MATCHLESS MISERY" has been defined to be to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

DRAMATIC DEFINITIONS.—Legitimate Drama—The Heir-at-Law. Illegitimate Drama—Nobody's Child.

IN Cork, Ireland, a short time ago, the crier of the court endeavored to disperse the crowd by exclaiming, "All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the coort."

THERE is an old saying that "a straw will break a camel's back," but we see nothing wonderful in that, as every body knows "a little leak will sink a large ship."

"Do you understand me now?" said a country pedagogue to an urchin at whose head he threw an ink-stand. "I've got an *ink*-ling of what you mean," replied the boy.

WANTED,—One of the London theaters is delighting us just now with the Way to Get Married. What people would be more thankful for, we judge, is the way how to live when they are married. The first is a plan easily understood, and as old as Adam.

THE REASON WHY.—A lisping conundrumist asks the following:—"Why doth a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think moth fclath will give it up? You thee, the dog waggeth hith tail becauth the dog ith stronger than the tail! If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!"

STANDARD QUOTATIONS.—"I give thee all I can, no"—*More.* "A famous man was Robin"—*Hood.* "If I were King of France, or, far better"—*Pope of Rome.* "The plowboy is whooping"—*Anon.* "A poet could not but be"—*Gay.* "And so does Mrs."—*Johnson.* "It was a Friar of orders"—*Gray.*

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☞ All Business Letters should be addressed to Rochester during the present month, or until otherwise announced.

Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the RURAL. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MERIDEN CUTLERY COMPANY.
MANUFACTURERS OF
SUPERIOR TABLE CUTLERY,
of Pearl, Ivory, Horn, Bone, Ebony and Cocoa Handle. Also, exclusive Manufacturers of the Goodyear Patent
HARD RUBBER HANDLE,
which is
THE MOST DURABLE HANDLE EVER KNOWN.
It is much less expensive than Ivory.
It always retains its polish when in use.
It is warranted NOT TO BECOME LOOSE in the Handle.
It is not affected by HOT WATER.
For Sale by all the principal dealers in cutlery throughout the United States, and by the
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SECURE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
First Mortgage Thirty Year, Six per Cent. Coupon Bonds,
PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN,

Represent the preferred claim upon one of the MOST IMPORTANT LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN THE WORLD, as it is the sole link between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin, over which the immense Overland travel must pass, and the

Main Trunk Line Across the Continent.

The Road is now nearly completed from Sacramento to the Richest Mining Regions in the Salt Lake Basin, and is being rapidly carried forward by the largest force of laborers ever employed by any Railroad Company on this continent.

The natural, legitimate, commercial business of the Road surpasses all previous expectation, and is profitable beyond parallel, even among the oldest roads in existence. The Earnings and Expenses for the Quarter ending Oct. 31, were as follows, IN GOLD:

Gross Earnings.	Operating Expenses.	Net Earnings.
$593,847.92	$102,088.61	$491,759.31

This result, however, would have been far greater but for the inability of wagon teams to forward the freight and passengers from the temporary terminus in the mountains.

The United States Government and the State and Cities of California have so aided and fostered the Great Enterprise, that the Company will assume very light annual Interest obligations, and will have the following ample Resources at command for the Construction:

DONATIONS in Lands, Bonds, Concessions, etc., (without lien)	$12,800,000
CAPITAL STOCK, Net Earnings, etc., (no lien)	11,000,000
LOANS (subordinate lien)	3,000,000
U. S. SUBSIDY BONDS, 726 miles (subordinate lien)	25,517,000
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS	25,517,000
Resources, first 726 miles	$77,834,000

The FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS are in sums of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are offered for sale, for the present, at 95 per cent. and accrued interest from July 1st, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds, authorized by the Pacific Railroad Acts of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and to the same extent only as the Bonds granted by the Government, and are the prior lien upon the whole valuable property furnished by the above Resources. They possess special assurances and advantages over other Corporate securities, and are destined to rank among the BEST INVESTMENTS IN THE WORLD, from their unusual attractions of safety, soundness and profit.

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now realize for the holders from TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN PER CENT. ADVANTAGE, with the same rate of interest.

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Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps and information can be had at the

Office of the C. P. R. R. Co., No. 54 William St., N. Y., and of
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVT SECURITIES,
AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. R. CO., NO. 5 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

A PORTRAIT OF MR. GREELEY.

The Publishers of the New York Tribune having received many inquiries from time to time for a good likeness of the editor, have made an arrangement with Messrs. Derby & Miller to furnish copies of Ritchie's engraving, from a photograph by Brady, which will be sent to such subscribers to THE TRIBUNE as wish it on the conditions below. This is much the best likeness of Mr. Greeley that has been engraved. The print sells for $1. Each subscriber who sends us $10 for the Daily, $4 for the Semi-Weekly, or $2 for the Weekly Tribune, the paper to be sent by mail, and who requests the engraving, *at the time of subscribing*, will have a copy carefully mailed, post-paid, to his address. One will likewise be sent to any person who forwards a club of ten or more Semi-Weeklies or twenty or more Weeklies, at our club rates, and asks for the portrait at the time of remitting. We do not propose this as a premium, but to gratify the many friends of The Tribune who desire to possess a good likeness of its founder. See advertisement elsewhere in this paper for club terms. 934-1t

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

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☞ FOR TERMS and other particulars see 6th and 8th pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

LABOR AND THE LABORER.

THE world lives by labor. Labor supplies us with both the necessaries and the luxuries of life. Nearly all that we eat, much that we drink, and all that we wear, are made available by human toil. The elegant mansion, the beautiful lawn, diversified by shrubbery, and the splendid equipage, are all traceable to the same creative means. But for labor, gold would remain unwashed from the sand or imbedded in the unyielding rock. Without labor art and science would have no recognized existence.

Does the devouring fire sweep through cities, destroying millions and tens of millions of property, bringing poverty and misery upon thousands of human beings? It destroys only that which the labor of man has created. Take the unlettered barbarian on the one hand and the enlightened man on the other: the difference between the two must be attributed to labor. Taking another view, let us prepare to start the race of life anew. Let us divest ourselves of everything supplied by human labor. Let us burn all the houses, sink all the vessels, tear up all the railroads, and consign to total destruction all that the hand of man has fashioned and created. Is there anything charming in the situation? How many would like to go back to it? Civilized man has made his advances by physical and mental labor combined—certainly not less by physical than by mental. But we will not undertake to separate them,—for they are inseparable. This combination of the two classes of labor in harmonious proportions most effectually contributes to man's worldly prosperity and happiness.

Again, divide the people into two classes. Gather together into one mass all those whose life business is one of labor, and into another those who would not, and who could not be properly called laborers. Do we see any difference in the numbers of the respective classes? Do we not find that the laborers are as ten thousand to one thousand of the others? But, passing numbers, which is the most respectable throng? We know, and need not enumerate or describe those who compose the greater multitude who have cleared the forests, subdued the earth and converted it into a garden, built the cities, and carried commerce and navigation all around the globe. Look at the others,—who are they? Respectable men are among them, to be sure; but in their ranks are to be found the idlers, and a great majority of thieves, and the gamblers, and the robbers who infest the earth. Who shall say, then, that labor, physical as well as mental, does not ennoble and dignify man. It is only shallow-minded persons who will look upon him who toils hard at physical labor as less worthy of regard on that account.

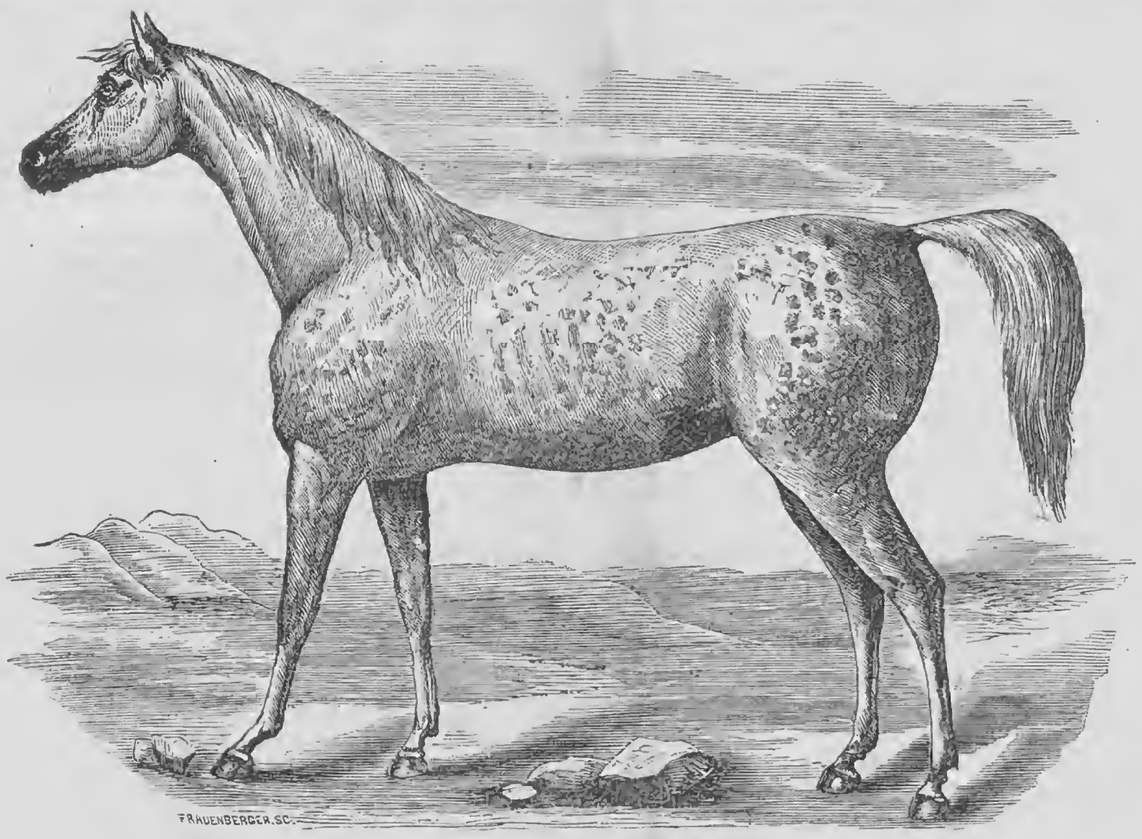
The movements and signs of the times are so plain that no intelligent person can mistake the fact that labor in this country is constantly becoming more honorable, and all the laboring classes are advancing to more elevated positions. Accompanying this upward and onward movement of the people are indications that the advances will be made permanent by the increasing intelligence of the masses. But let all go on in a harmonious manner. Let unnecessary conflicts between capital and labor be avoided. Give to each their proper sphere, and the people of this country shall yet attain a degree of prosperity far in advance of that which has already elevated them above most of the peoples of the earth.

FARMERS' TEAMS.

IT strikes us as a fact that there is a greater tendency than formerly among farmers to the exclusive use of horses for teams. Oxen are ignored. They are thought slow, and "Young America" is somewhat fast; and who shall say that his ideas are not becoming ruling ones, even with the conservative farming community? Oxen, if properly broke, however, are not one whit inferior to horse teams, in rapidity of working at many kinds of farm labor. A well trained, well fed and kindly managed pair of oxen will follow a span of horses before the plow during the whole season, and come out in as good if not better condition at the end. For hauling farm produce both from the fields to the barn or stack, and from the latter to market, if it is not too distant, they are also equally serviceable. On new farms, where stumps and stone are to be extracted from the earth, they are superior; and likewise for most kinds of forest work. Manure and rails can be hauled around the farm, and numerous odd jobs done as well and speedily with a good yoke of oxen as with a horse team.

In an economical view oxen are preferable to horses; not that they should, though they generally do, eat much less food, but because they are a cash article when they get through with their work, and have time and opportunity to sleek up a little and acquire some flesh. A young or middle-aged pair of oxen, if of the right build, well managed and fed, will do a great deal of work and retain their flesh if not increase it, and many a shrewd farmer by buying well, using and feeding judiciously, and selling at the right time, has got his team-work at the cost of the animals' food, and many times even that was paid for by the profit of fattening. Oxen are also less expensive than horses in the item of harness, and time is saved in getting them to and from their work.

When put to hard and steady work oxen should be liberally fed. They need grain to harden their muscles and give them endurance. Feed as you would horses, for strength not for fat. Ground oats is better than corn meal, and cut hay than a belly full of juicy grass which ferments and oppresses them. If fed properly they wont "loll," even in hot weather. Be kind and still with them. They are disposed to obey and labor. They are the very exponents of patience and endurance, and no farmer who half deserves the name will abuse these faithful servants by giving too little food and too much of the lash.



A PURE BRED ARABIAN HORSE.

OUR illustration represents the pure bred Arabian, showing his special points of excellence as well as general form. From the London Field we copy the following spirited description of the Arab Horse:

"Most people who have given the Arab horse a thought know that there are several varieties even of them. The Nedjedean horse is to be considered as the purest type, and the nearest approaches to him in appearance and certain qualities are the most valuable. A recent and well-informed explorer has stated that the horses of Nedjed are not to be bought. The well-bred Arab is an example *per se*. For his apparent size there is more of him physically, and more spirit, gameness and strength, than in any other horse. If well-bred, he is much more likely to be under than over fourteen and a half hands; but when on him you don't feel as if on a pony. His head is a picture by itself—so fine at the muzzle as to make the cheeks look almost coarse; the nostrils wide, eyes prominent, mild, but bold; with little ears that, seen alone, could be taken as bail for the family of the owner. The neck is strong and muscular, without being heavy or "beefy" and the head nicely put on. Shoulders well laid back, looking rather thick, and none the worse for that when nice and free at the points. Girth deep, and back ribs of enormous depth; so big are all the ribs as to make the saddle-girth seem carried forward, whence the common idea that Arabs are bad shouldered horses. The croup is high to a degree seen only in horses of this high caste, and the tail is set on very high, and carried right off the back. The fore-arms of the Arab are remarkably muscular. Very short from the knee downwards; he has great flat, clean legs, that no ill-usage can cause to puff. His feet are high at the heel, a little "donkeyfied," but hard as flints, and with as much wear in them. His thighs are to match his arms. His hind legs are well under him, and his hocks often turn in a little. He is hard as nails, will eat anything or nothing, and you may ride him for a month at a time. As a charger he is best. Intelligent and obliging as a poodle, he is still bold and resolute. When he once sees what vagaries are required of him, he will perform them. He is startled at neither lance-flags, swords, firing nor music, but he hates a camel (small blame to him) and detests an elephant. He will fast as long as you like, and you may tire him if you can, being careful not to fatigue yourself in the attempt. He is not perfect, owing to bad breaking; his walk is often a shuffle, nor is his trot even. He sometimes "runs," and mostly stumbles. Good riding and English bridles improve all this, though. His fast pace is a nine miles an hour canter, at which he can stay till the week after next. Among other horses he is, though entire, quiet; quiet also to saddle and groom, unless ill-treated. As a race-horse he often knows too much; but he has many qualities that, disseminated among our saddle-horses, would make the possession of a stable less of a care than it often is."

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Slanting Stable Floors.—A Query.

"ONCE-A-YEAR" writes:—"Never let horses stand on a slanting floor, as I know that it will cause spavins; at least, I had a mare stand on a slanting floor last summer and winter, and she was spavined in both hind legs.

"I have a piece of very sandy land, which I wish to seed down. Will it answer to sow grass seed with buckwheat? and what time should it be sown?" We think buckwheat a poor and difficult crop to seed down with. Who has any experience in the matter?

Hen Lice.—Remedy.

J. RIDGEWAY, Caroline Depot, writes:—"Having been exceedingly troubled with hen lice, I tried all the various remedies I could hear of, without any success. I determined on 'kill or cure,' as they were infesting every animal and person. I have about 150 hens and chickens, and for these I mixed one-fourth of a pound of sulphur in Indian meal and fed it to them three days in succession. Waited ten days and then fed half a pound at once. Then I mixed one pound in grease, and daubed my hen-roost. The lice have entirely left. It was about three months ago, and not any lice trouble me at all. While being fed the fowls must not be exposed to wet or cold."

How to Grow Sorghum.

G. SNYDER, Pavilion, Mich., writes:—"I have been experimenting for the last three years with Sorghum, and have come to the following conclusions:—In order to secure a fine crop you must plow deep, harrow the ground as finely as can be made, plant in hills like corn, nine to eleven grains per hill, and cover lightly. Don't soak the seed,—for if dry weather follows after planting it is sure to perish; use plaster and ashes mixed; kill all weeds; use the shovel-plow last time and hoe it well. I have an excellent variety that don't blow down by the wind—a splendid variety to yield molasses. I will send a package of seed, free of all expense, to any of your subscribers who will send me a pre-paid directed envelope."

Renovating Worn Out Land.

"G.," Ontario Co., N. Y., writes:—"In the RURAL of Nov. 30, 'S. S. C.' inquires how to renovate a worn-out farm. Some capital hints were given, and you call for others. I would plow early in the spring, sow buckwheat and plaster; when large enough, would turn it under, sow to buckwheat again, and turn that under the last of August. Sow to wheat and timothy; here I think it will pay to give one dollar per two-horse load for good manure for top dressing; sow plaster as soon after seeding as you can; sow clover in the spring. Perhaps you will say buckwheat makes but flashy manure. I admit it, but if in the course of time your grass seed catches you get a sod and have gained the point, for grass and sod are Nature's restoratives."

Ashes on Grass Land.

"J. W. E." queries:—"What time during the year is the best to sow ashes upon meadows and pastures? Are they a benefit?" Early spring, we think, is the best time to apply them. Wood ashes are highly beneficial to grass lands.

Trouble among the Hops.

H. M. L., Canandaigua, writes:—"On a late visit to Otsego county, the great center of hop-growing, I found that hops were of but little account. In but few yards had the hop poles been pulled at all. The blight and aphis so affected the hops as to render them worthless. They grow thriftily at first and look promising until the aphis appears. In one yard of three acres fourteen hundred pounds had been picked, while from another just across the road but sixty pounds were gathered. The first field, however, was an exceptional one. For the past eighteen years or more, hops have been constantly raised in these localities, but the past season the crop has proved a pretty general failure. No person with whom I conversed gave any satisfactory reason for the occurrence of the blight or for the appearance of the aphis. Some think the failure is caused by the honey dew. The appearance of the wheat fields in the hop region is very promising—better, perhaps, than is generally the case with those in the more western sections of the State."

A Very Simple Log Sled.

"S. P. W.," Canton, Maine, sends us the following:—"Many times a farmer wishes to haul a few logs from the forest to an open and convenient place for loading them on to an ordinary sleigh for transportation to the mill; or, perhaps, they may be intended for hewing timber. The illustration represents a very simple and yet effective sled or drag to haul the logs with. It is simply a crotch or fork of a small tree—say about a foot in diameter—to the end of which the team is hitched. A cross-piece or 'saddle' is pinned to the forks, and the end to which the team is attached is rounded and should curve upward slightly, so as to get easily over obstructions. One end of the log is chained to the 'saddle,' and the other drags on the ground."

Large Short-Horn Calf.

S. P. MCCORMICK, Tabor, N. Y., writes:—"In the RURAL of Nov. 30, mention is made of a calf that weighed 400 lbs. at six months' old. I had a Short-Horned Durham that weighed 572 lbs. the day he was six months old. Which was the best? I sold mine at seven months for $50."

AMONG THE STUMPS—NEW SERIES.—II.

Condition Affects Character.

IT is due to a majority of the settlers in all new countries to remember that they commence farming with a very short allowance of "this world's goods." I do not refer to *dry goods*, that have doubled up on us, in variety and worthlessness, since the days of our *grandmothers*,—(this is a mean insinuation that these things are mainly feminine, and I am half ashamed of it, for *boys'* expenses have increased faster than *girls*, reckoning their *tobacco*, and things worse, if *worse* is possible, parent of vices as it is.) I wish to say, and nobody can comment fairly on the farming of a section settled within thirty years without saying it, that almost without exception the inhabitants here began poor.

Multitudes of men, in every part of our country, in the early periods of its history, have bought their land mainly on credit. Their struggles with poverty and the wilderness, have been *heroic!* The spirit with which they meet labors and privations, is as invincible as ever Roman or Grecian *brave* displayed. Our national character ought to be *wonderfully strengthened* by our rough school of experience, *and it is.* Our bones are harder, joints closer, muscles stronger and tougher, flesh firmer, brain larger and more active, for what we and our *fathers* have gone through. Our nation is now fitted for great enterprises—the executive force is here that may, if properly directed, lead the world in agriculture, arts, manufactures, improvements, and rise to the greatest heights of science and literature. FORCE is developed by severe discipline; witness Dr. WINSHIP, HEENAN and Flora Temple. But force may take the wrong direction as well as the right. As our capabilities and opportunities are, so are our dangers. The strength that might lift a large stick, may knock a man down, very injuriously to both parties. The executive and impulsive force that might mend roads, beautify grounds, educate and moralize a neighborhood, may exhaust itself in rowdyism, or plunge the possessor deep in the mire of pollution and crime. Our *young men* are in great danger. Like their fathers they have a great deal of individuality. They are ready to strike off where fancy leads, and go with a rush. Young America needs a curb bit. Parental discipline, while it should be kind and generous, should be firm, discreet, and *begin early.* Public men, especially, should be careful of the examples they set, and public morals guarded most assiduously, and by every possible means.

It would be melancholy indeed, if the admirable opportunities for a vigorous, manly and healthy development, which our new country has afforded, should be misimproved. Such a school for the training of a nation may never be found again. There remains in the wide world no domain favored like ours with every variety of soil, climate, and natural advantages to which an adventurous people can go to work out a splendid career! Never, perhaps, again, will energy and industry be rewarded by such magnificent prizes. Choice locations are or were everywhere to be found,—water-powers, mines, and *forests* richer and better than mines, prairies all ready for the plow, lands bordering navigable rivers, magnificent lakes, and excellent harbors were waiting occupants. Men of spirit and judgment, and a very little cash, could and did place themselves where the progress of events wafted them to fortune. *Quickened by such incentives*, by the spirit of the age, and the stimulus of free institutions, our citizens are physically, intellectually and morally, the *most active, energetic and capable on the face of the earth!*

In the Old World the *conditions* were long since fixed. The child born there files into the ranks where his father stood, with little chance of rising higher, and little room for sinking lower. His *efforts* are measured by his *expectations, and his whole character takes the shape of his doings.* He moves ploddingly, thinks slowly and narrowly, strikes his blows regularly and methodically—not impulsively or forcibly—and dies, (the slackest man finds time for that,) leaving his "place," his old clothes, and older opinions, to his children and grandchildren. He may have his "sprees," but there will be *method* in them; he will last a good while, and have less dyspepsia, headache and nervous ailment than his second cousin whose grand father came to America during "the Revolution."

These are some of the thoughts suggested by the "stumps," and brush, and logs with which I have been contending during the last few weeks (reminding me of our forefathers' experience,) and by the positive and peculiar traits of character observable here, and in all new sections. Let us labor and pray that the goodly heritage left us by our fathers—not merely of lands, fair and fruitful, but the still better inheritance, of constitutional energy, enlightened opinions, thrifty habits, social equality, and free institutions—may in the present and future be treasured and improved upon by a moral, religious, prosperous and happy people.—H. T. B.

SPAYING COWS.

"G.," Ontario Co., N. Y., thus answers an inquiry:—"In the RURAL of Dec. 21, W. H. MACOMBER makes an inquiry in regard to spaying cows. The results claimed by M. GUENON were believed by men in this county some fifteen or twenty years since, and a number of our farmers tried the experiment. The result was, in one, two, or three years at most, (good milkers holding longest,) we had good cows for beef. No one, as far as I have heard, tried it the second time, being perfectly satisfied with the first experiment, which proved the fallacy of the theory."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

PALE DISEASE—TAPE WORMS.

It will be remembered that we published, Nov. 30th, a statement by T. P. Skinner of Sego, Perry Co., Ohio, that "pale disease" is produced by tape worms; and that we called on him for the facts on which he based this conclusion. In reply, Mr. Skinner writes us that when so many sheep became weak and poor in the fall of 1865, and his own sheep began to die, he, in common with nearly all the sheep breeders in his region, attributed it to grub in the head. He opened the heads of four and found grubs, but in the head of the fifth, exhibiting exactly the same symptoms, he found none, and therefore his "grub theory was all knocked in the head." He then opened the body of this fifth sheep and found the lungs, liver, heart and stomachs in their natural condition. Observing "that some of the small intestines had a peculiar clear and empty look," he opened them and found a worm "perhaps one-third of an inch wide, with joints about an eighth of an inch in length, and whose entire length he could only conjecture, as it came apart at the joints so easily, but he supposes it was near forty feet in length. It was of a whitish color, slightly yellow. The part of the worm forward terminated in a point, and was round for perhaps fifteen or twenty inches. The rest of the body was as flat as a piece of tape. He took a small stick and tried to wind the worm on it, but only succeeded in getting about two feet of it together." Not yet satisfied, he examined his other sheep as they died, to the number of ten cases, finding grubs in the heads of some and in others not, but invariably finding the monster worm above described in the small intestines. One sheep that died lost its flesh much sooner than the rest. In this he found "myriads of very small, round worms, about half an inch in length, and of a reddish color—but no tape worm. Some of his neighbors who had sheep die at about the same time opened them and found tape worms. Among these neighbors were John Wilson and Thos. J. Williams. The latter, who "breeds and owns quite a number of excellent sheep," informed Mr. S. that in the fall of 1865 he examined three sheep and found tape worms in them of very great length. Two of the sheep so examined were killed to convince men who doubted his statements; and in one, killed to convince Mr. David Ream, an extensive sheep breeder, he found a tape worm extending the entire length of the small intestines to within about a foot of the vent, and doubled back about half of its length. He has learned also that a Mr. Trant and others in the town of Hopewell, in the same county, examined sheep that died of pale disease, with similar results. He states that all the above named persons can be communicated with, that they are men of veracity, and that their affidavits of the facts can be furnished if desired. Finally, he promises, if cases should hereafter occur, to submit them, as we suggested, to medical examination.

Remarks.—We gave in the Practical Shepherd (p. 312,) a case cited by Mr. Spooner of a flock of fifty lambs in Suffolk, England, suffering from "violent diarrhoea." Two of them having died, the small intestines were found, by Mr. Copeman, to contain "thousands" of the folded tape-worm (taeni plicata) and about twenty-five of the large round worms (ascaris lumbricoides.) There were several large patches of inflammation on the villous membrane of the fourth or true stomach, and this membrane was in a stage approaching to mortification. The malady, as it appeared in this flock, was an isolated case, exceptional in all its features. Mr. Copeman conjectured that the inflammation and approach to mortification was produced by *several ounces of sand* found in the stomach intestines, licked up by the sheep in consequence of a depraved appetite—this depraved appetite being induced by sympathy with the irritation of the stomach, caused by the worms. (See Spooner on Sheep, p. 327.)

Mr. Spooner writes us as if this was the only instance within his knowledge of the *fatal effects* supposed to result directly or indirectly from the presence of worms in the intestines of sheep. And he expressly says:—"Sheep are rarely subject to *injury* from the presence of worms in the intestines" (p. 326.) Mr. Youatt, the most copious and the most minute of English veterinary writers, does not even mention intestinal worms as causes of death in sheep. We have been informed by experienced and skillful German shepherds, that pale disease is prevalent in portions of Germany,—but among its supposed causes there was no hint of such worms. We have heard of them before in a very few instances in American sheep, in connection with diseases,—but never of the same species of worms, or of any worms, we think, found in the intestines*.

The foreign negative testimony above given is entitled to much more weight from the fact that veterinary science is far better understood in Great Britain and Germany than here; and it can scarcely be supposed that in the latter country, where pale disease prevails to a destructive extent, and where, undoubtedly, thorough post mortem examinations of its victims have been made in a multitude of instances by learned and skillful veterinarians,—so obvious a cause or symptom of the malady as tape-worms could possibly have been overlooked. Indeed, in even the imperfect ax and butcher knife examinations made by our farmers, it would be very remarkable that so gigantic a worm as the one described by Mr. Skinner, pervading almost the entire extent of the intestines, and therefore liable to be disclosed by any opening of them, should remain so long undetected, provided it is the cause of so common a malady.

We cannot reasonably doubt that Mr. Skinner's statements are made in good faith, and that he intends truthfully to describe what he saw. This being assumed, no doubt can exist that the long worm found by him in the intestines of his sheep was the "broad tape-worm"—taenia lata, or bothriocephalus latus. He does not, indeed, minutely or accurately describe this parasite,—but his description can apply to no other which is known.

Admitting Mr. Skinner's facts in the particular cases mentioned by him, it is by no means certain that the disease he witnessed was identical with pale disease—though some of its prominent external symptoms, such as constantly increasing emaciation, debility, pallor of the skin, &c., might have been, and no doubt would be, very similar. Nor can we, in the light of all the facts we have mentioned, credit that identity, until it is established by competent testimony, derived from further examinations made in a large number of flocks kept in various sections of country where pale disease prevails.

Until our correspondent's conclusions in regard to their identity are thus corroborated, we shall be inclined to regard the appearance of these worms in sheep in Perry Co., Ohio, as a local and perhaps epizootical malady, connected with food, water, atmospheric conditions, or other unknown causes.

* H. A. Freeman, Sun Prairie, Wisconsin, wrote us April 11, 1867, that a disease was "breaking out" in the sheep of that region, attended with the following symptoms:—"A general decline, loss of appetite, drooping of the head and ears, and finally loss of strength in the legs. The sheep had no use of their legs, dropped down on their sides and died. On dissecting them there were found in the lungs, or in the pipes, a small white worm about the size of a No. 30 cotton thread, from three to five inches long, alive when taken out. The first symptom that the sheep was not well was a loss of wool about the lungs, and a dry, yellow, and cold skin."

BOLAND'S RAM "EUREKA."

Mr. Wm. A. Boland of Grass Lake, Mich., writes us:—"The above is a picture of my ram "Eureka." He was bred in Vermont; full-blood Atwood on the dam's side. Got by S. S. Rockwell's Eureka, winner of two first premiums—at Addison Co. Fair, 1863, and Vermont State Fair, 1864. Eureka was brought from Vermont in 1865, when a lamb, by E. R. Crafts of this place, and purchased by me in October, 1866."

REPORT ON SCOURED FLEECES.

To the Hon. Henry S. Randall, *President of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association:*

The Committee on Scoured Fleeces respectfully report, that the wool was scoured at the manufactory of Wm. Hayden & Co., in the city of Auburn, under the personal supervision of Mr. Hayden, one of the members of this committee, and precisely in the same manner that other wool is scoured in that establishment.

The weights of the fleeces before scouring, as given in the tables, are as Mr. Hayden found them about two months after they were shorn, and when all were dry alike. The weather was so very wet during the Fair, that some of the fleeces had absorbed considerable water, in one instance more than a pound and a-half; and, with one exception, all lost weight.

D. D. T. Moore offered a prize of $25 for the fleece of a Merino Ram of one year's growth or thereabouts, shorn at the Fair, which on being scoured should be found to yield the most wool in proportion to its time of growth and the live weight of the animals. This prize was won by the fleece of a ram owned by Wm. M. Holmes of Greenwich, Washington Co., N. Y., which gave (for a ram) the greatest amount of wool raised from one pound of carcass in one year.

Asbl. F. Wilcox offered a prize of $25 for the best Merino Ewe's fleece with the same conditions as the above. This prize was won by a fleece shorn from a yearling ewe owned by J. N. Chamberlain of Owasco, Cayuga Co. N. Y.

William R. Pitts offered a prize of $25 for the best fleece of a Merino Ram, shorn at the Fair, which on being scoured should be found to give the greatest weight and value of wool in proportion to its time of growth, without reference to the weight of the animal. There was but one competitor for this prize, and he failed to bring satisfactory evidence of the age of the fleeces.

Davis Cossitt offered a prize of $25 for the best Merino Ewe's fleece on the same conditions as the above. There was but one competitor; and the Committee awarded the prize to Peter H. McMillen of Canandaigua, N. Y. The fleece was one year old, weighed 16 lbs. 3¼ oz., and scoured 6 lbs. 4½ oz. Beyond this it was not necessary to figure.

Henry S. Randall offered a prize of $25 for the best English Long Wool fleece, with the same conditions as above, and the prize was won by a fleece from the ram "Golden Fleece," the property of John D. Wing of Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

The tables have not been elaborated as they were in 1865, partially from a lack of time on the part of the Committee, and partially with the hope that it may stimulate young wool growers to the task of doing it themselves.

These tests, that have now had their trials under the auspices of your Association, have been pretty extensively copied by other Associations throughout the Northern States, and to the best of our knowledge with good results. It has done more to call the attention of the wool grower to the real merit of animals than almost any thing that has appeared for many years.

Mr. Geddes, who has hitherto acted with the committee, was too unwell to be present at the meeting.

Very respectfully, James M. Ellis, C. Tallman, William Hayden, H. D. L. Sweet.

TABLE FOR MOORE PRIZE.

Owners' Names.	Sex	Age	Weight of animal	Age of fleece, in days	Weight of fleece	Weight of scoured wool	Amount produced per day	Amount produced per animal per day	Amount produced by 1 lb of animal in a year	Amount produced by the animal in 1 year	Amount produced by 1 lb of
W. M. Holmes,	R	2	75.	368	18.28	7.84	.02130	.000281	7.77	.10366	
Isaac Bower...	R	2	84.50	355	15.62	6.56	.01847	.000218	6.72	.07957	
Walter Cole....	R	1	68.50	330	13.37	5.15	.01322	.000193	4.82	.07045	

TABLE FOR WILCOX PRIZE.

Chamberlain...	E	1	85.50	373	8.75	4.03	.01080	.000304	3.93	.11096	
A. H. Clapp....	E	4	59.	365	10.	5.37	.01471	.000249	5.37	.09106	

TABLE FOR RANDALL PRIZE.

Owners' Names.	Age of animal	Age of fleece in days	Weight of fleece	Weight of scoured wool	Amount produced per day	Amount produced per year	Breed and sex
John D. Wing.	2	360	18.37	10.37	.02720	9.90	Cotswold Ram
"	1	438	17.03	11.62	.02652	9.68	Cotswold Ram
S. H. Barons...	4	330	11.44	8.44	.02554	9.32	Leicester Ram

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

Those Scoured Fleeces.—Those fleeces of wool left at Auburn in 1867, and the remainder left at Syracuse in 1866, for the scouring test, I have this day sent by express as follows:—The fleeces that won prizes, to the gentlemen who offered the prizes: the remainder to their respective owners so far as known. There are two fleeces left at Syracuse with imperfect addresses. Whose are they?

H. D. L. Sweet, Sec'y N. Y. S. S. B. & W. G. A.

Wool Samples.—H. D. Smith, Clearville, Ontario, Canada, forwards us two samples of wool taken respectively from a ram and ewe of his flock of "border" Leicesters. We could not make the disposition of them requested, as no such meeting as the one alluded to by him took place. They are a trifle over thirteen inches long, are of superior luster, and are in all respects of excellent quality.

J. Coffee, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., forwards shoulder and hip samples from two Merino rams eighteen months old, sheared last May, and he says:—"I would like your opinion as to whether the wool is what the manufacturers need in length and quality, and whether there is any defect in it?" One set of samples is soft, even, and superior in quality and style for a ram, and at a year's growth would be of a very fair length for broadcloth wool. (At eighteen months' growth it is about 2½ inches long.) The other set is of about the same length. It is not equal in any particular—yet is *good*, saleable wool. Neither exhibits any special defect.

"O. L. M.," Nashville, Tenn., forwards numerous samples. That from ram No. 1 has the appearance of full blood Merino wool, and is of good quality: the seven samples from three year old ewes are from about half blood ewes; the thirteen lamb samples are from about three-fourths bloods. Whoever sold you the three year old ewes for full bloods grossly deceived you. Their wool is not only coarse, but harsh and without luster—and its whole complexion unmistakably betrays a mongrel origin.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

ITALIAN AND BLACK BEES COMPARED.

Eds. Rural:—In a communication, published in your journal, I suggested the propriety of testing the comparative value of Italian and native bees by placing them side by side to labor in the same field and carefully marking the result. In June, 1866, I procured of a friend one swarm of Italian bees. They were placed in a hive, with eighteen boxes for surplus honey, placed upon the sides and top of a central apartment for the swarm, of about 200 cubic inches. The boxes were of the aggregate capacity of 26 pounds. I placed three swarms of black bees in three other hives of the same construction and capacity. The hives were alike in every particular in form, size and capacity of surplus boxes.

At the commencement of this past season they appeared equally promising, as far as I could judge. They stood side by side. In the early part of the season, and indeed through the season, I have watched their progress with a good deal of interest. Perhaps in justice to the Italians I should state another fact. Two of my old hives, late in June, were so weak as to give little promise of success, or even hardly living through the season. To prevent their becoming a nursery of moths I broke them up and drove the few workers in them into two of the black colonies. This gave a small addition to the working force. Another fact rather complicated the experiment. The Italian hive and one hive of the black bees gave two swarms each. The swarms came out from both the same day. The other two gave no swarms. I can give no better view than the result of the summer's labors of each of the four competing colonies. From the Italian swarm the result was two swarms, worth $5 each, and 106 pounds of surplus honey, worth thirty cents per pound.

Two swarms of bees	$ 10 00
One hundred and six pounds honey at 30 cts	31 80
Total product of Italians	$ 41 80
One swarm of black bees gave two swarms, at $5 each	$ 10 00
Ninety-seven pounds of surplus, at 30 cts ℔ lb.	29 10
Amount of product	$ 39 10
One hive gave 123 lbs. of surplus honey at 30 cts.	$ 36 90
Another, the third black or native swarm, gave 174 lbs. of surplus honey at 30 cts	52 20
In the order of their product	
One of the natives yielded	52 20
The Italians	41 80
Native hive with two swarms	39 10
Third hive of natives	36 90
Product of the four	170 00
Average profits of the four	42 50
Deduct Italian	41 80
Italian 70 cts. below the average of the four	$ 00 70

I ought in justice to the labors of my employees to say that I have hardly done them full justice in summing up, as considerable more than two thirds of the surplus was white clover honey, and has already sold for forty cents per pound; and the 174 pounds from one of the swarms contained 121 pounds of white clover, and took the first premium at our County Fair as the best sample exhibited.

My opinion as to which bees are best would be worth but little to your readers; but facts may assist them to judge for themselves. J. Hazen.

FEEDING BEES.

E. S. T., in the Prairie Farmer, in response to an inquiry whether it will pay to feed bees for the promotion of early breeding says:—"I have repeatedly tried feeding on a large and small scale, but never with any profit." Uniting two or more weak colonies in the fall or strengthening the weak from the strong is deemed the profitable mode of proceeding. The writer adds: "Those commencing with bees, who have little experience and are anxious to save all colonies and increase fast, often err in their judgment of the condition of their bees, and find them in the spring a little short of stores. One such bee-keeper writes to me that he had several starve last year in May. No one need be told that it is poor economy to allow bees to perish then for want of a little aid, and here is just where feeding, in my opinion, properly "comes in." A pound or two of sirup or honey fed to a destitute colony then will save and encourage it; and as honey must of necessity soon be abundant in flowers, no bad effect can follow feeding for so short a time. My rule in the matter therefore, seems to be rather an Irish one:—'Don't have any weak colonies, but if you *do* have, feed them rather than let them starve.'"

Veterinary Department.

LUNG DISEASE IN CATTLE.

Pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) may occur in the sporadic, enzootic or epizootic form, and should be treated according to the peculiar conditions existing in the different types of the disease. The term sporadic signifies that form of disease which is accidental and may appear indifferently in every season or situation, independently of contagious or epidemic influence. Acute pneumonia is of this type of disease. The term enzootic corresponds to enidemic in the human practice, and signifies that form of disease which is caused by some peculiarity existing in situation or locality. The term epizootic corresponds to epidemic in the human practice, and is that form of disease which attacks a large number of animals at the same time, or in the same season, prevailing generally, and is usually attributed to some particular condition of the atmosphere. Dunglison, in his definition of the word "epidemy," says:—"It is obvious that should a particular epidemic constitution of the air exist, along with a favoring endemic condition, these combined influences may act in the causation of several of those serious and fatal complaints which at times visit a district, and are never afterwards met with, or, at least, not until after the lapse of a considerable period."

The pleuro-pneumonia, which existed in Massachusetts a few years ago, was probably caused by the combined influence last mentioned. In regard to treatment, acute pneumonia is the only form of lung disease that, in my opinion, will safely bear depletion. Should a cow in good condition be seized with the above disease, six or eight quarts of blood may be immediately taken. A laxative, consisting of one pint of linseed oil, may next be given. Clysters of warm water and soap should be given every four or six hours until the bowels begin to act,—say warm water one gallon; soft soap one gill. Next administer every three or four hours the following medicine in combination:—Fluid extract of veratrum veride, one-half dram; solution of acetate of ammonia, four ounces; warm water, four ounces. Mix and give it in one dose. Continue these medicines at the stated periods until the mouth becomes cool and moist, the pulse lessened in force and frequency, and the breathing tranquilized. Pure, cool air must be freely allowed from the very commencement; the body comfortably clothed, the limbs bandaged for the purpose of inviting blood to the surface and extremities. Light, easily digested, laxative food, only, should be allowed. The patient should be allowed to drink freely of cool water, rendered mucilaginous with a little slippery elm or flaxseed. In three or four days, or as soon as recovery begins to show itself, the patient should have the following medicine twice daily:—Carbonate ammonia, two drams; subcarbonate of iron, four drams; ginger, four drams; flour or oat-meal gruel, one quart. Mix for one dose. These medicines may be continued until convalescence is completely established. In the enzootic and epizootic forms of pneumonia, we find great protraction of bodily strength, an early tendency to effusion of serum, and exudation of lymph, a small, quick, feeble pulse, a low form of fever,—to be brief, either of the last named forms is *typhoid pneumonia*, and consequently *much more* difficult to cure.

When it it known that a disease of this character is prevailing, and as soon as an animal is observed to be unwell, the following plan of treatment should be promptly adopted:—First, provide the patient with a cool, airy house. If the weather is cool or cold, clothe the body and bandage the limbs. The medical treatment must be such as will have a tendency to support the vital powers, as in this form of lung disease we certainly have lowered and impaired vitality. Then give the following medicines: Carbonate of ammonia, three drams; fluid extract of belladonna, three drams; good whisky, one gill; flour or oat-meal gruel, one quart. Mix for one dose. Give three doses daily for three or four days. Should no improvement be observed at the end of this time, substitute the following tonic:—Tinct. Muriate iron, one ounce; muriate ammonia, four drams; good ale, one pint; oat-meal gruel, one quart. Mix for one dose. Give three doses daily; continue them until convalescence is well established. The following liniment may be well rubbed into the sides of the chest:—Aqua ammonia, oil turpentine, alcohol, soft soap—of each four ounces. Mix and apply this thrice daily. Cover it up to suppress evaporation, and continue it until the sides are sore. The diet should consist of malt mashes, oat-meal gruel, boiled roots, oil cake, &c., &c. Avoid solid food, requiring rumination, as dangerous indigestion is apt to occur from its use.

To prevent the extension of the disease promptly separate the sound from the sick; pay particular attention to ventilation and cleanliness; in short, maintain as far as possible a high standard of general health. E. Mink, V. S., *Lyons, N. Y.*

PNEUMONIA IN CATTLE—REMEDY.

Hon. D. D. T. Moore:—In an article in your valuable paper I noticed under the caption of "Cattle Disease in Virginia," a request that those of your readers who were posted, etc., would confer a favor by letting their light shine through the medium of the Rural. Hence this brief article.

About eight years since we had in our county a few herds affected by a disease called "Pneumonia," from which quite a number died. In the month of January I purchased a new milch cow, in high condition, and had her driven in a very cold day thirty miles to my barn, soon after dropping her calf. A few days afterwards she was taken with a chill, and violent coughing. I gave her at once, in a warm mash of bran, a tablespoonful of powdered Cayenne pepper, which seemed to relieve her. In about one week (the weather being extremely cold) these symptoms returned with more apparent virulence than the first attack. She coughed incessantly, with a continuous moan, refusing food of every description; her back humped and she trembled like an aspen leaf. I then took a coffee cupful of highwines, with an equal amount of soft water—put them into a junk bottle, with a heaping spoonful of Cayenne pepper, and poured the contents down her throat. I then covered her with a heavy blanket, strapped on, and, filling the manger with hay, which she refused to eat, left her. I was absent about four hours. On my return to the stable I heard no noise from her, and supposed she had done breathing, but to my surprise she had eaten up the hay in the manger and was lying down, quietly chewing her end—her blanket being literally covered with frost from perspiration. She thrived and milked well ever after, although she cast her hair a little too early in the spring. I have since recommended the same remedy to others and never knew it to fail.

I would add that during the extreme cold weather, about ten days since, my farmer informed me that three of my young cows were "*physicking bad*" on dry hay. I ordered the same prescription, which checked the disease at once.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., Dec., 1867. Charles Shepard.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Season.—Since Christmas this section of country has been favored with several considerable snow storms, interspersed with an occasional fall of rain—the latter of brief duration. The sleighing is now very good, and the city streets and country roads, as a consequence, wear a lively aspect. Farm products come in with considerable freedom, but there is a perceptible falling off in the supply of dressed hogs as compared with former seasons. The result is higher rates than were anticipated at the commencement of the butchering season. Owing to the comparatively low price of wool, flocks are being decimated with greater freedom than during several preceding years; hence the supply of mutton in the market, such as it is, fully equals the demand, which in considerable. Many question the policy of such a general slaughter of sheep, but the high price of fodder, and the low quotations of wool, conspire to keep the knife of the butcher in full play.

The farmers of Western New York are generally taking advantage of the good sleighing, without drifts, to market their produce, secure their yearly supply of fuel, etc. They are watching their decreasing hay mows and grain bins with unusual solicitude, owing to the high prices. As the prices of hay, grain and other stock feed advanced early in the season, inducing unusual care in their preservation and use, it is not probable that present rates will be sustained until or during spring.

Cutting Fodder—The Empire Cutter.—We have discussed at length, in preceding volumes of the Rural, the advantages of cutting fodder for stock. All stabled animals can be wintered at less cost, and kept in better thrift and health, by cutting coarse fodder and hay,—mixing them, and adding roots and some ground grain,—than by feeding uncut fodder and unground grain. We believe that a large proportion of the winter diseases of horses comes from constipation caused by dry, rich food, and want of exercise. Cutting, mixing and moistening the food would prevent these. That cutting machines are popular with farmers is made evident by the immense number annually sold, but that all are not perfect and satisfactory is equally evident by the numerous complaints we hear. One says, "My machine wont cut stalks; it cuts hay and straw well." Another observes, "Mine don't cut fine enough, and I can't alter it." A third, "Mine cuts fine but slow; if I urge it, it clogs." And we heard one farmer remark, "Mine cuts everything, and cuts it fast and well;" and we found that he owned Gordon's Empire Feed Cutter. We have had considerable experience with the Empire, and from actual use, observation and comparison, know it to be a superior machine. Different sizes, adapted to hand or horse power, are manufactured at the Rochester Agricultural Works, as advertised in the Rural.

The Chinese Yam.—At a late meeting of the Farmers' Institute Club the subject of the Chinese Yam, as a substitute for the potato, was discussed. Wm. R. Prince said that the roots should be preserved from frost during the winter, the same as the potato, which could be done in the cellar or by being buried. If left in the ground all winter they will not spoil, even in our northern climate. Mr. Prince said he considered the yam an important acquisition, and destined to become a favorite with the American people—supplying the place of the potato when that vegetable fails, as it seems destined to do to a considerable extent before many years. The yam resembles, in many respects, the sweet potato, but has the advantage of it in its keeping properties. Isn't that the old story?

Todd's Young Farmers' Manual.—Volume I, entitled "The Farm and the Workshop," published some years since, was a valuable work of reference. The author then announced his intention to publish a second volume, and this has now appeared, the first being also republished, so that both are in uniform style and type. Volume II contains matter of a practical character pertaining to farm management in nearly all its branches. The author's long extended experience as a practical farmer, and his observation as an Agricultural editor, are combined in this volume. F. W. Woodward, 37 Park Row, New York, Publisher. Price $2.50.

Mass. Board of Agriculture.—At a recent meeting of this Board it was decided that the annual meetings shall in future be held at the Agricultural College in Amherst; that the office of the Secretary shall be removed to the same place, and that a professorship in the institution shall be connected with the office—the incumbent to perform such professional duties as the Trustees may prescribe.

Cattle Plague—Cure.—M. Moll, a great authority on agricultural matters in France, is informed by an eminent Russian farmer that experiments have tested the entire efficacy of sea water, in place of soft, in the cure of the cattle plague. It not only acts as a cure to those attacked, but as a preventive of the disease.

New England Poultry Club.—This is the designation of what was formerly the Worcester (Mass.) Poultry Club. The change was made at the recent annual meeting of the latter, in order that in future exhibitions all the New England States may be represented.

Beet Sugar.—The Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph says that the beet sugar manufactory at Chatsworth is now in fine working order. The company are feeding five hundred head of cattle from their beet pomace, and ship a car load of sugar every week.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

Minnesota raised apples last year for the first time.

Many Farmers' Clubs have recently been organized.

Good farms in North Germany rent for $100 per acre.

One Californian raised twenty-five thousand pounds of raisins last year.

At Helena, Montana, Missouri hay is worth $30 a ton, and ranch hay $24.

Troy shipped a million bushels of potatoes to New York the past season.

See Special Notice headed "A Delay, and Wherefore," at the head of News Page.

The Louisiana planters produced four barrels of molasses to an acre of cane last year.

The rice crop, like cotton, is a failure in Florida. Bad weather and the birds spoiled it.

The Iowa Homestead states that the corn crop of Iowa is still in a great degree ungathered.

Over 10,000 tons of hay have been destroyed by fire near Fort Harker within two months.

More wheat has been sown in Northern Arkansas than ever before, and it is said to look well.

The principal publication office of the Western Rural has been transferred from Detroit to Chicago.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College is full, and, it is said, the Peoples' College will be before June.

Corn husks bring $70 per ton in St. Louis. They are manufactured into mattrasses on a large scale.

A splendid cotton plantation of 2,000 acres in Franklin county, N. C., was sold lately for $2.05 an acre.

A man in Rockford, Ill., made over $2,000 during 1867, from the sale of crops raised on four acres of land.

Balm of Gilead buds, steeped in chamber-lye, make an excellent wash for horses afflicted with the scratches.

The cane crop of Eastern Florida is said to be excellent, and the sirup sells at from 50 to 70 cents a gallon.

The office of Superintendent of the Experimental Farm has been abolished by the Commissioner of Agriculture.

Cattle are among the chief exports of Texas, yet the State imports extensively butter, cheese, and even milk.

Judicious feeding, perfect cleanliness and occasional removal to new ground, will, to a great extent, keep fowls healthy.

The ruling rate for thrashing wheat in Iowa the past season was six cents per bushel,—use of teams and machines included.

Our emigrants from the Southern States to Brazil, say that the country is good for cattle, sheep, sugar cane, coffee and cotton.

At a late Fair in Santa Clara county, California, fine samples of watered silk dress goods—native manufacture—were exhibited.

In the Pacific States a large number of professional men are turning their attention to farming. They anticipate greater returns from the fields than from their offices.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE APRICOT.

One of the most delicious of our fruits, and yet one of the worst neglected, is the apricot. Nearly as hardy as the peach in respect to wood and blossom, its fruit finds in the curculio an unsparing enemy; this is the greatest drawback to its more general introduction. We have now in mind an apricot tree, which grew thriftily, blossomed freely year after year; the fruit set, grew to half size, and then fell beneath the punctures of its insect destroyer. One season, only, did we see fruit on that tree; it escaped the curculio, and bore a full crop of splendid apricots. It grew in a rich, deep, and rather moist soil, and died of old age after a healthy life, and excepting the one time, invariably yielded its full crop to the curculio.

Ripening as it does from one to two months earlier than any peaches, and being of delicious quality, healthy, and every way acceptable, it is very desirable to grow the apricot for market in quantities that will furnish a tolerable supply. We think it can scarcely be done in this climate except in houses, or by the side of walls and tight fences. We can no longer depend on the peach even to succeed with common orchard culture. And it is a question worthy of some investigation to what extent these fine fruits may be cultivated for market, under the shelter of walls, and yield a profitable return. In properly chosen locations, with skillful and intelligent culture, we think both peaches and apricots might be grown by the side of protective walls, and yield a fair return for the outlay. Shelter should be provided against extreme cold, espalier training practiced, and the curculio warded off by systematic care. The pruning of apricots and peaches should be alike. Cultivators say the apricot is more thrifty and healthy when budded on the plum stock, than any other. It is not liable to disease, and is disposed to bear fruit most abundantly.

Some of the best varieties are the *Black*, which is of medium size, round, pale red where shaded and nearly black in the sun. It is hardy and productive. *Breda*, rather below medium size, flesh deep orange, surface orange, early, high flavored, and very productive. *Early Golden*, small, pale orange color, good flavor, and said to be profitable for market. *Large Early*, medium size, pale orange, rich, juicy, ripens early. *Moorpark*, large (two inches in diameter,) color orange, with red cheek, juicy, rich flavor, season two weeks after midsummer. *Peach*, another very large variety, resembling the *Moorpark*. There are many other varieties, but the list given is sufficient.

ROOT GRAFTING THE APPLE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your issue of Dec. 7, the subject of Root-Grafting the Apple is treated at some length. The position seems to be viewed from this stand point: profit or gain purely to the nurserymen, and I would not entirely ignore that class of men nor their interests as I belong to that craft. In 1849 I began in a small way the propagation of fruit trees, and like all others at the time went in the same direction and root-grafted my apples, as by that means my seedlings would go two and sometimes three times as far, by making two or even three trees from one seedling. The writer in the article referred to, says "much time is saved" by doing the work in winter when time in the nursery is comparatively worth little, and more than this, nearly twice the money can be realized from the outlay by root-grafting. On closer examining trees that were taken up after a few years, I found the roots were not well balanced on those grafted on seedlings cut off in sections of two or three inches, while those that were budded (for we worked some both ways) were well balanced with roots in every direction, running from the tap root its whole length. When the tap root is cut away the tree being destitute of support to hold it in an upright position and the roots necessarily nearer the surface, there is a struggle with vegetation for a little nourishment from the soil; hence the feeble and sickly appearance of an orchard of root-grafted trees, standing at an angle of forty-five degrees when taken from the nursery and set in the way that nine-tenths are set.

This is not the best way to propagate. When the roots are cut up in sections the constitution of the tree is necessarily enfeebled, and the purchaser and planter of root-grafted trees reaps only disappointment and regret. I once asked a nurseryman if he considered root-grafted trees as good as those that are budded; his reply was, "No, most of them will die, and we can sell right over again." I am ashamed that such men are found in the profession. In the first paragraph of the above-mentioned article the writer says:—"If the planter were to raise his own trees it would probably be preferable to grow seedlings and graft the stocks or top, and this plan might be adopted, we think, with very good result." Here the writer concedes the point that seedlings can be worked with good results by the farmer. Why not by the nurseryman? In the second paragraph he says:—"Beautiful trees in immense numbers are produced in the nurseries," &c. Yes, we concede that in the nursery where the soil is strong and free from weeds or vegetation of any kind, the root-grafted trees *look* well, but when transplanted to the orchard on the broad prairie and the sweeping winds work the tree with defective roots in the loose soil, what is the result? One which no doubt the Western planters view with much regret.

The writer also presents the case purely from the stand point of gain to the producer, and we fear without duly considering the demands of the purchaser, and I here submit the question whether selling root-grafted or imperfect trees, for I can call them by no other name, has not had much to do with disorganizing the trade and weakening the confidence in this very useful department in American Husbandry. I will add that from my experience and observation for many years I consider root-grafted apple trees imperfect, and the planter should always reject them as such. These views were published a number of years ago, and I have not had occasion to change them. I would not set a root-grafted tree for myself, nor do I think there is a nurseryman in the country, of twenty years' experience and close observation, who would not much prefer an apple tree that is worked on whole seedling stocks to set for himself. And if all nurserymen would adopt budding or grafting on whole seedling stocks, hundreds of thousands of trees would be saved that now perish before the fifth year after being planted in the orchards. A want of popular confidence is the result of violating natural laws. J. D. Conklin.

Vick's Catalogue.—This famous illustrated Floral Guide, for 1868, is received. It contains more practical information about the varieties of flowers and vegetables, with hints for their culture, and is better illustrated, than any book we know of that can be obtained for a dollar at a bookstore. The frontispece is finely printed in colors.

TRAINING AND PRUNING THE VINE.

The principles which govern the correct pruning of the vine are well understood by American vineyardists, but the majority of our farmers who cultivate grapes merely for family use seem, as their practice intimates, to be tolerably muddled in their ideas of training and trimming. It is seldom one sees a well trained grape vine in a farmer's garden, and as rarely does the owner thereof *know how* to train the vine properly. Yet it is a very simple operation, requiring care and attention rather than hard labor. One must likewise begin with the planting of the vine, and work with correct knowledge, and a clear idea of what he wishes to achieve. By the aid of the engravings we have made to illustrate the subject, we hope to make it clear to every reader who has an interest in it.

We will start with the planting of the vine, and that is the only place of beginning, for in undertaking to renovate an old and badly trained vine, the best way is to cut it so as to force out shoots from near the ground, and practically deal with it then as with one newly planted. Fig. 1 represents a strong vine

Figure 1.

as it is pruned for planting; it is cut down to two eyes or buds, each of which will throw out a shoot. The first year, however, we only desire to grow one cane, and the second bud is left to ensure against accident. When the young shoots are two or three inches long, the weaker should be rubbed off. If possible, it is better to save the lower one. A stake should be planted near it, and the shoot carefully trained and tied to it as it grows. The lateral shoots must be pinched when they attain a couple of leaves, so as to throw the growth into the main cane, which we desire to grow strong and thoroughly mature. Fig. 2 shows the vine after it has made the first year's growth, and is ready for pruning. The

Figure 2. Figure 3.

cross marks indicate where the knife should be applied. The cane has grown from the lower bud, and the arm of old wood above must be cut away. The cane itself is cut down to three buds. The novice may ask what has been gained by the season's growth, as the pruned vine has only one bud more than when planted a year ago. We have gained strength of root sufficient to grow two good canes the second year instead of one. There are three buds saved, all of which, if nothing happens, will grow. As we only wish to grow two canes, one of the shoots must be rubbed off when the others are safely started.

These two canes must be tied to the stakes, the laterals pinched, and in every respect treated similar to the one cane grown the preceding year. In September the tips of the canes should be pinched to check the growth and mature the wood. Fig. 3 represents the vine at the end of the second year's growth, and ready for pruning. The cross marks show where it is to be pruned. The canes are each left twenty inches or two feet long, and the third year are to be bent down horizontally to form the arms of the vine. The stake is now to be removed, and a trellis built, the lower slat or wire of which should be about a foot from the ground. Four or four and a half feet is sufficient in height. The best form of trellis is that having a top and bottom rail, with wires stretched perpendicularly between them.

The arms being laid out and fastened on the lower rail or wire of the trellis, the object of the cultivator is to grow, during the third year, a certain number of upright canes from the horizontal arms, and also two from the extreme ends of the arms for the purpose of extending them still further in a horizontal direction. If the vine is strong it may carry some fruit this year; not more, however, than one cluster to every upright cane should be allowed. Fig. 4 shows the vine at the end of the third year's

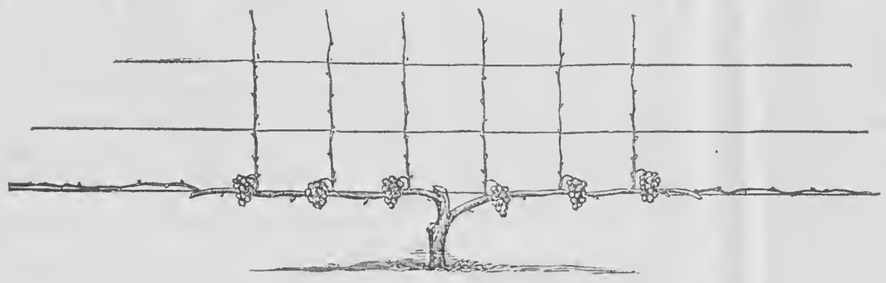


Figure 4.

growth. The upright vines growing from the horizontal arms should be from seven to ten inches apart, depending somewhat on the variety. Some skill and care will be required to start these upright canes at proper and equal distances. If the wood of the arms has been properly grown it will be short-jointed and the buds thick enough so that no difficulty will be experienced. In the spring it is a good plan to bow the arms a little, bending the extremities downward, in order to have the buds start evenly. The reason of this is that the sap tends strongest to the extremities of the vine, and the shoots there will rob those further back. Bending the ends down prevents this. When the buds break strongly those for the upright canes should be selected and the rest rubbed off. These uprights should be treated precisely as the canes grown to the stake; the laterals pinched, and the ends also when they reach the top of the trellis. The shoots on the ends designed for extending the arms next year should be trained along the lower bar or wire, and the laterals also pinched.

Some may ask why not lay down the whole length of these arms the third year; why prune so close and then grow wood again for their extension?—Simply, because the vine is not strong enough to bear such forcing, and that vigorous uprights could not be grown the next year on such a length of arm. The pruning of the vine at the end of the third year's growth consists in cutting the upright canes down to one bud, and shortening those for extending the arms. After being pruned it will present the appearance of Fig. 5. The bases of the upright canes cut

Figure 5.

away will project from the arms, and are called spurs; they are intended to be permanent and to grow each year a cane for bearing fruit. The fourth year then, an upright cane will be grown from each of the spurs, and also four more from the additions made to the horizontal arms. Each cane will carry three bunches of fruit. At the end of this year we will consider that our vine has reached the limits of its extension, and all we have to do in the future is to maintain it in the same shape. Practically, however, it should take a year or two more to extend the horizontal arms to the desired length, but as the process is only a repetition of the third year's operations we will not consider it further.

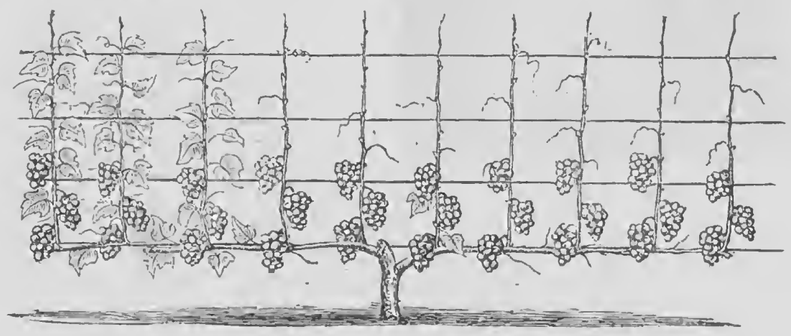


Figure 6.

Fig. 6 represents a full grown or completed vine at the end of the season. The winter pruning of this from year to year, is simply the cutting of the upright canes just above the lowest bud, leaving the vine as it appears in Fig. 5; the summer pruning consists in rubbing off superfluous shoots, if any appear, in pinching the laterals of the upright canes and their extremities when they reach the top of the trellis. By cutting the canes to the lowest bud the spurs will be lengthened a trifle each year, and if they become inconveniently long they may be cut close to the horizontal arm, and a cane trained up from dormant buds which will be forced to break by this treatment.

This system of pruning and training affords a chance for all the fruit a vine should bear; it is grown from one level and therefore each bunch and leaf has an equal chance in the amount of sap; the pruning is easily and rapidly done, and the general appearance of the vine is graceful and pleasing.—Next week we will show how this system may be applied to covering a high trellis, wall, or side of a building.

RURAL MATTERS IN THE WEST.

Rural Labor—Fruit Culture—Shipping Fruit East—Variety and Abundance of Fruit—Water Power and Coal Mines inviting Manufactures—Cheap Land, Dear Labor, and *not* Nice Farming—Planting Forest Trees—Plenty of Work—Laborers Wanted—The Prairies, &c., &c.

Champaign, Ill., Jan. 2, 1868.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In no part of your "Bailiwick" has there been such important changes in the direction of rural labor as are now presented in this State. But yesterday our industrial wealth consisted of corn, wheat, oats, beef, pork and wool. Now we are deep in orchard and grape planting, and the culture of the small fruits. Our Pomologists have about stripped all the Eastern nurseries of pears, grape vines and small fruits, and yet they are looking for more new things. If we grow less beef and pork, we shall not diminish the quantity shipped, for we shall consume less, making up the difference of home consumption in fruit.

With our better system of handling, the use of improved packages, and shipping in refrigerating cars, we shall soon begin to send the products of our orchards and small fruit gardens to your home markets; why not? We now send you dressed beef and pork in similar cars—then why not strawberries, raspberries, peaches, pears, grapes and early apples? By the tenth of May you may have strawberries by the car load; by the first of June cherries and raspberries, and in a few weeks more, apples, and by the first of August peaches and pears. If you will just figure up the quantity that you need thereaway, and make out your order, our planters will respond. Our fruit garden stretches through four hundred miles of latitude, over which the season marches at a very even pace, of about twelve miles a day. We thus make a long season of the strawberry and other fruits, and can supply you from May 5th to late in July with this fruit alone. We can give you peaches from August 1st to the November elections, and grapes until January. By the use of shelter belts, deep culture, surface draining, and the abandonment of the old system of pruning, we make the prairie teem with the apple, and when you have short crops in the Valley of the Genesee, we shall be pleased to supply you.

Our water-power and coal mines are inviting manufactures, which give us an additional home demand. The Rock and Fox rivers are valuable mill streams, second to few in the Union, and the whole volume of the Mississippi at Moline can be harnessed to busy wheels, while coal is bad almost for the simple mining. The Pacific railroad is soon to pour the commerce of the world through our borders, which will bring new months to feed, and require a new division of our labor.

We do not expect at present to do any large amount of nice farming and high culture,—for we have cheap lands and dear labor; therefore we shall get out of the land all we can with the smallest amount of labor. We know you tell us this is bad economy, and that our lands will wear out. Bah!—we don't believe a word of it,—for have we not the whole *Quartenary* system to plow up? Let us see: There are along our main rivers wide belts of *loess* that we shall mainly plant to vineyards. This is from ten to sixty feet deep, and of course will take some time to plow down to the bottom. Then there is the prairie drift of ten to fifty feet or more, and under this the uniform layer of *tertiary*, filled with the wreck of ancient forest, forming a soil at least equal to your Genesee Valley. When we get the surface worked out, it is a question for our heirs and assigns whether they will manure the old surface and bring it up to grade, or dig down to the next layer; that is a question for posterity, not us, to answer.

Our people are beginning to talk of planting forest trees on a large scale. You will recollect that many people think Nature slighted us in that respect, and we propose to make amends for Nature. The European Larch, will no doubt figure largely in this enterprise, while arbor vitæ, the maple, ash, black walnut, the oaks, tulip and other native trees, will also have a place. Taking our several industries in hand, you see that we shall have plenty of work for some time, if not longer. If you have any extra hands, send them along; but we don't want any of your map, book, tree, pill, lightning-rod, or patent-right peddlers.—for we have set the scum of our own population at the light and elegant employments. What we want is men of muscle and brains, who are not afraid of labor, and don't blush to show toil-worn hands and sun-browned brows. We have a good deal to do with the real, active duty of polishing up these great prairies,—for you know when the All Father gave the prairies, the last great landed gift, to man, He left them in a condition for us to show some taste in suiting them to our wants. In the sinious belts of river forests and the prairie grove, He gave us some idea of how He would plant and shelter the country; yet on the whole there is a wide margin for our enterprise and genius, but it takes labor—just now one of our needs. M. L. D.

CHESTNUT TREES FROM SEED.

E. J. E. Niven, Adams county, Iowa, asks information respecting planting chestnuts for groves. When planted, with the purpose of transplanting at some future day, it is customary to prepare a seed bed of good mold and place the nuts in it during the autumnal months—say some time in November, before the hard freezing commences. The seed should be covered two inches deep—one will do if a good coating of leaves is added for winter protection. In the spring the mulching may be partially removed and fresh earth supplied an inch or two deep. The ground selected, if not naturally dry or freed from standing water, should be well underdrained, as the plants will grow more rapidly for this preparation. The seed should be planted about six inches apart in the rows for the purpose of facilitating cultivation. When one or two years old the plants may be removed and planted out with the roots cut back somewhat if considerably developed. Some prefer cutting back in any event, but this is not absolutely essential. In planting the nuts some supervision is necessary, after they are in the ground, as squirrels have a rare knack in scenting out this species of food and in "removing the deposites" without consulting the planter in the premises. When a roadway, lane or side of a field is to be bordered by chestnuts, the seed may be deposited at once in the proper places and cultivated there without the necessity of transplanting. With suitable care there will be no trouble in raising a tree border by this process.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York.—The Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will hold its next annual meeting at the Court House in the city of Rochester, January 29th, at 11 o'clock A. M. There will be an exhibition of fruit in season.

Curious Theory Respecting Pruning Grapes.—The London Gardeners' Chronicle has advanced the theory, founded, it states, on repeated experiments in vineries, that if vines are pruned in September while the leaves are on they will ripen their fruit the ensuing year fifteen days earlier. If such pruning tends to diminish the vitality of the plant it is possible the fruit might ripen earlier, but in the end the vine would be ruined.

Crab Apples.—*The Yellow Crab Apple* is a very ornamental tree when in blossom, and also when displaying its load of golden fruit in autumn. It is hardy, a good bearer, and the fruit is very useful. *The Large Red* is not so showy, but the fruit is equal to the preceding. *The Small Red* is beautiful in blossom and fruit. It is more dwarfed in growth and its fruit is inferior. They are all useful and beautiful decorations of the garden or lawn.

Magnolias.—The following kinds may be considered hardy enough to stand a New England winter:—*Glauca*, *acuminata*, *tripetala* or *umbellata*, *auriculata* or *Fraseri*, *cordata*, *macrophylla*, (precariously hardy,) *conspicua*, *Soulargiana*, and the many hybrids between these two.—*Thompsoniana*, *purpurea* (after the plants are well established,) *glauca longifolia*, and the varieties of *purpurea* subject to the same limitation as the species. *M. Lenne* has not yet been fully tested, but is probably hardy.

Succession of Small Fruits.—Few have a constant and abundant supply of small fruits. All might have who cultivate land. Strawberries, currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries and cherries will supply the table every day in the year with wholesome fruit. Occupants of new farms may have plenty of fruit the second season. Now is the time to study the subject, make a plan of your fruit garden, fence it, select varieties, and then next spring be sure and *plant*. The crime of forcing your family to live without plenty of fruit deserves severe penalties; if persisted in, discontent, bad tempers, and sickness will surely result.

Prune Grapes when the weather is mild and the vines are not frozen. Pruning shears are handier than knives.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

The Best Yeast in the World.—Boil a pint bowl full of hops in two gallons of water; strain and add a teacupful of flour, one of brown sugar, a teaspoonful of salt. No yeast is required to raise it. Let it stand three days in a warm place, and it will then begin to foam. Then boil three lbs. of potatoes, mash fine, and add them to the yeast, and stir the whole well together; then put it into a jug and *cork tight* and set in a cool place. It should be made at least two weeks before using, and it will keep good any length of time, and grow better all the while. A small teacupful is sufficient for six loaves of bread. When this is gone, make a new jug full in the same way, and keep it corked tight, and you never need go to the baker's or brewer's for yeast. Since writing the above, my wife opened a large bottle full of this yeast, that had been sealed and put in the cellar for more than a year, and the usual quantity raised her bread splendidly.—H. A. P.

To Make Buckwheat Short-Cakes.—Take 3 cups buttermilk; 1 tablespoon salt; 1 of soda; stir in buckwheat flour until it is as thick as you can conveniently stir with a spoon; then butter a common sized bake-pan, pour in your batter; put it directly in the oven; bake 30 minutes. Serve while hot; it can be eaten by any dyspeptic with safety.

Inquiries.—Will some Rural reader inform me how to color sheep skins after being tanned? Can they be colored in hot dye without injuring the leather side?

Ivory-Handled Knives.—To take stains out of ivory-handled knives, rub them with moistened salt.—Mrs. J. M. S., *Locust Grove, Wis.*

Pickles.—To prevent scum rising on pickles put in a little horse radish root.

Buckwheat Cakes.—Stir them up with good yeast and water that potatoes have been boiled in. One cup of yeast will last for months by leaving a pint or so of batter, and adding the warm potato water every night and a little salt and soda in the morning.—Sue.

For Chapped Hands—*A Seasonable Recipe.*—"About this time," as the old Farmers' Almanac hath it, "look out for" chapped hands and kindred ailments. The following remedy is prescribed by an exchange, and is doubtless of some efficacy:—For chapped hands, wash them well, and, without using a towel, apply a small quantity of honey and rub in well. Use once a day, and it will make the hand very soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped hands.

Good Hair Oil.—Take a teacupful of fresh hogs' lard and a teacup of water; simmer them together until the water is all gone, then cool; beat the white of an egg to a froth and add to the lard; mix them thoroughly, and perfume to suit your liking.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Berry and Grape Boxes [illegible] of Warren & Rix is closed; and [illegible] box for less price than heretofore offered [illegible] $5 to $8 ℔ 1,000. Address B. C. WARREN [illegible] HERINGTON & CARLOW, Townsend [illegible], O.

Sent Free.—Catalogue of Choice FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS. M. O'Keefe, Son & Co., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

New Seed Catalogue for 1868. J. M. THORBURN & CO., No. 15 John Street, New York, Have the pleasure to announce that their ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF VEGETABLE AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS For the new year, will be ready for mailing to all applicants in January. 938-tf

3,000,000 Grape Vine Cuttings.—Concord, Hartford, Ives' Seedling and Norton Virginia, cheaper than anywhere else. Also, 500,000 Grape Vines. Send stamp for Price List and Essay. 937-2t Dr. H. SCHRODER, Bloomington, Ill.

Osage Seed.—Warranted fresh and good. By the Pound, Bushel, or Hundred Bushels, at low rates by the quantity. Printed instructions for preparing and planting the Seed will be sent with each lot, if desired. F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

Bloomington Nursery. 17th] 10 Green Houses. 350 Acres. [Year.

Fruit, Ornamental and Nursery Stock—General assortment. Dwarf and Standard Trees—including 200,000 fine, cheap yearling Apple, Pear, &c., admirable for large plantations or distant markets. Blackberries—Kittatinny, Wilson's Early, Missouri Mammoth. Raspberries—Doolittle, Clarke, Ellisdale, Golden Cap, Philadelphia, Thornless. Strawberries—Jucunda, Wilson, &c. Grapes—Concord, Delaware, Ives', Norton, Rogers' Hybrids, especially No. 4. Grape Cuttings. Apple Scions. Root Grafts. Stocks—Apple, Pear, Quince, Plum, Cherry. Black Walnut, Peach and Apple Seed. Osage Orange Seed and Plants. Evergreens, Shade Trees, Shrubs, Climbers, Roses—Best Stock, Largest Assortment we know—500 Varieties, including Giant, Marshal Niel, Madam Chas. Wood, Gen. Washington, &c. Dahlias, Gladiolus, Verbenas, Bedding and Greenhouse Plants. Send 3 red stamps for 3 Catalogues. 937-tf F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

All who desire to have our annual Pamphlet, describing our Gold Medal Separators, Farm Engines, Portable Circular Saw Mills, Horse Powers, &c., will please give their names and P. O. address, and they will be accommodated free of charge. Address ROBINSON MACHINE WORKS, Richmond, Indiana. 938-4teo

Farmers and Farmers' Sons wanted to engage in a business, during the Winter, paying from $150 to $200 per month. Address ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO., No. 614 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 938-2t

Now is the best time to subscribe. You can get for $2.50 a year, The American Agriculturist and THE WEEKLY EVENING POST, or for $3 you can get The Riverside Magazine and the WEEKLY EVENING POST. Address, WM. C. BRYANT & CO., 938-2t Publishers of The Evening Post, New York.

A young man desires to buy a small Farm, or work a large one "on shares." Can give good references. Wishes to be near a Presbyterian Church. Address J. P. BONNELL, New Providence, N. J.

The Pictorial Double Number of Phrenological Journal for January—New Volume—is rich in good reading, and profusely illustrated with portraits. Sketches of Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, F. W. Robertson, Fitz Greene Halleck, with the chief Kings, Queens and Emperors of Europe. Uses of Culture in the Ministry; Napoleon on Suicide; The Idiot Trained; A Day on James Island; Florida Indians; Oliver Cromwell; A Stuck-Up Nose; Our Country; The Lion, Lioness and Cubs—Character and Habits; A Quaker Wedding; Pedestrianism; An Offer of Marriage; The Prince Imperial; with Physiognomy, Physiology, Ethnology, Psychology and Social Science. Only $3 a year, or 30 cents a number. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York. Now is the time to subscribe. 937-2t

Auction Sale of Cotswold Ewes.—Having sold my farm situated 1½ miles east of Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., I shall sell at Venduc, on Thursday, Jan. 23d, 1868, 250 Long Wooled Canada Ewes, in lamb by thorough-bred and imported Cotswold Bucks. Also will be sold at the same time Farming Tools, Household Furniture, &c. G. H. CHASE. ☞ Persons can reach Union Springs by leaving N. Y. C. RR. at Cayuga Bridge. 938-2t

For Sale.—A farm of 195 acres, situated four miles south of Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y. Is a good Grain or Stock Farm; has good outbuildings; is well watered; plenty of timber and good fruit; is a desirable location. Will sell all, or part. Terms easy. For particulars, address P. M. De Zeng, Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y.

$10 a day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples Free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

Employment!—$10 a day and expenses paid. Circulars free. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PHASES OF WOMAN.

BY REV. A. MEANS, D. D., LL. D.

I saw her, a bright and a lovely thing,
As she press'd the lips that taught her.
Like a rose-bud nursed in the lap of Spring,—
She bloomed, and I called her "*daughter*."

Again I gazed as she passed along,
And a brother smiled and kissed her:
With her ringing laugh, and her witching song,
'Twas a joy to call her "*sister*."

I saw her again in her queenly pride,
As a rapturedlover claimed her;
She stood at the altar, his brilliant bride,
And his charming "*wife*" he named her.

I saw her a matron, in riper years,
When she clasped to her heart *another*:
It lay and gazed on her grateful tears,—
Then smiled and called her "*mother*."

I saw her last as she passed away,
With her household bending 'round her;
A convoy came from the realms of day,
And an "*Angel*" form they found her.

O let me repose upon woman's breast;
Let her lap in childhood hold me;
And in ripe old age, when I sink to rest,
May her guardian arms enfold me.

Oxford, Ga.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GETTING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

"I DECLARE," exclaimed Mrs. SMITH, fretfully, "it's high time TOMMY had his nap; and I don't see how I can stop, either, but I must, or he will be cross all the afternoon."

So resolutely turning her back on the work, she caught the little yawning subject, and seating herself in an arm chair began, as if from habit, to rock and sing,—

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand."

The time had been when she always sang at her work. She had been too many years a farmer's wife for that, now, and often at night when she sat down to get little TOMMY to sleep her husband would ask,—"LUCY, why don't you sing to him?—he likes music and will go to sleep a great deal quicker if you do," before she recollected that she could sing.

But to-day she sang as a matter of business to get him off her hands as quickly as possible, but seemingly all in vain. His little eyelids refused to close, not a sound was lost on his ear, and to her imagination every noise was louder than usual. Just as she began to hope that he was forgetting himself down dropped the tongs, and with a start up came the little head from her shoulder, wide awake again. Mrs. SMITH changed his position and began another hymn, when presently tramp, tramp, came the boots of JOHNNY, the little five-year-old, with "Where's my ball, ma?" in his shrillest key. His mother made despairing gestures at him to keep quiet, which he did not see fit to comprehend till baby had opened his inquiring eyes to see what was going on.

But perseverance conquers all things, as the school-girls' compositions say, and at last the little fellow dropped into a slumber which was proof against any reasonable amount of noise, and as the mother gazed at the charming little countenance, which took on fresh beauty now in repose, she forgot her weariness and something of that childlike freshness entered her spirit, long since banished though it had been by years of toil. As she laid TOMMY away on his pillow she softly said to herself:—"I have heard of wonderful babies who could be laid away on a bed wide-awake, who would even go to sleep themselves in the daytime. I don't want any such philosphers amongst my family. I feel that I am a better woman already for being obliged to stop my work and get TOMMY to sleep. If ever my pack of cares slips off my back it is when I am wasting my time looking at him as he is sleeping." B. C. D.

Elkhorn, Wis.

DON'T WHIP THEM.

MOTHERS don't whip them! Treat God's lambs tenderly. Compel obedience, but not with the rod. The other evening the maternal face appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad of three or so to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would." The mother in her wrath at being disobeyed, re-entered the house, not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to fetch the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears. Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the wee toddling thing inside, who, as yet heeded not commands, however harshly given, and his full heart and meager use of words withheld the power of explanation. Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed.

Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their tears, or by their own sad sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is, when you go to tuck them in at night, to find pink feet on the pillow, dimpled knees in air, toys yet in embrace, and smiles on their sweet mouths. Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly. I took my little man a shot-gun to-night, and, handing it over the gate, I said, "Now will you mind your mamma, and stay inside when she tells you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere: but if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days cannot be free from sorrow, surely none ever may.—*Selected.*

FEMALE ATTIRE.—If women would only let their own hair be just bound down as a natural covering to their heads when out of doors, would clothe their bodies sensibly without pinching themselves into hideously unnatural shapes, would wear well-shaped boots in which they might walk comfortably and taste the pleasures of exercise, there would soon be an end to that representative class of the female sex about whom doctors know a great deal. The race of chlorotic girls, of ailing wives and inefficient mothers, would be improved. The scrofulous, consumptive, dyspeptic, pimpled women who crowd the physicians' waiting-rooms, and swallow every advertised remedy from Pari's pills to Pancreatic emulsion, would no longer need medicine.—*Lancet.*

AN item is going the rounds which says that the oldest couple in Ohio are Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, at Ironton. He is 110, and she 107. They quarrel every little while, and threaten to obtain divorces. The other day the dame refused to sew on a shirt button for her spouse, when he indignantly inquired "if he had got to live so *all his life*."

STATUE OF "RUTH."

THERE was completed in the beautiful city of New Haven, Conn., last summer, close by the time-worn structures of Yale College, a building designed expressly as a School of Fine Arts. It will in future add another to the numerous attractions that may be found in and around the "City of Elms." The objects in establishing such an Art School, are, to foster a love and study of art, and to further these by gathering together a splendid collection of paintings, statuary and other artistic articles. Yale has long possessed many excellent works of art, and these have of course been placed in the new building. Others are being added from time to time.

We give above an illustration of a life-size statue of RUTH, a new and valuable contribution to the collection, which was placed in the north gallery not long since. It is the work of Mr. G. B. LOMBARD of Rome, and was presented to the Art School by Mr. WILLIAM THOMPSON. Among the female characters treated of in the Old Testament none are more touching and beautiful than RUTH, the gentle Moabitess, in her clinging, trustful love; and she furnishes a very suggestive study for the artist.

A BLACK ARTIST.

A RECENT letter from Rome thus describes a young American artist now in that city, whose works have already given her a high place in sculpture:

Edmonia Lewis is a little American girl, scarcely twenty-two years of age, born in Greenbush, opposite Albany, on the Hudson, of Indian and negro parentage, and bearing in her face the characteristic types of her origin. In her coarse but appropriate attire, with her black hair loose, and grasping in her tiny hand the chisel with which she does not disdain — perhaps with which she is obliged — to work, and with her large, black, sympathetic eyes brimful of simple, unaffected enthusiasm, Miss Lewis is unquestionably the most interesting representative of our country in Europe. Interesting, not because she belongs to a contemned and hitherto oppressed race, which labors under the imputation of artistic incapacity, because she has already distinguished herself in sculpture — not, perhaps, in its highest grade, according to the accepted canons of the art, but in its naturalistic, not to say the most pleasing touc.

OUR SPICE BOX.

To curb a fast young man—bridle him.

WHAT is the key-note of good breeding? B natural.

THE new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she's too young to show much reflection.

WHAT would this world be without a woman? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even *ruled.*

HANS, who is a judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a "legal tender."

PRIDE and opulence may kiss in the morning as a married couple; but they are likely to be divorced before sunset.

A LITTLE BOY being asked what meekness was, replied, "Meekness always gives smooth answers to rough questions."

"MARRIAGE," said an unfortunate husband, "is the churchyard of love." "And you men," replied the not less unhappy wife, "are the grave-diggers."

SOME men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring. But accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of kindness is obliterated.

A YOUNG lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if kiss was a common or proper noun. The girl blushed deeply as she replied in a low tone:—"It is both proper and common."

A POOR fellow protested to his girl in the hay-field that his two eyes hadn't come together all night for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied the sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is still between them."

THE present bishop of Amiens, a pious but facetious man, was lately requested by a lady for permission to wear rouge. The lady's character was half coquettish, half devotional. "I can give you permission, madam, for one cheek only."

AN editor says his attention was first drawn to matrimony by the skillful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom, whereat a brother editor says the manner in which his wife handles a broom is not so very pleasant. Whereat we say its very pleasant to see a girl handle a broom at all! It shows some energy.

A HAPPY HOME.—"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a happy home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholster. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT.

BY W. T. COGGESHALL.

Twas "New Year's Night"—the wind blew cold,
The window shutters rattled loud.
While on the street the swinging sign
Creaked hoarse above the passing crowd.

The requiem of the dying year
The wind is shouting thus, I said;
The poor old year; its end draws near.
'Twill soon be numbered with the dead.

Seated before the open grate,
I watched the embers burning low,
Whose flickering light quaint shadows made
That spectral-like moved to and fro.

And as I watched I dozed awhile,
And in my dreams strange fancies came,
As when I watched the glowing pile,
So filled they still my teeming brain.

I dreamed the old years passed away,
In ghastly garb as from the dead;
Before me passed in close array,
With solemn mien and measured tread.

And with them mem'ries of the past
Of shadowy shape kept time and step,
While buried hopes came trooping fast,
From out the graves where they had slept.

The joys and hopes of vanished years,
All helped to swell the phantom train;
And looking through my blinding tears,
I seemed to live my life again.

Ah me! I thought, how sad to know,
That after all 'twas but a dream;
And so awoke to watch again
The dying embers fitful gleam.

And listen, while the night wind blew,
And hoarser creaked the sign, and loud,
While noisier yet the shutters grew
As onward surged the merry crowd.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"NO TIME."

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

THERE is a certain class of unfortunate men and women who never have any "time." While their neighbors, with as much business, or as large farms, or as many children, or as responsible household cares, find leisure in which to visit, attend lectures, and go out for pleasant drives and healthful walks, these toiling sons and daughters of ADAM feel obliged to remain at home, where one may find them either driving with immense zeal at somewhat that might easily be omitted altogether, or, at the worst, be committed to less valuable brains, or dawdling over endless little bits of work.

Why, I know a young lady who, during a whole winter, scarcely left the house because she had so much crochet-work on hand! To be sure, by spring she had a goodly number of tidies, lamp-mats and triangular yokes, and in a pleasing variety, too, of materials and colors: for she had cord, and thread, and zephyr, Berlin wool, and Shetland in white, red, blue, buff and so on. But, alas! their owner's cheeks had very little of any color in them, and in the sweet spring weather she needed to pay in doctors' nauseous bills as much money as would have bought a whole trunkful of performances in crochet. Of course, she is one of those persons who never have any "time." *She is always hurried about some little insignificance.* When she is married matters will wax worse and worse, and she will probably bring up the whole of her children to be "no-time" people. This is, indeed, the common way in which that race is kept up. The disorder appears to be hereditary, although occasionally it will break out in an estray member of a sensible family. It is also seldom cured, but afflicts the individual during the whole term of his or her natural life. Whether such persons will ever get any leisure in a future state of existence is questionable, although we know that eternity is very long—

"On-stretching through Immensity."

Now I lay it down as a rule that the hardest working people have the least time. I know it sounds paradoxical, but it is a truth. By hard-working people I do not mean what are commonly called laboring-folk—those who earn their living by the sweat of their brow. Dear, no! When their daily stint of ten hours is past, their work is done and they *know* it. If they are not too tired they can then actively enjoy themselves, and if they are, they can rest. The hardest working person whom I ever knew was my friend H. He was worth his thousands; no one to care for but himself and wife; large farm, beautiful house, and capital "stock." What a steam-engine life he made of it! Out all day driving about his men; beginning in the early spring, superintending the building of a stone wall around some remote field, or the digging of a drain through a worthless piece of land which might as well have remained in *natura*; and then on, with one refrain of work, work, work, through the entire year. In the long winter evenings, while his men were telling merry stories over their apples and nuts in the kitchen, he was hard at work over his accounts, and when, occasionally, these were finally finished, and there was a chance at last for a little rest, he would with great toiling write a little article on "sheep," or "clover," or "cows," for his Agricultural paper. He never had any "time;" never had any pleasant hours of reverie and thought; never had any comfort of all his gains, and at fifty he died of apoplexy (over-work,) which is not a disease belonging to lazy persons as their exclusive property, as sundry silly people appear to think, but is peculiarly liable to attack the physically exhausted, or the brain-wearied.

Then there is Mrs. L. She has everything to make her comfortable, but her life is a miserable affair. Her husband is not exactly rich, but the family have pleasant things around them, and can live with a broad margin to their comforts. Mrs. L. has six beautiful children; a three story brick house; handsome furniture; ditto carriage, and two excellent servants. Besides, she has the trusty assistance (when she will accept it) of her eldest daughter, a bright, sensible girl of sixteen. But Mrs. L. never has any "time"—she is always too hurried and over-worked for happiness. She sits in the close nursery through all the lovely days of spring, summer and autumn, and by her coal fire through all the brilliant, bracing winter weather, sewing trimming of great intricacy on JENNY'S and KATY'S dresses, teaching little FRED to read, watching the baby's teething, and doing forty other things which she might sometimes leave. To all remonstrances from her daughter, who would willingly be her helper and relieve her of many cares, or from her husband, concerning her indoor life and its ill effects upon her health and spirits,—to all entreaties to take a pleasant walk or drive, or make a pleasant call,—she has but one reply, "I have not time." No wonder she is faded, yellow, and *cross.* No wonder her nerves are all ajar, so that she esteems it a sin that Mr. L., having seen the uselessness of persuasion, advice, argument, and all the *et ceteras*, has wisely settled it in his own mind that *he* is not going to be wretched, and intends to get all the innocent comfort he can out of lectures, concerts, and such few visits as he can make without her.

Look at the farmers' wives! There you may realize the folly, harm and sin of being a woman who has "no time." Unkempt, bowed, worn, unappreciated, are thousands of the "farmers' wives." Year by year they sink nearer the position in their own families of hired servants—drudges. They live a kind of galley-slave life,—the hardened hand is ever on the oar, the unlifting eyes are ever bent on the outgoing and incoming tide of work. There are few country women to whom such a phase of existence is a necessity, but there are thousands who voluntarily assume and continue in it. And there are mechanics', ministers', doctors' and lawyers' wives, and also many of their worse halves, whose lives are fair and pleasant on the outside, but in reality so filled with haste, over-vim and wearing effort, that their pathways are as bare of happiness as Sahara is of olive trees.

Oh, over-busy people, how tiresome you are! Working, worrying and sweating for naught; straining your life's thread as though it was a cable-rope, or whizzing through the world like steam engines instead of rational beings. Stop a bit. See how it seems. Try leisure. Do work awhile as Dr. HALL advises persons of your foolish temperaments, "by the day instead of the job." Thousands of things in the lives of wiser people than yourselves have been left undone, and yet the world rolls on.

Montview Cottage, Niagara Co., N. Y.

THEY WON'T TROUBLE YOU LONG.

CHILDREN grow up—nothing on earth grows so fast as children. It was but yesterday, and that lad was playing with tops, a buoyant boy. He is a man, and gone now! There is no more childhood for him or for us. Life has claimed him. When a beginning is made, it is like a raveling stocking; stitch by stitch gives way till all are gone. The house has not a child in it—there is no more noise in the hall—boys rushing in pell-mell; it is very orderly now. There are no more skates or sleds, bats, balls or strings left scattered about. Things are neat enough now. There is no delay for sleepy folks: there is no longer any task, before you lie down, of looking after anybody, and tucking up the bedclothes. There are no disputes to settle, nobody to get off to school, no complaint, no importunities for impossible things, no rips to mend, no fingers to tie up, no faces to be washed, or collars to be arranged. There was never such peace in the house! It would sound like music to have some feet to clatter down the front stairs! Oh for some children's noise! What used to ail us, that we were hushing their loud laugh, checking their noisy frolic, and reproving their slamming and banging the doors?

We wish our neighbors would only lend us an urchin or two to make a little noise in these premises. A home without children! It is like a lantern and no candle; a garden and no flowers; a vine and no grapes; a brook and no water gurgling and gushing in its channel. We want to be tired, to be vexed, to be run over, to hear children at work with all its varieties. During the secular days, this is enough marked. But it is the Sabbath that puts our homes to the proof. That is the Christian family day. The intervals of public worship are long spaces of peace. The family seems made up on that day. The children are at home. You can lay your hands upon their heads. They seem to recognize the greater and lesser love—to God and to friends. The house is peaceful, but not still. There is a low and melodious trill of children in it. But the Sabbath comes too still now. There is a silence that aches in the ear. There is too much room at the table, too much at the hearth. The bedrooms are a world too orderly. There is too much leisure, and too little care. Alas! what mean these things? Is somebody growing old? Are these signs and tokens? Is life waning?—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

WINTER.

IT is now winter, dead winter. Desolation and silence reign in the fields; no singing of birds is heard, no humming of insects. The streams murmur no longer; they are locked up in frost. The trees lift their naked boughs like withered arms into the bleak sky, the green sap no longer rises in their veins; the flowers and the sweet-smelling shrubs are decayed to their roots. The sun himself looks cold and cheerless; he gives only light enough to show the universal desolation. Nature, child of God, mourns for her children. A little while ago and she rejoiced in her offspring; the rose spread its perfume upon the gale; the vine gave its fruit; her children were springing and blooming around her on every lawn and every green bank. O Nature, beautiful Nature, beloved child of God! why dost thou sit mourning and desolate? Has thy Father forsaken thee? Has he left thee to perish? Art thou no longer the object of his care?

SANDWICHES.

BETTER bow your head than break your neck.

A SAFE robbery is not always a safe operation.

A SANCTIFIED heart is better than a silver tongue.

THE gayest smilers are often the saddest weepers.

ADVERSITY is a good teacher. It teaches wisdom.

WHAT should a man do when his boots leak? Take to his pumps.

WHAT is higher and handsomer when the head is off? A pillow.

"I AM transported to see you," as the convict said to the kangaroo.

WHY has a clock a bashful appearance? Because it keeps its hands before its face.

WHAT is that which people wish to have, and then wish to get rid of? A good appetite.

No man is ever indifferent to the world's good opinion until he has lost all claim to it.

IF all men knew what others said of them there would not be four friends in the world.

A PERSON who is considered landless has sometimes two or three achers in his mouth.

"IF all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

IT isn't pleasant to be in the company of persons who are only what a sandwich should be—half-bred.

REV. DR. CHAPIN says that a man, living in the activities of the nineteenth century, is a condensed Methusaleh.

A DANCER once said to Socrates, "You cannot stand on one leg as long as I can." "True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

Sabbath Reading.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And, if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers, if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And then, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorkes.

"GLAD TIDINGS."

IT was night in far-off Judea. The evening winds had murmured their low, sweet cradle-song to the quivering forest-leaves, and they were hushed to rest. Hours agone, the flowers, drooping their bright heads, whispered "good night," and now the pearly dew-drops lay on their pure faces,—on the still air there came no sound save the murmur of Kedron's waters, as they glided along to their home in the silent sea. The city lay like a hushed infant, cradled among the hills, and above its silent towers the full moon rose in splendor, its rays falling like an angel's benediction over all, while out on the plains the Jewish shepherds watched their flocks as was their wont to do, ever and anon, with faces upturned to the blue midnight-sky, they pondered starry mysteries.

But look! beyond the walls and towers of Bethlehem, far away in the eastern sky, a wondrous light appears,—brighter and brighter it glows, its heavenly radiance dimming the silvery sheen of moonlight, and a look of strange surprise and fear passes over those honest peasant faces. Yet list! Strains of heavenly music quiver on the still night-air, like sweet melody from harps of gold, and from angel-lips drops the new song of "peace on earth, good will to men," as the heavenly host walk the shining pathway. What wonder human lips are mute, and human faces pale with fear at the celestial glory!

Yet listen again! One with shining wings has drawn near, and with love-beaming eyes resting on wondering shepherds, whispers, "fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Glad tidings! falling like holy dew from the pure fountain of GOD'S eternal love, baptizing with a "great joy" the hearts of these humble shepherds, and forever hallowing the plains of Judea. And quivering along, over the white cliffs of the eternal years, the blessed tidings come to us; and softly floating in and out amidst the glad ringing of the Christmas-bells, a heavenly voice murmurs as in the olden time, "peace on earth, good will to men."

And not alone on those pleasant plains now stream the rays of divine glory;—other eyes have seen the wondrous star in the east, other ears than those of Israel have listened to the thrilling story of the babe of Bethlehem-Judah: and the ignorant, the poor and lowly ones, with the wise and great, have drawn near, and kneeling at the feet of Him who lay in the manger, have felt the touch of the healer. Last night again the herald came, and in the pale moonlight wrote amidst the treasures of the frost and snow that gleamed upon the breast of the sleeping earth, "peace, good will." Another Christmas dawn has wafted up to the great white throne holy incense from the unnumbered altars that the angel of the snow had made white and pure for the sacrifice. From hill and valley where the "light" has shone, the matin-prayer goes up to the Eternal. The blue sky looks bluer, and seems to bend more lovingly above its white-robed child, than is its wont to do,—while stealing o'er the far-off hills and thro' the valleys, come the glad chimes that tell the anniversary of the SAVIOUR'S birth, and softly from out the clear, eternal depths above drops the answer, "Glory to GOD in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men."

Gently falls the echo on distant shores that have never thrilled with the glad music of Christmas morning bells. On towering mountain and in purple valley, where idol-shadows have crept in dark lines over waving palm and lovely flower, the blessed voice whispers as it did so long ago over moonlit Judea, the news of the Messiah's birth;—then softly floats along on the perfumed air, lower, still lower, until it dies away in prophetic murmurs on the coral strand; and now the sleeping shells have heard it, and above a sainted JUDSON'S tomb the waves have caught the whisper;—nearer, yet nearer, it comes, until the white-robed priesthood of the sea clasp hands and kneel upon our Christian shores, and the low, sweet murmur has become a swelling anthem, that bursts upon the hallowed air, mingled with the refrain, "glad tidings unto *all* people."

Have you not heard it, dear reader? And you, oh dwellers in loving homes, as ye sat last night by your happy firesides, and watched 'mid the light that lay around your hearthstones, the gleaming of young, brown and golden hair, and as ye listened to the fairy laughter, did you not hear the herald's call come pealing across the snow, and did you not know home-voices were all echoing it? And you, oh weary wanderer, have you not heard the silver chiming? Away down in some dim, forgotten aisle in your heart, did you not hear a low, sweet murmur like the echo of far-off anthems, tenderly burdened with the words so old, so blessed—"Be glad, be glad?" GRACE G. SLOUGH.

Dec. 25, 1867.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.—When Lord Petersborough lodged for a season with Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, he was so delighted with his piety and virtue, that he exclaimed at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a christian in spite of myself."

IT becomes a soldier to die fighting, and a minister to die preaching, and a Christian to die praying.

The Reviewer.

A DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE: Comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography and Natural History, with Numerous Illustrations and Maps. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D. [Advance sheets.] Hartford: Burr & Co.

SUCH an edition as this promises to be, of Dr. SMITH'S very valuable work, must win the most cordial reception from all who are anywise interested in Bible Lore. As originally produced, the work numbered three large and costly volumes, and while a splendid compendium of biblical information it was beyond the reach of the multitude. The forthcoming abridgement is from Dr. SMITH'S own hand. Being the condensation of whole libraries of essays, histories, travels and commentaries, it ought to be in every Christian home. It is to be neatly printed, will contain nearly 800 double-columned octavo pages of fine type, and will be illustrated with over 125 engravings, several of which are beautiful full-page steel plates. Sold only by Subscription Agents.

THE GRAPE VINE: A Practically Scientific Treatise on its Management. By FREDERICK MOHR. Translated from the German by HORTICOLA. [16mo.—pp. 130.] New York: ORANGE JUDD & Co.

THE translator of this book, Dr. CHARLES SEIDHOF, is well known as a contributor to our Horticultural journals over the *nom de plume* which appears on the title page of this work. The author, an eminent German chemist, has sought in his book "to popularize the results of modern science concerning the cultivation of the grape vine," and adapt these to practical use. It is not strictly a guide or hand-book to the vineyard; but is intended rather for the cultivator who has got beyond the rudiments of the art. The translator has added a brief chapter of "Hints for the propagation and general treatment of American varieties." Those wishing their libraries complete in the literature of the vine will, of course, procure this book.

HAND-BOOK OF GRAPE CULTURE: Or, why, where, when and how to plant and cultivate a vineyard, manufacture wines, &c. Especially adapted to the State of California. By T. HART HYATT. [16mo.—pp. 280.] San Francisco: H. H. BANCROFT & Co.

CLIMATE, location, soils, planting, pruning, varieties, wine making, &c., are discussed in this volume. The author adds his experience and observations in the vineyards of Morocco and Spain. Although most valuable to the California vineyardist, yet it helps to widen our knowledge of the vine. To the cultivator of the vine east of the Rocky Mountains it brings little information of use not already fully disseminated in books and journals, but to the vine planter on the Pacific slopes it will be a welcome guide and helper.

ITALIAN JOURNEYS. By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "Venetian Life." [12mo.—pp. 320.] New York; Hurd & Houghton.

HERE is a highly entertaining volume of travel sketches written by one who has the happy faculty of being poetical, lively and matter-of-fact equally well. Looking at Italian scenery with the eye of a poet, he sees also a deal of prosaic, unpoetical surroundings, and hesitates not to tell us of these, though rarely in a dull, prosaic way. The loitering way in which he journeys—never hurried, always ready to turn aside and view anything new or interesting—is really charming, and fairly rests one. We hope Mr. HOWELLS will travel more, and continue to tell us about it. DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE of Literature, Science, Art and National Interests. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son: $4 per year.

THERE are hosts of lovers of magazine literature who will welcome the revival of "Putnam's" with sincere pleasure. Though magazines abound, the old favorite, which disappeared so quietly a few years ago, will find abundance of room on its return. The number for January, 1868, now on our table, contains sixteen articles, all good, besides the Monthly Chronicle, and numbers 135 pages. It is in every respect alike a credit to the Publishers, and to our periodical literature. In tone the new aspirant for monthly favor is to be purely and widely American. May it never "subside" again.

THE MULE. A Treatise on the Breeding, Training and Uses to which he may be put. By HARVEY RILEY. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

THE author of this small volume was employed by the Government during the late rebellion, and had the supervision of the mule corral at Washington for several years. His experience with these much derided but useful drudges was an ample one, affording an opportunity of becoming well acquainted with their habits, and with the best and readiest means of breaking and rendering them useful. As mules are entering largely into farm operations, this volume will be likely to be in general request with the agricultural population. DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

GOLDEN TRUTHS; "A Word fitly spoken is like Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver." [Square 16mo.—pp. 243.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

IN this superb little specimen of typography are collected extracts in prose and verse from a large number of the most excellent religious writers. The selections have been carefully made, by some one of wise discriminations, and are included under the sub-titles—"The Inner Life," "Trials by the Way," "Work for Christ," "The Unfailing Friend," and "The Heavenly Home." We cannot too highly commend so many "words fitly spoken." Sold by E. DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

MY NOVEL; Or, Varieties in English Life. By PISISTRATUS CAXTON, (EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart.) Complete in Two Volumes. [16mo.—pp. 823 and 973.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THESE volumes are part of the "Globe Edition" of BULWER, and in typographical appearance are a perfect delight to the eye. They are printed from large and handsome type, on fine, tinted paper, and very neatly bound. BULWER has had many admirers these many years; in the present dress he cannot but win many more. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

THE BROTHERS' BET; Or, Within Six Weeks. By EMILIE FLYGORE CARLEN, Author of "The Lover's Stratagem," etc., etc., etc. [8vo., paper,—pp. 103.] New York; Harper and Brothers.

A LOVE story of the milder sensational order, full of intrigue. It is No. 305 of the "Library of Select Novels," and has the merit of brevity, as it certainly should, its pages being not over numerous, and the type very large. For sale by DEWEY.

STONE EDGE. A Tale. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS little story of Scottish Life has several pleasant features, besides that of brevity. It is told with beautiful simplicity; is in no wise sensational, and possesses considerable interest, though its Scotch phraseologies are now and then rather unintelligible. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

CHRISTMAS STORIES. By CHARLES DICKENS. [12 mo., paper, pp. 163.] New York; D. Appleton & Co.

ANOTHER issue of the Popular Edition of DICKENS. It contains "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." Price 25 cents. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

PICKWICK PAPERS. By CHARLES DICKENS. [12 mo., paper, pp. 326.] New York; D. Appleton & Co.

IN the series of the Popular Edition, these famous papers are put within the reach of all. Thirty-five cents for so many pages of humor and pleasant writing as are here given is, at present prices, almost a miracle of cheapness. For sale by ADAMS & ELLIS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE OLD CHURCH IN THE CORNER. By FANFAN. New York: General Protestant, Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 122, 123 and 124. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE HUGUENOT FAMILY. By SARAH TYLER, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," etc. [12mo.—pp. 399.] New York: Harper & Brothers. DEWEY.

A TREATISE ON THE CAUSE OF EXHAUSTED VITALITY. By E. P. MILLER, M. D. [12 mo., pp. 131.] New York: John A. Gray & Green, Printers.

A PARTING WORD. By NEWMAN HALL, LL. B. [16 mo., pp. 88.] New York: Sheldon & Co. DEWEY.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MAKING FIRES.

"IT takes a fool to make a fire" is an old saying, and a quite common one in some parts of the country. However true this may be, I have sometimes thought the qualification might be carried to excess. And, further, I will venture the suggestion that it really requires the application of scientific principles to be a successful fire-builder. True, these principles may be applied in many cases almost instinctively, and with little or no theoretical knowledge on the part of the person applying them.

In making a fire in a stove with a poor draft, there is frequently something that should be done to improve it. A defective draft is always worst when we first kindle the fire. Then, if ever, the draft seems to be in the wrong direction. The first thing to be done is to examine stove and chimney thoroughly. Are there no holes in the pipe? Are there none in the stove, connecting with the fire chamber, except a SMALL one directly in front of the bottom of the fire? Are there no fire-places without fire-boards, or with poorly fitting ones? Are there no pipe-holes in the chimney in different parts of the house. Canvass the matter thoroughly. Make the draft in front exceedingly small, increasing it as the increasing fire makes a larger demand for oxygen to support it. If after all this your stove still persists in smoking, if every hole is stopped except the small one in front of the stove and the one in the top of the chimney, there must be some radical defect in the construction of the chimney, or something in the atmosphere of the locality that,—that—well, that I can't stop just here to explain. Ask some of your near neighbors. In order to make your lot in life as easy as possible, I would advise you, as a friend, not to go to bed without leaving plenty of dry kindlings very handy to the stove. If you don't have a fire in the evening, in the stove that has the first fire in the morning, be sure to build the fire ready for lighting over night. Place a few large sticks in the back side of the stove to keep the fire going, if it be neglected from any cause; then in front put some shavings, or paper, or very fine kindlings. Over these place loosely some more, a little coarser, then some fine wood. Touch a match at the proper time and you are all right. These directions are also good if you burn hard coal, provided you have wood that you can use. Of course the wood should be well covered with coal before lighting. If you use charcoal to start your hard coal, you need more substantial kindling to start it quickly than paper. A few dry kindlings on top of the paper helps amazingly.

Many a novice finds great difficulty in burning hard coal. After the fire is well going he will frequently put it out in a short time. First, seeing that it don't burn quite to suit him, he seizes the poker and punches the fire to loosen it from beneath and let in plenty of air. After a while he looks again and finds that it has not gained any, but rather diminished. He now pokes away again, then takes the hod and fills up the stove, so that if the fire don't burn it shall not be for want of fuel. In a few minutes the fire is out.

MORAL.—When the fire is doing well enough, patiently let well enough alone. The quickest way to put out a coal fire is to keep poking it. *Axiom.*—Never put hard coal on a dying fire.

If it has lost the intense heat peculiar to a coal fire, dig down in front, put in charcoal or wood and hard coal on top. If your fire is doing ever so well, except that it has burned low, don't put on a *heavy* covering of coal. If it will bear a *light* sprinkling, it will do well. If that kindles and burns briskly you can give it another dressing. A *very* little poking—just enough to let in sufficient air, is admissable only when it is absolutely clogged with ashes. Some "gumption" and experience are necessary to poke the fire successfully. One unused to coal fires is apt to put in too much coal at a time, and put it in too fast; that is, faster than the fire gets hot enough to kindle it after it is in.

A coal stove should be cleared out as often as once a day, and any time that it has a heavy body of *dead* coal, &c. JONAS DOOLITTLE.

Nutmeg State, December, 1867.

NECESSARY RULES OF SLEEP.

THERE is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of a man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight, Nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out for the observer under the regulations just given.

THE POWER OF THE HEART.

LET any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and backward through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions from any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at fires, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose, through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts the blood rushing through the arteries tends to strengthen them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

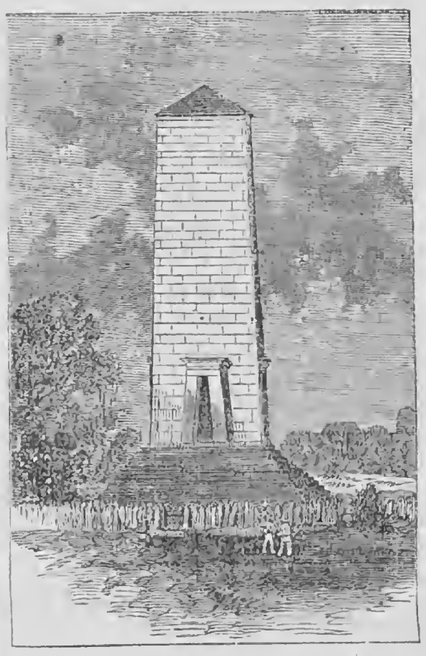
AN earnest purpose to do good for others, wins good for one's self.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON.

THE illustrations which we give herewith are timely and suggestive. Nearly all readers of the RURAL will doubtless remember that the Eighth of this month (Wednesday, present week,) was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, an engagement that terminated the war of 1812, and the history of which is familiar to every school boy. One of our engravings represents the stern chieftan, who, with his undisciplined army, won victory over the proud ranks of British soldiery under Sir EDWARD PACKENHAM; and the other shows the monument erected to commemorate that victory.

The Statue of JACKSON—an equestrian figure—is situated in Lafayette Square, opposite the White House, Washington. It is made of bronze, and is, we believe, the first piece of statuary in this material, of any magnitude, ever cast in this country. It was the work of Mr. CLARK MILLS of Charleston, S. C., who had been previously known only as the sculptor of a bust of Mr. CALHOUN. He was applied to by the committee having the matter in charge to furnish a model, but declined to do so, having never seen an equestrian statue. He finally, however, submitted a model which was immediately adopted. Everybody said so large a statue could not be cast in America; but Mr. MILLS found a way to melt the bronze, and completed his work. It will be seen that the whole piece is supported by the hind legs of the horse. The design has evoked much criticism, from various sources, as such a work very naturally would, being novel in conception.

The Monument is situated about five miles below the city of New Orleans, and about one hundred yards inland from the Mississippi river, being only a few feet in the rear of the line of breastworks which JACKSON'S force occupied. No sign of these now remains. The Monument is still unfinished, and we may hardly expect that while so many battlefields whereon our friends and brothers shed their blood, go unmarked by monumental piles, this one, with memories half a century old, will receive much further attention.



BATTLE MONUMENT, NEW ORLEANS.

Various Topics.

TO YOUNG MEN.

THE Mercantile Times has these excellent rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life—and, by general consent, success is the evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this, never reckon the cost.

Remember that self-interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interests are concerned.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two, avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised; but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment. Therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little; think much; and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Avoid borrowing and lending.

Wine-drinking and cigar-smoking are bad habits. They impair the pocket and mind, and will lead to a waste of time.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over that which you cannot prevent.

THE BEAVER AS AN ENGINEER.

AT the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, L. H. Morgan, Esq., of Rochester, read an interesting paper on the habits of beavers. Having made this animal the subject of study for several years, he was able to give many interesting facts regarding the extent of their operations. On the Southern shore of Lake Superior, in Marquette county, he found remains of long canals and dams constructed by them for the purpose of transporting their cuttings, consisting of trunks of trees two or three feet long, from the place where the tree had fallen to their lodges. Some of these canals were 300, 400 and 500 feet long. They were generally three feet wide, with an average depth of three feet. In order to maintain a continuous depth of water, they made dams at certain distances, and followed the Chinese plan—to whom the lock was unknown—of drawing their cargo from one level to another. Mr. Morgan has settled a long disputed point regarding species. From a comparison of more than one hundred skulls of American beavers with four or five of European origin, he is enabled to state that both classes belong to the same family.

THE POETRY AND THE PROSE.

LAMARTINE once wrote an invitation in verse to Victor Hugo to visit him at his house. The poetical epistle contained a minute account of the mansion in which Lamartine was the master. Victor Hugo consented: undertook the long journey, and reached the dwelling of his brother poet. He looked about, but in vain, for the "embattled summits," the "bushy ivy," and the "stones tinted by the hand of time," of which he had read. What he saw was an ordinary house roofed with flat tiles, unmantled with ivy, and painted a dirty yellow. At first he thought the coachman had blundered. But Lamartine appeared to welcome him, so that there could be no mistake. On asking where was the house which had been so beautifully described in the invitation, Lamartine replied—"You see it before you: I have but rendered it habitable. The bushy ivy made the walls damp and gave me rheumatism, so I had it removed. I had the battlements pulled down, and the house modernized: its gray stones made me feel melancholy. Ruins are nice things to write about, but not to inhabit."

POPULATION OF ROME.—The Roman Government has recently published the census of 1867, which is entitled:—"Condition of Souls in the town of Rome." The total population numbers 215,573 souls. In 1866 the numbers were 210,701, while in 1857 they were 179,952; so that the increase has been nearly 20 per cent. in the ten years. Besides these, the population of what still remains outside Rome amounts to 692,112 souls—making a total in the present Papal States of 907,685. The inhabitants of Rome are thus classified:—50 cardinals, 35 bishops, 1,469 priests and clerks, 828 seminarists—making a total of regular clergy amounting to 2,362.

ADVICE TO SKATERS.—As the skating season has begun, Hall's Journal of Health tells those who indulge in that amusement how they may rid themselves of one of its worst discomforts—cold feet: Before starting for the ice, bathe your feet in cold water, dry them perfectly and give them a good rubbing with a crash towel; put on a pair of woolen or heavy cotton stockings, and your feet will remain comfortably warm for three or four hours in the coldest weather." This will apply to any other outdoor exercise as well as to skating.

THE PYRENEES.—The Pyrenees have, during the last twenty years, lost thirty metres in altitude. Supposing the depression to continue, it is calculated that, after the lapse of one thousand years, the chain that separates Spain from France will disappear altogether, in which case the Ebro will fall into the Bay of Biscay, instead of emptying itself into the Mediterraneau.

SHRINK not from any work or duty presented to you, but do your best.

Reading for the Young.

MANNERS AT TABLE.

SOME little folks are not polite at their meals! The following beautiful lines are so practical, comprehensive, simple, and directly to the point, we take pleasure in placing them conspicuously before our young readers:

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give GOD thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait
Till I am asked to hand my plate:
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about:
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring
I must not play—nor must I sing;
I must not speak a useless word—
For children must be seen—not heard;
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good;
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please;"
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run;
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot,
And lift my heart to GOD above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

UNSAID WORDS.

MARY loved her brother William. They lived happily together. One morning William told a little story which he had heard.

"You are mistaken," interrupted Mary; "it is not so."

"Yes, it is, I am sure," said William.

"No," said Mary, "this is the way the story was told; I heard every word of it." She then gave an account very different from that of her brother. William smiled, but did not reply.

"You are laughing at me, you naughty boy," said Mary in an angry tone; "don't you believe that I speak the truth?"

"Yes, sister," said William, gently; "there is some mistake—perhaps I may be in fault."

"I knew you were," said Mary, "and that you would have to own it at last."

She had scarcely said the words before she was sorry. She wished to ask William to forgive her, but was too proud to do so. She hurried out of the room, and slammed the door after her.

A little voice kept whispering, "Go back and ask William to forgive you; you spoke unkindly to him." "No, no; he need not have provoked me." "You are to blame, Mary," still whispered the little voice. "William is good; he will get over it, and will think none the worse of me." And with this selfish idea Mary hushed the good voice which had been urging her to do right. But she was not happy. She hastened home, and went to her brother.

"Will you forgive me, William? I am very sorry I spoke so unkindly."

"To be sure," said he; "it is just the same as if the words had never been spoken."

"No, my dear children," said their mother, "you are mistaken. The wrong has been repented of and forgiven, *but the words have been spoken, and can never be unsaid.* Think of this. The Bible says that for every idle word we shall give an account. What will be our record if we indulge in angry and sinful ones? Let us speak, then, only words of love and kindness, and these we shall never wish unsaid."—*Child's Paper.*

DOWN, HERO! DOWN, SIR!

A BOY I know owns a big dog named Hero. He is very fond of his dog, and romps with it a good deal. This makes the dog take liberties with him, such as putting his great paws upon his shoulders, pushing him down, and rolling over him. Sometimes Hero wants to play when his young master wishes to study or work. Then the boy speaks in a tone of command, and says:

"Down, Hero! down, sir!"

Poor Hero obeys, and slinks away with drooping tail into his house. Now I know another boy who does not own a big dog like Hero, but he carries a little, ugly, furious cur in his breast, where it frowns, and snarls, and bites, and its owner has no control over it at all. What do you think is the name of the cur?

Temper!

Now if this latter boy was wise he would bring his cur under control. He would say, "Down, Temper! down!" whenever it began to growl. He would bring it under discipline until it would obey him as Hero does the other boy. It is true Temper has been master so long it would cost some trouble at first to subdue it; but if the boy would pray hard, and then be resolute in saying, "Down," he would soon master it. God and a praying boy can conquer any temper that ever raged in a child's bosom.

THE LESSON TAUGHT.

A GOOD countryman was taking a rural walk with his son Thomas. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped.

"Look," he said, "there's a bit of iron—a piece of a horse-shoe; pick it up, and put it in your pocket."

"It is not worth stooping for," answered the child.

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, they entered a blacksmith's shop, and sold it for three farthings, with which sum he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree, or fountain of water was in sight. Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father let fall a cherry as if by accident. Thomas stooped, and quickly picked it up and ate it. A little further, the father dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as before; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit, and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten, the father stopped, and turning to the boy, said:—"Look, my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horse-shoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

IF you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

THERE is nothing that our young friends can cultivate with more profit than neatness. Strive to be neat and orderly in all your habits, and after a while neatness will itself become a habit.

The Publisher's Desk

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A Delay, and Wherefore.—This number of the RURAL goes to press a day behind time. The delay is owing to the fact that No. 1 was put to press later than usual, so that we could not print the edition, (eighty thousand,) and have the presses ready in time for this week's forms. By extra night work, we hope to be "on time" next week. But it will be some weeks before we can send the RURAL to all mail subscribers by the mailing machine process, or all papers for each post-office in a single package—for the reason that it is impossible to get the names in type as fast as they arrive. For the present, therefore,—while receiving thousands of names per day,—we are obliged to mail part of the list by machinery, and part (from books and letters) in the old manner. We are, however, doing our utmost (by employing several extra clerks, working nights, etc.,) to mail all papers as promptly and regularly as possible, and hope to be all right ere long. Meantime, Agents and Subscribers must excuse us for not doing what is impossible at present, viz., mailing all the papers for each office in one package.

As to the Prosperity of the Enlarged RURAL, it far exceeds our anticipations,—but we have neither time nor space to give the figures at present.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the RURAL is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending in their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Constitutional Convention will re-assemble on the 14th of January, with the following important questions untouched:—Charities, Cities, Education, Prisons, Bribery and Corruption, Salt Works. The subject of the Powers and Duties of the Legislature having been disposed of in Committee of the Whole, has yet to be acted upon in Convention. The Judiciary article is not yet fully completed. The last work upon it was in reference to County Courts—extending their term of service to six years instead of four, and enlarging their original jurisdiction to cases involving $1,000.

A Tammany primary meeting in New York city on New Year's eve ended in a general row. The ballot box was stuffed with false ballots, pistols were used and several limbs broken.

A terrific gale swept along a part of the line of the Harlem Railroad on the 1st inst., and came near proving very disastrous. A freight train, with a passenger car attached, was struck by the gale while between Boston Corners and Copake, and the passenger car and one platform car were raised bodily from the track and precipitated down an embankment some fifteen feet. There were five men in the car who were more or less injured, but none seriously.

The propeller Tarrytown, plying between the village of Tarrytown and New York city, was crushed and sunk by ice on the 1st inst., at Tarrytown, and it is feared her cargo, valued at $30,000, will prove a total loss.

During the last ten days of the old year there were 580 deaths in New York and 210 in Brooklyn. There were, during the year, 23,710 deaths in New York, and 8,325 in Brooklyn.

A public meeting in aid of the families of the Fenians who were recently executed at Manchester, England, is to be held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on the 31st inst.

Hon. John K. Porter of Albany, has resigned his office of Judge of the Court of Appeals.

From the West.

A MEETING of the National Lincoln Monument Association was held on the 3d inst., at Springfield, Ill., with Gov. Oglesby in the Chair. The Executive Committee was instructed to prepare an advertisement inviting architects and artists to furnish designs and specifications for the monument on the basis of the $250,000 fund. The fund in the treasury contributed by private subscription amounts to $80,000, added to which is $50,000 appropriated by the Legislature of the State. It is the intention of the Association to commence the monument early next spring.

The stern-wheel steamer Henry Dean, bound from Marietta to Cincinnati, exploded her boiler on the 4th inst., two miles below Gallipolis, caught fire and burned to the water's edge. Five persons in all are supposed to be killed, and many others were injured.

From Washington.

BILLS were introduced into the Senate, on the 6th, to settle Kansas war claims; granting land to the Pacific Railroad; in regard to the coinage of gold; for the gradual redemption of legal tenders. Resolutions have been offered in the House by Mr. Upson, of Michigan, that the Committee on Reconstruction report on the expediency of deposing the present State, county and town officers in the South—the vacancies to be supplied by the several Reconstruction Conventions; also merging the several Southern States in a single military district. They were adopted by a party vote. A resolution of thanks to Gen. Hancock was voted down. The President, by a party vote, was censured for removing Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Grant thanked for a recent communication by a like vote.

Gen. Pubelo Pujol has been received as Minister from the Republic of St. Domingo, the first one received from that country.

Senator Howard has completed a report backing up Stanton and condemning the President for his removal.

Gen. T. W. Sherman of the Fifth Artillery, has been put in command of the Eastern District, in place of Gen. Meade, transferred.

It is claimed that Senator Howard's report on the case of Mr. Stanton will furnish the legal argument and the facts for the reinstatement of Mr. Stanton.

There is a deal of opposition against the purchase of St. Thomas, and the chances of the success of a ratification by the United States Senate are by no means flattering. It seems also that the people of the island are not much inclined towards a change of government, being desirious to avoid the high rates of our port duties.

The warrants issued by the Treasury Department in the month of December to meet the requirements of the Government, amounted in round numbers to the following sums: Civil, miscellaneous and foreign intercourse, $4,761,000; interest on the public debt, $8,300,000; war, $12,955,000; navy, $3,620,000; interior, pensions and Indians, $985,000. Total, $30,621,000.

From the South.

SNOW fell throughout Virginia on the 31st ult., to the depth of several inches.

The second vote on the question of subscribing $2,000,000 to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, was taken in Richmond on the 31st ult., and resulted in favor of the subscription.

Gen. Canby has issued an order suspending executions and staying proceedings in all cases arising during the war, suspending sales under seizure, and providing for a homestead exemption. Gen. Sickles' order prohibiting the distillation of liquors, and the granting of licenses to bar-rooms is revoked, and the proceeds of such licenses are devoted to the support of the poor.

The steamer Highland Light recently exploded her steam chest when fifteen miles from Baltimore. The explosion was very severe, and the steam instantly spread over the vessel, scalding nine or ten persons, some dangerously.

There are statements that the immediate cause which led to the removal of Gen. Pope was his order allowing negroes to vote for the Convention who would not make oath that they had been registered. Gen. Meade, it is believed, will permit a revision of the registration lists to be made, so as to cancel some twenty-five thousand names of negroes, minors who were registered contrary to law.

Two fights between newspaper men occurred in Richmond on the 1st inst. No serious damage resulted.

Conservative meetings are being held in various portions of Georgia, opposing the proceedings of the Macon Convention and for the purpose of forming clubs preparatory to the approaching election.

As numberless applications have been made to Gen. Hancock from different parties in the 5th Military District, soliciting his administration in civil processes, he has promulgated an order disclaiming all arbitrary authority, and declaring that the rights of litigants are to be adjudged solely by the courts.

In the Louisiana Convention the following resolution has been adopted as the thirteenth article of the Constitution:

Resolved, That the right of all persons to travel on the common carriers and be entertained at all places of a public character shall not be abridged in any manner.

The Convention has as yet been unable to raise means to defray expenses, and Mr. Cromwell, a colored member, has offered a resolution to appoint a Committee to inform Congress of this fact, and to adjourn until the views of Congress be ascertained upon the matter.

Gen. Howard, in submitting the reports of Gens. Ord, Hancock, Gillem and others, on the destitution in the South, calls the especial attention of General Grant and the President to them, regarding them of the highest importance. It is suggested that a fund, to be loaned to employes at interest, be established. Gen. Canby favors this, or the issue of provisions with a lien on crops.

Brevet Major-General A. McD. Cook has been ordered to relieve Brevet Brigadier-General R. S. McKenzie, in command of the sub-district of the Rio Grande.

Canadian News.

MESSRS. H. L. RAXETH & Co., one of the oldest and most extensive firms in Montreal, have suspended. U. S. Consul-General Averill has returned to Montreal after six months' absence in the States.

The Government of the Dominion have made arrangements with the Bank of Montreal to put half a million of dollars of Government paper in circulation in New Brunswick, redeemable at St. Johns in gold.

Horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals, poultry and fancy birds, imported for the purpose of improving stock, whether by agricultural societies or private individuals, will be admitted duty free.

The well-known firm of Messrs. Brown & Gillespie, wholesale merchants in Hamilton, have suspended. The house was one of the largest in the West.

Lord Monck has received instructions to remain in Canada another year.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE public excitement caused by the recent operations of the Fenians in England has by no means abated, and the activity of the Brotherhood is daily manifested. A body of them entered a magazine in Cork a few nights ago, and carried away more than half a ton of blasting powder. The people stand aghast at the efficiency of the Fenians.

The clergy of the city of Limerick have affixed their signatures to a document declaring that there can be no permanent peace in Ireland unless it is treated like Hungary.

An Imperial decree has been issued for organizing courts of law in Cuba.

Tumults have broken out in Lisbon and other parts of Portugal, in consequence of the imposition of new taxes. The unpopularity of the new system, and the excitement created by the attempt to carry it into effect, have led to the resignation of the ministry.

By a decree of the French Emperor the Corps Legislatif for the next five years is to consist of a total of 292 members.

Positive advices, just received in London from Africa, state that Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, is alive and well.

The eruption of Vesuvius has become quite alarming. A perfect river of fire is running from the volcano and nearing the town of Cercala. The volcanic action is accompanied by shocks as of earthquake and detonations loud as the roar of artillery.

In a public speech on New Year's day King Victor Emanuel declared that it was the unanimous desire of Italy that Rome should be the capital of the Nation, but the treatment of the question demanded patience on the part of the people.

Advices from Japan state that the Tycoon has resigned his governing power into the hands of the Mikado. The Government of the Empire will henceforth be carried under the Mikado by a Council of Damios or Nobles. Several Japanese ports are to be opened to foreign commerce on or before April first.

A fearful explosion of a powder magazine took place at Wychuing, a Chinese city opposite Hankow, on the 20th instant. It was attended with great loss of life and property. The vice-royal palace was blown into the air.

The Fenian headquarters on the Continent have been discovered in the Faubourg du Temple in Paris, and have been seized by the French police. A large quantity of letters and other documents revealing the plans of the organization, and a list of the Head Centers of the Brotherhood, were found on the premises, and have been forwarded by the French authorities to London. Among the documents brought to light was one containing the details of a plot for destroying a portion of the British Channel fleet by fire.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE number of negroes of all classes, male and female, in Louisiana, is stated to be 294,000, and the aged and helpless, of both sexes, 196,000.

SOME one in England has invented a process by which a photograph can be printed in oil upon canvas. The effect is exactly that of an oil painting.

AUSTRIA had to dock Maximilian of his title of Emperor before it could get his body. He was styled "the late Archduke" in all communications with Juarez.

IT is supposed that the Illinois prairies were once the bottom of a lake. Timber is found buried thirty or forty feet below the surface—pine, cedar, hemlock and other varieties.

THE locomotive "America," which took the grand prize at the Paris Exhibition, is soon to be brought back to this country and sold to any company willing to pay the price, which is not given.

THE large manufactories in Morrisania, N. Y., are discharging most of the men employed in them. At the Mott iron works in Mott Haven, where 185 men are usually kept at work, there are now but 25.

AN English army officer writes from Abyssinia to his friends at home that campaigning in the dominions of Theodore is not pleasant. The thermometer gets up to 100 regularly; sleepers in the tents, roused by hissing noises, find snakes under their beds, and when the men put on their boots they find scorpions in occupation.

DURING the destruction of the U. S. Military Hospital at Augusta, Me., some of the soldiers obtained possession of a barrel of whisky, and nearly every one who could hobble about was soon in a state of intoxication. The scene that ensued was fearful. The drunken men fought each other with the fury of demons, and could not be controlled.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—The Pianaforte has long been the popular home and concert instrument, yet in point of swelling and sustaining the tones it is extremely defective. On account of this deficiency, music written in chords, or in a connected style, cannot be satisfactorily executed, as the long notes result in diminuendos where they should be sustained. The taste for the Organ and orchestral style of music is being rapidly developed, and widely diffused—and the time is approaching when the demand for this sustained style of music will supersede the present Piano compositions. There are no instruments capable of such fine expression of this style of music as the AMERICAN ORGANS, manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith of Boston. Their delicacy and variety in the voicing renders them susceptible of beautiful orchestral effects, by the skillful use of the tremolo and the improved knee swell, while the deep manual sub-bass which is added to the new styles, gives the closest resemblance to the pipe organ.—*Boston Journal.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

IMPROVED STUMP MACHINE.

THE following extracts from a letter, entirely unsolicited, received by Mr. WILLIS tell their own story:

JASPER, Steuben Co., N. Y., Dec. 27, 1867.

MR. WILLIS—*Dear Sir:* I finished pulling stumps yesterday, having cleared seven and a half acres in five days. The stumps averaged three feet in diameter. I pulled several that measured 36 feet across the roots, one way, and 24 feet the other. I pulled stumps for Mr. Josiah Craig. His are the largest in town. He has a pair of horses that weigh about 1,400 lbs. each, and they exerted all their strength. The roots of some stumps were 18 inches in diameter. Your machine was fairly tried—tested in every respect and proved itself equal, if not superior, to whatever you claim for it. Yours, &c., JOSIAH WALRATH.

A person in Michigan has realized over a thousand dollars the past year laboring by the day with one of these machines. Mr. Willis is prepared to supply customers on short notice. This machine will clear an acre of stumps without change of position. It can be used on a side-hill as well as on level ground, which is an advantage over all other machines. Price, $350. Further information may be obtained by addressing Mr. WILLIS, or enclosing stamp for pamphlet giving description, &c. To avoid all mistake, please give very plainly, the name of Town, County and State. W. W. WILLIS, Rochester, N. Y.

ECONOMIZE.—We wish to send every one our Dry Goods Price List and List of Packages for $1. 30 to 50 per cent. saved. It will cost nothing to learn what you never regret. Address SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, January 8, 1868.

THE financial interests of this country are now vastly important. At all times, everything affecting the monetary affairs of a nation is of consequence, for when they are seriously deranged, the industry and productive energies of the people are speedily paralyzed. Under existing circumstances it is more important that our financial affairs should be wisely managed than ever before. Everybody feels this—all are sensitive in regard to the condition of the country financially,—for there is no class but what have interests at stake, from the common day laborer to the largest capitalist. As a people, we have an enormous load to carry. We assumed it resolutely, cheerfully, because the honor, even the perpetuity of the nation, were involved. Without a murmur the people submitted to be taxed, and voted enormous taxes upon their estates, for they regarded the contest they were waging of more consequence than dollars and cents: indeed, their farms and homesteads were valueless without a country where law and order should be respected and obeyed. The war is ended, but the debt incurred is not paid. Everybody says pay it, principal and interest, to the uttermost farthing, but *when* and *how* are matters of discussion. All feel the importance of having the wisest financial legislation that can be devised; all want a system that shall encourage industry, promote the development of the resources of the country, and that shall make necessary taxation as equal as possible. Hence, men and women, who heretofore regarded questions of finance and taxation as subjects to be discussed and managed by a particular class, are almost unconsciously becoming interested readers of everything pertaining to this class of subjects. This is well, and it is a hopeful augury of the future, that people are determined to understand what so intimately concerns them.

The quarterly bank statements have been made without apparently producing the disturbance in monetary affairs that has sometimes been occasioned. The banks in this city have continued to afford their customers the usual accommodations. There is not so much inconvenience experienced in this locality, from the detention of the large amount of freight on the Canal, as was anticipated. A good deal of the property owned by shippers in this region has been sold, and is seeking a market by rail. There is, of course, considerable loss to owners, but they are enabled to meet advances made with more promptness than was expected.

Gold sold yesterday at 136¾. The heavy gold payments this month have not reduced the premium.

There is no great change in money matters, either in New York or Boston. At Chicago and Cincinnati money is close; at the latter place, call loans on Government collaterals are made as high as 12 per cent. The street rate is 15@18 per cent. Foreign Exchange continues high, and shipments of specie consequently large.

Manufacturing dividends in the Eastern States are much reduced; some corporations have not declared any dividend on the business of the last six months. The deficiency in the manufacturing dividends payable at Boston is about $1,000,000. The New England Railroads are paying better dividends than usual.

PORK PACKING.—Pork packing at the West is now about over for the season. The Cincinnati Price Current gives the number of hogs packed in 88 towns, West and Southwest, in 1866, and the estimated amount this year, as follows:

No. of hogs packed in 1866	548,623
Estimated No. " " 1867	701,012

The above does not embrace the number packed at Chicago. The whole number (live and dressed) received at that point the last year, was 1,993,574, which is an increase over 1866 of 756,631.

Hogs have been lighter this year than last, and a marked falling off in lard is generally reported.

There has been a falling off in the receipts of cattle, at Chicago, for 1867, of 62,003 head, as compared with 1866.

TOBACCO.—The total number of packages of leaf tobacco sold at Cincinnati last year was 37,000, an increase of about 100 per cent. over the sales of 1866. The value of the sales in 1867 was $1,950,440. Cincinnati is now the largest market for leaf tobacco in the United States.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The price of red wheat in this city yesterday was $2,50@2,55. Flour is selling at $13,50@16,00. The exports of wheat from New York last year was 4,450,963 bush. Amount exported in 1866, 522,669 bush.; increase last year, 3,925,294 bushels. The number of bushels of corn exported from New York in 1867 was 7,981,748. In 1866 the exports of corn from the same points were 11,079,391 bushels.

WOOL.—The stock of wool held by the Boston Commission Merchants at the end of the year just closed was about 7,000,000 lbs, against 6,500,000 lbs. in 1866. The Boston sales last week amounted to only 600,000 lbs., at prices ranging from 26@60c for fleece, and 25@47c for pulled. The Boston Bulletin of Saturday says:

"The wool market has remained quiet during the past week, and transactions, as usual at the winding up of the year's business, when both buyers and sellers are engaged in squaring accounts, foot up a small aggregate. But there is a firm feeling in all grades of wool, and an active demand for consumption is expected before the new year is far advanced. The stocks, both here and in the country, are firmly held at the improved rates which have been current during the month of December, and many large lots of choice staple are not offering even at the advanced rates; their owners being confident of still higher prices before the end of the season. But most holders are free sellers at current figures."

In regard to woolen goods the Independent of last week says:—"It is a rather healthy indication that, at this dullest season of the whole year in the dry goods trade, prices of woolens, which have been depressed below those of any other description of goods, show a decided tendency to improvement, and a disposition is shown to make speculative purchases."

APPLES.—The apple market is quite active, with a good supply. It is supposed, owing to the early closing of the Canal, that the quantity of apples in first hands is larger than ordinary, and that the local consumption will be greater than usual. Prices range from $2.50 to $3.00, according to size of barrels.

CRANBERRIES are in good supply, but restricted to the cultivated ones from the East. As a declining market prevails there, the tendency here is also downward in sympathy with it.

CHESTNUTS are quite limited in supply, and prices rule high—say $6.00 per bushel.

HICKORY NUTS were in greater supply the past fall than for many previous years. Ohio nuts sell for $2.00 and State for $2.50 per bushel.

BEANS.—White Beans are uncommonly scarce and, as a consequence, rule high, with an advancing tendency. Prices range from $3.50 to $3.75.

ONIONS were never known to be so scarce as now in this market. They are selling, when any offer, at $1.25@1.50. Possibly would command more, if any were offered of a good quality.

POTATOES are in fair supply, at 75@80c. It is not expected they will recede much, if any, below these figures.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat	$15,50@16,00	Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,50@ 1,00
Do. red wheat	13,50@14,00	Do. ℔ bbl	2,50@ 3,25
Do. extra State	9,00@10,00	Do. dried, ℔ ℔	6½@ 7c
Do. buckwheat, ℔ cwt	5,00	Peaches	25@ 30
Millfeed, coarse	25,00@28,00	Cherries	30@ 35
Do. fine	30,00@35,00	Plums	25@ 30
Meal, corn, cwt	2,50@ 2,75	Blackberries	7@ 8
Wheat, red, ℔ bu	2,50@ 2,55	Potatoes, ℔ bu	62@ 80
Do. best white	2,80@ 3,00	Onions	75@ 1,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu	1,20@ 1,25	Turnips	00@ 00
Rye	1,50@ 1,55	**Hides and Skins.**	
Oats	65@ 68c	Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Barley	1,35@ 1,45	Do. untrimmed	7@ 8
Beans	2,00@ 3,25	Green calfskins	14@ 15
Meats.		Sheep pelts, each	75@ 1,50
Pork, old mess	$00,00@00,00	Lamb pelts, each	25@ 75
Do. new mess	21,00@22,00	**Seeds.**	
Do. clear, ℔ ℔	15@ 16c	Timothy ℔ bu	$ 0,00@ 0,00
Dressed hogs, cwt	8.50@ 9,75	Clover, medium	6,00@ 0,00
Beef	13,00@14,00	Do. large	7,00@ 0,00
Spring lambs	2,75@ 3,00	Peas	1,30@ 1,40
Mutton, ℔ ℔	4@ 6c	Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Hams	14@ 14	**Sundries.**	
Shoulders	10@ 10½	Wood, hard	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Chickens	12@ 14	Do. soft	5,50@ 6,50
Turkeys	16@ 18	Coal, lump, ℔ ton	$ 25@ 0,00
Geese, each	00@ 00	Do. large egg	8,50@ 0,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. small egg	8,50@ 0,00
Butter, choice roll	33@ 35	Do. stove	8,65@ 0,00
Do. packed	30@ 35	Do. chestnut	8,15@ 0,00
Cheese, dairy	18@ 14	Do. soft	7,00@ 0,00
Do. factory	15@ 16	Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Lard, tried	13@ 14	Salt, ℔ bbl	2,70@ 2,80
Do. rough	12@ 14	Wool, ℔ ℔	30@ 40c
Tallow, tried	9@ 10	Hops	45@ 60
Do. rough	6c 6½	Whitefish, ½ bbl	6,00@ 6,50
Eggs, ℔ dozen	33@ 35	Codfish, ℔ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Forage.		Honey, box, ℔ ℔	22@ 25c
Hay ℔ ton	$15,00@25,00	Candles, box	12½@ 13½
Do. new	00,00@00,00	Do. extra	14@ 15
Straw	10,00@18,00	Barrels, each	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,75; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 16½@16½c. Flour, $8,90@16,50. Wheat, $2,18@2,85. Rye, $1,18@1,72. Barley, $1,85. Corn, $1,30@1,41. Oats, 66½@68c. Hops, 30@60c. Pork, mess, $20,25@21,05; new mess, $22,00@22,10; prime, $17,50@17,75; prime mess, $19,25@19,50. Beef, new plain mess, $17,00@18,50; new extra mess, $18,00@21,00. Beef Hams, $29,00@2,00. Shoulders, 8@8½c. Hams, 12@13c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 10½c.; long-ribbed, 11c.; short-clear, 12½c. Lard, 12½@13½c. for new. Butter, 38@46c. Cheese, 14@15.

ALBANY, JAN. 6.—Flour, $10,50@14,50. Rye Flour, $8,75@9,00. Buckwheat Flour, $4,20@4,25. Corn Meal, $2,75@2,85 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,37. Rye, $1,60@1,65. Corn, $1,31@1,35. Oats, no sales. Barley, $1,70@1,75.

BUFFALO, JAN. 6.—Flour, $10,00@11,00; Wheat, $2,08@2,80; Corn, $1,15; Oats, 71c; Rye, $1,60; Barley, $1,65@1,75; Peas, $1,20; Beans, $3,50; Pork, mess, $21,00@22,00; Lard, 13½@13½c; Butter, 25@36c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2,55; coarse, ℔ bbl, $2,60.

CHICAGO, JAN. 6.—Flour, $8,75@9,00; Wheat, $1,87½@1,96; Corn, 52@53c; Oats, 54½@55½; Rye, $1,53@1,54; Barley, $1,72@1,74; Pork, mess, $20,75@21,00; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 32@36c; Cheese, 12@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2,20@2,30; clover, $7,40; flax, $2,20.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6.—Receipts—Beeves, 3,567 head; quotations at 12@20c. Veal Calves—Receipts 616 head; quotations 8@12½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 11,147 head; quotations 4@7½. Swine—Receipts 13,581 head; quotations 7¼@7¾.

ALBANY, JAN. 6.—Beeves, $8,35@11,50. Milch Cows, $70@$110. Sheep and Lambs—State 3½@5c.; Michigan 5@5½c.; Canada 5½@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JAN. 1.—Beeves range from 6@11½c. Working Oxen, $100@265 ℔ pair. Sheep and Lambs, 3@5c. Swine, 7½@8c. Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ ℔. Sheep and Lamb Skins, 75c@$1 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 30.—Cattle in demand at 5@10c. Sheep, 5@6c. gross. Hogs, 9½@10c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 6.—Beef Cattle, 6½@6½c. Veal Calves, 4½@6½c. Sheep, $2,50@4,50. Hogs, $5,30@7,00.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, JAN. 6.—Dressed Hogs quoted at $8,10@8,10, dividing on 200.

ALBANY, JAN. 6.—Dressed Hogs are selling at 9@9¼c. for light to heavy State, and 8½@9¼c. for do. Western.

TOLEDO, DEC. 30.—Dressed Hogs selling at 7¼@8¼c., dividing on 200 lbs.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 30.—Market dull. Sales at $6@6,75, gross, for light to heavy averages.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 6.—Market steady. Sales 300,000 lbs. at 35@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 35@36c. for Pulled, 20@23c. for Texas, and 33@25c. for California.

BOSTON JAN. 1.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@60c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ½ and ¾ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c. Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c;

CHICAGO, DEC. 30.—The following are the quotations: Fleece, 35@40c.; Medium, 33@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 30.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 25@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.; Fleece, 33@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 23.

DELAWARE AND MARYLAND FARMS for SALE.—January Catalogue sent free. A. R. WOOLSTON, Real Estate Broker, 512 King St., Wilmington, Del. 938-4t

MARYLAND FARM—129 ACRES ON TURNpike, 19 miles from Baltimore city, well improved, good fruit of all kinds, for $5,000. JOHN GLENN & CO., 938-4t No. 20 St. Paul St. corner Fayette, Baltimore, Md.

MAGIC DRAWING SHEETS. PRICE 25 CENTS. ☞ Circulars sent free. Address 938-2t A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ill.

FARMERS AND OTHERS WISHING THEIR meat from the fresh Pork made into Sausages, please call on the subscriber, as I have a machine of a new invention that will chop the meat as fine as is desirable in short time. C. J. FROST, Meat Market, 126 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

"THE PULPIT."—A 32-page Journal of Public Speaking, Pure Literature and Practical Religion. Containing some of the best things said by the Clergy and public men the world over. By our plan it will be **SENT ONE YEAR FOR NOTHING!** ☞ Send 10 cents with your address to "THE PULPIT CO.," 938-4t No. 37 Park Row, New York.

WE SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR, GOLD and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c., &c.

CIRCULARS SENT FREE,

giving full particulars or ten checks sent for One Dollar describing ten different articles which we will sell for One Dollar each. Splendid inducements offered to agents sending us clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT, 938-4t No. 83 Sudbury Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BLUE COATS, And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union. *With Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion.*

It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy.

CAUTION.—Some of our Agents have taken advantage of the great popularity and large size of this work to raise the price to $3.00 and $3.50 per copy. The public are hereby notified that they have no right to charge more than $2.50. Inferior works purporting to be of similar character to "THE BLUE COATS" are being circulated, and we therefore caution both Agents and the public to see that the book they buy contains over 100 fine engravings and 500 pages. Send for Circulars. Address,
JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FORTIETH THOUSAND. THE TEMPLE CHOIR, a new collection of sacred and secular music for choirs and singing schools, by THEO. F. SEWARD, LOWELL MASON, and WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, which was first published in September last, has already **REACHED ITS FORTIETH THOUSAND!** Better evidence of its acceptability to the public—that it pleases those who examine it—could not be afforded. IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST POPULAR MUSIC BOOK PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY YEARS.

It contains much new music by its authors, as well as many other of the most popular composers. Rarely has such variety been included in one volume. Its Singing School Department is very full and complete, and it contains a good number of new glees, for choir practice, &c. It is very attractive in its Anthem Department.

We have never published a book which seemed to give more universal satisfaction. Price $1.50. Sent by mail.
MASON BROTHERS, No. 596 Broadway, New York.
MASON & HAMLIN, No. 151 Tremont St., Boston.

THE BRINKERHOFF CORN SHELLER, SEPARATOR AND CLEANER.—Having purchased the patentee's entire interest in this machine, we are prepared to supply the trade, and those who may wish to act as agents at reduced rates. The Brinkerhoff Corn Sheller was selected over all competitors to send to the Paris Exposition. It is endorsed by the UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, in his report to Congress, 1867—see page 283—as being "*the very best hand-sheller that is made in the United States.*" By the AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB, as the "best sheller they have ever met with." By the OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL IMPLEMENT TRIAL, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, as the "best corn-sheller they ever saw." By Solon Robinson and M. C. Meeker of the New York Tribune; S. Edwards Todd of the New York Times; The Rural New-Yorker, and the Western Rural, and other competent judges, as the simplest, most durable, and most perfect-working machine that is made. It has received the FIRST PREMIUM AT EVERY FAIR, at which it has been exhibited, three of which were from the New York State Fairs. **It Shells—It Cleans—It Separates.** Send for Circular. Sample Sheller sent for $10.
Address B. B. SNOW & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.

MASON & HAMLIN, having been awarded a GRAND FIRST PRIZE MEDAL, for the SUPERIORITY OF THEIR CABINET ORGANS at the PARIS EXPOSITION, in competition with the best makers of instruments of this class from all countries, and having been UNIFORMLY awarded the *Highest Medals at the most important Industrial Exhibitions* for a series of years, with scarcely any exceptions, HAVE CEASED TO PLACE THEIR INSTRUMENTS IN COMPETITION at such exhibitions. They respectfully announce this fact that the public may not receive wrong impressions from announcements of premiums taken by other makers.

Many *celebrated European Organists* have added their testimony to that of the *great majority of the most eminent musicians of this country* to the UNEQUALLED EXCELLENCE OF THE **Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.**

Prices, $75 to $600 and upwards, each; uniform and invariable; and but little higher than those of greatly inferior instruments.

Circulars with full particulars to any address.

Warerooms,—154 Tremont Street, Boston.
596 Broadway, New York.

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THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC.
FOR 1868.

Among the contents will be found—

A History of the San Domingo Massacre.

The Almanac also contains full and official Returns of all the Elections for this year, compared with previous ones; the most important Acts of Congress; President Johnson's Veto Messages and Proclamations; Lists of Federal and State Officers, and Members of Congress; Popular and Electoral Vote for President in 1860 and 1864; Statistical and other information indispensable to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

Those parties wishing to obtain the only Democratic Text-Book published, must send on immediately, as ALL ORDERS ARE FILLED ACCORDING TO THE DATE OF THEIR RECEPTION. The cash must accompany all orders.

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☞ For Sale by all News Agents.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE NEW YORK GIFT COMPANY.

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

5 Cash Gifts	Each	$10,000
5 " "	"	5,000
10 " "	"	1,000
20 " "	"	500
100 " "	"	100
200 " "	"	50
300 " "	"	25
400 " "	"	10
30 Elegant Rosewood Pianos	Each	$300 to $500
35 " " Melodeons	"	75 to 150
150 Sewing Machines	"	60 to 125
250 Musical Boxes	"	25 to 200
300 Fine Gold Watches	"	75 to 300
750 Fine Silver Watches	"	30 to 50

Fine Oil Paintings, Framed Engravings, Silver Ware, Photograph Albums, and a large assortment of Fine Gold Jewelry, in all valued at **1,000,000 Dollars.**

A Chance to draw any of the above Prizes by purchasing a Sealed Ticket for 25 cents.

TICKETS describing each Prize are SEALED in Envelopes and thoroughly mixed. On receipt of 25 cents, a Sealed Ticket will be drawn, without choice, and delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of ONE DOLLAR. Prizes will be immediately sent to any address, as requested, by express

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Central Pacific Railroad Co—Fisk & Hatch.
The Democratic Almanac for 1868—Van Evrie, Horton & Co.
New York Weekly Tribune.
The Best are the Cheapest—Mason & Hamlin.
The Nation—E. L. Godkin & Co.
Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam—Reed, Cutler & Co.
Waters' First Premium Pianos—Horace Waters & Co.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
Robinson Machine Works, Richmond, Indiana.
New York Gift Company—H Barton & Co.
The Weekly Evening Post—Wm C Bryant & Co.
Delaware and Maryland Farms—A R Woolston.
The Pulpit—The Pulpit Co.
The Temple Choir—Mason Brothers.
One Dollar Gifts—Labonte & Babbitt.
New Seed Catalogue—J M Thorburn & Co.
The Brinkerhoff Corn Sheller—B B Snow & Co.
Wants to Buy a Small Farm—J P Bonnell.
Auction Sale of Cotswold Ewes—G H Chase.
Maryland Farms—John Glenn & Co.
Farmers and others—Chas J Frost.
Magic Drawing Sheets—A Barber & Bro.
Farmers and Farmers' Sons Wanted—Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Improved Stamp Machine—W W Willis.
Economize—Symonds & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Ole Bull is in Chicago.
— Breckinridge has gone to Egypt.
— P. T. Barnum is out as a lecturer.
— The rice crop of Florida is a failure.
— Chicago has a population of 220,000.
— There are 11,000 Quakers in Indiana.
— Lynch-law has been revived in Illinois.
— Drese, the needle-gun inventor, is dead.
— English railways are not making money.
— New Mexico wants a free school system.
— Baron Marocchetti, the sculptor, is dead.
— The Roman States owe about $92,000,000.
— Elias Howe, Jr., left an estate of $618,000.
— Anna Dickinson is giving political lectures.
— Dubuque, Iowa, has a population of 21,222.
— There was a $20,000 fire in Boston, Dec. 24.
— The last census embraced 17,000,000 women.
— London drinks 43,000 gallons of beer yearly.
— Mr. and Mrs. Jeff. Davis are in New Orleans.
— The population of Great Britain is 30,000,000.
— The city debt of Memphis, Tenn., is $900,000.
— Hoosac mountain has been tunneled 7,098 feet.
— Gov. Sharkey of Mississippi is in Washington.
— A coal pit has been opened near Montana, Iowa.
— Gen. Pope has been superseded by Gen. Meade.
— The original name of Brooklyn was Breuckelen.
— There are lots of wild turkeys in Bureau Co., Ill.
— The Louisville pork-packing business has closed.
— The Boston restaurants are reducing their prices.
— Blondin is laid up with a broken arm, in France.
— Bayard Taylor is said to be seriously ill at Rome.
— Seven churches are being built in New York city.
— A. H. Stephens is at Philadelphia in feeble health.
— Alaska is about eight times larger than New York.
— Fitz Hugh Ludlow, the author, was lately married.
— The New York market is overstocked with poultry.
— 300,000,000 matches are used daily in the United States.
— Dickens realized $20,000 for four readings in Boston.
— It is suggested that female suffrage be tried in Utah.
— Mrs. Horace Greeley is to write for the N. Y. Ledger.
— Trinity Church is hereafter to be known as Cathedral.
— Barnum's receipts on Christmas day were $1,321.61.
— There are 218,000 Odd Fellows in the United States.
— Dickens refuses to go to Hartford, Conn., for $2,000.
— Bishop Potter's salary has been raised to $8,000 a year.
— The shawl factory at Schenectady has resumed work.
— There are 1,221 money-order postoffices in operation.
— A lynx weighing 25 lbs. was lately shot near Dover, Vt.
— 77,684 children attend school regularly in Philadelphia.
— Halleck calls Alaska the New England of the Pacific.
— Gen. Fremont is expected at Washington this week.
— Hallowell, Me., is to erect a $2,250 Soldiers' monument.
— Californians are re-shipping the Chinese beggars to China.
— Religious revivals in Northern Indiana continue unabated.
— The National Bank currency in circulation is $299,829,816.
— The daily circulation of the Paris La Petit Journal is 440,000.
— St. Louis has $2,500,000 worth of water bonds in the market.
— The school expenses of Philadelphia last year were $740,000.
— There has been received at Chicago, this season, 707,225 hogs.
— 807 vessels were built in the English Navy Yards last year.
— Sam Houston's widow died recently in Texas of yellow fever.
— The new Treasury Building at Washington will cost $5,000,000.
— The Government of Mexico has declared war against Guatemala.
— Four thousand Egyptians have joined the Abyssinian expedition.
— New York and the Rocky Mountains are connected by railroad.
— Hartford, Conn., is to have an industrial school for vagrant girls.
— Hon. Geo. Martin, Chief Justice of Michigan, died at Detroit lately.
— A great rain storm recently visited California, doing great damage.
— The capital invested in the lumber trade of Michigan is $10,000,000.
— Manchester, Eng., has 40,000 children who do not attend school.
— Near the Damascus gate, Palastine, a Latin Convent has been built.
— The Wabash Skating Rink in Chicago has been destroyed by fire.
— Fifty-three divorces were granted by the N. Y. City courts last year.
— Sixty divorces were granted in a single county in Indiana last year.
— A fox weighing 15 pounds was recently captured in Lancaster Co., Pa.
— There are two hundred and ninety newspapers published in Indiana.
— The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad employs more than ten thousand men.
— The length of railroad from San Francisco to New York will be 3,300 miles.
— Brevet Brig. Gen. R. Smith, of the U. S. Army, is placed on the retired list.
— The total membership of the Protestant churches of this country is six millions.
— 450,000 tons of copper ore were taken from the mines at Lake Superior last year.
— The Thad. Stevens doctrine of confiscation has lost nearly all of its supporters.
— Out of 130 convicts in the New Hampshire State Prison 50 served in the recent war.
— Thirty per cent. of the population of Great Britain are unable to write their names.
— Fifty thousand laboring men and women in New York city are out of employment.
— Amos Kendall is going to rebuild the Baptist Calvary Church, lately burned at Washington.
— The Erie Railway Company has established a new station at Kirkwood, Broome county.
— A Texas paper wants the Shakers to open a school for teaching domestic science. Sensible idea.
— Of the eight million debt of the Southern railroads to the Government, four millions remain unpaid.
— Leavenworth, Kansas, has a population of thirty-three thousand, and supports six daily newspapers.
— Harlan of Iowa, and Orr of South Carolina, is the Presidential ticket of a Chicago paper. Who next?

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

ONLY 150 BUSHELS PEACH PITS LEFT for sale. Price $1 per bushel. Address BRAGG & POTTER, Union Nurseries, Kalamazoo, Mich. 937-4t

FOR SALE.—BY JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, Yacht and Boat Builder, Bristol, R. I.,
ONE GANG SAW MILL,
complete and in good order. Has been but little used. Sash of wrought iron, 35x67 inches, inside. Has outside connections. Is driven by 26 inch pulley, 18 inch face. Logs fed by spur rolls, and dogged at ends on short trucks. Has 26 saws, No. 11 wire gauge. Price $750. 937-3t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Written by 70 of the most distinguished Divines in Europe and America. Illustrated with over 125 *Steel and Wood Engravings.* Complete in One Large Octavo Volume. Price $3,50. We employ no General Agents, and offer Extra Inducements to Agents dealing with us. Send for Circular and terms.
937-4t J. B. RUTER & CO., Hartford, Conn.

DAVIS'S PATENT THREE MINUTE MIXER AND MASHER,
For mixing Cake, Batter, Sauce; also for mashing Potatoes and Vegetables of all kinds. Something really useful. Liberal terms to the trade. Send for Circular.
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PATENT REVOLVING DIAPHRAGM CHURN
And Butter Worker Combined, with Patent Air-Tight Covers.
937-4t WAREROOMS, 482 Broadway, New York.

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Please notice our name in full on each Box and Can.
FRANK MILLER & CO., 18 & 20 Cedar St., New York.

THE PIEDMONT LAND AGENCY OF VIRGINIA.—*Central Office*—No. 176 Church Street, LYNCHBURG, VA. *Principal Branch Offices* SALEM, Roanoke County, Va., CHRISTIANSBURG, Montgomery County, Va., WYTHEVILLE, Wythe County, Va.
We offer for sale **500** FARMS, located South of the James river, East of the Blue Ridge, and Southwest of the Alleghany Mountains, in Virginia. We have lands to suit the wants of all persons desirous of investing their money. To actual settlers who wish to remove to our mild climate, we can give assurance that there is no better watered or healthier belt of country in the United States than the one in which these lands are located. We have large tracts of mineral and forest lands, presenting fine opportunities for speculative investments. We convey clear and indisputable titles and our lands are very cheap.
For further information address
E. C. RANDOLPH & CO., Piedmont Land Agency,
At either of the above named Offices.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 937-4t

JEROME PARK, MAY 25th, 1867.
E. F. BAKER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the Running Horse "Fleetwing" of Quarter Cracks. He ran Two and Three-Quarter Miles yesterday, and Three Miles again to-day carrying One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pounds, without starting his foot to Crack in the least, and we now consider it a PERFECT CURE.
GEORGE G. WALDEN, Trainer for Forbes & Jerome.
Manufactured only by E. F. BAKER & CO., 141 Malden Lane, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists, Saddlers, Horse-Shoers and Feed Stores everywhere. 931-1p

1868. JANUARY. 1868.
THE ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
Price, $2.50 per year; $2.00 to Clergymen and Teachers.
Agents Wanted.
Splendid Premiums Offered for Clubs.
Send a Stamp for a Specimen Number.
HURD & HOUGHTON,
934-4t 459 Broome St., New York.

"THE NOO YORC LEDGER OF WIT." Established 1858. LARGE DOUBLE SHEET, ILLUSTRATED, HUMOROUS NOOZPAPER, only FIFTY CENTS per year. Great Inducements to Agents. Specimen copies sent to any address FREE OF CHARGE. Address all communications to SHELDON, HOWARD & CO., Box 3,725, New York City. 935-4t

HOLIDAY GOODS.—WE OFFER GREAT Bargains in Watches, Jewelry and Silver Ware. Also a new article, the
"RECHERCHE STATIONERY CASE,"
of elegant perfumed Stationery. Sales quick and pays large profits. Send for our Circular.
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£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Will searched for. ALL LETTERS MUST be pre-paid.
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Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency,
928-13t No. 8 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

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REAL ESTATE RECORD,
published Monthly and *sent free.* It contains full descriptions of FARMS, MILLS AND TIMBER LANDS IN PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY, DELAWARE, MARYLAND, GEORGIA and other States. Address REAL ESTATE RECORD,
935-3t 237 South 6th Street, Philadelphia.

WANTED—AN AGENT.—ONE IN EVERY town.—An active business man to take the Agency for the sale of PEARSON & HARMON'S RUBBER MOULDINGS AND WEATHER STRIPS, applied to the sides, top, bottom and center of Doors and Windows. The sale is very large, beyond anything ever offered before to an Agent, and from $10 to $25 per day can be made. Send for circular. A good responsible man applying secures a valuable business. Terms for the mouldings Cash. PEARSON & HARMON,
151 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION, try the old and well-known VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, approved and used by our oldest and best physicians and families for forty years past. Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors. 934-1t

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The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated state was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of
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AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.
A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non-combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.
FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.
The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and
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THE SOLAR TYPE WOOD BURNING STOVE. This celebrated Stove, on the principle of the Hot Air Furnace, keeps fire night and day with one-third the wood of other stoves, and is a splendid heater, easily regulated. It took the Highest Premium at the New York State Fair. For the Family, the Nursery, the Sick Room or Office it has no equal. Single Stoves shipped to any part of the United States or Canada at $16—the lowest wholesale price. Send orders to J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Great American Tea Co.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.
12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.
In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.
OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ lb.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.
Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding House-Keepers, and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. ℔ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.
Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the
GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.,
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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.
Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our warehouse in the city.
Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on the list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.
The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"
Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.
N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (**beside the Express charges,**) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."
BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.
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1868. THE NATION. 1868.
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OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
ARE NOW COMPLETED.
This brings the line to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and it is expected that the track will be laid thirty miles further, to Evans Pass, the highest point on the road, by January. The maximum grade from the foot of the mountains to the summit is but eighty feet to the mile, while that of many eastern roads is over one hundred. Work in the rock-cuttings on the western slope will continue through the winter, and there is now no reason to doubt that the entire grand line to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870.
The means provided for the construction of this Great National Work are ample. The United States grants its Six Per Cent. Bonds at the rate of from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, for which it takes a second lien as security, and receives payment to a large if not to the full extent of its claim in services. These Bonds are issued as each twenty mile section is finished, and after it has been examined by United States Commissioners and pronounced to be in all respects a first-class road, thoroughly supplied with depots, repair-shops, stations, and all the necessary rolling stock and other equipments.
The United States also makes a donation of 12,800 acres of land to the mile, which will be a source of large revenue to the Company. Much of this land in the Platte Valley is among the most fertile in the world, and other large portions are covered with heavy pine forests and abound in coal of the best quality.
The Company is also authorized to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to an amount equal to the issue of the Government and no more. Hon. E. D. Morgan and Hon. Oakes Ames are Trustees for the Bondholders, and deliver the Bonds to the Company only as the work progresses, so that they always represent an actual and productive value.
The authorized capital of the Company is One Hundred Million Dollars, of which over five millions have been paid in upon the work already done.
EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.
At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.
It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a GOVERNMENT WORK, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
are offered for the present at **90** CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than 15 per cent. lower than U. S. Stocks. They pay
SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD.
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CLARK, DODGE & CO., BANKERS, 51 Wall St.,
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, BANKERS, No. 33 Wall St.,
and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express.
A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained at the Company's Offices or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application. 934-4t
JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer.
November 23, 1867. *NEW YORK.*

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TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX, OR Universal Neuralgia PILL.
A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.
Its Effects are Magical.
It is an *unfailing remedy* in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than *two or three pills.*
No other form of Neuralgia or Nervous Disease has failed to yield to this *wonderful remedial agent.*
Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements—of many years' standing—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.
It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can *always* be used with *perfect safety.*
It has long been in constant use by many of our *most eminent physicians,* who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.
Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
One Package.....$1.00..Postage 6 cents.
Six " ..... 5.00.. " 27 "
Twelve " ..... 9.00.. " 48 "
It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by
TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
926-26t **120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES—COMBINING the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive circulars sent on application. Address J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

MACHINERY OILS.—BEST AND CHEAPEST in use. Send for Circulars. Samples. Inquire of your merchants for OUR OILS. WARFIELD & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Machinery Oils, No. 109 State St., Rochester, N. Y. Our MECCA OIL does not chill in winter. 933-6ott

WHISKERS!—A HEAVY BEARD IS WARRANTED in five weeks, by using Russell's Italian Compound. Sent closely sealed from curious eyes for 50 cents.
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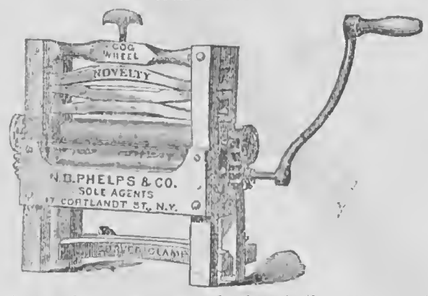

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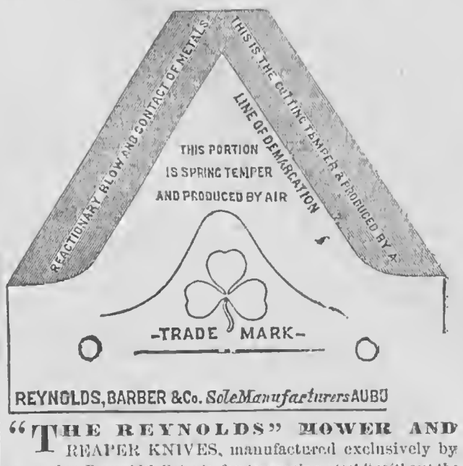

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"THE REYNOLDS" MOWER AND REAPER KNIVES, manufactured exclusively by us, under *Reynolds' Patents for tempering steel "without the aid of any liquid,"* received the only award at the great *"National Implement Trial,"* held at Auburn in 1866. They *possess*
THE FOLLOWING SUPERIOR QUALITIES.
1st. They are made with a fine cutlery temper at the edges.
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4th. We warrant they *can be ground from eight to ten times without losing their cutting edge.*
5th. Finally, *we will warrant them to cut from 40 to 50 acres of grain or grass without once being ground.*
We are the sole manufacturers of these Knives in the United States and Canadas. Each Knife hereafter will bear our Clover Leaf Trade Mark, as shown in above cut.
Read what the National Committee says of our sections:
"Desirous of investigating reaper and mower sections as thoroughly as possible, we collected the sections of different makers to as great an extent as we were able, and subjected them to a series of careful experiments. We found no fractures in any of the sections manufactured by the Messrs. Reynolds of Auburn, but we detected them in about 10 per cent. of those made by other manufacturers. We caused nearly 1-16th of an inch to be successively ground off from the edge of each of the samples, examining carefully the temper of the edge after each grinding. The sections of Mr. Reynolds retained their temper perfectly for ten successive grindings. None of the others showed as good a temper after the third grinding; some of them were so poor that after the third grinding the edge could be cut off with an ordinary pocket knife.
"Having thus ascertained the superiority of these sections, we were desirous of seeing the processes of their manufacture, and on making known our wishes, the Messrs. Reynolds were kind enough to show us the whole of their works, and we confess to a feeling of great surprise on seeing their sections so perfectly tempered without the agency of any liquid, by percussion, reaction and cold air alone. We saw over a thousand tempered and ground, not one of which was cracked, or which exhibited any traces of flaws whatever. We believe this process will greatly enhance the efficiency of our reaping and mowing machines, and we rejoice that American ingenuity has perfected so valuable an invention. The process, though unpatented at the time of the trial, has since been covered by letters patent.
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We are now prepared to furnish the above sections for all the different machines made in the United States and Canada.
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By our patented process we now make and temper PLANE IRONS. Warranted superior to Butchers' or any iron made in the United States. Every iron warranted, and money returned if not satisfactory. Old Plane Irons and Chisels of all descriptions retempered by our new process, if sent in lots of not less than one dozen.
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MAPLE'S PATENT EQUALIZING DISTRIBUTORS

THE BEST IS EVER RAREST.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Thus is it over all the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth
Is always rarest.

Iron is heaped in mountain piles,
And glutts the laggard forges;
But gold-flakes gleam in dim defiles,
And lonely gorges.

The snowy marble flecks the land
With heaped and rounded ledges,
But diamonds hide beneath the sand
Their starry edges.

The finny armies clog the twine
That sweeps the lazy river,
But pearls come singly from the brine,
With the pale diver.

God gives no value unto men
Unmatched by meed of labor;
And Cost of Worth has ever been
The closest neighbor.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BRACELET OF PEARLS.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

CHAPTER SECOND.

[Concluded from page 12, of our last number.]

"PARDON me, Miss MARTIN," he said, "for not making known to you that I should not come unattended; but when I last wrote, announcing my arrival, my sister had supposed herself unable to accompany me further than New York."

"Your apology is uncalled for, my dear MARK," interrupted GUY MARTIN, taking his hand and pressing it warmly. "My daughter sadly needs a companion, and your sister's looks would indicate that she needed rest and quiet."

"My sister is almost a confirmed invalid, sir," said MARK, casting an anxious glance across the room where KITTY was assisting the young lady in removing her rich wrappings.

"Then your father must have married again?"

"Yes, sir; ALICE is my half-sister, and her mother died since our father."

"Strange that I never knew it!" mused GUY MARTIN; "and yet I have kept very little trace of him since I met you both in New York some ten years ago."

"His second was an unfortunate union, sir; and he seldom alluded to it."

"This, then, accounts in a measure for my ignorance. But tell me all about him, MARK; all about my old friend RALPH FARNHAM. The slightest incident of his life will interest me, for I loved him with more than a brother's love."

While MARK was recounting the incidents connected with the last years of his father's life, ALICE was reclining upon a small couch in KITTY'S room, watching her graceful movements as she went about beating up pillows, and arranging all for her comfort.

"Now, Miss FARNHAM," she said, "you look so weary you had better lie down and rest while dinner is preparing, had you not?"

"Thank you, dear, I will. I am weary, and I find this hacking cough very troublesome."

"Have you coughed long, Miss FARNHAM?"

"Not very long. Please call me ALICE, won't you, KITTY, dear?"

"To be sure I will, if you desire it," and KITTY bent and pressed her first kiss upon the fevered lips. "Now try and rest, won't you?—and when dinner is all ready I will come for you, and after that we will unpack your trunks and get out something loose and comfortable for you to wear, for you will need to dress but very little here in the country, you know."

"Thank you, dear! I should have brought my maid, ELISE; but brother MARK feared so many might prove troublesome to you."

"We are never troubled with our friends, but I will be your maid while you stay," whispered KITTY, and gliding away, felt happier than she had done for many weeks.

There were no festivities at the old homestead on the day following—only one of KITTY'S splendid dinners, comprising a "bill of fare," of which an epicure might have been proud, and which received due justice from all, even the fair invalid herself.

It was astonishing to mark the rapid and almost instantaneous growth of affection which sprung up in the breasts of these two girls, so utterly unlike, and between whom the iron bars of society had placed an almost impassable gulf of separation. ALICE FARNHAM, the daughter of a millionaire, tall, queenly, beautiful and gifted in the extreme, with the majesty of a goddess,—little KITTY MARTIN, sweet, loveable, good, and pure as the angels, yet lacking those supreme endowments which made her companion one of the world's envied ones. In short, ALICE FARNHAM was a woman to be idealized in song, and worshiped for a season; but KITTY MARTIN one to be reverenced and loved to the end of time.

The two weeks' stay of the FARNHAM'S passed by on golden wings to KITTY; and the visit was over all too soon. How lonely she should be without ALICE, she thought; while ALICE declared that her visit had been more beneficial than all the medicine in the world; and it was with a promise that if she were no better she would spend the summer months at the farm-house, that they parted.

Then the time wore slowly on again, and GUY MARTIN declared that it was just as he had predicted, after all—only that KITTY had made a mistake and fallen in love with ALICE instead of her brother; while KITTY, who more than ever sighed for companionship, hailed with delight the first approach of spring. How she watched the bursting buds, as the snow wreaths melted away in the sunlight, and thought of that other spring-time, just a year before, when *he* came, breaking in upon her young life like a living stream upon a desert waste, which trickles on, leaving it more parched and thirsty than before. She heard sometimes from ALICE, who was no better, and her father received occasional letters from MARK, who manifested the deepest solicitude on her account. At length came one, written in haste, and very brief, saying:—"I have tried everything for my poor ALICE, and fear she will soon be beyond the reach of human aid. She is anxious to go to you, and I shall leave with her as soon as all the necessary arrangements are completed, which will be as speedily done as possible."

About the middle of May, as she had promised, ALICE came back to them—but oh, how changed! Beautiful, still, but with a loveliness not belonging to earth. There was an unwonted light in the dark eyes, a swaying to and fro of the proud form, and the crimson had deepened upon the fair cheek until it burned with a fatal glow, like the fierce fires which were consuming the young life within.

"Do not grieve, darling," she whispered, as KITTY'S tears rained down upon her face and hands, while she struggled in vain to suppress them. "Do not grieve, darling; it is better so. If you knew all you would not mourn. I will tell you some day. I shall never leave you again, KITTY. I have come back to die with you!"

"Oh, please do not talk so! *Please*, don't! O! my poor, poor ALICE!" moaned KITTY as she kissed again and again the parched lips and burning cheeks. "You will be better soon: indeed you will!" she sobbed.

"Yes, in Heaven, I trust, darling!" answered ALICE, while a radiant smile stole over her lovely face.

"I wish to tell you of my life, dear," she said, a few days later; now, while I have strength. ELISE will raise me so that I can talk better. Now leave us alone for a half hour, ELISE. It is not much that I have to tell, darling; only of a life misspent and a new-born hope in Heaven. I have been married, KITTY! Yes, married, and wrecked the happiness of one of the noblest of GOD'S creatures. I loved the man I married, or thought I did: but pride and ambition were paramount in my nature. My mother and father were unhappily mated and passed very little time together, while I divided my own between them. I was traveling in Europe when I first met my husband, and married him there. Brother MARK and my father were with me, and both sanctioned the union. When my mother discovered what had been done she was very bitter against me, and never forgave my father for allowing me to marry the one I did, who was poor, though noble and gifted. Then she took me away, telling him I had never loved him, and I sanctioned the cruel act, and listened with satisfaction to the glowing visions and bright dreams which she pictured in my future. I was very young, darling, and that is my only excuse; but oh, the remorse and bitter regret which have followed me everywhere. That was five years ago. KITTY, I am dying now and trust GOD has forgiven me the one great error of my lifetime! You have a little bracelet of pearls, KITTY. I saw it the other day lying in its open casket, and recognized the workmanship; besides, there is a face hidden away, somewhere, in the little clasp which opens it; did you know it, darling?"

"No! no!" sobbed KITTY.

"But there is, darling; bring it here and I will show you."

KITTY obeyed mechanically, and with a face almost as white as the pure pearls she held.

"There, take it, darling," said ALICE, touching the secret spring, "and look upon the face of—my husband!"

"Oh, no! It cannot be!" gasped KITTY; this is the face—of—ARTHUR—SOMERS!"

"ARTHUR SOMERS was my husband," answered ALICE, very calmly. "Come, now, and take my hand," she added tenderly, "for I love you better than ever, now that I know *he* has been here and loved you, too."

"*Indeed, he never told me so*," interrupted KITTY, hysterically.

"No, dear, he was not free to do that: but he *has* loved you, I'm sure. This little string of pearls is my evidence. He gave me this on our bridal morning. It was his only gift, but I cruelly returned it to him. He will come again sometime, KITTY; and you will be very happy together. Give him this little token, then, in memory of my deep repentance. And here, KITTY, take this cluster of diamonds, and wear it first on your bridal day," she said, drawing a heavy guard and rich cluster ring from her transparent finger. "These poor fingers need no ornament," she added, looking with a bright smile into KITTY'S tear-stained face. I have arranged everything with MARK, who will be alone when I am gone. GOD must have directed us to you, darling, for we have not a relative in the great world. Comfort my poor brother, KITTY, and be to ARTHUR SOMERS what *I should have been!*"

Poor KITTY was sobbing convulsively, but there was a subdued light in the dark eyes of ALICE, which were raised heavenward.

The destroyer did his work well and quickly, and one week from that time ALICE SOMERS was borne away to her silent home. The maid was sent back to New York, but MARK remained during the summer months, loth to leave the spot where rested the remains of the last of his kindred. Before leaving he placed in the hands of KITTY a sealed envelope, upon which was written—"To be opened the first day of the New Year."

It came at last—that New Year's morning—and dawned upon the world bright and beautiful. KITTY had felt uncommonly sad; why, she could scarcely tell, but there was an undefined something which haunted her like a shadow. She had been thinking of ARTHUR SOMERS, and wondering if he *would* ever come back again. How she pitied him, now that she knew the great sorrow of his life. Then she thought tenderly of the dead,—the erring but penitent ALICE,—and at last remembered the little package which MARK FARNHAM had given her, and which was to be opened that day. She went to her bureau, removed and opened the envelope, and, while her thoughts were far away with the living and the dead, she drew forth to her bewildered vision *a check on the bank at R—— for ten thousand dollars!* Accompanying it were a few words from MARK:—"It was her *last request*; accept it, KITTY, in memory of the dead!" She was for a moment stunned, bewildered, then overcome with emotion, as the tide of feeling swept, like an avalanche, through her soul. Her first thoughts were of her father. *Now* he should no longer struggle on upon the little farm where he had toiled ever since she could remember, but he should rest from his labors, and his future years be as peaceful and happy as her great love could make them. Then her thoughts reverted to her dear friend who had been so mindful of her comfort even in her dying moments, and tears of gratitude were intermingled with those of joy.

By and by GUY MARTIN came in, and when KITTY, between her sobs and kisses, had told him all, the big sobs rose up and choked *him*, too; but he swallowed them back and only said, "Just like their father—those two! Just like their father!"

Now KITTY MARTIN did not keep "open house" that New Year's day—yet she seemed *fated*, nevertheless, for by and by another mysterious looking envelope made its way into her hands, and inside it read—"May I come to you, darling? Do not speak it if I may *not* come—only, if I may, send by the bearer of this the little bunch of pearls for my answer."

Ah, KITTY! the shadows which have been so long in dispersing are *all* gone now. In your soul is a great light, like a halo of glory, and on your lips are muttered thanksgivings!

ARTHUR SOMERS *did* come, and when the buds were just bursting into beauty, and the earth putting on her green mantle again, there was a very quiet wedding at the old farm-house, when KITTY became Mrs. KATE SOMERS and GUY MARTIN declared that he "*ought* to have seen it all along!"

KITTY wore the little pearl bracelet which had a history in so many hearts, and a bright drop trembled down upon the diamonds which sparkled upon her finger. "We have *her blessing*, ARTHUR," she whispered.

"Yes, darling,—an *angel's* blessing!" he added, reverently.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HESTER OTIS' LESSON.

BY HOWE BENNING.

I RECEIVED a letter one day closing with the very characteristic passage, "I intend to be married on October sixth, and of course shall need your kind attentions, ANNA, dear. Don't fail to come. The gentleman is RALPH OTIS, a banker of S——."

I folded the sheet and wondered if, had "somebody" and I named a day only six weeks distant, I should have buried his name under four pages of "Ecce Homo" and ecstacy over the new "German author." But that was just HESTER VICTOR, and no more was to be said. Of course I went, and found every one busy and eager, except the bride expectant,—she was cool and calm as a dewy rose-bud.

"And now, HESTER," I said the first moment I could get her alone, "who is this Mr. RALPH OTIS, and where did you meet him, and all about it?"

"Put in your usual lucid manner, Pet," was the reply. "He is the son of a friend of papa's, who is very much pleased with the match."

"Wonder whose brains do the wandering now," said I." "Is it papa or Mr. RALPH that is so pleased?"

"Oh, both, of course; and indeed, RALPH is a fine fellow, thinks a great deal of his business, and I have no doubt will give me a very pleasant home."

I looked at her with the old thought—just like HESTER, and, do you know, there are some to whom no other words can so fitly apply as these; persons whose individuality pricks out, as it were, and makes itself felt on every one around. And no one could be more quickly conscious of this than a company of school girls, among whom HESTER and I had been numbered.

So having no more to say I waited to see, and when Mr. OTIS came I liked him exceedingly. He was a pleasant, sensible gentleman, well informed but with no affectation, and evidently very much in love with his brilliant affianced; and I, whose school girl admiration of her was revived in all its first intensity, could not wonder, only kept saying in my heart "who can be worthy?"

And so the days went by, and one October morn the footsteps of a bride passed out among the rustling leaves, and the new life which we pray may garner no withered hopes opened for her.

Two years went by and again I opened a letter in the familiar but not frequent hand. The words were few, but most pressing in their invitation for an immediate visit. "BARKIS was willin'," and I went; and in HESTER'S sunny morning room with our work in hand heard the story as I give it you.

"You know, ANNA, that I was not a demonstrative bride. I was proud of myself, of the intellect that I had unconsciously made my god. RALPH OTIS occupied a position in society that I desired, but beyond that I think I looked down upon him. Not that I then expressed it thus; but that most subtle of all worship, my own mind, was mine. For a little while I consented to enter society and to make home pleasant, but gradually I withdrew more and more, and in the solitude of my own room with my beloved pen made my life, until upon our marriage anniversary my husband had learned too well that the door once closed upon me, he was shut out not only from my presence but my thoughts.

"But did he never remonstrate?" I interrupted.

"At first rarely, but my imperious answers soon silenced him. Of the next year, ANNA, I can scarcely bear to speak. I went to my meals or not as the mood took me. I neglected all household care to my servants and grew so utterly careless in my own appearance, that after one trial of bringing home, unannounced, a friend to dinner, RALPH never repeated the experiment. I do not think he was proud of my ink stains and ruffled hair.

Once in a while I condescended to make of myself society, and in the bright light of RALPH'S eyes I read there that my power over him was not lost. I imagined that it was only my love of power that was gratified. I know now it was the throbbing of a buried, not dead love, in my own heart. To some, ANNA, come resurrections in this life. My awakening was on the second anniversary of our marriage. I did remember the day, but had not the grace to speak of it, though RALPH was looking tired and disheartened, and my true wifely duty should have prompted me to lighten the cloud.

In my own room I set myself to my pen-labor, but not with my usual vigor. The day was dull and lowering and the clouds shadowed my own spirit heavily and thick. RALPH came in to dinner, and again to tea, but I took mine alone in my own room.

The early twilight found me still there with the unrecognized crying of my own heart, but I said only, 'It is the unsatisfied mind that meets here no answer.' It was not often that visitors interrupted us, and I plainly heard the footsteps and the ring that announced one, and then the voice of a man I had never liked, whose face was one to which a child would never trust. He was shown into the adjoining parlor, and I could not help but hear—ANNA, I thank GOD every day that I did hear:—

'Ah! Mr. OTIS, moping in the dark; where is that wife the poets sing sits by the hearth? Pretty metaphor, isn't it? 'Tis a metaphor in my case, you know,—suppose some one is waiting for me somewhere. But I just called in to invite you over to CASSOCK'S with me; nice, bright rooms; plenty of good company; cheer up a man.'

I waited the answer with that heart that I had thought in such good subjection entirely out of place; for CASSOCK'S was a noted drinking and gambling house, whose threshold my husband had never crossed.

'I will go,' RALPH spake, with a tone in his voice that was the birth of the silent, gloomy hour. 'Wait until I write a business letter to drop in the post. There is the evening paper; excuse me meantime.'

'Certainly sir; wait any time for you.'

Of course he would, the wretch. I waited until I heard RALPH enter his chamber and then silently sped to mine. It was not the work of many minutes to array myself in my most becoming dress, and just as RALPH was turning for his overcoat I entered the parlor with the light of excitement, perhaps my heart lit it, ANNA, in my eye.

'What, going out, RALPH; I fear you forget it is the anniversary of our wedding, and your place is home.'

I bowed the tempter out in my best style, and went back to the fire-side and to RALPH, and the strange throbbings of my heart were stilled.

That night I came back to my true woman life, and since RALPH has told me that he had grown desperate enough to care for nothing. I have determined that the only skeleton in our house so far as my love could prevent, or my hands stay, should be a memory, a skeleton now clothed and in its right mind."

HESTER'S voice ceased, and as I looked upon her face in the flickering sunlight and shadows of the leaves, it had never looked so beautiful, for it spake of a mind and heart alike at rest.

ACKNOWLEDGING we have been in the wrong is only showing that we are wiser to-day than yesterday.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Cerro Gordo, Ill. T. F.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 48 letters.
My 5. 32, 11, 42 is a biped.
My 4. 17, 20. 39. 47. 24 we prefer to be greeted with.
My 15. 7. 38, 6, 1 are inexpressibly detestable.
My 10. 25, 40. 23. 30, 19 all should respect.
My 41, 13, 22 was seen in the Garden of Eden.
My 45. 16. 29 makes many a heart sad.
My 18. 3, 44, 26 is like ebony.
My 8, 33. 28, 14, 35. 9 is not after.
My 43, 31, 2, 12 is a possessive pronoun.
My 46. 20, 23, 47 boys are fond of.
My 37. 36, 21, 40, 21. 48 is part of a sled.
My 27, 38, 46 is a kind of tree.
My whole is timely advice for all lovers of good reading.

Wirt, N. Y. ADA JONES.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ni het prings a irtgbher miscorn meocs pnon het brinos trebas;
Ni eth grinps hte townan gwiplan ketas feihlms netharo steer;
Ni het snrpgi a vilerlie rsii hngcase no hte brinuedh evdo.
Ni teh rngisp a guyon an'sm canfy glihty nutrs ot hotgnsht fo vole.

Nashua, N. H. JULIA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 936.

Answer to Anagram:

What are another's faults to me?
I have not a vulture's bill
To peck at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know
I have follies of my own,
And on my heart the care be low,
And let my friends alone.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

THE "Poor in Spirit"—Bankrupt Publicans.

AN appropriate book for hotels—a come-'an-tarry.

A WORK of art—A widow trying to get a husband.

JUDY knows a man so hard up that he sleeps on tick.

ANOTHER successful breeder of short "horns"—Whisky tax.

WHY is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

THE end of Seward's real estate purchases—A drop of the crater.

A FORT that is too much stormed now-a-days—the piano-forte.

How do you define "black as your hat?" Darkness that may be felt.

WHY are young ladies given to blushing? Because it's a becoming red.

WHY is a fifty-pounder like a rain-shedder? Because it is a number-L-er.

WHY does a donkey like thistles better than corn? Because he is an ass.

PETROLEUM shares are defined by Pope as "parts of one stupendous hole."

A YOUNG woman's connundrum—Who is our favorite Roman hero? Marius.

WHAT style of architecture are the street cars built in? The two-door, of course.

WHY is a field of grass like a person older than yourself? Because it is past-ur-age.

WHY are dogs valuable to tanners? Because of the quality of bark they yield.

WHY is a monarch who can't talk, like his dominions? Because he is a king dumb.

WHY wasn't Eve tried for eating the apple? Because there was no court of appell-ate jurisdiction.

ON a child being told that he must be broken of a bad habit, he replied, "Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

WHAT is the difference between a hen and an idle musician? One lays at pleasure, the other plays at leisure.

A GENTLEMAN, in boasting of his wife's many excellencies, says she is beauti-ful, duti-ful, arm-ful, youth-ful.

IT is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the pan of a musket—assists her to go off.

"MA, if you will give me an apple I will be good." "No, my child, you must not be good for pay—you ought to be good for nothing."

EPITAPH ON A DOG.

Paws! stranger, paws! Here lies poor Jack,
His case was truly hard;
A dog that over four feet stood,
Lies buried in a yard!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST-CIRCULATING

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, Proprietor,

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Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST

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NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

PRICE REDUCED.

From every quarter, friends write us that systematic, determined efforts are making, and with considerable success, to push into circulation journals which sympathized with the Rebellion during its progress, and are now moved and inspired by its fundamental principle that Liberty is rightfully the birthright, not of *all* men, but of *White* men, that Blacks have no rights which Whites are bound to respect. A desperate effort is preparing to give ascendancy to this Reactionary principle in our Government through the triumph of its champions in the choice of our next President and Congress.

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Nevertheless, in deference to the representations of our friends, and in view of the momentous issues of our Presidential struggle now opening, we have resolved to offer THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for 1868 to clubs of fifty or more for *One Dollar per annum:* That is to say: for fifty dollars we will send *to one address* fifty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for one year, and any larger number at the same rate.

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'PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

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, All Business Letters, articles for publication, etc., should be addressed to Rochester, until otherwise announced.

☞ FOR TERMS and other particulars see 6th and 8th pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

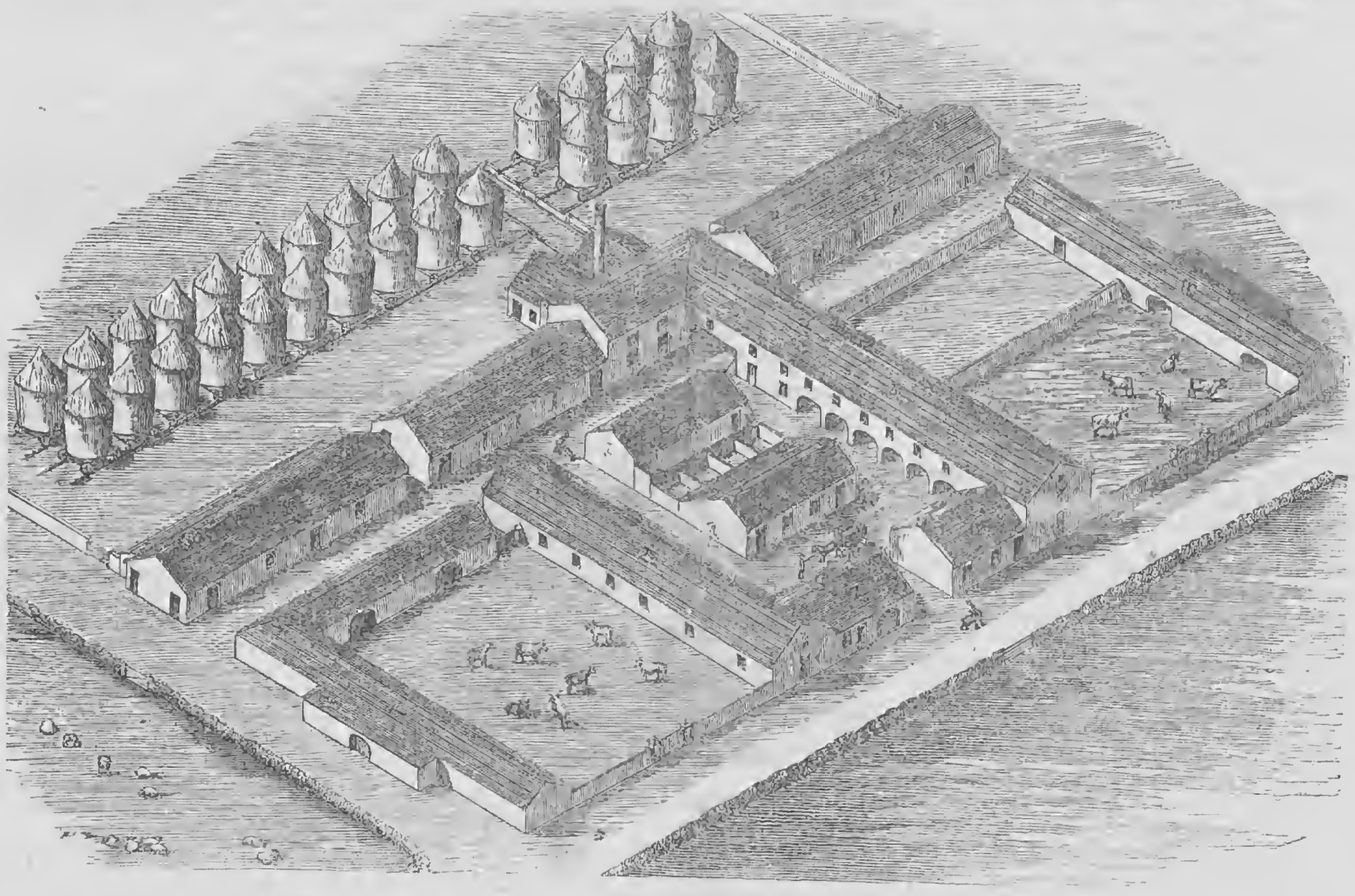
DEPRECIATION OF WHEAT LANDS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing us from Salem, Ohio, says:—"The question of the renovation of our worn out wheat lands is claiming the earnest attention of many of the leading farmers. Our lands, which formerly produced a large surplus of this important staple, now scarcely renumerate the husbandman for his anxious toil, and a large deficiency has to be supplied from the far West. In many cases a large growth of straw is obtained, but the yield of grain is light, and the quality indifferent. For other crops our lands are not depreciating. Will the experience of the Wheat Kings of New York State afford us any light on this subject?"

The causes leading to the depreciation of the soil for growing wheat in Western New York, and other localities, are not well understood, but are matters of dispute among our most thoughtful practical farmers. A great many pet theories are advanced and stoutly maintained by argument and apparent illustration. In surveying the ground we must not overlook the facts that wheat has been the staple crop with our early settlers; that it is the first grown when the forest is removed, and that its culture is continued without cessation even long after the soil refuses to yield renumeratively. By clearing away the forests and long tilling the soil, the latter loses a large proportion of its humus; it becomes heavier and wetter; the season for working it in the spring grows later; plants do not get that vigorous start and strong growth before the heats of summer come on, and the summer itself is more apt to be hot and dry. All this is against the wheat crop; it suffers in the spring more than formerly, owing to the change in the soil caused by long working, and the action of winds induced by removal of forests. The sudden heat and drouth of summer, following the delaying, uncertain spring, are unfavorable to the development of the berry, however large the straw may have grown.

But we hold that the chief reason for the partial failure of the wheat crop, is the removal of the natural fertility, and the abstraction from the soil, by long and continued cropping of certain chemical elements entirely necessary to its well doing. We rob the soil year by year until it refuses its accustomed generous yield. Our manures contain, and therefore replenish, the elements needed by the straw rather than the grain. Hence the straw grows, but the fruit fails. We know that many objections may be urged against this theory, and numerous illustrations cited to support them; but the fact that *properly manured and underdrained land*, in natural wheat regions, will produce crops averaging with those of early years, points out the way whereby we can again reap full harvests of wheat.

Our correspondent observes that the soil is not depreciating for other crops than wheat. They have not been grown to the extent of exhausting this necessary food, as in the case of wheat. But when we grow barley, corn, oats or potatoes to the extent that wheat has been cultivated, like results will ensue with those crops. It does not necessarily follow because the soil is exhausted for wheat, or any one product, that it is impoverished for others. Chemical science and practical experience demonstrate that one product cannot withdraw from the soil the elements upon which the growth of other varieties depends. Hence the wheat may fail, yet potatoes and grass flourish. The natural fertility of the soil is the pioneer's capital, which enables him to subdue the wilderness, and plant in its stead farms and orchards. In this country wheat has been the agent that changed this accumulated fertility into farm improvements. The land is subdued and tilled, its surplus capital is exhausted, and the farmer must restore to the soil its original elements if he would again reap abundant harvests.



ISOMETRICAL VIEW OF AN ENGLISH FARM-YARD AND BUILDINGS.

OUR illustration is an isometrical view of an English farm-yard and buildings, designed for a farm of about five hundred acres, partly in tillage and partly in grazing. The characteristics of English farming are apparent in the arrangement and style of the buildings, and although we do not place them before our readers as a model of what is suited to our farming and climate, yet there are many good points which it will be well to consider. The buildings, it will be seen, are of brick or stone, roofed with slate or tile, and are so solidly constructed that repairs, even, will seldom if ever be needed. They are grouped by a harmonious plan, so that all the winter operations of the farm center in one place; ample yards are surrounded and sheltered, and all the stock and products of the farm are together; yet each class has its share of room separate. The buildings are low when judged by American ideas of such structures, but they are not designed for storing the straw crops of the farm. The grain is all stacked, and it will be noticed that the stacks are carefully thatched and placed on foundations supported by wheels on a railway. They can be moved with little labor to the thrashing machine, which, with various machinery, is driven by a powerful stationary (5) engine. The straw is placed in the sheds. Connected with feeding houses (8) (9) are turnip bays, and roots are also stored in the shelter sheds (1 and 10.) The stable for working horses (2) is contiguous to the carriage-house, (7,) and the carpenter's shop (6) is near the cart and tool shed (4.) The pig pens (3) with storage for roots, and a cooking apartment, occupy the center of the establishment. All the roomy yards are surrounded and amply protected by shelter sheds and other structures, and afford ample room for stock to exercise, and for piling manure. The entire establishment will measure about three hundred feet in one direction and one hundred and fifty in the other.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE POTATO.

MR. GEORGE MAY of Benthall, England, has made careful experiments with potatoes on one hundred and twenty-nine trial plots. The results are given in an essay, and may be summed up as follows:

Every increase in the size of the set, from one ounce to eight ounces in weight, produces an increase in the crop much greater than the additional weight of the set planted. The net profit, over and above the extra weight of sets, in planting four ounce sets in lieu of one ounce sets, amounted, on the whole series of experiments, to between three and four tons per acre; and the further profit, on the increase of the size of the set from four ounces to eight ounces, averaged about five tons per acre, all the intermediate steps partaking proportionately of the increase. The advantage of large sets is more marked in the late than in the early varieties. In the use of small sets, of from one to three ounces in weight, a large balance over and above the weight of the sets was obtained by planting from six to nine inches apart in the rows than at wider intervals. Increasing the intervals at which the sets are planted, even of the largest size, in the rows, to more than twelve inches, diminishes the crop, and the wider intervals induce no increase in weight of the produce of the individual sets. It may be broadly stated that the weight of the crop is proportionate to the weight per acre of the sets, and that small sets will produce the same crop as an equal weight per acre of large sets. The fact is, however, of limited application, as a weight of very small sets, equal to a weight of full-sized potatoes, could not be got into the ground, except by planting them so close as to be prejudicial to the crop. The advantage, therefore, of large sets remains practically unimpaired. Weight for weight, cut sets produce as nearly as possible the same weight per acre as whole potatoes, but for the reasons given above, the weight of the sets should not be reduced by subdivision. Smaller sets give a larger produce in proportion to their weight than the larger sets. When the intervals between the sets in rows are diminished to less than a foot, the produce of each individual set is proportionately diminished. Though this is not necessarily accompanied by a diminution of the weight of the crop, no increase in the produce of each individual set is caused by placing the sets at intervals wider than a foot.

As to the manure best adapted to the potato, it was found by Dr. LANE that all nitrogenous dressings tried in Devonshire were rather prejudicial than otherwise, as regards the potato disease, but that wood ashes (which abound in potash) and lime and salt were beneficial. Experiments with regard to manures were carried on under the direction of Prof. VOELCKER, and on examining them the following deductions have been made:—The best crop was obtained by the use of rotten barn-yard manure. Superphosphate and crude potash-salts—a purely mineral manuring—gave a nearly equal increase. The mixture of superphosphate and crude potash-salts appear to be specially useful for root-crops on light land. Common salt enhances the efficiency of the superphosphate and potash-salt, but when used alone it slightly diminishes the crop. Potash-salts applied alone, though by no means the most desirable manure for potatoes, nevertheless had a better effect than common salt; for while the crude potash-salts gave an increase of nearly 8 cwt. per acre, common salt produced 7 cwt. and 44 lbs. less than the unmanured plots on the average.

RENOVATING WORN SOILS.

S. S. C., Madison Co., N. Y., wants to know the best way to recuperate worn out soil. An account of what has been done I consider the best guide as to what should be done. The lot of which I write is in Niagara Co., N. Y., and composed of what is called ridge-land—that is, dark gravel and sand with a little yellow sand. It had been pretty well summer-fallowed when I bought, and there was nothing better to do than to sow it to wheat; no manure on hand to top-dress it with. I sowed it to wheat, and the next spring seeded with clover. Harvested eleven bushels of beautiful wheat to the acre. Some time previous to cutting the wheat, it had been very dry, and the clover was so much dried up that it seemed as if it would die. Immediately after cutting off the wheat I sowed plaster, at the rate of one hundred pounds to the acre, hoping that this, with the dews, might save the clover. The clover lived and grew finely. The next season mowed the clover once and pastured moderately. Mowed again the next season, with light pasturing until August, when I plowed eight inches, turning under but little beside the roots, and after cultivating the surface with drag and cultivator, sowed to wheat again. From this harvested seventeen bushels to the acre. Went through the same process again for the next two seasons, and harvested twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre. Thus doubling the yield of wheat by the plaster and the clover roots; for there was very little else of the clover to turn under. Should no doubt have done better by turning under the whole of the second crop of clover, but was rather short of pasture, and this was a fine place for calves and a little favorite stock.

If your correspondent's land has heart enough to bring clover, it can be enriched with very little expense. I would suggest to him, further, to purchase in the spring a thousand winter apple trees—nine hundred and ninety-nine Baldwins, and then go back and get the other one a Baldwin—and set them twenty-one feet apart. Put three or four forks full of manure around each tree—not directly against the tree—every spring, and hoe or spade a circle of six feet around each tree every fall. By the time he has taken off his two or three crops of wheat, his trees will be so large that he should cultivate the ground, for the benefit of the trees, in hoed crops; manuring as his facilities will permit, and occasionally sowing clover, but very rarely grain. Trim the trees moderately every spring, allowing the limbs to come down as much as they will. When your team cannot get under them, keep away from them. I have given you the conclusions that I come to from my experience in farming. They may not be strictly orthodox, but the method is better than many practice. I should have added that when the trees get to be fifteen or twenty years old, cut out every other one. E. G. P.

SPAYING COWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of the 21st of December, 1867, I see an inquiry by W. H. MACOMBER, Potsdam, N. Y., on the subject of spaying cows. I have been in the habit of having cows and heifers spayed for fattening for several years. I had a cow spayed which was giving milk; the operation was performed in the fall, and she had given milk all summer, having had a calf early in the spring. After she was spayed we milked her for fifteen or sixteen months, then turned her dry on account of kicking habits. The winter after the operation she was stabled and well fed, and gave a good supply of milk, and during the next summer she came up to a full flow of milk and continued to give a full mess of milk until I commenced to dry her up. I am satisfied from my experience with this animal that if a cow is spayed when in full milk, and well cared for thereafter, she will give milk for years. If I kept cows for milk only, I should give it a further trial, but as I keep cows to raise calves rather than for milk it is not to my interest to do so. The operation is not at all dangerous, as we have been in the habit of having more or less operated on almost every year for several years, and have never lost but one.

Keithsburg, Ill., 1868. WM. P. STRONG.

PREPARE YOUR ACCOUNT BOOKS.

EDS. RURAL:—As the old year has closed it will be good policy to have our farm books balanced and looking neat, so that our particular friends who visit us will pass many comments on our skill and punctuality when they are looking them over. But of course this advice will not apply to those negligent farmers who have not kept any account of their doings, but to those prudent ones who have a correct record of every transaction made during the year. Perhaps a few general hints will not come amiss to some who are not acquainted with the art of book-keeping, and I will give a few this week. The first rule in book-keeping is: Dr., the things in hand and persons owing you, and Cr., stock (or person doing business); and rule second is, Dr., stocks (or person doing business) for all your obligations, and Cr., each person or thing for amount of such obligations. Rule third and last is: Dr., the thing received or the receiver, and Cr., what is parted with or what produced it. By strictly adhering to these rules you can take inventory of all your live stock, real estate, cash, tools, &c. C. W. A.

AMERICAN DAIRYMENS' ASSOCIATION.

[This spicy and concise report of the opening proceedings of the American Dairymens' Association, in annual meeting or convention assembled, will be followed by a synopsis of the remaining doings on the occasion. "INCOG," we may here state, is a gentleman well posted in regard to the Rural Affairs of the whole country, as will be manifested in future contributions to our pages from his able and versatile pen;]

UTICA, Jan. 8, 1868.

FRIEND MOORE:—The annual meeting of the American Dairymens' Association opens—now that it is open, for its eyes opened slowly this morning—as lively as skippers in cheese. I can see that the dairy interest grows apace in the hearts and the purses of the people. They have assembled here this morning full three to five hundred strong—these quiet, mild-flavored (!) faces, which look so docile and absorbing. They take in everything which relates to cheese as cheese takes salt, or whey butter. It is good to look upon these men *and* women, (as the Southerners emphasize words,) for the women are here too, regardless of the fact that New York has not made them voters yet!

President WILLIAMS called the Association to order at a quarter to 12 o'clock, and proceeded to deliver the annual address, I suppose. Concisely given, it embraced these points:

Point 1. This Association was organized four years ago, and has benefited the dairy interests of the country.

2. It has not yet accomplished all its mission.

3. American cheese has not yet reached its maximum in quality.

4. The interests of dairymen are endangered by the combinations of commercial men to control the sale of the product, and force the price up or down as suits their purposes or interests—hence there should be counter effort on the part of American dairymen to retain this power over the market, by controlling the supply in their own hands.

5. The Committee appointed by the Association to gather statistics and facts from and for the benefit of its members, with a view to furnishing of information that should give an intelligent idea of the relation of supply and demand, has failed in its effort for want of coöperation on the part of the members. Facts that might have been obtained by a little effort and self-denial, on the part of one or two men in each dairy district, were not obtained; and so the Association has been deprived of all statistical information that could be relied upon as a guide in the disposal of its staple product.

6. An industrial interest, involving a capital and product of $600,000,000, ought to be able to organize so as to furnish its members information, and protect itself from the combinations of other related interests.

7. Up to the first of November, 1867, about 300,000 more boxes of cheese had been exported from this country than the year previous; and there are from 300,000 to 400,000 boxes in store in New York on producers' account.

8. The English have learned of Americans, and are now putting their cheese on the market green, instead of waiting three or four years until it is robbed of its good qualities. This is affecting the market for the American product there, and may result in compelling our manufacturers to hold their cheese for fall and winter consumption; and this will be likely to force many American producers out of the cheese manufacture into other husbandries. If it should prove a permanent policy on the part of English makers, it will seriously affect the market value of our products.

9. Attention is attracted to the fact that the cheese product of the country is exceeding the demand of our markets. The West and South are making cheese for their own supply, and some for export. The facts indicate that a more mixed husbandry, or butter manufacture, must be substituted for cheese production, especially in the Eastern dairy districts. And the intimation was strongly given that the wisest will make the substitution first.

10. Want of quality in the cheese made the past year has been a grievous complaint. The fact that this complaint has not been confined to locality, nor to dairymen of inferior skill, leads to the belief that it is due to some atmospheric condition, or to the character of the food as affected unfavorably by the season. But the real cause has not been discovered.

11. The President then paid proper tribute to the memory of Col. SETH MILLER of Lewis Co., N. Y., a prominent member of the Association and successful dairyman.

At the close of the President's address the following Committees were appointed:

On Order of Business.—Messrs. Chadwick of Ontario Co.; Burnham of Chautauqua Co.; Williams of Kentucky; Walker of Oswego Co.; Leech of Chenango Co.

On Nominations.—Messrs. Rives of Herkimer Co.; Wright of Oneida Co.; Slaughter of Orange Co.; Woodworth of Wyoming Co.; Boyce of Massachusetts.

On Finance.—Messrs. Ingraham of Jefferson Co.; Smith of Montgomery Co.; Bardwell of Vermont.

On Membership.—Messrs. Bonfoy of Herkimer Co.; Alvord of Onondaga Co.; Lewis of Oneida Co.

Just prior to a motion to adjourn, calls were made for Lieut.-Gov. ALVORD, who was present. That gentleman said he had come hither to participate in the discussions and deliberations of the Convention. He thought the importance of coöperation and combination had been proved, not only with reference to political success, but also in matters of business. Men had no right to tie up talents in napkins, nor to hide lights under bushels. The people must be educated up in their specific indus-

tries to the highest point—not simply for the purpose of making money, but that in the matter of food we may have the purest and best, and that which will produce the highest and best physical and mental organisms—not only make muscle, but the most receptive and active brains to crown our bodies.

You will say, with me, that this last was a good point made. There were English cries of "Hear, hear!" And evidently the toes of the Americans tingled with the truth, as it got possession of them, for the toes were demonstrative.

And so we adjourned and went to dinner!

INCOG.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

EXCESSIVE GROWTH OF WOOL.

A FRIEND writes us:—"I think I heard you express the opinion, at our annual meeting, that there might be such a thing as an excessive growth of wool on a sheep. I had not time then to ask your reasons; allow me to do so now."

We have not space to attempt a physiological treatise to establish this fact—if it is a fact. The most unscientific know that food supplies the raw materials for all the parts and products of the animal system—for the bones, muscles, blood, skin, hair, wool, fat, milk in the female, &c., and hence that each of those parts and products requires its due proportion of the alimentary substance received into the stomach. It is evident also that some of the animal products demand or prefer particular portions or constituents of this alimentary substance, or, in other words, that these constituents enter more readily into the secretions which form those products. Consequently ever since agriculture has been an art, the farmer has found, by actual experiment, that certain kinds of food will specially promote one kind of secretion, and other kinds other secretions. Before the commencement of the Christian era, VIRGIL, in his GEORGICS, specifies the food best adapted to the production of milk—and, by the by, it is worth mention that he includes *salt* among its proper ingredients, as giving a "zest" to the milk (GEORGIC III, line 323.) In modern times the careful experiments of REAUMUR and others have shown with a considerable degree of certainty in what proportion the nutritive parts of various vegetable products enter into the composition of the different animal products. Thus REAUMUR, feeding Saxon sheep in Silesia, found that 1,000 lbs. of peas gave of increased live weight 134 lbs., produced of wool 14 lbs. 11 oz., of tallow 41 lbs. 6 oz.; that the same weight of oats gave of increased live weight 146 lbs., produced of wool 9 lbs. 12 oz., of tallow 40 lbs. 8 oz., and so on. It appears then that while peas, pound for pound, produce less increase in general weight than oats, and but little more tallow, they produce a far greater percentage of wool. Recorded experiments showing the different and special effects of many other kinds of feed on sheep will be found in Chapter XX of the Practical Shepherd. Every decently observing farmer knows facts of the same kind. For example, he knows that Indian corn will produce more fat, more tallow, in his sheep, cattle and hogs than oats. He knows some feeds will produce more milk than others, &c., &c.

It is equally evident that excessive secretions of one kind are made more or less at the expense of other secretions. The physiological explanation would seem to be, that the stomach will receive and digest but a certain amount of food. If an undue proportion of the nutritive parts of this food enters into the composition of one animal product, the other animal products do not receive their full share. Thus a cow fed "slops" freely will secrete an unusual quantity of milk, and but a very small amount of flesh and tallow. No human ingenuity ever devised a feed, which, in the case of deep milking cows generally, would at the same time produce the maximum increase of both milk and flesh.

Excessive secretions in some particular direction are frequently natural. These may be rendered hereditary by breeding. Certain cows, in farmers' phrase, "run" to milk, others to flesh. By steadily interbreeding cows and their descendants of either of these sorts, with bulls chosen from the same or a like stock, the characteristic will become established in the family after a few generations.

For certain purposes, and to a certain extent, this promotion of particular secretions is improvement. The leading object is now fully attained. But the very important question arises whether this departure from the natural standard—this concentration of the secretions in special channels—this development of certain physical parts or products at the expense of other parts or products—may not be carried so far as to disturb or destroy the healthy equilibrium of the constitution?

May we not trace that tendency to abortion so destructively prevalent on our dairy farms to such causes? It is clearly evident that the unnatural "forcing" system in another direction, practiced in England—breeding and feeding stock with exclusive reference to the earliest and greatest production of flesh (muscle and fat)—has rendered prevalent a whole host of inflammatory diseases which are scarcely known in countries where that forcing system has not been introduced. And every practical stock breeder knows that steady pampering from the period of birth impairs the constitution—renders the animal less capable of withstanding accidental exposures or hardships of any kind—and causes it to fall a readier prey to the most ordinary maladies.

Wool is as much a product of the aliment received into the stomach as either milk or flesh. We see no good reason why it may not, in like manner, be made to appropriate an undue proportion of that aliment at the expense of the other animal products—or why the injurious results should not be equal. The tendency to produce wool can be as readily increased by breeding, to say nothing of keeping, as in the other cases. It certainly has been the whole aim of many of our American sheep breeders, especially our Merino breeders, to increase this tendency. On the assumption that, for wool growing purposes, those sheep are most profitable which yield the greatest proportion of wool to carcass, extremists have made carcass and constitution very secondary objects.

It is undeniable that the sheep which have produced the most remarkable proportion of wool to carcass, have been undersized animals for their variety. This has been true generally, if not uniformly, of those Merinos which have won our scouring prizes, awarded for the greatest amount of wool to live weight. It is true that the undersized animal has what may be termed a mechanical advantage, in such a test, from the fact that a smaller spherical body has more *surface* in proportion to weight than a larger one. But this is not sufficient to account for the difference. We believe these small sheep have had the most wool on the same extent of surface. We believe it because we have, on the most careful inspection, satisfied ourselves of that fact in what we take to be analogous cases in our own flock.

Accustomed always, in breeding to make *constitution* the very first object, we have never knowingly sacrificed it to obtain an excessive development in any special point. We have sought all the wool we could obtain, but within these conditions only. Yet all know that animals however carefully bred towards any general standard will occasionally develop some particular point or quality at the expense of others. Nearly every year we have found in our lamb drop two or three which obviously had considerably more wool than the others—some of them, what seemed a most unnatural amount of wool. But they never grew and throve with the rest. When weaned, they required more care—and no care or feed would bring them up to full size, or make them as fat, robust and active as the rest of the flock. They were obviously defective in constitution. They were "over-bred" in a particular direction. We were never guilty of breeding from a ram of this description. We have many years since ceased to keep such a ewe longer after weaning than it took to give her away. We regard them as worthless for breeding.

Now is this excessive wool production caused by excessive secretions in that direction, at the expense of the other secretions which should give health and vigor to general system—or can the concurrence of the described conditions be more satisfactorily explained in some other way?

EFFECT OF CLIMATE AND PASTURE ON WOOL.

STOCK PLACE, near Nashville, Tenn., Dec., '67.

MESSRS. SAM. LAWRENCE & SONS:—Your note has just been received. Permit me to say that I am better and more fully informed upon the important subject of wool growing than I was 31 years ago. I think I have investigated the influence of climate and pasture upon wool as carefully as any man living. I have such a document as I think likely no other man whatever has in his possession. I have labeled and filed away nearly all of my stock bucks' samples for upwards of fifty years, and likewise have samples from all the noted flocks in America, and many from best flocks of Europe. I, therefore, can sit in my own house and compare with all the world. Why should I not be well posted upon the influence of climate upon wool? Allow me to say that the finest wool I have ever seen was grown in Mississippi, upon my flock when there, although I have used every possible means to improve my sheep for about 52 years. I have Silesian sheep, and have had bucks from many noted flocks from many parts of the world. I am able to declare that I give a decided preference to a warm climate, where the fleece is all the time kept soft, and where sheep can procure, all the year round, green, succulent food to produce the most soft, fine, and perfect staple of wool, but perhaps not quite as heavy fleeces.

Now that (*King*) Cotton is whipped in America, I think it extremely important that the wool growing pursuit should be greatly extended, in the Southern States, particularly,—for the warm climates can drive all high latitudes out of the business by producing the article, of *better quality*, and for a little over half the expense. You capitalists of the North should start the business extensively upon the large cotton plantations in the South. It requires less labor, *to the profit*, than any other agricultural pursuit.

I am entirely worn out, and have given up all my stock and lands to the management of my sons. I left Mississippi in 1856. I am at all times gratified to give my experience upon wool growing to all who may ask it. I ought to have left in print my extensive experience in this great matter of wool growing,—for I find by reading all the works, both American and European, that the authors have not studied this subject as long and fully as I have done. For instance, they all state that the fly that is raised in the cavities over the eye of the sheep lays eggs upon the nose of the sheep, when in reality it drops live worms, which immediately run up the nose of the sheep. Many other similar errors prove to me that they have failed to study this subject as I have done.

Respectfully, your friend, MARK R. COCKRILL.

P. S.—You may hand this over to the Editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, if he wishes to put it in his paper. M. R. C.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

PATENT RIGHT FOR CURING HOOF-ROT.—"B. S.," Burton, Geauga Co., Ohio, writes that a person in his region is practicing a mode of curing hoof-rot by an operation which is claimed to be patented. It consists, if we properly understand the description, in cutting round the "issue" (bilex canal) on top of the foot, and drawing out the sac or interior lining of the orifice by a pair of pincers, which said operator "claims will forever protect the sheep from taking the disease again." The "second part" of the patented remedy "is a compound for healing the wound" and healing the disease. Our correspondent asks our opinion in regard to all of this. Our opinion is that it is an unmitigated humbug—without, so far as the mangling and tearing out the lining of the bilex canal is concerned, even the merit of novelty. The same useless and senseless barbarity was practiced thirty years ago to cure hoof-rot, as it was three hundred and fifty years ago to exterminate an imaginary worm which was supposed to create the opening into the foot by gnawing into it! (See Sir Anthony Fitzherbarde's Boke of Husbandry, written in 1523.) The bilex canal is not the original seat of hoof-rot; has no explainable agency in causing it; and is often wholly unaffected by it. It is, however, sometimes subject to a disease of its own, accompanied with inflammation, swelling and suppuration. The external application applied by the Ohio man *may* cure hoof-rot, as twenty *unpatented* ones will do; and the wounded parts may get well under the same treatment. That is all there is of it. The extirpation of the bilex canal has no more to do with the extirpation of that disease than would any other cruel and unnecessary laceration of the foot.

WOOL TWINE.—Messrs. TELLKAMPF & KITCHING, New York city, forward us a letter from Messrs. SPRAGUE, COLBURN & Co., complaining of the *soft* twine used in doing up a portion of 100,000 lbs. fleece wool sold to them by the former, and enclosing specimens of the twine. The objection taken to it is that "it rubs off and gets mixed with the wool, making it very difficult to dye.' We and other agricultural editors have repeatedly adverted to this fact, yet many farmers, from utter carelessness, or because it is difficult to get other twine, continue to use an article which injures the price of their wool more than they gain in weight by the twine. Let it be understood that twine of any other material than wool, which will, in drawing it round the fleece or in subsequent handling, mix any of its particles with the wool, is highly objectionable, for the reason above stated. The twine should be smooth, hard, and contain nothing which can become detached. We are well aware that it is not always practicable to obtain that of a proper quality in country stores. Where this is the case, it should be sent for in advance, to places where it can be procured. When we are calling so loudly on manufacturers to do justice to us, let us set the example by doing justice to them. There is an evident effort being made by the latter to buy more discriminatingly—to pay better for good condition. Let us encourage that effort.

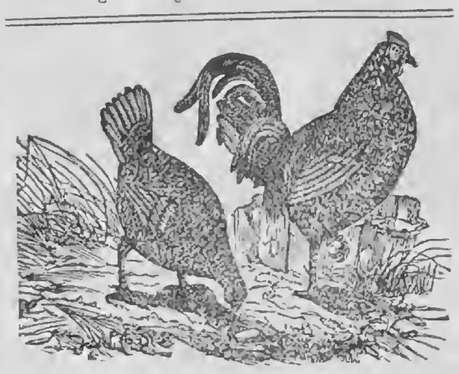
WINTER MANAGEMENT OF BREEDING EWES.—"A Subscriber," whose residence is not given, states that he has "learned at a great loss" that "ewes that are kept for breeding purposes should not be confined to a yard in winter," but that they should have the run of one or two fields, say an old pasture and the meadow which is to be broken up in spring. He thinks "an occasional nip of grass roots good for them," and that if this diminishes their consumption of fodder, they will eat enough of it to keep them in fair condition. He has learnt by experience that ewes kept in a yard, and kept fat, will raise far fewer lambs. Moderate feed and plenty of exercise, he regards as the best treatment for lamb raising—that the ewes will give more milk, and the lambs be stronger. He thinks roots very beneficial for a short period before yeaning.—He calls for the experience of other members of the "Rural Brigade," of which he declares "that he is proud to say he is one." We heartily concur in his views in every particular.

NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA WOOLS.—"H. M. L.," Canandaigua, writes that a Utica wool manufacturer informed her that he had recently paid 70c. per pound for a lot of Pennsylvania wool, and that he could not get such wool in New York. She thinks, however, Western New York furnishes that of as fine a quality. The old "Washington County wool," grown in Western Pennsylvania, and contiguous portions of West Virginia and Ohio, is finer than any produced, in any considerable quantity, in New York.

NOTICES OF WOOL GROWERS' MEETINGS,—Notices of county and town Wool Growers' meetings, election of officers, &c., had better be forwarded directly to MR. MOORE, General Editor of the RURAL, unless they contain something to which our attention is specially called. This department is too limited for their publication.

WOOL GROWING IN VIRGINIA.—R. R. HARVEY, Carrollton, Ohio: We cannot give you MR. SALA'S address. DR. THEODORE N. DAVISSON, Jeffersonton, Va., a gentleman and sheep breeder of standing, can doubtless give you all the information you desire. Virginia is peculiarly adapted to the production of fine wool.

The Poultry-Yard.



THE OSTRICH FOWL.

THE Ostrich Fowls are said to have originated in Pennsylvania, where they are known by a variety of names. They are of medium size, and produce remarkably large eggs. They are considered good layers, fair sitters, and good mothers; their flesh is white, firm, and fine flavored. The color of the cock is a dark blue-black, with the ends of his feathers tipped with white, wings tinged with yellow; his legs are dark, and comb double. The hen does not differ much in color, her legs are short and body plump. These fowls possess a lively carriage and stately walk.

HOW FOWLS GRIND THEIR FOOD.

ON this subject S. Edward Todd discourses as follows: "Fowls have no teeth to grind or masticate their food with, and the best they are able to do with it is to pick it to pieces and swallow it whole. Kernels of grain are swallowed *whole* by them, and as they are surrounded by a tough pellicle or skin, which the juice of the stomachs of the animals will not readily dissolve or digest, they could obtain no nourishment at all from grain, if this tough pellicle were not broken. Now, if we dissect the gizzard of a fowl of any kind, we find a lot of small gravel stones, which are usually the hardest kind of flint, granite or sand stone. Surely here is a pocket edition of Farm Grist Mills.

Fowls swallow their food, broken or not, and it enters the crop or first stomach, and remains in it until it has become softened, more or less, when a small quantity at a time, just as grain runs into a grist mill, is forced into the gizzard, among the gravel stones. This gizzard is a strong muscular stomach, and plays night and day, when there is a grist to grind, similar to bellows, contracting and expanding, thus forcing the gravel stones into the grain, and breaking it to fragments, and triturating the whole mass; after which it is in a suitable condition to be quickly digested.

PROFITS OF POULTRY.

NOTHING which the farmer produces is of quicker sale than eggs and poultry. The prices which he receives therefor are in the main remunerative; the labor incurred is light and agreeable, and can be performed by the junior members of his family. The poultry yard produces food which is highly palatable and nutritious at all seasons, and in this respect is hardly equalled by any other department of the farm. Is it not worth while, then, to bestow more care and skill in managing the poultry? Left to themselves, half their products are often wasted, and half the year they are non-layers. In winter they need simply warmth, light and sunshine, clean, roomy quarters, and plenty of food. Every day they will pay for this. In the summer they want range, fresh earth, shade, water, seclusion, and protection from vermin. An abundance of eggs and broods of plump chickens, either for market or the farmer's own table, will result from this care. It is not feasible to carry on the poultry business on an enormous scale. Many have tried it and failed; but every farmer should make a couple of hundred dollars' worth of their products yearly. That, at least, can be done with profit and pleasure. It is a business adapted for the boys and girls, and they will speedily take a lively interest in it if only proper encouragement is given.

A VARIETY OF BREEDS.—A writer in the Cultivator states that it is good policy to have several kinds of poultry. The Cochin, Brahma and Shanghai make good incubators, while for layers the Polands, Golden and Silver Hamburghs, Leghorns and Andaluvian varieties may be relied upon.

BOILING GRAIN FOR FOWLS.—Experiments have proved that there is considerable economy in boiling corn and barley when feeding them to fowls, but that there is no saving in soaking oats or buckwheat.

POULTRY RAISING AND PROFITS.

JOHN CRANE, Schuyler Co., N. Y., writes:—I send you the results of my experience in rearing the Brahma variety of fowls, with my expenditures, receipts and profits, for insertion in your paper. The length of time, embraced in the following statistics, was one year, commencing Nov. 18, 1866, and ending Nov. 18, 1867. The number of fowls, at the first mentioned date, was 18 hens and 2 roosters, being the same number as left on hand at the last-mentioned date. The account stands thus:

Cost of keeping the old fowls	$15.45
Cost of rearing 90 chickens	19.70
Total expense	$35.15
Number of eggs sold, at 35 cents per dozen—155 5-12 dozen	$53.39
Sold fowls to the amount of	55.57
Total receipts	$108.96
Expenses as above	35.15
Nett profit	$73.81

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cutting Bushes.

A CORRESPONDENT of the N. H. Farmer states that repeated experiments on various pieces of land have demonstrated to him that the winter season is the best time to cut bushes on pasture and other lands for the purpose of killing them down. A pasture lot was cut over in December, six years ago, and not one has sprouted since.

Changing Seed.

J. H. KLIPPART writes one of our western exchanges on the advantages of frequent changes of seed. Hence it is that the German farmers have adopted a system of seed exchanges as a means of improving the yield of grain. The Sonderhausen Agricultural Association has made many experiments in the exchange of seeds, and now recommends, as the result of its experience, that "seeds from a good rich soil, to a cold and indifferent one is profitable, and *vice versa*."

Western North Carolina.

ALLUDING to the products of this section of the Old North State, a correspondent of the Waynesville Country Gentleman remarks:—"It is known to almost all the natives of this country, that at a certain elevation on our mountains, there is a *stratum* of atmosphere so peculiarly constructed, and so dry, that it will not permit the formation of frost. When a farm is located so far up on the mountains as to be above the region subject to spring frost, we say it is above the frost line. Orchards so located never fail to bear full crops on account of spring frosts. The peach, in these situations, sometimes fails from the destruction of fruit buds by winter-killing, though this is unusual. I am not aware that the apple ever fails at this elevation, even from this cause."

From Grain to Beets.

A WRITER in the North Western Farmer says that the grain-growing West will soon be practically shut out from the South as a market for their surplus grain, as that region will soon produce a surplus which can be sent to the New York market weeks in advance of its western competitor. This change, in market relations, will compel one in the line of production at the West, and the beet, for sugar purposes, is selected as best calculated to secure beneficial results. It will take some time to educate the mass of Western farmers up to a change of this character; but that it will be made is scarcely a matter of doubt, unpopular as the sorghum and sugar business now is in that locality. Such changes in farm production are slow, but not the less permanent on that account.

Horses—Stables.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Field, Turf & Farm, devotes a column, in that Journal, to stable architecture and management in connection with the development of the horse. In regard to these he says mankind generally evince a most serious want of knowledge—a want which entails serious losses. Many places dignified by the name of stable are sinks of filth and rottenness, located in some low, dark, damp alley with little room, less light, nearly devoid of air and surrounded with mounds of reeking filth. What the horse especially wants to secure a perfect development of his powers is cleanliness, exercise, warmth, light and pure air. This is true and farmers would do well to heed the hints here given, if they have not already done so, in the management of their stock—especially the horse.

Rotation of Crops.

GEN. N. H. HALSTEAD of Newark, N. J., recently gave to the Agricultural Society, of which he is President, some facts in connection with his method of rotation of farm crops, by which he obtained such flattering results. Among them was four tons of hay to the acre. He first plowed the ground and then harrowed it, when it was sown to clover early in the spring, and the crop left upon the ground. The following year the crop was mown in June, and the second growth turned under with the plow, and thus remained during the winter. The third year the ground was planted to corn, manured in the hill and top dressed with ashes. The fourth year manure was applied early in the spring, and oats sown upon it. This is followed by turnips, and the fifth year with potatoes. When these are dug rye is sown, and the land seeded down for pasture for several years, when the rotation begins again.

The Barberry for Hedges.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Wisconsin Farmer says:—"I have four stands of the Barberry hedge, eight years old—each stand originally from a single seed. The canes of each stand now number seventy to one hundred, thrown from a single center, just as the twenty to thirty rye straws proceed from a single grain. These canes proceed in a curve at first, then assume a perpendicular, the top of the common stand rising each year, till a height of eight to ten feet is attained, after which there appears no further increase of the height. In breadth, each stand of canes reaches about two feet at eight years old. I think the plants should be set about fourteen inches apart. There is no difficulty in growing plants from the seed, by planting either in fall or spring and keeping clear of weeds the first year. As to the Barberry for a strong, enduring and every way sufficient live fence, I am unable to think of any cause of failure. I have often pointed out to farmers my several Barberry stands, and asked their opinions as to whether they would turn stock. In every case they have said it would be impossible for any animal to go through, unless by violence compelled; and in such case an animal would prefer to attempt breaking down the strongest fence. The prickles, though small and slender, are exceedingly hard and sharp, and at right angles with the cane—each thus presenting a defence, or fixed bayonets."

Rural Notes and Items.

THANKS, most sincere and profound, are tendered to People and Press, all over the country, for the kind, cordial and substantially encouraging manner in which the new and enlarged RURAL has been (and is being) received. We hope, and shall constantly labor, to render this journal continuously worthy of the ardent support and high encomiums bestowed upon it, especially during the past month. Were it consistent, or possible, we would be more personal in expressing our acknowledgments,—but as the name of those to whom we are under obligations is legion, this manner of manifesting our gratitude must suffice for the present.

THE SEASON.—The past week we have had what some farmers denominate "snug winter weather." The wind hails somewhere from the Arctic regions—probably it has strayed hither from Alaska. Jack Frost searches sharply in every crevice, and pokes his rough fingers into the faces and ribs of man and beast, whistling merrily as they shrink from his piercing touch. The skies have been cloudy, snow flying in the air, though little descends to earth. There is enough to make the sleighing excellent, and more can be dispensed with if thereby drifts on the roads are avoided. The earth is well protected from the freezing winds by its snowy garment. Circumstances favor the farmers in respect to their work, as the hauling of loads can now be done with great facility. Stock should be fed frequently and plentifully; shelter for animals pays well in such weather in the saving of fodder. Water is scarce with many, as, contrary to general expectation, winter set in without rain; the creeks are low, swamps and wells dry, and the "January thaw" has not yet given sign of putting in its appearance.

REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—We are indebted to Commissioner CAPRON, and J. R. DODGE, Esq., Statistician of the Department, for copies of this report for 1866. The reports of the various affairs of the Department occupy the first part of the volume. In the remainder the vine and its products are freely discussed. Popular varieties of hardy fruits are illustrated and described by our Special Contributor, F. R. ELLIOTT. There are articles on the fruit regions of the Northern States; cotton planting; aids to cattle feeding; Indian corn culture; improved farm implements, by S. E. TODD; articles on stock—their qualities and improvement, with illustrations; English and American dairying; fish culture; female life in the open air; education of farmers' daughters; ship timber in the United States; high farming in the Netherlands; country roads, and articles on the agriculture of Georgia, California and other portions of the country. There is room for improvement in this report, yet it will be a welcome addition to the farmer's library, and we trust the aforesaid room will hereafter be usefully occupied.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.—This Club meets at the rooms of the Association, Cooper Institute, New York, every Tuesday, at 1 o'clock P. M. At a late meeting, (Dec. 31st,) which was fully attended, it was resolved to change the course of proceedings somewhat. A series of subjects was proposed upon which essays are to be prepared, one of which will be read at each meeting.—S. E. TODD was to lead off on the 7th inst., on the Construction of Farm Buildings; P. T. QUINN will discuss Fertilizers; DR. F. M. HEXAMER, the Germination of the Potato; J. B. LYMAN, Pasture Lands of the South; DR. J. E. SNODGRASS, Red Clover; J. S. DIEHL, Oriental Farming; DR. J. P. THIMBLE, Camden and Amboy; T. CAVANAGH, the Raspberry; J. M. ALLEN, Mowing and Reaping Machines. This will occupy the Club a portion of each Tuesday evening, until the 4th of March, and will no doubt result in the production of some very interesting and valuable papers and discussions. We, therefore, regard the change as a decided improvement.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR.—This old and able journal commences its XXVIth volume under very favorable auspices, with Messrs. WM. and W. L. JONES as editors and proprietors. DR. W. L. JONES is Professor of Agriculture in the University of Georgia. The Cultivator was the only agricultural journal in the seceded States, which continued its issues during the war, and is worthy of a large circulation. It must be a capital medium for advertisers who wish to reach the planting States, while all who desire information in regard to the South, its agriculture, etc., may read the Cultivator with interest and profit. Published monthly in Athens, Ga., at $2 per year. We will send both the RURAL and Cultivator one year for $4.

MILK PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION.—Combination is the order of the day. Among the more recently formed associations is that of the milk producers in and around Boston,—LYMAN BELKNAP of Westboro, President. Some three hundred delegates were in attendance when the organization of the association was completed. Its objects, or, rather, the principal one, seems to be to act as a check to the greed of the middle men in the sale of milk, and securing to the producer a fair share of the profits of the milk trade.

SELF-ACTING HAND LOOM.—One of A. O. VERY'S self-acting Hand Looms has been shown in this city, and attracted much attention. It is compact, (as will be seen by advertisement and illustration in another column,) readily moved from place to place; is operated easily, so much so that a child a dozen years old can weave with the greatest facility. It is not subject to derangement; does its work well, and can hardly fail of becoming a favorite, especially with the farming public.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES wishing a brief synopsis of the proceedings of their annual meetings given in the RURAL, will please forward the same as early as possible. Give us names of officers elected, amount in treasury, etc.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

IRELAND sends much butter to England.

ALL wet grounds should be thoroughly drained.

THERE are 64 cheese factories and branches in Oxford Co., Ontario. (C. W.)

A TOBACCO GROWER in the Connecticut Valley sold his last crop (38 tons) for $17,000.

ABOUT 2000 mules were prepared for the Southern market in Shelby Co., Ky., last year.

PRESERVE each number of the RURAL, and you will soon have a valuable work of reference.

H. C. JOHNSON, Danville, Vt., harvested 400 bushels of corn from five acres,—80 bushels per acre.

F. W. STONE of Ontario, Canada, sold six Cotswold sheep at the last N. Y. State Fair for $900 in gold.

THE average quantity of milk to a pound of cheese, at the factories, is 9.68 pounds,—or nearly one gallon.

THE St. Augustine (Fla.) papers are dilating upon the oranges now hanging in rich clusters on the trees in that delectable climate.

THE California Farmer says the agricultural products of that State already exceed those of the mines, and are increasing in value with great rapidity.

W. W. BELLUS, Pierpont, N. Y., says the great trouble with the farmers in his region is that as a general thing land *tilling* has been superseded by land *getting*.

F. M. JORDAN, Auburn, Me., uses his hot house for a henery during the winter. The hens are delighted at living under glass, and "shell out" most liberally.

A SUGAR MAPLE was lately cut on the pasture of N. K. ABBOTT, West Concord, N. H., nearly 5 feet in diameter and over 100 feet high. It had been tapped 106 years.

AN effort is making to induce Northern farmers to settle in the eastern part of North Carolina. The land and climate are favorable,—the former very cheap, varying from $2 to $20 per acre.

CABBAGES, in large quantities, have been sent by rail from the Hudson river regions to Cincinnati—the dry weather of summer having used up this Krout timber in the locality of Porkopolis.

THE dry plains beyond Marysville, Cal., hitherto supposed to be worthless, are pronounced by competent authority, excellent grain, orchard, vine and silk lands, if plowed deep and tallowed.

THE Turf, Field & Farm sums up the teeth of the horse as follows: 24 double, or grinders; 12 front, called gatherers; 4 tushes, or single file teeth—or 40 teeth in all. Mares rarely have the tushes. The teeth of a horse are perfected at about eight years of age.

THE New Orleans Picayune proposes to increase the culture of sugar in Louisiana by separating the business of cultivation from that of milling the cane. The land could then be divided into moderate farms, and united by tramways with sugar mills in the center of each district.

HORTICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF ASPARAGUS.

ASPARAGUS deserves a prominent place in the grounds of the market gardener as well as in every kitchen garden. It is by no means a difficult crop to raise, and when properly treated is satisfactorily remunerative. It is found growing wild on the pebbly beach in Weymouth, England, and in the Island of Anglesia. Growing near the sea, it has been described as a maritime plant, though subsequent culture has demonstrated it to be readily acclimated in any fertile district.

It is readily propogated from seed, which should be sown in spring in a well prepared garden bed, in rows far enough apart to be easily kept free from weeds with the hoe, and where it may be allowed to grow from one to three years, as desired.

Interested cultivators often claim to have some superior sort, but all authorities agree that the only difference consists in the richness of the soil and method of cultivation.

Preparing the Bed.—The ground for an Asparagus bed should be plowed deep and subsoiled, or what is much better trenched to a depth of from two and a half to three feet, and well enriched with old, well-rotted manure. This labor is best performed in the fall, throwing the soil up loosely, that frost may pulverize the whole and render the after work less burdensome. The ensuing spring the whole may be worked over, cross plowed, harrowed well, incorporating as much manure as can readily be worked into the soil.

Small beds for gardens are usually made long and narrow, with paths, or alleys between. These should be spaded deep and enriched as much as possible, and are usually made about five feet wide, with a row on each side one foot from the edge, and a third one in the center, though a narrower bed may be planted with three rows. These will be found convenient for cutting without treading down the soil too much.

Planting.—If for field culture, after the ground has been well harrowed and leveled, lay it out into squares with a marker, the distance apart designed for the rows. Some cultivators recommend these to be one foot apart, though many experienced gardeners say they should be not less than eighteen inches. Select vigorous, healthy roots, one or two years old; those of one year being often preferred, as liable to suffer less in transplanting, and plant not less than three inches under the surface, having a care to spread the roots into a natural position, cover with soil and press it well around the roots. Cultivate often during the summer to keep them free from weeds, and the soil fresh and light. This may be done at first, before the top appears, with a rake, and afterwards with a hoe, pulling the weeds from the rows with the hand. The application of salt has been deemed necessary in districts distant from the sea, but probably the most benefit to be derived therefrom is in destroying the weeds, as well as the wire worm or other insects that infest the beds. HENDERSON recommends two or three pounds to a square yard, to be sown *only in the spring.*

Full Treatment.—This must depend upon the location to some extent. First, the beds should be cleared of the stalks as early as practicable. Though a hardy plant, it retards an early growth in spring to have it frozen too hard. In districts where the cold is severe it may be covered with straw or coarse manure, which may be removed in early spring, or as is often done, covered with four or five inches of manure, that may be worked into the soil in the spring. In top dressing in the fall, where the frost is not severe, much of the value of the manure will be lost by the rains washing it below the roots of the plants. Whatever manure that is well rotted that is used to cover in the fall should be well worked into the bed in spring, for which purpose a gardener's fork is well adapted. There have been many experiments made with manures for this crop, in addition to, or as substitutes for barn-yard manure. In his Gardening for Profit, Henderson recommends super-phosphate of lime at the rate of five hundred pounds per acre, has also used Peruvian Guano, with success. It may be questioned whether at a distance from the markets where these are easily obtained they will be found practicable.

Cutting.—Beds are usually in a proper state for cutting the third year from planting out, though if the roots be strong and the soil rich this may be done the third year from seed. It was formerly the practice to cut Asparagus about four inches below the surface, though experience has demonstrated that it is not only more highly flavored and juicy but more tender when cut at the surface. Beds may be injured by cutting too much, though it will be safe to cut close, or nearly all the shoots, until well into May. Whenever they show signs of weakness, no more should be cut. For market it is bunched, which requires skill to be done neatly, and upon this depends often considerable of its market value. Even, round bunches first find sale, and these may be best tied with bass-matting.

It is difficult to make any estimate of the value of a crop per acre, though where well grown and a ready market, from $400 to $600 should be obtained per acre. Coming early, it is always a remunerative crop to the gardener. In some localities it is subject to the attack of the Asparagus Beetle. Whenever the eggs appear on the stalks cut and burn the tops, as if taken in season they may be controlled. If allowed to continue to flourish, the beds will be ruined. In a brief article, only generalities can be brought to notice. H. C. W.

Canary Bird Cottage, Alden, N. Y.

GRAPES IN NEW YORK MARKET.

THE first grapes were received this season on Sept. 12th, from the vineyard of E. H. BANCROFT, Camden, Del. They were Hartford Prolifics, in good order, packed in five-pound boxes, and sold for 20 cts. per pound. The second lot was Concord, from A. H. CAREY of the same place; they also sold for 20 cts. BABCOCK & HOAG of Lockport, N. Y., sent four cases of very fine Delawares about the same time. This was truly a surprise, as we did not expect any from this State until two weeks later; these sold for 35 cts. On Sept. 14th the first case was received from Hammondsport, N. Y., grown by A. ROSENKRANSE; it contained fifteen boxes of Delawares, two of Muscatines, and one of Concords, and sold for 25 cts. per pound. A choice lot of Delawares from E. H. BURGESS of the same place was sold for 25 cts. per pound. A few boxes having glass covers were very much admired. Previous to this time the Grape trade had been quite dull, the market being filled with Peaches; but as they disappeared Grapes began to sell more lively, as orders for them came from various cities. On Sept. 21st some Rebeccas in fair order were received from Watkins and sold for 25 cts. per pound. About this time the arrivals were very heavy, particularly Isabellas, and prices lowered in proportion; good Isabellas selling as low as 6 cts. per pound. In a short time the great bulk of fruit was sold, and our market again resumed its former prices, say 10 cts. for Isabellas and 15 cts. for Catawbas, some of the dealers selling from one to two tons per day. The activity of the market caused the prices to advance from one to two cents per pound, and yet they sold rapidly; but the reaction soon came, large quantities of Catawbas arriving, and orders for shipping decreasing, prices again receded to the old figures, and sold slowly.

Just before Thanksgiving the demand from the Eastern States increased, and Catawbas sold lively at 14 cts.; but there was no demand for Isabellas. After Thanksgiving, the trade almost ceased; the demand being very light, and the buyers extremely particular as to quality, there being no demand for an inferior quality of fruit. I find the cause of this was a large quantity of the foreign White Grapes in the market. One retail dealer informed me that he could sell ten times the amount of White Grapes that he could of the Native Grape, and make more money on them. The demand at Christmas and New Years was very dull, except for an extremely fine article. One grower sent in his crop of sixty-five cases, which proved to be a No. 1 article, and it sold for 16 cts. per pound. Damaged grapes were closed up at from 3 cts. to 5 cts. per pound to the wagoners, there being no buyers for wine purposes.

Varieties.—The Hartford Prolific, so far as my experience goes, has lost favor with the public. The Concord has maintained its reputation; although a large quantity of poor Concords have been thrust on the market, we have had many that were very superior. KNOX sent us a large quantity of very fine Concords. Some of the river growers also sent in fine stock. The Delaware has gained favor rapidly, particularly in the Eastern States, so much so that it was with difficulty that the demand could be supplied, and it was with reluctance that they were induced to take other varieties. The white varieties are becoming very popular, but the Catawbas are what I call our standard Grapes; coming late, a first class article, holding their own after all other grapes have lost their flavor and plumpness, they will sell at good prices. The Diana is becoming a very popular grape among the more wealthy citizens, when in fine condition selling above the Catawba. Many purchase it to take the place of the Delaware. There are many of the new varieties that we know but little of, and seldom see them in the market. Of the Iona I can say nothing, not having seen any of them in market this season.

There has been quite a change in the retail department of the grape trade within a few years. Formerly all grapes were sold by the pound, being sent to market in such large packages that the dealers were compelled to weigh them, but of late the introduction of small boxes has induced the dealers to sell them by the box, instead of weighing them. The five pound box we consider just the thing, and is now very popular; still, the objection to weigh is so strong that the demand now is for a three pound box in addition, to suit those parties who do not wish a larger quantity. And the fact is, the small boxes are a great inducement to persons to buy them. Many gentlemen on their way home from business do not care to carry a large box; small boxes being more convenient and cheaper, they purchase them without hesitation.

Many persons are impressed with the idea that the grape business will soon be overdone. That may be the case, but I do not think so. The fact is, fruit of all kind is too high in this country for the masses of citizens to purchase as a prominent article of food; for instance, the grower of a good Catawba wishes to realize at least 13 cents per pound for them at home; that will compel a retail dealer to sell them for at least 18c per pound, which is equal to a prohibition to the poorer class; and so it is with all the finer varieties of grapes. The Isabella is the only grape known in our market which at any time comes within the reach of the poor, and they are often of a poor quality, which renders them unpalatable. Again, we should consider there is but a small portion of this country where grapes are grown to any extent; in some parts they grow one variety, and cannot grow another, consequently they must buy all the other varieties.

I beg leave to differ from the Tribune's correspondent that the time is past to grow grapes profitably for table use. I think the past season will show that it can be done, and in proof of my assertion I will state that good Catawbas have not sold for less than 14 cents per pound on the average, a large proportion of the Pleasant Valleys at 15 cents, and Isabellas at 10 cents. When I speak of sales I mean those made by regular fruit dealers—not the sales made by flour and butter merchants, who frequently accept the first offer made in order to get rid of them. I know such parties sold good Catawbas at 10 cents, when dealers were selling at 15 cents, and this was quite an injury to the trade. The above were the wholesale prices, dealers frequently selling from one to ten tons per day. Now let us look at the profit to be derived by the grower. A case containing 18 boxes costs $1.44 each. The boxes weighing half a pound each, are sold with the grapes at 14 cents, causing a loss of one cent on each box, or 18 cents per crate. The commission and freight would be 2½ cents per pound, leaving about 11½ cents per pound for the grape. I am informed by an intelligent grower that it costs about half a cent per pound to pack them.

RASPBERRY CULTURE.

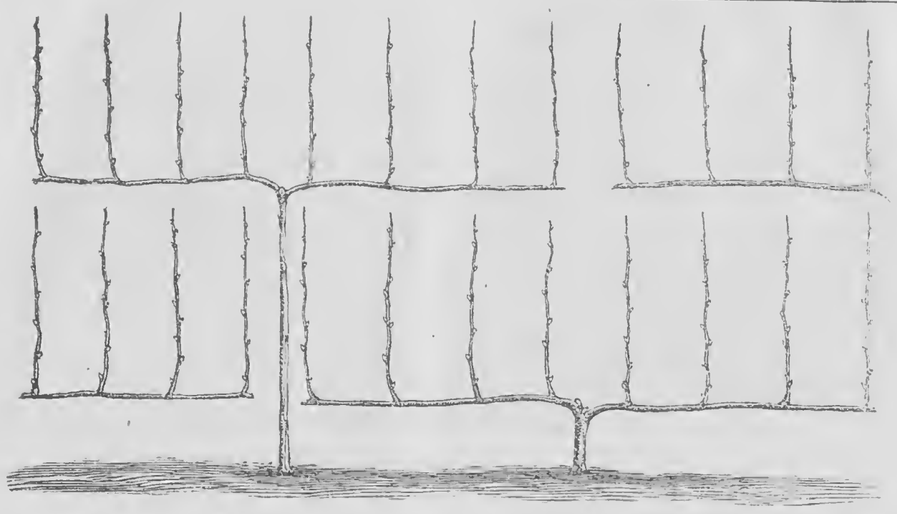
NOTHING new about this need be written, but in review of Black Cap culture some results are worth noticing. Fifteen years ago the attempt to cultivate this fruit ended generally in a miserable failure. Now, with due caution in the selection of plants, and the exercise of ordinary common sense in following printed instructions and illustrated directions, success is certain. Then, only some of the more worthy enjoyed the advantages of fresh wholesome fruit through the long, hot period when the soul loathes meat and solid food — now the masses can have an abundance.

The Black Cap Raspberry is truly the poor or laboring man's berry. He needs just that relief or change of diet which a bountiful supply of these berries gives. And then how the children rejoice in the coming raspberry-time. And mothers, too, how they used to fear July as bringing a long list of deadly summer complaints to their little ones. Now, where these berries are grown, or freely used, no such words as "summer complaint" are known.

The case, too, with which this fruit is dried, preserved or canned, adds to its intrinsic value. Just as the apple is the standard winter fruit, so this raspberry is, and always must be, the main reliance for summer. Strawberries are verily good, but they have their time and are gone. So also with currants, gooseberries, &c. And with a little over-stock how worthless. But with this raspberry the greater the supply, the more and longer they can be enjoyed. Look at the quoted price of dried raspberries—from 40 to 60 cents—and marked "wanted" even at these figures. One would think that some might be saved from the 10,000 acres grown to supply this want. The demand for canning increases yearly—formerly ten or fifteen quarts was considered a great supply, now forty or fifty quarts are called for, and even one or two hundred are frequently stored for family use, while hundreds, waiting till the last, are disappointed,—the price having become too high, or the supply having stopped. Then every sandy berry or scattering cluster is gleaned for drying, so that there is no waste,—and if in sending to a distant market some are delayed *en route*, till they are unfit for market, bakers are ready to take them at a slight discount to be scalded and made into pies.

But cannot the cultivation be overdone? It possibly *can*, but the time has not come yet. Twice in the course of twelve years, in my judgment, there was an over-stock, but I found myself wholly unprepared for the increased demand the next year, while those that kept right on reaped the reward. One man in Western New York that eight or nine years ago could only raise money for 20 plants, has kept on planting out or selling the new plants that grew, and marketing the berries, and is now worth $20,000. Another man, now an officer of an inland city bank, started six or seven years ago with 1,000 plants, now has a controlling influence in the sale of small fruits in that region and finds his pleasure therein more than in his bank notes. And indeed there is high moral enjoyment in the cultivation of fruits, aside from the profit or the luxury of their use, in the consciousness of adding to the great sum of human health and happiness, and aiding a return to the habits of the Garden of Eden.

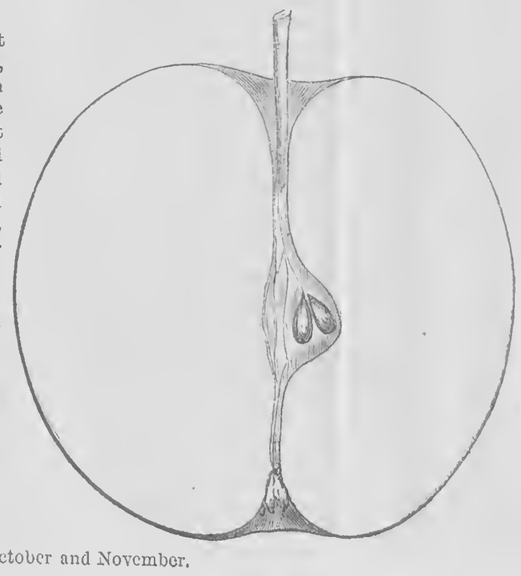
Oaks Corners, N. Y., 1868. H. H. DOOLITTLE.



TRAINING VINES ON HIGH TRELLISES.

AT the close of our article last week on "Training and Pruning the Vine" we promised to show how the system might be applied to covering a high trellis, as it is oftentimes very desirable to use the shelter of the side of a wall, fence or building for the purpose of growing grapes. Tall trellises may be covered with fruit-bearing wood by planting vines enough and carrying the stems of some to the various levels above before the horizontal arms are allowed to grow. In the illustration the trellis is represented from eight to nine feet high, and two series of vines are grown. The upper vine is precisely like the lower except in length of stem. A third and even fourth series might be grown by using care in growing the stem to a sufficient height before taking out the horizontal arms.

FLORY APPLE.



THIS is a new seedling apple brought out by Messrs. KINSEY & GAINES, nurserymen, Dayton, Ohio, who state that it originated in Montgomery county, Ohio, and that where known it is very much sought after on account of its many good qualities both of tree and fruit. The original tree was transplanted when a small seedling by a Mr. FLORY and planted near a sheep barn, and the variety is now known locally in its place of origin under the names of *Sheep Shire* and *Shed Barn.*

Tree very erect in habit of growth, an abundant bearer, and although a fall fruit it sometimes keeps until January. Fruit—*size*, medium; *form*, roundish conical, regular; *skin*, rough; *color*, rich yellow, with one, two or three small patches of rough russet, and some minute raised russet dots; *stem*, long, slender; *cavity*, open, deep, acute; *calyx*, closed; *basin*, medium, furrowed; *flesh*, yellowish or nearly light yellow, tender, crisp, moderately juicy, sub-acid, "very good;" *core*, medium, partially open; *seeds*, large, abundant. Season, October and November.

ORCHARD MANAGEMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Oneida Circular makes some judicious remarks on the planting out and management of apple orchards. Care, at the outset, in planting is of prime importance. The tops and branches of the young tree should be cut back to correspond with the shortening of the roots, thus preserving a proper balance between the top and the roots, and preventing exhaustion by a disproportionate development of buds in the spring before feeders or small roots have been formed to supply the exhaustion of sap caused thereby.

"It is not sufficient simply to plant out trees. Much depends on the location, quality of soil, and often cultivation. If any of the proper conditions of success are not complied with, a productive orchard will be an impossibility. In reference to the cultivation of orchards, the writer referred to says: "Cultivate the young orchard well for the first two years, with hard crops, giving the trees a fair chance by keeping the ground in good condition around them. Then seed to grass a strip six or eight feet wide, including the row of trees, running north and south, or east and west, as most convenient. The space between the rows can now be freely cultivated one way, without inconvenience, injury to the trees, or danger of breaking the roots if plowed to a moderate depth. The strips of grass can be widened if desirable, as the trees enlarge, and should be mowed two or three times in the course of the summer; especially the grass should be cut short before the approach of winter, lest it should become a harbor for mice. The grass should be raked off and fed to stock, or placed around the trees to rot. If the trees in after years should need manuring, the strips can be top-dressed in the fall; but they will scarcely need it if the cultivated spaces are kept properly enriched. If it should thereafter become desirable to plow the strips, it should be done with a great deal of care, as the roots of the trees will be found nearer the surface on these unplowed strips, than where the ground has been annually cultivated; and hence they should be plowed quite shallow."

HOW NATURE PROTECTS PLANTS IN WINTER.

DURING the winter season plants are provided by nature with a sort of winter quarters, which secure them from the effects of cold. Those called *herbaceous*, which die down to the root every autumn, are now safely concealed under ground, preparing their new shoots to burst forth when the earth is softened in spring. Shrubs and trees, which are exposed to the open air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapt up in buds, which, by their firmness, resist all the power of frost; the larger kinds of buds, and those which are almost ready to expand, are further guarded by a covering of resin or gum, such as the horse-chestnut, the sycamore, and the balm of Gilead.

The external covering, however, and the closeness of their external texture, are of themselves by no means adequate to resist the intense cold of a winter's night; a bud, detached from its stem, enclosed in glass, and thus protected from all access of external air, if suspended from a tree during a sharp frost, will be entirely penetrated and its parts deranged by cold, while the buds on the same tree will not have sustained the slightest injury. We must, therefore, attribute to the living principle in vegetables, as well as in animals, the power of resisting cold to a very considerable degree. In animals we know this power is generated from the decomposition of air by means of the lungs and disengagement of heat. How vegetables acquire this property remains for future observation to discover. If one of these buds be carefully opened, it is found to consist of young leaves rolled together, within which are even all the blossoms in miniature that are afterwards to adorn the spring.—*Selected.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

MARSHALL P. WILDER has generously presented his collection of rare plants to the Mass. Agricultural College.

SORT THE APPLES.—The fruit should be overhauled, and decayed and imperfect specimens removed. This is essential to the preservation of the remainder, and the half rotton ones will be relished by the pigs.

CHERRY RAISING.—At a recent meeting of the Onarga (Ill.) Horticultural Society the subject of cherries was pretty thoroughly discussed. The results of cherry culture in that locality have been such as to induce many to invest in the business. One member, J. W. GRUBBS, announced his intention of setting ten acres to cherries the coming spring.

PLUM TREES AND WHITE GRUBS:—"I wish to ask the readers of your journal for some remedy to stop or kill a white grub that is destroying my plum tree. The worm when full grown is about one inch long, with a red head and white body. It works in the collar of the tree, just below the surface of the ground. Would kerosene oil injure the tree?"

MAKING RAISINS.—A correspondent desires us to tell him how to make raisins. It is a very simple matter. Just hang the ripe grapes on twine, or lay them on flagstone, or seasoned plank, where they will dry without moulding. But there is one point which the raisin maker must not overlook, and that is getting the right kind of grapes to start with; and that kind, unfortunately, we never shall obtain in these latitudes. Raisins are made only in the most southern limits of vine culture. They are simply dried grapes. Nothing is added to them, and one can easily see the bloom of the grape on fine box raisins. Here we can't get sugar enough in the grape to make raisins.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

JEDDO, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1868.

EDITOR RURAL—*Sir:* B. C. WARREN, in his advertisement, has given the idea that the berry box business in this place is defunct. Not so. The Jeddo Berry Box Co., (successors to Warren & Rix,) are running night and day to fill contracts. The Company is composed of responsible and energetic business men. The main reason of the dissolution of the firm of WARREN & RIX, was, that WARREN wanted to sell without warranty or tacks, at $5 per M., while RIX thought, as the Company now think, that parties would be better served and satisfied with tacks and warranty at the Company's terms. The tacks are not to be found in every country store. By samples, *free*, parties can see what they get. See our advertisement in RURAL of Dec. 21st, and compare.

We are making just such a box as Mr. WARREN, (which is our cheapest kind,) and five other kinds.

Respectfully yours, GUY S. RIX,
Ag't Jeddo Berry Box Co.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following were the prices of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., in the New York market for the week ending January 8th:

FRUITS.—Apples are quiet. Spitzenberg Apples, ₱ bbl., $1,50@5; Greenings, $1,50@4,75; Pippins, $1,50@5; Mixed lots, $1@4,50. Grapes—Common, ₱ ℔, 2@6c; Catawba, 5@10c. Cranberries, ₱ bbl. $8@10.

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried apples are quiet, the stock being large lower prices are looked for. Peaches are dull and unchanged. New apples, State, ₱ ℔, 8½@9c; Western, 8@9c; Southern, 5@7c. Peaches, new Southern, ₱ ℔, 20@25c; unpeeled halves, 7@8c; do quarters, 6@7c. Cherries, new pitted, 38@40c. Blackberries, 9@10 cts. Raspberries, 40@45c.—Plums, 33@35c.

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Peach Blows ₱ bbl., $4,50@4,75; Prince Albert, $4,25@4,50; Jackson White, $4@4,50; Mercers, $4,50@5; Chili Red, $4@4,25; Delaware Sweet, $5,50@6. Onions $5,50@6. Turnips, Russia, $2,25@2,50. Squashes, Marrow, $4,-75@5,50. Cabbages, ₱ 100, $8@14.

CHICAGO, JAN. 8.—The demand for fruits was good, but the supply was light. Apples ₱ bbl, $4@5,50. Dried apples, choice Eastern, 10½@11c; Southern new, 7½@9c. Peaches, pared, new, ₱ ℔, 22@27c; halves and quarters, new, 9½@11c. Blackberries, 15@17c. Raspberries, 60@70c. Cherries, pitted, 45@50c; Cherries, unpitted, 20@21c.

DETROIT, JAN. 10.—Apples range at $3@3,50 ₱ bbl.; Cranberries, $4@5. Dried apples, ₱ ℔, 8@8½c; Peaches, 20@25c. Onions, ₱ bu., $1,50@1,75. Potatoes, $2,50 ₱ bbl.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 10.—Apples, good to choice, $3,50@4,50 ₱ bbl. Dried apples, good to choice, 5@7c ₱ ℔. Peaches, quarters, 7@8c; halves, 9@10c. Currants, 15@16c.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

MRS. W. T., Warrensville, Ohio, gives the following directions for preserving pickles from scum: Pack the cucumbers, or whatever is to be pickled, in a jar or tub, pour a weak brine upon them, and let it remain three days. Pour off the brine, and pour on boiling hot vinegar enough to cover the pickles, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Reboil the vinegar, and pour on as before. Do this three times, letting the pickles stand twenty-four hours each time. Then throw this pickle away, and add enough fresh vinegar to cover the cucumbers, or whatever is to be pickled. Add a small lump of alum the size of a marble to a gallon of pickle; half pound of sugar and spices to taste. Bring to a boil, skim, and then turn upon the pickles while hot. Let them stand, well covered, for ten days, and they are ready for use. Peaches, pears, sweet apples, &c., are served in the same way, excepting the use of brine. The author of this recipe has pickles two years old, preserved in this way, as free from rot and scum as when first put down.

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT CANDLES.—A correspondent of the The New England Farmer says: "I have tried the following recipe twice, and find it all that it is cracked up to be. I have no doubt that it would have been worth more than $20 to me if I had known it twenty years ago. Most farmers have a surplus of stale fat and dirty grease, which can be made into good candles at a trifling expense. I kept both tallow and lard candles through the last summer, the lard candles standing the heat best, and burning quite as well, and giving as good a light as the tallow ones.

Directions for making good candles from lard: For twelve lbs. of lard take one pound of saltpetre, and one pound of alum; mix them and pulverize; dissolve the saltpetre and alum in a gill of boiling hot water, pour the compound into the lard before it is all melted; stir the whole until it boils, skim off what rises; let it simmer until the water is all boiled out, or until it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you may commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool first to a cake, and then treat as you would tallow.

WINTER BUTTER.—Mrs. J. PECK, Low Hampton, N. Y., writes on the subject of making butter in the winter equal in flavor and color to that made in June. She says:—For a twelve-quart pail of cream, take one good-sized orange-colored carrot and grate it into a pan of skim milk. Let it stand four or five hours. When the cream is in the churn, warm the milk and carrot and strain it through a cloth into the cream. The carrot does not injure the taste of the butter a particle, but gives it a rich color and fine flavor. I have sent butter to market frequently, made in this way, and always had it commended by the purchasers.

FAMILY GLUE.—I make my glue in the following way:—Crack up the glue and put in a bottle; add to it common whisky; shake up, cork tight, and in three or four days it can be used. It requires no heating; will keep for almost any length of time, and is at all times ready to use, except in the coldest weather, when it will require warming. It must be kept tight, so that the whisky will not evaporate. The usual corks or stoppers should not be used. They will become clogged. A tin stopper, covering the bottle, but fitting as closely as possible, must be used.

TO MAKE A CANDLE BURN ALL NIGHT.—We remember seeing some years since in an agricultural work, now out of print, an article on "Economy in Candles," which may be new and useful to many of our readers. When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is wished, or when matches are mislaid, put finely powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

ENGLISH FARM BEER.—E. E., Montezuma, N. Y., sends us the following: 1 bushel cracked malt, 1½ lbs. hops, 2 quarts molasses for 60 gallons of beer. Take 80 gallons water, two-thirds boiling and the other cold, stir it round and then put in the malt and let it remain three hours. Draw the beer from the malt and boil it 2½ hours steadily with the slops of molasses. When nearly cold set the beer with a little fresh yeast, salt and flavor and let it work; then stir all together and barrel up. When through working, bung up tight at once.

TO MAKE LEMON PIES.—Take the yolks of three eggs; one and a-half cups of sugar; one cup of water; one tablespoonful of flour; the juice and rind of one lemon; chop the peal; stir all up together; bake as custard; then beat the whites of the three eggs to a froth; add four tablespoons of sugar, put on the top, bake until done.

RENDERING BOOTS WATER-PROOF.—The Irish Farmer's Gazette gives the following recipe for this purpose:—Boil one quart linseed oil, with half a pound Venice turpentine, with which paint the leather frequently while warm, but not hot, till the leather will absorb no more.

TEA CAKES.—Two-thirds cup of butter; one of sugar, two eggs; half teaspoon of soda; spice to your taste; mix soft as will roll, but not very thin.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY KATE CAMERON.

ANOTHER mile-stone have we now passed
In our homeward journey, perchance the last.
Little we know what the year will bring,
Save the winter snows and the buds of spring,
The summer bloom, and the autumn gold,—
The same old story by Nature told,
The seasons still in their order roll,
But who can foretell the life of the soul?

Will Gladness or Grief walk by our side?
In darkness or light shall we abide?
Shall we revel still in Hope's bright dreams,
Or mourn the ruin of blighted schemes?
And with peaceful smile, or with bitter tear,
Shall we watch the close of another year?
Shall we cling to life with a loving grasp,
Or our hands lie cold in death's icy clasp?

Ah! well for us that we do not know
What the future holds of joy or woe;
And well that we, creatures of the dust,
Should place in our Maker perfect trust;
Will not He, our gracious Father and Friend,
Watch over us all until life's end?
The day and night are alike to Him,
Why should our faith in GOD grow dim?

Welcome, New Year! with your scenes untried,
When lights and shadows together glide;
We may not look for unmingled joy,
Earth's pleasure has ever some alloy;
But one thought should set our hearts at rest,—
What GOD *ordains must be for the best!*
And trusting in Him, life will be sweet,
And death *will but make our bliss complete.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HEARTS NEED FOOD.

BY MAY MAPLE.

"WONT you go out riding with me this morning?" said my husband, just as we were sitting down to breakfast.

"I would really like to go," I replied, "and think it would do me a great deal of good. But what would become of all the work; and who would prepare your dinner?"

"Oh, let the work and the dinner take care of themselves; you will have plenty of time to clear away the breakfast and set back the chairs while I'm harnessing Jupe; and your dress and hair are well enough now. So, dear, you'll go with me, wont you?"

"Most certainly, if that's the case! I'm sure it will be much pleasanter to go with you than it would be to stay here alone."

We had been married two years; yet I was just as well pleased with an invitation to go out riding or walking with my husband, now, as I was when he was only a lover. And I frequently accepted these invitations, much to the annoyance of my less favored neighbors. By the time my husband was at the door with the carriage, I was ready to join him. The dishes were washed, the rooms swept, the furniture dusted, and the "chairs set back." My toilet had been made with care before breakfast; so all I had to do was to put on my hat, cloak and gloves, and I was ready to take my seat in the carriage by the side of one who ever seemed pleased with my society. It was a beautiful spring morning, and I gazed with unfeigned pleasure upon the early violets and golden buttercups that bespangled the fields, the fresh, green foliage and soft tufted grass. The birds, too, added to the glories of the morning, by filling the air with their soft, thrilling notes. From my earliest childhood I had loved the flowers and the birds with a love that amounted almost to adoration, and this morning my soul seemed to go out to them in sweet communings as we rode quietly over the smooth, winding road.

"See here, Mrs. COURTNEY," said my husband, rousing me from the pleasant reverie into which I had fallen, "I did not invite you out to ride for the sake of having you get perfectly intoxicated with the rich beauties of this lovely morning. I want you to talk some, instead of giving your whole attention to every bird and flower that flits past us, forgetting that I am near you."

"But, my dear LEWIS, I do not forget that you are by my side, and that it is to you that I owe this pleasure—this luxury—the blessed privilege of seeing so much more of mother Nature's work than I should if I were obliged to stay at home month after month, as many do."

After this there was no more silence between us; although I did not cease to take in all the glories of the morning, which was inspiration itself, with its azure sky and soft, fleecy, floating clouds, and the brightest of golden sunshine. At length we drew up to a pretty farm house, where he had some business matters to arrange; and as it would take some time, LEWIS thought I had better go in and make the acquaintance of the farmer's wife. I was somewhat surprised as I went up the pretty gravel walk to see no flowers in the yard, for the house and grounds were in a flourishing condition. The grass was growing luxuriantly over the yard; the garden a little east of the walk looked promising, as far as vegetables were concerned.

My husband went into the house with me, and introduced me to Mrs JOHNSON, and then inquired for the master of the house. He was directed to the barn, where he went presently, leaving me to be entertained by my hostess. She was a fine looking woman, just in the prime of life. She was strong and resolute, and looked well able to assist a farmer in gathering in the dollars and cents; there would be nothing wasted where she had the managing of the domestic affairs.

"Mr. COURTNEY invited me out to ride this morning," said I, for the sake of saying something; "so I thought I would improve the opportunity."

"La, sakes! I should as soon think of going on a visit to the moon as to have my husband ask me to go riding with him anywhere, though he is on the go every day; it's a wonder Mr. COURTNEY caught him at home this morning, and he wouldn't if he had come a half hour later. Why, he has not asked me to go with him half a dozen times in a dozen years, I do think."

"Is it possible, Mrs. JOHNSON? Why, I should feel very sad if I thought my husband would ever be so neglectful of my happiness."

"Oh! as for that, I don't know as Mr. JOHNSON thinks he neglects me; he knows I always have so many cares on my mind that it would be almost impossible to leave. In fact, perhaps he's not so much to blame, now when I think of it. The first year after I was married he used to ask me to go with him very often—well, until our SAMMY was born; for some time after that my health was very poor, and having the care of him I didn't care for going as I had previously. Husband used to tell me it would do me good to get away from baby awhile and get the fresh air. But I was so 'fraid something would happen to the little treasure during my absence that it was seldom he could prevail upon me to go. Then when SAMMY was old enough to leave, and needed less care, a little baby girl stepped in among us, and then it was the same story over again; until I suppose he got tired of being refused, and thus he ceased to disturb me with invitations."

"But now your children are so nearly grown up I should think you might enjoy some of the privileges and pleasures of your halcyon days again."

"Oh, I don't know! We always have so much to do here; he always keeps a good many farm hands at work, and if I left my work all to hired girls we should be without food in a very short time, they are so wasteful.

"You need not leave *all* your work to the girls; but to leave the work to them occasionally will do you all good. They will see that you place confidence in their services, and will certainly try to do as well as they can during your absence; and you will gain rest and strength, and be the better able to perform your duties."

At this time my husband came to the door with Mr. JOHNSON, and I arose to take leave. I was somewhat acquainted with our host, so I said to him, "Next time you ride over to our house, please invite your wife to ride over with you."

"Well," said he, "if it would do any good I would like to invite her often; but she never has any time to go anywhere,"—turning to her—"do you, wife?"

"But you can invite her," said I, before she had time to reply; "wont you, now? There'll be no harm done, and I think she'll come."

He promised to do as I requested, and we took our leave. On our way back I asked LEWIS if he supposed the time would ever come when he would cease to invite me to go with him?

"Not while you accept the invitations," was the reply. "But I can imagine how it would be if, when I asked you to go, you should refuse time after time. I'm pretty sure I should get tired of hearing the song, 'I can't go, I've so much to do;' and after awhile I should cease to desire your company."

"I believe that's the secret of so many complaints," said I, "of women always being obliged to stay at home."

"That's just it; the fault is their own. More than two-thirds of the women of our land, who complain of neglect on the part of their husbands, are themselves to blame, at first, for a great share of that neglect."

"Why, LEWIS, that's a very sweeping assertion; two-thirds reaches a long way!"

"I know it; but just note it for yourself. See if, when you go back to the first cause of the majority of them, you will not own that they were at the first to blame. I do not doubt but that some men are negligent; and some are not careful to give their invitations when it is convenient for the wife. Neither did they know before they were married what work was to be done; yet the fair ones would manage to be ready at the appointed time. Work could be laid by then; why not afterwards as well?"

"But, LEWIS, just think how much better your dinner might have been, if I had stayed at home, than it will be now. Don't you think I would have shown my love for you better than in going with you because I shall enjoy this glorious morning in the open air, if I had stayed at home and made a nice plum pudding and broiled you a nice steak? As it is, you'll have to put up with a cold dinner to pay for the pleasure of my delightful society for the last few hours."

"The dinner will be no disappointment; for I don't expect you can be in two places at the same time. I'm as fond of good living as any one. But I believe our hearts need food as well as our stomachs; and a good dinner would hardly have paid for the pain I should have felt had you denied me your society."

Now let me say to those who have just entered the matrimonial state, always keep yourself in readiness to go with your husband at any time. Keep your clothes in perfect repair and your person tidy. If you chance to have a little one to love and care for, don't be afraid to leave it occasionally in trusty hands, or else fix it up prettily and take it with you. Remember that hearts need food.

It is now many years since I took that well remembered ride, and my husband is just as lover-like in his attention to me as in the days of our honeymoon. Mrs. J. accepted her husband's invitation to ride to our place the following week, and she has had many others since then.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

A BOSTON man advertised for a wife "for a man of means," and received nearly a thousand photographs in reply.

COUNT STEPELBOY, manager of the popular theater of Munich, aged sixty-five, has married Mlle. Osswald, a chorus singer, of fifteen.

A LADY recently died in Bristol, England, who had not tasted animal food in her lifetime of eighty-four years, and has always been in good health.

OUT of 30,000 couples married last year in Ireland, 11,600 of the men and 15,000 of the women affixed their marks instead of their signatures to the register.

ALL the feminine convicts sent to the French penal colony of Cayenne, have secured husbands there, including one who had murdered her first one at home.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY canvassed both Houses of Congress and obtained many subscribers to her new paper—the Revolution. Think of a lady doing that in the English House of Parliament!

BLACK hair is to succeed golden, and a raid is to be made by the agents of the hair-dressers of Paris among the long silky-haired tribes of South American Indians to supply the anticipated demand.

AUGUST SLAGER of Illinois has lost his wife, and advertises for her as follows:—"Everybody who knows something about my wife's residence, which I lost three years ago, is herewith requested to call at the office of the Westlich Post."

WITH a true wife the husband's faults should be secret. A woman forgets, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than life.

"WOMEN are not extravagant by nature," says the London Spectator. "Let a man tell a woman that he has so much, and wants to save out of that, and it will not be her fault if he does not save, but his." It adds, in proof of its assertion, that the very satirists allege that the ladies are "always after the curates," who have the most "moderate establishments" of any gentlemen in England. Some of our own unmarried clergymen will acknowledge the force of this remark in our own country.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHILD AND THE RILL.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

MERRILY, merrily down the hill,
Danced and sang a little rill;
Merrily ever along the way
It flung in glee its shining spray,
That 'neath the wings of the happy hours
Kissed the lips of the laughing flowers.

Gaily, gaily a little child,
With a laugh that rang out merry and wild,
Coming along, espied the brook
That sang all day in that sheltered nook,
And the dimpled feet, so white and bare,
Were dipped in the waves that sparkled there.

Sweeter, sweeter the water sang;
Louder the peals of laughter rang
Forth from the merry coral lips,
That childhood had touched with its finger-tips,
'Till the deep blue sky looked down and smiled,
O'er the golden hair of the happy child.

The years went by, but the little rill,
Danced gladly as ever adown the hill,
When one bright morn a maiden came;—
She stood by the stream, and breathed a name,
I listened—when borne on the air above
A sweet voice murmured—"It is love."

Softly, softly the years go by;
Lovingly bends the deep blue sky
Above the waves of the singing rill,
Above a grave in the shade so still,
Where golden hair, and eyes so deep,
Are softly hushed in a gentle sleep.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

Now that winter is here, and the sun goes to his long slumber an hour and a-half before six o'clock, we must hunt up all our games for amusement, recreation and profit. These long evenings afford ample time, certainly, for chess and draughts players to make full exhibition of their skill. But for those who do not fancy such difficult amusement, something else must be substituted.

There is the game called "Consequences," which, though perhaps familiar to many, may be made very funny and entered into by old and young with equal zest. Let all participating in this be provided with pencils and slips of paper, two inches in width and three or four in length. Each one writes but once on the slip in his hands, folds over what he has written, and passes it to his neighbor on the left, receiving at the same time a slip from his neighbor on the right, written on and folded over. The first thing written is a gentleman's name, then a lady's, then a place, then what he might have said, then her reply, and lastly the consequences. When these have all been written, each one unrolls his slip and reads, after this fashion, perhaps:—"SOLOMON BROWN" met "JERUSHA BELLEBUCKLE" in "Thames Tunnel." Said she—"A fair good morning, dearest!" Said he—"Does your mother know you're out?" Consequence: "The moon fell from the sky." The words not in quotations are supplied when the slips are read. It is well to have some person who understands the game give out what is to be written. Various circumstances may be added, according to the ingenuity of those who play.

Another mode of pleasantly passing time is in playing "Magic Music," which is, in reality, only another version of "hot and cold," which we all played in our childhood. Let a thimble, or small article of any kind easily seen, be selected, and after one of the company has gone from the room, let it be put somewhere in sight, but not too conspicuously placed. Then, while some one plays on the piano, let the excluded person come in and hunt for the hidden toy. As she approaches it, let the music grow louder, and softer as she recedes from it. The piano may be so placed as to allow the performer to see everything in the room, or some one at her side may tell her when to increase or diminish the tones of the instrument. This is an elegant as well as innocent diversion, and will amuse all the members of a family.

For the seniors, grandpa, grandma, father, mother and the adult sons and daughters, the "Intellectual Game" will be found as edifying as it is agreeable. Let one of the party leave the room, and the rest select in his absence some well-known object, as NOAH'S Ark, the leaning tower of Pisa, the Atlantic Cable, or the Great Eastern. Then let the person be called back, and go round the room asking questions about the object selected, until he guesses what it is. His first question may be, "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?" His next, "Did it exist before CHRIST or after CHRIST?" "Is it on earth or in the sea?" and so on until he solves the riddle. If he fails to guess it, as a penalty he must again go out and try to solve the next selection. There is opportunity in this game for the display of all sorts of information and learning in every department of human knowledge, and this display will be limited only by the intelligence of the persons engaged in the play.

There is another highly instructive and very pleasing amusement recently invented, which is played after this manner: A and B go out of a room full of people into another apartment, and A tells B a story or tale of some sort. Then A returns and sends out C, to whom B tells the story as exactly as he can. A, meantime, writes it down, so as to be sure and remember just what he said. B comes in and sends out D, who, in his turn, hears the tale and relates it to E. When it has gone the round of the company in this manner, the last person who hears it enters the room and tells it to the company. Then A reads the story as he told it, and each one comments on the additions, subtractions and substitutions that have inadvertently been made as the tale passed from mouth to mouth. One sees in playing this game how easily every feature of a narrative may be changed so that the original relater shall not recognize his own story at the mouth of the fourth or fifth even of the successive hearers of it.

Between these intellectual games others may be played which appeal simply to the tact and shrewdness of the party. Of this kind is the play called "Crossed or Uncrossed." The interest of this will depend on the fact that a large part of the company are not in the secret of the game. Let them all be seated in a circle or row, and the ladies suffer the tips of their shoes to appear beyond their skirts. The leader of the play takes a pair of scissors, and with great ceremony opens them far apart, and winds a thread around the opening of the blades, and then transversely making the threads cross each other at right angles. With her feet crossed she looks carefully at them and says "*crossed*," then passes them to her next neighbor. He takes them, examines them carefully, and if he is not in the secret, will certainly pronounce them "crossed," not noticing whether his *feet* are crossed or not. If the latter, she says "no, *uncrossed*," and he passes them to the next, and so on round. The fun consists in the bewilderment and perplexity the uninitiated will feel at hearing that pronounced uncrossed which they certainly know, or think they know, is *crossed*.

Of this same character is the play "Little can he do that can't do this." Let one of a party take a walking-stick, and, holding it in one hand, rap gently on the floor, repeating "Little can he do that can't do this;" then take it in his other hand and pass it to some one else, who, in turn, does the same. The catch will be that those who do not understand it will not pass it from one hand to the other before giving it to their neighbor.

These simple games give zest to the life of children. And why should not their early years be made as bright and sunny as possible? "Care and age come unawares." Let them be gay, and cheerful, and happy. Rays from a sunny childhood shoot far forward into life, and make bright with pleasant recollections many an otherwise sad and dreary hour.

The old grow young again in the mirth and merriment of their children and grandchildren. The frosts of age give way before the warmth and brightness of childish fun and frolic. Let us all keep young as we can, and carry into the autumn and winter of life the blossoms and roses of May and June.

A PITY TO HAVE AN EMPTY CHAIR.

THE following records a beautiful example, and is suggestive to every young reader of what true benevolence consists in:

A few weeks ago a gentleman was obliged to go to a distant depot at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary, and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a little way, he was overtaken by a gentleman and little boy in a carriage. The fine horse was at once reined in, and the owner said, with a smile, "I presume, sir, you are going but a short way; but this little fellow insists on my asking you to ride with us. I told him I had no doubt you were going to the first station, but he said, 'The gentleman is a stranger, father; it is very easy to ask him. It always seems to me such a pity to ride with an empty seat!'"

Now that ride which cost the gentleman neither money, time, nor trouble, was a real blessing to a weary minister of Christ, and he told him so when he thanked him and the dear boy who prompted the kind civility.

"It is a way he has, and always had, sir," replied the father. "From his cradle he could never enjoy what he could not share with others. If he has any new gift or pleasure, his first thought is for those less favored. It is a way he got from his mother."

It was truly a beautiful "way" the boy had, and it should be a lesson to all boys' mothers, who hear of him. Remember this, you who have horses at your control to use for convenience or pleasure: "It is a pity to have an empty seat." Remember it, mothers, when training your boys for lives of usefulness. The little things of to-day will grow into great things of years to come. The boy who is selfish with his toys and his comforts will be so with his money and his sympathies when a man; for the heart grows harder rather than softer by the flight of time.—*Youth's Companion.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ON the third evening of Dickens' readings in Boston, Whittier went, and with his companions is thus described by a lady:—The most interesting thing of the evening was that Longfellow, Whittier and the elder Dana all sat together in a front seat—Longfellow with large head and streaming white hair and beard; Whittier with closer cut white hair and firm, erect head, and Dana small, with a long fringe of silvery hair around his bald crown. They were a wonderfully striking trio.

A DESCRIPTION of Longfellow says:—His aspect is that of a bard in the full affluence of his years and the full wealth of his genius. His silvered hair is long and wavy. His beard grows white and thick beneath his chin, looking more like a deep lace ruff than anything else. His voice is as melodious as an organ, and his features, handsome as ever, have been touched with new lines by the action of thought and sorrow. His manners are very beautiful to all persons, and he carries about him that indescribable atmosphere that marks the perfect cultured gentleman.

A GERMAN traveler, Mr. Christian Friedrich Schafer, who at last accounts was making a pedestrian tour in Australia, is thus spoken of:—Mr. Schafer is of dwarfish stature, from the effects of an accidental injury to the spine, received in youth; but in spite of this physical drawback he has, during the last fifteen years, traveled over a great part of the surface of the world, and mostly as a pedestrian. He has in this manner passed through every country in Europe, through Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, North Africa, and across the width of North America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on foot, and alone. He has, in the course of his wanderings, compiled a large mass of observations on the customs and character of the various populations through which he has passed; and, moreover, carries with him a book of credentials, in which his passports are attached, and in which he has an assemblage of autographs of potentates, ambassadors, generals, governors, consuls, mayors and mandarins, which, when his tour is completed, will be a unique and most interesting collection. He proposes to make a complete tour of the Australian colonies, and to pass through Eastern Asia (India and China,) finishing his long ramblings by a bold journey on foot through Russian Tartary back to his home.

SANDWICHES.

CLERICAL rates—Curates.

UNCOMMON sense—reticence.

EVEN truth lies—at the bottom of a well.

A FAVORITE author with domestics—Servant-es.

ADVICE to a man with a pain in his stomach is, to wear a "sash."

THE fever of love is too often succeeded by the chill of wedlock.

FOR what reasons does a fisherman blow his horn? For sell-fish reasons.

IT is a mistake to suppose the sun is supported in the sky on its beams.

A MAN who lives almost exclusively upon tick—The telegraph operator.

WHY is bread one of the necessaries of life? Because it is always kneaded.

IT is a Greek proverb that "He who is about to marry is on the road to repentance."

PUNCH thinks there is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

A CERTAIN man unto his sons
Came, in the olden time, and said;
"Go, in my vineyard work to day,
For see, the fruit is ripe and red."
The first one said, "I will not go."
But afterward, repenting, went:
The second said, "I go," but lo!
In idleness his hours were spent.

And not unlike those sons of old,
Are we, who through life's vineyard stray,
Where want and suffering untold,
Attend our footsteps day by day.
The Father bids us labor here,
'Till evening shades are closing dim,
The heavy burdened aid and cheer,
And bear the gathered fruit to Him.

In costly church on velvet seats,
With gilded bible clasped in hand,
One goes each Sabbath and repeats
"I go, sir," answering the command.
But when the hours of labor come,
When want and misery throng his way,
He shuts his eyes, is deaf and dumb,
And idly glides the golden day.

Another, scorning to deceive,
And doubtful of his strength and power,
Disdains the promised word to give:
But when the shades of evening lower,
The needy, suffering, and sad
Bring forth for him a goodly spoil;
Unnumbered weary hearts made glad,
Bear witness to his loving toil.

Oh idle words, and idler hands!
Of what avail is all your boast,
In answering to your LORD'S commands?
He loveth best, who *doeth most.*
Not every one who crieth "LORD,"
Shall in His Kingdom have a share;
But they whose gentle deeds accord
With perfect love, thrice blessed are.

Van Buren Co., Mich.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT HAVE WE WRITTEN?

THE result of every word we have uttered, of every line we have penned, and of every look or deed, is now beyond our influence. Each hour we may well call to mind the thought—"What I have written, I have written!" No word can be recalled. There stands the record either for or against us. How, as we look back through the past old year, does the page appear to us? Is it full of loving words, of looks and acts of kindness? Or is it blurred and blotted by the promptings of a selfish heart? Do we see, along the backward track, a scattering of perfumed flowers? Or do we find in the path of those we loved a hedge of thorns which we have set, and which must be parted by their torn hands, and pressed by their bleeding feet?

If we *have* wounded or grieved by suspicion, hatred or revenge—if we have refused a word or a look of sympathy to a hungry or thirsty heart—if we have added one pang to a sorrowful soul, or clouded one ray of light from the eyes of another, or crushed still lower the unfortunate and fallen—if we have slighted the poor, or neglected the old—if we have, by an angry or impure word, sullied the heart of some little child whom JESUS loves,—we have in these placed again the crown of thorns upon His brow, have driven anew the nails through His hands and His feet, we have pierced His side, and crucified our LORD afresh. And now as the year has gone by, and the page we have written therein, to our glory or our shame, is thrown back to us by Memory's unerring mirror, we hear a well-known voice saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Brooks' Grove, N. Y., Dec., 1867. A. A. R.

PARDON FOR OMISSION.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON, in writing to his mother, says:—"You have been, I think, the best mother in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and I beg forgiveness of all I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well."

So in the prayer he composed at the same time:

"Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly."

There is a deep meaning in this. Our offenses against God and our fellow men are far greater in the omission of duties than in the commission of sins. Let any one think it over faithfully, and see if the weight of condemnation does not rest there.

And how much point in the expression—"omitted to do kindly." We might often at least almost as well not speak the truth at all, as to speak it not in "love;" so it may often happen that an act in itself eminently proper, has a dreadful omission about it, simply because it is not done kindly. What is charity, however bountifully bestowed, if sympathy be wanting? It was love that made the widow's mite outweigh all the riches given by others.

Our prayer should be like the prayer of David, "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults."

GOLD DUST.

IN the United States Mint at Philadelphia, when the visitor reaches the gold-working room, the guide tells him that the singular floor is a network of wooden bars to catch all the falling particles of the precious metal. When the day's labor is done the floor, which is in sections or parts, is removed and the gold dust is swept up, to be melted and coined. About $30,000 annually are saved in this way.

Life's highest improvements and success in this respect, like the sweeping of the gold-room, depend on the "spare moments"—the careful use of the fragments. No worker for time and eternity ever reached high success without this wise economy, in which Christ gave us, by precept and example, the perfect illustration.

Said Gen. Mitchell to an army officer who apologized for a little delay:—"Only a few moments; I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a thousandth part of a second."

In wars, spiritual and temporal, in life and death, the golden sands of time decide great issues; they have swelled the songs of heaven with grateful thanksgiving, and the lamentations of the lost with unavailing remorse.—*Congregationalist.*

AN OLD CLERGYMAN once said, "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINTER DAYS.—No. I.

A JOURNEY.

You walk to the depot in the early morning, and the frosty air stirs your pulses to a quicker life. As you go down the village street the sun rises from behind the eastern hills, sending his golden arrows quivering into the valley. As you cross the river bridge your companion speaks of the shadow of death in the house yonder, where He has given His beloved sleep after a weary illness. You look down where the water is gliding under its thin coating of ice, and think of a scrap from an old German poet:

"And the sunshine bright as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river."

Yes, though this family sit in the shadow to-day, the sun is shining—here and Beyond.

But the train is ready, the hasty "good-byes" are said, and your face is homeward. As the train moves slowly out you turn with a sudden movement, and glance back at the group of watching friends, thinking it is possible this good-bye "may be for years, and may be forever."

You are whirled along with your scores of companions—among whom is the usual variety, to the proof of the old saying, "it takes all sorts of people to make up a world." Behind you are seated a gentleman and lady with two small "lords of creation," who are fleshy and funny, and well supplied with molasses candy. They satisfy the "inner man" and bedaub the outer; while one offers the conductor a bite the other applies it to your fur collar and new veil. Yet you can call the urchins nothing but *sweet*, so covered are they with molasses.

You are whirled along beside the river, that now flows under the ice, and now flashes out in freedom. Rising from either side against the clear blue of the sky are the wood-crowned hills wrapped round with the gleaming snow under which lie the germs of the grass and grain that shall robe them in beauty when the spring shall come. So in the hearts of most of us, under the icy bands of habit, or pride, or worldliness, lie some dormant germs of truth and nobleness. It may be a word or a look that shall touch them to life; or it may be a subtle something you cannot define, but which you fancy to be the down-falling answer to some angel's prayer; and it may be these holy germs may never awaken here—never till the worldliness is washed away by the waters of death, and they are quickened by the Sun of Righteousness.

You always liked the hills; there seems a friendliness about them as they reach up from you to Heaven—catching the earliest morning smiles of the sun and its evening benediction; and as the latter lingers about them sometimes you fancy them looking through the gates of sunset to those other

"—— beautiful hills
That rise from the Evergreen Shore."

And you think of some who used to walk with you here who have passed from life's rugged hills through the Golden Gates,

"Where the weary shall toil no more."

You watch the comers and goers at each little station—the hand-shakings of good-bye and welcome, and catch a glimpse now and then of a pretty tableau of children at a door or window, and now stand in the depot of the bustling city. When evening comes you start again, out from the glare of the city into the quiet country, where you see the twinkle of home lights here and there; and above are the watching stars that shine for all and shine forever; and far beyond them lies

"—— that Loveland
Where falls no eventide."

ALIQUA.

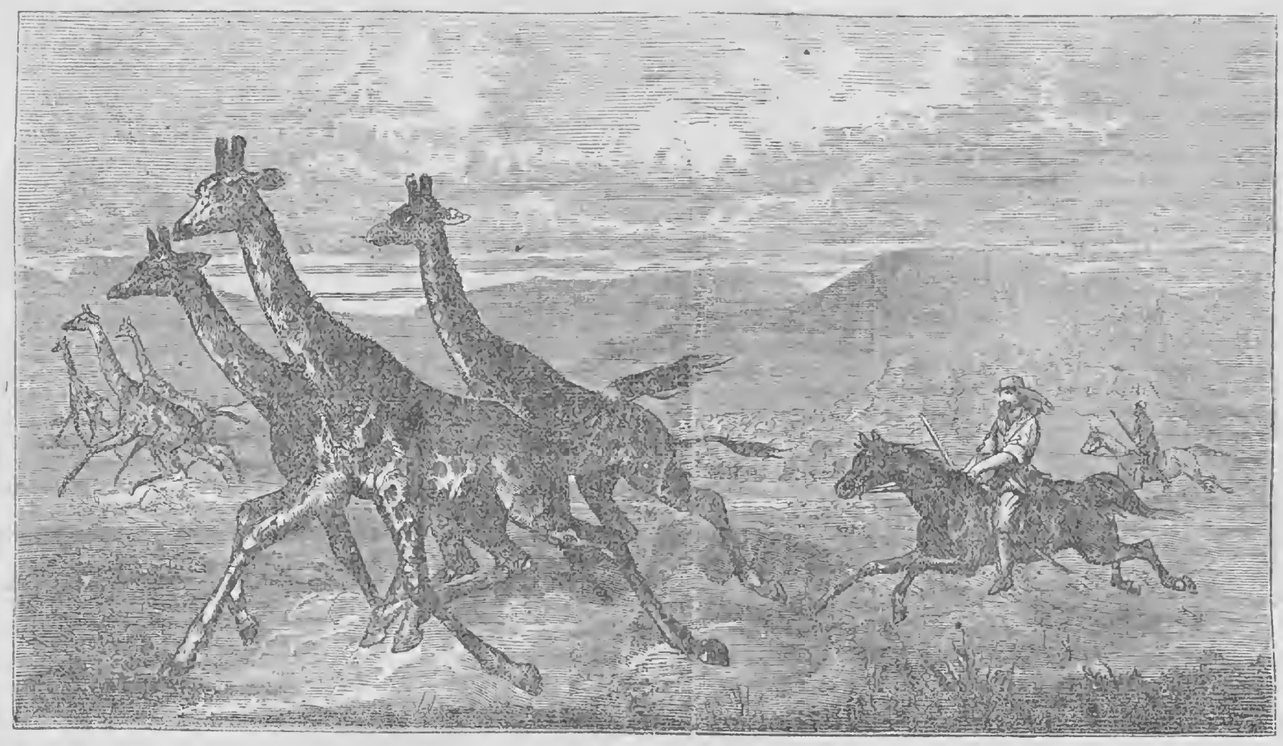
THE SPLUGEN.

THE ride over the Splugen is of the most exciting nature—awfully wild. It is a miracle how the road was ever constructed, the zig-zags seem to be coming to an end; whilst to ride on a road "like a shelf on a well" as it were) with mountains seven or eight thousand feet high one side, and, on the other, within a foot of the carriage wheels, a precipice and the roaring torrent a thousand feet below, is a little exciting, I assure you. At one place we met a diligence that pulled to the mountain side for us to pass. I shall never forget it. At that moment we were only three inches from eternity. I sprang up and called to the driver, as I sat on the side next to the precipice, but he only smiled at my fear.

But to the journey of the diligence. After a ride of three or four hours we arrived at the Splugen, had a little breakfast at the hotel, and were lucky in finding there a *voiture* which was returning to Campo Dolcino, and engaged it, agreeing to start at one in the afternoon. On leaving Splugen we crossed the valley, and commenced to wind up the zig-zags. After ascending for some time, what a view meets the eye on turning round! Splugen lies below like a map; the chalets seem little larger than toy-houses, and as though a child's hand had placed them here and there. From our point of view the whole of Splugen might be put upon a dining-room table; the houses appear little larger than bird cages. We are now nearing the summit of the pass,—6,517 feet, and 3,569 feet below the summit of the precipitous Tambohorn or Schechorn, 10,066 feet, on our left, close to us; while, as far as the eye can reach in all directions for miles distant, lie vast fields of snow.

What a strange sight is here! All below is summer; with us bleak winter reigns. The roaring cataract is foaming on its way with fearful velocity, caused by the melting of the snow around, above and far beneath us, and yet it feels as solid as if it were freezing. Innumerable waterfalls, starting to life midway between us and Splugen, are dashing down into the depths below, a sight which I should not have thought possible. The whole of the summit of the Alps now in sight, stand out sharp and clear against the blue sky. It is fortunate we cannot go faster than a slow walk, giving us time to view this wonderful scenery. Large posts stand, or rather lean, out of the snow, as they are nearly all weighed down and broken, which indicates to the men who cut the road and to the sleigh drivers the zig-zags. The track here is cut through the snow, and the immense walls of it rise perpendicularly on both sides of the carriage, like pieces of masonry, at least forty feet high; in some parts they overhang and seem to threaten destruction to us.—*Bradbury's "Three Week's from Home."*

THE SCENERY OF THE UPPER MISSOURI.—A traveler on the Upper Missouri describes the scenery between Arrow and Eagle Rivers as very novel and picturesque at many points. About three miles above Arrow River are the "Grand Tableaux," which resemble a group of giant statuary. One mammoth figure is named Daniel Webster. Three miles above is "Castle Rock," which presents a scene superior, it is said, to anything on the Hudson or Rhine.



HUNTING GIRAFFES IN AFRICA.

OUR engraving illustrates a kind of sport which is rare indeed, and must be peculiarly exciting. The giraffe is a native of the country lying between Egypt and Ethiopia. It is found now and then in Abyssinia, and very rarely in Southern Africa; and is hunted and killed by the natives for the sake of its large and beautiful skin, as well as for the marrow of its bones, which is considered by them an exquisite dainty. Its body has considerable resemblance to that of the camel, while the color of its skin is of an impure or yellowish white, spotted with patches of fawn color, something like the leopard, and this double resemblance accounts for another name the giraffe bears—camelopard. A striking peculiarity of the animal is the great apparent height of its foreparts, which rise very suddenly from the shoulders. A full-grown giraffe will measure from fifteen to seventeen feet from the ground to the top of the head; whereas, the posterior extremity will not exceed nine feet in height. The head bears quite a resemblance to that of the horse, save that it is armed by two horns about a foot in length; and these, being covered entirely by the skin, look much like an additional pair of ears. The giraffe is a mild, timid and harmless animal; chooses dense forests for its roaming places, and feeds on the leaves and shoots of trees.

MR. BAKER, the English traveler in Africa, speaks frequently of his giraffe hunts. The speed these animals can acquire with their shuffling gait seems almost incredible. They will outstrip even a fleet horse. "On one occasion," (says Mr. BAKER,) "I rode for hours, at the top of my horse's speed, after a group of several of these animals, without being able to get close enough to them for a shot. Carrying their heads high, they did not seem to be straining their speed, but managed somehow, with their enormous stride, to attain such swiftness that my horse, though doing his best, tugged after them in vain." Though on this occasion our traveler did not succeed in securing one of the animals he pursued, yet during his stay in Africa he had the good fortune, upon several occasions, to kill giraffes, principally, however, by lying in wait for them near the pools or springs where they came at regular intervals for drink. Mr. BAKER's account of his African travels is exceedingly interesting, both from the peril and exciting adventure he met with, and also for the pleasant style in which the narrative is told. His travels have also a peculiar value, since his wife went with him as a companion, sharing all the disagreeable difficulties and all the dangers incident to a journey through the wilds of Africa, where the country is as repelling as the people.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT PAPER SHALL WE TAKE?

AT this season of the year, when our rural population have leisure to read, and papers are to be renewed, the question to be decided in every household is—What paper shall we take? When our task is done, or the day is stormy, it is a real pleasure to resort to a paper or book to while away the time. To me, reading is true retirement—the most delightful of recreations. If there is any spot in the world where I take real comfort, solid satisfaction, it is in perusing a good paper or book. But I am no book-worm, or "continued story" man, for I have too many irons in the fire to indulge in these dissipations. Nevertheless, I do love a good paper or book—the cheapest pleasures, the most agreeable visitors I have.

A paper, we may say, is a sort of album, filled with pen portraits of what is daily taking place, or photographs of what is weekly occurring in the world; and as it is to be seen by *our children*, as well as ourselves, it should contain the most pleasing pictures to be obtained, and add to the cheerfulness and hopefulness, as well as tend to the mental and moral improvement, of the entire household. Now, just see the piles of refuse that are daily placed under the public eye by means of the papers. I sometimes think many editors have mistaken their calling. Does an elopement or divorce case occur, 'tis immediately *hashed up*, for the public good. Does a murder, a suicide, or seduction case take place, a reporter is forthwith sent to obtain all the particulars, and the people are horrified and demoralized by the frightful and disgusting tale.

I had rather hear of the rise than the fall of any man, and as for the ten thousand accidents, murders, suicides, &c., why not *imagine* that so many will happen every year, and let it go at that? A man was lately asked to take a good weekly agricultural family paper, but refused on the ground that he knew all about farming he wished to know, and as for the rest it was not to his taste! That is to say, there was nothing in it to gratify a morbid appetite, created by reading the shocking particulars that fill many sheets of the day.

North Chili, N. Y., Jan., 1868. H. K. F.

CLOCK-WORK.

THE two most curious examples of clock-work—apart from intricacy—are the clock-lock and the clock-bed. The former, made by a locksmith of Frankfort in 1859, consisted of a strong box without any keyhole at all, and which even its owner could not open. Inside was a clock-work, the hand of which, when the box was open, the owner placed at the hour and minute when he again wanted to have access to the interior of the box. The works began to move as soon as the lid was shut, and time alone was the key.

The clock-bed was the invention of a Bohemian, in 1858, and was so constructed that a pressure upon it caused a soft and gentle air of Auber's to be played, which continued long enough to lull to sleep the most wakeful. At the head was a clock, the hand of which being placed at the hour that the sleeper wished to rise, when the time arrived the bed played a march of Spontoni's (spontaneously) with drums and cymbals, enough to raise the Seven Sleepers.

GETTING MEASURED FOR BOOTS OR SHOES.—If you want a shoe to fit you comfortably, next time you are measured for a pair, stand upon a piece of paper, and get the shoemaker to trace with a pencil the outline of each foot, we say, because two feet are never alike in size and shape though they belong to the same person. They are more than right and left—they are unlike. Don't suppose that you can be measured for a pair by the most careful measurement of one. Insist on having the outlines as well as the girth and length of each foot taken, and then, if the shoemaker is an honest man, he will send home a pair of boots which, with their turned-in toes, will look unpromising when off, but when once on, will prove not only the most becoming, but the most comfortable you ever wore.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

THE progress of the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, now taking place, is thus described in a Naples letter, dated the 21st ult.:

For one or two days it has been enveloped in such thick clouds that all we have witnessed from a distance has been at intervals the lighting up of the dense mass with a lurid red color. Yesterday, however, a bitter northeast wind swept and cleared the cloud-capped summit, revealing a scene of extraordinary magnificence. Notwithstanding the stormy and rainy state of the weather, many parties have ascended this week, as has been evident from the torches glittering like glow-worms on the rugged side of Vesuvius, and I borrow from the report of friends who ascended last night some observations as to its actual state. Starting from Naples at about eight o'clock, they got up to the Hermitage at half-past ten, well soaked with the rain, and were by no means displeased to find an abundant "spread" laid out for another party of more provident "Britishers." Imagine a midnight picnic on Vesuvius, with pigeon pie and champagne *ad libitum*. Still the rain descended in torrents, and it was not until after two o'clock in the morning that in sheer desperation they emerged from their hospitable shelter, and commenced the heavy ascent of the grand cone. Yet all our sufferings and fatigue, say they, were well repaid by the grandeur of the spectacle. To the crater itself we could not reach, but as near to it as was safe we sat down on a *monticello* of cinders and watched the scene.

Vesuvius shook and trembled at the efforts it was making; it panted and roared like some gigantic furnace; there was a sound, rapid and repeated, as of the discharge of a volley of musketry, and there rose to the heavens, full 1,000 feet, a gorgeous mass of lava, stones, both great and small, and fine ashes. We calculated the interval which elapsed before it fell at from five to ten seconds, varying in duration according to the violence of the eruptions, which took place almost every second. The larger stones—rocks they may be called—rolled at times down to the spot where we were seated, while the smaller ones were carried by the caprice of the wind in various directions. Not far from us, in the direction of Ottajano, rolled down a stream of liquid lava from forty to fifty feet in width, and ten or twelve feet in height. Like pebbles on a shingly beach agitated by a storm was the noise it made in its progress; the scoriæ on the surface fell continually over, and thus, ever diminishing, yet ever increasing in proportions, the stream rolled steadily on and reached the bottom of the mountain.

There were, however, last night, many streams, presenting the appearance of an inverted hand, so that the mountain on each side seemed all ablaze. The lava is now coming down toward the Hermitage. We can mark its red and sinuous course even from Naples; and there is a promise of greater splendor than any we have yet witnessed. We can hear, too, the thunders of Nature's artillery, while each discharge is followed by a display which it is useless to attempt to describe. Different, yet scarcely less grand, are the day effects. Volumes and volumes of dark smoke are shot up perpendicularly into the air, and then falling and circling and rolling one over the other, file off like heavy battalions towards Capri. The column of smoke is perceptible to the eye all across the sky, lingering horizontally until it derives a fresh impulse from each successive eruption. For eight days this brilliant spectacle has been exhibited with ever-increasing grandeur, and the probabilities are that it will continue some time longer. Within twenty-four hours, the temperature has changed from a degree of heat inducing lassitude to a piercing cold. Every one is muffled closely up, but the bright sun above us will soon warm up the atmosphere.

AN elm tree was lately cut down in Ohio, which is said to be 792 years old. If its age is rightly fixed, it dates from the year 1075, or only nine years after the Norman invasion of England; and it was 417 years old when Columbus discovered our continent. Near Lake Otsego there stands, it is said, a tree known as the "Silent Pine," which has the credit of being one thousand years old.

COTTON socks next the skin, and woolen socks outside of them, are represented as sure to cure cold feet. At night the cotton socks will be quite dry, and the outside ones damp.

NECROLOGY OF 1867.

THE year just closed has witnessed the death of many distinguished persons in various ranks of life. Literature has lost N. P. Willis, Catharine M. Sedgwick, Charles Anthon, Fitz Greene Halleck, in this country; Alison, the historian, in England; and Victor Cousin, in France.

Science has lost Velpeau, the celebrated French surgeon; the English chemist Faraday; the astronomers Rosse and South; and the American scientists Bache and Worthington Hooker.

Among notable artists we record the deaths of Ingres in France, Stanfield in England, and Ruggles in this country.

Ponsard, the dramatist, Achille Fould and Laroche Jaquelin are lost to France; Maximilian and Queen Maria of Naples to the ranks of royalty

The death of John A. Andrews leaves a void in the ranks of American statesmen.

Two ex-governors of this State—Washington Hunt and John A. King—have died. The law loses the names of Judge Scrugham and Chancellor Walworth; the stage, the names of Persiani and Ira Aldridge (Hewlet), the negro tragedian, and the composer Pachl; the humorists, the name of Artemus Ward, the original abolitionists, Abby Folsom; the church, Bishop Soule, Dr. Krebs and Dr. Taylor; Yale College, the venerable Jeremiah Day. The name of Charles King is also to be added to the list.

THE ALPINE HORN.

THE Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and, like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. I have heard that when the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains takes his horn and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountain and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe.

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

IN the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out, when it is bed-time, and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills or on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for the answering strain from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne on the tide, telling that the loved ones are almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, who sing to cheer him, and how they strengthen and tighten the bonds that bind together these humble dwellings by the sea. Truly, it is among the lowly in this world that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.

WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN.—No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigor of the six-months' winter in Spitzbergen. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burned off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of the climate within an air-tight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE PAUL.

ABOUT A PORCUPINE.

A GOOD many years ago, before you were born, we attended spelling schools. Have they ever tried "spelling down" in the schools you are now attending? We really hope they have, for there is much pleasure in the exercise, and a good deal of profit, besides. They had another way which was very pleasant, in the spelling schools we used to go to. It was to "choose sides," and see which side would miss the least number of words pronounced. We liked that, and always felt proud to have *our* side come out ahead.

We remember one night, when two of the scholars had chosen sides, and we were all—sixty or seventy of us—ranged along down the old school-room in two rows, facing each other. First a boy or girl on one side would spell a word; then one on the opposite side would spell another,—and so on. We spelled a good many words that evening. Finally the word "hedgehog" was pronounced, and it happened to be SETH GREEN's turn to spell. Now SETH was a pretty large boy, in fact we younger ones generally counted him among "the *big* boys," but he wasn't the best speller in school. He was as clumsy as he was large, and made more blunders in class and everywhere else than we could tell you of in a whole evening. Being very bashful, he stammered somewhat in his speech, occasionally, and so he spelled "hedgehog," after two or three attempts—"*he-g* hedge, *ho-g* hog, hedgehog."

We are afraid the types cannot do the spelling with such a ludicrous awkwardness as he did, and really wish you could have heard SETH, and then heard us all laugh and laughed with us. You couldn't have helped laughing any more than we could. It was a good many years after that when your Uncle PAUL first saw a hedgehog, or porcupine, (there isn't much difference between the two,) but when he did he at once thought of SETH's odd manner of spelling the word, and laughed over it again.

Last summer we were on the top of the famous Mount Washington. You know where it is, don't you? Your Geography will tell you that it is in New Hampshire, and is the highest peak east of the Rocky Mountains; at any rate the Geographies used to tell *us* so. And what curious animal do you think we found away up there, where there is nothing but rocks and the two lonely looking houses in which persons who climb the mountain find shelter? *A porcupine!* The poor little thing had wandered there from the valley below, and seemed to have had a hard time of it, for nearly all the singular quills which a porcupine carries on its back, were gone, and it appeared rather tired by its long tramp upward. The people who live on the mountain during the summer, had found the wanderer a few days before, lurking about among the rocks, and caged it for a short time, but then restored it to liberty. It was apparently inclined, though, to keep "up in the world," and was making itself very much at home.

We wonder what has become of it now? Of course it couldn't stay on the mountain until this time, because of the cold. The people all leave there about the middle of October, and through the long winter the two houses are left alone in the storms and bitter cold. So the porcupine must have left the summit also, or perished. Poor wanderer! It served to amuse a party of young ladies and gentlemen throughout nearly a whole forenoon. We were all weatherbound upon the mountain: the rain didn't seem to *fall*,—it was *all around us*, and beat against the thick walls of "Tip Top" (one of the houses) very drearily indeed. None of us could go out of doors, and pretty soon the young people called for amusement, as they were wearied of looking at the storm. Then the "quill driver" was brought in, and you ought to have seen the ladies jump into the chairs and on tables to get out of its way. But they needn't have been so much afraid of it, because the poor thing was too much frightened itself to harm any one. The day before an artist had taken its photograph, and a funny picture it made. To make it keep still while having its picture taken, they gave it ether, which caused it to lie very quiet.

While the young folks were amusing themselves with the odd looking animal, we were engaged in writing, but we couldn't help thinking of SETH GREEN and his droll way of spelling hedgehog; and we probably never shall see a porcupine without thinking of him and his spelling, and laughing over the recollection.

CIVILITY IS ALWAYS REWARDED.

"MY young friend," said a gentleman on horseback one day to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off?"

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many a boy would do, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good-natured lad thought no more of this act of civility, until, some months later, he received a letter from the gentleman, offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered and finally became the chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus you see that a little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder by which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I do say that it always raises its possessor in the opinion of others, and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, boys and girls. Civility is an ornament you should all possess.

A PROFESSOR AXENFELD, of Russian origin, recently appointed Professor of Medical Pathology at the College of Medicine in Paris, said in his inaugural speech that the most glorious height to which a country could attain was when she received every man, no matter how poor, or of whatever blood or race he might be, and gave him full and fair opportunities to work and achieve distinction without regard to birth or rank.

A LAZY BOY makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Those who make our great and useful men were trained in their boyhood to be industrious.

WORDS, innocent and powerless as they are as standing in a dictionary, how potent for good and evil they become in the hands of one who knows how to combine them.

The Publisher's Desk

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the RURAL NEW-YORKER with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the RURAL and other periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and Maryland Farmer for	**$3.50—**	**$4.50**
Rural and No. Western Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and Southern Cultivator "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Hall's Jour. of Health"	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and Our Young Folks "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Riverside Magazine "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and either the Atlantic, Harper's, Putnam's or Lippincott's Magazine, (or Harper's Bazar or Harper's Weekly,) "	**5.50**	**7.00**

Other magazines and journals are omitted for want of space, but may be given hereafter.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the RURAL is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending in their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE new State Officers who assumed the duties of their respective positions on the 1st inst., are Hon. Homer A. Nelson, Secretary of State; Hon. William F. Allen, Comptroller; Hon. Marshal B. Champlain, Attorney-General; Hon. Wheeler H. Bristol, Treasurer; Hon. John D. Fay, Canal Commissioner, and Hon. Van R. Richmond, State Engineer and Surveyor.

The Legislature convened on Tuesday, the 7th inst., and organized promptly. The Senate having a Republican majority, elected Republican officers, as follows:—Clerk, James Terwilliger, re-elected; Sergeant-at-Arms, John I. Kemper; Door-keeper, Charles V. Scuram; Librarian, Ferdinand De Wigne. The Democrats elected the following officers of the Assembly:—Speaker, Wm. Hitchman of New York; Clerk, Cornelius W. Armstrong, Albany; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jared Sandford of Seneca.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.—After the organization of both Houses was perfected the Governor's Message was read. It is a lengthy document, and details fully the condition of State affairs. We give a synopsis.

The State debt, after deducting the balance of sinking funds unsupplied, is $44,114,592.35. The total receipts from all the canals of the State during the past year were $4,050,357.79, and the expenses $1,220,192.65. The canal debt on the 30th of September last was $15,720,900. The aggregate balances of the sinking funds applicable to the canal debt at the close of the fiscal year, were $3,214,940.10. Upon the basis of the average revenues of the canals during the last seven years, it is thought the whole will be fully extinguished in 1874; and the Canal and General Fund debt, now a lien upon the canal revenues, will be discharged in 1877. The National Guard organization of the State is pronounced in excellent condition, and numbers about 45,000 officers and men. The Governor calls for further means for the support of permanently disabled soldiers in our State who are unable to maintain themselves, for which class adequate means is not now provided, and suggests that an appropriation be made for the establishment of a permanent home for such. There were 2,920 inmates in the State Prisons, on the 30th of September last. The management of the prisons has given general satisfaction, and the financial results are very favorable. The public schools of the State are in a prosperous condition. The total number of male teachers employed during the past year was 5,263; female teachers, 21,218. The number of scholars attending the public schools was 326,774. There are 11,724 school districts in the State, and 11,580 school houses.

Lieut.-Gov. Woodford, President of the Senate, has appointed the Senate Committees, and the Upper House is quite prepared for the work on hand.

The clerical court or committee appointed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter to investigate charges against Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr., which were preferred by the Rev. Dr. Stubbs of New Brunswick, met in New York city recently, heard the accused in a plea of "not guilty," and adjourned until February. Mr. Tyng is charged with preaching in a Methodist Church, contrary to a canon of his order.

The New York Central Railroad has introduced a uniform pro-rata freight tariff along its entire line from Albany to Buffalo. This is a very gratifying arrangement.

A disastrous fire occurred in Oswego on the 9th inst. The Grant Block was entirely destroyed, involving a loss of about $100,000. One of the steam fire engines which was playing upon the flames, exploded, and the engineer was badly injured.

Judge Wm. B. Wright, of the Court of Appeals, died suddenly at Congress Hall, Albany, on the 11th inst., of disease of the kidneys. He was on the bench but two days previous.

From Washington.

The House, in the Committee of the Whole, has had under consideration the state of the Union.—Mr. Baldwin, of Mass., spoke at length upon the equality of all men before the laws, and reviewed the history of the black race. Mr. Barnes, of N. Y., discussed the prevailing financial depression and its unfavorable effect upon the labor of the country. He was followed by Mr. Kerr, of Indiana, on the rights of American citizens.

Mr. Henderson, of Mo., has introduced a resolution, in the Senate, instructing the Committee on Finance to report a bill for the consolidation of United States bonds and the regulation of other matters pertaining to the finances of the country.

Senator Doolittle, of the Military Committee of the Senate, is preparing a minority report on the case of the suspension of Mr. Stanton, which will be submitted to the Senate at the same time with the report of Senator Howard. Mr. Doolittle puts the responsibility of the New Orleans riot upon Mr. Stanton.

According to an official statement, the U. S. bonds have been issued, under act of Congress, to the Pacific Railroad as follows: Union Pacific Railroad, $8,100,000; Union Pacific, eastern division, $4,880,000; Atchison and Pike's Peak Branch, $640,000; Western Pacific, $320,000; Union Pacific, central branch, $640,000; Central Pacific, $607,400; aggregate, $20,714,000. On these bonds interest has been paid to the amount of $853,868.

The House Reconstruction Committee, after much discussion, has reported a new Reconstruction Bill. It declares that the present governments of the unreconstructed States are not valid or legal, and shall not be recognized as such by either the executive or judicial authorities of the United States. It also requires and authorizes General Grant to enjoin by special orders all commanding officers in those States to enforce the Reconstruction acts passed last March, and to remove at his pleasure any or all of said commanders and to detail other officers of the United States army, not below the rank of colonel, to perform all the duties and exercises all the powers authorized by said acts. General Grant is also authorized to remove all civil officers now acting under the provincial governments within the disorganized States, and to appoint others to discharge the duties pertaining to their respective offices, and to do any and all acts which, by the laws of March last are authorized to be done by the several commanders of the military departments. All acts or parts of acts which authorize the President to remove the military commanders are repealed. It is also made unlawful for the President to order any part of the army or navy of the United States to assert by force of arms the authority of the provisional governments in the disorganized States, or to oppose or obstruct the authority of the United States as provided in this act and acts to which this is supplementary.

It is reported that the President will at an early day send into the Senate the name of Major Perry Fuller as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Brevet Lieut. Col. W. Pease has been detailed as Professor of Military Tactics at the State University of Virginia.

The Committee on Ways and Means, in considering the bill for the repeal of the cotton tax as it passed the Senate, have decided to non-concur in the Senate amendment suspending the operation of the law for one year.

From the South.

A TERRIBLE affair occurred at Ayersburg, East Tennessee, last week. Sheriff Parkington attempted to arrest an old man named Duncan in the street, when Duncan drew a pistol and fired, shooting off the Sheriff's thumb. Parkington's son, who was standing near, then fired a pistol, killing Duncan, whose son coming up at the moment, fired, killing young Parkington instantly. Seeing his son slain, Sheriff Parkington then shot young Duncan through the heart.

In the Virginia Convention the other day a stormy scene occurred that nearly culminated in a general melee. Mr. Hunnicutt in replying to a scathing record given of him by Mr. Gibson, Conservative, called Henry A. Wise and R. M. T. Hunter traitors. High words followed; members felt for their pistols; there was much confusion, and the Chair endeavored to restore order in vain while the excitement prevailed. When quiet was ultimately regained the affair was referred to an appropriate committee.

A resolution offered in the Georgia Convention, requesting Congress to empower that body to remove State officers and appoint their successors, it is believed will pass by a large vote. The resolution implies a want of confidence in Gen. Meade. It is the intention of certain parties in the Convention to question the right of the negro delegates and certain recently arrived Northern men to their seats on the ground that they are not legally qualified citizens of Georgia.

Resolutions appointing committees to consider what legislation is necessary to afford adequate relief and protection to the State and the people thereof; to take into consideration whether public lands may not be disposed of to pay the indebtedness of the State, &c.; and to consider the destitute condition of a portion of the citizens and the best means for affording present and permanent relief, have been adopted in the Mississippi Convention.

Gen. Canby has called the Constitutional Convention of North Carolina to meet on the 14th inst.

The Louisiana Convention has adopted seventy-two articles of the new constitution.

Gen. Hancock has issued an order nullifying Gen. Sheridan's special instructions relative to registration in Louisiana, and directing registering boards in future to follow out the laws of Congress on the subject.

Special telegrams state that Gen. Meade has removed Gov. Jenkins of Georgia, and that Brig.-Gen. Dunn, Adjt.-Gen. under Pope, is to be the new Governor. It is said that Jenkins will test the legality of his removal by a *quo warranto*.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE number of special policemen enrolled in the United Kingdom has reached thirty thousand. The Irish Rifle Volunteers are making preparations to enroll as special constables. The Home Department has sent a circular to the Mayors of a large number of towns, requesting them to prepare a force of special constables for any emergencies that might arise. Various new military garrisons are being established throughout the country.

The clerks in the office of the Magnetic Telegraph Company in Belfast have been arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of belonging to the Fenian organization.

Mr. Edward Thornton, British Ambassador to the United States, has sailed for New York.

PERSONAL.—The Rev. Dr. E. G. ROBINSON and family arrived in Rochester on Saturday last, after a year's absence in Europe;—all well. Dr. R. is the able and worthy head of the Rochester Theological Seminary, and is gladly welcomed home by hosts of friends, of all denominations. It is understood that Dr. ROBINSON has been tendered the Presidency of Brown University, which distinguished position his many friends and admirers in Western New York trust he will decline.

CHOLERA ON SHIPBOARD.—The ship Leibnitz from Hamburg, after a passage of sixty days, arrived in New York harbor on the 11th inst., having had one hundred and five deaths from cholera—seventy adults and thirty-five children—and with thirty-five cases of the same disease still on board. The ship has been ordered to the lower quarantine, where the sick will be transferred to the hospital ship.

Southern Correspondence.

From Rochester to New Orleans—Change of Climate—Strawberries, &c.—June in January—The Crescent City, its Streets, Residences and Hotels—Fair of the Louisiana Ag'l and Mech'l Association—The Fair Grounds, Prospects, &c.—English Steam Plow—Arrival of Northern Exhibitors, &c.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 6, 1868.

MR. MOORE:—After a journey of eighty-six hours from Rochester, by the way of Chicago and Cairo, I find myself in the "Crescent City." The transition of a northern man from Chicago, where the Storm King held dominant sway, to this latitude, seems strange indeed. When within seventy-five miles of this city we saw baskets of strawberries on the train, and they made our mouths water, to say the least. As we drew nearer, we saw gardens, green and luxuriant. Then we passed groves of oranges, the yellow fruit hanging like our apples;—and now, while I am writing, the windows are up and my coat off, the air being balmy like our June.

Nature has been lavish of her facilities to make this a splendid city—a second New York. The plan of the city is quite regular, with broad and well paved streets that always intersect each other at right angles,—and many of the private residences are large and handsome. The hotels here are conducted upon a scale of magnitude and splendor scarcely equaled by any in America.

The Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Association of this State have their grounds about three miles out of the city, to which the street cars are passing to and fro every five minutes. The grounds are laid out in splendid order, with spacious buildings, equal to any that you would see in any Northern State. To-day all is "hurly-burly." Great wagons loaded with ponderous machinery, are trundling in; saws and hammers are plying,—all making ready for the exhibition which opens to-morrow morning. I called at the rooms of the Secretary, Mr. THOMAS G. RHETT. They were there making large calculations on a "big thing;" others looked upon it as doubtful whether it would equal the Fair of 1866. The great English Steam Plow was experimenting, to be in readiness. It looked to me like a great failure. Northern mechanics and manufacturers have been arriving all day, to show up their wares. More anon.

N. B. S.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR.—Accounts from the interior of Paraguay show that the condition and prospects of the Paraguayans are better than the Brazilians are willing to admit. President Lopez, in person, was in command at Humaita, and held the lines of communication with the capital, Asuncion, and with the Fortress of Curupaity, uninterrupted. As the forces of the allied powers were very weak in front of Humaita, the Paraguayans defied them to undertake a siege. All classes of the population were as enthusiastically devoted to Lopez as ever, and were making most energetic efforts to supply him with men and provisions, but on the other hand the allies were preparing to push on the war with vigor. When the last steamer left Rio Janeiro the Brazilian Government was forwarding reinforcements, and the other powers were sending supplies of men and material to the Parana river.

THE GOLD AND SILVER PRODUCT.—Official figures from the Pacific slope, show a steady increase in the production of the precious metals. The Mint at San Francisco received in silver, in November last, 60,860 ounces, 59,797 ounces on October, 34,998 ounces in September, and 54,997 ounces in August. The increase promises to be regular and constant. Of gold, the receipts for eleven months, to the first of December, 1867, were 956,717.03 ounces, against 913,068.75 ounces for the same period in 1866. The coinage for the same time was in 1867, $18,195,535, add in 1866, $16,146,500, showing an increase of $2,049,035.

FIRES.—The paper mill of J. G. Parker & Co., Greenwich, Washington Co., was burned on the 4th inst. Loss $25,000. A fire occurred in Racine on the night of the 5th. Loss $30,000. J. G. Baldwin, grocer, was the principal sufferer. The loss by the burning of the Military Asylum, Augusta, Me., was $150,000. One of the inmates froze to death while being removed from the building. All the business portion of Indianola, Texas, has been destroyed by an incendiary fire. The Custom House and fifty other buildings were burned. Loss $100,000. The clothing house of Bowman & Strook, Richmond, Va., was burned on the 5th. Loss $80,000.

LAKE DISASTERS.—The total number of disasters on the Lakes, during the last season of navigation, far exceed anything that has ever been before recorded. They reach 931 in 1867, against 329 in 1864, and 277 in 1860.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A FEMALE Kasper Hauser has been discovered on one of the coal barges of the Seine. The girl, of a high family, has been kept hidden in the hold of the vessel for six years.

IN the Massachusetts Senate, this year, there are 11 lawyers, 5 merchants and two farmers. In the House there are 46 manufacturers, 33 merchants, 28 farmers, 24 lawyers, 21 traders and 1 editor.

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop Hopkins, presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, expired at the Episcopal residence at Rockport, Vt., on the 9th inst., aged seventy-six years.

THE Ætna Mills corporation, Newton, Mass., have decided to run all their machinery the coming winter on full time. A reduction of ten per cent., on the wages of the operatives, was assented to about two months since.

Two of the large buildings owned by the United States Clock and Brass Company at Austin, six miles west of Chicago, were entirely destroyed by fire recently. Loss about $175,000. Over a hundred persons were thrown out of employment.

NEW counterfeit twenty-five cent currency is in circulation. It may be easily detected from a blunder in spelling. The word "customs" on the back is spelt *custums* in the counterfeit. The Government issue has the advantage of correct orthography.

SOME fifty workmen were discharged from Jayne's iron foundry, in Westchester county, last Saturday. The Montauk steel and iron works, the Mott iron works in Mott Haven, and other manufactories in Westchester county, have also reduced their working force.

PROF. WM. B. BRADBURY died on the 9th inst., at his late residence in Montclair, New Jersey, of consumption, induced by too close application to business. He was the author of several music books for Church and Sunday School use, which had a large sale.

WORK has been commenced on the top of the "old" tower of the Cologne Cathedral, on which for over 400 years neither hammer or chisel has been seen. Workmen are preparing the scaffoldings for next spring, when the work on the noble old structure is to be vigorously pushed forward.

REDUCTION OF STATE DEBTS.—Not least among the interesting statements in the report of Commissioner Wells, is that relating to the rapid reduction of the State debts since the war. The reduction in New Hampshire last year amounted to 6.35 per cent.; in Pennsylvania in eighteen months, 4½ per cent.; in New York last year, 6.67 per cent.; in Ohio in two years, 15 per cent.; in Vermont in two years, 15.45 per cent.; in Illinois in three years, 32 per cent.; in Indiana in three years, 25.34 per cent. In Indiana the rate of State taxation is already less than it was before the war; and there is reason to believe that in less than five years from now most of the county and town war debts will be cleared off.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The wheat crop in Chili is larger than it has been for several years. There is no news of importance from the rebellious districts in the south of Peru. In the north a serious engagement has occurred between the government forces and the revolutionists near Chilayo on the 14th ult. It continued through the 14th, and was still going on on the 15th when the steamer sailed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, January 14, 1868.

THE condition of the money market has not changed much during the past week. Business of most kinds is dull, and there is neither a large speculative or other demand for money. The present dullness in trade and in manufacturing operations will doubtless continue for some weeks. All are anxious to see what Congress shall do in regard to the currency. That there will be no further contraction at present is pretty well decided; but whether there will be an additional issue of greenbacks, in accordance with the wishes of some parties, particularly at the West, is not so certain. Whatever is to be done, it is important to the interests of the country that the point should be speedily settled.

Since the first of January there have been less mercantile failures than were anticipated. One or two banks have recently failed, in consequence of imprudent management, but as there is no loss to bill-holders under the present system, such failures create no alarm, except among depositors in the vicinity of their location. The bills of the suspended banks are more likely to be at a premium than otherwise.

Exchange on England is a little lower, and shipments of specie are falling of somewhat—only about $1,000,000 being taken out by Saturday's steamers.

Gold advanced during the past week, and on Saturday sold at 138 and upward. Sales at the New York Board were made yesterday at 140¾. American silver sells at 5¼@5½ cents below the price of gold. Mexican dollars are quoted at 103@103½ in gold.

Stocks have been quite active for the last six or eight days, and some descriptions have advanced, particularly railway stocks. There has been a very decided improvement in New York Central, and some other lines known as Vanderbilt roads. New York Central sold yesterday at 123½. Two weeks ago it sold at 117.

Government Securities are stronger and have recently advanced, and there has been an improvement in 5-20s in Europe.

The January statement of the Secretary of the Treasury shows an increase in the public debt of $6,919,898 since the statement of Dec. 1st. The payments of interest and other large disbursements have led to this temporary increase.

INTERNATIONAL COINAGE.—It may be remembered that at the Monetary Conference held in Paris, last season, and attended by representatives from nearly all the nations of Europe, that a plan was arranged for a monetary unification, and the five franc gold coin of France was fixed upon as the unit. Mr. Samuel B. Ruggles, a delegate from this country, labored earnestly in the Conference to have the gold dollar of the United States adopted as the standard, but was outvoted, and the French coin was taken as the proposed unit. The new plan is now under consideration by the several European Governments.

Mr. Sherman, of the U. S. Senate, has recently introduced a bill enacting that, with a view to the unification of the world's coinage, the weight and value of the United States five dollar pieces shall agree with those of the French coin of twenty-five francs. Other sizes and denominations of our coinage to be in proportion, and the silver coins are made to conform to the French standard by fixing the weight of a half dollar at 172 grains, Troy. The coinage of silver pieces of one dollar, five and three cents is discontinued. The value of the gold coins is to be stated on them both in dollars and francs, and in case Great Britain shall conform the pound sterling to the value of the five dollar piece, then the value in British terms shall also be stated.

The bill provides that foreign coin, which shall conform to this standard, shall be a legal tender.

Upon the passage of the act, the Secretary of the Treasury is to declare the rates at which coins of the United States and of foreign countries shall be reckoned, based upon estimates furnished by the Director of the Mint. It is proposed that the act take effect on the first of January, 1869.

The proposed plan of unification is important, and would greatly simplify exchange between commercial countries. It is not likely that it will be speedily adopted by all of the European nations. England, we apprehend, will still choose to reckon in pounds, shillings and pence, inconvenient and awkward as the system is. Some intelligent Englishmen have labored for years to convince the officials of Great Britain of the superiority of the decimal system over the arbitrary pound and shilling style of reckoning, but with little effect. In one respect the people of this country are about as much "joined to their idols" as the Englishman to his pence. Some months ago all of our Boards of Trade resolved to adopt the Cental system in their grain transactions, agreeing to commence the new order of things on a certain day. In two or three places the system lived about a week, and then collapsed. But somethine the Cental system will be adopted—and so will there be International coinage, but we fear not just yet.

WOOL.—The sales were very small in the eastern market last week. The Boston sales were only to the amount of 450,000 lbs., at prices ranging from 22 to 61c. for fleece, and 35@48c. for pulled. There is evidently some doubt in regard to the future of the goods trade. The price of wool for the remainder of the season will depend much upon the demand for spring goods. The receipts of wool at the East are now very light.

THE GRAIN MARKET.—It was anticipated by some that a season of good sleighing would throw upon the market a large portion of the grain in the hands of the farmers, but such has not been the case. The receipts, especially of wheat, have been light for the past week, and prices are well sustained. The impression is general, among holders of wheat, that the maximum price has not been attained. Corn has receded a trifle, while Rye has had an equal advance. Barley is excited, and the tendency strongly upward.

DRESSED HOGS.—Owing to the fact that the price of dressed hogs is little if any higher in the Atlantic markets than here, operations are almost wholly confined to the local trade. Prices are well up, with a slightly advancing tendency.

BEEF is offering with considerable freedom, but not above the demand, and sells readily at quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat..	$15,50@16,00	Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. red wheat...	13,50@14,00	Do. ⅌ bbl.....	2,50@ 2,25
Do. extra State..	9,00@10,00	Do. dried, ⅌ lb..	6½@ 7c
Do. buckwheat, ⅌ cwt..	2,00	Peaches.....	25@ 30
Millfeed, coarse...	25,00@28,00	Cherries.....	30@ 35
Do. fine.....	30,00@35,00	Plums.....	25@ 30
Meal, corn, cwt....	2,80@ 2,75	Blackberries.....	7@ 8
Wheat, red, ⅌ bu..	2,50@ 2,55	Potatoes, ⅌ bu....	62@ 80
Do. best white...	2,80@ 3,00	Onions.....	1,00@ 1,25
Corn, old, ⅌ bu....	1,20@ 1,20	Turnips.....	00@ 50
Rye.....	1,50@ 1,60	**Hides and Skins.**	
Oats.....	65@ 68c	Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Barley.....	1,50@ 1,60	Do. untrimmed..	7@ 8
Beans.....	3,00@ 3,50	Green calfskins....	12@ 12
Meats.		Sheep pelts, each..	1,25@ 2,00
Pork, old mess....	$00,00@00,00	Lamb pelts, each..	00@ 00
Do. new mess....	21,00@22,00	**Seeds.**	
Do. clear, ⅌ lb...	00@ 00c	Timothy ⅌ bu.....	$ 2,50@ 3,00
Dressed hogs, cwt.	9,00@10,00	Clover, medium...	6,00@ 6,50
Beef.....	7,00@11,00	Do. large.....	7,00@ 0,00
Spring lambs.....	2,75@ 3,00	Peas.....	1,40@ 1,50
Mutton, ⅌ lb.....	4@ 6c	Flax.....	1,50@ 2,00
Hams.....	11@ 13	**Sundries.**	
Shoulders.....	10@ 10½	Wood, hard.....	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Chickens.....	12@ 14	Do. soft.....	5,50@ 6,50
Turkeys.....	16@ 18	Coal, lump, ⅌ ton.	8,25@ 0,00
Geese, each.....	00@ 00	Do. large egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. small egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Butter, choice roll	30@ 32	Do. stove.....	8,65@ 0,00
Do. packed.....	30@ 35	Do. chestnut.....	8,15@ 0,00
Cheese, dairy.....	13@ 14	Do. soft.....	7,00@ 0,00
Do. factory.....	15@ 16	Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Lard, tried.....	13@ 14	Salt, ⅌ bbl.....	2,70@ 2,80
Do. rough.....	12@ 14	Wool, ⅌ lb.....	30@ 40c
Tallow, tried.....	9@ 10	Hops.....	45@ 60
Do. rough.....	6@ 6½	Whitefish, ½ bbl..	6,00@ 6,50
Eggs, ⅌ dozen.....	35@ 36	Codfish, ⅌ cwt....	6,50@ 7,00
Forage.		Honey, box, ⅌ lb..	22@ 25c
Hay ⅌ ton.....	$15,00@25,00	Candles, box.....	12½@ 13½
Do. new.....	00,00@00,00	Do. extra.....	14@ 15
Straw.....	10,00@14,00	Barrels, each.....	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 11—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,50; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 16½@16¾c. Flour, $8,70@10,00. Wheat, $2,05@3,20. Rye, $1,65@1,72. Barley, $1,65. Corn, $1,22@1,10. Oats, 85@86½c. Hops, 30@35c. Pork, mess, $20,95@21,18; new mess, $22,00@22,25; prime, $17,25@18,25; prime mess, $19,25@19,75. Beef, new plain mess, $12,50@18,50; new extra mess, $17,00@21,00. Beef Hams, $29,00@32,00. Shoulders, 8@9½c. Hams, 12@13c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 10½c.; long-ribbed, 11c.; short-clear, 12½c. Lard, 12½@13¾c. for new. Butter, 35@40c. Cheese, 11@15.

ALBANY, JAN. 11.—Flour, $10,50@15,00. Rye Flour, $8,75@9,00. Buckwheat Flour, $4,20@4,25. Corn Meal, $2,75@2,85 ⅌ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,75. Rye, $1,00@1,05. Corn, $1,30@1,33. Oats, no sales. Barley, $1,75@1,80.

BUFFALO, JAN. 11.—Flour, $10,25@14,00; Wheat, $2,08@2,05; Corn, $1,15; Oats, 75c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $1,65@1,70; Peas, $1,18; Beans, $3,50; Pork, mess, $22,00@22,50; Lard, 13½@13½c; Butter, 25@40c; Cheese, 15@16c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2,55; coarse, ⅌ bbl., $2,60.

CHICAGO, JAN. 11—Flour, $8,75@9,25; Wheat, $1,87@2,03½; Corn, 82@86c; Oats, 51½@60½; Rye, $1,54@1,56; Barley, $1,42@1,48; Pork, mess, $20,00@20,25; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 32@36c; Cheese, 12@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2,20@2,30; clover, $7,40; flax, $2,20.

TORONTO, JAN. 10.—Flour, $6,75@7,25; Wheat, fall, $1,65@1,70; Spring, $1,50@1,55; Oats, 53@55c; Barley, $1@1,10; Peas, 70@72c; Pork, mess, $18@19; Bacon, 7@7½c; Hams, 7½@8c; Lard, 9@9½c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 12@24c; Hops, 25@50c; Dried apples, 8½@9½c; Hay, $11@17; Straw, $11@13.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, JAN. 9.—Beeves, $3,25@11,50. Milch Cows, $40@$110. Sheep and Lambs—State 4@5½c.; Michigan 5@6c.; Canada 6@7c. Hogs, 7¼@7¾c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JAN. 8.—Beeves range from 7@11½c. Working Oxen, $160@235 ⅌ pair; Steers, $100@150. Milch Cows, $35@100; Heifers and tarrow, $35@75; Yearlings, $18@29; two-year-olds, $33@50; three-year-olds, —@—. Sheep and Lambs, 3@5½c; extra, 6@6½c; by the head, $1,75@5. Swine, 7½@8c. Hides, 9@10c. ⅌ lb. Sheep and Lamb Skins, 75c@$1 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c, ⅌ lb.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 8.—Cattle in demand at 6@10½c. Sheep, 5@6½c. gross. Hogs, 10½@11½c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 11—Beef Cattle, 5½@6½c. Veal Calves, 4½@6½c. Sheep, $1,75@5. Hogs, $5,75@6,95.

TORONTO, JAN. 10.—Beef Cattle range from 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Lambs, 2½@3c; Calves, 4½@6½c.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, JAN. 10.—Dressed hogs are active and declined 10@15c; sales at $7,30@8,50, dividing on 200 lbs. Live hogs are dull and declined 10@15c; sales at $5,75@6,10.

TOLEDO, JAN. 8.—Dressed hogs unchanged at 7¼@8¼c.

DETROIT, JAN. 10.—The market is still well supplied; sales were made at 7½c, 8@8¼c.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 10—Dressed hogs quiet; sales at $7,75@8,25. Receipts 3,000 head.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 10.—Dressed hogs are weak; sales at 7¼@8¼c.; live hogs 5½@6½c.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 8.—Hogs quiet, with sales at 5½@6½c.

TORONTO, JAN. 10.—The following are the rates paid: Light and medium, 5@5½c.; choice to extra, 5¾@6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 11.—Market steady. Sales 270,000 lbs. at 40@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 35@50c. for Pulled, 21@30c. for Texas, and 18@28c. for California, 30c. for Oregon, 22½c for Mexican, and Buenos Ayres and Cape on p. t.

BOSTON JAN. 9.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@60c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ½ and ¾ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 55@58c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@48c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 9.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 32@42c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 35@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 10.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.; Fleece, 33@42c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

WANTED—A SITUATION as PROPAGATOR or Nursery foreman. For particulars address E. E. HIGLEY, Port Byron, N. Y.

HEADING BOLTS.—HIGHEST PRICE PAID for heading bolts. W. & J. LOVECRAFT, 19 Warehouse St., Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH.—A LIMITED NUMBER OF PERsons cured Gratis for their Certificates for Dr. HALL'S "New Physiological Views and Treatment," second edition, 300 illustrated cases. DR. HALL, 488 2d Avenue, New York.

$200 PER MONTH SURE.—No money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-Lines*. Address Am. Wire Co., 162 Broadway, N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chic'o, Ill.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED.—Business New, light and desirable; pays from $10 to $25 ⅌ day. Can be done at home or travelling, and without capital. For particulars address MELNA & CO., 590 Broadway, N. Y.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES.—The subscriber will ship this popular variety in the spring, *if ordered now*, for $6 ⅌ bbl.; quantities of 10 barrels, or more, $5,50 ⅌ barrel. *No extra charges.*
968-2t H. F. QUA, Hartford, Washington Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—50,000 CHOICE APPLE Stocks 1 year, very fine. **30,000** Doucain Apple Stocks, extra large and well rooted. **100,000** Apple grafts on first class seedling roots. Pear seed selected by one of our firm in France last fall. NICHOLAS & NEWSON, Geneva, N. Y.

CURLS! CURLS!—ONE APPLICATION will curl your hair into beautiful curls, and last six months, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

WANTED.—EVERY READER OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER to send at once and get my new Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of every variety of Small Fruits and Peach Trees of excellent quality, all at very low rates. THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

50 CTS. WILL SECURE THE FOLLOWING splendid Fresh Flower Seeds:—36 varieties Sweet Williams; 10 var. best Double Hollyhocks and finest Blotched Petunias grown. Also true Boston Curled Lettuce, finest grown. H. A. CATLIN, Corry, Pa.

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?—MAPLE LEAVES for 1868.—A new, instructive and entertaining ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. Specimen, with terms and rare inducements to Agents, mailed for 10 cents. Address at once BLACKIE & CO., 716 Broadway, New York.

BEST EARLY TOMATO.—Seeds Given Away. Any one sending us five cents to pay for postage and envelopes, will receive a packet of the Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato Seed, and our Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of Seed Potatoes and Choice Vegetable Seeds. Send before Feb. 1st, 1868, to L. R. SCOTT & CO., Huron, Erie Co., Ohio.

TWO BEST OF DAIRY FARMS FOR SALE—8 miles from RR. Station at Warsaw. Said farms adjoining. One 230 acres, $45 ⅌ acre; first-rate buildings, timber and sugar-bush, well watered and fenced, 800 apple trees, 200 in bearing. The other 265 acres, $32, best of fence, water, timber, sugar-bush, choice fruit—four cheese factories near—not one acre of waste land.
H. GRAVES, Wethersfield Springs, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

DON'T PAY HIGH PRICES—When you can save money by trying our Great One Dollar Sale of Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches and Jewelry. We want AGENTS everywhere, male and female, to whom we offer extra inducements to get up clubs. Try it and be convinced. Send for Circular.
R. H. FLINN & CO.,
81 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

CURL YOUR HAIR!
SAMPLES SENT FREE!
A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp,
PROF. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

WILFRED RAMSAY—No. 5 NORTH PEARL Street, Albany, N. Y.—Seeds of all kinds, Fine Horticultural

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Burlington Free Fruit Box—Geo H Clarke.
A O Very's Hand Loom—A O Very & Co.
Gardening for Profit—Henderson & Fleming.
Horticultural Goods, Seeds, &c—Wilfred Ramsay.
Wanted—Thos C Andrews.
Best Early Tomato—L D Scott & Co.
Wanted, a Situation—E E Higley.
Fresh Flower Seeds—H A Catlin.
Maple Leaves for 1868—Blackie & Co.
Two Best of Dairy Farms for Sale—H Graves.
Catarrh—Dr Hall.
$200 per Month Sure—Am Wire Co.
Heading Bolts—W & J Lovecraft.
Don't Pay High Prices—R H Flinn & Co.
Early Goodrich Potatoes—H F Qua.
5,000 Agents Wanted—Menna & Co.
For Sale—Nursery Stocks—Nicholas & Newson.
Curls!—M A Jaggers.
Agents Wanted—Dr O Phelps Brown.
Wanted, Agents—George Kuhe & Co.
Curl Your Hair—Prof B H Robb.

The News Condenser.

— Mazzini is very ill.
— Paris has 48,000 shade trees.
— Game is abundant in Louisiana.
— Rogers, the sculptor, is in Rome.
— Real estate is advancing in Saratoga.
— 52,000 Arabs died of cholera last year.
— Queen Victoria is growing corpulent.
— Coal is 20 cents a bushel at Louisville.
— In 1867 there were 138 fires in Detroit.
— Racini, the Italian Composer, is dead.
— Nitro-glycerine was discovered in 1847.
— Diphtheria is prevalent in Binghamton.
— The Clinton foundry of Troy has closed.
— Richmond, Va., is overrun with ruffians.
— St. Louis lost, in 1867, $2,770,800 by fires.
— The heaviest woman in Paris weighs 520.
— There are 1,500,000 Protestants in France.
— Hon. Amasa Dana died recently at Ithaca.
— England contains 1,537,000 single women.
— Chicago abated 37,000 nuisances last year.
— A. A. Butts of Ohio lifts 2,737 lbs. weight.
— The Syracuse stone-cutters are on a strike.
— Wild ducks are plenty at Goderich, Canada.
— The Hazardville powder works have closed.
— Maximilian's remains have arrived at Cadiz.
— A female actress is playing Hamlet in Paris.
— Freemasonry is popular among the Chinese.
— There are 1,600 National Banks in this State.
— In 1867 Boston exported 90,000,000 lbs. of tea.
— Imitation wines are taxed 50 cents per gallon.
— In 1867 St. Louis made 750,000 barrels of flour.
— The public debt of this State is $44,114,592.35.
— The dog tax of Hampden Co., Mass., is $4,562.
— Deer are very plenty in Wisconsin this winter.
— 200,000 emigrants settled in Missouri last year.
— Philadelphia is to have a paid fire department.
— Divorce suits have begun among the Mormons.
— Moose are plenty in the woods of Nova Scotia.
— Adelina Patti is to marry the Marquis de Coux.
— The New Haven & Derby railroad cost $379,000.
— A 7,000 lb. cheese is on exhibition in N. Y. city.
— Osaka has 40 native professional photographers.
— The tailors' strike, in London, cost them $6,500.
— First-rate apples sell for $5.50 per bbl. in Boston.
— There are seventy Baptist churches in Germany.
— The Ætna Mills, Mass., are running on full time.
— In Europe, consolidated coal dust is used for fuel.
— Leavenworth, Kansas, has a population of 33,000.
— Wm. B. Bradbury, the musical composer, is dead.
— The profits of the Paris Exposition were $600,000.
— Counterfeit currency is Chicago's present trouble.
— The Philadelphia Press is managed by Forney, Jr.
— Belle Boyd is playing in the French Theater, N. Y.
— The steamer Great Eastern is lying idle at Mersey.
— 80,000,000 people crossed the N. Y. ferries last year.
— N. Y. city paid $2,456,917 for amusements last year.
— Minnesota raised 14,000,000 bus. of wheat last year.
— 2,000 miles of gas pipe underlie the London streets.
— There are 2,920 inmates in the prisons of this State.
— Napoleon has $7,500,000 a year for spending money.
— Madison Co., Ia., has paid a bounty on 28,131 gophers.
— Gen. Custer will spend his forced furlough in Europe.
— King Leopold of Belgium left a fortune of $16,000,000.
— Youngstown, Ohio, iron mills are again in operation.
— Maine produces, yearly, $50,000 worth of spruce gum.
— Santa Anna has been proclaimed Dictator of Yucatan.
— Only 15 of the Wisconsin State Banks are in existence.
— The water in Crooked Lake is lower than ever before known.
— The Girard estate yielded to the city of Philadelphia $500,000.
— The net profit of the Fitchburg Railroad last year was $354,744.
— New York pays $4,881,447.53 a year to Public School teachers.
— The obstructions in Charleston harbor are now being removed.
— Female operatives in Lewiston make from $10 to $12 per week.
— The "Peep o' Day" is the name of a paper at Salt Lake City.
— On the 15th ultimo Juarez was inaugurated President of Mexico.
— Last year Cleveland expended $1,000,000 in public improvements.
— Chas. Ockford skated 60 consecutive hours without rest or sleep.
— Carlotta, Maximilian's widow, has a personal fortune of $3,000,000.
— The State Military Association meets at Albany on the 21st inst.
— The Maine legislature has refused to abolish the State constabulary.
— A peat bed has been discovered at Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y.
— Juries in Florida are composed of eight negroes and four white men.
— The National Guard of New York numbers 45,000 officers and men.
— Franklin's birthday is to be celebrated by the printers of New York city.
— Tessen, Son & Co's banking house, of St. Louis, has failed for $300,000.
— Plymouth, Mass., is the largest town in the State; it contains 46,641 acres.
— Internal revenue collected in N. Y. city last year amounted to 22,308,469.
— Colchester, Ct., gave to the poor on the holidays $72,000 worth of poultry.
— Diplomatic relations have been broken off between Great Britain and Mexico.
— Dr. Russell is paid $20,000 a year, in gold, as correspondent of the London Times.
— The employees in the N. Y. Central Railroad shops are working on the eight-hour system.
— A gentleman of Newburyport, aged 83 years, was recently married to a lady aged 17 years.
— The Washington Evening Star has been sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.
— Portraits of Stonewall Jackson are sold to the Freedmen of Mobile as portraits of Gen. Grant.
— A rich Chinaman of San Francisco was recently buried in a coffin which cost $1,000 in gold.
— A duel was lately fought by two women in Kansas and one was shot dead—pistols were used.
— The Reconstruction Convention of South Carolina is composed of 63 negroes and 34 white men.
— There are 200,000 communicants in the Episcopal church in the United States, with 2,600 clergymen.
— In Danbury, Ct., a deaf and dumb man has started a shoe shop, and all his workmen are deaf and dumb.
— The national gathering of manufacturers at Cleveland affirmed the feasibility of saving $150,000,000 on the basis of the present income and outgo.
— The well-known dry goods house of L. C. Hopkins, Cincinnati, has failed, with liabilities amounting to $1,000,000, mostly due to New York houses.

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Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

WANTED—AGENTS—25,000 Male and Female AGENTS Wanted to sell the most salable article of the age. Agents can easily clear $30 per day. Sample and circular sent free. Can be done at home or traveling. For further particulars, address GEORGE KUHN & CO., No. 480 Broadway, N. Y. N. B. This is no humbug or gift enterprise.

AGENTS WANTED.—THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; Or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES. is the title of one of the best family medical books that has ever been offered to the public. The rapid sale of this book, and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from $20 to $30 per day. Address for full particulars the author and publisher, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 939-2t

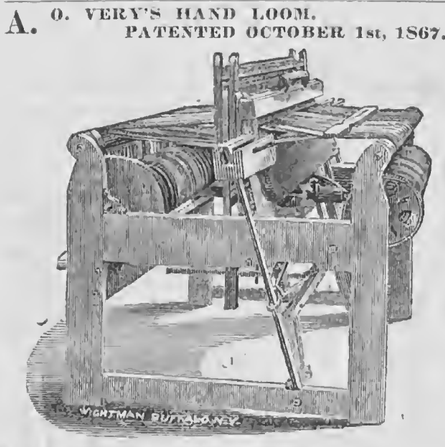
THE BURLINGTON FREE FRUIT BOX,
PATENTED JANUARY 10, 1865.

The proprietors of this cheap and popular Box are now prepared to furnish them in any quantity in flats, for transportation, and having made some improvements, adding a new feature by which their appearance is improved and a new object gained. They invite fruit growers and dealers to send for Circular and samples to THE BURLINGTON MANUFACTURING CO., *Burlington, New Jersey.* Philadelphia Office, B. L. JAMES, 241 N. Water St.
GEO. H. CLARKE, Agent, 436 Broadway, New York.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT.
(By PETER HENDERSON.)

This work has attained a larger sale in one season than any other book ever published on Gardening in this country. Its teachings are the experience of 20 years in growing garden products for the great market of New York, and are alike applicable to private or Market Gardening.
PRICE, $1.50 by mail, pre-paid.
Our Illustrated Catalogue for 1868, of SEEDS and IMPLEMENTS is now ready and will be mailed to all applicants for 25 cts. Also our Illustrated Catalogue for 1868, of NEW and RARE PLANTS, price 25 cents. But to our customers of last season they will be mailed as usual without charge.
HENDERSON & FLEMING,
Seedsmen, Market Gardeners and Florists,
939-6t 67 Nassau Street, New York.

A. O. VERY'S HAND LOOM.
PATENTED OCTOBER 1st, 1867.



Manufactured by A. O. VERY & CO., Andover, N. Y.
Send stamp for Descriptive Circular.

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE
FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1868.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
No. 15 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK,
Have the pleasure to announce that their
ANNUAL CATALOGUE
OF VEGETABLE AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS
For the new year, will be ready for mailing to all applicants in January. 938-4t

OSAGE SEED.—WARRANTED FRESH AND good. By the Pound, Bushel, or Hundred Bushels, at low rates by the quantity. Printed instructions for preparing and planting the Seed will be sent with each lot, if desired. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

FARMERS AND FARMERS' SONS WANTED to engage in a business, during the Winter, paying from $150 to $300 per month. Address ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO., No. 611 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 938-2t

DELAWARE AND MARYLAND FARMS for SALE.—January Catalogue sent free. A. R. WOOLSTON, Real Estate Broker, 512 King St., Wilmington, Del. 938-4t

MARYLAND FARM—129 ACRES ON TURNPIKE, 8 miles from Baltimore city, well improved, good fruit of all kinds, for $5,000. JOHN GLENN & CO., 938-tf No. 20 St. Paul St. corner Fayette, Baltimore, Md.

MAGIC DRAWING SHEETS, PRICE 25 CENTS.
Circulars sent free. Address
938-2t A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ill.

"THE PULPIT."—A 32-page Journal of Public Speaking, Pure Literature and Practical Religion. Containing some of the best things said by the Clergy and public men the world over. By our plan it will be
SENT ONE YEAR FOR NOTHING!
Send 10 cents with your address to
"THE PULPIT CO.,"
938-4t No. 37 Park Row, New York.

WE SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR, GOLD and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c., &c.
CIRCULARS SENT FREE,
giving full particulars or ten checks sent for One Dollar describing ten different articles which we will sell for One Dollar each. Splendid inducements offered to agents sending us clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT, 938-4t No. 83 Sudbury Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
THE BLUE COATS,
And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union.
With Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion.

It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy.

CAUTION.—Some of our Agents have taken advantage of the great popularity and large size of this work to raise the price to $3.00 and $3.50 per copy. The public are hereby notified that they have no right to charge more than $2.50. Inferior works purporting to be of similar character to "THE BLUE COATS" are being circulated, and we therefore caution both Agents and the public to see that the book they buy contains over 100 fine engravings and 500 pages. Send for Circulars. Address,
JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FORTIETH THOUSAND.
THE TEMPLE CHOIR, a new collection of sacred and secular music for choirs and singing schools, by THEO. F. SEWARD, LOWELL MASON, and WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, which was first published in September last, has already **REACHED ITS FORTIETH THOUSAND!** Better evidence of its acceptability to the public—that it pleases those who examine it—could not be adduced. IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST POPULAR MUSIC BOOK PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY YEARS.

It contains much new music by its authors, as well as many other of the most popular composers. Rarely has such variety been included in one volume. Its Singing School Department is very full and complete, and it contains a good number of new glees, for choir practice, &c. It is very attractive in its Anthem Department.

We have never published a book which seemed to give more universal satisfaction. Price $1.50. Sent by mail.
MASON BROTHERS, No. 596 Broadway, New York.
MASON & HAMLIN, No. 154 Tremont St., Boston.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY.
17th] 10 Green Houses. 350 Acres. [Year.

FRUIT, ORNAMENTAL AND NURSERY STOCK—General assortment. DWARF AND STANDARD TREES—including 200,000 fine, cheap yearling Apple, Pear, &c., admirable for large plantations or distant markets. BLACKBERRIES—Kittatinny, Wilson's Early, Missouri Mammoth. RASPBERRIES—Doolittle, Clarke, Ellisdale, Golden Cap, Philadelphia, Thornless. STRAWBERRIES—Jucunda, Wilson, &c. GRAPES—Concord, Delaware, Ives', Norton, Rogers' Hybrids, especially No. 4. GRAPE CUTTINGS. APPLE SEEDS. ROOT GRAFTS. STOCKS—Apple, Pear, Quince, Plum, Cherry. BLACK WALNUT, PEACH AND APPLE SEED. OSAGE ORANGE Seed and Plants. EVERGREENS, SHADE TREES, SHRUBS, CLIMBERS, ROSES—Best Stock, Largest Assortment we know—500 Varieties, including Giant, Marshal Niel, Madam Chas. Wood, Gen. Washington, &c. DAHLIAS, GLADIOLUS, VERBENAS, BEDDING AND GREENHOUSE PLANTS. Send 3 red stamps for 3 Catalogues.
937-4t F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO SUBSCRIBE. You can get for $2.50 a year, The American Agriculturist and
THE WEEKLY EVENING POST,
or for $3 you can get The Riverside Magazine and the WEEKLY EVENING POST.
Address, WM. C. BRYANT & CO.,
938-2t Publishers of THE EVENING POST, New York.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST
IN GOLD COIN.
THE BEST INVESTMENT
FOR SURPLUS CAPITAL.

The attention of Investors, Trustees, Executors, and others desiring an unusually safe, reliable, and profitable form of permanent investment, is called to the advantages and assurances of the

Central Pacific Railroad,
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

The CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY offer for sale their FIRST MORTGAGE THIRTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS, and submit to Investors the following among other obvious considerations; and invite the comparison with the merits and excellences of any class of corporate securities:

I. These bonds are based upon the most vital and valuable part of the Grand National Pacific Railroad, soon to become the main channel of communication on the continent.

II. The local settlement, and the business therefrom is remarkably large and profitable, and must constantly increase.

III. The hardest part of the road is now built, and the remainder will be rapidly carried forward over the Salt Lake Plains.

IV. The greater part of the means necessary to build the road is provided by the U. S. Government upon a subordinate lien.

V. The State and chief cities of California have contributed upward of $3,000,000 to the enterprise, without lien.

VI. The grant of land is destined at an early day to prove of far greater market value than the total of the First Mortgage Bonds issued upon the road and equipments.

VII. This Road lies altogether among the gold and silver producing regions, and its revenues are received in coin.

VIII. The management of this Company has been distinguished for prudence and economy; and the surplus earnings, after payment of expenses and interest, are devoted to construction purposes.

IX. The interest liabilities of the Company upon the portion now in operation are less than a third the net earnings.

X. Both *principal and interest are payable* IN GOLD, under special provisions of both National and State enactment.

The Bonds are in sums of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in January and July, and are offered for sale at **95** per cent. of their par value and accrued interest from January 1 added, in currency.

At this time they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds bid fair to attain the most prominent position among the non-speculative investments of the country, and will be actively dealt in at the money centers in Europe.

Holders of Government Securities have an opportunity of exchanging them for Central Pacific Bonds, bearing an equal rate of interest, with the principal abundantly secured, and of realizing a profit of ten to fifteen per cent. in addition.

Orders sent with the funds through responsible Banks or Express Companies will receive prompt attention. Bonds sent by return Express, to any address in the United States, at our cost. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, &c., furnished on application at the office of the Railroad Company,

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET,
AND OF
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

AUCTION SALE OF COTSWOLD EWES.—Having sold my farm situated 1½ miles east of Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., I shall sell at Vendue, on THURSDAY, Jan. 23d, 1868, 250 LONG WOOLED CANADA EWES, in lamb by thorough-bred and imported Cotswold Bucks. Also will be sold at the same time Farming Tools, Household Furniture, &c. G. H. CHASE.
Persons can reach Union Springs by leaving N. Y. C. RR. at Cayuga Bridge. 938-2t

ONLY 150 BUSHELS PEACH PITS LEFT for sale. Price $1 per bushel. Address BRAGG & POTTER, Union Nurseries, Kalamazoo, Mich. 937-4t

FOR SALE.—BY JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, Yacht and Boat Builder, Bristol, R. I.,
ONE GANG SAW MILL,
complete and in good order. Has been but little used. Sash of wrought iron, 38x67 inches, inside. Has outside connections. Is driven by 36 inch pulley, 13 inch face. Logs fed by spur rolls, and dogged at ends on short trucks. Has 26 saws, No. 11 wire gauge. Price $850. 937-3t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Written by 70 of the most distinguished Divines in Europe and America. Illustrated with over 125 *Steel and Wood Engravings.* Complete in One Large Octavo Volume. Price $3.50. We employ no General Agents, and offer Extra Inducements to Agents dealing with us. Send for Circular and terms.
937-4t J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn.

DAVIS'S PATENT THREE MINUTE MIXER AND MASHER,
For mixing Cake, Batter, Sauce; also for mashing Potatoes and Vegetables of all kinds. Something really useful. Liberal terms to the trade. Send for Circular.
937-4t H. G. SLIPLEE, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENT REVOLVING DIAPHRAGM CHURN
And Butter Worker Combined, with Patent Air-Tight Covers.
937-4t WAREROOMS, 482 Broadway, New York.

FRANK MILLER & CO. TO THEIR CUSTOMERS.—Repeated complaints from different sections of country reach us, that worthless articles are sold as MILLER'S BLACKING AND HARNESS OIL, by which many are deceived. As most of these articles are composed of Coal and other cheap Oils which are injurious to Leather, they may be easily detected.
Please notice our name in full on each Box and Can.
FRANK MILLER & CO., 18 & 20 Cedar St., New York.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 937-4t

JEROME PARK, MAY 25th, 1867.
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WATERS'S FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS, with Agraffe Treble, Iron Frame and over-strung Bass,

WAITING.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

I WAIT: for what? For better things?
For hours of which the poet sings?
To drink from purer, sweeter springs?
I hardly know.
Perchance you wonder if there be,
In distant years that we may see,
Some greater good for you and me?—
It must be so.

I hold my faith in coming years.
Though dark the present time appears,
The light *to be* my pathway cheers
And onward leads;
The Past is but a land of dreams—
The Present little that it seems—
The Future hides the golden beams,
The fruitful deeds!

That which I wait will come sometime;
The greatest good will reach its prime,
And of its fullness, ripe, sublime,
I shall partake:
The nectar springs of which I dream
Will in the sunlight brightly gleam,
My longing thirst at their cool stream
I then shall slake!

'Till then I wait; not hoping less
Because the greater happiness
Succeeding days do not possess—
My faith is strong:
I wait with patient, firm belief
That joy will give its crown to grief,
And harvest-time will bring the sheaf
Awaited long.

GOD pity him whose faith is dead
In good to come, who may have said
"There is no brighter day ahead,
No warmer sun;"
For him the years will slowly wane,
To him will come no end of pain,
With him will be each lasting bane
But just begun!

The mocking lights we ever chase,
That with our steps fore'er keep pace,
Familiar grow as does the face
Of dearest friend:
And if in all their mocking flight
Our hope of capture still is bright,
The brilliance of the fleeting light
Will never end!

The greatest good we never hold;
The buds of promise ne'er unfold
Within our grasp their flowers of gold,
But blossom late.
The sweetest hopes are all before;
The rarest joys are still in store;
And patiently forevermore
We for them wait!

The Story Teller.

EPISODE IN AN EDITOR'S LIFE.

ONE bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year ——, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterwards. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it; it was like the light in the sky before the sun had risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it, full of italics:

—— Street, Dublin, Dec. —, 186—.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR:—I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it be worth anything. I want it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my dear little brother a *nice little* birthday present. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, &c., EMILY ——."

Then came the address and the signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle-aged—perhaps something more; my beard is gray, my hair is gray too. I have no doubt that to the *jeunesse doree* whom I occasionally meet I wear the look of Dickens' patriarch, but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. Had I been a Foster or a Home, I might perhaps have divined the writer; but, certes, it was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised and corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

* * * * * *

On Christmas Eve I was asked, as usual, to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant, comely wife, and several small children, male and female. We dined *en petit comite.*

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up stairs after dinner we found the folding doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a German tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents, and for the friends of their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose, thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were,—I should rather say they are,—like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon." Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal; and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad at present, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend. "Although she is so young, Miss —— is the bread provider of her family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and the daughter give a greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess,—she is only seventeen,—(my children are so young they do not require a prim, regular governess, for they only study with her three hours a day,) does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on those points. I only know she would sit up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; but he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Scotland."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friend's governess. Must I say that from that Christmas Eve I was never heart whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life now acquired!

We have a little suburban house, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I had never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, truth to tell, had never thought of her since the Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies. Such babies! I will not rhapsodize; but if rosy flesh, and round contours, and lovely limbs can be called beauty, my girl and my boy would win the prizes in any show of babies in the world.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hand under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is! the pink toes, and the dent in the round little ancle, and the pearly instep, harmonize yet contrast so gloriously with the taper fingers, and the blue-veined white of that flower-like hand. It is like a rosebud laid on a white camellia. She then holds up the baby girl to me, and I kiss it before I go. My two-year-old boy toddles after me and gives me his chubby fist to hold till I get to the door. And so we live. I could not help, as I sat at my labors a few days ago, recalling the picture of motherly beauty and womanly loveliness I had left at home. How I wished all womanhood could be typified thus!

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy, scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness mulcted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more?—where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with this memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives. I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed away, (five years, almost,) that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of that letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupefying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing just within the threshold of my home? My darling, with her fair, child-like face, and bright hair; love and joy and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said, as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind, indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story, for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet; what a savage I must have seemed."

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all,"

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly; "meanwhile you can write ours if you like."—*Once a Week.*

"I WAS AN HUNGERED."

IT was sleeting fast. Evening was falling. The streets were almost deserted. Suddenly a voice at my elbow said, "I am not fit to work and have eaten nothing to-day."

I looked at the speaker. He was an able-bodied man, but had lost both arms by amputation; he was evidently a discharged soldier. He was pale, too, as if from recent sickness, or from scanty food. He had on an old, thread-bare coat.

My first impulse was to give him something. But my coat was buttoned tight; I could not easily unbutton it and continue to hold my umbrella and book; and to crown all, the street car for which I had been waiting, at that moment came up.

"I haven't anything to-day," I said, turning from the man and beckoning to the driver.

I heard a sigh, as I turned, and was on the point of reconsidering my decision, but I reflected that if I missed this car I should have to wait ten minutes in the road. "Besides," I said to myself, "somebody else will be sure to give him something."

But my heart smote me, when, on looking after the man, I saw him go sadly down the street with bent head. Once I thought of stopping the car, overtaking the man, and giving him half a dollar. But while I hesitated, the car passed the corner, and he was out of sight. It was too late.

I did not eat my dinner, that day, with the usual appetite. I could not get that wan face out of my mind. At times the victuals seemed to choke me. What if he really was starving and no one would help him!

All through the evening the man's look haunted me. In vain my little daughter, seeing me abstracted, sang her sweetest ballads. In vain my wife sought to "cheer me up," as she said. I even dreamed of the man. If I had known where to find him, I would have gone the next day, to satisfy myself that he had received assistance.

But the impression gradually wore off. There is so much suffering now in great cities, that almost every one becomes hardened to it. I pursuaded myself finally that the man had been helped by others. "There are so many societies to aid soldiers," I said. It was uncomfortable to think otherwise.

One morning, about four days after the interview, my wife was reading the paper, when she suddenly laid it down, and cried, "How shocking!"

I do not know how it was, but I felt a sudden chill. I thought instantly of that man's wan face. But I said carelessly, as I broke my egg,—

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh! such a horrible story. A discharged soldier, his wife and two children, dying of starvation. At least the wife is dead, and one of the children not expected to live. None have had anything to eat for four days. They were found in an old outhouse. The husband is said to have lost both arms at Gettysburg."

My hand trembled so much that, long before my wife finished, I had been compelled to lay down my egg unopened. She was looking at the paper and did not see me.

I had no appetite after that. I rose immediately, and hastened down town, for I was sure this was the man whose petition I had rejected.

I went straight to see him. I had the paper in my pocket, and it directed me to the miserable outhouse, where the sufferers had been found.

Quite a crowd had been collected outside. But a policeman at the door permitted no one to go in. He knew me, however, and on my expressing my wish, allowed me to enter.

A sheet, furnished by some poor neighbor, was spread over a still, waxen face in the corner; a little girl was sobbing beside it; and a man bowed with grief sat at the foot. At the sound of my footsteps he looked up. It was the same wan face I had repelled at the corner of the street.

Since that day I have never turned away from old or young who has asked alms. Better give to a thousand who are unworthy, than refuse one that is really in need.

A DESPERATE FLIRT FOR HIS AGE.

"CHARLIE.—"I only wish you girls wern't my Sisters!"
CIS.—"Why, CHARLIE?"
CHARLIE.—"Oh! only wouldn't I just flirt with you, that's all!"

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

WHY is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

WHEN is a flea like a locomotive? When it goes over the sleepers.

WHY is the letter D like a drunkard's life? Because it always ends bad.

WHAT vegetable expresses the relation between milk and water? Pump-kin.

WHEN were the first sweetmeats made? when Noah preserved *pairs* in the ark.

A TRIAL TRIP—A trip with two Saratoga trunks, four band-boxes and a—woman.

A PEDANT remarked to a farmer, "I cannot bear a fool." "Your mother could," was the reply.

BEAU BRUMMEL was asked the question—What constitutes a gentleman? "Starch, my lord," was his reply.

WHAT is the difference between a town and its people? It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

"Who is this Sahn-Sahn?" asked Mr. Seward when he first heard the name. "I suppose he comes from Sing-Sing," was the reply.

"WELL, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" said a schoolmaster to his pupil. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "the duty on spirits."

"MACDUFF! what a singular appellation for a hen. Pray, madam, why did you give her that name?" "Because I wanted her to 'lay on.'"

"MOTHER," said Ike Partington, "Did you know that the iron horse has got but one ear?" "One ear? Merciful gracious child! what do you mean?" "Why the engin-eer, to be sure.

A FASHIONABLE but ignorant lady, desirous of purchasing a watch, was shown a very beautiful one, the shopkeeper remarking that it went thirty-six hours. "What, in one day?" she asked.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. A. A. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 29 letters.
My 7, 26, 21, 15, 17 is a domestic animal.
My 21, 12, 6, 10 is is a kind of bird.
My 9, 7, 12, 14 is a kind of fish.
My 1, 26, 18, 22 is finished.
My 25, 12, 2, 9, 21 is a kind of swamp.
My 29, 28, 15 is a word which expresses affirmation.
My 7, 12, 20, 20, 3, 17 is a girl's name.
My 16, 17, 4, 13, 11 is a part of a dollar.
My 5, 8, 20, 22 boys are fond of.
My 9, 23, 27 is to transgress.
My 19, 2, 11 is not wet.
My whole is what young men often do.

Hillsdale, Mich. ARTHUR L. CLOSE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

REQUIRED the surface of a polygion of seven sides, described on a sphere whose diameter is seventeen miles, the sum of the angles being 1080°?

Fremont, Ill. IROQUOIS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 937.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Only by pride cometh contention; but with the well advised is wisdom.

Answer to Problem:—The youngest child must receive per annum $253.31; the middle-aged $344.40; the oldest $565.90; and each will possess at the age of 21 $6,503.14.

Answer to Anagram:

Oh Friendship! flower of fairest hue
To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other climes renew,
Thy native soil is Heaven.

No correct answer has thus far been received to the Prize Rebus given in No. 936, and we have concluded to defer giving any for the present.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST-CIRCULATING

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY D. D. T. MOORE, Proprietor,

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ROCHESTER—Nos. 82, 84 and 86 BUFFALO STREET.
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☞ All Business Letters should be addressed to Rochester during the present month, or until otherwise announced.

Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the RURAL. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SECURE PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

THE

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,

First Mortgage Thirty Year, Six per Cent. Coupon Bonds,

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN,

Represent the preferred claim upon one of the MOST IMPORTANT LINES OF COMMUNICATION IN THE WORLD, as it is the sole link between the Pacific Coast and the Great Interior Basin, over which the immense Overland travel must pass, and the

Main Trunk Line Across the Continent.

The Road is now nearly completed from Sacramento to the Richest Mining Regions in the Salt Lake Basin, and is being rapidly carried forward by the largest force of laborers ever employed by any Railroad Company on this continent.

The natural, legitimate, commercial business of the Road surpasses all previous expectation, and is profitable beyond parallel, even among the oldest roads in existence. The Earnings and Expenses for the Quarter ending Oct. 31, were as follows, IN GOLD:

GROSS EARNINGS.	OPERATING EXPENSES.	NET EARNINGS.
$593,847.92	$102,088.61	$491,759.31

This result, however, would have been far greater but for the inability of wagon teams to forward the freight and passengers from the temporary terminus in the mountains.

The United States Government and the State and Cities of California have so aided and fostered the Great Enterprise, that the Company will assume very light annual interest obligations, and will have the following ample Resources at command for the Construction:

DONATIONS in Lands, Bonds, Concessions, etc., (without lien)	$12,800,000
CAPITAL STOCK, Net Earnings, etc., (no lien)	11,000,000
LOANS (subordinate lien)	3,000,000
U. S. SUBSIDY BONDS, 726 miles (subordinate lien)	25,517,000
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS	25,517,000
Resources, first 726 miles	$77,834,000

The FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS are in sums of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, and are offered for sale, for the present, at 95 per cent. and accrued interest from July 1st, in currency, at which rate they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds, authorized by the Pacific Railroad Acts of Congress, are issued only as the work progresses, and to the same extent only as the Bonds granted by the Government, and are the prior lien upon the whole valuable property furnished by the above Resources. They possess special advantages and advantages over other Corporate securities, and are destined to rank among the BEST INVESTMENTS IN THE WORLD, from their unusual attractions of safety, soundness and profit.

Conversions of Government Securities
INTO
Central Pacific First Mortgage Bonds

now realize for the holders from TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN PER CENT. ADVANTAGE, with the same rate of interest.

Bonds can be obtained through the subscribers directly, or through responsible Banking agencies.

Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps and information can be had at the

Office of the C. P. R. R. Co., No. 54 William St., N. Y., and of

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AND FINANCIAL AGENTS OF THE C. P. R. R. CO., NO. 5 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

PRICE REDUCED.

From every quarter, friends write us that systematic, determined efforts are making, and with considerable success, to push into circulation journals which sympathized with the Rebellion during its progress, and are now moved and inspired by its fundamental principle that Liberty is rightfully the birthright, not of *all* men, but of *White* men, that Blacks have no rights which Whites are bound to respect. A desperate effort is preparing to give ascendancy to this Reactionary principle in our Government through the triumph of its champions in the choice of our next President and Congress.

The journals thus crowded into circulation by offering them at cost are neither so large nor so varied in their contents, nor produced at anything like the cost of THE TRIBUNE. They are political merely or mainly, while our columns are more generally filled with Foreign Correspondence, Farming Intelligence, Literature, etc., etc.

Nevertheless, in deference to the representations of our friends, and in view of the momentous issues of our Presidential struggle now opening, we have resolved to offer THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for 1868 to clubs of fifty or more for *One Dollar per annum:* That is to say: for fifty dollars we will send *to one address* fifty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE for one year, and any larger number at the same rate.

Our prices will be,

One copy, one year, 52 issues	$ 2 00
Five copies, *to names of Subscribers*	9 00
Ten copies, *to names of Subscribers*	15 00
And one copy extra to the getter up of the club. Additional copies at same price.	
Twenty copies, *to names of Subscribers*	27 00
And one copy extra to the getter up of the club. Additional copies at same price.	
Fifty copies, *to names of Subscribers*	55 00
And one copy to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.	
Twenty copies, *to one address*	25 00
And one copy to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.	
Fifty copies, *to one address*	50 00
And one copy to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.	
One hundred copies, *to one address*	100 00
And one copy Semi-Weekly Tribune to getter up of club. Additional copies at same price.	

This offer shall remain open the entire month of January.

No newspaper so large and complete as THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE was ever before offered at so low a price. Even when our Currency was at par with gold, no such paper *but* THE TRIBUNE was offered at that price; and THE TRIBUNE then cost us far less than it now does. But the next election must be carried for Liberty and Loyalty, and we mean to do our part toward effecting that consummation.

We believe that the circulation of half a million copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE during the coming year would be more effectual in influencing and confirming voters than five times their cost spent in the ordinary way just before election. Almost every Republican knows honest Democrats, who need only to be undeceived in order to vote right in the coming contest. See to it that such are supplied with THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE. It costs but little, and the result will be permanent.

Friends who propose to co-operate with us please send us your orders as promptly as may be. Address THE TRIBUNE, No. 154 Nassau Street, New York. 933-1mo

1867. THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, 1868.

So long and favorably known to the thoughtful public, offer to their new subscribers the following

Splendid New Premiums.

Every new Subscriber for 1868, paying $5 in advance, will receive either of the following beautiful chromo oil paintings:
BASKET OF PEACHES, Size, 9 x 11, price $2.50
PIPER AND NUT CRACKERS, " 6½ x 8, " "
The above are exact copies of oil paintings.
For Two Subscribers and $10 we will send the beautiful chromo
POULTRY LIFE, Size, 5½ x 8, price $5.
For Three Subscribers and $15, a copy of Rosa Bonheur's celebrated piece,
SHETLAND PONIES, Size, 8½ x 12½, price $6.
For Five Subscribers and $25, the beautiful chromo, after W. M. Brown, of
STRAWBERRIES, Size, 12 x 15, price $7,50.
TERMS OF THE ECLECTIC.—Single copies, 45 cents; one copy one year, $5; two copies one year, $9; five copies one year, $20. Address W. H. BIDWELL,
934-4t 5 Beekman Street, New York.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 4.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 940.

PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

DR. DANIEL LEE AND HON. THEO. C. PETERS, Southern Corresponding Editors.

HIRAM BUMPHREY AND REUBEN D. JONES, Assistant and Commercial Editors.

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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, and Variety of Contents. Its Conductors earnestly labor to render it a Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining,—adapted to people of intelligence and taste in both Town and Country. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary, News and Commercial Matter, with appropriate ILLUSTRATIONS, than any other journal,—rendering it by far the most complete RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY AND BUSINESS NEWSPAPER in America.

, All Business Letters, articles for publication, etc., should be addressed to Rochester, until otherwise announced.

☞ FOR TERMS and other particulars see 6th and 8th pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

WINTER WORK.

THE Agricultural Press is prolific in suggestions and advice about winter work—the RURAL gives its share,—and, from reading the whole, a tyro in farming would come to the conclusion that this season of the year is one of almost infinite time to the husbandman, and that it is really difficult for him to find proper employment to occupy his leisure. Reflect briefly on the quantity of work laid out; there is the wood pile to be heaped up for summer use; the manure pile to be spread from the sled to forward operations in the spring; the forest to be stripped of fence and building timber; muck hauled from the swamp, stone from the field, if the weather admits; plowing forwarded, where the climate allows; visits exchanged; Farmers' Clubs organized and sustained, and the Agricultural Journals *subscribed* for and *read*. Saving nothing about feeding and stabling cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, getting them to water and making them generally comfortable, we think the amount of work mentioned sufficient, if done, to keep most farmers from suffering any illness that is begotten of idleness.

But really in these Northern latitudes, when snow and frost chain the earth in their icy bonds for more than a third of the year, and when darkness throws his mantle over the body of Time, leaving scarcely the venerable gentleman's extremities to be illumined by daylight, how much of all this programme can the farmer get through with? Care to the dumb animals which depend on him for their daily food, claims his first attention; the mid-day feeding follows close on the chores of the morning, and the evening's labors must begin early to avoid working in darkness. Then there are stormy days, and cold ones, too, when it is advisable to house one's self by the fire, rather than encounter the severities of the weather. Considering all this, if the farmer dispenses with a "hired man," what can he accomplish aside from his necessary work of caring for stock?

Much of the farmer's winter work, obviously, should be intellectual, consisting of reading, comparing, investigating the various questions which arise in his calling, and in laying plans for the future. Nature seems to hint at this in the opportunity given by stormy days and long evenings. Rest the muscles and toil with the brain, and in the summer the sinews will spring quicker and stronger to the work, and, directed by higher intelligence, will achieve wider and completer results.

[Southern Editorial Correspondence of Moore's Rural.]

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER ONE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IN the neighborhood where the writer resides, wheat was sold immediately after harvest at from ninety cents to a dollar a bushel, but advanced rapidly in price as the crop passed into the hands of millers and speculators, until it is now worth about $2.30 a bushel in Knoxville. In extensive communities where many farmers cannot read nor write, and where hardly one in a hundred of those able to read thinks it profitable to pay $3 a year for a weekly paper like the RURAL, that will give information as to the market value of wheat, flour, provisions and other important staples, few consider the immense losses sustained by the producing classes as a direct or indirect punishment for needless and therefore discreditable ignorance. Had our farmers been properly posted in reference to New York and London markets, not a bushel of their wheat would have been sold below $2—saving an average of $1 a bushel clear profit. Two years ago, when the writer first came upon this farm, forty mules were bought at an average of $50 a head, fed a couple of months and sold in an adjoining State at an average of $150 a head. Trite as is the maxim, "*Knowledge is Power*," only a few fully appreciate the truth which it expresses.

Before discussing in detail Wheat Culture in the Southwest, and calling attention to excellent wheat lands in Southwestern Virginia, in large sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, in a part of Northern Georgia, in Northern and Central Alabama, and in Northern Mississippi, it is deemed pertinent to notice some facts pertaining to the wheat markets of Great Britain and Europe,—for these markets have a direct bearing on the value of our best wheat lands in all the Valley of the Mississippi.

Why is it that England needs on an average about one hundred million bushels of wheat from other countries a year, after importing so much guano, so many bones and other phosphates, fertilizers in the shape of seeds and oil cake, and manufacturing so much manure at home? England is a type of the most advanced and successful enterprise in Agriculture, Manufactures, Mining and Commerce, in Europe, and the upshot of the whole matter is to give her people both the power and the disposition to consume vastly more wheat than they raise. The rapid accumulation of wealth on the Continent from the use of steam power, improved machinery, cheap labor, and other causes, is conferring on the people of Europe the ability to cease living on the meal of oats, rye, barley and maize,—on rice, potatoes, chestnuts and other poor substitutes for good wheat bread,—and consume wheat to an extent wholly without a parallel in man's history.

This power of consumption as applied to wheat is no ephemeral affair. The increase of population is no measure of its growth, neither in the Old nor in the New World. Indeed, the principal reason why it takes over four bushels of corn here to buy one of wheat at this time, is that our children generally have already learned to prefer wheat biscuit and bread to hoe cakes and corn dodgers—the bread of the South and Southwest from time immemorial. A higher standard of domestic comfort, based on more productive industry and greater knowledge, almost everywhere, creates a demand for wheat which farmers may profitably study as a part of their professional education. This rapidly increasing and expanding demand is not confined to any one continent; and, taken in connection with the greatly improved facilities for cheap transportation, both by land and water, it must give to wheat culture a degree of stability unknown to this branch of agriculture in any previous years. Hence, good wheat soils and climates, and the art of raising wheat in the most economical way, without injury to the land, are subjects that deserve thorough investigation. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Coal Ashes.

"A SUBSCRIBER," East Poultney, Vt., desires to know the best use that can be made of coal ashes. Should they be applied in compost or otherwise?

The value of coal ashes as a fertilizer in any form has never been satisfactorily settled. They have been applied as a top dressing for grass plats with marked success, inducing a vigorous, dark-green growth. Others have for some years added them to the compost heap, sandwiching them with unfermented manures in the place of muck, and, as many believe with the best results, as an absorbent. A small series of experiments will enable any farmer or gardener to determine the best use for coal ashes.

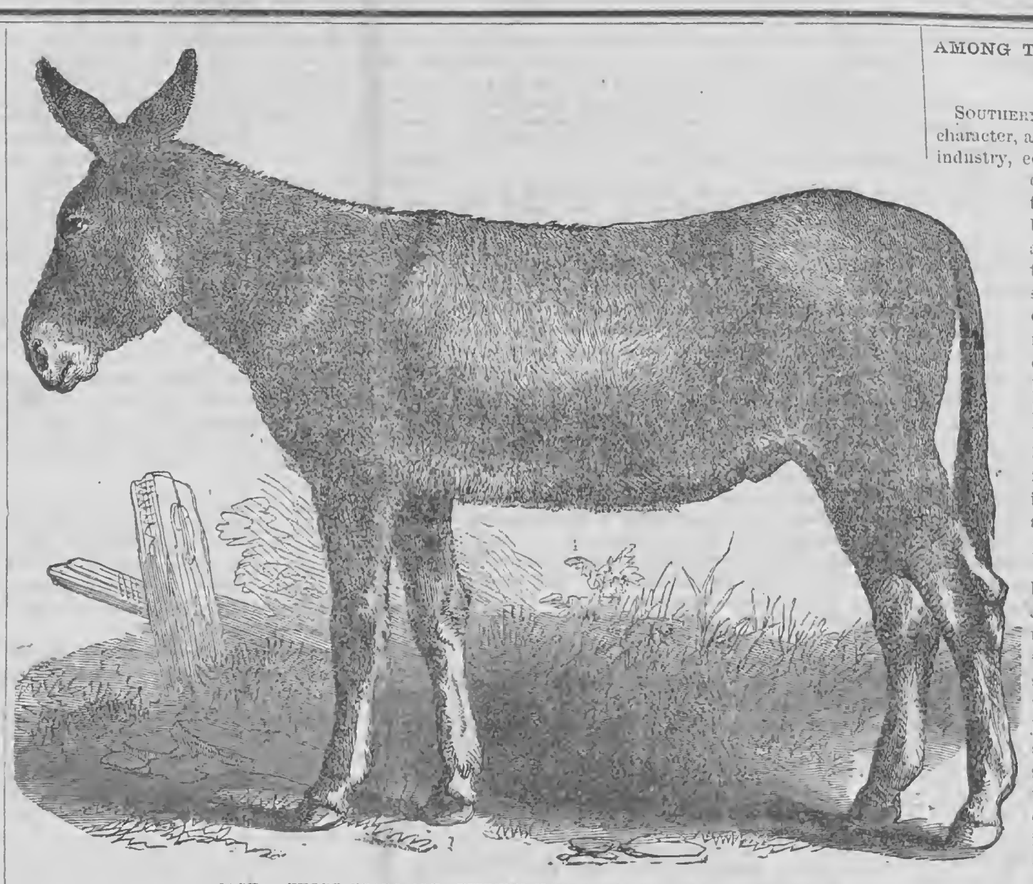
Shingles and Fence Boards.

W. J. F., Perry, N. Y., asks if red oak is suitable for shingles, and whether chestnut will make good fence boards? If one needs the shingles and has straight grained red oak it is better to make shingles from it and use them, than to buy others. But cedar, pine, or good hemlock are preferable. Chestnut makes good fence boards if they are piled and thoroughly seasoned before being nailed to the posts. If put on green they will twist and curl, split and draw out the nails. This timber makes good shingles, but they will curl up some, and should be laid narrow to the weather, and the pitch of the roof should be not less than a quarter. Chestnut is harder than pine or hemlock, and will wear longer, but it will also split easier. Sell the chestnut to the cabinet maker (what you do not wish for posts or fence rails) and buy pine or hemlock.

Feeding Sulphur to Stock.

"F. F.," Concord, O., writes:—"I would like to ascertain through your columns in regard to feeding sulphur to cows, whether it is beneficial, especially during the spring. It is a well known fact that all the horse and cattle powders so extensively advertised are based upon this ingredient. I regard it as an unmitigated humbug to pay twenty-five cents for a package when half the investment would purchase several times the material,—a pretty good profit on the original purchase, to say the least. Have entirely freed young cattle from lice by simply feeding sulphur. It is, of course, an efficient blood cleanser, but how much or how little could be fed to advantage is something in which I am not posted."

No sane man would be likely to dose himself with medicine when he is in good health. Why should he give it to his animals when they are well and thrifty? If they are lousy or ailing, let him resort to medicine, (good care and plenty of food are generally the best,) and give that kind, and as much of it, as experience proves will secure the best results. The doses must be graduated to the animals and the disease.



JACK,—THREE YEARS OLD, FIFTEEN HANDS AND THREE INCHES HIGH.

JACKS AND MULES.

IN the accompanying illustrations our readers will recognize two animals whose reputation for stubbornness and endurance has passed into a proverb—the Jack, and his hybrid relative, the Mule. As a beast of all work—a drudge on the farms of the West, plantations of the South, and roads and canals of the whole country—the mule has become popular. The recent civil war, in which the mule played a prominent part in army transportation, added to the reputation of this hardy, cheaply-kept and effective beast of draft and burden. Their powers of endurance, compared with the horse—the comparative cheapness of their keeping,—their exemption from most of the diseases pertaining to their more pretentious competitor, the horse,—conspire to render the mule family a growing favorite with farmers, planters, teamsters, and canal forwarders.

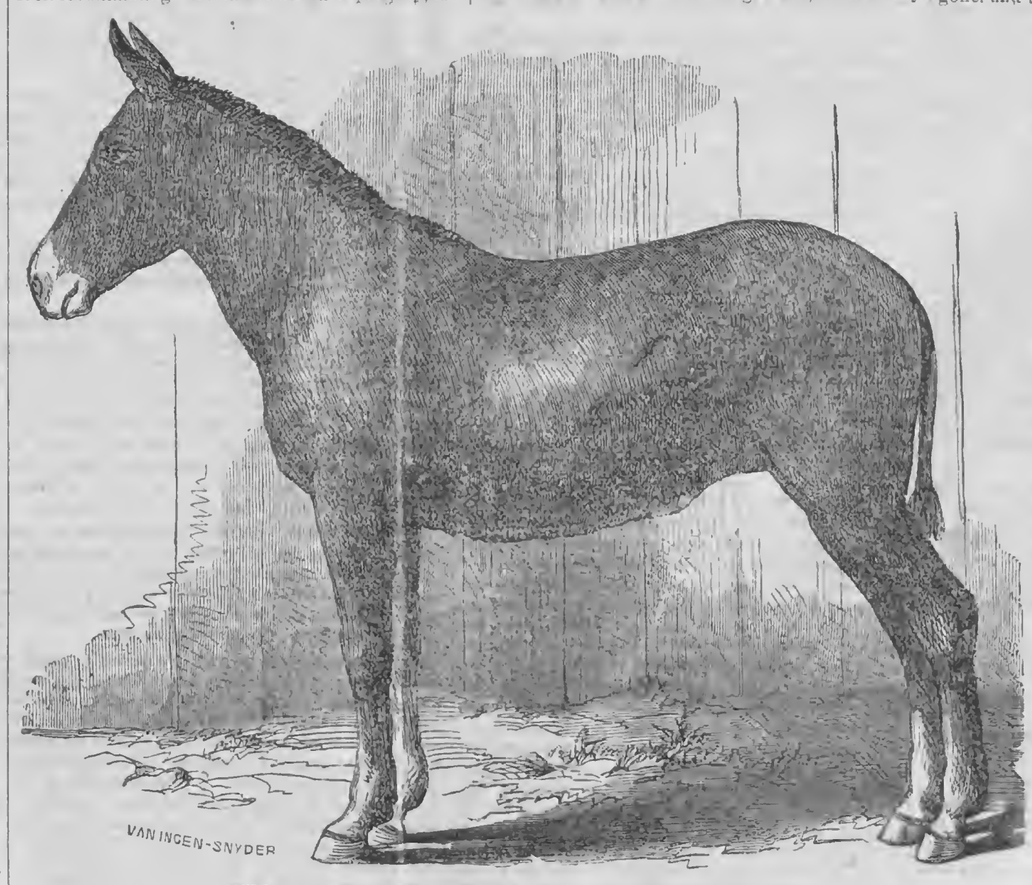
While in the South, last season, we saw many fine mule teams on plantations, the roads, in cities,—indeed, almost everywhere that a beast for draft or burden could be used, especially in the Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky,—and were surprised at the amount of labor they could perform, in proportion to their size, care and keep. In fact, small sized mules are universally preferred at the South, and consequently the larger sizes are sold in the cities,—principally north of Washington.

The growing appreciation of the mule in various parts of the country is such that we make no apology for presenting a likeness of the "Jack," with his staid look of ruminating wisdom—and his half-progeny, the Mule, with that aspect of seriousness and expectant endurance characteristic of this useful hybrid and general drudge. The animals represented are (or were) owned by Mr. J. T. WARDER of Springfield, Ohio, and are unusually large, for their age, while the engravings exhibit more "style" (if the term is allowable,) than is commonly found among the class of stock they are designed to portray. In this connection we may appropriately re-publish the following from an article by Maj. H. T. BROOKS:

The enormous consumption of food by the *teams* of this country, is a subject for serious apprehension. I know many men who live on a short allowance, and devote their energies of body and mind to the feeding of a pair of horses. Many who raise large crops of corn, oats, and hay, find a market more strictly "*domestic*" than even a "protectionist" would insist upon. What can be done to lighten the burdens which *we*—not the teams—have to carry? *Steam*, I apprehend, belongs to the distant future,—"Cruiser" obeys, but no RAREY has yet coaxed *steam* into the diversified labors of the farm! The spade and the wheelbarrow may do for China and for Britain,—we have not too many men, so brute work must be done by brutes.

Allow me to speak a word for my friend, the *jackass*—I have a great many friends of that sort. I speak now for the *genuine* article, that has suffered, it must be confessed, by being associated in men's minds with all sorts of lackidaisical people. I send you herewith a drawing of my friend, omitting the subordinate and immaterial parts. [We omit the half portrait, and give a full length.—ED.]

You see that he is handsome, and grave, and wise; he is also musical and polite. He might not suit a *dandy*, but better men than you or I have rode on him, and may again. His relative, the *mule*, is not unknown to fame—many a man has found a grave who never would have *lived* to get one, if the hardy mule had not defied hunger, and cold, and weariness. When it becomes a question of life or death, on Western plains, and amid Alpine snows, men put their trust in mules—not horses. Their powers of endurance are well known. If, as is stated, a mule will perform the labor of a horse *on one-third less food* than the horse, the advantage of the mule is very manifest.



MULE,—TWO YEARS OLD, FIFTEEN HANDS AND ONE HALF INCH HIGH.

AMONG THE STUMPS—NEW SERIES—III.

Farm Improvements.

SOUTHERN New York, while it has a progressive character, and exhibits many specimens of thrift and industry, certainly has many "waste places" that ought to be "built up." Here is land that, till lately, has been held by lumbering companies, who have stript it of all sawing timber, and left it covered with tops, small trees, and old logs in every state of decomposition, over which bushes, briars, and brambles are spreading the mantle of their questionable charity. I concede that the man who *clears up* such land *pays* for it. At the present price of labor it can't be done for $50 per acre. I would advise a man to go to the far West before he buys the roughest parts of it for a farm. Adjoining farmers should buy it, cut and burn the bushes, sow timothy and red-top, and gradually work it into pasture.

The greatest error, hereabouts, in farming, is the running of land hard to oats and other spring crops, using little manure, and seeding it down *late* in the spring, very imperfectly, using little seed, to lie year after year in a comparatively unproductive state. The first object, and farmers begin to understand it, should be to get a good growth of grass—grass here is our "best holt." Everything should yield to grass. If raising other crops diminishes the grass producing elements in the soil, abjure those crops. If grubbing up bushes, digging up and picking up stones, summer-fallowing, subsoiling, surface and under-draining, ashing, liming, plastering, guanoing, super-phosphating, *will increase the grass enough to pay cost*, then subsoil, super-phosphate, and do anything to get the most grass at the least expense. Try all these things on a small scale, and then practice the best of them on a large scale. Be sure of one thing—if you *do* sell hay off the farm, bring on plaster, lime, ashes, or something to return as much fertility as you carry off; keep an account with your land, and honestly; don't cheat, but pay your dues.

There are a great many points in *good farming*,—but the getting of the soil in the best condition for producing the particular crops to be grown upon it, is the most important, practically outweighing all others. Of course the crops must be well put in and be well taken care of,—*but if the ground is well prepared*, there is very little difficulty afterwards. My friend FREEBORN has promised to show me some fine farms near the county seat of Allegany Co. I am going to see them,—but I do not expect that the present generation of farmers will generally get up to a very high standard; there is too much to do, and there is not a disposition to do it all at once.

Here we have some chronic ailments. This used to be a lumber country. These hills and valleys used to be covered with pine, oak, hemlock, ash, cucumber, basswood, cherry. These woods have mostly departed, to subserve the purposes of civilized life all over the continent. They engrossed in their transfer a large share of the attention and labor of the citizens. Now the lumberman's vocation is gone, and the farmer's has been taken up; but the lumbermen retain some of their old habits. Tame a wild animal; it will never become *quite domestic*. The lumberman farmer, when it comes winter, looks wistfully to his remaining trees. Will any of them do to saw? Can he work some shingles out between the rotten places? He finds a pine tree that has been on the ground thirty years, apparently quite rotten; he cuts into it two or three inches, and finds it perfectly sound and of excellent quality? It's a prize, and he appropriates it. If he does not find full employment in this way, he takes his team and starts for the oil region, to draw oil, or to the nearest pinery, where he hauls logs to his heart's content at so much per thousand feet.

In the meantime there are some stone heaps that he might have drawn together for a wall; some old logs and chunks, which would not make shingles, but which *do* make an ugly looking farm, that he might have piled up in a thaw, to burn in the spring; quite an area of bushes encroaching upon his pasture which he might cut and pile; a variety of trees that he might split into rails, when there was not much *frost* in the timber, and draw to the fence that needs repair all the easier for the *frost* in the ground. Looking round home, to see what might be done for the comfort of his household, he might happen to observe that his *fire-wood was engulfed in snow, after being drenched with rain*, and all for the want of putting sticks, boards, and shingles into the form, place and office of a "*wood-shed*," so-called. Perhaps his dwelling house would be the better for some tightening up. If he had leisure to look round a little more he might find some sheep and calves *eating their hay off the ground*, not always frozen, for the want of suitable racks; and then find them looking horribly disconsolate because the *wind*, by a bold strategic movement, altogether unlooked for by their

owner, had *flanked* them, and was driving the sleet and snow right into their narrow shed, open on all sides but one. Extending his observations still further, he might find the sill of his barn too deep in the mud and the manure, and the cracks in his stable too many and too wide for comfortable and healthy ventilation in the coldest weather, and which would lead his hump-backed, snow-covered cattle to set up a theological seminary, if their minds ran to such subjects, to inquire whether all their sufferings were in consequence of their *own* sins or their *progenitors*. [Note by the writer:—To be *intensely cold* is to *intensely suffer*.]

If time allowed, he might see that his manure was being leached, and carried off for the want of cave troughs, and that in the winter he could draw it best to the knolls that need it. He might find that winter was the best time to cut, haul and pile his year's wood; and not a bad time to make drains, visit friends, read newspapers, visit the schools, and thank God for so many mercies improved and unimproved. Thus, by giving his *whole mind and body* to farming, *winter* as well as summer, he might present visible manifestations of "Progress and Improvement."—H. T. B.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE LATE VICTOR WRIGHT.

THE death of VICTOR WRIGHT, Esq., was chronicled in these columns a few weeks since. Multitudes of friends will read with sad interest even the meager sketch of his life, which we have been enabled to prepare from the few materials we could conveniently collect.

Mr. WRIGHT was born in Cornwall, Vermont, July 29th, 1819. Of his early educational advantages we know nothing, but have been led to infer that they were such as the sons of Vermont farmers generally received in the common schools at the period of his youth. He was married in 1853. He was chosen "select man" in his native town several times, and Member of the Vermont General Assembly in 1861 and 1862. In 1864 he removed to a farm which he had purchased in Weybride, near the village of Middlebury in the adjoining town of that name.

He was one of the delegates of his State in the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' Convention which met at Syracuse, N. Y., in 1865, and was amongst the staunchest advocates and subsequent defenders of the line of policy there inaugurated, and of the national tariff legislation on wool and woolens which that policy was the most efficient means of securing. He was the same year, we think, appointed a Director of the Vermont State Agricultural Society, and in 1867 a Vice-President, and also President of the Addison County Society—both of which offices he held at the time of his death.

The circumstances of this tragedy were as follows: On the 6th of December last he started with a Mr. GOULETT, who was in his employ, in a buggy drawn by two horses, for his old farm in Cornwall. About two miles west of Middlebury, and while descending a hill, one end of the neck-yoke became detached and the hold-back strap dropped down. In attempting to stop the horses the wagon was drawn against one of them, which became frightened and both commenced to run. GOULETT sprung from the wagon, caught one of them by the headstall and struggled to stop them until he was thrown into the ditch upon the side of the road. Mr. WRIGHT was unable to hold the horses, and they dashed at full speed down the hill, across a flat and then over Ellsworth hill, near the foot of which the buggy was overturned, and he was, from all appearances, dashed against a stone wall and dragged about a rod upon and against it. No human eye saw the catastrophe. Mr. CHARLES BENEDICT, who lived near the scene of it, hearing the noise, ran from his house and he and GOULETT reached Mr. WRIGHT at nearly the same time. He breathed four or five times and expired. His skull was broken in different places and his features crushed and flattened.

The death of Mr. WRIGHT produced a profound sensation throughout his county, and indeed throughout the State. Few men in it would be more missed, or more generally lamented. The great body of those who will see this sketch know Mr. WRIGHT best as a breeder and improver of sheep. He had been occupied in this pursuit about twenty years, and, by common consent, ranked among the most distinguished breeders of our times. "In his death," most truthfully remarks HENRY CLARK, the able editor of the Rutland Herald, "the wool growers of Vermont and the country have lost one of their most valuable, efficient and intelligent colaborers." But business circles, society generally, and the church of which he was a devoted member, have also lost in him one of their most reliable props. He supported every cause which he deemed good, and turned back from no useful work.

We knew Mr. WRIGHT well. He was a man of unusual sagacity. His judgment of men and things was rarely at fault. His mind was clear and solid—rapid in its perceptions, and decided in its conclusions. Having adopted an opinion or course of action, he followed it with calm but unshrinking determination. His energy was not of the stormy and demonstrative cast, but it was always equal to the occasion. With such traits, as would be expected, he was successful in nearly all his undertakings. In conversation, in correspondence, or in public discussion, he was singularly concise and pointed; and though modest and disinclined to take the floor in deliberative bodies, his influence was always felt in them. In the most comprehensive sense of the term he was a *reliable* man—reliable in motive, word and deed.

We saw him about four months since at his pleasant home. He was apparently in the enjoyment of perfect health, with long years of usefulness in store for him. The fine, clear eye and the calm, expressive, cheerful face bespoke content and success—early struggles passed, a serene and happy autumn of life about being entered on.

He left a wife and children to mourn a loss, in his untimely death, which they justly feel to be irreparable.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING WOOL.

WE have received from the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture the following article under the above head, in advanced sheets of the Monthly Report. It contains many important truths in a few words.—[ED.

In commercial circles, at least, most erroneous views concerning the quality, consumption, present supply, and the influence of existing import laws upon present prices, appear to prevail—a few of which are noticed, viz:

1. *That the quality of American wool has deteriorated.*—It has been boldly asserted that the dissemination of American Merinos has been injurious to the quality of the wool. The most judiciously bred and carefully housed thorough-breds have, indeed, furnished very oily unwashed fleeces, unprofitable to manufacturers, on account of the loss in cleansing; but for one of these there are scores, if not hundreds of their progeny, whose wool is vastly superior to that of their coarse-wooled ancestors, and of that quality most in demand at American factories, answering for all except the finest cloths, and of sufficient length to become a substitute for combing wools in delaines. This breed has so far affected a vast improvement upon the coarse mongrel sheep constituting the great mass of flocks of former days. It is not necessary to affirm this fact before intelligent wool growers, but millions of American citizens may be misled by widely published statements of the inferior condition of our wool clip, resulting from crosses of American Merinos upon the sheep of the West.

2. *That domestic wool is inferior to foreign.*—The very reverse of this statement is true. In strength of fiber and durability of fabric our home-grown wool is far superior to that which is imported. Every manufacturer who has tested the matter will corroborate the statement. Writers in the foreign wool-selling interest freely declare that a proportion of foreign wool is necessary for mixing with the domestic, and that in its absence the manufacture of the home fleeces must decline. The statement is utterly erroneous. The only pretext for it is in the adaptation of machinery, in certain factories, to this mixture. Every month is removing this mechanical impediment to the supremacy of domestic wools. The progress of manufacturers, in this respect, has been wonderful the past year. Cotswold and Leicester combing wools are in fact scarce, but the deficiency can be easily supplied in a few years, and the invention of our manufacturers, impatient of delay, has found an excellent substitute in the long fiber of Merino grades, by the aid of changes in the machinery by which it is wrought. Very little wool, except carpet grades, which are admitted with less duty than the wool grower pays as taxes, is now required by manufacturers from foreign sources. When the broadcloth manufacture shall be extended here, a finer Merino will be wanted, and can be supplied without foreign aid.

3. *That we need seventy millions of pounds of foreign wool to supplement the domestic supply.*—The imports of all wools, in four years of war, were but sixty-three millions per year, with six millions of shoddy—in all, more precisely, 279,183,049 pounds. In 1860 the imports were only half as much, and the home product but sixty millions; the actual manufacture but eighty millions. It is folly now to talk of sixty or seventy millions deficiency, when the trade is suffering from a surfeit of wools and woolens, notwithstanding the decrease of imports of wool since the war. On the other hand, there are persons who prefer to believe that the domestic wool product is in excess of the demand, a position equally unfounded.

4. *That the recent law has not benefited wool production and manufacture.*—The close of the war found full supplies of woolen goods, and immense stores of unused army clothing; and in anticipation of legislation affecting importation, nearly as many woolens were introduced, in a single year, as were imported during the entire period of the war. In this state of facts, utter annihilation of wool growing and manufacturing was only prevented by the operation of the law in repressing further importation, and inspiring confidence in the future, when the immense surplus should be exhausted. It has produced all the advantages that its most sanguine friends could claim for it, in preventing in a large degree, ruinous depression and the sacrifice of flocks, and in paving the way for entire success in the future, which shall benefit every interest of agriculture and every branch of industry.

OHIO STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE winter meeting of the Ohio State Wool Growers' Association took place at Columbus, January 7th. A resolution was passed in favor of holding a National Exposition at such place as the National Committee may select. Col. HARRIS proposed a discussion on the character of American wool best adapted to our present and prospective demands which took place, Dr. TOWNSHEND and Mr. MONTGOMERY being the principal speakers. Mr. WILLIS inquiring for a certain remedy for hoof-rot, an interesting debate took place, participated in, says the Ohio Farmer, "by the most experienced flock-masters in the State, Messrs. MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER, PHELLIS, TOWNSHEND and others." "It was agreed that it was not so essential what was used, as the thoroughness and judgment with which it was used"—(which we esteem an entirely correct conclusion.)

On motion of J. C. STEVENS of Hardin, a resolution was unanimously passed "affirming the necessity of our tariff law and fully approving of the same." After making arrangements to raise the quota of Ohio, called for by the Treasurer of the National Wool Growers' Association, the Association proceeded to the election of officers, and the following were unanimously chosen:

President—NORTON S. TOWNSHEND of Avon, Lorain Co. *Vice-President*—J. C. Stevens of Kenton, Hardin Co. *Secretary and Treasurer*—Wm. F. Greer of Painesville. *Directors*—J. Park Alexander of Summit, Isaac Welsh of Belmont, George Riker of Tuscarawas. *Executive Committee in the National Association*—R. M. Montgomery of Mahoning and Charles Phellis of Madison.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

DEATH OF "GREEN MOUNTAIN."—Mr. HAMMOND'S ram "Green Mountain" died Jan. 7th, after a week's illness. His disease was "inflammation of the kidneys and bladder." This celebrated ram stood for ewes last fall at one hundred dollars a head, and many were sent to him on those terms.

IMPORTATION OF WOOLENS.—The import of woolens, into New York, in 1867, amounted to $31,375,833. The import in 1856, was $50,405,179, or $19,047,346 excess over the last year.

SHORT LEGS.—J. H. D., Henrietta, Ohio, asks:—"Can a sheep be too low?" Yes; for the point can be carried to a deformity, as in the case of the Otter sheep. Fashion, among Merino breeders, demands very short legs, because they generally accompany short necks, heads, &c., and that general compactness of form, which are considered so desirable. But if they are short enough to be disagreeable to the eye, giving the sheep a *creeper* look, and causing the wool of the belly to trail in moderately high grass or ordinary stubbles, it is a defect instead of an excellence.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—L. E. SHATTUCK, Jr., Cherry Creek, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., forwards us samples from his Cotswold stock ram, two years old, bred by Hon. N. L. CHAFFEE, Jefferson, Ohio, and got by his imported "Dandy" out of one of his imported ewes. (Portraits of sire and dam are published in Report of Commissioner of Agriculture, 1863.) Also, five from Cotswold breeding ewes, and ten from ewe tegs,—all bred by the owner, except one which was bred by J. J. DODGE of New Lyme, Ohio. The preceding, Mr. S. states, are pure Cotswolds. He has additionally 25 Cotswold ewes, some of which have a Leicester cross. All are from imported stock. He has for the last five years used pure Cotswold rams—two of them imported—one purchased of JOHN SNELL of Edmonton, Ontario, which weighed 305 lbs. His present (CHAFFEE) stock ram, he says, is "the largest Cotswold ram he ever saw that was raised in the States." He has shown his sheep at various County Fairs for seven years, and with one exception (a pen of ewes) has drawn all the first prizes. The samples forwarded were cut Jan. 12th. They are too numerous to particularize. They are of good length for the season, quite uniform, have excellent luster, and the general style sought for in the wool of this variety.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

The Dairy Department.

AMERICAN DAIRYMENS' ASSOCIATION.

First Day—Afternoon Session.

[Continued from page 22, last number.]

THE attendance this afternoon was very large—more than could be accommodated in the Court House with seats. Committees were appointed and general business details received attention. The Treasurer's report shows a balance on hand of $2.42. The first topic for discussion is, "Purity and flavor of cheese—how lost, how restored." Mr. G. B. WEEKS discussed causes affecting it injuriously, and it is matter of regret that his remarks cannot be given entire. He said:

There are unquestionably many causes affecting the flavor of cheese that are not rightly understood. The weather, heat and cold, wetness and dryness, he believed had an influence. Leaving all uncertainties out of the question, there are a large list of well-known causes for badness of flavor that demand diligent attention and speedy remedies.

1. *Unclean Milk.*—Every one knows that from dirty, impure milk good cheese cannot be made, and still forty per cent. of those who send milk to cheese factories act as though they fully believed that anything that is milk (and many things that are not) is good enough to send to the factory. I have often fancied that a naturalist could scarcely find a more favorable opportunity to secure a rare and curious collection of beetles, spiders, flies, and other insects, than by bespeaking the creatures that we fish out of our strainers!—and then the sticks and straws, the leaves, the clay, the dust—all of which are nothing when compared with the nameless horrors that belong only in the barn-yard; and all these after the milk has been strained at home. Am I coloring? Or am I not rather calling to your mind experiences scores and hundreds of times repeated? And then the filthy hands of careless milkers, and the unspeakably nasty habits of some of them in milking we do not see, but the results of such things we do see in foul smelling whey, in injured curd, in bad flavored cheese. I know of dairies—and they are considered by no means as unusually objectionable—but rather the contrary, where the family does not pretend to draw milk from the factory can for household use. They know that it is not fit to use. It will be difficult thoroughly to remedy this evil, but it is high time that we set our faces as flint against this carelessness on the part of those who furnish milk to us. We need not grope our way in the dark, feeling after hidden and unknown causes of bad flavor, when we have so prolific and so apparent an one before our eyes.

2. *Diseased Milk.*—In many cases cheese-makers are sorely puzzled and troubled with a curd acting strangely and unaccountably, and which, despite their best efforts, only resulting in an almost worthless cheese. The difficulty is caused by unhealthy milk, which some patron has sent in, either accidentally or intentionally. It is not always easy to remedy this evil.

3. Cows sometimes eat objectionable weeds, and a bad flavor is imparted to the milk, and, as a consequence, to the cheese.

4. Cows in being driven from the pasture are too often chased by dogs, or are otherwise overdriven, and the milk is thereby rendered feverish, heated and unnatural. And in the same connection it is pertinent to remark that the practice of scolding and knocking the cows about by incompetent and brutal milking also adds its mite toward the injury of the milk.

5. *Failure to Remove Natural Heat from the Milk.*—On this point there is some diversity of opinion, but I confess that I every year become more strongly convinced that cheese made from milk from which the animal warmth has not been removed will invariably be out of flavor. Where cheese is made once daily, the evening's milk is sufficiently cooled. But the morning's milk is not.

The practice of milking early, and putting milk into close cans and shutting nearly air tight, while they are exposed to the heat of a July sun from two to four hours before reaching the factory was strongly condemned. It may shut out some dust and leaves, but it certainly prevents judicious cooling and the escape of bad odors arising from foul milking, many of which might evaporate if the air had free access to the milk, and when it arrives at the factory, if you place the hand upon the can it will be found quite warm—even hot. Now here we have a large body of milk, the natural temperature of which is 99 deg., which has been closely confined in the can since the milking was completed, and which has been three hours exposed to the rays of a burning sun. Now what do we do with this milk? Do we carefully strain it and reduce its temperature to 60 deg., or thereabouts? Not at all. At best we run it into a vat of night's milk, which may stand at 55 deg. Filling this vat from our load of heated milk, the mass will be found to stand at 72 to 75 deg. temperature. This is too warm, but good cheese may result from it. But our heated milk rarely can be put directly into cool milk. It is a hurrying season of the year—the vats are almost overflowed with milk—the weather is warm, and things must be driven or we shall have sour cheese. Therefore the heat is applied to a vat which contains as yet nothing but night's milk, but is about to be filled. As milk is added, the temperature of the morning's milk, aided by the heat now being applied, is constantly increasing the warmth of the entire mass, so that when our load of heated milk is ready to be poured in, the milk already in the vat stands at 70 to 75 deg. The natural heat of our load will raise the temperature of the filled vat to 80 or 84 deg., and, behold, the time to apply the coloring and the rennet has fully come, and no delay occurs in any part of the process, for presently our curd has "come," it is cooked and ready for the press.

What kind of cheese will this develop into, after standing upon our ranges through one or two hot summer months? And do not such cases, in greater or less degree, occur daily in nearly all our factories? If then, we are agreed that the effects of making cheese from heated milk are pernicious, let us set about discovering and applying the remedies.

Various remedies have been suggested, such as shallow vats at each farm house floating in water, into which the milk should be strained before canning, and then taken to the factory in covered wagons.

It is also well to adopt a rule at the factory to continue the current of cold water around the vat of milk up to the time that it is filled, and never to apply the heat until all the milk is in the vat that is to be put in. A recent visit to Canada has strengthened these views, as the necessity of a supply of good water has there been largely overlooked. Cheese is made twice daily, and neither the morning nor evening milk being properly cooled, their cheese, generally speaking, was much out of flavor. Similar practices are not rare on this side of the line.

6. *Impure Annatto.*—Sufficient attention has not been given to coloring matter, generally from not giving the subject thought. Annatto is largely adulterated, and with the increased demand a supply of strictly pure is not readily obtained, and resort is had to second and third qualities, which are not supposed to be pure.

7. *Bad Rennets.*—No argument is needed to convince you that immense mischief is yearly done in the use of poor and tainted rennets. In their very best estate, rennets are not suggestive of attar of roses for sweetness, nor of white lillies for purity. A substitute for rennet, that shall be cleanly and of uniform strength, is what we most need in cheese making. It is appalling and sickening to think of the numbers and the fearful condition of immense quantities of rennets that are sent out by city butchers and used in cheese factories. The wonder is that we make any cheese that is good in flavor. Again, we find many of our factories still unprovided with rennet jars; they persist in using wooden vessels, and in these, after long service and in warm weather, even good rennets will taint, especially when prepared in water.

8. *Curds insufficiently cooked*, in our warm climate, will almost invariably lose their sweet flavor.

9. *Curds too lightly salted* are not only sure to be objectionable, as regards porosity, but are equally sure to be out of flavor.

10. *Salting curd while yet too warm and too damp*, and

11. *Putting curds into the hoops and to press before they are properly cooled.*

These two are among the most prolific causes of bad flavor in American factory cheese. Some of the causes named are easily removed, while others, more important, demand our best efforts to apply suitable remedies.

12. *Exposure of cheese to too high a temperature while curing.*—Our dry-houses are not rightly constructed. In summer they are far too warm; in spring and fall they are as much too cool. A cheese that is rightly made, is pure in flavor, and indeed quite perfect in all respects, will receive injury if exposed to the summer temperature of the upper rooms of our curing-houses. What, then, will result to cheese made from unclean milk, from diseased milk, from milk from which the natural heat has never been removed, from milk poisoned by adulterated annatto, or by tainted rennets, from curds not fully cooked, from curds saturated with whey when put into the hoop, from curd insufficiently cooled before salting and pressing! There are other things which induce bad flavor, foul cans and milking utensils, painted pails, unclean surroundings to the factory. These have their influence, and a most baleful influence it is, too.

Mr. MOON of Herkimer named as an additional cause, the quality of food consumed. Sweet grass always produced good flavored butter and cheese, while weeds, strong flavored roots, like turnips, &c., affect milk injuriously. In his experience, sandy soil pastures diminished the quantity and improved the value, the cheese improving in richness and flavor. The reverse held true in clay soil pastures. The best and richest milk by lactometer tests were from the highest and dryest farms.

Mr. MOON spoke strongly upon the uncleanly habits of those who furnished milk to factories as a prolific cause of impurity and bad flavor in cheese.

DAIRY ITEMS.

Raising Calves.—Most farmers being anxious to "realize," as the phrase is, from their cows as soon after the calves are dropped as possible, choke them off from the dam when a few days old, and bring them forward by hand. They are made the recipients of skimmed milk and various dilutions, and the consequence is frames, badly scoured at that, instead of the active, frisky calves they should be. Stock may be raised in this way, no doubt, occasional losses intervening,—but it will never be as strong and healthful as that produced by the old-fashioned system of allowing calves to draw their nourishment directly from the dam till they are a month or six weeks old. At this stage of growth they will be better able to withstand the effects of a change of diet, and though the milk eaten will have cost something, it will be returned many fold in the after progress of the calf thus braced up and cared for in the incipient stages of its development.

Dairy Capital.—It is estimated that the capital invested in the dairy business, in the United States at the present time, is equal to six hundred millions of dollars. The dairy exports the past year foot up about fifteen millions of dollars.

Jersey and Guernsey Cows—Value.—At a late meeting of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society a discussion took place as to the comparative value of Jersey and Guernsey cattle for dairy purposes. The decision was in favor of the former as being the more hardy breed, and fully equal, if not superior, to the latter in productive qualities.

Agricultural Societies.

Indiana Board of Agriculture.—This body met at Indianapolis Jan. 10th. The receipts for 1867 (including a small balance in the treasury) were $36,775.93; the expenditures, $22,046.83; balance in treasury, $14,729.10. Officers for 1868:—Pres't—A. D. Hamrich, Putnam Co. Sec'y—A. J. Holmes, Fulton Co. Treas.—Carlos Disbrow, Indianapolis.

Connecticut Board of Agriculture.—Officers for 1868: President—E. H. Hyde, Stafford. Vice-Presidents—Robbins Battell, Norfolk; Henry L. Stewart, Middletown. Cor. Sec.—T. S. Gold, West Cornwall. Rec. Sec.—H. S. Collins, Collinsville. Treas.—F. A. Brown, Hartford. Chemist—Prof. S. W. Johnson, New Haven.

New Hampshire State Ag'l Society.—Pres't—Hon. F. Smyth, Manchester. Sec'y—Aaron Young, Portsmouth.

Monroe Co.—Pres't—J. G. Klinck. Vice Pres'ts—A. G. Whitcomb, I. H. Sutherland, J. H. Warren. Sec'y—M. D. Rowley. Treas.—L. D. Mitchell.

Livingston Co.—Pres't—Wm. H. Spencer, York. Vice-Pres't—Aaron Barber, Jr. Sec'y—Wm. A. Brodie, Geneseo. Treas.—Kidder M. Scott.

Genesee Co.—Pres't—Addison Foster. Vice-Pres'ts—I. Todd and Geo. Burt. Sec'y—Orto R. Clark. Treas.—Jerome Thompson.

Erie Co.—Pres't—P. W. Powers, Abbott's Corners. Sec'y—Robert Titus, White's Corners. Treas.—Robert Foot, Hamburg.

Steuben Co.—Pres't—Robert B. Wilkes, Bath. Sec'y—Reuben E. Robie, Bath. Treas.—Geo. W. Hallock, Bath.

Oswego Co.—Pres't—M. L. Marshal, Oswego. Sec'y—H. L. Davis, Oswego. Treas.—L. H. Coukling, Mexico.

Herkimer Co. Ag'l Society.—President—Eli Spencer. Sec'y—Eli Fox. Treas.—Isaac Quackenbush.

Putnam Co.—Pres't—Daniel D. Chamberlain. Sec'y—George W. Gregory, Carmel.

Westchester Co.—Pres't—Warren Leland. Sec'y—D. K. Sherwood.

Brookfield, Madison Co.—Pres't—Thomas R. Gorton. Vice-Pres'ts—D. L. Fisk, R. P. Dowes, H. A. Brown, J. W. Crumb. Sec'y—Wm. N. Stillman. Treas.—A. W. Mowrey. Directors—P. B. Burch, W. M. Brand, R. S. Langworthy, H. Mains, M. L. Brown, W. D. York.

Skaneateles Farmers' Club.—Pres't—Wills Clift. Vice-Pres'ts—C. C. Wyckoff, Jedediah Irish. Sec'ys—C. B. Thorne, Emerson Adams. Treas.—Wm. J. Townsend. Directors—E. Adams, M. C. DeWitt.

Ontonagon (Mich.) Ag'l Society.—Pres't—Geo. C. Jones. Sec'y—Thos J. Losier. Treas.—Lathrop Johnson.

Iowa Wool Growers' Convention.—Officers elected at Newton, Jan. 7th.—Pres't—John B. Grinnell. Vice-Pres't—Robert Seavers. Sec'y—J. P. Beatty. Treas.—S. G. Smith. The Convention resolved in favor of a United States Exposition of Wools and Woolens, and of Chicago as the place of holding it. A. Fallor of Jasper Co. was selected to represent the State at such exposition. A committee of twelve was chosen to designate places and superintend shearing festivals.

Onondaga Co. Wool Growers' Association.—Pres't—Davis Cossit, Onondaga. Cor. Sec'y—C. B. Thorne. Rec. Sec'y—H. D. L. Sweet, Syracuse. Treas.—Asel F. Wilcox, Fayetteville.

Seneca Co. Wool Growers Association.—Pres't—E. Munson, Tyre. Cor. Sec'y—I. N. Johnson, Ovid. Rec. Sec'y—D. C. Smalley, Varick. Treas.—R. R. Steel, Romulus.

Jasper Co. (Iowa) Wool Growers' Association—Pres't—S. L. Miller. Sec'y—J. R. Crawford. Treas.—F. Swyhart. Cor. Sec'y—A. Fallor.

WASHINGTON CO. (N. Y.) SHEEP BREEDERS' AND WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—There was a much larger attendance at the recent annual meeting than usual, and more money received for membership fees than ever before. The Association is in a flourishing condition—a balance in the treasury, &c. Nearly the same officers were elected as last year, viz: *President*—H. W. BECKWITH; *Secretary*—I. V. BAKER, Jr.; *Treasurer*—E. J. LAWRENCE. The Spring Show of sheep in their fleeces, and public shearing, will be held at North Granville early in May. B.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS of this Country, so far as we are enabled to judge from the tone, contents and style of our exchanges, enters upon the year 1868 quite prosperously. Most of our contemporaries open the year with vigor and indications of increasing success and usefulness—whereat we sincerely rejoice, for upon the prosperity of well-conducted and independent Agricultural Journals the "Progress and Improvement" of the Country and its Industrial Population in a great measure depend. Wishing all zealous and unselfish co-laborers augmented facilities for usefulness, and abundant reward for their laudable efforts, we will briefly chronicle a few noteworthy changes, improvements, etc.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER AND FARMER.—The Southern Planter and The Farmer have been merged under this title—a union which is likely to prove beneficial to both the publisher and the public. The Jan. No. is rich in contents, and presents a fine typographical appearance. It contains 64 handsome octavo pages, and is edited by C. B. WILLIAMS, Esq., a high-toned gentleman, of wide experience and observation. Published by CH. B. WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va., at $2 per annum.

THE OHIO FARMER.—This old favorite comes to us in a new dress, and doubled again—changed from an 8 to a 16 page quarto. Gen. HARRIS, who is a strong team alone, has the aid of Mr. GEO. E. BLAKELEE as Associate Agricultural Editor. We cordially wish the Farmer and its able and worthy Editor increasing prosperity. Published weekly, by S. D. HARRIS, Cleveland, Ohio, at $2 a year.

THE N. H. MIRROR AND FARMER begins its nineteenth year and volume by making a change in form from folio to quarto, which is a great improvement. It also dons a new and tasty vignette heading, and is otherwise improved. Published by JOHN B. CLARKE, Manchester, at $1.50 a year, in advance.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN, the largest and spiciest Agricultural Weekly in New England, enters upon its twenty-seventh volume in a new dress, and presents a very attractive appearance. GEO. NOYES, Publisher, Boston—$3 per annum.

THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR celebrates the opening of its thirtieth volume by materially enlarging its pages and donning new and beautiful attire. Published weekly by OTIS BREWER, Boston, at $3 per annum.

THE FARMER'S CHRONICLE.—We have received, but mislaid, the initial number of a neatly printed 16-page quarto weekly bearing the above title, and published in Columbus, Ohio, at (if we remember rightly,) $2 a year.

NEWSPAPER ENLARGEMENTS, &c.—"Look here a moment, please, and help an old Michigan friend with the aid of your spectacles. *You* promised to enlarge and improve the RURAL, and you have just 'went and gone and did it' handsomely,—for it's 'as plain as the nose on your face.' But another 'Rural' paper—one published hereaways—also made similar promises, but, after examining No. 1 for 1868, I'll be hanged if I can 'see it'—the 'enlargement and improvement,' I mean. In plain English, I refer to the —— ——, which a good many of our farmers 'went for' last year because it talked big about Western interests, and being smarter, for us, than any Eastern paper, et settery and so fourth, as NASBY says. Now, if you can tell how the editor has 'filled the bill,' please expatiate." &c. [Regret that we can't *see* what we anticipated in the paper referred to; yet, on rubbing our spectacles, discover that it really is larger than it was last year—each page being perhaps an eighth of an inch wider and as much longer!—and of course *that* is an enlargement. We note also, that No. 1 has two illustrations, both sizable and well executed, and moreover the reading matter is better than that of some papers of greater pretensions. So we trust our friend will cease his complaints, and not accuse any one of "lying like a—like a—*a newspaper prospectus!*" It don't sound well, and besides it's an insinuation against the profession!]

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.—In renewing his subscription, C. S., of Todd Co., Ky., writes;—"Taking all things into account, I am bound to say the RURAL NEW-YORKER is the best paper published in the Union—and I have a great many of different kinds. I find that 'The Best is the Cheapest.' Please give more illustrations and instructions in architecture, if agreeable to your good judgment, for that is one of the sciences very much neglected, especially in the Southern States." We shall not neglect the subject, and are well aware of the need of information thereupon throughout the South, particularly since the change from slave to free labor—a change which involves a radical mutation in the Rural Architecture of the country. By the way, we have in preparation, and shall give soon, a plan of a Virginia Sheep Barn, and propose to give plans and descriptions of other buildings adapted to the wants of Southern farmers and planters.

THE BRINKERHOFF CORN-SHELLER.—*Correction.*—By some freak of the types or copy the price of this sheller was given in RURAL of 11th inst. at "$10 for sample," instead of **$19**. As Messrs. SNOW & Co. inform us that the error is working prejudicial to their interests,—some writing them "abusive letters for swindling them out of $9, and others piling in orders for the sheller at $10,"—we cheerfully make this correction, and re-publish the advertisement. The machine is a superior one, as we have said before, and the highest price named is so reasonable that every farmer who desires a good sheller can afford the investment required for the BRINKERHOFF.

LOUISIANA STATE FAIR.—This Fair opened on the grounds of the Society, New Orleans, Jan. 8th, amid the waving of flags and firing of cannon. The air was balmy, charged with the aroma of opening flowers, and the whole scene inspiriting. The display of articles was more imposing than ever before seen in that State. The initial State Fair, for the current year, seems to have opened auspiciously—preluding the success of those to follow. The RURAL has a correspondent at the Fair, who will furnish a report of the most noteworthy features.

"THE AMERICAN HERD BOOK,—Containing Pedigrees of Short-Horn Cattle, with Introductory Notes, by LEWIS F. ALLEN. Volume VIII."—Many of our readers will be glad to learn that this volume is ready for delivery. It comprises 592 octavo pages,—embracing numerous pedigrees, and a number of superior lithographic portraits. Price, $6 by Express, or $6.50 if sent by mail, post-paid. Of course every breeder of Short-Horns who wishes to pursue his business intelligently will procure a copy. Address Hon. L. F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y.

SCOTT'S PATENT GRINDER.—Attention is directed to an illustration and advertisement of this invention. In our opinion it meets a want long felt by those using Mowers and Reapers, and hence can hardly fail of becoming popular among grass and grain growers.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THREE counties in Iowa are rather sheepish—having an aggregate of 384,583 sheep. Baa!

SOMEBODY predicts that within five years Maine will become a great wheat growing State.

PRAIRIE chickens are so numerous in Iowa the present winter that clubs are used in their capture.

HENS will eat almost anything. In the gizzard of one recently killed in New Hampshire 14 pins were found.

GEO. WOOD of West Brattleboro, Vt., says he has tamed and broken 734 colts. He ought to be a second RARBY.

THE people in Burlington, Vt., are hard up for water—it costing 50 cts. per bbl. Cider, too, is scarce and high.

THOMAS BISHOP of Upper Providence, Pa., recently took a turkey to the Phila. market, which weighed 42 pounds.

FENCE posts sawed from old cherry logs will last a long time—much longer than those prepared from white cedar.

A WRITER in the Boston Cultivator comments on the question, "Is pork raising profitable?" One might as well ask, "Does it pay to live?"

A FARMER in Vermont is boasting over his potatoes. Twenty-six measured a bushel. They must have been of the old-fashioned Merino or long variety.

HENRY HARWOOD, Bennington, Vt., recently killed a pig eight months old which weighed 410 pounds. He would like to know who goes better, and how much.

To prevent meat from getting rusty in the barrel, keep it immersed in the brine. A follower, just fitting the barrel, with a weight upon, it will do the business.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CHERRY.

THE cherry is one of the most healthy and luscious of summer fruits; it is an universal favorite, yet it occupies but a subordinate place in the market orchards of our land, and the supplies mainly come from scattering trees planted originally merely with a view to family use. The region in which this fruit succeeds is extensive; it has been, and is, a free grower, an early and profuse bearer, and well adapted to bring fruit quickly to settlers in new countries. It has been largely planted in California where it flourishes, and the cities of that State are better supplied with this fruit than are those of the Atlantic seaboard The improvements which have been made and established in extensive and successful operation, whereby our perishable summer fruits may be cheaply and quickly preserved through all the year, render it impossible to glut the markets as formerly, and the production of all varieties becomes a safe and profitable business. With professional fruit growers the cherry is destined to largely increase in favor, and to rival the strawberry and the peach; and as the production becomes larger and more reliable the market will be steadier and the profits surer.

In ornamental qualities the cherry is hardly surpassed by any other fruit tree, and if a fruit tree is used for decorating the yard or lawn—in point of good taste a questionable use—there is none fitter. We can heartily recommend, however, its extensive use as a road-side tree. For this purpose it is well adapted by its rapid growth, its handsome form, and the little care and pruning under which it will flourish when once well started. And why not line our highways with fruit-bearing trees? the shade and the verdure, blossom and the fruit would refresh and benefit alike the traveler and the land owner. This is a subject which concerns the whole public; it is a matter fit for legislation, and should receive attention from the Horticultural Societies. A striking feature in the landscape of Southern Germany is the double rows of fruit trees along the highways, which, from favoring heights, spread their sinuous and crossing lines before the eye.

The cherry demands a dry subsoil, and a loose, sandy loam is usually considered best for the surface. West and Northwest slopes, if not too much exposed to the sweep of winds, should be preferred to Eastern or Southern. When started right it needs no pruning, but if the knife must be used to correct some fault, let the cutting be done in mid-summer. In over-rich soils its growth is wood and not fruit, and it is liable to split open in the trunk and large limbs, decay and die. This is the greatest drawback to its culture in the West, and the remedy is a suitable soil and location, heading low, and applying washes frequently to the bark, which will soften it and permit the necessary expansion.

Owing to its size, close skin and elastic pulp, the cherry bears transportation admirably. It may be carried from the orchards to distant markets in good order, and the season of use sufficiently prolonged. England receives immense quantities of cherries from Southern Germany and from France, which come into market much earlier than those grown on her own soil. So in this country the Northern markets must draw their earliest supplies from more Southern latitudes, and their latest from their own.

CULTIVATE AND USE MORE FRUIT.

I WISH to add my testimony to that of the large number who have spoken through the columns of the RURAL in favor of an abundance of ripe Fruit, if haply that testimony may induce any, now destitute of fruit, to its earnest cultivation.

My present age is 62. Eight years ago in order that the young people might have more room to "swing around the circle," I built a cottage, horse barn, &c., and fenced off from my farm seven acres for my own cultivation. My first aim was to surround our new domicil with a great abundance and variety of fruit,—Summer, Fall and Winter apples; a variety of Peaches; dwarf and standard Pears; Cherries of various kinds; Concord, Delaware and Isabella Grapes; Lawton Blackberries; Gooseberries; Currants; Strawberries; and, added to these, an abundance of garden products. All these the past season were in good bearing, so that a family of three adult people not only laid up rich stores for winter use, but through the summer and fall lived largely on ripe, fresh-gathered fruit. Exquisite peaches, of which we never tired, eaten with bread, sugar and cream, at the table, we had in abundance from the middle of August till past the middle of October,—beginning with Hale's early, and ending with Crawford's late. One cherry tree alone, yielding bushels, was in ripe bearing two weeks. The yield of currants and gooseberries we estimated by bushels; and raspberries we had for six consecutive weeks fresh from the canes. A dish piled with grapes, always graced our table during the season of grapes, (we give our vote emphatically in favor of the Concord,) and Lawton blackberries, *albeit with plenty of sugar*, gave tartness, and spirit, and flavor, to many a meal.

Our apple trees, under much garden cultivation, have grown hugely—so much wood that we had to apply to the old farm for about ten bushels of winter apples to fill our apple bin; in future we shall expect them to do better. Now, we have not been strictly vegetarians, for we have occasionally partaken of beef steak, mutton chop, fish, fowl and eggs—no pork; but very largely our diet has been of fresh-gathered fruit, bread, butter and tea—which last, with all due respect for Dr. SNODGRASS of the Tribune, for aged people I approve.

In review of the year's diet we can say,—1st, that it has been delicious; 2d, that it has been healthful; 3d, that it has been economical—all emphatical. Wife and I have not taken any medicine for twelve months past, and during the freest use of fruit we have had no dyspepsia or bowel trouble. Every meal was a feast of good things, crowned with a conviction that there was no enervation in its luxury, and with the satisfaction that it was the fruit of our own industry. When we built our house it stood in a plowed field, without a fruit tree or shrub of any kind on its premises.

In conclusion I may say, that of the small fruits, the Concord Grape affords an unfailing supply of fruit, with perhaps the least labor of any kind of fruit we have tried—the raspberry next—and strawberries with us the most difficult. The currant, however, has always been abundant, treated with ashes, and all the soot of our establishment. Standard I prefer to dwarf pears, for a term of seven years or more. But with all, as DEMOSTHENES said of action, cultivation is the main thing.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1868. PETER HATHAWAY.

FORDIN'S SEEDLING GRAPE—A variety with this name was exhibited at the Oswego Falls Agricultural meeting,—but beyond the statement that it was "early and delicious," we have no description.

OUR NATIVE GRAPES AND SEASON OF 1867.

THE spring of 1867 opened wet and cold. Up to May 15th very little spring grain had been sown and corn and potatoes planted. This necessarily delayed spring work very much, and brought it all in a heap. After the first of June little rain fell,—not exceeding two inches up to the 25th of November, the ground, in consequence of the drouth, being very dry, seriously interfering with the growth of young vines, cuttings and nursery stock generally. Streams and wells are dried up, and the scarcity of water is severely felt by all. This has been an extraordinary season. First, it was extremely wet and cold, then extremely dry and hot; second, it was a very late season,—grapes with us being fully eight to ten days later than the spring of 1866, which was a late season, and fourteen days behind the spring of 1862. A frost cut the vines more or less about the 20th of September, and a severe frost about the 1st of October, which finished up what the first one left, thus cutting the season off at both ends, making it rather short to mature some of our native grapes. Under the above circumstances the following varieties ripened in the order named:

Hartford Prolific and Israella Sept. 10th; Creveling and Roger's Hybrid, No. 4, Sept. 16th to 20th; Delaware, Allen's Hybrid and Rebecca, Sept. 20th to Oct. 1st; Iona about the same time; Concord barely got ripe; Union Village, Diana, Catawba, Anna and other late varieties, failed to get ripe in consequence of the heavy frost of Oct. 1st.

Among the new early grapes for public favor, I would recommend Israella, Roger's Hybrid No. 4, and Creveling, as being grapes of decided merit, being early, productive and good shipping grapes, standing carriage well, and not dropping off like Hartford Prolific, or cracking open like Concord. They are also of good quality, both for table and wine. I made an excellent red wine from them, decidedly superior to the much vaunted foxy Ive's Seedling, and that without the addition of sugar or anything else. They are also good keepers. I have some now in perfect order, and some that are completely dried up into a raisin without dropping a berry. They are also very hardy, with the exception of the Israella, which should be covered during the winter; this is the only fault I can find with it at present.

Iona.—Of the productiveness of this fine grape, I am not quite so well satisfied as of the others; it has not quite come up to my expectations in several points, having grown very uneven in the vineyard, and badly winter killed the first two years. But perhaps this may be owing to the miserable plants that its propagator first sent out, and which have been continued since, in consequence of high prices which caused nurserymen to propagate it from green cuttings, immature wood and anything that would produce a plant. This was the case with the Delaware, and will be with every grape of any promise. Compare, for instance, the fine clusters of Delaware grapes of the past year or two with the Delaware grapes of six years ago, when the vine was enfeebled by over propagation. So it is, no doubt, with the Iona, and I hope that this beautiful grape may yet fulfill (when it is propagated from good bearing wood,) the promise that has been held out to us as being the best grape in America. I shall have nearly two acres of it in bearing this year, when I will be able to know more about it. As to its quality there is no doubt; it is a splendid table grape, and makes wine of excellent quality. It adheres firmly to the bunch, and will dry into a sweet, spirited raisin. All the trouble I can see is to get enough of the grapes.

Delaware.—The only fault I can find with this fine grape is that unless it is *severely pruned* it will *overbear*, and the fruit will not ripen; it may color, but the fruit will not get perfectly ripe, but will be insipid and unfit for use. I have had more trouble with it on this account than any other variety that I ever cultivated. Four years ago my Delawares first came into general bearing. I trained them on the horizontal arm and renewal system, leaving the upright canes when pruned about five feet long. When these bore they had an immense crop. I cut out nearly one-half of the clusters, but still they overbore, and have not got over the effects of it to this day. The next year I cut the canes back to thirty inches; still they overbore. Then I cut back to twenty inches. In 1866 I cut closer still, with the same trouble—an over-crop of unripe fruit. Last fall I cut them back to three buds, and I now hope to get some good, well ripened grapes, and not be over-tasking and killing my vines.

This matter of pruning demands our serious attention, as there are an immense number of vines ruined by leaving too much bearing wood and overtasking the vine, inducing mildew, rot and all diseases the vine is heir to, besides getting flavorless, unripe fruit, all through the eager desire of getting a big crop. You can set it down as a positive fact, that when you hear a man bragging of growing four and five tons of grapes per acre, that he does not understand his business, and will sooner or later lament over his folly in trying to get a *big crop*. Better grow a small crop of good grapes, and keep your vines in a healthy condition, than a large crop of poor ones and ruin your vineyard.

Concord.—This may be the grape for the million, but it is not the grape for me. Its only merit consists in being hardy, a good bearer, and a grape that will stand all sorts of abuse—a grape for careless people. These good points are overbalanced by its poor quality and habit of dropping off and cracking open. I have about twenty vines of it—all I want—and these were got when the Concord was first sent out. Last fall I had about two hundred pounds of fruit which I intended to ship, but after they had been picked two days they all cracked open, making them unfit for shipment.

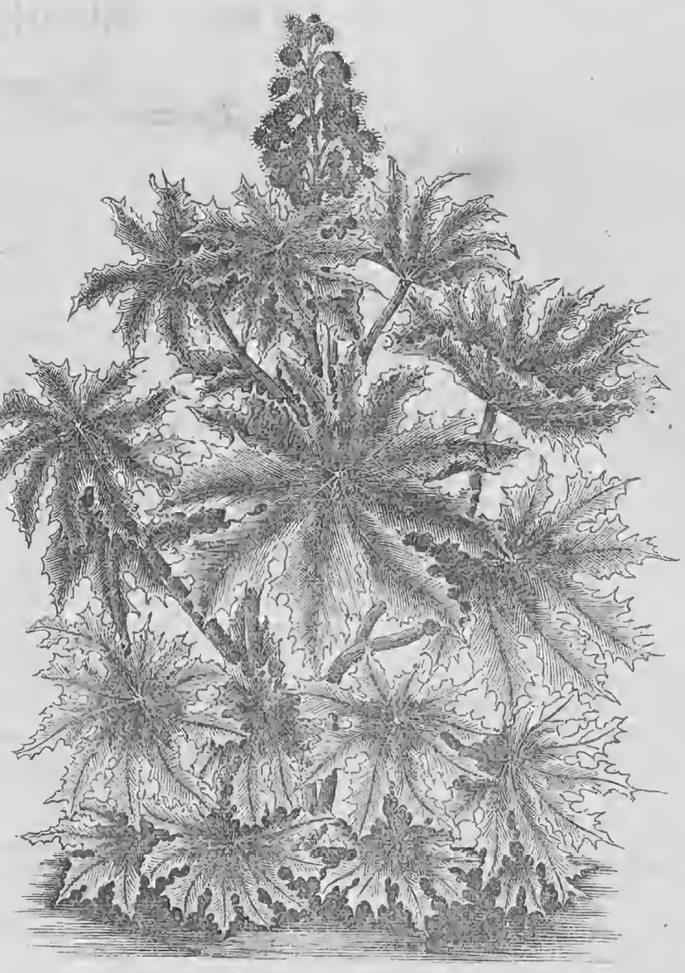
Roger's Hybrid, No. 4, is fully as hardy and productive, earlier, and decidedly better quality. As a shipping and table grape, the Concord has had its day, (the Greeley Prize Committee to the contrary notwithstanding,) and must make room for better sorts.

Allen's Hybrid and Rebecca are superior table grapes, but are adapted to amateurs only, or where they can have plenty of care. They require too much sulphuring for the vineyard.

Diana.—This fine grape did not get perfectly ripe this year, owing to our late season. If it would only ripen ten days sooner I would not give it for any grape I know of.

I would mention as a fact, that our seasons seem to be growing later every year, excepting 1865. I have kept a memorandum since 1862, in which year my grapes were in leaf May 10th; 1863, May 12th; 1864, May 16th; 1865, May 10th; 1866, May 16th; 1867, May 22d. How long this will continue nobody can tell, but if it keeps on we will soon have to do one of three things—give up grape growing, get earlier sorts, or go to a warmer climate. The shortness and variability of our seasons should teach us to plant none but early maturing varieties, and I hope that among the many thousands of new seedlings which are being raised, some may be found that will combine the quality of the Iona, the hardiness and productiveness of the Concord, the earliness and healthfulness of the Hartford Prolific. If such a one can be produced it will be all that can be desired, and lucky will be the man and great his name who produces it. F. C. BREHM.

Germania Vineyard, Waterloo, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1868.



THE RICINUS.

THE engraving portrays a well grown plant of the Ricinus, or Castor Oil Bean. As an ornamental annual it is valued for its rapid growth, its broad, green leaves, and its stately appearance—having characteristics of tropical vegetation. In the latter part of summer the spikes of seed vessels present splendid colors, some green, others pink and scarlet, which show brilliantly until hard frosts. Under favoring circumstances some varieties of the Ricinus will often reach the height of fifteen feet, and it is well adapted to form summer screens, or clumps of foliage. The cultivation should be similar to that of early corn. There are many varieties, some dwarf and some gigantic, and the colors of the foliage and stalks includes blood red, purple, rose and light green.

COMPOST FOR GARDENS.

SOLOMON WOOD, Belle Valley, Penn., writes us: "Please inform me through the RURAL about a compost to be used in the hill, or as a top dressing for corn and vegetables. I have been mixing hen manure, swamp muck, lime, salt, ashes and plaster the past season. I wish to learn whether any of these articles will neutralize or destroy the fertilizing properties of another, and should like to know the proportion of each ingredient to use in order to make the most valuable compost for garden use."

REMARKS.—Every garden should have a compost heap, which should largely consist of mold for the purpose of mixing with and retaining the mineral elements. Swamp muck, if not cold and sour, is good, but decayed sods and leaf mold from the woods are better. Ashes, bone dust, plaster and salt, may be added to this in proper quantities, if well mixed, and no loss incurred, as the humus will absorb and retain all. If lime is needed it is better to apply it separately in the fall or early spring, giving a liberal dressing once in three years. If the soil is rich in vegetable matter, or has been highly manured for years, salt and lime may be freely used with advantage. If it is desirable to apply fertilizers to the growing crops for the purpose especially of benefiting them the liquid form will give the best results; but the liquid manure must first ferment.

CHERRY GRAFTS.

THE most difficult scion to grow is that of the cherry. We have employed experienced grafters—distrusting our own skill—to set cherry scions, and on one occasion not one grew in the lot, some twenty-five in number. We have succeeded ourselves in two out of three; but this is not enough where persons have only a few stems to operate on. The want of success is to be ascribed to two causes. The first is a lack of care and good tools in setting the scions; but the second principal is the *late period at which the scions are cut.* When the cherry bud is once swollen, it is very difficult to get it to grow. They should therefore be cut before there is any sign of swelling—and that time is *now* and generally during this month. They should be buried in the ground deep enough to be beyond the influence of the sun, whence they can be taken out and used when needed throughout the grafting season. Some persons, we know, preserve grafts of all kinds in ice-houses, cellars, buried in sand, or tied up in moss, &c., &c., and these modes answer very well. In our experience we have found that they keep nowhere in so good a condition as when buried in the ground as we suggest. This is also true of grapes and other cuttings, though we know that other modes are practiced, especially by nurserymen.

BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of Jan. 4th you quote the opinion of D. D. WALSH, a well-known Entomologist, of Rock Island, Ill., that the Black Knot on Plum Trees is the effect of a fungus, and neither a disease nor a gall.

I wish to state what I think is the cause of the knot. It is caused by the Curculio perforating the bark and depositing an egg, which grows and matures on the sap and young wood. Any one may convince himself by examining the excrescences while *green*, when they will find from two to six worms in each knot, the same in color, size and appearance to those found in the fruit. I have examined a good many knots the past season; they have the appearance, when half or full grown, of a large, green worm, and on opening them you will usually find three or four worms in each. When fully grown, they work out and fall to the ground, burying themselves until spring; and from them comes the curculio. As there was no fruit the past season, they have injured the trees more than ever known before here, completely covering some of them. It behooves us seriously to inquire how we shall rid ourselves of this great pest, which is destroying millions worth of plums, cherries and apples every year. D. J. S.

Van Buren Center, N. Y., 1868.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Currants—Propagation.—There is no small garden fruit, whether used in a green or natural state, more palatable than the common red currant. The white variety is also good, but of late years the currant worm has rendered their production very limited. Would it not be a good plan to plant cuttings early in the spring, and institute an incessant warfare against the worm till the bushes reach a bearing age, and as long thereafter as this enemy makes its appearance upon them.

The Beech as a Hedge Plant.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer says many hedges of this wood exist in Eastern France, Prussia and Switzerland, and if care is used in shortening in it is easy to make good fences with the beech; it branches little, is stiff, and keeps its place. It is not liable to be injured by the seasons. We can add that there is a beech hedge in this city, which seems to be a very good one as far as it has grown. They are of slow growth, and we have other plants more desirable for fencing purposes.

Lorrain Grape.—The Gardener's Monthly says:—"We have samples of this new white grape from Mr. Barney, who says it is a chance seedling taken up with other seedlings under an Isabella vine, by Mr. Hopkins of Lorrain Co., and that the foliage in form and color resembles Catawba, with the texture of Isabella. The berries had fallen from the bunch, which had been many days reaching us, but were in fair condition, not having fermented. It has a honied sweetness, rather a thin skin, bunch and berry of fair size, and we should judge from these samples, (though late in the season, Oct. 1st, a first rate variety."

How Port Wine is Made.—The way in which, what in England is called Port Wine, has hitherto been manufactured for the London market, is this:—The Paiz de Venbaterio abounds in the elderberries; the berries of these trees are dried in the sun or kilns. The wine is then thrown on them, and the berries are trodden (as previously the grapes) till it is thoroughly saturated with the coloring matter of the berries. Brandy is then added in proportion of from three to sixteen gallons to every pipe of 115 gallons. *This is the composition of all* Port Wine hitherto drank in England. No pure wine, no wine not thus specially adulterated for the English taste, was allowed by the Government Committee of Tasters to pass the bar of Douro before the year 1865.

Amelia Peach.—Mr. F. R. Elliott describes this in the Horticulturist as follows:—"The Amelia is a seedling variety originating with Mr. George Hussman, of Hermann, Mo., well known as a skillful viticulturist and an enthusiastic promoter of horticulture. The original tree in his grounds was this past season in full bearing, healthy and exhibiting appearance of a robust habit, much like the Columbia, from which it is presumed it sprang. The fruit is large, one quarter larger than Columbia, round, with a well-defined suture, one side deepest toward the apex, which has a rounded point. Color, clear rich yellow, marbled with dull red. Flesh, thick, yellow, rich, juicy, sweet and separating freely from the stone. Season, about one week to ten days later than Columbia. Leaf with indistinct globose, almost reni-form, glands. Pit rather large, angular pointed, and deeply corrugated."

Varieties of the Scuppernong.—A correspondent of the Southern Planter writes:—"On the Cape Fear they have another variety of Scuppernong; the common variety being white, furnishes a light and clear wine. The second ripens as the first is being exhausted, is darker in color, and produces a stronger wine: a third ripening still later, being matured in the house, frequently lasting until Christmas, furnishes an exceedingly strong wine, rapidly causing intoxication. The vine thrives best in a sandy loam, but prospers well now on every variety of soil that is sufficiently dry to yield any of the ordinary hoed crops of the country. I think it will endure the climate anywhere south of the James. It is not practical to prune it, except with great care and at certain periods—never in the spring—nor without dressing the wound with great care, the bleeding being so profuse as to soften and force away any other than a very tenacious dressing."

Kansas State Hort. Society.—The first meeting of this Society was held in Lawrence Dec. 12, 1867. In the discussions which ensued the facts were elicited that the apple in that State does best on elevated lands. The hot sun of midsummer often causes the bark to crack, and the "sap blight" is sometimes seen. Roots of the trees run near the surface. Training low is recommended. The "leaf blight" affects the *pear*; trees do not bear as young as in the East. The buds of *peaches* are often killed by the cold, and the curculio destroys the *plums*. *Cherries* are spoken of as successful. The Concord *grape* is generally recommended. The *strawberry*—that fruit for the million—does well, the Jucunda being preferred, and Wilson's Albany next. The *Gooseberry* succeeds universally. *Raspberries, Blackberries* and *Currants* tolerably. On the whole Kansas does not promise to become famous for its fruit growing capabilities.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

KEEPING CRANBERRIES.—The best way to preserve them in winter is in water in the cellar; the water should be changed once a month. Cranberries are shipped in tight casks with water.

INSECTS ON HOUSE PLANTS.—(A. B., Hebron, N. Y.) Fumigate your plants a few times with sulphur, carefully, or tobacco smoke, (if your love for the plants will allow the "weed,") and we think the insects will leave.

THE "SMALL FRUIT MANUAL," advertised by PURDY & HANCE in this paper, if like unto or an improvement upon its predecessor, is worthy the attention of every fruit grower. We have not yet received a copy of the new edition.

TRITOMA UVARIA—WINTERING.—(D. A. C., Fairfield, Conn.) This plant is half hardy and requires protection to winter out of doors. Cover with leaves, litter, or manure, until the freezing and thawing of winter and spring is past. In Rochester, N. Y., it suffers badly if left unprotected out of doors during the winter.

TO BE GIVEN AWAY.—An agent-friend of the RURAL has a quantity of "Hill's Sweet Corn" which he proposes to distribute free in packages containing enough to plant 20 or 30 hills. He recommends it as an excellent variety. Send a directed envelope, with stamp, to CULLEN LOUD, Egypt, Monroe Co., N. Y.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We are requested to announce that this Society will hold a meeting at Freeport, Feb. 11—13. Horticulturists generally are cordially invited to attend. Specimens of fruits can be sent by Express to D. WILMOT SCOTT, care H. C. BURCHARD & BRO., Freeport, Ill. Papers of practical value are solicited.

SWITZERLAND PEACH.—One of our readers in Warren Co., O., writes of a new peach under the name of Switzerland, which he regards as very superior. He says that "were he to plant fifty acres in peaches, at least one-third should be of this variety, as, on account of size and beauty, they will outsell all others in market, either for table use or canning purposes." He describes this peach as large, white flesh, free stone, blood red around the stone and some red veins through the flesh.

INDIANA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The seventh annual meeting of this Society was held at Indianapolis Jan. 10th. The display of apples, wine and preserved fruit was unusually good. One member presented forty-one varieties of the apple, with names, and sixteen without any. The committee on fruit reported that the display of apples was never before equalled in the State. A general discussion on fruit soils, fruits, and the best plan of maturing, took place, with very satisfactory results. In the strawberry department the discussion took a wide range and was rather mixed, but settled on the Albany as the best berry for marketing purposes. Mulching the vines was generally conceded to be advantageous to the plants. Fruit insects were catalogued, and various methods proposed for their extermination. These all ended in *kill*, and "do it often or all the time."

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

PLAIN CORN CAKE.—1 qt. sweet milk; 3 eggs; teaspoon salt.

Another Way.—2 cups sour cream; 2 do. sweet milk or water; 1 tablespoon sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 do. soda; handful of flour stirred in with the meal.

STEAMED CORN BREAD.—1 pint sour milk; ½ cup lard or finely chopped suet; 1 cup molasses; 1 teaspoon allspice; 1 do. salt; 1 do. soda. Leave the batter quite thin. Steam one hour and bake the same.

FRUIT JOHNNY CAKE.—2 cups sour cream; 2 do. sweet milk; 2 tablespoons sugar; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 do. soda; 1 cup chopped raisins; 1 do. citron; handful flour stirred in with the meal.

Those who want something extra, try this:

MARBLE CAKE—*White.*—1 cup butter; 3 do. white sugar; 4 do. flour; ½ do. sweet milk; whites of 9 eggs: flavor with lemon.

MARBLE CAKE—*Dark.*—1 cup butter; 2 do brown sugar; 1 do. molasses; 1 do. sour milk; 1 teaspoon soda; 5 cups flour; yolks of 9 eggs; 1 whole one; spices of all sorts. Put in pans first a layer of dark cake, then a layer of white, and so on, finishing with a layer of dark. Bake in a moderate oven.

PLAIN CAKE.—1 cup sour cream; 1 do. sugar; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 do. soda. Form the batter thin, and bake quickly.

HULLED CORN.—Make a weak lye by boiling ashes and water one hour; let it become clear, then drain off carefully. Have ready your corn, put in and boil half an hour. Take off, and wash the corn until the water looks clean. Boil again a few moments; then another process of washing, that no lye taste may adhere to it. Put over and boil till tender, salting it a little. When wanting for use, warm it up, seasoning with butter, pepper and salt.—J. M. I., *Adrian, Mich.*

FRUIT CAKE.—1 cup butter; 2 do. sugar; 3 eggs; 1 cup sour cream; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 tablespoon ground cloves and cinnamon; half a nutmeg; 2 cups raisins and citron; flour to make stiff enough.

TUMBLER CAKE.—1 egg, well beaten; 1 tumbler sugar; ½ do. sweet milk, filled up with thick cream; 1 teaspoon soda; 2 do. cream tartar, rubbed in 2 tumblers flour. Add nutmeg or rose water.—J. P.

BEAN SOUP.—Boil the beans for soup in the usual way, in water only, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste. Add savory herbs if desirable. When ready to take up, cut several large slices of light, stale bread into pieces half an inch square; add a good-sized lump of sweet butter, and fry on the stove or bake in the oven. When done brown and crisp put it into the soup tureen, pour the bean soup over and serve hot.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Dissolve 2 teaspoons of soda in a half-pint of milk; add a teacup of butter or lard; mix with a pint of molasses a tablespoon of ginger, a pint of flour and a couple beaten eggs. Fresh lemon peel, cut very fine, improves it.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EXPECTED.—A FRAGMENT.

BY ILADEL.

I AM waiting, I am longing, for the shining of the morn
That shall light my lover's coming, though he comes to one forlorn.
Oh, my heart it throbs so wildly when I think of that New Year,
And the music of his manly voice again I seem to hear
As he clasped my hand with trembling, saying—"Will you be my wife?"
And "I love you better, truer, than I love my very life.
Speak, O tell me, dare I press you on a joy o'erflowing heart?
Dare I whisper 'mine forever, Death himself not long can part?'"

Then the tears of joy flowed swiftly, and I bowed my head and prayed
Never o'er that warmth of feeling might there come a blighting shade,
Ever on life's rugged pathway through the sunshine and the storm
Still our hearts might beat as truly, still our love might burn as warm.
Years of toil and years of travel since that day his faith have tried;
Many countries he has wandered, now again he seeks my side,
Bringing riches, bringing honors, and a heart as true as then,
Dreaming of a blissful future, and of parting ne'er again!

Ah! bright visions of fond lovers, in the golden days of youth,
When the mirage of the Future looms before the bitter truth,
Ye are like the foam of ocean, pure and gladsome, passing fair,
As we stretch our hands and grasp it, vanishing in empty air!
Now a shadow darkens o'er me cast from out the cloud of Fate,
And I hear a solemn summons—Death is knocking at the gate!
Yes, the strength of health is failing—paleness sits upon my cheek—
Yet once more, oh GOD! permit me him to see, to hear him speak!
At the last sad solemn parting may my head lie on his breast,—
May I feel his true heart beating as mine sinks to endless rest.
I will tell him, when the day fades, and upon my grassy grave
Balmy odors from the winds fall, and in darkness branches wave,
In the loneliness of midnight, in the great mysterious sky,
He shall hear familiar music and shall feel that I am nigh!

WOMANLY STRENGTH.

WE hear a great deal, now-a-days, about Woman's Rights. Occasionally some good lady friend sends to the RURAL an article about Woman's Wrongs: we have one such article before us now, well written, and honest, we confess, but saying only that which has been said just as well and just as honestly hundreds of times before. Such being the case, it seems hardly worth while to print it, much as we should like to gratify the fair author. But there are certain "inalienable rights" which woman possesses, that are not commonly treated of. The consideration of these we deem of great importance. Why do not the ladies write more about them?

The right to be physically strong is woman's, indisputably. It is her solemn duty to claim it, and in all earnestness. We know she neglects it, at times, and purposely, it is quite probable,—purposely because she foolishly imagines weakness is womanly, and feminine blood must never warm to a vigorous, lively flow. We have long thought to say a few words regarding this. Some one, however, has spoken so tersely that we cannot refrain from making his words our own, and only regret that we are unable to give the proper credit:

Physical strength is a glorious thing. We are mocking at GOD for one of his noblest gifts when we despise it. The woman who can hold a twenty-pound weight on the palm of her hand, with her arm straight out from her body; can row a boat or swim swiftly and gracefully; or, better still, can do the kitchen work of a whole household, is more to be envied than HELEN of Troy. It is better to be able to walk ten miles without fatigue, than to speak ten languages. A soul is of no account in this world without a body. The acquiring of all the physical strength in her power is certainly as much a woman's duty as a man's, and it is simply idiotic for her to talk of coping with man, in even the lightest employments, until she attends to this duty. Until she can walk a mile or so in stormy weather as in fair, let her not ask for herself the lighter kinds of manual labor. It is all nonsense.

Physical perfection is, indeed, a glorious gift, but strength and beauty must exist together, or there can be no perfection. A beautiful arm is lovely, but when a beautiful arm is also a strong arm, it is splendid. A beautiful woman is fair, but when her soul's casket is full of electric life and power in every fiber, she is magnificent. There can be no true physical beauty without strength. No beauty of soul, either, for that matter, unless one can be crippled in the spine and turn saint. Without one's joints in their normal condition, however, it is certainly impossible to have a noble soul without also a good body. The good body outside must take care of the noble soul inside, and if there were no soul at all in the question, the body has still itself to provide for. The struggle for animal life is a battle of material forces alone, and sickly women will never be a match against healthy men. Those cadaverous, hysteric creatures who seek to leave the old-fashioned sphere, may as well go back and stay there. The working world has no call for them with their puny bodies. No matter how strong their wills are, they will prove but stumbling blocks to believers. Take an average city girl, with her weak, white hands, her colds, her head-aches, her nervousness, her everlasting tendency to "burst into tears" at any moment, and what does she amount to, even with a wealthy "Pa?" What, then, will become of this helpless potato sprout when turned out to compete with an active, muscular boy? Poor little potato sprout! Who would be free must be strong. If the mothers of feeble girls would only allow them to become healthy instead of making them genteel!

It is a pleasure, in perusing the early annals of the BEECHER family, to find that their father encouraged his sons and daughters to romp alike. And what a satisfaction it is to be able to read that "little HARRIET" was the biggest romp of them all! And that other HARRIET, over there at Rome, (HARRIET HOSMER, the artist,) she whose name is mentioned in the papers now and then, in her childhood was that horror of all modern mothers, a regular tom-boy. One would not mind having a few more HARRIETS, even though they were every one romps. For all human excellence of what nature soever, depends upon the application of that golden saying of the ancients:—"A sound mind in a strong body!" And if women desire to be a strong force in the world, let them take the first step to that end by obtaining more bodily strength.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I HAVE speculated a great deal on matrimony. I have seen young and beautiful women, the pride of the gay circles, married, as the world says, well. Some have moved into their costly houses, and their friends have all come and looked at their furniture and their splendid home for happiness, and have gone away and committed them to their sunny hopes, cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be sanguine for them, as the young are sometimes carried away with similar feelings.

I love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her white attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes meeting me in the pride of life, weave a waking dream of future happiness, and persuade myself that it will be true. I think how they will sit upon the luxuriant sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes, and murmur in low tones the not now forbidden tenderness; and how thrilling the allowed kiss and beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their parting joys, and how gladly they will come back from the crowded and empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company.

I picture to myself that young creature, who blushes even now at his hesitating caress, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, wishing he would come, and when he enters at last, with an affection as undying as his pulse, nestling upon his bosom. I can feel the tide that goes flowing through the heart, and gaze with him upon the graceful form as she moves about in the kind offices of affection, soothing all his unquiet cares, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward for years, and see her luxuriant hair put soberly away from her brow, and her girlish graces resigned into dignity and loveliness, chastened with the gentle meekness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on with a proud eye, and shows the same fervent love and delicate attentions which first won her, and her fair children are grown about them, and they go on, full of honor and untroubled years, and are remembered when they die.—*Washington Irving.*

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I WONDER how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those "young ladies," who, going to and from school, smile, bow and exchange notes and *cartes de visite* with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh, young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses and bouquets. No matter what "other girls" may do, don't you do it. School-girl flirtations may end disastrously, as many a foolish, wretched young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And, above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and *confidante*, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which is most important that she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her own fair daughters than she does herself.—*Fanny Fern.*

SOUTH AMERICAN LADIES.

IN a book recently published there is the following gossip about the ladies of one portion of South America:—"The women of Quito are generally healthy in appearance, and many of them are quite handsome. The faces, however, always lack that expression which intellectual culture only can give. Their hair is almost always black and coarse, and red hair is very highly prized. Bonnets are hardly ever worn, and the ladies either go bareheaded, or with a sort of shawl covering the head, face, and shoulders. Most of the women paint their faces and wear very gaudy dresses. They are lazy and indolent, and the chief aspiration of a young lady in Quito is to get a husband. When she has accomplished that she resigns herself to indifference, taking care only not to excite the jealousy of her husband. The women generally read little but their prayer-books, and their husbands are no better off intellectually. There are about one hundred and twenty pianos in Quito, but few women can play well, and those who sing, sing through the nose. The guitar and the harp are great favorites. Married women are not known by their husbands' names, and their visiting cards contain both their own names and those of their husbands."

THE HUSBAND.

LADIES sometimes do not value their husbands as they ought. They not unfrequently learn the value of a good husband for the first time by the loss of him. Yet the husband is the very roof-tree of the house—the corner-stone of the edifice—the key-stone of the arch called home. He is the bread-winner of the family—its defence and its glory—the beginning and ending of the golden chain of life which surrounds it—its consoler, its lawgiver, and its king. And yet we see how frail is that life on which so much depends. How frail is the life of the husband and the father! When he is taken away, who shall fill his place? When he is sick, what gloomy clouds hover over the house! When he is dead, what darkness, weeping agony! Then poverty, like the murderous assassin, breaks in at the window—starvation, like a famishing wolf, howls at the door. Widowhood is too often an associate of sackcloth and ashes. Orphanhood too often means desolation and woe.

AS OUR MOTHERS DO.—The other evening three little girls were playing among the sage bushes in the back yard. Two of them were "making believe keep house" a few yards distant from each other—neighbors as it were. One of them says to the third little girl:—"There, now, Nellie, you go to Sarah's house, and stop awhile and talk, and then you come back and tell me what she says about me; and then I'll talk about her; then you go and tell her all I say, and then we'll get mad and wont speak to each other, just like our mothers do, you know. Oh that'll be such fun."

THE light of love is very beautiful amid scenes of sorrow, and as the moonbeams seem holier and more tender round a ruin or a church-yard than in festive halls, so is affection brighter when bestowed upon the wretched than when attracted by youth and happiness.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorkes.

A LOST CHILD.

BY ELLA D.

My little one, with eyes so blue,
And tangled hair of golden hue,
And restless hands that mischief seek,
And roguish face with glances meek,
Where is the nest from which thou'rt flown,
What mother fond calls thee her own?

Some one is surely watching now
For thee, and fondly thinking how
The coming of thy little feet
Will make more bright the dark'ning street;
Oh little one, no longer roam
From mother fond, and shelt'ring home.

The city stretches far and wide,
The cold, dark river's cruel tide
Might seize that little dimpled form;
And mother dear, and fireside warm
So cheery now, would be, at best,
A stricken bird, an empty nest.

Oh mother, clasp him to your breast,
(A mother's arms—sweet place of rest!)
So soon, so soon may come the day
His feet thro' darker paths will stray,
More dangerous far than pathway wide
That stretches by the river's side.

Is there a sharper, fiercer dart
Than this, when cruel Death doth part
From clinging arms your little child,
Unheeding tears and anguish wild?
And yet—alas! how many know
A sharper pain, a fiercer woe!

Oh mother-hearts, that vainly weep
For little ones whom angels keep,
'Tis not for earthly sight or sense
To see or know the Love intense
That spared you not this present pain,
For them eternal joys to gain!

Full safe the little forms that rest
Within the heavenly fold, and blest
That angel band whose infant feet
Walk evermore the golden street:
So safe, so blest, that we are blind
Who, tho' bereaved, no comfort find.

Yes, we are blind; we walk alone
By faith, not sight, until we come
To *see* the things believed before,
And Thy mysterious love adore,
And know the bliss which they've attained
Who've borne the Cross, their Crown have gained.

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. II—RAILWAY FANCIES.

NEXT to a church,—for, after all, a church is the best place for dreaming. The sweetest fancies that ever made perfect bliss of a half hour have come to me while sitting in some dim old cathedral. There is a kind of dreamy spell on the very atmosphere inside of hallowed walls. It wraps me in its charmed, intangible folds, and bears me far out from all ordinary surroundings. The organ tones float away to a faint echo; the solemn service becomes like a misty memory; the worshipers seem to have stolen out from their worshiping, and pleasant fancies flit before me as I journey on in the beautiful paths we travel only when our coarser nature is asleep.

Those are mysterious paths, albeit beautiful ones, and we are borne along them, sometimes on curious vehicles. A line of an old hymn has carried me many a year into the past,—out of the church walls and into a temple where the names of the dead are written on tear-stained bits of marble. A fragment of song has wafted me on wings of melody over hills and through valleys, by gurgling brooks and beneath rustling tree-tops,—where all songs are but fragments, caroled out,—mere snatches caught from the grand oratorio of the great Master Composer. I have floated upon a few words of a prayer up, up, almost to the very door of Heaven, until I wanted to make the prayer my own and stay with it there forever!

Blessed dreams of the sanctuary! Sweet, and tender, and holy,—if only we could glide out of our life into some dimly lit chapel, where the air seems always breathing of incense, where the songs are hushed to a low, murmurous echo and there is ever a prayer floating upward, and dream dreams from which there is never any awakening! And why may we not, sooner or later, when the tangled skeins are all unraveled, and there is only a clear woof to be woven henceforth forevermore?

But, as I was going to say, next to a church, a railway car is most conducive to dreaming. The continuous hum of the speeding train has a charm in it. The monotonous song the train sings is as witching as the tones of a magic lute. Maybe it lulls me into dreaming with shut eyes, and senses closed to all around me. Perhaps it conjures up odd fancies that I see while I look at the pilgrims.

Railway fancies shift with strange rapidity. Now they are sober, sentimental; now sad, tender; now grotesque, even ludicrous. They take color and tone mainly from the surroundings. A car full of people is wonderfully suggestive. What a combination of aims and ambitions, of hopes and happinesses, of faiths and fears, of loves and longings! What a curious collection of outward movements and inward motives. What a rare museum of human nature, any way.

—I believe in human nature. I like to see all its developments. There's a good deal of human nature in a pig, somebody says, or else a good deal of pig in human nature. But wherever I find it I greet it with a welcome. Sometimes I fancy the pig side of the human is, on the whole, the most interesting. And that, you know, is seen to capital advantage in a car. A man has a right to be supremely selfish away from home. Of course. Judged by the standard of this right a large number of my acquaintances are away from home all their lives! They cling to their "rights" on the road, and everywhere else, most tenaciously. They do valiant battle for them at hotels, on steamers, and in cars. They show the pig side of the human, admirably developed.

The old lady with spectacles, who sits just to the right of me, is "going out to JOHN'S," she says, and is going alone. It's a great undertaking. She talked about it a whole month before she started,—I can tell that to a certainty. JOHN wanted her to come, for he had been getting married and fixing up a snug little home of his own, and 'twouldn't seem just the thing if mother didn't come and stay awhile. And so the old lady starts me off in a pretty fancy with her little chance remark about her destination. JOHN was always a good boy, I think. There's a gratified smile around the old lady's mouth, which means that she is a bit proud to have such a son to go and visit. When he went away from home she counted on his doing nicely, and gave him her small hoard of pocket money with her bible and her prayers, and has hoped and prayed for him ever since. Then he married a dear, good girl, to be sure, and settled down to make a useful and honored member of society. My fancy pictures the home to which the old lady is going, with the newly-wedded ones waiting to welcome her, and I see JOHN'S manly form as he tenderly caresses the young wife, and hear him wonder "how mother will like this carpet," or "that table," or "the paper on the parlor walls." I am journeying with the old lady, but have reached there first, and see her as she enters the door, and note the look of pride which lights up JOHN'S face as he puts the girl-wife's hand in the mother's and says—"This is your daughter ELLEN, mother." And I feel almost as though I was intruding,—but just then the whistle blows shrilly and long; there is a rub-a-dub jolt of the car; the brakeman shouts out the name of a station, and my pretty, fanciful picture floats away as the old lady soliloquizes—"Half way there!"

In front of me there is a merry quartette of school girls. They've been enjoying vacation, and now are going back to boarding school and billetdoux, lessons and lovers. One has light hair, with a bit of gold in it, large eyes, deep with tenderness, and would make a proper heroine for a proper fashionable novel. Another has fire in her eye, and scorn on the lip too young for knowing aught but loving and trustful kisses. They set me dreaming—these two—with only half-shut eyes. I dream out their young lives as they have been, with but the deep eyes and the scornful mouth to guide my fancy, and as they may be, with the tenderness and the scorn to shape them. One will make a heart and a home glad, sometime; and the other—ah! there is bitterness in scornful pride, and the scornful lips may taste it! 'Twould be pleasanter to fancy otherwise, but I can't, somehow. Mayhap a kiss of love may press the lips into winningness and the heart into trust. Love can do much; can it do this?

I close my eyes, and the monotonous hum of the iron wheels blends dreamily with the laughter of the school girls. Their lives and mine are forgotten. I cut adrift from mortality, and glide out on the white sea that stretches away and away—whither? I am in a light, airy shallop, that rides on without an effort. Around me are other shallops, and other sailors, and the balmy breezes that bear us on are full of intoxicating delight. If the shrill whistle sounds I hear it not. The murmurous laughter becomes softer and sweeter,—the low humming sinks down lower still,—my fancy is lost in a vague mist; then the sharp cry of "Tickets!" and a touch of the Conductor's hand bring me back to myself. I see the old lady gathering up her satchels and bandboxes, and volunteer to assist her off the car. But JOHN comes in at that moment, and gives her a good, warm embrace, after which she is obliged to wipe her spectacles,—for they've grown dim, strangely enough. Then JOHN takes his mother out: she shakes my hand, as she goes, as my grandmother used to, and a care-worn little woman comes in, with a baby in her arms, and takes the old lady's seat.

The baby's red, chubby fists drive me off on another journey of fancy. I trace its life out in many a way. I follow it through a profession, or a trade, or under a home-roof, and wonder if the mother's worn face wouldn't light up a trifle did she know the bright future I am weaving for her first-born. The small edition of humanity laughs to itself, quietly. It has some railway fancies I can't even hope for. Perhaps I had them, sometime. But my baby travels were not extensive. Besides, they slid out of my memory when the baby teeth dropped out of my uneasy little jaws. If I could only think the little one's thoughts!

So I dream on. I feel thankful for railroads. They are dull, and dry, and tiresome, says my friend DENT. He is wrong. But then he doesn't know about my fancies. He sees straight ahead always, and never looks around a corner of human nature. Another friend does better. He is somewhat of a poet. He writes his prettiest rhymes to the music of the train. It is an odd notion he has, that he can write by steam easier than when sitting in his quiet room at home. Consequently he journeys, and maybe you've read his railway fancies done in rhyme, even as you have read these prosy ones of mine.

KINDS OF VULGARITY.

LOUD talking and screeching laughter are so peculiar to Americans that they are known by them in Europe, where the people, as well bred, never tolerate it. Even in the most social circles it is considered a mark of ill-breeding belonging only to the lowest class.

Aside from this conventional protest against it, there is a regular objection to it, in the injury it does to the vocal organs. Talking through an evening, at the top of the voice, is very painful and fatiguing, and yet the noise made by the whole company is so great that no one can be heard who speaks low, or in a natural tone. Many throats are made sore and many heads are made to ache by this unnecessary noise, and persons subject to bronchitis are obliged to avoid it entirely.

In all European society the voices are kept lower than usual in large parties, and a general hum prevails, in which every person is easily heard by those he addresses. The loudness of Americans is very marked, and produces disgust and indignation when it breaks the stillness of picture galleries and other public places where nothing but whispers are ever allowed. When a loud voice is heard from an American traveler every one is startled and looks round to see whence it comes, and the comments on this breach of good manners are very severe.—*Northwestern Advocate.*

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.—Live as long as we may, the first twenty years form the greater part of our life. They appear so when they are passing, they seem to have been so when we look back to them. If this be so how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing from all those plasures that lay up bitterness and sorrow for the time to come! Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty years will take good care of you.

NEAR THE HEART.—We should keep our sentiments near the heart. When we accustom the heart to love what exists but for the mind, we have no ties but to abstraction, and to these we readily sacrifice realities. When we give so much love to men in the gross, we have none left to distribute in detail; all our good-will has been expended on the mass—individuals apply too late. These philosophical affections, which are not entertained without effort, dry up and destroy our capacity for loving.

AGE AND YOUTH.—A writer in the Atlantic, philosophizing on the continual round of decomposition and recomposition going on in physical nature, arrives at the conclusion that nothing is old but the mind. He might have said, with equal truth, nothing is new but the mind's manifestations; for mental developments are often as novel as varied.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UP AND BE DOING.

BY ORIE.

Up and be doing—heeding the Master's
"Work in my vineyard while yet it is day;"
Up and be doing—toiling and watching—
Gathering the lessons that scatter the way.
Time never wearies, and life is uncertain,
Death with his arrow is marking us all;
Up and be doing—our lamps trimmed and burning,
Lest while we loiter the Bridegroom should call.

Up and be doing—we who are bowing
Low at the shrine of proud fashion and sin:
We who are seeking, with quick, eager footsteps,
Pleasure's charmed circle that beckons us in:—
Grasping for self the allurements of mammon;
Rearing clay idols our pathway beside;
Building all daily, on sandy foundation,
Houses that glitter with splendor and pride.

We who are writing—we who are reading—
Will it be ours to receive the "Well done—
"Come and inherit—ye bless'd of my Father—
Faithful o'er little, the kingdom is won?"
Or all too late bowed with trembling and mourning,
"Ye slighted, scoffed me, and grieved me away;
Oft called me LORD, yet ye did not my bidding—
Depart to the fires that will never allay!"

Up and be doing—using probation—
Winning the stars to bejewel our crown;
Faithful, and loving, and kind, and forgiving,
Treading temptations courageously down.
Better to never have known the glad tidings,
Than to turn backward to pleasure and sin;
Up—that when death bears us near to the city,
Through the gate Beautiful we'll enter in!

THE HIGHEST GOOD.

A VALUED correspondent of the RURAL sends us these closing words of a lecture delivered to the students of Eastham College by MAHALAH FAY, a worthy Quaker of Richmond, Indiana:

"I would by no means represent intellectual culture as the highest good. We have a better part, a nobler endowment than the faculties of the intellect—a higher destiny than to be well educated. To be virtuous is better than to be intelligent, and to be good is the highest wisdom. Science does not unfold the faith by which the Christian walks the troubled seas of life; learning gives not that hope which over the wreck of earthly joys sustains the sinking heart; knowledge cannot save the soul from sin, nor redeem it from the consequences of transgression;—but for the hope of salvation, for the gift of eternal life, the learned and the ignorant must alike come to JESUS. Not on the mighty intellect, not on the tutored mind, but on the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, did the Saviour pronounce the blessing. The way to holiness, and hope, and heaven, is lighted from above, not from the human understanding. JESUS is himself 'the way, the truth, and the light.' The glad tidings of His love and mercy are to all—to those sunk in ignorance as well as to the learned. His offer of pardon, of salvation, of restoration to unity with the Eternal Father, is freely made to all the children of a fallen race, repentance and faith in CHRIST being the only condition of acceptance with Him.

"But the goodness of our Heavenly Father has so framed our mental constitution, that there is no antagonism between the intellect and the heart; but each is developed best when both are developed conjointly. MOSES, the law giver, and Paul, the apostle, are examples where the highest intellectual training has been dedicated to the service of GOD—examples sufficient to show us that learning is not incompatible with humility and holiness, and that he who has reached its highest attainments may yet 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his GOD.'"

LONG SERMONS.

A LAWYER who often consumes three or four hours in arguing a question of law relating to the ownership of a barrel of apples, is indignant at his minister for exceeding twenty-five minutes in unfolding one of the great principles of morality, in observance of which the tolerable existence of society depends. The judge who fills two hours with his "opinion" on the right of the counsel to challenge a witness, grumbles at his minister because he has prolonged the discussion of fundamental laws of human progress to thirty minutes. The physician who takes ten minutes to prepare the medicine for a headache is nervously restive if his minister spends only twice as many in attempting to relieve a chronic heart ache. The belle who has spent—how long?—in adjusting the bows of her bonnet, is remorseless in her criticisms on the minister who does not finish his meditations on the Fatherhood of God in fifteen minutes. The fop who has combed, and stroked, and perfumed, and waxed his beard and mustache for half an hour, is mortified past endurance if the poor minister is not through his discussion of the immortal life "inside" of twenty minutes.

THE WORLD'S MADNESS.—When I look around upon a busy, bustling world, eagerly pursuing vanity and courting disappointment, neglecting nothing so much as the one thing needful; and who, in order to have their portion in this life, disregard the world to come, and only treasure up wrath against the day of wrath; it makes me think of a farmer, who should, with vast labor cultivate his lands, and gather in his crop, and thrash it out, and separate the corn from the chaff, and then sweep the corn out upon the dunghill, and carefully lay by the chaff. Such a person would be supposed mad; but how faint a shadow would this be of *his* madness, who labors for the meat that perishes, but neglects that which endureth unto everlasting life. It is a madness the whole race of men labor under, unless, and until, divine grace works the cure.—*Life of Rev. T. Scott.*

A LAZY FAITH.—It is easy to trust the Lord in fair sailing, but there is sometimes a disposition to trust him in rough times, *because* it is easier to do that than to lay hold of the oar and try to right matters. Things go awry, but the man folds his hands in a pious way and says to his wife, "Let us commit our cares to the Lord," and takes great credit to himself for his resignation. There is a laziness of faith which must be very abominable in the sight of our Father. To appreciate the untoward event, to measure out unstintedly all one's strength in the effort to retrieve the loss, and then, if unsuccessful, to lay an untroubled heart into the keeping of the Lord—that is the blessedness of true trust.

PRAYER is the key of the day, and the lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morrow and good-night with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous, and our rest sweet.—*Lord Berkeley.*

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR TEMPLES OF SCIENCE.

The great business of a teacher is to *apply* his *knowledge* to the best of his ability for the good of the young. How shall he do this in the *shortest possible time*, and in the most *thorough manner*, are the questions that occupy his mind when he first begins a school.

First, the school-house should be made as attractive as possible without and within. The idea many have of the school-room is, that 'tis a noisy, dirty place, unfit for anybody to stay in but saucy children and unfortunate pedagogues who embrace the profession as a miserable shift to live. This is a low idea of the school-room, and should not be entertained. On the contrary the school-house should be a neat and pleasant place. Here I would suggest to female teachers (as they have charge of our schools in summer) to lay out a small flower garden for the use of the girls. I do not see why boys should monopolize the entire yard with their rude and hardy sports. I would consider a little time and money spent by the trustees to adorn and beautify a school-house yard as a good investment. A flower garden well cared for would be a good emblem of what the school should be within. What is a school but a cluster of little plants, buds and blossoms of humanity, depending on the teacher's care and attention to be trained up for usefulness and become well-springs of joy and pleasure forever? A school-house is a temple of science, a place where the great and good men of our country began their journey towards the goals of honor and renown.

I look upon the common schools as the People's Colleges — institutions that do the *greatest good to the greatest number, and are the chief glory* of our republican land. As we have now free schools there is no excuse why we should not have a well educated and happy people, and I am much encouraged for the future of my native State as I contemplate the fact. Free schools, by elevating the masses, will lessen crime and misdemeanors, and therefore *lessen taxation*, — a consummation much to be desired. As a son of the Empire State I rejoice at the leading position New York has always taken and *now occupies* in the great cause of *popular* education. Our noble State has twelve thousand temples sacred to science, and most of them attractive and comfortable. Surely this is a great advance upon the miserable concerns of former days.

North Chili, N. Y., 1868. Old Teacher.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT LOST.

That not a particle of matter is lost we all know. That God created nothing for waste is an established fact. The countless lives that exist on our planet die, but are they lost? Nature lives and dies to us, and in the spring awakens to renewed life and beauty. After this *seeming* death we witness the resurrection — is not all saved? The heavens present their starry panorama night after night for our eyes; and God's own beautiful book is open for *all* to peruse,— the book of the soul's elixir of life. Hill, wood, valley, murmuring stream, foaming waterfall,— all that is beautiful and sublime in those pages,— are certainly not *lost* upon us.

All teachers know that not a word or action of theirs is *lost* upon the plastic clay of the pupils under their charge. Sometimes it seems as if a fearful responsibility rested upon us; but when we think that the kind and hopeful words we utter help to guide and mold those little ones to higher and purer ideas of life,— then it becomes a holy, precious responsibility. And yet it is no romantic task—this teaching. Much has been written of it; it has been romanced over, and the minds of those just entering upon its duties are filled with glowing imaginings of the love, trusting dependence and easy discipline of the children given to their care. One may dream and perhaps even read of mild, angel-like little ones,— and there are a *few* in this practical world of ours; but they are not of the earth, or long for earthly scenes. We find but few in our common schools. The real teacher comes forth from all such imaginings, and finds that there is work to be done — toilsome, drudging, downright hard work.

We cannot remain in an easy, lazy posture, and stir up healthy mental activity in our pupils. We must work with our whole soul — our whole being and strength — if we would be thorough, true teachers. We are teaching the child the rudiments of Arithmetic, Astronomy, Philosophy, History, &c. It is not natural for us to suppose that the rudiments implanted here will be lost upon that child when done with earth. The minds of those gone from us on earth will go on to higher studies and loftier attainments — always progressing. Thomas Dick asks: — "Is it consistent with reason to admit that *matter* shall have a longer duration than mind?"

Teaching is the one elevating recourse of many women. Let us put all our energies into the advancing cause of education, remembering always that —

"The deeds we do, the words we speak,
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past
But they shall last;
In that sure judgment they and we shall meet."

Le Roy, N. Y., 1867. Sara J. C.

An Error Corrected.—The Springfield (Mass.) Republican thus disposes of a popular error:—"If it requires 57 minutes for a telegram starting from London to make the circuit of the world and return to that point, then it will reach London exactly 57 minutes after it started, and on the same day. The idea of its beating time by 24 hours is absurd. It gains upon time in the first half of the circuit of the earth, by just as much as it moves more rapidly than the earth on its axis in the opposite direction, and it loses in just the same proportion in the last half of the circuit. If it starts in the other direction and moves with the earth, the process will be reversed; it will first lose time, and then gain the same amount, minus the actual time made in completing the entire circuit. Job was not great on lightning, but it is too bad to attach his splended poetry to our crudities."

When Education Begins.—Education begins with life. Before we are aware the foundations of the character are laid, and no subsequent instructions can remove or alter them. Linnæus was the son of a poor Swedish clergyman. His father had a little flower garden, in which he cultivated all the flowers which his means or his taste could select. Into this flower garden he introduced his little son from infancy, and this little garden undoubtedly created the taste in this child which afterwards made him the first botanist and naturalist of his age, if not of his race. And many other men who have become eminent in different branches of science laid the foundation of their knowledge in early childhood.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

GAME AND FISH.

Writing to the Rural, E. E., of Montezuma, N. Y., puts in a plea for the production and protection of game and fish, with reference both to sport and profit. He thinks farmers might derive healthful recreation from this source, if they would avail themselves of the means at hand for supplying game and fish on their premises, though the winters, in this State, are rather too severe to permit of any great development of the first mentioned. In England, to every farm of 500 acres there pertains about 500 rabbits, 30 hare, 25 coveys of partridges, averaging about 14 each, and 25 pheasants. The game laws of that country allow each farmer to shoot all he chooses on his own farm and woods, but a roving sportsman is not allowed this shooting and bagging impunity.

The game laws of New York are ample, but the trouble is there is very little for them to protect, as farmers do not make the raising of game or fish part and parcel of their agricultural operations. Many farmers in England have a horse pond, and also one for fish. The former should be about five feet deep, and made readily accessible at each end. About one-fourth of an acre will make a very good fish pond, with the water from twelve to twenty feet deep, according to the situation. In excavating the ground for these ponds, it will pay liberally to compost the soil with barn-yard manure, as it is especially valuable in stimulating the growth of wheat—producing good crops when other stimulants fail. By the production of game and fish the farmer provides himself with increased means of gratification, besides supplying the material for a change of diet at suitable intervals, thus promoting the health of the producer.

BITUMEN PAVEMENT IN PARIS.

The system of replacing stone paving as well as road metal by compressed bitumen is fast gaining ground in the streets of Paris. It was first tried in 1854 in the Rue Bergere, in order to deaden the noise of carriages in the immediate vicinity of the Conservatoirie de Musique. It was next found expedient to procure the same advantage to the Palais de Justice; the Boulevard and adjoining Quai de l'Horloge accordingly received the same coating. Since then, it has come into frequent use, and is now being laid down in the Avenue Victoria and around the square of the Place du Chatelet. It was feared that the smoothness of this bitumen coating would cause horses to slip down more easily than on paved or metalled carriage roads; but it has at length been proved by direct observation that accidents of the kind are not more frequent on the former than on the latter.

Bitumen was much in use for building purposes among the Assyrians and Egyptians, as the ruins of Babylon and Memphis show; it was not adopted by the Romans, and has only now returned into fashion after a lapse of five thousand years. The bitumen or asphaltum at present in use for flagging and for compression is a pure carbonate of lime, naturally impregnated with from seven to ten per cent. and even more of liquid bitumen. This rock is regularly quarried at Val de Travers, Neufchatel, at Seyssel in the Ain, and at various other places of the Jura region. At a temperature of one hundred degrees Centgr. this rock has the property of crumbling to dust; and if, in that state, it be spread, over a surface, and well rammed down on it, the particles, on cooling, will coalesce again, and return to the state in which they were in their native quarry. This method is found to be superior to the old one of flagging by spreading out the matter in a semi-liquid state.

FACTS ABOUT THE SUN.

The sun is distant from the earth 92,000,000 of miles, its diameter is 850,000 miles, or more than one hundred times that of the earth. If placed where the earth is, its circumference would not only include the moon, which is 230,000 miles from the earth, but would reach out past it nearly as far again. A man standing on the sun would be crushed flat by his own weight if he could stand the heat long enough. The heat of the sun's surface is equal to that which would be produced by burning six tons of coal per hour on each square yard. It is very much greater than would be required to melt any metals known on earth. The most brilliant light that can be manufactured by chemists looks like a black spot if contrasted with the sun.

The outer surface of the sun is composed of scales about the shape of a willow leaf, and perhaps 1,000 miles long. It is these that give out the light and heat. A great distance below this outer coat there is a layer of dark clouds, probably metallic. Again there is a great space, and then another layer of still darker clouds, likely of the same material; another great interval, and then the solid surface of the sun. The sun travels about a million of miles a day, and yet in the last two thousand years it has not traveled one-sixtieth part of the distance to the nearest star. In fact, there is hardly any perceptible change in its position among the stars, one of which — Sirius — is large enough to make two or three hundred like it.—*Condensed from Herschel's Lecture.*

THE DANGERS OF BENZINE.

Our lady readers should be informed that the liquid called benzine, which they use so freely for removing grease and stains from clothing, is a very dangerous article. It is one of the substances distilled from petroleum, and is highly volatile, inflammable, and, when the vapor is mixed with air, explosive. We have frequently been much alarmed, upon visiting neighbors and friends in the evening, to observe a phial of this fluid standing in close proximity with a lamp, or gas flame, and the odor pervading the room. A very small quantity is capable of doing irreparable mischief. The contents of a four-ounce phial, if overturned and vaporized, would render the air of a moderate-sized room explosive; or, if ignited, a whole family might be seriously burned, or lose their lives from it. It should never be used in the vicinity of flame; and it is important to remember, that through the medium of the escaping vapor, when the phial is uncorked, flame will leap to it through a space of several feet. Benzine is often sold under various fanciful names; and therefore any article procured from druggists for removing oil or grease from fabrics, should be handled with the utmost care.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Skaters are, by a recent Yankee invention, to be made comfortable. A "warm skate" has been invented. In a slot in the skate-stock is inserted a square bit of soapstone, made red-hot in the fire. It retains warmth for some hours, and keeps the skater's foot in a comfortable condition—a sort of portable stove, which is handy and effective.

KILLORGLIN, NEAR KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

Our illustration pictures a scene in the Green Isle. Many portions of Ireland abound in charming natural beauties; and in the vicinity of the Lakes of Killarney, especially, (of which every son of Erin loves to sing,) the beautiful and picturesque in Nature are strewn in delightful profusion, and create lasting impressions on the mind of the beholder. Killorglin is at the mouth of the river Larne, which runs through the celebrated Lakes of Killarney into Dingle Bay. The deep inlets of the Atlantic in this part of the coast of Ireland afford great facilities for a hostile landing. The mouth of the Larne was a favorite base of operations with the Danes centuries ago. They built a fort (the rampart of which is shown in our view, on the left of the bridge,) and constructed vaults under it to hold stores, so that their countrymen, on landing, might not be destitute of provisions till able to furnish themselves at the expense of the natives. The town attracted public notice, last year, from being the seat of the Fenian rising, and still has a detachment of British troops stationed in it. The headquarters are at Killarney, distant thirty-eight miles from Cahireiveen, and thirteen miles from Killorglin.

Various Topics.

GOING INTO BUSINESS.

Horace Greeley, in his "Recollections," published in the New York Ledger, gives the following in reference to his early business experience, adding some wholesome advice to young men who have an itching "to go into business:"

"If it be suggested that my whole indebtedness was at no time more than from $5,000 to $7,000, I have only to say that even $1,000 of debt is ruin to him who keenly feels his obligation to fulfill every engagement, yet is utterly without the means of so doing, and who finds himself dragged each week a little deeper into hopeless insolvency. To be hungry, ragged and penniless, is not pleasant; but it is nothing to the horror of bankruptcy. All the wealth of the Rothschilds would be a poor recompense for five years' struggle with the consciousness that you had taken the money or property of trusting friends, promising to return or pay for it when required, and had betrayed their confidence through insolvency.

"I dwell upon this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torments. Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would 'go into business'—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or the manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties; who is driven to constant 'shinning,' and who, from month to month, barely evades insolvency, which sooner or later overtakes most men in business, so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success. For my own part—and I speak from experience—I would rather be a convict in a State prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate or truly poor so long as he has the use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt.

"Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons, to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is this:—'Never run into debt! Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe a man a dollar.' Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves risks, and must often give notes and other obligations; but I do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes; I speak of real debt—that which involves either risk or sacrifice on the one side, obligation or dependence on the other—and I say, from all such let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore."

PLEASANT READING FOR DRINKERS.

The manufacture of alcoholic drinks, under its various designations, has been reduced to a complete science, and the expert manufacturer, with whisky as a basis, is now able to produce the most astonishing results. Even the staple itself is nothing but a poisonous and villainous compound. Strychnine, red pepper, and sulphuric acid are the most common ingredients in what is generally sold as whisky. New York manufacturers by skillful manipulation turn out annually 800,000 more baskets of champagne than are produced in all the champagne districts of Europe! By passing the oil of whisky through carbon, a Madeira is made at a profit of 500 per cent. which few can tell from the genuine, and with good reason. With neutral spirits, or even with whisky, vinegar, sulphuric acid, beet root, and copperas, which is to produce the proper astringency, Port wine can be made of equally deceptive quality, and so on with all other descriptions of wine. It has been stated that New York city annually manufactures of these delectable stimulants to the value of $8,000,000.

To Stop the Flow of Blood.—The following mode of stopping the flow of blood should be remembered by every one: Housekeepers, mechanics, and others handling knives, tools and other small instruments, frequently receive severe cuts from which blood flows profusely, and often endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows:—Take the fine dust of tea, at all times accessible and easy to be obtained, and bind it close to the wound. After the blood has ceased to flow laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. One regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind, and running for a surgeon who probably would make no better prescription if he were present.

FOREST GIANTS.

The following interesting account of the Mammoth Trees of California was given by Bishop Kingsley, in a recent lecture. Having spent three days among them taking close observations and measurements, he says:

"Of the mammoth trees — the Washingtonian Gigantæ — there are six or eight groves. The grove in Calaveras county, 250 miles east of San Francisco, was the first discovered, and has been the most visited by travelers. The Bishop spent three days communing with these monarchs of the forest, whose ages span multiplied centuries, and whose numbers are counted by thousands, new groves being all the while discovered. Their color is a bright cinnamon. Some of the bark and wood were shown by the lecturer. Their circumferences vary from 60 to 125 feet at the ground, and their height 300 to 450 feet. One cut of ordinary saw log length would, when split up—the wood splits easily—make over 40 cords of wood, or 80,000 shingles. The whole of such a tree would make 1,450 cords of four-feet wood. One such tree would be equal to 1,600 trees, 2 feet at the base and 100 feet high. The largest of them has fallen, but only one has been felled by man.

A House on a Stump.—It took five men twenty-two days to bore one of these big trees down. The top of the stump of this felled tree has been plained off smooth, and a round house erected thereon. Figuring as to the number of square feet on this stump we find them to be 707. This will give the family a

Small parlor	12 by 16 ft.—192 ft.
Dining-room	10 by 16 ft.—160 ft.
Kitchen	10 by 12 ft.—120 ft.
Two bed-rooms	10 by 10 ft.—100 ft.
Total	572

This leaves 35 feet for a little

Pantry	4 by 6 ft.—24 ft.
Two clothes-presses	4 by 1½ft.—10⅔ft.

And we have 28 square inches left!

You ascend the butt end of this log by a ladder of 26 steps, which is like climbing to the top of an ordinary two or two and a half story house.

Names of the Trees.—Many of the large trees have white marble slabs fitted to them, with the name of the tree cut on the slab. Some of the names are, U. S. Grant, W. B. McPherson, Phil. Sheridan, George Washington, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Empire State, Old Dominion, Henry Clay, Andrew Johnson — "this tree," said the lecturer, "leaning a little south" — Old Bachelor, dead at the top, The Old Maid, fallen and shattered, Gen. Scott, Pocahontas, Abraham Lincoln, tall and glorious, H. W. Beecher, W. H. Seward, etc.

Their Ages.—As to the ages of these trees the Bishop said: — "I obtained a piece of wood from the 'Mother of the Forest,' and counted the concentric circles in an inch. They were 28. By the process of counting all the concentric circles of a tree, it was safe to conclude that some of these old settlers were 2,500 years old, which is 1,200 to 1,500 years older than the Christian dispensation, older also than the foundations of Rome or Athens, antedating by centuries the birth of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato or Homer. They were venerable trees in the times of Ezekiel, Daniel, Jeremiah and Isaiah; large enough for timber for the first temple erected to the God of heaven; older than the Psalms of David, or of any portion of the Bible, except the Pentateuch."

COMMON FOLLIES.

Many foolish things are done every day by persons who think themselves wise. Perhaps no follies are more common than these:—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that if exercise is good the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

Set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is, the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperatures a pail of water will contain a pint of carbonic acid gas, and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly double by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in the room awhile, is always unfit for use. For the same reason the water from a pump should always be pumped out in the morning before any of it is used. Impure water is more injurious than impure air.

Reading for the Young.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

Little boy, where are you going,
With your smiling, happy face?
With your books and slate beside you,
And your brisk and cheerful pace?
Ah, I know where you are going!
Study hard as e'er you can,
In the pleasant, happy school-room—
You are going to be a man.

Little boy, you're learning lessons
That shall fit you up for life;
You are girding on an armor
That shall fit you up for strife.
In the pleasant, cheerful school-room,
You will learn your lessons well;
And the worth of those good lessons
Time and years alone will tell.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low,
Brighter than the spring-time blushes,
Reddened out of snow,
Were the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed she, saying, "Holy One,
Thine, and not my will be done."

GOING TO MAKE A MAN OF ME.

BY COUSIN POLLY PEPPER.

In talking to a bright little boy one day, I asked him this question:—"Charlie, what is your father going to make of you?" He looked up in my face a moment and then replied, to my astonishment, "He is going to make a man of me, sir."

There, boys, what do you think of that for a five-year-older? How many of you, do you think, would have given such a bright answer? If you had been asked, some of you, the same question, you would probably have said, why a carpenter, or a book-keeper, or a doctor.

Now you might each follow the trade or profession that is most pleasing to you, and become a great workman, or a great scholar, or anything else great, and yet not be a gentleman in the true sense of the word. There goes one who has a man's form; wears a beard, and dresses in fine clothes. He has a trade or profession, perhaps, but in an evil hour he yielded to temptation, and now he not only drinks and swears, but gambles.

Another gives way to his temper and evil passions, till the likeness of a man only remains. Thus we might go on to the end, but this will suffice.

Honesty and kindness and love make the true man; and now, boys, whatever trade or profession you may choose, be determined about one thing, that you will be a man in the highest sense of the word.—*The Prospectus.*

"I WILL BEGIN NOW."

Emma was a sweet little girl six years old. One day she said to her mother:

"Mamma, I mean to begin at the new year to love Jesus."

"But," said her mother, "how do you know you will live till the new year?"

Emma sat some moments without speaking. At length she looked up, with tears in her eyes, and said:

"Perhaps I shall not; I will begin now; and then, mamma, if God lets me live, I shall be a Christian when the new year begins."

Little ones, did any of you resolve, as little Emma did, not to wait till the new year to give your heart to God, but to do it at once? I hope, if you did not, you will not wait any longer. Hasten to Jesus now. Tell him your sins. Tell him you want a new heart that will be good and love him. And he will hear you. He will give you what you ask, and help you to be good and do good. Then, with holy joy in your hearts, you will find this the happiest year you have ever known.—*Young Pilgrim.*

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE."

"O, mother, only see! What a monstrous hole! Will you please to mend it? I could not help it. It was only a little torn place last night, and I shouldn't have thought it could grow so much bigger by now. Only look! What shall I do?"

Julia's mother looked up, not a little amused at her doleful tone.

"Why, my child, you should have given it to me last night, when the hole was little. Then it would have been easy to mend, but now I am afraid it is too much torn to mend. Now learn from this, 'a stitch in time saves nine.'"

"But how could I know that it would grow so big?"

"If you knew it was there," replied her mother, "you knew it should be mended at once. Never forget that the best time to mend rents in our clothes, or faults in our temper and conduct, is when they are first discovered. Delay only makes the matter worse."

Try to do the Best.—Two small cousins were on their way to school. It was a sharp morning, and the snow was crisp under their feet. Do you want to know what they said?

"I am going to try and do my *best* to day and *all* the days," said one little cousin. "I too, answered the other, "for God wants us to, doesn't he?"

"We are Satan's children if we are cross," said one "We are God's children if we are humble and love good," said the other.

What a lovely temper to begin the day with.

How to Make Mother Happy.—"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to night! what has happened?" "I feel very happy, my dear, because my little boy has really tried to be good all day. Once when his sister Katie teased him, and he spoke quick and cross to her, he immediately turned round of his own accord, and told her he was wrong, and asked her to forgive him. I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy any more, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful and unselfish and loving as they have been to-day."

If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, ripe years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Who is wise? He that is teachable. Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

The Publisher's Desk

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 30 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

Send Early!—That we may get names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as early as possible, friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—at once. Those forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards. Many keep to work for months, remitting from time to time; and some, after sending for one club, form another and get a second or larger premium.

Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the RURAL. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the RURAL is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending in their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

Keep a List!—If each agent will keep a list of all the names sent us, with dates and amounts of remittances, it will greatly facilitate the correction of any errors which may be made at either end of the line.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Speaker of the Assembly has appointed his committees, and the House is proceeding with the opening duties of legislation. A number of bills have been introduced, among which are one to amend the act providing for a Constitutional Convention, so as to prevent any further expenditure for that purpose, and another to repeal the act providing for the same.

Meanwhile, the Convention is holding its sessions in the City Council Chamber, at Albany. A resolution has been offered providing that hereafter fifty members shall constitute a working quorum, but that its final work shall be adopted by a majority of all members elected.

The Convention has directed a Committee of seven to report upon the manner of submitting the Constitution to the people.

Albany is just now a lively city. Besides the sessions of the Legislature and the Convention, the Court of Appeals is holding a term at its room in the Capitol, and the Canal Board has frequent meetings in the State Hall.

Gov. Fenton has tendered to Hon. Charles Mason the office of Judge in the Court of Appeals, made vacant by the death of Judge Wright.

A shocking accident occurred at Yonkers on the 18th inst., by the tumbling down of a building used as a malt store-house, whereby two men were instantly killed and five seriously injured.

From Washington.

THE SENATE has adopted the report of Mr. Howard, and resolved that the suspension of Secretary Stanton was not justified by the reasons given by the President, and is not concurred in. Great excitement in political affairs has consequently prevailed at the Capital. On the 12th inst. Mr. Stanton took possession of the War Department, relieving Gen. Grant. The wildest rumors succeeded this action. Reports that the President would resign, that he was about to issue orders ignoring the Secretary of War, &c., were largely circulated. But it is now said that the Executive expresses no surprise at the Senate's course in the matter, and does not intend to attempt Stanton's removal.

In the House, bills have passed requiring a two-thirds majority of the Supreme Court to decide any law unconstitutional, and this has created considerable commotion among the Judges.

Senator Thayer of Nebraska, has prepared a bill to reduce the number of Major-Generals to four, and that of Brigadier-Generals to nine, and making it the duty of the Secretary of War to cause to be mustered out of service of those grades, the officers last commissioned. The object of the bill is to dispense with Major-General Hancock and Brigadier-General Rousseau.

Mr. Washburne of Illinois, is preparing a bill, soon to be offered in the House, providing for the adoption by our government of the postal telegraphic system.

The subject of Revenue has been much discussed by the Committee of Ways and Means. A resolution has been adopted by that Committee that one hundred and fifty millions of dollars shall be considered as the amount necessary to be obtained from internal revenue taxes, and that this shall be collected from—first, distilled spirits and fermented liquors; second, tobacco and manufacturers of tobacco; third, stamps; fourth, special taxes; fifth, incomes; sixth, dividends; seventh, luxuries and amusements; eighth, banks and railroads; ninth, gross receipts; tenth, legacies and successions; leaving the lowest possible sum to be collected from industrial pursuits or relieving that class of interests entirely.

The feeling in Congress and outside seems to be almost unanimous in favor of rejecting the St. Thomas treaty and substituting Samana. The Dominican Commissioners have made a favorable impression here in regard to the value of Samana to the United States.

A bill extending the Freedmen's Bureau for another year, dating from July next, has been introduced in the House by Mr. Elliott. It gives the Secretary of War authority to suspend the Bureau in any State which indicates its readiness to dispense therewith.

A petition has been presented to the Senate by Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, praying for the restoration to her of certain property in California, taken possession of by Government during the war.

From the West.

A. G. THURMAN has been elected United States Senator by the Ohio Legislature. In the House the vote stood, for Thurman, 55; for B. F. Wade, 40. In the Senate, for Thurman, 19; for Wade, 18.

The United States Marshal at San Francisco has seized the steamship China for alleged violation of the passenger laws of Congress, on her last voyage from San Francisco to Hong Kong.

During the past year there were foreign imports received at San Francisco amounting to $15,000,000, on which $7,600,000 were paid as duties. Of shipments there, $400,500,000 were in treasure, and $12,500,000 in merchandise.

An atrocious attempt to poison a whole family was made in Chicago a few days ago. The daughter of one of the wealthiest Germans in the city put strychnine into coffee which was partaken of by her parents, two sisters and a brother, but all will probably recover. The girl complains of being ill-treated and over-worked.

From the South.

WHEN Gen. Butler was in Richmond last week he was challenged by Col. White, a Republican member of the State Convention, who demanded reparation for being ordered out of Gen. B.'s department during the war.

General Order No. 12, dated Atlanta, January 17, removes John F. Burns, Comptroller of Georgia, for declining to respect the instructions of and failing to co-operate with the Major-General commanding.

General Meade has issued an order validating the relief ordinance of the Alabama Convention, with the exception that execution is not to be stayed in cases of taxes or laborers' wages.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE remains of the late Emperor Maximilian arrived at Vienna on the 18th inst., by a special train from Trieste, in charge of a military escort, and were formally received by the Imperial family at the palace. The funeral obsequies were celebrated on the evening of the ensuing day, with great pomp. The Emperor of Austria, the Archdukes, the Court Cabinet, Generals of the Army, the Diplomatic Corps and Special Envoys of Foreign Powers, were assembled in the Church of the Capuchins, and after the requiem mass had been celebrated, the body was placed in the vault prepared for its reception.

The boldness and audacity of the Fenians in the face of the vigorous measures of repression which have been adopted excite much uneasiness.

Mike Marratt, who it is now claimed is positively known to be the party who fired the fuse at the Clerkenwell explosion, has been arrested at Glasgow and brought to London in irons.

Messrs. George Francis Train, Grinnell and Gee, three of the passengers who sailed from New York on the steamer Scotia, were arrested by a strong police force, before being permitted to land, at the port of Queenstown, on the 17th ult., on a charge of being active members of the American wing of the Fenian organization. These proceedings naturally enough cause considerable excitement throughout the Kingdom, and especially among the American residents. Mr. Train asserts that he came over to Europe as the special correspondent for Ireland for the New York World.

The Swedish Parliament met on the 17th inst. The King, as usual, delivered an opening speech. He favored the enrollment of all the male population in the militia organizations, and the purchase of the most improved arms for the use of the army.

The Duke de Persigny objects to the bill recently presented for the government of the French press. He thinks the press will be allowed too much latitude.

Information has been received at London that a very violent hurricane prevailed recently at Teneriffe and that vicinity. Ships were driven to sea, houses unroofed and blown down, &c. The damage was very great, though no mention is made of the loss of life.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A LARGE block and several adjacent buildings were destroyed by fire in Ruland, Vt., on the 20th inst., involving a very heavy loss.

THE Masonic Brotherhood of Philadelphia are about to build a granite structure 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, with a tower 300 feet in height. It will cost nearly $1,000,000.

A FIRE at Northfield, N. H., on the night of the 17th destroyed the farm buildings of John Brown, together with twenty head of cattle, thirty head of sheep, ninety tons of hay, farming tools, &c.

THE rise of property in Washington during the past five years has been marvellous. One house, purchased early in the war by a Senator for $10,000, is now held at $60,000, and there is another mansion, belonging to another Senator, the purchase price of which was $18,000, and the price now asked is $80,000.

THE N. Y. Commercial Advertiser states that the Passenger Accident Insurance Co. of Hartford, lost $15,000 by the terrible Lake Shore accident. They had insured five persons in the sum of $3,000, receiving 10 cents for each ticket—or 50 cents for the whole number, on which they pay $15,000.

ISAAC BULL of Blooming Grove, Orange county, caught in a rabbit trap on the Schunemunk mountain, a wild cat which weighed twenty pounds. He is now alive and in Mr. Bull's keeping. When taken he showed fight, and proved to be a troublesome thing to handle in getting him from the trap.

A NARROW escape from fire in a Hartford machine shop has brought to light the fact that certain parties in Maine have been making lubricating oil from "white fish," mixing a little linseed oil with it, and selling it for the latter article pure. The mixture takes fire spontaneously, and must be avoided.

HENRY BOWMAN, twenty-one years of age, five feet five inches in height, and weighing about 145 pounds, light complexion and light beard, poorly dressed, was found in the barn of Mr. Benjamin Pierce, in Weston, Mass., last Monday, and states that he has lived in the barn about a year, eating vegetables which were furnished the cattle. His general appearance indicates ordinary intelligence.

Mr. ZADOCK DEDDRICK, a Newark (N. J.) machinist, has invented a man; one that, moved by steam, will perform some of the most important functions of humanity; that will, standing upright, walk or run, as he is bid, in any direction and at almost any rate of speed, drawing after him a load whose weight would tax the strength of three stout draught horses. The man is seven feet and nine inches high, and weighs five hundred pounds.

A MAINE newspaper says an extensive business in spruce gum is carried on in Oxford and Franklin counties. One merchant in Weld has purchased $5,000 worth in a single year. Men sometimes earn five to seven dollars a day taking gum from spruce trees, carrying a hatchet and knapsack, a good day's work being fifty pounds. Others are paid by the month. It is estimated that the gum business in Maine amounts to $50,000 annually.

Southern Editorial Correspondence.

MACON, GA., January, 1868.

As I came up from Albany to-day I passed the celebrated Andersonville, where so many of our soldiers were confined during the war, and where upwards of 14,000 bodies of those who perished in that prison are now buried. The stockades still stand, and one gets a tolerable view of the grounds from the cars. The inadequateness of the room is sadly apparent, and it looks as though the stockades might have been enlarged without much trouble, as there are plenty of trees in easy distance which might have been brought, and probably would have been if the prisoners had been allowed to do the work. I apprehend, however, when all the facts are known, (if they ever are,) that the blame for the horrors of that prison will have to be shared by other parties with the Confederate Government.

Government has bought some hundred acres and laid it out in a cemetery, and re-interred in neatly arranged plats all the bodies of those who died there; also commenced ornamenting the grounds, and it will be made a beautiful, though mournful place, consecrated by a grateful people to the memory of the brave men who sleep their last slumber in that sacred resting place. To those who have friends and relations there it must be a consoling, though melancholy thought, that the ashes of their loved ones are so tenderly cared for by the Government they gave their lives to save, and that a Southern sun will warm into life and beauty the flowers that will perpetually bloom around their graves in this city of the dead.

For fertility, South-western Georgia is among the most famed of all the sections of the South. Much of the lands lay upon the tertiary formation, and abound in lime and its salts, and when properly handled have a marvelous fertility. Sugar-cane is profitably and easily cultivated, requiring less trouble than a sorghum patch at the West,—yielding from 300 to 500 gallons of the richest sirup to the acre, and commanding readily from 60 cents to 75 cents per gallon. Corn, cotton, wheat and rye, are all profitably cultivated; indeed, it is one of the richest cotton regions of the State. Improved plantations, stocked with teams, tools and provisions, which are good for a bale of 500 pounds to less than two acres, can be bought there now for less than $10 per acre—well fenced, good dwellings, barns, out-houses, and tenants' quarters,—with a moral certainty of paying more than half from the crops of this year. But, and *if*—for there is an *if* here, as well as in most other places outside of Eden—to a person who is negligent of certain precautions more or less necessary in all malarious regions, many portions would not be healthy, though not more unhealthy than many parts of the West when first settled. But in most of this Southern country below the hilly region which runs into the Blue Ridge chain, persons must avoid the morning and night air, and keep out of the mid-day sun, live temperately and not use ardent spirits, and they will have as good an average health as anywhere at the North or West.

The people are making the first step towards improving their resources by diversifying their agriculture. Some farmers have been in the practice of plowing in their wheat stubble, sowing peas, and getting a heavy crop of vines to turn in green, and seeding to wheat, for years in succession, and constantly improving their land by the process, as the increasing yield of wheat showed. They usually harvest their wheat about the 20th of May.

The weather is as warm and genial as April; roses are in bloom, and the japonica is in full bloom in the open air. The last day of the year was a little chilly, but no ice was made, and many days the thermometer has been up to 80° in the shade at noon.

That excellent individual, "*the* old lady," said every ill-convenience had its disconvenience, and it is much that way in regard to climate. You shake with cold at the North, and you melt with heat at the South. It is a mere matter of taste which style of cooking you prefer.

Wishing my old friends, if I have any left, a happy and prosperous New Year, and you your Hundred Thousand Subscribers, (do you remember those three, and then ten thousand we talked about when we were both younger than now?*) I remain

Yours, T. C. P.

* Aye, Friend P., we *do* remember that in the year one of the RURAL, we talked of those numbers. But we soon aspired to twenty-five and then fifty thousand, and so on. *Now* we hardly think one hundred thousand enough,—this is a great country, you know,—and reckon we must add figures enough to beat papers of such limited circulation as the Tribune, Ledger, &c.—[ED.

ANNEXATION.—The popular vote on the question of the annexation of St. Thomas to the United States was taken January 11th, with the following result:—In favor of annexation, 1,244; against annexation, 22. The American Consul has telegraphed to Secretary Seward that the vote was most enthusiastic, and that the people are anxiously awaiting the official acknowledgment.

FOR many years the Piano-Forte has held unquestioned monopoly; but a growing taste for those orchestral effects in playing which the Piano cannot render, has turned attention to the Organ. Cheapness, portableness and convenience of manipulation, are also advantages in the AMERICAN ORGANS, as made by Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith of Boston, which eminently recommend them for home, school and chapel use. A day or two since we visited the new and extensive manufactory of the above named instruments, on Boston Neck, and were surprised at the vast amount of labor in operation, and the completeness of the appliances in use, from the heavy machinery which cuts the stock, to the delicate apparatus which fashions the key-work and action. Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith are regarded as the best reed Organ manufacturers in the world, and although able to turn out a hundred instruments a week, they have found difficulty in filling orders, which come from all parts of the country. None who hear these popular instruments, with their round, sonorous, sympathetic and expressive tones, are surprised at the favor with which they are regarded by leading musicians.—*Portland Transcript.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Money to Loan on Bond and Mortgage.—The Mechanics' Savings Bank of Rochester is prepared to make loans as above on improved farming lands in Monroe County. JNO. H. ROCHESTER, *Sec'y.*

ECONOMIZE.—We wish to send every one our Dry Goods Price List and List of Packages for $1. 30 to 50 per cent. saved. It will cost nothing to learn what you never regret. Address SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

Wanted!—20 YOUNG MEN WANTED by the *Union Telegraph Institute* of *Oberlin, Ohio*, to learn the art of Telegraphing, to whom *good Paying Situations* will be GUARANTEED upon graduation. For full particulars address GEO. L. LANG, *Principal.*

Local and Traveling Agents wanted in every town in the U. S. Great inducements are offered. From $5 to $10 per day may be made. For particulars address with stamp, WILBUR & POND, 221 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

THE BEST ROOFING IN THE WORLD!

F. M. BUELL's Patent Plastic Ground Sand Roofing has now been tested nearly two years, and has given perfect satisfaction to those who have used it. He wishes a good business man for an Agent in every County in the United States. Advantageous arrangements can be made with the Patentee, by men who can give satisfactory references, for an Agency. Testimonials sent on application to F. M. BUELL, *Patentee*, Truxton, Cortland Co., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch,
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum,
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores,
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, January 21, 1868.

MONEY is fairly easy in Western New York, and the Eastern market is well supplied at about 6 per cent. There is a growing ease in the money markets of New York, Philadelphia and Boston,—their last weekly bank statements showing a decided improvement in the condition of the banks.

There has been a great variation in the price of gold in the last ten days. Sales were made at one time as high as 142, and then it fell back suddenly—the price on Saturday being 138¾. The rate yesterday, in New York, was 139¼. Such fluctuations are exceedingly injurious to some branches of business. They tend to divert capital from legitimate employment to speculation, and cause derangement in prices. Notwithstanding the fluctuations in gold and the excitement at Washington, American stocks abroad have remained firm, with a tendency to advance.

France has just issued a new gold coin, which is the first step toward International Coinage. On one side of the coin is stamped "5 dollars—25 francs."

A correspondent makes the following inquiries:

MR. EDITOR:—In your commercial article, this week, you say that International Coinage would greatly simplify exchange between commercial countries. This is doubtless correct. I certainly judge so, from the figures in the quotations, which I confess I do not understand, and I think they are not generally understood by persons not familiar with foreign commercial transactions. Will you explain the following quotations of foreign exchange, which I copy from a recent New York paper? Is the difference in the figures real, or only apparent?

London Bankers, 3 days	110½@110¾
Paris France, long date	5.16½@5.15
Paris France, short date	5.13¾@5.12½
Amsterdam	41½@ 41¼
Frankfort	41½@ 41½
Bremen	79¾@ 79¾
Berlin	72 @ 72½

I notice quite a difference in the quotations of 5-20s at London, Frankfort and Paris. Why is this?

Jan. 17, 1868. Yours, &c., FARMER.

We have heretofore explained the apparent discrepancy in the quotations of foreign exchange, particularly the manner of quoting bills on England, or sterling, as it is usually denominated. The quotations our correspondent copies do not really vary more than from one-half to two per cent. when reduced to the same currency. On London the quotation is on the pound sterling; on Paris, the number of francs and centimes to the gold dollar, American coin; with Amsterdam and Frankfort, our exchanges are made on the florin as a basis; at Bremen and Berlin on the rix dollar.

The Custom House value of the rix dollar of Berlin is 69 cents. Hence the table our correspondent copies shows that exchange on Berlin was 3 cts. above par. The rix dollar of Bremen is worth at the Custom House 78¾c. Exchange on Bremen was nearly one cent above par.

The U. S. Custom House value of the florin is 40 cts. According to the figures in the quotation, exchange on Amsterdam and Frankfort was 1¼c., on the florin, above par.

Paris francs, long date, (that is, 60 days after sight,) are quoted at 5.16½@5.15. In commercial transactions between this country and France the dollar is reckoned equal to five francs, (intrinsically, however, they are a little less.) Exchange on France, therefore, was 15 centimes (hundredths of a franc) above par, according to the quotation, but in reality something more.

The outside London quotation (110¼) apparently shows that exchange is at 10¼c. premium, when it is really no such thing. It was only ⅛ of one cent above par, and should be so reckoned and quoted. It is a little difficult to explain the seeming mystery of sterling exchange to one wholly uninitiated: but we will make the attempt.

The former value of the pound sterling was $4.44. Now, however, the pound sterling, or an English sovereign, which represents the pound, is taken at the Custom House, by act of Congress, at $4.86. The quotations are still made on the old basis, and we consequently have to add 9¼ per cent., before we have the par value. When, therefore, bills on London or Liverpool are quoted at 109½, exchange is at par; when above that, they are at a premium. When sterling is quoted at anything less than 109½, it shows that exchange, or the balance of trade, is in favor of this country. For a month prior to the 12th of January exchange was firm at 110@110½, and the shipments of specie were large. It is now nearly or quite down to 109½, in other words at par, and specie in any large sums is not going out to liquidate balances.

Our correspondent inquires in regard to the different figures for United States 5-20s in London, Frankfort and Paris. The regulations of these great European exchanges are arbitrary, each peculiar to itself. The quotations are now 71¾ at London, 76½ at Frankfort, and about 60 at Paris, but when reduced to our own money are within ¼ or ½ per cent. of each other. In London the quotation of 71¾ is in sterling money, on the basis of $4.44 to the pound sterling. To this should be added 9¼ per cent., to bring the pound sterling up to its actual gold value, the Custom House rule in the United States. The Frankfort quotation, 76½, is on the basis of 2½ florins to the dollar. The Paris quotations are on the rule of the Paris Bourse—that the basis of the dealings in United States bonds shall be five francs to the dollar, whereas the value of five francs here is *less* than a dollar, as the value of the pound sterling is *greater* here than on the London rule.

The Journal of Commerce, backed by some leading commercial men, made an effort some years since to have the exchange quotations between this country and England made in dollars and cents, or at least cease to quote on the former value of the pound sterling, but custom was so strong with the leading dealers in exchange that the effort amounted to nothing. It was like the attempt last year to adopt the cental system in grain transactions. In New Orleans, and one or two other commercial towns at the South, exchange on England is quoted in dollars and cents. In San Francisco the quotations are in pence—the number of pence to the dollar.

WOOL.—The Eastern market continues firm for all grades, and the demand is improving. The receipts at Boston and New York are light, the price of staple being relatively higher in the interior and at the West, than at the seaboard. Holders have generally so reduced their stocks that they are able to hold the balance, and seem disposed to do so, in anticipation of better prices. In Boston sales last week foot up 830,000 lbs., at a range of 32@60c. for fleece, and 26@50c. for pulled. The sales of foreign wool have recently been quite small. Canada combing wools sell at 65c.

GRAIN.—The wheat market remains without much change from last week. A slight advance on red is noted. There is very little offering, and the stock in first hands is supposed to be comparatively light. What there is in the hands of farmers is mainly held for an advance, which a protracted winter may possibly secure.

Corn is in good supply, and it is doubtful whether any advance, on our extreme quotations, is likely to occur.

Oats are comparatively scarce, and occasional sales of small lots are made a trifle better than our quotations.

Barley is still on the advance, as will be seen by quotations, but buyers are disinclined to purchase with much freedom at present rates. An advance of five cents per bushel during the week is noted.

GRASS SEED.—The market for grass seed exhibits little animation as yet. Holders, relying on last spring's prices, do not offer freely, and the chances are that higher rates—especially for clover—will rule in the market as the spring trade opens. The production of clover is entering largely into farming operations, but as the demand increases so also does the supply—a fact which producers and consumers are not likely to overlook.

DRESSED HOGS, owing to the excellent sleighing, come in quite freely, and generally of a better quality than the first offering, and are readily taken at quotations which show no decline.

BEEF comes in with increasing freedom, but the quality offering on the street is not of a high character. There is a very good demand, and the rates of last week are sustained.

FRUITS.—The fruit market presents no noticeable features. Transactions are confined to the local trade, and price rule as quoted below. Cranberries are selling at $15 per barel.

POTATOES.—Owing, probably, to the long-continued cold weather, the supply of potatoes is rather limited—hence an advancing tendency is observable. Some predict extreme rates in the spring, but possibly the wish is father to the thought in this case.

HAY.—There is no change in hay—the excellent sleighing serving to keep the market well supplied. There is no clange in prices to note the present week.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat	$13,50@16,00	Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. red wheat	13,50@14,00	Do. ⅌ bbl	2,50@3,25
Do. extra State	9,00@10,00	Do. dried, ⅌ ℔	6½@ 7c
Do. buckwheat, ⅌ cwt	5,00	Peaches	25@ 30
Millfeed, coarse	25,00@28,00	Cherries	30@ 35
Do. fine	30,00@35,00	Plums	25@ 30
Meal, corn, cwt	2,50@ 2,75	Blackberries	7@ 8
Wheat, red, ⅌ bu.	2,35@ 2,60	Potatoes, ⅌ bu	62@ 87½
Do. best white	2,80@ 3,00	Onions	1,25@ 1,50
Corn, old, ⅌ bu	1,30@ 1,40	Turnips	00@ 50
Rye	1,50@ 1,60	Cranberries, ⅌ bbl	15,00@0000
Oats	68@ 70c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Barley	1,55@ 1,65	Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Beans	3,00@ 3,50	Do. untrimmed	7@ 8
Meats.		Green calfskins	12@ 12
Pork, old mess	$00,00@00,00	Sheep pelts, each	1,25@ 2,00
Do. new mess	21,00@22,00	**Seeds.**	
Do. clear, ⅌ ℔	00@ 00c	Timothy ⅌ bu	$ 2,50@ 3,00
Dressed hogs, cwt.	9,00@10,00	Clover, medium	6,50@ 7,00
Beef	7,00@11,00	Do. large	7,00@ 9,00
Spring lambs	0,00@ 0,00	Peas	1,40@ 1,50
Mutton, ⅌ ℔	4@ 6c	Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Hams	14@ 15	**Sundries.**	
Shoulders	10@ 10½	Wood, hard	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Chickens	12@ 14	Do. soft	5,50@ 6,50
Turkeys	14@ 17	Coal, lump, ⅌ ton	8,25@ 0,00
Geese, each	00@ 00	Do. large egg	8,50@ 0,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. small egg	8,50@ 0,00
Butter, choice roll	30@ 32	Do. stove	8,65@ 0,00
Do. packed	30@ 35	Do. chestnut	8,15@ 0,00
Cheese, dairy	13@ 14	Do. soft	7,00@ 0,00
Do. factory	15@ 16	Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Lard, tried	13@ 14	Salt, ⅌ bbl	2,70@ 2,80
Do. rough	12@ 14	Wool, ⅌ ℔	30@ 40c
Tallow, tried	9@ 10	Hops	45@ 60
Do. rough	6@ 6½	Whitefish, ½ bbl	6,00@ 6,50
Eggs, ⅌ dozen	35@ 36	Codfish, ⅌ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Forage.		Honey, box, ⅌ ℔	22@ 25c
Hay ⅌ ton	$15,00@25,00	Candles, box	12½@ 13½
Do. new	00,00@00,00	Do. extra	14@ 15
Straw	10,00@14,00	Barrels, each	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,50; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 17½c; Flour, $8,20@16,00; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,30; Wheat, $2,65@3,10; Rye, $1,78; Barley, $1,85@1,92½; Corn, $1,23@1,26; Oats, 86@88c; Pork, mess, $20,75@21,00; prime, $17,25@18,25; prime mess, $18,75@19,00; Beef, new plain mess, $12,50@13,50; Beef hams, $29,50@31,50; Shoulders, 8@9c; Hams, 12@13½c; Bacon, 10@10½c; Lard, 12½@13¾c; Butter, 35@47c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 20@60c.

ALBANY, JAN. 18.—Flour, $11,25@15,00; Rye flour, $8,75; Buckwheat flour, $4,25@4,50; Corn meal, $2,75@2,85 ⅌ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,65@2,75; Rye, $1,65; Corn, $1,30@1,33; Barley, $1,70; Oats, 80@82c; Pork, new mess, $24,00; clear, $26,00; boneless, $27,00; Hams, 13c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 11½@15½c.

BUFFALO, JAN. 18.—Flour, $10,25@12,25; Wheat, $2,00@2,50; Corn, $1,12@1,15; Oats, 76c; Rye, $1,65; Barley, $1,65@1,70; Peas, $1,18; Beans, $3,50; Pork, mess, $21,25@22,25; Lard, 13½@13¾c; Butter, 27@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2,55; coarse, ⅌ bbl., $2,60.

CHICAGO, JAN. 18—Flour, $8,50@9,75; Wheat, $2,05½@2,09; Corn, 83@87c; Oats, 51½@53½; Rye, $1,52@1,54; Barley, $1,84@1,48; Pork, mess, $20,25@20,37; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 32@36c; Cheese, 13@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2,20@2,30; clover, $7,40; flax, $2,20.

TORONTO, JAN. 16.—Flour, $6,75@7,10; Wheat, fall, $1,65@1,77; Spring, $1,60@1,61; Oats, 36@38c; Barley, $1@1,06; Peas, 75@76c; Pork, mess, $18@19; Bacon, 7@7½c; Hams, 7½@8c; Lard, 8@9½c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 13@24c; Hops, 25@50c; Dried apples, 5½@6½c; Hay, $14@17; Straw, $11@13.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 13.—Beeves—Market in moderate supply; prices generally firmer; receipts 4,750 head; quotations 9@20c. Veal calves firm; receipts 662 head; quotations 9@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 18,506 head; quotations Sheep 4½@8½c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Demand moderate; receipts 7,611 head; quotations, 7½@8c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JAN. 15.—Beeves range from 6@14½c; Working Oxen, $160@275 ⅌ pair; Sheep and Lambs, 1½@6c; Swine, 7½@8c; Hides, 8½@10c. ⅌ ℔.; Sheep and Lamb skins, 75c@$1 each; Calf skins, 10@15c. ⅌ ℔.

ALBANY, JAN. 16.—Beef Cattle sell at 3¾@12c; Milch Cows, $80@110; Sheep and Lambs, 3½@8½c; Dressed Hogs, 9@9¾c; live do. 7¾@8c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 18.—Beef Cattle are dull; sales range at 6¾@7½c; Veal Calves, 4½@6½c; Sheep range at $2,50@4,50; Hogs, in demand, at $5,00@5,35.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 16.—Cattle dull, sales at 4@10c; Sheep, 4@6c. gross; Hogs, 9¼@10¼c.

TORONTO, JAN. 16.—Beef Cattle range from 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Lambs, 2¼@3c; Calves, 4½@6½c.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, JAN. 18.—Dressed Hogs quoted at $7,15@8,15, dividing on 200.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 18.—Market is firm and in good packing and shipping demand. Sales of extra at $6,75@7,25; receipts 1,000 head.

TOLEDO, JAN. 18.—Dressed Hogs steady at 7¼@8½c.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 18.—Dressed hogs dull at 7¼@8¼c.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—Dressed hogs steady at 8¾@9¼c for Western, and 9¾@9¾c for city.

ALBANY, JAN. 18.—Dressed Hogs are selling at 10¼@10½c. for State, and 9¼@9¾c. for Western.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—Market without decided change.—Sales 240,000 lbs. at 45@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 35@43c. for Pulled, 18@30c. for Texas, 20@29c. for California, and 34c. for Mestiza.

BOSTON, JAN. 15—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ½ and ¾ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 16.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 33@43c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 35@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 17.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.: Fleece, 33@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY for Young Ladies, Bridgeport, Conn. Address, Miss EMILY NELSON.

FOR DAIRY FARMS SEE ADVERTISEMENT in RURAL of January 18th. H. GRAVES, Wethersfield Springs, Wyoming Co., N. Y. 940-2teow

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO HEALTH and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D. Price 30c., Free. 240 pp. Address 12 White St., New York. 940-4t

PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.—Send for List. PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

2,000 RARE, VALUABLE AND WELL-tested Practical RECEIPTS mailed for 15 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Box 601, Brooklyn, New York.

NATIVE EVERGREENS—6 to 12 inches high. Balsam Fir, Arbor Vitæ, White Pine, Spruce, Hemlock and Larch. Also, Hawthorn hedge plants and prime fresh Apple Seed, all at low rates. JAS. A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N.Y.

NEW, CHEAP AND VERY USEFUL!—OUR new style Patent Calendar, for 1868, is now ready, and will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of fifteen cents. Every Counting-House and Office should have one. 940-2t SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS OF STOCK.

THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL
AND
Farmers' and Stock Breeders' Advertiser.
ONLY $1 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

A First-class Monthly Journal, devoted to Farming and Stock Breeding. Each number contains 36 large double-column pages, illustrated with numerous engravings. Specimen Copies free, for stamp, with list of splendid Premiums to Agents.

HORSE AND CATTLE DOCTOR, FREE.

The Publishers of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL have established a Veterinary Department in the columns of the JOURNAL, which is placed under the charge of a distinguished Veterinary Professor, whose duty it is to receive questions as to the *ailments* or *injuries* of all kinds of stock, and to answer in *print*, in connection with the question, how they should be treated for a *cure*. These prescriptions are given *gratis*, and thus every subscriber to the JOURNAL has always at his command a Veterinary Surgeon, *free of charge*. Every Farmer and Stock Breeder should subscribe for it.

Sent Free, 3 Months for Nothing.

Every new subscriber for 1868, received by the first of February, will receive the October, November and December numbers of 1867, free, making over 500 large double-column pages of reading matter in the 15 numbers. All for the low price of $1.00. Address N. P. BOYER & CO., Publishers, Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Missouri Lands for Sale—Geo S Harris.
The American Stock Journal—N P Boyer & Co.
Scott's Patent Grinder—Richardson & Co.
Early Goodrich Potatoes, &c—T B Miner.
Small Fruit Manual—Purdy & Hance.
Blake's Endless Plank Horse-Power—R L Howard.
Peekskill Plows and Castings—Peekskill M'f'g Co.
Ayres Cherry Pectoral.
New, Cheap and Very Useful—Saml Bowles & Co.
Agents—J T Lloyd.
Native Evergreens—Jas A Root.
2,000 Bare Receipts—E Thornton.
Dairy Farms for Sale—H Graves.
The Illustrated Guide to Health—Wm Earl.
Turbine Water Wheels—Peekskill M'f'g Co.
The Christian—H L Hastings.
Holiday Journal Sent Free—Adams & Co.
Golden Hill Seminary—Emily Nelson.
Grape Vines—J F Deliot.
One Ounce of Gold—B T Babbitt.
Illustrated Guide—Hovey & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Best Roofing in the World—F M Buell.
Economize—Symonds & Co.
Money to Loan—Jno H Rochester.
Wanted—Geo L Lang.
Local and Traveling Agents—Wilbur & Pond.

The News Condenser.

— Paris has thirty theaters.
— Iowa has a population of 302,040.
— Ohio has 345,068 enrolled militia.
— Gen. Banks is an eight hour man.
— The Tycoon of Japan has resigned.
— The revenue of Italy is $32,000,000.
— Yonkers has a population of 12,000.
— Lord Brougham is ninety years old.
— It is said Gen. Sheridan is a Fenian.
— The State of Illinois owes $8,638,152.
— There are 24,000 shoemakers in Paris.
— Pennsylvania oil wells are improving.
— There is a cotton famine in England.
— Longfellow is at work on a new poem.
— Postage stamps are to be made smaller.
— 427 deaths in New York City last week.
— The State debt of Ohio is $11,031,941.56.
— Ohio river is navigated by 500 steamers.
— Princess Salm Salm has gone to Europe.
— Grace Greenwood favors female suffrage.
— Wild cats are plenty in Durand Co., Wis.
— The Russian national debt is $763,000,000.
— Steel billiard balls are the latest invention.
— Gen. Grant refuses to write for the Ledger.
— 7,000 people in New York city wear glasses.
— The shoe trade in Lynn, Mass., is very dull.
— Philadelphia has a soup society 53 years old.
— Eight cities in Europe have Lincoln streets.
— Wildcats are growing plenty in Connecticut.
— The mad dog mania is rampant in Syracuse.
— Carlyle has been made a justice of the peace.
— Agassiz predicts 36 snow storms this winter.
— There are 210 newspapers published in India.
— Vanderbilt wants to buy the Pacific Railroad.
— There are 100,000 drunken women in the U. S.
— The cane crop of Eastern Florida is excellent.
— "Brick" Pomeroy is said to be worth $100,000.
— The funded debt of New York is $48,367,682.22.
— The sewing girls of New York are out of work.
— The Denmark (Iowa) Academy has 160 students.
— Philadelphia is now enjoying the Dickens fever.
— Burglaries are abundant at Murfreesboro, Tenn.
— Gen. A. J. Maltby, Mayor of Vicksburg, is dead.
— Lead ore has been discovered in Cattaraugus Co.
— Fenian broils was the Christmas dish in England.
— There is a mad dog panic in Butler county, Ohio.
— King Theodore has released his English captives.
— Knox county (Ill.) jail is crowded with prisoners.
— The total Pacific press now comprises 214 papers.
— The public debt of Pennsylvania is $34,766,431.22.
— The Government owns 1,824,998,400 acres of land.
— New Orleans is to have a line of steamers to Rio.
— A coal mine has been discovered in Le Roy, N. Y.
— F. Oakes Ames is the wealthiest man in Congress.
— The State of Maine pays $55,000 a year in pensions.
— Mrs. Edwin Forrest has obtained $100,000 alimony.
— Farmers' Clubs abound in all counties of Vermont.
— Gen. Cole's trial is to take place at Albany on the 27th.
— The Atlantic cable has a gross income of $5,000 a day.
— Worcester, Mass., turns out 500,000 envelopes daily.
— 360,000 copies of "Mother Goose" were sold last year.
— Cotton is selling at Pine Bluff, Ark., for 8@10c. ℔ lb.
— Marketable ladies will understand this is leap year.
— A sister of the late Chas. Lobdell has become insane.
— The first California paper was published 20 years ago.
— There is a homestead in Flushing, R. I., four centuries old.
— James Gordon Bennett is not a candidate for President.
— A $30,000 soldiers' monument is to be built at Troy, N. Y.
— Auditor Benton's term of office expires on the 1st of April.
— Belle Boyd has been granted a divorce from her husband.
— An entire town in Oregon has been swept away by flood.
— An Odd Fellows' Fair, at Lexington, Ky., yielded $2,000.
— Massachusetts legislators get board in Boston for $3 a week.
— The New London gas works are the largest in the country.
— Gen. Wool is preparing a volume of Military Recollections.
— The Asylum for the Blind at Batavia, N. Y., costs $200,000.
— Two Sheffield iron works have reduced wages ten per cent.
— The Phillipsburg, N. J., iron works has been sold for $900,000.
— During 1867, 3,745 new buildings were put up in Philadelphia.
— A black marble quarry has been found in Columbia Co., N. Y.
— The Canal Board of this State meets on the 19th of February.
— The Canadian Railroads claim 2,500,000 passengers last year.
— The Inebriate Asylum at Ward's Island, N. Y., is completed.
— The capital of the Western Union Telegraph Co. is $40,000,000.
— Memphis has admitted a colored lawyer to practice in its courts.
— The Attorney General of Iowa, J. E. Allen, is hopelessly insane.
— Wm. C. Bryant gets $3,000 for three poems for the N. Y. Ledger.
— Gen. J. A. Logan is President of the Grand Army of the Republic.
— New Mexico with 220,000 inhabitants has not a single public school.
— The Austrian government is reducing its military establishment.
— One farmer in California produced 25,000 pounds of raisins last year.
— The cost of the Freedmen's Bureau for 18 months was $4,397,854.39.
— The expenditures for schools in Pennsylvania in 1867 were $5,160,750.17.
— The Savings Banks of New York city contain $92,000,000 on deposit.
— All the prisoners confined in the Shelbyville, (Tenn.) jail escaped lately.
— Vicksburg papers come out on blue and pink paper, as during the war.
— The organ in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, is the largest in the world.
— The Dauphin county (Pa.) almshouse is crowded to its utmost capacity.
— Gen. Fremont has a six million dollar suit in the New York Supreme Court.
— A school for vagrant and vicious girls is to be established in Connecticut.
— New Orleans hairdressers advertise a preparation for straightening the hair.
— Miss Gilbert of Newark, N. J., aged 19, has eloped with her father's coachman.
— The Phillips House, Dayton, O., was occupied by nine brides Christmas Eve.
— During the past year the Albany Penitentiary has earned $22,400 over expenses.
— $400,000 interest money has been paid by the Virginia State Treasury since the 1st inst.
— Half the business portion of the village of Hastings, Mich., has been destroyed by fire.
— Hon. Thos. A. Hendricks has been nominated by the Democrats of Indiana for Governor.
— The Pacific Mills' employes, in Lawrence, Mass., are to have their wages reduced 15 per cent.

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HOLIDAY JOURNAL SENT FREE.—CONTAINING NEW PARLOR PLAYS, MAGIC SPORTS, PROBLEMS, PUZZLES, ODDITIES AND NOVELTIES. 16 large pages, Illustrated. Address,
940-2teo ADAMS & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS.—LLOYD'S $100,000 REVOLVING DOUBLE MAPS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA are just out; only $1. 3,000,000 names on them. "How to canvass well" sent. Ladies and men $20 a day made.
J. T. LLOYD,
No. 23 Cortlandt Street, New York.

GRAPE VINES.
I have a few thousand GRAPE VINES yet unsold.
ALSO,
IONA AND ISRAELLA WOOD.
At very low prices. Send for Price List to J. F. DELIOT, Vine Grower, Sing Sing, N. Y.

THE CHRISTIAN, 60 CENTS! A large, live, 8 page monthly religious and family paper, containing facts, incidents, tales, sketches, music, poetry, *true* stories, pictures, reading for young, old, saints, sinners, one and all. No sectarianism, controversy, politics, puffs, pills, or patent medicines. **60** cents a year; **10** copies **$5**. For Sunday Schools, **10** copies **$4**. Send **10** cents for **3** specimens before you forget it. Vol. **3** begins Jan., 1868. **1000** pages new, live tracts, for **$1**. Address **H. L. HASTINGS**, Tract Repository, 19 Lindall St., **Boston**, Mass. 940-2teo

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD WILL BE GIVEN for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T BABBITT'S LION COFFEE." This coffee is roasted, ground, and sealed "*hermetically*," under letters patent from the U. S Government. All the "aroma" is saved, and the coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is 15 to 20 per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a **$1 Greenback**. For sale everywhere. If your grocer does not keep this coffee, and will not get it for you, send your orders direct to the factory.
940-2teo B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 61 to 74 Washington St., N. Y.

HOVEY & CO.'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE to the Flower and Vegetable Garden, for 1868, is now ready. Containing 140 pages of small type; illustrated with 80 new and beautiful engravings of the most popular and showy flowers and novelties, with full descriptions of nearly 2,500 Varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, accompanied with complete practical directions for their cultivation and treatment, and a colored plate. Mailed free to all applicants on the receipt of 25 cts. Address,
HOVEY & CO.,
940-2teo 53 North Market St., Boston.

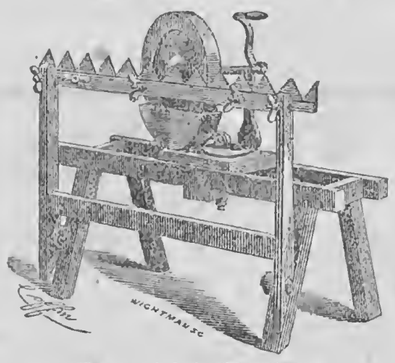
℞ "THEY CURE!" WHAT Cures? AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a Cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for the complaints that require an alternative medicine.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES AND CHOICE GRAPE VINES,—Five hundred barrels of Early Goodrich Potatoes, and 50,000 Concord, Iona, Delaware, Adirondac, Hartford Prolific, and other choice Grape Vines, for sale at half the usual rates, delivered at express office or railroad depot at Clinton, N. Y., or from my farm at New Brunswick, New Jersey, as may best suit customers. Send immediately for circular of prices, to T. B. MINER, Editor "Rural American," Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y. 940-2t

SMALL FRUIT MANUAL GIVES 15 years of *practical* experience in growing all kinds of Small Fruits. Any person who has never grown any kinds of Small Fruits can take this pamphlet and learn from it just *how* and *what to do*. It is acknowledged to be the best and most practical Catalogue offered to the public. It contains *twenty-four pages* of solid matter. Sent to all applicants on receipt of 10 cents. *Wholesale List sent free.* Also sent *free* our private circular and show bills to those wishing to act as our agents. ☞ 100 to 300 per cent. realized by such. Address PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind., or Purdy's Fruit Farm, Palmyra, N. Y.

BLAKE'S PATENT ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWER.—A NEW INVENTION—Circular, Cross-Cut, and Drag Sawing Machines attached when ordered. This Horse Power was awarded the first premium at the Michigan State Fair last fall. It is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have more power at the same elevation than any tread power now known; also, that it is easier for the horses, cheaper to run, more durable and sells at a less price than any other. I can refer to those now having them in use if required. Descriptive Circular mailed upon application. Liberal discount made to the trade or those procuring orders. Address R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

SCOTT'S PATENT GRINDER,
FOR SHARPENING MOWER AND REAPER KNIVES.



Patented July 30, 1867.
DIPLOMA AWARDED at NEW YORK STATE FAIR.
MANUFACTURED BY
RICHARDSON & CO., Auburn, N. Y., Assignees of Patent.

The Grindstone is adjustable to any desired angle, and slides the length of the frame, while the knife or cutter-bar is held by a swinging frame in such position to the stone that every section of the knife can be accurately ground to a uniform level with great facility. The device is simple and effective, and the machine can be furnished at a price within the reach of all who use Mowers and Reapers. The attention of *Farmers and Manufacturers of Agricultural Implements is requested to this invention.* ☞ Territorial Rights for several States will be disposed of by the above holders of the Patent. 940-2teow

MISSOURI LANDS FOR SALE. It is a fact that the lands of Missouri, cheap, fertile and situated in the heart of the Union, furnish an extraordinary opportunity for the people of the Northern States to acquire rich, healthy and good farms and homes, which opportunity never can occur again, *so near the great center of population.* The great territory of North Missouri, bounded north by Iowa, east by the Mississippi, south and west by the Missouri river, contains about 25,000 square miles, or sixteen million acres as desirable as any in the Valley of the Mississippi. Through this garden of Missouri, the Hannibal & St. Joseph R.R. extends. Its eastern termini at Hannibal and Quincy on the Mississippi, and its western at St. Joseph and Kansas City on the Missouri. Excellent and cheap lands lie alongside of its track in alternate sections. Nature here has done much, man but little. The climate, so temperate and healthy, and a virgin soil, capable of producing almost every kind of vegetation, invite emigrants from the cold and bleak domains of the North, to settle on our rich and waiting prairies.

Slavery has been tried here fifty years, and now Freedom will be tried forever. Let the industrious and enterprising, rich and poor, come and prosper.

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GRANDFATHER'S PET.

This is the room where she slept,
Only a year ago.—
Quiet, and carefully swept,
Blinds and curtains like snow.
There, by the bed in the dusky gloom,
She would kneel with her tiny clasped hands and pray!
Here is the little white rose of a room,
With the fragrance fled away.

Nelly, grandfather's pet,
With her wise little face.—
I seem to hear her yet
Singing about the place:
But the crowds roll on, and the streets are drear,
And the world seems hard with a bitter doom,
And Nelly is singing elsewhere.—and here
Is the little white rose of a room.

Why, if she stood just here,
As she used to do,
With her long, light yellow hair,
And her eyes of blue.—
If she stood, I say, at the edge of the bed,
And ran to my side with a living touch,
Though I know she is quiet, and buried, and dead,
I should not wonder much;

For she was so young, you know.—
Only seven years old,
And she loved me, loved me, so,
Though I was gray and old:
And her face was so wise, and so sweet to see,
And it still looked living when she lay dead,
And she used to plead for mother and me
By the side of that very bed!

I wonder, now, if she
Knows I am standing here,
Feeling, wherever she be,
We hold the place so dear?
It cannot be that she sleeps too sound,
Still in her little nightgown drest,
Not to hear my footsteps sound
In the room where she used to rest.

I have felt hard fortune's stings,
And battled in doubt and strife,
And never thought much of things
Beyond this human life:
But I cannot think that my darling died
Like great strong men, with their prayers untrue—
Nay! rather she sits at God's own side,
And sings as she used to do!

[*Chambers Journal.*

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Chapter I.—New Year's Eve.

In the parlors below all was elegant, princely and grand. Rare flowers, in vases rarer still, sent through the rooms a fragrant odor, bringing back as it were the summer glory which had faded in the autumn light, and died 'neath the chill December's breath. Fresco paintings gleamed from the ceiling, costly pictures adorned the walls; carpets, which seemed to the eye like a mossy bed inlaid with roses, covered the floors, while over all the gas light fell, making a scene of brilliant beauty such as was seldom witnessed in the staid city of ——, where our story opens.

'Twas the night of Alice Warren's first presentation to that portion of the world known everywhere as "fashionable society," and now in her tasteful dressing-room above she stands before her mirror, bending low her graceful head while her lady-mother places among her flowing curls one more tiny bud, and then pronounces the toilet complete. Very, very beautiful was Alice Warren, with her fair young face, her waving hair, and lustrous eyes of blue, which had looked on the suns of only sixteen summers, and which now shone with more than their wonted brightness, as, smoothing down the folds of her elegant lace dress, she glanced again at the mirror opposite, and then turned towards her mother just as a movement in the hall without attracted the attention of both. 'Twas a slow, uncertain footfall, and darting forward, Alice cried, "'Tis father,—come to see just how I look on this my sixteenth birth-night."

"Not to *see* you, my child," the doting father answered; and in the tones of his voice there was a wail of sorrow, as if the struggle of seventeen long years were not yet fully over.

And well might Hugo Warren's voice be tuned to a note of sadness—for to him the world was one dark, dreary night, and the gold so many coveted would have been freely given could he but once have looked upon the face of his only child, who, bounding to his side, parted the snow-white hair from off his forehead, and laying his hand upon her head, asked him "to *feel* if she were not beautiful."

Slowly—tenderly—caressingly the hand of him who could not see, moved over the shining hair, touched the glowing cheek, the snowy neck and rounded arms of the graceful little figure which stood before him, then dashing a tear away, the blind man made her answer, "Yes, beautiful my Alice must be, if she is, as they tell me, like her mother," and the sightless eyes turned instinctively towards the *mother*, who, coming to his side, replied, "Alice is like me as I was when last you saw my face—but I have changed since then—there are lines of silver in my hair, and lines of time upon my face."

The blind man shook his head. The picture of the fond, girl-wife, who, in his hour of bitter agony, had whispered in his ear, "I will be sun-light, moon-light, star-light,—everything to you, my husband," had never changed to him—for faithfully and well that promise had been kept, and 'twas better far, perhaps, that he could not see the shadows on that face,—shadows which foretold a darker hour than any *he* had ever known,—an hour when the sun-light of her love would set forever. But no such forebodings were around him now. He held his wife and daughter both within his arms, and holding them there thus, he e'en forgot that he was blind.

"Did you invite Adelaide?" Alice asked at last, and Mr. Warren replied, "Yes, but 'tis doubtful whether she will come. She is very *proud*, her father says, and does not wish to put herself in a position to be slighted."

"Oh, father," answered Alice, "Adelaide Huntington does not know me. I could not slight her because she is comparatively poor, and if she comes, I'll treat her like a royal princess," and over Alice Warren's face there stole a bright, deep flush, as she thought how attentive she would be to the daughter of her father's "confidential clerk."

Meantime, in a distant part of the city, in a dwelling far more humble than that of Hugo Warren, another family group were assembled,—father, mother, daughter,—all, save old Aunt Peggy, who, thankful for a home which saved her from the almshouse, performed willingly a menial's part, bearing patiently the whims of the mother and the caprices of the daughter, the latter of which proved a most tyrannical and exacting mistress. Tall, dignified and rather aristocratic in her bearing, was Adelaide Huntington. Handsome, too, and agreeable she was called by those who failed to see the treachery hidden in her large, dark eyes, or the constant effort she made to seem what she was not. To be noticed by those whose position in life was far above her own was her aim, and when the envied Alice Warren extended to her family an invitation to be present at her birth-day party, her delight was unbounded. "She should go, of course, and her father would go with her. She should have a new dress, too,—her father would give her the money,—he *could*, he *must*," and he did, sighing deeply as he placed it in her hand and thought from whom it came. The dress was purchased, and though 'twas only a handsome muslin it well became the queenly form of the haughty Adelaide, who on that New Year's Eve, stood before her father, seeking from him a word of commendation, and asking if "he did not think she would overshadow the diminutive Alice?"

"I don't see why there should be this difference between us," she continued, as her father made no answer. "Here I must be poor all my life while *she* will be rich, unless Mr. Warren chances to fail——"

"Which he will do ere three days are passed," dropped involuntarily from the lips of Mr. Huntington.

Then, with wild, startled look he grasped his daughter's arm, exclaiming, "Forget what I just said—breathe not a word of it to any one, for Heaven knows I'd help it if I could. But 'tis too late,—too late."

'Twas in vain that Adelaide and her mother sought an explanation of these strange words. Mr. Huntington would make them no reply, and in almost unbroken silence he accompanied his daughter to the house of Mr. Warren.

Very kindly did Alice welcome the young girl, striving in various ways to relieve her from the embarrassment she would naturally feel at finding herself among so many strangers. And Adelaide *was* ill at ease, for the spirit of jealous envy which had ever a home in her heart whispered to her of slight and insult where none had been intended; whispered, too, that her *muslin dress*, which at home with her mother and Aunt Peggy to admire had been so beautiful, was naught compared with the soft, flowing robes of Alice Warren, whose polite attentions she construed into a kind of *patronizing pity* exceedingly annoying to one of her proud nature. Then, as she remembered her father's words, she thought, "*We may be equals yet.* I wonder what he meant? I mean to ask him again," and passing through the crowded apartments she came to the little ante-room, where all the evening her father had been sitting,—a hard, dark look upon his face and his eyes bent on the floor, as if for him that festive scene possessed no interest.

"Father," she said, but he made her no reply; he did not even know that she was standing at his side.

Far back through the "long ago" his thoughts were straying,—back to the New Year's Eve when penniless, friendless and alone he had come to the city, asking employment from one whose hair was not then white as now,—whose eyes were not then quenched in darkness, but looked kindly down on him, as the wealthy merchant said, "I will give you work so long as you do well."

Hugo Warren was older than William Huntington by many years, and his station in life had ever been different, but far over the mountain side the same Sabbath bell had once called them both to the house of God—the same tall tree on the river bank bore on its bark their names—the same blue sky had bent above their childhood's home, and for this reason he had given him a helping hand, aiding him step by step until now he was the confidential clerk,—the one trusted above all others—for the helpless man when *the darkness* first came upon him had lain his hand on William's head, saying, as he did so, "I trust *you*, William, with my all, and as you hope for Heaven, deal not falsely with the blind."

"Deal not falsely with the blind!" How those words, spoken seventeen years before, rang in William Huntington's ears as he sat there, thinking of the past, until the great drops of perspiration gathered thickly around his lips and dropped upon the floor. He had betrayed his trust,—nay, more, he had ruined the white-haired man who had been so kind to him, and ere three days were passed his sin would find him out. Heavy bank notes must be paid, and in his employer's coffers there was naught with which to pay them. The gambling table had been his ruin. Gradually had he gone down, meaning always to replace what he had taken, and oftentimes doing so; but fortune had deserted him at last, and rather than meet the rebuking glance of those sightless eyes, when the truth should all be known, he had resolved to go away. He had asked for a holiday on the morrow, and ere the first New Year's sun was set, he would be an outcast—a wanderer on the earth. Of all this, then, was he thinking, when Adelaide came to his side.

The sound of her voice aroused him at last, and starting up he exclaimed, "It's time we were at home. The atmosphere of these rooms is stifling. Get your things at once."

Rather unwillingly Adelaide obeyed, and ten minutes later she was saying good night to Alice and her mother, both of whom expressed their surprise that she should go so soon, as did also Mr. Warren.

"I meant to have talked with you more," he said, as he stood within the hall with Mr. Huntington, who, grasping his hand, looked earnestly into the face which for all time to come would haunt him as the face of one whom he had greatly wronged.

Another moment and he was gone, while on the hand he had just released there lay a large, round drop, and the blind man, brushing it away, knew not that 'twas a tear.

Four o'clock, and all is still around the house where but a few hours since mirth and revelry were reigning. Flushed with excitement and the flattery her youthful beauty had called forth, Alice Warren had sought her pillow, and in the world of dreamland is living over again the incidents of her sixteenth birth-day party. The blind man, too, is sleeping, and in his dreams, as he always does, he sees again the forms of those he loves, but he does not see the storm-cloud hovering near, nor yet the erect, watching figure which, across the way, is looking towards his window and bidding him farewell.

Mr. Huntington had accompanied Adelaide to his door and then, making some trivial excuse, had gone from his home forever, leaving his wife to watch and wait as she had often done before. Slowly waned the December night, and just as the morn was breaking—the morn of the bright New Year—a train sped on its way to the westward, bearing among its passengers one who fled from justice, leaving to his wife and daughter grief and shame, while to the blind man there was left *darkness, ruin and death.*—[To be continued.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHEERLESS CHAMBER.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"I never can bear to stay a minute in this room, aunty," said Flora Ford to the old housekeeper, as she stood by the mantel looking at a rare collection of shells, which a great-uncle had brought home from the shores of some tropical island, and putting one to her ear listened to its plaintive dirge.

"Puir child! I dinna wonder," and there was a pain in Margaret's lonesome old heart as her eyes followed Flora out of the door.

Why didn't the young girl like that pleasant room? Two of its windows overlooked the Hudson, and two a queer, quaint house, with adjoining grounds, that is visited by throngs of friends and strangers because it was once the head-quarters of our beloved Washington. The carpet was a soft, green Brussels, sprinkled with white and crimson buds; the curtains were rich lace work, and the bedstead was carved daintily. There were three chairs in the room; but no member of the family ever sat in them.

Flora's mother, a pale, slender woman, had died of grief and disappointment. Her husband had become a drunkard—no wonder that she gave way under the sorrow, though it made two little babes motherless. Then Flora, her brother and her father came home to her grandpa Ford's to live. After his wife died, John Ford resolved to do better; he joined the temperance society, and refused to drink a drop of anything that would intoxicate, and for nearly a year he kept his promise. It was wonderful that he succeeded so long, for he met the temptation every day, and the old habit had become nearly as strong as life.

What happiness it gave his father and mother, to see their son himself again; with what pride they watched his erect, manly form in the yard with his children, or on the street, and prayed God that he might be able to resist to the end. Poor man,—he struggled, but fell; he tried to conquer the foe, but was himself conquered. On this wise it happened:

Mr. Ford was a fine lawyer, and one day an old acquaintance called to consult with him upon some point of law. After a chat of an hour or two they took a stroll out into the city, and coming to a fashionable restaurant, his companion said, looking back over his shoulder:

"See here a moment, Ford."

"Mr. Ford stopped at the door, saying, "You must excuse me, friend."

"That's a cool way to serve a fellow—come in! Take a seat on the sofa; I've ordered champagne for us both," and he half pulled Mr Ford into a seat, and compelled him to take a glass with him.

From that day he went down. It was almost impossible for him to pass that door without entering. He was home at irregular hours, and often came and went leaving his meals untasted. Flora and little Willie could hardly get a smile from him; it seemed singular that he should change so much in so short a time, but his enemy was a powerful one,—powerful even for the vigor of youth and the force of unbroken manhood to cope with and overcome; how almost hopeless, then, was the warfare for a nature wrecked and ruined as was poor Mr. Ford's.

"It's terrible, father, but it's true,—John 'll never be himself again; he's been worse now for more than a week—haven't you noticed it?" and the mother's watchful eye turned anxiously for her husband's response.

"I've noticed," replied the gray-headed man in an abstracted way, without raising his eyes from the carpet. "*I've noticed*," he repeated, and the sad emphasis was more than the words.

"Poor orphans," continued Mrs. Ford, looking from the window upon the children at their play; "a cruel wrong has made you such, has defrauded you of life's best gift,—*father* and *mother*."

A little silence followed, when Mr. Ford said: "I can see where we've missed it, when it's too late. I can recollect when the right kind of restraint might have saved him;—that was in his boyhood—but now he is ruined."

"And not he alone, poor fellow," said the mother.

October hurried by with her golden days.—November dawned stormily, but by the third week her skies were tranquil if not bright, which gave assurance of fair weather on Thanksgiving day. And this caused the children pleasure, though usually they didn't trouble their young heads much about the weather, for the whole family had been invited to come down the river twenty miles and spend the day. Flora's motherly care feared the breeze from the river might "give grandma a stiff neck," as it had sometimes done, so she had brought out her store of worsteds and was busily crocheting a scarf to keep out the cold, and look bright and cheerful besides. She also discovered that grandpa's muffler wanted another button, Willie's overcoat a stitch in time, and that to complete her own outfit a pair of gloves and a bottle of perfumery were indispensable.

"I can't coax pa to go, no way; isn't it too bad, too bad, grandma?"

Grandma was very busy overlooking her own wardrobe, and Flora went on sorting her worsteds, cautioning Willie not to disturb a single shade, for they laid just as she wanted to use them; and she looked so thoughtful one might have supposed the whole responsibility of the journey was resting on her young shoulders.

"I'm glad it aint far from the landing to aunt Susan's, 'cos when we get off the steamboat we'll be tired and hungry," said Willie.

"I'm glad it *isn't* far, too, because there'll be no danger of our getting left at night," answered Flora, conscious of having improved Willie's grammar.

Thanksgiving day came, and Mr. John accompanied his parents and children to the boat. Returning home, he entered that fatal room where he had yielded to the tempter's influence. Toward dinner time, Margaret, the housekeeper, heard him pacing his chamber; afterward he came down to the basement into the dining room, and stood looking from one of the windows in an abstracted way.

"Chirk up a bit, Mr. John," said Margaret, blithely; "I'll have dinner ready shortly, with a plum pudding jest to your liking."

Out sprang in she hurried, stepping lightly, casting anxious glances toward the window where Mr. John continued to stand. Soon she heard him say in quiet, undecided tones—

"Yes, I will—no, I'll not to-day—yes, to-day as well as any time—why not? The sooner the better—*those children*;—but it must be, for I am ruined, ruined, lost!"

And Margaret's heart almost stood still for a moment at Mr. John's words. She stood by the kitchen stove trying to collect her thoughts, when the sound of a pistol from Mr. John's chamber startled her. And before ten minutes had passed, the poor, self-murdered man was through gasping; men were hurrying up and down stairs; Margaret was trying to answer half a dozen interrogations at once, besides getting warm water and towels as the doctor had ordered, all the while saying in her heart, "Woe's the day, woe's the day."

At evening the family returned. It was a sad scene—one of the saddest we meet with in life—those aged parents and young children weeping over the body of one they had loved so well.

It was as a warning to all, repeating most emphatically, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the intoxicating cup."

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED PRIZE REBUS.

Western New York. M.

☞ To the person (residing South of Mason & Dixon's line, or West of the Mississippi River,) forwarding the first correct answer to above Rebus, we will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1868, or, if preferred, a post-paid copy of Randall's Practical Shepherd.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 4, 17, 20, 14, 19 is something which none of us should ever do.
My 3, 5, 23 is a public house.
My 8, 7, 6, 22 means always.
My 18, 21, 10 is a grain.
My 11, 2, 15, 12 was a king of Greece.
My 13, 1, 16 is something to avoid.
My 9, 20, 14, 13 is actual.
My whole is a true saying. E. J. Shriver.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANAGRAM.

Tiltel tref, os dalg nad yag,
Kingam simuc all eth yad,
Pingprit rilymer onalg,
Lifling lal ynu treah tiwh nosg.
Lewl I role yuro sicum twees:
Rattep, terpat, letli efte.

Williamsport, Penn. Emma.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 938.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Subscribe for volume nineteen of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Answer to Anagram:

In the spring a brighter crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing takes himself another crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Always earn your fractional currency before you spend it.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus in No. 937:—Shakspeare's King Lear is a specimen of his writing.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

The pork butcher's song—"To Greece we give our shining blades."

Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make a boy *smart*.

Ancient and modern Greece is known among classical students as whale-oil and petroleum.

Some of the Chinese in California have silver watches so large that they use the outside to fry potatoes in.

When a man speaks to a lamp post and cautions it not to "bob round so," it shows that—the post is getting irregular in its habits and needs looking after.

Dickens says there are very few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat.

"Mike why don't you fire at those ducks? Boy, don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?" "I know I have, but when I get good aim at one, two or three others will swim right up betwixt him and me."

The following advertisement appeared in the columns of a Western newspaper:—"Lost by a poor boy tied up in a brown paper with a white string a German flute in an overcoat, and several other articles of wearing apparel."

"Wonderful things are done now-a-days,' said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah!" said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

Some fellow enamored of a young lady named Anna Bread dropped the following from his pocket—we expect:

While belles their lovely graces spread,
And flops around them flutter,
I'll be content with Anna Bread,
And won't have any *but her*.

We trust the *kissatory* organs of the hero of the following are in good condition;—Mr. John Jones, writing on the 27th ult., to his "dear Bessy," a pretty Connecticut girl, subscribed himself her "true lover, John Jones, with 2,000,000,000,000,000,000 kisses!" If she was young and pretty, we should not mind being counted "in" on the last 100,000 or so.

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NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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The journals thus crowded into circulation by offering them at cost are neither so large nor so varied in their contents, nor produced at anything like the cost of The Tribune. They are political merely or mainly, while our columns are more generally filled with Foreign Correspondence, Farming Intelligence, Literature, etc., etc.

Nevertheless, in deference to the representations of our friends, and in view of the momentous issues of our Presidential struggle now opening, we have resolved to offer The Weekly Tribune for 1868 to clubs of fifty or more for *One Dollar per annum*: That is to say: for fifty dollars we will send *to one address* fifty copies of The Weekly Tribune for one year, and any larger number at the same rate.

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

THE Farm Work for February, in Northern latitudes, differs little from that of the preceding month. Stock requires the same close attention to their comfort and thrift, and a watchful eye and liberal hand at the pitchfork and grain bin should keep the animals from running down. Store sheep and cattle, that came from fat pastures in the autumn, will show plainly, this month, if they have been stinted in feed while in the stalls and yards. And the downhill road is always an unprofitable and disastrous one for the farmer to carry his stock along. Cows and work horses especially should be kept strong—better gaining in condition than otherwise.

Economise Fodder by cutting, mixing and feeding grain and roots. If you have an abundance by thus doing, you will have the more to sell to him who lacks; and if you have little, you will be compelled to buy less. This advice cannot be urged too strong or repeated too often. The art of feeding stock well in the stable is a difficult one, and in no branch of farming do we need improvement more, and in none would it pay better.

Team Work.—Do whatever you can to facilitate spring and summer work. If reapers, plows, or other implements need repairing at the shop, improve the sleighing to haul them. Draw and store the plaster and special manures. Haul rails, posts, boards, wood, quarry stone, brick, tile, and whatever else may be needed for building, repairs, or improvements. Don't risk your horses by driving them with smooth shoes, and if the snow balls on their feet, bevel the shoes on the inside and apply a handful of soft soap to the foot, before leaving the stable with the team.

House Conveniences.—Don't neglect repairs, alterations, or any improvements that may facilitate the work of the housewife. Plenty of dry wood is all-important, and a wood-shed is requisite. Keep the pumps in good order, snow paths shoveled, roofs and gutters free. Clear panes of glass are much preferable to broken ones, or old hats or shingles. Attention to trifles softens the austerities of life, and gladdens the household with good temper and comfort.

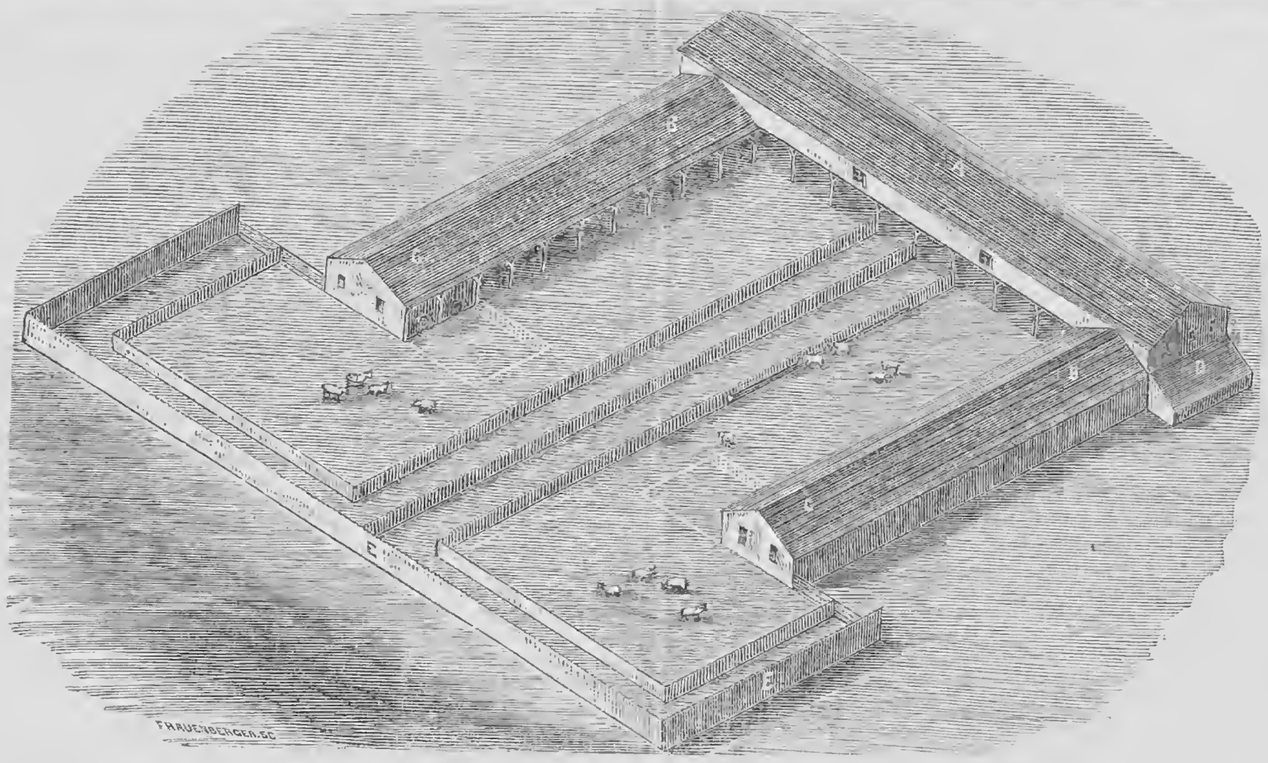
Clover Seed should be thrashed this month, if it is not already done. The chaff may be fed by using shorts, or ground oats and corn, and the straw makes excellent litter for the stables.

The Sugar Bush.—Everything should be put in order this month for gathering the sugar from the maple. Get fuel, put the pans and kettles in order, repair the sap-buckets, make spiles, &c. The first run of sap is the best.

Poultry.—The yard should be cleared of all but the stock intended to be kept over. For farmers the Bramah, Dorking, or other medium or rather large bodied breeds are the best. The eggs are larger, and the fowls are more satisfactory when served on the table. Fresh meat, variety of food, and good quarters will coax quite a supply of eggs from the poultry this month. A few broods of very early chickens will be splendid for the table, or profitable for market.

In Southern Latitudes the work of this month is more advanced. All kinds of farm improvements may be made; ditches dug, fences and buildings reared, stone, brush, stumps, and rubbish of all kinds cleared from the fields. The plow is at work, and many kinds of seed may be sown. The season for preparation is longer and more favorable, and the farming *ought* to be more thorough, varied and profitable. In the future this state of Agriculture will be brought about in those favored regions.

In the meantime Southern agriculturists should beware of undertaking farming on a larger scale than they can successfully carry through to the end. Steady, reliable labor, directed with skill, is the key to successful agriculture; and these conditions must be obtained before it is established on a sound basis.



PLAN OF SHEEP BARN, YARDS AND SHEDS, ADAPTED TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

OUR illustration pictures a range of buildings and yards well adapted to the regions and climates of the West and South for sheltering and feeding large flocks of sheep. The plan was suggested by a friend, Mr. H. T. PETERS, who is largely interested and well versed in sheep matters in the States of Maryland, Virginia and those further South. The main barn, A, is drawn to a scale representing it one hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-five wide. The posts are sixteen feet high, giving ample space above the basement shed for the storage of fodder. At the ends of this, barn cellars, D, are constructed for the storage of roots. The sheds, B, B, are one hundred feet long, and have only eight feet posts with no storage room above. At the ends of these sheds are hospitals, C, C, with yards indicated by the light lines in front. The outside fence, E, E, is made very high and strong to withstand heavy winds, and boarded tight. An evergreen screen should be planted on the outside of this. The interior fences are of light paling, and are intended merely to divide the flocks. Water troughs are placed in the line of interior fences so as to be accessible from all the yards. There are four yards in the inclosure besides those attached to the hospitals, and by opening a twelve-feet gate at the entrances a flock may be directed into any one. An establishment of these dimensions is supposed to be sufficient to accommodate a flock of twelve hundred in a mild climate, and can be constructed at a comparatively small cost.

DAIRYING AND WHEAT GROWING.

AT a recent meeting of the Herkimer County Farmers' Club the comparative profit of dairying and wheat growing was discussed. The points made by CHAS. VAN VALKINBURGH of Herkimer, we condense from the Utica Herald. In his opinion the rapid development of the factory system of cheese making, in all sections of the country, tended to low prices, while the value of cows would remain about the same. These relations would render dairying comparatively unprofitable and compel farmers to diversify their products—enabling them to raise their own dairy stock instead of going abroad to purchase it. In his opinion good wheat could now be raised in that section, and at a better profit at present prices of flour, than the dairy afforded. Several instances of fine yields of wheat the past season, were mentioned. In one, sixty-seven bushels of wheat were raised from two acres, and another ninety-six bushels from three acres and four bushels of sowing. Meadows should be broken up in sections, once in eight years, and wheat made one of the crops in rotation—corn being the first in the series—followed with oats or barley, then wheat and back to grass again. To render this sub-division of meadow land easy, movable or portable, fences should be used—a section of which he exhibited, costing seventy-seven cents per rod.

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

SPEED VS. ACTION.

I SAT by the fire to-night thinking of my Cotswolds, cozy in their new shed, and wishing I had more of them, when in came JONES, a respectable member of the —— church. He quotes scripture on all occasions, whether appositely or not. Said he, as he sprawled his big hands wide open before the fire, and looked over his shoulder at me, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

"Yes," said I; "But who has He chastened now?"

"Why He has put it into the hearts of the Executive Board of the Illinois State Agricultural Society to stop horse-racing at their fairs."

"Well, is that the result of chastening at the hands of the Lord?"

"Of course it is. Didn't they race horses at Quincy last year like all possessed? They offered purses, run horses, trotted horses, paced horses and bet on horses there every day of the fair. The Society got into the paws of a horse association and got chastened to a right smart tune. They couldn't prevent faro banks, sweat-boards and other equally 'innocent amusements,' being run for the delight and profit of the crowd of rustics. Of course the society got denounced for it all, and deserved it all got. Now it has resolved not to permit any more racing on its fair ground, and has substituted the word *action* for *speed* in defining the test to be given to horses."

"So? Well, the chastening there has been effectual, whether it is proved that the Lord loves the Society or not."

SUBSOILING.

I don't know how it is, but I cannot understand why there are so few farmers who make the progress necessary to get them up to the point of stirring every inch of soil they cultivate at least eighteen inches deep.

"Is there money in it?" said neighbor E. to me the other day, as we sat cracking nuts together in his spacious dining room.

"I should say so. Once I visited KNOX's Pittsburgh Fruit Farm. You know what stories are told of the product of his strawberry plantations and vineyards. And I've heard wise men—learned men in pomology—talk of the remarkable character of his soil. Such talk is stuff! He has a good soil, but not a particle better than hundreds of farmers have who do not grow as much on ten acres as he gets off a half acre."

"Then what is the matter? Does he drain?"

"Yes, he drains where absolutely necessary. But it is not because he has adopted an expensive system of drainage. But I'll tell you. I saw four oxen following a surface plow, and drawing a subsoil lifter, which stirred or lifted it eighteen inches, nearly, below the bed of the furrow made by the surface plow. Such a seed bed! Such a plant bed! How the radical fibers riot in such soil! And if the after culture is half as thorough and sensible as this soil preparation, I should lose faith in all of GOD's promises as to seed-time and harvest if extraordinary crops compared with the results of common culture, do not follow."

"What time should subsoiling be done?"

"Whenever you plow a rood, whether in spring, summer or autumn."

MOORE, for the sake of our Agriculture and Horticulture,—for the sake of success in their pursuits,—for the insurance against what are called climatic disasters to crops,—for the sake of the quiet content the autumn fruitage will bring to the hearts and minds of husbandmen,—I wish you and I could autocratically decree that the farmer who failed to stir stiff soils eighteen inches deep, whenever he stirred them at all, should be drummed out of the profession.

ILLINOIS GRAPE GROWERS.

So we have an "Illinois Grape Growing and Wine Making Association," with the following officers:

President—Dr. GEO. C. EISENMAYER of Mascoutah, St. Clair Co. *Vice-Presidents*—R. M. Douglas of Waukegan, Lake Co.; Dr. H. Schroeder of Bloomington, McLean Co.; Thomas O. Springer of Makanda, Jackson Co. *Corresponding and Recording Secretary*—J. S. Hartman of Makanda, Jackson Co. *Treasurer*—George R. Worthen of Warsaw, Hancock Co.

The Society is to hold its next meeting the 1st day of December, 1868. It is in this way the specialties in husbandry are forcing themselves into distinctive features. Labor is dividing; divisions are organizing; organizations are developing improved aids, modes, arts, and new consumptive demand for what were once esteemed dispensable luxuries. Is it true that demand regulates the supply? I do not believe it. In the case of grapes and wine, the supply *creates* an ever increasing demand. You, O RURAL, have been stimulating the supplying of the people with the products of the vine. In the language of Dr. SCHROEDER, "Blessed be the grape, and the product of the grape."

And, talking of this queer Doctor, he is reported as saying that "he discovered years ago that *dust* was an antidote for grape rot!" That is all the report says he said on the subject. Will he not explain what kind of dust—whether it is gold dust, saw dust, iron dust, or what? He has found gold dust in his grapes, for his little ten-acre vineyard has enriched him greatly by its product of grapes, layers, cuttings and fame. For, without paper-and-ink fame, the riches had not come.

MISSOURI APPLE LIST.

I have no great faith in fruit lists. People are as often misled by them as led aright, because the qualifications of soil, climate, exposure, &c., &c., rarely accompany them. But the Missouri State Horticultural Society the other day adopted the following apple list as adapted to the wants of cultivators in that State:

Summer.—For family use: Early Harvest, Red June, Benoni. For market: Early Harvest, Red June, Sops of Wine, Red Astrachan.

Fall.—For family use: Maiden's Blush, Rambo, Late Strawberry. For market: Maiden's Blush, Rambo, Late Strawberry, Pennsylvania Red Streak, Porter.

Early Winter.—For family use: Newtown, Spitzenberg, Wagoner. For market: Fallawater, Wagoner.

Winter.—For family use: Rawle's Jannet, Newtown Pippin, Pryor's Red (on limestone soils), Wine Sap. For market: Wine Sap, Rawle's Jannet, Newtown Pippin, Pryor's Red (on limestone soils).

The Rome Beauty, Smith's Cider and Willow Twig were added to the above list, and Huntsman's Favorite recommended for trial. INCOG.

BREAKING MULES.

IT is presumed that most mules, when the process of breaking them to labor is first commenced, are quite mulish. They prefer going in an opposite direction to the one desired if they progress at all, hence are generally subjected to a pretty severe flagellation on each occasion when a movement is attempted. This treatment is objected to by the superintendent of the Government corral at Washington as ill-advised and unnecessary. He says of the mule:—"Don't fight or abuse him. After you have harnessed him, and he proves to be refractory, keep your own temper, slack your reins, push him round, backward and forward, not roughly; and if he will not do what you want, tie him to a post, and let him stand there a day or so without food or water. Take care, also, that he does not lie down, and be careful to have a person to guard him, so that he does not foul in the harness. If he will not go, after a day or two of this sort of treatment, give him one or two more of it, and my word for it, he will come to his senses and do anything you want from that time forward. * * * The only way to keep a mule from kicking you is to handle it a great deal when young and accustome it to the ways and action of men."

PLOWING BY STEAM.

THE N. O. Picayune is warm in praise of a steam plow which was put in operation in the vicinity of the Fair grounds near that city. This plow, says the Pic., was at work turning up the soil at such a rapid rate that the mathematically inclined spectators commenced determining the time necessary to plow over the whole State. Two machines, one on each side of the field, operate the plow by means of wire ropes. One machine draws the plow, which is guided by one man, and attended by two others, and which, having four points, makes that number of furrows, across the field, and at a given signal the other engine pulls it back, the plow being arranged so as to run either way. It is predicted that this plow will revolutionize the system of Agriculture in the Gulf States.

AMONG THE CHEESE FACTORIES.

HAVING occasion to visit several parts of the county of Madison, lately, we took the opportunity to look into the statistics and management of some of its numerous cheese factories. This county contains much rough and hilly land, yet its farmers must have been very successful and prosperous, as is attested by the neatness and comfort of their farm buildings, and the general thrift everywhere visible. The hills, some of them turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees, look rather forbidding to one accustomed to the level lands in the Western part of the State, but these have turned out mines of wealth to the farmers. The cow works these mines. The farmer sends his cows up these hills to roll down the dollars. It is to the cow principally, and to the sheep partly, that the farmers of this county owe their thrift.

STATISTICS.

But on examining into the system on which these cheese factories are conducted, less ambition is manifested among the patrons to produce a maximum yield from a cow than was expected. In fact, no general account is kept of the number of cows' milk brought to the factory, and it, therefore, becomes difficult to determine the average product from the cow. This is a great oversight in the management of these factories, and if continued will keep the standard of production low. There being no account kept of the number of cows, and the statement of each one's average published, as it should be, to stimulate the lower to equal the higher average, they will go on year after year, satisfied and contented with the production of 325 pounds of cheese instead of 500 pounds per cow, for the season. The excuse made for not noting the number of cows in the account is, that it would take too much time, as the number of cows change so often, &c. But the excuse of "too much trouble" is rendered by farmers generally for not keeping any farm account; and it is presumed that these factories would not keep the pounds of milk, if they could arrive at the just division of the product without it. But there is, practically, no difficulty in the case. When each patron commences delivering milk, the number of cows should be placed on the margin against the name, and he should be required when any change occurs to inform the book-keeper, who could note on the margin "one more" or "one less," as the case might be; and at the end of the season the whole could very easily be tabulated, giving a perfect statistical account of the factory—showing the number of cows, length of season, pounds of milk and pounds of cheese to each patron. The patrons of every factory should require, at least, these statistics, and it would be well, also, to note any extra feed given, so that the reason for the differences in the average product should appear. One advantage from the cheese factory system is the hope that it will teach farmers the great importance of keeping accurate accounts. It brings them together often in the pursuit of their business, and leads them to compare notes on the management of their farms and dairies.

AVERAGE PER COW.

The average number of pounds of milk per cow is the most important statistical fact to be determined, yet to this is paid the least attention. Many farmers would be found who would exert themselves more not to be beaten by a neighbor than they would simply to increase their income. If those who produce the smallest average were aware that a neighbor produced fifty per cent. more with same number of cows, they would make sharp inquiries into the cause of the difference. Everything should be favored that will create and stimulate a rivalry between farmers to increase the product of the cow, and this can only be done by publishing the average yield of milk per cow of each patron. On comparing the books of several of the factories, and getting the number of cows of many of the patrons, taking the average of the highest and lowest, and approximating a general average for the season of 1867, it was found that 17 to 18 pounds per cow per day for six months to two hundred days was the general average, and that about 10¼ pounds of milk were used for a pound of cheese, which would give from 300 to 350 pounds of cheese per cow. Cheese is now worked drier than formerly, which accounts for the extra quantity of milk to the pound of cheese. Occasionally a dairy went 25 pounds of milk per cow per day for the season; others only 14 pounds per cow. This seemed a very low average, 300 pounds of cheese per cow for six months; but the statistics of 153 factories, in all parts of the State, for 1864, published in the report of the Department of Agriculture for 1865, give an average of only 283 pounds of cheese per cow, and only an average of 16 pounds of milk per cow per day for six months. This was from 67,034 cows, and, if perfectly accurate, would be very valuable statistics, as they were from all parts of the State; but it is, no doubt, only an approximation, obtained by census marshals in 1865, as not half so many factories kept any regular account of the number of cows. But these approximations show in what direction improvement needs to begin. If some dairies can reach an average of 25 pounds per cow per day for the season, it shows great want of proper attention in other dairymen to produce only 14 to 16 pounds per cow. On inquiry, it will be found in every instance, where 20 to 25 pounds of milk per day is produced from a cow for the whole season, that provision has been made for a dry time or short pasture, by supplying green corn, bran or other feed, and it will also be found that every dollar's

worth of extra feed has produced, at least, three dollars in cheese. There is very little difference in the average product of a cow in the different parts of the State. Poor care and short feed will produce a short product anywhere, and a liberal diet and good attention will produce 500 pounds of cheese per cow anywhere in the State.

Dairymen should remember that the butter and casein in milk are worth in cheese 12 to 16 cents per pound, while the constituents of these in the pea, in oil meal and bran, are worth only 2 to 3 cents per pound, so that in feeding these the cow elaborates this comparatively cheap food into a product three or four times as valuable. No dairyman should be satisfied with a herd that will not produce 25 pounds of milk average for 200 days or the cheese season. This will give him 500 pounds of cheese per cow, and nothing less should satisfy the ambition of a progressive dairyman.—E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

IMPORTS OF WOOL UNDER THE NEW TARIFF.

UNDER this head, the Country Gentleman of Jan. 16th gives a "summary of a very long paper," interwoven with editorial comments and conclusions which render the article essentially editorial in its character. After quoting from his correspondent the tariff classification of wools, rates of duties and a table of wool imports, the editor says:

"His object in presenting the statement is to show that more than *two-thirds of the total imports of wool* under the present law, are at the merely nominal rates of three and six cents per pound, being worked into *Class Three* for that purpose. He ascribes this to the character of the law, both in *design* and execution—its classification being novel, and as he thinks wholly arbitrary and ineffectual, while the wording is such as to open the third class to everything!"

It will be observed that it is here distinctly charged that it is not only the effect, but that it was the "*design*" of the present wool tariff to open the door to those stupendous frauds which are alleged to have taken place under its provisions! We will not waste time now in answering that curious medley of false facts and inferences, in respect to the tariff classification, which follow—all of them being wholly unsupported assumptions founded on neither the letter nor spirit of the law.

The total imports at the ports of New York and Boston of CLASSES 1 and 2 ("Clothing" and "Combing") wools under the present tariff down to Dec. 17th, 1867, are given as follows:—6,898,029 pounds, value $1,091,818; of CLASS 3 ("Carpet") wools, 15,779,769 pounds, value $2,528,343.* Assuming the correctness of these figures, they would seem to show that the tariff has effected, very thoroughly, the objects avowedly sought by its framers, viz., the exclusion from our markets of those foreign wools which compete with our own, while the importation of the non-competing (Carpet) wools is unchecked. But we are told, as a conclusion derivable from the above import statistics, that "the *average protection* afforded to the wool grower by the present tariff is a fraction less than six and eight-tenths cents per pound, specie, taking all sorts of wool into account." This assertion is manifestly incorrect, because we grow no CLASS 3, or Carpet wools, in the United States; and having none such to *protect*, the duties paid on the foreign ones of this Class have nothing to do with and do not enter into the estimate of the "average *protection*" afforded to the American grower. But admitting what is true (if the Country Gentleman has "ciphered" correctly,) that the *average duties* were but 6 8-10 cts. per pound, in specie, it only furnishes additional proof of the fact that the importation of the *competing* wools, which pay the higher duties, has been reduced to a small comparative amount. If the foreign Clothing and Combing wools brought into the country actually pay the duties contemplated by the law—so that the American grower of those wools receives his due and legal protection—of what possible consequence is it to him what may happen to be the average duties paid by wool "of all sorts?"

In proof of the charge that the CLASS 1 and 2 wools are—according to the "*design*" of the tariff—fraudulently "worked into CLASS 3," the Country Gentleman makes the following statements:

"If it should be claimed, however, that the two-thirds of our imports of wool, thus shown to be brought into the country at the lowest rates of duty, are really wools of low value, and are charged with all the duty they can bear, our correspondent only asks a closer view of the figures given. Fortunately, these include values as well as quantities, and but few figures are needed to show that the 6,898,029 pounds, imported in classes One and Two, were of a sworn average value of a fraction *less than* 16 cents per pound; while the average value of the 15,779,769 pounds, imported in class Three, was a fraction *over* 16 cents per pound. More remarkable still, taking the imports at Boston by themselves, (Yankee trade is proverbially 'cute,) we find that the value of the 2,108,248 pounds imported at that port, in classes One and Two averaged 14½ cents per pound; while the 2,628,830 pounds, of the Third class, averaged *nineteen and a half cents*—in other words, that the cheap and coarse "carpet wools," which alone were to be admitted at a low duty, really cost the enterprising Boston merchant a price *more than one-third higher* than he paid for the raw material of velvety broadcloths and lustrous alpacas! If it is claimed that owing to the *ad valorem* rates in classes One and Two, and not in class Three, values in the latter are given more correctly, (and thus higher,) than in the former, we do not see that this helps the matter at all—it is only confessing to sharp practice of another kind, and is rather increasing than diminishing the evils for which our correspondent criticizes the present law."

The whole of this argument rests on two assumptions:—1. That CLASS 3 wools must necessarily, under a proper valuation at the Custom Houses, be cheaper than CLASS 1 and 2 wools; 2. That the real or ostensible intent of the tariff is to levy duties on all the foreign wools indiscriminately in proportion to their value.

On the first head, no more satisfactory test, on the whole, of actual *relative* value can be furnished, than the prevailing *market* prices of the leading kinds of foreign wool in New York and Boston, in 1867.† We take the following from the wool circular of WALTER BROWN & CO. of New York:

CLASS 1, OR CLOTHING WOOLS.

	April 1.	June 1.	Aug. 1.	Dec. 2.
Cape of Good Hope,...	37 to 42	37 to 42	39 to 43	‡40 to 45
Buenos Ayres Merino,	32 to 38	32 to 38	32 to 38	32 to 38

CLASS 3, OR CARPET WOOLS.

Donskoi washed.....	42 to 50	43 to 50	43 to 47	40 to 45

Scattering *sales* of other Clothing and Carpet wools, and also of Combing wools, are mentioned in the same circulars, but not in sufficient amounts to be quoted in the column of established prices.

The following are from the weekly circulars of LAWRENCE, WRIGHT & GOODWIN of Boston. We have not preserved files of those extending over so large a portion of the year as the preceding, but it makes little difference where prices through the year have been so uniform:

CLASS 1, OR CLOTHING WOOLS.

	July 13.	Aug. 17.	Sept. 14.	Sept. 28.
Cape of Good Hope,...	35 to 41	35 to 41	37 to 43	37 to 43
Buenos Ayres,.....	18 to 36	18 to 36	18 to 36	18 to 36

CLASS 3, OR CARPET WOOLS.

Smyrna washed,.....	30 to 45	30 to 45	30 to 45	30 to 45
Smyrna unwashed,....	18 to 30	18 to 30	18 to 30	18 to 30
African unwashed,....	18 to 30	——	——	——
East India,.....	18 to 50	18 to 50	18 to 50	18 to 50

We give no table of established prices of the different grades of CLASS 2, or Combing Wools, for we find none in the circulars quoted from, but Messrs. BROWN & CO. mention three or four *sales*, comprising a comparatively small aggregate amount, at from 47½ cents to 72 cents. If the amount of this wool imported were relatively large, it would of course greatly raise the average value of CLASS 1 and 2 wools.

It is evident from an inspection of above prices that the CLASS 3 wools are not, relatively speaking, "really wools of low value"—"cheap" as well as coarse—as assumed and doubtless believed by the editor of the Country Gentleman, but that the averages of value in the comparison instituted by him (in CLASSES 1 and 2 on one side, and CLASS 3 on the other,) must entirely depend, under the most accurate Custom House valuation, on the relative portions of the higher and lower priced grades of wool imported respectively in the compared Classes. Thus, if a great portion of CLASS 3 wools imported into Boston consisted of the highest priced East India wools, worth 50 cents in market, if a great portion of the CLASS 1 wools consisted of the lower priced Mestiza (Buenos Ayres) wools, worth but 18 cents in market, and if, as was the fact, the amount of CLASS 2 wools was relatively very small, it is evident that the average value of CLASS 3 wools would be greatly above that of CLASS 1 and 2 wools. An approximation to these conditions would produce approximate results; and a reversal of them, giving the preponderance to high priced wools in CLASSES 1 and 2, and to low priced wools in CLASS 3, would give the highest average value to the former. Hence the facts relied on by the Country Gentleman to *prove* his conclusions—to exhibit stupendous frauds perpetrated under a law designed to favor such frauds—only prove his own ignorance. And the difference between the kinds and prices of the leading wools *in the same Classes* imported at New York and Boston, show that the average value of those Classes may honestly differ, to a material extent, in the two cities; and hence that in the light of any proof *yet* adduced by the editor, his gratuitous taunt that "Yankee trade is proverbially cute," only establishes the fact that he himself is *not* very "cute"—we mean, of course, in regard to the subject under discussion.

The impression of the editor of the Country Gentleman that it was the intent or theory of the tariff to levy equivalent duties on all foreign wools in proportion to their value—that each are "charged with all the duty they can bear"—presents a still more amusing exemplification of the extent of his information on a topic which he discusses with so much modest assurance. It will be hardly necessary to inform any *wool grower* in the United States that such was not the intention of the tariff, and that no such intention was ever avowed by the friends or framers of the law. The duties on CLASS 1 and 2 wools were made higher, in order to *protect* the American grower of the same kinds of wool. They are *protective* duties. CLASS 3 wools not, as already said, being produced in the United States, the duties on them were brought down to what was considered the best *revenue* standard. They are purely *revenue* duties. And we may remark, in passing, that it was thought dangerous to strain them up high, as the great relative amount of wool represented by value in carpets, as compared with cloths, &c., would, in that case, render carpets too expensive for common use, and thus not only decrease the revenue, but deprive a large portion of our people of an important *comfort*, and what they have in fact come to consider a *necessary* of life.

We certainly are not authorized to declare that no frauds in the classification and appraisal of wools, have been practiced in the Custom Houses, under the present tariff. But both as a matter of official duty and personal interest we have made diligent inquiries on the subject. We personally know the Assistant Appraisers who are charged with these duties in the New York and Boston Custom Houses. The former possesses great experience, is a prompt and exceedingly accurate judge of wool, and we believe his integrity is unquestioned. The latter possesses less experience, but has experienced and competent assistants, and so far as we have been enabled to ascertain, both he and they have the confidence of the business men of Boston who are not interested either in wool trade or manufacture. From inquiries made *on the spot*, we believe that it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge, in both cities, that these officers perform their duties honestly and accurately. If the contrary can be shown, we very much desire to be put in possession of the facts, and we think we can confidently promise that the wool growers of the United States will take immediate and very energetic steps to procure the removal of these officials.

We have also made inquiries into the practical operation of the mode of classification, and the use of standard samples, under the present tariff—the former pronounced "arbitrary and ineffectual" in the Co. Gent. We are satisfied that they work exceedingly well—far better than any previous system.

The sweeping imputations on the framers and administrators of the law in the Country Gentleman, are appropriately supplemented by the following highly characteristic closing up editorial flourish:

"These statements are submitted for the thoughtful consideration of our readers. They may aid in illustrating the value of the counsels by which the wool growers of the country have been guided during the past few years, and the degree of prosperity to which these counsels have led."

Now let us ask who were the framers of the tariff who basely and criminally entertained and carried out the infamous "design" of so arranging the provisions of that law, in respect to classification or otherwise, as to allow frauds to be practiced under it which almost entirely rob it of its ostensibly protective character? Who are they by whose "counsels" the "wool growers of the country have been guided during the past few years" and to their present "degree of prosperity?"

The guilty parties are evidently the same; and we will tell who they are. Nobody, we presume, knows better than the editor of the Country Gentleman that the present wool and woolen tariff was drafted nearly word for word as it passed Congress, (with not a change in its provisions in regard to wool, except raising the ad valorem duties on wools in CLASSES 1 and 2 of the value of 32 cts. or less from 10 to 11 per cent.,) by a joint committee of growers and manufacturers appointed by their respective National Associations. Each interest had an equal voice in the joint committee, so that if the law was corrupt in "design," and intended to defraud the growers, *their own committee* were art and part—direct participators—in that corruption! So, too, were a multitude of eminent wool growers, outside of the committee, who were present to join in its deliberations, or who were constantly consulted by its members in letters and circulars. So, too, was the United States Commissioner of Revenue, Mr. COLWELL,—hitherto counted among the earnest friends of protection and of the wool interest,—who frequently attended the meetings of the committee, and gave his sanction to its final action. So, too, were the most distinguished friends of the wool growers in Congress—such men as MORRELL, DELANO, GRINNELL, &c., &c.,—who were carefully consulted in regard to the details of the law, before it left the hands of the committee, and who gave it their approbation. So, too, in point of fact, was every member of each branch of Congress who voted for the law, if he knew for what he was voting!

Candor requires another statement from us, and we make it with pleasure. If there is anything wrong, anything corrupt, anything fraudulent towards the wool interests of the country in the provisions which concern wool, in the tariff, the growers have nobody to blame for it, in the joint committee which drafted the law, but their own direct representatives. The committee of the National Wool Growers' Association, *both in regard to the classification of protected wools, and in regard to the rates of duties on all wools, shoddy, &c.*, "stuck their own stakes" and adhered to them firmly and unchangeably to the end. The committee of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers were *not* originally prepared to assent to several of these conditions. The struggle was long and sometimes warm. It extended through weeks. It required adjournments and meetings, in different cities. The Growers' Committee ultimately had their own way in the particulars mentioned, and on their own heads, therefore, let the responsibility rest.

But we have not alluded to all those by whose "counsels" the "wool growers of the country have been guided during the past few years," and especially on the tariff question. The wool tariff was promptly and unanimously endorsed by the National Wool Growers' Association, has received the sanction of every State Wool Growers' Association connected with that organization; and not one of them has shown the least disposition to recede from that position. On the contrary, all which have held their annual meetings recently, have, so far as we have observed, reaffirmed their entire confidence in the law. How are these Associations constituted? The National Association consists, for the transaction of business, of an Executive Committee comprised of an equal number of representatives from each State Association—originally the President and one additional member from each appointed for the purpose, now of the President and two additional members from each. This Executive Committee elects its own officers, appoints committees, &c.; and it appointed the original committee which took the part already stated in framing the wool tariff. The State Associations consist of such friends of the wool interest as choose to join them, and we do not know of one which is not officered and "guided" by the active, enterprising and *representative* growers of its State.

We mention these facts to show that those who have been most actively instrumental in *guiding* public opinion in respect to the wool tariff have not been a few persons acting on their own responsibility, but a large body of men acting in a representative capacity; and that their action in the premises, whether as committeemen or officers of the National and State Associations, has received the full and generally the unanimous approbation of those Associations. Rarely have the leading friends of any special industry scattered over so wide an extent of country, co-operated with such entire unanimity in regard to legislation deeply affecting their collective and individual interests. Is it probable that they have entered into a "design" to cheat *themselves*; or that they have ignorantly sanctioned such a design? Is it probable that these *practical* and *experienced* men do not understand *their own business*, and the effects of the wool tariff on that business, quite as well as an editor who has given such brilliant specimens of his knowledge on the subject as are contained in the article from which we have quoted?

We admit, of course, the perfect right of every Agricultural and other public Journalist fairly to discuss and express his opinions on the wool tariff. But before harshly arraigning the action of its friends, we think he should at least possess himself of a moderate degree of knowledge on the subject. And we certainly believe that he has not, except on decisive and adduced proof, the right either to throw out or endorse scandalous imputations on the *motives* of the friends and framers of that law.

* The duties are as follows, according to value at last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in each port: CLASS 1.—Value 32 cents or less, 10 cents per pound, and 11 per cent. ad valorem; over 32 cents, 12 cents, and 10 per cent. ad valorem. CLASS 2.—Value 32 cents or less, 10 cents, and 11 per cent. ad valorem; over 32 cents, 12 cents, and 10 per cent. ad valorem. CLASS 3.—Value 12 cents or less, 3 cents per pound; over 12 cents, 6 cents per pound.

† "Market prices" are made up of original cost, port charges at the port whence exported, cost of transportation, insurance, duties, and some other items, including importers' profits. In one respect they do not make out our case so strongly as would prices at place of export because the CLASS 3 wools pay less duties than the others, and therefore a less amount of duty is represented in their market prices in this country. But they have the advantage of being ASCERTAINABLE beyond all cavil or dispute, and we therefore adopt them; and they quite sufficiently prove the fact that CLASS 3 wools are not necessarily cheaper at the places of export than the average of wools imported in the other Classes.

‡ Additionally characterized as "fine"—indicating extra quality.

The Poultry-Yard.

POULTRY—ANOTHER STATEMENT.

N. H. NYE, keeper of the toll-gate on East avenue, Brighton, sends us an account of his hen operations for the year ending Jan. 31st, 1867. The account stands thus:

DR.

To 57 fowls @ 50c.....	$28 50
1 cock.....	1 00
Feed for the year.....	109 30
	$138 80

CR.

Feb., By 5 cocks sold.....	$ 4 25
June, " 85 small chickens sold.....	3 50
Sept., " 90 large " "	36 00
" " Eggs sold, 425 doz.....	113 75
Dec., " Fowls on hand.....	36 50
	$194 00
Deduct stock and cost.....	138 80
Profit one year.....	$ 55 20

These fowls were Brahma and a part a cross between these and the Black Spanish. They were fed principally on corn, buckwheat and screenings, with an occasional addition of meal and middlings mixed and fed warm. Also pounded oyster shells, bones, tallow, scraps of meat, &c. The manure is considered an equivalent for the trouble of feeding.

POULTRY—YEARLY ACCOUNT.

SEYMOUR JOYNER, residence not recollected, commenced the past year with thirty-five hens and four cocks. At its close the accounts stood thus:

Eggs sold, 199½ doz.....	$ 61 51
Fowls sold, 44.....	31 49
" and eggs used in family.....	35 96
Gross products for the year.....	$128 96

This correspondent adds:—I raised last year sixty-one chickens. I want them to come off in May or June, and none later than the latter month. I have not had a chicken die with gapes in fifteen years. My feed for them is one part rye and two of corn ground together and wet with sour milk or swill from the barrel. Hens may be cured of a desire to set by confining them three or four days in a place where roosting poles are at hand, giving them plenty of food and water. Thus secluded and cared for, they soon forget about setting, and are ready to commence shelling out again.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

STIMULATING BEES.—DRONES.

AN "Apiarian," being anxious to rear queens and drones of Italian stock before the season for the appearance of black drones, asks the Prairie Farmer whether he cannot stimulate the Italians to an earlier production of drones. To this Mrs. E. S. TUPPER responds by saying:—"I do not believe that any feeding you can do will stimulate your bees to rear drones earlier than the natural time. As well try to stimulate your strawberry vines or cherry trees to put forth buds prematurely. If your colony has not enough honey for safety feed it by all means. As to 'getting queens earlier' you can have them reared at any time of year when eggs are in the hive, simply by leaving the colony queenless. To have them of value, however, they must be fertilized, and to secure this you must not only have drones but suitable weather for drones and queens to fly. I have tried repeatedly in all ways to force early queen rearing and fertilization, but with very indifferent results. The Italians, if strong, always rear drones long before the weather permits them to fly in our usual springs in this climate. I do not suppose it is because they find honey earlier; they do it naturally, just as much as a May cherry opens before a Morello. If you take advantage of this law of their nature and rear your queens by the middle of May, a good proportion of them will be fertilized, and all that are will find Italian drones. There is nothing gained by feeding strong stocks, either in winter or spring. It is more likely to injure them, because the food may be carried into cells where eggs should be deposited and brood reared."

A BEE QUESTION.

AT a late meeting of the American Institute Club this question was propounded: "Is fruit injured by the honey-bee extracting honey from the fruit blossoms?" No response was made to the inquiry by the Institute Club, but the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., was less reticent. Mr. PUTNAM, a member, took the matter up and contended "that the visits of the bees to the blossom was a positive benefit as far as it caused the distribution of the pollen from blossom to blossom. The removal of the honey it was not probable was a loss to the blossom. Mr. GOODELL recalled an article in the Naturalist, in which the writer hinted that it was a part of the divine economy to put in a little honey into each flower to tempt the bees to come and get it, and at the same time pay for the honey—a fair bargain—by the labor performed in transmitting the pollen." While taking the side of the bees, on this question, Mr. P. was free to admit that they were bold and persistent thieves, taking sugar or anything sweet without permission asked and ready to fight on the least hint of trespassing on the rights of property.

YIELD OF A SINGLE SWARM.—M. H. TERMANT, Rome, N. Y., informs us that the product of one hive the past season was 110½ pounds of surplus honey. The hive was left in good condition as to winter stores. No swarms issued from it, and last spring feeding had to be resorted to in order to bring them through to the time of blossoms.

Agricultural Societies.

Ohio State Board of Agriculture.—Pres't—Jas. Fullington, Irwin Station. Treas'r—Jas. Buckingham, Zanesville. Sec'y—H. S. Babbitt, Columbus. Cor. Sec'y—J. H. Klippart, Columbus. The next State Fair was ordered to commence Sept. 21, and continue five days. The location is to be competed for by Dayton, Toledo, Cleveland and Columbus. The proposals will be examined on the 15th of Feb., and the location announced on the 17th of March.

New York State Ag. Society.—The annual meeting of this Society will take place at Albany on Wednesday, Feb. 12th, when the managers will make their reports and officers for the ensuing year be elected. An address is expected from Elliot C. Cowdin on the Paris Exposition, X. A. Willard on dairy matters, Dr. Fitch on insects, and the annual address by President PATRICK.

Iowa State Ag. Society—Officers for 1868;—Pres't—Peter Melendy, Cedar Falls, Blackhawk Co. Vice-Pres't—J. D. Wright, Charlton, Lucas Co. Sec'y—J. M. Shaffer, Fairfield, Jeff. Co. Treas'r—George Sprangue, Island Grove, Butler Co.

Oregon State Ag. Society.—Officers for 1868:—Pres't—A. J. Dufur. Vice-Pres'ts—J. G. Basket, W. J. Herran. Cor. Sec'y—A. C. Schwatka. Rec. Sec'y—E. M. Waite. Treas'r—J. H. Moores.

Kansas State Ag. Society.—Pres't—R. G. Elliott. Sec'y—H. J. Stiechter. Treas.—C. B. Lines.

Chautauqua Co.—Pres't—Ira Porter. Vice-Pres't—Henry Bradley. Sec'y & Treas'r—A. Z. Madison. Ass't Sec'y & Reporter—Wm. H. Stevens. Ex. Com.—W. H. Stevens, T. S. Hubbard, D. Fairbanks, N. E. Dodge, J. F. Wellman.

Orleans Co.—Pres't—Hezekiah Bowen, Ridgeway. Sec'y—Samuel W. Smith, Gaines. Treas'r—Cyrus Farwell, Albion.

Schuyler Co.—Pres't—E. C. Frost. Sec'y—E. Ingalls, Watkins. Treas.—J. W. Thompson. The Society has a cash balance of $615.25.

Yates Co.—Pres't—Thomas J. Lewis, Benton. Vice-Pres't—Charles H. Ketchum. Sec'y—Geo. Y. Eastman, Penn Yan. Treas'r—Oliver G. Sherman.

Cattaraugus Co.—Pres't—C. A. Snow, Conewango. Sec'y—H. S. Huntley, Little Valley. Treas'r—E. N. Lee.

Chenango Co.—Pres't—Hiram Hale, Norwich. Sec'y—Gerard S. Mead, Norwich. Treas'r—I. D. Miller.

Afton (Chenango Co.)—Pres't—Peter L. Merritt. Vice-Pres't—Geo. W. Knight. Sec'y—G. M. Champlin. Treas'r—J. C. Chamberlain. Marshal—Col. A. C. Hyde.

Berkshire Co., Mass.—Pres't—Richard Goodman, Lenox. Vice-Pres'ts—A. J. Bucklin, So. Adams; Geo. T. Plunkett, Hinsdale. Sec'y—John E. Merrill, Pittsfield. Treas—Henry M. Pierson, Pittsfield. Executive Com.—W. H. Carson, Hinsdale; T. D. Thatcher, Lee; Daniel Foot, Pittsfield; L. S. Butler, Lenox.

Lee Co. (Ill.)—Pres't—Fred. W. Coe, Palmyra. Sec'y—Joseph T. Little. Treas'r—Jason C. Ayers. A resolution adverse to the exhibition of horse speed, and all outside shows, was adopted unanimously by the Society.

Kennebec Co. (Me.)—Pres't—T. S. Lang. Vice-Prest's—S. E. Shores, H. C. Burleigh. Sec'y—Daniel R. Wing, Waterville. Treas'r—Ira H. Law.

Waldo (Me.)—Pres't—A. Hayford. Sec'y and Treas'r—A. D. Chase.

Trumbull Co. (Ohio.)—Pres't—David Harrington. Vice-Pres't—J. F. King. Sec'y—H. F. Anstin. Treas.—A. D. Webb.

Richland Co. (Ohio.)—Pres't—A. C. Welch. Vice Pres't—G. McFarland. Sec'y—Geo. A. Clugston. Treas.—M. E. Douglas.

Erie Co. (Ohio.)—Pres't—D. C. Richmond. Vice Pres't—W. H. Crane. Treas.—A. W. Pront. Sec'y—J. D. Chamberlain.

Volinia (Mich.) Farmers' Club.—Pres't—M. J. Gard. Vice-Pres'ts—E. Morris, W. L. Goodspeed, L. P. Lawrence. Sec'y—H. S. Rogers. Treas'r—I. N. Good.

West Middlesex (C. W.)—Pres't—Thomas Moyle. Vice Pres't—Alex. McKellar. Sec. & Treas.—James Keefer.

Stratford Co. (N. H.)—Pres't—H. R. Roberts. Sec'y—J. H. Ela. Treas.—Oliver H. Lord. Sup't—J. F. Lawrence.

Rural Notes and Items.

OUR ADVANCE TERMS.—*Renew Your Subscriptions!*—Though the RURAL has been published over eighteen years on the *cash in advance system*, we still occasionally receive complaints from subscribers because of our promptness in discontinuing the paper. Some even charge that we doubt their integrity or responsibility. Not so. It is our *rule*,—which we believe best for both subscriber and publisher,—and we serve all alike. Neither a ROTHSCHILD nor an ASTOR—a STEWART or a VANDERBILT—is more favored than the poorest man in the country. *Please note that.* Moreover, aside from our business rule, we do not wish to force the RURAL upon any one. Seeking no *patronage*, as such, we place the paper upon its merits, and take our chances in competition with both cash and credit journals. Therefore, all interested will please take notice that the only way to secure the uninterrupted continuance of this journal is *to renew subscriptions promptly*—a week or two in advance of their expiration being the best time. All whose terms do not expire with the year and volume will find the No. to which they have paid in figures after their names on address labels, and hence can easily tell when it is necessary to renew if they wish the RURAL's visits continued—as do most people. For example, the subscriptions of several thousands of our "constant readers" expire with the last No. of this quarter, (March 28,) and all such will find the figures 949 printed with their names upon address labels. A little attention to this matter, in connection with a remembrance of our invariable rule, will save both subscribers and the publisher some trouble and annoyance. And if, in renewing their subscriptions, those herein addressed will not "forget to remember" to invite their friends and neighbors to join them, a large number of people may be benefited, and the usefulness of the RURAL materially augmented. Who will kindly act upon *this* suggestion?

THE MAINE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.—Last season the people of Maine, through their authorized agents, commenced the accumulation of material and the erection of buildings for an Industrial or Agricultural School. By a notice in the Maine Farmer of the progress made, we infer that the doings of the Executive Board are not quite satisfactory, either as to the amount of work done or its cost. In this the people of Maine, assuming the Farmer to reflect their sentiments, do not differ much from those in the other States where similar institutions are in progress. In cases where so many tastes are to be consulted, it is a difficult matter for any body of men, however honest in intention, to conduct matters in such a way as to secure even partial approval.

AMERICAN CHEDDAR CHEESE.—C. A., Chicago, Ill., alluding to a paragraph in a late number of the RURAL in reference to the American Cheddar cheese exhibited at the State Fair, remarks:—"Since the cheese are not large, and small ones are always more salable, why cannot we manufacture that style as well as the factory size? If it is more desirable it must surely bring a larger price. Any hints you can give will be eagerly looked for by at least one of your readers." We give the preceding in the hope that if any are posted in the manufacture of "Cheddar," they will furnish the readers of the RURAL the benefit of their experience.

ITEMS FROM DODGE CO., WIS.—L. L. F. writes us: "For nearly two weeks we have had very steady cold weather. The thermometer on Sunday and Monday, 12th and 13th insts., at 7 A. M., stood at 18° below zero. In other localities near by it is reported to have been 20° below zero. We have but little snow, but there is ice and snow enough to make most excellent sleighing. Splendid time for hauling wood and other team work. In our local market spring wheat readily brings $2 per bushel, corn $1, butter 30 cents, eggs 25 cents, wood $2.75, $4 and $5, for poplar, oak and maple."

OREGON STATE FAIR.—A neatly printed copy of the proceedings at the Oregon State Fair, October, 1867, has been received. It contains the opening address of the President, JAMES H. DOUTHIT, the annual one by E. B. DUFUR, and essays by W. T. NEWBY on cattle and horse raising,—deep and shallow culture,—swale lands, and the management of fern ones. Also an exposition of a great wool fraud, and the premium awards of the Board of Managers. This was the seventh Annual Fair of the State Society, and gave evidence that, though young, Oregon is approaching the strength and vigor of maturity.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.—The Chicago Tribune says that the Regent and all the Professors in this Institution are preachers—as "guiltless of special capability, outside of clerical duties, as any like number of men in the State can be." The same paper closes by saying:—"Men of Illinois, your University, for which you have toiled so long, is, thus far, a farce."

TO ADVERTISERS.—Over two columns of new advertisements intended for this number are necessarily deferred. Our friends will remember our rule, "first come, first inserted,"—and moreover that, though dated on Saturday, the RURAL goes to press on Tuesday, rendering it necessary to close its advertising department on Monday.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

ROCHESTER, Jan. 28.—Weather cold—good sleighing.

THE "January thaw" changed to a "freeze," last week.

THE amount of cheese now in store in the N. Y. market is estimated at nearly 400,000 boxes.

A MAN in Indiana counted the kernels on an ear of 18-rowed corn, and found the number to be 1,142.

A DOSE of equal parts of Brahma and Silver Poland, is said to be beneficial in some stages of the hen fever.

THE man who will invent a plan for occasionally watering animals on the cars will be a beastly benefactor.

IT is said that the N. Y. market has been so crowded with poultry for a while back that much of it had to go into store for a time.

A MR. THOMPSON of Staten Island, made an attempt to preserve pears by dipping in paraffine and inclosing in casks. The experiment failed.

IT is proposed by some lovers of good, clean poultry, to seek the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale of undrawn fowls in the N. Y. market.

IN England many farmers support large families on the produce of six English acres of land, besides paying heavy taxes. Many in Germany do even better than this.

LAST season a swarm of bees domiciled in the walls of the house of a farmer near Northampton, Mass., and recently he took 125 lbs. of honey from the squatters.

THE French butchers, to save them pain, have adopted a kind of guillotine for severing the heads of animals from their bodies, instead of knocking them in the head.

WOOD can be hauled from the forest for summer use cheaper in winter than in haying and harvest time. True, it is cold now, but it will be uncomfortably hot then.

A FARMER who sleeps till eight o'clock of a winter morning may save some fire in the house, but his hungry stock in the barn will go back enough to balance that.

OUR eastern exchanges are sanguine that the rivers of New England will soon be alive again with salmon, trout, shad, etc., by the aid of the new process of propagation.

EGGS will keep a long time if immersed in melted tallow or lard. It should be quite warm. This closes the pores of the shells and retards the action of air upon the eggs.

THE Maine Farmer suggests that if muck were generally used in the hills when planting potatoes, and less manure, a better article for the table would be produced.

THE people of Maine are putting on airs because of the rising reputation of their granite quarries. The "Granite State" will have to "doff its bonnet" to this new competitor for hard honors.

C. C. BINGHAM, McGrawville, N. Y., claims to have discovered an "aerial fountain"—a method of producing water from the atmosphere, pure and fresh, for household purposes and for ships.

IT having been stated that HENRY WARD BEECHER cleared $37,000 from his farm last season, an exchange intimates that it must have been from the culture of sheep on the Plymouth farm!

AN English farmer named MAY has experimented with potatoes for some time, and arrives at the conclusion that the product of any given planting will be in proportion to the weight of seed used.

THE estimated expenses of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington for the ensuing year are: Experimental garden, $14,000; collecting statistics, $10,000; salaries, $63,640; seeds, $40,000. Total, $127,640.

THE Cornell University, to go into operation in Sept., begins with a Faculty costing $40,000 per annum. Accommodations for 1,000 students will be provided. The farm, buildings and apparatus cost $250,000.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE NYCE FRUIT HOUSE.

In most of our large cities the Nyce patent fruit house is now in operation, for the purpose of keeping fruits. The claim for it is that it will keep the fruits a longer or shorter time, as may be desired, in a condition without change from their period of being placed within its walls. In some instances that we have examined, this statement apparently holds good; in others the fruit has decayed, and in others, while the fruit has not decayed perceptibly, it has shrivelled and lost character.

Recently we examined Beurre d' Anjous that had entirely lost character, being no better than Napoleon in its poorest condition, while fruit from the same trees kept in the grower's cool, dry cellar had its character as good as at any time. Merriam and Louise Bon of Jersey were apparently as perfect as when placed in the house. So, also, Barronne de Mello; but the latter when cut was anything but good. Beurre Superfine was excellent, while the Sheldon had lost character. We might record much more, but this is enough for our present purpose, which is to say that without more thorough and perfect knowledge of varieties, and their susceptibility to the effect of atmospheric condition, the fruit-house is simply an experiment, the handling of which may succeed, but is equally liable to fail. A system cheap in its management, that can be conducted by any business man—not a student of pomology—for the keeping of fruits is a desideratum much to be desired, and while large houses under the care of experienced men *may* answer on the Nyce plan, it is yet far from what is wanted by the fruit grower.

EVERGREEN AND OSAGE HEDGES.

W. M. R., Clyde, Ohio, inquires what kind of evergreens would be most suitable for a nice front fence. Would it be best to buy plants or seed? Is Osage Orange well adapted for hedges on sandy land? Also the best way to get the seed out of the oranges. Would freezing help the seed or be an injury?

We know of no better evergreen for ornamental hedges than the American Arbor Vitæ. It is hardy, a vigorous grower, and bears clipping well; with some care in the beginning to induce, by good pruning, a close growth at the bottom, it may be pruned into a compact, ornamental evergreen hedge of such width and height as may be desired. Would recommend buying young plants rather than sowing seed, if only a moderate quantity was needed. Much time would be saved.

The Osage Orange for hedges has elicited much discussion. We have never doubted its ultimate success when properly planted and treated. Sandy soils, if sufficiently fertile, would suit it best, as it will not succeed in wet or imperfectly drained soils. Seed, to be reliable, should be obtained from the South, where the longer season matures the fruit, though some good seed has been grown in the Middle States. Seed is separated from the pulp by rotting, and if the fermentation proceeds too far the seed is rendered worthless. Should be washed and thoroughly dried, or it will mold and heat. The seed may be frozen as are apple seeds before planting. At a future time we may give details of cultivation of Osage Orange and other hedges, as the importance of the subject and the large number of inquiries received render such an article in order.

PREPARING CRANBERRY GROUND.

The Massachusetts Ploughman, in answer to a correspondent, gives some directions for the preparation of ground for the production of cranberries. The first requisite is to find—in some sections not difficult to do—a low swampy piece of ground good for nothing but the production of frogs and swamp turtles. This swamp should be well ditched and bogged and the surface soil removed to a regular grade. This can be ascertained by flooding the surface, which should be of uniform depth. When the grade is properly adjusted the surface should be coated with sand or coarse gravel sufficiently deep to keep down the weeds and grass.

In planting, special regard should be had to the character of the vines, care being taken to select only such as are known to be productive:

"After having got the vines ready, the most common way is to set them out in rows about a foot apart each way, setting three or four plants, after being freed from grasses, in each place in a little bunch, pressing the earth down carefully around them. This may be done either in the spring or the fall. If done in the fall the vines should be flooded at least three or more feet deep, otherwise they will be frozen into the ice, and when this rises in spring, the new vines having little hold by the roots will be pulled up and left high and dry on the surface, and you'll have the work to do over again. We have seen this operation from time to time again. But if there is sufficient depth of water there will be little risk of loss or injury. The spring is the better time, all things considered. The weeds must be kept out by hoeing for two or three years, when the vines will have completely covered the surface so that no cultivation can be given.

"As to flowing it is an advantage to be able to flow and keep the vines covered through the winter and in spring, till well into May. It keeps back the blossoming and often prevents injury to which the plant is liable when it is in blossom. It is rarely necessary to flow at all in summer, but it may sometimes be done to great advantage to destroy the cranberry worm. It is of decided importance to be able to flow rapidly in autumn. When there appears to be danger of a frost in September, you can flash the water over the vines and save the crop, while your ditches will remove it in the morning. By a little management of this kind, you may often gain two or three weeks of time to ripen up the crop, while without this control of water you would be obliged to gather it early in September and before it was fully matured, or else run the risk of frost."

CALIFORNIA WINE AND FRUIT ITEMS.

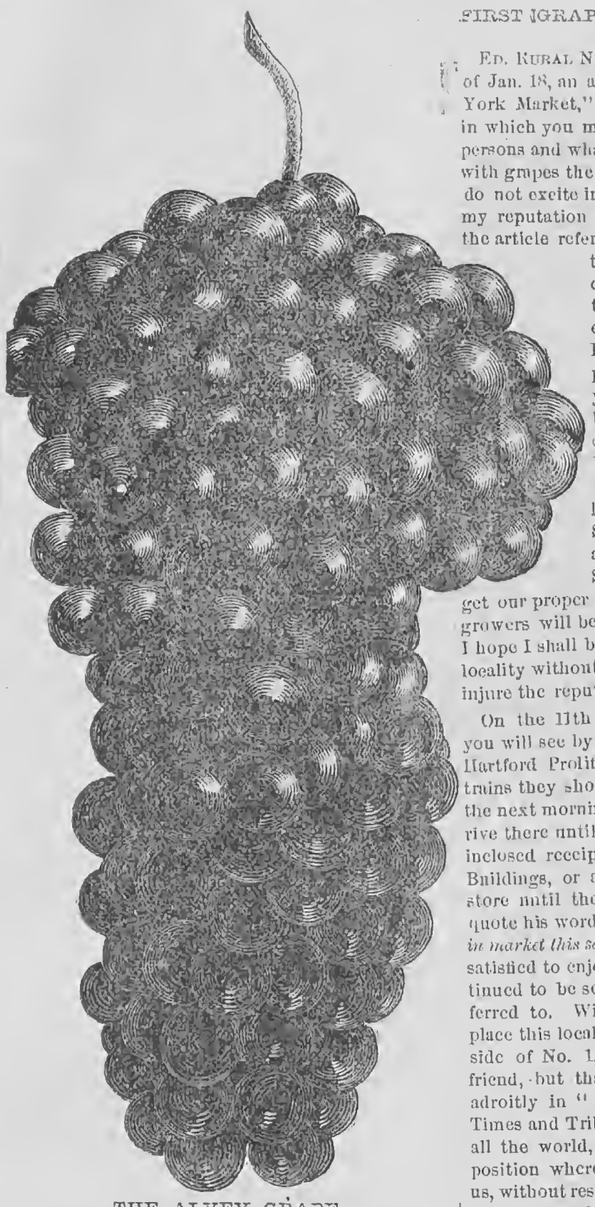
A pear weighing three pounds is reported to have grown on a yearling tree in Placer county.

A strawberry patch of one hundred and thirty acres is reported in Alameda county.

It is claimed that California has this year produced thirty-four million gallons of wine.

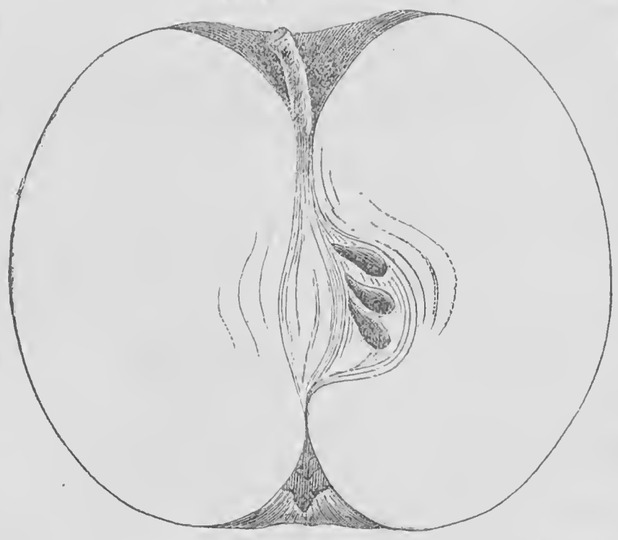
J. Landsberger, of San Francisco, manufactures monthly two hundred dozen champagne, from California wines. He has on hand twenty-five thousand bottles of it, in different stages of ripening.

The French journal L'Invention, in speaking of the California wines at the Exhibition, says: "We believe this manufacture is destined at no distant day to compete successfully with us in the markets of the New World."



THE ALVEY GRAPE.

During the past season we have noticed this grape in different localities, and it seems to be generally successful and growing in favor. It ripened well in this city on the grounds of Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry; at Hammondsport it was as early, at least, as the Isabella, and at Pittsburg it matured with the Concord. It is a free grower, the foliage dark-green and healthy; the bunches of good size and well formed; the berries are rather below medium size, round, black, with thin skin, no pulp, few seeds and a delicious, sprightly juice. It is said to be too tender to bear transportation as a market grape, but for making a delicate light wine it holds out great promise. At Hammondsport last fall, its must marked 85½ deg.—90 deg. on the scale. As a table grape for home use it would be a favorite, and we are inclined to think that when known in market it will be found an easy matter enough to transport it in good condition. It is not one of the hardiest grapes, and, unless sheltered, might prove unsatisfactory on the Northern limits of grape culture. It is of Southern origin, and in the South and Southwest it will doubtless find the most congenial surroundings. It is not liable to overbear, but is sometimes deficient in amount of fruit.



STRIPED PEARMAIN.

Synonyms—Large Striped Pearmain; Snorter.

In 1847 I first became acquainted with the Striped Pearmain under its adjective prefix of *large*. My first specimens were from Jas. Allen of Kentucky, now deceased, and were received in the month of March. They well merited the prefix of large, being full one-half larger than the outline, which I here give. The variety I think, was, at that time, little known out of Kentucky, but now it is frequently found in Southern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and while the outline which I give is the true type of the variety, yet it is frequently found much more flattened. The tree, so far as I can learn, is hardy, and a vigorous, thrifty grower, very productive, and, as it keeps and carries well, is a valuable variety for commercial orchards, and in quality sufficiently good to place it favorably on the table as a dessert sort.

Description.—Fruit—Size, medium to large, occasionally extra large; form, globular, slightly flattened; color, a yellow ground, mostly overspread, striped and blended with two shades of red, numerous gray dots that give the apple appearance almost of a gray bloom. Occasionally the dots have a russetted character; stem, medium or short, slender; cavity, open, deep, in some specimens slightly wavy; calyx small, closed; basin, medium to shallow; flesh, yellow, tender, juicy, sub-acid; quality, "very good;" core, regular, large, open; seeds, large, abundant, dark, rich brown, irregular in form; season, December to March. F. R. Elliott.

Selection of Pears.—The Cambridge (Mass.) Horticultural Society recommends the following as the best varieties of pears for family use in that locality: Bartlett, Louise Bon, Seckel, Sheldon, Duchess D'Angouleme, Beurre D'Anjou, Lawrence, Hovey, Le Cure, Rostiezer, and Doyenne D'Ete. Of these, according to Mr. Quinn, of New Jersey, who speaks from an experience of seventeen years, only five have been profitable in the latter State, and his highest success has been with the Duchess and the Bartlett.

FIRST GRAPES IN THE N.Y. MARKET.

Ed. Rural New-Yorker:—I notice in your issue of Jan. 18, an article entitled "Grapes in the New York Market," which purports to be editorial, and in which you manifest a *limited* knowledge of what persons and what localities first supplied New York with grapes the past season. Now, my dear sir, you do not excite in me any jealousy, nor do I feel that my reputation as a grape grower will be injured if the article referred to should pass unnoticed. Still there is a rivalry between *certain* communities as to which shall take the first premium for maturing the earliest fruit, and such being the case I cannot remain silent when you place our locality at the tail end of your list of premiums. You give E. H. Bancroft of Camden, Del., the credit for delivering grapes in New York on the 12th of Sept., Mr. Rosnekranse of Hammondsport, for delivering grapes in New York the 14th Sept., and our locality you place third and last as delivering on the 21st of Sept.; and the only way for us to get our proper place in the rank and file of grape growers will be to commence writing for the *papers*. I hope I shall be able to vindicate the claims of our locality without displaying any egotism or wish to injure the reputation of any one.

On the 11th of Sept. I shipped by Express (as you will see by the receipt inclosed,) three crates of Hartford Prolific Grapes, and by the due course of trains they should have been received in New York the next morning at 10 A. M.,—but they did not arrive there until the 13th, as you will also see by the inclosed receipt of J. C. Davis & Co., No. 5 Eric Buildings, or at least they did not arrive at their store until the 13th, and Mr. Davis wrote me (to quote his words)—"*Your grapes are fine and the first in market this season,*" which compliment I felt quite satisfied to enjoy all to myself, and should have continued to be self-satisfied, except for the article referred to. Will it be asking too much for you to place this locality up in the credit list, right by the side of No. 1,—not that we rival our Delaware friend, but that our *nearer neighbors*, who have so adroitly in "New York Correspondence" in the Times and Tribune placed us fourthly and fifthly to all the world, may know that we have claims to a position where we had expected the facts to place us, without resorting to newspaper correspondence?

And as to the quality of "Seneca Lake Grapes," we would refer you to the official Report of the Hammondsport Horticultural Fair. H.

Watkins, N. Y.

Remarks.—The article alluded to as editorial, entitled "Grapes in the N. Y. Market," was written by our New York Correspondent "Now and Then," whose signature was inadvertently omitted.—Ed.

FRUIT GROWING IN IOWA.

Eastern people seem to entertain the idea that raising fine fruit is an impossibility at the West. We confess to having been somewhat skeptical on this point ourself, but nearly a year's residence in this State leads us to emphatically deny this oft repeated assertion. Apples, pears and grapes can be grown here in perfection. The most favored fruit growing localities of the old Empire State could not show finer specimens of the above fruits than were exhibited last fall in Iowa City. For the benefit of Eastern readers we will condense from the report published in the Republican of this city. The following gentlemen were a few of the exhibitors:

Jas. Barker, 21 varieties of apples, 11 of pears, and 6 of grapes; Henry Strohm, 36 varieties of apples, 8 of pears, and 11 of grapes; Dr. Kimball, 55 of apples (35 not shown,) 27 of pears (grew over 50,) and 12 of grapes; L. Kauffman, 40 of apples, 17 of pears, and 11 of grapes. Many others made a very fair show; but the few names given above indicate what can be done, when fruit growing is made a specialty. The report further tells us that several Eastern men who were present acknowledged that "the fruit growing East could not show as fair, fine fruit as was here presented." But it is unnecessary to add more on this point. The report will stand for itself, without comment.

Iowa as a State is eminently adapted for fruit growing. There are, of course, some locations more favorable than others; but with proper care and attention good fruit can be grown in any locality within the borders of the State. But what is the attention commonly paid to this subject? A few trees are purchased—oftentimes of an irresponsible agent—and carelessly set out. The place chosen may be an unbroken prairie sod, a low, wet piece, or odd corner, just as it happens. No further thought or care is bestowed upon them. All manner of four-footed animals have perfect range among them; hence, an ineffectual struggle for life, and in the place of thrifty, vigorous trees, we see only leafless and unsightly stumps.

Can we expect profitable returns from an orchard without bestowing upon it some care and attention? And yet we do, and charge climate and soil with that which is only the result of *our own negligence*. That field of corn which yielded so abundantly, had the best of culture,—that large crop of wheat and oats, just over the fence from where your neighbor had such a poor one, was due, under God, to your own skillful management,—while the premiums at the last State Fair, for the best sheep and cattle, were attributable to the same cause.

Fruit raising is a subject which demands attention—not only *this*, but *action*. Meeting an acquaintance recently, we asked him if he had purchased a farm. "Yes, and given a nurseryman an order for two hundred and fifty apple trees and one hundred grape vines, to be furnished as soon as I can prepare the ground for them." Here was a start in the right direction, and we need have no fears of his success. Buy fruit trees of *home* nurserymen, or other reliable men, and such kinds as are best adapted to our State. Set them out in the *very best place* your farm affords—give them *good culture* afterwards—and then if *failure* is the result, you may have some reason to say "this is no fruit country." E.

Iowa City, 1868.

Three Hundred and Fifty Varieties of Pears.—At a meeting of the Pomological Congress in France September 19, 1867, one exhibitor had upon the tables three hundred and fifty varieties, or, rather, dishes, of pears—some fifteen or more of them being pronounced synonyms of others.

MAGNIFICENT GIFT.

Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, well known for his liberality and disposition to advance the culture of fruit and flowers, has recently given to the Massachusetts Agricultural College more than one thousand green-house plants for position in their new glass houses at Amherst. Embraced in the collection are the rare and beautiful New Seedling Camellias, which have been grown with care, and on account of their great beauty, named in remembrance of members of Col. Wilder's family. Of this collection, one named after his present estimable wife, Julia, is certainly one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful varieties of this magnificent flower. In form it is a regular symmetrical, imbricated, a rosy flesh color, say two shades darker than Lady Hume, each petal tipped with a lighter shade and striped with Lake. Beside these Seedlings, the collection embraces a large number of the best known varieties of Camellias, together with lilies and peonies of his own productions from hybridization. The gift is a noble one and worthy the donor, and by it in all probability these rare varieties will be continued in existence, and gradually become among us as household gods, and as mementos of one of the noblest men and most liberal and intelligent horticulturists which the world has ever known. F. R. Elliott.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Parker Earle, South Pass, Ill., writes to the Gardeners' Monthly, that his attention has been called to a new seedling peach produced last year, for the first time, on the farm of H. C. Freeman, of that place. It is described as ripening after all other good peaches are gone, showing a season four or five weeks later than the Smock, and about ten weeks after the Heath Cling. Its appearance is much like a Smock, from which it is probably a seedling, but it is better in quality, ank fully equals the Early Crawford. The tree is a strong grower, and free bearer. Fruit large, round, yellow, with red cheeks; flesh red next the stone, free, and of Crawford flavor.

Twelve Good Roses.—The following list combines colors, vigor of growth, etc., that can but please almost any rose fancier:—General Jacqueminot, scarlet crimson; Baron Prevost, rose; Madame Louise Carique, rosy crimson; Gloire de Dijon, orange yellow; Sir J. Paxton, cherry crimson; Celine Forestier, yellow; Jules Margottin, bright crimson; Anna Alexeiff, rose; Duc de Cazes, dark crimson; Duchesse de Medina Cœli, rich purplish crimson; William Griffith, salmon rose, and Maurice Bernardin, vermillion. The following are reported among the best of hardy white perpetuals: Madame Rivers, Madame Alfred de Rougemont, Madame Vidot, Baronne de Maynard, and Madame Freeman.

Fruit Growing in Washington County, Texas.—From letters of a fruit grower in Washington Co., Texas, we learn that the disposition to plant largely of all varieties of fruits, but especially of grapes and peaches, has already become a feature among the people. He writes that "peaches are a sure crop—no disease; that strawberries do well, giving fruit four to five months in the year. In his (Washington) county alone there will this year be planted over 20,000 grape vines, and in speaking of varieties he says Delaware, Ives' Seedling, Rogers' Hybrids, and many more so far, promise well, but are too new for any permanent decision."

Main Seedling Grape.—The editor of the American Journal of Horticulture cautions against purchasing a variety now being trumpeted about the country as the "Main Seedling," which is nothing but the Concord.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Excessive Moisture and the Grape Crop.—All experience shows that excessive moisture is fatal to success in growing grapes. Although we cannot guard against a wet season, we can by skillful operations overcome some of its evil effects. Side hills and surface drains will throw off much of the superabundant moisture. Deep and frequent culture place the soil in a state to absorb much moisture, and keep the roots of the plant continually wet; therefore a compact, unstirred soil is more favorable to the grape in a wet season than one deep, well-cultivated.

Wisconsin Horticultural Society—Winter Meeting.—This Society will hold its annual winter meeting at the Capitol Feb. 4—6, commencing Tuesday evening. All interested in Horticulture and its kindred science will meet a cordial welcome—especially delegations from county societies. Fruits, Flowers, Plants, Wines, Seeds, Scions and Evergreens are solicited for examination and distribution among members. Address Prof. P. A. Chadbourne of the Agricultural College upon topics interesting to Horticulturists of the Northwest.

Missouri State Hort. Society.—This Society recently elected the following officers for 1868: *President*—Chas. Peabody. *Vice Pres'ts*—1st Dist. J. M. Jordon; 2d, Thos. Walker; 3d, Alvah Culver; 4th, Felix F. Fine; 5th, Jas. L. Miner; 6th, Elbridge Burden; 7th, H. M. Votia; 8th, J. N. Seaton; 9th, William Stark. *Cor. Sec'y*—R. S. Elliot, Kirkwood. *Rec. Sec'y*—Wm. Muir, Fox Creek. *Treas.*—John H. Tice, St. Louis. The next session of this Society is to be held at Columbus, Mo.

The Main Grape.—Ripe fruit of this variety was exhibited in Providence on the 3d of September, three weeks before Concords were ripe in Boston. Yet some consider the Main identical with the Concord.

The Salem Grape.—The stock of the Salem vine and propagating establishment has been removed from Amenia to Salem-on-Erie, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. See advertisement in the Rural for prices, &c.

Iowa State Hort. Society.—*Pres't*—J. B. Grinnell, Poweshiek Co. *Vice Pres't*—James Mathews, Marion Co. *Sec'y*—D. W. Adams, Alamakee Co. *Treas.*—David Leonard, Des Moines Co.

Agriculturist Strawberry.—This variety has done poorly during the past year. It is not a favorite for market or table.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

The Prairie Farmer Annual, containing matter pertaining to fruit growing and farming, and a valuable Agricultural and Horticultural Directory. Published at 164 Clark street, Chicago.

The American Horticultural Annual: an illustrated year-book of Horticultural progress, containing 160 pages. Published by Orange Judd & Co., N. Y.

American Agricultural Annual; devoted to Agricultural affairs, exhibiting recent progress in theory and practice. Illustrated; of the same type as the preceding, and published by the same firm.

Whitlock's Horticultural Advertiser: a pamphlet of 170 odd pages issued quarterly from the office "All Nurseries in One," 37 Park Row, New York.

J. M. Thoburn & Co's Annual Descriptive Catalogue of Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds. Write to 15 John Street, New York.

George S. Haskell & Co., Annual Catalogue of Seeds, Green House and Bedding Plants, Flowering Bulbs, etc. For sale at Rockford, Ill.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

Cooking Tripe.—1st, Make an egg batter same as for pan-cakes, only a little thinner; take some pickled tripe, cut it in pieces four or five inches square; lay it in the batter while you are preparing the spider or griddle with butter or pork fat; when sufficiently hot, drop the pieces of tripe in; cook brown on both sides; season according to taste while cooking; when nicely browned it is done. Serve up hot. 2d, Take pickled or fresh tripe, roll in Indian meal; prepare the griddle or spider the same as No. 1; brown it nicely on both sides; season to taste, and serve it up the same as above. 3d, *Broiled Tripe.*—Broil the same as you would beefsteak; season with butter, pepper, salt, &c. You can use either fresh or pickled tripe for this. 4th, Take fresh tripe, place it in an earthen jar, and pour over it new sour buttermilk; cover it up; let it stand twenty-four hours; take it out and cook either in batter or Indian meal, or some prefer it fried without either, with the exception of a little butter, seasoning nicely.—*Utica Herald.*

To Cook a Fresh Codfish.—A cod is a very nice fish when it is fresh. When it comes from market if the weather is cold, after it is cleaned put into it two handfuls of fine suet and hang it up till next day. When the time comes to cook it, plunge it into a kettle of boiling water for ten minutes, and then draw the kettle back and let it cook gently for twenty or twenty-five minutes. If the fish weighs nine or ten pounds, a piece of alum the size of a hickorynut should be put into the water.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Delicious Soft Gingerbread.—Take 1 cup of molasses, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 3 cups of flour, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, and the same of allspice and cinnamon, a wineglass of brandy, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk, to be added the last thing before baking. Mix the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the molasses, eggs, flour and spices, lastly the milk.

To Cook and Dress Salt Cod.—Wrap the fish for thirty-six hours in a a damp cloth; it should be very wet; simmer slowly for four or five hours; when served have ready plenty of mashed potatoes and egg sauce; when the people at the table are preparing their fish, they should mince it very fine and mix it with the potatoes and egg sauce.

Cracks in Stoves.—When a crack is discovered in a stove, through which the fire or smoke penetrates, the aperture may be effectually and readily closed with a composition consisting of wood ashes and common salt, made into a paste with water. Plaster this over the crack.

French Jumbles.—One pound and a half of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, three eggs; dissolve one teaspoonful of soda in one-half cup of milk; add this, also one nutmeg, and roll out the dough, and cut into small cakes of any shape, and bake them in a quick oven.

Corn Bread.—Take two quarts of Indian meal; a pint of thin bread sponge, and water sufficient to wet it up. Mix in a half a pint of wheat flour and a spoonful of salt. Let it rise, and then knead again and bake one and a half hours.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Improvement of Stock.

The American Stock Journal says:—"The Durham cattle are the outgrowth of native stock not in any way superior to the native cattle in this country. But the Durham has been cared for. He has been *educated*. His 'points' have been brought out; and he stands before you an 'emperor' or a 'duke,' often as worthy his rank as the more aspiring human biped."

Norway Oats.

H. C. Pease, Hartford, Vt., writes the N. H. Mirror & Farmer concerning his experience with the Norway oats. He procured thirteen quarts of the seed and sowed broadcast upon one-half acre of common corn ground. Owing to the wetness of the spring some of the seed failed to germinate,—but what did grow thickened up rapidly during the summer, and when harvested measured 42 bushels of clean oats, weighing 38 pounds to the bushel.

Farmers from England.

The Cairo (Ill.) Democrat states that a Farmers' Club in England has purchased large tracts of land in Illinois—especially in Alexander and Pulaski counties—which are to be divided into small farms and sold on favorable terms. It is conditional, in the sale, that improvements shall all at once be commenced on the lands after purchase. A new impetus to agriculture in the State is expected to result from this action of the Club in question.

Cattle Choked.

W. Austin, Moria, Franklin county, N. Y., tells the Farmers' Club how he manages cattle choked with potatoes while eating them. He pushes the lodged potato down with a swab. He has sometimes three or four cows choked at once. A man holds the cow, pulls her tongue outward, and the greased swab goes down her throat, and the potato also. Why not cut or cook the potatoes before feeding, and thus obviate the necessity of this swabbing business.

Manure—The Proper Stage for Use.

The Maine Farmer, in response to an inquiry as to whether manure in a green state is worth as much as old or that which has been kept over in a rotting state for some months, gives the preference to the latter. This seems the commonsense conclusion, and coincides with our experience in the use of manures in various stages of decomposition. It is important that when manure is kept over it should be so placed as to prevent loss by leaching or by exposure to the elements.

New Fertilizer in South Carolina.

According to the Charleston (S. C.) News a vast deposit of fertilizing material has been found on the banks of the Ashley river,—extending along the stream for many miles. The material consists of decomposed bones and other animal matter soldified to the consistency of soft stone. Samples have been tested, and found to contain from sixty to seventy-five per cent. of pure phosphate, more valuable than the Peruvian guano. Judging from the extent of this deposit it is supposed the value of it is over ten millions of dollars. A company has been organized for the manufacture of this article, and has commenced operations on a paid up capital ample for the development of this new source of wealth, from which great results are anticipated.

Ladies' Department.

MINNIE BELL.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

PRETTY little MINNIE BELL,
With your winsome ways,
Ever wooing by your cooing
Fondest mother-praise.
Ever getting, with your fretting
Through the baby-days,
Nearer, nearer still, and dearer
To the mother-heart,
Winning blessings and caressings,—
What a joy thou art!

Charming little MINNIE BELL,
With your laughing eyes
Brightly beaming, like the gleaming
Jewels in the skies,
In whose keeping, sweetly sleeping
Soul of woman lies;
Who is walking near you, talking
Wondrous pleasant things,
And beguiling you to smiling
By the song he sings?

Saintly little MINNIE BELL!
Are there pictures fair
In your vision, sights elysian
We can never share?
Faces fairer, beauty rarer
Than do mortals wear?
Are you thinking—nodding, winking—
Fancies droll and quaint?
Are you etching pictures, sketching
What no artists paint?

Dainty little MINNIE BELL,
Standing on the shore
Of your being, little seeing
That which lies before,
Nothing caring for the faring
Which is thine in store;
Pretty rover, looking over
Childhood's silver sea,
Full of sweetness, joy's completeness,
All your dreams must be!

Darling little MINNIE BELL,
Heaven guide your feet
Where adown the years to crown thee
Girl and woman meet,
Ever giving to your living
Happiness complete.—
Keep and guide you, what betide you,
Wherese'er you stray,
Till the Giver o'er the River
Gently leads the way,
And you wander over yonder
In the Perfect Day!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

THE object of "trimming" is, evidently, to add something to the grace, richness, or beauty of a garment. A perfect trimming should combine all these requirements; and the garniture of dress is more or less perfect as it fulfills, or fails to fulfill, these conditions. The beauty and elegance of a dress may be totally spoiled in effect by the use of too cheap, too abundant, or too glaring ribbons or lace. If the trimming of a garment is noticeable, to the exclusion of the form, material and color, be sure it is wrong. There is an elegance of simplicity and an elegance of richness, and when one has not the taste or means to obtain the latter, she may certainly attain the former.

A velvet or ribbon of lighter shade, but the same color as the dress, is always tasteful; a girdle or belt is always becoming; black lace is elegance itself upon black, brown, gray or maroon. The most glaring faults of modern garniture of dress are seen in the abundance of ornament and glare of contrasting colors; they *strike* one, and all the rest of the dress is overlooked,—the pain of the blow only is remembered.

If a young girl arranges her hair nicely, and places a rose among her silky curls, or a dark-haired maiden weaves a white lily among her raven tresses, she adds a new beauty to her loveliness, and the eye turns and returns from the face to the flower, and finds a new charm has been added; but if she place the same blooming flower in tangled, disarranged hair, the effect is either painful or ludicrous. So, the adornments of dress,—the collar, pin, ribbons and hair ornaments,—must all be so arranged upon the dress, and fitted to each other, as that each adds to the beauty and perfectness of the whole. Then, and then only, are the trimmings in pure, true taste.

A lady's general characteristics may almost invariably be determined from her ornaments. Profuse and costly ribbons, lace and jewels, show extravagance of expenditure, love of admiration, and a tendency to prefer the glitter and tinsel of wealth to real worth and mental improvement. Sham jewels, and imitation laces, prove lack of money to support fine style, but a determination to make a show,—vanity, ignorance, pretence, untruth,—and a deficiency in all those beautiful and excellent traits which belong to true womanhood.

AMILIE PETTIT.

MARRIAGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ACCORDING to a report of the Registrar-General of Great Britain of the women above the age of twenty in England and Wales, between 300,000 and 400,000 *must* remain single, on account of the actual excess of females over males. The number who *are* single is 1,537,000,—nearly all between twenty and forty years of age. Fifty-eight per cent. of English women are married, three per cent. are widows, and thirty-nine per cent. are spinsters—two out of every five. These and other facts are wrought up by a writer in the North British Review, to show a sad state of things among the young; increase of luxury and self-indulgence among the men, and of extravagance among the women; and he predicts grave consequences—failing health and temper, idle lives, morbid extravagance in pleasure-seeking, deterioration of manners and social morals, and other evils significant of decay in a community.

THE ALPHABET OF REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.—(*By an elderly bachelor.*)—A wife should be amiable, artless, affectionate, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, industrious, just, kind, liberal, lively, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, quiet, righteous, social, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, upright, virtuous, well-formed, young and zealous.

OUR homes are like instruments of music. The strings that give melody or discord are the members. If each is rightly attuned they will all vibrate in harmony; but a single discordant string jars through the instrument and destroys its sweetness.

THE MOTHER'S KISS.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

IT is said that there was a good deal of disappointment in the galleries of Congress, the other day, upon the appearance of the Lady Amberly, (wife of the son of Lord Russell,) because she did not wear a hundred thousand dollar dress, according to current report, but was dressed in a quiet drab with a black velvet hat. Perhaps her ladyship was not unwilling to administer a much needed rebuke to the extravagance of the women—some of them—of Democratic America.

THE Paris skating club wants its patronesses to appear in uniform costume, and suggests the following:—"The dress, paletôt and knickerbockers are to be of dark velvet trimmed with sable, the toque to match. Chinchilla fur, if the costume be of black velvet, grebe if it be of crimson velvet, and sable if of Metternich green, whatever that shade may be. Madame Ratazzi, wife of the ex-minister of Italy, better known in Paris as Princess de Solm, is to appear as Queen of the Ice in a Polish costume of black velvet, lined with violet satin and trimmed with chinchilla, a costume which she purchased for 2,000 francs at the Universal Exposition."

A LADY, who we suspect has been troubled by calls from young gentlemen having a habit of staying late, and who very sensibly believes in keeping early hours, writes a most pertinent letter to them upon the subject, and closes by saying:—"Do not get angry, but the next time you come, be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the shining hours, but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux, as though he never was young—and a mild reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must disapprove outwardly to keep up appearances."

THE Washington newspaper correspondents had a pleasant time together not many evenings ago,—a good supper, speeches, toasts, &c.—and among the toasts offered was "Woman." The humorous MARK TWAIN responded to this, and among other felicitous remarks were these:—"I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors; as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a nurse she has no equal among men! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. But, jesting aside, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordially, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored, the very best one of them all—his own mother!"

ALTHOUGH our lady travelers are much laughed at because of a manifest propensity to carry large amounts of baggage, some of them are able to take care of their own baggage, be it much or little, and are not afraid to journey unattended. We find the proof of this in a Berlin paper, which says:—"There is now a party of seven young American ladies in this city who are traveling in Europe for pleasure. They belong to some of the first families in the Northern States, one of them being the daughter of a Governor, and are enormously rich, and come with letters of introduction to Mr. BANCROFT, the U. S. Minister, who has extended to them his fullest protection. On the evening of their arrival from Hamburg they sent for the head waiter of the hotel, who of course speaks English, and requested him to accompany them to a concert. The knight of the knife and fork, a very handsome man, easily obtained leave of absence for the evening, and dressed in the most elegant toilette he could procure, gladly accompanied the young ladies to the concert, where they, despite his strenuous opposition, paid both for their own tickets and his. They think of spending a month here to see the sights, but the matter is much talked about and cannot be quite reconciled with European ideas of propriety." We think we should like to be an *attache* of the U. S. Legation at Berlin while the young ladies tarry there!

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DRIFTING.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

SOFTLY, peacefully, out in the night,
The silver stars are winging their flight;
Beyond the clouds, in the pale night-sky,
They are solemnly chanting their melody.
Wildly, wildly over the earth,
Asleep in its dreamless and dreary dearth,
Quivers the gale, and the winds that blow
Are drifting the pure white waves of snow.

Wildly they're sweeping adown the hill,
And thro' the streets of a city still:
Above the quiet and peaceful homes,
Where hum of the busy world never comes.
Where all the bright summer the breezes laughed,
A spirit-sculptor now chisels a shaft,
And o'er golden head, and locks all white,
The winds are drifting the snow to-night.

Swiftly away o'er the surging deep,
Above bright shells that in twilight sleep,
Where the ocean-murmur rises and falls
O'er the azure roofs of coralline halls,
A white-robed ship is drifting far
Away in the track of a mirrored star:
Beneath the sky, and beneath the cloud,
The winds fold 'round it a billowy shroud.

Over the tide of the sea of life,
'Mid clouds and darkness, 'mid storm and strife,
Past fairy islands of blooming flowers,
Where music is ringing in pleasant bowers,
A spirit-barque is drifting now,
And the angel of Time sits on its prow,
While the years are falling forevermore,
As the barque drifts on to the unknown shore.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE'S MUSIC.

HAVE you ever lent a passing thought to the many beauties of Earth, made more enchanting by the joyous, soothing music of Nature? Truly "the earth is bursting with unwritten poems and unuttered songs." Yes, there is music in life, music in the balmy breezes of spring, in the hoarse thunders of summer,—tender, mournful music in the sighing gales of autumn and the snowy silence of winter. Joy and happiness are everywhere smiling upon you, whether you realize it or not; either the sunshine is blessing you with its long, golden fingers, or the showers are washing the unrest from your heart with their bright, pearly drops. When you are joyous all the air is laden with music, mild and passionate, or tender and low, wooing you to listen until your brain becomes giddy and intoxicated. If you are in sorrow there is always a silver lining to the cloud, and above the turbulent roar of the waters, if you will but listen, you may hear the music of a sweet voice saying, "He doeth all things well."

The murderer in his cell at midnight hears the musical echoes of a mother's voice, as he so often heard it in the long ago, teaching her little one the words of life. He turns his weary, aching eyes to the twinkling stars that nod and beckon to him from his gloomy, grated window,—the same stars that in childhood he loved so well, and watched for so anxiously in the long, gray twilight hours; but they have forsaken him now; they no longer commune with him, giving the silence of night a voice sweeter than the morning's, soothing his fancied sorrows and sharing his childish happiness; no more they remind him of the Babe, at whose birth the angels sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Their cold, silent, glimmering faces only bring to him the mournful echoes of the reproachful music that the glaring sun of midday has sung to him ever since he committed the fearful error; and the hallowed memory and midnight silence sings to the music the hollow, mocking story of what might have been.

There was joyful music in the angel voices that proclaimed to the Bethlehem shepherds that another beauty was added to life, that man had something more infinitely good and great to live for, and, if needs be, to die for. 'Twas a new star set in the heavens for others than the Wise Men to follow,—a greater reason why man should strive for Heaven, and another cause to give praise to the Father. The music has not died away with the passing years; it still arrests the thoughtless, soothes the penitent, guides the living, and comforts the dying. When the cold waves of Jordan's waters roll over their shrinking, trembling feet, it brings to them the music of a Father's voice, welcoming them home to the great Hereafter. MILDRED THORNE.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

THE art of not hearing is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many of which if heard will disturb the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks may do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth your while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they slam the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or vulgar remark.

A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.—*Selected.*

IN OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE old Westminster Hall—the scene of the great State trials—though vacant and wanting in the embellishment which overloads many of the other rooms, was to us the most interesting part of Westminster palace, and as we stood on the broad staircase it became thronged to the imagination with the thrilling histories which have been enacted here. As in the British museum, the bust of Julius Cæsar impressed me most of all that I saw there, so the face of William Pitt, as he stands the admitted chief among the greatest score of England's publicists whose marble statues line either side of the entrance hall that leads from old Westminster, impressed me more than any other object, whether connected with the past or present. The presence of the "great commoner" seemed to pervade all places. How all the titles which birth or sovereignty can confer become insignificant in comparison with the great name with which the nation crowned the great statesman and orator. A peerage for such a man would have been only like a gothic spire for Mont Blanc—insignificant and unnoticed.

The two great frescoes in the great hall between the Houses of Commons and of Peers—one of the death of Nelson, and the other of the meeting between Wellington and Blucher, after the battle of Waterloo,—are very grand. They are immense in dimensions, and very effective. Ah, pale lips of dying Nelson! I heard them faintly murmuring, "Kiss me, Hardy." There is a stern and awful majesty of gratitude and joy on the faces of Wellington and Blucher, as they press each other's hands in the moment of desperate and reeking victory, that is deeper than exultation; and the same characteristic is spread over the battle-blackened visages of the soldiers, as they press forward to this memorable meeting of military notabilities.—*London Cor. Watchman & Reflector.*

SANDWICHES.

A MONSTROUS fiction—Liebig.

THE diet of worms—the grave.

AN animated mineral—Dr. Living-stone.

A QUAKER meeting—the meeting of friends.

THE animal kingdom—a lion that can't roar.

WHAT can you name without breaking it? Silence.

WHEN is silence likely to get wet? When it reigns.

WHEN is a house like a bird? When it has a wing.

RARE mineral-water—a diamond of the first water.

THREE things to be contended for—honor, country and friends.

FOR our present receivings we shall be brought to future reckonings.

THE reason we admire pretty feet—because all's well that ends well.

A MAN'S life is too long when he outlives his character and his health.

SPEECH is silver but silence gold. Hence the expression, hush-money.

MEN, like books, have at each end a blank leaf—childhood and old age.

WHY are Odd Fellows like sausages? Because they are linked together.

CARPENTERS should be looked after—many of them are counter-fitters.

CHILDREN have dolls and men have i-dols, and the "I" is generally the doll.

WE hear a great deal of the body of an argument; but its spirit is vastly preferable.

TWENTY-FOUR grains make one penneyweight. One dram makes fifteen pennies go.

CHILDHOOD—The finger of God upon our brow, gradually removed by the hand of time.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

MEMORY is not so brilliant as hope, but is almost as beautiful, and a thousand times as true.

GOD hath given to mankind a common library—His works; and to every man a book—himself.

THERE were not righteous people enough in Sodom to save it, but there was a pretty good Lot.

OPEN your heart to sympathy, but close it to despondency. The flower which opens to receive the dew shuts against the rain.

ENJOY the blessings of this day if God sends them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"LORD, IS IT I?"

ST. MARK, 14: 19.

AROUND their LORD the Apostles stood;
With grief their sad hearts overflowed
That their beloved LORD should say—
"Soon one of you shall me betray."
Pressing to HIM, with fearful eye,
They questioned each, "LORD, is it I?"
Unknowing that their hearts He read,
And unbelieving that the deed
Were possible, to those who loved
Their LORD, and their affection proved
By leaving all the world behind,
Eternal life through HIM to find;
Unknowing what the tempter's power
Would be, when came their trial-hour.

So we, with sorrowing voice, would say
In this, the later gospel day.—
"LORD, is it I, who now by sin
Betray my risen CHRIST again?
LORD, is it I, strive as I may,
Who grieves the Holy One away?"
Trusting in our own strength we fall,
But Thou, dear LORD, canst give us all
The help we need. O make us strong
When dire temptations round us throng;
O keep us safely by Thy love,
As thro' life's stormy scenes we move.

Elkhorn, Wis., Jan., 1868. B. C. D.

PATIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

II. PETER 1: 5-7.

PATIENCE—a meek endurance of the wrong doings and weaknesses of others—is an essential trait in symmetry of character. This gentle and lovely grace is impressively commended to our cultivation by the words and example of the Saviour. "Come unto me, for I am meek," is his winning call. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and when expiring upon the cross for us, that wondrous prayer, "Father, forgive them," shows how He, the perfect One, could bear with the wrongs of men. This meek endurance of outrage is difficult of attainment by even the most advanced Christian; for the more perfect he is, the more acute is his perception of sin in others as well as in himself, and the more active his sense of disapprobation. Yet when patience has its "perfect work," he must meekly endure the glaring defects, gross inconsistencies, and even the flagrant sins of those around him. He may reprove the sin, but must regard compassionately the sinning one.

Such is the patience required in the canon. But is there not danger here that, while the Christian regards so tolerantly the sinner, he may forget the heinousness of the sin? While preserving his soul in equanimity amidst the thousand follies and foibles of professing Christians, may he not find his own heart grow less sensitive to wrong, his spiritual perceptions lose their vivacity, and his judgments conform too closely to the standard of the world? Unless we greatly misjudge, many of the most meek and in other respects faultless Christians allow their patience towards their erring brethren to degenerate into a toleration of their errors. In their gentleness they excuse and palliate and apologize for the wandering brother, until they lose sight of the odiousness and sinfulness of his conduct. To prevent this excess of toleration, they need an additional grace which will keep them in close communion with the Spirit of Holiness, and lead them to regard sin as God does. To effect this, they must add to patience *godliness.—American Messenger.*

TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.—To be tempted is to be tried. Trial develops strength and matures principle. Christ forewarned His disciples of the trials they would be necessitated to bear, and called such ones blessed. The apostle James says, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." The blessedness is not in the endurance of trials, but in the final results thereby secured; "for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." Such things are inevitable. None are exempt. Christian, meet them, meet them calmly, believingly, submissively, heroically, Christ-like. Are the robes made white without the great tribulation? The blessed ones above, whose voices are ever uttering joy, gained the promised crown only by bearing the cross. No cross, no crown. No action, no reward. The one is a sure guarantee of the other. The battle fought, the faith kept, makes certain the reserved glory and immortality.

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.—A Western pastor having written a reply to some malignant newspaper attacks, sent it to a friend to be submitted to Dr. Wayland for his advice. The doctor read the article, considered it for a few moments, and said, in substance, "Tell brother —— to take no notice of the attacks. A man's *character* will take care of his *reputation*, and he need not fear the malicious attacks of his enemies. It is never well for a man publicly to vindicate himself from charges which the whole tenor of his life contradicts. Those who know the man do not need the vindication, and those who don't know him will not care enough about it to read what he may write." Our ministering friend said he had lived long enough to be more thankful than he could express for the advice then given.

POWER OF PRAYER.—Prayer is the key of heaven, and faith is the hand that turns it. We cry, Abba, Father. "We cry,"—there is the fervency. "Abba, Father,"—there is the faith. Fervency in prayer is as fire to the incense; it makes it ascend to heaven as a sweet perfume. To induce believers to pray in faith, let them remember the bountifulness of God; He often exceeds the prayers of His people. Hannah asked for a son; God gave her not only a son, but a prophet. Solomon asked wisdom; God gave him not only wisdom, but riches and honor beside. Jacob asked that God would give him food and raiment; but the Lord increased his riches to two hands.

THE WORD "BELIEVE."—"I am no scholar, sir," said an old man to me in a Hampshire workhouse; "I have taught myself the last fifteen years, and now I can read a good bit of the Bible; but I can't make out all the big words, you know, sir. Ah! sir, that word 'believe!' that is a great word with me—it is every thing to me; and as far as I can make out, there is no other way of getting to Jesus. He says, 'Come unto Me;' and, thank God, I am very happy in coming to Him, by believing that He died for me, and that 'He washed all my sins away.'"

WHEN a man lives with God his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson.*

HEAVEN rarely grants to the same man the gift of thinking well, speaking well and acting well at all times.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS ABOUT CHEMISTRY—No. I.

THE ELEMENTS — NON-METALLIC.

All matter, of whatever name or nature—solid, liquid, gaseous, animate or inanimate—is composed, as far as known, of sixty-three simple substances, called by Chemists, "elements," and the compounds formed of them either by nature or artificially. Of the whole number of elementary materials but *thirteen* are non-metallic, viz:—Oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, fluorine, chlorine, bromine, iodine, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, silicon and boron. The first four elements named enter more universally into animal and vegetable matter than any or all the others.

Elementary substances cannot be decomposed: that is, two or more distinct solids or fluids never can be obtained from any *one* thing which is an element. For instance, oxygen cannot be separated or divided so as to make two or more things from it, though susceptible of entering into thousands of forms or compounds with other matter. Wood, on the contrary, a compound, one of the ingredients of which is oxygen, when burned is partially reduced to the original elements, the matter of its organization passing off in vapor or gases, leaving a residuum of ashes which is a compound of several elements, and may be entirely decomposed, as also the vapor (water)—oxygen and hydrogen—mixed with other gases. Gold, an element, may be melted, dissolved or combined with other metals; it is still *gold*, and will remain so through all time, while *brass*, a compound, may be resolved into copper and zinc.

Oxygen is properly placed at the head of all the other simple substances. Though in itself incombustible, it is the great supporter of combustion, as well as of animal life. It is never found in a separate state, yet it pervades a large majority of everything among the compounds or elements, naturally, or may be made to do so by the skill of the man of science. When extracted from matter it is a colorless, tasteless and odorless gas, a little heavier than air; it is the almost universal generator of acids, and forms oxides of all the metals. Considerable more than one-half of the whole earth, solid and liquid, is oxygen, and one-fifth of the atmosphere.

Nitrogen, in its free state, is also a gas, and is sometimes found separated from other substances. It will not support combustion or animal life, though entering largely into the composition of most vegetables, while, in the animal kingdom, it is, next to oxygen, *the* great essential. Ammonia, the great fertilizer in animal manures, is composed of nitrogen and hydrogen. Nitrogen is lighter than common air, of which it constitutes four-fifths.

Hydrogen, a gas, is the lightest of all things in nature, being fourteen times less in weight than air, and of course the most buoyant substance for the inflation of air-balloons. It is very inflammable itself, though a burning body plunged into a vessel of it will be extinguished. The water in many springs (sulphur water) is highly charged with hydrogen and sulphur. It is regarded very detrimental to health to inhale uncombined hydrogen; at least, if not affecting the system as a poison, prostration or death may result from suffocation.

Carbon, when pure, is a solid, and the hardest of all material matter. The diamond has been proved to be pure carbon, is inflammable, and even fusible by the aid of electricity. Charcoal, lampblack and plumbago, (black lead, of which pencils are made,) are, after the diamond, the purest forms of this element. Black lead consists of ninety-five parts of carbon and five of iron; cast-iron and steel owe their hardness to its presence. Many compounds contain it combined with other elements, but it is never a free gas except when mixed with oxygen, forming carbonic-acid gas. Its peculiarities are varied and very curious.

Fluorine is a yellowish gas obtained from fluor-spar, and is the only element that will not unite with oxygen. Fluor-spar is composed of fluorine and calcium, the metallic base of lime. This gas will corrode glass. Etching on glass is performed by covering the surface with a thin coating of beeswax, making the drawings upon it (cutting through to the glass) and subjecting it to the gas; it has no effect on the wax, but instantly takes hold of the prominent ingredient of glass—silicon.

Chlorine is a yellowish-green gas, very pungent and suffocating, and is obtained from common salt, which is a compound of chlorine and sodium. It is a supporter of combustion, and has great bleaching and disinfecting qualities.

Bromine and iodine are obtained from the ashes of sea-weeds. The former is a fluid of a red color, and has a very disagreeable odor; the latter is obtained in scales, and is of a brownish color. Preparations of iodine are used in the arts and as a medicine. Bromine has great corrosive qualities, and is poisonous.

Sulphur, phosphorus and selenium are distinguished as fire-elements. Sulphur is obtained in great quantities around the mouths of volcanoes; many ores also contain it; likewise all animals and some vegetables. The flower of sulphur is prepared from the crude material by heating it to 600 degrees, when it is vaporized and then condensed. Phosphorus is obtained from the bones of animals and animal remains. It appears to be one of the great requisites of the animal kingdom. It fuses at 113 deg., and at 550 deg. becomes vapor. Selenium resembles sulphur, and is obtained sparingly from ores in Europe.

Silicon, also called silicium, is the base of sand, flint, quarts, rocks, &c.; the purest of the precious stones are made up largely of this element. Silex or silica is silicon and oxygen. Silex is found in plants, and especially in the straw of grain. The hard, outside covering of straw is the result of liquid silex being taken up by the roots. Silicon may be obtained by heating quartz to a high degree and then plunging it into cold water.

Boron is a greenish-brown powder. Oxygen and boron form boracic acid. Boracic acid and soda form borax, used by blacksmiths in welding iron—preventing a scale or oxide of iron forming while the operation is progressing.

Some more of the uses and peculiarities of the above elements, and also the metallic, we shall take occasion to "talk about" hereafter. L.

Incombustible Wood.—A French chemist has recently been experimenting to find an easy and cheap way of making wood incombustible. He reports chloride of lime to be the best agent for this. It is true that this will only protect the surface, but it will prevent the flames from spreading. Chloride of lime, or, more properly, chloride of calcium, is obtained on a large scale by decomposing bones with hydrochloric acid, which dissolves the calcareous parts without attacking the gelatine they contain. This neutral and liquid chloride contains 45 per cent. of anhydrous chloride. To this liquid an equal weight of slacked lime should be added, and it may then be applied to the woodwork to be preserved. The operation should be repeated twice with a common white-wash brush.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE NEED OF PURE AIR.

When the country was new, and wood plenty, houses were built with fire-places in them, where the great wood fire was built to warm the house and cook the food of its occupants; and the fire-place, though unconsciously to many, was the great ventilator, by day and by night. Since stoves have been used for cooking food and warming rooms, the fire-place has been thought unnecessary, and therefore seldom built. As other modes of ventilation have been very imperfect, people have suffered much from the impurity of the air they breathe. Those having fire-places, who did not understand their use as ventilators, have shut them up or removed them. But those who have them should let them remain, and open them by night, and when their rooms are not otherwise ventilated, that they may be supplied with one of the most needed elements of life and health. It is wiser and easier to prevent diseases than to cure them, even when they can be cured. When impure air is breathed, the blood is not sufficiently cleansed as it is brought through its air-cleansing process in the lungs; the strength is more or less impaired; and the individual becomes an easy prey to any prevailing disease.

The necessity of breathing pure air will be better understood by showing how soon people die when wholly deprived of it. One hundred and forty-six soldiers having been taken prisoners at Calcutta, were thrust into a room eighteen feet square, which had only two small windows, closely barred with iron, on the west side, being shut up on all other sides, so there was no circulation of fresh air through it. They soon fell into a profuse perspiration, with raging thirst and delirium, that terminated in death in a short time; so that when the doors were opened at six in the morning, or ten hours after they were placed therein, only twenty-three still breathed.

Another later instance of speedy death for want of air occurred on board of the steamer Londonderry, which left Liverpool for Sligo, December 2d, 1848, with two hundred passengers on board. A storm soon came on, and the captain, not knowing the necessity of pure air to sustain life, or the quantity required by each individual, ordered the passengers into the steerage cabin, a room eighteen feet long, eleven wide, and seven high; closed the hatches, and fastened a tarpaulin over the only entrance to the cabin. Thus they were compelled to breathe the same air over and over again, or break open the hatches, which they did after awhile, but not till seventy-two of the passengers were dead. The blood started from their nostrils, eyes and ears; their bodies were convulsed, and their sufferings very intense. Both these examples prove that the want of pure air was the immediate cause of death.

The breathing of impure air by fewer individuals in a room is less marked, and slower in its deleterious effects, so that those who do not understand those effects do not see the causes which produce them. Hence, costly dwellings, churches, stores, manufactories, shops, steamers and cars are built without any effectual mode of healthful ventilation, and those who occupy them gradually but surely decline in health and strength. These things ought not so to be. Life and health are too precious to be injured when it can be avoided. All people, in all places, either for a longer or shorter time, should if possible have a constant supply of pure air. Ventilation may be so planned as to preclude any inconvenience from the ingress of cold air. Individual and public health would be greatly improved and life prolonged if all people and animals had at all times sufficient pure air to support healthful respiration. But in families and societies this is now the exception rather than the general rule.

Hattie Hopeful.

EFFECTS OF ABSENCE OF SOUND.

Dr. H. Ralls Smith of Louisville, Ky., by certain investigations claims to have established the truth of the theory that animals living permanently in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are not only without a trace of the optic nerve, but are also destitute of the sense of hearing. At one time he penetrated about four miles into the interior of the cave, and some four hundred feet below the surface of the earth. The solitude and total absence of sound produced a very distressing and almost insupportable effect upon him, resulting in a very perceptible, although temporary, defection of hearing and aberration of mind. This explains the fact why persons lost in the cave for one, two or three days have always been found, when rescued, in a state of temporary insanity. The mind and special senses, deprived of their natural pabulum and stimulus, gradually become weakened, paralyzed, atrophied, and finally, as far as external manifestations are concerned, nearly if not quite extinct. This fact may afford some clue to the cause of cretinism in the Alpine valley.

PIONEER RECOLLECTIONS.

Alfred Churchill, Esq., residing in East Hubbardton, Vt., closes a business letter, of recent date, with some references to the Genesee country in an early day, of which he was then a resident. His father, Gen. Worthy L. Churchill, settled in the county of Genesee, four miles east of Batavia, in 1803. At this time he visited the falls of Genesee, where a saw-mill was in operation, owned by a Mr. Allen, who was possessed of the entire water power on the west side of the river. The family were all sick and tired of the place, and Allen offered Gen. Churchill the whole property for a one hundred dollar bill which he chanced to exhibit on the occasion. Between the years 1806 and 1808 Harry Marvin of West Bloomfield passed west with a square-rigged covered wagon, calling on the people to repair their roads, as a mail stage was about to commence running between Albany and Buffalo once a week. Our correspondent appropriately adds, "slightly changed since."

Climate of Abyssinia.—During the rainy season, marching and hunting are impracticable, the mud knee deep, fevers prevalent, the terrible seroot fly and vermin of all kinds in swarms, and some six unhealthy weeks of "a complete vapor bath" at its close, in September and October. During the dry season, on the other hand "every variety of herb and bush is more or less armed with lances, swords, daggers, bayonets, knives, spikes, needles, pins, fish-hooks, hay-forks, harpoons, and every abomination in the shape of points," so that one is thoroughly scarified until it becomes dry enough to fire the grass and make roads wholesale.

The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are engaged.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. CHESTER DEWEY.

Bend lightly, snowy blossoms,
Above the honored bier!
One who hath loved your beauty
Is calmly sleeping here;
The voice that never faltered—
The eye that grew not dim;
With tender hearts, and loving,
We come to bury him.

And with a deep thanksgiving
His finished work we view,
With naught to mar the record
So beautiful and true.
His life was in its winter,
As human seasons roll;
Yet snows of age chilled never
The spring-time of his soul!

The words of truth and wisdom
Fell sweetly from his tongue;
And thro' earth's weary changes
His heart was always young.
The winding paths of Science
With eager feet he trod;
Yet ever up from Nature
He looked to Nature's God!

We may not mourn the passing
Of life so pure and bright;
We know beyond death's shadows
He walks in cloudless light.
Higher than this world's honors,
Better than earth's renown,
To-day he wears in Heaven
A saint's immortal crown!

Rochester, Dec., 1867. Kate Cameron.

"C. D."

The simple-hearted man we loved,
Who through our streets such glory shed,
Whom all revered, whom all approved,
On this December morn lies dead.

In olden time a wail would run
Through grove and field for such a man,
And, echoing the dirge begun,
The hills would mourn a vanished Pan.

For he was wise in all the lore
Of field and wood, of rock and sky,
He knew the music of the shore,
The elemental harmony.

The birds that fill the summer hours
With chirp and song, to him were dear;
He knew the secret of the flowers,
The sweet succession of the year.

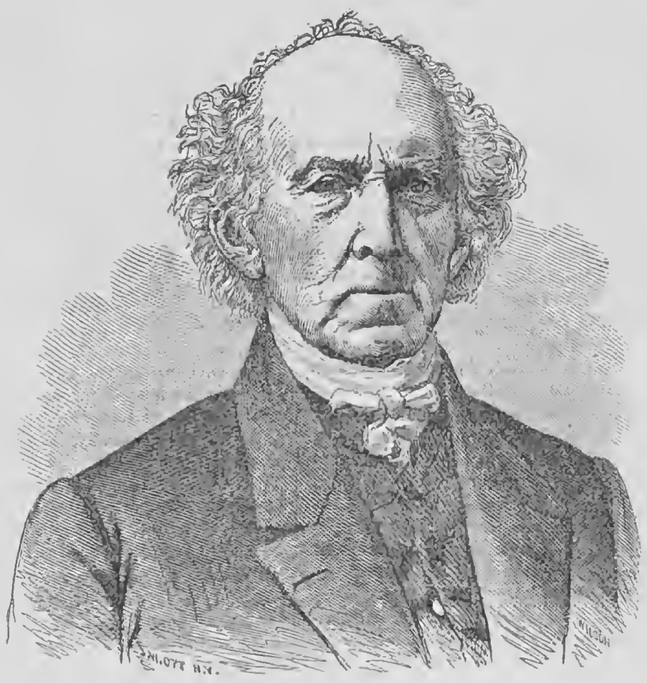
The little grasses that God tends
And fashions into perfect grace
He loved, and saw their hidden ends,
And found for each its worthy place.

The path of calm content he trod,
Able, in years, his youth to keep;
Where'er he went he walked with God,
And in His arms he fell asleep.

The flowers are shrouded in the earth,
The birds are silent in the cold;
But Spring will miss his going forth,
And, saddened, clasp him in her fold.

And we who knew his genial ways,
Who in his beauty could rejoice,
Would send our feeble words of praise
To mingle with the general voice.

—*Rochester Democrat.* J. A. E.



THE LATE CHESTER DEWEY, D. D., LL. D.

The death of the learned, highly esteemed and venerated Dr. Dewey has already been chronicled in the Rural, as occurring on the 15th of December last, at the advanced age of 83 years. We embrace the earliest opportunity of presenting a finely executed and essentially correct portrait, with a more extended notice of his long, useful and most exemplary career—though, compared with his life-labor and its results, our sketch can only be regarded as a synoptical biography: for a volume would not contain all that might and should be written in commemoration of the virtues, character and life-work of such a rare man, in all the relations of life, as was Chester Dewey. The material for our necessarily brief sketch is derived from the New American Cyclopædia, biographical notices which have recently been published here and elsewhere, and our own personal recollections after an acquaintance and friendship of nearly thirty years.

Professor Dewey—for by this familiar and honored title he was known for over half a century—was a native of Sheffield, Mass., born October 25, 1784. Graduating at Williams College in 1806, he immediately commenced studying for the ministry, was licensed to preach in 1808, and officiated at Tyringham, Mass. The same year he accepted a tutorship in Williams College, and in 1810 was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a position which he occupied for seventeen years with credit to himself and the institution. During his connection with the College he did much to advance the standard of scholarship, and enlarge the course of study in his own and kindred departments,—while his influence over students was often beneficially exerted. Subsequently he was for ten years in charge of the "Gymnasium," a high school for boys in Pittsfield, Mass., where he was eminently successful, and is still held in grateful remembrance by former pupils and acquaintances.

In 1836 Prof. Dewey removed to Rochester and became principal of the High School, the name of which was then changed to the Rochester Collegiate Institute. With honor and credit to himself, and benefit to the pupils and community,—as thousands can attest,—he occupied this position until 1850, when he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the then new and promising University of Rochester. Dr. D. filled this important professorship for ten years or more, when (having labored much beyond the allotted three score and ten) advanced age constrained him to surrender the chair, though consenting to retain a nominal connection with the University for some years later—giving instruction whenever his strength and convenience permitted. After reaching the age of eighty, though remarkably vigorous, both mentally and physically, he lived in greater retiracy, avoiding public life and duties, yet was a frequent contributor to the Press (as our readers, who are familiar with his signature, "C. D.," are aware,) and occasionally his fellow-citizens, and religious, benevolent and educational institutions were benefited by the orally-given results of his rare knowledge, experience and observation—for he was ever doing good whenever health and opportunity permitted. And this continued until within a few days or weeks of his saint-like departure from earth,—when our whole community, and thousands of distant friends, sincerely mourned an irreparable loss.

As a teacher of the Natural Sciences, Prof. Dewey was ever eminently practical, lucid and successful. Though familiar with all branches of science, he made special discoveries in one, and attained the reputation of a *savant* abroad, so that he was considered an authority both in his own and other lands. Chemistry and Botany were, we think, his favorite sciences, but the latter received more of his attention than any other during the last twenty years of his life. In this branch he was an enthusiast and expert, and it has been well said that "his name is connected with those beautiful grasses which will be his monument as long as they grow at the river margin, where he delighted to find them." As an instance of his enthusiasm, we may here mention that one of the wealthiest citizens of Western New York, when a poor boy, received his first dollar from Prof. Dewey in return for a botanical specimen. But he was well versed in other sciences, and long the peer of such scientists as Professors Silliman, Hare, Hitchcock and Eaton. Associated with such pioneers in scientific inquiry, Prof. D. greatly aided in developing, classifying and popularizing the Natural Sciences—thereby conferring great and permanent benefit upon mankind and the world.

But we cannot attempt even an outline of Prof. Dewey's career,—for scarcely an index to his life-work and example as an instructor, preacher, lecturer, writer, citizen and Christian gentleman, could be given in a page of this journal. In every relation of life he was above reproach. A Rochester contemporary truly says:—"Though he had attained the ripe age of eighty-three years, and had considerably passed the period allotted to most men, his day of usefulness had not passed, and his death is a cause for sincere regret in all classes of community. Few men have left a more perfect record of life than has Dr. Dewey, either viewed as an example of deportment before his fellow men, or as a useful citizen laboring in all things to promote the welfare of society by the diffusion of knowledge and the promotion of every Christian and benevolent design. This said, as it is in all sincerity,—this indorsed as it will be by every good citizen who knew deceased,—and what more can be uttered by way of eulogium to the dead?"

In conclusion, we may be permitted to speak of the lamented deceased from our personal recollections of and relations to him for the last twenty years of his life—during which period he was a kind friend and wise counselor, as well as an able contributor to the pages of the journals we conducted. We not only respected and venerated, but loved "C. D.," as must all who knew him well, for his qualities of head and heart could but inspire love and admiration. He was alike the friend of the young, the middle-aged and those advanced in life,—for he never grew old, and could sympathize with and adapt himself to persons of all ages and conditions. And yet he was neither a policy man, nor ambitious; had he been he would have long ago occupied far more prominent, though no more useful and honorable, positions than those he attained. He was pre-eminently a good man; his presence alone ever indicated this, as his conversation abundantly demonstrated. Dignified, kindly affable, of fine personal appearance, Prof. Dewey was ever welcomed with pleasure by both friends and strangers,—and, on becoming acquainted, the strangers invariably became his friends and admirers.

—One of Prof. Dewey's former pupils suggests, through the papers, that the boys (now men) of the old Rochester High School erect a monument at Mt. Hope to perpetuate his memory. The idea is a good one, but we think many other citizens of Rochester, Western New York, and other localities, would take mournful pleasure in aiding a like object, and therefore suggest that a fund be raised on such basis that all disposed may participate by contributing. And let the monument be alike worthy of the dead, and creditable to the living.

Reading for the Young.

ABOUT DUTCH DAIRIES.

We feel certain that our young friends of the Rural Circle will read with much pleasure the following description of dairies in Dutchland. We found it in a letter written by "Carleton" to the Boston Journal, from Holland—that queer country, where the people have to build dykes to keep the land from being all overflowed by water:

The farmers' boys and girls of America, I am confident, would like to go with me into a Dutch farm-house. Stable and house and dairy are under the same roof. The house which we visit is on the bank of the canal—the water in the canal almost on a level with the ridge pole. One of the dairy maids has been out to the canal to wash her pans and dishes, and now she is taking them back to the house, drawing them in a little cart. Look at her shoes—wooden ones, turned up at the toes like a skate—clump, clump, clump they go as she steps. She leaves them outside the door, and puts on a pair of slippers as she enters. She has a bonnet so curious that I shall not attempt to describe it, but of just such a pattern as those worn by her grandmother. Some of the cattle are in the fields, blanketed to keep them warm.

A girl with red cheeks and bright eyes opens the door of the stable, and takes us along the stalls to see the cows—twenty-six cows standing by their cribs, or lying down chewing their cuds, fastened with rope halter—and funniest of all sights, each cow has her tail drawn up to the ceiling by a cord and pully, so that in time their tails grow straight up in the air! There are great tubs filled with milk and curds and whey; there is a fire-place in the stables, where they scald their milk; also, the cheese-press. We enter a little room, and see pots of butter and rows of cheese—not such great ones as the Vermont and New Hampshire girls turn out, but cheeses about the size of a 64-pounder cannon ball, not quite round, but like the earth, flattened a trifle at the poles. If you were to go with me into some of the ware-houses of Amsterdam you would see cart-loads of these cheeses, enough to freight scores of ships. They are kept for months, and years even, and never lose their goodness, it is said. You have read how a Dutch admiral, in a sea-fight, after having fired away all his cannon balls, kept up the battle with cheeses—just such cheeses as these which the bright-eyed dairymaid takes pleasure in showing.

We go from the stable up a short flight of steps, into the kitchen, and say "Good morning" to the farmer's wife, who courtesies like a little child. She shows us over the house, draws aside a curtain, and shows the beds in the recesses along the wall like a berth in a ship. An old clock—its brass weight and pendulum as bright as sand and soap can make them—ticks in one corner. The good woman is drinking a cup of coffee, but if you were to ask her to write out the word for you in Dutch, it would read "Kaffij," and she would call a railroad a "Spoorweg." She takes great pleasure in showing us her treasures in the "front" room—a bureau of the richest mahogany, set off with bed mounting, with carved feet like lions' claws—with rows of dainty china dishes around the room just under the ceiling—old ware, cups and saucers which her great-grandmother used, which she will hand down to her daughters, and they to their children. There are old pictures on the walls—fine engravings—more old china on the tables and stands. Everything is so clean and nice that you are almost afraid to be in the room.

ENCOURAGING A BAD BOY.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls have heard of William L. Marcy. He was long known as a public man. Twice he was elected Governor of New York, then United States Senator, and finally was appointed Secretary of War. He died only a few years since. Here is a little anecdote about him, by which you will get an idea of his boyhood:

Many years ago, in a country town in Massachusetts, a teacher saw a boy come into school whom he knew to be one of the worst boys in town. He determined, if he could, to make a good boy of him. So he spoke kindly to him, and he behaved well that day. The Prudential Committee (as he was called) came in and said:—"Mr. Towne, I hear that bad fellow, Bill Marcy, has come to your school. Turn him out at once. He will spoil the rest of the boys." "No, sir," replied the teacher, "I will leave the school if you say so, but I cannot expel a boy so long as he behaves well." So he kept him and encouraged him, confided in him, till Bill Marcy became one of the best boys in school, and afterwards, whenever William L. Marcy came from Washington, he took pains to go and see his old teacher, Salem Towne, and thank him for having been the means of saving him and making him the man he was.

Silver Tongue.—When I was a boy, I and a number of my playmates had rambled through the fields and woods till, quite forgetting the fading light, we found ourselves far from home. Indeed, we had lost our way. It did so happen that we were nearer home than we thought; but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some very surly answers. Just then came along another man, a neighbor, with a merry smile on his face. "Jim," said he, "a man's tongue is like that of a cat. It is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand-paper, just as he likes to use it or to make it; and I declare you always use your tongue like sand-paper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle." This was said to the surly man, but I have always remembered it.—*Blind Amos.*

Flowers.—I was sitting one day in the parlor alone, and little Katie came running in with a handful of snow-white chrysanthemums in her hands that some kind lady had given her. "Pa," said she "does God ever forget any thing?" "No, my child why do you ask?" "Because he forgot I think, to put any soul into the beautiful flowers, and yet put one into wicked people, and the flowers are much prettier and better than they." I felt that there was no chance for argument with a child.

That man lives most perfectly whose constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best that he can for himself, he is also doing the best that he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it.

If small streams are not able to bear great ships, or yield great treasures, they may, at least, water some drooping flower; if not by the fireside of home, by the wayside in life's pathway.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our Advance Terms.—See article under this heading in column of Rural Notes and Items, page 38.

About Premiums, Free Copies, &c.—Our Agent-Friends entitled to either Premiums or free copies of the RURAL will please bear in mind that they should notify us, at the time of remitting for clubs, *which they prefer*. Some send clubs, saying nothing as to what they want, and subsequently complain—one that we sent no free copy, another that no premium was forwarded, etc. Now, if each will mention *what* is desired, we can comply,—but, smart as we may be in some matters, we cannot *guess* correctly, and therefore wait for directions or—a scolding. Those who prefer free copies to premiums, have only to mention the fact in their letters, and *vice versa*, and we will send accordingly.

☞ Our Subscription Bureau is a very busy department about these days, and some premiums may not be forwarded on the day ordered—especially if the articles mentioned are not on hand,—yet we are doing our "level best" to pay all as fast as possible.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, FEB'Y 1, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

A long and interesting debate took place in the Convention last week, upon the report of the Committee on Education, of which Geo. Wm. Curtis is Chairman. Mr. Curtis reported in favor of a Bureau of Education and abolishing the time-honored Board of Regents, and supported the proposition in a very able speech. Ex-Gov. Alvord and Judge Parker defended the Regency. The Convention finally voted to strike the abolishing clause from the report.

The Senate in executive session has confirmed Gulian C. Verplank and Patrick McElroy as Commissioners of Immigration, and Geo. B. Lincoln as Sanitary Commissioner.

A bill for the removal of Genesee College to Syracuse, is now in the hands of the Assembly Committee on Colleges and Common Schools. It will meet with some opposition, but it is thought will pass.

The Auburn Paper Company's Mill, situated near Auburn was destroyed by fire on the 23d ult. The loss is stated at $80,000.

Hon. Wm. Murray, Jr., has been appointed to the place made vacant in the Supreme Court by the resignation of Judge Mason, who accepts the appointment of Judge of the Court of Appeals.

The annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society concluded its sessions at Utica on the 23d ult. The meeting was one of exceeding interest and profit to the cause. The attendance was large and comprised some of the most active and hard-working temperance men in the State. The political status of the temperance advocates was a vexed question, and received much discussion. The questions of finance and the co-operation of the Secret Temperance organizations were also mooted. Strong resolutions, embracing all these subjects, were warmly and thoroughly discussed and separately adopted.

The State Military Association met at Albany on the 22d ult. Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, the President, delivered the annual address. The expenditures of the Association for the year were $502.10. A communication was received from Adjutant-Gen. Marvin, stating he would recommend an amendment to the military code by reducing the maximum force of the National Guard, now fixed at 50,000 men, to 25,000 or 30,000, and also ask for an appropriation to make an enrollment of the reserve militia, so that a yearly tax may be collected and a fund reserved independent of the necessity of taxing the people for the support of the military.

A lying-in asylum and foundling hospital was exposed in New York last week.

The New York Sun has been bought by an association of which Charles A. Dana is manager, and will be removed to the old Tammany Hall building. It will remain a two-cent paper, and will support Grant for the Presidency.

A list of failures in New York for the four weeks ending Jan. 25th, exhibits aggregate liabilities of over eight million dollars, of which the assets will cover about one-fourth.

The anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated on the 26th ult., in New York city, with much eclat, at a banquet given by the Burns Club at the Pacific Hotel. Over a hundred persons sat down to dinner.

The aggregate production of salt at the Onondaga Springs for 1867, was 7,595,565 bushels. Revenue, $76,058.06. Expenditures, $50,968.33. Surplus to the State, $25,089.73.

Two men, named Samuel Rosenblatt and D. Sterne, are in custody in Rochester on a serious charge. They were brought here by a detective of Chicago, and were arrested at St. Joseph, Mo., on a requisition of Gov. Fenton. The parties are charged with procuring goods in the aggregate to the amount of about $30,000 from New York and Rochester merchants.

Mr. Edward Thornton, the newly appointed British Minister to Washington, has arrived in New York.

The ferry boat Niagara was burned near New York on Sunday night. Loss $30,000.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature making it unlawful for first cousins to marry each other, and providing that any person violating the enactment may be fined not more than $1,000.

From Washington.

THE statement, said to be supported by the authority of the Cabinet Ministers that Gen. Grant admitted at the Cabinet meeting the 14th ult. that he had agreed to hold on until removed, has been pronounced false. It is claimed that Gen. Grant did say on that occasion that Mr. Stanton would, of course, be obliged to resort to the Courts to assert his claim, but he never made any promise to the President that he would so remain, and thus become a party to the controversy. A subsequent examination of the law convinced him of the course he must pursue, and 48 hours before the Senate acted he waited upon Mr. Johnson of his own volition and announced his determination.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has agreed upon a bill for the protection of American citizens abroad. It declares that all naturalized citizens of the United States, while in foreign States, shall be entitled to and receive from this Government the same protection of person and property that is accorded to native born citizens in like situations and circumstances.

The House Committee on Appropriations will reduce the estimates originally made for the naval service some $200,000. This will be an immense retrenchment, and will cut down the work largely in every navy yard in the country. The army estimates will not be retrenched so much, owing to the vast expense of keeping troops in the Southern States.

The Secretary of State is advised of the execution of a treaty between the United States and the Republic of Colombia for the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien.

The Senate Committe on Territories is preparing a bill for the admission of Colorado as a State.

A petition has been sent to Congress by the Louisiana Convention asking for the removal of General Hancock and for power to appoint all civil officers of the State.

The appropriation for the purchase of Alaska is still held in abeyance in the Committee on Foreign Relations at the instance of Secretary Seward, and there seems to be no disposition on the part of the Government or Committee to take action on it. The cable dispatches on the subject cost ten thousand dollars, and Russia thinks the United States should pay the bill.

The first public meeting of the Congressional Temperance Society this season was held on the night of the 25th ult. in the Hall of the House of Representatives. There was a crowded auditory, both on the floor and in the galleries. Senator Wilson presided. He said the society was organized one year ago, and believed it had exercised a good influence all over the land.

The Government is understood to concur fully in the position taken by General Banks in his report and bill on naturalization, protection of citizens, &c., and will make no opposition to its passage. There is more unanimity in regard to it between the different parties in Congress, and between that body and the Administration than on any measure introduced before during the session.

Secretary Stanton has not yet issued any of the orders which require the usual formality—by order of the President—but continues to transact all the other business of the Department.

The Committee on the Freedmen's Bureau will report in favor of extending the operations of the Bureau one year from July next.

The President has decided on the Hon. W. D. Bishop, of Connecticut, as successor of Mr. Theaker, ex-Commissioner of Patents, and will send that gentleman's name to the Senate in the course of the week.

The Post Office Department, owing to the multiplication of agricultural and other journals, is a growing institution. The expenditures for the ensuring year are put down at $20,500,000!

From the South.

IN the Mississippi Convention the report of the Committee on general provisions has been adopted. It declares that the General Assembly of the State shall never assume or have any power to assume or pay any debt or obligation contracted or incurred in aid of the Rebellion, or to make any compensation for emancipated slaves, or to claim from the United States any compensation for slaves emancipated or liberated in any manner.

The Virginia Convention has referred a resolution in regard to a law compelling children to attend school, and one prohibiting special privileges to any company engaged in bringing immigrants to Virginia. Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody Fund, addressed the Convention recently on the subject of Education. Ten thousand copies of the address were ordered to be printed.

A resolution has been offered and referred in the Arkansas Convention declaring public carriers to be public servants, and recommending the next Legislature to make it a penal offence to deny accommodations or refuse to transport citizens, irrespective of color, over the public highway.

The Georgia Convention has spent considerable time in discussing the section defining treason.

An order has appeared from Gen. Ruger, the army officer detailed as Governor of Georgia, rescinding Gov. Jenkin's order suspending the collection of taxes in this State. The army officer detailed as Comptroller-General orders the tax collectors to immediately collect and forward to the State Treasurer all the unpaid taxes of last year.

In the Arkansas Convention a resolution was adopted levying a tax to defray its expenses. The members of the Convention have voted themselves eight dollars per day and thirty cents mileage each way.

An ordinance has been proposed in the North Carolina Convention to the effect that the Convention has the right to declare null and void all laws except those relating to marriage and previous Conventions and Legislatures, until the meeting of the next General Assembly.

The bonded warehouses of S. A. Matteson & Co., New Orleans, were destroyed by fire on the 25th ult. Loss about $200,000.

A communication from Col. Willard, of Gen. Canby's staff, and in charge of the Bureau of Civil Affairs at Charleston, is published, to the effect that crime in the States of South Carolina and North Carolina is no greater than the courts are able to attend to, that life and property are as secure as in the Northern States, and that there is no truth in the report that a war of races is possible.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

CHARLES KEAN, the tragedian, died in London on the 23d ult. at the age of fifty-seven.

It is reported on good authority that the Emperor has forbidden the publication of Prince Napoleon's pamphlet on the subject of the foreign and domestic affairs of France. The appearance of this work has been looked forward to with great interest, and there is consequently much popular disappointment at this unexpected decision of the Emperor.

The bill for furnishing improved breech-loading arms to the Spanish army has passed the Cortes, and is now a law.

The U. S. fleet under the command of Admiral Farragut will remain at Toulon during the rest of the winter.

The excitement in London, occasioned by Fenian movements, still continues. The authorities are exceedingly wakeful, and arrests are made every day.

His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Albrecht, in command of the Austrian army, has been ordered to make ready to take the field.

A dispatch from Madrid says that news has been received there from the provinces of Aragon and Catalonia that a speedy rising was anticipated in favor of the eldest son of Don Juan. The widow of Don Carlos had sent forty million reals to aid the insurrection.

The Spanish Minister of War has ordered 500,000 American breech-loading rifles, of what pattern is not publicly stated.

Ten of the public newspapers of Paris have been fined a thousand francs each for printing illegal reports of the proceedings of the Corps Legislatif.

Dispatches have been received giving accounts of quite serious anti-ministerial riots in Prague.

The latest Abyssianian news is, that King Theodore is in camp in a position situated between Wadila and Delanta, near the palace of Magdala, where it is presumed all the captives are at present held. Native rebel chiefs have drawn their forces in his front, and by this hostile attitude aid the operations of the English. The powerful Wagshum, or Gobazyd or Gubazyse, of Tigre, is also near. He is friendly to the foreigners, and has sent a message to this effect to Major-General Napier, the British Commander-in-Chief.

Southern Editorial Correspondence.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Jan 21, 1868.

As the train left Atlanta yesterday morning it was raining, and a cold, damp, disagreeable beginning for what proved a most cheerless day. Everything looked *draggerly*. Babies cried, mothers looked *scoldish*, and papas had a look of about a five-horse-power meekness. However, we are warned to speak well of the bridge that bears us over safely, so I am bound to say that, despite all the annoyances and vexations, I got safely through the journey, and to the hotel.

Atlanta is as much of a marvel as ever, even more so. It still grows, and still looks much as though it had been spilt out of somebody's apron, and the houses rocked about and planted themselves at random. Everybody looks into everybody's back yard, and everybody's back yard is in sight of everybody's front door, so that the kitchen department is pretty well advised of front door movements. Bridget and Dinah have increased duties to perform in Atlanta; not that the front part of the household care a pin for what goes on in other households—oh! no—but then Bridget can't help saying, "Lud, mum, I do believe Mrs. Gen. —— is jist calling on Mrs. Spriggins;" or Dinah "'Spects, Miss Fanny, them osirfers just called to Massa Smith's ober dare, and mought be coming here, Miss, hie!" It is a great town, and just now its importance is magnified by the presence of the Constitutional Convention, where for the first time I saw the negro discharging official trusts, as there are over thirty members of African blood—generally, judging from color, pretty pure descent.

Gen. MEADE makes this his headquarters also. The little I saw of him, in a short call, impressed me favorably. He is one of those soldier-statesmen who will ultimately make a favorable mark on the political history of the country. Bold, fearless and independent, he has a soldier's notion of prompt and unquestioning obedience to orders, let the consequences fall upon whom or where they may, yet tempered with that redeeming kindness which challenges your respect, though you may be the victim of his relentless power. I have now seen six of the Generals who have had command of these Military districts, under circumstances which have given me great opportunities of forming a correct opinion in regard to them and their administrations; but—speaking of plows—

I met the other evening, in a friend's room, a gentleman who lives at Dahlonega, the California of Georgia. On being introduced to him, he said he had seen that name in the RURAL, and wanted to know if he was any relation of mine. I "allowed" I was somewhat acquainted with a gentleman of that name—indeed he was a very intimate friend of mine,—but the acquaintance, or friendship, had never been productive of profit, nor much honor. He is a lawyer by profession, but one of those choice good fellows who are never satisfied if they are not doing something to make the society around them the better for their having lived,—the little lump of leaven which is sure to set everything in motion for improvement. I was exceedingly interested in his account of what he had done and was doing, up there, and he promised he would write a good long letter to the RURAL on the subject, so I will not anticipate him—only adding, I hope he will do so, for I know the readers of the paper could have nothing more interesting than his experience.

Well, the sun comes out bright and warm, and fires are only tolerable in the morning and evening. Planters are commencing their spring work, and will plant more corn, and less cotton, than ever. They are rapidly learning to diversify their agriculture and make cotton an incident rather than a principal in their system, and will thus get a prosperous condition of their country as soon as reconstructed, which will be in a short time, as they vote upon their Constitution early next month, and the prospect is favorable for its adoption, it is alleged, by those who ought to know. That done, and Georgia will be a very inviting field for capital and enterprise.—T. C. P.

AN EXCELLENT WORK.—CHARLES N. EMERSON, Esq., Assessor Tenth Massachusetts District, and author of "The Internal Revenue Guide," has prepared a "Hand-book of the Internal Revenue for Popular Use," which is published by SAMUEL BOWLES & Co., Springfield, Mass. It gives a succinct yet comprehensive outline of the system of Internal Revenue, together with many official rulings and decisions of complicated provisions of the statute. All tax-payers will find it very useful for reference, and acting upon the information it contains, will be enabled to intelligently meet their legal obligations—if they have the greenbacks.

TROUBLE IN ST. DOMINGO.—Late advices from St. Domingo state that the situation of the Dominican Republic is deplorable, and the insurgents are moving onward. The inhabitants seemed hopeful of a transfer of some of the Dominican territory to the United States. The country is bare of provisions and starvation stares them in the face. War vessels have been dispatched to neighboring foreign ports for provisions. They are provided with funds consisting of three hundred thousand dollars in paper and one hundred thousand dollars in silver. The war schooner Altagrazia has left Mayaques, P. R., with 300 barrels of provisions for St. Domingo. Repeated earthquake shocks have been felt on the Island.

FIENDISHNESS.—At a tavern near Brampton, C.W., a few nights since, a man recovering from an attack of delirium tremens was lying on the floor, when some young men entered, laid shavings around his body, and burned him to death.

Rural Matters in the Southwest.

Weather in Arkansas—Cotton Picking—Tenants Wanted—Good Chances for Young Men—A Fine Country for Stock—Schools, Churches and Preachers—Northern Men Safe and Welcome—A Healthy Region, &c., &c.

ARKANSAS POST, Ark., Dec. 29, 1867.

FRIEND MOORE:—As you were kind enough to publish my November letter to you, (which, by the by, I did not intend,) I have concluded to give you some further items from this country.

To-day we have the first cold weather: snow three inches deep. We have had one hundred days to pick cotton, during which any active boy 15 years old could have picked 10 bales; first-class cotton pickers could have saved 15 to 20 bales, while the average picked on this river has been about 2 to 3 bales. Upon this you can make your own calculation.

Large quantities of our best river bottom land will lie idle next year,—as we have lost all the money and credit we had experimenting with the Freedmen Plantations,—and, with everything necessary to make a crop, can be rented for $3 per acre, that will produce 80 bushels of corn or 1½ bales cotton per acre. This is cheaper than buying land. I think there is a good chance for young men to settle with us and get a start in the world. Any quantity of wild land can be purchased for 50 cents to $1 per acre.

This county (Arkansas,) is composed mostly of prairie, upon which cattle, sheep, horses and all other kinds of stock, can be raised without any trouble. The western portion of this State, from Bayou Bartholomew to Red River, is high, rolling and healthy, and will produce well, and lands are very cheap.

Next comes Eastern Texas, which has a very healthy climate. Land not very rich, but the best wine country in the world. The land is oak and pine land; rather too sandy—still it is a pleasant country to live in, and immigrants will find schools and churches as plenty in proportion to population as in New England, and more preachers in proportion than any other country in the United States.

I am astonished to find that the Northern people still labor under the belief that they will not be welcome among us, and that there is personal danger in coming here. 'Tis true we don't want politicians; but will gladly welcome all who come to cast their lot with us;—and if your people knew the advantages of our country, and the great chances to invest money, there would soon be a great emigration to the South and Southwest.

My family are now eating beef, killed off the grass during Christmas week, that will compare favorably with your best stall-fed beef. As for health, I have lived here on the river bottom twenty-five years, and raised a family whose health record will compare with any in the North. Upon our prairie, all will have as good health as any in the Western States.

Respectfully yours, ARKANSAS.

[THOUGH the above letter has been deferred two or three weeks, it will be read with interest.—ED.]

THE HAYTIEN REBELLION.—The Caco rebels continue to attack the National troops on the northern frontiers. The Haytien corvette Sylvan has captured the Dominican war steamer Capotillo, with Gen. Inanances, forty men, and armament, at Santiago de Cuba.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, January 28, 1868.

MONEY is still accumulating in New York, and it is presumed the present large supply will continue until the middle of February or first of March. The funds sent West last fall to move the crops have been for some time coming back, and the money going South causes but a slight drain comparatively. The present ease of the market is having an effect on stocks, and many descriptions have for some days been advancing. Money is also abundant in Boston and Philadelphia. At the West a rather close market is reported.

Financial questions continue to occupy much of the attention of Congress, but nothing is settled thus far, except that there shall be at present no further contraction of the Currency. The Banking and Currency Committee in the House have agreed to report a bill permitting State Legislatures to tax shareholders in National Banks resident within their respective States, either at the place where the bank is located, or at their place of residence. This, of course, does not alter the taxation of the shares of non-resident stockholders at the place where the bank is located. The Committee also agreed to report a bill which will put in the form of a statute what was only put in the form of a resolution last winter, that no disbursing officer shall deposit the public money in any National Bank in any city where there is a Sub-Treasurer or other public depositary.

The New England Manufacturers' Convention, which was held last week at Worcester, Mass., was largely attended. Delegates were present to represent the following interests: Shoe and Leather, Iron, Paper, Soap, Straw, Glass, Drugs and Dye Stuffs, Furniture, Hardware, Woolens and Cottons, &c. The proceedings of the National Manufacturers' Convention, held at Cleveland in December, were fully endorsed. A memorial to Congress was adopted, asking a reduction of the taxation on the industries of the country. The resolutions passed, among other things, assert that "The taxation on necessary productions in this country, imposed when the life of the nation was endangered, and most cheerfully paid to preserve it, becomes unendurable when it is paid to sap the foundations of the industry which sustains the material life of the nation." Fifty-one delegates were appointed to proceed to Washington to represent the views of the Convention.

The Sorgo crop the last year was a partial failure, and the yield of sirup for 1867 it is estimated did not exceed sixteen millions of gallons. It is hoped the misfortunes of last year will not discourage farmers at the West and Southwest from planting the usual amount of cane the coming season, for we are confident it can be made an important crop.

WOOL.—The market continues inactive and sales moderate. Holders feel confident that prices have touched bottom, and that when manufacturers desire to stock up prices will improve. The movement to take off the tax on manufactures it is thought will have a favorable effect on the price of staple.

GRAIN.—The grain market is without material change—a slight advance on red wheat being the only one to note. The sleighing remains excellent, but it does not add to the volume of grain offering, which some regard as a sign that the quantity in first hands is not large. Barley, which advanced regularly for several weeks in succession, has come to a standstill, indicating that about the highest point has been reached. Corn and Oats show no improvement, but are steady at quotations.

HAY is in good supply, and presents no new features. The good sleighing and a rather free slaughter of cattle and sheep tend to keep the market well stocked. Quotations remain unchanged.

DRESSED HOGS.—The street show is quite meager, and rates tend upward in consequence, though the advance is not very marked. The samples now offering are of the lighter kinds, and in quantity barely sufficent to meet the daily demand. We advance our quotations a trifle over those of last week.

BEEF AND MUTTON.—The supply of Beef and Mutton is fully equal to that of several preceding weeks, especially of the latter—indicating that the low ruling of wool and an apprehended short stock of fodder are impelling farmers to a free use of the knife among their flocks. It is owing to this that Pork is restrained from mounting to figures which would severely test the pockets of men of small means.

GRASS SEED.—The market shows little movement as yet, but all kinds are firm at quotations, with an upward look—especially with respect to clover seed.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.	
Flour, wh't wheat	$15,50@16,00
Do. red wheat	13,50@14,00
Do. extra State	9,00@10,00
Do. buckwheat, ℔ cwt	5,00
Millfeed, coarse	25,00@28,00
Do. fine	30,00@35,00
Meal, corn, cwt	2,50@ 2,75
Wheat, red, ℔ bu	2,60@ 2,65
Do. best white	2,80@ 3,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu	1,20@ 1,20
Rye	1,50@ 1,60
Oats	62@ 70c
Barley	1,55@ 1,65
Beans	3,00@ 3,50
Meats.	
Pork, old mess	$00,00@00,00
Do. new mess	22,00@23,00
Do. clear, ℔ ℔	00@ 00c
Dressed hogs, cwt.	9,00@10,25
Beef	7,00@11,00
Spring lambs	0,00@ 0,00
Mutton, ℔ ℔	4@ 6c
Hams	14@ 15
Shoulders	10@ 10½
Chickens	12@ 14
Turkeys	16@ 18
Geese, each	00@ 00
Dairy, Etc.	
Butter, choice roll	30@ 32
Do. packed	30@ 35
Cheese, dairy	13@ 14
Do. factory	15@ 17
Lard, tried	13@ 14
Do. rough	12@ 14
Tallow, tried	9@ 9½
Do. rough	6@ 6½
Eggs, ℔ dozen	35@ 36
Forage.	
Hay ℔ ton	$15,00@25,00
Do. new	00,00@00,00
Straw	10,00@14,00

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. ℔ bbl	2,50@ 3,25
Do. dried, ℔ ℔	6@6½c
Peaches	25@ 50
Cherries	80@ 85
Plums	25@ 80
Blackberries	7@ 8
Potatoes, ℔ bu	75@ 88
Onions	1,50@ 2,00
Turnips	00@ 50
Cranberries, ℔ bbl.	15,00@00,00
Hides and Skins.	
Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Do. untrimmed	7@ 8
Green calfskins	12@ 13
Sheep pelts, each	1,25@ 2,00
Seeds.	
Timothy ℔ bu	$ 2,50@ 3,00
Clover, medium	6,50@ 7,00
Do. large	7,00@ 9,00
Peas	1,40@ 1,50
Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Sundries.	
Wood, hard	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Do. soft	5,50@ 6,50
Coal, lump, ℔ ton	8,25@ 0,00
Do. large egg	8,50@ 0,00
Do. small egg	8,50@ 0,00
Do. stove	8,65@ 0,00
Do. chestnut	8,15@ 0,00
Do. soft	7,00@ 0,00
Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Salt, ℔ bbl	2,70@ 2,80
Wool, ℔ ℔	30@ 40c
Hops	45@ 60
Whitefish, ½ bbl	6,00@ 6,50
Codfish, ℔ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Honey, box, ℔ ℔	22@ 25c
Candles, box	12½@ 13½
Do. extra	14@ 15
Barrels, each	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.50; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 18@18¼c; Flour, $8.50@16; Rye Flour, $7.50@9.25; Wheat, $2.30@2.90; Rye, $1.78; Barley, $1.90@1.92½; Corn, $1.20@1.25; Oats, 85@88c; Pork, mess, $20.37@21.75; prime, $17.25@18.00; prime mess, $18.75@19.00; Beef, new plain mess, $13.00@21.50; Beef hams, $29.50@31.50; Shoulders, 8@9½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Bacon, 10½@13c; Lard, 12¾@13½c; Butter, 38@40c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 30@60c.

ALBANY, JAN. 25.—Flour, $11.25@15.00; Rye flour, $8.75; Buckwheat flour, $4.25@4.25; Corn meal, $2.75@2.85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.85@3.25; Rye, $1.05; Corn, $1.20@1.31; Barley, $1.52; Oats, 82@85c; Pork, new mess, $21.00; clear, $26.00; boneless, $27,00; Hams, 18c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 11½@15½c.

BUFFALO, JAN. 25.—Flour, $10.25@12.25; Wheat, $2.00@2.18; Corn, $1.18@1.12; Oats, 74c; Rye, none; Barley, $1.65@1.75; Peas, $1.18; Beans, $3.50; Pork, mess, $21.00@22.50; Lard, 13¼@13½c; Butter, 27@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2.35: coarse, ℔ bbl., $2.60.

CHICAGO, JAN. 25—Flour, $8.50@10.50; Wheat, $2.07@2.07½; Corn, 81@84c; Oats, 54½@58c; Rye, $1.53@1.54; Barley, $2.10@2.12; Pork, mess, $20.00@20.50; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 20@34c; Cheese, 12@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2.30@2.40; clover, $7@7.20; flax, $2.20.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 25.—Flour, $10.55@11.25; Wheat, $2.50@2.55; Corn, 80c for ear; Oats, 57c; Rye, $1.55@1.60; Barley $2.10@2.25; Mess pork, $20@21; Lard, 12½c; Bacon, 9¼@11½c

TORONTO, JAN. 22.—Flour, $6.75@7.50; Wheat, fall, $1.65@1.77; Spring, $1.60@1.75; Oats, 55@58c; Barley, $1@1.05; Peas, 75@76c; Pork, mess, $18@19; Bacon, 7@7½c; Hams, 7½@8c; Lard, 9@9½c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 18@24c; Hops, 25@50c; Dried apples, 8½@9½c; Hay, $13@17; Straw, $11@19.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 21.—Beeves—Market in moderate supply; sales generally duller; receipts 5,900 head; quotations 10@20c. Veal calves firm; receipts 479 head; quotations 6@13c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 29,366 head; quotations Sheep 4½@7½c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Demand moderate; receipts 16,600 head; quotations, 7¼@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JAN. 23.—Beeves range from 6@14½c. Working Oxen, $160@275 ℔ pair; Steers, $100@150. Milch Cows, $35@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@55; Yearlings, $18@28; two-year-olds, $32@50; three-year-olds, —@—. Sheep and Lambs, 4@5½c; extra, 6@7½c; by the head, $2,00@5. Swine, 7@7½c. Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔. Sheep and Lamb Skins, 75@$1 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.

ALBANY, JAN. 23.—Beef Cattle sell at 3@11½c; Milch Cows, $40@110; Sheep and Lambs, 3¼@7½c; Dressed Hogs, 9@9¾c; live do. 7¼@8c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 25.—Beef Cattle are active; sales range at 5¼@7½c; Veal Calves, 4½@6½c; Sheep range at $2,00@4,75; Hogs, in demand, at $4,62@6,10.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 22.—Cattle dull, sales at 4@10c; Sheep, 4@6c. gross; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

TORONTO, JAN. 22.—Beef Cattle range from 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Lambs, 2½@3c; Calves, 4½@6½c.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 25.—Dressed Hogs are firm; few offering; sales at $7.35@8.25 for extra.

CHICAGO, JAN. 25.—Dressed Hogs are dull; sales at $7,00@8,25 for light and heavy.

TOLEDO, JAN. 21.—Dressed Hogs steady at 7¼@8¼c.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 21.—Dressed hogs dull at 7¼@8¼c.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 21.—Dressed hogs; nothing doing, and prices are nominal, 6½@6¾c.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.—Dressed hogs are dull at 8¾@8¾c for Western, and 9¼@9½c for city.

ALBANY, JAN. 25.—Dressed Hogs are selling at 10¼@10½c. for State, and 9¼@9½c. for Western.

TORONTO, JAN. 22.—The following are the rates paid: Light and medium, 5@5½c.; choice to extra, 5¾@6¼c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.—Market is quiet. Sales 100,000 lbs. at 41@58c. for Domestic Fleece, 38@40c. for Pulled, 18@20c. for Texas, 20@23c. for California, and Cape and Mestiza p. t.

BOSTON, JAN. 23—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c.; Full Blood, 50@53c.; ¾ and ⅝ Blood, 42@45c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 27@38c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 23.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 33@42c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 35@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 23@27c.; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 23.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@38c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.; Fleece, 23@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1:50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 23.

$1.25 ADJUSTABLE HOE.—See Advertisement in this paper, March 16th, 1867.

5 OR 600 BUSH. POP CORN FOR SALE—Two years old. Address GEO. M. CURTIS, Box 272 Rochester, N. Y.

ASPARAGUS.—FINE, STRONG ONE-YEAR PLANTS.—$1 per 100; $7 per 1,000; $30 per 5,000. D. H. BROWN, New Brunswick, N. J.

$200 TO $300 PER MONTH SURE TO Agents. Permanent employment. Active men wanted immediately everywhere. No money required in advance. Circulars free. Address GRANT BROTHERS & CO., 482 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAPLE SUGAR!—COOK'S EVAPORATOR. The only Pan that has proved entirely satisfactory. Warranted to make a better quality of sugar and sirup, at a less cost of labor and fuel, than any other Pan in the market. Send for Circular. BLYMYER, DAY & CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

TWO FARMS FOR SALE, IN THE TOWN OF RIGA—One of 90 and one of 190 acres, good buildings, orchards, &c. No better in the County. Enquire of I. A. HEBBARD, 41 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y., or W. B. HEBBARD, on the premises. 941-tf

CHILDREN.—ALL PARENTS SHOULD UNderstand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip is decidedly ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. 941-4t

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—GOOD AGENTS for our new work, "HOME BOOK OF WONDERS," also, for a new FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH BIBLE, containing Notes, Indexes, Maps, Engravings, Record, Album, &c. BEST TERMS GIVEN. Address, 941-4t BRAINARD & SAMPSON, Hartford, Conn.

WHAT ALL TAX-PAYERS NEED—In Order to understand what taxes they must pay, is

Emerson's Hand-Book of Internal Revenue,

Just published by SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass. 96 pages, duodecimo, in paper cover, 25 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOX CO. ARE cutting material for all kinds of boxes warranted to give satisfaction in every particular. Berry Boxes from $5 to $8 ℔ M.; Grape Boxes, 4 lbs., $10 ℔ M. Send for sample of our new corner box, which gains universal applause; $1 will procure 100, expressage being paid. Address B. C. WARREN, Jeddo, N. Y., or HERRINGTON & CARLOW, Townsend Center, C. W.

ATTENTION—ALL WANTING FARMS.—Cheap farms and fruit lots for sale, at the Junction of the West Jersey and Cape May Railroads, 18 miles south of Philadelphia. Soil, fine loam, superior for all crops; country rolling enough for beauty and utility; climate mild and proverbially healthy; water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Circulars giving full information sent free. Address 941-3t WM. ARNOTT, Glassboro', N. J.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Amateur Cultivator's Guide—Washburn & Co.
Seeds and Specialties—Francis Brill.
Clubs—L L Fairchild.
Little Giant Corn and Bean Planter—Van Kirk, Eddy & Co.
Brick and Tile Making Machinery—P Ewer.
The Salem Grape—J A Requa.
Kel y s Weekly—A A Kelley & Co.
Desirable Farm for Sale—Asa H Robinson.
Great Bargains—National Real Estate Agency.
Seed Potatoes—D H Brown.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry—D H Brown.
Cherry Lawn Farm—D H Brown.
Dairymen and Cheese Makers—Rumsey & Co.
The Solartype Wood Burning Stove—J C Cochrane.
Catalogue for 1868—Peter Henderson.
Maple Sugar—Blymyer, Day & Co.
$200 to $300 per Month—Grant Brothers & Co.
Desirable Farm for Sale—Horatio Davis.
Asparagus—D H Brown.
Live Men Everywhere—Claremont Man'f'g Co.
Knitting Machines—Ira A Hebbard.
Agents Wanted—W G Wilson & Co
Fresh Garden Seeds—Wardwell & Co
Two Farms for Sale—W B Hebbard.
Pop Corn for Sale—Geo M Curtis.
Adjustable Hoe.
Silver Shoe Tip for Children.
The North American Box Co—B C Warren.
Attention, all Wanting Farms—Wm Arrott.
Wanted, Everywhere—Brainard & Sampson.
What all Tax-payers Need—Sam'l Bowles & Co.

The News Condenser.

— The U. S. has 48,000 cigar and tobacco manufactories.
— The Lewiston, Me., woolen mills have suspended.
— The State debt of Missouri is $23,911,000.
— There were 3,635 deaths in Cincinnati last year.
— There are 5,000,000,000 head of cattle in England.
— Leap-year sleigh-rides are all the go.
— Business is dull in Boston.
— Brignoli, of operatic fame, is seriously ill.
— Nevada is twice as large as this State.
— Bull fighting is prohibited in Mexico.
— Indiana is taking the census of her loafers.
— The King of Greece is only 22 years old.
— Mrs. Kemble is reading Shakespeare in Boston.
— Gen. Grant's income is $30,000 per annum.
— Josh Billings' lecture is entitled "Milk."
— Iowa is out of debt.
— Dore is painting Patti's portrait.
— Oberlin College has had a new endowment of $70,000.
— The stone cutters of Rhode Island are on a strike.
— The revenue of Beecher's Church is $50,000 a year.
— Pope Pius IX. has had 256 predecessors.
— Dickens' agent is called Dickens' Dolbaby.
— Bismark's ducal title is Duke of Pomerania.
— A woolen factory is being erected in Utah.
— Chicago possesses 40 distilleries.
— Atchison Co., Mo., has a new coal mine.
— Chief Justice Slough of New Mexico is dead.
— Advertising is one of the powers of the world.
— Six brothers in McLean Co., Ill., weigh 2,219 pounds.
— Divorce is termed in Detroit "unhitchment."
— In Cheyenne hay costs $120 per ton.
— Swearing is prohibited in the Austrian Army.
— Kirby Smith is teaching school in Tennessee.
— St. Thomas has had 500 shakes of earthquake.
— London has thirty theaters.
— Prairie chickens are numerous in Iowa.
— The new post-office at Boston is to cost $45,000.
— The Ohio Penitentiary contains 1,016 convicts.
— Lane University (Kansas) has 120 students.
— Gen. Jas. Shields is a farmer in Carrol Co., Mo.
— Egyptian cotton is introduced in South Carolina.
— A patent has been taken out for tanning cat-fish skin.
— There are 12,000 blind people in the United States.
— The new Cathedral at Boston will cost $1,500,000.
— There are 47 churches in Detroit.
— Mr. Parrish has received a patent for a "fan blower."
— Commodore Nutt is to marry Miss Minnie Warren.
— The Dominion of Canada has 142,000 enrolled militia.
— Penny readings have been resumed in Liverpool.
— Theirs has written a new book.
— There are 38 Catholic papers published in Italy.
— The river Seine, at Paris, is frozen over.
— A lamp-lighter of Liverpool has fell heir to £20,000.
— There is a famine in Eastern Prussia.
— The St. Louis Council has repealed the Sunday law.
— Judge Busteed is convalescing.
— Fires are becoming frequent in Vicksburg.
— Beecher is writing the Life of Christ.
— Mark Twain is lecturing in Washington.
— Dickens is to read in Syracuse.
— Last season 20,000,000 bricks were made in Milwaukee.
— New Hampshire has fifty villages who have no ministers.
— There were 2,000,000 hides shipped from Texas last year.
— There is a theater in Athens that will seat 30,000 persons.
— Samuel Nicholson, inventor of wooden pavement, is dead.
— The Mormons are constructing a fort at Cave Creek, Utah.
— A twelve-year old girl is lecturing on temperance in Ohio.
—Washington city gained 49,000 in population in seven years.
— Wooden legs cost the Government, last year, $35,206.50.
— James Roper, the wealthiest colored man in Virginia, is dead.
— The King of Sweden has recovered from his recent illness.
— The Empress Eugenie is the most graceful smoker in Paris.
— The shipment of specie on the 23d ult. amounted to $150,000.
— A subterranean stream has been discovered at Niagara Falls.
— Brigham Young has fulminated against the use of tea and coffee.
— Vera Cruz and New Orleans are to be connected by telegraph.
— New gold mines have been discovered in Nevada Co., California.
— There are a large number of houses to rent in New York city.
— The loss by fires in the United States last year was $36,905,000.
— The poet Whittier has been seriously ill, but is now recovering.
— Gen. W. F. H. Lee's wife is a lineal descendant of Pocahontas.
— Last week two young ladies were burned to death at Chattanooga.
— Dr. Bellows' letters from Europe are to be published in book form.
— Mr. Bigelow has disposed of his interest in the N. Y. Evening Post.
— The Prussian Ministers' salaries have been increased $1,500 per year.
— The circulation of Prince Napoleon's pamphlet has been prohibited.
— Bogus $20's are afloat on the First National Bank of Portland, Conn.
— In the last two years 100,000 persons have been married in Missouri.
— A panther weighing 118½ pounds has been killed in Franklin Co., N. Y.
— Count Bismark's cousin has been arrested for drunkenness in Milwaukee.
— The American Polytechnic Society have discovered how to make diamonds.
— A Boston man advertised for a wife, and received 1,000 replies to the same.
— During last year 10,000 buildings were erected in New York and Brooklyn.
— During the past three years Pennsylvania has reduced her debt $5,000,000.
— A widower in Lowell, Mass., having 31 children, has just married his third wife.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE—IN RIGA, near Chili Station, 10 miles from Rochester; **200** acres; 40 in wood; 10 in hops, in bearing, cedar poles and first-class hop house; new, good buildings, outhouses and fences, and well watered. Address HORATIO DAVIS, Spencerport, N. Y.

FRESH GARDEN SEED.—Early Mohawk, Early Yellow Six Weeks and Refugee *Beans*. Daniel O'Rourke, Dwarf Blue Imperial, and Champion of England *Peas*. Early Goodrich, Harison, Gleason, and Shaker's Fancy *Potatoes*, by the barrel, bushel, quart, pint or pound. Address WARDWELL & CO., West Dresden, Yates Co., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—WE WANT First-Class Agents to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Extraordinary inducements to good salesmen. Further particulars and Sample work furnished on application to W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 941-13t

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CATALOGUE FOR 1868
OF
NEW AND RARE PLANTS

is now ready, and will be mailed to our customers as usual; to others on receipt of 25 cents.
PETER HENDERSON, 67 Nassau St., New York.
Greenhouses, South Bergen, N. J.

THE SOLARTYPE WOOD BURNING STOVE. This celebrated Stove, on the principle of the Hot Air Furnace, keeps fire night and day with one-third the wood of other stoves, and is a splendid heater, easily regulated. it took the Highest Premium at the New York State Fair. The demand for it now is greater than ever, as a necessity for the damp days of spring and summer as well as the coldest of winter. Single stoves shipped for $16, the wholesale price. Send orders for Stoves, or for circulars and testimonials, to J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

KNITTING MACHINES.—First Premium N. Y. STATE FAIR, 1867, awarded to the BEST IMPROVEMENT, which I am now applying to the LAMB MACHINE, makes it the most perfect one in existence. ☞ SUPERIOR NEEDLES ON HAND.

RECOMMENDS.

I think your improvements are worth more than words can express. MRS. F. H. McLEAN, St. Louis, Mo.

I would not have a Machine without your improvements; the count register and tables alone, are worth twice what you ask for them. H. C. GRAVES, Chestertown, N. Y.
941-2t IRA A. HEBBARD, 41 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIVE MEN EVERYWHERE—No Man or woman in Vermont can get along a single year without wanting something which THE CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY can furnish to advantage. See what they do:

Pay Cash for Rags, Make Printing Paper, Make Wrapping Paper, Sell Books & Stationery,

in small or large quantities; send Books by mail, for retail prices, send Paper and Envelopes by mail, by the Dollars' worth. Bind Magazines and Pamphlets, and re-bind Old Books. Print Hand-Bills, Cards, Posters, and anything else that can be Printed. For particulars inquire in person or by mail. Address CLAREMONT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Claremont, N. H.

SEED POTATOES.—EARLY GOODRICH, EARLY DYKEMAN, EARLY SEBEC (or BOSTON MARKET,) EARLY COTTAGE, HARISON, CUZCO, GLEASON, GARNET CHILI, CALICO and other varieties.

Our stock of Early Goodrich and Harison are extra fine. All Potatoes sent out are true, of good quality and good fair size. Four pound packages of *any* of the above varieties sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, upon receipt of ONE DOLLAR. Orders received now will be filled in rotation as soon as weather admits.

For prices of larger quantities of above and other varieties, send for our Descriptive Circular of Seed Potatoes and Vegetable Plants.
D. H. BROWN, Cherry Lawn Farm, New Brunswick, N. J.

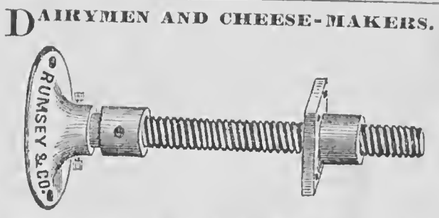
DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE.—THE Subscriber offers for sale his desirable Farm of 115 acres of land; 25 of wheat on the ground; 10 or 11 of woodlot. The above premises are well located, on a good road in the town of Phelps, Ontario Co., half way between the villages of Phelps and Newark, on what is called the Marbletown Road. The farm is well watered with never-failing springs; Fences in fine condition; good Buildings; ample Barns and Sheds for grain and stock; Barns on good walls, with cow stables in basement; variety of Fruit—old orchard in bearing—large young orchard of choice fruit beginning to bear. The Farm is within 2½ miles of the Erie Canal, and half-way between the Old and Direct Railroads—Phelps on the Old Road and Newark on the Direct being the nearest stations. P. O. Address, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.
941-tf ASA H. ROBINSON.

GREAT BARGAIN.—A VIRGINIA FARM, one mile from Vienna Station, Alexandria, Hampstead and Leesburg Railroad, 12 miles from Washington, D. C. 140 acres; 105 cleared; frame house of 12 rooms; peach and apple orchard; new corn house; tenant house, stables and out-buildings. $2,000 worth of wood may be sold from the land. Price $30 per acre.

Also for sale, a STEAM SAW MILL of 25 horse power, and 195 acres of LAND, on Cockeret's Creek, near the Bay, in Northumberland Co., Va., heavily timbered with pine, &c.; 25 acres in cultivation; comfortable buildings. Price $8,000.

Farms, Timber Lands, Mill Sites, in Maryland, Virginia and States further South, at very low rates. Address
"NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
941-2t "DURBROW & MACK, 475 Seventh Street, "Washington, D. C."

DAIRYMEN AND CHEESE-MAKERS.



We are making the best Cheese Press Screws in market, made from the best refined iron. Send for Circular of Sizes and Prices. Address RUMSEY & CO., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

THE SALEM GRAPE.—REMOVAL.— The SALEM VINE, having exceeded the expectations of its friends, both in unsurpassed hardiness and quality of fruit, the larger portion of the extensive Stock, grown by us from the original purchased of E. S. Rogers, Esq., of Salem, Mass., has been secured for Vineyard planting at Salem-on-Erie, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., to which place we have removed our Propagating Establishment, formerly at Amenia. We are still prepared to supply limited orders for first-class Vines, one and two years old.

Prices for the Spring of 1868.

Good, strong, healthy Vines,	2 yrs. old	with 3 buds each,		$4,00
"	"	"	"	⅓ doz. 36,00
"	"	"	"	⅓ 100, 250,00
"	1 yr old	"	"	each, 3,00
"	"	"	"	⅓ doz. 24,00
"	"	"	"	⅓ 100, 150,00

For orders, 500 and upwards, a liberal reduction from the above rates. Address, J. A. REQUA, Agent, Salem-on-Erie Nurseries, Brocton, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. 841-6teo.

SEEDS! SEEDS!—SPECIALTIES.

	Packet.	Oz.
True Jersey Early Wakefield Cabbage, from the original stock	25	$1.00
Brill's Superior Flat Dutch Cabbage, unequalled for summer and fall	25	75
Genuine Bergen Drumhead Cabbage, the best winter variety, extra	25	75
Improved Drumhead Savoy Cabbage, very superior	25	75
Jersey Gardener's Favorite, White Solid Celery, none better	15	50
Allen's Improved Nutmeg Muskmelon, unsurpassed in size and flavor	10	30
True New York Improved Large Purple Egg Plant, originated with us	25	1.00
Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato, new and distinct, try it	15	50
Maupay's Superior Tomato, new and desirable	15	50
Early Large Smooth Red Tomato, standard sort, fine	10	30
Long White Turnip, of excellent flavor, fine for table use	10	25

The above are especially recommended, are of my own raising and *warranted* A No. 1 in every respect. Any or all of them sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price. We also send free to all applicants our Descriptive List of over thirty leading varieties of STRAWBERRIES, with *reduced prices* of plants. FRANCIS BRILL, Newark, New Jersey.

KELLEY'S WEEKLY.—THE BEST Illustrated Family Journal published in the United States. Price, **10** cents. No. 10 now ready and for sale by all newsdealers everywhere. In the Tenth Number of this beautifully illustrated weekly journal is commenced a thrilling novel by ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the greatest of French writers of fiction. It is entitled

COUNT DE MORET;
OR
RICHELIEU AND HIS RIVALS.

It is the last extended work of the great author, whose MONTE CHRISTO, THE THREE GUARDSMEN, BRAGELONE, &c., &c., have made his name and genius known wherever the English language is spoken, to say nothing of his reputation in all the civilized countries of Europe where other tongues are spoken.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS:

One copy, three months.....$1 00
One copy, six months.....2 00
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Four numbers sent free to any address in the United States on application. The postage is only 5 cents per quarter, payable at the post-office on receipt of paper. Address all letters to A. A. KELLEY & CO., Publishers, 398 Broadway, New York City.

NEW, CHEAP AND VERY USEFUL!—OUR new style Patent Calendar, for 1868, is now ready, and will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of fifteen cents. Every Counting-House and Office should have one.
940-2t SAMUEL BOWLES & CO., Springfield, Mass.

WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY.

We call especial attention to our LARGE AND FINE-GROWN Stock of this

GREAT MARKET BERRY.

We make this variety a specialty; and having a *large* stock on hand, consequently can offer them at a very reasonable rate.

$1 per 100.....$5 per 1,000.

No charge for packing, which is done in the most careful manner.

☞ ORDER EARLY. Orders received now will be filled in rotation at proper season.
D. H. BROWN, Cherry Lawn Farm, New Brunswick, N. J.

AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE
TO THE
KITCHEN AND FLOWER GARDEN.
NOW READY.

A descriptive work of 140 pages, fully illustrated with a beautiful colored plate and 100 engravings, containing a list of over 2,500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds; also, 150 varieties of the choicest French Hybrid Gladiolus. All the Novelties, both of the Flower and Vegetable, for 1868, will be found described in the above work.

The following testimonials are unsolicited by us, and can be multiplied by hundreds:

From Mr. John Masters, Waukegan, Ill.

"Your Guide came safe, and pleases me much; it is the best I ever saw."

From Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, East Sighboraton, Belknap Co., N. H.

"It is with great satisfaction and pleasure I have studied your AMATEUR'S GUIDE. I esterm it very highly. Its pages are full of valuable information, reliable, plain and practical, and attractively conveyed;—just what every new beginner wants."

From T. Hill, Oakland Cottage, Yonkers, N. Y., March 2, 1867.

"It is without exception the best arranged, useful, and instructive work I have seen, for amateurs especially."

From Miss D. W. Miller, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind.

"I have received your GUIDE for the Flower and Kitchen Garden, for which you have my sincere thanks. It is very valuable for all who wish to cultivate flowers and vegetables. But praise from me is needless; it must recommend itself to any one."

From Mr. B. F. Stanley, Greenville, S. C., March 17, 1867.

"Thanks for your AMATEUR GUIDE. It is indeed pleasant, useful and instructive."

Tastefully bound in cloth, 3 colored plates, price, post-paid, 50 cents; in paper covers, post-paid, 25 cents.
Address WASHBURN & CO.,
941-2teo Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

CHERRY LAWN FARM.—D. H. BROWN offers for the Spring Trade a fine grown Stock of STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, GRAPES, RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS, SEED POTATOES, etc., in variety.

VEGETABLE PLANTS, from cold frames, hot-bed and open ground, in their season.

☞ WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRIES a specialty.

In issuing our Catalogues for the Spring of 1868, our customers can rely upon our honest, liberal dealings. We do not overrate anything. The plants are just what they are represented to be, TRUE TO NAME, and of good quality. Our prices are reasonable. We dig, label, pack and ship in the most careful manner. No charge for packing. Special terms to Nurserymen, Dealers and Large Planters. For further information, send for our Descriptive Catalogues of Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes and Vegetables.
D. H. BROWN, New Brunswick, N. J.

MISSOURI LANDS FOR SALE.

It is a fact that the lands of Missouri, cheap, fertile and situated in the heart of the Union, furnish an extraordinary opportunity for the people of the Northern States to acquire rich, healthy and good farms and homes, which opportunity never can occur again, *so near the great center of population.* The great territory of North Missouri, bounded north by Iowa, east by the Mississippi, south and west by the Missouri river, contains about 25,000 square miles, or sixteen million acres as desirable as any in the Valley of the Mississippi. Through this garden of Missouri, the Hannibal & St. Joseph R.R. extends. Its eastern termini at Hannibal and Quincy on the Mississippi, and its western at St. Joseph and Kansas City on the Missouri. Excellent and cheap lands lie alongside of its track in alternate sections. Nature here has done much, man but little. The climate, so temperate and healthy, and a virgin soil, capable of producing almost every kind of vegetation, invite emigrants from the cold and bleak domains of the North, to settle on our rich and waiting prairies.

Slavery has been tried here fifty years, and now Freedom will be tried forever. Let the industrious and enterprising, rich and poor, come and prosper.

☞ CIRCULARS, giving full particulars and containing much valuable information, are supplied gratis to all who wish to come, or to circulate to induce their friends to come with them.

A SECTIONAL MAP showing exact location of all Railroad lands is sold at 30 cents.
ADDRESS GEO. S. HARRIS,
940-4t *Land Commissioner, Hannibal, Mo.*

FOR SALE—50,000 CHOICE APPLE Stocks 1 year, very fine. **30,000** Doucain Apple Stocks, extra large and well rooted. **100,000** Apple grafts on first class seedling roots. Pear seed selected by one of our firm in France last fall. NICHOLAS & NEWSON, Geneva, N. Y.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES AND CHOICE GRAPE VINES.—Five hundred barrels of Early Goodrich Potatoes, and 50,000 Concord, Iona, Delaware, Adirondac, Hartford Prolific, and other choice Grape Vines, for sale at half the usual rates, delivered at express office or railroad depot at Clinton, N. Y., or from my farm at New Brunswick, New Jersey, as may best suit customers. Send immediately for circular of prices, to T. B. MINER, Editor "Rural American," Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y. 940-2t

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BLAKE'S PATENT ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWER.—A NEW INVENTION—Circular, Cross-Cut, and Drag Sawing Machines attached when ordered. This Horse Power was awarded the first premium at the Michigan State Fair last fall. It is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have more power at the same elevation than any tread power now known; also, that it is easier for the horses, cheaper to run, more durable and sells at a less price than any other. I can refer to those now having them in use if required. Descriptive Circular mailed upon application. Liberal discount made to the trade or those procuring orders.
Address B. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO HEALTH and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D. Price 30c., Free. 240 pp. Address 12 White St., New York. 940-4t

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PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.—Send for List. PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

FORTIETH THOUSAND.

THE TEMPLE CHOIR, a new collection of sacred and secular music for choirs and singing schools, by THEO. F. SEWARD, LOWELL MASON, and WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, which was first published in September last, has already **REACHED ITS FORTIETH THOUSAND!** Better evidence of its acceptability to the public—that it pleases those who examine it—could not be afforded. IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST POPULAR MUSIC BOOK PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY FOR MANY YEARS.

It contains much new music by its authors, as well as many other of the most popular composers. Rarely has such variety been included in one volume. Its Singing School Department is very full and complete, and it contains a good number of new glees, for choir practice, &c. It is very attractive in its Anthem Department.

We have never published a book which seemed to give more universal satisfaction. Price $1.50. Sent by mail.
MASON BROTHERS, No. 596 Broadway, New York.
MASON & HAMLIN, No. 154 Tremont St., Boston.

£150,000,000 STERLING IN MONEY and Estates remain unclaimed in England, Scotland and Ireland, in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2. Genealogies traced. Will searched for. All LETTERS MUST be pre-paid.
GUN & CO.,
Unclaimed Money and Estates Agency,
938-13t No. 6 Prince Wales' Road, London, England.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—STENCIL TOOL SAMples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT.
(By PETER HENDERSON.)

This work has attained a larger sale in one season than any other book ever published on Gardening in this country. Its teachings are the experience of 20 years in growing garden products for the great market of New York, and are alike applicable to private or Market Gardening.

PRICE, $1.50 by mail, pre-paid.

Our Illustrated Catalogue for 1868, of SEEDS and IMPLEMENTS is now ready and will be mailed to all applicants for 25 cts. Also our Illustrated Catalogue for 1868, of NEW and RARE PLANTS, price 25 cents. But to our customers of last season they will be mailed as usual without charge.
HENDERSON & FLEMING,
Seedsmen, Market Gardeners and Florists,
983-6t 67 Nassau Street, New York.

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE
FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'KEEFE, SON & Co., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N.Y.

NEW SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1868.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
No. 15 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK,
Have the pleasure to announce that their
ANNUAL CATALOGUE
OF VEGETABLE AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS
For the new year, will be ready for mailing to all applicants in January. 938-4t

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DELAWARE AND MARYLAND FARMS for SALE.—January Catalogue sent free. A. R. WOOLSTON, Real Estate Broker, 512 King St., Wilmington, Del. 938-4t

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"THE PULPIT."—A 32-page Journal of Public Speaking, Pure Literature and Practical Religion. Containing some of the best things said by the Clergy and public men the world over. By our plan it will be

SENT ONE YEAR FOR NOTHING!

☞ Send 10 cents with your address to
"THE PULPIT CO.,"
938-4t No. 37 Park Row, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

The Great American Tea Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.
12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ⅌ lb.
IMPERIAL, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ⅌ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding House-Keepers, and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. ⅌ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.,
Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our warehouse in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names and amounts plainly on the list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery.*"

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (**beside the Express charges,**) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts made payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey Street,
NEW YORK.
Post-Office Box 5,643 New York City.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST
IN GOLD COIN.

THE BEST INVESTMENT
FOR SURPLUS CAPITAL.

The attention of Investors, Trustees, Executors, and others desiring an unusually safe, reliable, and profitable form of permanent investment, is called to the advantages and assurances of the

Central Pacific Railroad,
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

The CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY offer for sale their FIRST MORTGAGE THIRTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. GOLD BONDS, and submit to Investors the following among other obvious considerations; and invite the comparison with the merits and excellences of any class of corporate securities:

I. These bonds are based upon the most vital and valuable part of the Grand National Pacific Railroad, soon to become the main channel of communication on the continent.

II. The local settlement, and the business therefrom is remarkably large and profitable, and must constantly increase.

III. The hardest part of the road is now built, and the remainder will be rapidly carried forward over the Salt Lake Plains.

IV. The greater part of the means necessary to build the road is provided by the U. S. Government upon a subordinate lien.

V. The State and chief cities of California have contributed upward of $3,000,000 to the enterprise, without lien.

VI. The grant of land is destined at an early day to prove of far greater market value than the total of the First Mortgage Bonds issued upon the road and equipments.

VII. This Road lies altogether among the gold and silver producing regions, and its revenues are received in coin.

VIII. The management of this Company has been distinguished for prudence and economy; and the surplus earnings, after payment of expenses and interest, are devoted to construction purposes.

IX. The interest liabilities of the Company upon the portion now in operation are less than a third the net earnings.

X. Both *principal and interest are payable* IN GOLD, under special provisions of both National and State enactment.

The Bonds are in sums of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in January and July, and are offered for sale at **95** per cent. of their par value and accrued interest from January 1 added, in currency.

At this time they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

These Bonds bid fair to attain the most prominent position among the non-speculative investments of the country, and will be actively dealt in at the money centers in Europe.

Holders of Government Securities have an opportunity of exchanging them for Central Pacific Bonds, bearing an equal rate of interest, with the principal abundantly secured, and of realizing a profit of ten to fifteen per cent. in addition.

Orders sent with the funds through responsible Banks or Express Companies will receive prompt attention. Bonds sent by return Express, to any address in the United States, at our cost. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, &c., furnished on application at the office of the Railroad Company.

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET,
AND OF
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

WE SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR, GOLD and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c., &c.

CIRCULARS SENT FREE,

giving full particulars or ten checks sent for One Dollar describing ten different articles which we will sell for One Dollar each. Splendid Inducements offered to agents sending us clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT,
938-4t No. 83 Sudbury Street, Boston Mass.

$200 PER MONTH SURE.—No money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-Lines.* Address Am. Wire Co., 162 Broadway, N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chic'o, Ill.

MARYLAND FARM—129 ACRES ON TURNpike, 19 miles from Baltimore city, well improved, good fruit of all kinds, for $5,000. JOHN GLENN & CO.,
938-tf No. 20 St. Paul St. corner Fayette, Baltimore, Md.

A COUGH, a COLD, or a SORE THROAT, requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue,

Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Disease or Consumption,

is often the result.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Having a direct influence to the parts, give immediate relief. **For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption, and Throat Diseases,** Troches are used with always good success.

Singers and Public Speakers use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

OBTAIN only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the WORTHLESS IMITATIONS that may be offered. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 933-3m10

JEROME PARK, MAY 25th, 1867.

E. F. BAKER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the Running Horse "Fleetwing" of Quarter Cracks. He ran Two and Three-Quarter Miles yesterday, and Three Miles again to-day, carrying One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pounds, without starting his feet to Crack in the least, and we now consider it a PERFECT CURE.

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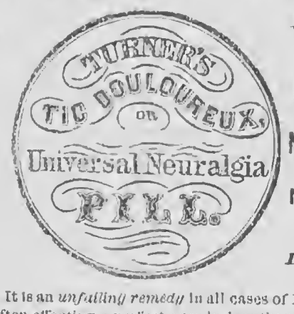

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THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home: How bright it beams
When evening shades around us fall:
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort all.
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will li-p our name.

When through the dark and stormy night
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is the twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies!
It is the light of home.—he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care.

The light at home! How still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet,
When the rough toils of day are o'er!
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart.
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow
And lighten up the heaviest heart.

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 36, last number.]

Chapter II.—The House of Mourning.

The third day came and passed, and as the twilight shadows fell upon the city, Alice and her mother pushed back the heavy damask curtain which shaded the window of their pleasant sitting-room, and looked anxiously down the street for one who seldom tarried long. An hour went by; another, and another still, and *then* he came,—but far more helpless than when he left them in the morning. The blinded eyes were red with tears,—the stately form was bent with grief,—the strong man was crushed with the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon him. He was ruined—hopelessly, irretrievably ruined, and in all the wide world there was naught he could call his save the loved ones who soothed him now, as one had done before when a mighty sorrow overshadowed him.

As best he could he told them of the fraud which for many years had been imposed upon him—told them how he had trusted and been betrayed by one whom he would not that the officers should follow—he would not have him brought back to a felon's cell. "'Twould do no good," he said, "and 'twould save the wife and daughter from more disgrace," and so William Huntington was suffered to roam at large, while in the home he had desolated there was heartfelt mourning made and bitter tears shed—the blind mind groping often through the familiar rooms which would soon be his no longer—the daughter stifling her own grief to soothe her father's sorrows and minister to her mother's wants.

As has before been hinted, Mrs. Warren was far from being strong, and the news of the failure burst upon her with an overwhelming power, prostrating her at once, so that ere two weeks were passed the blind man forgot his ruined fortune—forgot everything, save the prayer that she, the wife of his bosom, the light of his eyes, the mother of his child, might live.

But "He who doeth all things well," had not decreed it thus, and she, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, was never to know the pinching wants of poverty—never to know what 'twas to be hungry, and cold, and poor. All this was reserved for the gentle Alice, who, younger and stronger, too, could bear the trial better. And so, as day after day went by, the blind man kneeling at her side *felt* what he could not see—*felt* the death shadows come creeping on—*felt* how the pallor was deepening on her cheek—knew that she was going from him fast—knew, alas, that she must die; and one bright, beautiful morning, when the thoughtless passers-by, pointing to the house, said, one to another, "He has lost everything," he, from the inmost depths of his bleeding heart, unconsciously made answer, "Lost everything—lost everything," while Alice, the motherless, bowed her head in anguish, half wishing she, too, were blind, so she could not see what was written on the still, white face which lay upon the pillow.

Suddenly the deep stillness of the room was broken by the sound of tramping footsteps in the hall below, and, lifting up her head, Alice said, "Who is it, father, say?" but Mr. Warren did not answer. He knew *who* it was and *wherefore* they had come, and, going out to meet them, he stood upon the stairs, tall and erect, like some giant oak which the lightning stroke had smitten, but not destroyed.

"I know your errand," he said, "I expected you ere this, but come with me and then say if you will leave me alone a little longer," and turning he led the way, followed by those men, who ne'er forgot that picture of the pale, dead wife, the frightened, weeping child, and the blind man standing by with outstretched arm to shield them from all harm.

The Sheriff was a man of kindly feelings, and lifting his hat reverentially, he said, "We did not know of this or we would not have come," and, motioning to his companions, he left the room, walking with subdued footsteps down the stairs, through the hall, out into the open air. And when the sun went down, not an article had been disturbed in Hugo Warren's home, for Sheriff, creditors, lawyers,—all stood back in awe of the mighty potentate who had entered that house before them, and *levied* upon its choicest treasure—the white-haired, blind man's wife.

Chapter III.—The Brown House in the Hollow.

Nearly a year has glided by since we left the blind man weeping over his unburied dead, and our story leads us now to the handsome rural town of Oakland, which is nestled among the New England hills, and owes much of its prosperity and rapid growth to the untiring energy of its wealthiest citizen,—its one "aristocrat," as the villagers persisted in calling Richard Howland, the gentleman from Boston, who came to Oakland a few years ago, giving to business a new impetus, and infusing new life into its quiet, matter-of-fact people, who in time looked up to him as *the great man* of the place. He it was who built the factory, bought the mills, and owned the largest store and shoe-shop in the town, furnishing employment to hundreds of the poor, many of whom moved into the village, renting of him the comfortable tenements which he had erected for that purpose.

Very beautiful, indeed, was Richard Howland's home, overlooking, as it did, the town and the surrounding country, and the passer-by stopped often to admire its winding walks, its musical fountains, its grassy plats, graceful evergreens and wealth of flowers, the latter of which were the especial pride of the stately Miss Elinor, the maiden sister, who kept that handsome house, for Richard Howland had no wife. Many there were, both blonde and brunette, who, in the exceeding kindness of their hearts, would willingly have borne that relation to him, but their disinterestedness was not appreciated, and on the night when first we introduced him to our readers, he was still unmarried, and in his pleasant sitting-room, with his sister at his side, and every possible comfort at his command, he wonders how any one can think he is not happy. The chill December wind which howls among the naked branches of the maples, or sighs through the drooping cedar boughs, cannot find entrance there. The blinds are closely shut,—the heavy curtains sweep the floor,—the fire burns brightly in the grate, casting fantastic shadows on the wall, and with his favorite paper in his hand, (the Rural, it may be,) he almost forgets that in the world without there is such a thing as poverty or pain. Neither does he see the fragile form toiling through the darkness up the street, and pausing at his gate. But he does hear the ringing of the door-bell, and his ear catches the sound of some one in the hall, asking to see him.

"I wish I *could* be alone for one evening," he said, and with a slight frown of impatience upon his brow, he awaited the approach of his visitor.

'Twas a delicate young female, and her dress of black showed that sorrow had thus early come to her.

"Are you Mr. Howland?" she said, and her mournful eyes of blue sought the face of the young man, who involuntarily arose and offered her a seat.

Her errand was soon told. She had come to rent his *cheapest tenement*,—the brown house in the Hollow, which she had heard was vacant, and she wished him to furnish her with work—"she could make both shirts and vests tolerably well, and she would try *so hard* to pay the rent!"

The stranger paused, and Miss Elinor, who had been watching her with mingled feelings of curiosity and interest, saw that the long eye-lashes were moist with tears. Mr. Howland saw it, too, and marveling that one so young and timid should come to him alone, he said—"Little girl, have you no friends—no one on whom to depend, save yourself?"

Very beseechingly the little hands were clasped together, and the tear on the eye-lashes now dropped upon the cheek, for the *little girl*, as Mr. Howland had called her, mistook his meaning,—fancied he was thinking of *security, payment*, and all those dreadful words whose definition she was fast learning to understand.

"I have a father," she said, and ere she had time for more, the plain-spoken Miss Elinor asked,—"Why didn't *he* come himself, and not send you, who seem so much a child?"

There was reproach in the question, and the young girl felt it keenly—felt that her father was censured, and turning towards Miss Elinor, she answered, "Alas, lady, my father couldn't find the way—he never even saw my face—he couldn't see my mother when *she* died. Oh, he's blind, he's blind," and the voice, which at first had merely trembled, was choked with bitter sobs.

'Twas enough. The hearts of both brother and sister were touched, and the brown house in the Hollow—nay, any house which Richard Howland rented, was at that orphan girl's command. But he was a man of few words, and so he merely told her she could have both tenement and work, while his sister thought how she would make that blind man and his child her especial care.

Miss Elinor was naturally of a rather inquisitive turn of mind, and she strove very skillfully to learn something of the stranger's history. But the young girl evaded all her questioning, and after a few moments arose to go. Mr. Howland accompanied her to the door, holding the lamp until she passed down the walk and out into the street. Then the door was closed and Alice Warren was alone again in the cold, dark night,—but she scarcely heeded it, for her heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks. The gentleman whom she had so much dreaded to meet had spoken kindly to her; the lady, too, had whispered "poor child" when she told them of her father, while better far than all she had procured a shelter for that father, the payment of which would come within their slender means.

Not time, but the joy or sorrow it brings, changes people most, and the Alice Warren of to-day is scarce the same we saw one year ago. Then, petted, caressed and glowing with youthful beauty, she presented a striking contrast to the pale-faced girl who, on the wintry night of which we write, traversed street after street until she came to the humble dwelling which for the last few days had been her home. Every cent of his large fortune had Mr. Warren given up, choosing rather to starve, and know he had a right to do so, than to feed on what was not his own. His handsome house and furniture had all been sold, and with a mere pittance which would not last them long, they had gone into the country where Alice hoped to earn a livelihood by teaching. But she was "too small,—too childish,—too timid," the people said, ever to succeed, and so at last she resorted to her needle, which, in her days of prosperity, she had fortunately learned to use. As time passed on a kind-hearted woman who visited in that neighborhood, became interested in them and urged their removal to Oakland, her native town, whither they finally went, stopping with her for a few days until further arrangements could be made. Hearing that the brown house in the Hollow, as 'twas called, was vacant, Alice, as we have seen, had rented it of Mr. Howland, and now, returning home, she smooths tenderly the snowy hair of her poor blind father, while she tells him how small a sum they will have to pay,—tells him, too, how neatly she can fit it up with the furniture they have,—and how, in the long winter evenings, he shall sit in his arm chair before the cheerful fire, for he likes the fire-light best, he can feel it upon his face, he says,—can see, too, in fancy, the little room which Alice pictures to him, and listening to her as she talks, he thanks God that the wife-love he has lost forever is in a measure made up to him in the love of his only child.

Two weeks went by and then, in the shoe shop and store, the workmen said one to another, that "to-morrow was the New Year," wondering the while if Mr. Howland would present each of the families in his employ with a turkey, as he was wont to do. "He had always done so before," they said—"he would surely do so now." Nor were they disappointed,—for when the day's labor was done, to each man was given his usual gift, and when all had been served, there was found one left for whom no owner came.

"We shall need it ourselves," Mr. Howland thought, as he remembered the numerous city friends expected on the morrow,—and placing it in a covered basket he started for home, turning involuntarily down the street, which would take him through the Hollow. He did not often go that way, for though it was quite as near, 'twas not a pleasant portion of the town. But he was going that way now, and as he came near the brown house, from whose windows a cheerful light was shining, he thought of his new tenants, and half decided to call; then, remembering that one of his clerks had told him of a stylish-looking young lady who had inquired for him that afternoon, expressing much regret at his absence, and saying she should call at his house early in the evening, he concluded to go on. Still the light shining out upon the snow seemed beckoning him to come, and turning back he stood beneath the window from which the curtain was drawn aside, revealing a picture at which he paused a moment to gaze. The blind man sat in his old arm chair just as Alice had said he should do, and the flickering flame of the blazing fire shone on his frosty locks and lighted up his grief-worn face, on which there was a pitiful expression most touching to behold. The sightless eyes were downward cast as if they fain would see the fair young head and wealth of soft brown tresses resting on his knee.

Alice was weeping. All the day long she had striven to repress her tears, and when, as she sat in the gathering night with her father, he said, "*She* was with us one year ago," they burst forth, and laying her head upon his lap she sobbed bitterly. There were words of love spoken of the lost one, and as Mr. Howland drew near Mr. Warren said, "'Tis well, perhaps, that she died before she knew what 'twas to be so poor."

The words, "to be so poor," caught Mr. Howland's ear, and glancing around the humble apartment, he fancied he knew why Alice wept. Just then she lifted up her head and he saw the tears on her cheek. Mr. Howland was unused to tears,—they affected him strangely,—and as the sight of them on Alice Warren's eye-lashes when she told him her father was blind had once brought down the rent of that house by half, so now the sight of them upon her cheek as she sat at that blind father's feet brought himself into her presence and the turkey from his basket! Depositing his gift upon the table and apologizing for his abruptness, he took the chair which Alice offered him, and in a short space of time forgot the "stylish-looking lady" who had so nearly prevented him from being where he was,—forgot everything save the blue of Alice's eyes and the mournful sweetness of her voice as she answered the few questions he addressed to her. He saw at once that both father and daughter were educated and refined,—but he did not question them of the past, for he felt instinctively that it would be to them an unpleasant subject, so he conversed upon indifferent topics, and Alice, listening to him, could scarcely believe he was the man whom she had heretofore associated with her wages of Saturday night, so familiar and friendly he seemed.

"You will come to see us again," Mr. Warren said to his visitor when the latter arose to go, and smiling down on Alice, who stood with her arm across her father's neck, Mr. Howland answered, "Yes, I shall surely come again."

He bade them good night, and as the door closed after him, the blind man said, "It seems darker now that he is gone," but to Alice, looking through the window pane, the room was *lighter* far for that brief visit. Mr. Howland, too, felt better for the call. He had done them some good, he hoped, and the picture of the two as he had left them was pleasant to remember, and then, as he drew near his home and saw in imagination his own large easy chair before the blazing fire, he tried to fancy himself a blind man, sitting there, with a brown-haired maiden's arm around his neck!—[To be continued.

NAVAL ETIQUETTE.

Lord St. Vincent was exacting upon minute points of etiquette to a degree which was irksome to his insubordinates. It was the custom for a lieutenant from each ship in the fleet to go on board the admiral's ship daily, I believe, for orders, but the office was always fulfilled unwillingly. On one occasion, and in a particular vessel, a dispute arose among the lieutenants, each trying to show that the duty was not his, until, to the great relief of the others, a spirited young fellow volunteered. He went on board and introduced himself to the admiral, then Sir John Jervis, who, after scanning his uniform, said:—"I cannot give my orders to you." "Why not, sir?" "I don't know who you are." "I am a lieutenant." "I should not judge so from your dress." "I am aware of no defect in my dress." "You have no buckles on your shoes."

The lieutenant departed, supplied the omission, and returning, again presented himself upon the admiral's quarter-deck, prepared to take his revenge. The first formalities having been gone through, Sir John was proceeding to give his instructions, when, to his great surprise, the lieutenant said he could not take his orders. "Why not?" inquired the startled Jervis. "I don't know who you are," was the reply. "I am Sir John Jervis, commander-in-chief of his majesty's fleet, &c." "I cannot tell by your dress," (for in truth the admiral wore a simple undress.) Sir John, without another word—for he was fairly caught—retired into his cabin, whence he soon emerged in the full costume of an admiral, and the officer having expressed his satisfaction, received his orders. The story goes that speedy promotion followed in this case, for Jervis had the good sense to appreciate the young man's spirit and readiness in showing it.

INTERESTING TO FREE MASONS.

The French Free Masons have celebrated the reconciliation which has taken place between the rival societies known as "Le Conseil Supreme," whose headquarters are in the Rue Grenelle St. Honore, and "Le Grand Orient de France," of the Rue Cadet. Ninety years ago all the French Free Masons were under the "Conseil Supreme," whose statutes are the same as those given to the Free Masons by Frederick the Great, placing all appointments in the gift of the Grand Master, who has also the right of nominating his successor. When the revolution broke out this aristocratic system led to many disputes, the result of which was that a schism took place in the "Conseil," and the dissidents formed themselves into a separate society, the "Grand Orient de France," under Phillippe Egalite, father of King Louis Phillippe. This society made all appointments elective, and tenable for five years only. The "Grand Orient" rose rapidly in popularity and numbers, and has for some time been far more powerful than the "Conseil," which it did not recognize. Mutual friends of the two societies have long endeavored to establish friendly relations between them, but they did not succeed in their object until a few months ago, and the members of the "Orient" were entertained for the first time by the "Conseil" at a banquet.

Wit and Humor.

LETTER FROM A SMART BOY.

Precocious babies, like geniuses, are not confined to any clime, country or locality, but abound everywhere. However, we reckon Albion, N. Y., is slightly ahead, and that our friend Beach of the Orleans Republican (lately an invalid,) must be convalescing—for that whereas a late "issoo" of the Republican thus says and sings:

The following letter, purporting to be from a very promising sprig of the rising generation, just three weeks old, has been handed us, with assurance that it is genuine as well as good, which we do not presume to doubt. If any one has a smarter baby, let it be exhibited:

Dear old Untle
I dot oor letter;
My old Mammy
She ditten better.
She every day
Little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick
Very much longer.
Daddy's so fat
Cant hardly stagger,
Mammy says he jinks
Too much lager!
Dear little Baby
Had a bad colic,
Had to take *tree drops*
Nassey paragolic:
Toot a dose of tatnip
Felt worse than ever,
Shan't take no more
Tatnip never!
Wind on somit,
Felt pooty bad;
Worse fit of sitness
Ever I had!
Ever had belly ate
Ole Untle Bill?
Taint no fun now,
Say what oo will.
I used to sleep all day
And cry all night;
Don't do so now
Cause taint yight!
But I'm growing,
Getting pooty fat;
Gains most two pounds
Only tink o' yat!!
Little femnin blankets
Was too big ' efore,
Nurse cant pin me
In em no more.
Skirts so small,
Baby so stout.
Had to let the plaits
In em all out.
Got a head of hair
Jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes
Yat look mighty bright:
My Mammy says
Never did see
Any ozzer baby
Half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often,
Aunt Sarah too;
Baby loves zem.
Baby loves 'oo—
Baby sends a pooty kiss
To his Uncles all,
Aunties and Cousins
Big folke and small.
Cant yite no more.
So good by
Jolly ole Untle
Wiz a glass eye!

Leslie.

HOMEOPATHY EXTRAORDINARY.

The homeopathic rule that "like cures like" receives a whimsical offset in the following specimens of the opposite practice:

A lad swallowed a small lead bullet. His friends were very much alarmed about it, and his father, that no means might be spared to save his darling boy's life, sent post haste to a surgeon of skill, directing his messenger to tell him the circumstances and urge his coming without delay.

The doctor was found, heard the dismal tale, and with as much unconcern as he would manifest in a common headache, wrote the following laconic note:

"Sir—Don't alarm yourself. If, after three weeks, the bullet is not removed, give the boy a charge of powder.
"Yours, &c.
"P. S.—Don't shoot the boy at anybody."

This is much akin to the laconic prescription of the celebrated Dr. Abernethy.

An Irishman called in great haste upon the doctor, stating that—

"Be jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a mouse!"

"Then, be jabers," said Abernethy, "tell your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

"Have any of Toby Continued's stories been printed into bound volumes?" inquired a customer of a salesman at one of our large book stalls the other day. "Toby Continued! Who's he?" "Why, the man that writes so many stories for the publications. I see his name to more stories than any other man, and I want to get 'em in bound volumes." The salesman answered in the negative, and the verdant customer went elsewhere with his inquiry, which we dare say is—"To be continued."

A Love Story.—A tall Eastern girl, named Short, long loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's short-comings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Query—Did tall Short love big Little less, because Little loved Long?

The Springfield Republican states the case of a young man who obtained a marriage license from a city clerk, bargaining for the right to return it if the lady should not say "yes" to his proposition. In about a week he returned it with the remark, "It was no go: but give me another; I guess I've got a sure thing this time."

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED PRIZE REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. A. A. H.

☞ To the person (residing in Canada or the New England States,) forwarding the first correct answer to above Rebus, we will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1868, or, if preferred, a post-paid copy of Randall's Practical Shepherd.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 9, 8, 2, 4, 10 is an animal.
My 11, 16, 2, 6, 5 is a dwelling place.
My 21, 18 is a preposition.
My 17, 2, 13 is a kind of liquor.
My 17, 19, 20, 14 is a girl's name.
Mr. 21, 12, 17, 7, 11 is a kind of candle.
My 15, 17, 19, 2, 21 is a fish.
My 1, 3, 2, 20, 15 is the outside of bread.
My whole is an old but true saying.

Clarence Centre, N. Y. Mary A. Rodes.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is in Matthew, but never in James;
My second in Thomas, and also in Thames;
My third is in Ezra, and never in John;
My fourth is in children, but absent in son.

My fifth is in light, but left out of eyes:
My sixth is in truth, but never in lies;
My seventh in mouth, and also in heart;
My eighth is in whole, but never in part.

My ninth is my thirteenth, and also my third;
My tenth is in horse, but left out of bird;
My eleventh in Moses, a beautiful boy;
My twelfth is in sorrow, but never in joy.

My thirteenth in age, but never in youth;
My fourteenth is never in lies, but in truth:
My whole is a little message of light,
That teaches the little ones how to do right.

[*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 939.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Drink whisky and spend their money.

Answer to Problem:—226 .98.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Parallel lines, though indefinitely continued, will not meet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRICK AND TILE MAKING MACHINERY Wanted. Send descriptive circular, with price. Address P. EWER, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

CLUBS.—ANY ONE CAN GET UP CLUBS FOR forty popular papers and magazines. A new, easy way. Good pay. Post Masters, club agents and others, send stamp for circular. L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis.

LITTLE GIANT CORN AND BEAN PLANTER. The only reliable hand planter in use. It shows the passing into the hill. Send for circular and testimonials. Towns and counties for sale. VAN KIRK, EDDY & CO., Manufacturers and Proprietors for the State of New York. Address Greenwich, N. Y.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS!—UNDER the present vicious system of trade, consumers of goods have to pay more than double what they cost, owing to the number of hands through which they pass. We have, therefore, established a plan whereby consumers in the country towns can receive their goods, almost direct from first hands, and at a very small advance. Send for our circular. A splendid chance is offered to agents, male and female, to get up clubs. Address S. C. THOMPSON & CO., 30 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. 937-4teo

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☞ All Business Letters should be addressed to Rochester during the present month, or until otherwise announced.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the Rural—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

DR. DANIEL LEE AND HON. THEO. C. PETERS, Southern Corresponding Editors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

WANT OF SYSTEM IN FARMING.

ONE of the prominent defects in American farming is the constant tendency to change. As a body, farmers do not develop any fixedness of purpose, nor labor through a series of years to accomplish any definite result. Their marked predilection is rather for the rushing torrent, than the little rill, which, though slow and constant, always keeps the fountain filled. We grant this is not true of all, but we speak of the majority, who are amenable to this charge.

In this respect there is a marked contrast in comparison to the routine and course system of our trans-Atlantic cousins, who have, after years of practice, adopted a system of rotation, to which they adhere with true English tenacity. That they cannot be largely at fault is evidenced in the high rents paid for land, the large annual outlay for manure, and the usually remunerative result. These things may not be, probably are not every way suited to Young America; but they may serve as a chart when we are at sea, as we fear is too often the case, running wild.

The late Gen. WADSWORTH, in the management of his immense landed estate, a large share of which was annually rented for farming purposes, established and maintained such a system, in providing for a succession of different crops, as well as plowed and grass land; and in arranging for such a general seeding with clover to be plowed in as a fertilizer, as maintained the value and fertility of the soil at a point hardly to be credited in lands that were constantly leased. Other individual instances might be cited, but they would only serve to render the opposite course of the majority the more marked.

The fertile wheat producing belt in our own Western New York was continually sown and re-sown with that grain, to the almost entire exclusion of other crops, until the original virgin richness of the soil was well nigh exhausted of the elements required to perfect a remunerative crop, and still the plowing, seeding and harvesting went on until nature entered her earnest and effective protest, in the shape of the weevil, and compelled a change of base. It required a partial loss of two or three years before the wheat producing farmers could adopt any other crop, and in the interim they looked chop fallen and complained of hard times. Instead of adopting a mixed and rotative system, their pent up energies found vent in beans, and almost as by magic the length and breadth of the wheat district was planted with this crop.

An additional illustration of this tendency to change is to be found in the very large outlay for sheep, fine wool and coarse, which has been practiced for a few years past. In the usual acceptation of the term, sheep paid, and wool producing became general over a large part of Western New York and elsewhere. We would not be understood as objecting to sheep farming when judiciously conducted, but the very indiscriminate purchase of large flocks, whether prepared to do them justice or not, leads to results not always satisfactory. With the present winter we find a very general desire to sell out, and large numbers of sheep are forced on the market at any price that will effect a sale. That this is unwise will be fully understood at no distant day. Along with other branches of farming, sheep will be found remunerative. It is the practice of rushing into a business, and as unadvisedly rushing out again, against which we desire to enter protest. Flocks may be judiciously pruned of inferior animals, and be profitably brought to a high standard.

The manufacture of cheese, and the mania for cheese factories, are additional evidence of the correctness of our charge. Cheese making on a scale commensurate with a healthy demand for the article is to be commended. It is the very general forsaking of other business and entering largely into cheese factories in districts where suitable soil and circumstances do not warrant the undertaking, that must result in loss. Not only in what are known and acknowledged as good dairy districts, is capital invested in the business, but in the grain districts, and upon the broad prairies of the almost boundless West, to an extent the market does not warrant. If the experienced dairymen of such counties as Herkimer and Oneida demonstrate by figures that cheese making, at present prices of cows, labor and cheese, eventuates in loss to them, what result may be expected by those who have not only far less experience, but a less favorable soil and location. Already the first notes of alarm have been sounded, and it is but reasonable to anticipate, within a brief period, a reaction, and other changes.

The same state of facts has been true in regard to some branches of fruit culture. A not very small number of cultivators have made a success in growing dwarf pears and other fruit, and excited by their figures, farmers and others have in respectable numbers followed in their footsteps, and, as might have been expected, have in the main harvested only disappointment. The same is too true of many cultivators of what are known as small fruits. It is not every location that may be profitably planted with these. Neither is every farmer prepared to cultivate them in a manner that will enable him to compete with the best cultivators in favorable localities. It behoves them to consider well the entire subject before embarking in an untried, and an imperfectly understood pursuit. The methods of culture pursued by a large share of farmers are not sufficiently thorough and minute to ensure remuneration in a branch of business where these are among the essentials of success.

We do not desire to have our position misunderstood. We enter into no contest with either of the branches of farming named; they are all essential, and desirable to a certain extent, and in the proper place. It is against the tendency to adopt any one of these for a period, to the almost entire exclusion of others, to be in turn discarded for some different scheme, that we desire to speak, as the RURAL NEW-YORKER has often before spoken.

We desire to educe from the recital of the foregoing truthful illustrations a strong argument in favor of a well-diversified system of farm husbandry, as the only safe rule for general cultivators. When any farmer for a series of years places his chance of success upon one crop, to the exclusion of a more general cultivation of others, the day is not far distant when he must suffer a loss. It is always more pleasant to commend than to condemn, but there are occasions where plain words are demanded.

PRIZE PIGS AT THE SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

OUR engraving portrays the Pigs which won the highest prize at the recent Show of the Smithfield Club, London, England. They are owned by Earl RADNOR, are of the White Coleshill sort, and were fifteen months and nine days old when exhibited. Their closest competitors were animals of the famous large Yorkshire breed, only one month younger. This is the third time that Earl RADNOR has won the highest prize for the best pen of pigs at the Smithfield Club. For genuine fatness these pigs are apparently in advance of any swine in the States or Canada,—including Porkopolis.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Sow Eating her Pigs.

"A.," Sinclearville, N. Y., writes:—"A neighbor of mine saved a fine litter of pigs from a ravenous sow by the following plan, which is worth remembering:—He took the pigs away and gave the mother about one pint of whisky, which made her drunk, and while in that condition he carefully replaced the pigs, and she was as good a mother after as was necessary. Queer remedy, if not doubtful.

Cribbing Horses.

ABRAM KLINE, Canfield, Ohio, writes us that he "thinks cribbing proceeds from the shedding of teeth, which makes the gums sore, which causes them to take hold with their teeth of any object within reach, and by a continuation of this practice they will eventually begin to suck wind. My method of treating a horse that's a "cribber" (as far as it is curable,) is to have a strap of leather about half an inch wide of sufficient length to reach around the horse's throat; take another strap, three inches long and one inch wide, drive it full of tacks, and sew a piece of leather on the back of it to prevent the tacks from coming out; buckle the strap around the throat sufficiently tight that when he "cribs" he will distend the throat and the tacks will jog him. You will readily perceive that the pricking of the tacks will be sufficient punishment to make him quit "cribbing." Take a solution of strong sage tea, and alum dissolved, and bathe the gums with it to allay the inflammation; and then nail a piece of sheep skin, with the woolly side out, on the trough or any place accessible to the horse, or where he would be likely to take hold. This is all that can be done, as to eradicate the habit *entirely* is beyond the skill of any horse veterinarian ever I met with. I think this prescription if circulated would be beneficial."

About Seed Corn.

A FEW weeks ago we noticed some fine seed corn sent to us by Mr. M. STEBBINS, Deerfield, Mass. Mr. S. has since written us and we extract the following from his letter:

"I wish to correct one error in your article in relation to the kind of corn. You say "it resembles the Dutton corn, but probably it is a hybrid." But I assure you that it is neither. I raised the Dutton corn two years before I procured this seed, and threw it aside because of the enormous great cob. It would not cure in any ordinary crib, and further, two bushels of ears would not give one bushel of shelled corn. Some of our farmers said, and say now, even, they don't care how big the cob is, if it is covered with corn. But I think otherwise. This corn was brought from Canada in 1838. It was a very small kind of corn, so much so that few farmers would raise it. I have continued to raise it, and keep it as pure and distinct from any and all other kinds as possible. In shelling my seed, I am careful to select the long, deep-set kernels, and consequently get a very small cob. There is a less quantity of stalks, also, in proportion to the corn than in other sorts."

Hog Cholera—Pork.

C. M. B., Petroleum Center, referring to a preventive of hog cholera proposed by a western paper, takes occasion, among other things adverse to the hog, to write that "people would become healthy if they would stop eating pork," and asks:—"Is that fit to eat which requires cleansing out every day or two with salt, lime, ashes and soft soap?" Further than this, in disparagement of the hog, he adds:—"I once knew a physician who made the remark that the reason people were so full of the devil was because they ate so much pork. What he based his belief upon I cannot say, but one thing we know, devils were suffered to go into the swine, and we are not told that they ever came out."

It is conceded that the hog is gross in form, and equally so in the indulgence of his appetite, but not more so than barn-yard fowls, whose penchant for garbage and reptiles of no inviting aspect is well known. These omnivorously gross feeders are generally regarded as a table luxury, and, according to our taste, justly so. Why are the latter, concededly gross in their food instincts and subject to many diseases, passed over and the hog alone selected as a proper target at which to launch the anathema of excommunication? On second thought, we think our correspondent owes the hogs an apology, for these poor, banned creatures did not seek an alliance with devils, but gave them asylum on compulsion. But so distasteful to the hogs was the association, in which they became passive participants, that, rather than endure it, they sought relief in the desperate remedy of suicide!

Experiments with Hen Manure on Corn.

SEYMOUR JOYNER, North Egremont, Mass.:—"I read the articles of your Pennsylvania correspondents, last spring, on the manuring of corn with hen droppings. One advocated putting the manure in the hill, and the other on the top after planting. I tried some experiments. I put coarse barn-yard manure on my corn land, and plowed it under to the depth of seven inches. At planting time selected twelve rows through the lot, as near alike as I could; four were planted without the hen manure, four with it in the hill, and four with it on the top. The four rows without any manure in the hill gave a fair crop; the four with the manure on top yielded fifteen per cent. better, and the four with the manure in the hill twenty per cent. more, or five per cent. better than those which received the surface application. The estimates were made by weighing the produce.

"Now for shrinkage on corn. I selected one rod of corn, as near the average of four acres as possible, husked and weighed the ears on the 24th of September—weight 55½ pounds. The first day of January, 1868, the same corn weighed only 35¼ pounds, and gave of shelled corn 28¼ pounds—one pint less than one-half bushel by measure. Weight of cob and shrinkage amounted to 27 pounds. Loss ¼ pound. This will explain in part the great corn crops, as reported by Agricultural Societies in this and other States, measured by weight of corn on the cob, and deducting from 15 to 20 per cent., instead of 40 to 50 per cent. as the true shrinkage. My corn was sound, and I had gathered my seed for the next year before selecting the quantity experimented with."

Ringbone.

M. A. D. FRENCH, veterinary surgeon, alluding to ringbone, in the American Stock Journal, says:—"A notion has long prevailed that 'ringbone is fed by a bladder at the back part of the pastern,' and this notion has led to a cruel operation in the treatment of this disease." He adds:—"There is indeed a bladder there, called a '*bursal sac*,' the design of which is to secrete a joint-oil to lubricate the tendons, and to prevent the friction of surfaces; how barbarous, then to destroy it. We should here caution our horse-breeders against using stallions that have the least tendency to this, or any similar disease of the joints, bones or tendons."

THE LOUISIANA STATE FAIR.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 18th, 1868.

MR. MOORE:—I write you once more from this land of birds and flowers, sunny skies and perpetual verdure. To this date there has been but one frost, and that only slight,—its traces being most visible on the banana tree, a part of the leaves of which seem seared and scorched.

The Agricultural and Mechanical Fair, now closed, continued fourteen days. The preparations made by the committee of arrangements were ample and the space commodious, equal to anything either North or South. The exhibition in all the different departments was all that could be reasonably expected,—but the attendance by the agricultural community, or the planters, was very meager in numbers—not more than equal to that of the county fairs of Monroe or Orleans Co., N. Y., and generally regarded by Northern men as a failure.

Nearly all the States were represented on the fair grounds by some ingenious labor-saving machine. Here is the famous Steam Plow (of which much has been written,) in actual operation on the grounds, plowing for several days. It claims to have had its birth in an Englishman's brain, and threatens a revolution in agriculture. But from the demonstrations made it looked to us like a huge failure, altogether impracticable. The plow itself, or rather gang of plows, is propelled from one side of the field to the other by stationary engines and a wire rope extending across the field, which winds up on a drum, and thus is drawn back and forth. The two engines could not cost less than ten thousand dollars. Some Yankee heads must eventually look into this steam plow arrangement and bring it out, if circumstances require it. My own opinion is that all the great landed estates of America have "played out," and the Agricultural business of the South will be conducted mainly on the same principle as it is in the North.

Here, too, on the grounds, you see the Levee Builder, all the way from Quincy, Ill. It has come to help reclaim those vast tracts over which the Mississippi has so peacefully reposed since the war. It claims to do, as I understand, the work of a hundred men in lifting and loading the earth into carts. It certainly seemed to handle and move the earth at a very rapid rate. The Gov't should examine carefully this Levee Builder, for nothing is more needed than this article to reclaim the rich alluvial lands along the river, and help pay our huge National debt. Here, also, we see a great array of plows, some mowing machines and reapers, horse rakes, cotton choppers, scrapers and cotton planters, harrows &c., the mere beginning of that great system of labor-saving machinery which is to take the place of that time-honored institution so recently passed away.

Mechanics' Hall is also largely filled with Yankee inventions, none of which hold a more conspicuous place or more indispensable in the South than the cotton gins. Some very valuable improvements have recently been made in this class of implements, and none seemed to attract more attention for real merit than the Steel-Brush Cotton Gin, manufactured at Mystic River, Conn. Where would the South now be, but for the cotton gin? It was truly one of the great triumphs of art. This, with negro slavery systematized, was the great foundation of the wealth and aristocracy of the South, before the war. The cotton gin was imperiously demanded at the time it came. A demand equally imperious now, after the emancipation of the slaves, exists for machinery to cultivate and produce cotton—for it seems to be the conclusion of all practical men that the present system of labor in the South can never produce cotton and make it remunerative. Cotton used to be King, but, like Dagon, he now lies on his face, and the great question of the American people is whether this great staple product, which was such a source of revenue to this country, shall go down, or whether it shall maintain its original position in the markets of the world. My own opinion is that, with the climate and soil of the Cotton States, unsurpassed in natural fertility by any on the globe, and the great demand for the article, machinery will soon be adapted which will produce cotton at one-half the cost of the present system.

The Southern men are generally keen and far-seeing, and can calculate as shrewdly on the cost of a bale of cotton, or the probable state of the market, as any men in the world,—but in reference to labor-saving machinery they know little or nothing, for the old system was wholly against it. The whole South is now ready to hail the advent of anything that will save labor.

We are under many obligations for the hospitalities and courtesies extended to us by the Press of New Orleans,—especially must we mention the favors bestowed upon us by the Picayune. Mr. HOLBROOK, the proprietor, and Messrs. BACON and BAKER are gentlemen of high merit, and must command respect—at least we judge so from their careful consideration of strangers in their midst.

One thing we noticed particularly, and that was a universal desire for agricultural information or anything that would promote the interests of planters, and no journal awakened a livelier interest than the mention of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. There was hardly a place where it had not been once a household word. "Why, I used to take that paper before the war," was not unfrequently heard.

It is a fact that cannot be concealed that the condition of the South is sad indeed. They have had two years of failure in the cotton crop. Last year many staked their all upon it, by drawing all they could from the merchants and factors, and even mortgaging land and stock in many cases, (for an

outfit of provisions and mules,) but a return of thirty bales of cotton where they expected three hundred has engulfed all in one common ruin. Yes, and the wolf of hunger lies crouching at many a door, and the wheels of Reconstruction must not roll too tardily, or results must follow of a serious nature to the whole country. Those States have claims on the Government that are now imperative. One thing is apparent and should be done immediately, and that is, Congress should remove the tax on cotton and add a premium for its growth. This cannot be done too soon. The original object of the tax was a good one—to swell the revenue. It did well the first year, when cotton was high, but since then it has been exhausting and paralyzing. If the South has nothing, the Government can get nothing; empty bags cannot stand, but fill them and they will stand. The Government should duly appreciate the condition of these States, and by liberal appropriations, strive to elevate and educate them. The whole tendency now is to recede, and if they are allowed to do so they will not go alone, but must take the North along, eventually. But my letter is already too long, and I will close by subscribing myself, Yours truly, N. B. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL's address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

TARIFF CLASSIFICATION OF WOOLS.

WE have already published the bitter and sweeping denunciation of the tariff classification of wools, contained in the Country Gentleman of Jan. 16th. To show that such classification is "arbitrary and ineffectual"—that it was *designed* to favor a fraudulent admission of all wools at the lowest rates of duty—the Country Gentleman submits the following criticism on its terms and provisions:

"Class One, it is true, *nominally* includes what is *not designated* in classes Two and Three, but class Two is so drawn as really to amount to little or nothing, while class Three is comprehensive enough to leave very little for either of the others. The fault he finds with class Two, is its limitation to the wool of four English breeds, "Canada long wools, or *other like combing wool of English blood*"—leaving it to be implied that *purity* of "English blood" is requisite, and therefore that grades are excluded, as well as mixed or non-English combing wools of Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, South America, &c.—which are thus left for class Three. This last class, under the phrase "and elsewhere," comprehends the whole world as its base of supplies, with no limitation except the use of the wool so classified for carpet-making—a distinction, like that of class One, never known in the trade or alluded to in prices-current, and, as the coarser always covers the finer*, operating as *inclusively* here, as it does *exclusively* in the former."

The following is a *correct* copy of the classification of wools, contained in the tariff Act:

CLASS 1.—CLOTHING WOOL.

That is to say, merino, mestiza, metz, or metis wools, or other wools of merino blood, immediate or remote; down clothing wools, and wools of like character with any of the preceding, including such as have been heretofore usually imported into the United States from Buenos Ayres, New Zealand, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, Russia, Great Britain, Canada, and elsewhere, and also including all wools not hereinafter described or designated in classes two and three.

CLASS 2.—COMBING WOOLS.

That is to say, Leicester, Cotswold, Lincolnshire, down combing wools, or other like combing wools of English blood, and usually known by the terms herein used; and also all hair of the alpaca, goat, and other like animals.

CLASS 3.—CARPET WOOLS, AND OTHER SIMILAR WOOLS.

Such as Donskoi, native South American, Cordova, Valparaiso, native Smyrna, and including all such wools of like character as have been heretofore usually imported into the United States from Turkey, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and elsewhere.

It would naturally be expected that the Country Gentleman would, after denouncing the whole classification alike and without exception, at least make an attempt to show some defect—some obvious or concealed loop-hole for evasion—in the terms of CLASS 1,—for it is on the legal effect of those terms that probably more than three-fourths of the wool growers of the United States depend for all the protection from foreign competition which they derive from the wool tariff. But no such attempt is made.

In respect to CLASS 2, the statement that it is limited to Combing wools of English blood is true; but the inference that it is limited to wools of *pure* English blood is not true. But what if it were? It would only throw grade or mixed blood English Combing wools—as it does all Combing wools *not* of English blood—into CLASS 1, which pay the same duties as CLASS 2. This is effected by the clause in CLASS 1 which makes it include all wools "not described or designated in CLASSES 2 and 3." The especial design of this clause was to sweep into CLASS 1 and thus impose the highest rates of duty on all wools indiscriminately of whatever kind or quality, whether now imported or hereafter to be imported, and whether enumerated in CLASSES 1 and 2 or not, unless they are distinctively Carpet wools *as described or designated* in CLASS 3. Thus the whole debatable ground between the wool paying the higher and lower duties is covered by the former. Not an atom of discretion is left to Custom House officers to put doubtful wools into CLASS 3 because they are supposed to be *nearer* in character to Carpet than to Clothing or Combing wools. They must actually come within the *prescribed* boundary line of CLASS 3, or they cannot be included in it. For all practical purposes, the effect of the law would have been the same had it, without specifying any wools but those in CLASS 3, merely provided that all *other* wools should pay the duties now imposed on CLASSES 1 and 2. It is difficult to see how a more comprehensive or effectual provision against uncertainty, mistake, arbitrary decisions, or fraudulent decisions in Custom Houses, could have been possibly devised. And we speak from our own knowledge when we say that without such a provision, the Wool Growers' Committee would never have concurred in the tariff classification.

In respect to CLASS 3, the assertion of the Country Gentleman that it "comprehends the whole world as its base of supplies," is true, and it is equally true of both the other Classes. Our ports are alike open to the wools of every country. But the assumption that CLASS 3 wools have "no limitation† except *the use* of the wools so classified for *carpet making*," is not true either literally or in substance; and the further assumption that this imaginary limitation constitutes a distinction "never known in the trade or alluded to in prices current" would constitute a fact of no importance if true. The closing remarks of the Country Gentleman about the coarser wools always covering the finer, &c., are beyond our comprehension. If they have any meaning we hope our readers will be more fortunate in discovering it.

* That is to say, for example—there is no legal or universally admitted limit to which *fineness* of texture in carpets may be carried, while the limit of *coarseness*, in wool designed for *cloths*, must be the closest that the ingenuity of importers can designate.

† The context, according to our understanding of it, shows that the word "limitation" is here used in the sense of the word *distinction*—as if the writer had said "there is no mode of distinguishing CLASS 3 wools except that they are used for carpet making."

As if aware of the foggy and extremely unsubstantial texture of its criticisms on the tariff classification of wools, the Country Gentleman abruptly "changes base," and adopts the following conclusion of its correspondent:

"The different rates of duty which the wools of each class, according to the bill, are to pay, *are of no practical consequence*, as experience, under all our tariffs, has always proved that the lower rates only will be generally collected."

Now if it is of no practical consequence what the provisions of the law are, and for the reasons stated, of what possible consequence are criticisms on those provisions? Why spend so much christian ink on so trifling a matter, and why *distress the hearts* of the framers of the law by holding them accountable, when after all they have succeeded in *effecting* no mischief?

As we have to some extent stated what the distinctions between Carpet and other wools do *not* consist in, our readers will probably expect us to allude to those *real* ones on which the framers of the law relied to render the classification prepared by them a practicable and safe one. The distinctions are founded *on the character of the respective wools*. Carpet wools exhibit noils, "hairy ends" or other appearances and qualities, which give them a visibly distinctive character, and render them economically unfit for Clothing and Combing wools. The law distinctly characterizes them by specifying the leading varieties under the names by which they are known in the trade—such as Donskoi, Cordova, Valparaiso, Smyrna, &c.,—and by strictly limiting the Class to "wools of like character."

It may interest our readers to know the following facts. Most of the members of the Wool Growers' Committee who visited Boston last spring to examine the samples of foreign wools selected for Custom House standards, according to the provisions of the wool tariff, did not go prepared to find a very strongly defined difference between those Carpet and other (particularly Combing) wools which most nearly approach each other in character. Indeed, some of the committee were not without fears that the difference was so small that it would require a peculiar degree of expertness on the part of the Custom House officers to carry out correctly the classification prescribed by the law, and hence that a considerable margin would be left for mistakes, and for frauds which those officers might be emboldened to commit from the difficulty of clearly proving a guilty intent. The committee embraced eminent growers of Clothing and Combing wools, and they were therefore deeply committed by their own interests as well as those of their constituents, to examine the facts thoroughly. They found those facts apparent enough to themselves, but to make assurance doubly sure, they called before them and took the testimony of skillful yarn spinners, wool sorters and others who fully understood the subject, and who had no interest in attempting to deceive them. The result of the whole examination was a unanimous conviction on the part of the committee that the differences between the Carpet and other wools, were not only real, but distinctly apparent, and that with the aid of the samples, they furnished a sound and sufficient basis for a proper execution of the law.

We expressed the opinion, last week, that the present system of wool classification, under the tariff, *works* extremely well—better than any preceding system. This opinion was founded on the representations of candid and intelligent men, who have business relations with the New York and Boston Custom Houses which enable them to speak from their own observation. On reading the Country Gentleman's article, we determined further to obtain the opinions on the same subject of the officials themselves who are charged with the execution of the law. And we were also particularly anxious to obtain their avowals whether or not they put the same official interpretation on the law—particularly in relation to the effect of the last clause of CLASS 1—which we have declared in this article to be the true one. Other inquiries will be sufficiently indicated by the answers.

Mr. JOHN A. BAUSH, the Appraiser, who has the charge of classifying and appraising wools in the New York Custom House, writes:

"I think the present mode of classification a decided improvement on all previous modes. I have not found any practical difficulties in its operation. I am not aware that the Custom House or this office has construed the tariff for CLASS 2 as being confined exclusively to wools of *pure* English blood. The question has not come up. There have not been any Combing wools imported here under the present tariff except those of English blood. As for 'grades being excluded and put into CLASS 3,' it is entirely untrue so far as this office is concerned. If it should be decided that *purity* of English blood is requisite to bring Combing wools into CLASS 2, and if Combing wools not of English blood should be excluded from that CLASS, then they are provided for under the last clause in CLASS 1, which includes in that Class *all* wools not 'described or designated in CLASSES 2 and 3.' There is where I shall place them.

"The only reply I have to make to the imputations thrown out in the Country Gentleman, is to invite him or any other gentleman to obtain permission from the Department to examine the books of this office, and samples of each lot of wool passed at this office, since the Act of March 2d, 1867, went into operation. I think we have samples of every lot of wool. Would it not be a good idea for your National Wool Growers' Association to ask the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury to make such an examination both here and in Boston. I do not think he would hesitate a moment to grant you every facility for doing so. It would be very gratifying to me to show the whole business. I think it the most effective way of answering all such attacks."

It is due to Mr. BAUSH to say that this proposition is entirely a spontaneous one on his part, no suggestion having been made by us in that direction. Mr. THOMAS G. RICE, the Appraiser at Boston, who has wools under his charge, writes:

"In reply to the 1st interrogatory, I would state that we experience no practical difficulty in carrying out the provisions of the present tariff Act respecting the classification of wool. The Act is sufficiently clear and explicit to render the task, with the standards furnished by Government and the exercise of sound judgment and discretion, comparatively easy. So far as the practical working of the tariff is concerned, the present system is as good as any we ever had.

"In reply to the 2d interrogatory I answer, that it is not true that we so construe the language of the Act as to make purity of English blood the requisite to determine the Class, and therefore exclude grade English wools from CLASS 2. Purity of blood is not made the test, but the classification is determined by the blood, however remote. We had one importation of wool from the British Provinces called 'Peddler's wool,' which contained wool of different degrees of blood more or less remote. It was claimed that it should enter this port as Carpet wool, as it was only fit for this use. We, however, passed it as liable to 10 cents and 11 per cent. duty on the ground that it was blood wool. The first and second Class classify the wool, by blood, and if any possible kind has been omitted by name, it is provided for in CLASS 1, which *includes all wools not described or designated in* CLASSES 2 and 3."

After receiving Mr. BAUSH's letter we communicated his invitation to an examination of the books and samples of wool in the New York and Boston Appraisers' offices, to Mr. RICE, and asked him if he concurred in it. Mr. RICE warmly concurs on the part of the Boston office, and promises to afford every possible facility for rendering it effective. The Secretary of the Treasury has been asked to grant his permission for the proposed examination, and if he does so, the editor of the Country Gentleman will be asked to participate in the investigation.

NOTE.—In giving the duties on foreign wools, last week we are made to say:—"The duties are as follows, according to value at last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in *each* port," &c. The word *each* should have been printed "such."

FIFTEEN thousand pounds of wool were sold in Painesville, Ohio, last week, at an average of 38 cents a pound.

Dairy Department.

AMERICAN DAIRYMENS' ASSOCIATION.

[Continued from page 30.]

CAUSES AFFECTING THE FLAVOR OF CHEESE UNFAVORABLY.

PROF. BREWER of Yale College, said he was not a practical dairyman, and should speak as a chemist. It is believed by chemists that chemical changes are due to the growth of the article fermenting—that is if you put milk in a glass vessel just as it comes from the manufacturer's hands, and that has never had milk in it before, and a sample of the same milk in a glass vessel that has had milk in it, and has not been thoroughly cleansed, you will be astonished at the difference in time required for the first to ferment as compared with the latter. The one has not the seed of ferment in it, the other has. So if the milk—the least particle of it—is left in the cans to sour, it plants the seed of putrefaction in the fresh milk put in the can. It has been demonstrated that a large proportion of the changes in milk are produced by this germ of fermentation left in the cans, or introduced into it with filth, and decayed or decaying substances. The reason why we scald pans is because it destroys this low order of vegetable growth—kills these germs of ferment. Every housewife knows that the fermenting point is saved often by scalding—the fermentation is always checked.

About food as affecting the character and quality of the dairy product. A few years ago I passed over the regions in Switzerland in which the celebrated Swiss cheese is made. The pastures on which the cows are fed are over two thousand feet high. They yield a short, sweet, deliciously fragrant herbage. There is a great deal of poor cheese made in Switzerland, and it is a well known and recognized fact that soil, and elevation, and climate have as much to do in giving quality to cheese as they do in determining the flavor of wine in the wine regions. Indeed there is a striking parallel in this respect between wine and cheese. The best product requires the best cows, the best forage, the tidiest handling of the milk, and the most skillful manipulation.

These Swiss pastures have not been plowed or spaded for centuries. They are renewed by scattering grass seed over them. The sweet-scented vernal grass is grown on these mountains. The herbage is short, but very sweet. These Swiss, in reply to inquiries as to the essentials in the production of good cheese, replied: "Good grass and good makers, if you want good cheese." In some parts of England, they told me that pastures were not good for anything until fifty years old.

Mr. PAXTON of Erie county, suggested that the low temperature of the Alpine dairy regions was unfavorable to the development of fungus growth, or ferment, and therefore an aid in the manufacture of good cheese,—for his experience with German and Swiss dairymen had not proven that they were noted for tidiness. He thought there was a fungus growing in the brains of too many dairymen, which prevented them comprehending how essential neatness is in dairy husbandry, and from discerning the difference between purity and filth.

Mr. PAXTON cited many causes affecting the flavor of cheese. Food was one of them; wood land and weedy pastures were objectionable. Milkers with the itch diseased the milk, also those with bad breath or filthy habits. Purity of person and good breath in milker and manufacturer were essential.

Prof. BREWER said Mr. PAXTON was correct in regard to the influence of the low temperature of the mountain regions; they have no warm or hot weather as we know it here. The low temperature is the great cause of their success.

Mr. FOSTER of Oneida, desired to mention another cause—the leaving dead calves and other decaying substances in pastures to taint the air and milk; had known the difficulty to cease when the cause was removed.

Mr. FARRINGTON of Ontario, Canada, endorsed all that had been said of the importance of cleanliness, pastures, food, &c., &c. It had been said salt had something to do with flavor,—that some kinds were injurious. Had tested the different kinds with the same results. With ordinary care in selecting salt the flavor of cheese was not injured; bad rennets worked more injury; those from butchers, as cured, were worth little, and often were not all calves' rennets. With pure salt, good rennets, and the greatest possible cleanliness, we often get poor cheese. It is said the most of cheese made the past two years was poor. If so, other causes affected it; 1866 was very wet, and both butter and cheese were poor, induced possibly by the rank growth of grass, which is always of poor quality, sour and not relished by cattle. Was the sourness due to excess of ammonia? What is ammonia? What produces it? It is an alkali, gaseous in form, and is produced by animal and vegetable putrefaction. Vegetable matter goes into putrefaction as soon as the warm weather commences. It decays and ammonia escapes. This gas enters largely into vegetable life, and if this putrid gas is developed in excess, does it not affect the milk of the cow just as it does when it escapes from the carrion? In wet seasons grain is not of as good quality, and the same causes affect milk and cheese. If ammonia is the cause, what is the cure? Ammonia is volatile; then spread the milk in shallow bodies to cool and allow the gas to escape. We do not pay enough attention to cooling and purifying the milk by atmospheric agency.

Mr. ELLISON of Herkimer, dissented from the assumption that so much poor cheese was made in wet seasons. As good cheese had been made the past season, by many manufacturers, as any season in ten years. Much first quality cheese had been made, though the average amount of poor was greater than it had been, or ought to be.

Insufficient pressing was one cause. Bad boxing injured the cheese before reaching market; also, want of care in shipping. Good food, pure water, unscrupulous neatness and good salt were essentials. Pure Onondaga solar was as good as Ashton salt. Cheese made in hot weather required more salt than that made in the fall. Amount of salt depends upon the time to elapse before using the cheese, the condition of the curd and the amount of whey in the curd when salted. He denounced mixing cold and warm curds. Salting should not be done until every particle was cooked. Cheese is pressed too little, but what is necessary, can be as well done in twenty-four hours as in three or four days. Much depends on curing; the room should be kept at an even and not too high a temperature and well ventilated. Boxes should be of seasoned stuff and *fit closely*, excluding all the air possible, and be dry when used.

Mr. BALLOU had been manufacturing five years, and succeeded pretty well. Flavor is affected in many ways by food, high lands and low, condition of milk when received at factory, rennets, &c., but must take it as it is found and cheese-makers exercise *common sense*. A good cheese-maker is one of the essentials, and if Mr. WEEKS' suggestions are followed the value of our cheese will be appreciated quite a per cent. I scald my milk until an acid develops. Curd must be cool before put to press.

Mr. HOLDER of Otsego Co., puts curd in hoop as cool as he can get it. Whey cannot be pressed from curd after grinding; must be done before. Good cheese can be made from tainted milk by exposing curd to the air until taint is removed. It costs more, but can be done. Salt the curd as soon as taken from the whey, three pounds of salt to 100 pounds of curd, and the curd does not cling together. Think it well to use the curd mill, after the whey has been pressed from the curd, and the cheese is made to put in the press. Did not know that he could make good cheese from tainted rennet; aimed to use good. Cannot make *good* cheese from impure milk, and not as much cheese from the same amount of milk when the curd is tainted.

Mr. LEONARD believed milk was injured less by exposure to the sun in cans than by shutting the can up tight before the gases and animal heat had escaped. Had known milk to sour before reaching the factory, and on his suggestion the covers were not put on, and the difficulty was removed. Milk should not be stirred and cooled before taking to the factory.

A Herkimer Co. dairyman desired united action to induce butchers to prepare better rennets. Had used both, and those from *farmers* were worth nearly double price, and almost doubled the quantity of cheese from the same quantity of milk. He urged removing the curd from rennets, salting inside and out, and packing in sweet stone jars.

Mr. DAVIS, Herkimer Co., endorsed the importance of good rennets. Did not think it possible to get as good ones from butchers as from farmers, as the calves were half starved and the rennets diseased as compared with those full fed and healthy.

Mr. FARRINGTON, Canada, coincided with the last speaker. Butchers not only starved and misused the calves, but bled them to keep them quiet, arresting the process of life, inducing inflammation and decay. Had much trouble with painted pails affecting flavor. Had purchased tin pails and furnished them to patrons at cost, and found it to pay.

Mr. BALLOU said sweet, clean pails are necessary. It is impossible for milk to be cooled after canning, and it should be done before.

A resolution discarding the use of wooden pails and urging those of tin was unanimously adopted.

President WILLIAMS suggested the propriety of burying the dead calves at once, and not leaving them to taint the air and milk and induce pestilence.

Mr. PAXTON recommended composting them with muck enough to absorb the gases, and thought them worth a half dollar for this purpose. He urged greater attention to pastures, and believed the longer they are fed the more valuable their product.

Mr. HUNTER, Erie Co., suggested boiling the carcasses of calves and feeding swine, to which a gentleman responded that they were worth five dollars each for composting, as suggested by Mr. PAXTON.

DAIRY CONVENTION.—The Illinois and Wisconsin Dairy Association holds its annual convention on the 11th inst. at Belvidere, Ill., and will be addressed by X. A. WILLARD of Herkimer Co. This interest is a growing one in the west, but whether the production of cheese there is likely to get ahead of the demand is a question now exciting attention among those most deeply interested in the business.

Agricultural Societies.

American Dairymen's Association.—Officers for 1868: Pres't—Hon. Horatio Seymour. Vice-Pres'ts—Alvord, Onondaga Co.; Williams, Kentucky; Lewis, Oneida Co.; Elmer, Allegany Co.; Dubois, Mass.; Walker, Oswego Co.; King, Ill.; Horr, Ohio; Wilder, Wis.; Farrington, Ontario, C. W. Sec'y and Treas'r—Weeks, Verona, N. Y.

Maine Board of Agriculture.—This body convened at Augusta, Jan. 15th, and organized by electing Samuel Wasson of Ellsworth, as President. Agricultural matters were very fully discussed during the three days the Board was in session. Wheat, corn, cattle, horses and sheep occupied the attention of the members, as also the changes of climate in the State within the last forty years by the removal of the forests. The conclusion, in reference to the last topic, was that less snow and rain falls now than formerly, and that, on the whole, the general temperature is milder, permitting the growth of fair crops of corn where formerly none would ripen. Wheat is improving, and increased attention to it was recommended.

Windsor Co. (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Samuel Taylor, Hartland. Vice-Pres'ts—Henry Safford, Springfield; L. T. Tucker, Royalton. Treas'r—Lorenzo Richmond, Woodstock. Sec'y—Lorenzo Kent, Woodstock.

Orange Co. (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Rufus H. Hyde, Chelsea. Vice-Pres'ts—Nathan Taplin, Henry B. Stevens. Treas'r—A. Davis, Chelsea. Sec'y—A. S. Corliss, Corinth.

Caledonia Co. (Vt.) Wool Growers' and Sheep Breeders' Association.—Pres't—H. M. Hall. Vice-Pres'ts—W. D. Bronson, Charles A. Sylvester. Treas'r—Jonathan Lawrence. Sec'y—Edward J. Gray. Cor. Sec'y—I. W. Sanborn.

Prince Edward Co. (C. W.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—A. Southard. Vice-Pres'ts—L. B. Stinson, Irvine Diamond. Directors—J. Cavan, W. G. Stafford, R. B. Worden, S. P. Niles, B. Story, W. Ross, W. J. Boulter. Sec'y and Treas'r—J. P. Roblin.

Bucks Co. (Pa.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Wm. Stovely, Solebury. Vice-Pres't—Jonathan Knight, Southampton. Treas'r—Cyrus Hillborn, Newtown. Rec. Sec'y—H. T. Darlington, Doylestown. Cor. Sec'y—Pierson Mitchell, Middletown.

Posey Co. (Ind.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—E. T. Cox, New Harmony. Vice-Pres't—L. Pelham. Sec'y—Frank DeV. Bolton. Treas'r—A. E. Fretageot. Gen. Sup't—L. A. Burke. Marshal—J. R. Hugo.

Queens Co. (N. Y.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Peter C. Barnum, Hempstead. Vice-Pres't—Benjamin W. Downing. Sec'y and Treas'r—John Harold, Hempstead.

Franklin Co.—Pres't—Thomas R. Kane, Burke. Vice-Pres't—Clinton Stevens, Malone. Sec'y—Smith Palmer.

Trenton Union Ag. Society.—Pres't—Walter Fowler. Vice-Pres'ts—H. S. Stanton, F. H. Wilbur. Sec'y—Geo. King. Treas'r—D. W. Rhodes, Librarian—H. Birdseye. Directors—J. C. Blue, Chester Wolcott, Charles E. Ames, S. N. Andrew, Archibald Blue, John W. Brooks. The Treasurer's report showed receipts to have been $1,223.98, expenditures $1,127.66.

Champlain Valley (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—George W. Grandry, Vergennes. Vice-Pres'ts—Lorenzo Orvis, John M. Dyer. Sec'y—Joel H. Lucia, Vergennes. Treas'r—Ezra H. Landon, Vergennes.

Farmers' Union Club, Whitestown.—Pres't—L. L. Wright. Vice-Pres'ts—Benj. Gibson, Edward Kunan. Sec'y—A. B. Tuttle. Treas'r—H. N. Porter.

Geauga (O.) Free Ag. Society.—Pres't—L. G. Maynard. Rec. Sec'y—L. T. Wilmot. Cor. Sec'y—J. C. Treat. Treas'r—E. C. Belding. Next Fair, Sept. 22—24.

Dundee Union Ag. Society.—Pres't—Daniel Disbrow. Vice-Pres't—George P. Lord. Treas'r—Uriah Hair. Sec'y—J. Elbridge Gano. Directors—John Roof, Wm. Swarts, J. G. Andrews, Jas. Thayer, John Raplee, Ethan Prentice. Receipts last year, $1,600.

Ellisburgh, Adams and Henderson Ag. Society.—Pres't—James F. Converse, Ellisburgh. Vice-Pres'ts—George Whitney, A. D. Stanly. Treas'r—Alexander Dickinson. Sec'y—T. V. Maxon, Adams.

Cayuga Ag. and Hort. Society.—Pres't—Allen T. Morgan, Auburn. Vice-Pres't—Homer N. Lockwood. Sec'y—Amasa B. Hamlin. Treas'r—Larnard C. Mann.

Rural Notes and Items.

COMPLIMENTARY.—In "a hearty—if a somewhat tardy—greeting to its numerous contemporaries," an old and usually accurate agricultural journal in the far East, names ten of its exchanges (most of which are monthlies and semi-monthlies,) as going on "in their usual prosperous and commendable course, giving *each week* much useful reading," &c. And, in the same article, speaking of a weekly which issued a supplement containing extra reading with its first number for 1868—a dodge characteristic of a certain class of sensation journals—our complimentary contemporary kindly and innocently says:—"With the new year its *enlargement* is made in a *greater number of pages*, rather than an *enlargement of form*—and it is one every way desirable." The italics are ours. Will our lucid friend tell what "one" is "every way desirable?" Is it the "greater number of pages?"—and if so, are they "desirable" rather than a *permanent* "enlargement of form" (like that of the RURAL, for example,) because, as in the instance referred to, *the pages can be dropped after the first week?* We only ask for information.

—But, seriously, there is too much mutual admiration and ignorance or carelessness, in such partial, nonsensical notices. We care not a fig for our contemporary's omission to decently mention the enlargement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (which, by the way, has ever given most appreciative and truthful notices of its agricultural exchanges, whenever opportunity offered,) but we do submit that such articles as the one from which we quote lessens the character and reliability of the Agricultural Press. But probably only a paper which refuses to advertise for its contemporaries would be likely to perpetrate such "goaks" as we have quoted.

DEATH OF NAAMAN GOODSELL.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of NAAMAN GOODSELL, Esq., formerly (some thirty years ago,) editor of the Genesee Farmer, and a noted authority on Rural subjects. At that period Mr. G. was probably as well informed on Horticultural and kindred affairs as any man in this country, and did much to inaugurate Rural Improvement. He will be remembered as the peer and co-laborer of JESSE BUEL, DAVID THOMAS, Prof. DEWEY, L. B. LANGWORTHY, WM. GARBUTT, and a host of other pioneer writers and active promoters—instigators and introducers—of improved modes of farm, orchard and garden culture and management. Mr. GOODSELL died on the 24th ult. at New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y., (where he had resided for nearly twenty years past,) at the advanced age of 82 years, and was buried in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, to which final resting place we had the mournful pleasure of accompanying his remains.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.—The Trustees of this University have issued their first general announcement with reference to the opening of the institution, which is to take place at Ithaca on the last Wednesday in September, 1868. The departments and courses will be organized as follows:—Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, Civil Engineering, Military Engineering and Tactics, Mining and Practical Geology, History, Social and Political Science. In all the departments a constant effort will be made to educate to speedily become practically useful in developing the resources, and in aiding in the general progress of the country. Information relative to the institution can be obtained by addressing FRANCIS M. FINCH, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Ithaca, N. Y., or ANDREW D. WHITE, President, Syracuse, N. Y.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.—The Chicago Tribune says the wheat receipts the past year at that place were, in round numbers, sixty millions of bushels—a decrease of twelve per cent. as compared with the preceding year. Corn for the same time fell off ten millions of bushels, while there was an increase of one million of bushels in oats and three-fourths as large a one in barley.

PUBLIC LANDS IN MICHIGAN.—"Several Readers, Magee's Corners, N. Y.," are informed that there are public lands in Michigan—especially in the northwestern section of the State—the precise counties not recollected. A letter to the Post-Master at Bay City will probably elicit the information desired.

LARGE CATTLE.—Mr. THOMAS PEDAN, a farmer of Owen Co., Ind., recently sold for the New York market a yoke of five year old cattle which weighed 5,800 pounds, and received for them $694. They were sold in New York for twenty-two cents a pound, or $1,276. Better figures than these are asked for, if any one can supply them.

BARBERRY SEED.—(A. M. B., Waterport, N. Y.) The Barberry is very prolific of seed, which can be gathered from the bushes in the fall. If there is much call for it the seedsmen will probably respond. In the New England States the Barberry is plentiful.

WORK ON WHEAT CULTURE.—S. EDWARDS TODD of the New York Times has now in press a volume called "*Todd's Wheat Culturist*," which is devoted to the successful culture of wheat.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE average yield of wheat in England per acre is 24.4 bushels; barley, 33.7; oats, 41.2.

THE hop crop of Sauk Co., Wis., the past season, is put down at three millions of dollars.

THE thermometer marked 32° in this city the 2d inst.; the morning of the 3d it stood at zero.

EDMUND C. POWELL, Burlington, Vt., recently killed a hog two years old which dressed 810 pounds.

THE corn crop of last year was in round numbers seven hundred and seventy-six millions of bushels—fifty-three millions less than in 1860.

FLINT, BIXBY & CO., Monterey Co., California, have a flock of seventy-five thousand sheep, and a pasture range of two hundred thousand acres.

FROM January to October, last year, one hundred and seventy ships laden with wheat sailed from San Francisco—seven-tenths for England.

A MAN in Vermont planted a single bean one year, and the product of that the following one and so on for three years, when the result was two bushels.

THE report of the Agricultural Department for December puts up the cotton crop for 1867 at 2,340,000 bales. This is probably quite a liberal estimate.

SAMUEL THORNE, Dutchess Co., says that clipping the lash from the under lid of the eye lashes of cattle will cure them of all disposition to jump fences.

THE Boughton or Tappahanock variety of wheat is the most successful grown in portions of the west, making a general average of thirty-one bushels to the acre.

A MAN out west says that almost every farmer wants to sell his farm and go at something else. That "something else" will stand a fair chance of being over done some day.

THE Oneida Community have posted their books for the past year. Net earnings of the O. C. and branches for the year, $21,416.02; capital, Jan. 1, 1868, $310,263.37.

THE farmers of Eastern Maryland and portions of Virginia have found a new means of enriching their lands in recently discovered marl beds in several counties in those States.

A FARMER can accomplish a great deal in the winter season if he is up and dressed early in the morning, and can pass a public house without stopping in to warm inside or out.

THE Ohio Farmer is of opinion that stone drains are preferable to tile wherever the fresh water lobsters abound. These will always keep a stone drain in discharging order.

A FARMER in Nebraska complains that some of his ewes eat off the feet of their lambs as soon as dropped. He knocked one on the head as a warning to others, but it was not heeded.

A WRITER in the Maine Farmer is of opinion that the bee question should have a place in the discussions at the meetings of Agricultural Societies. The suggestion is a good one. The bees are worthy of a hearing.

A WRITER in the N. E. Farmer thinks Farmers' Clubs are constitutionized too much. Thinks the following constitution enough: "We, the undersigned, agree to meet once a week to talk over our farming affairs."

A FARMER complains that his land is rich and moist, has all the elements of fertility, but does not produce much. He asks, "What does the land want?" If the land could respond it would say, "Air—underdrainage."

IN purchasing a horse be careful to examine his legs for what are termed cuttings with the shoe while in action. If marks are found, whether fresh or healed over, be cautious about purchasing the animal.

IN wintering hogs do not rely too much on slops to bring them through. These may preserve life, but make a poor foundation for the ensuing season. Give them a fair share of corn or its equivalent in other grain.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOC'Y.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Horticultural Society of Western New York convened in Rochester, at 11 o'clock A. M., Jan. 29th. The attendance was large, and composed chiefly of prominent Pomologists and fruit growers.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—W. B. SMITH, Syracuse.

Vice-Presidents—James Vick, Rochester; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; J. W. Helmer, Lockport.

Secretary and Treasurer—H. G. Warner, Rochester.

Executive Committee—H. E. Hooker, Rochester; Thos. Smith, Geneva; E. Ware Sylvester, Lyons; Hon. E. Moody, Lockport; E. A. Frost, Rochester.

Committee on Native Fruits—P. Barry, Rochester; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; John Craine, Lockport; F. W. Lay, Greece; C. W. Seeley, Rochester.

Committee on Foreign Fruits—Geo. Ellwanger, Rochester; C. Downing, Newburg; John Fisher, Batavia; Hon. E. Moody, Lockport; T. C. Maxwell, Geneva.

The report was adopted.

The exhibition of fruit was anything but a credit to the Society, and a very miserable exponent of the capabilities of this famous and favored fruit-growing region. There were a paltry few plates of apples, a half-dozen of grapes, ditto of pears—a collection which would have reflected no extraordinary credit on a single amateur, and which has often been surpassed, in this region, by one exhibitor. And we are willing to believe it was in the power of many members present to have exceeded this collection from their private stores, in quantity and variety, at least, and equalled it in quality. The fruit house of this city, built on the NYCE plan, showed some pears and grapes, and Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY exhibited some kept in the old-fashioned way, in an outbuilding, which equalled the former in all respects. A plate of pears, of the Josephine de Malines variety, in Messrs. E. & B.'s collection, contained very fine specimens, well ripened, yellow and fragrant. We have had an engraving made of one, which adorns this page.

The report of the Treasurer, Mr. VICK, for last year, showed the finances of the Society to be in a healthy condition.

J. J. THOMAS, Chairman of the Committee on Native Fruits, reported that the duties of said Committee had not been fully executed, owning to adverse circumstances, chief of which was want of due notice in most instances. The Committee had examined Mr. KEECH's seedling strawberries at the summer meeting of the Society, and so far as they were able to judge of their merits by that cursory examination thought favorably of the sort named Gen. Meade; the Gen. Sheridan, though finer in flavor, was not so strong, and the two other varieties were of still less value. The collection of new sorts exhibited on the same occasion by JACOB MOORE of Brighton, was favorably noticed, and one was thought superior in flavor to the Triomphe de Gand, and possessed good size and fine appearance. "The new strawberry raised by ELLWANGER & BARRY, named the Nicanor, appears to possess several valuable qualities. Its vigor of growth along side of the principal standard sorts appears to be remarkable; it was a little earlier than the Early Scarlet, nearly twice the size, and from the crops seen growing on their grounds it evidently possesses great productiveness. If these good qualities are maintained in other localities and in future seasons, it will obviously prove a very important acquisition. The Chairman of your Committee also visited the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY, in autumn, for the purpose of examining their new seedling grapes. These are mostly crosses of the Delaware, Concord, Diana and Rebecca, selections having been made from many hundred seedlings. Two of these appear to give promise of much value; one, known at present as No. 4, is a medium sized, dark colored grape, growing in a compact, handsome, shouldered bunch, possessing a rich flavor, in which both the Delaware and Concord could be perceived, but with little or none of the objectionable flavor of the latter. Its value is enhanced by its early ripening, which is about the time of the Hartford. The other, known as No. 19, ripening before the Delaware, has also a compact shouldered bunch, often large, with medium sized purple brown berries. For richness of flavor, this sort stands very high, and is not often equalled. The berries are larger than those of the Delaware. The Committee think that members of the Fruit Growers' Society may look with much interest to the further development of these two new grapes."

LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, offered the following preambles and resolution:

Whereas, Great uncertainty exists in the judgment of many of those who design establishing fruit plantations, as to the varieties of fruits to be adopted by reason of the differences of soil, position, climate, altitude and other particulars affecting the locality; and,

Whereas, A great many of the fruits in cultivation are more or less capricious in their growth and production in certain localities—flourishing successfully in some and failing in others, therefore,

Resolved, That in order to a correct judgment in the recommendation to planters and cultivators of the different varieties of any given fruits, an intimate knowledge of the locality and its altitude, of climate, soil, position, &c., shall be a pre-requisite for such recommendation.

A discussion arose on the subject of memorializing the Legislature against allowing a road to be laid out through the grounds of Mr. CHARLES DOWNING of Newburgh. It was alleged that the desired road would mainly subserve private interests only, and would render worthless the fine experimental orchards, where so many varieties of fruits are tested, and from whence so many valuable scions and plants have been disseminated. The subject was referred to a Committee, and a resolution was subsequently prepared and adopted petitioning the Legislature of this State to protect the grounds of Mr. DOWNING from being used for any purpose whatever, if compatible with public interests, as their preservation was believed to be invaluable to the pomological world.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After listening to an interesting address from the retiring President, Mr. HOOKER, the meeting proceeded to the discussion of the first subject on the list presented by the Business Committee, viz.: "What methods of culture, and what kinds of soil are best adapted to the Grape in vineyards in Western New York?"

Prof. CLARK, Parma, had grown grapes both at Naples and at Parma, Monroe Co., and he found his customers preferred the Naples Isabellas to those grown at Parma. He believed the Creveling, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Delaware, and other early sorts, would succeed well in Monroe Co., along the lake region, but he would give up the Isabella and Catawba to his friends in Naples and Pleasant Valley. He attributed the success achieved in those locations to the geological formation of the country, and especially to the deep, porous subsoil, which made the climate early.

Judge LARROWE, Pleasant Valley, contended that the season was longer by one month in his location than in Monroe Co. There was no danger of frosts after the 1st of May, and none of early frosts in the fall. [From our own personal observation we know that Pleasant Valley has suffered severely from early fall frosts during two years past, when many portions of Monroe Co.,—and the most of it, indeed,—went unscathed.—EDS. RURAL.] The speaker plead well for his locality, contending that it would produce any grape in better perfection than would Monroe Co.

Prof. CLARK thought experience shows a deep, porous, subsoil, nearly equal to water in preventing frosts.

Mr. COLLINS, Rochester, argued in favor of training vines low to derive benefit from the radiation of heat from the earth.

Judge LARROWE said the bearing wood of his vines was all trained to the lower wire of the trellis, and that the Catawba and Isabella ripened at nearly the same time, and one year the Catawba ripened first.

MOODY, Lockport, was sure they had as good a grape locality at Lockport as anywhere in the State: it was a region exempt from frost. The highest elevations were not the best localities.

L. F. ALLEN, Black Rock, said he lived at the bellows end of Lake Erie, where the strong wind from the lake prevents the growing of grapes and peaches in perfection. He found that men on Lake Erie preferred a clay soil, provided it had a dry bottom, and if it was not dry they would drain it. Clay and stiff limestone soils, where the white oak grows, are the best for raising grapes for wine. On the Niagara River, five or six miles from Buffalo, on Grand Island, good grapes were grown. He had a good crop this year; not Catawba or Isabella, but Diana, Concord and Delaware. He came from Pleasant Valley on the 10th of October, when the vines were all killed at that place, and found his grape vines untouched by the frost.

LARROWE, Pleasant Valley, thought grapes rotted more on heavy soils than on light ones.

L. F. ALLEN did not believe it was clay soil that caused rot; thought that disease peculiar to the Catawba.

QUIMBY, Irondequoit, said there were hundreds of acres of grapes planted in this county on sandy soil, and it was important to know if they had made a great mistake.

SYLVESTER, Lyons, was glad to find the area of grape land in this State so large. It was a fact that we had a large area of good grape land in this State, but people were apt to prefer their own localities.

PURDY, Palmyra, said he had grown very fine grapes on a light sand at South Bend, Indiana.

MOODY, Lockport, thought the greatest error committed in grape culture was in planting too shallow. Thought no grape root should be within ten inches of the surface. Had seen entire vineyards killed outright by shallow planting.

W. P. LOUD, Egypt, Monroe Co., spoke of the advantages of his locality for grape growing. A range of hills near by is peculiarly exempt from frost. Their summit is the highest point of land in the county; the soil is warm and dry, with a liberal admixture of clay.

SYLVESTER, Lyons, had traced roots of vines three feet in the ground, at which distance they were very numerous; had traced some four feet and three inches. The vines were only two years old. He thought the roots would penetrate the subsoil deeply without its being worked if water was not present therein. The grape vine abhors water.

ROSS, Penfield, was troubled with too much wood and large crops, which did not always ripen. Last season had a light crop of fruit, and it got well ripened. Thought grape growers were in the habit of allowing their vines to carry too much fruit.

The second question—"Is Fruit Growing becoming more difficult by the clearing away of forests, and thus exposing to severe winds, and is it practicable to plant belts of Evergreens or other hedges for screens?"—was briefly discussed without eliciting any new or especially valuable information. Examples were given illustrating both sides of the question, but the weight of evidence was doubtless in favor of shelter.

EVENING SESSION.

The question—"What plants are best adapted for hedges and screens in this climate?" was taken up.

HOOKER, Rochester, said the Honey Locust or three thorned Acacia, and the Osage Orange, were the only plants strong and hardy enough to make a good hedge in this climate.

L. F. ALLEN, Black Rock, said the Honey Locust suckered badly in Ohio.

Messrs. THOMAS and ELLWANGER said that it did not sucker here. Mr. E. placed it decidedly ahead of the Osage, as the latter often died out badly, making a thin, ragged hedge.

Pres't SMITH said there were two kinds of Honey Locust, but the three thorned Acacia would not sucker.

WARNER, Rochester, had grown the three thorned Acacia for twenty years, and it never suckered. The true Honey Locust suckered badly.

THOMAS, Union Springs, said the common Honey Locust was different from the true tree of that name. He thought the three thorned Acacia was the best plant to recommend for hedges. The Osage Orange had proved a failure in Western New York. It was a failure only because you could not persuade one farmer in ten to take proper care of it. It needs to be planted within six feet of a tile drain, and cut back every year. If the land was drained, the Osage Orange would not winter kill. Men won't cut back their beautiful plants. He had succeeded in making an excellent fence from it. His plan was to have his hired man clip off the young twigs late in the summer every year. This could be done easily and rapidly while the stems were young and not so hard as they afterward become. For ordinary farmers he would not recommend the Osage Orange. It did not require too much care, but they would not give it the little it did need. His Osage Orange fence had not cost him fifty cents a rod, and he had never had any trouble with it, though nine out of ten who had tried it had failed. An old hedge that had been neglected he ordered cut back half its height a year ago last spring. The part cut back was now a perfect fence, but the man he ordered to do the work was afraid of spoiling the hedge, and so did not cut it all back. Hedges should be kept well trimmed. An uncared-for hedge was the most homely of all objects, which has given rise to the proverb, "As homely as a hedge fence."

BROWN, Geneva, spoke in favor of the Honey Locust, the three thorned Acacia.

The President said he had about one hundred rods of Honey Locust hedge, and it was a perfect fence, not even a hen could get through it. He had not lost one plant by winter killing or otherwise.

SYLVESTER, Lyons, had forty rods of Osage Orange hedge. After it was four years old the fence was removed, and it was found a perfect protection ever since. He set his plants eight inches apart, and had trimmed and pruned them back severely the first few years.

A gentleman inquired about the Barberry plant as a hedge. It grows about ten feet high, and no higher.

The President said it would stool from the root, like wheat, but not sucker. B. F. WELLS, Boston, confirmed this view.

THOMAS said the Barberry did not sucker as the Locust did. It would not need cutting back, as it naturally grew very thick. He thought it was worthy of further trial as a promising experiment.

E. C. FROST, Rochester, said he had a Barberry hedge twelve or fifteen years old, and it was a perfect fence. It did not need cutting back.

THOMAS suggested planting belts of evergreens and trees around fruit orchards, with a hedge as fence, for protection against severe winds.

MAXWELL, Geneva, said there were very serious objections to the belts of evergreens proposed by Mr. THOMAS. One objection was, that cattle would eat the evergreens. They also occupied too much room. He recommended horse chestnuts, maple, basswood, or other trees, trimmed six feet above the ground, and growing twenty feet high.

HOOKER recommended the Barberry. It would make a hedge that would turn a rabbit. The rabbit would not eat it, as its bark was offensive to it, being very bitter. It was a slow-growing plant, and would tax any one's patience, unless the land was rich. In Southern Illinois the Osage Orange made the most reliable fence they had.

L. F. ALLEN commended the Barberry as a hedge. It stooled from the root, but the mice would eat it. Mice, on Grand Island, ate his wormwood last winter. He raised Barberry for the berries, and they had become so popular that he could not raise half enough of them. Barberries grow on the poorest land in the world, as any one can see who travels in New England.

THOMAS controverted the idea that Barberries injured wheat crops growing near it. This was an old superstition which has long since been discarded.

SINTON, Angola, Erie Co., recommended as a hedge plant, the common beach, which, if planted closely together and properly cut back, would make an efficient hedge. He thought as they were needed, that many other kinds of shrubs would be found good for hedges.

VICK, Rochester, said that no plant had troubled him so much as the Osage Orange. He had seen it killed in very moderate winter weather. It was a very capricious plant. He had seen it endure safely severe cold which had killed an apple orchard, fifteen years ago, down to the ground.

FROST said that he had planted Osage Orange several years ago in Chili, on sandy soil. On wet soil it grew more rapidly, but winter killed badly. On the lighter sandy soil it made slower growth, but did not winter kill.

WARNER said the fruit of the Barberry was really valuable. It made an excellent tart—nearly or quite equal to the Cranberry.

One gentleman suggested that the Barberry was so common in New England as to overrun the pastures and become a decided nuisance.

The President said that Mr. WILDER had very strongly objected to it on that ground.

HOOKER suggested that hedges for screens or for ornament should be composed of a mixture of deciduous and evergreen trees. The evergreens could fill the spaces below, and the other trees—beach, maple or linden—would overtop them and make a compact barrier.

HELMER, of Lockport, suggested that the maples or other deciduous trees would crowd or kill out the evergreens.

HENDERSON said that the Norway spruce and the horse chestnut made a beautiful hedge.

THOMAS said that most kinds of evergreens would be injured in the shade of the larger trees in the summer. The Norway spruce would grow thirty feet high in ten years, or three feet a year. This was where they were well cultivated; when left in the grass they would grow about half as fast. In growing deciduous trees for protection from winds, we should lose the benefit of their leaves in the winter, when it was most needed.

MOODY had a Norway spruce hedge he had planted as an ornament, but which he thought would in time be useful as an outside fence. He expected to take away the fence and rely on that alone.

THOMAS suggested that the cattle would browse the fence.

MOODY said he thought that before long cattle would not be allowed in the road except for driving. His trees were planted two feet apart in the row. They were now four years old, and had grown very rapidly. He thought a good hedge grown thus would resist the attempts of any animal to go through, though cattle would browse it badly and injure its beauty.

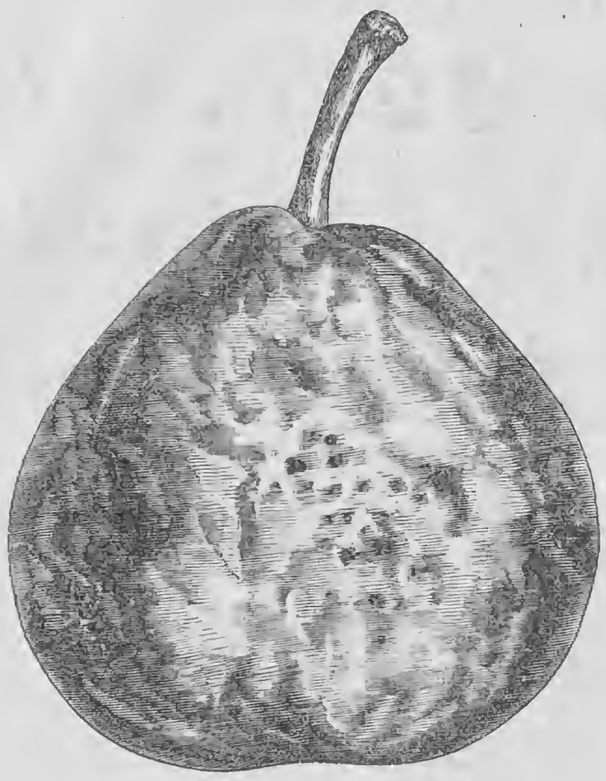
ELWANGER would not plant deciduous trees with evergreens. He would plant the Norway spruce and Hemlock for screens. The Norway spruce was the best. It should not be pruned or sheared.

The President said that the Norway spruce would hold its lower limbs strong, while other evergreens died out below as the tree grew older.

L. F. ALLEN, Black Rock, moved a committee be appointed to report on the subject.

The Chair appointed as such committee JOHN J. THOMAS, of Union Springs; T. G. YEOMANS, of Walworth; H. E. HOOKER, of Rochester.

Mr. WARNER, the Sec'y of the Society, announced the death of NAAMAN GOODSELL, a well-known pioneer in the cause of horticulture.—He made some remarks on the services and character of the deceased. He knew of no man who had done more service for the people of Western New York than NAAMAN GOODSELL. He has, during the past twelve years, resided in Oswego County. He had become acquainted with him forty years ago. He was then the most prominent fruit grower in this part of the country. Others have followed him and, perhaps, surpassed him; but much of our progress since has been due to him. Mr. W. read a preamble and resolution on the death of Mr. GOODSELL.—[Concluded next week.]



THE JOSEPHINE DE MALINES PEAR.

OUR illustrations of this fine pear were drawn from a specimen shown by Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY at the recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society. This variety is certainly one of our best early winter pears. Its season is from November to February. It is a vigorous grower, free bearer, and forms a fine pyramid on the quince. The fruit is medium in size; skin yellowish, slightly sprinkled with russet dots. Stalk long, and inserted in a moderate cavity. Flesh, buttery, juicy, sweet and very aromatic. It is one of our most valuable pears, in point of season, quality and productiveness—certainly one of the best to supply the table during December and January.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWER'S SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Grape Growers of the State of New York will be held at the Court House in Canandaigua on the 27th day of February, inst., for the purpose of organizing a Grape Growers' Society for the State of New York. A full discussion of the subject of Grape Planting and Pruning, and varieties best adapted for table and wine may be expected.

Dated Jan. 30, 1868.

J. LARROWE,	L. F. ALLEN,	E. WARE SYLVESTER,
H. H. FARLEY,	F. C. BREHM,	WM. BROWN SMITH,
F. L. PERRY,	ELISHA MOODY,	D. W. BEADLE,
J. MILLER,	J. CRAINE,	E. A. BRONSON,
R. P. KENDIG,	H. G. WARNER,	JOSEPH KEECH,
E. C. FROST,	WM. SMITH,	E. O. GOULD.

EVERGREENS FOR A HEDGE.—L. B. N., Toledo, Iowa, writes:—"Will you please inform your western subscribers what variety of Evergreen is best for a hedge. We want some hardy, handsome tree, of rapid growth and easily trained, adapted to our western soil and climate. Can you tell any thing of the adaptation of the Weeping Spruce (Hemlock) to the above requirements? We would like to get the experience of western subscribers upon these points." We hope some of our western correspondents will answer these questions: they will probably indicate the Hemlock and Norway Spruce. Downing's Landscape Gardening is a standard work on laying out and ornamenting grounds. It can be procured or ordered at any book store.

AN OLD AND PROLIFIC APPLE TREE.—OLIVER TAYLOR, London Co., Va., writes the Prairie Farmer about a London Pippin apple tree which, for age and productiveness, is probably without a compeer in the country. When examined, two years ago, it was entirely sound, though it had borne fruit quite one hundred years. It was about forty-five feet high, and its spread of branches about the same; has borne, every season for the last eighty years, an average of fifty bushels of excellent apples.

FARMERS AND FRUIT GROWERS' EXCURSION.—The editor of the North Western Farmer has been notified of a contemplated excursion of Western farmers and fruit growers the coming season. Some twenty-five families are to start eastward from Indianapolis by the way of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York, New London and Boston; returning by the way of Albany, Rochester, Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Cleveland.

DESTROYING "LIVEFOREVER."—A "Subscriber" asks for the cheapest and most efficient means for destroying "liveforever," as it is commonly called. There is no royal road of ease leading to victory over foul weeds. Hard and patient work achieves it. The plant in question can be killed by deep plowing and thorough cultivation. If it can't be plowed, dig it out, root and branch, and burn it.

GROWING SAGE FOR MARKET.—D. A. D., Rochester, Minn., writes:—"Will you give a correspondent some information how to raise sage for market; how much seed to the acre; cost per pound, and where it can be procured?" We leave this question with our correspondents. The Shakers at New Lebanon, this State, cultivate sage largely for market purposes.

P. SUTTON writes the North Western Farmer that young orchards should never be planted to corn nor sown to grain. Root crops are the thing for young orchards.

PEACH TREES are already in blossom in Florida, and tomatoes are nearly ripe in the gardens.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Western Mich. Lake Shore Hort. Association.—Officers for 1868: Pres't—John H. Newcomb. Vice-Pres't—A. C. Adsit. Sec'y—Walter G. Sinclair. Cor. Sec'y—Henry S. Clubb. Treas'r—George Seagrove. Ex. Com.—Hunter Savidge, R. H. Lee, T. D. Dennison.

Cincinnati Hort. Society.—Pres't—W. P. Anderson. Vice-Pres'ts—W. Storms, Robert Buchanan, Geo. Graham. Sec'y—L. Hine. Treas'r—Robert Clarke. Council—E. A. Thompson, Hermann Haerling, J. L. Stottinins.

Northern Ill. Hort. Society.—Pres't—Samuel Edwards, La Moille, Bureau Co. Cor. Sec'y—D. Wilmot Scott, Galena. Rec. Sec'ys—H. D. Emery, Chicago; E. D. Peck, Marengo. Treas'r—L. Woodward, Marengo.

BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

HENRY A. DREER'S Garden Calendar, with directions for the management of the Flower, Fruit and Vegetable Garden. Illustrated. No. 714 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO'S Catalogue of Seeds and Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden. No. 35 State st., Rochester, N. Y.

D. H. BROWN'S Descriptive Catalogue of Small Fruits. New Brunswick, N. J.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

MINCED VEAL.—Put a pat of butter into a stew pan on the fire, and when melted throw in a tablespoon of flour; stir this with a wooden spoon on the fire for a few minutes, then gradually mix in a half pint of broth or stock; put the same on the fire, stirring it until it has the thickness of "drawn" butter, then add the minced veal, a gill of cream, a little nutmeg, and pepper and salt, and serve it surrounded with poached eggs, or not, as you like.

MUTTON CHOPS WITH BREAD CRUMBS.—Take as many chops as you desire for a dish, season them with pepper and salt, then brush them over with the beaten yolks of eggs,—two yolks will be enough when you wish a large dish; pass each chop through bread crumbs, then dip them separately in melted butter and bread crumbs; then lay them on a gridiron to be broiled over a clear fire till they are of a light brown color. Serve with plain or shalot gravy.

TO COOK COLD MUTTON.—Trim into well-shaped cutlets, which should not be very thin, the remains of a boiled or roasted leg, or loin of mutton will do; dip them into egg and well-seasoned bread crumbs and broil them or fry them over a quick fire, that they may be browned or heated through without being too much done; sprinkle them thickly with melted butter, as they will be thoroughly dry.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.—A pound of suet, cut in pieces not too fine, a pound of currants, and a pound of raisins stoned, four eggs, half a grated nutmeg, an ounce of citron and lemon-peel, shred fine, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of bread-crumbs, half a pound of flour, and a pint of milk; beat the eggs first, add half the milk, beat them together, and by degrees stir in the flour, then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix it together very thick; then take a clean cloth, dip in boiling water, and squeeze dry. While the water is boiling fast, put in your pudding, which should boil at least five hours.

BOILED BEETS.—Wash clean but do not trim away the fibers nor perforate the skin, as this greatly impairs their flavor. Raise the water to the boiling point and immerse the roots in it and keep them boiling from one to two hours, according to size. Do not try them with a fork when cooking, but lift one out and press it gently with the thumb and finger to determine when done. They are good served with butter or sliced and soaked in vinegar.

PUMPKIN PIE.—"Yankee," in the Germantown Telegraph, says:—"Stew the pumpkin as long as possible, until the juice is all dried up; strain through a colander, and add milk and cream to a proper consistency; sweeten with half sugar and half molasses; add a little ginger; eggs are useless; flour makes them pasty, and stewing them and straining the juice off and throwing it away, takes off all the sweetest part of the pumpkin."

MAKING BREAD.—Pare and boil five good-sized potatoes; scald two cups of flour with the potato water; put in a tablespoonful of white sugar, salt, mash the potatoes and mix with flour; set away to cool; then add a teacup and a-half of yeast; mix with flour sufficient to make a light sponge. Set away in a cool place and use when wanted.

JELLY CAKE.—One-half cup butter; 2 do. sugar; 1 do. sweet milk; 2 eggs; 2 teaspoons cream tartar; 1 do. soda. Bake thin. When cold spread with jelly. Roll it up or leave in square cakes.

DELICIOUS CAKE.—One cup of butter, 2 do. sugar, 3 do. flour, 4 eggs, ½ teacup milk, and a small teaspoonful of saleratus.

STARCH FOR FINE MUSLIN.—Isinglass is a very delicate starch for fine muslins; also rice. Some add a very little fine salt to starch.

CUSTARD CAKE.—Blanch ½ a pound of almonds and cut three up finely; whip to a thick mass ½ a pint of *sour* cream; add fine, white sugar to sweeten well, and the well beaten yolk of an egg, together with the almonds. Just before using, add the white of the egg well beaten. Bake the cakes very thin, and when all are done begin to spread the cream between them enough for two loaves. Bake one day before wanted for use.—MRS. E. P. T., *South Dedham, Mass.*

Ladies' Department.

THE HEART-SKEIN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Slip, yes, slip your skein, my Kitty,
  O'er my hands, and wind, and wind,
All the while, with little pity.
  Tangling, tangling, heart and mind;
Kitty! eyes upon the wool!
Not on me, my beautiful!

Now drop your eyes completely,
  Winding, winding dreamily;
Wherefore, wherefore smile so sweetly
  On a thing that cannot see?
If you must smile, smile this way!
I will bear it as I may!

Ah! the rosebud fingers flitting
  Swift about the colored ball!
How my heart beats time, while sitting;
  Still, I try to bear it all;
Kitty, do you know or care
'Tis my heart you're winding there?

Kitty, I am in a vision!
  All the world to mist doth die;
Only in an air Elysian,
  Little fairy fingers fly:
Surely, if they flit too near,
I shall catch and kiss them, dear!

Tangled! pout not, frown not, Kitty!
  Though I gladly bear the pain;
For your anger is so pretty,
  It may make me sin again.
There! 'tis well! Now wind and wind,
Tangling further heart and mind!

Now, 'tis done! the last thread lingers
  Sadly from me, slow to part;
Canst thou see that in my fingers,
  I am holding up my heart?
Wind and wind! I do not care!
Smile or frown! and I will bear!

Ah! so fast and quick you wind it,
  I no more can keep it mine;
Do you wonder that you find it
  Throbbing now close, close to thine?
Tangled, tangled are the twain;
Kiss, kiss, kiss them free again!

LEAP YEAR.

By some good fortune—(so we hope the young ladies will consider it)—we have fallen upon the following ancient Saxon law:

"Albeit, as often as leape yeare dothe oceure, the woman holdeth prerogative over the menne in matter of courtshipe, love, and matrimonee; so that when the ladie proposeth it shall not be lawful for menne to say her nae, but shall receive her proposal in all good courtisie."

To our knowledge this has never been repealed, and is therefore as much in force now as it was centuries ago. We make haste, then, to congratulate unmarried lady-readers of the Rural upon the existence of such a statute. Will they take heart with the hint, and lay earnest seige to bachelordom? Why should they not? Surely this matrimonial affair is not so one-sided that the gentlemen are *always* to claim the emoluments! Let not our brethren deem us heretic when we say that in our opinion leap year ought to come twice as often as it does. All agree that "popping the question" is very fine, when done with a zest; then why not allow the fair sex the privilege of enjoying it just half the time?

We believe in a fair division of the matter entire, —advances, proposals, and——rejections. Yes, in this particular point we are disposed to find fault with the old law-giving. "But it would be very ungallant," says a pleasant tongue, "for a gentleman to refuse a lady." Whereat we reply, and without the least maliciousness, it is very unladylike for a lady to refuse a gentleman, and yet the dear souls delight in, and we poor souls are distressed by, absolutely unyielding rejections every day. Only give us a chance, now and then, to say "No," or, more qualifiedly, "Really this is quite unexpected," or, "You completely surprise me, give me time to consider," and see if ante-matrimonial felicities do not take on a new guise!

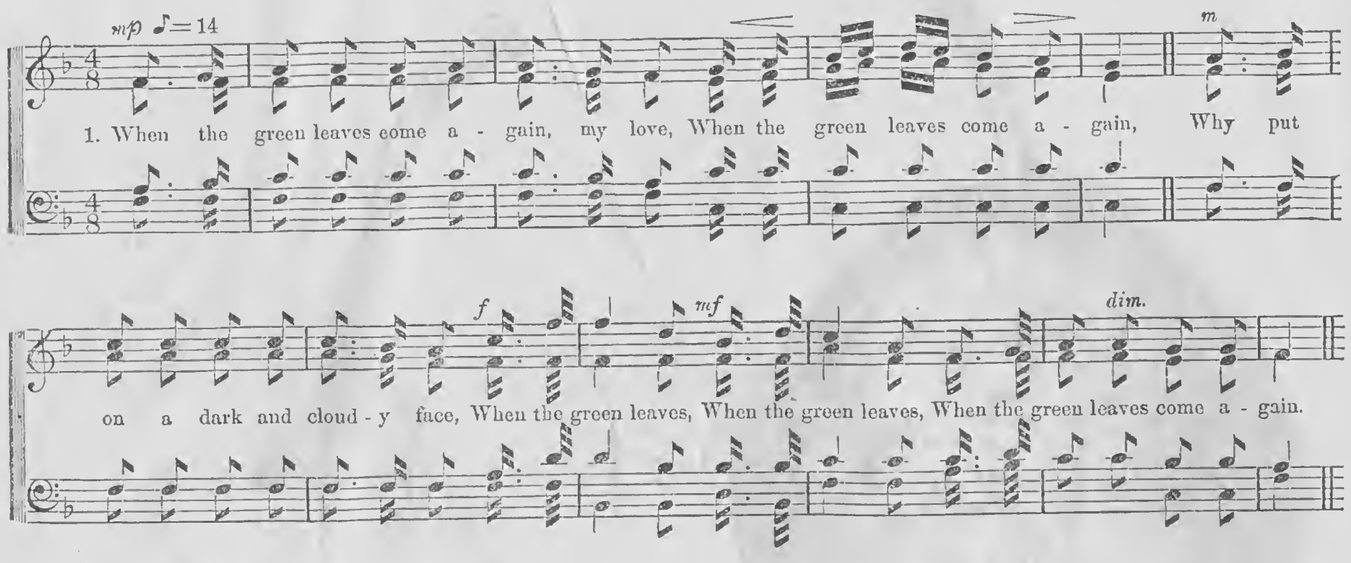
Now, girls, (don't begin to pout your pretty lips,) we have an idea that if you could experience all the disagreeable sensations which you force upon the gentlemen, you would not say "Nae," as you frequently do, just for the fun of hearing it. Consequently, if the right to speak the important little monosyllable were given to us, and we could conscientiously forget the golden rule awhile, don't you think we could impart a lesson not wholly undeserved? Of course you never happened to think of this in exactly this light. You have taken a peculiar pleasure in various little remarks hinging upon the monosyllable aforesaid, with never a serious thought of the reverse of pleasure which they carried to masculine hearts. Stop and think a bit, now that you are being congratulated upon the leap year come. Transpose the golden rule so it shall read—"Let others do to me even as I have done unto them," and very little of good will the advantageous twelve-month bring to you. Ringing in your ears will be direful monosyllabic echoes; the ghosts of questions negatively answered in days gone by will haunt you; and you will constantly fancy yourselves listening to negatives that are far too real to be echoes!

But alas! what a dolorous picture we have drawn! Pardon us, O ye gentle ones, and we will do penance by limning in brighter colors. We will believe (if we can) that you never said "Nae" unnecessarily, or unfeelingly,—that you never courted a proposal, often as yourselves have been courted,—and that you waited, in all the patience of your patient souls, for this very selfsame year of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, that you might win some noble sons of Adam who have been too faint of heart to woo and win you. How they ought to bless you for all this waiting! How should they be willing to say to each of you, as was said to another woman away back in those days of old, "Whither thou goest I will go!" And in the sincerest editorial sincerity we hope they will thus do and say.

If the subject were not too delicate for our blundering pen, we would endeavor to treat of leap year privileges in a practical manner, with the purpose to convey valuable instruction. But we beg of you, ladies, to excuse us. Your feminine tact will avail more than any amount of abstract theorizing, in any or all of the circumstances in which you may be placed until the even year gives way to the odd. Moreover, we have not yet definitely settled in our own mind precisely how the question should be "popped," to be properly feminine. That matters little, we opine, so it is thoroughly done, and with happy results. And when it *is* so done, the happy results will follow as a matter of course, if only your little hearts do not get to quaking through fear of a negative.

"As often as leape yeare dothe oceure the woman holdeth prerogative." So runneth the old Saxon, and we have but to say, in conclusion, in all the seriousness of our present humorous mood, and having in mind the fact, as stated in an English journal, that there are 1,230,000 unmarried women between the ages of twenty and forty, when there should be only 400,000,—ladies of the single estate, claim your prerogative!

"WHEN THE GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN!"



2. Ah, the spring will still be like the last,
  Of its promise false and vain;
And the summer die in winter's arms,
  Ere the green leaves come again.

3. So the seasons pass, and so our lives
  Yet I never will complain;
But I sigh, while yet I know not why—
  When the green leaves come again.

4. Nay, lift up your thankful eyes, my love!
  Thinking less of grief or pain;
For as long as hill and vale shall last
  Will the green leaves come again.

5. Sure as earth lives under winter's snow,
  Sure as love lives under pain,—
It is good to sing with every thing,
  When the green leaves come again.

[*From Song Garden, Second Book, published by* Mason Brothers.

WINTER BONNETS.

The winter bonnets are models of artistic skill. White bonnets are much worn, not only at evening entertainments, opera and theater, but are fashionable on all dress occasions.

A pretty bonnet of white material is noticeable for the chasteness of its style. It has a slight crown, with a narrow, standing front. The material is plain in the center, but has four plaits on each side, running from the edge of the front to the back of the crown. A band of Bismarck velvet covers the joining of the front and crown, crossing the edge of the latter. This is the only outside decoration, and a fall of narrow blond, a spray of forget-me-nots, form the inside trimming. The strings are white.

A pretty bonnet for evening is of pink tulle, shirred over a Fanchon shape, with a slight point in front, and edged with narrow blonde and charming wide pink strings. Worn by a brunette, it is exceedingly becoming.

A handsome carriage bonnet is of golden brown velvet, edged with white blonde, plaited full at the back, and having a cluster of brilliant flowers in front. A black velvet has a fall of black point lace depending from the crown, a cluster of white velvet leaves in front, and scarfs of velvet edged with white blonde falling at the side. Black velvet bonnets made plain, with no outside trimming but a fold or two, and a *bandeau* of some bright color or a spray of flowers, are chaste and pretty.

In round hats, the "sensation" shape is, perhaps, most worn. It has a long crown and narrow, drooping brim, slightly rolled at the sides. The turban shape also has many admirers, and there is always such a variety of styles that each particular fancy may be suited.—*N. Y. Fashion Cor.*

A WORD FOR WIVES.

Little wives! if ever a half-suppressed sigh finds place with you, or a half-unloving word escapes you to the husband whom you love, let your heart go back to some tender word in those first love days; remember how you loved him then, how tenderly he wooed you, how timidly you responded; and if you can feel that you have not grown unworthy, trust him for the same good love now. If you do feel that you have become less loveable and attractive than you then were, turn—by all that you love on earth or hope for in heaven—turn back, and be the pattern of loveliness that won him; be the "dear one" your attractions made you then. Be the gentle, loving, winning maiden still; and doubt not, the lover you admired will live forever in your husband. Nestle by his side, cling to his love, and let his confidence in you never fail; and my word for it, the husband will be dearer than the lover ever was. Above all things, do not forget the love he gave you first.

OUR SPICE BOX.

Woman's sphere—hem-isphere.

Light infantry—Babes in arms.

An imperious Cæsar—The Sheriff.

A sour parent—Mother in vinegar.

A woman's greatest pet—Ill humor.

A thorough washerwoman—Sal Soda.

Women of iron constitution—dumb belles.

A woman's cause for all her actions—Because.

What is the best color for a good action? Dun.

How would you measure your lover's sincerity? By his sighs.

When we make an idol of a woman, she usually becomes idle.

It is well that virtue is its own reward, for it rarely obtains any other.

What contains more feet in winter than in summer? A skating rink.

The kind of bonbons Engenie gives to Louis Napoleon—French kisses.

"Judy" advises unmarried ladies with independent resources to husband them.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection.

Those who support Ritualism contend very plausibly that all they desire in church matters is to have their rites.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens thinks a lady's man is perfectly contemptible—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life.

There is a comfort in the strength of love. 'Twill make a thing endurable, which else would overset the brain or break the heart.—*Woodworth.*

Choice Miscellany.

VALENTINES.—MODEL SPECIMEN.

February 14th is a gala-day for poets. Then Poesy numbers her votaries among all classes, and the disease of rhyming, in its acute form, attacks thousands who are afflicted thereby only once a year. During a week previous stationery stores are besieged by anxious searchers after winged Cupids, and it is well worth one's while to devote an afternoon to studying the faces of the crowds of purchasers.

Here we see a great, ungain growth of young manhood, rough and unpolished, looking at a beautifully embossed bit of paper, silvered and gilt, on which are a few daintily expressed verses addressed "To Cornelia." Rough as he is, and coarse, we feel that he will put somewhat of an honest heart into the privileged message, and that "Cornelia" should prize the offering. Beside him stands an elegantly dressed youth, refined in manner and address, selecting a superb tribute to his "Minerva;" further on a pensive looking one has purchased half a quire of "French note," and will devote six full hours to inditing a poem suitable to the occasion and his feelings; while a merry lass at his elbow, with eyes brimfull of fun, grasps eagerly at a comical picture, speedily put out of sight, which she wickedly intends sending to that awkward, would-be lover whom she never tires of teasing. For the girls claim privileges under St. Valentine, and generally as a means of amusement.

In the time spent at the stationer's we shall see many curious faces, and may gratify our fancy by looking at Valentines in endless variety. Those in verse will rhyme "love" with "dove," "heart" with "part," et cetera, &c., and about all will be in verse, we may safely calculate. When Love goes abroad it rarely fails to ride in a vehicle of rhyme, whose motion is all rhythm. This is very appropriate, of course,—but the arrangement may be profitably varied. For the benefit of all swains not thoroughly versed in rhythmic art, yet desirous of sending something in their own chirography to their souls' idols, we append a model valentine in prose. It is cut from an old publication, and we feel confident will surpass any later-day efforts which can be obtained at the bookstores, being sensible and to the point:

"Emboldened by the license afforded by the day, I have ventured to beg you to be my companion in a journey I propose taking. But as, if you accept my invitation, it may be an important event in your life, it will be but justice to give you some information as to the character of your ride.

"The vehicle, in which I would go, is called Matrimony. We will drive along the road of Life. My horse is an old grey steed, named Time, and he is a rapid courser. Having ascended this vehicle by steps called Love, fashioned by a cunning artificer, Cupid by name, the door will be closed upon us by a Clergyman, and he will lock the door and throw away the key. We shall find in the road certain rough places, caused by the stones and roots of selfishness, pride, vanity and temper, which have never been entirely removed from the pathway of life. That we may get over these without injury, the carriage is provided with springs of Mutual Affection, which assist most wonderfully in softening every jolt, and, indeed, if we keep these springs well oiled with Sympathy of mind, our whole journey will be as pleasant as we can desire.

"The vehicle is also furnished with glasses called Cheerfulness or Content, which we may draw up if assailed by storms of adversity. Moreover, the whole landscape looks pleasant through the medium of these glasses, such is their magical power.

"At some points along the way, we shall be in doubt which path to take, and shall be met by two individuals, Duty and Inclination, who may direct us differently. To assist in such dilemmas, the Ruler of the country through which the road runs has published a Guide-Book, containing rules for such cases, together with many other valuable directions about the road and as to the manner of keeping the vehicle in good repair, (for the road is a long one.) Moreover, if we follow aright the directions of the Book, our journey will terminate at the portals of a beautiful region, lovely as Paradise, to which we shall be admitted by a porter whose name is Death. Whereas, if we neglect the rules of our Guide, our road will infallibly lead into a region of darkness.

"It is in the hope that you will assist me in interpreting this Book, that I now invite you to accompany me. I faithfully promise that your safety and happiness shall be my first and constant care, and I hope that my efforts will be successful, as in whatever I do I am always happy.

"Ever your devoted, Valentine."

A man over ninety is a great comfort to all his elderly friends, says Holmes; he is a picket-guard at the extreme outpost, and young folks of sixty or seventy feel that the enemy must get by him before he can come near their camp.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE SUNBEAMS.

I heard a tiny snow-bird chirping the other day, and it seemed to carry me away back to the bright, glad summer-time—and I was listening again to the songs of bird-love that thrilled all those warm, sunny days, and to the clear, sweet laughter of dimpled rills as they plashed over the stones. And then I thought how we all might bring a sunbeam from the warm, golden summer of our lives, and fling it where it would cast a bright gleam over some tired heart's dark mid-winter, making it happy, just as that tiny bird sent a thrill of gladness all over my heart.

There are weary souls whose gushing rills of joy are all ice-bound by sorrow and neglect. Can we not send some warm, balmy breeze of kindness to melt all the snows away? Only a smile, or a loving word, and God will bless you, and the watching angels will be glad. Grace G. Slough.

ARCTIC OUT-DOOR LIFE.

The Toledo Commercial publishes a letter written by one of the late telegraphic expedition to Siberia. The writer says:—"You say you cannot imagine how we live in such a climate. I couldn't until I tried it. I didn't believe that it would be possible for me to lie out on the snow without shelter in a temperature of even 20° below zero, and repeatedly in 45°. One of Bush's parties, in February of this year, passed the night on an open, barren steppe with their spirit thermometer standing 68° below zero, or 100° below the freezing point. Quicksilver they moulded into solid bullets with four minutes' exposure to the air. It's true they didn't dare go to sleep that night,—but I believe that had they been properly fitted out with heavy furs and wolf-skin sleeping bags to tie up tightly over the head, they might have done it with perfect safety. I'm afraid you would think that I was availing myself of a traveler's privilege, and relating a very large "yarn," if I told you how comfortably I have slept on the snow in temperatures of 35, 40 and 45° below. We are obliged to sleep in fur bags, of course, with our faces entirely covered, and to take the utmost care to have our fur stockings perfectly dry,—but I have slept in that way through the long Arctic nights as comfortably as ever I did in a bed at home. From September, 1865, until I came aboard the 'Onward' a few weeks ago, I never slept in a bed or on anything softer than the snow or a board. So you can imagine that the sensation was a curious one."

NO MUSIC IN THE EAST.

The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music. Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and he plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabuka, on the tar or tamborine, and a sharp, one-stringed fiddle, or rabab. Of course in your first oriental day, you will decline no invitation, but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties of friends or dragomen, to sally forth and hear music. You will remind him that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam. The want of music is not strange, for silence is natural to the East and the tropics. When sitting quietly at home in midsummer, sweeping ever sunward in the glowing heats, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervor of a July noon; the day is rapt, the birds and wind are still, and the burning sun glares silence on the world. The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon, that the very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliance of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty; no Beethoven to build Himalayas; no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there of which the composers are the poets to western imaginations. In the East you see and feel music; but hear it never.

Formation of Character.—If you ever watched an icicle as it formed, you would have noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If every thought be pure and right, the soul will be bright and lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if there be many thoughts and feelings impure and wrong, the mind will be soiled, the character depraved and darkened, and there will be final deformity and wretchedness. How important, then, that we should be on our guard against every evil impulse and desire.

Beecher says, in his new novel:—"Half the grace that's going is nothing but food. Good steak and light bread are benevolence. Coffee is inspiration and humor. Good tea is tenderness and sprightliness. Facts very humbling of our excellences; but they're facts."

Sabbath Reading.

CONSOLATION.

There is a day of sunny rest
  For every dark and troubled night,
And grief may bide an evening guest,
  But joy shall come with early light.
For God hath marked each sorrowing day
  And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
  For all His children suffer here.—*Bryant.*

Yet love will dream, and faith will trust,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever Lord of death,
And love can never lose its own.—*Whittier.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FORBEARANCE.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

I was weary. Cares had increased, and trials multiplied through the day until I had fancied rest would be sweeter than ever before. Thinking thus, I laid me down to gather new strength. I was half lost in dreamy unconsciousness when two dimpled hands were laid lovingly on my face. I threw my arms about the precious sleeper, murmuring a mother's love in the heavy ears, and kissing the sweet lips as they breathed out the perfume of purity. A voice seemed whispering to me the while:—"Mother, have you so soon forgotten how sorely your patience has been tried to-day? Have you the same tenderness for your boy as though he had never made you so anxious?"

I had not forgotten.—no, I remembered how my head had pained me all day, and how this my boy had seemed the very embodiment of mischief. First, mamma's house plants must be salted, to kill the worms; then the bird's cage must be reached and the cups turned about, so birdie might not "*hurt* his appetite." Old pussy must be treated to a cold bath, and everything in general attended to, after which, succeeded a little quiet. I thought I might rest my head awhile before another outburst of fun, so gathering the pillows about me, I indulged in thoughts of a nap. The little mischief nestled down beside me, pitied me sweetly, pressed his cool hands on my throbbing temples, smoothed back the stray locks from my forehead, brought another pillow and I rested nicely.

But this new opportunity for sport was soon improved. The playful puppy was called in to see mamma sleep, and back and forth, up and down, the two bounded, and then settled down on the vacant corner of the couch "for a drowse." A moment more and the two were in motion again. The next thing that presented itself was an apple, pressed firmly against my lips. I half opened my eyes, and the rogue says, "Mamma, take a bite!" This was repeated often, each time the apple being pressed more firmly on my obstinate lips. 'Twas the last I remembered for *ten* minutes, then I sprang up quickly, as a comb was pulled vigorously through my hair. An explanation follows which ought to have been satisfactory. "Mamma's hair was *unsmoothed* and should be combed." So the day had passed, and now I was pressing to my heart my boy, with unutterable fondness, forgetting my cares, and losing sight of the trials that had made me so weary, loving just as fondly this little one who had indeed, tested my patience. All parents have cause to know how greatly they need forbearance. They may try to train up their children in the way they should go, and fail often. When they need to be determined and firm, they may be too lenient. When their children do no willful deeds that call for chastisement, how greatly even then, do they need patience. While children bring to them the sweetest and purest pleasure, they bring too, untold anxiety. Day and night, true parental love watches these objects of affection. Their unselfish regard is the truest pledge of their devotion. If we, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more does our Father which is in heaven.

As I remembered this, sweet thoughts came to me of His loving kindness and tender mercy. Long years we may have grieved His Spirit, long years refused Him entrance to our hearts, and yet how amazing has been His kindness! And even after our adoption into His heavenly family have we always followed His commands? Have we not caused intercession to be made for us? Has not Jesus pleaded with the Father to spare us a little longer? O, how wondrous and amazing the love He hath bestowed on us. Daily we may have wandered from our Father's house and fed on the husks of vanity. Daily we may have denied our Lord, but did He withhold one blessing from us? Was not His forbearance very great? As we bowed before Him and plead for pardon with humility, did He refuse to hear us?

Ah, no; He stretched forth His hand to lead us; He smiled to welcome the prodigal to His house again. Every day of our lives, God gives to us a blessed example of forbearance to show us our duty towards our children. While He has given us a heavenly teacher,—even Jesus, well may He enjoin on us this sacred obligation:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Canandaigua, N. Y., Jan., 1868.

A Beautiful Sentiment.—Dr. Chalmers beautifully says:—"The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed; through the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone, happiness gone; I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

Plain Preaching.—Cowardice in a minister is baser than in a soldier, by how much our warfare is more honorable. A faithful reproof will get more love and honor at the last, than a sinful and fawning dissimulation. Though Paul reproved the dissimulation of Peter, yet Peter praiseth the wisdom of Paul. A man can have no worse enemy in the world than a flattering and fawning minister, that dares not deal plainly with his conscience. We are in much more danger to wrong the souls of men by our *oil* than by our salt,—by our praises, than by our reproofs.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

If thou bearest slight provocations with patience it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest, thy mind shall not reproach thee.

The Reviewer.

MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By ADAM BADEAU, Colonel and Aid-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief, Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army. Volume I. [8 vo.—pp. 683.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

GENERAL GRANT is the foremost man of the times. Measured by the popular estimate, his life has been a splendid success. A more brilliant career than his has been during the past five years never was witnessed, and we presume to say never will be witnessed. Much of his military history is still fresh in the minds of the people, as given by the Press from the time he first assumed command of a regiment until LEE capitulated to him as General-in-Chief, but it remained for some one having free access to official papers to give that history in all its completeness and truthfulness. Gen. BADEAU was admirably qualified for the work, and was afforded the most ample facilities for performing it faithfully. The volume now before us bears every evidence of careful investigation on the part of the writer. Its references to and quotations from official documents are frequent and full. It is, in fact, a history of the Armies of the Southwest, giving details of the movements thereof, and showing what part in the progress of the war they fulfilled. As aids to the understanding of the campaigns those armies engaged in, numerous maps are given; and Appendixes are added in which are reproduced the dispatches that passed between General GRANT and General HALLECK during the siege of Vicksburg, very many valuable letters and reports, and also several reports of the rebel General-in-Chief, BRAXTON BRAGG. A very excellent portrait of Gen. GRANT forms the frontispiece. This volume closes with the presentation of a Lieutenant-General's commission to the successful soldier, and we shall look for the continuance of the history with much interest. In typographical finish the work is deserving of much praise.

TWO THOUSAND MILES ON HORSEBACK. Santa Fe and Back. A Summer Tour through Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and New Mexico, in the year 1866. By JAMES F. MELINE. [16 mo.—pp. 317.] New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THE author of the series of letters here given is an army officer, now serving on the staff of Gen. POPE. He has traveled widely, is keenly observant, likes adventure, and has a crisp, sententious style of writing which, though not always smooth and polished, is never prolix and tiresome. The Far West is a great country, and one can see it, in all its details, to splendid advantage while in the saddle. Indians, buffaloes, grizzly bears, miners, squatters, Mexicans, hunters, all come in his way, or are overtaken by him. Col. MELINE meets with all these, and introduces them to the reader, sometimes humorously, often suggestively and happily. A few passages might be more refined, we think, but are perhaps not more coarsely drawn than the subjects of which they treat demand. For sale by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

COUNT MIRABEAU; an Historical Novel. By THEODORE MUNDT. Translated from the German by THERESE J. RADFORD. Illustrated. [8 vo.—pp. 273.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IF this work is intended, as far as may be, for a truthful biography of MIRABEAU, it is unfortunate that the air of a novel envelopes it. A plain, minute and truthful biography of the great French revolutionist would have intenser interest than any romantic account of his career, and greater credit would reflect on the author if his labors had been in that direction. Historical novels oftentimes pervert real history in the minds of the young, and stamp its characters with an impression which, if false, can hardly be obliterated by staid and sober narrative. However, this is a very readable book, and the impressions it leaves may be just. For sale by ADAMS & ELLIS.

A SUGGESTIVE COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT: St. Luke. By Rev. W. H. VAN DOREN. Volumes I and II. [12 mo.—pp. 520 and 558.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE conception of this work is original, and its execution seems to us not thoroughly pleasing. It is, however, what it claims to be,—suggestive. Among the abundant scripture commentaries it will hold a distinctive place. The text of St. Luke is given verse by verse, between which are interspersed such suggestions as the leading words naturally call forth. These are in a disconnected, dogmatic style, which scarcely satisfies, yet may answer the purpose intended. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS. Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Walter Goring," etc. With Illustrations. [8 vo.—pp. 111.] New York: Harper & Bros.

MISS THOMAS writes with considerable vigor, and has won quite a reputation as an author of romances like the one before us. There is some very good character-drawing in this, and much excellent dialogue,—excellent because commonplace, and therefore natural. At least three or four of the characters are "playing for high stakes," and the development of the story shows how they succeed. For sale by DEWEY.

A STORMY LIFE. A Novel. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON, Author of "Lady Bird," "Too Strange not to be True," etc. Three volumes complete in one. [8 vo.—pp. 204.]

LOUISA MUHLBACH finds in the author of this book a rival. It is a historical romance of the old English times. The life of Queen MARGARET is the stormy one pictured. It is written in a quaint style, quite in keeping with a story of four hundred years ago, and possesses considerable interest. For sale by ADAMS & ELLIS.

NAPOLEON AND BLUCHER; an Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH. Illustrated. [8 vo.—pp. 301.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.50.

THOSE familiar with Miss MUHLBACH's previous novels will recognize in the title of this the character of the work. The uprising of Germany against NAPOLEON, after his retreat from Moscow, and the progress of the war until the Emperor abdicated, are described in the style of romance. The scenes shift rapidly from chapter to chapter, keeping up the interest to the last. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

SINGING THE SAME OLD SONG. Song and Chorus. Poetry and Music by A. A. HOPKINS. New Edition. Rochester: Shaw & Barnes.

WE happen to know that the author of this song considers it one of his sweetest and most expressive compositions. It is much admired, and is rapidly becoming popular. Sent, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of thirty-five cents.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. New York: Harper & Bros.

HARPER for February is really a *magazine* of good things. Its contents are made up of more than the usual variety, and abound in illustrations. The Easy Chair discourses of DICKENS' first appearance in New York, of railroad eating houses, and of Christmas gifts as only the Easy Chair can, and the Drawer is a very happy Drawer indeed. Sold by DEWEY.

HARPER'S BAZAR. A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure and Instruction. New York: Harper & Bros. $4 a year.

THE first number for February of this favorite Gazette of Fashion is upon our table. It is magnificently illustrated, containing *seventy-six* distinct engravings, many of which are very beautiful. The publishers evidently spare no expense to make the Bazar perfect in every respect, and worthy its immense popularity.

FOLKS AND FAIRIES. Stories for Little Children. By LUCY RANDALL COMFORT. With Engravings. [Square 16 mo.—pp. 259.] New York: Harper & Bros.

HERE we have twenty-eight pretty stories, prettily told, each of which inculcates some useful moral. The little volume is so tastily gotten up that it cannot but delight the little people, while its contents, we think, will have a good influence upon their minds. Sold by DEWEY.

GUILD COURT. A London Story. By GEORGE MCDONALD. [8 vo., paper—pp. 148.] New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.

THIS is rather a mixed story, and in this respect resembles London life, several phases of which it aims to delineate. The general moral of the narration is healthful, and the closing chapters quite interesting. Sold by DEWEY.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON TEACHING.

No small share of the older RURAL readers are, or have been, country school teachers. Go into any public gathering, instance a lecture room, and what a host of ex-teachers you can pick out of your own acquaintances, say nothing about the doubtfuls and unknowns. If a nation's riches were in its teachers, surely this nation could boast of boundless wealth. But instructors, as a whole, are poor. Although the head rules the man, or should rule him, its services are the most poorly repaid, too often, of all the man. Since the great pedestrian feat of "the immortal WESTON" commenced, and the walking fever generally began to rage, there has been more tongue and newspaper talk about that hero's "nether extremities" than there has about the work of all the heads of our State functionaries. But I have not yet walked into the school-room.

With very many pupils in every school, to become a teacher is the highest idea of knowledge—the finis of learning—infinite wisdom. Mistaken children! But the children are not the only mistaken ones; many of a riper age—fathers and mothers—place a schoolmaster upon the scales against all knowledge, all patience, all virtue, all toil, all goodness and all government,—and I might as well say all time, for they talk as if he had power to halt father Time and lengthen recitation hours indefinitely. If a stranger—one of the kind of men who think a teacher earns his money easy and has his time to himself—would step into some of our district schools (and mine is by no means an exception,) and pass in review the different text-books therein, to say nothing about the several classes in same books, I think he would repent of his past conduct, and cease to envy the teacher's money or time. Brain-work is not farm-work, but it *is work*, and that of the most laborious kind. A merchant told me the other day (he had tried teaching, he said,) if he must choose between teaching at a dollar per day, and digging potatoes at the same price, he would shoulder his hoe. But to go back to the school-room.

You ask, "Why not consolidate your classes?" Reasonable, careless question. How many patient, striving beings have heard the same! Here is a school of thirty, among whom are twenty-five different books. Each book claims a class, if that class be composed of only one, and, of course, must have a share of the time for recitations. Classes are arranged, &c., and the first day passes with dismission and polite requests for uniformity of books. Next morning come in answers to this purpose: "If my children can't go to school and study the books they have, they can study at home." Enough said; and the wise man of the desk begins his labors with a hopeless energy that is soon infected through his school, and the result is perfectly natural,—he is never wanted as a teacher of that school after. The truth is, the patrons have ruined it, and thrown him among the ruins. So, until this foolish and destroying conglomeration of text-books is remedied, there will remain a conspicuous blank in our school laws.

Again, teachers are subordinates under Commissioners, who, perhaps, are one-term ex-teachers, and know little more about the art than those whom they have certified. If any functionary under this government has a duty—a grave and earnest duty—to perform, it is a School Commissioner. And if any man should know and do his work, he should. Commissioners are chosen and paid $800 a year to superintend the instruction of our children, and what work requires more faithful men? They inform the teacher that object-teaching is expected, when there is not, and never was, an object-chart in the school-house. Well, he can draw pictures on the blackboard,—plenty of time!

Belleville, N. Y. O. A. C.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER who has enjoyed the benefit of a long practice of his profession, and watched closely the influence of newspapers upon the minds of a family of children, states as the result of his observation that, without exception, those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

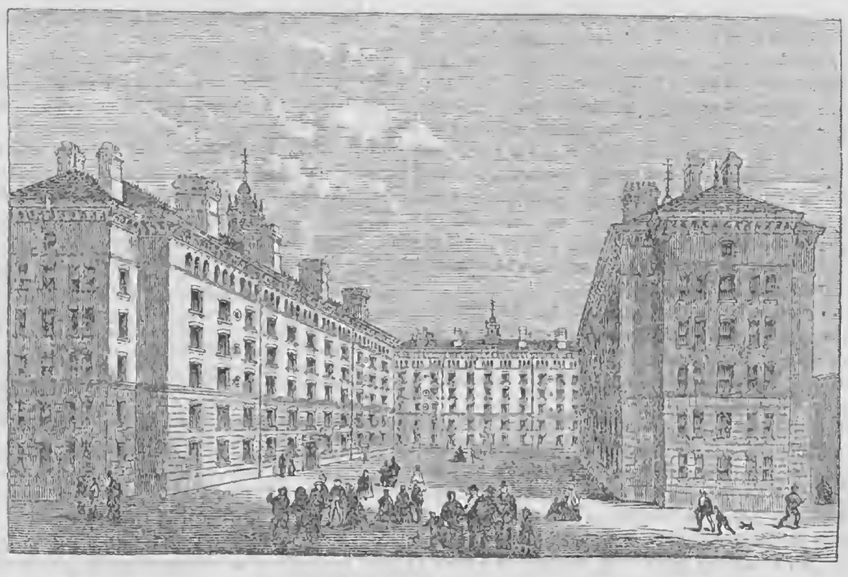
1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a partial knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, governments, &c.
4. They are better grammarians, for, having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from commonplace advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the text, and consequently analyze its construction with alacrity.
5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, still more clearly expressed.

From these simple facts three important things can be deduced:

1. The responsibility of the press in supplying literature which is both healthful in tone and likewise understandingly expressed.
2. The absolute necessity of personal supervision of a child's reading by its parents.
3. Having once got a good, able paper, no matter what the price, don't begrudge it a healthy support.

NEW CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS.

THE Constitutional Convention of this State has completed the article on Education. It provides that the capital of the common school fund, the capital of the literature fund, the capital of the United States deposit fund, the capital of the College land scrip fund and the capital of the Cornell endowment fund, as it shall be paid into the treasury, shall be respectively inviolate. The revenues of the common school fund shall be applied to the support of the common schools. The revenues of the literature fund shall be applied to the support of academies, and the sum of $25,000 of the revenue of the United States deposit fund shall each year be appropriated to and made a part of the capital of the common school fund. The revenues of the College land scrip fund shall each year be appropriated and applied to the support of the Cornell University in the mode and for the purposes defined by the act of Congress donating public lands to the several States and Territories, approved January 2d, 1862, so long as the said University shall comply with the conditions of the act establishing the University; and the revenues of the Cornell endowment fund shall each year be paid to the trustees of the Cornell University for its use and benefit.



DWELLINGS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES, PEABODY SQUARE, LONDON.

THE buildings portrayed above are the third set which have been built in London from the quarter of a million of pounds given by Mr. PEABODY—the generous philanthropist—into the hands of trustees for the purpose of affording better accommodation, at cheaper rents, to the poor. The second of these buildings was opened to the public in 1866, and consists of four blocks of buildings, five stories in height, situated in Essex road, on the ground formerly called Ward's place, Lower road, and comprising 240 separate tenements of one, two, or three rooms, with baths and laundries, ample supplies of water and gas light, shafts for the removal of refuse, and perfect drainage and ventilation, at rents of 2s. 6d., 4s., or 5s. a week. In Commercial street, Spitalfields, is a similar set of dwellings, opened in 1864. This is a view of Peabody Square, Shadwell, which has been recently completed. The arrangement of the four buildings which here form the square is similar to that adopted at Islington. The height, however, is greater, as here there are five stories of dwellings and an attic or laundry; whereas at Islington there are only four stories of dwellings and an attic.

Each building is 135 feet long by 32 feet wide, and contains forty-four tenements of two rooms and sixteen tenements of one room, which will be let at rents varying from 4s. to 2s. per week. The wash-houses and baths on the attic floor are distributed in a manner somewhat different from that hitherto adopted, so as to afford greater accommodation to the tenant without any sacrifice of space. The buildings are situated at the east end of a large plot of ground, which is bounded by Love lane, High street, Elm row, and Sun Tavern Gap. As the two latter approaches are mean and inconvenient, the local Board of Works contemplate considerable improvements in the neighborhood, by which the buildings will be rendered more accessible from High street, which is the principal thoroughfare of the district. The dimensions of the rooms, the water supply and drainage, are similar in all essential particulars to those already carried out in the buildings at Islington.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STATE PRISON AT AUBURN.

BUSINESS directing our steps through the neighboring city of Auburn, we economized our time, and accepting a courteous invitation from Col. SALISBURY, its gentlemanly and efficient Agent and Warden, visited the Prison. Guided by one of its officers, we were soon in the midst of its striped and industrious artisans, who were materially aided in their labors by the power of both water and steam. The blind, lame, cabinet, mowing machine, boot and shoe, and several other factories were severally in turn visited, where in each inventive genius also performed its part, almost human. The boot and shoe department is the largest, employing two hundred and thirty men.

A marked feature of the prison is its cleanliness in every department. Its dining hall, kitchen, hospital and chapel were particularly noticed in this regard. The cells, too, I must not omit to mention, including those under the special charge of the convict, who happens to be not only a cripple, but a person of color, whose immediate supervision for sixteen years past attest his fitness and fidelity. His cell, 42, graced with a strip of carpet on the floor, and the walls with the likenesses of the late President LINCOLN, Gen. SCOTT and others, with some rare specimens of his own handiwork, is an especial place of interest to the visitor.

The number of its convicts is 997, while 1,000 is the present capacity of the prison, with additions for three hundred more, to be ready for use the coming summer. Another noted feature is the general good conduct on the part of the prisoners. But one, in the whole prison, was observed under discipline for misconduct, and he wearing at his work the iron bonnet. In part, no doubt, this is attributable to the wise commutation law, which shortens the term of service, in a certain ratio, upon credits for continuous good conduct. This being a State law, an interesting question has arisen, as to whether its United States prisoners are entitled to its benefits, several of whom, if allowed such reward, will shorten their terms several months. We don't believe the United States officers, to decide upon this matter, will hesitate one moment to allow them the full benefit of this beneficent provision. An additional tendency to good order is the accession of a sprinkling of the late officers of the army, bringing with them the experience and benefit of army discipline.

The general good health of the prisoners is shown by the fact that hardly a half-dozen were in the hospital, and if this is "white man's government," one fact is patent, that the white men are the rascals, for there are imprisoned only eight or nine persons of color as exceptions to the rule. The wisdom of the change in the principal office,—that of Warden,—grows more and more marked every day, while the complete vindication of Inspector BARNUM for making it is shown by a leading article in a late number of the Auburn Advertiser, signed by the Mayor and leading citizens of Auburn.

S. N. HOLMES.

EATING HORSE FLESH.—The first horse dinner in England has been held. The beast was eighteen years old and thirteen hands high, and after being butchered was served up to a select company in a great variety of modes of cooking. It was pronounced excellent food, fine in texture, tender in quality and unimpeachable in flavor, with such a remarkable resemblance to beef that it would be difficult to tell the difference between the two. It was further pronounced to be thoroughly wholesome, nutritious and satisfying—which is more than can be said for some other sorts of popular flesh. As to the moral justice of eating horse, one of the guests argued that if the horse is really the friend of man, eating him seemed the most innocent way of living upon one's friend.

HOW TO SHORTEN LIFE.—An eminent Dublin physician says: "If an end were put to the drinking of port, punch, and porter, there would soon be an end of my worldly prosperity. Physicians, surgeons and apothecaries would be ruined, and disease would be comparatively rare, simple and manageable. Twenty years' experience has convinced me that, were ten young men, when of age, to commence and continue daily drinking one glass of ardent spirits, or a pint of port or sherry, the lives of eight of them would be abridged twelve or fifteen years."

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

MANY years ago there was a clock made by one Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, which was renowned for its ingenious construction. The clock was so made as to be capable of performing the following movements:—There was on it a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The clock was exhibited to the King of Spain, who was greatly delighted with it. "The gentleness of the dog, is his least merit. If your majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the fidelity of the animal." The king took an apple, and the dog flew at his hand and barked so loud that the king's dog, which was in the same room during the exhibition, began to bark also, at which superstitious courtiers, thinking that it was an affair of witchcraft, hastily left the room crossing themselves as they went. Having desired the Minister of Marine, who was the only one who dared to stay behind, to ask the negro what o'clock it was—the Minister asked but received no reply. Droz then observed, that the negro had not yet learned the Spanish; upon which the Minister repeated the question in French and the black immediately answered him. At this new prodigy the firmness of the Minister forsook him, and he retreated precipitately, declaring that it must be the work of a supernatural being. It is probable that in the performance of these tricks Droz touched certain springs in the mechanism, although it is not mentioned in any of the accounts of his clock.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.

STEP out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and then, fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about half full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath until the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and also several times through the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman the measure of whose chest has been increased by this means some three or four inches during as many months.

A RARE BIRD.

THE Red Bluff Independent says:—A few days since R. S. Betts of this place discovered about the margin of a pool, near Brady's livery stable, a very singular bird, which, by a little skillful strategy, he succeeded in capturing. It is regarded as quite a curiosity, being the only one ever seen in this section of the country by any one who has yet examined it. It has been pronounced by one of our citizens, skilled in ornithology, to be a member of the "Rail family" (Ralus Carolinus,) a kind that occurs in many parts of the United States at particular seasons of the year, and sought by sportsmen for the delicious repast which they afford, and the fine sport of shooting them. The only mystery that remains about this little stranger is, how he chanced to make his appearance here, solitary and alone, where none of his family have ever been seen before.

ELECTRIC SAFETY LAMP.—The danger of explosions in coal mines from the careless use of Sir Humphrey Davy's safety lamp has been frequently demonstrated. It is proposed to obviate this danger by the introduction of a lamp composed of Geissler tubes properly protected by wire and driven by a small Ruhmkorf coil and battery, carried in a knapsack on the back of the workman. These tubes have the air pumped out of them, and the light comes from a constant stream of electricity passing from one end to the other. If the glass breaks, no fire can be communicated to the outward gasses, as the connection with the battery is broken at the same instant, and no spark can pass. This kind of a lantern could be used by travelers for reading at night on the railroad, as the whole apparatus can be carried in a carpet bag and can be easily suspended from a hook.

THREE tons of dry land contain one ton of water.

Reading for the Young.

LITTLE FEET SO GLAD AND GAY.

LITTLE feet, so glad and gay,
Making music all the day,
Tripping merrily along,
Filling all my heart with song,
Well I love your music sweet:
Patter, patter, little feet.

Sometimes anxious, I would know
Just what way these feet must go;
Praying oft that all be fair,
Nor thorns or roughness anywhere;
That flowers may spring their steps to greet:
Patter, patter, little feet.

But then I think that some have trod,
Through thorns and briers, nearer God;
Though weak in faith, still I would dare
To offer up the earnest prayer,
That Christ would choose whate'er is meet:
Patter, patter, little feet.

I press them in my hands at night,
And kiss them with a new delight,
Believing that where'er they go,
My tender Lord will lead them, so
They'll walk at length the golden street:
Patter, patter, little feet.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

YOUNG FRIENDS, there is a right way and a wrong way through life. You are more easily influenced for good or evil than grown people, and the course you now take may lead you to honor, usefulness and long life, or to infamy, misery and an early death. It is of the utmost importance to yourselves, your friends and society, that you be directed to take the true way, and form such habits as will keep you in this way and make you loathe any other.

A dying mother once asked her little son to promise her three things:—never to swear, never to drink liquor, never to use tobacco. He promised and remembered his promise, and kept it, and this led him in the right way, and made an earnest and useful man of him, to a good old age.

Swearing, liquor and tobacco lead to the wrong way, and each and every one of you should shun these things, and try to influence your companions to shun them. These are social evils, which afflict our land, and crowd our prisons with criminals, our asylums with lunatics, and our county-houses with paupers.

The poor drunkard whom you have seen staggering in the street, uttering profane or indecent language, was once a little boy like some of you, who then might have been directed by proper influences and exertion to take a better course. But when he drank the first glass of liquor, took the first oath, or the first morsel of tobacco, he did a ruinous thing. But he did not see it then,—he had no idea of becoming a drunkard!

Dear boys, have moral courage to resist every evil temptation to which any misguided person would lead you. Moral courage is far better than physical, for it leads one to do right, if all around them are doing wrong. This is the courage most needed everywhere, to secure better health, and better morals, in individuals and societies.

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

RUN FOR THE LILY-PADS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

"How many of you boys ever went fishing?" asked the minister.

Instantly fifty boys' eyes sparkled, and fifty boys' hands were raised.

"How many of you ever fished for pickerel?" continued the minister.

Up came most of the hands again—little hands, that, as the minister knew, had been nearly every one of them guilty of taking what was not theirs; for they belonged to boys who were in a Reform School, and most of them for stealing, some little, and some much.

"Did you ever have any trouble in getting the pickerel to bite?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir!" cried the boys.

"So have I," he replied. "I have fished for pickerel a great many times; often in a certain pond behind my father's house, which was very clear and smooth, and covered with water-lilies. These lilies were very beautiful, lying with their pure white petals and golden centers on their floating leaves; but I did not like to see them, for this reason; when I trailed my line with a fat little frog or a nice minnow on it, if I saw a pickerel swim round and round, looking at it, and working his mouth and gills, I knew that pretty soon he would jump up and snap at the tempting bait, and then I had him. If he once began to *look*, I was sure of him; but if, instead, he turned, and swam off under a lily-pad, as many a fish did, I knew I had lost him, and there was no use skimming and dancing my line to that fish any longer.

"Now, boys, I want to tell you, when you see something you wish for which is n't yours, or when you feel like saying a bad word, or going where you know you ought n't to go, do not stop to look at it or think about it, but just *run for the lily-pads*."—*Child at home.*

PAYING TRIBUTE.

A SHORT time ago Uncle Henry told me a little story which you would, perhaps, like to hear.

"In a certain part of Scotland," he said, "the poor people, who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man, used to come yearly to pay their rent. What do you think this was? Why, just a pepper-corn! It had been the custom for a long series of years for each one to bring this pepper-corn on a certain day. It did not cost the poor man anything, nor did it make the landholder any richer; but it was a sign of tribute which they paid to him as their master.

"Now," said my uncle, "it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn, which they give to the devil. It does neither party any good; it just shows who is their master."—*Child at Home.*

GOOD MANNERS.—Some children seem to think good manners are of no consequence. They will answer "Yes," "No," "Well," as if they never had heard of polite words or ways in their life. I like to hear little boys and girls say,

"Yes, sir," "Yes, ma'am," "If you please," "I thank you," etc. I always think it sounds as if they were lovely and gentle and kind, as all Christian children should try to be.

I have a little niece who answers me so prettily, and she is only five years old. She says,

"Yes, aunty," "No, Aunty," "Please, aunty," etc. And her gentle voice and manner make me love her a great deal.—*Young Pilgrim.*

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

About Premiums, Free Copies, &c.—Our Agent-Friends entitled to either Premiums or free copies of the RURAL will please bear in mind that they should notify us, at the time of remitting for clubs, *which they prefer*. Some send clubs, saying nothing as to what they want, and subsequently complain—one that we sent no free copy, another that no premium was forwarded, etc. Now, if each will mention *what* is desired, we can comply,—but, smart as we may be in some matters, we cannot *guess* correctly, and therefore wait for directions or—a scolding. Those who prefer free copies to premium, have only to mention the fact in their letters, and *vice versa*, and we will send accordingly.

☞ Our Subscription Bureau is a very busy department about these days, and some premiums may not be forwarded on the day ordered—especially if the articles mentioned are not on hand,—yet we are doing our "level best" to pay all as fast as possible.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, FEB'Y 8, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Constitutional Convention has been much engaged in considering the report on Cities, making various modifications and changes. As adopted, the whole article has been finally referred to a Committee on Revision. The Convention is now engaged upon the report on State Prisons.

The Workingmen's Assembly was in session in Albany nearly all of last week. Questions of labor, hours thereof, compensation, &c., were discussed at length. It was resolved to present a bill to the Legislature prohibiting children under twelve years of age being employed in factories and against the employment of minors more than four hours a day. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President—Wm. J. Jessup, of New York. First Vice President—Henry B. Mulhall, of New York. Second Vice President—Samuel Whitney of Lansingburgh. Secretary—Alexander Troop, of New York. Treasurer—John Norton, of Albany. The Assembly adjourned *sine die* on the 31st ult.

The trial of Gen. Cole for the murder of Hon. L. H. Hiscock was begun in Albany last week. A *writ of certiorari* having been granted in the case by Justice Welles, on the ground that the defense was not fully prepared to proceed with the trial, a lengthy argument was had before Judge Peckham, who decided to quash the writ. District Attorney Henry Smith is prosecuting the case for the people, assisted by James T. Brady and other eminent legal talent, while the defense is conducted by Wm J. Hadley, with able counsel. Gen. Cole pleads temporary insanity in defense of the murder. Deep interest is felt in the case.

In the Senate Mr. Stanford, from the Committee on Canals, has reported favorably a bill declaring the belief that all repairs, by contract, of the canals, and the work, repairs and dredging of the Albany basin, awarded at the letting in Dec., 1866, are fraudulent and void, and to declare the same void, and to recover all money paid on such contracts beyond a reasonable compensation for work done.

Mr. Palmer has introduced a bill providing that the annual school tax in New York shall not exceed the product obtained by multiplying the sum of ten dollars by the average number of pupils who have actually been taught for the whole preceding year.

Messrs. Nichols, Thayer and Norton have been appointed a Select Committee to report what legislation is necessary to secure greater safety in railroad travel.

A new comb factory, at Wappinger's Falls, Dutchess Co., was destroyed by fire on the 27th ult., involving a loss of from $15,000 to $20,000. Thirty-five or forty persons are thrown out of employment by its destruction.

The Albany Academy of Music was destroyed by fire, early Wednesday morning, the 29th ult. Nothing was saved. The loss is estimated at about $40,000. The property was only partially insured. The dry goods store of Luke, Brothers, adjoining, was also burned down, but the stock was saved.

Amos Dean, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical College at Albany, and Principal of the Albany Law School, died in that city, on the 26th ult., after a brief illness.

The first of a series of Fenian meetings to be held throughout the country, took place at Buffalo on the night of the 1st inst. Gen. O'Neil, President of the Brotherhood, initiated the movement. A great crowd was in attendance.

It is said that a Metropolitan Insurance Company's Cashier, who died recently, was a defaulter in the sum of $600,000, and that his death was by his own hand.

The exports of specie from the port of New York for the week ending February 1st, were $130,000—the smallest in several years.

A child about two years of age was burned to death in Fairport, Monroe Co., on the 31st ult. Its clothes ignited from the fire.

From Washington.

THERE is no authentic foundation for the reports that the President will veto the bill suspending further contraction of the currency.

The Committee on Appropriations reduced the amount asked for by Sec. Seward for Consular and Diplomatic services $200,000. They also abolished three offices from the State Department, namely: Second Assistant Secretary of State, Examiner of Claims, and Superintendent of Statistics.

Generals Sherman and Sheridan, and also many other officers, think the time has come for a thorough revision of the Articles of War. They have, accordingly, drawn up new articles which one of them read before the House Military Committee, at a recent meeting. The members of the Committee were favorably impressed with their work, and it is highly probable that there will be a revision both of the Articles of War and the Army Regulations.

Reconstruction measures have been the constant a theme of discussion, in Congress and outside circles. The supplementary bill received every Republican vote in the House. In the Senate it evoked an able and most spirited debate. Senator Doolittle proposed amendments restricting the suffrage of the negroes, (not of whites also,) to those who could read and write, and who should be possessed of property to the amount of $250. He supported these amendments in a long speech, to which Senators Trumbull, Morton and Nye replied.

The House Military Committee has decided to report a bill authorizing the Secretary of War to establish a U. S. Arsenal at Fort David Russel, Dakota, near Cheyenne City, at a cost not exceeding fifty thousand dollars.

The President has approved the bill providing for the distribution among the people of the South of the accumulated desiccated vegetables and provided meats which are not required for the use of the army. He has also approved the bill providing that contracts for stationery for the Executive Departments shall not be made for more than one year at a time.

The Treasurer of the United States holds in trust for the national banks at this date the following amount of securities, namely: For circulating notes $341,210,400 and for deposits of public money $39,827,950.

The internal revenue receipts for the fiscal year to February 1st, were $114,753,315.

The House Committee on Contested seats has nearly got through with the case of Delano *vs.* Morgan, and will next take up that of Butler *vs.* Powell, from the First District of Tennessee.

In a late address, before the Universal Peace Congress, in session in Washington, Gen. Harney denounced the wars with the Indians, contending that the theory was utterly groundless that the red man could never be civilized. In New Mexico, he stated, these Indians were brought to a condition of comparatively superior civilization by the labors of Catholic missionaries.

G. H. Heape, United States Consul to Tunis, writes Secretary Seward that 200 natives died of starvation in the streets of Tunis on the 27th of December. The average number of deaths from this cause alone are considerably over a hundred daily. In the interior the Arabs are driven to desperation and attacking and pillaging travelers and caravans, and many murders have been committed.

A despatch to the N. Y. World says:—I am authorized to state most confidently and decisively that legitimate demands which have been too meekly urged by the Secretary of State upon the British Cabinet, are to be enforced at whatever hazard.

From the West.

THE most destructive fire ever known in Chicago, occurred there on the night of the 28th ult. The loss is estimated at nearly two million and a half of dollars.

A fire in Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 31st ult., destroyed property to the amount of $150,000. The Mercantile Library was totally consumed.

While two or three hundred people—men, women and children, mainly passengers by the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad train—were crossing the Mississippi river at St. Louis, recently, on foot, the ice suddenly broke loose from each shore and floated down the stream. The people ran hither and thither in terrible fright. They could not get off at either shore, as the ice had left the river banks and it seemed as though there would be a terrible loss of life. Thousands of citizens gathered on the levee and watched the scene with intense excitement. Luckily the immense field of ice did not break, and after floating the distance of a couple of blocks, it passed against a steamer on the Missouri shore, from which planks were pushed out, and all the terrified people were rescued.

The boiler in a saw mill near Detroit, Mich., exploded. Two brothers named Arnold were killed and two other men were injured.

The official statement of the branch mint at San Francisco for 1867, shows the total deposits of bullion at $10,500,000, and coinage at $19,380,000.

A despatch from Jefferson City states that Governor Fletcher is about to seize the Missouri and Pacific Railroad in the name of the State.

Late advices from Arizona state that the Indians had made a descent on Bale Springs station and Camp Williams, and shot or carried off all the stock. A mail carrier and a military escort of four men belonging to the railroad survey party were lost in the wilderness six days and came near starving. Gov. McCormick and other civic officers of the Territory arrived at Tucson on the 17th of December.

From the South.

THE Georgia Radical State Convention, which was fixed for the 19th inst, is indefinitely postponed.

The schoner Lone Star was recently driven out to sea from Savannah, seven passengers and three deck hands were lost. Only three persons were saved in such an exhausted condition that they could not tell what had become of the others.

The Commissioner of the Freedmens' Bureau publishes two important orders, prescribing the regulation under which supplies will be furnished to planters during the coming year, and providing for the transportation of freedmen to parishes where employment can be obtained for them. Supplies will be furnished monthly until the necessity no longer exists, first taking a lien upon the crops for payment. Subsistence for the helpless and indigent will be issued gratuitously.

The Georgia Reconstruction Convention has adopted a resolution petitioning for a loan from the general Government in aid of the agricultural interests.

In the Virginia Convention, a clause has been adopted taxing male citizens for schools and general purposes.

The employes of the Memphis, Clarksville and Louisville Railroad have struck, from non-payment of wages.

The Maryland Legislature was recently much excited over the resolution instructing Gov. Swann to issue a commission to Senator-elect Hamilton. It was stated by one of Gov. Swann's friends that he declined to issue the commission upon the ground that Hamilton was elected in violation of the eastern shore law concerning Senators.

FARMING AT THE WEST.—The West, it is said, cannot complain of hard times. A Milwaukee paper states that the farmers of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Northern Iowa have already received $15,000,000 more for their products of last season than they did for the crops of 1866. This surplus is sufficient to make the farming interest of those States tolerably strong. The newspaper referred to adds: "There is still room for millions of people in this land of plenty. Of a hundred million acres directly west of Lake Michigan, not one-tenth is under cultivation, and that tenth is not of the average productiveness of the remainder."

LETTERS FROM "RURAL PEOPLE."

UNDER this heading we propose to give, now, if not occasionally hereafter, a few letters which speak of some other things and the RURAL,—or vice versa. Of course, we have no desire to surfeit our readers with "mutual admiration" matter, after the manner of some journals we wot of, but only to give samples of scores of letters we are receiving now-a-days:

EDITOR RURAL:—"I suppose a person does not fully commit himself to the literary profession by merely writing a letter to an editor. Taking this for granted I will address a few lines to you. Some years ago I was a constant reader of the RURAL, but becoming one of the "floating population" of this great Republic (by enlisting in the army, and traveling to see the country,) I was deprived of the privilege only as I found the paper in my ramblings. And be assured I read eagerly whenever I did happen to fall in with my old friend, MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. Last spring I bought the homestead farm of my father, and in company with my wife and a little boy have embarked in the Farmer's Pleasure Boat for life. I sent for the RURAL at the beginning of the year and rather impatiently waited its arrival. At last No. 1 of Vol. XIX came, bringing with it joy and satisfaction to us all. So full was it of information and rich instruction, that we all had to admit that it had made large advancement in real merit as well as appearance.

Now, Mr. Editor, I would not have you think that my wife and I ever quarrel, but, to tell the truth, we *come as near* quarreling over who shall look at the RURAL first as we do over anything. She says the RURAL is *her* paper, and she must look at it first—that I have the Tribune, Independent and county paper all to myself, and the RURAL belongs to her—and I generally have to submit to her orders, as you know most men do who have wives with snapping black eyes. We all think the RURAL the gem of the household, and when we cease to order it you may be assured we have passed to a world where no U. S. mail can reach us.

Respectfully yours, O. B. PRESTON.

Caroline Center, N. Y., Jan., 1868.

HON. D. D. T. MOORE:—For three years last past we have taken your invaluable paper, and have just subscribed for 1868. Its value in our family cannot be told in words. Suffice for us to say, as soon as received from the office, ITS PAGES ARE TAKEN BY STORM. As a weekly, it contains more valuable information for the masses than any other journal with which we are acquainted. Especially is it useful to the farmer. In your "Hints for the Month" we receive more than an equivalent for the subscription price. But enough of this.

Our winter till yesterday has been mild and pleasant, with from three to six inches of snow—a good time for farmers to draw wood and logs. Yesterday and to-day we have had an old-fashioned snow storm. Have from 15 to 18 inches of snow, and are still getting more. Have had but little rain since last June, consequently a large majority of wells and cisterns are, and have been, dry for the past three months. Creeks and springs are dry, or what little water they have is frozen into ice. Cattle have to be driven long distances to get water. How long this drouth will continue GOD only knows.

One word in regard to fruit. Old apple orchards are fast dying out, and unless new ones are set soon, we shall be without apples. Cherries and currants all gone. More anon. HENRY BAILEY.

Lorraine, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1868.

UNDER date of "Morristown, Tenn., Jan. 18, 1868," a lady writes us as follows:—"Having spent many a pleasant hour poring over some old files of the RURAL, which chanced to fall into my hands during the dark days of war, I have for some time been possessed of an irresistible desire, not only to subscribe for your inimitable paper *myself*, but to induce, if possible, *many others* to do likewise,—feeling that I would thereby be instrumental in conferring a general good. For the success of the proposed undertaking, it becomes necessary that I should have a few specimen numbers, etc. I shall be much pleased to send you five or six new subscribers, but should I fail in procuring them you may, at least, place *my* name on your list for 1868, *certain*. Hoping to hear from you, personally, or through the columns of the RURAL, upon this subject, I am," &c.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE internal condition of Italy is becoming critical. Fears are entertained that a *coup d'etat* is contemplated at Florence. It is believed in Paris that relations between the French and Italian governments are not so cordial as they have been.

The policy recently adopted by Prussia on the Roman question, and her agreement with France in her treatment of that subject, has caused surprise; but an explanation of this course is found in the fact that in sustaining the temporal power of the Pope the Prussian government finds a powerful means of conciliating its catholic subjects, and of strengthening its influence over the whole of South Germany.

Gen. Carl Schurz has arrived in Berlin and has been received by Count Von Bismarck.

George Francis Train was released by the British authorities after two days' imprisonment in jail, and has commenced action for illegal arrest, laying damages at £100,000 sterling. He was accused of saying that he had come to Ireland to organize the Fenians, and was arrested on that charge. Lord Stanley disavows the act on the part of his government.

The Italian Government is about to send out a naval expedition to the Rio de la Plata, South America. Nothing is known as to the cause or the object of this movement. Prime Minister Menabrea, when interrogated on the subject, declined to give any explanation.

The announcement was made in both Houses of the Italian Parliament, on the 1st inst., that his Royal Highness, the Crown Prince Humbert, has been formally betrothed to the Princess Marguarita of Genoa.

In accordance with a request from Lord Stanley, the Pasha of Egypt has recalled the auxiliary corps of native Egyptians which he sent to join the British expedition in Abyssinia.

His Majesty, King Christian, has signed the treaty with the United States for the sale of the West India Islands.

Late dispatches have been received from Athens giving an account of another battle between the Turks and Cretans, in which the latter were successful. The Spakiotean Mountaineers were the attacking party. The Turks stood their ground, and the battle lasted all day. They acknowledge a loss of 250 killed. The Cretan loss is not stated.

The Courier Francais says that the presence of Admiral Farragut at Naples is designed as a counterpoise to the French forces in Rome, and to sustain the Liberals of Italy, with whom Farragut has intimate relations.

Overland Communication and Traffic.

THE express time between San Francisco and New York was reduced to fifteen days at the close of 1867, and by the close of this year it is expected the time will be further reduced to eleven days, by the further extension of the Pacific Railroad from both directions. By the middle of 1870, if not sooner, we may look for the all-rail connection, and a schedule of about six days from ocean to ocean; and therefore we may look for a prodigious stream of travel and traffic over the Main Stem Line.

By reason of the unprecedented low rates of fare on the competing steamship lines, no less than 10,000 passengers have left New York for California, *via* the Isthmus, within three months. The internal and agricultural development of the Pacific coast is so rapid that the demand for labor is inappeasable. The dispatches announce that the Central Pacific Company are organizing a force of 10,000 workmen, with which to prosecute the grand enterprise during this year.

Persons desiring a steady and safe investment have now an opportunity of securing the First Mortgage Bonds upon this great road at less than their par value. See the advertisement of the Financial Agents, on another page.

THE MOST COMPLETE PASSENGER ELEVATOR ever constructed has just been put into the American House, Boston, by Otis Tufts, the inventor of this modern hotel luxury.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, February 4, 1868.

MONEY matters continue easy in Western New York, particularly in this immediate locality. The banks have more money, just now, than their customers require. Produce dealers in this section realized much sooner on the property they had detained on the canal than was anticipated, so that the banks have very little of the paper drawn against canal shipments. Money continues abundant in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The New York Times of Saturday says: "The rates for Money to-day are 5@6 per cent. to the Stock Brokers, on call, and 6@7 per cent. to the Discount Brokers on prime Merchant paper of short date. Some large cash balances continue to be left with the Brokers in the Public Funds at 4 per cent."

Financial affairs are not reported easy at the West, though there is a better supply of money at Cincinnati than heretofore. The last Chicago Republican notices thus:—"There was an increased demand for money to-day, owing, in a measure, to the activity in provisions. The banks very generally report a close and stringent loan market, and their inability to meet the demand, even from first-class quarters. Several institutions, who do a purely mercantile business, and have no grain or provision accounts, are tolerably well supplied with currency, and manage to take care of the interests of their best customers."

There is a better feeling among business men in the country generally in regard to the future of business than has existed for some time past. In many descriptions of merchandise it is believed the bottom has been reached, and therefore there is less danger of loss to the distributing merchant who purchases goods now, than at any time during the past year. A leading New York paper notices the condition of trade as follows:

The feeling among the holders of both foreign and domestic dry goods is much better than at the close of the old year, and there is also an advance in demand and prices for the leading staples of foreign general merchandise. The cotton trade is 4 cents per pound better than the lowest price three or four weeks ago, and this is expected to assist very materially the spring demand for goods from the South.

At the present writing it is not known whether the act of Congress to stop the contraction of Greenbacks will become a law or not. It has been understood for some days that the President would not sign the act, but allow it to become a law by not returning it. From present indications there will be no expansion of Greenbacks or National Bank Notes authorized by Congress this winter. The House Committee on Banking and Currency have for some time been discussing a bill to substitute Greenbacks for National Currency, and the Committee, it is understood, stand five to four in favor of the measure, which is known as Randall's bill.

[After the foregoing was in type, the following was received by telegraph:—"The anti-contraction bill is now a law, the ten days during which the President must either sign or veto the bill having expired yesterday; it was sent to him January 21, which, deducting one Sunday, makes yesterday the last of the ten days."]

Large delegations of merchants and business men are now on their way from St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago and other points West, to attend the National Commercial Convention, which meets in Boston Wednesday of this week.

WOOL.—There is nothing new in the wool market. Manufacturers do not seem to operate to any extent, and appear to be cautious about putting upon the market a large supply of spring goods. Sales of domestic wool in Boston last week foot up only about 500,000 lbs., at a range of 38@60c. for fleece, and 22½@47c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Bulletin says:—"The market for woolen goods shows but faint signs of animation, and the trade in spring fabrics still remains in abeyance. The accumulation of fall goods is being gradually worked off at low prices, but still considerable balances will have to be carried over. But few styles, either of domestic or foreign cloths, are paying first cost. The clothing trade have taken all the heavy goods they want for their early trade, and have not yet come in for supplies of light spring textures."

In our local market there was a more buoyant feeling the past week, and some considerable transactions took place. A lot of 30,000 lbs, changed hands at 43c.

GRAIN.—The receipts of wheat the past week were comparatively light, but there is no quotable change in prices, though the tendency seems to be towards an advance. This is the opinion of some of the more prominent in the trade, but it may not be made good at the opening of the spring trade. Corn remains firm at quotations, with little doing. The weekly advance in Barley, noticed some time since, seems to have been checked, indicating that the extreme upward point has been reached.

DRESSED HOGS.—The supply has sensibly diminished the past week, showing that the bulk of the hog crop has been marketed. Prices, as will be seen by quotations, have advanced somewhat.

BUTTER also tends upward, as the late considerable Canada importation has become exhausted. The steady cold weather has tended to diminish the domestic supply.

CLOVER SEED.—There is little doing in Clover Seed as yet, and the market is scarcely so firm as at our last report. The tendency is said to be downward, if anything, and we revise our quotations accordingly.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat..	$15,50@16,00	Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. red wheat...	13,50@14,00	Do. ℔ bbl.....	2,50@ 3,25
Do. extra State..	9,00@10,00	Do. dried, ℔ ℔..	6½@7 c
Do. buckwheat, ℔ cwt..	5,00	Peaches.....	25@ 30
Millfeed, coarse,...	25,00@28,00	Cherries.....	30@ 35
Do. fine.....	30,00@35,00	Plums.....	25@ 30
Meal, corn, cwt....	2,50@ 2,75	Blackberries.....	7@ 8
Wheat, reel, ℔ bu..	2,60@ 2,65	Potatoes, ℔ bu....	88@ 94
Do. beat white...	2,80@ 3,00	Onions.....	2,50@ 3,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu....	1,15@ 1,20	Turnips.....	00@ 50
Rye.....	1,50@ 1,60	Cranberries, ℔ bbl.	15,00@00,00
Oats.....	68@ 70c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Barley.....	1,55@ 1,65	Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Beans.....	3,00@ 3,50	Do. untrimmed..	7@ 8
Meats.		Green calfskins....	12@ 12
Pork, old mess....	$00,00@00,00	Sheep pelts, each..	75@ 2,00
Do. new mess....	22,00@23,00	**Seeds.**	
Do. clear, ℔ ℔...	00@ 00c	Timothy ℔ bu.....	$ 2,50@ 3,00
Dressed hogs, cwt.	10,00@10,50	Clover, medium...	6,50@ 7,00
Beef.....	7,00@11,00	Do. large.....	7,00@ 8,00
Spring lambs.....	0,00@ 0,00	Peas.....	1,40@ 1,50
Mutton, ℔ ℔.....	4@ 6c	Flax.....	1,50@ 2,00
Hams.....	14@ 15	**Sundries.**	
Shoulders.....	10@ 10½	Wood, hard.....	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Chickens.....	15@ 17	Do. soft.....	5,50@ 6,50
Turkeys.....	18@ 20	Coal, lump, ℔ ton.	8,25@ 0,00
Geese, each.....	00@ 00	Do. large egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. small egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Butter, choice roll	34@ 36	Do. stove.....	8,65@ 0,00
Do. packed.....	34@ 36	Do. chestnut.....	8,15@ 0,00
Cheese, dairy.....	13@ 14	Do. soft.....	7,00@ 0,00
Do. factory.....	15@ 17	Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Lard, tried..,.....	13@ 14	Salt, ℔ bbl.....	2,70@ 2,80
Do. rough.....	12@ 14	Wool, ℔ ℔.....	38@ 43c
Tallow, tried.....	9@ 9½	Hops.....	45@ 60
Do. rough.....	6@ 6½	Whitefish, ½ bbl..	6,00@ 6,50
Eggs, ℔ dozen.....	35@ 38	Codfish, ℔ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Forage.		Honey, box, ℔ ℔..	22@ 25c
Hay ℔ ton.....	$15,00@25,00	Candles, box.....	12½@ 13½
Do. new.....	00,00@00,00	Do. extra.....	14@ 15
Straw.....	10,00@14,00	Barrels, each.....	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,50; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 19@19½c; Flour, $5,60@16; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,25; Wheat, $2,50@2,58; Rye, $1,78; Barley, $2,00@2,15; Corn, $1,20@1,27; Oats, 83@84½c; Pork, mess, $21,75@23,00; prime, $17,25@18,37; prime mess, $19,00@19,50; Beef, new plain mess, $13,00@21,00; Beef hams, $29,50@31,50; Shoulders, 8@9½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Lard, 13½@14½c; Butter, 38@50c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 30@60c.

ALBANY, FEB. 1.—Flour, $11,25@15,00; Rye flour, $8,75; Buckwheat flour, $4,12@4,25; Corn meal, $2,75@2,85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,75@3,25; Rye, $1,65; Corn, $1,30@1,30; Barley, $1,90; Oats, 83@85c; Pork, new mess, $21,00; clear, $26,00; boneless, $27,00; Hams, 18c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 11½@15½c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 1.—Flour, $10,25@14,50; Wheat, $2,90@3,00; Corn, $1,04@1,01; Oats, 74@74c; Rye, none; Barley, $1,85; Peas, $1,18; Beans, $3,50; Pork, mess, $22,00@22,50; Lard, 13½@13¾c; Butter, 27@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2,55; coarse, ℔ bbl., $2,60.

CHICAGO, FEB. 1.—Flour, $9,00@10,50; Wheat, $2,05½@2,10; Corn, 82@85c; Oats, 58¾@59; Rye, $1,48@1,51; Barley, $1,33@1,90; Pork, mess, $19,50@2,00; Lard, 13½c; Butter, 20@33c; Cheese, 12@17½c; Seeds, timothy, $2,30@2,40; clover, $7@7,35; flax, $2,20.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 1.—Flour, $10,55@11,50; Wheat, $2,20@2,60; Corn, 83@81c ear; Oats, 69@70c; Rye, $1,67@1,68; Barley, $2,25@2,33; Mess pork, $21@22; Lard, 13½c; Bacon, 9¼@12½c.

TORONTO, JAN. 2.—Flour, $6,35@7,00; Wheat, fall, $1,76@1,79; Spring, $1,58@1,60; Oats, 60@62c; Barley, $1@1,03; Peas, 76@78c; Pork, mess, $18@19; Bacon, 7@7½c; Hams, 8½@9c; Lard, 9@9½c; Eggs, 17@20c; Butter, 14@20c; Hops, 25@50c; Dried apples, 9½@10c; Hay, $11@17; Straw, $11@13.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27—Beeves—Receipts 5,907 head; quotations at 11@18c. Veal Calves—Receipts 634 head; quotations 9@13cts. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 19,977 head; quotations 5½@7½. Swine—Receipts 15,465 head; quotations 7@7½c.

ALBANY, JAN. 30.—Beeves, $3,00@11,75. Milch Cows, $40@110. Sheep and Lambs—State 4@5½c.; Michigan 5@6c.; Canada 6@7c. Hogs, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JAN. 29.—Beeves range from 6@14¾c; Working Oxen, $160@265 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers and Fat-row, $35@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 5@5½c; extra, 5@8c; by the head, $2@5,50; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 8@9c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 65c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 27.—Cattle lower; sales at 5@10½c. Sheep, 5@6½c.. Hogs, 10@10½c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31—Beef Cattle, 5½@7¾c. Veal Calves, 4¾@6¾c. Sheep, $2,00@5. Hogs, $5,50@7,00.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 31—Beef Cattle, $3,50@7,75; Sheep, 2¾@5c; Hogs, 5@7½c.

TORONTO, Jan. 29.—Beef ranges at $5,50@7,10; Sheep and Lambs, $2,50@5; Calves, $4@5 each.

BALTIMORE, JAN. 30.—Beef Cattle, 4@9½c; Sheep, 4½@6½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31—Dressed hogs are in fair demand; light advanced 5c; heavy are unchanged; sales at $7,75@8,60, dividing on 200 lbs. Live hogs are active and firm; sales at $5,95@8,25 for common to choice.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 31—Dressed hogs are in good demand; sales at $7@8,00.

MILWAUKEE, JAN. 31.—Dressed hogs are weak; sales at 7½@8¼c.; live hogs 5¾@6¾c.

DETROIT, JAN. 31.—The market is not overstocked; sales heavy, $8,60; light, $7,75@8.

TOLEDO, JAN. 31.—Dressed hogs quiet at 7½@8¼c.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 28.—Dressed hogs; nothing doing, and prices are nominal, 6¼@6¾c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 1.—Dressed hogs; sale 100 light at $8,60.

NEW YORK, JAN. 31.—Dressed hogs are dull at 8¾@8¾c for Western, and 9¼@9¾c for city.

ALBANY, JAN. 31.—Dressed Hogs are selling at 10¼@10½c. for State, and 9¼@9¾c. for Western.

TORONTO, JAN. 29.—The following are the rates paid: Light and medium, 5@5½c.; choice to extra, 5¾@6¼c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—Market is quiet. Sales 170,000 lbs. at 40@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 38@45c. for Pulled, 20@28c. for Texas, 29@31c. for California, and Cape and Mestiza p. t.

BOSTON, JAN. 30—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ¾ and ¾ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@42c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 35@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 31.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@24c.; Fleece, 38@42c.

MARRIED.

AT the residence of the bride's father, in Wells, Pa., by Rev. D. R. Ford of Elmira, N. Y., Mr. ALONZO ELLISON of Mongaup Valley, Sullivan Co., N. Y., and Miss LAURA S. NICHOLS of the former place.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

DELAWARE, Maryland and Virginia Lands for SALE—February Catalogue sent free. A. R. WOOLSTON, Real Estate Broker, 512 King St., Wilmington, Del. 942-2t

100,000 PLUM AND CHERRY STOCKS, and 15,000 Grape Vines, for sale cheap, by RICHARDSON & BELLOWS, Geneva, N. Y. 942-2teo

DRAIN TILE MACHINE.—THE BEST IN AMERICA. Send for a Circular.
942-4t A. LA TOURRETTE, Waterloo, N. Y.

FRANKLIN BRICK MACHINE—For Simplicity, durability, rapidity and perfection of work is unequalled. J. H. RENICK, 71 Broadway, N. Y., Room 23.

AGENTS.—M. WAGNER & CO., MARSHALL, MICH., will pay you $20 to $40 per week, and expenses, to sell their New Useful Inventions. Full particulars sent free to all. 942-2t

ATTENTION TOBACCO USERS!—The Appetite for Tobacco destroyed by using *Orton's Preparation*. Send stamp for Circular. Address
C. B. COTTON, Box 1748, Portland, Maine.

BRINKERHOFF'S CORN-SHELLER, SEPERATOR AND CLEANER for sale at manufacture's price, by W. R. REID, Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.
N. B.—Shellers shipped to any address on receipt of price.

CASHMERE GOATS—150 CASHMERE ASIATIC Fleece Goats, a select importation upon the special mission of ISRAEL S. DIEHL, Esq., to Asia. The largest and finest importation ever made. For sale. Address CHAS. S. BROWN, 50 Broadway, New York. 942-2t

TO FRUIT GROWERS—NINE ACRES UNimproved land, well located for Fruit Growing; can be secured by an active man, who may pay for it in plants any time within 5 years, without paying interest or rent. Particulars by addressing Box 83, Burlington, N. J.

DESIRABLE VILLAGE PROPERTY FOR Sale at a bargain, consisting of 7 acres of land, plenty of Fruit, Buildings new and first-class, situate 10 miles east of Rochester, near depot. For particulars address Box 23 Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

200,000 HOP AND 10,000 THORNLESS RASPBERRY—Wisconsin Hop-Roots and Davison's Thornless Black-Cap, in quantities to suit purchasers and on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere. Prompt answers to inquiries. Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB," West Macedon, N. Y. 942-6teo

KITTATINNY, THE BEST BLACKBERRY YET TESTED.—"The discussions at the meeting of the Am. Pomological Soc'y showed that this variety maintained its reputation for productiveness and hardiness all over the country. *Superior in flavor to all others.*"—Am. Agriculturist. *Genuine Plants* for sale wholesale and retail by
942-tf E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL surpasses all other remedies in the rapid and radical cure of Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

HARRINGTON'S PATENT SEED SOWER AND CULTIVATOR—Combines all the most important and desirable qualities, with advantages not found in any other hand machine, for sowing Onions, Carrots, Beets, Turnips, Parsnips, Peas, Beans, &c., &c. The Hand Cultivator saves a vast amount of labor by dispensing with Wheel-Hoes or Hand-Hoes. Price of both combined $15,00; Seed Sower alone $12,00; Cultivator, $8,00.

Our Patent Plows, with changeable mould-boards for sod and stubble, won four Gold Medals at the Great National Trial of Plows, at Utica, N. Y., Sept., 1867. Various sizes and forms for different soils. Also, Patent Swivel Plows for level land, making no dead furrows nor ridges. Premium Horse-Hoes, &c., &c., manufactured solely by F. F. HOLBROOK & SMALL, 10 South Market St., Boston, Mass.
☞ Send for Circulars. 942-6teo

CABBAGE SEED,
IMPROVED BRUNSWICK.

The Earliest, Shortest Stemmed, and very best Drumhead yet offered. The Boston Market Gardeners all use it in preference to any other, and to show how highly it is esteemed in this market, we will state that it sold readily at $5,00 per ounce the past season, and all were well satisfied that it is the best vari

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Central Pacific Railroad—Fisk & Hatch.
Symmes' Catarrh Recipe—T F Symmes.
Bachelor's Hair Dye.
To the Ladies—Messenger & Co.
The Revolution—Susan B. Anthony.
Smith's Unrivalled American Organs—Philip Phillips & Co.
Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam—Reed, Cutler & Co.
Wanted—S C Thompson & Co.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
Vacuum Oil—Vacuum Oil Co.
Agents Wanted—B B Russell & Co.
Dodge's Patent Reaper and Mower and Self Raker.
We are Coming—Allen, Hawes & Co.
Desirable Village Property for Sale.
Kittatinny Blackberry—H Williams.
Employment—O T Garey.
Plum and Cherry Stocks—Richardson & Fellows.
Drain Tile Machinery—A La Tourrette.
Franklin Brick Machinery—J H Renick.
To Fruit Growers.
Dreer's Garden Seeds—Henry A Dreer.
Trade for the Coming Spring—J H Platman.
The Blue Coats—Jones Brothers.
Cashmere Goats—Chas S Brown.
Attention, Tobacco Users—C B Cotton.
Brinkerhoff's Corn Sheller—W R Reid.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
American House, Boston, Mass.—Lewis Rice & Son.
Delaware and Maryland Farms—A R Woolston.
Cabbage Seed, Improved Brunswick—A Schlegel & Co.
Agents—M Wagner & Co.
200,000 Hop Roots and 10,000 Thornless Blackberry Plants.
Patent Seed Sower and Cultivator—F F Holbrook & Small.
Nichols' & Shepard's Vibrator.

The News Condenser.

— The Mississippi above Cairo has 12 miles of solid ice.
— Iowa is out of debt, and has $100,000 in her treasury.
— The Alabama negroes are in destitute circumstances.
— The Sioux and Cheyenne Indians are troublesome.
— Calais oysters weigh ¼ of a pound each.
— American wines have become popular in Berlin.
— Dickens will return to England in April next.
— John H. Surratt is said to be in poor health.
— The "oldest inhabitant" of Washington is dead.
— Helena, Ark., has paid all its levee tax.
— Wood is now dearer in Maine than coal.
— At wholesale, Texas wine brings $5 a barrel.
— A Paris editor has paid $16,000 in fines since 1852.
— Fresh strawberries have appeared in New Orleans.
— Portugal's standing army is only ten thousand men.
— New London, Conn., has found an 800 pound turtle.
— The Boston milk trade amounts to $2,000,000 a year.
— Beef in Kansas is said to be plenty at 2½ cts. a pound.
— The population of Toledo is 24,401.
— Vermont raised in 1867 59,000 pounds of tobacco.
— Texas has a "sour lake."
— The Arabs are dying by the thousands in Algeria.
— Wild dogs abound in the woods in Kansas.
— The Cold Water Templars is a new order in Illinois.
— The eldest sister of Gen. Cass is dead.
— Wild turkeys swarm in Bureau Co., Ill.
— White powder is the last Parisian novelty.
— Calf-skin hats, with the hair on, are worn in Paris.
— It takes two men one hour to wind up Trinity Church clock.
— Riots and fights are of daily occurrence in Marshall, Texas.
— Tilton's salary as editor of the Independent is $7,000 a year.
— There are in the dead letter office 8,000 soldier photographs.
— The reported sinking of Recluse Island proves to be a hoax.
— A chess player of Hamburg is to play twenty games at once.
— Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are playing in Philadelphia.
— The latest from Paris is a ladies' nose protector, lined with fur.
— Mechanics of all kinds are greatly needed in Hartsville, Tenn.
— The value of improvements in Toledo last year was $2,000,000.
— Benninghoff of Oil Creek is said to be worth $7,000,000 in cash.
— Dr. James Clark is the oldest Free Mason in New Hampshire.
— Fifteen Dukes and Counts serve as privates in the Papal army.
— Steam carriages for common roads have been built in Edinburgh.
— Lorillard pays over one-sixth of the tobacco tax of the country.
— The population of Ireland has decreased 1,000,000 in fifteen years.
— The sheep of California yielded 9,500,000 pounds of wool last year.
— The Brooklyn ferries have carried 35,000,000 passengers the past year.
— 129 members of the dramatic and musical profession died the past year.
— Bonner pays John G. Saxe one dollar a line for writing for the Ledger.
— Ten deaths to one birth is the ratio among the "free" negroes of Florida.
— M. du Chaillu, the traveler, has been offered by the Africans 850 wives.
— The health of the Prince Imperial of France continues very precarious.
— A French editor proposes to connect France and England by a bridge.
— Two tons of sponge are prepared for bedding every day at Lebanon, N. H.
— The Ohio river is nine hundred miles long, and floats four hundred steamers.
— Infanticide has never been so common in New York as during the past year.
— Russell Betts of Mt. Clemens, Mich., has fallen heir to $1,500,000 in England.
— Wooden nutmegs are among the gifts at wooden weddings in Connecticut.
— Three persons were killed by lightning near Bloomington, Ga., the 8th ult.
— Large quantities of grain for foreign shipment are arriving at New Orleans.
— Chignons are said to have saved many ladies' lives in a recent railway collision.
— A cat recently died in Cleveland which was known to be twenty-eight years old.
— Last year $1,656,031 worth of shoes were made by nineteen firms in Chicago.
— There have been erected in St. Louis 410 new buildings during the past year.
— Government has received no reports of suffering among the troops at Alaska.
— More persons are out of employment in St. Louis than was ever before known.
— Blind Tom fairly astounded the Lockport people by his wonderful musical genius.
— Arkansas is overrun with grasshoppers, which pay no attention to the cold weather.
— England pays £100 a year for each of its soldiers, France £40, and Prussia only £30.
— In New York last year there were 15,026 marriages solemnized, and in Brooklyn 1,349.
— Many families are suffering for food in Nashville, and a soup house has been established.
— A rich Chinaman of San Francisco was lately buried in a coffin which cost $1,000 in gold.
— Jerusalem is estimated to contain 7,100 Jews, 5,000 Mahommedans, and 3,400 Christians.
— An old lady who recently died in Clifton, England, could only sleep while riding in a carriage.
— Cold weather in France is driving the wolves out of the forests into the vicinity of the villages.
— Judge Chapman of Indianapolis fined a negro $2,000 and two years' imprisonment for marrying a white woman.
— Charles A. Hawley of Collinsville, Conn., died on Sunday night from a too free use of chloroform for relieving a toothache.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

EMPLOYMENT!—$10 A DAY AND EXPENSES paid. Circulars free. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere, to sell our new and splendid Engraving entitled "FROM SHORE TO SHORE," suggestive of Life's Journey from Childhood to Old Age. A perfect gem.
942-4t Address B. B. RUSSELL & CO., Boston, Mass.

I OFFER TO THE TRADE FOR THE COMING SPRING, 50,000 No. 1 Seedlings of different kinds. Also, a good assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, and 50,000 Root Grafts on No. 1 Roots; also, a fine stock of the Jucunda or No. 700 Strawberry Plants and Raspberry, together with over 100,000 Grape Vines of all the best lots. The above stock will be sold cheap for cash. Address
J. H. PLATMAN, Bellona, Yates Co., N. Y.

VACUUM OIL renders Hard Boots Soft as New, and impervious to Water.
VACUUM OIL makes Stiff Harness Pliable, and prevents Cracking.
VACUUM OIL lubricates Carriage Axles, Mowing Machines, &c., superior to any other.
☞ **No Farmer should be without it.**
PRICE.—One Gallon, **$1.50**; Two Gallons, **$2.50**; Five Gallons, **$5.** Sent by Express, *charges prepaid*, on receipt of price, (or marked C. O. D. if preferred.) Address
VACUUM OIL CO., Sole Proprietors, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE BLUE COATS,
And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union.
With Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion.
It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for Circulars. Address
JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

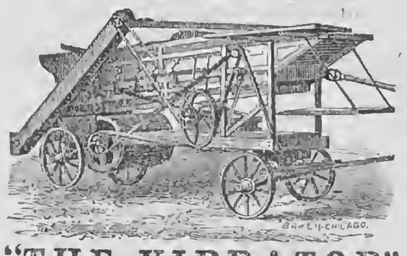
WE ARE COMING!
And will present to any person sending us a club in our Great
ONE DOLLAR SALE
of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, a Watch, Piece of Sheeting, Silk Dress Pattern, &c., &c.,
FREE OF COST.
Catalogue of Goods and Sample sent to any address free.
ALLEN, HAWES & CO.,
15 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., P. O. Box C.
☞ Wholesale Dealers in French, German, and English Dry and Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Albums, Leather Goods, &c. 942-4t

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.—The very important and extensive improvements which have recently been made in this popular Hotel, the largest in New England, enable the proprietors to offer to Tourists, Families, and the Traveling Public, accommodations and conveniences superior to any other Hotel in the city. During the past summer additions have been made of numerous suites of apartments, with bathing rooms, water closets, &c., attached; one of Tufts' magnificent passenger elevators, the best ever constructed, conveys guests to the upper story of the house in one minute; the entries have been newly and richly carpeted, and the entire house thoroughly replenished and refurnished, making it, in all its appointments, equal to any hotel in the country. [942-7teo
Telegraph Office, Billiard Halls and Cafe on the first floor.
Feb. 1, 1868. LEWIS RICE & SON, Proprietors.

FOR NEW VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, FRUIT, &c., see DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1868; over 100 pages, beautifully illustrated; will be mailed to all who enclose a 3 cent stamp. Address HENRY A. DREER, Seed Grower, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 942-2t

$200 TO $300 PER MONTH SURE TO Agents. Permanent employment. Active men wanted immediately everywhere. No money required in advance. Circulars free. Address GRANT BROTHERS & CO., 482 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NICHOLS' & SHEPARD'S
"VIBRATOR."



"THE VIBRATOR"
THRESHING MACHINE,
Patented and Manufactured by
NICHOLS & SHEPARD
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

To Threshers and Farmers!

IT IS FOR THE INTEREST OF YOU WHO Buy and employ Machines to get the very best. **NICHOLS' & SHEPARD'S VIBRATOR** has been fully tested for the past four years, and is fast superseding all the old style Machines. The number made has been fully doubled each succeeding year, and twice as many are being built for this year as last. All who impartially investigate its merits, concede its superiority.

BECAUSE

It has neither Canvas, Beaters, Pickers nor Raddles, and cannot be clogged up in either wet or dry grain.

It has not half as many Belts, Pulleys, Boxes, Journals, Wheels and Pinions as the "Grain Belt" Machines, and hence runs much easier and costs much less to keep in repair.

The Sieve is so long and wide and so arranged that it never requires "Poking," never "clogs up" or "blows over," and will run for hours and days without trouble.

It has the largest and best Mill in the world, capable of cleaning without waste any amount of grain and taking out all the foul stuff.

It makes no "litterings" or "scatterings," and saves the "cleaning up" necessary with others. Thus doing nicer work than any other, and advoiding the most unpleasant work connected with threshing.

There is no cog-gearing except our wheel and one pinion, which drive the cylinder.

In threshing Oats, Wheat, Barley, &c., it will save over and above the best of other machines nearly or quite enough to pay the threshing bills.

In Timothy Seed it is decidedly advantageous on account of its pecuiiir sieves and mill for cleaning, and requires no change of Shoe for any kind of grain or seeds.

In Flax Seed it has no Beaters, Pickers or Shafts, to "wind" and bother, as in all other machines.

Many Farmers say they would rather employ NICHOLS' & SHEPARD'S VIBRATOR at full prices than any other thresher *for nothing*, and they generally command a cent extra per bushel.

Its great ease of draft is because there is less than one-half as much slatting, boxing, belting and gearing as in other machines, and no grain belt or raddles at all. This fact speaks for itself.

The Nichols' & Shepard's HORSE POWER has no equal for durability and ease of draft. It is adopted to *all other machines*. Parties who have "played out" powers of other kinds are invited to buy and try this, *and see the difference*. It is sold separately, and "speeded" to take the place of any other.

The Vibrator stands on its own merits, it asks no favor but an impartial trial. Call on Agents or write to the Manufacturers for Pamphlet, giving a full description, together with numerous Certificates.

THROUGH LINE COMPLETE IN 1870.

THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
The Best and Principal Portion of the
NATIONAL TRUNK LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

is being rapidly carried forward by an unprecedented working force; and it is reasonably certain that the CONTINUOUS OVERLAND RAILROAD CONNECTION FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE MADE IN 1870.

The United States Government furnishes, upon a subordinate and contingent lien, half the means for constructing the Main Stem Line; and besides an absolute grant of 12,800 acres of valuable public lands per mile, the Central Pacific Railroad Company have received from California sources, donations and concessions worth more than $3,000,000. The available resources of this Company are therefore abundant for the purpose, amounting to $77,000,000 on the first 726 miles of the Line, including Loans secured by a First Mortgage upon the whole property, to the same amount only as the U. S. Subsidy Bonds.

The results already attained, although under comparatively unfavorable circumstances, afford substantial ground for believing the CENTRAL PACIFIC to be the

Most Favored, Productive and Valuable Railroad Enterprise in the Country.

The Company are now offering for sale, a limited amount of their

First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,
Principal and Interest payable in Gold Coin,

in sums of $1,000 each, at **95** per cent. of their par value and accrued interest from January 1st, in currency.

These Bonds, it is believed, possess the elements of *safety, reliability and profit*, in a greater degree than any other class of Corporate Securities now offered, and are therefore very desirable for steady investments of surplus capital.

Investors will bear in mind the following advantages:

I. They are the first mortgage on one of the most valuable and productive lines of railroad in the world.

II. The actual earnings from local business in 1867 were more than four times the annual interest engagements.

III. The hard part of the work is now done, and the prospects of rapid completion are favorable.

IV. The Company have liberal subsidies, which enable them to prosecute the work with great vigor.

V. The management has been exceedingly prudent and frugal.

VI. There is already a large and growing settlement on the completed and graded line.

VII. The lands promise to be of immense value, 37,038 acres having been already sold.

VIII. Both principal and interest are explicitly made payable in gold coin.

IX. Both the aggregate amount of issue and their standing in Europe will insure for them continued activity and a high rank among standard securities.

At this time they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

Holders of Government Securities have an opportunity of exchanging them for Central Pacific Bonds, bearing an equal rate of interest, with the principal abundantly secured, and of realizing a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent. in addition.

Orders sent with the funds through responsible Banks or Express Companies will receive prompt attention. Bonds sent by return Express to any address in the United States, at our cost. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, &c., furnished on application at the office of the Railroad Company,

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET,
AND OF
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

5 OR 600 BUSH. POP CORN FOR SALE—Two years old. Address GEO. M. CURTIS, Box 272 Rochester, N. Y.

THE SOLARTYPE WOOD BURNING STOVE.—This celebrated Stove, on the principle of the Hot Air Furnace, keeps fire night and day with one-third the wood of other stoves, and is a splendid heater, easily regulated. It took the Highest Premium at the New York State Fair. The demand for it now is greater than ever, as a necessity for the damp days of spring and summer as well as the coldest of winter. Single stoves shipped for $10, the wholesale price. Send orders for Stoves, or for circulars and testimonials, to J. G. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

KNITTING MACHINES. First Premium N. Y. STATE FAIR, 1867, awarded to the RIST IMPROVEMENT, which I am now applying to the LAMB MACHINE, makes it the most perfect one in existence. ☞ SUPERIOR NEEDLES ON HAND.
RECOMMENDS.
I think your improvements are worth more than words can express. MRS. F. H. McLEAN, St. Louis, Mo.
I would not have a Machine without your improvements; the count register and tables alone, are worth twice what you ask for them. H. C. GRAVES, Chestertown, N. Y.
941-2t IRA A. HEBBARD, 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE.—THE Subscriber offers for sale his desirable Farm of 115 acres of land; 22 of wheat on the ground; 10 or 12 of woodlot. The above premises are well located, on a good road in the town of Phelps, Ontario Co., half way between the villages of Phelps and Newark, on what is called the Marbletown Road. The farm is well watered with never-failing springs; Fences in fine condition; good Buildings; ample Barns and Sheds for grain and stock; Barns on good walls, with cow stables in basement; variety of Fruit—old orchard in bearing—large young orchard of choice fruit beginning to bear. The Farm is within 2½ miles of the Erie Canal, and half-way between the Old and Direct Railroads—Phelps on the Old Road and Newark on the Direct being the nearest stations. P. O. Address, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.
941-tf ASA H. ROBINSON.

GREAT BARGAIN.—A VIRGINIA FARM, one mile from Vienna Station, Alexandria, Hampstead and Leesburg Railroad, 12 miles from Washington, D. C. 140 acres; 105 cleared; frame house of 12 rooms; peach and apple orchard; new corn house; tenant house, stables and out-buildings. $2,000 worth of wood may be sold from the land. Price $30 per acre.
Also for sale, a STEAM SAW MILL of 25 horse power, and 195 acres of LAND, on Cockerel's Creek, near the Bay, in Northumberland Co., Va., heavily timbered with pine, &c.; 25 acres in cultivation; comfortable buildings. Price $8,000.
Farms, Timber Lands, Mill Sites, in Maryland, Virginia and States further South, at very low rates. Address
"NATIONAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
"DIETRICK & MAGE, 475 Seventh Street,
941-2t "Washington, D. C."

SEEDS! SEEDS!—SPECIALTIES.

	Packet.	Oz.
True Jersey Early Wakefield Cabbage, from the original stock	25	$1.00
Brill's Superior Flat Dutch Cabbage, unequalled for summer and fall	25	75
Genuine Bergen Drumhead Cabbage, the best winter variety, extra	25	75
Improved Drumhead Savoy Cabbage, very superior	25	75
Jersey Gardener's Favorite, White Solid Celery, none better	15	50
Allen's Improved Nutmeg Muskmelon, unsurpassed in size and flavor	10	30
True New York Improved Large Purple Egg Plant, originated with us	25	1.00
Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato, new and distinct, try it	15	50
Maupay's Superior Tomato, new and desirable	15	50
Early Large Smooth Red Tomato, standard sort, fine	10	30
Long White Turnip, of excellent flavor, fine for table use	10	25

The above are especially recommended, are of my own raising and *warranted* A No. 1 in every respect. Any or all of them sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price. We also send free to all applicants our Descriptive List of over thirty leading varieties of STRAWBERRIES, with *reduced prices* of plants. FRANCIS BRILL, Newark, New Jersey.

AGENTS WANTED.—WE WANT First-Class Agents to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Extraordinary inducements to good salesmen. Further particulars and Sample work furnished on application to W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 941-13t

$200 PER MONTH SURE.—No money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting Metalic Clothes-Lines*. Address Am. Wire Co., 162 Broadway, N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chic'o, Ill.

CHILDREN.—ALL PARENTS SHOULD UN-derstand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip is decidedly ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. 941-4t

TWO FARMS FOR SALE, IN THE TOWN OF RIGA—One of 90 and one of 100 acres, good buildings, orchards, &c. No better in the County. Enquire of I. A. HEBBARD, 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y., or W. B. HEBBARD, on the premises. 941-tf

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—GOOD AGENTS for our new work, "HOME BOOK OF WONDERS;" also, for a new FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH BIBLE, containing Notes, Indexes, Maps, Engravings, Record, Album, &c. BEST TERMS GIVEN. Address,
941-4t BRAINARD & SAMPSON, Hartford, Conn.

ATTENTION—ALL WANTING FARMS.—Cheap farms and fruit lots for sale, at the Junction of the West Jersey and Cape May Railroads, 18 miles south of Philadelphia. Soil, fine loam, superior for all crops; country rolling enough for beauty and utility; climate mild and proverbially healthy; water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Circulars giving full information sent free. Address
941-3t WM. ARROTT, Glassboro', N. J.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

The Great American Tea Co.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE,
12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding House-Keepers, and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. ℔ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.,
Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our warehouse in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on the list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery*."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (**beside the Express charges,**) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

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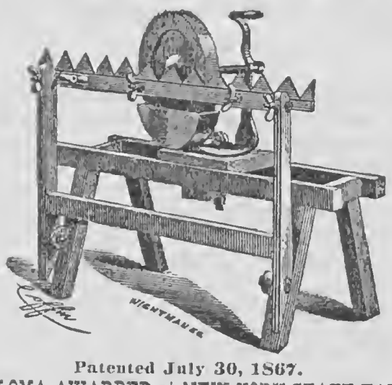

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT ALL FORGOT.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Not all forgot:—I still sometimes look back
Along the pathway of the waning years;
Some roses bloom e'en yet beside the track—
The brightest, those I watered with my tears.

Not all forgot;—some voices murmur yet
Within the holy silence of my soul;
They sing some songs I never may forget,
And stir my heart with strangely deep control.

Some names I hear that from the marble gray
Make answer only in their silentness;
Some lips are mouldered that were wont to pray,
But with them mouldered not their power to bless.

Not all forgot:—some sleep who are not dead,—
Who wandered far from truthfulness and trust,—
Who flung away the words of faith they said,
And slept, to me, henceforth; but GOD is just!

Not all are true; ourselves at times are weak,
And let our faith depart from us so far
That when we reach for it in vain we seek:
So should we judge not, false though others are.

Not all forgot;—but memory shall not pass
In judgment on the dead, or those who sleep;
It has a holier mission-work: alas!
That ever it must pause, in that, to weep!

Not all forgot;—forgetfulness would seem
Sometimes, I think, a rare and pleasant thing!
If all that has been were a misty dream,
What greater pleasure would the present bring!

If looking back along the years, I might
Remember only what was sweet and true,
Then would I sing, in my supreme delight,
A gladder song than minstrel ever knew!

If—stay! no more! What might have been is not!
And could I shape the future with my prayer,
The things to be might then seem less than what
My fancy pictures—beautiful and fair.

For hope deceives us, and we all are blind
To present beauties. So from that before
We turn to that which floats away behind,
With wistful longing, sadly, evermore!

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 44, last number.]

Chapter IV.—The White House on the Hill.

"MISS HUNTINGTON, brother," and Mr. HOWLAND bowed low to the lady thus presented to him by his sister on his arrival home.

She had been waiting for him nearly an hour, and she now returned his greeting with an air more befitting a queen than ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON—for she it was; and by some singular coincidence she had come to rent a house of Mr. HOWLAND just as ALICE WARREN had done but two or three weeks before. The failure which had ruined Mr. WARREN had not affected Mrs. HUNTINGTON further than the mortification and grief she naturally felt at the disgrace and desertion of her husband, from whom she had never heard since he left her so suddenly on the night of the party,—neither had she ever met with Mr. WARREN, although she had written him a note, assuring him that in no way had she been concerned in the fraud. Still her position in the city was not particularly agreeable, and after a time she had removed to Springfield, Mass., where lived a distant relative, who supplied her with plain sewing—for without her husband's salary it was necessary that she do something for the maintenance of her family. Springfield, however, was quite too large for one of ADELAIDE'S proud, ambitious nature. "She would rather live in a smaller place," she said, "where they could be *somebody*. They had been trampled down long enough, and in a country village they would be as good as any one."

Hearing by chance of Oakland and its democratic people, she had persuaded her mother into removing thither, giving her numerous directions as to the manner in which she was to demean herself. "With a little management," she said, "no one need to know that they *worked* for a living,—they had only left the city because they preferred the country," and old PEGGY, who still served in the capacity of servant, was charged repeatedly "never to say a word concerning their former position in society." In short, ADELAIDE intended to create quite a sensation in Oakland, and she commenced by assuming a most haughty and consequential manner towards both Mr. HOWLAND and his sister.

"She had come as *ma's* delegate," she said, "to rent the white house on the hill, which they had heard was vacant. Possibly, if they liked the country, they would eventually purchase, but it was doubtful,—people who had always lived a city life were seldom contented elsewhere. Still, she should *try* to be happy, though, of course, she should miss the advantages which a larger place afforded."

All this and much more she said to Mr. HOWARD, who, hardly knowing whether she were renting a house of him or *he* were renting one of *her*, so stately and dignified she seemed, managed at last to say, "Your mother is a widow, I presume."

Instantly the dark eyes sought the floor, and ADELAIDE'S voice was quite low in its tone as she answered, "I lost my father nearly a year since."

"I wonder she don't dress in mourning, but that's a way some folks have," thought Miss ELINOR, while her brother proceeded to say that Mrs. HUNTINGTON could have the white house on the hill, after which ADELAIDE arose to go, casually asking if the right or left hand street would bring her to the Hotel, where she was obliged to spend the night, as no train after that hour went up to Springfield.

For a moment Mr. HOWLAND waited, thinking his sister would invite the stranger to stop with them, but this Miss ELINOR had no idea of doing,—she did not fancy the young lady's airs, so she simply answered, "The right hand street—you can't mistake it"—frowning slightly when her brother said, "I will accompany you, Miss HUNTINGTON."

"I dislike very much to trouble you. Still, I hardly know the way alone," and ADELAIDE'S dark eyes flashed brightly upon him as she took his offered arm.

Mr. HOWLAND was not a lady's man, but he could be very agreeable when he tried, so ADELAIDE now found him, mentally resolving to give her mother and old Aunt PEGGY a double charge not to betray their real circumstances. Mr. HOWLAND evidently thought her a person of consequence, and who could tell what might come of her acquaintance with him? Stranger things had happened, and then she thought that if she ever did go up to that handsome house as its mistress, her first act should be to quarrel that stiff old maid away.

With such fancies as these filling her mind, ADELAIDE went back next day to Springfield, reporting her success, and so accelerating her mother's movements that scarcely a week elapsed ere they had moved into the white house on the hill, a handsome little cottage, which looked still more cozy and inviting after ADELAIDE'S hands had fitted it up with tasteful care. It was a rule with Mrs. HUNTINGTON to buy the *best* if possible, and as her husband had always been lavish with his money, her furniture was superior to that of her neighbors, many of whom really stood in awe of the *genteel widow*, as she was called, and her stylish, aristocratic daughter. They were supposed to be quite wealthy, too, or at least, in very easy circumstances, and more than one young girl looked enviously at ADELAIDE, as day after day she swept through the streets, sometimes "walking for exercise," she said, and again going out to shop—always at Mr. HOWLAND'S store, where she annoyed the clerks excessively by examining article after article, inquiring its price, wondering if it would become *her* or suit *ma*, and finally concluding not to take it, "for fear every shoemaker's daughter in town would buy something like it, and that she couldn't endure."

Regularly each week she went up to Springfield to take *music lessons*, she said, and lest something should occur making it necessary for her to stay all night, Aunt PEGGY usually accompanied her to the depot, carrying always a *well filled satchel*, and frequently a large bundle, whose many wrappings of paper told no tales, and were supposed by the credulous to cover the dressing-gown which ADELAIDE deemed necessary to the making of her morning toilet. "'Twas very annoying," she said, "to carry so much luggage, but the friends with whom she stopped were *so* particular, that she felt obliged to change her dress, even though she merely staid to dinner."

And so the villagers, looking at the roll of music she invariably carried in her hand, believed the tale, though a few of the nearest neighbors wondered *when* the young lady *practiced*, for 'twas not often that they heard the sound of the old-fashioned instrument which occupied a corner of the sitting-room. Then, as country people will do, they *guessed* it must be at *night*, for a light was always seen from Mrs. HUNTINGTON'S windows until after the clock struck twelve. As weeks went by, most of those whom ADELAIDE considered *somebodies*, called, and among them Mr. HOWLAND. By the merest chance she learned that he was coming and though she was "greatly surprised to see him," and was "just going out, she was *so* lonely at home," she looked unusually well in her nice-fitting merino, which in the evening did not show the wear of four years. The little sitting-room, too, with its furniture so arranged as to make the best of everything, seemed home-like and cheerful, causing Mr. HOWLAND to feel very much at ease, and also very much pleased with the dark-eyed girl he had come to see. She was very agreeable, he thought, much more so than any one whom he had met in Oakland, and at quite a late hour, for one of his early habits, he bade her good-night, promising to call again ere long, and hear the *new song* she was going to take the next time she went up to Springfield.

In dignified silence his sister awaited his return, and when to her greeting,—"Where *have* you been?" he replied, "Been to call on Miss ADELAIDE," the depth of the three wrinkles between her eye-brows was perceptibly increased, while a contemptuous "Pshaw!" escaped her lips. Miss ELINOR was not easily deceived. From the first she had insisted that ADELAIDE "was putting on airs," and if there was one thing more than another which this straightforward, matter-of-fact lady disliked, it was *pretension*. She had not yet been to see Mrs. HUNTINGTON, and now, when her brother, after dwelling at length upon the pleasant evening he had spent, urged her to make the lady's acquaintance, she replied rather sharply that "*she* always wished to know something of the people with whom she associated. For her part, she didn't like Miss ADELAIDE, and if her brother had the least regard for her feelings, he wouldn't call there quite as often as he did."

"Quite as often," repeated Mr. HOWLAND, in much surprise. "What do you mean? I've only been there *once*," and then in a spirit which men will sometimes manifest when opposed, particularly if in that opposition a *lady* is involved, he added, "but I intend to go again,—and very soon, too."

"Undoubtedly," was his sister's answer, and taking a light, the indignant woman walked from the room, thinking to herself that, "if ever *that* girl *did* come there to live,—she'd no idea she would,—but *if* she *did*, she, Miss ELINOR HOWLAND, would make the house a little too uncomfortable for them both."

Chapter V.—Calls.

The next morning Miss ELINOR felt better, and as time passed on and her brother did not again visit his new tenants, she began to feel a little more amiably disposed towards the strangers, and at last decided to call, intending to go from thence to the brown house in the hollow, where she was a frequent visitor. She accordingly started one afternoon for the white house on the hill, where she was most cordially received. With the lady-like manners of Mrs. HUNTINGTON she could find no fault, but she did *not* like the expression of ADELAIDE'S eyes, nor yet the sneering way in which she spoke of the country people; neither did she fail to see the basket which the young lady thrust hastily under the lounge as Aunt PEGGY ushered her into the sitting-room. On the table there were scissors, thimbles, needles and thread, but not a vestige of sewing was visible, though on the carpet were shreds of cloth, and from beneath the lounge peeped something which looked vastly like the *wrist-band* of a *man's* shirt.

"Pride and poverty! I'll venture to say they sew for a living," thought Miss ELINOR, and making her call as brief as possible, she arose to go.

It was in vain that ADELAIDE urged her to stay longer, telling her "'twas such a treat to see some one who seemed like their former acquaintance." With a toss of her head Miss ELINOR declined, saying she was going to visit a poor family in the Hollow, a *blind* man and his daughter, and in adjusting her furs she failed to see how both ADELAIDE and her mother started at her words. Soon recovering her composure the former asked "who they were, and if they always lived in Oakland?"

"Their name is WARREN," said Miss ELINOR, "and they came, I believe, from some city in Western New York, but I know nothing definite concerning them, as they always shrink from speaking of their former condition. ALICE, though, is a sweet little creature, so kind to her old father, and so refined, withal."

Mechanically bidding her visitor good afternoon, ADELAIDE went back to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Who thought those WARRENS would toss up in Oakland! Of course, when they know that we are here, they'll tell all about *father*, and everything else. What shall we do?"

"We are not to blame for your father's misdeeds," answered Mrs. HUNTINGTON; and ADELAIDE replied, "*I* know it, but folks think you are a *widow* with a competence sufficient to support us genteelly,—they don't suspect how late we sit up nights, sewing, to make things meet. Mercy, I hope the peeking old maid didn't see that," she exclaimed, as her own eye fell upon the *wrist-band*. Then, after a moment, she continued, "I know what I'll do. I'll go to ALICE this very night and tell her how *sorry* we are for what has happened, and I'll ask her to say nothing about father's having cheated them and run away. She's a pretty good sort of a girl, I guess, if I did used to think her so proud."

The plan seemed a feasible one, and that evening as ALICE WARREN sat bending over a *vest*, which she must finish that night, she was startled by the abrupt entrance of ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON, who, seizing both her hands, said, with well-feigned distress, "My poor ALICE! I never expected to find you thus."

In his arm-chair the blind man slept, but when the stranger's shadow fell upon him, he awoke, and stretching out his arm, he said, "Who is it, ALICE? who stands between me and the fire?"

"'Tis I," answered ADELAIDE, coming to his side, "the daughter of him who ruined you. I have just learned that you were living here in the same village with ourselves, and at my mother's request I have come to tell you how bitterly we have wept over my father's sin, and to ask you not to hate us for a deed of which we knew nothing until it was all over." Then seating herself in a chair she continued speaking hurriedly, telling them some truth and some falsehood,—telling them how, for a few months, they had lived with a distant relative, a wealthy man, who gave them money now for their support,—telling them how her father's disgrace had affected her mother, and begging of them not to speak of it in Oakland, where it was not known.

"I don't know why it is," she said, "but people have the impression that mother is a *widow*, and though it was wrong to deceive them, I cannot tell them my father ran away to escape a convict's doom. 'Twould kill my mother outright, and if you only will keep silent, we shall be forever gratified."

There was no reason why Mr. WARREN should speak of his former clerk, and he answered ADELAIDE that neither himself nor ALICE had any wish to injure her by talking of the past. Thus relieved of her fears ADELAIDE grew very amiable and sympathizing, saying she did not suppose they were so poor, and pitying ALICE, who must miss so much her pictures, her flowers, her birds and her music.

"Come up and try my piano. You may practice on it any time," she said, when at last she arose to go.

"I never played much. I was not fond of it," was ALICE'S answer, while her father rejoined quickly, "Then you keep a piano? I did not know you had one?"

"Oh, yes, father bought it for me at auction three years ago, and as he was not owing any one, our furniture was not disturbed."

The blind man sighed, while ALICE dropped a *tear* on the vest she was making, as she thought of the difference between her and ADELAIDE, who paused as she reached the door, and asked if she knew Mr. HOWLAND.

"I sew for his store," said ALICE, and ADELAIDE continued, "Isn't he a splendid man?"

ALICE did not know whether he was splendid or not,—"she had never observed his *looks* particularly; but she knew he was *very kind*, and she liked nothing better than to have him come there evenings, as he often did."

"Come *here* often," exclaimed ADELAIDE, her voice indicating the pang with which a feeling of *jealousy* had been brought to life.

Ere ALICE could reply, there was a footstep heard without, and the blind man, whose quick ear caught the sound, said joyfully, "He's coming now."—[To be continued.

A REMINISCENCE OF BERNE.

ONE summer evening as I was passing through one of the streets of Berne on my way to my lodgings, my attention was attracted by the sound of a piano, evidently an Erard, and I involuntarily paused to listen. Some one with a masterly touch was idly preluding and modulating, when suddenly the fitful cadences ceased, and then sounded out clear and distinct the first few notes of that delicious Chopin *Nocturne* in B major,—almost the last one written by him,—first the running *arpeggio*, blossoming into the suspended chord, and then the theme with its longing, its sad questioning, its patient resignation to remorseless fate. I had often and often played this *nocturne*, but I now felt that I had never comprehended its inner meaning. Under the hands of the unseen musician it became to me a revelation. Moved involuntarily by the power, the emotion displayed in the rendering of the composition, I forgot time, place, everything, and wept.

Suddenly I was seized with a curiosity to see this wonderful artist. Until then I had scarcely thought to notice from what particular dwelling the music came. I proceeded to examine the houses near me with the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a glimpse of the player. Directly before me stood one of those quaint, curious structures peculiar to old Swiss towns, and from its interior evidently came the full, clear notes of the Erard.

I hurried across the narrow street, placed myself near the window, and managed to obtain such a position as would enable me to command a view of the interior without danger of being seen by the inmates. At the grand piano, which stood at the further extremity of the apartment, sat a young girl whose long flowing hair was just touched with gold by the last rays of the setting sun. There were no other persons in the room, and she had evidently yielded to the inspiration of the hour and was playing "twilight music."

In the meantime the young girl, unconscious that any listener was near, had not ceased to play. Under her deft fingers there breathed out another *nocturne*, that delicious prelude in F sharp minor, those three heavenly *Gondelliedes* by Mendelssohn, and finally that exquisite *nocturne*, in E minor, which was written by Chopin when he was yet a mere boy. It had now grown quite dark, and the outlines of the artist's head were scarcely distinguishable in the gloom which pervaded the apartment. There was a pause, a hush, and then, just as the moon was rising above the tops of the houses, softly, quietly, but distinctly rippled along the opening bass of the "Moonlight Sonata" with its wealth of sadness and despair. This wonderful girl played with the most perfect precision and delicacy of touch, and every note of the wave-like accompaniment was distinct, though veiled, while the theme, full and clear, rose above it in its marvelous beauty.

How long my enchantment might have lasted I do not know, for after the conclusion of the first movement the music ceased, and although I waited for some time the girl-artist did not play again. After carefully noting the house and its surroundings, I reluctantly went to my apartments in another quarter of the city.

The next evening, and for many subsequent evenings, I was at my post, and was never disappointed in hearing the girl-musician. Sometimes the music was fiery, impassioned, with a wild tempestuous rush of emotion; somtimes it was gloomy and despairing; sometimes sad and tender; yet always the last thing was the dreamy *nocturne* in B, which I had heard on the first evening.

During the summer months events took place in England which made it necessary that I should go to that country in the early autumn. I did so, but remained in Great Britain only twenty days; and, having transacted the business which had called me from Switzerland, made all my arrangements for returning to Berne and my idle artist-life there.

The evening before my departure for the Continent I had retired at an early hour, and had suffered much from an unaccountable uneasiness and restlessness, and a strange depression of spirits which drove sleep from my eyes. I had at last, however, fallen into a heavy lethargic doze, when suddenly I was, as it seemed, wide awake and listening intently. Above, around and about me, I heard that well-remembered *nocturne* in B. Twice did the etherial harp-like harmony float and vibrate through the apartment, and then, with that long-climbing *arpeggio* with which the *nocturne* opens, the music melted away.

Gloomy forebodings and presentiments filled my soul. I felt—I know not why—that some horrible calamity had befallen the girl-artist. The next morning I was on my way to Switzerland.

On my arrival in Berne I made inquiries about her, and learned that on the very night when I had heard the weird mysterious music she had fallen into the Aar, and had been swept away in its rapid current. After playing as usual at twilight, she had gone out for a walk upon the banks of the river, fallen into the rushing torrent, and been drowned before any assistance could reach her. The body was recovered on the following day and buried in the rural cemetery near the town. All these facts I learned from the garrulous old cobbler who occupied the house adjoining that in which poor Constance had lived with her aged parents.

I left Berne the next day, and have never revisited that city. And, although many years have elapsed since the occurrence of the sad event which I have related, I never play that *nocturne* without thinking of poor Constance and of those summer evenings in the old Swiss town.—C. F. D. *in Buffalo Com. Adv.*

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 37 letters.
My 5, 4, 2, 3, 7, 26 is a musical instrument.
My 6, 11, 14, 10, 17 is used by artists.
My 22, 16, 21, 13, 9, 31, 20, 23, 8 was a celebrated musician.
My 24, 31, 3, 17, 19, 26, 27 is a distinguished American author.
My 15, 19, 1, 23, 12 is better than my 15, 25, 30, 37.
My 33, 36, 35, 37, 29 wait for no man.
My 22, 11, 28, 32, 14 are used in fishing.
My 27, 34, 5, 21, 12 is the capital of one of the U. S.
My whole is a pleasant saying of the poet Campbell.

Ellington, N. Y. MAIA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

'SIT hopeggray ew ncarl,
Sa ew ahctn nad gins getherto;
Os ufullyes lew'l sendp uro mite,
Ni nigdo 'shawt a leeaprne.

Wisconsin. L. M. CHURCHILL.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY *first* is a blessing,
Without which, possessing
The world's wealth, you'd famish and die,
My *second's* a curse,
The more followed the worse,
And my *whole* caused a hero to fly.

Wauwatosa, Wis. AUNT ANNE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 940.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—It is never too late to learn.

Answer to Anagram:

Little feet so glad and gay
Making music all the day,
Tripping merrily along.
Filling all my heart with song.
Well I love your music sweet;
Patter, patter little feet.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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☞ All Business Letters should be addressed to Rochester during the present month, or until otherwise announced.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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2d. They hold only a *spring temper* in the center and at the heel.
3d. They are warranted *perfectly uniform*, every knife being exactly alike in temper.
4th. We warrant they *can be ground from eight to ten times without losing their cutting edge.*
5th. Finally, *we will warrant them to cut from 40 to 50 acres of grain or grass without once being ground.*

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"Having thus ascertained the superiority of these sections, we were desirous of seeing the processes of their manufacture, and on making known our wishes, the Messrs. Reynolds were kind enough to show us the whole of their works, and we confess to a feeling of great surprise on seeing their sections so perfectly tempered without the agency of any liquid, by percussion, reaction and cold air alone. We saw over a thousand tempered and ground, not one of which was cracked, or which exhibited any traces of fissure whatever. We believe this process will greatly enhance the efficiency of our reaping and mowing machines, and we rejoice that American ingenuity has perfected so valuable an invention. The process, though unpatented at the time of the trial, has since been covered by letters patent.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

DR. DANIEL LEE AND HON. THEO. C. PETERS, Southern Corresponding Editors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

ABOUT FARM BUILDINGS.

COMMODIOUS and convenient buildings constitute a very important element in successful farming. A man may make money, pay for land, and add to his bank stock, without them; but we don't think he can make as large a per cent. on the capital invested as he could if he had the buildings, and it is certain he cannot conduct his operations with equal skill, precision and completeness. Where material is cheap and easy of access farm buildings are uniformly good. The timbered regions of New England and the Middle States are not excelled by any country of equal extent in quality and quantity of farm buildings. Their value has been appreciated, and the ready and natural material of the forest devoted to their construction. But the prairie States, lacking timber, lack also sufficient farm buildings; and the Southern States, though possessing much material, have hitherto been too devoted to specialties in Agriculture to feel the need of ample accommodations for a variety of farm products. Hence one of the most urgent wants of farmers throughout a very large part of the Union is suitable buildings to shelter the stock and secure the grain.

The material most in use is wood, and it will so continue until scarcity and consequent large cost compel the adoption of some other. Brick and stone, more costly, but likewise more durable, will then be used. Already the need of some other material than shingles for roofs is urgent, and efforts to adapt various plastic compositions, having for their base gas-tar and some stony substance, are persistently made. The material most generally in use in Europe is tile, but the great weight of such roofs necessitates very strong structures to support them; but they are fire-proof and durable.

The location of farm buildings in this country has resulted from the circumstances which influenced the first settlers. In the New England and Middle States the farms first carved from the wilderness were not overgrown, and the pioneers were the heads of families or young men seeking permanent homes. From social considerations the buildings were located on the highways, and the small size of the farms rendered the hauling of the produce to them from the remotest parts no serious matter. These reasons are still cogent, and it is not likely that the position of the buildings will be changed to central parts of the farm, nor would it be expedient to make such change as some writers advise. In the Southern States, where, instead of farms, large plantations were laid out and conducted by slave labor, it was an obvious advantage to place the buildings apart from the highway and near the center of operations. To the owner, with plenty of leisure, distance from his neighbors was of no account, and the other interests of the community were better subserved by isolation.

On large estates it would certainly be desirable to locate the buildings centrally, but the tendency in this country is not to permanent large farms, and on small and medium sized ones the position by the road-side offers many superior advantages. Certainly to the passer-by a view of a suitably adorned front of the homestead is more pleasing than one of its rear. As a rule the various needful buildings should not be scattered, but located together, so that all may aid in sheltering a commodious yard, and that the work may be convenient, and the contents and stock constantly under the eye of the owner.

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

A GOAT FEVER.

IT is raging in the West. And there are peddlers of goats as there were of white willows. And these men have an equal amount of impudence, an equal number of lies ready-made for the man who will nibble at one when the naked truth would repulse him. I know a man who went into this Cashmere goat business some years ago as a speculation. He got good breeders to look after them. He based prospective wealth upon the reputed value of the wool. The goats would climb barns, scale fences, perform antics on the top of a small cedar post, and play the d—l generally. All this would have been amusing and tolerative had the four-legged caperers only sheared gold as was expected. But they didn't. And now one Diehl has been to Asia and is publishing his manifestos in papers that helped the white willow swindle for the same consideration. And so silly people who like to be humbugged are going crazy for Cashmere wool! And they will get it pulled so thickly over their eyes! But they will see the better when they have worn it there sufficiently. It is good for poor eyes!

One of these fellows came to my barn-door the other day and wanted to take an order for some "⅝ kids," to be delivered in the spring. As soon as his garrulous tongue gave me a chance at him, I asked if he had a peddler's license! He hadn't!

Will you "get out?"

And he got!

WEEDS.

"Weeds in January?" Yes sir!

I saw six cigars sticking out of my friend BULUL's vest pocket, and I appropriated one.

"But I supposed, as an agriculturist, you abhorred the weed," said my friend B.

So I do—hence, I *burn* it.

And this gave me an idea.

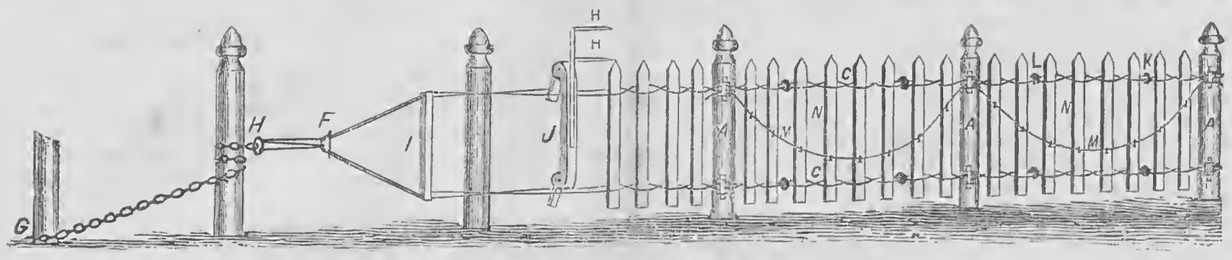
I remember walking over my friend P's farm,—when I was making my annual visit to my farm neighbors, as I do in order to learn what they have learned, that I may modify my own practice as shall seem to me good,—and noticing that the fence corners, where he had Virginia rail fence, had been burned.

Said I:—What is this for? Do you burn out these fence corners regularly?

"Yes sir!" with an emphasis upon latter word that meant *it pays*. "I *aim* to have nothing but grass, the sweetest and most nutritious, grow in these corners, and I mow and save it as I do my best meadows. But weeds will get in, and branches and noxious plants, from seeds dropped by the birds; so I cut such corners and burn them over—attending to it personally so as to keep the fire under control. I don't like weeds. I keep cows. I want the sweetest butter and the purest cheese to go from my farm to market. If I sell hay, I want the cleanest and most nutritious hay. Grass is as easily grown as weeds. And the flavor of the butter and cheese, and the knowledge that my hay is clean, always insures the highest market price for these articles. So it pays. Added, I can sell my farm for 25 per cent. more money to-day than my neighbors who do not keep their fence corners clean."

And there is another thing I have seen. Some farmers within my knowledge who grow grain, and have more straw than they want to feed, spread it evenly on the stubble land that is to be fall plowed, plow a few furrows around the outside of the field so covered, and set it on fire at the right time, burning up straw, stubble, weeds and weed seeds. And they claim that they receive as much benefit from the straw thus disposed of as from the same amount handled as manure. They get what they do get much sooner.

What do your readers think of the practice, friend MOORE? for the chief advantage to be derived from such relations of experience is to provoke discussion, and get up a grand RURAL class meeting and hear how every reader feels about it. INCOG.



TODD'S IMPROVEMENT IN FENCE, PATENTED FEBRUARY 4, 1868.

TIMBER is gradually becoming scarce and more valuable in many localities, and farmers will be pleased to hear of any improvement in the construction of straight fence at less cost, which is more durable and substantial than wooden fences usually are. The above illustration seems to have all the requisite qualifications to entitle it to a careful examination and trial by practical farmers.

Wires crossing and re-crossing in the manner shown in the cut must necessarily make a very strong fence. Pickets suspended in this manner are less liable to decay, for there is no place where two pieces of timber come in contact to retain moisture; for the same reason will not readily burn, as there is no place for fire to lodge. Small poles, pieces of boards or rails split to a reasonable degree of fineness, may be woven in, making a cheap, durable fence from material which would otherwise be valuable only for fuel. From our own observation, we know the plan is very favorably considered by farmers in this vicinity. Mr. TODD has shown us his plan of disposing of rights to farmers; one noticeable feature is that he proposes to print the specifications and claims in full, so that a person at all conversant with business may thoroughly understand what protection is obtained under the patent.

The first post should be braced, then when the wires are properly strained the pickets are woven in by means of a double acting lever (J), which crosses the wires at the top and bottom by raising and lowering the middle section of the lever. If the wires are strained tight enough and the pickets driven close with an ax, they are firmly held in place by the pressure of the wires upon the corners of the pickets. At regular intervals between the posts, clasps (L, K) are used instead of crossing the wires; the adjoining pickets may then be taken out at any subsequent time and replaced with others. When all the pickets are woven as far as the next post, a bracket and cap are used, which effectually prevent the wires from drawing endwise. The brace wire (M) is only used when the posts are set at long distances apart, or in crossing streams. The usual distance between posts without the brace wire is from fourteen to sixteen feet. In building temporary fence, or upon ground filled with stone, a temporary post is used, upon which the wires are fastened in the manner shown above.

Fences built in woods are fastened to trees instead of posts. The best pickets for farm fences are split from logs four feet in length, about an inch and one-fourth square. For further information relative to this improvement address, with stamp for circular, A. TODD, Jr. & Co., Pultneyville, Wayne Co., N. Y.

BEAN CULTURE—NO. I.

SINCE the weevil has prevented the raising of wheat in Orleans county, farmers have turned their attention to growing beans. It is, perhaps, all things considered, the most paying crop ever cultivated in the county. Many a fine farm has been purchased by paying a small portion down, and beans have helped the purchaser out in five years. I have a neighbor who has, within eight years, paid nearly all the purchase money for a farm of one hundred and forty acres by raising beans, and one year ago Dec. 1st, 1867, he purchased an adjoining fifty acres. Last year he planted forty acres to the Pea bean, which, with his other crops, nearly lets him out again. He has just purchased another farm of one hundred and thirty acres, and the coming season intends to plant one hundred acres of beans. He will come out all right.

Beans as Food.—For either man or beast, there is no crop grown in our climate containing so much nutriment. For fattening hogs or sheep they are far superior to corn. For hogs they must be cooked,—but for sheep are best fed raw.

I saw a statement in a Philadelphia paper, not long since, that a widow woman and two small daughters were reduced to live on three eggs per day. This, of course, would not support them. She sold the eggs for six cents and purchased one pint of beans. These boiled and made into a soup were plenty for them for two days, so that each alternate day she could buy a sixpenny loaf of bread. Thus they lived comfortably on three eggs per day.

Soil.—Any of our land, unless too much worn, is well adapted to beans. The old saying "*that poor land is best for beans*," is a grand mistake. To insure a large yield, land must be good, nay more, it should be made rich. It is doubtless true that poor, worn out land will produce more value in beans than in any other crop; while it is equally true that the yield is in proportion to the richness of the soil, other things being equal. Sandy or gravelly soils are doubtless better than strong and tenacious clays.

Varieties.—The principal kinds are the Medium, Blue Pod, Marrow and the late and early Pea Bean. A new variety has lately made its appearance—the Whitesborough. The Medium has always been a standard bean. In price it ranks with the Blue Pod; the Marrow and Pea Bean are about alike in market value. The present price is, for Medium and Blue Pod, $4.00 to $4.25 per bushel; the others are from $4.25 to $4.50 per bushel. These prices are very high, but beans are still cheaper for food than wheat or potatoes.

It is generally claimed that the Blue Pod will out yield any other variety. With good soil, good culture and a favorable season, fifty bushels per acre have been raised of this kind, but it may be deemed as the extreme figure. The past season was so dry that only a small yield has been realized, say from eight to fifteen bushels per acre. The quality was never better. B.

Hindsburgh, Orleans Co., N. Y., Feb., 1868.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

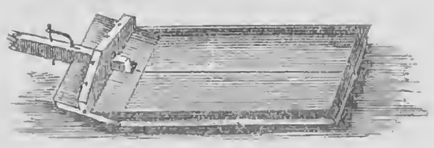
A Cheap Farm Gate.

E. W. DOWNER, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., sends us a sketch of a gate "which has been used in many places on my farm, where the occasion to pass through comes but seldom. It is all made of inch boards, which should be the same width as those of the fence. The upright boards, A, A, six inches wide, are all that is needed to hold the gate together, as there is no strain on any part. The catches, C, C, C, C, are let into the post, the notch coming just even with the post. The gate has no hinges, but is taken off whole and set one side. The small sketch shows a side view of the post with the catches."

Sowing Grass Seed with Buckwheat.

J. R. F., Angola, Ind., writes, in answer to one of our correspondents, that last summer he sowed a bushel and a half of timothy seed, about the 25th of June, with buckwheat, and although it sprouted finely, it killed out completely.

ANOTHER correspondent from Union Co., Ind., writes:—"I sowed buckwheat about the 25th of June, and, after the ground had been harrowed both ways, sowed the grass seed broadcast and had a fair yield of hay the following year. I knew of three lots treated in the same manner, and wherever the ground was rich enough to cause the buckwheat to fall down, it rather killed the tender grass which otherwise did very well."



Stoneboat with Tongue.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a sketch and description of a stoneboat with a tongue attachment, which seems capable of easy construction and very useful on side hills where heavy loads are liable to slide on to the team. The length of the boat is 8½ feet; width, 3 feet; raise of forward end, 6 inches; length of raise, 20 inches. The bolt which holds the tongue in place goes between the front crosspiece and the plank. The engraving makes it plain.

Crib-Biting.

"A," Sinclairville, N. Y., writes:—"A few weeks ago an article appeared in the RURAL on the above subject, in which the writer ascribed the cause to a disordered condition of the stomach. Dr. STEWART, in his late work, takes the ground that 'it proceeds from a disordered condition of the teeth—probably some neuralgic affection. It is most likely that the sufferer has somehow discovered that by pressing his teeth upon some hard substance, or by biting and pulling with them, he can obtain relief. When one has been salivated, and is suffering tortures from sore teeth and gums, if a small chip or piece of stick be held between the teeth, and they be closed forcibly upon it, the abatement of pain will be instantaneous and great. May not the crib-biting horse be merely resorting to the same expedient to secure temporary relief from suffering of a similar character? It is not difficult to understand how grateful such relief would be to an animal in that state, nor how pleasurable a sensation it might be to cool the hot and feverish gums by drawing the air rapidly through the teeth. I strongly incline to the belief that the affection is a disease not only of the teeth and gums, but also embracing the membrane (the periosteum) covering the fangs of the former, and the nerves of the adjacent regions.'"

Ground Feed for Stock.

THE Utica Herald is of opinion that feeding horses ground food in a wet state is not advisable. It says:—"In feeding ground food wet to the horse it will be swallowed too rapidly and with much less saliva than it would if the food had been fed unground. A certain amount of saliva appears to be required in the stomach to aid digestion, and hence when food is taken without sufficient mastication the salivary glands are not stimulated to secrete their fluid in the quantity demanded by nature. In a short time the horse will show evident signs of indigestion, acidity of the stomach, belching of wind, dullness and inability to stand hard work." If ground food is used it is proposed to use it in a dry state, mingled with a portion of whole grain, cut hay or straw, by which a longer time is necessitated in eating and sufficient mastication secured. For neat stock ground feed is deemed beneficial and economical.

Osage Orange Plants.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if it is advisable to procure Osage plants grown on the rich soil of the West, for the purpose of making a hedge on land of medium strength in Wayne Co., N. Y. The obvious objection may be avoided by making the hedge row as rich as the Illinois prairies. However, we don't think the difference in the quality of the soil will have a bad influence on the well-doing of the plants, if other circumstances favor them.

Market for Osier Willow.

T. J. T. STAFFORD wishes for information through this Club, respecting the growing and marketing of the Osier Willow. How should it be planted, cultivated and prepared for market—how is it peeled—where is the market—what are the prices—how does it yield per acre? Who will respond?

AMONG THE STUMPS—NEW SERIES—IV.

CHARCOAL.

THIS substance, so modest and unpretending, is so remarkable in its properties, and so varied in its uses, as to challenge our attention. It has held a place in human affairs from the days of ARISTOTLE to the days of ANDREW JOHNSON. PLINY describes the ancient manner of burning it. More than two thousand years ago the Greeks charred the posts or piles which they drove for the foundation of the temple of Ephesus, and about the same time the Britons drove charred stakes in the Thames to oppose the progress of JULIUS CÆSAR, some of which still exist in a good state of preservation.

Charcoal is uninjured by air or water, and is exempt from decay. This circumstance, considered in connection with its wonderful power as an absorbent, recommends it strongly as a fertilizer. It will take up ninety times its bulk of amoniacal gases, and what is equally remarkable, it will yield them to the demands of growing plants when brought in connection with them. In other words, it absorbs from the air and from rain water, essential fertilizers, and retains them till needed by the vegetation to which it is applied; it then imparts them, and lays in another stock, subject all the time to the demands of the growing crop. As the charcoal itself is *essentially indestructible*, this process continues to be repeated. If there is no mistake about this, and I suppose there is not, why is not charcoal the most durable and valuable of fertilizers? It has been stated that a crop to which it had been liberally applied suffered far less from the drouth than other crops, adjoining to which it was not applied. It not only imparted *moisture*, but other nutriment to the shriveled vegetation.

I should not be surprised if charcoal would correct many of the diseases to which fruits and other vegetables are subject.

Charcoal, says Prof. SILLIMAN, is, after the diamond, the purest form of carbon. One hundred parts contain 70 of carbon, 4.61 of hydrogen, 25 of oxygen and nitrogen, and less than 1 per cent. of ash. These proportions vary in different woods, some giving 10 per cent. of ash. Although it crumbles easily, it is harder than steel and will scratch glass. An inventory of its uses would be too long for these pages. Charcoal in the form of lampblack and plumbago, is among the most enduring of paints, and forms a firm body with oil. Letters painted in this way on wood frequently remain, while the surrounding wood, which was painted *white*, is very much worn away by the action of the elements. Charcoal imparts its carbon to iron, in the manufacture of steel; for this purpose, alternate layers of malleable iron and charcoal are subjected for six or eight days to a high heat in a furnace and then allowed to cool slowly. Charcoal, with oil, forms printer's ink to improve your brains; with sulphur and nitre it makes gunpowder to blow them out. Just now everybody is understood to be out of water,—but it may some time be important to know that putrid or turbid water is restored by filtration through charcoal. Water casks for ships are charred in the inside. Tainted meat is restored by rubbing, or boiling it with powdered charcoal, and, if daily renewed, will preserve it from putrefaction. When finely ground it is used for polishing hard substances, for lining crucibles, for making crayons, and for cleaning your teeth. On account of its antiseptic and absorbent properties, it has great value as a *medicine*, given internally in a powdered state, and externally as a dressing for wounds and ulcers. It is said to have remarkable fattening qualities when fed to turkeys, swine, and other animals, with other food. It is used for refining sugar. If you would have a *good* sirup from *poor* molasses, take 24 lbs. of molasses and boil it for half an hour with an equal weight of water and 6 lbs. of pulverized charcoal; then strain it, and evaporate it to the required consistence. It is used in clarifying liquors. For the above purposes charcoal should be recently burnt, or reignited, cooled, and secluded from air till used. When exposed to the atmosphere it gains from 10 to 20 per cent. in weight, and becomes, in a measure, inert.

The process of burning charcoal is an interesting one. I have lately been engaged in it. Did you ever see Mount Vesuvius? Its picture in the old geography very much resembles a "*coal pit*" in full blast—big, black, and conical,—steaming, stewing, smoking, and occasionally belching forth flames; the coal pit is a decided curiosity. Why call it a "pit?" Because the ancient method of burning was in pits dug in the ground, filled with wood, and partially covered with earth. Now, we smooth off the ground, and pile compactly twenty-five cords of wood, more or less, in a conical shape, setting it on end, and sloping it inward; then we put on a thin covering of straw; then we cover the whole with earth (which should be free from stones) about six or eight inches thick; then we open a small hole in the top, over a small opening which was left in the wood when piled, and put in fire and kindlings and let it burn till the fire is well started; then we open two or three holes at the bottom and one or two at the side, and cover up the fire at the top, expecting "to draw the fire" towards these openings. The fire is controlled by opening and closing air holes in the covering of the pit. It is constantly attracted towards these air holes, and whenever it has burnt sufficiently on one side, holes are opened further along, and those contiguous to the burnt district closed. To judge correctly of the progress made and discreetly and effectually govern the fire, requires great skill. At first the pit emits a great deal of steam and yellow smoke, and afterwards the

smoke becomes lighter. I had supposed that the inside of a pit was one mass of fire; on the contrary, most of the wood is charred without being on fire at all. The agent which effects this is *steam*. At first considerable wood is consumed in generating steam, and the consumption of this wood occasions, in the collier's language, a "sink," or depression on one side. After "getting up steam" the loss of wood is not so great, if the pit is well tended; but if, as is frequently the case, the covering gives way and admits the air to the charred wood, it immediately ignites and rapidly wastes away. When the wood is loosely piled it is difficult to keep the covering tight, and sometimes the collier falls in up to his arms, and sometimes, especially when the wind is high and the weather cold or stormy, the flames get the mastery, and all goes to *ashes* instead of *coal*. A pit should be well governed from the start, well pounded down, constantly watched day and night, till well burnt, and then, after "dusting it down," or closing every air hole for three or four days to extinguish the fire, if you "draw your coal" and sell it, as I did, for 15 and 16 cents per bushel, you pretty well earn your money. Two and a-half to three cords of wood make 100 bushels of coal. I have just burnt two coal pits, and for the last three weeks have got out of my bed at two o'clock in the morning to watch them till daybreak; it was picturesque and disagreeable, very!—H. T. B.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

NATIONAL WOOL AND WOOLEN EXPOSITION.

THE National Wool and Woolen Exposition is not to be held in 1868. The invitation extended by the National Wool Growers' Association, at its Pittsburg meeting, to the National Association of Wool Manufacturers to join in an exhibition of the products of their respective industries, in the spring of 1868, was, we have official warrant for saying, received by the latter body "with enthusiasm," and it immediately appointed a committee to confer with the Growers' committee. The two committees were expected to ascertain whether an Exposition on a suitable scale was practicable, and if so to take the proper steps to carry it out. The Wool Growers' committee found it practicable, on their side. The citizens of Chicago (the preferred place for holding it) came forward promptly and liberally to guarantee the necessary funds and preparations. But the Manufacturers' committee, after taking time to investigate the matter fully, have reluctantly come to the conclusion that there is not time before next spring to perfect arrangements, by the manufacture of all their diversified range of fabrics and articles specially for the occasion, by setting up machinery at Chicago to exhibit the processes of manufacture, and by various other preparatory measures, which they esteem necessary to give the Exposition that imposingness, on their side, without which they would consider it a failure. After coming to this decision, they next thought of proposing that the Exposition be held in October next; but on further consultation, all agreed that it would not attract a proper degree of popular interest on the eve of the Presidential election.

IMPORTS OF WOOL UNDER THE NEW TARIFF.

IN the Country Gentleman's attack on the wool tariff, its friends and official administrators, Jan. 16th, is given what purports to be "a statement of the imports of foreign wools at the ports of New York and Boston under the present tariff law, down to Dec. 17, 1867." It is as follows:

IMPORTS UNDER CLASSES ONE AND TWO.

	Pounds.	Decl'r'd cost.
Less than 32 cts. per lb., at New York....	4,777,140	$780,739
do. at Boston.....	2,108,213	305,798
Over 32 cts. per lb., at New York.....	12,646	5,311
do. at Boston.....	.....	.....
Total "Clothing" and "Combing" wools imported, and their value.....	6,898,029	$1,091,848

IMPORTS UNDER CLASS THREE.

Less than 12 cts. per lb., at New York....	4,159,062	$460,120
do at Boston.....	3,059,785	349,330
Over 12 cts. per lb., at New York.....	5,932,092	1,208,344
do. at Boston.....	2,628,830	510,549
Total "Carpet" wools imported, and their value.....	15,779,769	$2,528,343

Hitherto we have left the accuracy of these figures undisputed,—for although they differed from those in our possession, we thought it better to make *certain* of the facts by obtaining them directly from *official* sources. We have done so, and with the following results:

STATEMENT OF THE QUANTITIES AND VALUE OF RAW WOOL ENTERED FOR CONSUMPTION AND WAREHOUSE*, AT THE PORT OF NEW YORK, COMMENCING MARCH 2D, 1867, AND ENDING DEC. 31ST, 1867.

	Duty.	Pounds.	Dollars.
Consumption.....	3 cts.	1,551,564	169,095
	6 cts.	4,249,660	872,706
	10 cts. 11 per ct.	13	7
	12 cts. 10 per ct.	5,801	2,328
		5,807,038	1,044,146
Warehouse.....	3 cts.	1,372,220	140,857
	6 cts.	3,936,583	771,727
	10 cts. 11 per ct.	3,019,612	463,011
	12 cts. 10 per ct.	.....	.....
		8,328,415	1,375,595

(Signed) JOHN ROBERTS,
Bureau of Statistics, Custom House, N. Y.

Every reader will of course understand that the wools given in above table as paying 3 cents or 6 cents duty per pound belong to CLASS 3; and that those paying higher duties embrace both CLASSES 1 and 2.

ABSTRACT OF WOOL IMPORTED INTO THE PORT OF BOSTON FROM MARCH 2D, 1867, TO JANUARY 1ST, 1868.

Class One.	Lbs.	Value.
23 cts. or less per lb.....	2,524,410	$352,609
Exceeding 32 cts. per lb.....	.....	.....
Total.....	2,524,410	$352,609
Class Two.		
23 cts. or less per lb.....	2,356,958	330,985
Exceeding 32 cts. per lb.....	.....	.....
Total.....	2,356,958	$330,958
Class Three.		
12 cts. or less per lb.....	4,626,134	$460,277
Exceeding 12 cts. per lb.....	2,156,154	360,721
Total.....	6,782,288	820,995

(Signed) THOMAS RUSSELL, Collector.

It will be seen by adding together the amounts entered at both ports, that the total imports at New York and Boston of CLASS 1 and 2 wools were 7,906,974 lbs.; value, $1,148,923; of CLASS 3 wools, 17,892,315 lbs.; value, $2,775,380. As the statements cover a period of only *fourteen days* more than that embraced in the Country Gentleman's statements†, we leave others to explain their discrepancies. When the editor enters the field of deduction, and attempts to *cypher* out conclusions, he is still more unfortunate. For example, it will be seen by referring to one of his paragraphs quoted in our columns (Feb. 1) that it is therein stated that all the wools imported at New York and Boston in CLASSES 1 and 2 "were of a sworn average value of a fraction less than 16 cents per pound;" while the "average value" of the wools imported in CLASS 3 "was a fraction over 16 cts. per pound;" that "taking the imports at Boston by themselves," the wools in CLASSES 1 and 2 "averaged 14½ cents per pound," while "the third CLASS averaged *nineteen and a-half cents.*" Now the *official* figures we have given show (as any man can see by dividing the value in dollars by the number of pounds imported) that the total imports at New York and Boston in CLASSES 1 and 2 averaged 14 53-100 cents per pound, and the total imports in CLASS 3 averaged 15 51-100 cents per pound; while the imports at Boston alone in CLASSES 1 and 2 averaged 14 3-1000 cents per pound, and in CLASS 3 averaged 12 10-100 cents per pound. The monstrous mistake of stating this last average as *nineteen and a-half* cents per pound—7 40-100 cents beyond the truth—cannot be attributed to a typographical error, as the specified sum in this case alone is given in *words* instead of *figures*—emphasized, too, by italics—and made the ground of a special slur on the integrity of "Yankee trade."

We have shown in a former article (Feb. 1) that the facts involved in these comparisons have no bearing in the direction intended by the Country Gentleman. They comprise, however, when correctly given, statistics of interest. But our primary object in exposing the egregious mistakes of that print, has been to show what degree of credibility should be attached to the statements, and what degree of justification can be found for the conduct of an *accuser* who thus grossly misstates even the facts which *he* principally relies on to sustain his charges. In minor particulars, the same miserable blundering (to give it the most charitable name) constantly occurs. This volunteer public instructor on the tariff does not even seem to know, accurately, what its provisions are in respect to *duties!* Thus in the statements of imports, quoted verbatim from the Country Gentleman in the opening of this article, those wools in CLASSES 1 and 2 which pay the lowest duties, are given as "less than 32 cents per lb." in value, when the *law* designates them as "32 cents or less per pound" in value.* A similar mistake is made in respect to the wools which pay the lowest duties in CLASS 3. Even the classification of wools in the tariff is not quoted correctly,—but a specific designation of wools is introduced in CLASS 2 which is not to be found in the Act. This last error, it is true, is unimportant in effect,—but in quoting the provisions of *a law* for the special purpose of attacking them, any kind of interpolation is scarcely, we suspect, held to be admissible among writers of common care and accuracy.

For utter carelessness and recklessness of assertion—for a direct misstatement of important facts which are matters of *official* record and can alone be obtained from such records—for palpably unfounded deductions—for a constant series of blunders and perversions even in carrying out its own line of argument—we deliberately say that, in thirty-five years of observation and experience in agricultural literature, we never saw the Country Gentleman's article equaled by any one appearing editorially or under editorial sanction. Its insulting personal charges we could have well afforded to pass over, so far as those charges affect us, with the contempt they merit. But knowing that many readers would not have the facts at hand to expose the utter groundlessness of its attack on the wool tariff, we have felt it necessary to supply those facts, and to illustrate, both in essentials and non-essentials, the *credibility* of its assailants.

The statement published by us last week of Mr. THOMAS G. RICE, U. S. Appraiser in the Boston Custom House, in respect to the practicability and efficacy of the mode of classifying wools under the present tariff, and in respect to certain decisions made thereunder, is thus confirmed by Hon. THOS. RUSSELL, Collector of the Port. He writes us:

"No practical difficulty has been experienced in carrying out the present mode of classification; and it appears to be better than the preceding system. The law and the samples make the Appraiser's duty easy. Besides this, *all but Carpet wools are practically excluded from our ports*, except those that arrive on old orders—no new orders being given—so that questions are less likely to arise.

"Your third question, as well as the second, are answered by the Appraiser's report enclosed herewith. (Published last week.) I repeat that no decision has ever been made here such as is stated by the Country Gentleman. Everything of Combing blood goes into Class 2, except the wool which goes into Class 1.

Judge RUSSELL'S testimony in respect to the effect of the tariff on the importation of CLASS 1 and 2 wools will be read with interest by the wool growers of the United States.

* The official statement also includes amounts and value of wool withdrawn from warehouse,—but we omit them as of no importance in this connection.

† We had the statements carried down to the close of the year to render them more convenient for future comparison with the imports of other years.

* That is, the value "at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, excluding charges in such port."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SHAKESPEARE ON WEIGHTS OF FLEECES AND PRICES OF WOOL!—A good many of our readers—who read the newspapers more than Shakespeare—may not be aware that the great poet has given us the usual weights of fleeces and prices of wool, in his time, in England, or at least in the central portion of it, in which is situated Warwickshire, where, at Stratford-upon-Avon, John Shakespeare, the father of the illustrious dramatist, resided. He was "a considerable dealer in wool," and, as Rowe remarks, could give his son "no better education than his own employment." It is, therefore, that Ritson, one of Shakespeare's commentators, in view of his minute accuracy of observation, very justly says in a note on the passage we are about to quote:—"Our author was far too familiar with the subject to be suspected of inaccuracy." In the "*Winter's Tale*," *Act IV., Scene II.*, the Clown, making preparation for the "sheep-shearing feast," thus counts up the money to be drawn from:—"Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shillings; fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?" Ritson states that "this has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven sheep* would weigh a *tod* or 28 lbs. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 lbs. 8 oz. 11 dr., and the whole produce of fifteen hundred shorn, 186 *tod*, 1 clove, 2 lbs. 6 oz. 2 dr., which at a pound and odd shilling per *tod* would yield 143 l. 3." True this part of the scene is laid in "fair Bohemia;" but Shakespeare always carries English facts as well as manners everywhere. He was born in 1564 and died in 1616. Malone thinks this play was written in 1601. If so, we have a *price current* of wool two hundred and sixty-four years old!

SHEEP SHEARS AND TOE-NIPPERS.—A mercantile firm at Galveston, Texas, inquire:—"What are the best sheep shears and toe-nippers in use?" We cannot answer this question, because we have not tried all kinds; and because if we had, we should not feel precisely authorized, in *these* columns, to attempt to *decide* between rival manufacturers. We can, however, properly say what ones we *approve* of. We much like the sheep shears manufactured by HENRY SEYMOUR & Co., 52 Beekman St., New York. They possess the superior advantages of being made from a single piece of steel, which gives them a solid spring; the stops are tempered so they cannot wear away and let the blades lap; and the handles are wider at the grasp than several of the English varieties, making them easier to the hand. Among their varieties, we entirely prefer, for fine wool sheep, STRONG'S Patent Thumb Piece Shears. The *thumb-piece* also gives better facilities for clipping the legs, heads, &c., of any kind of sheep, and it need not be used when shearing the bodies of long, open wooled sheep unless desired. We also use SEYMOUR & Co's toe-nippers. No. 3 are most in use. No. 5 are larger, and therefore better for very heavy work. We find it convenient to have both.

BARREN RAMS.—A subscriber in Western New York writes that a two year old ram purchased by him gets no stock, though healthy and apparently of strong constitution. He is informed that he was used the preceding year to a few ewes, and is claimed to have got them with lamb. He wishes to know if he can recover of the seller, and whether anything can be done to restore the ram's power of procreation. If the seller can show he got stock the first year, we do not think the buyer entitled to recover without warranty. But in this, as in the case of a previously untried ram, if properly treated by the buyer and the subject of no inquiry after purchase, we think the seller bound *in honor* either to refund the price or to replace the ram with another as good. A person who sells a *tried* ram, knowing that he has failed to get stock, commits a gross fraud, whether he warrants him or not, and we think would be liable for price and damages. We have looked for no legal decisions on the subject, but this seems to us to be the law of common sense. We have no faith that anything special can be done to awaken the dormant generative powers of a healthy ram, or restore them when lost. We have known in a number of instances a ram teg to fail to get lambs, but to get them through all the remainder of his life. The suspension of a previous power of procreation, and a subsequent restoration of it, we think much less frequent—speaking, of course, of rams uniformly in health.

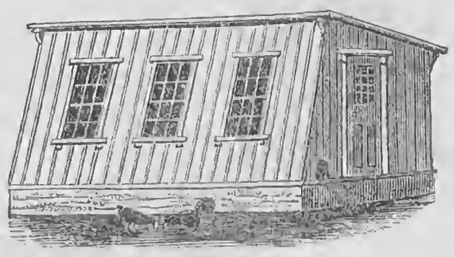
WEIGHT OF BALES OF WOOL.—"A Subscriber," Buffalo, N. Y., asks:—"Are the foreign bales of wool mentioned in prices current and newspapers of uniform weight, and if so what is the established weight of a bale?" They are *not* of uniform weight, but those of leading varieties in each Class weigh as follows. We give the trade names of the wools and the countries whence exported:

CLOTHING WOOLS.		
Cape, unwashed,	400 lbs.....	Cape of Good Hope.
Melbourne, unwashed,	400.....	Australia.
Mestiza, unwashed,	850 to 900...	Buenos Ayres.
COMBING WOOLS.		
Canada, washed,	175 to 190...	Canada.
Canada, unwashed,	200 to 210...	Canada.
English, unwashed,	240.....	England.
CARPET WOOLS.		
Syrian, washed,	280.....	Syria.
Syrian, unwashed,	272 to 310...	Syria.
Cordova, washed,	700 to 750 ..	South America.
Valparaiso, unwashed,	835.....	South America.
Creola, washed,	800.....	South America.
Turkey, washed,	325.....	Turkey.
Donskoi,	350 to 375...	Russia.

The Poultry-Yard.

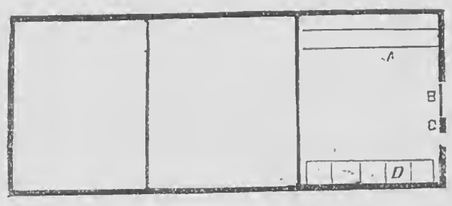
CONVENIENT POULTRY HOUSE.

EDS. RURAL:—Inclosed I send you a plan of a Poultry House that I completed last fall which, for convenience, warmth, good light and ventilation cannot fail to please those interested.



HEN HOUSE—ELEVATION.

It is twenty feet long, eight feet wide on the bottom, six feet high in the rear, six and one-half feet in roof. It is built of matched and dressed lumber for the outside, battened with strips and well painted. The frame is 3 by 4 joist—lathed and filled in with saw-dust on all sides and roof, then plastered. Gravel bottom. There are three windows, twelve lights 9 by 13, both sash moveable, and a light frame one-half the size of the window prevents the fowls from escaping when the sash are raised or dropped. The building is divided into three comfortable coops. There is ample room for two lengths of roosts, under which there is a platform to catch the droppings, thereby insuring cleanliness so essential to the health of the occupants. The nests are "secret," built on the ground. A window in the door regulates the temperature. This house has proved a success during the severe cold weather, the thermometer indicating only *three degrees below freezing* when it was *thirteen degrees below zero* outside.



HEN HOUSE—GROUND PLAN.

A—Roosts. B—Door. C—Entrance for Fowls. D—Secret Nests.

My Brahmas commenced laying six weeks earlier this year than last, and the Spanish have not frozen their combs. Below I give you a statement of the result of my poultry keeping:

To cash paid for feed from February 1, 1867, to January 1, 1868—eleven months.....		$29.75
By eggs sold.....	$44.37	
Stock "	19.77	
Net profit.....		34.39
	$64.14	$64.14

Glen's Falls, Jan., 1868. GEO. K. HAWLEY.

POULTRY—DOES IT PAY?

IN answer to this question, J. J. STAGE, Kent Co., Mich., sends us the following account of the cost and product of fourteen hens for the last year, thus:

DR.

To 14 hens, at 25 cts. each.....	$ 3 75
" Corn and oats during the year.....	12 35
" Meal for chickens.....	4 25
" Dressing and marketing.....	4 50
" Damage to garden.....	3 75
Total cost.....	$28 60

CR.

By 15 doz. eggs, 15 cts per doz.....	$17 25	
" Fowls sold, 10½ cts. per lb.....	30 17½	
" do on hand, 25 at 30 cts.....	7 50	
		$51 92½
		28 60
Net profit.....		$26 32½

My net gain would have been some eight or ten dollars more if my premises had not been infested by rats, which made havoc among them, killing sixty-three chickens.

As for breed, I have part common and part half Brahmas—the best for market. I give them ample room, warm and dry, for roosting, with a warm house attached for nests and feeding, and well supplied with ashes, lime, sand and gravel. I give them warm dish water in winter, which they are very fond of, and it is far better for them than snow, which they would be compelled to use for drink if no liquid was given them.

My neighbors complain of their hens hiding their nests, setting and hatching chicks out of season, and spoiling many eggs. For my part I have none of these troubles, as my fowls are well suited with the conveniences prepared for them, and none seek a nest in grass or weeds outside of their own house. I have a park attached to their domicile for summer use, if I wish to prevent them from doing damage. As for the expense of roost and house, I am sure the droppings more than pay the farmer for all the trouble and interest on the capital invested.

CREVECOEUR FOWLS.

M. D. L., Paris, N. Y., alluding to the cut and description of the Crevecoeur fowl contained in a late number of the RURAL, adds the following: "Pure Crevecocurs are a dull black all over, the body, top, ruff and tail. The Crevecoeur cocks are pure black, with sometime a little golden or cream tinge on the back and rump hackle and wing plume; heavy black top-not, also large black ruff under the throat (some call it beard); large two-horned comb wattles; legs black or slate color, short and free from feathers; the tail is full and well sickled. Hens are *black*, short legs, fair size horned comb, like the cocks; large black top and ruff. They mature very early, are easily raised, are good layers of large eggs, and will come at full size at four or five months old, or nearly so."

Bee-Keeper's Department.

FEEDING BEES.

THE first few days in spring after the bees begin to fly out from their winter confinement, they feel very anxious to commence work. There is probably about a week in spring after they begin to fly (if warm) that there is nothing they can gather from natural sources. By providing them with material to work upon, they will readily accept it, rather than run the risk of life by trying to enter neighboring hives. By keeping finely ground, unbolted rye meal, or buckwheat flour, before them until they can gather from natural sources, it will prevent them from robbing and start them on industrious habits. Some contend they cannot get their bees to notice such feed. It should be placed in a box, about three feet long, two feet wide and six inches in depth, the bottom covered two or three inches deep with the flour, with a piece of old brood comb in the center of the box, and so set that the sun will shine directly upon it. The comb will attract the bees to the box, and they will commence work more readily. Set the box in a slanting position, and as they work upon it the coarse particles will fall to the lower end of it. Change ends with the box after they have worked it down, and let them repeat the operation. Replenish after two or three workings over. They only work out the fine, dusty particles. It was quite a mystery to me how they could retain the fine, dry flour upon their legs and convey it to the hive; but, upon close examination while at work, they could be seen to dampen their feet and legs with their bills, thereby causing the dusty particles to adhere like the farina of flowers, which is gathered more readily while damp.

In addition to the preceding advantage, it starts them to breeding earlier than they otherwise would. It is a well demonstrated fact that they cannot rear their brood without (pollen) a bee bread, and this answers for a substitute. M. S. SNOW.

Forestville, N. Y., 1868.

AN OLD BEE COLONY.

PASSING across a creek bottom, so called, in Western Pennsylvania on a certain occasion we stopped to admire the size and attitude of a black walnut tree which rose "solitary and alone" in the midst of a meadow, "level as the floor," and carpeted with the greenest and richest of verdure. While admiring the proportions of this "spared monument" of the original forest we became aware that it was the habitation of bees, whose squadrons were seen passing in and out of an aperture about midway between the ground and the top. Thinking that possibly the existence of this bee colony might not be known to the owner of the premises, he was questioned in regard to it. The reply was that the original of the colony arrived there more than thirty years previous, and that it was his purpose to let them remain during his life time, should the tree be spared so long. These bees were spoken of with a feeling which might be termed affectionate. In fact they had come to be regarded as members of the family, and privileged ones at that. Whether the tree still stands, a home for the bees, or has succumbed to the rigors of the elements, we are not advised, but should chance ever take us to that locality again the lone black walnut and its colony will not fail to be remembered.

PROTECT the hives from cold winds, if in a Northern climate, and if in a Southern from hot sunshine when the bees are in their dormant winter state. They should not be tempted out by the temperature in the sun, but by that in the shade. Clear away dead bees, old comb and rubbish. A dry cellar or pit is a good place to winter bees in the North.

AN English bee-keeper obtained a hive of Ligurian bees which he put in one end of a bee-house, while a single swarm of common bees stood at the opposite end. Some time after, on watching his old bees, he found many of the new comers peacably at work with them.

Agricultural Societies.

Niagara Co. Ag. Society.—Pres't—Alexander Campbell, Cambria. Vice-Pres't—John H. Buck, Lockport. Sec'y—John E. Pound, do. Treas'r—E. Simmons, do. Directors—George B. Townsend, Geo. L. Moote, J. H. Buck, Albert Flanders, D. D. Davidson, G. J. Bougham. The Society is flourishing, having $1,200 in the Treasury.

Franklin Co. Ag. Society.—Pres't—Clinton Stevens, Vice-Pres't—George N. Keeler. Sec'y—W. G. Richey. Treas'r—M. S. Mullon—all of Malone. Directors—Hiram N. Burns, Caleb G. Gleason, Joseph Willson, Edmund H. Bylington, John Richey, W. W. Langdon. Amount in Treasury, $1,300.

Berks Co. (Pa.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Isaac Echart, Vice-Pres'ts—J. L. Stitcher, George K. Levan. Sec'y—C. H. Schaeffer. Cor. Sec'y—J. L. Rightmyer. Treas'r—William Keely.

Schenectady Co. Ag. Society.—Pres't—Charles Stanford. Sec'y—S. L. R. Buchanan. Treas'r—James W. Mairs.

Bay Co. (Mich.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—B. F. Partridge. Sec'y—W. H. Fennell. Treas'r—J. R. Thomas.

Union Ag. Society, Palmyra.—Pres't—William P. Nottingham. Vice-Pres'ts—D. Gates, John Strong, J. Norris, William S. Johnson, H. Sawyer. Cor. Sec'y—E. S. Averill. Rec. Sec'y—C. D. Johnson. Treas'r—L. M. Chase. Directors to fill vacancies—Hiram Westfall, Peter Stupplebun.

Ontario Ag. Society.—Pres't—S. A. Codding, Bristol. Rec. Sec'y—J. B. Smith. Cor. Sec'y—H. Stone, Gorham. Treas'r—L. B. Gaylord, Canandaigua.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER AND CLIMATE.—"What a splendid winter;" "What fine getting about—on the roads—in the woods—and everywhere;" "January gave us a full month of sleighing, and February has'nt gone back on it yet;" "We have had few storms, but steady cold weather; stock eats well and thrives well, and people are generally healthy;" "Fodder is spending first rate, and farmers are having a jolly time." Such are the remarks we hear every day. We are at a period when we can safely say it is a fine, old-fashioned winter—such an one as made the pioneers in love with the climate, and such as gives health, vigor and *rest* to animal and vegetable life. If we could only pass at once from winter to early summer, if we could miss the bleak winds that blow in the warm [illegible] of April and May, if we could forego the free[illegible]owing and freezing of March, i[illegible] the edge of the melting snow bank—who would wish for the climate of Florida or Minnesota? But our best enjoyments spring from change, and this winter, old-fashioned and steady, gives the lie to the assertion that the climate of Western New York has betrayed its early promise.

MANURE WASTING.—A correspondent asks:—"What part, if any, of manure is wasted by spreading upon the snow in winter?" If the snow thaws suddenly, and the water washes the manure away, it may be all wasted; if it is retained where placed upon the land, and plowed under in the spring, little if any is lost: if left through the summer on the surface the gaseous portions, disengaged by fermentation, are lost. The mineral bases remain, and these, according to LIEBIG and his school, are the essential portions. Something is lost when manure ferments on the surface of the land—the value of this something to the land is a mooted question.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY.—In our recent notice of noteworthy indications of progress in the Rural Press, we inadvertently omitted to mention a change in this journal which is a decided improvement. The Monthly, which has for years been the most practical and ably conducted Horticultural Journal in this country, commenced its tenth year and volume (in January,) in a new and beautiful dress—a vast improvement in style and typographical appearance over former issues. Edited by THOMAS MEEHAN; Philadelphia—$2 per annum.

ABOUT RAISING POTATOES.—To a business letter addressed to this office, a friend residing at Omaha, Nebraska, appends the following queries:—"Can any of the readers of the RURAL give me some information in regard to raising potatoes on sod ground? In other words, how will potatoes do planted immediately after breaking up the prairie? Will they grow, and, if so, what will be the probable yield per acre? Is is best to plant potatoes whole or to cut them?"

A PIG STORY.—The editor of the Practical Farmer, Philadelphia, gives publicity and credence to the following:—A sow, the property of Dr. ELWYN, whose farm is in Chester county, farrowed with eight pigs. The day afterwards his superintendent went to the pen and found the pigs all destroyed. About a week afterwards, going to the same pen, he found the same sow quietly nursing another litter of fourteen—making twenty-two pigs in seven days!

TIMBER ON THE PRAIRIES.—It is said that the Tyrolese Larch is just the thing to plant upon the prairies of the West. It is a rapid grower, wood of an elastic and durable quality, and the tree has a fine appearance. It is an excellent material for hop poles, as one set will last for several generations if properly cared for after the picking season is over. It is not more durable than red cedar but has the advantage of it in rapidity of growth.

BOUNTY ON WHEAT.—The Maine Farmer advocates the policy of giving Legislative aid for the promotion of wheat culture in that State, in the shape of specific bounties. It is inferred that such an appropriation would stimulate the farmers to extra efforts to make wheat growing a leading feature in the agriculture of the State.

HEAVY CALF.—GEORGE HALLOCK, Clinton Co., N. Y., writes:—"I raised a calf that weighed 740 pounds when six months old. Who will speak next?"

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A COLONY of farmers in Nebraska propose to club together and buy their goods at wholesale.

THE cash on hand and property owned by the Michigan State Agricultural Society aggregates $20,678.04.

FIVE yearling Cotswold ewes were recently purchased by Mr. Alken, Duchess county, averaging in weight 308 pounds each.

ACCORDING to the census statistics, the product of maple sugar in the United States is over forty millions of pounds annually.

ALLUDING to the sale of some butter, a Vermont farmer said:—"I didn't get as much for it as I expected, and didn't expect I should."

SWEET potatoes, by being submitted to a drying process, loose their tendency to easily rotting, while their flavor is retained in all its richness.

THE great secret of success in stock breeding, is to ally the best males with the choicest females. By this union perfection is approximated.

EVERY bushel of potatoes raised takes from the soil a quarter of a pound of potash. This suggests the application of ashes to potato ground.

WHEN a farmer is offered a good price for his grain and holds it for a better, he should consider the chances of loss by vermin, fire and fall in price.

AGRICULTURE, being a science as well as an art, requires an educated head and an educated hand. Singly, they can do little; conjoined, every thing.

GRAPE growing is attracting much attention along the western shore of Lake Michigan. Ottowa county contains thirty-three vineyards, with 29,007 vines.

APPLYING a mixture of salt and lime to hay, for the purpose of curing it, is a loss of the lime without benefit to the hay. The lime simply changes to chalk.

AT a recent meeting of the Claridon (O.) Farmers' Club the question of feeding stock twice or three times a day was discussed. The "three-meal" system carried.

OWING to the disorganized condition of farming in the cotton States, the mule market is remarkably dull. Lots of these drudges are being sent North for a market.

THE monster cheese manufactured in Canada, and exhibited at Saratoga two years ago, has crossed the Atlantic safely. It is on its way to London for dissection.

A CURIOUS machine is mentioned on exhibition at a Fair. It performed everything customary for servants, in the culinary department, except taking and hiding things.

IT was proposed by a farmer, to a club, to shut up sheep-killing dogs till they forget about killing. It was suggested as an amendment to hang them up as a safer plan.

IT is contended by some that lands designed for wood should not be seeded or pastured, as the tramping of stock checks the growth of timber. Is not this refining overmuch?

A FARMER in McPhaill Co., Minnesota, boasts of the natural grass growing there. It is frequently found six feet high; is nutritious, and yields from three to five tons to the acre.

THE Missourians seem to be troubled about their Agricuhural College. It is a mooted point whether the college shall go to the university or the reverse; whether one shall be cheated or both.

A FARMER in Michigan boasts of the many clear, cloudless days afforded by January in certain sections of that State. In Western New York January was less liberal, furnishing not one.

A MISSOURIAN closes a spicy letter to the Institute Farmers' Club by praying to be delivered from Massachusetts peddlers, patent pill peddlers, apple tree peddlers and lightning rod peddlers!

THE improved lands in Michigan aggregate five and a half millions of acres. It is said that the increased production of the State is referable more to augmented acreage than to improved cultivation.

A PRACTICE of sheep feeding of a novel character is gaining favor in France. The sheep are confined in a species of rack and feed through the bars. When the herbage within reach is consumed the rack is moved forward and fresh pasture presented.

THE Wisconsin Farmer comes to the rescue of the much abused produce middle men, in a well reasoned article on the subject. They constitute a kind of retail agency intermediate between the producer and consumer—necessary if not always honest.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOC'Y.

ANNUAL MEETING.

[Concluded from page 47, last number.]

THURSDAY MORNING.

THE question for discussion was:—"4th. What is the best method of cultivating the apple in the orchard?"

The discussion was of a discursive nature, and assumed the character of question and answer. The cultivation of the land about the trees seemed to have most advocates, though several opposed this method. L. F. ALLEN thought trees were not generally trained high enough; ought to be six or seven feet from the ground when in bearing order; get hardy stocks and best few varieties; if not good, graft till they are; cultivate and lime the land; add chip dung,—stable manure will do. Hogs are good in the orchard and so are sheep, if they do not bark the trees.

J. J. THOMAS would cultivate the trees till seven or eight years old. If the shoots make two or three feet yearly, the ground is rich enough; if but a foot or so, manure is wanted. Don't plow when the trees are in full leaf; plowing in early spring is good; saw a Massachusetts orchard plowed nine inches deep and masses of roots turned up; the most productive orchard he ever saw.

MOODY dissented from the practice of seeding down orchard lands; tends to weaken the color of the leaves, hence injurious; plow deep when setting out, and cultivate, giving the roots light and air; the roots will go deep by this treatment.

L. F. ALLEN agreed to the cultivation and use of swine.

THOMAS asked how many swine a large orchard would require?

Mr. ALLEN—Don't know; a good many.

YEOMANS asked Mr. BARRY if the branches should be left low when set out and trimmed up as the tree grows?

ALLEN—To strengthen the stock?

Mr. BARRY—Yes.

YEOMANS would trim the tops as closely as the roots, making an equilibrium; from two to three buds are enough; will not be swayed about by the wind and roots loosened; trees trimmed close grow four times as fast as those not trimmed; low bearing not good; trim up five or six feet from the ground; cultivate till trees have good tops, then seed down and top-dress occasionally with manure, ashes and lime; plant apples and peaches alternately—the latter will go out of bearing by the time the first get into good bearing order; the apples protect the peaches.

ALLEN—Does not soil determine mainly the question of cultivation?

Mr. YEOMANS—Can't see why it should; land should be well drained; seed with clover when trees are about 12 years old, and other grass will work in; mulching will be ample after this; hill up the trees when setting out to keep them steady.

TOWNSEND planted close at first and thinned them out one-half when properly grown; thick planting was a protection.

ALLEN—Serve a forest in this way and you would kill the whole by exposing the roots to the sun; plant thick and you have a crop of bean poles only.

TOWNSEND would not cut all out at once.

J. G. KLINCK set an orchard of natural stocks and grafted upon them; was the best orchard he ever had.

BARRY offered a resolution complimenting Mr. LE ROY'S Pomological Dictionary, which was adopted.

YEOMANS indicated the six varieties of apples which were favorites with him. What he said was generally concurred in, and the following indicated as meeting the requirements of the question under discussion, to wit:—Baldwin, R. I. Greening, Roxbury Russett, King of Tompkins County, Twenty-ounce Pippin, and Northern Spy.

The next question was taken up:—"6th. What varieties of raspberries are most profitable for market purposes, and what most suitable for family use?"

PURDY—The best way to get at the matter was by ballot. He would take all the Black Cap family; hardiness was a material point.

THOMAS would like to hear further from the experience of Mr. PURDY.

ALLEN—Right. Let us have light before voting.

BARRY—We want to know about the marketing quality.

PURDY—The Clark is one of the best for marketing of the Black Cap family; the Doolittle and Miami are also good; the Clark as early as the Doolittle; the Philadelphia is also a valuable fruit; if restricted to one, would take the Miami; the Clark bears transportation well and is popular on account of its sprightly hue.

WILLIAMS, N. J.—For hardiness, productiveness and good, distinct color, the Doolittle is the best; the Philadelphia is a good berry, so is the Orange; the Clark is good, but propagates too freely.

Mr. BABCOCK—The Franconia is hardy, fruit very firm and good for shipment; is productive in Western New York.

Mr. PURDY did not regard suckering as a matter of much consequence; hoed them off as he would weeds, and the right canes will come; he thought well of mulching; it improves the quality, but a free use of the cultivator was probably the preferable mode of cultivation.

YEOMANS—The Franconia is good, if the pure kind is planted; more productive with him than any other.

COLLINS asked about the Louisiana Dewberry.

H. G. WARNER had tried them for five years and found them worthless.

The next question discussed was:—"What varieties of blackberries are most profitable and best for family use?"

A member here called on Mr. WILLIAMS of N. J. to respond, which he did by saying he did not wish to blow a trumpet on this berry, as it was his business to cultivate and market it; he would say, however, that, with him, the Kittatinny was the best and most profitable; is ten days earlier than most others—ahead even of the New Rochelle; plants in rows eight feet apart and six in the rows; when seven or eight feet high pinches them back; shortens in early in the fall, leaving two good bearing canes in each hill.

BARRY—How long will such a plantation last?

WILLIAMS—The best one I ever saw was twelve years old.

Dr. SYLVESTER had cultivated the Kittatinny; has the advantage of hardiness; the Rochelle about the same, the difference, if any, in favor of the Kittatinny, it being earlier than any other.

PURDY spoke favorably of the Lawton, also of the Dorchester and Early Wilson.

THOMAS had seen fine fruit of these varieties in New Jersey; if you want the best of fruit, pinch back well.

HOAG—Around Lockport the Dorchester is regarded with favor; a light soil suits it best; it is very hardy; the Lawton is too soft for a distant market.

ELLWANGER—The Dorchester is superior to the Lawton.

HOOKER—The Dorchester is not so good for market as the Rochelle.

SMITH—The Dorchester is not hardy enough.

H. G. WARNER said the committee had entirely overlooked the Currant, the most valuable, next to the apple, of all the fruit family; said he had prepared a paper on the subject. We give it below:

CURRANT CULTURE.

The value of currants, to such as have a taste for choice fruits and their cultivation, need not be urged. It has occurred to me that my experience, on this subject, may possibly be of some use to amateur producers in making a currant plantation.

An essential part of the mode which I deem best to adopt in raising this fruit, is in regard to the first step to be taken. A plantation should be made of slips or cuttings of the last year's growth from bushes in a healthy and thrifty condition. Cut as large and long canes as practicable from the upper branches—not shoots growing out of the ground or containing older wood than that of one year,—which may be done any time after the leaves drop in the fall up to the season when the buds begin to swell in the spring. These may be covered in the ground or preserved in a dark cellar as grafts are kept. As soon as the ground will admit of working to advantage, prepare a bed for the plants in good, fine garden soil, and carefully pick or cut out all the eyes or buds on each slip, about eight or nine inches from the butt or bottom end, and thrust the cuttings into the ground, say four or five inches, in rows two feet apart and ten inches asunder in the row, pressing the earth around them and leaving the buds to grow three or four inches from the ground. If the cane is more than fifteen inches long, cut off the top to the desired length. Nineteen in twenty, or more, will take root and grow.

Let the plants grow in the nursery rows one season and then remove them to their standard position, which should be in rows of at least three feet one way and four the other, especially if horse culture is intended. When the plants are finally set in rows, or before their removal, the wood grown the first season should be cut off about half the length, so that a compact and strong head may be formed; and in every successive year care care must be taken that the trees be headed in sufficiently to prevent them from becoming top-heavy when loaded with fruit, which will occur the third year. If in good, rich soil, they will produce some currants the second year. These plants become beautiful trees, and, I need not say, should be nurtured and cultivated like any fruit trees, if much fine fruit is expected. No suckers will grow up to choke the standard, if the buds are carefully taken out when planted as above directed; and if properly cut back and pruned annually, they will stand fifteen or twenty years erect, and bearing, with rare failure, an abundance of fruit every year. By this method, currant bushes need no bracing or staking, and there is nothing to obstruct the use of the spade or hoe among them, except the fibrous roots, the cutting of which should be carefully avoided. The fourth year will often show a weight of fruit on these trees that would overbalance the whole tree, roots and all, if drawn out of the ground.

This sort of culture is calculated to afford opportunity for the best defence against the ravages of the worm. From my experience of thirty years and upwards in raising currants, this method has produced the largest quantity and the finest fruit, observing economy in ground, labor, &c..

It may be asked, what kind of currants are best for market and common use? White currants are generally not so tart—requiring less sugar in cooking than red ones, are equally productive, and doubtless most profitable. But the ladies desire red jelly, and a mixture of one-third of the red fruit will effectually give the high and beautiful color, and the jelly will be fine. White and red Dutch currants are recommended, and if black currants are desired the Naples is superior to any other.

In transplanting plants raised on your own premises, set a spade into the ground on four sides of the plant, about eight inches deep, and transfer the earth with the roots to the new hole, prepared in a like shape, to receive it, and no check to the growth will be perceived.

COLLINS cordially endorsed all that Mr. WARNER had said in favor of the currant.

HERENDEEN moved to close on fruits for the purpose of hearing from Mr. BARRY in relation to his observations in Europe during his late visit to that country.

Mr. BARRY said he saw much while in England and on the continent worthy of remark, but was not prepared, as he wished to be, to give the results of his observations there; but being questioned on particular points, he gave a brief but interesting sketch of fruit growing in England, France and Belgium. In Europe they economise space better than we do; fences, and walls of houses and the like are made available in the production of fruit,—but nowhere in his travels did he see fruit production to compare with the display even around Boston, with the exception of the strawberry. The exhibition of this fruit in Paris excelled anything seen elsewhere. In Germany, American wines are thought quite well of, but in France their reputation is not good. This is but a meager outline of the remarks made,—but at the request of the Society Mr. B. promised to furnish a paper on the subject to hand in at the summer session.

MAXWELL was called on for an account of his European visit in relation to fruits, but declined any extended remarks; said he had seen pear trees laden with good fruit 2,000 feet above Lake Lucerne; saw no good apple orchards in Europe; as to the fruit, could not say, as it was not the apple season.

The next question:—"What are the comparative values of Dwarf and Standard pear trees for fruit growing?"

YEOMANS was called on to speak of pears; said his experience in the business was limited, especially with the Standard, but had been very successful with the Dwarfs; considered the Duchess de Angouleme the best variety; does not manure much, but applies ashes occasionally,—some salt; soap suds is a good application to the ground around the trees and as a wash; never was troubled with borers in his pear orchard.

PARSNIPS IN WINTER.—A correspondent writes us that finding it desirable to keep parsnips so as to be ready of access in winter time, and having failed in keeping them in good condition in the cellar, though packed in sand and boxes, he hit upon the plan last fall of keeping them in barrels sunk about one third of their length in the ground, with some litter thrown around them, and a covering to keep out the rain and mice, but not the frost. February 4th they were frozen hard, but when cooked the flavor was excellent, resembling that we find in those dug from the ground in the spring. It would probably injure them to thaw and freeze again.

GREEN CURLED.

LARGE PALE GREEN ASIATIC.

PARIS WHITE COS.

MALTA DRUMHEAD.

VARIETIES OF LETTUCE.

THIS plant is an universal favorite, and so easy to manage, so vigorous to grow, and so liberal to produce that the humblest garden may yield a family supply. Its season is also much longer than that of most vegetables which must be used in a fresh state, and by exercising a little skill in cultivation it may be had in abundance through that part of the year when the appetite craves it most. It may be sown in September, and the plants wintered over in cold frames, for the lettuce will stand 20 degrees of frost uninjured. Transplanted early in the spring to rich, warm ground, a few summer days suffice to bring it in condition for the table. It is also started successfully in hot-beds in March. For succession it may be sown until July in the open ground, and for summer use, cool, moist places should be chosen. It is well adapted for growing amongst other crops, as cabbage, beets and corn.

There are two classes of lettuce; the Cos, which has long, narrow leaves, forming an upright head, and the Cabbage, which has broad, spreading leaves, forming a round head. There are many varieties of each. The Cos is the most crisp, tender and superior in flavor, being excellent for family use; but it is not as hardy and well suited to our climate as the Cabbage. The latter variety is grown by market gardeners, and it is one of the most important of their crops. The curled varieties have the habit of the Cabbage, and are very pretty for garnishing, but for eating are not as good as the plainer sorts. Our engravings show several good varieties, and the difference between the Cos and Cabbage classes.

GRAPES IN THE N. Y. MARKET—FIRST ARRIVALS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I regret disturbing the pleasant idea of your correspondent "H." that he was the first person who sent grapes to our market. I wish to say, that in writing the fruit article, my desire was to state the truth without regard to personal interest, and when I named the 12th of Sept. as being the date of the first grapes received, I was not as careful as I should have been under oath, in order to gratify the vanity of any one, and settle the above delicate question. The receipts mentioned in the article were my own,—but I did not care to mention that fact, thinking it would sound rather personal, and naturally fell in the same error that DAVIS & Co. did, supposing they were the first receipts on account of their being the first I had seen. "H." does not state the case fairly in regard to the Watkins arrival. I did not state they were the first received from that locality, only that some Rebeccas were received at that time, and all grape growers know that they are not the earliest variety; but as "H" has requested you to set him right on the list of arrivals, and knowing you to have a limited knowledge regarding the question in debate, I send you a few dates of arrivals collected from actual sales, which I think will satisfy him, at the same time placing him rather lower in the list than he was before.

On Sept. 2d, D. BRINKERHOOF of Fishkill Landing, sent me some very fine Concords. On the 6th his brother CHARLES sent me some of the same variety. On the 7th, A. YOUNG of Marlborough, Ulster Co., sent Hartfords. On the 10th, C. L. HOAG & Co. of Lockport, N. Y., sent some. On the 11th, a gentleman residing at Piermont sent a lot. On the 13th, BABCOCK & HOAG of Lockport, sent five cases of Delawares. These are a few of the shipments which I have found, and presume there are others from other localities,—but I hope these will satisfy "H." that *he* did not send the first grapes to our market.

New York, Jan. 6th, 1868. NOW AND THEN.

GRUB IN PEACH TREES—LIME.

EDITOR RURAL:—I saw in the RURAL, for the week ending the 18th ult., an inquiry for a remedy for grubs in Peach Trees. I should say lime, put liberally and close around the body of the tree. My experience with two that stood in my strawberry bed was, that both were dead to appearance; one I pulled up, the other I could not pull up, but left it, and put on slaked lime plentifully between the rows of strawberry plants; then a liberal coating of strong wood ashes on top of that; then a coating of tan bark to keep the ground moist. The result was that the remaining peach tree got a benefit from the lime and ashes, and it soon started a rapid growth, and there was no sign of the white grub troubling the strawberry plants, as they did my neighbors' within fifteen feet of mine. The following year my peach tree started well and blossomed full, and soon the leaves curled up again and the blossoms dried. On examination the grubs were again found under the bark. I then dug them out with a pocket knife and applied soft soap, (having no lime at hand,) and it again started and did well the remainder of the season. I intend to forestall the grubs this spring with lime, and see if they cannot be kept off and not allowed to deprive the tree of its sap this year.

Lockport, N. Y. HERE AND THERE.

THE CULTURE OF BULBS IN HOLLAND.

NATURE has provided liberally in Holland for the cultivation of the hyacinth and other bulbous and tuberous rooted flowers, in giving the gardeners a fine soil; but they have, as they think, improved on nature by an earth mixture of their own, according to the following recipe: Two parts of gray sand, two parts of well-rotted cow dung, one part of equally well-rotted tanner's bark, and one portion of decayed tree leaves. These ingredients must be well mixed, and lie exposed to wind and weather for a period of twelve months before being used, during which time the mixture requires to be frequently turned to render it perfect. The first point that I learned, in reference to bulb gardening, as practiced at Haarlem, was, that successful roots were not grown in a season, but required six or seven years' careful watching and nursing to bring them to perfection; and, in growing from the seed, these persevering Dutch florists are well satisfied if they obtain half a score of profitable plants out of every thousand seedlings.

One of the chief rules of bulb cultivation is a strict rotation of crops. First, there is a year of hyacinths, then come crocuses, while in the following year there may be tulips. After these varied crops of bulbs have been taken off the ground, it must be occupied for a year or two by culinary vegetables, as beans or peas, and sometimes, after the early flowering crocuses have perfected their bulbs, an excellent crop of potatoes can be raised during the same season, and before being again used for bulbs, the ground has to be trenched to a considerable depth for new soil, the hyacinths soon becoming diseased if they are not well attended to in this respect. Thus, a very large space of ground is required for a bloemestric, or rather, for the bulb farms,—for the bloemestric is only the small place where the choice bulbs are kept for show to purchasers or strangers; if a man, therefore, have a farm of twenty acres, only about a fourth part of it can be devoted at one time to the bulbs, because of the care that must be taken to keep up a proper rotation of crops. The bulbs are easily pressed into the ground with the hand in moderate sized beds, made up of the compost I have described, which is the one generally adopted about Haarlem; with the addition of a layer of manure (cow dung) by way of foundation. Great care is taken in planting, and it is thought as well not to use a dibble, as the pressure of the hand better ensures the contact of the bulb with the soil, which is most essential in preventing the gathering of water around the root. There is abundance of moisture in the bulb gardens, as water in Holland is everywhere found at a slight depth below the surface of the ground. The bulbs being all laid down very carefully, in rows exactly six inches apart, are covered with the aforesaid soil to the depth of about a third of a foot, and are then left in a neatly trimmed state, in order that nature may perform her part of the business.

The plants are lifted about June; but long before that time they have been deprived of their flower stems, that operation being performed just as the flowers are beginning to exhibit symptoms of decay. The blooms are cut off for prudential reasons, and not, as may be supposed, to strengthen the bulb; it is done, in short, to save the leaves of the plant, which might be injured if the fleshy stems of the flower were permitted to rot over them. Upon being pulled up, the bulbs, which are sprinkled over with a little sand, are left for a few days to air on the top of their beds, after which they are carefully picked, and the short stems and roots being removed, they are ready for exportation, or to be laid away in the store drawers till they are again required for planting. There is on each farm a warehouse, in which the bulbs are stored; in the center of the building there is a large wooden erection filled with shallow drawers, in which the roots, after being peeled, are laid away till wanted. The building has large windows, which, on fine days, are opened wide to admit the air. Some growers prefer to have two or three small warehouses in place of one large one, in case of fire or other accidents.—*Once a Week.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

PLANTING PEACH PITS AND CHESTNUTS.—(H. H. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.) Peach pits may be planted in the spring, without being frosted, by cracking them. But the frost will crack them a great deal cheaper than you can, and there is yet time enough to let it. It is of little use to plant chestnuts if they have become dry; for that reason autumn is the best time to plant them.

LAKE SHORE GRAPE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association will be held at Cleveland Feb. 19th and 20th, 1868. Essays, discussions, and an exhibition of fruit, boxes, &c., may be expected. All persons interested are invited to attend, and return passes will be given over the Lake Shore line of roads, extending from Toledo and Sandusky to Erie.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED.—A reply to numerous inquiries respecting the Osage seed will be found in the advertisement of W. H. MANN in our columns. Mr. M. will doubtless give all needful information on culture, &c., if applied to by letter.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

WEBSTER'S Plans for Laying Out and Beautifying Gardens, and Catalogue of Shrubs, Roses, Ornamental Plants and Seeds. This beautifully illustrated Catalogue will especially interest those desirous of embellishing their homes by judicious selections of flowers, and tasteful arrangement of them in beds and other positions. Its articles and illustrations on Landscape Gardening are valuable. It is the only Catalogue we have seen which treats at length on these subjects, and our readers will find it a good investment. Address WILLIAM WEBSTER, Rochester, N. Y.

A CIRCULAR from the Chicago Horticultural Society informs us that the Spring Exhibition will be held in May. Essays on pertinent subjects will be delivered monthly at the regular meetings in Caledonian Hall, Chicago.

TRANSACTIONS of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1867; a well got up pamphlet of nearly a hundred pages, filled with reports, letters and addresses.

CATALOGUE of Moorestown Small Fruit and Plant Farm for the spring of 1868. Address T. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J.

PRICE LIST of Small Fruit Plants and Seed Potatoes, Grown and for sale by E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart of milk; 6 tablespoons Indian meal, wet with molasses—the milk poured on scalding hot; half as much flour as meal, wet with cold milk; add also a little salt, and spice as you like. Bake two or three hours.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Five cups flour; 1 do. sour milk; 1 do. raisins; 1 do. currants—other kinds of fruit are good; ½ do. molasses; ½ do. suet, or fat pork cut up fine; 1 teaspoon saleratus. Steam two hours. To be eaten with sauce—sugar and cream are best.

CUP CAKE.—One cup butter; 2 do. sugar; 3 do. flour; 4 eggs; 1 cup sour milk; 1 teaspoon saleratus; spice.

It is a good rule to allow one teaspoon of saleratus or soda to a half-pint of sour milk, and when I use molasses in cake I allow the same for the molasses I do for sour milk.—H. H., *North Livingston.*

GOOD LIGHT GINGERBREAD.—Crumble down, says Mrs. HALE, very small, eight ounces of butter into a couple pounds of flour; add and mix thoroughly with them, ½ pound good brown sugar; 2 ounces powdered ginger; ¼ ounce caraway seeds. Beat gradually to these 2 pounds of treacle, 3 well whisked eggs and ¼ an ounce carbonate of soda dissolved in a small cup of warm water. Stir the whole well together, pour into shallow pans, put into a moderate oven and bake an hour and a half.

DRY PICKLE FOR BEEF.—If you would have the *nicest* pickle for beef, or other corned meats, please accept the following prescription:—For 100 pounds take 4 quarts rock salt, finely pulverized; 4 pounds fine clean sugar; 4 ounces saltpetre, pulverized. Mix the whole together, without a drop of water, and then take your beef, piece by piece, and rub the mixture well into all its folds and interstices, packing it down as you proceed in a sweet, dry tub or barrel. When all the pieces are thus treated and packed down, leave it to take care of itself. In a few days the juices of the meat will dissolve the ingredients, and make pickle enough to cover it. The meat retains all its sweetness, not adulterated or hardened by water.—*Maine Standard.*

GOOD PLAIN OLD-FASHIONED APPLE SAUCE.—Let your stock of apples be picked over several times in the course of the winter, and all the defective ones taken out. Let the good parts of these be pared, and if not used for pies be made into apple sauce. Boil it in a preserving kettle, and to a pailful of cut apples put one sliced lemon. After the apples are tender, add a pint bowl of brown sugar, and boil them gently fifteen minutes longer. Toward spring, when apples become tasteless, a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, dissolved in a little water, should be added to this quantity of apple.

PICKLE FOR VEGETABLES.—Six quarts of the very best vinegar; 1 pound salt; ¼ do. ginger; 1 ounce mace; ½ pound shalots; 1 tablespoon cayenne pepper; 2 ounces white peppercorns; 2 do. mustard seed. Boil all these ingredients well together, and when cold put in a jar. You may add what green vegetables or fruit you like, provided they are fresh. They may be merely wiped to free them from dust.

AUNT CHARLOTTE'S BISCUIT.—Take 2 lbs. common bread dough, after it has become light, and knead into it an ounce of crumbled butter to the pound. Let it stand half an hour, roll it out and cut into biscuit, pricking them well, and bake 15 minutes in a tolerably quick oven.

ESSENCE OF CELERY.—This is prepared by soaking for a fortnight a half ounce of the seeds of celery in a quarter pint of brandy. A few drops will flavor a pint of soup or broth, equal to a head of celery.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR OSAGE SEED—Warranted New and Good, Address W. H. MANN, Gilman, Iroquois Co., Ill.

NURSERY FOR SALE.—A RARE CHANCE for a man with a small capital. Address LOCK BOX 58, Geneva, N. Y. 943-3teo.

2,499 HORTICULTURISTS. 2,501 AGRIculturists, 2,689 who have Farms, 2,311 who have Gardens—Subscribers to the RURAL—wanted to send their address to JNO. S. COLLINS, Moorestown, New Jersey, and receive a copy of his Small Fruit Catalogue for Spring of 1868.

SEEDS! SEEDS!—I HAVE NOW IN STORE A full and complete stock of Garden and Field Seeds of the growth of 1867. My annual Catalogue is now ready for mailing to all applicants. P. S. MIGEROLE, Chicago Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, 204 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TO CRANBERRY GROWERS.—I HAVE A tract of land perfectly adapted to the raising of Cranberries. It can be overflowed and drained off again at pleasure. The soil is a dark, rich sandy loom, and a few hundred dollars will put it in perfect order. Parties desirous of going into the business will consult their interests by calling on or addressing J. H. SHAW, 943-2t Cor. Summit and Perry Sts., Toledo, Ohio.

CHOICE GARDEN & FLOWER SEEDS.

B. K. BLISS & SON,

IMPORTERS AND GROWERS OF

GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS,

Nos. 41 Park Row and 151 Nassau St., N. Y.,

(Late Office of the American Agriculturist,)

ALSO, 331 MAIN STREET, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.,

would invite attention to the *fourteenth edition* of their *celebrated Seed Catalogue* and *Amateurs' Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden*, just published. It contains 132 pages of closely printed matter, beautifully illustrated with upwards of *One Hundred Engravings*, and a Descriptive List of upwards of 2,500 *varieties of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds*, and 150 *varieties of French Hybrid Gladiolus* and other *Summer Flowering Bulbs*; also, a list of the most select varieties of *Small Fruits, Bedding Plants*, etc., etc., with explicit directions for their culture, and much other useful information upon the subject of gardening generally. A copy will be mailed post-paid to all applicants enclosing 25 cents.

Address as above. B. K. BLISS & SON,
943-2t Box 5,712, P. O., New York.

KITTATINNY, THE BEST BLACKBERRY YET TESTED.—"The discussions at the meeting of the Am. Pomological Soc'y showed that this variety maintained its reputation for productiveness and hardiness all over the country. *Superior in flavor to all others.*"—Am. Agriculturist. *Genuine Plants* for sale wholesale and retail by
942-tf E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

FOR NEW VEGETABLES, FLOWERS, FRUIT, &c., See DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1868; over 100 pages, beautifully illustrated; will be mailed to all who enclose a 3 cent stamp. Address HENRY A. DREER, Seed Grower, 711 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 942-2t

CATALOGUE FOR 1868 OF NEW AND RARE PLANTS

is now ready, and will be mailed to our customers as usual; to others on receipt of 25 cents.
PETER HENDERSON, 67 Nassau St., New York.
Greenhouses, South Bergen, N. J.

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.

M. O'KEEFE, SON & Co., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHRISTINE.

Oh, the blue, blue eyes of the fair CHRISTINE,
And the braided locks with their golden sheen,
The fairest of all the fair, I ween!

Oh, the red, red mouth with its glancing smile,
And the dimples that come and go the while,
And the beautiful face, that hearts beguile!

Ah, sweetest CHRISTINE! it is hardly fair
To capture hearts in such luring snare,
And bind them fast with your golden hair!

Tho' your eyes are bright as the sun's warm beams,
And your face as fair as a poet's dreams,
Your heart like the ice of winter seems.

There's one that has turned from your tempting art,
Nor cared of your glances to win a part,
But sought the love of a truer heart.

Ah, fairest CHRISTINE! would you like to tell
That you'd captured *him* with your witching spell?
You would if you could, I know full well.

ELLA D.

THE BLOOM OF BEAUTY.

WE think we talk, every week, to a larger auditory of handsome girls than any other fortunate individual has the pleasure of addressing. For, while we would not disparage city beauties one iota, but the rather would make our politest acknowledgment to the bright eyes and winning smiles of the many fair RURAL readers in town, it is in the country (forgive us, ye city belles!) that beauty most abounds, and the number of country girls whom we address is beyond our computation.

We like to talk to seventeen or eighteen feminine years, when they look out of sparkling eyes, and sleep under rosy cheeks, and tell their story of health and enjoyment in musical laughter. We admire beauty wheresoever it is found. And we do not blame the dear girls for trying to be as beautiful as they can be. To decry womanly attractions is to decry one of the sweetest of the Creator's gifts. Whoever does it, manifests that something is wrong either in his heart or head.

Owing to diversity of tastes, there is no accepted standard of loveliness. Varieties of beauty are numerous. Dark hair and light—black eyes and blue—pouting lips and scornful,—all these abound, to bewitch the susceptible. But in them all there is one common essential—a good complexion. Let there be perfect regularity of feature, and a bad complexion destroys all the beauty. Moreover, the great essential to beauty will sometimes make decided plainness to appear lovely. Complexion is, indeed, the reflector of beauty. Each of our fair auditory, then, is deeply interested in preserving it, if they possess it,—in acquiring it, be this possible, if they have it not. In a late number of the People's Magazine, "Aunt DORA" talks very sensibly concerning the matter, and we make bold to introduce the good woman here, trusting you will be pleased with what she says:

"What is best to preserve the bloom of the complexion? *Cold water;* the purer, the colder, the softer the better. Many young ladies fancy that water in any shape is bad for the complexion; and so between their native sense of cleanliness, and their great anxiety to preserve the beauty of their skins, they are sorely puzzled; and I have seen the triumphs of the latter notion—in a very slight but palpable enamel of not quite invisible—*dirt*. Fangh! No beauty can be maintained for any length of time without health; and I leave you to your natural shrewd sense to determine whether dirt in any shape can be either healthy or attractive.

No woman on record ever preserved her bloom longer than the famous, or infamous Diane de Poitiers; and the chief secret of it was—a copious and thorough ablution in cold water night and morning all through the year, with friction afterward. Nothing, I repeat, is better either for the skin, the eyes, or the general health than a good wash in cold water after the fatigues of the day. In bitter cold weather the icy coldness may be taken off, but warm water is a mistake, especially in warm weather.

If the skin be dry and inclined to chap in cold or windy weather, it is very easy to apply a little cold cream, well rubbed into the skin after the nightly washing; or if those unsightly things, pimples, should appear under the skin, I know of no more efficacious remedy than a little eau de Cologne and water to bathe them, in the proportion of a teaspoonful of the spirit to a wineglass of water. But *apropos* of pimples: they depend much on the general health; and the young lady who maintains a simple and regular diet, takes regular exercise, keeps regular hours, and totally eschews *tight lacing*, is seldom or never afflicted thereby.

Only fancy the Misses Dashington. They had a notion that a pale, sickly languor was *the thing;* and how do you think they tried to acquire this peculiar charm? Why, by drinking vinegar and chewing raw rice! Of course they became pale, hollow-eyed, and miserably thin. This possibly was the end they had in view; but I hardly imagine that they desired to look sallow, shriveled, and prematurely old, which was, however, the natural result at last.

Then, again, how many girls fall victims to tight lacing. Little do they think, poor silly little things, that veiny hands, red noses, and blotchy faces are the unmistakable consequences. Oh, how dearly is such folly paid for! And then after all, who can admire a waist like a wasp? It is only a deformity, like the tottering tiny feet of a Chinese beauty."

LACK OF DRESS.

IN the last volume of the RURAL we discoursed plainly upon the wicked custom of dressing children too meagerly. Daily observation of almost naked childish limbs, exposed to winter's cold, causes us to allude to the subject again, by giving the following paragraph, clipped from an exchange:

"A Scotch professor recently strongly condemned the practice of allowing children to go about without sufficient covering for their legs. He said in addition that mothers commit child murder, and then wonder how God could be so unkind as to take away their darlings. They not only murder their children, but in his opinion commit suicide themselves by exposing their own necks to the cold air. It was a puzzle which he could not understand, that women should cut off the top of their dresses and appear with bare bosoms, in refined society, while that part of the dress which should protect the heart and lungs, and other vital organs, is trailing in the mud."

A FRENCH writer has said that to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously when awake: and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day.

ANNIVERSARIES AND MONOGRAMS.

THE celebration of wooden, tin, crystal, silver, gold and diamond wedding anniversaries has become the fashion within the last few years. The custom is a very pretty one, and in its "gold" and "silver" form was originally borrowed from the Germans, but Americans have added other ceremonies, to be observed at the expiration of the respective cycles of five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-five years. Few persons live to enjoy their diamond wedding anniversary; but ten or twelve "golden weddings" occur annually.

The cards of invitation for these celebrations correspond both in material and general appearance as nearly as possible to the special ceremony intended. Thus, in the "diamond wedding" invitation, a silvered card is appropriately frosted in a pattern of diamonds, and bears the maiden and married names of the bride. The cards issued for the golden and silver weddings are respectively lettered in gold and silver, while for the crystal wedding a crystalized card is used. One of oxydized silver, approaching as nearly as possible in appearance to a square of tin, duly dated and labeled, announces the fact of the tenth wedding anniversary; and one of wood so thin and delicate as to be readily mistaken for a bit of pasteboard, winds up the catalogue.

The "rage" for monograms still continues. The fashion in scarlet, however, has died out, and mauve, apple-green and corn-color take its place. Nor is an interpreter generally needed now, either for domestic stationery or liveries. The form of envelopes most in vogue is square. Single letters are but seldom used; but "the wearing of the green," although so unpopular in England, is becoming daily more the fashion among Americans. Crests, in single and parti-colors, still decorate papetrie, and are properly still considered stylish by those privileged to wear them. Coats-of-arms are very little used in stationery. The monograms on harness are smaller, and entirely of gold-color; in fact, in most cases, gold plated. Green, as in stationery, is the favorite color, both for single letters and for letters enclosed in a gold circle.

BIRD LOVE.

PARENTAL affection is beautifully illustrated in the above engraving. The helpless little birdling, tenderly supported by the parent birds, is being borne by them from the basket where some kind hand placed it, back to the nest from which it had fallen. A true incident is pictured. It occurred last summer, in Paterson, New Jersey, the birds which thus evinced such a depth of love, coupled with ingenious care, being the sweet-voiced robins. With one wing of each wrapped around the little charge they used those at liberty to mount upward.

WORK AND HEALTH.

THE truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house, or lying down on a bed or sofa when in a tired or an exhausted condition, from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employment. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars. A human life has many a time paid for an apple dumpling. When our wives get to work they become so interested in it they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition: their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them till it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold, to settle in the joints to wake up next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag; or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months, or lung fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Our wives should work by the day, if they must work at all, and not by the job; it is more economical in the end to see how little work they can do in an hour, instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health and strength, and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to all.—*Hall.*

ONE OF THE WORLD'S WRECKS.—A Paris correspondent writes:—"I have myself seen a poor old woman, long crazed, feeble in body, going about the streets with a guitar which had lost all its strings but one, and singing in a horribly cracked voice snatches of the old songs of forty years ago. She was once, they tell me, a renowned singer in Paris, and sung more than once before old King Charles X in the Tuileries; had led a dissipated and reckless life; had lost her high place in her profession, and with it her reason; and now imagined herself still the favorite of the multitude, and the songs she sings the delight of all who hear them. People give her a sou here and there, and pass pitying on; and the moving wreck still fails to warn the other thoughtless ones from the rock on which it shattered."

THE LITTLE ONES.—"What did you used to do mamma, before you were married?" asked a little four-year-old. "Well, my dear, I had a very good time." "A good time!" he exclaimed, indignantly—"what, *without me?*" No wonder these little creatures, especially when fair, gifted, and made much of, think themselves an essential element in the happiness of maturity. And, after all, do we realize to what an extent this is true? Perhaps so, as regards family, but scarcely in relation to social life. "On every formal visit," says Jane Austin, "a child ought to be of the party, by way of provision for discourse."

ALMOST every young lady is public spirited enough to have her father's house used as a court-house.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FOUND AND LOST.

BY B. MCGIBBON.

'Twas on one bright September day.—
The rocks were wet with ocean spray;
The breakers scarce had left the shore
Their foaming lines had deluged o'er,
Ere I was down the slippery steep,
In search of treasures from the deep:
Some pearl, perchance, of radiance bright,
That ne'er had sparkled in the light;
Some colored stone or sounding shell,
From where the ocean Peris dwell.
Amid the silent coral caves,
Far down beneath the surging waves,
I searched with care that rocky beach,
Each nook and crevice in my reach,
That I might find the glittering prize,
On which I longed to rest my eyes.
'Till quite discouraged, tired and worn
I sat me down as one forlorn,
And watched the gulls and petrel play
Upon the waters of the bay.

I mused upon the mystery
That hung around that mighty sea,—
The lives and hopes that perished there—
The drowning shrieks, the blank despair,
And darkness like an ebon pall
That settled down and shrouded all:
And then the wreck, like specter grim,
Seen at the dawn or gloaming dim;
And monstrous forms that sought their prey
Where never shone the light of day;
The sobbing of the sullen waves,
As o'er unnumbered, unknown graves,
They rolled in dark procession on,
Toward their destined goal, unknown.

How long I sat in reverie,
My thoughts thus buried in the sea,
I could not tell were I to try,
So softly sped the moments by.
But this I know, a flash of light
Just then broke on my raptured sight—
A pure reflection of the sun
From some bright gem or crystal stone.
I scarcely could believe my eyes,
That I beheld the long-sought prize,
For which I'd given so much to gain—
For which I'd searched so long in vain;
But there it shone upon the beach,
Just at my hand, within my reach.
"'Tis mine! 'tis mine"—with joy I cried,
"That pure rich offering of the tide.—
No other hand but mine is near;
No other claimant can be here;
I need not hurry to possess,
But feast upon its loveliness."

My eyes were ravished with the sight,—
So pure, so beautiful, so bright.
Splash—splash—splash over rock and stone,
The heedless tide came rushing on,
And quick as I could gain my feet,
I backward had to make retreat;
But ah! my pearl!—twas gone—and where?
Old NEPTUNE had it in his care.
He had but taken back his own.
But my bright dream was dash'd and gone.
The loss, perhaps, was small, in truth,
But there's a lesson taught, forsooth,
That every gift of usefulness
The tide of time may bring to us,
And every opportunity
For good, that we may chance to see,
Unless it be improved to-day,
The tide that brought may take away.

Cannonsville, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DISTINCTION.

IT is the oft-repeated boast of our Republic that the avenues to renown are open to all classes, irrespective of birth. This is as it should be, and in admirable keeping with the "eternal fitness of things." Who would not rather possess fame acquired by acknowledged intellectual worth than be born a king? But however impartial opportunities may adjust themselves, there must ever remain obvious distinctions. Nature seems to have loved variety. She has diversified the earth with hill and dale, mountain and valley, rivulet and river. This was indeed necessary: not every stream could consistently be an Amazon, nor every elevation a Mont Blanc, and the beauty and harmonious workings of the whole be secured.

In nothing has Nature so displayed her love of variety as in the various endowments of mind. Being no respecter of persons, she has showered her greatest gifts alike upon the most humble and exalted. A Lord BYRON has lured the world to admiration by immortal song; but a plain, simple ROBERT BURNS has left inscribed a record of genius as imperishable as the passions he portrayed. Great minds, like diamonds and things most precious, flash upon the world at only rare intervals. In the empire of poetry, which always claims peculiar attention, the ancients had HOMER and VIRGIL.

In the creation, two such rivers as the Amazon and Father of Waters were deemed sufficient. One Niagara is enough for an entire globe; one SHAKSPEARE is sufficient for a decade of centuries. All things, both animate and inanimate, appear to be proportionately rare as the importance attached to them is great or small, until the mind is finally lost in the *one* GREAT AUTHOR Himself.

Local distinctions are often based upon erroneous ideas. Evidently modern conceptions of respectability did not emanate from the pure and primitive customs of our first parents,—for at the outset they honored Agriculture. Under free institutions, however, labor is enjoying, with still more abundant prospects for the future, a deserving retrieve from unmerited degradation. Never was muscular discipline more honorable or inviting than at the present time. What historian would now dare to preface a work with such depreciating terms in reference to the recognized foundation of all industry, as LIVY made use of in his history of the Roman Empire?

The different pursuits of life are in good part but the different means of obtaining that very common essential denominated "bread-and-butter." It is exceedingly unfortunate for the mutual welfare of a people, that the act of measuring molasses or calico should be thought to contain more essence of glory than the realizing sense of a well-filled purse, resulting from the many sources of farm production. The amount of culture necessary for, or attendant upon, a calling, is apt to be associated with the popularly received opinion of the same. Therefore any instrumentality which tends to reform and advance the interests of ye AGRICOLÆ (and here we cannot refrain from mentioning the RURAL,) should receive our heartiest commendation. J. H.

Concord, O., 1868.

OUR CHANGES.—We are more instable in our likings and dislikings than in our opinions, not because wisdom is less permanent than love, but because all actual progress is rather an intellectual achievement than a moral one.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

IN the "Military History of Gen. GRANT," just published from the pen of Gen. BADEAU, we find the following concerning the ante-war days of the foremost man of the times:

"When the civil war broke out, Grant was a private citizen, earning his bread in an insignificant inland town. He was of simple habits and tastes, without influence, and unambitious. Having never been brought in contact with men of eminence, he had no personal knowledge of great affairs. He had never commanded more than a company of soldiers, and although he had served under both Scott and Taylor, it was as a subaltern, and without any opportunity of intercourse with those commanders. He had never voted for a President but once: he knew no politicians, for his acquaintance was limited to army officers and western traders; even in the town where he lived, he had not met the member of Congress who represented the district for nine successive years, and who afterward became one of his most intimate personal friends. Of his four children, the eldest was eleven years old. He lived in a little house at the top of one of the picturesque hills on which Galena is built, and went daily to the warehouse of his father and brother, where leather was sold by the wholesale and retail. He was thirty-nine years of age before his countrymen became acquainted with his name."

THOSE great artists, Ole Bull, Camille Urso, and Miss Topp, were together at a party the other evening. "You play beautifully, my child," said the Norwegian to Miss Topp; "but you can't do the greatest music. No woman can; it takes the biceps of a man." "My arm is strong enough," answered the brilliant young pianist, laughing; "I break my pianos as well as a man could, and Steinway has to send me a new one every week." "You see," responded Bull, turning to Madame Urso, "you see how these people treat their pianos. They bang them, they beat them, they kick them, they smash them to pieces: but our fiddles! *how we love them!*"

ELLIOTT, the painter, and Palmer, the sculptor, reside in Albany, and are great cronies. Both have advanced the prices of their works. Elliott declines to furnish a good article of portrait for less than $500 (bust simply,) $1,000 for bust and hands, and $5,000 for the total. Palmer has marked up his prices to $1,500 and $2,000 for busts. He uses about one hundred and fifty tools, made by himself—his own inventive powers being remarkable. Both artists are fine talkers.—*Buff. Com.*

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

ROBERT COLLYER says:—"Out of your life there flows, every day, some spiritual influence as true in its nature and degree as any ever known. You may never write a book, or even a letter; but then, no more did Jesus Christ. No mistake can be greater, than to suppose that I have done my duty by my home, in filling it with plenty, or my children, in securing them the best teachers; or that I have been true to my marriage vows, because I have kept myself pure, and never stinted my wife in her expenses; or to Church and State, because I have voted right on election days, and been in my time a deacon. Oh! friend, I tell you unspeakably more is that mysterious and most holy influence of a sound, elastic, cheerful human soul, in a body to match. I see once in a while a home, in which I am just as sure that it is impossible for the children to go radically wrong, as it is for the planet to turn the other way upon her axis. The whole law of their life, of their spiritual gravitation, is fixed by the strong, sweet father and mother, resolute, above all, to preserve this right attraction, though there may be less at last in counted dollars."

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE Chicago Evening Post not many weeks since claimed for some young people of "leading Chicago families" the credit of having invented a novel and pleasant evening entertainment. The ordinary programme is as follows:—"Instrumental music; reading of selections; ten-minute lecture, and general conversation thereon; reading of original contributions; vocal music, refreshments and conversation; instrumental music. The young people present are regarded not as members of a 'Society,' but as the guests of the lady at whose house they meet—there being no formal terms of membership, and the invitations being at her pleasure. The guests appear in plain dress. Neither church lines nor neighborhood boundaries are considered; theological and political controversies are eschewed; subjects of literature, art, music and recreation, upon which all agree, are brought to the fireside; the controlling spirit is that of culture, of friendship and charity."

SANDWICHES.

A BAD sign—to sign another man's name to a note.

A FELINE relative—a catskin.

A QUESTION of time—asking another's age.

A DROP too much—the hangman's.

WEAPONS of the world—the axes of the earth.

BEHIND time—the back of a clock.

A GREAT aid to the temperance cause—lemonade.

SENTIMENTAL explosion—bursting into tears.

THE "yard arm"—Thirty-six inches.

THE commonest social vice—Advice.

A SCHISM to be approved of—A witticism.

THE first 'bus in America—Columbus.

THE most popular look-out—The look out of the eyes.

COUNSEL for a bill-poster and a cross child—Stick to it.

LAZINESS travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes it.

THREE things to think about—life, death and eternity.

ANGER adds to rebuke neither grace nor force, but love does both.

EVERY man magnifies injuries he has received and lessens those he has inflicted.

WHAT are the features of a cannon? Cannon's mouth, cannon-ize, cannon-eers.

THE repentance that is delayed until old age is but too often a regret for the inability to commit more sin.

SILENCE is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

GOETHE called architecture frozen music. If it were not, how could architecture have so many friezes and corn-ices?

THE singing of a kettle in one respect resembles the singing of a stage singer. An attempt to overdo will be followed by a hiss.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Paraphrase of Psalms 23.

HE is our Shepherd: we, his sheep,
Will follow to rejoice;
And though the path be dark and steep,
We'll hasten for his voice.
In pastures green he'll make us lie,
And want we shall not know;
Still waters he will lead us by,
While in his paths we go.

He is our Shepherd: we his sheep,
And though dark shadows fall.
No evil still can o'er us creep,—
He hears our earnest call;
Then closer to his side we'll cling,
And journey with him near,
Until his rod and staff shall bring
Us where there is no fear.

He is our Shepherd: we his sheep
That round his table come:
There all his promises he'll keep,
In that our royal home.
For us the tables laden o'er,
Our foes shall trembling see,
But they shall never dwell before
The golden-fruited tree.

He is our Shepherd: we the sheep
Of his, the heavenly fold;
And he who did o'er Judah weep,
Will fill our cups of gold.
The oil of gladness he will pour,
In mercy full and free:
And in his house forevermore,
We'll dwell, and blessed be.

Jeddo, N. Y., 1868. E. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UNSATISFIED.

THERE is, perhaps, no word in our language more expressive of the condition of the human heart, than this—"unsatisfied." I think it is true that we never possess enough, and whatever we make the object of our desires is never fully sufficient to satisfy our hearts. Wealth does not content us; those who possess most of golden treasure, are most eager in the search for more. Knowledge never satisfies; the more one learns the more he sees beyond, unlearned.

We speak of *finishing* our education: it is like a child dwelling in a valley shut in by high mountains; overhead he sees a little patch of blue sky, and a few bright stars, and they seem not very far away. "Ah," he says, "I will climb up to the top of the mountain, and reach the sky, and play with the beautiful stars!" And he ascends. Sometimes he pauses to look up and see if he has not almost reached the sky, but somehow it seems to have grown wider, and looks further away than when he first started, but still he presses on, until, reaching the mountain top he pauses, bewildered and amazed, to find that the sky stretches away into infinite space, and that the stars are not playthings, but worlds further away than thought can reach. So it is with everything throughout our life; there is always something beyond us which we are striving vainly to reach.

"We pant, we strain like birds against their wires,
Are sick to reach the vast and the beyond;
And what avails, if still to our desires
Those far-off gulfs respond?

"Contentment comes not, therefore; still there lies
An outer distance when the first is hailed,
And still forever yawns before our eyes
An Utmost—that is veiled."

Must it be ever thus? In all the wide Universe is there nothing to satisfy our hearts? Or is there something that we fail to find, or finding, that we refuse to accept, and so turn away to try again to satisfy ourselves with husks? Ah! that is the secret. Foolish creatures that we are,—to offer "stones" for "bread" and "serpents" for "fishes;" foolish to think that a soul created in the image of an Infinite Being can be satisfied to choke and stifle all the longings of an immortal nature and only gratify the senses.

Listen to the voices of your own soul. Do you not know that the clamoring for honor and fame can only be satisfied by the "King of kings?" Do you not know that your desire for wealth will never be satisfied until you have gained those riches that are "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fade not away?" Do you not feel that the love for pleasure cannot be fully gratified with anything less than those pleasures which endure forevermore? And do you not know, still further, that the love which your heart of hearts craves, can only be found and satisfied in Him whose name is Love?

Listen to the questionings of your heart and answer; and may you answer as did one of old, a king, who, possessing all honor, and fame and wealth, and having tested the power of every earthly thing to meet the wants of the soul, and proving them all unsatisfactory, said at last—"I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." LETTICE VAYNE.

Arcadia, N. Y., 1868.

THE TRUE LIFE.

FINAL success, the joy of life's harvest, is the goal of our human hopes. No wise or thoughtful man will live merely for to-day. The pilgrim who seeks a home is not content to linger and loiter for the mere flowers beside the way. The sower looks onward to fields white and ready for the sickle. Wisdom has regard for the grand issue. The triumph or the pleasure of to-day is transitory. We want a hope that does not sink with the setting sun.

The true success in life is that which does not fail in the evening of our days, or leave them to barrenness. We want that shout of "harvest home" that will not die into silence with the failing breath, but make the passage of the grave a whispering gallery, where heaven and earth talk together. We want something that will reach beyond time, beyond the things of the present, something that will take hold on eternity.—*Flavel.*

MISERY AND MERCY.—It was old Izaak Walton who said, "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy," a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one-half the world are ready to meet calamities half way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering upon it: a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death, by the brooding apprehension of the sick; while, on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look on the bright side of all things will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness.

THE poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matters it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you in innocence.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ORGANIC MULTIPLICATION.

STUDENTS of natural history are familiar with the struggle of species for local dominion, and the determination thereby, in part, of the number and geographical limits of the various species of plants and animals on our planet. Not only does the contest obtain between different species, but between members of the same species. In both cases those prevail which are the strongest and best adapted to the conditions of life. The result is that the earth is inhabited by the most vigorous species, and by the most vigorous individuals of such species. The feebler races gradually give way; the stronger are spreading and becoming more numerous. DARWIN, WALLACE, HOOKER, HUXLEY and LYELL have illustrated this tendency of organic life.

A kindred study is to be found in the conditions which regulate organic multiplication. This subject is quite exhaustively treated in Part VI. of HERBERT SPENCER's Biology, Vol. II. The following meager outline may give some idea of the views there set forth:

In the various species of plants and animals the power of reproduction is very unequal. Some breed very slowly; others very rapidly. At one extreme, we may note a very minute animalcule, which, it is calculated, may generate one hundred and seventy billions in four days; and at the other extreme, the ponderous elephant which is near thirty years old before it reproduces at all, and then only one at a time.

What are the conditions which determine the rate of reproduction in the scale of vegetable and animal beings?

1. The growth of an animal requires time, and the larger the creature, everything else equal, the slower is the rate of its multiplication. Rabbits multiply more rapidly than sheep; and sheep more rapidly than larger animals.

2. Maturing an organic structure of great complexity requires more time than the maturing of a simpler organism, size being equal, and it will be later reaching the period of reproduction. Man, the most complex creature on the planet, especially as regards his brain and nervous system, is many years reaching the age of puberty. The larger the creature and the more complex in structure, the lower would be the rate of its multiplication. Asexual reproduction (geneagenesis) is a method of far more rapid multiplication than is sexual genesis, and this is believed to obtain almost or quite universally among the minute and simple organisms both of plants and animals, but becomes rarer as we ascend the organic scale. As SPENCER has it: "While the minutest organisms multiply asexually in their millions; while the small compound types next above them thus multiply in their thousands; while larger and more compound types thus multiply in their hundreds and their tens; the largest types do not thus multiply at all."

3. In addition to the expenditure for growth and the expenditure for development in complexity, there is expenditure in procuring food, and in other activities pertaining to life.

Now, reproduction is itself a cause of expenditure; first, on account of the organic forces with which the new-born creature is endowed; secondly, on account of the nourishment afforded it; and thirdly, on account of the activity required in caring for and defending the young. If the resources of the female are exhausted in growing, in developing her own organism, and providing for her own life, she cannot reproduce,—she has no surplus left for such use. Her growth and development must be well nigh complete, and she must be well nourished in order to reproduce to the extent of her natural capacity. The demands of the individual stand in antagonism to the demands of the offspring, and the latter cannot be supplied until the former are sufficiently met. There is thus an immense proportion between the organic attainments of the individual, and that individual's power of reproduction,—that is, the richer the creature is in the proportion of the material it embodies in a high state of organization, the poorer will it be in the number of its offspring. This is the law.

Animals which are pressed for food, and on the point of starvation, cannot bring forth and sustain a vigorous offspring; and in the wild state, a species so situated would necessarily decline. When food is abundant and the conditions of life every way favorable, offspring become stronger and more numerous, and race-multiplication reaches its highest possible attainment. If it thus become too numerous, food becomes scarce, and decline of vigor and reduction of numbers must follow. Fluctuation like this doubtless obtains in species of plants and animals in a state of nature. Over-feeding domestic animals may also cause a decline of their fertility; not because the feeding is well done, which our author denies, but because it is injudicious, and produces debility of constitution, of which obesity is a consequence. This vicious habit of constitution may be entailed hereditarily, and aggravated by breeding solely with reference to fattening qualities; so that such breeds may well show decline in their powers of reproduction. Feeding up to the healthy standard of flesh, as observing farmers know, is that course which favors a healthy and vigorous offspring.

But the application of most interest, is that which relates to the future multiplication of the human race. Luxury and surfeit on the one hand, and squalid want on the other, cause constitutional degeneracy and the ultimate extinction of families. "Natural Selection" thus maintains the constitutional vigor of the human race; and the most active and enduring spring from the rural classes, their conditions of life being the most favorable. With the progress of society, man's emotional and intellectual nature is becoming more and more on the alert, and really more diversified and complex in the range of its activities. The higher the civilization the greater the stimulus to culture. And notwithstanding the great advance in the means of production, the abundance thereby made possible will favor an accelerated increase of population, the one keeping pace with the other; so that there will be a constant strain upon the nervous organization, leading to further expansion of the same, and interfering with the fertility of the race. If the principle be correct, the family will become less numerous under the influences of a high civilization. The inverse proportion between individual attainment and the power of reproduction will regulate multiplication and prevent the over-population of the earth.

J. S. PATTERSON.

Berlin Heights, O., Jan. 11, 1868.

THE SWIFTEST SCAVENGER.—Jack Frost. At his bidding mud turns to dust and puddles become pavement. If his drying-up operations were as successful on orators as they are on thoroughfares, Winter would be a season of silence indeed.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.

THE above is a faithful portrait of one who has spent nearly forty years of his life in revolutionizing for Liberty, and who now from his prison-home looks out sadly upon long-cherished plans frustrated, and desires unfulfilled. Three months ago all the world was ringing with the name of GARIBALDI; error and dark superstition trembled at the power he was wielding; and truth-loving hearts offered fervent prayers that, through him as its instrument, Right might prevail where Wrong had so long held despotic sway. But French policy leagued with Papal domination; Liberty was overcome; and its earnest apostle can only wait with patience the dawning of a better day for his country. Just so sure as that the "waste places" are to be "made glad," will that better day come; and we earnestly hope its dawning will yet gladden the last years of the grand old man whose life has known so many disappointments.

"GARIBALDI is now sixty years of age. He was banished in 1831 for a revolt against CHARLES ALBERT of Sardinia; was condemned to death in 1834 for a like offense but escaped to France; warred in the cause of the Republic of Rio Grande against Brazil in a "man of war" of thirty tons and a crew of sixteen men and his wife; in 1847 fought against the Papacy on the elevation of PIUS IX to the Papal throne, and defended Rome when the French and Austrians captured it; fled to this country in 1850, and was a soap and candle maker on Staten Island until 1854, when he went to England; thence in 1859 to Italy, and began the war which made VICTOR EMANUEL, King of Sardinia, King of Italy; and in 1862 and 1863 engaged in several efforts to expel the Austrians from Venetia and Lombardy, but in vain, the only results being the increased enthusiasm of the people in the cause and his own banishment to Caprera. In 1866, when war was declared against Austria, he was instantly at the head of the Italian volunteers, and with them entered Venice. Afterward he engaged in plotting for the late revolution that ended in his defeat and imprisonment. Of late but little has reached us concerning him, or the movements of his followers.

The personality of GARIBALDI—remarkable and unique—is thus spoken of in Blackwood's Magazine: "It is not easy to conceive anything finer, simpler, more thoroughly unaffected or more truly dignified than the man himself. His noble head; his clear, honest, brown eye; his finely-traced mouth, beautiful as a woman's, and only strung up to sternness when anything ignoble or mean had outraged him; and, last of all, his voice contains a fascination perfectly irresistible, allied, as you know and feel these graces to be, with a thoroughly pure, untarnished nature. The true measure of the man lies in the fact that, though his life has been a series of the boldest and most daring achievements, his courage is about the last quality uppermost in your mind when you meet him. It is of the winning softness of his look and manner, his kind thoughtfulness for others, his sincere pity for all suffering, his gentleness, his modesty, his manly sense of brotherhood with the very humblest of the men who have loved him, that you think; these are the traits that throw all his heroism into shadow; and all the glory of the hero pales before the simple virtues of the man."

Various Topics.

THE GREAT ORGAN OF LUCERNE.

IN one of his letters from Europe, Dr. BELLOWS thus speaks of an instrument which certainly rivals the celebrated organ in Music Hall, Boston:

"Lucerne is as Catholic as Zurich is Protestant. I found the old Cathedral thronged with worshipers at seven in the morning of an ordinary week-day. There must have been at least thirty priests engaged in the service. The vitality of the church is indicated by a magnificent organ four years old, which equals in power and purity any I ever heard. It was built in Lucerne by Haas. It is played twice every day for one hour, and furnishes a favorite resort for travelers. I stumbled into the church first at the very hour the organ was being exhibited, and with no knowledge of its merits, and of course without any special expectations. But the hush of the little audience showed that something unusual was going on, and it required only a few minutes to bring me wholly under the spell of the most magical stops that I ever had listened to.

"The player, I found after a second hearing, was not a very great one, but the organ itself was wonderful, and he understood perfectly how to exhibit it, undertaking only what he could do with entire success. The power of the full organ was immense, and as sweet as it was powerful. I could compare it only to the effect of a great park of artillery heard at a distance sufficient to mellow the thunder. But the *vox humana* was the speciality of this organ, and certainly nothing more successful in the way of imitation was ever done. At first, after a bold introduction of the full organ, we heard a choir of children's voices, singing apparently in a neighboring cloister; then a chorus of men's voices took up the strain, and came nearer and nearer, as if one and then another door between us and them had been opened. I could not persuade myself for a long time that a choir was not concealed in some adjoining apartment; but it was finally clear that no choir could keep such time and agree together in such expression. Nothing by tones more human or more angelic was ever permitted to visit my ears; at times the mighty instrument was subdued to the gentleness of an infant's breathing, and we all held our breath not to lose the least sigh of its decaying harmony. It seemed as if a choir of seraphs had strayed out of heaven and were overheard by chance as they flew by.

"A few moments after we had a *storm*, which, however offensive, considered as an abuse of music, was a marvellous exhibition of the quality and power of the instrument, and of the practical skill of the performer. The first sobs of the rising tempest, the distant thunder, the thrilling of the breeze, the sweeping of the winds, the pattering of the rain, the near thunder, the break in the cloud, the first down-pour, the steady shower, the clearing up, the song of the birds, with the return of the sun, all were given, not with clumsy suggestion, but with such accurate resemblance, that with closed eyes one might have been defied to say whether it actually stormed or not. I waited after the service to give my personal gratitude to the organist, whom I expected to find some vigorous young man, proud to display this famous instrument. What was my surprise to see a grave old gentleman, in knee breeches and silk stockings, crooked and scholarly, come down from the organ loft, and answer—to my self-introduction—as the organist of the Cathedral. He was modest and dignified, and might have been old Handel himself, so far as fitness of looks was concerned. It was quite charming to talk with him in bad German about his instrument, and about sacred music generally. We promised to come again, in the evening, about twilight, to hear the organ. A half dozen tall tapers lighted the dim Cathedral, and a hundred persons sat for an hour in absolute stillness while the old man played. It was very charming, but it was the *second* time!"

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

IN "Latrobe's Sketches of America," we find the following:—In October, 1811, the greatest event for the Western country took place. This was the commencement of steamboat navigation. Fulton's steamboat, called the "New Orleans," left Pittsburg at the above date, and late at night on the fourth day after starting, she arrived at Louisville, having been but seventy hours in descending over 700 miles. The novel appearance of the vessel, and the fearful rapidity with which it made its passage over the broad reaches of the river, excited a mixture of terror and surprise among many of the settlers, whom the rumor of such an invention had never reached; and it is related that on the unexpected arrival of the boat before Louisville, in the course of a fine, still, moonlight night, the extraordinary sound which filled the air as the pent-up steam was suffered to escape from the valves on rounding to, produced a general alarm, and multitudes in the town rose from their beds to ascertain the cause. I have heard that the general impression among the Kentuckians was, a comet had fallen into the Ohio.

THE USE OF PEPPER.—Pepper is an almost universal condiment. Black pepper irritates and inflames the coating of the stomach. Red pepper does not irritate, consequently it should be used instead of black pepper. It was known to the Romans, and has been in the East Indies from time immemorial, as it corrects that flatulence which attends the large use of vegetable food. Persons in health do not need any pepper in their food. But to those of weak and languid stomachs it is far more healthy to use cayenne pepper at meals than any form of wine, brandy or beer that can be named, because it stimulates without the reactions of sleepiness or debility.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

THE NUMBER SEVEN.

THIS number is frequently used in the Bible. On the 7th day GOD ended his work, the 7th month Noah's ark touched the ground, and in 7 days a dove was sent out.

Abraham pleaded 7 times for Sodom, Jacob served 7 years for Rachael, mourned 7 days for Joseph, and was pursued a 7 days journey by Laban.

A plenty of 7 years, and a famine of 7 years were foretold in Pharaoh's dream, by 7 fat and 7 lean beasts, and 7 ears of full and 7 ears of blasted corn.

On the 7th day of the 7th month the children of Israel fasted 7 days, and remained 7 days in tents. Every 7 years the land rested; every 7th year all bondmen were free, and the law was read to the people.

In the destruction of Jericho, 7 priests bore 7 trumpets 7 days; on the 7th day they surrounded the walls 7 times; and at the end of the 7th round the walls fell.

Solomon was 7 years building the temple, and feasted 7 days at its dedication. In the tabernacle were 7 lamps, and the golden candlestick had 7 branches. Naaman washed 7 times in Jordan.

Job's friends sat with him 7 days and 7 nights, and offered 7 bullocks and 7 rams as an atonement.

Our Saviour spoke 7 times from the cross, on which he hung 7 hours, and after his resurrection appeared 7 times. In the Lord's prayer are 7 petitions, containing 7 times 7 words.

In the Revelations we read of 7 churches, 7 candlesticks, 7 stars, 7 trumpets, 7 plagues, 7 thunders, 7 veils, 7 angels, and a 7 headed monster.

WINTER RULES.

NEVER go to bed with cold or damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become partly warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease. Never sleep with the head in the draught of an open door or window. Let more cover be put on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach, in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night. Never stand still out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance. Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single minute, especially if the ride has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.

GAS FROM COFFEE.—M. Babinet has reported to the French Academy the following information with regard to the evolution of gas during the process of making coffee. If finely ground roasted coffee be steeped in cold water, gas will be evolved to an extent about equal in volume to the quantity of coffee used; and this action will take place very rapidly, insomuch that if a bottle be half filled with coffee duly ground, and the remaining space then filled with water until the cork is reached, an explosion will ensue, sufficient in force to expel the cork, or even break the bottle.

Reading for the Young.

KISS ME GOOD NIGHT.

"DEAR mother, when my prayer is said,
Before you take the light,
Oh! lean your head so closely down,
And always kiss good night:
For I am happier in my dreams,
And sleep in sweeter rest,
If I have laid my lips to thine,
And thine to mine are pressed.

"One kiss, dear mother, for the love
My heart keeps warm for thee:
And one for all the tenderness
Thy sweet eyes look to me.
Kiss me forgiveness of my wrongs;
Kiss me with hope and prayer
That I shall be a better child,
And more reward thy care.

"Kiss me for some poor orphan child,
To whom no kiss is given;
And next for all the happy ones,
And then for one in heaven.
Kiss me for everything I love,
The beautiful and bright;
Sweet mother, kiss me for thyself
Once more, and then good night."

"I DARE YOU."

"POOH! I could do it easily, and be back here again before you could count fifty!"

"May be so; but you don't dare to try it!"

"*Don't dare!* now Tom, you know better!"

"Well, I dare you!"

The boy's eyes flashed. In a moment he was over the boundary line, skating skillfully over the forbidden ice, while his school-mates looked on—some with fear, and a few with shouts of applause. Clear to the other side he went, though the ice cracked and bent; then, with a graceful turn, he was coming toward them again, swifter, swifter, with a look of pride on his glowing face; and the praises of the other boys already sounded in his ears.

"Good for you, Win!"

"Hurrah for ——"

Who? where was he? where the proud form and smiling face, and the dark hair, uncovered in the moment of exultation? Gone! dehin in one moment from their sight, under the ice, and the waters rose up over the spot, as if their time of triumph had come then.

"O, what shall we do?"

"Run quick! get a rope!"

"Stand back! every one of you!" and the voice, generally so kind, frightened them now with its sternness; and they looked in silence at the teacher's white face, as he drew off his gown and crept with it to the boundary which he had marked for the boys that morning. Over that, too, so carefully, yet so quickly; and the ice cracked, cracked! And the boys could none of them tell just how it was done, only that soon the dark dripping hair of their schoolmate appeared above the broken ice; then his body, slowly, slowly dragged towards them, his hand clutching tightly the teacher's dressing-gown.

The teacher did not speak; and they dared not. In the teacher's own strong arms Winthrop was carried to the house, and rubbed; and, no, he was not dead! for in a few minutes he opened his eyes, and looking at the group of anxious boyish faces gathered round, he said, "All right." How it brightened every heart there! The boys could speak now.

"Oh, Win! *I haven't counted the fifty yet!*" burst out Tom, excitedly, trying to laugh; but if he had not been a boy, he would surely have cried instead.

"Now, let me hear all about it," said their teacher calmly, as the color began to come back into Winthrop's cheeks.

"It is all my fault!" said Tom, humbly.

"How came you to disobey my rule, Winthrop, and go beyond the boundary?"

"Why, I hardly thought about the rule, sir; I wanted to let them see that I wasn't afraid of the ice! they dared me to do it; and when any one *dares* me to do a thing—" Winthrop stopped suddenly, as the recollection came over him of the cold, gurgling waters, and of those few terrible moments of suspense.

"Then you always dare to do it; is that what you mean?"

"Yes, sir," but the voice was not so full of confidence as it had been half an hour before.

"And the end of your daring, this time, might have been—*death!*"

A shudder crept over the boy's heart.

"Oh, sir! please don't! I dared him!" said Tom.

"And so you think a boy is a coward who is dared to do a thing, and doesn't do it?"

"It looks so," answered Winthrop.

"Ah, my boy, you must get rid of that idea; it is all wrong! He who refuses to do a sinful or a dangerous thing, even when people say 'I dare you,' is a true hero; and he who runs all risks to do something, just because he is 'dared,' is by far the most cowardly and foolish. Don't look so downhearted, Winthrop; I want you to be truly heroic, and I know you can do things very bravely sometimes. For instance, if I should say you must not go skating another day during this season, you would bear the punishment without complaint, I think."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, with a touch of the old pride in his voice.

"Mayn't I bear the punishment? It was my fault."

"I haven't given any punishment yet, Tom. I have only given this lesson about true bravery for you all to learn. And now, be off every one of you, and let Winthrop rest, while I go to examine my dressing-gown; and if it is entirely ruined, I'll pass a subscription around among you to get a new one." And the kind man smiled as he left them, but his heart was full; and he went to thank God for the safety of his pupil, and to pray that he might become truly brave and noble.

Boys, never be dared into doing what is wrong. Do not take one step aside from the safe and straight path, no matter how many voices say "I dare you." Be brave enough to say "I dare not," to every temptation. And always:

"Dare to be right! dare to be true!
All the world's scorning can never harm you!
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death!"

HOW NATURAL!—A little boy was once in a complaining mood. His dinner did not suit him, so his father made that right; then his cup did not suit him, so one was brought that did; then his chair was not right, and his father took him in his lap, saying,: "Are you all right now?" He looked around the room, and seeing the cat crossing the floor with tail erect, he said, in a vexed voice, "There! the old cat's tail sticks up!" and burst out crying. The old cat's tail was, in his case, the straw that broke the camel's back, but many of the complaints of older persons are just about as reasonable.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

About Premiums, Free Copies, &c.—Our Agent-Friends entitled to either Premiums or free copies of the RURAL will please bear in mind that they should notify us, at the time of remitting for clubs, *which they prefer*. Some send clubs, saying nothing as to what they want, and subsequently complain—one that we sent no free copy, another that no premium was forwarded, etc. Now, if each will mention *what* is desired, we can comply,—but, smart as we may be in some matters, we cannot *guess* correctly, and therefore wait for directions or—a scolding. Those who prefer free copies to premium, have only to mention the fact in their letters, and *vice versa*, and we will send accordingly.

☞ Our Subscription Bureau is a very busy department about these days, and some premiums may not be forwarded on the day ordered—especially if the articles mentioned are not on hand,—yet we are doing our "level best" to pay all as fast as possible.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, FEB'Y 15, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Republican Union State Convention, to elect delegates to the National Union Convention to be held in Chicago in May next, was held in Syracuse on Wednesday the 5th inst. Gen. Chas. Van Wyck was made President, and delivered a long address. The usual number of District Delegates, and Delegates at large, were elected, and resolutions adopted which set forth a platform of principles and also named Grant and Fenton as the first choice of the Convention for nomination to the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

In the Cole trial an attempt by the defendant's counsel to secure a postponement was partially successful, Judge Peckham directing that a special term be held for the purpose of disposing of the case, provided a Judge could be obtained to preside. District Attorney Smith said he felt confident of his ability to procure the attendance of a Judge, and it was thereupon determined that the respective counsel agree, if possible, upon the time for the adjourned Circuit, and the Judge would make the proper order. The third Monday in April was finally agreed upon.

The Assembly joint resolutions for impeaching certain canal officers have been considered in committee of the whole, in the Senate, and adopted. A bill to institute legal proceedings against certain canal contractors, alleged to have procured fraudulent contracts in December, 1866, has also been considered and progress reported.

The Constitutional Convention is progressing slowly. A resolution by Mr. Alvord to perfect the Constitution and sign it on the 14th inst., has been tabled.

The Alms House Lunatic Asylum at Geneseo was burned last week, and four insane women perished.

Mr. P. P. Snell, living near East Creek, Herkimer county, was robbed of $4,800 in Government bonds a few days ago. The bonds were hidden under the flooring of the cow stable for safety by Mr. S., but evidently the thief had watched him when placing them there.

Col. I. J. Gray of Whitestown, was recently indicted at Albany by the United States Grand Jury on the several charges made against him concerning fraudulent operations at the Bank in Whitesboro, of which he was Cashier.

The State Medical Society convened in Albany on the 5th inst. An able address was delivered in the evening by the President, Dr. J. P. Gray.

A fire in Elmira, one day last week, destroyed property to the value of $20,000.

A convict named Kaley attempted to burn the Auburn prison on the 6th inst. He overturned the stoves in the tool shop, scattering the live coals among chips and shavings and drove off the foreman who first discovered the fire, with a murderous knife. The foreman obtained assistance, but the desperado would not surrender, and was shot down. He will probably recover.

The Alms House in Poughkepsie was burned on the 7th inst.

From Washington.

A DIRECT issue of veracity has been made between the President and Gen. Grant, concerning his yielding up of the War Department to Secretary Stanton. Verbal orders having been given to General Grant by the Executive, to promulgate no orders coming from the Secretary unless endorsed by the President, the General sent a letter to the Executive asking that such verbal orders be transmitted in writing, and giving his version of the understanding between himself and Mr. Johnson as to the course he (Grant) should pursue if the Senate re-instated Stanton. The letter drew forth the President's version of the matter, whereupon Gen. Grant reiterated his statements, plainly raising an issue as to the truthfulness of the two officials. He also, in a brief note dated the 30th ult., stated to the President that as no order limiting or impairing the authority of the Secretary of War had been promulgated he should continue to regard any orders issued from the War Department in the usual form, as authorized by the Executive. The whole of the correspondence was laid before the House on the 4th inst., accompanied by a letter from Secretary Stanton saying that he has had no correspondence with the President since his suspension. A result of this is the revival of the impeachment movement. The Committee on Reconstruction have put the matter in the hands of a Sub-Committee, to investigate the extent of the President's attempt to violate the law of Congress, and if proper and tenable, to draft articles of impeachment.

The text of the new Financial Bill reported by Senator Sherman, is in many respects the same as before. The first section is amended to make the interest on Government bonds five instead of six per cent., and provision is made for the payment of interest quarterly as well as semi-annually. There is no provision in the bill for the expense of exchanging bonds. The fifth section strikes out the provision relating to a foreign loan. The sixth section legalizes all contracts specifically payable in coin.

The army appropriation bill, as reported by Mr. Blaine, calls for $33,082,938. The total of all army and navy expenses is estimated at $90,000,000. Mr. Blaine said $30,000,000 would be required for pensions; $25,000,000 for bounties under the laws of 1867, and $130,000,000 for the interest of the public debt, making a grand total of $275,912,047. This amount he considered would in a short time be reduced to $250,000,000 and $225,000,000.

The diplomatic and consular appropriation bill was recently considered by the House Committee on Appropriations. An amendment was proposed in the Committee providing for a Minister to Greece. It was urged by those who favor the amendment, that as Greece had an accredited Minister to our Government, we could not do less than send one there. From the expression of sentiment it is probable that the amendment will be adopted.

It is reported that Gen. Rousseau is to be recalled from his command on the Pacific coast, to replace Gen. Meade, who is likely to be removed by the President.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Florence Nazione newspaper asserts positively that negotiations for a new Convention on the Roman question are going on between the French and Italian Governments, but that General Menebrea prefers the September treaty.

Garibaldi has written an eloquent and enthusiastic letter to Admiral Farragut, in which he congratulates the United States on encouraging by the presence of an American fleet the national aspirations of Italy.

It is reported that Pope Pius IX is willing to resume negotiations with the Imperial Government of Austria for a revision of the Concordat.

The Pope recently ordered the Catholic clergy to have the *Te Deum* sang in all the churches of Italy for the Papal victory at Mentana. King Victor Emanuel has issued a proclamation prohibiting the holding of religious ceremonies for such a purpose within the Kingdom.

Popular troubles are reported to have broken out in Padua. The Government is using every means to restore order.

The Debatte, a semi-official journal of Paris, says that Great Britain has requested the European powers to stop removing fugitives from Candia.

The last dispatches from Abyssinia represent that the prospects of the expedition are unfavorable.

The Paris Moniteur gives an account of the reception of Signor Benedetti, the new Italian Minister to Berlin, by the King of Prussia. The King warmly welcomed him as the first Ambassador from Italy accredited to the North German Confederation, and congratulated him upon his appointment, declaring that it was a new pledge of friendship between the two countries.

Mexican News.

THE latest advices from Vera Cruz state that on the 29th ult. a severe gale visited the harbor there, and caused great destruction. The steamship Nightingale foundered at her anchorage, and several of the crew were drowned.

There were rumors at Vera Cruz that several generals in the Mexican army had pronounced against the Government, and fears were entertained that an attempt might be made to create a revolution. It was reported that General Porfiero would soon be appointed Minister of War.

In the Mexican Congress, the bill revising the tariff had been passed. A bill was introduced to abolish the death penalty, and defeated.

Gen. Escobedo had arrived at the capital. It was rumored that he intended to resign the command of the 3d division of the army. Mexican travelers in Guatamala are ill treated by the inhabitants, whose hostility has been excited by invasion. A project for uniting Mexico with the United States by a system of railroads has been placed in the hands of a commission, who are to examine the plan and report to the government on its feasibility. Companies are forming to develop the gold mines which have recently been discovered in Oajacia, and which are reported to be very rich.

FAMINE IN EUROPE.—There is great distress among the poorer classes in Russia, owing to bad harvests, and the government has had to make liberal appropriations to supply the peasantry with subsistence. Of the sufferings of the Swedish Norlanders late descriptions have been given. In France, in several places, there is a great lack of breadstuffs, and according to accounts from Algeria (one of the French African colonies) a hundred thousand people have died within eight months from starvation. In eastern Prussia there has been much destitution, and although contributions to alleviate have been numerous, they have been quite insufficient. It will require at least seven months, with the assurance of liberal harvests at the end of that period, to relieve the above peoples from the evils of famine. In London and all the principal towns in Great Britain, proverty is very extreme. A great many skilled laborers who were kept employed during the American war have been thrown idle, and the sufferings of these men and their families are described to be lamentable.

REVOLUTION IN YUCATAN ENDED.—The revolution in Yucatan against the Mexican Government has been suppressed. A severe battle was fought on the 1st inst., between the government troops and the revolutionists, in which the latter were utterly defeated. The action took place at Mexicanie, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants in the district of Merida. Villafanea, the revolutionary leader, was killed, and at the end of the engagement most of his adherents surrendered, though small parties succeeded in making their escape to the mountains. Some of the rebel officers who escaped during the night left the country on the schooner Oriental, which was lying off shore.

An insurrection has broken out in Tampico. At last accounts the rebels held possession of the city, and some Mexican gunboats were blockading the port.

REVOLUTION IN PERU.—The news from Peru is important. Prado has been defeated at Arequipa, and forced to retreat to Islay. The revolution has proved a success, and the Prado administration hurled from place and power. The city of Arequipa suffered bombardment for thirty-six hours.

THE new Colt armory at Hartford, Ct., is 550 feet long by sixty feet wide, is surmounted by a roof framed of wrought iron and a magnificent dome. It is four stories high, has 500 windows, and thirty-seven miles of heating, gas and water pipes. The motive power is given by four vertical steam engines.

REVOLUTION IN TRADE.—If he who makes a blade of grass grow where none grew before can be called a public benefactor, how much more so is the man who, in these hard times, devises a plan which doubles the buying capacity of a hard-earned dollar. Now, everybody knows that the value of almost everything we consume is often quadrupled in passing from the producer to the consumer, through the so-called channels of trade, known by the names of wholesaler, retailer, jobber, &c., and the public have patiently submitted to it as though it were one of the laws of the Medes and Persians, which could not be altered. But if we can believe Messrs. PARKER & Co., of 64 and 66 Federal St., Boston, Mass., (whose advertisement appears in another column,) these gentlemen have devised a plan which will cut off these go-betweens and their profits as surely and effectually as our forefathers settled the question of the divine right of kings and the expensive perquisites thereto attached. The novel system which they have adopted, and which they claim will effect a revolution in certain branches of trade, is as follows: They put up in dollar packages every description of dress and domestic goods, woolens, hosiery, linens, &c., &c., for ladies' and gents' wear, and everybody knows precisely what they will get for their dollar before they pay for it; and that they may know this, Parker & Co. forward to any part of the country printed slips or checks, ten for one dollar, and on each of these the article is named that the party is to receive, and the persons who have clubbed together to send for ten checks can then, as they please, return their checks, singly or together, with one dollar for each check, and they will have the goods sent immediately; but if the article named on the check does not suit them, they have the privilege of selecting from an exchange list, comprising an endless variety of goods, *not one of which could be bought in a regular country retail store for less than double the money*. And the whole secret of these astonishing dollar bargains, they claim, lies in the fact of buying from first hands for cash, in large quantities, (often by advancing money, taking entire stocks of goods at enormous discounts,) and selling direct to the consumer. In addition to this, Messrs. Parker & Co. pay premiums to persons getting up clubs as follows:—For a club of ten and $1 sent, a present of the value of $3; for a club of thirty and $8, a present worth $5; and so on in proportion. For further particulars, we refer our readers to the advertisement in another column.

THE GREAT AMERICAN ORGAN, at Johnson's Music Store, has been much admired by all who have seen it, both in appearance of the exterior work of the case, and in its excellent quality of tone. The instrument was manufactured by Messrs. S. D. & H. W. Smith of Boston, for whom Mr. Johnson is agent for this State. It has already been thoroughly tested by some of our best organists, and carefully examined by some of the music dealers of this city, not interested in the sale of instruments of that manufacture, and has been pronounced by them the largest and best toned reed organ ever brought to this city. Being upright in form and furnished with a set of large gilded pipes, visible in the otherwise ornamented front, it presents the imposing appearance of the pipe organs in our city churches. It is perfectly free from that unpleasantness of sound so frequent in reed instruments, and allows the ear to discover only that pure and evenness of tone which are indispensable to a truly excellent instrument. When it is skillfully played, its two banks of keys and various stops are so managed as to send forth beautifully clear notes of bewitching music as from a distance, and then gradually louder and louder strains produced by the skillful use of the pedals and new combination of stops,—now varied solos, representing different instruments with most beautiful accompaniments, followed, perhaps, by the full power of all the stops combined, but well sustained by the heavy bass notes, and then dying away and varied, at the pleasure of the performer, until the listener is surprised and astonished at the purity and variety of tone, and is ready to acknowledge it as equal to any pipe organ of the same size.—*Providence Jour.*

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS—CHANGE OF PRICE.—The sales of the First Mortgage Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company have recently been so rapid and extensive that the full amount which the Company had proposed to sell at the original price of 95 and interest, has been marketed, and the price has been advanced to par and accrued interest.

The progress of the road, the prosperous condition of the Company's affairs, their abundant cash resources, and high credit, would seem to fully justify the advance in the price of their First Mortgage Bonds, and to afford a sufficient guarantee of an active demand at the advanced rate.

THERE are thirty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-two horses in Vermont, and they are valued at $3,829,471. The number of horses is 30,000 less than before the war.

UNION county, Ohio, boasts a giant seven feet three inches in his stockings, sixty-nine inches around the chest, and weighing five hundred and thirty-six pounds.

MORE than five hundred women are employed as compositors on the daily and weekly press and other publications in New York city.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, February 11, 1868.

OUR local money market continues easy. The banks are discounting all good paper offered.

During the contraction of the currency the banks in the interior were very cautious, not knowing where the end might be. There is some uneasiness yet among business men in regard to Congressional legislation; but on the whole they are beginning to feel that Congress will pass no law that will seriously embarrass the moneyed institutions or the commercial interests of the country.

Money is gradually growing easier at the large commercial points, West and Southwest. In New York the market is characterized by unusual ease, and the banks are very strong. The New York city banks, according to the statement of last week, have on deposit the enormous sum of $213,000,000, which is nearly $10,000,000 above the highest figure attained at any previous time. The total of legal tender and specie is 36 per cent. of the combined deposits and circulation. This condition of things would seem to indicate a favorable time for commercial activity.

The National Commercial Convention met in Boston on Wednesday last. Some two hundred and fifty delegates representing thirty-two Boards of Trade, were in attendance. The reports and discussions on the various topics that came up for consideration were brief and business-like. The members of the Convention did not assemble for the purpose of making long speeches, but for action. The following resolutions, reported by the Committee on Weights and Measures were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the cental system for the measurement of all the products of the soil is best adapted to the requirements of the trade of the country, and in harmony with our decimal currency.

Resolved, That it be recommended that on and after the 1st of August, 1868, each Association represented in this Convention adopt the cental system in the sale, storage and transportation of said products.

Resolved, That we recommend that on and after Aug. 1, 1868, 200 pounds shall constitute a barrel of flour or meal.

Resolved, That this Convention recommend the enactment by Congress of such laws as are necessary to carry into effect the foregoing resolutions, as a national measure, and to extend the cental or decimal system to all weights and measures.

At the present writing a full report of the proceedings of the Convention has not reached us. The subjects of Commerce, Finance and Taxation came up for discussion, and the views expressed by the leading members of the Convention were very much in accordance with the resolutions passed by the Cleveland and Worcester Conventions, on the same subjects. The range of topics considered in the Boston Convention was much wider than in the other Conventions named.

WOOL.—There is very little doing in Wool in the Eastern market. The sales in Boston last week foot up 675,000 lbs., at a range of 26@57½c. for fleece, and 36½@47½c. for pulled.

THE LOCAL MARKET.—The continued cold weather renders business comparatively dull. There is no movement of produce worthy of special note. Grain receipts are light, and prices unchanged from last week. Wool is inactive, and nominal at quotations. Clover Seed is rather on the advance, though the market can hardly be said to have opened yet. Hay is on the rise, and we change our quotations accordingly. Dressed Hogs have advanced some, during the past week, in the face of a tolerably fair supply.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat..	$15,50@16,00
Do. red wheat...	13,50@14,00
Do. extra State..	9,00@10,00
Do. buckwheat, ℔ cwt.	5,00
Millfeed, coarse...	27,00@28,00
Do. fine.....	30,00@35,00
Meal, corn, cwt....	2,50@ 2,75
Wheat, red, ℔ bu..	2,60@ 2,65
Do. best white...	2,80@ 3,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu....	1,15@ 1,20
Rye.....	1,50@ 1,70
Oats.....	68@ 70c
Barley.....	1,35@ 1,95
Beans.....	3,00@ 3,50
Meats.	
Pork, old mess....	$00,00@00,00
Do. new mess...	22,00@23,00
Do. clear, ℔ ℔...	00@ 00c
Dressed hogs, cwt.	10,00@11,00
Beef.....	7,00@12,00
Spring lambs.....	0,00@ 0,00
Mutton, ℔ ℔.....	4@ 5c
Hams.....	14½@ 15
Shoulders.....	10@ 11
Chickens.....	15@ 17
Turkeys.....	18@ 20
Geese, each.....	00@ 00
Dairy, Etc.	
Butter, choice roll	34@ 36
Do. packed.....	34@ 36
Cheese, dairy.....	13@ 14
Do. factory.....	15@ 17
Lard, tried.....	14@ 15
Do. rough.....	12@ 14
Tallow, tried.....	9@ 9½
Do. rough.....	6@ 6½
Eggs, ℔ dozen.....	35@ 38
Forage.	
Hay ℔ ton.....	$16,00@26,00
Do. new.....	00.00@00,00
Straw.....	10,00@14,00

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. ℔ bbl.....	2,50@ 3,25
Do. dried, ℔ ℔..	7@7½c
Peaches.....	25@ 30
Cherries.....	30@ 35
Plums.....	25@ 30
Blackberries.....	7@ 8
Potatoes, ℔ bu....	88@ 94
Onions.....	2,50@ 3,00
Turnips.....	00@ 50
Cranberries, ℔ bbl.	15,00@00,00
Hides and Skins.	
Green hides trim'd	8@ 9c
Do. untrimmed..	7@ 8
Green calfskins,..	12@ 12
Sheep pelts, each..	75@ 2,00
Seeds.	
Timothy ℔ bu....	$ 2,50@ 3,00
Clover, medium...	7,00@ 7,50
Do. large.....	7,00@ 8,00
Peas.....	1,40@ 1,50
Flax.....	1,50@ 2,00
Sundries.	
Wood, hard.....	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Do. soft.....	5,50@ 6,50
Coal, lump, ℔ ton.	8,25@ 0,00
Do. large egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Do. small egg....	8,50@ 0,00
Do. stove.....	8,65@ 0,00
Do. chestnut.....	8,15@ 0,00
Do. soft.....	7,00@ 0,00
Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Salt, ℔ bbl.....	2,70@ 2,80
Wool, ℔ ℔.....	35@ 38c
Hops.....	45@ 60
Whitefish, ½ bbl..	6,00@ 6,50
Codfish, ℔ cwt....	6,50@ 7,00
Honey, box, ℔ ℔..	22@ 25c
Candles, box.....	12½@ 13½
Do. extra.....	14@ 15
Barrels, each.....	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.37; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 19½@20c; Flour, $5.50@14; Rye Flour, $7,35@9,25; Wheat, $2.41@2.82; Rye, $1.78; Barley, $2.00@2.15; Corn, $1.24@1.30; Oats, 83½@86c; Pork, mess, $21.50@22.65; prime, $17.25@18.37; prime mess, $19.50@19.50; Beef, new plain mess, $13.00@21.50; Beef hams, $29.50@31.50; Shoulders, 8@9½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Bacon, 10@13½c; Lard, 13½@14½c; Butter, 40@50c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 30@60c.

ALBANY, FEB. 8.—Flour, $10.50@15.00; Rye flour, $9,75; Buckwheat flour, $4.12@4.25; Corn meal, $2.75@2.85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.75@3.25; Rye, $1.63; Corn, $1.30@1.30; Barley, $1.85; Oats, 82@85c; Pork, new mess, $21.00; clear, $26.00; boneless, $27,00; Hams, 16c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 20c; Lard, 14½@15½c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 8.—Flour, $10.25@15.00; Wheat, $2.65@3.00; Corn, $1.06@1.07; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1.65; Barley, $1.55; Peas, $1.20; Beans, $3.75; Pork, mess, $22.50@23.0; Lard, 14½@14½c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@16c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2.55; coarse, ℔ bbl., $2.60; Clover quoted at $7,75; Timothy at $2,75.

CHICAGO, FEB. 8.—Flour, $8.75@10.00; Wheat, $2.02½@2.08; Corn, 81@84c; Oats, 57@57½; Rye, $1.33@1.38; Barley, $1.73@2.05; Pork, mess, $19.50@21.00; Lard, 13@13½c; Butter, 20@32c; Cheese, 12@13c; Seeds, timothy, $2.20@2.35; clover, $7.75@7,50; flax, $2.20.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 8.—Flour, $11.25@12,75; Wheat, $2,18@2,55; Corn, 85@86c ear; Oats, 60@70c; Rye, $1,60@1,65; Barley, $1,35@1,40; Mess pork, $21,75@22; Lard, 13½@14c; Bacon, 9½@12½c.

TORONTO, FEB. 6.—Flour, $6.25@8.00; Wheat, fall, $1.78@1.80; Spring, $1.60@1.66; Oats, 57@62c; Barley, $1@1.12; Peas, 81@86c; Pork, mess, $17.50@18; Bacon, 6½@7½c; Ham, 7½@8½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 9@9½c; Eggs, 18@20c; Butter, 17@20c; Hops, 20@13c; Cheese, 8@9c; Dried apples, 9½@10c; Hay, $13@17,50; Straw, $11@13.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 3.—Beeves—Receipts 4,951 head; quotations at 10@18c. Veal Calves—Receipts 748 head; quotations 9@13cts. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,802 head; quotations 5½@7½. Swine—Receipts 10,910 head; quotations 7½@8c.

ALBANY, FEB. 6.—Beeves, $8,25@12,00. Milch Cows, $40@$90. Sheep and Lambs—State 4½@6½c.; Michigan 6@7½c.; Canada 7@8½c. Hogs, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, FEB. 6.—Beeves range from 7@14½c; Working Oxen, $160@265 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $44@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 4@6cts; extra, 7@8c; by the head, $2@5,00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 8@9c; Calf skins, 10@18c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 65c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 3.—Cattle lower; sales at 5@10½c. Sheep, 5@5½c. Hogs, 10@10½c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 8.—Beef Cattle, 4½@7½c. Veal Calves, 4½@6½c. Sheep, $3,00@5. Hogs, $5,50@7,00.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 8.—Beef Cattle, $1,00@7,50; Sheep, 4½@7c; Hogs, 7@8½c.

TORONTO, FEB. 6.—Beef ranges at $5,50@7,10; Sheep and Lambs, $2,50@5; Calves, $4@5 each.

BALTIMORE, FEB. 4.—Beef Cattle, 4@9½c; Sheep, 4½@6½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

THE PORK MARKETS.

CHICAGO, FEB. 7—Dressed hogs; market is quiet and firm; sales at $8,25@9,00, dividing on 200 lbs; and $8,10@8,25, dividing at 100 pounds.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 7—Dressed hogs; market is firm and in demand at $9,00.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 7.—Dressed hogs; market is lower at $7,50@8,50.

TOLEDO, FEB. 7.—Dressed hogs are firm at $8,25@9.

BUFFALO, FEB. 8.—Dressed hogs; sale at $9@9,75.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8.—Dressed hogs are firmer at 10@10½c for Western, and 11½@11½c for city.

ALBANY, FEB. 8.—Dressed Hogs are selling at 11c. for Western or State.

TORONTO, FEB. 6.—The following are the rates paid: Light and medium, 5@5½c.; choice to extra, 6@6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8.—Market is quiet. Sales 190,000 lbs. at 40@56c. for Domestic Fleece, 38@45c. for Pulled, 20@38c. for Texas, 20@31c. for California, and Cape and Mestiza p. t.

BOSTON, FEB. 5.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@60c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ½ and ¾ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 35@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 7.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@42c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 35@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 7.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.: Fleece, 33@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

MILLARS' PATENT CHEESE VATS AND HEATERS.—Positively the best in use. Also, Patent Milk Cans, Can Handles and Cheese Screws, all very superior. Send for a Circular. CHAS. MILLAR & SON, Utica, N. Y.

MAPLE LEAVES—A 48 COLUMN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY, of Entertaining and Instructive reading. 75c. a Year. Specimens 10c. Address BLACKIE & CO., 745 Broadway, N. Y.

WEBSTER'S PLANS FOR LAYING OUT and Beautifying Gardens, and General Catalogue of Shrubs, Roses, Ornamental Plants and Seeds for the Spring of 1868. Mailed to customers free, and to all others for 10 cts. Address WM. WEBSTER,
943-tf 149 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW DISCOVERY IN MAKING CIDER without Apples. Immense profits realized. A fortune can be made from it at this time when apples are scarce. An enterprising man can make $5,000 this season without leaving home. To a Western man this knowledge is a fortune in itself. Individual rights $1. Circulars and terms to agents, free. Box 43, Southwick, Mass.

10,000 AGENTS (REPUBLICANS) Wanted, in villages, election districts and towns. They can make $3 to $10 a day for a few weeks. Send 10 cts. to pay for papers and postage, to
943-4t R. L. ADAMS & SON, Geneva, N. Y.

SMUGGINS A NEW AND AMUSING GAME.—Price, 50 cents. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, by S. D. NEWCOMB, 171 Broadway, New York.

RITTENHOUSE'S CELEBRATED POULTRY POWDERS—A remedy for all diseases to which fowls are liable, such as Roup, Gapes, Drooping, &c., &c. Price, twenty-five cents per package, or five for one dollar. Manufactured and for sale by G. W. RITTENHOUSE & CO., Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa. ☞ All orders promptly filled.

WE ARE MAKING A COMPLETE REVOLUTION IN TRADE!
And are selling for ONE DOLLAR, Silk, Merino and Alpacca Dresses, Shawls, Balmorals, Linen Goods, Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Plated Ware, Sewing Machines, &c. Send Clubs of ten or more, with 10 cents for each descriptive check, and the getter-up of the club will receive a present worth $3 to $300, according to number sent. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars sent free.
943-4t PARKER & CO., 64 & 66 Federal St., Boston.

EPILEPSY, OR FITS.—A SURE CURE for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any Druggist. Sent free to all on receipt of their name and address, by
DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

VALUABLE FARM AT AUCTION.—THE Subscriber's FARM, at Alloway, 2 miles from Lyons Village, AT AUCTION, Feb. 25th, at Wayne Co. Court House. About 200 acres, under best cultivation and thoroughly drained. Dwelling large, well finished and new. Out-buildings new, and include Horse Barn, Carriage House, Cattle Barn, Grain Barn, Tenant House, Ice House, Hennery, Cider Mill, Hot House, Conservatory, Sheds, Workshop, &c. Large and well-stocked Garden. Orchard of ten acres grafted fruit. Very near a Cheese Factory and Grist Mill. The Farm has been awarded a Premium by the State Ag'l Society, for fertility and superiority. Sale positive. Terms easy. For particulars or Descriptive Handbills, apply to
A. H. TOWAR, Lyons, N. Y.

100 GRADE AYRESHIRES FOR SALE AT PUBLIC AUCTION, March 2, 1868—One Hundred head, got upon choice Native stock by celebrated imported Bull Rob Roy (Montreal Agricultural Soc'y importation.) Rob Roy has taken several premiums including a first premium as a yearling at an exhibition open to all Scotland, and the first premium of the N. Y. Ag. Soc. at Watertown, 1861. The cows are all young and all with calf by thoroughbred Bulls, and will be sold without reserve, to the highest bidder. Sale commencing March 2d, and to continue until all are disposed of, at the farm of the subscriber, in Pamelia, eight miles north of Watertown, Jeff. Co., N. Y. Terms on all amounts over $100 six months credit on good, approved notes. [943-3t] T. H. ANTHONY.

ONE OF THE BEST STOCK AND GRAIN FARMS IN SOUTHERN OHIO, situate 16 miles from Cincinnati, and three miles back from the Ohio River, containing 300 acres, 200 under cultivation, 100 acres in wood, locust, &c. The farm is finely watered with never-failing springs. The buildings are, a good 2-story Brick Dwelling House, 4 large Barns, Stables, Corn Cribs and all other requisite out-buildings in good order; a good orchard and large lot of young fruit trees, and pleasantly located in a rich, healthy section. Will sell for $16,500. Would take property in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo or Cincinnati in part payment. For further particulars apply to
HUME & SANFORD,
943-3t Real Estate Agents, Buffalo, N. Y.

JACKSON & CO.
Established 1860. [*Licensed by the United States.*]
GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE
of rich and valuable goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Gold and Silver Watches, Carpets, Furniture, Silver Plated Ware, Fine Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., comprising a great variety of useful articles, and each and every article will be sold for $1. We purchase our goods for cash from importers, manufacturers and bankrupt merchants or their assignees. Our method of doing business is as follows:—To any one sending us their address by mail, and twenty-five cents, we will forward by mail a certificate giving the name and description of the article we will send for $1, and then, by returning this certificate with $1, we will forward the article named to their address. We offer the following terms to Agents:

5	Certificates of Articles for		$1 00
12	"	"	1 50
25	"	"	3 00
50	"	"	5 00
100	"	"	10 00

with extra inducements to Agents. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE U. STATES. Send for our Circular.
943-2t JACKSON & CO., 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, Oct. 26, 1867. AWARDED HENRY SEYMOUR & CO., New York, the only Premium Medal for the best SHEEP SHEARS, *Sheep Toe Nippers, Pruning and Hedge Shears*. These SHEEP SHEARS are warranted to be far superior to "Wilkinson's" in durability and finish. Sold by all Hardware and Agricultural Houses.

The *American Agriculturist*, Jan. 1, 1868, says:—"We have hitherto been too much dependent upon England for our best cutlery, and sheep shears were no exception. Hardly willing to trust, without the test of use, our own favorable impressions in regard to the excellence of these sheep shears, made by Henry Seymour & Co., of this city, we have submitted them to the judgment of practical sheep shearers, who are much pleased with them, and to experts in steel manufactures, who pronounce an unqualified approval, confirming us in our own opinions."

JOHN YOUNG'S
(ORIGINAL WRINGER MAN)
MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER,
WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS, AND
ALL WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS.
The subscribers claim to have a Machine so constructed as to work as easily as Clothes Wringers without gear, which entirely obviates the great objection so universally made against all Cog-Wheel Wringers.
The Cog-Wheel Moni or
is the first and only Wringer ever constructed so as to work effectually with Cog-Wheels and self-adjusting Rubber Springs combined, and at the same time keep the cogs in gear and rollers level at both ends.
Time, experience and the public have convinced manufacturers that Clothes Wringers with cog-wheels are much more durable than those without, for the following reasons:
1st. They prevent any strain upon the clothes while being wrung.
2d. They preserve the rollers, as the labor is divided between both rollers, instead of all being done by the lower one to which the crank is attached, as is the case when no cogs are used.
3d. They wring large articles with perfect ease.
N. B.—If it be so, as some manufacturers assert, that *Black Rubber Rollers* are as good and better than White Rubber Rollers, why don't they use all Black Rubber instead of covering it with a thin coating of White Rubber to give them the appearance of All White Rubber Rollers? A liberal discount made to jobbers.
Agents wanted everywhere. Sold everywhere by Grocers and Hardware Dealers. Manufactured by
JOHN YOUNG & SON,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

THE SALEM GRAPE.—REMOVAL.—The SALEM VINE, having exceeded the expectations of its friends, both in unsurpassed hardiness and quality of fruit, the larger portion of the extensive Stock, grown by us from the original purchased of E. S. ROGERS, Esq., of Salem,

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Good and Cheap Books for Ruralists—D D T Moore.
Central Pacific Railroad—Fisk & Hatch.
A Question for Everybody—Orange Judd & Co.
Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment.
Homeopathic Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Grade Ayrshires for Sale at Auction—T H Anthony.
Farm Dairy Cheese Vats—H A Roe.
Seeds! Seeds!—P S Mesereole.
Millar's Patent Cheese Vats—Chas Millar & Son.
Agents (Republicans) Wanted—H L Adams & Co.
Nursery for Sale—Lock Box 58.
Great One Dollar Sale—Jackson & Co.
Monitor Clothes Wringer—John Young & Son.
Revolution in Trade—Parker & Co.
Choice Garden and Flower Seeds—B K Bliss & Son.
Grain Farms for Sale—Hume & Sanford.
To Cranberry Growers—J H Shaw.
2,499 Horticulturists, &c., Wanted—Jno S Collins.
Smuggler—S D Newcomb.
Sheep Shears, &c—Henry Seymour & Co.
Epilepsy, or Fits—Dr O Phelps Brown.
Maple Leaves—Blackie & Co.
Celebrated Poultry Powders—G W Rittenhouse & Co.
Webster's Plans for Laying out Gardens—Wm Webster.
Valuable Farm at Auction—A H Tower.
New Discovery in Making Cider—Box 43.

The News Condenser.

— Saginaw, Mich., makes 400,000 barrels of salt annually.
— An English valet comes into a fortune of £1,000,000.
— Montana red is now the fashionable color in Paris.
— There are 42 Grant Clubs in New Hampshire.
— Goldwin Smith is coming to reside in the U. S.
— The Pope denounces short dresses.
— Codfish sell for 1½ cents per pound in Newburyport.
— Blue birds have appeared in New Haven.
— Gold is at fifteen per cent. premium in Italy.
— There are more than 212,000 Odd Fellows in the U. S.
— Senator Wilson is writing a book.
— Patti will not be married for two years.
— Butler objects to being unbottled with a bullet.
— Gen. Vielle denies that West Point is immoral.
— Six cents a pound is the price of venison in Minn.
— The dog-tax of Vermont yields $10,000.
— The farmers of Nebraska are planting forest trees.
— Monroe, La., has been horrified by two inches of snow.
— More cases of trichina are reported in the city of St. Louis.
— John F. Leih of Magnolia, La., has ripe pears in his orchard.
— A subterranean stream has been discovered at Niagara Falls.
— It is proposed to erect a monument to the late Bishop Hopkins.
— Gardner, Mass., makes more than a million chairs annually.
— Pineapples have been planted in California as an experiment.
— Two hundred and nine divorces were granted in Chicago last year.
— Texas has twenty-two and a half million acres of unimproved land.
— Incendiarism is alarmingly prevalent in Eastern Massachusetts.
— Champagne is made from petroleum. Carte D'Oil it should be called.
— Catholic priests in Italy are rapidly marrying, under the new civil act.
— The Maine State Prison has twelve convicts under sentence of death.
— A boy of fifteen and a girl of fourteen have been married in Cincinnati.
— The President has nominated J. Ross Browne as Minister to China.
— A panther weighing 118½ pounds has been killed in Franklin Co., N. Y.
— There is a great demand for hands in the sugar plantations of Louisiana.
— Prussia thinks of establishing a penal colony on the west coast of Africa.
— The transfer of Maximilian's corpse from Mexico to Austria cost $240,000.
— The Senate has passed the bill creating a commission to test whisky meters.
— Only twenty persons can assemble on the Paris streets at any one place.
— Leap-year sleigh rides appear to be all the rage in New England just now.
— Ohio has sown n greater breadth of wheat this past autumn than ever before.
— A widower in Lowell, Mass., having 31 children has just married his third wife.
— Three thousand bales of cotton were raised in one county of Illinois last year.
— The excess of births over deaths in England is now more than n thousand a day.
— A six hundred cow-power cheese factory is about to be started at Roxbury, Conn.
— A lady recently died in Geneva who had been in a state of lethargy six months.
— William Gilmore Simms, the author, is said to be in very destitute circumstances.
— The workingmen of Washington have begun a series of lectures in aid of the poor.
— The Episcopalians of California have raised $100,000 to found a college at San Jose.
— It has cost nearly three million of dollars to supply the National Banks with notes.
— In 1860 Charleston, S. C., contained 40,000 people; now its numbers barely reach 15,000.
— Wages have been reduced 25 cents a day among the workmen at the Hoosic Tunnel.
— The Little Miami railroad has banished lamps from their cars, and use only candles.
— St. Joseph, Mo., contains 26,000 inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in population.
— Freedmen in Alabama are hiring themselves out for one-fourth of the crop and "found."
— William Aiken, once the wealthiest man in South Carolina, is now said to be the poorest.
— Dr. Livingstone has been seen alive and well in Central Africa by an Arabian merchant.
— The late John Jacob Astor was reduced to idiocy at the age of 17, by the kick of a horse.
— A seedsman of Oxford, Ohio, has raised a gourd capable of holding over eleven gallons.
—Lamartine has requested that his death shall not again be announced until it actually occurs.
— The Governor of Colorado won't sign bills of divorce and there is much misery in consequence.
— The Spiritualists claim that there are 11,000,000 people of their persuasion in the United States.
— A St. Louis insurance company was driven into bankruptcy by the presentation of a claim for $26.
— Gen. Eggleston, formerly of Huntsburgh, is President of the Mississippi Constitutional Convention.
— Private letters from Chicago to the Indianapolis Journal state that Mrs. Lincoln is insane beyond a doubt.
— The Ohio Legislature is going through all the laws of the State, inserting the word "white" in its statutes.
— The State Capitol of California has cost to the present time $800,000 in gold, and will require as much more to complete it.
— White gunpowder is now manufactured in France, which leaves no trace in the gun. It is highly spoken of in military circles.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A QUESTION FOR EVERYBODY

and that includes

You, Reader!

Look at these Figures!

2,860	in One Day.	that is,
1,968	in One Day,	
2,164	in One Day.	21,312
1,707	in One Day.	
2,059	in One Day.	in only 10 Days!
1,618	in One Day.	
2,617	in One Day.	
1,712	in One Day.	
1,931	in One Day.	
2,676	in One Day.	

&c., &c., &c., &c.

EXPLANATION.

The above figures give the exact number of *Subscribers* received per day, for ten days past, by the Publishers of the *American Agriculturist*, and the work has gone on in the same ratio for a long time. The circulation went up to **159,000** last year, and the subscriptions so far this year, are very largely in excess of that or *any* previous year!

What Does it Mean?

Why, simply this, that the former readers, who have *tried* and *proved* the *Agriculturist*, are so convinced of its great value, that they not only continue taking it for themselves, but induce their friends and neighbors to take it also. *Could there be any better evidence of its real value?*

An Edition of 159,000

Copies was required in 1867. At the rate of increase for a month past, the subscription list of the *American Agriculturist* for 1868 will reach **200,000 to 250,000.**

1,000,000 Copies,

at least, and probably 3,000,000 copies, would be wanted this year, if everybody should take the *Agriculturist*, who would be profited by its perusal, *ten times the small cost.*

The Truth Is,

nowhere else can you get *so much real value for so little money*, as you find in the *American Agriculturist*,—so much for YOURSELF,—so much for YOUR WIFE,—so much for your CHILDREN,—whether you live in the CITY, or in a VILLAGE, or in the COUNTRY—whether you be FARMER, or GARDENER, or MECHANIC, or MERCHANT, or MINISTER, or LAWYER, or WHATEVER be your pursuit.

Of Engravings,

The *Agriculturist* contains a large number (**350** to **400** in each volume,)—the most beautiful and instructive published in any journal in this or any other country. The cost of the Engravings alone exceeds *Ten Thousand Dollars* each year. They are finely executed, beautifully printed, and are both pleasing and instructive. *The Engravings are alone worth a great many times the subscription price of the paper.*

Of Original Information,

For the **HOUSEHOLD,**
For the **CHILDREN,**
For the **ORCHARD,**
For the **GARDEN,**
For the **FARM,**
&c., &c.,

The *Agriculturist* is packed *brim-full*. It is not a cheaply gathered, scissors-and-paste-make-up of a paper, but the Publishers employ a large force of the most intelligent and practical, first-class men to be found in the country. These all devote their time and energy to gathering from every possible source just such information as the people need. It is their ambition and pride to print no line that is unreliable and to condense the greatest possible amount of useful information into the least possible space. That they succeed in doing this, is fully proved by the immense number of persons that continue year after year to take and read the *American Agriculturist*. It has now entered upon its *Twenty-Seventh* year, and enjoys a circulation probably exceeding the combined circulation of all other rural periodicals, not only in this country, but in the world!

Reader,

You are invited to TRY the *American Agriculturist* for 1868. You will find it to pay, and *pay* WELL. It costs but $1,50 for the whole year, or *four* copies for $5. Its immense circulation divides the cost of editing, engravings, type-setting, office expenses, etc., among so many that it can be supplied at this low rate. **TRY IT!**

You Want It.

Your Wife Wants It.

Your Children Want It.

AND

You Can Easily Get It.

OF

ORANGE JUDD & CO., Publishers,
245 Broadway, New York.

PRICE ADVANCED—PAR AND INTEREST.

THE

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,

The Best and Principal Portion of the

NATIONAL TRUNK LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

is being rapidly carried forward by an unprecedented working force; and it is reasonably certain that the CONTINUOUS OVERLAND RAILROAD CONNECTION FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE MADE IN 1870.

The United States Government furnishes, upon a subordinate and contingent lien, half the means for constructing the Main Stem Line; and besides an absolute grant of 12,800 acres of valuable public lands per mile, the Central Pacific Railroad Company have received from California sources, donations and concessions worth more than $3,000,000. The available resources of this Company are therefore abundant for the purpose, amounting to $77,000,000 on the first 720 miles of the Line, including Loans secured by a First Mortgage upon the whole property, to the same amount only as the U. S. Subsidy Bonds.

The results already attained, although under comparatively unfavorable circumstances, afford substantial ground for believing the CENTRAL PACIFIC to be the

Most Favored, Productive and Valuable Railroad Enterprise in the Country.

In consequence of the large and rapidly increasing demand, the price of these Bonds has been advanced, and the Company are now offering for sale, a limited amount of their

First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,

Principal and Interest payable in Gold Coin,

in sums of $1,000 each, at par and accrued interest from January 1st, in currency.

These Bonds, it is believed, possess the elements of *safety, reliability and profit*, in a greater degree than any other class of Corporate Securities now offered, and are therefore very desirable for steady investments of surplus capital.

Investors will bear in mind the following advantages:

I. They are the first mortgage on one of the most valuable and productive lines of railroad in the world.
II. The actual earnings from local business in 1867 were more than four times the annual interest engagements.
III. The hard part of the work is now done, and the prospects of rapid completion are favorable.
IV. The Company have liberal subsidies, which enable them to prosecute the work with great vigor.
V. The management has been exceedingly prudent and frugal.
VI. There is already a large and growing settlement on the completed and graded line.
VII. The lands promise to be of immense value, 37,038 acres having been already sold.
VIII. Both principal and interest are explicitly made payable in gold coin.
IX. Both the aggregate amount of issue and their standing in Europe will insure for them continued activity and a high rank among standard securities.

At this time they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment,

Holders of Government Securities have an opportunity of exchanging them for Central Pacific Bonds, bearing an equal rate of interest, with the principal abundantly secured, and of realizing a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent. in addition.

Orders sent with the funds through responsible Banks or Express Companies will receive prompt attention. Bonds sent by return Express to any address in the United States, at our cost. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, &c., furnished on application at the office of the Railroad Company,

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET,
AND OF
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM DAIRY CHEESE VATS.—ROE'S PATENT, the best in the World! Also, Roe's newly improved Vats for associated Dairies and Factories, the best and the cheapest. Circulars, and Rules for Cheese Making, of H. A. ROE, Madison, Lake Co., Ohio. 933-6teo

AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE TO THE **KITCHEN AND FLOWER GARDEN.** NOW READY.

A descriptive work of 140 pages, fully illustrated with a beautiful colored plate and 100 engravings, containing a list of over 2,500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds; also, 150 varieties of the choicest French Hybrid Gladiolus. All the Novelties, both of the Flower and Vegetable, for 1868, will be found described in the above work.

The following testimonials are unsolicited by us, and can be multiplied by hundreds:

From Mr. John Masters, Waukegan, Ill.
"Your GUIDE came safe, and pleases me much; it is the best I ever saw."
From Mrs. E. Fitzgerald, East Sanbornton, Belknap Co., N. H.
"It is with great satisfaction and pleasure I have studied your AMATEUR'S GUIDE. I esteem it very highly. Its pages are full of valuable information, reliable, plain and practical, and attractively conveyed;—just what every new beginner wants."
From T. Hill, Oakland Cottage, Yonkers, N. Y., March 2, 1867.
"It is without exception the best arranged, useful, and instructive work I have seen, for amateurs especially."
From Miss D. W. Miller, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind.
"I have received your GUIDE for the Flower and Kitchen Garden, for which you have my sincere thanks. It is very valuable for all who wish to cultivate flowers and vegetables. But praise from me is needless; it must recommend itself to any one."
From Mr. B. F. Stanley, Greenville, S. C., March 17, 1867.
"Thanks for your AMATEUR GUIDE. It is indeed pleasant, useful and instructive."

Tastefully bound in cloth, 3 colored plates, price, post-paid, 50 cents; in paper covers, post-paid, 25 cents.
Address WASHBURN & CO.,
941-2teo Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

DELAWARE, Maryland and Virginia Lands for SALE—February Catalogue sent free. A. R. WOOLSTON, Real Estate Broker, 512 King St., Wilmington, Del. 942-2t

FRANKLIN BRICK MACHINE—For Simplicity, durability, rapidity and perfection of work is unequalled. J. H. RENICK, 71 Broadway, N. Y., Room 23.

DRAIN TILE MACHINE.—THE BEST IN AMERICA. Send for a Circular.
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AGENTS.—M. WAGNER & CO., MARSHALL, MICH., will pay you $20 to $40 per week, and expenses, to sell their New Useful Inventions. Full particulars sent free to all. 942-2t

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It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can *always* be used with *perfect safety.*

It has long been in constant use by many of our *most eminent physicians*, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

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AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.

A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non-combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.

FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.

The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and

PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY L. HALSEY.

I.

What is friendship? 'Tis a flower
Which its perfume still retains
While its withered form remains,
Mindful of its natal hour,
When it blossomed in the bower.

II.

What is friendship? 'Tis a thought
Which when born can never die,
But for all eternity
Will, its features ne'er forgot,
Live, with good or evil fraught.

III.

What is friendship? 'Tis a star
Lighted by the Hand Divine,
Which shall never cease to shine,
From its glory-crimsoned car,
On this gloomy world afar.

IV.

Thus our love eternal glows,—
Like the star with deathless ray,
Like the thought that lives for aye.
Pure as perfume, when it flows
From the lips of rarest rose.

Trumansburgh, N. Y., 1868.

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 52, last number.]

Chapter V.—Calls.

"I WISH I had gone home before," was the first thought of ADELAIDE, who did not care to be seen *there* by Mr. HOWLAND. It might lead to some inquiries which she would rather should not be made. Still, there was now no escape, and trusting much to the promise of the WARRENS, she stepped back from the door just as Mr. HOWLAND opened it. He seemed greatly surprised at finding her there, and still more surprised when he learned that they were old acquaintances.

"It is kind in her not to desert them in their poverty," he thought, and his manner was still more considerate towards ADELAIDE, who, after standing a few moments, made another attempt to go. "Wait, Miss HUNTINGTON," said he, "it was both raining and snowing when I came in, and you will need an umbrella."

This was just what ADELAIDE wanted, and taking a seat she waited patiently until Mr. HOWLAND signified his readiness to go. Then, bidding ALICE good-night, she whispered to her softly, "You never *will* say a word of father, *will* you?"

"Certainly not," was ALICE'S answer, and in another moment ADELAIDE was in the street walking arm in arm with Mr. HOWLAND, who began to speak of the WARRENS and their extreme poverty.

"It is evident they have seen better days," he said, "but they never seem willing to speak of the past. Did he meet with a reverse of fortune?"

For a moment ADELAIDE was silent, while she revolved the propriety of saying what she finally did say, and which was,—"Yes,—they met with reverses, but as *they* are unwilling to talk about it, I, too, had better say nothing of a matter which cannot now be helped."

"Certainly not, if it would be to their detriment," said Mr. HOWLAND, a painful suspicion entering his mind.

Hitherto he had regarded Mr. WARREN as the soul of integrity, but ADELAIDE'S manner, even more than her words, implied that there was something wrong, and hardly knowing what he said, he continued,—"Was it anything dishonorable?"

"If you please, I would rather say nothing about it," answered ADELAIDE. "I don't wish to do them harm, and I dare say they regret it more than any one else can do."

Mentally pronouncing her a "very prudent, conscientious girl," Mr. HOWLAND walked on in silence, feeling the while that something was taken from him. He had become much interested in the helpless old blind man, and in his writing-desk at home was a receipt in full for the first quarter's rent, then due in a few days. But Mr. HOWLAND was a man of stern integrity, hating anything like fraud or deceit, and if Mr. WARREN had been guilty of either, he was not worthy of respect. ALICE, too, though she might not have been in fault, did not seem quite the same, and now as he thought of her, there was less of beauty in the deep blue of her eyes and the wavy tresses of her hair.

"Will you go in? 'Tis a long time since you were here," said ADELAIDE, when at last they reached her mother's door.

Her invitation was accepted, and the clock struck eight ere Mr. HOWLAND arose to leave. Accompanying him to the door, ADELAIDE said, imploringly, "I trust you will forget our conversation concerning those WARRENS. You know I didn't really *tell* you anything."

Mr. HOWLAND bowed and walked away, wishing in his heart that "she had not told him anything," or at least had not created in his mind a suspicion against people he had hitherto liked so much. So absorbed was he in his meditations that he did not at first observe the slender figure which, wrapping its thin shawl close around it, came toiling on, but when the young girl had reached him and the rude north wind blew the brown curls over her white face, he knew it was ALICE WARREN, and his first impulse was to offer her his arm and shield her from the storm. But ADELAIDE'S dark insinuations were ringing in his ears, and so ALICE went on alone, while the rain and the sleet beat upon her head and the cold penetrated through her half-worn shoes, chilling her weary feet, and sending a shiver through her frame. But she did not heed it,—did not even think of the driving storm, so eager was she to be at home, where she could count the contents of the little box and see if with the money received to-night there were not enough to pay the quarter's rent.

But the blind man, listening to the storm, knew how cold his darling would be, and groping in the darkness, he added fresh fuel to the fire, and then swept up the hearth, placing her chair a little nearer to his own, so it would seem pleasant to her when she came. Poor, helpless man! He could not see,—nay, he had never seen his child, but he could fancy just how bright and beautiful she would look, sitting at his side with the fire *he* had made shining on her hair; and when at last she came, he clasped her little red hands between his own, rubbing, kissing and pitying them, until he felt that they were warm. Then, seated in his chair, he listened while she counted the silver coin, dropping it piece by piece into his palm and bidding him guess its value by its size. It was all numbered at last, and very joyfully ALICE said to her father, "There is enough to pay our rent, and we have been comfortable, too, thanks to Miss ELINOR, who has saved us many a shilling by her timely acts of charity."

Yes, Miss ELINOR had been to them a ministering angel, and however much she might be disliked at the White House on the Hill, she was loved and honored at the Brown House in the Hollow, and that night when ALICE WARREN sought her pillow, she breathed a prayer for the kind woman who was yet to befriend her in more ways than one.

Chapter VI.—Pay-Day.

MISS ELINOR sat alone in her pleasant parlor, bending over her bit of embroidery, and setting her needle into the dainty fabric in a manner plainly indicating a mind ill at ease. And for a lady of her temperament, Miss ELINOR *was* a good deal disturbed. During the last week her brother had spent *four* evenings at the White House on the Hill, and though she, his sister, had unreservedly given him her opinion of the young lady ADELAIDE, he persisted in saying she was the most agreeable and intelligent girl in Oakland. It was in vain that she told him of the *wristband*, saying "she presumed they sewed secretly for a living."

He only smiled incredulously, telling her, however, that "he should like ADELAIDE all the better, if he found she was skilled in *shirt-making*."

In short, Miss ELINOR began to have some well-founded fears that she should yet have an opportunity of *making that house uncomfortable*, both to herself and the wife her brother might bring there, and it was this reflection which made her so nervous as she sat there alone that pleasant March afternoon.

"I would rather he should marry little ALICE WARREN,—blind father and all," she thought, just as the door opened softly, and "little ALICE WARREN" stood within the room.

"I have been to the store to see Mr. HOWLAND," she said, "and as he was not there I have come to the house, hoping to find him, for I would rather give the money into his hand, and know there was no mistake."

"What money, child?" asked Miss ELINOR, and ALICE replied that "it was *pay-day*," at the same time opening the little box and showing her the pieces of money she had saved from her earnings.

Miss ELINOR did not know of the receipt lying in her brother's writing-desk, but she resolved that not a penny should be taken from that box, and bidding ALICE be seated on a little stool at her feet, she told her to wait till her brother came. Then, when she saw how languid and tired ALICE seemed, she laid her head upon her lap, smoothing the long, brown curls until the weary girl fell asleep, dreaming that 'twas her mother's hand which thus so tenderly carressed her hair. For half an hour she slumbered on, and then Mr. HOWLAND came, treading carefully and speaking low, as his sister, pointing to the sleeping girl, bade him not to wake her.

"Look at her though. Isn't she pretty?" she whispered, and Mr. HOWLAND, gazing upon that fair, childish face, felt that he had seldom seen a more beautiful picture.

In a few words Miss ELINOR told why she was there, adding, in conclusion, "but you won't take it, of course. You are rich enough without it, and 'twill do them so much good."

"I never intended to take it," answered Mr. HOWLAND, and going to his library, he soon returned with the receipt, which he laid within the box.

Just then a new idea presented itself to the mind of Miss ELINOR. They would change the silver, she said, into a *bill*, which they could roll up with the receipt and place in ALICE'S pocket while she slept. This plan met with her brother's approval, and when at last ALICE awóke, the box was empty, while Mr. HOWLAND, to whom she told her errand, blushing deeply to think he had found her sleeping, replied indifferently, "Yes, I found it there, and I like your promptness."

At that moment Miss ELINOR left the room, and when she returned, she bore a basket of delicacies for the blind man, who, even then, was standing in the open door at home and listening anxiously for the footsteps which did not often linger so long. He heard them at last, and though they were far down the street he knew they were *hers*, and closing the door he passed his hands carefully over the tea-table, which he himself had arranged, feeling almost a childish joy as he thought how surprised ALICE would be.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, when at last she came bounding in, "how *could* you fix it so nicely, and only think, Miss ELINOR has sent you so many good things,—here's a turkey, and cranberry sauce, and pie, and cheese, and jelly-cake, and white sugar,—and everything! I mean, for once, to eat just as much as I want," and the delighted girl arranged the tempting viands upon the table, telling her father, the while, how pleased Mr. HOWLAND was at her promptness.

"He gave you a receipt, I suppose," Mr. WARREN said, and ALICE replied, "Why, no, I never thought of a receipt. I'm so sorry," and in her confusion she hit her hand against the hissing teapot she had just placed upon the table.

The slight burn which she received made her handkerchief necessary, and, in feeling for it, she touched the little roll which Miss ELINOR had placed within her pocket. Drawing it forth, and examining its contents, she experienced, for an instant, sensations similar to those which *Benjamin's* brethren may be supposed to have felt when the silver cup was found in their possession.

"What does it mean?" she exclaimed, reading aloud the receipt and examining the bill, which amounted exactly to the quarter's rent.

The blind man *knew* what it meant, and, bowing his white head upon his bosom, he silently thanked GOD who had raised them up friends in their sore need. Upon ALICE, the surprise produced a novel effect, moving her first to laughter and then to tears, and, notwithstanding her intention of "once eating as much as she liked," she forgot to taste of the many delicacies spread out so temptingly before her. In her estimation they were almost *rich* again, and never, perhaps, came sleep to her more sweetly than on that night, when she knew that the contents of the little box were *theirs*, to do with as they pleased.

Several evenings after this, they were surprised by a call from Mr. HOWLAND, who had not visited them before since the night when he had found ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON there. Thoughts of ALICE, however, as she lay sleeping on his sister's lap, had haunted him. *She* was innocent of wrong, he was sure, and to see *her* he had come. That old man, too, with the snow-white hair shading his truthful-looking face, 'twas hard to believe there was aught of evil in him, and, after receiving as best he could their thanks for his generosity, he resolved to question them a little of the past, so he commenced by asking ALICE if she had been intimately acquainted with ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON.

Remembering her promise, ALICE seemed much embarassed, and answered hastily, "We were never intimate," while at the same time she glanced towards her father, whose voice trembled slightly as he rejoined, "I had business transactions with ADELAIDE'S father, but our families seldom met."

The next moment he was talking of something else,—his manner plainly indicating that any further allusion to the HUNTINGTONS was not desired.

"There *is* something wrong, or they would not be so unwilling to talk of their former life," Mr. HOWLAND thought, and with his suspicions strengthened, he soon took his leave, stopping by the way to call on ADELAIDE, whose eyes beamed a joyous welcome as he entered the *parlor*, that being the place where she now received his frequent calls.

Her mother was in the way in the sitting-room, she said, and whenever she had reason for expecting him, she made a fire in the parlor, shutting up the stove and turning down the lamp until the ringing of the bell announced his arrival; then, while old PEGGY hobbled to the door, she opened the draught and turned up the lamp, so that by the time Mr. HOWLAND was ushered in, everything looked cheerful and inviting. By this means, too, she escaped another annoyance, that of being urged to play; for, if Mr. HOWLAND did not see the piano, he was not as likely to ask her to sing, and she had already nearly exhausted her powers of invention in excuses for her indifferent playing and the style of her music.

"Ma insisted upon her taking old pieces," she said, "but by-and-by, when she had a new piano, she should do differently."

Fortunately for her Mr. HOWLAND was not a musical man and was thus more easily deceived. On the evening of which we are speaking, after listening awhile to her sprightly remarks, he suddenly changed the conversation by saying he had been to see Mr. WARREN, "and he told me," said he, "that he once did business with your father."

Turning her face away to hide its startled expression ADELAIDE asked hastily, "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing," replied Mr. HOWLAND. "He would not talk of the past."

"I should not suppose he would," quickly rejoined ADELAIDE,—then, after a moment, coming to his side, she continued, "Mr. HOWLAND, I wish you would promise never to mention that subject again, either to me or those WARRENS. It can do no good, and a knowledge of the truth might injure some people in your estimation. Promise me, will you?"

Her hand was laid imploringly upon his arm, her handsome, dark eyes looked beseechingly into his, and as most men under similar circumstances would have done, *he promised*, whic ADELAIDE, mentally congratulated herself upon the fact that his business never took him to the city where she had formerly lived and where the name of *Huntington* had scarcely yet ceased to be a by-word in the street. Mr. HOWLAND was much pleased with her, she knew, and if they could manage to keep up appearances a little longer, he might be secured. One thing, however, troubled her, "*Pay-day*," was near at hand, but alas for the wherewithal to pay! 'Twas not in her mother's purse, nor yet in any other purse whence they could procure it. Still ADELAIDE trusted much to her inventive genius, and when she bade Mr. HOWLAND good-night, chatting gayly as she accompanied him to the door, he little dreamed how her mind was distracted with ways and means by which to dupe him still more effectually.

Three weeks passed away, and then as Miss ELINOR sat one evening with her brother she asked him if Mrs. HUNTINGTON'S *rent* were not that day due.

"Possibly, though I have not given it a thought," Mr. HOWLAND answered, his voice indicating that he neither deemed it essential for himself to be particular or his sister to be troubled about Mrs. HUNTINGTON'S rent.

As far as dollars and cents were concerned, Miss ELINOR was *not* troubled, though she *did* think it doubtful whether ADELAIDE would be as prompt as ALICE had been. But, when, as if to verify a proverb not necessary to be repeated here, ADELAIDE came to the door, almost before her brother had ceased speaking, she began to think her supicions groundless and her manner was quite conciliatory towards the young lady, who, after throwing back her veil of dotted lace and fidgeting awhile in her chair, managed to say, "It is very humiliating to me, Mr. HOWLAND, to tell you what *ma* says I must. She fully expected that the agent who does her business would have sent her money ere this, but as he has not, she cannot pay you to-day. Shall we pack up our things at once?" she continued playfully, as she saw the expression on Mr. HOWLAND'S face.

"Perhaps you *had* better," he answered in the same strain, continuing in a more sober tone, "Tell your mother not to be concerned about the rent. It does not matter if 'tis not paid until the end of the year."

ADELAIDE drew a relieved breath, while Miss ELINOR dropped her embroidery and involuntarily gave vent to a contemptuous "umph."

The sound caught ADELAIDE'S ear and thinking to herself "*stingy old thing*,—afraid they will lose it, I dare say," she made her call as brief as possible. Nodding to her civilly as she arose to go, Miss ELINOR turned to her brother, saying, "You know, RICHARD, you are to go with me to-night to call on JENNY HAYES."

But RICHARD *did not know any such thing*, and as his distressed sister saw him going down the walk with ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON on his arm, she muttered, "I'd like to see the *man* who could make such a fool of *me* as *that girl* has made of *him*!" A wish not likely to be verified, considering that she had already lived *forty-five* years *without seeing the man*.—[To be continued.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.—There are three things supremely incomprehensible:—Time, Distance, Velocity. Of time, we are always its possessors but never possess it. The past is gone, the present is going, and the future has not come to us. As for distance, we may indeed gaze into its realms, but who can measure its profundity but Him whom "the heaven of heavens cannot contain?" Science makes the brain reel as it sends down its sounding lines, but what they bring up is but sand grains from the fathomless caves and vaster immensities of eternity's ocean. And of velocity, we pause utterly confounded at the idea of light moving twelve millions of miles a minute and sweeping down to us from stars so remote that it takes 35,000 years to accomplish the journey.

ADVERSITY exasperates fools, dejects cowards, draws out the faculties of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the opulent, and makes the idle industrious.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. H. A. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 28 letters.
My 22, 2, 1, 5 is a species of poetry.
My 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 17 is a poem.
My 7, 6, 16, 9, 8 is an end.
My 19, 13, 26, 14, 28, 15, 3 we are often called upon to bear.
My 28, 18, 20 is to secure.
My 23, 25, 33, 37 often speaks when not addressed.
My 31, 24, 27, 28 is a species of habitation.
My 30, 34, 35, 36 is one of the parts of speech.
My 32, 29, 10, 30, 9, 14 is a game.
My whole is an ancient proverb. C. W. B.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 15 is a preposition.
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 14 is a noun.
My 1, 7 is a preposition.
My 3, 4, 8 is sometimes a conjunction.
My 2, 4 is an interjection.
My 5, 14, 9, 15 is a verb.
My 6, 10, 5 is a noun.
My whole was a saying of Pope.
Dansville, N. Y. ARTHUR T. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

EHT derpis reaws a nilap wornb serds,
Dan esh si a teadsy nipsren;
To ese reh, tieqn sa a suome,
Ginog touba reh revlis sohue,
Oyn lodnw reven, vener, evern snegs
Het yaw esh tegs reh nidner.

Wells, Pa. ALICE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first and my second a pronoun make;
Cut off my head, my home is in the lake;
My whole is useful every step you take.

Norwich, N. Y. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 941.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Curses come home to roost.

We have received a large number of answers to Illustrated Prize Rebus in No. 940 of the RURAL. The prize is awarded to S. J. KIMBALL, Washington, D. C., for the first correct rendering, which is as follows:—"Greatly enlarged, improved and beautified in appearance, MOORE'S RURAL excels all contemporaries."

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

THE reason egotism is deceitful—Because it is all in your I.

MORE than a miracle—when a prisoner is "taken from the dock unmoved."

WE believe Noah brewed beer in the Ark. A kangaroo was seen going on board with hops.

WHY is a loafer in a newspaper office like a shade tree? Because we are glad when he leaves.

WHY is an author the most wonderful man in the world? Because his tail comes out of his head.

A TRAVELER who was detained an hour by some mischance, shortened his stay by "making a minute of it."

"JOHN, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door next morning."

AN editor says the only reason why his house was not blown over in the late gale was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "How shall I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

A LITTLE girl, happening to hear her mother speaking of going into half mourning, said:—"why are we going into half mourning, mamma? Are any of our relations half dead?"

EXCHANGE is generally profitable. The American people are now giving Dickens plenty of American notes. He gave the people a quantity in 1843. Nothing like a balance of accounts.

A LITTLE girl was lately reproved for playing out doors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was too big for that now. "Why, grandma, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

"WHY do the swallows build in my chimney?" said Squibobs to Quilp. Quilp gave it up. "Tho swallows build in my chimney," remarked Sqibobs, "because they have a tendency to my grate." (migrate.)

NOT liking the play of the "Lady of Lyons," as performed at Salt Lake, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he "wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a fuss over one woman."

A MAN who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition," as lawyers calls it. "A cross petition," exclaimed the husband; "that's just like her. She never did a good-natured thing in her life."

IN reply to Ike's question of "what Mr. Seward meant when he said he wanted St. Thomas for a *coaling* station," Mrs. Partington (after rubbing her forehead thoughtfully for a moment with the bow of her silver spectacles,) replied, "It must be because it shakes so, Isaac, and is, therefore, a good place *to sift the ashes*."

"THAT is probably the oldest piece of furniture in America," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, and pointing to a venerable looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years." "Pshaw, that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "*Indeed?*" "Yes, the *multiplication table*."

THEODORE TILTON had just entered a hotel in a Western town, and was going up stairs, very travel-stained, to change his toilet, when he encountered on the 2d floor an over-dressed and vulgar woman—"Are you the porter?" questioned the woman, laying her hand upon Theodore's arm. "No, madam," was the quiet response; "Are you the chambermaid?"

A LITTLE boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out (the child at his side,) when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck, with the impassioned cry:—"Oh, doggie, doggie! and did ye live wi' your uncle, too, that ye are so thin?"

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE following works on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other Books on RURAL AFFAIRS, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices—and shall add new works as published.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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AGRICULTURAL.

CAPITAL IN FARMING.

A VERY successful and intelligent British farmer, having traveled extensively in this country, remarks:—"The greatest need in American Agriculture is the application of capital; and what surprised me most was an evident lack of knowledge in a large class of otherwise intelligent farmers about its proper use in their business." We think he might have evinced surprise also at the unwillingness and distrust manifested by the majority of our farmers in embarking capital in their legitimate operations. It may be explained that capital in this sense designated accumulated property aside from the stock, tools and farm. Now this distrust and unwillingness to use his surplus money in farming, may be partly accounted for when we consider the early circumstances of the American farmer. Without capital he carved his home from the wilderness by hard labor. Debt was his primary condition. Money was a higher kind of property than land or labor, and its fortunate possessor was a man of ease, influence and power. Hence arose his ambition for hard cash and broad acres. It will take time to destroy the influence of these ideas, but already it begins to dawn on his mind that to double the products and profits of one acre is better than to buy another, and that in his own legitimate business—the one he knows most of—is the place to invest accumulated money.

Instead of trying with how little money he can conduct his business, the farmer should endeavor to invest as much as possible in it, and have it repay good interest. And this can be done in various ways. You are satisfied, perhaps, that manure enough is not used on the land, and the problem is how to increase it. With suitable buildings for the accommodation of stock, you are satisfied you could feed enough to make the requisite manure at a profit. Then it will be a good investment to make the buildings. Or a field is wet, needs underdraining. It will cost say thirty dollars per acre; ten acres, three hundred dollars. That may seem a large sum to put into such improvements, but remember they are permanent, and the field has got to return only an increase of a trifle more than two dollars per acre each year to pay seven per cent. on the outlay. And as the cost of cultivating the crops is never more, but often less, and the increased production frequently from five to twenty-five dollars per acre, no investment which a farmer can safely make promises better than this. So investments in better breeds of stock—not the fancy class, however—but substantially better breeds at reasonable prices; in the best seed; in labor-saving tools; in fruit trees,—all pay better, we fain believe, than railroad or oil stock, or patent rights. Let the farmer turn his attention to his land, not away from it, to increase his income; there is his safest and most profitable place of investment. That business he is partly master of, at least, and in conducting it himself holds the helm.

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER TWO.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON WHEAT, SOILS AND CLIMATES.

WHEAT being a plant of comparatively small fiber roots, which do not extend so deeply into the soil and subsoil in search of nutriment as the roots of clover, maize and many others, it cannot organize its seeds and bring them to full growth and maturity, in quantity, on poor land. Hence, this cereal is perhaps the best of all our staple crops to reveal any natural defect in arable soils, or poverty arising from defective tillage or bad husbandry on the part of the farmer. Ground that yields large crops of wheat with fair cultivation *must* abound in the elements of all agricultural plants in an available condition. A field or a farm that produces wheat easily and naturally may be regarded as reliable (with rare exceptions,) for growing grass, corn, oats, clover and other crops adapted to the climate.

Viewing the subject in the light of these facts, it is easy to understand why virgin fertility in all the States gives better crops of wheat, on common uplands, than they yield after some years of tillage, and the removal of crops have impoverished the limited pasture of the roots of this important cereal. There is but one common-sense and perfect cure for sick wheat fields that once produced large harvests of this grain; and that is the restoring to the soil of the raw material consumed, or in some way removed by cultivation, out of which nature forms large and sound wheat. To diversify and rotate crops will palliate the evil, and render plant food available for making wheat that would not otherwise come within the reach of its fibrous roots. Clover does this in a remarkable degree if skillfully managed. But is it possible for a peck of clover seed and one hundred pounds of gypsum, sown on an acre, to give to the soil as much phosphorus and assimilable nitrogen as twenty bushels of wheat remove? It is obvious that the clover seed and plaster of Paris cannot add to the impoverished acre a thousandth part of the phosphorus and nitrogen, potash and chlorine removed in one crop of wheat. The restitution is demonstrably exceedingly deficient. If clover and gypsum do not and cannot replace the *things* in the soil that form wheat, how can the growing of any other plant give more phosphorus to the ground than it draws out of it? The long tap roots of clover, turnips and cotton draw the elements of wheat from the deep subsoil, if permeable, and may give them in quantity to the surface soil. In this way many recuperate wheat fields; but where wheat is exported from the farm, the time comes when the subsoil is not less exhausted of its available potash and phosphorus than the surface soil. Now the old field is equally clover sick, turnip sick and wheat sick, and all because the great principle of sound husbandry has been violated—that of making perfect restitution to mother Earth for our daily bread.

There are in the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States many millions of acres of marl and rotten limestone lands that abound in all the constituents of wheat, whose climate is too damp, and perhaps too hot, for wheat culture to be safe and profitable. Rice, sugar cane, Sea Island cotton, tobacco and corn pay better in the swamp districts of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Louisiana than wheat. Wherever the air and soil are not too moist wheat is raised advantageously, and it is soon to become an important staple in the old Cotton States. North of some of these States, in the great Southwest, the business is extending, and begins to open out a brilliant future. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

CITY MEN AS FARMERS.

AMONG the most rapturous in praise of Agriculture is the city merchant, who has spent long years behind his counter, watching eagerly for a customer from morning till late in evening, only seeing his family a few minutes at breakfast, with hardly a moment's rest save on the Sabbath; or the lawyer, after years of confinement among musty books, spending all day consulting with clients, and half the night looking up authorities and strengthening his case to be tried on the morrow; or the doctor, weary with seeing humanity suffering all the "ills that flesh is heir to," giving encouragement here and warning there, depleting his own life currents in sympathy with his distressed patients; or the mechanic, amid the constant clattering of engines, rolling of wheels, buzzing of saws, thundering of hammers, deafening sounds, straining nerve and eye that his work may be perfect,—each has in his imagination a paradise, away from all accounts, clients, patients, noise and turmoil, where spread out the green fields, hill and dale and lawn and cultivated fields of golden grain, where murmur the clear streams, low and bleat the herds and flocks, where tall trees in clumps or solitary, shrubs and climbing vines and flowers, surround a modest, picturesque cottage, on a gentle swelling elevation, with carol of birds and humming of bees—all set in the glory of the beautiful sunshine. None so hopeful, none see such pictures of rural beauty and plenty as the city man. He always hopes some day to possess this enchanting home.

Not long since, friend B., one of those sober enthusiasts, after giving me a glowing picture of what he called "rural happiness," and the plenty he supposed to surround every wise man so fortunate as to own a farm—and, suddenly, calling to mind an acquaintance who had been to the country for a few years, and returned to the city minus his cash, but a wiser man, said with great earnestness, "Can you tell me why city men are, generally, unsuccessful as farmers?"

To be sure I can. I have studied the anatomy of that question, and will dissect it for your special benefit.

1st. He tries a business he does not understand and has not prepared himself for, which is very apt to be fatal in any business.

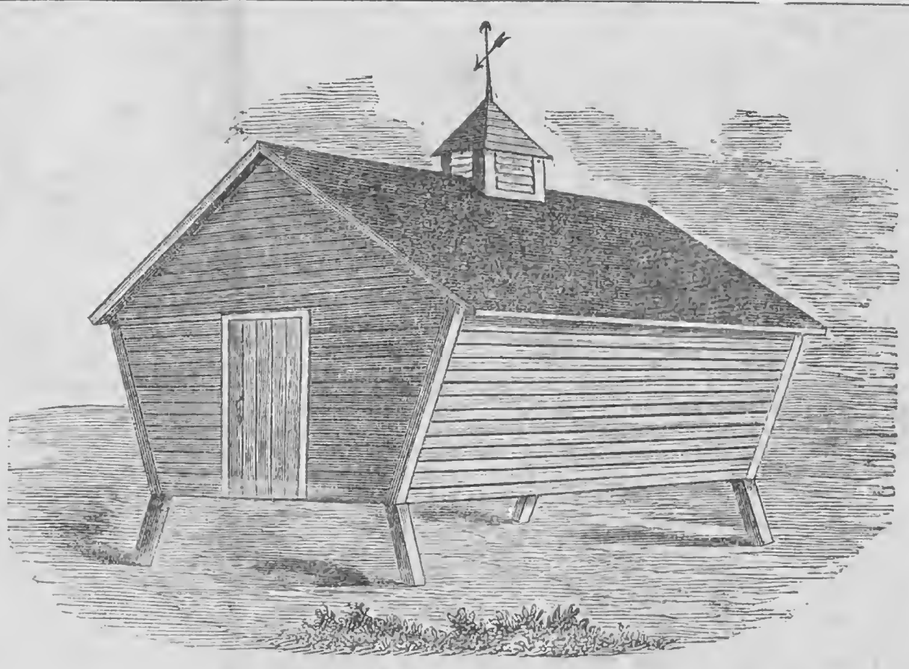
2d. Most city men have an exaggerated opinion of the whole matter, almost imagine that the productions of the farm are spontaneous, only requiring to be gathered by the fortunate owner.

3d. Being a proprietor, he thinks the margin of profits will warrant a liberal outlay for help, and his labor is expended at a disadvantage for the first year or two, which, instead of being paid for by the profits of his farm, absorbs much of his ready capital.

4th. If he succeeds from the start in producing as much from his farm as his neighbors, and works it every way as profitably, yet he inevitably comes out behind—because he does not understand the masterly economy of the native bred farmer—he cannot live on his income. And this latter fact is the principal cause of failure. Nine-tenths of the disappointments of city men in Agriculture, have arisen from their inability to live on the ordinary income of a farm, and not because they did not produce as much as their neighbors.

Many instances can be pointed out, where city men, entirely unaccustomed to farm management, but possessing active, practical minds, have, in a few years, greatly improved the management and production of their farms, increasing the net income at least fifty per cent., and yet, after all, abandoned the farm in despair, and gone back to the city, because they could not bring their expenditures within their incomes. And yet, these very cases were charged to incapacity to manage a farm. The fact is, that many farmers called successful, are so, not because they have shown great skill in producing the largest crops, the best animals and the greatest income, but because they appreciate the smallest fraction of a dollar, and have less wants than their neighbors. They have accumulated a few thousand dollars by a system of scientific pinching. We protest, that this is not successful farming, but successful intellectual and moral starvation! The city man accustomed to seeing capital turned four times a year, finds it hard to realize that in farming the return is, generally, only once a year, and that it requires a much larger capital to do the same amount of business in agriculture than trade. Suppose the farm to be of moderate size, say one hundred acres, and to be worth $6,000; as generally worked, it is a good farm that pays seven per cent. clear profit on its value. This would give $420 income, whereas the city merchant or manufacturer has been in the habit of realizing twenty per cent. on his capital, say $2,000, and when this is cut down to $420 he finds his income short of his necessities. But if he can manage to live on his farm he finds his capital much safer than in city trade. His farm *remains* after a year of bad management, ready to respond generously the next year, to better culture. Not so his city capital when embarked in an unsuccessful enterprise, it disappears never to return.

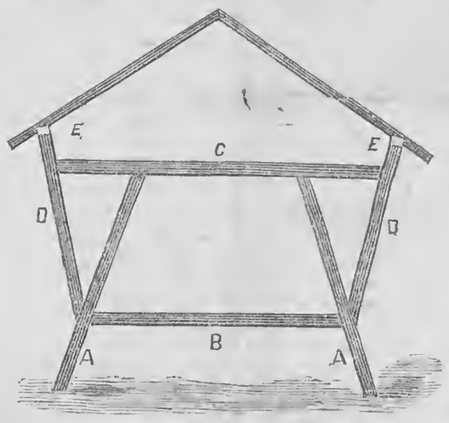
The only safety for the city man turned farmer, consists in his using his active brain to produce an income from his farm adequate to his wants, or in studying the still more difficult branch of science, mastering the economy that will enable him to graduate his wants to his income. He will, in fact, find both these necessary. But let him go to the country with his great love of her scenery and simple pleasures, determined to be a close student of Agriculture, to make an advance every year in its practice, studying how to produce the most and with the greatest profit, subjecting all its details to the most exact figures—and in his household studying to lop off every unnecessary expense, foregoing all mere luxuries, still providing abundantly all that produces health and strength of body and mind—let him do all this, and let him persevere and not faint, and he will soon be quoted as a most successful Agriculturist. Let these examples be multiplied as they may be, and then the question will be, "Can you tell me how it is that these city men come from their counters, their workshops and their offices, to the country and so outstrip, in a few years, the native bred farmers?"—E. W. S.



AN OHIO CORN-HOUSE—ELEVATION.

EDS. RURAL:—With this I send you a design for a corn-house. Although it is a little more troublesome to build than a common square frame, it has several advantages over ordinary ones, such as greater strength and stability and more room for the same flooring and boarding; the only additional expense being a little larger roof. In the end view the posts, A, A, are framed into the tie or beam, C, and connected at the bottom by the sill, B. The side pieces, D, D, may be framed or bolted at the bottom, and are mortised to receive the tenons of the beam, C, and framed into the plates, E, E, at the top. There are only two of these bents joined by the plates at the top and two girts or sills at the bottom. A brace or two might be necessary on the sides. This frame is very strong, and from its form needs no bracing, while its slanting sides, together with the method of boarding, will almost certainly prevent rain or snow from blowing in upon the corn. The bottom of the cribs should be made of slats, with a passage in the middle of tight floor. The boarding is of strips one by four inches, with the edges beveled; cracks one-fourth inch. A corn-house of this kind built 10 by 12, with cribs three feet wide at bottom, on the far end and two sides, will contain five hundred and thirty bushels of corn if six feet high from the floor to the eaves. It is very much preferable to a crib, as it is more convenient and durable, and secure from the depredations of rats and mice.

Kinsman, Ohio, 1868. W. A. C.



END VIEW OF FRAME.

WHEAT—LARGE STRAW, LITTLE GRAIN.

S. CUMMINGS, Erie Co., Pa., writes:—"In growing winter wheat I can usually get straw enough, but I seldom get over fifteen bushels of grain per acre, and oftentimes less. How shall I increase the yield of grain? I top dress with barn-yard manure. My farm lies in a valley; a part of the soil is very gravelly, and some a creek bottom, composed of loam and muck, with gravel subsoil. I can raise good clover and timothy."

Perhaps we cannot better answer our correspondent's queries than by quoting what that well known and highly successful farmer, JOHN JOHNSTON, says:

"You may rely upon it, that it is only by a mixed husbandry, and a large part of it stock of either cattle or sheep, or part of both, that farmers can profitably raise grain. I don't know of any country or nation that is so remiss in feeding the earth they cultivate as the United States. But this mode of management cannot go on much longer, else we will ere long export nothing that is food for man. I had only 22 acres in wheat, and *sold* 512 bushels. My neighbor on the south had 46 acres in wheat, most all summer-fallowed, and he told me he had only about 400 bushels to sell. He, twenty to forty years ago, raised good crops, but latterly his crops have *dwindled* down to almost nothing. His wheat in 1866 was not half so good as this year. The reason of his failure is, he keeps almost no stock, and what he does keep he feeds on straw in winter, excepting his horses. When straw alone is fed to stock, the stock is only straw when spring comes, and the manure is worse than straw; it would, I think, do more good to the land before passing through the stomachs of the cattle. Now, this farmer is only a specimen of many we yet have in Seneca county. I am feeding 265 sheep this winter, and six head of cattle; have ten tons of oil meal to feed out, besides my corn. I had by far the best crop I heard of in this part of the country, but I will not get it all fed out this winter. I contracted for my oil cake meal when I thought my corn must be a failure. I am drawing swamp muck two and a half miles; put a good deal in my yards before I put in my sheep and cattle, and spread straw over it. I have a basin in the lower part of one yard, that I put thirty loads in; the remainder I am putting in where the liquids run out of one yard. I expect to get in all 150 loads, and large ones; I get as large loads as I wish to draw for 36 cents, dug out ready to load, and the road is and has been as smooth as glass and as hard as iron, as ever since July we have had, and still have, a great drouth; our wheat looks bad. I mix my sheep and cattle dung with the muck. When I sell my sheep in March or first of April, I expect to have 450 loads of the very best of manure to put on my land next August or September. I have 75 loads of muck home, and will keep drawing so long as the roads are good."

ESSAY ON CIDER MAKING.

AT the request of my friend D. D. T. MOORE, I undertake to give to the public, through the columns of his valuable paper, the results of my experience in cider making.

In the year 1825 my brother and myself came into possession and management of four hundred and fifty acres of land near the south shore of Lake Erie, where I now reside. On this farm was a bearing orchard of four hundred apple trees, natural fruit. Some of these trees the pioneer who preceded us had raised in a nursery of his own, obtaining the seeds from Detroit—early famous for its excellent apples of French origin—and some were trees which had been plucked up by him around an Indian village, where they sprang up spontaneously, and set out in the virgin soil of his new possession, had grown to be large trees. The apples of this orchard were mostly mellow ripe in October; many of them were sweet, only a few were very acid, and generally were excellent dessert apples. In order to dispose to advantage the fruit of this orchard, we built a cider mill, and I applied myself with great diligence to obtain information about cider making from every source accessible to me. The pioneer settlers from Connecticut—rare spirits many of them were—gave me, in conversation, much valuable information. The processes of different wine countries I diligently collated, and my brother and I, as we worked at the business, added our own experience. The result was that we made a cider which attained celebrity because it was fine, sweet, sparkling and highly fragrant, and because it would retain its good qualities kept in barrels, and continue to improve during the heat of summer. To impart the practical information thus obtained to the readers of the RURAL is the object of this essay.

KIND OF APPLES.

For cider, apples should be mellow ripe in October. Early windfalls, together with apples which have long laid upon the ground and culled winter apples, should be reserved for vinegar. The rapid and hasty fermentation which occurs in cider in hot weather, answers well for vinegar, but is very bad for cider. All other things being right in cider, yet success still depends upon skillfully conducting the vinous fermentation. In order to do this a good cellar and November weather are essential. It follows that cider apples should be mellow ripe about the last of October. The Harrison Crab, and some other varieties, have been highly recommended as specially good for cider. Of this I have had no practical knowledge.

GATHERING THE APPLES.

Where mixed husbandry demands economy in the arrangements of labor, cider apples may be gathered in October, immediately preceding corn husking. The apples, free from leaves or other adventitious matter, should be piled upon floors, under cover, and may there be allowed to mellow and ripen while the corn crop is being secured. Some rot will, of course, occur,—but I never could taste its flavor in the cider, and the benefit of this house ripening greatly overbalances any damage from rot.

GRINDING.

Early in November—remembering that in this climate the 20th often dates the settled reign of winter—it is time to hasten the work of cider making. A crushing or mashing process is preferable to a rasping or grating one. Let the pomace be reduced to a fine pulp, so finely crushed that many of the apple seeds will be ruptured by the process. It is important that this grinding should precede the pressing from twelve to twenty-four hours, and that the pomace, stored in a vat of dimensions to contain enough for a cheese, should be worked and turned over with scoop shovels during the grinding as one would work mortar. Pomace so managed will become of a snuff-brown color, and all the virtues of the apple will have been, as it were, disintegrated, and ready to be extracted from the mass. French authors advise that the must of grapes should stand before pressing until it becomes slightly "*piquant*." I do not think this advisable for apples, because in cider all that hastens fermentation should be avoided. If, however, an apple be pressed in a hand press, the juice will be light-colored, thin, and watery. If then the juice be returned to the apple, and the mixture be allowed to stand twenty-four hours, a good improvement will be apparent in the color, body and flavor of the cider.

PRESSING.

For convenience, cleanliness, and for the greater clearness of the apple juice as it flows from the press, a wooden cage or crib, to contain the pomace while pressing, is much preferable to laying up the cheese in the ordinary method with long rye straw. This crib may be built of horizontal squares of stout oak scantling keyed together at the corners, and covered inside with lath nailed on to the scantling vertically, with interstices between the lath to allow the free passage of the cider. This cage may be filled and the pomace pressed into half its contents, then refilled and the contents pressed into three-fourth's of the cage's space, then again filled and the whole subjected to a final pressure. In filling the cage, commence with a layer of straw, then a thin layer, say about nine scoop shovels full, of pomace, then a layer of straw, and so alternately until full. Plenty of straw will give plenty of cider. If the cage were filled with pomace without alternate layers of straw, not one-tenth of the cider could be pressed out. No water should be used in cider making, either to "wet the straw," or to "wash off the nuts," or in any way brought in contact with the cider. There is water

enough naturally in the juice of the apple. If the layers of pomace in the cage are thin and the final pressure severe, "cutting down," as it is termed, will not be necessary. Yet, if this is desired, the cage can be removed by unkeying the corners, and the cheese may be cut down and repressed as usual.

It is well known to cider makers that the first cider running from the press is turbid, becoming clearer and clearer, and with less body to the last. It is important that the whole product of a cheese should be received into a vat and mixed before barreling; or the same end may be obtained by placing at the press barrels enough to contain the whole and distributing the juice evenly among the barrels. A large wooden funnel with lath lattice work in its bottom, and partly filled with straw, often renewed, may conduct the cider into the barrels. More elaborate straining can be devised, but this is sufficient. If the pressing is begun in early morning the whole can be completed before night, and the cider stored in the cellar "bung up and bilge free" on properly built barrel stands, ready for future racking.

ABOUT CASKS.

It is essentially important that the casks be sweet and clean. Any acidity, or must, or disagreeable flavor in the casks will infallibly be imparted to the cider. New oak barrels answer well. Alcohol or whisky barrels are excellent. Casks formerly used for cider should, when emptied, be well rinsed, and may be cleansed when used again with lime water. Put in each cask a small quantity of fresh lime, add a pail of water, and violently agitate, then rinse until clean. Each barrel, before being filled at the press, should have a tapering pine plug inserted in the head, two fingers breadth from the lower chime, for racking purposes.

THE FERMENTATION.

We have now the cider stored in the cellar, on suitable barrel stands, "bung up and bilge free," with the bungs open. Let us stop a moment and consider chemically what is before us. The juice of the apple, in common with vegetable and animal matter in general, is liable to decay by a natural process called fermentation; and unless that decay is arrested by the operation of checking, or controlling forces, will, more or less rapidly, pass through three stages: The first stage is termed the vinous fermentation; the second stage is called the acid fermentation; and the third stage is named the putrid fermentation. In a piece of raw meat, in hot weather, these three stages of fermentation succeed and run into each other very rapidly. Some articles of food, of drink, and of medicine, lose their good qualities if fermentation commences at all,—but it is essential to good wine, or cider, that the vinous fermentation be perfected, running as little as possible into the acid. For vinegar, we wish to perfect the acid fermentation with as little as possible of the putrid. Chemical writers say that the vinous fermentation is never fully perfected without some commencement of the acid, and that the acid fermentation is never complete without some tinge of the putrid. Practically, we can so skillfully conduct both as to obtain excellent cider, and first quality vinegar, either of which will long endure—the tendency to decay being held in check. A good cellar, kept cool, but not freezing, and well ventilated, together with the season of the year, which is just before the setting in of winter, and the manufacture as I have described it, will insure a slow and equable fermentation, gradually, mildly, and surely perfecting the vinous fermentation, without fiercely or rapidly passing its limits, and running into the acid, which would happen under less skillfully directed circumstances.

The first stage of the vinous fermentation will throw out snuff-brown, feculent matter. The casks should be filled up with cider as this progresses, so that this feculent matter may be discharged. As the fermentation subsides the surface of the cider at the bung-hole should be carefully watched, and when the liquor lies quiet, without even a snap on its surface, it is time for the first racking. Do not disturb it until it lies perfectly quiet; this point is critical.

FIRST RACKING AND STUMMING.

Racking is simply drawing off the cider clear from the lees, quietly and rapidly as possible, and with as little exposure to the air as may be. The lees are thrown away; each cask well rinsed and filled again with racked cider—one empty cask being used to commence with. During this first racking, in order to hold in check any tendency to the acid fermentation, the cider should be impregnated with the fumes of burning brimstone, or, as it is technically called, *stummed*. Thus:—Put of the racked cider in the rinsed barrel three gallons; then take a brimstone match i. e., a strip of cotton cloth an inch and a-half wide and ten long, six inches of which has been dipped in melted brimstone, light it, insert it in the bung-hole, and when fully on fire drive in the bung so as to hold the match suspended in the cask. Allow the match to burn as long as the air in the barrel will supply it with oxygen, then violently agitate the three gallons of cider by tossing and rolling the barrel, withdraw the match, and fill up with racked cider. The bungs should now be driven tight, and you may awhile rest from your labors, while what is called insensible fermentation is going on, cheered occasionally by a mug of this excellent cider, which, like COWPER's tea, will "cheer but not inebriate," unless you drink an extravagant quantity of it.

FINAL RACKING.

Towards the latter end of February, or early in March, before warm weather—choosing clear, good weather for the purpose—you may proceed to the second racking. This is the same as the preceding process, already described, only the stumming is omitted, unless the cider in some casks has not lain quiet, when it ought to be again resorted to. Great care should be used to have the cider perfectly fine or clear. Some tipping of the cask will of course be necessary. This should be done very gently, and the last running from each barrel kept apart, in a cask for present use—inferior for long keeping.

CONCLUSION.

You have now an article of cider which will continue to ripen and improve for months to come—fine, sweet, sparkling and highly fragrant, and, to my taste, superior to much of the Catawba wine, which, by the uninitiated, is often pronounced very like vinegar in taste. In the Edinburg Encyclopedia there are various methods given as in use by wine doctors for fining wine, all of which are applicable to cider. Some of them I have tried. One of these processes will precipitate the color of cider, leaving the liquor colorless as water. But as the processes already given in this essay are sufficient for practical purposes, I will not occupy the valuable space of the RURAL with further detail. PETER HATHAWAY.

Milan, Erie Co., O., 1868.

ON the pine lands of Georgia, which possess a quick, warm soil, two crops are frequently obtained. A wheat harvest is gathered in June; a corn crop is then planted which ripens by the last of October.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

CUSTOM HOUSE EXAMINATION.

IT will be remembered that in the letter published by us (Feb. 8) of Mr. JOHN A. BAUSH, U. S. Ass't Appraiser, having wools in charge, at the New York Custom House, occurred the following proposition:

"The only reply I have to make to the imputations thrown out in the Country Gentleman, is to invite him or any other gentleman to obtain permission from the Department to examine the books of this office, and samples of each lot of wool passed at this office, since the Act of March 2d, 1867, went into operation. I think we have samples of every lot of wool. Would it not be a good idea for your National Wool Growers' Association to ask the consent of the Secretary of the Treasury to make such an examination both here and in Boston. I do not think he would hesitate a moment to grant you every facility for doing so. It would be very gratifying to me to show the whole business. I think it the most effective way of answering all such attacks."

We stated, at the same time, that on communicating this invitation to an examination to Mr. THOS. G. RICE, U. S. Appraiser having wools in charge at the Boston Custom House, he warmly concurred in it on the part of the Boston office. We also stated that the Secretary of the Treasury had been requested to permit the proposed examination. In an official letter, dated February 5th, to the President of the National Wool Growers' Association, Secretary MCCULLOCH informs him that he has instructed the Appraisers at New York and Boston to exhibit to a committee appointed by said Association, the action taken upon foreign Wool imported since March 2d, 1867, as far as is consistent with the rules governing their respective offices. This last clause will impose no limitation on the most thorough investigation on all subjects pertinent to the objects of the examination.

In the appointment of this Examining Committee we are authorized to say that the National Wool Growers' Association desires to have all shades of preconceived opinion fairly represented. It will gladly appoint gentlemen of known standing and character, conversant with the subject of wool, who are under the impression that wools are either fraudulently or erroneously classified at the Custom Houses, under the provisions of the present wool tariff. And it will take good care that the growers of all the different breeds of sheep in the country are properly represented. Nominations for members of this committee received from friends of the wool interest throughout the United States—whether connected with the National and State Wool Growers' Associations or not—will be thankfully received and impartially considered: nor will it make any difference whether the nominees are members of those organizations. But such nominations must be made without delay to be received in time for the action of the National Association.

CONDITION OF WOOL.

EDITOR OF RURAL:—I have read with great pleasure the communication of S. HAYDEN, woolen manufacturer at Port Byron, N. Y., and thank him most earnestly for his truthful and timely expose of a fraud which has so long been practiced upon a large portion of the farming community. We have had many similar experiences in this section of our State.

The condition of wool is a matter of weighty interest to the manufacturer, and when he suffers a commission man to come between himself and the producer, he opens a door for fraud which costs him thousands of dollars, and offers a premium to dishonesty. For the last few years a certain portion of the farming community have vied with each other to see which could sell the most gum and dirt with their wool, and yet be able to declare that it was washed wool.

This present year a farmer here sold cleaner wool than many others, and yet he sold it as unwashed, while theirs was represented as washed and sold as such. The writer of this was present when the wool was delivered at the sacking house. It was evident to any observer that it was worth eight or ten cents per pound more than the filthy, dirty, black mass which was represented to have been washed, yet the grower only got the same price for it. Now if manufacturers would go among the farmers and purchase their wool according to its *quality* and *condition*, and hold every seller responsible for frauds that are concealed, or in any way covered up, they would very soon remedy this great evil.

Another very great complaint is that commission men will go to a large farmer who has three or four thousand pounds of wool, and make him a present of a considerable sum to sell at a certain low figure, for the purpose of inducing his neighbors who have small lots to sell at the same price, while the smaller lots are better washed, and the sheep have been better tagged, and the wool in every way in better condition. So long as these complaints remain, manufacturers will be imposed upon. But when every man's wool shall be sold on its own merits, then will producers have an object to offer nothing but well cleansed wool, and manufacturers will save thousands of dollars which are now paid for gum and grease. J. G. LIVINGSTON.

Lewis, Essex Co., N. Y., 1867.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SCAB.—"C," Mirable, Caldwell Co., Mo. From your statement of facts and the appearance of the inclosed wool, the disease is probably scab in a mitigated form. At all events, scab remedies are applicable to the case.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—M. G. SKINNER, Bucklin, Linn Co., Mo. Sample from yearling Merino ewe, 8 mo. growth. Quantity and style good; yolk medium; length 2 inches, insuring good length at a year's growth.

CHILLED LAMBS.—"A," North Chili, N. Y., says the following recipe is worth $500 to a sheep farmer, and that he has never seen it in print. If there is any life in the lamb, put it at once up to the head in a blood warm bath, adding more warm water as it cools. Keep it in this 15 or 20 minutes, or "until it makes the water fly with its feet." Then wipe it *perfectly* dry and return it to its mother. Our correspondent's recipe is very welcome, because new sets of readers follow each other like waves, and therefore the same thing must be told over and over again. But the warm bath for chilled lambs has been repeatedly mentioned in these columns, even within a year. See RURAL March 16, '67, for that and various other modes, some of which are usually considered preferable.

ROOTS FOR SHEEP—ROOT CUTTERS.—JOHN HEBERLING & BROS., Mount Pleasant, Ohio, ask our opinion of the utility of feeding roots to sheep. They write that they are wintering over 1,000 sheep, 500 of which are breeding ewes; that they have fed roots many years, and find them indispensable not only for breeding ewes, but for wintering sheep generally; and that to feed roots more economically they invented a cutter, worked by hand, which will cut two bushels per minute, leaving no pieces larger than half an inch square; that the machine can, however, be adjusted to cut to any size desired. We have uniformly fed turnips to most of our sheep in winter for thirty years or more. We consider them highly useful and healthy feed, and decidedly economical where the land is adapted to the growth of turnips. We have found a good root cutter one of the best machines on the farm to save time and labor.

IMPORTATION OF "FLAT-TAILED" SHEEP, GAZELLES, &c.—L. CONVERSE, Bucyrus, Crawford Co., Ohio, writes us:—"I imported three Flat-tailed sheep from Tartary last September. The tails are short and wide, and weigh about 40 lbs. One ewe has a lamb. They are a matter of great curiosity to the people. I also imported two Gazelles from Syria. My Oxford sheep are doing well and sales large. I have now ninety-nine."

YOUATT describes the "Fat-rumped sheep," as he denominates it, of Tartary, as one of the "original breeds of sheep." He says it covers both the north and south of Asia, prevails far more than any other sheep in Palestine, and reaches to the interior and northern part of Russia. But it is purest in the deserts of Great Tartary. He adopts Dr. ANDERSON's description of it as follows: "The flocks of all the Tartar hordes resemble one another by having a large, yellowish muzzle, the under jaw often beyond the upper; by long hanging ears, and by the horns of the adult ram being large, spiral, wrinkled, angular, or bent in a lunar form. They have slender legs in proportion to their bodies, a high chest, large, hanging testicles, and tolerably fine wool mixed with hair. The body of the ram, and sometimes of the ewe, swells gradually with fat towards the posterior, where a solid mass of fat is formed on the rump, and falls over the anus in the place of a tail, divided into two hemispheres, which take the form of the hips, with a little button of a tail in the middle, to be felt with the finger." The form and size of the rump, however, is influenced by food and mode of life. In some regions the wool is "coarse, entangled together, and strongly mixed with hair."

The other "original breed of sheep" mentioned by Mr. YOUATT has a lengthened tail with an accumulation of fat about the upper part of it, weighing about as much as the rumpy excrescence of the Tartar sheep. It is found in Arabia, Syria and Africa. Mr. PETERS of Philadelphia imported them into the United States many years since, and several other importations of them have been made. But we are not aware that the Fat-rumped or Tartar variety has been before introduced.

SHEEP POISONED BY LAUREL.—"I. A. P.," Corning, N. Y., writes that farmers in his region have been troubled by their sheep becoming poisoned by eating laurel. He has had a number of cases in his own flock, and cured them by administering sweet milk, blood warm, (he does not say how much,) three times a day. He thinks this is better than mixing the milk with lard, or other ingredients, as many do.

SALT, SULPHUR, &c., FOR SHEEP.—O. W. TRUE, Farmington, Maine, sends us a paper on the above head, containing some unusual views. He says that sound, natural food contains all the salt any animal requires when in health; that the same arguments used to show salt to be necessary will equally well apply to sulphur, clay, iron and so on; that to say that the instinct or natural taste of animals lead to its necessity, is "only begging the question upon somebody's say-so, not upon any facts shown; because millions of beasts live their allotted time, without any salt except what is contained in their natural food, yet thrive and exhibit the best of health and condition." Mr. TRUE cites the case of a calf raised by himself until four months old without giving it a particle of salt, yet it throve finely. On its then being offered salt, it showed "evident disgust" even at the smell of it. But after the second day's trial, learned to eat it with as much avidity as other cattle. This is the only *fact* presented by our correspondent to sustain his hypothesis. Sheep and all other domestic quadrupeds naturally love salt. Deer and other wild animals travel miles to obtain it at "salt licks." They have no such natural taste for sulphur, clay and iron. We have, indeed, heard Texans speak of flocks of sheep and other animals showing great eagerness to drink the waters of a certain celebrated sulphur spring in that State, but its waters *also* contain an extraordinary per centage of *salt*. If instinct proves nothing in the premises, experience does; and it is an extraordinary assertion to make that no *facts* have been shown to prove the utility or necessity of salt, when the most observing and intelligent breeders, from time immemorial, have satisfied themselves of such utility by practically observing its effects. It has been shown by careful investigation that when taxation or other causes have made the price of salt so high in certain countries that farmers ceased to feed it to their stock, the latter became unhealthy to a very unusual degree. We could, were it necessary, cite a vast amount of testimony of this kind, drawn out by a Parliamentary investigation in Great Britain. We hardly think the case of the calf, which *flourished* for four months without salt, and then, after finding out what it was, took to it like a duck to the mud, is quite sufficient to overthrow all the above testimony. That the calf did not at once *recognize* salt, we are fully prepared to believe from a fact which occurred under our own observation. We have some Australian sheep on our farm, which on their first arrival would not eat salt. They had never before seen or tasted it *in that form*. On putting some of it in their mouths, however, they did recognize it and show that they loved it, and thenceforth eat it like sheep always accustomed to it.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Southern Labor.

A VIRGINIAN," writing the Southern Planter, Richmond, on the subject of farm labor in the South, says:—"There are three classes of people we need to come amongst us. First, we want farm hands and domestic laborers. Secondly, small farmers, with enough capital to secure fifty or a hundred acres of land at a low price, and improve and cultivate it with their own hands. And, thirdly, large capitalists to develop our mines, establish manufactories, and build up trade and commerce."

About Pork.

THE Germantown Telegraph, alluding to the effort making to expel pork from the list of articles for family consumption, says:—"What a piece of folly it is at this late day to raise such an issue. Pork-eaters, comprised of about nine-tenths of the civilized population of the world, will scout at such nonsense. For all persons of active habits, pork is just as wholesome as anything else, and far more sustaining." The Telegraph is right, and will be backed up, if necessary, by ninety-nine in a hundred of those who swing the ax or do the heavy work pertaining to agricultural operations.

Sweeny in Horses.

THE editor of the Maine Farmer having been asked what kind of a disease Sweeny is, quotes in response from "The Horse and his Diseases," by JENNINGS, as follows:—"The symptoms which accompany its supposed existence are but sympathetic effects or atrophy of the muscles of the shoulder. The attention of the horse-owner is directed to a wasting away or lessening of these muscles, which, from want of action, naturally become smaller or contracted. Cases called Sweeny are invariably the result of injury in some remote parts, as the knee or foot. When the animal picks up the foot clear from the ground it may be depended upon that the injury is not in the shoulder; if, however, the leg drags with the toe on the ground, it may be looked for in that locality." The American Stock Journal suggests a remedy as follows:—Alcohol, 1½ gills; hartshorn, ½ gill; sweet oil, ½ gill; oil organum, ½ gill; oil of wormwood, ¼ of an ounce. A linament thus compounded and properly applied, it is supposed, will in most cases work a cure.

The Cotton Question.

THE N. O. Commercial Bulletin exhorts the cotton States not to be disheartened by the efforts making abroad and, apparently, at home, to drive them out of the field of cotton producers. It adds: "It is fortunate for the South that she holds the power of so easily and so rapidly retrieving her immense losses. She has but to plant, and behold her crops brought to perfection, with one-fourth of the labor required elsewhere. It is one of the most important agencies in the exchanges of the world."

Keeping Up Meadows.

A WISCONSIN farmer was asked how he kept up his grass lands, selling the hay off year by year, as he did. His reply was, "I never allow the aftermath to be cut." To this the Wisconsin Farmer adds:—"If this rule was generally followed there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rowen is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at forty dollars per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass land in this respect is wrong and expensive, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy."

Agricultural Societies.

New York State Agricultural Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held in the Assembly Chamber, Albany, Feb. 12—President PATRICK in the Chair. The long-time Treasurer, Prof. L. H. TUCKER ("who was of course re-elected") submitted his tenth annual report, a very interesting statistical document, which we may refer to, if not publish, hereafter. The following figures show the present state of the Treasury:

Average yearly income for ten years	$14,511 57
Average yearly expenses for ten years	13,618 08
Average yearly earnings	$ 893 49
Assets of the Society February, 1868	3,771 59
Added in ten years at above rate	8,934 88
Amount now on hand	$12,706 47
Add amount on hand belonging to Trial of Implements Fund, as already stated	252 90
	$12,959 37
Deduct advance to Abortion Investigating Fund	48 86
Society's present assets as shown by the report	$12,910 51

The Secretary, Col. B. P. JOHNSON, submitted his report of the transactions of the Society during the preceding year. Both reports were accepted and approved. The usual nominating committee of twenty-four (three from each Judicial District,) was then appointed, and reported the following named officers, who were duly elected by the adoption of the report:

President—THOMAS H. FAILE, New York. *Vice-Presidents*—First district, John Havens, New York; Second, Samuel Thorne, Dutchess; Third, Adin Thayer, Jr., Rensselaer; Fourth, Milo Ingalsbe, Washington; Fifth, Horace Lewis, Herkimer; Sixth, Wm. M. Ely; Seventh, H. T. E. Foster, Seneca; Eighth, George A. Moore, Erie. *Corresponding Secretary*—B. P. Johnson of Albany. *Recording Secretary*—Thomas L. Harison of St. Lawrence. *Treasurer*—Luther H. Tucker of Albany. *Executive Committee*—Richard Church, Allegany; James Geddes, Onondaga; S. T. Taber, Queens; L. D. Mitchell, Monroe; Wm. M. Burr, Madison; A. B. Cornell, Tompkins; B. F. Angel, Livingston; J. D. Wing, New York.

The new Board is mainly composed of able, practical men, and is headed by a noble-hearted gentleman who will never *fail* the Society in any laudable enterprise or improvement. The most noteworthy change is the election of Mr. HARISON to the position so long (how long we cannot remember) occupied by E. CORNING, Jr. As Mr. H. is a comparatively young and able-bodied man of leisure, it is hoped he can discharge the arduous duties of his new position without detriment to his health or business. Rochester and Utica applied for the next State Fair, but the Executive Committee took no definite action.

The Winter Exhibition, at the Agricultural Rooms, was meager, though there was a fine display of apples,—especially from Western New York. We shall probably give the awards, and perhaps other matters, in our next; if not they will be found in the organs of the Society.

Stock Breeders' Association.—The Association of Breeders of Thorough-bred Neat Stock held its annual meeting at Springfield, Mass., on the 12th inst., and elected the following board of officers: *Pres't*—E. H. Hyde, of Stafford, Ct. *Vice Pres'ts*—J. F. Anderson of South Windham, Me., J. O. Sheldon of Geneva, N.Y., Burdett Loomis of Suffield, Ct., J. W. Freeman of Troy, N. Y., and E. D. Pearce of East Providence, R. I. *Sec'y*—J. N. Bagg of West Springfield. *Treas'r*—H. M. Sessions of South Wilbraham. *Ayrshire and Hereford Com.*—George B. Loring of Salem, H. S. Collins of Collinsville, Ct., and William Birnie of Springfield. *Devon Com.*—H. M. Sessions of South Wilbraham, B. H. Andrews of Waterbury, Ct., and E. H. Hyde of Stafford, Ct. *Alderney Com.*—Jno. Brooks of Princeton, O. B. Hadwin of Worcester, and James Thompson of Nantucket. After the meeting the Devon, Ayrshire and Alderney Committees had a session over their respective herd books,—now nearly completed and soon to be published,—and cleared up some of the knotty points in pedigrees.

New England Ag'l Society.—This society held its annual meeting in Boston, Feb. 11th. Members from all parts of New England were present, and a lively interest was taken in the objects of the Association. An interesting address was delivered by the President, Dr. LORING, relating to the progress of Agriculture and the improvement in agricultural machinery. The address closed with a warm eulogium on the life and services of the late JOHN A. ANDREW, formerly Governor of Massachusetts and an efficient friend of Agriculture. At the conclusion of the address an election of officers took place and resulted in the re-election of DR. GEO. B. LORING as President, DANIEL NEEDHAM Secretary, and ISAAC N. GAGE Treasurer. The re-elections were all made by acclamation. The usual number of Vice Presidents and Trustees were elected to represent the several New England States. The Treasurer reported the funds on hand at $165.36. The President stated that the Society had expended since its organization $75,000 for the benefit of agriculture—$35,000 of which were paid for premiums.

Maine State Ag. Society.—Pres't—Seth Scammon, Scarboro. Sec'y—S. L. Boardman, Augusta. Tras'r—Wm. S. Badger, Augusta. Trustees—George W. Richer, Seward Dill.

Lincoln Co. (Me.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Thomas Simmons, Waldoboro. Sec'y—Wm. S. Brown, Waldoboro. Treas'r—John Bodge, Jefferson.

Contoocook (N. H.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Horace Gove. Vice-Pres'ts—Cornelius Coolidge, C. E. Potter. Sec'y—John F. Chase. Treas'r—J. C. Campbell.

Wilmington (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—S. B. Barnard. Vice-Pres't—U. Kingsbury. Sec'y—C. C. Haskell. Treas'r—J. H. Russell.

Orange Co. (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Rufus H. Hyde, Chelsea. Sec'y—Arad S. Corliss, Corinth. Treas'r—Aaron Davis.

Bristol Co. (Mass.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Nathan Durfee. Vice-Pres'ts—Edmund Rodman, Oliver S. Wilbur. Treas'r—Samuel A. Dean. Sec'y—Robert Adams.

Darke Co. (O.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—George W. Studabaker. Vice-Pres't—David Noggle. Managers—N. Arnold, A. Gaskill, H. Mills. The managers holding over are Moses Hart, J. E. Matchett, John Stoltz, John Ivester.

Richland Co. (O.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—A. C. Welch. Vice-Pres't—G. McFarland. Sec'y—George A. Clugston. Treas'r—M. E. Douglas. Members of the Board—J. H. Brown, F. R. Palmer, A. O. Jump, S. Fintele.

Champaign Co. (O.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Dan'l Blose. Vice-Pres't—Jos. Hill. Managers—Joseph Calland, M. V. B. Davis, P. W. Gnuckel, L. S. Purcell, Chas. Fox, E. L. Dempey.

Erie Co. (O.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—D. C. Richmond. Vice-Pres't—W. H. Crane. Treas'r—A. W. Pront, Jr. Sec'y—J. D. Chamberlain.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.—*Vote for the Rural!*—An ardent friend of the RURAL NEW-YORKER,—one who has formed both fall and spring clubs for it, annually, for several years, and always takes a specimen of the paper when he goes to election,—suggests that we request its friends all over the country to *vote for it on election day*; or rather that each subscriber, after voting for his favorite candidates, present the claims of the RURAL to his fellow townsmen and receive subscriptions. Though not entirely new, the suggestion is a good one, and we trust it will be acted upon by thousands of our readers at the approaching Town and State Elections. Remember, reader, that whoever is Supervisor, Governor or President, it is important that the people be *fed and clothed*,—and moreover that every *family* in the land should have more useful, entertaining and profitable reading than will be furnished by cheap political and sensational papers during the Presidential campaign. Take, and believe in, partizan papers, if you like, but pray don't forget that such a journal as the RURAL is far better adapted to the family circle. Conceding this, will you not kindly act upon the suggestion of our friend by taking a copy of the RURAL to the election and there introducing it to the notice and support of your townsmen? Those who dare not venture to subscribe for a year can try the Trial Trip—the thirteen numbers of this Quarter—which is only fifty cents, as stated at head of Publisher's Notices on last page. By the way, this same Trial Quarter is a capital thing to send distant relatives and friends—a token of remembrance that will not only gladden the hearts of recipients, but afford pleasure and instruction worth many times the donor's investment.

SALE OF A "FAST" AND FAMOUS HORSE.—Recently Mr. FAWCETT, the former owner of Dexter, purchased of Messrs. SHERMAN and KELLY of Illinois, the noted trotting stallion Bashaw, Jr., whose speed on the turf last season was such that many extravagant offers were made for him. The sale was brought about by Mr. KELLY jestingly offering the horse to FAWCETT for $14.50 per lb., which was promptly accepted. On being put upon the scales the horse weighed 1,040 lbs., and hence the price paid for him was $15,080. Bashaw, Jr., is seven years old, and is reported to have trotted a mile in 2.27 when only five years old. Many consider Bashaw, Jr., "the coming horse," and next in value to Dexter, who has been withdrawn from the turf.

INTERESTING TO REAPER MANUFACTURERS.—We learn that the case of JAS. S. MARSH of Lewisburg, Pa., and J. A. DODGE of Auburn, N. Y., for a patent upon Self or Automatic Rakes for Harvesting Machines,—which had been thrice decided in the Patent Office in favor of MARSH, (first by the Examiner, then by the Board of Examiners on appeal, then by the Commissioner of Patents on an appeal to him,)—has been decided by the United States Court at Washington in favor of Col. DODGE upon all the points in controversy. This final decision renders Col. DODGE's right to the invention permanent and indisputable, and will augment the reputation of the already popular "Dodge Harvester."

PEA CULTURE.—The substitution of peas for corn, in fattening stock, is said to make a saving of from thirty to fifty per cent., while the pea crop leaves the ground in fine tilth for the succeeding one. We have heard Pennsylvania farmers say they would sow peas on soddy ground, even if they did not feed them out to stock, as they left the land in such fine condition for wheat or spring grain. More peas and less corn will be the motto of many a farmer who has hitherto relied mainly on the latter for stock feeding purposes. Peas are raised at much less expense than corn, are nearly as good for fattening hogs, and therefore should receive more attention than most farmers in the States have hitherto bestowed upon them.

WORK ON "AMERICAN CATTLE."—We have been favored with advance sheets of a work on American Cattle, by Hon. LEWIS F. ALLEN, editor of the American Herd-Book, now in press by Messrs. THOMAS, JOHNSON & HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y. Judging from the sheets before us we think the work will prove a long-needed and valuable contribution to our Agricultural Literature—able, comprehensive and adapted to the country. The work is being neatly printed and illustrated, and will comprise some 500 duodecimo pages. We believe it is to be sold by subscription only.

FEEDING MANGERS FOR HORSES.—Many horse owners aim to place the racks and mangers of their stables as high as the animals can reach and get their food. "It learns a horse to hold up its head," they say, "and he looks better in the stall." Mr. BONNER of New York lets his valuable horses take their grain from a simple box set on the floor, and their hay is thrown down in front of them. He thinks that nature placed the horse's food at his feet, and in this respect it is wisdom to do likewise. We do not believe in forcing any stock to hold their heads in an unnatural and painful position when eating.

HORSE MEDICINES.—S. R. CAMPBELL, Mich., sends us two recipes. One good for heaves in horses, and a sure cure for cough, is:—Wild turnip, 1 oz.; skunk cabbage, 1 oz.; elecampane, 1 oz.; lobelia seed, 1 oz.; dose, tablespoonfull every night. The second is a liniment made as follows:—Oil of spike, 2 oz.; oil of aqua ammonia, 2 oz.; turpentine, 2 oz.; sweet oil and oil of amber, of each 1½ oz.; mix, and call this good for everything, and keep it in the stables and house.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

CORN is quoted all over Texas at 30 to 35 cts. per bushel.

IN fifteen years, sheep have increased in Ireland over 1,000,000.

THE most productive acre of corn in Ohio last year netted $51.75.

IT is claimed that California last year produced thirty-four million gallons of wine.

IT is injurious to allow cows to drink freely of cold water immediately after eating.

THE renowned thorough-bred race-horse Kentucky has been sold for $10,000, the papers say.

ONE pound of the Goodrich potato has yielded 239 pounds. The seed consisted of eyes.

A NEBRASKA farmer having grown 72 acres of wheat, found the expense per bushel to be 74 2-7 cents.

AN Ohio farmer is of the opinion that the potato rot is mainly attributable to lack of drainage in the soil.

THE Illinois Ag. Society offers premiums of $100, $75, $50 and $25 for the best groves of young forest trees.

THE subsoil and "pan" of the Illinois prairies, according to Dr. McCord, are very rich in all the mineral elements.

THERE are 3,502 acres planted to grapes in Northern Ohio, and along the river in the southern part 2,536 acres.

THE N. E. Farmer says the two great enemies of the bee are worms and moisture. Why not add a third in the king-bird?

THE press in the South pretty generally concurs in the policy of diversifying the crops—cotton being as one to four of others.

THE receipts of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, during the past year, were $40,597.99, and the expenditures $37,637.48.

THE friends of fast horses are giving the Agricultural Board of Illinois an occasional rap for ruling out racing at the State Fair.

IN many parts of the South the people have commenced garden work. This sounds odd in a region where the ice is two feet thick!

A WESTERN farmer says the present high price of flour is owing mainly to the fact that there is not water enough to grind the wheat.

CAST-IRON shoes on farm sleds are cheaper than wooden ones, but they are not so easy for a team when the sled strikes bare ground.

WHILE California is producing $45,000,000 in gold, she produces $60,000,000 in farm products, and $50,000,000 in manufactured goods.

THE subject of producing an apple half sweet and half sour has commenced its annual travels through the columns of the agricultural press.

A FARMERS' CLUB in England has purchased large tracts of land in Illinois, which are to be divided into small farms and sold on favorable terms.

DR. DODD, now of Baltimore, says that he believes that the *pleuro pneumonia*, which made its appearance in Massachusetts in 1859, is now prevalent in Maryland.

IT is said President Johnson has purchased a farm of 1,000 acres in Tennessee, to which he will retire at the expiration of his present term of office. Sensible, if true.

HORTICULTURAL.

DIRECTION OF GRAPE TRELLISES.

In hilly regions where grapes are planted, the direction of the declivities, especially if they are quite abrupt, determines that of the vine trellises. If terraces are built there is but little choice to be had in their direction, and if the vines are planted without these, it is generally found necessary to make the rows up and down the slope for convenient cultivation, and to allow free and harmless surface drainage. In such localities the direction of trellises is not a matter of as much importance as on leveler lands,—for each row is almost entirely independent of others in respect to shade and circulation of air. But a very large area of our promising grape lands is on comparatively level surfaces, and there the direction of the trellis rows is a matter which in some degree may affect the prosperity of the vineyard.

Practical men differ in regard to which direction is best, an east and west or a north and south one; but probably a majority would decide in favor of the north and south one without giving good reasons why. The weightiest considerations seem, however, to favor the east and west direction as the best. Moore, in his excellent little work on the grape vine, says that if the trellises run north and south the "arrangement has the disadvantage that in the hottest part of the day the sun shines into the spaces between the rows, heating the ground, while the rows are in their own shade. It is, however, much more important that the *vine* should be warmed than the ground. I have, therefore, chosen just the opposite direction, that is, from east to west in a plantation of vines. As the line of the rows is a little inclined towards the meridian, it so happens that the sun at one o'clock P. M. shines vertically upon the rows. Consequently my plantation enjoys the sun in the following manner. Before seven o'clock A. M. the sun shines on the back part of the trellises; at seven it shines between the rows from the east; from seven A. M. till seven P. M. the front part of the trellis enjoys the sunshine; at seven P. M. the rays of the sun strike the spaces between the rows, and after seven the back part of the trellises again. In the hottest part of the day, from ten o'clock A. M. until three P. M., the sun is almost vertical above the rows, and they are then in the condition of trellises made on walls with a southern exposure, which has always been preferred to all others. In the hottest part of the day the ground is shaded so that it does not dry so rapidly. My aim was to intercept all the rays of the sun that would fall upon that piece of ground, by the plant itself, as this would insure the best success."

It would seem also that the foliage on an east and west trellis would receive more heat in the aggregate than that on a north and south one. Carefully conducted experiments with the thermometer would probably determine if it be a fact or theory, and it may be worth the time of some of our readers to make the investigation. As the prevailing currents of air are westerly, trellises running east and west would permit better ventilation in the vineyard than if their direction was otherwise.

OHIO HORTICULTURAL MOVEMENTS.

The State Horticultural Society is aiming to awaken fresh interest in horticultural improvement, by encouraging the formation of local societies and co-operating with them occasionally in their exhibitions; also, in assisting the State Board of Agriculture to give more effect to the horticultural department of the State Fairs. The members of the *Committee ad interim* are located in different sections of the State, and are expected to take notes of all that is new or interesting during the season and report at the Annual Meeting. Dr. J. A. Warder of Cincinnati, is President of the Society, and M. B. Bateham, Painesville, Secretary.

State Entomologist.—In view of the great and increasing amount of damage annually done by the depredations of insects upon the products of our fields, orchards, vineyards and gardens, an effort is being made to secure the appointment, by the Legislature, of a State Naturalist or Entomologist, whose duty it shall be to report to the State Board of Agriculture, from time to time, upon the insects, injurious and beneficial to the agricultural and economical interests of the citizens of Ohio, with such information as he may be able to collect in regard to the means for us to employ to combat these insidious foes. A bill for this object is now before that body and will most likely become a law. A good deal of apprehension is felt in view of the prospective invasion of the Colorado Potato Bug into our State. It is already in the western borders of Indiana, and is known to have traveled eastward at the rate of 50 or 60 miles per year for three or four years past.

Failures of the apple crop are becoming quite frequent of late years in most parts of Ohio as well as other States. A Committee was appointed at the Annual Meeting of our State Horticultural Society to report on the causes of such failure, and the premature decay of orchards. It is quite evident that the clearing of the country from forests has much to do with the decrease of our fruit crops. The evil is not noticeable in the north-western portion of the State, which is comparatively new, and has abundance of forests still remaining. The same is mainly true of our lake shore territory and some localities along the rivers, where the influence of water answers the purpose of forests in preventing excessive aridity of the atmosphere in summer.

The Lake Shore Grape Growers' Association hold their Annual Meeting at Cleveland on the 19th and 20th inst. This is emphatically a *live institution*, and much progressive and instructive discussion may be expected on the occasion. Careful and scientific observations made the past summer, on the influence of the lake as affecting the climate and the grape crop, will be one of the topics presented at the meeting. M. B. B.

STRAWBERRIES IN WISCONSIN.

The large number of varieties of strawberries advertised for sale renders it necessary for purchasers to be judicious in selecting the kinds for planting. I cultivate this fruit for pleasure as well as profit, having a large collection of varieties, and aim to give an impartial statement of the merits and demerits of some kinds as developed in this region.

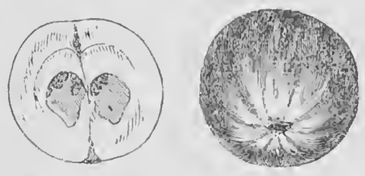
Our soil is the dark prairie vegetable mold. For six years past the Wilson has yielded a good crop with me whether grown in hills, rows or in mass; it is not a sweet berry, and in extreme hot weather the fruit sun-scalds badly, sours and then rots; many bushels perished on my vines last season in this way, during a hot term. The vines require good protection in winter on our prairies especially. The Triomphe De Gand only yields me a moderate crop under the most thorough hill culture; yet we esteem it highly for its goodness and late bearing. The Baltimore Scarlet is the earliest of all the kinds grown here, and an abundant bearer; fruit medium-sized. The Russell yields enormously here, the berries are uniformly large, the plants very hardy; fruit too soft: flavor pleasant. Downer's Prolific is another kind that bears abundantly every year and is earlier in ripening than most other sorts. Metcalf's Early fails to give satisfaction; the fruit is small and ripens later than the Large Early Scarlet or Downer's Prolific. The Austin is a producer of monstrous berries on this soil, but they are so soft that we cannot carry them to the nearest market in good condition. The Fillmore Strawberry in some respects surpasses all others in our collection; the fruit will hang ripe on the vines longer than any other kind we cultivate, and endure the hottest sunshine we have here without sun-scalding. The fruit is large, quality excellent, and the yield fair. It also carries well to market. The Crimson Cone flourishes here—endures our hardest winters without protection, and bears well every year. If permitted the vines would overrun a prairie. The Agriculturist has thus far disappointed me, but others in this region are enthusiastic in its favor; my vines winter-killed badly, but what survived produced a *few* good sized berries and *many* small ones; the flavor of this fruit is certainly excellent. The Jucunda, only recently planted here, is not much known; the fruit on my grounds last season was large and brilliant looking—not extra in flavor. It was very late in ripening and lasted a long time. I picked berries from the vines as late as August. This late bearing will recommend it to favor here because our appetite for strawberries out West holds good for a long period, and from reading some of the remarks made in Horticultural Societies down East I am satisfied that our taste is not as delicate as that of our Eastern brethren.

As to the multitude of new strawberries experience teaches me not to expect much from them, still I do not hesitate to make small investments in some for trial from year to year. I have extended this article a little too long I fear, and will conclude with a brief remark on ever-bearing or perpetual strawberries. We have got some, and find them the best evidence of *small fruit* in existence. However, it is consoling when we think of the price of the plants, to reflect that the vines are *ever-bearing*, and must ultimately produce a crop. B. F. Adams.

Door Creek, Wis., Jan. 10, 1868.

THE UPLAND CRANBERRY.

At the recent meeting of the Western N. Y. Hort. Society in this city, a box of remarkably fine upland cranberries was exhibited by Mr. Orrin C. Cook, Mass. The size of the specimens in the sample of fruit—a half bushel or so—did not vary much. Our



engravings give a full view of a berry and one of the same specimen cut through the center. There were plenty in the box of equal size. Mr. C. furnishes us the following information respecting his manner of culture:

Eds. Rural:—My experiments with the upland cranberry have been on very poor, clay soil,—in fact the land was worthless as it was when I commenced with it five years ago. At that time I cleared and set to vines one half acre; they commenced bearing the third year, two and a-half bushels the first crop. The next year the vines nearly covered the ground, and I gathered eighteen barrels; last year thirty barrels, which sold at $15.00 per barrel; cost of picking and marketing $3.00 per barrel, which leaves a clear profit of $366, and I hope to improve on this. I do not use manures of any kind—do not think them beneficial. Merely keeping down coarse grass and brush is all the cultivation required. Many write inquiring if they can be grown on sandy soil. They cannot on dry sand or gravel soil.

South Milford, Mass. Orrin C. Cook.

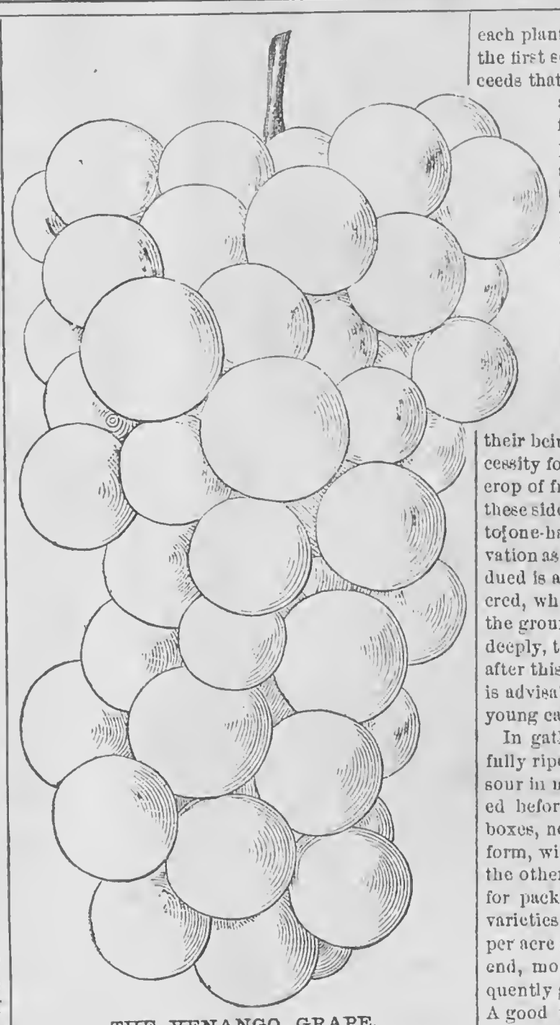
BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—The suggestion or rather conclusion of one of the recent writers upon this subject, that the excrescence was a fungus, was undoubtedly incorrect, as asserted by one of your correspondents. In August last, my attention was called to the fact that the grub of the insect causing the knot, could be seen actively at work. Examination proved this to be true. The plum and the cherry are fruits so valuable for preserving, pickling, &c., (to say nothing of the excellence of some varieties in their natural state,) that it is desirable to devise means to prevent the ravages of the insect. It has been said, if I mistake not, that, if a mosquito-net is thrown over a tree in the spring, the fruit can be secured against the insect. It is desirable that this experiment should be tried, at least on small trees and on particular branches. Is there not some wash which will drive off the curculio from the branches? Would a wash of lime answer this purpose? If so, it might be colored, if its whiteness was deemed injurious to the aspect of the trees. "A certain solution should be syringed over the blossoms," says one; but the rains may cause this remedy to fail. The destruction of knots and fallen and blighted plums is, of course, advisable. The proposition to render the ground so hard beneath the trees that the grub cannot penetrate it for his winter repose, deserves some attention.

Some varieties of plum and cherry are less liable to the attacks of the curculio. The beach plum, I am disposed to think, is comparatively, if not entirely, free from the black knot; and by sowing salt in the ground around its roots may possibly be cultivated in the interior. (Its natural home is *near* or *on* the sea beaches.) Before closing, I may add that I tried rags dipped in kerosene, without success; the insect was not driven off. The grub, which destroys or enfeebles and sickens the peach trees by devouring at the roots, may, 'tis said, be banished or killed by freely using chamber-lye; might not this application, around the plum trees in spring, destroy the insect before it emerges from the ground? I have never before seen the suggestion: if tried, it may succeed. It is to be hoped that the remedy for the blighting attacks of the curculio on the fruit and on the bark may be found. Will our fruit culturists please give the matter due attention? G. H.

Walton, N. Y., 1868.

Fruit Growing in America and Europe.—H. W. Sargent, a distinguished amateur horticulturist, having declared recently, after two years of travel all over the Christian world, that America is the worst fruit-growing country, Mr. P. Barry replies, controverting the statement on the strength of his own extensive observation, and placing America at the head as a successful fruit-growing country.



THE VENANGO GRAPE.

This variety is said to have been cultivated by the French at Fort Venango, on the Alleghany River, more than eighty years since. It is a hardy and a vigorous grower. Bunch, compact; color, fine lilac; pulp, somewhat tough with a peculiar aromatic flavor, which makes it esteemed by some for kitchen purposes. Ripens in September. Sometimes called Minor's Seedling.

HOW TO GRAFT GRAPE VINES.

M. B. Bateham writes in the Ohio Farmer that: "The time for doing this is any time during *winter* and *early* spring, when the frost is out of the ground, before the sap begins to move. In northern climates, where the ground is liable to remain frozen till spring is fairly begun, it is best to perform the work as late as can well be done in autumn, or during the 'January thaw.' Remove the earth around the stem of the vine down to the roots; saw it off about four inches above the roots, then split it square across as in top-grafting orchard trees, and having cut the scions wedge-form, set them firmly into the cleft, one on each side if the stock is an inch or more in diameter, or but one if smaller, taking care that the outside bark of the scion lits evenly with the bark of the stock; then wind around tightly with cotton twine or other tying material which will rot off during the following summer and need no removing. No wax or other covering is necessary, except to pack the soil firmly around the stump and scion, leaving only the bud at the top above the surface; then cover this bud with an inverted flower pot or something of the sort to exclude the wet, and protect from winds, &c., surrounding it with a mound of earth, and covering the whole with litter if done in autumn or winter, removing this covering as soon as the leaves begin to appear in spring. The cuttings for scions should be taken off the vines in the fall or early in winter, and buried in sand or moss, if the grafting is delayed till spring. The scions should be four to five inches long, of good hard wood of last year's growth, not over large, and cut with a bud at the upper end—if very short-jointed there may be two buds on a scion. If the soil where grafting is to be performed is clayey and wet, it is well to have a few shovelsful of sandy soil for packing around the grafts; and if the position of the vines is low or flat so as to be exposed to standing water in times of heavy rain, it is better to cut off the stems above the surface, then bank up around the graft with a barrow or two of soil, and cover well with litter if in winter."

GROWING THE BLACK RASPBERRY.

Eds. Rural:—Since the several varieties of the improved Black Raspberries have become so deservedly popular, not for domestic use alone, but for the general market also, it occurs to me, that perhaps some specific directions for their cultivation would be received with favor by many of the numerous readers of the horticultural department of your excellent journal. Having made its cultivation and development a specialty for the space of nine years last past, I will submit the following summary:

It will require 1,800 to 2,000 plants to set a single acre of land. Any good soil adapted to the production of corn or potatoes may be used, a position shielded from the range of heavy winds would be preferable. A partial shade, as a young orchard, is no impediment.

In the fall or early spring prepare your ground as for corn or potatoes, then proceed to strike furrows in the direction you wish the rows to run, seven feet apart, three inches deep, leaving the bottom of the furrow broad and level. Cross-mark with corn marker three and a-half feet apart, and in planting, place a plant at each crossing, carefully spreading the small fibers out in the furrow with the sprout or germ upward, then with the hoe carefully cover all the roots with fine soil two inches deep. After this, with cultivator and hoe, see that neither grass nor weeds are allowed to grow. A crop of early corn, potatoes, beans, or what is more profitable, strawberries may be grown between the rows the first season without detriment. They will need no pruning the first summer. Let the whole growth trail on the ground, and during the latter part of August and through September attention should be directed to layering the tips for the purpose of producing a valuable crop of plants. When the tips of the trailing vines seem swollen, and become naked or free from leaves, of a redish color, and semi-transparent, they are ready for layering. The proper mode of doing which is, with the corner of a hoe excavate the soil under the tip, letting it fall into the cavity, and replacing the soil, pressing all lightly with the foot or hoe. This causes the germ of the future plant to form from, or grow out of, the extreme tip or point of the young cane or brier.

And this is the only true process of propagating Black Raspberry plants,—but when thus treated, each plant will multiply itself from ten to thirty fold the first season after setting, the value of which exceeds that of a crop of fruit. The following spring, after the young plants are all removed from the ground, cut off the ends of the previous season's growth to within one and a-half to two feet of the root. It may seem wasteful, but is necessary to be done; thereby the *size* of the fruit is increased, and the *labor* of harvesting is greatly diminished.

There will now spring up large, upright canes for the next season's fruiting; these, when one and a-half to two feet high, in the latter part of June, should be cut or pinched off at the tips. This causes numerous side branches to start, and the main canes to grow more stocky, which prevents their being blown down by the wind, and also the necessity for staking and tying up to support the next crop of fruit. The following winter or early spring, these side branches should be cut off at least one-third to one-half their length, and then such shallow cultivation as is sufficient to keep the weeds and grass subdued is all that is needed till after the fruit is gathered, when all the old bushes may be cut away and the ground thoroughly cultivated or plowed, not too deeply, turning the furrows toward the rows. And after this, in each year, the same course of treatment is advisable. No pinching nor cutting back of the young canes after the first of July.

In gathering berries for market, see that all are fully ripe—partially ripened fruit becomes soft and sour in much less time than it does when well ripened before being picked. Ventilated quart or pint boxes, not more than three inches deep, square in form, with bottoms elevated, so as to pack one upon the other without shelves or drawers, are preferable for packing. The ordinary yield of the improved varieties of Black Raspberries is about 2,000 quarts per acre; but with labor and skill bestowed to that end, more than double that amount is not unfrequently gathered from a single acre in one season. A good picker often gathers 75 to 85 quarts in one day,—but 50 quarts would be considered a good day's work in picking, and 35 quarts would be a fair average during the ordinary season for berries.

In conclusion, in commendation of the improved varieties of the Black Raspberries as adapted to profitable cultivation, I am free to affirm they have indeed most valuable qualities. They need no covering or winter protection, do not fill the ground with suckers, are great bearers, and the fruit is so firm that it can be shipped to our most distant markets in good condition, and invariably finds a ready sale at highly remunerative prices. *

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Whinery Red Apple—Is figured in a late Prairie Farmer, which says it was received from Mr. Mark Bonsal of Salem, and that it is unable to decide whether it is not some other apple under a new name. It is thus described:—The size small; stem and seeds very small; color dark red, lighter about the calyx, with fine specks of white; glossy like the Romanite; milk sub-acid; fine flesh and juicy. For an apple to be in such good condition the middle of July, we should say the Whinery Red was a good thing to have.

Tomato Culture.—A correspondent of the Gard. Monthly advocates a mode of rigid training of the tomato vine on trellises near walls facing south or east. With little trouble the vines can be tied to the lath or wires as they grow, and while space is thus economised it is a pleasing form of culture. The advantages are that the vines grow and bear from the earliest time that any can be produced, until hard freezing weather comes in November. The fruit is finer flavored, more perfectly ripened, and is not subject to rot. By cutting the vines at the close of the season and hanging them with their load of fruit in a cool cellar, the latter will be retained in good eatable condition for a long time.

Grafting the Peach.—A correspondent of the Gardeners' Monthly gives the following directions: Grafting the peach is considered rather a difficult matter. We have succeeded in getting from one-half to two-thirds to grow. I will here give my mode of grafting. Cut and manage the scions, the same way as the apple; early in the spring as soon as the ground thaws enough, say in the month of March, take up the seedling stocks. Splice and tongue-graft the stock at the crown of the root, bind them firmly together with a waxed cloth or woolen yarn, then transplant out again leaving the top bud of the graft merely above ground; after growing one season take up the transplant to where you wish them to remain. The only difficulty is in early grafting, the ground freezing afterwards and forcing out the graft; to prevent this, cover the top of the graft with earth several inches, so the frost don't reach it. As soon as danger of freezing is over, remove it, or tie the graft firmly to the stock with woolen yarn. After the graft has grown some, remove the earth and cut the tying loose, to prevent injuring its growth.

Domestic Economy.

ROASTING FISH, DUCKS, &c.

The very best way of cooking fish and fowl ever devised is familiar to woodsmen, but unknown to city epicures. It is this: Take a large fish—say a trout of three or four pounds, fresh from its gambols in the cool stream—cut a small hole in the neck, and abstract the intestines. Wash the inside clean, and season it with pepper and salt; or, if convenient, fill it with stuffing made of bread-crumbs or crackers chopped up with meat. Make a fire outside the tent, and when it has burned down to embers rake it open, put in the fish, and cover it with coals and hot ashes. Within an hour take it from its bed, peel off the skin from the clean flesh, and you will have a trout with all its original juices and flavors preserved within it—a dish too good, as Izaak Walton would say, "for any but very honest men."

Grouse, ducks, and various other fowls, can be cooked deliciously in a similar way. The intestines of the bird should be taken out by a small hole at the vent, and the inside washed and stuffed as before. Then wet the feathers thoroughly, and cover with hot embers. When the cooking is finished peel off the burnt feathers and skin, and you will find underneath a lump of nice juicy flesh, which, when once tasted, will never be forgotten. The peculiar advantage of this method of roasting is, that the covering of embers prevents the escape of juices by evaporation.—*The Trapper's Guide.*

Corn Rusk.—Take one pint of corn meal and scald it with one quart of milk, a half a teacup of warm lard or butter, a little salt, three eggs, yeast enough to make it raise; then stiffen it with wheat flour; let it stand and raise about three hours; then roll and let it raise again; bake it and eat warm.

Sauce Mayonnaise.—Put into a large basin the yolks only of two fresh eggs, carefully freed from specks, with a little salt and Cayenne; stir these well together, then add about a teaspoonfull of the purest salad oil and work the mixture round with a wooden spoon until it appears like cream; pour in by slow degrees nearly half a pint of oil, continuing at each interval to work the sauce until it resumes the appearance of cream and not a particle of oil remains visible, then add two tablespoons of sharp vinegar and one of cold water to whiten the sauce. This is an admirable dressing for salad, cold chicken, turkey, &c.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Rich Gingerbread.—Melt together three-quarters of a pint of molasses and a half pound of butter, and pour them hot on a pound of flour, mixed with half a pound of sugar and three-quarters of an ounce of ginger. When the paste is quite cold, roll it out with as much more flour as will prevent its adhering to the board, and bake in a slow oven.—*Ibid.*

Pickled Eggs.—Boil the eggs until very hard; when cold shell them, and cut them in halves lengthwise; lay them carefully in large mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice a few pieces of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, tie up closely, and let them stand a month. They are then fit for use. With cold meat they are a delicious and delicate pickle.

Queen Cake.—Mix one pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar, and of washed currants; wash one pound of butter in rose water, beat it well, then mix with it eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and put in the dry ingredients by degrees; beat the whole an hour; butter little tins, teacups or saucers, filling them only half full; sift a little fine sugar over just as you put them into the oven.

Recipe for Cologne.—For one gallon of alcohol, take one ounce and a half of oil of bergamot, one ounce oil of lemon, quarter of an ounce oil of nutmeg, quarter of an ounce oil of rosemary, quarter of an ounce oil of lavender, and two grains of musk.

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FLOWER & VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'Keefe, Son & Co., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N.Y.

Ladies' Department.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Alas! I have waded through life,
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!

I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever was good—
Fish and flesh and fowl and fruit,
Supplied by hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

I dressed as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk and satin and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked lambs
That froze with Winter's cold!

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart!

She clasped her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream,
Large and bitter and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme—
And yet, oh, yet, that many a dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

IN TRIBULATION.

The following letter has excited our deepest sympathy:

"Dear Mr. Rural:—I take it for granted that you are a good and benign old gentleman, or you could not have published so valuable and useful a paper as the Rural New-Yorker for so many years. May blessings gather around your pathway, and may your subscription list grow longer every hour. Now will you please take off your glasses, and also the pen from behind your ear, and give me your attention for just a moment or two?

"I will begin by telling you that I am a woman, not of the strong-minded sort, but rather the reverse. If I were a little stronger-minded, perhaps I would have had no occasion to distress your kind heart by this tearful recital of mine. As Spring approaches come my troubles also. I have a passionate love for a beautiful yard, filled with choice flowers and shrubs, and my dear husband has a passionate love for lambs, calves, pigs, sheep, &c.; and he thinks they are a much prettier ornament to a yard than flowers, and for my life I cannot convince him to the contrary. I have had shrubs and climbers from Frost's, rare evergreens and flowers from Ellwanger & Barry's, bulbs and seeds from Vick's, and many more from other quarters; but they are things of the past, and I mourn for them as Rachel mourned for her children, 'because they are not.' The bleat of a lamb or the grunt of a pig, be it ever so 'cunning,' sends an unpleasant shiver all over me and I shall never like the animals again.

"Because they were too tender to be put in the pasture with the flock of sheep and other lambs, I had seven of the little wooly darlings in the yard during the greater part of one summer, and my heart still bleeds to think of the havoc they made amongst my shrubs, and especially the roses. The tender grass was no temptation at all so long as there was a shrub or rose sprout left. The little villains would climb racks and verandas with the agility of a cat. My husband would stand by with the greatest complacency and admire his pets with the eye of a connoisseur, and if my indignation would boil over occasionally all the satisfaction I would get would be:

"'Now, Polly, dear, if you would only study Pathology, Pathognomy, Physiology, Human Nature, &c., &c., you would take these things more philosophically. Now, one of these lambs is worth more than all the roses and posies you could crowd in this yard. Just look at that beauty there. Polly—the one nibbling at that white moss rose. Well, that lamb is a fortune in itself. I am exceedingly sorry, Polly, that you make such an ado about trifles, especially when these lambs' welfare is of so much importance.'

"With that he would walk into the house with the air of a deeply injured man. So, you see, I was powerless, unless, indeed, I could have been heartless enough to pour melted lead into the little wretches' ears, which I was often tempted to do—especially when Pathology, Pathognomy, Physiology, Human Nature, &c., &c., were dinged into *my* ears. I could never enter a complaint but all those 'ologies' would be paraded before me like so many accusing angels.

"Since that summer, calves, pigs and sheep have grazed, browsed and fellowshiped together lovingly, and the yard has become a sort of hospital for wheezy lambs and weak and sickly sheep, with now and then a colt thrown in. With every spring comes the yearning for flowers and the desire to work among them; but just as often my labor is in vain. Are there any of your lady readers who are or have been similarly afflicted? And if so, can they point out a remedy, aside from the knowledge of Pathology, Pathognomy, Physiology, Human Nature, &c., &c.? If they can, they will confer a lasting favor on yours, truly afflicted, Polly."

We took off our glasses and listened to "Polly" very benignly indeed. A woman's voice is always sweet to us, and particularly so when there are tears in it. If we were "Polly's" husband we do not see how we could possibly let the lambs and the pigs devastate the yard so: her tender appeals would move us to compassion. And now, if we knew her husband we would put on our spectacles and our most austere look, and read him a pointed lecture. Our subject would be mainly Yard-ology, though we might be tempted to speak of *Path*-ology sufficiently to show him how bad a path he walks in, and of Human Nature with a desire to convince him that his nature is intensely selfish and needs looking to. We should paint a picture of his home as it ought to be, with a beautiful yard around it, where flowers blossom and the air is redolent with sweetness, and then let him see it as it is,—a perfect libel on the *name* of home. We would say to him:—"Do not seek to starve out your wife's good taste because you have none and therefore cannot appreciate it. Because your imagination only sees a solid 'porker,' worth ten dollars per hundred, in the pig that squeals about the front door, do not laugh at your very much better half for seeing beauty and delight in flower beds which the prospective 'porker' will utterly destroy if you don't drive him out and put up the fence. Sheep and calves are good—in the field. They look far better there, in the estimation of every sensible individual, than they do playing on your veranda."

Having said this we should continue—but we forget; we do not know the good man, and, besides, this is the Ladies' column, and lectures to the other sex are not here in order. We can therefore merely repeat our expression of sympathy with "Polly," and trust that "Pollys" everywhere will join us in that expression.

A poor fellow protested to his girl in the hayfield that his two eyes hadn't come together all night for thinking about her. "Very likely they did not," replied the sweet plague of his life, "for I see your nose is still between them."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INDEPENDENT.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

Independent? Yes, I am. Afraid of Mrs. Grundy? Certainly I'm not. Think you I'm going to carry a ton's weight of waterfalls and chignons on my head just to please her?

She frowns, and fusses, and gives me one of her significant glances, as much as to say, "Not dressed in style! How dare you thus displease me,—*I* for whose approval Mrs. So-and-So tortures herself? How dare you leave your hair as *you* please, instead of arranging it in those graceful chignons, and switches, and butter-pats that *I*, Mrs. Grundy, sanction? How dare you," she imperiously demands, "leave your waist as God fashioned it, instead of conforming it to my improved model, viz.: ten inches in circumference?"

Now, dear Mrs. Grundy, don't worry yourself about my *few* oddities any more,—pray don't. I've tried in too many ways already to please you;—but now that you've grown old and childish, and your mind has become so impaired as to advise your daughters to wear a ton's weight on their heads, (not of bonnets,) and lace until the ribs so press on the respiratory organs as to cause suffocation, you and I must part company. Don't draw up your spectacles now, to get a better view of me; there are a thousand more as great a wonder as I, and surely the homage of these among your numerous subjects ought not to be missed by you, or any of your well-trained daughters. I would'nt, for the world have you anxious on my account, for I enjoy my independence immensely.

But just think of it:—you are not satisfied with having us mortals entirely subject to your imperious rule in matters of outward appearance. It is not enough that the dress and coat, bonnet and hat, and everything pertaining to these be subject to your severe criticism, and pronounced good or bad as you, Mrs. Grundy, may decide. The heart, even, must undergo a thorough course of discipline, and in every sense bow down in homage to your hollow creed of Fashion. Even religion must be remodeled and improved, that your delicate and refined sensibilities may not be disturbed. Beside this, your majestic mind would think to improve the preaching of the Gospel, and tone down its plain truths to suit your very refined feelings.

After this daring lecture from my insignificance, can you not readily believe that I'm a trifle independent?

Canandaigna, N. Y., Jan., 1868.

A SENSIBLE LOVE LETTER.

The following love letter was read in some court in France, not long since, pending a trial:

Mademoiselle—It was a saying of the celebrated Frenchman Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose name you very likely cannot pronounce, that, to write a good love letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written. Now, with all due deference to Rousseau's talents in other respects, I may say I do not believe this saying to be true, and I shall endeavor to write in opposition to it. I mean about what I write to you, Mary, that I may guard against poisoning your mind with flattery, or saying anything that may offend you. I wish you to understand that what I say I mean; that I neither write for writing's sake nor to please my own fancy. I I have, I hope, a higher aim and a more honest and more noble intention. I need not blush to own that my only object is to whisper in your ear a pure and tender tale of love. I entreat you to consider it as a symbol of the honestness and truthfulness of the writer, as a proof of his affection for you, and as a bond which shall unite us forever. Know then that from the moment I first beheld you I have felt a lively interest in your welfare, and your image has frequently presented itself to my mind. This will account for what passed between us on Sunday evening. "I have loved you for your beauty, but not (I hope) for that alone." "Beauty is but skin deep," although it is very agreeable as every one knows. It is not possible that I can know what other qualities you possess, but I should wish you to have a good knowledge of household matters. You may depend upon it that there is a good deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop or a tidy beefsteak for breakfast. The woman who can cook contributes more to the happiness of society than the twenty who cannot cook.

OUR SPICE BOX.

A name for a female ball-club—Femi-nine.

To curb a fast young man—bridle him.

What do we often drop, and never stop to pick up? A hint.

The flowers of speech spring from the root of the tongue.

What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

The 'lasses candy wedding is when the first baby gets big enough to lick.

Some one calls the time of squeezing girls' hands the palmy season of life.

Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

A little girl in Bangor last Sunday astonished her Sunday-school teacher with "Blessed are the *dress*-makers."

"Are our girls fitted for wives?" queries a sober exchange. "Are they fitted for husbands?" retorts a young itemizer.

Why is a young lady just from boarding school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

O. W. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

A wag remarks that he has seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they could not be told apart.

"Never listen to flatterers," said a mother to her daughter. "Why, mother, how shall I know that they flatter without I listen," was the quick retort of the young miss.

The Saturday Review says: "There are, it must be owned, but few things on earth of less interest, at first sight, than a girl in her teens." The editor must be an unfeeling old bachelor.

Much dress now the female form so grievously encumber,
That women who can walk a mile are very few in number;
Fresh air to health is needful, health to comfort and serenity,
Good looks, good temper, cheerfulness, and conjugal amenity.

A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of woman—that virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hands."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WIND SPRITES.

BY ELIZA O. CROSBY.

"Oh fairies! beautiful fairies!"
The trio of children cried,
As they peered through the frosted window
At the whirling snow outside,—
The light snow, newly fallen,
By the wild wind tossed and whirled,
Round the fences fleecily drifting,
Round the tree-trunks wreath'd and curled.

"It is only the wind and the snow-drifts,"
The practical Ella said;
But Willie, the youngest and fairest,
Had wisely shaken his head:
"I think they are beautiful fairies,
All dressed in the shining snow,
That God sends to wrap still closer
The plants that slumber below."

The children caught at the fancy,
And "Look at the fairies," cried;
While I thought that Willie's image
Was close to my own allied,—
That God sends little children
Our hearts with love to enfold,
That we may shield them closely
From the world's embittering cold.

Away through the years' dim distance,
I gaze at the trio to-day;
Ah, two on their locks are finding
A touch of time's silver gray;
And whenever o'er field and garden
The whirling wind-sprites go,
I think of the angel-taught Willie
Whose grave is under the snow,
Who went to the loving Saviour
So many long winters ago.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THE RICH ONES."

BY C. A. CHURCH.

A country's wealth is not in its rich men, nor their sons and daughters. That they make it poorer is a fact unquestioned. What is the poor man to them? What the struggles of the nation? What the prosperity of the people, except it bring something into their purses? I mean those men who were born rich, and were educated to value money as synonymous with greatness, tyranny and power. There are such; you have seen them, and I have seen them. We can tell them in a crowd if they say nothing. There is an air of loftiness, perfumed of pocket greatness, ever about them, which distinguishes them from the self-made rich men as easily as the eye can distinguish black from white. What does that man know of despairing poverty who has never felt it? He may have seen it in a thousand forms, and heard its deep, wild lamentations,—but he has never felt it. Deep trouble is still. We talk of light afflictions—rarely does the heart tell of its keenest sorrow.

The richest wealth a nation can boast is its honesty, industry and independence. These three make a foundation upon which it will stand, and there is none other upon which it can. It was not money that broke the tyrannical band that bound us so unwillingly and unlawfully to the mother country. It was not money alone that saved us from the eternal destruction we have so lately escaped. As the song goes, "'Tis true the men who did the fighting were the privates of the army." The conflict would have been closed with two-thirds the expenditure if the country had known but one-third the rich men it did.

But man in passing through this world needs something to remind him of its emptiness, and shortness, and his own soul's futurity, and who or what could better represent vanity, with all its appendages and in all its glory, than heirs and heiresses? In them we see birth, life, and death reflected in one mirror. Tender, dear, merciful, pitying creatures—stars of the fourth earthly heaven—why were ye sent to teach and bless a mortal world? Why were ye born into such a giftless, laboring, hurrying land as this? Be patient and mourn not, O ye daughters of tenderness! the evening of Life is shadowing. We weep over your misplacement and misfortunes,—but pity is mockery to wretchedness. Born ladies, scorning women, they live ladies, die, are buried, and go home to *seek* a lady's reward, leaving their blessings (?)—ladies' children—sweet angels!

If it is a glorious thing to be a gentleman on salary, what imagination can picture the joyous happiness of him who is able to live a gentleman without a salary! I shall not attempt it. But after all, the only one difference between a rich and a poor man is, to use a common but good comparative phrase, one is varnished, while the other is not; and a little varnish ever makes a quicker sale. A little paint will do, sometimes; while too much will not answer at all! This is a painted world, full of painted objects, and no artist could have shaded them better. Nature's emblem is green; make it red, and utterly gaudy, and it's not natural, and who wants to buy it?

—A few months ago I came down the Lakes, and was lucky enough to be a passenger on a steamer along with the *elite* of a western city simmered down to six separate individuals. Their first appearance "astonished the natives." Their dress—their varnish—was brilliant. They spoke a "various language," (*sotto voce*) and in their "gayer hours" the little wine-glasses went merrily from berth to pantry, and pantry to berth. Their wants were well supplied—*all* save one. A barber there was not. There was but one alternative,—*they must shave themselves.* Accordingly, one morning one of them took his first lesson with the razor. Wonder of wonders! Ingenious man! "How smooth!" "And hasn't cut himself!" "How *did* you do it?" "How dare—!" The exclamations of those "ladies" came to me gratis; this paper did not, or I would give the list *ad infinitum*. I retired to my berth and tried to forget them in the pages of "Marie Antoinette." Often would the wink and smile cross the cabin table at some new proof of their ignorance, which, though partly concealed by long words, was not hidden. One of them actually vowed the Welland Canal ran through New York, and would not "give in" until the captain was consulted.

Poverty nourishes and strengthens genius; wealth degrades, stupefies, kills it. So it is with labor. No man would be rich if there were no poor men; neither can a country be wealthy without labor. Intelligent labor is the motive power of success.

Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1868.

No one who wishes that conversation should be pleasant to his neighbors as well as himself, should speak more than two or three sentences at once. However much he may have to say, it will be all the more agreeably said for giving others the opportunity of assenting, illustrating, qualifying, or even contradicting.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A writer in The Western Presbyterian thus describes the singing as he heard it recently in Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, London:

"The hymn was read entirely through, and each verse was read before it was sung. The singing was started—not led—by a person who stood beside Spurgeon. I welcomed the familiar notes of *Old Hundred*, and for the first time for several months essayed to join in singing it. But I was surprised into silence by the manner in which the audience took possession of the tune. The most powerful organ, if there had been anything of the kind used, could not have led them. The second hymn was announced to be *Jesus, Lover of my Soul.* The preacher said, 'Let us sing this precious hymn softly to the tune of *Pleyel's Hymn.*' When the first verse had been sung, and after he had read the second, he said, 'Sing it softly!' With a countenance uplifted and beaming with fervor, his book in both hands, keeping time involuntarily to the music, he sang with the congregation. When he had read the third verse, he said, 'You don't sing it softly enough!' They sang it softly. It was as though some mighty hand had dammed up the waters of Niagara, leaving a thin sheet to creep through between two fingers, and making soft, sweet music in its great leap and plunge into the great basin below. Then when he had read the fourth verse, he said, 'Now, if we feel this, we will sing it with all our souls. Let us sing it with all our might.' And the great congregation burst forth into song. It was as though the Great Hand were suddenly uplifted, and the gathered waters were rushing on their united way in awful grandeur.

"I have heard the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, with a great company of their wives and daughters and friends, sing *Old Hundred* with fervor that thrilled me; I have heard oratorios rendered in Exeter Hall by a thousand selected voices, five hundred instruments, and a great organ; I have heard operas rendered in the Imperial Opera-House of the French Emperor by a great number of the best vocalists and musicians that could be found in Europe; but I have never heard music so pathetic, grand, and soul-stirring as that made by those who worshiped with me in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. I was too much carried away to take part in it myself. Mr. Spurgeon always uses those precious hymns and the old, loved tunes."

THE IMMORTALITY OF FAIRY STORIES.

Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, the gallant Quixotic Giant-Killer, and dear Cinderella, whom every one must have loved, I should think, ever since we ever knew her in her little brown pinafore; I wondered, as I shut them all up for the night between their green boards, what it was that made these stories so fresh and vivid. Why did they not fall to pieces, vanish, explode, disappear, like so many of their cotemporaries and descendants? And yet, far from being forgotten and passing away, it would seem as if each generation in turn, as it came into the world, looks to be delighted still by the brilliant pageant, and never tires or wearies of it. And on their side princes and princesses never seem to grow any older; the castles and the lovely gardens flourish without need of repair or whitewash, or plumbers or glaziers.

The princesses' gowns, too—sun, moon and star color—do not wear out or pass out of fashion, or require altering. Even the seven-leagued boots do not appear to be the worse for wear. Numbers of realistic stories for children have passed away. Little Henry and his Bearer, Poor Harry and Lucy, have nearly given up their little artless ghosts and prattle, and ceased making their own beds for the instruction of less excellently brought up little boys and girls; and notwithstanding a very interesting article in the Saturday Review, it must be owned that Harry Sandborn and Tommy Merton are not familiar playfellows in our nurseries and school rooms, and have passed somewhat out of date. But not so all these centenarians—Prince Riquet, Carabas, Little Red Riding Hood, Bluebeard and others. They seem as if they would never grow old. They play with the children, they amuse the elders; there seems no end to their fund of spirits and perennial youth.

H., to whom I made this remark, said, from the opposite chimney corner, "No wonder; the stories are only histories of real living persons, turned into fairy princes and princesses. Fairy stories are everywhere and every day. We are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres or wicked dwarfs. All these histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fairies, they are so true to it."—*Miss Thackeray.*

WE PASS FOR WHAT WE ARE.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretentions. An older boy says, "It's of no use, we shall find him out tomorrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

WITH NOTHING TO DO.

What an anomaly in creation is a human being with nothing to do. The most insignificant object in nature becomes to him or her a source of envy; the birds sing in an ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower hidden from all eyes sends forth its fragrance of happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonious work. Oh, plant! oh, stream! here in man and woman are powers we never dreamed of—faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a hand to do, but no work done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured in the desert. Oh, birds and flowers! ye are gods in such mockery of life as this.

Singing oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IS MY CROSS?

What is the cross the Saviour bids us bear
When He commands "Take it and follow me?"
Is it to yield our dearest treasures up?
To give to Death our best beloved when He
Opens his arms and calls the tender lambs
Back to the heavenly land?

Is it to live
Content in coldness and indifference,
Tho' prizing human sympathy and love?
Is it tho' loving beauty everywhere
To live 'mid uncongenial things, nor pine
At the rough way He leads our footsteps in?

Whate'er the cross, dear Saviour, Thou requir'st
Of us to bear, but point it out and we
Would be obedient to Thy command.
We know that Thou art ever near thine own,
To strengthen such as faint, to cheer the sad,
To love Thy children all; and trust that in
That better home above Thou wilt restore
The loved and lost ones to our fond embrace,
And for all crosses here wilt give to us
Complete and lasting recompense in heaven.

Elkhorn, Wis., Jan., 1868. B. C. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DISPOSAL OF TRUTH.

"Buy the Truth and sell it not."—Prov. 23-23.

The wise man counsels us to buy a valuable commodity, and dispose of it not. Many are selling it who do not fully realize the fact. They are in the habit of representing things as different from what they really are, thereby bartering away the truth instead of getting more of it. There are more engaged in this kind of business than we at first imagine, for the masses are either buying or selling the truth, and those who part with it are as numerous as a vast and unconquerable army.

Let us consider one of the efforts which are made to dispose of truth, by this army of buyers and sellers. If a man has anything to sell does he not as a general thing represent the article to be a little better than the same kind, which his neighbor has to sell? The masses are apt to shade their own wares with high colors in order to effect sales if possible. And are those who have articles for sale the only ones who are guilty? Certainly not, for buyers are equally guilty, by trying to make the seller believe his wares are of less value than they really are.

"It is naught, it is naught saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way he boasteth." In the days of the wise man the buyer did no more than thousands do at the present day. They do all they can to depreciate the value of the article they wish to get, but when it is obtained they are ready to tell their friends what a good bargain they have made. Before buying they find fault with every little defect, but after purchasing the value is rapidly increased—the article is faultless.

Now this is all wrong. How does a thing increase in value by merely passing from the hands of one man into the hands of another? Are we not bound to apply the golden rule in selling as well as buying? If we try to depreciate the value in buying, should we not *be honest*, and tell our customers, when we sell, that the article is an inferior one? Let conscience answer, and hereafter when that faithful monitor tells us what we ought to do, may we heed the advice and tell the whole truth. In buying and in selling, let us get all the truth we can, and part with it not; for this is a part of the golden rule exemplified in our dealings with each other. Reader, try the truth-buying system, and I assure you, that you will find it to be the best system ever tried.

Chili, N. Y., 1868. John L. Kennell.

GOD'S TIME.

"Doomed to disappointment, as usual."

"Don't say 'as usual,'" a soft voice replied; "you sometimes are wonderfully prospered."

"Yes, I say, *as usual*," was the quick, angry response; "I find the path blocked up whichever way I turn; try hard as I may, something or other upsets all my plans. I might as well give up one time as another."

"Perhaps it isn't the right time," said the soft voice again; "maybe God would prove you before he blesses you; perhaps he sees that you are not prepared for prosperity. We must take the blessings thankfully as they come, John, and the disappointments too, as part of his loving discipline. Everything comes best in God's time."

Yes, joy or sorrow, sunshine or cloud, plenty or poverty, all come in "God's time." However much our own efforts may bring to us, it is well to remember that God alone orders our success or our failure.

"God's time"—the best time we shall always find it to be, if we but look for his guiding and wait on him. Disappointments, viewed and received aright, may prove the richest blessings.

"God's time"—not that we must idly wait for the sun of prosperity to shine upon us, but humbly, earnestly, faithfully do each duty as it arises, leaving the rest with God. His time will bring us gladness and prosperity, if he sees it is for our good. Thus trusting, we shall always "be glad in the Lord," even "though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."—*American Messenger.*

SOUL'S REST.

The needle-point in the seaman's compass never stands still, but quivers and shakes till it comes right against the North pole. The wise men of the East never stood still, till they were right against the star which appeared unto them; and the star itself never stood still, till it came right against the other Star, which shone more brightly in the manger than the sun did in the firmament. And Noah's dove could find no rest for the sole of her foot all the while she was fluttering over the flood, till she returned to the ark with an olive branch in her mouth. So the heart of every true Christian, which is the turtle dove of Christ, can find no rest all the while it is hovering over the waters of the world, till it have the silver wings of a dove, and, with the olive branch of faith, fly to the true Noah, which signifieth "Rest," till Christ put forth his hand out of the ark, and taking it in, receive it to himself.

God's Work.—Be not sudden; take God's work together, and do not judge of it by parcels or pieces. It is, indeed, all wisdom and righteousness; but we shall best discern the beauty of it when we look on it in the frame, and when it shall be fully completed and finished, and our eyes enlightened to take a fuller and clearer view of it than we can have here. Oh! what wonder, what endless wondering will it then command!—*Leighton.*

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS ABOUT CHEMISTRY—No. II.

THE METALLIC ELEMENTS.

A METAL, as known in Chemistry, is an element or simple body, a conductor of electricity, caloric or heat, and may be fused. The number of distinct metals is fifty, though a majority of them are of little or no consequence in the arts and sciences. Their names are gold, silver, platinum, mercury, iron, copper, zinc, tin, lead, potassium, ammonium, (considered by many not an element,) aluminium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, lithium, barium, strontium, glucinum, zirconium, thorium, ittrium, erbium, terbium, cerium, lanthanum, didymium, manganese, chromium, cobalt, nickel, cadmium, titanium, bismuth, antimony, uranium, tungsten, molybdenum, vanadium, osmium, iridium, palladium, rhodium, ruthenium, arsenic, columbium, niobium, pelopium, tellurium and tantalium.

Great diversity exists in the nature of metals and their uses. Those denominated the *noble* ones are gold, silver, platinum and mercury—the first two generally called *precious* because used as money, and of their great importance in the arts. Platinum is used in some countries as money, its value being about half that of gold, and, like mercury, indispensable to the scientific. While some metals are flexible and ductile, others are laminable, or may be reduced to powder, or rendered a metallic liquid by acids, and again solidified, as in gilding, plating or electrotyping. Muriatic and nitric acids combined (aqua regia) make the most powerful dissolvent.

Some of the metals are found in combination with other substances, and may be reduced to a state of purity by heat, as, for instance, iron, the ore of which is an oxide, with sulphur and other impurities. An intense heat drives off the foreign substances, the iron is melted and cast into "pigs." It contains now much carbon, extremely hard, but is deprived of this element and rendered soft and malleable (wrought iron) by further heating and the trip-hammer. The sulphuret of lead (galena) is also easily reduced by heat, the sulphur passing off in vapor. Gold is always found in a metallic state. A few of the other metals are sometimes found pure or nearly so—silver, mercury, arsenic, copper and some others. Two or more metals or their oxides are frequently combined in the same mass or ore, as silver and lead, cobalt and nickel, or platinum, palladium, rhodium and iron. The separation of such metals and the impurities from them requires complex processes.

All metals unite with oxygen; also, with each other in any proportion. The oxides of most metals are dissolved in water or other liquids, but may be again solidified and metallized. The ocean contains immense quantities of metals in a liquid form, among them sodium. Soda, procured from the ashes of marine plants, is carbon, oxygen and the metallic base, sodium. Pure soda is an oxide of the metal. The ocean is rich in some of the most important metals, among them silver takes a prominent place. The soil contains many oxides of metals, as iron, aluminium, potassium and calcium; being dissolved they enter largely into the composition of vegetation; also of animals, among them man. The coloring of various kinds of soil is owing much to the oxide of iron. Aluminium is the metallic base of clay soil,—alumina is the oxide of that metal. Potash of commerce consists of carbon, oxygen and the metal potassium. Potassa is the oxide of potassium, taken up in a liquid state by vegetable substances,—the lye of wood ashes contains it in solution. Limestone—much of it—is carbonic acid and calcium, (lime;) as are also marble and chalk. Quick lime (limestone or marble burned) is the oxide of calcium. Gypsum or plaster is sulphuric acid combined with lime, and is much more soluble in pure water than the carbonate—limestone—though water containing carbonic acid dissolves it readily. The incrustation on the inside of tea-kettles and boilers is usually carbonate of lime; sometimes it is a sulphate combined with other earthy matter.

Many thousands of degrees of heat are required to fuse some of the metals, while others melt at a lower temperature than boiling water—212 deg. Potassium melts at 154 deg. and sodium at 194, while platinum and iridium require the most intense heat. Cast iron melts at 3,479; cobalt, 2,800; silver, 2,283; gold, 2,016; copper, 1,996. Mercury becomes a solid at 40 deg. below zero, called *freezing*. It boils at 662 deg. and passes away in vapor—resolvable again into a metal by condensation, like steam into water.

The specific gravity (weight) of metals varies materially. Some of them swim on water, (sodium and potassium;) others are many times as heavy. Platinum, when pure, is the heaviest substance known—21½ times heavier than water. To find the specific gravity of a metal weigh it in that fluid. Take a piece of iron weighing 7½ ounces and weigh it suspended in water; it will weigh one ounce less; its specific gravity is 7¼—7½ times as heavy as its bulk in liquid displaced. Sp. gr. of gold 19½. L.

A LOCOMOTIVE FOR COMMON ROADS.

MR. R. W. THOMSON of Edinburg, has at length to all appearance succeeded in making a steam locomotive fit for common roads. Hitherto it has been very difficult to use steam power on ordinary roads, for this reason, that if the wheels of the engines are made smooth they fail to bite the road, and slip instead of rolling, while, on the other hand, if the wheels are roughened by spikes or other means they destroy the macadam. The invention of Mr. Thomson in his new road steamer, is an exceedingly simple one, and promises to be effective. In a road engine which he has prepared for the island of Java, he has made the tires of vulcanized India rubber. They are twelve inches broad, and five inches thick. The engine to which they are fixed weighs between four and five tons, and yet the wheels, when moving over soft, bad roads, or a soft grass field, do not sink in the slightest degree, and scarcely leave their impress behind, owing to the elastic and cushion-like character of the material forming the tires of the wheels.

The trials that have been made with the road steamer in the vicinity of Edinburg show that a hard rigid material is not necessary for biting power in the wheel tires. Also that the rubber has an amount of durability beyond conception. No trace of wear has shown itself on the surface of the rubber, even though the trials have been made over roads laid with material of the most testing character, such as broken and angular flints. The engine was constructed to draw an omnibus weighing (with its load of say thirty passengers) about four tons, on a level road; but, in one of its trials, it ascended a hilly incline of one in twelve, with a huge steam boiler in tow, weighing, with its truck, between twelve and thirteen tons. Its speed is from nine to ten miles per hour. Messrs. Fowler & Co. of Leeds are so satisfied with what they have seen of these trials at Edinburg, that they are about to test Thomson's India rubber tire system for themselves on their own traction engines.

But the most hopeful token of success is this, that it is guaranteed by the name of Mr. Thomson, whose inventive faculty has already reached remarkable success. In the late exposition at Paris he showed a rotary engine, which is of the most ingenious description, and which has gone further than any similar attempt to show the possibility of producing such an engine—one of the chief puzzles of practical mechanics. He also, if I mistake not, is the inventor of the portable steam crane. He made this machine by a very simple expedient—that of placing the steam engine on the platform of the crane as the counterpoise of the load to be lifted. The engine being then part and parcel of the crane, could be moved with it at pleasure.—*Once a Week.*

ELECTRICAL PHENOMENON.

THE Rochester Union recently said:—One of the most beautiful electrical phenomena imaginable was witnessed last evening in the office of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Line. Wire No. 1 of this line was down between this city and Syracuse. Suddenly it was discovered that neither wire would work. A continuous current of electricity was then observed to be passing over the wires through the several instruments, and this while the batteries were detached. The current seemed to be of the volume of a medium-sized pipe-stem, and it gave the several colors of the rainbow, beautiful to behold. With the key open, the current flowed in waves or undulations, and from the surcharged wire it would leap over the insulated portions of the key and flow along the wires beyond. The same phenomenon was observed at Buffalo and Cleveland. The gas in the office here was lighted without difficulty by holding the end of a wire within an inch or two of the gas burner. The current was intense enough to shock one holding the wires or instruments—indeed, one of the employes of the office had his fingers scorched by the current. With closed keys the current was continuous, as before stated.

The explanation given by an experienced electrician is that the air being cold in extreme, the equilibrium of the electricity had become disturbed, and the current had left the ground, where it travels in warm weather, and had followed the air. Upon this theory the Aurora Borealis is accounted for. In noticing this fact the Union says:—A portion of the Irrepressible Conflict Speech of Wm. H. Seward, in this city, a few years since, was telegraphed to New York and from Boston to Portland by the electrical influence of the Aurora Borealis—all the batteries on the line being detached. This feat, it is said, has never been repeated.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FREEDOM OF THE NECK.

THIS was the cry which rang through the land in revolutionary times, after the heroes of that day had incurred the displeasure of the British Crown by making a declaration of independence. It was a bold step, involving great risk of life by signing the same, so that our forefathers were not only fighting for freedom from tyranny and oppression, but of their necks from the halter.

But we design to speak of another kind of freedom, not only of the neck, but also of the throat and lungs from coughs, colds and bronchial diseases that lead to pulmonary complaints. Many remedies have been invented and tried, for the relief of those thus affected, and by this time the reader has perhaps begun to think we are about to introduce some new medical patent. In this, however, he is mistaken; for though some of these may be valuable, yet more patients have been relieved by them of their cash than of disease. We would offer a little advice from our own experience, which consists not in internal but external remedies; not in putting on outward applications but in taking them off. Those who are the most careful in keeping on mufflers and neck-ties to avoid exposure to the air defeat the end they are trying to gain, especially if in usual health.

Now, it is quite impossible to entirely exclude cool air from the throat, and by trying to do so that part of the body becomes tender and sensitive, and by exercise moist with perspiration, being in the right condition to take cold by every new change of weather in this variable climate. Mufflers are comfortable but should be worn loosely around the neck. The furs of the present day are a wise improvement over those close-fitting elastic woolen mufflers of a few years ago. We are strongly of the opinion that sweating the neck should be wholly avoided in cool weather. Paper collars with light neck-ties we regard as a comfortable, convenient and healthful fashion. May it long continue. Keep the neck cool as comfort will allow. By so doing you may suffer less from unavoidable exposure than to be constantly fearful of feeling the cool air. D.

McDonough, N. Y., 1868.

REGARDING WORK AND REST.

Now and then, when I am tired, when I have worked long and wearily, have had some experience of the attritions of man with man, and have gained some new light respecting the moral condition of imperfect and unsanctified men, I say to myself:—"Well, you have worked more than the ordinary allotted period of man's life, and would it not be better for you now to withdraw and give place to younger men, and spend in an elegant leisure the declining period of your life?"

It is a temptation of the devil. And when I get rested, when I get one night's sound sleep, and my nervous energy is restored again, and my system is reinvigorated, I am amazed at myself, and in the morning I flagellate the man that I knew last night. Retire from life? I observe that trees keep all their beauty to the closing periods. How beautiful is the tree when it comes out of winter, and puts on all its delicate tints and shades of green! We then look upon the tree as though it was a new creation, and we say:—"Surely, God never made anything so beautiful as these trees;" and yet when summer deepens their hues, and they have become more robust, and we see what vigor and freshness and succulency there is in them, we say:—"After all, give me the summer tints. They are far better than the spring delicacies." And yet, when the October days have come, and the last part of the tree life for the year is enacted, and we see the gorgeous yellows, the rich browns and the magnificent scarlets, we say: "There, the last is the best." And might we not take pattern from the trees? Might we not follow up our youth and manhood with fair colors and delicate tints to the end of life?

I do not think a man ought to want to rest in this world. He may desire to achieve the means of setting himself from physical taxation. He may say:—"I will relinquish, in a measure, this, that I may transfer my activity to other spheres." That is proper for a man to do. But for a man to retire from life and society after he has been an active force therein and filled his sphere with usefulness, and seen the fruits of his labor multiplied at his hand, and known the satisfaction of a well-spent year—nature itself rebukes it. But many a man, at the age of forty-five years, says to himself:—"I am worth $500,000, and what a fool I am to work any longer! I am going to buy me an estate in the country, and be a gentleman." He buys him an estate, and undertakes to be a gentleman; but a man who has nothing to do is no gentleman. He goes into the country, and learns how to gape, and learns how to wish he knew what to do. He goes into the country in order to take the cars every morning, and come to the city every day to see what is going on. And he soon discovers that he has made a mistake, and says:—"What a fool I was! I thought I was unhappy, but I see I was not." And he becomes discontented, and before two years have gone he sells his country place for fifty per cent. less than he gave, and goes back to the city and enters into a new partnership, and says:—I have learned that a man had better not give up his business so long as he is able to attend to it." He could, I think, have learned it without going through that practice. A man ought not to be obliged to stumble upon every evil of life in order to find it out. Something ought to be learned from other people's blunders. There are enough of them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

A BEAUTIFUL HOME-PICTURE.

"NESTLING round the hearth together
We defy the growling weather."

WINTER isn't all dreariness. There is something wondrously cheery in a good blazing fire: it is suggestive, indeed is the dispenser, of real comfort. Summer evenings are very pleasant, when we can sit out upon the veranda in the warm moonlight, and listen to the insects humming their low melodies; but they lack a certain rich glow and color which winter evenings possess, and which seem to add peculiar depth and tenderness to life. Half our sunniest memories are of days when winter clouds hung low, and winter's cold kept us indoors by the roaring fire. What a witching song the sparkling flames sing! How many fancies they picture, with their wizard-like fingers,—fancies bright, beautiful, and fleeting as are all bright and beautiful things!

Here in our snug sanctum, of a mid-winter evening, we picture to ourselves many home-scenes like that portrayed above,—little family groups where love keeps out coldness, and childish hearts repeat to wedded ones the blessings of youth. We follow the RURAL—an old and welcome friend, we trust—into thousands of homes, and grasp the hands of fathers and mothers, and romp with the children, and grow young again in the air of content that makes home and happiness. Let the rude "northers" blow keen as they will, here they cannot enter; here it is the glad summer-time, with a something indefinable and better besides. "Nestling round the hearth!" Finish up the picture yourselves, good friends!

ITEMIZING.

WHO that regularly reads the newspapers has not been struck with those many-named columns into which the news of all the world is compressed? Variously styled in various newspapers, they aim to grasp and focalize the news of everything and every body, everywhere, and to present it in as small and telling a space as possible. They carry the reader in a breath from Indus to the pole, and hurry him along from sentence to sentence, to conduct him in a trice to antipodes of thought. The reader never thinks, as his eyes take their rapid journey down the columns, of the care, the pains, the taste, the skill, the patience necessary to reduce those items to attractive shape.

The scissors and the paste do a good deal of the work, it is true; but the brain helps more than it is given credit for. Fancy and imagination and judgment have to play their part. The scissors dart instinctively at a "good" item, and the brains step in and decide whether its publication would be judicious. Is the item old? Has it ever appeared before? Is it nice and fresh and crisp and sparkling? What position shall it hold with regard to the other items? Has another one on the same subject been already clipped out? Might not the phraseology be changed, so as to bestow point and pith? Could a piquant joke be tagged on? Again, when the work of selection is done, and the items—personal, miscellaneous, religious, theatrical and what not—are all arranged in order, will they make a glittering and symmetric whole, over which the eye will delight to rove, like a bird from flower to flower?

All these things have to be considered in attending to the "item" department of a newspaper. The tastes of every possible reader must be anticipated. Since it takes all sorts of people to make a world—a truism of profounder meaning than is generally appreciated—it takes all sorts of items to make a newspaper. The newspaper for the time is the world, and the items are the people in it, filling the columns with life and variety, furnishing infinite material for thought, and bringing close beside one another all the characters and events in this teeming world.—*Mail.*

WALL PAPER SUPERSEDED.

ACCORDING to the Boston Transcript a man in Cambridge, Mass., has made a new invention, by which wood hangings will take the place of paper. The Transcript says:

"A very delicate, simple and beautiful machine has been constructed, which will take a portion of a tree after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house paper, making one hundred or one hundred and fifty to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on the walls by paper hangers with paste and brush, precisely in the same manner as paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. In these days when variety is sought for, one can finish the walls of his house in different woods to suit his taste. One room can be finished in birds-eye maple, another in chestnut, another in cherry, another in white wood, and so on. Thus he has no imitation, but the real, genuine article upon his walls."

EFFECTS OF TEA ON THE SYSTEM.

THE Boston Journal of Chemistry publishes a lengthy article on the properties of tea, in the course of which the writer says that the brain-workers, in all the years since tea was introduced, have regarded it with the highest favor. It has a power to subdue irritability, refresh the spirits, and renew the energies such as is possessed by no other agent. When the system of man is exhausted by labor or study, a cup of tea reinvigorates and restores as no other form of food or beverage can. He thinks it promotive of longevity, and adds:—"Tea saves food by lessening the waste of the body, soothes the vascular system, and affords stimulus to the brain. The young do not need it, and it is worthy of note that they do not crave or like it. Children will frequently ask for coffee, but seldom for tea. To aged people whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have to fail together, it is almost a necessity."

HABITS OF OBSERVATION.—The practice of noting things and events in their simple existence will gradually accumulate a store of knowledge, from which we may derive help in every turn of life. It is the observant man that is the man of resource. The happiest inventions are the result of much silent observation. It is indispensable to all whose business it is to guide or rule their fellows. In the family it supplies what is most needed to prevent jars, to ease discomforts, to remedy mischiefs, to make up for deficiencies. In society it obviates blunders, suggests felicitous improvisations, steers one's course clear of sunken rocks, explains things which might otherwise appear anomalous, and nips silly suspicions in the bud. To the statesmen it is invaluable, for though there may be brilliant oratorical power without it, it is impossible that there can be wise administration.

HE who thinks he has enough of the Holy Spirit will quickly find himself vanquished by the evil spirit.

Reading for the Young.

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

GENTLE JESUS, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity;
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain would I to Thee be brought;
Gracious GOD, forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

Oh, supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my Keeper be;
Every moment watch o'er me.

THE EYE THAT LOOKS UPON US.

A PAINTER, very well known and very much beloved, died last year in England. His principal work was to prepare the illustrations for the magazines and newspapers which are adorned with pictures. His name was Leach. When a boy, he attended a large public school. It was a boarding school; and here he would remain during the long terms away from his parents. The little fellow when he first left his home would be homesick; but after awhile, in the company of his companions, this would wear away. But his mother, having none to take his place, pined to see her boy. It was not customary for the parents to visit their children at school; but the loving mother felt such a strong desire to see her son, that she arranged this plan:

All around the play-ground of the school were high blocks of buildings. So Mrs. Leech hired an upper room in one of these houses, from the windows of which the whole play-ground could be seen. Into this room went the tender mother every time she came to the city, and there from the window she would look down upon the happy little fellows playing below. One, among them all, her fond eye would seek out. He did not know that any one was looking down upon him. He did not think that his best friend on earth was so near that if he had spoken her name she would have answered at once. But on he went with his play, while that tear-dimmed eye followed him wherever he moved.

A mother's eye cannot always be on us. Our voice may not reach a parent's ear. There is one, however, always looking down upon us. That Eye is as tender as a mother's. By day and by night, when we wake and when we sleep, he is looking upon us. If we whisper to him, he will hear us. It is our Father in heaven. "When father and mother forsake us, then the Lord will take us up."

How a kind and generous act of her little boy would please that unseen mother above him! How a selfish and wicked act would grieve her!

Our Heavenly Father smiles from above down upon our hearts when we do right; and we *grieve* the Holy Spirit when we do wrong.

Let us not forget that Eye. Let us not forget how loving is that heart that looks down through that Eye. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

ARTHUR'S GENEROSITY.

BY ELIZABETH GREENLEAF.

ARTHUR PIERCE is one of my little neighbors, who is three years old. He has black eyes, rosy cheeks, and is so pleasant as to win him many friends. He is very generous, too, and always likes to share with others whatever is given him.

One morning in Winter the snow was falling fast, and his brother Willie had gone to school, drawing sister Mary on his new sled. Arthur had looked wistfully after them till they were out of sight, wishing he was old enough to go too. But the brave little fellow did not cry, but came back to his toys in the dining-room, and played with them till weary; then he followed his mamma about her work till he grew sleepy, when she took him on her lap to rock him to sleep with the "Chickadee Song" that so many children love to hear. When she came to the verse commencing,

"O, mother! do give him some stockings and shoes,"

Arthur was wide awake in a moment, and began to untie his shoe-strings, pointing eagerly to the snow birds that flitted past the window.

After that, his little heart was so full of pity for the bare feet of the birds, that he couldn't sleep at all, but begged his mamma all day to carry out his shoes to them.

Dear, generous Arthur! God has provided the "fowls of the air" with warm clothing for their bodies in giving them nice downy feathers; and has made the skin that covers their little feet tough and strong, that they may endure the cold Winter without discomfort; but he has placed many needy children in the world, whom we ought to assist both in food and clothing, remembering Christ's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."—*Child at Home.*

ON THE TRACK.

THE other day I heard a mother ask her little son to do something. "In a minute," he said. She spoke again. But it was one, two, three, four, five minutes before he minded her.

It makes me think of the switch-tender's boy. What if *he* had waited a minute before minding his father? A switch-tender in Prussia was just going to move the rail, in order to put a coming train of cars on a side track, when he caught sight of his little son playing on the track. The engine was in sight, and he had not a moment to spare. He might jump and save his child; but he could not do that and turn the switch in time; and if it were not done, the on-coming train would meet another train, and a terrible crash and smash take place. The safety of hundreds of lives depended upon his fidelity. What could he do? What did he do? "Lie down! lie down!" he called, with a loud, quick voice to the child; and seizing the switch, the train passed safely on its proper track.

Did the heavy train run over the little boy? Was he killed? Was he crushed to pieces? No, for he did just as his father told him, and did it instantly. He fell flat between the rails, and the cars went high over his head, and when the anxious father sprang to the spot, there he was alive and well; not a hair was touched. It was his quick obedience, you see, that saved his life. He did not stop a minute. Even a moment's hesitation would have been too late.

"WHY do you show favor to your enemies instead of destroying them?" said a chieftain to the Emperor Sigismund. "Do I not destroy my enemies by making them my friends?" was the Emperor's noble reply. Kindness is the best weapon with which to beat an adversary.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

About Premiums, Free Copies, &c.—Our Agent-Friends entitled to either Premiums or free copies of the RURAL will please bear in mind that they should notify us, at the time of remitting for clubs, *which they prefer*. Some send clubs, saying nothing as to what they want, and subsequently complain—one that we sent no free copy, another that no premium was forwarded, etc. Now, if each will mention *what* is desired, we can comply,—but, smart as we may be in some matters, we cannot *guess* correctly, and therefore wait for directions or—a scolding. Those who prefer free copies to premium, have only to mention the fact in their letters, and *vice versa*, and we will send accordingly.

☞ Our Subscription Bureau is a very busy department about these days, and some premiums may not be forwarded on the day ordered—especially if the articles mentioned are not on hand,—yet we are doing our "level best" to pay all as fast as possible.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Casiors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 60 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK;
SATURDAY, FEB'Y 22, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Constitutional Convention makes good progress in its work of reviewing the parts of articles on which motions and amendments are pending. There are about one hundred members in regular attendance.

Legislative matters are progressing quietly. No very important measures have as yet come up in either the Senate or Assembly. A new Police Commissioner for New York city has been elected in joint session of both Houses. Matthew T. Brennan was chosen by a majority of 24 over Ira Buckman. A memorial has been presented to the Senate from O. B. Latham, one of the new capitol commissioners, setting forth that the resident Commissioners, Hamilton Harris and John V. L. Pruyn, are proceeding with the work without consulting him; that the plans are incomplete; that the building will cost more than $4,000,000; that more land is needed, and that all work ought to be done by contract.

Governor Fenton has sent to the Senate the nomination of the Hon. James B. McKean of Saratoga, to be Auditor of the Canal Department, in place of Nathaniel S. Benton, whose term of office is about to expire.

Hon. James Reed, a Member of Assembly from New York city, died suddenly in one of the restaurants of that city on the 7th inst.

The Directors of the Midland Railroad have determined to put about 150 miles of the road under contract for construction at an early day.

The elegant mansion of Edward N. Perkins, Jamaica Place, L. I., with a portion of the furniture and costly paintings, was destroyed by fire on the 18th inst. The loss is estimated at $70,000.

Commodore Vanderbilt has restored the signal men upon the lines of the Hudson River Railroad. Upon 144 miles of track there are 147 flag and signal men, whose sole duty is to "see that there are no obstructions of any kind to render travel dangerous," and to display signals of safety or danger to every passing train.

J. F. Richardson, Professor of Latin in the University of Rochester, died on the 10th inst. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

Wm. L. Judson, charged with robbing the Brooklyn post-office, has been held in the sum of $50,000.

The annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society was held on Wednesday the 12th inst., in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, with Mr. Patrick, the President, in the chair. The Treasurer's report shows receipts during the year of $40,587.99, and an expenditure of $27,688.48.

Fort Plain lost $10,000 by fire on the night of the 15th inst.

A General Convention of Delegates from Boards of Trade favoring reform in the present system of canal management has been called at Albany, Tuesday, the 25th inst., to take measures for the abrogation of the pernicious policy of conducting all these great channels of trade.

From Washington.

ANOTHER letter from the President to General Grant has been made public. It is a reiteration of the Executive's version of the Stanton matter, and is supported by letters from Secretaries Welles, Browning, Randall and Seward. Some portions of the President's communication are construed as a direct backing down from former statements, however, and will, it is thought, result in killing the impeachment entirely. At present the impeachment project does not promise much.

At a late meeting of the Reconstruction Committee, now in charge of impeachment, Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania, submitted a resolution to the effect that it appeared from the late correspondence between the President and Gen. Grant, that the President had violated, or sought to violate, the provisions of the Tenure of Office bill, and that consequently he is guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, for which he ought to be impeached by the House. This resolution was discussed with much spirit. The point of the debate was as to whether the President had violated the Tenure of Office bill, by the effort to induce Gen. Grant to hold the office of Secretary of War, at the disposal of the President, after the Senate, by its resolution, had restored Mr. Stanton to that place. The resolution was laid on the table by the following vote:—Ayes—Messrs. Bingham, Beaman, Paine, Hubbard, (Republicans,) and Brooks and Beck, (Democrats.) Nays—Messrs. Stevens, Farnsworth and Boutwell.

The President has nominated Lieut.-Gen. W. T. Sherman to be General of the U. S. Army by Brevet. Rumor has it that the President intends to ignore Grant in issuing orders.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Gen. Noah L. Jeffries, Md., as Register of the Treasury.

The Senate Committee on Territories has reported a bill for the admission of Colorado as a State. The report urges the justice of admission, states that the population is equal to or more than that of other States when admitted, that the people are unanimous for admission, and that Congress is bound by plighted faith, expressed in an enabling act, to admit Colorado as a State.

In the Senate, Mr. Henderson has introduced a bill to create an Indian Department, and provide for the government and civilization of the Indians. It provides for a new Executive department, to be called the Department of Indian Affairs. The officer presiding over it is to be called the Secretary of Indian Affairs, and is to occupy the same position, as regards pay and power, as other heads of Executive departments.

The Secretary of State has reported to Congress a list of persons who have been employed as secret agents by the State Department in foreign countries on special emergencies and for short periods. The names are twenty-two in number, and among them are Archbishop Hughes, Thurlow Weed, Gen. Garibaldi, and others of note.

The President has issued an order creating a new Military Division to be called the Military Division of the Atlantic, to be composed of the Department of the East and the Department of Washington, and to be commanded by Lieut. Gen. W. T. Sherman with his headquarters at Washington.

A bill, introduced by Mr. Sherman, providing for the admission of Alabama, has been considered at a meeting of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and discussed at length. There is a strong disposition to admit Alabama, whether the late election be declared lost or not.

The pressure upon the President to reconstruct his Cabinet upon a Democratic basis is being exerted with great vigor and with some indications of success.

There seems to be no doubt that the appointment of Minister to England has been tendered to Gen. Geo. B. McClellan. The resignation of Mr. Adams, it has been ascertained from an official source, takes place in April.

From the West.

ADVICES to February 1st from Idaho, represent the mining interests as universally flourishing. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in treasure were re-shipped from the Owegeche district during January. Navigation of the Columbia is now open after the river had been frozen over thirty days.

Three hundred warriors charged on a scouting party near Fort Smith, Dakota, on the 3d inst., and wounded four men. They were repulsed after a corral fight of thirty-six hours. A number of the Indians are reported killed and wounded.

The action of the court martial at Fort Wayne, Michigan, dismissing from the service Brevet Captain E. L. Palmer, First Lieutenant Forty-Third United States Infantry, for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, has been approved, and that officer has been dismissed.

The Kansas Senate has passed a bill allowing persons, without regard to sex or color, to practice in the State Courts.

The night of the 10th inst. was the coldest of the season throughout the West. At Rock Island, Ill., the thermometer stood at 28 deg. below zero; at Dixon, 40 below; at Beloit, Wis., 27 below; at Des Moines, Iowa, 24 below; at Winona, Minn., 42 below, and at Sparta, Wis., 51 degrees below.

Resolutions have been introduced in the California Legislature stating that it is of the utmost importance to the Pacific States and the whole American Union, that British Columbia be annexed to the United States; and that Senators and Representatives be requested to urge the Government at Washington to use all honorable means to acquire said territory.

St. Louis greatly desires to be made the National Capital. A bill ceding a tract of land ten miles square, south of St. Louis, for a site for a National Capital, was introduced in the Lower House of the Legislature last week, and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations.

From the South.

THE Virginia Convention has before it a resolution prohibiting ministers, bank officers and attorneys from being members of the Legislature.

Gen. Schofield has issued an order vacating all tobacco inspectors' offices on the 1st of March where the occupants cannot take the oath of office.

Commodore E. M. Boutwell, late of the U. S. Navy, has been appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue for Richmond.

In the Virginia Convention the section authorizing the Legislature to create a Bureau of Agriculture and Immigration, after long debate, has been adopted.

The Louisiana Convention has adopted an ordinance providing for an election for the ratification of the Constitution immediately after adjournment, leaving the date blank.

A number of persons were buried beneath the ruins of a falling wall at a fire which took place in Wilmington, N. C., on the 14th inst. One white and four negro firemen have been taken from the ruins in a mangled condition. It is feared that ten or twelve were crushed.

Ex-Comptroller Gen. Burns of Ga., was arrested on the 14th inst. by order of Gen. Meade, and is now confined in the barracks for refusing to deliver the records of his office.

A dispatch from Galveston says the Convention is undoubtedly carried, the Conservatives voting against it or wholly abstaining from voting.

The Tennessee Conservative Convention has renominated Andrew Johnson for the Presidency.

Unofficial returns from all but fourteen counties of Alabama, indicate that 81,000 votes were cast at the late election, sufficient to ratify the Constitution and elect State officers.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

IT is generally believed that Lord Stanley will soon succeed Earl Derby at the head of the British Ministry.

It is reported that a great Pan-Sclavonic conspiracy against the Austrian Empire, has been discovered in Hungary.

Late advices from Japan report a formidable revolution in consequence of the opening of the new ports to foreigners.

The Tycoon fled from Meako and shut himself up in the castle at Osaka, where he placed himself under the protection of the fleet of the foreign powers in that harbor. It was not probable that the foreign ministers would make any efforts for a settlement of their relations with either of the opposing parties until after the assembling of the Nobility of the Empire in Council. The rebels and mounted robbers have slaughtered great numbers of the people. In Shantung, thirty thousand rebels have been killed, and the Imperial troops are everywhere victorious. Disturbances of a serious nature had taken place in Jeddo. Admiral Bell, U. S. Navy, was drowned on the 11th ult. at the mouth of the Osaka River.

A late dispatch from Suez, Egypt, says the Abyssinian monarch is said to be in a bad strait in a military point of view. An engagement between the two armies is imminent, and may take place at any moment. Very few of the disaffected native chiefs now acknowledge any fealty to Theodorus. The chief Kassai, ruler of the Tigre district, openly courts the favor of Maj. Gen. Napier. Thirty-five thousand British troops of all classes have been landed at Zeoula, and the advance of the Queen's army has reached within two days' march of Antalo, half way toward Magadala from the shore line, where it is very probable the expected battle will take place. The English troops in the interior number about 20,000. The troops suffered considerably from the heat of the weather.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Latest advices from Rio Janeiro stated that beyond the usual skirmishing there had been no fighting between the hostile armies on the Parana. The cholera was still raging with unabated fury in Buenos Ayres. There was also much sickness in the camps of both the armies. The revolt which had broken out in Sante Fe, one of the provinces of the Argentine Republic, had been successful, the ruling government having been overthrown. The Spanish Government hopes for a general peace from the internal dissensions now prevailing in Peru and Chili.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—Advices have been received from Hayti stating that the revolution in the southern part of that island has become general. Gen. Salomon, the present minister to European courts, has been proclaimed President in place of Gen. Salnave. All the principal towns are in arms against the government and authority of Salnave.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, February 18, 1868.

IN this locality there is no change to notice in business or financial matters. The banks are well supplied with currency, and good notes are freely discounted.

There is a growing ease in money matters in all the large Western towns, and the banks have now a fair amount of loanable funds, except those whose customers are largely engaged in the grain trade.

Money at the East is abundant, and rates of interest low. The Boston and New York banks are strong, though the last weekly statement of the banks in the latter city was hardly as favorable as statements for two weeks previous. There is no apparent reason for a change in the condition of financial affairs at present.

There has been some variation in the price of gold the past week, caused by what speculators deemed favorable or unfavorable news from Washington. Sales at the New York Board yesterday were made at 141¼.

The people are watching with considerable interest the progress of the financial schemes now before Congress. Senator Sherman's bill has been greatly modified since first proposed, and some of the more objectionable features do not now appear. As it now stands, it gives the Secretary of the Treasury authority to issue ten-forty five per cent. bonds, principal and interest payable in coin, in exchange for all outstanding obligations of the United States. These bonds not to be sold below par and to be known as Consols, and to be exempt from all local and State taxation, and all U. S. taxation, except income tax. It also provides for a sinking fund to pay these bonds. It also provides that coin contracts shall be made legal.

Senator Henderson's banking bill extends the three hundred million limit of circulation to seven hundred millions, and opens the banking system to all who will enter it upon the basis of new Consols. It also requires old banks to exchange their bonds, lodged as securities for circulating notes, for the new Consols within one year or forfeit their charters.

Judge Poland proposes to withdraw all the greenbacks at an early date by the substitution of a ten-forty five per cent. loan, and to give the national banking system the privilege of circulating all the paper money the country may require.

The following, from the Boston Commercial Bulletin of the 15th, shows an improved feeling among business men at the East:—"There is a better spirit pervading mercantile circles than has been manifested since the opening of the year, and indications are not wanting of a general revival of trade. Many staple articles of merchandise, both of home and foreign production, are beginning to sell freely from first hands, and distributors as well as consumers seem to be inspired with fresh courage and confidence."

The foregoing, as the Almanac makers say, is applicable to other localities.

WOOL.—The market continues remarkably quiet. Neither the amount of sales nor prices come up to what was anticipated by dealers. At this season of the year fine wool should sell rapidly and at buoyant prices, but it goes off slowly, and at low rates. Low and medium fleeces are most in demand by manufacturers. The supply of these descriptions is very small, both in the New York and Boston markets. In fact, the amount of all descriptions of wool is reduced to a small compass in all the consuming markets. The sales in Boston last week were to the amount of 700,000 lbs., at a range of 40@60c. for fleece, and 29½@48c. for pulled. Combing wool is selling at 55c. for domestic, and 65@68c. for Canada. California wool is selling at from 20 to 30c. The Boston papers report that some recent importations of South American wool are being reshipped to a foreign market.

PETROLEUM is dull and prices low.

GRAIN.—We note a slight advance in red wheat this week. The receipts of all kinds are quite light, considering the facility of reaching market, indicating a light stock in the hands of farmers, or surplus accumulations ample to enable them to hold on for higher rates. Whether these are to be obtained, is a question about which opinions may well differ. Barley is still advancing—indicating light receipts and an opinion that the supply is likely to be short.

BEANS are appreciating rapidly, and have reached figures rarely attained in this market.

PROVISIONS.—The provision market holds up strongly. Pork has appreciated slightly, and the tendency is still upward. Dressed hogs are better, with a diminishing supply. Butter is a shade dearer, but no permanent advance is now anticipated.

GRASS SEED—Does not show much activity yet, but the tendency is upward. There is a scarcity of the large clover seed, and considerable inquiry made for this variety. Timothy seed has improved.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.		**Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.**	
Flour, w't wheat	$15,50@16,00	Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. red wheat	13,50@14,00	Do. ℔ bbl.	2,50@ 3,25
Do. extra State	9,00@10,00	Do. dried, ℔ ℔	7@7½c
Do. buckw't, ℔ cwt	3,50@4,00	Peaches	25@ 30
Millfeed, coarse	25,00@28,00	Cherries	30@ 35
Do. fine	30,00@35,00	Plums	25@ 30
Meal, corn, cwt	2,50@ 2,75	Blackberries	7@ 8
Wheat, red, ℔ bu.	2,65@ 2,70	Potatoes, ℔ bu.	88@ 94
Do. best white	2,80@ 3,00	Onions	2,50@ 3,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu.	1,15@ 1,20	Turnips	00@ 50
Rye	1,50@ 1,60	Cranberries, ℔ bbl.	15,00@00,00
Oats	68@ 70c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Barley	1,65@ 1,75	Green hides trim'd	8½@9½c
Beans	3,50@4,00	Do. untrimmed	7½@ 8½
Meats.		Green calfskins	12@ 12
Pork, old mess	$00,00@00,00	Sheep pelts, each	75@ 2,00
Do. new mess	23,00@23,50	**Seeds.**	
Do. clear, ℔ ℔	00@ 00c	Timothy ℔ bu.	$ 3,25@ 3,50
Dressed hogs, cwt.	10,00@11,00	Clover, medium	7,00@ 7,25
Beef	7,00@12,00	Do. large	8,00@ 9,00
Spring lambs	0,00@ 0,00	Peas	1,40@ 1,50
Mutton, ℔ ℔	4@ 8c	Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Hams	14½@ 15	**Sundries.**	
Shoulders	10@ 11	Wood, hard	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Chickens	15@ 18	Do. soft	5,50@ 6,50
Turkeys	18@ 22	Coal, lump, ℔ ton.	8,25@ 0,00
Geese, each	00@ 00	Do. large egg	8,50@ 0,00
Dairy, Etc.		Do. small egg	8,50@ 0,00
Butter, choice roll	36@ 38	Do. stove	8,65@ 0,00
Do. packed	30@ 33	Do. chestnut	8,15@ 0,00
Cheese, dairy	13@ 14	Do. soft	7,00@ 0,00
Do. factory	15@ 17	Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Lard, tried	15@15½	Salt, ℔ bbl.	2,70@ 2,80
Do. rough	12@ 14	Wool, ℔ ℔	35@ 43c
Tallow, tried	9@ 9½	Hops	45@ 60
Do. rough	6@ 6½	Whitefish, ½ bbl.	6,00@ 6,50
Eggs, ℔ dozen	35@ 38	Codfish, ℔ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Forage.		Honey, box, ℔ ℔	22@ 25c
Hay ℔ ton	$20,00@26,00	Candles, box	12½@ 13½
Do. new	00,00@00,00	Do. extra	14@ 15
Straw	10,00@14,00	Barrels, each	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 15.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 21@21½c; Flour, $8.60@15; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,25; Wheat, $2.16@2.50; Rye, $1.78; Barley, $1.92@2.10; Corn, $1.20@1.29; Oats, 84½@86½c; Pork, mess, $22.87@23.62; prime, $18.50@21.50; prime mess, $20.00@20.75; Beef, new plain mess, $13.00@21.50; Beef hams, $29.00@39.50; Shoulders, 9½@10c; Hams, 13@14½c; Bacon, 10¾@14c; Lard, 13¾@14½c; Butter, 45@52c; Cheese, 11@15c; Eggs, 40@42c; Hops, 30@60c.

ALBANY, FEB. 15.—Flour, $10.50@15.50; Rye flour, $8,75; Buckwheat flour, $4.12@4.25; Corn meal, $2.75@2.85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.75@3.20; Rye, $1.64; Corn, $1.30@1.30; Barley, $2.00; Oats, 82@83c; Pork, new mess, $24.00; clear, $26.00; boneless, $27,00; Hams, 16c; Shoulders, 12c; Smoked beef, 20c; Lard, 13½@15½c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 15.—Flour, $10.00@10.25; Wheat, $2.65@2.70; Corn, $1.04@1.05; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1.65; Barley, $1.95; Peas, $1.20; Beans, $3.75; Pork, mess, $22.50@23.00; Lard, 14½@15c ℔; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2.55; coarse, ℔ bbl., $2.60; Clover quoted at $7,75; Timothy at $2,60@2.75.

CHICAGO, FEB. 15—Flour, $8.25@10.25; Wheat, $2.01@2.05½; Corn, 80@84½c; Oats, 56½@57; Rye, $1.55@1.54; Barley, $1.71@2.35; Pork, mess, $22.00@22.25; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 20@33c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $2.20@2.35; clover, $7-35@7,50; flax, $2.20.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 15.—Flour, $11.25@12,75; Wheat, $2.45@2.55; Corn, 82@85c bar; Oats, 65@66c; Rye, $1.65@1.68; Barley, $2.40@2.45; Mess pork, $22.75@23; Lard, 14@14½c; Bacon, 10½@13½c; Clover seed, 18½c. ℔ ℔; Timothy, $2.50@2.65.

TORONTO, FEB. 14.—Flour, $6.25@7.10; Wheat, fall, $1.73@1.78; Spring, $1.60@1.64; Oats, 57@59c; Barley, $1@1.25; Peas, 1.70@1.73; Pork, mess, $14.50@18; Bacon, 6½@7½c; Hams, 7½@8½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 8@9½c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 17@35c; Hops, 25@50c; Cheese, 10@10½c; Dried apples, 8@9½c; Hay, $13@18; Straw, $11@12.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 10—Beeves—Receipts 4,821 head; quotations at 12@12c. Veal Calves—Receipts 565 head; quotations 10@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 24,158 head; quotations 5@8¾. Swine—Receipts 5,613 head; quotations 8¾@9c.

ALBANY, FEB. 12—Beeves, $3,25@12,00. Milch Cows, $40@90. Sheep and Lambs—State 4½@6½c.; Michigan 6@7½c.; Canada 7@8½c. Hogs, 7@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, FEB. 12.—Beeves range from 8@14¾c; Working Oxen, $160@265 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $44@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 4@6c; extra, 7@8c; by the head, $2@5.00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 8@9c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 65c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 10—Cattle lower; sales at 6@11½c. Sheep, 5@5½c. Hogs, 12@12½c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 15—Beef Cattle, 7½@7½c. Veal Calves, 4½@6½c. Sheep, $2,00@5. Hogs, $7,00@8,25.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 15—Beef Cattle, $4,00@7,50; Sheep, 4½@7c; Hogs, 7@8½c.

TORONTO, FEB. 5.—Beef ranges at $5,50@7,10; Sheep and Lambs, $2,50@5; Calves, $4@5 each.

BALTIMORE, FEB. 13.—Beef Cattle, 4@9½c; Sheep, 4½@6½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 15.—Market favors the buyers. Sales are 400,000 lbs. at 41@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 38@42½c. for super pulled, 28@30c. for Texas, 26½@34c. for California.

BOSTON, FEB. 13—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ¾ and ½ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@53c.; Superfine, 38@43c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 14—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 33@42c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 25@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 14—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.; Fleece, 33@42c.

DIED.

AT East Henrietta, on Christmas morning, 1867, JOSEPH BYCROFT, in the 50th year of his age.

☞ California papers please copy.

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Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
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Purifying Lake, Rain and River Water. With this Filter the most impure water is made free from all foreign matter, clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell. J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
Manufacturers, Rochester, N. Y.

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Hartford, Conn.

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RECOMMENDS.

I think your improvements are worth more than words can express. MRS. F. H. MCLEAN, St. Louis, Mo.

I would not have a Machine without your improvements; the cannot register and tables alone, are worth twice what you ask for them. H. C. GRAVES, Chestertown, N. Y.
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Hon. R. C. PARKER, Detroit, Mich.
GEO. W. RISSELL, do. do.
ISRAEL DANIELS, do. do.
HORACE TURNER, do. do.
JOHNSTON & GREEN, Port Huron, Mich.
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HENRY HURNDEN, do. do.
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D. G. CANFIELD, Niagara Falls.
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WANTED—AGENTS TO SELL SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE,

It contains OVER ONE THOUSAND closely printed, double column, octavo pages, from new electrotype plates, on good paper, and is appropriately illustrated with over TWO HUNDRED engravings on STEEL AND WOOD, and a series of fine authentic maps.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED.—Owing to the *unprecedented popularity* of this work, a small English abridgment adapted to juvenile readers, in duodecimo form, of about 600 pages, has been reprinted by another firm in larger type, and spread over 800 octavo pages, evidently—by making a book larger than its original—to give the impression that it is our edition. *To those who desire this juvenile edition, we will, early in March, furnish the English work, far superior to the American, at $2.75 per copy.* Send for circulars giving full particulars. S. S. SCRANTON & CO.,
944-2teo Publishers, 126 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK GIFT COMPANY.

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

5 Cash Gifts	Each	$10,000
5 " "	"	5,000
10 " "	"	1,000
20 " "	"	500
100 " "	"	100
200 " "	"	50
300 " "	"	25
400 " "	"	10
30 Elegant Rosewood Pianos	Each	$300 to $500
35 " Melodeons	"	75 to 150
150 Sewing Machines	"	60 to 125
250 Musical Boxes	"	25 to 200
300 Fine Gold Watches	"	75 to 300
750 Fine Silver Watches	"	30 to 50

Fine Oil Paintings, Framed Engravings, Silver Ware, Photograph Albums, and a large assortment of Fine Gold Jewelry, in all valued at **1,000,000 Dollars.**

A Chance to draw any of the above Prizes by purchasing a Sealed Ticket for 25 cents.

TICKETS describing each Prize are SEALED in Envelopes and thoroughly mixed. On receipt of 25 cents, a Sealed Ticket will be drawn, without choice, and delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of ONE DOLLAR. Prizes will be immediately sent to any address, as requested, by express or return mail.

You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. Any Prize may be exchanged for another of the same value. No Blanks. ☞ Our Patrons can depend on fair dealing.

References.

The following persons have lately drawn valuable prizes from this Company, and kindly permitted the use of their names:

J H Milnor, 368 Sixth Avenue, N Y, $1,000; Mrs E Collins, 75 Nelson Place, N Y, $500; Miss C Cook, Chicago, Ill, Piano, value $450; W Boyd, New Haven, Gold Watch, $250; Robert Furman, Dubuque, Sewing Machine, $100; Henry McCallum, Louisville, Ky, $500; Col T I Ransom, Washington, D C, Musical Box, $150; L H Knapp, 36 Fourteenth Street, N Y, Piano, $500; G H Benedict, New Orleans, Gold Watch, $209; W A Barnes, Atlanta, Ga, $500; R H Sutton, Nashville, Tenn, Melodeon, $150; Edward Dayton, Mobile, Ala, Diamond Cluster Ring, $350; S Payne, Burlington, Vt, $100; L D Ferris, Springfield, Ill, Diamond Pin, $200; Mrs B Wedgewood, Trenton, N J,

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Great Announcement—Street & Smith.
New York Gift Company—H Barton & Co.
Smith's Dictionary of the Bible—S S Scranton & Co.
St John's Patent Hand Glass—St John & Templeton.
New Horse Power—R L Howard.
Advertising—Geo P Rowell & Co.
Davison's New Seedling Black Raspberry—Rev Mr Hoyt.
Immense Dollar Sale—Kimball & Co.
$10 Sewing Machine—Empress Sewing Machine Co.
A Splendid Place for Sale—Geo E Sheldon.
Early Goodrich Potatoes—Gottfried Boehringer.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, &c—Ellwanger & Barry.
Stimpson's Scientific Pen and Ink Holder—A S Barnes & Co.
Knitting Machines—Ira A Hebbard.
Every Singer should have Mottle Green—Cottler & Benton.
To the Seed Trade—Fr ft Schroeder.
Early Goodrich Potatoes, &c—H A Catlin.
Bells—Vanduzen & Tift.
Canvassing Agents Wanted.
Kedzie's Patent Water Filter—Kedzie & Bunnel.
Every Lady Gets a Premium—W T Horner.
Agents Wanted—National Publishing Co.
Journal of Agriculture—L D Morse & Co.
Agents Wanted—Graniteville S M Co.
Native Evergreens—Edward Durston.
New and Rare Vegetable Seed—Jas J H Gregory.
Water Filters—J E Cheney & Co.
Stencil Plates—C D V Carter.
Ayer's Medicines.
Book Agents Wanted—Hartford Publishing Co.
Agents Wanted—Geo W Washburn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Buffalo Telegraph Institute.

The News Condenser.

— A heavy snow storm in Atlanta, Ga., on the 29th ult.
— The "sweet cider question" rages in Wisconsin.
— St. Louis has the trichina again.
— Ox tail soup was invented by the Hugnenots.
— Garibaldi is studying vivisection.
— A Radical journal in La. is printed on yellow paper.
— Central R. R. passengers will hereafter dine at Utica.
— The leaning tower of Pisa is said to be about to fall.
— Chinese grammars are printed in Germany.
— Macon, Ga., is unsafe after dark.
— Memphis grows more and more murderous.
— A dozen people a week freeze to death in Wisconsin.
— Beecher is to be biographed by Browne.
— Idaho is $94,764 in debt.
— Americans eat yearly 41 lbs. of sugar on an average.
— Brooklyn is two-thirds boarding-houses.
— A new Mormon Bible has been published in Illinois.
— Texas has had 2,000 murders since the war.
— St. Paul eats venison at six to ten cents per pound.
— Dickens is not going West.
— Murdock disclaims all rivalry with Dickens.
— Louisville thinks of having bull-fights.
— In Indiana they fine people for whispering in church.
— Chicago has a Scandinavian paper—the Pokrok.
— Jackson, Miss., has the cholera.
— Michigan will no longer divorce outsiders.
— Nova Scotia gold miners averaged $1,669 last year.
— Chicago divorces 200 couples per annum.
— They are trying to abolish capital punishment in Mo.
— Moose is seven cents a pound in Quebec.
— Nebraska settlers build their houses in five hours.
— Dickens was 56 years old on the 7th inst.
— Wm. Murphy has died in Taunton Mass, aged 108.
— Chicago built fifteen miles of sewers in 1867.
— The price of telegrams is again reduced in France.
— New Zealand is going into salmon breeding.
— One California farmer has raised 25,000 lbs. of raisins.
— Miss Mulligan is the best lady skater in Buffalo.
— Alice Cary writes on an average two poems a day.
— Mail robbers are more efficient than mail agents in Texas.
— The Methodists have 51 weekly publications in this country.
— The area of Philadelphia is 16,800 acres; that of London 77,997.
— Coal is being shipped from Brazil to points on the Ohio river.
— The two presiding officers of the Maine Legislature are cousins.
— The Athens road will be used exclusively for freight next season.
— Little girls are employed to carry the new woman's rights paper.
— The Indianapolitans are to have an organ all the way from Boston.
— Tomatoes are nearly ripe in Florida, and peach trees are in bloom.
— The Mississippi is still falling. Glad something is coming down!
— "Legg' Hall is the name of a new dancing academy in Skaneateles.
— The hair for full dress occasions is now arranged in puffs and curls.
— A certain New York street beggar is taxed on $65,000 of real estate.
— A brick building in Mobile which rented for $400 has been sold for $800.
— A million dollar canal is proposed from Houston, Texas, to the Gulf.
— A railway direct from St. Louis to Omaha is to be begun in the spring.
— The ratio of deaths during the past year in Philadelphia was one in fifty.
— The war claims of Rhode Island are paid with the exception of $5,097.80.
— Bayard Taylor has been riding over the Alps on a railroad. He likes it.
— The Bishop of London is a hundred years old, and reads without glasses.
— A Cincinnati lady has seven husbands living. Her address is the city jail.
— R. D. Hannahs, the first exporter of Genesee flour to New England, is dead.
— The first Canadian Parliament assembled in Quebec seventy-five years ago.
— The Sterling Gazette wants Anna Dickinson "to speak out like a man."
— The latest burlesque of "Under the Gaslight" is "Under the Kerosene."
— A bridal pair in Detroit weigh 550 pounds. Can they be called light-hearted?
— California's debt is less than it was four years ago, and is now but $5,126,500.
— Miss Emma Hunt is a candidate for enrolling clerk to the Kansas Legislature.
— Prussian soldiers have had an advance in their wages—they now get $5.50 a month.
— Col. Bowie, the Governor elect of Maryland, keeps a stable of one thousand horses.
— Coal has been found at Rhinebeck, on the Hudson, and it will probably be worked.
— The Empress of Austria is having prayers said for her until the first of April next.
— The Montana Legislature kindly exempts lawyers, editors and idiots from jury duty.
— A lady in Ohio recently gave a party on the occurrence of her one hundredth birthday.
— Peter Cartwright, the celebrated Methodist preacher, is still vigorous at the age of eighty-three.
— Jack Jones, a Rocky Mountain pioneer, is just dead. At one time he owned the whole of Denver City.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Buffalo Telegraph Institute advertises for 100 ENERGETIC YOUNG MEN to learn Telegraphing for the *new lines* now building. A good opening. Parties can address the above for particulars.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

St Johns Patent Hand Glass

Light, Portable, Cheap, perfect protection and thorough ventilation. Best invention for the forcing and protecting of early vegetables. For sale by Seedsmen and Agricultural Dealers generally. ST. JOHN & TEMPLETON,
914-tf 7 Broadway, New York.

WE ARE MAKING A COMPLETE REVOLUTION IN TRADE!
And are selling for **ONE DOLLAR**, Silk, Merino and Alpacca Dresses, Shawls, Balmorals, Linen Goods, Watches, Jewelry, Silver-Plated Ware, Sewing Machines, &c. Send Clubs of ten or more, with 10 cents for each descriptive check, and the getter-up of the club will receive a present worth $3 to $300, according to number sent. Agents wanted everywhere. Circulars sent free.
943-4t PARKER & CO., 51 & 66 Federal St., Boston.

ONE OF THE BEST STOCK AND GRAIN FARMS IN SOUTHERN OHIO, situate 16 miles from Cincinnati, and three miles back from the Ohio River, containing 300 acres, 200 under cultivation, 100 acres in wood, locust, &c. The farm is finely watered with never-failing springs. The buildings are, a good 2-story Brick Dwelling House, 4 large Barns, Stables, Corn Cribs and all other requisite out-buildings in good order; a good orchard and large lot of young fruit trees, and pleasantly located in a rich, healthy section. Will sell for $16,500. Would take property in New York, Brooklyn, Buffalo or Cincinnati in part payment. For further particulars apply to
HUME & SANFORD,
943-3t Real Estate Agents, Buffalo, N. Y.

JACKSON & CO. *Established 1860.* [*Licensed by the United States.*]
GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE
of rich and valuable goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Gold and Silver Watches, Carpets, Furniture, Silver Plated Ware, Fine Jewelry, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., comprising a great variety of useful articles, and each and every article will be sold for $1. We purchase our goods for cash from importers, manufacturers and bankrupt merchants or their assignees. Our method of doing business is as follows:—To any one sending us their address by mail, and twenty-five cents, we will forward by mail a certificate giving the name and description of the article we offer for $1, and then, by returning this certificate with $1, we will forward the article named to their address. We offer the following terms to Agents:

5 Certificates of Articles for		$1 00
12	" "	1 50
25	" "	3 00
50	" "	5 00
100	" "	10 00

with extra inducements to Agents. AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN IN THE U. STATES. Send for our Circular.
943-2t JACKSON & CO., 89 Court St., Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.—The very important and extensive improvements which have recently been made in this popular Hotel, the largest in New England, enable the proprietors to offer to Tourists, Families, and the Travelling Public, accommodations and conveniences superior to any other Hotel in the city. During the past summer additions have been made of numerous suites of apartments, with bathing rooms, water closets, &c., attached; one of Tufts' magnificent passenger elevators, the best ever constructed, conveys guests to the upper story of the house in one minute; the entries have been newly and richly carpeted, and the entire house thoroughly replenished and refurnished, making it, in all its appointments, equal to any hotel in the country. 942-13t
Telegraph Office, Billiard Halls and Cafe on the first floor.
Feb. 1, 1868. LEWIS RICE & SON, Proprietors.

200,000 HOP AND 10,000 THORNLESS RASPBERRY.—Wisconsin Hop-Roots and Davison's Thornless Black-Cap, in quantities to suit purchasers and on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere. Prompt answers to inquiries. Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB," West Macedon, N. Y. 942-6teo

WANTED, EVERYWHERE—GOOD AGENTS for our new work, "HOME BOOK OF WONDERS;" also, for a new FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH BIBLE, containing Notes, Indexes, Maps, Engravings, Record, Album, &c. BEST TERMS GIVEN. Address,
941-4t BRAINARD & SAMPSON, Hartford, Conn.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 20 cents. Twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG,
942-4t 91 Columbia St., New York City.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!—The address of one or two persons of either sex in every town and village, who desire a good and profitable employment.
Address S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
942-4t 30 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

"MESSRS. REED, CUTLER & CO., Boston:—*Gentlemen:* We, the undersigned, *Wholesale Druggists*, having for many years sold your **Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam**, are happy to bear testimony to its great efficacy in all *Pulmonary Complaints*. We know of no medicine which has deservedly sustained so high a reputation for so long a term of years." [Signed by the oldest and largest houses in the country.] Get the genuine.

PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.,
37 Union Square, Broadway, New York,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SMITH'S UNRIVALLED AMERICAN ORGANS,
Also, Manufacturers of SUPERIOR PIANOS, and Publishers of SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC. 942-4t

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.
This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black or brown*. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

MARYLAND FARM—129 ACRES ON TURNPIKE, 19 miles from Baltimore city, well improved, good fruit of all kinds, for $5,000. JOHN GLENN & CO.,
938-tf No. 20 St. Paul St. corner Fayette, Baltimore, Md.

FARM DAIRY CHEESE VATS.—ROE'S PATENT, the best in the World! Also, Roe's newly Improved Vats for associated Dairies and Factories, the best and the cheapest. Circulars, and Rules for Cheese Making, of H. A. ROE, Madison, Lake Co., Ohio. 933-6teo

FRANKLIN BRICK MACHINE—For Simplicity, durability, rapidity and perfection of work is unequalled. J. H. RENICK, 71 Broadway, N. Y., Room 28.

DRAIN TILE MACHINE.—THE BEST IN AMERICA. Send for a Circular.
942-4t A. LA TOURRETTE, Waterloo, N. Y.

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT!—$10 A DAY AND EXPENSES paid. Circulars free. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

A GREAT ANNOUNCEMENT!!!!
WILL BE COMMENCED IN NO. 16 OF
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,
THE BEST STORY AND SKETCH PAPER OF THE AGE, A THRILLING TALE, ENTITLED
THE WITCH FINDER;
—OR—
The Hunted Maid of Salem,
BY LEON LEWIS,
AUTHOR OF "THE SILVER SHIP," "THE WATER WOLF," "SYRIA THE JEWESS," etc., etc.

A thoroughly authentic history of Salem Witchcraft has yet to be written. In the books treating of this subject, the atrocities that were perpetrated by the Witch-Testers were classed as almost pardonable offenses, because committed under the delusion that the victims were gifted with supernatural powers, and could at will afflict any person with the most direful physical and mental ailments—such as blindness, deformity or insanity. In those days every person who suddenly became ill, at once proclaimed that he was bewitched, and began recalling to mind the female on whom he had last looked, and who, it was thought, had prostrated him by the power of Witchcraft. The suspected party, as was natural, generally proved to be some unfortunate woman against whom the invalid had long harbored a spirit of unfriendliness. The relatives of the sick person were at once summoned; after listening to the story of the individual supposed to be bewitched, they would proceed in a body to the dwelling of the unsuspecting victim, drag her forth, publicly accuse her of Witchcraft, in having afflicted their suffering relative, and make her submit to

The Witch-Finder's Test.

Tears and entreaties were of no avail; the expostulations of friends only made matters worse by leaving them open to suspicion, and it often happened that in endeavoring to shield the unfortunate victim from the fury of the superstitious multitude, even the friends of the supposed witch were compelled to undergo the tortures of

The Witch-Finder's Test.

These tests were as numerous as they were atrocious and diabolical, and frequently resulted in the death of the victim. When proved guilty of Witchcraft, death by the most cruel means was of course the sentence; but it was not a rare occurrence for

The Witch-Finder's Test

to put an end to the victim's sufferings by death, just as she was about to be declared innocent.

At this distant day, and in this age of enlightenment, there will be found many who will discredit the following brief description of one of the many tests resorted to by

The Heartless Witch-Finder.

The Salemites believed that it was *impossible to drown a Witch*—that if thrown into a river, she would certainly be able to make her way to the shore. Acting upon this belief, when a woman was suspected of Witchcraft, she would be compelled to undergo the

Witch-Finder's Drowning Test.

She would be dragged to the nearest river, and plunged in at a considerable distance from the shore. In case the woman succeeded for a time in keeping her head above the surface of the water, that was considered *positive evidence that she was a Witch*, and she would be *stoned to death* as she struggled with the remorseless waves. In this test the only proof of the woman's innocence of Witchcraft was *when she could not swim*, and therefore *sank to rise no more!* Innocent or guilty, it was death in either case! By drowning, she proved herself innocent; but if it appeared probable that she could save her life by swimming, she was *stoned like a cat until she drowned!*

Even cruelty more atrocious than this was put in practice by

The Witch-Finder.

Private quarrels and ancient grudges were avenged by accusing innocent people of Witchcraft. Young wives were ruthlessly torn from loving husbands, accused before the gaping, ignorant and superstitious populace,

Branded as Witches,

and after being marched through the town, that everybody might look their last upon the

Female Demons,

the terrified women were driven over to the villainous wretches who had achieved notoriety as

Witch-Finders.

The remarkable story which is soon to appear in the

New York Weekly,

is a reliable expose of the atrocities enacted in the

Days of Salem Witchcraft.

The tale is founded on authentic records and data, and is entitled

THE WITCH FINDER;
OR,
The Hunted Maid of Salem.

The plot of the story is original, although it has for its basis an accurate account of the cruelties that were perpetrated during the period of

Salem Witchcraft.

Among the principal characters portrayed in this exciting story is

The Witch-Hunter.

The most disreputable person in Salem, at the time of the Witchcraft excitement, was a man named BOARDRUSH, who had achieved a devilish notoriety as a Volunteer Accuser, a Witch-Tester, or Witch-Discoverer. This heartless miscreant practised various juggleries, under pretense of distinguishing a Witch from an innocent person, such as drawing blood, saying the Lord's Prayer backward, etc.

The Hunted Maiden.

Another interesting personage of those times was HESTER WAYBROOK, the daughter of a colonial merchant—a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, whom the villain BOARDRUSH persecuted with his attentions, and afterwards hunted as a Witch.

The White Angel of Salem.

A third and most remarkable personage of those dark days was a mysterious being who appeared in Salem when the delusion was deepest. She possessed the aspect of a young lady; but a strange peculiarity was noticed in her appearance—she was strangely white, and her skin shone so brilliantly that many supposed her to be an angel. She went about doing good, opposing the Witch-Hunters, releasing prisoners, helping widows and orphans, etc.

Whoever would have full particulars concerning these and a score of other inhabitants of Salem, in the days of Witchcraft, must read the thrilling and beautiful narration just drawn from the historical collections of Massachusetts, and entitled

THE WITCH FINDER;
OR,
The Hunted Maid of Salem.
BY LEON LEWIS.

Which will be commenced in No. 16 of the

The New York Weekly.

The great success of the NEW YORK WEEKLY is in a measure due to the scrutiny exercised in compiling the contents, so that the slightest offensive word or passage may be avoided. Heads of families, fully aware that we expunge from our manuscripts every expression that might contaminate the young, present

The New York Weekly

to their wives and children, fully confident that its teachings will have a beneficial effect, and that its Stories, while they inculcate good morals, also exhibit the punishment that must attend vice.

The contents of

The New York Weekly

are varied, to suit the popular taste; they are instructive, entertaining and amusing. The thoughtful will find in

The New York Weekly

subjects that will induce reflection, the knowledge-seeker will be edified and learn the social habits peculiar to various parts of the world, while the humorously inclined can always find in the quaint writings of JOSH BILLINGS, PHILANDER DOESTICKS, MARK TWAIN, JOHN QUILL and other humorists, something that will provoke merriment and laughter.

As we have not space to particularize, at great length, the numerous features of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, we will just mention some of the standing attractions:

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A department in which the editor indulges in familiar chat with his correspondents, replies to various queries put to him, and disseminates information that is of the greatest popular interest.

THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.—In this column will be found Domestic Recipes, Scientific Notes, Hints to Farmers and Gardeners—in fact, suggestions that will prove useful to all classes of society.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.—The important events of the world are epitomised in this column, and their essence given in pithy sentences.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.—This department is entirely devoted to articles of a humorous nature, and it forms an excellent dessert to the mental feast which the columns of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY contain every week.

The above are the regular departments of

The New York Weekly,

besides which we have
SKETCHES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
LOVE SKETCHES,
SKETCHES OF ADVENTURE,
SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE,
SEA SKETCHES.

With such attractions, who can wonder that

The New York Weekly

is considered

THE BEST LITERARY PAPER PUBLISHED.

☞ It should be borne in mind that in No. 16 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY will be commenced "THE WITCH FINDER, or, THE HUNTED MAID OF SALEM." The New York Weekly is for sale by every News Agent. Specimen Copies sent free.

STREET & SMITH,
11 Frankfort Street, New York.

PRICE ADVANCED—PAR AND INTEREST.
THE
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD,
The Best and Principal Portion of the
NATIONAL TRUNK LINE ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

is being rapidly carried forward by an unprecedented working force; and it is reasonably certain that the CONTINUOUS OVERLAND RAILROAD CONNECTION FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE MADE IN 1870.

The United States Government furnishes, upon a subordinate and contingent line, half the means for constructing the Main Stem Line; and besides an absolute grant of 12,800 acres of valuable public lands per mile, the Central Pacific Railroad Company have received from California sources, donations and concessions worth more than $3,000,000. The available resources of this Company are therefore abundant for the purpose, amounting to $77,000,000 on the first 726 miles of the Line, including Loans secured by a First Mortgage upon the whole property, to the same amount only as the U. S. Subsidy Bonds.

The results already attained, although under comparatively unfavorable circumstances, afford substantial ground for believing the CENTRAL PACIFIC to be the

Most Favored, Productive and Valuable Railroad Enterprise in the Country.

In consequence of the large and rapidly increasing demand, the price of these Bonds has been advanced, and the Company are now offering for sale, a limited amount of their

First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,
Principal and Interest payable in Gold Coin,

in sums of $1,000 each, at par and accrued interest from January 1st, in currency.

These Bonds, it is believed, possess the elements of *safety, reliability and profit*, in a greater degree than any other class of Corporate Securities now offered, and are therefore very desirable for steady investments of surplus capital.

Investors will bear in mind the following advantages:

I. They are the first mortgage on one of the most valuable and productive lines of railroad in the world.

II. The actual earnings from local business in 1867 were more than four times the annual interest engagements.

III. The hard part of the work is now done, and the prospects of rapid completion are favorable.

IV. The Company have liberal subsidies, which enable them to prosecute the work with great vigor.

V. The management has been exceedingly prudent and frugal.

VI. There is already a large and growing settlement on the completed and graded line.

VII. The lands promise to be of immense value, 37,038 acres having been already sold.

VIII. Both principal and interest are explicitly made payable in gold coin.

IX. Both the aggregate amount of issue and their standing in Europe will insure for them continued activity and a high rank among standard securities.

At this time they yield nearly

Nine per Cent. upon the Investment.

Holders of Government Securities have an opportunity of exchanging them for Central Pacific Bonds, bearing an equal rate of interest, with the principal abundantly secured, and of realizing a profit of from ten to fifteen per cent. in addition.

Orders sent with the funds through responsible Banks or Express Companies will receive prompt attention. Bonds sent by return Express to any address in the United States, at our cost. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, Maps, &c., furnished on application at the office of the Railroad Company,

No. 54 WILLIAM STREET,
AND OF
FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
And of FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK and FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

WE ARE COMING!
And will present to any person sending us a club in our Great
ONE DOLLAR SALE
of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, a Watch, Piece of Sheeting, Silk Dress Pattern, &c., &c.,
FREE OF COST.
Catalogue of Goods and Sample sent to any address free.
ALLEN, HAWES & CO.,
15 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., P. O. BOX C.
☞ Wholesale Dealers in French, German, and English Dry and Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Albums, Leather Goods, &c. 942-4t

AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere, to sell our new and splendid Engraving entitled "FROM SHORE TO SHORE," suggestive of Life's Journey from Childhood to Old Age. A perfect gem.
942-4t Address B. B. RUSSELL & CO., Boston, Mass.

BLAKE'S PATENT ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWER.—A NEW INVENTION—Circular, Cross-Cut, and Drag Sawing Machines attached when ordered. This Horse Power was awarded the first premium at the Michigan State Fair last fall. It is acknowledged by all who have used it, to have more power at the same elevation than any tread power now known; also, that it is easier for the horses, cheaper to run, more durable and sells at a less price than any other. I can refer to those now having them in use if required. Descriptive Circular mailed upon application. Liberal discount made to the trade or those procuring orders.
Address R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE SOLARTYPE WOOD BURNING STOVE. This celebrated Stove, on the principle of the Hot Air Furnace, keeps fire night and day with one-third the wood of other stoves, and is a splendid heater, easily regulated. It took the Highest Premium at the New York State Fair. The demand for it now is greater than ever, as a necessity for the damp days of spring and summer as well as the coldest of winter. Single stoves shipped for $16, the wholesale price. Send orders for Stoves, or for circulars and testimonials, to J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

DESIRABLE FARM FOR SALE.—THE Subscriber offers for sale his desirable Farm of 115 acres of land, 20 of wheat on the ground; 10 or 11 of woodlot. The above premises are well located, on a good road in the town of Phelps, Ontario Co., half way between the villages of Phelps and Newark, on what is called the Marbletown Road. The farm is well watered with never-failing springs; Fences in fine condition; good Buildings; ample Barns and Sheds for grain and stock; Barns on good walls, with cow stables in basement; variety of Fruit—old orchard in bearing—large young orchard of choice fruit beginning to bear. The Farm is within 2½ miles of the Erie Canal, and half-way between the Old and Direct Railroads—Phelps on the Old Road and Newark on the Direct being the nearest stations. P. O. Address, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.
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AGENTS WANTED.—WE WANT First-Class Agents to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Extraordinary inducements to good salesmen. Further particulars and Sample work furnished on application to W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 941-13t

CHILDREN.—ALL PARENTS SHOULD UNderstand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip is decidedly ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. 941-4t

TWO FARMS FOR SALE, IN THE TOWN OF RIGA—One of 90 and one of 190 acres, good buildings, orchards, &c. No better in the County. Enquire of I. A. HEBBARD, 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y., or W. B. HEBBARD, on the premises. 941-tf

JEROME PARK, MAY 25th, 1867.
E. F. BAKER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the Running Horse "Fleetwing" of Quarter Cracks. He ran Two and Three-Quarter Miles yesterday, and Three Miles again to-day, carrying One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pounds, without starting his feet to Crack in the least, and we now consider it a PERFECT CURE.
GEORGE G. WALDEN, Trainer for Forbes & Jerome.
Manufactured only by E. F. BAKER & CO., 141 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Sold by Druggists, Saddlers, Horse-Shoers and Feed Stores everywhere. 931-1p

ESTABLISHED 1861.
The Great American Tea Co.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GOLDEN STATE.
12,000 HALF CHESTS BY SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST, (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON, (Green,) 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding House-Keepers, and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. ℔ lb., and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the
GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St.,
Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices, with the small additional expense of transportation, as though they bought them at our warehouse in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on the list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery*."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (**beside the Express charges,**) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts made payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
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Post-Office Box 5,643 New York City.

☞ NOT A PATENT MEDICINE. ☜

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

Its Effects are Magical.

It is an *unfailing remedy* in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than *two or three pills*.

No other form of Neuralgia or Nervous Disease has failed to yield to this *wonderful remedial agent*.

Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements—of many years' standing—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can *always* be used with *perfect safety*.

It has long been in constant use by many of our *most eminent physicians*, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

One Package.....$1.00..Postage 6 cents.
Six " ..... 5.00.. " 27 "
Twelve " ..... 9.00.. " 48 "

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by
TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
926-26t **120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, 91 Columbia St., New York City. 933-1m

PLASTIC SLATE ROOFING
JOINT STOCK COMPANY,
OFFICE 157 [Room 19] BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
W. C. POTTER, *Vice-Pres't.*
J. M. ALLEN, *Sec. & Treas.* LICENSES GRANTED.

PLASTIC SLATE FOR
ROOFING AND OTHER PURPOSES.
The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated state was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of
Pulverized Slate and Viscous Matter,
(the latter possessing qualities of geological and chemical affinity for the former,) and is a development of one of the simple but unalterable tendencies of nature.
AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.
A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non-combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.
FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.
The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and
PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,
it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES—COMBINING the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive circulars sent on application. Address J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

CANCERS CURED WITHOUT PAIN, USE OF the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address DRS. BABCOCK & SON.
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CONSTITUTION WATER IS A CERTAIN *cure* for *Diabetes* and all *diseases* of the *Kidneys*. For sale by all Druggists. 933-13t

$25 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED—MALE and Female; business new, light and honorable; steady employment; no capital required. Address
REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

CANCERS CURED—WITHOUT THE KNIFE—by WM. W. HADLEY, M. D., 346 Broadway, N. Y.

ALL IS WELL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Her window opens to the bay,
On glistening light or misty gray,
And there, at dawn and set of day,
In prayer she kneels!
"Dear Lord!" she saith, "To many a home
From wind and wave the wanderers come;
I only see the tossing foam
Of stranger keels.

"Blown out and in by summer gales,
The stately ships, with crowded sails,
And sailors leaning o'er their rails,
Before me glide;
They come, they go, but nevermore
Spice laden from the Indian shore,
I see his swift-winged Isidore
The waves divide.

"O Thou! with whom the night is day,
And one the near and far away,
Look out on yon gray waste and say
Where lingers he.
Alive, perchance, on some lone beach
Or thirsty isle beyond the reach
Of man, he hears the mocking speech
Of wind and sea.

"O dead and cruel deep, reveal
The secret which thy waves conceal,
And, ye wild sea-birds, hither wheel
And tell your tale.
Let winds that tossed his raven hair
A message from my lost one bear—
Some thought of me, a last fond prayer
Or dying wail!

"Come with your dreariest truth shut out
The fears that haunt me round about;
O God! I cannot bear this doubt
That stifles breath.
The worst is better than the dread;
Give me but leave to mourn my dead
Asleep in trust and hope instead
Of life in death!"

It might have been the evening breeze
That whispered in the garden trees;
It might have been the sound of seas
That rose and fell;
But with her heart, if not her ear,
The old loved voice she seemed to hear:
"I wait to meet thee; be of cheer,
For all is well!"

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 60, last number.]

Chapter VII.—The Unknown Deliverer.

Very rapidly the spring passed away, and the soft, sunny skies of June had more than once tempted the blind man and his daughter into the open fields, or the woods which lay beyond. Their favorite resort, however, was a retired spot on the bank of the river, where, shut out from human eye, they could speak together of the past, the present, and what the future might bring. Here one pleasant afternoon they came, and while Mr. Warren talked of his childhood and his early home, Alice sat sewing at his feet, until growing somewhat weary she arose and began to search for wild flowers upon the mossy bank. Suddenly espying some beautiful pond lilies floating upon the surface of the water, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, father, these must be white lilies just like those you used to gather when a boy."

"Where, where!" the blind man asked, and all over his wrinkled face shone the intense longing he felt to hold once more within his hand the fair blossoms so interwoven with memories of his boyhood.

"They are here on the river," Alice replied, "and I can get them, too, by going out upon that tree which has partly fallen into the stream."

"Don't, Alice, don't, there may be danger," Mr. Warren said, shuddering even while he spoke with an undefinable fear.

But Alice was not afraid, and springing lightly upon the trunk of the tree she ventured out,—further, and further still, until the lilies were just within her reach, when alas, the branch against which she leaned was broken, and to the ear of the blind man sitting on the grass there came the startling cry of "*father*," while a heavy splash in the deep, dark water told that Alice *was gone!*

In wild agony the distracted man ran to the water's edge and unhesitatingly waded in, shrieking, as he did so, "My child! my child! *Is* there no eye to pity, no arm to save?"

Yes, there was an eye to pity, and it raised up an arm to save; for, rushing from a clump of alders which grew not far away, there came a rough, hard-featured man, who, catching up Mr. Warren as if he had been a child, bore him back to the grassy bank, then boldly plunging into the river, he seized the long tresses of the drowning girl, just as they were disappearing for the third and last time. Wringing the water from her brown hair, the stranger folded his light burden gently to his bosom, and bending over her still, white face, looked earnestly to see if she were dead. There was yet life, he hoped, and swimming to the shore, he laid the unconscious maiden upon the grass, resting her head in the lap of her father, who cried, "*Is* she dead? oh, tell me, *is* she dead?"

But the stranger made him no reply save to take his hand and lay it on the little heart which *was* beating, oh, *so* faintly! Then with rapid footsteps he walked away, half pausing once and dashing aside a tear as he heard the poor old man call after him imploringly, "Don't leave me all alone, for *I am blind*, and Alice's heart will stop beating, I'm afraid. It *has stopped* beating! She's *dead! oh, she's dead!*" he screamed, as in the distance he heard the tramping footsteps going from him fast.

Still, though he knew it not, they went for him, and Mr. Howland, whom chance had led that way, was surprised in his walk by the sudden appearance of a man with uncovered head and dripping garments, who bade him hasten to the river bank, where a young girl, he feared, was drowned. "I am going for a physician," he said, and he sped away, while Mr. Howland hurried on to the spot where Alice still lay insensible, and whiter than the lilies for which she had risked her life. Over her bent the poor blind man, his tears falling like rain upon her face, and himself whispering sadly, "It's darker now than midnight,—they are all gone from me—wife, daughter, all; oh, Alice, Alice, my bright, my beautiful one. Why did God take you from me when I needed you so much?"

"She may not be dead," said Mr. Howland, and touched with the grief of the stricken man, his own tears dropped on Alice's face.

But they did not rouse her, and with a terrible fear at his heart, he lifted her lightly in his arms, saying to her father, "My house is nearer than any other; we must go there."

Dizzy and faint with excitement, Mr. Warren arose to his feet, but to walk was impossible, and sinking back upon the grass, he cried, "Leave me here and care for her. You can send for me by-and-by."

This seemed the only alternative, and Mr. Howland started for home, meeting ere long with several of the villagers who had been alarmed by the stranger. A few of them kept on to the river, while the others accompanied Mr. Howland to the house, where crowds of people were soon assembled, and where every possible means were used for Alice's recovery. But all in vain they seemed, and when at last the poor old father reached the door he knew by the death-like silence pervading the room that the physician had said "no hope."

"Lead me to her, somebody—lead me to Alice," he whispered, and taking his out-stretched arm, Mr. Howland led him to the couch where Alice lay, her wavy hair clinging in damp masses to her forehead, and her long eyelashes resting upon her marble cheek.

Quickly the trembling fingers sought the *heart*, but alas! they felt no motion, and more than one turned away to weep as they saw the look of bitter anguish settling down upon that father's face. There was yet *one* test more, and laying his *ear* upon the bosom of his child, the blind man *listened*—*listened*,—oh, how intently he listened, while the lookers-on held their breath in agonizing suspense.

Suddenly through the room there rang the wild, glad cry, "I hear it—she lives! she lives!" and with renewed courage the people returned to their labor, which this time was successful, for she, who had been so near to death, came slowly back to life, and when the sun went down, its last parting rays shone on the bowed head of one who, from his inmost soul, was thanking God for not having written him "childless."

It was deemed advisable that Alice should remain where she was for a day or two, and into a large, pleasant chamber, overlooking the town, they carried her, Miss Elinor constituting herself the nurse, and ever and anon bending down to kiss the lips of the young girl who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave.

Meanwhile, in the parlors below, both Mr. Warren and Mr. Howland were making inquiries for the *stranger*, who, after giving the alarm, had suddenly disappeared. No one had seen him since, and of those who saw him before, none knew who he was or whence he came.

"If I could only have heard the sound of his voice, I should know him anywhere," said Mr. Warren, while Adelaide Huntington, who had not been there long, and who, for some reason, did not like to hear much of the stranger, suggested that it might have been some foot traveler, who, not caring for thanks, had gone on his way.

This seemed probable and satisfactory to all, save Mr. Warren, who replied, "If he only would come back, I've nothing in the wide world to offer him, but an old man's blessing might be of some avail, and that he should have, even though he were my bitterest enemy, and had done me a terrible wrong."

There was a deep flush on Adelaide's cheek as Mr. Warren said these words, and turning quickly away, she walked to the window to hide the emotions which she knew were plainly visible upon her face. She seemed greatly excited, and far more interested in the accident than her slight friendship for the Warrens would warrant, and when she learned that Alice was to remain, she, too, insisted upon staying all night, provided she could be of any assistance. But Miss Elinor declined her offer, and at a late hour she started for home, managing to steal away when Mr. Howland did not see her. She evidently did not wish to have him accompany her, and for a few succeeding days she avoided him, going to his house but once, and that on the morning when Alice was taken home in the carriage. There was *something* preying upon her mind—something, too, whose nature neither Mr. Howland nor his far-seeing sister could divine, though the former fancied he had discovered it when, a little more than a week after the accident, she came to him with her face all wreathed in smiles and handed him the entire amount of *money* then due for the rent.

"That *provoking* agent had attended to them at last," she said, "and she was *so* glad, for it was very mortifying to be *owing* any one!"

"And *this* is what has been troubling you of late?" said Mr. Howland, who was greatly pleased at seeing her appear like herself again.

"Then you noticed it," answered Adelaide, coloring crimson, and adding hastily, "We have recently been much annoyed and perplexed, but for the future our *agent* will be prompt, and so shall we."

Whether the *agent* referred to was prompt or not, there seemed for several weeks to be a plenty of *money* at the White House on the Hill,—so much so, in fact, that Adelaide did not, as usual, go up to Springfield to take her accustomed *lesson*, while old Peggy, whose shabby dress was beginning to create some gossip among the villagers, presented quite a respectable appearance in her new gingham and muslin cap. About this time, too, there was sent by mail to Mr. Warren the sum of twenty-five dollars, and as there was no word of explanation accompanying it, he naturally felt curious to know from whence it came.

"Miss Elinor sent it, I am sure. It is exactly like her," said Alice, who was now entirely well, and that afternoon, when her work was done, she went up to see Miss Howland, whom she found suffering from a severe headache, and in ministering to her wants she entirely forgot to speak of the money. The next day Miss Elinor was much worse, and for many weeks was confined to her bed with a lingering fever, which left her at last so nervous and low that her physician advised a journey to the West as the surest means of restoring her health. Her only sister was living in Milwaukee, and thither Mr. Howland, who began to be seriously alarmed, tried to persuade her to go. For a time Miss Elinor hesitated, and only consented at last, on condition that her brother promised *not to engage* himself to Adelaide Huntington during her absence.

Bursting into a laugh, Mr. Howland assured her that she need have no fears of finding her station, as mistress of his house, filled on her return, for though Adelaide might possibly some day bear the name of *Howland*, he could wait awhile, and would do so for his sister's sake.

With this promise Miss Elinor tried to be satisfied, and after giving him many charges not to neglect the blind man, she started for Milwaukee in company with some friends, who, like herself, were westward bound.—[To be continued.

Statistical Sophistry.—The precise nature of the difference between the collection of duties and the performance thereof may be ascertained by comparing our revenue as it is with what it ought to be.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HETTY'S VICTORY.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

"Ah me! how the systematic housekeepers in this busy, bustling world of ours manage to get along I should just like to know!" said Mrs. Hetty Gay, the bride of a year, while a scowl gathered and settled upon the white forehead and spread itself down to the sweet mouth, chasing the dimples all away and leaving an ugly frown, almost the first in all her life, in their stead.

"I declare, it's just enough to drive one mad—this housekeeping—indeed it is!" and the sweet voice quivered just a little at first, then a great sob welled up from the inexperienced little heart which fluttered and beat like a frightened bird's, and at last the tears would and did come as the red lips murmured between the sobs:—"And dear Alf is *so* particular, and *such* an epicure, and likes so *many* dainty things. Oh! what shall I do? *What shall I do?*" and Hetty sank down in dismay in the old kitchen chair which Bridget had so recently vacated.

There were all the breakfast dishes to be washed,—not so very many to be sure, for only *two* had breakfasted from off the dainty china which looked such a prodigious pile to the blue eyes,—the whole house to be swept and dusted, (Hetty had three rooms besides the kitchen,) dinner to get (for two,) "And, oh dear! the mercy only knows what all! I never can do it, indeed I never can!" she sobbed over and over again.

Now Hetty Gay was not a foolish, weak-minded little woman, as perhaps the reader will imagine, but quite the contrary. Never, in all her life, had such a weight of care rested upon her young shoulders; and as it rose up before her in such prodigious proportions, she did what many another would have done in like circumstances.

"If I could only learn," she at length whispered through her tears, "but how can I? There is no one here to show me, and then dear Alf will see how awkward I am. *That* is worst of *all!*"

There was a ring at the door, and Hetty sprang up, bathed her eyes, gave one dubious look back at the huge pile of china, and brushing away the golden mist of ringlets from her face prepared to obey the summons.

"Oh! I do hope it is only the butcher with the roast," she murmured, giving a hasty glance at the little mirror in the dining-room, where a pair of swollen eyes and a troubled face confronted her.

"Oh, Lou! where *did* you come from?" cried Mrs. Hetty eagerly—the dimples all coming back and the ugly scowl vanishing like a dream when she encountered the smiling face of Lou Burton at the door. The friend of all others whom she most wished to see at this particular juncture was this same Lou Burton, and she had thought of her at least a dozen of times since Bridget's abrupt leave-taking; but then she lived so far away, it was of no use, she thought.

"But, dear Lou, how *did* you happen to come just *now?*" she said. "My good genius must have sent you here to-day, I'm sure, for I was *so* wretched. Bridget left this morning, you see, and I'm all alone and have been crying like a great baby this half-hour! I'm so stupid, you know, and as ignorant of housekeeping matters as a two-days-old baby, which I wouldn't have Alf know for all the world. Come with me, Lou—that's a dear—right out to this awful kitchen, and give me my first lesson in housekeeping!"

"But you're not going to work in that elegant cashmere wrapper, are you, Hetty?" asked Lou Burton, the practical little housekeeper and economist that she was.

"Oh, it wont hurt it, just this once, you know, and—"

"But it will, Hetty," persisted Lou. "Now, you go and slip on a plain calico, while I go to the kitchen and commence operations."

"But will you stay a whole week, dear, and help me through?" said Hetty, imploringly, as she turned to obey.

"Certainly, I will," answered Lou, laughing in spite of herself at Hetty's beseeching look.

"Now, mind you don't do a thing till I come there; for I must *learn*, you know," called out Hetty after her.

Dinner time came, and with it "dear Alf," as "hungry as a bear," he said, for he had been out on a collecting tour, and was ready to "devour a whole regiment." After a hearty welcome to Hetty's friend he led the way to the little dining-room.

"Whew, Hetty!" he said, after surveying the appointments with a critic's eye; "I do believe you beat Bridget, after all. Just look at this roast, now; it suits me to a charm—just brown enough, and done to perfection; and these rolls are as light as a feather. How splendidly the table looks! Everything just where it belongs! I declare, that Irish girl had a way of mixing up things that I didn't just like, after all! Hetty, this salad's prepared just as I used to like it when a boy—I tell you it's delicious,—and a prince might covet that dessert on the side table yonder. Really, Miss Burton, I never knew until to-day that my little Hetty was such a model housewife!"

Lou was amused. Hetty sat smiling through the tears,—a slight quiver about her sweet lips and a deep flush on either cheek, but very busy with her thoughts.

Days and weeks passed. Lou Burton was a constant visitor at the Gays', where no Bridget had as yet taken the place of her predecessor. By-and-by the weeks glided into months, and Lou only came occasionally, for Hetty had graduated, and Alfred Gay never knew until years afterward how *bravely* she had *won!*

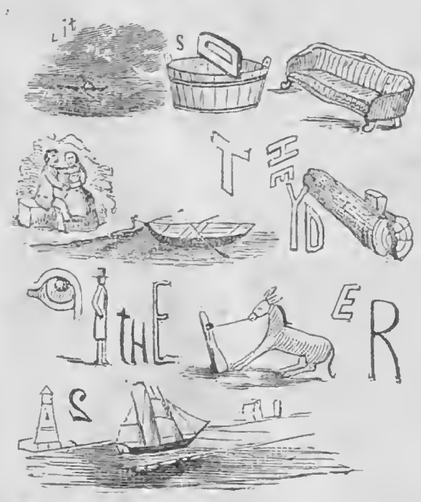
NOVEL SUPERSCRIPTION.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the comical incidents which now and then interweave themselves with the sober realities of post-office life, was related the other evening at a literary supper table: A letter from the wilds of Cheshire was received one morning, having the simple superscription, "For moi Son, London." After passing through a succession of hands, it was at length duly deposited, along with a thousand other letters, at a left-till-called-for office, there to await the chapter of accidents. A few days afterwards a simple-looking countryman presented himself, and inquired, "Han yo gotton a lettur for me fra moi feythur?" A titter, a whisper, a significant nod of the head on the part of more than one official, then a rummage amongst the pigeon-holes, and "feythur's" letter was found and handed to the son, who looked upon the whole proceeding quite as a matter of course.

Enemies are as necessary to the proper development of the full grown man as friends. When lived that man who amounted to anything but could count his enemies by the score?

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 68 letters.
My 5, 63, 29, 54, 42 is a river of Europe.
My 15, 55, 2, 59, 30 is a city in France.
My 4, 25, 48, 13, 52, 11, 3, 8, 36 was a celebrated Welsh chieftan.
My 3, 11, 66, 5, 39 is an animal.
My 18, 63, 26, 50, 29, 45 was a noble Roman.
My 1, 25, 6, 22, 41, 61, 20, 8 should be despised.
My 16, 21, 43, 62 is a bird.
My 38, 9, 65, 14, 68 is something we all use.
My 5, 39, 31, 57, 19, 37, 12, 7 is a relic of the past.
My 4, 20, 49, 51 is a bird.
My 3, 23, 15, 60, 56, 33, 4, 27, 55, 21 was a celebrated Englishman.
My 11, 35, 51, 34, 49, 40 was one of Napoleon's marshals.
My 10, 32, 44, 67, 17, 28 is a savage observance.
My 1, 64, 33, 53, 58, 36, 63, 27, 46 is a desirable quality in food.
My whole comprises two very familiar lines of poetry.

Newburgh, N. Y. D. F. Wood.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ozlv ohta yth ndla, twhi elvo afr-gotnhbr
Orfm not eth criodts slap, dan edus,
Hnwhtii het strpcne, ubt sdfsteuran
Ohtr' frtune tmei yb wpreo fo gththou.

Saint Denis P. O., Md. A. E. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Four men agreed to build a barn for $346.50. A worked 14 days, 12 hours each day: B, 18 days, 10 hours each day; C, 15 days, 11 hours each day; D, 10 days, 9 hours each day; how much should each man receive?

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 941.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

Answer to Anagram:

"Tis geography we learn,
As we chant and sing together;
So usefully we'll spend our time
In doing what's a pleasure.

Answer to Charade:—Water-loo.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

When is the moon at home? When she is *in her quarters.*

What is the only pain that we make light of? A window-pane.

Short calls are the best, as the fly said when it lit upon a hot stove.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child? Because it makes ma mad.

What sort of a cravat would a hog be most likely to choose? A pig's tye.

When is a little poem like an acre of land unpaid for? When it is anacreontic.

Women often go to the destruction of their husband's fortunes through *buy* ways.

When may money be called wet? When it is *dew* (due) in the morning and *mist* at night.

A French writer on gastronomy defines indigestion to be "the ingratitude of the stomach."

Why are cheese-mites like a book of Bulwer's? Because they are the Pilgrims of the Rhine.

A fool in high life is like a man in a balloon; everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Why are corn and potatoes like the idols of old? Because the former have ears and hear not, and the latter eyes and see not.

Judy knows a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out "the difference between a man and a woman fighting in the street."

An Irishman says that "the best remedy for baldness is to rub whisky on your head until the hairs grow out, then take it inwardly to clinch the roots."

It is altogether too absurd to say that "man is not perfect." Who is there that has not met with perfect strangers; some who were perfect rascals, and not a few who were perfect fools?

A REASON.

Two maids were walking in the grove,
(They both were growing old,)
The one to tell a tale of love,
The other to be told.
"He is not rich," the elder said,
"Nor handsome, nor high-born;
The man whom I propose to wed
Most other girls would scorn."
"What is he, then? you make me fear,"
The maiden's tears fell fast;
"He was the first to offer, dear,
And he may be the last."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATING

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

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Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the Rural—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Trial Trip!—In order to introduce the Rural New-Yorker to general notice and support *in every section of the country*, we will send the Thirteen Numbers of this Quarter (Jan. to April,) for only FIFTY CENTS! The numbers thus offered will contain more and better reading, illustrations, etc., than a whole volume of many a monthly which costs from $1 to $3. Try the Trial Trip of the Rural, or send it to distant friends if you are already a subscriber.

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the Rural New-Yorker with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the Rural and other periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and N. Y. Weekly Sun for	$3.25	$4.00
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Rural and No. Western Farmer "	3.50	4.50
Rural and Southern Cultivator "	4.00	5.00
Rural and Hall's Jour. of Health "	3.50	4.50
Rural and Our Young Folks "	4.00	5.00
Rural and Riverside Magazine "	4.00	5.00
Rural and either the Atlantic, Harper's, Putnam's or Lippincott's Magazine, (or Harper's Bazar or Harper's Weekly,) "	5.50	7.00

Other magazines and journals are omitted for want of space, but may be given hereafter.

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the Rural. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure. Send for the list, which (together with the show-bill, prospectus, &c.,) we send free. A little effort will secure a good club in almost any locality, and this is the best season to make the effort. Reader, will you please see that the matter is attended to in *your* neighborhood?

Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the Rural. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the Rural is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency. Any person so disposed can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.,—but beware of *travelers*.

Keep a List!—If each agent will keep a list of all the names sent us, with dates and amounts of remittances, it will greatly facilitate the correction of any errors which may be made at either end of the line.

Back Numbers of this Volume (from Jan. 4) can still be supplied, and they are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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☞ FOR TERMS and other particulars see 6th and 8th pages.

AGRICULTURAL.

A SYSTEM OF CROPPING.

A WELL-BALANCED and rational system of farming is not a prominent feature in the husbandry of new countries. It is developed only when the impoverished soil renders more skill and labor necessary to adequately reward its culture, and to supply the varied and increased wants of its population. Hence systems of rotation will vary with different climates, peoples, productions and the advances made in the art of tilling the soil. A good rotation of crops—one that can be generally recommended throughout a certain region—includes those products which are congenial to the soil and climate and for which there is a large and constant demand. To a country as small as the British Islands a single system may be adapted, but one as large as this must of necessity have many. The majority of American farmers practice some sort of rotation in their culture; yet comparatively few have adopted systems of rotation that are best adapted to their circumstances, and to which they cling with the unvarying pertinacity which characterizes JOHN BULL'S adherence to his famous and profitable "four course" rotation. But our farming is rapidly approaching this state, and another generation will witness great advances in the work of systematizing this most noble and ancient occupation.

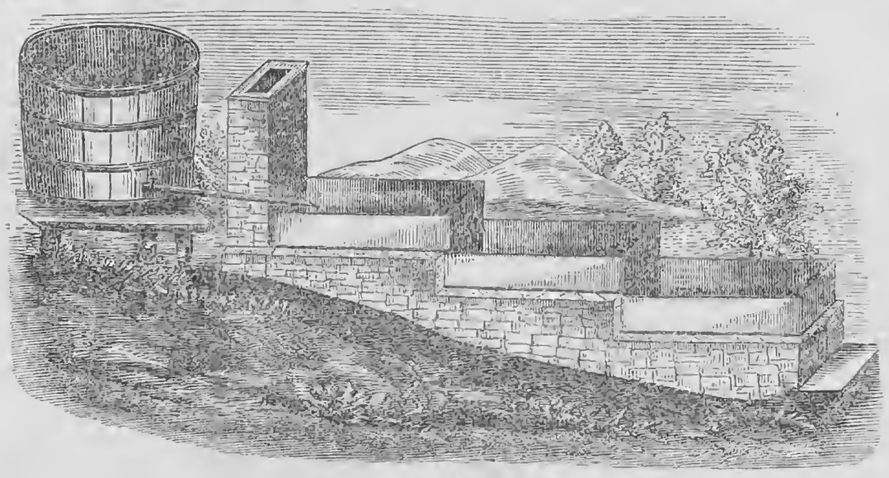
There are several considerations to govern the choice of a system of rotation. First, it should include most of the standard and uniformly profitable crops of the climate and locality; second, the rotation should be arranged so that one product will not immediately follow another of like character, but rather one as unlike as possible should be interposed between; third, an even distribution of labor throughout the entire year should be aimed at, as its attainment would reduce the cost of production and render the labor employed more steady and reliable; fourth, the stock and food grown for them must be proportioned so as to produce as much manure with as great profit as possible. The production of meat, wool or milk must necessarily be a prominent feature in the system. There are also minor considerations which may influence some cases; where labor is plenty and cheap more hoed crops may be profitably introduced, and some specialties indulged. If two hoed crops of dissimilar products can be grown in succeeding years it affords a splendid chance of subduing the soil and destroying weeds, and, in some cases, it will pay to sell all the farm products and buy manure.

We will suggest a system which we believe well adapted to a large region, and ask the attention of farmers to its merits and demerits. It is a six-course rotation, occupying six years to complete it. The first crop is corn planted on an inverted clover sod; the second is potatoes or other roots, or both; the third, barley or oats, or both, with clover seed sown; the fourth, clover for hay, pasture, or to be plowed under or rot on the surface, with wheat sown in the fall; the fifth, wheat; the sixth, clover mowed for hay and a crop of seed raised.

It will be seen that corn, which, for the sake of distinguishing, and having a point to start from in reviewing the system, we will call the beginning of the rotation, follows clover and is planted on soil which is favorable for the crop, and the cultivation is also favorable for subduing the land and freeing it from weeds. The second crop is also a hoed one, but is a root crop, demanding different elements from the soil than the preceding one of grain. The third crop is one of grain, and by the previous two years' cultivation the ground should be in good condition for it, free from weeds and grass, and favorable to a good clover catch. Clover, with its enriching qualities interposes between the two grain crops of barley and wheat, and also follows the latter to precede corn, the beginning of the rotation again. The majority of farms have a portion of land which it is desirable to keep in permanent pasturage, or broken only occasionally for the purpose of re-seeding. On such the strictly arable land would be devoted to the above rotation, in which case none of it need be used for pasture. Suppose the farm contained one hundred acres, forty for permanent pasture and sixty for tillage. Each year there would be grown ten acres of corn, ten of potatoes and roots, twenty of clover, ten of clover seed, ten of barley, and ten of wheat. The barley, wheat and potatoes and clover seed, except what was needed to sow, could be sold, and the twenty acres of clover, twenty of straw, and the corn and corn fodder, would be ample to winter the stock which the forty acres of pasture would summer. In most cases it would be advisable to purchase oil-cake or more corn, in order to fatten more stock in winter, and thus increase the manure. If rightly managed the farm could not fail to constantly increase in fertility under the operation of this system. Gradually the arable land would be brought to the highest state of cultivation, fall plowing, with subsoiling for the root and barley crops, would be advisable, and thorough underdraining of the whole if the ground was of a springy or retentive nature. Most of the interior fences might be dispensed with, and system and order would reign over the domain of the farmer.

TAPPING MAPLE TREES.

THE rapid wasting away of the forest trees, especially of the sugar maple, has induced greater circumspection on the part of the owners of sugar orchards than was exercised during the early settlement of the country. Then a tree was regarded as an enemy to be slain, and as the sugar maple generally had possession of the best ground for farming purposes, tapping the trees by boxing was regarded as a ready means of getting a present supply of sugar while promoting an early death of the tree itself. By this process a tree would be girdled in three or four years and be the more readily removed from the soil. But times are changed. The sugar maple is now regarded as a friend to be preserved,—hence, in extracting its yearly contributions of saccharine matter, the boxing system has been abandoned and the less exhausting one of boring substituted for it. But even this is often recklessly done by sending the auger deeply into the body, thus weakening it and producing speedy decay, when a slight perforation would eliminate the sap equally well without impairing the vitality. When a young sugar orchard is intended for a permanent institution, great care in tapping the trees should be exercised. Without this their vitality will diminish rapidly each year; hence an orchard, which ought to last a lifetime, will die out in a few years, depriving the owner of a domestic luxury which a little care and forethought might have preserved through successive generations. If the auger, gouge, or both, are used, the incisions should be light and so dispersed over the surface of the body as to give each wound a chance to heal before a second one is made in its immediate vicinity. In this way the scarifications will grow over and the vitality of the tree be so little affected as to render the flow of sap nearly uniform for a long series of years.



ARRANGEMENT OF PANS FOR BOILING SAP.

As the season approaches for maple sugar making, some of our readers may wish to re-model their arrangements for boiling the sap, or construct new ones. S. GRAMES, Canisteo, sends us a sketch from which the above engraving was made, showing a range of pans with capacity enough for a large sugar-bush. Mr. G. says:—"The arch can be made of stone or brick, and should be built on a declivity to save material and for the convenience of getting the sap into the upper pan. The ends and sides of the pans may be of wood,—but in this case partitions will be necessary at the upper end of each, to prevent the wood from burning. The partitions may be made of stone or brick and supported by bars of iron across the arch. When sugaring off, which is done in the lower pan, keep water enough in the two upper ones to prevent their bottoms from burning, and at the very last withdraw the fire and raise the lowest pan an inch or two from the arch to make sure against the fire."

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER THREE.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WHEAT FARM IN A NEW COUNTRY.

BY what facts, signs or other evidence may a young farmer be able to distinguish new lands, whether prairie or timbered, that are adapted to wheat, from those poor in the elements of this plant, or otherwise defective for wheat raising purposes?

1. Strong wheat soils always abound in agricultural salts, such as salts of lime, potash, soda, magnesia and ammonia, or more or less available nitrogen. Salt-bearing limestone rocks are identified in a greater or less degree with soils of this character, giving rise to numerous salt licks and saline springs, which are much frequented by deer, buffaloes and even bear, in new countries, before man drives them away or destroys them. Nature prompts many warm-blooded animals to taste frequently and take into the system a few grains of genuine agricultural salts as promotive of both health and comfort. Spring or pond water that has an appreciable quantity of gypsum or any lime salt in solution is prima facia evidence of wheat land; while the absence of lime and sulphuric acid indicates a soil deficient not only in these elements of fertility, but several others which are very generally associated with them. Rain water falling everywhere on the ground and percolating through the soil and subsoil, and finally appearing in living springs, shows by its very variable condition as to the quantity of numerous minerals dissolved in its course, what earths supply the most plant food to this universal solvent. Hence the close study of spring, pond and creek water throws important light on the intrinsic value of farming lands and their adaptation to wheat-culture. To aid in developing this branch of agriculture in the Southwest, I may remark that the first agricultural census in the United States, by Congress, was taken in 1840, when the county of Monroe, N. Y., returned more bushels of wheat than any other. The salt-bearing rocks and their debris, which underlie much of the soil in that county, furnish spring water of the type of that at Avon Springs, which, if evaporated, will yield a commercial fertilizer far more valuable than common salt. In selecting a farm in the Southwest for raising hay and wheat for exportation, I have thought it not unwise to choose one with something like living fountains of manure, where irrigation by running water will evenly distribute the food of plants by the force of gravitations alone; and where a navigable river will cheaply convey hay, grain and other produce to market.

2. As evidence of adaptation to wheat culture, the young farmer should look closely to the timber of timbered land and to the density and size of grass and weeds on prairie land. A large growth of black or white walnut, of the several species of hickory, poplar, buckeye and white oak, indicates a soil that supplies a great deal of potash to their trunks, roots and branches, and is *not impoverished*. Whatever of alkalies or acids a massive forest may take from the ground at one time without damaging it, may indicate its capacity to produce and part with wheat without serious injury. One may trace with satisfaction the salt yielding rocks in the Kanawha valley, West Virginia, where a large amount of salt is made, to Southwest Virginia, where fossil salt is only two hundred feet below the surface of Knox county, Tenn., by the size, height and thriftiness of the timber.

Before the opening of the Erie canal in 1825, farmers bought fair wheat lands in Western New York at from $2 to $4 per acre, of the Holland Company, and sold wheat at about forty cents a bushel—giving five bushels for an acre of their cheapest farms in the forest. Near where the writer resides similar lands may be bought at from one to three bushels of wheat per acre. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Castor Oil Plant in Mississippi.

S. B. writes from China Grove, Miss., that the Castor oil bean plant grows spontaneously in large quantities in that State; he thinks some profit might accrue by attending to it, and asks for information. No doubt the Castor bean will flourish in that State, but whether it would be as profitable as other standard crops is a question. To make the business pay, the plant must have cultivation and care, and dependence must not be placed on its growing wild. When cultivated for market it is planted in rows five or six feet apart each way. The cultivator and hoe are used. A fair yield is twenty bushels per acre, and the price ranges from $2 to $5 per bushel.

Halter for Pulling Horses.

THE contrivance herewith illustrated is a very sensible one for breaking horses of the bad habit of pulling at the halter. It is described in THOMAS' Register of Rural Affairs, and consists of an ordinary ring halter, with the two side rings connected by a strong, flexible cord. Whenever the horse pulls the inner part of the cord is drawn forcibly against his jaw, and the effect is a severer punishment than he is willing to endure.

Lands and Localities in the South.

H. S. VAN EATON, Wilkinson Co., Mississippi, jots down some notes for us in a letter containing remittances for the RURAL:—"There is now," he writes, "a great opening for 'Yankee' capital and energy in the Southern or unreconstructed States. Land is as cheap here as anywhere in the world, the soil good, and the climate genial,—in fact that 'golden mean' between extremes that we have been taught is best in all things. Our people, as yet, are bewildered over the new state of things. Always used to slavery they cannot yet adapt themselves to free labor. I often think what a perfect paradise the capital and energy expended on the sterile fields of New England would make of the country in this glorious clime. The truth is, our people want, and earnestly long for, immigration. The cry is, 'let it come; let all come—Yankees, Dutch, English, Irish, Scotch—everybody.' There is room for all, only come, build up the country, and teach us how to manage. Factories, mills, machine shops, all can prosper, if only the proper effort is made. I see you occasionally direct attention to us, and I am glad of it. Now that the curse of slavery is removed, the country is open to competition from all quarters; and I do not think you can do a better thing for your own people and the whole country, than occasionally to call attention to the genuine inducements the South now offers for a thrifty and industrious population."

Plastering Wheat in the Spring.

S. C. L., Lockport, N. Y., queries:—"Will you please inform a subscriber if it is beneficial to winter wheat and rye to sow plaster upon it, and at what time is it the most beneficial? Much of the winter grain here did not have the usual 'top' at commencement of winter, but still looked vigorous. Will plaster cause it to mature later and make the straw rust?"

If a farmer puts barnyard manure on his wheat and rye he *knows* they are benefited by it; it is plain to him as the nose on his neighbor's face. If he sows plaster he is not so sure of its good effect, and nineteen times in twenty it would be impossible for him to prove in a court of law that it was actually a benefit. The obvious inference is that the benefit is very slight at all times, and very often, perhaps, none at all. On clover and some other crops the effect is more striking. The general belief of farmers is that plaster applied to wheat or rye in the spring retards its maturity and tends to rust it. We doubt it. And as to its effect when applied in the fall, unless in combination with other fertilizers, we hardly think it pays the expense. Put the plaster on the clover, and the clover on the wheat.

Thrashing—Flails vs. Machines.

ON this subject a correspondent from Monroe Co., N. Y., writes:—"As our timber is now mostly cut off, and but few jobs of chopping to be had, it is of the utmost importance that the farmer should furnish employment in winter for the men that he has to have in summer to carry on his business successfully. Men that have idled away the winter cannot be expected to take hold of work with as good a will in the spring as they would if they had good, steady employment in the winter season. As thrashing with a flail is as cheaply done as with a machine, it seems that we should save our grain until winter and thus furnish the family of the poor laborer with bread. Immediately after the last harvest farmers could hardly wait for the thrashing machines to get around, so anxious were they to sell their grain before it declined in price. I will here try to show in figures the advantage of keeping cool and never doing things in a hurry:

Cost of thrashing 60 bu. wheat with a machine...	$ 3 60
do. do. 300 bu. oats...	10 50
Six additional hands 1 day...	9 00
Three do. teams 1 day...	7 50
Board for ten men ...	5 00
Oats for ten horses...	3 00
Now in February 60 bushels wheat are worth $2.70 per bushel, $162; in August worth $120.	
Difference...	42 00
Oats have advanced 10 cts. per bushel...	30 00
The cost of thrashing and loss by selling...	$110 60
Cost of thrashing with a flail 1-10 of 300 bu. oats, is 30 bu., worth 70 cts...	$ 21 00
1-10 of 60 bu. wheat is 6 bu., $2.70...	16 20
Board of one man 30 days...	15 00
Three days cleaning grain...	3 00
This amount...	$ 55 20
Subtracted from $110.60 leaves...	$ 55 40

The chaff and straw are worth double what they would have been if thrashed and stacked in summer; even if they had been housed they would not be as fresh as now. The chaff alone has been equal to fifteen feedings of hay, each of which was worth 75 cents. I find that the mice have wasted but little more than they would had the grain been thrashed and stored in the granary. I might have saved the board of the man that thrashed the grain,—but as I want him to make good wages, I allow him *that*, and find that in return he does his work well."

LETTER FROM WESTERN TEXAS.

THE Coast Flat, Topography and Productions—The Interior Rolling Region—Timber, Climate and Minerals—How Farming has been Conducted—What it might be—Yield of Crops—Live Northern Men Wanted—Tools and Intelligent Workers Needed.

CONCRETE, De Witt Co., Texas, 1868.

WESTERN TEXAS is considered to commence at the Colorado and to extend to the Rio Grande. The coast flat is from thirty to fifty miles deep—low and generally sandy except on the rivers, where the soil is deep and exceedingly fertile. The natural grass is coarse sedge. The river lands produce sugar, cotton and corn; the range supports cow stock well; it is too coarse and rank for sheep and horses, besides flies and mosquitoes are exceedingly troublesome,—fine-skinned American horses are annoyed and worried to death. Sheep, however, have done well on the islands and peninsulas on the shore, where there is a constant sea-breeze and vegetation somewhat less rank than on the main land. This lower country is not well adapted to white men from the north. Chills and fever are prevalent, and the yellow fever occasionally reaches some distance inland.

At from thirty to fifty miles from the coast the land rises suddenly and continues to ascend rapidly all the way to the mountains. From Austin to La Grange on the Colorado, from New Braunfells to Victoria on the Guadalupe, and from San Antonio to Goliad on the San Antonio River, the fall in about one hundred miles is six hundred to eight hundred feet. The rivers are clear, beautiful and rapid, and the drainage perfect; there are no ponds, swamps or stagnant waters. The formation is what Geologists call tertiary—a great part of the soil of the richest alluvial,—in the river valleys this rich, black humus is from three to eight feet deep. The river valleys are from half a mile to three miles deep, with generally a heavy growth of timber near the water. The bottom timber consists of cotton wood, pecan, elm, white ash, box elder, burr oak, hackberry, wild-china, mulberry, wild peach, sycamore, cypress, and vast quantities of vines, especially the Mustang grape.

Between the river bottom and the upper lands lies the rich valley prairie, which for productiveness and easiness of cultivation is unsurpassed. Next back from the valley the ground rises abruptly to hills and bluffs of flint pebbles, gravel and sand stone, with immense beds of marl, composed of innumerable minute sea shells; there is also found near or on the surface a light, shaly limestone that makes excellent lime for building; it is not so strong and caustic as the product of the hard, blue limestone, but possesses hydraulic properties which the other does not. Generally on this eminence overlooking the valley, are what are called "*motts*"—that is, groups of trees. They are composed of magnificent, wide-spreading live oaks, with an undergrowth of Brazil-wood, lignum vitæ, hackberry, wild-china, &c.—festooned with a luxuriant covering of Mustang vines. These motts situated on high ground overlooking the valley, afford the most beautiful and convenient building sites, while limestone, sandstone and pebbles, are immediately at hand for building stone and concrete work. Back from this range of hills or bluffs the upper plateau of undulating prairie or sandy post oak, extends to the like formation on the next large stream.

The country last described, that is, from the mountains to the beginning of the coast flat, possesses in health, fertility and beauty, in the number and value of its products and in its peculiar adaptation to the raising of live stock, advantages greater than those of any other region on earth. But natural advantages avail little where hopeless apathy or careless indolence characterize the bulk of the population. Before the war the planter was totally absorbed in making cotton to buy negroes to make more cotton to buy more negroes—while the stock raiser sold stock to buy land and stock, to increase his ability to buy more land and stock. There was little or no attempt at improvement of any sort. The planter lived in careless profusion, buying everything he used,—his merchant in New Orleans supplied him with wines, liquors, fruits, fish and oysters, sugar, coffee, flour, soap, starch, salt, &c., &c., and often with mess pork and cauvassed hams. The stock raiser, generally an old Texan who had been for so many years deprived of the ordinary comforts of life that he had ceased to care for them, was content to live on jerked beef and corn bread, with a little black coffee and tobacco. In the finest wine country on earth, no one cultivated the grape—no one planted an orchard—no one tried to grow wheat; with thousands of the best, closest textured hides and the best and least costly tanning material, no one tanned leather; no one sawed lumber; with abundant and cheap material, no one built a durable stone or concrete house; with the finest, quickest growing hedging plant known, no one had a mile of hedge; with thousands of cattle many families rarely saw butter or milk; with herds of horses the owners frequently had not one fit to work or ride. One would imagine that the climate of Texas acted on men like the fabled waters of Lethe, causing them to forget all old cares, habits and desires. A native poet thus describes it.

Western Texas! what do you think—
Plenty of grapes, but no wine to drink;
Plenty of creeks, but no water at hand,
No corn for your horse, but plenty of land;
Plenty of horses, but none fit to ride,
Plenty of poverty, plenty of pride;
Plenty of cattle, no butter or milk,
No dress for the dairy, but plenty of silk;
Plenty of hides, but no leather that's tanned,
Though the scrubby mesquit encumbers the land;

The finest of soil, but rarely a peach,
Plenty of all things, but seldom in reach;
Plenty of rain, when it comes down at all,
Enough and to spare, would it come at your call;
Plenty of drouth, yet hardly a tank,
Plenty of thorns, all rugged and rank;
Bois d' Arc and Weesatchie, but never a hedge,
Plenty of hogs, as thin as a wedge;
Plenty of bacon, year before last,
Plenty again when comes a good mast;
Plenty of stone, the cisterns to wall,
But never the time to do it at all;
Plenty of time, but a great lack of leisure,
Plenty of young folks, too lazy for pleasure;
Plenty of wind, no drawback on that,
When old men get talking, no end to their chat;
Plenty of stories, the half of them lies,
With idlers and braggarts, that needn't surprise.
Oh! land of great promises, never fulfilled,
What a country you might be, if people so willed.
All teeming with plenty, with beauty and health,
Every requisite ready for comfort and wealth.
But with jerked beef and coffee, the men have enough,
And women get happy—on a bottle of snuff.

This picture of the indolence and improvidence of the Western Texan is very little overdrawn. Here and there a man has made some effort at developing the advantages of the country, and turning the rich materials around him to account, but an isolated individual, no matter what his ability and energy, can do little against the *vis inertia* of the mass. The disadvantage of acting alone can only be appreciated by one who tries to improve stock, where he can neither sell nor exchange a fine animal that has been long enough in his herd, or by him who wishes to cultivate fruit and has no further data than those afforded by his unassisted experiments. Nothing but the ruin of the cotton interest, and the consequent depression in stock raising could have aroused the people to the advisability of trying to raise other crops, to make necessaries at home, and to make home agreeable and convenient. But we have had to swallow the sharp medicine necessary, and already symptoms of a cure begin to appear.

Experiments in sundry crops have been made and the results are not only remunerative, but highly encouraging. Castor oil beans planted but not cultivated make 30 bushels to the acre,—well worked in a favorable season 50 to 70 bushels. Sorgho makes, from the same planting, two heavy crops—one cut in July and the other in October—each crop yielding with indifferent management 150 to 200 gallons of sirup to the acre. Broom corn also yields two cuttings; ripening about the same time as Sorgho,—from 750 pounds to 1,500 pounds of clean merchantable straw is the yield,—under very favorable conditions over 2,000 pounds to the acre have been secured. Cuban and Brazilian tobacco have been planted in small patches, and the very choicest leaf suitable for fine cigars made. Hemp has not been tried, but planters from Kentucky and Missouri are confident of its success. Hops in gardens do as well as possible, and so far seem subject to no disaster, and are not troubled by insects. Persons who have seen the Ramie plant in Mexico are confident that in our climate it would afford three cuttings yearly. Wheat has hitherto been a very uncertain crop. Occasionally fine crops have been made, but the general impression is that our climate is too warm for small grains. This notion must be discarded when we reflect that the finest wheat countries in the world are on the Mediterranean, Caspian and Black Seas,—that Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, and the southern Russian provinces have brought wheat from time immemorial. When we procure seed from those regions and adopt their mode of cultivation, we will no doubt succeed.

With the capacity to make all these crops and others still more profitable, the vine for example, and with an immense range of the finest grass in a country favorable to animal life, where both the horse and his rider enjoy the highest condition of health and vigor,—all that is required to produce prosperity is a little capital in money and a great deal in energetic, intelligent labor. We have little hope from the old Texans; they will saunter and loiter and croak to the last, discouraging and disparaging every effort at progress or improvement. But our young men, especially those who fought manfully through the war, are different; they have had a surfeit of strife, destruction and disorder, and are heartily in earnest to bring about the reverse condition of things; but they have no knowledge or experience in making or producing anything; they have the intelligence, the will and the industry, but they need Northern and Western men to show them how. Such men—real *live* men, with their new invention in tools and machinery, are badly needed, and will be heartily welcomed. No one will inquire whether they are Radicals, Copperheads, Conservatives or Democrats; all we want to know is, whether they understand work and will do it. OUT WEST.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RELATIVE VALUE OF CARPET AND FINE WOOLS.

AN esteemed friend in Ontario Co., writes to us:

"I am very much surprised to learn in the RURAL that various kinds of Carpet wool bear a higher value at the original place of import, and in our markets, than imported *fine* wools; and it appears by your article of 15th, that even the *average* appraised value of the total import of the former at New York, from the time the present tariff went into operation down to Jan. 1, 1868, was actually higher (by 98-100ths of a cent a pound) than the average appraised value of *fine* wools. What has produced this anomalous state of affairs? What kinds of carpets are made of India wool worth 50 cents per pound, and who buys such carpets?"

Without entering upon those general causes which have for several years been bringing the prices of Carpet and Clothing wools nearer together, with which wool growers are tolerably familiar, we will now give a direct and tangible reason which does not appear to be so well known, for the average appraised and market value of the former equaling or exceeding that of the latter, according to the circumstances heretofore stated by us (Feb. 1.) It grows out of the relative *condition* in which Carpet and Clothing wools are imported into the United States. The Clothing wools are imported, almost exclusively, *in the grease*. Eight-tenths or more of all the Carpet wools are imported *washed*. To show the effect of these circumstances on their appraised and market value, it is only necessary to state their relative shrinkage in being prepared for manufacture.

The imported Clothing wools shrink from *sixty* to *seventy* per cent.

The imported Carpet wools shrink as follows:

Washed Donskoi	10 to 20	per cent.
Do. Turkey	15 to 25	do.
Do. Smyrna	15 to 30	do.
Do. East India	20 to 50	do.
Do. Cordova, Santiago	28 to 50	do.

We believe we have given the highest shrinkage on Carpet wools estimated by persons engaged in the trade. The more prevalent opinion is that 40 per cent. is about the maximum shrinkage, and we are inclined to think it is so, unless in occasional and limited lots.

The Turkey wools were the leading class of Carpet wools imported at Boston during the period specified. We have not yet received the New York statistics in this particular, but have strong reasons for believing that the Carpet wools imported there contained a higher per centage of the *cleaner* kinds, particularly of Donskoi. Now as the Carpet wools imported at New York and Boston for the period under consideration, averaged, as we have heretofore shown, less than a cent per pound, at the appraised Custom House value, higher than the Clothing and Combing wools—and averaged nearly two cents lower at Boston alone—the reader will be at no loss to see how much higher would have been both the appraised and market value of the Clothing wools had they been imported in equal condition with the Carpet wools. In one case 60 or 70 per cent. of dirt is paid for—in the other, say from 10 to 40 per cent.

To our correspondent's question about the use of India wools worth fifty cents a pound, in carpets, we reply that when we wrote we presumed very little was used. It would have been preposterous to suppose otherwise. But we gave the quotations of prices *as we found them* in the Boston wool circulars mentioned. We knew there were no other India wools than Carpet wools in our markets, nor had there been for years. We took the quoted *market* prices, *giving our authority*, simply to illustrate the extreme of our argument, but not believing or asking anybody else to believe that such very high priced Carpet wools were manufactured to any extent. So far as our argument was concerned, we are quite willing to leave them out of view. And candor requires us to add that they probably *ought* to be left out of view, because, though we have not directly investigated the accuracy of the wool circulars which we cited as our authority, facts incidentally received now incline us strongly to the belief that those circulars quoted *throughout the season* the *Boston market prices* of a kind of wool which in reality *was not any of the time in the Boston market!*

CARE OF WEAK BREEDING EWES AND TEGS IN MARCH.

EXPERIENCED sheep breeders hardly need to be told that, in this climate, March is the trying month for their flocks, especially if not in good strong condition. Weak sheep are apt to fail rapidly amidst the frequent changes of this blustering month; and even those in fair condition, after the strain, if we may so term it, on the system, caused by long continued cold and confinement to dry feed, suffer more from its storms than from severer ones in early winter. The teg, if feeble, is in especial danger. So, too, is the poor breeding ewe. The moment she shows reluctance to rise, or exhibits difficulty in rising on account of the weight of her unborn lamb, the chances become strong that she will not survive parturition, or if she does, that she cannot raise her lamb. Of course sheep should not be allowed to become thin and weak in winter. But if they are so on the first of March, what is to be done about it?

Shall they immediately receive a large increase of nutritious food? This generally accelerates the catastrophe. We have seen this sudden plunging from one extreme to the other attended with the most fatal effects—flocks swept off as if by a pestilence. They should receive richer food, but the change should be gradual. Roots are excellent in the production of milk, and they are a healthy and to some extent a restorative feed; but they should be given only gradually at first, and not be relied on to sustain or restore vigor, if the system exhibits any degree of actual debility. If sheep are strong and in good condition, they may suffice to keep up strength. Even then we would prefer a *little* grain with them, a few weeks before lambing, unless the ewes are in *high* order. But the feeble ewe or teg should by all means have grain.

What is the best grain to feed to them? Corn is too "hearty" and stimulating—at least experience pronounces our small, hard, yellow corn in the East to be so. We make this qualification because we know that in the Western States corn is fed freely and under almost all circumstances to sheep, with alleged and perhaps real impunity from all bad effects. Whether this is owing to a difference in the grain, to the Western sheep being accustomed to a free use of corn all its life, or to climatic causes, we will not undertake to say. Theoretically, oats pound for pound should contribute more to strength than corn, because the former contributes more to muscle and the latter to fat. We believe *we* should prefer oats *in the West*, the price being the same per pound. We know we entirely prefer them in the East, especially to recruit the strength of poor tegs and breeding ewes. We doubt whether the ingenuity of man could devise a safer and better feed for tegs, and for thin ewes and their coming offspring, than an equal mixture of good, sound oats, heavy bran or shorts, and finely cut, fresh, succulent roots. Tegs could better dispense with the roots than pregnant ewes, but their stomachs are kept in healthier tone, and they will go more safely from dry feed to grass (a dangerous time for weak tegs) with this preparatory introduction to green feed.

The precise amount to feed should depend on circumstances. The weaker the sheep the less we would feed at first. We might commence at as small an amount as a gill of the mixture per head daily. We would slowly increase this to a pint a head daily. It would be well to add a larger quantity of roots for ewes as yeaning approaches. We speak of Merinos. Large English sheep would properly consume more.

Very weak sheep should be sorted out and put by themselves. All thin or weak sheep should be *very* carefully sheltered from storms, especially from rain storms. Filling the wool, it produces an insupportable load. If followed by a severe freeze, the condition of the poor animal becomes deplorable. All other sanitary measures become in a great degree useless where such exposures are permitted.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

To our exposures of its gross errors of fact and reasoning on the subject of "Imports of Wool under the New Tariff," the Country Gentleman, down to date of Feb. 20th, replies——*nothing!* Has it learned that it is well to *know* something about a question, before attempting to discuss it? Has it learned that it will not do to rely on "correspondents"—*whether rejected applicants for the situation of lobby agent at Washington of the National Wool Growers' Association*, or others of similar caliber and equally respectable motives—for information on which to overthrow the wool tariff, and convict those wool growers who assisted in framing it of fraud and corruption? Has it learned that in indulging its usual venom towards the breeders of by far the most numerous variety of fine wooled sheep in the United States, and towards every organization and measure with which those breeders are specially connected, how much safer it is to confine itself to matters of *opinion* merely—to vague sneers and inuendos—than it is to venture out on the hard ground of *facts* and *figures*, where its misrepresentations can be effectually exposed?

Even had our contemporary learned all these things as plainly as other people have learned them by his example, policy—to say nothing of integrity—required him to retract errors which we have no doubt he is now fully conscious of, for we give him the credit of possessing common sense. Undoubtedly "Mordecai the Jew" glared at him from the "King's gate" as he wrote, and his pen was tipped with its habitual virus towards the unlucky class of breeders we have mentioned; but we cannot suppose that he purposely made misstatements which he knew could be refuted so easily. Had he subsequently frankly come forward and confessed *his own* ignorance, avowing that he had been misled by his informants, men might have smiled at his previous rashness, but they would at least have given him credit for manliness and honesty. But when the broken-down witness and convicted calumniator—with neither the courage to persist nor the magnanimity to retract—attempts to shelter himself in sullen silence, men of honor will not, we imagine, consider his position an enviable one. Some may doubt whether it is even *respectable*.

We make these remarks with no pleasure. During the three years we have conducted this Department, its columns will be sought in vain for a solitary censorious word—even the faintest inuendo—against any other Agricultural journal, in any particular whatever, with the single exception of the Country Gentleman. And what we have not done under our own colors, we have not permitted correspondents to do. A long course of unprovoked and unanswered agression from the last named paper once before drew us into a controversy with it; and now monstrous misrepresentations concerning a measure which we had some part in framing, and direct personal calumny and insult, a second time forces us most unwillingly into this distasteful field of journalism.

NOTE.—In printing our article on "Imports of Wool under the New Tariff" (Feb. 15th,) the following transpositions were made in the figures. In the table of imports into Boston the aggregate value of the CLASS 2 wools is given as $330,985. The last two figures should have been 58. Immediately below in the same table the amount is given correctly. In the third and fourth lines of the succeeding paragraph, the total imports of CLASS 1 and 2 wools at New York and Boston are given as 7,906,974 lbs. The last three figures should have been 794. These unimportant errors in no way affect the succeeding statements, which were based on the correct figures.

WEST VA. WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE West Virginia State Wool Growers' Association held its annual meeting at Wellsburg, Feb. 6th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*—THOMAS SWEENEY of Ohio county. *Secretary*—J. C. PALMER, Brooke Co. *Treasurer*—THOMAS BUCHANAN, Brooke Co. Members of the Executive Committee of the National Wool Growers' Association—SAMUEL ARCHER of Hancock Co., on the part of the growers of fine wool, and J. G. DAVIS of Hampshire, on the part of the growers of coarse wool. S. ARCHER, J. C. PALMER, J. C. GIST, J. G. JACOB and C. H. BEALL were appointed a committee on resolutions. In the afternoon they reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It is the belief and conviction of this Association that the wool growing interests of this country require stability and permanence in the Tariff, and that changes in legislation on that point are detrimental to the wool growing interest.

Resolved, 1. That our Representatives in Congress are requested to oppose any changes in the present rates of duties on wool and woolens.

2. That the interest of Western Manufacturers and Wool Growers being recognized as identical, further measures should be adopted to make each class familiar with the respective wants and necessities of the other.

3. That we highly approve of the resolution passed by the National Wool Growers' Association at Pittsburg, Nov. 27th, *empowering a committee* at its discretion to arrange with the National Association of Wool Growers and Manufacturers for a National Exposition of their respective industries at such time and place as may be agreed upon.

4. That it is the desire of this Association that the present Wool Tariff act passed by Congress March 2, 1867, remain as it now is.

5. That in regulating duties on imports Congress should exempt such articles of general necessity as are not produced in this country, and should so adjust duties on other articles as to give fair and just protection as far as practicable to all products of American industry.

That the thanks of this Convention are due to the officers and agents of this Association for the prompt and faithful discharge of their duties during the preceding year.

The Association then adjourned to meet in Wheeling on the second Tuesday of March, 1869.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

RAISING LAMBS.—We have received an earnest application from several gentlemen to republish entire three articles which appeared in this department March 9th, 16th and 23d, 1867, in which is given the respective treatment of some sixteen then living* eminent American shepherds in every important process and detail of lamb raising. We should be very glad to do so, were it properly practicable. We considered the articles very valuable, not only to new beginners but to the most experienced flock masters. They brought forward both the latest discoveries and improvements on every point, and a diversity of processes which adapted some of them to every region. It cost us no little labor to obtain, compare, and group them together. But their republication would mostly fill the space allotted to this department for three weeks. The times have brought new and pressing subjects of attention. We cannot in justice to these, make the desired republication. Those who wish to obtain the articles can do so by ordering the vol. of the RURAL containing them.

* Victor Wright, one of the number, is since dead.

NEW REMEDY FOR HOOF ROT.—J. E. FICKLIN, Raccoon Ford, Culpepper Co., Va., writes us:—"I do not know whether your people have ever tried nitrate of copper for foot rot. I have, and found it the best thing I ever used. I take the crude acid, *aqua fortis*, and put in it as many bits of copper as the acid will eat up. It is then ready for use. I apply with a little stick after the foot has been properly prepared. I have never failed with it to cure the worst cases, generally by one application, though it is sometimes necessary to apply it twice. I cured several hundred last summer for HUGH T. PETERS."

Agricultural Societies.

Philadelphia (Pa.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Craig Biddle. Vice-Pres'ts—C. W. Harrison, C. R. King. Cor. Sec'y—Sidney G. Fisher. Rec. Sec'y—A. L. Kennedy. Ass't Sec'y—Thomas M. Coleman. Treas'r—George Blight.

Kankakee Co. (Ill.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Wilson Pottinger. Vice-Pres't—R. B. Hawkins. Treas'r—Charles F. Foster. Sec'y—Enoch Nickerson.

Alamakee Co. (Iowa) Ag. Society.—Pres't—J. Haney, Jr. Vice-Pres't—John Plank, Sr. Sec'y—D. W. Adams. Treas'r—Charles Paul.

Middlesex (Mass.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Addison Gage. Vice-Prest's—John Cummings, H. M. Clark. Sec'y—John B. Morse, Richard Barrett.

Essex Co. (Vt.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Levi Howe. Vice-Prest's—A. W. Houghton, L. W. Pratt. Secretaries—G. A. Hilberts, O. F. Harvey. Treas.—Harvey Judevine.

Galen (Wayne Co.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—Dan'l Jenison. Vice-Pres't—Mathew Mackie. Sec'y—Joseph Watson. Treas'r—Seth Smith.

Williams Co. (O.) Ag. Society.—Pres't—D. C. Morrow, Bryan. Vice-Pres't—Jacob Dillman.

Dairy Department.

FOX RIVER VALLEY DAIRY CLUB.

A FRIEND sends us the published proceedings of a meeting of this Club, held at Elgin (Ill.) on the 7th of January. The attendance was good, and a free interchange of opinions on dairy subjects was had, resulting in a cheering addition to the membership of the Association. The management of dairy stock was freely canvassed. Milking, while the cows were feeding, seemed to find favor with the members generally. Besides good hay feeding, bran in summer and meal and bran in winter—one part of the former and three of the latter—were the favorite proportions. Some preferred the food scalded, especially in the winter. The average per cow, as reported by the members, was $75 per annum.

The subject of garget was discussed. Dr. TEFFT said it was the result of inflammation induced by a too free flow of milk or external injury, and recommended cooling treatment to reduce and remove the inflammation as far as possible. He did not regard a perfect cure possible, though others thought differently. The subject of manuring lands was freely canvassed, and top-dressing of meadows instead of breaking them up generally concurred in. A member said he had visited the cheese factories in the State of New York, and was happy to say that the West was not behind the East in this branch of farming. The shipments of milk from eight factories amounted to 1,224,653 gallons. Receipts, $160,504.89. Cheese produced, 646,583 pounds.

WINTER FEED FOR COWS.

THE author of "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming" assumes that diminution or increase in the flow of milk of cows is in proportion to the nourishment given, without much regard to the particular form of the substance administered. It is added:—"Let cows receive through winter nearly as large a proportion of nutritive matter as is contained in the clover, lucern and fresh grasses which they eat in summer, and, no matter in what precise substance or mixture that matter may be contained, they will yield a winter's produce of milk quite as rich in casein and butyraceous ingredients as the summer produce, and far more ample in quantity than almost any dairyman, with old-fashioned notions, would imagine to be possible."

Cows often show a diminution in the flow of milk, though amply supplied with food, in consequence of neglect in watering them. This is important. It is good policy, too, during the milder days of winter, to let cows take a ramble in the woods, if any are at hand, as they enjoy the young twigs of the beech, maple and basswood which come within their reach,—repaying the indulgence in improved health and increased flow of milk. Rigid confinement and thirst rapidly diminish the lacteal secretions in the cow, hence the importance of seeing that the animals do not suffer from these causes.

WINTER CHURNING.

"C. S. L." inquires "Why in winter are we obliged to spend a half or whole day churning cream before it will turn to butter? Is it owing to improper temperature when churning is commenced, or to improper handling of cream when rising?"

Temperature has much to do with the process of butter-making. That portion which forms butter exists in the milk or cream in small globules, coated or held together by the casein or cheesey matter. To enable these to separate, a certain degree of sourness is essential, which forms lactic acid (acid of milk) partially dissolving or separating the casein, or cheese, and setting free the particles of butter which are brought together by the action of the dasher, and adhere, when the butter is said to have "come." To induce this chemical action cream must be of a temperature of 58 to 60 degrees; and if very much colder than this, long churning in a warm room may be necessary to induce a temperature that will form the *lactic acid* and bring butter. Injudicious handling of milk in cold weather often injures cream, leaving it bitter and unfit for use. To remedy this, warm the milk by setting on the stove or over hot water in shallow pans, that the cream may rise in the least possible time, and then, though the quantity be small, churn often, and much of the difficulty of butter-making in winter will be obviated.

DAIRYING.—LOSSES, &c.

AT a recent meeting at Little Falls several exhibits of dairy business for the past season were made, all of which, with a single exception, showed a loss to the dairyman. Mr. MYERS of German Flats, led off with 45 cows and a cheese product of 400 pounds per cow—18,000 pounds—sold at an average of $14.30 per 100 pounds, $2,574.00. The expenses were $2,676.00, showing a loss of $102.

JOSIAH SHULL of Mohawk, showed a loss on twenty cows of $34.33. Mr. E. RICE had 50 cows, and came out with $256 profits. Another farm carrying 20 cows, footed a loss of $39.00.

In these statements, labor, cows and everything else, are rated at high figures, but not higher than facts warranted. The Utica Herald closes its notice of the meeting by saying:—"Whether the farmer can continue to pay these rates remains to be seen. Many say they shall not do it. Again, taxation is excessively high, and must continue so for many years. From this there is no escape. But one thing is evident, a more rigid system of economy must needs be practiced, or higher prices for cheese maintained, to make dairy farming the prosperous business it was previous to the war, if the above exhibits are to be relied upon as the basis of profits."

RULE FOR PURCHASING COWS.—In a recent address before the Herkimer Farmers' Club, CHARLES VAN VALKENBURGH gave his rule for purchasing cows before prices were inflated and no premium on gold. This was to make a cow bear a certain relation to the price of cheese. If the last was worth but six cents per pound, a good cow was worth no more than $30. At seven cents for cheese $5 is added to the price of the cow, or multiply the price of cheese by five and call it dollars and that will show the relative value of the cow. If cows cannot be purchased at this rate Mr. V. V. is of opinion that farmers had better not purchase, but go to raising their own stock, and also grow enough wheat for their own consumption if not a surplus for market.

CURD MILLS.—Among the claimed improvements, in cheese-making, are curd mills. Some grind the curd, others tear it in pieces, while a third one is armed with knives, with which the curd is cut up. Cutting curd is an old practice, but performing the operation by machinery is a new feature in curd preparation.

Rural Notes and Items.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.—We beg to remind all interested of our rules relative to correspondence intended for publication. No article from a stranger will receive attention unless accompanied by the real name and address of the writer. We require this as a guaranty of good faith, even if only the initials or a nom de plume are given to the public. As a rule articles from anonymous sources go to the waste basket unread; hence those who wish to save their brains, time and stationery, should give their names or forego the labor of writing for the RURAL. We cannot become responsible for the safety or return of rejected manuscripts,—certainly not unless real names are given and stamps furnished for return postage.

Would-be contributors—especially on literary and miscellaneous subjects—are again advised that we *do not* wish to *employ* persons who are in their teens, or other inexperienced people, to write for this journal, nor anybody else at present, unless something useful, novel or brilliant is offered. If anything we want is offered at a stipulated price, we will pay that price if the contribution is accepted,—but our corps of Editors and Contributors is so large and expensive that we have no occasion to add thereto, and hence are daily constrained to decline propositions from those wishing to become paid contributors.

PRINTERS "AT HOME."—Ye gallant knights of the "chase" and "shooting stick" appreciate a good time. The "Express Mutual Benefit Association," comprising "all hands" in the Printing and Publishing Establishment of the Rochester Evening Express, had one of the jolliest festivals ever enjoyed by the craft, on the night of the 21st inst. Employers and employes,—editors, typos, pressmen, folders, &c.—united in giving an entertainment for themselves, their wives, and a few friends, in Compositors' Hall. It was in every respect typical of the "Art Preservative." The literary and humorous portion of the entertainment was supplemented by a genuine feast made up of nearly all kinds of good edibles. Verily, printers can do some things as well as others!

—The RURAL was represented on the occasion aforesaid by one of our associates, Prof. HOPKINS, who is reported to have delivered an appropriate poem, in his usual felicitous style, which elicited a measure of applause indicating high appreciation.

SOWING SALT.—A Subscriber, West Bloomfield, N. Y., writes:—"I wish some information about the advantages or otherwise of sowing salt. First, is it advisable to sow it on winter wheat in the spring—one barrel per acre; second, on grass which has been seeded some time; third, would it injure an old orchard—not seeded—to sow one barrel per acre? I can get one quality of salt at Syracuse for $1.50 per barrel and another at home for $3.25. Which is preferable?" Salt would be of little benefit to the wheat unless the soil was already rich; on poor or sandy soil it is worthless. It would probably benefit the old grass field and the orchard to some extent, but whether the application would pay or not can only be determined by careful experiment. We advise that on a limited scale, and would like to hear of the results of similar ones.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.—The new Commissioner of Agriculture, Col. CAPRON, asks Congress to legislate more explicitly than it has hitherto done in relation to the Agricultural Department. He wants to be instructed as to what and how much is proposed to be done on and with the experimental farm, which is an appendage to the Department of which he has been made the head. His estimate of the means necessary to keep it up for the year is $277,285. Another year will probably determine whether the Department, as now constituted, shall be continued or not.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Manure is getting to be king in New England with its farming interest, and the subject occupies a large space in the Agricultural press. Nitrate of soda is recommended as a special fertilizer. It ought to be cheap, as there are extensive beds of it in South America, where it is mined. It sometimes largely increases the yield of wheat. We can't say whether it will "pay" to use it; that depends on the price and product.

FOWLER & WELLS have in press, and will soon issue, a volume of sketches by N. C. MEEKER, Esq., Ag'l Editor N. Y. Tribune, entitled "Life in the West; Or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley." The sketches are mainly descriptive of the struggles of settlers in making homes and pushing on civilization, and we doubt not will be full of interest to the great mass of RURAL readers.

BOILED OATS FOR STOCK.—If the farmer has any stock which need special strengthening there is nothing better than boiled oats—fed cold—to do it with. They are good for weak colts, milch cows, ewes with winter lambs, and any and all stock. Hens will "shell out" better if fed with this grain.

VALUE OF DIFFERENT MANURES.—H. G. asks for the ideas of some of our well posted readers and correspondents on the relative value of different manures, and especially on the value of that made from a ton of hay fed to horses as compared with guano, bone-dust or poudrette.

WINTERING BEES.—W. F. B., Castleton, Vt., writes: "I tried wintering bees last winter in the cellar, and the result was bad. The cellar was dry, but their breath seemed to dampen the comb and it became mouldy. I think a dark, cool room is the best place to winter bees."

SHIPPING HOP ROOTS.—D. B. asks:—"How should hop roots be put up for transportation by railroad?" So they will keep cool and moist; they may be packed in barrels or boxes with damp moss.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A MASS. farmer has a matched pair of cattle that weigh a little over 5,600 pounds.

THE Columbia (Tenn.) Herald is jubilant over the establishment of a plow factory in that town.

THE average per cow of a dairy of 11, for the last year, on Spring Farm, New Castle, Delaware, was $114.85.

A FARMER in Delaware Co., N. Y., considers winter shelter for stock a better investment than seven-thirties.

A MARKED decline is noted in the price of hops in Otsego Co. Hop growing in the West is charged with this.

ROBERT ROSEVELT and Seth Green have been appointed commissioners for re-stocking the streams of New York with fish.

THE Turf, Field and Farm ridicules the frequent sensational reports of the prevalence of rinderpest in various localities.

COMMON smart weed, boiled and applied hot to the wethers of a horse, is recommended for fistula. Apply before the tumor breaks.

A FRENCH professor asserts that there is no such thing as firmly set land. All reposes on boiling lava, and keeps time with its ebullitions.

A STATISTICIAN has figured out the arable land in the United States. It amounts to 52,000,000 of farms of 160 acres each, or 8,320,000,000 acres.

CHLOROFORM is said to be a cure for bots in horses. Give a tablespoonful with twice the quantity of gum arabic. It is equally effective for colic.

WHEN the moth canker worm commences going up the apple trees the slaughter should begin. Every miller killed will wipe out from 75 to 100 worms.

A CORRESPONDENT of an exchange says that feeding wheat fields down close after the ground freezes in the fall and winter is certain death to the fly.

WM. J. WATSON, near Battle Creek, Mich., raised 10,000 bushels of corn last season. Some 50 acres of the best land averaged 130 bushels of ears to the acre.

As the last run of sledding is approaching, it is well to examine the wool pile. It can be replenished now at less expense than during the season of harvest.

REMEMBER in making maple sugar that clean sap, clean boilers and good cleansing of the syrup are essential to the production of fine sugar. A slow fire for sugaring off.

IF rain or snow storms occur during the sugar season, invert your buckets or sap troughs till they are over. Boiling down snow with sap is not a paying business.

As the season for the dropping of calves and early lambs is at hand, extra vigilance will be required to prevent loss. A little timely attention to these matters pays well.

HORTICULTURAL.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

THE question having been asked us by a correspondent in Wisconsin, whether cranberry culture can be made profitable on a small farm, the upland soil of which is sandy loam, and the lowland a piece of marshy creek bottom, which is good meadow land, and what the *modus operandi* is of planting and cultivating, we would state, in reply, that cranberries will grow on high land, such as our correspondent describes his to be, but a crop is not as certain and profitable on such soil as on one of a swampy character, like the one mentioned. As to the profit of cranberry culture, we think there can be no question for the present, though it is possible that, like everything else paying well at the start, the production may be occasionally overdone. Up to the present time, we believe, demand has kept full pace with production, making the business a remunerative one in all sections of the country where cranberry growing has attracted attention. In the particular case here mentioned, it would be safest to prepare and plant the swampy ground by way of a beginning, and if successful, and the business bears extension, the more elevated sections might be devoted to the same purpose as fast as circumstances would seem to warrant.

In preparing the ground the bogs, if there are any upon it, should be removed, together with all surface truck, such as grass, bushes and the like, and rendered as nearly level as practicable, with the exception of a gentle inclination towards a drain, if there be a chance to make one, as this may be stopped up for flooding the ground at times if the appearance of insects should render this desirable. When the ground is thus prepared, put on a coating of three inches of swamp muck, and over this about the same thickness of loose sand and free from all extraneous substances. The color of the sand is not important, but it should be as free as possible from all adhesive matter, such as clay and the like.

Having prepared the ground, planting may be commenced early in April, and continued into the summer as opportunity presents, but the late planted will take a year longer than the early to reach a bearing state. Some scatter the plants broadcast over the muck surface, pressing them down with the foot or hand, and then adding the coating of sand. This is rather a slovenly method of planting, and not as popular among growers as the one in which more method is observed. The better and more tidy way is to plant in rows about twenty inches apart and from sixteen to eighteen inches between the hills. A pointed stick can be used for making holes for the plants, which should be pressed into the orifice, several at a time, and rendered stable in their places by pressing the soil about the roots.

In selecting vines or plants, be careful to procure those which have shown good bearing properties; hence the selection should be made at the time the fruit has matured. Without this precaution, one will run the chance of planting out barren vines, or only partially productive ones. There are several varieties—the egg, bell and cherry shaped—differing mainly in the period of reaching maturity. The first is generally preferred as being several weeks earlier than the others.

If the plants are put out broadcast there will be little chance for cultivation aside from hand pulling of weeds; but where put out in drills they may be lightly cultivated to advantage the first year; after this, stirring the soil, to any considerable extent, is quite as likely to injure as to improve the crop. Reliance should be placed on the hands for keeping the plants clear of weeds after the first season. With land properly prepared by ditching and surface-grading, and carefully planted and attended to, a fair crop may be expected the third season after setting out. The yield will, of course, depend on the adaptability of the ground and the skill with which it is prepared for the vines, and the attention paid to them in the incipient stages of their growth. A bushel to a square rod of ground is deemed a fair yield, though double this quantity is often obtained. If the ground is susceptible of being flooded, the water may be let on late in the autumn and drawn off early in March. Should insects prove troublesome in the summer, flooding may be resorted to, but the submersion should not be protracted beyond the time necessary to destroy the vermin. A day or so will be sufficient—say about the middle of May, and then again the first week in June. This flowing is not absolutely essential, though where it is practicable it often preserves a crop which would be otherwise damaged, if not wholly destroyed.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA—THE COCOA NUT.

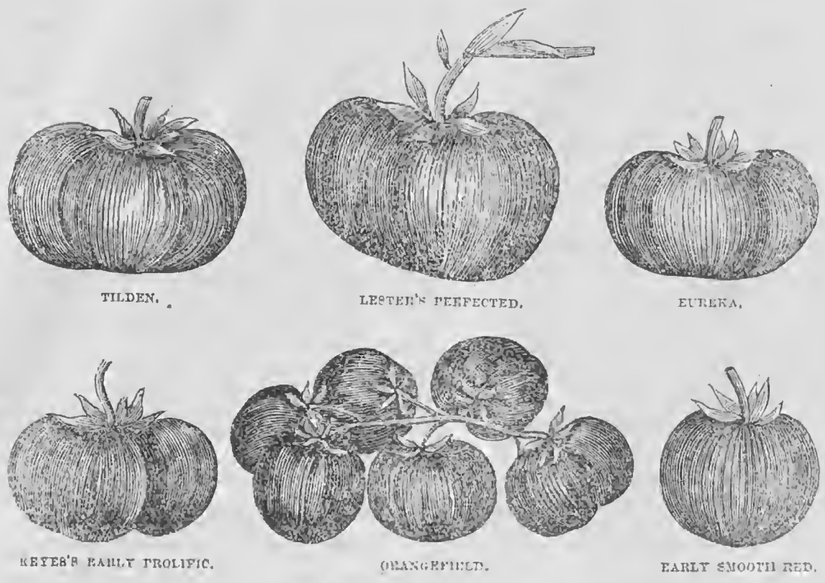
FRIEND MOORE:—If you think the readers of the RURAL will value some account of the Fruits of Jamaica, W. I., I will, as time allows, fill a small space in your columns. I take the Cocoa Nut first. This is the fruit of one of the noble family of Palms, growing from seventy to eighty feet in height, straight, and free from limb or branch. The leaves which make up the top are from twelve to fourteen feet in length. The foot of each leaf clasps the trunk as a boom does a mast, and adheres by very strong fibers which are inserted into the hard wood. There being no bark each leaf grows at first perpendicular, and gradually falls over to all angles till it hangs down the side of the tree and is brought down by its own weight or a high wind.

The tree begins bearing in some six or seven years if planted near the sea; it grows best when its roots can reach the water. In the mountains its growth is slow. I have seen it fourteen years old and no sign of fruit; from the time it begins to bear it never ceases till killed by lightning or blown over. The roots and bottom of the tree are much like an onion when it begins to bulb. The fruit grows in bunches from the foot of the leaf; each nut when full grown and in the husk, would about go into a two-hoop pail, and is like the beech nut, three-sided, but with obtuse angles.

In dry seasons, the leaves are cut to feed horses and mules. The husks make a strong fiber, and are much used in many places for making rope, mats, mattresses, &c.

The nuts are much valued when about half-grown; then they are full of a very pleasant water, with just acid enough and always cool. The shell is then but half formed, and the nut is a transparent jelly. At this stage they are known as "Jelly Cocoa Nuts." When ripe, as they come to this country, they are much used to feed poultry, and for oil for lamps and other purposes. A London Company has extensive plantations in Ceylon, and manufacture the oil into stearine candles. The young tree starts from one of the black eyes on the end of each nut, growing through the husk; sometimes two of the eyes will start, making two trees. I once sent such a plant from Jamaica to Cameroom River, Western Africa. Each young tree was about 18 inches high.

Akron, Ohio, 1868. T. B. P.



VARIETIES OF THE TOMATO.

THE Tomato has become one of our most important vegetables, not only a luxury, but almost a necessity. It hardly seems possible that a few years ago many of us were trying hard to learn to eat a tomato, and the first attempts in most cases very far from being a success. So anxious are we for this refreshing vegetable, just as soon as the weather becomes warm, that we can hardly wait for its slow ripening, and the consequence is that those who can secure ripe fruit early, by any means, obtain extraordinary prices. The fact is we all *want* tomatoes in the summer before we can get them, and are willing to pay as much as we would for choice peaches in a scarce season. To obtain early varieties is, therefore, the desire not only of the amateur but of the market gardener, and every year we have varieties advertised by seedsmen, as earlier than any other sort—sometimes ten days earlier—while occasionally some one is unscrupulous enough to advertise a kind as a month ahead of all other sorts.

A good many years of experience have taught me that there is nothing essentially earlier or better than the *Early Smooth Red*, sometimes called the *Early Apple*, on account of its shape and smoothness.

Keyes' Early Prolific is a good variety, productive and early, but not remarkable in either respect.

Eureka ripens ten or twelve days after *Early Smooth Red*, and is productive and of fair quality, and good size. It partakes somewhat of the habit of the French Tree Tomato, the branches being very strong and not inclined to spread.

The *Tilden* is a large, smooth Tomato, ripe with *Eureka*, ripening unevenly, one part of the fruit being green while the other seems quite ripe.

Lester's Perfected is a late variety of pinkish color, very solid and with few seeds. For serving uncooked there is nothing I know of equal to it.

Last season I obtained from Europe a tomato with which I am exceedingly well pleased. It was sent me by JAMES CARTER & CO. of London, England, as a new variety, called the *Orangefield*. From other parties I obtained the *Orangefield*, different in every respect, and I judge comparatively worthless, except perhaps for forcing, on account of its small size and unevenness. The variety obtained from CARTER & CO., proved the earliest and most productive tomato I have ever grown, and also the sweetest and richest. Its quality was so good that the men at work upon my grounds who never could eat a raw tomato, would fill their pockets, and eat them as they would plums. It grows in large clusters of from six to ten or more upon a stem, as shown in the engraving, and the fruit is but little smaller than the Early Smooth Red.—J. V.

HOW TO SEND FRUIT TO MARKET.

I FIND that many of our Southern fruit growers are anxious to send their fruit to our market, but do not know how to send it in order to realize the most money by the sale of it; and knowing that the RURAL has a large circulation in the South, I send you a few hints for their benefit.

To those wishing to send apricots I would say, do not send *any* small, spotted, or inferior fruit; there is no demand for it. If your fruit is small, yet clear and sound, it will sell. If it is generally large, cull out all the small specimens and send them separately. Do not send apricots in peach or tomato crates; they will not sell for half their value. Get a good, quart berry basket and crate, and put in none but good fruit. The basket of apricots mentioned last season that sold for $32.00, was grown in Delaware and sent in berry baskets. The fruit was large, clear and handsome. The same quantity sent in a crate would not have sold for half the amount.

Peaches, plums and tomatoes should be sent in crates containing one bushel each. The crates should have a division board in them to avoid too much pressure. Strawberries and blackberries should be sent in pint baskets; quarts are too large to carry well. I would recommend either Cook's or Beecher's. For raspberries I would recommend Cook's half-pint basket; it is a very superior article. For choice varieties of red and white currants I would recommend the five-pound grape box. The choice varieties of this fruit are always in demand in our market at good paying prices; but it must be sent in an attractive style. The common red fruit can be sent in ten pound boxes; if sent in too large packages they bruise and spoil very quickly. Grapes can be sent in the same style of box.

Rhubarb is sent to market tied up in bunches, containing from six to eight stalks in proportion to the size of them; cut off the leaves and pack in any clean box. Eggs should be packed in clean, strong barrels, with oats or cut straw. Avoid packing too many in the barrel to save freight; they lose more by breakage than is saved. Apples should be picked with much care to avoid bruising, as that causes them to rot very quickly. Pack tight in *clean* barrels. Pears should be sent in half-barrels or bushel crates. Send only prime stock. Peas, onions and potatoes, in barrels, well ventilated. Remember the freight is just as much on a poor article as on a good one, and it will not bring near as much when sold.

New York, Feb. 8, 1868. NOW AND THEN.

THE ORCHARD.

PRUNING—CULTIVATING—MANURING.

EDS. RURAL:—Pruning fruit trees at the right time and in the best manner is a subject of interest to fruit growers in this section, and is often neglected or misunderstood. Many writers fix the time of pruning apple orchards in the month of June; this is a busy time with farmers, and the consequence is, they are often neglected. Now the question arises, will it not answer as well to trim in the fall or in the early part of spring, when the labor can be performed with little cost? I would like to know the different results of pruning at different seasons, and the cause thereof. When large limbs are cut off some recommend the use of *coal tar* or wax to prevent the decay of the wood before healing over.

Last spring I set out an orchard of apple and peach trees,—the apple trees thirty-eight feet apart. The distance may be considered by some too great, but my observation of many large orchards in this county set out only sixteen feet apart each way, with the intention of removing every other tree when large enough to interfere, led me to doubt the utility of that theory. The ground is easily cultivated when the trees are far apart, and its original strength will not become as soon exhausted, and the fruit will be larger and fairer.

On two acres of this ground I set out peach trees, half way between each apple tree, both ways. Three acres of the apple orchard are on grass land, and the cultivation only has been about two feet around each tree, which was hoed. I shall pursue the same plan the next summer, cutting the grass and hoeing and manuring around the trees. Will not this do as well as plowing?

At the time of setting out the peach trees, I trimmed off all the sprouts close to the trunk, leaving a sufficient top. Some advised leaving limbs to grow near the ground. My object was to form a tree,—not to produce a squalid bunch of limbs spreading over the ground, to prevent cultivation. Does leaving a few shoots on the trunk of peach or apple trees make them, as they call it, more stocky?

Last fall, during the drouth, I drew muck from the bed of a creek which passes near the orchard, and put it around a few of the trees; but I feared it might contain foul seed. How much nutriment the muck contained I should like to know, for any amount can be obtained by the simple labor of drawing. WM. MOREY.

Newfane, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1868.

THE BALSAM.

THIS beautiful annual has long been known extensively among amateur florists, and is prized for its vigorous habit and the beautiful and various colored blossoms it furnishes for display when cut. In its natural condition it is not a very satisfactory object in the garden, for the reason that the flowers are nearly concealed by the branches and leaves. Hence it is prized more for cutting than for show in the flower bed. Our engravings, however, illustrate a manner of pruning the balsam which will greatly

increase its beauty. One figure represents its natural growth, and by its side is a plant pruned to five branches. This is done by pinching out the center shoot, and all the side ones as they appeared, except four or five designed to be left. These shoots will then grow with great vigor, and the blossoms will make a fine show. Another way is to prune to a single stem by pinching off all the side

shoots as they appear. This forces the plant to grow taller than it would otherwise, and the stem is transformed into a wreath of showy flowers. The appearance of a plant pruned to a single stem is well represented in the engraving, and a dwarf, pruned with branches, is also shown.

The balsam requires a rich soil and culture, and the plants should be started in the hot-bed. Some of the French and German varieties are very double, with mixed colors, and in a rich soil will grow three feet tall. There are besides dwarf balsams which will scarcely reach six inches; the *Extra Double Dwarf* is of this habit; the *Half Dwarf* grows about eighteen inches, and the *Dwarf Spotted Camelia Flowered* reaches eight or ten inches. The *French Camelia Flowered* is double and very perfect, with mixed colors, and so is the *Spotted German and Rose Flowered French.*

HOT-BEDS.—It is a great step forward in a farmers garden to make a good hot-bed. It need not be as early as the market gardeners' and therefore will not require equal skill and labor in its care. Oiled cloth will take the place of glass, and the frame may be of the plainest boards. Cloth covered frames require less care than those of glass.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

CHOICE COMMUNION WINE.—In December last we received a liberal sample of wine from Mr. W. H. H. BARTON of Rochester. Not being athirst, and supposing the wine much like other native brands frequently sent us aforetime, we did not taste it for weeks. But during the recent meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, the wine was sampled by several members while dining with us, and pronounced excellent—superior in flavor, body, etc. The good opinion expressed of it by our critical friends, (some of whom are grape growers and wine makers,) induced us to inquire of Mr. B. about the wine, when we learned it was what he denominates Communion Wine, made from Clinton and Isabella grapes, (about equal parts of each,) and three years old,—and further that he is having quite a demand for it for sacramental and medicinal purposes.

THE CLARK AND OTHER RASPBERRIES.—A. M. PURDY writes us as follows:—"In discussing the raspberry question at last meeting at Rochester, your reporter makes me say, 'The Clark is one of the best for marketing of the Black Cap family.' This is a mistake. What I *did* say in substance was as follows:—'I would take all of the Black Cap family, except the common wild, as they run, and of the Antwerp family, (if all of them could rightly be so termed,) the Kirtland, Philadelphia, Clark and Franconia—the latter, however, not being perfectly hardy in all localities. I also added that with the little experience I had had in growing and fruiting the Clark, I believed it would prove one of the hardiest and most popular raspberries grown; on account of its brilliant scarlet color, large size, good bearing qualities, hard, firm surface and delicious flavor."

PRICES OF FRUITS.—To the grower of fruits it may be of interest to know a little as to the prices that choice apples, pears, etc., are retailed at in the leading fruit stores in New York. Choice specimens of Beurre Bosc Pears, but of only fair medium size, sell at forty cents each. Extra Duchesse d' Angouleme and some Beurre Diels we were asked sixty cents each for, or a dozen, embracing some two or three inferior specimens, at six dollars. Large and fine Baldwin, or Tompkins Co. King Apples, one dollar and fifty cents a dozen. Lady Apples, fifty cents a dozen. Catawba and Diana grapes, forty cents a pound. Hot-house grapes, one to one and a half dollars a pound. Nectarines—only a few shown—at one and a half dollars each.

Ontario (C. W.) Fruit Growers' Association.—Pres't—Wm. Mills. Vice-Pres'ts—Wm. Morse, Prof. Buckland. Sec'y and Treas'r—D. W. Beadle, St. Catharines.

Geneva Hort. Society.—Pres't—Rob't J. Swan. Vice-Pres't—J. B. Jones. Rec. Sec'y—A. Merrill. Cor. Sec'y M. L. Bellows. Treas'r—A. Hammond.

AMOUNT OF GRAPES IN THE NEW YORK MARKET.—Our correspondent, "Now and Then," writes us that according to careful estimates the amount of grapes received in New York city during the past season was 600 tons.

THE "GRIMES' GOLDEN" promises to prove a great acquisition to the list of valuable apples. It is prolific and remarkably hardy.

THE ORANGEFIELD TOMATO is the name of a new dwarf but large-fruited variety, originating near Belfast, Ireland.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

RETAIL Catalogue of Garden Vegetable Seeds. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

PRICE LIST of Williamsville Small Fruit Nurseries. DAVID LONG, Williamsville, Erie Co., N. Y.

CATALOGUE of Fruit, Ornamental and Evergreen Trees for sale at the Burroughs Nurseries. SOLON BURROUGHS, Vergennes, Vt.

CATALOGUE of Ornamental Plants cultivated and for sale by EDGAR SANDERS, Chicago, Ill.

PRICE LISTS of Vines, for the Spring of 1868, for sale by C. W. GRANT, Iona, N. Y.

CATALOGUE of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. SHEPPARD & Co., 214 Pearl St., New York.

PRICE LIST of the Walter Grape. FERRIS & CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

RICE PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of milk; 3½ ounces rice; 3 do. white sugar; 1½ do. butter; some nutmeg or lemon grated; 4 eggs. Bake slowly for half an hour, or more if not quite firm.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—Whisk three eggs well, put them into a pint basin and add to them sufficient milk to fill it; then strain, flavor and sweeten it with fine sugar; boil the pudding very softly for an exact half hour. Let it stand a few minutes, dish and serve with sugar sifted over it.

BAKED BREAD PUDDING.—Add to a pint of new milk a quarter of a pint of good cream and pour them boiling on one-half pound bread crumbs and three of fresh butter. When these have stood half an hour covered with a plate, stir to them four ounces of sugar, six of currants, one and a half of candied citron and five eggs.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SPICED TRIPE.—Take fresh tripe, cut it up in pieces four or five inches square; take an earthen jar, put in a layer of tripe, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice and peppers (whole) over it; then another layer of tripe, then spice, and so on till the jar is full; take good cider vinegar, scald it, pour over it, filling the jar full; cover it up and stand it away in a cool place for a few days until it tastes of the spice, then serve it up cold for supper or any other meal. It is an excellent relish.

CRANBERRY WINE—Taken internally and applied externally, is pronounced as a cure for scrofula. To make the wine, take the ripe berries, mash them in a mortar to a fine pulp, put into a stone jar, add one quart of water to two quarts of berries, stir it well, set away and let it stand a week; then strain it through cotton, and you have a beautiful wine, which, with a little sugar, makes a wholesome drink, at once cooling and palatable. It does not ferment.

HOW TO COOK RICE.—"No one can boil rice like a palkee-bearer; every grain comes out of the chattle as dry as wheat, and nothing more simple; the rice is put into a small earthern vessel, with cold water, and set, covered, *by* the fire: when well boiled, but not overmuch, the water is poured off, and the rice still left in the vessel by the fire; give it a shake now and then till wanted, and it will run out dry as meal."—*Major General Bell's "Rough Notes of an old Soldier."*

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Ladies' Department.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

God bless little children!
Day by day,
With pure and simple wiles,
And winning words and smiles,
They creep into the heart,
And who would wish to say them nay?

They look up in our faces,
And their eyes
Are tender and are fair,
As if still lingered there
The Saviour's kindly smile!
So very meek they look, and wise.

We live again our play-time
In their play;
Their soft hands lead us back
Along a weary track—
The pathway of our years—
Unto the time when life was May.

O! when my days are ended,
I would rest
Where little children keep
Their slumber long and deep;
My grave be near the little mounds
I know that God hath blest!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STUDYING OUR CHILDREN.—No. I.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

Children are a most intricate study, in their various developments of character. These wonderful leaves of humanity may be turned, and re-turned, daily, and each time we find some new and strange revelation. From the first faint tracery on the margin page of babyhood we may begin to carefully decipher some new phase of being. We look into the wondering eyes, written full of mysterious lessons; we try to fathom their meaning as they gaze with strange earnestness into our faces, and from thence into vacancy, first up, then down, and again scanning every object, yet revealing to us nothing of their thoughts. The little fists forever in motion, as if reaching after something unseen, yet never grasping it,—the strange language they breathe into maternal ears,—the smile that brings a touch of marvelous beauty over the waxen features,—the perfect trust they repose in us,—these and a thousand more baby traits open to us volumes for the closest study. The first outburst of passion, when fist and feet make known there are lessons to be demonstrated, and the first indignant repulse we receive when babyhood is abused, cause us to remember we are still unacquainted with our little ones.

Men and women have toiled years to become thoroughly educated, and have reached the very heights of literary success, "D. D." and "LL. D." have been attached to their names, and some of these, though parents, have declared their almost perfect ignorance of what their children were! Had they studied to thoroughly know them, then they might have been wise indeed. Their perfect indifference to their children may have caused the shipwreck of more than one noble character. They have committed to the care of strangers what God committed to them, and lived and died unacquainted with their offspring.

Children are given into their parent's hands mere embryo. From the first day of their existence, we may begin the study of these new and wonderful editions of active life. From the first shrill cry of introduction, and the intimation of hunger, they may be made a discipline of thought. And what is there to hinder our becoming thoroughly acquainted with them? Perfect indifference to their wants and welfare would be hindrance enough; so would a blind indulgence to all their faults. We cannot help seeing the outbursts of passion when we oppose a child, and yet we may not half learn the duty it enforces. In some children this is the first and prevailing passion, and the one that, if left uncurbed, may work their utter ruin. There is not the shadow of an apology for us to overlook this, and duty obligates us to check with firm, yet tender authority, what will injure our child. In some dispositions corporeal punishment would only add fuel to flame; in others *nothing else* would bring to terms; for another a word of the unutterable love cherished for it would reach the heart; again there are those (and a large number of such) for whom prayer will do more than everything else to quell passion. When no other method avails, prayer will soften an obstinate heart sooner than anything besides. Let the mother who has tried so hard to reach the feelings and sympathy of a willful child, take the little one into her closet and, kneeling, pray to God for her darling. If one such there is, who has humbly and trustingly done this and failed, we are much mistaken. If parents are ignorant of salvation, and the power of prayer and a saving knowledge of God, they are unqualified to govern their children; because they have no strength to govern themselves. Their own passions may be far more unreasonable than those of their children. When we see a very angry person we are inclined to think the parents let this one thing predominate to the exclusion of all others in that person's childhood, and besides that they were strangers to the blessed influences of religion.

Some parents think that if they succeed in breaking the child's will, their life's task is done. This is entirely wrong. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It's the teaching—the training—the tempering of the will that tells, not the breaking into servile submission. In every passion we may find a condensed volume of study. Every leaf of character we turn may cause us close application to determine the best and safest way to fashion and direct. In some children pride is almost the first tendency they manifest. The first time they walk across the floor they look up with proud triumph. Every new garment is food for this passion, and soon the minutest article is placed before you for praise. All their actions and aims bespeak pride. A parent who can witness such disagreeable tendencies and not restrain them, must indeed be blind. Pride need not be mistaken for dignity. True dignity may be as plainly seen in very early life, as any other trait, and we believe would scorn even then boastfulness. A cautious parent would not seek to destroy pride entirely. A child would need enough to make it tidy and careful about its dress. But when the pride of your darling demands rich and elegant things to adorn and cover soiled garments,—when they come near those poorly clad and look upon such with scorn,—it is quite time this unpleasant feature were toned down.

Parents are too thoughtless about these things in their children. They cannot believe that pride in that very little girl will ever amount to anything serious. They fancy there will be plenty of time to arrest this, after she is grown older. It is a false trust. The pride will grow and strengthen every year, and needs in the beginning the best restraint you can possibly command. How many hearts, naturally noble, have become cold, haughty and repulsive in society, as they grew up, that might but for their pride have been an ornament and blessing.

A fond mother spoke in the highest terms of her little daughter, which was indeed right; yet she praised her for something she did not possess. Said she:—"That child hasn't a particle of pride. I never saw one who cared so little for dress as she. It's with the greatest difficulty I can get her to have her clothes fitted." Truly the child was very reluctant about having her clothes fitted. She cried, and fretted, and assured her mother she didn't like new clothes, yet she was the proudest child I ever met. She wanted rich and elegant clothes, but hated the trouble they caused her. Day after day she came to our room telling us of her beautiful clothes, and, without her mother's knowledge, brought them in with her, asking our praise. When she thought herself unobserved she would get her little body into a great many positions before the mirror, to note the effect of her smiles, bows, speeches, &c. Pride was her pet, and we cannot believe her mother ignorant of this. Yet she could not see the disagreeable tendency of it—her love blinded her to the little one's faults. Mothers, let us study our little ones carefully, and becoming acquainted with their faults, tenderly, firmly correct them. Our children will be just what our moulding hands fashion them. We *can* guide them to our blessed Father, whose spirit is able to bring their will in sweet subjection to His.

Canandaigua, Feb., 1868.

HOW A FRENCH OFFICER MARRIES.

An officer in the French army finds it no very simple matter to get married. He has first to make a formal request to his colonel for permission. He certifies to the condition in life and moral standing of the bride elect. The colonel sends the demand to the general commanding the department, who sends it to the general commanding the division. If the bride lives in another district, he writes to his fellow-officer of the division in which she does live. The demand then descends the scale from the division-general to the brigadier, who writes to a commandant de place, who consults a commissioner of police and a mayor; then the mayor and commissioner reply to the commandant de place, who replies to the general of the division, who sends the answer to his *confrere*.

The demand then goes to a marshal, and if he does not exact any farther information, he proposes to the minister of war to ratify the permission; coming from the hands of the postman, the packet is unsealed by a clerk, who adds a stamp, a subordinate reads it, sends it to another clerk, who puts a number above the stamp and records the number on another sheet of paper, with an analysis of the affair; this sheet is then signed by a chief and sub-chief, then goes to a director, who sends it to the chief de bureau; he gives it to his deputy, then an orderly clerk reinscribes the number of the packet, registers it, and sends it to another, who makes a report of the analysis. The three members of this last bureau then record the whole, the chief signs it, submits it to the director, who submits it to the minister, who accepts or refuses. If the bride and groom are still living when the arrangements are concluded, and think it worth while to get married for what little time they have to live, the marriage is consummated.

THE CROWNED LADIES OF EUROPE.

Madame de Solms Ratazzi makes, in one of her recent sketches, the following statement in regard to the favorite occupations of the crowned ladies of Europe. Of course, there is a tinge of malice in everything the sprightly wife of the ex-Premier writes about prominent representatives of her sex.

"Queen Isabella, of Spain, wishes to make people believe that she is a paragon of benevolence. Her charities are distributed in so ostentatious a manner that they lose much of their value. Ex-Queen Mary, of Naples, who, under different circumstances, would have become a very excellent lady, does, as it is, almost only that which she ought not to do. She smokes cigarettes, likes to wear top boots and male attire, generally swears (*Corpo di Bacco,*) boxes the ears of her servants, &c. The Empress Eugenie wishes us to believe that extreme vanity and extravagance far surpassing that of the poor Josephine are not incompatible with a piety so showy that few people will believe in its sincerity. Shopping is her favorite occupation—that is, inspecting dry goods brought for her inspection to the Tuileries. The Empress of Austria is rather a dull woman, but a good wife and a good mother. The Empress of Russia is an invalid, spending most of her time on a *chaise longue*, painting water-color sketches. The Queen of Prussia thinks she is very clever, and perhaps she is. She delights in talking with eminent poets and scholars. The Queen of Denmark is a good housewife, who has brought up her children creditably. The Queen of Belgium is the first equestrienne of her little kingdom, and talks 'horse' better than any *habitue* of the turf; and the Queen of Holland is a blue stocking, priding herself on her extraordinary familiarity with a number of modern languages."

WOMEN IN THE PROFESSIONS.

Medicine is perhaps the only profession in which women have assumed a perfect equality with men. Their charges are the same, and they have in general demanded all the privileges and rights of male practitioners. Up to the present time they have been remarkably successful. Many of them enjoy a large practice. Drs. Elizabeth and Emma Blackwell, Dr. Haydon and Dr. Lozier are among the first in this city, and have taken a high position as practitioners. Dr. Fowler of Orange has been very successful. In Philadelphia, six ladies who practice medicine have incomes ranging from $2,000 to $10,000; $15,000 is the highest income of a female physician in New York. There are other women physicians of note in Boston, Utica, Rochester, Elmira, Ithaca and Milwaukee.—*New York Evening Post.*

What we Love a Woman For.—Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was, by no means, brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem*, (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

Choice Miscellany.

MEMORY.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

True—many a rose-bud, blooming gay,
Life's opening path adorns;
But all who tread that path will say,
That 'mid the flowers which strew its way,
Are care's corroding thorns.
Yet still the bosom will retain
Affection ev'n for hours of pain;
And we can smile though bathed in tears,
At memory of departed years.

'Tis distance our bewildered gaze
On former scenes beguiles;
And memory's charm the eye betrays,
For while enjoyments it displays,
And robes the past in smiles,
Its flattering mirror proves untrue,
Conceals the sorrow from our view,
And hides the griefs, the doubts and fears,
That darkened our departed years!

Time, when our own, we oft despise—
When gone, its loss deplore;
Nor till the fleeting moment flies
Do mortals learn its worth to prize,
When it returns no more.
For this, an anxious look we cast,
With fond regret, on hours long past—
For this, the feeling heart reveres
The memory of departed years!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SELF-MADE."

This term, so commonly used to designate a particular class of individuals, I have always regarded as suggesting to many minds a mistaken idea. If some men, only, are self-made, then the rest are undoubtedly the creation of something or somebody else. The idea is pernicious. It singles out a fragmentary portion of the notable individuals who have chanced to leave, somewhat, the beaten paths, and christens them as self-made! And pray, what are all the rest of the

——"immortal names
That were not born to die?"

Properly speaking, all the men who have any individuality are self-made; not exactly, we will say, as a tree or a plant is self-made, but in a measure like unto it. Each organic form is developed according to the law of adaptation and of growth that pertains to itself. It is the *individual life* of the flower, or of the man, that appropriates, develops, perfects. The better the opportunities presented, the better may be the growth,—animal, or vegetable, or spiritual. But *individual force* must be present and act, or all is dead and inert. All the blessed dew, and rain, and sunshine, and balmy airs of heaven give no life to any *inorganic* thing. It is the principle of life, in its various forms, that directs, builds, controls, and becomes creative through the forces of organization, or the highest powers of the human will.

Is there no force in this illustration? Return a moment to the busy, actual field of human life. Over against the "self-made" man is the student—the professional man graduated from, and acquainted with the world's thoroughfares of knowledge. In what do they differ? Opportunities differ as presented to all men. The one class met the living teacher at stated times and places in the pursuits of knowledge, and received food for the mind, and help if you please, in digesting that food. And did the self-made man do more, or less? The result in each amounts, we will say, to the same as regards acquisition—as regards achievement. Each in a certain sense is self-made, and, in the most important respects, one as much as the other.

We object then, to the use of the phrase "self-made," according to the prevalent acceptation of its meaning. If that meaning belies not the supposed class to which it is applied, it certainly belittles the rest of mankind. And it tends to keep alive the impression that schools and colleges are *manufacturing establishments*, creating knowledge, and genius, and culture, and all desirable accomplishments, in behalf of idle passive recipients who, even if blockheads, are expected to become in some mysterious way impregnated with knowledge and short-hand methods of thinking and working. Is this stating the case too strong? And should we not protest against inculcating possession without labor rendered therefor?

God, in bestowing on us our various faculties, and the opportunities of using them, has made us to differ widely, as the barren and the fertile regions of the earth differ, each from each. And the more fertile the soil, the more genial the climate, the more care and vigilance,—in a word Labor,—is needed to secure the proper return; or else, in the place of good and precious fruits, weeds and thistles and noisome reptiles shall assert their occupancy.

"Self-made!" We are all self-made. Self-made in the choice of good or evil,—in decided and manly purposes,—in all good and great works of head and brain,—in the lofty destinies to which we may aspire that make man "but a little lower than the angels"—a creature fit for "glory and honor." Precept and example may indeed show us the opening paths of Knowledge, Wisdom and Virtue, and the gracious results that have rewarded those who have labored therein. But Time, and the great teachers, Thought and Experience, alone can give us the power to act wisely and attain coveted rewards.

Ann Arbor, Mich., 1868. Lum Woodruff.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORD FOR HUSBANDS.

You who are called by the holy name of husband, do you not think sometimes what a blessing it is,—so rich and priceless, because dear lips linger over it so tenderly? When you near your homes at eventide, do not your hearts throb freer, gladder, as you think of the warm light falling there—of a sweet, tender face all radiant with wife-love, watching for you? Is it not blessed to know that *she*, of all others, is there?

You remember how you won the trusting heart,—how she left her childhood-home and loves—the watchful love of father, mother—the clinging arms of the dear ones at the old fireside, *for you*, because you were *dearer* than *all*, than her own life. The face may have lost the youthful flush of your girl-bride, but it has won the holier look of womanhood. If you loved her so truly, so tenderly *then*, should you not love her tenfold more now? Does she not *make* your home?—is not the radiance of her wifehood all over it? She has trials and annoyances,—let your smiles bring sunlight, chasing the clouds all away; live so that your footstep and your voice will be to her earth's sweetest sounds. Do not bring over the threshold of your home any of the world's dust to dim the gold; bring only *love*. If you proved yourself worthy of her girlhood's faith then, be worthy of her woman's faith now. Let your arms reach for her as of old—cherish her as she nestles so clingingly to your side—let her be all in all to you, as you are all in all to her.

And above all, oh true-hearted husbands, loving wives, let the sweet, tender music that made your lives so glad in the hush of your bridal eves, float all through the years. The shadows will come, I know—they come to all,—but cling all the closer then, be sunlight for each other. Be patient, kind. If you are tempted to speak impatiently, stifle the word ere it passes your lips; one harsh word has marred whole lives. Day after day let each find in the other some new pearl of exceeding value, so shall your love be stronger, purer, as your years wane. Let holy trust be your heart's richest offering; and, clasping hands, clinging to each other, when the hush of that last eventide folds you in its dimness, there will be a radiance hallowing your hearts, far purer and dearer than ever glorified them in those youth-flushed evenings of the olden time; and beyond the river, the love of heaven will be all the sweeter for the tender, earthly love of husband, wife, and home. Grace G. Slough.

ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.

My thoughts were far away from Noblemen of any kind as I stood among a throng of others in one of the elegant dry-goods establishments, situated on the fashionable promenade of our thriving metropolis. I was one of the many who lined the polished counters, looking with admiring eyes on the beautiful fabrics so temptingly displayed. The half-hour's absence of the obliging clerk who could find the style required only in the distant part of the house, allowed me to be entertained with watching the stream of fair ones coming and departing. And while I waited and made mental criticism to amuse myself, an incident occurred a little out of the common observation of shop-visitors. A slight, small woman, pale, sad-eyed, and wearing faded black, came in with a new influx of visitors, walking timidly and casting a half-frightened glance at the piles of pretty stuff.

A bright, new material on the counter near where I stood caught her eye; she tremblingly enquired the price; when she was told, my sharp eye saw a bill twisted in the quivering finger with a perplexed, troubled air, and my ears heard the murmur—

"Annie will need ten yards."

"Will you take it?"

She lifted her pale, meek face, and answered:

"I cannot; I did not think it would be so much."

She was turning away when a gentleman, who, like myself, had been looking and listening, drew near, asking of the clerk:

"What does the lady want? I will wait upon her—you attend to the customers below."

The respectful manner in which he was obeyed made me at once aware that he was the proprietor, and I was a little surprised at what followed.

"How many yards did you want, madam?"

"I can't take it sir."

"I am not talking about that," with a smile; "just answer my question."

He cut off more than she falteringly mentioned; and while he was packing it she found voice to tell him that ill-health had forced her to relinquish the work with which she had obtained support for herself and her two fatherless children. But the eldest girl, barely seventeen, was going to teach in a week, and she needed a dress to make her presentable. He made no reply, taking in silence the little bill she offered—the very last of a small hoard—and from his own port monnaie added a greenback, the amount of which I could not see, slipped both between the cord which bound the parcel, and handed the parcel to her with,—

"There, tell your daughter a stranger wishes her success."

He walked away hastily to avoid her tearful thanks, and the little woman looked, as she turned to depart, like one in a dream. It was a simple act, unobtrusively, quietly done; and not a week before that same gentleman had been pronounced uncharitable, because his name would not be put down to swell the list for aid toward some missionary scheme.—*Exchange.*

SIDE WINDS AT HOME.

After remarking that "it is a matter of considerable importance that, in estimating the extent of an act with its relative causes, we allow an ample margin for side winds," a London essayist observes:

To the husband of ordinary strength of mind, anything like feminine despotism is particularly irksome. There are weak and not wholly indifferent men who like to be hen-pecked; but, as a rule, the best husbands are drawn from the ranks of those who detest conjugal tyranny. But the prudent wife will rule her husband—be he never so strong, never so self-willed—by the happy employment of the side wind judiciously set in motion. She weans him from this passion, directs him to that pursuit, controls the other failing, opens out new cares and new interests, until, like the sculptured virgin's foot, worn away by the kisses of innumerable worshipers, the angularities and nodosities disappear, though every application of the smoothing process has been as soft as each adorer's kiss. The medal has its reverse, of course, and a fearful picture it presents of the side wind unwisely employed,—of the nagging, the taunts, the want of sympathy, the thousand and one forms of domestic misery (none of them actual offenses, all of them nameless, indefinable acts of oppression, mere side winds of fatality,) which all alienate a man more and more from his home. But the former picture is the pleasanter and the more profitable to dwell upon.

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from any other man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from dislike, even at a time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The world's history is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. To men, civility is what beauty is to women—it is a general passport to favor—a letter of introduction, written in language that every one understands.

Good temper is an inestimable blessing, both in the workshop and out of it. If people thought more of its value they would be at more pains to secure it. It was a saying of the great Addison, we think, that a good temper is worth five hundred a year. The Christian workman knows how it is to be got. When not a natural gift, it must be planted and watered by God in the soil of a regenerated nature.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRATITUDE.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

For quiet, peaceful days
With love made bright,—
For upward-tending ways
That lead to light,
I thank thee, oh my God!

For raiment, food, and health—
Enough, I ween,—
For neither want nor wealth,
For Agur's mean,
I thank thee, oh my God!

For tender, tireless care
Through all the years,
For answering timid prayer,
And quelling fears,
I thank thee, oh my God!

The golden cup of life
From which I quaff,
No drop of bitter strife
Or anguish hath;—
I thank thee, oh my God!

That my poor name be writ
Within life's book,
Remove from death its grim
And ghastly look:
I thank thee, oh my God!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE NOT WEARY IN WELL-DOING.

It has been the theory of some scientific men that at the final judgment the record of our lives will be found stamped upon the material creation. For, they argue, no atom of matter can be disturbed without producing a corresponding disturbance in every atom of matter contiguous to it; this influence is again communicated to adjoining atoms, and so on indefinitely, ceasing only with the limits of time and space; and thus every word we speak, every act we perform, will be found written in legible characters upon the broad page of the universe.

However much of truth or error the theory may involve, it contains a thought which may well startle us. *No act of our lives is lost.* Its consequences may not be evident at once,—they may tarry many years, but, like the motion communicated to the atoms, there is an unseen influence at work, silently, slowly it may be, none the less surely. In the material world secondary causes sometimes intervene to modify or even to counteract the effect of the primary; but in the moral world, there is no equilibrium of forces. If our act be evil, we may not hope that its influence will, by any possibility, be entirely neutralized; if it be good we may, in spite of discouragements, rely with certainty upon its ultimate effects. Good or evil it cannot be entirely lost.

It is because we forget this fact that we so often "weary in well-doing." Because we cannot see the immediate result of our efforts, we conclude that our labor has been in vain, and this conclusion serves as an excuse for future inactivity. This impatience, this desire for immediate effects, arises in part from our constitution, and, in part, from the lessons gathered by experience from the outer world. Erroneous as the latter may often be through our superficial observation, they certainly incline us to expect from every antecedent an immediate consequent. The more common and evident changes around us seem almost insensibly to lead us to this expectation. The sun sets,—it is night; the earth receives the directer rays of light and heat, and summer smiles upon the landscape; the seed falls into the ground, and presently the green blade comes forth rejoicing in its new life; the frost falls, and the verdure withers and dies. In all these we see direct results, and if our observations be limited or superficial, we conclude that this law is universal. But if we look more closely we shall find that even in the material world another law prevails. By silent, unseen influences, at work through long periods of time, does Nature accomplish important results. The rock whose towering cliffs defied the bolts of heaven, melts when exposed to the slow agency of frost and dew, of sunshine and storm, insensibly to the plain. A kernel of wheat, enclosed in the coffin of an Egyptian mummy, would seem to be shut out from all possibility of productiveness, but the conditions necessary to the preservation of its life-principle are guarded, and after centuries of seeming waste, it covers the field with a golden harvest. Nature, rightly understood, is a slow worker. Not suddenly, not by a single stroke, does she accomplish her changes; "little by little" is her rule, and patiently, watchfully, she awaits the result.

The principle so evident after a careful study of natural phenomena, also underlies our moral life. In the one case as in the other, it is the first glance, the surface inspection, that leads us to look for immediate results. The misfortune of to-day appears to come suddenly upon us, but traced back to its real source it may be the result of a mis-step taken and forgotten years ago. The kind act, the word of warning, may seem to be forgotten with the passing hour, but years hence it shall appear that the cup of cold water was not given in vain, and that the word was spoken in season.

The work is with us, the result with God. If we perform well our part we know that He is faithful and true, and our labor shall not be lost. All the precepts of the Divine Word urge us to "a patient continuance of well-doing,"—to a prompt and faithful performance of duty, coupled with an unwavering faith in God's ability and willingness to make our feeble efforts potent for good. The influence of a good deed He will not let die. It may not appear at once; to human wisdom it may seem to be destroyed, but God directs its secret workings, and in the end its appointed mission shall be accomplished. "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." L. A. O.

Northville, Mich., 1868.

The Value of a Name.—The value of a name! Can it be estimated? Is there any known standard in dollars and cents by which to graduate it? Will it come within any of the known laws of political economy? As well might a jury assess the pecuniary damage of taking away the life of another. When I reflect how dear the reputation of every man is to himself, I am amazed at the light use he will make of the reputation of another. Private slander is a large ingredient in the petty gossip of the day. Indeed, it often seems to form the very spice of conversation, which gives it all its flavor. "A good name," says Solomon, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

A house-going minister makes a church-going people; as the people are sure to show the courtesy of returning the minister's week-day visits by their Sabbath-day attendance.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Educational.

THE FREE SCHOOL LAW.

We believed when our State Legislature enacted a law making common schools free, that it would be productive of most excellent results. We considered education to be really the birthright of every child, and that it should not be withholden simply because the child's parents had not the wherewithal to pay for instruction. Yet we feared, somewhat, that popular prejudice would operate against the reform, and that a long time might elapse before its benefits would be fully seen and generally acknowledged. Many good people have such a love for the old, beaten paths that they can scarcely be prevailed upon to enter a new one, though it leads to broader out-looks and richer rewards.

Indications that the new system is winning favor, then, we are glad to note. We see in them a promise of better things in store for generations unblest with riches,—whereby life shall be lifted up to a higher level. In his late Annual Message Governor Fenton said:

"I am informed by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, that the law of last winter, which abolished rate bills and charges, though it has been in operation only since the first of October last, is producing a very happy increase of the aggregate number of pupils at the schools and greater regularity in their attendance. It is believed that the additional tax imposed by that law will equal the amount of money, which has heretofore been raised by rate bills. It has the effect, as will be seen, to decrease local or school district taxation, by so much as it increases the general State tax. It simply transfers the burden from the few to the many; and from those with limited means, but possibly with large families, to the aggregate property of the commonwealth. An examination of the assessed valuation of taxable property in the several school districts of the State, will show that even for the support of inferior schools the percentage of taxation in certain districts often largely exceeds that in neighboring districts in which there are superior schools, and the same or a greater number of children of school age. Conceding that the education of the people is a matter of common concern to which each one should contribute according to his pecuniary ability, the justice of reducing this local district taxation by the general State tax for the support of schools is apparent. Even should the support of free schools require an increase of this tax, I should still concur in the opinion that in promoting the great interests of moral and intellectual cultivation, there can be no prodigalities in the application of the public treasure."

EDUCATION IN SPAIN.

The Spanish Cortes are considering a very comprehensive system of education proposed by the Minister for Public Instruction, the object of which is to provide primary education for the whole people. Its principal provisions are that every village having a population of at least 500 must have a schoolmaster, to be paid out of the municipal funds, and school materials are to be provided to a sum equivalent to a fourth of the teacher's salary. In hamlets having a smaller population than 500, the cure will be charged with the primary instruction of the children, which is to be obligatory all over Spain. The State will grant a yearly sum of $200,000 (each equal to five francs,) in aid of towns and villages unable themselves to provide the necessary funds. The government will favor the establishment of houses of religious education; and the books to be placed in the hands of the children must be approved by the Bishops. Parents who are poor will not have to pay for their children's instruction. Every Spaniard fulfilling certain conditions of aptitude will be allowed to open a school, but if his conduct or doctrines give rise to complaint the Alcalde will have power to close the establishment.

SYMMETRICAL CULTURE.

Culture, in its most general signification, is the modification or development of some given material; and the culture of man is therefore a development of his original faculties, both bodily and mental, in which the man himself is to co-operate with nature, so as to become his own educator. But the bodily and mental faculties must be cultivated in intimate connection in order to a symmetrical or harmonious culture. It would be an exceedingly defective education, which might even be called mis-education, to cultivate the head, or the heart, or the taste alone. Yet we find many persons thus ill-trained, and indeed we find in almost all educated persons a preponderance in one of these directions. It is, therefore, a chief purpose of education and the design of all educational institutions,—which, for that reason, have been not improperly called institutions of culture—so to train man, from his youth up, that he shall be symmetrically developed, and thus be competent to conduct his own development after attaining his majority.—*Krug.*

INFORM THE EYE.

The following paragraph may suggest the importance of instructing through the eye as well as the ear:—Prof. Faraday sought to reach the mind of every hearer through more senses than one. He never told his listeners of an experiment; he always showed it to them, however simple and well known it might be. "If," said Faraday once to a young lecturer, "I said to my audience, 'This stone will fall to the ground if I open my hand,' I should not be content with saying the words; I should open my hand and let it fall. Take nothing for granted as known. Inform the eye at the same time that you address the ear." This was the great secret of Faraday's success. Every one left the theater of the institution in Albermarle street satisfied that he had really acquired some useful knowledge, and that he had gained it pleasantly and without toil or labor.

Dictionaries in School Libraries.—A few years since the State of Wisconsin, by legislative enactment, and at the expense of the State, placed a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in each of its public schools. Nearly or quite every season since an additional supply has been voted, to furnish new schools which have come forward during the year. The publishers of this very valuable work have just forwarded 225 copies as the annual supply for 1868. These young States of the West are fully abreast, if not in advance of, the older Commonwealths of the East in educational matters.

Study as much as you please, work your brains to their utmost capacity, but see that you do not rob them of the rest deprived from sleep, and which is so indispensable for healthy and long-continued intellectual labor. If you neglect this warning, be sure the time will come when you cannot sleep, and then you will be in danger of losing your reason.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Ten years ago we gave Rural readers an admirable portrait of Charles Dickens. We take pleasure now in presenting another semblance of the popular author of "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Little Dorrit," "David Copperfield," etc. Those having Volume IX of the Rural can compare the man as he was with the man as he is. It will be seen that he has grown old somewhat. Years of brain-work such as few have performed,—earnest and incessant,—have drawn lines of care upon the smooth cheek, and have threaded the black, curling locks with silver. He has got into the fifties, and—to borrow a thought from Ik. Marvel—the fifties have got into him. Ripe and rich they have made his literary life. Success such as comes to only the world's favored few has crowned his half century (and odd) of years. Whether his life has been successful in the broadest, deepest and truest sense, we leave for those better able to judge than are we, to declare.

Mr. Dickens came to America twenty-five years ago, with a reputation built upon "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Boz." He came, then, to see. He saw, and went away. He comes now—is it unkind to say?—to be seen. His public readings are attended by immense crowds, made up mainly of those having a curiosity to behold the distinguished author. The readings are variously spoken of. At the first—two months ago—they were extravagantly praised by nearly every one. Of late, opinions seem to be very diverse concerning them. The first flush of excited pleasure at seeing the man, is, we suspect, gone by, and a critical observation of the reader takes its place. His manner is said to be simple and unpretending; his voice a little husky, and by no means strong and full; his accent decidedly Britannic; and his tone altogether monotonous. His powers of impersonation are generally pronounced remarkable. The readings he gives are described by Geo. Wm. Curtis as "a kind of dramatic monologue, wholly original and unique, and of prodigious effect." And Mr. Curtis adds:—"They are another illustration of his extraordinary and exuberant genius.....His acting is so good that the spectator is ready to wish he had never done anything else; while the sparkling geniality of his nature is a well-spring of delight to his social companions." Other critics do not speak as favorably of him.

Mr. Dickens is not a Londoner by birth. He was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and when he was a boy of three or four years old his father, who held an office in the Navy Pay Department, became a reporter for the London newspapers. He intended Charles for an attorney, and he passed some time in an office, where he evidently kept his eyes and ears open. But he read literature rather than law, and following the leading of his taste and preference he, too, became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote for the True Sun and Morning Chronicle, and it was in the latter paper that he published the series of "Sketches" of low London life, by *Boz.* This whimsical signature he had adopted from the nickname of a petted younger brother, whom Charles called Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, "which," he says, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." With the beginning of the year 1846 he became editor of the Daily News, the liberal journal which was then started, and in this his "Pictures from Italy" were published. But he did not remain long in the daily editorial harness, although since 1850 he has been the conductor of a weekly periodical, first Household Words, and now All the Year Round. The editorship of these magazines, with the writing of his novels, and all the other work which must inevitably fall upon a man so conspicuous, shows that he is a most faithful laborer.

Various Topics.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

Arabs are very ceremonious. If persons of distinction meet, they embrace, kiss each other's cheeks, and then kiss their own hands. Women and children kiss the beards of their husbands and fathers. Their greetings are marked by a strong religious character, such as:—"God grant thee his favors." "If God will, thy family enjoy good health." "Peace be with you," etc.

Bohemians kiss the garments of the persons whom they wish to honor.

Burmese apply their noses and cheeks closely to a person's face, and then exclaim:—"Give me a smell;" attributable to their great use of perfume.

Ceylonese meeting superiors, prostrate themselves, repeating the name and dignity of the individual.

Chinese are more particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire:—"Have you eaten your rice?"—"Is your stomach in order?"—and, "Thanks to your abundant felicity."

Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and, as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking:—"How goes the perspiration?"—"Is it well with thee?"—and, "God preserve thee."

English.—An old salutation in polite society was—"Save you, sir;" an evident abbreviation of "God save you, sir!"

French.—Comment vous apportez vous? which literally signifies "How do you carry yourself?"

Germans.—In some parts of their country they invariably kiss the hands of all the ladies of their acquaintance whom they meet.

Greeks.—The salutation among the ancients was "Rejoice!" Among the moderns, "What doest thou?"

Hollanders, with their proverbial love of good living, salute their friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

Italians, on meeting, kiss the hands of ladies to whom they are related, with the strange inquiry, "How does she stand?"

Japanese remove their sandals when they meet a superior, exclaiming, "Hurt me not!"

Laplanders, when they meet on the ice, press their noses firmly together. Why?

Mahommedans.—"Peace be with you;" to which the reply is—"On you be peace;" to which is added, "And the mercy and blessings of God."

Moors of Morocco, ride at full speed toward a stranger, suddenly stop, and then fire a pistol over his head.

New Guinea people place on their heads the leaves of trees, as emblems of peace and friendship.

Pelew Islanders seize the foot of the person they desire to salute, and rub their faces with it.

Persians salute by inclining the neck over each others necks; and then inclining cheek to cheek, with the extravagant greeting—"Is thy exalted high condition good? May thy shadow never be less."

Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry—"Art thou gay?"

Romans in ancient times exclaimed, "Be healthy," or, "Be strong," when it was customary to take up children by the ears and kiss them. The Pope makes no reverence to mortal, except the Emperor of Austria, by whom he is kissed.

Russian ladies permit not only their hands, but their foreheads to be kissed by friends. The men salute by inquiring, "How do you live on?" "Be well."

Siamese prostrate themselves before superiors, when a servant examines whether he has been eating anything offensive; if so, he is kicked out; if not, he is picked up.

Spanish grandees wear their hats in the presence of their Sovereign, to show that they are not so much subject to him as the rest of the nation. When the royal carriage passes it is the rule to throw open the cloak to show that the person is unarmed.

Swedes are by no means demonstrative in their courtesies; on meeting, they simply inquire, "How can you?"

Turks cross their hands, place them on their breasts and bow, exclaiming, "Be under the care of God"—"Forget me not in thy prayers"—"Thy visits are as rare as fine days"—an ancient greeting, and by no means applicable to their present country.

Washoe.—People here no longer say, "How d'ye do?" when they meet. It's "How's your suit progressing?" and the reply, "Pretty well, thankee—how's your's?" A man without a lawsuit is looked upon as a vagrant in the State of Nevada.

Siberian Mammoths.—It is said that the tusks of at least one hundred mammoths, or about forty thousand pounds of ivory, are bartered for every year in New Siberia. Notwithstanding the large amounts carried away, the supply does not seem to diminish. These remains are scattered along the valleys and near the mouths of great rivers; and in a number of instances the mammoth entire has been discovered, with its skin protected by a double covering of hair and wool, and its flesh in such a state of preservation as to afford food for dogs and wild beasts. Whatever the cause of the Siberian mammoths' death, it is certain they were suddenly enveloped in ice, which has not been disturbed since they were first entombed.

NIAGARA ECLIPSED.

An astonished tourist writes to the Frontier Index, from the curious district surrounding the Yellowstone lake of Montana:—"Near the outskirts of this wondrous locality there is a lake on the top of the mountain, the ice and snow covering its surface some twenty feet deep. Two main forks of the Yellowstone, one leading opposite Wind and Green rivers, and the other opposite Henry's Fork of Snake river, in the same vicinity that the Madison and Gallatin rise, empty into the big lake, which has for its outlet the Yellowstone river, and just below the lake the whole river falls over the face of the mountain thousands of feet, the spray rising several hundred. A pebble was timed by a watch in dropping from an overhanging crag of one perpendicular fall, and is said to have required eleven and a half seconds to strike the surface of the river below. That beats Niagara Falls 'all hollow.' The river at these greatest falls is represented to be half as large as the Missouri at Omaha, and as clear as crystal. The great lake, like all others in the mountains, is thick with salmon trout, of from five to forty pounds weight, and where the milky, boiling mineral waters from the geysers intermingle with the pure, clear water from the running streams, these elegant fish can be 'forked up' by the boat load."

AMERICAN MANNERS.

This we may all confess—the elaborate style of behavior is almost entirely gone. It had a grace of its own, it had a fitness, or it would not have existed. It had an unfitness, or it would not have died. We have now a school of manners different from that which had its origin in courts. It lacks punctilious ceremonial; it makes rules for equals rather than for superiors and inferiors; it makes rules for men who work rather than for people who are occupied in idleness. But it no more encourages selfishness, or unkindness, or meanness, or contempt for the weak or gross materialism than did that other school of manners which was illustrated by the framers of the Fugitive Slave law, the hosts and hostesses of Fanny Ellsler, the business men for whom the phrase "almighty dollar" was invented, the gentlemen whom Josiah Quincy had to fight hard before the noble amusement of the theater could be introduced into Boston. In punctiliousness our fathers beat us—beat us so badly that we have reason to be not only proud, but very proud. But we should be glad to see a reasonable nineteenth century definition of the gentleman, which would put Abraham Lincoln's constituents, as gentlemen, below Mr. Franklin Pierce's.—*Galaxy.*

Reading for the Young.

THE PAPER DIME.

BY ALTA GRANT.

It was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good Superintendent, with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider, thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime; for this little incident took place when silver dimes were not so scarce as they are now.

Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself, as he dropped the supposed money into the hat. "I'll take a dime to school, to-morrow, and return it to him."

After school, however, Tom, thinking it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold;" that what had seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of pasteboard, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant, and, boy-like, doubled up his fists; but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the Superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime upon the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the Superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sabbath, at the close of the usual exercises, he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely, by-and-by, to commit larger and more serious frauds, while he who was honest in such small matters, would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.—*Little Corporal.*

POOR MARY'S INFLUENCE.

At a fall term of a village academy one hundred and fifty pupils had met to spend three months together. On a back seat, apart from the others, sat a plain-featured, poor-attired, shrinking girl of fourteen. She was a stranger, and no one seemed to notice her except to make some disparaging remark. Her classmates seldom spoke to her, and never offered to assist her in her lessons. She was studious; but it was evident that her educational advantages had been very limited. A shade of sadness rested on her countenance, and sometimes her eyes would fill with tears as she witnessed the warm greetings of the school girls. She worked for her board, and consequently had no time for rest or recreation.

After the school had progressed a few weeks, a female prayer-meeting of the pupils was appointed. A very few met, but there was backwardness in commencing the exercises. Softly the door of the apartment opened, and poor neglected Mary entered and seated herself in a corner. The meeting was opened by a dull, formal prayer, and then all were invited to occupy the time. There was silence for several minutes; then, with an almost noiseless movement, Mary knelt. At first her voice was tremulous; then she seemed to enter the presence-chamber of her Saviour, and with humility and childlike faith she pleaded for daily grace, and for a preparation for future usefulness, and with almost agonizing earnestness she prayed for the conversion of those with whom she daily assembled. Every eye in the room was filled with tears, and many penitential prayers followed hers. A fresh interest in the subject of religion was awakened, and a revival followed, and many of the students were converted, several of whom afterwards became Ministers of the Gospel. Mary, by working later at night, secured the privilege of constantly meeting at the praying circle; and that circle felt that in piety she was far in advance of those who were mentally her superiors.

She was a poor homeless orphan, and a desire to do something for her Saviour induced her to make every possible effort to obtain an education. By untiring industry and rigid economy she was enabled to fit herself for a teacher, and became an earnest and acceptable instructor in common schools. She never became a missionary herself; but some of those who were converted in the revival that followed that prayer have long been efficient laborers on missionary soil. What a sparkling crown will be hers, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels!—*Christian Banner.*

"ACTING A LIE."

Flora was an only child, and as she was obedient at home, she was so at school. She wanted to know all the rules of school, that she might not break any of them.

One day her teacher said that when a question was asked any one of the class who could give an answer might raise her right hand. Flora was telling her mother about this, when an older girl said, "Sometimes the girls in our classes raise their hands when they cannot answer the question. The teacher thinks they can, and gives them credit for a perfect lesson."

At home and in the Sabbath School Flora had learned always to speak the truth. The little girl stood for a moment looking very grave, then she spoke out bravely:—"I would not do that, because I think it would be *acting a lie.*"

Flora was right. To do such a thing would be acting a lie, and the dear little girl loved truth and would not act a lie. God, our Heavenly Father, loves the truth, but he hates a lie.—*Child's Paper.*

Always Tell the Truth.—The groundwork of all manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything said. How common it is to hear parents say:—"I have faith in my child so long as it speaks the truth. He may have faults, but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is just and lawful ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in a child, there is something to depend on; but when truth is gone all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back again to veracity. Children! did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the strong hold of truth, and from it may you never depart.

Happiness is a perfume that one can not shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

About Forwarding Premiums.—There has recently been some unavoidable delay in forwarding Premiums to RURAL friends entitled to them, owing to the pressure of business in our Mailing Department, and the severe illness of the chief clerk and his consequent inability to post the accounts of Agents. All who have designated their Premiums, and advised us how and where to send them, are assured that they shall be forwarded as soon as possible.—and that we sincerely regret the temporary delay, as our aim is to pay promptly.

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the RURAL NEW-YORKER with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the RURAL and other periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and N. Y. Weekly Sun for	**$3.25**	**$4.00**
Rural and Maryland Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
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Rural and Southern Cultivator "	**4.00**	**5.00**
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Rural and Our Young Folks "	**4.00**	**5.00**
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The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, FEB'Y 29, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From Washington.

THE conflict between the President and Congress has reached a very threatening point. On Friday, the 21st inst., Secretary Stanton received an order from the Executive summarily removing him from office as Secretary of War, and commanding him to transfer all records, books, papers, &c., to Brevet Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, who was authorized to act as Secretary of War *ad interim*. This order Mr. Stanton immediately laid before the House, and a communication containing information of Mr. Stanton's removal was transmitted to the Senate by the President. That body went into Executive session, and appointed a committee, consisting of Senators Cameron, Chandler, Cattell and Thayer, which proceeded to the War office and informed Secretary Stanton that, pending any action, it was the desire of the Senate that Mr. Stanton should retain the office and disregard any orders from the President to the contrary. Secretary Stanton replied that he would not recognize the President's order unless concurred in by the Senate.

On Saturday morning Gen. Thomas was arrested on a warrant issued by Judge Carter, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The affidavit of Mr. Stanton, on which the warrant was issued, sets forth that he, Edwin M. Stanton, on the 21st of February, 1868, held the office of Secretary of War by appointment constitutionally made, that he had never been legally dismissed, and that he now legally holds the office. That on the said 21st of February, the President issued an order with the intent and purpose of removing him from the said office and authorizing Gen. Thomas to act as Secretary of War *ad interim* and immediately enter upon the duties of the office; that this pretended order is wholly illegal and void, and contrary to the provisions of the Tenure-of-office act; that the said General Thomas had accepted the appointment, and served upon him the pretended order of the President; that the said General Thomas decided to remove your affiant from the Department by force and take control thereof; that the said Thomas, by accepting this appointment and attempting to exercise the duties of Secretary of War, has violated the fifth section of the law referred to, and is guilty of a high misdemeanor: whereupon the affiant prays for the arrest of Gen. Thomas, and that he be brought before the court to be dealt with as the law directs.

Gen. Thomas was released on the joint bond of himself, E. A. Eleson, and Geo. R. Hall, in the sum of $5,000 each, on condition that he appear on the 24th. He then proceeded to the War Department and informed Mr. Stanton that he had come to discharge the duties of Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton replied that he could do no such thing, and ordered him to his room to perform his duties as Adjutant-General. Gen. Thomas answered that he had been ordered by the President to act as Secretary of War, and he intended to do it. After a long consultation with Robt. J. Walker, Gen. Thomas went home. It is reported that Walker's advice to him was to remain passive, to carry out all the orders of the President, but to await the action of the courts and not to forcibly eject Stanton from office.

On the afternoon of Saturday the House Reconstruction Committee, through Mr. Stevens, presented the following report:

"Upon the evidence collected by the Committee, which is hereafter presented, in virtue of the powers with which they have been invested by the House, they are of the opinion that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, should be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors. They therefore recommend to the House the adoption *of the accompanying resolution*."

This report was signed by Messrs. Stevens, Boutwell, Bingham, Beaman, Hulburd, Farnsworth and Paine. The resolution accompanying was as follows:

Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors.

A long discussion of the report and the question at issue then took place. The resolution was opposed by Messrs. Brooks, Phelps and Beck, and supported by Messrs. Spalding, Bingham, Farnsworth, and others. The latter claimed that the fact of removing a man from office while the Senate is in session, without the consent of the Senate, is of itself, and always has been considered, a high crime and misdemeanor, and was never before practiced; that the right of suspension was given to the Executive during a recess of the Senate, but that right of suspension ceased as soon as the Senate convened; and that the attempted removal of Secretary Stanton was made in direct violation of the Tenure of Office Act, the sixth section of which declares that every removal, appointment or employment made, had or exercised contrary to its provisions, shall be deemed, and they are declared to be, high misdemeanors, on conviction of which the offender may be fined not exceeding $10,000, or be imprisoned not exceeding five years, or may suffer both fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

The House finally agreed that debate should be continued in the evening and renewed on Monday, the vote on the resolution to be taken at 5 P. M. on that day. The debate in the evening awakened intense interest, and was continued until midnight. The galleries were crowded.

It is not generally believed that the President will attempt to use force to oust Mr. Stanton, though rumors of such an intention are very plenty.

Mr. Stanton has retained Hon. Mathew H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, one of the ablest lawyers in the country, to appear for him in the case, and it is probable that Attorney General Stanbery will be directed by the President to appear for General Thomas in addition to Messrs. Bradley and Merrick.

General Grant has issued an order to commanders of posts that all orders to the army must pass through his hands, and that orders emanating from any other source must not be obeyed.

Attorney General Stanbery, speaking of the embroglio, has said to a correspondent:—"The question is one involving the power of the President to exercise a prerogative accorded him by the Constitution. As long as an opportunity is given to resolve and debate, and hold meetings and indulge in a free exchange of views, there is no danger of serious trouble. But to restrain these privileges would probably lead to some other means of giving vent to the views held by opposite parties. It is like two lawyers—they take issue upon points of law or fact, and have the appearance of great hostility; but after the war of words is over, they are just as much friends as ever."

The Secretary of the Treasury has sent a communication to the Senate urging Congress to legislate for the better protection of steerage passengers on board of sailing ships and steam vessels, and to make a radical change in the laws now in force, saying that the statutory provisions now in force on this subject are so defective as scarcely to admit of the enforcement of penalties. The Secretary also directs attention to the system of crowding passengers between decks in sailing ships, and urges the passage of a law confining the carrying of passengers to one deck only.

The District Commissioners of both Houses will refuse to report any changes in the system of government for the District of Columbia which will deprive the freedmen of their right to vote or be elected to office.

The House has begun a vigorous overhauling of the overland mail contractors, which will probably end in some decided action. Numerous complaints have been brought against Wells, Fargo & Co., for failing to fill their contracts in a proper manner. It is claimed that they are now receiving $50,000 more per annum than they are entitled to in consideration of services performed, and the demands for retrenchment will be directed to this quarter at once.

The board of army officers, for the revision of the army regulations, having completed its duties, has been dissolved.

The President has revoked the order assigning Lieut. Gen. Sherman to the command of the new Military District.

The resignation of Charles Francis Adams as Minister at the Court of St. James has been received and accepted by the President. It is understood that Mr. Adams will take his departure from England in April.

New York State.

SYRACUSE held its charter election on the 18th inst. Charles Andrews, Republican candidate for Mayor, was elected over Gen. John A. Green, Jr., Democratic.

A desperate affray recently occurred in Bainbridge, Chenango Co., between two men named E. J. Kidder and Robert Corbin, who quarreled concerning the possession of a house and lot. Kidder was killed.

The trial of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday, the 18th inst. Judge Fullerton made an argument for the defense, and Mr. S. P. Nash made the closing argument for the prosecutors. This ends the case for the present. The next step will be the report of the Court's decision to the Bishop, who will then be called upon to act upon it.

Travel on the Rome and Watertown Railroad has been greatly impeded within a few weeks by snow.

A sleeping car of the night express train eastward, on the N. Y. Central Railroad, was overturned near Clyde, one night last week, and precipitated down an embankment of twenty feet. The conductor, brakeman, and one or two passengers were severely injured.

The Union Elevator at Buffalo, owned by Messrs. Bennett and Sherwood, was burned on the night of the 21st inst. It was fired by incendiaries. Loss $30,000.

The Gerritt Smith Library at Oswego has received an additional gift of $4,000 from its founder.

A provision has been adopted in the Convention postponing the erection of the new Capitol five years. It is believed this will be reconsidered.

The Forbes block, in Syracuse, was burned on the 20th inst. Some occupants in the upper stories had to be removed by means of ladders. Loss heavy.

From the West.

THE Indiana Republican State Convention on the 20th inst. adopted resolutions endorsing General Grant and Hon. Schuyler Colfax as Indiana's first choice for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency.

The Waldron House at Hillsdale, Mich., was destroyed by fire on the 19th inst. The loss is $40,000, nearly covered by insurance. The fire was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

Late Arizona advices give the particulars of the fight between the Walla Walla Indians, under three of their principal chiefs, and a force of U. S. troops, resulting in the success of the latter. The Indians were armed with the Henry, Spencer and Sharp rifles, and fought with great bravery. Twenty-five of them were wounded. A scouting party of soldiers under command of Lieut. Stevenson, was ambushed by the Indians, but succeeded in escaping without loss of life. Lieut. Stevenson and one soldier were wounded.

The bill making eight hours a legal day's labor has passed the California Legislature. There is no doubt but that it will receive the approval of the Governor.

The Avalanche, published at Silver City, Idaho, says there are two kinds of wood in that county—fir and mahogany; the former rates, in town, at from twelve to thirteen dollars per cord, the latter at fifteen. Hay sells at $100 per ton, and barley at from seven to eight cents per pound.

A fire in St. Louis on Sunday destroyed $15,000 worth of property.

A nail mill recently erected at Bellaire, Ohio, and in operation but a few weeks, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday night, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The loss is estimated at $70,000, which is partially insured.

Garfield's Tin and Japan-ware Factory, at Chicago, was destroyed by fire on the 21st inst. Loss $60,000; insured $45,000.

Four persons and $40,000 counterfeit fractional currency, together with dies, &c., were captured at Chicago last week.

From the South.

GEN. HANCOCK contemplates issuing an order providing that the election for State officers and Congressmen in Louisiana shall not be held at the same time with the vote on the ratification of the Constitution. The Republican members of the Constitutional Convention have arranged that the two elections shall be held at the same time, with the idea that the personal and political interests involved in the two contests would bring out a full vote.

Official returns from forty-two counties in Alabama have been received at the district headquarters, but under an order from Gen. Meade, publication is not permitted. The whole vote of the State on the question of ratification, it is estimated from partial returns, will be about 72,000. The white vote is less than 3,000. Half the registration is 84,000 votes.

At a negro political meeting held in Tallahassee on the night of the 20th inst., violent speeches were reported to have been made by expelled members of the Florida Convention, denouncing any constitution other than that formed by the minority.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE latest dates from Crete represent the prospects of the Turks there as more gloomy than ever. They have been defeated in several engagements of late, with severe loss. The Musselmen population are becoming more and more discontented, and the troops have shown such mutinous disposition that they were obliged on one occasion to be led back to headquarters. Sawas Pasha has failed of getting even into the outer verge of his Pashalic or Sphakia, having twice been driven back with his troops in disorderly flight. The Sultan's Grand Vizier's mission to Crete is a failure, and the Island is now in a more successful state of revolution than ever. Arms and provisions continue to be sent into Crete from all quarters, for the relief of the Cretan warriors. The women and children continue to flee from the Island to Greece. On the 24th of January a Russian corvette landed 1,400 women and children from Crete at the Piraeus. The total number of Cretan noncombatants in Greece at the present time is estimated at 63,000. The Provisional Government has again appealed to the Christian powers to send ships for the conveyance of Cretan families to Greece, and has also protested against the cruelties lately perpetrated by the Sultan's mercenaries.

Sir David Brewster, the eminent English physician and distinguished scientific author, died in London on the 17th inst.

Late dispatches from Spain state that the leaders of the Carlist party have effected a revolution against the authority of Queen Isabella in the North, and their adherents have taken up arms in considerable numbers in Navarre. The police are on the alert and have seized documentary evidence of the fact. The officers have already found and carried away from Navarre three thousand copies of revolutionary placards or manifestoes addressed to the people of Spain. Each copy is headed with a wood cut, or portrait, as it is termed, of the eldest son of Don Juan, who is entitled and named Charles the Seventh of Spain.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, the Chinese Ambassador, leaves China for San Francisco on February 25th. His suite consists of thirty persons, and includes J. McLeary Brown, late Secretary of the British Legation to China, first Secretary, and E. Duchamps, who accompanied Mr. Burlingame to the Empire last year, second Secretary. Two Chinese officials of the highest rank proceed with Mr. Burlingame as noviciates, but by Imperial decree Mr. Burlingame has been placed at the head of the mission. He has letters of credence to each of the treaty powers, signed for the first time by the Emperor himself. The mission is to be permanent as soon as the Chinese officials fit themselves for foreign diplomatic duties. This mission is regarded by the residents of China as the greatest step in advance yet taken by the Empire.

Dispatches and letters from Lisbon represent that the political agitation in Portugal continues. The new Government is very unpopular. Revolts are reported in various parts of the country.

The London Globe has a report that alarming revolts have broken out among the prisoners in India.

The Independence Belge of Saturday has an article on the prospects of peace in Europe. It expresses a general feeling of apprehension which prevails, in saying that vast military preparations which are now going on in all parts of Europe are of a character and on a scale which lead to the conviction that they are designed to meet other purposes than those of national defence.

A street fight between the police and several Fenians occurred in Cork on the 10th. A bayonet charge was made by the police, who drove their assailants from the grounds, killing one and wounding several.

NEW DOMINION NEWS.—A resolution to repeal the Canadian Union has been offered in the Assembly of Nova Scotia.

Intense excitement was manifested in Montreal on the 20th inst., over the departure of the Canadian Papal Zouaves for Rome. An immense audience was present at the special service held at Notre Dame Cathedral on the night of the 18th inst. in connection with the event, and the next day 20,000 persons assembled at the station to see them off. Several persons were nearly crushed to death by the pressure of the crowd.

NEW WORK ON COUNTRY HOMES.—We learn that Mr. S. EDWARDS TODD, of the N. Y. Times, has in press "*Todd's Country Homes and How to Save Money*," a book of over 300 pages, in which there is to be a Directory of more than 2,000 names of Manufacturers, Stock Breeders, Nurserymen, Inventors, &c., in all parts of the country. The book tells, also, all about New Jersey. Send $1.50, immediately, to the author, No. 104 Third Place, Brooklyn, L. I., with name and occupation, or invention, to go into the Directory, and you will receive, post-paid, a copy of the book in March. Every young man should have a copy.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Titusville Herald states that two of the Benninghoff robbers were recently arrested in Memphis, Tenn., by an officer of Westfield, Chautauque Co., New York.

ONE of the most terrible storms ever known in Newfoundland, has been experienced within the last few days. It is reported that thirty people have perished from cold and in the snow.

AT a sale in Hines Co., Georgia, last week, a splendid village residence, with ten acres of improved land, brought $60; a plantation of seven hundred acres was sold for $184, and thirty acres of fine cotton land for $3.

IT has recently been declared the law of Michigan that a person who asks for divorce must be a *bona fide* resident of the State, and not a person who has come into the State with the sole object of getting one after residing a year.

WE see it stated that a Philadelphia Life Insurance Company, whose capital was advertised to be $200,000, failed lately, and the sole assets were two desks, one table, two pen-racks, a mucilage bottle, a bottle of red ink, a mat, and two signs.

THE London Times wants the English railroads to adopt the American plan of giving the engineer and fireman a small house on the engine. As it now is, these important functionaries have nothing whatever to shelter them from the storm.

A NEW fraud in National Bank notes is reported. Ten dollar bills, without regard to their place of issue, are collected, and a small piece cut from each. The clippings are put together and a new bill made, which is well calculated to pass for a genuine one, unless closely scanned.

THE Luzerne (Pa.) County Court has sentenced Judson Westcott, a notorious desperado, on three indictments, to fourteen years and three months' imprisonment, with an order that at the expiration of that term he be returned to the county again for sentence under eight other indictments.

IT appears from statistics kept in France that during the last thirty years more than ten thousand people were struck by lightning, of whom two thousand two hundred and thirty-two were killed outright. Eight hundred and eighty were killed during the last ten years, and of these only two hundred and forty-three were females.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON had some very severe experience on her Minnesota tour, just completed, including a sleigh ride on the river, from Winona to La Crosse, on the 19th ult., without a halt during the whole thirty miles, and with only a single buffalo robe for shelter. The weather was very severe, and both Miss Dickinson and her driver came near perishing with cold.

SOME workmen in La Crosse, Wis., while boring an artesian well, which had been sunk to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, were suddenly startled by a deafening explosion, which was followed by a stream of boiling water gushing with mighty force through the tube. The workmen were badly scalded and the horses terribly frightened. The mystery is yet unexplained.

SOME Southern and Western papers are canvassing the products of the wheat crop. It is too early yet to pronounce on these prospects, even in the milder sections.

THE price of tuition in the Pa. Agricultural College has been reduced from $100 to $50 per annum, making the whole cost for a year $260.

A WRITER in the Geauga (O.) Democrat in favor of substituting spring for fall wheat. Plant corn and till well. When the crop is off, plow and in the spring manure and sow to wheat. It pays better than the winter variety.

THE Southern Farmer thinks the cultivation of the peanut in the South among the most profitable crops grown there. The ground is prepared much in the same way as for growing cotton. The yield is about seventy-five bushels to the acre.

THE "California Live Stock Assurance Company" was recently organized in San Francisco. Capital stock, $200,000, with 2000 shares of $100 each. Object—to insure animals against death from any cause, to the extent of three-fourths their actual cash value.

HERE are some frost tracks in the West:—Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 10th, 28 deg. below zero; Freeport, 28 deg. below; Cherry Valley, 36 deg. below; Quincy, 8 deg. below; Beloit, Wis., 37 deg. below; Madison, 34 deg. below; Sparta, 51 deg. below; Keokuk, Iowa, 10 deg. below; Dubuque, 22 deg. below; Des Moines, 21 deg. below; Muscatine, 33 deg. below; Winona, Minn., 42 deg. below; Hastings, 36 deg. below; St. Paul, 40 deg. below.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, February 25, 1868.

No change in financial affairs in this locality. Money is still reported easy in New York, and loans were made on call yesterday at 5 per cent. Stocks are steady, and very little change in prices.

On the receipt of the news from Washington, last Friday evening, at New York, there was considerable excitement in the gold market, and the premium advanced. The transactions on Saturday, though it was a holiday, are reported to be something above $12,000,000. Sales were made yesterday at 143¾. At the early sales on Friday last, gold sold at 140 and a fraction.

WOOL.—There was a great change in the wool market last week, particularly toward the close of the week. No improvement in prices was reported; in fact the highest sales were hardly up to the highest figures the week previous. The amount of sales both in New York and Boston was unusually large. In the latter market the sales foot up about 1,175,000 lbs., at a range of 35@50c for fleece, and 37@50c for the various grades of pulled; Rochester extra sold for the outside figure. Those who have watched the cotton market for the last four weeks must have been convinced that the past extreme dullness of wool could not long continue. A Boston paper of Saturday notices the market for woolen goods thus: "The market for woolen goods exhibits a cheering improvement, and some new and desirable styles of fancy cassimeres are moving off quite briskly and at a better margin. The rise in cotton has exerted a sensible and favorable influence upon light spring fabrics, and both clothiers and jobbers are beginning to look about for supplies. In view of the fact that goods cannot be replaced at current selling rates, a strong upward tendency is being developed; and those who expect to buy seasonable woolens at bottom prices, will have to enter the market and supply themselves during the next twenty days." The Eastern demand for wool, just now, runs largely upon pulled wools, which are comparatively cheap. Coarse and medium grades are also in demand, and are selling more rapidly than fine fleece. The supply of all descriptions at the sea-board is light.

The dull market and low prices the last year have discouraged many wool growers, and the prospect that the clip of 1868, is likely to be much less than that of 1867, will doubtless have a good deal of effect upon prices for the next few weeks. A letter from Ohio speaks of the coming crop as follows:

"What is true of our section, so far as we can learn, is true generally throughout the West. Thousands of sheep have been slaughtered for their pelts and tallow. Wool growers have become so dissatisfied with the experience of the last two years, and the future is so unpromising, that they are turning their attention to other branches of stock-raising. We think the next crop of wool will be reduced in quantity fully one-third, and perhaps more, throughout the country."

COTTON.—During the last month the advance in cotton, both in the Liverpool and American markets, has been large. A month since middling cotton was selling in New York at 14½@15¼. Last week quotations were 24@25c. The transactions have been large for the last two weeks in all the seaboard markets. Up to last week we have shipped to Great Britain 613,000 bales against 554,000 in same time of the preceding year; to France, 118,000 against 50,000; to other foreign ports, 145,000 against 38,000. The stock now in our ports is much smaller than at the corresponding period of the last two years.

DRY GOODS.—The Eastern dry goods trade was quite active last week, and prices, particularly for cotton fabrics, advanced. There has been a decided advance in bleached and brown sheetings, and in prints. The New York market was scarcely ever known so bare of goods, even during the war, as at present. There are some descriptions not obtainable, and jobbers are impatiently waiting a supply from manufacturers. The demand sprung up so suddenly that the mills are now some weeks behind their orders.

The market for foreign goods is dull, and prices do not advance. Thus far this season importers have done an unsatisfactory business.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The Eastern market is fairly supplied with wheat and flour. The receipts from California are considerable.

Western millers are grinding very little this winter, wheat being relatively higher than flour. The following was the amount of flour, wheat, corn and oats in store at Chicago, Feb. 17, 1868, and on the corresponding day last year:

	Feb. 17, 1868.	Feb. 17, 1867.
Flour, bbls	92,926	102,495
Wheat, bu	1,044,332	708,167
Corn, bu	2,603,782	763,610
Oats, bu	1,040,990	759,106

There are not far from 1,000,000 bushels in store at Milwaukee, and the receipts at all the lake ports continue large.

Rochester Wholesale Prices Current.

Flour, Feed, Grain, Etc.	
Flour, w't wheat	$15,50@16,00
Do. red wheat	13,50@14,00
Do. extra State	9,00@10,00
Do. buckw't, ℔ cwt	3,50@4,00
Millfeed, coarse	25,00@28,00
Do. fine	30,00@35,00
Meal, corn, cwt	2,50@ 2,75
Wheat, red, ℔ bu	2,65@ 2,70
Do. best white	2,80@ 3,00
Corn, old, ℔ bu	1,15@ 1,20
Rye	1,65@ 1,70
Oats	68@ 70c
Barley	1,65@ 1,75
Beans	3,50@4,00
Meats.	
Pork, old mess	$00,00@00,00
Do. new mess	23,00@23,50
Do. clear, ℔ b	00@ 00c
Dressed hogs, cwt	10,00@11,00
Beef	7,00@12,00
Spring lambs	0,00@ 0,00
Mutton, ℔ b	5@ 8c
Hams	15@ 15½
Shoulders	10@ 11
Chickens	15@ 18
Turkeys	18@ 22
Geese, each	00@ 00
Dairy, Etc.	
Butter, choice roll	38@ 40
Do. packed	33@ 40
Cheese, dairy	13@ 14
Do. factory	15@ 17
Lard, tried	15@15½
Do. rough	12@ 14
Tallow, tried	9@ 9½
Do. rough	6@ 6½
Eggs, ℔ dozen	35@ 38
Forage.	
Hay ℔ ton	$20,00@26,00
Do. new	00,00@00,00
Straw	10,00@14,00

Fruits, Vegetables, Etc.	
Apples, green, bu.	$ 0,75@ 1,00
Do. ℔ bbl	2,50@ 3,25
Do. dried, ℔ b	7@7½c
Peaches	25@ 30
Cherries	30@ 35
Plums	25@ 30
Blackberries	7@ 8
Potatoes, ℔ bu	88@ 94
Onions	2,50@ 3,00
Turnips	00@ 50
Cranberries, ℔ bbl.	15,00@00,00
Hides and Skins.	
Green hides trim'd	8½@9½c
Do. untrimmed	7½@ 8½
Green calfskins	12@ 12
Sheep pelts, each	75@ 2,00
Seeds.	
Timothy ℔ bu	$ 3,25@ 3,50
Clover, medium	7,00@ 7,50
Do. large	8,00@ 9,00
Peas	1,40@ 1,50
Flax	1,50@ 2,00
Sundries.	
Wood, hard	$ 7,00@ 7,50
Do. soft	5,50@ 6,50
Coal, lump, ℔ ton	8,25@ 0,00
Do. large egg	8,50@ 0,00
Do. small egg	8,50@ 0,00
Do. stove	8,65@ 0,00
Do. chestnut	8,15@ 0,00
Do. soft	7,00@ 0,00
Do. charcoal, bu	15@ 16c
Salt, ℔ bbl	2,70@ 2,80
Wool, ℔ b	58@ 43c
Hops	45@ 60
Whitefish, ½ bbl	6,00@ 6,50
Codfish, ℔ cwt	6,50@ 7,00
Honey, box, ℔ b	22@ 25c
Candles, box	12½@ 13½
Do. extra	14@ 15
Barrels, each	35@ 40

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 24.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.37½; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 22½@23c; Flour, $8.50@14; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,50; Wheat, $2.55@2.55; Rye, $1.57; Barley, $1.82@2.10; Corn, $1.24@1.30; Oats, 83½@83½c; Pork, mess, $28.50@29.65; prime, $18.50@21.50; prime mess, $20.00@30.75; Beef, new plain mess, $13.00@21.50; Beef hams, $29.00@39.50; Shoulders, 9½@10c; Hams, 13@14½c; Bacon, 10¾@14c; Lard, 14½@15½c; Butter, 45@55c; Cheese, 11@15½c; Eggs, 37@38c; Hops, 30@60c.

ALBANY, FEB. 22.—Flour, $9.00@15.50; Rye flour, $8.75; Buckwheat flour, $4.12@4.25; Corn meal, $2.75@2.85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.75@3.30; Rye, $1.64; Corn, $1.20@1.30; Barley, $2.00; Oats, 85@86c; Pork, new mess, $25.00; clear, $27.00; boneless, $23.00; Hams, 17c; Shoulders, 14c; Smoked beef, 21c; Lard, 16@16c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 24.—Flour, $10.25@13.50; Wheat, $2.18@2.10; Corn, $1.04@1.05; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1.65; Barley, $1.95; Peas, $1.20; Beans, $4.50; Pork, mess, $23.50@24.50; Lard, 15@15½c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32@35c; Salt, fine, $2.55; coarse, ℔ bbl., $2.60; Clover quoted at $7,75; Timothy at $2.60@2,75.

CHICAGO, FEB. 22—Flour, $8.25@10.25; Wheat, $1.91½@2.05; Corn, 77@77½c; Oats, 55@55½; Rye, $1.53@1.54; Barley, $1.60@2.20; Pork, mess, $22.00@23.25; Lard, 14½@15c; Butter, 20@33c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $2.20@2.35; clover, $7-25@7,50; flax, $2.20.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 22.—Flour, $11.25@12.75; Wheat, $2,40@2,45; Corn, 79@82c car; Oats, 64@65c; Rye, $1.70@1,74; Barley, $2.30@2.35; Mess pork, $24.25@25; Lard, 14@14½c; Bacon, 10½@14c; Clover seed, 13½@13¾c. ℔ b; Timothy, $3.50@3,65.

TORONTO, FEB. 20.—Flour, $7.00@7.10; Wheat, fall, $1.78@1.78; Spring, $1.60@1.63; Oats, 58@63c; Barley, $1@1.25; Peas, 1.76@1.78; Pork, mess, $17.50@18; Bacon, 6¼@8¾c; Hams, 7¾@8¾c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 9@9½c; Eggs, 18@20c; Butter, 15@20c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 8@9c; Dried apples, 5@9½c; Hay, $13@15; Straw, $11@12.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 17.—Beeves—Receipts 4,926 head; quotations 13@20c. Veal calves; receipts 582 head; quotations 11@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 23,301 head; quotations Sheep 4½@8¾c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 8,385 head; quotations, 8½@9¼c.

ALBANY, FEB. 20.—Beef Cattle sell at 3¾@12c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep and Lambs, 4½@8½c; Hogs, 7¾@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, FEB. 19.—Beeves range from 8@14¾c; Working Oxen, $160@265 ℔ pair; Steers and Stim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $41@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 4@6cts; extra, 7@8c; by the head, $2@5.00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ b.; Tallow, 8@9c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ b.; Pelts, 65c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, FEB. 21—Beef Cattle, 8¾@8¾c. Veal Calves, 4¾@6¾c. Sheep, $3,00@5. Hogs, $7,20@8,62½.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 21—Beef Cattle, $4,00@7,50; Sheep, 4¾@7c; Hogs, 7@8¾c.

TORONTO, FEB. 20—Beef ranges at $5,50@7,10; Sheep and Lambs, $2,50@5; Calves, $4@5 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 21.—Market very quiet and firm. Sales are 390,000 lbs. at 41@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 36@43½c. for super pulled, 22@38c. for Texas, 26½@38c. for California.

BOSTON, FEB. 20—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Saxony and Merino fine, 55@67c.; Full Blood, 50@55c.; ¾ and ⅝ Blood, 42@48c.; Common, 38@42c.; Pulled, extra, 45@55c.; Superfine, 38@45c.; No. 1, 25@40c.; Western Mixed, 37@42c.; Cape, 37@43c.; Buenos Ayres, 25@38c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 21—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@42c.; Medium, 28@40c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 21—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 27@28c.; Tub Washed, 35@38c.; Unwashed, 22@23c.: Fleece, 33@42c.

DIED.

IN Avon, N. Y., Feb. 17th, Mrs. SUSAN GILLETT, wife of STEPHEN GILLETT, aged 80 years.

IN East Bloomfield, on the 13th inst., LUCINDA B., wife of CHOLETT COLLINS, and daughter of WM. and MARIA BRUCE, aged 32 years.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MONROE COUNTY BONDS.

THE Mechanics' Saving's Bank of Rochester will pay par for a few thousand dollars of Monroe County Bonds, if presented soon. JNO. H. ROCHESTER, *Sec'y.*

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

$2 PER HOUR REALIZED BY OUR AGENTS. For particulars inclose stamp and address KEPHART, CRIDER & BRO., York, Pa.

NATIVE EVERGREENS—THE FOLLOWING varieties 6 to 12 inches high, at $5 per 1,000; Balsam Fir, White Pine, Arbor Vitæ, White Spruce and Hemlock; also Larch. Packing free. JAS. A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

EGGS ALWAYS FRESH.—Prof. Hall, 188 Second Avenue, New York, has preserved by his patent process 11,000 dozen eggs for one man, which were sold as fresh eggs in February.—*Scientific American, Aug. 31, 1867.* Recipe mailed for $3. J. HALL, 188 2d Avenue, New York.

IMPORTANT.—AN ENTIRELY NEW ARTIcle, just out, which will be immensely popular. A chance for making money rarely offered. Inclose stamp for descriptive circular. Address "UNIVERSAL INDEX CO.," Box 1,766, Boston, Mass. 945-2teo

HOWE & STEVENS' FAMILY DYE COLORS. Thirty different shades, all in liquid form. The same shades, all in powder form. We advise the use of the Blacks, Browns and Drabs, in the powder form. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers. 945-2teo

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Employment—E G Storke.
Vermont Merino Bucks—E L Campbell.
The Celebrated American Heave Powder—Bennett & Smith.
German Clover Seed—H H Babcock.
Goodrich Seedling Potatoes—W N Perry.
A Rare Chance to Purchase—H L Fairchild.
Seed Potatoes—D H Brown.
Cherry Lawn Farm—D H Brown.
The American Horse and Cattle Doctor—E D Norton.
Apple Trees—Jas A Root.
Davison's Thornless Raspberry—David Long & Son.
Farm for Sale—E W Stewart.
Fences—A Todd, Jr & Co.
Enormous Melons—J H Duff.
Musical Boxes—M J Paillard & Co.
Wisconsin Hop Roots—R A Morley.
Early Life of Gen Grant—Robert Bonner.
The Church Union—Charles Albertson.
The Temple Choir—Mason Brothers.
10,000 Agents—Gaylord Watson.
The Eureka Patent Pump Co.
Doty's Washing Machine, &c—R C Browning.
Favorite School Desks.
Life Insurance—Wanted.
Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam—Reed, Cutler & Co.
American Organs—Philip Phillips & Co.
The Pulpit—The Pulpit Co.
$10 a Day—A J Fullam.
Agents Wanted, &c—Geo W Washburne.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
Stimpson's Scientific Pen—A S Barnes & Co.
Native Evergreens—Jas A Root.
Eggs Always Fresh—J Hall.
Farm for Sale—Jeremiah Brown.
Wanted, Agents—Seromb & Co.
Important—Universal Index Co.
$4 Sewing Machine—Champion Sewing Machine Co.
Nurserymen and Seedsmen—Edward J Evans & Co.
$15 per Day—American Wire Co.
To the Working Class—E C Allen.
The Nursery—J L Shorey.
$2 to $5—C W Jackson & Co.
Howe & Stevens' Family Dye Colors.
$15 Novelty Sewing Machine—French, Gilbert & Co.
Fort Edward Institute—Joseph E King.
$2 per Hour—Kephart, Crider & Bro.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monroe Co. Bank—John H Rochester.

The News Condenser.

— Edwin Booth is drawing crowded houses in Chicago.

— Ceylon, it is said, has a fig tree 2,155 years old.

— Cholera has appeared at Cedar Keys, Florida.

— United States Treasurer Spinner is seriously ill.

— Cholera rages with unabated fury at Buenos Ayres.

— The town of Hiago, Japan, was burned on Christmas.

— There were 2,593 marriages in St. Louis during 1867.

— Vermont pays a dog tax of $10,000.

— Indiana has fourteen thousand Quakers.

— Gen. Grant gets thirty-thousand dollars a year.

— Niles, Mich., is starting a $40,000 gas company.

— Ohio has 7,555,507 sheep, valued at $20,360,302.

— Queen Victoria has carried off a premium for fat pigs.

— Horse steaks are coming into fashion in New York.

— Counterfeit 25 cent pieces are in circulation in Canada.

— Savannah, Ga., is having shad and strawberries.

— M. Boniface, editor of the Paris Constitutionelle, is dead.

— France is rapidly strengthening her army under the new law.

— Extensive coal beds have been discovered near Ningpo, China.

— Archbishop Manning of Westminster is to be made a Cardinal.

— The fruit trade of Richmond, Ind., amounted to $30,498 last year.

— Wm. M. Swann, founder of the Philadelphia Ledger, died recently.

— Snow has fallen in Cadiz, Spain, for the first time in forty-six years.

— Fifty ladies of Bridgeport, Conn., have organized a gymnastic club.

— The First National Bank of Bay City, Mich., has resumed business.

— The merchants of Augusta, Ga., are organizing a Board of Trade.

— The revolt in Santa Fe, Argentine Republic, has been successful.

— A certain New York street beggar pays a tax of $65,000 on real estate.

— It is said the stock of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, is worth $10,000,000.

— Horace Greeley has been re-elected President of the American Institute.

— New Yorkers have been spending about $100,000 per day for sleigh-riding.

— The Spanish Bank of Havana is soon to establish a branch at Matanzas.

— Admiral Farragut was dined at the Italian Royal Palace on Thursday.

— There has been no fighting lately between the hostile armies on the Parana.

— The Supreme Court of Vermont granted 17 divorces during its recent term.

— The wholesale business of Lafayette, Ind., last year amounted to $2,200,000.

— The aggregate capital of the five National Banks of Indianapolis is $800,000.

— It is rumored that the French Emperor contemplates a change in his Ministry.

— The Chinese Imperialists boast of being generally victorious over the rebels.

— Accounts from Maine say this is the coldest winter there for twenty-five years.

— The Bank of France keeps at present $200,000,000 in gold and silver in its vaults.

— Earl Derby and Judge Shea are seriously ill—not dead, as reported on Saturday.

— On the 25th ult., the Japanese New Year, all business was suspended at Yokohoma.

— Over 2,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi are advertised for sale under execution.

— Samuel Lover, the Irish poet, is about to publish a complete edition of his poems.

— All the Western papers contain numerous accounts of burglaries, thefts and frauds.

— A dispatch from Halifax says hundreds of families there are now living on dog-fish.

— San Francisco exported 22,000 tons of wheat and 55,400 barrels of flour last month.

— The real estate of Jefferson Davis in the South is reported to be worth about $60,000.

— Capt. John Nelson, Deputy Superintendent of the Chicago Police, died on Friday last.

— Two farms near Glasgow, Missouri, were sold the other day at the rate of $80 an acre.

— Jefferson Davis has been nominated for the Presidency of the Texas Pacific Railroad.

— Recruiting for the Papal service is now going on vigorously at St. John, New Brunswick.

— Thirty thousand lives were lost by the late terrible earthquake at the Island of Formosa.

— There have been few railroad detentions from snow this winter in Northern New England.

— The spotted fever (*cerebro-spinal manngstis*) is very prevalent in various localities in Ohio.

— A destructive fire at Frankfort, Ky., destroyed property valued at $40,000; insured $20,000.

— Lands are given away along the line of the Florida Railroad, in order to induce emigration.

— Gov. Geary of Pa., offers $2,000 reward for the apprehension of the murderer of John Casey.

— A young woman in Bangor, Me., has died of arsenic eating, done to beautify her complexion.

— The piano was invented at Florence, In Italy, by Bartholomew Christofalo, in the year 1810.

— There are 144 cigar makers in Cleveland, Ohio, and they manufactured 4,525,000 cigars last year.

— The country is said to be flooded with counterfeit two dollar bills on the Bank of Kinderhook.

— Among 140 convicts in the State Penitentiary of South Carolina there are eight negro preachers.

— "Edmund Kirke" has quietly settled down into the industrious life of a business man in New York.

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☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

WISCONSIN HOP ROOTS FOR SALE.—For choice roots and full particulars in growing, address R. A. MORLEY, Hop Grower, Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

APPLE TREES.—A FEW THOUSAND LEADING Varieties, extra large and thrifty, having been two years reset from orchard size. Address JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

$15 PER DAY SURE.—No money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting Metalic Clothes-Lines*. Address the AMERICAN WIRE CO., 162 Broadway, N. Y., or, 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 945-2teo

THE AMERICAN HORSE AND CATTLE DOCTOR, by GEO. H. DADD, Veterinary Surgeon, is the best selling Book ever published. We offer rare inducements to good Canvassing Agents. Address E. D. NORTON, Gen'l Agent, Cuba, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS!—They play from 1 to 72 tunes, and cost from $5 to $2,000. The largest assortment that can be seen anywhere. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, 21 Maiden Lane, (up stairs,) New York.

ENORMOUS MELONS!—"MT'N SWEET"—weigh 20 to 40 lbs—yield 6,000 to 8,000 per acre,—delicious red flesh. Also, "*Giant Wax Bean*," best in America for cooking green—enormously productive. Seeds, 15c. per pk't each. J. H. DUFF, Murray, Wells Co., Indiana.

$1.50 THE BEST! BEST!! AND MOST richly illustrated Magazine for Children is THE NURSERY, ($1.50 a year.) Send for a sample. *It shall cost you nothing.* See Premiums for 1868. Address J. L. SHOREY, Publisher, 945-2teo 13 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

$2.00 TO $5 FOR EVERY HOUR'S SERVICE. Pleasant and honorable employment without risk. Desirable for all ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody. C. W. JACKSON & CO., 945-2teo 58 Beaver St., New York.

FENCES.—FARMERS HAVING NEW FENCE to make should send for circular and learn how to build fence for sixty-two cents per rod, more durable and stronger than board or rail costing nearly double that amount, see notice in RURAL, Feb. 15th, 1868. A few tip-top agents wanted; references required. Address, with stamp, 945-tf A. TODD, JR. & CO., Pulaneyville, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—THE BEST FRUIT, DAIRY and Grain Farm, (280 acres or a part,) 1 mile from Battle Creek, Mich. The Apple and Pear Orchards embrace the choicest varieties of Fruit; a full supply of Quinces, Currants, Gooseberries, Peaches, Cherries and Plums; 4 acres Blackberries, Raspberries and Strawberries; the yard is well stocked with Evergreen and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery and Flowering Plants. JEREMIAH BROWN.

EDWARD J. EVANS & CO.,
NURSERYMEN & SEEDSMEN,
YORK.....PENNSYLVANIA.
ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE FRUIT & SEED CATALOGUES mailed to any address on receipt of stamp. 945-2teo

FARM FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS FARM of 210 acres, 13 miles from Buffalo, good road, near Lake View Station, State Line RR., fronting on Lake Erie—safe harbor for boats—300 Apple and 300 Pear Trees—first-rate buildings—well adapted to dairying—apparatus for steaming food—large assortment of implements. Will take city property in part payment. Terms easy. Inquire on premises of E. W. STEWART, P. O. North Evens, N. Y.

CHERRY LAWN FARM.—OUR DEscriptive Catalogues of STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, GRAPES, RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS, SEED POTATOES, VEGETABLE PLANTS, (cold frame, hot-bed and open ground,) mailed to all on application. All orders intrusted to us will be faithfully filled in *every* respect. Liberal terms given, on application, to Nurserymen, Dealers and large Planters. D. H. BROWN, New Brunswick, N. J.

$15 NOVELTY SEWING AND EMBROIDERING MACHINE is the only cheap licensed Machine in the market. It will do all kinds of work done by the high-priced machines. It makes the famous Elastic Stitch, which will not rip or break if every third stitch be cut. Run by hand or foot. Price with table, $22. Agents wanted. Machines sent on receipt of price. Address FRENCH, GILBERT & CO., 945-2t-eo 514 Broadway, New York.

$60. FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE.—Spring term of thirteen weeks begins March 26. Sixty dollars for board, washing, fuel and common English. Brick buildings, sixteen teachers, classical, scientific, commercial and musical departments. For thirteen years the best sustained boarding seminary for ladies and gentlemen in the State. "A live Christian institution, impartially non-sectarian." Address for catalogues or rooms, JOSEPH E. KING, D. D., Fort Edward, N. Y.
☞ Studies accompanied by a Professor from New York.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS RASPBERRY, GRAPE VINES, AND OTHER SMALL FRUITS. **For a four page Circular,** with an accurate engraving, and containing a description and the prices of plants of this new Black Cap, together with its Origin, Progress and what is said of it by the Am. Agriculturist and Horticultural Annual, ANDREW S. FULLER, H. F. CROWELL and other reliable Fruit Growers; also, for prices of other Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, &c.; Asparagus Roots, our fine stock of Grape Vines. Address DAVID LONG & SON, Williamsville, Erie Co., N. Y.

A RARE CHANCE TO PURCHASE.—A FARM of 100 acres, 3¼ miles from Newark, and same distance from Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., known as the Fairchild farm. One of the best in the county. Excellent buildings, well fenced, well watered, wood lot, orchard of about 10 acres of choice fruit.

ALSO, in the village of Newark, 4½ acres of Land, well stocked with fruit. A new superior Brick Dwelling, Barn and other outbuildings. In respect to beauty of surrounding country, pleasantness and healthfulness of locality, advantages of Schools and Churches, the village is not excelled by any in Western New York. Finely situated, and of the very best quality of soil. For particulars inquire of or address H. L. FAIRCHILD, Newark, N. Y.

SEED POTATOES.—EARLY GOODRICH, EARLY DUCKMAN, EARLY SEEDS (or BOSTON MARKET,) EARLY COTTAGE, ASH-LEAF KIDNEY, MONITOR, PRINCE ALBERT, HARISON, GUZCO, CALICO, GLEASON, GARNET CHILI, &c., &c. All potatoes sent out are *true*, of good size, (we send no *small* ones,) smooth, &c. Four ℔ packages of the above (one to three varieties in a package, if desired, carefully labeled) sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1. Orders should be sent in early. Orders entered as received, and filled in rotation as soon as weather admits. For prices of the above and other varieties, in large quantities, send for Descriptive Catalogue of Seed Potatoes and Vegetable Plants. D. H. BROWN, Cherry Lawn Farm, New Brunswick, N. J.
☞ Descriptive Small Fruit Catalogue mailed to all on application.

GERMAN CLOVER SEED.—THE SUPEriority of the German Clover over the common so long in use here, is readily admitted by all that have had an opportunity of testing them. The German Clover has a much more vigorous growth, roots deep, standing the dry season much better; makes green, bright hay—very different from the common. It is well adapted to sow with timothy, ripening with it. The yield of seed per acre is much greater than any other kind known here. From five to eight bushels can generally be relied upon. The seed being quite small, it takes less weight per acre, four pounds being considered heavy seeding. Seeds as well at first blossoming as second. For pasture it has no fault. For sale by
H. H. BABCOCK, Grocer, 157 Main St., near Liberty Pole,
H. A. BREWSTER, " South St. Paul Street,
S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON, 67 & 69 Buffalo St., Rochester.

GOODRICH SEEDLING POTATOES—Grown from seed bought of D. S. Heffron. True to name. Till April 1st, I will take orders as follows:

Early Goodrich	$2.50	bush.	$5.00 bbl.
Harison	3.50	"	9.00 "
Gleason	2.00	"	4.50 "
Calico	2.00	"	4.50 "

My stock is small but fine. 60 lbs. to the bushel; 3 bushels in a barrel, and no extra charges.

Grape Vines by Mail.—For $5 I will send 1 Diana Hamburg, 1 Iona, 1 Israella, 1 Adirondac, 2 Delaware, 2 Concord, 1 Allen's Hybrid, 1 Creveling. First-class roots and true to name. Packed in the best manner. Address W. N. PERRY, Rushville, Yates Co., N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN HEAVE POWDER is warranted a *sure cure* in all cases. The proprietors offer this valuable remedy to the public, with entire confidence, and believe it will do all they assert in its behalf. The rapid increase of lung disease among horses calls for a medicine to arrest, if possible, such diseases. These Powders have been subjected to the severest tests, and the proprietors feel assured in saying that if properly and faithfully administered will effect a cure in every case. On receipt of price—$3—a box will be forwarded by mail or express, pre-paid. In extreme cases, where *one* box does not effect a cure, send an affidavit to that effect and we will forward another box gratis—an offer never before made for medicines of this kind. We solicit a trial of our medicine from all who need it or who may have failed in other means of cure. Address BENNETT & SMITH, Davenport Center, Delaware Co., N. Y.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—FARMERS, Mechanics, Ladies and everybody, I am now prepared to furnish you with constant employment at your homes—the whole of your time or in your spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. 50 cents to $5 per evening is easily earned by persons of either sex, and the boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. Great inducements are offered those who will devote their whole time to the business; and, that every person who sees this notice may send me their address, and test the business for themselves, I make the following unparalleled offer:—To all who are not well satisfied with the business, I will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing me.

Full particulars, directions, &c., sent free. Sample sent by mail for 10 cents. Address E. C. ALLEN, Augusta, Maine.

$4 SEWING MACHINE.—THE CELEbrated
CHAMPION SEWING MACHINE
is a marvel of SIMPLICITY and DURABILITY. It will *Stitch, Hem, Fell, Tuck, Quilt, Bind, Braid and Embroider*, making the Elastic Lock-Stitch. Patented Aug. 6, 1867, and does not infringe. The Ladies are delighted with it. Single Machines expressed to any part of the United States upon receipt of $4, at our risk, if in a registered letter, and warranted 5 years. Agents are making $10 to $20 per day selling them. For sample machine and terms to Agents, inclose $4, and address the CHAMPION SEWING MACHINE CO., 945-2teo 164 Broadway, N. Y.

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL, 944-tf No. 9 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY LADY GETS A PREMIUM.—SEND 10 cts. for specimen copy of "The Young Lady's Friend," and 15 cts. for "Ladies' Home Magazine." Address 944-3t W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

NATIVE EVERGREENS—6 to 12 inches high. Balsam Fir, White Spruce, White Pine, Hemlock, Larch, Arbor Vitæ, $5 ℔ 1,000. 944-3t EDWARD DURSTON, Skaneateles, N. Y.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES (True.)—Price $2.50 per bush.; $5 per barrel, packed and delivered at R.R. depot. GOTTFRIED BŒHRINGER, care Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y. 944-3t

AGENTS WANTED—NOW READY FOR CANvassers, "THE HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. *Its Causes, Character, Conduct and Results.*" By Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. Send for Circulars, with terms, and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE—IN A SPLENDID LOCATION, half way between the village of Newark and Railroad Depot, six acres of excellent gardening land, with fine gothic dwelling, barn and berry house, 13 Apple Trees in bearing, 2 acres of Strawberry Plants, and 500 choice Grape Vines. For particulars address 944-2t GEORGE E. SHELDON, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.

$10 SEWING MACHINE.—$25 TO $50 A DAY TO AGENTS.—It is the largest, best, and strongest cheap machine sold. It makes a seam which will not rip, though EVERY THIRD STITCH BE CUT. No family should be without one. The only $10 Sewing Machine sold that will sew heavy beaver cloth. Sent by Express, with full instructions, on receipt of price. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular. EMPRESS SEWING MACHINE CO., 920 Broadway, New York.

DAVISON'S NEW SEEDLING BLACK RASPBERRY.—Perfectly THORNLESS; more bush than brier; hardy as an oak; yielding enormous crops of delicious berries of the largest size. Ladies and gentlemen who can and do appreciate "Nature's best gifts to man," are hereby most cordially invited to test its claim to superior merit, by securing the transfer of at least ONE PLANT to the bosom of their well-kept gardens respectively, as per terms of general distribution in the spring of 1868. Sent on receipt of ten cents. Address REV. MR. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y.

IMMENSE DOLLAR SALE OF ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN DRY AND FANCY GOODS, PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, ALBUMS, LEATHER GOODS, &c., &c. Send 15 cents for one, or ten cents each for ten or more names of articles, which we will

SELL AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Agents can purchase an article worth from $3 to $200, for one dollar, according to size of club ordered. Circulars sent free. KIMBALL & CO.,
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JEROME PARK, MAY 25th, 1867.
E. F. BAKER, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* We take pleasure in stating that your HOOF LINIMENT has cured the Running Horse "Fleetwing" of Quarter Cracks. He ran Two and Three-Quarter Miles yesterday, and Three Miles again to-day, carrying One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pounds, without starting his feet to

UNDER THE ICE.

THE following beautiful poem we find drifting about in our exchanges, with no acknowledgment of authorship. It is from the pen of our friend and editorial brother L. J. BATES of the Detroit Post, who has written some of the sweetest verse extant.—ED. RURAL.

UNDER the ice the waters run;
Under the ice our spirits lie;
The genial glow of the summer sun
Shall loosen their fetters by-and-by.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice—under the snow,
Our lives are bound in a crystal ring;
By-and-by will the south wind blow,
And the roses bloom on the banks of spring.
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,
River of life—river of love;
The nights grow short—the days grow long,
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,
And the sun shines bright above.

Under the ice our souls are hid;
Under the ice our good deeds grow;
Men but credit the wrong we did—
Never the motive that lay below.
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,
River of life—river of love;
The winter of life is growing old,
The frost is leaving the melting mould,
And the sun shines warm above.

Under the ice we hide our wrong—
Under the ice that has chilled us through;
O, that the friends who have known us long
Dare to doubt we are good and true!
Moan and groan in thy prison cold;
River of life—river of love;
The winter is growing worn and old,
The roses stir in the melting mould;
We shall be known above.

The Story Teller.

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ALICE AND ADELAIDE:
OR,
THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 68, last number.]

Chapter VIII.—The Party Dress.

IT was now the first of December. Miss ELINOR had been gone from home nearly three months, and during this time Mr. HOWLAND had spent one-half of his evenings at least with ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON, who marveled greatly that he did not "come to the point," as she termed the asking of her to be his wife. But the promise made to his sister must be kept, so, night after night, he came and went, while on her finger the engagement ring glittered only in fancy, and ADELAIDE, as often as there came to her mother letters from their *agent*, felt a fresh pang of fear lest her deception should be discovered ere Mr. HOWLAND was secured.

About this time there were rumors of a large party to be given by Mrs. HAYES, the most fashionable lady in Oakland, and knowing well how the beauty of her person would be enhanced by a full party dress, ADELAIDE resolved to leave no means unspared for the procuring of such a dress. "She had always observed," she said, "that Mr. HOWLAND was unusually attentive when she looked unusually well, and there was no knowing what would happen if she eclipsed all the ladies who might be present at the party," and then, as day after day went by, she fretted and wondered because no letter came from one who, at the post-office was designated as "Ma's provoking agent," but who at home, with none save her mother to hear, was called by a different name! Fretting, however, was of no avail,—the "provoking agent" did not write, and her purse contained only seven dollars.

"If I could get the *dress*," she said, "I might possibly manage the rest," and then, as she remembered the dainty fabric which ALICE WARREN had worn upon that memorable New Year's Eve, she started to her feet exclaiming, "That's the very idea," and ere her mother had time to question her she was on her way to the Brown House in the Hollow.

For a few weeks past Mr. WARREN had been severely ill, and though ALICE worked both early and late she could not procure for him the little comforts which he needed and missed so much. Miss ELINOR's words "do not neglect the blind man," had been forgotten, and many a weary night had the blind man's daughter bent with aching head and tearful eyes over the piece of work which her increased cares had not permitted her to finish during the day. They were indeed drinking the bitter cup of poverty, and the sick man in his sleep was moaning sadly for *wine*, which he said would make him strong, when ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON entered the humble room. Glancing hurriedly at the scanty fire and empty wood-box, she thought, "They must be wretchedly poor—I dare say I can get it for almost nothing." Then seating herself by ALICE's side she told at once the object of her visit. "She had never forgotten the beautiful lace dress which ALICE had worn on the night of her party, and if there was one thing more than another which she coveted it was that. In short she wished to know if ALICE had it now, and if so, would she *sell* it, telling no one, of course, that it had ever belonged to her."

At the first mention of the *dress*, ALICE's tears began to flow, for 'twas almost the only relic of the past which she possessed, and now, laying her head in ADELAIDE's lap, she sobbed out, "Oh, ADELAIDE, my mother bought it for me, admiring it *so* much, and *can* I let it go?"

"You know which you need the most, that or the money," was ADELAIDE's cold reply, while from his pillow the sick man faintly murmured "something to make me well."

'Twas enough, and wiping her tears away, ALICE took from her trunk the dress, sighing deeply as she recalled the night when first and last she wore it.

"I did not know it was so exquisitely beautiful," was ADELAIDE's mental comment, as ALICE shook out the soft, fleecy folds, but she did not say so. On the contrary she depreciated its value, saying "it had *turned yellow*, was rather old-fashioned, and a second-hand article at most, besides being quite too short for her in its present condition."

In this manner she paved the way to the *price* which she finally offered, and which ALICE at first refused to take. *Four* dollars seemed so little for what had cost so much. But ALICE's necessities were great, and when ADELAIDE offered her another dollar to fix the dress as it would have to be fixed for her, she yielded, promising to have it in readiness and bring it home on the night of the party.

After trying it on and giving numerous directions as to the changes she wished to have made, ADELAIDE arose to go, saying not a word concerning the *pay*. With a beating heart ALICE saw her about to leave, and though it cost her a mighty effort to do so, she at last conquered her pride and catching ADELAIDE's shawl as she was passing out she said with quivering lips, "If you only *will* pay me *part* to-day! Father is sick, and we are so poor," and the little blue-veined hands were clasped beseechingly together.

"There's a *dollar*, if that will do you any good," said ADELAIDE, thrusting a bill into ALICE's hand, and then hurrying away.

She had no intention whatever of cheating ALICE out of her pay, but she hated to part with her money, and on her way home she thought of so many things which she *must* have, that she began at last to wonder if ALICE would not just as soon take something from the house, *bread*, or *potatoes*, or *soap*—she heard old PEGGY boasting of having made a barrel full, and *soap* was a very useful article,—she'd ask ALICE when she brought home the dress!—and, feeling a good deal of confidence in her *soaping* plan, she stopped at Mr. HOWLAND's store, where she spent a portion of her remaining six dollars for *white kids*, satin ribbon, blonde lace, and so forth.

As she was leaving the store, she met with Mr. HOWLAND, who accompanied her to the door, casually asking if she knew how Mr. WARREN was getting along. "'Tis some time since I was there," said he, "and I think of going round to-night. As he is sick they may perhaps be suffering."

"Oh, no, they are not," quickly rejoined ADELAIDE, who did not wish to have him go there, lest he should see the dress, and ascertain that it had once belonged to ALICE. "I have just been to see them, myself. Mr. WARREN is no worse, and they are doing very well. I gave ALICE some work, too, paying her in advance."

"And, on the whole, you think I had better spend the evening with you?" said Mr. HOWLAND, playfully interrupting her, as he saw that one of his clerks was desirous of speaking to him.

"Most certainly I do," she answered laughingly, as she passed into the street.

And so that night, while her father slept, poor ALICE WARREN trimmed her little lamp, and with a heavy heart sat down to work upon the costly garment, every thread of which seemed interwoven with memories of the mother who had bought it for her. Ever and anon, too, she lifted up her head and listened for the footsteps which now but seldom came that way. Not once had he been there since her father's illness, and brushing away a tear she sighed, "He does not care for such as we."

That afternoon she had heard the rumor that "the proud Miss HUNTINGTON was to be his wife," and though the idea that *she*, little ALICE WARREN, could ever be aught to him, had never entered her mind, the news affected her painfully, and as she sat there alone that night, the world seemed darker, drearier, than it had ever been before, while very pleasant to her looked the future home of RICHARD HOWLAND's bride!

"ALICE," came faintly from her father, and in a moment ALICE was at his side. "ALICE, are you sewing to-night?"

"Yes, father, I am sewing."

"But I thought you finished the vest this afternoon. What are you doing now?"

ALICE hesitated. She could not tell him she had sold her party dress, neither would she tell him a lie, so she finally said, "ADELAIDE came here while you slept, and I am fixing a dress for her to wear to Mrs. HAYES' party. She gave me a *dollar* for it, too, and to-morrow I shall buy you the wine which Dr. MARTIN says you need, and may be I'll get you some oranges, too. Would you like some oranges, father?"

"Yes, yes," the tremulous voice replied, and the childish old man *cried*, as he thought that to-morrow he should have the *wine* and the *oranges*, too!

The morrow came, and with it came the delicacies so long desired. But the sick man scarcely tasted them; "some other time he might want them more," he said, and with a feeling of disappointment ALICE put them away, while her father, turning wearily upon his pillow, prayed that the deep dark waters, through which he instinctively felt that he must ere long pass, might not be suffered to overflow.

But to ALICE there came no forebodings like these. She only knew her father was very sick, and she fancied that the luxuries to which he had been accustomed would make him well again.

So with untiring patience she worked on, thinking how the money which ADELAIDE was to pay her should be expended for her father's comfort.

Alas for the poor little girl who, just as it was growing dark on the night of the party, folded carefully the finished dress, and then stole softly to her father's bedside, to see if he was sleeping. He was very—very pale, and on his face there was a look like that of her dead mother.

But ALICE was not alarmed. She had never thought it possible for him to die, so quiet, so gentle, so uncomplaining he seemed.

"Father," she said, "can you stay alone while I carry ADELAIDE her dress? She is to pay me more than that dollar, and I will buy you ever so many nice things."

"By-and-by," he whispered, "it is early yet," and drawing ALICE to him, he talked to her of her mother, who he said seemed very near to him that night,—so near that he could almost feel her soft hand clasp his own, just as it used to do in the happy days gone by. And while he talked, the darkness in the room increased,—the clock struck *six*, and releasing his daughter, Mr. WARREN bade her go.

"I feel better," he said, "and am not afraid to stay alone."

"You must sleep till I return; I shall not be gone long," were ALICE's parting words, and going out, she walked rapidly in the direction of Mrs. HUNTINGTON's.

In a very unamiable mood ADELAIDE met her at the door, chiding her for her delay, and saying, "I began to think you were never coming."

"Father has been worse, and I could not work so fast," was ALICE's meek reply, as she followed ADELAIDE into the sitting-room, helping her try on the dress, which the petulant young lady declared "didn't *fit* within a mile! 'Twas *too high* in the neck—too long in the waist—too *short* in the skirt—and *must* be fixed before it was decent to wear!"

"Oh, I *can't* leave father so long," said ALICE, in dismay, as she thought how much there was to be done.

"I'll risk him," returned ADELAIDE. "Any way, when I *hire* anything done, I expect it to suit me, or I don't *pay*, of course."

This remark was well-timed, for ALICE could not go back without the money, and with a heavy heart she sat down to her task. But the tears blinded her eyes, and so impeded her progress that the clock struck *eight* ere her work was done.

"Now, put these flowers in my hair, and fix my sash just as yours was fixed," said the heartless ADELAIDE, as she saw ALICE about to tie on her bonnet.

In a box which stood upon the table laid the *bead purse*, and glancing at that, ALICE did whatever was required of her, nor scarcely felt a pang when at last the toilet was completed, and ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON stood before her, arrayed in the self-same dress which she had worn but two short years ago.

"I meant you should dress me all the time," said ADELAIDE, glancing complacently at herself in the mirror. "I meant you should dress me,—mother knows so little about such matters, and then, too, she is sick up stairs with a violent headache, but I do not need you any longer—what are you waiting for?" she continued, as ALICE made no movement to go.

"I am waiting for the money, which I want so much to-night," answered ALICE.

"Ah, yes, the money," said ADELAIDE, making a feint to examine the purse, which *she* knew was *empty*.

ALICE knew it, too, all too soon, and sinking down upon a little stool she cried aloud.

"What shall we do! The wood is almost gone, and I baked the last cake to-night. Oh, father, father, what will *you* do to-morrow!"

ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON was not hard-hearted enough to be unmoved by that appeal, and forgetting entirely the *soap*, she glided from the room to which she soon returned, bringing a basket of food for ALICE, whom she comforted with the assurance that she should be paid as soon as possible.

"I'd no idea they were so poor," said ADELAIDE to herself, as the door closed upon ALICE, and then she wished the *agent* would send the money so she could pay the debt and have it off her mind.

Just then the village omnibus stopped at the gate, and ADELAIDE ran for a moment to show her mother how she looked, then gathering up the folds of her rich lace skirt and throwing on her shawl, she entered the carriage and was soon riding towards the scene of gayety, while ALICE WARREN was hurrying home, a nameless terror creeping into her heart and vaguely whispering that the morrow, for which she had been so anxious, *might* bring her a sorrow such as orphans only know.

Chapter IX.—The Figure on the Hearthstone.

FOR awhile after ALICE left him, Mr. WARREN lay perfectly quiet, trying to number the minutes, by counting each tick of the clock, and then wondering if it were not time for ALICE to return. While thus engaged he fell asleep and when at last he woke there was a death-like faintness at his heart; his lips were dry and parched, and he felt a strong desire for water with which to quench his burning thirst.

"ALICE," he said, feebly, "ALICE, is that you? are you here?" but to his call there came no answer, and throughout the room there was heard no sound save the steady ticking of the clock.

Why then did the blind man raise himself upon his elbow and roll his sightless eyes around that silent apartment. Did *he* hear aught in that deep stillness? He *thought* he did, aye, he was sure he did, and again he called, "ALICE, ALICE, are you here?"

But ALICE made him no reply, and as the minutes glided by the sick man grew delirious, talking of the past, which seemed present with him now. Then, as reason for a moment returned, he moaned, "Oh, ALICE, will you never come? The fire is going out and I am growing cold. Oh, must I die alone at last?"

No, not alone, for crouched upon the hearthstone there sat a human form! 'Twas the figure of a man,—a dark, hard-featured man, and often as the wailing cry came from the humble bed, it bowed its head upon its hands and wept. Carefully, stealthily through the door it had come while Mr. WARREN slept, and the deep black eyes which glowed at first like coals of living fire grew dim with tears as glancing hurriedly around that room they saw how poor it was.

"Isn't there *somebody* here with me?" the sick man said at last, as his quick ear caught the sound of breathing. "*Speak*, isn't there somebody here?" he continued, while the figure on the hearthstone glided noiselessly to the bedside, where it stood erect, gazing pitifully upon the white, worn face which, with the lamp-light shining on it, seemed of a deathly hue.—[To be continued.

HOW LIVES ARE LOST.

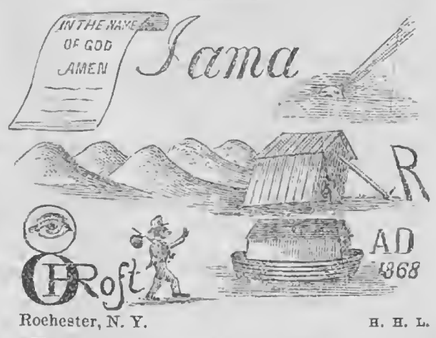
VALUABLE lives are often thrown away, lost, through ignorance of some of the most simple truths in nature, or errors of judgment in matters where error becomes a crime. Some of the best and wisest and greatest men of our race have perished from the world in consequence of what might be considered a carelessness, a recklessness, or an ignorance, which is amazing, as found in minds like theirs. The immediate cause of Lord Bacon's death was sleeping in a damp bed. Any old woman, who "didn't know B from bull's foot," would have had more sense than that. Yet it was the mistake of the greatest mind of his age and generation. Rachel, the greatest tragic actress of her time, took a cold which carried her to her grave, by riding from New York to Boston in a railway carriage, not sufficiently warmed, on a bitter cold winter's night, immediately after a performance which had heated up her whole system far beyond its natural standard. The American theologian, Addison Alexandra, for whom it is claimed that he had powers of mind not equalled in his day, died in the very prime of life, because, "having a feeling almost bordering on contempt for physicians," he allowed the mortal malady to prey upon him secretly; and the day he died he thought he was going to get well. Because he knew nothing about disease, he concluded, with all his resplendent intellect, that men who had made it a life-long study knew nothing about it. The magnificent deduction cost him his life.

HONOR AND FAME.—"JENNIE JUNE" (Mrs. Croly) closes an article in Demorest's Monthly with the following decidedly personal allusion: Charles Dickens will have much to look back upon with satisfaction and pleasure at the close of his useful and busy life; but if he has one regret it will be that the wife of his youth and manhood, the mother of his children, was dispossessed of her name and place, and condemned to wear away the remnant of her existence apart from all that, for half her life, had occupied the first place in her thoughts. In that hour, her sufferings, whatever they may have been, will be avenged.

PURIFYING WATER.—Turbid water, holding any kind of earthy substances, is rendered fit to drink in from seven to fifteen minutes, if to each liter there be added four one-hundredths of a gramme of finely powdered alum, or three-quarters of a pound to every ton of water, care being taken to agitate the water when the alum is introduced.

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y. H. H. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 33 letters.
My 12, 7, 24, 30 is a wild animal.
My 2, 23, 15 is a girl's name.
My 10, 6, 25, 33 is an article of dress.
My 27, 11, 23, 32, 7, 8 is a town in Monroe Co.
My 6, 4, 11, 31 is a part of the body.
My 5, 14, 17, 12, 21 is a household article.
My 8, 4, 19 is to wear on the head.
My 1, 24, 23, 29, 26, 25 is a kind of fruit.
My 28, 25, 9 is a domestic animal.
My 20, 11, 8, 30, 2, 7 is a girl's name.
My 13, 29, 17, 14, 22, 6 is a river in Indiana.
My 18, 33, 16 is an affirmative answer.
My whole is one of Jefferson's ten rules of life.

Hamlin, Monroe Co., N. Y. AGNES A. DAVIS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Eb nikd ot yth etrbohr vrhweeer oyu era,
Teh olve fo a bortrhr lhsal be
Na tearonmin uprer nad cerihr yb raf
Thah repals ofrm eht htedps fo hte esa.

Fairfield, Herk. Co., N. Y. M. V. B. A.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 943.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—My son if sinners entice thee consent thou not.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—Lo the poor Indian.

Answer to Anagram:

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

Answer to Charade:—Heel.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Many a cow stands in the green pasture and longs for the barren heath.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus in No. 942:—Too little attention is paid to the teaching of divine inspiration.

Answer to Illustrated Prize Rebus in No. 941 of the RURAL:—"One realizes the misfit of a boot when he puts his foot in it." The prize for first correct rendering is awarded to Mrs. E. A. FOSTER, Leicester, Mass.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

WHY is hay like an intemperate man? Because it gets cocked.

ACCORDING to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon ball.

A CONTEMPORARY styles a race between two milk carts aquatic sports.

WHY is a prosy, long-winded talker like an oil-well? Because he is a precious bore.

WHY is kissing a girl like eating soup with a fork? Because you can't get enough.

WHY may wheat be said to be very sensitive? Because it is easily shocked by the farmer.

"WHAT," inquired a schoolmaster, "is the plural of penny?" "Twopence!" shouted the sharpest in the class.

WHY (asked Prentice) don't the planets cut off the comet's tail when it passes among them? They all have axes.

A SHOEMAKER, intending to be absent a few days, lamp-blacked a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon the door:—"Will be home in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

AN Irishman, speaking of the excellence of a telescope, said:—"Do you see that small speck on yander hill? That is my pig, though it is hardly to be seen, but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near I can plainly hear him grunt."

OUR neighbor's little seven year-old boy learned that our horse, "Colonel," is a *French* horse. Hearing also, one day, that we proposed to have a daughter speak French, he gleefully exclaimed, "Oh, wont that be nice! then she can talk to Colonel!"

AN old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a keen-looking rascal. "Did thine have a hole in it?" asked the old gentleman. "Yes!" replied the other smartly. "Then it is not thine," replied the old gentleman; "thee must learn to be a little sharper next time."

ONE of the salesmen in a large dry goods establishment in New York city is a bachelor on the farther side of thirty, to a certain degree vain of his personal appearance, and not willing to admit to himself or others that he is getting old. One day he went into a barber shop and seated himself for a hair-dressing. Looking into the mirror he saw reflected the slightly bald, and growing balder, crown of a gentleman behind him, to whom he extended sympathy in the soliloquizing reflection, "Well, old gentleman! whether you know it or not, you are getting old and losing your hair, notwithstanding your spruce appearance. I'm sorry for you, but you have got to come to the sober fact." He had barely concluded his mental observation when the knight of the pole and shampoo applied his vigorous digits to the auburn locks of our stylish friend, who, glancing once more to the mirror, to his disgust found a second mirror had thrown back the vision of his own bald pate, and unwittingly deceived him.

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☞ All Business Letters should be addressed to Rochester during the present month, or until otherwise announced.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Trial Trip!—In order to introduce the RURAL NEW-YORKER to general notice and support *in every section of the country*, we will send the Thirteen Numbers of this Quarter (Jan. to April,) for ONLY FIFTY CENTS! The numbers thus offered will contain more and better reading, illustrations, etc., than a whole volume of many a monthly which costs from $1 to $3. Try the Trial Trip of the RURAL, or send it to distant friends if you are already a subscriber.

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Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the RURAL. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the RURAL is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

Back Numbers of this Volume (from Jan. 4) can still be supplied, and they are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered.

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THE following works on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the **RURAL NEW-YORKER.** We can also furnish other Books on RURAL AFFAIRS, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices—and shall add new works as published.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

MARCH is the month of preparation; over a large extent of country it ushers in the farmer's Spring Campaign—the plowing and harrowing of the soil and the sowing of seed. In southerly latitudes these operations are already begun—much, even, is completed—but the chief work in most localities is that preparatory to seeding. Farmers should now survey their field of labor with close scrutiny, lay their general plans and adjust the details as far as possible. *Make ready*—that is the cry which should ring along the Rural line, and be obeyed by all who march in its ranks.

Stock.—It is, perhaps, the worst month in the year for all kinds of stock, and therefore they will need much attention. Teams should have an increase of grain to brace them up for hard work. A free use of the curry-comb will pay well. Milch cows are increasing; give them sweet, nutritious hay, bran-mashes and warm drink at calving time—roots and meal afterwards. Breeding sows should be allotted separate pens, with plenty of bedding for them to work up. Light feed and quiet is the rule for the first week after pigging. Brace up the colts and calves with a little extra feed. If lice infest the stock try powdered white hellebore, dusted over and rubbed into their coats.

Seed should be prepared for use. Endeavor to get better varieties than you have previously had; you may thereby reap larger harvests and obtain higher prices, and the labor is no greater. Clover and grass seed may be advantageously sown on winter grain when the last light snows of the season cover it. Look out for foul seed in that of clover and grass. Weeds are often extensively spread in this way.

Drains.—Open ditches and water furrows should be cleaned and opened as early as possible. Many bushels of winter grain may be saved by timely drawing off the surface water. Also look to the outlets of blind drains. Make up your mind to do some underdraining this spring; it pays.

Grass Lands.—Fit the meadows for the mower as early as possible. The roller and the stone-boat should be used. Plaster may be sown on grass lands early, with good effect. Keep stock off from the sod, as a general rule, until there is good feed.

Manure can frequently be drawn on to planting ground while it is frozen.

Fences always need some repairs. They cost a good deal of money and labor, and it is best to dispense with all not absolutely needed. Honey locust, barberry and osage will eventually replace rail fences, but it is very difficult to remove the latter when their corners are devoted to stone heaps and brambles.

Fuel.—This month should not pass without an ample amount of fuel being supplied. A farmer has no business to cut wood in harvest time.

Farm Help.—The best help is secured, as a rule, early in the season. It is best to make written contracts with your men, to avoid misunderstanding. There is plenty of help to be had in the large cities, and it should certainly be employed in producing food. It is composed chiefly of what farmers term "green hands," but the most work can be obtained from this class if it is well managed.

Tools should be painted, repaired, and a good supply for the various farm operations obtained.

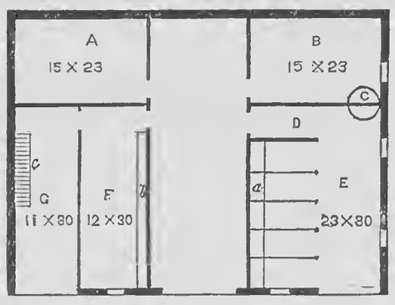
Sugar Making is in order this month. With buckets, pans and fuel ready for use, the work may be made profitable and pleasant.

Tobacco Plants for a few acres may be started advantageously under oiled cotton cloth. Select a warm, sheltered location, rich, clean soil, and sow the seed in drills, so the plants can be hoed with a narrow hoe.

Clean the Cellars and remove old rubbish and filth from the vicinity of the dwelling.

PREMIUM PLAN OF A WESTERN NEW YORK BARN.

OF late we have received a number of inquiries for plans of Barns, and also two or three requests to republish the premium plans given in the RURAL some years ago. We propose to publish a number of original designs during the year, but will now give one of our premium plans—one which we think will answer some of the inquiries and meet the wants of many of our readers.



PLAN OF BASEMENT.

A, Tool Room; B, Root Cellar; C, Cistern; D, Hall; E, Horse Stable; F, Cow Stable; G, Open Shed; *a*, Mangers; *b*, Feed Box; *c*, Stairs.

This barn is situated in the town of Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the farm of IRA ARMSTRONG, by whom it was built in the year 1855. It is located upon a level piece of ground, the entire building being above the surface. The size of the structure is 45 by 60 feet.

THE BASEMENT STORY is built of stone, and is 9 feet high, with 10 stalls for cattle, and a place to throw manure out into the open apartment where it can be preserved under cover. This open apartment, or shed, as it is sometimes called, is 11 feet wide by 30 deep, and is marked G on the ground plan. There is a large *Root Cellar* opening into the main hall or carriage floor, 15 by 23 feet, convenient to both horse and cow stables. A blackboard on wall of carriage floor is very convenient for writing down amount of feed, &c. The horse stable has conveniences for six horses, with a cistern of water holding some 500 barrels. All stock can be watered without going out of the barn in coldest weather of the season. The cistern is covered with red cedar, 10 inches thick; sides of cistern are stone, and plastered. There is also a large *Store Room* for tools and implements, large enough to house all the farm machines, etc.

THE MAIN FLOOR contains a *Granary*, large, and conveniently divided and arranged. From it are spouts leading to the *Carriage Floor* of basement, so that the contents of the granaries can be received into a wagon below, or used otherwise, as may be convenient. There are two large bays, and a large barn floor, 14 by 45. The *Stables* are supplied easily through trap-doors from the main floor, as shown in the plan. The scaffolds are reached by movable ladders, which may be changed to any locality desired.

The windows of basement are supplied with pulleys, so as easily to be moved, and ventilate the entire lower floor.

THE OUTSIDE FINISH is with good matched stuff, battened to the eaves, and the gable-ends are clapboarded. The whole is finished with three coats of white paint.

THE CARRIAGE WAY is on the south side of the building, and is made of easy grade, whilst the floor of the barn upon the south side is about ten feet from the ground. This makes it convenient in stacking straw after thrashing.

PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR.

A, Granary, with openings for passing grain below; between this and the bay is a hall. The barn floor is large, with two openings for passing hay and feed below, for use in the stables, and on the right is the large Bay, 23 by 45 feet, in which may be stored an immense amount of grain or hay.

This barn is so arranged that all parts are easily accessible, and when once in the building you can get to any part with ease. There is so much room that all the crops can be housed very readily and with little labor.

THE YARD is supplied with water from a well about 80 rods off, by a syphon.

The builder was CORMINE MARTIN of Avon, N. Y., and the cost, (when erected in 1855,) about $1,500

VALUE OF MANURE FROM DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

IT has long been a favorite idea with farmers and gardeners that the manure produced by different kinds of animals varies very much in value. Much, it is true, is generally attributed to the character of the food from which the manure is made. The rich food usually fed to pigs is, of course, known to have a powerful influence in producing a better article of manure than can be obtained from cattle fed on straw. But at the same time it is generally believed that even if precisely the same food be furnished to animals of different species, there will be a difference in the properties and quality of the manure. In other words that cattle, horses and sheep, all fed on grass, will each produce a manure of a different quality.

In a recent number of his "Walks and Talks on the Farm," Mr. HARRIS takes exception to this doctrine, and brings a large amount of chemical talk to prove that it has no foundation in fact. He holds that "the difference is hardly worth considering, and it is a pity that scientific agricultural writers should so frequently allude to it." "It is a fact—and I wish every farmer fully comprehended it—that the value of the manure from any animal depends *entirely on the food*." "If I have 30 tons of straw, 50 tons of corn stalks, 40 tons of hay, 2 tons of bean straw, 1,000 bushels of corn and 10 tons of oil cake, to feed out on the farm during the next six months, it will make no appreciable difference in the value of the manure to what kind or class of animals I feed it."

From this we would most emphatically dissent. Unless both chemists and practical men are greatly mistaken it is true beyond all question that the same food passed through different animals will give very different results in the manure heap. It is obvious that, the food being the same, the value of the resulting manure will depend chiefly upon the following points:

1. The amount of matter carried off the farm in such products as milk, wool, pork, beef, &c.

2. The proportion of the food which is dissipated by the animal in performing the functions of life.

3. The physical character of the resulting manure.

In regard to the first point:—If our readers will examine the reports of the discussions at the meetings of our Dairy Associations they will find that the subject which has recently attracted the greatest amount of attention is the exhaustion of the land of the phosphates. Where have they gone? Carried off in milk and cheese! Would the annual fattening of an amount of pork equal in weight to the dairy stock employed have exhausted the land to an equal extent? We can hardly believe it. So too in regard to the wool grower. The fleece of each Merino sheep removes from the farm from five to nine ounces of potash, besides what is carried off in the carcass. It would be difficult for the chemist to find the same amount of alkali in the hair of the hog. Again: Let us consider the case of young animals. Is all the phosphoric acid and nitrogen which is found in the bones and flesh of a two-year-old heifer "hardly worth considering?"

Let us now turn to the second point—the amount dissipated by the animal in performing the functions of life. It is well known that a very large per centage of the food is dissipated in respiration and perspiration. Careful examination shows that the weight of the dried fleeces rarely equals more than two-thirds of that of the food in a similarly dry condition. STOCKHARDT investigated this subject with great care, and thus gives the percentage of loss in one hundred parts of the following substances as contained in the food consumed by the animals named:

	Carbon.	Hydrogen.	Oxygen.	Nitrogen.
Sheep, waste	44	6	48	7
Horse, "	63	57	56	15
Cow, "	46	47	51	13

One hundred parts of *dry* fodder in general lost, in a sheep, 40; in a hog, 64; in a horse, 60; in a cow, 40.

It will thus be seen that the amount of nitrogen wasted by the sheep is less than half of that wasted by the horse. Is not this worth considering?

Upon the physical condition of the manure it is unnecessary to dwell. Every gardener understands it fully.

It is not our intention to maintain that in the selection of his stock the farmer should be guided wholly by the character of the manure produced. As a general rule the difference in the quality of the manure will not make up for the difference of profit which may be produced by a judicious or injudicious selection of stock. We are of those who regard manure as a secondary consideration in the feeding of stock, and who do not believe in wasting rich nitrogenous food *merely* because we get some return in the manure heap. But we do think that in making his general calculations no farmer can safely disregard the question we have discussed. And if he consider it at all it may be as well that he should have a good sound basis of facts for his conclusions, instead of deriving them from such absurd assertions and theories as those uttered by the newly-fledged resident "Professor of Agriculture" (?!!) in what is designed to be the leading Agricultural Institution of America. *

PRESERVING WOOD FROM DECAY.

M. BOUCHERIE of France, introduced a method of impregnating timber with metallic salts, so simple, cheap, and effective that it seems easy to apply it to the preservation of posts, rails, stakes, railroad ties, telegraph poles, &c. It is described in an article on "Ship timber in the United States," given in the Report for 1866 of the Agricultural Department, from which we copy:—"Soon after the tree is felled, a saw-cut is made in the center, (unless the timber is to be of the full length of the trunk, one stick,) through about nine-tenths of its section. The tree is then slightly raised by a lever or wedge under the cut, which is thereby partially opened. A piece of string is then placed round the saw-cut, close to the bark of the tree, the support is then withdrawn, and the saw-cut closes on the string, thereby making a water-tight joint. An auger hole is then bored obliquely into the saw-cut; a wooden tube is then driven into the hole, the conical end of which is attached to a flexible pipe, which is in connection with a cistern or reservoir, at an elevation of thirty to forty feet above the log to be preserved. In the case of a tree making but one log, the operation is slightly modified. The fluid is introduced at one end, a head-block of metal being screwed to it, and a space left between, as open as the saw-cut, and made tight in the same manner. When the log is under operation the sap runs out from the end in a clear stream, showing the amazing quantity which some trees contain. The preserving fluid will traverse a log twelve feet in length with less pressure than is required to force it laterally through a plank three-quarters of an inch in thickness. As the sap is forced out, the preservative fluid follows it, and its presence at the end of the wood is ascertained by a chemical test.

"Such is the method of charging a tree, at once simple, cheap, and effectual. Experiments show that no fluid answers so well as a very weak solution of sulphate of copper, or blue vitriol. Corrosive sublimate is also efficient, but too expensive. Sulphate of zinc, acetate of lead, sulphate of iron, oil, tallow, rosin, pyrolignite of iron, all have been tried, but without entirely satisfactory results. The first experiments were begun in France in 1842. Eight years thereafter, in 1850, three eminent French engineers made examinations and published a report relating to the successful trials of M. Boucherie's system, which is too lengthy for description here. The *results* are, that all the telegraph posts in France, and nearly all the railroad sleepers, are now prepared by Boucherie's method. Posts prepared in 1846 from fir are now in good condition, and so are ties of hornbeam, beech, and birch. In the south of France, large quantities of vine props are now prepared by this process. Some of the railroads in England have adopted the plan within the past few years. It has also been applied to ship timber. What is most important is, that the poorest and least enduring kinds of wood yield most readily to the process. Beech, hornbeam, poplar, birch, fir, spruce, alder, ash, and elm have been operated on with success. The heart-wood of oak proved impenetrable, but the sap-wood admitted the fluid copiously. Woods which naturally possess most moisture, and of the same kind—those which have grown in the dampest soils—are most easily penetrated. In short, the cheapest and least durable kinds of timber are precisely those which afford the best results when injected with the sulphate of copper.

"The operation depends for its success upon the permeability of the timber, and all trees are most easily operated on when first felled, except when they may be frozen in winter. If the logs be cut in the summer, it is important to perform the operation immediately, before the tubes contract or the juices begin to ferment; and if in winter, in the course of a few weeks after felling."

BEAN CULTURE.—No. II.

Preparing the Seed Bed.—The easiest and most successful way to get a good crop, is to take up a piece of clean meadow or pasture ground. It should not be plowed until the 1st of June, and then in the shortest time possible. It is best to use a Jointer, so as to bury the soil entirely out of sight. Plow five inches deep, and cut wide enough to lap or shingle the furrows on each other. I think the plow should be gauged to cut not more than twelve inches in width, (ten would be better,) and let the work be done as uniformly as possible. After plowing put on a good, heavy roller, and use it thoroughly. This will fasten the furrows in their places so firmly that the drag will not tear them up. The first dragging should be done lengthwise of the furrows. Do not be in too much hurry to get over the field. The boys, when they drag, will often ask, *how much they must let the drag lap*; it will be safe to say one-half, and if you come to hard, lumpy places, drag until it is well pulverized. Then cross obliquely at an angle of about 45°; next cross again obliquely in the opposite direction. Much time and labor are saved by being very particular in the preparation of the seed bed. The soil must be perfectly pulverized to make the beans come up evenly. Should there be hard or lumpy spots, the beans will not germinate until there have been frequent showers upon them. I have known the seed to lie in this situation two or three weeks, and then come up. Now, there will usually be as much difference in ripening as there is in coming up; hence, these green ones must be left at pulling time, and the ground must be gone over the second time, largely increasing the expense of harvesting.

Planting.—If the ground be tolerably free from stone and the plowing and dragging skillfully performed, you are prepared to plant. The planting is best done with a machine built expressly for that purpose. These machines plant two rows at a time, about thirty inches apart. There are two or three methods of distributing the seed in hills with these machines, but the most perfect method yet adopted is the iron axle moving with the wheels with indentation made in this axle under the seed box so as to catch seed enough to make a hill. There are usually about six of these indentations in the circumference of the axle, making the hills twelve to sixteen inches apart. There is an iron tooth running before the axle to make a drill in which the seed drops. This is followed by two scrapers to cover. These scrapers form a ridge over the row, so that when the beans come up they stand above the level of the ground between the rows. This position enables one to cultivate while the plants are very small and not cover them.

There are many farmers, however, who use the nine-toothed wheat or grain drill. This machine will not distribute in hills, but will drop the seed very uniformly, and deep enough to insure coming evenly. When there are many thistles or other foul weeds, it is far better to plant in hills, as the hoe can be used to better advantage among them. B.

Hindsburgh, N. Y., Feb., 1868.

CAYENNE pepper and powdered charcoal, mixed with Indian meal and fed to stock, will cure many ailments with which, at this season of the year, cattle, swine, &c., are afflicted.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE EFFECT OF BLOOD IN REPRODUCTION.

AMONG breeders the term "blood" implies breed. It is used in the same signification in regard to the human race. It seems to be a generally accepted opinion—accepted traditionally without any investigation or even thought on the subject—that blood is, *as a physical substance*, the special controlling agent which constitutes or establishes the breeds and qualities of animals. Some have gone so far as to suppose that crossing a fine wooled ewe with a ram of coarse breed, renders the ewe thenceforth a mongrel; because there is a circulation of blood between the dam and the fœtus, and the former must therefore receive into her veins fœtal blood supposed to be generated by the coarse wooled ram. In proof of the same theory, it is asserted that mares once bred to a jackass are very liable thenceforth, when bred to a horse, to produce colts with extraordinary long ears. Other such marks of hybrid and mongrel crosses are claimed to perpetuate themselves under like circumstances.

It is easy to see why, in early times, so much special and separate importance should be attached to blood among the parts of the animal system. When it is shed, life becomes extinct. When death ensues from natural causes, it disappears from external view. When the other parts seem to be unchanged in texture by death, it undergoes an immediate and very visible change. The awful words of Omnipotence—"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground,"—were the first which proclaimed that death had entered the world. The declaration in Leviticus XVII, that "the life of the flesh is in the blood," and the absolute prohibition to the Hebrews to eat blood, invested it with additional importance. The view that it is the life of the flesh—that it is the proximate agent in conferring vitality on all the parts and tissues—has received some striking confirmations from the experiments of Dr. BROWN-SEQUARD. It is not, therefore, in the least remarkable that, among its other attributes, it was supposed to control the phenomena of breed, or the hereditary transmission of physical qualities.

But in the light of science or established facts, it is impossible, we imagine, to show that the blood of itself has any more influence in creating or perpetuating breed, than the other essential parts of the system. It is not an independent substance, transmitted by ancestors and remaining always the same. It is as much supplied by, and dependent upon, nutrition, as the muscles, bones and other parts; and it changes more rapidly in its constituents. The solid structures of the human body are variously estimated to undergo an entire change in from four to seven years. HALLER gives the case of a person who lost one thousand pounds of blood in a year, and others nearly as remarkable. Here the blood was changed—i. e., removed and re-supplied—many times in a single year*. Its rapid and enormous power of reproduction has been demonstrated by numberless experiments.

Now let us suppose a Merino and a Cotswold sheep each bled to the verge of safety, and then fed exactly the same kind of feed to restore the natural amount of blood. The physical processes would be precisely the same. Then why would not the blood be the same in quality? If not the same, it could only be because the *system* of a Merino and Cotswold sheep, in converting food into blood, endowed the blood of each with different and peculiar qualities. And this would prove that the system controlled the qualities of the blood, and hence all its effects, whether in breeding or elsewhere.

Blood has, under medical prescription, been taken from the veins of one person and injected into those of another. The same process has been repeatedly performed on brutes. Was it ever pretended that this change of blood produced any change in the physical characteristics or breeding properties of the person or brute into whose veins it was injected? Does anybody suppose that the most frequent and extensive injections of Cotswold blood into the veins of a Merino would go a step towards converting a Merino or its progeny into Cotswolds? If not, what becomes of the embryological theory we have adverted to—that the blood of the dam may become corrupted or mongrelized, if we may be allowed to coin a word, by the blood of the fœtus? Long eared horses, &c., must, we apprehend, have some other excuse sought for their peculiarities.

Breed, like life, is an obvious fact which is visible wherever we turn our eyes. But the mysterious principle on which it depends—the mode in which that principle operates through the system in generation—is probably, like a thousand other familiar facts in nature, "past finding out." Breed was necessary in the economy of the world. Without it the beautiful order of animated nature would be broken up. Man, if not entirely denied the profitable use of domestic animals, would be cut off from all improvements in them, and thus deprived of one of the most beneficent and ennobling pursuits of productive industry. Therefore it was that breed was *ordained as a law* when the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea were sent forth from their Creator's hand to embellish and utilize every domain of nature.

This phenomenon of breed extends equally to the vegetable creation, and it is there as fixed in its special and peculiar laws. What a standing miracle, for example, is the fact that a mere bud cut from one tree and budded into another of the same species, will bear fruit essentially different from that of the stem. The roots continue to supply the same aliment. The same kind of sap ascends. If the budded branches are cut off, the stem will again produce its original fruit. Yet so long as the budded branches remain, they will—though perhaps exhibiting no difference in the organic structure of their bark or wood or pores—produce forever and without change after their individual kind. In one respect we have here a striking analogy between the operations of sap and blood. Whatever its original constituents, the structures through which it passes control its effects both in growth and reproduction. If analogies in the different kingdoms of nature do not absolutely prove the operation of a common law, they serve to illustrate great underlying principles which seem to a certain extent to regulate both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. They at least show that operations established by the Divine Will in one case, are not unreasonable in other cases.

Are we asked what is our theory in respect to the physiological causes of breed? We have none. Why do plants spring from seed? Why does sap circulate in them? Why do they bear uniform fruitage? Why are animals reproduced as they are? Why should the food they consume be converted in part into blood, and this blood convey nutriment to all the structures? Why should the peculiar individual qualities of parents be transmitted to their offspring? The only answer we can give to the last question is to be found in the Divine mandate:—"And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so." The answer to the preceding questions is the same—God wills it. Science may reason more or less definitely in regard to the means through which the great laws of nature operate; but it can offer no other solution of their establishment, or of the causes which set their wondrous machinery in motion.

As the conventional name expressive of breed or kind, we know of no objection to the term *blood*. It is as convenient and perhaps as significant as any one which can be devised. It has the merit of being generally established and understood alike. But let not thinking men be led to mistake the name for the *cause* of the phenomenon.

*The amount of blood in an average sized man is differently estimated from twenty to twenty-eight pounds. In the sheep, the observed weight of blood which escapes on dividing the blood vessels is about 1 to 20 of entire weight of carcass. Some curious processes employed by eminent physiologists to ascertain the whole quantity of blood in the system seem to indicate that in the sheep it reaches the proportion of 1 to 5.

CONDITION OF WOOL.

EDITOR OF RURAL:—I have just read an article in your invaluable paper headed "Condition of Wool." This is a subject that needs more thorough ventilation, and I do hope some way may be contrived to discriminate a little more in the prices paid for clean and greasy wools.

Why must some of us continue to sell our clean and well-handled wool, year after year, at the same price paid for dirty, untagged, carelessly-handled, inferior wool? Will any one answer? One year ago I had a thousand cards printed, containing my address in full, and placed one of them in the center of each fleece of wool, before rolling, thus informing the manufacturer, when he comes to using it, where it came from, and if there has been any fraud practiced he knows from whence it came. My wool, although nearly thorough-bred light (or white) top Merino, had to be sold at the price paid for common wool.

Would it not be to the advantage of the wool grower in general, or at least such as desire to put their wool up as it should be, to do as I have done—"card it?" I would like to hear from the man who used my wool of this year, and if he desires any alteration in its "get up" I will try to accommodate him. J. D. K.

North Liberty, Pa.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

HERODOTUS ON SHEEP!—Three or four weeks since we gave from Shakespeare's "*Winter's Tale*" a price current of wool and an account of the usual weight of fleeces in England two hundred and sixty-four years old. In reading Herodotus not long since, we came across a much more *venerable* item on sheep matters. In Book III. ("Thalia,") Section CXIII, giving an account of the products of Arabia, he says:—"There are in this country two kinds of sheep to be found no where else, and well deserving of admiration. One of them is remarkable for an enormous length of tail, extending to three cubits or more. If they were allowed to drag them along the ground, they would certainly become sore from the friction, but the shepherds of the country are expert enough to make little wagons, on which they fasten the tails of the sheep. The tails of the other variety are of the size of a cubit." The ancient cubit was of the length of a man's arm from the elbow to the tip of the fingers,—or in the neighborhood of eighteen inches. This would make a long tail for the first named species! But the delightful old historian, though extremely accurate as to what he himself saw, was rather credulous in regard to the *tales* of other observers. We certainly do not present this description of the *Fat-tailed Sheep*, still occupying much of Africa and Asia, because we imagine it is more accurate than the accounts given of the same curious animal by Pennant, Pallas and later writers. Pennant, however, so far corroborates Herodotus as to say that "some of these tails weigh fifty pounds each," and that "the shepherds are obliged to put boards with small wheels under" them "to keep them from galling." Indeed, these are now notorious facts of natural history. But the special interest which attaches to the quotation which we have made from the old Greek historian, arises from the fact that it is by many centuries the oldest *descriptive account of a breed of sheep* which has come down to us, or which very probably was ever penned. The Holy Scriptures, indeed, repeatedly make mention of sheep, at an earlier date, not without incidental allusions to their color and to the fact that they were horned, but we remember no instance in which any distinctive peculiarity of a then existing species is pointed out.

Herodotus was born four hundred and eighty-four years before Christ, but fifty-two years after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity. David and Solomon had reigned but about five hundred years before. Ezra and Nehemiah were nearly his contemporaries. Rome was an inconsiderable power, waging petty wars with the Volsci and other Italian tribes. Alexander the Great did not flourish until a century after, Julius Caesar until four centuries after, and Mahomet until about eleven centuries after. Christianity was not introduced among the Saxons of England by Saint Augustine until a thousand years after the birth of Herodotus! These landmarks enable us to *feel* the antiquity of our sheep item!

The Poultry-Yard.

POULTRY.—BREEDS AND HOUSES.

N. H. A., Troy, N. Y., propounds several questions as to poultry and the management thereof. First, "What breed of fowls furnish the best and steadiest layers?" This question would probably elicit various responses according to the bias of the party answering. As mere layers the Black Spanish have a good reputation; the Brahmas are admired for their table qualities rather than for their shelling-out propensity; the Gray Dorkings have warm partisans as have also the Silver Polands and twenty other varieties. In this case, as in choosing a wife, each must determine for himself, as what would suit one would be rejected by another. In a range of selection so large as the fowl family supplies, one can hardly fail of being suited if trials enough are made.

Hen Houses.—If made specially for fowls it is advisable to give the broadest face of the building a southern out-look with windows sufficient for a good light. A house should be sufficiently tight to render the fowls comfortable in the winter, and, if used in summer, it should possess the means of free ventilation, as a heated atmosphere is sure to render them unhealthy and unproductive. The range afforded by a fowl-house must be determined by the situation of it. Generally, in cities, this is rather restricted, hence care should be taken not to crowd into a space suited to a dozen only, double or treble that number, as is sometimes done by the over-greedy. Fowls, thus compacted may live, but they will be neither healthy nor productive. The floor of a hen-house may be an earthen one only, but if boards are used, as is generally the case, a free coating of ashes or lime, or both, with an infusion of sulphur for them to dust in, is essential to the health of the fowls, as, without these, vermin will swarm upon them, rendering them poor and unfit for laying or for other use. The walls, also, should be white-washed often and liberally, as a means of preventing the accumulation of hen pests.

In the summer time, if fowls have a free range, they will have recourse to their natural and favorite food supplied by worms, grasshoppers and various crawling and creeping things: but, when housed, this source of supply is mainly cut off, hence feeding liberally will be essential to success. In cold weather liberal allowances of refuse meat from the butchers' stalls, chopped or cooked, will tend to keep them in good heart and largely augment the egg product. Refuse bones and scraps from trying establishments will be found cheap, and palatable to the fowls while adding to their productiveness. In addition to their food a good supply of fresh, pure water is essential, as much so as for any other farm stock.

SCURF LEG IN FOWLS.

MR. W. C. DAILY of Falls Village, Conn., writes us:—"Having been a reader of your very excellent paper for some time, I take the liberty to ask your poultry keeping correspondents if they know of a disease among poultry called the 'scurf leg.' I have a few choice fowls of the 'Dominique' breed, among which such a disease has made its appearance. I first discovered it on the leg of one of my hens. The leg looked as though it was covered with meal, and I wondered where she could have got it; but upon examination I found it was a scale, or scab, which subsequently covered the whole leg and foot. I tried bathing, greasing, and bandaging, but all to no purpose, as it seemed, to eat up the leg, and the fowl died. One of my neighbors lost a fine rooster in the same way. I would very much like to know the cause and a remedy."

REMARKS.—We do not find, in any work on the diseases of poultry, mention made of that described by our correspondent. The nearest approach to it is what is denominated "white comb," which affects not only the comb, but the neck and breast. "This disease," says the Poultry Book, "makes its first appearance in the form of small, white spots, so thickly clustered together as to be sometimes mistaken for a sprinkling of meal or other white powder." This may be the same disease mentioned above as affecting the legs of the fowls in question. If it is, an application of *cocoa-nut oil* and *tumeric* is recommended. The proportions are about one quarter of an ounce of tumeric powder to an ounce of the oil. This forms a yellow ointment, to be applied to the affected parts. A few applications are generally sufficient to effect a cure.—[ED.

BRONZE TURKEYS.

THE Practical Farmer commends the bronze variety of turkeys—a cross between the tame and the wild family—as being superior to the common turkey in size, hardiness and tenderness of flesh—the latter a prevalent trait of wild game. The male wild turkey, in a fully developed stage, is an imposing looking bird, often attaining a weight of forty pounds or more. The general hue of their plumage may be called black, but often relieved by a strong bronze or copper color, giving them a rich appearance when the sunlight falls fairly upon them. At certain seasons of the year the male of the wild turkey is full of the fire of battle. Frequently the solitude of the forest will be broken by a sonorous gobble of defiance. Anon a response, equally belligerent, will be heard. Guided by these notes of challenge and acceptance, the parties rapidly approach each other, and, when in full view, they rush together with a startling shock, and the tug of war commences. It is rational to infer that an infusion of wild blood would tend to hardiness, a characteristic in which the young of the tame variety are greatly deficient. A brief ramble in wet grass usually suffices to finish up a young tame turkey, while a wild one, of like age, will rarely succumb to a kindred drenching. It is owing mainly to this hardiness of constitution that the bronzed or crossed breed is so highly prized by poultry breeders and the general public.

POULTRY PROFITS.

JOHN SALISBURY, Jr. Nyack, Rockland Co., N. Y., sends the following:—"Seeing a number of poultry accounts in your columns, I send you mine, which I think beats them all in number of eggs as well as profit:

POULTRY DEBT.

Cost 1 cock	$ 7 00
do 10 hens	25 00
Feed, &c	53 28
	$85 28

POULTRY CREDIT.

Eggs sold, 151 doz., average 46c. per doz	$ 69 46
Fowls sold	50 56
Increase in yard	26 75
	$146 77
	85 28
Net profit one year	$ 61 49

My eggs I sold myself in New York city. I got larger prices for them than your correspondents, but paid three and four times as high a price for grain. I feed wheat screenings and corn. My fowls are the White Leghorn variety."

PROFIT OF A DOZEN HENS.

A "NEW SUBSCRIBER" writes:—"Seeing several accounts of the profit of keeping hens the past year, I thought I would give my experience in keeping hens for the year ending 1867, which is as follows:

"Eggs sold, 137 doz	$ 54 80
Chickens	58 65
	$113 45
Expenses of keeping	48 60
Profit for the year	$ 64 85

"The average number of hens for the year, twelve and a protector. They were of the Brahma breed, which I think are very good for winter layers, and bring a very high price in the market. As to the feed for winter, I use corn meal and beef scraps, and give them a good supply of pounded clam-shells."

FATTENING FOWLS.

THIS subject, so material to good living, and a real luxury and enjoyment in every household, has never had the attention it merits. Our experience, while for many years supplied by the market, has been, that the rule of supply proved one unprofitable both to buyer and seller, while that which was of profit to both, made the exception. Last fall, for a change, after grapes and other fruits were gathered, I purchased a quantity of young live fowls, and with the run of the garden fed them from one to two months mostly on cooked food and with a proof of marked and agreeable disappointment. On taking an account of stock of this small matter, the figures showed more than double returns for the investment, besides a supply for the table such as the market very rarely affords. S. N. HOLMES.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb., 1868.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

HUNTING BEE TREES.

As the weather moderates, bees, both domestic and wild, will become restive, and, if not restrained, will fly away, and becoming chilled, most of them will be lost from a lack of power to regain their old quarters. In the case of wild bees, this propensity to early flying affords a good chance to find the trees containing the swarm and to secure their surplus stores, or, better still, of getting a good stock for the apiary. Residents in the backwoods are accustomed to sally forth during the warm days, early in March, in search of bee trees. These are found by means of the dead or chilled bees which have fallen upon the snow. At first but a solitary bee may be found, but by pushing ahead, more will be encountered as the tree is approached, till the snow will be literally sown broadcast with dead bees. If these are found around a single tree, or a cluster of them in profusion, it is safe to assume the home of the colony has been found. To decide on the precise tree containing it, if the cluster is composed of well grown hemlocks, it sometimes a difficult business; but patience and a free use of the ax are certain to discover the right one at last. Ordinarily this is done at once without the use of the ax or a protracted scrutiny. When the tree is found and felled and the portion containing the bees remains intact or unbroken, a suitable section may be cut out and the colony removed to the premises of the successful finder and set up for future propagation. If properly used they will stick and multiply as readily as though brought up in the "home circle" or were never wanderers from it. But if honey is the simple object of the hunter, he will, of course, secure it as speedily as possible, lest the owner of the ground on which the colony is located should interpose a prior claim to the coveted stores. Occasionally a party will find several trees in a single day,—but it is but just to add that such luck is rare, the wearied hunter frequently returning at night with "never a bee tree" to boast as the result of his tramp.

WINTERING BEES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Several have inquired, with what success are your bees wintering in your cellar? Let me reply through you:—I put them in the cellar about Nov. 15th, 1867, and did not stop to look at them up to the present date. Yesterday I took down about ten out of the pile, one over the other, in the darkest, coolest corner of the cellar, and examined them. All are doing well, and but few old bees have died in any of the hives. I weighed one hive that had last fall 26 pounds of surplus honey in the brood chamber; when put in, the hive had consumed only four pounds to date, (Feb. 5th.) Another hive but three pounds of their 23½ pounds surplus honey. Look at what is gained. 1st, Not a bee has been out since I put them in; a great gain, as no loss by falling in the snow or by cold has occurred. 2d, The surplus honey is saved for early brood in the coming spring. 3d, If not used for early brood, the surplus honey fills the cells, and box honey will be made as soon as honey can be collected from early flowers. 4th, The quiet is better for the queen and the whole hive, and they will be the more energetic in the spring, just as if rested, yet with no winter; but all the bees are not quiet. Cold as is the cellar air, some hives have for days been buzzing at the wire-cloth covered entrances; yet no harm has resulted. Those bees are the most restless that are hatching brood. Those with no maturing brood are almost perfectly silent.

The greatest loss in dead bees in the winter is the chilling of the outside bees of the cluster, for they never occupy in winter all the hive, but make a cluster to keep warm. This chilling is by a few at a time, and they are generally healthy, strong bees; and often out of doors, half of the hive lie dead on the bottom board. This will occur to some extent in the cellar, but the loss is comparatively small.

The worst thing both out of doors and in the cellar is when a hive has a poor queen. Then there are large numbers of bees that stuff themselves full of food. Their bodies become long and strong, and every warm day they either go out or try to, and once out they never return to the hive. This I call *gluttony*, and next to foul brood is an evil to be avoided, which is not easy in either case.

Ithaca, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1868. S. J. PARKER.

ELEVATION OF BEE HIVES.

MR. BLANCHARD of West Gardiner, Me., says:—"The best position for a hive is one sheltered from high winds from the north and west, and about six inches from the ground, as no injury will result from dampness." This is probably true with respect to the honey season, as the dampness of that period is generally of short continuance. There is another advantage in a low entrance, as it enables the heavily ladened workers, when hurried home by a storm, as they often are, to drop below the sweeping wind, and thus gain shelter which an elevated one would frequently prevent them from doing. It is worthy of remark, however, that swarms which go wild invariably select a home well up in the body of the tree, though equally feasible entrances may be found nearer the ground. The instinct of safety from molestation in such cases predominates over all considerations of ease in storing the products of their summer labors.

WISCONSIN BEE-KEEPERS' ASS'N.

THE apiarians of Wisconsin held a meeting at Madison on the 14th ult. JAMES BALLARD of Evansville, was chosen President, and B. S. HOXIE of Cooksville, Secretary. The formation of auxiliary societies was recommended for the various sections of the State. A series of resolutions, constituting a species of Bee Platform, were presented and discussed. They asserted the movable frame, without blocks, hooks or pins, indispensable to complete success in bee culture; that a suitable permanent house for protection to bees in winter is preferable to out-door exposure; that artificial swarming is essential to success; that close proximity of hives is injurious to the bee-keeper. These conclusions were unanimously concurred in. A fifth resolution affirming the decided superiority of the Italian over the Black bee encountered warm opposition and was finally lost by a tie vote.

BEE-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.—The bee business seems to be attracting increased attention in Maine. At a recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture a "Bee-Keepers' Association" was formed for the purpose of disseminating information in reference to the management of the honey-bee. A June and an autumnal exhibition of the bee products was determined upon.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE STEAM PLOW COMING.—Years ago we prophesied that the steam plow would yet be a success in this country, and notwithstanding the many failures since, we are still confident that the object sought will ere long be attained. Many practical men—inventors, mechanics and farmers—are quietly but industriously contriving and experimenting to produce the long-sought desideratum, and we believe some member of the "Universal Yankee Nation" will succeed. The steam plow exhibited at the recent Louisiana State Fair has already been noticed in the RURAL, and now we learn from the California Farmer that the farmers of the Pacific States are hopeful of soon plowing by steam. It says that "to Messrs. COFFIN & STANDISH of Martinez, belong the honor of beginning this great work, which will soon revolutionize the plowing seasons of California." The same authority avers that the new steam plow ascends a heavy grade with ease, cutting six feet wide,—and that it is intended to cut twelve feet in width, when working to its capacity. This report is hopeful, but, as is said of other important things, lacks confirmation,—or practical demonstration. Meantime, others are working to solve a like problem, and among them some people in the goodly city of Rochester, surrounded by that Eden of America known as Western New York. "May the best man win." If the Californian cannot soon verify his claim by truthfully exclaiming (in the language of the motto of his State,) "*Eureka*"—*I have found it*—we trust the Rochesterian will be able to exclaim, "*Excelsior*"—"*Still Higher*"—and accomplish the object.

THE WOOL TARIFF.—*A Conclusive Fact*.—Though we generally leave the discussion of all matters pertaining to Sheep Husbandry to our able associate, Dr. RANDALL, we endeavor to read what is said on the wool tariff, and note the opinions expressed by our contemporaries. We find that nearly every Agricultural journal sustains the tariff act adopted in March last at the urgent and almost unanimous solicitation of the wool growers of the whole country, and that, as a rule, it is only opposed by a few disappointed dyspeptics,—persons who would probably be for it had its friends debased themselves so far as to secure their influence by the use of either bribery or flattery. Gen. HARRIS, the manly and independent editor of the Ohio Farmer, handles these fellows without mittens—expressing opinions and stating facts calculated to upset their assertions and disturb their equanimity. For example, he thus positively and concisely asserts a stubborn fact which is more conclusive than all the palaver of those he styles the blatherskites:

"From the day of the Syracuse Convention in Dec., 1865, to the passage of the tariff act of March 4th, 1867, the wool growers of these States have asked for but one thing, and since that time they have as unanimously asked that that thing be let alone as it is. This is a matter of history and not a question of 'veracity,' whoever may be willing to swear to the contrary."

GREAT SNOW STORM.—While we are closing this paper for the press (Monday p. m., March 2,) the most severe snow storm of the season is prevailing over a wide extent of country. In New York City a raging storm set in last evening and continues to-day. The railroads and streets are obstructed worse than ever. The same is true of Rochester, the storm being the worst experienced for many years. Similar storms are prevailing in Oswego, Toledo, and other distant points, as we learn by telegraph. The storm comes from the northeast, and is accompanied by most chilling blasts. The snow is badly drifted, and all the great thoroughfares must be blockaded, seriously affecting travel by both pike and rail. March, 1868, thus "opens like a lion"—more so than any of its predecessors for a score of years—and will no doubt become noteworthy in the weather records of the present century. May it "go out like a lamb," giving us an early and genial Spring!

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.—This is the title of a secret order recently organized in Washington, D. C., whose object is declared to be the promotion of the interests of Agriculture and Horticulture in the United States. WM. N. SAUNDERS holds the position of Master; JOHN R. THOMPSON, Vt., that of Lecturer; AARON BARTLETT, Ohio, Overseer; WM. MUIR, Mo., Steward; Rev. A. B. GROSH, Pa., Chaplain; W. M. IRELAND, Pa., Treasurer; O. H. KELLY, Minn., Secretary, and E. P. FARIS, Ill., Gate-keeper. In a circular the officers say a constitution has been prepared for the guidance of the order. The initiatory degrees will be four, representing the seasons. Persons of both sexes, (females over sixteen and males over eighteen,) will be admitted to membership,—with the purpose of rendering rural life more attractive, while diverting attention from exciting amusements of a questionable character.

SUGAR ORCHARDS.—An exchange says:—"If a young man will plant a sugar maple orchard he will have a grandchild to help him boil sap." Will not this be contingent on the young man's taking a wife about the time of tree planting? It is added:—"About 800 trees will grow on an acre, and they should be so planted that little troughs can run from the trees to the kettles." This "little trough" business is a humbug in making maple sugar on a scale worthy of the name. We saw, many years since, a small sugar orchard in Tyringham, Mass., with this little trough arrangement, but the owners did not regard it, even with a side-hill advantage of location, as a paying institution. Good buckets to catch the sap, barrels properly secured on an ox sled for gathering it, and proper storage at the boiling place, will be found cheaper and more convenient for the sugar maker.

WHAT AILS THE COW?—E. D. C., East Scott, Cortland Co., N. Y., writes:—"I wish to inquire what ails my cow and what will cure her. She had a sore come on the back side of her ankle, near the hoof, about one year ago. I have applied sulphuric acid, tar and kerosene oil, without any good result. The leg is swollen nearly to the body. She does not use it at all. I have had six cows affected, nearly the same as this one, the past year, and cured them by applying sulphuric acid to the part affected." We should infer from the statement of this case, that the lameness was caused by a sprain or other injury, and from its long standing not susceptible of a cure. What do the veterinarians say to such a case?

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

FLAX culture in Ireland is on the decline. Emigration is the principal cause of this, most likely.

IF a farmer would make his stock pay well he should feed liberally. Poor animals rarely pay expenses.

THE Missouri Hort. Society has resolved to ask the Legislature for a place in the State Board of Agriculture.

A GENERAL exhibition of Agricultural implements is to take place at Brusselsl, Belgium, on June 20 and 21, 1868.

THE Wisconsin Farmer counsels a timely preparation for spring plowing, as the drouth prevented plowing last autumn.

IN some sections of Ohio the store hogs are suffering severely in consequence of a malignant sore throat. It is generally fatal.

THE Stock Journal says the improved Suffolk hog has no superior. They are well formed, compact, short-legged and hardy.

THE Germantown Telegraph, alluding to the dog nuisance, says no device is so effectual in abating it as a dollar tax everywhere.

THE best remedy for cribbing is said to be a soft strap, buckled tightly about the neck of the horse. When being used, loosen the strap.

IN Bedford, N. H., a man has promised a Club there a manurial preparation which he says will produce a fine crop of wheat on pure sand.

PLASTER is regarded by some as destitute of any positive manurial power, and valuable mainly or only as a retainer of moisture, ammonia and the gases.

SOME journals recommend the French practice of milking three times a day. It won't pay in the winter, and is of doubtful utility even in the summer time.

A FARMERS' CLUB in New Hampshire recently decided, twenty to one, that manure should be applied to the sod, after it is turned over, and be covered lightly.

A KENTUCKY stock breeder says that $1,000 made by cattle is about equal to $2,000 from mules, because the former leave the land in so much better heart.

AN English stock breeder says fattening cattle should commence with four pounds of oil cake per day, and finish off with eight or ten pounds, with plenty of vegetables.

HORTICULTURAL.

LEROY'S DICTIONARY OF POMOLOGY.*

A COPY of the first volume of this work was presented to the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, at its last meeting, and a notice of it may be of interest not only to the members of that Society but to fruit growers in general.

The author is well known, by reputation at least, to most American nurserymen as one of the oldest, most intelligent and widely-known nurserymen in France, and his nurseries are regarded as the largest in Europe. His father and grandfather were nurserymen, and he inserts his grandfather's catalogue of pears cultivated at Angers in 1790. The propagation and culture of fruit trees has long been a chief feature in his nurseries, and the collection of bearing trees, numbering some 3,000 varieties, is among the largest in Europe. With all his facilities he ought to make a valuable book, and we think he has succeeded. He says he cherished the project for over thirty years.

The first volume only has yet appeared. It contains 614 pages, describes 389 varieties of pears, and has reached only to the end of the letter C, the fruits being described in alphabetical order. The second volume will be also devoted to pears and will complete them, the third to apples, the fourth to stone fruits, and the fifth to grapes and miscellaneous fruits. The plan of the work is similar to that of our works on pomology. He gives—

1st. The name generally adopted.
2d. Synonyms.
3d. Description of the tree.
4th. Figure (in outline) and description of the fruit.
5th. The history.
6th. Remarks.

In making a hasty examination of the book we have detected some errors, according to our experience. For instance, Baronne de Mello and Adele de St. Davis have proved to be identical in this country. He says they are distinct. Angora and Belle Angevine we have proved to be the same, and identical with Uredale's St. Germain or Pound. He says they are distinct. He gives Paradise d'Automne as a synonym of Beurre Bosc. We know they are quite distinct. Henry the Fourth, his Ananas, he makes identical with Ananas d'Ete, which we have found, in this country, to be a very different fruit. There are other cases of this kind, and many cases where he adopts names which we regard as synonyms. For instance, his Beurre d'Aremberg is our Glout Morceau. He says it has been known in France as Beurre d'Aremberg for sixty years. Our Beurre d'Aremberg is his Orpheline d'Enghein. Our Summer Francreal is described as Bergamot d'Ete,—Belle lucrative as Bergamot lucrative,—Comte Lamy as Beurre Cartel, and many others which the American reader will detect. His rule in adopting the name has been, he says, to choose "that most generally known and used." Of nearly 400 varieties described in this volume 212 are classed as first rate, 123 as second, and the balance as third.

The question might be asked, why not have omitted these third class fruits? We think the book would have lost nothing by their omission; a simple list of them might have been given as superceded or rejected. On this point the author says he has described all in his own collection and all he could find still in cultivation—even those of inferior quality, because many fruits, worthless in one locality are valuable in others. It is for the same reason nurserymen in this country are required to maintain such large catalogues.

Mr. LEROY condemns the prevalent use of prefixes to names. For instance, in pears, Bergamot, Besi, Beurre, Delices, Doyenne, Fondante, &c.; but he has not ventured to reject them. Our use of the word Pippin in apples, Gage in plums, Melocoton in peaches, is of the same superfluous character and ought to be abandoned.

The introduction to this volume is quite interesting. Mr. LEROY says the first French pomological work, properly speaking, was that of MERLET, published in 1667—it describes 187 varieties of pears; next, QUINTINGE, in 1690, described 67 pears; next, DUHAMEL, in 1768, described 119 pears; next, NOISETTE, in 1821, described 238 pears;—then POITEAU, in 1846, described 107 pears. These works are all known to American pomologists—the last named especially, which is really a magnificent work, but very expensive and not adapted to popular use.

Then, turning to the pear in particular, he gives lists of varieties cultivated by the Greeks 287 years before the Christian era; varieties cultivated by the Romans 178 years before Christ, as described by CATO, and at a later period by PLINY (the latter described 35 varieties;) varieties cultivated in Italy in the fifteenth century, among which we find the old Bonchretien—*Il Buono Christiano*—varieties cultivated in France from the reign of CHARLEMAGNE till LOUIS XIII—catalogue of pears, 260 varieties, cultivated at Orleans in 1628—catalogue of pears, 102 varieties, cultivated at Paris in 1775 by a religious community called the Chartreux—catalogue of pears cultivated by the author's grandfather at Angers in 1790. These historical details are not of much practical value, it is true, but they are exceedingly interesting and must have cost the author much laborious research.

The chapter on the Fruitery is instructive, and contains the plan and description of what is represented as a "perfect one" belonging to Baron JAMES ROTHSCHILD.

This great work of Mr. LEROY, with those of DECAISNE, MAS, and others now in course of publication, afford evidence of the progress which Fruit Culture has made in France of late years, and the deep interest which it elicits among all classes of the present day. Whatever else may be in a state of stagnation or decay in that country, Fruit Culture is not. The introduction of new varieties, the publication of new books, exhibitions, congresses, &c., all show an activity, zeal and enthusiasm scarcely equalled here among the young, vigorous, go-ahead Americans.—B.

* The Dictionary of Pomology—Containing the History, Description and Figure of Ancient and Modern Fruits most generally known and cultivated. By ANDRE LEROY, Nurseryman, Angers, France. Angers, France: 1867.

WHITE SPRUCE.—This evergreen was the subject of special commendation in a recent paper read before the Pennsylvania Society by JOSEPH HOOPER. He calls it a "special favorite wherever tested, and takes a front rank in point of beauty and endurance. The form of the tree is upright and strictly conical, exceedingly dense in structure, owing to its innumerable short branches; the foliage is charmingly tinged with a light bluish glaucousness, and the tree, although seldom attaining a large size, usually perfects a fair annual growth. In view of its many excellent points," says Mr. H., "we may be pardoned for expressing the opinion that this species is the most valuable evergreen for our climate belonging to the second class of growth."

THE PEABODY PEA.

OUR engraving illustrates a very dwarf, prolific, late English Garden Pea—a new variety recently introduced to notice and cultivation in Great Britain. It grows fifteen inches high, and is reported to average from 30 to 40 pods to the plant. According to English authority the Peabody compares favorably with McLean's Little Gem and the Tom Thumb peas, and, in season, is the latest of the Tom Thumb section now cultivated in England. It has been christened with an imposing name, and is reckoned a valuable acquisition, the seed selling at high prices in Great Britain.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWERS' ASS'N.

PURSUANT to a call published some weeks since, and signed by many prominent grape growers and horticulturists, a meeting convened at Canandaigua on the 27th of February and proceeded to organize a Society having for its chief objects the advancement of the grape interests of this State. The attendance was very satisfactory, most of the leading grape growing localities from the Hudson river to the west end of the State being represented. Hon. E. B. POTTLE, Naples, was appointed President, and M. C. WELLS, Canandaigua, Secretary *pro tem*, and committees were named to bring business in convenient shape before the meeting. A constitution was reported and adopted, which specified the name of the Society, its officers and their duties, the time of the annual meetings, &c. The officers then elected for the ensuing year were:

President—Hon. E. B. POTTLE, Naples. *Vice-Presidents*—C. D. CHAMPLIN, Hammondsport; C. L. HOAG, Lockport; A. J. CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie; H. H. FARLEY, Union Springs; E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons. *Recording Secretary*—G. F. WILCOX, Fairport. *Cor. Secretary*—E. VAN KEUREN, Hammondsport. *Treasurer*—M. D. MUNGER, Canandaigua.

Some discussions, of which we will have more to say in a future number, took place, and resolutions to have a fall meeting, with exhibition of fruit at Canandaigua, were adopted. A resolution was passed expressing the sense of the meeting, and advisory to the Executive Board, to the effect that the fall exhibition should be held between the 25th of September and the 10th of October next.

The following subjects were selected for discussion at the meeting next fall, and it is to be hoped that by this early selection and announcement members will be well prepared to furnish information:

1. Soils, and their preparation for planting.
2. Varieties and their adaptation to soils and localities.
3. Pruning, and the season in which it should be done.
4. Best mode of trellising.
5. Over cropping, and its consequences.
6. Renovation of worn out Vineyards.
7. Marketing.
8. The benefits of the Grape and its products on the health of the people.

The following Committee was named to report on the condition of the grape crop in the respective localities of its members:

E. Van Keuren, Hammondsport; E. W. Sylvester, Lyons; — Requa, Brocton; E. C. Frost, Watkins; C. L. Hoag, Lockport; E. B. Pottle, Naples; — Barton, Branchport; P. B. Mead, Hudson River; S. J. Parker, Ithaca; Dr. Perrine, Dansville; Rev. Chas. Wooley, Ulster Co.; O. Chapin, Bloomfield; D. L. Hamilton, Honeoye; Dr. D. W. Beadle, St. Catherines, C. W.; Chas. Arnold, Paris, C. W.; W. B. Smith, Syracuse.

SHIPPING NURSERY STOCK, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of Dec. 7th, 1867, a correspondent, "E. M. R.," thinks it necessary to ship fruit trees by Express, to avoid delays, giving his experience in favor thereof, &c. To one acquainted with the character and nature of fruit trees, merely in consideration of the time that they may have been in transit, whether one day, two weeks or four weeks, it would have been all the same. Fruit tree stock is shipped from Europe to this country without loss. I have handled extra sized fruit tree stock, in the spring, that had been nearly four weeks on the road, and then, through carelessness, been left in a warehouse unpacked two weeks longer, and set the same out on condition that I was to receive one-fourth more for all that grew than they were originally sold at, and received pay for every tree—every one growing; and a grape vine in the box bore the same year.

Trees must have within their organization a supply of moisture to enable them to grow. In transplanting a portion of their moisture is often evaporated, and this must be restored to them, by some means, before they will grow. Hence the folly that is often committed by setting trees in such a condition, in a dry time, and often in a dry soil, without moisture or any chance for a sufficient supply. I would sooner think that E. M. R.'s trees failed more from want of proper treatment from him, considering their condition when received, than on account of any irreparable injury occuring to them through delay.

In the same issue of the RURAL there is an article on "Root and Stock Grafting," in which the writer speaks of the advantage of grafting upon "hardy seedling stock." I can see no propriety in calling a seedling *hardy*, until it has first proved itself so to be. All our grafted fruits originated from seedlings, and in budding or grafting we propagate the nature of the tree, as to its qualities of being tender or hardy, the same as we do the variety of its fruit. And as we have but few hardy varieties of all the seedlings of the past that have been thought worthy of preserving, so one stands a smaller chance of getting hardy stock in selecting seedlings than he does in taking varieties of grafted fruit known to be hardy. As to the advantage of "budded stock" over "root grafted," advocated by Mr. D. CONKLIN, in the issue for Jan. 11, I cannot see it.

Budding and grafting both rest upon the same principle in tree culture, viz., that each bud, when removed from its parent stock and surrounded by certain conditions, will produce another tree, like unto the present tree. The only use of the seedling, in the first case, or the seedling's root, in the last case, being to furnish a medium through which, or an aid by which, the buds are enabled to strike root and grow into trees. In handling much nursery stock, I have never been able to discover any advantages of budded over grafted stock, in soundness of body or root, or any grounds upon which a tree should be more healthy or longer lived if grown by one method than the other. If nurserymen will only furnish us in high latitudes with the hardiest varieties, leading which is the Duchess of Oldenburg, we will gladly take them, budded or grafted. Z. C. FAIRBANKS.

Appleton, Wis., Feb., 1868.

GRAPES AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Our attention has been drawn to several communications in late numbers of your paper, giving the time of marketing grapes from different sections of the State. With your permission we propose to add a few facts to complete the record as far as this locality is concerned. The grape crop with us did not ripen as early last season by several days as in some of the past more favorable seasons, when Hartford Prolifics have been shipped from here in the month of August.

The whole truth has not been told in regard to Niagara county. The first shipments of grapes from this place were on the 4th of September. We give below the answer of the Platt Fruit Co., of Buffalo, in reply to our inquiry:—"Sept. 4th, 1867, we received from BABCOCK & HOAG 14 cases, (630 lbs.) and on the same day from C. L. HOAG & Co., 8 cases, all Hartford Prolifics. These were the first grapes received from east of Cleveland."

Our location is on the Central Railroad, twenty-five miles from Buffalo, eighteen from Niagara River, and ten from Lake Ontario, latitude forty-three. If any person north of latitude forty-two sent grapes to market last Autumn, in quantity, before the 4th of September, I hope they will report through your columns. FRUIT GROWER.

Lockport, N. Y., 1868.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

FORCING VINES.—R. C. B. writes us from East Tennessee, inquiring for information about forcing melons, &c., in the hill. Common cotton cloth, oiled with boiled linseed oil, applied with a brush, and stretched on frames after it is dry, is a very fair substitute for glass to use in starting melons, &c. Oiled paper will also answer. Another way is to dig a hole, a foot or so deep and two wide, and pack it solid with pure horse manure to within three or four inches of the top. Fill these three or four inches with good mold. Set a six inch flower pot on the center of the hill thus formed, and pack dirt solidly around it until it is five or six inches high, sloping the dirt outward and downward from the pot. Withdraw the pot carefully, and plant seeds in the bottom of the hole. Cover with a single pane of glass. When the vines reach the glass it should be raised a little to air them gradually, and when it is finally removed draw some dirt to the stalks of the vines. If bugs molest, use frames afterwards, covered with netting.

GROWING PEANUTS.—"Yorick" writes us that he has a notion to try growing "some peanuts the coming season, not for profit but for curiosity," and wants to know how to proceed. The ground should be rich, as for corn, and well pulverized. Lay it off in ridges about three feet apart, with a shallow furrow along the center of each ridge for the seed. Break the pods containing the peas, and plant in the drills about a foot apart, and cover with the hoe an inch and a half deep or thereabouts. Till the same as with corn to keep the ground loose and kill the weeds, but be careful not to injure the runners, as from these the nuts are produced. Some cover the laterals or runners with cloth, while others leave them exposed. These laterals have many joints, from which strong roots strike into the ground, on the ends of which the pea pod is found. Whether this latitude will answer for the nuts will be determined by the trial proposed.

THE PEACH BUDS.—It is not probable that the peach buds of Western and Central New York are yet materially injured by the cold, and so far as danger to the crop may be apprehended from that source, we are now comparatively safe. We have recently heard competent observers from several widely separate localities in the State declare the peach buds uninjured, and the prospect of a crop fair at the present time.

WHITEWASH AS A PROTECTION TO TREES.—A correspondent states a case in Mobile where the trunks of a few orange trees, in a plantation of four acres, were whitewashed as high up as a man could conveniently reach. A "Norther" coming on afterward, ice was formed, and every tree, except those whitewashed, was frozen. Whitewash is thereby suggested for peach trees.

RAISING WHITE ASH TREES FROM SEED.—G. W. T., Fremont Co., Iowa, asks how to raise white ash trees from seed. The seed ripens in the autumn, and should then be sown in drills in a well prepared and protected seed-bed. In moist, rich soil the trees will grow rapidly. If the plants are crowded in the seed-bed, transplant at the end of the first season's growth.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.—M. A. F. To teach the art of making skeleton leaves would take more space than we can well afford. In our book list a work is mentioned entitled "Skeleton Leaves and Phantom Flowers," which tells all about the art. Price $1.50.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

Indiana Hort. Society.—Pres't—I. G. D. Nelson. Rec. Sec'y—Seth W. Pearson. Cor. Sec'y—Joseph Gilbert, Treas'r—J. S. Dunlap.

Cincinnati Hort. Society.—Pres't—W. P. Anderson. Vice-Pres'ts—Wm. Storms, George Graham, Robert Buchanan. Rec. Sec'y—L. A. Hine. Cor. Sec'y,—C. H. Wardlow. Treas'r—Robert Clarke.

Ohio Wine Growers' Association.—Pres't—E. A. Thompson. Vice-Pres't—Casimer Werk. Sec'y and Treas'r—Jacob Bogen.

Cincinnati Hort. and Wine Growers' Association.—The joint Fall exhibition of these Associations will be held at Cincinnati, commencing Sept. 22d, 1868. A liberal premium list has been prepared, and the Association looks for a generous response from the Horticultural public, especially of Ohio.

Domestic Economy.

BRAZILIAN STEW.

TAKE some meat from the coarsest joints of the ox, such as the leg, shin, or sticking piece, cut it in slices of two or three ounces each, dip each piece into good vinegar, and then pack the whole in a stew pan, with onions, turnips or other vegetables, cut small, without water; cover it closely, and let it stand by the side of the fire for six or eight hours; it will then be found to be thoroughly done, and to have yielded abundance of gravy, being at the same time remarkably tender. The only precaution necessary is that the heat should never be suffered to approach the boiling point. Or the meat, vegetables, and flavoring materials may be placed in an earthen-ware jar, which can be closely tied down, and then placed in a large saucepan of water or very slow oven. This mode of cooking is applicable to any kind of meat, and will be found extremely economical, giving little trouble, and furnishing a very nutritious, digestible, and delicious food. The acid of the vinegar being volatile is entirely dissipated during the process.

PRESERVED ORANGES.—Take any number of oranges, and rather more than their weight in white sugar; slightly grate the oranges, and score them round with a knife, but not cut very deep; then put them in cold water for three days, changing the water two or three times a day; afterward tie them up in a cloth, and boil them till they are soft enough for a head of a pin to penetrate; while they are boiling put your sugar on the fire, with rather more than half a pint of water to each pound; let it boil for a minute or two, and then strain it through muslin; then put the oranges into the sirup till it jellies, and is of a nice yellow color. You can try the sirup by putting some to cool—it must not be too stiff. The sirup need not cover the oranges, but they must be turned so that each part gets thoroughly done.

OYSTER SAUCE.—In opening the oysters, save the liquor and boil it, with the beards, a bit of mace and lemon peel; in the meantime throw the oysters into cold water, and drain it off; strain the liquor, and put it into a sancepan with the oysters, just drained from the cold water, with sufficient quantity of butter, mixed with as much milk as will make enough sauce—but first rub a little flour with it; set them over the fire, and stir all the while, and when the butter has boiled a few times, take them off and keep them close to the fire, but not upon it—for if too much done the oysters will become hard; add a squeeze of lemon juice, and serve—a little is a great improvement.

SCALDS AND BURNS.

ON the instant of the accident, plunge the part under cold water. This relieves the pain in a second, and allows all hands to become composed. If the part cannot be kept under water, cover it over with dry flour, an inch deep or more. In both cases the pain ceases because the air is excluded. In many instances nothing more will be needed after the flour; simply let it remain until it falls off, when a new skin will be found under. In severer cases, while the part is under water, simmer a leek or two in an earthen vessel, with half their bulk of hog's lard, until the leeks are soft, then strain through a muslin rag. This makes a greenish colored ointment, which, when cool, spread thickly on a linen cloth and apply it to the injured part. If there are blisters, let out the water. When the part becomes feverish and uncomfortable, renew the ointment, and a rapid, painless cure will be the result, if the patient, meanwhile, lives exclusively on fruits, coarse bread, and other light, loosening food.—*Dr. Hall.*

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEATRICE.

BY HOWARD THURSTON.

BEATRICE,—she of the golden hair,—
Ever unloving, but always fair,
Sitteth unmoved by her lover's prayer:

"BEATRICE, beautiful, I but wait
Only a word from my own sweet fate,
Speak it, I pray, ere it be too late!

"For on the morrow the ocean tide
Bears me away on its waters wide;
Give me your faith and 'twill be my guide."

Fruitless forever his prayer must be;
Ever unheeding and cold is she;—
Sailing away from his hope goes he.

Many and many a weary day
BEATRICE, looking across the bay,
Watches the sunlight dance and play;

Watches, but never he comes who went
Sailing away, with her heart's content,
Yonder where water and blue are blent.

"Had I but given my faith," she sighs,
"He would have greeted my waiting eyes,
Sailing in under the smiling skies."

So she is living her long regret,—
BEATRICE, loving at last, and yet
Praying the while that she may forget!

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE SEXES.

IT has been asserted that Woman is not capable of cherishing pure, unalloyed friendship. We do not believe the assertion. Grant that woman can love to absolute devotion,—and all will grant it,—we contend that she also can cherish simple, earnest, thoroughly unselfish friendship, such as ennobles its object, and carries with it a real blessing. There is much false intercourse between the sexes. By the very peculiar notions which that bug-bear Society holds, woman is placed in a position which falsifies her character to a great degree. By these notions she is compelled to a systematic course of deceit. She must not be herself—frank, friendly and agreeable—toward man, for Society will say she is forward and lacks modesty, or is angling for hearts. She must smile without any soul in it, and say pleasant things with no meaning, and so conduct herself at all times and in all places as to appear supremely indifferent concerning man, individual and collective. We speak now of woman unmarried.

Popular ideas concerning this matter need a reform. The young woman moving about in social circles should be permitted to entertain young men charmingly as she may, with no insinuations from Mrs. GRUNDY as to her motives. She should be allowed manifestations of friendly regard, without a sneer from some prim-faced spinster, or a frown from an over-judicious mamma. Were such latitude freely yielded to her, the young men would cease misconstruing her manner as they now do. Herein would be found the results for good. Each sex would understand the other. Now there is only misunderstanding, mutual and constant.

Our young friend SIMEON TENOR goes to spend an evening with GEORGIANA ALTO. He has met her frequently, and presumes upon a further acquaintance. GEORGIANA is a good girl,—really intelligent, sensible and womanly. Society has imbued her mind with some of its false teachings, however, and she is terribly fearful of being misunderstood by SIMEON in particular, and all other young men in general. Therefore she leaves herself in the kitchen, (where we are happy to say she is "at home,") and SIMEON meets in the parlor an affected, brilliant young lady, who seems to possess little heart and no depth of womanliness. SIMEON properly desires that the young lady shall not deem his attentions "serious," (that's the word when marriage is implied, we believe,) and endeavors to be also brilliant and heartless. Thus their acquaintance goes on, and meanwhile neither knows the other in the least.

A simple, straight-forward association between young men and young women generally, would inure greatly to the profit of both. Fewer lessons would need to be unlearned in after life; there would be greater respect shown each other; stiff and studied constraint would give way to plain unaffectedness of manner,—and friendships would be formed mutually beneficial, in their tendencies, and abounding in influences most excellent. There are thousands of young men to-day, going down to degradation and ruin, whom a sisterly friendship might save. For there is a subtle something in woman's warm regard that clings to men, and draws them away from vice and crime. He whose intercourse with woman has shown him her real nature,—pure, loving and strong,—is stronger, with a refinement of strength, and better, with a depth of betterness, than is he who sees in woman only a concrete mass of *ladyisms*. Man's friendship for man will do much for him, but woman's friendship for man, and his respect and friendly regard for her, will do almost infinitely more. It will give better tone to his thoughts, and consequently to his character. It will refine his mentality, and beautify his speech, and give him a clearer insight into his own life. In his brother man he will see a mirror, truly, but so dark that his faults are not half reflected. She will reflect him as he is, if she be a true woman and her friendship as true as herself.

There may be cited notable instances in which woman's friendship has borne rich fruit in the lives and works of men. A book recently issued—ALGER'S "Friendships of Women"—speaks of many of these. We quote one paragraph relating to GOETHE:

"GOETHE, in the course of his life, stood in the most intimate relations with a large number of the rarest women. Few men have ever appreciated female character so well. No one has exhibited their virtues and pleaded their cause with a more impressive combination of insight, sympathy and veneration. His many sins towards women deserve severe condemnation and rebuke; but it is an outrageous wrong towards his noble genius to limit attention, as so many critics do, to that aspect of the case. The wondering love and study which FREDERICK, LILI and others, drew from him; the religious admiration and awed curiosity evoked in him by the spiritual FRAULEIN VON KLETTENBURG, "over whom," as he said, "in her invalid loneliness, the Holy Ghost brooded like a dove;" the respectful affection, gratitude and homage commanded by the extraordinary merits of his lofty and endeared friends, the Duchess AMELIA and the Grand Duchess LOUISE—all bore fruits in his experience and his works. The revelations they made, the examples they set, the lessons they taught, the noble suggestions they kindled, re-appear in the series of enchanting, glorious, adorable women—GRETCHAN, NATALIA, OTTILIA, IPHIGENIA, MAKARIA, and the rest—who, with their artless affection, their self-renouncement, their wisdom, their dignity, their holiness, their sufferings, appear in his master-works, breathing presentiments of life for the edification and delight of generations of readers. He has recognized, more profoundly than any other author, the essentially feminine form of that divine principle of disinterested love, that impulse of pure self-abnegation, in which resides the redemptive power of humanity; and has set it forth with incomparable clearness and constancy. At the close of FAUST he has given it statement in a form which associates his genius with that of DANTE, and in a kindred height. It is the womanly element, he would say, worshipful and self-denying love, that draws us ever forward, redeeming and uplifting our grosser souls."

FOUR OLD LADIES.

DAVID GARRICK'S widow survived that eminent tragedian forty-three years, and died in 1822, aged ninety-nine. She had before her marriage been a dancer on the boards of Drury Lane, and was a native of Vienna. She died in her chair, retaining her faculties to the last. Baily cites, too vaguely, perhaps, for the skeptical, the Hon. Mrs. Watkins of Glamorganshire, who died in 1790, aged one hundred and ten. The year before she died she made a trip from Wales to London to see Mrs. Siddons act. Nine visits did she make to the theater during her stay, retiring prudently before the after-piece; and, besides this, she sat for her portrait, and ascended to the "whispering gallery" at St. Paul's. She got safe home, and London did not prove her Capua as it did Old Parr's. A more irrefragable case, perhaps, is that of Mrs. Williams of Moor Park, Herts, and Bride Head, Dorset, who died aged one hundred and two, in 1841, and of whom her great grandson avers that she was couched for cataract when eighty-one, and made a speech upstanding, to her tenantry, when they congratulated her on her hundredth birth-day. No attempt has been made to invalidate this communication of her descendant.

The three ladies above mentioned might object to the company into which for the nonce we introduce them, in taking next Mrs., or, as she was commonly called, "Lady" Lewson, an eccentric widow, who died in London in 1806, at the age of one hundred and six years. Born in Essex street, Strand, and married early, she was left a rich widow at six-and-twenty. For the rest of her days her chief companions were an old man-servant, two dogs and a cat. In dress she was fanciful and particular, adhering steadfastly to the fashions of her youth, when George the First was King. But she was a decided foe to cleanliness. Her rooms were never washed, seldom swept, and to personal ablutions she was an utter stranger. "People who washed themselves," she said, "were always catching cold." She used to smear her face and neck with hog's lard, and to "top up," as regarded cheeks, with rose-pink. Her health was good to the last, and she cut two new teeth at eighty-seven. She was buried at Bunhill Fields burying-ground.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

IT is the belief of certain well-meaning men, who were not born in Constantinople, that if the American girl were called on to meet a proportion of her expenses by her own labor, she would be publicly a greater blessing, and personally healthier, wiser and happier. It is even believed that her outlay, instead of increasing, would diminish. Practiced in the mystery of keeping accounts, aware by experience of the difficulty of earning money, she would be clever enough to save it. With something to do, she would put less mind, time and purse into the pursuit of pleasure. Mated at last with a poor man, (so many are incorrigibly vicious that way!) she would share his burden rather than crush him with it. If all women now were thus, we should have no cause to cry, as we are sometimes tempted to do, Oh! for the slow but cheap girl of thirty years since! Whether democracy is capable of some such self-saving miracle as we have indicated, remains to be seen.—*Nation.*

SALARIES OF WOMEN.

THE very erroneous idea of marriage, which is declared, with how much truth we dare not say, to possess the mind of every woman, is one great hindrance to the efficiency of workingwomen, as it interferes with their thoroughness and limits their ambition. But there are some pursuits in which women, if inclined to devote themselves to business, may secure not only a comfortable, but a handsome subsistence. Salaries of from $25 to $30 a week are paid saleswomen in perfumery establishments, who control a regular set of customers, and as managers in some kinds of business they command one, two and three thousand dollars a year. The highest known salary paid a woman in New York is $5,000. But these are exceptional cases, and the great majority of women dependent upon their own labor for subsistence must find their place in the more usual pursuits, and there social prejudice stands in their way.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

THE bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

A BLITHESOME Connecticut editor saw, a few days ago, a young girl of seraph-like beauty who had no teeth! He explains by adding that she was only six months old.

A LADY in New Haven recently presented her husband with a deed of a house and lot which she bought with her pin money. Her example might be profitably imitated by many others.

A YOUNG lady being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied. "It's very easy to untie it now while it's a beau."

A LITTLE girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two of the sex in the same house, of more mature age, being asked; "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied; "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."

MADAME DE STAEL cordially hated Talleyrand, and in her story of "Delphine" was supposed to have painted herself in the person of her heroine, and Talleyrand in that of a garrulous old woman. On their first meeting, the wit pleasantly remarked, "They tell me that we are both of us in your novel, in the disguise of women."

THE last poetical effort of HALLECK was a little epigrammatic quatrain, which he handed to Mr. FRED S. COZZENS one day:

"All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of the fireside, by night and by day,
Who never dost anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way."

As HALLECK was a bachelor, and is dead at that, our lady readers can forgive him.

Choice Miscellany.

SONG OF THE PRINTING PRESS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

I AM silent to-night in the basement dim,
And the shadows around me are vague and grim;
But my nerves they reach out where the home-groups are,
Where the the home-lights are flickering near and far,
And I feel a glad thrill in my iron heart
For the gladness and cheer that I there impart,
For although I am only a dumb machine
I can speak with a wonderful power, I ween!

There are beautiful stories that I can tell,
And that fall on the ear like a magic spell;
And I whisper them sweetly to one and all—
So sweetly that even the tear drops fall—
To the maiden who sits in the cottage low,
To the lover who longeth her heart to know,
To the poet who dreams, and the child who waits
For the Princess to open the fairy gates!

I am King and my subjects are scattered wide,
But wherever they be they are leal and tried;
And tho' other kings fall, and their kingdoms wane,
Forever and aye must my own remain.
It is one to grow greater with lapse of time,
And to tower through ages to heights sublime,
While the cry of my subjects for aye shall be—
"*Viva la* PRESS! for our King is he!"

"*Vive la* PRESS!" A prophetic cry,
For it tells that the glorious By-and-By
Shall be nearer to each for the rule it owns,
And that all of mankind, on the earth's broad zones,
Shall the Gospel of Liberty plainly hear,
And that darkness and error shall disappear,—
That the poor and the lowly, the weak, oppressed,
Uplifted shall be, and supremely blest!

Though I'm silent and lone in my basement dim,
I am singing a sweeter and grander hymn
Than was ever breathed forth by an earthly choir,
And it thrills like the thrill of a living fire!
Aye, it rings up the vales and across the plains,
And it bears a bright hope on its sweet refrains,
For the beautiful theme of my thrilling song
Is that Right shall be victor, at last, o'er Wrong!

There are monarchs who quake at the power I hold,
And who fear that the years of their reign are told,
Who would hamper me down as with iron bands,
And would make me a slave to their base commands;
There are vices that hide from my sight away,
As they shrink from your gaze in the glare of day;
There are follies that render a people weak,
And that tremble in fear at the words I speak;

There are sorrows that ever unwept shall sleep,
'Till the story I tell shall a world make weep;
There are crimes that forever unknown shall rest
'Till arraigned before me they shall stand confest;
And the mightiest truths that a world shall own
Shall be only as myths 'till I make them known,
And the good that is coming shall wait its prime
While I make for the nations a grander time!

I have quickened the pace of the waning years,
And the far-away Future at hand appears—
The far-away Future the ancients saw,
When the earth should smile under a nobler law,
When the light that all over the earth should stream
Should be "full of His glory" who reigns supreme,
When the tumult of battle and strife should cease,
And the march of the years should be crowned with peace!

O, I day after day at my labor sing,
For I know of the gladness I widely fling
With my fingers of iron across the earth—
At the grate of the rich, and the cottage hearth—
And I feel that the living of all who live,
Will be richer by far for the gifts I give;
And that millions of hearts shall look up and bless,
With the truest of blessings, the PRINTING PRESS!

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. III.—SPARKS.

"I LIKE railroad riding by night better than by day, for the same reason, I suppose, that you liked life a few years ago better than you do now—because of the *sparks*."

This to my Aunt JERUSHA. We are supplementing a day journey by an evening one. The night has wrapped everything in midnight gloom. On into the darkness our train rushes. Backward past the car windows hurry the sparks, red and glowing. Now a whole squadron of them troop by; now a single one, cutting a clean line of light straight on to—don't know where, it's a half mile behind us already, and a hundred others are chasing it as though they were so many winged spirits. It's a singular chase they are having. I can't help fancying they quite understand and enjoy the thing. There goes a little one—it must be a young one—fleeing as swiftly as it can from a half dozen large ones. I look after them as long as may be, and am glad to see that the little one is still ahead. Good luck go with it!

—I always say good luck to the little and young things. It is a part of my philosophy. Let those grown large and old make luck for themselves. The "wee" ones are not always able to.

My Aunt JERUSHA replies to my remark simply with a very scornful curve of her lips. It is highly expressive. I shall fall short of the full meaning if I undertake its translation. But I am disposed to draw forth something more intelligible.

"Sparks die out or burn out," I say; "what became of yours?"

"They were too green to burn long," is her rather dry answer.

Of course, then, they died out. Now it's a sad thing to see light and warmth die out. Real exhaustion we regret, certainly. 'Twould be more gratifying to see the light burn on and warm on,—but when all the supply is gone we need not hope for more. If it dies out, but half wasted, we think of that which is lost.

"They may be lit again?" I query.

"Yes; a masculine heart will take fire any number of times—"

"Until it burns out, Aunt JERUSHA."

"It never does that, except by spontaneous combustion."

She may be right; hearts are queer things, any way.

"But it's not worth while to re-light them. Sparks are pretty; but a good live coal, with a steady heat, is worth a myriad of such."

I wonder if she's speaking figuratively still, and if the live coal means a husband? Would surely ask the question but for her maidenly years. It might be embarrassing, so I forbear.

My Aunt JERUSHA leans back in her seat, and over her face there comes a shade of bitterness. Out in the darkness the sparks hurry by, faster and faster, and they have for me a strange, weird fascination. They don't fascinate her,—she isn't even looking at them. Wonder if sparks *ever* fascinated her? Yes, it must have been so. If her countenance wore a softer expression I might think differently. But some time or other, her heart was more pliable. Petrifactions were not petrifactions once. We may not always know why they became so at all. It is not so easy a thing to divine the workings of hidden agencies.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." JOB never journeyed by rail, that is certain. He never saw the fitful messengers fleeing past him as they now fly past me, as though pursued by demons. If he had, possibly he might have used another adverb than *upward*. But sparks are like hearts—queer. You can't tell to a certainty whether they will go up, or off, or—out.

Yet I like sparks. Aunt JERUSHA may talk about a live coal. To be sure it is good. It will burn on warmly, quietly, and steadily. So will one of your calm, unimpassioned hearts. But doesn't a fitful flicker add a witchery to it? Verily, yes. All the beautiful fancies are in the flicker of the flame. A steady flame is a steady heat, and it must increase a little continually or you believe it grows less, and so get a chill. Give me chills and fever through a whole life, rather than one monotonous temperature, dull and vapid.

Sparks.—Mayhap I've used the word in a double sense. Everything in life has a double sense; all life has a twofold meaning. We cannot help mingling these often. Curiously mingling; perchance, even absurdly. I am tempted to dreaming, by the singular fire-flys dancing past. Aunt JERUSHA is dreaming, literally. All unpleasant recollections have vanished from her mind. The shade of bitterness has disappeared from her face. She is asleep. May her dreams be enlivened by a good glowing flame, instead of being filled with the memories of flames that died out years ago!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WIT.

THE man who thinks himself witty simply because he can make other people laugh, commits an egregious blunder. The soberest of men would find it difficult not to laugh at the antics of a monkey, but it by no means follows that the monkey is in any way remarkable. Just so many men, who by low comicalities succeed in raising a laugh, think themselves vastly funny, when in fact they are supremely ridiculous.

True wit is an ornament to any one. It argues active intellectual powers, and great quickness of perception. It is keen and glittering as a Damascus blade, and strikes like the lightning flash. Its effect is never to lower its author in the estimation of others. But the miserable apologies for wit to which one is sometimes obliged to listen have not even a negative virtue. Parodies upon Scripture expressions, or upon words whose associations are connected with all we hold sacred, are not only stupid and vulgar, they are disgusting. The tone of a man's efforts at wit are a pretty sure index of his character. If the tone be high and pure, you may be sure the character is the same,—but one can draw no favorable conclusions from would-be smartness, breathing the odor of the street or the saloon, laden with slang phrases and suggestive of riot and dissipation. Our instincts are a swift witness against the perpetrator, and the loathing which follows the involuntary laugh is his unavoidable punishment.

Wit is next in value and desirableness to wisdom, but coarseness, impertinence, and vulgarity bordering almost upon sacrilege, are the superfluous advertisements of qualities already too prominent for the good reputation of their author. L. A. O.

Northville, Mich., 1868.

THE HAPPINESS OF POOR FOLKS.

AFTER a day of labor and fatigue, the surety of work for the ensuing week, is happiness to poor folks. For them there are no costly pleasures, no play-going, no drinking in taverns, no pleasure excursions. But for the heart, the soul, there are truer, sweeter, and entirely inexpensive enjoyments. The capitalist is disturbed by the variations on exchange; the ship owners fear the tempest; the man of business makes hazardous speculations; the merchant who has not effected a sale is frightened at the approach of pay day; another trembles for his debts; the clerk dreads a reduction of his salary; the house owner fears burning; the rich man thieves. To be ignorant of all these troubles is the happiness of poor people.

The good liver is often sick from the effects of intemperance; the Englishman pinned to his chair, swears at the gout which he has gained by dint of toast; the young coxcomb has headache for having drunk a glass of champagne; that great singer is under regime the result of a great dinner. Labor and society preserve health, and gaiety along with it. This is the happiness of poor people. If at times ambitious desires glide into their souls, they depart in haste, as indolence enters not along with them. Custom makes labor a pleasure. Contentment with little makes them despise the good which they have not. They blush for having a moment envied the rich man his riches, and return to their families lifting up a song.

TRUE COURTESY.

REAL courtesy is widely different from the courtesy which blooms only in the sunshine of love and the smile of beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voices of the aged; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms. Show me the man of generous impulses, who is always ready to help the poor and needy; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the protection of rank, riches, and family. Show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true christian.

SEED AND HARVEST.

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless for ever!
The one thing changeless—utterly true—
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

UNSELFISH LOVE THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the main-spring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow.

WOE to him who smiles not over a cradle, and weeps not over a tomb.

Sabbath Reading.

A PRESENT SAVIOUR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He:
And Faith has still its Olivet,
And Love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame:
The last low whispers of our dead
Are hallowed with His name.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"GOD HELP THE POOR."

"PLEASE, Ma'am, give me a penny to buy a cake, I'm hungry," said a pleading voice, and a tiny hand was outstretched, and a wistful face upturned; but the pretty lady only sighed and said "GOD help the poor," then gathered up her sweeping flounces lest she should be contaminated by coming in contact with the ragged beggar girl, and so passed on. And the cakes looked temptingly from the shop window upon the hungry child, and the blue eyes filled with tears as she turned to cross the crowded street.

Oh! what a cry was that—a cry of mortal agony, as the wheels of the heavy car came crushing over that childish form, and with that cry the life of the little beggar girl went out. The busy crowd paused a moment, and the prayer, "GOD help the poor," was heard upon the lips of many. But the child was carried to a pauper's grave, and the multitude passed on.

"Faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." Faith that worked miracles, healed the sick, cleansed the leper, raised the dead,—upon whose wings our prayers are borne to the Throne of Grace,—faith that can open the pearly gates, and permit us to behold the Celestial City, with its white-robed inhabitants, who walk the golden streets with crowns upon their heads and harps in their hands,—upon whom almost our eternal happiness depends, is mighty, but greater than this is charity. Hope,—

"The captive's freedom, and the sick man's health,"—

Hope that can dip her pen in fancy's richest dyes, and paint the bright future in gorgeous colors,—that can lift despairing mortals from the depths of despondency, clothe ragged penury in princely robes, and store the mind of the student with the priceless gems of knowledge—is mighty, but charity is mightier still.

Go where yonder decorated spire points upward to the clouds,—to the so-called "temple of the living GOD,"—and you will hear the portly priest Sabbath after Sabbath pray for all those "who are in any way afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate," and the fashionable congregation will bow their heads and meekly respond "amen." Oh, ye hypocrites, how dare ye take the name of your Maker on your lips, when ye have set up mammon in your hearts, and secretly bow down and worship at the shrine of of your idolatry? How dare you worship in GOD's holy temple when your hearts are as far from Him as were the hearts of those who eighteen hundred years ago, cried out, "Great is DIANA of the Ephesians?" Daily ye pray for earth's afflicted ones, and daily say, "GOD help the poor," and with the scent of the sanctuary upon your garments, and the prayer upon your lips, you draw closely your purse-strings, and close your doors upon the humble beggar. Know ye not that GOD is answering your prayer daily by pouring such abundant treasure into your bosom, and filling your coffers with the glittering gold? Know ye not that you are but almoners of that wealth, stewards of the most high GOD?

Pray on, then, righteous Pharisee, and your prayer, faithless as it is, will be granted. GOD *will* help the poor in a way ye little dream of; for many a beggared LAZARUS will enter the Celestial City while the rich man, at whose gate he lay, will seek admittance in vain. Many a poor widow who cast her two mites into the treasury will be an inheritor of that riches which the world's wealthy cannot obtain.

THERZA.

TAKE FREELY.

A SHIP was sailing in the southern waters of the Atlantic, when her crew saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down towards the distressed ship and hailed them.

"What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up then!" was answered,—"You are in the mouth of the Amazon River!"

There those sailors were thirsting, and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing that there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when, in fact, they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. And though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there was a hundred miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to "dip it up!"

Jesus Christ says: "If any man thirst let him come unto *me* and *drink*." "And the Spirit and the Bride say, come, and let him that heareth say, come, and whoever will let him come, and take of *the water of life freely*." Thirsting soul, the flood is all around you; "dip it up!" and drink, and thirst no more.—*Earnest Christian.*

"CAN YOU PRAY THAT?"

So queried a Christian gentleman as an acquaintance of his was affirming certain sentiments which the querist regarded as of at least doubtful quality and tendency—"Can you pray that?" The question was significant and pertinent. It is one thing to assert a sentiment or an opinion to a fellow-mortal, or even to one's self; but it may be quite another thing to assert the same sentiment or opinion directly to God, and in the immediate and conscious presence of the Searcher of hearts. Men will often say that to each other which they would scarcely dare to say to God. Actions, too, have a voice; they may even "speak louder than words;" and of the "speaking" of much of our conduct it may be well to ask, "Can we pray that?" Should we really like to carry the language of our practice into a solemn address to Him who, sitting upon the throne of his holiness, interprets things just as they are?

The Reviewer.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS: From the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years Truce—1609. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D. C. L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." In Four Volumes. With Portraits. Vols III. and IV. [8vo.—pp 599 and 632.] New York: Harper & Bro's.

"THE RISE of the Dutch Republic" won for Mr. MOTLEY an enviable reputation as a historian. The work now before us cannot fail to add to that reputation. It is, in fact, a supplement to the preceding history, and the two works are to be complemented by another—the history of the Thirty Years War. Upon this Mr. MOTLEY is now engaged. The present volumes possess a fascination rarely met with in historical pages. They are written in a clear and forcible, yet very picturesque style, that never wearies; and abound in graphic word-pictures and brilliant descriptions. Though often dramatic, we feel that they are always truthful. And truthfulness in a historian is the one great essential. We never crave brilliancy at the sacrifice of truth. Volume III covers a period of ten years, into which were crowded events of momentous importance to the Netherlands, and intense interest to the student of history. The central figure of that time is the young Prince MAURICE, and the grand theme of the volume is his advancement in the art of war,—his splendid generalship and daring achievements. The character of this Prince is an admirable one for the author's pen to portray, and his heroic deeds are recounted in eloquent paragraphs. PHILIP II, of Spain, is also a marked figure, and is strongly delineated. He was a notable illustration of bigotry, and arrogance, and depravity; and his personal character, and the characteristics of his forty-three years' reign, are limned in bold lines. He was the great enemy of the Netherlands, as he was of Justice and Freedom everywhere. He held absolute power over his subjects, and exercised it in the most unwarrantable manner, at the dictates of a perverted and brutal will. One of the closing chapters of this volume is devoted to an elaborate *resume* of the debased monarch's reign, in which the historian says:—"If PHILIP possessed a single virtue it has eluded the conscientious research of the writer of these pages. If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection even in evil." Such was the tyrant who wielded the more than diabolical power of the Holy Inquisition. And yet—strange anomaly!—it is said he endured the martyrdom of his last illness with the heroism of a saint, and died in the certainty of immortal bliss as the reward of his life of evil. Volume IV concludes with the Twelve Years' Truce. The Netherlands have become a Republic, at last, despite Spanish intrigues and arms. The terrors of the Inquisition are not planted in the Provinces, and religious peace prevails in Hungary, in Austria, in Bohemia, in France, in Great Britain, and in the Netherlands. The forty years' war is in the past,—the thirty years' war in the not distant future,—and we await the historian's further labors with much interest. For sale at DEWEY'S.

DUFF'S BOOKKEEPING, BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY. Practically Illustrating Merchants', Manufacturers', Private Bankers', Railroad and National Bank Accounts, Including all the late Improvements in the Science. With a copious Index. By P. DUFF, formerly Merchant, Founder and Proprietor of Duff's Mercantile College of Pittsburgh, Pa. Twentieth Edition, Enlarged and Revised. [8vo.—pp. 400.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN his preface the author of this very handsomely gotten up work says it "includes all the improvements for assisting the teacher and perfecting the education of the Commercial Student, suggested by upwards of twenty-seven years' daily experience in instructing large classes in this branch of education." The present edition has nearly two hundred pages of new matter, including a full set of Joint Stock Bank Books, for conducting bank accounts under the new National Bank law; also a set for Private Bankers and Railroads. Sold by DEWEY.

THE DOOR WITHOUT A KNOCKER. From the Sunday at Home, London. [16mo.—pp. 235.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THIS little volume has disappointed us. "Something for the little ones," we thought, as we first looked upon the crimson muslin binding with the gilt title: and the illuminated title page which classes it among the "Sunday School Series of Religious Works," confirmed the impression. We have found "The Door Without a Knocker" to be a story better adapted to grown people than to children, and really worthy their perusal. It is a well-drawn picture of selfishness and its results, and has many counterparts. It illustrates a dwarfed and perverted life admirably, and furnishes a mirror for not a few persons to look in. The other story—for the volume contains two—is entitled, "The Use of a Child," and will interest parents. For sale by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

WAVERLY; OR, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—paper, pp. 204.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE efforts of publishers to popularize standard authors by bringing their works within the reach of all, are to be heartily commended. APPLETON & CO., having produced an excellent cheap edition of DICKENS, are following that with a similar edition of SCOTT. The Waverly Novels are to be given in twenty-five volumes, price twenty-five cents each, or six dollars for the entire set. We have No. 1 of the series before us. It is clearly printed, two columns to the page, and pleases the eye as much as it gratifies the pocket. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

MARGARET'S ENGAGEMENT. A Novel. [8vo.—pp. 112.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

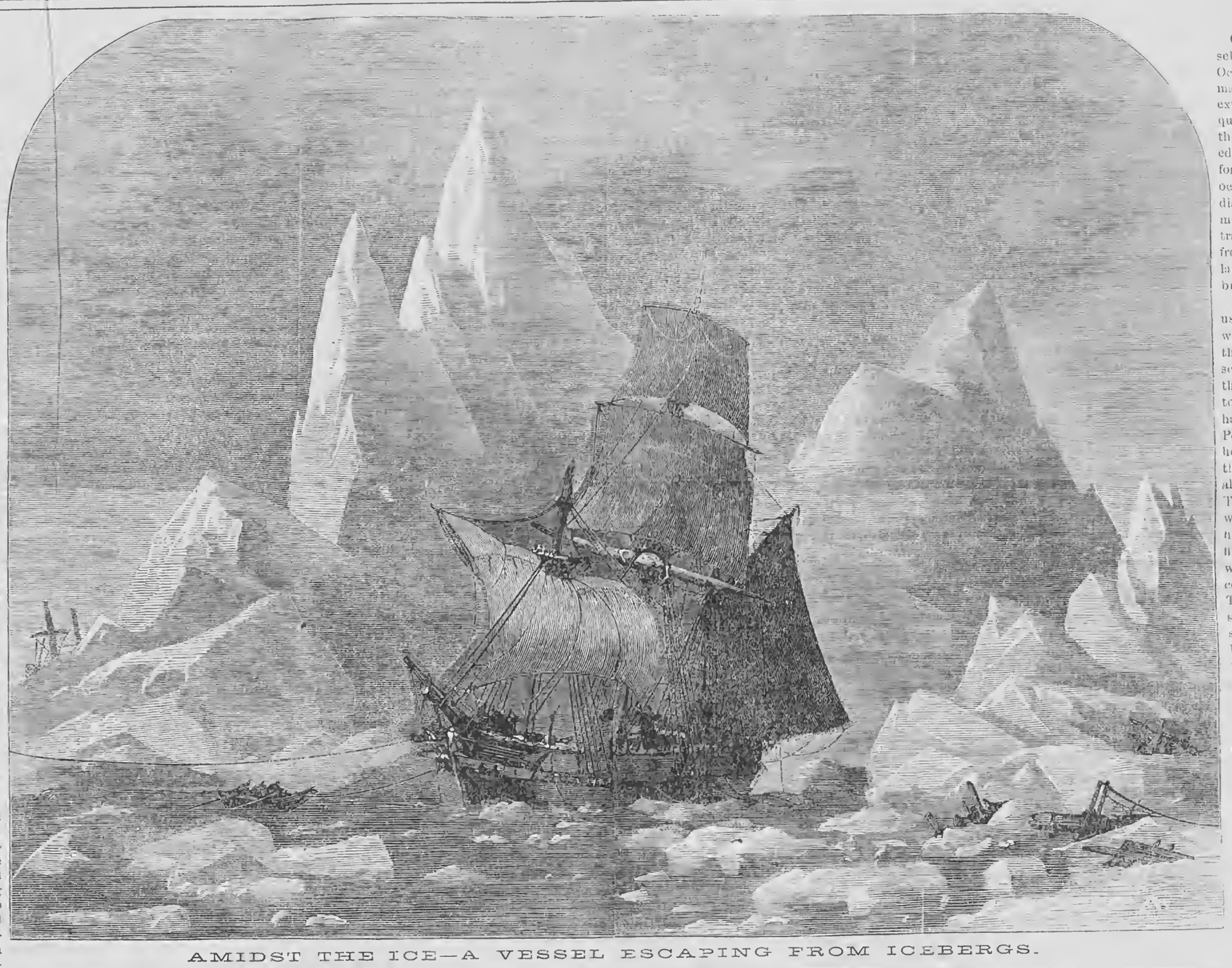
HERE we have No. 307 of the Library of Select Novels. It is superior to some of the series, and does not come up to the level of others. The author is not announced. He (or she, we suspect,) writes in rather a graceful style, though sometimes carelessly, and occasionally in a manner too flippant to be wholly pleasing. The story hinges upon the will of a rich man childless, and, as is the case always where wills are concerned, the plot develops considerable intrigue. Sold by DEWEY.

UNITED STATES MUSICAL REVIEW. A Monthly Magazine. New York: J. L. Peters.

THIS large journal of music comes to us now in covers, and comprises 32 pages (sheet music size) of musical matter. The number for February, now on our table, has two songs—"Ally Ray" and "Maribell"—and two instrumental pieces—"Red Bird Waltz" and "Damask Rose March,"—beside a fine variety of reading matter on interesting and instructive musical subjects, reviews, musical news, &c. It should find a welcome in every music-loving family.—$2 per annum; single copies 20 cts.

DOMBEY & SON. By CHARLES DICKENS. [12 mo.—pp. 356.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FOR thirty-five cents, the enterprising publishers of the "Popular Edition" of DICKENS give to the public one of that author's best works. There is a great deal of matter in "Dombey & Son," and it is here produced handsomely, though cheaply. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.



AMIDST THE ICE—A VESSEL ESCAPING FROM ICEBERGS.

ARCTIC PERILS.

OUR engraving represents a vessel amidst the ice of the Arctic Ocean, and illustrates one of the many dangers to which whalers in extreme northern latitudes are frequently subjected. Numberless are the ships which have been destroyed by the immense icebergs which form in the Arctic Ocean and float occasionally southward until they dissolve under the rays of our summer suns. The vessel in our illustration appears to have just escaped from being crushed between two large mountains of ice which were bearing down upon it.

A vivid picture like this gives us a better idea of the perils to which polar navigators are subject than can any attempt at mere description. It would hardly seem that men could be found, willing to engage in any undertaking so hazardous as exploring for an Open Polar Sea; and we cannot too heartily admire the courage of those who have repeatedly braved all terrors in voyages of discovery. Their stern hardihood deserves warmest praise. American whalers have done good service in the field of exploration. To them the world is indebted for recent discoveries of a new Polar Continent. The existence of this had long been surmised, but it was first actually seen on August 14, 1867, from the bark "Nile," and subsequently that vessel sailed for one hundred miles along its coast. The Captain of the "Nile" named it Wrangell's Land, (after the noted Russian explorer, Baron WRANGELL,) and it adds considerably to the world's known surface. It lies nearly within sight of the northern shore of the most eastern province of Siberia, but is unapproachable. The southeastern cape of the new territory is in north latitude 71° 10', and west longitude 176° 46'. The southwestern cape is in north latitude 70° 50', and west longitude 178° 15'. From these points and this southern coast it stretches indefinitely northward. Along the south coast it looks quite elevated, and near the center has an extinct crater cone, which is estimated to be 2,480 feet high. This coast appears to be nearly straight, with high, rugged cliffs, and entirely barren.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WATER.

THE extent to which water mingles with bodies, apparently the most solid, is wonderful. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landlord has in his estate, 400 are water. In every plaster-paris statue, which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to four pounds of chalk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one seventy-five per cent, and the other ninety per cent of water. If a man weighing one hundred and forty pounds were squeezed in a hydraulic press, one hundred and five pounds of water would run out, and only thirty-five of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through five and a half pails full of water. In plants we find water mingling no less wonderfully. A sun-flower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. An acre of growing wheat draws and passes out ten tons of water per day. The pore of the plant is the medium through which the mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which it flows with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be assimilated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and sprinkled over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

ELECTRICITY—THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

IN the Agricultural Department was a self-regulating and alarm thermometer, constructed upon a plan similar to the one adopted by Secchi. A platinum wire is fused into the bulb, and a second wire inserted at the degree to which it was proposed to raise the temperature in a hot-house or other building, and both wires were connected with a battery which drove a magneto-electric machine so situated that it could be seen at all times by the director of the establishment. In this way control was kept of the temperature, and any neglect on the part of the servants at once noted.

Electric signals of all kinds were exhibited. To announce that a switch was wrong, that the draw was open, that the down train had not started, that there was danger ahead, was all practically arranged. For use in the house, there was no end to contrivance. If the servant did not answer the bell, the bell would keep on ringing all day and all night until it was attended to. If a burglar entered a door or window, his approach would be announced by a lusty ringing of bells. If the water was too low in the boiler, ding-dong would go the bell. If the house was growing cold, the mercury would sink in the thermometer, and again the bell would ring.—*The Nation.*

NEW USES OF PAPER.

ONE of the last uses of paper is its application in the manufacture of pails, wash-basins, pans, spittoons, &c.; and, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the above articles—as made by the American papier-mache Manufacturing Company of Greenpoint, L. I., from a chemically prepared paper—are superior in many respects to any others ever before made. The paper from which these articles are manufactured is rendered impervious to the action of water or acids; the utensils can be placed in an oven till the water will boil in them; placed in the sun at the hottest season, or exposed to the severest cold, without the slighest effect on them; where wood would rot and iron would rust, these articles are unaffected, and, with proper usage, would be as good as new. In pails there is an advantage that water will not taste of the material, and will never soak, and will never fall to pieces; being a non-conductor of heat, will keep water cool. The articles are coated with a vegetable composition, which, even if it does wear off, it does not affect their durability and does not injure them, except in appearance.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MABEL'S WISH.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

MABEL sat down in the nook by the window to study her lesson. It was a warm, sunshiny day, and the yellow and brown butterflies slept in the sun, and the breezes went and came in a lazy sort of a way. By-and-by she began to tire of her book, and laid it down on the window-sill and fell to watching the clouds in the sky and the men at work in the meadow making hay; and then her eyes wandered to a bird on the cherry tree by the gate, a yellow-coated, gay-looking fellow, who was singing a very blithe little song that had the music of the waterfall in it, and seemed to be as full of sweetness as the flowers were full of delicate odors.

"Oh dear!" sighed MABEL, as she thought of the half-learned lesson, "how I wish I was a bird! Birds never have to study, and they are always happy as they can be!"

MABEL'S head kept sinking lower and lower, and at last it rested on the window-sill, and in a moment she was fast asleep. And when she fell asleep she dreamed that an old woman with a queer, brown face came to her, and asked her if she would like to be a bird. And when she answered that she should, very much, the queer old woman touched her with a little stick she carried, and in less time than it takes me to write it, MABEL was a gay little yellow-bird, and the woman was gone.

It was several moments before she could really believe that she was indeed a bird. She shook her wings, and looked at her feet, and examined her bright plumage, and at last came to the conclusion that she really was a bird, and no longer MABEL.

"Oh how nice!" she thought. "No more books for me now! If I don't enjoy myself it won't be my fault."

Then she hopped upon the window-sill and spread her wings and sailed away through the warm, golden air. The feeling that flying gave was very delightful, she thought, as she whirled, and rose, and fell in the sunshine, and at last perched on the cherry tree. Suddenly an old gray cat sprang from among the leaves, where it had been concealed, and made a grab for the unsuspecting bird with its sharp claws. But as good luck was on the side of the bird, the cat could not quite reach her, and MABEL flew away very much frightened.

She soared away up in the blue sky, delighted at the sense of freedom that she felt. It was so much better than walking, and she could get along so much faster! Pretty soon an old hawk came flying along in search of prey, and the little bird caught his eye. He came toward her very swiftly, with a harsh scream, and MABEL knew what he was after by the fierce look in his eye and his open beak; he was after her for his dinner! She turned about and flew downwards as fast as her wings could carry her, almost scared out of her senses. She was too swift for the hawk, though, and reached a tree and flew in among its branches, nearly tired out with her exertions, while her pursuer flew about over the tree, screaming harshly at the loss of his victim.

It was almost night when she became rested enough to look about her, and as the tree was a very pleasant one, she concluded to stay there till morning. So she folded her wings, and tucked her head under one of them, and went to sleep, feeling very secure among the thick, green branches. She dreamed that her mother missed her very much and wondered what had become of her. And then she thought how she could contrive to let her mother know that she had turned into a bird. All at once she heard a hoarse croak, and awoke to find that an old owl was sitting just above her on a limb, watching her with a very wicked look in his round, blinking eyes. He had just discovered her, and she looked so fat and plump that he could not help giving a croak of delight to think that he stood in such a fair way to have a nice supper. It was unlucky for him, and very lucky for the poor bird, that he did so,—for she was so much frightened that she dropped from her perch as though she had been struck by a stone, and he could not see her in the tall, green grass at the foot of the tree.

Poor bird-MABEL! She concluded bird-life was not so pleasant after all; and then she thought of the nice, white bed at home, where she could sleep without once thinking of harm. Now she was not safe at all. She did not dare to stir,—for the old owl was watching for her, and she expected his great eyes would hunt her out as she crouched down in the wet grass.

After a while morning came. When she dared to flutter up from the grass all the rest of the birds were singing, and she supposed she must, too. But alas! sitting in the dew had given her a cold in her head, and her voice was not as musical as it had been. She flew about searching for food as she saw other birds do. Once in a while she found a worm or a berry,—but when noon came she was very hungry. She heard the horn blow and wished she could be a girl again, for a little while, any way, and eat a good, hearty dinner, such as she used to before she got to be a bird. But birds never could do as people did, and so she had to go hungry.

After flying about for a long time she saw a few crumbs of bread scattered about on the ground below her, and, with a chirp of delight, flew down and commenced to eat. When she had satisfied her hunger she spread her wings to fly away; but alas! she could not! She was caught fast in a large net that had fallen over her unnoticed, while she was eating. She remembered hearing her mother tell of boys who caught birds and sold them to be kept in cages. What if she should be confined all her life in a little wire prison, scarcely large enough for her to stretch her wings in? Oh, the thought was terrible! How could she live shut away from the blue sky and the sunshine? She beat her wings against the meshes of the prisoning net in a vain attempt to free herself from its restraint. But her wings were too weak to avail anything, and she sank down quivering with terror and wishing, oh, *so* much! that she had been contented with her lot, and never longed to be a bird.

"MABEL! MABEL! wake up!" Mrs. GRANT shook her little girl gently, and MABEL woke up from her troubled sleep with a bewildered look on her face.

"You have been dreaming, hav'nt you, MABEL?" her mother asked.

"Oh, mamma!" and MABEL threw herself into her mother's arms, "I wished I was a bird, so I wouldn't have to study, and I dreamed I *was* one. But I don't want to be a bird *now*,—for I know I can be ever so much happier as I am, even if I have to study a great deal harder than I do now! I shall never wish I was a bird again! I'd rather be your own little girl," and MABEL thought the kiss her mother gave her the sweetest one she had ever known.

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

IN prosperity, prepare for a change. In adversity, hope for one.

KEEP yourself from opportunities and God will keep you from sins.

WHATEVER is lovely changes; the sea and the barren rocks will remain forever as they are.

DULL men are to be closely studied. Their qualities, like pearls, lie out of sight, and must be dived for.

CICERO gives expression to a beautiful thought when he says, "I go from life as from an inn, not as from home."

BENEFIT your friends that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies that they may become your friends.

THE Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back by a coach and six horses.

UP.

THE oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little further from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little further from the earth,
And nearer to the sky. *Our Boys and Girls.*

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOOD EFFECTS OF MANUAL LABOR.

ONE important advantage of agricultural pursuits, too often overlooked, is the development of a vigorous, manly frame. The human body,—the mere animal part of man,—is subject to improvement or degeneracy, just according to its culture and training. In unfavorable circumstances it is just as sure to degenerate as that of any other animal. This simple and obvious fact seems by many to be forgotten or unknown, since they are at less pains to develop strength, agility and manliness in their children than they are to rear large, well-proportioned and well-trained cattle. To give any attention to physical education seems to them quite beneath their dignity. Happily, in the country such an education is almost necessarily involved in agricultural duties. It is not necessary to call in the aid of base ball clubs nor the break-neck exercises of gymnasiums. Aside from wholesome, nutritious food, the two principal conditions for developing the physical powers, are exercise and the open air; both of which are plentifully provided for the farmer.

Our youth who shrink from the hard labor of the farm should remember that it is part of that discipline best calculated to make them men. Could they take a peep into the parlors of the wealthy, or behind the counters of the mercantile houses of New York city, or into those manufactories, in which boys have been kept at work for years in the house, they might, with no very deep philosophy, learn to value the incessant labors of the farm more highly. The little, narrow-chested, peaked-faced, stooping, cadaverous objects, by courtesy called men, that they would behold, would give them no very exalted idea of the fitness of indoor, sedentary occupations to form a vigorous, manly frame. They may do well enough to make fops and dandies,—dealers in laces and sugar plums,—but not to form those hardy, athletic men who can conduct great enterprises, who are the pride and support of a nation.

The complaints which a young man recently made to me of the hardships of agricultural life were both amusing and suggestive of interesting reflections. He stood before me,—straight as an arrow, full six feet high, with a well-developed, heavy chest and broad shoulders,—a perfect specimen of an athletic, vigorous, healthy manhood. Like the youngest son of JESSE, "he was ruddy, and withal of beautiful countenance and good to look to." Yet like thousands of our youth, who wish to gain a livelihood without work, he knew not these endowments were the compensation for the toil, early and late, upon his paternal domain,—endowments that can be secured only by long continued exercise in the open air, and which are of the highest importance to young men, being in themselves a fortune, and the rarest and strongest recommendation, except a virtuous life, in the eyes of those whom young men most of all delight to please, and from among whom they are bound, both by love and duty, to select and win a companion for life. E. M. R.

FAILING EYES.

PERSONS suffering from dyspepsia or any other malady, must take care of their eyes. Any disease impairs the strength, and the nervous system is depressed; and when laboring under this form of depression, the eye is particularly liable to become weak. The reason of this is, that "of the ten nerves which go off from the brain, six are distributed wholly, and the other four partially to the eye." Through the great sympathetic nerve, the disturbed stomach, or liver, or intestines, communicates with telegraphic speed with the brain, and so with the eye. The first advice to be given with reference to the comfortable use of the eyes, undoubtedly is—to keep intestines and liver and stomach in a healthy condition, or in other words do everything to confirm the general health. If this be impaired, do not read, and especially do not write long without giving the eye a rest. The great remedy for an eye whose disease depends upon the nerve and not the muscle, is Rest! Rest!! Rest!!!

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

About Forwarding Premiums.—There has recently been some unavoidable delay in forwarding Premiums to RURAL friends entitled to them, owing to the pressure of business in our Mailing Department, and the severe illness of the chief clerk and his consequent inability to post the accounts of Agents. All who have designated their Premiums, and advised us how and where to send them, are assured that they shall be forwarded as soon as possible,—and that we sincerely regret the temporary delay, as our aim is to pay promptly.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.: or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

From Washington.

THE impeachment resolution was duly passed in the House on the 24th ult. On the following day Representatives Stevens and Bingham proceeded to the Senate and notified that body of the action of the House in the following words:

In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives we appear before you, in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States. We do impeach Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, of high crimes and misdemeanors in office; and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit articles against him, and make good the same; and in their name we demand that the Senate take order for the appearance of said Andrew Johnson to answer said impeachment.

The presiding officer, Mr. Wade, replied that the Senate would take action in the premises.

On Saturday morning, the 29th ult., the Impeachment Committee reported to the House the Articles of Impeachment. They are ten in number, and relate entirely to the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, and to the attempt to induce General Emory, the military commander at Washington, to violate the law by receiving orders not coming to him through General Grant. Six are based on the tenure of office bill, and four charge the President with conspiracy to obtain possession of the War Department by force. Gen. Emory's testimony before the Committee is printed. It states that in an interview which that officer had with the President the latter pronounced unconstitutional the act or order declaring that all orders to the Army must be given through the General-in-Chief.

It is understood that the seven Managers to conduct the prosecution on the part of the House are to be Messrs. Stevens and Williams of Pennsylvania, Butler and Boutwell of Massachusetts, Bingham of Ohio, Wilson of Iowa and Logan of Illinois.

Senator Howard has reported from the Select Committee of the Senate, the rules for the High Court of Impeachment. Chief Justice Chase is to preside. He may rule questions of evidence and incidental questions, which ruling shall stand as the judgment of the Court, unless some member of the Court shall ask that a formal vote be taken thereon, in which case it shall be submitted to the Court for decision, or he may submit at his option. In forcing any such question to a vote of the members of the Court, all orders and decisions shall be made and had by yeas and nays, and without debate, except when the doors shall be closed for deliberation, and in that case no member shall speak more than once on one question, and for not more than ten minutes on final questions, unless by unanimous consent. All interlocutory questions shall be argued by one person only on each side, and for not exceeding one hour on each side, unless the Court shall, by order, extend the time. The final argument may be made by two persons on each side, without limit or time, the argument to be opened and closed on the part of the House of Representatives. The other features of the rules are similar to those heretofore adopted.

The attempt to defeat impeachment by bringing the Stanton-Thomas matter into the Supreme Court failed. Chief Justice Carter declined to proceed with the trial of Gen. Thomas, and dismissed the accused upon the ground that the principle and action involved were already in process of being submitted to the most august tribunal known to the Constitution, and further, that as the case would be laid before the Grand Jury, there would be no necessity of either binding over or committing General Thomas, as his character and position both insured his presence, if wanted. General Thomas has sued Mr. Stanton for false imprisonment, laying damages at $150,000. He has made no further endeavors to obtain possession of the War Office.

A message relating to the matter has been sent to the Senate, together with the nomination of Thos. Ewing, Sr., as Secretary of War. This was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and it was agreed that no action should be taken for the present on re-nominations now pending. This postpones the consideration for a time of the cases of McClellan as Minister to England, Cox as Minister to Austria, Hubbell as Minister to Ecuador, Gen. Price as Consul-General to Havana, Wisewell as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and numerous minor nominations.

No proposition looking to the absolute suspension of the President can succeed, but non-intercourse being optional with Congress, it looks as though it would be adopted to this extent.

The President has dispatches asking him to relieve Gen. Hancock. The trouble has arisen from Grant's late order reinstalling the New Orleans councilmen over Gen. Hancock.

It is believed by many Congressmen that Senator Thayer's bill to abolish the office of Adjutant General of the Army will become a law.

The President has approved of the bill for the payment of bounty to the heirs of soldiers.

Senor Don Ygnacio Gomez has been introduced to President Johnson by the Assistant Secretary of State and has delivered his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary of Nicaragua and Honduras.

New York State Items.

IN the Assembly the select Committee of five appointed to examine into alleged canal frauds has made a written report. It states that recourse has been had to a large amount of testimony taken by the Senate Canal Investigating Committee, bearing on the subject, in which they find testimony sufficient to form a basis for the gravest accusations. The report concludes with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That Robert C. Dorn, Canal Commissioner, be and he is hereby impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on Judiciary to inquire whether the powers of impeachment vested in the Assembly by the Constitution extends to officers whose term of office has expired.

The report was signed by John C. Jacobs, John F. Little, James Stevens and Jonas K. Button. Mr. Underwood, a member of the Committee, said he would make a minority report.

The Constitutional Convention closed its labors on the 28th ult., and adopted the new Constitution by a vote of 84 to 31. The document was duly signed by the officers and members, and deposited with the records in the office of the Secretary of State. The report of the Select Committee appointed to draft an address to the people says that the suffrage article will be submitted separately, and that the Constitution, as proposed, will be submitted on a day to be fixed by the present Legislature. After the adoption of the address President Wheeler made a few farewell remarks to the Convention, and pronounced it adjourned *sine die*.

A very destructive fire visited Dunkirk on the 23d ult. A large portion of the village was burned.

A locomotive on the Erie Railroad exploded on the 29th ult. Fortunately no person was injured.

The State Canal Convention met in Albany on the 25th ult., and was in session two days. James P. Wallace of New York, was made President. The meeting was of importance as manifesting the feeling of shippers and dealers concerning the canal management.

An elegant banquet was given to the members of the Convention at the Delevan House, by the Board of Trade and Lumber Dealers of Albany.

Van Zandt Bros' Coffee and Spice mills were destroyed by fire in Rochester on the 29th ult. Total loss about $25,000: insured for half that amount.

From the West.

A FIRE in Cincinnati on the 27th ult., destroyed the chemical works of Gordon & Co. Loss $60,000; insurance on stock and building $20,000.

Patrick Ross, who, some eight years ago, murdered a lady of rank in Ireland, and for whom the British Government offered £750 reward, was arrested in Cincinnati a few days ago. He subsequently attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a case knife, and will probably die.

A fire in Fairbury, Livingston county Ill., recently destroyed nineteen buildings in the business portion of the town. Loss estimated at $50,000, on which there is only $18,000 insurance.

An unfinished house in Youngstown, O., belonging to ex-Governor Todd was burned on the 27th ult. Loss $80,000.

Ex-Gov. Ford of Ohio, died on the 29th ult.

Gen. Sheridan left St. Louis for Fort Leavenworth the 28th ult. to resume command of his department.

Mr. Kettles, U. S. Assessor at Waterloo, Illinois, was garroted on the 27th ult., and robbed of $3,000.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

A GREAT meeting of the friends of the United States was held on the night of the 26th ult., at St. James Hall, London. John Bright, M. P., presided. A number of prominent members of the Liberal party were present on the platform. In the course of the evening, Mr. Bright made a powerful speech, arousing the symyathy of the audience with the American people by eloquent allusions to their conduct in the war of rebellion. Rev. Newman Hall followed with an address, in which he presented with ability the American side of the Alabama controversy, and pressed his views with an earnestness and eloquence which carried the vast assembly entirely with him. The meeting was very enthusiastic, and broke up with repeated cheers for America.

Gen. Nagle and his fellow prisoners have been indicted for treason.

Burke and other Fenian prisoners in Warwick jail will be removed to London for trial.

Advices from China show that the new trusts of Mr. Burlingame have not been exaggerated. It is understood that he is not only Minister, but Ambassador, and that his appointments are for life, with an annual salary of $40,000, which is only half of what was originally offered, but he declined accepting more. His first year's salary was deposited to his credit with a European house in China, with funds for incidental expenses, amounting in all to $116,000 in coin. His First Secretary has a salary of $10,000 per annum, and his Second Secretary $8,000, which is what is paid here to a Cabinet Minister. He is expected to arrive here in April.

Another severe battle has been fought between the Turks and Cretans, the latter being the attacking party, and displaying great bravery. The battle occurred near a fortified cemetery, outside the town of Canea, the capital of Crete. A number of the Turks were drowned in retreating, 50 were killed by the Cretan troops, 100 wounded and 40 taken prisoners. The Turks, as usual, attacked non-combatants, slaying 50, after having robbed them of all valuables found in their possession. The irregular Turkish troops have also been guilty of similar atrocities in the vicinity of Rehetima.

The Provisional Government has issued a circular addressed to the representatives of the Christian powers, declaring that the Cretan people are resolved to remain faithful to their vote of union with Greece.

A treaty between Prussia and the United States has been consummated. It provides that emigration shall be free, and that naturalization changes nationality.

The King of Bavaria died in Munich on the 28th of February.

DEATH OF GEN. MCCALL.—Major-General GEORGE A. MCCALL, died in Philadelphia on the 26th ult. He was commander of the Pennsylvania Reserves during the Peninsula campaign; and was taken a prisoner-of-war and suffered a long confinement in Richmond. He was a graduate of the West Point Academy, and served in Florida and Mexico, with much credit. His age was sixty-six years.

HAYTIEN MATTERS.—By late advices from Hayti we learn that the French Admiral, with three ships of war, had arrived in the harbor of Port au Prince. Salnave had experienced heavy losses in his recent campaign against the Cacos rebels.

Southern Editorial Correspondence.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb., 1868.

MY DEAR RURAL:—I have a sort of dim recollection that my last was dated at Montgomery in Alabama. I so rarely see your welcome face that I do not remember always where I write or when. I have thought so many times of writing, and chalked out what I would say, that things get mixed in my mind, and I am not "most always" certain that I have not been writing about the very places before.

I remember thinking I would write about my visit and a night's tarry with a chance friend whom I picked up one afternoon on the train from Montgomery to Opelaka. It was a little episode in my wandering life quite pleasant to remember. It gave me an insight into the inner life and mode of thought in the South,—instructive at least. I am quite sure I wanted to tell of some Western men who had come down to that region and bought a plantation of about 1,200 acres at a low figure, and were beginning to improve it. Another had, with his brother, commenced the manufacture of agricultural implements at a little town called Auburn, with a prospect of a large business. The first visible step in the direction of progress will be when larger plows and heavier teams are used in the stirring of the soil for a crop.

I staid all night at Columbus, Georgia, and I know I meant to write about the magnificent water-power which I saw at that place. It can be made one of the great manufacturing centers of the Union. While in Savanuah I made up my mind that it was the ultimate seat of the commercial center between Baltimore and New Orleans—though Capt. ATKINS, of the City Point steamer which plies between Charleston and some point up that most beautiful sheet of water, the St. Johns River of Florida, told me to day as I was riding in his boat down the river from Pilatka, in a sort of confidential way, that Port Royal was soon to rival New York in its commercial advantages, and swallow up all the other towns along the coast. And then going up to Tallahassee, the other day, and in coming back to Live Oak where you branch off for this place, I mentally took notes that I was quite sure would swell into an article when I got to the first stopping place. But somehow I have found at every point, and along the route, some person who could give me the result of his personal observation of some parts of Florida, and with map and pencil in hand I have thus explored by this means nearly the whole of the State; and only to-day while waiting for the next train have I found time to get my thoughts concentrated enough to make writing possible. And I hardly know where to begin now, yet I will start from the dock, as I did last Friday in a beautiful moon-shining night when the moon was at its full.

The St. John's as far up as I went—some 25 miles above Pilatka—is one of the most beautiful sheets of water I have ever yet seen, and I have seen nearly all of any note east of the Mississippi river. There is nothing of the grand which pertains to many of our Northern rivers, but for quiet beauty it has no rival. In many features it is like our own beautiful inland lakes. Now, the shores coming almost together, then, further on, a point is turned, and a broad expanse spreads out with the dimly outlined shore upon which is seen a fringe of foliage peculiar to this semi-tropical region. But I have no time to describe it. At Pilatka I took a little boat to go up the Ochlawaha, which flows from the west and drains a succession of lakes that spread out over a large surface of the country to the west of the St. Johns and comes in about 25 miles above the town. Up this tortuous little river, about the size of the Erie canal, and so crooked that the boat in going round the sharp bends often had the two ends touching both banks of the stream at the same time, I went 40 miles to a little place called Orange Springs. These are the fabled springs which PONCE DE LEON sought in vain. If he had only come up to this one he would have been living now, a happy youth. Indeed, I have seen no point yet where I would so willingly settle down for the remnant of my life as here, though the surroundings are of the most primitive kind. I went back to Pilatka by land, some 25 miles, and thence down the river to this place—having seen much, and learned more, of this wonderful country, than I had ever known or imagined in regard to it before. I can only say now, it is the Paradise of the poor man and the Eden of the rich. When better known, as soon it must be, there will be a great emigration from the North, both East and West. Its leading staples will be sugar, oranges and lemons. If I were to tell what I heard and saw in regard to the value of the products of single acres of land, of which millions of acres as good can be had as homesteads under the pre-emption act, I know my Northern friends would not credit me, so I will not risk my reputation, if I have any, by doing so.

To-day I met SOLON ROBINSON, who has been *doing* Florida in the New York Tribune,—and though I do not know what he has said, am willing to "*go it blind*," and endorse it fully, for no man who has any knowledge of the agricultural capacities of a country can well exaggerate in regard to this wonderful region.

I have little time now to write, though I imagine many of the readers of this have cold fingers, and a broad expanse of snow and ice, while just now I saw green peas sold for $4 per bushel, *pods and all*, raised by a Rochester man up the St. Johns—some 25 miles from here,

T. C. P.

REMARKS.—The above is pleasant reading to us on this 2d of March, with the mercury *hovering around zero*, and the worst snow and blow storm of the season! Green peas, indeed!—ED.

From the South.

GEN. HANCOCK has issued an order, by direction of Gen. Grant, revoking so much of his previous order as removed certain Councilmen in New Orleans and appointing others, and reinstating those removed.

The North Carolina Radical State Convention nominated for Governor, W. W. Holden; for Lt.-Governor, T. R. Caldwell; for Secretary of State, H. J. Messenger. The Convention also nominated Grant for President and Wade for Vice-President.

The operations of the Freedmen's Bureau in the States of Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee ceased on Saturday, the 15th instant, in accordance with an order issued by General Grant while he was Secretary of War *ad interim*.

The members of the Virginia Convention and a large audience were recently addressed by Governor Pierpont, Judge Rives and Hon. John Minor Botts. Governor Pierpont denounced the University of Virginia as the hot-bed from which sprang the ideas which carried Virginia into rebellion. Judge Rives advocated the propriety of educational qualification for suffrage at some time in the future. The State Conservative Convention was denounced as destructive instead of conservative. Mr. Botts said that if the President had been impeached a year ago there would be no necessity for a convention now. He advocated disfranchisement, especially of leaders of the secession movement.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A PAPER called The Repudiator, having for its object the repudiation of the National debt, has been started in St Louis.

A NAUTILUS has been found at the mouth of Okau river, Ill., seven feet long, two feet wide and nine inches in thickness.

ANOTHER severe shock of earthquake was experienced at Montreal on the 25th ult., and was the most violent felt there of late years.

A DEFALCATION of from $40,000 to $50,000 has been discovered in North Providence Bank of Pawtucket. The cashier and one of the directors are implicated.

THE law in Salt Lake requires young men to marry at the age of nineteen, or pay a forfeit to Brigham of $200. They can have as many wives as they please.

COMMODORE NUTT has been skating at Leavenworth, and one of the papers of the town remarks that he "pedipulated his little drum-sticks with astonishing celerity."

THE Schenectady Union apprehends serious difficulty if there should be a sudden break in the Mohawk. There is an immense quantity of ice from that point westward.

HON. JOHN W. DANA, ex-Governor of Maine, died recently of cholera at Rio Janeiro. Six others belonging to Portland, Me., sojourning there, also died of the same disease.

THE products of the lead mines at Galena are estimated for the current year at 225,000 pigs, of seventy pounds each, which at nine cents per pound, would amount to $1,367,500.

THE salary of Theodore Tilton, of the New York Independent, has been increased from $5,000 to $7,000, which is the next highest salary paid any New York editor, Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, receiving $10,000 a year.

IN Columbus, Ohio, a few days since, a sore, caused by a skate-strap, made its appearance upon a boy's foot; the foot became swollen, and a poisonous substance gathered, which spread throughout the system and caused death.

THE Virginia City Enterprise says that Brigham Young has had occasion during the present winter to mourn the decease of five of his wives, from pneumonia affections. Such are the mournful consequences of being married too much.

THE chemical manufactory of Powers & Weightman, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on the 29th ult. It was the largest establishment of the kind in the United States. The fire was occasioned by the explosion of drugs. No lives were lost.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 3, 1868.

THE excitement in the gold market, caused by the agitation of the subject of impeachment, subsided in a short time, and the price at the close of last week was about the same as before the attempted removal of Secretary Stanton. The Bulls cannot affect the market, in consequence of Washington excitements, as much as formerly. Yesterday gold sold in New York at 141¾.

It was apprehended the foreign market for American securities would be quite unfavorably affected by the action of the House of Representatives impeaching the President, but five-twenties, both in London and Frankfort, have varied very little in price, and continue firm, particularly at the latter point. The German people have come to the conclusion that the bonds are good, that the interest and principal will be met in good faith, and are little moved by speeches of individuals, whether in or out of Congress, that hint at partial repudiation; neither, as it now seems, are they likely to be seriously alarmed in consequence of the impeachment of the highest officer of the Government.

Government securities were rather lower at the close of last week. The New York evening papers of Saturday attribute this to the discussion of Sherman's finance bill in the Senate, and our bonds abroad seem to have been more affected by Mr. Sherman's speech than by all the action in regard to impeachment.

Foreign holders of our securities do not look with particular favor upon the reduction of interest proposed in the bill now before the Senate. Even at the reduction, foreign capitalists will receive a greater interest on an investment in American bonds than they are likely to get on any other security, at the present low rates of interest in England and on the Continent.

The Senate bill will not be likely to become a law for some time yet, though it is thought in some quarters the bill may pass the Senate.

In Western New York the call for money is not large, and probably will not be for some time to come. The banks are in good condition, and could extend their line of discounts if the requirements of the business community demanded.

In New York there has been more call for money the last week than for some time previous, and rates of interest have somewhat advanced. The market, however, is comparatively easy, and the supply of loanable funds in excess of demand.

A Boston paper of Saturday says:—"Money is in active demand, and business paper is growing more abundant. The best short notes are discounted at from 6 to 7 per cent."

A fairly easy market is reported at Chicago, and in other western cities the supply of funds is better than early in the winter. At Cincinnati there is not as good a supply of currency as existed two weeks since, and rates of interest tend upward.

There are a good many bills still out on the old State banks. These should be immediately returned for redemption. In Boston the time has expired for which the banks can be legally held for the redemption of their old notes, yet we believe they have determined to redeem for some time longer.

The First National Bank of Bethel, Conn., has failed. The Chicago papers report the failure of the First National Bank of Keokuk, Iowa. The recent National Bank failures are caused by loaning large sums on inadequate security, or by the fraud and dishonesty of some officer of the institution. There is no loss to bill-holders in any of the failures.

WOOL.—The market for wool continued active last week, and sales were unusually large. The Boston sales foot up 2,700,000 lbs., at a range of 40@64c. for fleece, and 40@50c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Commercial Bulletin of the 29th ult. says:—"At present, the tendency of wool values is strongly upward, with supplies of the low and medium grades reduced to a very low compass, and speculators and consumers competing for desirable lots. All grades are decidedly firmer, and light, good conditioned parcels of Western and Michigan fleece readily command an advance of 2@3c. on last month's quotations. Super pulled and combing wools are sold very close up, and are also wanted at higher prices. Fine fleece wools are in better demand; but these are more plenty than the inferior grades, and are still selling at relatively low rates."

The market for woolen goods is noticed thus:—"The market is more active, and prices, though not materially advanced, are firmer for all desirable fabrics. Buyers are satisfied that values in this department have touched bottom, and hence incline to come in for seasonable supplies."

It is said that many Vermont farmers have two or three years' clips of wool on hand, and one man has nine years' stock, 12,000 to 15,000 pounds, for some of which he was offered in 1864 over $1 per pound.

Mr. Finney of Troy bought 80,000 pounds of wool, recently, in Castleton, Vt., paying 30 to 40 cents per pound.

COTTON.—The speculative feeling in cotton has very much subsided. There has been a decline of ⅜d. in the Liverpool market, with a large falling off the last week in the amount of sales. At the close of last week prices had fallen off in New York and Boston 1@1½c. from the highest point reached.

DRY GOODS.—The decline in cotton has had little effect on the goods market, except to check speculation. The supply of seasonable goods is not large enough to induce holders to submit to a reduction. In fact, some descriptions of cotton goods have advanced ½@1c. per yard, in face of the decline in the raw material.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The receipts of wheat continue large at the lake ports. The shipments east, both of wheat and flour, by rail, are small. Dealers are waiting for the opening of lake navigation, when there must be an active business. Prices of flour declined somewhat in New York and Boston toward the close of last week. Though the eastern supply is not particularly large, the trade notice the large accumulations at the lake ports, which must soon seek an eastern market.

PETROLEUM is doing a little better, but the foreign demand is not large.

PORK.—The market at the East is active at increased figures. A Boston paper of Saturday says:—"The pork market rules very buoyant, with a speculative feeling, and prices for all hog products have further materially advanced. In New York, there have been large transactions for forward delivery, at an improvement of 75@$1,00 for new mess. The export movement has been checked by the rapid rise, which has more than neutralized the advance in gold."

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives have voted to retain the present tax of $2 per gallon on whisky. The vote was as follows:—In favor of present tax, Schenck, Hooper, Morehead, Logan and Maynard; against it, Allison, Griswold, Brooks and Niblack. It is thought that the new tax bill will not be reported before the middle or last of March.

To save space we omit our usual Price Current table, and give wholesale market prices in a more condensed form, as follows:

ROCHESTER, MARCH 2.—Flour, wheat, $10@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $3,50@4.00; Corn meal, cwt., $2,50@2,75; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $2.80@3,00; Rye, $1,65@1.70; Oats, 65@70c; Barley, $1,65@1,75; Beans, $3,50@4,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@23.50; Beef, cwt., $8,00@12,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,00@11,00; Hams, 15@16c Shoulders, 10@12c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 20@22c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 13@14c; Lard, 15@16c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 35@38c; Potatoes, 88@90c; Apples, green, ℔ bbl., $2.50@3,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $2,50@3.00; Timothy seed, $3,25@3,50; Clover seed, medium, $7,00@7.25; Do. large, $8,00@9,00; Peas, $1,40@1,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2.00; Hops, 45@60c; Wool 40@48c; Honey, box, ℔ ℔., 22@25c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 29.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.37½; pearls, nominal; Cotton, middlings, 22@22½c; Flour, $8.50@15; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,50; Wheat, $2,40@2.50; Rye, $1.80; Barley, $1,85@2.10; Corn, $1.15@1.22; Oats, 81½@84½c; Pork, mess, $23.00@23.25; prime, $18.00@22.00; prime mess, $22.50@23.00; Beef, new plain mess, $13.00@22.00; Beef hams, $31.50@36.50; Shoulders, 10½@11½c; Hams, 14½@15½c; Bacon, 10½@13c; Lard, 15½@16½c; Butter, 30@60c; Cheese, 11@16c.

ALBANY, FEB. 29.—Flour, $9.00@15.50; Rye flour, $9.00; Buckwheat flour, $4.25@4.50; Corn meal, $2.75@2.85 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.75@3.10; Rye, $1.80; Corn, $1.20@1.29; Barley, $2.00; Oats, 85@85c; Pork, new mess, $25.00; clear, $27.00; boneless, $28.00; Hams, 17c; Shoulders, 14c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 16@16½c.

BUFFALO, FEB. 29.—Flour, $10.25@13.50; Wheat, $2.15@3.00; Corn, $1.04@1.05; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1.65; Barley, $1.95@2.10; Peas, $1.40@1.45; Beans, $4.50@4.75; Pork, mess, $24.50@25.00; Lard, 17c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17c; Clover seed, $7,50@7.75; Timothy, $2,75; Flax, $2.50.

CHICAGO, FEB. 29—Flour, $8.25@10.50; Wheat, $1.94½@2.00; Corn, 77@77½c; Oats, 55½@56; Rye, $1.56@1.60; Barley, $1.60@2.20; Pork, mess, $20.00@23.00; Lard, 14@15½c; Butter, 30@36c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1.90@2.35; clover, $7.25@8.80; flax, $2.20.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 29.—Flour, $8.75@11,75; Wheat, $2,45@2,50; Corn, 81@82c ear; Oats, 66@67c; Rye, $1,70@1,74; Barley, $3,00@2.83; Mess pork, $23@24,75; Lard, 15½@16c; Bacon, 10½@11c; Clover seed, 13@13½c. ℔ ℔; Timothy, $2,00@2.50.

TORONTO, FEB. 27.—Flour, $7.00@7.10; Wheat, fall, $1.73@1.78; Spring, $1.60@1.63; Oats, 58@63c; Barley, $1@1.26; Peas, 1,76@1,78; Pork, mess, $17,50@19; Bacon, 6½@7½c; Hams, 7½@8cts; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 9½@11c; Eggs, 20@20c; Butter, 15@20c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 8@9c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $13@18; Straw, $11@12.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Beeves—Receipts 4,178 head; quotations 13@20c. Veal calves; receipts 809 head; quotations 8½@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 25,970 head; quotations Sheep 4½@9c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 10,035 head; quotations, 8½@9c.

ALBANY, FEB. 27.—Beef Cattle sell at 8½@12c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep and Lambs, 4½@8½c; Hogs, 7½@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, FEB. 26.—Beeves range from 10@14½c; Working Oxen, $160@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 4@7cts; extra, 7@8c; by the head, $2@6.00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 7@8c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 60c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, FEB. 29—Beef Cattle, 6½@7½c. Veal Calves, 4½@5½c. Sheep, $3@5,50. Hogs, $7,62½@7,75.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 29—Beef Cattle, $4,00@7,50; Sheep, 4½@7c; Hogs, 7@8½c.

BALTIMORE, FEB. 24.—Beef Cattle, 4½@9½c; Sheep, 5@7c; Hogs, 11½@13c.

TORONTO, FEB. 27—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $3,50@6; Calves, $3@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 29.—Market is firm and in active demand. Sales are 1,500,000 lbs. at 40@60c. for Domestic Fleece, 41@46c. for pulled, 22@24c. for Texas, 21@22c. for California.

BOSTON, FEB. 27—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 37@59c; 26@52c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@46c; California, 23½@31c; Texas, 27½@30c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, FEB. 29—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 32@40c.; Medium, 35@38c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@27c.; Tub-washed, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, FEB. 29—The following are the Gazette's quotations;—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

MARRIED.

In Holley, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. N. BOSWORTH, Mr. WM. HATCH and Mrs. ALICE WHITE, all of Holley, N. Y.

DIED.

ON Tuesday morning, Feb. 18, 1868, at his residence, in Waverly, N. Y., JOHN I. SCUDDER, in his 45th year.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.

946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

GENUINE EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES, $2.00 ℔ bushel. No extra charge for packages. T. J. WATERBURY, Plank Road, near Syracuse, N. Y. 946-2t

THE SUBSCRIBER NOW OFFERS FOR sale a very fine Imported Leicester Ram. Price, pedigree, &c., can be obtained on application. Address the undersigned. GEORGE MOORE,
946-2teo Confluence, Front Royal, Warren Co., Va.

FLOWER SEEDS! FLOWER SEEDS!!—WE have just received from Europe a large collection of

FRESH FLOWER SEEDS!

which we offer to the trade for the Spring of 1868. Catalogues sent on application. Address FROST & CO.,
946-3teo Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LYONS NURSERY OFFERS FOR sale select Nursery Stock—PEACH, PLUM, APPLE, CHERRY and QUINCE TREES; PEARS, Standard and Dwarf; GRAPE VINES from layers 2 and 3 years old; HORSE CHESTNUT, 5 feet; PHILADELPHIA, KIRTLAND and DOOLITTLE RASPBERRIES; WILSON, LAWTON and KITTATINNY BLACKBERRIES; MINER'S DEWBERRY; EVERGREENS, &c. For Wholesale or Retail Catalogue, address E. WARE SYLVESTER,
Lyons, N. Y.

SEND FOR CURTIS & COBB'S VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEED DIRECTORY AND NEW SPRING CATALOGUE.—Our new Illustrated price Catalogue for 1868, containing all the novelties and specialties of the season, with a full list of Gladiolus, Lilies, Tuberoses, other Summer Flowering Bulbs, Small Fruits, Shrubs, &c., &c., is now ready to mail to all applicants enclosing us ten cents. Regular customers supplied without charge. Address
946-3t CURTIS & COBB, 348 Washington St., Boston.

15 TO 30 DAYS EARLIER.—KEYES' EARLY PROLIFIC TOMATO.—HOVEY & Co.—Again offer *genuine* seeds raised by them, of this most valuable Tomato, which has proved from 15 to 30 days earlier than any other kind.

J. S. SEWALL, St. Paul, says:—"It is *one month* earlier than the Tilden." P. HENDERSON, New York, says "It ripens its general crop *about 15 days earlier* than any other." D. LANDRETH & SON say that "It is a *week earlier*, and that is enough to make it valuable." A writer in the AM. AGRICULTURIST says, each vine produces "*10 lbs. per plant*, and the Tilden only 2½ lbs., that it ripens up its crop *in 4 weeks*." CHAS. DOWNING, N. Y., says—"It is *at least 10 days earlier* than any other variety." E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y., says—"It is 10 *to* 15 *days ahead* of all others." Judge J. KING, Dubuque, Iowa, says—"It is not only 15 *to* 20 *days earlier*, but better flavored, an acquisition beyond dispute."

Single packets of seeds, 15 cts. The trade supplied by the 100 or 1,000. Address, HOVEY & CO.,
946-2teo 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lafler's New Iron-Clad Brick Machine—J A Lafler & Co.
St. John's Patent Hand Glass—St John & Templeton.
Eggs and Pure Bred Fancy Poultry—N P Boyer & Co.
$25 Premium—H A King & Co.
$40,000,000 in Forty Years—Haney & Co.
Hop Poles—J R Woodworth.
The Solartype Hot-Air Furnaces—J C Cochrane.
New Varieties Oats—N P Boyer & Co.
Peach Trees, &c—E Moody & Son.
Plum and Cherry Trees—Nicholas & Newson.
Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Attention Tobacco Users—C B Cotton.
Several Improved Farms for Sale—T Davis.
Premium Chester White Pigs—N P Boyer & Co.
Agents Wanted—Graniteville S M Co.
Plants and Seeds by Mail—Mark D Willson.
Cheese Apparatus—P S Meserole.
Bronze Turkeys—N P Boyer & Co.
Strawberries, Raspberries, &c—Samuel C DeCon.
Thoroughbred Stock of all Kinds—A H Halsted & Co.
Nursery Stocks—Nicholas & Newson
Early Goodrich and Gleason Potatoes—T C Maxwell & Bros.
The Franklin Brick Machine—J H Renick.
Seed Drills—P S Meserole.
Local Agents Wanted—Hadley & Pierce.
Osage Orange Seed—P S Meserole.
Agents Wanted—B B Russell.
Employment for All—Adams & Co.
New Fruits, New Plants—W C Storing.
The Lyons Nursery—E Ware Sylvester.
Vegetable and Flower Seed—Curtis & Cobb.
Imported Leicester Ram for Sale—Geo Moore.
Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato—Hovey & Co.
Flower Seeds—Frost & Co.
Genuine Early Goodrich Potatoes—T J Waterbury.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Economy is Wealth—Symonds & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Garibaldi has expressed his antipathy to Fenianism.
— The Iron mines of Pennsylvania want laborers.
— The wheat crop of Southern Indiana is promising.
— The Binghamton inebriate Asylum has 50 patients.
— There are over 33,000 miles of railroad in the U. S.
— San Francisco is troubled with counterfeit gold coin.
— Rumor says Garibaldi will be banished to America.
— San Francisco has built 300 feet of its sea wall.
— Hay is six cents a pound at Cheyenne City.
— There are two walled lakes in Iowa.
— Gough says he will not lecture after this season.
— Mrs. Senator Sumner has returned from Europe.
— Paris has 80 theaters. Galveston, Texas, has one.
— There are 24,000 shoemakers in Paris.
— 7,000,000 persons follow the sea for a living.
— The Philadelphia cigar makers are on a strike.
— They have a fog at Sitka 300 days out of the year.
— New York pays her clergymen $5,000,000 a year.
— There are 500 newspapers in the State of New York.
— New York city has 50,000 dwelling houses.
— The new British knapsack weighs but 4 lbs. 3 oz.
— A Lincoln monument in London is to cost $10,000.
— Helena, Montana, boasts of gas works.
— Queen Victoria is fond of knitting.
— London has thirteen gas companies.
— Cyrus W. Field has gone to England.
— The Mississippi is clear below St. Louis.
— Navigation is open from Pittsburg to New Orleans.
— Mrs. Andrew Johnson is a patient of Dr. Dio Lewis.
— Louisville has had twelve snow storms this winter.
— New York is importing German onions.
— Queen Victoria has made $50,000 out of her book.
— Lotta is going to Pike's new Opera House.
— Sheridan denies that he is about to be married.
— Northwestern Canada is buried in snow.
— Miss Kellogg is the reigning belle at Nice.
— Chicago builders expect brisk work in the spring.
— The new Post Office for New York is to be begun at once.
— Maine has 1,568 lakes. No wonder it's a cold water State.
— Ordinary laborers in Austin, Nevada, are paid $60 a month.
— Milwaukee has been indulging in an Old Settler's festival.
— Prince Lucien Bonaparte is about to receive a cardinal's hat.
— Eight papers in the United States are edited by colored men.
— Milwaukee proposes a monument to Juneau, founder of the city.
— Nast is painting the New York Seventh Regiment for $10,000.
— Cleveland has a co-operative foundry with a capital of $250,000.
— The united ages of 30 persons in Somers, Conn., is 2,340 years.
— Lieut. Lloyd of the Liberian army is lecturing in New York.
— The inventor of the needle-gun was a journeyman blacksmith.
— A monument to Charles Kean in Westminster Abbey is proposed.
— Ship building is expected to resume its old vigor by another year.
— The Arabs of Algiers are dying of starvation by tens of thousands.
— The price of grain in the West is uniformly higher than last year.
— Over 4,000 people are fed daily at a soup house in Alexandria, Va.
— A Western Stock Breeding Association has been organized in Keokuk.
— Edmund Kirke Gilmore and wife have parted and divided the children.
— The Louisville bridge will not be finished until next year. Cost $1,600,000.
— Sand bars have narrowed Chicago harbor from 600 feet to 200 feet in width.
— The English are fortifying their station houses in fear of the bellicose Patrick.
— The late Sir Frederick Bruce's property in England is put down at $350,000.
— The term of military service in Russia has been reduced from 15 to 8 years.
— Only one fire has occurred in Albany, New York, during the last three months.
— Mrs. Stowe's winter residence in Florida, four acres and a cottage, cost $6,500.
— Denmark is to save up the price of St. Thomas for the next war with Prussia.
— Thurlow Weed is about to retire from public life with a competency of $3,000,000.
— Great Britain paid from eight to ten million dollars for imported eggs last year.
— A majority of the water mills in Iowa have stopped, owing to a scarcity of water.
— A contract has been made for a new telegraphic cable between Lisbon and Gibraltar.
— There are 100,000 drunken women in the United States. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."
— A coachman in Dubuque, Iowa, inherits $250,000 by the death of an uncle in Ireland.
— The European nations all use the same telegraphic alphabet, devised by the Germans.
— The New York Gazette expended $25,000 in a vain struggle for a newspaper existence.
— Two teeth of the first Napoleon are advertised for sale by a curiosity dealer in Brussels.
— Some of the London papers are urging the increase of their police force from 7,000 to 16,000.
— R. Colton is matched to walk from New York to Albany, 144 miles, in two days, for $1,000.
— The Northampton, Mass., tobacco growers have sold the bulk of their last year's crop at 25 cents.
— During the year 1867, 53,490 hides were shipped from New Orleans to New York, and 51,287 to Boston.
— A company has been chartered to run a line of steamers between Norfolk, New Orleans and Venezuela.
— Four hundred and forty shocks of earthquake have visited the Island of St. Thomas since November.
— Prairie chickens are so numerous in Iowa they are knocked down with sticks and bagged by hundreds.

RURAL PARAGRAPHS.

An exchange says that wood ashes are a safe and sure cure for worms in horses. The ashes should be mixed with the feed.

Prof. Dana, in a work on swamp muck, says that by a proper application of it to sandy soils, they may be made eminently fertile and productive.

Henry A. Wise charges the Southern planters with shallow plowing—always taking from the soil, but returning nothing to it in the shape of manure.

Ashes are regarded as the best fertilizer extant for orchards and small fruits. They possess valuable manurial properties and repulse insects.

The Tennessee Herald, Columbia, says that though money is scarce all kinds of marketing are much more plentiful than at any time before the war.

Mr. Ten Broeck, who made considerable stir on the English turf a few years since, has purchased the Hughes' farm, near Louisville, Ky., for stock purposes.

Barns and dwellings, it is said, may be cleared of rats by placing near their holes a thin layer of caustic potash. They lick it, get sore mouths and quit the place.

Col. Buckner has planted 100 acres of land to apple trees on his plantation, four miles from Milledgeville, Ga. It took 12,000 trees to complete the orchard.

A. B. Manley, Springfield, Mass., says a cow of his, a grade Durham, produced in butter one year, $127.35; milk, $49.32; calf, $25, and manure, $9. In all, $250.67.

The Hampden, Mass., Agricultural Society awarded premiums on 25, 37 and 38½ bushels of wheat to the acre grown in that county. The award was well deserved.

An Erie county farmer says that by sowing peas so late in the season that they will barely have time to mature before frost comes, all danger from bugs will be avoided.

The Messrs. King and Kennedy have a cattle ranch, thirty miles from Brownsville, Texas, on which are 100,000 head of cattle. They branded 16,000 calves last year.

J. B. Grinnell writes the Iowa Homestead in favor of tree planting. Fuel costs a family there more than their bread. Not one county in ten has a sufficiency of timber.

The people of Wood Co., O., are digging a ditch 37 miles long, 20 feet wide on the bottom, and from 2 to 6 feet deep. It is to drain 60,000 acres of the Black swamp.

E. Williams, Montclair, N. J., informs the Institute Club that he has experimented in potatoes for ten years, with this conclusion:—Plant large tubers if you want a good yield.

The American Artisan has got tired of the term "horse-power," and wants a new dynamic standard. It suggests a "Watt," and calls on engineers to determine what it shall be.

We observe the flesh colored or Scituate corn is recommended in the Massachusetts Ploughman as the most profitable to raise. It makes capital *mush*, to our certain knowledge

The opinion is becoming quite prevalent that sowing grass seed with wheat in the fall causes rust in wheat, owing to the moisture the grass retains and imparts to the wheat stalks.

A writer in the N. E. Farmer, about tapping maple trees, says:—One spout for a tree a foot in diameter; two for large ones. Bore from one to two inches deep, according to the size of the tree.

M. Reist, according to Galignani, has satisfactorily demonstrated that larvæ are not killed by the frost. They go deep enough to escape freezing—the depth depending on the strength of the frost.

An intelligent English farmer asserts that 500,000 miles of fencing might be advantageously removed in Great Britain alone. He removed from a farm of 200 acres 3½ miles of hedging last season.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the Rural New-Yorker will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line. Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

NURSERY STOCKS.—100,000 Pear Stocks. 50,000 Doucain Apple. 100,000 Apple Grafts. Pear Seed. Send for Price List. NICHOLAS & NEWSON, Geneva, N. Y.

OSAGE ORANGE SEED—New Crop by mail or express at $1.50 per pound.
946-3t P. S. MESEROLE, Seedsman, 201 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED.—TO SELL OUR NEW Double Thread $20 Sewing Machine. For sample of work, address GRANITEVILLE S. M. CO., Detroit, Mich.

PLUM TREES, 1 YEAR OLD, 4 TO 6 FEET.— Cherry Trees, 1 and 2 years, fine; for sale by
946-4t NICHOLAS & NEWSON, Geneva, N. Y.

CHEESE APPARATUS!—"Western Reserve" Cheese Vats, Presses, Cheese Hoops, &c. Send for Circular. P. S. MESEROLE, 201 Lake St., Chicago.

PREMIUM CHESTER WHITE PIGS—Thoroughbred Stock, and Domestic and Ornamental Fowls for sale. For circulars and price, address N. P. BOYER & CO., Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

ATTENTION TOBACCO USERS!—The Appetite for Tobacco destroyed by using *Orton's Preparation*. Send stamp for Circular. Address
946-2t C. B. COTTON, Box 1718, Portland, Maine.

SEED DRILLS!—GARDEN SEED DRILLS— Osage Orange Drills, Broadcast Seed Sowers, Hand Corn Planters, Onion and Carrot Weeders, &c. Send for Circular,
946-3t P. S. MESEROLE, 201 Lake St., Chicago.

PEACH TREES, GRAPE VINES AND A GEN- eral Nursery Stock for sale at cheap rates for good stock. Address E. MOODY & SON,
946-8t Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

BRONZE TURKEYS—LARGE BREED—Will weigh from 30 to 40 pounds at maturity. Price $15 per pair, $20 per trio, single Gobblers $8 each. For sale by N. P. BOYER & CO., Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

THE SOLARTYPE HOT-AIR FURNACES and Wood-burning and Coal stoves keep fire the whole season and save their cost in fuel. Send for Circulars and testimonials to the manufacturer,
946-4t J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

MUSICAL BOXES FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS!— They play from 1 to 72 tunes, and cost from $5 to $2,000. The largest assortment that can be seen anywhere. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Manufacturers and Importers, 21 Maiden Lane, (up stairs,) New York.

EGGS OF PURE BRED FANCY POULTRY For Sale.—We have on hand the largest and best selection of Fancy Poultry to be found in the country. Eggs carefully boxed and shipped to any part of the country. For circulars and prices, address N. P. BOYER & CO., Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR AN ILLUS- trated book entitled, A PICTURE OF THE DESOLATED STATES. This work covers the whole subject on which the party struggle of 1868 hinges. Freight, largest commission, and a premium of $500 paid. For full particulars, address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Conn.

THREE NEW VARIETIES OF OATS FOR SALE.—The Surprise, Norway and New Brunswick. These Oats ripen *earlier* than the common varieties, and will yield from 50 to 100 per cent. *more grain* per acre, on the *same soil*, and with the same culture. For circulars and prices, address N. P. BOYER & CO.,
946-2t Gum Tree, Chester Co., Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, AGRICULTURIST, GOLD- en Queen, Knox's 700, and other leading and standard varieties of Strawberries. Philadelphia, Clark, Bristol, Doolittle's Improved Black-Cap, Davison's Thornless, and Ellisdale Raspberries. Wilson's Early, Kittatinny, and Lawton Blackberries. Price List, with varieties carefully described and directions for planting, furnished on application. SAMUEL C. DE COU, Recklesstown, Burlington Co., N. J. 946-4t

℞ TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.

WANTED, AGENTS.—$200 PER MONTH *the year round*, or a *certainty* of $500 to $800 per month *to those having a small capital*. We guarantee the above *monthly salary* to good active agents at their own homes. Every Agent, Farmer, Gardener, Planter and Fruit Grower, North and South, should send *at once for particulars*. Please call on or address, J. AHEARN & CO.,
946-2teo 53 Second St., Baltimore, Md.

GET THE BEST EARLY—THE BEST LATE POTATOES
EARLY GOODRICH AND GLEASON!
Are Productive! Hardy!! Free from Rot!!! Choice lots now ready for delivery at $2.00 per bushel, $5.00 per barrel. Orders promptly attended to. Address
946-4t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

THE FRANKLIN BRICK MACHINE IS guaranteed with eight men and two horses to make 2,500 to 3,500 first-class bricks per hour; and by steam, 4,000 to 7,000 per hour, according to the facilities for removing them. I offer to demonstrate these facts by machines in actual operation. J. H. RENICK,
946-9t No. 71 Broadway, New York, Room No. 28.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—FOR DR. Wm. SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. Written by 70 of the most distinguished Divines in Europe and America. Illustrated with over 125 Steel and Wood Engravings. In one large octavo volume. Price, $3.50. *The only edition published in America condensed by Dr. Smith's own hand.* We employ no General Agents, and offer extra inducements to Agents dealing with us. Send for descriptive circulars, and see our terms.
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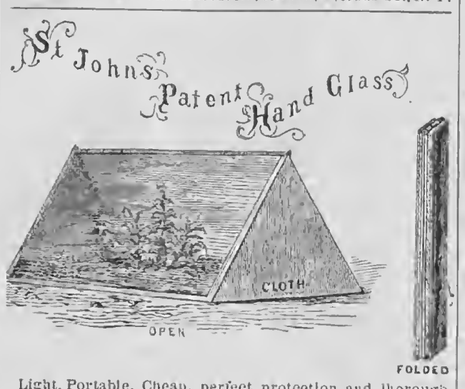

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DEAR HANDS.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

BACKWARD afar thro' the shadowy years,
That are furrowed with strife and care,
They lovingly rested upon my head,
As I murmured my simple prayer.
Tenderly then as the stars came out,
One by one in the blue,
They folded me in glad childhood's sleep:—
Dear hands so loving and true.

They were not small, white hands, I know,
They had toiled for others too much—
They were not jeweled with gold and pearl,
But love's blessing was in their touch,—
That blessing glorified all the path
That my childish feet then trod:
Dear hands, ye were brown and seamed with toil,
But ye led me away to GOD.

Down thro' the years I have felt their clasp,
And nestling o'er mine to-night,
I know they are dearer to me by far,
Than hands all jeweled and white.
Then give me the hands unselfish and true,
Whose toil is a labor of love,
Dear hands all pure, that will lead and bless—
They are the whitest above.

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Chapter IX.—The Figure on the Hearthstone.

[Continued from page 76, last number.]

'TWAS a strange, strange sight, that statue standing there so silently, and that blind old man trying in vain to penetrate the darkness and learn who it was that stood there beside him. Raising himself, at last, in bed and stretching out his arm, he touched a hand colder even than his own, for guilt and fear had chilled the blood of him who remained immovable, while the trembling fingers passed nervously over the face, through the hair, down the side, until they reached the left hand, from whose fore-finger a *joint* was gone! That missing joint, though we have made no mention of it heretofore, was well remembered by HUGO WARREN, and it needed but this proof to tell him *who* was there!

"*William Huntington*," he hoarsely whispered, and falling back upon his pillow he wiped the drops of perspiration from his face, for the presence of *that man*, coming to him thus, awakened all the bitter memories of the past. "WILLIAM HUNTINGTON," he gasped, "why are you here on this night of all others, when my lost wife seems present with me, and my ruined hopes pass in sad review before my mind. Say, have *you* come to add the last drop in the brimming bucket?"

There was a moment's silence, and then falling upon his knees WILLIAM HUNTINGTON made answer to the man he had so wronged. "I come not to insult you, but rather to seek the forgiveness which I know I do not merit. Only say that you forgive me, Mr. WARREN,—let me once hold your hand in token of reconciliation, and then do with me what you will. A life within a felon's cell is preferable far to the remorse which I have carried with me for two long, dreary years. Say, will you not forgive me?" he continued, and the strong man's voice was choked with tears.

"Forgive you, WILLIAM," Mr. WARREN replied, "I might perhaps forgive you were my fortune all you wrested from me, but when I think of my lost HELEN, my heart is turned to steel, for *you* killed her, WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, you killed my precious wife."

"Yes, yes, 'twas my base act which killed her, it is true, still I have made you some amends. I saved your daughter's life, you know, else I had never dared to seek your face again," said Mr. HUNTINGTON, interrupting him.

"*You, you* saved ALICE'S life?" the excited man rejoined, and the hand which had withdrawn itself beneath the bed-clothes, now came forth again, feeling eagerly for the bowed head on which it rested forgivingly, while he continued, "It was *you*, then, who took her from the river and laid her in my arms, —*you* who saved me from a darker night than any I have ever known. Yes, WILLIAM, because you did this good to me, you are forgiven, fully, freely forgiven,—but why have you not told of it before? Where have you been, and did your family know aught of this?"

"*My family* know aught of this?" repeated Mr. HUNTINGTON. "Can it be I am deceived?" and then with the shaking hand still resting on his head, he told how he had wandered far and wide, seeking rest and finding none, for ever present to his mind was a white-haired, sightless man, weeping o'er his pale, dead wife.

In far off California he had dug for gold, vainly hoping by this means sometime to make amends for the ruin he had wrought. At last, as the burden of remorse grew heavier to bear, he sought his home to see once more the faces of his wife and child, hoping, too, that the forgiveness he so much desired might be obtained.

"I found them here," said he,—"found my wife and ADELAIDE working hard and secretly, lest the world should know how poor they were. I met my daughter first, and, Heaven forgive me if I do her wrong, I thought she was not glad to see me. I questioned her of *you*, and learned that you were here, too, and very poor. You were fully determined, she said, to revenge yourself on me, should I ever be found, and she urged me not to let my presence here be known, until she had tried to procure for me your forgiveness. My wife did not seem to understand your feelings, for she had never seen you, and she wished me to remain, but my daughter's fears, and my own dread of a convict's fate prevailed, and trusting to ADELAIDE'S promise that she would eventually obtain your pardon for me, I left them again and became a second time a wanderer. I intended to take the cars at West Oakland, and was following the course of the river when, pausing for a moment to rest, I saw you approaching, and hid behind the alders, one moment resolving to throw myself at your feet, and again fearing to do so, for guilt had made me cowardly and weak. The rest of that day's incidents you know. I saved your daughter's life, but I dared not speak, lest I should be betrayed. My wet clothes made it necessary for me to return to the house, where I told what I had done, and asked if this would not atone. My wife said *yes*, but ADELAIDE was fearful still. She would see you herself, she said, and she *did* see you that very day, but you refused,—'the law must take its course,' you said, 'even though I saved a hundred lives.'"

"*Never*, so help me, Heaven," Mr. WARREN exclaimed. "Such words as those never passed my lips, and till this moment I knew not who it was that saved my child. Forgive me, WILLIAM, but she *lied*,—that girl ADELAIDE. There was treachery in her voice when she sat at my feet and asked me not to tell of your misdeeds, lest disgrace should fall on *her*. People thought her mother was a widow, she said, and she would rather they should not know that you ran away to escape a prison home."

"Oh, ADELAIDE,—my child,—my child,—why did you thus deceive me?" the wretched father groaned, while Mr. WARREN continued, "I never tried to find you, WILLIAM, or sought to do you harm; but go on and tell me where you have been since that time."

"I remained at home a day or two hiding from the sight of men," Mr. HUNTINGTON replied, "and then one night I went away, thinking to make for my family a home in the distant west, where you would never find me. But no spot could be home to me with that load upon my mind, so at last I determined to see you myself, and beg for your forgiveness. They think me far away, my wife and ADELAIDE, for I only paused a moment at their door. Looking through the half-closed blind I saw your daughter there and knowing that you must be alone I hastened on, entering your dwelling while you slept, and now it remains for you to do with me what you will."

"Nothing, WILLIAM, I shall do nothing. Only raise me up—my breath is going from me," Mr. WARREN gasped. The faintness he had experienced once before had returned again, brought on by the excitement of what he heard, and Mr. HUNTINGTON, when he saw the corpse-like pallor stealing o'er his face, feared that he was dying. He was not afraid of death, but the world, he knew, was a suspicious one, and he would rather the man he had so wronged should not die alone with him. Just then he heard without a footstep coming near, and thinking it must be ALICE, he hurried to the door, exclaiming, "Be quick; your father, I fear, is dying."

In a moment the person thus addressed stood at Mr. WARREN'S bedside, and when the fainting man came back to consciousness, he whispered softly, "GOD bless you, Mr. HOWLAND, for coming here again!"

Yes, it was RICHARD HOWLAND, who stood there side by side with one whom he readily recognized as the stranger who had saved the life of ALICE WARREN. He had started for the party, going through the Hollow as the shortest route, and was passing Mr. WARREN'S gate, when the words, "Be quick; your father, I fear, is dying," arrested his attention, bringing him at once into the presence of the blind man whom he had so long neglected.

"I did not know you were so ill," he was about to say, when ALICE stood within their midst.

"Father," she cried, bounding to his side, "*are* you worse?" and then as her eye fell upon Mr. HUNTINGTON, the hot blood stained her face and neck, for *she* knew who he was, and marveled much that he was there.

"ALICE," said Mr. WARREN, "I have forgiven WILLIAM HUNTINGTON because he saved your life through he dared not let us know it then, for ADELAIDE had said I thirsted for revenge. He has suffered much, my child, and you, I'm sure, will sanction my forgiveness."

It was in vain that ALICE attempted to speak, so astonished was she at what she had heard, and, misinterpreting her silence, Mr. HUNTINGTON advanced towards her, saying, imploringly, "Hear me, young lady, and you will perhaps be willing to forgive."

Then very rapidly he repeated in substance the story he had told her father, touching as lightly as possible on ADELAIDE'S duplicity, but still making the matter plain to ALICE and clear to him, who, with clasped hands and wildly beating heart, listened breathlessly to the strange tale he heard. RICHARD HOWLAND was undeceived at last, and the girl he had *almost* loved was revealed to him in her true character, as an artful, designing woman. The *father*, who he supposed was dead, stood there, a living, breathing man, identical he was sure with the *agent* of whom he had often heard; and, worse than all, the people, against whom she had breathed her dark insinuations, were innocent of evil,—the wrong was on the other side, and *he* had been her *dupe*,—had even thought it possible to call that girl his wife. *His wife!* how he loathed the very idea now that he knew her guilt, and how his conscience smote him for having ever wronged in thought the helpless old blind man and his gentle, fair-haired daughter. They had suffered, too, from his neglect, but he could make amends for that, and his heart went out in pity towards ALICE as he contrasted her former life with her present dreary lot. The *party* was forgotten, and while ADELAIDE, in most impatient mood, watched each fresh arrival, he, for whom she watched in vain, smoothed the tumbled pillow, bathed the burning brow, or brought the cooling draught, and then spoke words of comfort to the weeping ALICE, who read upon his face, and that of Mr. HUNTINGTON a confirmation of her fears.

But not that night did Mr. WARREN die, though the physician, for whom Mr. HUNTINGTON was sent, would give no hope. The disease had assumed a most alarming form, he said, and Mr. HOWLAND'S hand rested pityingly on the bowed head of the young girl who was soon to be an orphan. The morning came, and then, as it was necessary for him to go home for a time, he left both father and child to the care of Mr. HUNTINGTON, promising to send down one of his domestics, and to return himself ere long.

Chapter X.—Revelations.

THE morning train from Albany had thundered through the town, and Mr. HOWLAND was about returning to the Hollow, when hasty steps were heard within the hall, and in a moment his sister stood before him. She had traveled night and day since leaving Milwaukee, she said, but she didn't mind it at all, she was so impatient to be at home and tell him what she'd heard, and, without so much as untying her bonnet, Miss ELINOR continued, "I told you all the time they were impostors,—but *men* have so little sense. I'm glad *I* ain't a *man*, though if I were no woman would ever impose on *me* as that ADELAIDE has on *you*. Why, instead of taking music lessons, as she pretends to do, she goes up to Springfield after work, and the satchel, you more than once have carried for her, had in it vests and shirts, and mercy knows what—tell me that wasn't a *wristband* I saw under the lounge. I guess I know a wristband. They are just as poor as they can be, and sew for Mr. LINCOLN'S store, in Springfield, for Mrs. LINCOLN'S cousin told me so. I met her in Milwaukee, and when she knew I was from Oakland, she spoke of ADELAIDE, and asked me if I knew her. I told her yes, and then she asked if she were *married* yet, saying she hoped she was, for it seemed a pity that a stylish-looking girl like her should be obliged to *sew for a living*. Of course I questioned her, learning what I've told you, and, worse than all the rest, ADELAIDE made this lady believe that she was going to marry a very wealthy man, who had a most delightful home, with *one* encumbrance, which she should soon manage to dispose of, and that encumbrance was *a dried up old maid sister!* Do you hear that, RICHARD HOWLAND! *A dried up old maid sister!* THAT MEANS ME!!" and the highly scandalized lady walked up and down the room, upsetting, in her wrath, both her traveling basket and band-box, which last, in a measure, diverted her attention, for no woman, whether married or single, can think of anything else when her "meeting bonnet" is in danger.

Picking up the box and assuring herself that its contents were unharmed, she continued, "Why don't you say something, RICHARD? Are you not surprised at what I have told you?"

"Not particularly," he answered, and coming to her side he repeated to her the story he had heard from ADELAIDE'S own father, so long supposed to be dead.

"The *trollop!* the *jade!*" ejaculated Miss ELINOR. "I understand her perfectly. She wished to keep up appearances and make her father stay away until she became your wife, and you couldn't help yourself. *Dried up old maid, indeed!* I'll teach her to call me names. But what of Mr. WARREN and little ALICE? I'll go to them at once," and, notwithstanding her recent fatiguing journey, the energetic woman started for the Hollow, saying to her brother who accompanied her, "I am determined upon one thing, RICHARD. If Mr. WARREN dies, ALICE will live with us, and have the best chamber, too. Poor little creature, how she must have suffered."

They found both Mr. WARREN and ALICE asleep, but Miss ELINOR'S kiss awoke the latter, who uttered a cry of joy at the sight of her friend and benefactress. The sick man, too, ere long, awoke, but only to doze again, and as the day wore on he continued in a state of stupor, from which it was difficult to rouse him. Just before the sun was setting, however, consciousness returned, and he asked for ALICE, who in a moment was at his side. Winding his arm lovingly around her neck, he prayed that the GOD of the fatherless would not forsake her when she should be alone.

"I am going from you, ALICE," he said,—"going to your mother, who has waited for me all the day, and the pain of death would scarce be felt did I know what would become of you."

"Tell him, RICHARD," whispered Miss ELINOR, and advancing to the bed-side, Mr. HOWLAND said, "Your daughter shall live with me when you are gone."

"GOD bless you," came feebly from the dying man, while the fair head resting on his bosom was for a moment uplifted, and Mr. HOWLAND ne'er forgot the grateful, glad expression of the soft, blue eyes which looked into his.

"I too, will care for ALICE so long as my life is spared," said Mr. HUNTINGTON, who had been there all the day, and from the white lips a faint "GOD bless you" came.

Slowly toward the western horizon sank the setting sun, and when at last his farewell beams looked into that room of death, they shone on the frosty hair and still, white face of one who was no longer blind, for to him the light of a better world had been revealed, and the eyes so long in darkness here were opened to the glories of the New Jerusalem.

Every necessary care was bestowed upon the dead, and then, leaving the orphaned ALICE in Miss ELINOR'S arms, with Mr. HOWLAND standing near and speaking to her an occasional word of comfort, Mr. HUNTINGTON started for his home, walking slowly, sadly; for his heart was full of sorrow,—sorrow for the dead and sorrow for his only child, who had so cruelly deceived him. What her motive was, he could not guess, unless it were that she dreaded the disgrace his presence might bring upon her, and when he thought of this, he half resolved to leave her forever, but love for his wife prevailed, and with an aching heart he kept on his way.

* * * * * *

Restless and impatient ADELAIDE had passed the day in wondering what had happened to Mr. HOWLAND and why he was not at the party. She had confidently expected him there, but he had disappointed her, and the lace dress with which she hoped to impress him was worn for naught. "Parties were bores any way," she said, and she "hoped never to attend another so long as her name was ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON!"

In this unalienable mood she fretted until late in the afternoon, when old PEGGY, who had been sent on an errand to the village, returned, bringing the news that Mr. WARREN was not expected to live, and that she saw Mr. HOWLAND entering the door as she passed. Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, she continued, "Right up against the window was a man's head, which looked so like your father that I stopped a little, hoping he would turn his face one side, but he didn't, and I came along."

"My father," repeated ADELAIDE, "isn't within a hundred miles of here."

Still, the idea troubled her even more than the news of Mr. WARREN'S illness, and after old PEGGY left the room, she turned to her mother, saying, "Wouldn't it be mean if father had come back and gone to see Mr. WARREN?"

"I suppose it would be right, though," returned her mother, while ADELAIDE continued, "Right or wrong, nobody wants him turning up bodily just yet, for Mr. HOWLAND is so squeamish about a little deception that my chance of winning him would be rather slim, if he knew father was not dead as he believes him to be. If I secure him before he finds it out, he can't help himself, and I wish he'd either propose or let it alone. I declare mother, I think it is your duty as a prudent, careful parent to ask what his intentions are. You can tell him there is a great deal of talk about his coming here so much, and unless he is serious, you prefer that he should discontinue his visits, hinting of course, that you fear *my* affections are already too deeply enlisted for my future happiness, should he not be in earnest. Say, mother, will you tell him this when he comes again?"

Mrs. HUNTINGTON at first refused, but ADELAIDE'S entreaties finally prevailed, and it was decided that when Mr. HOWLAND next visited them, he should be questioned concerning his intentions.

"Oh, I hope he'll come to-night," said ADELAIDE, and feeling confident that he would, she made some changes in her dress,—smoothed her glossy hair, and then, just as it was growing dark, lay down upon the lounge, building castles of the future, and wondering if she should be ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON one year from that day!

As she lay there thus, she heard the gate,—a heavy footstep was coming up the walk, and thinking "it must be he," she assumed a half reclining posture, which she fancied was careless and graceful,—and then awaited the appearance of her expected visitor. He did not ring,—and she heard his step within the hall. Nearer and nearer he came, his hand was on the knob, and as the door swung back the large black eyes which turned at first so eagerly in that direction, flashed their surprise and anger, not on RICHARD HOWLAND, but on WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, who keenly felt the coldness of his welcome.—[Concluded next week.

COMING TO THE POINT.

The next Sweet Thing *a la Porcupine.*

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 37 letters.
My 2, 9, 20 is a Union General.
My 1, 7, 24, 22, 3 is a kind of grain.
My 21, 4, 29, 10 is a very useful animal.
My 12, 11, 9, 12, 27 is a girl's name.
My 33, 21, 18, 9, 30, 1, 22, 13 is a day of the week.
My 26, 16, 5 is a number.
My 6, 27, 28, 25, 31, 36, 29, 28 is a boy's name.
My 35, 8, 11, 9 is a division of time.
My 35, 14, 15 is a personal pronoun.
My 19, 8, 11, 20 is a metal.
My 1, 32, 23, 24 is a bird.
My 26, 20, 17, 37, 26 is a fish.
My whole is a rule that should be observed by all.

Havana, Ohio. H. K. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A MAN wishes to build an octagonal tower, each side of the base to be 21 feet, the perimeter of the top 64 feet, and the slanting height at each corner 93 feet. Within there is to be a circular room reaching from the base to the top, 120 feet in circumference at the base, and 16 feet in diameter at the top. How much will it cost to lay up the outside wall, at 75 cents per cubic yard, no deductions being made for doors and windows?

Gainesville, N. Y. J. M. BRAINERD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 944.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Little squalls do not upset the lover's boat; they drive it all the faster to port.

Answer to Enigma:
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Answer to Anagram:
Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Thro' future time, by power of thought.

Answer to Problem:—A's share, $96.53; B's, $103.43; C's, $94.81; D's, $51.71.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

WHAT is everybody doing at the same time? Growing old.

THE reason we admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

OUGHT not a young lady of eighteen springs to have a fine waterfall?

WHATEVER the advance in the price of liquors, they are, unfortunately, always going down.

WHAT is the difference between an old dime and a new penny? Nine cents.

"OH, that my father was seized with a remittent fever!" sighed a young spendthrift at college.

WHAT did the spider do when he came out of the ark? He took a fly and went home.

WHEN a man is tempted to do a tempting thing, he can find a hundred ingenious reasons for gratifying his liking."—*Thackeray.*

SOMEBODY says "a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed." A scamp adds, "and without any sauce."

A TIPSY loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"

QUILP thinks it rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot properly applied is often sufficient to make one civil.

"HAVE you Blasted Hopes?" asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache. "No, ma'am, but I have a blasted toothache," was the reply.

ONE night, in a thunder shower, we thought the little ones all asleep, when a little voice from the "trundle-bed" called out, "Oh, mother, the dark is winking! first it shuts up, and then it shuts down."

THE earliest French professional fool on record seems to have been named Jean, at the court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. The good fellow's influence was so great that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he was not content at the idea of being a king. "Yes, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

A LADY once, whose love was sold,
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold.
I venture thus to instruct her:

Love and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame,
And gold its best conductor.

The Publisher's Desk.

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Am. Sharp Shooter (Telescopic Rifle)	50	Modern Cookery, by Miss Acton and Mrs S J Hale	1,50
American Rose Culturist	30	Monumental Designs, 159 plates and designs	10,00
Am Weeds and Useful Plants	1,75	Nature's Bee Book	25
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Architecture (Cummings & Miller) 200 designs and 214 ills.	10,00	Onion Culture	20
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AGRICULTURAL.

FEEDING VALUE OF STRAW.

FARMERS need to be often reminded of the great loss occurring from wasting straw. Some have learned the feeding value of straw by most careful experiments, and to such no lessons are necessary; but vast numbers still waste the bulk of all their straw. An interesting address was lately delivered before the Athy Farmers' Club, Ireland, by Dr. C. A. CAMERON. We condense from the Monthly Report of Agriculture:

ANALYSIS OF IRISH OAT STRAW.

	Co. Wicklow. No. 1.	No. 2.	Dublin Market. No. 3.
Flesh formers—soluble in water	4.08	2.02	2.04
Insoluble in water	2.09	3.16	3.00
Oil	1.84	1.40	1.26
Sugar, gum and other fat formers	13.79	12.67	10.18
Woody fiber	59.96	61.79	65.45
Water	14.60	14.00	14.00
Ash	4.24	4.96	4.07
	100.00	100.00	100.00

ANALYSIS OF IRISH WHEAT STRAW.

	Green changing to yellow. No. 1.	Ripe. No. 2.	Over Ripe. No. 3.	Dublin Market. No. 4.
Water	13.00	13.15	12.14	10.88
Flesh formers—soluble in water	1.25	.98	.44	.06
Insoluble in water	1.26	1.40	1.41	1.90
Oil	1.22	1.13	1.14	.90
Sugar, gum and other fat formers	4.18	3.98	3.88	4.08
Woody fiber	75.84	76.17	77.76	78.67
Ash	3.25	3.19	3.23	3.51
	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00

One most important fact to note in these analyses is, that straw has the most nutriment when green, just beginning to turn yellow, and more when ripe than over ripe. After wheat gets nearly ripe, the straw loses in value very fast, and the grain, also, is best cut when the upper part of the straw is changing from green to yellow. Dr. CAMERON makes a comparison between oat straw, linseed cake or oil cake. Assuming a low average for oat straw, that in one hundred parts there is one part of oil, four parts of flesh formers, ten parts of sugar, gum and other fat formers, and thirty per cent. of other digestible fiber, we have the following quantities of digestible substances in

ONE TON OF STRAW AT $7.50.

Oil	22.4	lbs.
Flesh formers	89.6	"
Sugar, gum and other fat formers	224.	"
Digestible fiber	672.	"
	1,008.	"
Total am't of fat formers calculated as starch	952.	lbs.
Add flesh formers	89.6	"
Total amount of nutritive matter	1,041.6	"

A fair sample of oil cake contains twenty-six per cent. of flesh formers, twelve of oil, thirty-four of gum, mucilage, sugar, &c., and would give in

ONE TON OIL CAKE AT $55.

Flesh formers	582.4	lbs.
Oil	268.8	"
Gum, sugar and other fat formers	761.6	"
Woody fiber	74.4	"
	1,687.2	"
Total am't of fat formers calculated as starch	1,508.	lbs.
Flesh formers	582.4	"
Total amount of nutriment	2,090.4	"

This comparison is, certainly, instructive and very important. In England and Ireland, oil cake is a staple article of food for animals, and it will be seen that $7.50 will buy 1,000 pounds of digestible food in oat straw; while $55 will only buy 2,000 pounds of digestible food in oil cake,—thus showing straw to be much cheaper, so far as it can be fed, than oil cake. But as it is necessary to have the food constituents in better balance than in straw, more oil and more flesh formers, therefore oil meal and pea meal should be mixed with the straw in small proportion to make it a perfect food. Oil meal should not be fed too largely, as it is too laxative, but should be mixed with pea meal to correct this. When other food cannot be got to mix with the straw, then use half straw, and animals will keep in fine condition, especially if cut and cooked. Dr. CAMERON advises that the straw should be cut short and mixed with roots, and steamed or cooked. He classifies the different kinds of straw as to nutriment as follows:—First, pea straw; second, oat straw; third, bean straw, with the pods; fourth, barley straw; fifth, wheat straw. Farmers will see by these comparisons of straw with other food, that they cannot afford to waste it. This places straw where it belongs, as we have found by practical experiment for the last ten years, at two-thirds to three-fourths the value of hay. E. W. S.

COMPOSITION OF SOILS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to publish an article on soils, giving the distinguishing characteristics of the different kinds, so that a beginner can tell marl from loam, muck from peat, &c.

An exact classification of soils is not an easy matter, inasmuch as in nature distinct lines of seperation can not generally be traced, yet such an arrangement is of great practical utility, and if a standard could be definitively settled, and generally understood, it would render clearer much of the writing on agricultural topics. The ingredients most common in soil are, clay, lime, silica as sand and gravel, and humus or animal and vegetable remains. Soil is rarely composed of only one or even two of these substances, and it is the preponderance and mixture of one or more which gives it character and name.

We should denominate *Sandy Soils* those composed almost entirely of silicious sand or gravel; the nearer they approach to being pure sand the more worthless they are for all agricultural purposes. They absorb large amounts of manure without corresponding benefit to the crops, and are very difficult to bring to a state of fertility. Their greatest capability for improvement consists in the admixture of other soil elements which may lie in the subsoil or near at hand. But a perfect sand soil is the most hopeless of any to convert to profitable husbandry.

Clay Soils are those in which clay greatly predominates, and their qualities are directly opposite those of sand. They have great power of absorbing and retaining moisture and gases from the air; they are adhesive, stiff and impenetrable; they are cold, late, and difficult to cultivate in dry and wet seasons. Yet they are in general, highly fertile, and their faults, which arise from their mechanical and not from their chemical structure, may be amended by drainage and fermentive manures.

A soil of nearly pure *mold* or *humus* is usually termed peat, muck, or bog. It is valuable for special purposes; is usually wet, and not adapted to general farming. *Calcareous Soils* are those which contain distinguishing quantities of lime.

From the combination of these several soils arises a great variety to which the general name of *loams* may be appropriately given, with a specific term which indicates what property appears most prominently in their composition. Thus we have *sandy loam* in which there may be clay, lime and vegetable mold, but the sand predominates and stamps its characteristic on the soil. *Clay Loam* may be similarly described except that clay takes the place of the sand in quantity: then there are *marly loams* which contain a good deal of lime and clay, and *vegetable molds* or *looms* in which the humus exists most largely. These different loams are the most valuable soils, and have the widest adaptability to various products. Their mechanical and chemical conditions are the most perfect; they are most readily renovated when worn by over cropping, and are also the most easily cultivated. They retain moisture best in drouth, and pass it off in seasons of unusual wet, and the highest perfection in agriculture is attainable on this description of soil.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Growing and Marketing the Osier Willow.

W. P. RUPERT, Geneva, N. Y., writes:—"In reply to queries in your Farmers' Club, I would say, plant osier willow in rows three feet apart, and one foot apart in row. Cultivate the same as corn for at least two years—that is, use the cultivator freely and cut the grass from around the sets. The first crop will not amount to much but it is necessary to cut it in order not to injure the next. Willows are in good demand green without peeling, or you may peel them with WOOD'S Peeler. I have used it with much satisfaction. There is a good market for willows—green or peeled—at Syracuse or Philadelphia. They will bring from $20 to $30 per ton green, or $100 per ton peeled. The yield is from three to five tons per acre green, or about half that amount peeled."

WM. A. WALDO, Prattsburgh, writes:—"I have been growing the willow for several years, and if my experience is of value to any one else it will be given with pleasure. Fit the ground the same as for corn, place the rows three feet apart, and the sets from twelve to eighteen inches in the row; sets should be ten inches long, cut from one year's growth. Large sets are the best. Cultivate the same as for corn; *keep the ground clean for three years.* Cut in the fall and stack them, (or set in water if they are to be peeled in the spring;) steam and peel in the winter. I have never had any trouble to sell; my trouble has been that I had so few to sell. New York, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, and many other places, are good markets. The prices for the past year have been from $160 to $240 per ton peeled. These prices have not varied much for five years. As to the yield per acre, it is some like asking how much corn will yield per acre. It depends upon the soil and culture. A rich soil, well cultivated, will yield four tons per acre, peeled. Poor soil, poorly cultivated, will yield one ton per acre."

Beans for Fattening Hogs.

MR. F. H. GUIWITS of Clinton, Mich., writes:—"IN the RURAL of Feb. 15, "B.," in his article on Bean Culture, asserts that "for fattening hogs or sheep they (beans) are far superior to corn." Although it is true that beans are more *nutritious* than corn, yet they will not cause animals to lay on fat as rapidly as when fed the latter grain. The reason for this statement will become plain when we examine the constituents of the two grains. The proportion of plastic or tissue-forming material to its respiratory or heat-producing matter in corn, is as 1 to 5.76, while in beans the proportion is as 1 to 2.33. Beans are nitrogenous food, corn carbonaceous or respiratory; the former variety of food builds up and repairs the waste of the system, giving development to the animal, making him *grow*; the latter supplies the furnace with fuel, keeping up the animal heat, and when more is eaten than is needed for this purpose it is laid away in the system in the form of fat.

Whatever the feed of the animal may be, he has first to get a supply for animal heat and for the waste of the tissues, and then if there be a surplus, it may go to the growth of the body, either as flesh or fat, of course commonly supplying both in varying quantities. It is on this *surplus* that we must rely in fattening, and the surplus when corn is fed is much richer in fatty matter than when beans are the feed; and when the latter are eaten, the surplus, after supplying the needs of the system, will be richer in plastic or flesh-producing matter. Hence we see that from corn we shall get more fat in the laboratory of the hog, because there is more in the grain; and from beans less development of adipose, but more of other tissue, particularly muscle.

For teams that work, and for men, too, where there is great waste of the muscles, beans are admirable food. For making stock *grow*, without excessive fatness, they are excellent. As it was my object to draw attention to this subject, which is important, rather than to fully discuss it, I will not pursue it further now."

Wheat Turning Yellow.

W. F. T., East Sandy Creek, N. Y., writes:—"I would like your views in reference to the treatment of a field of wheat which I have on the ground. The time of sowing was the last of August; the soil is of a dry, gravelly nature. The wheat, early in the fall, looked thrifty, and had a dark, healthy color, but after the long continued dry weather in October and November, changed to a yellow tinge, as you have seen in spring grain when affected with a worm in the root. I fear the strength of soil is not sufficient to maintain a good crop without some surface application in the spring. What shall that application be?"

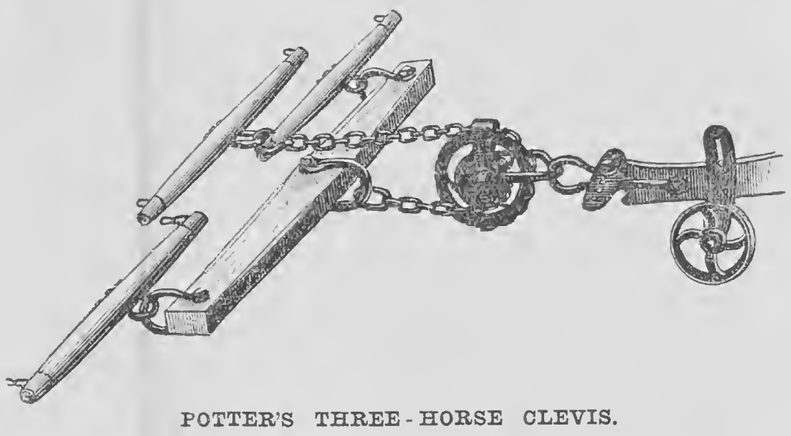
At this stage of the crop it is too late to enrich the land profitably. Lime and plaster won't take the place of manure. Use guano early, or some fertilizer rich in ammonia and nitrogen.

Sweeny or Sprain of the Shoulder.

OF this disease J. F. C., Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have had some experience in cases of this kind; the best remedy found was to make an incision through the skin up and down about an inch long with a sharp knife in the part affected, and with a quill fill the cavity with air, rubbing the air thoroughly with the hand all over the withered part of the shoulder, when well done fill the cut with common salt. Keep the horse quiet for a few days, and use a little goose oil on the cut. If properly done it will, in nine cases out of ten, effect a cure."

Sow Eating Her Pigs.

A SUBSCRIBER writes that having two sows with this propensity he tried coercion on one, beating her with a stick to induce her to let her offspring live. The result was that she destroyed them all. The second sow began in the same way, and he tried coaxing, rubbing and scratching her and thus put her in good humor; "and she became kind as the nature of the beast would permit," and only ate two, saving and caring for the rest.



POTTER'S THREE-HORSE CLEVIS.

OUR engraving represents a new and valuable improvement in contrivances for working three horses abreast, and one which will attract the attention of all farmers. It was patented on the 7th of January, 1868, by Mr. E. M. POTTER of Kalamazoo, Mich., who thus describes his invention and enumerates its advantages:

This implement is all of iron, very durable, and believed to be the best device known for working three horses abreast. It consists of a 6-inch and a 3-inch grooved pulley or "double shive" in one casting,—a clevis iron of peculiar shape, so as to avoid side draft, the bolt of which is the movable axle to the pulleys, and a guard secured at right angles to the clevis iron for the purpose of keeping the chain on the largest pulley. The chain, from the doubletree, which is 4½ feet long, passes *under* and one-half way around the small pulley and is fastened by a "stud." The chain from the singletree of the "third" or middle horse passes *over* and one-half way around the large pulley, and is secured in the same manner. In plowing, the small pulley should always be to the "land-side."

The disadvantages of a common doubletree or old fashioned three-horse evener are, that the relative shares of draft are maintained only when all the horses work evenly and the doubletrees are at right angles with the line of draft, and the shorter they are the more advantage one horse can get over another by going ahead or falling back—a difficulty already experienced in the use of short vertical levers. The advantages of "Potter's Three-Horse Clevis" are:—1st. It does away with the old fashioned three-horse evener, and weighs less than one-half as much. 2d. There is no "shirking," for the relative shares of draft are perfectly equalized as the chains wind or unwind. 3d. The "off" horse is one foot nearer the line of draft or end of plow-beam, making the draft nearly *straight* forward; a very great advantage over the old way of plowing with three horses abreast and insuring the plowman "great pleasure and profit thereby."

Burning Out Fence Corners.

"SUBSCRIBER," Broome Co., N. Y., writes:—"I see that 'INCOG' in his article in the RURAL of Feb. 15, on 'weeds,' suggests remarks. I don't oppose his practice of burning out fence corners, but I approve of mowing them and putting whatever grows therein with the coarse fodder for sheep. It makes an excellent change of fodder, which is almost indispensable to their thrift. It answers just as well in clearing the corners as burning. Weeds grow not by birds but by neglect, *i. e.*, if the grass is not cut and taken off you will certainly have a hedge of weeds or briers. Neglect will produce the same result with any land 'INCOG' may say—'Ah! but you don't get rid of the seed.' I don't expect as long as we once have bad seed in everything, to get rid of them by burning up one-thousandth part of the farm's produce. The most of the foul seeds are rendered harmless by proper cultivation.

"About burning straw spread on stubble, it makes me think of Dr. FRANKLIN'S burning the barn to get rid of the weasel. To think of burning up a ton of straw to the acre and another ton of stubble and with that all the surface manure to get rid of the weed seeds, to me is like burning the barn to get rid of the weasel. A farmer in my town last spring drew out corn fodder and spread it on meadow and burned it. All he got was the ashes. I thought there was no great loss without some small gain, but in this case it was like TOM JONES burning his vest to get the buttons, and they happened to be leather."

How to Destroy the Daisy.

IRA W. GREEN, West Rush, N. Y., writes:—"A few years ago, by straightening a fence, I let some two acres into a field that I was about to mow. The field from which this piece of two acres was taken, grew wheat the year before and was seeded with clover and timothy. The corn-chamomile or daisy came up very thick, and when it was in blossom the field looked quite white; I mowed it early, so that none of it should seed before it was cut. The year following I observed that it did not appear; the mowing had destroyed that growth. So the next year I sowed a lot to barley, which had been planted to corn year after year, in order to exterminate the daisy, but without success. I seeded with clover, and the following year mowed it the 21st day of June. It destroyed that growth of weeds.

"Having in view the complete extermination of the weed, I adopted the following system of cropping:—First plant to corn (after putting all the manure that can be made during the winter on the ground and plowing it shallow.) The next spring sow to barley; in the fall plow deep and sow the barley stubble to wheat, and seed with timothy at the rate of 5 lbs. to the acre, and pick off all the stone that would hinder a mower. The following spring, the last of March, sow clover at the rate of 10 lbs. to the acre, and sow on plaster. Next year mow, next pasture with horses, cattle and sheep; then put on manure and plant to corn again. So with each field in succession, taking a six years' course. If you wish to destroy Eckler clover, seed thick and mow. Keep the ground rich."

Sowing Grass Seed with Buckwheat.

C. G. BAILEY, Allegany Co., N. Y., gives us the results of two successful experiments in growing grass and clover seed with buckwheat, each time obtaining a good "catch," and concludes that if he had a piece of ground that was poor he would as soon seed with buckwheat as any crop. If the buckwheat grows too rank it will smother the young grass and clover, as will any grain; otherwise it is able to do well.

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER FOUR.

HOW THE ELEMENTS OF WHEAT GET INTO SOILS AND OUT OF THEM.

IN exploring the Red River to its source for the U. S. Government, Capt. MARCY found it passing through a continuous bed of gypsum, of unknown but probably of great depth, of one hundred miles in extent. In passing over this lime salt for so great a distance, he found, as might be expected, that the water dissolved so much of it as to become equally unpleasant to the taste and worthless for quenching thirst, or eliminating other salts and effete matter from the system. Wherever this noble river overflows its banks and covers its generally broad flats and bottoms, it is obvious that the soil below will be more or less impregnated with this well known fertilizing salt. It is equally plain that, so far as the water of the Red River may extend into the Gulf of Mexico, it will contribute something more than its quota of gypsum to any sedimentary rocks that may be now forming from the waste of a continent as it flows down the ever muddy and ever grand Mississippi. The agricultural student (it is for such that this old and humble pen writes mainly,) will see that stratified rocks formed in an ocean of sea salt in this way will naturally possess, with their sand, clay, lime, iron ore, or other deposits, whatever elements of wheat either land or sea may contain. In the course of geological ages, when these ocean-formed rocks are elevated into islands and continents by often repeated or long continued volcanic action below them, there is found at length on the ground above the sea level soils of exceedingly unequal capacity and value for producing wheat and other agricultural plants. Deposits of sand appear to have been so segregated and washed as to have left in them, when consolidated into rock, much less of the elements of wheat, such as potash, soda, magnesia, lime, sulphur, phosphorus and chlorine, than deposits of lime, clay, or any mixture of these with each other or sand.

Hence, calcareous sands, clays, swamp muck, or other earthy strata, are generally better adapted to improve a defective wheat soil than any deposit of comparatively pure sand, clay, lime or vegetable mold. The most perfect combination of the mineral constituents of wheat (including alumina,) and these rather loosely held together, so that air, water and frost will break them down rapidly into material for soils out of solid rocks, give rise to the best wheat lands. There are many sections in Tennessee and other southwestern States where rocks and soils similar to the calcareous shales in the Genesee Valley are largely developed. The elements of wheat as found in the granitic soils of the Atlantic slope, and generally of the New England type, cannot now be considered.

There are many ways in which the most essential, or rather, most expensive (if purchased,) elements of wheat are removed from cultivated fields. Assimilable nitrogen is now worth twenty cents a pound in our currency in England. Some four-fifths of the atmosphere there, as elsewhere, are nitrogen; but this is not available for agricultural purposes. The rocks of Great Britain contain as much potash and phosphorus as similar strata in America; but the supply is far below the demand for the improvement of impoverished soils. Where tillage dissolves more of the salts of potash and other constituents of wheat than crops take up, so far is it from certain that the excess remains for future plants, growing on the same surface, that I have no doubt much is removed in moving water, limpid or muddy, to feed plants elsewhere. Wheat soils are more injured by leaching and surface washing than is generally believed. My experience is, that to give a field a little additional soil by irrigation greatly improves it. If so, the loss of a little soil by moving water must damage it in the same ratio.

In East Tennessee, which abounds in hills, knobs, ridges and mountains, surface water is ever removing plant food and soils from one place to another. The plow, hoe and cultivator greatly promote this operation by rendering the soil lighter, and more permeable and movable. Hence, a wheat field or corn field parts with the constituents of these cereals, not only in the seeds, leaves and culms removed as crops, but by the loss of plant food first dissolved in consequence of tillage and then carried away in running water. On pretty level land this loss does not occur, unless the subsoil be so loose as to permit water to pass somewhat freely through it. The construction of horizontal ditches and gutters on the sides of hills and mountains, to catch surface water and distribute it laterally, is the proper remedy. Another is to plow deep, sow and plant less surface, so that the chemical effects of tillage on the elements of wheat shall be more concentrated, giving more grain to the acre, and fewer acres in washed and impoverished old fields. There are not far from one hundred million acres of turned out old fields south of Mason and Dixon's line—not so much from the loss of fertilizing substances carried away in crops, as from shallow plowing, no seeding to perennial grasses, and much surface washing. With the above brief hints, showing in some degree how the elements of wheat get into soils and out of them, I close this letter with the remark that twenty years' careful study of Southern soils, climates, tillage, crops and husbandry, has given me a profound interest in the improvement and success of Southern Agriculture during the next decade. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN AND THE WOOL TARIFF.

THE Country Gentleman has at length (Feb. 27th) broken silence again on the wool tariff. In a former article, we did not give the editor credit for much *pluck;* but we certainly were not prepared for anything like the following. To escape from the responsibility of his imputations on the *designs* of the framers of the law, he now says:—"The primary definition of the word 'design,' as given by WEBSTER, is a 'plan or representation;' the use of the word as synonymous with 'purpose or intention' is secondary and derivative." Had our contemporary simply affirmed that he intended to use the word in the first sense, we should not have felt entitled to go behind the explanation; but when, *avoiding any such explicit assertion*, he wades through nearly half a column of pedagogical argument to show that such was the proper and necessary interpretation of the word, in the connection in which he used it, he not only maintains a wholly untenable position, but irresistibly gives rise to the suspicion that it is an after thought, dictated by a wholesome fear of consequences. We need not say that derivative significations are just as legitimately employed, either in expressing or construing ideas, as primary ones. When a doubt arises which was intended, it must be decided by the form and spirit of the context.

It would be a most remarkable circumstance that a writer possessing an ordinary command of English, could not, *if he chose to do so*, in arraigning the public acts of a body of men, avoid the use of language which may be as readily understood to arraign their *motives* also, as to have any other meaning,—and which, judged by the prevailing tone of the article, would be sure to receive that interpretation from the public generally. And he who expresses himself thus ambiguously, when acting in an accusatorial capacity, always justly renders himself responsible for the most offensive construction. The fact itself under discussion does not possess an iota of importance; but it is well occasionally to hold volunteer calumniators to a strict accountability.

Our contemporary proceeds in the same deprecatory vein. He has finally discovered that there are among the wool growers "individuals and Associations whose integrity of purpose and practical experience have never been called in question." These Associations *have* been laboring for years to promote improvements in an important branch of husbandry. They have earnestly struggled, according to the best of their abilities and knowledge, to secure just legislation for the interests of the wool growers of the country. Not an officer of one of them has ever received or been willing to receive a cent for his time and services in pursuing the last object, or in any other business of the Association—and the sacrifices of some of them in these particulars have been heavy. During the momentous struggle on the tariff, did the editor of the Country Gentleman—a journal professedly devoted to the advancement of *every* branch of husbandry—ever utter a friendly word or hold out a kindly hand to them or their cause? Nay, did he ever extend to them the common courtesies of the Agricultural Press? With abundance of room for controversies about a "silver-spangled Hamburg hen," which had been "disrespectfully spoken of," and for articles on other topics of equal magnitude, has he found room, for a year or two past, to notice the public proceedings, the resolutions, or even the existence of the wool growers' National and State Associations? But *slurs* on the sheep and on the breeding improvements of a large class of their members, have found the readiest access to his columns. They have also both originated there and been *engrafted* into communications. And a venomous attack on the official action of the Associations themselves—an attack which the most superficial investigation on his part would have shown to be false in all its material assertions and conclusions—was so eagerly hailed by him, that he was not content to usher it before the public without anointing it with the editorial chrism, and adopting it as his own.

Waiving the question of *motives* (allowing our heroic contemporary to take sanctuary among the *primaries and derivatives!*) he charges "all the wool growers of the country and the eminent men who coöperated in securing its (the tariff's) enactment," with advocating and supporting a law which is every way visibly and grossly defective—which is wide open to and has practically admitted of the most enormous frauds—which *has led* to the present "degree of prosperity," in other words, the unspeakable depression of wool growing husbandry.

Now who are the *witnesses* and what are the *facts* which ought, in the judgment of a fair-minded editor, to outweigh the deliberate opinions of the great body of those whose direct personal interests are staked in the wool tariff; which should authorize him virtually to assume that they are no better than *fools and suicides;* which should render it appropriate and modest in him, everyway an outsider, to warn his readers against the "counsels by which the wool growers of the country have been guided during the past few years?" He rests his case on the testimony of a *single* witness. Who is this imposing personage? The wool growers of the country ought to know who the man is on whose sole authority the editor of a respectable journal founds such conclusions and such imputations.

The Country Gentleman's "correspondent" is one H. C. Merriam, of Lowell, Mass., whom we never heard of as a wool grower, but whom we have heard *from* in other capacities. When the committee of the National Wool Growers' Association first met in New York to aid in framing the draft of a wool tariff, this man sent them, through a friend, a long letter of *advice*. As in all his published productions, the facts set forth in it accorded about as well with each other and with the conclusions deduced from them, as do the materials of a magpie's nest; and they were couched in his usual tone of impudent assurance. But the pith of the advice was contained in the following propositions: He recommended that the wool growers appoint a first-class agent to take the general charge of their affairs at Washington. He argued that it was necessary that he be *a man of talent*—a man capable of obtaining and entitled to receive *a liberal salary*. He said the manufacturers *paid out money to attain their objects, and the wool growers must do the same—authorizing their agent to disburse it as he should find expedient*. In the letter inclosing this communication, his friend stated that H. C. Merriam would, as Trapbois says, for a "con-sid-er-a-tion," undertake these responsible duties. The committee did not propose *to do business in that way*, and H. C. Merriam was not employed. The tender of his services was subsequently again made, through his friend, to the President of the National Wool Growers' Association, and we see by turning to the letter that *this* time he offered to become the bearer of the *purse* and sword of the Association for "reasonable pay."

We believe that even before the draft of the tariff was completed, H. C. Merriam commenced publishing misrepresentations about it on hear-say; and from the period of its completion until the present time, he has filled every agricultural journal of the land which would give him a hearing, with attacks on it and on those officers of the National Association who had shown themselves so insensible to his merits. *This* is the witness—a man unable to write an article on sheep husbandry without betraying ludicrous ignorance of its most common concerns*—whose statements, in the judgment of the Country Gentleman, are entitled to more confidence than official figures, and whose opinions of the wool tariff ought to outweigh those of the Morrells, the Binghams, the Delanos, the Garfields, the Colfaxes, the Grinnells, the Moorheads, the Lawrences, the Daweses, and *all* the other firm friends of wool protection in Congress, who united on the bill without any of them *even offering an amendment;* and also outweigh the opinions of the great body of practical wool growers of the country! The *facts* alleged by this remarkable witness have already been sufficiently examined.

The Country Gentleman while pulingly deprecating the almost universal indignation felt for its conduct, (as a bushel of letters received by us from eminent men testify,) and while it dares not reaffirm its former positions, directly *admits* no error in its statements (of Jan. 16th) except as to the rate of duties! Its flagrant misrepresentations in respect to the average protection which United States wools have received under the tariff; its untrue statements of the average and comparative value of the different classes of imported wools; its own improper interpretation of the intent and meaning of the classification and wholly inaccurate assertions and inferences in reference to the interpretation it receives from the Custom House officers; its crude and absurd views concerning the general theory of the tariff; in short, its glaring mistakes in regard to every material disputed fact it attempted either to prove or disprove—are all passed over in silence, without a word of correction or retraction. If the Country Gentleman *enjoys* its present position in this controversy of its own raising, we trust that it will continue to occupy it!

* In his earlier attacks on the tariff, one of his most pointed complaints was that it did not specify and therefore include *Saxon* wool among the fine wools of Class 1. (It consequently, we think was his inference, went into Class 3.) He did not even know that Saxon sheep are of Merino blood. In a recent paper, he recommends an importation of French Merinos to take the place of American Merinos, one of the assigned reasons being that the former "*being smoother and its skin not corrugated (corrugated?) or ruffled like American Merinos*, the fibers throughout the fleece are of even length." &c. The statement we have put in italics will be *news* to those who have bred or seen French Merinos! We present these gems of sheep literature, not as isolated ones, but as those we chance to remember at the moment. We never read a paper of this author's which did not present brilliants, more or less striking, of the same kind. We wish the Country Gentleman would collect and re-publish the productions of its "correspondent." They certainly would furnish great diversion to its wool growing readers.

"GREASY AMERICAN MERINOS."

WE have observed several attacks of late, in the public journals, on the character of American Merinos, for wool growing purposes. The chief objection taken to them is that they have too much yolk, or "grease," in their wool. Many of these articles have doubtless been written in a spirit of candid criticism, and by men well acquainted with *wool* as a commodity in the market, and with its uses in manufactures.

It is well known to those who have read our views on the subject, expressed in the Practical Shepherd, and repeatedly in the columns of this Department, that we have ever considered an excessive amount of yolk not only undesirable, but objectionable—objectionable because useless; because the sheep bearing it are not, in our opinion, generally so thrifty, hardy and capable of withstanding extreme cold; and finally, because we have *suspected* that excessive secretions or excretions of this kind, take place somewhat at the expense of the production of wool, either by diverting its pabulum (which many have supposed yolk to be) into another channel, or by too great activity as rival secretions acting in the same tissues.

We may be permitted to quote the following paragraph on the "Uses of Yolk" from the Practical Shepherd (pp. 77, 78:)

"Yolk has been believed in all countries and times to promote the growth of wool and render it soft, pliant and healthy. It seems to me to have other and obvious uses. The small, irregular-shaped masses of wool which adhere together in the unshorn fleece of Merino sheep, and which are bounded externally by visible, permanent cracks, slide on each other with every movement of the animal: so that, in effect, the cracks are the joints of the fleece. If dry and unlubricated by the yolk, the friction of these sliding masses would, on the sides subject to abrasion, wear or break off the tooth-like processes on the wool on which the felting property depends; and this same effect would follow, whether to a greater or lesser degree, I am unable to say, on those coarse open fleeces in which, as in the covering of hairy animals, there is no such massing of the fibers and each slides separately on the surrounding ones. Again: if the wool was unlubricated, heavy rains, and the contact of the sheep with each other, with the ground and other substances, would cause felting on the back—a result now sometimes witnessed to a limited extent, and termed "cotting."

We had never heard either of these mechanical uses ascribed to yolk when we originally published our views on the subject, in our report on "Fine Wool Husbandry," in 1862. But so far as we have observed, they have obtained general recognition. If yolk has these uses, (and we think it admits of demonstration,) it clearly follows that there must be a constant and large deposition of it—especially in the compact fleece of the Merino, where the pressure of the fibers against each other renders the friction much greater than in the fleece of the coarse, open-wooled sheep,* in order to keep up the necessary supply, which is constantly, and frequently very rapidly, exhausted on sheep exposed in the ordinary way to the effects of the weather.

Yolk, instead of being a true *grease* or *oil*, comes much nearer to the properties of an animal *soap*—being composed chiefly of potash in different chemical forms. (See VAUQUELIN's analysis of it, Practical Shepherd, p. 77.) It is readily soluble in water, as every one has discovered who has washed his hands when smeared with it. In soft water it washes off rapidly, leaving only a slight sticky feeling, due to the mere atom of animal oil and earthy matter which it contains. A continued drenching rain, and especially a rapid succession of heavy rains, will remove a great portion of it from the fleeces on sheep. Hence, if nature did not provide for a constant and liberal re-supply, the wool would suffer in the respects which have been mentioned. And in addition to this, we entertain the decided belief that wool would not grow as rapidly, and would not be as strong, soft and healthy without being kept lubricated by yolk—as we have stated above to be the prevailing opinion in all countries and times.

The American Merinos do not, *as a variety*, secrete any more yolk than *is necessary for the purposes named*, when they are habitually exposed to summer storms and allowed to go in or out of their shelters at their option in winter—according to the general old-fashioned custom, and the still prevailing custom among a vast majority of American wool growers. Under such treatment, no manufacturer dreams of objecting to the amount of "grease" in the unwashed wool, when it is bought as unwashed wool. (He is exceedingly glad to get it under the arbitrary one-half shrinkage rule!) But if the American Merino sheep is housed from summer and winter storms—so that all or nearly all the yolk secreted *during a year* is contained in the fleece at shearing, then it unquestionably exhibits what would appear to be an unnecessary and excessive amount of "grease." The apparent excess *is therefore an incident of treatment and not of breed.*

* This opinion, formed on mature consideration, takes the place of the doubt expressed on the subject in the preceding quotation. It rests not only on the fact stated in the text,—the non-forcible pressure of the fibres and separate masses against each other—but also on the circumstances that the tooth-like processes, or serrations, which produce felting, are vastly more numerous, minute and sharp-pointed, and therefore presumably more easily broken off or worn down, especially when not properly lubricated with yolk, than the materially larger and duller-pointed ones of coarse wool. There are something like a thousand more serrations on an inch of Saxon than of Leicester wool.

The Vermont breeders of American Merinos, for reasons which we will by-and-by state, almost invariably house their sheep from storms throughout the year; and they began this custom in the United States. Hence it is that the charge of over-"greasiness" is usually first and chiefly brought against their flocks. But it is also said that crosses with their sheep on the flocks of New York, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, etc., have produced the same property of over-"greasiness"—as if the *blood* carried along that quality or characteristic with it. Now every man acquainted with the facts, perfectly well knows that this cross has not only greatly increased the actual weight of clean wool on drier and coarser wooled sheep, but has rapidly improved its quality: and that it usually requires several such crosses to *establish* in the progeny a degree of yolkiness equal to that of the full-blood. If very "greasy" fleeces now come from the West, it is only because the summer and winter housing system has followed the full-blood thither. Western men who have bought expensive sheep naturally wish to sell their progeny at "breeders' prices." To do this most successfully, they must put them in "show" condition. Therefore they house their sheep.

But we contend that even the degree of yolkiness produced by housing throughout the year, is not a valid objection to wool, on the part of the manufacturer, *providing the yolk is soluble.* It in no respect injures the manufacturing properties of wool. It is simply extraneous matter, for which or for the transportation of which, the manufacturer does not pay. Both are deducted from the price. He has only to scour out more yolk, a process of no difficulty, and productive of no noticeable increase of cost. Nearly all foreign fine wool is imported in the "grease;" and much of it is quite as "greasy" as American weather-washed wool. It is often, too, very burry, a ten-fold greater objection. Yet who complains? The manufacturer here acts like a man of sense. He knows that the climates, pasturages and other physical conditions where the wool is produced, are such that the grower considers it economically impossible, or inexpedient, to put up his wool in cleaner condition. The United States grower has the same right to judge what his interest and convenience dictate, in the premises, provided nothing which he does is concealed; and the manufacturer or buyer has, on no sound principle of commercial ethics, the right by arbitrary *rules* of buying, or in any other way, to attempt to mulct him for so doing, or coerce him to take a different course. The wool growers of the country should promptly and firmly resist all such dictation, whether coming from individuals or *combinations*. The buyers should understand, in time, that combination is a game that two can play at.

An objection has been brought against American Merinos, or against the way in which they are bred, which is a sound one, if it can be established. It is that they produce a hard yolk on the outer extremities of their wool, which is insoluble and which must be cut off with the tips of the wool to which it adheres, before it can be manufactured. This is a tedious and somewhat expensive process. By the principles already laid down, the grower has a right to produce such wool, and the manufacturer who uses it has only the right to deduct from the price the expenses of preparing it and the loss of material; but these would form an item of considerable consequence. Insoluble "gum" is totally unnecessary. It produces needless waste. It therefore must be pronounced a proper objection to any breed. Is it a characteristic of the American Merino?

First let us give our own testimony on the subject. We have owned a great many thousands of these sheep—had them continually under our eye, handled them, often seen them washed, and habitually seen them shorn. Many of them, particularly rams, do not lose all their external "gum" in ordinary *good* washing, especially if washed after a period of dry weather. If well wet with rain, or soaked in a vat, and *thoroughly* washed in soft water the next day, most ewes will come out substantially clean—clean enough to satisfy the wool buyer; and a shrinkage of fifteen, or at the outside twenty, per cent. on the fleeces of the "gummiest" rams, excluding "sweat-balls," would make them equivalent in condition to well washed wool. If not usually as clean as this, it is because their owners do not wish it. They have no inducements to wash so cleanly when the buyer arbitrarily insists on a shrinkage of one-third on *washed* rams' fleeces, irrespective of their particular condition.

It is distinctly apparent to the actual observer that all the visible "gum" which has potash for its base is soluble *in water alone*, if the soaking and washing process is long enough continued. The ram, we conjecture, secretes more animal oil than the ewe, and this, with the small amount of dirt which may be imbedded in it, resists the effects of water. But this, according to VAUQUELIN, and according to practical observation, forms but a very trifling proportion of the entire yolk. But the hardened animal oil and dirt which constitutes so much of the gum as will not, or does not, dissolve in water, is readily soluble in the scouring liquors employed in wool manufactories. We have repeatedly, by way of experiment, had rams' fleeces scoured which exhibited the greatest amount of "gum" insoluble in water, and it was always, we were assured, scoured out without difficulty; and it became as white as "driven snow."

In these respects we feel authorized to say that our sheep do not differ from the standard flocks of Vermont and their descendants in other States. They are of the same blood and type. And we have the more positive evidence that we have at different periods, and from different flocks, introduced hundreds of Vermont sheep into our flocks—many of them "gummy" beyond the average of full-bloods in that State—and we have always found that their fleeces washed as easily, and *cleansed* as readily and perfectly of *all* "gum" or other extraneous matter under the manufacturer's processes. Our sheep, it is true, have not been housed to any extent* after the Vermont plan; but our observations have satisfied us that, though exposure to the weather prevents the accumulation of yolk or "gum," it renders that which remains less soluble.

To this soluble "gum" the buyer can make no objection. As we have already said, it does not injure the wool, and the buyer is not required to pay for it or its transportation to market.

We shall resume this subject, in some other phases, in our next issue.

* We have latterly housed our breeding rams, the leading object being to render them more safe from dogs and other dangers; and we have in two or three instances summer-housed small lots of ewes which we wished to put in holiday attire, in order to observe and allow others to observe the difference which this treatment makes in the appearance of sheep of the same kind and quality.

Dairy Department.

CANADIAN DAIRYMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

THE first annual meeting of this Association was recently held at Ingersoll. It was very fully attended by the dairymen of Canada, together with strong delegations from the Associations of the States, especially from that of New York. The regular address was delivered by X. A. WILLARD, Esq., of Herkimer, in which the subject of dairying was presented in his usually comprehensive manner. The Canada Farmer contains a detailed report of the proceedings, which it characterizes as having been of an enthusiastic and promising character. The following is a list of officers for the current year:

President—C. E. Chadwick, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*—M. H. Cochrane, Montreal; Henry Wade, Port Hope; T. H. Wilmot, Milton; A. G. Muir, Grimsby; Geo. Hamilton, Mitchell; G. H. Scott, Lobo; Harvey Farrington, Norwich; James Harris, Ingersoll; Benj. Hopkins, Brownsville; Geo. Galloway, West Oxford; Richard Manning, Exeter; Josiah Collins, Dereham; Stephen Hill, Paris; John N. Raynour, Cedar Grove; K. Graham, Belleville; John Adams, Ingersoll; P. Bristol, Hamburgh; J. M. Jones, Bowmanville; H. D. Reesor, Markham. *Secretary and Treasurer*—James Noxon, Esq.

WESTERN DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

THE second annual convention of the Illinois and Wisconsin Dairymen's Association was held at Belvidere, Ill., Feb. 11th and 12th. It was called to order by the President, W. G. KING, who gave a succinct history of the dairy business in the Northwest since the formation of the Association. The cheese market at the West, as elsewhere, during the past season has been depressed as compared with other farm products, but during a portion of the time remunerative prices were obtained. The address was succeeded by the Treasurer's report, showing a small balance on the credit side. The annual address was delivered by X. A. WILLARD, Esq., of Herkimer Co., N. Y., and was listened to with evident satisfaction. To the address succeeded a general discussion on the subjects of milk, rennets, curing cheese, butter, grasses, grain for dairy stock, and butter and cheese making—these topics constituting the programme for the occasion. Many members of the Association gave their views on these several points, but we have not space at present for a more extended notice. The general tone of the remarks evinced hopefulness for the future of the dairy business in that section of the country. The following board of officers was elected:

President.—Wm. G. King, Rockford. *Vice-Presidents*—J. B. Rose, Belvidere, Ill.; J. H. Rigart, Rock Co., Wis.; Wm. T. Sammons, Joliet, Ill.; R. W. Stewart, Hebron; Dr. Joseph Tefft, Elgin; Mr. Gillett, Albany; Daniel Dunton, Dunton, Ill.; R. H. Hueston, Kenosha, Wis.; Stephen Favill, Lake Mills, Wis.; S. W. Brewster, Freeport. *Secretary*—R. R. Stone, Richmond, Ill. *Treasurer*—W. A. McConnell, Richmond.

MILKING.

DRAWING the milk from the cows is an important point in dairy operations. We have seen milkers so slovenly in this particular that well bred swine would hardly venture to partake of the milk, though freshly drawn from the udder. Some propose, as a means of securing cleanliness, an application of water to the udder before milking, but this is often difficult,—indeed always so unless the cows are housed in buildings fitted up with the means of ready ablution. In the summer time, if cows are properly yarded, there will rarely be any necessity for water application, and the same will hold good, as a general thing, in winter if suitably stabled. The udder should be dusted off in either case before milking, but not over the pail, as some slovens are in the practice of doing. When the preliminaries are gone through with, the milker should work his hands rapidly, keeping up a constant flow till the udder is clean, when, except in severely cold weather, the milk will be crested with a foam fleecy as the driven snow. To arrive at this result, the milker and the cow should be acquainted—more than this, should be friends,—a relation not difficult to establish if the former has a kindly disposition, slow to anger, and not given to a ready use of the milking stool on slight provocation. With habits of personal cleanliness, a little practice in the way of udder manipulation, a soothing voice and kindly action, a milker will drain a cow's udder of its secretions with great celerity, and present the milk in such a condition that no one's gorge would rise at imbibing it without the interposition of a strainer. Slovenly, ill-tempered persons should never be tolerated in the dairy department, especially as milkers, for if the cows are not naturally vicious, they will educate them to become so, while their product will be so impregnated with filth as to render it unfit for use.

LOOK TO THE COWS.

THIS is a season of the year, above all others, when cows require extra attention. The severe cold of winter does not affect them so much as the storms of rain and sleet which usually characterize the month of March, during which a considerable portion of the cows come in. Good shelter and generous feeding are important to dairy stock at this season. When cows in good heart are left out in cold rains they exhibit marked signs of discomfort. They shiver and become doubled up, and when approached emit a moaning sound, indicative of their suffering state. It is their mode of asking relief, and the petition should not be passed by unheeded. Every farmer knows with what eagerness cows exposed to storms will rush to shelter when a chance to reach it is afforded them, and how marked is the satisfaction which this attention gives them. But, in addition to ample shelter and liberal feeding, it will pay well to card the cows, newly come in, at least once each day. It imparts liveliness to them, and is no doubt conducive to their health and productiveness. We sometimes see cows with their sides cased in a coating of green manure, rendering them uncomfortable and difficult of approach for milking purposes. This can be very generally obviated by a timely cleaning of their stalls and by supplying them with suitable bedding. These attentions, at this season of the year, are important to dairy stock, and if neglected or but imperfectly rendered the owner will be recompensed in the shape of lean cows and diminished products.

PRODUCTIVE COW.—The Commercial Press, Pultneyville, N. Y., states that Mrs. JAMES B. CRAGGS of that village made seventeen and three-quarters pounds of butter from one cow in seven days, besides using three quarts of milk per day for the family. The calf was raised on skimmed milk, and at sixteen days old weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds on foot. The customary "Beat this who can" is appended to the statement.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON.—*A Glimpse of Spring.*—As noted in our last, March opened with the most severe snow storm of the season, and the 3d was the coldest day of the year in Rochester—the thermometer marking 4 to 8 below zero at 8 A. M., when the polls of a *warm* Charter Election opened! About 18 inches of snow fell during the storm; but a warm rain (on the 6th and 7th) melted much of the snow, and now (9th) wheels have taken the place of runners after nearly one hundred days of almost continuous sleighing! In Rochester and up the Genesee Valley there has been great apprehension of a flood like unto that of 1865, but the indications are that the remaining snow and ice will pass off, and be absorbed by earth and air, without damage,—so the people "breathe freer." Some, who believe in the Almanac and sunshine, are so confiding and hopeful as to hum the words of THOMSON—

"Hail! gentle Spring: ethereal mildness, come!"

And we, in behalf of the Rural Population "and the rest of mankind," sincerely trust that the long winter will end right speedily, giving place to glorious, vernal Spring!

OUR ADVERTISING RATES.—Those who write us for our lowest advertising terms, etc., are respectfully referred to the published rates given in each number of the RURAL. As we do not believe in publishing one rate and accepting another, we cannot consistently allow others to make prices for us,—especially such as contrast our rates with those of papers which do not circulate as many hundreds as the RURAL does thousands. Though disposed to do our "level best" to accommodate, we cannot put our rates on a level with the views of such applicants—particularly when our limited advertising space is in such demand that we are constrained to defer, decline or refuse advertisements every week for months in succession. For instance, during the past week we have, among others, declined an offer of $1,000 for a single insertion of an advertisement to occupy one page. The offer was tempting,—but we wish to give every subscriber "value received" for his or her money, and hence unlike most of our contemporaries, decline many tempting proposals lest our reading departments be circumscribed.

MISSOURI.—*Sales of Land—Progress, &c.*—As we occasionally receive inquiries about the most promising sections of the West and Southwest, we take the liberty of giving the following extract from a private letter just received from GEO. S. HARRIS, Esq., Land Commissioner of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Co., which indicates the rapid settlement and improvement of a fine agricultural region:—"We are selling our Railroad lands more rapidly than ever. Our sales in February, 1868, amounted to $163,743.87. This is nearly $4,000 more than was sold in the *three years* of 1861, '62 and '63, during the war, and more than was sold in the whole year of 1864. We now often sell more land in one day than we did in the whole years of 1861-2, and more in one day than in a whole month in 1865. Our total sales in February, 1865, were only $3,826.17, and now, in February, 1868, they are $163,743 87,—about $160,000 more now than then per month. And the reasons are plain ones. Missouri is now reconstructed; freedom is established; law and order are restored, and all personal and social rights and privileges are more secure than before the war. Hence the rapid influx of Northern and Eastern people in great numbers."

MICHIGAN PREMIUM FARMS.—The Michigan State Ag. Society offered certain premiums for farm cultivation, and appointed a committee to report upon and make the awards to the competitors. Three farms were entered, viz.:—Those of LYSANDER WOODWARD, Rochester, Oakland Co.; E. L. BOYDEN, Webster, Washtenaw Co., and E. W. RISING, Richfield, Genesee Co. The competing farms were not to be less than 160 acres, and were passed upon in the order mentioned above. The first named netted a profit of $8.40 per acre: the second $9.25, and the third $12.25. The report is elaborate and minute, and closes with a resolution awarding the first premium of $60 to E. L. BOYDEN, the second of $40 to LYSANDER WOODWARD, and the medal of the Society to E. W. RISING. The report, signed by C. W. GREENE and JOHN ALLEN, is highly interesting, but we have not room for a more extended notice.

THE RAMIE PLANT.—An effort is being made to introduce this new textile plant for Southern cultivation. It is a native of Java, and has been grown for some years in Mexico. It is said by those desirous of introducing it to be easily propagated by root cuttings, layers and cuttings of the mature stalks; it is vigorous in growth, and spreads by shoots and roots; it is perennial and will stand some freezing; the fiber is found in the inner bark of the stalk; it bears cutting three or four times in a season, and does not waste materially by delay in harvesting. It requires a special machine to separate and prepare the fiber, which is white, fine and of long staple. Its leaves and shoots are relished by cattle.

SOWING SALT ON WHEAT.—J. J. N., Canton, O., writes: "Information is sought by a subscriber to the RURAL on sowing salt on winter wheat. In the fall of 1866 I had a field of wheat that turned yellow and looked sickly, and being fearful of losing the crop I resorted to sowing salt. My soil being a gravelly loam, I sowed about half a bushel to the acre, leaving strips of a few rods wide through the field unsown. At harvest that part sown with salt ripened two days sooner, and was the nicest, plumpest in the grain, and produced at least two bushels more per acre than that not sown. I would sow one bushel per acre."

BONE DUST ON OLD DAIRY PASTURE.—"Subscriber," Shirley, Erie Co., N. Y., writes:—"I see it recommended to use bone dust as a fertilizer on old dairy pastures. Will it pay on loam land? What quantity should be used? Where can it be procured and what is the price?" At the prices manufacturers ask for bone dust we don't think farmers can afford to use it. However, as this is a question which careful experiment and observation only can decide, we advise our correspondent to help test it.

REMEDY FOR POLL EVIL.—K. of North Liberty, Pa., writes:—"As a slight acknowledgement of the many good things I have learned from the columns of the RURAL, I send you the following remedy for the poll evil, which I know by experience to be good:—With a feather apply common tanner's (whale) oil to the running sore freely, three or four times a day, and a speedy and permanent cure will be the result."

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE Illinois Industrial University opens for the reception of students on the 11th inst.

BY feeding tomatoes to cows, it is said the milk, cream and butter will be much improved.

DO not omit to card new milch cows daily. It is a pleasure to them and profitable to the owner.

THOMAS JENKINS, a farmer in Saco, Me., is 101 years old, and has lived in the same house 95 years.

CARROTS are specially recommended for horses as favorable to the assimilation and digestion of other food.

SHEEP manure and soot, a peck of each well stirred in 30 gallons of rain water, is good for watering potted plants.

THE Farmer's Chronicle, Columbus, O., estimates the ground devoted to the grape in that State at 12,000 acres.

THE Cent. Ill. Hort. Society held its first annual meeting at Onarga recently, with flattering prospects for the future.

THE Kansas farmers are said to be in fine spirits in consequence of the promising aspect of the wheat crop there.

ABOUT 2,500,000 hogs have been slaughtered in the West this season at the leading packing establishments.

AN apiarian in the lower Virginia Valley, Jefferson Co., got 1,500 lbs. of honey last season from 59 stands. It sold for $450.

THE animal and vegetable production of a farm ought to be so adjusted as to increase the productive power of the soil yearly.

ACCORDING to statistics presented to the N. Y. Institute Farmers' Club, $30,000,000 worth of cattle die annually in the United States.

WOOD ashes liberally applied to potato ground will add materially to its productive powers. The potato is a great absorber of potash.

DURING the prevalence of light snows in March and April, timothy seed can be sown more evenly than when the ground is bare. The snow is a guide to the sower.

HORTICULTURAL.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWERS' ASS'N.

SYNOPSIS OF DISCUSSIONS.

DURING the late meeting at Canandaigua for organizing this Society, there were some discussions of subjects pertaining to grape growing, of which we give a brief synopsis.

Soils and their Preparation for Planting.—This subject was the first one introduced. Judge LARROWE of Hammondsport, said he preferred a soil having ample natural drainage—a dry, porous subsoil, with lime and perhaps sulphur in its composition. As far as mere soil was concerned, he thought almost any in the State good enough for grape growing, but of course other things were also requisite to success: he advocated a thorough preparation by summer fallowing for planting. CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie, thought the soil lost valuable qualities by being summer-fallowed, and would plant grape vines the same as corn and potatoes, on sod ground. He did not want a deep, rich soil, but one that would produce well ripened wood and not a luxuriant growth. BAKER, Hammondsport, concurred in the advice to plant on raw sod just turned over. A new clearing was, perhaps, best, but a freshly turned sod next. He believed in a deep soil, and thought the subsoil had great influence on the prosperity of the vine. CLARK, Naples, had found grape roots six feet in the earth, and Pres. POTTLE six or eight feet in various soils; yet he had a vineyard on soil only ten inches deep—shale rock underlying it—and it was very prosperous. KEECH, Waterloo, said it was no trouble with them to grow the vines, but it was to mature the fruit. On rocky or slate soils the vine grows less rank than on alluvial, and we should work accordingly. Pres. POTTLE said that thirty or forty years ago vines were planted at Naples on deep and highly manured soil, and not more than one year in ten have good crops been obtained. The fruit would not ripen and the wood killed. The information elicited by the discussion favored the planting of vines on freshly turned sod, and favored a dry, and what for ordinary farm purposes would be termed a poor soil, as best adapted to grape growing. An exception was made in favor of the Delaware as a variety which does best on rich soil and least manuring.

Varieties and their Adaptation to Soils and Localities—Was next discussed. Mr. A. J. CAYWOOD spoke of the Walter. He said it was a seedling of the Delaware fertilized with the Diana, and originated on poor, thin soil in a ravine. The present year was very unfavorable to the grape crop in his locality on account of excessive wet, but he claimed that the Walter ripened fruit by the middle of September. Some members observed that it was characteristic of the Delaware to lose its foliage and the Walter might inherit this defect from its parent. BAKER thought it quite desirable to obtain hardy varieties that did not possess the "catty" flavor for wine making. Dr. FARLEY, Union Springs, considered the Delaware peculiarly adapted to heavy soils containing much nutriment. Its foliage is there healthy. BREHM, Waterloo, said he grew his best Delawares on heavy, dry soils, but the vines were extremely liable to overbear. Of the Iona, HOAG, Lockport, said it was not as sweet immediately beneath the skin as the Delaware or Diana, its sugar being more diffused throughout the pulp; hence people were mistaken as to its amount of sugar. He spoke favorably of the Perkins, a seedling of the Diana, nearly white in color, and said the Hartford Prolific had been the most profitable variety with him. The discussion did not elicit many new facts or fresh information regarding varieties. The principle was recognized that varieties will not succeed equally well in all locations, but that soil, climate, habit of growth, hardiness, &c., should all be well considered by the grape grower when he makes selections. Considerable time was taken up in discussing the merits of vines grown from green wood cuttings as compared with those from ripe wood. The propagators of vines generally argued that those properly grown from thrifty green wood were just as good as any; but the planters and buyers of vines stoutly denied this, and many contended that the green wood vines were a humbug and imposition. The contest was quite sharp, but the vine planters seemed to get the best of it—experience being a weighty argument which their opponents could not overthrow with mere theory.

Pruning.—This subject being taken up, Mr. CAYWOOD objected to short spurring. The clusters should be grown from the second or third buds, as they were then finer; the first bud should be used to grow wood for the next year. VAN KEUREN would prune the plant at the time of setting to two eyes, letting but one grow; after one year's growth prune again to two eyes and grow the canes; afterwards extend these for horizontal arms having spurs. LARROWE would grow the fruit near the ground, and prune to avoid overbearing. Thought ten pounds enough for a Catawba vine, but the amount of fruit grown should depend on the strength of the vine. Rather favored fall pruning. Did not summer prune much; a man with ten acres of vineyard was not apt to do that. LINCOLN, Naples, had grown from twenty to forty pounds of fruit per vine in his vineyard for some years; he wouldn't give a straw for any theory about pruning, but thought each vine should have a system adapted to its peculiar wants. Favored spring pruning, as the movement of sap in winter would swell the many buds less than the few, and thus they were less liable to injury from cold. Pres't POTTLE said no theory would apply to several vineyards, nor even to one all through. Each vine must be studied. A vine that grows too rampant is made worse by close pruning, and one of feeble growth feebler by long pruning. The amount of crop should depend on the strength of soil and condition of vine; with strong soil and growth more fruit must be left to attain success. In his vineyard a ten or twelve foot trellis could easily be filled with bearing wood (Isabella) and fruit without over taxing the roots. Twenty-five pounds per vine there was not an over crop, yet he had high land where probably five pounds per vine were sufficient. Would prune towards spring rather than in the fall or mid-winter. He did not think it essential or beneficial to summer prune so as to admit sunlight on the fruit; that was wanting and necessary on the leaves. Knew of an experiment where a friend boxed a growing cluster of grapes by the side of two others which were exposed to the sunshine. The cluster that was darkened by the box ripened as soon as the others. WELLS, Canandaigua, thought if there was a system which was applicable to pruning a vineyard, its adoption would be very desirable, as without it judgment must be applied to each vine, and that was a serious objection, as it necessitated skilled laborers. CLARK, Naples, believed there was no plan which all could adopt, but that individual judgment must be used. He said he began pruning in the autumn and finished by the 10th of April. KEECH would prune in the autumn for the purpose of laying down and protecting the vines.

Messrs. CLARK and JOHNSON, Naples, spread on the tables very fine Isabellas and Catawbas, and received the thanks of the meeting for a generous repast of fruit.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA.—No. II.

THE AVOCADO PEAR.

THE tree bearing this fruit is in the general outline and foliage like our standard pears, except that the bark of the young tree and the young wood of old trees, remains for a long time of a bright green. The fruit, too, is in shape and color like our pears, and like them varies from the bell to almost round; but with shape and color all resemblance ends. The skin of the Avocado Pear is about as thick as calf skin leather, not quite so tough. The fruit is hollow; in the hollow, and quite loose and separate from the flesh, is the seed, which is as large as a good sized horse chestnut, and very like one when hulled. It is like a bean formed of two lobes, and between the lobes lies the young tree perfectly formed, with its root and first leaves looking as if made of light yellow wax. The whole seed is wrapped up in what most people would say was damp, discolored blotting paper, perhaps three or four folds thick. No creature that I know of will eat this seed, and it will germinate after laying round in the sun for weeks.

The flesh of the pear is green next the skin, shading off to yellow in the middle, and when just ripe enough to eat, cuts like butter that the knife will go through easily. It is free from all strings, and is from half an inch to an inch and a half in thickness. It is eaten as a vegetable without any kind of cooking, pepper and salt being freely used. All creoles (natives) and foreigners are very fond of the pear, and it is very common and almost always to be had. Every kind of animal, from the mouse to the horse, devours pears; dogs and cats being particularly fond of them. They are very nutritious and very healthy, and are sold in the markets very cheap. The tree requires no cultivation except to protect the young trees till out of the reach of cattle.

T. B. P.

Akron, Summit Co., Ohio.

FRUIT TREES IN THE WEST.

WHAT is the condition of fruit trees in the West? is a question that has often been put to us of late—the inquirer supposing from the records of extreme cold which has prevailed in many of the Western States, that a large number of fruit trees will be found entirely destroyed. Peach and cherry trees, it seems hardly possible, can be alive after a temperature of 36 degrees below zero,—and if the trees are alive the buds and young wood must be killed, and the whole frame of the tree injured, although, perhaps, the effects will not be visible until midsummer. One of our pomological friends suggests that Western orchardists should encase the bodies of their trees with straw ere the heat of June suns strike upon them. He thinks a shield of straw or other material will assist greatly in enabling the tree to recover from injury caused by a too great extreme of cold, breaking and tearing the tissues of the sap vessels—and without some such shield the heat of July suns will present many a dead or dying tree, that by its use might be made to recover full vigor.

THE TENT CATERPILLAR.

THE eggs of the tent caterpillar should be destroyed at this season. A correspondent suggests the following mode of destroying them after they have begun to nest. He writes:—"Various modes have been tried for destroying these pests, which are annually committing such depredations in our orchards; but still they are on the increase, and unless some plan is adopted for annihilating *them*, it is feared they will annihilate our orchards. After all the pains that has been taken to destroy them, enough have been left over for seed, and they are rapidly on the increase. Among all the methods tried for their destruction, none has proved so effectual as that of shooting them. Put a light charge of powder into a shotgun, hold the muzzle within a few feet of the nest and blaze away. They will all "come down" like CROCKET's coon, and leave not a vestige behind. Get your ammunition ready against the season, and set the juveniles at it, and my word for it, you will be satisfied with the result."

RAISING EVERGREENS FROM SEED.

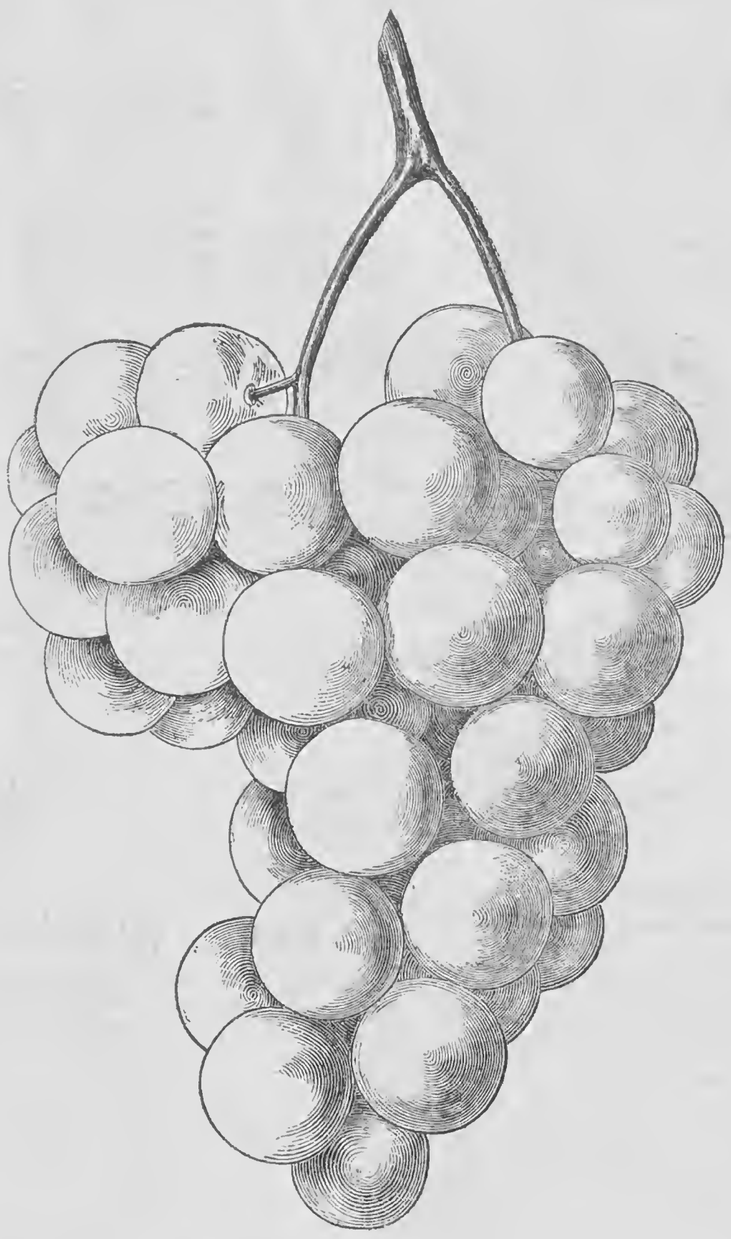
SEEDLINGS of the evergreens are the most difficult to manage of any that come under the care of the propagator. The seeds abound in an oily, resinous fluid that quickly becomes rancid and destroys the germ, if they are taken from the cones a long time before using. The seeds of most species may be preserved for several years, if allowed to remain in the cones until wanted for planting. Most kinds germinate easily, but the critical season is when the true leaves are being developed, and before the stem becomes firm and woody. At this period the propagator should be on the alert to guard against sudden changes in the atmosphere, or an excess of moisture. *Damping off* is the bane of young evergreen seedlings, and the most experienced hand not unfrequently finds himself at fault to counteract it. A sprinkling of sulphur will destroy the various fungoid growths, so destructive to young evergreens, and dry sand counteracts the effects of too much moisture in the soil.

The fundamental principle in growing Conifers is to plant at the *very earliest moment* in the spring, as no amount of care or forcing by artificial heat will compensate for lost time. Some of the more hardy species will succeed in our variable climate without resorting to glass coverings; as, for instance, the Arbor Vitæ, Norway Spruce, Austrian and Scotch Pines, Red Cedar, etc. In the case of these, we select a sheltered spot, and prepare the ground in the preceding autumn, by carefully pulverizing the soil, and incorporating a fair proportion of sharp sand with it, but never using stimulating manures. A coating of ashes is excellent. The following spring, as soon as the soil is in a suitable condition for the operation, shallow drills may be drawn out, and the seeds thinly sown. The soil should then be gently beaten down with the back of the spade, and nothing further will be necessary until the appearance of the seedlings, which soon occurs after a few warm days. We very much question whether any benefit results from deep and frequent cultivation of the soil between the rows, as our own experience has been exactly the reverse. Young evergreens appear to need a compact soil to counteract the tendency to dampen off; and they will survive the first summer more readily if the weeds be pulled without the use of the hoe.

Such species as produce berry-like fruit should have their pulpy covering removed by washing as soon as gathered, and the seeds placed in boxes of sand, or sowed at once in beds where they are to remain. If allowed to become dry they will frequently lie in the ground for two and even three years before germinating. This applies to the Yews, Junipers, and Red Cedar.

With the rarer kinds of evergreens we have used the following contrivance with excellent success: A cold frame is raised above the bed by placing a brick flat on its side, under each corner. After sowing the seeds, the sash should be placed on, and a thin coat of whitewash applied to the glass, to break the direct rays of the sun; after which an occasional slight syringing will supply all needful moisture.

This plan insures a free circulation of air, a moist atmosphere, and partial shade. Sometimes one becomes possessed of a few very rare seeds, upon which he desires to bestow extra pains. In such cases we prepare some turfy, sandy soil, and fill large pots within one or two inches of the rim, and sow the seeds in the autumn, as soon after gathering as possible, and place a pane of glass on the pot. The pots must then be set in a cool green-house or pit, secure from frost. Under the staging is a suitable spot. Towards spring the seed-leaves will commence making their appearance, and moisture must be withheld as much as possible, never, however, allowing the plants to actually suffer. When the young seedlings are well established, and show signs of producing their true leaves, they should at once be pricked out into single pots and placed in a cool, shady place for the remainder of the season. In summing up the requirements of evergreen seedlings in the earliest stages of their growth, we may say that in all cases they must have a *free circulation of air, shade, moisture over the plants*, but *not in the soil*, and an *early planting.*—*Jos. Hoopes in Am. Ag'st.*



ROGERS' NO. 4 GRAPE.

THE drawing for the above engraving was made from a cluster of the variety which it faithfully represents. No. 4 is, perhaps, the best of the dark grapes of Rogers' hybrids. It is a vigorous grower, good bearer, and ripens well in this latitude. It has succeeded well over a large extent of country, and is, we think, preferable to the Concord as a garden and table grape. For this purpose it may be well recommended. The berries are large, clusters fine and shouldered; juice sweet and sprightly.

NEW AND RARE PLANTS.

ENGLISH works describe the following new and rare plants:

Ulmus Aurea Rossealsi.—This elegant and gorgeous tree is one of the richest lawn gems that this age of novelties has produced. The foliage is of the richest *bronzed gold*, which is increased in brilliancy by the fullest exposure to the sun.

Prunus Mahaleb Foliis Argenteis Marginatis.—A beautiful silver variegated form of Prunus Mahaleb, rivaling in effect the elegant Cornus mascula variegata.

Magnolia Lenne.—The flowers of this fine Magnolia are very large, and of great substance; color, rich bright purple. Habit vigorous. Forms a fine mass on lawns. The best of all the hybrids.

Lilac, Ville de Troyes, (Baltet freres Troyes, 1867.) A splendid new Lilac, now offered for the first time. The trusses are very large, and of the deepest purple, and produce a fine effect. Vigorous and very flowering.

Fraxinus Excelsior Cucullatus, (Baltet freres Troyes, 1867.)—This very curious and very ornamental Ash is now offered for the first time. It is of vigorous growth, and the peculiar hooding of the leaves presents a singular and striking aspect.

Viola Lutea (Yellow-flowered Violets.)—Habit dwarf yet vigorous, foliage dark glossy green, flowers bright yellow, which are produced in great profusion all through the early Spring, Summer and Autumn months. The plant does not grow more than 5 inches high; it is perfectly hardy, therefore well adapted for small beds, edgings, or marginal lines. It is without doubt the best yellow-flowered bedding plant in cultivation. It was spoken very highly of in the leading article of the Gardeners' Chronicle, November 2. It is bright yellow, of the most compact habit, and seems to flower more freely than *V. cornuta.*

GRAFTING CONIFERS.—The French have a way of grafting in open air by cleaning away the earth from a seedling stock, planting a cutting of the desired kind closely against it, *then inarching*, waxing in the usual way, and then filling up the earth again.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

GRAPES FROM CALIFORNIA.—The question is somewhat discussed among horticulturists whether the influx of fruit from California, especially grapes, when the Pacific Railroad is completed, will not seriously affect the business and profits of our home growers. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will not. Rates of transportation must be exceedingly high for years to come, and the risks of the passage, injury from handling and packing, will detract ruinously from the profits of general and extensive fruit shipments. A small quantity of fine early fruit may find its way to our eastern markets, but the remainder will be consumed west of the Mississippi.

FRUIT FLAVORED AT WILL.—A gardener of Gand has, after many trials, succeeded in giving any kind of fruit the flavor he pleases while it is still on the tree. Let us take an apple for instance; he pricks it rather deeply in four or five places with a large needle, and then lets it dip for a while in a bowl containing a liquid possessing the flavor he wishes to communicate. After a few seconds this will have penetrated into the pulps; and this operation being repeated two or three times, at intervals of eight or ten days, the apple is left to ripen on the tree, and will subsequently be found to have acquired the taste of strawberry, raspberry, cloves, &c., according to the liquid employed.—*Galignani.*

FORCING PEACHES.—C. S. HALBROOK, Boston, has been very successful in forcing peaches, bringing them in just before the ripening of strawberries in June, and obtaining from twelve to eighteen dollars per dozen for the fruit. The house in which these are grown is 60 feet long, and contains 30 trees in boxes three feet square. The last was the thirteenth crop, and on one tree 220 peaches were picked. It is believed by skillful growers that forced fruit can be made a source of profit as well as of enjoyment.

VEGETABLES, &C., IN NEW YORK MARKET.—Our market is very bare of all vegetables, and they are very high. A few Bermuda Potatoes have been received and sold for $12 per M. Tomatoes from the same place, $2.50 per peck box. The extreme cold of the past week has caused produce to advance to very high figures. Peachblow potatoes are now selling at $5, Russia turnips, $4, parsnips, $8, and onions, $10 per bbl. Cabbages, $20 per hundred.—NOW AND THEN, *New York, March 7.*

LEROY'S DICTIONARY OF POMOLOGY.—In the notice of this work which appeared in the last number of the RURAL, several typographical errors were overlooked, viz.:—"Adele de St. Davis" should be Adele de St. Denis; "Uredale's St. Germain" should be Uvedale's St. Germain; "Beurre Cartel" should be Beurre Cartet; and "Quintinge" should be Quintinye.—B.

PEPPERMINT ROOTS.—J. O. H., Olmsted Co., Minn., writes:—"Can you inform me where and at what price I can get peppermint roots. I want to start two or three acres this spring." We do not know, but our columns are open to—advertisements.

CRANBERRY PLANTS.—We have several inquiries for cranberry plants, but can only refer our readers to our advertising columns for information as to where they may be procured. We have no doubt they will be freely advertised before planting time arrives.

THE HOUGHTON SEEDLING GOOSEBERRY should be cultivated by every farmer to supply his table with this useful fruit. It is hardy, prolific and easily propagated from cuttings.

BERRIES were sent to New Orleans from Northern Illinois last season, and brought 75 cents to $1 per quart. They were "out of season" in the South.

THE EARLY MAY CHERRY promises to be one of the most valuable fruits for market that can be grown in many parts of the West, and is worthy of attention.

AMATEUR CULTIVATOR'S GUIDE to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. Illustrated; with colored frontispiece. This is one of the foremost of our American Catalogues, which far excel those of any other country. Issued by WASHBURN & Co., Boston, Mass.

CATALOGUE of Ornamental Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Vegetable Plants, Seeds, &c. J. W. VESTAL, Cambridge City, Ind.

PREMIUM CLUB LIST of Grape Vines. Address J. W. HANMORE, Newburgh, N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

BEEF A LA MODE.

SELECT a tender, fresh round; take out the bone, and with a sharp knife cut many deep incisions in the meat. Then wash and season well with salt and pepper. For the dressing, crumb the soft part of a baker's loaf, to which add one teaspoon of sweet majoram, the same of sweet basil, two small onions minced fine, two or three small blades of mace finely powdered, with sufficient salt and pepper to season it highly. Rub all well together with six ounces of fresh butter. Mix all these ingredients well together. With this dressing fill all the incisions, and fasten well with skewers. Rinse a piece of white tape in clean water, and tie it round the meat to keep it firm and in shape. Cut three or four thin slices of pickled pork, which place in a large stew-kettle, with three half-pints of water. Put in the meat, stick six or eight cloves over the top; cover the kettle very close, and set it in a quick oven. It will take several hours to cook, as it requires to be well done.

When sufficiently cooked, place it on a heated dish, remove the pork from the kettle; and if not sufficient gravy, add a little boiling water, and dredge in sufficient flour to make the gravy of a proper thickness. Then stir in one dessert-spoonful of sugar, brown a very dark color, and season to taste. As soon as it comes to a boil, add one gill or more (according to the quantity of gravy) of port or madeira wine. After letting it simmer a very short time, put it in a sauce tureen; remove the skewers and tape from the meat, pour over the top two or three spoonsful of gravy, and send all to table hot. The dish may be garnished with beets or carrots (boiled,) cut into thin slices, and tastefully intermixed with double parsley, or small tender sprigs of celery.—*Practical Farmer.*

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

EXCELLENT HAIR WASH.—Take one ounce of borax, half an ounce of camphor; powder these ingredients fine, and dissolve them in one quart of boiling water; when cool, the solution will be ready for use; damp the hair frequently. This wash effectually cleanses, beautifies and strengthens the hair, preserves the color, and prevents early baldness. The camphor will form into lumps after being dissolved, but the water will be sufficiently impregnated.

LAMB'S HEAD STEWED.—Take out the brains, and make a farce of them; boil it and when cold cut it into pieces; then mince some lamb and beef suet together with the brains; add some grated bread, season with salt, pepper, and sweet herbs minced small; add four or five eggs. Fill the lamb's head with these; then put it in a stewpan, and let it stew with some good stock; make the remainder of the mince-meat into balls, and serve with the stewed head.

TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—Cosmetics sold for this purpose are often dangerous. The best plan is to make a lotion of a teacupful of sour milk and a small quantity of scraped horseradish; let this stand from six to twelve hours, then use it to wash the parts affected, twice or thrice a day.

MOLASSES CANDY.—Take two quarts of West India molasses, one pound of brown sugar, the juice of two large lemons, or a teaspoonful of strong essence of lemon. Mix together the molasses and sugar, taking care to use West India molasses, which is much the best. Boil to the consistency required.

IMITATION APPLE PIE.—Use raw pumpkin instead of green apples; slice thin; add equal parts of vinegar and water, thicken with wheat flour, season to suit the taste, and bake thoroughly. It requires more salt and longer baking than apple pie, but when done is in no respect inferior.

BLACK INK.—Take a gallon of rain or soft water, and three quarters of a pound of blue galls bruised; infuse them for three weeks, stirring daily. Then add four ounces of green copperas, four ounces of logwood chips, six ounces of gum arabic, and a wine-glassful of brandy.

SURE CURE FOR WARTS.—Take two or three cents' worth of sal-ammoniac, dissolve it in a gill of soft water, and wet the warts frequently with the solution, when they will disappear in the course of a week or two.

TO REMOVE A SCREW RUSTED IN THE WOOD.—Heat a poker in the fire red hot and put it on the top of the screw for a minute or two, then take the screw-driver and you will easily get in out, if you do it while it is warm.

A SURE REMEDY FOR A FELON.—Take a pint of common soft-soap, and stir in air-slaked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition and insert the finger therein, and a cure is certain.

TO ROAST A LEG OF LAMB.—Let it roast gradually and commence a distance from the fire; a leg of five pounds will take an hour and a quarter; one of six pounds will take an hour and a half.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobwebs, and flour, or salt, about half and half.

FOR STOPPING LEAKS IN ROOFS.—Take four pounds resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead; simmer together, and apply while hot.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL.—THE ADDRESS of a number of persons of either sex wanted, to act as our Agents in every town and village, who desire good and profitable employment. ADAMS & CO., Boston, Mass.

NEW FRUITS,—NEW PLANTS.—SUPERIOR and very desirable; also Trees and Vines, best kinds, at very lowest rates. Send stamp for Catalogue to
946-4t W. C. STRONG, Brighton, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere—to sell the "LIFE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT," by J. S. C. ABBOTT. New work. "People's Edition." Price suited to the times. Address
946-4t B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, to sell and distribute the AMERICAN PEN FOUNTAIN. Men, women and even children can secure a Gold Watch, Sewing Machine, or cash, for a few hours' labor. Send red stamp for circular, or ten cents for sample, to HADLEY & PIERCE, 17 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. 946-4t

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—STENCIL TOOL SAMples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

PHILIP PHILIPS & CO.,
37 UNION SQUARE, BROADWAY, N. Y.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SMITH'S UNRIVALLED AMERICAN ORGANS,
Also Manufacturers of SUPERIOR PIANOS, and Publishers of SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC. 945-4t

Ladies' Department.

TWENTY YEARS.

Girlhood's sunny days are over
With to-day:
They, with all their wayward brightness,
Pass away.
Woman's earnest path before me
Lieth straight;
Who can tell what grief and anguish
There await?

Guide me, Father, God of mercy,
On the way;
Never from Thy holy guidance
Let me stray.
Give what meed of joy or sorrow
Pleaseth Thee,
Whatsoe'er Thy will ordaineth
Best for me.

In the shadow and the darkness
Be my star:
In the light, lest radiance dazzle,
Go not far.
Make me patient, kind, and gentle,
Day by day;
Teach me how to live more nearly
As I pray.

That my heart so much desireth
Grant me still,
If that earnest hope accordeth
With Thy will.
Should Thy mercy quite withhold it,
Be Thou near;
Let me feel I hold its promise
All too dear.

Here, upon Life's very threshold,
Take my heart;
From Thy holy guidance let it
Ne'er depart.
When Life's stormy strife is over,
Take me home—
There to be more fully, truly,
Thine alone. [*N. O. Picayune.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY OLD HYMN-BOOK.

Could you have seen my old hymn-book, you would have thought from its outside appearance that it was of little value, but to me it was a rare treasure. I had purchased it from one of my playmates for seven-and-half-pence, and that, too, at a time when this was a great amount in my eyes. The money had been given me by my brother, and was too large a sum to be trifled with. Had it been a penny I could have spent it very comfortably, in buying a red or blue cotton ball and a couple of needles to sew my doll's clothes with; but it was not so easy a matter to dispose of this bright York shilling. Yet I gladly gave it for the hymn-book, and thought I did well.

My first care was to replace the missing covers with pasteboard, and great skill was requisite to place the stitches at regular distances, that they might be an addition to its appearance. As soon as this was accomplished, I sat down and began to search diligently for those hymns which I had heard sung.

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing,"

was on the first page, and I had no trouble in finding it.

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,"

began with a large A, by means of which I ascertained its whereabouts, and to this day I distinctly remember the side of the leaf on which this hymn is found. After a time I learned the use of the index, and felt proud when I could find the hymns without looking for the large letters. My old hymn-book became my constant companion. Whether I sat by my mother and nursed my doll, or attended to the case of a sick kitten, or "watched gap" for my brothers, it was still with me; and being passionately fond of poetry, I soon committed many of its beautiful hymns to memory. At that time my mind was free from care; if mother smiled on me I was happy,—the future gave me no concern. I did not then shrink from the winter's blast, nor grow languid beneath the sultry rays of the summer's sun. No dream of the realities of life had flitted across the cloudless horizon of my childish mind, and although I eagerly learned the lines commencing,

"Vain, delusive world, adieu,"

no thought of bereavement, or separation from friends, dimmed the beauty of a world which I deemed all brightness. Oh, happy, guileless childhood! Boon of Heaven! Bright link in memory's chain! When could the mind be better prepared for good instruction? The hymns I then learned are fresh in my mind to-day, and as I have passed through life's conflicts, in every trial my old hymn-book has come to my relief. When I was wearied it spoke of

"Seas of endless rest;"

when afflicted and brought near to death, its voice was heard above the raging waters, telling of a land

"Where sickness, sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more."

When the world was dreary it pointed to a land of "ever blooming flowers," and when I felt myself a stranger and far from friends, it told of a "Father's house, a mansion prepared." When death seemed terrible, and frail nature shuddered at the icy grasp of the grim monster, it told of Him who conquered death and the grave; and when I paused to smooth the dying pillow, or wipe the death-damp brow, or close the sightless eyes of some loved one, it told of a meeting place,

"Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."

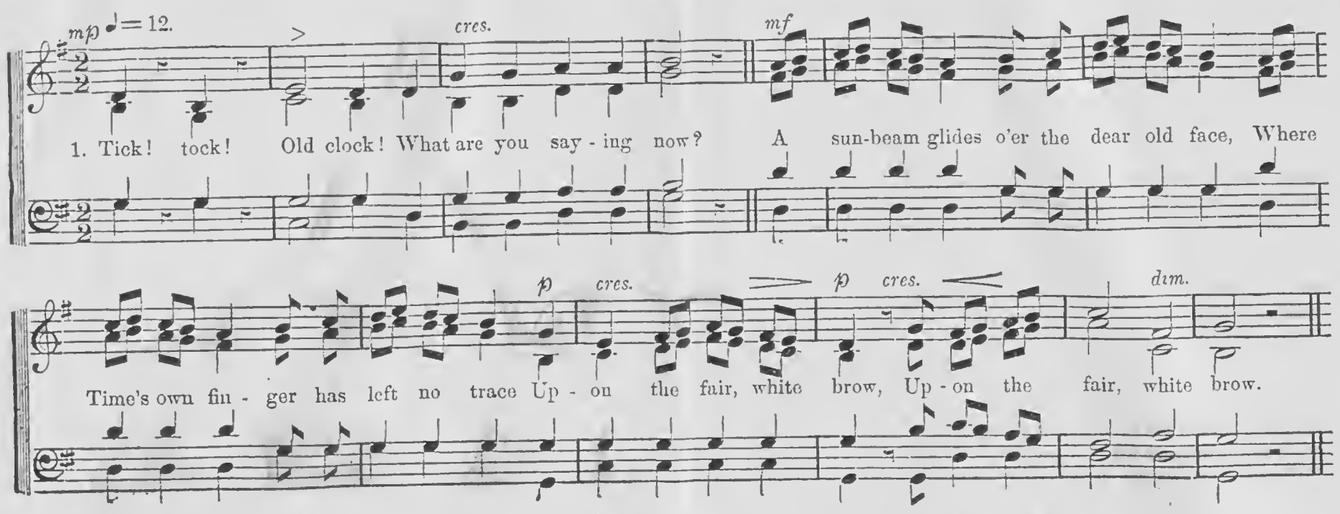
Time would fail to tell of all the comfort I derived from its sacred pages. I have parted with it now, and I feel that in the parting I have lost a well-tried and valuable friend. Costlier volumes have taken its place in my library, yet I fondly cherish in my heart's deep recesses the remembrance of my first, my dearly-loved, pasteboard-covered old hymn-book.

Belleville, C. W., 1868. M. H.

Female Labor.—Every year females are taking a more active and extended part in industrial enterprise, and the number and condition of those at present employed in each branch of business would at once deeply interest and astonish our readers. There are thirty-eight thousand more females than males in New York, and three or four times that number are dependent on their own labor. It has been lately stated that not less than three thousand of these are engaged in the manufacture of hoop skirts alone. Of the one hundred and fifty thousand school teachers in the United States, over one hundred thousand are females. Many of the New York establishments, like Stewart's and others, each employ eight hundred and one thousand women in manufacturing articles of female dress.

Pay visits only on alternate days, thou wilt be beloved the more; for he who multiplies his comings and goings fatigues his friends.

OUR OLD CLOCK.



2. Tick! tock!
Old clock!
You tell the same old tale
Of sunny years, when the children's feet
Were bounding forth, in their joy to meet
The first spring blossom pale.

3. Tick! tock!
Old clock!
You tell of days of truth!
When golden sands through the hour-glass ran,
And rainbow-light did with glory span
The splendid dreams of youth.

4. Tick! tock!
Old clock!
You look so softly down,
To see the form that is sitting now,
With silvered head, that is bending low,
Beside the hearth, alone.

5. Tick! tock!
Old clock!
You tell us of the Past!
And still your finger is pointing on
To brighter hours, when our rest is won,—
And Time shall cease at last.—Marie Mason.

[*From Song Garden, Second Book, published by Mason Brothers.*

MENDELSSOHN AND HIS SISTER.

The union of Felix and Fanny Mendelssohn was something wonderful, like the wonderful genius of sensibility and music which endowed them both. Such pure, tender and noble souls are made for each other. The more fervid and exacting bonds of marriage and parentage did not interfere with the profound sympathy in which they lived, both when together and apart. They corresponded in music. Their emotions, too deep and strange to be conveyed in words, like articulate thoughts, they expressed in tones. Seating themselves at their instruments, they would carry on an intercourse perfectly intelligible to each other, and more adequate and delicious than any vocal conversation. When Felix, at Naples, at Rome, or in London, sent to Fanny a letter composed in notes, she translated it first with her eyes, then with her piano. The most charming transcripts of these affectionate and musical souls were thus made in music.

Sweeter or more divinely gifted beings have rarely appeared on this earth. Their relations of spirit were sensitive and organic, far beneath the reach of intellectual consciousness. They seemed able to communicate tidings through the ethereal medium by some subtle telegraphy of feeling, which transcends understanding, and belongs to a miraculous region of life. For when Fanny died in her German home, Felix, amidst a happy company in England, suddenly aware of some terrible calamity, from the disturbance of equilibrium and dread sinking of his soul, rushed to the piano, and poured out his anguish in an improvisation of wailing and mysterious strains, which held the assembly spell-bound and in tears. In a few days a letter reached him, announcing that his sister had died at that very hour. On receiving the tidings he uttered a shriek, and the shock was so great as to burst a blood vessel in his brain. Life had no charm potent enough to stanch and heal the cruel laceration left in his already failing frame by this sundering blow. The web of torn fibrils bled invisibly. He soon faded away and followed his sister to a world of finer melody, fitted for natures like theirs.—*Alger's Friendships of Women.*

FEMALES IN FICTION.

The truth is, that men and women who set about building up a second-rate three-volume novel, enjoy working at their hero's or their heroine's notions, just as little boys enjoy the tortures of a sparrow. The luxury of describing bursting hearts, to some writers, seems very considerable. Those who go in for this sort of maudlin composition will soon find that for scenic effect, and for producing general distress and complication among the other characters of a novel, there is no quality that works so well as pride. And their own weak sentimentality is pleased with the imaginative contrast between "a marble exterior" and pent up agony inside it. The number of ladies who in modern fiction have dismissed their lovers with a cold, haughty curve of their lips, and then rushed up violently and buried their faces in their bed-clothes, must be legion. It is not much to say that they almost all do it. There is scarcely a pair of lovers out, in any really feeling magazine, who can be said to be always on speaking terms. They are forever passing each other in the park with a haughty bow, and turning away sharply and suddenly to conceal their internal anguish. Love, in fact, as it is portrayed in romance, has by no means an easy time of it.—*Saturday Review.*

FEMININE GOSSIP.

A Paris journal thus catalogues the beauties of the Princess de Metternich:—"Eyes which have the sweetness of a German reverie; teeth of brightest enamel; a forehead smooth and clear as an infant's, high and wide as that of a thinker; abundant silky brown hair; the form of head as Greek as that of the Venus of Milo; her ear like a pink shell; the beautiful fall of her shoulders, the exquisite form of her arm, the long, aristocratic hand, and the narrow, dainty foot. Be she dressed in blue, red or yellow; be she coiffed with her toque over her eyes, or with a sergeant deville's cap, as she appeared one day at the Tuileries—she is and remains a princess."

In the good old times a Persian girl who owned a little property—a hut or fishing boat—was thereby legally authorized to pick out a husband for herself. If she wished to commence her hunt for a husband, she would hang up her blue apron in front of the door of the house and post herself behind it. The young men of the village would then pass by the apron one by one in a long procession, and dressed up in their best Sunday clothes. As soon as the right one appeared, the girl would rush out, throw her arms around his neck, and within three weeks there was a wedding.

At a fashionable wedding in Brattleboro, Vt., recently, a cynical old gentleman presented to the bride a pair of flatirons, a washboard, mop, and gridiron. These cheap but useful articles were intended as a hint that the woman's duties are those of Martha—not necessarily that she is to be troubled about many things, but to see that the house is made neat, wholesome and cheerful.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VOCAL MUSIC.

BY L. HALSEY.

Music, harmony, sweetness of sound! What a great and glorious subject of thought! We can never fully appreciate or analyze the power of music, but we know that it is able wonderfully to excite and move the minds of men.

Said a distinguished writer:—"Give me the writing of the songs of a nation and I care not who make its laws." In France, where musical talent is more carefully cultivated than in our own land, its influence can be more clearly distinguished. Look over the history of that country, and you will find that French soldiers have ever been accustomed to fight best and bravest when cheered on by some national anthem which filled their hearts with thoughts of grandeur and glory. At Waterloo, where the once bright star of Napoleon's destiny sank to rise no more, the noble Old Guard, falling fast before the furious onset of overpowering foes, formed a rampart of brave hearts around their beloved Emperor, and sang one of their favorite airs,—

"Where can one better be than in the bosom of his family?"

And above the groans of the dying and the roar of cannon, the death song of that devoted band rang out loud, clear and sublime.

Should we investigate the history of the "Marseilles Hymn," "God Save the Queen," "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic songs, we would discover that these national airs have all exerted a powerful influence on the minds of the people.

We find the Bible full of melody and song, from the commencement even to the close of its inspired pages. We read of the morning stars singing together, of choirs of angels singing, of the people of God singing, and that, at the last great day all those who love and honor the Lamb are to have golden harps in their hands and to sing the praises of God forever. Truly, "music hath charms." Truly, the great poet was right when, inspired by the Muse of Song, he wrote,—

"The man who hath not music in himself,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Where can be found the person so intoxicated with pleasure or overwhelmed by misfortune, as to resist the soothing influences of music? No matter how low the condition, how debased the soul, there is still in the human heart, itself described as a wonderful musical instrument,—"a harp of a thousand strings,"—a chord which trembles and thrills unbidden in response to, and in unison with, the notes of heaven-born melody.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"ALL ALONE NOW."

The words fell upon my ear the other day from the lips of a wanderer—one whose home and dear ones live only in the memory of far-off childhood days. And then as I listened I seemed to hear the mournful echo coming from oh! *so many* hearts that throng earth's crowded highways, and I asked myself why is the world so cold and selfish—why does it brush so rudely past these homeless, friendless ones? They need so much kindness, so much love. There are many who err, perhaps; but, dear reader, what if you and I had been drifted out from home-love and influence as early as they, alone upon the sea of life, a prey to the world's cruelty and vice? Perhaps no mother ever taught their infant hearts to pray, or told them who would keep them from sin and make them pure. Blame the world, not them; they have enough to bear. If you and I had faced it thus, perchance young and all untried, we would have drifted away with the current too.

Hearts, though spotted with the world's impurity, cannot be altogether bad. Hidden away under all the rubbish of sin, there will ever live some blessed gleam of feeling, pure and warm—some little germ of the better life those hearts might lead. Nourish it, ye loving ones, with your tender words, with earnest prayers. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the *least* of these, ye have done it unto me."

Grace G. Slough.

Beautiful Thought.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without monuments. All other grave-yards, in all other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in the ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike distinguished. The same waves roll over all—the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines, and there unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on until awakened by the same trump.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

SPEAKING OUT.

In the long run the habit of keeping back much of what he thinks acts destructively on the man himself. The practice dims his conscience and alters his very creed. He suppresses so much that in the end he blots out part of himself, and hardly knows what he believes as a man, and what as a partisan. While the process of decline is going on, the man's utterances lack the warmth, the clear ring, the sharp edge, which we find in the ideas that come straight from the heart and brain. That is why partisan speeches sound so hollow. That is why the writings of able men in the leading columns even of the chief journals so often lack edge and distinctness, and seem the work of an intellectual machine, rather than of a living intellect. It is for the same reason that most men are so much smaller than nature meant them to be. Nature meant them to be big and well formed; but they are stunted and disproportioned, because some of their faculties have never been exercised at all. They will not speak out, they will not say what they think; so they become like unto the thing they worship—the God of corporate action, whose gospel is that of Suppression, whose hymns are made up of abstract phrases punctuated with winks, and unto whose throne goes up, day and night, the incense of hypocrisy. Mr. Mill believes this lack of individuality to be the most dangerous sign in modern civilization. At least, if men would dare to lead the lives marked out for them by nature, they would speedily be very different from a race of mental and moral dwarfs. Keats spoke the truth under the veil of poetic exaggeration when he said that if each would express himself each would be great, and humanity would become "a grand democracy of forest trees."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

NOVELS—PRO AND CON.

Prof. Hoppin of Yale College says in an article on Dickens:

Now, if we have dropped a few unconfessed tears over "Little Nell" and "Little Paul," and the sorrows of "Oliver Twist," they probably have done us no harm, and have not made us more unsympathizing with the real miseries of little children and the poor. Cannot the spirit of love and the gospel be taught us in a novel as well as in a Sunday School story? I would that our Sunday School literature had more genius to touch the heart, and preach the gospel to rich and poor. We want a Christian literature, that, without the occasional coarseness and low humor of Dickens, will take us by the hand, as he has done, and will lead us down into the abodes of the wretched and even of the criminal, and show us that here are human hearts, men, women and children, still, though terribly changed into the form of beasts by the Circean touch of sin, and teach us how to pity and reach and benefit these.

In conclusion, novel reading, though I may seem to have advocated it with considerable earnestness, is, after all, the least important department of literature, the most fleeting and unsubstantial. It is chiefly for mental refreshment that we read it. It is not the regular and solid food of the mind. It should be used for spice and not for meat. It should be used sparingly, and only the best should be used. In vacation one may permit himself to read a novel or two.

Beginning of Life.—What we call life is the introduction to life, rather than life itself; it is the vestibule of the temple, and not the temple. Afflictions are but for a moment, and they are to be followed by an eternal weight of glory. Though they may appear long now, they will seem very short then. It will seem a very short journey to have reached such a home, and a very brief battle to have won such a prize. Life itself is short, and, therefore, our troubles cannot be long; but eternity is long, and there will be no troubles there. That is always a reflection which may, in some degree, modify our grief.

Money.—Men work for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it; and all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question:—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The madness for money is the strongest and lowest of passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human hearts before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in the human affections, and often traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

We distinguish four seasons in love. First comes love before betrothal, or spring; then comes the summer, more ardent, and fiercer, which lasts from our betrothal to the altar: the third, the richly laden, soft, dreamy autumn, the honey moon; and after it the winter, bright, clear winter—when you take shelter by your fireside from the cold world without, and find every comfort and pleasure there. In each season the beauties seem supremely beautiful, and add to life all its sweetness.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"BLESS ME ALSO, O, MY FATHER!"

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

"And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father 'Bless me also, oh! my father.'"—Gen. 27: 34.

On a plain of fair Assyria
Near four thousand years ago,
Rose a voice of anguished pleading
From the depths of human woe,—
"Has my father but one blessing?
Bless me also, even me."

Forty centuries have glided
Down the restless sea of time,
And that prayer is still ascending
From the wronged in every clime,—
"Bless me also, oh, my Father!
Bless me also, even me."

Want, beside the door of plenty,
Wonders why each varied lot,
Mutely asks the great All-Father—
Asks although it knows it not,—
"Hast Thou not reserved a blessing
For me also, even me?"

The bondman miserably wearing
All he knows of life away,
Brutalized, degraded, toiling
Unrequited day by day,
Pleadeth—"Bless me oh, my Father!
Bless me also, even me."

He on whom the curse of madness
Falleth with its blighting power,
By his incoherent ravings
Wildly asketh every hour,—
"Has my Father then no blessing
For me also, even me?"

Want and shame, and sin and sorrow,
Weakness, suffering, grief and care,—
All that moves God's heart to pity,—
Breathe a constant voiceless prayer:
"Bless me also, oh, my Father!
Bless me also, even me!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PERSONAL CHRISTIAN EFFORT.

No great good can be accomplished in this world without a corresponding sacrifice on the part of the benefactor. He who institutes a great reform must give his time, talents and energies unsparingly to the work. It is not a mere expression of approval, a committal of sentiment in favor of an undertaking, that gives it success; it is the earnest application of the means requisite to the end,—the sacrifice of whatever conflicts with the attainment of the desired result, involving often the surrender of ease and comfort and temporay advantages. He whose aim is to attain wealth, cheerfully deprives himself of a thousand little pleasures, and voluntarily undergoes hardships which it were cruelty to inflict upon another. He who would acquire an education is no less ready to sacrifice pleasures, comforts and even health in the pursuit of intellectual treasures. It is not sufficient for him who would relieve the poor, to say, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled,"—some effort must be put forth, some self-denial practiced, ere he can be looked upon as a benefactor—so, also, the mightier work of spreading the news of salvation to all people, inasmuch as it is infinitely vaster and more glorious, demands infinitely more and greater sacrifices for its accomplishment.

It is no small thing to bid adieu to home and friends—to sunder every tie that binds one to the scenes of his childhood and youth,—to look upon one's country for the last time,—to go forth into a strange land to toil among a strange people, without hope of earthly reward. True, it is not the duty of every one thus to go into foreign lands to publish the glad tidings; but the *spirit*, the willingness thus to do, is required of every Christian. But such a spirit can never be entertained without prompting to energetic action. No one who is thus willing to give up all for Christ can fail to exhibit in his outward conduct indications of the same self-sacrificing spirit which sends the missionary to India. It may manifest itself in one way, or it may in another—it matters little what may be the channel of its outflowings. One will give himself directly to the work and labor to win souls to Christ; another, for the support of the Gospel, will contribute freely of the results of his labor; and still another, by patient endurance of suffering, by little acts of kindness, by restraining his appetites and impulses, by cheerful submission to the will of God, and a studious conformity to His law, will perhaps sacrifice more, and reap greater harvest than the others.

The command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," need not be limited to a few. Every one should consider himself divinely commissioned to do everything in his power for the advancement of Christ's kingdom upon earth; and that this demands much of self-denial and hardship, is no reason why he should stand aloof from the work. On the contrary, unless he sensibly feel that he is resigning something that is dear to him, unless he make sacrifices that cost him something, he may well doubt whether he is observing the divine command.

Men pray for the speedy conversion of the world, and mourn that their faith is so weak, that they so limit the power of the Almighty in not exacting an immediate answer to their prayers. It is not faith *alone* that is wanting to convert the world. Did we pray the rather that God would bless the means which we individually have put forth to that end, that He would accept the sacrifices that we have made, and bless them to His own glory,—we would find our faith grow strong, and, at the same time, make it consistent for God, who condescends to work through human agency, to grant our request.

In so great a work, we are apt to trust in great enterprises for success, and thus lose sight of our personal responsibility, in the magnitude of the cause. When the Christian world, not as a whole, but individually, shall have waked up to a sense of their accountability, and shall put forth corresponding effort, and make corresponding sacrifice for the promotion of Christ's kingdom, the millenium will not be far off. L. R. M.

Separate from the World.—"There is no greater mistake," says an eminent divine, "than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it. No! it is not conformity that we want; it is not being able to beat the world in its own way; but it is to stand apart from and above it, and to produce the impression of a holy and a separate life: this only can give us a true Christian power." These are golden words. We commend them to those who profess to be Christ's "peculiar people."

Those have generally most need to fear, who think they have no need to fear. Vain confidence is the forerunner of shame.

Educational.

MEDICAL EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

EVERY reader of the RURAL is aware of the powerful prejudice against giving woman a thorough medical education, that has always existed. Not only has this prejudice been earnest and deep-rooted; it has been aggressive in the extreme. All attempts to inform woman concerning her own being have been met by a determined hostility. Medical men, as a profession, have frowned upon them; society has sneered at them.

The idea of accrediting women as physicians was long ridiculed. Slowly, however, the popular sentiment began to change. One or two sensible ladies, caring nothing for sneers and ridicule, managed to acquire a knowledge of medicine, and proved themselves rivals of man in the practice of it. Thenceforward a new sphere was opened for woman. Sneers and ridicule did not cease, to be sure; they have not ceased yet. But the world began to show some sympathy for the experiment; is now more than half convinced of its success; and will ultimately accept the full belief that woman has equal right with man to the mystic letters, "M. D.," and all they imply.

Nothing is more reasonable than that woman is better fitted to minister to her own sex than man can be. We say this with all respect for masculine Doctors, and without wishing to infringe upon their work in the least. Better fitted as is woman, then, by nature, there remains no reason why she should not be afforded all educational advantages tending to the same end. Happily for her, institutions granting such advantages are rapidly multiplying. Here in the United States the work first began, and now a female medical college is in successful operation in London, where all new ideas regarding physics and surgery were almost prohibited by act of Parliament; and a woman has actually graduated in Russia with high medical honors.

A new medical college for women has this winter been incorporated in Cleveland, Ohio. It is of the Homeopathic School, and is under control of the following officers:—Mrs. C. A. SEAMAN, President; Mrs. S. F. LESTER, Vice-President; Mrs. M. B. AMBLER, Secretary, and Mrs. S. D. MCMILLAN, Treasurer. The first session of the Institution closed recently, when the Degree of M. D. was conferred on Mrs. M. A. FERRIS of Polo, Ill., and Honorary Degrees on Mrs. Dr. M. K. MERRICK and Mrs. Dr. A. P. KETCHUM of Cleveland. The President, in the course of her address, said:—"In the heart of every true woman is implanted a desire to know the causes of suffering and the means of its speedy relief—this desire, this need, we now feel can be met through the instrumentalities of our college. Even when the door of our brothers' college was a little ajar, so that a few women might step in and avail themselves of the privileges given to gentlemen, this great need still remained. A few only were willing to brave the criticism and submit to the peculiar embarassments which meet one in studying medical science with the opposite sex. Having been deprived of this, our only means, in this city, of acquiring medical knowledge, we now, in this new institution, will strive to give to many women the advantages they desire. We have been aided this winter, and carried forward in our noble mission, by Professors whose efforts have been untiring and whose instructions, given gratuitously, have been of the highest merit. We open our doors to mothers, sisters and daughters who would know the causes of pain and disease, and teach them the means of prevention so far as may be possible."

Woman's delicate organism renders her peculiarly susceptible to disease and suffering. Ignorant of physiology and hygiene, she often suffers needlessly. Let medical knowledge be generally promulgated among the sex, and the good resulting will be incalculable. We are not advising women to attain medical degrees, or to advertise themselves as physicians. Our plea is that they acquire medical education simply for their own personal benefit. Having so acquired it, we certainly shall not object to their doing good to others as opportunity offers.

ORTHOGRAPHY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It gave me much pleasure to read an excellent and instructive article—"Elementary Studies"—on page 9 of the RURAL. I fully endorse the assertion, that "to spell words correctly constitutes an accomplishment of no mean importance." As the RURAL is so earnestly interested in the cause of education, I think that teachers should avail themselves of the opportunity afforded by it for discussing the best methods of teaching. In my school, to be "the best speller is a genuine honor, and sought after with eager effort." With your permission, I will give my method of conducting the spelling classes.

There are four classes. Some of the classes are subdivided. The head of the class is a place of honor and merit, gained and retained by best scholarship, good conduct and regular attendance. The fourth class uses the Primary Speller. To spell the word correctly is all that is required. The scholars are mostly too young to study the whys and wherefores of long and short sounds in silent letters. The third class uses the Practical Speller. In addition to spelling, the laws and usages of the language in respect to spelling and pronunciation, and the true meaning and application of words, are required. I regard this class as laying the foundation of a sound practical education, and therefore bestow much time, close attention and earnest care in seeing that it is laid right and thoroughly. The second class corrects false orthography. They recite with open books. Sentences are read aloud, and each scholar in turn calls out the misspelled word and gives the correct spelling. The first class studies Etymology; spells a word; tells what part of speech it is; gives its definition, and its root.

Each scholar that recites his lesson correctly receives one merit, and the head of the class two. These are not given in the way of pay, but as marks of my appreciation, which to my scholars is worth very much. I know by experience that the system is a good one. Scholars appreciate a teacher's love, notice and rewards. Correctly direct their ambitious aspirations to excel, and like Prince ALFRED of old, they will find it an unfailing delight to learn, and will become proficient in spelling. To them orthography is not a dry study, but an animating one, because of the stimulus to excel in class and obtain the teacher's approbation. Moreover, there is the desire to carry home a proof that they at least have done well. School children are as eager for victory as was the hero of Issus, and when they succeed in turning a classmate down they feel as proud as a CÆSAR that rode under the triumphal arch.

I have no fault to find with any of the educational works, but the "Union Speller," "Fowle's False Orthography," and "Smith's Etymology" suit my system best. G. F. A. S.

Somerville, Tenn., Feb. 1868.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

POPE PIUS IX., who claims to be the Vicegerent of CHRIST upon earth, was born in 1792. He is now, therefore, seventy-five years old. His original name was GIOVANNI M. PASTI FERRETTI. He was born of a noble family. If his destiny had depended upon the wishes of his friends rather than upon his own resolution, he would have belonged to the Army and not to the Church. After his priestly ordination he attended to his pastoral duties with exemplary devotion. He was intrusted with delicate and important missions by Popes PIUS VII. and LEO XII., receiving from the latter one of the principal ecclesiastico-civil departments of administration in Rome. When the cholera was raging in Naples in 1836 he was the apostolic nuncio in that city, and his name is gratefully remembered by the poorer inhabitants for his disinterested efforts in their behalf. He was in 1840 created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola in Romagna, where great political disaffection existed, and where he displayed great liberality of sentiment. Upon the death of GREGORY XVI., June 1, 1846, Cardinal FERRETTI was elected to the Papacy under the name of PIUS IX. He was then fifty-four years old.

In 1848 the French Revolution introduced a new era in Italy, as in all Europe. The political combinations created a strong disaffection against the Pope, which resulted finally in his leaving Rome in disguise, followed by his Court, after his minister, Count ROSSI, had been assassinated. He returned to Rome in 1850, after an absence of a year and a half, and has since wielded the Papal power.

A recent visitor to Rome thus describes Pope PIUS IX.:—"He is of the middle height, or slightly above it. The air of Rome and his sedentary habits have given him an *embonpoint*, not, however, enough to inconvenience him, and which disappears under his ecclesiastical costume. His hair is white, though thick; his forehead large and prominent; the eyes deep set, and flashing with strange light; all the features are strongly marked, but in harmony with each other. There are no wrinkles on the face; the complexion is slightly colored, but transparent. The mouth, somewhat prominent, gives to his whole physiognomy an expression of gentleness and of extraordinary benevolence. Had PIUS IX. been a prince, instead of holding the highest place in the Catholic hierarchy, it might be said that his visage was marked by that good nature which STENDHALL declares he has never yet met with in Italians. Everything about him shows extraordinary vigor, and the longest ceremonies do not exhaust him. He takes a walk every day on foot in the Pincio or outside the walls."

Various Topics.

HOW CHROMOS ARE MADE.

PICTURES are to the home what trees are to the landscape, and flowers to the garden. They add a charm which can hardly be described. We note with pleasure all efforts to refine the popular taste by bringing good pictures within the reach of every one. Oil paintings must ever remain beyond the acquisition of many, but their fac similes — chromos — may be possessed in every household. This comparatively new and very cheap process of reproducing fine works of art is thus described in a late number of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Chromo-Lithography is the art of printing pictures from stone, in colors. The most difficult branch of it — which is now generally implied when chromos are spoken of — is the art of re-producing oil paintings. When a chromo is made by a competent hand it presents an exact counterpart of the original painting, with the delicate gradations of tints and shades, and with much of the spirit and tone of a production of the brush and pallet.

To understand how chromos are made, the art of lithography must first be briefly explained. The stone used in lithography is a species of limestone found in Bavaria, and is wrought into thick slabs with finely polished surface. The drawing is made upon the slab with a kind of colored soap, which adheres to the stone, and enters into a chemical combination with it after the application of certain acids and gums. When the drawing is complete the slab is put on the press and carefully dampened with a sponge. The oil color (or ink) is then applied with a common printer's roller. Of course, the parts of the slab which contain no drawing being wet, resist the ink; while the drawing itself being oily repels the water but retains the color applied. It is thus that, without a raised surface or incisions,—as in common printing, wood cuts and steel engravings,—lithography produces printed drawings from a perfectly smooth stone.

In a chromo the first proof is a light ground tint, covering nearly all the surface. It has only a faint, shadowy resemblance to the completed picture. It is in fact rather a shadow than an outline. The next proof, from the second stone, contains all the shades of another color. This process is repeated, again and again and again; occasionally as often as thirty times. We saw one proof in a visit to Mr. Prang's establishment — a group of cattle — that had passed through the press twelve times; and it still bore a greater resemblance to a spoiled colored photograph than to the charming picture which it subsequently became. The number of impressions, however, does not necessarily indicate the number of colors in a painting, because the colors and tints are greatly multiplied by combinations created in the process of printing one over another. In twenty-five impressions, it is sometimes necessary and possible to produce a hundred distinct shades.

The last impression is made by an engraved stone, which produces the resemblance to canvas noticeable in all of Mr. Prang's finer specimens. English and German chromos, as a rule, do not attempt to give this delicate final touch, although it would seem to be essential in order to make a perfect imitation of a painting.

The paper used is white, heavy "plate paper," of the best quality, which has to pass through a heavy press, sheet by sheet, before its surface is fit to receive an impression. The process thus briefly explained, we need hardly add, requires equally great skill and judgment at every stage. A single error is instantly detected by the practiced eye in the finished specimen. The production of a chromo, if it is at all complicated, requires several months — sometimes several years — of careful preparation.

A DAY'S FOOD FOR A SPIDER.

IN order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about day-break one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat; so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and now was being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at 5.30 A. M. At 7 A. M. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a little while, came down for the fly, which he finished by 9 A. M. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At 1 o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly. During the day, and towards evening, a great many midges had been caught in the web. Of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way, from his previous meals. Instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in detachments, until the whole were eaten. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by a most industrious web-making process; and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider, and of the creatures he ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak, a small alligator; at 7 A. M., a lamb; at 9 A. M., a young cameleopard; at 1 o'clock, a sheep; and during the night one hundred and twenty larks.—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE FLOW OF LAVA.

BAYARD TAYLOR writes from Mt. Vesuvius:—"I had always imagined a thick, sluggish stream, with a tolerably smooth surface, something like the flow from a smelting furnace — but here were moving mounds, rough and shapeless, the chief power of which lay in their bases, hidden from sight—strange creeping, mining forces, moving forward with a horrible, pitiless certainty in their locomotion. If the scene was less grand in its features than one would expect, it was at least diabolically impressive. It expressed only destruction, and of the most cold-blooded, deliberate kind. The main stream had raised a long ridge, some twenty feet in height, apparently cold on the surface, until some squirming movement in advance shook off the crust in scales, and showed fangs and throats of intensest fire. The front of this ridge was constantly hurling huge masses, some of them red-hot, down the gorge. The nearer stream was not more than four feet in height, and allowed us to approach near enough to poke its glowing sides with a stick. All along its edge boys were busy roasting eggs for travelers, or embedding coins in the fluid lava, which they snatched out of the mass and twisted off, very much as I have seen children manage molasses candy. The heat, even at a hundred yards distance, was uncomfortable, and I could not stand beside the moving lava for more than a few seconds at a time."

THE OLDEST RELIC OF HUMANITY.

THE oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of one of the earlier Pharaohs, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited about eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy, was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerinus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Mizraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge would scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patrician! His bones and shriveled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.

WEARING thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating suppers.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mutual dissatisfaction.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our minds, as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring in the small hours and rising at noon.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BUTTERCUPS.

BY GLENN HERBERT.

GERTIE went out in the meadow one day,
Where the bright buttercups grew.
Every one, nodding its head seemed to say—
"Little girl, how do you do?"

So GERTIE thought, and she laughed in her glee,
And to their greeting replied,
"I'm pretty well, as I think you must see;"—
Then, upon every side,

"Pretty well," "pretty well," buttercups sung,
Nodding their heads all the while;
Sung in their way, though without any tongue,
Greeting her still with a smile.

"Buttercups, buttercups, how do *you* do?
Bravely, I know, in the sun;
But when the rain drops are falling on you
How do you do, every one?"

"Glad of the sunlight, we never despond,
Though the warm showers may fall;
Clouds may be o'er us, there's sunlight beyond,"—
Answered the buttercups all.

"Pattering rain is our blessing, we know,
Under it though we may weep;
After it larger and stronger we grow;
For it the brighter we keep."

A NOBLE DOG.

THERE is in the museum of Berne an object which attracts universal attention from visitors. It is only the skin of a rough, hairy dog, stuffed and set up so as to look as natural as life. But that dog had a history. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, away on an Alpine summit. There, in pleasant weather, he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, as jolly as any dog. But when the storm came on, and the rough weather set in, Barry nerved himself up for the serious business of life; with a little basket of meat and drink tied under his neck, and a warm blanket strapped on his back, he set out in search of lost travelers in those fearful passes.

Never a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick but Barry could find his way, and his keen scent could discover a traveler at a great distance. If they were not too benumbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought, and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and then went bounding joyfully onward to show them the way. If they were fast sinking into unconsciousness, he would warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes; and if all his efforts to arouse them failed, he would dash off for other help. Forty poor wanderers owed their lives to noble Barry. Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley, when his age of service was over, and this honorable niche in the museum when his short life was ended. There he stands with his bottle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on his old mission.

Some people live all through a long life, and never accomplish as much good as this dog did. There are poor lost wanderers on every side of us—cannot you save some? Will you not at least be willing to try as hard as noble Barry did? The good Temperance cause has saved thousands; will you not take right hold of this work with all the might of your child-hands, and see if you cannot save at least one? If every child would bring just one into this army, how old King Alcohol would shake on his throne! If you succeed in winning one sinner from the evil way, I am not a bit afraid that you wil stop at that; your success will encourage you to go on in the good work away down to the end of life, I trust. You will never regret having entered under this banner.

A SEA FLOWER.

WOULD it not be curious, little people, to think of flowers growing on the rocks under the deep sea? Well, strange as it seems, if you could take a peep into the blue depths some sunny morning, you would see what you would be certain were flowers of the loveliest colors and shapes. They are in fact, however, animals, and have mouths, and eat meat, and drink water as well as you.

One of these exquisite wonders of the sea is called the Opelet, and is about as large as a German Aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a large, very double Aster, with ever so many long petals of the most delicate shade of light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the Aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the Opelet himself generally clings to a rock.

How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight. But those beautiful waving arms—as you may call them—have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of their rosy tips he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is quietly drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.—*Children's Hour.*

GO TO SLEEP EARLY!

MANY children, instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are as withered and wrinkled as last year's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late nights are usually nervous, weak, small, and sickly. The reason why you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking and working, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not, you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so they cannot sleep, rest, and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says Susie or Mary, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer." But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or woman.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

About Forwarding Premiums.—There has recently been some unavoidable delay in forwarding Premiums to RURAL friends entitled to them, owing to the pressure of business in our Mailing Department, and the severe illness of the chief clerk and his consequent inability to post the accounts of Agents. All who have designated their Premiums, and advised us how and where to send them, are assured that they shall be forwarded as soon as possible,—and that we sincerely regret the temporary delay, as our aim is to pay promptly.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Assembly has voted the impeachment of Canal Commissioner Dorn, by the strong vote of 95 to 1. The subsequent proceedings—adoption of articles, appointment of managers, exhibit to the Senate and preparations for trial by that body, and the trial itself,—are quite similar to those taken in the President's case. The Dorn trial will necessarily take place at a special session of the Senate. Mr. Dorn has retained the Hon. Henry Smith of Albany as his counsel.

Barnum's Museum, New York city, was burned on the morning of the 3d inst. The fire originated in the Mercer street side, where were kept the animals belonging to Barnum and Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and spread rapidly, soon involving the entire establishment in flames. The beautiful Circassian girl was saved by a fireman. The Fat Woman and Fat Boy, the Giantess, and other monstrosities, together with the janitor's family, were roused from their slumbers, and safely conducted from the burning building. So rapidly did the flames spread that it was found impossible to save any of the larger animals of the fine collection composing the Menagerie. The yells of the animals, as the flames reached them, were appalling. The Museum property was nearly all destroyed. Loss about $500,000.

A fire in Binghamton on the 2d inst. destroyed property to the amount of $18,000.

There was an unfortunate riot on Ward's Island on the 5th inst., in which 700 Irish and 600 German immigrants were engaged. The police force were obliged to use their revolvers to suppress it, and four of the rioters were killed and twenty-six severely wounded. The number arrested was eighty-six.

A severe accident occurred near Hopewell, on the Canandaigua and Elmira Railroad, during the recent heavy snow storm. One car was overturned in the snow, and several passengers badly burned by the upsetting of the stove, and some limbs broken.

Hon. Henry Welles, Justice of the Supreme Court for the 7th district, died at his residence in Penn Yan last week. He was first elected to the bench in June, 1847, after the adoption of the third Constitution and the elective system. He then drew for a term of six years, and has been twice re-elected. His last term would expire next year. He was about 80 years of age.

Charter Elections were held last week in Rochester, Utica, Troy, Elmira, Oswego and Auburn. The Democrats elected their candidates for Mayor, in all but the last two places, by increased majorities over last year.

From Washington.

THE High Court of Impeachment has been fully organized. Messrs. Stevens, Butler, Bingham, Boutwell, Wilson, Williams and Logan were elected by the House of Representatives as Managers of the Trial, on the part of that body, and they designated Mr. Bingham as their Chairman. On Wednesday, the 4th inst., the House made its formal exhibit to the Senate of the Articles of Impeachment against the President. The members of the House attended in a body, and the Speaker occupied a seat by the side of the President of the Senate. Mr. Bingham made the presentment, after which the members of the House retired from the Senate Chamber.

The Senate received a communication from Chief Justice Chase on the same day, in which he dissented from the view taken by the Senate that Managers can be received or any similar act done by the Senate except as a Court of Impeachment, but professed his willingness, if necessary, to abide by their decision.

The Senate held that its course had been strictly in accordance with law, and adopted a speech by Mr. Conkling in relation to the matter, and concerning the duties of the Chief Justice, as its reply to the communication. The Senate holds that the Chief Justice cannot have any voice in deciding any question which may be raised on the trial.

At 1 P. M. of Thursday, the 5th inst., the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment, with the Chief Justice in the Chair. The required oath was administered to him by Associate Justice Nelson. The Senators were then sworn in, after which the Chair raised the question that the rules adopted by the Senate, for the Trial, were not operative in the Court, unless also adopted by that body. They were thereupon so adopted. The Managers on the part of the House then appeared at the bar of the Court. A motion by Mr. Howard that a summons be issued to Andrew Johnson to appear at the bar of the Senate on Friday, March 13th, at one o'clock, to answer to charges in the articles of impeachment, was carried almost unanimously, after which the Court adjourned until the day named. The summons was served upon the President on the 7th inst., by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate.

The report of the President of the Board of Managers of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteers for the year ending with December last, states that there is a central branch of the Asylum at Dayton, Ohio, an eastern branch near Augusta, Maine, and another western branch at Milwaukee, Wis. The institution during the last year supported or aided one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six partially disabled volunteers. The orders and average expenses for the subsistence in the asylums did not exceed the sum of $30,000. The outdoor relief amounted to nearly $10,000.

The Reconstruction Committee have agreed to report a bill to the House for the admission of Alabama under the new Constitution, providing for representation in Congress as soon as the recently elected Legislature shall have ratified the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

It appears that the new Maryland Senator, Gen. Vickens, is regarded as not thoroughly loyal, and that objection will be made to his admission until his case has been investigated by the Judiciary Committee.

From the South.

THE Times' San Antonio (Texas) correspondent details horrible atrocities perpetrated by Indians in Elano county, in that State. Some fifteen or twenty Indians attacked the house of John S. Friend, in which were Mrs. Friend, two Mrs. Johnsons, Miss Townsend, aged sixteen, and four children, and the children of the Mrs. Johnsons, one eighteen months old and the other three years. A hand-to-hand fight ensued between the women and the Indians of the most bloody description, which resulted in the murder and mutilation of eight women and children, and the plunder of the house.

The first colored jury ever empanelled in Memphis is now sitting in the criminal court on a murder case, where the parties are colored persons.

The official returns of the Alabama State election have been made up. Of 171,000 registered votes, a little over 70,000 were cast, and not all of them for the Constitution. The white vote was insignificant—not 1 in 20.

Gen. Hancock has again asked to be relieved from his command.

Jeff. Davis is in New Orleans. He was repeatedly cheered by a firemen's procession, recently, and the bands played "Bonnie Blue Flag." The loyal citizens were exceedingly indignant, and trouble was feared.

The North Carolina Reconstruction Convention has voted down a resolution prohibiting the assemblage of white and black children in the same school.

The Republican State Committee of Louisiana at a recent meeting passed a resolution recommending to Congress the immediate removal of Gen. Hancock. The Democratic State Convention, meeting on the ensuing day, was addressed by Gen. Steedman, who sustained Mr. Johnson.

From the West.

THE St. Louis and Illinois, and the Illinois and St. Louis Bridge Companies have finally effected a permanent and harmonious consolidation, and the work of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis will be pushed to a speedy completion. Capt. Ead's plan has been adopted.

Late Alaska advices state that our officers and troops there are well and the Indians peaceable. The timber for the erection of barracks at Sitka had been landed, and the work of building was to be commenced when the weather moderated.

An accident occurred on the Missouri and Pacific Railroad, near Jefferson City, on the 6th inst. An engine upset into the Missouri, killing the engineer and fireman.

A snow slide of five or six miles in extent occurred near the town of Cosco, a mountain station on the Central Pacific Road, on the 8th inst. Six Chinamen are known to have been killed. Several locomotive engines were buried by the avalanche.

Reports from Fort Laramie say several thousand Indians were gathered in that neighborhood for a council of war with the Peace Commissioners. They insist upon the abandonment of the Powder River country by the Government, but appear to be more friendly than they were last fall.

An avalanche at Keystone Sierra, on the 4th, buried seventeen men in the snow, five of whom were killed. Several buildings were distroyed.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE latest Abyssinian news is to date of the 15th ult. The advance of the British army was then within fifteen days march of Magdala, the royal stronghold. King Theodorus was advancing from his camp, at the head of 30,000 soldiers, but marched only three miles a day. Menelek, supplied by other chiefs, had invested Magdala with 40,000 men. Gen. Napier had accepted an offer of peace from the Tigree chief Kassai. Letters had been received from the British captives, who were still confined in the Fort of Theodorus, at Magdala, carefully guarded.

News from Lisbon shows that the popular dissatisfaction has not subsided. A dispatch reports that an effigy of the Queen of Portugal was burned by a mob.

Late dispatches from China and Japan have been received via India. The civil war in Japan raged with great violence. Several combats had taken place between the partisans of the Shagoon and Daimios, which were attended with heavy losses of life, and great excesses were committed on both sides. In consequence of the insecure condition of the country the ministers of the foreign powers had all left Osaka.

The British Ministry has undergone a change. Lord Derby having resigned the Premiership, Mr. D'Israeli succeeds to it, and states that in domestic affairs the policy of the late Ministry will be pursued. In a recent speech in the House of Commons he said he regretted the necessity of continuing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* in Ireland,—but, as Lord Derby had said on a public occasion, such action was the only safeguard against an unscrupulous foreign confederation. Such a suspension of the privileges of the writ was not incompatible with the gentle exercise of law, and he was of opinion that the grievances of Ireland should be treated with a tender regard for that country.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Marquis of Abercorn, has released from confinement Mr. W. Johnson, Grand Secretary of Orangemen, who was sentenced to fine and imprisonment in the County Down, for leading an illegal procession.

A remarkable debate took place in the British House of Commons on the evening of the 6th inst., concerning the Alabama claims. Mr. Lefevre made a long and eloquent speech, in which he urged a settlement of the vexed question on the plan proposed by the American Government. Lord Stanley replied in a temperate tone. He thought England was justified in recognizing the South as a belligerent, but believed a friendly arrangement of the difficulty still practicable. Mr. Foster complained of the abrupt disposition of the matter which had been made, and said the universal wish in the United Kingdom was for a speedy settlement. Mr. John Stuart Mill thought an arbitrator between the two countries was not needed; that reparation was fairly due the United States. Mr. Gladstone did not agree with him. He inferred, however, from Lord Stanley's remarks, that negotiations between the two Governments were not closed, and that friendly feelings between them would be maintained.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

Two firms at Mechanic Falls, Me., employ between 800 and 1,000 persons in making ready-made clothing for the Boston market.

THE indications are that the Mohawk valley will this spring be visited by an inundation more disastrous than any heretofore experienced.

IN the late "unpleasantness" which our Government has had with the Western savages, it has been ascertained that the cost of killing each Indian, was just $1,000,000.

MANY of the hotels built in Pit Hole, Penn., during her palmy days, have been pulled down and removed. One of them, built at an expense of $80,000, was recently sold for $500.

Two sisters, sixteen and eighteen years, named Collins, living in South Groveland, Mass., were drowned on Wednesday night by breaking in the ice, while attempting to cross a bank.

A HORSE was scared to death in Omaha, by a passing locomotive on the Union Pacific Railroad. It was a fine, apparently healthy animal. The intense fear which it experienced was so great that it fell dead without a struggle.

IN Fond du Lac, Wis., a five-year old boy named Stearns, dipping water through the ice on a brook, slipped, and the water spilling under him, before he could get up he was frozen to the ice, where he lay until his mother, alarmed at his long absence, came to his rescue.

CHARLES DICKENS entertained about thirty literary gentlemen of Boston and suburban cities at supper, at the Parker House, on Saturday evening. The affair was peculiarly an elegant one, the room and table being decorated in the most expensive and lavish manner with flowers.

GREAT BRITAIN leads the world in mercantile shipments with 7,000,000 tons. The United States comes second, with 5,000,000. In 1860 she had overtaken Great Britain, but the late war has caused a falling off. Germany is third on the list, far exceeding France, which follows as the fourth.

THE entire number of tenement houses in New York city is between 18,000 and 20,000. Since the 1st of January, over 1,000 notices have been served by the Superintendent of Buildings, calling for the erection of fire escapes. Of these, 900 have been raised or are in process of erection.

THE cotton spinners and weavers employed in all the cotton mills of Fall River, Mass., struck on the 2d inst. for an increase of wages. All the mills have ceased work, producing a stoppage of nearly half a million of spindles. Over five thousand hands are out of employment, roaming through the snowy streets.

JACK FROST has made more trouble on the railroads the past winter by the breaking of rails than he has during any like period for the past twenty years. The Poughkeepsie Eagle says that on the Hudson River Railroad from New York to Troy, thus far this season, over five hundred broken rails have been discovered.

THE remains of about seven hundred and fifty Federal soldiers passed through Atlanta on the 1st inst., from Montgomery, to be interred in the National Cemetery at Marietta. Many coffins were accompanied by a neat head-board marked with the name, State, regiment and company of the deceased; many of them bore the solemn legend, "Unknown."

THE New York Central Park is to be made more beautiful this spring than it ever was before. The revenues of the Park have been turned to the best advantage in blending art with nature. New statues are to be added. The heavy stone is being beautifully carved in bas relief. There is to be music two or three times a week, if possible, and decorations have been made everywhere that they could be.

THE great Jewish temple going up on Fifth avenue, at New York, the most gorgeous and costly in the country, belongs to the reformed Jews. They believe in organs instead of ram's horns; the congregations will sit together in families, and not the men and women apart, as in other synagogues. The leading families eat ham and oysters, arguing that the prohibition in the law was sanitary and not moral.

PROPOSITIONS are before the Legislature for the creation of two new cities,—Rome, in the county of Oneida, and Ogdensburgh, in St. Lawrence. The municipalities in this State having corporate powers as cities are New York, Brooklyn, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, Oswego, Auburn, Rochester, Lockport, Buffalo, Elmira and Binghamton.

THE past winter has been one of the severest ever known, both in this and other countries. In Algiers the suffering has been very great. In Russia the cold has been intense. Coachmen were frozen upon their seats, the gas refused to burn, and the dogs howled most piteously. Men on horseback went through the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow, carrying aid to the unfortunate, and the nobility distributed hot tea in front of their palaces.

THE extinction of the elephant is feared. Its destruction for sporting and commercial purposes is very great. In a single province of Ceylon over three thousand five hundred elephants were killed in three years by the natives, for the sake of a few shillings bounty per head. Many thousands are annually destroyed in India and Africa for the sake of the ivory, the demand for which is so great that to supply the manufacturers of Sheffield alone requires the slaughter of over twenty thousand elephants every year.

THE entire mercantile navy of Europe, according to late statistical returns, consists of 100,000 vessels, representing a total tonnage of 12,000,000, and employing 600,000 men. This amount of shipping is thus distributed:—Bremen, 294 vessels; Hamburg, 539; Lubec, 45; Hanover, 906; Mecklenburg Schwerin, 424; Oldenburg, 610; Prussia, 1,443; Austria, 9,491; Belgium, 107; Spain, 4,359; France, 15,259; Greece, 4,452; Holland, 2,227; Italy, 13,223; Portugal, 501; Great Britain, 27,803; Russia, 1,416; Denmark, 2,740; the Elbe Duchies, 2,552; Norway, 5,678; Sweden, 2,236; Turkey, 2,300.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—The latest steamer from South America brought details of news from the scene of war on the Rio Parana which are important. The good fortune of the Paraguayans continued, and improved. The Brazilians made several attempts to cut off the communications of Gen. Lopez through the forest of Gran Chaco, but their efforts failed, and in the engagements which took place Lopez gained fresh advantages over the allied forces. Gen. Alexander Asboth, minister resident of the United States at Buenos Ayres, had died after a long illness.

LETTERS FROM "RURAL" PEOPLE.

JACKSON, MICH., 1868.

EDS. RURAL:—I suppose you think I am so far behind the times, and so benighted that I had left, or backslidden from the dear old RURAL. But I am happy to inform you that such is not the case; I have been a "constant reader" of the RURAL, if I have not got it directly from "headquarters." I went to work as usual a year ago last fall, or in Dec., to get a "club" to throw at the RURAL, but found it up-hill business, as most of your old subscribers, after the news depot was started in the city, got their RURALS there, saving postage; so, after spending about a day and not getting but 3 or 4 to subscribe in the old way, I too went with them to the news depot for the most of my papers and magazines.

To show you that I am "up and *dusted*" for all that's in the RURAL, I hereby send you the answer to "Prize Rebus" in No. 4, current Vol. I know I am not in the limits or territory prescribed, yet if I could not have had the RURAL without, I should have gone south of Mason & Dixon's celebrated line, or out to Mo. or Minn., and sent back to you what I would be willing to back up by a deposition in this style, to wit:—"Greatly enlarged, improved, and beautified in appearance, MOORE'S RURAL excels all contemporaries." There, if that is not the true definition of the Rebus, it *ought to be*, and it suits my taste for an answer to so valuable a Prize, and I think it is; is it? [Yes.]

Now, I advise all hereabouts to send to you, or get the RURAL in Jackson at the news depot; and I am sure that the most of them get it at the depot, for I sometimes see a large pile of RURALS after the express and mail arrives. I suppose you would as lief we would buy of our news dealer as to "Club" and send to you, and we save postage. [Yes, all the same to us.] Wishing you abundant success, allow me, my dear RURAL, to subscribe myself,

Very respectfully and truly yours,
ISAAC SNYDER.

OCALA, Florida, Feb. 10th, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—I see that you have stopped my paper, and suppose you think that I, like thousands of other Southern planters, from a failure in last year's operations, not able to renew my subscription. [No,—but it is our invariable rule, as explained in RURAL of Feb. 1.—ED.] It is true we have made a failure, and a very signal one—and as long as we have the same condition of things to contend with that we have now, I am afraid it will continue so. To be successful hereafter we must have a change in our system of labor, but how we are to make that change we are at a loss to know. I wish you would give us some hints on the management of laborers, and what is the best system adopted in the North and Northwestern States—contracts, wages, &c. I would have sent on my subscription before this, but being so much pleased with your paper, concluded I would wait and try and get up a few more to send along with mine—and by some little exertion have succeeded in getting fourteen new subscribers, for which find inclosed a draft on New York city. I may be able to increase the number. Send me show cards, &c., and I will act as agent and try to increase your "Brigade." Yours very respectfully,
S. W. MOODY.

DE RUYTER, N. Y., Jan. 27, 1868.

HON. D. D. T. MOORE,—*Dear Sir:* I fully endorse the sentiment of your Illustrated Prize Rebus in RURAL of Jan. 25, viz., "*Greatly enlarged, improved and beautified in appearance, Moore's Rural excels all contemporaries.*" I have been a constant reader of the RURAL for ten years, and I often think that each paper makes an adequate return for the subscription price for the year in useful information pertaining solely to agricultural pursuits. In addition to this we have all the other departments of Miscellany, richly furnished with incident and interest; and not the least among the several departments is the column of gems under the heading of "Sabbath Reading." MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is a welcome visitor at our fireside, and I wish it might grace the home of every family in the country. It comes to us weekly, neatly attired, chaste in language, and always in time,—never so much as having played the truant for the whole ten years. I trust you may long enjoy the rewards of your labor in making the RURAL just such a paper as to meet the wants of all its readers. Yours truly,
CHARLES H. MAXSON.

W. C. DAILEY of Falls Village, Conn., writes: "In speaking of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, allow me to say I think it is the best Agricultural journal published in the United States. Before I became a subscriber for it I tried five different Agricultural papers, but was not satisfied till I saw the RURAL, when I subscribed at once, and intend to take it as long as I can raise the subscription price. What I regret most is, that it is not in a more convenient size for binding, as I should most assuredly get it bound. I shall preserve them as they are, but they are not quite as convenient." [And yet the double-quarto form is regarded as altogether the best for a weekly illustrated journal, devoted to so many different topics as is the RURAL. We think the great majority of readers prefer it to either the 4 or 16-page style.—ED.]

RURAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE counties of Burlington and Ocean, N. J., produced last year 100,000 bushels of cranberries, which sold for about $4 per bushel.

DURING last year 178,992 bales of hay were received in St. Louis. Shipped thence 128,531. The price ranged from $18 to $22 per ton.

IT is proposed in the California Legislature to remit a portion of the taxes of those who stud the roadways through their farms with trees.

LAND in Southern Alabama is said to have appreciated in value considerably during the past year. It is approximating the ante-war standard.

THE Savannah News says the closing up of the rice transactions for the year shows the business to have been quite profitable to the planters.

THE Toledo Blade says the profits of a grape grower on the Maumee, near that city, from fruit and cuttings on a single acre last year, were $5,200.

ALL plants have the power of selecting from the soil the materials necessary to their growth; if they do not find them their growth is feeble and fruitless.

THE Rev. C. Peabody recently delivered an address before the Missouri Horticultural Society in favor of wine making as a means of promoting temperance.

C. W. KNAPP, Danvers, Mass., planted a barrel of potatoes, (two-thirds Early Goodrich and one-third Harrisons,) and got 112 bushels, while a barrel of Dykemans only produced 8 bushels—planted and cultivated alike.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"SUPERIOR in flavor to all others."—*American Agriculturist*, Jan., '68.

Ratafainy: Genuine plants, wholesale and retail, for sale by E. WILLIAMS Montclair, N. J.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.

946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the RURAL NEW-YORKER with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the RURAL and other periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and N. Y. Weekly Sun for	**$3.25**	**$4.00**
Rural and Maryland Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and No. Western Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and Southern Cultivator "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Hall's Jour. of Health "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and Our Young Folks "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Riverside Magazine "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and either the Atlantic, Harper's, Putnam's or Lippincott's Magazine, (or Harper's Bazar or Harper's Weekly,) "	**5.50**	**7.00**

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 10, 1868.

THE past week has been one of unusual dullness for trade in this locality, and a small amount of business has been done at most points, both east and west. The great storm of the season, which occurred March 2, extending from the Rocky Mountains, on the west, to the State of Maine and beyond, eastwardly, seriously delayed the mails, and for two or three days put an embargo upon travel generally. The day following the great fall of snow was the coldest of the season, the mercury being at 8° below zero at 8 A. M., and continuing below the entire day. The extreme cold was succeeded, about the middle of the week, by a thaw, which made it exceedingly unpleasant getting about, either in city or country. At the close of the week apprehensions were felt that Rochester might be visited by a flood similar to the one so disastrous in March, 1865. At the present writing (Monday, March 9th,) there are no indications that the Genesee will rise above the ordinary high water mark.

There is no change in local money matters. At the east the market is fairly supplied with funds at 5@6 per cent. Gold has been rather weak, and sold yesterday in New York at 140¾. American silver sells at 6¾@7¾ below the price of gold. Mexican dollars are quoted at 102@103½ in gold.

The Secretary of the Treasury has published a statement of the public debt March 1, 1868. The statement, as compared with the one for February 1st, shows that the debt bearing coin interest has increased $12,797,650; the debt bearing currency interest has decreased $11,457,750; the matured debt not presented for payment shows a decrease of $1,658,015; the debt bearing no interest has decreased $3,859,791; the amount of coin in the Treasury has increased $8,132,212; the amount of currency has decreased $3,924,068, showing an increase of cash on hand of $4,208,144; making a decrease in total amount of debt, less cash in the Treasury, of $7,483,738.

Money continues very cheap in England. Commercial paper is taken at 1¾@2½ per cent. There is a steady drain of gold from the Bank of England, which has continued for three or four months; the Bank of France, on the contrary, has increased its stock of bullion very largely in the last few weeks. The amount now held by the Bank is £44,361,800.

The Erie Railroad has been the subject of a good deal of action in the Courts during the last two or three weeks. First an injunction was served on Mr. Daniel Drew, a leading director and officer of the Company, and last week another director, probably at the instance of Mr. Drew, was "restrained." These suits and counter-suits have a bad effect upon the stock. For a week past rumors have been in circulation that some 60,000 to 80,000 shares of new stock have been issued by the Company. This was so confidently reported that Legislative investigation has been called for, and a resolution to appoint a Committee of Investigation passed the Assembly last week.

A recent letter from Woodstock, New Brunswick, says: "The indications of gold in this county and the adjoining county of Victoria are beginning to excite no little attention. Small experiments made in "panning" and "sluicing" in the beds of several streams which run into the River St. John have shown the existence of gold in large quantities. I saw the other day four or five dollars' worth of dust, the result of one day's work of shoveling and sluicing of one man, performed last autumn." When the spring opens investigations are to be conducted upon a more extended scale than heretofore.

WOOL.—There was less activity in the wool market last week than the week previous. The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday notices the market thus:—"There is a fair business doing in fleeces at steadily held prices. Buyers are not as plenty or as eager as they were last week, as the manufacturers and speculators are well stocked up, and the receivers are yet busily engaged in preparing lots already sold for shipment. The stocks of all descriptions of domestic are light. The demand for foreign is quite limited, but holders are demanding full figures. The sales are 260,000 lbs. fleeces at 43@58c., including Western and low State at 43@45c.; medium State, Michigan and Ohio, at 47@50c.; X and above Ohio, at 52@55c.; XX do. at 56@58c.; noils at 42½c., and scoured at 50@57c.; 700 bales pulled at 39½@47c. for super. and 40@48c. for extra; 10,000 lbs. tubbed at 52½c.; 60,000 lbs. Texas at 23@28c.; 70,000 lbs. California at 17c. for burry pulled, 22½@28c. for common to good, and 33c. for fine; 150 bags XX Mestiza pulled at 65c.; 100 bales Cape at 29c. gold."

The sales of domestic in Boston last week foot up 1,150,000 lbs., at a range of 45@61c. for fleece, and 41@49c. for the various grades of pulled. The Bulletin says the advance of three to five cents on different grades, lately realized, is fully sustained, and that there are no lots offering at rates current two weeks ago.

COTTON is active again, both in Liverpool and on this side, and prices have advanced. On Thursday and Friday of last week the price went up 1½@2c. per pound. There is considerable speculative demand in consequence of anticipated light receipts from the South.

BREADSTUFFS in our local market are without material change. The eastern market toward the close of last week was firmer, with a moderate demand for export.

Since our last issue most articles of domestic consumption in this city (Rochester,) have advanced somewhat, with the exception of breadstuffs which have remained about the same as formerly. Wool shows a better feeling and the price has improved some. Hay has gone up with a bound owing to the breaking up of sleighing. The rise is probably spasmodic.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 9.—Flour, wheat, $10@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4.00@1,50; Corn meal, cwt., $2.50@2.75; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $2,00@3.10; Rye, $1,65@1,70; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $1,75@1,85; Beans, $3,50@4,00; Pork, mess, $23.00@23.50; Beef, cwt., $8,00@12,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11.00@12,00; Hams, 16@17c; Shoulders, 11@12c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@24c; Butter, 40@45c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 15@16c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 35@35c; Potatoes, 88@94c; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Timothy seed, $3,25@3,50; Clover seed, medium, $7,00@7,25; Do large, $8,00@9,00; Peas, $1,40@1,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 15@60c; Wool 40@45c; Honey, box, ℔ ℔., 22@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $24@30.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7.—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8,50; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 25@25c. Flour, $8,75@15,00. Wheat, $1,85@3,00. Rye, $1.85@1,85. Barley, $1,85. Corn, $1,24@1,32. Oats, 82½@83c. Hops, 50@60c. Pork, mess, $22,37@23,50; new mess, $24,75@24,87; prime, $19,50@20,75; prime mess, $22,25@23,00. Beef, new plain mess, $19,00@20,00; new extra mess, $19,00@23,00. Beef Hams, $33@36,50. Shoulders, 10½@11½c. Hams, 15@15½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@12c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 12½c. Lard, 14½@16 cts. for new. Butter, 35@60c. Cheese, 16@16.

ALBANY, MARCH 7.—Flour, $9.00@15.50; Rye flour, $9,00; Buckwheat flour, $4.25@4.50; Corn meal, $2.60@2.70 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,00@3.00; Rye, $1.70@1.73; Corn, $1.23@1.23; Barley, $2.00; Oats, 83@86c; Pork, new mess, $25.00; clear, $27.00; hogpiecess, $28,00; Hams, 17c; Shoulders, 11c; Smoked beef, 23c; Lard, 16@16½c. Clover seed, 18½@14c; Timothy, $2@3.25.

BUFFALO, MARCH 7—Flour, $10.25@15.50; Wheat, $2.15@3.10; Corn, $1,01@1.05; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1,65; Barley, $2.05@2.13; Peas, $1.40@1.45; Beans, $4.50@4.75; Pork, mess, $21.50@25,00; Lard, 16½@17c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17c; Clover seed, medium, $7.75@8,00; Pea-vine do. $10,50@11,00; Timothy, $2,75; Flax, $2.50; Salt, $2,35 fine, coarse $2,60 ℔ bbl;

CHICAGO, MARCH 7.—Flour, $10.50@11.50; Wheat, $2.25@2.50; Corn, 81@81½c; Oats, 57½@58; Rye, $1.60@1.63; Barley, $1.80@2.35; Pork, mess, $23.25@23.50; Lard, 15½@15½c; Shoulders, 10c; Bacon, 11½@13c; Butter, 15@38c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1.90@2.35; clover, $7,20@8,50.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 7—Flour, $11,00@11,25; Wheat, $2,45@2,50; Corn, 84@84c car; Oats, 68@68c; Rye, $1,70@1,75; Barley, $2,30@2,35; Mess pork, $24@24,50; Lard, 15@15½c; Bacon, 11@14½c; Clover seed, 13@13c. ℔ ℔; Timothy, $2,35@2,40.

TORONTO, MARCH 4.—Flour, $7@7.10; Wheat, fall, $1,73@1.78; Spring, $1,60@1.63; Oats, 59@63c; Barley, $1@1,26; Peas, 1,76@1,78; Pork, mess, $17,50@19; Bacon, 6½@7½c; Hams, 7½@8cts; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 9½@11c; Eggs, 20@30c; Butter, 15@30c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 8@9c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $13@18; Straw, $11@12.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4—Beeves—Receipts 1,839 head; quotations 10@20c. Veal calves; receipts 631 head; quotations 10@17½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 17,455 head; quotations Sheep 5½@8c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 11,039 head; quotations, 8½@9c.

ALBANY, MARCH 6.—Beef Cattle sell at 3½@12½c; Milch Cows, $30@100; Sheep and Lambs, 6½@6⅝c; Hogs, 7½@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, MARCH 4—Beeves range from 11@14½c; Working Oxen, $160@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 4@7cts; extra, 7@8c; by the head, $2@6,00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 7@8c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 60c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, MARCH 7—Beef Cattle, 7@8c. Veal Calves, 5@6½c. Sheep, $3@5,50. Hogs, $8,12½@9.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 7—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,00; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Hogs, 7½@10½c.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 4.—Beef Cattle, 4½@9½c; Sheep, 5@7c; Hogs, 11½@13c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7.—Market is steady with a fair business doing. Sales are 320,000 lbs. at 43@58c. for Domestic Fleece, 39½@48c. for pulled, 52½c for tubbed, 22@28c. for Texas, 16@33c. for California.

BOSTON, MARCH 3—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 45@55c; 52@64c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@40c; California, 21@31c; Texas, 27½@30c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, MARCH 4—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@44c.; Medium, 37@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@35c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 4—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

The News Condenser.

— Cheyenne boasts of prairie fires at this early season.
— There are 30 deaths a day in San Domingo city.
— Peru is bargaining for some of our iron-clads.
— Gen. McCall was an accomplished ornithologist.
— The peach and fruit crops in Missouri look well.
— Tennyson's income is $10,000 per annum, and rising.
— Gen. Phil. Sheridan has gone to Leavenworth.
— Iowa has three female journalists.
— St. Louis has thirty-five flour mills.
— Russia is making needle guns in large quantity.
— Montana has so far produced $20,000,000 per annum.
— Alexander H. Stevens is visiting in Boston.
— Kit Carson wants to be an Indian agent.
— Detroit claims to have put up 1,000 outbuildings last year.
— A white butterfly fluttered into Quebec the other day.
— There is talk of a railway from Toledo to Pittsburg.
— Wheat has been winter-killed in some parts of Ky.
— The past winter has been very severe in Oregon.
— Horse steaks are coming into fashion in New York.
— A negro murderess was hung in Maryland last week.
— The Queen has never yet visited Wales at Sandringham.
— Basswood shoes are the latest innovation at Oberlin, Ohio.
— St. Louis manufactures amounted to $42,000,000 last year.
— Olive Logan has started with her lecture for the provinces.
— The net tolls on the Sault canal last year were $10,905 61
— The spring immigration into Kansas has already begun.
— The railroads in the oil regions have all been consolidated.
— The Paschall Hotel in St. Louis is to be sold for $300,000.
— The supply of Buffalo robes this year is only half an average.
— Russia will confiscate the estate of the ex-King of Hanover.
— Louis II, King of Bavaria, died recently, at the age of 23 years.
— The product of coal oil in Michigan last year was 35,000 tons.
— Gen. Nagle and others have been indicted for treason Ireland.
— The resignation of Minister Adams is much regretted England.
— The Yale Alumni in New York city have organized association.
— Lumbering business has been light and dull this winter in Canada.
— An axe factory in Cohoes is filling a $17,000 order from Australia.
— Nitro-glycerine is knocking out Hoosie at the rate of 150 feet a month.
— Queen Victoria is preparing a second volume of her private sketches.
— Twenty-four tea-laden vessels from China are nearly due at New York.
— The Irish element in Ohio is small in proportion to most other States.
— The Spanish Bank of Havana is soon to establish a branch at Mazatzas.
— H. R. H., the Duke of Edinburgh, has been made a Mason in Australia.
— The real estate of Jeff. Davis in the South is reported to be worth $60,000.
— Reports from Halifax state that hundreds of families are living on dogfish.
— The first National Bank of Keokuk, in Iowa, suspended Friday week.
— It is said that President Juarez of Mexico is about to visit Washington.
— The Prussian Diet was formally closed by the King on Friday night last.
— A large Irish emigration from Springfield, Mass., to California, is reported.
— 20,000 loaves of bread were given to the poor of Newark, N. J., last month.
— The city of New Orleans wants to borrow $4,000,000 for 20 years, at 7 per cent.
— The Mexican Government has determined to repudiate the French debt.
— Admiral Farragut was entertained at a grand banquet in Genoa recently.
— Russia is said to have agents here purchasing war vessels and transports.
— Paris editors are said to have been paid $20,000 for puffing the Suez canal.
— The Austrian Archduke Henry has married an actress, Md'lle Hoffman.
— Miss Huntley, a Boston girl, has achieved a triumph in opera at Copenhagen.
— The California State debt has been reduced over $5,000,000 in four years.
— 30,000 lives were lost by the late terrible earthquake at the Island of Formosa.
— Accounts from Maine say this is the coldest winter there for twenty-five years.
— Parepa-Rosa is in full voice again, and is delighting the musical ears of the Hub.
— John Bright spoke at a meeting of the friends of America, in London, lately.
— Over 2,000,000 acres of land in Mississippi are advertised for sale under execution.
— Some south German governments are again sending convicts to the United States.
— A Philadelphia jeweler was robbed of diamonds valued at $25,000 on Tuesday week.
— Building cottages of blocks of coal is suggested in Illinois, where lumber is scarce.
— Five million seven hundred and seventy thousand gallons of oil exported last month.
— Apalachicola wonders why more people do not appreciate its orange-growing climate.
— Crosby's Opera House is selected for the meeting of the Republican National Convention.
— It is rumored that an attempt was lately made to assassinate President Juarez of Mexico.
— The treaty regarding naturalization with North Germany is to expire at the end of ten years.
— French army officers absent on furlough have been ordered to report on or before March 1st.
— Gen. Lee has completed the manuscript of his long-meditated memoir of "Light Horse Harry."
— The annual salary of the postmaster at Van Buren, in the northern part of Maine, is two dollars.
— It is rumored that Baron Lionel Rothschild is to be advanced to a higher rank in the British peerage.
— The Iowa Legislature has passed a resolution in favor of removing the national capital to some point in the west.
— Boston city expenses for this year are estimated at $7,056,076, only $5,847,549 of which will be raised by tax.
— In Maine there are no less than 1,568 lakes, some of which are from 1,200 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.
— A Detroit Justice the other day married a couple whose united weight was 500 lbs., the bride scoring 400.
— At a ball in New York a few evenings ago some of the ladies had three servants to hold up the trails of their dresses.
— An excellent bed of coal has been discovered a few miles below Denver, on the projected line of the Denver Pacific Railroad.
— Some thief stole a piece of crape and white ribbon from the door of a house in which a child lay dead, in Baltimore, a few days ago.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Sunday School Teacher—Adams, Blackmer & Lyon.
The Great Family Ointment—Kennedy's Ointment.
Agents Wanted—G W Wilson & Co.
Reid's Patent Potato Baker—Bull & Co.
Farms for Sale—Mancha & Co.
Premium Club Lists—John W Hanmore.
Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato Seed—C W Crosman.
Wanted, Agents—A S Hale & Co.
Tube Well—W T Horner.
New Strawberries—Ellwanger & Barry.
Falley Seminary—J P Griffin.
The Book of Wonders—O A Roorbach.
Potter's Three-Horse Clevis—E M Potter.
What's Up—E Ware Sylvester.
Pea—Drew's New Dwarf—Washburn & Co.
Choice Seeds and Seed Potatoes—L D Scott & Co.
Crosby's Early Sweet Corn—Washburn & Co.
Berry Baskets—C W Idell.
Large Collection of Tomatoes—Washburn & Co.
Only Fifty Cents per Year—Sheldon Howard & Co.
Blood Red Sweet Corn—Washburn & Co.
New York Gift Company—H Barton & Co.
Eggs—B Alexander.
Jacks, Jennets and Mules—J T Warder.
Flower and Vegetabl Seeds—M O'Keefe, Son & Co.
Farm for Sale—W B Williams.
The Early Rose Potato—Geo W Best.
Wisconsin Hop Roots, &c—I W Briggs.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Kittatinny Blackberry—E Williams.

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Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line. Agate space.
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For Extra Display and Cuts, twice and a half.
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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE NAMELESS DEAD.

BY THERZA.

Oft in the silent city of the dead,
I stand and muse beside some nameless grave;
And wonder who beneath the sod was laid,
When dust to dust the weeping mourners gave.

Methinks I see a maiden fair and frail,
The roses from her cheek forever flown,
Beside her couch there stands a specter pale,
Poises his dart, and calls the maid his own.

Or else, perchance, one sleeps beneath the sod,
To whom the earth seemed beautiful and gay;
Called early to give back his soul to God,
Yielding his manly form to death's decay.

Oh! why should death, all unrelenting, walk
This earth so clothed in lovely, smiling bloom?
Why should the living stand beside the dead,
And children play around the silent tomb?

And yet, perhaps, these flowers above the breast
Of some poor weary, homesick mortal grow;
Who gladly hailed this long and peaceful rest,
And found a solace here for all his woe.

Yes, there's a rest for all who sadly weep,
A rest to every weary mortal given,
While their worn bodies 'neath the green sod sleep,
Their souls find rest, a perfect rest, in heaven.

The Story Teller.

[Written and Copyrighted for Vol. X of Moore's Rural New-Yorker, and Republished by Request.]

ALICE AND ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Concluded from page 84, last number.]

Chapter X.—Revelations.

"Father," she exclaimed, "where *did* you come from?"

"I came from Mr. Warren's," he answered. "He is dead, but I have been forgiven, and can once more walk the earth a free and fearless man. *Adelaide*," he continued, and in the tone of his voice and gleam of his eye there was something which made the guilty girl tremble, "I have heard that of *you* which fills me with grief. Oh, my child, how could you so shamefully deceive me?"

"What do you mean?" she asked in well-feigned surprise, for she would not admit anything until she knew how far she was implicated.

Very briefly her father repeated to her what he had heard from Mr. Warren, and then awaited her answer. At first she sought to deny the charge, but she dared not give the lie to one lying dead, not far away, so she remained silent, trying in vain to frame some excuse with which to appease her father, and also to find some way of again binding Alice to secrecy, so that Mr. Howland should never hear of her falsehoods. He would, perhaps, excuse her deception with regard to her father, when she told him, as she should do, that she had done it for the sake of her *mother*, who could not endure to have the matter known, and if the rest were kept from him all might yet end well.

At that moment she remembered what Peggy had said, and with a faint voice she asked, "Does any one know this but yourself?"

"Mr. Warren's daughter knows it," he returned. "And the young man—Howland is his name—knows it, too, for *he* was there all night, and heard my conversation with Alice."

"*Mr. Howland!*" Adelaide fairly screamed, and in the terrified expression of her face, the *motive* for her conduct was revealed to her father, who rather enjoyed than otherwise the passionate tears of anger and mortification which she shed at finding herself thus betrayed to one whom she had loved as well as such as she could love.

"I understand you perfectly," said Mr. Huntington, advancing towards her as she lay weeping on the lounge, "and your punishment is just, for a child who can abuse its father as you have abused me ought never to be the wife of a man like Mr. Howland. I will not reproach you further with your guilt," he continued, "for your sin has found you out, and I leave you to your own reflections."

So saying, he passed on in quest of his wife, whose welcome to the repentant man was far more cordial than that of his daughter had been. Adelaide was, indeed, sorely punished, for all hope of winning Mr. Howland was gone, and, as the days wore on, she experienced, more and more, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The story of Mr. Huntington's existence and return to his family circulated rapidly, and with it, hand in hand, went the rumor of the wrong he had once done to the blind man, who, by the people of Oakland, was honored more in death than he had been in life, for they came in crowds to his funeral, gazing pityingly at the white face of the dead, and then staring curiously at the dark-browed stranger, who was said to be William Huntington. Adelaide was not there, for Miss Elinor, a very little given to *gossip* it may be, had *kindly remembered her*, and numerous were the exaggerated stories afloat concerning the deception she had practiced both upon her father and the villagers. Like most people she had one so-called friend, who dutifully kept her posted with regard to all that was said concerning her, and, completely overwhelmed with shame and mortification, she resolved to keep herself secluded at home, where she vented her disappointment in harsh language and bitter tears, particularly when, on the day succeeding the funeral, she heard that Miss Elinor had taken Alice to live with her.

But little did Miss Elinor care for her anger. The world to her was brighter now than it had been for many years, and with something of a mother's love, her heart went out towards the orphan to whom she had given a home. Adelaide, however, was not forgotten, and the good lady was certainly excusable if, when riding with her protege, she *did* frequently order Jim to take them round to High street, bidding him drive slowly past the house of the Huntingtons. But if, in this way she thought to obtain a glimpse of Adelaide, she was mistaken, for the young lady was never visible, though safely hidden behind the curtain, she, herself, seldom failed to see the carriage, and the little figure in black which she instinctively felt would some day be her rival.

The bitterest drop of all in Adelaide's cup of mortification was the knowledge that Mr. Howland *had* once thought to make her his wife, for he told her in a letter written three weeks subsequent to Mr. Warren's death. It is true he had never committed himself by words, but he had done so by actions, and honor demanded an explanation. So he wrote at last, and though it was a most polite and gentlemanly note, its contents stung her to her inmost soul, and casting it into the fire she watched it as it turned to ashes, feeling the while as if her own heart were charred and blistered with its load of guilt and shame. There were no more trips to Springfield now, for concealment of labor was no longer necessary, and the satchel Miss Elinor taunted her brother with having carried so often lay useless upon the closet shelf.

"I'll *die* before I'll do that—father may support us," Adelaide had said when her mother suggested that they take in sewing from Mr. Howland's store.

And Mr. Huntington *did* do his best towards maintaining his family, but popular opinion was against him. He had defrauded his employer once—he might do so again—and so all looked upon him with distrust, making it sometimes very hard for him to procure even the common necessaries of life. His health, too, had become impaired, both by exposure and the mental anguish he had so long endured, and night after night his labored breathing and hacking cough smote painfully on the ear of his wife, whose love no circumstances could destroy.

One morning, towards the middle of February, he left them as usual, but was soon brought back with a broken limb, which he had received from a fall upon the ice. For *him* to work was now impossible, and Adelaide no longer objected when her mother proposed that Peggy should be sent for sewing to Mr. Howland, who gave it to her readily, manifesting much concern for Mr. Huntington, whom Peggy represented as being in a most deplorable condition.

Two or three days afterwards as he was leaving the store he received a message from the sick man, who wished to see him, and in a short time he stood at the bedside of Mr. Huntington, who told, in a few words, why he had been sent for.

"They could not keep *that* house,—they must rent a cheaper one, and if no tenant for the Brown House in the Hollow had been obtained, would Mr. Howland let him have it? he would try hard when he got well to pay the rent," and the strong man's eyes filled with tears just as little Alice Warren's had done when similar words escaped her lips.

"Yes, he could have it," Mr. Howland said, and the sum he asked for it was just what Mr. Warren had paid,—then fearing lest Adelaide by chance should enter the room, he hastened away, pondering upon the changes which a few short weeks had brought to the haughty girl, who, when she heard of her father's arrangement, flew into a violent rage, declaring she would "kill herself before she'd live in that little shanty."

But neither her wrath nor yet her tears could shake her father's determination, and when the first April sun was set, and the warm spring moon was risen, wretched, hopeless and weary, Adelaide Huntington crept up to her bed beneath the rafters, covering her head with the sheet, lest she should see the white-haired, sightless specter, which, to her disordered fancy, seemed haunting that low-roofed dwelling.

Chapter XI.—Natural Consequences.

It is summer again,—"the leafy month of June,"—and in the spacious, well-kept grounds of Richard Howland hundreds of roses are blossoming, but none so fair and beautiful to the owner of these grounds as the *rose* which blossoms within the house,—the bright-haired, gentle Alice, who, when the grief-laden clouds of adversity were overshadowing her life, dreamed not that she again could be as happy as she is in her new home. The grass-grown grave in the quiet valley is not neglected, nor he who resteth there forgotten, but though her tears fall often on the sod, she cannot wish that blind man back in a world which was so truly *dark* to him.

And Alice has learned to be happy in her luxurious home,—happy in the tender love which Miss Elinor ever lavishes upon her, and happy, too, in the quiet brother-like affection of him who seems to her the embodiment of every manly virtue. He does not talk often with her, for Richard Howland deals not so much in words as deeds, but in a thousand little ways he tells her he is glad to have her there. And this is all he tells her, so that neither she, nor yet his more discerning sister, dreams how sweet to him is the music of the childish voice, which often in the gathering twilight sings some song of the olden time; nor do they know, when returning home at night, how wistfully he glances towards the window where Alice is wont to sit, and if they did know it they could not fathom his meaning, for when the golden hair and bright young face *is there*, he always turns aside, lingering without as if within there were no maiden fair, whose eyes of blue played wilder notes upon his heart-strings than the dark, proud orbs of Adelaide had ever done. Even *he* does not know he loves her, so quietly that love has come,—creeping o'er him while he slept,—stealing o'er him when awake,—whispering to him in the dingy counting-room, and bidding him cast frequent glances at the western sky, to see if it were not time that he were home. He only knows that he is very happy, and that his happiness is in some way connected with the childish form which flits before him like a sunbeam, filling his home with light and joy. It had never occurred to him that she might sometime go away, and leave in his household a void which no other one could fill, and when one day, towards the last of June, his sister said to him, "Alice has received a letter from an old friend of her mother, asking her to take charge of the Juvenile Department of a young ladies' Seminary in B——," he started as if he had been smitten with a heavy blow.

"Alice teach school!" he exclaimed. "Alice go away from—me—from *you*, I mean. Preposterous! She don't, of course, think of accepting the offer?"

"Yes, she does. I'd no idea she had so much decision," and Miss Elinor's scissors cut quite a hole in the *embroidery* on which she has worked ever since we knew her. "I remonstrated when she told me she should return an affirmative answer, but it did no good. She never intended long to burden people on whom she had no claim, she said. She would rather be independent, and though she was very happy here, she felt it her duty to earn her own living, now that an opportunity was presented."

"Earn her own living," repeated Mr. Howland, "just as though *she* cost anybody anything. There is some other reason, and if I didn't know you as well as I do, I should be inclined to think the fault was with you. Maybe you *do* sometimes scold her, Elinor!" and he fixed his eyes inquiringly upon his sister's face.

Miss Elinor had striven hard to restrain the tears which thoughts of parting with her favorite induced, and thus far she had succeeded, but when she heard her brother's remark, they burst forth at once.

"*Me* scold Alice!" was all she could articulate, as with a deeply injured air she left the room, while her brother, seizing his hat, hurried off to the store, where he remained the entire day, trying to think how it would seem to him when he knew that Alice was gone.

"It didn't seem at all," either to *him* or to his *clerks*, for never before had he been so irritable and cross, finding fault with the most trivial matters,—chiding the check-boy for moving too fast, and the head clerk for moving too slow,—refusing to trust the widow Simpson, whom he had trusted all his life, and making himself so generally disagreeable that the young men in his employ were not sorry when, about 5 o'clock, they saw him start for home.

"I'm glad he's gone, any way, darn him," muttered *Check*, who had been, perhaps, the greatest sufferer, and with a most contemptuous whistle he looked after the retreating figure of his master.

Alice was not in the yard,—not in the parlor,—not in the house. He knew it by that undefinable feeling which we experience when the one we love the best is absent. "She had gone to walk by the river," so Miss Elinor said, when questioned, asking him in the same breath why he didn't come home to dinner.

"I was not hungry," he replied. "The prospect of losing Alice has taken my appetite away. Do you think she would stay with us, if I were to adopt her as my daughter?"

Miss Elinor didn't think anything. She had not quite forgiven his unjust remark in the morning, and failing to obtain satisfaction from her, he started in quest of Alice, who, he was sure, would listen favorably to his plan of adoption. The tree where she and her father sat on that afternoon when she had come so near to death, was her favorite resort, and here he now found her thinking of the coming time when she should be gone. It had cost her a struggle to decide the matter, but it was best, she thought; she could not always be dependent, and that very night she would answer "yes." But why that sigh, fair Alice? Is it that you so much dread to leave Miss Elinor, or has the brother won a place within your heart? She could not tell. She only knew that when she thought of leaving Mr. Howland the pain was harder to bear.

"I shall miss them both so much," she unconsciously said aloud, "I shall miss them both—but *him* the most."

"Why then do you go?" came to her startled ear, and Richard Howland stood before her.

Springing to her feet she blushed and stammered out something about the *watch dog Ponto* whom she should miss! But it would not do. Mr. Howland was not to be deceived, and in her tell-tale face he knew the *watch dog Ponto* meant himself!

"Alice," he said, "sit down with me upon the bank and tell me why you wish to leave us."

Alice obeyed, but neither of them spoke until Mr. Howland, growing suddenly very bold, wound his arm around her waist and drew her to his side. 'Twas the first time in his life he had ever found himself in a position like this, and though it was very novel,—very strange,—*he liked it;* he forgot, too, all about the *adopion*, and bending low, so that in case of an emergency his lips *could* touch her cheek, he whispered, "Alice——"

But what else he said the murmuring river never told, neither the summer air which lifted the golden tresses falling o'er his arm, nor yet the little bird, which from the overhanging bough looked archly down upon them, shutting its round, bright eyes with a knowing look as if it understood that scene. It *did* understand, and the sight of them sitting there thus brought to mind the dainty nest up in the maple tree where its own loved mate was waiting, and when at last the maiden lifted up her head, it plumed its wings for flight and flew away, singing as it flew, "She's won—she's won."

That night *Alice*, instead of Mr. Howland, was missing from the table, and when Miss Elinor sought her in her room, she was surprised at the abruptness with which the young girl threw her arms around her neck and whispered, "I am happy,—oh, so happy."

Then, with the twilight shadows gathering around, Alice told her story to the wondering lady, who in her joy forgave her brother for his unjust insinuation, and folding the orphan girl lovingly within her arms, she told her how gladly she should welcome her as a *sister*. It was known ere long all over town that the wealthy Mr. Howland was to wed the blind man's daughter, and the rude brown rafters of the cottage in the Hollow ne'er witnessed so fierce a storm of passion and of tears, as on the night when first to Adelaide came tidings that the man she so much loved had given himself to another. To William Huntington, however, the news brought joy and gladness. He had recovered from his broken limb, but his health did not improve, and now he seldom left his home. Still, he did whatever he could do for his family, and the little yard in front of his house was filled with flowers, which he tended with the utmost care and sold in small bouquets to such of the villagers as wished to buy. When he heard that Alice was to be a bride ere the summer days were gone, he set apart his choicest flowers, watching them with jealous care and experiencing a childish delight in thinking how he would form a rare bouquet, worthy of her to whom it should be given.

There was no reason why the marriage should be delayed, Mr. Howland said, and so one balmy eve, when the harvest moon was in its infancy, St. Luke's Church was filled to overflowing, and the same man who, over Hugo Warren's grave had read the burial service, now spoke the solemn words which made one flesh of two. And when the rite was ended and Alice was a bride, from the three towers of Oakland there rang a merry peal, for Mr. Howland was greatly honored by the citizens who thus would keep his wedding night.

Across the grassy meadow, up the wooded hill, and down into the Hollow, floated the music of those bells, awakening an answering note of joy in every heart save that of the wretched Adelaide, who, grinding her teeth together, fled to her lonely garret and stuffed *cotton* in her ears, so as to shut out the hateful sound, which told her of her rival's happiness. Anon, and from the rocky heights which overlooked the town, and from the village green, there shown a lurid light. Bonfires had been kindled by the workmen from the factory and shop, and among the boys who danced around the blazing fire, none threw his hat so high or cut so many antics as did the little "*check*," who, in his bran new suit, the gift of Mr. Howland, forgot his grievances on that memorable day when his master tried to see how it would seem to live without Alice Warren.

From her window Adelaide looked out upon the scene, shedding bitter tears of envy and of rage; then wishing she had never seen the light of day, she sought her solitary pillow and cried herself to sleep, while the song and the dance moved joyously on, and the gentle bride, in her robes of white, looked lovingly up to him who was her all in all. Nor were the inmates of the Brown House in the Hollow forgotten by Alice in her prosperity. From Mr. Huntington she had received a beautiful bouquet; 'twas all save his blessing that he had to give, he said, and Alice prized it the more when she knew how carefully he had watched each opening bud, shielding it alike from storm and noon-day heat.

"I will remember him for this," she thought, and as the days wore on many a timely gift found its way to the brown cottage, where it was sorely needed, for as the fall advanced Mr. Huntington grew worse, and to the other labors of his family was added the task of ministering to him and providing for his wants.

As yet no rent for the cottage had been paid, and Miss Elinor, when she remembered the ugly name which Adelaide had called her, secretly wished she might be turned into the street. But her brother was more forgiving, and when Alice's nineteenth birthday came he gave her the Brown House in the Hollow, telling her playfully that she must collect the rent of her own property!

"And I *would* do it, too," spoke up Miss Elinor, who, nevertheless, was just as sure then of what Alice intended to do as she was next morning when she saw upon her sister's writing desk a receipt in full for the rent, and heard that sister bid a servant take it with sundry other things to the Brown House in the Hollow as a New Year's Gift from her!

Sure 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, and the prayer which the sick man breathed for Alice Howland was worth far more to her than the paltry sum which she had lost by doing what she did. Adelaide, too, was softened, for the pangs of poverty were beginning to be keenly felt, and when the servant turned to go, she said to him with quivering lips, "Tell Mrs. Howland that *I* thank her!"

* * * * * *

Another year has nearly gone, and from the windows of the cottage there shines a glimmering light, while gathered round the hearth three lonely women sit. They are now indeed alone,—the bed in the corner is empty,—the husband and father is gone. When the last May flowers were blooming and the voice of spring was on the hills, strong men carried him out into the open air, just as they carried the blind man, and in the village church-yard, not far from Hugo Warren's grave, they laid the weary down to rest. William Huntington had saved the life of Richard Howland's wife, and for this reason his family were not neglected, though Miss Elinor took good care that not enough assistance should be given them "to keep the trollop, Adelaide, from working."

In Richard Howland's home all is joyous and glad, and though the curtains of *one* room are dropped, and the blinds are closely shut, 'tis only because the fussy old nurse will have it so, and not because the young mother lying there is is any danger now. In the rosewood crib there sleeps a sturdy boy, and the bottom of his cambric skirt is trimmed with the veritable *embroidery* which we have often seen in the hands of Miss Elinor, who calls herself the baby's "Aunty" fifty times a day.

She had fully expected that it would bear *her name*, but it proved a *Betsey Trotwood* affair, and when the Christmas bells are ringing and the star of Bethlehem gleams on the walls of the old Brick Church, she will stand as sponsor for the little boy, to whom, in memory of the blind man now singing to the praise of Bethlehem's child, will be given the name of "Warren Howland."

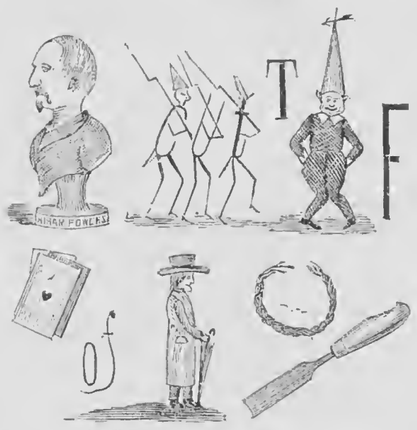
Brockport, N. Y.

To feel that you can or might be something, is often the first step towards becoming it; and the surest way to secure the respect of the world, is to respect yourself.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y. A. H. A.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 4, 1, 46, 32, 9, 16, 21, 17, 27, 53, 47 is a mountain in North America.
My 20, 6, 11, 43, 19, 23 is a city in Russia.
My 28, 14, 10, 39, 44, 26, 34, 41 is a cape of North America.
My 31, 34, 26, 54, 52, 33, 25, 7 is a bay in North America.
My 29, 24, 13, 31, 37, 50, 22 is a river in South America.
My 38, 33, 35, 1, 15 is a lake in Asia.
My 42, 10, 5, 11, 3, 46, 12 is a strait in North America.
Ms 51, 40, 47, 20, 18 is a sea in Europe.
My 7, 10, 2, 8 is a lake in Scotland.
My 49, 33, 45, 53, 5, 2, 28, 48, 32, 52 is a city in Pennsylvania.
My whole is a Proverb.

Constantia, Ohio. O. W. Thompson.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

O, gently, gently o'er the lake
Steals my *first* at eve, until
Wrapped within its silver haze,
Lie the mountain, vale and hill.

O, gayly, gayly rang the song,
And quickly drained each sparkling cup;
But fiercely to each drunken head
My *second* came when they rose up.

O, loudly, loudly laughed the school,
When once, my *whole*, the teacher made,
"Of ten and five, and eight and three,
The sum is twenty-five," he said.

Denio.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A piece of lead was immersed in a gallon measure of water, by which one-half the water was displaced; what was the lead worth at 15 cents per cubic inch?

Middlefield, N. Y. P. C. Smith.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 945.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Take things always by the smooth handle.

Answer to Anagram:

Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—William A. Reynolds, proprietor of the Arcade, 1868.

The Publisher's Desk.

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"	"	"	"	₰ doz.	9,00
"	"	"	"	₰ 100,	250,00
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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AGRICULTURAL.

MINOR FARM CROPS.

BESIDES the ordinary and staple crops which the farmer grows, there are some minor ones to which attention should be paid, and which will considerably augment the profits of business if properly cultivated. Their importance lies in their relation to the other products and operations of the farm, which they extend and complete. A system of mixed husbandry is best adapted to their introduction, and derives from them the most benefit. In planning for the various standard crops, therefore, these minor ones should not be overlooked, and upon them we will offer a few suggestions.

A small area of land devoted to roots, will afford a large amount of food in proportion to the labor and land required, the quality of which is of great value—almost indispensable—in its healthful and fattening effect on stock. The cost of keeping horse teams, which is large, may be greatly reduced, and their health and vigor promoted at the same time, by a supply of carrots for their food. Sugar beets, or mangel wurtzels, are equally valuable for cows; and turnips for sheep. Farmers as a class, dislike to "putter" with these crops, but when a man once gets in the way of growing a supply he rarely abandons it; the greatest difficulty is in getting started. For growing the long roots, as carrots or beets, a very good way is to set off and keep a patch for that especial purpose. In that case it is likely to be better prepared and cultivated than if its location be changed yearly; besides, if there is a field especially for the roots very likely they will be grown each year, whereas, if the plan is to raise them in a field with some other crop, none but the most thorough farmers, and they are not in the majority, would carry it out every year. One acre devoted to the culture of the long roots, may be made to furnish a tolerable supply for the wants of the horses and cows of an ordinary hundred-acre farm. And there will be some to spare to the breeding sows and store pigs, which will devour them greedily. This acre should be of rich soil; we should prefer clay to gravel, and a clay and sand loam would be best. It should be worked very deep with a subsoil plow and made dry; then it should be manured. The cultivation ought to be fifteen to twenty inches in depth. In this way, although only one acre is planted, yet nutriment and growth equal to two or three as ordinarily cultivated, are got. A yield of ten or twelve hundred bushels annually will result, and perhaps the farmer will learn such a lesson about the effects of high culture as will benefit him to the extent of thousands of dollars in other branches of farming. The method of culture is simple: plant in drills not more than twenty inches or two feet apart, use a special cultivator—the subsoil plow run between the rows is very effectual when the ground gets a little hard and dry—thin the plants in the rows, and in digging use a plow to throw the dirt from the roots.

Another minor crop which pays very well to grow for fall and winter feed, for cows, hogs and fatting sheep, is cabbage. An immense amount of this food may be produced on an acre. When the grass is frost-bitten and short in the fall, cabbage saves hay and helps out nicely. Little pains need be taken in storing it if fed out by the middle of winter. It will keep well piled under a shed with some straw thrown over it. Quite hard freezing will not injure it for feeding purposes. At least the vacant spots in the corn field, made so by grubs or other depredators, should be set with cabbage. Ten thousand plants may be set on one acre, and all will make feed, though not solid heads. Very often a quantity of the best heads could be marketed at prices which would make the crop average two or three hundred dollars per acre. Some growers in New Jersey cultivate forty and fifty acres in cabbage.

Corn sown for fodder is oftentimes very profitable; by devoting a few acres to this much less hay need be cut, or if fed in the summer time less pasture will be needed. For horses and cattle it is especially valuable, and when summer drouths burn and brown the pastures, it is refreshing to draw the green, juicy corn and see the stock fill themselves. We should prefer sowing it thickly in wide drills, just far enough apart to admit a slow-walking horse and a narrow cultivator. If harvested for winter use, cut early and tie up in small shocks until cured. Cut and steamed, with ground grain, no food excels it for milch cows.

There are many other minor farm crops which repay time and labor spent on them; a patch of buckwheat might often as well be grown as not on places which otherwise would produce nothing, and peas might precede wheat on clean sod land, instead of summer fallowing. On a well organized farm no land should be idle, and no opportunity should be lost to produce something which shall augment the aggregate of food. It is a rule which has hardly an exception that the farmer who produces the greatest average per acre, makes the largest profits.

PROSPECTS OF COTTON GROWING.

THE Texas Countryman of recent date contained an article headed "Advice to Planters," in which it is assumed that the cotton product of India and other cotton growing regions "will be so great as to entirely do away with American cotton." Regarding this result as certain, the paper referred to advises its readers to "turn attention to other agricultural departments requiring *less* labor and producing *more* profit."

This is sound advice, so far as it contemplates a more diversified system of husbandry,—but the exclusion of cotton from the list of agricultural products is not wise, in our opinion, nor rendered necessary by any extraneous present or prospective competition in the production of that article. At present—owing to the onerous internal revenue tax, the anomalous political condition of the cotton growing States, and the consequent demoralization of the labor force in that quarter; the widespread devastation of a protracted war, involving the credit and the entire surplus capital of that section in a common ruin—cotton growing does not pay. But this falls far short of proving that the business cannot be revived and rendered as remunerative as any other product of the soil. The demolition of the old system of labor, though attended with great loss to the planters, has opened the way for, and rendered necessary, improved means of cotton cultivation, and our firm conviction is that but a few years will be required to so perfect a new system as to make cotton growing in the South one of its leading interests. It is not desirable to make it an exclusive product, but a leading one it ought, and we have no doubt will be, as soon as labor and capital shall have had time to adjust themselves to the new order of things in the cotton growing States. The country wants cotton, and the South can supply it, and thus obviate the necessity of relying on foreign countries for an important article which can be produced at home and of a better quality than that grown elsewhere.

DEEP PLOWING—SHALLOW THINKING.

SOME readers will not discover at the first glance how it happens that deep plowing and shallow thinking may grow up together in the same person. The shallowness of thought is part and parcel of that silly "love of money" which is "the root of all evil." Shallow thinkers want, or fancy they want, all the elements of crops that plowing nine, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four inches can possibly develop, in deeply tilled earth, in order to have the name and fame of being rich, thorough and skillful farmers. It is not enough that American Agriculture robs the soil of the fertilizing atoms necessary to form the nation's bread, meat and clothing, in all coming time, to the depth of six inches, to build up artificial cities in habits of most wasteful extravagance. These insatiable consumers of the natural fraitfulness of a continent demand and applaud deeper and still deeper cultivation, to augment the supplies, wealth and growth of municipal bodies, which do not restore to impoverished and distant fields one pound of good manure to compensate for the removal of a ton of crops. Sound thinking men in cities cannot fail to see that this never-ceasing drain on the soil of the whole country must ultimately raise the price of grain, cotton and all provisions, from their extreme scarcity, to a general famine standard. It is to prevent, if possible, the deep exhaustion of American soil and subsoil, to the incalculable injury of all alike, that I criticise the philosophy which underlies the following remarks of HORACE GREELEY:

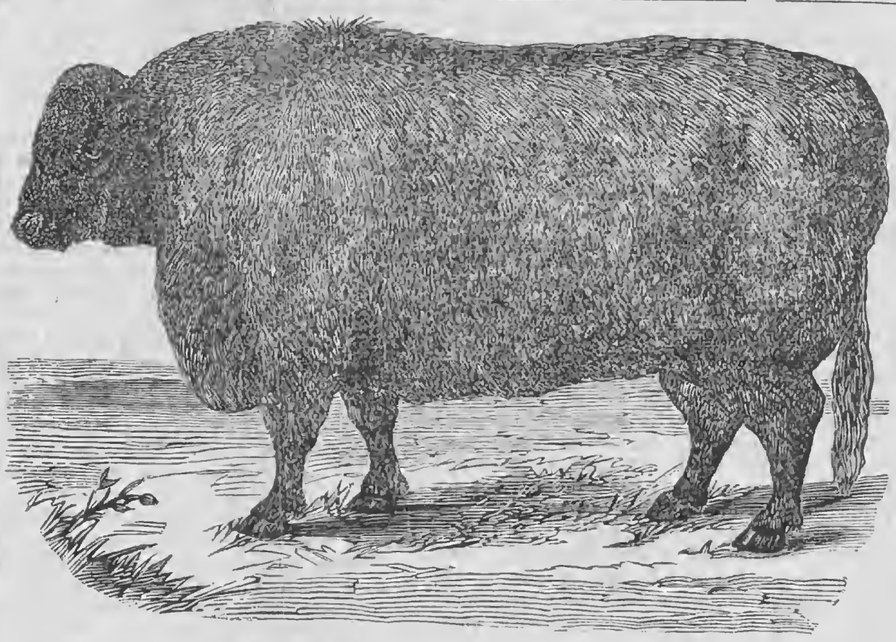
"I hold it demonstrated that the average value of land in tillage is pretty accurately measured by the depth to which it has been thoroughly worked. That is to say, if a farm of one hundred acres, whereof one-half has been tilled, and which has on that half an average depth of six inches of thoroughly worked and pulverized soil, is worth $100 per acre so far as it has been tilled and $50 per acre for the residue—in all $7,500—then the value of that farm would be increased to $10,000 if those fifty acres of tillage were so worked to a depth of twelve inches; $12,500 if the depth of soil on the portion in tillage were increased to eighteen inches; and $15,000 if it were still further increased to two feet."

If the farmer could safely assume that his land within two feet of the surface of the ground has an unlimited supply of the *precise things* required by nature to form grass, grain, cotton and tobacco, he might divide fifty acres into five parts—one grass, one corn, one wheat, one tobacco and one cotton: raise these staples in rotation, and sell them in distant markets for any length of time without impairing the capital in the soil from which they were made. But if some of the essential elements of each of these crops exist, in an available form, only to a quite limited extent, how can a field be more valuable from which they have been extracted by tillage to the depth of twelve inches than if taken out only to the depth of six? Will any sane man give more for land whose elements of the human brain, bone and muscle had been removed from clay and sand to the depth of two feet, than he would if removed only to one-fourth of that depth? The old cotton and tobacco States have many million acres impoverished only to the depth of from four to eight inches. Suppose the subsoil were equally exhausted by Mr. GREELEY'S system of extra deep cultivation, and the export of Southern staples, how much would that add to the intrinsic value of our old fields?

The philosopher of the Tribune must see that it is not so much deeper tillage as the fundamental principle of *restitution to all cultivated land* that our National Agriculture now demands. At what price improved farms may be estimated or change owners, is a matter of little moment; while to deplete the soil of the nation to the depth of two feet, and gain little beside intense political discord and heavy taxes, is something that deeply affects present and unborn generations. Property in combustible cities and elsewhere very perishable, which has been called into existence at the expense of the soil, represents the greatest folly and mistake of the age; for the time is coming when indefinite millions will want more bread than they can easily obtain, and stone and brick and mortar in cities, no matter how polished or beautiful in architecture, cannot be eaten to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Sound philosophy teaches the wisdom of preventing great calamities by foreseeing them through careful and profound study. Let the public do its duty and fairly pay the soil for what it produces from year to year, then the deeper it is cultivated the better for the land, the community at large, and the farmer as an honest tiller of the ground. Who can say that the city of New York fairly compensates one acre in a thousand that give its people their daily bread?

A people who take a thousand pounds of phosphorus from the nation's farm and restore only one to meet the growing and future wants of a rapidly increasing population, surely need no encouragement to plow deeper, raise larger crops, and thereby hasten the time when ninety-nine acres in a hundred of this now generally fertile and truly magnificent estate, will contain no phosphorus within two feet of its surface; without which no brain food, bone food, or muscle food can grow. Let the opponents of the principle of making restitution to the soil meet the agricultural facts that surround and pervade this momentous subject in the spirit of truth and candor, and the public mind will soon understand the necessity of carefully studying both tillage and husbandry as deep sciences, as well as practicing them as very common industrial arts. The comminution of the earth by the implements of tillage, no matter to what depth, is surely a mechanical process, which an ox or steam may execute; while the feeding and clothing of the inhabitants of many cities and villages, without impoverishing the land cultivated for that purpose, is a very complex problem in the natural sciences. The word fertility expresses both an abstract idea, and something tangible in the soil and removable therefrom. The restitution of tangible and removed atoms, or of others of the same name, and force in plant growth, is at once the thing to be done, and *the duty* to be universally known and respected by a nation of self-governing farmers.

Knox Co., Tenn. D. LEE.



SMITHFIELD CLUB PRIZE OX.

OUR engraving portrays Mr. M'COMBIE'S polled ox "Black Prince," which last year won the first prize of the Smithfield Club, and also took the highest honors at other shows in England. The animal has become famous among breeders and feeders, and hence the portrait, which we take from the London Illustrated News, will interest many of our readers. Premising that Mr. M'COMBIE has been a successful breeder of polled-Angus cattle in Aberdenshire, Scotland, for many years,—often winning the highest prizes at large exhibitions,—we give the following from a London paper relative to his fat ox Black Prince:—"The great black ox, bred by Mr. M'COMBIE, which carried off all the honors at the Birmingham and London shows, was slaughtered by Messrs. LYDSTONE & SCARLETT of New Bond Street. When it became known that Her Majesty, after seeing the animal at Windsor, had ordered the baron, there was considerable anxiety manifested by the customers of the firm to have some portion. Gentlemen who had been accustomed to order four pounds of beef at a time wrote, threatening to withdraw their custom if a rib were not reserved for them. They were, however, easily satisfied with a more modest portion, when they learned that a rib would weigh twenty pounds.

"A few gentlemen met in the slaughter-house in Southmolton Lane, to see the prize beast killed. Here a considerate butcher explained that the Queen's baron consisted of the two sirloins, the two rumps, and two aitch-bones. The head had been reserved by Mr. M'COMBIE, who had given special instructions to a furrier for its preservation. The tail and hair were claimed as "drover's perkiss," but Messrs. LYDSTONE & Co. were obliged to lay a prior claim thereto; and the tail will in future adorn the interior of their shop. One enthusiastic butcher who patted the fat sides of the patient animal, declared that since he was 'rocked out of a cradle into a slaughter-house' he had never seen a finer ox.

"When alive, Black Prince weighed 2,588 pounds; and his dead weight was found to be 1,963 pounds. The baron weighed 632 pounds; and special machinery was erected at Osborne to roast it. Notwithstanding the demand, the purveyors sold the whole, including the baron, at 1s. per pound."

BEAN CULTURE.—No. III.

THERE are a few farmers who prepare the ground well—do ample justice in every respect till the beans are planted; then they are left to the tender mercies of whatever foul weed may chance to spring up in their way. This is a poor policy. If there be a crop planted that will make better returns for careful culture I have yet to learn what it is. Hoeing beans is just as timely, and pays as well, in an increase of the crop, as hoeing corn or potatoes. The man who neglects this part of bean culture will find the business an unprofitable investment, and his farm sadly deteriorating. Hoeing thoroughly has a value more important than what is realized in the crop. Its effect upon the land in keeping it clean and mellow is the great desideratum.

Beans should neither be hoed nor cultivated when they are wet. The plants are very tender and easily injured. Wait till the dew is off, and then with a steady horse, work close to the rows, and very little hoeing will be necessary. A very fast walking horse will often do great injury to the beans by throwing the earth on them and partially covering them. It should be remembered that beans, to do well, must not be choked with dirt, but stand out clear. When they are of pretty good size, say just before the blows appear, go through with a horse-hoe. The outside teeth may then be turned, to throw the earth up to the row. This will be the last work until pulling. Then make up your mind for hard work. If you have never had the backache, prepare for it. When you raise your head you will see stars. It is *the* hard work, and if Yankee invention could only hit upon a machine to pull beans, the inventor would be a benefactor. I must here relate a story for the benefit and encouragement of *bean pullers:*

There was once an old lady who lived in Danbury, Conn. She was sadly afflicted with rheumatism. For ten years she had been confined to the house and much of the time to her bed. She was pious, and bore her sufferings without complaint. One day the minister called on her to offer sympathy and spiritual aid. The old lady remarked that there was a passage of Scripture that she learned when young, which exactly met her case, but she could not tell the book, chapter or verse containing it. The good man replied that the bible contained an antidote for all our troubles, and desired her to repeat the precious words that he might aid in finding it. Certainly she could repeat them, for she had learned them when young, but could not tell the book, chapter or verse. Well, that was not so material, if comfort could be drawn from them. She knew that, and had drawn great comfort therefrom, and though the book, chapter and verse were forgotten, the words were—*grin and bear it.*

Now, when you tie the old boot legs over your knees and prepare to walk on them between the rows, instead of your feet, lay this comfort close to your heart, *grin and bear it.* And when the small gravel works in between the leather and your pants, set your teeth, but apply the consolation. Fretting will do no good. B.

Hindsburgh, N. Y., March, 1868.

H. L. SALSBURY of the same place as our correspondent above, sends us the following article on bean culture:

Our soil varies from black mold to patches of red and blue clay, and light, drifting, sandy loam, all of which will produce varied quantities of all kinds of beans. The richer the better, even to flat intervale flowed lands. I should think the larger part of our area of lands is a heavy, gravelly soil, extending to the shore of Lake Ontario. The kinds of beans in most general culture are, pea beans, early and late, marrows, mediums, blue pods and Whitesborough. The kidney is not raised in quantities here.

Quantity in a Hill.—We go by the acre. I think of the late pea, I have raised from fifteen to thirty-five and forty bushels to the acre from ten and twelve quarts of seed. Of these kinds, we calculate to the acre, 16 quarts, which will average from six to eight in a hill. Four of the late kind in hills 2½ feet each way will cover the ground completely up, in their best bloom. Of the marrows, 1¼ bushels to the acre; of the mediums, usually three pecks to a bushel; Whitesborough, one bushel to the acre. I am not much acquainted with the blue pods.

Planting.—We have two-horse and one-horse planters, with slide, and cylinder droppers. I use BRADFORD'S one-horse cylinder planter; the gauge rows of this are 2½ feet apart, and in the row one foot. This will plant ten acres in a day. It drops in hills. It is necessary to run the planter once or twice across the ends on which the team turns to finish the lot. The late pea bean is very accommodating to the weather, adjourning its growth in the dry, and continuing to blow and grow in wet weather, and requiring from the 20th to the 25th of May to the 10th and 15th of September. I have planted them from the 1st to the 8th of June, and sowed the same ground to wheat by the 15th of September. The early pea will ripen in from 60 to 70 days; no adjournment for drouth; and if very dry will shrink to a small yield; with fair showers will cover the ground and yield bountifully, say 30 bushels to the acre. The farmers are planting a good many of these, they being the earliest to sow wheat after.

ONE WAY.

MY neighbor borrows and reads the RURAL, and I am in the mood to pen a bit of sly rebuke at him through its columns. Passing his place last evening, the following *pleasant* review of his domestic economy passed under my eye:

The cows, colts and calves were in promiscuous assembly, humpbacked and lean and forlorn, on the ice around a frozen-up water trough, in a bleak and shelterless stock yard. A wiry, bristly old sow, and a half dozen ghostly shotes, were standing, stark and straight, in a pen in the corner of the door yard, "petitioning for swill"—no friendly roof to entice piggy in from the biting blast. Chanticleer and his gadding bevy of pullets were flying up to roost on a wide-spreading apple tree, and underneath stood the family chariot, its tongue cracked and lashed with a piece of clothes line. A load of coal was piled against the side of the house, covered with snow; thence the good wife, chattering with the cold, was fingering lumps into a small wash tub. The big gate at the highway was rickety and half open, and somebody's stray bull was regaling himself at the corn crib—said crib constructed of poles, roofless and vulnerable on all sides.

Three yellow, stump-tailed curs were in heroic battle over a bone; spying the wayfarer, they rushed out *en masse*, to snap and snarl at my passing heels. The well was pumpless and curbless, and hard by, lying on the ground, an ice-bound rope attached to an ice-laden bucket. A cranny in the sash was festooned with a pillow, and some loose bricks from the chimney top had slid half way down the roof. From the dingy streakiness of the house, it must have rejoiced in a coat of paint away back in the misty past. A "Leaning Tower of Pisa" sort of a stable, "open to conviction" and cold, suggested sprightly steeds, to sight obscure,—towering towards its top rose the manure heap, with a fork prodding helplessly through the trap door in a vain essay to elevate a little more of the compost to its apex. The sled was minus a runner, and the grindstone a leg, and the dilapidated old cat her beauteous tail.

In the back ground, dimly seen, rose ragged hedges and tumble-down fences, and, in the bare field, something resembling "muchly" the briar patches and stiff, sullen mullen stalks to memory green away back on your Eastern slopes. A hay stack was offering up its topmost layers, a tribute to float piecemeal on the winter blast, and—"much remains unsung," for the why that I was too far gone by to see aught more.

All this on an Illinois Prairie! PLOWIST.

PLANTING POTATOES WITH THE PLOW.—A subscriber in Iowa writes us that he has "planted potatoes in sod by dropping the seed in every third furrow, and then plowing the sod down flat upon them. They required no after cultivation, and I harvested potatoes of good quality, and had a yield of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty bushels per acre." Such cultivation might be successful, to a certain extent, on a clean, western prairie soil, but where weeds and grass abound it wouldn't answer.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

"GREASY AMERICAN MERINOS," AND OTHER KINDS OF SHEEP.

THE external coating of yolk, the physiological and economic conditions of which were considered in our last, was inherited by the American Merino from his Spanish ancestors; and we do not think that the former, as a general thing, exhibits any more of it, when unhoused, than did the immediate and full-blood descendants of the latter—with which we were familiar. There is no need of citing a multitude of authorities to prove that this was a general and distinctive peculiarity of the Spanish Merinos when they were at their palmiest period, about the beginning of the present century. YOUATT, who wrote thirty-one years since, with all the best authorities before him, speaking of them as a race, says:—"The wool lying closer and thicker over the body than in most other breeds of sheep, and being abundant in yolk, is covered with a *dirty crust*, often full of cracks." (p. 148.) Again, he speaks of "the yolk which formed a *somewhat hard crust* on the fleece." (p. 153.) And these sheep were never housed any portion of the year. They were shorn unwashed. This last practice was never objected to in the trade; and nobody ever heard that the entire amount of yolk both in and on the fleece would not scour away.

YOUATT, alluding to the Spanish idea of *some* of the uses of yolk, including the crusty covering above mentioned, speaks of "the closeness of that wool, and the luxuriance of the yolk, *which enables them to support extremes of cold and wet* quite as well as any other breed." (p. 149.) Yet the Spanish sheep is never required to endure any approach to the rigorous cold of the United States. In Scotland and some of the northern counties of England, an *artificial* coating, consisting of tar and butter, or spirits of tar and whale oil, or some other greasy adhesive compound, is applied to sheep, to attain precisely the same results: and these applications are also believed to promote the growth and improve the quality of the wool underneath. Some, probably most of them, must be *cut* from the wool to prepare it for manufacture, but the advantage is held to overbalance this loss.

A few American breeders—for there are extremists in every business—have produced too much "grease and gum" on Merino sheep. We call it an excess when the fleece is saturated with disengaged fluid yolk ("oil") as if it had been soaked in a vat of it; and when it is covered externally with thick, hard, difficultly separated patches, or globular masses of it, resembling dried tar, which entirely conceal the tips of the wool and extend to some distance outside of them. This is unnecessary, unsightly; and we believe the more important objections exist to it which we named in our former article. These sheep are but occasional exceptions; and are not in favor with the best American Merino breeders.

But we should on every ground of expediency and even taste, wholly object to an attempt to breed out that legitimate amount of yolk, or "gum and grease," in and on the wool, which constitutes one of the ancient landmarks of the Spanish Merino race; and there is no economical reason which calls for such a change. The average of the improved thorough-bred American Merinos now exhibit about that legitimate amount.

We promised to tell why the Vermont owners of full-bloods, and some others, house their sheep from storms both in summer and winter. It is because *fashion* demands that very dark, smooth, glossy surface which can only be fully obtained by preserving *all* the yolk in the wool, and preserving it from the contact of rain and snow. Fashion also demands "brag fleeces;" and these being weighed in the yolk, every ounce of yolk counts. We esteem the first of these fashions absurd, and the latter pregnant with delusion. We have had our laugh at the Vermonters leaving made hay in the swath, rushing out of "meeting," &c., &c., to "run in" their sheep and save the precious "gum," on the approach of a sprinkle of rain. But the Vermont owners of full-bloods are usually "breeders," rather than wool growers. Their farms or sheep-walks, compared with those of the West or South, are usually mere patches in extent. Many of the most celebrated full-blood flocks do not comprise one hundred breeding ewes. Men thus situated cannot make a good living merely by wool growing. As successful breeders they can. To accomplish this they must not only produce, as they have done, very superior animals, but they must "get them up" and "fit them up" according to the requirements of popular taste.

A pair of twin sheep so near alike as to be almost undistinguishable—one sheared on the first of May and summer-housed, the other sheared June 20th and unhoused—will look so differently on the first of November, that an inexperienced eye would decide them to be of totally different families, and that the "unfitted" sheep was not a fourth or perhaps a tenth part as valuable for breeding as the other. Explain all the facts to the buyer, and he will either remain unconvinced, or he will insist, at any increase of price, on taking home "something which his neighbors will regard as *showy*." When "wrinkles" are in vogue, then the breeder must have wrinkles on his sheep, and so on. In material particulars the leading breeders of Vermont have honestly resisted, and to a certain extent controlled, excesses of fashion.

In all this, wherein have these breeders acted differently from, or less honestly than, the most reputable breeders of all other kinds of stock? When white or light-colored Short-Horns were the rage, all Short-Horn breeders bred for them; on a change of the fashion, they bred for more red. We have seen different fashions predominate in the colors of horses, hogs, and even hens, and the breeder always whipping and spurring to keep up with "the fashion." Do we hear some one say that these colors are natural and permanent, while the color, &c., produced by housing sheep are purely artificial and will only remain while the special means of continuing them are kept up? If the difference of circumstance in this respect changes the principle involved, then what shall we say to "fitting up" horses and cattle for sale, by extra food, grooming, non-exposure to storms, &c.! The most aristocratic and wealthy breeders of Europe are just as ready to resort to such practices as a young Vermont farmer just beginning to breed sheep for sale, on a hundred acres of poor and perhaps unpaid for land. The noted breeders of Germany as carefully summer-house their sheep as the sheep breeders of Vermont.

There is no fraud in such matters where they are understood and expected—where no concealments or modes injurious to the animal are practiced. There may be much folly in them; but how often is *fashion* reasonable in anything, except in ladies' apparel—especially in the article of bonnets!

The idea of displacing American Merino sheep, as a breed, for the purpose of substituting any other *in their place*, is, to a man acquainted with the facts, as ridiculous a proposition as any sane man ever seriously made. They do not fill the place of the improved English breeds. They do not fill the place of the Silesian or other varieties of Merinos bearing fine broadcloth wools. But they fill their *own* place *exactly*: and this is a much larger place than the demands of the United States market now assign to any other single variety of sheep.

We do not say that all of them best meet the requirements of their own province. Like other varieties, they vary in quality and value. Some persons breed them judiciously, others do not. Some are always pushing this point or that into injurious extremes. He who rides the hobby of "brag fleeces," often utterly disregards the quality of the wool. The coarsest which a full-blood Merino will bear, sprinkled with hair, without a decent evenness of fiber, slushed with unnecessary grease, and coated over with *chunks* of wax, suits him as well as any, provided this aggregate of abominations will enable him to go into a newspaper paragraph with the "biggest fleece" of his State. The "wrinkle" and "grease" hobbies have been ridden by some with equal recklessness and folly. Others have dwarfed the body to get the greatest percentage of wool to carcass. Many regard a "fan-tail" and "the connection" (i. e., a connection between the wool of the belly and scrotum,) as more important than a sound constitution! Every business has its enthusiasts, its extremists, and its *fools!*

But we undertake to say that the leading and standard American Merino breeders of Vermont, New York, and other States, have adhered to as sound maxims of breeding—have made as few injurious sacrifices to temporary fashions—and have as well succeeded in securing the improvements they aimed at, as the breeders of any other country or of any other variety of sheep whatever. The present Merinos of Spain do not compare with their American descendants in scarcely a single essential quality, and imported now into the United States, would be but a laughing stock to our breeders. The French Merino bearing a quality of wool about as fine as our own, was introduced here but a few years since, under the most imposing auspices. The selections were made from the Royal and the other most eminent flocks of France, and without regard to price. Their size captivated the public eye. They spread like wild-fire over the land. Where are they now? We do not know where, this side of California, a full-blood is to be found. It is regarded as an insult by most American Merino *breeders*, and especially by those who ever owned French Merinos, to impute the remotest drop of French blood to their present flocks. Whether this extreme aversion is well founded—except from the necessity of preserving pure pedigrees—is not the topic under discussion; but it shows the fixed sense of our people, after making a full and fair experiment. We hesitate not to say that, after the observation and inquiries of a life, we are perfectly satisfied that *in its place*, the prime American Merino has no competitor in the world.

We are also convinced that for producing the raw material for fine broadcloths and other fabrics requiring wool of similar quality, the fine Merino of Silesia and other parts of Germany is equally without a rival.

For combing wools, the English breeds obviously surpass all others; and they have the advantage of earlier maturity in mutton, of producing more mutton, and that which is generally pronounced by writers to be of superior quality to the mutton of the Merino of any variety.

Our view, then, is that the breeds and varieties of sheep above mentioned comprise in the greatest degree all the valuable qualities of *full-blood* sheep, and are all such which our country has any essential and general need of at present; though no one can undertake to say that special circumstances will not hereafter develop new wants. For example, should sheep be introduced into our new territory of Alaska, the black-faced Scotch mountain sheep would probably be found the most suitable, and the time may come when it will become economical to breed such sheep on all our mountains which will not sustain more valuable varieties. And other local circumstances or contingencies may hereafter render it profitable, on a greater or less scale, to raise still other breeds.

Between any *necessary* breeds or varieties, there is not, and never can be, any legitimate competition. Each fills its separate place—measured by physical adaptations and the market demand for its products—and does not stand in the way of the others. Each grower must decide for himself what breed or variety is most profitable, under his particular circumstances. There should be no jealousies among their respective breeders; and newspaper criminations and recriminations between them in respect to the general merits of their several kinds of sheep, are, in our judgment, out of taste and inexpedient, though their adaptation, under special circumstances, is a fair subject for candid and liberal discussion. All the sheep breeders of the country should act together like a band of brothers to protect and promote the common interests; and so far as improvements, national legislation, and general success are concerned, *all* their interests are common. Some persons may not know the fact, but it is unquestionably true that the success of each branch of wool production *strengthens all the other branches*. That wool market is the best and steadiest which meets *every* manufacturing demand for raw material. Where one kind of wool is wanting, it frequently greatly diminishes the use of another, which it is customary to combine in the same fabrics, or employ in allied branches of manufacture. When the importation of one kind of competing wools is rendered compulsory, the circumstances and incidents of trade often render it economical also to import others which could never profitably be sent abroad for alone. And a well supplied home market gives less effect to the cavils of free traders, disarms more interests which may otherwise be opposing ones to wool protection, and unites more interests in an efficient support of that policy.

IMPORTS OF CARPET WOOLS.

A WELL known wool grower of Illinois writes us:

"I have no doubt that your statements in respect to imports of wool, and indeed your general explanations of the intent and working of the present tariff, are perfectly accurate. * * * But I confess that I was unprepared to learn that so large an amount of Carpet wool is imported. You state the amount of it imported during the ten months of 1867, when the present tariff was in force, to be upwards of 17,000,000 lbs.! Is this a sudden increase, or does it correspond with the importations *when the duties on the different classes were about the same?* Have you reliable statistics on this head? While I have no faith whatever in what Col. HAMMS calls the "dyspeptics," I am for keeping both eyes wide open. And, by-the-by, how comes it that so small an amount of Combing wool is reported in the New York and Boston tables of imports?"

In regard to the Carpet wools, we have some perfectly "reliable" statistics on the points inquired about. The returns made by fifteen Carpet mills in New York and New England show their annual consumption of "clean stock"—i. e., of *cleansed* wool—to have been 11,495,000 lbs.; two other mills, 1,872,000 lbs., making a total of 13,367,000 lbs. This would be equal, at the usual average waste of 33⅓ per cent., to a little over 20,000,000 lbs. of raw wool, in the condition in which it is usually imported. This may be a trifle above the average waste the past year, as there has been a larger proportion of washed Donskoi imported than usual. The above returns do not include all the Carpet mills in the States named, and none of those in Philadelphia, where the manufacture is largely carried on.

As far back as 1856, an analysis of the imports of wool, made by GEORGE W. BOND, Esq., for the Boston Board of Trade, showed that *for the five preceding years*, the average amount of 15,300,000 lbs. of Carpet wool had been annually imported into the United States. Carpet manufactures, as probably all know, have greatly increased since that period; and our correspondent will therefore see there has been no "sudden increase" in the importation of the raw material. Since the enactment of the present tariff, imports have simply flowed in at their preceding rate*—because, not being *competing* wools, the new tariff did not raise the duties on them, but left them at the adjusted revenue standard. The Carpet trade has not experienced the depression of other branches of woolen trade, principally because there was no such overstock of carpets as of other woolen goods on hand when the tariff went into effect; and because it has not found the Government a competitor in the market. The immense sales of surplus army clothing goods, made-up clothing, blankets, &c., at prices far below the cost of materials, has had an effect that few are aware of in diminishing the demand for new manufactures of the same class; and also, we may remark in passing, on the demand for and consequently the prices of domestic wool.

In our correspondent's last inquiry, as to the small relative amount of Combing wool imported in 1867, he, in the present stage of the proofs, takes a little too much for granted. The official tables of imports published by us (Feb. 15th) were the returns of New York and Boston only, where the imports of Clothing wools are almost exclusively made. Canada is a large producer of the Combing wools, and of but a trifle of the other wools imported into the United States. There are many ports of entry on our Maine coast, on our northern frontier, and on our navigable interior waters open to the commerce of Canada, which offer nearer and cheaper market facilities to almost every part of that country, than New York and Boston. These are Eastport, Machias, Castine, Belfast, Ellsworth, Wiscasset, Waldoboro, Kennebunk, Portland, Island Pond, St. Albans, Burlington, Plattsburg, Rouses Point, Ogdensburg, Oswegatchie, Cape Vincent, Oswego, Genesee, Niagara, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, &c. We need returns from the Custom Houses in these places before we can determine accurately either the actual or relative amounts of Combing wools imported. While, judging from the established course of commerce, we do not doubt that New York and Boston received much the larger portion of them, we have as little doubt that the additional imports made at the other ports named, will swell the aggregate to an amount fully sufficient to have supplied all the combing manufactures which have been made in the United States during the past year. It must be remembered that these have strongly sympathised in the depression of Clothing manufactures.

A Committee of competent men—deeply *interested* in discovering fraudulent classifications in the Custom Houses of New York and Boston, if they have been practiced, will before long thoroughly investigate the facts—and then *all* suspicions in the premises will, we trust, be either confirmed or set at rest.

* We mean at the rate required by annual consumption. There is no occasion here to take into view such exceptional effects as were produced by the war.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—J. D. KIRKPATRICK, North Liberty, Mercer Co., Pa., forwards 3 samples. No. 1 from Washington Co. Saxony ewe, one year's growth next June. Clip at 2 yrs. old, 13½ lbs. in the yolk. No. 2 from ram "got by G. CAMPBELL's No. 55." No. 3 from a ram got by "the Stowell ram." Fleeces 21 months old. Two last bought for full blood "Vermont Merino." No. 1 is 1½ inches long, fine, handsome, broad cloth wool, with little yolk, and outer ends white. If the sample is an average one in these particulars, either Mr. KIRKPATRICK (who is a member of the Pa. House of Representatives,) made a mistake in setting down the figures, or has been deceived; for we feel morally certain that no fleece of *such* wool, of one year's growth, ever weighed the amount stated. Nos. 2 and 3 are respectively 4¾ and 4½ inches long, of medium quality, No. 3 exhibiting the best crimp and style.

JOHN MCKEEN & SON, South Acworth, N. H., 3 samples from ram tegs, for which the names of Granite State, Acworth Grimes and Pioneer are claimed. They were got by GEORGE CAMPBELL'S "Old Grimes," bred by EDWIN HAMMOND. Dams bred by Mr. CAMPBELL and got by "Woodstock." The wool is about 2½ inches long, of good quality, and the two first named have a fair medium amount of bright, gold-tinted yolk, with good style and luster. Pioneer is deficient in the latter particulars. Sample from grade ewe prime, but too dry. Owners ask if samples are long enough. They are not so long for tegs (unless they were late ones) as most American Merino breeders are aiming at.

ISAAC AIKEN, Beekman, Dutchess Co., N. Y., 2 samples of Cotswold wool,—one from a shearling ram shorn May 1st, the other from a teg dropped March 20th. One is nearly 10 and the other 7½ inches long. Both are wavy, of high luster, and of superior quality in every respect.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.—CHARLES A. MCNUTT, Leon, (Ohio?) propounds several questions, which we answer seriatim and shortly. The Pacific States are *well* adapted to wool growing, and so are the Southern ones. We do not know that California sheep *shed* their wool more than others. The old "native sheep," so called, sheds its fleece when not sheared in time. The Merino in health never sheds its fleece. California wool sells so cheap because of its quality and condition. The same is true of Texas wools. It does not require a cold climate to produce fine wool. The finest and softest wools ever produced in the U. S. were grown in the "pan-handle" of West Virginia, and the adjacent portions of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

CORRECTION.—In the first note to our article on "Greasy American Merinos," last week, for the words "non-forcible pressure of the fibers," read "*more* forcible pressure," &c. In the seventh paragraph of text of same article, we stated that the manufacturer is exceedingly glad to get unwashed American Merino wool, which is habitually exposed to the weather, "under the arbitrary one-half shrinkage rule." We intended to confine this remark to *rams'* wool; and should have added that he was equally glad to get *ewes'* fleeces, similarly treated, under the arbitrary one-third shrinkage rule.

SPIRITED WOOL BUYERS IN TEXAS.—ARTHUR H. EDDY & KIRSTEN, wool merchants, Galveston, offer a prize of $75 in gold for the best Texas ram fleece, "in regard to staple weight and fineness," and $25 for the best ewe fleece. The fleeces are to be sent to New York, and the prizes awarded by three of the principal wool brokers of that city.

THE WINTER.—The winter in New York has been remarkable for steady cold and abundance of snow, but so far as we learn, sheep up to this period have remained healthy and done well.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

WINTERING BEES.

EDS. RURAL:—I see, by RURAL of Feb. 29th, that your correspondent, W. F. B., does not succeed well in wintering his bees in the cellar; that the combs mould, &c. Now as all classes are benefited by an interchange of experience, and that class which follows rural pursuits more than any other; and as the RURAL is the very best medium extant for exchanging ideas on practical and useful subjects, I will, with your permission, tell him, through your columns, how I winter bees in the cellar successfully. I use what is called the Quinby hive, which is twelve inches square on the inside, by fourteen inches in height, with eighteen one-inch auger holes through the top, conveniently spaced for putting on six surplus honey boxes. I have three strips of half-inch stuff, of proper length and width, to cover six of the holes each, which I put over them if I wish to confine the bees to the body of the hive at any time during summer or winter. During the winter I set them on shelves, conveniently arranged for examination, in a cellar from which every particle of light is excluded, *and leave all the holes in the tops of the hives open.* The heaviest swarm may be raised half an inch above the shelf, with two of the half-inch strips before mentioned, by putting one under each side of the hives. I have managed a score of swarms in this way, during the past winter, and they have not shown a particle of mould at any time. When combs become mouldy the hive should be inverted and the mould will disappear in a few days. This is an excellent way to winter them, but I do not like it as well, because then all the filth will be in the top of the hive when set out in the spring. I have never had occasion to invert any when stored as I have recommended. With several years' experience, I can say that bees wintered in the cellar, if properly ventilated, consume less honey, mature their broods and swarm from ten days to a fortnight earlier than those wintered in the open air. If the apiarian has a weak swarm that requires feeding, before it is warm enough to set them out, it can be easily done in the cellar. Set a suitable dish containing honey on the top of the hive, put a cap, with an auger hole through the top, over it, and replenish when emptied. In this way they can be fed with but little trouble or expense. A. G. M.

Middlefield, Otsego Co., N. Y., March 7, 1868.

HOUSING BEES.

M. S. SNOW, Forestville, N. Y., writes:—"I have tried housing bees for the last ten years; some seasons with very good results, and at others I lost more than I gained in the operation. Taking all things into consideration, it is better to let them remain on the summer stand, protecting them from the piercing winds by placing boards against the hives and giving them thorough upward ventilation. When they are removed to a building and there comes a warm spell in winter, or before it is time to let them out, they lose the opportunity of coming out to empty and clean out. Some contend they will consume more if allowed an airing in winter. This seems to me a very erroneous idea. They are too economical *beings* to consume more of their store than is absolutely necessary. It is for the health of the bees to take an airing every chance they can get. In the spring it is quite a difficult matter to get them out of a house just at the right time. Probably they consume a little more in wintering out than when housed, although the difference hardly pays the cost of removal. In wintering them out they are in their natural condition. They commence breeding earlier in the open air than when housed. In giving three stocks an examination, February 20, (being out,) I found that each one had sealed brood, upon two or three combs, about four inches square; also young bees emerging from the cells. In my opinion it eventually will be the universal practice to winter bees on the summer stand, keeping them in properly constructed hives, and if strong, and healthy and plenty of store, they are surely better off out. The best I ever had a stock of bees do—they were Italians—was to fill 23 six-pound boxes, equal to 138 pounds. The honey was sold for 30 cts. per pound, yielding the handsome sum of $41.40 as the result of their summer labors."

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.

EDS. RURAL:—I send you the following hints to poulterers:

1. Secure yourselves by keeping no more stock than you can feed and care for in the best manner, and make choice of the best stock.
2. Keep Brahmas, Dorkings, or Boltons.
3. Feed your grain or vegetables hot.
4. Be sure the fowls have gravel and shells, and the shells half burnt are better than raw. One hundred fowls will consume a peck a week.
5. Feed meat, if possible, it being very natural.
6. Choose perfect eggs for breeding purposes.
7. Let your hands be free from grease while handling eggs to be set. An egg besmeared with broken yolk will not hatch.
8. Put a newspaper in the bottom of the nest designed for setting eggs; chaff or fine straw on top.
9. Brahma chickens need but little care; Dorkings more; Bolton or Creole most.
10. Smear the sides and breasts of the old mother with oil, composed of half whale and half petroleum; do this the first night *after* leaving the nest. This is a prevention for all the ills chickens are heir to.
11. Give clean water and small-sized grain (excepting rye.) G. A. L.

Shakers, Albany, N. Y.

WHICH IS THE BEST?—"A Subscriber," who evidently has a a warm attack of "hen fever," wants to know which or what variety of fowls it is best for an amateur to commence with, or whether a "mixed multitude would be advantageous." If "A Subscriber" would preserve peace in the family—an important point with hens as with other bipeds—he had better commence with a single variety and multiply them as fast as accommodations can be provided. As there are several varieties of about equal reputation, among poulterers, it is not very material which one is selected. Perhaps the Dominique family will do as well as any to start with.

POULTRY—STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.—A. M. HALSTED, New York, sends us a compilation on poultry, descriptive of the various breeds as adopted by the American Poultry Society as a standard of excellence. It embraces 54 varieties of the barn-yard family, one of turkies, five of ducks, and two of geese.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER is decidedly spring-like, and has been for the past ten days. The heavy snow which fell the fore part of the month has mostly disappeared, robins and blue birds begin to abound, and there are fair indications of an early plowing and cultivating season. Considerable rain has fallen, but we hear of no special damage from freshets in this region. The temperature for the week ending the 14th was quite mild, as will be seen from the subjoined tabular statement, which we give for the information of both near and distant readers;

Days.	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.	Mean.
Sunday	42	44	32	39.33
Monday	33	42	34	37.33
Tuesday	36	37	35	36.00
Wednesday	31	29	24	28.00
Thursday	32	44	42	39.67
Friday	44	52	42	46.67
Saturday	36	54	49	46.33
Average	36.28	43.14	37.43	.....

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT HOHENHEIM.—According to an account given to X. A. WILLARD, Esq., by Dr. J. W. HOYT of Wisconsin, it appears that the Agricultural College at Hohenheim, in the Kingdom of Wirtemburg, is the oldest institution of the kind in Europe, having been established in 1818. It consists of three schools, the Agricultural, Horticultural, and a special department of instruction having relation to both the others. The farm attached to the institution consists of nearly eight hundred acres, portioned for different purposes. The experimental section embraces ninety-seven plats, of about a quarter of an acre each, on which all the experiments are made. To the farm there is attached a department for making machinery and implements, where the students, if so minded, can become practically acquainted with the manufacture of these important aids to agriculture. Rooms are provided for the students, but they get their food at a restaurant or eating house, paying according to the dishes ordered. The annual cost, exclusive of board, is about forty dollars for each student.

A GOOD GRAIN DRILL.—The attention of our readers, and especially those in the South, is directed to the announcement of Mr. W. L. BUCKINGHAM of Baltimore, General Agent for Bickford & Huffman's Grain Drill—a Western New York invention, not without honor in its own region, and which is becoming very popular in Maryland, Virginia and other Southern States. Mr. B. is "the right man in the right place," being well informed in regard to the wants of farmers and planters, enterprising, and entirely reliable in all business transactions. Having had occasion to consult him on the subject of Southern rural matters, and agricultural implements adapted to the South, we know whereof we affirm concerning Mr. BUCKINGHAM, and take pleasure in thus voluntarily referring to him and his business.

DESTROYING THE COTTON WORM.—A correspondent of the N. O. Crescent suggests that the cotton worm or caterpillar, so destructive to the cotton crop of late years, is produced by the larvæ of the cotton fly. This is deposited on the stalk, which produces a small maggot, which eats into the cotton plant and kills it. It is assumed that the burning of the cotton stalks, after the crop is gathered, will involve the destruction of this pest of the cotton fields. By plowing them in, as commonly practiced, their propagation and multiplication are assured, but by giving the canes to the fire the destruction of the worm is certain.

SUPERIOR BUTTER PAIL.—We are indebted to H. P. WESTCOTT, Sup't of the Seneca Falls Churn Manuf'g Co., for a sample of his Patent Butter Pail, a new and very nice and complete article. It is made in the best manner of kiln-dried white oak, so matched and turned as to be perfectly smooth inside and out, oiled and varnished, with painted iron hoops, and a closely-fitting cover, having a secure clasp-fastening. For family use it is a good substitute for stone jars, and must prove convenient and superior for sending choice butter to market. It is, therefore, a good thing for both town and country.

THE FREAKS OF FROST.—A Virginia correspondent of the American Farmer, Baltimore, gives an account of the results of his tobacco growing last season, which was a poor one. In one instance he lost by frost thirty-five thousand hills or plants, not one of them being fit to cut. In the same field he had fifteen thousand plants which were not injured. Those which perished were of the same variety as those which survived, but there was this difference in their circumstances:—The killed grew on land which was in tobacco the previous year, while the other was newly broken up.

COAL ASHES.—H. J. R., Rochester, N. Y., asks:—"What are the merits of the fine siftings of coal ashes for gardening purposes or farm crops?" An analysis of coal ashes by Prof. NORTON of Yale College, showed that white ash coal ashes contained 88.68 parts of matter insoluble in acids, and red ash 85.65 parts. By this it would appear that the fertilizing properties of coal ashes are quite small—hardly enough to make them of much account for farm or gardening purposes. Perhaps they may do some good on porous soils by giving them increased consistency or retentiveness.

MAPLE SUGAR.—That veteran sugar maker, Mr. L. D. MITCHELL of Pittsford, last week favored us with a sample of the first "extract of maple" brought to Rochester this year. The season has been unfavorable for sugar making in this region, Mr. M. having made but twelve lbs. of sugar from six hundred trees. We trust the yield has been more abundant in other and distant localities.

THE FINE FARM offered for sale by E. W. STEWART, Esq., one of our Special Contributors, is worthy the attention of any one desiring a first class Rural Homestead, pleasantly situated, with superior advantages and conveniences. See advertisement.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

MIDDLE TENN. gives promise of a good wheat crop.

THERE are, in round numbers, 400 cheese factories in the State of New York.

THE Passaic Co. Agricultural Society, the oldest of the eastern associations, is about to be dissolved.

A. O. CUMMINGS, Montpelier, Vt., owns a Short-Horn bull calf which, at 45 days old, weighed 205 pounds.

WILD oats should not be sown by old men. The young ones can attend to this branch of seeding without help.

To make the tire on a wagon wheel stick, immerse the felloes in hot linseed oil an hour before setting the tire.

EARLY rising does not agree with some farmers. We heard one remark that it would be jolly not to get up till the next day.

SOMEBODY says that every young man intending to be a farmer should learn a trade. So he should—especially the trade of farming.

THE Trenton Agricultural Club assert that dairy farmers should raise a sufficiency of grain for stock and family consumption.

THE Germantown Telegraph says a high northern exposure is better for apple orchards than lower and more sheltered positions.

THE hide trade of California is quite large and constantly increasing. That State sent to New York last season 188,000 hides.

THE average rent of farming lands in Bucks Co., Pa., the present year, is about $5 per acre. Competition for farms is pretty lively.

THE new Commissioner of Agriculture is moving for a repeal of the duties on seeds, plants and bulbs imported from foreign countries.

FROM experiments made during three seasons, it is found that, on an average, 4½ gallons of maple sap will make one pound of sugar.

IT is estimated that the maple sugar crop last year was equal to one pound per head for each inhabitant, old and young, in the United States.

THE tobacco trade at Cincinnati and other points in that region has been quite brisk of late. Prices ranged from 15 to 18 cents per pound.

THE Wilmington (Del.) Journal notices a rapid influx of Northern farmers. They are seeking a more genial clime than that which they leave.

As the snow is off, gather from the wood lot all the down timber, cut and pile under cover for fuel. It is more easily done now than in summer, and the wood is better.

HORTICULTURAL.

SYNONYMS OF PEARS.

THE recent notes of Mr. BARRY, one of our best pomologists, upon the work of M. ANDRE LEROY, France, induces with us a thought relative to the synonyms given pears. The whole subject, as at present known, is one of doubt and diversity of opinion, arising from the fact that there is no head or authority for a name as applied to a pear. BIVORT, MAS, LEROY, are all good pomologists, but so far as we can learn their observations are made from a few fruits in their office and the consulting of authors who have described them—not the result of a daily and careful comparing and noting of varieties growing upon the trees, and maturing on the same grounds and under the same influences. They have at times united under one name two pears almost identical in fruit, as *Beurre Bosc* and *Paradise d' Automne*, which our American growers, with their practical observation, have detected as distinct; but in so doing the public do not suffer, for no orchardist would ever desire to grow but the one, that is, if he have the *Beurre Bosc* he does not want *Paradise d' Automne*, and vice versa, although the *Beurre Bosc* is really the best tree as an orchard variety. Again, the foreign authors have divided under two or three distinct names and varieties our common *Pound Pear*. It is barely possible they are correct in making *Amour, Pound, Belle Angevine*, and one or two more of equal quality, distinct, but, in so doing they do not benefit the public and only add to the multiplicity of names.

Mr. BARRY has touched one point of prime importance, and that is the reduction of varieties, when he speaks of a large number being elaborately described, which might perhaps as well have been only named. So far as practical value is concerned the mere naming is all that is requisite; but occasionally we find on our horticultural tables a fruit under a sounding name, very showy, &c., and without the laborious work of some author illustrative and embracing synonyms so as to detect it, the public might be led to suppose it some reliable variety that heretofore had escaped notice of all pomologists.

As we have said, MAS, BIVORT, LEROY and others, are all good and enthusiastic pomologists, but they cannot agree upon any definite name for hardly any pear, and while we in this country, receiving trees and grafts from them, may chance to obtain one and the same thing, the result of past years shows us that there is little reliability to be placed upon the varieties or descriptions as received from our worthy but inconsistent pomologists abroad. It is to such men as BARRY, WILDER, DOWNING, &c., who are receiving and testing these foreign sorts and comparing them with our American varieties, and also with their association to our climates and soils, that we have to look for any reliable record of the practical value of fruits for planting. The author who, in doubt of identity, chooses rather to incorporate under one name varieties which may possibly prove distinct, but not sufficiently so to make each desirable when the one is possessed, in our view is more to be commended than he who separates them without practical knowledge and comparison, and this leads the people to buy and the nurserymen to grow one and the same pear under two names. With about eighteen hundred varieties of pears and no experimental garden for testing them, we consider the whole thing a medley open to severe criticism, and only practically of value when the good common sense of nurserymen is brought upon it by only growing those sorts which are proved of value.

LAKE SHORE GRAPE GROWERS' ASS'N.

THE annual meeting at Cleveland, Feb., 1868, was well attended—about two hundred members being present—but not as many of our friends from a distance as we had hoped to see. The discussions and proceedings were quite animated, and gave evidence of progress, and of unabated confidence in the success of extended grape culture in this region, notwithstanding the partial failures that have occurred resulting from mistakes in location, soil, culture or varieties of grapes.

The statistics presented at the meeting show that there are not less than *twelve thousand acres* of grapes now planted in the State of Ohio—about half of which are located on the lake shore district, including the islands—and one-fourth of the whole, or three thousand acres, have been planted within the past two years. The rate of increase in vineyard planting has been considerably larger in the lake shore district than in other parts of the State, and the amount of product per acre of the bearing vineyards is also greater, as shown by the assessors' returns. The following statistics of the grape crop of the past season of the islands and vicinity of Sandusky, were presented by Mr. M. H. LEWIS, as the result of very careful inquiry:

Pounds of table grapes shipped	1,822,000
Pounds of wine grapes shipped	260,000
Gallons of wine pressed on Kelley's Island, Bass Islands, Catawba Island, Peninsula, and at Sandusky	400,000
Pounds of grapes from which the above was pressed	4,600,000
Total grape crop of 1867, (3,241 tons,) lbs	6,682,000

The following is a statement of the money value:

1,822,000 lbs. table grapes, at 12½c	$227,750
260,000 lbs. wine grapes, at 6c	15,600
400,000 gals. wine, at $1.25	500,000
1,500 gals. brandy	7,500
Total	$750,850

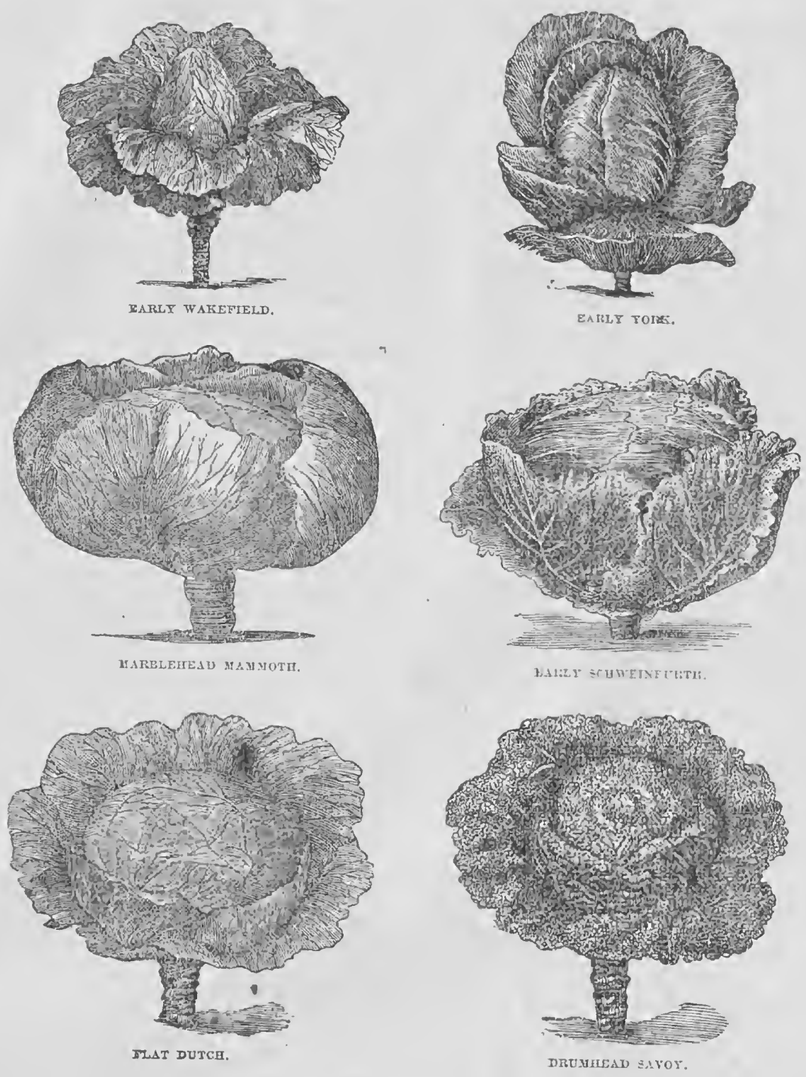
The average yield per acre was about two tons—the average income per acre being $227.

Thorough Ripening of Grapes.—Mr. GEO. C. HUNTINGTON of Kelley's Island reported the following interesting experiments:

To the grower of grapes for wine purposes, it is a matter of no small interest to know how far it is profitable to avail himself of the greater length of season vouchsafed to him. So far as grapes for the table are concerned, it is generally conceded that Catawba are as good by the middle of October as they ever will be. The flavor is then more piquant, more agreeable to the palate, than at a later season, or when they are, as the wine-makers say, "dead ripe." Still all were not agreed as to whether anything was to be gained in a pecuniary point of view, by letting the grapes hang on the vines a month longer. With a view to determine this question, the Kelley's Island Wine Company in 1866 commenced a series of experiments, and have continued the same through the last season's vintage (1867.) These experiments will in due time, if they have not already done so, produce their legitimate results and put the question at rest.

On the 22d of October, 1866, the Company commenced buying grapes for wine, and continued to buy daily until the 13th of November, at which date the vintage was completed. The aggregate amount taken in was 103 tons, comprising 235 different lots, each one of which was sampled by pressing the juice from part of the lot and testing the gravity of the must by Oeschle's must scale, the scale generally in use among the wine-makers. The result showed a gradual gain in the weight of the must until the close of the season. The time covered by the experiments was never so short, commencing later and ending earlier than usual, that the gain was not so great as would be expected in ordinary seasons covering double the time. In 1867 (the late vintage) those experiments were renewed and continued through the entire vintage, running from Oct. 15 to Nov. 29, a period of six weeks, during which time the Company bought 350 tons, comprising 691 different lots, every one of which was sampled as in the preceding year. The result was very decisive, and as follows:—Average of whole quantity, 691 lots, 83.35 deg.; average of 103 lots, from 15th to 19th October, say entire receipts for five days, 80.06 deg., or three degrees and twenty-nine hundredths *below* the mean of the whole. Average of 81 lots, taken after the 15th November, 88.13 deg., or four degrees and seventy-eight hundredths *above* the average of the whole, thus showing an improvement in the quality of the must of eight degrees and seven hundredths between that pressed before the 20th October and that pressed after the 15th November, or a fraction over 10 per cent.

To compensate for the loss in gross weight consequent on leaving the grapes so long on the vines, the price was graduated according to the gravity of the must, making the worth of the grapes picked after the 15th November ten per cent. more than those picked between the 15th and 20th October. This increase in price was considered as more than equivalent to the loss in avoirdupois.



VARIETIES OF CABBAGE.

A "NEW SUBSCRIBER" asks for some information about growing cabbage and its varieties. It is one of the most profitable crops to the market gardener. A heavy, sandy loam overlaying a porous subsoil and containing a good deal of lime, is best adapted to it. The land should be made rich with well composted manure, and carefully plowed and subsoiled. About two feet apart each way, is an average distance for planting, though this must vary according to varieties planted. For very early cabbage the seed should be sown in the fall and the plants wintered over in cold frames. Our illustration of varieties is taken from VICK'S Catalogue, so fully advertised elsewhere in this issue. The Marblehead Mammoth, Flat Dutch, and Drumhead Savoy, are large varieties and good winter keepers; the others are early and valuable for summer and autumn use. Both early and late kinds should be grown.

SAVE YOUR PLUMS.

EDS. RURAL:—I have had some experience in the raising of plums. In my former efforts, when I let them take care of themselves, my trees produced nothing but a crop of worms and disappointment. But for the last three years I have succeeded in raising as fine and as full a crop of plums as could be desired. My treatment was this:—In the spring, as soon as the blossoms began to fall from the fruit, I prepared a large sheet-iron pan on which were placed a few chips or any such thing as would burn readily, and after they had commenced burning freely, smothered the blaze down with grass, which produced a dense smoke. This I would carry around under the trees, and perfectly befog the entire top—every branch—with smoke. I made this application of smoke each evening and morning, and continued it until about the first of July. Fresh grass should be frequently added so as to continue a heavy volume of smoke.

I think the advantage derived from the smoke is from the coating which it deposits upon the fruit, leaves and branches, and producing a scent which is offensive to such insects as are wont to prey upon the young fruit. But whatever the effect of the smoke may be, it has been a successful protection to the fruit during my three years' experiment. It may be well to remember that I always gave my trees a *thorough smoking;* I doubt the success of *Homeopathy* treatment in such cases. F. MALOY.

Union City, Ind., March 10, 1868.

GROWING ONIONS.

THE high figures at which onions have been sold the past season will probably induce a more extended cultivation of this most valuable of vegetables. The most successful onion grower on a somewhat limited scale we ever saw, kept his ground in high tilth, forming a deep, rich bed for the seed. The soil was thoroughly stirred to the depth of a foot or more, and finely pulverized. When thus prepared the party commenced tramping across the beds in the line of the extended rows, thus compacting the soil quite hard. This done, a rake was used to stir up or scarify the surface sufficiently deep to cover the onion seed lightly or to assure its germination. In thus tramping the onion beds down, after the soil had been properly stirred and prepared, the onion was thrown, during the period of its growth, upon the surface, causing it to expand with more freedom than would have been the case if covered deep in a mellow soil. The result of this mode of planting and cultivation, was the most prolific yield of the best developed onions we ever saw. This mode was pursued year after year and with unvarying success.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Grafting.—The Germantown Telegraph remarks on grafting as follows:—"A sharp pen-knife and a good fine saw are indispensable. Splitting the stalk so that the bark shall not be bruised—and shaping the scion wedge-fashion both ways, preserving also the bark uninjured—and placing the *rim of the wood* of both stock and scion exactly together, so that the sap can intermingle—there is no danger of failure if properly waxed. *We* make a shoulder to the graft and think it adds to the certainty of success, though probably weakens it. We prefer also two eyes or buds to a graft, and would rather have only one than more than two. One year's wood should always be used when it can be obtained, as it is more certain to take and grows more vigorously. We wish to remind those preparing grafting wax, that we have found *four* parts of resin, *one* part of beeswax, and *one* part beef tallow, to be the best proportions. Melt them together in a skillet, (which is the best,) or a tin cup, and mix well. It should remain in the vessel and be used as needed. Twenty or thirty seions can be waxed with one heating up. When much grafting is to be done, a little fire for heating the wax should be made on the spot, between two bricks or stones."

Evergreens for the Prairies.—A Committee on Evergreens appointed by the Northern Illinois Horticultural Society reported the following list for cultivation:—*For Timber Belts*—White Pine, Norway Pine, Norway Spruce, Scotch Pine, Austrian Pine and Am. Arbor Vitæ. *For High Screens*—Norway Spruce and American Arbor Vitæ. *For Screens of Moderate Height*—Siberian Arbor Vitæ, Norway Spruce, American Arbor Vitæ, Hemlock and Red Cedar. *Ornamental Specimen Trees*—All the foregoing, and the White Black and Red Spruce, Picea Pichta, Cembran Pine, Pinus Mitis Irish and Swedish Junipers. *Shrubs*—American Yew, Tamarix leaved and Waukegan trailing Juniper, Savin, Pinus Magnus, Pinus Pumilis and Andromeda Floribundi.

The Davison and Other Raspberries.—This thornless variety is in ripening from about the 25th of June until July 10th, when the Doolittle variety comes into full blast, until about the 25th, then the Seneca black cap and the Miami black cap together, continue to yield most fruitfully until some days into August, thus adding very essentially to the profits of all growers of this most remunerating crop, as the earlier and later pickings of this fruit always command the highest prices. Lucky, indeed, is the man who has one week in the market in advance of his fellows, and equally fortunate is he who can supply the demand for berries for a few days, even after the ordinary season is closed up.

Pruning Trees at Transplanting.—The Gardeners' Monthly says:—As an *abstract principle*, there is no doubt pruning weakens vitality. Another *abstract principle*, equally true, is, that *the branches evaporate moisture*, and that *the roots must supply the waste.* Very rarely is a tree taken up and transplanted in such a way as to give the roots a very fair chance to do its duty to the branches; and as to "dry up" is a more immediate evil than a "weakened vitality," we keep our eye on it in transplanting, and recommend pruning as a sure check to evaporation. The formula is thus:—"He who can transplant successfully with pruning doeth well; but he who can do without it, doeth better."

Mushroom Beds are made from horse droppings, packed tightly into a bed of from one to two feet thick; the last few inches better if a little soil has been added. The spawn is then set, after which three inches of loamy soil is spread over the bed and made very firm with the back of the spade and water. A coating of six inches or so of hay is placed on this. The heat in the bed should be just perceptible to the touch. The time to make must depend upon the time the mushrooms are wanted. They can be grown the year round. The best season for most people would likely be towards fall, when they would be ready during fall and early winter.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

PRUNING GRAFTED TREES—*Grafting Wax.*—("Old Subscriber," Wyoming Co., N. Y.) Trees which were freely grafted last spring, and on which the grafts have taken well, may be safely pruned this spring of all the natural branches. In cases where the strength of roots would be likely to produce a growth of the graft too luxuriant to withstand the effect of the climate, some other limbs should be left. One pound of resin, eight ounces of beeswax, two of tallow, slowly melted over a fire, with a little linseed oil stirred in, make a good grafting wax. Pour it into a pail of cold water and work with the hands. More tallow will make it softer, and resin harder.

CRITICISM.—We are not disposed generally to criticise the doings of others, because we know somewhat of nature's failings; but it has sometimes amused us to read the descriptions, copied from foreign journals, of pears as "being striped with red," &c., &c. We have seen and eaten a great many pears, but as yet we have never met with a regularly striped pear—except those termed "panachee," i. e., striped with shades of light and dark green.

MR. JAS. A. ROOT of Skaneateles, N. Y., has already sold over nine hundred bushels of apple seeds of the growth of 1867. There seems to be a great demand for fruit seeds and trees this season,—more, we think, than during any spring for many years.

St. Louis Hort. Society.—This is the name of an organization recently in St. Louis, Mo., by the Nurserymen, Florists and Gardeners of that region. The officers are: Pres't—J. J. Kelley. Vice-Pres't—Carew Sanders. Sec'y and Treas'r—Charles W. Murtfeldt.

Toronto Hort. Society.—The officers of the Toronto Hort. Society are:—Pres't—G. W. Allan. Vice-Pres'ts—Geo. Leslie, James Fleming. Treas'r—James E. Ellis. Rec. Sec'y—Geo. Leslie, Jr. Cor. Sec'y—Walter S. Lee.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

TO KEEP MEATS FRESH DURING WINTER.—Take all the pieces you wish to save and hang them in a loft or out-house, until they are *frozen solid;* then wrap in paper and put them in your wheat bin, (if you are fortunate enough to have one,) and cover several inches deep with wheat; it will keep sweet, if the weather is not warm enough to thaw it, until spring.—MRS. N. M. L., *Omro, Wis.*

GRAHAM BISCUIT.—With cold water stir *good* Graham flour sufficient to make a batter that will quite readily regain an even surface. Bake in heated cast-iron bread pans, in a *hot* oven, from twenty to thirty minutes.

CORNELL CAKES.—1 cup of cream, 2 do. buttermilk, 1 do. molasses, 1 egg, 3 teaspoons even full saleratus; stir a little stiff, and bake in cast-iron bread pans. The pans should be filled when cold, and the Cornell is best sifted.—E. B.

QUEEN ESTHER'S BREAD.—Take hard, dry bread, soak in milk salted to your taste; beat one egg well; take the bread from the milk, dip it on both sides in the egg; fry brown in butter or lard,—butter alone is best; do not soak the bread to crumbs.—LUCY B. MARION, *Geauga Co., O.*

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Beat six eggs very light, pour into it a quart of milk, and sweeten to the taste; grate a cocoanut into the milk and put it in the oven to bake.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED
GUIDE FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN,
AND
CATALOGUE OF SEEDS;
CONTAINING ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS OF
THE LEADING FLORAL TREASURES OF THE WORLD,
WITH PLAIN AND FULL DIRECTIONS FOR
SOWING SEED, TRANSPLANTING, AND AFTER CULTURE.
ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.
ALSO,
CHOICE SEEDS FOR THE VEGETABLE GARDEN,
WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR CULTURE.
SEVENTH EDITION.
JAMES VICK,
IMPORTER OF CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TENS of thousands of Rural readers cultivate flowers,—hundreds of thousands grow vegetables; the possessor of ten square feet of ground may derive great pleasure from one or the other, and even if nothing but a sunny window can be had it may be made bright and attractive with the bloom of beautiful flowers. VICK'S CATALOGUE, the Title Page of which is given above, tells how to cultivate both on a large or small scale. As a

GUIDE FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN

it is superior to any other published work. Ten cents, which is a very small moiety of the real cost, invested in this Catalogue, will bring more useful, varied and accurate information, illustrated with numerous and splendid engravings, than can be found in any five-dollar book on the same subject. It has

USEFUL HINTS ON SOWING SEEDS, &c.

telling how to get seeds, how to prepare the ground, how to sow; warning against causes of failure; describing hot-beds, cold frames and hand-glasses. In a chapter on

PLANTS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES

it instructs the reader in the province of taste, skill and arrangement of flowers, telling how to make the most brilliant and tasteful display at the least expense, giving hints that are invaluable to beginners. It tells what flowers are best for a constant brilliant show, for masses of color, for fragrance, to stand hard frosts, for climbing, for summer hedges, ribbon beds, and baskets. It also illustrates the manner of laying out flower beds to advantage.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

of this Catalogue are not equaled or approached by any similar publication in the world. They number more than ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY. They portray the size, form and habits of growth of flowers and vegetables. Methods of training and pruning certain flowers, which greatly add to to their beauty, are shown. For instance, the following method of pruning the Balsam. The FRONTISPIECE is

Balsam—Five Branches. *Balsam—Single Stem.*

a magnificently colored plate, composed of four different flowers, printed in colors in the highest style of the art.

THE LIST OF CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS

which bloom the first season, comprises nearly every plant, of this class, which is cultivated for its beauty or novelty. Fine descriptions, illustrations, directions for cultivation, and botanical names are given. The Sanvitalia, flowers of which of natural size are here shown,

SANVITALIA.

was a novelty in 1866, and has proved desirable. It is a beautiful low plant, with bright yellow double flowers.

ORNAMENTAL CLIMBERS

are described and illustrated. They are a very important class of plants and quite subject to the control of the grower. To cover unsightly places they are invaluable.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

There is a fine list of these, which have become very popular of late; they retain their form and beauty for years.

ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

A fine list, with illustrations of these, is given; they are very valuable for cutting with flowers in summer, and particularly so for the making of winter bouquets, wreaths, &c., &c.

PLANTS FLOWERING THE SAME SEASON.

These embrace some of the choicest of our flowers, and are very satisfactory to cultivate. The list, descriptions and illustrations give one an excellent idea of their char-

SCABIOSA.

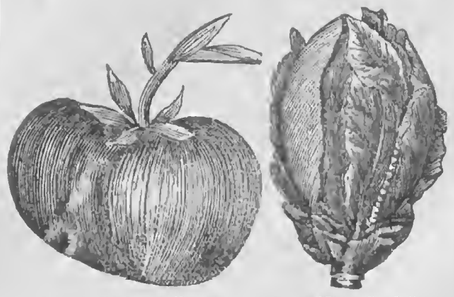
acter. The engraving of the Scabiosa is one of these, taken at random from the Catalogue.

NOVELTIES FOR 1868.

Each year more or less novelties in the floral world are introduced to the attention of cultivators. Some, on being tested, prove valuable, others not,—but the trial of them affords the amateur a great deal of pleasure. The list given is large, and the collection was made from various parts of the world.

THE VEGETABLE DEPARTMENT

of the Catalogue would afford great assistance to the cultivator of the most common garden. It names every vegetable one could wish to supply his table; tells how to prepare the ground, plant and cultivate; it illustrates varieties, showing at a glance the differences which mark them, and thus renders the eye familiar with the form the seed should produce. The illustrations of varieties of vegetables herewith given are taken from the vegetable department of the Catalogue.



Lester's Perfected Tomato. *Paris White Cos Lettuce.*

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Tells How and Where to Get Flower and Vegetable Seeds,
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Ladies' Department.

FAMILY MUSIC.

Beside the window I sit alone,
And I watch the stars come out;
I catch the sweetness of Lucy's tone
And the mirth of the chorus' shout;
I listen and look on the solemn night,
Whilst they stand singing beneath the light.

Lucy looks just like an early rose,
(Somebody else is thinking so,)
And every day more fair she grows
(Somebody will not say me no;)
And she sings like a bird whose heart is blessed
(And somebody thinks of building a nest!)

And now she chooses another tune,
One that was often sung by me—
I do not think that the nights in June
Are half as fine as they used to be;
Or 'tis colder watching the solemn night
Than standing singing beneath the light.

Lucy, you sing like a silver bell,
Your face is fresh as a morning flower;
Why should you think of the sobs which swell
When leaves fall fast in the autumn bower?
Rather gather your buds and sing your song;
Their perfume and echo will linger long.

I'm gray and grave—and 'tis quite time, too—
I go at leisure along my ways;
But I know how life appears to you—
I know the words that somebody says;
As old songs are sweet and old words true,
So there's one old story that's always new.

There is a grave that you do not know;
A drawer in my desk that you've never seen;
A page in my life I never show;
A love in my heart that is always green.
Sing out the old Song! I fear not the pain;
I sang it once, Lucy, sing it again! [*Good Words.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STUDYING OUR CHILDREN.—No. II.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

We dislike to say anything disparagingly of children. They are such blessed little creatures we should choose to think them faultless; yet we who are parents ought not to remain in ignorance of our childrens' defects. Though we would gladly leave the pages unturned lest we should discover a blemish on the beautifully printed sheet, they are often kindly lifted for us, blots marring their beauty, while on the clean, white margin, our duty is plainly written, and worthy of our prayerful study.

Hundreds of mothers may tell us they've no time to go through this prescribed routine of study. These are the same mothers we find tasking their faculties to produce some delicacy to tempt their little one's appetite. They are faithful students in the art of culinary; nothing new in this direction escapes their notice. Likewise we see them poring over the latest fashion plate, their quick eye denoting every change of custom, while each new mode is modified to suit the taste, complexion and fancy of their children. They could readily tell you the exact boundaries of fashionable license in matters of dress, education, &c.; yet they plead want of time to become acquainted with their family.

The father says:—"Talk about knowing my children! If any one knows them it's their father. Though I'm in my office from dawn until dark, and only see them when I take my meals, I know all about them. They're bad, too, and full of untamable mischief, and I've cause to know them thoroughly, without taking any trouble, either."

Since this father whom we mention is an exception, we shall have an opportunity to talk with those parents who express a doubt of their intimate acquaintance with their children.

Fond mother, would you carefully provide for the temporal wants of your little ones, and neglect to feed, clothe, adorn, and educate the mind and heart? If your Creator has given you faculties to make you faithful in the lesser duties of maternal relation, surely He has enjoined it upon you to be *faithful* in the greater duties of that relation also. There's an immense fund of love and life, fun and frolic, in your children. There's argument and reason, too,—in short, everything fresh, new, and beautiful, if you seek to find it. There are more good qualities than bad in their young hearts, and choosing they should *all* be good, we urge you to exterminate the latter entirely.

In our last chapter we spoke of our acquaintance with the child who was proud. A mother tells us her daughter is not proud; but loves to be admired. Well, pride and vanity are closely related, though we can in this case discover a difference. Yes, your little Fannie loves to be admired. As she crosses the street yonder she is looking about for admirers, and listening to hear some one praise her gracefulness. When she speaks, she turns her dainty head, wondering who has fallen in love with her, she talks so prettily. When she sings or plays, she watches for some remarkable sign of admiration. No delicate compliment pleases her; if it is not decided praise, she pouts. Why, the girl is getting so vain she's wretched unless some one is admiring her. This fault will eventually ruin her, if it is not corrected. You can, by judicious training, make your daughter beloved, when she enters society. You can easily show her how disagreeable a vain person is. You may not now see any trouble from this tendency,—only a demand for ribbons, and trinkets, &c. But these will be followed by larger demands. Her very life's aim is to be admired, and she will eventually sacrifice everything dear and noble to feed this passion. Mother, there have been daughters ruined just as sweet, and pure, and good as yours. Your heart may have cause to ache,—O, so bitterly, when, passed beyond your control, this dear one goes on, winning admiration and tempting ruin, which is easily won. The heart of that little girl is tender now,—susceptible to the slightest impression. You can easily uproot the seeds of vanity; they are mere nothings yet,—one vigorous effort might effectually exterminate them,—surely *repeated* efforts would.

There is power in a mother's influence; there is strength in her example that must, if pure, win the wayward to follow her. Be assured your child would more readily enumerate your shortcomings, if put to the test, than can you your child's. The young heart is delicate; your very looks leave traces of light or shade in the soul of your little one. The father who comes to his meals, eats hastily, frowns often, and chides sharply, will find himself represented by-and-by. Little Fred, the pet and pride of the house, has, before this, formed a correct idea of his father's character. Were the father to hear his merits discussed by the children in the nursery, he would never again profess to thoroughly know them.

Fred, the pet, is a noble boy. He has one disagreeable habit—he is very boastful. He tells you his boots are nicer than any boy's in the city, his coat finer, his cap more costly, his papa richer, his mamma handsomer,—and so on. The boys at school avoid him because he is always bragging. They wonder why he must tell so much they already know; and though he is generous-hearted, noble and kind, this makes him shunned. Father, have you ever thought of this? Your boy, our Fred, would never have grown so boastful had you not withheld from him your love and praise. How he has watched and waited for papa to praise him just once. His pillow has been wet with tears because you did not caress him; he has laid him down at night wondering why papa did not tell him he was a good boy.

He rose up in the morning with a void in his heart, and, trying to be brave and manly, was overcome by his great besetment—boastfulness. Just a word from you, father, would arrest this. He wants to please you, and yet you repulse him. He thirsts for love, and you, professing to know him, withhold it. May the blessed Father help you to understand your children.

RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

Madame Guerrabella is the daughter of Hon. Samuel Ward, for several years U. S. Consul at Bristol, England. While at school in Paris, a few years ago, Miss Ward became acquainted with a Russian of noble family, and to all appearance both in heart and mind, as well as birth. After a courtship of a few months the two were married by a clergyman of the Protestant Church.

On the breaking out of hostilities between the allied powers of Europe and Russia, the nobleman abandoned his new-made wife, giving, for his reason for so doing, that his marriage, not having been authorized by the Emperor, nor solemnized by the Greek Church, was null and void, and departed for the Crimea. Of course the lady was helpless, and it seemed as if there was no appeal for her grievances. With a spirit worthy of the race from which she came, however, she resolved to seek for reparation. Attended by her parents, the deserted wife went to St. Petersburg, where, through our Minister, she obtained an interview with the Emperor, laid her grievances before him, and appealed to him for justice.

With that noble sense of right, which is a characteristic of the Czar, he was indignant at the conduct of his subject, and deeply sympathized with the lady. He immediately ordered the nobleman who then held a position of rank in the army, to appear before him, and commanded him to make such atonement to her for his base conduct which a marriage performed in accordance with the established religion of the country would yield her. After the ceremony, at which the Emperor himself was present, he turned to the bride and asked:—"Madame, do you desire to live with this man as his wife?" "Sire," she replied, "after his heartless conduct toward me, I cannot consent to do so." "Then, Madame," the Emperor continued, "my duty is plain, and I herewith pronounce, and the Church will sanction it, a divorce between you; and furthermore, after he has made over to you a certain portion of his property, I will confiscate the remainder, break him in his rank, and exile him forever to Siberia."

That the judgment was promptly carried out, none who know the power of the Czar will for a moment doubt.—*Exchange.*

ROSA BONHEUR AT HOME.

Rosa Bonheur has been named Academicienne by the Antwerp Institute. Honors richly deserved are rapidly crowning the great artist's career. In 1865 the Empress drove from the Palace of Fontainbleau to present her, in person, with the star of the Legion d'Honneur. Mdlle. Bonheur's country place is rather an extensive farm than the ordinary residence of a lady of her position. Every variety of cow, sheep, ox, goat and horse are to be seen, not only on the surrounding lawn, but crowding round their proprietor, who is attired in a cloth blouse in winter and under garments apparently borrowed from her brother, a stick in hand and hat stuck any way on a small but remarkably well-shaped head; *coiffe a la* Titus, or, in less technical terms, the hair cut like a man's.

The animals know her and follow her about. She absolutely refuses to receive ordinary visitors. The following anecdote has been related to me. A friend of hers had a little girl of extraordinary beauty, to whom Mdlle. Bonheur was much attached. The child, however, acquired a habit, in which she persisted, of making a series of disfiguring grimaces, constantly putting her fingers in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks, and even bringing her tongue into play in the service of her peculiar line of disobedience. Naturally every means of cure was tried, but in vain. The child only grimaced the more. Mdlle. Bonheur, unknown to her, sketched each separate contortion, adding a comic expression to the features, but perfectly preserving the likeness. The sketches were bound in an album and presented without any observation to the young delinquent, who turned them over in silence and was never seen to grimace again.—*Paris Letter.*

The Mother.—As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings warmth, if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it; in joy or in sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

Sensible Sentiment.—Sentiment alone is worth very little. Many a girl will weep over distress pictured in a novel, who has no practical sympathy with those who suffer. Rogers, in the "Greyson Letters," suggests to his novel reading niece that to save herself from imbecility, she keep a debtor and creditor account of sentimental indulgence and practical benevolence, with occasional memoranda running thus:—"For the sweet tears I shed over the romantic sorrows of Charlotte Devereux, sent three basins of gruel and a flannel petticoat to poor old Molly Brown."

Very Sensible.—An Athenian, who was hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a man of worth, with a small fortune, or to a rich man, who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

Sarcastic but Suggestive.—A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb she exclaimed:—"What *shall* I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on *another breast-pin!*"

Choice Miscellany.

RIGHT CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

BY L. J. BATES.

I.

Sore hearts, from passion too intense,
And sinews stiff with pain,
Whose faith in speedy recompense
Has proved once more in vain,
Though Wrong may sway the world to-day,
You hold the bond of Fate;
Your good seed grows beneath the snows:
Right can afford to wait.

II.

Unwise alike are cold despair
And hot and angry fire;
His patience answers eager prayer,
His calmness quick desire;
His harvest grows beneath the snows,
And ripens soon or late:
Tho' wrong may sway the world to-day,
Right can afford to wait.

III.

Still brightly burning in the skies,
The stars of Freedom shine;
There is no zenith for their rise,
Nor nadir of decline.
Lo! in our past how sure and fast
Has Progress built her state!
Wrong's ancient sway is weak to-day:
Right can afford to wait.

IV.

Then let none harbor groundless fear
Our hopes shall pass away:
Up! all who wait the Promised Year,
And make that year to-day!
The strong hand still and earnest will
May storm the throne of Fate!
Right waits for man to build her plan;
God has no need to wait.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

We do not purpose to treat directly of poets and poetry, but to apply the word poetry as emblematical of the gloss which is wont to envelop objects and actions, often dissimulating the real character of the substance and motives themselves. It is well known that poets seldom identify themselves with plain matter-of-fact, but deal largely in imagery. The well worn phrase, "More truth than poetry," shows that the world has sat in judgment on the deceptive muse. The early death of Burns' "Highland Mary," and the poet's consequent disappointed expectations, furnished his sublimest theme of song, while he scarcely mentions her who afterwards became his wife, except to intimate that she was a good cook and paid her way pretty well, thus illustrating the vast difference between the ideal and the real.

"The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie,
For dear to me as life and light
Was my sweet Highland Mary,"

is recognized as genuine poetry; but when Saxe brings up the sequel by presenting the object of some lover's "distresses,"

"Slouching over pots and kettles,
And loth in frequent want of victuals,"

an impression of the doggerel is very naturally conveyed. The muse delights to soar amid lofty themes, and loses much of its beauty when its flight is confined to lowly earth. I believe it was Beecher who once took occasion to call attention to the different care manifested in the appearance of the front of a dwelling and the rear. Viewed in this light, mankind, generally speaking, are very poetic. So seldom does one meet with persons who are perfectly artless in their intercourse that it is absolutely refreshing to witness the unreserved prattle of childhood. We do not profess to be so far out of sympathy with nature as to decry everything which renders our pilgrimage pleasant and attractive. True, there are times which call forth that most eloquent expression of grief, a tear; yet, thanks to a variegated providence, through all the clouds and mist which sin has created, the sunshine of joy is sometimes seen to dawn. God has made the earth very beautiful, clothing the fields with flowers as well as more useful verdure, arraying the stately oak in graceful foliage, and everywhere combining the useful with the ornamental. It was never designed that Nature's loveliness should be marred by unpleasant associations, but that all Omniscient works should instinctively draw us in willing adoration towards the Author of such matchless beauty.

We are creditably informed there is a time for merriment, as well as a time for mourning. It is quite possible, although perhaps an error at the present day exceedingly isolated, that the opposite extreme of Paris dissoluteness may be forced upon the young; a mistake certainly least to be dreaded, yet one which is not altogether without its blighting effect. A golden mean should be sought; and the admonition, "Let your moderation be known unto all men," is applicable alike to the ruler of a kingdom and the size of a lady's chignon. The four annual seasons return, each gladdening the sense with its own peculiar and varied loveliness; likewise, why should not the ladies, especially as they are considered the most ornamental part of creation, in perfect harmony with nature change their style of dress at least as often?—provided they happen to possess the requisite means or credit.

It is characteristic of human nature to take a poetic view of things. For this reason a prophet is never received in his own country. A stranger from a strange land throws a rich halo over the scene and gratifies the capacious imagination. Mankind are notoriously superficial in their inferences, and easily deceived by appearances. Woe to the plain-plodding Susan who, unaided by a few cents' worth of pink ribbon, and their concomitants, essays to ride triumphant in the hymeneal car! Long, long will she remain in the capricious and inconsistent market, until finally the most ruthless speculator, even at a ruinous sacrifice upon the original value, will be loth to invest in "the last rose of summer left" withering "alone."

The faculty of discerning a "bright side" to every aspect of life must be a source of great enjoyment to those so happily constituted. For instance, if Adolphus *thinks* some Dulciana of sad deficiencies is the very ideal of perfection, his satisfaction is just as complete as if it were really true. It's of little moment whether the moon be made of green cheese or not, if you can only induce people to *think* so. It is said in large cities many prefer to lodge under store boxes, subsist in a meager way, and pick their teeth on the veranda of a fashionable hotel, rather than engage in some useful occupation. In this respect young America is pre-eminently poetic.

I shall not attempt to speak of the dignity of labor; am not poetic enough for the emergency. If there is any poetry in digging potatoes or swinging the ax, I freely confess I have never been able to discover it. It is hope, that blessed anchor of the soul, which sweetens the toil of the freeman, anticipating a competence and "the glorious privilege of being independent." The bitter but renders the sweet more apparent. A mind is better prepared to meet all the vicissitudes of life which has suffered the pangs of poverty as well as enjoyed the pleasures of plenty. The arts and embellishments attendant upon civilization are for the most part desirable, yet it must be conceded that were but one possible, the fanciful must give way to the substantial. The artistic finish of the drawing room can better be dispensed with than intelligence. Beauty and grace are of little value accompanied with no additional worth. Paradise Lost is a valuable accession to literature, but lesser lights have been instrumental in winning more converts to Christianity than ever Milton's poem. While we gaze with admiration on the magnificent architecture of majestic towers and domes, let us not forget the less imposing parts upon which their glory depends. J. Haldeman.

Concord, O., 1868.

"THE SMITHS."

John Smith—plain John Smith—is not very high sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeets; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonloff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade at Canton, he becomes John Shimmit; if he clambers about Mount Hecla the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras, he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmitteweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains they talk of Jihon Schmidd; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jonth E'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to 'Ion Smikton. In Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.

POSITION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

If the English is not entitled to all the exaggerated encomiums which are sometimes heaped upon it, if it has no right to be set at the head of all languages, living or extinct, it is at least worthy of all our love and admiration, and will not be found unequal to anything which the future shall require of it—even should circumstances make it the leading tongue of civilized humanity. For what it is to become, every individual who employs it shares in the responsibility. The character of a language is not determined by the rules of grammarians and lexicographers, but by the usage of community, by the voice and opinion of speakers and hearers; and this works most unconsciously. Clear and manly thought, and direct and unaffected expression, every writer and speaker can aim at; and, by so doing, can perform his part in the perfecting of his mother tongue.—*Whitney's Language.*

Beautiful and True.—In an article in Frazer's Magazine, this brief but beautiful extract occurs:—"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look, with a father's smile of approbation or reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with bird's nests admired, not touched—with creeping ants, and almost impossible emmets—with humming-bees and great bee-hives—with pleasant walks and shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself."

A Quaker Anecdote.—When the Erie canal was first started, the subject of investing in it was discussed in a Quaker business meeting of the men. It was opposed by an influential member—no other than Elias Hicks—on the ground of its being a speculation. Among other objections, he went on to say—"When God created the world, if he had wished canals, he would have made them." Thereupon "a weighty Friend" (one of their terms) rose up, and said slowly, in the intoning voice in which they always speak in meeting:

"And Jacob dig-*ged* a well,"

and sat down.

SANDWICHES.

Increase of knowledge is a victory over idleness.

Write benefits, on marble—injuries, on sand.

An old revolver—the earth.

A point any woman can appreciate—Point lace.

A waistcoat—a useless garment.

A musical burglar—One who breaks into a tune.

A beastly exhibition—a menagerie.

The most effective eye-water—Woman's tears.

Small talk—the prattle of children.

A woman's forte—the piano-forte.

Fruitful disappointments—sour grapes.

A poor relation—telling an anecdote badly.

Is a pig of lead liable to trichinosis?

Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey.

The most troublesome of wants is when we want—we know not what.

Live within your means, if you would have means within which to live.

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are fools alike.

Vice stings us even in our pleasure, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

The advantage of having corns is that then you always stand on your own aches.

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

Artemus Ward said that the man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

A French writer on gastronomical subjects has defined indigestion to be "the ingratitude of the stomach."

Sincerity is speaking as we think; believing as we pretend; acting as we profess; performing as we promise; and really being as we pretend to be.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DUTY.

Rugged and rough sometimes appears
The path where duty leads the way;
We take our burdens up with tears,
And struggle through the weary day.

We say—"Wherefore for me this pain,
This weary watch while others sleep?
Wherefore for me to sow the grain,
And hunger feel while others reap?

"I look on either side and see,
Fair gardens rich with fruits and flowers;
Wherefore for me these desert wastes,
While others rest in fragrant bowers?

"The storm-clouds gather o'er my head,—
I cannot bide their darker frown;
My heart is sick, my hopes are dead,
My weak hands cast my burden down."

O, weary heart! the helping hands
Are held across life's boisterous wave;
A pitying Christ the storms commands,
And waits to comfort thee, and save.

Have faith, and take thy burden up,
Nor dare to murmur at thy God;
With meekness drain the bitter cup,
For whom He loveth feels His rod.

Perform the work He gives to thee;
The "well done" welcome will be yours,
With the All-Father; only he
Is counted worthy, who endures.

Traverse City, Mich., 1868. A. M.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"I HAVE MISSED MY MARK."

There are some who are careful to "be diligent in business," who neglect some other command equally important to obey. It is not a matter-of-course to the good, self-denying and godly. It demands a share of our time. It requires practice in doing good to others; and those who pursue their business with selfish devotion find in the end that as they have done no good to others they have got no good for themselves.

A merchant who in his youth had been pious, and was devoted and useful to the cause of Christ, became worldly and entirely devoted to his business, and lost all his love for the Saviour. But he was successful in his business and made a fortune. He was honorable in his business, and carried into his retirement the esteem of those who knew him. In reviewing his life he regretted that he had done so little for others, and "had lost his first love." He said to an early friend, "I have missed my mark."

A wealthy banker, who had confessed Christ when he was young, spent his days and nights amid the exciting scenes of stocks and exchange, and thus life passed on till his health failed, and in his fast decline he sorrowed with an unavailing sorrow that he had allowed the world to rise up between Christ and him, and had done nothing for His cause. He missed his mark.

A young man of splendid talents received the watchful care of Christian parents. He seemed free from every vice. He entered College and gave great promise, but soon yielded to the temptation of strong drink, and in early youth died of delirium and filled a drunkard's grave. He missed his mark.

A clergyman of decided talent in preaching, counteracted his precept by his practices, and lost his position and became dishonored for life. He found his life a failure. "If any man's work shall be burned he shall suffer loss." He missed his mark.

That life alone can be acceptable to God which is useful to others. Yet men labor for themselves, and strive to change the grand decree. When old age comes on and they begin to look across the dark river, and think of God and of His everlasting truths, they feel that their life has been wasted, and that it bears no fruit. How many are then compelled to say "I have missed my mark." N. F. G.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.

A traveler, who spent some time in Turkey, relates a beautiful parable which was told him by a dervish, and which seemed even more beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of the accusing spirit and recording angel:

"Every man," said the dervish, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what has been well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left writes it down, and he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me!' the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."

Our Example.—One thing impressed my own mind most peculiarly, when the Lord was first opening my eyes—I never found Christ doing a single thing *for himself.* Here is an immense principle. There was not one act in all Christ's life, done to serve or to please himself. An unbroken stream of blessed, perfect, unfailing love flowed from him, no matter what the contradiction of sinners, one amazing and unwavering testimony of love, and sympathy, and help; but it was ever others, and not himself, that were comforted, and nothing could weary it, nothing turn it aside. Now the world's whole principle is self—doing well for itself.—*Witness.*

Excellent Advice.—Dr. Samuel Johnson was much attached to a young man—an intelligent Italian. As the Doctor lay upon the couch from which he never rose up, he called his young friend to him and tenderly and solemnly said:—"There is no one who has shown me more attention than you have done; and it is now right you should claim some attention from me. You are a young man, and are to struggle through life; you are in a profession that I dare say you will exercise with great fidelity and innocence; but let me exhort you always to think of my situation which must one day be yours—always remember that life is short, and that eternity never ends."

What Christ Adds.—Temporal mercies without Christ are like ciphers without a figure; but when you have these temporal mercies, and Christ stands in front of them, oh, what an amount they make! Temporal mercies without Christ are unripe fruit; but when Christ shines upon them they grow mellow and sweet. Temporal mercies without Christ are the dry rivers—Christ fills them to the brim. They are like trees with leaves only, but Christ comes to give them fruit upon which we may live.

God is a sure paymaster, and yet he expects we should sue him before he pays.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

ANIMAL GRAFTS.

THE following curious statements are gathered from the Medical and Surgical Reporter, a weekly journal published in Philadelphia and New York. They will be entirely new to the non-professional reader, who is perhaps entitled to the benefit of a doubt concerning the tale of the rat:

"Plastic surgery recognizes life in a part, and grafts one portion of the body on another, or replaces a portion of a nose or a finger when lopped off, and witnesses its growth. In lower animals this principle is more astonishingly developed. Cut polyp into a dozen pieces, and each fragment will develop itself into an independent and perfect type of its species. A French naturalist cut off the tails of tadpoles, and saw them not only live, but grow for ten days, indifferent to all nervous centers, digestive apparatus or circulatory systems. But the member that seems to have the strongest dose of vital principle is the tail of a rat. This is the very idol of life, and here, if anywhere, we ought to locate the seat of vitality.

"The following experiment was made by Mr. Bert. He dried a rat's tail under the bell of an air pump, and in immediate proximity to concentrated sulphuric acid, so as to gradually deprive it of all moisture. Then he placed it in a hermetically-sealed glass tube for five days. At the end of this time he subjected it for a number of hours to a temperature of 98° Cent. in a stove, and subsequently sealed it a second time in his tube. Four days more having elapsed, he united this tail by its cut extremity to the freshly-cut stump of a living, healthy rat, and quietly waited the result. His success was as complete as it was marvelous. It commenced to expand and perform the natural duties of a tail, and three months afterward he demonstrated, by a second amputation and careful injection, that it was a living part of the second rat!

"What rich lessons practical surgery may learn from such experiments can be imagined. A careful anatomist has transplanted a fragment of bone from the skull of one rabbit to the skull of another, and found it form adhesions and replace the lost portions perfectly. A piece of periosteum, taken from a rabbit twenty-four hours after death, grew and produced bone, when neatly grafted on a living animal of the same species. Nerves also have been removed from one body to another with success. The diseases to which grafted members are subject, after they have been exposed to certain re-agents, are also full of hints for the pathologist and physician."

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

PROF. TYNDALL publishes the following account of some curious electrical phenomena observed by Mr. R. Watson and a party of tourists in ascending a portion of the Jung Frau Mountain in Switzerland. Mr. W., in a letter to Prof. Tyndall, says:

"On the 10th of July I visited with a party of three, and two guides, the *Col de la Jung Frau*. The early morning was bright, and gave promise of a fine day,—but as we approached the Col clouds settled down upon it, and on reaching it we encountered so severe a storm of wind, snow and hail, that we were unable to stay more than a few minutes. As we descended, the snow continued to fall so densely that we lost our way, and for some time we were wandering up the Lotsch Sattel. We had hardly discovered our mistake when a loud peal of thunder was heard, and shortly after I observed that a strange, singing sound, like that of a kettle, was issuing from my alpenstock. We halted, and finding that all the axes and stocks emitted the same sound, stuck them into the snow. The guide from the hotel now pulled off his cap, shouting that his head burned; and his hair was seen to have a similar appearance to that which it would have presented had he been on an insulated stool under a powerful electrical machine. We all of us experienced the sensation of pricking or burning in some part of the body, more especially in the head and face, my hair also standing on end in an uncomfortable but very amusing manner. The snow gave out a hissing sound as though a heavy shower of hail were falling; the veil on the wide-awake of one of the party stood upright in the air, and on waving our hands the singing sound issued loudly from the fingers. Whenever a peal of thunder was heard, the phenomena ceased, to be resumed before the echoes had died away. At these times we felt shocks more or less violent in those portions of the body which were most affected. By one of these, my right arm was paralyzed so completely that I could neither use nor raise it for several minutes, and I suffered much pain in it at the shoulder joint for several hours. At half-past twelve the clouds began to pass away and the phenomena finally ceased, having lasted twenty-five minutes. We saw no lightning, and were puzzled at first as to whether we should be afraid or amused."

HOW GOLD PENS ARE MADE.

GOLD pens are tipped with iridium, making what are commonly known as "diamond points." The iridium for this purpose is found in small grains in platinum slightly alloyed with this latter metal. In this form it is exceedingly hard, and well adapted to the purpose of the gold pen maker. The gold for pens is alloyed with silver to about sixteen carats fineness, rolled into thin strips, from which the blanks are struck. The under side of the point is notched by a small circular saw, to receive the iridium point, which is selected with the aid of a microscope. A flux of borax and a blowpipe secure it to its place. The point is then ground on a copper wheel with emery. The pen blank is next rolled to the requisite thinness by means of rollers especially adapted to the purpose, and tempered by blows from a hammer. It is then trimmed around the edges, stamped, and formed in a powerful press. The slit is next cut through the solid iridium point by means of a thin copper wheel, fed with fine emery, and a saw extends the aperture along the pen itself. The inside edges of the slit are smoothed and polished by the same means of rapidly-running wheels and emery, and burnishing and hammering, to produce the proper degree of elasticity, finish the work.—*Scientific Am.*

DOCTOR'S CANES.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. The top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HYGIENE AND FASHION.

Is it not strange that our young men and women spend so much time in the study of popular sciences without acquiring a knowledge of self? Why do they not turn their thoughts within and behold the wonderful structure? They toil years, delve deep in the boundless regions of science, in order to know and magnify the wonderful works of GOD, without once learning how wonderfully their own frames are constructed.

The Divine Word reveals that man is made in the express image of the Father's person, and is the crowning work of creation. As a reasoning, accountable being, man dwells beneath a weight of responsiblity. He should study to know the human structure perfectly, and how he can best preserve that symmetry of form, health of body and purity of intellect with which he is endowed. In his high self-sovereignty—created a little lower than the angels—man was perfect, mentally, morally and physically. But through ignorance of, and inattention to the laws which govern his being, combined with all "the ills which flesh is heir to," he has sadly degenerated. A more general knowledge of the laws of human nature, and a correct understanding of physiological truths, would lead all candid, reflecting minds to an investigation of the unhygienic habits which are rapidly enfeebling and destroying the health of our race.

Fathers, mothers and teachers need thorough knowledge of the science of physiology. They should realize its value, and appreciate the vital importance of combating error in all its forms. In doing their duty they have a great foe to meet, a terrible tyrant to conquer, whose impregnable barriers bring our most precious treasures beneath his ruthless hand. That foe is FASHION! Thousands of valiant soldiers are needed where there are none. That a general reform of living and dressing is needed, none will deny. Old and young, middle-aged and infants, are falling on every hand, a sacrifice to luxury, immoderation and medication. The most withering desolation is seen among the fair, frail daughters of "weak-minded" EVE. Many noble women have striven to free themselves from the fetters, but, alas! common sense and modesty are generally sacrificed upon the altar of the corrupt frivolities of a more corrupt nation.

Think you the sensible mother, if she understood the importance of a free action of the chest to a proper performance of the functions of the heart and lungs, would be disposed to bind up the ribs of her daughter as if they were the hoops of a cask which might burst if not properly secured? Think you she would persevere in a course which she knew sooner or later would add to the hectic flush and consumptive cough? Would that young wife, if she knew how those long, heavy skirts, hanging to her compressed chest, are weighing, depressing, fettering her strength, energies and motion, continue to thus drag and weigh herself down?

How soon, alas! the bloom and freshness fade from the faces of our mothers and sisters. Is it any wonder? Fashion teaches how 'tis done. They must be *ladies*, delicate and white; they become such in much the same way as you bleach celery,—by exclusion from sunshine and pure air. They must be as unskilled in performing any of the duties of life as are the gay *model* plates of LESLIE'S pages, and just as extremely adorned. So long as this state of things prevails, shall we call woman wise and noble?

Says Dr. TRALL:—"The young lady who promenades with draggling skirts and a delicate waist, the observed, but not the admired, of all observers, would not feel flattered in being told that she was bodily diseased and mentally imbecile because of her dress, yet it would be strictly true." Being so enslaved to fashion, she could hardly have any thought or feeling on the subject. You may talk about the necessity of breathing to a young lady whose figure is a caricature on humanity, whose blood is foul, whose secretions are all depraved, and whose mottled skin and pallid cheeks clearly indicate the seeds of tubercular consumption—all because she does not breathe enough—and, while she is under the dominion of fashion, she will stare at you as insensately as a man who is thoroughly addicted to tobacco-using will when you tell him that it is a filthy and disgusting habit. Both are too demoralized to profit by instruction, or admonition, where appetency and fashion are concerned.

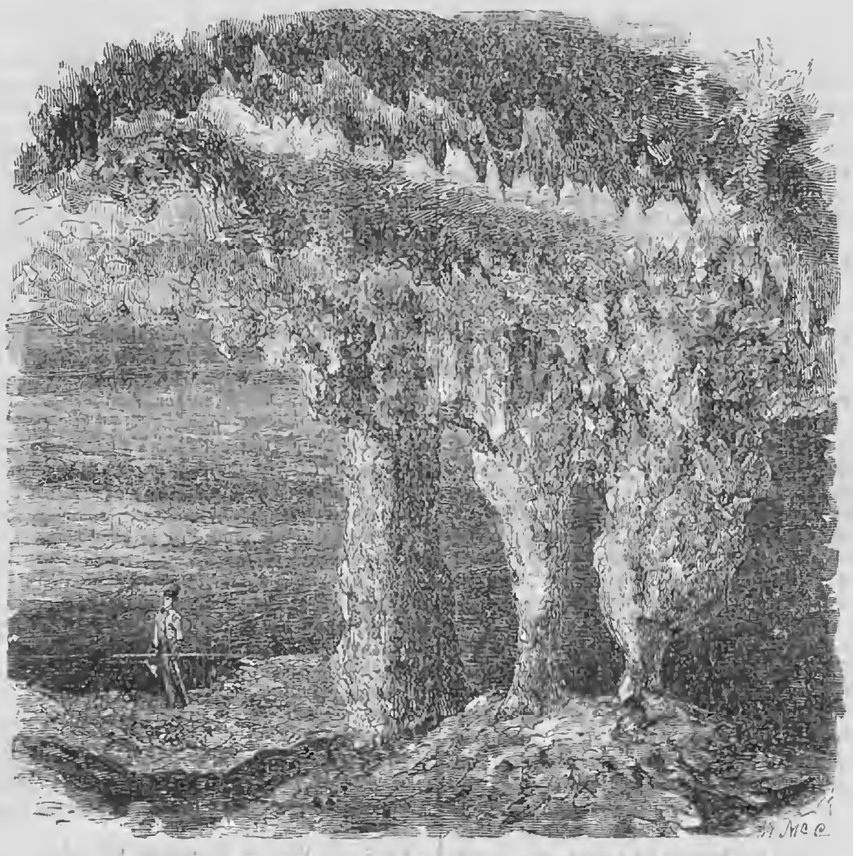
E. B.

HANDWRITING PECULIARITIES.

IT is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of handwriting peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B—— states: I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixed exclusively with French people—but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style; it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing, but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French.

Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand-writings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs, can instantly be determined by his hand-writing. The difference between the American or English and the French hand-writing is immense—a schoolboy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish and German hand-writings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference between the hand-writings of different nations as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may become identified with another nation, and speak its languages as well, perhaps better, than his own—yet never can he succeed in changing his hand-writing to a foreign style

JASPER is now procured to almost any required extent, at Gervaise, in Savoy. One quarry has a depth of sixty feet, and a surface of at least twenty-four thousand square yards.



GOTHIC CHAPEL, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

OUR engraving represents a scene in the Mammoth Cave, and one which all who have visited that wonder of Nature will readily recognize. The illustration was engraved from a photograph taken by means of the magnesium light—a process which has been used successfully in Europe to obtain views of the Catacombs of Rome, and in Egypt to get views of the interior chambers in some of the pyramids. The *Gothic Chapel* is in what is known as the Gothic Arcade, and is entered from the main cave by ascending a flight of steps some fifteen feet in height. The Chapel is a large room, the ceiling of which appears to be supported by gigantic stalactites, which extend to the floor. When a number of lamps are hung upon these columns, or carried in the hands of visitors, the Chapel presents a beautiful appearance. We visited the Cave in May last, and particularly remember the Chapel and other noteworthy points and scenes in the Gothic Arcade.

Mammoth Cave is situated in Edmonson Co., Ky., about equidistant from Louisville and Nashville. At Cave City, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and nine miles from the Cave, conveyances are usually in readiness to convey passengers to and from the Mammoth and other caves in the vicinity. Mammoth Cave is certainly a great natural curiosity. It extends (as the proprietors claim, but many visitors greatly doubt,) nine miles under the ground, and embraces a great variety of chambers. Visitors are accompanied by a guide, each member of the party carrying a small lamp, yet a half dozen lamps give but feeble light in the large chambers, and the guide uses fire-works in some of them. The entrance to the Cave is nearly two hundred feet above Green River, a very green-looking, turbid stream, less than a half mile distant.

—The Mammoth Cave is a great curiosity, but it is certainly "run" on the catch-penny, swindling principle—the chief proprietors or managers of the "show" making it a point to detain visitors at their "Cave Hotel" as long as possible. Our party was delayed a day under the pretense (which we subsequently ascertained was only a pretense,) that no guides could be procured. After leaving, and on comparing notes, our stage load of a dozen or more (inside and out,) unanimously concluded that each had been "sold" in some manner. However, we soon had some occasion to forgive, if we could not forget, the unnecessary detention, for on returning to the Cave City Hotel, we were so well entertained—found such excellent "board and lodging"—that the said hotel was voted an institution worthy of special commendation to all travelers who should thereafter visit the region.

SMOKING IN THE STREET.

THE Round Table makes the following sensible remarks in regard to smoking in the streets:

"The street is not a private smoking-room. One man has no more *right* to void his tobacco smoke into the face of another man than he has to void his saliva. If he had, why, in the name of sense? Because the smoke is the less disagreeable? That is a matter for individual preference; and beside, a man has no right to do the least disagreeable thing. Why may not a man appear on Broadway with a long stick strapped horizontally across his back, or with an open package of asafœtida in his pocket, or carrying a pole-cat in his arms, or with his clothes dripping with kerosene oil, or with a rattlesnake coiled around his neck, with as much right as he may smoke there? Because it is not customary to carry asafœtida in the pocket, nobody thinks about it; if it only were the custom we should hear a fearful cry from the tobacco smokers themselves. If a man treads upon another's foot, he apologizes; but he will carelessly void offensive smoke into his very throat, and never think that he does anything reprehensible. If a man dislikes smoking he can keep out of the street. But the right of the tobacco-hater in the street is equal to that of the tobacco-lover; to refrain from smoking in public places is not granting a concession, but not to refrain is violating a right. Upon actual right, without reference to the sanction of custom, a man would be perfectly justifiable in resenting the smoking of tobacco near him as a personal affront."

PAPER BOAT AND PAPER CHURCH.

THEY have a "paper" race boat in Portland. It is thirty-one and a half feet long, twelve inches wide, and weighs but twenty-two pounds. The lightest wooden boat of similar dimensions weighed forty-one pounds. The most singular part of the matter is that the paper boat is four times stronger than one of wood. All that portion save where the sculler sits, is gas-tight, so that in the event of a race sufficient gas may be taken into it to reduce its weight to eight pounds! A man pulling in a boat weighing but eight pounds is something to think of with astonishment.

There is a paper church near Berlin, Prussia. The relievos outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water-whey and white of egg. The church will contain nearly 1,000 persons. When Frederick II. of Prussia set up a limited papier-mache manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff boxes, by the slight-of-hand of art.

THE NAUTILUS does not sail, as was supposed in former years. The investigations of naturalists of the present day have dispelled the beautiful dream. Aristotle first fancifully described it as the "Paper Nautilus, in fine weather floating on the surface of the ocean, with his sails spread out to the breeze." In the motion, the animal really sits unattached to his shell within the long tentacula stretching from the projected head, while through the short funnel beneath it forcibly spirts forth the water, the recoil from which sends him backward. Yet the old writers have said the Nautilus may have first suggested to man the idea of sailing upon the water.

THE PLACE FOR A POOR MAN.—America is the poor man's paradise. Said Bishop Kingsley after his return from his European tour:—In no country in Europe that I have visited is there any chance for a poor man—none. As soon as a child is as high as your table, he is put to work, and works till he dies. Social, literary, elevating culture for them seems almost a foregone consideration. We in America do not know our advantages.

VIOLIN AND HARP STRINGS.

AN English paper says:—"The manufacture of strings for musical instruments has been carried on from time immemorial in some of the small villages in the Abruzzi, and at the present time the Neapolitan provinces maintain their superiority in the production of this article. They require the greatest care and dexterity on the part of the workman. The treble strings are particularly difficult to make, and are made at Naples, probably because the Neapolitan sheep, from their small size and leanness, afford the best raw material. They are made from the small intestines, which must be very carefully scraped; the intestines are then steeped in alkaline lyes, clarified with a little alum, for four or five days until they are well bleached and swollen. They are next drawn through an open brass thimble, and pressed against it with the nail, in order to smooth and equal their surface; after which they are washed, spun or twisted, and sulphured during two hours. They are finally polished by friction and dried. Sometimes they are sulphured twice or thrice before being dried, and are polished between horsehair cords. The strings manufactured in Italy are noted for their strength, transparency, brilliancy and clearness of tone. This manufacture was introduced into France by a Neapolitan nobleman in 1766, who established a manufactory at Lyons. This industry is carried on in various other towns in Italy, namely, Gubbio, Foligno, Bologna, Venice, Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and Bassano."

ORIGIN OF GIPSIES.

THE origin of "the outlandish persons calling themselves Egyptians, or Gipsies," and constituting a strange kind of commonwealth among themselves of wandering impostors and jugglers, is still a subject of great curiosity, notwithstanding the question is conceitedly said to have been long since set at rest. Dr. Short dwells especially on the first appearance of gipsies in Europe being coeval with the century which witnessed the discovery of the New World and the new passage to the Indies, although the hypothesis of ascribing to them a Hindoo origin is of very recent date. The arguments for it consist in the physical form of the people, in the language, and in the history of their migration. Each of these topics Dr. Short has examined separately in detail, and his general conclusion is that the gipsies, when, above four centuries ago, they first appeared in Western Europe, were already composed of a mixture of many different races and that the present gipsies are still more mongrel. In the Asiatic portion of their lineage there may be a small amount of Hindoo blood; but this is thought to be the utmost that can be predicated of their Indian pedigree.

THE LATE KING OF BAVARIA.

LOUIS II., King of Bavaria, who died at Munich recently, was born August 25, 1845, and succeeded his father, Maximilian II., the 10th of March, 1864, and hence was in his 23d year when he died. Like his father and his grandfather, King Louis I., who is still living, the late king was a great patron of art and science. His passion for music, in fact, was so great as to lead to a neglect of the most important affairs of state. The King last year was betrothed to his cousin Sophia, Duchess of Bavaria; but the engagement was soon broken off, according to some reports, in consequence of a difference of opinion on Wagner, the composer; according to others, in consequence of different religious views. He had the reputation of being the handsomest monarch of Europe. With regard to the German question, he was supposed to be personally in favor of establishing the most friendly relations with the North German Confederation. He is succeeded on the throne of Bavaria by his only brother, Prince Otho, born in 1848, who as King bears the name of Otho I.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE PAUL.

HELP YOURSELVES.

WOULD you not all like to become useful? We think you would. Your bright eyes answer the question; "yes," "yes," "yes," they seem to say. Girls and boys everywhere are thinking of the time when they shall be grown up,—thinking what they will do, and making plans for a very happy life. That is right. A happy life means a useful one; no person is really happy who is of no use in the world.

"Aren't there a great many useless people?" asks CHARLIE. "I think HARRY EASY must be a useless man. He never seems to work any, but stays around the bar-rooms and drinks and swears all the while."

We don't wonder at your question, CHARLIE. There *are* a great many people who appear to be of no use whatever. HARRY EASY is one of them. The fault with him is, he will not help himself. If he would, his life would be very different. Being useless to himself, he is useless to every one else. Because he does not care to help himself, other people do not care to help him. So he is only a lazy loafer, instead of a respected, good man.

The first step towards becoming useful to others is to become useful to yourself. Remember this, please, young friends. Learn to help yourselves all you possibly can. Do not ask your parents or teachers to aid you in anything until you have tried many times to do it alone. Conquer your lessons without help, and the next will be conquered much more easily. Do your work as well as you can; you will feel better, even if it is not perfectly done, for doing it alone.

You have all heard of, and maybe some of you have seen, General GRANT. He is now the most distinguished man in America. Once he was only a poor boy, just like hundreds of boys whom we are talking to. He owes much of his success in life to *helping himself*. We have just read a little anecdote of him which may interest you. It shows how he tried to do his work alone.

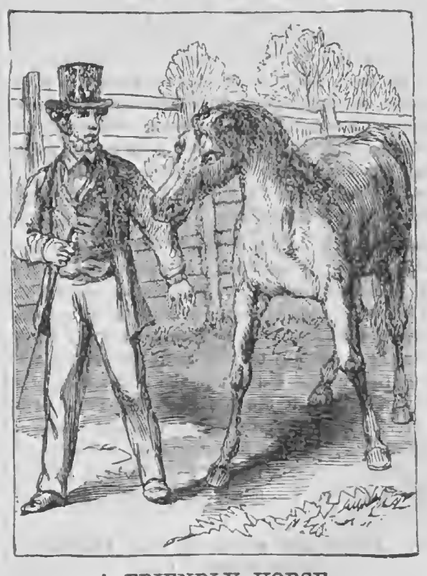
He was hauling logs for his father, and it happened that he went after a load when none of the choppers were in the woods to help him load them. He was then only twelve years old, and very small of his age. The logs were large, and very heavy. Many boys would have said, "I can't load those great things alone," and so would have returned home without any. But ULYSSES believed in helping himself, and never giving up without a fair trial. One log lay so that one end of it stuck up several feet, while the other end was on the ground. Here was a helper at once. He backed the wagon up under the raised end of the log, then hitched a chain to the other logs, one by one, and with only the help of "old Dave," one of the horses, succeeded in getting them all on the wagon, in good shape.

Help yourselves, children, wherever you are,
Self help is better than other help, far;
Never sit down and despondingly sigh
"Oh, dear! I can't," but with cheerful heart *try*.

Help yourselves, children, you then will succeed;
Useful your lives will become, then, indeed;
Helpful and hopeful, no work will be hard,—
Every day's efforts will bring their reward.

Helpful, and hopeful, and patient, and kind,
May you be ever; and soon you will find
Patience and helpfulness winning for you
Victories grand as the warrior e'er knew!

Wait for no other, but proudly rely
On your own hands and the earnest "I'll try;"—
Do for yourself, and do all with your might;
Ever keep doing, and ever Do RIGHT!



A FRIENDLY HORSE.

OUR young friends will be interested in the above picture, we are sure, when they learn what it illustrates. Many horses know a great deal, and the friendly one here shown is one of the most knowing ones.

Some little time since his owner was leaving his residence, on his way to his office, when the horse ran up to him and caught his arm, and tried to pull him off in another direction. Then the horse turned and trotted away toward a pasture a quarter of a mile distant. In a few minutes he came again, making an unusual noise, and seeming to desire his owner to follow him. The gentleman did so, and on reaching the pasture found the horse's mate entangled in a bridge, which had broken through with him, and unable to move himself. Of course the owner at once helped the animal out of his dangerous position; and the friendly horse rubbed his head against the gentleman and manifested much satisfaction. Don't you think he showed a very good disposition, thus to try to help another in trouble?

CHOOSE ever the plainest road; it always answers best. For the same reason, choose ever to do and say what is ever most just and most direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles, and will deliver you from those secret torments which are the never-failing attendants of dissimulation.

"I WISH you would behave better at the table," said a boy to his little sister, rather hastily, one evening. "Don't speak so," replied his mother; "she is a good little girl, on the whole." "I don't see where the good comes in," he replied. "It comes in right after the a," said his sister.

IF you acquire habits of idleness when young, they will trouble you when old.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

New Quarter!—Agents, Subscribers, those wishing to become such, and all others interested, are advised that a New Quarter of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence April 4. Hence, now is the time to subscribe or renew expiring subscriptions, and also to form clubs to begin with the new quarter or January—as we can still supply back numbers if desired.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper*. Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed.

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE State Convention to select delegates to the National Democratic Convention to be held in N. Y. city, July 4th, met at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 11th inst. Hon. Marshall B. Champlain was elected President, and made a speech on taking the chair. The usual number of District delegates were elected, and the following delegates at large:—Horatio Seymour, alternate Augustus C. Hand; Samuel Tilden, alternate George W. McLean; Sanford E. Church, alternate A. P. Lanning; H. C. Murphy, alternate George Law. Ex-Gov. Seymour addressed the Convention at length, upon the national issues.

A Herkimer, Mohawk and Ilion Railroad is proposed to be built during the coming season. The books are opened, and if the stock is promptly taken it is thought the road will be completed by the first of September.

The thaw is progressing auspiciously in all parts of the State and further damage is not seriously apprehended. That which has been done is not considerable. The water in the Genesee river is falling, and the alarm at Rochester has subsided.

The affairs of the Erie Railroad are in a strange muddle. A warrant for the arrest of the Directors was in the hands of an officer in New York city, one day last week, and two of them made an exciting trip across the bay to New Jersey, in a row boat, to effect their escape. The Senate Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Road, have not yet accomplished anything.

The trial of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., has brought about its final result. Mr. Tyng was publicly reprimanded on the morning of the 14th inst., in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City, for violation of a canon of the church, in officiating in the parish of another minister, without his consent. An immense concourse of spectators filled the church. Bishop Potter administered the reprimand, explaining the nature of the offence, and cautioning Rev. Mr. Tyng against repetition of it. Rev. Mr. Tyng sat in the aisle of the church in plain costume, and manifested no emotion and made no remark whatever. Rev. Dr. Tyng, father of the reprimanded clergyman, put in a protest, and made formal appeal from the decision of the Court to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

The village of Lyons is much excited over the closing of the Westfall Bank. It was run and owned by E. Van Alstyne, and had deposits amounting to $150,000, with special deposits amounting to from $50,000 to $100,000. Van Alstyne went away a few days since, nominally to visit some relatives in the eastern part of the State, but the impression prevails that he has left the country. The Teller kept on receiving and paying until the cash balance amounted to only forty-three cents, when the Sheriff took possession. The special deposits have also all vanished, and the loss falls heavily on the people of Lyons.

Gov. Fenton has appointed Hon. Charles C. Dwight Judge of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial district, in place of Judge Welles, deceased.

The workmen of the Central Railroad workshops at West Albany have struck for increased wages. An order was issued some weeks since by the Vice President reducing the hours of labor from ten to eight hours, and the wages 20 per cent. On Friday an order was issued fixing the day's labor at ten hours, and increasing the wages 10 per cent., being a reduction of 10 per cent. below the old rates. The men unanimously refused to go to work, and demanded an increase of 20 per cent. for eight hours work. They paraded the streets on Saturday about 500 strong, but made no violent demonstrations.

A fiendish attempt was made on the night of the 15th inst. to blow up a dwelling in Albany, by means of a canteen of powder placed in the foundation wall. The shock was very violent.

The Hon. Geo. Geddes was last week confirmed by the Senate as Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Springs.

A man driving across the Hudson river at Coxsackie on the 10th inst., broke through the ice with his team and was drowned. The team, driver and sleigh all passed under the ice, and no help could reach them.

Ollie Dutton, alias Mrs. Southerland, a confidence woman, was on trial in Rochester, last week, before the Court of Sessions, for swindling an old lady out of quite a sum of money. She conducted her own case, cross-questioning the witnesses for the prosecution with much shrewdness, but was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

Work is soon to be resumed on the Canastota salt works, and blocks are to be erected early in the season.

It is reported that a manufacturer in New York city has an order for 200,000 thimbles, at eighteen cents a dozen, for a "gift enterprise." Tickets fifty cents and no blanks.

The locomotive drawing an Erie Railway train was thrown from the track into a swampy ditch, near Andover, a few nights since. The engine sunk in the mire, and the next morning only the smoke stack and steam dome were visible.

From Washington.

THE Impeachment Trial does not progress very rapidly. On the 13th inst., the day on which the President was to answer to the summons served upon him by the Senate, the Court re-assembled, the Sergeant-at-Arms making the usual proclamation. The galleries of the Senate Chamber were densely crowded by a brilliant assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, admitted by tickets given out by the Senators and Representatives. Hundreds of strangers, ignorant of the necessity of obtaining tickets, and many others unable to obtain them, were turned away by the guards.

After the taking of the required oath by those Senators who had not previously done so, the return of the Sergeant-at-Arms of his service of summons on the President was read, when the counsel of the President was notified of the commencement of the proceedings, and Messrs. Stanbery, Curtis and Nelson took their seats at the table on the right of the Chief Justice, and opposite to the Managers, who were seated on the left.

Mr. Stanbery read the answer of the President entering into his appearance, and naming as his counsel Messrs. Stanbery, Curtis, Nelson, Black and Evarts, and asking as a reasonable time for the preparation of his defense the period of forty days, citing various cases in which periods as long in proportion to the magnitude of the case had been granted.

Mr. Bingham, on behalf of the Managers, contended that the eighth rule provided that on the appearance of the President he was required to file his answer, and in case his answer was not filed, that the trial should proceed as on a plea of not guilty. He claimed, therefore, that the trial should proceed forthwith.

Considerable debate followed, Mr. Stanbery speaking very warmly, and implying a design on the part of the Court to hurry through the Trial. Mr. Edmunds of Vermont, offered an order that April first be the day appointed for the filing of the President's answer; that within three days thereafter, the Managers file their replication, and that on the 6th of April the trial proceed. The Senate retired for consultation. Upon the return of the Senate, at four o'clock, the Court re-assembled, and the Chief Justice announced that the motion under consideration had been overruled and an order entered that the President be required to file his answer on Monday, the 23d of March.

An order by Mr. Bingham, that on filing the replication by the Managers the trial proceed forthwith, was lost by a vote of 25 to 26. Mr. Nelson, one of the President's counsel, thought that liberality should be extended by this High Court to an unusual degree, and contended that the application of the defendent was one deserving such; spoke of the great magnitude of this case, and argued the necessity of continuous deliberation and the impropriety of railroad speed. He was replied to at some length by Gen. Butler, on behalf of the Managers, who claimed that the welfare of the country demanded a speedy conclusion of the matter.

An amendment offered by Mr. Conkling of New York, that unless cause for delay be shown the trial shall proceed immediately after the filing of the replication, was assented to by the Managers on the part of the House, and was adopted. The order, as amended, was then adopted, when the Court adjourned until the 23d inst.

Attorney-General Stanbery tendered his resignation as Attorney-General, on the 11th inst., for the purpose of engaging as counsel to the President on his trial, and the resignation was accepted by him with regrets. Secretary Browning acts as Attorney-General, and there will probably be no appointment for some time.

At the regular meeting of the Cabinet on the 10th inst., Gen. Thomas presented himself, and was recognized as Secretary of War *ad interim*. He answered the demand of the President, made in the usual form, regarding the business of the War office, and a lengthy discussion ensued on the subject of Secretary Stanton's authority to make requisitions on the Treasury. The liability of army officers to trial by court martial who refuse to recognize General Thomas as the Chief of the War Office, was also discussed. Gen. Thomas still attends the Cabinet meetings, but Secretary Stanton's requisitions on the Treasury are duly honored by the President.

A letter from Thaddeus Stevens to Col. Forney is published, in which he says he has arrived at the conclusion that universal suffrage was one of the inalienable rights intended to be embraced in the Declaration of Independence by our fathers, but that they were prevented from so doing by slavery alone. The Committee of Reconstruction have inserted that provision in the bill for the admission of Alabama, with great unanimity, and have finally resolved that no State shall be admitted except under that condition.

J. Ross Brown has been nominated and confirmed in the Senate as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary on the part of the United States, to China, and Charles K. Tuckerman to Greece.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens has been rapidly failing in health since the excitement of opening the Trial, and fears are entertained that he will not again leave his room, as his decline has been more rapid since Friday.

It is asserted by some that the President is hopeless of his case, and intends taking the stump after his removal, to vindicate his administration.

From the West.

THE usual Spring freshets have been uncommonly severe throughout the West. Davenport, Iowa, was nearly drowned out on the 10th inst. The gorge in the Mississippi was complete, the whole river being dammed. The entire ground stories of residences in the lower portions of the town were flooded. A number of families were driven to the tops of their houses, from thence boating it to safer localities, while others obtained refuge on the upper floors. The Mississippi river bridge was badly racked by the "icebergs." The span next to the Iowa shore was shoved partially off the first pier, and moved ten feet out of position, and projects over the stream several feet. The second and third piers from the shore, and the projection to the draw pier, were considerably injured. No trains can cross for some time.

Michigan also suffered severely. The rain poured down incessantly for several days. Bridges, railway tracks, fences, etc., were swept away. At Tecumseh, three fine bridges were broken up, and the neighboring farms inundated At Niles, the freshet was tremendous, and the same is true of the country about Kalamazoo. The track on the Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft road was washed away, and no trains are running. In places the track is yet four feet under water. The Central railroad bridge over the Huron river at Ann Arbor was destroyed on the 10th inst.

Cleveland, Ohio, was partially inundated, and a large amount of property destroyed. Several vessels were torn from their moorings, and one of them was carried far out into the lake. All the lumber yards were greatly injured. The loss is estimated at $100,000. At Toledo immense damage was done. Many buildings were flooded.

Two-thirds of the city of Rock Island, Ill., were flooded by an ice gorge below. The arsenal bridge was carried away and much other damage done.

The Indians who have congregated about Fort Laramie manifest a very friendly feeling. Those near Fort Phil. Kearney are also peaceable. Montana papers contradict the reported burning of Kennedy's ranche. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s coaches travel safely from Helena to Fort Benton.

A daring robbery was perpetrated on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad a few days since. Some rascal entered the express car, knocked the messenger insensible with the butt of a pistol, and then rifled the safe of its contents, amounting to about $20,000. The robber made good his escape, and has not been captured.

Brigham Young's annual message to the Utah Legislature is a business-like document, and touches upon the admission of the territory as a State, saying that Congress would do a simple act of justice in "laying aside all narrowness of opinion and bigotry, and granting the admission."

From the South.

THE trial of Jefferson Davis, which was to have taken place on the fourth Wednesday in March has been postponed by Judge Underwood till the fourteenth of April next.

The South Carolina Republican Convention has nominated a colored candidate for Secretary of State by acclamation. Its delegates to Chicago are also equally divided between white and colored.

The planters of Colorado county, Texas, are to meet in convention for the adoption of an efficient labor system. A new swarm of grasshoppers "is hatching out by millions in Gonzales," deterring many farmers from planting. There has been considerable mortality among the sheep in that county this winter.

Judge Hindman, of West Virginia, has been impeached and removed from office for permitting three lawyers to practice in his court without taking the test oath.

Georgia puts into her new Constitution a provision that no divorce shall be granted without a concurrent verdict of two juries.

The total loss by the fire at Jefferson, Texas, on the night of the 29th ult., foots up over $1,000,000. The Phœnix and Ætna Insurance Companies are the chief losers.

In the Georgia Convention, Congress has been requested to pass a law to remove political disabilities from all citizens of Georgia. A motion to adopt the constitution as a whole carried by yeas 112, nays 14.

Rev. Dr. Sears, agent of the Peabody fund, is at Raleigh, N. C., and proposes to contribute $1,000 from the fund for the education of white children in that city, provided the citizens contribute $1,500 more.

Hon. Z. B. Vance has declined the Conservative nomination for Governor of North Carolina, from both public and private considerations.

The Maryland Legislature has appropriated $5,000 to re-imburse Philip Francis Thomas, the recently rejected Senator, for expenses he incurred in endeavoring to take a seat in the Senate.

The South Carolina Reconstruction Convention has passed an ordinance invalidating all acts of General Assembly since 1860, pledging the faith and credit of the State for the benefit of corporations.

In the Virginia Convention sections of the franchise report have been adopted making all persons eligible to office who are entitled to vote, allowing all registered voters and none others to serve as jurors, and instructing the Legislature to insert in its general law an oath to support the State Constitution to be taken by persons offering to register.

The New Orleans city currency has declined to 30 per cent. discount. It is no longer circulated, and much of the currency is in the hands of the poorer classes, who will suffer greatly.

Combinations are forming in certain parts of Tennessee with a view to nullifying the action of the present State Government. Gen. Thomas has been ordered by Gen. Grant to respond to any demand the Governor may make for aid in enforcing the laws and suppressing illegal combinations.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

COMMODORE GOLDSBOROUGH has assumed command of the fleet in the China seas, in place of the deceased Admiral Bell. The English fleet, as well as the American, half-masted all their flags and fired minute guns during the funeral of Admiral Bell, which was attended by the consular officers of all nations, the English Marine Band playing a dead march. The remains were buried in the American Cemetery in Hiogo.

In the British House of Commons on the 10th inst., an earnest debate took place on the condition of Ireland, and the following resolution was introduced but further consideration thereon postponed for one day:

Resolved, That the discontent of Ireland is a source of uneasiness to the Empire and must be remedied; that the laws for Ireland should be framed to suit the wishes of the people; that present church, school and land tenure systems are unjust, and that in the opinion of this house these wrongs should be righted.

Dispatches from Annesly Bay say that King Theodore had arrived in the immediate neighborhood of Magdala with his troops and war material. The advance of the British expedition was steadily pushing ahead under Gen. Napier, and at last accounts was two days' march beyond the village of Attergat.

France has been requested to aid in the settlement of the questions at issue between Austria and the Pope in relation to the Concordat.

It is said that Russia has been strongly urging upon the Western Powers a scheme for the independent union of the Danubian Principalities.

Mr. Henry W. Lord, who is about to retire from the American consulate at Manchester, England, was entertained by the merchants of that city, recently, at a farewell dinner.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is increasing in power and grandeur. The volcano is throwing up vast quantities of fire, and but little lava. The detonations are very loud and frequent.

Admiral Provan, of the Royal Italian Navy, gave a banquet to Admiral Farragut in Naples, on the 14th inst., which was attended by a large and brilliant assemblage.

The Grand Vizier of Turkey has returned from Crete to Constantinople. He reports to the Turkish Government that the war between the Turks and the Cretan insurgents has at length ended.

Kudaeo, in the Caucasus, has a naptha well that yields 3,000 barrels a day. The jet rises forty feet in the air.

THE FRESHET IN CANADA.—The greatest freshet ever known in Canada, prevailed in some sections last week. Near Chatham a large number of farms were overflown, and crops were destroyed, horses and cattle drowned, bridges swept away, &c. Damage estimated at $100,000. The Great Western Railway track west of Chatham was carried away for ten miles, and all rail communication between Chatham and Detroit suspended.

ELECTION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The election in New Hampshire last week resulted in a Republican victory. Gen. Harriman was re-elected Governor by about the same majority as last year—between two and three thousand. The Legislature is largely Republican.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

LEONIE, Countess of Buxbourg, once the mistress of Napoleon First, and one of the most beautiful women of the First Empire, died at Paris recently at an advanced age.

PROF. LOOMIS, of Yale College, states that this winter has been the coldest in New Haven of any in ninety years, excepting the winter of 1835–6, which was one degree colder.

AT a Sheriff's sale at Coffeeville, Miss., four hundred and sixty acres of good timbered land, within three miles of the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, brought only $91.

A FIRE at Scranton, Pa., on the 12th inst., was caused by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in the Cambria Hotel, destroying that building and two dwellings. Loss estimated at $10,000.

THERE are 25,000 unemployed men in Chicago, 19,000 of whom are recipients of charity. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities of the Union, are in a similar distressed condition.

THE recent earthquakes have so impregnated the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with noxious gases from submarine volcanoes, that a remarkable mortality has been caused among the fish in that region.

THE new German treaty with this country provides for emigration of German citizens on their obtaining a passport, and, after a residence of five years in this country, entirely releases them from allegiance.

ELECTIONS at the Sandwich Islands recently turned on the question of annexation or no annexation to the United States. The annexationists were badly beaten, and a strong feeling of antipathy towards Americans is now manifested at Honolulu.

THE proposed suspension bridge over the Hudson river, near Caldwell's Landing, will be 1,665 feet long, with a span of 1,600 feet. The steel wire in cables will be over 70,000 miles in length, with a weight of about 17,000 tons. Two and a half million dollars is the capital, with privilege of increase.

THE Cincinnati Express train which left New York city at 5 P. M. on the 12th inst., via Reading, met with a severe accident near Lebanon, Pa., by the breaking of a rail. Two passenger cars and one sleeper were thrown from the track, and many passengers badly injured.

THE population of the Kingdom of Italy is said to be 24,231,860. Of this number 12,128,824 are men and 12,103,036 women; a very even division. The number of unmarried persons is 14,032,381; of married persons, 8,356,172; of widows and widowers, 1,623,308. That is, a little more than one-third of the Italians are married.

PARIS possesses at this moment a fire-worshiper, Manockjee Cursetjee, of Bombay, and one of the most distinguished men of India. He is a believer in the sacred fire, which has burned for 1,200 years in the temple of Odouman, a member of several scientific societies, and travels over Europe, attracting curiosity as well as respect.

A PAPER MILL is to be erected on the Truckee river, Nevada, at a cost of $300,000. This point has been selected on account of the great quantity of pure water to be found in the Truckee, which, coupled with the facilities afforded by the Central Pacific Railroad, will make it one of the most desirable points in the State for an enterprise of this description.

THE position of Prime Minister of England, now held by Disraeli, is one of great importance. He stands next to the Queen or King in authority, and he is the only minister who holds direct communication with the head of the government. He can cause all the other ministers in the cabinet to resign and retain his own position. He has the right of supervising all the other departments of state.

HIRAM SMITH, an eccentric bachelor at Chester, Mass., is having his sepulchre hewn in a large rock in that town. He pays a man $700 to do the work, and by the stipulation the cave is to be seven feet long, four wide and four deep, and after his coffin is put in, the aperture will be sealed up with a marble slab and cement. Smith says he doesn't want mud to get around his bones; he means to have a good dry place for them.

EVENING schools in New York have been successful the present season. The attendance has been usually large. The fortnightly average has been 2,638 females and 8,933 males, being an increase over the corresponding period of the preceding year of 1,275. The adult population were found to avail themselves largely of the advantages offered, and the attendance at the colored schools had become doubled during the same period.

Two hundred and thirty-nine cases of "mysterious disappearances" have occurred in the city of New York during the past four months. Of these, eighty-nine were adult males, thirty-five adult females, sixty-three boys, and fifty-two girls. Of the boys, the majority are set down as ranging in age from fourteen to nineteen, and the girls from fourteen to eighteen years. The latter, when found, have in almost every instance been discovered in houses of ill-fame.

THERE were throughout the United States in the month of February sixty-two fires involving each a loss of at least $20,000—an average of more than two daily. The total loss was $4,329,000. This is $1,120,000 less than in January. The entire loss for the three winter months was $14,052,000, or $1,031,000 less than last year. The smaller fires would considerably increase the aggregate, and the amount thus absolutely wasted would pay a good slice of the interest on the national debt.

A VENERABLE old lady recently died at Winslow, Me., who had not heard of the late war, because, being so deaf that it was necessary to converse with her by writing, none of the family wished to assume the task of keeping her posted. When two of her grandsons enlisted, she saw them in their uniform, as she had in her childhood seen the soldiers of the first revolution, and inquired what it meant. When told that it "was the fashion, all the young men were wearing them," she replied with animation, "Just as they used to wear when I was a little girl, and I told them they would come in fashion again."

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE.
ROCHESTER, March 17, 1868.

TRADE is rather dull in Rochester, as is usual at this season of the year. The roads are bad in the country, and in consequence of the depth of the winter's snow it will be some days before traveling will be good. But the approach of spring gives encouragement to merchants and business men generally, and all are calculating on a somewhat more active and healthy trade the present season than they had last year.

In local financial affairs there is little change to notice. The banks are well supplied with currency, and the inquiry for discounts is not large. Bank paper during the winter has been met with great promptness, which speaks well for the soundness of the mercantile community.

In New York last week there was a more active call for money than for some weeks previous, and a decided advance in rates of interest. Call loans for most of the week were firm at 7 per cent. The gold market has been rather weak. Sales were made at the New York Board yesterday at 139¾.

WOOL.—The wool market was not as active last week as for two or three weeks previous. Prices are not any lower. The demand is from manufacturers—speculators for the present seem to be out of the market. The Journal of Commerce says:—"The market is not very active this week. There is some inquiry, but the light offering and firm views of holders prevent liberal transactions. The demand is from manufacturers, as speculators are now full. Foreign wool continues to be quiet, but prices are steadily held. The sales are 150,000 lbs. fleeces at 32½@58c., including low Vermont at 32½c.; State and Western at 44@49c.; medium Ohio at 47@50c.; XX Ohio and Pennsylvania at 51@54c., and XX do. at 55@57c.; 300 bales pulled at 40@47c. for super, 42@46c. for extra, 40c. for No. 1; 30,000 lbs. Texas at 24@30c. for common to fine; 65,000 lbs. California at 22c. for burry to 32c. for fine.

WHEAT.—Very unfavorable reports were published two weeks since in Western papers in regard to the condition of the growing wheat. Recent reports are more favorable. The Dayton Journal asserts that the copious and refreshing showers of the past few days have driven the frost out of the ground and given the young plants such a start that success in most locations seems to be assured. The change in the appearance of the wheat fields is the subject of general congratulation. In West Tennessee wheat sown on cotton grounds looks winter killed, but that on new and rough ground is promising.

The local market this week is rather dull. The breaking up of the roads has cut off the customary communication with the country, and business is slack in consequence. The flour and grain markets remain much the same as for two months past, with the exception of barley, the tendency of which is constantly upward. It is supposed by some dealers that the advancing extreme has not yet been reached.

The seed market is less buoyant than was anticipated, and the tendency is rather downward, as will be seen by quotations. There is no large clover seed in the market at present.

The wool market here as well as at the East is quiet, with little doing. The stock on hand at the commencement of winter has been considerably diminished. Within the last three weeks one party here has shipped cast 600,000 lbs. At present there is little if any to go forward from this point. Prices are nominal at quotations.

ROCHESTER, MARCH 16.—Flour, wheat, $13@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,00@1,50; Corn meal, cwt., $2,50@2,75; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,70@2,75; Do white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,65@1,70; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $2,00@2,05; Beans, $2,50@4,50. Pork, mess, $24,50@25,00; Beef, cwt., $7,00@12,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,50; Hams, 15½@16c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Chickens, 18@22c; Turkeys, 22@24c; Butter, 45@48c; Cheese, 12@16c; Lard, 15@16c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 28@30c; Potatoes, 88@94c; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@7,00; Do. large, $8,00@9,00; Peas, $2,00@2,25; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 45@60c; Wool 40@45c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $28@30.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 25@25c. Flour, $5,90@14,75. Wheat, $2,40@3,15. Rye, $1,83@1,85. Barley, $1,85. Corn, $1,19@1,27. Oats, 83½@84c. Hops, 50@60c. Pork, mess, $23,37@23,50; new mess, $24,15@24,30; prime, $20,00@21,00; prime mess, $22,25@23,00. Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,00; new extra mess, $19,00@23,00. Beef Hams, $33@36,50. Shoulders, 10½@11¼c. Hams, 15@15¾c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@12c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 12¾c. Lard, 14¾@16 cts. for new. Butter, 35@60c. Cheese, 12@16½c.

ALBANY, MARCH 14.—Flour, $9.00@15.50; Rye flour, $9,00; Buckwheat flour, $4.25@4.50; Corn meal, $2.55@2.56 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2.90@3.00; Rye, $1.70@1.75; Corn, $1.25@1.26; Barley, $2.15; Oats, 86@88c; Pork, new mess, $26.00; clear, $28.00; boneless, $29.00; Hams, 17c; Shoulders, 16c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 16½@17c. Clover seed, 13½@14c; Timothy, $2,90@3.

BUFFALO, MARCH 14—Flour, $10.25@14.00; Wheat, $2.18@3.10; Corn, $1.09@1.10; Oats, 73@75c; Rye, $1.65; Barley, $2.05@2.15; Peas, $1.30@1.35; Beans, $1.50@5.00; Pork, mess, $24.50@25.00; Lard, 16½@16¾c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17c; Clover seed, medium, $7.75@8.00; Pea-vine do. $10.50@11.00; Timothy, $2.75; Flax, $2.50; Salt, $2.55 fine, coarse $2.60 ℔ bbl;

CHICAGO, MARCH 14—Flour, $10.00@10.50; Wheat, $1.95@2.07. Corn, 82½@91c; Oats, 57½@58; Rye, $1.00@1.03; Barley, $1.90@2.35; Pork, mess, $23.50@23.75; Lard, 15¼@15½c; Shoulders, 10c; Bacon, 11½@18c; Butter, 15@33c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1.50@2.35; clover, $7.30@8.50.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 14—Flour, $11.00@11.25; Wheat, $2.45@2.50; Corn, 84@84c car; Oats, 62@63c; Rye, $1.75@1.80; Barley, $2.25@2.40; Mess pork, $23.50@24; Lard, 15@15cts; Bacon, 11@14¾c; Clover seed, 12¾@13c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2.40@2.50.

TORONTO, MARCH 11—Flour, $7@8.25; Wheat, fall, $1.80@1.80; Spring, $1.60@1.66; Oats, 54@60c; Barley, $1@1.25; Peas, 1,76@1.78; Pork, mess, $18@19.50; Bacon, 7¼@7½c; Hams, 9¼@12cts; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 10@11c; Eggs, 20@20c; Butter, 17@28c; Hops, 200@13c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $12@18; Straw, $11@12.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11—Beeves—Receipts 4,664 head; quotations 10@19c. Veal calves; receipts 693 head; quotations 11@17½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 17,296 head; quotations Sheep 5½@9c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 10,660 head; quotations, 9@10c.

ALBANY, MARCH 12—Beef Cattle sell at 3¼@12cts; Milch Cows, $55@100; Sheep and Lambs, 6½@7¼c; Hogs, 7¾@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, MARCH 12—Beeves range from 10@16cts; Working Oxen, $160@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 5@7½c; extra, 8@8½c; by the head, $2@6,00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7@9c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 60c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, MARCH 14—Beef Cattle, 7@8¾c. Veal Calves, 5@6¾c. Sheep, $3@5,50. Hogs, $7,87½@9,75.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 14—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,00; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Hogs, 7½@10¼c.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 10—Cattle lower; sales at 7@11c. Cows and Calves, $40@95; Sheep, 7@8½c. Hogs, 13½@14c.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 12—Beef Cattle, 5½@10c; Sheep, 5@8c; Hogs, 12½@14c.

TORONTO, MARCH 12.—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@7; Calves, $3@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14.—Market is quiet. Sales are 45,000 lbs. at 42@60c. for Domestic Fleece, 40@49c. for pulled, 55@58c for scoured, 23@28c. for Texas, 20@31c. for California.

BOSTON, MARCH 11—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 45@55c; 52@fic No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@46c; California, 31@51c; Texas, 27½@39c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, MARCH 11—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@44c.; Medium, 37@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 11—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@39c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"SUCH sights of fruit we never beheld before."—*N. Y. Times.*

Kittatinny: Genuine plants, wholesale and retail, for sale by E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

STUMP MACHINE.

THE WILLIS STUMP MACHINE may be seen in operation, at any time, within a short distance of Rochester. Any person wishing the *Best Stump Machine* will do well to call on Mr. WILLIS, or inclose stamp for pamphlet descriptive of Machine. Machines constantly ready for shipping.
W. W. WILLIS, Rochester, N. Y.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.
946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds—James Vick.
Seed Potatoes—G C Dorsey.
Mazzard Cherry Stocks—S P Williams & Co.
Thornless Black Raspberry—D J B Hoyt.
100 Photographs Given Away.
Thoroughbred Animals and Fowls—L B Silver.
Silver Poland Hens' Eggs—W M Lewis.
Farm for Sale—D S Walt.
Golden Wedding—E Ware Sylvester.
Hop Roots—Ira Brainard & Co.
Field and Garden Seeds—Maupay, Hacker & Co.
Apple Trees—James A Root.
Agents Wanted in Every Town—Moore & Annin.
Iona and Delaware Grape Vines—Pierson & Brewster.
17,000 Peach Trees—James Hart.
Read and Tell your Neighbors—Hatch Brothers.
$10 to $20 a Day Guaranteed—W G Wilson.
Your Address Wanted—Sidney Gallaway.
A Custom Mill Wanted.
$500,000 Saved Yearly—W Prosser.
Curl Your Hair—Prof B H Robb.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
The Pioneer Dollar Sale—S C Thompson & Co.
Save Your Hay—Gale & Chapin.
Early Goodrich Potatoes—Ellwanger & Barry.
Invisible Ink—Adams & Co.
Cheese Press Screws—G E Hutchinson.
Rocket Corn Planter—Harper & Partridge.
The Farmers' Favorite—W L Buckingham.
The Early Rose Potato—Geo W Best.
Machinery Oils—Warfield & Co.
First Class Farm for Sale—E W Stewart.
Native Evergreens—James A Root.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Kittatinny Blackberry—E Williams.
Stump Machine—W W Willis.

The News Condenser.

— Receipts of internal revenue last week, $3,534,666.
— Five ladies have clerkships in the Kansas Legislature.
— Queen Victoria has twelve grandchildren.
— Prince Phillipe of Saxe-Coburg is in New York.
— Since 1852 France has borrowed $1,558,000,000.
— Mr. Calhoun's library was recently sold for $250.
— London has thirteen gas companies.
— Chicago is to have a new daily paper.
— Jerusalem has only 22,000 inhabitants.
— The Louisville bridge will cost $1,600,000.
— The Columbia River is now open to navigation.
— Motley has made $100,000 from his histories.
— Greenwood cemetery contains 129,410 bodies.
— Bismarck is the best shot in Germany.
— Wheat looks promising in Michigan.
— J. S. C. Abbott is writing a life of General Grant.
— Weston, the pedestrian, has given up lecturing.
— Disraeli is not an Israelite in religion.
— Light silks will be fashionable this spring.
— Petroleum has been discovered in England.
— A large emigration to Kansas has commenced.
— Daniel Lord, a prominent New York lawyer, is dead.
— Small pox is raging in the Rhode Island state prison.
— Cleveland is making iron for the Pacific Railroad.
— The Billiard World is the latest monthly.
— John Chambers has leased the Fashion Course.
— At Cobourg, Canada, the snow is six feet deep on a level.
— The subject of flax culture is being agitated at Salt Lake.
— Mrs Stowe has 114 orange trees on her Florida plantation.
— Louisville, Ky., is to have a magnificent new opera house.
— California has had the severest winter known for six years.
— Nahant, Mass., has neither minister, lawyer nor doctor.
— Cleveland has a flourishing Homœpathic Medical College.
— It costs £70 sterling per week to keep the Great Eastern.
— George Francis Train was arrested in Dublin lately for debt.
— Tobacco smoking is steadily on the increase in England.
— The past winter has been one of great severity and suffering.
— The Newark steam man was burned in Barnum's Museum.
— Mr. Gladstone has in press a work on Greece and Phœnicia.
— P. T. Barnum is lecturing on Temperance in New York City.
— The water in the Seneca River was never so low as at present.
— In 1839, Chicago railroads earned $27,000; in 1867, $47,000,000.
— Medical Colleges and Academies are closed all over the country.
— A bill to secure international copyright is pending in Congress.
— Gen. Wool was 84 last Saturday, yet he has had but 21 birthdays.
— A copper ax has been found seven feet under ground at Sterling, Ill.
— London is to have an international balloon exhibition in the summer.
— Brazil is trying to borrow in London, without much encouragement.
— Sauk Co., Wis., raises one-third of the whole United States hop crop.
— The cattle disease has almost entirely subsided in East Tennessee.
— A young London nobleman lost £10,000 the other evening, at whist.
— Prof. Faraday tried no less than 16,541 experiments during his lifetime.
— Gen. Sheridan has gone to Fort Leavenworth to resume his command.
— December is hereafter to be known as the Princes' month in Australia.
— Freight for the Abyssinian expedition costs five million sterling annually.
— Thirty thousand letters are distributed in Salt Lake post office every week.
— The underground railway project is growing in the favor of New Yorkers.
— The depth of frost in the ground is greater than it has been for forty years.
— Mrs. Stanton thinks woman's rights make no progress in Massachusetts.
— Garroting is being revived in St. Louis, and will soon be as fashionable as ever.
— There is but one good harbor, Fernandina, on the Atlantic coast of Florida.
— The London Royal Academy of Music has been closed for want of public support.
— Peter Cooper writes more public letters than any other man in the country.
— Grape and wine culture are expected to become a leading interest in Virginia.
— A widow of twenty-two has just married her third husband in Worcester, Mass.
— The foundation stone for the St. Louis Mississippi bridge was laid on the 26th ult.
— The gross receipts of six theaters in New Orleans last year amounted to $422,394.
— A new volcano has been discovered in the moon—inaccessible to tourists at present.
— In 1866 there were 93,907,682 passengers on the New York city avenue horse cars; in 1867, 100,067,294.
— There are twenty-five new railroads in process of construction within eighty miles of New York.
— Simmons' colossal bronze statue of the Union Soldier was unveiled in the park in Lewiston, Me., last week.
— The cold has been so intense in Paris the past winter that many of the most valuable animals in the Garden of Plants have died.
— The famous Antibes Legion, in the Papal service, numbers 1,835 men. The three regiments of Papal Zouaves number 5,842.
— It is questionable whether the Moreno mines are in Colorado or New Mexico, the 37th parallel of latitude never having been run.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "

For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

Reason—Our measure will be considerably wider and circulation much greater (at least twenty thousand) than when the former rates were established. [Dec. 28.

GIVEN AWAY—100 PHOTOGRAPHS FOR Two Red Stamps. Address BOX 601, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEND STAMP FOR 16 PAGES DESCRIPTION of some of the finest imported and thorough-bred animals and **Fowls** in America. L. B. SILVER, Salem, Ohio.

MAZZARD CHERRY STOCKS—30,000 No's. 1 and 2 at $3 and $2 per 1,000.
March 10, 1868. S. P. WILLIAMS & CO., Dansville, N. Y.

HOP ROOTS FOR FIVE DOLLARS PER bu., 16 lbs. ⅌ bu., for sale by IRA BRAINARD & CO., East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

MACHINERY OILS—Best and Cheapest—Circulars and samples FREE. WARFIELD & CO., Wholesale Dealers, 109 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

APPLE TREES.—A FEW THOUSAND LEADING Varieties, extra large and thrifty, having been two years reset from orchard size. Address
JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

GOLDEN WEDDING.—CHEAP PRICES AND CHOICE TREES were married at the Lyons Nurseries, Jan. 1st, 1868. Cards to all who apply.
E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

MILL WANTED—A CUSTOM MILL WITH from two to four run stone, good water privilege and located in Central New York. Address, with particulars, to H. H. A., P. O Box 4,109, New York City. 948 4t

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NATIVE EVERGREENS—THE FOLLOWING varieties 6 to 12 inches high, at $5 per 1,000; Balsam Fir, White Pine, Arbor Vitæ, White Spruce and Hemlock; also Larch. Packing free. JAS. A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN TO sell our popular Engravings. Quick sales and large profits. Send for Circular to MOORE & ANNIN, Publishers, 121 Nassau St., New York. 948-4t

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IONA AND DELAWARE GRAPE VINES—grown from single eyes, on upland, strong roots. No. 1, $15 ⅌ 100, $110 ⅌ 1,000; No. 2, $10 ⅌ 100, $90 ⅌ 1,000. Address PIERSON & BREWSTER, Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES.—PRICE $2.50 per bushel; **$5** per barrel; packed and delivered at Railroad Depot. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
948-2teo Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

YOUR ADDRESS, WITH 75,000 OTHERS, wanted forthwith. Write *plainly*, your name, Post-Office and State. Send red stamp and receive the "best thing out." ☞ Don't wait. ☜ Address
SIDNEY GALLAWAY, Charlotte, Mich.

FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.—To all wishing the best quality of seed and true to name, as grown by us. Apply to MAUPAY, HACKER & CO., Seed Growers and Importers, Philadelphia, Pa.
☞ Our Almanac for 1868 mailed to applicants. 948-8t

CHEESE PRESS SCREWS—FOUR SIZES—Strong and nicely finished. As low as any in market. Manufactured by G. E. HUTCHINSON, Cleveland, Ohio.
☞ Also, GALE'S COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER,—*not to be paid for until tried.* Send for Circular and Price List.

INVISIBLE INK.—FOR SECRET CORRESpondence, Pleasing Illusions and Curious Experiments; the Writing with which will remain invisible until by a simple application every word distinctly appears in Jet Black Letters. Price, 50 cents. Sent post-paid. Address
948-2teo ADAMS & CO., 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

THORNLESS BLACK RASPBERRY—ITS true origin—quality and quantity of fruit. How to cultivate, and all about it—all for *ten cents*. Address Rev. Mr. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y. ☞ Publishers everywhere, *wanting plants*, please copy the above, *one insertion* and send order.
D. J. B. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y.

SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. Address
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SEED POTATOES!
EARLY GOODRICH, DYKEMAN AND HARISON,
TRUE SEED!
Address G. C. DORSEY, Geneva, N. Y.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.—WISCONSIN HOP ROOTS, per thousand, $10. DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK CAP, per dozen, $7.50. ALSIKE CLOVER SEED, in packages of 4 pounds—1 package, $3; 5 packages, $12. We will deliver all the above by Mail or Express, free, on receipt of price. Remit to
948-tf I. W. BRIGGS, P. M., West Macedon, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—A FIRST CLASS FARM of 210 acres, 13 miles from Buffalo, good road, near Lake View Station, State Line RR., fronting on Lake Erie—safe harbor for boats—300 Apple and 300 Pear Trees—first-rate buildings—well adapted to dairying—apparatus for steaming food—large assortment of implements. Will take city property in part payment. Terms easy. Inquire on premises of E. W. STEWART, P. O. North Evens, N. Y.

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. We will assign Machines to responsible parties and employ energetic Agents on a Salary. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 948-6t

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17,000 VERY FINE PEACH TREES—Potatoes, Hedge Plants, &c., Early Goodrich 75cts. peck, $2 bu., $5 bbl.; Harison $1 peck, $1 bu., $10 bbl. Honey Locusts $5 M.; Hawthorn $6 M.; Buckthorn $6 M. 100,000 Asparagus, 1 and 2 years, $3 and $5 ⅌ M. 300,000 Mazzard Cherry stocks $1 to $3 M. 10,000 Doolittle Black-Caps $10 M. Linnæus Rhubarb $5 C. Address
JAMES HART, Auburn, N. Y.

℞ **FEMALE COMPLAINTS** should be cured, as they surely can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

SAVE YOUR HAY.—DO YOU WANT THE Agency for (or for your own use) the finest, easiest operated, most simple and durable **Self-Feeding, Hay, Straw and Stalk Cutter?** Cost at your nearest R. R. Station $12 to $18 for ordinary sizes. Capacity 1 to 5 bushels per minute. Not to be paid for till tried.
Also, **Gale's Vegetable Cutter,** for cutting Turnips, Carrots, &c., fine or coarse, suitable for Cattle or Sheep. Cost $13 to $20. Cuts a bushel in from 1 to 2 minutes. Send for Circular. GALE & CHAPIN,
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

READ AND TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS! Have you interests in Minnesota? Do you want to know all about its wonderful climate, its soil, productions, openings for business,—its summer resorts, &c.? Then send, at once, for the "MINNESOTA COMMERCIAL," a monthly periodical, only 50 cents a year.
Do you wish to advertise? The Commercial circulates 25 to 30,000 each month in Minnesota, besides thousands of copies sent abroad by our citizens. One-half of our space is given to Adv. at 20 cents a line for short, and 15 cents for long Advs. each insertion—space counted as solid Nonpariel, 8 words to the line—making the cheapest Adv. medium in the U. S Address HATCH BROTHERS, Minneapolis, Minn.

NEW STRAWBERRIES.—WE NOW offer for Spring planting, our new Strawberry, NICANOR one of the most hardy, productive and valuable for family use or market, in cultivation. Price $5 ⅌ doz., sent free by mail. Our collection of Strawberries embraces all the American and Foreign sorts worthy of cultivation. Descriptive Catalogues of Fruit and Ornamental Trees sent pre-paid for 10cts. each. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., Established 1840.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL.—THE ADDRESS of a number of persons of either sex wanted, to act as our Agents in every town and village, who desire good and profitable employment. ADAMS & CO., Boston, Mass.

NEW FRUITS.—NEW PLANTS.—SUPERIOR and very desirable; also Trees and Vines, best kinds, at very lowest rates. Send stamp for Catalogue to
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AGENTS WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere—to sell the "LIFE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT," by J. S. C. ABBOTT. New work. "People's Edition." Price suited to the times. Address
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LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE, to sell and distribute the AMERICAN PEN FOUNTAIN. Men, women and even children can secure a Gold Watch, Sewing Machine, or cash, for a few hours' labor. Send red stamp for circular, or ten cents for sample, to HADLEY & PIERCE, 47 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. 946-4t

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$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—STENCIL TOOL SAMples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

PHILIP PHILIPS & CO.,
37 UNION SQUARE, BROADWAY, N. Y.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SMITH'S UNRIVALLED AMERICAN ORGANS,
Also Manufacturers of SUPERIOR PIANOS, and Publishers of SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC. 945-4t

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POTTER'S THREE-HORSE CLEVIS.—THIS great improvement, recently patented, (and illustrated and described in RURAL of March 14,) will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price, $5.
Address E. M. POTTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

EVERY FARMER wants it. Saves half the time in planting. Pays for itself in half a day. Will last years. Light and simple. A child can use it; will not get out of order; used on any hoe handle, taken off in a minute; counts the grains itself; drops them exactly where wanted, in plain sight. Sizes, No. 1, 75 cts.; No. 2, $1; plants 400 to 600 hills without refilling.

TRY IT. Sent by Express on receipt of price. Send for Circular. HARPER & PARTRIDGE, Patentees,
948-2teo 206 Pearl Street, New York.

FARM FOR SALE.—AT REFEREE'S SALE IN PARTITION.—A fertile and picturesque farm of one hundred acres will be sold at auction, at Blood's Station, April 4th, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M., being the farm lately owned and occupied by W. W. Walt, Esq., deceased, and situated in the town of Cohocton, in the valley of the Cohocton river, in Steuben county, N. Y. The premises are about ¼ of a mile from Blood's Station, N. R. R., and same distance from good flowering and saw mills church, school and post office, three good dwelling houses in the farm—and best of repair—one elegant modern built house—the late residence of Mr. Walt—with carriage house, barns, and other outbuildings and yards. All the buildings have been put up within 3 years. About 30 acres of the farm are in high state of cultivation, the residue in woodland, consisting of a fine sugar bush. Land all level and well located to sell in village lots. There is an abundance of good fruit and water on the farm, and is one of the most productive farms in the State. There will be sold at the same time and place, several village lots at Blood's Station and Blood's Corners, and one new block of stores. Refer to D. S. WAIT, North Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y. 948-2t

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THE EARLY ROSE POTATO.

This new and very superior variety is a seedling of the GARNET CHILI. It is TEN DAYS EARLIER THAN THE EARLY GOODRICH, its superior in table quality, produces fewer small tubers, and is equally productive.

☞ Illustrated and Descriptive Circular sent free. Stock limited. GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

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BEST INDUCEMENTS EVER OFFERED!

We make this statement and are able to back it up with facts namely:

That we can and will sell more Goods, and better, for ONE DOLLAR, than any other like concern in the world. The reason is plainly to be seen. With a very large cash capital, we are enabled to keep agents in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, who are prepared at all times to pick up any and all *job lots* of goods offered for CASH.

On receipt of one dollar we will send 10 checks describing 10 different articles, which will be sent for one dollar each.

N. B.—Our agents are not required to pay one dollar for their present, as in other concerns.

Agents wanted in every city, town and hamlet in the United States, to whom we offer the most liberal inducements. Send for Circular. Address S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
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THE FARMERS' FAVORITE!
GREATLY IMPROVED.
Bickford & Huffman's
WORLD RENOWNED PREMIUM
GRAIN DRILL,
With the Improved Guano Attachment & Grass Seed Sower

Patented April 22, 1856; Re-Issued May 18, 1858. Patented Aug. 18, 1858. New Patent March 19, 1867, of the
CONTINUOUS GRAIN DISTRIBUTOR!
The Desideratum of Seeders!
Perfect in Mechanical Construction!
Perfect in its Performance of Work!

Sowing all grains, from the coarsest Marrowfat Peas to the finest kerneled, *with accuracy.* Thistle balls and dirt do not clog it. Seeding an even continuous stream through each tube; performing equally well up hill or down, side hill or level.

No Bunching of Grain!
No Liability to Get Out of Order or Broken!

PRICES
DELIVERED ON BOAT OR CARS AT BALTIMORE.

8 Tube Grain Drill	$85 00
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8 Tube Grain Drill with Guano or Plaster Attachment	125 00
9 do do do do do	130 00
Grass Seed Attachment to either of the above	10 00

TERMS, CASH—Or endorsed Notes, due in four months, with interest. The purchaser pays the freight in all cases.

Built as a plain Grain Drill or with Guanoat or Seed Attachment. For one of these incomparable Machines, address W. L. BUCKINGHAM, General Agent,
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JACKS, JENNETS AND MULES—On hand and for sale at all times, by
J. T. WARDER, Springfield, Ohio.

TUBE WELLS.—W. T. HORNER, Patentee.—The latest and best. Warranted to operate where other patents fail. Township sold for $25; individual right, $5. Address W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE
FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'KEEFE, SON & Co., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N. Y.

FALLEY SEMINARY, FULTON, N. Y.—Spring Term opens March 26th, 1868. Board, Washing, Fuel and Room furnished except sheets, pillow cases and outside bed spread $35,00. Tuition in Common English, $9,00. Send for a Circular or Catalogue. J. P. GRIFFIN.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by
947-13t O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

$5—$10, $20, $30, $40, $50.—Premium Club Lists now ready, choice varieties Grape Vines at wholesale. Prices, post and express paid, from "Hanmore's" celebrated Grape Vine Nurseries, adjoining Charles Downing, Esq., Newburgh, N. Y. Descriptive Wholesale Price and Club Lists sent free. Address 947-4t
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COOK'S—Quarts ⅌ M, $50; Pints do, $40; Half pints do, $30.
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Send for a Circular giving full particulars of prices and style of Basket and Crates. C. W. IDELL,
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BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS! FLOWER SEEDS!!—WE have just received from Europe a large collection of
FRESH FLOWER SEEDS!
which we offer to the trade for the Spring of 1868. Catalogues sent on application. Address FROST & CO.,
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15 TO 30 DAYS EARLIER.—KEYES' EARLY PROLIFIC TOMATO.—HOVEY & CO.—Again offer *genuine* seeds raised by them, of this most valuable Tomato, which has proved from 15 to 30 days earlier than any other kind.

J. S. SEWALL, St. Paul, says:—"It is *one month* earlier than the Tilden." P. HENDERSON, New York, says—"It ripens its general crop *about 15 days earlier* than any other." D. LANDRETH & SON say that "it is a *week earlier*, and that is enough to make it valuable." A writer in the AM. AGRICULTURIST says, each vine produces "10 *lbs. per plant*, and the Tilden only 2½ lbs., that it ripens up its crop *in 4 weeks.*" CHAS. DOWNING, N. Y., says—"It is *at least 10 days earlier* than any other variety." E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y., says—"It is 10 *to* 15 *days ahead* of all others." Judge J. KING, Dubuque, Iowa, says—"It is not only 15 *to* 20 *days earlier*, but better flavored, an acquisition beyond dispute."

Single packets of seeds, 15 cts. The trade supplied by the 100 or 1,000. Address, HOVEY & CO.,
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PHILADELPHIA, AGRICULTURIST, GOLDen Queen, Knox's 400, and other leading and standard varieties of Strawberries. Philadelphia, Clark, Bristol, Doolittle's improved Black-Cap, Davison's Thornless, and Ellsdale Raspberries. Wilson's Early, Kittatinny, and Lawton Blackberries. Price List, with varieties carefully described and directions for planting, furnished on application. SAMUEL C. DE COU, Recklesstown, Burlington Co., N. J. 946-4t

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GET THE BEST EARLY—THE BEST LATE POTATOES
EARLY GOODRICH AND GLEASON!
Are Productive! Hardy!! Free from Rot!!! Choice lots now ready for delivery at $2,00 per bushel, $5,00 per barrel. Orders promptly attended to. Address
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THE FRANKLIN BRICK MACHINE IS guaranteed with eight men and two horses to make 2,500 to 3,500 first-class bricks per hour; and by steam, 4,000 to 7,000 per hour, according to the facilities for removing them. I offer to demonstrate these facts by machines in actual operation. J. H. RENICK,
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OSAGE ORANGE SEED—New Crop by mail or express at $1,50 per pound.
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THE SOLARTYPE HOT-AIR FURNACES and Wood-burning and Coal stoves keep fire the whole season and save their cost in fuel. Send for Circulars and testimonials to the manufacturer,
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SEVERAL IMPROVED FARMS FOR SALE— Both large and small, in the Eden of Illinois. Prices and terms made to suit. Address
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WISCONSIN HOP ROOTS FOR SALE.—For choice roots and full particulars in growing, address R. A. MORLEY, Hop Grower, Baraboo, Sauk Co., Wis.

FENCES.—FARMERS HAVING NEW FENCE to make should send for circular and learn how to build fence for sixty-two cents per rod, more durable and stronger than board or rail costing nearly double that amount, see notice in RURAL, Feb. 15th, 1868. A few tip-top agents wanted; references required. Address, with stamp,
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WATER FILTERS FOR Purifying Lake, Rain and River Water. With this Filter the most impure water is made free from all foreign matter, clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell. J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
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200,000 HOP AND 10,000 THORNLESS RASPBERRY—Wisconsin Hop-Roots and Davison's Thornless Black-Cap, in quantities to suit purchasers and on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere. Prompt answers to inquiries. Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB," West Macedon, N. Y. 942-6teo

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MILLARS' PATENT CHEESE VATS AND HEATERS.—Positively the best in use. Also, Patent Milk Cans, Can Handles and Cheese Screws, all very superior. Send for a Circular. CHAS. MILLAR & SON, Utica, N. Y.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black or brown.* Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

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MARYLAND FARM—129 ACRES ON TURNpike, 19 miles from Baltimore city, well improved, good fruit of all kinds, for $5,000. JOHN GLENN & CO.,
938-tf No. 20 St. Paul St. corner Fayette, Baltimore, Md.

THE SUBSCRIBER NOW OFFERS FOR sale a very fine Imported Leicester Ram. Price, pedigree, &c., can be obtained on application. Address the undersigned. GEORGE MOORE,
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FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, GRAPE VINES, &c., FOR SPRING OF *1868.*—The Largest Stock in the country. For sale in large or small quantities. A descriptive and illustrated priced catalogue of Fruits, and one of Ornamental Trees and Plants, sent pre-paid for 10 cents each. Wholesale Catalogue FREE.
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CABBAGE SEED,
IMPROVED BRUNSWICK.

The Earliest, Shortest Stemmed, and very best Drumhead yet offered. The Boston Market Gardeners all use it in preference to any other, and to show how highly it is esteemed in this market, we will state that it sold readily at $5,00 per ounce the past season, and all were well satisfied that it is the best variety for either early or late planting; every plant produces a good head, when full grown, weighing from 20 to 30 lbs., and requiring only ordinary cultivation. *This variety was first introduced by our Mr. Schlegel,* price, 25 or 50 cents per packet, or $1 per ounce, free by mail. We have also to offer a small quantity of the *Early Boston Market Tomato Seed,* the best variety for market or family use, price 10 cents per package. We offer a large and well selected stock of all the leading varieties of seeds. Send for a Catalogue.
Write your address plain. A. SCHLEGEL & CO.,
912-1teo 10 South Market St., Boston, Mass.
☞ Correspondence in English or German. ☜

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RING THE BELL SOFTLY.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where on all beauty, death's fingers are laid:
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting and never to meet,
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where earth's conflicts enter not in;
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;
Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep—
Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in heaven's bright street;
Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from earth's trials, and taking sweet rest.
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore—
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SWIFT BIRD'S GRAVE.

A LEGEND OF IRONDEQUOIT.

BY HON. H. G. WARNER.

It is well known to all who are familiar with the history of North America, that in the early part of the seventeenth century there existed in this region many numerous and powerful native tribes, who, upon the records of the past make a conspicuous and interesting figure. Next to the Five Nations, as then organized, perhaps none appear more prominent than one existing at the above mentioned period, in the upper part of Lower Canada, called the Adirondaks. Historians and travelers agree that they were a numerous and powerful nation, somewhat refined, and wealthy and warlike. Indeed, we must conclude that, successful as they were in their encounters with the Five Nations, for many years, in a bloody and protracted war with that confederacy, they must have been nearly or quite equal to any of the Northern nations during the struggles that preceded their defeat and final subjugation.

The detail of a savage war of thirty years, some portion of which was carried on in connection with the French on one side and the Dutch on the other, after the settlement by Europeans of the respective districts occupied by these nations, is not here intended. Little more than a single incident will be related.

At the time to which allusion is made, some of the names of places and individuals in Canada had assumed a Gallic form, and in many instances were mere translations into French of what the Indian names signified. That nomenclature prevails, to a great extent, to this day. The natives, even, forsook original designations, and often followed those of foreigners, who were then making rapid inroads upon everything national among them. What was the original name of the Canadian tribe above mentioned is not, perhaps, known, but it seems that "Adirondak" must have been a corrupt French compound of "Hironde" or "Aronde," which might signify a swallow or swift bird; and some other word, not now precisely known, though perhaps "docte"—learned or docile. This compound would have been, to some extent, characteristic of the tribe, or individuals of it, whatever was its origin.

It was not uncommon among the natives of this country, so far as observation on that subject has been made, to find prophets and seers in all the tribes, to whom such a superstitious reverence was paid as to depend upon them altogether for direction and advice in their operations and enterprises, especially when engaged in war. And females frequently bore this character and held this relation to the rest of the tribe, and governed in their councils. These personages were generally of royal or distinguished blood among them. Such was the case in the Adirondak tribe, as will appear by the sequel.

I do not believe in the truth of *all* dreams, or the scenes and visions presented in that mystical and unaccountable state—but sometimes they seem so much like reality that

"They give us pause,"

lead to pleasant and not unfrequently to useful reflections; and at the hazard of being considered a convert to the doctrines of the great Swedish philosopher of the last century, or a believer in the recent theories of communion with the inhabitants of the spirit world, I will relate what recently occurred to me.

I was seated upon the prostrate and decaying trunk of one of those huge forest oaks that but a few years since towered so majestically on the anomalous geological elevation that stretches east from the Genesee River, in modern times called Mount Hope. The sun was sinking behind the far-off forests of the west; the gilded spires of the youthful city—the windows burnished by the reflecting rays of the retiring orb—the winding river gently flowing towards the turbulent abyss where it mingles with the mighty depths of Ontario—the deep blue horizon that bounded my vision on almost every side, and the distant vistas through which I caught an occasional glance at the broad expanse of that magnificent silvery sea,—all conspired to induce a train of thought and reflection upon the scenes and times that history, meager and uncertain, describes. Back, back in thought I traveled to the days when this beautiful valley was an entire wilderness—when the red man of the forest was the lord paramount—when the wild deer made his covert among these hills, and nought was heard hereabouts but the whoop of the savage, the scream of the eagle, the snuff of the forest stag, and the everlasting roar of that splendid cataract, that, dashing into its rocky trough, sends back for aye the notice of its rest.

My bosom heaved with unwonted emotion. A deep sigh involuntarily burst forth, and while my laboring imagination teemed with the forms and beings of centuries gone by, a strange figure stood before me. He seemed a native warrior, who, more than two centuries ago, had here his earthly habitation—now gone to the land of spirits to enjoy the broad fields and pleasant hunting grounds of the good, where the great Manitou forever reigns. He was in form a man, but without the cumbrous load of material substance that constitutes the tenement of mortal spirits while they tabernacle in the flesh. In his left hand was a golden bow, and suspended from his shoulder hung a splendidly embossed quiver well filled with beautiful and shining arrows. His countenance was fair. A placid smile rested upon his visage; his garments seemed as if formed of the soft rays of morning light, and his whole aspect was such as fancy sometimes paints the spirits that dwell in that world where mortal foot has never yet been allowed to enter. With a voice clear and mellifluous, he spake. I listened:

"Far, far back in the years when yon setting sun beheld not in his glorious diurnal course the face of a white man in the wide lands of this mighty hemisphere, the Adirondak race was countless and strong. Long did the nations that then dwelt in these lovely vales live in peace and friendship with that unhappy tribe, whose princes bore the blood that, after years, flowed in my earthly veins. But the spirit of darkness came upon them: the voice of good was turned away from their ears; strife and bloodshed arose, and where the sound of gladness burst forth from the haunts and dwellings of all the tribes, the war-whoop echoed far and near, and the weapons of death were red with the life blood of brethren, who, from the earliest days of man, had drunk from the same peaceful cup, hunted in the same forest, smoked the same calumet, and slept beneath the same robe of fur, protected alike by the good Manitou and the spirits of the departed. Whence arose the evils that thus befel the race, or where now rests the guilt that demands and must be followed by full and perfect expiation, it is not for me to declare, and that is not my errand; but to a spirit, though of earth, anxious to know something of the past, to shed a halo on the scenes now passing in this world, it is not forbidden to afford this gratification.

"Yonder, in the dark, deep waters, near where the tall pines lift their crests of age, now glowing with the yellow sunlight, and whose shadows fall like giant forms on the glassy surface of the placid Bay,* sleep the mortal remains of all that boundmy spirit to mortality for many a year before my departure to a better world. I will tell the tale in all that is permitted me to say, or you to hear from an immortal speaking on earth of things that few but spirits know. When wrong had filled to overflowing the bosoms of those once nearly as pure as the beings who roam in blessedness the sunny fields of perpetual peace,—when the hand of the red man was lifted for death against his brother, and the pale face, then lately come to dwell among us, smiled with fiendish joy to watch the ruin that was ready to burst on all the race,—the good spirit came and dwelt in one whose blood was ennobled by many generations passed to the spirit world. Shall I pronounce her name? We called her the 'Swift Bird.' And when the white men looked upon her, they, with one accord, pronounced her name 'Hironde.' From that time thus she was known through all the tribe. When the vile Iroquois, in numbers like the falling leaves, came upon us in our wigwams and distant homes, Hironde had seen but eighteen years. The hand of the good Manitou had fashioned her with all the grace and loveliness that could accord with time and earth, and breathed into her spirit the power to see and know beyond this mortal vision, the good and ill that they must meet who owned her as a seer. She blessed the infant in his vine hung cradle. Old age received from her the words of joy and hope. The warrior, when he strung his bow of death, invoked her aid to nerve his arm and fill his quiver with unerring shafts. But she foretold what we must meet, and with prophetic voice she warned the mighty hearts who strove, that all must sink beneath the bloody hand of that confederate race, then long our nation's curse. The chiefs laughed her to scorn, and madly rushed to inevitable destruction and to death.

"What matters it to speak of such a being to any one, save some inhabitant of higher worlds and brighter spheres? Our time had come. The voice of the Great Spirit had decreed our doom, and chief or warrior, prince or visional seer, could not avert the fate. This hand, then clothed with mortal flesh—this arm had dealt out death to hundreds of the hated race and sent their howling spirits to the demon world. The tomahawk and scalping-knife had done their bloody work, and old and young, warriors and women, too, had fallen beneath the vengeful blow. Cruelty was sated well, and savage thirst craved nothing more, and human sacrifice, glutted with destruction, slept. Enough—the good spirit forsook the tribe, and like the pestilence that sweeps its thousands down to death, the Iroquois spread havoc round, and scarce the name was left where once amid the nations of the earth the Adirondak flourished in his pride and might.

"A vision of the future had foretold to our Swift Bird what misery would ensue, and like the innocent fawn, she bowed to every ill, and looked with smiles upon the approaching storm that was to sweep in wrath her home, her kindred, all she loved, from earth and time. She bowed, for she was scorned, despised.

"In darkness had my spirit met the sad decree. I would have sung with joy the death song over her lifeless clay, if I could but have known that she had gone to meet the departed shades of her honored name. Her life was spared. The strangers led her to this land of gentle skies and softer climes. They felt the power that innocence and wisdom hold over erring man, and much as the enemies of her tribe desired to leave no vestige of the conquered race, still not a voice was heard that boded ill to her, or hand was raised to do her harm. And ere five moons had filled their silver horns, not one among the foes of those she loved but did her homage with a willing heart.

"She pined in secret for her native vales. She heaved the hopeless sigh for woods and streams where in her youth her footsteps light were seen in daily sport, where she had gathered flowers to deck her glossy hair, and her shrill laugh of joy was echoed far and wide. In vain they sought to soothe her drooping spirit. Deeper was thrust the dart of anguish in that heart, as the rude chiefs of Onondaga bowed in reverence, or the stern Oneida sung her praise in the mad war-song of the gathered tribe.

"But hush! methinks I hear her gentle voice, far in the spirit world, and I must soon away. On yon dark purple hills, that ten leagues hence look down upon the embosomed Canadice, and further towards the rising sun, where hushed in twilight now the Ho-ne-o-ye rests in glossy calm, for months and years I watched each closing night that hid from mortal ken the being of my care. She longed to see once more the desolate and now forsaken land, where for centuries her ancestors had sunk in peace to rest, and waked again to life in brighter fields of joy. The last remaining son of that ancient race, who lived upon the borders of the wide Caderaqui, and along the banks of the mightiest stream that flows from the setting sun into the waters of the deep, I alone was left to watch the chosen bird of that fated, ruined flock. But for that being, I would have bled with my tribe, and laid me down in the glory of that sacrifice that now awaits the spirits of my kindred in the blessed land of their rest. She prayed to sleep upon the soil of her fathers; I sought to rescue her from the toils of her enemies, who now looked upon her as a spirit from another world. To both the Good Manitou answered, Nay.

* * * * * * * *

"When the hoar frosts of October had crisped the maple leaf upon the shores of the Ho-ne-o-ye, and the oak was rustling with the red foliage of autumn, the Swift Bird of the Adirondaks was no more to be found among the hills and vales of the Senecas. I rested not till I sought her among our native hills. I stood at twilight upon the green graves of her sires, and as you now see me. Hironde appeared before me, and with a voice that breathed of brighter worlds and purer life, she said:

"'Seek me no more in the land of the strangers, nor among the once happy homes and resting places of my tribe. I dwell amid the spirits, while in the waters of yonder Bay, whose pine-covered shores stretch from the southern waves of the wide Caderaqui into the land of the Senecas, all that was earthly of me rests darkly, deep and forever. When this morning's sun arose, I sat upon the summit of the highest hill that looks down upon the lake, and gazed upon the gilded surface of that wide water on whose bosom many a happy hour of my life was spent. I prayed once more to the Good Manitou that it might be given me to look again upon the graves of my fathers. I saw in the distance the soft blue outline of my native hills, and seemed to hear the happy welcome of those I loved and left in blood,—when, like the panther in the wild, still wood-haunt, a hated Seneca reared his eel-bound taft above the stinted evergreens, and I, to shun his dreaded grasp, plunged to the deep, and sought, for aye, the spirit world of immortality.'

"That secluded Bay is the sacred resting place of Hironde the Swift Bird of our tribe; hence it was called '*Hironde-ak-wacht*'*—the Swift Bird's grave."

Again the silence I observed during the relation was broken by a sigh. I gazed around, but the spirit chief was seen no more.

* Whence the name "Irondequoit" was derived.

* Irondequoit Bay is situated northeast from Mt. Hope, Rochester, and runs up from Lake Ontario.

A CONSEQUENCE OF THE PEDESTRIAN MANIA.

Mr. Baggs is only hastening to catch the 9.45 train; but is supposed to be walking for a wager: thereby producing a good deal of excitement among the Rural Population of Julia Port.

Mr. Baggs does not understand why Rustic Strangers conjure him to "Go in Lemons!" to "Peg out, Old Jelly-Bag!" &c., and what's more, he don't like it.

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH MARSHAL.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston Nation recently related the following little incident, which amusingly illustrates the peremptoriness of French law, and the inflexibility of red tape:

Marshal Mac-Mahon, Duke of Magenta and Governor of Algeria, is in Paris. He has arrived for the confirmation of his eldest son. An anecdote is told of him which is characteristic of his soldier-like plain simplicity of demeanor. When his last child was born, we are informed, it so happened that nothing was ready for the event. The duchess was travelling through Paris on her way to her *chateau*, when the child was born. An official decree compels all parents to register their children's names, sex, etc., within twenty-four hours of their birth. The babies have to be carried to the *prefecture* for this purpose, and many die in consequence of this official decree.

The Duke of Magenta had neither nurse nor maid in readiness, he therefore wrapped the babe up in a blanket, left the duchess in care of a physician and hotel maids, got into a *fiacre* with the child, and was soon at the *prefecture*. It was early, the clerk who kept the register had not arrived, and the man who had charge refused to open the big book till the clock struck nine.

"I am in a hurry," said the duke. "The child is a boy, write him down and there is an end of it."

"At nine," persisted the clerk, looking at the hands of the clock and continuing to pick his nails.

"So that's the regulation, is it?" asked the duke, shaking the baby in his arms, and tossing it up to keep it warm.

"Yes, sir, a regulation is a rule," continued the clerk, smiling bitterly at the father's tender care, "and you'll want some witnesses, besides."

"Oh," said the duke, "I'll soon get them," and he called in the coach driver.

"That's only one," persisted the clerk. "You must have two."

The duke looked very much as if he wanted to say a very wicked oath, but he did not. "Well, then, in the name of goodness go and fetch me a scavenger, or a pot-house keeper, or any one you can lay hold of," said he to the coachman, who disappeared and came back with a willing baker.

"Now, then, it is nine o'clock," said the Marshal of France, with his usual peremptory way, "and you, young man, have got to register my son, and if you don't be quick at leaving off the paring of those nails of yours I'll settle your affairs in half a second."

The clerk looked contemptuously, but opened the great book, gaping.

"Who are you?" he asked, dipping his pen in the tin inkstand.

"I am Mac-Mahon, marshal of France, conqueror of Magenta, duke, and governor of Algeria." The clerk trembled.

"Now go on," hurried the duke. "My witnesses are this worthy baker and this ready coach driver, who both certify this to be my son," and he pushed the baby forward for inspection, "and he is to be my heir," etc., etc. Here followed about all the child is heir to; "and now, if ever I meet you out of this office again you need not be afraid I shall resent your rudeness, for as you said, a regulation is a rule in all wise administrations, only never pick your nails when you ought to be serving the State." Whereupon he dipped his large hands in his coat pocket, bountifully paid his witnesses, and drove home with his baby as if he had done the simplest bit of business on earth.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 35, 22, 46, 40, 12, 28, 20, 31 is an animal, a native of South America.
My 2, 13, 29, 27, 34, 41, 32 is a river in Africa.
My 13, 6, 13, 23, 32, is one of the principal exports of South America.
My 29, 44, 25, 14, 42 is one of the exports of Uruguay.
My 19, 37, 24, 20, 5, 13, 3, 18 is a town in Spain noted for the manufacture of silks.
My 11, 17, 16, 7, 40, 4 is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 24, 14, 39, 43, 16, 36, 33 is the first commercial city in Italy.
My 26, 8, 28, 42 are produced abundantly in Turkey.
My 10, 21, 21, 9, 4 is manufactured extensively in Russia.
My 5, 1, 15, 45, 30 is found in Turkey.
My whole is a Spanish Proverb. VIOLA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

Three persons buying a piece of land for $4,569, pay in such proportions that the first and second own ⅓ of it, the second and third 3-5 of it, and the first and third 7-10 of it. How much did each pay, and what part does each own? J. L.

Middletown, Ct.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 946.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Do to others as you would have others do to you.

Answer to Problem:—$1204,374+

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

A "rain of terror"—the flood.

Wool growers are supposed to be *wether*-wise.

Tobacco should not be chewed, but eschewed.

"Do you keep accounts, Dick?" "Yes, I *reckon*."

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

When does a man resemble a horse? When he is broke.

Many a fool who has sense enough to get a good wife, lacks the wit to know it.

When is a naturalist like his own face? When he is a countin' ants (countenance.)

Hanging in Montana is styled "climbing the pine limb," and in Nevada, "early rising."

Why is there no future for fowls? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

When is a hen most likely to perform her duties properly? When she is in earnest (in her nest.)

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

A wealthy young widow recently advertised as follows:—*A-gent* wanted. We would say *A-man* to that.

Why are old maids and doubtful propositions alike? Because they are neither of them a parent (apparent) to anybody.

The young ladies of Chicago who wear false calves, excuse the practice by saying they are protected against mad dogs.

The following is probably the worst conundrum ever perpetrated:—Why is a dog's tail like an old man? Because it is in-firm.

The man who "cannot find words enough to express his gratitude," is advised to purchase copies of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries.

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

Since our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how guilty are old bachelors with the world full of pretty girls.

Mrs. Partington says that if she should be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the Bay of Biscuits, for then she would have something to eat.

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. "No, indeed," answered Tibe; "they have got plenty of fire and the bells are now ringing for water."

A writer dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that "he always takes note even of a straw, especially if there happens to be a sherry cobbler at one end of it."

A doctor's wife attempted to move him by her tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium and water."

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A Trial Trip!—In order to introduce the Rural New-Yorker to general notice and support *in every section of the country*, we will send the Thirteen Numbers of this Quarter (Jan. to April,) for ONLY FIFTY CENTS! The numbers thus offered will contain more and better reading, illustrations, etc., than a whole volume of many a monthly which costs from $1 to $3. Try the Trial Trip of the Rural, or send it to distant friends if you are already a subscriber.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the Rural—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

Premium List, Show-Bill, &c.—Our Premiums to Club Agents are more liberal than ever before, but we have not space to give a list of them in the Rural. Premium Lists, Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., are promptly sent, free. Give us your address, and that of any friends disposed to form clubs, that all may see our offers of "Good Pay for Doing Good."

Our Club Rate.—The lowest Club Rate of the Rural is $2.50, and if any agents offer it for less they must pay us that price. *Our* rates are invariable, and none are authorized to depart from them—though of course we cannot prevent agents from doing so, or even giving away the paper.

Back Numbers of this Volume (from Jan. 4) can still be supplied, and they are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on the list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express, to "*collect on delivery*."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TERMS, {$3.00 PER YEAR. Single Copy, Six Cents.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AND NEW YORK CITY.

OFFICES, {82 Buffalo St., Rochester. 41 Park Row, New York.

VOL. XIX. NO. 13.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 949.

Ralph Evans agt BRANT N Y

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

HOP CULTURE.

A HOP fever rages in some portions of the land, and we are inclined to think that it will go hard with many who have a full course of it. Just now the demand for hops causes high prices,—but in the future, and a near one, too, this state of things may be reversed, and hop growers that have sailed into the business on full tide, with fair winds, will be left high and dry by the receding wave. Our advice is to beware of embarking in hop culture so largely that a failure would entail ruinous consequences. Some localities and their attending circumstances, are peculiarly favorable to success in this business; these embrace good soil, cheap poles, plenty and cheap help, and exemption from insects. But for the benefit of those having the fever without hope of cure, we give a synopsis of operations.

In preparing the land for hops, plow deep, say ten inches, early in October. In the spring, harrow thoroughly with a heavy, iron-toothed implement, in the same direction as the land was plowed. This done, manure heavily and evenly by broadcast, and cross-plow as deeply as at the first breaking. Potatoes or corn may be planted, the ground being furrowed out four feet apart each way. Every other hill in every other row should be of hop, as this would place them eight feet apart each way. Four cuttings, from a running hop root, should be put in each hill and covered the same as in planting corn or potatoes. This remoteness of one hill from another is deemed necessary for the purpose of allowing a free circulation of air and to prevent the entangling of the vines of different hills, as this retards the process of removing the poles at picking time. In cultivating the corn or potatoes interspersed among the hops, the latter should not be neglected. Grass and weeds should be kept as clear from the one as from the other. In the fall, after the corn and potatoes are harvested, manure may be applied to the ground, broadcast, and not placed upon the vines, as the practice of some is, as this tends to the production of worms, which destroy the plants or injure them so much as to retard their growth and impair their productiveness. The roots, reaching out in all directions, will find and appropriate the manure more readily than when it is placed in a pile on or around the base of the plants.

After the first crop the hills should be opened in May, every spring, by running four furrows between the rows, turning them inward from the hills and as near to them as practicable without injuring the main roots. Remove the remaining earth with a hoe, and cut the running roots with a sharp knife within two inches of the main ones. This done, cover the hills with earth about two inches deep. When up, and the grass and weeds begin to start, cultivate with the hoe, repeating the operation about three times during the season, the last time when the hops are in bloom, or about the first of August. As the plants commence to appear above ground, the poles should be set, as the vines will be more likely to fasten to them than if left till further advanced, and requiring to be fastened by the hand. Two vines are deemed enough for one pole, and two poles ample for each hill. These should be from fifteen to twenty feet in length, according to the richness of the soil and the probable luxuriance of the hop plants. Select the most thrifty plants, and train them to the poles early, lest they wander away from them and less promising ones usurp their places on the pole. Frequent inspection of the hop-fields is necessary to repair any derangements which may be caused by the winds or other causes.

The work of curing and baling should be learned from an experienced person, as much depends on its being well and properly done. The picking is also an important matter, and the quality of the hops and the consequent price are greatly dependent on this operation. Of these topics we will have more to say at a seasonable period.

PREPARING BONE FERTILIZERS.

"A. B.," Society Hill, S. C., writes:—"Will you please give me your opinion as to the comparatively rude methods sometimes adopted in the country, for preparing bone dust? For example, to pulverize the bones calcined on a wood pile, pound the mass, pass through a sieve, and treat with sulphuric acid. Does not the amount of sulphuric acid lost by the absorption of the ashes, very much destroy the profit of such an operation? If the bones are pounded up as fine as grains of corn, put in a tight vessel with two parts wood ashes and a little quick lime, and kept moist, will any considerable portion of the bones become available to plants in a month or two? If desired to treat the pounded bones direct with diluted sulphuric acid, in what kind of vessel could it be done? and at what cost, if the acid cost ten cents per pound and the bones nothing? All of these points may have been discussed in previous numbers of the RURAL, but a fresh discussion of them by some of your practical experienced contributors, would be read with interest by many of your new subscribers. What can a farmer who undertakes to prepare his bone dust properly pay for bones?"

From our experience in the use of bone manures and from reasoning on the subject, we came to the conclusion long since, that the action of bones in their most perfect application, is only excelled by the best guano. To act as a quick fertilizing agent, it must be applied in a fine comminuted state, either as raw bone dust, or decomposed by alkalies or acids. When applied to the soil in coarse particles its action is slow and lasting.

The incineration in wood fires must be decidedly wrong, as it dissipates all the nitrogenous substances — the fibrine and gelatinous portions and a part of the phosphorus, in which its great value resides. Wood ashes should not be allowed to mix with acids, as it would at once neutralize their effects.

The lime and ashes process is slow but sure, and we suppose in about the time specified, would decompose the bones if kept properly moist without any surplus water. The sulphuric acid when applied must be reduced slowly and carefully with an equal quantity of water. One process is fermentation, the other solution, and may be performed in any tight wood cask or box. Sulphuric acid ought not to cost ten cents per pound, and bones are bought in cities for from a half to one cent per pound.

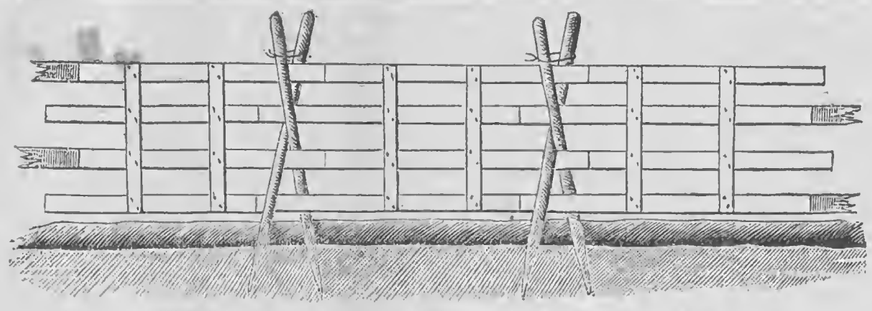
The raw bone dust is a most valuable stimulant and nutriment for the whole class of vegetable growth, and is a perfect specific, when dusted on the young plants of cabbage, turnips and bagas, against that destructive pest the turnip flea. Unlike plaster, it should not be used as a surface dressing, but mixed with the soil to assist decomposition. The raw bone dust is expensive, costing from 60 to 75 dollars per ton, and we have no doubt but that a domestic operation, with a little experience, would result in a valuable addition to the farm manures.

LIME, BONES, ASHES, &c.

AN Erie Co. subscriber asks:—"Will some one tell us, what lime is worth, in comparison with the value of coarse ground bones, on the dairy farms of the south towns of Erie and in Cattaraugus Co.?"

To answer this question with any degree of accuracy, it is necessary to know the elements lacking in the particular soil. If the soil be sour, common lime is better to correct the acidity than bones, but if bone earth is needed then lime will not supply it. Common lime is composed of carbonic acid and lime, and bones are composed of phosphoric acid and lime, and when the bones are perfectly dry each contains about the same quantity of lime. The only difference in the value of the lime, in each, as a manure, is that the lime in the bones has entered first into vegetable and then into animal life, and is therefore more progressed, and has a much larger proportion in a condition to enter into and sustain plant life. But the distinguishing characteristic of the two, and what gives bones their great value, is the phosphoric acid they contain. Unless the food of animals contains a sufficient supply of phosphoric acid, their bones cannot be sustained, the cow cannot give wholesome milk, a robust calf cannot be reared, diseases multiply in the herd, and disappointment and loss will follow the dairyman. On farms long used for dairying, the phosphate of lime (bone earth) is very likely to be deficient, as the cow carries off in her milk alone twelve pounds of phosphate of lime per year, besides what it takes to keep up the waste of her own system; and it would require about twenty-four pounds of raw bone dissolved in sulphuric acid to supply what is consumed per cow. This amount of coarse ground bone would not be sufficient, as it would take many years to dissolve and all become food for plants. Dissolved bones, called superphosphate of lime, are the best, as it does not require more than a twentieth part of the quantity, as of coarse bones, to produce the same immediate effect. Where raw bones can be cheaply obtained, an excellent method of reducing them to fine powder is to boil them in lye. The lye from a bushel of ashes will dissolve fifteen pounds of bone; and the value of the potash will be added to the bones as a manure.

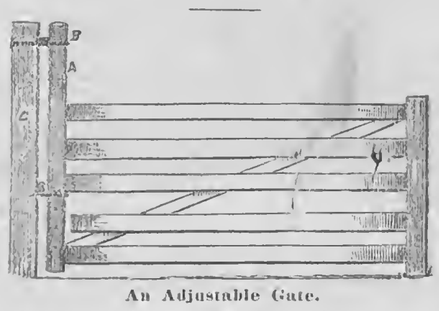
But where bones are not easily obtained, then as a substitute for that article we recommend *unleached wood ashes* for a heavy soil, but for a light soil leached ashes are excellent. Unleached ashes contain from ten to twenty-five per cent. of phosphate of lime, besides potash, soda, magnesia, lime and silica —all most important to sustain the growth of plants. The trees from which ashes are produced contain all the elements that make up animal bodies, and therefore contain all the ingredients of bones. Leached ashes contain less of these, and therefore should be used more liberally. Three hundred pounds, or five bushels, of unleached ashes would amply supply the phosphate of lime consumed by each cow. The salt and lime mixture is also excellent to be used with ashes. This is made by slaking lime with strong brine. Mix one bushel of this salt and lime with two bushels of unleached ashes. The clorin of the salt is a necessary element of milk. One bushel of ashes is more valuable to most soils than three bushels of lime. We do not wish to discourage the use of lime, for it is a very valuable application to cold, heavy soils and those containing much vegetable mold; but we think farmers do not sufficiently appreciate the value of wood ashes. E. W. S.



SECTION OF A MOVABLE FENCE.

THE above design of a movable fence which is simple and capable of being constructed by any farmer, was handed to us by Mr. P. M. ACKERMAN, Monroe Co., N. Y. It is made entirely of inch-boards fastened together with wrought nails, and the panels or sections are held firmly in place by the cross-stakes which brace against the boards immediately above and below their point of crossing. The stakes are also wired near the top and bottom to further add to their stability. The fence is designed to stand on a ridge formed by plowing two furrows together, which adds to its height and tends to prevent stock from approaching closely. Flat stone should be placed, when practicable, underneath the uprights of the panels. The method of lapping the ends of the boards alternately, as shown in the engraving, also strengthens the fence. Apply crude petroleum to the stakes.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.



An Adjustable Gate.

LEONIDAS, Mich., sends us a plan of a swing gate, "which will be found very convenient in times of deep snow, as it can be opened and shut without the process of shoveling which often becomes necessary nearly every time one wishes to pass through. The gate is cheap and easily constructed, being made the same as any common swing gate, excepting the upright piece, A, which should be three, or three and one-half inches square, and six, or six and one-half feet long, and should be made round from the top to the upper slat; also from the bottom to the third slat, the second slat being cut one inch short of the upright, A, so as to allow the upright to pass up and down through the eyes, B, B, which should be made of three-fourths inch round iron and large enough to allow the upright to pass up and down freely. The upper eye should be made so as to fasten with a nut at the back of the post, C, and the lower eye in the form of a staple, with a small block fitted in so as to come between the post and upright. The gate can be raised or lowered at pleasure, and kept at any desired height by means of a small bolt, passing through upright, A, over the lower eye. The gate will swing either way and will be found very convenient in allowing sheep or hogs to pass through, while it will stop cattle or horses, and furthermore costs nothing for a farm right."

Grasshoppers in Texas.

G. A. W., Millican, Texas, writes us as follows, under date of March 1st:—"About the first of November last the grasshoppers made their appearance in this county in large numbers; they deposited their eggs, ate off the vegetation and disappeared. Now, these eggs have hatched, and to-day the surface of the earth is covered with young grasshoppers, from three to five days old; they are innumerable, but I may safely say there is all of one hundred to the square foot of surface. Our young corn is just coming up; all the common garden vegetables are young and tender, and in a few days, not a vestige of them will remain; all will be devoured. We can plant again, but the second crop will share the same fate. I learn that the wheat crop is already destroyed by them. Last fall they ate the grass so close that the owners of large herds of cattle are killing them at the rate of from one to five hundred per day, to secure the hide before the animals starve to death, hence the extraordinary large shipments of hides from Texas during the winter. What are we to do? Can ingenuity devise ways and means to relieve us of this pest?"

Chemistry of a Kernel of Corn.

IN NICHOLSON'S "Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea" occurs this paragraph:—"What a remarkable combination of chemical substances are stored up in a kernel of corn! It may almost be said to be an apothecary's shop in miniature. * * * With a moistened cloth we can rub off, from the kernel, about three and a-half per cent. of woody or strawy material, of not much nutritive value, and then we come to a coating which holds nearly all the iron, potash, soda, lime, phosphoric acid and the rich nitrogenous ingredients. This wrapper is the storehouse upon whose shelves are deposited the mineral and vegetable wealth of the berry. From whence come these chemical agents? They come of course from the soil, and by the mysterious and silent power of vital force, they have been raised, atom by atom, from their low estate, and fitted to perform the high offices of nutrition in the animal organization."

Alsike, or German Clover.

H. C., Cortland Co., N. Y., asks us if the German clover is any better than our common red clover. We reply first, that the true name of this variety is Alsike or Sweedish clover, not German; second, that it is a hardier sort than the common red, its chief value consisting in that and in its being adapted to moist locations where the former will not flourish. It has pale red flowers, a lank stalk, oval, obtuse leaves, which are lighter in color than those of red clover. It will not produce a second crop after mowing, nor will it cover the ground until the second or third year, hence it should be sown with other grasses. It is said that the honey bee can collect its sweets. As a fertilizing or fodder crop it is not superior to red clover where the latter thrives, but it may be grown on soils not adapted to the common kind.

Wintering Bees in Cellars.

P. W. SPERRY, Utica, Ohio, writes:—"I have been in the bee business for twenty years, and lose some hives every winter. Last fall I put three hives in my cellar, according to S. J. PARKER'S plan. The cellar being rather damp, the comb commenced moulding, and on the 6th day of March (it was quite warm) I took them out and placed them on a board. They made a rush for the light, and flew around until they got chilled, and many fell to the ground dead. I would like Mr. PARKER to state, through the RURAL, the time he takes his bees from the cellar. I kept twelve hives out in the open air this winter, packing straw around them for protection. Although a great many chilled and died, there are still enough bees and honey in each hive to ensure success the coming summer."

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.

I ATTENDED the formal inauguration of this institution. Mud three feet deep, clouds dripping, and yet University Hall was crowded with representatives from different sections of the State to celebrate the culmination of the struggle to realize an Agricultural School. There are about seventy students in attendance—bright-faced, wide-awake, rough-and-tumble fellows, willing to work, and evidently of the right kind of material for this experiment which educational hypochondriacs regard so dubious. I need not detail the inauguration ceremonies. They were appropriate and impressive. I simply want to call the attention of your Illinois readers to the fact that this school is now open, and is controlled by a Board of Trustees with a Regent for executive officer, who will neglect no means at command to make it an aid to agriculture and an honor to the State, and its students practical as well as learned men. I will say more of this school and its organization hereafter.

THE WHEAT SOWING

Commenced in sections of Illinois and Iowa some weeks since. The wild geese are flying northward; the ponds and streams are full of ducks; plowing has "been doing" for some days, and the stir of spring-time quickens every department of labor.

I walked out over JONES' field, yesterday, where he was putting in wheat. There was a good hard bottom for the team to travel upon, for the ground was frozen four inches below the surface; but he was scattering wheat on fall plowed land and harrowing it in. Then he sowed on his timothy and clover seed. He always does do this whether he designs the field for pasture or meadow thereafter or not. However it is only clover which he sows if the field is to be plowed the succeeding year.

JONES is a philosopher—a sort of a farmer philosopher. I asked him why he always sowed clover with wheat.

"O, well, it don't do any harm; and I get a fine fall forage from it any way, when I put in the seed in February or March. Sometimes I change my plans and do not plow the field in the fall; if I do the clover and its roots do not hurt the soil much; if I turn it over in the spring for corn, the crop, to plow under the first to the fifteenth of May, is all that need be desired to ferment green and stimulate the germination of the seed. It is a profitable plan any way. I like clover in my soil. Some people do not; but either I am a good deal of an egotist or some people are foolish. I find it a good substitute for weeds."

Do you know JONES? I know several who look and act like him in this matter. And somehow he manages to get just the tallest crops of wheat of any of our farmers.

SUCH A HOP FEVER

As there is out West here, is likely to result favorably to the beer makers but not so favorably to bread consumers. I don't like it—not because I have any conscientious scruples in the matter, for I am not more of a Christian than I ought to be, but with our increasing army of idlers, men engaged in commerce and manufactures, all of whom consume and do not produce food, there ought not to be any serious diversion from food production in this country. We cannot afford it. Our population is constantly increasing. Our railway enterprises are multiplying and employing armies of men in their development who must be fed; our mines and new territories are floating off from fields of production a vast population that must constantly consume, each individual of whom spends from one to three years without producing a particle of food. Food is enormously high compared with other products. It must continue to be so, unless men can be enlisted in soil-culture. And this leads me to say a word to the

THE SHEEP MEN.

I've been among the shepherds. The flocks in the West are doing bravely this winter. And there is a jolly good feeling in favor of keeping a stiff upper lip relative to the tariff and prices. Green ones are selling flocks; sharp ones are keeping the best and adding such as they can buy cheap. There is a furor in favor of cows and associated dairies. It is all well, too, for we can just as well produce our own—and do it at less cost, too—as to pay for transporting it from the central counties of your own State; but we have not got a hoof too many sheep in the West, and there is abundant faith that flocks will pay good dividends yet.

SORGHUM IN MICHIGAN.

There is persistence for you! I went over to see the men who continue to have faith in the profits to result from Sorghum culture. There were assertions of profit made. Sugar was shown by the barrel. Samples of sirup sweetened our lips. There was much talk about processes of culture and manufacture; but the crystalized results of the Convention are that in order to make Sorghum culture profitable, there must be established refineries whereat the crude sirup may be marketed and made into an article of commerce in the shape of refined sugars and sirups.

"Faith without works is dead."

Accordingly a Committee was appointed to report upon the feasibility of organizing a stock company to build a refinery. It was asserted that there were men with faith enough to take the stock. We shall see. I have faith in the sirup, but little in the sugar product of this plant. INCOG.

FACTS IN FARMING.

[M. G. VAN SYCKLE of Ulster township, Bradford Co., Pa., sends the following items for publication in the RURAL, claiming that he has attested the truth of his statements by actual experiment:]

PLASTERING WHEAT.

The greatest benefit of using plaster in connection with wheat, is derived only when it is sown upon the ground immediately before or after the wheat is sown, and then harrowed in with the wheat. I have pursued this method for about five years, and have carefully observed the advantage gained by it. Whenever portions of the same field were left unsown with plaster at the time the wheat was put in, there was a remarkable difference at the time of harvesting. Thus, I answer the query of S. C. L., in the RURAL of February 29th.

A BUNDLE OF HINTS.

Manure should be spread upon plowed land, for crops, invariably when the moon points upward, and upon bottomed meadows when the moon points downward. I have planted potatoes in all ways and at all times, and have found that putting the seed in the ground when the moon points downward, always secures the best crop. Clover seed, also, does best when sown at the time of the moon's downward pointing. The best time for the sowing of peas, is after the full of the moon; and the best time for the planting of corn is when the sun's sign is in the *arms*. To have the best result, in the case of planting for root crops, the seed should be put in the ground when the moon points downward; and I have noticed that fence-posts will hold most surely when set or driven at the time of the moon's downward pointing. [Though we publish our correspondent's opinions, we do not endorse them, nor desire to incite a discussion on "moon farming."]

COMPOST FOR CORN.

A good compost for corn, at the time of planting, may be made of two bushels of hen guano, mixed with two of wood ashes and one of plaster. Use a handful in each hill, and cover along with the corn.

A BUCKWHEAT ITEM.

Buckwheat should be sown always at evening, for the reason that it comes out in bloom at the same time in the day that it is sown, and the effect of the dew on the tender opening bloom is better than that of the sun. M. G. V.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

CUSTOM HOUSE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

On receiving permission from the Secretary of the Treasury for an examination of the Wool Appraisers' departments in the New York and Boston Custom Houses, by a committee appointed by the National Wool Growers' Association, the mode of appointing this committee was immediately submitted to the acting members of the Executive Committee of the Association. They decided unanimously that it should be appointed by the President, with the exception of a single member, whom a large majority of the Executive Committee appointed themselves. This exception was the President of the Association.

We may be excused for making a personal explanation. Under the circumstances, we had determined not to be a member of the Examining Committee. The action of our colleagues in appointing us was purely spontaneous—the question of our serving, or not serving, being unmentioned to any of them. As if anticipating our objections, a number of the older members, besides designating us, specially insisted on our acceptance—several of them going so far as to declare that our refusal or omission to act would produce dissatisfaction among the wool growers of their States. In addition to this, the officers of some of the State Associations informed us that their States could not conveniently be represented by their own citizens in the Examining Committee, and they requested us to represent them. In view of the above facts, we feel that we have no right to allow any considerations of mere personal delicacy to prevent us from obeying the wishes of the old, tried and true friends of the wool growers' cause.

As soon as the mode of appointment was decided, we publicly, through the columns of this paper, invited the wool growers of the country, whether members of the National or State Associations* or not, to send in nominations for the committee—irrespective of the preconceived views of the nominees in regard to the matter to be investigated, and irrespective of the fact whether *they* were members of wool growers' organizations. Every person but one so nominated has been appointed; and in this case, it was omitted only because the State in which the nominee resided was already very fully represented by members expected to act. The individual himself was believed to be entirely suitable for the place.

A very large committee was appointed under the expectation that business engagements and other circumstances—with the great distance of many of the appointees from the fields of labor—would probably prevent the attendance of more than about a fourth of the whole number. The officers of several of the distant State Associations, indeed, proposed, for the purpose of saving unnecessary travel, that the entire committee be selected from a region comparatively near to the Custom Houses, avowing that they and their constituents would feel as much confidence in such a committee as in one in which all the principal wool growing States were represented. But we are entirely opposed to a spirit of centralization in the National Association, or to any action tending towards it, or to its falling into the habit of transacting *important* business affecting all the States alike, through more local committees. All the co-operating State organizations, in a case like the present, are *entitled* to representation; and we think it time enough when their representatives decline or omit to act, to supply their places with local substitutes. The number of committeemen in New York and Ohio has already been increased to fill the places of those declining to serve; and others will be added residing nearer to the Custom Houses, should it become necessary. The following are all the persons thus far appointed by us, without any order of precedence:

Hon. EDWIN HAMMOND	Vermont.
Hon. WILLIAM R. SANFORD	"
Hon. J. W. COLBURN	"
Hon. SIMON BROWN	Massachusetts.
WINTHROP W. CHENERY, Esq.	"
BURDETT LOOMIS, Esq.	Connecticut.
Hon. EMORY B. POTTLE	New York.
Hon. GEORGE GEDDES	"
WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, Esq.	"
LUTHER H. TUCKER, Esq.	"
JOHN D. WING, Esq.	"
Hon. WILLIAM KELLY	"
F. JULIUS LEMOYNE, Esq.	Pennsylvania.
JAMES SLOCUM, Esq.	"
THOMAS SWEENEY, Esq.	West Virginia.
J. H. DAVIS, Esq.	"
Hon. NORTON S. TOWNSHEND	Ohio.
Hon. R. M. MONTGOMERY	"
GEN. S. D. HARRIS	"
Hon. N. L. CHAFFEE	"
J. H. MILLIKEN, Esq.	"
A. M. GARLAND, Esq.	Illinois.
SAMUEL P. BOARDMAN, Esq.	"
J. H. PICKRELL, Esq.	"
IRA STILSON, Esq.	Wisconsin.
IRA S. HASELTINE, Esq.	"
Hon. CHARLES E. STUART	Michigan.
Hon. J. B. GRINNELL	Iowa.
E. G. BEDFORD, Esq.	Kentucky.

The number of the above gentlemen who will act has not yet been definitely ascertained—the acceptance of several depending upon future contingencies. Nor has the time for the meeting of the committee been fixed. A majority of those who have accepted prefer to defer the examination until the weather and traveling become pleasant, and several have made their attendance dependent on such delay. As a difference of a few weeks in the time of meeting can have no effect on the facts or interests involved, the wishes of the majority will be consulted in the matter.

* All members of the State Associations are members of the National Association.

WOOL GROWING IN IOWA.

"J. A. B.," Victor, Iowa Co., Iowa, writes to us:

"Many farmers in this section of Iowa who are engaged in raising sheep, and have for years made it a business, are almost discouraged on account of their flocks having the Hoof Rot, and the impossibility of its being cured. I have made the raising of sheep a business for eight years, during which time my attention has been directed exclusively towards the Spanish or American Merino, and the majority of the time I have had lameness among my sheep, and have tried numerous compounds, *warranted to cure*, but with no permanent success. Having persisted in the effort of curing the Hoof Rot as long as I have without accomplishing the desired end, I am constrained to say that I believe the disease is incurable; that it may be alleviated or allayed for a time, but that it will soon recur with the same violence as at first. Unless some method of cure shall soon be made known to many whose flocks are now afflicted with the disease, the business of raising stock sheep, as well as sheep for wool, will be abandoned. I think there is no State in this Union better adapted for sheep raising than Iowa, with its abundant pasturage, running streams, dew in summer, cheapness of fodder, &c. But persons must bear in mind that with all these advantages in summer, tame grass is needful; so that after the Prairie grass is killed, which is done by the first frost (which was in the first week of October last year,) that the sheep may be turned upon the tame grass, and they will thrive very well until it is covered with snow. Another essential requisite of success is good shedding. It is not sufficient that a shed be enclosed only on three sides for winter quarters, but it should be made comfortable, let the wind come from what direction it may. Such shedding as will answer every purpose may be made with forks, and poles across the top, and *shingled* all over with straw or prairie grass. Much nearer buildings may be had by those whose means will allow of buying lumber at $30 to $35 per M for barn lumber. I am often asked if sheep raising in Iowa will pay—will prove remunerating. Such questions are usually asked by men who are either the individuals who have lost their sheep by the hundreds, or are neighbors to them. Within two miles of my farm, or rather prairie, (as I am as yet only opening a farm,) is a man who, this winter a year ago, began the winter with 125 head. In the spring he had 124 pelts; there remained alive but one! This is rather an exceptional case of carelessness. In the majority of cases such ill success is attributable, not to soil, climate, or anything pertaining to a state of nature, but to simple neglect. Perhaps there has never been a winter when sheep were so utterly neglected and abandoned as this present one. And this is caused by the low price of sheep, and the fear in many men's minds that sheep are not a profitable stock. Sheep of a medium fineness of wool can be bought for one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per head."

We can assure our correspondent that he is wholly mistaken in his belief that hoof-rot is incurable, as we know from our own experience and that of a multitude of other persons. It must be admitted that it is generally eradicated with great difficulty from *large* flocks—for reasons which we have often before stated. In small flocks it is curable with much less difficulty. In a single sheep, which can be kept by itself for a few days, it is often more manageable than a case of "snuffles."

We also entirely disagree with our correspondent that the malady, after being allayed for a time, "will soon recur with the same violence as at first." We have invariably observed the contrary,—and that after being "allayed" or imperfectly cured, from time to time, it becomes much less active and malignant in its type, and *much less contagious*. We have seen it, after lingering a few years in flocks where it was pretty well kept under, but not cured, become so inert that in seasons of ordinary dryness not five sheep in a hundred required "handling." And in a region where hoof-root abounds, many men *prefer* to buy sheep from such flocks rather than from those which have never had the disease, because they are less liable to contract it, and have it far less generally and violently if it again gets among them. We speak of sheep kept on dry, sound lands, and habitually pastured on shortish and sweet herbage. On humid lands, or tall, dank grass—usually wet at the bottom until nearly noonday—the case might be different.

We can perfectly appreciate the meaning of the neglect and abandonment of sheep which our correspondent describes in Iowa. One unfavorable season in the wool market always frightens off some of our weak-kneed brethren, and two produce panic and despair! Yet these men, if they possess the least observation, cannot be unaware that every other important branch of productive industry is liable to equal casualties in yield or price—and to reverses of equal duration. Wool, under a remarkable combination of circumstances, has borne a very low price, as compared with other farm products, for a couple of years. But for the expectation of a protective tariff, and the enactment of that tariff, it would scarcely have sold for any price. And nearly all of it needed by our clothing manufacturers to meet the wants of a doubly glutted market would have been imported from South America. The tariff has saved us from complete temporary shipwreck. What foreign clothing wools have been consumed have been principally old stocks, or those ordered before the passage of the tariff. Scarcely any new orders for such foreign wools have been made.

The immense surplus of woolens is slowly melting away. Wool growing has touched bottom, and commenced ascending. The manufacturers, who have been as depressed as ourselves, are beginning to feel more confidence in the future. This we know to be the case. We are not of those who expect, unless some new and special circumstances should turn up, any *sudden* change. The gain will naturally be as gradual as the disappearance of the impediments. But it has commenced and will continue; and, if Congress will let us alone, will by-and-by flow on at "full bank," and give wool growing a steadiness of prosperity hitherto unknown.

To say nothing of the peculiar and obvious causes which have depressed the wool market—causes which are not likely to occur again to any extent in a lifetime—every man of sense ought to know that there never has been or can be a permanent depression in the price of any great and universal necessary of life, as compared with the price of other staples, in a country where the labor which produces it is protected from cheaper foreign competing labor. Hindering circumstances such as we are now experiencing, or over production (which has never been approached, in United States wool,) may occasion that depression for a time, but it must and always does disappear under the irresistible operation of the laws which regulate demand and supply.

It would be ludicrous, were it not too painful, to see men who have weathered the fury of the storm, now jumping overboard when land and a good haven are looming into view. We rejoice to say that such has not been and is not now the case with the body of *good* farmers who own *prime* sheep. These, as a general thing, have stood their ground stoutly, and will, we have no doubt, stand it, until the prosperity of wool growing is fully re-established.

It is pitiful to see sheep of any description "utterly neglected and abandoned" on account of the low price of wool. To say nothing of the inhumanity and indecency of such treatment towards any domestic animal which is suffered to live, (i. e., until killed by starvation and exposure,) it wastefully destroys just so much property for owners who need it, and throws away just so much of the productive wealth of the country. But so far as wool growing is concerned as a separate interest—and especially so far as anything approaching to its improvement is concerned—it is far better off without any of those shiftless, thriftless lazzaroni, whether they live in Iowa or elsewhere, who suffer their sheep to die from sheer "carelessness" when it becomes a question whether they are, for the time being, "profitable stock." These men are the "army straggiers" of sheep husbandry—never in the ranks until pay-day—never in the front when anything is to be done—immensely afflicted with cathartic maladies on every approach of danger—and ready to desert when they fancy there is the least temporary profit to be made by it.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

Great Scoured Fleece.—Oscar Granger of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., forwards us affidavits of the following facts:—1. His own affidavit that on the 22d Sept., 1865, he purchased a ram teg, which he calls "Idaho," of Edwin Hammond & Son of Middlebury, Vt., with the following certified pedigree (a copy of which is enclosed) that said teg was a thorough bred Infantado got by "Gold Drop," dam by "Sweepstakes," g. dam by "Long Wool;" that the ram was last sheared when two years and two months old; that he was sheared in the usual way in which he shears his sheep; that the fleece was of one year and six days growth when shorn; that on 2d July, 1867, the fleece was delivered to Walter S. Todd; that the ram after shearing was estimated to weigh ninety pounds. 2. Foster O. Granger deposes that he sheared the above named fleece from the ram "Idaho;" that it weighed twenty pounds at the time: that it was the same fleece delivered to Walter S. Todd, and that no other wool was done up in it. 3. Walter S. Todd deposes that about the 2d of July, 1867, he received a fleece of wool of Oscar Granger, and delivered it to L. G. Dodge, Superintendent of the Vernon Knitting Factory, to be cleansed. 4. L. G. Dodge deposes that he cleansed the fleece of wool received of Walter S. Todd, in the usual way that wool is prepared for manufacturing purposes, and that it produced eight and two-sixteenths pounds cleansed wool. The affidavits were made before public officers authorized to administer oaths, and are formally attested.

That no *new* readers of the Rural may suppose that Mr. Granger has done anything *uncalled for* in sending affidavits instead of mere statements of the several witnesses, we take occasion to say that he has pursued the course which we have earnestly recommended in all similar cases of publishing extraordinary products of wool. There are so many unsubstantiated stories of great fleeces, that strangers are entitled to take them at great discount, unless proven in the strongest way the case admits of. We have not time now to turn over our back files, but are under the impression that this weight of scoured wool has never been exceeded in a Merino fleece, if it has been *quite* equaled. And if the estimated weight of carcass was within ten pounds of correct, we remember no instance in which a sheep *of any other breed* has produced a proportionable weight of cleansed wool to weight of carcass. It is unfortunate that the ram "Idaho" was not weighed at shearing, but Mr. Granger writes that it was not done because he had no thought, at the time, of having the fleece cleansed.

Treatise on Sheep Husbandry in Missouri.—Under the title of "The Wool Growers' Manual, a Treatise on Sheep Husbandry in Missouri," a paper originally written by Samuel P. Boardman of Lincoln, Illinois, for the Mo. State Ag. Society's Transactions, has been republished in an octavo pamphlet of thirty-four pages. It is written in the off-hand, vigorous style which characterizes the author; and like all that he writes about Merino sheep (to the treatment of which it is confined,) exhibits thorough knowledge of the subject and sound common sense. We commend it to the Prairie sheep farmers.

To Correspondents.—We have on hand a number of communications—some of them written months since—which it is our intention to publish when our limited space is not occupied by matters demanding more *immediate* attention. The non-appearance of an article is no indication that we consider it valueless or badly expressed. We must be controlled by our amount of room, and by the degree of interest which the topic is *then* attracting.

Prize Sheep.—The San Francisco Bulletin states that at the meeting of the Committee (Nov. 2d) appointed by the State Agricultural Society to award medals, a gold medal was awarded to John Patterson, "on the grounds that his efforts were more decided towards improving the quality of wool, and his flock comprised the largest number of pure blood animals owned by one person in California." We suppose this to be John D. Patterson, formerly of Chantauque Co., N. Y.

Cotswold Wool.—R. G. Benton, Dearborn, Illinois. The sample of Cotswold wool you send is "long enough for combing purposes." Cotswold wool "*is* generally long enough for combing." We never saw a case to the contrary. It "*will* pay to breed these sheep." Good ones, in proper situations, and under proper treatment, are highly profitable.

Tariff on Breeding Animals.—Messrs. Glenn & Brothers, enterprising sheep breeders of Pittsburg, Pa., publish a spirited communication in the National Agriculturist of Pa., urging the abolition of the tariff on sheep and other animals imported for breeding purposes.

Dairy Department.

DAIRYING AT THE WEST.

The Utica Herald of recent date contained a communication from a gentleman residing in Kankakee, Ill., in reference to the manufacture of butter and cheese in the West. The extension of the business in that region for a few years past has been very great, and is now more than equal to the demand of that section. It is claimed that the soil and climate there are quite as favorable to dairying as those of New England and Central New York, while the price of land is, on an average, not more than one-third as great, and the food for stock in about the same proportion. Owing to these considerations, and the ready access to the markets of Chicago, St. Louis and intermediate towns, and also to the high prices of dairy products, it is assumed that the business must be rapidly extended throughout the western country. This is probably all true, but it naturally prompts the inquiry how long this can continue before the business of making cheese and butter will be so overdone as to make it a losing one. Cheese and butter factories are the rage now, as many other novelties have been before them, but it seems clear to us that this one department of Agriculture is attracting more than its proper share of attention. The country can sustain but a given number of these factories, hence to multiply them beyond the demand must be poor policy and result in over-production and loss. Cheese and butter factories are good institutions, but it should not be forgotten that it is possible to erect too many for the good of those on whom the expense falls. It is estimated by Mr. Willard that the American dairying interest already represents a capital of over $600,000,000—a large proportion of which belongs more especially to the factory system.

KEEPING BUTTER.

At the recent meeting of the Dairymens' Association in Illinois, President King remarked that he had been a dealer in butter for thirty years, and considered that May, June and July produced the best, if properly made and put down. Butter containing whey, or lime, or milk, will not keep. It should be made dry, come hard, and be properly cured. Most people salt too high. It should be salted to the palate and it will keep. All in excess of this is injurious. The milk, cream, and the surroundings of the butter room, should all be pure, as foul odors are certain to impart a disagreeable flavor. Mr. K. stated that he knew a man to plant honeysuckles and roses around the place where his butter was made, for the purpose of giving it an agreeable flavor. This was a pleasant conceit, whatever the influence on the dairy-room may have been.

RAISING CALVES.

Some farmers prefer to take the calves from the cows when but a few days old, while others contend that both the cows and calves are the better for a longer association—say from three to four weeks. When calves are separated from their dams, when but a few days old, both pine for the old relation more keenly than when several weeks have elapsed before it is broken. But whether taken from the dam at once or after an association of some weeks, it is important that the calves should have the kindest of treatment, as rough usage is certain to make them wild, hence harder to manage in all after time. It is true that with gentleness to calves comes familiarity, often troublesome to those having charge of them, but the inconvenience should be complacently borne with in consideration of the good results certain to follow when the females become cows and the males oxen. Ill usage, when young, is certain to produce skittishness in after years, troublesome alike to dairying and farming operations. Besides, it often retards development, detracting from the value of the cows as milkers and the oxen as farm operatives. There is much in breed undoubtedly, especially as relates to the dairy, but scarcely less in the treatment which stock receive in the incipient stages of their growth. Whether reserved for breeding, for work or the early shambles, it is a matter of economy to treat stock kindly, that they may be readily approached and handled, and to accomplish this gentleness should characterize our dealings with them from first to last.

ABORTION IN COWS.

At the Annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society, last month, Dr. Dalton, to whom was referred the subject of abortion in cows, made a report in reference to the matter. It is said to be quite interesting but for what reason is not stated. Certain it is that no conclusion has been arrived at as to the cause of abortion, consequently the Report must be of a negative character—an assumption that certain things do not produce it without attempting to settle the question as to what does. But if the bottom of the mystery has not been reached, that of the purse of $4,000, supplied by the State, has, or nearly so, hence another appropriation becomes necessary, as without it the examination cannot proceed. There may be no one to blame in this matter, as the cause sought for may be past finding out, and thus adding another to the list of unexplained abortions.

DROOPING HORNS.

J. F. Conklin, Gates, Monroe Co., N. Y., writes: "I have a fine two-year old heifer, one of whose horns is drooping nearly two inches more than the other. Can any of your numerous readers inform me how to raise it?" Referring the above question to experienced stock growers for answer, it may not be amiss to state that some persons are of the opinion that scraping the horn on the top, near its base, will tend to elevate the other extremity,—while the same operation on the under side will tend to depress it. Some have employed heated irons as a means of giving the horns of cattle such shapes as the fancy of the owner might desire, but this seems a barbarous practice, and may be of doubtful utility in the accomplishment of the purpose aimed at.

Rural Notes and Items.

Our Spring Campaign.—*New Quarter.*—As the great majority of our readers—all of them who are genuine Ruralists—are preparing for or entering upon the active labors of the season (as Farmers, Horticulturists, Gardeners, &c.,) we may be permitted to announce that the Rural's Spring Campaign will be opened next week by the commencement of a New Quarter. After referring those specially interested to News page for particulars, we beg to make a remark or two, suggestively, to the general reader. The first is that, although the success of the Rural has been remarkable since its enlargement on the first of January last, its circulation has not yet reached full One Hundred Thousand, and hence there is still room on its books for more names. Next,—though the paper is very largely appreciated, we think ten thousand might be easily added to its circulation during the Spring were its real friends, and friendly readers, to kindly tell their neighbors and acquaintances what they think of it, and invite them to become subscribers. Again,—as the Spring opens thousands of people really want the Rural for its timely and instructive talk and information on and about the various branches of Farming, Gardening, Stock and Wool Growing, &c., &c.,—and there are hundreds of localities in which clubs may be formed, or more subscribers obtained, if some friend in each will give the matter a little personal attention and influence. Finally,—we bespeak the aid of *that friend* in each place where the Rural is taken. Reader, are you the friend who will do this good thing for your Townspeople, the Rural and Yourself—for we offer what is more substantial than mere thanks?

N. Y. State Agricultural Society.—*Annual Address.*—We have received a pamphlet copy of the address of the retiring President, Marsena R. Patrick, at the annual meeting of the State Ag. Society at Albany, Feb. 12th, 1868. The topics alluded to are: The character of the season—its remarkable drouth, the cause being referred to the destruction of the forests; changes in husbandry; farm laborers; the cottage system; family changes; aversion to manual labor;—is labor honorable?—its influence on the State; changes of market; cultivation of small fruits; pisciculture; dairy and sheep; thorough-bred stock; rinderpest; abortion; flax cotton; trial of implements and tillage at Utica; examination of machines and implements; Fair at Buffalo; change of Society policy, and introduction of the new President elect, Thomas Hall Faile, of New York. The address is very neatly printed and contains much of interest to the farming public.

"Patrons of Husbandry."—These associations, or secret organizations, embracing both sexes, are, according to a paragraph in the National Intelligencer, getting along finely in Washington City, where the "National Grange" is located. The Master of the leading Grange has commissioned a number of men, in different sections of the country, for the purpose of organizing at least one Grange in each county of the several States, and to A. S. Moss, of Fredonia, has been assigned the direction of affairs in this State. When county organizations are effected and got into working order, it is supposed that township ones will follow.

Cheap Paint.—J. A. B., Victor, Iowa, asks for a recipe for a cheap paint, and here it is:—11 pounds of dry lime, sifted fine; 1 gallon of water; 2 gallons of linseed oil, raw or boiled; ¼ pound potash, dissolved in a pint of water, which can be easily done by heating in a kettle. First mix the lime and water like hasty pudding, and then add the oil and potash water. Mix thoroughly, and if the oil and water unite it is ready for use. If they do not, a little more potash water must be added to cut the oil, but no more than necessary for this purpose. Apply with a brush, and though thicker than ordinary oil paint, it will stay in good condition and look well.

Artificial Fertilizers.—The Maryland Commissioner of Agriculture, in a report made to the Legislature, recommends, as a defence or guard against frauds in artificial fertilizers, a Board of Inspection, and also a tax on the commodity offered for sale. Possibly the adoption of these recommendations may have a good or restraining influence on the traffic, but it is doubtful—knavery is hard to restrain without a rope.

Ditching Machine Wanted.—M. C. S., Fairview, Pa., writes that he is ready to begin a thorough system of underdraining, as soon as he can obtain a machine that will do good business in a hard clay subsoil. In our issue of March 9th, 1867, we figured "Heath's Patent Improved Ditching Machine," which is worthy the attention of our correspondent. The soil must be free of stone for it to work well.

Canada Board of Agriculture.—A meeting of this Board was recently held at Toronto, when Hon. D. Christie was re-elected President. Several new County and District Societies were added to the Association. A committee was appointed with reference to the Provincial Exhibition, to be held at Hamilton commencing on the 21st of September next.

A Plea for Trees.—On retiring from the Presidency of the State Agricultural Society, Gen. Patrick took occasion, in his parting address, to deprecate the rapid destruction of American forests. He imputed the severe drouth of last summer mainly to the wholesale removal of forest trees, and predicted that unless a change was made in that direction, sterility will soon be the characteristic of much of our farming lands. In his opinion the hills and mountains should not be stripped of their woody garniture, but be left to modify the atmosphere and increase the amount of water supplied to the earth. For the purpose of securing a reform in this respect, he would invoke the aid of the the law-making power in its behalf. We have no doubt as to the influence of forests on climate, but we fear that the rapid extension of railroads, and the consequent increasing demand for fuel, will prove too strong to be overcome. If people would plant as well as cut down, the evil would be much mitigated. Will they do it?

The Bean as a Fertilizer.—In an essay read before the Madison Co. (Ill.) Farmers' Club, on a recent occasion, by L. D. Morse, the bean as a fertilizer was warmly commended as next in value if not the equal of clover for green manuring. "It has an advantage over clover in being grown more quickly, and in the *amount* of fertilizing material is second to no grain crop. The bean draws largely from the air, and may be sown broadcast or planted in drills, and in from sixty to ninety days a compact mass, for plowing under, will be produced, forming an excellent preparation for a spring crop." If sown early they will answer as a preparation for fall sown wheat.

Too Many Letters.—H. E. Pease, Vt., writes:—"I am receiving letters every day for 'Norway oats,' saying they saw a piece in the Rural New-Yorker about how many were raised from thirteen quarts on one-half acre of land, &c., &c. They inquire how I done it, &c., &c., and so many letters of such a nature I cannot answer for want of time. Can you very briefly say to your readers that the thirteen quarts were sown broadcast for a test on the one-half acre, same as other grain, and no pains taken. They did not lodge, and weighed 38 pounds to the bushel, which, reduced to standard measure, would give a yield of nearly 50 bushels."

The "Early Rose" Potato.—As will be seen by reference to an advertisement given elsewhere, seed of this new and desirable seedling potato can only be procured of Mr. Geo. W. Best of Utica, who proposes to distribute his entire stock among purchasers of the choice grape vines he offers for sale. We intend to give an illustration and description of the "Early Rose" in a week or two.

Pork Packing in the West.—The pork packing season at the several principal points in the West is now over with the exception of occasional small lots. Chicago packed 801,299; Cincinnati, 356,831; St. Louis, 226,218; Louisville, 140,980; Milwaukee, 155,000; Keokuk, 104,914. The number slaughtered is supposed to be some 300,000 less than that of last year.

Extracting the Oil of Tansy.—A correspondent writes:—"I would ask through the pages of your valuable paper the process of stilling the oil of tansy. We raise peppermint in this section, but the process used in extracting the oil from the mint herb will not answer. Will some one of your numerous readers please give the required information?"

The Rocket Corn Planter.—We have received from the patentees, and carefully examined, samples of this simple contrivance for planting corn, beans, etc., in hills. It may be quickly attached to a hoe, and its use insures accuracy in dropping the seed, and a rapid execution of work. It is advertised in the Rural.

Cure for Hog Cholera.—To one peck of corn, saturated with water, put one ounce of spirits of turpentine, half an ounce pulverized saltpetre, and one pound of unslaked lime, all stirred minutely together. This will answer for twenty hogs. A proportionate quantity for a less or greater number.

Hop Roots.—Those who have inquired of us about hop roots, and all others wishing to procure them, are referred to the advertisement of I. W. Briggs in this paper. We are assured that Mr. B. has a large quantity of genuine roots, grown in the best hop region of Wisconsin.

What Ails the Pigs.—"Badger," from Wis., writes: "What ails the pigs? I have a pile of sand that they are eating. I look upon it as a bad sign, but what lack it indicates I do not know. They have but little appetite and are not doing well. What is the remedy?"

Good Advice.—The American Farmer, Baltimore, counsels the farmer to apportion the ground for cultivation to the labor he may be able to command,—making the most of his means, tasking himself well, and working up to the mark set as a guide to his action.

Famous Horses.—We are indebted to the Turf, Field and Farm for spirited engravings of the following noted horses:—Grey Eagle, Wagner, Fashion, Hedgeford and Boston. The T. F. and F. is a live paper, and daily gaining in the estimation of the public.

A Chain-Shot Egg.—Mr. J. F. Conklin of Gates, N. Y., has laid on our table a curiosity in the egg line. It consists of two *soft shells* connected by a ligature—a chain-shot or Siamese affair—a singularity even among the freaks of the "biddy" family.

A Sheep Show and Shearing is to be held by the Union Wool Growers' Association of Ontario and Livingston at Honeoye Village, Ont. Co., on the 6th of May next. We are informed the prospect is good for a large show and attendance.

Sows Eating Pigs.—A friend informs us that sows may be cured of their pig-eating propensity by giving them a good sized piece of salt fat pork. One piece is usually enough, though two may be sometimes required.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

Milk not rich in butter properties is said to be the best for calves.

The Utica Herald presents a summary of farm profits per acre as follows:—Dairy, $9.53; wheat, $18.25; corn, $18.50; oats, $15.50; potatoes, $19.00.

Spring is a good time to remove the accumulations under stable floors. If not disturbed for two or three years a rich deposite will be found there.

On the farm of David Gage, ten miles west of Chicago, are 300 horses and horse kind, besides those doing the farm work; also 150 head of horned cattle.

According to the last census report, there were in the United States 3,219,495 persons engaged in Agricultural pursuits—or one farmer to every ten persons.

When stables and manure heaps give forth an offensive odor, more absorbents are required, such as peat, rotten leaves, a sprinkling of plaster, or all combined.

The Galveston News states that a man near that place bought, five years ago, $900 worth of sheep. He is now worth $30,000—all derived from this investment.

The season is at hand for the planting out of trees of various descriptions. All who have land should plant some each year to replace the annual consumption.

Oak trees attain nearly their full size in 200 years. They may live 500 years longer, but grow very little. They have exhausted the soil on which they grow.

If you want a horse-radish bed, select a small strip in the garden moist and rich. Make cuttings of roots two or three inches long, and drop them into holes nine inches deep, and cover.

The amount of cheese consumed annually in Great Britain is 309,000,000 pounds. In the United States, 160,000,000. The cheese product of these two countries is 394,000,000 pounds.

Mr. Riley, in his late work on mules, advances the opinion that, as a general thing, these animals are put to hard work when too young. Give them more age, and they will pay better.

The editor of the Germantown Telegraph thinks there is no remedy for *roup* in fowls. A separation of the diseased from the healthy fowls is important to prevent the disease from spreading.

Peas and Beans, when consumed on a farm, will furnish a manure rich in ammonia, an element which is the delight of all cereals. Peas give the soil an admirable preparation for winter wheat.

HORTICULTURAL.

QUERIES ABOUT PEARS.

EDS. RURAL:—Will you do me the favor to answer the following questions;

1st. Will dwarf pears generally form pear roots if set deep, and what proportion will be likely to do so?

2d. What kinds of dwarf pears will uniformly do this, or what kinds will most generally do so?

3d. If the dwarfs throw out pear roots it becomes a standard,—but what effect does the pear roots have on the fruit if the quince roots are vigorous?

4th. Do the quince roots die?

5th. What kind of pears would you plant in this locality for market? Yours, &c., W. S. L.

Fostoria, Ohio.

ANSWERS.

1st. It is not every variety of pear that, when propagated on the quince and planted so as to have the pear below ground, will throw out roots from the pear. Only such varieties as grow vigorously and appear to assimilate with the quince for years, will make pear roots when planted deep—as, for instance, Duchess D'Angouleme, Beurre D'Anjou, Urbaniste, &c. Again there are some varieties, as Louise Bon de Jersey, that, although doing well and producing freely when worked on quince stocks, yet our memory fails to recall an instance where the tree had left the quince and established itself on its own roots.

2d. The answer to the second question is embodied in the first.

3d. The only effect we have ever discovered from the tree forming pear roots is only to give more vigor to the tree. The whole improvement, as it is termed, of the quince root acting upon the pear, is simply the bringing the tree to maturity, and once it has reached that point, even by a forced process, it will rarely return. The Vicar of Winkfield is a good exemplification of this,—for when the variety is worked upon the pear it takes many years ere it comes to produce a high-colored and juicy fruit; but when the tree upon the pear does arrive at maturity, the fruit is just as good as when grown on quince roots. All the benefit of quince roots, therefore, is to induce an early and false maturity, and thus present us the fruit in its perfect condition at four to five years from planting, instead of ten to twenty. The Louise Bon de Jersey is another example of this kind, while such varieties as Bartlett, Frederick of Wirtemberg, &c., which have an inherent disposition to early maturity, are in no way benefited by being worked on the quince roots.

4th. So soon as the tree has well become established upon its pear roots the quince roots die.

5th. The Beurre D'Anjou, Doyenne Boussock, Merriam, Duchess D'Angouleme are profitable sorts on quince, and the Bartlett and Beurre Bosc on pear. We might name others,—but it is most profitable for market sales to grow only a few sorts. As we write this, a good pomologist at our elbow says add Lawrence, and then he says why the first three named are among "my very best on pear roots." Well, all right, as we have said, there is no trouble in naming kinds; it is, however, difficult to decide on a few.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA.—No. III.

THE ORANGE AND ITS CONGENERS.

THE Sweet Orange is the only kind known in the Northern States; what kinds are produced in Florida I do not know. Jamaica produces the sweet and the sour, or Seville Orange, the Forbidden Fruit, the Lemon, the Lime, the Sweet Lemon, the Sweet Lime, the Shaddock and the Citron. The sweet orange tree attains the height and size of our apple; of these there is great variety in the fruit as to sweetness and flavor, many being only fit for hogs, but the best are very fine and large, and are to be had at all times. In the towns they are sold—in the country very seldom. We thought nothing of picking a peck or more to eat at our second breakfast, or noon meal. The trees grow from the seeds scattered among the honeycomb limestone rocks and ask no attention.

The Seville Orange tree is not so large as the Sweet. The fruit is extensively fed to hogs, and used for cleaning floors every morning. The juice with rum and sago makes what the planters call shrub. Large quantities of the peel are used in England, boiled in sirup and dried like Citron. This peel is much thicker than the Sweet Orange, and of a darker color.

The Forbidden Fruit is larger than the Orange, with very light yellow skin; fruit lighter color than the Orange, not sweet, and thought little of. The Lime is a small tree very like a Quince. The fruit is like a Lemon, but much smaller, and is generally preferred to the Lemon. The tree is a profuse bearer, plenty always to be had in almost any seaside pasture. The Sweet Lime is the fruit of a very similar tree, more the shape of a flat apple; not much used for any purpose. The Lemon is more of a bush like the Seringa or Barberry, and likes the high, cool mountains. It is very little used, the Lime taking its place. The Sweet Lemon is a fine tree, though not so large as the Orange. The fruit in shape is like a fine Pear, the color being that of a Lemon, with a rough surface. It is a pleasant fruit to eat and would be thought much of if Oranges were not to be had. The Shaddock is the largest fruit of the whole, pear-shaped, smooth, yellow skin, often as large as a two-quart measure. When the peel is removed the fruit is exactly like the Orange, but of a beautiful purple color, rather acid and bitter, but a most grateful fruit in a hot climate. It is rather scarce. The Citron grows much like the Lemon, the large, heavy fruit bending the light stems down and laying on the grass. Used only for a preserve boiled in sugar and dried. T. B. P.

Akron, Summit Co., Ohio, 1868.

THE APHIS, OR BARK LOUSE.—The best means to extirpate them according to Dr. FITCH, are those recommended by Mr. KIMBALL of Kenosha. He boils leaf tobacco in strong lye till it is reduced to an impalpable pulp, and mixes with it soft soap, which has been made cold, to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint, the object being to obtain a preparation that will not be entirely washed from the tree by the first rains. The application must be thorough to the body, limbs and twigs or wherever a louse is detected. This should be done with a paint brush before the buds start in the spring, and if the painting is faithfully performed the death of the lice will be assured. It requires time and patience, but both are well rewarded by the beneficial effect the application has upon the trees, killing the lice and imparting increased vitality to the trees.

EVERGREENS FROM CUTTINGS.—The temperature should be from 55 deg. to 70 deg. The kinds in the order below named will strike the easiest. Heath-leaved Arbor Vitæ, Heath-leaved Cypress, Junipers, Golden Arbor Vitæ, American Arbor Vitæ, Yews, Cupressus Lawsoniana, Thujopsis borealis—then Spruces and Pines are very bad. Larches we have never known root.

THE TRIMBLE GRAPE.

THE new hot-house grape named and illustrated (in reduced size) above, was brought out by Miss HETTIE B. TRIMBLE of West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., and is described as producing clusters weighing from two to four pounds each, with large berries, round and somewhat flat at the base, color resembling the Delaware, but deepening when very ripe into purple; flesh solid, sweet, with few seeds. The wood is of light color, and it is a vigorous grower. The owner obtained it four years ago along with a lot of the best hot-house grapes, and its appearance indicating that it is a new variety, it was named in honor of the grower by PASCHALL MORRIS of Philadelphia.

PRUNING GRAFTED TREES—GRAFTING.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late issue of your paper trimming off all of the remaining limbs that were left after grafting the year previous is recommended, provided that the grafts have taken well. This I think bad advice, and would be very likely to cause such a growth of the new grafts that many of them would blow out. Not more than one-half of the limbs that are left after grafting, should be removed the first year, and the remainder not until the third year; but all water sprouts must be taken out every year.

The best grafting wax that I have ever used is made after this formula: ¾ of a pound of resin, ½ pound beeswax, and ¼ pound of tallow, melted together and poured into a pail of cold water, and as soon as cooled sufficient grease the hands a little, take out your wax and work it until it is thoroughly incorporated, when it will appear very much like molasses candy, only lighter colored if your materials have been of good quality. It will then be fit for use any day that is suitable for grafting, without heating, only as the sun shines upon it.

I perceive, also, that another of your correspondents recommends and practices shoulder grafting—that is, cuts a square at right angles on both sides of his scion before setting, which I think unnecessary, and is more liable to break off, because it is not so strong at the point of intersection.

Make your graft as true a wedge as possible, only mind and not have the inside of the scion thicker than the outside, when you place the wedge in the cleft already made to receive it, which must be made by having a fine saw to cut off the limb for a stock, and a good strong knife to split it, with a nice wedge to open the cleft; then set your graft a little obliquely in the cleft and it will be pretty sure to live, if you cover the stock well with wax, so as to exclude the air. A. G. PERCEY.

PROTECTION FROM VINE BUGS.

FOR years past the bugs have destroyed thousands on thousands of dollars worth of cucumber, squash, melon and pumpkin vines, and have had things largely their own way. At last a remedy has been discovered that every test has proved effectual. A prominent and leading agriculturist of a neighboring State, in whose integrity I have unlimited confidence, in giving me the secret, states that for several years past he has applied the test to all his different vines, in the garden and in the field, with the same result. In the field where his pumpkins were planted, the rows of vines to which he applied the remedy were unmolested and gave a bountiful yield, while the rows adjoining were utterly ruined. His neighbor, too, last year tried eight rows in the center of his corn field, at his suggestion, and they were not injured and brought forth abundantly, while on each side the vines were all destroyed.

This great, yet simple, remedy is to prepare the hill by hollowing it out, then put in a pint or so of hen manure, cover it with earth, and thereon plant your seed. The explanation seems to be that the fumes of its decomposition, while they do not destroy the plant, add to its vigor and growth, and at the same time so impregnate the vine as to make it entirely unpalatable for the bugs.

If you would cease these *pests* to board,
And have your larders richly stored
With Hubbard squash and pumpkin pies,
Go thou, my friend, *and do likewise.*

Syracuse, N. Y. S. N. HOLMES.

A SELECTION OF APPLES.

LOOKING over the various authors lately and comparing them, as well as my own knowledge of the comparative varieties of apples, out of near two thousand named sorts, I am able to count up as ranking in quality "*best*," according to pomological rules, only the following, viz.:—Garden Royal, Early Joe, American Summer Pearmain, Melon, Esopus Spitzenberg, American Golden Russet, Newtown Pippin, Newtown Spitzenberg and Mother.

Of those ranking "very good to best"—the following, viz.:—White Pippin, Wagener, Westfield Seeknofurther, Swaar, Summer Rose, Red Canada, Primate Porter, Pomme Gris, Peck's Pleasant, Northern Spy, Yellow Newtown Pippin, Monmouth Pippin, Mangum, Hunt's Russet, King of Tompkins County, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Higby's Sweet, Ladies' Sweet, Haskell's Sweet, Fall Wine, Grimes' Golden Pippin, Geneva Pippin, Fall Pippin, Ellsworth, Early Harvest, Dyer, Cogswell, Canada Reinette, Buckingham and Winesap.

Of those which might be ranked as good to very good, and prove profitable as market orchard sorts, there are nearly seventy varieties—and all the balance can lay claim only to the simple term "good," and ought to be utterly abandoned by all sensible orchardists. Nurserymen, let us feel thankful, are now taking a right course in this matter by yearly reducing their lists in cultivation. ADDI.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Double Glazing Forcing Houses.—W. C. STRONG writes to the American Journal of Horticulture: "I have a greenhouse, now twelve years old, a lean-to, on a hill-side, which is a hundred feet long and thirty-six feet wide, or about three times as wide as ordinary houses. This house I have carried through the winter, at a good growing heat, with less than six tons of coal. The house is well protected and lies low; but there is the broad exposure of thirty-six hundred square feet of glass to the cold of twenty degrees below zero. The secret of the success is in double-glazing. The roof is fixed, glazed with fifteen-inch-wide glass. The sash-bars run the entire width of the house, and are three inches deep. A groove is plowed on each side of the sash-bars, a quarter of an inch from the bottom side. The second surface of glass is simply slipped into these grooves and butted together, leaving an air-space between the upper and lower glass of about two and a half inches. Can any plan be simpler or cheaper? There is absolutely no extra wood-work. The cost of plowing the grooves and of slipping in the glass is scarcely worth estimating. It may be said that the item of a second entire surface of glass is a great consideration. Yes; but it will be exceeded in amount, the second year, by the saving in coal, without placing any estimate upon the ease and success of management. Some one may object that a second surface of glass may too much obstruct the sunlight during the short days of winter. To which I reply, that, whenever the sun does shine, I consider the slightly mitigating effect of the double glass a decided advantage to a house facing south. If the inner glass become dusty, it is a slight work to slip it out, and wash it. If the outer glass feels the heat less sensibly, and therefore clears itself of snow less readily, the trifling extra work in removing the snow is scarcely worth mentioning as an objection. I know of no other drawback to double-glazing."

Deterioration of Fruit Localities.—The Gardeners' Monthly contends that the cracking of the pear is owing to a parasitic fungus, and does not necessarily imply disease in the tree; and not only does it cause cracking of the pear, but disease of the leaf also, and it ravages other fruits—being one of the worst enemies of the apple. "The spores of these deleterious fungi, with very little doubt, are drawn into the sap, through the roots, and germinate when they come to the surface of the leaf or fruit. Disturbing their operations, therefore, by moving away impregnated soil, and replacing by fresh, must be an advantage. The experiments of Dr. HULL, at Alton, Ill., conclusively show a benefit of this kind in stopping various forms of fungoid disease, the greater part of which, no doubt, originates in the same way. It always takes time for the parasitic fungi to establish themselves. Hence, when a man starts fruit-growing in a new district, it is *always successful.* Fungi, however, gradually increase, and, in time, the new place becomes no better than the old. A man starts on a hill, ignorant or forgetting that other hills have fruit troubles; and, because he succeeds for a few years, the hill has all the credit. Or he starts near a lake, and 'large bodies of water' are glorified. But, in time, the fungi get a foothold, and then the failure is pronounced 'unaccountable.'"

Canker Worms.—J. B., in the Wisconsin Farmer, gives his method of doing up the canker worms in his orchard. He examines his trees, and when he finds a little knot of leaves adhering to the branches or bodies of them, suspects the existence of the worm there and proceeds to ascertain if such is the case. Apparently, he says, they are nothing but last year's cobwebs or caterpillars' nests, with leaves and other rubbish entangled,—but examination will reveal one or more canker worms, alive and well, encased in a rough-looking coat that resembles decayed bark. Sometimes a single sheath will be found hanging alone,—but the worm is there nevertheless. When numbers are together, they draw the leaves about them in the form of a tube and about the size of a small straw and open at one end. In these coverings they remain till the season for action arrives, and it is while thus hibernating that they can be readily destroyed by hand-picking and burning. On small or low crowned trees, this can be done with considerable facility,—but on large ones the aid of a ladder will be indispensable. Its may prove a tiresome and slow process,—but there will be this consolation attending the execution of it—death to the worms and life to the fruit as a consequence.

How to Grow Potatoes Early.—Prepare a set of shallow boxes, 2½ to 3 inches deep; select for seed all that have good strong eyes at the blossom or seed end, and cut off each eye with a bit of the potato attached. The blossom eyes are No. 1, the middle eyes No. 2, the base eyes No. 3, which are to be kept separate. No. 1 will start and ripen first. Cover the bottom of the box with compost or sand, set the eyes so that they will touch each other, then fill with sand or compost. If common soil is used, the sets will be apt to stick together and make a hard mass, while with sand they will easily separate. Keep in a warm place and wet with warm water. From two to three weeks will bring them into a condition for planting, which, in this vicinity, should be about April 1. A few days before planting water should be withheld for the purpose of easily separating the roots. Careful and repeated shaking is required to separate them. If any are too forward at planting and there is danger of frost, they may be laid down and covered with earth. They are to set a foot apart. For early kinds the Goodrich is best; for late, the Harison.

Peaches at the West.—At a recent meeting of the Alton Horticultural Society, Dr. HULL remarked that he had noticed that peaches with the reniform gland, such as Bergen's Yellow, Barnard's Yellow, Columbia Smock, and Lagrange, have been unusually fine during the past season, which has been a remarkably dry one; while those with globose glands, with the exception of Old Mixon, have suffered. The large Early York and many others, rotted badly.

The Apple Tree Borer.—WM. DAY, Morristown, N. J., tells how to kill the apple borer, through the New York Observer. The process is as follows:—Dig out thoroughly and destroy every worm that can be found with a pocket or jack-knife, chisel and knitting needle; then, in the earliest possible time in the spring, inclose the trunk of the tree with two thicknesses of hardware paper, dipped in whale oil, soap or gas tar, partially dried, 12 or 15 inches wide, from the roots up, and loosely tied top and bottom with bass matting. This will require about twenty minutes to a tree, and will last one season.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

CABBAGE IN A BAG.—Cabbage cut up and boiled in a bag like a pudding is superior to that prepared in the customary way. It is tenderer and of better flavor.

TO BOIL CABBAGE.—It is said by one who professes to know that the best way to cook cabbage is to cut it up and boil it in a bag. It is more palatable and tender.

AN EXCELLENT TEA CAKE.—One egg beaten in a quart of water until it foams; stir in sufficient flour to make a muffin batter; a little salt; and bake in muffin rings or roll pan. You will find it an excellent tea cake.

GRIDDLE GREASING.—It is stated that a griddle may be prepared for baking cakes without the use of grease. Cut a turnip in two parts and pass one over the warm griddle. It answers the purpose of grease, without its disagreeable smell.

CHOCOLATE MOSS.—Beat the whites of eggs with powdered sugar, flavored with rose or vanilla, to a stiff foam; make water chocolate, very thick, and when cold beat it up with the eggs and sugar. Use the white of one egg and one stick of chocolate for each person.

CHOOSING MEAT.—In purchasing meat by the quarter or in less quantities select such pieces as have the smallest, thinnest and flattest bones, covered by fine-grained flesh with fat intermixed in thin streaks or layers with the lean. Such pieces will be found tender, juicy and most profitable.

GOOD MOLASSES POUND CAKE.—One cup of butter, one of brown sugar, one of molasses, three eggs, one tablespoon of ginger, two tablespoons of cinnamon, a cup of cream, one teaspoon of soda, two of cream of tartar, and flour enough to make batter about like pound-cake. Bake in a loaf.

EVERTON TAFFIE.—Put into a preserving pan or kettle three ounces of very fresh butter; as soon as it is just melted add a pound of brown sugar. When half done add the grated rind of a lemon; keep it stirred gently on a very clear fire for fifteen minutes, or until if you drop it on a plate it will break quickly.

WASHING PRINTS.—To a sufficient quantity of hot water for washing a dress, add a tablespoonful of beef's gall. Let the dress remain in this a few minutes, then cool enough to wash out like other prints. Rinse immediately in cold water and dry as quickly as possible in the open air. If there are spots to be removed, apply soap when dry.

LEMON FRITTERS.—Mix with six ounces of very fine bread crumbs four of beef suet minced as small as possible, four ounces of sugar, tablespoonful of flour, four eggs lightly beaten, and the grated rind of one or two lemons with half or the whole of the juice; before this is stirred in add two spoonfuls of milk or cream and fry the mixture in small fritters five or six minutes.

PRESERVING EGGS.—A fresh egg fills the shell and will not make a noise when shaken. In a short time a portion of the albumen will escape by transpiration—a partial vacuum will be created, and the value of the egg diminished rapidly thereafter till it becomes rotten. If the air could be wholly excluded from the meat of the egg it would remain in an eatable state for years. The best ordinary preservative is to place the eggs in lime, apex downward, and fill the crock or tub with water. In this way they will keep quite well for months.

CELERY SAUCE.—Strip the outer parts of the stem, and after carefully washing the remaining portion, cut it into small pieces; put to it a blade of mace, without any other spice, and stew it in a good veal broth until tender; it will take a good deal of time, more particularly the thick hard end of the root. After this thicken it with melted butter, and flavor it with a small quantity of white wine; or it may be thickened with boiled cream without the wine. It is usually served with boiled turkey, but it is very delicate with any kind of white poultry or veal.

TO ROAST A PIG.—When well dressed and washed, prepare a stuffing of chopped bread, seasoned well with pepper, salt, sage, and butter, soaked enough to make it soft. Fill the body, and sew it up with strong thread. Flour it well all over, and when the oven is well heated through, put it on dripping pans that will catch all the gravy. Let it stand in two or three hours, according to the size of the pig. Let it be well crisped, and of course handsomely brown. When you take it from the oven, mash two spoonfuls of flour, with butter enough to mix well, and dip on the dripping a little at a time at first until melted, then pour it on, stirring it until thickened, season it well with salt, and add to it the brains bruised fine, and then send it to the table. The head must be cut off, and laid upon the platter.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"EARLY ROSE"
POTATOES.

PERFECTION ATTAINED AT LAST.

GEO. W. BEST,
UTICA, N. Y.,

HAS ALL THE STOCK WHICH WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE TILL FALL OF 1868. The

"Early Rose" is a Seedling

of the "Garnet Chili," originated in 1861 by Albert Brezee, Esq., an intelligent farmer, and the whole stock was sold by him to D. S. Heffron, Esq., (of Utica, N. Y.,) the well-known disseminator of the "Goodrich Seedlings."

In a letter to Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Son of New York, Mr. H. says of the "Early Rose:"

It has uniformly ripened *ten days earlier than the "Early Goodrich,"* produces less small tubers, is equally healthy and productive as that justly celebrated variety, and its superior in table quality. *It is the best early potato that I have ever grown or seen,* all things considered. Skin thin, tough, of a dull blush color, flesh white, solid and brittle, boils through quickly, very mealy.

Dr. John P. Gray, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, says:

Last Spring (1867) I received from D. S. Heffron a quantity of his new Vermont Seedling Potato, called the Early Rose. It was planted the last of May, in alternate rows with the Early Goodrich, in the same kind of soil and treated exactly alike. It came up rank, grew more rapidly than the Early Goodrich, and flowered full two weeks before that variety. It began to ripen its large, thrifty-growing leaves twelve days in advance of the other, and was fully ripe and fit for digging at least ten days before the Early Goodrich. We carefully measured four rows of each kind across the piece, and found the yield quite equal to the Early Goodrich; in health it was also its equal, while it excels the other in table quality. I consider it the best very early sort with which I am acquainted. JOHN P. GRAY.

(Dr. Gray has none of the stock for sale, having only raised a few for Mr. Heffron.)

CARD FROM D. S. HEFFRON, ESQ.

To whom it may concern:

Having recently sold nearly my entire stock of the "Early Rose Potato" to John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover, they have sent me an order to deliver a portion of them to Geo. W. Best of Utica, N. Y. D. S. HEFFRON.

Geo. W. Best has purchased of Messrs. John L. and Stacy P. Converse of Monmouth Co., New Jersey, a part of their stock of "Early Rose Potatoes" *at the enormous price of eighty dollars ($80) per bushel,* and proposes to send them out, in pound packages, as premiums to those purchasing Grape Vines of him. The following will convince the public that $80 per bushel is the actual price paid:

City and County of New York:

John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover of Monmouth Co., New Jersey, being duly sworn, depose and say that on this 21st day of February, 1868, they sold to Geo. W. Best a part of their stock of "Early Rose Potatoes" at the cash price of $80 per bushel. JOHN L. CONOVER,
STACY P. CONOVER.

Sworn before me this 21st day of February, 1868.
A. WILLIAMS GLEASON, Notary Public.

I have a very large stock of

CHOICE NATIVE GRAPE VINES,

Consisting of the most desirable varieties, among which are

Adirondac, Allen's Hybrid, Concord, Creveling, Delaware, Diana, Union Village, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Iona, Isabella, &c., &c.

Which I intend to send out in connection with the "Early Rose."

TERMS:

FOR $5, (invariably to be sent with order) I will send *Ten Choice Grape Vines* from the above list (reserving the right of selection for myself, but will endeavor to suit purchasers as far as possible,) and *One Pound of Early Rose Potatoes;* all to be securely packed, and sent by mail, postage pre-paid.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLANTING.

By cutting into single eyes, and planting but one eye in a hill, one bushel may be readily raised from a pound, and will be worth next fall, at the *very lowest calculation, double the price of both vines and potatoes.*

Not more than 5 packages sent to one address.

No "Early Rose" for sale in quantity at *any price,* and only in connection with the Vines.

No order accepted unless accompanied by the Cash.

Orders will be booked in order as received, and potatoes and vines shipped as early in the spring as the weather will permit. *Order early,* as the stock is limited. Address

GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

FRESH AND GENUINE SEEDS.
BRIDGEMAN'S
ANNUAL PRICED CATALOGUE
OF
Vegetable, Garden,
AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS;
ALSO, HIS
NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
OF
FLOWER SEEDS,
including novelties for 1868, are now ready, and mailed free to all applicants.
ALFRED BRIDGEMAN, 876 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN STRAWBERRY,
DR. NICAISE.

The largest berry known; weighing over 1¾ ounces and measuring over 6¾ inches in circumference.

We fruited the above the past season and think it fully comes up to its European reputation for size and quality.

Price per Plant, per Dozen $9.

We have some in pots if desired. Catalogue, with colored plate of the fruit, and description of it mailed to every person who orders plants. Address
FROST & CO.,
949-2t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

HOVEY & CO.,
GROWERS AND IMPORTERS,
AND DEALERS IN SEEDS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Our new SPRING CATALOGUE and ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE GARDEN for 1868, containing 132 pages and descriptions of more than 2,500 species and varieties of GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, NOVELTIES, &c., the most extensive ever published in the country, is now ready, and will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents, about half the cost. Address
949-2t HOVEY & CO., 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

The cheapest and best Berry Box ever offered in the market. HALLOCK AND COLBY PATENTS. Neat, strong, compact and well-ventilated—goes together without tacks. Circulars sent free. Agents wanted. Address H. N. PECK & CO.

KEECH'S NEW STRAWBERRIES—GENS. Grant, Meade, Sherman and Sheridan; tested 3 years and pronounced best among 19 varieties, embracing most of the popular berries of the day. Fine strong plants, 20 for $1; 100 for $3; 1,000 for $20. Agriculturist, 50 cts. ₩ doz; $1 ₩ 100; $5 ₩ M. Grape Vines very cheap. Waterproof paper, 16 sheets for $2, 100 for $10. J. KEECH, Waterloo, N. Y.

VERBENAS!!!—A MAGNIFICENT healthy stock, very large assortment, at low prices per 1,000 to the trade.

ROSES.

Marshal Niel, Madame Charles Wood and other fine Roses, wholesale and retail. F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, Ill.

100,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS FOR Sale at low rates, viz.:—Wilson, Russell, Hooker's Seed, Buffalo Seed, Brooklyn Scarlet, Monitor, Col. Ellsworth and Bartlett, at 75 cts. ₩ 100, $3 ₩ 1,000. Address
949-2t M. N. WILSON, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS.—FOR SALE, AT Wholesale and Retail, a large quantity of LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS. For particulars inquire of or address
949-6t WARREN J. BUELL, Hamilton, N. Y.

500 PEACH TREES—VERY FINE—NO Yellows—Largely E. Crawford and E. Hale for sale cheap. E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

A CORRESPONDENT WANTED IN EVERY town in the U. S. If you wish to secure a good business without investing a capital, Enclose stamp and address
WM. BURR & CO., 21 Ann St., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If Fortune with a smiling face
  Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But should she frown with face of care,
  And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their faults,
  And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen and forgive?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But, if stern Justice urge rebuke,
  And warmth from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
  Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But if our debtor fail our hope
  And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If Love, estranged, should once again
  Her gentle smile display,
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But, if she would indulge regret,
  Or dwell with by-gone sorrow,
When shall we weep, if weep we must?
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
  The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,
  To-day, my love, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
  And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon if they appear
  To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

THE OTHER SIDE.

We had occasion, recently, to sympathize with a fair correspondent who was in tribulation because she liked flowers, and her husband liked sheep, and pigs, and calves. In consequence of this diversity of taste her flower beds had annually suffered despoliation, and she was well-nigh discouraged. The approach of Spring called up sad visions of rose-bushes ruined, shrubs ditto, tulips wrecked, etc., etc. Very naturally we pitied her. It seems, however, that our sympathetic expressions were not subscribed to by all our lady friends, as the following letter will explain:

Dear Mr. Editor:—I have thought for some time I would write you,—not because I claim any literary excellence, but I thought I could give a few hints on household management, and cause some of your lady readers who are farmers' wives to become more contented and useful. Polly's letter and your remarks in Rural of Feb. 22d, have brought me to the point, and I venture to give you a few thoughts, whether you print them or not. You need neither take off your spectacles, nor your pen from behind your ear, as I wish you to look well into this matter and *write* a little more pleasantly than at the bottom of Polly's letter.

Now, kind sir, I think you were rather hard on the man who could not see the profit in flowers, and Polly very bitter toward the sheep and pigs. You know we are endowed with different tastes. These animals are my pets, and contribute greatly to my comfort. When first we commenced farming it was very distasteful, and I tried to persuade my husband to sell out; but now the pigs and sheep, and the dear little lambs, occupy so much of my attention and interest that I am becoming quite happy. I go to the door and call out "Willy, Willy," and away runs the little creature, leaving its dam, and climbing into my lap for his warm milk. I could not possibly call it a "wretch," much less "pour molted lead in its ears." The thought of such a thing makes me shudder. I love to hear their bleating, and if they wake me with it in the night, under my window, I am not the least cross, but can call them by name with delight. My children all love them, too, and their sport with them compensates for many privations.

As for flowers, I like those, also, and we have abundance in the meadow, in the proper season, and my little girl gathers them by armfuls. But if I am to have but one of the two, give me the animals,—for I find both pleasure and *profit* in them. Were I to dig, and rake, and pull weeds in a flower garden until I was gray-headed, it would not yield me five dollars. The same attention to my sheep, pigs, and chicks, will bring us many a dollar, and consequently many a comfort after the flowers are dead and forgotten. My husband has Polly's notion,—he wants a flower garden. But I argue it is far better to set out *strawberries* in the plot designed for flowers. They bear a nice flower, and all the prettier for the prospect of the delicious and profitable fruit.

Now, good Mr. Editor, you no doubt think me very worldly,—but I feel bound, by duty, to study the interests, present and prospective, of my family.

Yours truly, Mary.

Here, then, is the other side in the matter of Pleasure vs. Profit—Beauty vs. Gain. "Mary" wishes us to "write a little more pleasantly than at the bottom of 'Polly's' letter." Does she really think we were too severe upon "Polly's" husband? If we were, we beg his pardon. "Polly's" letter had moved our heart so deeply that we couldn't help speaking to the point.

There is nothing truer than that tastes will differ. We would by no means condemn a taste for the practical and useful. Such a taste cannot be too highly commended. It is only when this would utterly override the æsthetical—the beautiful—that we enter our protest. As we said to the sheep-loving husband,—sheep and calves are good—in the field. But allow us to add—sheep and calves, *only these and nothing more*, are too much of a good thing. Putting strawberries in the flower bed is combining the useful with the beautiful, truly; and so far so good. Is it wisest, though, to let the useful wholly exclude the beautiful? We think not. Such a practice in the end operates unfavorably. It may tend to the accumulation of money, but it will narrow down the nature, and most surely injure it. A love for the beautiful, not dwarfed, but allowed full development, is worth to the possessor more than can be counted in dollars and cents.

We are all "bound, by duty, to study the interests" of our families. But do we not sometimes err in judging what their best interests are? Is it not a question whether bending every energy to the acquisition of wealth is laboring for their best interest? We fancy—it may be only a fancy—that to give a child a love for flowers and other beauties of nature is as well for him as to give him money. We believe that the children of that mother who plants flowers, and has a fondness for cultivating them, will make better men and women than those of her who is so practical that she entirely ignores the ornamental. A taste for the practical alone may make a life successful, in the world's estimation; but it does not sweeten and enrich that life. It does not broaden and deepen its best impulses; it never will cause it to reach out after something truer, and better, and nobler.

There, we trust our friend is satisfied. We have written as pleasantly as is possible for us to do; should like to say much more, but haven't time. We only hope she will put a few flowers, at least, with the strawberries, and will let her husband cultivate them, if she don't care to. It will pay.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

It is a question that burdens the mass of womankind so much. Curls and cosmetics are all in requisition to enhance the beauty of "the human face divine,"—but what is the result? Youth's roses only flee the faster,—old age will creep on apace; rouge *cannot* hide its wrinkles, nor can it make any face beautiful. I am a decided believer in the old adage, "Handsome is that handsome does." No face has true beauty in it that does not mirror the deeds of a noble soul. Not a thought, word or deed but that leaves its autograph written on the human countenance; and I care not whether kind Nature has given her child an ugly face or a handsome one, if the heart that beats underneath all is warm and loving. And if the soul that looks out from the eyes be true and pure, that face will be beautiful always, for it has found the true fountain of youth, and though time may fold the hair in silver and furrow the brow, yet there will ever be a beauty lighting it up that years cannot dim, for the heart and soul never grow old nor die.

Grace G. Slough.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

James Brooks, senior editor of the New York Express, writing to that journal from the Holy Land, says:

"Upon my return to Bethlehem, I rode by the tomb of Rachel—a small building, with a whitened dome, and having within it a high, oblong monument, built of brick and stuccoed over. This spot is wild and solitary, and not a tree spreads its shadow where rests the beautiful mother of Israel. Christian, Jew and Moslem, all agree this is just the spot where Rachel was buried, and all unite in honoring it. The Turks are anxious that their ashes may rest near here, and hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs all around the tomb of Rachel. The sweet domestic virtues of the wife have won their love and admiration, as has the tomb of Absalom, near the brook of Kedron, their detestation; upon the latter they throw a stone to mark their horror of the disobedient son, while around the former they wish, when they die, their bodies may be interred. Nor is this wonderful. The wife, worth fourteen years of service as a shepherd, must have been a wife worth having.

"The whole life of Rachel is, indeed, one of the most touching in Biblical history. The sweet shepherdess has left her mark upon the memory of man, as well as her tomb. The tribute to her is the tribute to a good wife; and infidel, Jew and Christian, all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth—the Zenobias and Cleopatras—have died, been buried, and their very place of burial been forgotten; but to this day stands over the grave of Rachel, not the pillar Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place, around which pilgrims from every land and sun gather in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother in Israel."

"NO REASONABLE OFFER REFUSED."

In the show windows of one of our shops there was posted, not many years since, this placard: "No reasonable offer refused." It chanced that a pretty maiden was a clerk in the establishment. A youth, just in the tender peach-bloom period, being somewhat enamored of the fair lady, noticed the placard as he passed by, and at once rushed into the store, when the following conversation ensued: Youth to the fair—"I noticed your placard in the window and thought I'd come in." "Yes," said the lady, "glad to see you; let me sell you some goods." "Well," said the youth, "I would like to buy some dry goods, but I want a pretty little face in 'em. I thought as you refused no *reasonable* offer, I would take the best dress pattern you have, and also yourself." "Very well," said the fair clerk, "I must stick to the text. It's a trade. Pay for the dress and I'll throw myself into it in the bargain." There was soon after a wedding, and the sign, "No reasonable offer refused," became quite popular among the lady clerks of the city.—*Exchange.*

OUR SPICE BOX.

Why is a blush like a little girl? Because it becomes a woman.

If "Beauty draws us by a single hair," who can withstand a modern waterfall?

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is first to be thanked, next he who is first to utter it.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

If you wish for care, perplexity, and misery, be selfish in all things; this is the short road to trouble.

What is the difference between a barber and a mother? One has razors to shave, and the other shavers to raise.

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle sooner than a northeast gale.

"Poor little fellow, aren't you cold?" said a pretty young lady to a newsboy of whom she had just made a purchase. "Yes ma'am before you smiled," was the gallant response.

The love of goodness only becomes real by doing good. The mere admiration of duty, without an effort for its accomplishment, will but resolve itself into cant or unmeaning phrases.

Said a crazy woman of a penurious, stingy man, "Do you see that man? You could blow his soul through a humming bird's quill into a mosquito's eye, and the mosquito wouldn't wink."

A boarding-house keeper in Buffalo, who died a few years ago, left a very handsome legacy to one of her boarders, whose only claim to her favor was that he never found fault at her table. He was a very patient man, and deserved his reward.

SWEET WIFE.

The world goes up, and the world goes down
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
  Sweet wife,
  No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart that at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
  Sweet wife,
  To its work in the morning gay.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WINTER SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. R. C. WOODFORD.

Did you ever watch the sunshine,
  Sparkling in the frosty air,
Shining through the clouds of winter,
  Flinging jewels everywhere?
Did you never think it dearer
  Than the summer sunshine bright,
Coming thus, while earth lies sleeping,
  Shrouded in a wintry night?

There 'tis straying through the forest,
  Lighting aisles so dim and old;
Robing them in wondrous beauty,
  In a glory all untold;
Hanging in each arching alcove
  Where stern Winter's feet have trod,
Pictures, found alone in nature,
  Penciled by the hand of God;

Sparkling on the frozen streamlet,
  Touching it with fairy hand;
Stooping low to kiss the wavelet
  Fettered with an icy band;
Whispering of the "Good time coming,"
  When again they will be free,
Free to join the laughing river
  In its frolic to the sea.

And it smiles with gentle meaning—
  Not alone on station high,
But upon the poor and erring
  Others pass so coldly by:
Luring them to holy yearnings
  For the long-forgotten way,
Guiding bruised and bleeding spirits,
  From earth's night to heaven's day.

And it has a loving mission
  For the "meek disciple" too;
Leaning on his Saviour's bosom
  He will often find it true
That his soul is,—like the ocean—
  Rudely tossed 'till storms are o'er,
And the waves with gentle murmur
  Break upon the homeward shore.

Then how radiant seems the sunshine;
  Chastened, true, but yet how bright;
Filling all his soul with wonder,
  Flooding it with heavenly light:
Yes! for love the clouds hath riven,
  Letting in the sun so clear
That, unto his raptured vision,
  Heaven seemeth very near.

How the children hail the sunshine,
  Vainly grasp and bid it stay:
And the aged love to feel it
  Mingling with their locks of gray,
As they stand upon the ferry
  Waiting for the ebbing tide,
For it tells of brighter sunshine
  Just upon the other side.

Pompey, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BY-WAYS.

BY C. A. CHURCH.

Nature has unnumbered paths, winding among her various works, which the untiring Naturalist, in all his wanderings, has never trodden and never will. Her workings are a mystery, and reached only by windings as mysterious. A walk through her great thoroughfares convinces man of the agency of an Infinite Being; but could he wander through her hidden labyrinths, into the very secrets of her works, he would be humbled into the insignificent creature that he is. Every day some person finds one of these unknown paths, and reveals some of her mysteries; but they are as numerous as they were in the beginning.

And many and curious are the by-ways of *human* nature. Only in our imagination can we tread them, and then our steps are swift and our views unreliable. Some of these paths lead through the most beautiful and fantastic "scenery" of our beings, while others wander dark and gloomy back into our soul's deepest hidden wickednesses. Could we stroll at leisure along the meanderings through the natures of some forms—forms who stand before the world as representatives of just men—what relics of hate and revenge, selfishness and uncharity, wickedness and inhumanity would we bring forth! How many bloody fields would we pass over! How many hard-fought battles would we witness of victories gained and victories lost: grim victors shaking death over innocent victims—stealthy murderers springing upon unguarded sleepers—Falsehood singing sweet and luring songs to lingering Truth—Intemperance standing in the shadow of destruction, beckoning Sorrow and Despair. There in some dark, further corner of the heart, dungeon-bound, would we behold a coiled and sleeping monster waiting for the grating of the rusty lock; or, we would hear the deep, low curses of maddened giants straining at their fetters, which, alas! are too often broken, and the whole man destroyed. These unseen Destroyers, once loosed, are not easily refettered. Their struggles and pleadings are unending, and their pictures of pleasure and happiness almost unearthly. In the day-time and the night they are ever telling us, in the language of fancy, of joy and ease in the lands where they reign kings!

Humanity, generally, shows the brightest side of the picture, and adds more or less false coloring at that. Few men sell for more than their value, and fewer yet for just what they are worth. Many men of real value have fallen in the scales, in and by their too swift flight from common life to wealth and distinction. Few men can live *good* great men. But should we again resume our journey, and that through course, untilled natures, how often would we find ourselves among vineyards and orchards which, with cultivation, would become redolent with the choicest fruit. So we should not condemn nor idolize the *whole* man by viewing a part. Some of our faults are born with us,—they are hereditary, and it is not in our power to shake them off. If the most perfect among us could see himself, mirrored, standing in the midst of all his errors, he would fall down in despair. I hold it a great blessing that we cannot see ourselves as others see us, Burns to the contrary notwithstanding. Had he seen all the defects in himself that others saw, he would not have prayed for "the gift to." Should we attempt to break down and overrule all our errors at once, we would be but one brave, rash soldier against an army. We must watch and strike them down one by one as they venture within our sight.

Our dispositions are the roughest enemies we have to deal with. They make fools of us all if we give them the rein. They carry us out of ourselves into a land of madness, devoid of reason, from which we invariably bring back shame, regret and sorrow. If we would stroll along the by-ways of these, and cut down the weeds and thistles, filling up the fountains that water them, and sow the seed of firm resolution, we could subdue them; and in no other way can we. Growth makes them strong, and when we think we are destroying them we are only loosening their roots for a more rapid growth. Many men would be good Christians if they could but Christianize their dispositions. Their struggles are with things within themselves, and not with things without, in the world.

But these paths are becoming intersected; I am bewildered and will wander back to the great highways of real life.

Bishop Street, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GIFTS.

Gifts are good or bad in their effects, according to the motives which influence the giver and receiver. Gifts between dear friends have something particularly endearing about them. A gift from a rich and generous-hearted friend, to one less fortunate than himself, though otherwise an equal, is also a pleasurable thing. But when they are sought after on one hand, or given in a patronizing spirit on the other, their effects are injurious to both parties, as they call the lower feelings into play.

Gifts of the necessaries of life to the destitute are truly commendable, but do not require the exercise of as great virtue as some other actions, as it is easier to give what costs us no self denial, than to control our irritable feelings and give love and kind words to those around us, on all occasions. Such gifts require higher virtue than mere alms-giving.

But the highest of all gifts are those of God to man; which are so great and so innumerable that we can never be sufficiently grateful for them. The best use we can make of them is to learn to know and love Him *through* His works and gifts.

Elkhorn, Wis., March, 1868. B. C. D.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

George Francis Train, who is now creating considerable excitement in Ireland by his speeches, and whose arrest recently by the British Government gave him additional notoriety, has been thus described by a New York correspondent of the Providence Press:

"He is about six feet high, of fine proportions; his complexion is dusky, and his hair dark and curly. He always dresses handsomely, sporting light kids and a glossy beaver. He is the only representative man known who clings to the blue coat and brass buttons of the past. He always wears a bright flower in his button hole, and in his manners is as gallant as one of the old school. He is a great admirer of the ladies, and in his conversation is brilliant and witty.

"His headquarters, when in the city, is the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he lives sumptuously, circulating champagne freely. He is decidedly the craziest on the subject of finance and the public debt, and he believes he can solve the problem of paying off the great national debt and bring specie into circulation in a marvelously short time. He has buttonholed all the great Wall street bankers, and Mr. John Thompson, the editor of the Reporter, a veteran banker, gave him a hearing one afternoon, at which Train consumed two hours without a pause, rattling off statistics as glibly as rhymes. Some of his cards are printed, 'George Francis Train, New York, London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Pekin, St. Petersburg, San Francisco and Omaha.' Last winter he lived frugally at a second class water cure, while his family, a few blocks off, were keeping house in a palatial manner. He talks temperance, says the New York doctors are poisoning thousands by prescribing Bourbon, yet he treats his friends to Heidseck unlimitedly. 'He's a queer lot,' as Mr. Weller would say."

Mr. Bullard of Boston, one of the tenor chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society, has been a member of that society for forty-five years, and in that time has never in a single instance been absent from a business meeting, rehearsal or concert. He took part in the concert given last week, when the Oratorios of "Moses in Egypt" and "Elijah" were rendered. This is a record of punctuality worthy of imitation, but rarely equaled.

The composer Auber, now in the eighty-fifth year of his age, has achieved a remarkable success in his last opera, "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," produced recently at the Opera Comique, in Paris, just fifty-five years from the time when his name first appeared on the play bills.

A TALENT FOR CONVERSATION.

A talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for common, every-day uses of life. Let any one who has this gift enter into a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessarily to talk with great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence, or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him, as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more, almost, than anything else in life, requires tact and discretion. It requires one to have more varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much, or just as little as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion.—*Mistakes of Educated Men.*

Slander like love, is born blind, and should be so represented. If Love never sees a vice, Slander never sees a virtue. It can never make others what it wishes them to be, but always makes itself what it desires to make others. It strikes at others, but its blows recoil upon its own head. It is a dog that bites the biter. It is, however, false to suppose it never bites any one else, for, like a serpent, it may fasten its fangs upon another, and do it but too successfully; though it generally ends like the scorpion, by thrusting its venom into its own head. But it is a poor consolation to know that he who has killed another, dies at last by his own hands.

Paying the Debt of Nature.—No, it is not paying a debt; it is rather like bringing a note to a bank to obtain solid gold for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is worth nothing, and which you would not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it, from the eternal treasury, liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.—*Foster.*

Sabbath Reading.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me, I would go;
  I would not ask to choose my way;
Content with what he would bestow,
  Assured he will not let me stray,
    So as he leads, my path I make,
    And step by step I gladly take,
      A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
  I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
  That which his will for me commands,
    I would that he should all fulfill,
    That I should do his gracious will
      In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
  I trust me to my Fathers will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
  His council would I yet fulfill;
    That which his love ordained as right,
    Before he brought me to the light,
      My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me, I abide
  In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
  Can aught my hold on him undo?
    I hold me firm in patience, knowing
    That God my life is still bestowing—
      The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads, I onward go,
  Oft amid thorns and briars seen;
God does not yet his guidance show—
  But in the end it shall be seen
    How, by a loving Father's will,
    Faithful and true, he leads me still.

[*Lampertus*, 1625.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

The skeptic rejects the religion of the Bible and adopts a system of philosophy which he considers vastly superior. He admits that there is a First Great Cause, but denies that He has ever revealed himself to man in any other way than through His works. He looks abroad upon the beauties of Nature, and through these beauties up to Nature's God, and professes to believe that an admiration of Him through His handiwork is all the worship required. He believes that the universe is governed by fixed laws, founded in the wisdom of its Author, and dating from the commencement of all things,—that man, too, is subject to regulations adapted to his physical constitution, and if he violates any law of his being he suffers the penalty only in *this world*. He also denies the power of the Law-Maker to change, or accommodate his system of regulations to any particular circumstances, and rejects the idea that God has manifested any care for the human family save that exhibited in His first great arrangement.

The Christian, too, beholds the beauties of Nature, and admires the wisdom that formed them,—he views the regularity with which all things in the universe move onward, and *feels* that there are great natural laws in reference to himself which he may not violate with impunity—believes still more. He believes that man was originally formed in the *moral* image of his Maker—that he was free to obey the requirements of God and retain his purity and innocence, or disobey and suffer the penalty which was *moral death*. He looks into his *own nature*, and finds there a disposition that is constantly prompting him to evil; he sees, too, this disposition manifesting itself in the infant before it is susceptible of being influenced by the example of those around, and therefore he receives the account of the fall of Adam, and through him the necessary depravity of all mankind as given in the Bible.

But a precious hope buoys up the heart of the Christian. While he views mankind in this fallen, condemned state, he learns in his Bible that a Saviour has been given. The Son of the Law-Giver, moved with love for the human race, comes forward, and suffering the penalty of the broken law in place of offending man, offers pardon and peace to all who will renounce sin and believe on Him. His repentant heart feels that this is just the Saviour he needs—a Mediator between himself and an offended God. In the Gospel of Christ he perceives a provision for every want,—every spiritual want,—and accepts the terms of salvation. He rejects sin in all its forms and receives Christ by faith into his heart, and henceforth has an evidence that no skeptic can gainsay, that Jesus is the Son of God.

While prosperity alike attends both characters, the careless observer may decide that the skeptic gains much and loses nothing. To him seed-time and harvest are as sure as to the believer. The cooling shower, and the genial warmth of the sun come as certainly to the unbeliever as to the Christian. The skeptic participates in the amusements of the gay, or he gains the honor of the world, and inscribes his name high in the annals of fame, and he is called happy. But we cannot see his heart,—we cannot read the wretchedness he feels in his solitary moments when he realizes that there is still a void which neither wealth, nor pleasure, nor earthly honor can fill, and he is forced to admit, in silent communings with his own heart, that he fears to meet God just as he is.

Neither can we perceive the peaceful feelings of the Christian arising from the distant consciousness that God is his friend. But let sorrow, adversity and affliction come, and we behold the excellency of the Christian religion—we see the power of the *Christian's hope*. I would not for the wealth of worlds, feel the cords that bind me to earth severed one by one, with no other consoling reflection—no other balm for my lacerated heart—than that found in the cold philosophy of the skeptic. While death robs me of my dearest friends, and consigns them to the deep, dark grave, I would with the Christian rejoice that the power of death has been broken by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The hope of immortality and blissful life beyond the grave cheers the heart of the afflicted, sorrow-stricken believer; and when his last hour comes, and the Jordan of death lies just in view, he rejoices in a hope that reaches beyond its swelling waves and anchors by the Throne of God.

Adrian, Mich, March, 1868. Mary.

On the Bright Side.—"I am on the bright side of seventy," said an aged man of God; "the bright side, because nearer to everlasting glory." "Nature fails," said another, "but I am happy." "My work is done," said the countess of Huntingdon when eighty-four years old; "I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." To a humble Christian it was remarked, "I fear you are near another world." "Fear it, sir!" he replied; "I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord! I do not fear it, I hope it."

St. Bernard calls holy fear the doorkeeper of the soul. As a nobleman's porter stands at the door and keeps out vagrants, so the fear of God stands and keeps all sinful temptations from entering.

The Reviewer.

THREE LITTLE SPADES. By the Author of "Dollars and Cents," "Mr. Rutherford's Children," "Casper," &c. [16mo.—pp. 268.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is a charming work about gardening, especially the culture of flowers, designed for the entertainment and instruction of the little folks. It is not a professional book, yet, being from the pen of a lady who was evidently born in a garden, and has lived among flowers all her life, very pleasantly tells the whys and wherefores, and the modus operandi, of culture and management. In her preface, MISS WARNER addresses her young friends in this wise:—"Children, I have written this little book to help you to get acquainted with a set of the sweetest friends a child can have. * * I want you all to be gardeners. If you have not a dollar to spend for seeds, take fifty cents; and if not that, take ten. Begin with one little five cent paper of mignonette, one tiny cutting of a rose or a geranium; and then work with it, and you will find it the best play you ever did in your life. Only *love* your flowers enough, and they will be almost sure to grow. And then when you have learned to know and to love them, GOD will let them teach you wonderful things. His flowers can do that." Altogether the work is greatly to be commended at this season of preparation for planting earth's most beautiful treasures—flowers. It is written as a story, contains several illustrations of flowers, and is none the less valuable for making honorable mention of JAMES VICK, the prince of florists and seedsmen. For sale by DEWEY.

SINGING THE SAME OLD SONG. Song and Chorus. Rochester: J. P. Shaw.

THIS admirable composition, both the Poetry and Music of which were composed by one of our associates, Prof. A. A. HOPKINS, (and briefly noticed by us some weeks ago,) seems to have been well received by the press and musical public, and must enhance the reputation of the author. Prof. H. is not only at home in the field of poesy and music, but is also a meritorious prose writer, as the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER can attest—and we are pleased to note the increasing popularity of his productions. The Song above entitled is thus noticed by the Rochester Evening Express:

"This is a new edition of a beautiful piece of music written by A. A. HOPKINS of this city, and published by J. P. Shaw, 43 State Street. We are glad to learn this evidence of the popularity of Prof. HOPKINS' music, which indicates an excellent popular taste. The songs by Prof. HOPKINS are characterized by a peculiar refinement and elevation of tone, and he has composed some of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written."

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE. A Text-Book for Educational Institutions. By THOS. H. HUXLEY, LL. D., F. R. S., and WM. JAY YEOMANS, M. D. With numerous Illustrations. [12mo.—pp. 420.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"OF the making of many (school) books there shall be no end." They multiply rapidly. Many of them serve no earthly purpose save to put money in the purses of authors and publishers. They are not made because of any real demand. They are execrable specimens of typography, illustrated with still more execrable engravings. This new work on Physiology is tolerably well printed, however, the paper is good, and illustrations fair. The subject matter seems to be well arranged. Prof. HUXLEY's part in the work consists of Elementary Physiology, to which Dr. YEOMANS has appended several instructive chapters on Elementary Hygiene. For sale by ADAMS & ELLIS.

THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY. A Sermon by SAMUEL OSGOOD, D. D. New York: Sam'l R. Wells. Price 25 cents.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION BY THE SWEDISH-MOVEMENT CURE. With Directions for its Home Application. By DAVID WAKE. New York: S. R. Wells. Price 30 cents.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART; Or, The Necessity of Proper Moral Culture for Human Happiness. By Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX. New York: S. R. Wells. Price 10 cents.

THESE three pamphlets are neatly printed, and are all worthy of perusal. The Sermon by Dr. OSGOOD was suggested by the death of Dr. RICHARD ROTHE of Heidelberg. The Swedish-Movement Cure for Consumption is illustrated by cuts of the different movements practiced in that system. "Education of the Heart" is an Address delivered by Mr. COLFAX at the Commencement of the Aurora Seminary, Ill. It contains many important truths.

A FRENCH COUNTRY FAMILY. By Madame DEWITT, *nee* GUIZOT. Translated by DINAH MULOCK CRAIK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Christian's Mistake," "A Noble Life," "Two Marriages," etc. [8vo. pp. 216.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

OUR young friends, and some of the elder ones, will thank Mrs. CRAIK for this translation of a charming picture of French home-life. The authoress evidently took her views of both nature and human nature from a rare combination of the real and imaginary, and the translator has not deprived them of their peculiar grace. The story is full of incident and interest, and is happily instructive. Amid the large number of books for the young, it is refreshing to come across one really worth putting into their hands. We hope Mrs. CRAIK will give us more such translations. Sold by DEWEY.

LIFE IN THE WEST; Or, Stories of the Mississippi Valley. By N. C. MEEKER. [12mo.—pp. 360.] New York: SAMUEL R. WELLS.

AS its title indicates, this is a collection of stories of the Mississippi Valley, illustrative of the character, habits and manner of living of its people, as seen by one who has resided among them for many years. Some of the stories are founded on incidents in the late war, and show in a good light the spirit of the Western boys. There are thousands of readers all over the country who are acquainted with the author as a long-time correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune from the West, and more recently as its Agricultural Editor, who will find special attractions in this volume.

GOOD STORIES. Part III. [8vo., paper—pp. 172.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

HERE are six stories specially suited for reading on Winter evenings. They are entitled "Christmas with the Baron;" "Stephen Yarrow;" "A Family Christmas in Germany;" "The Christmas Banquet;" "Three of a Trade, or Red Little Kriss Kringle," and "Adventures of a New Year's Eve." There are four admirable illustrations, by the first artists. The volume is very attractive, both in contents and appearance.

SOONER OR LATER. By SHIRLEY BROOKS, Author of "The Silver Cord," "The Guardian Knot," etc. With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER. [8vo.—pp. 348.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS novel certainly has not the merit of brevity. It has other merits, however; and other demerits than prolixity. We do not like its general tone; its characters seem to run more to the bad than to the good, and to cast a shadow over morality and religion. For sale by DEWEY.

SKETCHES BY BOZ. Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People. By CHARLES DICKENS. [8vo.—paper, pp. 194.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THESE sketches first brought their now distinguished author into notice as a writer, and are too well known to require comment. They are presented in attractive garb in this cheap edition. For sale by ADAMS & ELLIS.

GUY MANNERING; Or, The Astrologer. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [8vo.—pp. 182.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE welcome every newly-appearing volume in this cheap edition of the Waverly Novels. The one before us is No. 4 of the series. The whole set—25 volumes—is furnished by the enterprising publishers for six dollars, single numbers 25 cents. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. [12 mo., paper—pp. 183.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE issues of the Popular Edition of DICKENS follow each other rapidly, and do not grow less excellent in typography. As a cheap collection of the celebrated Author's works this is by far the best extant.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY TELEGRAPHIC FEAT.

SAN FRANCISCO and Valencia gossipped last night over the telegraph wires in a most remarkable manner. Never before, we believe, were messages exchanged between California and Ireland so directly. The weather was favorable, and the operators on the great circuit between the United States and Great Britain improved it to have an electrical chat, putting a girdle of sociability one-third of the way around the globe in less than no time, for the message from Valencia arrived here eight hours and fourteen minutes before its date. The following is the dispatch and the reply thereto:

"VALENCIA, Ireland, 6:54 A. M., Feb. 1, 1868.—Received at San Francisco 10:40 P. M., Jan. 31.—Valencia greets San Francisco. Blowing hard, sea heavy, and the wind shaking out here."

"SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 31, 10:40 P. M.—We greet you. Weather beautiful, clear and calm. Everything lovely here."

That beats time in a style that Jullien, Maretzek, or Herold never approached. But the San Francisco operators were not satisfied with this bit of electric thaumaturgy. They transmitted 77 words direct to Heart's Content (N. F.) in less than three minutes. This is said to be the longest stretch of telegraph ever worked without repetition. The distance from San Francisco to Heart's Content, following telegraph meandering, via New York, which was the route taken last night, is about 6,000 miles; and for this distance 77 words were sent in less than three minutes. The Valencia dispatch could have gone across the cable from Heart's Content, 1,845 miles further, making 7,845 miles in all, in a few seconds more, but for the difference in instruments requiring it to be repeated. Previous to the above feat, no message had been sent direct from this city further than Portland, Me., a distance of 4,000 miles.

Messages were sent last night exchanged with other points, 99 words being sent to New York in three minutes. A return message was received from Heart's Content. The difference in time between the various points communicated with will be apparent from the following table, showing the hour at which the several dispatches were transmitted and received:

Feb. 1.	Jan. 31.	Ap't diff.
Buffalo, 1:06 A. M.	San Fran., 10:15 P. M.	2:05
New York, 1:40 A. M.	San Fran., 10:22 P. M.	3:18
Heart's Content, 3:10 A. M.	San Fran., 10:33 P. M.	4:37
Valencia, Irel'd, 6:54 A. M.	San Fran., 10:40 P. M.	8:14

Thus the dispatch which left Valencia, Ireland, at 6:54 this morning, was received in San Francisco at 10:40 last night, and the operator in this city could wish "the top o' the morning" to his Irish brother before his own bed time. This knocks "smithereens" out of Leap Year, for the day that is interpolated by the Almanacs is lost again by the wires. The next wonder will some day be a through dispatch to St. Petersburg.—*San Fran. Bulletin.*

SECRETS OF THE EYE.

IN the Atlantic for March, Dr. Helmuth tells us that there are several compartments and chambers within the globe of the human eye; there is a curtain which divides these chambers; there is an elastic doorway, which expands and contracts in accordance with the quantity of light to be admitted. Take a candle and endeavor to look into those mysterious recesses, and you can see nothing; and the reason is obvious—the rays are reflected back again, and are brought to a convergence at the flame of the candle; in other words, the flame is a focus of reflection, and the eye cannot occupy the same position as the flame, nor see through it.

But modern surgery has explored these hitherto unknown and mysterious regions, and has invented an instrument by which the rays of light coming from a lamp placed behind and at one side of the head can be so caught, reflected and brought to a focus, that the chambers and depths of the globes of the eye can be fully and readily explored; and the result has been that this instrument (called the opthalmoscope) tells the surgeon of to-day that four-fifths of what was written and surmised concerning the diseases affecting these hitherto unexplored regions is conjectural and wrong; its introduction has rendered obsolete all that was taught by our grandfathers on the subject. How many eyes have been blinded by treatment based on conjecture and ignorance, may only be imagined; it is well for us that no data can be found, and that forever such unsatisfactory information will be buried in oblivion.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CIRCULATION.

THE blood is to the body what currency is to the community. In a condition of health its quality is perfect, its quantity exactly adapted to the needs of the organs among which it circulates. Seen through a microscope, the blood is apparently composed of nuggets, discs, and ingots, corresponding very closely to the component parts of a bullion currency. Blood may be too plentiful in certain parts of the animal economy, resulting in plethora and congestion. Similar evils attend the concentration of coin in any of the great centers of society. When the blood is debased or lacking in quantity the community may be said to be sick, and displays the same symptoms that are known in physical pathology as cachexy and anemia, the result of poor blood or scarce blood. And as money is only powerful through the use that is made of it by individuals composing the community, so is the influence of the blood more dependent on the manner in which it is taken up and converted by the various vital organs than on its own especial characteristics. Likewise, in order to preserve the money circulation of a country pure and of uniform value, it is necessary that it should from time to time pass through centers (mints and assay offices,) where it is tested and, if need be, purified. So in the physical economy the blood regularly undergoes test and purification by the action of the lungs, kidneys and liver. —*N. Y. Commercial.*

GOETHE has said, somewhere, that a man of genius who proposes to himself to be happy in this world, must lay down to himself the fixed and unalterable rule, to consider his genius as one thing, and his personal life as another, never to suffer the feelings of the author to interfere with the duties of the man—to forget altogether when his pen is not in his fingers, that it has been and will again be in their grasp.

A PROFESSOR in Europe has invented an apparatus by means of which the beatings of the heart are not only registered, but photographed. The pulsations are made to act upon the surface of a bent tube containing mercury, the fluctuations of which are noted in the same way as those of the thermometer and barometer are photographed.

OLD VAULT.

OUR ALLIE.

VIEWS IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

VISITORS to the great Metropolis, particularly in the warm season of the year, deem a ride over to Greenwood Cemetery one of the things not to be forgotten. There, in the silent "City of the Dead," are beauty and loveliness such as delight the beholder, and seem to woo him to the long rest which shall never be broken by the bustle and din only a little way removed. Art adds all its charms to those of Nature, and everywhere are the two combined and harmonized with the greatest care. Living is sweet, anywhere,—so must all think who appreciate life: sleeping must be sweet—even the sleep that is dreamless—when the sleeper lies under the beautiful blossoms and the whispering leaves; when graceful statues—white-robed sentinels—keep guard about his couch; when marble tablets seem never cold, but warm and bright,—and when the blue sky floats just above the tree-tops, kissing them and all things into new life where we commonly think death only reigns.

Our illustration represents two views in Greenwood,—the Old Vault in Dawn Path, upon the door of which is the grim and significant motto, "Welcome;" and a child's tomb—"Our ALLIE." Every "ALLIE" that has gone skyward was "*our* ALLIE," in some home; and we know of many mothers who will look at the picture given above, and then at a little pair of shoes that nobody wears now—that are worn red on the toes—and sigh for the patter of the little feet that filled them, and the caresses of little hands long still!

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BLESSINGS OF LABOR.

EUREKA, Mr. Editor! I have found it. Found what—the *North Pole?* No, I was as near that *last Monday* as I wish to be. I have found that a wise and judicious occupation of the present moment is a great safeguard against vice, disease and distress generally. Many people are sick because they have *time* for it. If disease attacks a working man, in nine cases out of ten he throws it off. Work is a great pain-killer, but unfortunately 'tis neither a *patent* nor a *popular remedy*. Most people who run for the doctor had better run for the shop, field or kitchen, and there take a *sweat* after Nature's method. Archbishop WHATELY's plan to cure the sick headache was to seize an axe, run for the woods, and ply it vigorously till he was thrown into a violent perspiration. He then ran to the house, wrapped himself up, took a nap, and woke up cured.

As ignorance is the fountain of crime, so indolence is the source of disease. Our chief comforts and greatest blessings rest upon labor. Degrade labor, make industry distasteful to men, and you knock out the foundation of every virtue. 'Tis the bee that gathers the most delicious sweet in existence. The busiest man is not only the healthiest, but the happiest. Of course pursuits must be congenial and industry well directed. Forever exercised yet never tired, is labor's golden rule. Let no man boast till he can roll up three hundred and sixty-five days usefully employed.

LEONIDAS, with three hundred Spartans, at the pass of Thermopylae, checked the advance of XERXES into Greece. As one soldier fell, another stepped forward, and so the little column pressed on, till ten thousand Persians were slain and all the chosen band had fallen in the strife. As the Grecian heroes fell, one after the other, so pass our days away to be here no more forever. The question is, are we in the *pass?* Have we from day to day been throwing up the earthworks? Has the past year been usefully spent? Have we paid the *poll tax* the GOD of nature levies, that is, earned our bread by the sweat of our brow?

Labor not only brings bread, but the *power* to eat and digest it with pleasure. I knew a man killed by eating warm biscuit. He had not the power of digestion, which only comes through labor. In conclusion, let me exhort the working men of this country to thank GOD and take courage. Do not repine or be cast down because you have to work, but think of the long list of blessings, internal and external, that flow from labor and follow in its train. True the first of April is fast approaching, and that to the great dismay of *drones, fools* and *debtors*. But to working, saving, prudent men the day of settlement need have no terror. Go on, then, fellow toilers in the counting house, study workshop and field. Save your strength, save your health, save your money, and save your thoughts, that you may be useful in the physical, mental and moral world. H. K. F.

North Chili, N. Y., 1868.

HENRY WARD BEECHER AS A BOY.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in her late work on Men of the Time, treats of her brother Henry Ward Beecher in an interesting manner. She says when Henry was eleven years old he was placed in his sister's school in Hartford. All the other pupils were girls. Here is a school scene:

The school-room was divided into two divisions in grammar, under leaders on either side, and the grammatical reviews were contests for superiority, in which it was vitally important that every member should be perfected. Henry was generally the latest choice, and fell on his side as an unlucky accession, being held more amusing than profitable on such occasions.

The fair leader on one of those divisions took the boy aside to a private apartment, to put into him with female tact and insinuation those definitions and distinctions on which the honor of the class depended.

"Now Henry, A is the indefinite article, you see—and must be used only with the singular number. You can say a man—but you can't a men, can you?" "Yes, I can say Amen, too," was the ready rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayer."

"Come, Henry, now don't be joking, decline He." "Nominative he, possessive his, objective him." "You see, his is possessive. Now you can say, his book, but you can't say him book." "Yes, I do say Hymn book, too," said the impracticable scholar with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

"But now Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive voice. Now 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do—I strike back again!"

Sometimes his views of philosophical subjects were offered gratuitously. Being held rather of a frisky nature, his sister appointed his seat at her elbow, when she heard her classes. A class in Natural Philosophy, not very well prepared, was stumbling through the theory of the tides. "I can explain that," said Henry. "Well, you see the sun catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides."

"But what makes the neap tides?"

"Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands," was the brisk rejoinder.

After about six months, Henry was returned on his parent's hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar. It was the opinion of his class that there was much talent lying about loosely in him if he could only be brought to apply himself.

HORRORS OF WAR.

SINCE the creation of the world fourteen thousand millions of human beings have fallen in the battles which man has waged against his fellow creature—man. If this amazing number of men were to hold each other by the hand at arm's length, they would extend over fourteen millions, five hundred and eighty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three miles of ground, and would encircle the globe on which we dwell six hundred and eight times! If we allow the weight of a man to be on an average one cwt. (this is below the mark,) we shall come to the conclusion that six millions, two hundred and fifty thousand tons of human flesh have been mangled, disfigured, gashed, and trampled under foot. The calculation will appear more striking when we state, that if only the fore-fingers of every one of those fourteen thousand millions of human beings were to be held in a straight line, they would reach more than six hundred thousand miles *beyond* the moon; and that if a person were to undertake to count the number, allowing nineteen hours a day, and seven days in a week, at the rate of six thousand per hour, it would occupy that person three hundred and thirty-six years. And, awful is the consideration! three hundred and fifty thousand pipes of human blood have been spilt in battles! Who would not exclaim with Bishop Hall—"Give me the man who can devise how to save troops of men from *killing*, his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honor in a civic garland for the preserving of *one subject*, than in a laurel for the victory over many enemies." Or, with Bishop Taylor—"If men were only subject to Christ's law, then could they never go to war with each other."—*Dr. Thomas Dick.*

HEALTH THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.

GOOD physical health lies at the very foundation of success and happiness, and should be most highly prized and every available means taken to retain it by those who possess it, and to regain it by those who have lost it. With health man can accomplish almost anything he wills, but without it he is like a giant bound, helpless. Horace Mann once truly and beautifully said:—"All through the life of a pure minded, but feeble bodied man his path is lined with memory's gravestones, which mark the spots where noble enterprises perished for want of physical vigor to embody them in deeds." The great study of mankind is man, and man's first duty is to obey the laws which God has implanted in his very being for his guidance.—*Herald of Health.*

PRESERVING YOUTH.—CARDINAL DE SALIS, who died 1755, aged 110 years, said:—"*By being old when I was young, I find myself young now I am old.* I led a sober and studious, but not a lazy or sedentary life. My diet was sparing, though delicate; I rode or walked every day, except in rainy weather, when I exercised within doors for a couple of hours. So far I took care of the body; and as to the mind, I endeavored to preserve it in due temper by a scrupulous obedience to divine commands. By these means I have arrived at the age of a patriarch, with less injury to my health and constitution than many experience at forty."

SOCRATES lived before his time, and perished in conflict with error. One of his prayers which is left us, beautifully illustrates the character of the man: "Father Jupiter, give us all good, whether we ask it or not; and keep us from all evil, though we may not pray thee so to do. Bless all our good actions, and reward them with happiness and success."

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TURNING-POINT.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"WHAT a good man Mr. ALLAN is," CHARLEY PRATT said, one day after he had been down town on an errand. "I like to go to his store best of any I know of. I guess everybody likes him."

"I remember when he was a poor boy," said his mother. "I shall never forget the turning-point in his life, and I think he never will."

"The turning-point?" asked CHARLEY, at a loss to understand her meaning.

"Yes, the turning-point in his life, when he began to be something. He used to be a very poor little fellow, I assure you. His parents were dead, and he lived with an aunt. She was a bad, thoughtless woman, who cared nothing for the Sabbath, or the morals of her children, and it is not to be wondered at that they grew up without any good developed in their characters, for no one set them an example that they could follow daily, and if a constant guide is not placed before children they cannot be expected to seek good of their own accord.

"NEDDIE ALLAN, as everybody called him, used to do very much as his cousin RALPH did, for RALPH was older than NEDDIE, and constant association together gave him a control over the younger boy. RALPH's disposition was a very bad one naturally, and the way in which he was allowed to grow up made him all the worse. He was always in some mischief, and if an orchard was robbed, or a garden plundered of its melons, suspicion pointed at once to RALPH DRAW. I suppose NEDDIE ALLAN was often with his cousin on those occasions,—but people never blamed him as they did RALPH, for he was too young, and had never had a chance to know that such conduct was wrong. I say he did not know; perhaps I ought to say that he did not fully realize how bad such conduct was, for I think all children know when they do wrong, though the way in which they have been brought up from their boyhood, and the lessons they have learned from those who should set examples for them to follow, have a great deal to do with the force with which they receive impressions of good and evil. Of course, if a boy has had no good examples, and has been familiar with evil all his life, he does not look on any wrong action with the same degree of dislike that the boy does who has been taught to shun evil and wrong, and has had lessons of good constantly set before him. So we all blamed RALPH a great deal more than we did NEDDIE, though perhaps RALPH was not so much to blame, after all, as his mother was.

"One bright Sabbath morning I started for Sabbath School. I was alone, 'till the minister overtook me. He came up with me, and we went along, talking pleasantly. He had a very kind, winning way, and everybody loved him.

"As we came to a turn in the road we met RALPH and EDDIE. They had their fishing-rods on their shoulders, and we knew well enough where they were going.

"'Good morning,' said the minister, pleasantly. NEDDIE answered the salutation with a bow, but RALPH gave an insolent look and kept on.

"'Wait a moment, please,' said the minister. 'I want to talk with you.'

"NEDDIE stopped, but RALPH answered back that he couldn't wait to talk, he was in a hurry.

"The minister sat down on a log by the road, and had NEDDIE sit down by him. Then he told NEDDIE of the evil of Sabbath-breaking, and the bad effect such a course pursued in youth had on a person's character as he grew up to manhood. RALPH came back when he saw that NEDDIE had stopped, and sat down on the fence a little way from the place where we were. At last the minister said it was time he went along, and asked NEDDIE if he would go too. He had told him of the many things to be learned at Sabbath School, and of the pleasant hours spent there,—much more pleasant than the long tramps in the woods or the fishing excursions he had been used to.

"RALPH saw that NEDDIE was about to yield to the minister's persuasions, and called him to him. He talked in a very excited manner, and I knew that he was coaxing NEDDIE to give up the idea of going to Sabbath School. It was the turning-point in NEDDIE ALLAN's life. He had to choose between good and evil, and his choice was on the side of good. He came back to us with a flushed face, and I knew that it had been hard work to throw off the influence RALPH had gained over him. But he had triumphed, and we went along to Sabbath School together, and RALPH went on his way, evidently very angry and excited.

"NEDDIE attended Sabbath School regularly after that. It was not long before he was taken to live with a very respectable family who had no children of their own, and his course was thenceforward onward and upward in the path of life. He became a noble and respected man, and his influence is great and powerful on the side of good; while RALPH DRAW died, years ago, a drunkard's death in a felon's cell. Always choose between good and evil, and be sure you choose the good, as NEDDIE ALLAN did. Little circumstances affect our whole future, sometimes."

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

LITTLE Henry had been quite sick. When he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time, when his sister came in eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother had told him he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to have what the other children did till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake looked inviting; he wanted very much to take a bite of it, and his kind sister would gladly have given it to him. What did he do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right out of the room away from me with that cake, and *I'll keep my eyes shut* while you go, so that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a little boy of seven years to get out of temptation? I think so. And when I heard of it, I thought that there are a great many times when children, and grown people too, if they would remember little Henry's way, would escape from sin and trouble.

"Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way," was the Psalmist's prayer; and it is a good one for each of us.—*Young Pilgrim.*

DOUGLAS JERROLD once said to an ardent young gentleman who was anxious to see himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man. Don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window." A good thought for the young.

The Publisher's Desk.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A New Quarter of the Rural will begin next week—April 4th—when we anticipate large accessions to our Subscription List. Club Agents, Subscribers, and all others interested, will please note this announcement, bearing in mind that NOW IS THE TIME to form new clubs, fill up those recently started, subscribe singly, or renew subscriptions. Thanking all Agent-Friends for their spirited and successful efforts during the Fall and Winter Campaign—efforts which added many thousands of recruits to the "Rural Brigade"—we bespeak a continuance of their kind offices, so far as consistent. As an incentive to present Agents, and all persons disposed to become such by forming clubs, we would state that we have concluded to CONTINUE OUR OFFER OF PREMIUMS UNTIL JULY 1ST—so that all who form new clubs, or fill up others, will be Liberally Rewarded. ☞ For List of Premiums, see Supplement, which (with show-bills, specimens, etc.,) is sent free to all applicants.

☞ All whose subscriptions expire this week (March 28,) will find the number, **949**, after name on address label, and will please remember that, unless promptly renewed, their papers will be discontinued under our advance-payment rule. In expressing the confident hope that most, if not all, will renew, may we not request each to induce at least one friend to join the Rural Brigade? There are hundreds of localities in which one subscriber may, with comparatively little effort, form a club of from ten to fifty, and thereby benefit all concerned. How many will act upon this suggestion?

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Comptroller has communicated to the Legislature a statement of the expenses of the State Military Department, showing the amount expended in 1867, as follows:—Salaries, $143,654; for expenditures, $301,984. Total, $445,638. The communication was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means of the Assembly, with instructions to report a bill reducing the expenses of the military department.

The railroad warfare between the Erie and Central has apparently changed its base from the Courts to the Legislature. A bill was introduced in the Assembly on the 16th inst., prohibiting any director of the Hudson and Harlem roads from holding the same office in the Erie, which is of course intended to rescue the latter road from the clutches of Vanderbilt. Another bill has been introduced in the House by Mr. Bristol of Wyoming, to legalize and ratify the action of Daniel Drew and his party in the issue of Erie stock, which the opposition claim was done without authority.

No great damage was done in the Mohawk Valley by the late freshet. One bridge was carried away, and several trains on the Central Railroad were water-bound in consequence. The Hudson River Road was badly flooded, being three feet under water in places near Castleton. Albany suffered but little from the high water, but one of the abutments of the railroad bridge there was somewhat injured by the ice.

George Myers, a boy of 12 years, was killed by a snow slide in Otsego county, a few days since.

Mr. Ezra Cornell has just purchased for the Cornell University at Ithaca, the entire library of the late Dr. Anthon, consisting of 7,000 volumes of the most valuable books in all the departments of science, art and literature, as choice a collection as any in the country.

Two thousand dollars have been subscribed in Rochester to secure the holding of the State Fair in that city. This is only two-sevenths of the required amount.

Eight hundred thousand tons of ice have been cut and stored in New York for use in the coming summer.

A disastrous fire broke out in a block of wooden buildings on Railroad street, Troy, Wednesday morning, and before it could be subdued eight or nine buildings were destroyed, occupied principally as grocery stores and other small shops. Several families occupied the upper portions of some of the buildings. The total loss will reach $25,000.

Two fires occurred in Rochester on the 18th inst., one of which destroyed St. Peter's Church, (Presbyterian,) the loss amounting to about $40,000. Nothing was saved. The church possessed the only chime of bells in the city.

The base ball season of 1868 is to be opened in brilliant style, at the village of Niagara Falls, in May next. Arrangements have already been made for a grand tournament, to take place under the auspices of the Niagara Falls Base Ball Club.

A large schooner sunk in the East River, on Saturday last, carrying down and drowning, it is supposed, four persons.

Elmira was visited by another disastrous fire on the 18th inst., destroying eight or nine buildings. Loss $25,000.

A crazy man came into Buffalo on Friday night, on the Grand Trunk train, and before leaving it stabbed three men. He then jumped into the canal, but was rescued and taken to the station house.

Mr. Brandenburger of Riga, Monroe Co., had his barn and all its contents burned on the night of the 20th inst., including his horses, cattle and sheep—a very serious loss.

A hearing was had before the Railroad Committee of the Assembly Friday afternoon on the Erie Railroad bill. The Erie Railroad was represented by John Ganson, John H. Reynolds and others, and Vanderbilt by Horace F. Clark, Chas. O'Conor, Sanford E. Church, Chauncey M. Depew and others. Mr. Ganson argued that the Erie Railroad Company had done nothing which had not been repeatedly done by other companies, and which had not the sanction of law. Mr. Clark replied on behalf of his father-in-law, Vanderbilt. The evening session was mainly consumed with the reading of testimony.

In the Senate, bills have passed to a third reading appropriating $250,000 to aid in the construction of the Whitehall & Plattsburg Railroad, $250,000 to aid in the construction of the Buffalo & Washington Railroad, and giving the Governor, Secretary of State and Attorney-General authority to appoint a Supreme Court reporter.

The Hudson River is now free from ice, and navigation is opened from Albany to New York.

The snow storm in New York city on Saturday obstructed travel quite generally. It was followed on Sunday by a heavy gale, which did much damage to buildings and shipping.

From Washington.

A LARGE number of witnesses in the Impeachment Trial have been summoned. Many of them have been already examined by the Impeachment Managers. At least seven of the witnesses are reporters. A portion of them have already testified before the Managers as to the President's speech in Washington in August, 1866, in response to an address and a resolution of the Philadelphia Conservative National Convention, while others testified relative to the language made use of by the President in his subsequent speeches at Cleveland and St. Louis, alluded to in the last article of impeachment.

Rumors are current that the President will resign before carrying the Trial to completion. It is true, beyond question, that he has been advised by men who are friends to him, but independent of him, to resign so as to stand before the people without legal disqualification. It is now asserted that his own counsel have told him that the case is plain—that acquittal is impossible—that a defense can only *protract* the certain decision. There is little prospect that the matter will be as hastily disposed of was anticipated.

Gen. Hancock, who has arrived in Washington, is of the opinion that the people of Louisiana are as law abiding and as well disposed toward the Union and the Constitution as the people of any other State.

Cassius M. Clay, Minister to Russia, has resigned, it is said under compulsion, there being strange stories of political intrigue on his part.

At the Quarterly Meeting of the Managers of the National Asylum for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers, held recently in the rooms of Secretary Stanton, Gen. Butler was elected President, Gen. Martindale, Vice-President, Jay Cook, Second Vice-President, and Mr. Gunkel, Secretary. Reports from several Asylums show them increasing in numbers and growing more and more successful. There are now at the Central Asylum, near Dayton, Ohio, 800 disabled soldiers, and at the branch at Milwaukee 285 more. The Board has also supported temporarily, because there was no room for them in their own Asylums, 350 more at the Philadelphia, Newark, Rochester and Baltimore Soldiers' Homes. It has also afforded out-door relief to nearly 200 more, making the whole number of disabled soldiers supported during the season by the Board, 1,635. Efforts were made to induce the Board to establish additional branches, but, after full consideration, the Board, by a very decisive vote, resolved to establish no more Asylums, but increase the accommodation of those already established.

The $15,000 appropriated for the relief of idle men in Washington, is to be dispensed by employing 200 for two weeks at one dollar per day.

The House Military Committee has decided to report a new bounty bill, giving to every soldier or marine who served in the late war, $8.33⅓ per month, during the time he was in service, deducting from such sum the amount received from State, County, Municipal or other sources. A certificate to be given for the residue at six per cent. interest, the principal and interest to be paid in government lands, to be located in the name of the holder or his heir at any time he may choose to locate. It embodies all the points in the Schenck bill of last year, and is to be passed in the House at an early day.

Mr. Farnsworth, from the Committee on Reconstruction, has reported a bill to admit the State of Alabama to representation in Congress.

Mr. Logan has offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to commissions paid on the sales of bonds since 1862.

Mr. Boutwell, from the Impeachment Managers, has reported a resolution, which has been adopted, that the House shall attend the Trial, in Committee of the Whole, it being the purpose of the House to transact no business during the hours occupied by the Trial.

From the South.

THE trustees of the fund generously provided by George Peabody to aid the cause of education in the South, are pursuing a very wise course in distributing it. They require each town in which they establish a school to raise three-fifths of the necessary amount, while they only furnish the other two-fifths.

It is said that $25,000 worth of supplies were issued gratuitously to freedmen from the Commissary Department at Richmond alone, during the last month.

At Helena, Ark., Burt Turner, Sheriff, attempted to arrest a negro who had killed 3 negroes, recently, in a neighboring village. The negro drew a revolver and shot the Sheriff through the body. The negro then mounted Turner's horse and fled to the hills. He was subsequently captured by a squad of soldiers, who wounded him so that he died.

Judge Hunter of the criminal court of Memphis has adjourned that tribunal as he alleges in consequence of the pressure of libelous articles which rendered it impossible for the judgment of the court to be enforced, and because one offender who had been committed was illegally discharged and with other desperate men, had sought to take his life.

GOV. BROWNLOW has replied to Secretary Satnton that though the rebels are secretly arming to take possession of the Government, he is fully prepared to take care of them, and will not need United States troops.

The State public debt of North Carolina under the new Constitution will be, on the 1st of July, 1869, $19,476,500, the interest on which, due on that day, will be $851,000, which is ordered to be paid by the Convention. The additional tax upon the people of the State, and required to be raised next year under the new Constitution, will be $985,000.

The banking house of N. T. Long & Co., Louisville, Ky., was entered by five men on the 22d inst. and robbed of $9,000 in currency and an unknown amount of private deposits. They shot Mr. Long and knocked him down. He subsequently recovered and gave alarm. General shooting commenced, during which a Mr. Owens was slightly wounded. The robbers escaped to Frankfort.

Partial returns show a large falling off in the negro vote in Arkansas. The majority against the Constitution will be larger than was anticipated. The whites voted almost unanimously against it.

Floods in Tennessee are interfering with planting.

The late election in Texas has resulted, so far, in the choice of eighty-three Republican delegates to the Constitutional Convention out of ninety. There are eighty-one white and nine colored delegates.

From the West.

A TRAIN ran upon a tree sixteen miles below Louisville, recently, smashing the engine, tender and baggage cars, and killing Clarence McMurry, fireman, and Thomas Hilburn, engineer.

A train was thrown from the track one day last week, near Whitewater, Ohio, tumbled over and over, and smashed to pieces. All of the passengers were more or less injured.

The proposed amendment to the Wisconsin Constitution, giving the right of suffrage to women, was killed in the Assembly a few days ago. The resolution submitting it to a vote at the election in 1868, was lost—yeas 30, nays 41.

A fire in Canton, Ill., on the 13th inst., destroyed A. C. Babcock's dry goods store, and Blackdoor's harness shop, together with several offices. Loss $50,000; insurance $25,000.

Portions of the West suffered from a continuation of the flood last week, and terrible winds. Twelve or fifteen business houses, besides a number of dwellings, barns &c., were swept down at Pana, Ill., on the 16th inst. Large quantities of lumber were also carried off. The damage is estimated at from $60,000 to $70,000. The steamers at the levee in St. Louis were much damaged. Many buildings were more or less injured.

Beside the storm and flood, on the night of the 16th, a severe hurricane prevailed in many places. Several buildings, in different portions of Chicago, were blown down. The machine shop of the Rock Island Railroad, suffered severely. The blacksmith shop, a building 200 feet long, built of brick, was entirely demolished. Loss not less than $100,000.

Chatham, Ill., on the Chicago and Alton Railroad, was greatly damaged, the railroad depot being completely wrecked. The draw to the railroad bridge over the Mississippi at Rock Island, was blown down on the night of the 16th inst., killing one man. The storm around Cincinnati was very destructive. Several buildings were blown down. A train of cars was blown from the track, severely injuring John Eagan, conductor, and a number of the passengers.

The Indians in Grant county, New Mexico, are committing continual outrages. A few days since they attacked a train and killed one man; subsequently they attacked another train and stampeded all the mules belonging to it.

A large shingle factory was destroyed by fire in Chicago on the 22d inst. Loss $20,000; insured $8,000.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Pope gave a very gracious reception to Admiral Farragut and suite in Rome, on the 21st inst. The Admiral will be compelled to remain in Rome a month, on account of a severe abscess which has broken out on his leg.

Garibaldi has written a letter to the U. S. Minister, Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, declining to be the agent of the U. S. Government.

The most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy are made over the recent action of the Austrian Reichsrath, on the civil marriage bill, which is regarded as practically annulling the Concordat. When it became known that the Upper House had rejected the motion of the clerical policy to defer the passage of the bill, there was great rejoicing among the people of Vienna, and on the night of the 22d the city was generally illuminated.

The civil war in Japan has resulted in the defeat of the Tycoon, who, after a desperate battle with the combined forces of the Damios, fled to Jeddo. The government of the Mikado has addressed a note to the foreign ministers in Japan, in which it pledged itself to a faithful observance of the treaties which have been concluded.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Several Spanish officers are implicated in the late conspiracy, and it is believed that Santa Anna and Marquez originated it in order to proclaim Ortega President. A plot to blockade Vera Cruz has been discovered, and latest advices said it was probable Juarez would call on the Captain-General of Cuba to enforce a more rigid neutrality. The Mexican Congress has appropriated $55,000 more to redeem Convention and Internal bonds. Alvarez having received arms, &c., from San Francisco, has taken the field against Jiminez and occupied Chiapa. Horrible outrages upon children have been perpetrated at Acapulco.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

SERGEANT BATES, with his flag, arrived at Columbia, S. C., on Wednesday, and met with a cordial reception by hundreds of people. The Mayor welcomed him.

THE Mormons are building a fort at Cove Creek, Utah, 1,000 feet square, with walls of black volcanic rocks, laid in cement, four feet thick and eighteen feet high.

THE Albany & Boston Railroad Company has purchased $300,000 of real estate lying on their road bed in Boston, for the purpose of enlarging and improving the same.

A HEAVY fall of snow visited Philadelphia on the 20th and 21st inst. In some places it drifted to the depth of several feet, and travel was greatly impeded in all directions.

THE postal business of the New York Post-office has increased from 10 tons of mail matter received and dispatched per day in 1856 to 100 tons per day in 1868. It now averages 130 tons a day.

GREENWOOD CEMETERY, the fashionable New York burial place, had 6,000 interments last year, and holds in all 129,410 bodies. Its receipts and expenditures in 1867 were over a quater of a million dollars.

THE Chicago harbor, from its last summer's width of 600 feet, has been contracted by sand-bars to a width of 200 feet, rendering it impossible for vessels to enter with a strong northeast wind. It is to be dredged out forthwith.

HON. JOHN MORRISSEY is said to own the most magnificent equipage ever seen in Troy—horses, coach and harness. One horse, a fine grey, was a present from Com. Vanderbilt; the other, a black, from Henry C. Genet of New York.

THE sword presented to Commodore Biddle by the Viceroy of Egypt many years ago, was stolen on Monday night from the Patent Office in Washington, where it was on exhibition. It is studded with diamonds, and is valued at about $15,000.

THE amount of National Bank notes in actual circulation March 10, was $199,693,506, of the following denominations. One dollar notes, $8,431,050; twos, $5,648,030; fives, $112,969,583; tens, $77,730,723; twenties, $43,673,625; fifties, $16,977,595; one hundreds, $25,299,700; five hundreds, $5,944,500; one thousands, $4,019,000.

GREAT STORM IN NEW ENGLAND.—The storm which was so severe in Philadelphia and New York on Saturday, the 21st inst., prevailed generally throughout New England. In Massachusetts it proved the most severe of the season, and railway travel was entirely suspended. All the roads running into Boston were blocked up for hours. The last train sent out on the Boston and Fitchburg Railroad, consisted of a snow plow, three engines and two passenger cars, and was even then unable to get through, as it ran into a snow drift which threw the plow from the track and down an embankment, smashed up the forward engine and threw all the rest off the track. Over a foot of snow fell in Boston. In Augusta, Me., the storm raged twenty-six hours, and a great amount of snow fell.

FIRE IN CONNECTICUT.—The Busbee House in Meriden was burned on the 21st inst., with all its furniture. The boarders lost their baggage and clothing. Total loss about $50,000.

ONE of the most useful and economical productions of the present day is HOWE & STEVENS' system of FAMILY DYE COLORS, comprising all the staple colors and the most exquisite shades, and so simple that any one can use them with perfect success.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"THERE is little doubt it is the *best* blackberry known." —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Kittatinny: Genuine plants, wholesale and retail, for sale by E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.

946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE.
ROCHESTER, March 24, 1868.

THE eastern money market last week was very active, and rates of interest ruled high. In New York and Boston the market continues quite stringent. The singular stock operations which have taken place in New York have completely deranged monetary affairs at that point. We have heretofore mentioned the struggle going on to get control of the Erie Railway, and the contest still continues. These would-be railway kings have absorbed such an immense amount of capital that regular and legitimate borrowers have found much difficulty in obtaining required accommodation. There have been several failures in Wall street of Erie and Central operators, and unless these stocks rally very soon other parties must go down. It is unfortunate that stock gambling, or contests for railroad control, should be conducted upon so gigantic a scale as to seriously derange the monetary affairs of the country.

At the West the money market is steady, and good notes are readily discounted at ordinary rates.

Gold has been a little lower, but remains in a most sensitive state. Transactions for some days have been moderate. Gold operators are expecting Government will be a large seller before the first of May. Shipments abroad have not been heavy for the last week or two. The next gold interest which is due is the May interest upon the five-twenties of '62, '64 and '65. The payments to be made the first of May foot up a total of twenty-five millions of dollars. Gold sold at the New York Board yesterday at 140¼.

WOOL.—The wool market was more active last week than the week previous. The Boston Bulletin of Saturday says: "Manufacturers evidently are impressed with the conviction that wool is bound to go higher, and are governing themselves accordingly. They have done looking about for cheap lots, and pay the advanced prices asked for desirable lots, quite readily. They feel encouraged to buy freely by the prospective repeal of the manufacturing tax, which will leave them a better margin, and also stimulate consumption. They derive additional confidence from the improved tone and growing activity of the goods market, which is beginning to relieve them of accumulations, and also to supply them with funds for reinvestment in their business."

Sales have been quite large in New York. The sales in Boston for the week foot up 1,675,000 lbs., and include 90,000 lbs. at 47½@50c. for No. 1 Ohio; 47½@50c. for No. 1 Michigan; 54c. for extra Ohio; 50c. for extra Michigan; 45@55c. for super pulled; 28@35c. for No. 1; 27c. for 15,000 lbs. California fall clip; 33c. for do. spring clip medium, and 35c. for fine do.; 100,000 lbs. at 64c. for fine double extra Pennsylvania; 57c. for extra Western Virginia; 45@50c. for super pulled; 47@50c. for New York fleece, and 46@52c. for extra pulled. Scoured fleece sold at 55@93c.

There is a decided improvement in the market for woolen goods.

PETROLEUM is firmer, and prices tend upward. The European markets are very firm.

COTTON has been quite steady during the past week, both in Liverpool and on this side. Middling uplands have been selling at 25@26c., closing at the inside figure.

COTTON GOODS have been slow of sale in the eastern markets for some days, and prices favor the buyer. The dry goods trade generally is dull for the season.

BUTTER is high and the market firm in all sections of the country. Dealers in Rochester pay for good lots 35@40c.

A Boston paper of Saturday notices the market thus:—"We note sales of fair to good Vermont and New York butter in straight lots at 50@54c.; grocery lots are in limited demand at 55c., and extra family tubs are scarce and wanted at 57@60c. per lb. The common grades are in fair demand, and selling at 45@50c. for ordinary to fair lots. Canada butter is firmer, and selling at a range of 40@50c. as to quality."

The present extreme prices are limiting the demand.

ROCHESTER, March 23.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,55@2,60; Do. white, $3,00@3,15; Rye, $1,65@1,70; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $1,90@2,05; Beans, $1,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@25,00; Beef, cwt., $9,00@13,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@11,50; Hams, 16@17cts Shoulders, 12@11½c; Chickens, 16@18c; Turkeys, 20@22c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 16@17c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 22@23c; Potatoes, 90@$1; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@7,00; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $3,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@45c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $14@23.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 21—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 24@25c. Flour, $8,90@14,75. Wheat, $2,48@3,20. Rye, $1,38@1,90. Barley, $2,15. Corn, $1,20@1,28. Oats, 82@82½c. Hops, 30@60c. Pork, mess, $23,50@23,62; new mess, $21,85@25,00; prime, $20,00@20,75; prime mess, $22,50@22,75. Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,00; new extra mess, $19,50@22,75. Beef Hams, $36@40,00. Shoulders, 10½@11cts. Hams, 14@15½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@12c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 13½c. Lard, 15½@16½c. for new. Butter, 30@60c. Cheese, 12@16½c.

ALBANY, March 21.—Flour, $9,00@15,50; Rye flour, $9,00; Buckwheat flour, $4,25@4,50; Corn meal, $2,35@2,56 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,50@3,00; Rye, $1,70@1,85; Corn, $1,25@1,28; Barley, $2,35; Oats, 87@88c; Pork, new mess, $25,00; clear, $27,00; boneless, $29,00; Hams, 17c; Shoulders, 14c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 16½@17c. Clover seed, 13@18c; Timothy, $2,70@2,90.

BUFFALO, March 21—Flour, $10,25@15,00; Wheat, $2,18@3,10; Corn, $1,09@1,10; Oats, 73@77c; Rye, $1,70; Barley, $2,10@2,25; Peas, $1,40@1,45; Beans, $4,50@5,00; Pork, mess, $23,00@24,50; Lard, 16@16½cts; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17c; Clover seed, medium, $7,75@7,75; Pea-vine do. $10,50@10,50; Timothy, $2,75; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,55 fine, coarse $2,60 ℔ bbl.

CHICAGO, March 21—Flour, $8,25@10,00; Wheat, $1,90@2,05. Corn, 82½@83½c; Oats 36@40; Rye, $1,50@1,60; Barley, $2,25@2,50; Pork, mess, $23,62@24,00; Lard, 15½@16cts; Shoulders, 10c; Bacon, 11½@13c; Butter, 15@33c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1,90@2,35; clover, $7,20@8,50.

CINCINNATI, March 21—Flour, $9,75@11,00; Wheat, $2,45@2,50; Corn, 84@86c car; Oats, 68@72c; Rye, $1,75@1,75; Barley, $2,25@2,75; Mess pork, $24@24,50; Lard, 15@15½c; Bacon, 11@11½c; Clover seed, 12½@13c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,40@2,50.

TORONTO, March 20—Flour, $7@8,25; Wheat, fall, $1,80@1,85; Spring, $1,65@1,67; Oats, 58@60c; Barley, $1@1,25; Peas, 87@90cts; Pork, mess, $18@19,50; Bacon, 7½@8cts; Hams, 9½@12cts; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 11@12c; Eggs, 20@23c; Butter, 15@30c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $13@18; Straw, $11@12; Wool, 23@25c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

ALBANY, March 19—Beef Cattle sell at 3½@12cts; Milch Cows, $40@100; Sheep and Lambs, 6½@8c; Hogs, 7½@8½c.

NEW YORK, March 18—Beeves—Receipts 4,535 head; quotations 10@19c. Veal calves; receipts 1180 head; quotations 11@12½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 19,015 head; quotations Sheep 5½@9c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 11,220 head; quotations, 8½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, March 18—Beeves range from 10@16cts; Working Oxen, $160@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $100@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 5@7½c; extra, 8@8½c; by the head, $2@6,00; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7@9c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 60c@$1,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, March 21—Beef Cattle, 6@8½c. Veal Calves, 5@6½c. Sheep, $2,25@6. Hogs, $7@10.

CINCINNATI, March 21—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,00; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Hogs, 7½@10½c.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16—Cattle lower; sales at 7@10c. Cows and Calves, $30@90; Sheep, 7@8½c. Hogs, 13@14½c.

BALTIMORE, March 19—Beef Cattle, 4½@9½c; Sheep, 5½@8½c; Hogs, 12@13½c.

TORONTO, March 20.—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@7; Calves, $3@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 21—Market is quiet. Sales are 690,000 lbs. at 43@57½c. for Domestic Fleece, 30c. for pulled, 34@51c for extra do., 45@50c for super do., 22½@29c. for Texas, 23@32c for California, and 25c for Mexican.

BOSTON, March 17—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 45@55c; 52@64c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@46c; California, 21@31c; Texas, 27½@30c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, March 17—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@44c.; Medium, 37@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, March 17—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line. Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

SEND FOR MY CATALOGUE OF SMALL FRUITS—Those who do so look to their own interest as the prices are lower than are advertised in this paper,—quality good and true to name. Peach Trees $7 ℔ 100 or $50 ℔ 1,000. THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

1868. AGENTS WANTED to sell our Excelsior Map of U. S. and Canada; Bible Reader Map of Palestine and Holy Land; Religious and Patriotic Pictures and Charts. Agents make $100 to $200 a month. Send for terms to D. L. GUERNSEY, Bookseller, Concord, N. H.

"WHEN THE HAPPY DAY DRAWS NEAR" is the title of a new and beautiful Song and Chorus, by E. Linwood. For sale at the Music Stores, or mailed, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by COTTER & DENTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—DURHAM BULLS.—ROSECRANS, 6140, A. H. B., Vol. VII., 4 years old. PRINCE 2D, 6050, A. H. B., Vol. VII., 2 years old. ROYAL GEORGE, 7236, A. H. B., Vol. VIII., 1 year old. The above are first-class animals, and are offered at a low rate by W. G. MARKHAM, Avon, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PREMIUM SILVER PHEASANT FOWLS.—I am prepared to fill all orders the coming season for setting. Eggs from the handsomest and best layers, carefully packed and sent to any address by express, upon receipt of price, $2,00 ℔ dozen. Also the fowls in pairs at $5,00 ℔ pair. All money sent by mail at my risk. Address GEO. M. CURTIS, Box 272, Rochester, N. Y.

100,000 SHEEP BADLY OFF WITH FOOT ROOT,
Have been permanently cured during the last year by the use of REMINGTON'S FOOT-ROT REMEDY. For sale by Druggists.
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OLDEST, LARGEST, AND MOST RELIable DOLLAR SALE in the United States. Better goods than any other concern. Webs Cotton Cloth, Dress and Pant Patterns, Watches, Castors, &c., to Agents for very little work, and *without charge.* For 10 cents, a Patent Pen Fountain and Slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000 an article to getter-up worth from $3 to $500. Send them in. *Samples free.*
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QUARTER OF A MILLION PIANISTS, are indebted to Richardson's New Method for their ability to play well. This book continues to be the Standard Method of Piano Instruction throughout the country. Its Easy Lessons, Pleasing Exercises, and Charming Recreations, have made it extremely popular, while its rare adaptation to all grades of advancement causes it to be not only valuable to a person during his early studies but for a lifetime. Price $3,75. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
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As it is always fresh without being sensational.
SIX HUNDRED PAGES FOR $1.50.
The *Cheapest* and *Best* Juvenile Magazine is the
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CAUTION.
ALL persons who keep HOWE & STEVENS' FAMILY DYE COLORS for sale can be relied on for fair dealing, for the reason that they cost the retailer twenty-five cents per dozen more than other kinds of Dyes in the market, while he retails *them all* at the same price, consequently he makes twenty-five cents per dozen more by selling an inferior article.
We publish this caution to guard our customers against imposition. Accept none but HOWE & STEVENS' PATENT FAMILY DYE COLORS. They are the original inventors of an improvement which originated this branch of business, and made dyeing a domestic art. They have had, also, five years' experience in this particular business, and have been constantly improving the quality of their Dyes. All the colors, both in liquid and powder form, are manufactured by the undersigned, and we can supply our customers with either. The liquids do not require so much time in dyeing; but the powder colors will color the most goods, and cost the same per package. In coloring blacks, browns and drabs, we would advise the use of the powder colors in preference to the liquid, unless for ribbons or some very small article.
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Dodge's Patent Reaper and Mower and Self-Raker.
Buy the Best—J W Briggs.
The Early Rose Potato—Geo W Best.
American (Waltham) Watches—Robbins & Appleton.
The New York Sun.
Guano—J B Sandy.
The Rural Companion.
Eagle Brick Machine—Frey, Sheckler & Co.
Laffer's Iron-Clad Brick Machine—J A Laffer & Co.
Dealers in Seeds—Hovey & Co.
Peach Trees—E Ware Sylvester.
Small Fruits—Thos C Andrews.
Goodrich Seedling Potatoes—B F & B F McMillen.
Remington's Foot-Rot Remedy—C Remington.
Silver Pheasant Fowls—Geo M Curtis.
Agents Wanted—D L Guernsey.
Verbenas, &c—F K Phœnix.
Strawberry Plants—M N Wilson.
Improved Bartlett Sewing Machine—Goodspeed & Wyman.
Keech's New Strawberries—J Keech.
Agents Wanted—Dr O Phelps Brown.
Ladies, Here We Are—Cutter & Co.
Agents Wanted—W H Dailey & Co.
Epilepsy, &c—G Robbins, M D.
New and Beautiful Song—Cottier & Denton.
Agents Wanted—National Publishing Co.
Durham Bulls for Sale—W G Markham.
Agents Wanted—E R Treat & Co.
Are you Lame—Dr Mann.
Carpenters—A J Bicknell & Co.
Quarter of a Million Pianists—Oliver Ditson & Co.
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Desirable Property for Sale—M M Andrus.
Locust Hedge Plants—Warren J Buell.
Dollar Sale—Eastman & Kendall.
The Great European Strawberry—Frost & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Kittatinny Blackberry—E Williams.

The News Condenser.

— April 2d has been appointed fast day in Massachusetts.
— The Thames Tunnel is to be used by two railroads.
— The fortifications of Cuba are to be strengthened.
— Texas has planted 7,000 acres of the castor bean.
— Philadelphia is thirty miles in circumference.
— Americans are the only foreigners now in Rome.
— The Southern Illinois peach crop promises well.
— Wehli is concerting in Great Britain.
— Jenny Lind is wintering at Cannes, France.
— Tom Thumb proposes to retire.
— The sewers of Detroit are choked with hoop skirts.
— 1,003 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary.
— Harriet Beecher Stowe is in Richmond, Va.
— The Long Island gentry have had a fox hunt.
— Orpheus C. Kerr has retired from journalism.
— Dan Rice's "sacred cow" is dead. It cost $20,000.
— Earl Russell has become the grandfather of twins.
— Toledo is agitating the question of water supply.
— Swinburne, the poet, is twenty-five years old.
— Hong Kong is having a season of Italian Opera.
— The Missouri River is open to Council Bluffs.
— A superior hard coal has been found in Raymond, Me.
— The St. Nicholas hotel, without the stores, rents for $80,000.
— The Catalonians in Spain are offering public prayers for rain.
— Houses in Newport are already in demand for the summer.
— The annexation feeling in Nova Scotia is steadily growing.
— Ole Bull gave a series of concerts in New York city last week.
— A Burglar Insurance Company has been started in New York.
— Duelists are disfranchised by the new constitution of Mississippi.
— A book of poems by a slave is attracting much attention in Cuba.
— John Mitchell denounces American Fenianism in the Irish Citizen.
— The new Constitution for Georgia makes Atlanta the State Capital.
— Travel in the Holy Land is being made dangerous by hostile tribes.
— The Detroit Mechanics' Society library numbers 8,000 volumes.
— A great oyster bed has been discovered near San Francisco, Cal.
— Nine million dollars were donated to American Colleges last year.
— Astor and the Stetsons are to spend $100,000 each on the Astor House.
— The White Mountain elevated railway is to be in operation this year.
— A California Chinaman is doing a profitable business in fattening rats.
— Second growth parsnips poisoned two families in Ft. Wayne lately.
— Victor Emanuel is expected to abdicate when Prince Humbert marries.
— The freedmen in Florida have generally made contracts for the year.
— Barnum don't know whether to rebuild or to leave the show business.
— Peter Meyers, a farmer near Manlius, committed suicide Sunday week.
— The new Jewish Synagogue building in New York will cost $1,000,000.
— One hundred and fifty lawyers manage to scrape up a living in Rochester.
— Cincinnati gave over 80,000 bushels of coal to the poor the past winter.
— A $1,000 fur overcoat has been sent from Russia as a present to Gen. Wool.
— Stetson's St. James Hotel, in Boston, is to be the largest in the country.
— It is computed that we used 33,000,000 pounds of tea in this country last year.
— Report says Parisian ladies are beginning to use the cigarette at the dinner table.
— Agassiz said there would be 38 snow storms this winter. We have already had nearly 30.
— The amount of silver shipped and deposited for shipment in Montreal now exceeds $100,000.
— Iowa has built one thousand two hundred and nine miles of railroad at a cost of $40,191,450.
— Baron Rothschild of the English House, is to be raised to a higher rank in the peerage.
— Over 700 persons have joined the churches in New Albany, Ind., during the present revival.
— A letter was mailed at Chicago lately addressed to "Mr. Coldfacts, the Senator of Congress."
— The body of an unknown man was lately found in the barn of Mr. Cochrane, near Honeoye Falls.
— An ingenious suicide in Lansingburg, Penn., committed genuine hari-kari with a shoe knife.
— The last county treasury robbed was that of Harrison, Iowa, and the amount taken was $15,000.
— In Massachusetts there are 412 dentists, and only 136 brokers, who pay a license to the United States.
— Four wheel mills at the Hazardville Powder works, Conn., exploded last week, but no one was hurt.
— The parishoners of Rev. Dr. Huntington, New York city have presented him a $10,000 policy on his life.
— Hon. David Wilmot author of the Wilmot Proviso, died at his residence in Towanda, Pa., the 16th inst.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPROVED BARTLETT Sewing MACHINES. Manufactured by GOODRICH & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents Wanted*—Enclose stamp, and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to Machines for shipping.

GOODRICH SEEDLING POTATOES—Delivered on the N. Y. & E. R., at the following rates:—Early Goodrich at $5,00; Gleason and Calico at $4,00 ℔ barrel. Address R. F. & B. F. McMILLEN, Conesus Center, Liv. Co., N.Y.

DODGE'S PATENT
REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER,

MANUFACTURED BY THE DODGE AND STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., AUBURN, N. Y.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES AND DEPOTS FOR MACHINES AND REPAIRS:

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GAMMON & PRINDLE, No. 46 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.
L. J. BUSH & CO., Nos. 7 & 9 Clybourne Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. A. TYRREL, 58 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR,
AS THE BEST
COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

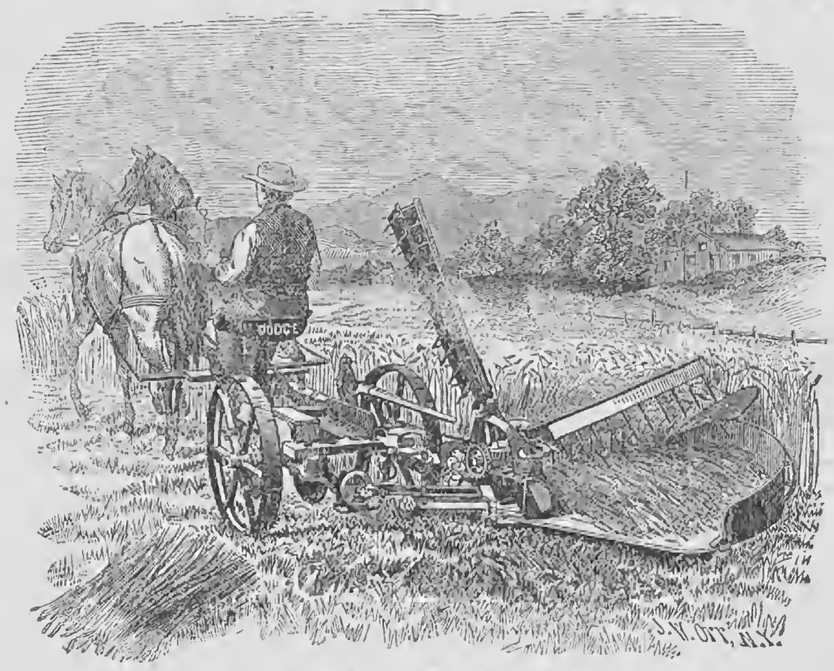
On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.



No. 1,—WOOD FRAME, SELF-RAKER.

20,000 AGENTS WANTED.—A SAMPLE sent free, with terms, for any one to clear $25 daily, in three hours. Business entirely new, light and desirable. Can be done at home or traveling, by both male and female. No gift enterprise or humbug. Address W. H. DAILEY & CO., 355 Broadway, N. Y.

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The Official History of the War,
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By HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

This great work presents the only complete and impartial analysis of the Causes of the War yet published, and gives those interior lights and shadows of the great conflict only known to those high officers who watched the flood-tide of revolution from its fountain springs, and which were so accessible to Mr. Stephens from his position as second officer of the Confederacy.

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One Agent in Easton, Pa., reports 72 subscribers in three days. Another in Boston, 108 subscribers in four days.

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JOHN YOUNG'S
(ORIGINAL WRINGER MAN)
MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER,
WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS, AND
ALL WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS.

The subscribers claim to have a Machine so constructed as to work as easily as Clothes Wringers without gear, which entirely obviates the great objection so universally made against all Cog-Wheel Wringers.

The Cog-Wheel Monitor

is the first and only Wringer ever constructed so as to work effectually with Cog-Wheels and self-adjusting Rubber Springs combined, and at the same time keep the cogs in gear and rollers level at both ends.

Time, experience and the public have convinced manufacturers that Clothes Wringers with cog-wheels are much more durable than those without, for the following reasons:

1st. They prevent any strain upon the clothes while being wrung.
2d. They preserve the rollers, as the labor is divided between both rollers, instead of all being done by the lower one to which the crank is attached, as is the case when no cogs are used.
3d. They wring large articles with perfect ease.

N. B.—If it be so, as some manufacturers assert, that *Black Rubber Rollers* are as good and better than White Rubber Rollers, why don't they use all Black Rubber instead of covering it with a thin coating of White Rubber to give them the appearance of All White Rubber Rollers? A liberal discount made to jobbers.

Agents wanted everywhere. Sold everywhere by Grocers and Hardware Dealers. Manufactured by
JOHN YOUNG & SON,
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LADIES, HERE WE ARE! With new Circulars, offering great inducements to Ladies, or any one sending Clubs to our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE, (the best in the country.) Will give Silk Dress Patterns, Pair of Blankets, Pieces of Sheeting, Hunting Watch, &c. Send 50 cents, and receive four slips and new circular, or send for new circular. Agents wanted everywhere; Lady Agents preferred.
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DESIRABLE PROPERTY FOR SALE.—A small farm of 19 acres, in the town of Watertown, N. Y., 5 miles from the city, under a good state of cultivation. Desirable for gardening or for a country residence, having a fine dwelling house and out-buildings, surrounded with an abundance of shade trees and shrubbery: also, a fine Apple Orchard attached. Price, $3,000. For particulars inquire of
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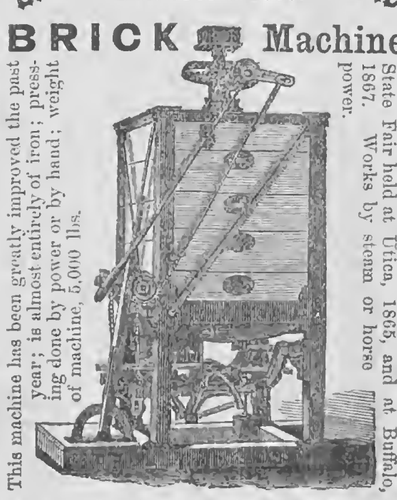
LAFLER'S NEW IRON-CLAD
Pat. 1863 & 1868.
BRICK Machine



This machine has been greatly improved the past year; is almost entirely of iron; pressing done by power or by hand; weight of machine, 5,000 lbs.

Was awarded the First Premium at the New York State Fair held at Utica, 1865, and at Buffalo, 1867. Works by steam or horse power.

This Machine makes three kinds of Brick, viz.:—Common, Stock and Pressed; can work all kinds of clay,—the mode of operating is upon principles adopted and approved by all practical Brick-Makers. For descriptive Circular address
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SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. Address
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Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., Established 1840.

PHILADELPHIA, AGRICULTURIST, GOLDEN QUEEN, KNOX'S 700, and other leading and standard varieties of Strawberries. Philadelphia, Clark, Bristol, Doolittle's Improved Black-Cap, Davison's Thornless, and Ellsdale Raspberries, Wilson's Early, Kittatinny, and Lawton Blackberries. Price List, with varieties carefully described and directions for planting, furnished on application. SAMUEL C. DE COU, Rockbottown, Burlington Co., N. J. 946-4t

$5—$10, $20, $30, $40, $50.—Premium Club Lists now ready, choice varieties Grape Vines at wholesale. Prices, post and express paid, from "Hanmore's" celebrated Grape Vine Nurseries, adjoining Charles Downing, Esq., Newburgh, N. Y. Descriptive Wholesale Price and Club Lists sent free. Address 947-4t
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FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.
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LARGEST COLLECTION OF TOMATOES IN THE COUNTRY.—See Amateur Cultivator's Guide. New English and American Seedling Potatoes; for description see Washburn's Amateur Cultivator's Guide. Sent to all applicants on receipt of 25 cts. Address. 947-3teo
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PEA—DREW'S NEW DWARF.—This is the greatest acquisition yet made, and has proved one of the most valuable introductions to the numerous variety of Peas. It has proved one of the most valuable introductions of last year. It grows only one foot high, branching profusely, and forming an erect, dense bush. The pea is of the largest size, of a bluish tinge, slightly shrivelled, and as sweet and delicious as the Champion of England, without the tough skin of that variety; medium early. It is very productive, and a most valuable and extra fine pea. A single row, planted one foot apart, will fill the row a foot wide and one foot high. Price $1 per quart. Address, WASHBURN & CO., Hort'l Hall, Boston, Mass. 947-3teo

THE SALEM GRAPE.—REMOVAL.—The SALEM VINE, having exceeded the expectations of its friends, both in unsurpassed hardiness and quality of fruit, the larger portion of the extensive Stock, grown by us from the original purchased of E. S. ROGERS, Esq., of Salem, Mass., has been secured for Vineyard planting at Salem-on-Erie, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., to which place we have removed our Propagating Establishment, formerly at Amenia. We are still prepared to supply limited orders for first-class Vines, one and two years old.

Prices for the Spring of 1868.

Good, strong, healthy Vines,	2 yrs. old	with 3 buds	each,		$1,00
"	"	"	"	℔ doz.	9,00
"	"	"	"	℔ 100,	250,00
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"	"	"	"	℔ doz.	24,00
"	"	"	"	℔ 100,	150,00

For orders, 500 and upwards, a liberal reduction from the above rates. Address, J. A. REQUA, Agent, Salem-on-Erie Nurseries, Brocton, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. 941-6teo.

CROSBY'S EARLY SWEET CORN.—THIS new variety of corn is early, sweet, and large; unlike most early varieties it averages twelve rows and well filled. It is taking the place of all others, giving great satisfaction. Our stock grown from the original. Price per pkt. 15 cents. Address. WASHBURN & CO., Hort'l Hall, Boston, Mass.

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CHEESE PRESS SCREWS—FOUR SIZES—Strong and nicely finished. As low as any in market. Manufactured by G. E. HUTCHINSON, Cleveland, Ohio.
☞ Also, GALE'S COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER,—*not to be paid for until tried.* Send for Circular and Price List.

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EARLY GOODRICH, DYKEMAN AND HARISON,
TRUE SEED!
Address G. C. DORSEY, Geneva, N. Y.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.—WISCONSIN HOP ROOTS, per thousand, $10. DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK CAP, per dozen, $1,50. ALSIKE CLOVER SEED, in packages of 4 pounds—1 package, $1; 5 packages, $12. We will deliver all the above by Mail or Express, free, on receipt of price. Remit to
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BERRY BASKETS.—I AM PREPARED to receive orders for the COOK and BEECHER Baskets at the manufacturers' prices direct from the factory.
COOK'S—Quarts ℔ M, $50; Pints do, $40; Half pints do, $30.
BEECHER'S—Quarts ℔ M, $35; Pints do, $30.
Send for a Circular giving full particulars of prices and style of Basket and Crates. C. W. IDELL,
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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUT OF REACH.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

I.

Yonder where the waves are flowing,
Glowing in the sun,—
Where the rays of light are playing,
Straying, one by one
O'er the surface bright and beaming,
Gleaming like the stars.—
Floats a vessel, light and airy,
Fairy-like its spars.

II.

There it onward floats forever,
Never coming near,
As the ships on painted ocean
Motionless appear,
And it bears the every treasure,
Pleasure, gladness each,
That I long for unavailing—
Sailing out of reach!

III.

Through the golden sunlight peering,
Fearing it may glide
Out of sight, I watch it ever,
Never satisfied;
Hoping that its freight of pleasure,
Treasure, I may see,
As reward for hope's abiding,
Gliding in to me!

IV.

Beautiful as any maiden,
Laden with its freight,
Is the ship, with beauty fairer,
Rarer, that I wait.
Hailing it—"Fair craft, and whither?
Hither!" I beseech:
Never does it heed my hailing,
Sailing out of reach!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE CHARLIE.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

Little Charlie was a sweet child, and we loved him dearly—loved him while yet his baby accents lingered in our ears, and his caresses were still warm about our necks; but never until his little curling locks were damp with the death dew, and his chubby arms, which had never before ceased in their untiring activity, were quietly folded, and the sweet eyes with their soul-beauty closed; and the dear little form hidden from us forever, did we know how *well* we had loved him.

A feeling of estrangement had gradually grown up between my husband and myself. So imperceptibly had the gathering shadows settled within our hearts that I think neither of us fully realized how great was the change, only that the old demonstrative affection had gradually given place to a studied formality, which is so dangerous to domestic happiness.

True love is always more or less impulsive in expression, and the thousand little acts of endearment which are so sweet to the fond recipient, are never the premeditated acts of duty which conscience may dictate, but the free and natural outgushings of a true and loving heart.

I was more deeply the wronging than the wronged. From a self-willed, petted child, I had grown to resent any infringement upon my so-called rights, and when my husband, who was older and wiser than myself, had seen fit to remonstrate against the gay career which I had marked out for the first few years of our wedded life, I had not heeded him, but selfishly persisted in the only course which I had thought could yield me happiness. The first year he kindly accompanied me in my various rounds of amusement and gaiety. The second year he had seemed unwilling to do so, and a brother had acted as my *chaperone* and protector. At the expiration of another year he had accepted, as I thought all too willingly, an engagement necessitating a two years' absence in Europe. I could not forgive him this seeming neglect, although I never asked him to remain nor manifested the slightest desire to have him do so; nevertheless I at once imagined myself wronged, neglected, and a fit object of sympathy and compassion.

A few months after his formal leave-taking our little Charlie came and nestled close to my warm heart, and although happy in my mother-love, I more than ever steeled my heart against my husband. Strange that the dear little face pressed so close to my bosom, and so like his own, did not for a moment awaken something of the old love which had slumbered so long; but it did not, and when little more than a year from the birth of our boy he came back to me more manly and noble looking than ever, and gathering me to his breast with all the old, tender passion, and looking down into my eyes eagerly inquired for our first born, I proudly and coldly repulsed him with my seeming indifference!

Tears for a moment struggled up to the dark eyes, the look of happiness crept away from the bright face, while a grieved and disappointed expression looked out upon me so deep and tender that had not the work of months completely hardened me, my animosity must have melted like a snow wreath in the beautiful sunlight.

"I had hoped for a warmer welcome than this, Carrie," he said sadly; "but where is our boy? Perhaps *he* has a welcome for his father."

"He is in the nursery," I replied coldly; then my evil genius must have gotten the mastery, for I inwardly vowed to manifest a cold indifference toward my child, the better to wound the proud, sensitive nature of his father.

He came back in a few moments with the little cherub in his arms, and as I saw him showering down a wealth of kisses upon the fair brow, my heart for one moment relented, but that was all.

"Oh! is'nt he glorious, Carrie?" he cried, exultantly, "and only see, he knows you, and is even now stretching out his little arms to go! Take your darling, mamma," he added, as the little arms were outstretched in their eagerness toward me.

"I do not think it at all remarkable that a child a year old should know his mother," I replied; besides I do not wish to be troubled with him, and you will oblige me by returning him to the nursery."

The little fellow was borne away, and his disappointed cries came back to me with the low tones of his father, who was striving in vain to soothe him. After a little he came back—my poor husband, so white and changed—and was about to approach me, but I hastily arose and left the room.

I shall not endeavor to give even a brief retrospection of the weeks and months which followed, with coldness and perfect indifference on my part, and anxiety, humiliation, and at last total estrangement on the part of my husband. How long this state of things might have continued I know not. The mask continually wore when in his presence was eagerly thrown aside when opportunity offered, and mingled tears and caresses were freely bestowed upon my child.

One day when my husband was absent and I had passed nearly the whole time in the nursery, sharing Charlie's sports, and listening to his childish prattle, he grew very thoughtful at length, and coming suddenly to my side, said:—"Mamma, does 'ou 'ove my papa?"

"Why, Charlie, why do you ask mamma such a question?" I answered.

"Tause 'ou never tiss him, and put 'oor arms awound his neck and say 'dear papa,' as Charlie do," said the little fellow, standing in all his dignity before me, like a judge before a convicted criminal. "*Does* 'ou 'ove him, mamma" he continued, seeing that I was making no reply. "*Does 'ou 'ove him, mamma?*"

"Hush, child!" I replied, taking him in my arms. "Hush, child! you must not ask mamma such questions, darling!"

This silenced him for a time; but at last, bursting into tears, and sobbing as though his heart would break, he cried out, "Oh! 'ou dou't '*ove* Charlie's papa!—'*ou don't 'ove my poor papa!*" and I stood condemned before the little innocent of three years! I half resolved to win back, if possible, some of the old love to my heart; but the shadows had gathered too deeply to be easily dispersed, and my proud spirit *must not yield*, even for the love of my child.

And thus another year of my wasted life had nearly closed, when at last the awakening came. Charlie, *my idol, was dying!* Oh! how suddenly the summons came to me; and now the cruel mask was all thrown aside, and I bent above him with a terrible agony in my soul, such as the erring only may know. How my tearful eyes wandered from time to time to the form of my husband, who knelt so statue-like beside the unconscious sufferer, holding the little hot hands, upon which his tears fell down like rain. How I longed *now* for his sympathy and love; and I would have given worlds, had they been mine to give, could I have thrown myself upon his breast, that, mingling my tears with his own, we might together watch the life of our darling go out to join the angels! Even life itself would I have freely sacrificed could I have heard one word of forgiveness from the lips which were almost as white as those of our dying boy.

But the hours wore on, and he seemed all unconscious of my presence as he knelt there so still and white; while every now and then a faint moan came from the suffering lips beside him. Oh! how like a burning iron in my soul was the consciousness of my great wrong!

Presently the dear eyes upon which the films of death were fast gathering opened slowly, a faint smile of recognition crept over the troubled features, and a faint "Papa! Mamma!" escaped the dying lips. With a cry of joy I sprang to his side.

"Kiss me, mamma!" whispered the white lips.

I pressed a kiss upon his forehead, which was so cold it made me start.

"Kiss papa, now!" he murmured faintly.

With a wild sob of anguish and repentance, I folded myself close within the forgiving arms which were opened to receive me, and God knows they were tears of penitence which I shed.

The films gathered and deepened upon the blue eyes, the little warm heart grew cold, but there was a sweet smile upon the sealed lips which bore their record Heavenward!

THE FACTORY GIRL.

It was a little studio quite at the top of the house. Upon the easel, that occupied the post of honor in the middle of the room, was a piece of canvas glowing with soft tints of a spring landscape, and Frank Seymour stood before it, pallet in hand, his large brown eyes dreamy with a sort of inspiration.

In a comfortable easy chair by the door, sat a plump, rosy little female, in a lace cap with plenty of narrow white satin ribbon fluttering from it, and a silver gray poplin dress—Mrs. Seymour, in fact, our artist's mother, who had just come up from the very basement, "to see how Frank was getting along."

"Here, mother," said the young man, with an enthusiastic sparkle in his eye, "just see the way the sunset light touches the topmost branches of the old apple tree. I like the brown subdued gold of that tint; it somehow reminds me of Grace Teller's hair."

Mrs. Seymour moved a little uneasily in her chair.

"It's very pretty; but it strikes me, Frank, you are lately discovering a good many similitudes between Miss Teller and your picture."

Frank laughed good humoredly.

"Well, mother, she is pretty.

"I don't deny but what she's pretty enough."

"Now, mother, what's the meaning of that ambiguous tone?" demanded the young artist, pleasantly. "What have you discovered about Miss Teller that isn't charming and womanly and lovable?"

"Frank, do you know who she is?"

"Yes, I know that she is a remarkably pretty girl, with a voice that sounds exactly like the low, soft rivulet where I used to play when I was a boy."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Seymour, sharply.

"Well, then, if you are not satisfied with my description of her as she is, would you like to know what she will be?"

Mrs. Seymour was puzzled.

"Mother, I think one day she will be my wife!"

"Frank! Frank! are you crazy?"

"Not that I know of," said Frank, composedly, squeezing a little deep blue on his pallet from a dainty tin tube, and mixing it thoughtfully.

"We know so little about her," thought Mrs. Seymour. "To be sure she is visiting Mary Elton, and Mary belongs to a very good family, if she doesn't live in but half a house, and takes in fine embroidery for a living. But then she has no style compared with Cynthia Parker, who always did fancy our Frank. Then, moreover, she has five or six thousand dollars of her own. But dear me! a young man in love is the most headstrong creature alive!"

Mrs. Seymour mused a while longer, and then put on her mouse-colored silk bonnet and gray shawl, and set out on a tour of investigation.

"I'll find out about Miss Teller, or I'll know the reason why," thought the indefatigable widow.

Miss Grace Teller was "at home," helping Mary Elton on an elaborate piece of fine embroidery. The room where the two girls sat was very plain, carpeted with the cheapest ingrain, and curtained with very ordinary pink chintz, yet it looked snug and cheery, for the fat black bird was chirping in the window, and a stand of mignonette and velvet-blossomed pansies gave a delicate refinement to the details of every day life.

Mary Elton was pale, thin, and not at all pretty, though there was a tremulous sweetness about her mouth that seemed to whisper that she might have been very different under different circumstances. Grace Teller was a lively blonde, with large blue eyes, rose-leaf skin, and hair whose luminous gold fell over her forehead like an aureola.

As Mrs. Seymour entered, a deeper shade of pink stole over Grace's beautiful cheeks, but otherwise she was calm and self-possessed, and readily parried the old lady's interrogatories.

"Very warm, this morning," said the old lady, fanning herself. "Do they have very warm weather where you came from, Miss Teller?"

"I believe it is very warm in Factoryville," said Grace, composedly, taking another needleful of white silk.

"Factoryville! is that your native place? Perhaps, then, you know Mr. Parker—Cynthia Parker's father—who is superintendent of the great calico mills there."

"Very well—I have seen him."

"Are you acquainted with Cynthia?"

"No, I believe Miss Parker spends the most of her time in this city."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Seymour eagerly.

"Cynthia often says there's no society worth having in Factoryville—only the girls that work in the factory, and Cynthia is very genteel. But—excuse my curiosity, Miss Teller—how did you become acquainted with Mr. Parker and not his daughter?"

Grace colored.

"Business brought me in contact frequently with the gentleman of whom you speak, but I never happened to meet Miss Parker."

Mrs. Seymour gave a little start in her chair: she was beginning to see through the mystery.

"Perhaps you have something to do with the calico factory?"

"I have," said Grace with dignity.

"A factory girl?" gasped Mrs. Seymour, growing red and white.

"Is there any disgrace in the title?" quietly asked Grace, although her own cheeks were dyeing crimson.

"Disgrace? Oh, no, certainly not. There's no harm in earning one's living in an honest way," returned Mrs. Seymour absently. The fact was that she was thinking in her inmost mind, what will Frank say? and anticipating the flag of triumph she was about to wave over him.

"I do not hesitate to confess," went on Grace, looking Mrs. Seymour full in the eye, "that to the calico factory I owe my bread."

"Very laudable, I'm sure," said the old lady, growing a little uneasy under the clear blue gaze, "only there are steps and gradations in all society, you know, and—and I am a little surprised to find you so intimate with Miss Elton, whose family is—"

Mary came over to Grace's side and stooped to kiss her cheek.

"My dearest friend, my most precious companion," she murmured. "I should be quite lost without her, Mrs. Seymour."

The old lady took her leave stiffly, and did not ask Grace to return her call, although she extended an invitation to Mary, couched in the politest and most distinct terms.

"Frank!" she ejaculated as she returned home, never once stopping to remove shawl or bonnet, "who do you suppose your paragon of a Miss Teller is?"

"The loveliest of her sex," returned Frank briefly and comprehensively.

"A factory girl!" screamed the old lady at the top of her lungs, "a factory girl!"

"Well, what of that?"

"What of that? Frank Seymour, you never mean to say that you would have anything to say to a common factory girl?"

"I should pronounce her a very uncommon factory girl, mother," said the young man, with aggravated calmness.

"Frank, don't jest with me," pleaded the poor little mother, with tears in her eyes. "Tell me at once that you will give up this idle fancy for a girl who is in no respect equal to you."

"No, she is in no respect my equal," returned Frank, with reddening cheek and sparkling eye, "but in every respect my superior. Grace Teller is one of the noblest women that ever breathed this terrestrial air, as well as the most beautiful. Mother, I love her, and she has promised to be my wife."

"Frank, Frank, I never thought to see my son marry a factory girl."

And then a torrent of tears came to her relief, while Frank went on quietly touching up the scarlet foliage of a splendid old maple in the picture.

Mrs. Seymour was the first to arrive at Mrs. Randall's select soiree on the first Wednesday evening in July; the fact was she wanted a chance to confide her grief to Mrs. Randall's sympathetic ear.

"Crying? Yes, of course I have been crying, Mrs. Randall; I have done nothing but cry for a week."

"Mercy upon us," said Mrs. Randall, elevating her kid-gloved hands, "what is the matter? I hope Frank isn't in any sort of trouble?"

"My dear," said the old lady in a mysterious whisper, "Frank has been entrapped—inveigled into the most dreadful entanglements. Did you ever fancy that he, the most fastidious and particular of created beings, could be resolutely determined on marrying a factory girl?"

Mrs. Randall uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise, and at the same moment a party of guests were announced, among whom was Miss Teller, looking more lovely than ever.

"Well," thought Mrs. Seymour, as her hostess hurried away to welcome the new comers, "well, wonders never cease! Grace Teller at Mrs. Randall's soiree! But I suppose it's all on account of Mary Elton's uncle, the Judge. Here comes Mr. Parker and Cynthia; dear me, what a curious mixture is our American society; how they will be shocked to meet Miss Teller!"

Involuntarily she advanced a step or two to witness the meeting. Mr. Parker looked quite as much astonished as she had expected, but somehow it was not the kind of astonishment that was on the programme.

"Miss Grace! You here? Why, when did you come from Factoryville?"

"You are acquainted with Miss Teller?" asked Mrs. Randall, with some surprise.

"Quite well; in fact, I have had the management of her property for some years. Miss Teller is the young lady who owns the extensive calico factories from which our village takes its name."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, turning pale and sinking down upon a divan near her. "Why, they say the heiress of the old gentleman who owned the Factoryville property is the richest girl in the country."

* * * * * *

"So you are determined to marry me, Frank, in spite of everything?"

Grace Teller had been crying; the dew was yet on her eyelashes, and the unnatural crimson on her cheeks, as Frank Seymour came in, and Mary Elton considerately stepped out to search for a missing pattern.

"I should rather think so," said Frank, looking admiringly down on the golden head that was stooping among the pansies.

"But your mother thinks me far below you in social position."

"Social position be ignored! What do I care for social position, as long as my little Grace has consented to make sunshine of my home?"

"Yes, but, Frank—"

"Well, but, Grace?"

"Do you really love me?"

For the answer he took both the fair, delicate hands in his, and looked steadily into her eyes.

"Frank," said Grace Teller, demurely, "I'm afraid that you'll make a dreadfully strong-willed, obstinate sort of a husband."

"I shouldn't wonder, Grace."

And so the purple twilight faded into purple softer than the shadow of the eastern amethysts, and the stars came out one by one, and still Frank and Grace talked on, and still Mary Elton didn't succeed in finding the missing pattern.

"Grace," said Frank, gravely and almost sternly, "what does this mean?"

The blue eyes filled with tears as she clung closer to his arm.

"I can't help owning the calico factories, Frank. Don't you love me just as well as if I didn't?"

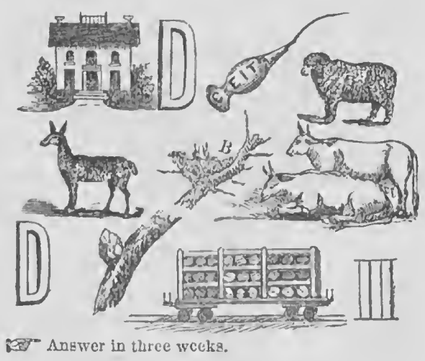
"My little deceiver! But why did you not tell me?"

"Why should I tell you, Frank? It was so nice to leave the heiress behind, and be plain Grace Teller for a while, and when I saw how opposed your mother was to our engagement, a spark of woman's willfulness rose up within me, and I resolved I *would* maintain my incognito, come what might. Mrs. Seymour," she added, turning archly round and holding her hand to the discomfited old lady, "didn't I tell you that I owed my daily bread to the factory?"

And poor Mrs. Seymour for once in her life was at a loss for an answer.

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 23, 15, 4, 11 is a metal.
My 24, 32, 5, 33 is an animal.
My 9, 28, 3 is a kind of wood.
My 6, 7, 35, 27, 2, 7 is a kind of bird.
My 29, 32, 8, 21, 5, 27, 31, 23 is the name of a river in the United States.
My 22, 32, 6, 12 is a plaything.
My 6, 31, 4, 27, 6 is a kind of fish.
My 18, 17, 26, 26, 5, 18, 32, 25 is a kind of flower.
My 20, 1, 15, 4, 11 is a man's name.
My 16, 27, 28, 34 is an animal.
My 13, 14, 32, 24 is wearing apparel.
My 30, 33, 6 is an insect.
My 35, 4, 8, 19 is a flower.
My 10, 2, 7 is a kind of wood.
My whole is a true saying.

Harrisburg, N. Y. Angeline Denison.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is in money, but never in dress;
My second in poverty, a sign of distress;
My third, like my second, in agony too;
My fourth in every one, but never in you;
My fifth is in splendor, in brilliancy never;
My sixth in always, yet not in forever;
My seventh in figures, but never in twenty;
My eighth in abundance, yet never in plenty;
My ninth is in horrid, in pretty and fair;
My tenth is in pleasure, and you'll find it in care;
My eleventh in luxury, in plenty and style;
My twelfth is in sin, but never in guile;
My thirteenth in eyes, but never in sight;
My fourteenth in wrong, of course not in right;
My fifteenth in yes, what the lover expects;
My sixteenth in no, when the maiden rejects;
My seventeenth, seventh and ninth are the same;
My eighteenth in rank, yet unknown to fame;
My nineteenth in pride, and in poverty too;
My twentieth in patron, which I hope includes you.
My whole, if we have it, makes our firesides bright;
Our pocket-books heavy, our farm-labors light.
The cost is but little, then open your eyes
And tell me the name of this valuable prize.

Kansas City, Mo. Hattie A. Cutler.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANAGRAM.

Remirly, yremirl nowd eth hlli,
Deeadn dna gsan a lettli rlli;
Rilymer veer onalg eth awy
Ti fungl in lege sti sihingn rapsy,
Atht 'heant teh gwins fo eth papyh ehous
Siksed eth spli fo eht lahuging wersolf.

Whitehall, N. Y. G. F. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

Answer to Charade:—Mistake.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Hiram Powers on a bust cut the face of a friend with a chisel.

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March 4th, 1868.
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Ralph Evans agt. BRANT N Y

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

THE work of April, in many localities, is but the continuation and completion of that begun in March. It is the month, more than any other of the year, devoted to the farmer's work of faith—the sowing of seed. Spring wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas should be growing ere the month closes. Many will plant potatoes and even corn and beans. In giving brief hints for timely work in a journal circulated through so wide a range of climate as the RURAL—from Canada to California, and from Florida to Alaska—we cannot adapt them exactly to the circumstances of all localities, but we consider the wants of the majority of our readers, and endeavor to write accordingly.

Plowing.—Owing to the need of getting seed in the ground early and the lateness of a season, plowing is often done when the soil is too wet. This is a very bad practice, and its influence reaches through the entire season, and sometimes longer; still in some cases it can scarcely be avoided. Oats and wheat will do better on wet plowed land than barley, hence where there is a choice it is better to sow the oats on such land. Plow carefully and thoroughly, especially sod ground for hoed crops. The plow and the harrow may save half the work of the cultivator. Some fields may be best plowed by beginning in the center, and going around the *plowed* ground instead of the *unplowed*. This avoids treading the headlands. Plow away from fences; and *into* old dead furrows. Also use the jointer on sod ground.

Stock—Requires as much care as during the previous month. Animals long for the ground and the breezy range of pastures. It is conducive to the health of most kinds of stock to give them access to an old pasture or wood lot. Fat stock should be kept quiet, however. Cows need much care, and a week after dropping their calves give rich food, with roots, if at hand. It is a busy month in respect to the care of stock, especially in latitudes where they cannot be turned to pasture.

Sowing Grain.—Where drills are used in spring seeding on soft ground, the seed is often deposited too deep. This should be carefully guarded against, as it is almost a fatal mistake. One inch in depth is enough for any spring grain,—but the soil should be compacted on it by the roller. Too thick sowing is another common mistake; if there are too many plants the surplus is not only wasted, but has the same bad effect as weeds. An English maxim says "*the worst weed for corn is corn.*"

Clover and Grass Seed—Should be sown *early*. Rain should not fall on the ground after the grain is covered before the grass seeds are scattered. Plaster is useful to young clover, and it probably pays to sow it on the spring grain. Where the drill is used in sowing the grain, the grass seed attachment should be with it and the whole job done at once.

Winter Wheat—Should be rolled, and often it is of great benefit to apply the harrow. We shall one day learn to cultivate our winter wheat in the spring as we do corn or potatoes. With wider spaces between the drill rows, less seed, and spring cultivation, more wheat will be harvested than by the present slap-dash-take-care-of-itself system.

Seed Corn.—Look out for the best varieties. It is not a first-rate practice to pick your seed from the corn-crib ten minutes before you plant it.

Grass Lands.—Meadows should be cleared of stone—the horse-rake will have turned up some on old meadows—the furrows, made when the field was in grain, filled up, and plaster sown. Old, tough sod is sometimes benefited by using the harrow on it,—but the *best* application to any grass land would be *liquid manure.*

COLIC IN HORSES.

IN the American Stock Journal for the present month, is a communication from H. C. RENAUD, V. S., on the internal diseases of the horse. When well and unexcited, the pulse of the horse vibrates, he says, about 36 times in a minute. In colts the pulsation is more rapid,—but when either is assailed by internal disease, the pulse is greatly quickened. Prominent among the internal ailments of the horse which affect pulsation, is colic, of which two kinds are mentioned by Mr. R.—*flatulent* and *spasmodic.* In the first it is occasioned by the enlargement of the intestines by the food passing through the process of *fermentation* instead of *digestion.* Gases are largely generated, hence the distention and pain. Such symptoms, when accompanied with flatulence and abdominal distention, generally proceed from the eating of readily fermentable food, such as wet grass, frosted clover, unripe grain, or a full meal of raw potatoes. When the intestines are much overloaded, the brain is apt to become implicated, as is readily perceived from the animal being either dull and stupid, reeling and unsteady in his gait, or irritable and furious. The *spasmodic colic*, which is accompanied by more excruciating pains than the former, is caused by a contraction of a portion of the small intestines. In either case, to force down various pungent and violent remedies is dangerous and absurd.

The practice of running horses about when suffering from colic is reprobated as useless and cruel, and no more appropriate, as a cure, than would be the like treatment in the case of the human subject suffering from a cognate cause. He adds:—"When a horse is suffering from colic, never allow him to be disturbed, except when it is necessary to administer medicine to him. Occasionally, to the fitful intermittent colic symptoms, are superadded more steady and continuous pain, a permanently quickened pulse, hot mouth, and other evidences of fever. From the continued irritation, the intestinal coats (most usually the interior or mucous coat) have their vitality seriously lowered, and thus inflammation is established. In still another class of colic cases, after much abdominal distention and violent struggling, the patient sits on his haunches like a dog, and sometimes makes efforts to vomit, whilst his pulse is quick and small, telling of some depressing influence acting on the circulation. Such symptoms are well known to proceed from rupture of the stomach, some portion of the intestines, or the diaphragm." It is added that ordinarily, among common farmers, inflammation of the bowels is assailed by strong dosings of aloes, which are pretty certain to terminate in the death of the animal, which, if let alone, might recover. In such cases it is better to trust to nature to throw off the disease than to have recourse to treatment of whose action and influence we are ignorant.

BEAN CULTURE—NO. IV.

A Bean Puller Wanted.—I wish a premium were offered by the State Agricultural Society for a machine to pull or cut beans. It would be to bean raising what the cotton gin is to the culture of cotton. Several machines have been offered, but they either fail to do the work, or make too great waste in doing it. I hope these suggestions will meet the eye of some of our gifted inventive men. There seems to be a profusion of machinery for gathering every other farm product, but to harvest beans there is no other way but to bend the back and pull them by hand.

Harvesting.—It is well to allow beans to ripen thoroughly before pulling. One important advantage thereby gained is, that they need not be left out so long to cure, exposed to injury from rain. The best method of disposing of the beans when pulling is to stand them in bunches. Pull as many as can be grasped by both hands, and set them on the tops with the roots upward. The top leaves will then be under the pods, and keep them from the ground. The position will also expose the pods to the heat of the sun, and they will cure more rapidly than in any other. It is customary to set four rows together; this will leave plenty of room to drive a wagon between the rows of bunches. They should remain in this position until they are hauled in. One hand should go before the team, about an hour in advance of drawing, and turn the bunches so that the under side shall be toward the sun. This is easily done by placing the fork against the roots and tipping them down to the ground in an opposite direction from the sun.

Storing.—Where there is a large quantity to be stored together in the mow, it should be well ventilated. This may be done while putting the crop in the mow by using stout rails or poles, placing one end of them on the girt or beam and the other on the beans. When they settle, only one end of the rails or poles can go down, leaving a small vacancy underneath, which will be found very useful in airing the mow. If the bay be very deep, and filled to the roof, these ventilators should be put in on the girts and then again on the beams. The beans need not be tramped down in the mow at all; walk on them just as little as you can, and pitch them around; they will settle solid enough. In unloading beans, a man may see the great advantage of the horse fork. It is a slow and laborious task to pitch up a load of beans by hand; they have great tenacity for each other, and hang together to the last. A horse fork makes this part of the work all easy. The harpoon fork is not well adapted to beans. It does not take sufficient hold to raise enough at a time. The screw fork is said to work finely, though I have not seen it tried. The old style claw fork works well. A good sized load of beans may be unloaded with it in ten minutes with four draughts, and no sweating or tugging by any one. B.

Hindsburgh, N. Y., March, 1868.

RETENTIVE POWER OF SOILS.

THE assertion of LIEBIG has been often quoted, that potash and other saline matters "cannot be washed out of the soil." Professor VOELCKER, in a late lecture, alluded to this, and stated that even with water containing ammonia, potash, &c., he extracted potash from the soil, although this was not his intention. He said:

"It is true that all soils, not excepting the most sandy ones, have the power of rendering insoluble to a great extent the soluble fertilizing matters that are usually found in manures; but they have not the power of rendering them completely insoluble. From very dilute liquids they take away very little indeed. I could refer you, if time permitted, to experiments which I have made expressly, with the view of ascertaining whether soils have the power of retaining soluble matters to an extent. It may suffice to state, in a general way, that the weaker the solution of soluble matter, the less the soil is capable of retaining. Thus in operating with a very dilute liquid, containing very little ammonia, I found that hardly any ammonia was retained by the soil; and again, that proportion of phosphoric acid which is left in the liquid after it has passed through the soil is just as large as it was before it was put in the soil. By filtering very dilute liquid through soil which, like clay soil, contains potash, you may even take out the potash, as was the case in an experiment which I made on Mr. MECHI's soil. By filtering some of his tank liquid through his clay lands, I actually obtained more potash in the liquid filtered through the soil than was contained in the tank liquid not thus filtered; thus showing plainly that in the case of a very dilute liquid, the fertilizing matter is not retained in the soil."

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER FIVE.

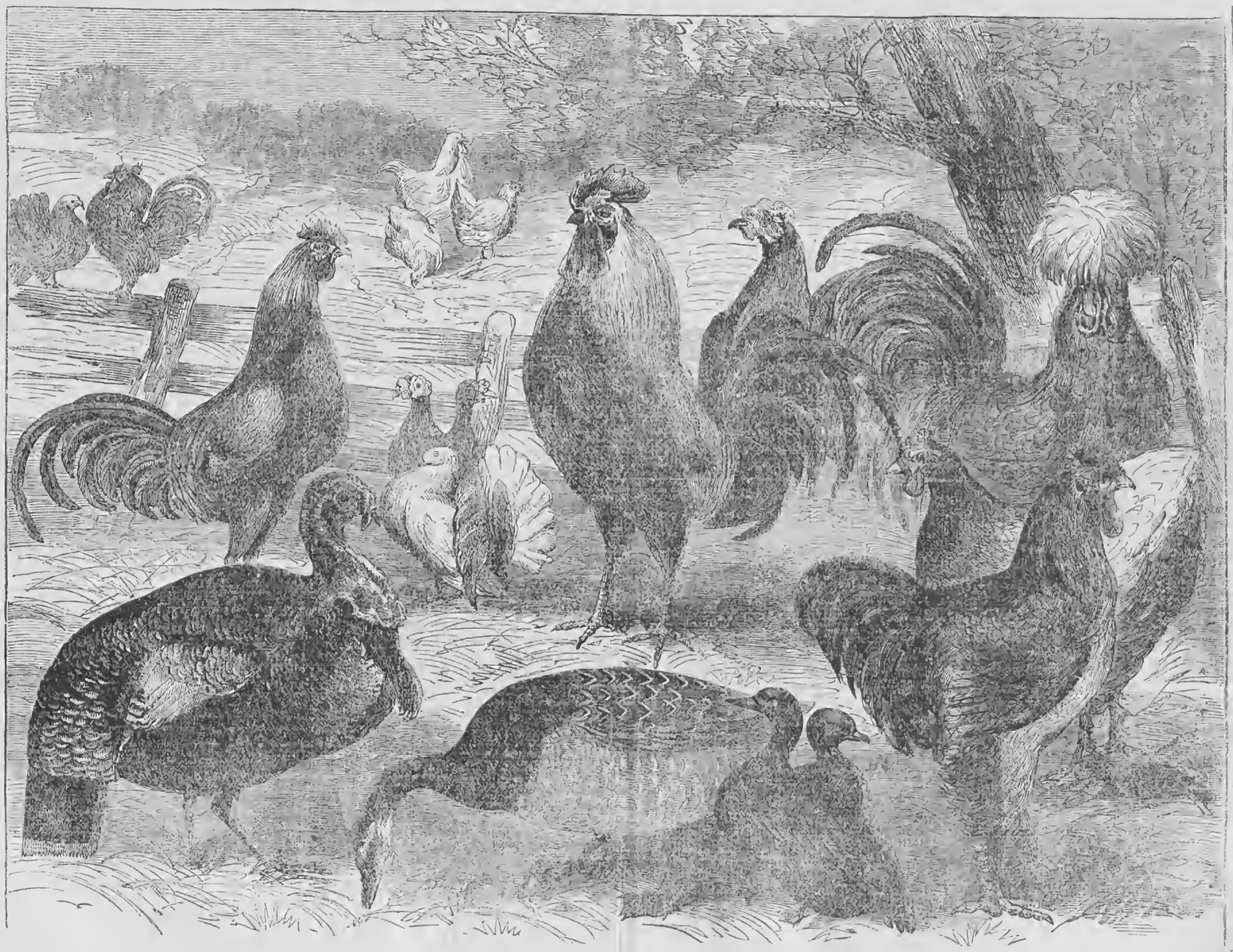
ITS MAGNIFICENT RIVERS AS A SOURCE OF NEVER-ENDING FERTILITY.

THE bed of gypsum on the Red River, noticed in our last letter, which is 100 miles long and of unknown breadth and depth, will be regarded by the agricultural geologist as an instructive indication of the vast and magnificent scale adopted by Nature, in providing the soil-atoms of man's daily bread in the great Southwest. Arkansas is uncommonly rich in these precious atoms; but those in the extensive region drained by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers invite the reader's attention at this time.

Let us suppose the reader to be a New Yorker coming from Olean down the Alleghany and Ohio Rivers, till he reaches the mouth of the Tennessee, which he ascends to its sources in East Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and Southwest Virginia, and fails not to examine the soil on the smaller affluents from Alabama and Mississippi, in search of land adapted to wheat raising purposes. The bed of the Holston River in Virginia, (which is the main branch of the Tennesee,) is over 2,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and more than 2,000 miles by water from the Gulf. He will find men boiling salt water on the banks of the Holston at Saltville, which is the strongest brine east of the Rocky Mountains, coming from a deposit of fossil salt only 200 feet below the surface, of large but unknown extent. He will see others quarrying gypsum and grinding it for distant markets. In the second and third years of the war I was there and saw a plenty of wheat stacks standing in the field one and two years old, indicating very strikingly the natural capacity of the rocks and soils of that district to yield wheat in extraordinary abundance. Saltville was then in open railway connection with Richmond, Atlanta, Savannah and Charleston. These gypseous and salt-bearing rocks lie to a large extent in a vertical direction, like panes of window glass in a glass box, so that rain water descends freely between the layers of sedimentary deposits, and dissolves all soluble salts, of which those of lime, soda and magnesia are most abundant. The writer bought 1,000 acres of land within two miles of the salt works, covered with timber, for $2,000 in Confederate money; and he may add, that he once purchased 110 acres within 2½ miles of the capitol in Washington city for less money than the timber was worth standing in the natural forest.

Let the reader pass with me over the Cumberland Mountain to the head waters of the Cumberland River in the southeastern part of Kentucky. There we find a town growing up at Goose Creek Salt Works—the limited local demand for salt, and the want of facilities to get this weighty article to distant markets, alone preventing its extensive manufacture. "Salt rivers," "*Bigbone* Licks," "Mammoth Caves," and endless saline springs, in this State, tell the well informed reader that he is in a land admirably adapted by nature to produce wheat, corn, blue grass, and nearly all other agricultural plants suitable to the climate. During the war of 1812 with Great Britain our coasts were blockaded about as closely by the British navy as were the Confedarate coasts during the late war; and saltpetre was made largely (for the time,) from the nitrate of lime found in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This nitrate of lime, so abundant in the limestone rocks of the water sheds of the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers, (not to name other districts quite as large and rich in assimilable nitrogen,) has much to do in imparting to our valleys and plains an inexhaustible power of growing wheat.

It is often a matter of surprise to men coming from distant Northern States to find river and creek bottoms sell readily at $100 per acre, while the uplands in the neighborhood are a drug at from $2 to $10 per acre. The difference is owing to the fact that nature both irrigates and manures these low grounds along countless streams, and up to their head springs, without any labor from man. In a word, our ocean-formed rocks, which abound in the remains of marine animals, elevated 2,000 feet above the sea-level, and 2,000 miles from it by water, in the finest wheat and corn climate on the continent, taken together, yield at once assimilable nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, potash, silica, soda, chlorine and magnesia,—not to notice the more abundant constituents of grain. I am anxious to fix the reader's mind on the plain facts, that the nitrates, sulphates and phosphates of lime, potash and magnesia, are valuable, concen-



GROUP OF PRIZE FOWLS AT EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN POULTRY SOCIETY.—[See Next Page.]

trated manures: that these manures are so elevated, and widely distributed that rain water by simple gravitation alone will carry them down and far away from rugged mountains, inaccessible to the plow, and spread them over indefinite millions of acres of wheat fields, corn fields, meadows and pastures; and thus enable the thoughtful farmer, by saving and properly applying these fertilizing atoms, I repeat, brought down to him and his posterity *forever* from mountain masses of rocks, born in a sea teeming with animal and vegetable life, sufficient to enrich every rood of land that belongs to his landed estate. It was only a very small fraction of the elements of wheat that came down the Nile in ancient times, that gave bread to the great cities of Thebes, Memphis and Alexandria, and made Egypt the granary of Rome for many centuries. The wheat growing advantages of the land of plenty in the time of JOSEPH are nothing in comparison with those of Tennessee and Kentucky. Human muscle, that of the ass, or some other domestic animal, had to lift Nile water many feet to irrigate desert sands in an arid climate, and thus extend and force fertility under the most discouraging conditions. Here, irrigating water and the richest ocean-formed manure are elevated hundreds of feet above our wheat and corn fields, pastures and meadows,—so that we may, if we will, make all of our improved lands as fertile and valuable as any river flats that sell at $100 per acre.

D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

MR. HARRIS' LETTER ON THE WOOL TARIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself "A real Friend of the Wool Growing Interest," thus writes us from Chicago:

"Mr. EDWARD HARRIS, the great Rhode Island wool manufacturer, in his letter to the Congressional Committee of Ways and Means, Jan. 30th, states some facts well worth the attention of wool growers. He says that in thirty-seven years' experience in manufacturing, he has never 'seen the business so depressed;' that 'for the past few years he has been endeavoring to make the finest and best goods made in this country;' that 'to enable him to do this, he has used partly wool from Buenos Ayres, sometimes, and generally mixed with the finer quality of American wool;' that 'he finds this South American wool has qualities for felting, and for a nice, soft finish superior to any American grown wool;' that it takes three pounds of Buenos Ayres wool to make one pound of scoured wool, and consequently that every scoured pound of it pays a duty, under the present tariff, of upwards of 30 cents in gold; that 'the consequences of such a duty are such that we cannot go into the Buenos Ayres market to purchase;' that the effect of this 'is that a large proportion of the woolen machinery formerly employed in making fine goods is stopped and the price of American wools has fallen to quite a low point,—but still not low enough to warrant starting said machinery.'

"Now I ask you, Mr. Editor, whether you do not believe Mr. HARRIS to be a truthful and candid man, and in every way well qualified witness to speak on this subject? If he does tell the truth, will you and your wool growing friends persist in stopping American machinery and thus destroying the market for your own wools, in order to *protect* something which is not and cannot be grown in this country? Will you cling to the manifest advantage which the strong desire of the manufacturers to act unitedly with your people, unfortunately enabled you to secure over them in the adjustment of the tariff—a barren victory to you and a most destructive one to them? Are *you*, personally, willing to occupy such a position before the wool interest of the world?"

We know Mr. HARRIS personally, and believe he means to be a highly truthful and candid man. We believe him as well qualified a witness on the subject, where he speaks of facts which are matters of knowledge and not of inference, as any person probably can be who has great pecuniary interests at stake, and who, we must be pardoned for saying, entertains old, preconceived views and traditional class prejudices which, most likely unconsciously to himself, strongly bias his judgment. We shall endeavor in what follows to treat him and his testimony with entire respect; but, called out thus pointedly, we should do injustice to our cause if we did not speak *plainly*.

Mr. HARRIS distinctly carries the idea throughout his letter (an entire copy of which is before us) that the late and present extraordinary depression in the woolen and wool market is entirely attributable to the present wool tariff. He does not mention or even hint at any concurrent causes. Can it be supposed that he was ignorant of the vast over-supply of woolens in our markets on the passage of the tariff; that short crops in the West and famine crops in the South in 1866, and the comparative failure of the cotton crop in 1867, most seriously diminished the means of purchase and consequently the usual consumption of woolens in those extensive portions of the United States; that utter commercial paralysis still reduces the Southern woolen market to a shadow of its former magnitude; that our Government itself has been a formidable competitor of both the manufacturer and grower, by throwing on the market its immense surplus of army woolen goods at prices generally far below the cost of production; that grinding taxation, fears of monetary revulsion, &c., have taught our laboring population generally a chariness in purchasing superfluous articles, which has severely affected all trade, and woolen trade among the rest? We cannot doubt that, on direct interrogation, Mr. HARRIS would admit all these facts. If, then, he chose to present the subject in so purely an *ex parte* light, we submit whether it is not rather cool in our Chicago correspondent to ask us to accept his testimony as covering both sides of the case, and as decisive!

We have another reason for not doing so. The cause which Mr. HARRIS assigns for the depression of the manufacturing interest, viz., the wool tariff, is not even recognized *as one of the causes of that depression*, by the great body of wool manufacturers. Their National Association, comprising probably more than nine-tenths of the most prominent wool manufacturers in the United States, at its last annual meeting, Oct. 2d, 1867, *unanimously* passed the following resolution:—"The present tariff on wool and woolens is as well adapted, as any legislation which can now be devised, *to promote the growth and development of wool manufacturing and wool growing*, and the interests of consumers and the public revenue;" and in another resolution, the Association as unanimously objected to any "change, however trivial," in the present tariff. We know of but two eminent manufacturers besides Mr. HARRIS,—namely, Mr. HAZARD of R. I., and Mr. SLATER of Mass.,—who stand in opposition to the views of the Association in this particular. The weight of testimony, therefore, is utterly against Mr. HARRIS' conclusion in the premises.

Mr. HARRIS manufactures fine and admirable cassimeres, as we can cheerfully attest from our own familiar knowledge and use of them. But when he carries the idea that they owe any of their special excellence to an admixture of Buenos Ayres wools *as such*, we feel entitled, notwithstanding his great practical experience, wholly to dissent from his opinion. They certainly owe none of their good *wearing* qualities to it,—for it is notoriously and concededly inferior in strength to United States wool. If some of it has felting and finishing properties superior to most American wool, it is because it is finer and shorter. Buenos Ayres "Saxony" and "Merino" wools (grades higher than No. 1 Mestiza) are about as fine and short as the former choice Saxon wools of the United States, and consequently are materially finer than the great body of the "American Merino" wools of the present day. But Mr. HARRIS surely does not mean to be literally understood to assert that the Buenos Ayres wools are superior in the respects named to "*any* American grown wool." Has he tested them alongside with what were formerly generally known in the trade as "Washington County Wools"—grown in Washington Co., Pennsylvania, and adjacent portions of Virginia and Ohio?—such wools as "Old John Brown" of Harper's Ferry memory, used to deal so largely in? If he has instituted such a test and pronounces the Buenos Ayres wools, or any other foreign wools which come into our markets, to be superior to these, the weight of testimony is quite as much against him as it is on the effects of the wool tariff in depressing manufactures.*

Some of the sheep bearing "Washington County Wools" are yet grown. Fine Merinos have been comparatively recently imported from Germany which yield similar wools. From these and their grades, and the old high grade Saxon flocks yet existing to some extent in Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Michigan and other States, the production of such wools it is believed fully equals the present limited demand, and will increase as fast as the demand; and it was one of the objects of the tariff to stimulate both their manufacture and production. It may be more agreeable for Mr. HARRIS to import, under the three cent duty, which he asks for in his letter, that little sprinkling of very fine wool, and also that of the quality of the higher grades of Mestiza, which he uses—and for Mr. SLATER to import the bulk of his broadcloth wools—at a first cost of seven, eight or nine cents a pound, (the present prices in Beunos Ayres,) or for the ordinary cost, say from twelve to fifteen cents a pound, than to pay barely a remunerative price to the United States grower. But other manufacturers of fine cloths cordially "accept the situation"—believing it for the ultimate good of all parties—and *they* find no difficulty, even now, in obtaining their raw material from domestic sources. That *they* can use it at a profit, would appear to be conclusively shown from the fact that they continue to manufacture it.

But says Mr. HARRIS, "a large portion of the woolen machinery formerly employed in making fine goods is stopped," in consequence of the "exorbitant duty on fine wools;" and even the present price of wool is not "low enough to warrant starting said machinery." On this point let us hear another manufacturer of reputation. We have not his permission to publish his letter, but if we withhold his name, it simply gives the other side of the story, without compromising any personal delicacies. The references to Mr. HARRIS' motives are a little *tart*; but when he stepped out almost single-handed to oppose the wishes and the action of the great body of those engaged in the same occupation, and to break up the *entente cordiale* between two great industrial interests, he probably did not expect to escape some rubs. The following is the letter:

"In answer to the letter of Mr. EDWARD HARRIS I will say, that few of the manufacturers of cassimeres and cloakings have closed their mills. I will only name a few that have not. The Riverside Mills, Lippet Mills, Onby & Metcalf, near Providence, R. I., Ed. S. Hall, Millville, and Messenger & Wright, of Worcester, Mass., and many others in the vicinity of Mr. HARRIS' Mills; the Globe Mills and Steam Woolen Mill at Utica, the Empire Mill at Clayville, the Elbouef and Mohawk Mills at Little Falls, the Mowry and Huntoon, Eaton, N. Y., the Troy Woolen Mills, the Washington Mills at Lawrence (whose goods were so handsomely noticed at the Paris Exposition); the Burlington Mills and S. Woodward's, of Vt.; the Yantico Mills, Franklin, N. J., and the Newark Woolen Mills, Geo. P. Evans Mills of Philadelphia, and a great many others make as fine goods as EDWARD HARRIS, or can make them, and all made or nearly so of American wool. Many of the mills mentioned make medium goods as well as fine. I saw as fine a piece of goods of silk and wool, within a week, that was made in Indiana, as EDWARD HARRIS can make. Did the manufacturer get his wool from South America? Not a bit of it. It was raised in the United States. There is plenty of fine wool and at fair prices, to those who can give good city paper or cash. If the mills named are losing money, the consignee of foreign goods is losing more.

"The importations are falling off, and if the tax of two and a half per cent. is taken off, the manufacturer will survive in spite of the pauper labor of Europe. In Austria 15 cts. is the price per day of a man's labor! We have as fine a wool-growing country as there is in the world. West Virginia has produced the finest wool in the world according to the statements contained in the work of Abuilla Brown, of Philadelphia. We can and should grow our own fine wool; and it will be done unless such theories as Mr. HARRIS' prevail. It is the manufacturers' interest to use our own wools and encourage our own growers. The staple is stronger and better adapted to our business than South American wool.

"What ails Mr. HARRIS is that he has held his goods, many of them old styles, for one and two years; and he now finds it hard work to compete with most of the mills which sell their goods in the season for which they were made. He has another trouble. He is the largest individual manufacturer in New England, and has an enormous new mill running equal to fifty sets of cards. Has he not a little overdone it? Don't he need more customers and less South American wool? A ten set mill is considered a large one, and is large enough for any prudent man. What troubles the large concerns are the small mills. If they can be crushed, the large ones will have a good time. Take the tariff off from wool, the farmers will kill their sheep, and the small mills break. The large mill owners will in that case become the lords, and the people will become the serfs."

To our correspondent's last questions, we reply, that we have no doubt that the wool growers of the United States will persist in supporting the wool tariff until it has had a full and fair trial *under the ordinary circumstances of trade*. They do not believe that the victory which they won over the free traders, by its enactment, is either a nominal or barren one. As for ourselves "personally," we have chosen our "position" after the maturest investigation and deliberation, and are quite willing to "occupy" it before any tribunal whatever.

* We conversed freely on this subject with Mr. SLATER of Mass., the oldest and largest broadcloth manufacturer of the United States, in 1866. In a letter written a few hours after the Convention, and *from notes taken of it at the time*, we published Mr. SLATER's views in the RURAL NEW-YORKER of April 7th, 1866. We said:—"Mr. S. affirms, unhesitatingly, that wools can be grown in the United States, every way as well adapted to the manufacture of broadcloths as those grown in any other country in the world. He says such wools have been grown in our country, and that he has worked them and fully tested their qualities. He mentioned, as an example, those purchased some years since by JOHN BROWN in Washington Co., Pa., and in contiguous portions of Virginia and Ohio. * * * Mr. SLATER bought and manufactured a large quantity of them. BROWN'S wools were classed as X, XX and XXX. Mr. S. says that the X, or third class wool, was as good as any now put into American cloths. * * * He says that BROWN'S XX wool was a distinct grade above X, and would make superior cloth—cloth fine enough to meet the wishes of those who wear the best clothing." * * * That a quarter or third of his XXX "would compare without disadvantage with any wool in the world. Mr. S. declared emphatically that all those grades worked as well, in every particular, as any other wools, of equal fineness, in the world."

RULES FOR BUYING WOOL.

"THE Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest" met in Chicago Feb 19th, and passed the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, It is for the interest of both the grower and manufacturer of wool, as well as a protection to the honest grower, that a uniform standard should be adopted throughout the West, as to condition and manner of putting up fleeces, and deeming it important that uniform rules, so far as practicable, be adopted by the buyers and manufacturers of the West; it is

Resolved, That the members of this Association will be inevitably [invariably?] governed by the following rules in the purchases of fleece wool made by them, and respectfully invite all Western dealers to conform to them, viz:

1. Merchantable wool shall be the standard for price, and must be well washed, free from tags and all filth, and tied with only what twine is sufficient to hold the fleece compactly together.

2. On all unwashed fleeces, fleeces stuffed with tags, murrain wool or any other foreign substance, black fleeces and all washed buck fleeces, a deduction of one-third shall be made.

3. On unwashed buck fleeces a deduction of one-half shall be required.

We have again and again pointed out the unjust and unequal operation of these "rules," and urged wool growers not to recognize or submit to them. When about to comment on this *new* attempt to enforce them, we found the following remarks on the subject in the Lansing State Republican, which so nearly express our views that we quote the article entire. It is from the pen of SANFORD HOWARD, Esq., Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture:

"It was to have been hoped that the ill feeling, amounting to actual warfare, which has for some time existed between the manufacturers and wool growers of the country, would have been done away by the removal of all grounds of complaint on both sides. But here is an attempt to continue some of the wrongs which originated the strife. How any men who are willing to deal on the principles of the Golden Rule, or on the maxim, 'Do as you would be done by,' can adopt such a platform, it is not easy to comprehend.

"The manufacturers have complained that they were imposed on by farmers; that wool was sold them in such condition that they were deceived in regard to its value; that wool which was nominally washed was too dirty, or contained too much extraneous matter, and that worthless substances were sometimes incorporated with fleeces, for the purpose of cheating the purchaser.

"Now, so far as relates to any intent of deception, its defense will not be attempted. On the contrary, all honest men will admit the wrong, and join in efforts to abolish it. But as two wrongs do not make a right, would not manufacturers do well to remember that justice and fair dealing ought by no means to be confined to one side of the case?

"In the second of the adopted rules, it is specified that 'all unwashed fleeces' and 'washed bucks' fleeces,' shall be subjected to a deduction of one-third, and by the third rule a deduction of one-half is to be made on all 'unwashed bucks' fleeces.'

"By these rules, the open, dry fleeces of sheep of the English breeds,—as the Cotswolds, Lincolns, South Downs, &c.,—are subject to the same deduction as those of the greasiest and gummiest Merinos, when it is well known that the per centage of shrinkage by scouring is at least twice as great in the latter as in the former. Nor does this constitute the extent of the unfairness. The manufacturers have made much complaint,—and justly, too,—of the great quantity of yolk (or something besides wool) in many Merino fleeces, and some breeders of Merinos have successfully directed their efforts to the production of sheep to which the objection would not apply. In doing this they had reason to expect that they would receive prices corresponding to the actual value of their wool; but this rule places their fleeces on a par with those against which the manufacturers have so loudly complained! In fact, the rule amounts to a *premium* on the so-called gummy fleeces. The more extraneous matter can be got into a fleece, the more money it will bring in proportion to its real worth! Verily, in reference to the production of clean fleeces and good wool, this is encouragement with a vengeance!

"The preamble to the resolutions declares that 'it is for the interest of both the grower and the manufacturer of wool, as well as a protection to the honest grower, that a uniform standard should be adopted as to condition and manner of putting up fleeces,' &c.

"What does this mean? That all fleeces shall be brought to the same 'condition' as to cleanness? This seems to be the idea it was intended to convey; but it is wholly absurd and will never be realized, as must have been known in the outset to persons of common sense. As well pretend to uniformity in the grain, the butter and cheese, or any other article sent to market. The *real intent* undoubtedly was, that the words 'uniform standard' should signify *horizontal scale* of one-third and one-half deduction, mentioned in the second and third rules, the unfairness of which we have above shown.

"As to the patronizing talk about 'protection to the *honest* wool grower,' we have seen that the effect of these rules is just the opposite of what is pretended. That buyers and manufacturers should act on 'uniform rules, so far as practicable' and *right*, is all very well; but when under the plea of protecting themselves against imposition, they seek to establish rules which are unjust towards the wool growers, they must expect to feel the force of retaliation.

We fully subscribe to all these views except the one that the "great quantity of yolk in many Merino fleeces" is a *just* cause of complaint to the manufacturers. Our opinions on that subject were given in this Department three weeks since.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

LENGTH OF BROADCLOTH WOOL.—"Enquirer," Columbus, Ohio, writes:—"You have remarked once or twice that American Merino wool is usually too long for broadcloth wool. How long should it be for that purpose?" Wool for the warp of fine broadcloths may be from 1¾ to 2 inches long, or even a trifle upwards. The filling is usually the shorter wool from the same fleeces, and may be from 1 to 1¼ inches long. In plain broadcloths the warp constitutes about one-third and the filling about two-thirds of the fabric.

CALIFORNIA SHEEP AND WOOL.—From the exhibit of the Surveyor General, taken from returns of Assessors, in California, (condensed by H. D. DUNN in monthly report of the Department of Agriculture,) it appears that the number of sheep in 1867 was 1,346,749; product of wool, 5,184,826 lbs.—or about 10 lbs. 2 oz. per head. An increase of 25 per cent. is anticipated in the clip of 1868.

FATALITY AMONG LAMBS IN TEXAS.—F. W. SHAEFFER, Corpus Christi, writes the Department of Agriculture that a great fatality took place in August, September and October last among sucking lambs in many localities in Texas. Some entire drops died. The symptoms were, lagging behind, skin and eyes becoming bloodless, increasing weakness, and death ensuing in four or six weeks. Disease confined to sucking lambs or those recently weaned. After death, Mr. S. found in the fourth stomach small, fine, red worms, about an inch in length, sharp at both ends—usually rolled up in balls. "The lungs of the lambs were diseased, the intestines watery, without any fat upon the kidneys."

ENGLISH VIEWS OF THE WOOL TARIFF.—The great depression in the English wool trade, both in imports and exports, during the year 1867,—the prices of the raw material tending downward throughout the year, and being lower at its close than for many years,—is in a large measure attributed, says the Department of Agriculture, "to the high, indeed almost prohibitory, duties on manufactures and the raw material imposed by the present American tariff." In what situation would the American grower and manufacturer have been, circumstanced as they were in 1867, if English and other foreign exports had flowed in upon us as freely as in some former years under the former rates of duty? It is our deliberate conviction that the new wool and woolen tariff averted a wide-spread crash among our manufacturers, and a depression in the price of domestic wool (if it found any market at all) to at least half the average price for which the clip of 1867 has been sold.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

HONEY PLANTS;

BORAGE, MUSTARD AND MELILOT CLOVER.

THERE are several parties in this county (Kane) that are making the culture of bees a *specialty*. The writer of this article may be regarded as one of these parties. We have been experimenting, more or less, for several years past, with *honey-producing plants*, and we purpose in this article to call attention to the following, and our opinion of them.

1st. *Borage.*—This is a very good honey plant,—but we do not prize it as highly as some other writers have done. It is an annual, and hence must be planted every year. The plant itself is of little value.

2d. *Mustard.*—This answers a two-fold purpose, as it gives considerable honey and a crop of seed for the market. We have several varieties of mustard, but only one that we would recommend for general cultivation as a *honey plant*. We do not know, as yet, whether the seed of this particular plant is good for *table* use, but have little doubt of it. The seed, at present, is of too much value to waste in such an experiment. We first obtained the seed from Prof. KIRTLAND of Ohio, who recommended it to the writer as a very choice variety of the mustard family. It appears to be a *dwarf*, and does not spread its branches laterally as much as other varieties. Bees work on the blossoms very freely, and the yield of *seed* is enormous. We shall ourselves sow all the seed we have on hand, and perhaps we can give away some of it the coming harvest, as we would like to see it tried in other sections of the country.

3d. *Melilot Clover.*—But, all things considered, the *best* honey plant we have yet found is Melilot clover. This clover has a rank growth, and branches very much like buckwheat; it should, therefore, be sown quite sparingly. It comes into blossom about the first of July, in latitude 42°, and remains in bloom through both *drouths* and *frosts* till winter sets in! The plant is very hardy, and will grow under the most unfavorable circumstances. It thrives well in the open fields, in fence corners, under the shade of trees and hedges, and even among stone-heaps; all it wants is a foothold. But it yields the most honey when grown on moderately *dry* soils of a loamy, sandy, or gravely nature.

The plant is very *fragrant*, and the blossoms are *rich in honey*, which is of a light color and good quality. We are so well pleased with the Melilot as a honey plant that we shall rely upon it as our main dependence for our crops of surplus honey. An acre of this clover, while in bloom, will support not less than ten hives of bees and their increase, giving them full and constant employment. As the blossoms make their appearance at about the close of the white-clover season, and when our colonies are strong in bees and brood, it will be seen that we have good reason to regard this honey plant as of considerable importance. The plant is a biennial, and therefore does not bloom till the second year after sowing. If the seed be permitted to fall, once sowing will be sufficient. The plant of this clover makes a good *fertilizer* when turned under after a growth of about three feet. But just now it is perhaps worth more for *tanning* purposes. The extract of the plant, which is obtained by steaming, is used to a considerable extent by the tanning fraternity. They prize this extract very highly, as they use it to modify the astringent properties of Japonica. This is also a vegetable extract, and is highly impregnated with *tannin*. The leather produced by the combination of these two extracts is said to be tough, cheesy, plump, of good quality, and has the appearance of chestnut-oak tannage. Several tanneries are in successful operation in different parts of the country under this comparatively new and rapid system.

We would be pleased to have bee-keepers try the Melilot clover in different sections of the country, so we can ascertain whether it may not be grown as a *national* honey plant. We think it will succeed well in the South, and, if so, it may prove to be quite an acquisition. Having more seed than we have properly prepared ground for its reception, this season, we will send a small packet to any applicant who will inclose a few stamps to cover the postage thereon, and the trouble of putting up. Please apply *early*, so as to give it a fair trial.

St. Charles, Ill. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

The Poultry-Yard.

GROUP OF PRIZE FOWLS.

THE spirited illustration on our first page represents a group of the prize birds at the late exhibition of the American Poultry Society, held in Masonic Hall, New York City. Prominent among them are the common Turkey; Japanese Brahmas, Light Brahmas, Buff Cochin, Spanish and White Leghorn Chickens; Blue Pied and Red Carrier Pigeons; the common American and the Muscovy Ducks, and the common American Goose. The exhibition was altogether a very interesting one (as already noticed in the RURAL,) affording breeders of poultry a fine opportunity to display the results of their care and skill to an admiring public. The scene is represented to have been animated and beautiful. Magnificent fowls, bellicose gobblers, comfortable-looking ducks, and lovely pigeons, in almost endless variety of plumage, were on exhibition. The common barn-yard fowl was most largely represented by the Brahma, Black Spanish, Game and Bantams. A pair of Brahmas shown were valued at $100, and the President of the Society, Mr. BOOLE, exhibited a pair of White Dorkings, which were valued at $200. So long as chickens and their products bring extraordinary prices, we favor encouragement to the biddies, and go for "Hen Conventions," Poultry Exhibitions, and all like measures to augment the supply of poultry and eggs. Let the "hen fever" prevail, therefore, and become contagious all over the land!

A REMARKABLE FOWL.

ACCORDING to the Georgetown (Ky.) Times, CHAS. SMITH, residing in that place, is the possessor of a noteworthy fowl—a hen to commence with, but gradually changing its appearance to that of the male bird. "In April last," says that paper, "this hen commenced changing color, and we would also say its sex, were it not for the fact that it has recently laid a litter of eggs and is now setting upon them. Originally of a mixed color, brown and black, it changed to a coarse yellow and red, so common to the males, and is now, so far as one can determine by looks, as genuine a rooster as ever flapped a wing or crowed at break of day. Not even the long, gracefully curling tail feathers are wanting to perfect the resemblance. All who see it at once pronounce it a rooster, and can scarcely believe that it was once an ordinary looking hen. This transformation, in color and appearance, is certainly remarkable." This relation *looks* hard, and, but for that "litter of eggs," we should be inclined to assert that it was a story of too hard a shell to obtain credence in the absence of a responsible jurat.

GAME FOWLS.

AN experienced poultry-keeper expresses, in the last Massachusetts Agricultural Report, surprise that so few of this breed of fowls are kept by our farmers. He says "they are the smallest feeders, good layers, determined setters, and, in maternal charge, would fight a dog, or rat even, to the death. One fact is worthy of mention, they are never placed on the 'sick list,' which shows a stamina of constitution unequaled by any other breed. The flesh is very firm and heavy, and excellent for the table. For many years I have kept all kinds of fowls, and for three or four years have kept the game variety, and consider them the best of all fowls."

I have noticed in the RURAL a number of articles upon fowls, and never have seen anything upon the game fowls. Has any one got the pure breed?

RURAL READER.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON—WEATHER, DROUTH, &c.—The weather during the month just passed has been very singular. In Western New York the opening of March was marked by the worst snow storms and the coldest temperature of the winter, while the last two weeks have been bright and sunny, and snow and frost have disappeared. The melting snows and showers of rain which attended the change from winter to spring, swelled the streams, creating freshets,—but when the surface water ran off, which it quickly did, the springs and streams diminished to a very low mark, and in many cases dried up. So severe a drouth as now prevails cannot be remembered as having occurred at the same season of the year by that famous personage who is standard authority, the "oldest inhabitant." The dry grass burns and blackens the lines of railroad, and some fences are consumed. On clay land it is difficult to plow, so hard and dry is the earth. Plowing was begun two weeks ago; last week the work was pushed hard by energetic farmers in localities where the soil was favorable. Oats are being sown, but it is too early for barley. It is a good time to pick stone from meadows, haul manure, and to harrow wheat fields—as we saw one farmer doing this morning. We hear no complaints of scarcity of fodder, and stock has wintered well. Farmers are sowing clover seed on winter wheat; the latter, though generally small in top, looks green and healthy in this region, and has wintered well throughout Western New York generally.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS!—This is our admonition to all who wish to procure any article in the agricultural, horticultural, domestic or any other useful or ornamental department. The advertising columns of the RURAL tell how, where, and at what prices, can be obtained numerous things wanted now-a-days by tens of thousands of people all over the country. We trust our myriad of readers in want of any kind of machinery, implements, stock, trees, plants, seeds, etc., will not "forget to remember" to look over the announcements of manufacturers, growers, dealers, etc., in each number, and respond to the offers of the reliable parties who are so sensible as to advertise their wares in such an excellent medium as the RURAL. Those who do this will no doubt find it to their advantage. We frequently receive inquiries as to where articles can be obtained, though the same are being (or recently have been) advertised in this paper. To such we say, with unction, *Read the Advertisements* which have appeared for four weeks preceding, before writing us for information about what is or ought to be in our advertising department.

—We may add that, though several columns of new advertisements are given this week, we are obliged to defer or decline as many more (over three columns) for want of space. Regret this, but are doing the best we consistently can to accommodate all advertisers who comply with our published rates and terms.

THE AMERICAN WHEAT CULTURIST.—Mr. S. EDWARDS TODD, widely and favorably known as the author of "The Young Farmer's Manual," with other works, and as the Agricultural Editor of the N. Y. Times, has produced, in the volume before us, a very practical and suggestive treatise on wheat culture. It embraces a brief history and botanical description of wheat, naming many varieties, and gives practical and plain instructions for selecting seed, producing new varieties, cultivation, with hints about the adaptation of the plant to various soils. The avowed object of the author was to produce a work of value to the beginner in wheat culture—to the young farmer,—and to contribute as far as lay in his power to the increase of that most magnificent cereal. In his preface, Mr. T. modestly says "there are scores of successful farmers who know most of what is contained in these pages,"—but we think none can peruse the book without adding to their stock of ideas and information from the fund which is there gathered from the author's own experience, and other and widely separated sources. The illustrations are of that kind which interests and instructs, in addition to pleasing the eye. The volume is neatly printed and comprises 428 duodecimo pages. TAINTOR BROTHERS & Co., New York, are the publishers.

A DAIRY MISSION TO EUROPE.—At a recent meeting of the State Dairymens' Association at Fulton, N. Y., a proposition was made and assented to imposing a tax of two cents per cow on all the dairy Associations in the United States and Canada for the purpose of defraying the expenses of an agent to reside for a time in England, to promote the interests of American dairymen. A commencement was made at Fulton, and, if the proposition is generally concurred in, an agent will be sent to Europe accordingly. If not, the two cent tax levy will be returned to the contributors and the scheme abandoned. A resolution endorsing the plan was passed, and the duty of carrying it out confided to a committee, who will report at a subsequent meeting of the Association. Should this arrangement be consummated, it is most probable the foreign agency will be confided to Mr. WILLARD, who has already been over the ground embraced in the scope of the contemplated mission, and is otherwise eminently qualified for the position.

PRIZE REAPERS AND MOWERS.—Those of our readers wishing to obtain mowers and reapers should read the announcements of leading manufacturers which appear from time to time in the RURAL. Last week the merits of DODGE'S Patent Reaper and Mower, and Self-Raker, were set forth, and those of WALTER A. WOOD'S Prize Mowers and Reapers are enumerated in our present number—together with a representation of the gold medals and "Cross of the Legion of Honor" awarded to the inventor at the recent Paris Exposition.

PLANTING TIMBER FOR HOP POLES.—C. L. W., Vernon Co., Wis., wishes to plant the best kind of timber for growing hop poles. The European Larch, Red Cedar and Chestnut are suitable for this purpose. The seed of the Cedar and Larch may be obtained of seedsmen, and Chestnut almost anywhere at the proper season.

SOWING FLAX SEED AND MILLET.—W. H. C., Schuyler Co., N. Y., writes:—"Will some of your contributors please inform me through the columns of your paper in regard to sowing flax seed, millet or Hungarian grass with spring grain? Does it pay? With what kind of grain should it be sown, and how much seed to the acre?"

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE farmers of Southern Kentucky are greatly elated over the appearance of their wheat fields.

ORANGE orchards in Florida are quoted at from $50 to $100 per acre. Other lands are much lower.

THE average yield of wheat on eighteen farms in Amenia, Duchess Co., last year, was 22 1-6 bushels to the acre.

THE Farmers' Advertiser says none of the new varieties of tomatoes are superior to the old Fegee or pink family.

A CLEAN potato, with the end cut off, is an excellent medium for applying brick dust to knives for scouring purposes.

THE Ohio Farmer says nobody need look for cheap bread until after another harvest. Will that paper guarantee it then?

A MRS. WARE, near Norfolk, Va., derived last year $10,000 from a pear orchard of thirty acres. Eighteen acres of apples netted $3,000.

DR. J. R. NICHOLS of Haverhill, Mass., raised 31 bushels of spring wheat from a single acre of land last season. He refused $4 per bushel for it.

THE import of eggs into Great Britain for last year was nearly 500,000,000 by count. This product would require the services of about 25,000,000 hens.

THE subject of beet raising for sugar purposes, is attracting attention in Central Pennsylvania. The White Silesian beet is the favorite for cultivation.

THE farmers near Ingersoll, Ontario, are moving for the purchase of suitable grounds for agricultural exhibitions and for the erection of proper buildings.

AT a recent farmer's sale near Columbia, Pa., Durham cows went off at an average of $146 per head. Several bull calves from six to nine months old went at $120.

THE Charleston (S. C.) Courier notices that fruit trees in that section are two or three weeks later in blossoming than usual, and hence infers a redundant fruit harvest.

HORTICULTURAL.

GRAPES, GOOSEBERRIES AND PEARS.

AMONG the hundred and odd varieties of grapes, there are two which the more I see of them the more I am disposed to speak in favor. They are *Mottled* and *Rogers' No. 4*. The first has all the hardihood of Delaware, with none of its disposition to cast its foliage early in the season. It is short-jointed, and may be planted at distances of 5x5 in the vineyard, and its branches are all perfect, compact and evenly ripened, at a period but a few days later than Delaware. As a table grape it is almost, if not quite equal, to Catawba, and as a wine grape has no superior known in this country. If I were a speculative man, bound to make my pile, there is no grape now before the people, within my knowledge, which I would prefer to *Mottled*.

Rogers' No. 4 is a black grape for market purposes, hardy as a vine, free from mildew, productive, bunches of the largest size, ripening almost as early as Concord, and keeping and hanging well to the bunch even into mid-winter. Unless something among the new ones is better, it will soon be the leading grape for the million.

GOOSEBERRY GROWING—BEST VARIETIES.

An experience of several years satifies me that growing our American gooseberries is one of the profitable items of small fruit culture. I have tested a number of varieties, but none upon so extended a scale as that of the Houghton. With that variety I have realized from sales of fruit produced from plants two years planted out, over fifty dollars, from less than one-eighth of an acre, the sale of fruit being made at an average of three dollars per bushel. This is very satisfactory proof to me that gooseberry growing is a paying crop. As to what variety may be *most* profitable, I am unable to say,—but the present show of favor is toward a variety which originated in Vermont from seed of the Houghton, and called *Smith's Seedling*. It has all the good qualities of its parent, viz: freedom from mildew, productiveness, &c., with the addition of being one-half larger in size, thus adding largely to the receipts of sales, as the plants occupy no more room and require no more care than any other variety.

PRUNING DWARF PEARS.

I have been at work the past week pruning a little patch of two thousand dwarf pear trees. Some of them are in bearing and some only one year planted out. I have examined thousands of dwarf pear trees in the grounds of others, and I have never yet found good, healthy dwarf trees where annual pruning has been omitted. Quite near me a gentleman planted trees at the same time, obtained from the same source, and of the same age as some I have just been pruning. He pruned a little the first and second year,—but last year his trees were full of blossom buds, and his love of the present good would not permit of the use of a little common-sense-vegetable-physiologic al reasoning; so his trees were unpruned and permitted to bear all the fruit they could. The season was a dry one, the fruits did not fully mature, and now the trees are one-half to two-thirds of them dead; while mine, on which I cut back the previous year's growth of wood from one-half to two-thirds, are vigorous and healthy, with an abundance of fruit spurs and buds.

As I have said, I have been around considerable, and I have failed to find two things—first, I have never found an advocate of dwarf pears who did not consider annual pruning and care essential to growing a crop of fruit and continuing long life to his trees; and, second, I have failed to find an opponent of dwarf pear culture, whose trees were annually and thoroughly pruned back. He who plants grapes does so with an expectation of pruning them back annually, and he who plants dwarf pears must do the same or he will fail of success. He will not get fruit quite as soon,—but it will come as soon as the tree is really capable of producing it. Do not look for fruit from your young dwarf trees to be produced from blossom buds at the ends of limbs. All such should be cut away, and the fruit only looked for and obtained when the tree has formed regular fruit spurs.—F. R. E.

A NEW DWARF TOMATO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a recent issue of the RURAL, you notice a new tomato called the Orangefield Dwarf Prolific. This tomato originated as a sprout, from the old large red, with Mr. MCLAREN, near Belfast, Ireland. Sprouts of plants and flowers are quite common,—but this is the first sprout that has originated from a vegetable that has ever come under the writer's notice.

Last season the Royal Horticultural Society of England had a grand trial of all the vegetables they could possibly procure, so as to determine which was the best of each in its own class—Mr. THORBURN of New York, supplying the American varieties of the tomato for the occasion. In the report of the "Trial" the Orangefield Dwarf Prolific received the first honors as being the first large early tomato grown, ripening on this occasion a few days before the Keyes' Prolific. The committee say the Orangefield is the earliest of the large-fruited sorts; it is very dwarf and prolific, bearing fine fruit within six inches of the ground; the fruits are large red, corrugated or ribbed,—an excellent variety.

A correspondent of the English Journal of Horticulture, writing from St. Catharines, Canada, says: "I should say that we find the Orangefield tomato the earliest and best variety we have, the result of our experience thus coinciding with that of the Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society in the trial at Chiswick." The Gardener's Chronicle of Jan. 18th of the present year, in its review on New Fruits and Vegetables of recent introduction, thus says of it:—"Lastly, we may speak of tomatoes, of which we have learned much the past season. The Orangefield has been found to be the earliest of the large-fruited sorts, dwarf and excellent in quality." The American Farmer thus spoke of it last fall—"On a recent visit to the nursery grounds of JOHN CHARLTON of this city, our attention was directed to a new dwarf tomato, which we understood to be an English variety, and named the Orangefield Dwarf Prolific, sent out by Mr. WILLIAMS of the Paradise Nursery, London, (England,) and recommended by some of the most practical gardeners of England as being the best variety for forcing and also for general garden culture, and if we are to judge from the specimens as we saw them growing in his grounds, it certainly is a prolific variety. As a matter of curiosity we measured the size of some of the vines; they varied from three to four feet in diameter, the average height being only six inches, and the quantity of fruit on each one varying from thirty to sixty full grown specimens."

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, to prevent disappointment, I would say that I have not got any seed of this tomato to dispose of, so as not to be troubled with various parties writing me on this subject.

Rochester, N. Y. JOHN CHARLTON.

THE TETOFSKY APPLE.

THIS hardy apple is thus described by our Special Contributor, Mr. F. R. ELLIOTT:

The fruit of this variety, like that of the Red Astrachan or Duchess of Oldenburg, is not of the highest excellence; but there are many sections of our great country where even the apple is a delicate tree, and it is desirable to introduce such as will prove entirely hardy. The Tetofsky is perfectly hardy as a tree, and its fruit quite handsome, produced abundantly, and commanding ready sale in market. As a table fruit, when well ripened, its acid is mellowed, and most people, after once eating, relish it very much, while for cooking it is superior.

Tree.—Very stout and upright in growth, with a peculiar light-reddish yellow wood, very broad, large leaves, of a light-green, altogether making the tree distinct and prominent, in so much that once seen and known it would always be remembered.

Fruit.—Size, medium; form, roundish, slightly conical; color, light-yellow ground, striped and splashed with red, covered with a beautiful white bloom; stem, short, stout; cavity, deep, furrowed; calyx, rather large, long segments; basin, abrupt, deep, irregular, furrowed or ribbed; flesh, white, tender, sprightly, juicy, slightly acid or sharp sub-acid, with a peculiar pleasant aromatic taste; core, small, fleshy; seeds, plump, light brown; season, early to last of July.

PENNSYLVANIA FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of this Society, much information was elicited of value to fruit growers in that quarter of the Union. We give the results of the discussions, condensing from the report in the Gardeners' Monthly.

Of Strawberries, Napoleon III. was praised by Mr. HEIGES of York, as a good late foreign sort. In discussing some other sorts it became clear from the conflicting experiences of different growers, that foreign sorts like Jucunda, Triomphe de Gand, Trollope's Victoria, Vicomtesse Hericart were excellently adapted to heavy soils and hill culture, while on light soils they were of little worth. On the other hand, the American kinds like Agriculturist, Lady Finger, Albany Seedling were best for bed culture and light soils, and the foreign kinds not good. This alone is a very important fact which could not have been arrived at probably in any other way than through such meetings as these, and shows how useful they are to the cause of fruit culture.

Keeping orchards in grass after the trees have got very well established, was discussed by many members. Mr. MARSELIS ably advocated the clean surface system; all the rest on the other side.

Whether root grafted apple trees were any worse than budded ones? was discussed by several members. The only objection we heard was that they were a little more liable to blow over when young than budded seedlings. In every respect they were believed to be quite as good; while their much lower cost was thought to be largely in their favor.

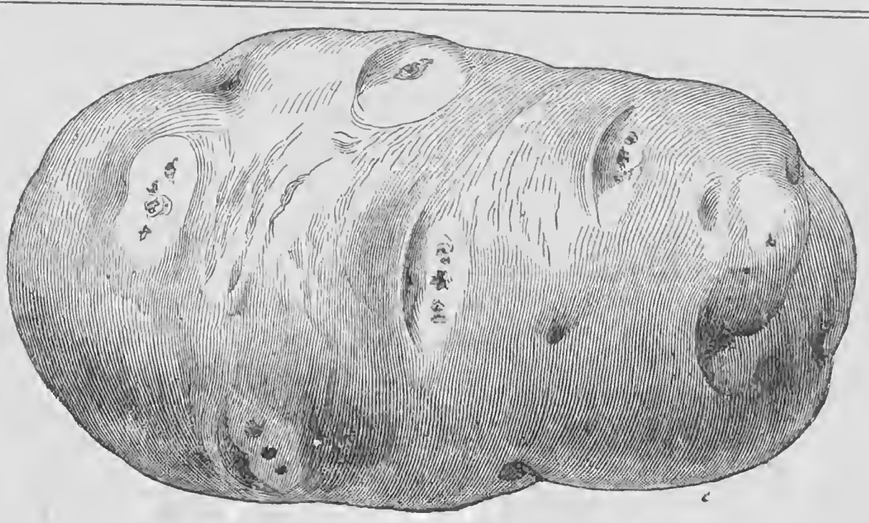
Does pruning, either in winter or summer, weaken vitality? was warmly discussed. Mr. MEEHAN contending that was the invariable result, but that it was good practice notwithstanding to weaken vitality when we had more profitable objects to gain. Mr. W. SAUNDERS advocated the same views within some limitations. The other gentlemen argued against it.

About Blackberries, Wilson's Early had been found remarkably productive, and profitably early in the light soils near Philadelphia. In dry, heavy soils no one reported from. A few berries of Dorchester had been gathered as early as Wilson; but scores could be gathered early on the Wilson to one of the Dorchester. The Dorchester was best suited to low, rich soils. The Lawton did better than Dorchester in high and dry places. Members had not tried Kittatinny much, but the few who spoke of it believed it would be a good thing.

About Currants, Versailles and Cherry were discussed, their great difference pointed out, and the former praised as a decided acquisition. No other new variety was better than the Red Dutch. Bertin's Early, Mr. ANDREWS thought earlier than Red Dutch, and quite as good. Victoria was praised.

The Grape, as it always does, started an animated discussion. The conclusion arrived at was that though isolated cases—few and far between—of new kinds doing well in Pennsylvania were named, only the Concord, Clinton, and Hartford Prolific could be recommended as generally reliable for cultivation in the State. The Telegraph was highly commended, and it was believed would take rank with the other three. Among the most interesting remarks were those from Mr. HEIGES of York. This place was once celebrated as a grape locality. They could even grow the foreign varieties as well as the native. Soil, climate, treatment,—nothing had changed; but the choicer grapes did not do well now. All the kinds from Iona upwards, to the number of 33 varieties, he had known extensively planted about York; but the only *fruit* that could be found in market were Clinton, Concord, and Hartford Prolific. The former, though very old, has only recently become a favorite, as it had been pruned too much. Christine or Telegraph was the best early. Martha probably the best white grape.

The past year has been a prosperous one for the Society under the able management of D. W. GROSS, Esq., President, and HIRAM ENGLE, Secretary. For the next session Rev. JAMES COLDER is elected President, and Mr. J. HEIGES of York, Secretary.



THE EARLY ROSE POTATO.

THE new variety of potato illustrated above, is a seedling of the Garnet Chili, and originated in 1861 with ALBERT BREZEE, Esq., of Vermont. It has been thus described:—"The stalk is short, erect, of medium height; the tuber is quite smooth, nearly cylindrical, varying to flattish, largest at the center, tapering gradually towards each end; eyes shallow, sharp, strongly marked; skin thin, tough, of a dull rose color; flesh white, solid, brittle, and rarely hollow; boils through quickly; is very mealy and firm; abundance of starch and of the best quality for the table. It is as healthy and productive as the Early Goodrich, matures about ten days earlier, and is its superior for the table."

We may add that the Early Rose has been grown and tested as thoroughly as circumstances would admit, by several parties East, and is pronounced very promising and worthy of further attention. The seed grown last season was sold at enormous prices,—in one instance as high as eighty dollars per bushel!—and as we are assured, can only be obtained of one person, Mr. GEO. W. BEST of Utica. As will be seen by reference to his announcement in this paper, Mr. B. does not propose to sell any of the stock, (as inferred by some of our readers who have read former advertisements in the RURAL,) but to distribute the same as gratuities to purchasers of the choice grape vines he offers for sale this spring.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

EARTHING UP PEACH TREES.—In notes of Western travel, the Gardener's Monthly mentions some peach trees, in the grounds of Capt. ANDERSON of Cincinnati, which were treated by the Bolmar plan. They were planted on the surface of the ground, and a few loads of earth piled up, cone-like, completely enveloping the stem. The branches came out about four feet from the ground, and the soil was piled up to these branches. Along side were trees planted in the usual way. The trees on the Bolmar plan were at least double the size of the others and in every way superior. This experiment shows that the system which best encourages the roots of a tree to keep on the surface of the soil, is the best system for the cultivator.

LAWN GRASS.—"A Subscriber" from Eastern Md. wishes to know "the best and quickest way to obtain a good set of lawn grass." We answer, first make the soil rich with well rotted manure, and stir it deep. This is essential in order to make the grass grow vigorous from a thick sward, and to keep it from drying up, and turning brown in hot, dry summer weather. A mixture of Kentucky blue grass, white clover and red top, sown thick and early, will soon form a handsome, compact turf.

EARLY TOMATOES.—Take out the inside of a turnip and fill the cavity with a rich compost. On this sow the seed, two or three in one shell. When well sprouted, thin out to one plant, giving a chance for sunshine. When the weather is warm enough, remove the turnip shell and plant to the soil and cultivate as usual, and an early tomato may be looked for.

THE MOST PROFITABLE MARKET BEAN.—L. P. L., Shelburne, Vt., queries which bean is most profitable for market purposes. We cannot say, as growers disagree. The Medium has been considered a standard variety; the Whitesborough, a new variety, is held to be excellent; the Marrow, and Early and Late Pea bean, fetch higher prices, and the Blue Pod is said to yield best.

A NEW CONIFER.—ANDREW MURRAY, in the Journal of Botany, describes a new conifer found in Arctic America. It is the most northerly tree on the northwest coast, being found in a latitude nearly seven degrees further north than the tree limit of the eastern side of the American Continent. It is allied to *Abies Alba*.

STRAWBERRY VINE PRUNER.—J. K., Saratoga Co., N. Y., asks if there is an efficient implement for pruning the runners off strawberry vines. The only one we have heard of is simply a cutting wheel, which may be used singly or attached to a cultivator or other implement.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

ELLWANGER & BARRY'S CATALOGUES.—We are in receipt of the following Catalogues from the Proprietors of the celebrated Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.: No. 1—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2—Descriptive Catalogue of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c. No. 3—A Catalogue of Green-House and Hot-House Plants, Select Bedding Plants, Chrysanthemums, Dahlias, &c. These Catalogues are beautifully illustrated, arranged and printed in superior style, and handsomely bound in one, with flexible cover—making the neatest and most complete thing of the kind we have yet seen.

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR of Seed Potatoes, Vegetable Plants and Small Fruits. D. H. BROWN, New Brunswick, N. J.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST of Flower, Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds. Finely Illustrated. CURTIS & COBB, Boston, Mass.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, and Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Vegetable Garden. Frontispiece in colors. HOVEY & CO., Boston, Mass.

CALENDER and Seed Manual. MAUPAY, HACKER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESSAY ON HORTICULTURE, with descriptions of desirable Ornamental Shrubs and Flowers. HENRY WILBUR, Grand Rapids, Mich.

DESCRIPTION and Price List of the "Early Rose Potato." GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

DRYING FRUIT.

AT this season of the year many of our winter apples are slightly defective, and will soon be worthless. Let me remind our frugal housewives that such apples may be dried with great advantage. Pared, cored and quartered and placed upon suitable racks, and suspended in a warm room, where there is not *much steam from boiling water*, they may now be dried in most excellent condition, yielding a handsome profit, and adding greatly to our supply of healthful food.

On this subject allow me to quote from "The American Fruit Culturist" an admirable work recently published by JOHN J. THOMAS:—"Drying fruit has several advantages over canning or bottling. It is cheaper; it may be adopted on an extensive scale; the fruit may be kept with less care; and being several times lighter than when fresh may be sent long distances or to foreign countries at a moderate cost. When *fruit growers learn that dried fruit from the highest flavored sorts is as much better than that from poor unsaleable varieties so often used for this purpose, as the best fresh fruit of the one sort exceeds the other*, purchasers will also be willing to pay a much higher price for the best article. When superadded to this the fruit is dried rapidly so as to retain a clear light color and a perfect flavor, instead of the dark, half-fermented fruit resulting from slow drying in bad weather, there will be no difficulty in finding a ready sale for all that may be offered in market. When abundant seasons occur the surplus should be saved by drying, and may be kept another year."

The best flavored apples, well dried, are certainly of great value in our household arrangements. Windfalls should be treated in this way, and not be fraudulently packed with market apples, or carelessly left to decay on our hands. Large orchardists would do well to provide houses for drying apples when drying could be done on a large scale cheaply and well. For distant transportation dried fruit has a great advantage over green, and late in the season, there is a great economy in using it. H. T. B.

TIMELY RECIPES.

EDS. RURAL:—Like all housewives I am very much interested in the recipe column. I send a few which I know to be good and useful, and I hope worthy of inserting in your most valuable paper:

PRESERVATIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—Take the articles late in the spring, when not worn, and put them in a chest, with considerable camphor gum, cedar chips or tobacco leaves. When moths get into garments the best thing to destroy them is to hang them in a closet, and make a strong smoke of tobacco leaves under them. In order to do this have a pan of live coals, sprinkle on tobacco leaves.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—Table linen or any white clothes that have coffee or fruit stains on them, before being put into soap suds, should have boiling water turned on them, and remain in it till the water is cold. If they are put into soap suds with the stains on they will be set by it so that no subsequent washing will remove them.

TO CLEANSE FEATHER BEDS.—When feather beds become soiled or heavy they may be made clean and light as follows:—Rub them over with a stiff brush or broom, dipped in hot soap suds. When clean lay them on some clean boards where the rain will fall on them. When thoroughly soaked let them dry in a hot sun for six or seven successive days, shaking them up well and turning them each day. They should be covered over with a thick cloth during the night. If exposed to the night air, they will become damp and mildew. This way of washing the bed ticking and feathers makes them very fresh and light and is much easier than the old-fashioned method of emptying the beds, while it answers quite as well.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM IN COFFEE.—Beat the white of an egg to a froth; put to it a small lump of butter and turn the coffee to it gradually so that it may not curdle. It is difficult to distinguish the taste from fresh cream.

BROWN BREAD.—Three cups Indian meal; two do. flour; two do. sweet milk; two do. sour; two teaspoonfuls of soda; half teacup molasses; one egg. Very nice eaten warm, and good either baked or steamed.

Low Hampton, N. Y., March, 1868. MRS. J. PECK.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COME TO DELAWARE!
THE GARDEN STATE OF THE UNION!

Rich in the production of every kind of fruit or vegetable; climate very mild and healthy; seasons ten days to three weeks earlier than New Jersey. Great opportunities for fruit growers; fortunes have been and are to be made; good farms obtained on easy terms. Good hospitable people. Lands constantly increasing in value; good openings for capital. Great Immigration!

THE ONLY PAMPHLET

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"EARLY ROSE"
POTATOES.

PERFECTION ATTAINED AT LAST.

GEO. W. BEST,
UTICA, N. Y.,

HAS ALL THE STOCK WHICH WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE TILL FALL OF 1868. The

"Early Rose" is a Seedling

of the "Garnet Chili," originated in 1861 by Albert Brezee, Esq., an intelligent farmer, and the whole stock was sold by him to D. S. Heffron, Esq., (of Utica, N. Y.,) the well-known disseminator of the "Goodrich Seedlings."

In a letter to Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Son of New York, Mr. H. says of the "Early Rose:"

It has uniformly ripened *ten days earlier than the "Early Goodrich,"* produces less small tubers, is equally healthy and productive as that justly celebrated variety, and its superior in table quality. *It is the best early potato that I have ever grown or seen*, all things considered. Skin thin, tough, of a dull blush color, flesh white, solid and brittle, boils through quickly, very mealy.

Dr. John P. Gray, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, says:

Last Spring (1867) I received from D. S. Heffron a quantity of his new Vermont Seedling Potato, called the Early Rose. It was planted the last of May, in alternate rows with the Early Goodrich, in the same kind of soil and treated exactly alike. It came up rank, grew more rapidly than the Early Goodrich, and flowered full two weeks before that variety. It began to ripen its large, thrifty-growing leaves twelve days in advance of the other, and was fully ripe and fit for digging at least ten days before the Early Goodrich. We carefully measured four rows of each kind across the piece, and found the yield quite equal to the Early Goodrich; in health it was also its equal, while it excels the other in table quality. I consider it the best very early sort with which I am acquainted. JOHN P. GRAY.

(Dr. Gray has none of the stock for sale, having only raised a few for Mr. Heffron.)

CARD FROM D. S. HEFFRON, ESQ.

To whom it may concern:

Having recently sold nearly my entire stock of the "Early Rose Potato" to John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover, they have sent me an order to deliver a portion of them to Geo. W. Best of Utica, N. Y. D. S. HEFFRON.

Geo. W. Best has purchased of Messrs. John L. and Stacy P. Converse of Monmouth Co., New Jersey, a part of their stock of "Early Rose Potatoes" *at the enormous price of eighty dollars* ($80) *per bushel*, and proposes to send them out, in pound packages, as premiums to those purchasing Grape Vines of him. The following will convince the public that $80 per bushel is the actual price paid:

City and County of New York:

John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover of Monmouth Co., New Jersey, being duly sworn, depose and say that on this 21st day of February, 1868, they sold to Geo. W. Best a part of their stock of "Early Rose Potatoes" at the cash price of $80 per bushel. JOHN L. CONOVER,
STACY P. CONOVER.
Sworn before me this 21st day of February, 1868.
A. WILLIAMS GLEASON, Notary Public.

I have a very large stock of

CHOICE NATIVE GRAPE VINES,

Consisting of the most desirable varieties, among which are

Adirondac, Allen's Hybrid, Concord, Creveling, Delaware, Diana, Union Village, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Iona, Israella, &c., &c.

Which I intend to send out in connection with the "Early Rose."

TERMS:

FOR $5, (invariably to be sent with order) I will send *Ten Choice Grape Vines* from the above list (reserving the right of selection for myself, but will endeavor to suit purchasers as far as possible,) and *One Pound of Early Rose Potatoes*; all to be securely packed, and sent by mail, postage pre-paid.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLANTING.

By cutting into single eyes, and planting but one eye in a hill, one bushel may be readily raised from a pound, and will be worth next fall, at the *very lowest calculation, double the price of both vines and potatoes.*

Not more than 5 packages sent to one address.

No "Early Rose" for sale in quantity at *any price*, and only in connection with the Vines.

No order accepted unless accompanied by the Cash.

Orders will be booked in order as received, and potatoes and vines shipped as early in the spring as the weather will permit. *Order early*, as the stock is limited. Address

GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHY SHOULD I WEEP?

BY H. WALLACE.

Why should I weep?
The loneliness of life thou hast forgot,
Love's wither'd leaves from thy young heart have dropped,
Heaven's lullaby the tide of tears has stopped,
And thou dost sleep.

Why should I weep?
A dearer dream than earths e'er knew is thine,
And lasting loves around thy heart entwine;
But shadows now, and faded flowers, are mine,
Since thou dost sleep.

Sweet is thy sleep!
I wish that I could lay me 'mong the flowers
Of thy fair home, in famed Elysian bowers,
And Heaven would re-unite these hearts of ours
When I should sleep.

'I will not weep,
Though my sad heart chimes with the moaning sea,
Remembering only its great love and thee;
For soon, forgetful of the ills that be,
I, too, shall sleep.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HASTY REVIEW OF FASHION.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

FASHION is very old-fashioned. Those good sour men and women who disparage the Present because of the reign of DAGON, would, if they searched, find little consolation in their beloved Past. Costly trimmings, hoops, and small bonnets have been for the last years among their chief plaints. But as for the first grievance, the Past is at least the peer of the Present; and something worse, if we consider the dress of the sterner sex, which is now so tastelessly plain. Hoops flourished triumphantly in a re-vernant reign in SHAKSPEARE'S days, under the name of farthingales, and were probably provocative of as much elegant sarcasm as during their present epoch. It was SHAKSPEARE, too, who indited this anxious dialogue respecting PETRUCHIO'S wife's bonnet:

PETRUCHIO—"Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut shell;
A knack, a toy, a trick, a *baby's cap:*
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger."

KATHARINE—"I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen doth wear," &c.

But one trusts that these people, who are ever vaunting the "old times," and "old customs," will soon be satisfied, for they are fast traveling toward us. We are verging upon the narrow skirts, short waists, and canon curls of their dear antiquated bygone. Hereafter we may have Elizabethan ruffs, and "shirts and shifts embroidered with gold;" and gentlemen may own fealty to the slumbering fashions of HENRY VII., and throng Washington on Inaugural days, glorious as young Lord NAUX, who went to the marriage of Prince ARTHUR in a gown of purple velvet, trimmed with "pieces of gold so thick and massive that, exclusive of the silks and furs, it was valued at a thousand pounds."* Ah! By-gones—most literally and truly "*dear!*" Good old days,—days of white kid boots and golden spurs; of precious stones, and costly furs, and be-jeweled dresses. Further back, and we catch glimpses of gay tournaments, waving banners, and gallantly plumed knights: but these, alas! shall not return till Time has buried us, and much of the civilization which we hold dear. Still, it is a comfort to believe that, shortly, gentlemen will doubtless don knee-breeches, and silver buckles, and long, troublesome, picturesque cues, and turned-up, unprofitably broad hat brims. Their present dress is so prosaic!

One really fails to discover how anything relating to dress, either in the past history of the world or in its future prospects, is to comfort the good sour people. If SHAKSPEARE is too far back, and they cry out for the times of the Revolution, a mere bird's-eye view of the BONA RORAS of the *Ton* is very distressing. Stern investigation dispels the popular idea that our *recherche* fore-mothers were partial to homespun. They wore what costly "things" they could get, with the additional sin of having every *atomus* imported. If they wait after the days when the Republic was "settling" on its basis, and all the *distingue* women were vaguely supposed to have been economical, our anxious eyes rest at once upon the wife of Minister JOHN ADAMS, at the British Court, where she had a "splendid" opportunity of showing Republican simplicity, attired in a dress cap trimmed with a wreath of white flowers, and blue sheaves, and two black and blue flat feathers, ["half a guinea apiece;"] a dress of satin striped, sapphire blue *demi saison*, trimmed with broad black lace; and crape flounce; and leaves of blue ribbon, flecked with white floss; and wreaths of black velvet do., spotted with steel beads, and white do., do., in Vandyke style,—"very elegant," she affirms; also a full dress handkerchief and a bouquet of roses! Nathless, she was a very sensible woman, and brought up JOHN QUINCY in a very sensible manner.

Since those days, Fashion has, according to her accusers, waxed worse and worse, so that we may turn from them all, even from Gen. WASHINGTON and his "Lady" flashing through the streets of New York in a coach and six, back, back to the hazy Patriarchal Ages. Alas! how fond were those sylvan princesses of jewelry. Even ISAAC allured his REBEKAH from a distant land with presents of bracelets and ear-rings,—potent charms to the female heart. When the fair Syrian maiden saw the beautiful gifts, she put away her hesitation, and said to her parents, "I will go." And go she did. Truly, the quietest of the Patriarchs knew how to woo: the lofty spirituality of his religion did not blind him to a bit of sublunary, and, in those orient and "simple" times, customary wisdom. Later, when the Israelites left Egypt, they carried away all the jewels of silver and gold which they could get, and doubtless wore all that MOSES would let them keep. And, whether of Egyptian or their own, they had a goodly quantity, since there was enough to cast the golden calf, with a large surplus left over. Plainly, there is no consolation for these people in the House of JACOB. Its "settling" time, was probably in point of dress, as degenerate as our own—perhaps worse; and there is nothing promising in the long empurpled rule of the Judges, or the gorgeous reign of the Kings. We pass by Israel.

We are in the vivid HOMERIC days. What pageantry—what obliviousness of cost! Here is masterly painting of brave but hopelessly dressed warriors, magnificent in azure armor, and besprinkled with silver and gold. See their long gleaming lines defile past,—Trojan, and Greek, and Kings from the Isles of the Sea,—all resplendent, gorgeous, flashing; their valor and their array written down on the same pages, and with the same care, by the deathless pen. If HELEN, the "charming cause" of the fate-fraught contest, but leans from the battlements of the besieged city to watch a passing fray, she is attired *a la mode*. A silver veil half conceals, half discloses, the wondrously beautiful face, while jeweled zone, and broidered vesture, enhance her fatal loveliness. ANDROMACHE, whom we at first suspect of being strong-minded, is found at her loom,—[HOMER keeps the ladies pretty closely at their looms, but, alas! not weaving plain household stuffs, but beauteous embroidery in webs of gold: spendthrift Fashion ever simulating honest Work!] even ANDROMACHE sits for her picture, abating her queenly prerogatives, exactly as a Fifth Avenue belle of '68 would, with

"Her hair's fair ornaments, the braid that bound,
The net that held them, and the wreath that crown'd,
The veil and diadem."

And O, the charming love-gifts presented to PENELOPE by her suitors! Only three are described, but from these we may safely dream that the others were *superb*. ANTINOUS gave her a robe of "shining dyes," with varied, intermingled hues; confined at the "lessening waist" with twelve golden clasps, the long drapery trailing

"—— in light waves redundant o'er the ground."

[Any way, *our* long skirts are no modern abomination.] Another gentleman, with an unpronounceable name, brought a gold and amber bracelet, with star-shaped ear-rings,

"—— that cast a trembling light;"

and PISANDER a necklace, wrought with the choicest art. We pass by all the tantalizing wardrobes of gods and godesses, and away from this vivific HOMERIC painting, so grand with age—so fresh with immortal youth.

Through Ages of Iron, and Kingdoms of Brass; through mediæval cycles; through time of all sorts, and civilizations of all complexions, Fashion, in the form of Display, has reigned persistingly. *For the love of Beauty is of most heavenly origin, and has an eternal life in the soul.* Fashion is one of its exponents,—many-sided, oft repeating itself, sometimes *outre*, but, in the main, with its face steadily set toward the outward evolvement of a glorious inward Sense. Solemn, but superbly robed Senators, and stately dames, bedight in blue and purple splendor, and glowing with jewels, trail past, down the long ROMANIC procession of ages; Egyptian extravganzas flash on the sight, and luxurious pageantry in dress, amongst dimly perceived allies, and contemporary peoples; the vision grows distincter, as the times draw nearer, and the gay cavalcade streams on, until it reaches the dawn of Christendom's orient magnificence; past it into days of chivalry and music, flaunting banners, and gallantly plumed knights, and,—Vive la bagatelle! here we are at the Tournaments again!

There is no *precedent* for the good sour people. We have gone "round the circle," and find nor example nor hope. Bon-Ton is self-existent; Fashion is like the fabled bird, ever re-arising and renewing itself.

Montview Cottage, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1868.

* DISRAELI'S Curiosities of Literature, (Vol. II., p. 36.)

"KISS ME."

A VERY funny incident occurred in a neighboring city, says an exchange, a few days since, and one which is too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has written a very pretty song entitled "Kiss Me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'"

The clerk got the song, and put it before her.

"Now," said the young lady, "I want 'The Wandering Refugee.'"

"Yes, ma'am," said the clerk, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the "Refugee."

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware of the fact that a song by that name had been published.

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?"

"'*Kiss Me*,'" said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt queer, and dealer lost the sale of some music.

A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—Rev. W. T. Wylie of Newcastle, Pa., a clergyman whose parsonage is on a beautiful hill, and partially surrounded by a vineyard of his own planting, recommends grape culture as an employment suitable and profitable for women. "I believe," he says, "that the apt and diligent woman could earn ten times more money in a year by raising grapes than by plying her needle." His own vines, to which he attends only as a relaxation from the studies and duties of his ministry, yield him diversion, health and pecuniary profit. After working in his own vineyard, he finds himself all the more strengthened for working in the Lord's. Even if women do not accept Mr Wylie's suggestion, some of his ministerial brethren who have country parsonage, and a good hill-slope, may think it worth trying.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

THE wife makes the home, and the home makes the man.

LONGFELLOW says that "Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week."

FEW things are necessary for the wants of this life, but it takes an infinite number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

LADIES generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

A FASHIONABLE woman, in Fifth Avenue, boasts of having over three hundred dresses, more than a quarter of which are entirely new.

A WITTY doctor says that tight lacing is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all of the foolish girls, and leaves the wise to grow up to women.

IT is ill bred to use slang words or phrases. Indecent and profane expressions are something far worse than ill bred. They indicate that you do not reverence God or respect man, and they are also vulgar.

A TRIAL of skill between the girls and boys of West Point, Ga., to settle the mooted question, "Are the mental capacities of females equal to those of males?" resulted in a decided triumph for the girls.

AT a recent ball in New York, some of the ladies had three servants to hold up the trails of their dresses. Probably if their dresses had been "hitched up" round the neck, in accordance with the laws of health and morality, one trail tender would have been sufficient.

Choice Miscellany.

ART THOU LIVING STILL?

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Is there no grand immortal sphere
Beyond this realm of broken ties,
To fill the wants that mock us here,
And dry the tears from weeping eyes,
Where winter melts in endless spring,
And June stands near with deathless flowers,
Where we may hear the dear ones sing
Who loved us in this world of ours?
I ask, and lo! my cheeks are wet
With tears for one I cannot see;
O mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I feel thy kisses o'er me thrill,
Thou unseen angel of my life;
I hear thy hymns around me trill
An undertone to care and strife;
Thy tender eyes upon me shine,
As from a being glorified;
Till I am thine, and thou art mine,
And I forget that thou hast died.
I almost lose each vain regret
In visions of a life to be;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

The springtimes bloom, the summers fade;
The winters blow along the way;
But over every light and shade
Thy memory lives by night and day.
It soothes to sleep my wildest pain
Like some sweet song that cannot die,
And like the murmur of the main,
Grows deeper when the storm is nigh.
I know the brightest stars that set
Return to bless the yearning sea;
But, mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

I sometimes think thy soul comes back
From o'er the dark and silent stream,
Where last we watched thy shining track
To those green hills of which we dream;
Thy loving arms around me twine,
My cheeks bloom younger in thy breath,
Till thou art mine, and I am thine,
Without a thought of pain or death;
And yet, at times, mine eyes are wet
With tears for her I cannot see:
O mother, art thou living yet,
And dost thou still remember me?

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MIGHT BE! WILL BE!

"IF *I might be!*" How often 'tis spoken, but still more often is it a wish, away down in the dim recesses of the heart, not permitted to rise to the lips and form itself into words. Sometimes it comes despairingly up from hearts that throb under humble garments,—from those whose lots are cast among the lowly,—to whom this world seems one great workshop. So much are they below what they *would* be, that the task of climbing higher in the scale of social existence seems almost an impossibility, and they, all through life, continue to sigh, "*If I might be,*" instead of shaping their longing into a resolve. So tired grow the hands, so weary the brain oppressed with the cares, perplexities and responsibilities of life, that the soul reaches out for something higher and more ennobling than what it has been accustomed to experience in the dull routine of every-day life.

"*If I might be*" is the first awakening of youth's bright dream of glory, greatness and goodness. When he reads the record of fame and sees the names of the honored written there,—when he learns that many of the renowned have overcome difficulties and risen above discouragements, even worse than lie in his own pathway,—he exclaims, "Can this be so? Why may not I, too, leave a name, that will live, as do theirs, to tell that I have been?" But the task seems too great, and after the first unavailing effort, the faint heart falters, and we find him striving for wealth only; dreaming that this will fully satisfy his hungering thirst for distinction, and render all his after life a continual scene of happiness.

How little do we know of our own hearts! As time rolls on cares become more perplexing, the soul grows weary of its sordid burden; and as the shadows of life's twilight come creeping on, and the witnesses of old age gather around, he sees the thorny, dusty path which he has trod, and sighs, when too late, that he has passed the glorious "*might be.*" The remembrance of his toil for gold, which has absorbed every other wish and hope, seems a blank. "Oh, if I had been more faithful in the improvement of my intellect, if I had rightly used my spare moments, satisfaction would now fill the place of regret! Now it is too late. The fetters of the grave are already clasping themselves upon me, and to the Judge of all must I relate the story of a life misspent." Is there not many a one who thus sees but little in his past to approve and much to condemn?

"*If I might be*" is the language of another whose aspirations are the same. Though difficulties which seem almost insurmountable are in his path, he is not discouraged. He studies their proportions and properties, and resolves not to be turned back. "*I will be*" is chosen as his motto, leading him to persevere. When the chilling winds of the winter of life begin to whistle around him, he looks back on the toils, hopes and victories of youth and middle age with grateful remembrance. He has conquered scorn and poverty, has labored for the benefit of others as well as for self, and the world is better for his influence and examples.

What a contrast between the two! Of the former how little to be envied is that "aching void" which wealth failed to fill! How sweet the assurance to the latter, that the "one talent has not been hidden in the earth," but that for him will sound the welcome—"*well done.*"

CORA SHERWOOD.

Rome, Ohio, 1868.

ABOUT THE DOOR.

A BIT of shrubbery in the yard, a vine climbing by a trellis, a strip of refreshing green spread from the door, are sure to make a place of greater marketable value, which, with many, is a consideration to be thought of before any other. Such need no further appeal to their sense of neatness, then. But those who really love the suggestions of beauty for their own sake, will not omit the turf patch, the shrubbery, and the hedge and vine, because they make almost any home more attractive and lovely, and cause the sentiments to sprout like the very leaves and buds themselves. How few stop to consider what a powerful association lies lurking in every simple but familiar object, like a bush, a tree, a bit of grass, or a border of flowers! They are objects that hold us almost as steadily and strongly to home as wife and children; they are closely associated with these, in fact, and can with difficulty be separated. Therefore, "Brush up about the door."

"AFTER THE FUNERAL."

OF all returnings, that one "after the funeral" is the saddest. Who that has ever followed a beloved one to the grave, will say that it is not so? During sickness we went in and out, anxious, sorrowing, suffering. The solicitude to relieve and care for, and comfort him, engrossed us; the fear of losing him excited and agonized us; the apprehension of our own desolation in case he should be removed from us, almost drove us to distraction. While death was beneath the home-roof there was hurry and bustle in preparation for the final rites. Friends were sent for, neighbors were present, the funeral arrangements were discussed, the mourning procured, the hospitalities of the house provided for. All was excitement—the loss was not then perceived in all its greatness. But "after the funeral"—after the bustle has all subsided and things begin to move on as usual—then it is we begin to know what has befallen us. The house seems still and sepulchral, though in the heart of the city, and though its threshold be still trodden by friendly feet it is as if empty. The apartments—how deserted!—especially the room where he struggled and surrendered in the last conflict. There are the clothes—there the books—there the ever-vacant seat at the family board. During the sickness we had not so much noticed these things, for we were ever hopeful that they might be used or occupied again. But now it cannot be, and we perceive the dreadful vacancy everywhere.

Oh, how dark and cheerless the night shadows come down "after the funeral!" No moon or stars ever shown so dimly—no darkness ever seemed so utterly dark. The ticking of the clock resounds like bell-strokes all over the house. Such deep silence! No footsteps now on the stairs or in the sick chamber; no nurse or watchers to come and say, "He is not so well,"—and come and ask for you. No, indeed; you may sleep on now and take your rest," *if you can.* Ah, poor bereaved heart! It will be long ere the sweet rest you once knew will visit your couch. Slumber will bring again the scenes through which you have just passed, and you will start from it but to find them all too real. God pity the mourner "after the funeral."

"OWES ME A LIVING."

IT is among men who try to get a living by some shift or trick of laziness that we hear the familiar words, "The world owes me a living." A loafer who never did a useful thing in his life, who dresses at the expense of his tailor, and drinks at the cost of his friends, always insists that the world owes him a living, and declares his intention to secure the debt. I should like to know how it is that a man who owes the world for every mouthful he ever ate and every garment he ever put on, should be so heavy a creditor in account with the world. The loafer lies about it. The world owes him nothing but a very rough coffin and a retired and otherwise useless place to put it in. The world owes a living to those who are not able to earn one—to children, to the sick, to the disabled and the aged—to all who, in the course of nature or by force of circumstances, are dependent; and it was mainly for the supply of the wants of these that men were endowed with the power to produce more than enough for themselves. To a genuine shirk the world owes nothing; and when he tells me, with a whine, that the world owes him a living, I am assured that he has the disposition of a highway robber, and lacks only his courage and his enterprise. —*J. G. Holland.*

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.

THE wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevices of a window, and the wind finds it, and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale on it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost anything on earth to see if there is music in it, persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower when the sexton is at home and asleep, it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and does not disdain to try what sort of whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the notes in it, and the river that runs at its base is a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, which goes up, perhaps, to the stars, that love music the most, and sang it the first. Then how fondly it haunts the old house; mourning under the eaves, sighing in the halls, opening the old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths!

SANDWICHES.

A BAD debt—the owing of a grudge.

WHAT is often found where it is not? Fault.

"THE voices of the night"—Those blessed babies.

WHEN is small beer not small beer? When it is a little tart.

THE right man in the right place is the husband at home in the evening.

GOOD newspapers are the only paper currency that is worth more than gold or silver.

THE difference between a local paragraph and a false eye—One is an i-tem, and the other an eye *pro tem.*

WHY do Irishmen resemble the waves of the Atlantic? Because they never cease lavin' the shores of the "old counthry."

BEFORE you scold be sure that you are right yourself. He that attempts to cleanse a blot with blotted fingers makes a greater blur.

WHY are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like arrows? Because they can't go off without a beau, and are in a quiver till they get one.

"I AM about to do for you what the Evil One never did by you," said a quaint parson in his "valedictory" to his flock; "that is, I shall leave you."

"I DON'T like Robert; he's a fool," said Robert's irate bachelor uncle; "he's still in love with his wife, and the honeymoon was over as much as six weeks ago!"

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for boarding. One of his lodgers mesmerises the rest, and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerised being satisfied from sympathy.

AN enthusiastic young lady in Boston was heard to wind up her admiring remarks on a statue in a shop window thus:—"I don't know whom it represents, but it's a splendid likeness."

A CREDULOUS man said to a wag who had a wooden leg, "How came you to have a wooden leg?" "Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

Sabbath Reading.

DEATH.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest—
Out of a land very dreary,
Out of the world of the weary,
Into the rapture of rest.

Out of to-day's sin and sorrow,
Into a blissful to-morrow,
Into a day without gloom;
Out of a land filled with sighing—
Land of the dead and the dying—
Into a land without tomb.

Out of a life of commotion,
Tempest-swept oft as the ocean,
Dark with the wreck drifting o'er—
Into a land calm and quiet,
Never a storm cometh nigh it—
Never a wreck on its shore.

Out of the land in whose bowers
Perish and fade all the flowers—
Out of the land of decay—
Into the Eden where fairest
Of flow'rets—and sweetest and rarest—
Never shall wither away.

Out of the world of the wailing,
Thronged with the anguished and ailing,
Out of the world of the sad—
Into the world that rejoices—
World of bright visions and voices—
Into the world of the glad.

Out of a life ever lornful,
Out of a land very mournful,
Where in bleak exile we roam—
Into a joyland above us,
Where there's a Father to love us—
Into our "Home—Sweet Home."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

IT was at the calm, gentle hour of twilight that a tiny vessel—a mere fisherman's boat—set sail upon the waters of a lonely lake, for the opposite shore. In the far-off West the sun had just disappeared; yet his last rays lingered upon the Eastern mountain-tops. All except one of those who occupied that little boat sat enjoying the beauty of the scene before them. All day He had been teaching and preaching to the multitudes which thronged around Him, listening eagerly to catch the words as they fell from His lips; and now, worn and wearied with the cares and toils of the day, *He slept.*

But suddenly the clouds began to gather, and the wind came sweeping over the hills, lashing into fury the waves which rose higher and higher every moment. The crew of the little boat were powerless then, and giving themselves up for lost, turned to the stern and beheld Him whose name was on almost every tongue—sleeping still. In fear, then, they awoke Him, crying, "Lord, save us, we perish."

He awoke slowly and expressed His surprise at their fear while He gently rebuked them. Then rising and turning to the raging sea and furious winds, in a voice of divine power and sweetness, He exclaimed, "*Peace, be still!*" Suddenly the wind, a moment before so terrific in its fury, gently subsided. The foaming sea with watery mountains and deep gulfs quietly sank to a level, with scarcely a ripple dimpling its smooth, glassy surface.

We may almost wonder that, after listening to His teachings, and witnessing His miracles as they had done, they could have feared or doubted even in the midst of such extreme danger. For did not they know that the ship which carried Him could not sink? Did not they know that in that mysterious yet beautiful union of the human and divine, although the human might sleep, the divine never could? Did not they know that He was just as powerful to protect them while sleeping as when awake? Yet in this touching scene we may behold a beautiful type of our earthly life. The Sea of Galilee reminds us of Time bounded by the shores of Eternity. In the frail bark we see a resemblance to life, filled with immortal spirits for its crew. Perchance as we start forth on our journey all the future looks bright, illuminated by the glowing rays of hope, and we expect a prosperous voyage, little dreaming of the storms which lie before us. Perhaps, too, as we look up to the Giver of all Good, the beautiful, silvery light of *Faith* comes to cheer us on in our journey towards an unseen world, and through that light of Faith we behold our SAVIOUR very near us. But suddenly without a moment's warning the dark storm-clouds of adversity gather around us; temptation and trial seem to frown upon us, while the waves and the billows of unutterable anguish sweep over us. We may try to resist, but they only seem to rise higher and higher, until oftentimes we begin to doubt and distrust our Heavenly Father. At last, in our despair, perhaps, we turn to Him who alone can help, crying, "*Lord, save us, we perish!*" Then even as He exclaims, "O where is thy faith," He utters those thrilling words, "*Peace, be still!*"

O the wondrous power of those holy words,—how sweetly they sound when we are overwhelmed with the cares and toils of earth. The storms of temptation and unbelief must surely roll away when JESUS thus speaks peace to the trembling, fainting heart. The light of Faith will only be the brighter and holier after the storm is over; and the weary heart thus resting in JESUS shall indeed find a blessed haven of *rest.*

VIOLET.

REDEMPTION SUPERNATURAL.—From first to last, Christ's gospel is something supernatural. In the course of nature man fell; in the course of nature he is lost. If saved at all, it must be done out of and above nature. The mind and hand of God must protrude from heaven to snatch the victim from the laws of earth. Redemption is, therefore, wholly supernatural. Revelation itself is, and must be, miraculous. The facts of the redemption work, from the incarnation to the ascension, and of the saving process, from regeneration to final sanctification, are a scheme of supernaturalism.

THE CHURCH, NEGATIVELY.—God never meant his church to be an asylum for indolence and selfishness—a chapel of ease, where formal professors may sleep in quiet, and lazily dream about their hopes and privileges. It is not a receiving vault, in which the corpse of dead religion may be decently laid away, and never be seen or heard of any more. Nor is it a pleasure ground, whose trees are grown merely for ornament;—but a garden, a vineyard, where every plant is expected to bear fruit, and is only a cumberer of the ground if it do not.

A LESSON FROM ST. BERNARD.—St. Bernard compared God, in relation with man, to a writer or a painter who guides the hand of a little child, and only asks one thing of it—that it will not move its hand, but will allow it to be guided.

Educational.

HOW TO TEACH PRIMARIES.

In a former number of the Rural, in an article on "Elementary Studies," we treated of the necessity of devoting more care to the teaching of the fundamental branches. It is a question, of course, with all teachers, how any branch of study may be most effectively taught; and as a good beginning is most essential in all things, the best method of teaching primaries cannot be too earnestly sought for. We have long held that the old system of teaching spelling and reading could be improved upon in many ways. Ingenious teachers can readily devise improvements, if they will only give some thought to the matter. The following suggestions, made by H. U. Johnson, of the Orwell Normal Institute, Ohio, through the Geauga (O.) Democrat are worthy of attention:

"After three or four days have passed in teaching words as signs of objects, actions and qualities, during which time a tolerably clear idea of the office of words will be obtained, the teacher may proceed to introduce the subject of letters. He should select a single one, as *o*, from the word boy, calling the attention of the children to the fact that there are different characters, called letters, in the word; printing it upon the board, require the children to do the same on their slates, repeating the name which he gives them. A very little explanation will give them the idea of the use of letters. After they have printed the letter several times, let the teacher print several words containing it on the board, and then require the children to point it out. If he has a chart, it may be used to advantage. After a sufficient drill on *o*, proceed with *b* and *y* in the same manner.

"As in the case of the words, so with the letters. Give a new one from time to time; drill upon it until the children can tell it readily in any position. This part of the work, however, will require but little time, for, after eight or ten letters have been given, the balance will be picked out in a short time, without any particular attention on the part of the teacher, and really how he will never know, for it is done almost intuitively.

"After enough letters have been learned to cover three or four words, or, indeed, one, the subject of spelling should be introduced, not, however, in the old "ba, be, bi, bo, bu," style, but as a means of analyzing words. Suppose the word *boy* is the one whose letters have been first learned, then let the teacher ask how many letters in the word; the first, second, third, second; and so on until they can skip by number readily; then let him name the letters, and the class give the numbers. After this the teacher should spell the word alone, then with the class in concert, and, finally, each member alone, care being taken to secure proper intonation. Several words having been spelled in this manner, spelling will become, not a *task*, but a pleasure to children. Analysis of words by sound should also be early introduced, not only for the sake of securing good articulation, but of acquiring as early as possible the full power of letters."

MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS.

In Germany no teacher is considered as qualified to teach even a common school, who has not some knowledge of music. He must be able to lead a choir of voices to sing, and to perform on some instrument. On the Continent of Europe they are wise in this respect; and their music forms a daily part of the educational training. It is found far more effective than tasks, the rod or angry reproof, for softening rugged dispositions. In respect to moral training and discipline, we regard music or singing in school as invaluable. Nothing so quickly relaxes the mind, and frees it from bad feelings and discouragements which the daily studies may engender. It relieves the teacher, too, to join in a cheerful song, both bodily as well as mentally.

A teacher who sings often will not so often scold. Song always draws closer its participants, and in the song exercise, if ever, there will be happiness in the school-room. As a mental exercise, also, music fixes attention, concentrates thought, cultivates quick and nice discernment; while as physical exercise, it brings into healthy action those vital organs, which cannot be reached so effectually in any other way. There is no occupation in life with which music cannot harmonize. It is an inexhaustible source of gratification; a present joy, and in future years will shed its smoothing influence over the rader experiences of life, lightening toil, cheering the family circle, and binding it closer in union.

We trust the day is coming, and we hope to live to see it, when not only vocal but also instrumental music will appear as a common branch upon the teacher's certificate. By instrumental music we mean nothing beyond the ability to read a simple air, or play an ordinary accompaniment upon the piano, a degree of skill that may readily be acquired. Teach youth what they can practice when they become men, is a maxim we can commend to our readers, and we trust all will find this applicable to vocal and instrumental music. Instrumental music as an accompaniment to the voice, is becoming more and more a leading feature in our best public schools. It follows naturally upon the introduction of vocal music in the large cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Chicago, and experience has long since satisfied intelligent school superintendents, committees and teachers of its value. A school without music is like a school without books, and a teacher opposed to music should not be permitted to undertake the management of any day or evening school.—*Moore's Musical Record.*

The Cornell University.—The Trustees of this University have issued their first general announcement with reference to the opening of the institution, which is to take place at Ithaca on the last Wednesday in September, 1868. The departments and courses will be organized as follows:—Agriculture, the Mechanic Arts, Civil Engineering, Military Engineering and Tactics, Mining and Practical Geology, History, Social and Political Science. In all the departments a constant effort will be made to educate to speedily become practically useful in developing the resources, and in aiding in the general progress of the country. Information relative to the institution can be obtained by addressing Francis M. Finch, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Ithaca, N. Y., or Andrew D. White, President, Syracuse, N. Y.

Decision and promptitude, even though a man may sometimes err for want of due deliberation, will in the long run often more conduce to success than a slow judgment that comes too late.

SUGAR-MAKING IN LOUISIANA IN 1751.

About the year 1750 Louisiana was the only French colony in which especial attention was paid to agricultural pursuits. A variety of crops were tried, successively, but none proved as remunerative as the sugar-cane, which had been taken from India to Spain by the Saracens, thence to Madeira, and thence to the West India islands. Our illustration is a copy of a quaint engraving, executed in Germany, and represents the process of manufacture, as conducted more than a century ago. The cane was stripped of its leaves and ground, or rather crushed, by a heavy stone made to revolve by manual force. The expressed juice, after having been boiled in a cauldron, was ladled into large stone jars, which were exposed to the rays of the sun until the sugar crystalized. These facts, with the illustration, are taken from the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1866.

LITERATURE AND ART.

"People's Book of Biography; or, Short Lives of the Most Interesting Persons of all Ages and Countries," is the title of a new work by James Parton, now in press by A. S. Hale & Co., Hartford, Conn. From advance sheets we infer that it will constitute a very handsome and entertaining volume of biographical sketches.

Harper's Magazine, for April, is attractive and interesting. The leading article, "Among the Andes of Peru and Bolivia," by E. G. Squier, has thirteen illustrations, Mr. Strother's continuation of "Personal Recollections of the War" has ten, and an article on Du Chaillu and his travels has nine. The number is decidedly readable.

Putnam's Magazine, for this month, opens rich with "A Paper on Papers," and contains a variety of noticeable articles. Putnam's is again becoming a model literary magazine, and we are glad to note the evidences of excellence—indicative of able management—presented in the present number.

Our Young Folks, for April, is full of interest and attraction for the juveniles, and much of its contents will entertain old folks. It contains the third part of Dickens' "Holiday Romance," with a full page illustration, the conclusion of "The French Exposition for Twenty Cents," and many other attractions.

The New Eclectic is a monthly magazine of select literature, published by Turnbull & Murdoch, Baltimore. The March No., the only one we have received, comprises an excellent selection of articles, mainly from foreign periodicals.

Maj.-Gen. Cullum will soon publish, at his own expense, a "Register of the West Point Graduates," in two large octavo volumes, and comprising about twenty-five hundred biographical sketches.

Gen. D. H. Hill having purchased the interest of James P. Irwin and Capt. J. G. Morrison in The Land We Love, succeeds to the exclusive proprietorship of that able and popular Southern magazine.

Mr. Dickens contradicts the statement that his daughter had anything to do with the authorship of two novels imputed to her, "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," and "Mabel's Progress."

William Endicott of Boston has received the first prize of $200, offered by Smith Homans of the Bankers's Magazine, for the best article on the financial question.

Thomas Dunn English offers a reward of $50 to any one who will prove that he was not the author of "Ben Bolt!" Who wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother?"

The Germans, it is stated, are beginning to print their books in Roman type. It is found much clearer and less trying to the eyes than the German characters.

The Paris Grand Opera has played "Guillaume Tell" for the five hundredth time. It was played for the first time on the 12th of August, 1829.

Queen Victoria's book is to be done into French by Madame Hocede, formerly French governess to the Princesses Beatrice, Louise and Helena.

Donald G. Mitchell's new book will be upon agricultural topics, and will be published by Gurdon Bill & Co. of Springfield.

The daughter of Horace Smith, who wrote the "Rejected Addresses," has written an operetta called "The Rainy Day."

R. H. Stoddard has a dainty little poem, "On the Divan," in the April number of the Public Spirit, a new and handsome monthly.

"The Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication," is the title of a new book soon to be published by Charles Darwin.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is engaged in writing a Life of Christ, which is to be published by a firm in New York.

Lieut.-Gen. Sherman is said to be preparing a volume on the war, to be published after his death.

John G. Saxe is said to be preparing a new edition of his poems for the press.

Miss Braddon is said to have received $150,000 for her various novels.

Among the foreign works of art that have lately come into possession of American collectors, is that very celebrated cartoon of Kaulbach, "The Reformation," to which a grand prize was awarded at the Paris Exposition. This has been purchased, at a very large price, of course, by Mr. Durfee, an American gentleman. Several of Dore's larger and more important works have also been secured for this country by American enterprise. "Dante on the Sea of Ice" is one of these, and another is that immense canvas with life-size figures, which elicited so much encomium and so much disparagement from the critics of the Exposition. The subject is "Life in the Gambling Houses at Baden Baden."

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SELF-MADE"—AGAIN.

Mr. Moore:—Please allow one who has never passed through "manufacturing establishments, creating knowledge, and genius, and culture," &c., to enter one humble vote against calling the "term" at the head of these remarks "pernicious," as "Lum Woodruff" pleases to christen it in your issue of 29th ult, page 72.

We should recognize any "term" inscribed upon the banner of progressive "Young America" that will encourage self reliance and persevering energy in the pursuit of useful knowledge. Let this well known phrase endure. Its meaning is well understood, and no two syllables are more expressive of its generally accepted signification. If it "belittles" or "belies" any, their consolation is in the fact that "every tub stands upon its own bottom," and "by their works ye shall know them."

Mr. L. W. very properly protests "against possession without *labor* rendered therefor." Labor is various in its performance and results. Does the student, placed in college by the wealth of friends, and too often indulged in improprieties and worse than useless luxuries, "labor" more industriously for his attainments than the self-man-making boy, who never aspires to the more popular term of student? Without designing in the least to depreciate the great advantages to be derived from an *appropriate* collegiate course, by the moral, judicious student of close application, whose good fortune has, without any "labor" of his own, given him that enviable position, we should be ungrateful and inconsiderate to neglect the well merited and hard earned acquirements of the "*fragmentary portion of notable individuals*," who have climbed to the summit of fame on a ladder, every round of which is the product of their own efforts while on their passage upward.

"Fragmentary" names in this class are numerous and many distinguished. Did not the world-renowned "learned blacksmith" labor both mentally and physically? And what more appropriate prefix to the name of such men can we append than "self-made?" Let it pass around; and let every boy, from whatever origin, grade his aspirations onward and upward, and struggle for its adoption as a badge of honor to an American citizen. For when one makes no effort to obtain such honorable mark, he never learns it, however favorable his "opportunities," which Mr. L. W. says "differ as presented to all men." "The better the opportunities presented, the better *may* be the growth," is *carefully* said; but when the *negligent* young man becomes degraded after passing through these "manufacturing establishments," he will spurn the badge "self-made," and attribute his misfortune to his "opportunities" wrongfully appropriated. If Mr. L. W. will compromise the matter, we will call such self-*destroyed* and allow the worthy to keep their proud name of self-*made*. J. W.

Clyde, N. Y., March, 1868.

THE TRADE OF ROYALTY.

"Sir," said a scion of the House of Austria, "the trade I live by is that of royalty." And a fair trade it is, too, if we look at its day's wages in cash alone, and put aside all the trials, and popular discontents, and perils, which multiply in these thinking days and make it truer than in Shakspeare's time, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." By reference to the British "Blue Book" of 1866, we find the royal family cost as follows:

Trustees of the late Prince Leopold George	$ 50,000
Duchess of Cambridge	30,000
Princess Augusta	15,000
Duke of Cambridge	60,000
Princess Mary of Cambridge	15,000
Princess Royal (of Prussia)	40,000
Princess Alice	30,000
Prince of Wales	200,000
Princess of Wales	50,000
Prince Alfred	75,000
Princess Helena	30,000
Total Blue Book, 1866	$595,000

It should be added that the Prince of Wales also enjoys the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, now amounting to about $250,000 per year; and that the Princess of Wales is to receive, in case of widowhood, a pension of $150,000 per year during life. Let it not be forgotton, also, that these enormous sums are raised by the English people in addition to the money they pay each year for carrying on the civil government, including the salaries of the ministers of state, judges, and others, as well as for the vast expenses of the army and navy! All this exclusive of the millions paid Victoria yearly as Queen; but she renders some equivalent in service to the State, while these are valueless for service, yet constant in their wants.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

The following anecdotes are told of the late W. M. Swain, formerly proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger:

As a business man he was very rigid in his adherence to what he conceived to be sound business principles. "Never fix a price on another man's goods," was one of those principles. A paper dealer met him one day in the street.

"Mr. S.," said he, "I have some excellent white paper of the size of the Ledger. Do you wish to buy?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What are you willing to give for it?" was the next inquiry.

"Precisely the worth of it, sir; neither more nor less," was the rejoinder.

"Oh, of course. But I mean, Mr. S., what can you afford to give me for it?"

"Double price, if I choose; but I don't."

"But, fix the price, sir."

"I never put a price on another man's goods. If you don't know the value of your own paper you should not attempt to dispose of it. If you do, you are wasting my time and your own in idle circumlocutions to get the advantage of me. Tell your price. If it suits, well; if not, you may find some other customer."

Business is business, and nothing should interfere with it, was another of his business principles. Consequently he would take nothing off the price of an advertisement on the score of friendship or benevolence, or any other of the ten thousand petty excuses made to "nip the printer." A gentleman once called upon him with an advertisement of a benefit for a poor widow with several helpless children. "How much for the advertisement, under the circumstances?" said he. "Just what it comes to," said Mr. S.; "business is business sir; charity is another question." "But to a poor widow, sir! every dollar saved is a matter of serious moment to her family." "Business is business, I repeat, sir. What I choose to give in charity is my own private affairs. My business has nothing to do with it! Not a cent sir." The gentleman paid the bill very reluctantly, amounting to, perhaps, two dollars, and was going out of the office reflecting rather severely in his own mind upon the parsimony of Mr. S., when the latter stopped him. "Do you know this widow? Is she honest and deserving?" "She is, sir." Mr. S. slipped a $10 bill in the gentleman's hand, and, turning on his heel walked away, saying "business is business."

SUMMER IN JERUSALEM.

During the months of March and April, it (Jerusalem) is a dense mass of flowers of an incomparable freshness of colors. The animals are small but extremely gentle. Lively and graceful turtle doves, blue-birds so slight that they alight upon a blade of grass without bending it, crested larks that come almost to the feet of the traveler, little brook turtles with quick, soft eyes, storks of grave and modest air, putting off all timidity, allow themselves to be approached very closely by man, and seem to call him. In no place in the world do mountains spread out with more harmony, or inspire loftier ideas. Jesus seemed to have loved them especially. The most important acts of his divine career were performed upon the mountains. There he was best inspired, there he had secret conferences with ancient prophets, and showed himself to his disciples already transfigured.

Immigration and the Labor Exchange.—Of the 4,584 immigrants who arrived at the port of New York in February, 1,018 had New York for their destination, 558 Pennsylvania, 392 Illinois, 226 Ohio, 175 Wisconsin, 172 Massachusetts, 100 California, and 325 the Southern States. At the labor exchange during the last two weeks of February, there were 850 applicants for employment. Of these, 510—208 men and 302 women—obtained situations. The average rate of monthly wages agreed upon was for men $10, for women $8.17.

A New Toy.—A new chemical toy is founded on the decomposition of a solution of silicate or soda and a metalic salt, such as crystalized chloride of iron, protochloride of cobalt, nitrate of uranium, or sulphate of protoxide of manganese. A tumbler having a flat bottom is first filled with silicate of soda of a density equal to 22° Baume, and then small fragments of a salt are thrown in. After some hours, a miniature forest may be seen, variegated by remarkable forms and most brilliant colors.

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Reading for the Young.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING.

Which is the Wind that brings the cold?
The North Wind, Freddy, and all the snow;
And the sheep will scamper into the fold
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the heat?
The South Wind, Katy; and corn will grow,
And peaches redden for you to eat,
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the Wind that brings the rain?
The East Wind, Arty; and farmers know
That cows come shivering up the lane
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?
The West Wind, Bessy; and soft and low
The birdies sing in the summer hours
When the West begins to blow.

[*Our Young Folks.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

They were all gathered around the pleasant fire, and the storm and darkness out of doors made the fireside seem as snug and cosy as you please.

"Please, grandpa, tell us one of your stories," pleaded Ned.

"Oh yes, grandpa, do," chimed in Lucy, drawing her chair closer to his side.

"Yeth, dranpa, p'ease do," lisped little May, who loved to listen as well as any of them.

"Well, what shall it be about?" asked grandpa, drawing May upon his knee, where she always sat when a story was to be told.

"About hunting," answered Ned, who knew that his grandfather's experience as a hunter had given him material for many very interesting narratives.

"Have I ever told you about being treed by a bear?" asked grandpa, who could not remember whether he had told them this incident in his life or not; he had told them so many anecdotes that he often related one he had told before. To-night he wished to treat them to a new one.

"No, no!" cried Ned and Lucy in a breath; "what was it, grandpa?"

"A great many years ago this country was almost wholly composed of woods, and there used to be all kinds of animals in them. We had just settled here when the incident I am going to tell you about occurred, and our neighbors were not very near by. When we went on errands we had to go across large tracts of woodland, and we always carried our guns as protection in case of danger. Very often we saw deer on our walks through the forest, and if we were fortunate enough to kill them we could enjoy some very nice venison without a great deal of time or labor expended in getting it.

"One day I set out to go to the little village where we procured our groceries, such as tea and salt. It was only a little collection of log houses then, perhaps half a dozen in number, and bore very little resemblance to the place you visit often with your father and mother when they go to trade. It was about two o'clock when I started, and I told your grandmother that I would be back before dark.

"I took my gun with me, hoping to see a deer on my way to or from the village, for we were out of meat. I saw nothing on my way to the village, however, except a white rabbit or two, and a few squirrels. I started for home after procuring the articles I needed, and had gone about half way through the woods when I saw a large bear in the road before me. I dropped the packages of tea and salt I was carrying, and raising my gun to my shoulder took, as I supposed, a good aim, and fired,—but my shot only grazed the animal's head. I knew by his angry growl that I was in danger, and commenced to load my gun again. But before I had loaded it the bear sprang toward me. I knew there was no safety except in making for the shelter of some tree, and so I dropped the gun and ran. Straight ahead of me was a large beech with limbs close to the ground. I made for that, and sprang up into it before the bear came up with me. Just as I swung myself from the ground I heard his fierce growling directly under me, and knew I was lucky in getting into the tree as I did,—for a minute more and he would have overtaken me.

"I feared he might come up the tree after me,—but he did not attempt to. I think he was sure that I could not get away, and determined to keep me a prisoner. I wished that I could manage to get hold of my gun,—but it was where I had dropped it. I knew well enough that I should have to stay where I was till morning, and was anxious on your grandmother's account,—for she was alone, and I knew she would worry over my absence and think that something terrible had happened to me, as I had told her that I should surely be home again by dark.

"Slowly the hours passed along, and the bear walking about under the tree all the while, growling and snarling. Sometimes he would come and raise up on his hind feet with his paws against the tree, and I was afraid he was coming up,—but he was only looking to see if I was there. When he satisfied himself that I was still his prisoner, he would get down and commence to walk around again.

"It was as clear and pleasant an evening as I ever saw. The moon shone very brightly, and I could see almost as plainly as day. As I turned my eyes along the path in the direction of home I saw a person coming toward me, and knew in a moment who it was. I knew that your grandmother had waited for me till she became alarmed at my prolonged absence, and she had started out in search of me.

"I was terribly frightened,—for I was afraid the bear would see her, and if he did he might quit his watch over me and attack her, and in case he did there was no help for her, as neither of us had any weapon to defend ourselves with.

"Quick as thought I made up my mind. 'Mary,' I cried out at the top of my voice, 'go back! I am in a tree, and there is a bear under me. I am safe here, but you will not be if he gets sight at you! Go home and I will come in the morning. Be careful and make no noise to attract his attention.'

"The bear did not understand the cause of such an outcry from me, and growled and snarled in a threatening manner. I watched your grandmother as she turned and passed noiselessly away, and I breathed freer when she was out of sight.

"I stayed there till daylight. The bear kept walking off a ways from the tree towards morning, then he would come back, then go off again, a little further every time. At last, when it was fully light, he went away, and I sprang down and started for home, after securing my gun and the packages. Your grandmother was glad enough to see me alive,—for she had been terribly frightened, and the night had seemed a very long one to her."

Duty.—The moment any occupation becomes a duty, even if it is merely picking straws, it ceases to be useless, and the manner in which we do it must be of infinite consequence.—*E. M. Sewell.*

The Publisher's Desk.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A New Quarter of the Rural begins this week—April 4th—when we anticipate large accessions to our Subscription List. Club Agents, Subscribers, and all others interested, will please note this announcement, bearing in mind that NOW IS THE TIME to form new clubs, fill up those recently started, subscribe singly, or renew subscriptions. Thanking all Agent-Friends for their spirited and successful efforts during the Fall and Winter Campaign—efforts which added many thousands of recruits to the "Rural Brigade"—we bespeak a continuance of their kind offices, so far as consistent. As an incentive to present Agents, and all persons disposed to become such by forming clubs, we would state that we have concluded to CONTINUE OUR OFFER OF PREMIUMS UNTIL JULY 1ST—so that all who form new clubs, or fill up others, will be Liberally Rewarded. ☞ For List of Premiums, see Supplement, which (with show-bills, specimens, etc.,) is sent free to all applicants.

Our Premiums for Clubs include Books, Gold Pens, Photograph Albums,—Castors, Clothes Wringers, Churns, Washing Machines,—Gold and Silver Watches,—Melodeons and Organs,—Sewing, Knitting, Mowing and Reaping Machines, &c., &c. By a recent arrangement we can furnish either the WHEELER & WILSON or GROVER & BAKER $55 Sewing Machine, as preferred, (and will send either for 50 subscribers, 30 of them new, at club rate; or, the same for 30 subscribers, 20 of them new, at $3 each.) For particulars as to all of our Premiums, see List, which is sent free.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

How to Remit.—The safest way to remit for the RURAL is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and either of these, if made payable to our order, may be sent at our risk.

Back Numbers from Jan. 4 can still be supplied to new subscribers, so that all may have the volume complete.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE articles of impeachment against Robert C. Dorn, have been reported in the Assembly by Mr. Jacobs. They charge that in awarding the contracts for the work required, Mr Dorn was cognizant of corrupt combinations and wrongful dealing, and that he let the contracts to the highest instead of to the lowest bidders. The Court of Appeals notifies the Assembly that it is ready to act upon the impeachment. The Assembly has voted to add two members to its list of Managers already chosen. A meeting of the Senate, as a Court of Impeachment, was appointed on Tuesday the 31st ult.

The absorbing topic before the Legislature is the great Railroad fight between Cornelius Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew, as representing respectively the New York Central and the Erie Railroads. It turns upon the right of Mr. Drew to issue some millions of dollars worth of convertible bonds, which greatly depressed the value of Erie stock. This extraordinary action was taken as a flank movement upon Mr. Vanderbilt, who was endeavoring to get control of the Erie. The Railroad Committee of the Assembly was last week engaged in hearing arguments on both sides of the matter, made by able advocates. Popular sympathy seems to be with the Erie.

The Assembly, on Friday, took decisive action on the proposed legislation for the benefit of the Drew party to the contest over the possession of the Erie Railway. A report from the Committee on Railroads, against the bill legalizing the acts of the Erie directors, was agreed to—83 to 32.

At Albany recently, Charles E. Mull, eighteen years of age, attempted to kill his father, John C. Mull, by shooting him with a pistol.

John Develin, the Brooklyn member of the whisky ring who was sent to the Albany Penitentiary for defrauding the Government out of different sums of money, has arrived at that institution. It is said he made upwards of half a million of dollars.

At an entertainment for the benefit of the poor, at St. James' Hall, in Buffalo, one night last week, Weston, the pedestrian, walked a mile in six minutes and forty-five seconds.

The Genesee Coal Mining Company is now fully organized, certificates of stock have been issued, an office opened at LeRoy, and a full gang of men are at work sinking a shaft on the supposed coal territory near that village.

Collector Shook, of New York, has seized four hundred and eighty-one bales of Alabama cotton in that city, by direction of Deputy Commissioner Harland, on suspicion that the cotton was removed from the State in which it was produced on fraudulent permits.

A fire in Troy on Saturday destroyed a planing mill office and a large amount of lumber. Loss about $25,000.

The N. Y. Chamber of Commerce adopted resolutions on the 26th ult., calling for immediate action on the part of the Legislature of the State, that the present system of railroad monopolies may be put an end to. The Chamber also sends a memorial to Albany setting forth in detail the evils complained of.

A "Red Line" freight car passed through Rochester on the 27th ult., on its way to Cheyenne from Boston, without transfer of freight. The distance is about two thousand and seventy miles.

A young man named Burroughs was accidentally shot in Rochester on the 27th ult., and lived only an hour. He and a companion had been shooting at a mark with a pistol, and one of them had it in his hand when they commenced scuffling. The result of such carelessness was a sad fatality.

The livery stable of Debin Mitchell in West Troy was burned on Sunday. An unknown lad from Buffalo was so badly burned that his life is despaired of. Loss about $15,000.

From Washington.

THE Trial of the President was resumed on the 23d ult., at 1 P. M. Mr. Davis moved that the Trial be discontinued, on the ground that all the States were not represented. The motion was lost by yeas 2, nays 49. The President's reply was then read. It is a document of great length, and occupied an hour and a half in the reading. It makes no new points, resting its defence mainly upon the claim that in removing Secretary Stanton the President was only exercising his rightful prerogative, and that he was in no wise entering into a conspiracy to get possession of the War Department, but desired to test the constitutionality of the tenure-of-office law.

After the reading of it, Mr. Boutwell, in behalf of the Managers, requested a copy of the same, and said the Managers expected to present their replication on the ensuing day. Mr. Evarts then asked for thirty days after the replication is filed further to prepare the case in behalf of the President. On full consideration the request was refused by a strict party vote of yeas 12, nays 41. Mr. Sherman then moved to adjourn. Mr. Evarts amended his motion and asked for a reasonable time after the replication of the Managers is filed. Mr. Johnson moved that ten days be allowed. The motion to adjourn, however, was put, and the Senate adjourned for one day.

On Tuesday, the 24th ult., the Managers presented to the Senate the replication offered by the House of Representatives to the President's answer. It is very brief. After the reading of it, the question of granting more time before proceeding with the Trial, was considered. Senator Sumner offered the following:

"And now that a replication has been filed, the Senate, adhering to its rules already adopted, shall proceed with the trial from day to day (Sundays excepted) unless otherwise ordered, or on reasons shown."

The Senate retired to consult upon this, and on returning, two hours later, promulgated through the Chief Justice its response to the application for more time, as follows:

"Ordered, that the Senate will commence the trial of the President, upon the articles of impeachment, exhibited against him, on Monday, the 30th day of March, and proceed therein with all dispatch under the rules of the Senate sitting upon the trial of an impeachment."

The bill to admit Alabama has been passed by the House by a strict party vote. It provoked lengthy debate. An attempt to lay the bill on the table failed. On motion of Mr. Bingham, the third section was stricken out. A substitute offered by Mr. Spalding, providing for a temporary and provisional government, and permitting the officers recently elected in that State to qualify on the first of May, was adopted—yeas 77, nays 54, and the original preamble was rejected.

The case of Gen. Jeffries, who was confirmed by the Senate as Register of the Treasury and commissioned by the President, and his confirmation then reconsidered by the Senate, is yet in abeyance. The Senate has not been able to find any precedent for its intervention, after the officer has received his commission and been qualified by taking the oath, and therefore the further consideration of General Jeffries' nomination is expected to be abandoned by that body.

The Reconstruction Committee, before adopting the Alabama bill, adopted an amendment offered by Mr. Stevens, which removes all objections to it. The amendment provides that the State shall not at any time change the Constitution so as to take away, without the consent of Congress, the right of suffrage which is guaranteed.

Mr. Cragin has introduced a bill to pay the expenses of the Impeachment Trial and other contingent expenses for the year ending June 30th, 1868. Referred to the Finance Committee.

The debate in the Senate on the President's veto of the bill limiting the power of the Supreme Court was very animated. The Democratic Senators denounced the bill as indicating the progress of the radical revolution that threatens to usurp the authority of the President and Judiciary. The Republican Senators defended the bill on the ground of the right of Congress to recognize and define the power of the Supreme Court.

The Senate has ratified the treaty between the United States and the North German Confederation, providing for free emigration, and that naturalization changes nationality. The treaty had previously been ratified by the Confederation.

The President has not selected an attorney to fill the place of Judge Black as counsel in the Impeachment Trial, and it is understood that Mr. Johnson does not propose to retain any other counsel than the gentlemen who appeared for him on the 24th ult.

The President has issued an order through Gen. Grant, assigning Gen. Hancock to the command of the Department of the Atlantic, with his headquarters in Washington.

The Supreme Court has rendered a decision of great importance to Savings Banks, in the case of a Connecticut Bank which had invested a part of the deposits in U. S. securities and claimed that the securities were exempt from taxation. The Court decides that the law did not tax the securities, but it did tax the deposits, no matter what they were invested in.

The House Military Committee has instructed their chairman to report a bill providing for the sale of the Government buildings and grounds of Harper's Ferry, the proceeds to be applied to the erection, repair and support of schools in Western Virginia.

Secretary Seward is negotiating with the English Government with a view to perfecting a new treaty between our Government and Great Britain similar to the German Confederation treaty recently ratified by the Senate. It is expected that in the new treaty provisions may be made to prevent any further difficulty between the two countries in relation to citizenship.

The House Post Office Committee have agreed to recommend that an item of $1,250,000 be inserted in the deficiency bill with which to commence work on the New York Post Office Building.

From the West.

THE Republican State Convention of Kansas met at Topeka on the 25th ult. Resolutions were adopted favoring General Grant for President, and Senator Pomeroy as their first choice for Vice-President; thanking Stanton for his course, and Congress for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, and calling on the Senate to proceed without unnecessary delay to his trial; favoring the payment of the National Debt, but declaring that paying it in greenbacks has no friends in Kansas.

The San Francisco Bulletin presents in behalf of the Pacific slope seven candidates for the Vice-Presidency, among them being Senators Williams, Cole and Corbett.

The Ohio Legislature has appointed a Committee to locate an Agricultural Mechanical College.

The Steamer Magnolia, which left Cincinnati on the 18th ult., for Maysville, Ky., with about a hundred passengers and a large amount of freight, exploded her boiler twelve miles above the city. The greater portion of the cabin was carried away, and the boat afterwards took fire. About half the passengers and crew were killed by burning or drowning.

A horrible tragedy occurred near Denver, Col., recently. Four men were out on a hunt, camping on Kiowa Creek, and three of them were found in their camp, murdered, a few days after shots had been heard in that direction. Their companion, who is missing, doubtless did the fearful deed.

The residence of Hon. Charles Dudley of Agency City, Iowa, was burned on Saturday, and three of his children perished in the flames.

The linseed oil works of Gould & Bros., Chicago, were destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The loss is not less than $250,000.

From the South.

GEN. MEADE's report of the recent election for the Constitution in Alabama has been transmitted to headquarters. The result is the same as that transmitted to Congress recently, showing the defeat of the Constitution.

A new Fenian movement, inaugurated by the Nashville circle, is culminating. A majority of the circle will form a general convention in May, to get 500,000 men pledged before another move is made on the enemy.

Fifty one thousand dollar bills were stolen from the counter of the Canal Bank, New Orleans, recently.

The U. S. Grand Jury has found a new indictment against Jefferson Davis. It covers fifty pages, and details all his offenses since the opening of the rebellion.

Astounding frauds on the revenue have been discovered at Galveston. They were perpetrated through bonded warehouses, having branches at New Orleans and elsewhere, and it is said several officials are involved.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Italian Government is actively endeavoring to suppress brigandage. A large body of troops, under Gen. Pallavicini, is to commence operations immediately in the province of Naples.

The North German Diet has elected all its officers of the last session.

It is reported that the Prussian Government has addressed a circular note to all of its diplomatic representatives abroad, denying that the recent mission of Prince Napoleon to Berlin and Germany had any political object.

In the English House of Lords, on the 27th ult., the question of the Alabama claims was discussed. Earl Russell defended the policy pursued by him in the case of the Alabama and other cruisers. Lord Westbury defined the laws of England on the questions at issue, and denied the justice of the claims for indemnity urged by Mr. Seward.

Dispatches from the British military expedition in Abyssinia report that the entire forces, with the exception of a mountain battery and four companies of the 45th regiment of infantry, had just left Scoula and commenced the march for the highlands of the country. The army was in good health, and the general sanitary report is favorable. The ascent to the heights of Abyssinia is regarded here as a very difficult undertaking,—but it is understood that Gen. Napier's advance is by the safest and most traveled route—that on the east, by Santa Fe and Doganta. The country is represented as being very variable in appearance, fertile and extremely barren alternately, and some of the mountain passes formidable.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A RICH mine of gold is said to have been discovered in a coal shaft at West Middlesex, Western Pennsylvania, capable of yielding four thousand dollars a ton.

A SCHOONER from St. Johns, N. B., for Boston, was wrecked at the mouth of the Penobscot Bay, on the 21st of March. The captain and crew were saved, after being on an uninhabited island during forty-eight hours.

THE new post-office directory, recently published, shows that there are 25,712 post-offices in the United States. Of the whole number, 1,226 are money-order offices, and about the first of June 200 more of this class will be opened.

THREE men were swallowed by sharks on the little island of Cabras, near to Porto Rico, recently. The fishermen report the sharks to be unusually daring and ferocious. In many instances they have tried to upset their boats.

IT is just discovered that the ship Gen. Grant, which left Melbourne for London in May, 1866, was wrecked at Auckland Island the same month by being drawn into a large cave twenty-five fathoms deep. Only fifteen persons were saved.

ALONG the Schuylkill river, between the falls of Schuylkill and Norristown Dam, a distance of about ten miles, there are one hundred and four manufactories, employing nearly 10,000 workmen, the annual products of which are nearly $24,000,000.

GEN. GEORGE W. TEW, Treasurer of Vermont, has defaulted to the amount of $4,000 or $5,000. He has sent in his resignation and requested the withdrawal of his name from the ticket for re-election. His bondsmen will save the State from actual loss of money.

MR. DICKENS has accepted a complimentary dinner from the press of the country, to be given in New York on the 18th of April, just previous to his departure for England. The affair was arranged, and will be mostly attended, by the New York editors. The price of tickets is $15 each.

IN the year 1867, 7,283 new books were issued in this country, and the value of those issued in 1856, was $16,000,000, of which New York claims six millions. The number of school books issued there and read by five millions of school children, would make a road two feet wide between New York and the moon.

ACCORDING to the report of the Department of Agriculture, land has decreased in value in all the Southern States since 1860. In Virginia, twenty-seven per cent.; in North Carolina, full fifty per cent.; in South Carolina, about sixty per cent.; in Georgia, full one-half; in Florida, prices are nominal; in Louisiana, twenty per cent.; in Arkansas, sixty per cent. There are a few counties in each of these States which are exceptions to the rule.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is supposed to be worth $70,000,000. A large proportion of his means are invested in railroad stocks and securities. Daniel Drew is worth $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. He is shrewd and indefatigable. It is said he has the advantage of Vanderbilt in the Erie fight in this: Drew and his associates have possession, and they have the company's funds to fight with; Vanderbilt and his associates are obliged to draw upon their own means to pay expenses.

MAKING stones is a business in St. Louis. There is a concern there which makes out of common sand a mantle equal to one of white marble, and sells it for about $10. The sand is in a few hours converted into rock precisely similar to the strata and ledges beneath the earth that have required ages of aqueous action to form them. The process is strictly scientific and chemical. The materials are common brown or white sand, soda, flint, cholorine and calcium.

DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, who demonstrated scientifically the impossibility of crossing the ocean by steam, lived to read messages transmitted by ocean telegraph from America; and the noble lord who publicly promised to eat the first steamer that should arrive in Liverpool from New York, is still living, and may read any morning, over his breakfast, what was said the day before in Washington, or what steamship arrived in San Francisco from China, Japan and Australia.

CANADIAN NEWS.—Mr. Rose has announced in the House of Representatives at Ottawa, that the Government would soon introduce a bill making American silver a legal tender at a certain rate. It has transpired that the Duke of Buckingham, January 11th, wrote Lord Monck that Her Majesty's Government would not justify any mitigation of the sentences of Rev. Mr. McMahon and other Fenian prisoners. It is said that as a concession to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the duties on corn, flour, &c., will be repealed. It is understood that the Government will yield to the wishes of life insurance companies, and accept deposits of Dominion and American stocks as securities to policy holders.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAGE.—A new arrangement has just been concluded between the Postoffice Department of the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The single rate of postage on international letters will be reduced on and after the first day of April, 1868, from ten to six cents, if prepaid at the office of mailing in either country; but if posted unpaid, or insufficiently prepaid, they will be subject to a postage charge of ten cents per single rate, in the country of destination. The authorized weight of a single letter will be fifteen grammes by the metrical scales, and half an ounce in the Dominion of Canada. Postmasters will levy postage accordingly, on and after the 1st of April, 1868.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—Two libel suits against New York newspapers have recently come to grief for the plaintiffs. Mary Anna (Deane) Boker, famous a few years ago for her marriage with her father's coachman, brought a suit against Moses Beach of the New York Sun, laying damages at $50,000, for publishing some facts about her married life, first published in the New York Intelligencer. Mrs. Dean lost her case. A railroad conductor brought a suit against the New York Nation for some comments on his actions at the time Professor Dwight was killed. The jury were only five minutes in finding a verdict for the defendant.

MEXICAN REVOLUTION.—The revolution in Sinaloa is gaining ground. A forced loan was levied in Mazatlan, but the Americans were not disturbed. A rising in San Luis is reported. A Federal regiment proclaimed for Juarez, but it was immediately put down and, it is said, some of the officers were hung. The State of Tamaulipas continues to expel foreigners. The British Consul at Vera Cruz denies complicity in the smuggling operations of the Danube.

SAD CATASTROPHE.—The house of a farmer named Lambert, at Markham, twenty-five miles from Ottawa, took fire on Wednesday night. Mr. Lambert and seven of his children and a man servant were burned to death.

PARIS has a newspaper which sells for one son, and gives to each of its quarterly subscribers a ticket entitling the holder to have his or her photograph taken at a certain establishment free of charge.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"JUSTICE compels us to acknowledge we never tasted such Blackberries as those sent us by Mr. WILLIAMS.—*N. Y. World.*

Kittatinny: Genuine plants, wholesale and retail, for sale by E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.

946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, March 31, 1868.

GOLD sold yesterday at the New York Board at 139. The market during the past week has been quite uniform.

Money matters in Rochester are easy, and the stringency that existed at the East for two or three weeks had a very slight effect in Western New York. Business has not been very active in this vicinity for some time past. The roads in the country are now good, and more activity in trade may be anticipated.

For the last two or three days there has been an improved condition of financial affairs in New York. The Commercial Advertiser of Saturday evening says:—"In the money market there is a very obvious relaxation of stringency. Loans at excessive rates of interest have been in many cases paid in, and renewed at 7 per cent., currency. Some of the private bankers have round balances to loan, and we hear of no transactions beyond the legal limit. The suddenness of the relief seems to suggest the idea that funds lately held off the market have been released; but, at the same time, ordinary causes are in operation to relieve the market."

The money sent West some time since is returning to New York, and considerable sums are received from the South.

There is no change to notice in money matters at St. Louis and Cincinnati. At Chicago the market is a little closer. The approach of quarter day (April 6) will have the effect to limit discounts in some localities, but brokers and merchants are getting accustomed to these times of making quarterly reports, and prepare accordingly.

Government securities are quite firm, and some descriptions have improved in the last few days. The following were the quotations for United States securities in New York on Saturday, as reported by Henry Clews & Co., 32 Wall street:

U. S. 6s, 1881, coupon	111¼@111¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1862, coupon	109¾@109⅞
U. S. 5-20s, 1864, coupon	107⅜@107⅝
U. S. 5-20s, 1865, coupon	108⅛@108¾
U. S. 5-20s, July, 1865, coupon	106⅜@106¾
U. S. 5-20s, July, 1867, coupon	107⅛@107⅜
U. S. 10-40s, coupon	100⅜@100⅝
U. S. 7-30s, June, large	106 @106⅜
U. S. 7-30s, July, large	106 @106⅜

Foreign exchange is not active. Sight bills on London are quoted at 109¾. The total export of specie for the week was a little over $600,000.

The miscellaneous stock market has been strong for a few days, in sympathy with the greater ease in money.

The war still rages between the Railroad Kings—Drew and Vanderbilt. The Erie Directors keep themselves in Jersey. The Railroad Committee of the Assembly of this State have unanimously reported against the bill legalizing the recent issue of Erie stock by Mr. Drew.

WOOL.—The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday says:—"The market is quiet this week. There is a moderate inquiry from the manufacturers for the low and medium grades of fleeces as well as for Texas and California, but these being in light stock are mostly held above the views of buyers. For fine grades the demand is small, but there are no lots which can be obtained at any less figures than were current last week."

COTTON.—Cotton is more active, and the market for a few days has been excited and rates higher. Middling sold on Saturday at 26½@27c.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Red wheat is selling in Rochester at quotations. White is very scarce, and would bring $3@3.15.

At the East prices have recently somewhat advanced. A good deal of activity is reported in the English wheat market. A London correspondent of the Financial Chronicle, under date of March 11th, writes that "France continues to import wheat, and so long as she is a competitor with ourselves in the foreign markets, any material fall in the value of wheat can scarcely be expected."

THE GROWING WHEAT.—Winter wheat is looking well in Western New York. The reports from most sections of the West and Southwest in regard to the condition of the growing crop are now quite favorable. Farmers at the West commenced sowing spring wheat this season much earlier than usual.

There has been very little change in our local market since last week. The weather has been April-like during the entire week, and the roads in fine order; but the stock of domestic produce has been very little augmented, and quotations remain about the same. Clover Seed, medium,—no large in market,—has declined somewhat, as will be seen by quotation. Wool is slower, and a trifle down from last week, but growers do not seem inclined to forward their stocks at present rates, and transactions are in consequence quite limited. In other respects the market remains unchanged.

ROCHESTER, March 30.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,55@2,60; Do. white, $3,00@3,15; Rye, $1,65@1,70; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $1,90@2,05; Beans, $4,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@25,00; Beef, cwt., $9,00@13,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@11,50; Hams, 16@17cts Shoulders, 12@11½c; Chickens, 16@18c; Turkeys, 20@22c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 16@17c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, 90c@$1,00; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $6,00@6,00; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $3,00@3,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@48c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $15@26.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,62; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 26½@27c; Flour, $3,30@14,75; Rye Flour, $7,80@9,70; Wheat, $2,45@2,55; Rye, quiet; Barley unchanged; Corn, $1,18@1,30; Oats, 86¼@87½c; Pork, mess, $23,00@25,00; prime, $20,50@20,87; prime mess, $22,50@23,00; Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,00; Beef hams, $36,00@40,00; Shoulders, 10½@11c; Hams, 14@15½c; Bacon, 12½@13½c; Lard, 15½@16½c; Butter, 20@35,c; Cheese, 13@16½c.

ALBANY, March 28.—Flour, $9,50@15,00. Rye Flour, $9,75. Corn Meal, $2,00@2,70 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,00@2,95. Rye, $1,35. Barley, $1,90@2,10. Corn, $1,30. Oats, 87c. Clover seed, medium, 12@13c; large, 15@11½c. Timothy seed, $2,60@3,00. Pork, clear, $23,00; shear clear, $22,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 11c, and shoulders 14c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 17@17½c. Butter, 40@35c.

BUFFALO, March 28—Flour, $10,25@15,00; Wheat, $2,12@3,00; Corn, $1,09@1,12; Oats, 75@77c; Rye, $1,70; Barley, $2,10@2,25; Peas, $1,35@1,75; Beans, $4,50@5,00; Pork, mess, $24,75@25,00; Lard, 16½@17c; Shoulders, 12@13½c; Hams, 17½c; Clover seed, medium, $7,50@7,62; Pea-vine do. $10,00@10,50; Timothy, $2,60; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,55 fine, coarse $2,60 ℔ bbl.

CHICAGO, March 28—Flour, $9,50@10,50; Wheat, $1,91@2,05; Corn, 81½@83½c; Oats 56@60; Rye, $1,55@1,60; Barley, $2,25@2,50; Pork, mess, $23,75@24,00; Lard, 15@15½cts; Shoulders, 10c; Bacon, 11@13½c; Butter, 15@42c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1,80@2,30; clover, $7,00@8,00.

CINCINNATI, March 28—Flour, $9,75@13,50; Wheat, $2,15@2,65; Corn, 81@86c cur; Oats, 65@70c; Rye, $1,72@1,78; Barley, $2,75@2,85; Mess pork, $24,25@25,00; Lard, 15½@16c; Bacon, 11@14½c; Clover seed, 13¼@13½c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,30@2,45.

TORONTO, March 27—Flour, $7@8,25; Wheat, fall, $1,75@1,80; Spring, $1,50@1,63; Oats, 58@60c; Barley, $1@1,45; Peas, 80@81cts; Pork, mess, $15@19,50; Bacon, 7¼@7½c; Hams, 9½@12cts; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 15@23c; Hops, 29@13c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 3@10c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 23—Beeves—Receipts 3,311 head; quotations 10@19c. Veal calves; receipts 1255 head; quotations 11@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 14,773 head; quotations Sheep 6½@9c; Lambs 5@5¾c. Swine—Receipts 12,806 head; quotations, 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, March 26—Beef Cattle sell at 3¾@11½c; Milch Cows, $40@90; Sheep and Lambs, 7@9c; Hogs, 7¾@8¾c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, March 25—Beeves range from 11@15½c; Working Oxen, $160@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Silm Oxen, $125@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 6@8c; extra, 8½@10c; by the head, $3@2,50; Hides, 8@9½c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 8@8½c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 62c@$2,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, March 28—Beef Cattle, 6@8½c. Veal Calves, 5@6¾c. Sheep, $2,25@6. Hogs, $8,50@9,50.

CINCINNATI, March 28—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,00; Sheep, 3¼@5½c; Hogs, 7½@10¾c.

PHILADELPHIA, March 23—Cattle steady; sales at 7@11½. Cows and Calves, $35@75: Sheep, 7½@8½c. Hogs, 13@14c.

BALTIMORE, March 26—Beef Cattle, 4½@10½c; Sheep, 6@9c; Hogs, 12½@13½c.

TORONTO, March 27.—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@6,00; Calves, $4@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 28—Market is quiet. Sales are 320,000 lbs. at 44@62c. for Domestic Fleece. 62c. for picked. 32@55c for pulled, 23@32c. for Texas, 25c for California, 38c for scoured, and 40@41½c for Cape and Donskoi.

BOSTON, March 25—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 25@55c; 52@60c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@46c; California, 21@31c; Texas, 27½@30c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, March 21—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 38@44c.; Medium, 37@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, March 21—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

DIED.

AT Rolling Stone, Minn., March 7th, SARAH A. M., wife of E. B. DREW.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS—MALE AND Female. Particulars free, or sample retailing for $1, for 10 cts. Address CLARK & CO., Newark, N. J.

LEARN! LEARN!—FULL INSTRUCTIONS in Ventriloquism, Mystic Arts and Sciences, with other valuable and useful information, sent *free* for 2 red stamps. Address GRUMBRIDGE & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York.

WANTED!—A LADY AGENT IN EACH County of every State, to sell two articles of ready sale. Either one has paid Agents over $25 per day. D. B. SAUNDERS & CO., 96 Summer St., Boston, Mass. 950-4t

BEES.—IMPORTED AND HOME-REARED ITALIAN QUEENS. Price reduced. Send stamp for Circular and Price List. M. QUINBY,
950-2t St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y.

TO SEEDSMEN.—A LARGE STOCK OF Early York, Tilden, Large Red and Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato Seed, for sale cheap to the trade.
950-2t J. M. PETTIT, Fredonia, New York.

FARMER WANTED.—A THOROUGHLY practical man, understanding farming in all its branches, as an OVERSEER on Fisher's Island. Upwards of 500 acres, well stocked. Will be treated liberally. Address, with references, R. R. FOX, Fisher Island, near New London, Conn.

A FAITHFUL AND DISCREET PERSON, OF either sex, a long resident and good writer, to undertake an important commission in every town. **$25 to $50** can be made without trouble. Address
JAMES WYATT,
S. E. corner Broadway and Fulton St., N. Y. City.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER OF 50,000 PLANTS.—For $10 I will send 1,000 DOGLITTLE'S BLACK CAP RASPBERRY, or 100 large 2-year old CONCORD VINES, or 2,000 WILSON'S ALBANY and FRENCH'S SEEDLING. Less quantity, same rate. Warranted first-class plants.
950-2t S. B. SEARLE, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

CHERRY LAWN FARM.—OUR DEscriptive Catalogues of STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, GRAPES, RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS, SEED POTATOES, VEGETABLE PLANTS, (cold frame, hot-bed and open ground,) mailed to all on application. All orders intrusted to us will be faithfully filled in *every* respect.
D. B. BROWN,
New Brunswick, N. J.

GRAPE VINES.—WITH OTHER VARIETIES we have 100,000 very strong and thrifty 2 years old Concord Vines at $15 per 100. Isabella, same age, $6 per 100. Concord Grape Cuttings, $4 per 1,000; and other grape wood. Jucunda, Metcalf, Durand and other Strawberries. Houghton Gooseberries and Cherry Currants, all at low prices. Also the "Walter" Grape, to be delivered next fall.
950-4t FERRIS & CAYWOOD, Po'keepsie, N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO NURSERYMEN AND DEALERS IN NURSERY STOCK.—The subscriber will sell at PUBLIC SALE, at the LAKE AVENUE NURSERIES,—2½ miles North of Rochester on Lake Avenue—on the 2d day of April next, (or at private sale before that date,) all the Nursery Stock in his possession, comprising a large assortment of all kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, &c., &c. Nurserymen, Farmers and Dealers are especially invited to call on or before the day of sale. The stock will positively be cleared out immediately. C. J. MILLS.

WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY A SPECIALITY.—We call special attention to our LARGE AND FINE-GROWN STOCK of this

GREAT MARKET BERRY,

which we sell at the reasonable price of $1,00 per 100; $5 per 1,000. No charge for packing, which is done in a very careful manner. Orders entered as received, and filled in rotation at proper season. For prices of other varieties, such as *Agriculturist, Brooklyn Scarlet, Burr's New Pine, Downer, Jucunda or Knox's 700, Duncan, Fillmore, French's Lady-Finger, Lennig's White, Russell, Wekley's Seedling,* (seedling of T. de Gand,) *Ida, Laurella, Kitley's Goliah, Durand, Barnes' Mammoth,* &c., &c., send for DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE. D. B. BROWN, New Brunswick, N. J.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Great American Tea Company.
Employment—Jas C Rand & Co.
Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan—Dr B C Perry.
Seeley's Hard Rubber Trusses.
American (Waltham) Watches.
Walter A Wood's "Prize" Mowers and Reapers.
Delaware! Delaware!—Henry T Williams.
Seed Wheats, Grass Seed, &c—Geo A Deitz.
Important to Farmers—Stevenson's Harvester Knife Grinder.
Baugh's Commercial Manures—Baugh & Sons.
The American Hay Tedder—Ames Plow Company.
Cherry Lawn Farm—D H Brown.
Hop Roots—Ira Brainard & Co.
£150,000,000 Sterling—Gun & Co.
Learn! Learn!—Grimbridge & Co.
$100 a Month to Agents—Clark & Co.
Good Agents—Evans & Co.
Get the Best—G & C Merriam.
Come to Delaware!—Henry T Williams.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry—D H Brown.
Ayer's Medicines.
Crawford's Hand Garden Cultivator—Blymyer, Norton & Co.
Grape Vines—Ferris & Gaywood.
Eggs for Hatching—F Jerome Clute.
Situation Wanted—By a Young Man.
The Premium Sanford Corn—S B Fanning.
Farmer Wanted—R R Fox.
Important to Nurserymen and Dealers in Nursery Stock—C J Mills.
Stump Machines—W W Willis.
To Seedsmen—J M Pettit.
Italian Queen Bees—M Quinby.
Lady Agents Wanted—B B Saunders & Co.
A Most Liberal Offer—S B Searle.
A Faithful and Discreet Person Wanted—James Wyatt.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Kittatinny Blackberry—E Williams.

The News Condenser.

— There are two hundred slang terms for intoxication.
— A Russian newspaper is to be started in California.
— Chicago has 518 women clerks.
— Philadelphia proposes music for its public schools.
— Trout fishing is the rage at Holley Springs, Miss.
— A firm in Hartford makes 300,000 envelopes per day.
— Two girls in Iowa are to walk 300 miles on a wager.
— Keokuk, Iowa, has had a Hebrew masquerade.
— Beer has gone up two dollars a barrel in Dubuque.
— Many new buildings are going up in Milwaukee.
— Nashville is infested with burglars.
— Peach growers promise a large crop this season.
— Chicago has had a reunion of billiard men.
— The Macon, Ga., papers have reduced their size.
— Lexington, Ky., has 20,941 inhabitants.
— Louisville is to have a new opera house.
— Admiral Farragut has left Naples and gone to Rome.
— Disraeli, Derby's successor, is 63.
— Tennyson owns his own copyrights.
— Highwaymen in Mississippi continue their outrages.
— Seven territories are waiting to be admitted as States.
— Indians are again troublesome near Cheyenne City.
— The Illinois State Fair will be held at Quincy this year.
— Honolulu has got the first organ in the Sandwich Islands.
— An illustrated paper will soon be commenced in Chicago.
— There are 31,986 lawyers in this country in actual practice.
— The lecture season at Denver, Colorado, has proved a failure.
— In fifteen years sheep have increased in Ireland over 1,000,000.
— A female physician in New York returns an income of $20,000.
— It is reported that the ladies attend prize fights in Cheyenne.
— Theodore Tilton advocates the right of women to the ballot.
— The Boston shipbuilders say that their business is greatly revived.
— A printer's life insurance company is to be formed in New York city.
— Last month Bourbon Co., Ky., produced 90,728½ gallons of whisky.
— The stock of bullion in the Bank of France is now over £44,000,000.
— Suicides in the Saxon army are increasing to an alarming extent.
— An association for promoting marriage has been organized in Boston.
— The piling for the new Custom House at San Francisco cost $200,000.
— In Texas lands are now held at about one-tenth their value six years ago.
— There are at the present time about 300,000 juvenile paupers in England.
— A new paper, called the Egyptian Artery, has been started at Vienna, Ill.
— Boston proposes to have a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
— The convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary now number 1,076—all males but 20.
— On the island of St. Thomas the deaths by cholera number thirty per day.
— The past winter was the coldest since that of 1843 on the North Pacific coast.
— The railways of France, during the past seven years, have killed 297 persons.
— Prairie chickens are so plenty in Missouri that they are used for swine's food.
— A magazine devoted to billiards is the latest periodical venture in New York.
— Information is said to be generally scarce in the region of the White House.
— Bayard Taylor says that only one meerschaum in ten made in Germany is genuine.
— Vicksburg is about to shut up the schools for want of money to pay the teachers.
— Beer and whisky are being made in Shanghai. China is likely to be elevated at last.
— Masses of mineral, supposed to be silver, have been found near Lookout Mountain.
— Iowa does not owe a dollar, and a change of name to I-*don't*-owa has been suggested.
— There were 441 fires in Chicago in January, 261 in St. Louis, and only 70 in New York.
— Idaho raises so much mahogany that it takes six cords of it to buy one ton of hay.
— It is asserted that the Havana lottery draws annually from New Orleans over $1,000,000.
— An exchange calls the bills of the gas companies the heavy charge of the light brigade.
— The Rev. B. F. Paddock has declined to accept the appointment of Bishop of Oregon.
— Juneau and adjoining counties of Wisconsin raised $3,000,000 worth of hops last year.
— Ohio has a population of 68 to the square mile; Massachusetts, 162; New York, 85.
— The Chicago Times of last week reports 23 chicken fights occurring there in one week.
— Fifty-one fires have occurred in London theaters during the past thirty-three years.
— Hiram Powers, the sculptor, intends to visit his home in this country the coming summer.
— A good sized store in Boston is warmed thoroughly by water heated by two gas-burners.
— Hamilton College has the law library of William Curtis Noyes, which is valued at $50,000.
— Harvard College boys have been trying to get up a rowing contest with Oxford, England.
— Property is largely being sold in Mississippi to pay debts and taxes, and at very low rates.
— Young men who are drafted in the army of France can be exempt by paying twenty-five hundred francs.
— Prince Humbert has purchased a dispensation from the Pope which allows him to marry his cousin. Cost, $20,000.
— "Awful" Gardner, the converted prize fighter, is living in a shanty and chopping wood on the shore of Cayuga Lake.

SEND to GEO. A. DEITZ, Importer and Grower of SEED WHEATS and GRASS SEEDS, Chambersburg, Pa., for a Circular and Price List of the best Seed Wheats, best Yellow, White and Sweet Corn, best Potatoes, best Clover Seed, best Grass Seed, best Spring Barley, best Spring Rye, best Oats, best Buckwheat.

1867. 1867.

WALTER A. WOOD'S "PRIZE" MOWERS AND REAPERS

ARE TAKING THE LEAD.

Triumphant at the Paris Universal Exposition, 1867. Two Grand Gold Medals and the Decoration of the "Cross of the Legion of Honor" conferred by His Majesty, Emperor Napoleon, upon the inventor, WALTER A. WOOD.
First Prize—Gold Medal—at Great National Field Trial held at Auburn, N. Y., in 1865.
First Prize at Grand State Trial held at Rochester, Minn., August 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 1867.
Together with over 150 First Prizes in other contests.
Over 90,000 manufactured are now in use in Europe and America. The demand in 1867 greater than the supply. Increasing demand with increased facilities for manufacturing for the coming season, 1868.

WOOD'S "PRIZE" MOWER, retaining all its popular advantages, is improved by valuable additions.
WOOD'S SELF-RAKING REAPER, easily managed, of light draft, is the "Victor of Every Contest," and farms, with the new Mowing Attachment, the most perfect combined machine in use.
WOOD'S HAND-RAKING REAPER, readily changed from Reaper to Mower, and *vice versa*, recommends itself.
HAINE'S ILLINOIS HARVESTER, especially adapted for the West, is made of good materials, and gives satisfaction.

Manufactured by the WALTER A. WOOD MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE CO., HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICES AND GENERAL SALESROOMS,—New York City, 40 Courtlandt Street, P. O. Box 5805, C. E. SKINNER, Agent; Chicago, Ill., 206 Lake Street, C. E. WHITMAN, Agent; Alexandria, Va., A. T. SKINNER & CO., Agents; Madison, Wis., M. E. FULLER & CO., Agents. Foreign Office, 77 Upper Thames St., London, England.

SEND FOR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR FOR 1868.

WANTED,—BY A YOUNG MAN—A SITUATION with some good Nurseryman, or as Agent. Satisfactory references. Address A. M., Havana, Schuyler Co., N.Y.

HOP ROOTS FOR FIVE DOLLARS PER bu., 16 lbs. ⅔ bu., for sale by IRA BRAINARD & CO., East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

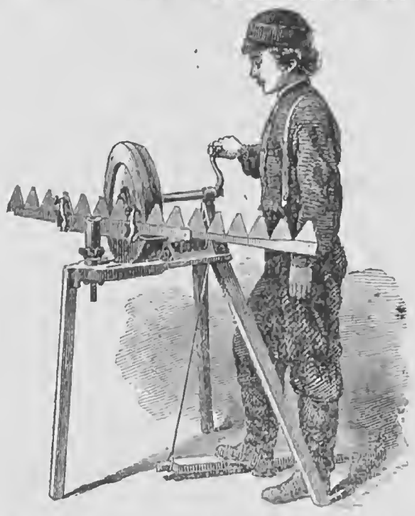
THE PREMIUM SANFORD CORN.—500 Farmers will testify to its superiority over all other varieties. It YIELDS LARGELY and RIPENS EARLY. Send stamp for Descriptive Circular and Prices. Address
950-2t S. B. FANNING, Jamesport, Long Island.

THE AMERICAN HAY TEDDER,
THE BEST
AND ONLY PERFECT MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR
TURNING OR TEDDING HAY.
HAY CUT, CURED AND STORED IN THE BARN IN ONE DAY!!
The Quality of the Hay Crop Very Much Increased.
Very Great Ease of Draft.
It is very LIGHT, and so SIMPLE and DURABLE that it CANNOT GET OUT OF REPAIR.

BURT'S SELF-ADJUSTING
HORSE HAY RAKE,
More Simple, More Durable, & Easier of Operation than any other Horse Rake in the Market.

MADE ONLY BY
AMES PLOW COMPANY,
QUINCY HALL, BOSTON.
Send for Illuminated Circular.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.
STEVENSON'S
HARVESTER KNIFE GRINDER.



There is no portion of a MOWING MACHINE more essential to its working than the sections. Their edges must be sharp and uniform. Every farmer who has worked a Mower and Reaper has experienced the greatest difficulty in sharpening his knives; and has found that dull knives clog, pull up the grain and grass, weary the horses, and wear out the machine. Keep the Knives sharp, and the Machine is preserved. The STEVENSON GRINDER has been subjected to the severest tests, and pronounced perfect. By it the Knife is held firmly to the Stone, and the bevel is sustained alike on every section, so that

The Sections are all Uniformly and Readily Ground.

The work can be performed by a boy. The Machine is SIMPLE, COMPACT, DURABLE. The Frame is made of Cast Iron, and the Stone is of the best quality to be obtained in the United States. When not in use for Sharpening Sections, the Apparatus holding the Cutter-Bar can be removed, and the Stone used for all the ordinary purposes of a Grindstone. The Patent is owned exclusively and manufactured by the

STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO.,
AUBURN, N. Y.
SAMPLE MACHINE, $10.
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.
All letters and orders should be addressed to
WM. P. ROBINSON, Secretary,
950-3teo *AUBURN, N. Y.*

SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. These fowls sell readily at $7 ⅌ pair, $9 the trio. Address
WM. M. LEWIS, 46 Delevan St., Rochester, N. Y.

℞ IF YOU MUST TAKE MEDICINES then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere.

£150,000,000 STERLING.—Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, commencing 1due. Fee to search for any name, $2.
GUN & CO.,
950-13t 4 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

SEND FOR MY CATALOGUE OF SMALL FRUITS—Those who do so look to their own interest as the prices are lower than are advertised in this paper,—quality good and true to name. Peach Trees $7 ⅌ 100 or $60 ⅌ 1,000. THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

5000 PEACH TREES—VERY FINE—No Yellows—Largely E. Crawford and E. Hale for sale cheap. E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

GET THE BEST.

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Springfield, Mass.
ALL BOOKSTORES KEEP THEM.

SPRING HAS COME.
STUMP MACHINES IN ORDER.

Those who have land dotted with stumps, and desire their removal, are informed that the subscriber has on hand, and is constantly manufacturing, the BEST STUMP MACHINE EVER INVENTED. It is a lever one, which, by the aid of the chains attached to it, can clear an acre of stumps without being removed to a new position. A letter from LUKE STRAIT, Tuscarora, Steuben Co., N. Y., March 22, 1868, says:—"We pulled and cleaned five acres in six days—many of them rooted four feet deep." He adds:—"I would recommend all wanting a good Stump Machine to purchase one of Mr. Willis." GEORGE DOUGHY, West Brownsville, Pa., writes, March 20th, that a Mr. Watkins had within a few days "pulled a field of some ten acres without putting up the shears once," and was highly pleased with the operation of the machine. Explanatory Circulars sent on receipt of a postage stamp.
Machines can be seen in operation near this city at any time, by calling on the subscriber, W. W. WILLIS,
950-2t No. 31 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

CRAWFORD'S HAND
Garden Cultivator,
A new and valuable HORTICULTURAL MACHINE.
Warranted to save the Labor of four to six Men.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO.,
Cincinnati, O.

GOOD AGENTS—MALE AND FEMALE—wanted in every Village, Town and City, for "THE WORLD AT HOME," a new monthly Magazine, superior to any $4 Magazine published. Terms $3 per year.
Every Subscriber shares in a monthly dividend. Single Copies 35 cents with a sealed order for goods. Write to
EVANS & CO., PUBLISHERS,
950-1t 811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—FROM PREMIUM Brahma Fowls—very large. $2 per dozen. Securely packed and delivered to Express office on receipt of price.
F. JEROME CLUTE, Schenectady, N. Y.

HOVEY & CO.,
GROWERS AND IMPORTERS,
AND DEALERS IN SEEDS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Our new SPRING CATALOGUE and ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE GARDEN for 1868, containing 132 pages and descriptions of more than 2,500 species and varieties of GARDEN and FLOWER SEEDS, NOVELTIES, &c., the most extensive ever published in the country, is now ready, and will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents, about half the cost. Address
919-2t HOVEY & CO., 53 North Market St., Boston, Mass.

OLDEST, LARGEST, AND MOST RELIable DOLLAR SALE in the United States. Better goods than any other concern. Webs Cotton Cloth, Dress and Pant Patterns, Watches, Castors, &c., to Agents for very little work, and *without charge*. For 10 cents, a Patent Pen Fountain and Slip describing an article to be sold for a dollar, and for clubs of from 20 to 1,000 an article to getter-up worth from $3 to $500. Send them in. *Samples free.*
918tf EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

QUARTER OF A
MILLION PIANISTS,
are indebted to Richardson's New Method for their ability to play well. This book continues to be the Standard Method of Piano Instruction throughout the country. Its Easy Lessons, Pleasing Exercises, and Charming Recreations, have made it extremely popular, while its rare adaptation to all grades of advancement causes it to be not only valuable to a person during his early studies but for a lifetime. Price $3.75. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
919-4t Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

IMPROVED BARTLETT Sewing MACHINES. Manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents Wanted*—Enclose stamp, and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to Machines for shipping.

THE SALEM GRAPE.—REMOVAL.—The SALEM VINE, having exceeded the expectations of its friends, both in unsurpassed hardiness and quality of fruit, the larger portion of the extensive Stock, grown by us from the original purchased of E. S. ROGERS, Esq., of Salem, Mass., has been secured for Vineyard planting at Salem-on-Erie, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., to which place we have removed our Propagating Establishment, formerly at Amenia. We are still prepared to supply limited orders for first-class Vines, one and two years old.

Prices for the Spring of 1868.

Good, strong, healthy Vines,	2 yrs.	old	with 3 buds	each,	$1,00
"	"	"	"	⅌ doz.	36,00
"	"	"	"	⅌ 100,	250,00
"	1 yr	old	"	each,	3,00
"	"	"	"	⅌ doz.	24,00
"	"	"	"	⅌ 100,	150,00

For orders, 500 and upwards, a liberal reduction from the above rates. Address, J. A. REQUA, Agent, Salem-on-Erie Nurseries, Brocton, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. 911-5teo.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

FARM FOR SALE.—80 ACRES, 2½ MILES from Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. Price $100 per acre. Inquire of J. E. BRIGGS, Esq., Newark, or N. S. OSBAND, on the premises. 937-eo

THE GREAT EUROPEAN STRAWBERRY,
DR. NICAISE.
The largest berry known; weighing over 1¾ ounces and measuring over 6¾ inches in circumference.
We fruited the above the past season and think it fully comes up to its European reputation for size and quality.
Price per Plant, per Dozen $9.
We have some in pots if desired. Catalogue, with colored plate of the fruit, and description of it mailed to every person who orders plants. Address
FROST & CO.,
943-2t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

FRESH AND GENUINE SEEDS.
BRIDGEMAN'S
ANNUAL PRICED CATALOGUE
OF
Vegetable, Garden,
AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS;
ALSO, HIS
NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE
OF
FLOWER SEEDS,
including novelties for 1868, are now ready, and mailed free to all applicants.
ALFRED BRIDGEMAN, 876 Broadway, New York.

RITTENHOUSE'S CELEBRATED POULTRY POWDERS—A remedy for all diseases to which fowls are liable, such as Roup, Gapes, Drooping, &c., &c. Price, twenty-five cents per package, or five for one dollar. Manufactured and for sale by G. W. RITTENHOUSE & CO., Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa. All orders promptly filled.
Wholesale Agents, WM. V. CRISSEY & CO., 276 Greenwich St., N. Y. 950-8t

100,000 SHEEP BADLY OFF WITH FOOT ROOT,
Have been permanently cured during the last year by the use of REMINGTON'S FOOT-ROT REMEDY. For sale by Druggists,
DEMAS, BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents, New York.
C. REMINGTON, Agt. Manufacturer, Rochester, N. Y.

VERBENAS!!!—A MAGNIFICENT healthy stock, very large assortment, at low prices per 1,000 to the trade.
ROSES.
Marshal Niel, Madame Charles Wood and other fine Roses, wholesale and retail. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, Ill.

100,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS FOR Sale at low rates, viz.:—Wilson, Russell, Hooker's Seed, Buffalo Seed, Brooklyn Scarlet, Monitor, Col. Ellsworth and Bartlett, at 75 cts. ⅌ 100, $3 ⅌ 1,000. Address
949-2t M. N. WILSON, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

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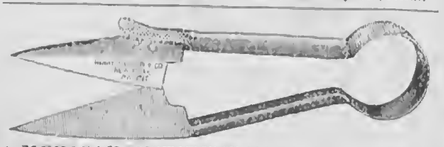

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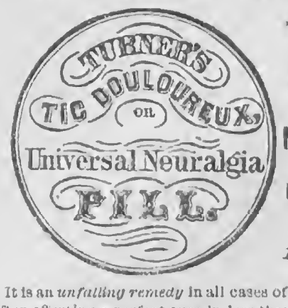

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THEN EARTH WERE MORE LIKE HEAVEN.

BY LEWIS DAYTON BURDICK.

If more of men, in every land,
Were to their fellows kind and true;
If fewer men would raise the hand
To do what they ought not to do;
Were more controlled by power of Love,
Did fewer need restraint of Fear,
More of the bliss of heaven above
Life had, within this lower sphere.

If rights of men were more the song,
And self more hidden from the sight;
If men dared more oppose the wrong,
And all cared more to live the right;
If deeds of love, not deeds of land,
Seemed to mankind to be more dear,
Life were below more noble, grand,
And earth to heaven would be more near.

If needs of men had greater claim,
And sympathy more moved men's hearts;
Were lofty stations less the aim,
And more would act well humbler parts;
If all more cheerfully would bear
Their burdens up the hill of life,
More happiness on earth were there,
And less of bitterness and strife.

Were colors true more kept in sight,
And less concealed by cunning arts;
If secret thoughts exposed to light,
Showed less deceit in human hearts;
If less was feared the speech of men,
But conscience taught us law and love,
Men in this nether world were, then,
More worthy of the realms above.

If, when a tempted brother fall,
More gave the hand of Friendship, still,
With willing mind forgetting all,
And fewer push him down the hill;
If thus through greater charity,
The erring were, by us, forgiven,
Then more reclaimed from sin would be,
And earth were more like unto heaven.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRACE HODGE AND HER SISTER.

BY AGNES RAIN.

GRACE HODGE was busy at her easel at four o'clock one winter day. The room in which the young lady sat was devoted to several uses. It was studio, parlor and library: an ordinary looking room with thread-bare carpet and sad-colored wall paper. But on the walls hung several paintings and sketches,—some finished, others incomplete. Opposite Miss HODGE an old book-case held its few treasures in affectionate embrace, and through the clean glass doors you read such titles as "Les Miserables," "Corinne, on L'Italie," "Aurora Leigh," etc., from which might be inferred that the Misses HODGE were choice in their literature.

For the lady artist was not alone. On the shabby sofa beside the stove PEGGY HODGE sat weaving some dainty work with a shuttle. Little PEGGY HODGE was eighteen, and had blue eyes. The other ingredients of her make-up are thereby suggested.

GRACE leaned back, palette and brush in hand, to contemplate her picture. GRACE HODGE had a tinge of the masculine. She was a sound, determined, electric woman. She could not help it. Heaven had made her so, and transmitted the talent of her father, filtered and newly-colored through her compact head. The HODGE sisters were orphans, and they were poor. GRACE'S brush supported them, and PEGGY wrought thread-edging for the stores, the proceeds of which quite delighted her. They had two rooms in a quiet lodging house, and economized with all their feminine tact, or with all the feminine tact of GRACE. Once a day they went out together to buy supplies for their little larder, except in very stormy weather, when GRACE went out alone. Their rent, provisions and fuel consumed nearly all the brave girl made, for though her work went off readily, she could not expect to command such prices as a gentleman with her skill and genius could have done.

GRACE put down her palette and brushes with a yawn. She laughed a little, and pushed her dark hair back. Her mouth was full and rich, with bright teeth hiding therein, but her forehead was severe. Perhaps this latter gave her the air of independence that made her more than womanly.

"Mr. HADDINGTON ought to be suited. I have copied his beloved heirloom as accurately as its blurred surface can be copied by me. Surface indeed, and nothing else! His ancesters would have been better employed on worsted work."

"Let me see, GRACIE," said PEGGY, coming with her shuttle. "How pretty your picture is! I didn't think that cracked, smoky old thing could be transplanted and made to bloom like this. It is parallel to turning the old apple woman at the corner into a handsome dowager. How you could convince that goat that it was intended for a cow, and make a forest out of a calico bedquilt, quite puzzles me."

"Don't scandalize the genius of the line HADDINGTON."

"O, praise awarded to you even at the expense of 'my respected haunt,' is no detraction from the general effulgence of that house. Miss 'ODGE, will you do me the honor to tell me what you think of good Hinglish descent?" inquired the minx, imitating Mr. HADDINGTON.

"Certainly, I think it very respectable, but rather oppressive."

PEGGY laughed in a low, sweet gurgle. She put her lace work in a little basket under the book-case, and went into their other room. It was smaller than the first, yet it did double duty also, as kitchen and dining-room, while a little alcove curtained off on one side was made into a dainty bed-chamber. There was one window to let in fresh air—fresh as city air may be. The narrow bed was whitely covered, and close by it stood the toilet stand, with overhanging glass, and two little toilet sets. This nook afforded, besides, a diminutive closet filled with the sisters' very few dresses. For despite PEGGY'S love of adorning, she wore nothing better than a cheap delaine, with ruffles around the neck and waists.

But Miss PEGGY bent a most elaborate head over the pot of stewing vegetables on the stove. She seemed to have a French knack in her fingers; puffs, and braids, and curls of shining hair, were so daintily arranged about her little cranium. PEGGY drew a table into the middle of the neat dining-room and spread it with a white cloth. She then laid two knives and two silver forks (a remnant of bright household store) upon the cloth, and followed with two cups, two saucers, two plates and two napkins. Going again to their pantry which was contained in a white pine cupboard, she brought a baker's loaf and some butter. The aroma of the tea floated out into the studio, where GRACE, giving the last touches to her picture, smiled, thinking to herself it was more wholesome than the smells of most boarding houses, whose kitchens are in close proximity to the parlor. Presently PEGGY appeared at the door, very rosy for a chilly winter day.

"Come to our dinner of herbs, my sister. Oh dear! I should really *relish* a stalled ox once in awhile, by way of contrast. Wouldn't you like to be Mistress HADDINGTON now, with roast beef and plum pudding served in six courses and a dessert, for dinner?"

"No," said GRACE, emphatically, sitting down behind the tea urn, (another remnant.) "I would rather live on our two frugal meals a day, with GRETCHEN'S face opposite at table, than dine on luxuries, and be served into the bargain, while a person that didn't interest me sat opposite."

"I like my German name," said PEGGY, meditatively." Father used to call me GRETCHEN. PEGGY is so old-fashioned; it isn't pretty, is it?"

"Yes, it is. It is a very pretty little girl. And as to looking old-fashioned, we don't mind whether a bird has on its new dress or not." Tenderness spoke through the elder sister's raillery.

"There, now," said PEGGY, "you are always treating me just like a baby."

"Then for once I'll treat you like a mature spinster, Miss GIMBERLANK, or myself for instance. Can I help you to another cup of tea, ma'am?"

"Oh," exclaimed PEGGY, with her eyes full of mischief," don't you think Miss GIMBERLANK will come in this evening? (Thank you, dear, no more tea.")

"I think not. She told us every instance of her youthful experience this morning. But memory may have dropped one pearl from its string, and discovering this she may cast about to recover the missing reminiscence, after which we shall certainly be called upon to rejoice with her."

"When *I* am an old maid," decided PEGGY, "I shall not tell everybody how many times I've been in love and engaged."

"If that were her only topic," said Miss HODGE, with a look of disgust, "I could stand it. But she hashes up other people's character so; though if we don't stop talking of her this instant we shall allow prejudice to lead us too far. Now, PEGGY, I'll clear the table."

"No, sister; go and rest yourself. You have been so busy all day."

"And therefore want to stretch my tired limbs. Let me wash the dishes, puss."

"Some one is knocking," exclaimed PEGGY, lifting her finger, and another rap emphasized her assertion. She softly closed the door behind her sister, who went to admit the visitor to the studio. Mr. HADDINGTON was without, and with him another gentleman. The Englishman took off his hat and bowed very low.

"Miss 'ODGE, hi ham 'appy to find you hin today, hand 'ope we shall not hintrude. Hallow me to present my friend, Dr. BLIGH, who 'as long wished to become a patron of yours."

GRACE scrutinized the man as he came forward to receive her greeting, and was gratified that he did not look his patronage. "He is American," she decided; "heavily whiskered, well carried, wide awake. A good type of man."

"You came to look at the copy I engaged to make of a picture that was becoming defaced, Mr. HADDINGTON? I have just finished it. It is here on my easel awaiting its critic. Will you look at it?"

"Hah, Miss 'ODGE, hit will find no critic hin me. 'Ow beautifully you 'ave brought hout the fading colors that once shone hin that production of my gifted great haunt!"

Mr. HADDINGTON pulled his moustache and strutted about the easel. He really thought GRACE a very clever woman, serving the purpose for which she was created in thus reflecting glory on the house of HADDINGTON. Between you and me, some brusque Yankee friends of this gentleman had often hinted if the aforementioned house was of antique origin, the cockney dialect of its latest descendant was no convincing proof of the same. He had been settled in America for several years, and on very small beginnings had raised up quite a fortune; yet the "Mother Country" was uppermost in his mind, and all his ancestral keepsakes were tenderly cherished. He was a large-hearted Englishman, in spite of his snobbishness, however, and GRACE'S life had taught her a kind heart is a good thing to meet with.

Dr. BLIGH also looked at the picture, and he smiled. GRACE saw he was divided between amusement at her patron's conceit, and surprise that she who would copy daubs should set up for an artist. "He doesn't know how hard it is to get bread," she thought. "I doubt not, if he were needy and could make himself more comfortable by selling physic to dogs, that he would sell physic to dogs. Art must often be degraded if the artist would live."

She turned his attention to a nearly completed picture on the wall. It was of a little child, standing alone on the beach, its wet garments clinging to its limbs; the subsiding breakers still heaving up pieces of a wreck toward the lifting clouds, where lightning played swiftly. The child had that wondering look of infancy on its face, and holding its dragging robe with one plump hand, reached the other upward to catch the fiery brightness that fled in such crooked tracks.

The stranger, who considered this picture a long time, while Mr. HADDINGTON was exhausting his stock of compliments on the artist, finally pronounced:

"Very well done. May I ask from whom you copied it?"

"From my own imagination," she answered, simply. "Each mind has its own images for certain thoughts. This attempt arose from long pondering 'Consider the Lilies,' but as that name might not seem entirely applicable to others, I call my picture 'Fear Not.'"

The Doctor looked at her curiously. "You will not think me impudent, Miss HODGE, if I ask who has been your master in the art?"

"Certainly not," she replied, with frank dignity. "My father was the only master I ever had. He used to take me with him, when I was a very little girl, to visit the picture galleries; and we shared together dreams of some day visiting Rome,—but he died, and only his mantle of hope descended to me. Will you please tell me," she continued, turning timidly toward an oval painting, hung in the shadow as if its designer felt she had been presumptious, "if this reminds you of any thing?"

There was an old man on his knees beside a bed, grasping the covering in his hands, with a look of great and dreadful agony in his eyes. He had a noble face, haggard and set, but by some influence hallowed; in the mean, low chamber, thrown against his scanty couch, he struggled in darkness, and age, and despair.

"Hi should think," remarked Mr. HADDINGTON, after some minutes' attentive consideration, "hi should say hit was Habraham hafter 'e was commanded to sacrifice Hisaac. But hi never was good hat riddles, Miss 'ODGE."

Dr. BLIGH deliberately looked at his companion with a slightly curved upper lip; he then surveyed the small book-case.

"You have *Les Miserables?*"

GRACE flushed with pleasure, that he should divine her idea. He turned with decision toward the picture again.

"JEAN VALJEAN 'clasped body to body with his conscience,' before the finale of that great, imaginary life. Your conception is vivid, Miss HODGE. I like this picture. Will you sell it?"

GRACE hesitated; how many bright dreams and white thoughts were blended with those colors; how she had dwelt upon it and made it beloved! It is sometimes as hard for an artist to part with his work as for a mother to part with her offspring. But the bread and meat one must have to live on!

"Perhaps you would rather I should look at it some other day, and as I could not take it with me now, I shall be obliged to do so, if you will allow me the privilege."

"I had not thought of parting with—I had become attached to this," stammered GRACE.

Just then PEGGY came in, whether from a perfumed boudoir, or an outer hall, or from just dropping out of the skies, who could tell? There she was, modestly and quietly walking across the room to take her work from its little basket under the book-case, bowing returns to Mr. HADDINGTON'S salutation, and slipping unnoticed by the strange gentleman into her seat by the stove. But GRACE saw PEGGY,—her one lambkin,—the girl-child that must be fed, and clothed, and lodged, and made happy by GRACE'S giving up things she loved. So she attracted Dr. BLIGH'S absorbed eyes from her picture by naming with a business-like air the price she set on the portion of her life he desired to purchase.

The gentlemen bowed themselves out of Miss HODGE'S studio, Mr. HADDINGTON engaging to come for the copy of his ancient painting as soon as its colors should have dried. They lifted their hats to PEGGY, who only at that instant fell under the Doctor's keen glance, and then the door closed upon them.—[To be continued.

VERY TRUE.

CLARA—"Dear Augustus, do get up; it is really worth looking at—just see how beautifully Poughkeepsie is situated."

AUGUSTUS—"So am I beautifully situated, and well worth looking at; and yet Poughkeepsie doesn't pay me the compliment of getting up to look at me. Why shall I then get up to look at Poughkeepsie?"

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

BILLS passed—Greenbacks.

LAID on the table—The cloth.

ORDERED to be printed—A kiss.

PASSED to a third reading—Love letters.

"IF all the world were blind what a melancholy sight it would be!" said an Irish clergyman.

How do we know Lord Byron was good tempered? Because he always kept his choler down.

A CRUEL turned a bald-headed friend into an enemy by advising him to have his head "frescoed."

WHEN is a smack on the mouth no offense? When it is received from the lips of a pretty woman.

IF time is money, how does it happen that those who have most of the former have least of the latter?

WHY should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so confounded tough that nothing but death can cut it?

MRS. PARTINGTON says there must be some sort of kin between poets and pullets, for they are both always chanting their lays.

HOOK once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very tipsy, "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine cellar into your book-seller."

THERE was a great deal of human nature in the remark of a lady, who, holding a glass of water in her hand, said: "Oh, if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would be!"

A WESTERN paper advertises thus:—"RUN AWAY.—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

A KANSAS reporter, having been on a buffalo hunt, says that the party killed seventy of the animals, and he has lived on the meat so long that his head is shaggy, and he bellows when he tries to talk.

AN advertising tallow chandler modestly says that, "without intending any disparagement to the sun, he may confidently assert that his octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."

THE friends of a wit expressed some surprise that with his age and his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a *single* man."

ONE of the younger members of the French legation at Washington, had pushed for a compliment to a fair lady whose face was marred by an undeniably flat nose, remarked, "Madame, you are an angel fallen from heaven, but you fell on your nose."

"JENNIE," said a venerable old man to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "Jennie, it is a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it," replied Jennie, "but it's a heap solemner not to."

MRS. PARTINGTON, while looking at a picture of Washington in a window, saw the name of the artist, Mr. Green, in the corner of it. After admiring it for some time, she at length remarked:—"Well, Mr. Green is not such a bad-looking chap arter all."

A FELLOW on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following:—"I bought your clothes-wringer, and I am immensely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood which proved to be green and unfit to burn. I run the load through your clothes-wringer and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

A FEW nights since a party of young gentlemen in St. Joseph serenaded a young lady. At the close of their musical performance a card was dropped from the window by the young lady, upon which was written the following:—"Compliments of the young ladies to Yankee Robinson's menagerie. The monkeys performed admirably."

IN a neighboring city there lives an ill-matched couple, who seldom allow a day to pass without indulging in violent quarrels. One day, after the wife had exhausted her stock of invectives, she pointed to a cat and dog who were lying together near the stove, and accosted her husband with:—"Look at them beasts; they don't quarrel." "Ah!" replied the confident husband, "tie them together and then see."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 55 letters.
My 40, 49, 43, 30, 46 is the disposition of many.
My 1, 7, 9, 28, 9, 7 is a vegetable.
My 31, 29, 20, 18, 54, 14, 40, 5 is a wild animal.
My 55, 23, 4, 41, 52 is a girl's name.
My 36, 48, 27, 16, 38 is very sweet.
My 23, 32, 34, 21, 23, 32 is where all should go.
My 28, 22, 35, 22, 19, 37 is one of the twelve months.
My 13, 42, 50, 17 is a boy's nickname.
My 39, 44, 51, 15, 54, 25, 27, 6 is a kind of bird.
My 44, 33, 11, 55, 8 is an article of furniture.
My 47, 52, 24, 10, 12, 2 is a relative.
My 3, 49, 26, 27 is a metal.
My 52, 31, 45, 55, 5 is what is not true.
My whole is one of Solomon's Proverbs.

Syracuse, N. Y. LOTTIE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

MACAULAY'S ENIGMA.

CUT off my head, and singular I am;
Cut off my tail and plural I appear:
Cut off both head and tail, and strange to say,
My middle part remains, tho' bought is there.
What is my head cut off?—a sounding *sea;*
What is my tail cut off?—a roaring river,
Within whose eddying depths I ceaseless play,
The parent of soft sounds, tho' mute forever.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is found in the ocean wave,
In the spring, the pit, and the mine;
My second below earth's surface you have,
Where the sun doth seldom shine;
My whole does your dinner-table grace,
And seldom fails to find a place.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

ON the 22d of July, 1851, in lat. 43 degs. North, I placed myself in an erect position upon a plank, and turned my back towards the sun, and observed the length of the shadow cast by my height and the sun was 8 feet. Required the time of day, my height being 5 feet 8 inches.

New London, N. Y. S. G. CAGWIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 948.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt.

Answer to Problem:—The first pays $1,015.33⅓ and owns 4-18 of it; the second $1,523, and owns 6-18; the third $2,030.66⅔, and owns 8-18.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

EMPLOYMENT.—$15 TO $30 A DAY GUARanteed. Male or Female Agents Wanted in every town, descriptive circulars *free.* Address
950-13t JAMES C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

TRUSSES.—"Seeley's Hard Rubber Truss" Cures Rupture, retains the most difficult safely and easily; never rusts, breaks, moves or soils; always new. Sold by all Druggists. Send for pamphlet, 1,347 Chest'st., Phil'a.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES *and* TAN. The only reliable remedy for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York.
☞ Sold everywhere. 950-13teo

AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.
The Best! The Cheapest.
Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers and Expressmen—the most exacting class of watch-wearers—as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy and durability.
Unscrupulous dealers occasionally sell a worthless Swiss imitation. To avoid imitation, buyers should invariably demand a certificate of genuineness.
For sale by all respectable dealers.
Ask for a WALTHAM WATCH, and take no other.
It is the Best! It is the Cheapest!

EAGLE BRICK MACHINE.—The Cheapest, simplest, and most durable Brick Machine in use, made and sold by FREY, SHECKLER & CO.,
948-2t Bucyrus, Crawford Co., Ohio.

GUANO! GUANO!
NO. 1 PERUVIAN, (A Pure Article.)
SOLUBLE PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN,
AMMONIATED SOLUBLE PACIFIC.
Also, PHOSPHATIC GUANOS, of the *highest grades*—genuine.
These Guanos are all excellent *Standard Fertilizers*, and the best adapted to all soils and crops. W. H STARR, Agt., 150 Fulton St. J. B. SARDY, 58 South St., New York.
☞ For full particulars send for Pamphlet.

CURL YOUR HAIR!
SAMPLES SENT FREE!
A SAMPLE of PROF. ROBB'S MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent FREE. It curls straight hair (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls, ON THE FIRST APPLICATION. Address, with stamp,
948-4t PROF. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

TO THE LADIES.
FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR,
We are selling SILKS, SHAWLS, DRY and FANCY GOODS of every description; also, SILVER WARE, FURNITURE, &c. VALUABLE PRESENTS, from $3 to $500, sent *free of charge* to agents sending clubs of ten and upwards. Circulars sent free to any address. MESSENGER & CO.,
P. O. Box, 2,961. 42 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1861.
THE
GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY.
HAVE RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State.*
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton.*

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade before the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, and add the original cost of Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer had to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation,) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

For manner of getting up Clubs, see former advertisement in this paper.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ⅌ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ⅌ lb.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of this Company.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (Unground,) 20c., 25c., best 30c. per lb.
GREEN (Unroasted,) 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by Clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges,) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5,643,
NEW YORK CITY.

FLOWER SEEDS! FLOWER SEEDS!!—WE have just received from Europe a large collection of
FRESH FLOWER SEEDS!
which we offer to the trade for the Spring of 1868. Catalogues sent on application Address FROST & CO.,
946-3teo Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

INVISIBLE INK.—FOR SECRET CORRESpondence, Pleasing Illusions and Curious Experiments; the Writing with which will remain invisible until by a simple application every word distinctly appears in Jet Black Letters. Price, 50 cents. Sent post paid. Address
948-2teo ADAMS & CO., 25 Bromfield St., Boston.

EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL.—THE ADDRESS of a number of persons of either sex wanted, to act as our Agents in every town and village, who desire good and profitable employment. ADAMS & CO., Boston, Mass.

NEW FRUITS.—NEW PLANTS.—SUPERIOR and very desirable; also Trees and Vines, best kinds, at very lowest rates. Send stamp for Catalogue to
946-4t W. C. STRONG, Brighton, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere—to sell the "LIFE OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT," by J. S. C. ABBOTT. New work. "People's Edition." Price suited to the times. Address
946-4t B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

POTTER'S THREE-HORSE CLEVIS.—THIS great improvement, recently patented, (and illustrated and described in RURAL of March 14,) will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price, $5. State and County rights for sale. Address E. M. POTTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

MACHINERY OILS—Best and Cheapest—Circulars and samples FREE. WARFIELD & CO., Wholesale Dealers, 109 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

MILL WANTED—A CUSTOM MILL WITH from two to four run stone, good water privilege and located in Central New York. Address, with particulars, to H. H. A., P. O. Box 4,109, New York City. 948-4t

IONA AND DELAWARE GRAPE VINES—grown from single eyes, on upland, strong roots. No. 1, $15 ⅌ 100, $140 ⅌ 1,000; No. 2, $10 ⅌ 100, $90 ⅌ 1,000. Address PIERSON & BREWSTER, Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

EARLY GOODRICH POTATOES.—PRICE $2.50 per bushel; $5 per barrel; packed and delivered at Railroad Depot. ELLWANGER & BARRY,
948-3teo Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell and distribute the AMERICAN PEN FOUNTAIN. Men, women and even children can secure a Gold Watch, Sewing Machine, or cash, for a few hours' labor. Send red stamp for circular, or ten cents for sample, to HADLEY & PIERCE, 45 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. 946-4t

DELAWARE! DELAWARE!
MONEY MADE IN GROWING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.—For Descriptive Pamphlet with Colored Map. Send 50cts to HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Office of The Independent, New York City.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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TERMS, {$3.00 PER YEAR. Single Copy, Six Cents.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 15.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 951.

Ralph Evans agt.
BRANT N Y

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

Terms, in Advance—THREE DOLLARS A YEAR:—Five copies for $14; Seven, and one free to Club Agent, for $19; Ten, and one free, for $25—only $2.50 per copy. As we prepay American postage, $2.70 is the lowest Club rate to Canada and $3.50 to Europe. The best way to remit is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and all Drafts and Orders made payable to the Publisher MAY BE MAILED AT HIS RISK.

☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

MAKING THE MOST OF A FARM.

IN every neighborhood a striking difference in the productiveness of farms may be noted; and this variation, when acre is matched against acre, cannot, in most cases, justly be attributed to the diversity of the soil, but rather to the effect of the methods by which the farming is conducted. It is the difference of character in the farmers, and of the objects they aim at which are illustrated in their labor and its products. And various as are these methods and their results, yet we have little doubt but every farmer flatters himself that, considering circumstances, he is making the most of his farm. We will briefly sketch some of the various ways by which farmers strive to reach the same end.

One adopts the skinning process; his cultivation is shallow but spreads over a good deal of surface. In measuring land he never considers depth but breadth only; so he sows as many acres as possible, but slights the work and grudges the expenditure of every dollar in that direction. A rich farm and fine improvements are not so desirable in his eyes as a *large* farm and money at interest. He farms at as little expense as possible, and makes his property,—if he is so fortunate with crops of wheat yielding ten bushels per acre, corn twenty, and grass a ton,—by saving and pinching. If he dies young he dies poor, but if he lives to an old age by miserly economy he may amass considerable property. Another considers the farm a sort of a mine from which he may draw treasure. He works with skill and patience, and spends freely for necessary or profitable labor. He keeps good breeds of stock, for there is the most profit in such, and builds barns and sheds to shelter them. He sees depth to the soil, as well as breadth, and works accordingly. He underdrains and subsoils, cultivates well and performs all labor in the best manner. His object is to get the most from the soil, and he transforms its products into other forms of wealth. Such a course may answer for one man's lifetime, but in the end his farm will resemble the "squeezed orange," or the mine whence the ore has all been taken and the lodes run out. The majority of what are termed our best farmers in this country, are pursuing this plan. It is one that adds little real wealth to the aggregate, for it is substantially but transforming the wealth of the soil into other forms, and as the soil is not inexhaustible the time must come when the supply from that source will diminish. A third, and the smallest of all classes of farmers, adds to thorough and skillful cultivation the more important idea of constantly replenishing the soil with the plant elements which crops have extracted from it. The coarse products are consumed on the farm, and more food for stock, or special fertilizers are bought to replace the fertility carried away in the animals and cereals that are sold. We said there are few farmers of this class, few that have matured and practice a system of farming by which the maximum of products may be produced from the soil, and yet maintain it as fertile and productive for a century.

But we have not yet arrived to the condition where American farmers will work for the Future. The American Farmer is not permanent enough in his location; the abundance of land in proportion to the population, the fertility of the soil, the rapid advance in prices, stimulate the restless element in his nature, and render him too migratory to become a scientific agriculturist. It needs an ordinary lifetime to develop, with legitimate means, scientific agriculture on American farms; and not until the young farmer shall come to look upon his domain as his future home can we hope for its attainment.

HOW FINE SHALL FODDER BE CUT?

IN the Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1866 is a valuable article upon "*Improved Farm Implements*" by S. EDWARDS TODD. Although an able writer, yet he seems to entertain very erroneous ideas upon cutting fodder. He says:—"In chaffing coarse fodder it is not necessary to cut the stalks as fine as has been sometimes recommended. Fodder digests much better after being macerated by the teeth of animals than when it is reduced so fine by a straw cutter that the stock swallow it without first crushing it between their teeth."

We should like to know when and where stalks have been cut "so fine by a straw cutter that stock swallow without first crushing" them? If cattle crush even green succulent grass before swallowing it, it is difficult to see how they will be able to swallow dry pieces of stalks without crushing them in mastication. This is all imaginary, and comes of theory, not fact. Again, he says:—"The stalks of Indian corn or Sorghum, should never be cut less than two inches long. When the pieces are longer than the diameter of the stalk they will always rest on their sides between the teeth of the animal. On the contrary, when the pieces are cut shorter than the diameter of the stalks, the *ends* are presented to the teeth, and the flinty scale will enter the gums almost as readily as a scale of iron or glass." From this statement it appears that he regards stalks as cut fine when the pieces are shorter than the diameter of the stalk, and this may explain the damage he anticipates to the gums of the animal by the sharp, flinty scale; but when stalks are really cut *fine*, say one-eighth of an inch long, the hard flinty scales are broken into shreds and are much less likely to injure the animal's mouth than when cut two inches long. It is difficult to see how he proposes to make cutting pay the expense, when stalks are cut so long, for it would lessen the labor of mastication very little. The stalks should be shaved up into thin pieces, not more than one-eighth inch thick, and then they are easily macerated by the teeth of animals, and the expenditure of labor in mastication reduced ten-fold.

Again he says:—"There is really no advantage in chaffing prime hay for animals that chew the cud, while there is profit in cutting it one inch long for those animals that do not chew the cud, such as horses and mules. The advantages arising from chaffing prime hay for horse feed consist in this, that the nourishment is rendered more available by being partially prepared for the stomach by some more effective mechanical means than the teeth. Horses and mules masticate their food before it is received into their stomachs more than neat cattle or sheep; therefore, there is greater need of coarse fodder being chopped for horses. Neat cattle and sheep chew their fodder but little until it has lain in the first stomach until the hard particles have become quite soft."

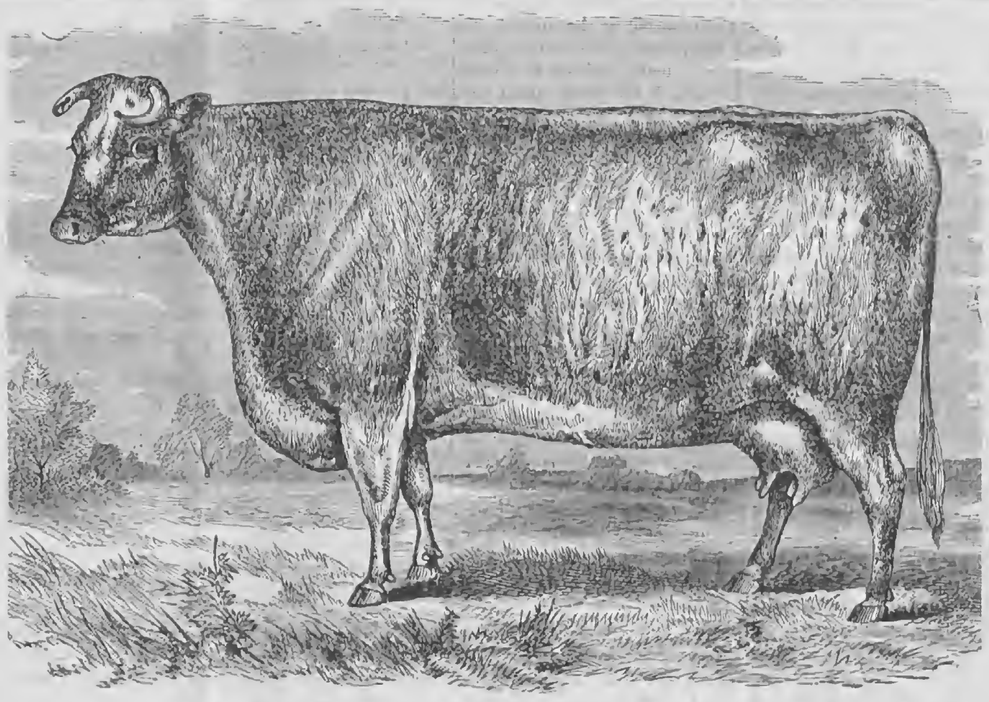
Let us examine this argument. 1st. Neat cattle "chew their food but little" until after passing into the first stomach; therefore, there is no advantage in chaffing hay for them. But if they chew their food very little, would it not be well to cut it fine that it might pass into the first stomach in finer condition, so as to be made still softer before final chewing? It is well known that any dissolving or digesting fluid acts much more rapidly and effectually upon any material in a fine state of division, than when coarse. But, perhaps, it will be said that if it be made very fine there will be no use for this first stomach, and the animal will have no cud to chew. This position may have some plausibility, if it be shown that hay when cut as fine as any machine will do it, requires less mastication than nature's perfect food—grass. But it is evident that succulent herbage, the only food provided for animals in a state of nature, requires much less mastication than hay when cut and mashed as fine as machinery can do it. If, then, grass requires preliminary mastication by neat cattle before passing into the first stomach, is it not highly necessary that we assist them in masticating the tough woody fibers of hay, straw and corn stalks, which by domesticating animals we compel them to eat. 2d. Horses "masticate their food more than neat cattle," therefore, they require it to be "partially prepared for the stomach by machinery cutting it one inch long." Why one inch long? Why not cut as short, at least, as oats? If it is good to cut hay one inch long, why not still better to cut it one-quarter inch? As we have shown, it then requires more mastication than grass, the natural food of the horse. To do our full duty to animals, we should not only cut but cook their food soft. We have cut fodder through the whole scale, beginning at an inch and a half and coming down to one-eighth inch, and have found, practically, that the benefit is in proportion to the fineness of division. We have cut, during the last twelve years, at least four hundred tons of hay, straw, corn and sorghum stalks, and we *know* that there is a great advantage in cutting hay for neat cattle, and still more for horses, and that corn stalks, especially, should be cut as fine as possible. The error of all these theorists on cutting fodder is, that they assume hay, straw and coarse fodder to be the natural food of animals, and thus conclude that cutting fine is a violation of the natural habits of animals. When they will start with first principles, they will see that cutting and mashing the fiber and cooking it soft, is all and only in imitation of nature's green food.

E. W. S.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

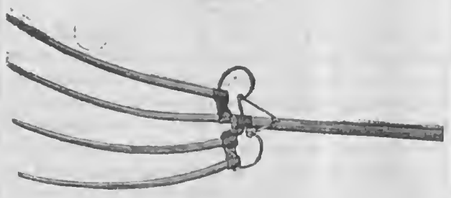
Time of Planting Potatoes.

A CORRESPONDENT writing us from Monroe Co., N. Y., thinks we should urge upon farmers the benefits arising from the early planting of potatoes. He says:—In my opinion potatoes of all varieties should be among the earliest crops we put in the ground. Early varieties, as Dykman, Goodrich, Buckeye, &c., should certainly be planted early. They are then benefited by spring rains and get a strong growth, shading the ground in the hot months, and thus mitigating, in a measure, the effects of drouth. Some say "plant late, so that when the tubers 'set' the drouth of summer will be passed," but I have observed that it is rather an uncertain calculation, trying to make a "wet spell" and the setting time of a potato crop meet. Plant the crop early and trust luck for the rest; the "wet spell" is just as apt to come in July as September. The only disadvantage of early planting is, that it makes more hoeing, but then the crop matures early, and the loss is made up in harvesting time; you can also get the hoeing done before haying and grain harvest must be attended to. But these are minor considerations; the main thing is to so manage the crop as to obtain the largest yield and greatest profits, and I think if any farmer will carefully note for a series of years the results of early and late planted potatoes, he cannot help being convinced that early planting is by far the most successful. I could give many instances illustrating this, but any farmer can supply them from his own observation. Late crops sometimes do well, I grant, but such I deem exceptions and not the rule."



SHORT-HORN "CREAM POT" COW.

OUR illustration portrays a very handsome cow of the "Cream Pot" family of Short-Horns, the property of W. H. SLINGERLAND, Albany, N. Y. It is a prevalent idea in this country that Short-Horns are, in general, much better for size and beauty, and for fattening qualities, than for milking. This is probably true of most families of that race, but some, like the "Cream Pot," have long been bred for dairy purposes, and are distinguished for their good qualities in this respect, and we think this is a point to which breeders should pay more attention. If milking and fattening qualities can be combined, to a high degree, in one race, their value would thereby be greatly enhanced. Of the "Cream Pot" family Mr. S. says:—"This peculiar family of stock had been bred exclusively for milk, long before their importation; also since their introduction into this country, (which was about the year 1820;) and great caution has been exercised in selecting milking stock throughout all their line of descent. The cow I first purchased of this breed, gave, by actual measurement, from seventy-three to seventy-five pounds of milk per day when fed on grass alone, from which was made twenty-three pounds and twelve ounces of butter in ten days. She was awarded the first prize at the Fair of the N. Y. Agricultural Society in 1859, as the best milk and butter cow of any breed, and each of her descendants has taken the same prize in succession. It has taken nearly a century to get the milking qualities of the "Cream Pot" breed, and at the same time they are quickly prepared for the shambles. Their general appearance is as follows:—The head short and fine, broad across the eyes, but gradually tapering to the nose; the nostrils full and prominent; the nose of a rich flesh color; eyes bright and placid; ears small and thin; horns small and thin, and very much curved; the head is well set on a thin and somewhat drooping neck; the chest not very extensive; shoulders high, fine and well formed; fore legs short and very thin; barrel round, broad and very deep, with extraordinary milk veins below the barrel, which is very wide and level on the back, straight from the shoulders to the tail; the udder is broad and flat with teats set wide apart. They are hardy, have strong constitutions, and are good feeders."



A Patent Barley Fork.

OUR engraving represents an Improved Malleable Head Barley Fork, patented by Mr. M. C. REMINGTON of Weedsport, N. Y., and now being manufactured extensively at that place. We have examined this fork and consider it a valuable improvement. It is thus described by the inventor:—"The principal improvements made on the ordinary barley forks are, First, the malleable head is so constructed as to admit of using a straight stale or handle, which is less liable to break than a bent one, and more easily replaced if broken. Second, the wire bow can be readily detatched whenever it may be more conveniently used without it,—and as easily replaced. Third, the handle socket is elevated and forms of itself a stoppage of the grain, thus dispensing oftentimes with the bow. As shown in the engraving is not the full length."

Special Manures.

"R.," Mercer Co., Pa., asks:—"Will you or some of your numerous readers who have *tried* 'BAUGH'S Superphosphate of Lime,' please inform me through the columns of the RURAL whether it will *pay* to use said manure in the country as a top-dressing for wheat *in spring?* To use it on field turnips, on oats and corn? If so, please give the amount per acre, together with the method of applying it. In the county in which I live we must resort to some highly concentrated manure, and I am at a loss to know what kind to begin with. Will it answer as well to apply special manure *on* the hill of corn as to apply it *in* the hill?"

It is easy enough to get numerous and strong recommendations in favor of any commercial fertilizer, but it is not always so easy to know to what extent certain self-interests may influence such statements; and yet more difficult is it to judge how far the experience of one cultivator may safely guide another with varying soil, climate and other circumstances. Special crops which produce great profits from an acre, often remunerate largely investments in high-priced fertilizers, but we consider the class of commercial manures too costly, in this country, for general application to ordinary farm crops. The safe way is to try several kinds, and learn from careful experiments what is best. Manure, to benefit corn, must be within reach of its roots; the best way, though the most laborious, is to deposit it under the hill, covering with some earth before planting the seed.

Weeds.—The Wild Pea.

"A SUBSCRIBER," Ithaca, N. Y., writes:—"Can you give me any information that will enable me to destroy a certain weed known as Wild Pea? It grows from one to two feet in height, has a vine very small but strong, and when mature is covered with small black pods. It proves very troublesome where it grows thick, causing the grain to lodge before it gets ripe. I have tried summer fallowing, but it does not destroy it. The seed will take root and grow if thrown on stiff sod. I now propose to seed with small clover and mow twice."

The only practical way to extirpate an annual plant is to prevent its seeding. Do this and it will soon cease from troubling. Seeding with clover and mowing twice is a good idea. Our correspondent will find his other queries answered elsewhere.

Bringing Water to a Barn.

"J. H. C."—"I wish to know if water flowing from a spring sufficient to fill a six or eight-inch pipe can be carried eighty rods down hill and about one hundred up hill to a barn which is a few feet higher than the spring?" Certainly; a hydraulic ram will force enough to the barn to supply regularly more stock than you will be apt to keep in one place. You can purchase the ram at first-class hardware stores, and the seller will give all needful instructions.

Posts or stakes will last *some* (how much we can't say) longer from being immersed in boiling gas tar. Crude petroleum is said to be as good.

Hop Grub—Smutty Wheat—Beans.

"M. L. D.," Geddes, N. Y., says he has tried quick lime and ashes on the hop grub, and they would live and grow in a dish with them if they had enough to eat. We do not know any application which is practical to use that will destroy them. Hand picking is probably the most effectual means.

The cause of smutty wheat is supposed to be the growth of a fungus, which may be destroyed on the seed by immersing it in brine and liming it.

The cause of beans ripening evenly and not blossoming for a long time is not owing to the time of planting, but to the variety and season.

Mixing Ashes and Plaster.

"N. M. M.," Oran, N. Y., asks if mixing ashes and plaster destroys the effect of either. The lime and sulphuric acid composing the plaster have such affinity that the alkali of the ashes has no effect on the acid. In other words, the lime wont part with the acid to the alkali. Hence it is not injurious to mix them. Hen manure, ashes and plaster mixed form a good special fertilizer for corn or clover.

Hungarian Grass.

"R. C. R.," Greensburgh, Ohio.—There is but one common variety of this grass. It is good as a soiling crop, and if well cured and fed judiciously is excellent for stock in winter. It may be sown with success as late as the middle of June or first of July on moist ground, thus giving a chance of filling a deficiency in the ordinary grass crop. Sow from three pecks to one bushel of seed per acre.

Cutting Seed Potatoes.

CYRUS WADE, Ellston, Ky., asks:—"Is it a good plan to cut Irish potatoes in small pieces before planting, or is it better to plant the whole potatoes?"

We consider it best to use seed of fair average size, cut in pieces having, as near as possible, two eyes each. One piece, or two eyes, in the hill, is sufficient seed of the majority of varieties.

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

GOVERNMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE.

COL. CAPRON and Common Sense! I've just got the February report of the Commissioner of Agriculture. And I find Col. CAPRON is not so stupid as not to see the line where public utility infringes upon private rights. He does not propose to pay for long, elaborate essays and compilations out of the people's purse and distribute them among only a portion of the public interested in them. The reports hereafter are to be simply *reports*, not text-books and manuals of Agriculture.

Another thing, "right here, and in this connection," as preachers who overflow with words often say:—Why should not these lumbering volumes called "Transactions" of State Societies, be made to contain simple "transactions?" For instance, the people of the States of New York, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, *et al.*, are taxed to pay for the publication of these "transactions." And a portion of these paying people get an annual or biennial of great profit—to government printers!

"But," says BEAUTIFUL BIM, Secretary, &c., &c., "you don't pretend to say that these 'transactions' do not contain matter of great public interest?"

I do pretend to say that they contain a great deal of matter of no public interest and value whatever, *at the time the volumes are issued!* And what they do contain of interest the State ought never to pay for printing.

And, MOORE, you and I know, and so does every man who has half the sense and experience we have had in such matters, ("how we apples swim!") that, *as a rule*, these "transactions" are the worst edited volumes published. Did you ever see a comprehensive index to one? Did you ever see one that did not contain just about as much chaff as wheat?

Now, there are some good people who may feel hurt at what I say; I don't mean to hurt them, but I do believe in protecting private publishing houses—in short, I am a protectionist on general principles.

YOUNG MEN OF THE EAST

Who may be looking Westward for a field to occupy. We have plenty of prairie room here for you if you have muscle, brawn, manhood and are not above (or degenerated below) hard labor. The prairies need you for their development. The towns and cities of the West are filled to overflowing with just such as you, if you are of the class who prefer counter-jumping, or book-keeping, or subscription soliciting, or patent right vending, or any other of these mere make-shift employments. I pray you if you propose to curse the West with your distinguished talents employed in this direction, *do not do it!* You are not wanted. There are thousands here already as good, or better, than you who have to lie and steal, or starve, in order to eke out the paltry pittance they get in these "genteel" pursuits. Stay at home with "daddy," if you have not got vim and manhood enough to do as your sire did in his early days, and carve out a homestead for yourself where there is good soil and a good GOD to return you a harvest for the seed you sow. We do not care, out here how many *men* with ambitions above an artificial life make homes on our prairies and plant orchards and groves, and corn, and grow stock and grain; nor indeed how many such who have skill in manufacture, come here. But no gosling, green from the old goose's wing, who fancies himself sharp, and who proposes to go it on his shape or live by his wits, is wanted in the West. We have plenty of such for export, and no market now.

MOORE, if you hear of any silly fools who think they are too smart to stay at home, and smart enough to get a living without work in the West, send them this article, won't you?

INCOG.

A COMPANY for breeding and importing stock has been formed in St. Louis, with a capital of $50,000. Some 300 acres of land are to be devoted to the objects of the association.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RULES FOR BUYING WOOL.

THE Rochester Wool Buyers' Resolutions, alluded to by our correspondent below, were passed by a Convention of Buyers held at Rochester, N. Y., April 19th, 1867, and published in this paper May 25th, 1867. They were, as far as they went, essentially the same with those of "The Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest," published by us last week,—that is to say, they required a deduction or shrinkage of one-third on unwashed ewes' fleeces, and one-half on unwashed rams' fleeces, without respect to the breed or treatment of the sheep. The Rochester resolutions did not, however, in so many words, require an additional shrinkage of one-third on *washed* rams' fleeces. Either they were intended practically to have this effect by their application to what they termed "unconditional wool,"—or else the last named resolutions are a new encroachment on the rights of the grower.

The writer of the following letter, in a very discreet and temperately-worded communication, published by us June 22d, 1867, gave the good and valid reasons which had induced him not to wash his sheep the previous year. The result of his estimates was that washing was "equivalent to a tax of from eight to twelve cents per head on the wool grower, without any real corresponding benefit to the manufacturer." His wool was very clean. The sheep had been well tagged in the spring. They were of that type of *fine* Merinos which preceded, in our country, the present heavier and yolkier fleeced Merinos. They had not been summer-housed. Their wool probably was about as clean unwashed as heavy-fleeced Merino wool washed in the way common among multitudes of growers who sell their wool as *washed*, i. e., without being required to submit to any shrinkage. Yet on putting his wool in the Boston market, "instead of its being sold on its merits, as he had reason to suppose it would be," the one-third shrinkage rule was rigidly insisted on! Hence, he concluded it would be necessary to return to washing. Acting on the advice of a Boston wool broker, he went beyond this, and caused his wool to be *scoured* and put into market in that condition. Here is the result:

CONESUS CENTER, N. Y., March, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL:—I have continued to experiment on my unwashed wool (clip of 1866) by having it scoured—fitted for the cards. The shrinkage was 55 4-5th per cent. I understand from a manufacturer that the average shrinkage of Merino wool *washed on the sheep* is 40 per cent., so that my unwashed wool actually deserved a deduction of the difference, viz., 15 4-5th per cent. But in my lot of 2,730 lbs. of unwashed wool I had about 150 lbs. of rams' fleeces from which the Rochester Convention Resolutions would have deducted 50 per cent., or 75 lbs., and their one-third deduction from the remaining 2,655 lbs., would make a total deduction of 960 lbs., or over 35 per cent. of the whole lot. Take the deserved deduction (43 lbs.) from the deduction insisted on by the Rochester Wool Buyers' Resolution, viz., 960 lbs., and it would leave 530 lbs. of wool unjustly taken from me, which at 50 cents per lb., (the price my last clip of wool cleared me,) would amount to $265.

Now, I have no doubt but what there are lots of unwashed wool from sheep bred for the greatest amount of yolk, highly fed, and kept sheltered from storms, that deserve a one-third deduction, and perhaps more,—but why take $265 from me because others choose to grow that kind of wool?

Most of the rams' fleeces above referred to were from tegs, and so free from yolk that they could not have been distinguished from wethers' fleeces. But their good condition could not help them under this uniform rate of deduction.

Many farmers have seen wheat come from the thrashing machine in merchantable order, and they have also seen it come from the machine in such foul condition that it would be necessary to take away one-third of its weight to make the remainder merchantable. Now, what would be thought if the millers should meet and resolve that they would make a uniform deduction of one-third on all wheat that had not been run through a fanning mill after it came from the thrashing machine? And wherein would this differ in principle from the Rochester Wool Buyers' Resolutions? Will not the wool buyers see the inconsistency of their position and reform it?

SOLOMON HITCHCOCK.

In a private letter, enclosing bills of sale, which give the prices sold at, Mr. HITCHCOCK shows very decidedly that his *scouring* experiment "was *not* a success." The grower, in fact, appears to be in the condition of the flying-fish. Whether he takes to air or water his *enemies* have the advantage, and they use it to the utmost!

We deeply regret to say that we think the time has at length come to inquire specifically *who* those enemies are, to the end that retaliatory measures may be adopted. The growers have hitherto pursued a most patient and conciliatory course in regard to these detestable shrinkage rules. They have sought by facts and arguments to convince buyers of their manifest injustice and inexpediency—and that is all. On the other hand, the buyers have openly resorted to *combination* to enforce them—in some cases resolving in favor of obtaining a list of such purchasing agents as disregarded them, "to the end that they may be discountenanced and thus thrown out of business."

We return to the question: *who* are the parties, who seek by such means to impose rules which they *dare* not attempt to give the reasons for? Has a single convention of buyers or others which has sustained these rules, either in resolutions or by address, officially explained the grounds on which they thought them necessary or proper? We have never heard of such an instance. We do not now remember even to have seen a published argument in their favor, in any of our public journals. Who, then, are those mighty personages whose mere will, or mere greediness for gain, is a sufficient reason for imposing arbitrary and unfair conditions on the sale of a great staple—conditions, too, as exceptional as arbitrary and unfair, because nobody dreams of imposing similar ones on the sale of other staples.

One of the very objects for which the National Convention of Wool Growers and Manufacturers was called at Syracuse, Dec. 13th, 1865, was to abate the shrinkage rule nuisance. It was the third topic reported for the action of the Convention by the business committee. When it came up for discussion, Mr. KELLOGG of Conn., "said that he had been a manufacturer for more than forty years, and had never known that the one-third shrinkage rule had been generally adopted by manufacturers. Whenever small lots of unwashed wool came mixed with washed, one-third deduction was a convenient and appropriate rule to follow." Mr. KINGSBURY, an extensive manufacturer of Conn., said: "that this rule was not adopted by the manufacturers, who aimed to estimate rather the quantity of clean wool. He thought they should not be responsible for lies told of them by middlemen and buyers." Mr. HAZARD, a leading manufacturer of Rhode Island, said:—"He thought if it (wool) was to be retained for any considerable period, it kept better and received dyes better when used" (if kept in the grease.) * * * "Unwashed wools ought not to be objected to in the market, or any arbitrary and fixed rule of deduction imposed on them." Mr. BLANCHARD, Treasurer of the Home Woolen Co., Hartford, Conn., "denied that he knew of any one-third shrinkage rule generally acted on by manufacturers. * * * He said the wool of the country was bought up by intermediate buyers—not by the manufacturers. He said country merchants, mechanics and speculators of every description, got possession of the wool clip, and that consequently manufacturers could not control the mode of handling." Mr. G. W. BOND, *wool broker*, of Boston, "understood the facts differently from the previous speakers in regard to the prevalence of the one-third shrinkage rule. He understood that rule commonly prevailed among the buyers and sellers of American unwashed wool—so much so that, in the absence of a contract, the rule would be understood to prevail as a matter of course."*

The above were all the speakers to the question who were either manufacturers or wool dealers—and though both the principle and practical effects of the rule were vigorously assailed on the floor by various growers, not a person—not Mr. BOND himself—had a word to utter in their defence. We conversed with other eminent manufacturers present. We did not, to our recollection, find one who avowed himself in favor of the one-third rule, or any other fixed rule of buying unwashed wool. Had a vote there been taken, we have not a doubt that the one-third rule would have been condemned almost unanimously. And we conversed with nobody on the subject who objected to the propriety of making a public expression against it. But the leading members of the National Manufacturers' Association present thought that such an expression could be made more satisfactorily—more harmoniously in their own body (composed in part of dealers)—at some future period, after a committee of their own (already appointed) had reported on the subject. It was these personal assurances alone which prevented the question from being pressed to a vote at Syracuse. And in view of the delay which has since occurred in this virtually promised action, we feel bound to say that we sincerely regret that it was not pressed to a vote.

With the solitary exception of the "Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest," we have yet to hear of any public body or meeting of *manufacturers* which has taken ground in favor of the one-third shrinkage rule. We do not know what *manufacturers* voted for the rule, in that organization, at its meeting at Chicago Feb. 19th, 1868. We should be very glad to learn their names, and the number of sets of cards which each respectively represented. We are curious to know whether *all* of them who so voted represented as many sets of cards as some *single* manufacturers who publicly and privately repudiated the rule at Syracuse. We would also like to ascertain the proportion numerically of *manufacturers* to *dealers* who voted on the subject in the Chicago meeting. Will some one who knows the facts, answer these questions?

We shall resume this subject in our next, and discuss those *remedial* measures which we believe the wool growers of the country are called upon to adopt.

* The report of this meeting and debate will be found in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, Dec. 23d and 30th, 1865. The members of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers present were Hon. E. B. BIGELOW, Mass., *President*; J. L. Hayes, Mass., *Secretary*; Joshua Stetson, Mass.; Theodore Pomroy, Mass.; A. C. Russel, Mass.; S. Blackington, Mass.; Jessee Eddy, Mass.; George W. Bond Mass.; John V. Barker, Mass.; T. S. Faxton, N. Y.; C. H. Adams, N. Y.; R. Middleton, N. Y.; Charles Stott, N. Y.; H. D. Teilkampf, N. Y.; R. G. Hazard, R. I.; N. Kingbury, Conn.; Homer Blanchard, Conn.; George Kellogg, Conn.; David Oakes, N. J.; Alton Pope, Ohio.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

DUTY ON IMPORTED STOCK.—This duty is now twenty per cent. Hon. HORACE CAPRON, Commissioner of Agriculture, has recommended to the Congressional Committee on Agriculture the passage of an act removing the duties on farm stock, "and other animals, including poultry and birds," imported "for the improvement of stock."

MONGRELS.—"T. O. D.," Boston, Mass., asks:—"Do you class sheep of a Merino and Saxon cross as mongrels, or am I entitled to sell them as full blood Merinos?" They are not *mongrels* if the Merino and Saxon blood is *pure*, for both are of the same breed or blood;—that is to say, both spring from the same parent stem, though their characteristics have been changed by breeding. We do not think, however, you are entitled to sell them as full blood Merinos without giving notice of the Saxon cross. The reasons are that, according to popular acceptation, the words pure Merino, or pure American Merino, include only descendants of the Merinos imported direct from Spain. If, therefore, sheep of that variety have been crossed with those of any other Merino variety,—whether it be Saxon, French, Silesian, Australian, &c.,—the buyer is unquestionably entitled to know it, so that he can exercise his own judgment as to the effect produced thereby on the real or salable value of the sheep. A pedigree to be an *honest* one, must contain directly or by implication, and *using words in their common acceptation*, all the history of the blood, so far as known, or so far as the pedigree purports to go, and the intentional suppression of any fact bearing on the blood—and especially of any fact properly or improperly supposed to affect its value—is morally fraudulent.

SHEPHERD DOGS.—"G. S." asks:—"Are shepherd dogs very useful on a sheep farm? Do they ever become sheep killers?" On large, unenclosed sheep ranges, and among large flocks where the sheep are herded nights, dogs are almost if not quite indispensable. On farms which are enclosed and divided into the fields of the size common in most of the middle and eastern States, they are not so useful. It is very unusual to see them in New York or New England, except among drovers, or those who keep wild, little cared for flocks on rough, out-lying or wooded farms. A first-rate dog will save some steps on any farm. But among tame, docile sheep, taught to come at call, they are of very little use, and unless extremely well broken, there are serious objections to them. They almost universally hurry sheep too much in driving,—especially ewes heavy with lamb, or those with young or weak lambs. Under the management of thoughtless boys or impatient workmen, they are often an intolerable nuisance, snapping at and worrying sheep, which ought only to be driven slowly. On the whole, the American breeders of choice sheep, on enclosed farms, generally prefer to be without sheep dogs.

We do not know that thorough bred sheep dogs ever become sheep killers. But we have learned, by dear bought experience, that mongrels, closely resembling full blood Scotch Colleys, sometimes become extremely destructive to flocks. Their activity, and their keen, rapid, wolf-like bite, enables them to do mischief faster than common dogs, and they kill and wound with ferocious delight. These mongrels are thought to be peculiarly addicted to becoming sheep killers.

Dairy Department.

GIVE US MORE BUTTER.

IT is the general impression, among both producers and consumers, that, for the last two or three years, the product of butter has not borne a suitable relation to that of cheese. Each has become a necessity in most families, and whenever attention is turned mainly to cheese the supply of butter becomes short, and the price goes up beyond all reasonable bounds, while that of cheese barely reaches remunerative figures. If dairymen would equalize this matter a little more they would prevent a famine of one description and a redundance of another. At Little Falls, on the 30th ult., there was a kind of closing out of the extreme ends of dairy and factory-made cheese at from 13 cents to 15 cents, the larger amounts going off at the lower quotations. At the same time butter is held at war prices with very little good at that. This disproportion between prominent agricultural articles shows that a proper and healthful equilibrium has not been maintained, and that its restoration is alike desirable and necessary to all concerned.

A CHEESE FACTORY IN ALLEGANY CO.

A FRIEND sends us the following interesting account of a cheese factory in Rushford:

Being engaged in dairying, I take much pleasure in perusing any article that appears in the columns of the RURAL, relating to that branch of industry, and thinking that others might be interested to know what we are doing up here in Allegany, concluded to submit the following report of the Rushford cheese factory, which, if you think worthy of a place in your paper, is at your service:

The whole number of cows from which milk was received the past season was	1,020
The average number was	940
Whole number pounds of milk received was	3,735,414
Whole number pounds of cured cheese made	399,082
Average No. lbs. of milk for one lb. of cheese	9 36-100

The cheese were sold at thirteen different sales; the lowest price obtained was August 9th, twelve cents per pound. The highest price was September 20th, which was seventeen and one-fourth cents per pound. The average price obtained for the season was thirteen and eighty-seven one-hundredth cents per pound.

Total amount of money received for cheese	$55,355 04
Total am't paid for manufacturing, buying, &c.	6,698 60
Net proceeds paid farmers	$48,656 44
Average income per cow	51 76

Among the best dairies was one owned by NELSON TARBELL, who sent the milk of twenty-three cows, for which he received $1,483.16, which is an average of $64.48 per cow. Another dairy, owned by W. WILLIAMS, of twenty-one cows, brought $1,472.25, or $70.10 per cow. R. BENJAMIN sent the milk from fifteen cows, for which he received the sum of $1,091.17, which averages $72.74 per cow. A. FAREWELL sent the milk from fifteen cows, for which he received $1,164.14, which is an average of $77.60 per cow.

Now, taking into account the fact that we are considerably remote from market, and that buyers, who have purchased our cheese, have to pay forty cents per 100 pounds more for getting to market than for cheese sent from Eastern counties, and I think our factories compare favorably with those of Herkimer or Oneida counties. A SUBSCRIBER.

Rushford, Feb. 22, 1868.

FACTORY DAIRYING.

AT a late meeting of the Little Falls Farmers' Club, the subject of factory dairying was quite fully discussed. From the general tenor of the remarks made by the members, it was evidently the prevailing opinion that dairying had been pushed to an unprofitable extreme as respects a majority of those engaged in this business. Exceptional cases were mentioned,—but these were few, and no proper guide to the great mass of farmers in the dairy regions. The question was quite freely canvassed, and at the conclusion it was resolved unanimously: "That mixed farming, in connection with the dairy as a leading business, is the best for Herkimer Co. farmers." It is safe to assume that this resolution is applicable to most, if not all, the dairy sections of the States and of Canada.

RESTORING RANCID BUTTER.—When butter gets rancid, or what is termed spoiled, it may be restored to an eatable condition by suitable manipulation and the application of cleansing material. The process of restoration is briefly this:—"To a pint of water add thirty drops (about half a teaspoonful) of liquor of chloride of lime. Wash in this two and a-half pounds of rancid butter. When every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two; then wash the butter well in pure water. The butter is then left without any odor, and has the sweetness of fresh butter. These preparations of lime have nothing injurious in them whatever."

HOW LONG TO CHURN.—Some butter makers assert that from fifty to sixty minutes churning is soon enough for butter to curd. This is all well, as talk, but any person who has worked an old dash churn for an hour or more before bringing butter, will protest against this long operation. It is not necessary for the purpose of demolishing the butter sacks and liberating their stores, for this is all churning does. When this is accomplished all is done that churning is designed to do; hence if five minutes performs the operation, why prolong it for an hour? No more butter is secured, and what is got is none the better for an hour's pounding.

PAPER CHEESE BOXES.—The Utica Herald says that a new cheese box has been brought out in Jefferson Co., made of paper instead of wood, the former being regarded as cheaper than the latter. It is claimed that the paper box is more substantial than the wooden, and as they are lighter there will be a saving in freight by changing from wood to paper. This is an assumption which facts may demonstrate to be unfounded.

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS—NO. II.

CHICKENS' ENEMIES.

EXPERIENCE teaches all poulterers that poultry has no enemy worse than disease. Weasels will, it is true, enter quite unexpectedly sometimes, and "floor" the majority of the feathered inhabitants. Skunks also will make havoc among the incubating eggs and forthcoming chicks; lice, too, will suck the primest blood from anything, and subject their victim to disease. Close roosts will prevent weasels, skunks, &c.; a flag (I have found the "Red, White and Blue" preferable) will disconcert crows and hawks, while cleanliness and often-changed nest materials will prevent lice. Unless fowls are kept clear of lice, they will become the subjects of the queerest diseases ever witnessed. I have had very little luck in curing disease after fowls have been severely attacked,—but while my neighbors' fowls are sorely afflicted, my fowls are healthy and prosperous—the effects of preventives used—"an ounce" of which is worth many "pounds of cure."

Last spring was an unusually bad season for fowl raising generally throughout the State, on account of the incomparable number of storms and chilly atmospheres. The gapes prevailed in many parts of the country, and in yards where it had been unknown for years. Once I was the largest loser by gapes of any one in our town. I have not had a gape in my yard in five years. I am aware that the simple recipe, which I was fortunate enough to discover to be infallible when properly applied, will, from its very simplicity and effectiveness as a preventive to diseases incident to chickenhood, be of incalculable value to my "Rural" companions-in-fancy—Poulterers. The recipe will appear in Hints No. 3.

The roup, I am confident, may be shunned by application of the forthcoming recipe, and feeding warm, dry feed during the first months of chicken life. I made a mistake by importing from a neighboring State a few fowls, which, although lively and in good case, were afflicted with a disposition to wheeze; and on being fed dry, warm feed, would bring forth a long, distressing squeak, which soon became intolerable to me. I seized my best hen, which was afflicted worst, cut off her head and examined her throat; found it swelled, and inflammation abundant. This hen was, nevertheless, laying, and very fat. I opened the ovarium and counted 30 eggs in embryo. This is a species of diphtheria, and although it does not seem to impair fowls for laying, does, nevertheless, impair the endurance of their admirer. For this, open the mouth, and with a *dull* jack-knife scrape the under side of the tongue severely; the nose will begin to run extremely, and will sometimes effect an immediate cure; but if not, decapitate,—for the disease is contagious. It is prevalent throughout the country, and let poulterers beware how they introduce into yards that which is so hard, and almost impossible to eradicate. Perhaps some one's eye may fall on these lines who has been more fortunate even than I have in eradicating the disease; if so, let them do *us* the favor of informing how we may "go and do likewise."

LOMAS.

FOWLS IN STABLES.

SOME farmers are not as particular as they should be in excluding fowls from the stables in which their cows are kept. We have seen hens complacently perched on the backs of cows, wholly indifferent to the efforts of the poor beasts to shake them off. This is a great annoyance to cows, and keeps them in a fretful condition and thus impairs their productiveness. Besides, the droppings, which lodge upon and besmear the animals, are alike offensive to the skin and olfactories of the victims of this hen intrusion. But they are a pest in other respects. They contaminate the feed and mangers of cows, thus depriving them of the benefit of a considerable portion of the food alloted them. Fowls are good things,—but, mixed with dairy stock, they are out of place, and should have a separate domicil.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Improvement in Grain.

THE Rural World asserts that experiments have demonstrated, and analogy has shown, that the finest and best samples of seed, continued for years, will improve the quality and quantity of the product on the same principle that farm stock is rendered better by a careful selection of the best for propagating purposes. A selection of corn for seed is made because easily done, but equal care in respect to other grain is rarely exercised, though equally important.

Yellow Locust.

WILLIAM BACON, Richmond, Mass., exhorts farmers in New England to plant the rougher portions of the mountain districts there with yellow locust as a source of profit after a lapse of a few years. It is a reputed fertilizer of the soil; quick of growth; is a strong, enduring timber; a favorite with ship-builders; is good for fence posts, and the wood work of farm implements such as plows, wagon hubs, whiffletrees and other weather-exposed articles. The refuse, in absence of other material, will make acceptable fuel.

Sowing Grass Seed.

A. J. B. writes the Wisconsin Farmer in favor of sowing grass seed about the last of February or early in March. If snow is on the ground, all the better, as it will serve as a guide and secure a more even sowing. The objection to fall sowing is that dry weather often prevails at that season, and much of the seed in consequence fails to germinate, necessitating a re-sowing when the defect is discovered. Sowing upon the spring snow was a common practice among Pennsylvania farmers years ago, and we think it a good one.

What Potatoes to Plant.

A COMMUNICATION in the Germantown Telegraph treats at considerable length the subject of potato growing. We quote as follows:—"Last season I planted three eyes in a hill, *cutting three eyes out of the potato*. I found I had not enough to plant the piece I had laid out, and I had a quart or more that I picked off from my 450 pounds. I took them, *not larger than marrowfat peas*, put *two in a hill*, had nine rows in the middle of the piece, and in *growing* or *harvesting* you could not possibly discern the difference in yield or size of the potatoes. It took from eight to twelve hills to the bushel in the piece I planted." From this product an estimate per acre is made, which gives 400 bushels to the Goodrich and 500 to the Harison.

Burning Canada Thistles.

A WRITER in the Practical Farmer closes an article on weeds and their destruction thus:—"We often see it recommended to gather and burn weeds which have perfected their seed. This may do with some kinds—with others it will only make a bad matter worse. Take the Canada thistle: if they are dried and burned, ten will come in where one was before." The why or wherefore is not explained, but that it is so the writer's observation and the testimony of others fully demonstrate.

Founder in Horses.

AN exchange says:—"The chest founder is produced by violent exercise on a full stomach, drinking large quantities of cold water, by eating mouldy grain, or partaking liberally of green food while performing hard work. The lungs become diseased, the heart and liver considerably enlarged, restraining healthful action. A horse, when chest foundered, straddles with his fore legs and is restive when his feet are placed near each other, owing to the pressure about the chest. Free bleeding and a tablespoonful of the Macassar horse-powder, mixed with a quarter of an ounce of Barbadoes aloes, given internally, will generally effect a cure."

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—For scratches in horses take white pine pitch, rosin, beeswax and honey, one ounce each; fresh lard, one-half pound; melt well together over a slow fire, stir till quite thick, so that the parts may not settle and separate. This also makes an application for harness galls, cuts and sores of all kinds, on horses and cattle.

Rural Notes and Items.

WEATHER AND WORK.—Dry weather still prevails in Western New York and some of its effects are becoming quite injurious. Certain soils are much too hard to plow well, winter grain progresses "crab fashion," if at all, and wells and streams are scant of water. On the other hand, farmers, in many localities, are rapidly sowing spring grain, and putting the soil in excellent order; the roads are fine and hard for hauling produce, stock thrives, and the weather has been favorable to the fruit prospect. April 4th a fleet of snow squalls sailed up on the western winds, and passed wholly by on the next day; the mercury went down to 16 degs., and the ground froze quite hard. To-day (Monday, 6th,) the sun shines out bright, though the wind feels as if it had been pent in the caverns of an iceberg. With the memory of the wet spring of last year still in mind, farmers will not fail now in pushing forward the tilling and the seeding, deferring other work until the "wet spell," which all are beginning to look and hope for with some degree of earnestness.

MICHIGAN FARMERS' CONVENTION.—A Convention of Farmers and Stock Growers was held at Pontiac, Mich., last month, continuing three days,—C. W. GREEN presiding. The general condition of farming in the State was proposed as a theme of discussion, and elicited the following facts:—That wheat and wool were the leading products—one million of acres being devoted to wheat, and four millions to all other products; the yield of wheat was 12,000,000 of bushels, that of wool 14,000,000 of pounds; that stock raising had generally made a fair return, though some contended that too many sheep were kept, but on the whole this branch had proved quite satisfactory; that land drainage, in a large portion of the State, was essential to successful and profitable cropping; that mulching the wheat fields with straw was a paying winter protection; that clover was the best and cheapest manurial agent, and should always be one in a series of rotation of crops; that for the dairy, the Durham, Devon and Native breeds about divided the honors; and that a system of mixed farming was the best for the land and most profitable to the owners of it.

THE EARLY ROSE POTATO.—*Change of Terms of Sale.*—As will be observed by reference to his revised advertisement in this paper, Mr. BEST has so modified the conditions upon which he first offered his supply of the Early Rose Potato that seed can now be obtained without purchasing vines. In a private note to us Mr. B. gives a good reason for this change, as follows:—"You are aware that I have advertised the potatoes for sale *only in connection with the vines*, but I am daily receiving a large number of letters from nurserymen, grape growers, and others who already have a supply of vines and are anxious to obtain some seed of the Early Rose. Many inclose money (which I have invariably returned) and say they *must* have some of the potatoes. The trouble of answering these letters, together with a desire to accommodate as far as possible, has induced me to make the change referred to, though I shall of course continue to sell in connection with the vines to those who desire it."

TRIAL OF PLOWS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The New England Agricultural Society has made arrangements for a grand trial of plows, on the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th of May, on the grounds of the Agricultural College in Amherst. A committee of eighteen—three from each of the New England States—has the matter in charge, and a perfect success is predicted. The trial is open to plows from all parts of the world at an entry fee of $20. Drivers, plowmen and teams will be supplied by the Society. It is anticipated that there will be a lively competition among the many patentees and proprietors of the numerous plows likely to compete for superiority. DANIEL NEEDHAM of Boston is Secretary of the Society, and will supply all needed information in reference to the trial.

A FINE SHOW OF POULTRY was made at Worcester, Mass., a few days ago—said to be the best display ever seen in New England. Nearly every variety of domestic fowl was represented by specimens. S. J. MCINTOSH, in charge of JOHN B. GOUGH'S farm, had a collection of 124 trios—enough for a whole "Hen Convention." High prices were paid for fowls of rare breeds. A trio of Creve Cœurs sold at $90; the eggs from this trio were in demand at $8 per dozen. Dorkings at $20 per trio, with eggs at $5 per dozen. A trio of black Spanish fowls were held at $60; a single game cock, an Irish blue, was sold at $25. The cockatoos were held at $100, and $25 was refused for a pair of carrier pigeons.

A MODEL IMPLEMENT CATALOGUE.—We have received from R. H. ALLEN & Co., New York, their very beautiful and complete "Catalogue of Agricultural and Horticultural Implements, Machinery and Hardware, Seeds and Fertilizers, and of Improved Live Stock." It is an octavo of 271 pages, contains over five hundred illustrations, and is beautifully printed on tinted paper. Each illustration is accompanied with a letter press description of the machine, tool or animal (or breed) represented. Altogether this is the most complete catalogue we have received from an American manufacturer or dealer. The price is $1, as will be seen by reference to advertisement.

KEEPING MILK SWEET.—"A Rural Reader" wants to know "how milk can be kept sweet when sent away a distance of one hundred miles." This inquiry involves several considerations. First, whether the milk is pretty liberally watered or not; second, the season of sending it; and, third, the mode of sending and celerity of the transit. If sent by railroad, pure milk ought to keep sweet that distance without any extraneous aid. In very warm weather a little scalding before canning may not be amiss, as this will check effervescence.

THE MINNESOTA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold its tenth Annual Exhibition at Minneapolis on the 29th and 30th of September and the 1st and 2d days of October, 1868. Premium lists will be ready by the 1st of May, and will be forwarded to any address on application to the Secretary, CHAS. H. CLARKE, Minneapolis.

SEASON IN KANSAS.—F. R. FOSTER, Topeka, Kansas, writes that "the season is the earliest for some years. Cattle are getting their living on the prairies. Peach trees are beginning to bloom; all safe yet. Farmers' prospects were never better in Kansas."

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

AN exhibition of poultry will take place at Toronto on the 15th and 16th of April.

AN old dairyman recommends smearing the udder of a cow with soft soap as a sure cure for garget.

THE Toledo Blade gives $5,200 as the product of a single acre of grapes on the Maumee last year.

THE Canada Farmer is of the opinion that clover seed is not reliable when it is more than two years old.

THE Viceroy of Egypt cultivates some 300,000 acres of land, divided between cotton, sugar and rice.

THE stud of the Duke of Beaufort was recently sold at auction. The 26 horses averaged $1,500 a piece, in gold.

THE farmers of Michigan generally concur in the opinion that wheat prospects there were never better than now.

A WRITER in the Canada Farmer recommends garden mustard as a green manure on lands intended for summer fallowing.

OLD horses are sometimes made to look young by filing and scaring the teeth, puncturing the skin over the eyes and inflating with air.

THE Ohio Farmer gives the Rev. Mr. Strong, of the Episcopal ministry, the credit of manufacturing the first steel plows in that State.

A LEICESTER sheep was recently sent to Boston from Albino, Canada, which weighed, alive, 458 pounds; dressed 358 lbs., and sold for $100.

ELI BARGE, Knoxville, Iowa, has a horse ten years old which he has driven over 30,000 miles in the last four and a half years, in teaming on the road.

THE Mercer Co. (Ohio) Ag. Society make a day's work upon the Fair Grounds, or its equivalent in material good for a certificate of membership.

J. WELDON, Rockford, Ill., says he commences the cultivation of his corn ground soon after planting. Goes over it with a square harrow, without regard to rows, and gets a fine crop. Set the stalks up if knocked down.

HORTICULTURAL.

WORK IN THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

First, we urge every farmer to make a good garden; it would seem superfluous to press this matter on a class which, more than any other possesses the facilities for making gardens, and which, perhaps, needs, more than any other, its products and the influence which its culture and possession exerts on the physical and social elements of the household. The farmer has the land, the teams, the tools, the manures, and the time necessary to the creation of a garden, and if he does not use them to this end he comes short of performing a very important duty to himself and those dependent on him. Yet we fear it is a fact that the majority of farmers in this country fail to perform this duty, and they suffer, as a natural and just punishment, not only the want of the comforts and luxuries the garden would produce, but diseases are induced by the use of unseasonable food, and discontent of the farmer's life and vocation reigns in the family. Make the farmer's life and work pleasant, as it is designed to be, and another generation will see the cities overflow into the country, instead of draining, as now, its energy, ambition and very life-blood for their maintenance. The garden should be for the whole family, and each member should plan for it, have a personal interest in the cultivation of some of its products, and share in its labors and rewards. It should produce vegetables, fruits and flowers, be a spot to which all turn with eagerness to labor, and where every rural desire may, in some measure at least, find gratification.

It is time now to engage vigorously in the work of planting; the fruit yard should be stocked with trees for a family supply,—early and late cherries, plums, pears, quinces, two or three early apple trees, peaches, nectarines and apricots. Place the hardiest trees on the most exposed side, and leave the sunny, warm part for tender ones and for vines, &c. Plant grape vines, and a very liberal space to currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, and lastly, but not *least*, strawberries. The berry fruits will supply you for three months in the summer, each day, with fresh fruit, and if you are wise and grow enough, during the other nine months you may have them almost as fresh in cans. If we could only persuade a farmer to grow enough of these fruits for one year, we would have no fears, unless he was decidedly heathenish in his character, that he would neglect their cultivation in the future. The vegetable garden need not be so large as the fruit yard,—but the soil should be of the very best kind; it should be dry, free from stone, rich, and well and deeply worked. Get a good location and you can supply the other requirements. First in the season—as soon as possible now—plant peas, early and late varieties, potatoes, lettuce, onions, beets. Later in the season, corn, cabbage, melons, squshes, cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, &c, Have also an asparagus bed, and grow celery, parsnips, radishes, salsify, &c. We cannot here give a manual of operations,—but if you only get about the work in earnest, knowledge of its requirements will come in due time.

We said you wanted to cultivate flowers. Perhaps we were mistaken; you do not. You think these are useless, costly, and you can't see that they pay. Well, your wife wants them, your daughters will prize them higher than the matter-of-fact corn, cabbage and potatoes; and if you only aid them in the work of preparing the ground, furnish suitable tools, we will answer for it they will give you no further trouble about the flowers. Of course, you cannot be selfish and refuse to their more refined tastes that which may not gratify your own, and we will predict that after the flowers have bloomed for one season you will make no objections to them, and, indeed, if need be, will be willing to devote considerable work to their cultivation.

PRUNING VERSUS MUTILATION.

There is, perhaps, no one item in Horticulture about which so little is really understood as the principles which should govern in the pruning away of limbs and branches from trees. Orchard after orchard is yearly despoiled in a ruthless, destructive manner, until we now rarely see a fine old apple or pear tree, with its many branches, broad and strong, extending from a head about five feet high, and, when loaded with fruit, almost sweeping the ground. Old orchards, those of forty and fifty years, are passing away, and we are told the apple "does not do as well as it did when I was a boy." We have progressed in some things, but it is a question whether, as a people, we have progressed any in our knowledge of pruning bearing apple trees. Certainly the system of modern pruning, as performed by some parties, does not exhibit any great knowledge of the physiology of trees. Large limbs are chopped away, leaving bold stumps protruding, of one to three inches, to gradually rot away and convey disease to the whole tree. Undue leverage is given by taking away the lower limbs, and thus bringing a great strain upon the roots at every high wind or storm, tearing, cracking or breaking them from their regular and natural course of supply and demand.

The following illustrations will serve, perhaps, better than a long homily, to show how we would prune a tree and keep it in condition from year to year, healthy and productive. Fig. 1 exhibits a tree

Figure 1.

which has had little or no pruning; its top branches have become rather crowded, and some seasons the fruit is not well colored. We take our long step-ladder and a pair of good, strong pruning shears, set our ladder just outside, underneath the limbs, and with our sharp shears cut away the small spray and limbs that cross one another and crowd the extremities, so as to prevent the sun's rays penetrating to the center of the tree. The dark, short marks indicate some of the cuts that we should make in pruning this tree.

Fig. 2 exhibits the tree as it is often found after the *mutilator*, not pruner, has operated upon it.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK-CAP RASPBERRY.

Our engraving represents a cluster of the Davison Thornless Black-Cap Raspberry. Last season we received some branches of it with the fruit on them from the original disseminator, Mr. Joseph Sinton of Augola, Erie Co., N. Y., of which we made mention at the time. The fruit was fully equal in size to the far-famed Doolittle, and of excellent flavor, while the canes were smooth and free from thorns. It is evidently a black-cap to all intents and purposes; it propagates from the tips of the canes and does not spread from the roots. We see no reason why it will not do well where the Doolittle thrives, and if so its thornless habit must make it a favorite with the growers of small fruits.

Figure 2.

Vandals roam the country every spring, claiming to know how to prune trees, and they are set to work by men who, owning the trees, know enough to know they know nothing about it,—but, trusting to these professional pruners, submit their trees, and after the work of destruction is done, learn, to their cost, of the injury. We hope what we have here said and illustrated may save at least one good orchard from this system of murderous pruning.

WORK THE GROUND EARLY.

Just as soon as the ground is dry enough it should be plowed. The earlier in the season this is done the better, as, by the loosening, warmth penetrates more rapidly than when left hard and dry on the surface from heavy spring rains, and the roots of plants are sooner brought into activity, giving a stronger and healthier growth to the plant. Gooseberry and raspberry plants are especially benefited by early stirring the ground. I practice plowing away from the rows of my dwarf pears, grapes, raspberry, gooseberry, currant, &c., just as soon as I find the ground work well. I plow my center furrows as deep as I can, rolling them together; then as I near the plant I run more and more shallow until my last furrow cuts with the point of the plow only two inches away from the plant, and two inches deep. In about a week or ten days, if the ground is all right, go through twice in a row with the cultivator.

ADDI.

THE PEACH TREE BORER.

As soon as the frost is out of the ground, peach trees should be examined and cleaned of the worm or borer. Take away the earth from around the crown of the tree, four or five inches deep, and with a sharp knife clean away all the gum and cut out clean the worm, now found of a white color and from one-eighth to one-half inch long. Wash the wounds, or rather paint them, with soft soap; then wrap a piece of stout, coarse brown paper around the crown of the tree, extending one foot on the body; then draw the earth around. The object of this paper is to prevent the fly from depositing her eggs beneath the surface of the ground, as, when deposited at the top of the paper wrapping, and working their way down two or three inches, the taking away of the earth and paper in November next will expose them to the atmosphere and thus destroy them.

Exposures for Orchards.—The old-time ruling of a Southern or Southeastern exposure being the best for orchard or vineyard, may hold good on the sea coast,—but throughout the Western States, and especially near the lakes or broad rivers, exposures having a northern slope are found to produce a more uniform and healthy condition of tree and vine and more regular and perfect crops of fruit; and less destruction or death to tree and plant from winter's cold, and greater immunity from early and late frosts. In Missouri and Tennessee the north sides of the hills are also composed of a much richer and deeper soil, with more of sand, and therefore more perfect natural drainage.

HORTICULTURAL MEETINGS.

It is curious, to an unsophisticated old codger of a farmer like me, how these Western Horticulturists live through a series of "annual meetings," at which they talk a great deal and say very little; and where they recommend the planting and culture of fruits of various names, and trees of various sorts for shade, &c., &c. Now, I am a believer in these meetings. But they are growing so fast, and the experience is so varied, that I am positively bewildered! And I've noticed that at every meeting (I think) held in the West this winter, somebody has a new seedling that beats all other seedlings; and somebody else is able to prove that the famous seedling which made its advent a few years ago is only an old fruit with a new name!

It is torturing!

A Committee is appointed to present lists of fruit and deciduous trees to plant. A nurseryman or two gets on the Committee. The whole catalogue of each is incorporated in the list; and pretty soon the dear people receive circulars from nurserymen all over the country, informing them of the recommendations of the Society, and that the accompanying catalogue will show them where the trees can be obtained.

This is business! I like it! I do not murmur! But I like to recollect these facts, and put this and that together, to see how the links look!

No, I am not cynical. INGOG.

GROWING MELONS.

A writer in the Southern Cultivator says melons are something of a hobby with him, and gives directions for planting and cultivation accordingly. Prepare the ground by deep plowing or spading, and lay off in ranges ten or twelve feet in width and trench for a seed bed from a foot to a foot and a-half deep. Fill these with a compost of mold, stable and poultry manure and leached ashes, well mixed together. Plant from three to five seeds in a hill as soon as danger from frost is over. When the plants are fairly up, thin them out to two and cultivate well. When they commence running, thin to one, being careful not to interrupt the vines that are left. Melons may be grown on the lightest of soils, provided suitable manurial agencies are employed—a peck or more to each hill. No squashes or pumpkins should be planted in the immediate vicinity of the melons.

TREES FOR PUBLIC ROADS.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says:—Nothing will go further toward making a neighborhood inviting than will its roads, when once lined with hardy, graceful trees. We would urge upon every one who owns land upon our public roads, to plant trees as far as his land extends. The beauty and grateful shade will well repay him, and the increased value of his land will be a noble profit. It is a pleasure to anticipate that time when our roads will be marked by handsome lines of trees, protecting us in summer from the burning rays of the sun, and in winter from nipping winds. These two lines of trees, planted as they would be, the width of the road apart, would go far toward supplying needed belts of trees to protect farms and gardens against inclement winds, so pernicious to exposed vegetation. Many already recognize the importance of such protection, both in summer and winter.

An attempt at contrast should never be made upon the street or road, especially by planting trees of different shades of color or habit alternately. Different trees love different soils. The selection they naturally make should be observed, and each tree, as far as possible, allowed its choice, which, with the varied tastes of planters, will always give sufficient variety. All trees of conspicuous habit or foliage should be avoided, unless introduced for some particular purpose. A very common mistake made is in planting trees too near each other. When so planted, it is at the loss of both grace and symmetry. From twenty-five to thirty feet apart, owing to the habit of the trees planted, is the proper distance. A marked feature in the beauty of a road, is its liberal width. Its boundaries are established by law, and should always be respected. No property should be considered improved, until the street or road upon which it lies is planted with trees. Plant only such trees as have grown well exposed to sun and air, and be sure that their roots are in proportion to their size. Trees for our purpose must necessarily be pruned high, which makes boxing essential to success, as well for protection against the rays of the sun as against the attacks of animals. Boxes formed of from eight to ten upright pieces, are best, as they afford both ample ventilation and protection.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

The Strawberry Crop of Southern Illinois.—It is estimated that the number of acres producing strawberries for market purposes in Southern Illinois, will amount to something over eleven hundred. From near Anna, Cobden and Makanda Stations, on the Central Illinois Railroad, it is estimated there will be shipped berries produced from six hundred acres. Besides these regular field cultivators, there are many small growers, who, after supplying family and friends, sell their surplus. But while we have estimated from our letters descriptive of main field culture, one of our correspondents says we may add from this private garden supply at least one-tenth.

Stir the Soil.—This is a good text, and if space allowed we could give a long homily on it. The season is very favorable for this work, and the gardener should improve the opportunity. The more the soil is comminuted the more food roots will extract from it, the more air will enter it to develop healthy plants, the quicker it will become warm to force an early and rapid growth, and the more moisture it will retain to operate against the effects of a drouth. Stir the soil deep, and you get more of all these results; stir it often, and they continue. Get plenty of the best implements for stirring the soil, and your labor will be lightened and cheapened.

Plant Strawberries.—As early in the spring as the ground becomes settled is the best time to plant out strawberry vines. Set at distances of two by three feet the plants will grow vigorously, and during the season throw out new plants by means of their runners, whereby the rows may be filled. Strawberry plants set early in spring will also often give more or less of fruit the same season. There is no risk of drouth or dying out when set in the spring, and, if desirable, a crop of potatoes, cabbage, etc., may be taken from between the rows.

Good Varieties of Peas.—Sow all your peas at about the same time. The following are among the best, if not the very best, viz:—Carter's First Crop, McLean's Little Gem, McLean's Advancer, Waite's Caractacus Eugenie, and Champion of England, and if planted on the same day, covering the seed not less than five inches deep—better to be seven inches—will give a supply of the sweetest of peas from the very earliest until say middle to last of August.

The Peach Buds.—From our exchanges and other sources we conclude that severe cold has caused no serious injury to peach buds in most peach growing sections. If the blossoms run the gauntlet of spring frosts, drouths and blights, there will be an overflowing crop in the land. Winter cold is not one of the worst enemies to the peach crop.

Duncan's Falls Mammoth Blackberry.—One of our Ohio correspondents writes of a new blackberry under the above name, which he says is perfectly hardy in its canes, and produces "the largest and best flavored berry in the world," being one and a half inches by one inch in diameter.

Transplant raspberries, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries and fruit trees. Prepare for a good supply of the berries. Clean out old bushes and beds, fork in some manure, tie up the canes and then mulch them. Increase gooseberries and currants by planting cuttings.

To Destroy Wild Grape Vines.—A correspondent asks us what is the best time to cut wild grape vines in order to kill them. We should say in August, and then keep down the sprouts.

Mushroom Spawn.—M. S., Schoolcraft, Mich., asks where mushroom spawn, or seed, may be obtained. Some of the seedsmen who advertise in our columns have it for sale, no doubt.

Peppermint Roots.—A correspondent asks if any one can inform him where peppermint roots may be obtained.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

Pudding Sauce.—Stir to a cream a teacup of butter, then add a wineglass of wine or cider and flavor with nutmeg or rose water. If you wish to have it liquid heat two-thirds of a pint of water boiling hot, mix two or three teaspoonfuls of flour with a little water and stir it into the boiling water. As soon as it boils up well stir it into the butter and sugar.

Wedding Cake.—One pound of flour; one do. sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter; two pounds of seeded raisins; two do. of Zante currants; one do. citron; one-fourth pound of almonds; half an ounce of mace, a tablespoonful of cinnamon; one of cloves; a teaspoonful of rose water; a wineglass of brandy; one of wine, and ten eggs. Stir the sugar and butter to a cream. The sugar should be brown. Then add a wineglass of milk, a teaspoonful of soda,—the eggs beaten to a froth and stirred in. Dissolve the soda in the milk, mix it with the brandy and wine to curdle them; stir the whole into the cake. Fruit for cake should be cut up fine, rolled in flour just before putting into the cake. It takes over two hours to bake it, if the loaves are thick; if thin it will take less time. This kind of cake is the best after it has been made three or four weeks; it will keep good five or six months.

Low Hampton, N. Y., March, 1868. Mrs. J. Peck.

Excellent Whitewash.—In the Germantown Telegraph we find what is pronounced to be a superior whitewash composed of Paris white and white transparent glue. The proportions are 16 pounds of the white to half a pound of the glue. The latter is covered with cold water at night, and in the morning carefully heated without scorching till dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with *hot* water enough to give the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is applied with a brush in the usual way, and if the walls are not very dirty, one coat will be sufficient.

Floating Island.—We remember our first sight and taste of this delicious compound. And we remember a 12 year old girl flying into our presence with cheeks as red as roses, crying out—"I've learned how to make floating island!" She found the way at her first effort! How eagerly we watched every mouthful with sparkling eyes as one and another pronounced it very good! But here is the recipe. Set a quart of milk to boil, then stir into it the beaten yolks of six eggs; flavor with lemon or rose, and sweeten to taste; whip whites of the eggs to a strong froth. When the custard is thick, put it into a deep dish, and heap the frothed eggs upon it. Serve cold.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"EARLY ROSE"
POTATOES.
Sold with or without the Grape Vines.

PERFECTION ATTAINED AT LAST.

GEO. W. BEST,
UTICA, N. Y.,
Has all the Stock which will be offered for Sale till Fall of 1868. The

"Early Rose" is a Seedling

of the "Garnet Chili," originated in 1861 by Albert Brezee, Esq., an intelligent farmer, and the whole stock was sold by him to D. S. Heffron, Esq., (of Utica, N. Y.,) the well-known disseminator of the "Goodrich Seedlings."

In a letter to Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Son of New York, Mr. H. says of the "Early Rose:"

It has uniformly ripened *ten days earlier than the "Early Goodrich,"* produces less small tubers, is equally healthy and productive as that justly celebrated variety, and its superior in table quality. *It is the best early potato that I have ever grown or seen*, all things considered. Skin thin, tough, of a dull blush color, flesh white, solid and brittle, boils through quickly, very mealy.

Dr. John P. Gray, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, says:

Last Spring (1867) I received from D. S. Heffron a quantity of his new Vermont Seedling Potato, called the Early Rose. It was planted the last of May, in alternate rows with the Early Goodrich, in the same kind of soil and treated exactly alike. It came up rank, grew more rapidly than the Early Goodrich, and flowered full two weeks before that variety. It began to ripen its large, thrifty-growing leaves twelve days in advance of the other, and was fully ripe and fit for digging at least ten days before the Early Goodrich. We carefully measured four rows of each kind across the piece, and found the yield quite equal to the Early Goodrich; in health it was also its equal, while it excels the other in table quality. I consider it the best very early sort with which I am acquainted. JOHN P. GRAY.

(Dr. Gray has none of the stock for sale, having only raised a few for Mr. Heffron.)

The "American Agriculturist," (Jan. No., page 10,) pronounces it "*The Best of All.*"

CARD FROM D. S. HEFFRON, ESQ.

To whom it may concern:

Having recently sold nearly my entire stock of the "Early Rose Potato" to John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover, they have sent me an order to deliver a portion of them to Geo. W. Best of Utica, N. Y. D. S. HEFFRON.

I have a very large stock of

CHOICE NATIVE GRAPE VINES,

Consisting of the most desirable varieties, among which are

Adirondac, Allen's Hybrid, Concord, Creveling, Delaware, Diana, Union Village, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Iona, Israella, &c., &c.

Which I intend to send out in connection with the "Early Rose," or separate from them, as purchasers desire.

TERMS:

FOR $5, (invariably to be sent with order) I will send *Ten Choice Grape Vines* from the above list (reserving the right of selection for myself, but will endeavor to suit purchasers as far as possible,) and *One Pound of Early Rose Potatoes*; all to be securely packed, and sent by mail, postage pre-paid.

Having received a large number of letters from all parts of the United States, from Nurserymen, Grape Growers and others who have all the Grape Vines they need, and are anxious to procure some seed of the "Early Rose," I have been induced to make a change in my Terms of Sale for their benefit, and will sell the Potatoes alone at the following rates:

1 pound, (postage pre-paid,)..... $3.00
5 pounds..... 15.00

Parties purchasing 5 pounds may easily, with careful cultivation, have a stock of *five bushels* next fall.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLANTING.

By cutting into single eyes, and planting but one eye in a hill, one bushel may be readily raised from a pound, and will be worth next fall, at the *very lowest calculation, double the price paid for both vines and potatoes.*

Not more than 5 packages sent to one address.

No orders accepted unless accompanied by the Cash.

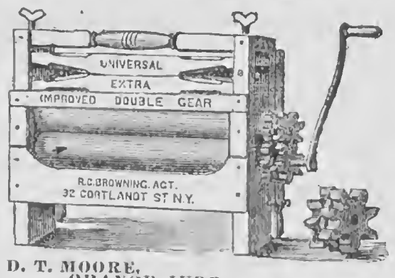
None but strictly first-class Vines sent out with the Potatoes.

Orders will be booked in order as received, and potatoes and vines shipped as early in the spring as the weather will permit. *Order early*, as the stock is limited.

Parties wishing to purchase Grape Vines in quantity, either for planting or for sale, are particularly requested to send for my Catalogue, as I am determined to sell cheaper than any other dealer in the United States. Address

GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

WASHING MACHINES AND CLOTHES WRINGERS.



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And thousands of others, will tell you that Dorr's Washing Machine and the Universal Clothes Wringer are a *real success*, and save their cost in clothing every year, besides saving more than half the time and labor of washing. Send the retail price—Washer $14, extra Wringer $9—and we will forward either or both machines, *free of freight*, to places where no one is selling; and, so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to *refund the money* if any one wishes to return the machine free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
No. 32 Courtlandt Street, N. Y.
(Opposite Merchants' Hotel.) 951-4t

VIOLA ODORATA, (ENGLISH SWEET VIOLETS.)—I have several thousand roots of this beautiful Flower, double-blue, and exceedingly fragrant. I will send them, post-paid, at the following rates:
Good roots, well packed, each 30c.; per dozen, $2.
Address SAM'L P. WAKELEE,
951-2t Care Jas. Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

100,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS FOR Sale at low rates, viz.:—Wilson, Russell, Hooker's Seed, Buffalo Seed, Brooklyn Scarlet, Moulton, Col. Ellsworth and Bartlett, at 75 cts. ₩ 100, $3 ₩ 1,000. Green Prolific, $1 ₩ 100, $5 ₩ 1,000; JUCUNDA, (Knox's 700) 50 cts. ₩ doz., $2 ₩ 100, $5 ₩ 1,000. Address
951-1t M. N. WILSON, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

PLANTS AT REDUCED PRICES.—WILSON Early Blackberry, $25 per 100; Kittatinny, $10 per 100; Clark Raspberry, $35 per 100; Bristol Raspberry, $8 per 100; Philadelphia—the best early Strawberry—$10 per 1,000; Golden Queen, $6 per 1,000. SAM'L C. DeGOU, Recklesstown, Burlington Co., N. J.

EARLY KENT PEAS.—50 Bbls. GENUINE KENTS, at $3,25 per bushel, by the barrel (4 bushels.)
951-2t SHERMAN & GATES, No. 6 Front St., New York.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS, $2 PER 1,000. ASPARAGUS, 2 years old, $4 per 1,000. Good and true plants. SAM'L T. BUFFELL, Yard Ville, New Jersey.

TO SEEDSMEN.—A LARGE STOCK OF Early York, Tilden, Large Red and Keyes' Early Prolific Tomato Seed, for sale cheap to the trade.
950-2t J. M. PETTIT, Fredonia, New York.

GRAPE VINES.—WITH OTHER VARIETIES we have 100,000 very strong and thrifty 2 years old Concord Vines at $15 per 100. Isabella, same age, $6 per 100. Concord Grape Cuttings, $4 per 1,000; and other grape wood. Jucunda, Metcalf, Durand and other Strawberries. Houghton Gooseberries and Cherry Currants, all at low prices. Also the "Walter" Grape, to be delivered next fall.
950-4t FERRIS & CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

VERBENAS!!!—A MAGNIFICENT healthy stock, very large assortment, at low prices per 1,000 to the trade.

ROSES.

Marshal Niel, Madame Charles Wood and other fine Roses, wholesale and retail. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, Ill.

LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS.—FOR SALE, AT Wholesale and Retail, a large quantity of LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS. For particulars inquire of or address
949-6t WARREN J. BUELL, Hamilton, N. Y.

PEACH TREES, GRAPE VINES AND A GENeral Nursery Stock for sale at cheap rates for good stock. Address E. MOODY & SONS,
946-8t Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.—To all wishing the best quality of seed and true to name, as grown by us. Apply to MAUPAY, HACKER & CO., Seed Growers and Importers, Philadelphia, Pa.
☞ Our Almanac for 1868 mailed to applicants. 943-8t

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVE'S REGENERATION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

You have known me long, and known me rough,
In my wild and wilful race,—
A man who has taken oath's enough
To have them writ on his face,—

But now this wretch, who drank and swore
With the best of you all at sea,
And joined the broils of his mates on shore,—
I cannot think it was me.

Not truly me as to-day I am,—
Love timing my pulses warm;
But when the ocean lies in a calm
We cannot think of the storm.

However it came about, I wear
On my tanned and brawny arm
Some yellow floss of a maiden's hair,
That clasps my life like a charm;

Keeping my evil thoughts at ebb,
Wherever I sail or row,
For she who wove the gossamer web
Is pure as a fleck of snow:

As pure as snow or angel fair,
And tender and bright her eyes;
The sunshine always lives in her hair,
And gloom in her clear smile dies.

With my rude speech and graceless bulk
How could I her love have got?—
I like a battered, unwieldy hulk,
And she like a white-sailed yacht.

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

THE humorous ARTEMUS WARD once complained of the song writers, because they forever sung of "mother." It was "Rock me to sleep mother," "Dear mother I've come home to die," "Let me kiss him for his mother," etc., etc. We do not wonder at ARTEMUS' complaint, nor at his touching petition—"Give father a chance." The poor paternal parent had so long been left unmentioned that an appeal from some one in his behalf was very timely. It is natural to infer that all the while we had been singing of mother he had been away, for pretty soon after the appeal we began to sigh and sing—"Father, dear father, come home!" And a few of us are thus sighing and singing yet!

Some of our fathers have always been kindly remembered, however,—the Pilgrim Fathers, for instance. In fact they seem to have quite monopolized our regard. All New England and a considerable portion of the rest of mankind, have united in doing them honor. They have been sung of, and orated about on Independence Days, and toasted at anniversary dinners, and their memories kept green in many and various ways. But no one ever wrote an ode about their wives,—our good old grandames who cooked their victuals, and watched over their households, and tended their Puritan babies.

In view of this we feel like inquiring—Why such culpable neglect? We are not alone in considering the matter worthy of consideration One lady, at least, of whom we have heard, properly believes that there should be a division of honors between our Puritan parents. Being invited to furnish a toast to be read at the anniversary celebration of the Pilgrim Fathers, she replied as follows:

"The 'Pilgrim Fathers,' forsooth. What had they to endure in comparison to the Pilgrim Mothers? It is true they had hunger, and cold, and sickness, and danger—foes without and within—but the unfortunate Pilgrim Mothers! they had not only these to endure, but they had the Pilgrim Fathers also! And yet their names are never mentioned. Who ever heard of the Pilgrim Mothers? Who ever gave a dinner in honor of them? Who ever writes songs, drinks toasts and makes speeches in recollection of them? This self-sufficiency of the men is beyond endurance. One would actually suppose that New England had been colonized by men, and posterity provided for by special providence."

We admire her spirit, and are especially pleased by her allusion to the self-sufficiency of the men. It *is* abominable,—the way these "lords of creation" do air themselves! All men,—and when we say "men" we do not mean to embrace the ladies,—(or rather we do not mean that *they* shall,)—must acknowledge that posterity has been provided for by but one special providence, and that that was away back in the time of the first fruit-gathering. We are driven to the conclusion, then, that the present generation owes something to the Pilgrim Mothers: something in the way of existence, at least, and it may be a little in the way of certain characteristic traits and principles.

The RURAL, therefore, pleads for the Pilgrim Mothers. It demands that their portraits shall hang side by side with the long-faced ones of the much be-written Pilgrim Fathers; that the poets who sing of Plymouth Rock shall sing also of those who rocked the cradles of the youthful Puritans; that the RUTHS who followed their masculine NAOMIS across the water and literally made "thy people my people" shall have honorary mention,—and that their faithfulness and firmness and patience shall be written of in odes, and complimented in toasts, and spoken of in speeches, and so handed down from generation to generation. And to this end, if need be, let the ladies organize a society to commemorate the landing of those excellent dames, and thus in a measure perpetuate their virtues. We pledge ourselves to pen an ode for the opening assemblage, in which the mothers shall receive fitting eulogy!

ORIGIN OF "FLIRT."—This word is derived from the customs of the gallants of Louis Fourteenth's time, who used to address their girlish friends as "ma fleurette," or "my little flower." The noun fleurette finally grew into a verb, and the term "fleuretter une demoiselle" was used in speaking of terms of attention paid to a beauty. After the importation of "fleuretter" to England, it degenerated into "fleuter," and finally to "flirt." So say the authorities.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.—The New York Evening Gazette tells young ladies what to beware of if they would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance:—"Late hours, large crinoline, tight corsets, confectionery, hot bread, cold draughts, pastry, decollette dress, modern novels, furnace registers, easy carriages, late suppers, thin shoes, fear of knowledge, nibbling between meals, ill-temper, haste to marry, dread of growing old."

A BITTERLY ingenious epigram is that of an old Greek poet on marriage. In translation it runs thus:

Two happy days in marriage are allowed—
A wife in wedding garb and in her shroud.
Sure, then, that state cannot be called accurs'd
Where the last day's as happy as the first.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

THE ladies of Arabia stain their fingers and toes red, their eyebrows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak around their eyes, and ornament their faces with various figures. The Japanese women gild their teeth, and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl of the tooth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. The Hottentot women paint the entire body in compartments of red and black. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow, and they frequently tattoo their bodies by saturating threads in soot, inserting them beneath the skin, and then drawing them through. Hindoo families, when they wish to appear particularly lovely, smear themselves with a mixture of saffron, tumeric and grease. In nearly all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the women, as well as the men, tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland, they cut themselves with shells, and keeping the wounds open a long time, form scars in the flesh, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular mutilation is made among them by taking off, in infancy, the little finger of the left hand at the second joint.

In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crowd; but the Sumatran mother carefully flattens the nose of her daughter. Among some of the savage tribes in Oregon, and also in Sumatra and Aracan, continual pressure is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair. Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it.

In China, small, round eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows, that they may be thin and long. But the great beauty of a Chinese lady is in her feet, which in her childhood are so compressed by bandages as effectually to prevent any further increase in size. The four smaller toes are bent under the foot, to the sole of which they firmly adhere; and the poor girl not only endures much pain, but becomes a cripple for life. Another mark of beauty consists in finger nails so long that casings and bamboo are necessary to preserve them from injury. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. In New Guinea the nose is perforated, and a large piece of wood or bone inserted. In the northwest coast of America an incision more than two inches in length, is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wooden plug. In Guinea the lips are pierced with thorns, the heads being inside the mouth, and the points resting on the chin.

PROMISE TO A BABY.

LORD ELDON was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl—slightly rustic in her attire, embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits—entered the room and walked up to the lawyer's chair.

"My dear," said the Chancellor, rising and bowing with Old World courtesy, "who are you?"

"Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessy Bridge of Wobley, the daughter of the Vicar of Wobley, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a baby, and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as member of Parliament for Wobley."

"A promise, my dear young lady," interrupted the Chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself.

"Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle, when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me if ever you are Lord Chancellor when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living;' and you replied, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth a crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more.'"

Enthusiastically, the Chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right. I admit the obligation. I remember all about it," and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, "but surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived? You cannot be any one's wife at present?"

For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer, and then with a blush and a ripple of silvery laughter, she replied "No! but I do wish to be somebody's wife. I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there is a living in Hertfordshire, near my old home, that has recently fallen vacant, and if you will give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall marry before the end of the year."

Is there need to say that the Chancellor forthwith summoned his Secretary; that the Secretary forthwith made out the presentation of Bessie's lover, and that having given the Chancellor a kiss of gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Hertfordshire, hugging the precious document all the way home?

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

WEDNESDAY, the 25th ult., was an opening day in New York. The following is an outline of the styles: Bonnets are growing small by degrees and beautifully less. By next year it is believed they will have vanished out of existence, and be regarded only as pleasant memories of the past. The substitute now in vogue consists of a diadem crown of tulle frosted with silver, arched over the forehead, and about the size of a small oyster shell. This is to be laid right in front of the chignon, now worn more on the top than at the back of the head. The lace strings are elaborate, tasteful and becoming. The charming head-dresses are of various colors, the most fascinating being the Sultan, or scarlet, the Metternich, or light-green, and the Carambier, or plum-colored. The trimmings are colored blondes, or plain and frosted colored tulle.

In dresses the gored skirt of no less than nine breadths, and having biased seams in the back, is the style. Over them will be basque waists and sashes, the lower part of the basque being trimmed to represent belts, which are no longer worn separately from the dress. The trail for evening dresses has not yet been tabooed, but, as if to compensate for the additional material required in the trail, fashion has decreed that low necks in the evening are to be the future style. In other departments there has not been any appreciable alteration. The *modistes* have no fears of the immediate introduction of panniers lately worn by the Empress Eugenie, the personification of fashion, whose dictates are unmurmuringly obeyed by the women of two continents. The old saying that one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, is inapplicable to the Empress, who can never be out of fashion until she is out of the world, as everything she wears is fashionable.

SYNONYMS.—In Hebrew, Sunshine and Happiness are words of the same meaning.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RETROSPECTIVE.

A MEMORY OF THE OLD STONE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN PENFIELD, N. Y.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

SOFTLY to-night in the waning light,
Sweet memory clasps my hand,
And leads me backward over the years,
To a beautiful Eden land.
There are hands outstretched, and hearts that greet
With words that are true, I know,
Unshadowed brows, and eyes undimmed,
In that land of the long ago.

There are skies that bend over pleasant fields,
Over daisied valley and hill;
There's an old gray school-house standing close
By the banks of a gushing rill.
The paths are all worn by the childish feet
That have bounded so gaily there,
And I hear the laughter and songs of glee
That rang out on the summer air.

I have wandered far since those olden days,—
My feet are brown with earth's dust;
My beautiful treasures are faded, all,
Corrupted by moth and rust;
And I wonder if all these weary years
That have saddened my own heart so,
Have marred the old haunts, with their sobbing rains,
And their drifting waves of snow.

I come, but alas! rude stranger hands
Have torn the old walls away,
They never guessed what treasures there were
Shut up in those walls so gray.
I miss the pond and the old oak tree,
But the brook still plashes along,
And all of old that is left there now
Is the rippling of its sweet song.

Ah, where are the child-hearts? Some like mine
Have looked long amid earth's mould,
For the treasures they sought in the daisied fields,
When they gleaned the blossoms for gold;
Some dear ones dropped softly asleep,
Ere the shadows of years could fall,
Only remembering the old-time days
That gladdened the hearts of us all.

The summers will come, and flush, and fade
Over their heads I know;
But their hearts will never know fading or bloom,
Nor their brows be shadowed with woe.
And over our life-boats the storms will sweep,
As we're drifting out at sea,
But we'll yearn in vain for the guileless hearts
That sang 'neath the old oak tree.

THE PROBLEM OF BEING.

"To be or not to be," is *not* the question. We were born into the world. Some, perhaps, looking at the many unpleasant things which existence has brought them, may say that being born was the worst that could have happened. Possibly it was. But, unfortunately, it is the one great thing that cannot now be got around.

Having been born, then, and presuming at the outset that the idea of suicide is not to be entertained for one moment, the question becomes one touching upon *the availability of being*. What are we going to make existence worth?

In the individuality of life lies its solemnity. If your life, and the lives of a dozen of your friends, were a sort of stock company affair—all the being and the doing equally divided among the entire number—the being and the doing would not seem so momentous. Some responsibilities can be shirked off upon others more able or more willing to bear them. This one of being cannot so summarily be disposed of. We must take it up every day, and do with it as we will—only bear it. Companionships, be they never so sweet; happy associations, be they never so beneficial in their influences, have no power to aid us. Single, and alone, we must take up our daily load of life, and walk on. How can we best do this?

A great requisite to make life available for good, is a belief in inherent goodness. A faith that there is good in all things, will be certain to *draw* good *out of* all things. The heart that is always filled with doubtings,—that is vigilant to discover the bad but sees nothing of the good,—never gets rich and blest. There is, in the work-a-day hurry and bustle surrounding us, much of deceit, and, we may as well frankly admit, not a little of genuine wickedness. We cannot well close our eyes to this fact. We learn the truth of it early enough by observation, and very much too early by actual personal experience. But it should not destroy our faith in innate goodness. Let us study human nature as thoroughly as we may, and search out as many of its hidden sins as is possible, but never without a belief that back of all we may discover which is unquestionably bad there lies much that is unquestionably good.

And in our study of human nature let us do as it is claimed charity should—begin at home. Men are far too apt to judge of it as though they stood on an eminence high above the common level. There is just about so much human nature in every man and woman of us, and nowhere can any certain few show that in them is it more or less human than in their fellows. In the careful study of ourselves we shall learn pretty nearly the same lessons that we fancy are enclosed in the garb of others. Very likely too, we shall find that the modicum of evil in ourselves isn't so very much less than in our neighbors.

Our ideas of value, or worth, are but comparative, at best, and very imperfect. We may never attain the true standard of valuation. We may hold, always, the richest lives to be the poorest, and overlook depositories of real wealth where we think are only rags and poverty. It is in this that the problem of being proves too deep for our solving. In measuring our own lives, even, we are more superficial than we think. We judge of our actions mainly in the light of their effect upon ourselves, and leave out of mind their broader outreach,—their effects upon others. Our doing may appear barren of all fruit, for us; for others it may be yielding a bountiful harvest.

It needs much pruning and "heading-in" to make a fruitful tree: the same process is necessary to make a fruitful life. All being has its offshoots, branching out in various directions; and these must be trimmed down, and kept constantly under control, that the vitality which nourishes them may be serving the growth of essential parts. Lopping off pleasures here, and passions there, may cost sacrifice; but the sacrifice holds a sweet promise within it. Symmetrical being is its own reward; and such being comes only through careful cutting away of branches that may sometimes blossom, but can never bear ripened fruit.

NEVER lay a stumbling block in the way of a man who is trying to advance himself in the world honestly and uprightly, for he is likely to walk over it and laugh at you afterward.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York World, writing from Berlin, thus speaks of Prof. MORSE, the telegraph inventor:—"Prof. MORSE was in town last week. During his stay he called upon Col. VON CHAUVIN, Superintendent of the Bund Telegraphic System, to make sundry inquiries. After answering his questions, Col. VON C. said that the operators had heard of his presence and would be delighted to see him. Mr. MORSE assented to the presentation, and was then shown into a large operating room; at a word from Col. VON C., the occupants rose up and stood *a la militaire*. 'You have the honor to see before you, gentlemen, the Father of the Telegraph,' said the Superintendent. All bowed and bowed again, till, as a friend says, who relates the incident, the fond parent seemed quite embarrassed in the presence of so much of his child. He also called upon HERR VON PHILIPSBORN, General Director of the Post and Telegraph Department. HERR VON PHILIPSBORN did not wait for him to be shown in, but on receiving his card came out to the ante-chamber to meet him; then, taking both his hands in his own, he asked whether he really had the honor of speaking to Mr. MORSE."

Mr. DISRAELI, who was so recently made Premier of England by the Queen, has a remarkable history. He was born in London in 1805, his father being ISAAC DISRAELI, author of "Curiosities of Literature." He was educated at a private academy in London, and while very young became the clerk of an attorney, where he remained three years. Weary of this drudgery, and aspiring to higher position than he could hope for in the legal profession, through his father's distinguished friends he obtained admission into the best society in London. Here he soon became a decided favorite on account of his personal beauty, his elegant manners, and his brilliancy in conversation. When 19 he visited Germany, and on his return to England entered upon his literary career, which was remarkably brilliant and successful. Ambitious of political as well as literary renown, after repeated failures he at last obtained a seat in Parliament, and has gone on up, conquering one obstacle after another, until for years he has been the leader of the House of Commons and minister of finance in the English cabinet.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the veteran caricaturist, is described as "a middle-sized, broad-shouldered man, in age, but yet full of vigor, sharp-nosed, hawk-beaked, eagle-eyed; with small, firm mouth, broad forehead and eager look, equally expressive of work, wit, humor and readiness." He is always a marked man among men, and attracts much attention. Still energetic, he began work when nineteen-twentieths of the present world were not born.

LOST LITTLE ONES.

LOOKING at each other across the river, across the valley, are the white stones that mark the sleeping places of our dead. The little brown mounds grow more frequent in the village cemeteries, and sad processions have, of late, with mournful frequence, wound up the path to the resting place where the cradles, now without rockers, lie silent and dumb.

The tiny soul-buds, just softening and swelling in the sunshine of paternal love, just throwing the dimpled tendrils around our necks, and tumbling sweet, broken syllables in our ears, are, with one gust of snow, swept away and hidden in the ground. There are the empty chair, the silent playthings, the little dress, limp for the want of the little form, and the crumpled shoes that will be dented no more with pattering feet; all wreathed with sad remembrances of the happy hours when the closed eyes danced with wonder at each fresh sight of the new creation.

Love for the little ones is all the world round the same. The sparrow croons just as tenderly over her "brownies" as the oriole over hers, clothed in velvet and gold. Hearts are inside of us all, and no costly weaving makes love the less or more. Brown hands can build castles in the air as deftly as white fingers, and all wring with equal sorrow at the wreck.

But think how full of pleasantness the little lives have been; the unfinished ring of their tiny years has been plaited all around with love and blossoms, the scent of the lilacs and lilies. The memory of caressings that in after years we forget, the dear ones carry with them to Heaven. Banished from one paradise to another—from this, where shadows sometimes drive away smiles, to where there are no shadows any more.

Sad it is to die young. Is it not sadder to die old?

How many there are that have babies that never grow up, that live life-long in the memory as the little ones that never wandered till we laid them quietly down beneath that green coverlid that needeth smoothing and softening no more.

Upon that mysterious, unknown sea that rolls all around the world, how many little souls daily drift out! Mothers in every land are crying on the shore, of their great loss, in anguish and in tears. But yonder invisible hands welcome the little earth-orphans, and celestial voices shout in glad delight that another angel is born in Heaven!—*Radii.*

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

A GREAT many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe, whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep a while when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplainingly she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves them all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has had time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain—this weary mother—that her breakfast is cold before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps, in the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. O! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold!

BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carried his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of pink and white maids. There is a slow growing beauty which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and improves the longer it exists.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHO SHALL ROLL THE ROCK AWAY?

Who shall roll the rock away,
That keeps the stubborn heart from GOD?
Who shall bid the wanderer stay,
And leave the paths of sin untrod?

Who shall speak with winning voice,
And reach the hardened, sin-worn heart?
Who bid the repentant soul rejoice
From vicious practices to part?

None but the Holy Spirit may
Recall the lost and erring one,
Illume the heart with truth's bright ray,
Which lights the erring sinner home.

To GOD who hears the fervent prayer,
Address thy deeply anguished cry,
Ask Him the lost one to prepare,
To dwell at last with Him on high.

Ask Him to roll the rock away,
That keeps the blinded heart in sin;
He can the tide of evil stay,—
The stubborn heart to peace can win.

B. C. D.

WHEN THE END COMETH.

HOWEVER careless-minded we may be, there will come, in our soberer moments, questionings as to what awaits us when the end shall approach—the end of this little fragment of being which we call life. Just so sure as that the days steal by, shall we come, sooner or later, to something new and strange, and of which we cannot fore-judge. We all feel this, more or less deeply; and we all question within ourselves if we are ready to welcome this new and strange something into our lives. For we all believe that the end of which we speak is not really an end; that there is more beyond; that further away into the forever than we can conceive, our beings are to reach,—that there is for us no absolute death.

Men may drive away these questionings, in a measure, and may perhaps delude themselves for a time into the belief that they have only to deal with the present. But is it wise to do this? Is it prudent to say "Soul, take thine ease?" It is not doing away with the grave fact of the coming change. When the end cometh,—and the end, as we term it, will come,—we shall be obliged to face—what?

In our whole catalogue of words there is nothing like that brief "forever,"—brief, as a word; longer than finiteness can measure, as a time. When the end cometh, the forever will begin. Here we can count upon nothing as lasting, but in that unending forever all things will be as unending as the forever itself. We shall joy on or sorrow on, laugh on or weep on, sing on or sigh on, with never a pause—never a summons to cease. Here we may be glad for a season and then sad for a season,—the forever knows neither season nor change. Here we may do evil, if we will, and satisfy conscience by a promise of better deeds by-and-by,—in the forever we must reap the bitter fruits of our evil-doing, or the sweet rewards of doing well. Ah, that incomprehensible forever! There are men whom the word haunts like a very demon,—men whose living is blackened by sin and crime; who pretend utter recklessness of the future, but in whose mind the little word echoes and re-echoes like a never-dying reproach.

And there are others who whisper it sweetly to themselves—for whom it is the refrain of a song that makes music in their hearts from morning until evening. To them it is suggestive of eternal gladness. Their full acceptance of salvation through CHRIST makes of the forever, for them, a long Sabbath of Rest. They feel that when the end cometh, there will come also Peace.

When the end cometh.—It may be next year, or next week, or—to-morrow. It cannot be far off, at the most. It may be nearer than we think; our short to-day may even now be illumined somewhat by the light of the never-ending to-morrow. Only a little while, and we shall greet the end which is but the beginning, and shall take into our life an eternal joy or sorrow.

SINGING WITH THE UNDERSTANDING.

THERE are poems, it is said, grander than ever bard wrote, which "ripple through lowliest lives," unheard and unseen. There is music also in the heart of man, though the lips be powerless to form it and the voice to utter it. And sometimes, we wot, this music has more of grandeur and beauty than that which lacks neither voice nor utterance. We think of this often, when our heart is yearning for the power to break forth into music and join the voices of Nature in their grand anthem of praise to God. We think of it, when, in church or vestry, or under the bright blue canopy of heaven, the gladsome hymns of faith and trust, which our fathers sung, go up once more to the very throne of God. And there is consolation in the thought to us, as there may be to some who read this, that though the lips be unskilled and the voice untaught, the heart may keep time and tune.

And we believe that oftentimes this music of the heart is more acceptable to God than is the music of the lips. Praise that is true praise consists not in skill or science. Better the thankful heart than the sweetest voice without it. The heavens declare the glory of God, though it be with unspoken voice, more than the streams that ripple and the birds that sing.

Then should ye who have the power to praise God with the voice, cherish it as one of the sweetest and highest gifts of God. And we, who have not this power, will still thank God that we can sing with the understanding, and make melody in our hearts.

OLD AGE WITHOUT RELIGION.—Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the furture world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

CHEERFULNESS.—He who would march well through *ill* to *good*, must march to music not by groans; and the harder the road, the braver and cheerier must the music be.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THROUGH NICARAGUA.—No. I.

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

SAILED from the 29th pier, New York, at 12 o'clock, July 1, 1867, the good ship Nevada, bound for the perilous seas.

"There were people in crowds on the piers,
There were friends to friends breathing farewell;
There were stout-hearted men and pale women in tears,
Some parting forever, and some for long years,
There were sorrows that tongue cannot tell."

To one who has never witnessed such a scene, it is impossible to give any graphic description of it. I might attempt to tell you how it appeared to *me*, and how my heart thrilled and surged with wild feeling and enthusiasm, as I looked upon that great heaving mass of humanity, whose upturned faces but reflected the heart-ache and longing in the faces on the ship. But I could not make you even then exquisitely *feel* all the mysterious workings of human sorrow and human passion as here manifested. There were tear-dimmed eyes, and white, quivering lips, and hurrying hither and thither along the pier, to catch the last look of "eyes that spake again," until we swung clear from our moorings, and steamed down the bay.

"There were hands grasped convulsively there,
And handkerchiefs waved in the breeze,
In the vessel's broad wake followed many a prayer
As she floated along, like a bird in the air,
On her way to the perilous seas."

And so we floated on and on; past the beautiful homes and spires of the City of Churches—on and on, until we could no longer see nor hear aught of the pulsations of the great city's heart,—on and on, until the last island was far behind, and our trusty pilot left us for the pilot-boat, and then on and on

"Alone, alone, on a wide, wide sea!"

How lovingly we took the last long look of the Jersey shore, feeling as though, when we lost sight of that, we were letting go our last hold upon home and loved ones, and thence should swing out into the great unknown.

And yet our hearts fly backward over all this waste of waters, over these restless seas, and cling with ever closer love, to the tried and true who so long for us. Think you the winds or waves, or time or tempest, can blot from our memory the pictures of a mother's sweet, pale face, or brother's or sister's last good bye,—or even the lingering caresses of nearer and dearer? Nay, verily. And our very loneliness makes this yearning for you all but more intense.

Days one, two and three went by, and still we were moving steadily on, under a beautiful sky, and over a summer sea. The sun shone brightly from its dawn to its setting, and the sea was blue and serene as the sky in summer evening. The morning of the *Fourth* came,—our grand Independence day; but it was ushered in by no booming cannon, nor flash of rocket,—no shout of school-boy, nor sharp crack of torpedo. No, we were out upon the deep, and dare make no display of fire-works, lest a mightier foe than even the ocean assail us. Yet all day long our beautiful flag floated in the breeze, proudly swinging her stripes and *all* her stars over us. We tried to sing the "Star Spangled Banner," but our hearts were too full, and our voices too husky to succeed, so we could only *look* our patriotism, and whisper tenderly of the land we loved. We passed San Salvador that day,—the island that COLUMBUS first looked upon, and thought it the new world, of which he had been so many weary months in search.

Castle and Crooked Islands looked very beautifully in the distance, and seemed grateful after so many days with naught but the wild rolling waves beneath us, and over us naught but the broad blue sky. Cuba sped by in the cover of night, as if she shunned the broad glare of day, and Jamaica appeared dim and shadowy in the distance. A thick mist hovered over her, and we could but just discern her outlines, and see now and then the bright gleam of her revolving light.

And then we left all these, and glided down into the Caribbean Sea, leagues and leagues away from our accustomed land-marks. Upon the rough bosom of this old sea, for nearly three days, we rolled and tossed unceasingly, till rolling and tossing seemed a part of our very being, an element, indeed, of our normal state. The result of all this commotion was a speedy experience of that peculiar good feeling which makes one inclined to turn inside out. We had heard and read much of this most delightful sensation, but never realized its comforts (?) before. In the midst of a social chat, I felt called upon to rush to the boat's side with great speed, and there immediately ensued a violent struggle of nature. Old Bilious had the best of it, and I retired from the field fully vanquished, and remained a captive for nearly three days.

We soon grew weary of this terrible rock and roll,—weary of trying to stand, or sit, or walk,—weary of endeavoring to satisfy hunger, when the food would as soon go anywhere else as into our mouths. Ocean-life is very beautiful for a few bright days; but when these lengthen into weeks, the isolation and dreariness become almost intolerable. The color of the water varies very much from time to time;—now a beautiful sea-green, flecked with foam, then "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," reflecting the rich hues of the sky, then again dull and leaden, lashing into blackness, as if angry and vindictive.

On the eighth day, we anchored off Greytown. The natives came swarming towards us in little boats, bringing tropical fruits and fancy work to sell. The little town looked pleasant and beautiful from the ship, but they told us it would seem otherwise, when once we entered its precincts. The sea was calm and smooth, and we rocked slowly and lightly, held secure by the iron at the cable's end. But up at the beach I saw the surf roll up cold and pitiless, dashing its spray far and near, and sadly I murmured—

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea;
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

"NEVADA."

RAILROAD UP MOUNT WASHINGTON.—We see it stated that the vertical railway up Mount Washington is to be completed during the coming season. It is being constructed on the west side of the mountain, and consists of a three-rail track, the central one being a cog rail. The car to run upon it is something similar to the ordinary "dummy," and is claimed to be perfectly safe. The length of the road will be, we think, about two miles, and the ascent can be made in a few minutes. But we should prefer, for the genuine pleasure of the thing, going up by carriage, on the splendidly macadamized Mt. Washington Carriage Road. The scenery varies with every turn in the road as it winds up the mountain-side, and new views are presented constantly, which surprise and charm the beholder.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANGLO-SAXON AGRICULTURE.

FROM TURNER'S History we cull some items of interest in regard to Anglo-Saxon Agriculture. The Ancient Britons, previous to the Saxon invasion, which took place in the fifth and sixth centuries, had developed Agriculture to so great an extent that England was one of the granaries of the Roman Empire. Fields were inclosed by hedges—boundaries were well defined—regular allotments for arable, pasture, meadow and wood land were made—gardens, orchards and vineyards were cultivated—roads were laid out and somewhat improved—villages and towns existed—all very much as is noted in a comparatively thinly settled agricultural country of our own times. The Anglo-Saxon invaders coming into a country thus prepared became at once an agricultural people.

A description of the figures illustrating an ancient Saxon Calendar will show much as to their habits and customs. The months of the year are represented as follows:

January—Men plowing with four oxen; one drives, another holds the plow and a third scatters seed.

February—Men pruning trees and vines.

March—One is digging, a second is sowing and a third is holding a pick-ax.

April—Three persons drinking with two servants standing near; a fourth is pouring out liquor into a horn.

May—A shepherd is sitting with his flocks about him while another person holds a lamb in his arms.

June—Some are reaping while others are putting the sheaves into a cart. One man is blowing a horn.

July—Persons cutting down trees.

August—Persons mowing.

September—A party on a boar hunt.

October—Hawking.

November—A smithery is shown.

December—Two men are thrashing—others are putting the grain into baskets,—one has a measure to ascertain the quantity, and another a notched stick on which he is keeping the tally.

This furnishes us an outline of the labors and the pleasures of an agricultural year.

A plowman thus describes his duties:—"I go out at daybreak urging the oxen to the field, and I yoke them to the plow. I have a boy to threaten the oxen with a goad, who is now hoarse through bawling. I also fill the bins of the oxen with hay and water them. It is a great labor because I am not free."

Thus speaks the shepherd:—"In the first part of the morning I drive my sheep to their pasture and stand over them in heat and in cold with dogs, lest the wolves destroy them. I lead them back to their folds and milk twice a day; I move the folds and make butter and cheese; and I am faithful to my lord."

And thus says the cowherd:—"When the plowman separates the oxen I lead them to the meadows, and all night I stand watching over them on account of thieves; and again in the morning I take them to the plow well fed and watered."

These servants were for the most part the descendants of the conquered and enslaved Britons.

The rental required from estates may be partially understood from Ina's laws, where it is declared that "ten hides of land shall furnish ten vessels of honey, three hundred loaves, twelve ambra of Welsh ale, thirty of clear ale, two old rams, ten wethers, ten geese, twenty hens, ten cheeses, an ambra full of butter, five salmon, twenty pounds' weight of fodder and an hundred eels." Another gives "ten mittas of malt, five of grits, ten mittas flour of wheat, eight gammons, sixteen cheeses and two fat cows; and in Lent eight salmon."

The implements of husbandry included plows, rakes, sickles, scythes, forks and flails. Of fish, eels formed the staple, and of flesh, swine were more commonly used than cattle. Their wheat was sown in *spring*. The belief was common that lands might be made more productive by exorcisms—the theory being held that lands are unproductive only when possessed by evil spirits, and when these were expelled abundant harvests would result. L. L.

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT OBJECTS UPON DIFFERENT PERSONS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has a curious compilation of facts relating to the effect of different objects upon the taste, feeling, and other senses of the body in different persons. A cat or a rabbit, and especially the fur of these animals, distresses those who are so peculiarly constituted as to be susceptible to such influences. Lobster salad changes the complexion of some who eat it, causing spots to break out all over them; shrimps and cockles also produce this effect. Veal produces nettle-rash; orange peal, nervous excitement. Figs in some stomachs, produce a sensation like that of swarming with ants. Rice acts like poison on some people, and they can detect the presence of even a few grains of it, no matter how well disguised. A case of a man's being sick unto death from eating mutton-chop is recorded; a case of fatality as pronounced as if he had eaten toad-stools. Under whatever form—broth, roasted, broiled—it always produced violent vomiting and diarrhoea. The touch of honey causes swelling of the tongue, frothing at the mouth, blueness of the fingers, in some people; in others, the application of mustard to the skin produces violent twitching of face, arms and legs. Some cannot remain in the same room with a cheese, and the surface of a russet apple, or the bristles of a brush, excite an exquisite nervous distress. The operations of the hay fever are another example of these constitutional eccentricities, as is the asthma in its variations, according to locality; some who are afflicted with it being unable to pass through certain streets without suffering a spasm of it. Other patients changing from the pure atmosphere of the country to the most unhealthful portions of the city are relieved from it.

In corroboration of these phenomena, in our own experience, we have met or known of persons to whom the eating of woodcock was the invariable cause of violent and dangerous sickness. Captain Ward, killed early in the war, on a gunboat in the Potomac, could not see or smell, much less eat, an egg, without a terrible revolution in his stomach. A gentleman we know cannot endure the presence of an apple anywhere near him. His son brought home one in his satchel, and carelessly and unbeknown to the family left it in the closet up stairs. The gentleman on entering the house detected the scent, and was obliged to remain out of doors until the obnoxious fruit was discovered and removed. Some of us, at least, are fearfully and wonderfully made.

ONLY two of the 1900 volumes of Dickens' works in the Mercantile Library, at New York, were on their shelves the day of his arrival in this country.

THE LATE MICHAEL FARADAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, the eminent Chemist, whose portrait we give above, died in London in August last. His life was an illustrious example of success attained over untoward circumstances. In 1812, when nineteen years of age, he was presented with a ticket to attend Sir HUMPHREY DAVY'S chemical lectures at the British Royal Institution. He took full notes of the lectures, and, panting to be emancipated from his almost mechanical occupation as a book-binder, and to be enlisted in the service of science, he ventured to send his notes to Sir HUMPHREY, and to explain to him his views and wishes. The way thus opened led to the gradual fulfillment of all the young student's aspirations. In 1813 FARADAY was appointed DAVY'S assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, with which his name has ever since been identified. In 1821 he made the discovery of the reciprocal relations of electricity and magnetism, which may be taken as the commencement of the long-continued researches in electricity which have made that science what it is, and have perhaps most largely contributed to FARADAY'S widely extended scientific reputation. In 1823 came his admission, as a corresponding member, to the French Academy of Sciences, and in 1825 his election as Fellow of the Royal Society. The "Chemical Manipulation" was published in 1827—a book of the utmost value to those engaged in chemical experiments, and from which the most practiced might learn as well as the youngest beginner. His methods of experimenting were always beautiful and simple, and his resources boundless, while, at the same time, he indulged little in the luxury of expensive apparatus, and the damage done by breakage of glass in his laboratory was incredibly small. His handling was as careful and delicate as the conception and general management of his experiment were far-sighted and original. The results of his chemical discoveries were announced from time to time in a series of papers with consecutively-numbered paragraphs, which commenced in the Philosophical Transactions for 1831, and which were collected and republished in three volumes, appearing respectively in 1839, in 1844, and in 1855.

PROPAGATION OF MINKS.

THERE is in Casadaga, Chautauqua county, N. Y., a minkery, of sufficient size to accommodate one hundred of these fur-bearing animals. The arrangements are simple and such as will conduce to the rapid, safe and successful raising of the *muffers*. The nest of the female is very peculiarly constructed of grass, leaves, or straw, with a lining of her own fur so firmly compacted together as to be with difficulty torn in pieces. About the middle of March the females are separated from the males until the young are reared. The necessity for this arises from the fact that the males seem inclined to brood the young almost as much as the dam, when both are permitted to remain together.

The expense of feeding the animals is almost nominal, being supplied pretty much entirely from the usual offal of the farm-yard, with occasional woodchucks and game in general. They eat this food with equal avidity after decomposition has taken place, devouring every particle of flesh, cartilage and the softer bones. The flesh and bones entire of the woodchuck are consumed often at a single meal. While the expense of keeping is thus trivial, the profitable yield of the animal is comparatively immense, it being considered a moderate estimate to claim that one mink with her increase will equal the avails of a cow. Should this calculation hold good, when the propagation of the mink is carried to a large scale, the business becomes one of the most profitable in the world. So far, experience with the undomesticated mink has not been satisfactory, as their shyness cannot be overcome, and they have never obtained any increase from the animals in their wild state. They have to be taken when young and domesticated.

INGROWING TOE NAIL.

DR. BAILEY, in the Leavenworth Medical Journal, suggests the following method of healing this annoying deformity:

I have found that the *second* toe always presses against, and rather beneath, the side of the great toe, which very naturally produces the whole trouble. It has occurred to me, therefore, that if this constant *cause* could be dispensed with, and at the same time pressure applied in such a manner as to press the flesh *away* from the nail, a permanent cure could be effected without the use of the knife, which is justly dreaded by the patient. To accomplish this, I got up a bandage, by taking a piece of strong muslin about one inch wide, and *just* long enough to make *two* loops (by sewing,) one large enough to slip over the great toe, and the other to slip over the third toe, and bring them close together, letting the second toe rest over or above the bandage, where it furnishes precisely the required pressure to crowd the soft parts away from the nail, and at the same time remove the pressure that caused the disease. In the few cases that I have used this simple appliance it has been followed by complete success. It is convenient, not troublesome to apply, and can be worn without dispensing with ordinarily tight boots or shoes, which is sometimes quite an important thing, especially if the patient is a lady.

REGRET not a golden age that is behind. There is one before, and it beckons you. Its rewards are not for the idle, but for brave hearts disciplined to toil.

AURORA BOREALIS.

THE following description of the Northern Lights, by GEORGE MCDONALD, is very life-like:

"It was a still, lovely night, clear and frosty, with—yes, there were—millions of stars overhead. Away in the north, the streamers were shooting hither and thither, with marvelous evanescence and regeneration. No dance of goblins could be more lawless in its grotesqueness than this dance of the northern lights in their ethereal beauty, shining, with a wild, ghostly changefulness and feebleness, all colors at once; now here, now there, like a row of slender organ pipes, rolling out and in and along the sky. Or they might have been the chords of some gigantic stringed instrument, whose chords became visible only when mighty hands of music struck their keys and set them vibrating; so that, as the hands swept up and down the Titanic key-board, the chords themselves seemed to roll along the heavens, though, in truth, some vanished here and others appeared yonder. Up and down they darted, and away and back—and always in the direction he did not expect them to take. He thought he heard them crackle, and he stood still to listen; but he could not be sure that it was not the snow sinking and *crisping* beneath his feet. All around him was still as a world too long frozen; in the heavens alone was there motion. There this entranced dance of color and shape went on, wide beneath, and tapering up to zenith! Truly, there was revelry in heaven! One might have thought that a prodigal son had just got home, and that the music and the dancing had begun, of which only the far-off rhythmic shine could reach the human sense; for a dance in heaven might well show itself in color to the eyes of men."

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

MANY an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladder and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will not need the bladder. Give your child a good education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God, the better.

HOW SOUND TRAVELS.—Sound travels through the air at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second; but as this speed depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperature its rate is 1,090 feet a second; at 80° Fahrenheit, it is 1,140 feet. So that sound travels slower in winter than in summer. Its velocity through other substances is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4,160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times this speed.

Reading for the Young.

TIDE MARKS.

IT was low tide when we went down to Bristol, and the great, gray rocks stood up, bare and grim, above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked, of my friend.

"Oh, that is the *tide mark*," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises, until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh," thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carried *tide marks* on their faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said:

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie; the sun shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, peevishly.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the blind, and turned her face away from the window. Oh dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout, and the queer little marks on the forehead had deepened into actual *wrinkles*.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how bad you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passion;" for these evil tempers leave their marks just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness that it must carry the marks to the grave.

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "*tide marks*."

THE THERMOMETER.

THERMOMETER is a Greek word, and means heat-measure. Mr. Fahrenheit, who invented the kind of thermometer which is used in this country and in England, lived in a warmer climate than ours. He never breathed the keen air of a zero-cold morning; but he knew what the boys and girls who make ice-cream know so well—that a mixture of snow and salt or pounded ice and salt, is much colder than ice alone. Indeed, he thought that such a mixture was so cold that there could not possibly be any heat in it at all. So he concluded that the temperature of this mixture would be a good starting-point from which to mark off the scale of his thermometer. Putting the bulb into the snow and salt, he marked the point to which the mercury, which fills the tube, fell, 0 (cipher,) zero, nothing; because, as before said, he thought the amount of heat was nothing. But had he lived in our cold New England, instead of Germany, he would have found, perhaps to his sorrow, that our wintry air is often colder than his ice and salt. Then, if the air is ever colder than this mixture, it follows that there must be some heat in the ice and salt to make it warmer than the air. So Mr. Fahrenheit was mistaken about his zero's expressing, as he intended it should, no heat. Indeed, chemists tell us that, by an experiment which they know how to perform, they can produce a degree of cold compared with which Fahrenheit's zero is quite hot.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

STARTING JUST RIGHT.

SAYS Amos Lawrence of himself:—"We five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink, compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc., with biscuit,—all palatable to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks, I found myself admonished by my appetite of the hour of indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain one week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was five years longer. During that period I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily for my master and his customers. I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it, and even now have in my drawer a superior Havana cigar, given me not long since by a friend, but only to smell of. I have never in my life, smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now, I say, to this simple fact of *starting just right* am I indebted, with God's blessings on my labor, for my present position, as well as that of numerous connections sprung up around me."

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GIVERS.

A LITTLE boy who had plenty of cents dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus, the heathen, or the missionary. His was a *tin* penny. It was as light as a scrap of tin.

Another boy put a penny in, and as he did so looked around with a self-applauding gaze, as if he had done some great thing. His was a *brass* penny. It was not the gift of a "lowly heart," but of a proud spirit.

A third gave a penny, saying to himself, "I suppose I must because all the others do." That was an *iron* penny. It was the gift of a cold, hard heart.

As the fourth boy dropped his penny in the box he shed a tear, and in his heart said, "Poor heathens. I'm sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a *silver* penny. It was the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his cent with a throbbing heart, saying to himself, "For thy sake, O loving Jesus, I give this penny, hoping that the poor heathen whom thou lovest will believe in thee and become thy disciples." That was a *golden* penny, because it was the gift of love.

How many of our readers give golden pennies?—*Spirit of Missions.*

THE POOR BOY.—Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. There is our next door neighbor, in particular, now one of our wealthy men, who told us a short time since that when a child he was glad to get the cold potatoes from a neighbor's table.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE recent action of the Assembly, upon the Erie Railroad bill, has evoked much comment, and charges of corruption have been made by the press, and the public at large. It seems that there may be some truth in such charges, as they have been made, directly, by Mr. E. M. K. Glenn, a member of the Assembly from Wayne County. On Wednesday of last week that gentleman presented to the Speaker from his seat in the House, a statement distinctly charging that the report on the Erie Railroad bill was bought; that a portion of the vote on the floor of the House in adopting the said report, was bought; that members of the House were engaged in buying their fellow members; that a portion of the vote on the Harlem Milk bill was bought; that some of the committees of the House charge for reports, and, generally, corruption, deep, dark and damning, on a portion of the House. A resolution and amendment were adopted providing for a special Committee of five to investigate said charges and any other. The Committee, as appointed by the Speaker, consists of Messrs. Allis of Onondaga; Lasher of Oswego; Button of Cattaraugus; Frear of New York; and Dayton of Erie.

In the Court of Impeachment, on Thursday, the Assembly Managers appeared at the bar of the Senate. Hon. S. M. Weed appeared as counsel for the Managers, and Hons. John H. Reynolds and Henry Smith appeared as counsel for Mr. Dorn. The committee on rules submitted a series of rules for the government of the court, which were adopted. The respondent was given until the 9th inst., to make answer to the articles of impeachment.

Some speculation having been had as to whether the term of office of the Superintendent of Instruction really expires this Spring, or not, Mr. Folger, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee has reported as the unanimous opinion of the Committee that said term of office does so expire.

A young girl, eighteen years of age, named Flora Morton, committed suicide in Utica, on Wednesday night, by shooting herself through the heart with a pistol. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of suicide while in a fit of temporary insanity.

Hon. Alonzo C. Paige of Schenectady, long known in public life, died at his residence on the 31st ult.

Gov. Fenton has nominated, and the Senate has confirmed, Hon. James A. Bell, of Jefferson Co., as Auditor of the Canal Department.

Buffalo had a sensation on Saturday, caused by the arrival there of Weston, the pedestrian. He entered the city at the close of a hundred miles' walk, which he accomplished in twenty-three hours and a quarter, over heavy roads.

The Erie litigation came up in the Supreme Court in New York city again on Saturday on several motions, but proceedings were deferred for one week.

A large brick building in Syracuse, occupied as a coffee and spice mill, was burned on Sunday. Loss $42,000.

Hon. John Magee, a very wealthy resident of Watkins, died in that village of paralysis, on the 5th inst.

From Washington.

AT half past twelve o'clock on Monday, the 30th ult., the Impeachment Trial was resumed. Mr. Butler made the opening speech, on behalf of the Managers, and spoke at great length. He presented the propositions upon which the House of Representatives would endeavor to sustain the cause of the people against the President; reviewed the impeachment trials of other countries in order to show, in the light of those precedents what really constituted impeachable offenses; defined an impeachable high crime or misdemeanor; referred to the impeachment of Lord Danby, a case, he said, which went a great way towards establishing the principle that no minister could shelter himself behind the throne by pleading obedience to the orders of his sovereign, and reviewed the question whether the High Court of Impeachment was really the Senate or not, and passed on the matter of the competency of one of the triers on account of affinity to the accused. He then made an extended argument in favor of Impeachment. His friends pronounced the speech the most able effort of his life.

After the opening argument, Mr. Wilson offered in evidence certified copies of the oath of office of President Johnson; of the appointment of Secretary Stanton by President Lincoln, and of the ratification of the said nomination; of Johnson's communication to the Senate assigning reasons for the suspension of the Secretary of War—after which the Court adjourned for the day.

The Trial continued from day to day, through the week. The testimony taken was that offered by the Managers, and consisted mainly of documents, speeches, and statements of various stenographers, certifying to language used by the President in his speeches in different parts of the country. Nearly all the evidence offered was admitted by the Court. A question as to the powers of the Chief Justice, as presiding officer, came up on Tuesday, but was settled by the Senate in a secret consultation, the result of which was a rule providing that the Chief Justice should pass upon all questions of evidence, and all incidental questions, or that he might, at his option, submit any such question to a vote of the Senate.

The Chief Clerk in the State Department testified as to the manner of issuing commissions for certain officers in the Treasury and State Departments, which he prepared in the State Department. He stated that shortly after the passage of the Tenure-of-Office act a change was made in the form of commissions, the words "To hold until removed by the President with the consent of the Senate" being left out. The Managers claimed to see in this fact a recognition of the Tenure-of-Office act by the President.

Much documentary evidence was subsequently produced, after which, on Saturday afternoon, Mr. Butler informed the Senate that the case on the part of the House of Representatives was substantially closed, although they might call a few more witnesses whose testimony would be only cumulative.

Mr. Curtis, on behalf of the President's counsel, then made a motion that when the Court adjourn, it be to Thursday next, in order to afford them three working days in which to prepare their testimony. He stated that they would not have much oral testimony to offer, but required time to arrange their documentary evidence.

A motion by Senator Conness to adjourn until Wednesday was amended, making it Thursday, and was then carried by a vote of 37 to 10, whereupon the Court was declared adjourned until that day.

Gen. Hancock has opened the temporary headquarters of his new Military Division, and has there received calls from nearly all the officers in the district.

The House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, have agreed to report a bill providing for the establishment of an American Line of mail and emigrant passenger steamships between New York and Bremen, touching at Southampton, England. The company is to fit out within one year seven first class steamers, to secure the construction of which the Government will guarantee the payment of the bonds to an amount not exceeding $3,500,000.

A reduction of the clerical force in the Treasury Department is now going on. About a dozen female clerks and copyists were discharged a few days ago, and many more have been notified that they will be discharged. The report that other female clerks are being appointed is a mistake. No appointments of any kind are being made.

The Reconstruction Committee have concluded their examination of the Florida Constitution question, and will doubtless decide in favor of the Reed Constitution, as it is called, which is endorsed by Gen. Meade and was adopted by the full Convention, after the records had been completed by that officer, to return to Tallahassee.

Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend has prepared a statement of all the military divisions and departments formed during the past fifty years, showing that the same were formed by order of the several Presidents. The account is prepared at the request of the Executive, to be included in his response to the Senate resolution inquiring by what authority the President directed the creation of the Division of the Atlantic.

From the West.

THE California Legislature ajourned *sine die* on the 30th ult. Among the principal acts passed during the session are the following:—Creating a State University and providing funds for the same. Granting terminal privileges to the Pacific Railroad and finally selling out the side land titles of San Francisco. Abolishing the State Geological Survey, an appropriation being made to meet deficiency during the past two years, and to wind up its affairs. The Legislature refused to repeal the Sunday law.

The Indian Peace Commissioners held a short session at Omaha, on the 1st inst. Gen. Sherman left for Washington next day, and Gen. Augur will take his place on the Commission. The Commissioners were to leave for the North Platte in a few days, where they expect to meet Spotted Tail and other chiefs of the Brule, Ogallalla and Sioux, who did not sign the treaty made last fall. It is expected that they will now accept and sign it on the terms then offered. From the North Platte the Commission will proceed to Fort Laramie where they have promised to meet the Indians at the full of the moon. Upon the conclusion of their business at Laramie a part of the Commission will proceed to New Mexico.

A bloody war has broken out between the Ida Elmore and Golden Chariot Mining Companies, owing to conflicting claims. The United States Marshal was at Silver City, with a proclamation commanding the rioters to disperse and notifying them that the whole force of the Territory would be called on to aid the authorities in suppressing disturbances.

Two trains were captured by Cheyenne Indians 25 miles below Fort Dodge a few weeks since.

A fire in Chicago on the 5th inst., damaged property to the extent of $50,000.

A portion of a block on Woodbridge street, Detroit, was burned on the 4th inst. Loss $70,000.

The municipal election in St. Louis on the 3d inst., was carried by the Democracy.

Reports from Southern and Central Illinois are, almost without exception, that the winter wheat passed through the cold weather successfully, and promises an unprecedented harvest. Farmers all over the West are taking advantage of the unusually early opening of the season to sow their grain. If summer will be anything like as favorable for farmers as the spring is, the northwest will astonish the world with the extent of its crop this year.

The bill to bridge the Ohio River at Cincinnati has passed the Ohio Legislature and the company has been formed.

Gov. Oglesby has issued a proclamation designating the 15th of April next, the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

A pail factory at Two Cross Rivers, Wis., was burned Wednesday night. Loss thirty thousand dollars.

From the South.

A. A. BRADLEY, a colored lawyer of Savannah, is circulating through Georgia a printed warning, addressed to bad men, that if they strike a blow they will be followed to the house that shelters them, and it will be burned. It has caused considerable excitement.

In the Mississippi Constitutional Convention, on the 1st inst., the report of the Legislative Committee was adopted on the third reading. The Immigration Committee submitted a plan of immigration which provides for forming a stock company, whose object will be to purchase, lease and improve land, and have power to borrow money on mortgages.

The newly elected Legislature of Arkansas met and organized on the 3d inst., at the capitol. The result of the voting on the Constitution at the military polls has not been announced, yet there is little doubt the State has gone against the Constitution by 5,000 majority.

The trial of Jefferson Davis was again postponed on the 2d inst., till the second of May.

A large cave has been explored near Bentonville, Arkansas. One chamber is six hundred feet wide, and three hundred feet high. The cave has been explored to the distance of nine miles.

Charles Billet of New Orleans, recently committed suicide by preparing something like a bomb-shell, then locking himself in his room and waiting for the explosion. His body was shockingly mutilated.

Hon. G. W. Ashburn of Columbus, Ga., who has been a prominent Republican reconstructionist, was murdered last Monday by parties unknown.

A fire at Wadesboro, N. C., on the 3d inst. destroyed the court house, jail and seven stores.

Evacuation day was celebrated by the colored societies in Richmond. About 3,000 blacks gathered on the square and listened to addresses from black speakers. Good order prevailed.

The Registry lists have been re-opened in New Orleans for revision and additional registry for five days preparatory to the coming election.

The examination of the warehouse frauds in tobacco, at Galveston, shows fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and nine pounds credited, over one-half of which are missing.

The artillery school of the U. S. Army at Fortress Monroe was formally opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 31st ult.

A disastrous fire occurred at Franklin, Tenn., on the 4th inst., by which about twelve houses on and adjoining the public square were burned. Loss estimated at $60,000.

D. H. Evans, a well-known liquor dealer in Memphis, has been arrested on charge of defrauding the revenue, and his establishment, valued at $60,000, has been seized.

Gen. Schofield has ordered the military commissioner to report the names of all elective officers in Virginia, whose terms have expired, in order that, if they are not eligible for re-election, suitable persons may be appointed by the General.

Gen. Meade has declared Judge Irwin ineligible for the office of Governor of Georgia, and he has withdrawn from the canvass. Gen. Gordon will be nominated.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Cretan Commission at Athens, has addressed an appeal for help to all the Sovereigns of Europe, and the President of the United States. The Holy Father was the first to respond, by forwarding 3,000 f. The King of Greece contributes 15,000 f.

News from Crete is to the effect that another battle has been fought and resulted in the death of 200 Turks, although the Sultan's gunboats were in the immediate vicinity of the battle field. Gen. Corones landed at Canea on the 1st inst., with a fresh supply of picked volunteers, and others were about to follow.

In Algeria they say that already over two hundred thousand human beings have fallen before famine and the diseases consequent on famine.

In the debate which occurred in the British House of Commons the 2d inst., (Thursday night,) on the Irish Church question, the Liberals stoutly advocated Mr. Gladstone's claim to office, in place of D'Israeli's. Mr. Robert Lowe, member for Calne, quoted statistics to show that out of one hundred of the population of Ireland, seventy-eight were Catholics, nine were Presbyterians, and twelve belonged to the Irish Protestant Church Establishment. The latter church was alone aided by the Government, though its congregations were made up of the wealthiest classes of the community. The Irish people would be more than human if they could tamely submit to this. The tories claimed to be truly liberal. Let them prove it or retire. The Liberal party in the House had a leader whom they could trust. They were sure he would fulfill all his professions. Mr. Lowe ridiculed the course of the Ministers. Such a line of action would destroy all confidence between the executive and legislative departments of the government. All honest men were disgusted. The Premier had carried inconsistency and audacity to a height which the House, consulting its dignity, could not tolerate on a topic so solemn as that under discussion.

The debate was continued on the night of the 3d inst., and Disraeli admitted that there was something critical in the affairs of Ireland. When the debate closed Mr. Gladstone's motion for the disendowment of the Protestant Church of Ireland was carried by a majority of fifty-six. It is thought this victory of the Liberals will result in the overthrow of the Disraeli Government.

Mr. Ward Hunt, Chancellor of the English Exchequer, has asked leave in the House of Commons to bring in a bill for the purchase by the government of all the lines of telegraph in the kingdom.

The revenue returns of Great Britain for the past quarter of a year have been published and show a deficiency of five millions sterling.

ASSASSINATION IN URUGUAY.—The news from Montevideo, Uruguay, is to the effect that General Valencio Flores, the President, had been murdered by some confederates of his son Fortunato, it is supposed, the latter having pronounced against his father, and having been defeated and banished. Col. Lorenzo Battle, the Minister of War, has been elected President in his place.

CUBAN NEWS.—The Bishop embarked for Cadiz on the 30th ult. He ordered all the church bells to be rung on the occasion of his departure. He also drew on the Banco Espanal for $40,000, funds belonging to the new cemetery, but Lersundi prevented the payment of the check. Lersundi's Chief-of-Staff goes in the same vessel with the Bishop as bearer of dispatches.

FIRES IN NEW ENGLAND.—A large hotel, the county Court House, and several stores in Rutland, Vt., were burned on the 2d inst. Loss about $40,000. A fire in Milford, Mass., on the same day, destroyed Underwood's boot manufactory, the loss amounting to $25,000.

ELECTION IN RHODE ISLAND.—The State Election in Rhode Island last week resulted in a victory for the Republicans. Gen. Burnside was re-elected Governor, by a small majority.

FOR the kitchen there is nothing of its kind better than the Doty Washing-Machine and Universal Clothes-Wringer, for which *R. C. Browning*, 32 Courtlandt street, is general agent.—*The New York "Evening Post," Friday, Dec. 20, 1867.*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Our readers are referred to the announcement in our advertising columns.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 7, 1868.

THE National Banks throughout the country made their quarterly returns yesterday. In this locality the banks while preparing for the statement continued to afford their customers about the usual amount of accommodation. Money has been in active demand for a week, but no very marked stringency existed. It is expected the banks will be better supplied with currency than for some time past.

In New York the pressure still continues. The Commercial Advertiser of Saturday says:—"Although the preparations for the bank statement are now past, the banks do not appear to be in a condition to do much for borrowers."

At Boston the last week is reported as one of great financial stringency. The Bulletin says:—"The loans of the banks have been very high, and the wants of all classes of borrowers have been steadily upon the increase for several weeks."

The gold market continues weak. The advance of our securities in Europe, the rise of cotton in Liverpool, the large arrivals from California, the light shipments of specie to Europe, with the coming heavy gold interest payments, are among the prominent causes of the downward tendency that has existed. Sales at the New York Board were made yesterday at 138¾.

Governments are very firm at an advance. Seven-Thirties are bought to considerable extent by the Government. The compound interest notes due in May amount to about twenty-five millions.

WOOL.—The Eastern wool market has been quiet during the last week. The sales in Boston for the week amount to 936,000 lbs., at about former prices. The coarser grades are now mostly in favor, as manufacturers are turning their attention to heavy fabrics adapted to the fall trade.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—There are no important changes to notice. The prospect of an early opening of lake navigation, when the western accumulations of the winter will come forward, tends to prevent any decided advance in prices.

The produce market during the past week has been quiet, with but little change in quotations from those of the previous one. Butter is rather scarce, and a slight appreciation has taken place in the best samples. There is nothing doing in Barley or Hops, which are nominal at quotations. Corn is in less demand and prices are a shade lower, while Rye is scarce and slightly advanced. The Wool trade is dull and receipts light. Little change is anticipated till the new clip is thrown upon the market.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 7.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,22; Mill feed, $24@25. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,65@1,75; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $1,90@2,05; Beans, $4,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@25,50; Beef, cwt., $8,00@12,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,00; Hams, 16@17cts Shoulders, 12@11½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 35@45c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 16@17c; Tallow, 9@9½c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, 90c@$1,00; Apples, green, ⅌ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ⅌ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 30@38c; Honey, box, ⅌ ℔., 20@25c. Hay, ⅌ ton, $15@25. Maple Sugar, 16@20c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 12½@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,62½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 26½@30c; Flour, $9,15@15,00; Rye Flour, $7,75@9,65; Wheat, $2,50@3,25; Rye, quiet; Barley unchanged; Corn, $1,18@1,27; Oats, 85@85½cts; Pork, mess, $25,00@25,75; prime, $20,75@21,25; prime mess, $23,00@23,25; Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,00; Beef hams, $32,00@36,00; Shoulders, 10½@11½c; Hams, 14½@15½c; Bacon, 13@14½c; Lard, 15½@16c; Butter, 20@53c; Cheese, 13@16½c.

ALBANY, APRIL 4.—Flour, $9,00@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,87½. Corn Meal, $2,60@2,70 ⅌ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,90@2,95. Rye, $1,87. Barley, $1,35@2,05. Corn, $1,30. Oats, 88c. Clover seed, medium, 10@11½c; large, 17@17c. Timothy seed, $2,50@3,00. Pork, clear, $28,00; shear clear, $28,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 17c, and shoulders 11c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 17@17½c. Butter, 40@55c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 4.—Flour, $10,25@15,00; Wheat, $2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,06@1,06, Oats, 76@77c; Rye, $1,70; Barley, $2,10@2,35; Peas, $1,45@1,55; Beans, $1,50@5,00; Pork, mess, $24,00@25,00; Lard, 16½@17½c; Shoulders, 12@12½c; Hams, 17c; Clover seed, medium, $7,25@7,50; Pea-vine do. $10,00@10,25; Timothy, $2,60@2,75; Flax, $2,30; Salt, $2,55 fine, $2,60 coarse ⅌ bbl.; Butter, 30@45c; Cheese, 13@17c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 4—Flour, $8,50@10,50; Wheat, $1,91@2,05; Corn, 81½@82½c; Oats 56@60; Rye, $1,55@1,55; Barley, $2@2,42½; Pork, mess, $19,50@24,00; Lard, 15@15½cts; Shoulders, 10c; Bacon, 11@13½c; Butter, 15@42c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1,80@2,30; clover, $7,00@8,00.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 4.—Flour, $9,75@13,50; Wheat, $2,15@2,65; Corn, 84@86c car; Oats, 65@70c; Rye, $1,72@1,78; Barley, $2,75@2,85; Mess pork, $24@25,00; Lard, 15½@16c; Bacon, 11@14½c; Clover seed, 13¼@13½c. ⅌ ℔; Timothy, $2,20@2,45.

TORONTO, APRIL 1—Flour, $7@8,25; Wheat, fall, $1,75@1,80; Spring, $1,50@1,63; Oats, 38@60c; Barley, $1@1,45; Peas 60@81cts; Pork, mess, $15@19,50; Bacon, 7½@7½c; Hams, 9½@12cts; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 15@20c; Butter, 15@23c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30—Beeves—Receipts 3,491 head; quotations 10@19c. Veal calves; receipts 1395 head; quotations 11@13½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 14,367 head; quotations Sheep 5½@9c; Lambs 5@8½c. Swine—Receipts 11,506 head; quotations, 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, APRIL 2—Beef Cattle sell at 4½@12½c; Milch Cows, $40@90; Sheep and Lambs, 7½@9½c; Hogs, 7½@9½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, APRIL 1—Beeves range from 11@15½c; Working Oxen, $160@300 ⅌ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 6@8c; extra, 8½@10c; by the head, $3@2,50; Hides, 8@9½c. ⅌ ℔.; Tallow, 8@8½c; Calf skins, 16@18c. ⅌ ℔.; Pelts, 62c@$2,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, APRIL 4—Beef Cattle, 6@8½c. Veal Calves, 5@7½c. Sheep, $2,25@6. Hogs, $7,10@9,75.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 2—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,00; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Hogs, 7½@10½c.

TORONTO, APRIL 1.—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@6,00; Calves, $4@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4.—Market is firm. Sales are 300,000 lbs. at 43@57½c. for Domestic Fleece, 30c. for scoured, 43@48c for pulled, 23½@31c. for Texas, and 25@33c for California.

BOSTON, APRIL 1—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 25@55c; 52@60c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@46c; California, 21@31c; Texas, 27½@30c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, MARCH 31—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 33@41c.; Medium, 37@42c.; Coarse, 33@37c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, MARCH 31—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 38@39c.; Unwashed, 23@25c.: Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—STENCIL TOOL SAMples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

CANCERS CURED WITHOUT PAIN, USE OF the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address Drs. BABCOCK & SON,
951-3t 700 Broadway, New York.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 20 cents. Twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG,
951-2t 94 Columbia St., New York City.

WOOD'S BOTANY.
More sold Annually than of all others combined.
OBJECT LESSONS, $1.25. CLASS BOOK, $3.50.
951-2t A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers, New York.

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL THE CELEbrated MOHAWK VALLEY STEEL CLIPPER PLOW. The best Steel Plow in the world. Send for circular. Apply to Agricultural Implement and Seed Warehouse, 55 and 60 Courtlandt St., New York. GRIFFING & CO.

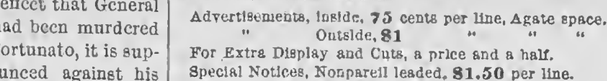
LIFE INSURANCE—WANTED.—By an established Life Insurance Company, experienced agents, with good business abilities and prospects, to canvass the State of New York. Liberal terms will be made. Address, WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
951-2t 117 Broadway, New York.

A FIRE ENGINE FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD—And superior Green-House Syringe, Light Force Pump, and Garden Engine, in one, for $5. Nothing equals it for applying liquids to destroy insects on vines and fruit trees, or garden and field crops. *Local Agents Wanted in every Town in the United States.* For Price List and Circulars, send stamp to
N. E. PORTABLE PUMP CO., Danvers, Mass.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.—"The Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam is one of the best medicines for COUGHS, COLDS and PULMONARY COMPLAINTS ever offered to the public. *Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it* and *thousands of families* keep it on hand as a standard family medicine." Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors. 951-4t

TO THOSE WHO LOVE FLOWERS.—I have a choice variety of Flower Seeds on hand: Double Zinnias, French and German Asters, Tropæolum, French Marigold, African Rose, Heddewiggi Pinks, Splendid English Pansies, Mignonette, Viscaria Scabiosa, Cardinalis, &c., &c.—all choice. For 50 cents and stamp I will send 12 kinds, and 24 kinds for $1. Address
951-4t MRS. H. C. KENT, Scipeoville, N. Y.

STIMPSON'S SCIENTIFIC GOLD PENS.



No. 22, FINE. No. 41 MEDIUM. No. 66 COARSE. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $2.00. With Ink-Retaining Penholder, $4.50. A. S. BARNES & CO., N. Y.

A WATCH FOR $1.—THE MAGNETIC Time Indicator and Compass, in a neat case with glass shade, steel and German silver works, white enameled dial, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable. Warranted to denote correct time, and keep in order for two years. Where satisfaction is not given, the money will be returned. Sent, post-paid, for $1; three for $2; or by Express, C. O. D., on receipt of $1 as a guarantee. 951-3t
Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

WE WILL PAY
$1000 REWARD
to any person who will prove that any other concern sell WEB'S COTTON CLOTH, DRESS PATTERNS, PANT PATTERNS, SEWING MACHINES, WATCHES, DRY and FANCY GOODS, &c., as good and as cheap as the undersigned. Send 10 cents for Patent Pen Fountain, and get a slip describing an article in our Dollar Sale, or send in clubs of from 50 to 100 at 10 cents each. 5,000 more male and female agents wanted. Samples and circulars mailed free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston.

WE HAVE JUST ISSUED THE 15th Edition of our large ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with a complete Price-List of every article contained therein.
This is a handsome volume of nearly 300 pages, and about 600 illustrations, printed on fine tinted paper, and contains the most complete list of the latest improvements in Machinery, Implements and Small Tools for the Plantation, Farm or Garden, that has ever been published. It has also a brief notice of our Seeds, an extended article on the best Fertilizers now used, and a summary of the various breeds of Domestic Animals, handsomely illustrated. It is thus far beyond a mere advertising medium, and too expensive to be given away; we are therefore selling it to all applicants for $1,00, which is much less than its actual cost, and will send it, post-paid, by mail on receipt of the price. Address as follows:
R. H. ALLEN & CO.,
951-2teo P. O. Box 376, New York.

"THE PULPIT,"—A JOURNAL of Public Speaking, Pure Literature and Practical Religion, containing the best things said by the Clergy and Public Men, the world over.
No Journal like it in the world. By our plan,
SENT ONE YEAR FOR NOTHING!
☞ Send 10 cents with your address to
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PUBLISHED BY
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Alden's Text Book of Ethics	$ 60
Summary of English and French History	40
Willard's Revised United States History	1 25
Worman's Elementary German Grammar	1 25

TO TEACHERS FOR EXAMINATION, HALF PRICE. DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of 300 School Books, 5cts.

AGENTS WANTED.
"The Life of Jesus Christ our Lord,"
By Rev. Z. EDDY, D. D., with an introduction by Rev. R. S. STORRS, Jr., D. D., is the BEST selling work now offered agents. One agent reports 35 orders in four days. Another 25 in 30 hours. One, 22 sales in making 40 calls. Circulars and terms sent free on application. Address
951-2t W. J. HOLLAND & CO., Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL STIMPSON'S SCIENTIFIC PENS

AND INK-RETAINING PENHOLDER.
A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 & 113 William st., N. Y.

ARE YOU OUT OF EMPLOYMENT?—Send at once to DERBY & MILLER, Publishers, New York, and secure an agency for
Headley's Life and Campaigns of General Grant.
It is the *most complete*, most *popular*, and *best illustrated* subscription book published, and the most liberal terms given to agents.
Every family will desire a copy of the Life and Public Services of the *next* PRESIDENT. If you want to make money surely and honestly we advise you to address the above firm for further particulars. 951-2t

SILVER PHEASANT'S EGGS FOR SALE—$1,00 per dozen. Last year my hens averaged 210 eggs each. G. W. CONE, Stanley Corners, N. Y.

516

ARTIFICIAL LEGS AND ARMS.—SELPHO'S Patent are the best. They are light, strong and durable, have stood the longest test of any, and contain the latest improvements. Pamphlets free. Address
951-4t] WM. SELPHO & SON, 516 Broadway, New York.

GRANT—THE LIFE OF.—A NEW AND standard work by Hon. J. T. HEADLEY, the popular Historian, in one handsome volume. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this. Also, THE HISTORY OF OUR NAVY IN THE REBELLION; GRANT AND SHERMAN AND THEIR GENERALS (English and German,) and three other standard works by the same author; the best chance ever offered men and women to make money.
E. B. TREAT & CO, Publishers,
951-13t 654 Broadway New York.

SAFETY.
THE NON-EXPLOSIVE OIL COMPANY,
No. 76 COURTLANDT ST., NEW YORK, SELL AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AN EXTRA REFINED PETROLEUM OIL, THE PUREST, WHITEST AND BEST MADE. CAN BE USED WITH ANY BURNER, AND GIVES A BRIGHT, SOFT, AND STEADY LIGHT, WITHOUT SMOKE OR SMELL. FIVE GALLON CANS, IN BOXES, $3 EACH. SENT BY ANY EXPRESS, OR AS ORDINARY FREIGHT.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULAR. 951-2t

AGENTS WANTED—FOR THE LIFE of GEN. U. S. GRANT.—By Hon. Henry C. Deming. The *only work of the kind issued under the sanction and by the authority of Grant himself.* The author is well known as one of the most brilliant writers and eloquent orators in the country. Agents will find this one of the most intensely interesting Biographies ever published in America, and will meet with a ready sale. For particulars, address
S. S. SCRANTON & CO.,
951-4t No. 126 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn.

GRAY'S IMPROVED
PATENT HORSE POWER
AND
Machines for Threshing and Cleaning Grain.
Also, Machines for Sawing Wood with Circular and Cross-Cut Drag Saws, manufactured and sold by A. W. GRAY & SONS, Middletown, Vt. Circular and Prices sent on application.

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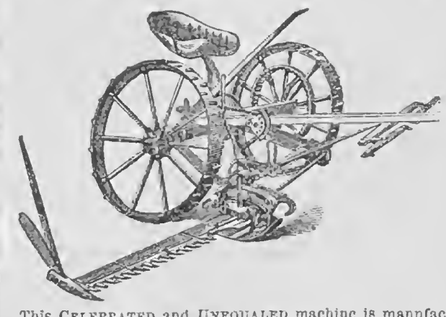
1 doz. Pens, (ass'd points) and Ink-retaining Holder mailed, prepaid, on receipt of 50c. A. S. BARNES & CO., New York.

WATERS'
FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS,
With Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge.
Melodeons, Parlor, Church and Cabinet Organs,
The best Manufactured; Warranted for 6 Years.
100 PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first-class makers, *at low prices for Cash*, or, one-quarter cash and the balance in Monthly or Quarterly Installments. Second-hand Instruments at great bargains. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. (*Mr. Waters is the Author of Six Sunday School Music Books; "Heavenly Echoes," and "New S. S. Bell," just issued.*) Warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York.
951-1yeo HORACE WATERS & CO.

HOMŒOPATHIC TREATMENT FOR FAMILIES.—Every Family should have a case of Homœopathic Medicine. Its simple directions and inviting sugar Pills, are so indispensable for children, and so frequently meet the wants of those of larger growth, as to be a necessity. SICKNESS PREVENTED IS HEALTH AND MONEY SAVED, and that these simple remedies do arrest disease and restore health is incontestable. No family having once enjoyed their benefits would be without them. HUMPHREY'S HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS are prepared expressly to meet the wants of families. They are *simple, convenient, safe* and *reliable*, and their value has been confirmed by an experience of many years. A full case of 35 large vials and Book of Directions, with Specifics for every disease occurring in domestic practice, is sent to any address, by express, free of charge, on receipt of Ten Dollars. Address HUMPHREY'S SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., 562 Broadway, New York. Send for our Almanac. 951-6t

CLIPPER MOWER AND REAPER.



This CELEBRATED and UNEQUALED machine is manufactured by **The Clipper Mower & Reaper Company,** at their WORKS at YONKERS, N. Y., where they have unsurpassed facilities for the business. The Machine needs no encomium. Farmers throughout all sections of the country who have used it, are ready and willing to testify to its greatly superior qualities for all work, combining, as it does, more points of excellence than any machine yet made.
Its principal characteristics are:—SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, DURABILITY, EASE OF DRAFT, PORTABILITY AND COMPLETENESS OF FINISH IN ALL ITS PARTS.
These Machines are made of Four Sizes, to meet the wants of any farmer, as follows:
No. 1, One-Horse machine (30 in. wheel,) 3½ feet Swath.
This Machine took the First Premium and Gold Medal, at the Great Trial at Auburn, N. Y., July 1866, and is the only **practical One-Horse Machine in Market.**
No. 2, Two-Horse (light) 36 in. wheel, 4 feet Swath.
No. 3, " (medium) 32 in. wheel, 4½ feet Swath.
No. 4, " (large) 36 in. wheel, 4½ and 5 feet Swath.
Made also as a Combined Mower and Reaper.
Address THE CLIPPER MOWER & REAPER CO.,
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SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. These fowls sell readily at $7 ⅌ pair, $9 the trio. Address

WM. M. LEWIS, 46 Delevan St., Rochester, N. Y.

£150,000,000 STERLING.—Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, commencing 1600. Fee to search for any name, $2.
GUN & CO.,
950-13t 4 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS—MALE AND Female. Particulars free, or sample retailing for $1, for 10 cts. Address CLARK & CO., Newark, N. J.

HOP ROOTS FOR FIVE DOLLARS PER bu., 16 lbs. ⅌ bu., for sale by IRA BRAINARD & CO., East Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER OF 50,000 PLANTS.—For $10 I will send 1,000 DOOLITTLE'S BLACK CAP RASPBERRY, or 100 large 2-year old CONCORD VINES, or 2,000 WILSON'S ALBANY and FRENCH'S SEEDLING. Less quantity, same rate. Warranted first-class plants.
950-2t S. B. SEARLE, Onondaga Valley, N. Y.

NOW IS YOUR TIME.—WISCONSIN HOP ROOTS, per thousand, $10. DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK CAP, per dozen, $7.50. ALSIKE CLOVER SEED, in packages of 4 pounds—1 package, $3; 5 packages, $12. We will deliver all the above by Mail or Express, free, on

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fairbanks' Standard Scales—Fairbanks & Co.
Potter's Three-Horse Clevis—E M Potter.
The Early Rose Potato—Geo W Best.
Clipper Mower and Reaper—Clipper Mower & Reaper Co.
Washing Machines and Clothes Wringers—R C Browning.
Walter A Wood's Prize Mowers and Reapers—C R Skinner.
The Premium Harvester of America—Adriance, Platt & Co.
Gray's Improved Patent Horse Power—A W Gray & Sons.
The Eureka Mower—Walker, Stevens & Co.
Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment.
Safety—The Non-Explosive Oil Co.
Employment—H L Storke & Co.
Agents Wanted—S S Scranton & Co.
A Fire Engine for Every Household—N E Portable Pump Co.
Artificial Legs and Arms—Wm Selpho & Son.
A Watch for $1—Hunter & Co.
A Watch Free—R Monroe & Co.
Early Kent Peas—Sherman & Gates.
Silver Pheasants' Eggs—G W Cone.
Agents Wanted—Griffing & Co.
Plants at Reduced Prices—Saml C DeCon.
Strawberry Plants—Saml T Daffell.
Viola Odorata—Saml P Wakelee.
The Life of Grant—E B Treat & Co.
Strawberry Plants—M N Wilson.
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Stimpson's Scientific Pen—A S Barnes & Co.
The Pulpit—The Pulpit Co.
Life Insurance—Wanted.
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Wood's Botany—A S Barnes & Co.
Are You Out of Employment—Derby & Miller.
Agents Wanted—W J Holland & Co.
A Valuable Remedy—Reed, Cutler & Co.
Homœopathic Treatment for Families.
Waters' First Premium Pianos—Horace Waters & Co.
Stimpson's Scientific Gold Pens—A S Barnes & Co.
Agents Wanted—A S Barnes & Co.
We will Pay $1,000 Reward—Eastman & Kendall.
Illustrated Catalogue of Tools, &c—R H Allen & Co.
To Those who Love Flowers—Mrs H C Kent.

The News Condenser.

— A University of Women is projected in England.
— Peach trees are blooming in Western Tennessee.
— Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is to be extended.
— Geo. Wood has leased Barnum's Museum for one year.
— New York has 220,000 Irish.
— Longfellow is writing a new poem.
— Massachusetts has 771 dead buried at Andersonville.
— Gambling is frightfully on the increase in Paris.
— The Cincinnati "child woman" is to be exhibited.
— Drunkenness is increasing in the English army.
— Ike Marvel is publishing a new agricultural book.
— Toledo is to have the Ohio State Fair.
— Manfred has been produced at Munich.
— New York has only 1,100 John Smiths.
— Mrs. Wm. Ross Wallace died lately at Lansingburgh.
— The London Times cleared $3,000,000 last year.
— An Irish jaunting-car has appeared on Broadway.
— One thousand Indians still reside in Massachusetts.
— Strawberries cost $10 per quart in Washington City.
— Chicago is rebuilding the block burned by the great fire.
— Lieut. Maury is to have a Professorship in Lee's College.
— Derringer, the pistol inventor, died lately at Philadelphia.
— St. Paul, Minn., sent 80,000 rat skins to Paris last year.
— Brignoli's troupe lost $1,600 at Philadelphia in one week.
— There is a colt in Montpelier, Vt., with two perfect heads.
— All the lottery dealers in Cincinnati have been arrested.
— Gough and Fred Douglass are both lecturing in Cincinnati.
— Walt Whitman is preparing a new edition of his "poems."
— The wheat crops in Georgia are reported in splendid condition.
— M'lle Nillssen, the famous Swedish singer, is coming to America.
— Brigham Young has lost five wives this winter by pneumonia.
— Morrissey wants to bet $5,000 that Johnson will not be deposed.
— The North Carolina shad crop this spring promises to be heavy.
— The New England country papers have left the Associated Press.
— The Pope wants 8,000 more volunteers to raise his army to 25,000.
— Paris has 10,000 manufactories, doing $675,000,000 business yearly.
— It is announced that Dickens will start for home on the 22d of April.
— Anthon's library has been purchased by Mr. Cornell for his University.
— Chicago is to have a two million dollar depot, the finest in the world.
— Doolittle intends quitting Wisconsin when his Senatorial term expires.
— Surratt is selling his photograph to pay the expense of his coming trial.
— A convention of quoit players is to be held in New York in a few days.
— The trustees of Trinity, New York, will soon erect a new $80,000 church.
— Bayard Taylor has nearly completed his translation of Goethe's "Faust."
— A bridal pair in Detroit weigh 550 pounds. What an amount of happiness!
— Sam Collyer has graduated from the prize ring into the minstrel business.
— Paris consumes 2,500,000 francs worth of *pates de foie gras* every winter.
— Iowa prints its laws in Swedish, as well as in half a dozen other languages.
— The depth of frost in the ground is greater than it has been for forty years.
— The Texas grasshoppers are frightening the farmers from sowing their crops.
— A colony of one-wife Mormons are settling near Otter Tail Lake, in Minnesota.
— The "Editor's Drawer" in Harper's is said to be made up by a clergyman's wife.
— Jennie Bull, a charming singer of Rochester, has been delighting the Syracusans.
— Over 228,000 quarts of milk are daily carried into New York city from the country.
— Agriculture has assumed a new phase in Nebraska. The farmers are all planting forests.
— It costs the people of Illinois $1,300,000 annually to support the victims of intemperance.
— One county in Arkansas (Johnson) has had twenty-four murders since the close of the war.
— A one-armed soldier, at the Soldiers' Home at Albany, was lately set upon by a gang of ruffians and killed.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent. or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.
946-8t SYMONDS & Co., 129 Chambers St., N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

MARRIED.

AT the bride's home, in Webster, N. Y., March 25th, 1868, by Rev. ALFRED WELLES, GILBERT B. WRIGHT, of Center White Creek, N. Y., and Miss EVA L., daughter of WILLARD FULLAM, Esq. No Cards.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Premium Harvester of America.

BUCKEYE Mower, Reaper, AND SELF RAKER

Awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUMS at the most important FIELD TRIALS ever held in any country.

90,000 Now in Use—20,000 Sold in a SINGLE SEASON.

☞ Circulars forwarded by mail.

MANUFACTURED by ADRIANCE, PLATT & CO.,
165 GREENWICH ST., N. Y., (Manuf'y, Pokeepsie.)
951-tf HIRAM CURTIS, ALBION, ORLEANS Co., N. Y. J. M. CHILDS & CO., UTICA, N. Y.

WALTER A. WOOD'S
PRIZE
MOWERS and REAPERS

Take the lead, and used everywhere. Two Grand Gold Medals and Cross of Legion of Honor, at Paris Exposition, 1867. And 500 First Premiums in all parts of the world. Over 90,000 now in use. Increasing demand with increased facilities. Improvements for 1868. Pronounced by all who have used them to be the

BEST IN USE.

WOOD'S PRIZE MOWERS—one and two-horse.
WOOD'S SELF-RAKING REAPER—with or without.
WOOD'S NEW MOWING ATTACHMENT.
WOOD'S HAND-RAKING REAPER.
HAINE'S ILLINOIS HARVESTER.

☞ Manufactured by the WALTER A. WOOD MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE CO., General Office and Manufactory Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Branch Offices and Salesrooms.—New York City, 40 Courtlandt St., P. O. Box 5805, G. R. SKINNER, Agent; Chicago, Ill., 206 Lake St., C. E. WHITMAN, Agent; Alexandria Va., A. T. SKINNER & CO., Agents: Madison, Wis., M. E. FULLER & CO., Agents.

FOREIGN OFFICE, 77 Upper Thames St., London, Eng.

SEND FOR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR FOR 1868.
SEE RURAL NEW-YORKER, APRIL 4, 1868.

LEARN! LEARN!—FULL INSTRUCTIONS on Ventriloquism, Mystic Arts and Sciences, with other valuable and useful information, sent *free* for 2 red stamps. Address GRUMBRIDGE & CO., 119 Nassau St., New York.

WANTED!—A LADY AGENT IN EACH County of every State, to sell two articles of ready sale. Either one has paid Agents over $25 per day. D. B. SAUNDERS & CO., 95 Summer St., Boston, Mass. 950-4t

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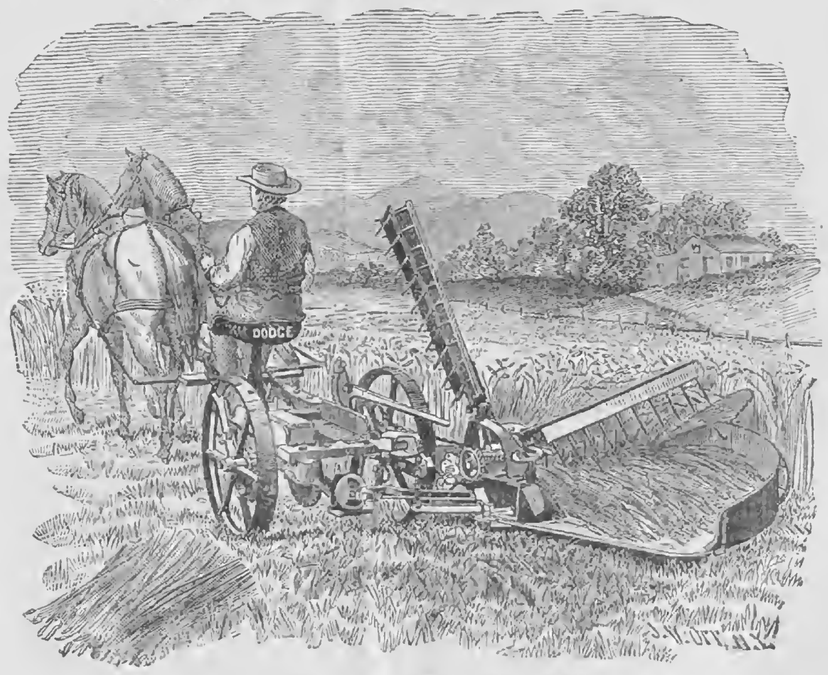

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FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.
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One Package	$1.00	Postage	6 cents.
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A SONG OF LABOR.

WHOM shall we call our heroes?
To whom our praises sing?
The pampered child of fortune,
The titled lord or king?
They live by others' labor,
Take all, and nothing give;
The noblest types of manhood
Are they who work to live.
Chorus—Then, honor to our workmen,
Our hardy sons of toil;
The heroes of the workshop,
And monarchs of the soil!

For many barren ages
Earth hid her treasures deep;
And all her giant forces
Seemed bound as in a sleep.
Then Labor's "Anvil Chorus"
Broke on the startled air,
And lo! the earth in rapture
Laid all her riches bare!

'Tis toil that over nature
Gives man his proud control,
And purifies and hallows
The temple of his soul.
It startles foul diseases,
With all their ghastly train:
Puts IRON in the muscle,
And crystal in the brain!

The Grand Almighty Builder,
Who fashioned out the Earth,
Hath stamped his seal of honor
On Labor from her birth.
In every angel-flower
That blossoms from the sod,
Behold the master touches,—
THE HANDIWORK OF GOD!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRACE HODGE AND HER SISTER.

BY AGNES RAIN.

[Concluded from page 116, last number.]

"GRACE," said PEGGY, eager to talk, "what a great price you set on 'Jean Valjean.' Who is that gentleman?"

"Did I ask too much for it?" wondered GRACE, looking again at her happily-wrought piece. "It was not because I thought it valuable or well done, I am sure. But one naturally sets a high estimate on what one loves."

"Mr. HADDINGTON bore away on his countenance a ray from the lamp of genius that sits before his household gods," rattled on PEGGY, who wanted her last question answered. "He is just like a figure on wires, and has stated movements; he smiles, waltzes about the object of his interest, pulls his mustache, raises his hat and bows,—five distinct motions. These are all I ever saw him wound up to. The strange gentleman appeared more diverse in his accomplishments. What did you say his name is?"

"Dr. BLIGH."

"Wonder if he's descended from that astonishing NELLY BLY, who shut her eye when she went to sleep? Don't be so dignified about a little nonsense, Miss HODGE. I have been quiet for a whole solemn hour."

"Tap, tap, tap," gave the door again from a lighter touch than Mr. HADDINGTON'S, who always sent such sturdy "rap, rap, rap's" through the small rooms, and a tall woman immediately followed her intimation that she wished to make herself at home in this part of her own mansion.

"Good evening, Miss GIMBERLANK," said PEGGY, demurely, and GRACE followed with, "Good evening; will you take this seat by the stove, Miss GIMBERLANK?"

The spinster sat down, knitting furiously. She was mistress of this house in which GRACE HODGE and her sister had taken lodging, and which she made boast was conducted on the "European system." However this may be, it truly was conducted on another system, and that was the inquisitorial. Miss GIMBERLANK was not such a heathen as to let her "inmates" live in isolation, if they had no acquaintances; and if they had, it was to the interest of her establishment that she make investigations regarding the same. Two gentlemen had just left GRACE HODGE'S studio. No gentleman had ever been there before but Mr. HADDINGTON, who was a partner in the firm that disposed of her pictures for her. Full of benevolent anxiety, Miss GIMBERLANK appeared on the scene.

"Who was that other man in here to-day, GRACE?" she inquired, setting up her long feet to toast before the fire.

"It was a gentleman who came with Mr. HADDINGTON," answered GRACE, bringing the little lamp-stand forward. "We had better have a light now, hadn't we, PEGGY dear?"

"Oh, no," said PEGGY dear; let's sit awhile in the twilight, sis; it will do you good to rest your hands."

"Now, GRACE," continued Miss GIMBERLANK, "you needn't try to get around me that way. I know he came with Mr. HADDINGTON as well as you do. But who *was* he?"

"He was just who he is now, if he continues to exist. His name is Dr. BLIGH."

"When is he coming again? Is he going to set for his likeness?"

"I made no inquiries as to his future intentions," said GRACE, seating herself in a straight-backed chair by the stove, with some dignity, "and I have never painted portraits."

"If he *sets*, Miss GIMBERLANK," put in PEGGY, "we will have his likeness already in certain barn-yard fowls."

"PEGGY," answered Miss GIMBERLANK, "you ought to have some respect for age."

This was her favorite way of meeting PEGGY'S impertinent little tilts. Not that she considered herself other than a youthful damsel, but that by such reply you always rob your antagonist of his sharpest weapon.

"He had black curly hair and black eyes, didn't he, GRACE? He wont do for you; you're dark yourself, so don't you go to tumbling in love with him. PEGGY with her red hair would be a better match."

Miss PEGGY chewed this end intently and meditated vengeance.

"La!" exclaimed their visitor, dipping into the past like an epicure of snuff into his favorite brand, "I used to see so much company when I was the age of you girls. I wasn't more than sixteen when I was engaged the first time. He was the nicest fellow. We thought a heap of each other. He used to praise my figure then, and it *was* fine."

"I presume," said PEGGY, "he thought you were 'lingering sweetness long drawn out.'"

Miss GIMBERLANK'S dignity left PEGGY in oblivion on all minor occasions. She only noticed the child when the latter particularly needed cutting down.

"I've had more beaus than was good for me, likely," she was going on, when her own tea-bell sounded distinctly. The repast for the body and the repast for the mind (she had not so much as opened her budget of gossip yet,) divided her momentarily. But sharp winter days make one esteem the hot rolls and butter, and goodly accompanying beverage, so Miss GIMBERLANK gathered up her stocking, and deprived the sisters any further pleasant intercourse with her, by obeying the summons.

"PEGGY," began GRACE in a tone slightly shaded with reproof.

"GRACE," broke out PEGGY in a plaintive way peculiar to her, "now that we are alone at last, don't light the lamp, but come and sit by me a little while, wont you?"

This meant very plainly that PEGGY wanted to be petted.

"But, GRETCHEN, remember my sewing, and the poem we were to have to-night."

Nevertheless she went to the sofa, and PEGGY crept up by her. She took the child closely and tenderly in her arms, and searched with thrilled fingers through the mystery and abundance of the hair that she let down from its confinement around the dainty head. How GRACE HODGE loved her sister! I have said her nature had a tinge of the masculine. She not only loved, but she protected and cherished. This sister was the only being she had ever been permitted to wind her nature about. She thought and uttered with child-like gladness:

"We *are* happy, aren't we, little one?"

The little one heaved a profound sigh, and considered this subject for some time without replying, but finally made answer:

"GRACE, don't you think we have dreadfully dull times?"

"Why, no; on the contrary, the days seem to pass very rapidly, and often leave me with my work unfinished."

"You always treat me just like a baby," said PEGGY, indignantly.

"You are my baby, my child COSETTE."

"Oh, what a contradiction. You exclaim how happy we are, and then go on to say that we are '*les miserables!*'"

GRACE laughed, softly, and PEGGY continued her pettish insinuation:

"You are a princess and ought to wear a crown, and wield a scepter, instead of those old paint brushes."

"And *you* are a fairy, and ought to wear gossamer instead of cheap delaine, eh?" laughed GRACE. But she was inwardly pained; and pain ran like a nerve through the tone in which she next spoke. "While I was going to market this morning, I heard a man denied the work he begged for, and wonder where the children's next meal would come from; I saw a desolate baby weeping; and I met a painted woman who leered at every passer-by. That was *out in the world.* I came home and found my vocation, that always feeds us, and a glad sense of being not neglected, and my little sister as pure as the whiteness of snow."

PEGGY was rebuked, and impetuously exclaimed: "GRACIE darling, I am dreadfully wicked, but I love you with all my heart, and am thankful to live any where with you."

GRACE said no more, but sat thinking a long time about her life and aims, all of which were sweeping on with PEGGY for a center. Naturally enough when she came up to the present and the picture she had that day sold, her mind wandered aside on its subject. The old man robbed of his only treasure was vividly real to her. She felt all his solicitude and shuddered at his despair. Would the time ever come when her sister would desert her? In the natural order of things this change must be expected. For an instant selfish pain overcame her. But PEGGY slept on her shoulder, and she thanked GOD for having her there.

In a few days Dr. BLIGH called at the studio, and with him a lady. PEGGY answered their rap, while GRACE was putting aside her palette and brushes. He was courteous, without condescension, which, indeed, only a boor would have shown toward the cultured artist and her sister. The lady did not look like a boor. She was a charming blonde, and elegantly clad. But the moment her foot touched the worn carpet, she was like PERSEPHONE entering PLUTO'S regions, and regarded all she saw with stony indifference. That Dr. BLIGH should bring her into this poor place, and call it a studio; and introduce her to its inmates, calling one an artist, was very humiliating to Miss HARLEY, so she froze and floated like an iceberg through contaminating sea water. She looked at the pictures superciliously, examined PEGGY'S rounded dignity with curious eyes, and said nothing at all.

"This is the picture I wished you to see, cousin EVA," said Dr. BLIGH, calling her attention to the little child surrounded by tempest.

"Um!" was the expressive comment,—nothing more. He flushed hotly, and turned at once to GRACE. "I had not intended taking my purchase with me this morning, Miss HODGE, and have exhausted my purse; but if you will trust to my honesty for a few days, and allow me to remove the picture, I will carry it home now."

Miss HARLEY looked with haughty indignation at the man who proposed making a porter of himself while attending her; but he innocently continued talking with this poverty-smitten artist some minutes, and finally bowed himself out with the utmost courtesy, and a picture under one arm!

PEGGY was in a white heat, but the sight of GRACE'S patient face cooled her to tears. "Sister," she cried, "I hate Dr. BLIGH and his 'shoddy' relatives, and I wish he may never come again!"

However, the doctor was unaware of this wish, and it possibly would not have deterred him anyhow. He called the very next day to apologize for his cousin's behavior, and to pay for the picture he had bought; and endeavored so earnestly to erase all unpleasant remembrances that PEGGY'S plastic heart quite yielded them up.

If Dr. BLIGH was interested in Miss HODGE, and determined to waken her to a corresponding interest in himself, he made the most of every opportunity. He was a most attractive man, and GRACE enjoyed his occasional conversations more than she knew, while PEGGY'S wide open eyes testified her interest, despite her being treated as usual, "just like a baby." Being the only break in their monotonous lives, his calls were all the more welcome. And he, acknowledging the gentle breeding that shone through all their poverty, did not scruple to woo.

So the weeks ran on and on. Mr. HADDINGTON'S business errands were more frequent, the demand for GRACE'S pictures increasing. And no marvel; for her hand had found a touch that was miraculous with energy and beauty. She worked through the lengthening days like a being of exhaustless resources, and the haze upon her dark eyes had the brightness of those clouds around visions. She was just conscious of being glad,—the world was a goodly place, she had PEGGY, and she was happy.

Alas! she did not know much of the world, nor all of herself. The reason Miss GIMBERLANK'S searching tongue had not long since enlightened her respecting her state of mind, was simply that the aforementioned lady lay languishing in her chamber with rheumatism, and while attending to pains in her limbs, forgot to inquire whether there was a possibility of pain menacing other people's hearts.

Late one February afternoon, Dr. BLIGH rapped at the studio door, and found GRACE alone. PEGGY had gone to solace Miss GIMBERLANK'S aches, which she declared ran through every bone in her body except her upper teeth, and they were protected by a silver plate. The doctor seemed relieved to find the younger sister absent, yet a silence fell upon GRACE and him such as had never happened before. To steady the strange trembling that seized her she continued working at her easel.

"Miss GRACE," said he suddenly, "will you leave your painting a moment, and hear the plea I have to present? It is a most important subject to me, and I beg for your whole attention."

She came slowly, and allowed him to seat her on the sofa, while he placed himself opposite.

"Miss GRACE, I will be brief. I wish to marry. My income is about five thousand a year; my social standing must be known to you. I have had the entree of the best circles, yet have never found such grace, beauty and modesty in any fashionable belle as I have found in your sister. I have tried to win your confidence and esteem. You are her rightful guardian, and of you I request permission to address her."

He turned an expectant face to GRACE'S pale one. She saw his meaning. He had not acted dishonorably, but only too honorably. Whom could she blame? Herself? Was she to blame for loving the only man that had made her taste life's richness? But—

"PEGGY—I think you said you loved my little sister?"

"I know how dear she is to you," he hurried on, piercing through her bewilderment of pain, "I know how you have reared and cherished her. GOD do so to me, and more also, if I ever wound the dove you give me."

GRACE could not endure his beseeching eyes. She passed her hand across her forehead.

"Your suit has my sanction. I believe you worthy. Be very careful of my little sister!"

He extended his frank hand to take hers in a fraternal clasp. It required an effort, but she met it, and thrilled through with suffering from his exclamation:

"I will try to be your brother, indeed, GRACE!"

PEGGY came in soon after, and a flush crept up to her eyelids at thus unexpectedly meeting Dr. BLIGH.

"Miss PEGGY," he pleaded courteously, "I have had a tedious time to-day, going my rounds, and in order to obliterate it from memory, I want to beg your sister and you to take a little ride with me into the suburbs. The sleighing is fine I can assure you."

PEGGY turned her wide, delighted eyes on GRACE, who replied, while quietly arranging something at her easel, "I am very busy, and must request the doctor to excuse me. But you, my dear, look as if you needed fresh air. You had better accept his kind invitation."

So PEGGY thanked him, and disappeared, to return in plain wrappings, looking all the prettier by contrast. They were scarcely gone when GRACE was startled by a knock which heralded Mr. HADDINGTON. The self-command she had exercised was yet hers. Mr. HADDINGTON evidently came on important business, and was anxious to state it. But he went through all the gymnastic performances to which he was addicted, besides several extra ones of which PEGGY had not supposed him capable, before either GRACE or himself was relieved.

"Miss 'ODGE, hi 'ope you are hin good 'ealth today. Hi'm grieved to find you looking rather hill."

"Thank you, Mr. HADDINGTON, I am quite well. Did you call to inquire when I shall have this finished?"

"Not hexactly, Miss 'ODGE."

GRACE'S previous experience had sharpened her eyes; she looked at the man, and a sickening fear went over her. She had to endure, however, while he made his proposals, confessed his admiration, esteem, and somewhat pompously laid his figurative hand and heart at her feet. She replied in a very low, firm voice, through which disgust did not once find vent, that her resolution was already taken never to marry,—that she appreciated his kindness, and his regard for her, but must decline the proffered honor. With English pertinacity, he was preparing for a seige, when she swept a white, lightning glance across his eyes, and said, "This subject must be dropped forever!" And Mr. HADDINGTON, somewhat dazzled and quite confounded, retired from before the walls.

GRACE waited till his feet had left the stair, then she got up and walked the floor with the cry, "Too much! too much!" She tried to ascertain her position, and to search herself. Reason seemed numb, but sensibility was madly alive. She had loved,—had been set aside by the beauty of her sister,—and had finally been mocked with an ashen apple. She looked into her heart. It was like a prairie with a single tree sprung from it, an oak grown out of some chance-dropped acorn. Under that tree she had sheltered her sister through all the years of their lives, while the sun of affliction was drying and scorching that prairie's tall growth of grass. Love had dropped a single spark, carelessly—as carelessly as a coxcomb drops ashes from his cigar, she thought bitterly—now, lo! the conflagration. Should her sweet child's shelter be destroyed,—the oak that had lived through storms? This fire was a fleeting element, and *should* go out. With her own hands she would burn a preserving circle around that solid trunk. And she could do no more. GOD would make the ashes a fertilizer hereafter, and the waste prairie might yet bloom like a garden.

She had looked without, she had looked within, and now she looked up. It is a blessed thing to have one's wings of faith grown, and ready for any emergency. Little pinions are pretty enough to spread like diminutive peacock-tails in the sun, and to wear to church, but it takes great and strong feathers, every shaft of which came forth by prayer and holy meditation, to lift one above the earth, that he may shake its dirt from his feet, and floating over, take in the magnitude and aim of life.

GRACE was huddled up at one end of the sofa, all in darkness, when PEGGY came back. She heard the doctor murmur as he left his betrothed at the door, "Good night, my pearl MARGUERITE!" and for an instant she hated them both, fiercely. But PEGGY, groping with irresolute, frighted hands into the silent room, cried piteously, "GRACIE, where are you?" and GRACE'S heart and arms sought her at once, with unspeakable tenderness. Alas! it was no longer her little sister. The child had changed to a woman, who in her new relations seemed to forget the old.

"The doctor says," she went on gravely, after her secret was disclosed, "that *our* home shall be yours, and that we shall never be annoyed by Miss HARLEY, whom I believe he dislikes as much as I do. And you shall go to Italy if you wish."

GRACE considered silently with what kind decision she would waive these plans for depriving her of her independence. PEGGY should have been her child, but she would not take an indefinite position in PEGGY'S house.

Dr. BLIGH urged an early day for the nuptials. And Miss GIMBERLANK, recovering the use of her limbs, rejuvenated by the news of a wedding, came down to superintend. When one's life is broadly social, a busybody is not as annoying as when that life is pent between narrow confines: a fly in a parlor is scarcely noticed, but let him get into a bottle and what a buzzing he makes!

The bridegroom brought costly gifts for his queenly young bride, but GRACE begged that these might be laid aside till after the marriage, and that she might robe her sister simply, and from her own purse,—was it not for the last time?—and that the wedding might take place in their own little studio-home. How she disciplined herself to speak to, to think of, Dr. BLIGH as her brother!

It was granted as she wished; so one bright spring day the bridal party descended from the humble lodgings, and were whirled away to Dr. BLIGH'S residence. It was her little PEGGY'S coronation. GRACE tried to be glad. She was kind to those who sought her in admiration of her talents, but relieved when all was over and she could hasten back to her lodgings. Inside the deserted room, she bolted the door and leaned against it, faint with departure of her courage.

It was no more GRACE HODGE and her sister, but GRACE HODGE and her pain. She was doubly bereft; she was stripped and bleeding. In the night she would waken and reach out for her little sister! In the day she would look up ready to address some thought to the man who had unconsciously won her love! The jewel casket in every woman's breast contains only one diamond, and alas for her if it slips from her fingers without being asked for!

PEGGY would come at first perhaps almost daily; then, as she became more engaged with society, weekly; after awhile, perhaps only once a month. Then, sister GRACE, not belonging to her household, would cease to be counted as hers. It was an agonizing time, but human will, and the GOD that makes it, would bring her up from this Gethsemane. GRACE then and there mapped out her life anew. Its center was gone, its freshness wasted; but she would have a new center and an eternal freshness. Such women as this one are led through the fire and come out with their faces sanctified.

I have told of GRACE HODGE and her sister; the future will tell of GRACE HODGE and her glory.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

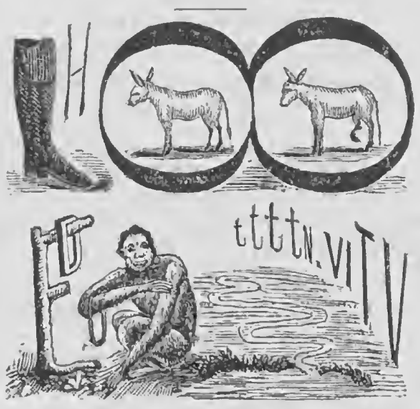
I AM composed of 39 letters.
My 39, 13, 30, 5, 39, 2, 3, 37, 16, 14 was the greatest of dramatic poets.
My 4, 9, 3, 25, 37, 7, 24, 3 is a town in South Australia.
My 1, 10, 32, 37, 25, 22, 23, 31 is base.
My 7, 1, 26, 18, 26, 13 was the greatest of prophetic writers
My 35, 11 is a verb.
My 13, 11, 12 is not cold.
My 38, 18, 11, 35, 15, 25, 30, 2, 25, 30, 12, 26 is the second sized river in the world.
My 28, 11, 7, 27, 20 is not coming.
My 33, 17, 22, 36 is a large lake in the Western States.
My 6, 37, 10, 32 is a girl's name.
My 34, 11, 29, 8 is a name.
My 7, 19, 21 is used in writing.
My whole is a bit of advice.

Kingston, Pa. A. M. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Ontario. M. CAMERON.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

THERE are nine men who will all die within fifty years, and who are equally likely to die at any instant within that time. What is the probable duration of the life of the last survivor?

Lockport, N. Y. ASHER B. EVANS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Twha yam eb ym tufren tlo,
Hghi ro wlo nocsnerc em ton;
Isht thdo ets ym tarhe ta sert,
Htaw ym GOD paontsip si esbt.

Peoria, N. Y. S. W. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 949.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner.

Answer to Charade:—Moore's Rural New Yorker.

Answer to Anagram:

Merrily, merrily down the hill,
Danced and sang a little rill;
Merrily ever along the way
It flung in glee its shining spray,
That neath the wings of the happy hours
Kissed the lips of the laughing flowers.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Man, shun deceit in all you do, be honest, kind, but careful too.

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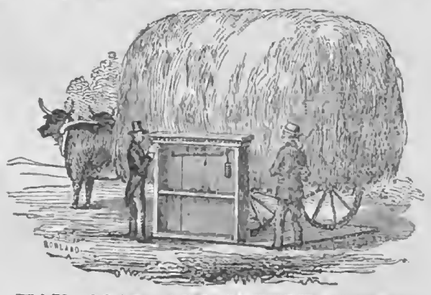

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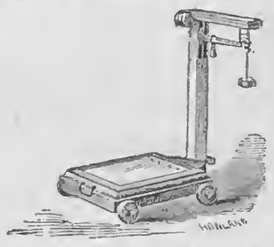

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Ralph Evans agt. BRANT N Y

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AGRICULTURAL.

MAKING A COMPOST HEAP.

THERE are several advantages to be gained by making a compost heap; it enables the cultivator of the soil to combine manures of different natures and degrees of strength into one mass that possesses a uniform nature and degree of strength. This combination is partly effected by stirring and mixing the heap, which is readily done, as its tenacity is destroyed by decomposition, and partly the result is due to the evolution of gases which permeate all parts, and should be absorbed and retained. By composting the bulk of the manure is reduced, if the work is skillfully carried on, without the loss of fertilizing ingredients, and the application of it to the soil is thereby rendered less laborious. Composted manure, unlike that in a raw or unfermented state, is ready to afford nourishment to plants immediately on its application, and should, therefore, be placed on or near the surface of the soil, within easy reach of the crop which it will benefit almost to the whole extent of its properties, leaving little for a succeeding one,—but giving the cultivator quick returns for his expenditures. By this process of treating fertilizers, substances may be converted into manure which otherwise would be of no value, if not positively injurious, as applications to the soil. Cold, sour muck from swamps, sods from fence corners and roadsides, rich in vegetable matter, but teeming also with seeds and roots of weeds, may be associated in the compost heap with leaves and mold from the woods, coarse manure from the stables and yards, the droppings of the hens, pulverized bones, scrapings of the woodyard, ashes and plaster—everything, in short, which can add to the growth of plants,—and all converted into a uniform substance, divested of harmful properties, and adapted to the wants of any growth which springs from the soil. Such manure benefits plants in the first stages of their growth, and as their roots penetrate deeper, water carries the manure down to them.

One of the most important advantages gained by composting is the destruction of seeds; this is effected by causing them to germinate, or, by heating sufficiently, to rot. In constructing a compost heap, alternate layers of the various materials should be used, and the portions most liable to rapid fermentation placed in contact with others which are less so. Sufficient heat must be generated to decay the mass,—yet this should not go so far as to fire-fang or burn any portion. A proper amount of moisture is needed, and this will generally be furnished by rain, if the heap be in the open air; otherwise water must be pumped on to it. The outside layer of the heap ought to be of muck or mold, which are not liable of themselves to much fermentation, and which absorb and retain the gases evolved from below.

If the mass heats up well and decays in the interior, the seeds of weeds therein will mostly be destroyed,—but around the edges and over the surface they will retain their vitality. So it is essential to fork over the heap thoroughly, carefully mixing the various layers, and placing the outside portions in the center. If the heap gets moisture after this operation it will ferment again, and decay still more, and kill more seeds of weeds. Sometimes this process of mixing and turning the heap inside out, making it up and setting it into a ferment again, has to be repeated several times to use up all the seeds,—but it gets to the condition, at last, where it will not heat up if forked over, but remain unchanged, and then the seeds are not to be feared.

TREATMENT OF THE FARM HORSE.

THE keeping of necessary teams is a great tax on the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States, where every acre of land is supposed to be of use, and every bushel of grain or pound of hay will bring cash at the door. Horses are costly in many ways; they are very liable to injuries and diseases which spoil their usefulness, and in that case, or when conquered by old age, the capital invested, as well as the use of it, is gone. They are troublesome to keep, requiring stables and care, and high fences when pastured to keep them within bounds; they are the most ruinous to grass land of any stock that feeds on it, and in the barn their wants require the largest mow and fullest bin. As they are indispensable, it is worth the farmers while to discover and adopt the cheapest and most practical system of keeping his horses.

It is the most usual practice among farmers to stable them during the cold season and let them run to pasture through the remainder; the majority feed grain liberally when their horses are working hard, and when idle, or doing but little, restrict them to hay, or rather fodder and grass. But with systematic farming, and the introduction of much machinery which requires the work of horses, it has come to pass that the team is fully employed on the farm, during most of the year when the weather is suitable for outdoor labor. As an example, take the period of haying and harvesting, which formerly was a resting time for the team, but one of severe work for the man; now, the horse reaps and mows, rakes and pitches, and his master guides him. The horse has become a daily laborer on the farm, as he should be, during all seasons when the weather permits of outdoor work. Under these conditions of labor his treatment should be changed from that established to meet earlier necessities, and we will offer some suggestions.

In the point of economy it is cheaper to bring all the food which the horse consumes to him, in the stable, than to suffer the animal to graze it from the turf. Experiments in soiling warrant the assertion that one-half the area of land will be required, to grow succulent food for the horse, that would be needed to furnish him with good pasture. Hence it is cheaper to stable the horse than to allow him to graze, and this we believe to be the proper course, provided there is a good stable—one that is roomy, well ventilated, cool in summer and warm in winter. It may be a good thing to give him a short run to pasture early in the summer, when the grass is fresh and before fly time, but at all other seasons we should prefer the stable to the field for feeding purposes. There he is sheltered from all storms, he is ready for service at instant call, he is not liable to injury by violent running, nor is he breaking over fences into your own or your neighbor's crops. We grant there is more trouble in grooming, more care in feeding incurred, but this is more than repaid in the manure saved, which on the pasture is almost worthless, and in the constant readiness and ability of the horse to perform work.

Horse railroad, omnibus and other companies have, by careful experiment and investigation, determined what is the best and cheapest food for their teams; it consists chiefly of ground grain of various sorts, with fine cut fodder to give it bulk. Their horses undergo severe labor without cessation, until they are worn out or disabled, and their plan of feeding is a forcing system which farmers do not want to adopt. The farmer desires his team to remain strong and sound to a good old age, and he must feed with that end in view. He should feed regular, but vary the quantity and quality in accordance with the season and the amount of labor which the team is made to perform. In winter chaffed straw, or hay with ground corn, and some roots will be good; in spring and summer when more labor is required feed ground oats, finely cut hay; in warm weather grass, corn fodder, green oats, &c., should be alternated with dryer and richer food. Roots are indispensable. At all seasons the horse should be thoroughly groomed and regularly fed and watered.

We invite the experience and opinions of our readers on this subject; it is one of importance, and by comparison and discussion we can approximate to the best methods and the least cost.

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER SIX.

THE experienced wheat grower who may read these letters need not be told that many circumstances, such as the quality and condition of the soil, time of seeding, &c., materially affect the question as to the quantity of seed of an average size one ought to sow or plant on an acre. The writer's experience, reading and observation on many fields of growing wheat, lead to the conclusion that this grain should be cultivated with a horse-hoe or cultivator, in drills, without crowding the plants to restrict the sunshine and food which fall to the share of each. The West Chester Jeffersonian (Pa.) publishes an experiment made the past year by Mr. R. A. GILPIN on his farm in West Town, which illustrates the soundness of the practice recommended in this article. Mr. G. says in substance that by closing every other pipe in his wheat drill he seeded an acre in drills 20 inches apart, using three pecks of Mediterranean wheat. He continues:—"In the spring when the ground had become sufficiently dry to work, a small garden hoe-harrow was run between the rows, working to the depth of about three inches; this was done only once. The effect of this working was very apparent; the wheat took a rapid start and outgrew the rest of the field. As the season advanced it grew tall and strong, and no amount of wind or rain had any effect to lay it down; when the heads formed, their greater length was very apparent. It was backward in ripening, and the rest of the field was cut and hauled in a week before this was ready. Now for the result:—The experimental wheat yielded twenty-three bushels to the acre, and the rest yielded only nine bushels to the acre; the quality of each was about the same."

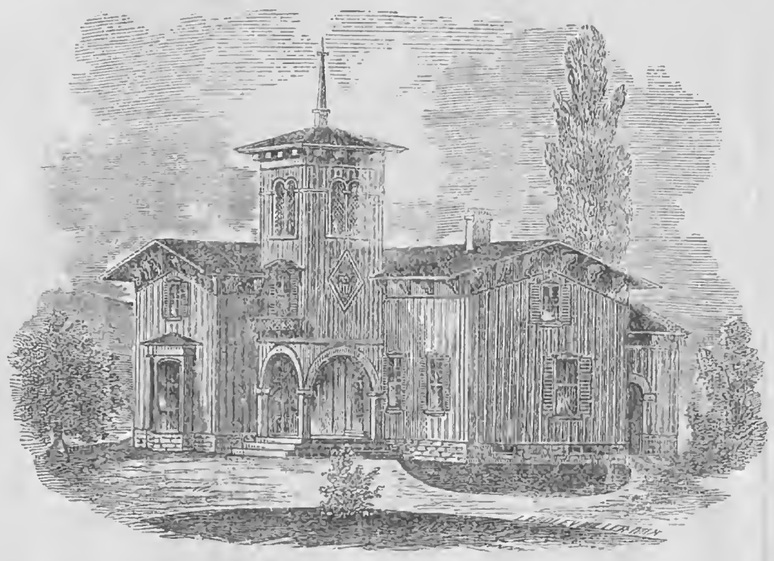
Close observers familiar with raising corn know how easy it is to have plants too thick and numerous to command the largest yield of grain. They know also that stirring the ground about growing corn greatly promotes the extension of its roots into fresh earth, giving it the command of more food. Precisely similar facts transpire when one stirs the soil properly about young growing wheat. Weeds are killed, the soil is made more absorbent of dew and warmth, and subject to those chemical changes which augment assimilable nutriment around the roots of wheat. Too many plants of any kind to the square yard or rod unavoidably crowd and starve one another. Till the ground deeply and thoroughly, and have no more plants than will have room to develop their roots and leaves perfectly, and you will see longer and far better filled heads of wheat, or ears of corn, than can grow where plants are crowded by the use of too much seed or starved by defective cultivation.

ISAAC, the son of ABRAHAM, probably did not plant over a peck of wheat on an acre; which being hand-hoed and duly irrigated, gave him 100 pecks, or "one hundred fold." Had he put 1½ bushels of seed on an acre, nothing short of a supernatural power would have produced 150 bushels on an English acre. HERODOTUS, the father of history, informs us that the province of Babylon raised wheat at the rate of two hundred fold for the seed planted. From this statement it is a legitimate inference that the people who made the hanging gardens of Babylon, long one of the "seven wonders of the world," brought the art of wheat culture to great perfection, at least in saving seed. With them a gallon of seed probably planted an acre of ground; if so, 200 gallons harvested was 25 bushels on an average, per acre.

Wheat growers in the Southwest seldom sow more than a bushel of seed to the acre, and this often among standing corn, the stalks being cut near the ground in the winter. The seed is plowed in.

D. LEE.

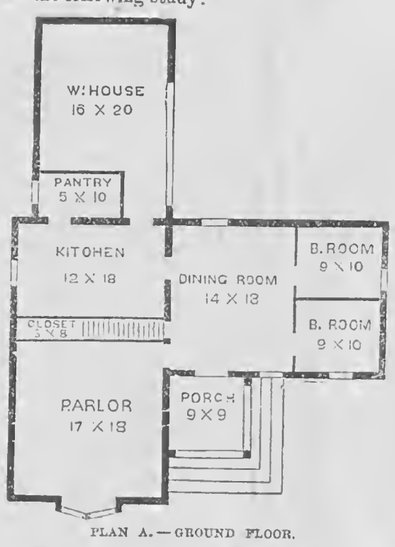
Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.



AN ITALIAN FARM HOUSE.

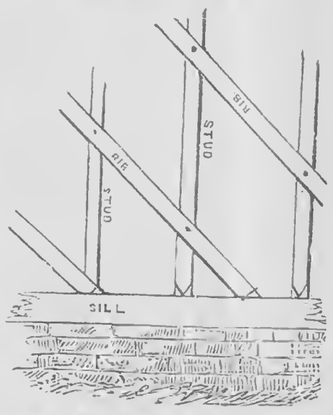
WE have several inquiries from new subscribers for plans of comparatively cheap houses and cottages. In response to these, and to meet the wants of others who wish to build inexpensively, we re-publish the accompanying plan of an Italian Farm House, furnished for the RURAL by Mr. C. B. RIDER of Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y. In appearance it is tasteful, without the common fault of excessive ornamentation, while the arrangement is exceedingly convenient. The dining-room is well situated in its relation to both kitchen and parlor, and two small bed-rooms are provided for on the ground floor, but one large one would, perhaps, be better.

Mr. R. thus describes his plan:—"I have long been impressed with the idea that the Italian style is the one most perfectly adapted to the wants of the farming community; accordingly I have selected it for the following study:



PLAN A.—GROUND FLOOR.

CELLAR.—The cellar requires 14 cords of stone. It will be found as cheap to make the cellar under the whole building, as the walls should be of the same height, seven feet throughout, to prevent unequal settling. Cellars are generally dug too low. My excavation is only 18 inches. The practice of setting stone edgewise for 'underpinning' should be avoided; they are better laid flat, taking care that none reach through the wall.



ARRANGEMENT OF STUDS AND RIBS.

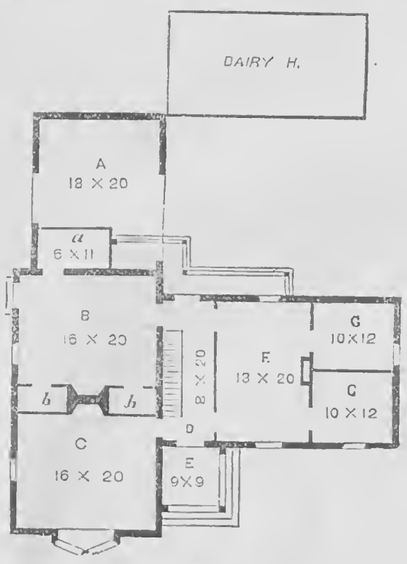
THE FRAME.—A well-made 'balloon' frame is much cheaper and better for all houses of moderate height than a timber frame. It *adapts* itself better to circumstances. It is more *plastic*, so to speak. My plan of constructing a frame is as follows:—The sills are 6 by 8 inches, laid flat, the studs are 3 by 4 inches, 'toe-nailed' to the sills, *two inches from the outer edge*. This space of two inches is afterwards filled out with 2 by 4 inch 'ribs,' set, diagonally, 3 feet apart, and nailed to the studs at each intersection. (See figure.) These ribs serve as braces to the building, besides acting as supports for the outside boarding. I nail them on over doors and windows, and afterwards saw out those that interfere with the openings. It will be seen that it requires no more lumber than to put them on horizontally, yet they make the building much stiffer. My house might be rolled over and not be crushed. The Italian style requires a low roof. Mine is one-fifth pitch.

CONSTRUCTION.—The order of putting the house together is:—The cellar walls, sills and lower joists, studs and upper joists, rafters, ribs, vertical boarding, window frames, cornices, and, lastly, the roof. All the joists are 18 feet long, 2 by 8 inches, and 16 inches apart, so that the lower joists will rise 2 inches above the sills, which are 6 by 8 inches. This arrangement is for the purpose of giving the sills *plenty of air*, as nothing contributes more to the destruction of timber than close confinement. The space thus left between the floor and sills must be filled with cobble stones and coarse gravel, to allow the air to circulate, and keep the rats out. I prefer machine-planed vertical boarding to clapboards, but they must be of uniform width—11 inches; battens 2 inches.

THE ROOF.—Zinc or copper gutters must be used where the tower joins the main building, and at the angles of the roof.

THE TOWER will be considered by many a needless expense. I do not think so. The lower story forms the open porch, the second may be used as a library or bed-room, and the third as an observatory, a summer sleeping-room, a room for drying herbs, &c., and as a means of reaching the roof, in case of fire, &c. It is the most picturesque and not least valuable part of the house. At all events *the style* requires it.

COST.—*Here*, where 'clear stuff' costs $24, 'house boards' $16, and 'barn boards' $8, hemlock scantling $7 per thousand; stone $6 per cord; and joiner work $1.50 per day; this house can be built for $1,200. If the builder furnishes stone from his own land, and does a considerable part of the 'coarse work,' of course it can be built for much less. [This estimate was made in 1860, when the prices of materials and labor were of course less than now.—ED.]



PLAN B.

A, Wood-House; *B*, Kitchen; *C*, Parlor; *D*, Hall; *E*, Porch; *F*, Sitting-Room; *G*, *G*, Bed-Rooms; *a*, Pantry; *b*, *b*, Closets.

For those requiring a more complete establishment plan B is offered—it is simply an extension of the original."

HUNGARIAN GRASS AND MILLET.

OBSERVING in the RURAL several inquiries about the above-named crops, permit a short article in response.

Hungarian grass (*Panicum Germanicum*) was introduced into the United States, as a substitute for grass, by Hungarians who settled in Iowa, where they found it difficult to maintain permanent meadows by reason of the freezing out of grass during winter and spring. It is an annual grass, designed for a forage and hay crop, and worthless for pasture. That it is valuable for cutting green, or for hay and its seed, has been so well demonstrated by continued cropping as to admit of no question. It is often called Hungarian Millet, as it belongs to the Millet family, though differing materially from the Millet in general cultivation, (*Panicum Milliaceum*,) which in many respects it resembles. Hungarian grass grows with a green, soft, grass-like stem, with many leaves from the ground upward, terminating in a long panicle or head filled with seeds not round, but slightly elongated and pointed. The head in bloom appears almost purple, and when fully ripened many of the seeds are black and shiny. The straw makes a rich, palatable fodder for all kinds of stock. For dairy cows it has proved of great value when cut and mixed with the seed ground or other ground food. It contains more saccharine matter than timothy or clover hay, being nearer like corn stalks, and eaten with avidity in preference to hay.

Hungarian grass thrives well on mucky and rich alluvial soils, and finds its most luxuriant growth upon the black, clayey prairies of the West. For hay it should be sown about the middle of May,—but good crops have been grown when sowed as late as the 10th and 15th of June, though very little seed ripened. Half a bushel to three pecks is the usual quantity of seed per acre. The grass is usually cut as the heads begin to mature seed, and before it is ripe enough to shell. It may be cut and treated as hay. The yield of seed is large when fully ripened, and, as it weighs forty-eight pounds to the bushel, must be of more value for feed than oats, and little less than corn. The seeds are small and hard, for which reason it should be ground for feed,—otherwise much of it will be voided undigested and lost. In seasons when for any reason there appears a probability of a short crop of hay, it is practicable to sow Hungarian grass after the time to commence mowing, and thus avert the calamity of a short supply of food for wintering stock, and it may prove a very remunerative crop.

The common or cultivated Millet (*Panicum Milliaceum*) has been cultivated in Europe and America for so long a time as to be familiar to almost every farmer. In Italy and Germany it is used to some extent for bread—making a substantial and very nutritious brown loaf, formerly much in use among the laboring population. With us the seed is grown as food for animals, and especially for poultry, by which it is much relished. Many farmers esteem it of equal value to corn for such purposes, though this is clearly an over-estimate. For other purposes than feeding fowls it should always be ground. It has been extensively grown for soiling, and is held in high estimation as a substitute for hay. Indeed, when accustomed to its use, horses and cattle prefer it to the best quality of clover and timothy hay. Millet may be grown successfully upon ground that would yield a good crop of oats, or, better still, a good crop of corn. Thorough tillage and manure are congenial to its prosperity. A favorite method of growing Millet is upon green sward, fall plowed, or turned with care to a good depth in spring. In this latter manner many poor meadows might be made to yield largely in excess of the usual crop.

Millet is recommended not merely as food for stock, but will be found a suitable crop for making clean lands without summer fallow or the more laborious process of a hoed crop. When sown thick it seldom permits anything else to grow upon the land. The same is true of Hungarian grass, from which farmers may see the utter folly of trying to seed land with clover or timothy with either crop. From the imperfect manner in which the seeds ripen, much may fail to germinate and the amount of seed used to an acre, varies from half to one bushel. When grown for hay the thick sowing makes a finer and more grass-like stalk, though much less leafy than Hungarian grass, which for hay, except upon sandy or gravelly and hard soils, is preferable.

From close observation and inquiry for more than twelve years, we are convinced that very many farmers would materially advance their pecuniary interest and improve their farms, by plowing up in fall acres of almost worthless meadows and sowing the land with either of the grasses of which mention has been made. And be it known and understood that neither of them are to be classed with pigeon grass or barn grass,—but are a legitimate seed and forage-producing crops well worth attention and cultivation where they are now treated with neglect.

Canary Bird Cottage, Alden, N. Y. H. C. W.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RULES FOR BUYING WOOL.

FROM the facts stated by us last week, under this head, it may be pretty confidently assumed that the wool manufacturers, as a class, do not insist on, or even particularly favor, the retention of the one-third shrinkage rule. We quoted several prominent ones as declaring, in the Syracuse Convention, that they knew of no such rule being generally in force among manufacturers. Some of them explicitly condemned it—none defended it. And be it remembered that the manufacturers there assembled represented six of the principal manufacturing States. We gave their names last week, and no one will pretend that they did not conspicuously represent the intelligence, experience and capital of their profession.

Mr. GEORGE W. BOND, the distinguished wool broker of Boston, said that he understood that the one-third rule "commonly prevailed among the buyers and sellers of American unwashed wool." But he obviously mainly referred to the action of the middlemen, or dealers, who buy and traffic in the wool, before it is bought by the manufacturer. To suppose otherwise would be to suppose that he directly denied the facts stated about their own business and concerns by the manufacturers present—in other words, challenged their veracity. He was not understood to mean anything of this kind, at the time; and we feel very sure that he did not intend to be so understood. The manufacturers spoke for their class, and Mr. BOND spoke for his class. But his remarks also embraced exceptional cases among manufacturers, as there is no doubt a portion of them (as the Chicago resolutions testify) favor and practice the rule of buying under consideration. We apprehend these are chiefly those who do business in a comparatively small way, who buy much of their raw material directly from the grower and who wish to enhance the regular profits of manufacturing by all the sharp little practices resorted to by buying agents.

If the manufacurers in a body insisted on making their purchases under the shrinkage rules, they would be responsible for the enforcement of them; for the dealer would have no alternative but to comply with them in purchasing. This not being the fact, why do the dealers and a portion of the manufacturers insist on them? It is because it gives them, in eight cases out of ten, an unjust advantage in buying. The manufacturer thus gets more wool than he fairly pays for. The dealer obtains his exorbitant shrinkage, and then probably, in most instances, sells his wool to the manufacturer according to its actual condition, pocketing the difference between his buying and his selling rule. This difference cannot, we think, average less than ten or fifteen per cent. in his favor.

If we are mistaken as to the parties on whom the responsibility of these detestable rules rests, let those who can do so show the facts, and we will most willingly state them—concern whom they may.

We had earnestly hoped that the attempt to enforce those rules would gradually die away. It seemed too preposterous to suppose that, in the present age of commerce, any intelligent body of dealers would persist in an effort to impose on the grower a code of rules essentially different from those under which foreign wools are brought in this country—which do not regulate purchases and sales of this staple in any other country in the world—and which no one dares to pretend operate with even an approximate degree of equality as between different breeds of sheep, or flocks of the same breed under different prevailing modes of treatment. But instead of showing any disposition to recede, the dealers, and those manufacturers who go with them, have constantly advanced in their demands and aggressions. Each new convention or meeting adds on additional rules. And now the year 1868 inaugurates an open attempt to enforce all their rules by *combination*—by a pledge on the part of the buyers to "*be invariably governed*" by their rules in making purchases.

The one-third shrinkage rule does not approximate to fairness in the case of any wool except that of the yolky Merino, housed summer and winter. It is manifestly very unfair towards the Merino or grade Merino grower of the Northwest, who does not produce a very yolky class of wool—whose sheep are mostly unhoused during the year—and who cannot, in a multitude of instances, conveniently wash his sheep. A quarter deduction on such wool would, on the average, be far more than a sufficient one. And the rule is vastly more unjust towards the growers of long, dry, English wools. We ask if there was a single individual who took part in the proceedings at Chicago, who has brass enough to come forward publicly, over his own proper signature, and assert that it is necessary to shrink unwashed Cotswold, Leicester or Lincoln wool one-third (and rams' fleeces one-half,) to bring it to the condition of properly washed, or what they please to term, "merchantable" wool? If there is such a man, we should very much like to hear from him. Yet the Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest distinctly pledged itself—pledged the *personal veracity* of every member who voted for the resolutions—to enforce the rule in all cases, without any regard to breeds, treatment or any other special considerations of equity whatever. This is *combination* in its most unjust and arrogant form. We doubt whether the modern history of trade can furnish an example so flagrant of a combination to impose arbitrary and unequal trade regulations on a great producing industry.

And the mode of enforcing these shrinkage rules is even harsher in practice than in theory. Is a conceded effort to wash the whole flock well, and equally well, sufficient to bring the wool within the term "well washed," or "merchantable," among the new fashioned *Combination* buyers? By no means. The buyer of this stripe picks up all the largest, heaviest looking fleeces in the lot. If Merino ewe fleeces weigh over four pounds he looks very grave. If they weigh five pounds, he shakes his head and says "not well washed." If they weigh much over this he is absolutely appalled. In a word, he assumes the right to throw out all fleeces as unwashed, or imperfectly washed, which in *his* judgment are "too heavy"—irrespective of the real cleanliness of the wool! He utterly ignores the fact that improved Merino sheep produce from a pound to two pounds more of *cleansed* wool per head than they did a few years since. The wool has been bred denser on the skin, especially underneath, is half an inch longer on the back, nearly an inch longer on the belly, and covers a considerably larger proportion of the surface of the animal. Is a large fleece of the same quality and cleanliness less valuable per pound, than a smaller one? Are American breeders to be prohibited from, or punished for, increasing the amount of wool on their sheep?

And, let us remark in passing, this same assumption of the right of the dealer to make a deduction on, or throw out as unwashed, all heavy washed fleeces, has been what has rendered sending wool to commission houses or wool brokers to be sold, so perfectly unsafe, and generally so entirely unsatisfactory in the result. What odds does it make how good a price the grower gets for his wool which passes as "merchantable," if the aggregate price of the lot is whittled down far below a decent one by deductions made on "too heavy" fleeces?

The time has undoubtedly at length come when the wool growers of the country are called upon to resist energetically and unitedly this arrogant combination of buyers. We have appealed to reason and truth, but our representations have been utterly unheeded. Our forbearance has only invited further aggression. Our enemies are now pledging their personal veracity to persist in their rules without any exception, and regardless of consequences. They are inviting all buyers to join in such pledges. Brother growers, shall we tamely submit, or shall we maintain our rights as men and as an industrial interest? If we determine on the latter course, *there is no safety in further delay.* Custom soon becomes law. If we sell another clip under the bold ultimatum offered at Chicago, we shall render it ten times as difficult to break away from these odious and tyrannical rules hereafter. Our only safety *lies in immediate and united resistance.* Let the Merino grower stand firmly by the coarse wool grower, who suffers most. Let the heavy Merino wool grower of the East, who houses his sheep, stand firmly by the Western Merino grower who does not house, and who, therefore, suffers far more than himself. The wool growing interest of the United States can only obtain permanent prosperity in its general concerns by the whole uniting in all cases to protect the just rights of every branch of it. We cannot afford to lose a single class of growers out of the number. A separate peace at the expense of any class, would be as impolitic as it would be base and cowardly.

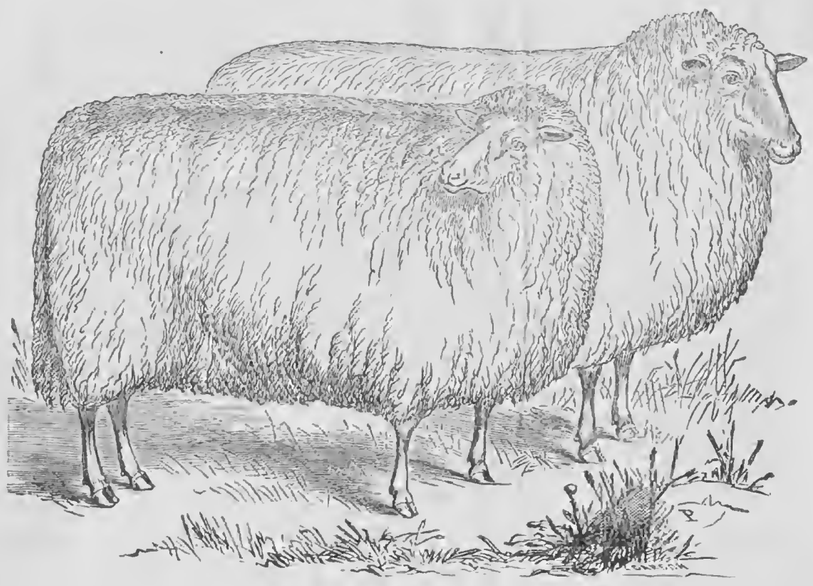
By what practical steps is resistance to be organized? First, every grower should utterly refuse to sell his clip under any uniform rules imposed by the buyer. If he has unwashed or other wool on which it is proper to make deductions, he should submit to exactly such deductions as justice requires, and no other—without any more regard to buyers' rules than to the spent jokes of a last year's almanac.

We detest *combination* in any branch of business, but it is sometimes both necessary and legitimate "to fight the devil with fire;" and we believe that these buyers' combinations, if persisted in, call for retaliatory combinations on the part of growers. These might commence by the growers of neighborhoods agreeing together not to sell by the buyers' rules, or to persons attempting to enforce them. We, for one, would very willingly agree with *our* neighbors to refuse even to show our clip to such buyers.

We think the time has come when County, State and National wool growers' organizations should officially declare their views in regard to buyers' rules, and make such recommendations to growers in the premises, as their members shall deem expedient.

We think the Agricultural Press should define its position on the question, and that the portion of it friendly to the wool growing interest should do its utmost to bring the combination rules into discredit and disuse.

Does any faint-hearted grower fear that such steps would lead to losing the sale of the clip? Such an apprehension is utterly groundless. If the woolen mills of the country are to run, under the present tariff, they must have our wool. We have friends among the manufacturers who are ready to buy on just terms. Even among the large dealers and brokers, there are enough to be found who will agree to sell wool on its merits. We can, if necessary, send our wool to market by our own agents—one man taking charge say of the clip of a county or of a larger region. And the moment that we show all the interested parties that we are united and determined, rival buyers acting on the sound principles of trade will start up in all directions to take the place of the combination buyers.



"TEXEL," OR "MOUTON FLANDRIN" WETHERS,

IMPORTED AND OWNED BY WINTHROP W. CHENERY, "HIGHLAND STOCK FARM," BELMONT, MIDDLESEX COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS.

"TEXEL" OR "MOUTON FLANDRIN" SHEEP.

A FRIEND has kindly furnished us with the following account of the object of introducing these sheep, of their characteristics, and of their degree of success thus far in this country:

The government and the manufacturers of England have, for a long time, encouraged the production of long, lustrous, combing wools, and, although, in addition to the large and increasing amount of home production, they import largely, they yet find it difficult to obtain full supplies. In this country, also, the demand for these wools is largely in advance of the supply, and the subject would therefore seem to be worthy the special attention of our breeders, and should lead them more generally to consider whether it will not be for their advantage to turn their attention to raising those breeds of sheep which produce the class of lustrous wool so much in demand, and, also, a good quantity of desirable meat for the shambles. Indeed, it may be said the question for the farmers in many localities to decide is, whether mutton and combing wool are not to be the most profitable products which can be grown on their farms.

Another and kindred question for the particular consideration of the farmer is, what breeds of Long Wool sheep are best adapted to attain success in various situations, and under different circumstances? In localities like the rich bottom lands of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys, or near the great Lakes, where the atmosphere is moist, and feed succulent and abundant, the Lincolns would undoubtedly produce long, lustrous, glossy wool, admirably adapted for imitations of Alpaca, &c.; and near the great business centers and densely populated districts, the Cotswold or Leicester, or a combination of those breeds will, doubtless, be found profitable for the production of early lambs for the butcher as well as for wool. These and other English breeds of mutton sheep are well adapted to the production of profitable quantities and qualities of both mutton and wool, under favorable circumstances of soil and climate,—but, in the changeable atmosphere of this country, where the extremes of heat and cold, character of our seasons, climate, &c., are so different from that of England, it may be well to consider whether we may not look beyond the "British breeds" for mutton sheep which shall be hardier and better suited to our varying climate and system of general farming.

The accompanying engraving truthfully represents a pair of three-year old wethers of the "*Texel*" or "*Mouton Flandrin*" breed of sheep imported from Friesland by WINTHROP W. CHENERY of the "Highland Stock Farm," Belmont, Mass. This breed of sheep are said to have been produced, early in the seventeenth century, by crossing the long-legged African or Guinea ram with the native sheep of the Islands near the Texel and in Groningen and Friesland.

"At the period of the introduction of these sheep into Europe, some highly exaggerated accounts were given of them, says YOUATT, by the writers of that time. CORNEILLE states that 'they produced lambs twice in the year, and usually three lambs at a time, sometimes four and five, and occasionally, although rarely, seven at one yeaning.' This, continues YOUATT, is quite incredible, and CORNEILLE himself acknowledges that it was 'only on their first arrival from the East that they were thus prolific, but they were, and still are, justly valued for their size, beauty of form, and abundant produce of long and fine wool, milk, and lambs.'

"WILSON, in describing these sheep, says the ewe is remarkable for always producing several lambs every year, and whose wool, while possessing a certain degree of fineness, is of great length; and YOUATT, writing in 1837, speaks of them as being of large size, measuring sometimes two feet nine inches in height, and having considerable resemblance to the British or Irish long-wooled breeds. They are, he says, more prolific than any English breeds, and produce long fine wool, which can be appropriated to valuable purposes, and milk which is valuable and is used by the Dutch and Flemings in the manufacture of considerable quantities of cheese of good quality.

"An anonymous French writer, in a work published by royal authority in 1763, in describing this breed of sheep, says that 'it unites in itself the perfections belonging to every other breed, without their defects; its walk is firm, its deportment noble, its form well proportioned in all its parts, announcing a good constitution and a healthy temperament, and exempt from the maladies so common to other breeds. The length of its wool is proportioned to its height, and it does not disfigure the animal as in the English sheep, whose fleece is a burdensome weight, especially at the return of spring. The Flemish (Texel) sheep carries nothing about him that in the least detracts from his beauty. His wool is white without spot—it is of a dazzling whiteness; he is contented everywhere—everywhere he becomes a citizen of the place he inhabits.'

"This may have been, and doubtless was, extravagant praise; yet the Texel sheep of the present time are a remarkably beautiful, compact, hardy and prolific race of animals, possessing quiet and contented dispositions, readily accommodating themselves to change of soil and climate, producing heavy fleeces of long and tolerably fine wool, mutton of superior quality, and lambs which, at four months of age, attain a weight of from seventy to eighty pounds. The ewes generally produce twins, and occasionally breed twice in one season; both sexes are without horns."

Mr. CHENERY'S importation, made in 1863, consisted of a ram and seven ewes, and his flock now numbers about fifty head, exclusive of animals introduced by him into Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, and California—where, so far as known, they have in every case proved satisfactory to purchasers.

In size the "Texel" or "Mouton Flandrin" sheep probably do not average so large as the Cotswold and Leicester breeds. They are, however, more compact, more hardy, have stronger constitutions—their fleeces are less open, and they are in every way better adapted to withstand the rigors of our changeable climate, and the rough, hard usage of the general farmer, than those breeds. Moreover, it is believed that they are eminently adapted to cross with the above named breeds, and also with the common sheep of the country.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—J. H. EDDY, Benton, Lake Co., Ill., forwards 5 samples of Merino wool from sheep sheared May 16th, 1867. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 from 1⅞ to 2 inches long, are of superior quality and style. No. 1, 2¼ inches long, is not quite so good; and No. 5, nearly 3 inches long, is of inferior quality to the others, and lacks in strength.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

BEES.—MAKING BROOD, HIVES, &c.

As this is the season for maturing brood, it may not be amiss to examine the different colonies with respect to the amount of available stores and the extraneous aid, if any, which may be required by the weaker ones. A want of food at this season materially diminishes the amount of brood; hence the importance of aid where wanted that the volume of workers may be strong and full.

It is a good time now to determine as to the kind of hives to be used, if a change is contemplated, and the number necessary to meet prospective wants of this character. Colonies are not infrequently induced to go wild in consequence of delay in providing them a domicil after they have swarmed and settled ready for hiving. Strong hives sometimes send out colonies in May; hence all the preliminary arrangements for their retention and comfort should be completed in time to be made available when wanted.

The bee-moth is a great nuisance about the apiary; hence special efforts should be made to clear the hives from the eggs before they have a chance to produce the brood of caterpillars so detrimental to the successful working of the bee colonies. This precaution, at the commencement of the honey season, is said to remunerate largely, and is in fact indispensable to success.

If it is the purpose to accumulate any considerable number of colonies the subject of pasturage for them should not be overlooked. In some localities a considerable stock of honey will be obtained from what may be termed vagrant sources, but these are not a proper or safe reliance; hence the propriety of cultivating such crops as will supply pollen and honey seasonably and in amounts equal to the capacity of the force designed to be maintained in the apiary. Mustard and buckwheat contribute largely to bee stores, while useful for other purposes. With a fair provision of these the bees will be likely to secure ample stores with what they acquire from other or outside sources.

Having prepared for the season's operations the next point of importance is to control, to the best advantage, the swarming of the bees and the storing of the honey which their labors may accumulate. "To accomplish this," writes JASPER HAZEN, to the N. Y. Observer, "hives should be used with a home for the swarm, for breeding and wintering, of from 1,600 to 2,000 cubic inches, and boxes upon the sides and top of the aggregate capacity of 100 to 150 pounds. So much room, with very free communication from the central apartment to the boxes, with the colony well shaded, will render their swarming so improbable as not to exceed one in three. If a bee keeper has any number of swarms in old-fashioned hives, let him prepare an equal number of the new hives, and, when a swarm issues, place it in the new hive and the new hive upon the old stand; move the comb from the old hive; brushing off the bees, the whole will go into the new hive. If he places the worker brood comb in a box and the box in communication with the hive, the bees will enter it and hatch out all the brood, giving the amount of two full swarms to the new hive. As each hive sends out its first swarm, treat them in this manner. The result will be as many hundred pounds of surplus as you have such swarms placed in your new hives. If there is a large number of them, divide—placing a part in a new field.

I make this statement confidently, from my experiments already made. I had four hives of this description last spring; two of them gave me two swarms each and 203 pounds of surplus in boxes of 6 or 8 pounds; two of them gave no swarm, but gave 297 pounds of surplus. The result, from the four, was four new swarms and 500 pounds of surplus—at the rate of 16 new swarms and one ton of surplus from 16 colonies. Having your bees already placed in the hives described, you may, in future years, control your swarms at pleasure.

If you wish to increase your colonies faster than they naturally swarm, near the close of the white clover honey harvest remove the boxes and confine the colony to the central apartment, and a swarm will issue in a few days. If the swarms increase too fast, so as to give danger of over-stocking, drive the whole colony in with the issuing swarm, and thus keep your stock down to the desired number in order to secure the greatest amount of surplus from your field."

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON—UNUSUAL WEATHER.—Last week we endeavored to make a favorable report of Weather and Work, but ere the chronicle was printed a snow storm set in and cold, stormy weather has since prevailed—including three falls of snow, each unusually heavy for the season. Indeed, the week has been decidedly wintry, and as we write (13th,) fires and overcoats are in demand, though the sun shines brightly. Of course farm work has been checked, and will continue to be until a favorable change occurs. Thus far we think the weather has not been unfavorable for winter grain or injurious to fruit.

The Season in New England is also backward. Under date of Dorchester, Mass., April 10, the Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER writes us:—"We are having most remarkable weather for spring. Saturday night (April 4,) we had a storm leaving four inches of snow on the ground. On Monday morning (6th,) the mercury fell to 22°. Another storm, on the 7th, left about four inches of snow, and sleighs were on the road again. On the 9th the weather was raw and cold, the thermometer marking 23°, and now at this writing (10th,) we have a heavier fall of snow, which is rapidly accumulating. The Lord only knows what we shall have next. Mark the contrast! On the 8th of April, 1865, Adonis Vernalis and some other flowers were in bloom, and we planted early corn and beans which succeeded well. On the 14th we cut the first rhubarb; on the 19th mowed the lawn, and and found some of the spires of grass to measure thirteen inches in length. The latter season (1865,) is supposed to be the earliest since 1775, when it is said the British soldiers, on the road to the Concord fight, broke branches of cherry trees then in bloom."

The Weather in the West has likewise been cold since the first of April. Writing from Davenport, Iowa, April 5th, a friend says:—"Seeding commenced in this section about two weeks ago, and is now nearly done. The last week in March the weather was delightful—warm and pleasant. Everybody seemed to think winter had at last shaken off its icy fetters, and that seed time had surely come; but since the first of April the weather has changed. For the last three nights the ground has been frozen to the depth of two to four inches, with no prospect of a speedy change. Although the sun shines brightly to-day, the wind comes cold and chilly from the north, and water is freezing in the shade. A good many gardens are already made and some plants are up, such as peas, cabbage, tomato plants, &c., which the cold weather will check if not destroy. The wheat will probably stand the freezing without much injury, but the barley that was sown long enough to become sprouted it is feared will be very much injured. I fear the small fruits are also killed, and I know this to be the case with cherries. Apples may have fared better, as they were not started by the warm weather sufficiently, I think, to be very much injured. * * * The RURAL has been a welcome visitor for the last four years, but I have only room to add, 'May its shadow never grow less.'"

From the South we also have reports of unusually cold weather for the season, letters and exchanges tell of severe frosts, etc. A Nashville paper mentions the occurrence of a severe frost in that section of Tennessee on the night of the 9th instant. It is feared that the fruit crop in that section will be materially diminished by this untimely visitation.

—On the whole the outlook is unfavorable, but there is yet no special occasion for murmuring.

ABOUT ADVERTISING IN THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Though the RURAL is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America, we very rarely allude to the matter, or give any portion of the mass of testimony received on the subject. And we have no special occasion to offer any evidence now, for our advertising department is over-full, (as it has been for many weeks,) yet the following entirely voluntary acknowledgment of the great superiority of the RURAL over other first-class advertising mediums may properly be placed upon record. We give it for the information of all concerned, and as a good, sufficient and cogent reason (asked for occasionally) why our advertising rates are more than those of other papers:

OFFICE OF THE RUBBER MOULDING AND WEATHER STRIPS, 57 Washington St., Boston, March 31st, 1868.

D. D. T. MOORE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* To know *when* and *where* to put an advertisement is a science that but few business men have acquired. During the past winter season I have received from seventy-five to two hundred and fifty letters per day, in answer to advertisements given in four hundred and seventy-three different papers for three months. The seventy-three papers were the best I could select in the country, (with two exceptions, Harpers', and Weekly Tribune,) and I must say that the advertisement in your paper brought me in more applications than any other four papers, and I should think at least one-sixth or more of all applicants would say, "I saw your advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER." Respectfully yours,

J. R. BRADSTREET.

Many of our advertising friends have, like Mr. BRADSTREET, handsomely acknowledged the benefits derived from advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and placed it first on the list of papers which they have selected as the very best mediums for their announcements. And those who advertise most extensively in leading journals—enterprising, intelligent and money-making men—highly appreciate the RURAL. For example, here is a note received by last mail from the President of the leading Business College of America,—the best known and most successful institution of its class in the world, (*because the best advertised,*)—which expresses the opinion of one who knows when and where to advertise, *for he has made an ample fortune by advertising:*

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE EASTMAN NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the Hudson, 10th April, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your kindness in placing me on your free list, but I don't believe that your advertisers consider that they are entitled to such favors. If advertising in the RURAL pays others as well as it has me, he must be a *mean* man who will ask or expect a *free* paper. I have had the RURAL in my family and institution more than ten years, and have paid you as many thousand dollars for advertising, and I assure you that I have had no better investment, and that I don't intend to stop, either. I am glad that you have opened an office in New York, and I am confident that you will meet with the encouragement the RURAL so justly deserves. Respectfully yours,

H. G. EASTMAN.

REMEDY FOR DROOPING HORNS.—JOHN CORP, Freetown, Cortland Co., N. Y., writes us that to elevate drooping horns on cattle, the scraping at the base of them should be on the under side, and oil applied to the portion thus operated upon. He adds:—"The best way to raise drooping horns on young cattle is to place the animal in a Stanchion; fasten pulleys over the animal's head. Place bolts on each horn to fasten the cord to; put the cord over the pulleys; hang on a weight of two or three pounds to the end of the cord, which will soon bring the horns to the desired elevation. At the same time apply oil at the base, on the under side of the horn. I have brought steer's horns to a match in this way, in a number of cases, to my entire satisfaction."

BONE MANURE.—At a recent meeting of the Herkimer Co. Farmers' Club, Mr. HOLLINGWORTH of Utica made some interesting remarks relative to the invigorating power of ground bones as a manure. Several years since he commenced operations on a farm which was swampy and unproductive. The ground—a section at a time—was well underdrained, broken up, cultivated and seeded down, till sixty acres were thus rejuvenated. After the crop was taken off and the ground seeded down, a liberal application of ground bone manure was annually made,—last year at the rate of 70 bushels to the acre. The result was 124 tons of hay from the sixty acres, whose cash value was $2,077.

POISONED STOCK.—Stock are sometimes poisoned by eating laurel when turned out in the spring, and occasionally death is the resultant consequence. It is said that a certain remedy is found in blood root, cut up and steeped in brandy. The decoction should be quite strong, and a tablespoonful administered at short intervals till relief is obtained. Cases of such poisoning are not very frequent, but they do occur, and sometimes occasion severe loss in stock, especially in sheep and cattle.

SHEEP SHOWS AND SHEARINGS.—The Washington Co. (N. Y.,) Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association will hold its fourth annual show and shearing at North Granville, May 5th and 6th. The usual premiums are offered.——The annual sheep shearing festival of the Western District of Monroe Co. (N. Y.,) is to be held at the Upton House, Spencerport, May 2d.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE grape crop of Ohio last season amounted to 3,341 tons, of an average value of about nine cents per pound.

A TERRE HAUTE, Ind., farmer boasts of his last year's potato crop—815 bushels of Early Goodrich to the acre.

THE people of Maine regard the Davis Seedling and Jackson White as the best varieties of potatoes for that region.

A TRENCH around a well, three feet from the wall, down to the hardpan, filled with gravel, will keep out angle worms.

HORSES are readily affected by the smell of blood, and become highly excited. Mares in foal should not be exposed to this ordeal.

IT is the general conviction of farmers that to get the most from a manure heap, it should be kept under cover while being composted.

A THREE-YEAR old heifer, belonging to Michael Kropp, of Attica, brought forth a calf recently with two heads, two rennets and two hearts.

THOMAS M. HARVEY, a scientific and practical farmer, has accepted the position of Superintendent of the Chester Co., Pa., experimental farm.

SUDS made of Castile soap and warm water make a good wash for chapped or cracked teats on cows. After washing, anoint with oil or warm milk.

REPORTS from the wheat regions of the West generally concur in promising a prolific harvest. Prospects have materially improved within a few weeks.

A. J. MURRAY, veterinarian, writes the Western Rural against the prevalent opinion that what are called "wolf teeth" are the cause of weak eyes in colts.

A MR. THOMPSON, Staten Island, divides potatoes into three sections and sprouts them in boxes before planting out, thus gaining two weeks on the season.

"LACTIS," Randolph, Vt., writes the N. E. Farmer in favor of milking cows a short time before calving. He practiced it for some time and thinks it beneficial.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Rural World has been inside the curtain of the "Patrons of Husbandry," and says the ceremonies are magnificent—like a dream in fairy land.

IT is said there are in New York city at the present time 100,000 boxes of cheese waiting an advance in the market. Late made Oneida sold in Utica last week at 17c.

TWENTY pounds of pure milk should make four of cream, and the cream one pound of butter, as a general average. Cream from the best of milk will do still better.

WHAT we call herdsgrass or timothy here is foxtail in England. It was brought to Rhode Island by Timothy Hurd, hence its double name of timothy and hurd or herd.

THE Australasian, a journal published in Melbourne, Australia, says RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD and his work on FINE WOOL SHEEP HUSBANDRY are the most useful works on these subjects in that region.

HORTICULTURAL.

FRUIT PREMIUMS.

THE time of making up the premium lists for the coming season's exhibitions is now upon us. Some few Societies have arranged their premiums, but as a rule, they are generally completed in May. In regard to the awards on fruits we desire to make one or two remarks. It has formerly been a practice to offer the largest premium for the largest collection, and the result has been that some commercial grower has obtained the award, thus advertising himself, but from the fact that not one in ten of the varieties exhibited were worth cultivating, the amount expended for the premium has not advanced fruit culture in any point. It has also been a practice to award a first premium to the best seedling, peach, apple, pear, &c., &c., and the writer of this has paid his dollar for a peach in bud, or a graft of apple or pear, for a new seedling awarded premium, which, when it came to fruit, was found surpassed in value by many old and well known sorts. These two premiums, given without any restricting or with insufficient restricting clauses or requirements, have assisted greatly in increasing our list of fruits only "good" in quality, according to the terms of our American Pomological Society—varieties, that if a man have an old bearing tree of it may not be advisable to destroy or even engraft, but which, if about to plant, are not desirable. It is upon these two premiums that we propose a word to the managers of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies.

We are overwhelmed with varieties of fruits named and described. We know some are adapted to one section and some to another. Soils change the character of the varieties, so that even good Pomologists are sometimes at a loss to recognize varieties, and yet there are comparatively few of the very many named and described, which even a list to cover our whole States and soils would embrace. Year by year, as our people test old sorts in new locations, and compare them with the new ones originated even in those same new locations, the value of the old, and want of value of the new, are shown, and the latter year by year are left out in new planting, until a few years elapse, when they are known only in the books. We, therefore, urge upon the managers or revisors of premium fruit lists the preparing of their awards so that they shall minister to the wants of the people and the actual advancement of fruit culture. And in so doing, we suggest that the premium for largest number of varieties shall embrace only such as would rank according to pomological rule as "very good" in quality, and the premium for new seedling shall be found to compare in all respects favorably with any and all known varieties that are by pomological rules classed as "best."

Further, we would insist on the exhibitor or competitor for the premium giving the list of names of his fruits, and stating on what soil they had been grown, and if a seedling, a full history of it; and then the committees should be bound to report these names, and to state in the case of the seedling with what named variety classed as "best" by pomological rules they had found it to compare favorably.

GRAPE VINES ON PUT-IN-BAY ISLAND.

GROWING SEEDLINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT on Put-in-Bay Island, Lake Erie, writes that "on an examination of the vines on that island, to determine their endurance of the cold, about the 2d of March, shows the Catawba all right except in some low places; Iona about the same as Catawba; Israella, Rogers 4, Adirondac and Allen's Hybrid buds badly killed; Creveling, Hine and Diana about one-third killed; Delaware as usual all sound; Concord next best; Ives and Hartford not much injured.

"Have planted grape seeds nearly every season for twenty years, hoping to get something valuable. I thought at first the foreign kind could be acclimated through the seed, and therefore planted seeds of the Hamburg, Chasselas, &c., and also seeds of the foreign kinds long cultivated in California. Some of the vines thus produced were quite hardy in *winter*, and produced beautiful and excellent fruit for two or three years, after that they *all* mildewed and died without traveling from the places where they sprang from seed, and with them went all my hopes of any success with foreign grapes or their seedlings. I have not much faith in crosses with foreign kinds, for I think they will generally mildew and fall after bearing a few good crops, but by crossing our native varieties I hope yet to reach my mark, viz., producing a grape as large and fine as the Black Hamburg, and as hardy as the Delaware. I have made a great many poor shots at this mark, and expect to make a good many more, but I mean to keep shooting grape seed at it."

A CAPABLE FRUIT COMMITTEE.

IN the report of a Fruit Committee of one of the leading Horticultural Societies, we read as follows:

"*Hubbardston's Nonesuch.*—Of the three specimens two are Hubbardston, but the third is more like a Baldwin or Jonathan."

Comment upon the intelligence of a fruit committee unable to detect the Baldwin from the Jonathan apple is all unnecessary with us, for we doubt whether the RURAL has a reader so ignorant. We extract and publish it, however, as an item of observance for Managers of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, now about appointing their Committees. The awards of Committees, and the reputation and character of Societies, often provoke just animadversion because of incompetent Committees, and it behooves Managers to study rather the capabilities and knowledge of the men they appoint, than any popularity they may have as public speakers, or dubbed with titles of Judge, Honorable, &c., &c.

LIQUID GRAFTING WAX.—The following are the ingredients and their proportions of an excellent liquid grafting wax, which is a durable application for all wounds on trees:—One pound resin; one ounce beef tallow; one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine; five or six ounces alcohol, ninety-five per cent. Melt the resin over a slow fire; when melted take it off and add the beef tallow, stirring it constantly; let it cool down somewhat, mix the spirits of turpentine little by little with it, and at last the alcohol in the same way. Should the alcohol be added while the mass is too hot much will be lost by evaporation, if it is too cool a viscid lump will form, and it must be slightly heated again. In well corked bottles it keeps for years. If it grows too thick in the course of time thin with alcohol, and for this purpose it must always be warmed.

"THE Glenora" is the name of a wine company about being organized at Big Stream Point, according to the Dundee Record.

ENGLISH SWEET-SCENTED VIOLET.

THIS is the sweetest of all the early spring flowers, and on account of its earliness and fragrance is very desirable. It begins to blossom in April and continues through May. There are several varieties, white and blue, double and single, but the double blue is the best. The engraving shows that the plant roots at the joints, spreading quite rapidly in this manner. The English Sweet-Scented Violet is a great favorite for placing in vases to perfume a room.

THE PLUM CURCULIO.

WE extract the following information of the Curculio and description of the best method of destroying it, from an Essay by Dr. E. S. HULL, Alton, Ill.:

"In this latitude curculios begin to make their appearance early in the season, always some days before the trees are in bloom, and are usually stocked with well grown eggs by the time the young plums are as large as a pea. Everywhere in this region where orchards are numerous and regularly in bearing, the curculio has so increased in numbers that they no longer confine their operations to the plum, but deposit their eggs in all our orchard fruits. These insects are also well acquainted with the hickory nut. This year, on a large shell-bark tree contiguous to our orchard, on which there were one or two bushels of nuts, not one could be found which had not been destroyed by them. I have also known them to deposit their eggs in strawberries, gooseberries, and occasionally in grapes. Perhaps it is a little curious that these last-named fruits, as well as apples and pears, should be attacked by them, since in none of these are the larvæ perfected. The same remark will also apply to the late peaches, stung early in season; whereas, in all the early varieties, as well as early nectarines, the apricot and cherry, they breed quite as freely as in the plum. Notwithstanding the larvæ are not perfected in the pear and apple, the eggs hatch and the young grubs cut their way a considerable distance into these fruits, where they perish. The fruits, at these wounded parts, cease to grow, and some varieties of apples, the Rawle's Janet, for example, in some localities, nearly all rot from the punctures thus made. Those apples that escape rotting are so deformed and knotty as to be of little value, except 'to sell,' and for cider. The mischief done by these insects is by no means confined to the loss of the stung fruits; these, under certain conditions, rot to such an extent, especially some of the early peaches, as to defoliate and kill all the interior branches, and so impair the vitality of the trees as to render them worthless, and, in some instances, to kill them. Within a few years we have discovered that much of the black knot, on the branches of our plum trees, was clearly referable to the stung plums resting on and rotting on the branches; thus creating those conditions favorable to a species of fungoid growth resulting in that peculiar enlargement of the limbs known as the 'black knot.'

"Curculios crawl freely and quickly from one part of the tree to another. Before they take to wing they start off at a rapid pace, expanding their wings as they go. They rarely fly, except in the middle of the day, though in very warm nights occasionally one will be attracted and fly into a small light. That curculios never hybernate above ground, we are not prepared to deny, having ourselves in two or three instances found them late in the season under cover of bark. In this locality, however, that a large per cent. of them do really remain in the earth during winter, at a depth of 15 to 36 inches, is to our mind a well established fact. During the month of January, 1868, while my workmen were excavating a ditch under peach trees, I found two well developed larvæ of the curculio at the depth of 27 and 38 inches; and during the month of April last, under some cherry trees which had been neglected the preceding year, I found two perfect curculios nearly ready to come forth, pupæ and quite a number of larvæ,—some of them not more than one-half or two-thirds grown, and others about to enter the pupæ state. These curculio larvæ come near the surface as they are about to change to pupæ and from the earth as they transform.

"To dislodge the curculio, it is the belief of some persons that severe pounding and jarring of the trees is necessary to bring these insects to the ground, while just the reverse of this is the case; as any one may learn by approaching the tree cautiously, and with the thumb and finger snap the base of the limb on which a female curculio is at work; at the first jar the insect seems to become aware of danger, she immediately starts up and by the time the second or third is felt, she will have loosened her hold and depressed her snout upon her body, folded her legs and antennæ, and dropped to the ground. Violent shaking of the trees generally fails to frighten them, while any decided jarring motion, quickly imparted to the tree, is all that is required to bring them down. Various modes for destroying these insects annually appear in print; ninety-nine out of each hundred are worth less than the paper on which they are printed. Nearly all the successes so reported are evidently made by persons who, having in preceding years lost their fruit by being stung by this insect, set about trying some experiment to head off the curculio, and are surprised to find their fruit escape injury. They at once jump to the conclusion that they have hit upon the infallible remedy, and without loss of time herald it to the world. If persons experimenting were fully acquainted with its habits, and the many casualties this insect is subjected to, they would then see how premature it would be to give the result of a single season's experience as conclusive of success.

"Three only of the remedies that have been proposed will receive any notice from us. A few years since the lime remedy was quite generally received as a sure protection to the plum. At the time of its appearance in print we were operating with our curculio catcher, and at once discontinued its use on several of our trees and made a most thorough trial of the lime, which at first promised to be a success. It did not seem to deter the curculio from depositing its eggs in the plums, but they did not hatch; later, the weather becoming dry, the succeeding deposits did hatch, and the larvæ penetrated the plums as freely as in those not limed.

"Further experiments with the lime proved that so long as the weather was wet the lime, or the caustic properties of the lime, was imparted to the water and entered the perforation in which the eggs were deposited and destroyed them, but was of no value in dry weather. The second remedy we shall consider—that of pasturing the orchard with hogs—is valuable to some extent, since all the fallen fruit with the larvæ they contain are consumed by them. In isolated orchards this would be sufficient protection were it not for the fact that larvæ are often perfected in the fruit and eat their way out while the fruit is yet upon the tree. To our certain knowledge this invariably occurs to an extent to stock the orchard with curculios the following year. We now come to the third and only certain remedy yet known,—jarring down and destroying the insects during the entire curculio season. And since ours is the only practical mode of capturing the insects, expeditiously, yet published, we give a description of our curculio catcher and the manner of operating with it.

"To make a curculio catcher we first obtain a light wheel, not to exceed three feet in diameter, the axletree of which should be about ten inches long. We next construct a pair of handles, similar to those of a wheel-barrow, but much more depressed at the point designed to receive the bearings of the axletree, and extending forward of the wheel just far enough to admit a cross beam to connect the handles at this point, one and a-half inches in the rear of the wheel a second cross beam is framed into the handles, and eighteen to twenty-four inches further back a third. The two last named cross beams have framed to their under sides a fourth piece centrally, between the handles and pointing in the direction of the wheel. To the handles and to the three last named pieces the arm or ribs to support the canvas are to be fastened. To the front part of the beam connecting the handles, in front of the wheel, the ram is attached. This should be covered with leather, stuffed with furniture moss, a dozen or more thicknesses of old hat, leather, or other substance, being careful to use no more than necessary to protect the tree from bruising. Ascertain the elevation the handles should have in driving and support them in that position. We now put in place the stretchers or arms, six for each side, which are to receive and support the canvas. We put the front arms in position. These extend back to near the center of the wheel on each side and in front of the wheel (for large machines) say six feet, and are far enough apart to receive the largest tree between them on which it is intended to operate. The remaining arms are supported on the handles, and fastened to them and to the two cross and parallel pieces in the rear of the wheel. These are so placed as to divide the space at their outer ends equally between them and the first mentioned stretchers, and fastened to the ends of the handles. Next we have ready a strip of half-inch board two and a-half wide. One end of this is secured to the forward end of one of the front arms, and in like manner to all the others on one side of the machine, and fastened to the handles Both sides are made alike. The office of these strips is to hold the outside ends of the arms in position; they also hold the front arms from closing. These outside strips also receive the outside edge of the canvas which is fastened to them as well as the several arm supports. It will be seen that the wheel is nearly in the center of the machine. To cover the opening at this point, a frame is raised over it, which is also covered with canvas. The arms, or stretchers, are so curved that the motion of the machine, in moving from one tree to another, should bring everything falling on the canvas to depressed points, one on each side of the wheel, where openings are made into funnels emptying into pockets or bags for the reception of insects and fallen fruit. The whole machine should not exceed ten or eleven feet in breadth by twelve or thirteen in length. These are for large orchard trees; smaller ones could be protected with a much smaller machine. If the frame work has been properly balanced, the machine will require but little lifting, and will be nearly propelled by its own weight. This curculio catcher, or machine, is run against the tree three or four times, with sufficient force to impart a decided jarring motion to all its parts. The operator then backs far enough to bring the machine to the center of the space between the rows, turns round and in like manner butts the tree in the opposite row. In this way a man may operate on three hundred trees per hour."

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Italian Dwarf Peach.—A correspondent of the Horticulturist thinks the above named peach identical with one described by WILLIAM PRINCE in 1828 under the name of Dwarf Orleans.

Thornless Blackberry.—DODGE's Thornless Seedling Blackberry is a chance seedling, originating in Western New York, and other good qualities are claimed for it besides that of being entirely free from thorns.

Old but Good.—It is said to be a fact that out of forty-one varieties of apples approved in ten or more districts by the American Pomological Society in 1864, eleven were recommended by COXE half a century ago. These are:—Early Harvest, Large Yellow Bough, Summer Queen, American Summer Pearmain, Summer Rose, Maiden's Blush, Rambo, Fall Pippin, Yellow Bellflower, Esopus, Spitzenburg and Newtown Pippin."

New Grapes.—Among the newer grapes for public favor, are two from New Jersey—the Conqueror and Challenge, introduced by W. F. BASSET. They are described as hardy, produced from a cross between Concord and Royal Muscadine; both black in color; ripening with and before the Concord, and superior to it. Another new one is named Duquett, or Duquett's Seedling, from Orleans county, N. Y. It is described as white, transparent, with only one seed in each grape, nearly as large as Isabella, with flavor of White Chasselas; vine, perfectly hardy, and ripens 1st of September in its native county.

Pruning Off Large Branches.—The Gardeners' Monthly says:—"It is often necessary to prune off large branches of trees at this season, and it is provoking to see how unworkmanlike this is too often done. Figure 1 represents the usual appearance of a cut off branch, caused by cutting on one side, and the weight of the branch drawing over and splitting down the bark. A good workman cuts

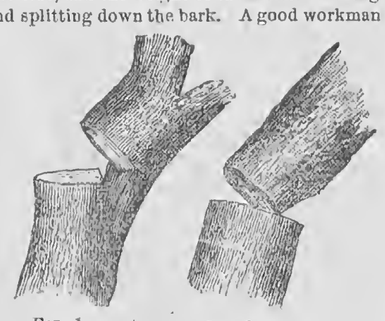


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

as shown in figure 2. When it falls over it then comes off with a clear smooth surface. After large branches are cut off, the wood should be painted or tarred to keep the wounds from decaying until the bark grows over. Very small branches do not need this, as they cover themselves long before decay seriously commences."

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

CURRANT WINE.—Take perfectly ripe currants, mash and strain; to each quart put 2 of water and 3 of sugar; stir the whole well together, and let it stand 24 hours without stirring; then skim and set in a cool place where it will ferment slowly. When it becomes clear it is fit to bottle. This will be good in the course of six months, but is much improved by being kept two or three years. I have currant wine two years old, made according to the above recipe, which is far preferable to Madeira in sickness.

TO MAKE SANDWICHES.—Rub a teaspoonful of mustard flour into half a pound of sweet butter; spread this mixture upon thin slices of bread. From a boiled ham cut very thin slices, and place a slice of ham between two slices of bread prepared as above; cut the sandwiches in a convenient form and serve. Some chop the trimmings of the ham or any other cold meat very fine, and lay them between the slices of prepared bread. This is a good dish for lunch or evening entertainments.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil the eggs until done; when cold shell them, and cut them in halves lengthwise; lay them carefully in large mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few pieces of ginger and a few cloves. When cold tie up closely, and let them stand a month. They are then fit for use. With cold meat they are a most delicious and delicate pickle.—MRS. J. PECK, *Low Hampton, N. Y.*

PLAIN SOUP.—Chop tolerably fine a pound of lean beef, mutton or veal, and when it is partly done add to it a carrot and one turnip cut in slices, and a small onion. Mince these together, and put the whole into a deep sauce pan with three pints of cold water. When the soup boils remove the scum and add pepper and salt to taste. It may be served in half an hour, strained or otherwise. It may be flavored with, with cayenne, catsup or anything else agreeable to the taste.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two cups of molasses; butter or lard; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 do. alum, dissolved in 2 tablespoons hot water and ½ do. ginger. Add the alum after stirring 1 teaspoon ingredients.—A FARMER'S DAUGHTER, *Honeoye, N. Y.*

INQUIRY.—Will some RURAL reader please give a recipe for taking stains and spots off Brittania ware which has become spotted by standing unused?—G. H. A., *New Haven, Conn.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AMERICAN S... American grow... oz. 50 cts., $ lb $8 ... 953-2t

DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK RASPBERRY ... —See CUT in last week's issue of this paper. Its ... history, with full directions for its profitable cultivation, ... sent to all applicants on receipt of 10 cents. A few ... plants to spare, if ordered soon. Address REV. MR. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y. dozen p...

50,000 GENUINE GIANT ASPARAGUS ROOTS, two years old, well grown and choice, $100, $7,50 $1,000, discount for large orders. No charge for packing. Address H. C. WHITE, Seedsman, 20 East Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. 952-2t

IT DON'T SCRATCH YOU—OR TEAR YOUR Clothes—Davison's Thornless Black-Cap Raspberry is the best, as it is hardy, productive, early and sweet, and it is a pleasure to cultivate it. For origin, description, prices, testimonials, &c., send for Circular, to JOSEPH SINTON, Angola, Erie Co., N. Y. 952-2t

MARBLEHEAD MAMMOTH SWEET CORN.—This is the largest of all varieties of Sweet Corn, the ears are of an enormous size, often weighing between two and three pounds; very sweet and excellent for table use. My specimens of this Corn recently took the First Premiums at two of the Annual Fairs of the Mass. Horticultural Society. Price a pkge 25 cents, or 5 pkgs for $1, by mail post-paid. My Seed Catalogue gratis to all. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass. [952-4t

EARLY KENT PEAS.—50 Bbls. GENUINE EARLY KENTS, at $3,25 per bushel, by the barrel (4 bushels.) SHERMAN & GATES, No. 6 Front St., New York. 951-2t

AGE SEED.—Fresh Sage Seed, ... growth of 1867,—a prime article—per ... JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

CROSBY'S EARLY SWEET CORN.—This new Corn is *the* kind for Market Gardeners and all who want a variety that is of *good size, early* and *sweet*. It is larger than Darling's Early, *will average twelve rows*, and the ears are finely filled out. The market gardeners around Boston are dropping every other early sort for this. Per package 15 cents, per half pint 30 cents, per pint 50 cents, per quart $1; sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price. My Seed Catalogue gratis to all. 952-4t JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

VIOLA ODORATA, (ENGLISH SWEET VIOLET.)—I have several thousand roots of this beautiful Flower, double-blue, and exceedingly fragrant. I will send them, post-paid, at the following rates: Good roots, well packed, each 30c.; per dozen, $2. Address SAM'L P. WAKELEE, Care JAS. VICK, Rochester, N. Y. 951-2t

TO THOSE WHO LOVE FLOWERS.—I have a choice variety of Flower Seeds on hand: Double Zinnias, French and German Asters, Tropæolum, French Marigold, African Rose, Heddewigi Pinks, Splendid English Pansies, Mignonette, Viscaria Scabiosa, Cardinalis, &c., &c.—all choice. For 50 cents and stamp I will send 12 kinds, and 24 kinds for $1. Address MRS. H. C. KENT, Scipioville, N. Y. 951-4t

POTATOES—POTATOES—POTATOES.—Utica, N. Y., is the place to get them true to name.

No. 1. Harison,	$4,00 ℔ bushel,	.. $9,50 ℔ barrel.	
No. 2. Early Goodrich	$2,50	do	.. $5,00 do
No. 3. Gleason	$2,00	do	.. $4,00 do
No. 4. Calico	$3,00	do	.. $4,00 do

I will send one of each of the above number, post-paid, for 25c., or one pound of each sort to one address, post-paid, for 80c. Every potato grower should try them. 952-2t CHAS. H. SPRATT, Market Gardener.

WITHIN THE PAST FOUR YEARS 2,000,000 PEOPLE Have patronized us and we venture to say that no other concern in any business has given more general satisfaction. COTTONS, PRINTS, DRESS PATTERNS, PANT PATTERNS, WATCHES, PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, &c. For 10 cents a Patent Pen Fountain, and a check in our Dollar Sale. Send in your clubs of from 30 to 1000 at same rate. Free present to getter-up. Circulars free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

PRICES $6 to $18.—EAGLE SEED SOWER—The Seed is dropped by reciprocating Seed Box, warranted to work to perfection. Also, *THE CLIPPER WHEEL HOE*, for pulverizing the soil and destroying weeds. Liberal discount to the trade. Send for Circular. Address E. D. & G. B. REYNOLDS, Box 239, North Bridgewater, Mass.

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS—Beautiful Arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free. Agents wanted. Address Wood & Co., Vernon, N.J.

BROADCAST SEED SOWERS.—PRICE $10. R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 356, New York.

"EARLY ROSE" POTATOES. Sold with or without the Grape Vines.

PERFECTION ATTAINED AT LAST.

GEO. W. BEST, UTICA, N. Y., HAS ALL THE STOCK WHICH WILL BE OFFERED FOR SALE TILL FALL OF 1868. The "Early Rose" is a Seedling of the "Garnet Chili," originated in 1861 by Albert Brezee, Esq., an intelligent farmer, and the whole stock was sold by him to D. S. Heffron, Esq., (of Utica, N. Y.,) the well-known disseminator of the "Goodrich Seedlings."

In a letter to Messrs. B. K. Bliss & Son of New York, Mr. H. says of the "Early Rose:"

It has uniformly ripened *ten days earlier than the "Early Goodrich,"* produces less small tubers, is equally healthy and productive as that justly celebrated variety, and its superior in table quality. *It is the best early potato that I have ever grown or seen*, all things considered. Skin thin, tough, of a dull blush color, flesh white, solid and brittle, boils through quickly, very mealy.

Dr. John P. Gray, Superintendent of the N. Y. State Lunatic Asylum, says:

Last Spring (1867) I received from D. S. Heffron a quantity of his new Vermont Seedling Potato, called the Early Rose. It was planted the last of May, in alternate rows with the Early Goodrich, in the same kind of soil and treated exactly alike. It came up rank, grew more rapidly than the Early Goodrich, and flowered full two weeks before that variety. It began to ripen its large, thrifty-growing leaves twelve days in advance of the other, and was fully ripe and fit for digging at least ten days before the Early Goodrich. We carefully measured four rows of each kind across the piece, and found the yield quite equal to the Early Goodrich; in health it was also its equal, while it excels the other in table quality. I consider it the best very early potato with which I am acquainted. JOHN P. GRAY.

(Dr. Gray has none of the stock for sale, having only raised a few for Mr. Heffron.)

The "American Agriculturist," (Jan. No., page 10,) pronounces it "*The Best of All.*"

CARD FROM D. S. HEFFRON, ESQ.

To whom it may concern:

Having recently sold nearly my entire stock of the "Early Rose Potato" to John L. Conover and Stacy P. Conover, they have sent me an order to deliver a portion of them to Geo W. Best of Utica, N. Y. D. S. HEFFRON

I have a very large stock of CHOICE NATIVE GRAPE VINES, Consisting of the most desirable varieties, among which are Adirondac, Allen's Hybrid, Concord, Creveling, Delaware, Diana, Union Village, Hartford Prolific, Rogers' Hybrids, Iona, Israella, &c., &c. Which I intend to send out in connection with the "Early Rose," or separate from them, as purchasers desire.

TERMS: FOR $5, (invariably to be sent with order) I will send *Ten Choice Grape Vines* from the above list (reserving the right of selection for myself, but will endeavor to suit purchasers as far as possible), but will endeavor to suit purchasers; all to be securely packed, and sent by mail, post-paid, and *One Pound of Early Rose Potatoes*; all to be securely packed, and sent by mail, postage pre-paid.

Having received a large number of letters from all parts of the United States, from Nurserymen, Grape Growers and others who have at the Grape Vines they need, and are anxious to procure some seed of the "Early Rose," I have been induced to make a change in my Terms of Sale for their benefit, and will sell the Potatoes alone at the following rates:

1 pound, (postage pre-paid,) $3.00
5 pounds 15.00

Parties purchasing 5 pounds may easily, with careful cultivation, have a stock of *five bushels* next fall.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PLANTING.

By cutting into single eyes, and planting but one eye in a hill, one bushel may be readily raised from a pound, and will be worth next fall, at the *very lowest calculation, double the price paid for both vines and potatoes.*

Not more than 5 packages sent to one address.

No orders accepted unless accompanied by the Cash.

None but strictly first-class Vines sent out with the Potatoes.

Orders will be booked in order as received, and potatoes and vines shipped as early in the spring as the weather will permit. *Order early*, as the stock is limited.

Parties wishing to purchase Grape Vines in quantity, either for planting or for sale, are particularly requested to send for my Catalogue, as I am determined to sell cheaper than any other dealer in the United States. Address

GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—WITH OTHER VARIETIES we have 100,000 very strong and thrifty 2 years old Concord Vines at $15 per 100. Isabella, same age, $6 per 100. Grape Cuttings, $1 per 1,000; and other grape wood. Jucunda, Metcalf, Durand and other Strawberries. Houghton Gooseberries and Cherry Currants, all at low prices. Also the "Walter" Grape, to be delivered next fall. FERRIS & CANWOOD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS.—FOR SALE, AT Wholesale and Retail, a large quantity of LOCUST HEDGE PLANTS. For particulars inquire of or address WARREN J. BUELL, Hamilton, N. Y. 949-6t

PEACH TREES, GRAPE VINES AND A GENERAL Nursery Stock for sale at cheap rates for good stock. Address E. MOODY & SONS, Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y. 948-8t

FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS.—To all wishing the best quality of seed and true to name, as grown by us. Apply to MAUPAY, HACKER & CO., Seed Growers and Importers, Philadelphia, Pa. Our Almanac for 1868 mailed to applicants. 948-8t

AGENTS, ATTENTION!—READ WHAT the papers say of "MACKENZIE'S 10,000 RECEIPTS; OR, UNIVERSAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA," and be convinced it is a reliable and valuable work:

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Those desiring information can receive circulars of terms and description by addressing T. ELLWOOD ZELL & CO., Nos. 17 & 19 South SIXTH Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

BY HOWARD THURSTON.

My sweet KITTY CLOVER!
The smile running over
Her face is as sweet as the sunlight, to me;
I watch for its playing,
While low I am saying
"The smile of an angel no sweeter could be!"

My sweet-smiling KITTY,—
No poet a ditty
Could sing in her praise that would tell of her grace;
No deft artist-fingers
Could catch, as it lingers,
The beautiful light that beams over her face!

My proud little Kitty,—
I pray she may pity
The hearts that are loving her when they would not:
The sorrow of living
Is when we are giving
A love that we feel it were better forgot!

My sweet KITTY CLOVER!
May gladness run over
Her life, and love's music be thrillingly sweet;
It may be her smiling—
So bright and beguiling—
May some day make my life and loving complete!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN,
AUTHOR OF "PHILOSOPHY OF HOUSEKEEPING."

"A CONTENTED mind is a continual feast." Thus discourses the wisest of men, who, of all that ever lived on the planet, was probably best qualified to pronounce upon the essential elements of happiness. He had splendid palaces, imperial gardens, fast horses, magnificent chariots, and luxuries of all sorts; he ate daily at a sumptuous table; he was surrounded by beauty, talent, everything that surpassing wisdom could invent and attract, or unbounded wealth procure; riches, wisdom, length of days were his, but in none of these did he assure us is the secret of happiness. The happy man, the happy woman, is not the wealthy man, the rich woman. Splendor does not bring joy; gold and gems are not the things to satisfy the heart. Wretchedness hides under jeweled garments and beneath gilded domes, as often as under ragged clothes and in mean abodes. The happy man is the contented man, live he in a palace or a hovel, wearing ermine and velvet and broadcloth, or clad in homespun.

If you, my reader, are happy, it is not because you have a fine house to live in, a handsome hat to wear, an elegant dress to appear in, a splendid equipage. And you are unhappy, if so, not because your house is plain, your attire mean and you must evermore go afoot. Not in these externals does happiness consist. A man may have everything heart can wish and yet exclaim with SOLOMON, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Or he may, like St. PAUL, "having nothing, yet possess all things." We do not mean to say that a commodious, well-furnished house is not desirable, that suitable and abundant clothing is not to be sought, or that the elegancies of life may not promote one's enjoyment; but we do say that if the "root of the matter" is not in one's heart, if he is not in himself essentially a cheerful, contented man, these surroundings will not make him so. He will become accustomed to them, and regard them as matters-of-course, like the air we breathe, the rain and the sunshine; but we have SOLOMON'S word for it that one never becomes accustomed in any but the best sense to a contented mind. It is, says the royal epicure, a continual feast.

And a strange power it has of transmuting into wealth and luxury things plain and common-place. Cottages by its magic power are made palaces of love and peace; fabrics of coarse and common texture become fine broadcloth, ermine and cloth of gold; the pine table spread with frugal fare is transformed into a splendid board of banqueting and mirth, and the homely faces gathered around it beam with a joy and happiness that only the angels need not envy. Gentle reader, this is no fancy sketch! With these eyes I have seen it, and almost envied the simple content with the common peasant's lot that before my delighted vision produced results so transcendent. And how often we might see effects similar flowing from the same unfailing source. Unmingled bitterness is rarely found in any one cup given to human lips. In almost every chalice there are drops of honey. Is it not wisdom to sip the sweet and gulp the bitter? Is not the inscription on an ancient dial—"*Horas non numero nisi serenas*,"—"I number only the sunny hours,"—the very sum and substance of sound philosophy? Let any man or woman sit down and recount to themselves the ills they have borne, the misfortunes that have befallen them, the false friends that have wounded them, the various physical, mental and spiritual sufferings they have undergone, and how easily is life made to seem a desert and happiness a dream. But let the same persons, in another frame of mind, recall the hours of gladness they have seen, the friends that have brought joy and delight to their hearts, the pleasant scenes in which they have participated, the personal, domestic and social blessings that have been showered on their pathway in life and how the fleeting clouds vanish! The passing storms are forgotten, and perpetual sunshine broods over all the past!

What habit of mind can conduce to our perpetual enjoyment more than the one of making the best of everything? The enthusiast is always warm and glowing; the skeptic always cold and repulsive. Show the former a fine landscape; he will seize upon its beauties, forgetting or ignoring its defects, while the latter will be blind to all the fairer features, or admit them coldly, and dwell on the traits that mar its perfect beauty. Is there not as much sound criticism in admiring what is admirable as in condemning what is unworthy? And so in character as in landscapes. If my neighbor has half a dozen good traits and some bad ones, am I not as discriminating if I select and dwell upon the good as if I descant only upon the bad? Must I find a mote in my neighbor's eye to make myself and everybody else sure that there is no beam in my own eye?

The effect of a cheerful, contented spirit in the mother of a family is not to be estimated. The atmosphere of *happiness* is the atmosphere of finest development for any child. Look over the families of your acquaintance, my kind reader, and tell me who have been most successful in raising sons and daughters to be ornaments to their family and pillars in the social fabric. Have they not been, in almost every instance, those where happiness has blossomed and borne daily fruit? But give to a household earthly competence, strict morality, and even earnest piety, and let the essential element of home felicity be wanting there, and does that family prove a success? When SOLOMON said, "Train up a child in the way he should go," he meant something more than enforcing obedience, inculcating principles of honesty and restraining from vice. The young plant must have earth, warmth, moisture and *sunshine*, or it will never shine in its full beauty; and so the young heart must drink the waters of content and joy or the character will be dwarfed and imperfect.

"If you wish to see a perfect mirror of yourself," said an experienced teacher, "look at your class." And not less faithfully is every mother mirrored in the prevailing tone and temper of the family she presides over. Let her be critical, impatient, hard to please, and how surely will the same manifestations appear around her, and discord on the music fall and darkness on the glory. The sunny face of childhood will be overcast with clouds and the ringing laughter quenched in tears, the voice of affection will be silenced and the pall of gloom and sadness cover the family roof-tree. On the contrary if she is sunny and patient, you will see only beaming faces around her; if her voice is ever pleasant and cheery no dissonance will grate upon your ear within that charmed home-circle. If perpetually she turns the cloud to find the silver lining, or soars above it to the undimmed sunlight of eternal calm in a loving, confiding trust in the great Father of us all, her children, her husband and her friends will, unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less certainly, drink in the same blessed spirit and rejoice in the same divine warmth and brightness.

HOW FASHIONS ARE INTRODUCED.

ANY one who has studied the milliners' shops in Paris, cannot help observing how boldly all the fashions of the different seasons are obtruded on the public gaze. Foreigners and provincials, struck with these excesses the Parisian modiste perpetrated, while endeavoring to hit upon some happy invention that should take the citadel of fashion by storm, and which the leaders of *ton*, to whom they had been submitted, had refused to countenance, secured them as though they were the choice novelties of the season. Hence many a foreign dame and many an English one, ambitious of following closely in the steps of fashion, will have reason to regret her Paris purchases during her sojourn there.

Par parenthese, one may here remark that it is not the *grandes dames*, or leaders of fashion, as they are styled, who really introduce the changes in the mode when these are particularly abrupt or striking. This is left to the actresses at the more fashionable theaters—whose toilettes in modern comedies outstrip in a marked degree those of the grand personages they are supposed to represent—to certain classes of women who are allowed large discounts on their purchases, in consideration of their being the means of introducing particular novelties, with the view of rendering the public familiar with them, and drawing on the more lukewarm and timid of their sex to follow the example they set. Indeed, it is matter of notoriety that many of the large Parisian houses not only provide ladies of graceful figure and elegant bearing with toilettes with which to exhibit themselves at the afternoon promenade, between the lakes in the Bois de Boulogne, during the Paris season, and thereby advertise the particular robe or mantle which it is desired to introduce, but pay a fixed daily sum for thus displaying themselves. A single robe or a single mantle of some precise form and shade of color, would, unless very striking, fail in attracting any particular attention; several examples, therefore, have to be exhibited at the same time, and the display goes on day by day until a hit is made, or failure becomes evident.—*Tinsley's Mag.*

THE ANCIENT ROMAN WOMEN.

THE ancient Romans, in some respects, were in advance of the present age in their practical physiological knowledge. This was especially the case in the habits of the women. They seemed to be fully aware that a hardy race must be born of healthful mothers, and consequently any usage or practice likely to affect injuriously the health of women was viewed by the State with suspicion. The muscles were systematically educated. Frequent bathing was required by law. Large bath-houses were established, which were places of common resort. For several centuries of the best ages of Rome it was a criminal offense for a Roman mother to drink intoxicating liquors. At the time of our Saviour on earth, and for a long period after, it was considered infamous for a Roman woman to taste wine. For a guest to offer a glass of wine to one of the household was looked upon as a deep insult, as it implied a want of chastity on her part. History records several cases where they were put to death by their husbands because they smelt of "tomotum." The consequence of this physical training and abstinence from all intoxicating liquor was that the Romans were noted for their endurance and strength.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

A NIECE of Horace Greeley is making a sensation in European musical circles. She played before Liszt, and he embraced her, which was complimentary to the young lady and pleasant for the maestro.

PARIS has a new lady violinist, Mme. Norman Neruda, who is said to be equal to Paganini. She was born in Prague, educated at Vienna, and married a Swede. She is twenty-eight years of age, and appeared in a concert when only seven.

COMMENTING upon the fact that ten females support male characters on the New York stage, a Canadian paper triumphantly remarks "that more than that number support male characters in Kingston, and good-for-nothing fellows at that."

THERE is in Paris a handsome tenor, who captivates the ladies by his voice and appearance. Unfortunately he is not gifted otherwise. In fact, save in music, he is stupid. A gentleman, whose wife desired him to invite the tenor to his receptions, feared the result and mentioned this to a friend. "Invite him by all means," said the latter, "but hide the piano."

THERE is a lively matrimonial business in Worcester, Mass. Four hundred and seventy-eight marriages took place in that city last year. One blushing bride had reached the age of 73 years; but three others were on the pinafore side of 16. There was also a resolute young woman who entered boldly upon her third connubial voyage at the age of 29. A damsel of 18 likewise flouted "Mrs Grundy" by wedding a swain of 55.

AN association to be called the "Order of the Pen," is about to be founded among the literary women (blue stockings,) of New York from which men are to be excluded, but which is gradually to extend its operations among female writers all over the country. The badge of the order will be a gold quill, to be worn as a brooch or other ornament, and the members will lunch together once a month at Delmonico's.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HAPPY DISTANCE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

As we walk the dusty highways
Of our Life, at fifty-three,
What clear-shining breaks the shadows!
What delightful things we see!
Looking backward, far below us,
Haunted vales and sparkling streams,
With the sound of waters, falling,
As we hear it in our dreams.

Softly now the light of morning
Breaks a pathway through the night,
And with eagerness we picture
Scenes long vanished from our sight:
There the meadow full of clover
Where the yellow butterflies
Floated in the mellow sunshine
Under our bewildered eyes;

There the fields ripe for the harvest,
Where the mowers gaily sang,
And the tree from out whose branches
Tuneful note of robin rang:
There a hill where blossomed wild flowers,
There a bank of daisies sweet;
There the oak where, in the gloaming,
Little NAN I used to greet.

Ah, how full the air of fancies!
I can almost see her now,
With her shy blue eyes uplifted,
And the sunlight on her brow:
There I crowned her with the roses
In the summer, long ago,—
But the years have rolled between us,
And her grave is white with snow.

Oh, the Distance! happy Distance!
How it lends enchantment rare
To those days of far-off Spring-time,
To the brows we thought so fair:
Now we walk with sad contentment
Down the dusty road of Life,
Sometimes yearning for the dew-fall—
Sometimes eager for the strife;

And the Future gaily beckons
Us, with magic on her lip,
Pointing to that misty Autumn
When the fruits of Life are ripe;
Yet we linger, backward turning,
For no scenes are bright like those
That we gaze on, down the valleys
Where the scented violet grows.

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. IV.—THE POSE HORIZONTAL.

MEN prate a great deal about position in life. They talk of it everywhere. They make it a standard for measuring their fellows by. They strive for it with all their best endeavors.

Position is but a precarious thing, at best, and all positions in life are inclined to be "shaky." Their foundations are often unstable. Now you stand firm, and now you don't.

So far as my limited experience has demonstrated, it is to the effect that only one among the many positions in life is satisfactory and really abiding. And, that is the *pose horizontal*. About once in the twenty-four hours, at least, we seek it, and find its "perquisites" more completely to our mind than those of any other that we hit upon. Finally there comes a time when the *pose horizontal* is all that is left for us, any way, be we satisfied with it or not. Then we attain to a position the tenure of which shall hold good forever and forever. A position without any disagreeable concomitants—perhaps. Only a long, long sleep. And dreamless? Many of us will hope so.

—If there would come a time when the fretful, wearying dreams of this work-a-day life would cease! So we feel, often. May be the longing will bring it,—who knows? What a world of vague drifting about among dim uncertainties we shall be saved, if the time only comes!

Uprightness is a good thing. I believe in it. And I may add that I advocate and exemplify it in the most downright manner. My feet are the feet of a born American. They have, to use a market phrase, a tendency upward. They delight in the *pose horizontal*. I, myself, as a whole,—not to proceed to extremes,—contend that the proper rendering of the axiom, "Time is a great leveler," is *present* Time. Hence I take to the horizontal position as a matter of course. Hence I would have all things assume their proper level, now.

If all maintained the horizontal position, no one could be truthfully called "stuck up." If all men and things were rigidly leveled, (I don't mean leveled in ridges,) the great mountains of human nature wouldn't attract much more attention than the little mole hills. Then would be found the equality for which certain ones long so much. For true equality comes only through the *pose horizontal* and sleep. My neighbor over there,—three seats away from me,—who has put his feet up in the window and is snoring sweetly, may be a member of the Common Council, or possibly a member of Congress, but he is now on a level with me—is my equal. He is as worthy a character off in that land of dreams as I am. The burly man just in front of him, whose horizontal monopolizes two seats, may be a butcher, but he isn't any better than the Common Councilman, for the best he can dream of is a fat job.

If I was at home now—

—That is a very common expression. We hear it often. Young men and young women speak it, as they think of the parental roof. Husbands and wives utter it, as they remember companions and children left behind. I've a bachelor notion that it's home anywhere. We never really go away from home but once. And then we never come back.

But speaking as others speak, if I was at home, now,—that is, if I was in the old place which knows me best, and where Aunt JERUSHA presides,—I should probably put my feet up on the mantel, having encased them in my softest slippers, and in the slippery frame of mind induced should slide off into dreamland. SANCHO PANZA once invoked a blessing on the man who first invented sleep. I would go further, and bless the early sleeper for arranging himself in the *pose horizontal* when he first set out into the unknown country. Because I infer that with him, to speak the truth, to sleep was to lie—down. Think how dreadfully disagreeable it would be to us, to have to stand ourselves up in some corner when wishing to woo the gentle goddess of sleep! If such were the case I presume our manners would be much less retiring than they now are. With all persons, save the very few who are reputed to have what is commonly termed *back-bone*, sleeping would be a very stooped (stupid) business.

And what were society without its sleepers? These wide-awake individuals, who make so much noise in the world, may be the pillars of society, but the sleepers are the whole bed. A sleeping man never does any hurt. Or if he does, it's when he gets out of the horizontal position and goes stumbling about like the wide-awake ones, which is unnatural, and never entered into the calculations of the man whom SANCHO PANZA blessed. Then, a man is happiest in his sleep. I have heard tell of one who did not sleep in six months, and I think he must have lived a wretched life indeed. If I were him I'd dine on opium every day, and make a supper of hasheesh, until I got out of myself.

He is most innocent who sleeps most—who loves the *pose horizontal* best. We get nearest the angels in our dreams, unless we happen to eat a late supper and impair our digestive apparatus. The paths we travel in then do not lead to haunts angelic. On the contrary, it is a demon who haunts us. But the man who invented sleep didn't invent late suppers, ice creams, plum puddings, and other rich *et ceteras*. If he had, SANCHO PANZA would have given him a curse, rather than a blessing.

SUGAR SUASION.

REV. H. W. BEECHER, in the Ledger, discloses his dissent from the wisdom of Solomon in the management of children. He would not only "spare the rod," but give up its use altogether. For the rod he would substitute the stick; not the stick of birch, but the stick of candy. Perhaps it would be even better to employ a cane—a sugar cane. But all sweets are apt to turn sour in digestion. Here is an extract from Brother Beecher's essay:

"As for children, we tried the rod on our own children, but are now trying the sugar-plum with our grandchildren. Thus far our success is remarkable. Family government has risen in popularity. Children cry for it. Our children used to look with aversion on the spot where we locked up the switch; but now there is not in the whole house a place so favorite as the drawer where is stored the sweet moral suasion. Good conduct thrives. Obedience is at a premium! The will is broken! The children are governed without knowing it! Blessings on sugar-plums!"

It is a curious fact, long noted and not yet explained, that the average grandparent is more indulgent to the juvenile descendants than the average parent. From this weakness it would seem that even the clergy are not exempt.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

RIO JANEIRO AT NIGHT.

As night came on, sunset lit up the mountains and the harbor. In this latitude, however, the glory of the twilight is soon over, and as darkness fell upon the city it began to glitter with innumerable lights along the shore and on the hillsides. The city of Rio de Janeiro spreads in a kind of crescent shape around the western side of the bay, its environs stretching out to a considerable distance along the beaches, and running up to the hills behind also. On account of this disposition of the houses, covering a wide area, and scattered upon the water's edge, instead of being compact and concentrated, the appearance of the city at night is exceedingly pretty. It has a kind of scenic effect. The lights run upon the hill-slopes, a little cluster crowning their summits here and there, and they glimmer all along the shore for two or three miles on either side of the central, business part of the town.—*Mrs. Agassiz.*

QUIET VIRTUES.

IT is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm-house, that is useful, rather than the swollen or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as He "pours it from the hollow of His hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world; while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every day and night, with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends and all, that good is to be done.

SANDWICHES.

USED UP—when it rains—an umbrella.

BENEFITS, like flowers, please only when fresh.

A WORK of art—a widow trying to get a husband.

GIVE neither council nor salt till you are asked for it.

EVERY one can master a grief, but he that has it.

EXTREME vanity hides under the garb of ultra modesty.

HE that speaks doth sow; he that holds his peace doth reap.

THE price of excellence is labor, and time that of immortality.

IF you see anything going "at a ruinous sacrifice"—let it go!

PAY for your pantaloons; don't be charged for breeches of trust.

OFTEN a man drives a pair of grays, while he himself is driven by duns.

THE king is the least independent man in his dominions—the beggar the most so.

A FAULT hidden encourages you to commit others. Would it not be better to be discovered?

MEN of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

A CHAP, who was told to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had been in trouble enough already about other men's wives.

"MA, why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner."

NOTHING keeps a man from being rich like thinking he has enough, nothing from knowledge and wisdom like thinking he has both.

A CONSIDERATION for the feelings of others, and a quick perception of what those feelings are, under the different circumstances of life, constitute true politeness; and those who possess it not, whatever be their rank, are vulgar.

A SWEET REFLECTION—The velvet moss will grow upon the sterile rock; the mistletoe flourish on the withered branch; the ivy cling to the mouldering ruin; the pine and cedar remain fresh and fadeless amidst the mutations of the dying year; and, Heaven be praised! something green, something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, will, in the coldest and darkest hour of fate, still twine its tendrils around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temples of the human heart.—*Hugo.*

Sabbath Reading.

THE FUTURE.

BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

WHAT may we take into the vast forever?
That marble door
Admits no fruit of all our long endeavor.
No fame-wreathed crown we wore,
No garnered lore.

What can we bear beyond the unknown portal?
No gold, no gains
Of all our toiling: in the life immortal
No hoarded wealth remains,
No gilds, nor stains.

Naked from out that far abyss behind us
We entered here:
No word came with our coming, to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

Into the silent, starless night before us,
Naked we glide;
No hand has mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

Yet fearless toward that midnight black and hollow,
Our footsteps fare:
The beckoning of a Father's hand we follow,—
His love alone is there,
No curse, no care.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.

I HAVE seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the singing of an eastern wind, and his motion, made irregular and inconstant, descended more at every breath of the tempest than all the vibrations of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast; and then it made a prosperous flight; for then it did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from some angel as he passed sometime through the air.

So is the prayer of any good man when agitated by any passion. He fain would speak of God, and his words are of this earth, earthy; he would look to his Maker, but he could not help seeing also that which distracted him, and a tempest was raised and the man overruled; his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words ascended to the clouds, and the wandering of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating varieties of passion they are never like to reach God at all. But he sits him down and sighs over his infirmity, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, and forgets all little vain passages of this life, and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even and still, and then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven on the wings of the Holy Dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaded with a blessing and the dew of heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A CHEERFUL HEART.

I ONCE heard a young lady say to an individual: "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun; for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance was always one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies or persecutors could not take from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day that they have so little, and are constantly anxious lest what little they have will escape out of their hands. They look always upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good that is present for the evil that is to come. That is no religion. Religion maketh the heart cheerful; and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, men will be happy in spite of themselves. The industrious bee does not complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches in his road, but buzzes on, selecting the honey where he can find it, and passes quietly by the place where it is not.—*Dr. Dewey.*

SUNDAY REST NECESSARY.

A DISTINGUISHED physician says, without reference at all to the theological question, "Although the night equalizes the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainments of a long life. Hence, one day in seven by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question by trying it on beasts of burden. Take the horse, and work him to the full extent of his power every day of the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor with which he performs on the other six days, that his rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement in his animal system is not so apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long run it breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and that vigor of his old age, which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE Methodist Episcopal Missions in India show for last year an increase of 136 members, 34 probationers, 3 local preachers, 3 Sabbath schools, and 90 scholars.

NOT fewer than a thousand persons attend weekly the inquirers' prayer-meetings in connection with the Baptist mission in Delhi, and crowds assemble every night to hear the Gospel.

THE Imperial edict against Christianity in Japan is substantially a dead letter. Sixty persons, imprisoned a few days for attending Catholic worship, have been dismissed to their homes unharmed. Death would have been the penalty for such an act a few years since.

ARE missions a failure? A memorial church is now building in the capital of Madagascar, on the very spot where, in 1849, four Christian nobles, including a lady, were burned alive, and the bodies of fourteen others, who had been hurled over the lofty precipice at Ampamarmana, were also consumed.

A CITY MISSIONARY, who labors among the Jews in the east end of London, notices "the gradual admission on the part of a great many of the Jews of the truth of New Testament history, while not a few even go further, and look upon Jesus of Nazareth as the person in whom alone they can find rest for their weary souls."

BE pure, but not stern: have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

The Reviewer.

LECTURES ON VENTILATION: Being a Course delivered in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, During the Winter of 1866-7. By LEWIS W. LEEDS, Special Agent of the Quartermaster-General for the Ventilation of Government Hospitals during the War; and Consulting Engineer of Ventilation and Heating for the U. S. Treasury Department. [8vo.—pp. 60.] New York: John Wiley & Son.

THE author of this handsome pamphlet states, in his preface, that the Lectures here given were not originally written with any view to publication. We are glad, however, that he was induced to put them in such shape as to be generally available. The public ought to be more thoroughly informed upon the very important subject of ventilation, and these three Lectures, finely illustrated as they are, will impart much information, and will also stimulate the reader to further inquiry. "Twenty times every minute of our entire life, from the cradle to the grave, do we breathe what ought to be pure air," says Mr. LEEDS in Lecture III.; and the interrogatory he puts, in view of this fact,—"Is it always pure?"—is one we cannot innocently ignore.

The effects of impure air are more fearful than people apprehend. This statement in the opening Lecture is worthy grave consideration:—"From the very best information we can command, and with the most accurate statistics at our disposal, we are forced to the conclusion that about forty per cent. of all the deaths that are constantly occurring are due to the influence of foul air." Nearly half the deaths in New York, if we may credit the Registrar of Records of that city, result from that cause. The effects of foul air in cities may be more marked than in the country, but let none of our Rural readers imagine that ventilation is with them wholly unnecessary. You who shut yourselves up in close rooms, breathing the air which they contain over and over again, and taking its poison into your systems day after day, are being physically weakened just as surely as though without and all around your domiciles the pure atmosphere were contaminated with the pestiferous odors of the town. The many excellent hints thrown out by Mr. L. will, if properly attended to, benefit people everywhere. We should like to make several extracts, but have room for only one, at present, touching upon the use of a fire-place: "Never stop up a fire-place in winter or summer, where any living being stays night or day. It would be about as absurd to take a piece of elegantly tinted court plaster and stop up the nose, trusting to the accidental opening and shutting of the mouth for fresh air, because you thought it spoiled the looks of your face so to have two great, ugly-looking holes in it, as it is to stop your fire-place with elegantly tinted paper because you think it looks better."

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW. Preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX. By HENRY WHITE. With Illustrations. [8vo.—pp. 497.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

WE have here a very candid and impartial work, its subject being among the most noteworthy in the whole range of modern history. The Sixteenth Century was an era of persecutions. Its entire record savors of blood. In nearly every chapter of that record are to be found atrocities so inhuman as to make one's humanity shudder. The Reformation, then spreading throughout Europe, deepened and grew strong only through the fiercest ordeals. The struggle which it gave rise to in France, culminated, finally, in the fearful tragedy of ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S Day, when the streets of Paris were laved with the blood of the Huguenots, basely murdered by the decree of CHARLES IX.

Mr. WHITE has depicted the causes which led to the massacre, in a very clear light. He treats his subject not as a partisan, or an ecclesiastic, but as an historical scholar, well informed upon all points bearing on the general theme, and disposed to give credence to no statements not substantiated by patient research. The result is a valuable addition to historical literature. We can learn many of the horrible particulars of the ST. BARTHOLOMEW massacre, in the general histories of the time, but can hardly conceive how such a crime as that were possible without understanding the conditions under which it took place. For his lucid grouping of those conditions, Mr. WHITE deserves much praise. For sale by DEWEY.

LIFE, LETTERS AND POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF FREDRIKA BREMER. Edited by her Sister, CHARLOTTE BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by FREDR. MILOW. The Poetry marked with an asterisk translated by EMILY NONNEN. [16mo.—pp. 439.] New York: Hurd & Houghton.

IN this handsome volume we have a fitting memorial of one of Sweden's most gifted writers,—a woman who labored for many years to improve the condition of her sex in Europe. Miss BREMER's character, as shown in her sketch of her own life, and in the interesting biography written by her sister, is one which womankind everywhere will do well to study. It is not without angularities; but it is an admirable illustration of steady working for a certain result, and that result—good to its kind. Her letters, which fill 151 pages of the volume, are replete with rich thought, and should be read by all mothers and daughters. It is through them that we get the best insight into the Swedish authoress' life, for they are what letters between friends always ought to be—transcripts of the life and thought. Her sketches are instructive as well as pleasing; and the book, as a whole, is a very acceptable addition to our memorial literature. Sold by SEEELE & AVERY.

THE BROWNLOWS. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. [8vo.—paper, pp. 206.] Boston: Littell & Gay.

MANY of the very best of English Serials have been given to our reading public through that excellent magazine, Littell's Living Age. "The Brownlows" is one of these, and the publishers have done well in re-issuing it in this well-printed pamphlet, thus affording a very entertaining story for only 37 cents. Mrs. OLIPHANT justly ranks among the best English writers. Her present effort is of that quiet, subdued tone which is quite refreshing, albeit it is full of well-sustained interest. Sent postpaid by the Publishers.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD. A Novel. By a Barrister. [8vo.—pp. 131.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THE HARPERS seem to be quite rapidly adding to their Library of Select Novels, this being No. 309 of that series. We cannot help thinking that some of the later issues have been selected with less care than was formerly exercised, and that the standard of the series is scarcely maintained. The story before us is quite original, as to plot, and is cleverly told. But it possesses no decided literary merit, and is open to criticism in many minor particulars. For sale by DEWEY.

KENILWORTH. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [pp. 192.] New York: Appleton & Co.

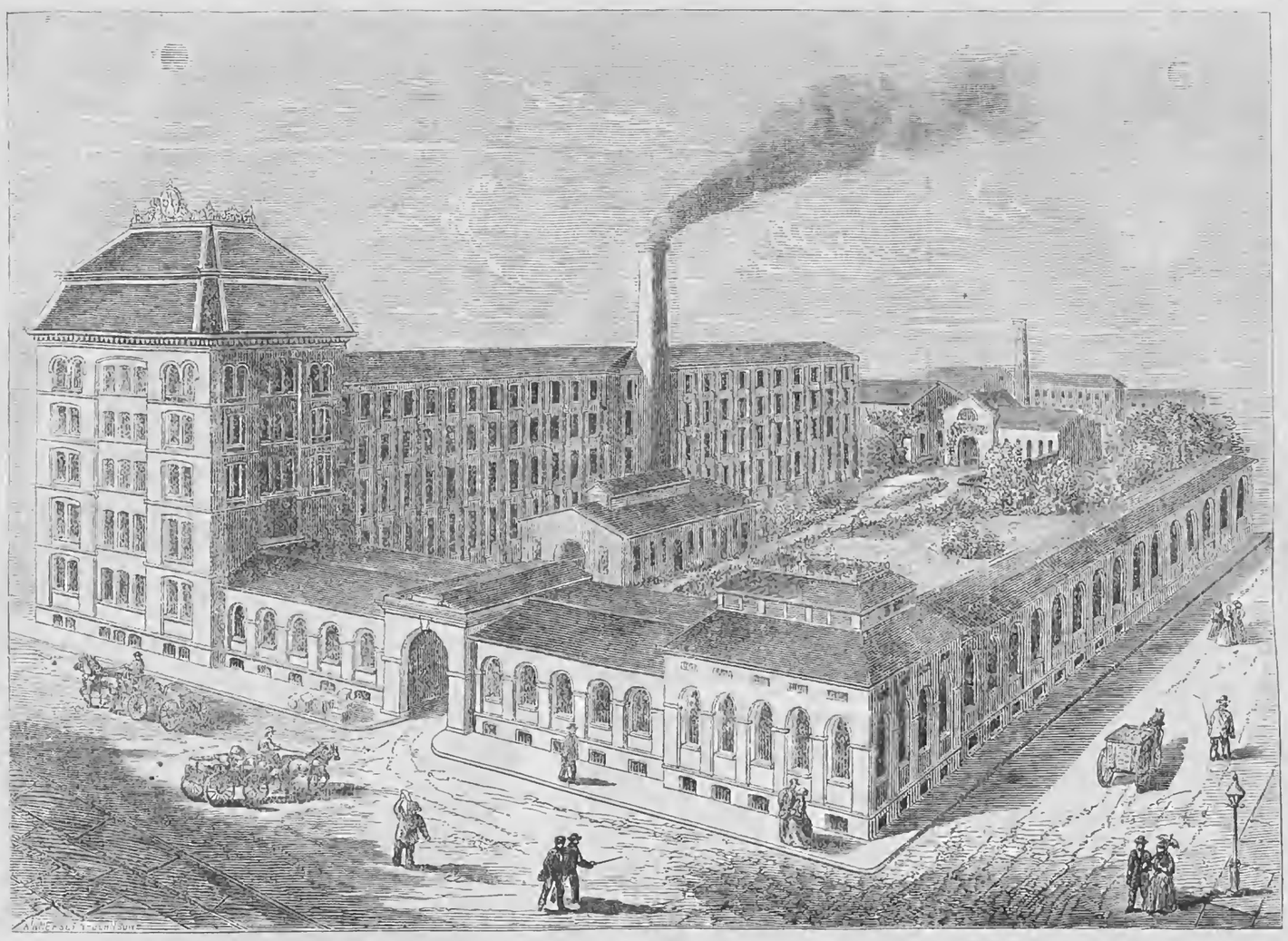
AN excellent opportunity is now offered to the public for perusing the works of the standard novelists at a very small cost. The edition of SCOTT's novels, in which the above named one is numbered three, is sold at the low price of twenty-five cents a number. The publishing of these cheap editions will tend to elevate the heretofore low character of our yellow-covered fiction. ADAMS & ELLIS have these works for sale.

ANNA CORA MOWATT RITCHIE is in England, and has recently refused an offer of $30,000 to go on the stage again.

THE lady-in-waiting to Carlotta, Countess Paula Von Kollowitz, is preparing a book upon the "Court of Mexico."

A LONDON letter says that Mrs. Norton, the poetess, recently fell heir to $250,000, left her by a relative in the East India service.

A BOOK is about to be published in Paris entitled "One Hundred American Living Men of Letters." It will give brief biographies of, and translations from the works of our principal writers.



D. APPLETON & CO.'S NEW BOOK-MAKING ESTABLISHMENT.

AMONG the most extensive and complete Book Publishing Houses in the United States may be numbered that of the APPLETONS, whose operations, until quite recently, were carried on solely in New York City. Owing, however, to the rapid increase of their publishing business, their space became so inadequate to the wants of the firm as to necessitate a change of base to a plat of ground just in the rear of the Naval Hospital, about midway between the center of Brooklyn proper and old Williamsburgh. Our engraving gives a view of this new and immense Book Factory. One face of the building is on Kent Avenue—a wide thoroughfare through which runs the street railroad connecting the two sections of what now constitutes Brooklyn. It has a castellated appearance, with tower-like structures at each end of a building 200 feet long on this face, bisected by an imposing gate of oak and iron. On Penn street, running south, it extends 193 feet, one story high, and on Hewes street, north, it is four stories high and 252 feet in length. Additions inclosing the entire area of the square are soon to be made, embracing an acre and a quarter, or 55,100 square feet. The buildings will cover about two-thirds of the area, thus leaving in the center an excellent breathing space.

To obtain a proper understanding of this Book Factory or Printing House, the visitor should commence with the printing department to the right of the central gateway on Kent Avenue. Here is the white stock room in a part of the basement, where tons on tons of paper are deposited; beyond and adjoining is a long stretch of vaults where repose over 10,000 boxes of stereotype plates, all labeled and accessible whenever wanted. These vaults are dry and fire-proof. Directly over the stock room is one for pressing paper, employing five hydraulic presses of great power. The wetting room succeeds, in which machinery performs the damping to the precise degree necessary for fine press work on nineteen powerful steam printing presses, which are constantly clicking in an adjoining room. This apartment is 150 feet long and 60 wide, very high, and a mass of windows on two sides. The presses are fed by a strong array of females under the general supervision of Mr. DUNNE, who has long presided over this department. A drying room connects with the printing one, whence the damp sheets are borne into a temperature of about 70 degrees, rendered equable by steam pipes.

Following in the wake of piles of MUHLBACHS and DICKENS in sheets, the visitor finds himself in the Bindery, under the control of Mr. MATTHEWS, who may be regarded as an important feature in this mammoth book factory. Under this department, in the basement, are large piles of board and sheet stock and other materials for covers, and next to this again are piles of odd lots of books—candidates for the paper mill when the time comes to work them over again. From this deposit of dead printed matter the visitor steps upon a steam elevator and lands on the first floor again, where he is confronted with a room full of prints, many from the latest designs of the best artists of the old and new worlds, to be used in the illustrated works of the Publishing House. Passing hence through a door the visitor enters a room so long that the other extremity is scarcely discernible, where he beholds a score or more of steam folders busily putting the printed sheets into shape for binding. In this room are employed 175 girls, who feed the folders or stitch the sheets when folded.

Ascending by the elevator to another story the rattle of a steam chopper is heard, which is found to be engaged in cutting paste board for book covers—turning out 3,000 pairs an hour, of any required size. About 100 persons are employed in this department. Looking, for a moment, at the quick motions of all these experts, it occasions no surprise to learn that 3,000 "Cyclopædias," 6,000 "Maria Antoinettes," 10,000 "Copperfields," and 15,000 or 20,000 small school-books can be delivered from this department daily. Great as is the capacity of production it seems to be fully tasked. Another hoist on the elevator takes the visitor to the gilding, marbling and finishing room, where the finest touches are made to the numerous volumes sent forth by the establishment in the line of the classics and more important standard educational compilations.

From this floor the visitor takes one more ascent, the last in the series, and lands in the packing room, where all kinds of books are being prepared for the several destinations marked in the orders of shipment. These embrace everything connected with the publishing department, and bound to all points in the United States. As an aid in the transaction of the immense business connected with this publishing house, the buildings in New York and Brooklyn are connected by a private telegraphic line, converting the two points, in effect, into one, and producing a clock-like regularity in all—as though the whole machinery of the establishment was at one point and under one roof. The type setting and stereotyping are at present done in Green street, New York, but when the plans of the firm are fully carried out these departments will comprise a portion of the Brooklyn establishment.

Various Topics.

ONWARD.

SOME wound-be wise ones down East have grown grave of late lest the old Yankee stock in Massachusetts should die out. It seems that the foreign population has become so large, and the families of these emigrants are so numerous, that, in 1865, the births among the foreign born exceeded those among natives by 1,854. A small beginning in the way of majority, but what great and fearful end might come therefrom! However, it appears that the tougher grain and better nurture of the Yankee children comes in on the other side, and more of them grow up to maturity, the mortality among foreigners being largely in excess.

There are a good many people in the world who have a kind of chronic ague, shaking with fear lest civilization is somehow to fail, and picking up all sorts of disconnected facts, which they press into service to show how much ahead in some vital particular the savage is of the civilized. The old saying that "facts cannot lie" is about the largest *fib* on record,—for facts, cut adrift from their relations with other facts, can be made to tell all sorts of naughty stories, while, if we see them in those relations they are then, and then only, safe guides. These same fearful people, of course, hold also that the world is moving, if at all, into the shadows, and the light and life is in the Past,—as though the Infinite plan were to end in darkness and decrepitude!

But we find that modern civilization, imperfect as it may be, has more power, light, joy and life than any thing in that Past, and that the civilized beats the savage in his own wilds, as hunter, fighter, or traveler. Not alone has he the trained skill of muscle, but a power of will, a steadiness of aim, a persistence and loftiness of purpose, born of a developed nature such as the savage has not reached. The vital power of a race is in proportion to its culture of mind and body together, and that culture is best in the most civilized communities. Exceptions there are, doubtless; evils, and weakness, and vice, we know there are in what we call civilization; but virtue, and health, and strength excel on the other side, or we should sink to the dead level of barbarism at once.

The wondrous vitality of the old Saxon race is not to be easily paralyzed, but has its great part yet to act in the world's drama, along with other races. Close up, workers all, in solid column; forward, *on* and *up*, to conquer a still better Future!

A GREAT MAN.—There is a kernel worth picking in the following:—We commend to all aspirants for greatness the estimate of the old lady of whom some of the papers tell. Her idea of a great man, she said, was "a man who was keerful of his clothes; didn't drink spirits; kin read the Bible without spellin' the words, and kin eat a cold dinner on washing day, to save the women folks the trouble of cooking."

DYING OF QUESTIONS.

YOU hear of people dying of this disease, or of that disease, but what they really do die of, is of questions. I believe I have a pretty strong will—some people would say it amounts to willfulness; but when I am unwell I lose all strength of will, and cannot bear to be bothered with questions. "Will you have your gruel made of grits or of barley? Will you have your vapor bath now? When will you take your medicine?" These weighty questions—and they are weighty to the poor sick man—thoroughly overcome me. Now I am quite serious. An invalid ought to be treated mentally and morally as he is physically, namely, with gentleness, yet with perfect firmness. Don't give him any choice about anything; don't burden his mind with decision; remove from him all responsibility, which is so fatiguing a thing. I have no doubt that the excellent Miss Nightingale has said all this in her way, but I venture to say it in mine. A person in health can hardly have a conception of the helpless irritability of a real invalid. The most difficult case does not disturb my equanimity when I am well; but when I am ill, the question of grits or barley is an overpowering one, and raises the pulse seven beats at least.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THEORY OF PRAIRIES.—Col. Foster of Chicago has submitted to the Academy of Natural Sciences of that city a new theory of the formation of the great western prairies. It has been supposed that these immense plains were once the beds of lakes, or at least swamps or marshy land, and that the absence of trees was caused by the prairie fires; but Col. Foster undertakes to show that it is rather the want of moisture which has prevented the trees from growing. The northern portion of the basin of the Mississippi, according to him, is deprived of the rain which arises from the oceans on each side of the continent, by the interposition of the Allegany and Rocky Mountain ranges, and thus the treeless prairies of Illinois degenerate as we go still further west into desert plains.

WATER-PROOF ENGLISH PATENT HARNESS BLACKING.—Mr. George Dobson furnishes us the recipe for this well-known blacking. It will keep the leather soft, and, properly applied, gives a good polish. It is excellent for buggy-tops, harness, etc. Old harness, if hard, may be washed in warm water, and when nearly dry, grease it with neatsfoot oil. The ingredients are three ounces turpentine, two ounces white wax, to be dissolved together over a slow fire; then add one ounce of ivory-black and one dram of indigo, to be well pulverized and mixed together. When the wax and the turpentine are dissolved, add the ivory-black and the indigo, and stir till cold. Apply very thin; brush afterward, and it will give a beautiful polish.—*Western Christain Advocate.*

ADVERTISING for a wife, says a contemporary, is as absurd as to get measured for an umbrella.

THE JAPANESE.

A WRITER in Putnam's Monthly Magazine thus sums up the happy lot of the Japanese:

"Take the Japanese as a whole, high and low, rich and poor, they are the best fed, best clad, best lodged, least overworked, and most genial and happy people upon the face of the earth.

"Food is abundant and cheap—imaginary wants rare; and thus temptations to crime are less than with us, though the land is no Utopia.

"There is no such thing as squalor to be seen in Japan. In the house of the very poorest, a Fifth Avenue belle might sit upon the matted floor without soiling her dress. The streets are admirably sewered; all offal and garbage are removed for manure.

"There is no bigotry. The people are wonderfully open-minded. There is no hatred of Christianity as such; only it is feared as an engine to cause political changes, as in the past. The Roman Catholic forms of worship in many things are so like the Buddhist, that it might be easily substituted, if the people were once to know they had nothing to fear from it."

AN ELEGANT TOY.—There was entered at the Boston custom-house, a few days ago, a little musical instrument, which deserves a word of notice. The case, in shape like a small music-box, is of gold, enameled; on the lid is set in an oval strip of porcelain; having wound the works and pressed a spring, this oval flies up, a tiny nest is disclosed, and from it leaps a beautiful bird, which, perching upon a rest, begins to sing like a canary, opening its bill and fluttering its wings and body in the most lifelike manner; when its song is done it hops back to its nest and the oval closes. This beautiful toy was imported some years ago at a cost of $1,200, was sent back recently for repairs, and is now returned.

DICKENS ON PHYSIOGNOMY.—In his Ledger story, Dickens assumes the position that first impressions, based on first sight of a face, usually prove correct, though they may for a time be explained away, if unfavorable, by the tact of the person so judged. He also says in relation to another kindred matter: "I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it."

RUSSIAN HORSE FAIRS.—According to official returns for 1867, there were held in Russia 458 horse fairs in 240 localities, mostly in the Provinces of Tchernigof, Kharkgof, Poltawa, Toula, Livonia, Kowno, and in the territories of the Cossacks of the Don. The number of animals brought to those markets in 1867 was about 261,000. Supposing two-thirds only to be sold at an average price of 60 roubles ($77.66) each, the amount of money put in circulation annually by this branch of industry would be equal to 10,500,000 roubles ($8,341,200.)

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HARRY'S LESSON.

BY SUSIE V. STORM.

"OH, dear!"

HARRY STANLEY threw down his book with a vexed expression on his face. He had been trying all the morning to learn his lesson; he had studied it over very carefully a dozen times or more, and when he closed the book to see if he could recite, not one word could he repeat.

"Such a hard lesson I never saw before. I can't learn it, and there's no use in trying any longer. I've been at it an hour, now."

"Never say fail," said his uncle JOHN, who had been sitting in the screen of the window curtains, reading the morning paper. "What have you there, HARRY, that is so very hard to learn?"

"My lesson in arithmetic," answered HARRY.

"Can't you remember it?" asked his uncle.

"No," replied HARRY; "I've tried and tried, but it's of no use whatever."

"Keep on trying," answered uncle JOHN, "and you'll be apt to overcome the difficulty at last."

"What's the use?" asked HARRY. "I *have* tried, and I can't remember it, for all that!"

"Once when I was at school, preparing for college," said uncle JOHN, "there was to be a large exhibition and an examination of the classes in the different branches of study. The one who passed the examination satisfactorily, and answered the most questions, was to receive a large silver medal. Now you may well believe that there was a good deal of strife in the different classes. Each scholar resolved to do his best and gain it if possible. All applied themselves closely to their studies. Many of the scholars have cause to thank the giver of that medal for an education that they might not have had, if it had not been in view, to urge them on to diligent study and an improvement of their time. As the announcement was made at the commencement of the term that the medal was to be given at the close, we all worked for those three months as we never worked before, and in three months of as hard study as we went through with a great deal may be learned.

"One morning I took my arithmetic and sat down to get my lesson before school hours. It was a very hard one, and I studied it over and over, but with the same success you have had this morning. It seemed as though it was too difficult for me to remember. I understood the principles contained in it well enough, but it was necessary that I should be able to repeat the rules and definitions when before the class.

"At last I made up my mind that I *would* learn it, if it was possible to, and that it *had* been learned was proof that it could be learned again. So I put my mind on my book with a resolve to master the difficulty, and after reading it over and over and over again, I began to get it impressed upon my mind so forcibly that I could repeat part of it. And by degrees it came to me, until I could say it all perfectly.

"When the class was called up to recite, I was the only one that could answer the question in anything like a satisfactory manner.

"Examination day came. We passed our examination in grammar and geography in a very satisfactory manner, and then came mathematics. All got along well enough till the teachers began to question us on the principles contained in the lesson I had had so much difficulty in learning. And I tell you if ever I was glad of anything it was that I had stuck to that lesson and learned it, for on the principles explained by it we were drilled and examined more thoroughly than on any other. But few of my class-mates attempted to answer the questions of our teacher, and their answers were not such as were required, but I could answer every question correctly.

"The result was, that I gained the medal and the praise of my teachers, and it all came about through my determination to conquer that hard lesson, and not give up because it was difficult to commit to memory. I think you can master your lesson if you make up your mind to, and I am sure you will not give up in this way."

"Not I," answered HARRY, resolutely. "If anybody can learn it, *I* can, and I don't fancy the idea of falling behind in my class because I find a little trouble in remembering my lesson. I thank you for your story, uncle JOHN, it has done me good," and full of a resolve to conquer, HARRY applied himself to his book. The consequence was, that when he was called to recite he had a perfect lesson.

THE LION AT NIGHT.

IN the dark there is no animal so invisible as a lion. Almost every hunter has told a similar story—of the lion's approach at night, of the terror displayed by dogs and cattle as he drew near, and of the utter inability to see him, though he was so close that they could hear his breathing. Sometimes, when he has crept near an encampment, or close to a cattle enclosure, he does not proceed any further, lest he should venture within the radius illumined by the rays of the fire. So he crouches closely to the ground, and, in the semi-darkness, looks so like a large stone, or a little hillock, that any one might pass close to it without perceiving its real nature. This gives the opportunity for which the lion has been watching, and in a moment he strikes down the careless straggler, and carries off his prey to the den. Sometimes, when very much excited, he accompanies the charge with a roar, but, as a general fact, he secures his prey in silence.—*Our Fireside.*

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—"I *strike* 'oo," cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I *kiss* 'oo," said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did, for there was a kiss on Susy's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a black cloud.

"I kiss too," he then said, and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other right heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than "tit for tat," is n't it? Try it and see, boys and girls.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, criminals and paupers have come to what they are, by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make our great and useful men, were taught in their boyhood to be industrious.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

A BILL has been ordered to a third reading in the Assembly, providing for the submission of our new State Constitution to the people next November in three separate parts:—First, the part providing universal negro suffrage; second, the part relating to reforms in our State judiciary system, and thirdly, all the rest of the new document.

The two Houses of the Legislature met in joint Convention on Tuesday, the 7th inst., to elect a Superintendent of Public Instruction. The vote stood:—Abram B. Weaver, Dem., 80: Victor M. Rice, Rep., 62, and Mr. Weaver was declared duly elected.

The Union of the Old and New School Churches of the Presbyterian denomination in Western New York, was formally accomplished in Convention at Buffalo last week. The articles of agreement set forth that they are one in faith, feeling and polity, and ought to be one organically also; that all controversies should terminate; and that the Westminster Confession, Catechism and form of government is the basis of union. The articles were adopted, with but one dissenting vote.

The Senate met as a Court of Impeachment Thursday afternoon of last week. Respondent Dorn, by his counsel, filed a general denial of all the charges against him contained in the articles of impeachment. The time for the trial was set down for the last Tuesday in May. The Managers have employed as counsel, Sanford E. Church, Smith M. Weed and David J. Mitchell.

The Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church in Syracuse, was burned a few days since. The loss is about $15,000.

From Washington.

THE Impeachment Trial was resumed on Thursday of last week. The Court was opened at twelve o'clock, with the usual proclamation. All the managers were present, except Mr. Stevens, and the President's counsel were also all present. The members of the House of Representatives appeared in larger numbers than on recent occasions. After two or three minor witnesses had been called up by the managers, Mr. Curtis, of the President's counsel, rose and commenced the opening argument for the defense. Before its conclusion the Senate adjourned for one day.

Upon the re-assembling of the Court of Impeachment, on Friday, Mr. Curtis resumed his address. He claimed that Mr. Stanton did not come within the terms of the Tenure-of-Office act; that no appointment was made when a commission was issued to Gen. Thomas to act as Secretary *ad interim*, and, by a sort of *non sequitur*, insisted that there was a vacancy from the moment when Mr. Stanton received his letter of dismissal. He then passed to the charge of conspiracy to obtain possession of the War office and Government property, and claimed that there was no conspiracy, for Gen. Thomas had simply obeyed the order of his military superior. In considering what were impeachable offenses, he denied that what the President had said of Congress came under that head, and quoted from laws and letters to show that telling the truth about officers of the Government was not an offense against the law. Passing over the eleventh article of Impeachment, he closed his remarks. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas was then sworn and examined by Mr. Stanbery. No new points were elicited.

Lieut. Gen. Sherman was examined on Saturday, and stated that he had several interviews with the President on the subject of the removal of Mr. Stanton, both before and after that event. Objection was made by the managers to the question as to what conversation Gen. Sherman had with the President on this subject January 14th, and a rather lengthy and very bitter controversy took place between the opposing counsel. Before the controversy ended, a recess was taken for fifteen minutes. Subsequent to this, the Chief Justice ruled that the question was admissible, but the Senate reversed this ruling, and denied the question. Other questions of similar purport were objected to, and the objections likewise sustained.

It is thought the Trial will be completed by the 20th inst.

Mr. Woodward of Pennsylvania on Saturday introduced a bill providing that when a bill is passed over the President's veto, the President may order the Attorney-General to test its constitutionality in the Supreme Court, using only the points urged by the President in his veto message.

From the South.

THE sugar crop promises unusually well in Louisiana. A planter writes:—"The freedmen are working better and more cheerfully than at any time since the war. If only let alone, they will naturally 'fall into line' as laborers, help themselves and save the planter."

The U. S. law officers in Florida have just sold the Alabama and Florida Railroad for the small sum of $55,000. It is forty-five miles long, thirteen miles of the distance being in running order, and the price named included four engines, thirty-four cars, the office and all the fixtures.

In the Virginia Convention on the 8th inst., the resolution prohibiting the Legislature from establishing separate schools for the two races was defeated by a vote of 67 to 11. All the propositions, including homestead exemption for relief, were discussed on the same day.

From the West.

ANOTHER fearful steamboat disaster occurred on Lake Michigan on the 9th inst. The steamer Sea-Bird took fire when off Waukegan, and in ten minutes was completely wrapped in flames. There were about one hundred passengers on board, including eight or ten ladies and several children. Of these, so far as known, there are but two survivors. The officers of the boat lost all presence of mind, and no effort was made to save the passengers. The Sea-Bird was valued at $70,000.

A dispatch from Omaha says that depredations of a serious character are being committed daily by the Indians, unchecked, and that Indian agents and contractors are striving to suppress reports of the true state of affairs. The dispatch mentions three ranches that have recently been plundered and burned by parties of Indians varying in numbers from fifty to one hundred. The white owners of the ranches banded together for defense, when three of their number were killed after a severe fight, during which five Indians were killed. The remaining whites were taken prisoners.

J. R. Walltaker, Messenger of the Merchants' Union Express Co. between Chicago and St. Louis, was lately detected in stealing money packages to the amount of twenty thousand dollars. He was assisted by a confederate named Herbert. Their room was entered, and on a table covered up with newspapers and a pillow, which had been hastily snatched from the bed, lay $17,000 in greenbacks, a number of gold watches, chains, diamond ring, and $1,140 in gold coin.

From Canada.

THE Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a distinguished orator and politician, who latterly has exercised much influence in Canadian affairs, was assassinated on Tuesday morning, the 1st inst., at Ottawa. He was killed by a pistol-shot fired by an unknown person, as he was entering his boarding house on his return late from the Parliament House. A son of his landlady, who is one of the Parliament pages, was some distance from the house, on his way home, when he heard the shot. On reaching his mother's door the boy found Mr. McGee dead on the pavement. The ball had passed through his head, and his brains exuded from the wound.

The assassination has caused the intensest excitement throughout Canada. The authorities have taken every means to ferret out and apprehend the assassin. Rewards for his arrest are offered by the Government and the local authorities amounting to $14,000, and the police at all points are watchful. The British party openly charge the bloody deed upon the Fenians, and it is alleged that the assassin is a Fenian from New York, who was detailed for the purpose, the choice having been decided by lot. One James Whelan has been arrested on charge of committing the atrocious deed. There is said to be strong evidence against him, and it is alleged that correspondence implicating several notable Fenians has been discovered. On the testimony of several witnesses Whelan has been remanded to custody for eight days.

It is said a plot has been discovered to blow up the House of Parliament in Ottawa with nitro-glycerine, and the greatest excitement and vigilance exist.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Grand Jury of London have brought bills of indictment against all the prisoners except O'Neill, who were charged by the coroner's jury with complicity in the Clerkenwell outrage.

All doubts of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, are now dispelled. Sir Roderick Murchison of London, has received a letter from the distinguished traveler, which came by way of Zanzibar. Dr. Livingstone writes that he is in good health, that his journey of exploration has been successful, and that he will soon return to England.

The Pope has given a private audience to Mr. George Peabody, and invited him to be seated in his presence—an unusual condescension. He also presented him with his portrait, with a Latin quotation, containing an eulogium on benevolence, written with His Holiness' own hand.

The tide of emigration for the present spring, from Germany to the United States, has commenced with increased volume. It is estimated that upward of seven thousand emigrants left Germany during the past week for American ports.

Admiral Farragut has gone from Naples to Sicily. A dispatch from Messina announces his arrival at that port.

Advices from Guadaloupe to the 10th ult., have been received. The sea suddenly overflowed Porte Monte, and three French and one English vessel were driven on the rocks and broken to pieces. Several other vessels were washed ashore and greatly damaged.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Advices from Rio Janeiro of the 11th ult., state that the allied army, after a desperate assault upon the redoubt at Humaita, carried it, capturing fifteen large guns and a large quantity of arms and ammunition. The Brazilian fleet, taking advantage of the movement, passed the land batteries and reached Asuncion. The place was found evacuated by both troops and citizens. The allies now have 40,000 good men, fourteen iron-clads, and twenty wooden vessels in the neighborhood, while the Paraguayans are reported to have only 12,000 men.

THE ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT.—The "Nutmeg State" held its annual election last week. The result was the re-election of Gov. English, (Democratic) by a majority of about 1500,—somewhat larger than last year. The Legislature has a Republican majority.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE crack base ball clubs of Canada are to be present at the great tournament to take place at Niagara Falls in May. The Atlantics, Mutuals, Athletics, and several other first-class clubs are expected to enter the lists.

THE sixth semi-annual meeting of the Western New York Dental Association will be held in the hall of the Buffalo Medical Society, May 5th. All practicing dentists, in good standing, are welcomed to membership.

A STEAM plow is to be run in the vicinity of Havana, Mercer county, Illinois. The proprietor, Mr. Walker, has contracted to break up several thousand acres of land. The plow is to be brought from England.

IN London it is said that a man may live a year without hearing an alarm of fire. In that vast city of 3,000,000 people, with a closely covered area of ten miles by six, there is a fire brigade of little more than 300 men.

AUSTRALIA has trees that are taller than those of California. One has been discovered four hundred and eighty feet high, which is taller than the highest church spire in Christendom, and as tall as the great pyramid of Cheops.

BY last accounts of the State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, New York, there had been applications for admission from 39 clergymen, 80 judges, 340 merchants, 226 physicians, 240 gentlemen, and 1,300 rich men's daughters.

CHICAGO is going to have the largest and most elegant railway depot in the world. It is to be built entirely of stone, by the three leading railway companies centering in that city, will be over one thousand three hundred feet long, and will cost when completed nearly $2,000,000.

A CHILD of Mr. Andrew Feeney of Peoria, Ill., a few days ago, was playing in the cradle, near the door, when a hog rushed in, seized it, and ran away with it. There was an outcry from the mother, who started in pursuit, quickly followed by fifty of the ladies in the neighborhood, but it was not until the brute had carried the child a whole block that it was rescued. When it was recovered, it was found to be not seriously hurt, a few scratches about the head and face being the only marks.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE Grand Continental Pacific Railroad is fast hastening toward completion, and in 1870 we are promised a through line from New York to San Francisco—time, six days. From present indications a double track will soon be necessary, and thenceforward the business of the Road will fully tax its capacity.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company, in order to make all possible progress, are offering their First Mortgage Bonds at par and back interest. These Bonds are the first lien upon this valuable property, and are backed by an equal amount of Government money invested in the enterprise, and are becoming more prominent among standard investments. The advertisement in another column explains the foundation and merits of these securities.

[From Western Rural.]

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE.—I wish to say to the readers of THE WESTERN RURAL that, in my view, Doty's Washer fully meets the wants of the large class referred to in my article published December 15. If every poor, toiling woman could test, as I tested, this valuable implement, "Washing day" would be shorn of its terrors. The Public's sincere friend, JONAS DOOLITTLE.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Our readers are referred to the announcement in our advertising columns.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 14, 1868.

MONEY matters in Rochester and vicinity remain much as heretofore. There is as a whole rather a better supply of currency than about the first of April.

In New York financial affairs are tending to greater ease, but call loans are still made as high as 7 per cent. A New York paper of Saturday evening says:—"The banks are sending little currency out of the city, and the condition of Western exchanges necessitates a steady remittance of currency to this center. The banks are taking a moderate amount of paper at 7 per cent., and on the street prime paper is current at 7@9 per cent."

Money is still very close in Boston.

The gold market continues steady. Sales were made yesterday at 133¾.

There has been very little variation in foreign exchange the past week. Bills on London have been selling at 109¾@110¼.

The market for Government securities is rather weak. On Saturday 7-30s sold at 106@106⅛. There has been a slight decline in 5-20s in London—the last quotation being 72⅝.

The stock market has been dull and drooping for some days. Erie is selling at about 70¾; New York Central sold yesterday at 117¼. There has been a great break in Atlantic Mail—the stock selling on Saturday at 31@35.

The bullion both in the Bank of England and the Bank of France is decreasing. The decrease in the Bank of England for the week ending April 11th was $279,000. Decrease in the Bank of France for same time 19,000,000 fr.

The failure of Ward & Bro., private bankers of Rochester, is announced. This house suspended two years ago, but subsequently arranged with their creditors to continue in business. During the two years they have retired some $750,000 of their original indebtedness. They report that they are now owing $450,000; assets $300,000. Their creditors have held one or two meetings to consider what action they should take in the premises. The members of the firm have already filed a petition in bankruptcy.

COTTON.—The market has been active at higher rates. Sales of middling were made at the close of last week at 28@29½c.

WOOL.—The eastern market, both for domestic and foreign, is very quiet. The sales in Boston last week were only 663,000 lbs., at about former prices. It is supposed there is now very little wool at the West to come forward. Boston dealers expect small supplies except from New York and Vermont.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The market is dull generally, and but little variation in prices.

PORK.—There is little doing in this market. At the East the market has been excited and higher. Advices from abroad indicate a good export demand. New mess has sold in Boston as high as $27,50 per bbl.

BUTTER.—There is a great scarcity of butter in Rochester. A large number of dealers last week found it impossible to keep a supply. Good butter has been selling at 50@55c., and for some good lots a higher price is reported. In New York dealers are paying 55c. A Boston paper quotes good old butter at 50c.; extra single tubs at 55c.

BEANS are very high, selling at quotations. In New York some lots have been received from Germany, and further shipments are on the way.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 14.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ₩ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,22. Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,65@1,75; Oats, 38@40c; Barley, $1,75@1,85; Beans, $1,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@25,50; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,00; Hams, 16@17c; Shoulders, 12@11½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 40@50c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 16@18c; Tallow, 6@9½c; Eggs, 20@22c; Potatoes, 90c@$1,00. Apples, green, ₩ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ₩ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@45c; Honey, box, ₩ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ₩ ton, $15@26. Maple Sugar, 16@18c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 12½@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11.—Ashes, pots, $8.50@8,62½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 28½@31c; Flour, $3,20@14,50; Rye Flour, $7,50@8,00; Wheat, $2,47@3,20; Rye, $1,01@1,02; Barley, $2,08; Corn, $1,21@1,24; Oats, 86@87½cts; Pork, mess, $25,87@26,00; prime, $22,00@22,50; prime mess, $24,50@24,75; Beef, new plain mess, $14,50@20,50; Beef hams, $33,00@37,00; Shoulders, 12½@12¾c; Hams, 15½@16½c; Bacon, 14@16½c; Lard, 17½@18c; Butter, 20@38c; Cheese, 12@16½c.

ALBANY, APRIL 11—Flour, $9,00@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,37½. Corn Meal, $2,60@2,70 ₩ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@3,00. Rye, $1,88. Barley, $1,90@2,02. Corn, $1,25. Oats, 88c. Clover seed, medium, 9½@11c; large, 14½@15c. Timothy seed, $3,50@2,75. Pork, clear, $28,00; shear clear, $29,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 17c, and shoulders 14c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 17@17½c. Butter, 40@56c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 11—Flour, $10,25@15,00: Wheat, $2.12@2.45; Corn, $1,05@1,06; Oats, 75@76c; Rye, $1,05; Barley, $2,10@2.27; Peas, $1,90@2,25; Beans, $4,50@5,00; Pork, mess, $26,50@27,00; Lard, 16½@17½c; Shoulders, 12@12½c; Hams, 16c. Clover seed, medium, $6,25@6,00; Pea-vine do. $00,00@00,00; Timothy, $2,50@2,80; Flax, $1,50; Salt, $2,55 fine, $2,60 coarse ₩ bbl.; Butter, 30@42c; Cheese, 13@17c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 11—Flour, $9,50@10,50; Wheat, $1,89@2,01 Corn, 78¾@82½c: Oats 57@59; Rye, $1,37@1,42; Barley, $2,05@2,30; Pork, mess, $26,00@26,50; Lard, 17@17½c; Shoulders, 12c; Bacon, 15@16½c; Butter, 15@42c; Cheese, 12@18c; Seeds, timothy, $1,95@2,12; clover, $5,00@6,00.

TORONTO, APRIL 9—Flour, $7@8,25; Wheat, fall, $1,80@1,80; Spring, $1,55@1,58; Oats, 58@60c; Barley, $1@1,25; Peas 80@81cts; Pork, mess, $15@19,50; Bacon, 7¼@8½c; Hams, 11½@12cts Beef hams, 12c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 15@16c; Butter, 14@21c; Hops, 20@42c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@10c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 6—Beeves—Receipts 4,500 head; quotations at 14@20c. Veal Calves—Receipts 1907 head; quotations 8@11½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 15,879 head; quotations 8@9½. Swine—Receipts 12,581 head; quotations 8@9½c.

ALBANY, April 9.—Beeves, $4,25@12,75. Milch Cows, $40@$90. Sheep and Lambs—Store 5½@7½c.; Michigan 6@7¼c.; Canada 8@10½c. Hogs, 7½@9¾c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, April 9.—Beeves range from 12@16½c. Working Oxen, $175@300 ₩ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $60@100; Heifers and Farrow, $40@55; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 6@8½c; extra, 9@10cts; by the head, $—@—. Swine,—Shotes, retail, 8@9c; spring pigs, 8@10c.—Hides, 8½@9½c. ₩ lb.; pelts, 62c@$2.50 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ₩ lb. Tallow, 8@8½c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 11—Beef Cattle, 6½@8¾c. Veal Calves, 5@8¾c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $7,90@9,50.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9—Cattle steady; sales at 8@11½ Cows and Calves, $40@50: Sheep, 6½@7½c. Hogs, 14@15c.

BALTIMORE, April 9—Beef Cattle, 5½@10½c; Sheep, 6@9c; Hogs, 12½@14c.

TORONTO, APRIL 9.—Beef ranges at $5,00@7,50; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@6,00; Calves, $4@7 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11—Market is lower. Sales are 390,000 lbs. at 48@57½c. for Domestic Fleece, 42@47c for pulled, 23@32c for Texas, 21½@31c for California, 22c for Mexican, 22c for Rio Grande, and 22½c in gold for Santiago.

BOSTON, APRIL 8—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Western Mixed, 50@60c; 52@60c No. 1 and extra Pulled; Fleece 42@50c; Extra, 37@38c; California, 21@31c; Texas, 27½@40c; Oregon, 30c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 10—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@43c.; Medium, 39@42c.; Coarse, 36@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 10—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 28@30c.; Tub Washed, 33@39c.; Unwashed, 23@35c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868 the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

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LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Railroad Across the Continent—Fisk & Hatch.
New York Tribune—The Tribune.
Rural Books—Orange Judd & Co.
Cresylic Compounds—Jas Buchan & Co.
Not a Patent Medicine—Turner & Co.
Appleton's Edition of Dickens—D Appleton & Co.
Agents, Attention—T Ellwood Zell & Co.
Piano, Organ and Vocal Music—Mes J B Paige.
1,000 Agents Wanted—John E Potter.
Music Books for Every Pianist—Oliver Ditson & Co.
"The Mad Spy"—Star Spangled Banner.
Crosby's Early Sweet Corn—Jas J H Gregory.
To the Ladies—Cushman & Co.
New Text Books—A S Barnes & Co.
Marblehead Mammoth Sweet Corn—Jas J H Gregory.
A Calamity Prevented—D W White.
For the Catarrh—H H Barrington.
25 Cents a Year—O A Roorbach.
Agents Wanted—Gilman & Co.
Farm for Sale—Henry H Pierson.
Engravings, Chromos, &c—L A Elliot.
Catarrh Cured—Dr Hall.
Cheap Fruit Farm for Sale—S P Beecher.
Giant Asparagus Roots—H C White.
Brahma Eggs—John I. Clark.
Staves Wanted—B F Proctor.
Agents Wanted—Haskins & Co.
It Don't Scratch You!—Joseph Sinton.
American Sage Seed—Jas J H Gregory.
Eggs for Hatching—Jas Brooks.
Foster's Broadcast Fertilizer and Grain Sower—Osborne, Foster & Co.
Eagle Seed Sower—E D & O B Reynolds.
2,000,000 People—Kasman & Kendall.
Davison's Thornless Black Raspberry—Rev Mr Hoyt.
Custer & Rowland's Patent Arched Reversible Plow Coulter.
250 Valuable Receipts—Wood & Co.
Broadcast Seed Sowers—E H Allen & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Lynn, Mass., makes 100,000 lasts every year.

— A horse railroad is talked of in Rock Island, Ill.

— A large tannery is to be established at Danville, Ill.

— There are 517 miles of railroad in Texas.

— The New Jersey State Prison has 550 inmates.

— Railroad fare from New York to Chicago, $20.35.

— The new Masonic Temple in Boston cost $453,532.

— Newburgh has caught the first shad of the season.

— It is a penal offence to keep a billiard saloon in Ohio.

— Missouri is indulging in green peas and linen coats.

— Patti is annoyed at her age—or the reports about it.

— Mrs. Ben Wade discountenances "hugging dances."

— Maine is talking of an industrial school for girls.

— The strength of the London police force in 1867 was 6,999.

— The Russian language is regularly taught in New York.

— A couple in Ohio have just re-married, after a year of divorce.

— Ordinary laborers are paid $60 a month in Austin, Nevada.

— Milwaukee has been indulging in an Old Settler's festival.

— Prince Lucien Bonaparte is about to receive a cardinal's hat.

— Steel and gilt ornaments are the fashion for ladies just now.

— The united ages of 30 persons in Somers, Conn., is 2,840 years.

— A great religious revival is in progress in Waterbury, Conn.

— Fort Wayne, Ind., has over 100 miles of pavement and sidewalks.

— A Cincinnati youth killed himself lately for love of one Susan Powell.

— Cleveland, Ohio, has a co-operative foundry with a capital of $250,000.

— A grain elevator, costing $200,000, is to be erected in Jefferson City, Mo.

— Panama and Aspinwall have been suffering of late for the want of ice.

— Enormous tobacco and whisky frauds have been discovered at Galveston.

— Spurgeon lately received an anonymous letter containing $2,000 in notes.

— One thousand men in Chicago gain a livelihood by driving express wagons.

— A hint for Schenck. Last year England raised over a million dollars on dogs.

— Iowa has forty colleges. Why not unite them and make one good academy?

— About 2,000 men are employed in the Chicago lumber yards during the summer.

— "Porte Crayon" (Col. Strother) is said to be in danger of losing his eyesight.

— Mrs. Burdell Cunningham is in the clairvoyant business in Mazatlan, Mexico.

— The damage from the flood at Chatham, Ontario, is now estimated at $200,000.

— Gye, the London Opera Manager, asks $1,350,000 for his scenery and properties.

— An Illinois editor proposes to "board round" with his non-paying subscribers.

— Henry Ward Beecher returns the sum of $28,248 as his personal income for 1867.

— New York has 10,000 bachelors between 25 and 35 who cannot afford to marry.

— There have been nine mysterious disappearances in Pittsburg within two weeks.

— Light, water-proof summer hats from Manilla paper pulp are the latest invention.

— Five hundred dollars reward is offered for the capture of a ghost at Scottsville, Va.

— An elegant lady of Paris eats a pound of horse steak every morning for breakfast.

— A legless beggar living in Jeffersonville, Indiana, is reported to be worth $20,000.

— Destitution still prevails to an alarming extent in some sections of Nova Scotia.

— In Colorado servant women are paid $10 a week, and are scarce even on those terms.

— A new rolling mill and nail factory is to be erected at Birdsboro, Pa., to cost $150,000.

— The first paper mill erected in Kentucky was built in the year 1796, near Georgetown.

— Building cottages of blocks of coal is suggested in Illinois, where lumber is scarce.

— Thirty newspapers and periodicals are issued from a single Chicago publishing house.

— All persons belonging to the French Navy are forbidden to wear mustaches or imperial.

— Queen Victoria's journal is to be printed with embossed letters for the use of the blind.

— The Natural Bridge of Virginia is advertised for sale by public auction on the 25th of April.

— Nearly three hundred manufactories and workshops were put up in New York city last year.

— A young Ohio Shakeress recently fell in love and ran away with one of the world's people.

— Abigail Coleman of Preston, Conn., a lady of eighty-five, has a third set of teeth just appearing.

— A railroad is proposed from Vicksburg to Memphis, avoiding the sinuosities of the Mississippi.

— It is reported that the butterfly of the army worm has appeared in Baton Rouge parish, Louisiana.

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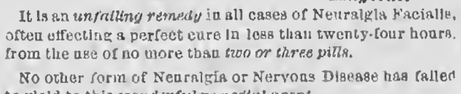

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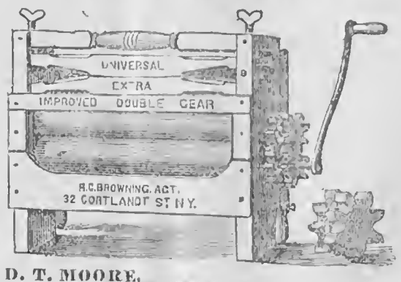

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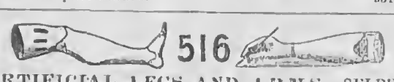

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A SPRING-TIME LYRIC FOR MABEL.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

It is only in legend and fable,
The fairies are with us, you know;
For the fairies are fled, little Mabel,
Aye, ages and ages ago.

And yet I have met with a fairy—
You needn't go shaking your curls—
A genuine spirit and airy,
Like her who talked nothing but pearls!

You may laugh, if you like, little Mabel,
I know you're exceedingly wise;
But I've seen her as plain as I'm able
To see unbelief in your eyes.

A marvellous creature! I really
Can't say she is gifted with wings,
Or resides in a tulip; but clearly,
She's queen of all beautiful things.

Whenever she comes from her castle,
The snow fades away like a dream,
And the pine-cone's icicle tassel
Melts, and drops into the stream.

The dingy gray moss on the boulder
Takes color like bright burnished steel;
The brook puts its silvery shoulder
Again to the dripping mill-wheel!

The robin and wren fly to meet her;
The honey-bee hums with delight;
The morning breaks brighter and sweeter,
More tenderly falleth the night!

The roadsides, in pastures and meadows,
The buttercups, growing bold,
For her sake light up the shadows,
With disks of tremulous gold.

Even the withered bough blossoms,
Grateful for sunlight and rain—
Even the hearts in our bosoms
Are leaping to greet her again!

What fairy in all your romances
Is such an enchantress as she,
Who blushes in roses and pansies,
And sings in the birds on the tree?

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARITY'S RETURN.

BY HOWE BENNING.

The sun shone into no pleasanter breakfast-room than Mr. Archer's on the morning of the twenty-second of February, of a year that shall be numberless in our calendar. There was snowy linen, white china, sprinklings of silver goods, and, best of all, a pleasant little lady presiding over the coffee urn, wearing just now, however, a thoughtful frown and with eyes intent upon a gentleman opposite, and that gentleman her husband. At the side their only child, a bright, rosy-cheeked little fellow of five years, was taking advantage of the preoccupation of father and mother, and treating puss under the table to choice bits from his own plate.

"You will, Ralph," Mrs. Archer broke the silence; "you have not given them a holiday since the Fourth."

"But I cannot afford it, Aggie; they may have the day, but I cannot pay them for play time."

"It will not be a play time to many if they feel they are losing money by it, and we will not notice it, Ralph, out of our many comforts. 'Shall not the strong bear the burden for the weak?'"

"Well, little woman, how much of the burden do you think your shoulders could carry?"

"The weight of that promised fruit basket, Ralph. I will wait another year for that. Only give them the day in the fullest sense."

"You are eloquent, Aggie," but there was a tremulous softness in the tone, and a look in Mr. Archer's eyes as he turned them upon his wife, such as we only see in our friends' when for a moment our souls stand unclothed and glorified in their presence. "They shall have the day, but I must go now," and the man of business buttoned up his overcoat, drew on his gloves, and then stooped to his boy's rosy lips.

"Can't I go to the factory with you this morning, papa?"

"Not this morning, Lisle; but you may go with your sled a little while to-day, only not too far from mamma's sight."

A kiss to Mrs. Archer, in the hall, and he was in the street, passing every one with a cheerful "good morning," and carrying in his heart the pleasant picture of the sunny room, the loving wife and child, and feeling a warm glow that out of his abundance he might well bestow upon the lacking ones.

The great factory door was open, and his foreman, Mr. Sims, stood just within, hanging the fire pails on their hooks.

"Good morning, John. I have concluded to give the hands the day, so you may prepare to stop work."

"Very well, sir," but there was no heartiness in the tones.

"And see here, Sims, just tell them that their wages will be paid as usual, Saturday night, for full time."

"Ah, ah, thank you, sir. I will tell them, and I am thinking you will not be the loser by it in the end," and the foreman hastened away with a wonderful change in his manner.

"Aggie was right, as usual," mused Mr. Archer, as he passed up the stairs and opened the door of one of the weave rooms. The clang and jar of the machinery was almost deafening to an unaccustomed ear, but the heavy thuds and the harsh rattling were only music in the master's ear, for he caught through all the magic word "success." As his eye ran down the long row of looms, it rested for a moment upon a slight, pale girl, busily uniting a broken thread in her loom. Mr. Archer walked toward her.

"How is aunt Hattie, Rachel?"

"We have not heard this week. She was very comfortable when last we heard."

"Perhaps you will go and see her to-day; there will be no work here."

Upon the girl's face there was a look of deeper weariness, which did not escape Mr. Archer's notice, quickened in the last few hours.

"But your pay will be as usual; will that suit you, Rachel?"

A sunbeam must have fallen upon Rachel's face, so bright did it grow.

"I think it will, sir. I may get out to see aunt Hattie now."

As Mr. Archer turned away, Rachel's thoughts went back to her breakfast hour. By no means in so pleasant a room as that other we have seen, even if there had been more than one tallow candle to lighten it up. There was a worn, anxious woman, mother of Rachel, two young boys and the grandmother, at this table.

"Did you hear anything of the mill's stopping for the 22d?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes," said Rachel, with a quick glance at her mother; "but I hope not."

"Why, Kate Frenchly," broke out Tom, "aint that mean of you?"

"Well, Tommie, how are we going to pay the rent if we all three lose the day's pay? If Mr. Archer would only give us the day and pay us too, I would go out to see aunt Hattie," with another glance at the worn mother. Rachel had grown so accustomed to looking to that poor face to see the effect of her words, that it had become almost second nature.

"I wish you could, dear, the walk and the visit would rest you."

"I don't believe I shall ever get rested again," said Rachel, wearily.

"It is a lang lane that has nae turning," spoke grandmother.

"Mine looks long enough," thought Rachel.

And it was of all this that the young girl thought at her loom,—of the long day of freedom. She would not now be obliged to take home any "poor pieces" for repairing. For one day, at least, she would cast off trouble and be young again. Young?—she felt almost gray, and her last birthday was her nineteenth; but then, care ages fast. And while she had been thinking, one by one she had stopped her looms, and now the four stood, and, with a mock courtesy, were left to unwonted quiet.

"I can go, mother, after all. Mr. Archer has given us the day, and we don't lose by it either. Is not it good of him? I will hurry and change my dress. You going too, Tom?"

"No; going to skate all day. Hurrah for Master Archer!"

"Put on my shawl too, dear, said Mrs. Frenchly. "You are not used to being out in the cold."

"It seems quite like old times to have you bundling me up," Rachel said, as her mother pinned the thin wraps closer, and her lips bent down to the faded cheek in a swift caress, that brought tears to eyes that looked ever ready to shed them.

"It was not of such days as these your father thought."

"There, mother, don't. I did not mean to make you feel badly. I will stay and help you, now."

"No, indeed; go and get some roses in your cheeks."

And out into the clear, frosty air Rachel went. Did the angels know that her footsteps were guided to bring a great joy to otherwise stricken hearts? Perhaps. We go out in the morning and say, "life is such a common thing," and at night we enter in, feeling that our souls dwell in the Eternities, and we have no word or language save at the foot of the Cross.

Aunt Hattie, Mrs. Frenchly's invalid sister, lived about a mile and a half from the busy village. Part of the way lay through pine woods, very cool and pleasant in the summer, and very pleasant even now, to the young girl, who walked on through the flickering shadows the waving boughs threw on the snow, and who seemed to almost drink in health and life with every odorous breath. She found aunt Hattie very well, for her, and ready with a cordial welcome. By her low couch Rachel sat and told to a sympathizing ear the story which she would not add to her mother's cares,—of her own great weariness and dissatisfaction at her life, and learned, as she had often learned before from those lips paled by suffering, that even out of evil might be brought good.

At three they had dinner and supper together, and the little table held many good things for both eye and mouth. Then there were many messages to be given, and some seed-cakes and apples put up for the home ones, so that the sun was sinking low in the west when Rachel stooped for her "good night" kiss.

"I am so glad you could come," said aunt Hattie.

"I am so glad I could, too. I feel a hundred per cent. better and stronger."

"Take the short path," called aunt Hattie after her; "it is good walking," and Rachel crawled through the bars into the "short cut" through the woods. The coming of night was bringing a keen, stinging breeze, that sent the snow in sudden flurries through the air, and Rachel walked fast to escape the chill. She had come nearly to the traveled road again, when her eye caught in the duskiness of the wood a bright object by the side of the path. She stopped, then stepped aside and brushed the snow from it, and there was a sled and partly under it a child. Quick as thought, Rachel lifted him up, and recognized the face of Lisle Archer, whom she had seen many times with his father at the factory.

"Wake up, wake up, Lisle," she screamed in her terror, for she thought at first he was dead. But he was not, and only muttered, "I am so sleepy." It was many minutes before he was aroused enough to be willing to sit on the sled and have Rachel draw him.

"How came you here, Lisle?" she asked, at last, when they were in the beaten track, and her swift steps hurrying them near the village.

"I hung my sled on a big sled with horses, and roded ever so far; then my rope broke and man went on, and I was all alone in the woods. I tried not to cry, but I grew fraided and did just a little, for I was cold, too; but then it got warmer, and I got sleepy, so I said, 'Now I lay me,' and put my sled over me and tooked a nap,—that's all."

"That is all; thank God," thought Rachel. "It might have been so different."

We will not go home with Lisle and Rachel. You can imagine the meeting. Only when, the child safely in his crib, papa and mamma sat again in the pleasant room, Mr. Archer taking the Bible, read,—"Charity seeketh not her own," and looking into the fair face of his wife, added,—"yet because of charity—your charity—my Agnes, our greatest treasure is spared to us to-night. Hereafter we will give much to that which pays so richly and so readily."

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

In 1798 M. de Talleyrand was in Boston. One day, while crossing the market place, he was compelled to stop by a long row of wagons all loaded with vegetables. The wily courtier, generally so dead to emotion, could not but look with a kind of pleasure at these wagons, and the little wagoners, who, by the by, were young and pretty country women. Suddenly, as the vehicles came to a stand, the eyes of M. de Talleyrand chanced to rest upon one of the young women, who appeared more lovely and graceful than the others.

An exclamation escaped from his lips. It attracted the attention of the fair one, whose country dress and large hat bespoke daily visits to the market. As she beheld the astonished Talleyrand, whom she recognized immediately, she burst out laughing.

"What! is it you?" exclaimed she.

"Yes, indeed, it is I. But you—what are you doing here?"

"I," said the young woman," am waiting for my turn to pass on. I am going to sell my greens and vegetables at the market."

At that moment the wagons began to move on; she of the straw hat applied the whip to her horse, told M. de Talleyrand the name of the village where she was living, requested him earnestly to come and see her and disappeared, leaving him as if riveted to the spot by this strange apparition.

Who was this young market woman? Madame la Comtesse de la Tour du Pin, (Mademoiselle de Dillon) the most elegant among the ladies of the Court of Louis XVI., King of France, and whose moral and intellectual worth had shone with such dazzling luster in the society of her numerous admirers and friends. At the time when the French nobility emigrated, she was young, lively, endowed with the most remarkable talents, and like the ladies who held a rank at the Court, had only time to attend to such duties as belong to her highly fashionable and courtly life.

Let any one fancy the sufferings of that woman, born in the lap of wealth, and who had breathed nothing but perfumes under the gilded ceilings of the Royal Palace of Versailles, when all at once she found herself surrounded with blood and massacres, and saw every kind of danger besetting her young and beloved husband and infant child.

They succeeded in flying from France. It was their good fortune to escape from the bloody land where Robespierre and his associates were busy at the work of death. Alas! In those days of terror the poor children themselves abandoned the parental roof, for no hiding place was secure against the vigilant eyes of those monsters who thirsted for innocent blood.

The fugitives landed in America, and first went to Boston, where they found a retreat. But what a change for the young, fashionable and pretty lady, spoiled from infancy by loud and continual praises of her beauty!

Monsieur de la Tour du Pin was extravagantly fond of his wife. At the Court of France he had seen her, with the proud eye of a husband, the object of general admiration. Indeed, her conduct had always been virtuous and exemplary; but now, in a foreign land, and among unsophisticated republicans, (1793,) what was the use of courtly refinements?

Happy as he was in seeing her escape from all the perils he had dreaded on her own account, still he could not but deplore the future lot of the wife of his bosom. However, with the prudent foresight of a good father and a kind husband, he nerved himself against despair, and exerted himself to render their condition less miserable than that of many emigrants, who were starving when the little money they brought over with them had been exhausted. Not a word of English did he know, but his wife spoke it fluently, and admirably well.

They boarded at Mrs. Muller's, a good natured, notable woman, who, on every occasion, showed the greatest respect and admiration for her fair boarder. Yet M. de la Tour du Pin was in constant dread lest the conversation of that good, plain and well meaning woman might be the cause of great *ennui* to his lady. What a contrast with the society of such gentlemen as M. de Norbonne, M. de Talleyrand, and the high minded and polished nobility of France! Whenever thinking of the transaction, (particularly when absent from his wife and tilling the garden of the cottage that they were going to inhabit,) he felt such pangs and heart throbbings as to make him apprehensive, on his return to Mrs. Muller's, to meet the looks of his beloved wife, whom he expected to see bathed in tears. Meanwhile the good hostess would give him a hearty shake of the hand, and would repeat to him, "Happy husband! Happy husband!"

At last came the day when the fugitive family left the boarding house of Mrs. Muller, to go and inhabit their little cottage, where they were to be at least exempt from want, with an only servant, a negro,—a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, viz: a gardener, footman and cook—the last function M. de la Tour du Pin dreaded most of all to see him undertake.

It was almost dinner time. The poor emigrant went into his garden to gather some fruit, and tarried as long as possible. On his return home his wife was absent. Looking for her, he entered the kitchen, and saw a young country woman, with her back to the door, kneading dough, her arms of snowy whiteness bare to the elbows.

M. de la Tour du Pin started, the young woman turned around. It was his beloved wife, who had exchanged her muslin and silk for a country dress—not as for a fancy ball, but to play the part of a real farmer's wife. At the sight of her husband, her cheeks crimsoned, and she joined hands in a supplicating manner. "Oh! my love," said she, "don't laugh at me; I am as expert as Mrs. Muller."

Too full of profound emotion to speak, he clasped her to his bosom, and kissed her fervently. From his inquiries, he learned that when he imagined her given up to despair, she had employed her time more usefully for their future happiness. She had taken lessons from Mrs. Muller and her servants, and, after six months, had become skillful in the culinary art, and a thorough housekeeper—discovering her angelic nature and admirable fortitude.

"Dearest," continued she, "if you knew how easy it is; we in a moment understand what costs a country woman sometimes one or two years. Now we shall be happy; you will no longer be afraid of *ennui* for me, nor doubt my abilities, of which I will give you many proofs," said she, looking with a bewitching smile upon him; "come, come, you promised us a salad, and I am going to bake for to-morrow; the oven is hot. To-day the bread of town will do—but, oh, henceforward leave it to me."

From that moment Madame de la Tour du Pin kept her word. She insisted on going herself to Boston to sell her vegetables and cream cheeses. It was on such an errand that M. de Talleyrand met her. The day after he paid her a visit, and found her in the poultry yard, surrounded by a host of fowls, hungry chicks and pigeons.

She was all that she had promised to be. Besides, her health had been so much benefited that she seemed less fatigued by the housework than if she had attended the balls in the winter. Her beauty, which had been remarkable in the gorgeous Palace of Versailles, was dazzling in her cottage in the New World. M. de Talleyrand said so to her.

"Indeed!" replied she, with naivette. "Indeed, do you think so? I am delighted to hear it." A woman is always and everywhere proud of her personal attractions.

At that moment the black servant bolted into the drawing room, holding in his hand his jacket, with a long rent in the back. "Missis, him jacket torn; please mend him."

She immediately took a needle, repaired Cujah's jacket, and continued the conversation with a charming simplicity.

This little adventure made a deep impression on the mind of M. de Talleyrand, who used to relate it with that tone of voice so peculiar to him.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 25, 30, 12 is a position of rest.
My 10, 20, 10, 11, 24 is a guardian.
My 26, 24, 27, 14, 7, 17, 24 is one guilty of treason.
My 6, 24, 32, 3, 19 is an instrument of music.
My 13, 23, 1, 17, 7 is a Spartan slave.
My 5, 11, 25, 16 is a part of the body.
My 21, 6, 10, 2 is a character in music.
My 9, 6, 18 means at the present time.
My 27, 1, 2 is what too many boys like.
My 4, 15, 21, 28, 31 are all the same.
My 8, 28, 14, 7 is the least whole number.
My 22, 3, 29 is an expression for father.
My whole is a proverb.

West Bloomfield, N. Y. Mollie.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Moce yarwe relveart adn lckas hyt rapeingh trihts,
Nad diver yawa luld raee.
Ohut deents ont ebraub hyt teltil surep,
Orf I ma fere sa rai.

Ym ceruso si no het tumonnia dies,
Ym escrou si ot het ase;
Neth nikrd litl outh tar defistias,
O kindr fro I ma fere.

Craftsbury, Vt. L. S. Dutton.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in soon, but not in late;
My second is in husband, but not in mate;
My third is in mouse, but not in cat;
My fourth is in them, but it is not in that;
My fifth is in lean, but not in stout;
My sixth is in pouter, but not in pout.
My whole is a season that often is hot,
But so it proves bright, I'm sure I care not.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A man has two unequal measures. If he lay out a plat of ground having the greater measure for its length and the less for its breadth it will contain forty square feet, but if he lay out a plat having twice the greater measure and once the less for its length and once the greater and twice the less for its breadth it will contain four hundred and thirty-two square feet. How many feet in length is each measure? A. D.

German, N. Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

Madam Yers,	Mad Anna,	Mabel Dandeb,
Cal Anrioff,	Coro Lado,	Ida Lorf,
Mary Gen,	Eva Gen,	Mat Morasa.

Waterford, Pa.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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Answer to Macaulay's Enigma:—Cod.

Answer to Charade:—Salt-cellar.

Answer to Problem:—One minute and fourteen seconds past eight o'clock A. M.

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CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

FARM FOR SALE.—80 ACRES, 2¾ MILES from Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. Price $100 per acre. Inquire of J. E. BRIGGS, Esq., Newark, or N. S. OSBAND, on the premises. 937-eo

FARM DAIRY CHEESE VATS.—ROE'S PATENT, the best in the World! Also, Roe's newly Improved Vats for associated Dairies and Factories, the best and the cheapest. Circulars, and Rules for Cheese Making, of H. A. ROE, Madison, Lake Co., Ohio. 933-6teo

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

HAVE RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State.*
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton.*

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade before the establishment of The Great American Tea Company, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for all the profit he can get.

When you have added to these eight profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, and add the original cost of Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer had to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation,) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

For manner of getting up Clubs, see former advertisement in this paper.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ lb.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of this Company.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (Unground,) 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.
GREEN (Unroasted,) 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by Clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges,) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

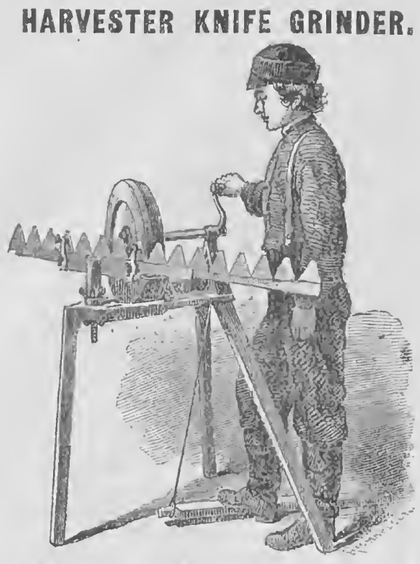
POST-OFFICE orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the (as below, no more, no less)

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5,643,
NEW YORK CITY.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

STEVENSON'S

HARVESTER KNIFE GRINDER.



There is no portion of a Mowing Machine more essential to its working than the sections. Their edges must be sharp and uniform. Every farmer who has worked a Mower and Reaper has experienced the greatest difficulty in sharpening his knives; and has found that dull knives clog, pull up the grain and grass, weary the horses, and wear out the machine. Keep the Knives sharp, and the Machine is preserved. The STEVENSON GRINDER has been subjected to the severest tests, and pronounced perfect. By it the Knife is held firmly to the Stone, and the bevel is sustained alike on every section, so that

The Sections are all Uniformly and Readily Ground.

The work can be performed by a boy. The Machine is SIMPLE, COMPACT, DURABLE. The Frame is made of Cast Iron, and the Stone is of the best quality to be obtained in the United States. When not in use for Sharpening Sections, the Apparatus holding the Cutter-Bar can be removed, and the Stone used for all the ordinary purposes of a Grindstone. The Patent is owned exclusively and manufactured by the

STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO.,
AUBURN, N. Y.

SAMPLE MACHINE, $10.
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

All letters and orders should be addressed to
WM. P. ROBINSON, Secretary,
950-8teo *AUBURN, N. Y.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., AND NEW YORK CITY.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

Terms, in Advance—THREE DOLLARS A YEAR:—Five copies for $14; Seven, and one free to Club Agent, for $19; Ten, and one free, for $25—only $2.50 per copy. As we prepay American postage, $2.70 is the lowest Club rate to Canada and $3.50 to Europe. The best way to remit is by Draft or Post-Office Money Order,—and all Drafts and Orders made payable to the Publisher MAY BE MAILED AT HIS RISK.

☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

BEET SUGAR-MAKING.

SEVERAL parties, from different sections of the country, have asked information relative to the manufacture of sugar from beets, with the intent to make the business a portion of farming operations—one in a series of crop rotations. This betrays a laudable ambition to make the farm supply the family wants, as far as practicable, but we doubt whether the isolated manufacture of sugar, from beets, would prove a paying operation. There are but few farms whose yield of fruit would bear the sole expense of a cider mill, nor is it likely that the product of beets, on an ordinary farm, would warrant the outlay which a suitable factory for their manufacture into sugar, would involve. The better way would be, as in the case of the cider mill, to make one manufactory suffice for the wants of a considerable section of country. To this the beets, either in a green or dried state, could be transferred at the proper time and sold at a given rate per ton, or be manufactured at so much per pound as might be agreed upon by the parties to the arrangement. In some way, and this seems to be the best, the production of beets, for sugar purposes, seems highly desirable, because it supplies, at reasonable rates, a prominent article of household consumption. If the beets are to be transferred to a factory and the distance is considerable, the best way would be to cut the roots into small pieces—first washing them—and then drying by artificial heat. This will evolve eighty odd per cent. of their weight, correspondingly diminish their bulk, leaving a residuum containing about fifty-five per cent. of sugar, which is extracted by infusion after months of delay, if this becomes necessary.

Soil and Cultivation.—As for the character of the soil, suited to the production of beets, few farmers who have raised this class of roots, will be likely to mistake. Land adapted to the production of corn and potatoes, if tolerably free from stone, will answer for beets if properly manured and cultivated. Deep, rich soils produce a greater aggregate weight of roots, per acre, than comparatively light and loamy ones, but the product of the latter is relatively richer in saccharine matter than the former, though less productive in the elements of stock food—no inconsiderable item to be passed to the credit of beet culture. This crop, too, requires not only well prepared and properly fertilized soil, but also clean cultivation. By proper attention to this, the product of roots is much enhanced, while the ground is left in admirable order for a grain or other crop, which it is desirable should succeed that of roots in a proper rotation. It is a conceded fact that, in every portion of Europe where the cultivation of the beet, for sugar purposes, has been prosecuted, the land has steadily advanced in productive power, while farm stock shows a corresponding improvement. This results as well from the fertilizers supplied, as to the deep plowing which is essential to a perfect development of the beet. In a word, beet raising *compels* good husbandry—an important consideration to the land owner.

Sowing the Seed.—In some parts of Europe beet seed is sown in propagating beds and the plants transferred to the rows in the fields, but, in a country where labor is as high as it is here, this method would be much too costly to permit of its adoption. Economy, therefore, when any considerable quantity of land is to be devoted to beets, compels the substitution of a machine or seed sower dropping the seed in the first instance in the place where it is designed to grow and mature. Such planters are common in this country and require no description, but in order that their work may be done properly and the seed distributed evenly in the drills, some preparation is necessary. As the seed is rough-coated and of varying diameters, it is essential to reduce the whole, as nearly as may be, to a uniform size. For this purpose it is customary to pass the seed through a screen with uniform meshes which will let the smaller escape and retain the larger. The first are of a size to permit them to emerge readily from the planter, while the last are subjected to rubbings between two boards, displacing the rough edges and rendering them also suited to a proper disposition by the planter.

When thus prepared the seed should be steeped in a solution composed of equal quantities of the sulphate of potash and sulphate of lime, nine or ten ounces of each, and a gallon or so of warm water. After standing a short time, add five or six gallons of cold water and use enough of the compound to cover the quantity of seed designed for one sowing. After standing five or six hours the liquid is poured off, the seed dried by putting them into a vessel with wood ashes, slaked lime, plaster of Paris, ground or pulverized guano, and thoroughly mixed with the ingredient so that a portion will adhere to each seed. The seed is then spread out to dry so that they may pass readily through the planter, which should be set to sow the seed from one and a half to two inches deep, and in rows or lines about eighteen inches asunder. More beets and sugar will be produced if the drills are less than one foot apart, but the increased difficulty of cultivating, in narrow rows, is supposed to quite counterbalance the gain in production.

Time of Sowing.—In the warmer sections of the country, if the ground has been properly prepared in the fall, planting in April might be advisable, but in the Northern and Western States it should be later, say from the first to the middle of May, or from that on till near the commencement of June. It is thought to be good policy to be as liberal, in the application of seed, as the planter will permit, as it is quite as easy to pull out any surplus as to re-seed vacant places or put in extra plants. The customary distance between these, when properly thinned for cultivation, is from twelve to fourteen inches, but the proportion of seed sown should contemplate a nearer relation as much of it may fail to germinate. Any surplus, when the plants are up, can be readily removed to other places or be thrown aside, according to circumstances. In France the quantity of seed sown per acre varies from nine to thirteen pounds.

When the planting is done it is customary to roll the ground, packing the soil about the seed, thus increasing the chances of germination. Under favorable circumstances the plants will appear from eight to ten days after sowing, but should the time much exceed this, it will be advisable to examine the seed, as it may have been of bad quality. If this is so, no time should be lost in re-planting unless it may be deemed advisable to substitute another crop for the one intended. When the beets begin to show, grass and weeds may do the same. These should be assailed without delay or mercy, for it will prove impossible to make a good yield of beets where the plants are choked with weeds which absorb the strength which should go to the development of the roots from whose juice sugar is to be extracted, and from whose leaves and pulp cattle are to be rendered sleek and comely.

There are many varieties of the beet containing more or less saccharine matter, but the favorite one, for sugar purposes, in France, and generally in the German States, is the White Silesian, which may be found at all of the principal seed stores in the country—selling at about ninety cents per pound by the quantity.

Yield per Acre.—With beets, as with everything else, the yield per acre will depend on the quality of the soil, its good or indifferent preparation, manner of cultivation, and not a little on the character of the season. With a suitable soil and proper preparation the yield per acre will not vary much from twenty tons on an average at a cost of about four dollars per ton, paper currency. This would give a cost of $80 per acre exclusive of the interest on the value of the land, which would be more than met by the fodder which the tops and pulp of the beets would supply. Assuming that the beets will give eight per cent. in sugar—not an extravagant estimate—it will be readily seen that their cultivation and manufacture must be highly remunerative at the present price of refined sugar. The assumed expense per ton might be doubled and still leave a margin of profit greater than most other farm products can furnish.

It requires time to introduce successfully new features in Agriculture as the experiments in France in the beet sugar manufacture demonstrated, but success came there at last, and now it is a leading interest in that country, as it is probably destined to become here before many years shall have passed away. Remarks on the method of harvesting, storing and manufacturing beets into sugar are reserved for future consideration.

SOILING.—No. I.

IT is the first duty of an agricultural journal to keep its readers posted on all matters pertaining to their business. Although it is not expected to originate new processes or make discoveries in their application, but, rather to survey the whole field, note improvements everywhere, collate, arrange and bring them before its whole audience. And with this end in view, we propose to give the readers of the RURAL a condensed statement of the important subject at the head of this article.

Soiling proposes to the farmer no less than a plan to double his capacity for keeping stock, without increasing his acres. While the country is new, land cheap, rough with stumps and difficult of cultivation, little attention will be paid to economising it; but, when numerous cities spring up, and land becomes dear, its early fertility nearly spent, then the farmer listens eagerly to whatever will increase the product and value of his land. And we trust that many thousands of our readers are just now in this condition of eagerness to learn.

Soiling is cutting and feeding the green food of summer to animals, instead of pasturing them. Animals in cropping the grass for themselves, tread and lie upon it, and eating it off so frequently, prevent that rapid growth which it makes when undisturbed. This latter fact is illustrated, by supposing that the grass were mown, through the summer, every ten days; what, then, would be its growth? It is quite evident, that with such numerous cuttings, not more than one-third of its ordinary growth would be made. This consideration alone is a strong inducement to discontinue pasturing. We intend in these short articles, to give only *facts*, and those mostly of our own experience. We have tried the soiling system for twelve years, and have endeavored to bring it to the test of exact experiment. First, we tried to determine the feeding value of one-fourth of an acre in clover; and for this purpose three

EXPERIMENTS

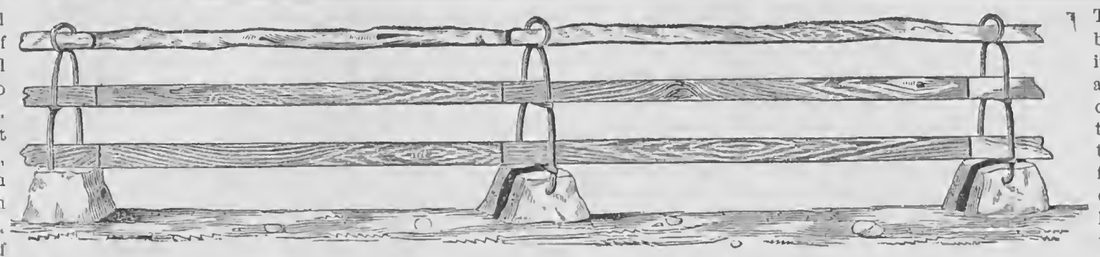
were made in three different seasons. Let it be premised that the soil is a clay loam, put in fine condition after twenty years of bad farming—the clover just coming into blossom. On the first experiment, seven cows and four horses, equal to twelve cows, were fed fifteen days. On the second experiment six cows and five horses were fed fourteen days, and on the third eleven cows were fed sixteen days, in each case on one cutting of clover on forty rods of ground. It will be seen that one-fourth of an acre of ground, in the several cases, was equal to keeping one cow from one hundred and sixty-eight to one hundred and eighty days or about equal to the pasturing season. These crops, however, were much above an average, and forty rods of ground could not be regarded as sufficient allowance to a cow for a season, unless the land is in fine condition, yielding a large crop.

Another, and more extensive experiment, was made in the summer of 1862, when twenty steers, four years old, seven cows and six horses, equal to thirty-five cows, were soiled from the 20th day of May to the 1st of December. For the purpose of this trial, one hundred acres were set apart, occupied as follows: Ninety acres in timothy grass, five acres in timothy and clover, two in clover, one in oats and two acres in sown corn. About four acres of this were in extra condition, and fifty in poor condition. First the two acres of clover were fed, then the five acres of clover and timothy, next the acre of oats and timothy till it became too tough, then the second cutting of clover, and lastly the two acres of sown corn with the last cuttings of clover and some hay to the first of December. In short, they were fed from this hundred acres for six months and ten days, with a surplus of sixty-five tons of hay, which was sold for $972. But had these animals been judiciously pastured upon this hundred acres all would have been used, and the food would have been insufficient in the dryest part of the season. These steers averaged 1,100 pounds per head, and as good light beef cattle were then worth only three cents per pound, live weight, and cows at that time being low, the $972 for which the surplus was sold, would have purchased the twenty-seven head of cattle and one of the horses. We mention this latter circumstance to show how disastrous would have been the results of pasturing.

But, says one, "How stands the labor account? Before we get at the true profits we must deduct the labor." The labor was particularly noted. It took three men two hours each day, to do the labor of cutting for and feeding these animals. Wages at that time being only twelve dollars per month and board, the labor account, including board, was only $65. This included all except the use of a horse to haul in the grass. Let us deduct the expense of cutting and putting in barn the sixty-five tons of hay, say at that time $1.25 per ton, or $81.25, to which add the $65 for labor of feeding, and we have $146.25, which deducted from the $972 leaves $825.75 as the net profits of this soiling experiment. But there is still to be mentioned, as further profit, one hundred loads of manure, saved in the best condition, worth $100 more. And it will readily be seen, that, had the whole hundred acres been in good condition, the surplus would have been more than doubled. This experiment appeared to be conclusive as to the profits of soiling.

CONDITION OF ANIMALS SOILED.

Grant that animals are much cheaper kept by soiling, "What is their comparative condition under this system?" This is an important question and to answer it we will give the tests applied. Five steers and heifers were put into a good pasture and kept for three months, during the best part of the season, while as many more of the same age and condition at start, were soiled, and on comparison, at the end of three months, those soiled were found in decidedly the best condition. The same cows were soiled one season and pastured the next, and their condition was better when soiled than pastured; and uniformly, soiling has improved the condition of our animals. We have cows that have been soiled for six consecutive seasons and kept in good condition and uniform health. Soiling must be very conducive to the health of animals, as the feeder may always have an abundant supply of food, while pasturing, frequently, affords a large supply at one season and a very meager one at another. This method of feeding will be found very profitable for all fattening animals, as it enables the feeder to command their condition. A slight addition of grain to their green food, will fit them for market. And this will apply as well to sheep as cattle. All profitable feeding should be conducted in summer, as it requires less food and less time than in winter. The dairyman under this system will be able, always, to give his cows an abundant supply of food to produce the greatest profit; and finding a cow that will not bear high feeding without laying on flesh, she is soon ready for the butcher and sold without loss. E. W. S.



WILLIAMS' PATENT FARM FENCE.

OUR engraving represents one of several modes of constructing a Farm Fence patented by Mr. S. P. WILLIAMS of Sheridan, N. Y. We have not seen this fence, but it is highly commended by the officers of the Chautauqua Co. Agricultural Society, (on whose grounds it has been tested for two years,) as will be seen by reference to advertisement in this paper. The inventor furnishes us the following description of his improvement:

"The stones are set in a ridge of earth thrown up with plow and shovel from 12 to 18 inches high, which is quickly and cheaply done. The post is staple shaped, made of seven-sixteenths iron and fastened in the stone, giving the same great strength. Boards, rails or poles can be used for wood material, and quite thin, flat stone are sufficient, and holes for the foot of the posts need not be drilled. The cost of iron per rod is thirty cents, and the labor of construction about the same as board fence. Frost and wind do not disturb this fence; it is strong and durable and sufficient to turn all kinds of farm stock. It is well adapted to top out a half wall with two rails."

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Thrashing.—Flails vs. Machines.

"TUMBLING ROD," Ypsilanti, Mich., writes:—"I saw an article in a late number of the RURAL about thrashing with flails and machines. The writer says it is cheaper to thrash with a flail than with a machine; he also tries to prove his assertion, but to my mind utterly fails. According to his figures he charges $2.50 per day for each team, which is just $1.00 too much, since he pays but $1.50 per day for each man; a man counts as much as a team at such work, in this State. But the biggest blunder the writer made was where he charged the loss sustained in selling wheat last August to the machine side of the account. He has no right to compare the price of grain in August with the price in February, and use it as an argument; in fact, it is no argument at all; for isn't it just as easy keeping thrashed as unthrashed grain? And if the gentleman can "keep cool and never do things in a hurry" when his wheat is in the gavel, then he can when it is in the bin. He is not obliged to burn his fingers because some one else will. Every farmer knows that the prices of grain are as apt to decrease as increase after thrashing. If wheat had declined 70 cents on a bushel methinks the shoe would have pinched the other foot.

Now, I wish to show what my figures will do.

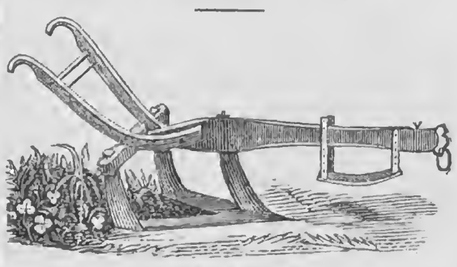
Cost of thrashing 300 bu. of wheat with machine	$18 00
Seven additional hands one day	10 50
Three " teams "	4 50
Board for ten men	5 00
Oats for ten horses	3 00
Cost of thrashing (total)	$41 00
Cost of thrashing 300 bushels of wheat with flail, 30 bu.	
Now, 30 bushels at $2.70 per bushel	$81 00
Board of one man 20 days	15 00
Two days cleaning grain	2 00
Cost of thrashing (total)	$98 00

The above figures show a gain of $57.00 in favor of the machine.

I've just one more thing to add. The writer makes a great many figures which he might have dispensed with, for all his gain is just simply the rise on wheat and oats. If he had left that out as he ought to have done he would have suffered a loss of $16.60 by thrashing with a flail."

Cultivation of Beans.

H. L. SALSBURY, Hindsburg, N. Y., writes us:—"Some of the farmers in this section plant mediums, and others marrows. The Whitesboro is said to yield well, but has not been grown much. Any well sown oat or barley lot would, in general, be sufficiently well tilled for a bean lot. The time of planting these kinds is usually from the 1st to the 15th June. Beans should be cultivated twice in a row, finishing one row to each bout. This should be done with a tooth shaped like a gang plow tooth, though smaller of course. This will run so close to the row that it will break the soil, which should be done both sides the row. The hoe is necessary only where the cultivator is raised. Cultivate from the hill. By beginning in season, before the weeds get large, a man will cultivate and hoe one acre per day. The first hoeing, the smaller the beans the better. Then before they blow, go once in a row, with a shovel-tooth cultivator, and if very weedy hoe again. A horse will cultivate 2½ acres in a day, the first time through. If the weather is wet at harvest time, let them stand on the hill till the foliage is off, then pull and draw in. Get one or two days sun, if you put them in a large mow. Draw in, if very catching weather, the same day; put a load or two in a place, all over the barn; keep your doors open; in a day or two put in another layer, &c. If the weather is fair, pull them up in large handfuls, and stand them on the tops till just before drawing—say from four to eight days—then put them into cocks early in the morning, or at night when the dew is on. Do not be afraid of putting them in a mow. If very dry tread them down, but do not if sappy. I have tried machines in thrashing to my satisfaction. I thrash them with horses. Be careful to have an old shovel for the manure. Good luck to the coming campaign in beans."



A Paring Plow.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for information about the effect of paring and burning turf, and whether there is an implement specially intended for cutting sod. Our engraving shows the form of a very good turf paring plow which loosens and leaves the sod in long strips, about one foot wide and as deep as may be required, which are cut into smaller pieces with a sharp spade. Turf paring is usually done with one of two objects in view; one to collect sods from waste places for the purpose of composting with other substances for manure; the other for burning them, when dry, on the land. The latter is considered a very ameliorating process for stiff clay soils, as it changes their mechanical structure, rendering them more friable and lively, and the ashes quicken the growth of vegetation; it is practiced in England to a considerable extent, but is not much known in this country. It would seem that this implement would be serviceable on old, turf-bound grass lands to loosen and cut the sod, which operation could be followed by harrowing, reseeding and rolling.

Ring-Bone.

"G. H. B.," Ohio, writes:—"I want a cure for a ring-bone on a horse, that will remove the lump and leave the hair smooth and right." This want has been one of long standing, and not likely to be soon supplied. In the case of young animals, where the ailment is of recent development, a suspension of labor or severe exercise, coupled with bathing of the affected part with cold water and the application of ointments as prescribed in the books, may effect a cure so complete as to leave no trace of a blemish. But such cases are believed to be rare—exceptions rather than the rule. This ring or blemish results from an effort of nature to repair an injury by throwing around the affected joint an extra support in the shape of a ring or clasp derived from the cartilage and underlying bone. In some cases this support does not prevent the action of the joint below; in others a species of consolidation takes place, and a stiff joint is the result. In either case, the ring-bones of old horses partake so largely of earthy or lime matter as to be insensible to external applications or to internal remedies. But in cases of recent development, especially in young horses, YOUATT recommends keeping the animal in a state of rest while giving such nourishment as will tend to keep the system in a cool condition. The affected parts should be fomented with warm water and purgative medicines administered. On the subsidence of the inflammation a counter-irritant in the shape of a blister may be resorted to, or an actual cautery. When no lameness attends the development of the ring, the latter treatment is recommended for adoption at once.

Bots.—A Potato Remedy.

C. ROCKWELL, Mongaup Valley, N. Y., writes the New York Observer that a friend of his destroyed the bots in his horses by administering potato juice. A quart of this extract passed down the throat of a horse suffering from bots, gave speedy relief from pain, while a large quantity of dead bots passed away from the animal. A preliminary experiment was made with bots taken from the stomach of a dead horse. They were immersed in spirits of turpentine and other fluids, usually fatal to insect life, without any apparent injury, when the juice of the potato was substituted and killed them immediately.

Curved Horn—Remedy.

"A SUBSCRIBER," Lebanon, N. Y., writes:—"In answer to the inquiry of J. F. CONKLIN, I would say that his heifer's horns can be raised by means of pulleys. Fasten a pulley over her head in the stall, and another in front or behind her, out of the way. Put a cord through and fasten it by putting a button on the end of her horn, and apply a weight of two or three pounds. This is no inconvenience to the animal, as the change is so gradual. It *will not fail*, for we have tried it in many instances."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

N. Y. STATE SHEEP FAIR.

J. KNAPP, Plattsburgh, N. Y., inquires whether a State Sheep Fair is to be held this spring, and, among other things, remarks:—"In these times of heavy pressure on the interests of Sheep Husbandry, we can hardly afford to lose the influence of the Annual Fair."

At the Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, at Syracuse, Dec. 12th, the following resolution was passed unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That inasmuch as a National Wool and Woolen Exposition, under the auspices of the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' Associations, is expected to be held in the Spring of 1868, and as it will probably occur about the time our State Sheep Fairs are usually held, that this Association, in order to contribute all its efforts to the success of the former, will hold no Fair next spring."

When this resolution was passed, no doubts whatever were entertained that the National Exposition would take place; and some months elapsed before the Manufacturers finally very unexpectedly decided that they could not go on with it. For the State Association to rescind its previous action and make arrangements to hold a Spring Fair, would require another meeting of that body. Before putting the Association to the expense and trouble of such a meeting, the President thought it would be most proper to obtain the views of some of the old and leading members who would be likely to represent those of the members generally. The prevailing impression was found to be that it was too late to make the requisite preparations for a successful Fair. No steps had been taken in any quarter to raise the necessary local bonus. Many breeders, not expecting to show their sheep, had not kept them in condition for exhibition. For these and other reasons it was the sense of a decided majority that it was inexpedient to hold a Fair. Under all the circumstances of the case, this conclusion was perhaps an inevitable one,—yet our correspondent but concurs with a large portion of our wool growers in expressing the feeling that we "can hardly afford to lose the influence of the Annual Fair."

EXPEDIENCY OF WASHING AND EARLY SHEARING.

A CORRESPONDENT asks:—"Taking everything into consideration, is it expedient to wash sheep? And what think you of the comparative utility of early and late shearing?" In regions where there is abundance of clear running water, which gets warm enough to wash as early as towards the latter part of May, we see no objections to washing, and, as things now stand, some advantges in it. The idea that washing in water at the proper temperature is dangerous to the health of sheep possessing good ordinary vigor of constitution, is one that our experience has never confirmed.

But in many regions, washing at the proper season is impracticable or inconvenient. In various parts of Vermont, for example, where the streams are fed from mountains on which snow or ice lies until an advanced period of the spring, those streams remain cold too late in the season for reasonably early washing. On the other hand, there are thousands of localities on the Western prairies where clear running water over hard bottom, is not accessable within miles. Then again, in regions where washing is convenient enough, the prevalence of contagious disorders renders the placing of sound sheep in public washing pens, or even driving them over the public roads, a matter of danger. In view of such facts, every man should judge for himself whether in his precise circumstances it is expedient to wash or not; and he should act on that judgment, wholly irrespective of any attempted dictation on the part of combinations of wool buyers.

The comparative utility of very early shearing, or shearing at the ordinary time, also depends upon circumstances. Merino *breeders* who *fit* their sheep for sale, prefer to shear about the first of May. It gives the sheep a great advantage in length of wool, and consequently in apparent weight of fleece, in the ensuing fall, over those sheared a month or a month and a-half later. The earlier shorn sheep are thought to "coat over" best—i. e., take a darker external color. They are thought also to be better prepared to withstand the inclemencies of winter. Many experienced breeders contend that they actually produce more wool during the year.

Shearing on the first of May in this climate costs much additional trouble. The sheep must be very carefully housed night and day from that cold, stormy weather, so common in May in the Northern portions of the United States. For example, at neither of the three Sheep Fairs of the N. Y. State Wool Growers' Association—held from the 10th to the 12th of May—has there been more than one even *comfortable* shearing day; and on at least two of them, the weather was so cold, that the shorn sheep had to be *blanketed* for safety. We have known a number of valuable sheep to perish from colds and other diseases contracted from being thus suddenly denuded of their enormous fleeces in cold weather, notwithstanding they were put in warm stables and in many cases blanketed. When this early shearing is practiced, ewes must lamb very early and have their lambs well advanced at shearing,—for, without extreme care, the change of temperature and other attending circumstances, are liable to produce a check in their flow of milk. Very careful and skillful shepherds, having every practicable arrangement made specially for the purpose, and having but small flocks to handle, undoubtedly can and do surmount all these difficulties; and they get well paid for their labor by thus having their sheep much more showily "fitted" for the fall market.

But in the case of the wool grower, who grows sheep mainly for wool and mutton, this early shearing is wholly inexpedient. Not one grower in fifty has the requisite accommodations to perform it safely. And what is gained by it? Of what consequence to such a grower is a "darker coating" to his sheep—especially as he does nothing to preserve it, by housing his sheep from summer rains? And a sheep with full six months of wool on it, must be poor both in fleece and constitution, which, with decent shelter and good keep, is not prepared to enter upon the winter perfectly comfortably and safely. As to the very early shorn sheep producing most wool at a year's growth, other things being equal, we can see many good reasons for the prevalence of such an impression,—but not one which furnishes any actual proof, or even strong probability, that it is a physiological fact. Were it otherwise, the small gain thus derived would not begin to compensate for the additional trouble and expense in large flocks.

But it is undoubtedly well to get all flocks sheared as early in the season as the weather properly admits. Where no housing is resorted to after shearing and the sheep are washed, the average of this period in New York, and we believe in most parts of New England, is now from 5th to 20th of June. In Pennsylvania and many parts of Ohio and Illinois it may be done a few days earlier.

A GLANCE INTO THE CUSTOM HOUSES.

HON. J. B. GRINNELL of Iowa, is one of the most extensive wool growers of the West, and was a leading and one of the most active representatives of the wool growing interest in Congress when the present wool tariff was enacted. The following letter from him explains itself:

NEW YORK, March 30, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., *President of National Wool Growers' Association, &c.:*

SIR:—My interest in the success of wool growing in this country, coupled with the compliment of an appointment as one of the Commissioners to visit the Custom Houses in New York and Boston, to report upon the administration of the Tariff law, led me to repair to this city.

Want of time will prevent my joining yourself and other gentlemen of the Commission, and I furnish you the following notes of my observations at New York.

I found at the Appraiser's office the Wool Department in charge of JOHN A. BAUSH, Esq., a most candid and intelligent gentleman, who has held the same position for more than twenty years, seeking, as I think, to faithfully administer the Tariff law.

Under Class 1 of competing clothing wools, there were 22 samples in glass cases, taken from sacks from the Cape and Australia, weighing about 400 lbs. each. Mestiza sacks weighed from 800 to 900 lbs.

Class 2 was represented by 24 Combing samples from Canada and Great Britain, weighing about 200 lbs. a sack.

Class 3, Carpet wools, embraced 33 samples.

Syrian (washed) a sack	300 lbs.
Cordova (washed)	700 to 750 "
Creola	800 "
Turkey	325 "
Donskoi (Russian)	350 to 375 "

I brought away samples which I purpose to submit to U. S. Senator MORRILL of Vt., for his satisfaction as the champion of our Wool Bill, and to those who, without reason, maintain that the interests of the wool grower have been compromised.

There is but little competing wool arriving at our ports. The last importation from South America, on which the duty would have been ten cents a pound and eleven per cent. ad valorem—some 200,000 pounds—were exported.

I examined a lot of some 30 bales of 600 lbs. each, from Buenos Ayres, invoiced as Carpet wool, but will be passed as Clothing wool, under which entry it will go to some other market. It was a mixed quality, and while there was a doubt as to the class, the decision was in favor of the revenue and in aid of the home producer.

While this may be less than a preface to a report, I may add that what I saw of weak and almost rotten wool "in bond," confirmed me in opinion as to the superiority of our wools, and that a high duty on the shoddy family has spared our consumers from impositions and aided to avert the threatened destruction of our infant manufactures.

With high regard, I am your obd't serv't,

J. B. GRINNELL.

BOSTON, MASS., April 11, 1868.

P. S.—I have visited this city to be convinced that the duties at the Custom House are fairly collected under our tariff on wool and woolens.

Judge RUSSELL, the Collector, an old friend, was well pleased with the prospect of an investigation, and Mr. RICE, the Appraiser, a gentleman of intelligence, and by the memory of Senator COLLAMER, a Vermonter and friend of the flock, whose daughter he married, cannot be otherwise than true to the interests of the producer.

The law is easily administered, and where there is a mixture of wools, and the whole is placed in the Class 1, the complainer can sort his wools and then get even justice. As in New York, very little Clothing wool is being imported.

Truly yours, J. B. G.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

WOOL GROWING IN TEXAS.—"A Subscriber," Jefferson City, Mo., inquires concerning "the present condition of wool growing in Texas"—whether "it survived the disturbances in property occasioned by the rebellion"—whether "Texas wools now come into the New York market, and at what prices."

The arrivals of Texas wools in New York for the last five years are thus given in STROMEYER & CO.'s yearly circular:

	Bales and bags.
1863	151
1864	237
1865	2,683
1866	17,862
1867	11,057

The falling off of importations in 1867 is attributed to the loss of sheep during the severe winter of that year, and to the holding on of wool for higher prices.

The prices current of Texas wools in New York were, according to the same circular, as follows, March 7, 1868:

	Unwashed, good com., free of burrs.	Unwashed, ordinary com., free of burrs.	Unwashed, burry.
Full Blood Merino	30@32	26@29	20@24
Three-quarter "	27@28	24@26	18@20
Half "	25@27	23@24	15@17
Quarter "	22@24	20@22	14@15
Common	19@22	18@19	10@14

TELLKAMPF & KITCHING'S wool circular of April 1st, 1868, gives the following prices current of Texas wools:

Washed fleece	35 to 45
Unwashed do, med. to fine	25 to 33
Common do	20 to 23
do do, burry	18 to 23

DOCKING LAMBS—SAVING RAMS.—"A. S. P.," Libertyville, ——. Lambs should be docked at from two to four weeks old. It is rather better to castrate the rams at a different time, after they have recovered from the docking. Most prefer to perform the last process at about a month old. It is folly, except for those who have the choicest, full blood flocks, as well as opportunities to sell them, to preserve any considerable number of rams. There is no more inconvenient and unprofitable piece of sheep property than a lot of unsalable rams—a little too good to castrate and not good enough to sell. They are hard animals to winter in flocks by themselves—are always tearing their fleeces—and frequently kill each other fighting. Even in good breeding flocks far too many are saved, "fitted," and sold for breeding rams. The country has been thus deluged with second and third class rams. The recent depression in sheep husbandry will have at least one good effect—the weeding out of these inferior animals; and it is to be hoped that it will also lead to the exclusion of a good deal of other rubbish. Pedigree without other excellence amounts to nothing.

PURE BLOOD, FULL BLOOD, THOROUGH BRED, &c.—J. REMINGTON, Washington, Ark. We believe that breeders of some kinds of stock attach different significations to these terms. We do not know that sheep breeders do, to any extent, in this country. Under prevailing usage, we should hold that either of them implied purity of blood, and nothing else.

CASTRATING RAMS.—"A Subscriber" writes that he has between forty and fifty teg and shearling rams, which he wishes to castrate, and he asks the best time and mode. April is as good a month as any other, in this climate, to do it in, selecting a time when it is not rainy or stormy. The usual mode now practiced, and esteemed as safe as any other with rams no older than the above, is to pull out the testicles. The ram is held on his rump, with the hind legs drawn back. The operator cuts off the end of the pouch, slips back the membranes from the testicle, grasps the neck of the pouch with the left hand, and pulls out the testicle with the right. He should grasp the neck of the pouch so firmly that the cords will snap off within two or three inches of the testicle. It is usual to smear a little salt grease into the pouch,—and that is all. They usually bleed very little, and *seem* to endure less protracted suffering than when corded or "cut with sticks." And the pulling process does not require a tenth part as much time as the others. We saw a few days since forty-one young rams thus altered within an hour by two persons—a catcher and shepherd. The advantage of cutting early in the spring is to escape flies, and the wethers get into better condition during the summer. They often get fat enough to kill in the fall. With such young sheep, at least, the mutton cannot be distinguished from that of wethers cut when lambs.

HOOF ROT.—"J. N. C.," Wooster, Ohio, asks how he shall cure that "abominable thing," hoof rot. By turning to the Practical Shepherd, which he refers to, he will find eight or ten remedies given, each of which have in repeated instances cured the malady *when properly applied*. For the mode of application he will see our views much more fully given in the same work than we have space to give them here. We have already and recently given our opinion of the "patent" remedy he mentions, by dissecting out the lining of the biflex canal or "issue" on the top of the foot. We regard it as a barbarous cruelty, and an unmitigated humbug.

TEXAS STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—Movements are now making in Texas to form such an Association. A meeting was recently held in Belton on the subject. Among the resolutions passed was the following:

"That our experience, in past years, has taught us that a large per centage of the proceeds of wool has been expended in the support of commission houses and speculators, while the wool is in transitu to the manufactories; we believe that our interests demand that we should give our influence to any feasible project to establish a great Wool Depot in Texas, at some suitable point, which will induce foreign purchasers of wool, and create for us a home market, where our wool may be sold at the real value, bringing to us a speedy return of proceeds."

Dairy Department.

A DEPLETED BUTTER MARKET.

THE rates at which butter has ruled in the market for many months, as compared with cheese quotations, would seem to indicate a disturbance of the relations which formerly subsisted between these farm products. While butter is up to famine rates, the price of cheese is comparatively low, and the market relatively plethoric. These products, to be profitable all round, should bear such a relation to each other as to keep the supply of both up to the consumptive demand while securing remunerative rates for each, which is not now the case. It is probable that the aridity prevailing last year during a considerable portion of the butter season, is chargeable, in some measure, with the past and present short supply of butter and the consequently high rates at which it is now selling as compared with those of cheese; but the principal cause of the variance is to be found, most likely, in the disproportionate quantity of the latter manufactured as compared with the former. Both have become a kind of necessity in domestic economy,—but, of the two, butter is the essential and cheese the luxury, which may be dispensed with when the means of purchasing run short.

There is no fear, with the rapid increase of population in the country, natural and by immigration, that an over-supplied butter market will occur,—but as cheese is less a necessity and its use more readily dispensed with, there is a chance that production, under the new factory impulse, may be pushed to such an extreme as to render the business non-remunerative. To avoid this it would seem to be the dictate of sound policy to restore, as nearly as may be, the old relations between butter and cheese, and thus supply the market with the needed quantities of both at prices bearing a proper relation to each other.

MAKING CHEESE ON SUNDAY.

DAIRYMAN, Herkimer Co., N. Y., sends us a communication deprecating the practice, which is said to prevail generally among the factory men, of making cheese on Sunday. He regards this as wholly unnecessary, as all the cheese required can be made during week days, and the employes in factories allowed one day in seven for rest. This Sunday work is considered a direct violation of a specific command to abstain from labor at certain periods, and demoralizing to the community in which the practice obtains. It is asserted that nearly all the factories in Canada are closed on the first day of the week, and could be here without loss to those engaged in the dairy business, as most of the patrons of factories retain their milk one day in the week for the purpose of making butter. "Why not," asks one correspondent, "select the Sunday milk for this purpose?" This question we refer to those whom "Dairyman" implicates as guilty of an offence against religion and public morals.

CHEESE MAKING.

As the season approaches when cheese making will engage much of the attention of dairymen, a few directions, in reference to the manufacture of this article may not prove unacceptable. These were supplied in an address before the Dairymens' Association, in Fulton last month, by X. A. WILLARD, Esq., of Herkimer—a recognized authority on the subject of cheese manufacture. From this address we quote the paragraphs following:

"Much of our Factory Cheese has been injured by curing and putting to press at too high a temperature. The maker should always be careful to determine the condition of the curd when put to press, and there is no doubt but that the Chedder Dairymen have hit upon the proper temperature. Mr. Harding, the great exponent of this system in England, told me he had made a great many experiments in this direction, and when put to press at a temperature above 65 degrees it is almost always attended with loss of flavor under fermentation, and as a consequence greater porosity. He claims that the curd could not be properly broken at 90 degrees or above, and that a better separation of the whey and condition of the curd was effected by breaking at 75, 76 or 80 degrees. What we are to learn by this Chedder process is not so much following out blindly all its details, but seizing upon a few leading principles and adapting these to our use. These principles may be briefly summed up as follows:—1st, Studying the condition of the milk. 2d, Setting, at a temperature from 78 to 82 degrees. 3d, Drawing the whey early. 4th, Exposing the curd longer to the atmosphere and allowing it to perfect its acidity after the whey is drawn. 5th, Putting to press before setting at a temperature of 60 to 65 degrees. 6th, Grinding in the curd mill and salting.

"These last two items are important because you cannot regulate the salt accurately by guess and can only get the right proportion by a uniformity in the condition of the curd. The application of salt, too, at a higher temperature than 65 degrees is claimed to be prejudicial. I am firmly of the opinion not only from my observation abroad, but from my own experiments, that the exposure of the curd in small particles to the atmosphere is beneficial and helps to secure good flavor and mellowness of texture."

THE CHEESE AND BUTTER MARKET.—The Utica Herald notices the condition of the Little Falls cheese and butter markets on the 13th inst. There was but a single lot of new on sale, which went at 13¾c. A few lots of old or winter made brought 14¾c. Butter went up to 55c, which is rather steep for a first-class dairy region. The stock of old cheese on the New York market is reported at about 50,000 boxes. In the English market, March 27th, American cheese was held at an advance of 2s.—being higher than for some months past.

TO KEEP BUTTER SWEET IN A CASK.—A compound of one part sugar, one part nitre, and two parts of the best Spanish salt, beat together into a fine powder, and mixed thoroughly with the butter in proportion of one ounce to the pound, has been found to keep the butter in every respect sweet and sound during two years that it was in cask. It is also said to impart a rich, marrowy flavor that no other butter ever acquires, and tastes very little of the salt.

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.—No. III.

WELL TRIED RECIPES.

Gapes.—This disease is attributed by eminent poulterers to various causes. SAUNDERS thinks the cause to be stagnant water. BEMENT indorses the idea that a fly lays its eggs upon the nostrils of the chicken, which soon hatch and become worms an inch in length, filling up the wind-pipe! Is it not curious that farmers, who are *not* very particular in looking after their chicks—who permit an old hen to steal away in the barn, lay her eggs and hatch—are very much less troubled with this disease than those of us who have made it a business for years? Let me assert what I know from an experience of ten years, with a yard of from 150 to 250 fowls. Experience teaches me that *lice* are the cause of the gapes. These are found on the old hen when leaving the nest, after the usual period of setting, and throng the little fledgelings to an incredible extent; they are breathed *in*, and in due time become the worm that we are under the necessity of extracting with a feather, wet with oil and spirits of turpentine—a cruel performance—one we should avoid by following the directions now given. Take of common whale oil, one part; petroleum, one part; add to these sufficient oil origanum to make the mixture smell pleasant. When the hen leaves the nest swab her breast and sides freely; this kills the lice on hens and chicks both. Repeat the same once more after ten days have passed. This is all, and very simple and cheap. I offered a friend of mine one dollar for every chick that departed life from gapes, if the directions were strictly followed. Although two years have passed, he has had no gapes, and I have forfeited no dollars. Those testing the same are hereby requested, as a return for this invaluable recipe, to present the "RURAL" for one year, and a fat chicken to his nearest poor neighbor.

Recipe No. 2.—To drive lice beyond the limits of the hennery, whitewash first, and then cause an aperture to the roost, through which the hens *must* pass and repass. Over this aperture—which must be made sufficiently small—attach a sponge, fully saturated with the mixture above mentioned. The hens will nicely wet their backs, and the lice will, no doubt, curse your RURAL correspondent, pack up and go. Care should be taken not to let this mixture touch the eggs designed for hatching, as they will become addle in consequence. LOMAS.

ARTIFICIAL INCUBATION.

A NOTE from a firm, Lebanon Springs, N. Y., contains an inquiry relative to "artificial egg hatching," the parties having a "desire to be better acquainted with this novel mode of incubation, with a view to putting it into practice." It is added that the "Shakers of Lebanon were quite successful some years since" with this mode of poultry production. If this be so, the inference is that the practice is still continued there, hence the information sought for can be obtained from that quarter. We have no personal knowledge of this artificial system, but we have seen statements to the effect that the French have practiced upon it successfully, as have also the Egyptians at Cairo. Some time last season, we think it was, an experiment was made in Hartford Co., Ct., by a party who gave the result of it in a paper published there. He applied the artificial system of hatching to 1,600 eggs, and succeeded in getting 16 chicks therefrom—a result so disproportioned to the cost of the experiment that the business was abandoned in disgust. As our ordinary poultry books are silent in reference to "artificial egg hatching," and as our information on the subject is limited to what is given above, we can do nothing in furtherance of the plan which our correspondent seems anxious to carry out.

PROFITABLE POULTRY.

W. H. TODD, Vermillion, Erie county, Ohio, gives us the operations of his poultry—fifty-six hens and four cocks—for three months, commencing Jan. 1st, 1868. The result is:—Eggs in January, 63 dozen; February, 64 dozen; March, 98 dozen. Total for three months, 225 dozen. These were sold at an average of 35 cents per dozen, giving an aggregate of $67.50. The cost of feed was $12.00. Assuming that the manure was equivalent to the labor of attending the fowls the net product of these fowls, for three months, was $55.50. The value of the stock, January 1st, was 25 cents each or $15, which shows a clear profit of 370 per cent. in three months. Mr. T. also sends his experience with several varieties of fowls and mode of managing them, which will be attended to as soon as our space will permit.

GAPES IN CHICKENS—CURE.—W. T., Warrensville, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, proposes, as a certain cure for gapes in chickens, the following:—Mix one-half a teaspoonful of common sulphur with a little corn meal; wet it with water so as to make a thick paste, and force it down the chickens' throats. It will effect a cure in five minutes.

Rural Notes and Items.

NEW WORK ON CATTLE.—Under the title of "American Cattle—their History, Breeding and Management," LEWIS F. ALLEN has written, and TAINTOR BROTHERS of New York, have published a handsome duodecimo volume of 523 pages. The subject is an important one, and the author—a breder of long experience and observation, and Editor of the "American Short-Horn Herd Book"—ought to furnish a work worthy the consideration of all engaged in stock growing. And we infer, from a cursory examination, that Mr. ALLEN has produced a valuable addition to our works on the Bovine race. The work comprises thirty-three chapters or divisions, prefaced by an introduction in which the magnitude of the neat stock interest of the United States is presented, as compiled from the most reliable data within the reach of the author. This stock interest is estimated to aggregate, in round numbers, the enormous sum of six hundred millions of dollars!—an interest so vast that it may well claim the special attention and consideration accorded it in the volume. In Mr. ALLEN'S well known ability as an author, with his experience in stock raising and the energy with which he has prosecuted the business, breeders and farmers have assurance that the work now offered them will prove a valuable guide and assistant. The volume presents a fine appearance, being well printed, illustrated with portraits of the leading varieties of neat stock of which it treats, and handsomely bound.

THE COTTON SUPPLY.—According to the monthly (March) Report of the Department of Agriculture the yield of cotton in this country for the year 1867 was something over 2,500,000 bales—equal to half of the best cotton crop known. It was made, however, at a loss to the grower on account of high prices and the disorganization of labor, and the government tax of two and a half cents per pound weighed heavy in the scale against profit. Discouragement among planters is the result, and the feeling is quite prevalent that the staple must be abandoned as a general crop. But it is argued that the produce of other cotton growing countries is falling off, which result is due to American competition, and the prospect is that we shall regain our aforetime supremacy in the cotton markets, and by judicious culture and farming and abatement of the tax, the crop will yield as much profit as in former times.

DOCUMENTS FROM IOWA.—We have received from J. M. SHAFFER, Secretary of the Iowa State Ag. Society, the following:—The census of Iowa for 1867, embracing in detail the population and Agricultural Statistics, Manufactures, &c., for that year; Sixth Biennial Report of the Board of Curators of the State Historical Society; Inaugural Address of SAMUEL MERRILL, Governor of the State of Iowa, Jan., 1868; Second Report of the Trustees of the Iowa Agricultural College; Report of the Secretary of the Iowa State Agricultural Society, and the Biennial Message of Gov. WILLIAM M. STONE to the 12th General Assembly of the State. These several publications are presented in good style and embrace matters of special interest to the people of the State to which they relate.

PIPE OR DRIVE WELLS.—"S. N.," Monroe Co., N. Y. "Can you give information as to the practicability and durability of pipe wells where the bottom of the pipe would be in quicksand?" Such wells might be as good and durable as any if the quicksand could be freed from a considerable space around the bottom; but it is very difficult to do this, notwithstanding many contrivances for that purpose. The bottom of the pipe should be in gravel, or a vein and seam in rock. Pipe wells are not practicable everywhere, but they are so in enough localities to render the invention one of great value.

CRACKED HOOF.—P. S. T., Youngstown, N. Y., asks: "Can any of your readers inform me through the columns of the RURAL what will cure a cracked hoof of a horse. I have a valuable animal whose hoof cracks from the hair in front down towards the toe, with slight cracks crosswise. I have tried cutting the hoof close to the hair across the crack, but when the hoof grows out a little it cracks again. The horse holds a shoe well, and never favored the cracked foot only once, which was for about two weeks."

ADVERTISEMENTS DEFERRED.—Advertisers whose favors do not appear this week are advised that we are compelled to omit them for want of space. Though doing our best to accommodate as many advertisers as possible, and still give the usual variety and quantity of reading matter, we have been obliged to defer more or less advertising almost every week for months past,—and hence our rule, "first come, first published," must be enforced.

PAINT FOR BRICK WALL.—An "Old Patron" asks: "Will you please tell, me through the columns of your paper if there is a kind of plaster or mortar that can be put on a brick wall, that will prevent water from soaking and crumbling the brick? If there is, can it be put on in a way that will make it resemble stone work?" We refer this question to our readers, hoping to get some valuable experience.

A TWO-HORSE WHEEL CULTIVATOR.—L. M. HOLBROOK, Dundee, Kane Co., Ill., asks about a two-horse wheel cultivator which was in use some twenty years ago in Western New York, for the cultivation of wheat fallows. We suppose reference is made to IDES' wheel cultivator, but they are not now manufactured to any great extent. We believe the patent has run its full time.

BEANS.—A subscriber from Penn Yan, N. Y., asks half a dozen questions about beans—varieties, culture, yield, &c. We refer the querist to recent numbers of the RURAL, where he will find the subject fully discussed.

ONONDAGA SHEEP FAIR.—The Onondaga Co. (N. Y.) Wool Growers' Association holds its Annual Fair and Sheep Shearing at the village of Onondaga Valley, May 6th.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE European Larch is recommended for planting on the prairies. It is reputed to be a valuable timber tree and a thrifty grower.

MANY of the Southern journals are highly elated over crop—especially grain—prospects there. They anticipate plenty to eat and to wear next year.

LATAKIA tobacco, deriving its name from a city in Syria, is reputed to be the most delicately flavored variety known. The seed was furnished by Bayard Taylor.

ROBERT MCCLURE, V. S., Philadelphia, denies that hollow-horn is, in any proper sense, a disease of cattle. The assumption that it is, is denominated "frivolous and visionary."

LOCUST seed designed for planting, should be immersed in water three or four days, then planted in drills eighteen inches apart and four asunder in the rows. At a year old transplant.

BUCKWHEAT makes good pasture for bees when growing. When ripe and ground into flour, is good for griddle purposes, especially if dipped in honey. Result—sow buckwheat.

DAVID BENNETT, Painesville, O., presents an account of the doings of eight hens from May last, showing an average profit of $9.16 per hen. The Brahmas have this credit mark.

OVER 200 acres of land are devoted to the production of horseradish in the vicinity of New York. The small rootlets are removed for planting. The crop is highly remunerative.

THE Philadelphia Agricultural Society have been discussing the propriety of instituting stock insurance companies among farmers. The pros and cons were about equally divided.

THE N. O. Picayune is of the opinion that Prof. Gamgee's experiments in meat preserving by a new process will be akin to his work on the cattle plague, appalling in volume only.

W. H. MANN, Gilman, Ill., experienced in Osage Orange hedges, says the plants should be set 8 inches apart, or about 25 to the rod, and about 3 inches deeper than they grew in the bed.

THE Southern farmers seem to be pretty generally impressed with the conviction that true policy requires a sub-division of their lands, making small farms and an augmented population.

THE more perfectly the butter and milk are worked from butter, the smaller the quantity of salt necessary to preserve it. Well worked, the ratio of salt to butter should be as one to twenty-four.

HORTICULTURAL.

GARDEN ARCHITECTURE.

It is possible our heading may not be fully understood by all, and we will therefore say that garden architecture is an art equivalent to church architecture, and by a knowledge of it one is enabled to arrange the walks and positions of trees in the garden and grounds that surround the house so that they will be in the most convenient position and occupy just as much and no more room than is desirable for the health, longevity and beauty of the tree, and the the giving a pleasing appearance of the whole when completed. The architect who designs a church, or building of any sort, has only inanimate material with which to work, and his knowledge is compassed with the immediate exhibit of his creation,—but the garden architect has active vitality for his material, which is changing and increasing in volume from year to year, and his first creation is no more a completion than a new born babe is a full grown man. He needs, therefore, a full and perfect knowledge of the habit, growth, color of foliage, &c., &c., of all his materials, the shape of tree and shrub, with a full, complete and comprehensive imagination, enabling him, when planting, to see the creation of his work as it will likely appear at the expiration of fifteen to thirty or more years.

Almost every man who builds a house becomes convinced of the incompetency of many professed building architects,—but after the house is completed nearly every one supposes himself capable of acting the part of garden architect, thoughtless of the blunders they would themselves have committed had they undertaken to direct the carving or proportions of the house, and yet more thoughtless of the greater knowledge and just remembrance of future results that are requisite to the making up of a satisfactory piece of garden architecture.

Garden architecture, as we view it, is not defined by a capacity, as some have it, to arrange a railing and steps leading from terrace to terrace, harmonizing only with tropical plants and statuary surroundings,—but it is constituted in a perfect knowledge of every tree and plant, its habits, height, length, breadth, depth of coloring in foliage, as well as spray when devoid of leaves in the winter; and at the same time a knowledge and capacity to design steps or rails, cross paths or bridges, depressed or raised walks, to harmonize and give the most pleasing effects immediately, and at the same time allow of years to pass and change the whole without in the least deranging its true order, or compelling the destruction of any one feature.

We have no disposition in this writing to check the desire which each one has to create their own place,—but when a man has expended a considerable amount of money in the designing and building of a residence, it is deeply to be regretted that he should not open his eyes to his incapacity to tastefully and judiciously furnish the setting. We would have every man design his own grounds, plan for every path, the position of every tree, &c., &c.,—but before he does any work toward it he should submit his plan to some one who has made the subject of garden architecture a continuous and time-serving study; and he should require of the garden architect a reason for every change suggested by him, either in position of tree or line of path, &c. The work on a place so provided with a plan, and reasons for its arrangement, will be found to avoid the changes of roads and paths, the removal and re-transplanting of trees, which are now yearly being made all over the country. It is better to expend a dollar now for knowledge than lose both time and money by serving an apprenticeship at the art and find one's self only a bungler at last.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA.—No. IV.

The Naesberry.—The tree bearing this delicious fruit is an evergreen, and attains the height of our apple. The main limbs start at four to five feet from the ground, top consequently low, foliage dense and shining dark green; not very common, and found only in inclosed land. The fruit is round and about the size of a small apple; color brown; skin thin and rough; flesh light brown; very juicy, and more like a very luscious pear than any other fruit; melts in the mouth like ice cream. Seeds, four or five like black beans, but much flatter. The fruit is gathered while quite hard, and takes four or five days to ripen, and is esteemed above even the orange and the pine apple.

Pine Apple.—This fruit needs no description. It is propagated from the small suckers growing at the base of the fruit. The crown is worthless as a plant. The negroes plant them in rows as a dividing line in their provision grounds; they need only a ridge of earth, and are set on the top about two feet apart. The Riply pine is by far the best; it is long and pointed, and the crown of a tea green. The peeling of a good, ripe pine, crushed a little and put in a quart of cold water, with some white sugar, makes a very pleasant drink.

MANGO FRUIT AND LIMB.

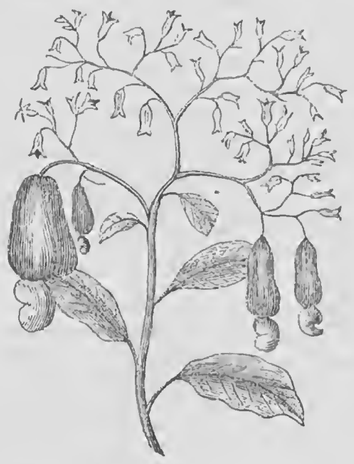
The Mango.—Tree thirty to forty feet in height; ends of lower limbs bend to the ground, if not eaten off by cattle; leaves five to six inches long, and narrow and very dense. Tree strongly impregnated with turpentine, and the fruit of many only fit for hogs on that account. The different kinds are known by numbers, I suppose from the first imported trees being numbered; they were brought from the East Indies. The fruit grows in bunches like the horse chestnut. It is heart-shaped, but rather flatted; color, yellow when ripe, till then green; skin quite thick and tough; flesh yellow, sweet and luscious; seed shape of fruit, tough and leathery. All animals are fond of the Mango. When green the fruit is much used for pickling, and if taken just before it begins to turn, a beautiful starch is produced by grating and washing the pulp. Very abundant, and grows readily from the seed.

The Cashew Apple.—Tree size of a good peach; open, straggling top; foliage scant; fruit size of a small apple; rather straight-sided; color, some trees bright red, others yellow; skin thin; flesh like a *very* tough curd, when the acid juice is expressed.

DANA'S HOVEY PEAR.

This variety originated with Mr. Francis Dana, Roxbury, Mass., and although a recent claimant to popular favor, it promises to be a successful one. It is believed to be well suited, in tree and fruit, to a very large extent of territory. F. R. Elliott thus describes it:—Tree, healthy, vigorous, upright growers, with strong, stout shoots, fruiting early on the pear root; size of fruit, small; form, obovate, slightly pyriform; color, rich yellow, mostly overspread with a light, thin russet, sometimes deepening into a rich cinnamon russet; stem, medium, one side often a little more depressed than the other; basin, shallow; calyx, with long, narrow segments, partially open; core, small; seeds, dark-brown; flesh, buttery, melting, juicy, rich, with a sweet and high aromatic flavor that is especially grateful to the palate; season, December. Its small size is an objection as a profitable market variety.

This juice would make a nice drink with sugar and water,—but lime or lemon is preferred. To the eye of each apple grows a nut, heart-shaped, as large as a large hickory nut. The skin or shell is tough like leather, and is full of oil so pungent that it will immediately blister the lips or tongue if an attempt is made to open the nut by the teeth; the only way is to roast in the fire. The kernel is solid and large, and the King of all Nuts Common, and grows wild.



CASHEW LEAF AND PLANT.

I send you a piece of lace bark. This is the bark of a tree, a native of the mountains. A complete child's dress was made of this bark by a lady of Jamaica, and sent to the Exhibition of 1851.

Akron, Ohio, April 7, '68. T. B. Pickton.

CULTIVATING THE APPLE.

What is the Best Method of Cultivating the Apple in the Orchard?

My attention has recently been drawn to the discussion by members of the Western New York Horticultural Society on the above question, and there are some points there advocated by L. F. Allen, so much at variance with good common-sense, that I am surprised at reading them. Mr. Allen is one of those good common-sense, but obstinate, opinionated men, whose general teachings are well worth heeding,—but when he advocates the trimming of trees up so high as to admit the running of a horse and wagon under the lower limbs, it is so much in opposition to the laws of nature in growth, so much in opposition to all reasoning of exposures to injury, of sun-burning of the bodies, and of breaking or cracking of roots by extra leverage of a top at a distance of eight or ten feet therefrom, that I confess my loss of faith in this item of his teaching, and also in the additional one as stated by him in opposition to Mr. Herendeen's proposition to plant apple trees nearer together than the usual plan, and in after years cut away or re-transplant alternates.

I know from practical experience that his last objection is not a solid one, and must have been made from forest, not orchard study, while a careful observance of an orchard, planted by myself in 1851, which changed hands in 1856, part of it going to one man and part to another, shows me that orchard trees left to branch at two feet from the ground will, in ten years, form trees nearly one-third larger than those which were trimmed up eight or nine feet in order to admit of a horse to pass under the lower branches. Mr. Allen, I know, is a modest man, and, like diamonds in the earth, too often keeps his brilliancy hidden,—but now I really wish he would give us some of his common-sense reasons for his advocacy of the practice of high pruning and opposition to close planting and after-removal of trees, as applicable to our country at large. Addi.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Culture of Pear Orchards.—In answer to an inquiry as to the best system of cultivating a pear orchard which has just been planted in soil well enriched, subsoiled, &c., the editor of the Gardeners' Monthly replies:—"We should seed the orchard down to grass this spring. If the trees were planted originally with the view of cultivating between, and of course set very wide apart, plant another lot so as to make double the number, and give the whole piece up to the trees. Be careful not to let the grass *grow long* about the young trees, or it will take away *the moisture* which the young trees ought to have. Cut down the grass several times a year, and this will do it. Let your trees branch very low, and they will soon keep the grass down for themselves. Top-dress occasionally to maintain the fertility of the soil. This is the whole system in a nut shell. It is not 'our' system. When a boy we could not but note the superior health of trees in pastures, and on lawns which were regularly mowed, over those grown in vegetable gardens where the soil was constantly dug about the roots; and all we have since said has been only this and nothing more."

Temperature for Muscat Grapes.—A correspondent of the Gardeners' Monthly adopts with successful results the following rule of temperature in keeping up Muscat houses:

	During Night.	Day.	Sun.
To commence with,	45°	50°	60°
After the second week,	50	55	65
When breaking,	55	60	70
When in bloom,	60	70	80
When setting,	65	75	90
After setting,	60	70	80
When coloring,	65	75	90

By observing the above temperature the grapes are found to ripen as follows exactly five months after starting the vines:

Royal Muscadine.
Chasselas Musque.

After 5½ months.

Frontignan White,
Golden Hamburgh,
Joslin's Saint Alban. (?)

By the 6th month.

Bowood Muscat,
Cannon Hall Muscat,
Muscat of Alexandria,
Muscat Hamburgh,
Muscat Rose de La Dorce.

Quassia for Insects.—At a meeting of the Alton Horticultural Society, W. C. Flagg read the following communication from G. G. Mygatt, Richmond, Illinois:—About eighteen years since I had some young budded apple trees badly infested with the common green aphis. I made a decoction of the wood of quassia, which is found in all our druggist shops. Say four ounces of quassia to a pail of water; boil fifteen or twenty minutes. I used a large dish-pan with handles—filled it about half full, when cold. An assistant carried the pan while I carefully bent the infested part over the edge of the pan, and gave it a few lateral motions, and shook it to prevent too much waste of the decoction. In the course of two or three days every insect wet with the quassia would shrivel, die and fall off, and the trees commence a vigorous growth.

AN ITEM FOR TREE GROWERS.

Chas. Downing says that he once witnessed a remarkable change produced on the body of a pear tree by means of wrapping it in straw. The tree was a Brown Beurre, grafted about seven feet high from the ground, upon a stock which for years had not grown as rapidly as the graft, and presented a very decided bulge or swelling at the junction of the graft. This smaller portion was encased in straw about two inches thick, and at the end of two seasons it was found on removing the straw that the contracted, or heretofore smaller, stem had swollen to the full size of the graft above, presenting but a slight indication of the point of union between graft and stock. This is an item of interest, and many tree growers who have trees with contracted stems, evidence of some natural want of affinity with the graft, may find in a hint for practical use. We have ourselves practiced wrapping the stem of Morello cherries, when worked at a height of two or three feet with the free growing or sweet varieties, with moss, and thus kept them swelling regularly with the growth of the graft for years.—*Horticulturist.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Obituary.—On the 15th of March, J. H. Requa died suddenly at Salem-on-Erie, Brocton, N. Y. Although he had but recently embraced Horticulture as a profession, those who were so fortunate as to have formed his acquaintance, will ever remember him as one more than usually possessed of intelligence and nobleness of character. They will remember him as one of the pleasant associates in a time of life which, if truly pursued, brings man nearer and nearer to his Creator, and enables him, while serving the temporal wants and requirements of life, to constantly obey the first order which God gave to man when He created and placed him in a garden. While regretting that the All-Wise Creator has taken from our presence the temporal body, let us ever believe that the spirit of all true Horticulturists constantly remains with us, and that as we love our God and do our duty honorably, looking to the good of man—not present pecuniary gain—so shall we always and forever associate and commune, so shall we ever dwell amid the perfume and beauty of flowers, and feed upon the richest of fruit.—Addi.

Grape Growers' Association of Pleasant Valley.—This Association held its annual meeting at Hammondsport April 1st. Geo. W. Nichols was elected President, Frank M. McDowell, Vice-President, A. A. White, Secretary, and A. J. Switzer, Treasurer. It was voted unanimously that the name of Crooked Lake be changed to its original one of Lake Keuka.

The Oldest Horticultural Society.—Addi also writes us:—In the annual address made by the President of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society in January last, I notice he speaks of it as "the oldest Horticultural Society in America." Now I am willing to give Cincinnati credit for some things, but I think such a statement assumes a little too much. If my memory serves me correctly, the Horticultural Society of Cincinnati was inaugurated in 1843, and I think there were then several other associations of the kind in existence in America.

Street Shade Trees.—Let us commend the example of Worcester, Mass., to other town and city authorities. In that burgh one dollar is paid by the city authorities for every tree that is planted as a public shade tree on the highways, and kept vigorous and healthy one year. The planter, however, must be the owner of the land on which it is planted. We only suggest that the bonus should not be paid until the tree has grown two summers, and then it should have some stipulation made as to size and height.

Apricots Blasting.—A correspondent writes:—"We have an apricot tree which blossoms very full every year, the fruit sets, stays on a short time, and then drops. What is the remedy?" The curculio is the *enemy*, and the *remedy* is getting rid of him. Read article in the Rural on "Plum Curculio."

Louis Philip Cherry.—Let me advise every one who can to plant one or more trees of the Louis Philip cherry. There may be a better sort, but it is the best sour cherry that I know.—F. R. Elliott.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

Wholesale Price List for the Spring of 1868 of the Washington Street Nurseries. Bronson, Graves, Selover & Co., Geneva, N. Y.

Catalogue of Seed Potatoes. L. D. Scott & Co., Huron, Erie Co., Ohio.

Catalogue of "The Evergreens" Nursery and Fruit Farm. Samuel Edwards, La Moille, Bureau Co., Ill.

Price List of Strawberries, Raspberries and Blackberries. Ira N. McCall, Rochester, N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

WHY DON'T THEY?

"Mr. Incog," said a farmer's wife to me the other day, "why do not the women *discuss* household economy through the papers, as you men do farm economy?"

"Exactly, why don't they?" I replied. "You ought to answer that question, being one of the women. The only conclusion I can come to, looking at the subject from one stand-point, which overlooks the kitchen whenever one of our modern misses rules there, is, that they do not know how to practice household economy, and hence cannot discuss it."

"Well, I declare! If you aint——"

"But wait a moment, please! You have two daughters, Mrs. Household Economy?"

"Yes."

"And they are large enough to do all your housework for you?"

"Yes, but——"

"Exactly, but they don't do it; you have never required them to do it; they don't know how to do it; and if you were to die suddenly, like Sapphira, they would make more wry faces than rye bread, and shed more tears over household woes than over your coffin."

"You horrible——"

"Tut! tut! You know it is so. They do not know anything about household economy, except that kind which helps them to economize their own strength—or rather prevents its development. But I do hope you'll write something, Madame, and provoke others to do so too. It would be a curiosity in industrial literature. I'll pledge you space in the Rural if you'll do it. But I'll bet a bag of beans you'll not write a wor—"

"But I will! You'll see, sir!"

And she went off in a towering——. It was the *chignon* that towered, come to think of it. But now, friend Moore, if you hear of any woman who can write on *and practice* (mind!) household economy, pray employ her on a big salary. It will be the greatest stroke of luck for you yet. If she is unmarried let me know. I can send her men with unexceptionable references who are great catches. (Would apply myself, but am married, fortunately—that is to say, am fortunately married.) Incog.

Indelible Ink.—Dissolve two inches of nitrate of silver stick in a little water, and mix it with one gallon of common writing ink in which considerable mucilage of gum arabic was used in making it. Test it and if it spreads too much on the cloth, dissolve some gum arabic in a little warm water and add enough to correct it. If the right kind of ink is used no gum will have to be added. If the article to be marked is first starched and ironed, where the name is to be written, it will present a better surface for writing. Expose the writing to the light for several hours. Keep the bottles containing the ink wrapped up in dark-colored paper away from the light.

Recipe for a Cough Sirup.—Take 1 quart thick flaxseed tea, 1 pint of honey, ½ pint of vinegar, 2 spoons saltpetre. Boil all together in a new earthen pot that is well glazed, until it becomes a pretty thick sirup; keep stirring while boiling, with a pine stick; if fresh from a green tree the better.

Dose—One tablespoon three or four times a day. If there is any patent mixture for sale as good as this for a hoarseness or cough, I have been unable to obtain it as yet.

Cream Pudding.—One quart of milk, five eggs, four tablespoonsful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; boil the milk; moisten the flour with cold milk; add to the hot milk, and boil three minutes; add the eggs, and boil up half a cup of sugar; flavor, turn into a dish for the table, and just before sending to the table strew half a cup of sugar over the top.

To Whip Cream.—Sweeten a bowl of cream with loaf sugar and flavor with any extract or flavoring that suits you best. Whip the cream with a whisk, and as it rises in a froth take off with a skimmer, and place upon a sieve to drain.

Ginger Biscuits.—One pound of flour, half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, two eggs; bake five minutes in a quick oven.

Snow-Flake Cake.—One and a half tumblers of powdered white sugar, one of flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, one half teaspoonful of soda and the whites of eight eggs. When cool, frost it.

Macaroni Pudding.—Take three-quarters of a pound of macaroni, boil it till quite soft, add a half pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants and juice of one lemon; bake till browned.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEED DRILLS!—FOR PLANTING GARDEN Seeds of all kinds; also Apple and Osage Orange Seed. Send for circular. P. S. MESEROLE, 204 Lake St., Chicago.

UPLAND CRANBERRY PLANTS FOR SALE of the variety exhibited at Horticultural meeting in February last at Rochester, N. Y., at $3 per 100. IRA N. McCALL.

LAWN MOWERS AND CLIPPER MOWING MACHINES. Send stamp for descriptive circulars and order early. 953-5teo R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 376, New York.

ROOT-CUTTINGS OF WILSON'S EARLY Blackberries, $2 ₱ 100, $15 ₱ 1,000, $50 ₱ 5,000. Kittatinny $1,50 ₱ 100, $10 ₱ 1,000, $40 ₱ 5,000. Extra fine Plants of these kinds of Strawberries and Raspberries. GEO. H. LAMBERT, New Brunswick, N. J.

A LIBERAL OFFER.—FOR $10 ENCLOSED, I will send in good condition, 20 Isabella, 10 Concord, 4 Delaware, 2 Iona, 2 Israella, No. 1 two-year-old vines, and the Rural New-Yorker, or Journal of Horticulture for one year. For five dollars will send half the above assortment of vines and American Agriculturist for one year. Now is the time to order. J. H. TRYON, Willoughby, Lake Co., Ohio.

50,000 MAHALEB, FIRST RATE Stocks, 1,000 $12, 10,000 $100; Mazzard, Plum and Quince Stocks; home-grown Norway Spruce, 2 years, fine, 1,000 $10, 10,000 $80; Calycanthus Floridus (Sweet Shrub) doz. $2,50, 100 $15; Verbenas, choice varieties, 100 $7, 1,000 $45; Young Roses, choice sorts, 100 $7 to $10, 1,000 $60 to $80; 50 fine Bedding Plants for $5, 100 do. for $9. 953-3t E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Ind.

SEED POTATOES.—Early Goodrich, Harrison, Lapstone Kidney, Cuzco, Early Cottage, Sebec, Fluke, White Sprouts, Union, Coppermine, Andes, Shakers' Fancy, and fifty other varieties. Four pounds of either variety will be mailed to any address, postage pre-paid, upon receipt of $1. For larger quantities and descriptive price list, address REISIG & HEXAMER, 953-3t New Castle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

SEED POTATOES.—I AM NOW PREpared to receive orders for the following varieties of Seed Potatoes, warranted true to name:—Early Goodrich, $3,50 bu., $8 bbl.; Harison, $4 bu., $10 bbl.; Gleason, $4 bu., $10 bbl.; Early York $2 bu., $5,50 bbl.; Cuzco White $2,50 bu., $6 bbl.; Garnet Chili $2,50 bu., $6 bbl.; Pinkeye Rusty-Coat $2,50 bu., $6 bbl. Terms CASH to accompany orders. No orders received for less than a bushel at the above rates. Add 35 cts. for bags. No charge for barrels. 953-2t P. S. MESEROLE, 204 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

OUR LARGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Is a handsome volume of nearly 200 pages, and about 600 Illustrations, printed on fine tinted paper, and contains the most complete list of the latest improvements in Machinery, Implements and Small Tools for the Plantation, Farm or Garden, that has ever been published. It has also a brief notice of our Seeds, an extended article on the best Fertilizers now used, and a summary of the various breeds of Domestic Animals, handsomely illustrated. It is thus far beyond a mere advertising medium, and too expensive to be given away; we are therefore selling it to all applicants for $1,00, which is much less than its actual cost, and will send it, post-paid, by mail on receipt of the price. Address R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 376, New York.

FAIRCHILD'S Patent BAG-HOLDER and TUNNEL Combined.—The latest out, the Cheapest and Best—combining the TUNNEL with the holder, without which the Bag-Holder is impractical and worthless. This NEW Implement meets a want long felt by Farmers, Millers, Grain Dealers, Country Store-keepers, Newspaper Publishers, Postmasters, and by all who have Bags to fill. Needs only to be seen to be appreciated and wanted. Durable, compact, simple, and very cheap. Will soon be for sale by all dealers in Agricultural Tools. Made by the Belcher & Taylor Agricultural Tool Co., Chicopee Falls. Will be sent to any address on receipt of retail price, $3,50. Liberal discount to the trade. Circulars, with cuts and full description sent on request. State Rights, except New England, will be sold on personal application. Address E. C. FAIRCHILD, Chicopee Falls, Mass. Price, without standard, $2,25. ☞ Preserve this advertisement. 953

WILLIAMS' PATENT FARM FENCE.—Letters Patent dated May 22d, 1866, and April 2d, 1867. (See cut on first page of RURAL.)—All persons are invited to inspect this fence as in use on the farm of the patentee and others in that vicinity, and to the perusal of the following commendation:

"We the undersigned, Officers of the Chautauqua County Agricultural Society, do certify, that a sample of 'WILLIAMS' PATENT FARM FENCE' has been erected for two years on our grounds at Fredonia, N. Y., and has not been disturbed by wind or frost, and we commend it to the use of farmers, as a cheap and durable fence and as an invention of great value and utility.

March 18, 1868. L. L. HYDE, President.
Wm. Moore, S. T. Christy,
A. Buckingham, M. J. Tooke,
Alexander Morgan, Trustees."

The patentee is ready to sell Farm Rights and Territory and to appoint reliable Agents to canvass on commissions. Any person desiring further information will receive, with full details, a prompt reply to any communication addressed to S. P. WILLIAMS, Sheridan, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN SAGE SEED.—Fresh Sage Seed, American growth, growth of 1867,—a prime article—per oz. 50 cts., ₱ ℔ $6. 952-2t] JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

50,000 GENUINE GIANT ASPARAGUS Roots, two years old, well grown and choice, $1 ₱ 100, $7,50 ₱ 1,000, discount for large orders. No charge for packing. Address H. C. WHITE, Seedsman, 952-2t 20 East Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

IT DON'T SCRATCH YOU!—OR TEAR YOUR Clothes—Davison's Thornless Black-Cap Raspberry is the best, as it is hardy, productive, early and sweet, and it is a pleasure to cultivate it. ☞ For origin, description, prices, testimonials, &c., send for Circular, to 952-2t JOSEPH SINTON, Angola, Erie Co., N. Y.

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Ladies' Department.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

The racing river leaped and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rains out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart,
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
And stepping stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming,
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
How could I—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
Yet me she wanted all unweeting;
She thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere, to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The winds soft whisper in the plain,
That cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now—it was a year ago,
And now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart to grow
And fill the hollow place forever.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

It was a pleasant spot,—that early home of ours,—before time had scattered its inmates, or death had broken the family circle. It stood embowered in the shade of tall maples, with vines climbing over and above it. The old-fashioned damask rose occupied a conspicuous place in the door-yard, and the tall lilac opposite the front door, perfumed the air all around. Sweet briar roses ran over the picket fence; and on each side of the walk to the front gate, were peonies, marigolds, larkspurs, and many other gay denizens of the flower-garden. Away to the south stretched the great orchard, with all varieties of fruit indigenous to the latitude.

Though years have passed by, there has been little change in the looks of the old homestead, save that the old orchard trees look more gnarled and knotted, like an aged face, and the young maples are giants now. The cool and shady grape house is still a favorite retreat, of a summer afternoon; the blue-birds build their nest in the lilac every spring; and the robin sings as gaily in the maples, as did any of his predecessors. But it is not our home now,—strangers dwell within those dear old walls, and listen to those songsters; and careless feet echo through those rooms, and tread those well-known paths. The old household furniture, made sacred by hallowed associations, is scattered about: in every house among our old neighbors, we find some piece that reminds us of happy days forever gone.

There is an old maple bureau, of quaint and curious make, that was part of our grandmother's "setting out," in olden times. How vividly comes to mind her pale, kind, wrinkled face, surmounted with snowy cap-border, as with trembling, palsied hand, she searched the "top drawer" (to us, storehouse of hidden treasure) for some little gift laid by for us. That high, straight-backed rocking chair, very dignified and uncomfortable, wholly unlike the easy, luxurious ones of now-a-days, was one in which our invalid mother sat, in days when we were little children, and soothed away our childish griefs with the magic touch of her dear hand. There is the tall, dark secretary, where we have seen our father write, and where he kept his books and papers: how often have we climbed up to peep into those "pigeon holes," and wondered with childish curiosity what was in them, and longed for a good chance to rummage. Here is the large, old-fashioned, family table, and as it meets my gaze there pass before my mind's eye the faces that were wont to gather around it, at morning, noon, and eve,—kind and dear faces, some, alas, with the mould of the grave upon them, others changed, and all widely severed.

How pleasant, nay, how beautiful, the old home looked to us, on returning from school of a summer afternoon, the long, white dwelling embowered in the trees and vines. In winter it was scarcely less beautiful, with its cheerful faces, and happy hours beside the hearth, all the inmates bound together by many cords of affection. We thought it the loveliest spot upon earth; and so it was, for it was our home,—the home of loving hearts.

Those were delightful days; but they have passed, and we have drifted far along on the tide of life, with many a sigh that pleasant hours cannot always last. The living are divided by "hill and dale, by shore and steep;" the dead,—"they are gone from among us in silence down," we speak of them with hushed voices, and with tears. Far away lies one, with roses, red and white, shedding their blossoms unheeded over her head; twenty-eight years have they bloomed and faded. To some, earth was beautiful, for time had laid his finger lightly on their heads. We need to drink some bitter, with life's cup, else it is too sweetly intoxicating; and when everything wears the hue that is reflected from our own happy hearts, it is hard to be convinced that there is a darker shade. But some laid down, with the silvered hair and furrowed brow of many weary winters, convinced of the vanity of this world, and hopeful of a re-union in the next, after the quiet restfulness of the sleep that is dreamless.

BERRY BRIAR.

KINDS OF GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home, the other a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness around her pathway. The right education will modify both a little, and thus unite the good qualities of both in one.

WHEN the good man dies, the tears he in life prevented from flowing are shed.

BRIDAL GIFTS.

THERE are few, it is to be hoped, so illiberal as not to feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive; and one of the chief pleasures which affluence bestows on its possessor is the ability to make munificent presents. But on the other hand, it is anything but agreeable to feel under an obligation to be generous when one has not the requisite means at command—a state of mind which must often result from the present law of fashion in regard to bridal gifts. The Newark Advertiser contains a spirited article on this topic from the pen of Mrs. E. C. KENNEY, from which some extracts are presented below:

The bride herself, once a timid creature, blushing, hiding under her veil, asking only to love and be loved, is now a crowned autocrat; orange blossoms, in all their sweetness, are as absolute as the "Iron Crown;" and she, the more exacting, the more demanding, as she feels herself queen only for a day. Once, the bride's modest dower was a chest of snowy house-linen; her *trousseau*, the wedding-dress; her ornaments, the heir-looms worn by her mother and grandmother before her; her bridal gifts, the simple love tokens of a few real friends, mostly their own handiwork—a tasteful thread-case, needle-book, pin-cushion, or some other useful thing, like "Mercy twice blest," a tribute at once to the industry of giver and receiver. How times have changed all this! No bride's dower must equal the demands of her luxurious training, and the "great expectations" of that "fortune-hunter," "the happy man!" Her *trousseau* must be the outfit for a lifetime in fashionable society; her ornaments, a fortune in themselves—though, perhaps, not including "the pearl of great price," a "meek and quiet spirit,"—her bridal gifts worthy a princess of the blood; treasures laid at her feet, which she counts as triumphantly as the conqueror does the trophies of his conquests. Nor are they received as gifts, but as her legal rights, of which none has the right to deprive her. Alas! for the *pleasure* of giving gifts when coercion, not choice, is prompter.

The modern fashion of displaying at weddings the bridal gifts, has caused more evil, in divers ways, than its ostentatious originator ever dreamed of; indeed, ostentation is the least of these. Could that wide-spread table, groaning under its costly burden, speak and tell the private history of its precious things the admiring crowd around it would soon be hushed by its humiliating confessions. It might even tell of sleepless nights; of days passed in contriving how to bring a fit offering there; of screwing and pinching; of cheating some creditor of his due, or poverty out of the contents of the household poor-box, and, what is worse, the soul of that blessing which the God of the poor had ready for the "cheerful giver," now turned into a purloiner of God's money! Or, of selfish ambition to excel in giving, and be foremost in the praises of spectators; of pride, envy, jealousy, petty strife, extravagance, penuriousness in secret, for hard-earned public commendation. In short, of how much more ill-feeling than good feeling; of regret than pleasure, going to make up that dazzling show, and pamper that spoiled child of indulgence now queening it as Bride!

REPAIRING MEN'S CLOTHES.

A MAN'S clothes may be made to last double their time by careful repairing. When coat, vest or trowsers look wrinkled and out of proper shape; elbows, and shoulders, and knees of black or blue cloth thread-bare and *whitish*; buttons off, loose or bursting their coverings; button-holes stretched or broken; sleeve-linings out at the cuff, or worn away from the arm-size, and seams and edges frayed—a bad case, with such a complication of disorders, but nevertheless such as is frequently met with in the best of families—you must give it a good day's work. Brush it thoroughly in the first place. Put on buttons where needed, and strengthen those that remain, in the next. Pare delicately the edge of worn button-holes, pick out all the stitches, and make them as if new. Put in new sleeve-linings, or mend with new around the arm-size. Make everything firm, and strong, and neat about the pockets. Line all thin places; knees and elbows with pieces wide enough to be attached to each side seam, and cross-stitch the other two ends to the main cloth by needle and silk so fine that no print of the stitches shall be seen on the outside. If elbows and knees are stretched into a swelling shape, after all sewing is done, lay a damp cloth upon them, fold them up, and let them remain thus an hour. Then lay them on a table, smooth them with the palm of the hand, pull them gently all ways. Continue this till the swelling is reduced—elbows and knees straight and flat. Then press the whole garment on the wrong side, finishing those places first.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

THE greatest lack of self-respect is exhibited in thinking continually of self.

THE prosperous man, who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to welfare.

EVERY man has a paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

A LITTLE boy who was praised for never taking his eyes off the preacher, answered with all simplicity: "I wanted to see how near he was to the end."

To make a happy fire-side clime
For weans and wife;
That's the true pathos, and sublime,
Of human life.—*Burns.*

MADAME DE STAEL defined happiness to be a state of constant occupation upon some desirable object, with a continual sense of progress towards its attainment.

THE Empress Eugenie, at last accounts, had three thousand dresses. According to a fashionable woman, it must be a delightful thing to be an Empress.

OUR Lord God doth like a printer, who setteth the letters backwards; we see and feel well his setting, but we shall read the print yonder in the life to come.—*Luther.*

Even the snow-flake lets a shadow fall,
As to the earth it softly sinks to rest;
So may the whitest, sweetest souls of all
Seem sometimes wrong to those who know them best.

HEAVEN is the opening of a door; it is the finding of a long-sought good, the renewal of a long-lost communion, the restoration to a favor which is in itself the fullness of joy.

"I HOPE, my little daughter," I said one morning, "that you will be able to control your little temper to-day." "Yes, mamma; and I hope you will be able to control your big temper."

THE Saturday Review says that, considering how many idiotic men there are in the world with whom good women have to live, it is a blessing to the good women that they should not be able to know an idiot when they see one.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SEALED LID.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

He pressed his suit before he went away;
I did not love and I could not accept.
So pale he turned at what I had to say,
When he was gone I went aside and wept.

The war was ended, and the brave and true
Who prized life less than their torn country's weal,
Once more to their loved homes with pleasure drew,
Some bearing wounds that time could never heal.

And he was maimed for life. 'Twas in the fight
At Fredricksburg, when victory was nigh,
And the stern strife of battle at its height,—
A saber stroke had robbed him of an eye.

I saw him at the church—the silent lid
Drooped patiently upon the bearded cheek,
Revealing to the sight more than it hid,
And spoke a language tongue could never speak.

With head erect he oftimes passed my door,
At times, I, looking, one quick glance would get;
But I was rich, and he was only poor,
And he, erewhile, rejection's chill had met.

And I in fitful mood a letter wrote—
There are, I know, who censure, much, such things—
And with his name thereon set it afloat,
One morn, upon its white, mysterious wings.

It only said: "'Tis time that slow reveals
What might have been, and what our sad mistakes;
Thus sometimes with the heart it harshly deals,
Which all too late awakes, and slowly breaks."

The writing seemed not mine,—I signed no name,
I hardly thought that he would know its source;
And yet full soon the answer to me came
In ardent strain, and moved me with its force.

"What I have done in this poor hackneyed life,"
It said, "to reap reward of perfect bliss,
I cannot tell, yet, soon-to-be-my-wife,
I, eager wait, erelong to follow this."

And thus it came about, that now I find
That I of women am the one most blest;
A manly heart, and a most royal mind
I honor now, and treasure as my best.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE USE OF SENSE.

ACCORDING to our ideas, sense is the power of perceiving, understanding and judging as to things that come to our knowledge by means of any external influence; and a sensible person is one whose life and actions are regulated accordingly. People frequently have sense enough to perceive a thing, and to be convinced of a truth, whose pride or stubbornness hinders them from being sensible—that is, honorable enough to do as well as their judgment and reason dictate. All have not equal intellectual faculties, any more than uniform physical strength, but, judging from appearances, the majority fail sadly of making the most and best of what gifts they have; and still, in *one* sense, they may be "sensible to the last."

Animals are sensible, for they possess instincts that they constantly manifest. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." Animals have memory, and we see it; they have natural affection, and are not afraid of showing it; they have love of life and playfulness,—which is repressed chiefly by "bit and bridle,"—and a fear of danger and death not unlike that belonging to humanity: yet they differ from man, and are beneath him, because they have but one nature, while mankind has three,—the Animal or earthly, the Intellectual or reasoning, and the Spiritual or immortal.

Now, sense being desirable, it may not be improper to inquire, first, whether he who possesses *most* is always "the best fellow." There being different degrees of natural good gifts, it might happen that the greatest rogue who ever disgraced the world really possessed more versatility of talent, and shrewd sense, so far as quantity is concerned, than perhaps a whole town's "best society." Yet we could not call him a sensible person, while that term might suitably apply to the humblest member of an ordinary community. "With the intellect of an angel a man may be a fool," and *vice versa*, without doubt! But it is not the talent that is responsible, either way; it is the possession, or not, of an honest, truthful, worthy purpose to *do* and to *be*,—a teachable spirit, well aware of personal defects, anxious to learn, and willing to be taught, as well as to impart when it can be any possible means of good to others.

It is a mistake that "not to appreciate nature is to be narrow-minded." A man may never look upon nature with other thought than the probabilities with regard to the weather, or his crops, and yet be a man of large heart and generous impulses, whose practical judgment and strong good sense make him known and felt as a man of power. His brother may be a finished and scientific naturalist, or an artist, and yet be far more narrow-minded than the one who honestly thinks it is the chief purpose of life to "make a living." Narrow minds are not restricted to any occupation or position in life, but restrict themselves and others, if they can, to whatever place is so unfortunate as to be occupied by them. A narrow mind sees little of good or worth but in one direction;—his own creed is the only correct one, because the one he believes;—his own pursuit in life is *the* useful and worthy one, upon which the safety of the world depends. Things are growing worse, instead of better, and everybody is going to want and ruin, because a few do not see the world through spectacles of his favorite color. If all had equal sense, and would fall to raising potatoes and wearing calico—in other words, would work for a living,—nobody would come to want! Are there but two or three kinds of work in this world? Are all idlers who do not devote themselves exclusively to these? The "food of the gods" ought to be palatable to all who have a brain and soul that is immortal, and is, if their stomachs are not overloaded with the "husks" of their worldly natures, till there is no room for the more delicate portions of the feast.

"It is rare sport to fly" only to those who have wings. Those who think to accomplish this feat of locomotion, find it uphill work, indeed, if compelled to depend upon artificial machinery; therefore, there is little danger that all will ever take to "soaring." It may be "a fine thing to write poetry," but does the poet himself say it, or does the world, that attracted by his light, swarms around him, buzzing all manner of adjectives in his ear,—"fine!" "splendid!" "thrilling!" and all this,—especially when the prophet is not of their own country? Ah, the poet's passion and poetry is his *work*, and as much a duty to himself and the world as is yours to dig potatoes, or build houses. In no other way could he so well develop himself; this is his legitimate way of getting "a living." It is true there are many would-be poets: there are as many counterfeit geniuses as real ones; there are few genuine articles of worth that are not imitated, and these bogus productions may do very well in their place. If people can do better at imitating than being something after their own order—why not? Yet "the world is not a fool," and soon discovers the difference; it knows the one by his noisy effort, it feels the other by his quiet power.

It is a very unflattering truth, that few people are large-minded enough to look upon life as a whole,—one grand scheme—one perfect plan and structure. They see but one timber of the framework at a time, and the one who gets a beam in his eye, quarrels with the one of the mote because he stopped short of a beam. The screw thinks it might have been a wedge, the wedge looks with envy upon the wheel, the Architect only comprehends the whole, and wishes of each separate part, simply that it will be the best possible of its kind.

It was very short-sighted for that mother frog of old, to attempt proving to her little ones that there was no animal larger than herself, when swelled to her full dimensions; for there being a natural limit to the biggest of frogs, the moment she got beyond that, she was not a cow, or a calf, or as large as one, but only an *exploded frog*, while the cow, satisfied with her share of the brook, had gone her way and grazed on as before, and the poor little frogs were motherless.

It may be said that this life is for the flesh and the world, and that circumstances enslave us and make us their creatures. It is so, eminently, if we think it, and are willing that our circumstances should be greater and more powerful than ourselves; but it is surprising how circumstances modify, when brain, and will, and soul work in spite of them for their rights. In one sense we are all "creatures of circumstance;" that is, as one kind of fruit is an apple—another a currant—and another a grape. Nothing can make a stem of currants out of an apple, or a cluster of grapes of a currant stem; but earth, and air, and sunlight are given without stint in which to bring them to ripe perfection. Now had we no power of choice or intelligence, we might, like an ill-fated apple, on a tree overrun with some noxious vine, wither, and mould, and drop dead from the stem, within arms-length of the living sunlight. Many *human apples* do, undoubtedly, but it is because they were passively willing, or willfully inactive, and would not turn around to the light, but lived as if saying, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

O, some *will* "come to want," one of these days, terrible, wasting, helpless want! We *may* smother, or starve, or crush out what our reason, and judgment, and hungry souls tell us plainly that we need. Even now our higher, better natures do groan and strive, being burthened and trampled upon by the all-absorbing things of time. These moans and calls unheeded, grow fainter and fainter, as the grosser nature gains fuller sway. We are persuaded, convinced—aye, we know it ought not to be; yet easily submit that the Worm is king, and patiently let him rule, and loyally wear out our lives for him. He chains and cripples our reason,—he stupifies our immortal nature,—and this fact is our miserable excuse for paying little heed to the necessities of the soul. When the physical wears out, and the spirit has slept off its cruel opiate of sloth and rises up asserting its own rights and deathlessness, shall we say it was by exercise of our honest convictions, and sensible judgment, that its demands were unheeded?

Brother! sister! friend!—whether tiller of the soil, keeper of sheep, interpreter of the law, wife and equal, or humble servant to any of these,—ask not so much for nobler work to do, as for a nobler will to do the work Providence has given you capacity to do. Nay, you may have ability for other than your present work, but be assured when you perfectly fill, and grow out of your immediate position, another more roomy will be waiting for you. Do your humblest duty well, but forget not that your duties are *three-fold*, and think what will you answer when the question is asked, "*What hast thou done with the talents I gave thee?*"

GENE PRATT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOHN ESTON COOKE is giving in the Southern Society some interesting recollections of a visit to WASHINGTON IRVING, at Sunny Side. Of LOUIS NAPOLEON and the Empress EUGENIE, IRVING spoke with marked pleasure and interest.

"What a remarkable person Louis Napoleon is!" he said; "a dashing fellow! It seems strange that he should have been here where we are standing. Yes, in this very place. He used to stop here on his way up to West Point, when he was in America, long before he became Emperor. I supposed he went up to examine the fortifications. He was accompanied by a young French Count of my acquaintance, who brought him. They frequently breakfasted with me, and I remember the girls liked the young Count the best. The Prince was too silent and reserved, and looked gloomy, seldom opening his lips, but perfectly well-bred. And now he is Emperor! What a strange world this is! I knew the Empress when she was a child—little Eugenie de Montijo—and have often had her on my knee in Madrid. Her father was the Count de Teba; when her brother died he took the name of Montijo. Afterwards I saw Eugenie again. She was a fine, dashing girl, with a beautiful figure and fine bust and shoulders. She used to appear at the balls in Spain in the character of female *masquetaire*. I was in Washington lately, and Calderon—I knew him well in Spain—said: 'Good heavens, Irving! Just to think! Little Eugenie Montijo Empress! hump! hump! hump!'"

OLE BULL gave several concerts in New York recently. He was assisted by Mad. Varian Hoffman and husband, with others. Ole Bull was born in Bergen, Norway, February 5th, 1810, and is therefore now well advanced in years. A contemporary tells us that "he is anything but an old man in look and manner. Dressing with extreme care, with his coat buttoned tightly about him, he steps forward with all the briskness of youth. His face is kindly, full and round, and beaming with benevolence. Time has left a few wrinkles upon it, and slightly tinged his hair with silver; but all this adds much to the tender interest excited by his presence, for it recalls the adversity which has saddened his career, and moves the heart to sympathy."

PICTURES AT HOME.—Engravings shed their spirit over a household; the calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fire-place until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the poor man, artisan or mechanic. I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.—*Sidney Smith.*

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN APPEAL.

O, YE who in GOD'S house arise to preach
To us the Living Word, forget, we pray,
The narrow bounds of sect, and let your words
Flow forth, to every soul by sin oppressed;
To every mourner's stricken heart; nor think
The humblest needs beneath your care! If GOD,
Our friend above, numbers the hairs upon
Our heads, and clothes the lilies of the field,
Are not our petty griefs all known to Him,
And worthy of your tender sympathy?
Could ye but know how oft the weary soul
Turns to GOD'S ministers, to hear the words
Of life and gospel peace, how 'twould inspire
Your hearts with fresher zeal His work to do.

No nobler mission earth affords than yours.
Some, blest with worldly goods, may minister
To those in want, may clothe and feed the poor,
And smoothe for them the world's rough ways; but thou,
Thou canst, with help divine, lift up the soul
By sorrow crushed, by sin o'ercome, and bid
Repentant ones turn to their GOD and live.

O, let not calumny, nor love of ease,
Nor praise of men, nor cold indifference,
Divert your hearts from this most glorious work;
And as your labors, so at last shall be
The blessings sweet of your own sure reward.

Elkhorn, Wis., 1868. B. C. D.

MAN'S NEED.

THE desire for sympathy exists in every human heart. We all feel that we need some one to whom we can go in the fullest confidence, who will sympathize with us—who will bear a part of our burdens by becoming acquainted with them. There may be stoics—men who appear wholly indifferent to the concern of their fellows—who go about apparently giving no sympathy and asking none—but somewhere and at sometime in their lives they prove insufficient to themselves, and long for sweet and tender sympathies with the deepest longings humanity knows.

With the distrust which man naturally feels for his kind, the desire for and real need of sympathy is seldom quite satisfied through any human agency. Friendly regard, and the affection of kindred, do much toward satisfying, it is true, but they do not always do enough. In a sense which many who read this will understand, they fall far short. Every heart has, now and then, certain vague, half-defined hopings and aspirations which it shrinks from imparting to even the nearest and dearest. Many have weary, sickening burdens that they never allow human eye to look upon. Many more have convictions of duty, questionings as to labor, doubtings as to an hundred things in life, that cannot be properly comprehended by any sympathy not divine and Omniscient.

Man's need, then, is of that sympathy which only can be found in a heart having divinity within it, and yet possessing perfect knowledge of humanity's longings and besetments. The Christian finds this need fully met in the great heart of his Redeemer. If he be sorrowing, and in deep grief, he can speak of it to the "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and be comforted. If he be tempted, CHRIST'S sympathy is complete, for He was likewise tempted. In every contingency which weak human nature may chance upon, the sympathy open to the Christian is perfect, and contains a blessing.

Human sympathy, even when it is most sincere, most freely given and most satisfying, satisfies in but a meager way. It lacks something, we often feel, sweet as it may be—much as it is craved. But the divine sympathy is wonderfully full of consolation and cheer; it possesses a power over the heart that may not be measured,—that can be felt, but cannot be described. He leads a poor life who keeps aloof, in the main, from all sympathetic associations with his fellows; he leads a life poorer, far poorer still, who shuns the out-reaching of that divine heart whose sympathies, if received and welcomed, would happify and ennoble the hearts of all mankind. Such an one misses the great joy that might otherwise gladden his life,—goes searching through the years for what he can never find,—and comes, finally, to believe that existence is a fearfully dull, unhappy thing. His need to-day, will be his need to-morrow, because what would fill it is shut out, and what is dry and useless only is sought after. The hunger for sympathy never can be satiated upon husks.

LINGERING CORRUPTION.

I DO not affirm that the most advanced saint is altogether free from the bondage of sin. No. The holiest believer carries that about with him which painfully reminds him of his old condition. I have read of brave, stout captives, who had escaped from prison, but who brought away with them, in swollen joints or festering wounds, the marks and injuries of the cruel fetters. And do not old sins continue to hang about a man even after grace has delivered him from their dominant power? Who does not need every day and hour to resort to the fountain of cleansing, and wash his heart in the blood of Christ, oftener than he washes his hands in water? We need to be renewed day by day; converted as it were, not once or twice, but every day. Surely the happiness of a child of God lies mainly in this—that sin, though it remains within his heart, has ceased to reign there, and that, made perfect at length in holiness, he shall enter by the dismal gate of death into the full and glorious liberty of the children of God.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

SPASMODIC PIETY.—A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to "sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings." When there is a little reviving in the church, they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to chide the pastor and elders for their coldness and want of activity. But alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and then the heat goes down as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer-room, or more spiritual meetings of the church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the church. They encumber it, though they may themselves receive benefit from a connection with it.

SOWING AND REAPING.—Every man's life is a plan of God. He may cast himself by his willfulness out of that plan, and thereby become a failure; the very elements that should have borne him with beneficent ministries to his goal becoming his enemies, and hurling him on the rocks. If, on the other hand, he cast himself with a courageous docility upon the current of the Divine influences, his career will receive a unity, harmony and success, which will elevate it into a living fact in the history of Christ's kingdom.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THROUGH NICARAGUA.—No. II.

THE TRANSIT.

ALL day long Tuesday, July 9th, we saw the wild waves as they broke with white foam, upon the shore at Greytown, and our impatient spirits would hardly brook the delay before we could go over the bar. We amused ourselves as best we could, with watching the fish, which of every kind came swarming around the boat's side, darting at every crumb or piece of bread that was thrown over. Some, too eager, were caught by the cruel hook, and drawn upon deck, but to be cut loose and thrown back again, sadder and wiser, no doubt, for their misplaced confidence.

We saw several sharks, with their horny fins, and horned mouths agape, and one queer little fellow, which the chief engineer told us was called the "Gruuter"—the significance of the name will appear. Their normal shape is round and flat, like a wheel, but they are so constituted that if you gently tickle them on the side they will swell up and look like a round ball, and all the time they will grunt like a self-satisfied pig. Whether these are facts of scientific observation or not, we are not aware, nevertheless they are credible.

But even these novelties failed to interest us, after awhile, and we looked longingly shoreward. Not that we were weary of our good ship, so stout and true, which had borne us so bravely over the tossing seas that we looked upon her with feelings akin to love, and certainly with reverence, remembering how skillfully her officers and men had passed every island, steered clear of every rock and shoal, and at last, anchored us safely in the bay of San Juan (wan) del Norte. But not half of our journey was done, and we were anxious to behold the mysteries lying before. Besides, our hearts yearned to see and feel and breathe the luxury of terra firma, and the sight of green leaves and budding flowers awoke new thoughts of the old home we had left so far behind.

And so the next morning, when the little boats came swarming around, manned by some half a dozen swarthy natives in all stages of dress and undress, we hailed them very gladly. The process of transferring ourselves and luggage from the Nevada into the lighters was ludicrous in the extreme. We of the first cabin were reserved for the last, and so rather maliciously stood upon deck, and laughed at the unsteady steps, the slips and falls of those who first disembarked. But we knew our time would come, and presume we were no more graceful in our efforts to keep "right side up with care," than those who had gone before. Bonnets and hats were smashed; babies were hastily thrown into the arms of greasy natives; timid women, who clung alongside, were soon taught the necessity of *faith*, for the rising swells dashed relentlessly over even the most delicate. Men of dignity, and men without dignity, came down on a common footing here, which was no footing at all. Everybody tried to be graceful, and succeeded in being ridiculous only. After many haps and mishaps, however, we were all safely consigned to the river steamer, which was lying inside the bar, and close to the town.

The Managua speedily set to work her solitary stern wheel, and we lazily glided away from the far-famed city of Greytown. There was little in this place to make us desirous of remaining, for indeed we saw no object of interest, save our own glorious banner, waving serenely over the headquarters of the American Consul. So we left the roar, and toss, and restless ebb and flow of the old Atlantic, and prepared to enjoy our quiet trip up the San Juan (wan) river, a distance of 120 miles, to Lake Nicaragua.

It were in vain for a pen, such as mine, to attempt a description of the beauty and magnificence of the scenery along this most beautiful stream. And language would fail me to express,—even in a faint degree, the influence that thrilled my own heart, as we floated along through this Paradise of nature. Nothing that I have ever read, or heard, or dreamed, of Oriental luxury and splendor, can compare with the loveliness spread out here, in the most lavish abundance. One feels as though he were in fairy land, and Queen MAB were waving her magic wand from sunrise to sunset. Birds of richest plumage and most musical song, play over and around us, making the air melodious with their wonderful trills. The beautiful mocking bird, so celebrated in song, sends flute-like notes from almost every tree-top, and the sweet echoes far away make one think of the music of the spheres. Flowers, rare and beautiful, bloom along the river's bank, twining and intertwining amid the green leaves,—wooing us to feast upon their tropical fragrance and splendor. Scarlet and yellow trumpet-blossoms hang dreamily down, almost to the water's edge, as if seeking a reflection of their own loveliness; while purple clusters, as sweet as our own lilacs in early spring-time, crown green, luxuriant tree-tops with more than regal diadems. Vines cling to the highest branches, and droop in heavy festoons over the river's smooth surface, forming rare, beautiful bowers, that were fit haunts for fairy legions. Some are so thick and heavy as to look like waterfalls, and as they sway to and fro lightly in the breeze yon can almost hear the rippling and tinkling of the cascade. Trees of every description, unlike any I have ever seen in our cold Northland, tower majestically over the dense undergrowth of low palms, bananas and plantain. The stately trumpet-tree, called in Spanish juarooma, (warooma,) rises symmetrically amid all the clinging vines and parasite growth of ages, and greens its broad, beautiful leaves from January until December.

So dense is this wall of foliage and flowers,—so interlaced with vines and parasites,—that no avenue of escape were afforded one who might be lost on the dreamy, tropical shore. Involuntarily we call to mind the words of the old song—

"Through tangled juniper, beds of weeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before."

They tell us that this luxuriance of leaf and flower prevails all the year round, so that one never looks upon naked branches, or dry, dead leaves. The sere and yellow leaf never comes here; and they know nothing of the sweet, sad heart-aches that autumn brings to painter and poet.

Next morning, upon going on deck, our eyes were greeted with a rare picture. I had seen resemblances upon canvas, and thought them very beautiful, but supposed the scene a creature of the artist's imagination rather than a copy of anything real. But here was the picture a reality,—a living, glorious reality! Right before us rose the San Carlos Mountains, towering up like giants, covered with luxuriant fruits and flowers; and high upon their summit rested a soft, vapory cloud. Even as we looked, it broke, and the rain fell slowly and softly down, baptizing leaves and blossoms with the blessing of new beauty and freshness. The rising sun gilded the scene with his first red rays, making a glory unlike anything we had ever before seen. In contrast to this calm and luxuriant beauty, but in perfect adaptation to the tropical clime, were hordes of monkeys, chattering and grinning on the trees, their little old, weazen faces looking like some wierd spirits of another world. Alligators occasionally showed their green, slimy heads, a target for the revolvers on board, which, by scores, peppered away at the reptiles, but in vain.

And so day after day, we sailed slowly up this beautiful river,—some swinging lazily in hammocks, some sitting on deck, in the evening hours, drinking in large draughts of this dreamy, tropical splendor. Twice the monotony was relieved by walking around the rapids, and at last we drew up at Castillo, an old Spanish town of 60 or 70 inhabitants.

"NEVADA."

Various Topics.

MR. BEECHER IN HIS PULPIT.

THE room is not yet full, when the pastor enters. Glowing with exercise, and hat in hand, he walks quickly but quietly in through one of the rear entrances, and mounts the platform. He is not free from the slight embarrassment which overtakes every sensitive man when compelled to perform acts of insignificant commonplace beneath the silent stare of an expectant crowd. The hat is shoved hurriedly away between the chair and little table (as though he made a vain effort to put it out of sight;) the overcoat is thrown off, and over his seat; and almost as he sinks into his chair, his hand nervously grasps a loose paper lying on the little table, and which, after an idle glance at it from the restless eye, is disappointedly released again. Only those who are near are likely to note these trivial evidences of human self-consciousness which no experience can eradicate.

His Scripture reading was impressive and very distinct, though not altogether free from nervous hesitation. His voice is of admirable quality, possessing strength and compass and melody, and rich in that sympathetic penetration which goes straight to the heart of the listener. His hymn reading was not so good, being occasionally marred by the intonations so common in the pulpit, though so destructive of the sense and true feeling, and only suitable to third-class auctioneers. His prayer was simply perfect; speaking humanly, and considering simplicity, sincerity, fervor and taste. During its delivery, I for the first time noticed a young gentleman, seated at a small table placed against the front of the platform, a little one side of the middle, and intent on catching the ideas by phonographic aid. Both the prayer and the sermon, as it proved, went in skeleton form into his note-book.

With the pronouncing of the benediction one would expect to see a hasty dispersion of the audience. This, however, did not happen; the great organ gave voice again, the pastor maintained his seat, with the glow of his late inspiration still lighting his face, and seemingly as happy and as much at ease as though in dressing gown and slippers in his library, surrounded by his smiling children. A large part of the congregation resumed their seats, and the remainder lingered and moved gradually away, evidently loth to depart. Why not? The room was light and warm, the seats were comfortable, and Mr. Muller, the organist, free from the restraints of choir service, was frolicking with his wonderful plaything in the very wantonness of skill. Air after air pealed forth from its keys; pure strains from Handel, fiery passages from Mozart, sentimental plaints from Flotow and Verdi. It was as if an hundred instruments had been combined in this one, and all subject to one supreme, inexorable will. Now we heard the wail of the harp, now the clash of the cymbal; anon "the silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;" and presently—

O hark! O hear! how faint and clear,
And thinner, clearer, further going,
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

I think we would have had a good audience till midnight. But presently the lights were lowered a little, by way of hint, and the pastor assumed his overcoat and shoes, and seized his hat, in token of departure. He did not go, however, but continued to exchange friendly greeting with members of his flock. Still the music went on, and the crowd lingered. Another dimness afflicted the lamps; the organist was compelled to terminate his voluntary entertainment; and the reluctant listeners finally passed unwillingly through the doors, and vanished into the winter night.—*Public Spirit.*

COLORING A MEERSCHAUM.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR has been visiting Rhula, in Germany, a place remarkable for the manufacture of meerschaum. Mr. Taylor gives the figures showing the number made, &c., and adds:—"You will see from these figures that only one meerschaum in ten is genuine. Nine smokers out of ten, therefore, will strain their cheeks and trouble their souls in desperate efforts to obtain a color, which, alas! they can never get. They may obtain beautiful brown or chocolate hues, and rejoice over them, but it will not be like the song of the finch, the realization of an established ideal. I have heard a hundred theories in regard to coloring a meerschaum. It should be smoked in a case—without a case—never touched with the hand—rubbed with the hand—slowly, at intervals—always kept burning—in a still room—out of doors; in short, there is no end to the instructions.

"Now, either the pipe is the servant and friend of the man, or the man is the slave of the pipe, and the former relation seems preferable. Life is too short and too valuable to devote to a half-inch of color, which only a few persons can appreciate. So I asked the manufacturers, who ought to know best, how a pipe could be most easily and successfully colored, and I give their answer for the benefit of many aspiring young Americans. 'It makes little difference,' they say, 'provided the bowl is not touched by the hand when it is warm. As a general thing, it is better not to smoke a new bowl to the bottom. The color is sure to be finer when not produced too rapidly; but the main thing is that the meerschaum should cool without being touched. This is the only use of smoking with the bowl in the case; exposure to the air does no injury.'"

A WONDERFUL CITY.—One of the most wonderful cities in the world is Bankok, the capital of Siam. On either side of the wide, majestic stream, moored in regular streets and alleys, extending as far as the eye can reach, are upwards of seventy thousand neat little houses, each house floating on a compact raft of bamboos; and the whole intermediate space of the river is one dense mass of ship junks, and boats of every conceivable shape, color and size.

THE TWO PATHS—A PICTURE FOR BOYS.

YOUTH.

MANHOOD.

MIDDLE LIFE.

AGE.

CHILDHOOD.

TWO PATHS IN LIFE.

THESE contrasted pictures furnish texts for a whole volume of sermons upon human life and destiny. The CHILD stands at the parting of the ways, and he may run through in succession all the phases depicted in either series of portraits. The essential elements of either course of development lie alike in those smooth features. Which shall be actually realized, depends mostly upon the influences brought to bear upon him from without. A few years of training in our schools upon the one hand, or in the streets upon the other, will make all the difference, in the YOUTH, between the characters that stand opposed to each other in these opposite pictures. A youth of study and training in a few years moulds lineaments of the face into the resemblance of the first picture of MANHOOD; while, by a law equally inevitable, idleness and dissipation bring out all the lower animal faculties, which reveal themselves in the depressed forehead, the hard eyebrow, the coarse mouth, and the thickened neck of the opposite picture. The short-boy, and rowdy, and blackleg, if he escapes the State Prison and the gallows, passes, as he reaches the confines of MIDDLE AGE, into the drunken loafer, sneaking around the grog-shop in the chance of securing a *treat* from some one who knew him in his flush days; while he who has chosen the other path, as he passes the "mid-journey of life," and slowly descends the slope toward AGE, grows daily richer in the love and esteem of those around him; and in the bosom of the family that gathers about his hearth, lives over again his happy youth and earnest manhood. What a different picture is presented in the fate of him who has chosen the returnless downward path, another and almost the last stage of which is portrayed in the companion sketch of AGE. The shadows deepen as he descends the hill of life. He has been successively useless, a pest, and a burden to society, and when he dies there is not a soul to wish that his life had been prolonged. Two lives like these lie in possibility enfolded within every infant born into the world.

Boys—Young Men—study the lesson, and heed its teachings! Look on this picture, then on that.—and you can easily decide which is the best path to pursue.

YOUTH.

MANHOOD.

MIDDLE LIFE.

AGE.

THE HUMAN VOICE.

THE human voice, when its utterances are clearly articulated, and it is supplied with good lungs, will fill 400,000 cubic feet of air, provided they be inclosed in a proper manner, and the voice placed and directed advantageously. This space would be represented by a hall 125 feet long by 80 feet wide, and 40 feet high. The same voice singing can fill with equal facility 600,000 cubic feet. When singing, the vowels are principally used, because it is necessary to dwell upon a note, and we cannot prolong a consonant. In speaking, however, we depend for articulation on the consonants, but their short, percussive sound does not travel. When we shout, or in open air speaking, which partakes of shouting, we prolong the vowels, drawing the syllables at each word; but what we gain in sound is lost in clearness of articulation; expression is lost in monotony, because its fineness depends on the infinite variety of which the consonant is capable and bestows on the vowel. Two thousand voices singing or speaking together travel no further than one voice. They may fill a certain area more completely with that intricacy of waves which, when very troublesome, we call a din, but each voice exerts its own influence on the air according to its power, and dies away within certain limits. A second voice acts independently, and produces its own separate effect, not fortifying the first, but distinct from it; and so with any number of voices—say ten thousand—shouting together; if a single trumpeter were placed among them, the notes of his trumpet would be heard clearly at a distance where the Babel of voices would have expired in a murmur. Yet among the din produced by the ten thousand the notes of the trumpet would be inaudible. To illustrate this theory more clearly, it is plain that two thousand persons cannot throw stones further than one person. It is true that the air within certain limits will be more full of stones, but they will all come to the ground within a limited area.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

VALUABLE FACTS.

A LEGAL "stone" is 14 pounds in England, and 16 pounds in Holland. A fathom, 6 feet, is derived from the height of a full grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is 4 inches. An Irish mile is 2,240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1,984; a German, 1,806; a Turkish, 1,626. An acre is 1,840 square yards, a foot and 3⅛ inches each way. A square mile 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres. The human body consists of 240 bones, 9 kinds of articulation or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 muscles or tendons, and 100 nerves, besides blood, arteries, veins, &c. Potatoes planted below 3 feet do not vegetate; at 1 foot they grow thickest; and at 2 feet they are retarded two or three months. There are no solid rocks in the Arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts. The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 190,000,000 square miles. Its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to the height of the highest mountain, or four miles.

INCARNATE LAZINESS.—We have a sloth on board, the most fascinating of all our pets to me—not certainly for his charms, but for his oddities. I am never tired of watching him, he looks so deliciously lazy. His head sunk in his arms, his whole attitude lax and indifferent, he seems to ask only for rest. If you push him, or if, as often happens, a passer-by gives him a smart tap to arouse him, he lifts his head and drops his arms so slowly, so deliberately, that they hardly seem to move, raises his heavy eyelids, and lets his large eyes rest upon your face for a moment with appealing, hopeless indolence; then the lids fall softly, the head droops, the arms fold heavy about it, and he collapses again into absolute repose. This mute remonstrance is the nearest approach to activity I have seen in him.—*Agassiz.*

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

THERE is now living in Schodack, N. Y., a farmer, 65 years of age, who has never voted at any town, county, state, or national election, and who will doubtless be believed in his assertion that he never will. Many years ago he belonged to a church in that town, but believing himself to have been wronged by the church authorities, in a controversy as to the title of some land claimed by him, he has never since entered the church, nor attended a funeral, nor come within sound of a minister's voice while discharging any spiritual duty. In early life he could read and write without trouble; but for many years past he has labored under a peculiar mental difficulty, which the piously inclined will doubtless regard as a corollary of his quarrel with the church.

He can read the Bible and understand each word instantly upon seeing it,—but upon passing to the next word he instantly forgets that which precedes it, and thus the sentence absolutely fails to convey an idea to his mind any more than the miscellaneous jumble of the same words without regard to the construction of the sentence. He can write a letter without difficulty,—but after it is finished, although he can read the words of which it is composed, his forgetfulness renders him incapable of telling what he has written. He transacts business and holds conversations upon various subjects, and in all other respects is considered a man of fair memory. He is a person of good moral character, and practices the golden rule of doing unto others as he would have others do unto him. In his travels, if he finds a farmer's fence down, he stops and puts it up, unless there should be too much of it down, in which event he notifies the owner. Altogether, his case presents aspects which may be regarded as curious mental phenomena.

A HINT TO BALD-HEADED PEOPLE.

FREDERICK KEMP writes from the silver mines of Montana to the Herald of Health, giving the following hint in reference to a cure for bald-headedness: "A friend of mine who had the misfortune to be bald-headed, knowing that there is a wonderful invigorating power in the sun's rays, last spring threw away his hat, and worked in the gulch all spring, summer and fall bareheaded, and also for the first few days at midday. For a few days the rays of the hot sun on his head were almost unendurable; after that time he experienced no uneasiness whatever. The result was that in the fall he had a good head of hair. And in this experiment he was not alone—several of his acquaintances who were bald-headed having followed the same plan, they were all fortunate enough to experience the same result." The editor adds that a similar case once came under his own observation, and professes to have no doubt that "the exposure of the skin to air and sunshine, under proper circumstances, stimulates it to a healthy action, and with it those glands upon which the growth of the hair depends.'

TIME DOES IT.—Time has a wonderful power in taking the conceit out of persons. When a young man first emerges from the schools and enters upon the career of life, it is painfully amusing to witness his self-sufficiency—he would have all the world to understand that he has "learned out"—that he is master of all knowledge, and can unravel all mysteries. But as he grows older, he grows wiser, he learns that he knows a great deal less than he supposed he did, and by the time he reaches to three score years, he is prepared to adopt as his own the sentiment of John Wesley:—"When I was young I was sure of everything; in a few years, having been mistaken a thousand times, I was not half as sure of most things as I was before. At present I am hardly sure of anything but what God has revealed to man."

Reading for the Young.

MOTHER'S KISSES.

"No, no, no!" cried five-years Guy,
"Nurse, don't wash my face to-day."
"Why, my boy, pray tell me why;
Just because mamma 's away?"

"When she went away," said Guy,
"Yesterday, she kissed it over,
Eyes and forehead, cheeks and chin,
And she said 'twas sweet as clover;
But she cried hard, by-and-by,
And her face was very sad;
So I'll keep these kisses in,
For I know 'twill make her glad.
Just before she let me go,
She put the biggest kisses here;
Then she cried and hugged me so,
And whispered softly in my ear—
'Let these stay, my darling son,
Until this short journey's done.'
So mamma of course will come
Back to-morrow to our home,
And these, every one, shall stay;
Nurse, you shan't wash one away!"

Ah, I pity you, boy Guy!
Softer airs the mother sought,
Only far away to die.
You'll wait longer than you thought!

For *your* journey, hapless Guy,
Did your mother kiss you so,
And her hundred-fold good-by
Into Heaven with you will go.

Not the stormy rains of life,
Tears nor sweeping hand of care,
Lips of maiden nor of wife,
Can remove the kisses there.

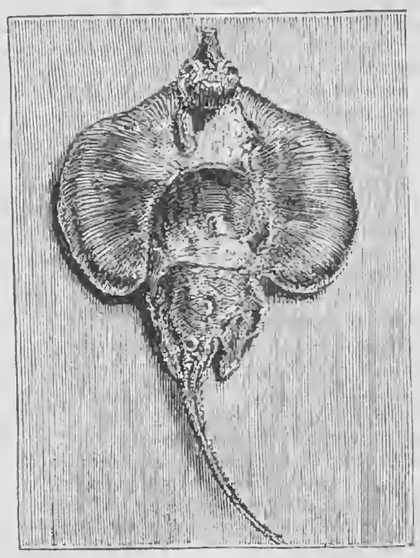
[*Our Young Folks.*

THE BIRD THAT BUILDS A PLAY-HOUSE.

You all know what pretty houses birds build to lay their eggs and raise their young in,—but did you ever know of a bird going to quite as much trouble just to make a play-house? The bower-bird of Australia is not contented with the magnificent forests and orange groves it has to sport in, but it must go to work and make a house more to its mind. It does not use it for a nest, nor has its nest ever yet been discovered. One would imagine, from its little ball-room, that the nest itself must be quite a fanciful affair.

The first thing to be done in their little assembly-room is one of the last in ordinary houses. Mrs. Bower puts down her carpet. It resembles a tolerable mat, woven of twigs and coarse grasses. Then other twigs are collected, and arching sides are arranged, making a little alley, large enough to accommodate several friends at a time. Such romping and racing as goes on when Mrs. Bower makes a party. Up and down this curious hall they chase each other, uttering a loud, full cry, which no doubt is meant for laughter. It is no sort of protection from the weather, and as far as any one can see, it is good for nothing but to play in. But as it has nothing else in the world to do but to enjoy itself, it is very well to make that the business of life. It is very different with boys and girls, who have precious souls that must live forever, and who have a work to do for God in this world.

These little Bowers think quite as much of amusement as some silly people we have seen in our lives. They gather together just before the front and back door of their homes a great collection of shining things, nice white pebbles, pretty sea shells, gay feathers, bits of ribbons, when they can steal any; even bright-colored rags, broken tobacco pipes, and any shining scraps of metal that they may chance to espy in their travels. Gold and brass are all the same to them. If the gold was dull and the brass bright, they would much prefer the latter.—*Schoolmate.*



IDOL FISH FROM THE CHINESE SEAS.

Boys, here is a "queer fish," very different from any you ever caught. This unique fish is from the China Seas, and the first of the kind ever brought to this country. It seems to be of the same species as the skate, or ray fish, but is a distinct variety. It is not described in any book of natural history that we have seen; but its head is so peculiar that it alone would prevent a classification among the flat fish that we are acquainted with. It was brought to this country in the ship Meteor, and was presented by the mate of the ship to Mr. BURROUGHS, who gave it to Mr. H. FOSTER of Troy, New York, in whose possession it died. The illustration is taken from a photograph.

BOYS, TAKE WARNING.

A CLERGYMAN says:—"I one day passed by a blacksmith's shop, in which I saw the son of a lady of my acquaintance smoking a pipe. I went to his mother and told her what I had seen, and she very indignantly told me I must be mistaken. I said, "I know your son as well as I know you, and if I had not been certain that it was he, I should not have called on you." She still persisted that I was mistaken, and was evidently annoyed at my interference.

"Some two years afterwards, she called on me, and begged that I would try and do something for her son, saying, "He smokes and drinks, and does everything else that is bad, and my heart is almost broken."

"Some two years ago," I said, "I told you what I feared, and then something might have been done; but these habits are now confirmed. I will, however, do anything in my power." But I found it was in vain. In the course of a few years he blew out his brains, and left his widow mother inconsolable at his destruction of both body and soul."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE investigation of the charges of corruption in the Assembly has resulted in no definite disclosures. The investigating committee reported that the charges were baseless. Mr. Frear, one of the Committee, was one of those distinctly charged by Mr. Glen with official dishonesty, and the friends of the latter claim that the investigation was merely a farce. A resolution that Mr. Glen be publicly reprimanded by the Speaker, for grossly assailing the character of Mr. Frear, was passed by the House on the 10th inst., by a vote of 61 to 46. On the ensuing day Mr. Glen presented a communication charging that the late investigation of his charges was unfairly conducted, and concluding with a tender of his resignation as a member of the House. A motion that he be expelled was met by the point of order that there was nothing to base his expulsion upon, and there the matter rested.

The railroad war—the legislative branch of it—has been raging of late in the Senate. The fight there between the Drew and Vanderbilt interest has been very sharply contested, and has created great excitement among railroad men and the hangers on about the Capitol. The result is, finally, a victory for the Erie. By a vote of 17 to 12 the Senate has passed a bill which precludes any director or officer in the New York Central, the Hudson River or Harlem Railroad from becoming director or officer in the Erie Railway. It also provides that the Erie Railway Company may guarantee any other Railroad corporation necessary to secure a continued line of communication between New York and Chicago.

The Erie Railroad bill passed the Assembly on Monday, by a vote of 101 to 5.

The Senate has passed a bill authorizing railroad conductors to make arrests. It will give to conductors the powers of special policemen, and enable them to keep turbulent fellows who travel with them in greater check.

The one hundred days for which the Legislature draws pay expired on the 15th inst. An adjournment cannot probably be effected before the first proximo.

A bill has passed the Senate incorporating the Oswego Water Works Company.

Joseph Brown, who some time since murdered a little girl near Hudson, was on Saturday sentenced to be hung on the 30th of May. He took the sentence quite coolly, declaring that he was innocent.

The complimentary dinner given to Mr. Dickens in New York city, on Saturday evening, by the Press, was a very fine affair. Among the two hundred present, were Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, M. Halstead of Cincinnati, ex-Gov. Hawley of Connecticut, Richard Hoe, Samuel Bowles, Manton Marble, Geo. W. Curtis, Hon. John M. Francis, and others of note. Mr. Greeley presided, and made a brief address after the sumptuous viands had been fully discussed, concluding by offering as a toast—"Health, happiness, honor and generous recompense to our friend and guest, Charles Dickens." Mr. Dickens responded to this at length. He alluded to the unfavorable opinions expressed concerning Americans in certain of his works, and pledged himself that so long as he or his heirs had any interest in the editions of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," those books should contain an appendix refuting any aspersions therein contained. Speeches were made by many prominent journalists, and much kindly feeling prevailed.

Gov. Fenton has vetoed the bill to aid from the public treasury the Whitehall & Plattsburgh Railroad. He has also declared his intention to veto all the other railroad aid bills now before the Legislature, on the ground that the people are too poor just now to give much money in such a way.

The municipal election in Albany on the 14th inst., resulted as usual, the Democratic majority being somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,000.

The Hon. James M. Cook died at Saratoga Springs on the 12th inst., in the sixty-first year of his age. He was a man of considerable political note, and had held important State offices. The Senate adjourned for one day, in order to attend his funeral.

From Washington.

THE Trial of the President was continued from day to day throughout last week. Much documentary evidence was submitted by the defendant's counsel, and quite a number of witnesses for the defense were sworn. Mr. Stanbery was sick and unable to be in Court, and an effort was made by Mr. Evarts to have the Trial postponed, his presence being deemed very essential; but the Senate objected to any delay other than an adjournment for one day.

The chief witnesses sworn were General Sherman, Quartermaster General Meigs, E. O. Perrin, Secretary Welles, his son Edgar T. Welles, Chief Clerk in the Navy Department, and Postmaster General Randall. The latter testified as to the removal from office of Foster Blodgett, Postmaster at Augusta, Georgia, and stated that he was removed because of written complaints of misconduct and indictment for perjury. The testimony of the various witnesses contained nothing of special importance. Numerous questions put by the President's counsel were objected to by the managers, and the objections generally sustained by the Court.

Before the Court adjourned on Saturday, Mr. Evarts stated that the continued illness of Mr. Stanbery prevented the counsel from saying positively, but as far as they knew their evidence was all in. It is thought the Trial will conclude this week.

Congress is doing almost nothing in the way of regular business. The House meets every day, and adjourns to attend the Trial. Much of the time a quorum is not present. When business is resumed it will probably be put through in haste.

The registration of voters in Washington continues. As many of the whites decline to register, it is probable that the blacks will carry the coming election by an overwhelming majority.

Dispatches received here from Charleston indicate the ratification of the Constitution in South Carolina by a majority of 20,000.

The Comptroller of the Currency has called the attention of the National Bank officers to the fact that a large number of National Banks have failed to comply with the requirements of the 25th section of the National Currency act.

It appears from a statement of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics, that the total value of imports from Canada and other British American provinces on the Atlantic during the fiscal year ending with June last was $31,542,780.

From the West.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred at St. Mary's Cathedral, Chicago, on the night of the 10th inst. An alarm of fire caused a panic among the mass of people in the church, and in the rush for the doors which ensued, three persons, (females,) were killed, and many others severely injured.

The steamer Lexington was blown to pieces in the terrible storm at Vicksburg last week. The crew and passengers were saved.

The steamer Carrie, bound for Fort Benton with Government freight, was recently sunk fifty miles below Sioux City, and the boat and cargo will probably prove a total loss.

The Arkansas Legislature has unanimously adopted the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It has also elected B. F. Rice and R. McDonald, U. S. Senators for Arkansas.

From the South.

THE Virginia Convention last week passed Mr. Porter's article for homestead and other exemptions, by a vote of 48 to 41. It provides that real and personal property to the value of $2,000 shall be exempt from forced sale, for past or future debts, except those for the purchase price of the exempt property, wages of laboring men, taxes and other meritorious claims.

Judge Wm. M. Semple, of the New Orleans Crescent, died on Friday.

General Schofield on the 10th inst., appointed eight City Councilmen in Richmond, among them James M. Humphreys, Collector of Customs, and Andrew Washburne, Superintendent of the White Free Schools.

General Meade has ordered that, with a view to conducting the Georgia election fairly, the ballot boxes shall not be opened, the votes counted or any information of the progress of the election given until the polls are closed.

A shooting affray occurred lately, in Hempstead, Texas, growing out of the murder of Mr. Saunders the day previous. Three whites were killed and two were severely wounded. Two blacks were wounded, one of them while in the act of going for a physician.

A serious riot occurred recently at Key West. Some drunken sailors attacked a negro woman and child, and were thereupon set upon by blacks to the number of fifty, and severely beaten.

It is reported that the Indians in Florida have declared war against the whites.

The Kuklux Klan has made its appearance in Texas and many negroes have been lynched and white men shot in numerous instances, and the organization is spreading terror among the negroes.

An article has been adopted in the Virginia Convention declaring that all citizens shall possess equal civil and political rights and public privileges. A report re-districting the State for Congressmen, and making one Congressman elective by the State at large, has also been adopted.

Gen. Schofield has appointed Wm. N. Berkley Mayor of Alexandria, and a full set of city officers and councilmen for that city. He has also appointed a new city council for Fredericksburg.

It is thought the late election in Louisiana will show a majority of 20,000 for the Constitution. Much excitement was attendant upon the election, and there are reports that several prominent Republicans, in different parts of the State, were assassinated.

The steamer St. Patrick was burned at Memphis on the 18th inst.

The Virginia Convention adjourned on Friday at midnight, having completed its labors. The members refused to modify the oath of office suggested by Gen. Schofield.

The British bark Toila was burned in Mobile Bay on Saturday, with 1,094 bales of cotton on board.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE new army bill and other extraordinary war measures create great uneasiness throughout France, and there is much murmuring and discontent, especially in the rural districts.

It is understood that the Emperor of Russia has declined to interpose his good offices as a mediator between Denmark and Prussia for the settlement of the controversy concerning the Schleswig provinces.

At a great mass meeting of the Liberal party, held in St. James Hall, London, a few evenings since, resolutions were proposed and adopted declaring that the disendowment of all religious sects in Ireland is right, and is imperatively demanded, that the tories in keeping office after the recent vote of the House of Commons against them, violate constitutional usage, and that they should give place to Mr. Gladstone and the leaders of the majority in Parliament.

The Clerkenwell prisoners' trial began Monday.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his wife the Princess Alexandra, are now visiting in Ireland. The Prince goes to the races and is received with great cheering.

Gen. Nagle and six of the Jacmel Packet, (Ireland's Hope,) who were promised their liberty on condition of leaving the country and never returning, have sailed for the United States.

The British Post-office Department is about to send out to the United States Mr. Anthony Trollope to re-adjust the details of the postal convention with that country.

The Danish Government has commenced negotiations for the sale of the island of Santa Cruz to France.

Baron Von Budburg, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, and Baron Meyendorf, who formerly held the same position, recently fought a duel near Munich, Bavaria. At the first fire, Baron Von Budburg fell severely, but not fatally, wounded. He immediately returned to Paris.

HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Another awful catastrophe—a second Angola—has sent a thrill of horror over the land. At three o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst., four cars of the night express train bound eastward on the Erie Railway, were thrown from the track near Carr's Rock, sixteen miles west of Port Jervis, and precipitated down an embankment nearly one hundred feet high. The cars were turned over several times in their descent, and were quite demolished. One, a sleeping car, was entirely consumed by fire, and several of its inmates were burned to death; two other cars were thrown into the river, and one boy was drowned. The number of killed is thought to reach thirty, while over fifty were wounded, many of them so severely that they cannot recover. The accident is attributed to a broken rail and an undue rate of speed.

IN Troy, strikes exist among five different classes of laborers. The cord-wainers have been on a strike some days. The stone-cutters and dock laborers, and the operatives in the large shawl and butt factories of Messrs. Roy & Co., struck Wednesday, the former for $3.50 a-day. Messrs. Roy & Co.'s operatives number about 650. The prospects of the strikers in these cases are not flattering.

Chicago, Corn, and Some Other Things.

CHICAGO, Ill., April, 1868.

MY DEAR RURAL:—One of your Southern Corresponding Editors, in "swinging round the circle," finds himself away "out West," or away "up North,"—for in the South I noticed they were often convertible terms, just as you or your readers may happen to call it. At any rate I am up in Chicago, with weather colder than mid-winter while I was in Florida; still, it is called here very passable spring weather. The farmers are sowing their spring wheat and oats, and more or less getting ready for their great crop—Indian corn—the crop, above all peradventure, of the New World. But for it gaunt famine would even now be stalking over all this happy land. Its failure entails more privations upon this country than all the others, and produces greater want and suffering. When the farmer sees his corn-crib full he knows he will have a surplus of hogs, of sheep, and cattle, and chickens and eggs, and geese and turkeys,—in fine, a fullness of "fat things." But if the corn crop fail, as sometimes it does, though only partially, he feels the want from the kitchen to the stable, from the parlor through all the ramifications of domestic life. Corn is to the grains what gold is to metals—the precious and priceless one.

The production of corn in this and other Western States is practically unlimited, and the only cereal that can be relied upon as always a remunerating crop. At the South its cultivation must, and is, rapidly extending; and with its greater production will come an increase of the cotton crop, because upon abundant food depends low-priced cotton. And the competition of the cheap labor in India will be overcome by the cheap food, and improved methods of cultivation induced by the use of labor-saving machinery.

Coming, as I did, almost directly from the prostrated South, visiting all her principal towns and cities, the contrast furnished by this town—a marvel and a wonder of itself—is most marked and striking. Here all is life, bustle and activity. I was here about a quarter of a century ago. It was then a little mud-hole hamlet; a single dilapidated old bridge served to accommodate all who wanted to cross from one mud-puddle to the other. I had money then that I could have spared, and it would have bought considerable land on the south side of the river. But I was dissuaded because it was so low and wet. Indeed, all the streets were mud-holes then, and the vacant lands good places to make them. Now the mud-holes have risen three or four feet into the air, and the houses have gone up from their foundations to get out of their way. There is more business done here than over all the South between the Potomac and New Orleans.

It has always been a wonder to me why Chicago should continue to grow so rapidly. Judging by the towns in the older sections of the Union, it ought to begin to stand still, or only increase by means of the natural increment of population incident to an urban position. But after seeing the city, and examining the wonderful resources of the soil surrounding it and extending into the illimitable west, and whose products it is constantly seeking to bring to its granaries, or its cattle yards or slaughter pens, by increased facilities of transportation, I no longer wonder. Her prosperity has hardly begun, and it is no wild dream to see her the thriving city with her million of inhabitants, and even then the infant just out of her swaddling clothes.

She is just now the roystering, romping girl who has tipped over the cradle, and is kicking up generally, just to show she is bound to have her own way, and dont care a "red" whether the older ones like it or not. You can hardly start an enterprise, if it squints to any good over the town, will add anything to its wealth or reputation, so extravagant that her people are not ready to take it in hand. Since the success of their great *bore* into the lake—a most magnificent and beneficial undertaking—*boring* is her hobby, and if they begin to think they have not got all the railroad facilities that they need, and any other town is going to have the least start of them, the first you will know they will tunnel the lake and pop up cars somewhere over in Michigan.

Many things I had in my mind to write have got behind, and I shall have to leave them till another time. Tell Dr. RANDALL, by-the-way, that as I came up through Indiana I saw in some fields how his enterprising sheep friends were cultivating a good crop of dead sheep on the top of the stumps in their meadows or pastures. I thought the stump cultivation was rather a new dodge,—some short-cut to fortune that had not been made generally public,—and remember thinking that I would call upon him to tell me whether or not it was any new improvement in sheep husbandry. My impression is that it is not laid down in the Doctor's book. Perhaps my old friend H. T. B. may throw some light on the subject.—T. C. P.

FUNERAL OF MR. MCGEE.—The funeral services over the remains of Thomas D'Arcy McGee were solemnized in Montreal on Monday of last week, with much pomp. The procession, marching six deep, occupied two hours and fifty minutes in passing. At the lowest estimate, 20,000 people marched in its ranks. St. Patrick's Church, where the mass was celebrated, was hung with crape, and richly decorated. A sermon was preached by the Vicar-General official of Ottawa. He warmly eulogized Mr. Mc Gee, and defended him from the charge of political recreancy.

DURING the late freshet at Hamilton, C. W., two men were working in a saw-mill, when the dam gave way, and the rush of the water swept the mill, with the men, into the fearful abyss below. The mill was erected on a bank nearly forty feet high. Both men took the fearful leap, yet escaped with their lives, though severely injured.

[Advertisement.]

WIFE MURDER.—A man named Short Sight was convicted of wife murder in not having furnished a UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER with cog wheels, to save his wife from the hardships of washing-day, from which she died. It was urged in defence that a no-cog wringer had been purchased. But as that soon broke down and became worthless the Judge ruled that he was *guilty* in not having obtained the "UNIVERSAL."

WE are assured that the firm of EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass., advertised in our columns, is trustworthy and reliable. For 10 cents they send a patent pen fountain, and a check describing an article to be sold for one dollar. Their club system of selling goods is becoming quite popular, particularly with the ladies. It is worthy of a trial.—*Buffalo Gazette.*

MRS. PAIGE'S New System for Instrumental and Vocal Music is attracting general attention from its simplicity. Parties interested should send for her circular. See Advertisement.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 21, 1868.

MONEY matters are rather quiet in this vicinity. Regular bank customers, and those who can make first class paper, are enabled to obtain such accommodation as they desire. Incidental and speculative notes are not in favor just now. The market in the eastern cities is too stringent for large accumulations of currency at this point, and the banks have no occasion to seek investments, as is sometimes the case at this season of the year. It is generally remarked by our bankers that they have rarely if ever known so great a stringency as has existed in New York and Boston for the last four weeks to occur without producing a more decided effect on financial matters in the interior.

Money continues in active demand in New York, and loans are made at 7 per cent. on call. The New York Evening Post of Saturday says—"The loan market is easier to-day, and the general confidence seems to be reviving. Call loans are made at 7 per cent., and discounts are made at 7@8 per cent. for the choicest description of commercial paper."

Government securities are firmer, with the exception of Ten-Forties, and prices on Saturday advanced ¼@½c. on most descriptions. A good inquiry prevails from investors, who have been holding off to buy when bonds should seem to "touch bottom." Capitalists, who sold out some time since at high prices, are now seeking to purchase for investment.

Railway shares for some time have been extremely active.

COTTON.—Cotton is high—middling selling at 30@32c. Notwithstanding the advance in the raw material, the goods market is not active, and the trade in dry goods is small for the season.

WOOL.—The eastern market is rather quiet, but prices are firm. Manufacturers are not anticipating their wants for the raw material. The sales of domestic in Boston last week were 703,000 lbs. The larger portion of the sales were of the low and medium grades. A lot of 600,000 lbs. of Chilian wool was advertised for sale at auction in Boston last week. Only about three-quarters of the amount were sold, prices not being satisfactory. The Chilian Merino sold at prices ranging from 25 to 29½c. per pound; Chilian Mestiza brought from 21½ to 26½c. per pound.

GRAIN AND BREADSTUFFS.—The eastern market has been rather active with greater firmness in prices the last week. There is no particular change in our local market.

BUTTER is still scarce, and is selling at quotations. The eastern market is poorly supplied. Best lots for the grocery trade are selling in Boston at 55@57c.

THE LOCAL MARKET is inert, and prices for most descriptions of produce remain at about the quotations of last week. Pork has advanced considerably, as has also hay. The latter was selling at $22 on Monday for the best quality. This is not owing to a real scarcity of the article, but rather to a want of time on the part of farmers to bring their surplus to market. Potatoes also show an advance, owing to a short supply. Nothing doing in Hops, which are nominal at quotations.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 21.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,22; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10 Rye, $1,65@1,75; Oats, 38@40c; Barley, $1,75@1,85; Beans, $4,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $27,00@27,50; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,00; Hams, 16@17c; Shoulders, 12@11½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 40@50c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 10@18c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@22c; Potatoes, $1,00@1,12; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $2,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $6,00@5,50; Do. large, $9,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@3,00; Hops, 25@30c; Wool 40@45c; Honey, box ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@23. Maple Sugar, 16@18c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 12½@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18.—Ashes, pots, $8,62½@8,75; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 30½@31c; Flour, $9,15@14,50; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,00; Wheat, $2,56@3,25; Rye, $1,01@1,06; Barley, $2,32; Corn, $1,19@1,26; Oats, 56@56½cts; Pork, mess $26,00@26,75; prime, $21,00@22,25; prime mess, $24,00@24,25 Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,25; Beef hams, $33,00@37,00 Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 16@17½c, Bacon, 14@16½c; Lard 17½@18½c; Butter, 20@56c; Cheese, 13@16½c.

ALBANY, APRIL 18—Flour, $9@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,37½@9,50. Corn Meal, $2,75@2,62 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,90@3,20. Rye, $1,87. Barley, $2,08@2,10. Corn, $1,25. Oats, 88c. Clover seed, medium, 9@10c; large, 12½@13c. Timothy seed, $2,50@2,60. Pork, clear, $28,00; shear clear, $29,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 50@55c. Cheese, 17c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 18—Flour, $10,50@14,50; Wheat, $2,25@3,00; Corn, $1,05@1,07; Oats, 75@76c; Rye, $1,65; Barley, $2,20@2,25; Peas, $1,50@2,25; Beans, $4,50@5,00; Pork, mess, $25,50@27,00; Lard, 18c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17½@18c Clover seed, medium, $6,25@6,25; Peas-ving do. $00,00@00,00 Timothy, $2,50@2,80; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,55 fine, $2,60 coarse ℔ bbl; Butter, 30@42c; Cheese, 13@17c; Potatoes, $1,20; Apples, green, $3,50@4,50 bbl.; dried, 8½@9c ℔; Eggs, 22c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18—Flour, $9,85@10,75; Wheat, $2,02@2,16, Corn, 88½@87½c; Oats 61½@21½c; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Barley, $2,30@2,35; Pork, mess, $26,25@26,50; Lard, 16½@17c.

TORONTO, APRIL 17—Flour, $7@7,25; Wheat, fall, $1,75@1,77; Spring, $1,58@1,60; Oats, 55@57c; Barley, $1@1,35; Peas 85@86cts; Pork, mess, $19,50@20; Bacon, 7½@8½c; Hams, 11½@12cts; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 12@15c; Butter, 19@21c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 15—Beeves—Receipts 5,320 head; quotations at 14@19c. Veal Calves—Receipts 227 head; quotations 11@15c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,079 head; quotations 7¼@9. Swine—Receipts 12,588 head; quotations 8@10c.

ALBANY, April 16—Beeves, $4,25@12,25. Milch Cows, $50@115. Veal Calves, 7½@8c. Sheep and Lambs—State 7@7c.; Western 6½@6¾c.; Canada 8@½9c. Hogs, 9½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, April 15—Beeves range from 10½@16c. Working Oxen, $150@300 ℔ pair; Steers, $225@200. Milch Cows, $60@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 6@8½c; extra, 9@10cts; by the head, $—@—. Swine,—Shotes, retail, 8@9c; spring pigs, 8@10c.—Hides, 8½@9½c. ℔ ℔.; pelts, 62c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ℔ ℔. Tallow, 8@8½c. Veal Calves, $3@12.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18—Beef Cattle, 6½@7c. Veal Calves, 5@9½c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $8,25@8,60.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 15—Beef Cattle, $4,50@8,50; Sheep, 5½@8½c; Hogs, 8@9½c. Calves, 9@10c.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17—Cattle steady; sales at 7@11½ Cows and Calves, $40@50; Sheep, 7@9½c. Hogs, 14@15c.

TORONTO, APRIL 17—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@7,00; Calves, $2@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11—Market is quiet. Sales are 200,000 lbs. at 47@48c. for Domestic Fleece, 44@47½c for pulled, 57½ for tubbed, 26@31c. for Texas, 27@32c for California, and 21@22c for Rio Grande.

BOSTON, APRIL 15—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 42@750c for common to choice Western; Combing fleece 55@57½c; Canada, 69c.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 15—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 30@33c.; Tub Washed, 38@40c.; Unwashed, 23@28c.: Fleece, 35@42c.

DIED.

IN Kalamazoo, Mich., on the morning of the 16th, after a weeks illness of bronchitis, EMMA CARLOTTA, daughter of EDGAR M. and MARTHA F. POTTER, aged 10 months.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

OIL PRESS FOR SALE—ADDRESS WM. COON, Five Corners, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

HOLMES' PATRIOTIC SONGS.—Universally Popular. 3d Ed. now ready. Price, $15 ℔ 100. Will send by mail on receipt of price: 12 copies for $2, or one copy for 25 cents. Address S. N. HOLMES, Syracuse, N. Y.

$250 Per Month guaranteed to agents everywhere selling our *Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-lines.* Write for Circulars to the American Wire Co., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 953-2teo

2,000 A YEAR GUARANTEED TO ANY one, male or female, who has ordinary intelligence. Business entirely new, respectable and easy. No capital required. Sample and mammoth circular sent free. Address WM. H. BAILEY & CO., 266 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION try the old and well known **Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam**, approved and used by our OLDEST and BEST PHYSICIANS and FAMILIES for FORTY YEARS past. Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors.

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For Promoting the Growth of, and Beautifying the Hair,—and rendering it Dark and Glossy.

The COCOAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

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MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:
I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil,—COCOAINE. For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain.
By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.
MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.:
I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been sick six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.
When her hair came off she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly that, in October, 1861, it all came off, and for two years after her head was as smooth as her face.
Through the recommendation of a friend, she was induced to try your COCOAINE, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft and fine, and of a darker color than formerly. She still continues to use the Cocoaine, and we have little fear of her losing her hair. With respect, WM. S. EDDY.

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Economy is Wealth—J C Ottis & Co.
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The News Condenser.

— In New York there are more than 1,100 bootblacks.
— The Japanese are going to Sandusky, Ohio.
— There is a good prospect for fruit throughout Texas.
— The Troy Evening Post has been discontinued.
— Chicago is planting elm trees fifty feet high.
— There are ten colored men in the Texas Convention.
— Butter is 70 cents a pound in Louisville, Ky.
— Memphis has a white population of fifty thousand.
— Old rye was made on the Monongahela in 1794.
— San Francisco sports Chinese and Russian papers.
— Mrs. Ann S. Stephens has been to see the President.
— There are forty postmistresses in Alabama.
— Plum trees are in bloom in Ohio.
— There are 16,000 Baptists in Iowa.
— Plowing has commenced in Canada.
— Ike Marvel is writing another book.
— Hotel board in Omaha is $8 per week.
— Waterproof hats are now made from paper.
— A negro in Louisiana is worth $100,000.
— The Arkansas river is said to be in a decline.
— They have two Chinese theaters in San Francisco.
— Nevada is a treeless country.
— The fruit trees are in bloom in Tennessee.
— Scotch emigrants are arriving at Mobile.
— St. Louis has a well three thousand feet deep.
— A new Unitarian church is to be built in Cincinnati.
— Camden, N. J., is putting up 500 new houses.
— A bucket factory has been started in Meridian, Miss.
— A new Ireland is to be established in South Brazil.
— Weston has made out to walk 100 miles for $1,000.
— Eggs are sold by the pound in some parts of Mass.
— Railroad fare from New York to Chicago, $20,35.
— Toronto has a revenue of over $700,000.
— Prairie fires have been visible at St. Paul for several days.
— The crown Prince of Denmark is soon to visit England.
— A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis.
— The Kuklux Klan is said to have a lodge in Washington.
— Cuba will have only half its usual tobacco crop this season.
— There is a revival in progress at Lincoln College, Kansas.
— Miss Dickinson has lectured but once in Philadelphia this year.
— The agricultural prospects of Canada are highly encouraging.
— A woman's hospital is soon to be established at San Francisco.
— Atlanta people are enjoying picnics to the Kennesaw Mountains.
— Pleuro-pneumonia is raging in the Western part of Tennessee.
— The value of the coinage at the U. S. Mint last month was $354,691.
— A man in Burlington, Iowa, was fined $10 recently for swearing.
— Trains on the Union Pacific Railroad are again running regularly.
— A speckled hen is the innocent cause of a lawsuit in Alexandria, Va.
— There are 145,000 delinquent taxpayers reported in Berlin, Prussia.
— California wants millions of emigrants within the next ten years.
— The deaths in Texas are one in every sixty-four of the population.
— Emigrants are going to Wisconsin at the rate of a thousand a week.
— Three hundred and fifty buildings were erected in Alton, Ill., last year.
— Napoleon read the proof of his "Life of Cæsar" twenty-seven times.
— A new periodical, to be called the Oak, is about to be started in London.
— Hogs and cattle roam at will through many of the counties of Tennessee.
— Iowa prints its laws in Swedish, as well as in half a dozen other languages.
— The insurance agents of Chicago have resolved to dispense with solicitors.
— Wild ducks abound in the open bays and creeks about Kingston, Canada.
— It is proposed to bridge the Delaware river between Camden and Philadelphia.
— A sporting newspaper has been started in London recently, called the Jockey.
— Philadelphia makes $2,000,000 worth of miscellaneous hardware every year.
— John L. Swift of Boston is to be Governor of the new Territory of Wyoming.
— The London Mint, it is stated, recently coined 10,000 sovereigns for Mr. Peabody.

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ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

Do not pay the high prices asked by retailers for Dry Goods, when by sending to us you may save 50 per cent or more, and have goods sent cash on the delivery. Descriptive Circulars sent by mail, free.

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WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

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Swaim's Panacea has been for nearly a half century celebrated in this country and in Europe for its extraordinary cures, for the certificates of which reference is made to the directions and books (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Panacea, some of which give the particulars of cases too frightful for general publication, where the patients have been almost eaten up with Scrofula, and were deemed incurable by physicians.
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The wonderful cures effected by SWAIM'S PANACEA have for many years made it an invaluable remedy. The Panacea does not contain Mercury in any form, and, being an innocent preparation, it may be given to the most tender infant.

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A valuable Family Medicine, being a highly approved remedy for all diseases arising from debility of the digestive organs, such as Acidity of the Stomach, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Fever and Ague, Bleeding Piles, Sick Headache, &c. See the pamphlet.
Prepared only at Swaim's Laboratory, the Old Stand, South Seventh Street, below Chestnut, Philadelphia, and sold by all Druggists in the United States.
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I will send one of each of the above number, post-paid, for 25c., or one pound of each sort to one address, post-paid, for 80c. Every potato grower should try them.
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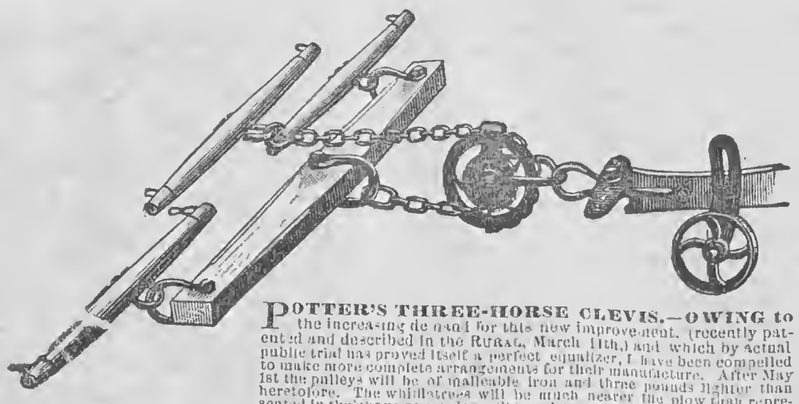

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More than TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS have been expended in the work, and the CONSTRUCTION RESOURCES are ample for the remainder. They consist of

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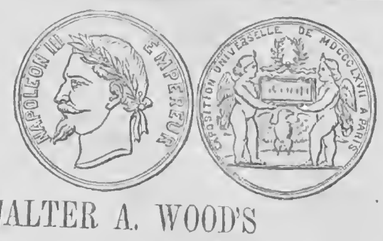

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APRIL.

April has searched the winter land,
And found her petted flowers again;
She kissed them to unfold their leaves
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,
And filled the grass with green content,
And made the weeds and clover vain.

Her fairies climbed the naked trees,
And set green caps on every stalk;
Her primroses peep bashfully
From borders of the garden-walk;
And in the reddened maple tops
Her blackbird gossips sit and talk.

She greets the patient evergreens,
She gets a store of ancient gold,
Gives tasseled presents to the breeze,
And teaches rivers songs of old—
Then shakes the trees with stolen March winds,
And laughs to hear the cuckoo scold.

Sometimes, to fret the sober sun,
She pulls the clouds across her face;
But finds a snow-drift in the woods,
Grows meek again, and prays its grace;
Waits till the last white wreath is gone,
And drops arbutus in the place.

Her crocuses and violets
Give all the world a gay "Good year!"
Tall irises grow tired of green,
And get themselves a purple gear;
And tiny buds, that lie asleep
On hill and field, her summons hear.

She rocks the saucy meadow-cups;
The sunset's heart anew she dyes;
She fills the dusk of deepest woods
With vague sweet sunshine and surprise,
And wakes the periwinkles up
To watch her with their wide, blue eyes.

At last she deems her work is done,
And finds a willow rocking chair,
Dons spectacles of apple buds,
Kerchief and cap of almonds rare,
And sits, a very grandmother,
Shifting her sunshine-needles there.

And when she sees the deeper suns
That usher in the happy May,
She sighs to think her time is past,
And weeps because she cannot stay,
And leaves her tears upon the grass,
And turns her face and glides away.

[*Atlantic.*

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WIDOW WARNER'S DREAM.

BY G. H. C.

"I really fear you are ill, mother, you look so pale and sad; you have scarcely tasted a mouthful of food to-day," and a shade of anxiety passed over Nellie Warner's face as she waited for her parent to answer.

"You are needlessly alarmed, my child," said the mother, trying to smile cheerfully, "it is nothing but a slight headache, which a good night's rest will certainly cure."

But instead of a good night's rest, the same fitful slumber, disturbed by frightful dreams that had haunted her pillow night after night for a week, left the widow Warner the following morning paler than usual, but with a look of determination and resolution never before seen on her mild, gentle face, while the first words that greeted her daughter were—

"Nellie, I am going to Washington; you must help me get ready, for I must start immediately."

"To Washington! why, mother, what do you mean? Surely you have not heard—

"No, no; I have heard nothing, my child; it is simply this: I have been tortured lately, day and night, with the idea that our dear boy is somewhere sick and suffering, or in some great trouble. Night after night I have dreamed of him, sometimes being with him on the battlefield, and again in hospitals filled with the wounded and dying; and all last night I dreamed he was a little child again, sick and moaning in my arms. I didn't like to speak of it before, Nellie, for fear of alarming you,—but I can endure it no longer,—for I feel, *I know* my boy is suffering, perhaps wounded, and it may be, dying."

"But, mother, even if Robert is where you fear he is, how would you find him? It seems to me an impossibility. Wait a day or two, mother, and be calm; you know we shall hear soon if there has been another battle."

"How will I find him, Nellie? My child, the instincts of a mother's heart never fail her, and the same power that warned me of his present danger will also, with the help of God, lead me to him. He is pining for me; he needs *his mother;* and she will find him."

She sat down a moment, and, folding her hands, gazed with a dreamy, far-off look out into the soft sunlight, while she murmured in a low tone, "Yes, yes, Robbie, my golden-haired boy, mother will come."

Living, as they did, in an out-of-the-way place, where news traveled slowly, it nevertheless reached them before the widow Warner had finished her preparations for departure. There had been another battle. Newspaper columns were filled with the sickening details, while the long lists of killed, wounded, and missing were eagerly examined by the thousands of anxious, trembling ones at home; and while some folded the paper with a long, deep sigh of relief, and a "thank God his name is not there," many found the dear name, and, scarcely conscious, read it over and over in stony despair, until at last it seemed in letters of fire, burning deeper and deeper into their agonized hearts. Robert Warner's name was among the wounded, and now that her fears were confirmed, his mother started immediately on her sad journey.

We must finish our little story in one of the numerous hospitals, filled by the poor mangled, bleeding men brought from the recent battlefield. They had all been cared for, and something like order and peace was once more restored to the place so recently all confusion, mingled with groans and cries of despair, while many of the poor fellows were borne out to their last resting place—the grave. How many different faces looked out from those little cots, as one passed down the long apartment; some with the gray shadows of death already settling over them, others in a delirium of fever, frantically urging their comrades on to the contest, while several, weak and feeble from loss of blood, lay looking around them, with a hopeless, homesick look on their sad faces.

In one of the cots at the further end of the room lay a beautiful boy, seeming scarcely more than a child,—slight and fragile, with a wealth of golden hair clustering round a broad, white brow, and features delicate and fair as a girl's. He appeared to be sleeping,—yet it almost seemed the sleep of death, so still and white he was; while nurse and physician were both bending anxiously over him, the latter gently feeling for the feeble pulse, shaking his head meanwhile with a look that told plainly as words his opinion of the poor lad's condition.

As they turned to leave the cot, a low murmur came from the lips of the sleeping boy, and they heard the words, "Mother, mother, O I knew you would come."

"That is just it," said the nurse, in a whisper, "I tell you, doctor, if that boy's mother was here he would get well. Poor little fellow, he is homesick and just pining himself to death for his mother. You say yourself his wounds are doing well, and he has no fever, then why can we not save him?"

"Yes, but he is sinking every day, and I cannot *now* see the least chance for him. But you must care for him tenderly, nurse. Poor little lad, it is a sad case, indeed," and the kind-hearted physician passed on.

Somehow the boy had already endeared himself to every one around him. The doctors watched him closely, while the nurses hovered round his cot, cheering and encouraging him with hopeful, kindly words, and trying to tempt his appetite with every delicacy within their reach. Not a word of complaint did he ever utter, smiling sweetly on all who came near him,—yet each day found him paler and weaker and apparently nearer the grave.

A lady came to the hospital one day,—a gray-haired, sad-looking woman, and inquired for Robert Warner. Yes, he was there, and alive. That was all; there was no hope, and the widow sank down in the nearest seat, and bowed her face in her hands, weeping silently, and praying for God in His mercy to spare her boy.

At last a rumor reached the nurse before mentioned that Robert Warner's mother had arrived at the hospital, and with a glad heart and quick feet she sped away, and finding the sorrowful mother, gently said to her:—"Be calm, madam, I just left your boy, and can tell you all about him. He is very weak and low,—the physician thinks past help,—but I believe that his mother's presence will do more for him than anything else in the world. *I* think *you* can save him."

"I knew it, I knew it. Oh! take me to him quickly," pleaded the poor mother.

"No," said the kind nurse. "I will first see you made comfortable, then I will go and prepare him for the happy surprise in store for him. He is very weak and must not be excited."

The nurse hastened back to her post, and as she neared Robert's bed the boy opened his eyes and said—

"Oh, nurse! I had *such* a dream. I thought my mother had come to take me back home,—but it was nothing *but* a dream, after all," and the blue eyes filled with tears, and the lips trembled like a grieved child's.

"Do you want to see your mother very much, Robert?"

"Oh, *so* much! I should get well if mother would come."

"Would you like to have me write to your mother?" asked the nurse.

"O, ma'am, if you only *would* write," lifting his pleading eyes to her face.

She talked awhile of his home, his mother and sister, of whom he had told her so much, and telling him at last that she was almost certain he would soon see his mother, she went out after the anxious, waiting parent.

Robert closed his eyes, and a peaceful smile stole over his features,—for the cheerful words and promises of the nurse had renewed the hope in his heart of again seeing his beloved mother. He had fallen into a partial slumber, when a soft step approached, and a figure came and knelt by his cot and folded him in her arms.

"Robbie, Robbie, my boy, thank God mother has found you at last."

Soft kisses fell on brow, cheek and lips,—but he was too happy to move or speak, and clasping his arms tightly about his mother's neck, he laughed like a pleased, happy child. Brave men that had faced the enemy's ranks without a fear, now, at sight of that meeting between mother and son, covered their faces and wept like children.

It was astonishing to see how rapidly Robert improved under the tender care of his mother. It was just as the nurse had predicted,—his mother had saved him when all else had failed. Ere long he was quite able to travel, and the happy pair started for home. Sad looks and many blessings followed them out from the hospital,—for during her stay there widow Warner had been mother to them all, caring tenderly for each, even as she did for her own son.

Robert was unfitted for further service, although he after awhile grew to be a stout, manly-looking fellow, and his mother still persists in saying if it hadn't been for her dream she would have been too late at the hospital.

A GENUINE FRENCH ROMANCE.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus described:

M. Robert, an immensely wealthy and highly accomplished elegant, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and mediæval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a M. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and ornamental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaintance.

Entering the counting room, he found a good-natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you also have seen my advertisement and come to apply for that situation as designer?"

For a joke, M. Robert replied that he had. M. B. supplied him with paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. M. Robert soon found that what M. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which suited the employer to a dot—"*a point.*"

M. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs, and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist begun to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself—being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of attractions. Let us work."

M. Robert, being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel silver, enamel or wood. He took a pleasure hitherto unknown in seeing his works in shop-windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course carefully concealed from "society," nor did his employer suspect that his artist was his landlord. But M. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in the daughter of M. B., a young lady who also took part in the duties of the atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and M. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially interested him he had never met with any one like her. Step by step, the pair fell in love, and little by little the artist so ingratiated himself with the father that the latter, after due deliberation, consented to their union.

Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry. "I shall give Marie 50,000 fr.," said he, with a little air of boasting. "*Eh, mon garçon?*"

"And I suppose," added M. Robert gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added:

"And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when M. Robert drew forth the title deeds, and said:

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord. Isn't my name Robert?"

The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in amusing one's self.

An old picture represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all"—a bishop with a legend, "I pray for all"—a soldier with a motto, "I fight for all"—and a farmer drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all." There is more truth than poetry in the idea.

WHAT A MISTAKE.

Aunt, (*Who is rusticating with her adorer,*)—"Have you brought my Gloves, Polly?"
Polly—"Yes, Aunty, and your Long Curl, too, which was lying on the table."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 8, 44, 35, 34 should never be broken.
My 41, 23, 14, 29 is the name of an animal.
My 29, 16, 27, 51, 53, 5, 49 is to curl the hair.
My 10, 23, 44, 39 is an adverb.
My 19, 32, 47, 54, 1, 18 is to flatter.
My 45, 55, 40, 4, 31, 2, 52 is a pronoun.
My 57, 7, 48, 21, 17, 9 is what we often behold.
My 36, 6, 21, 46, 12, 49, 25 is a class of people many are laboring for.
My 28, 37, 52, 26, 42, 51, 22, 20, 13, 16 is the name of something which will long be remembered.
My 11, 15, 38, 56, 50, 43, 18, 3, 24, 33, 30, 14 is what all farmers should do.
My whole is a saying worthy of observance.
Independence, Iowa. F. O. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is the name of a prophet and priest,
Imprisoned awhile, but shortly released;
My second's a bower, and but one of the kind
In the pages of history you ever can find.
My whole is a vine, by man neither planted nor tilled,
Although of great size, by an insect was killed.
Wauwatosa, Wis. A. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ghni ni het ybefir teh lod xeostn dsants,
Prgsagni teh erop hiwt shi nith noyb dhnas,
Izaggn fraa sa rfo mseo cimag llesp—
Wnsaer ot eth lghaeclen, Ginr, nirg tch lebl.
Pierpont, Ohio. Kittie.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two globes, one 30 and the other 18 inches in diameter, are lying upon a level table so as to touch each other How far from the table is the point of contact?
Naples, N. Y. H. W. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 951.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Speak kind to the erring, kind language endears.

Booth assassinated Lincoln April 14, 65.

Answer to Problem:—45 years.

Answer to Anagram:

What may be my future lot.
High or low concerns me not;
This doth set my heart at rest,
What my God appoints is best.

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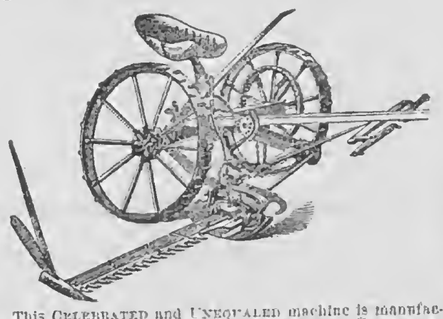

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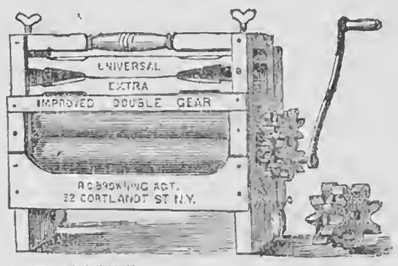

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VOL. XIX. NO. 18.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 954.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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AGRICULTURAL.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE season, thus far, has been highly and unusually favorable for getting seed into the ground. Winter loosed his grasp suddenly and fled rapidly in rushing torrents, covering his retreat with but few and brief storms and squalls. Spring swiftly advanced with bright, sunny days and southern breezes, and lo, the ground lay bare and brown, and the furrow crumbled as it rolled from the burrowing plowshare. To the vast region which suffered so severely from the great drouth of last year, spring brought, as a compensation, the fairest and most prosperous seeding time known in years. So a large breadth has been sown to spring wheat in the Prairie States, and barley and oats in the Middle and Northern, and the seed was in the ground early and the soil was capable of being put in the best condition to receive it. If the farmer has performed his work as circumstances have allowed him to do it, nothing but an adverse growing season can bar him from a rich recompense for his labor. The season is beyond his control and if he has the consciousness of duty performed he should abide the result with faith and cheerfulness.

Planting Corn.—This is the chief and most important work of May; a good preparation of the ground will save much work in tilling the crop. Sod ground should be plowed with the jointer plow, which laps the furrow-edge under, and the harrow can then put two or three, or more, inches of dirt over every grass blade and root. Large stone should be picked from the field before harrowing, and if the soil is dry enough put on the roller. In case of drouth the plant will grow quicker from a rolled and compacted soil, than from a loose, porous one. Look out for good seed corn, and try a sample in the house to ascertain if it will grow. The aim of the farmer, after providing for a good crop, should be to do as much of the work with horses and machines as possible. Cover shallow and plant on the top of the ground. Some soak the seed, if late in the season, but it is a dangerous practice.

Potatoes.—Seed may be cut two or three weeks before planting; some aver it will do better thus treated. Two good eyes in a hill are enough of most varieties. Furrow out slightly and cover deep. Potatoes follow corn, or wheat, with better results, generally, than grass, unless it be a friable clover turf. There should be need of little hoeing on the potato crop. Prepare the soil well, plant in straight rows, and as soon as the shoots break the ground cultivate and cover them with fresh earth. Afterwards prompt, thorough and skillful cultivating will do the tilling.

Stock.—Inure the stock to grass by degrees. Give them good hay as long as they will eat it. If cattle bloat on clover give one ounce of sulphuric ether, or the same quantity of chloride of lime in a pint of water. These remedies should be at hand and will save resorting to the knife. Horses should be kept on dry feed until the spring work is done.

Rolling.—It is a good season for this. When the earth is dry and crumbles, roll; when it is wet and compacts, do not. Seed will sprout quicker if the soil is compacted around it. It will not malt in the ground if well rolled. Some seasons the roller is an invaluable implement on the farm; no farmer should be without one, and a solid log well turned and hung, is as good as any.

Manure.—After planting, pile the manure, adding every ingredient you can which will enlarge the heap and enhance its value. A compost heap will make a great difference in the yield of the wheat field. Apply as a top dressing in the fall and harrow in.

Weeds.—Go over the wheat fields and pull red root and cockle from them. Wage constant warfare against weeds.

Plant Trees—for shade and shelter. Deciduous trees should be set early in the season, before the buds swell, but May is the time to transplant evergreens. Choose a moist, warm day, and do not let the sun or wind dry the roots.

Tools should be placed in order for cultivating, for haying and harvesting. If you design to purchase new machines, do not wait until the day before they are wanted for use. Money invested in a reaper two months before harvest sometimes pays big interest.

Root Crops may yet be sown for stock, carrots for the horses, turnips for the sheep, and sugar beets for the cows.

The Garden should be alluded to. Plant plenty of fruit and vegetables.

WHEAT CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER SEVEN.

WHEAT AS A RENOVATING CROP.

FEW wheat raisers at the North are probably aware of the fact that wheat and other cereals are frequently cultivated in the South as renovators of badly worn cotton plantations. How this is done will be seen by the following statement of SAM MARCUS, in the November number of the Southern Farmer, published at Memphis:

"The plantation contained one thousand acres, seven hundred of which was cleared. Cotton wore out the land, wore out the owner at the same time; when a friend of mine from the blue grass of old Kentucky, who hated cotton about as much as the cotton planter loved it, came along and bought for less than the cost of the buildings on it. He went to work, with twelve hands, cleared the briars out of the fence corners, and seeded all the land he could with wheat and clover. Next spring he went to the mountains and hollows, bought up cattle, sheep and hogs, fed off the grain on the ground, cutting only enough for use of family and for seed next year. Grazed the clover for two years; turning it under with large plows and strong mules in the fall; then a crop of corn next year; this was fed on the ground to hogs, the hogs being turned in the field as soon as the corn was hard. Then re-seeded with wheat, oats, rye and barley, and clover with it, and the same plan pursued for six years, and during that time his income was six hundred dollars net to the hand, and lived better during the time than the richest cotton planter in the South, and all raised at home. After about six years of such treatment the land produced an average of eighty bushels of corn to the acre.

"Now, Mr. Editor, this is the only plan to enrich the poor lands of the South. 'Tis nonsense to talk about stable and cow-pen manure in a country where the cattle and horses run out all the year. Sow clover, peas, or any green crop to turn under; keep at it, and the poorest land can be made rich. Get sheep, hogs, horses, cattle, sow grass, plant less than one-half cotton and you will do well enough; but in the name of mercy don't pay a tax of twelve dollars per acre on your own land for the privilege of buying free corn from the North."

There is greater difficulty in making much manure on Southern farms, where all stock run in large fields the year round, than Northern readers will at first clearly understand; and when stock is so plenty as to sell very low, it may be questioned whether the food consumed will not pay better if fed to wheat plants directly, without passing through the bodies of domestic animals at all, in case the soil needs more phosphoric acid, assimilable nitrogen, or vegetable mould. A ton of the organized matter in green clover, peas, corn, rye or wheat, eaten by cattle or other stock, yields less than a half ton of solids in the dung and urine voided from the system. Hence, an exhausted cotton, corn or tobacco field will gain in carbon and mould twice as fast by the rotting of a ton of clover in the field where it grows, as by the return to the soil of all the manure made by the consumption of the clover. The air expelled from the lungs of a man or brute contains one hundred times more carbonic acid as it leaves the system than the pure air has when inhaled into the lungs. This large excess of carbon comes from the slow combustion of carbonaceous substances in the blood and food. In a word, it is better economy to sell carbon, nitrogen and phosphoric acid in wheat at $2 a bushel than in beef, mutton or pork at the prices now obtained in this section. Hence, our true policy is to accumulate the most expensive constituents of wheat in our farms as fast as possible.

Perhaps wheat and clover sown together, with 100 lbs. of gypsum per acre, will draw from a properly tilled soil and subsoil as much plant food in twelve months as any other plants that can be used with no greater expense to fertilize the soil. The leaves and fibrous roots of wheat add materially to the elements collected by clover; so that neither plant alone can improve the ground so much nor so fast as both grown together. Hence, cereals, not less than the common European grasses, turnips and clover, may be profitably employed to increase the productiveness of land. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

HOP POLES.

YOUR Wisconsin subscriber who asked what to plant for hop poles, was answered well—European Larch, Red Cedar and Chestnut. But if the purpose is simply hop poles, let him confine his planting to the European Larch, which, planted in rows, say four to six feet apart and one to two feet apart in the row, will make him, in ten years, poles twenty-five to thirty feet high, if his soil is as good as the average of our western prairie sorts.

The Red Cedar will not make so rapid growth, nor so symmetrical. And talking of the cedar reminds me that hedges of it in this latitude do not look healthy—especially the older hedges. Talking of this fact with a friend who had uprooted a fine hedge of it, because of discoloration, and, as he supposed, disease, he said he thought he had discovered the cause of the trouble and the remedy. In cutting down his hedge he found the limbs of the cedars were literally loaded with dead foliage, which, wet and decaying, burthened the branches beyond conception, and affected the health of the hedge. He was satisfied that if pains is taken annually to relieve the branches of this burthen after the foliage falls, the Red Cedar will be unobjectionable as a hedge.

About the Chestnut. It is quite worth planting of itself. Its fruit sold at $12 per bushel in Chicago last fall. It makes good shingles, posts, ties, timber for frames and lumber for inside finish, and for these purposes is far too valuable to cut down for hop poles where the Larch can be grown as well. Plant the Chestnut, but plant it for better purposes than hop poles. The Larch is better adapted for this last named purpose. It makes vertical growth faster, smoother and more symmetrical poles, which will last as long or longer than the Chestnut; and it is not as valuable for other economic purposes as the latter.

But let no western farmer fail to plant the Chestnut. There is no American tree that surpasses it in beauty as an object in the landscape—not one!

WOOL—THE ONE THIRD RULE.

It made me smile audibly to read the very pointed, leading questions with which the distinguished Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry aims to transfix our Northwestern Wool Manufacturers. Not that I am given to unbecoming levity in serious matters. But bless you! this is not so serious a matter!

Now I do not know what manufacturers voted for the one-third shrinkage rule in Chicago. Nor do I particularly care. Nor do I know whether they owned more or less spindles and looms than those good-looking fellows down east, who buy all their wool of speculators. I would not give a flip of a penny to know. But I do know that if I was buying wool, whether as a manufacturer or speculator, I would buy it on the best terms possible. Some of these chaps' wool wouldn't go into my store-room short of *two-thirds* shrinkage. And if I could get them to swallow the one-third shrinkage rule any better by reading them a resolution, I would do it. So would any man who takes men as he finds 'em.

But, bless my stars! the western wool growers do not feel very much hurt by such resolutions. They are used to them. They can fire as many of equal emphasis in the same length of time, and as far, and hit as often as these spindle owners or wool speculators. I heard a conversation the other day. I'll tell it.

Smith, (wool buyer.)—BROWN, you see we've resolved to deduct one-third on unwashed wool.

Brown, (wool grower.)—Yes.

S.—What do you think of it?

B.—I don't care a ducat.

S.—Why not?

B.—Because I don't.

S.—It's fair, ain't it?

B.—No.

S.—Why? won't you sell your wool with such a tare?

B.—No—not if it is in as good condition as usual; otherwise will sell as I can find a buyer who will agree with me as to its value.

S.—But I want to buy your clip.

B.—Very well, you can have it,—but you need not come around with any of your fancy resolutions. You can have it for what it is worth. And I am to be the judge of its value if you get it.

And that is just what every Western wool grower will tell the buyer. Fortunately for themselves, most wool growers in this corn country do their own thinking, and can add, subtract and divide; and they are not easily Tom-fooled, nor wheedled by wool buyers. Beside, their temper is not the best just now,—for they have not made money enough out of the last clip to pay for good nature.

JOHNSTON'S PATENT SELF-RAKING REAPER.

THIS Reaper, which our illustration admirably portrays, has been in operation only four years, but its many excellent points have won for it a multitude of friends, and placed it in an enviable position before the public. It is designed strictly for a harvester and is not a combined machine, the manufacturers believing they can better meet the wants and serve the interests of farmers by building the reaper and mower separate, and adapting them in every particular to their special work. The first cost of separate machines over a combined one is not great, and the manufacturers claim is more than compensated for by convenience, superiority of work and durability. Some of the valuable and prominent points of this reaper are simplicity, good material and workmanship, a six-feet cut, very light draft, (which was proved at the great Auburn trial,) and JOHNSTON'S Automatic Rake, which received the first premium at that trial over many competitors. This rake is self working, or it may be adjusted to regulate the size of the gavels at the will of the driver. It is a machine especially well adapted to Western grain fields. For further information we refer readers to our advertising columns, and to the manufacturers, Messrs. JOHNSTON, HUNTLEY & Co., Brockport, New York, who, upon application by letter, will send circulars having full descriptions with terms and other details.

BUGS.

Illinois' "Acting Entomologist" is a "brick." (I am *not* paid for puffing him.) He is not a Democratic "brick" or any other political "brick;" but a man who has common-sense coupled with an extensive knowledge of bugs. And he means to make this knowledge of practical value to the agriculturists and horticulturists of Illinois. To this end he has issued his first report on the Noxious Insects of Illinois. Notwithstanding his science he is not the dullest and dryest writer known to fame. He invests his bug-talk with an interest not common with scientific men who walk upon scientific stilts. He tells us common folk about the Grape Curculio (*Coleodes inæqualis*, SAY,) which is injuring our grapes seriously, especially in Southern Illinois, where it is asserted to be more destructive to that fruit than the rot which entirely prevents success with some varieties. The only mode of preventing the ravages of this pest suggested, is to shake it from the vines as the plum and peach curculio is caught and destroyed.

Mr. WALSH tells us, too, of the Grape-leaf Gall-louse (*Dactylosphæra vitifolia*, FITCH.) Your State Entomologist, Dr. FITCH, described this insect long ago, but did not place it where Mr. WALSH thinks it belongs. It causes green, fleshy excrescences about the size of a pea on the lower side of the leaves of the vine,—but, Mr. WALSH says, does not attack all our native and cultivated vines. It attacks the Frost Grape (*Vitis Cordifolia*,) the Clinton, Delaware, Taylor, and has been found on the Iona.

A good deal of space is devoted to the Grape-root Borer (*Ægeria polistiformis*, HARRIS,) which resembles the common Peach Borer (*Ægeria exitiosa*, SAY,) but unlike the latter, its larvæ lives exclusively underground, the mother moth depositing her eggs on the collar of the grape vine, close to the earth, and the young larvæ, as soon as they hatch out, descending onto the roots.

Mr. WALSH says both HARRIS and Dr. FITCH seem to doubt the fact that there are two distinct broods of the Apple-worm or Coddling-worm moth (*Carpocapsa pomonella*, LINNÆUS,) every year; but at Rock Island, Ill., he is satisfied there are really two distinct broods; and he gives his reasons for so believing in detail.

Considerable space is also devoted to the Apple maggot fly (*Trypeta pomonella*, WALSH,) which, unlike the Apple-worm, is a native American species, which feeds upon our native haws or thorn apples, and probably our native crabs, also, and which he has known to exist here five or six years. In the East it has attacked the cultivated apple, but not in the West so far as is known.

The Rascal Leaf-crumpler (*Phycita nebulo*, WALSH,) is a small moth which infests apple, crab and plum trees in Northern Illinois, the larvæ traveling about in a little crooked horn or case, and tying together with silken threads the terminal leaves of young twigs, inside of which it feeds at its leisure. Some seasons it has proved injurious in Northern Illinois, but is not found in the South part of the State, nor, Mr. WALSH thinks, in the East.

Several pages are devoted to the Oyster-shell Bark-louse (*Aspidiotus conchiformis*, GONELIN,) about which there has been more nonsense written and talked, Mr. WALSH asserts, than any other noxious insect in the land. It would pay to review what he says of this louse, had I the time and you the space. Maybe I'll refer to it again.

There are six other insects which are talked of. The report is able and readable—a part of it funny in the extreme—all of it instructive. It is a great thing to have a State Entomologist, is'nt it?—especially a live one. INCOG.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING:

COLLEGE FARMS—WILL THEY PAY?

THE value of Scientific Farming has been discussed until the question is threadbare, and yet it is one which may well bear a little further consideration. The success of Agriculture is a subject in which all are interested, whether they are farmers or not. Any improvement that will enable the wheat grower to raise larger crops is a blessing not only to the farmer, but to every poor seamstress and to every newsboy that occasionally indulges in the luxury of a penny loaf. The subject may have been worn threadbare, but it has not lost either in interest or in importance. Our attention has been recently called to it by some remarks which have appeared in the Agriculturist from the pen of the author of "Walks and Talks." "It would require," he says, "pretty conclusive evidence to make me believe that any purely scientific man had made farming pay." Further on he remarks:—"It will not be long before every State has its Agricultural College. We ought not to ask or expect too much from them, or we shall be disappointed. The farms connected with them cannot and will not pay."

What is a "purely scientific man?" Is it a man who is most thoroughly acquainted with one or more sciences, and *who is acquainted with nothing else?* If so, then of course a purely scientific man cannot make farming pay or anything else pay. Farming is an *art* as well as a science. If a man does not understand the *art* of farming he had better not undertake to farm. But the same is true of science itself. Chemistry is an art as well as a science, and we have seen men who could talk glibly about nitrogen, and phosphorus, and carbon *et id genus omne*, and yet could not make an analysis, if their lives depended upon it. Mr. HARRIS tells us that WATT (not WATTS) would never himself have succeeded in manufacturing steam engines with a profit. Very likely; for WATT tells us that he would as soon "have faced a loaded cannon as settle an account with a man." But how was it with WOLLASTON? He was a member of the Royal Society; he was acknowledged by all to be one of the first chemists of the age; he has left his "footprints" on the science in the shape of numerous discoveries, and yet he was engaged in the business of manufacturing chemical vessels and made $150,000 by purely business operations;—not by stocks, nor by petroleum, nor by shoddy, nor by cheating. FAIRBAIRN is a man that has "manufactured steam engines with a profit." Is he not a "scientific man?" Is NASMYTH the inventor of the steam hammer not a "scientific man?"—and yet we believe he conducts a heavy business and makes money. How is it with WHITWORTH, with STEPHENSON, and others? It strikes us that these men are none the less scientific because they are practical, and none the less practical because they are scientific.

In regard to the farms attached to the Agricultural Colleges we would like to ask if the Michigan College Farm does not "pay?" We understand that it does, and the only farm of the kind within our knowledge that has not paid, certainly cannot accuse science of its failure. On these farms there will always be large expenses for experiments. These will not pay directly in cash, and of them a separate account should be kept. Moreover these farms ought to be in a large measure managed with a view to instruction. Good specimens of the different breeds of domestic animals should be kept, and this to an extent that a mere money-making farmer would consider injudicious. The same is true in regard to crops and for all these peculiar necessities ample allowance ought to be made, and we have sufficient faith in the good sense of the public to believe that it will be made. But if the general farming operations of our Agricultural Colleges do not pay, then they will fail in one of their chief objects, for they will fail to teach that kind of farming which alone can be adopted as a business—the farming that pays.

But the point in Mr. HARRIS' article to which we chiefly take exception, is the following:—"Some time ago I was reported as saying that we wanted young men of capital, intelligence and enterprise who should engage in farming with a determination to make it pay. If I said so I spoke thoughtlessly, for it is not my idea at all. We want intelligent educated men who love farming, and who are determined to adopt it as the business of their lives, and who shall follow it with all the skill and science and energy they can command. A manufacturer who should engage in making woolen goods with a determination to make it pay would probably soon furnish nothing but shoddy. A grocer whose only object was profit would be tempted to give us more peas than coffee. And the young man who engages in farming, determined to make it pay will probably skin his land, or advertise 'Japan spring wheat that will yield 60 bushels per acre,' or go into the chicken business, or sell grades for thorough-breds."

We doubt very much if Mr. HARRIS means what he says. To us it seems more probable that his mind has been following some out-of-the-way line

of argument to which we have no clue. In other words he has been indulging in a day-dream of which he has given us a few unconnected fragments. We can hardly believe that he thinks that every man who is anxious to do a good business would cheat. His article considered as a homily on the texts "Beware of covetousness," and "The love of money is the root of all evil," is most excellent. But when viewed as a "Talk" from one "good" farmer—or at least from one farmer who "means to be good"—to another, we regard it as decidedly objectionable.

Our belief has always been that money is one of the main springs that drive our factories, our farms, aye, and many of our churches! Our grocer stands behind his counter for—money; our manufacturer furnishes us with goods for—money; our preacher preaches to us and prays for us, in a measure at least, for money. And yet they are all honest men. The first does not put peas in our coffee; some of our garments at least have not been shoddy, and our pastor is an earnest Christian man. And yet he works for money; he has a large family and his determination must be to make his calling "pay," for he has before him the fear of the text—"He that provideth not for his own household has denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." And we hold that the man that accuses him of wrong doing therein is either a fool or an atheist.

Talk as we may, no business will be followed *by those who can get out of it* unless it will pay. And in our estimation we do want active, energetic, scientific young men who will make farming the business of their lives, and this they will do only upon condition that it will pay—for they were fools else. We want men who can furnish wheat for half what it now costs, so that the pittance of the poor may go twice as far as it now does; men who can make beef and mutton cheap, so that those who cannot get it now may eat and be strong. And this can be accomplished only by the application of science.

Agricultural College, Pa. JOHN PHIN.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RULES FOR BUYING WOOL.

SKANEATELES, N. Y., April 20th, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—*My Dear Sir:* I have been highly pleased and much encouraged in the perusal of the articles in the RURAL under the head of "Rules for Buying Wool," and believe that individuals and organizations should promptly respond to the suggestions given, and in a manner which shall clear away the doubts which too many have entertained about the practicability of any united action among wool growers which shall secure to them justice in the marketing of their product. The patience and forbearance of the mass of wool growers have been sufficiently prolonged, not only in regard to having the *amount* of our product arbitrarily fixed by the buyer, but also in the matter of his fixing *prices*.

It has appeared to me that the chief attention of wool growers' organizations should be directed to marketing, especially at the present time. It is in this matter that the united action of the wool growers of the whole country is not merely important, but indispensable; while the improvement of our flocks, etc., can be quite successfully carried on by detached individual effort. Nothing can be easier than for wool growers to defend themselves against the unjust demands of buyers, if they will only think so, and act accordingly. It is a trite saying that "it takes two to make a bargain;" but in the marketing of wool, heretofore, it seems to have been too much conceded that it was only *two buyers* that were required. The grower has scarcely been recognized as a second party. He has deferentially inquired how much the buyer was paying, and then submitted to present him with as much as he might demand as a gift. In the matter of fixing prices, I do not blame the buyer, because, according to business custom, it is his right to buy as cheap as he can; nor do I *blame* the grower because he has heretofore believed there was no remedy for his losses. But the time has certainly arrived for us to stand up and have something to say about the sale of our product, and give a just rebuke to those buyers who impudently assume that the matter is all in their hands. It has accomplished nothing for a few individuals to stand out as they have, in some localities, against the injustice referred to; so it is with renewed encouragement that many wool growers of Onondaga will hail the councils given in the RURAL, which must at once reach, and in some measure move, the mass of wool growers.

Let those who look suspiciously, as many do, upon combination to put up prices, or in any way to secure gain, remember that wool is now selling at from 25 to 35 per cent. below cost, and that combination is counseled for justice, not extortion; and that ultimate extortion is improbable, because wool growing is not a monopoly, and, in the nature of the business, never can be.

Some wool growers are feeling disappointed that wool is not sustaining a higher price, and the enemies of the Tariff are flinging in our faces that the bill is a failure for the purposes intended. There have been many causes to keep down the price of wool,—but there is one which should be specially held up before producers at the present time, and that is, that they have themselves largely contributed to the continuance of low prices by becoming discouraged in waiting, and one by one, and neighborhood by neighborhood, acceding to them. When the clip of 1868 shall come into market, if the practice of accepting whatever may be offered shall continue, buyers ought not to be expected to voluntarily put up prices; neither by this process can we ever reach the full benefits of the Tariff. Why shall we not discuss the question as to what price we ought to have, and may have, for the coming wool clip, as though we had some rights in the premises? Very truly yours,

CHAUNCEY B. THORNE.

REMARKS.—Concurring fully with our respected correspondent that it is both legitimate and expedient to resort to *defensive* co-operation among growers to resist and protect themselves from arbitrary and unjust *rules for buying* sought to be imposed by dealers or other aggressive combined action,—and hoping every Wool Growers' Association in the country will take firm ground on this subject,—we cannot agree with Mr. THORNE that it would be either right or expedient for growers to attempt to establish a fixed price for wool and to attempt to sustain that price by combination—if indeed such is his meaning. That would be combination assuming its worst form. Commodities have no precise intrinsic value which can be uniformly measured by a fixed price in money. Demand controls supply in extent, and, with other circumstances of trade, also controls price. When grain, meat or butter are scarce in the market and money is abundant, prices rule high. When the market is overstocked with them, and money is "tight," prices are low. These effects are as natural and necessary in trade, as are the ebbs and flows of the ocean tides in the natural world. All expect them. All in turn obtain the advantage of them,—for every man consumes much that he does not produce. By no other standard could the proper amount of production in any article be regulated.

Wool constitutes no exception to other products in this particular. It is no more entitled to exemption from the ups and downs of trade than grain, meat, or butter. It has no fixed value more than they have. Its growers are no more entitled to anything savoring of monopoly—or to the right of dictating a fixed scale of prices—than the growers of any other product whatever. Would the wool grower submit for a moment to the dictation, in the prices of articles which he consumes and does not produce, of a combination of other producers or dealers in those articles? If he would not, he must remember that sauce for goose should be sauce for gander.

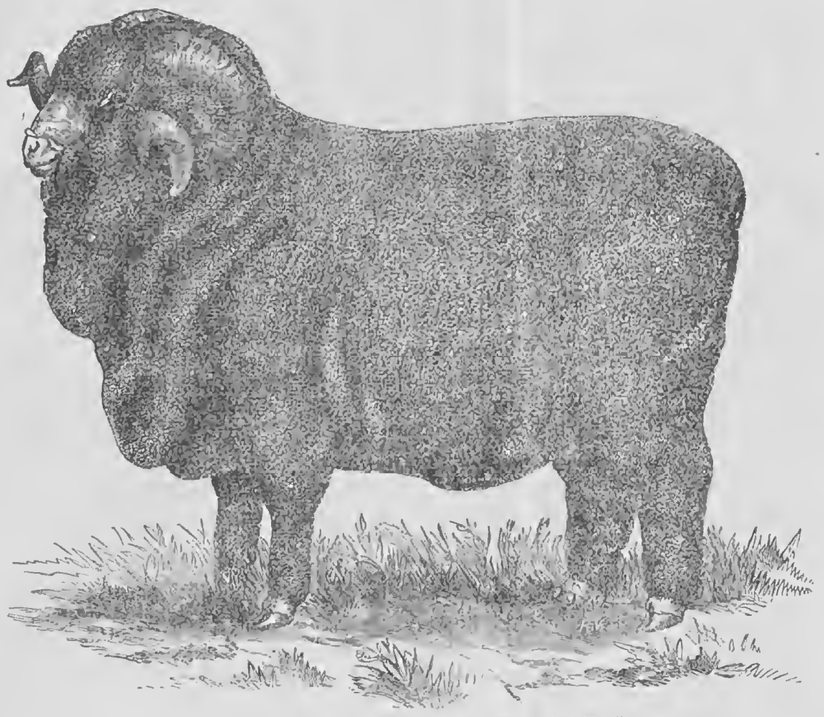
Besides, all attempts to regulate prices by combination, or even quasi combination, are wholly impracticable in the light of abstract justice. Is all men's wool nominally of the same kind, actually of the same value? Is it all equally fine, sound and clean? Take the case of Merino wool, so-called in the market. Is there not really more than a dozen grades of it in quality and condition? Would it be right towards the buyer or consumer—or even the grower—to establish a uniform price and enforce it by combination? Would it be right thus to compel the producer of the nice, clean article to accept less than the proportionable value of his clip? On the other hand, would it be just to *anybody* to compel the buyer of inferior and dirty wool to pay an equal price for it? This is precisely the onus of our greatest complaint against buyers—that they do *not* make a just distinction in prices according to quality and condition—that they pay nearly the same prices for all wools of the same general class. This is what we specially denounce in the odious "buyers' rules"—that they establish a Procustean bed—an undeviating scale of estimation, without any regard to varying circumstances, or to what may be just and right in individual cases. Shall we adopt a principle precisely analogous in practical operation to that which we condemn and detest?

But is it said that different prices may be agreed on by Wool Growers' organizations, according to quality and condition? Taking the different breeds of sheep into account, twenty or more prices would be requisite to make a *just* discrimination according to real value. Who, then, should pronounce where, in this classification, any particular lot of wool should fall? The buyer would naturally want to crowd it down, and the seller to crowd it up, in the scale. Who would be the umpire? Is it proposed that the combination of growers in each case appoint an official referee to carry out and enforce their price list? We see no other way to make combination just and at the same time effective. The whole plan, in our judgment, is both unsound and impracticable. It will do for a Pasha of Egypt, or the potentate of any other uncivilized country, to ordain a fixed price for products,—but such action is in conflict with the vital principles of civilized commerce and trade, and in the end is beneficial to nobody.

We do not understand our correspondent as recommending *such* action. But we know that many will interpret his views as pointing in that direction. And to those who have not sufficiently considered the subject, it is a "taking" doctrine. The wool growers of the country now occupy an interesting, if not a critical, situation. They joined together two years since to procure National Legislation which they believed vital to their interests. They united and co-operated throughout all the wool growing States,—but their action did not embrace a single element of combination in the commercial sense of that term. It was the wisdom and moderation of their action, even more than their numbers and political influence, which gave them success. They have continued to evince the same moderation since. They have prudently and calmly waited with unbroken ranks for the "better time coming." When middlemen, dealers and speculators sought to impose unjust *rules* on them, they have rushed into no hasty retaliatory measures, but given ample time for their enemies—for *enemies* they are in practice—to take the "sober second thought." And no *aggressive* action should now be entered upon. The wool growers of the country should, we believe, co-operate in *defending* their rights and interests, and nothing more. Thus they will carry the respect and sympathy of all classes with them; and their eventual triumph will be certain.

Any rash steps or claims—any concerted action to obtain advantages not possessed by growers of other products—any exhibition of a determination to control and coerce other interests, or to violate the sound and established principles of trade,—will not only fail, but will destroy the prestige and influence of our wool growers' organizations and take from them all power to do good.

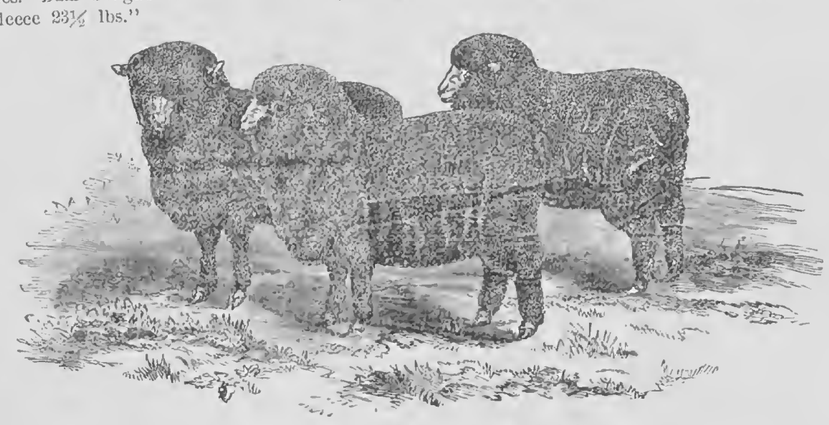
The above remarks will not be understood as an objection to the most free and searching "discussion," in wool growers' organizations or elsewhere, as proposed by Mr. THORNE, in regard to the proper or probably attainable prices for the next wool clip. On the contrary, we deem such investigations every way appropriate—and if conducted with sound sense and a fair reference to all the facts in the case, they may be made eminently useful.



INFANTADO RAM "MAJOR,"

THE PROPERTY OF DEARDORFF, WALTER & CO., TUSCARAWAS CO., OHIO.

"MAJOR was got by N. A. SAXTON'S Thousand Dollar Ram, by America, by HAMMOND'S Sweepstakes. Dam bought of W. R. SANFORD, she by Wooster bred by Mr. HAMMOND. Major's weight of fleece 23½ lbs."



GROUP OF EWE TEGS,

THE PROPERTY OF U. C. DEARDORFF, CANAL DOVER, TUSCARAWAS CO., OHIO.

"TEG on the right and left in group, Paular and Infantado cross. Center teg got by THOMAS GORBY'S Hannibal, by California, by Long Wool, by Old Greasy, by Wooster, by Old Black. Dam purchased of Mr. STORY of Vermont. First fleece 10½ lbs. wool to 42 lbs. carcass."

AGRICULTURAL PHYSIOLOGY.

HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.—*Dear Sir:* Your editorial in the RURAL of March 7th, on "The Effect of Blood in Reproduction," relates to a subject of so much importance in its bearings on the improvement or deterioration of farm stock generally, and especially on physical, physiological, mental and moral changes in the constitution of man, that I trust you will open and extend the discussion. One small volume only has ever been published on Agricultural Physiology in the English language, to my knowledge; and that has never been reprinted in this country. Hence, American farmers have had very limited advantages for studying the influence of paternal cells on the *ova* of mothers and on maternal constitutions, whether these masculine cells are healthy or unhealthy, pure-bred or mongrel.

You truly remark, in substance, that to inject the blood of one breed of sheep into the veins of another, cannot possibly change the breed or system of the latter. But this fact hardly touches the question of procreative "blood," or the properties of reproductive cells, which have a separate and distinct origin, and peculiar functions in the animal economy. I live in a State where many farmers raise mules, others horses, and some both, pretty extensively. Both are growing on my farm. Suppose I breed a filly to a jack for her first foal, while young and growing, can she carry in her system the vital force of a male not of her own breed, race or even species, eleven months, and nourish its hybrid offspring as part and parcel of her own body, and not have the protracted mingling of equine and asinine cells affect her own organic purity? The vital force of the ass is quite as strong as that of the filly's progenitors; and these forces meet and mingle, not only in the embryo and fœtus, but in every part of the growing mother. Why, then, should it surprise any one that the inoculation is permanent, and that the mare becomes thereafter in some degree a hybrid in constitution? For the sake of reaching truth with all due care and caution, let us assume that her deterioration is an open question. In after life, when this full grown mare is bred to good horses, we find that she gives birth, not to good colts, but those that have through life the large, ugly heads and ears, and the small, narrow feet of the mule. Now, what is the legitimate inference? Is it not that the procreative cells of a vigorous, braying mule have found a nidus in her system, and grown there like healthy buds grafted into another tree? This mare may give being to fine mules,—but, as for raising superior colts, her "blood" is ruined forever.

Consumptive fathers very naturally have consumptive children. If the unhapppy propagation of this great scourge were limited to off-spring, the injury inflicted on the human family would be considerably less than it really is. A consumptive husband may have a wife who was free from the least taint of phthisis when married. Can she remain so after she is the mother of children who inherit the malady of their father? Unquestionably not, except by accident. All equally exposed to the virus of small pox, or other contagious disease, are not equally attacked,—but the entire escape of some does not prove the absence of poison and danger.

What I have said of consumption may be affirmed of hereditary insanity, syphilis, scrofula, and a score of other deep-seated maladies. There are many reasons (to which no allusion can now be made,) why civilization, when undirected by the light of physiological science, tends powerfully to breed *downward*—to the constant deterioration of our species. Everywhere the people need more physiological light; and one familiar with this subject from long study and extended observation, might take pleasure in writing for their benefit.

* * * * * * * * *

Very respectfully, D. LEE.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

BEE-HIVES AND THEIR POSITIONS.

IT is a common practice among amateur apiarists to place their hives close together, thus economizing space while facilitating the work of sheltering them and diminishing the expense of it. Besides, it is assumed that, when the colonies are placed side by side, they are in a better position to repel forays from foreign marauders than when isolated from each other. How much of truth there may be in this assumption we are not prepared to say, nor is it necessary to discuss its reasonableness or pass upon its correctness here. If stocks are to be wintered upon the summer stands it would seem natural to infer that, by placing the hives close together, they would become mutual aids in the generation of heat, and thus pass through the cold season with less chance of disaster from its rigors than when exposed singly to them.

But, when spring opens, the condition of things is changed, and so should be the position of the bee colonies, with relation to each other. It is well known that during the honey season, when the weather is oppressively warm, bees, if their hives are in contact, become restive and less orderly in their daily routine of labor than when placed in a position of greater isolation. Another reason in favor of this summer change, is mentioned by professionals. It tends to prevent the loss of queens when out on their annual excursions. When hives having a general resemblance to each other, are placed compactly together on stands, queens, in returning home, especially if hurried by threatening weather, sometimes enter the wrong one and fall a sacrifice to the jealousy of the colony whose domain they have involuntarily invaded. For these and other reasons not necessary to enumerate, it would seem best, in spring, to place the colonies several feet asunder, thus mitigating the heat in the hives while soothing the workers and diminishing the chances of losing fertilized queens at the time their presence is most necessary to the colonies to which they pertain.

BEES.—EXPERIMENTS.

A. WILLSON, Marcellus, writes:—"I have been trying experiments with my bees. Seeing a recommendation in the RURAL to put them in the cellar, in the winter, I tried it, and, in order to know, for a certainty, the best way to manage them, I weighed two hives and left them out on the stands; weighed one and put it in the chamber and two in the cellar. They were weighed December 15th. March 26th, weighed them again with the following results: Those on the stands shrunk, one 14 and the other 16 pounds. The one in the chamber 14 pounds, and those in the cellar 15½ and 16½ pounds each. I had 28 swarms in the cellar and took them out March 8th. Saw a little mould on some of the hives. This, however, does not decide the matter with me, for those out of doors might have lost more bees, and, of course, eat less honey, while those in the cellar may be better prepared for the summer campaign by making an earlier beginning. I shall watch them closely and see which of them swarms first and which yields the most profit, and report next fall.

BEES ON A SMALL SCALE.

THERE are many householders whose means will not enable them to buy a cow or to provide keeping for her were they in possession of one. But they may be equal to the purchase of a colony of bees and to provide hives for the swarms resulting therefrom. Bees, like other stock, require pasturage, but, unlike horses, cattle and sheep, they are free commoners, ranging at will in search of stores, nor can they be arrested and punished for their intrusion upon premises alien to their owners. A single colony of bees, in good condition in the spring, may be counted upon to double or triple their numbers in a single season, securing ample stores for winter consumption, while supplying a gratifying surplus each autumn for household uses. This accumulation will prove most acceptable in families especially, while the price of butter rules so high as to place it beyond the reach of those not blest with elongated and plethoric purses. Try a colony of bees as an experiment.

PLACING BEE-HIVES.

THERE is some contrariety of views among bee-keepers as to the elevation of hives best suited to the habits and safety of bee colonies. As an indication of the instinct, which guides bees when they go wild, it is observable that they usually seek an entrance into forest trees well up towards the principal limbs even when convenient openings offer in the trees selected nearer the ground. This peculiarity in bees we have noticed, on several occasions, when they have gone wild, but do not assert that this is uniformly their practice. But, assuming that bees are good judges of location, the fact mentioned would seem strongly to favor an attic position for the hives in the bee-house. It is inferred that such an elevation renders the colonies less liable to intrusions from moths and other vermin inimical to them, while supplying increased vigor in the accumulation of stores during the honey season.

GROUND FOR BUCKWHEAT.—If you have bees save a patch of ground for buckwheat for their pasture. If you have no bees this grain will not come amiss in pancake times.

Rural Notes and Items.

PARTY POLITICS AND THE RURAL.—"*Strike, but Hear!*"—We occasionally hear from some person having exceedingly long ears, or distorted visual organs, who thinks he sees—what no one else can—that the RURAL is political, and favors this or that party. Sometimes we are accused of being on one side, then on the other; during one Presidential campaign we had the honor, in a single month, of being charged with favoring each of the three parties having candidates in the field!—which some considered good evidence of our independence or neutrality. In exciting times, when political spirit runs high, we cannot even advertise for a leading political paper of either party without being *pitched into* by some asinine genius. If we advertise "The World" or "Day Book," some silly "radical" at once complains, and a prospectus of "The Tribune" produces a protest or spasm from at least one sillily sensitive "conservative."

—Now, for the information of the *very few donkeys* who take and read this journal, we ought perhaps to say that it *never has been, is not now*, and (while controlled by its original and present manager,) WILL NOT BE either the organ or advocate of any political party or faction whatever. We say this squarely now, because the people and country are on the eve of an exciting political campaign, during which many ordinarily calm and sensible folk will no doubt become so exercised or prejudiced as to imagine they discover such a mare's nest as partisan bias or advocacy in the RURAL, while some would-be correspondents will in vain seek (as others have aforetime, and of late,) to propagate their peculiar party dogmas and doctrines through its pages. For each of these classes we have a word of admonition in advance of the boiling of the political cauldron: to the first, Don't "strike" before you "hear," or see, evidence of the RURAL'S turpitude,—and to the latter, Don't waste your ammunition (time, brains and stationery) in concocting what *we shall not publish*.

MOWERS AND REAPERS FOR THE HARVEST OF 1868.—"Where can I find the best combined reaper and mower?"—"Which is the best mowing machine?"—"What is the price of the Dodge Harvester?"—"Can eastern made reapers be bought as cheap in Chicago as in Buffalo, Auburn, New York or Boston?" These and similar questions are propounded to us, now-a days, by farmers in different sections, East and West, who wish machines for the coming harvest. We are half inclined to answer the leading questions in the language of the New England Farmer, which replies to a similar one in this wise:—"If you wish to buy a mower, [or reaper,] and are Yankee enough to use and keep one in order, you ought to study out the particular advantages of each machine by your own wits. It would be no kindness to save you that exercise, by an editorial *ipse dixit*. Exercise your own judgment, though you get a 'little bit' occasionally, rather than form the habit of depending on other people's opinions." Though this answer might "fill the bill," we will not entirely depend upon it, but in addition refer our friends to the manufacturers of the several excellent machines advertised in this paper,—by applying to whom, or their agents in various parts of the country, pamphlets containing descriptions, prices, &c., of the different patents, may be obtained, and their respective merits and advantages studied and compared. With such an array of machines as the Dodge, Wood, Buckeye, Johnston, Clipper, and others—we enumerate from memory, without referring to our advertising columns—certainly no wide-awake farmer ought to fail of selecting a good one, or such an one as will be adapted to his situation and circumstances. Of course it is not our province to act as umpire—especially when the best judges at trials frequently disagree—without having witnessed the practical operation of each and every machine, or knowing what kind or style is best adapted to the wants of this or that inquirer. Hence we advise those who cannot consistently examine the machines for themselves, to do the next best thing, viz., carefully peruse the advertisements, recommendations, &c., of each, and then decide which is the one for their money.

THE DIXIE FARMER.—This is the title—a taking one for that latitude—of a weekly quarto journal just started by WM. S. BLISS & Co., Columbia, Tenn., at $3 per annum. No. 1 contains quite a variety of original and selected articles under appropriate headings, and wisely ignores party politics and sectional strife. The motto of the Farmer,—"*Pray to God and keep the Plows agoing*,"—is a sensible one, and shows that the editor believes in both faith and works. If the people of Dixie heed the advice, eschewing politics and other vices, they will soon be "reconstructed" on the enduring basis of a rich soil and good culture, and become as prosperous as of yore. Success, therefore, to the "Dixie Farmer," and confusion to all political demagogues, of whatever party or name, North and South, East and West!

STATE FAIR IN MAINE.—The State of Maine, after an interregnum of seven years, is to enjoy once more the excitement of a State Fair. The matter is in the hands of a Board of Trustees, embracing many of the prominent agriculturists of the State, who are determined to make the Fair a successful one. The location is still a subject of competition among the more prominent cities of the State.

ARKPORT FARMERS' CLUB.—Some of the more prominent farmers of Steuben Co., N. Y., have organized a club for the purpose of holding weekly meetings for the discussion of topics connected with rural operations. A readable report of the proceedings had at the first meeting of the Club, is supplied by the Canisteo Valley Times.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—H., in the Rural World says a foundered horse may be cured by throwing a tablespoonful of pulverized alum well back in the mouth of the horse as soon as the founder is discovered. The animal should be kept from water a day or thereabouts. This was tried on several occasions, and never without success.

STATE FAIR.—The next Annual Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society is appointed to be held at the City of Rochester from September 29th to October 2nd. The Central Railroad has acceded to the usual terms for the transmission of stock and other articles designed for exhibition.

SHEEP SHOW AND SHEARING.—The first annual sheep show and shearing of the Chittenden Co., Vt., Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association will be held at Shelburn on May 6th. The customary premiums for fleeces and shearing are offered.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

CHARLES A. ASHLEY, West Springfield, Mass., has a matched pair of cattle which weigh 5,600 pounds.

FARMING lands in So. Jersey are steadily appreciating in value. That section is the paradise of fruit growers.

THE institution of a Farmers' Club in each town now destitute of one would, as a general thing, prove a good investment.

CROP prospects in Ohio and the West generally are highly flattering. The promise of wheat is much better than was expected.

COTTON planting commenced in Alabama about the 1st of April, and was being vigorously prosecuted. Corn was up and promised well.

BRAN, saturated with tepid water, and flavored with salt, fed to cows three times a day will augment the flow of milk twenty-five per cent.

IT is said the sugar crop in Louisiana is more than usually promising this season. The freedmen are doing much better this year than last.

IT is said that one part of salt to three of plaster or gypsum will kill the corn grubs. A tablespoonful to a hill will prove a certain protection.

A GOOD farmer will not rely on his neighbor for the tools necessary for his business, nor for seed to plant which he can as well raise for himself.

IN the report of the Department of Agriculture for March is an article predicting the speedy recovery of the cotton growing interest in the South.

A FARMER says that coughing in horses is caused by the fine dust from the hay, detached by pulling it through a rack. Take away the rack and feed from a bin on the floor, and the coughing will cease.

HORTICULTURAL.

PRUNING EVERGREENS.

In order to make elegant single trees, or to keep a hedge in form, it is just as requisite to trim an evergreen as a deciduous plant,—but the operation is practically very different. Early in May is the best time of the year to perform the work. If the tree is a single specimen, standing out upon the lawn by itself, or is one of a group which requires to be made to form a thicker and more bushy habit and yet retain its natural outline, then the pruning should consist in going carefully over it by thumb and finger, and nipping the end or terminal bud to every branch or shoot, whether a main leader or lateral side shoot. If the tree is thick enough, but somewhat inclined to spread, and you desire to keep it within a certain limit, then all you need to rub out is the terminal buds on the main branches.

Sometimes evergreen trees have grown beyond the expectation of the planter, and have become so large as to destroy the view from window or doorway, or create a more dense shade than is found desirable; such trees are often cut entirely away and thus lost, when the owner might have pruned back the limbs or branches, and at the same time headed in the tops so as to bring the tree within the bounds which it would be desirable to have it. In doing this, and all kinds of evergreens will endure it perfectly, care should be taken that each cut of a limb should be back to the junction of two laterals. Let this rule be applied, not only to the cutting back of the main shoot, but also to the laterals, and in two months from the time of pruning the whole will have grown to cover the apparent cuttings and have become a bushy, yet graceful, outlined tree.

Hedge pruning is generally performed with a pair of shears, the blades of which are from fourteen to eighteen inches in length, and the clipping is done by line and rule, leaving the outline like a conical wall. For certain positions, such as screens around a rear doorway, cistern or outbuilding, this stiff or wall-like line may be appropriate,—but for a front or boundary line of hedge it appears too formal, and soon wearies. We have seen equally compact hedges formed, and without the formal outline, by clipping the end shoots with a knife or pair of hand-shears, each cut, as with old trees, going back to a bud or junction of two of last year growths of laterals. It is a little more labor,—in other words, it requires a little more time to prune in this way,—but we think the appearance of a hedge so pruned fully repays the time expended in its more graceful and easy outline.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

"Day-stars! that ope your eyes at morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation;
And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
As a libation.

* * * * * * *

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
In loneliest nook.

* * * * * * *

"Ephemeral sages — what instructors hoary,
To such a world of thought could furnish scope!
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope."

[*Horace Smith.*

Many ladies make the apology that they "have no room for flowers," and still imagine that they are fond of them. This is probably but a self-flattering delusion. Sincere love and a few rods of ground will not be long in granting space. We have all seen beautiful flowers growing in all sorts of nondescript spots—places ugly in themselves, but made like a door into Paradise through the presence of these "Floral apostles." Others complain of the climate of their door-yards, even in Western New York. The sun shines too hotly in the summer, or the wind has too strong a sweep in the spring and autumn. But in two months, cultivated flowers will be blooming at the "bellows end" of Lake Erie, and under the shadows of the bleak hills of Allegany county; in the rich valley of the Genesee, and along the shores of the blue Ontario. And there will be no perceptible difference in their thrift or beauty! Occasionally, a little "judging" is needed in selecting for these various localities; but as a rule, *all* of our hardy bulbs, biennials, perennials and annuals, will flourish at these points.

Still, in choosing a soil and location for our new flower garden, we should, if possible, take of the best we have; not a dry, sunbaked spot, nor a wet, sodden one—but one just right! Some flowers thrive best in shadowy (not deeply shaded) places, but most of them crave the sunshine and air. The King of Day is their Patron; he impaints their fairy forms. So let them stand where they can feel his warm caresses and look up into his glowing face. A garden opposite of the sitting-room windows is an ever-convenient pleasure. If tastefully arranged, it is almost as pretty in the winter with the snow at low ebb, as during the summer. The graceful outlines of the beds show distinctly, and you can sit at the outlook and "plan" for the coming season with the most delightful summerly feeling.

The soil should be rich, deep, and finely particled; *too much should not be undertaken at first*, either as to the number of beds or of flowers. A collection can be made for a beginner, not embracing more than thirty or forty varieties in all, and giving with skillful management continuous blooms from early spring until late autumn, affording quite as much beauty and more satisfaction than three times the number, if illy cared for, and unwisely chosen, as to variety of color and form, duration and succession.

However, it cannot be denied that it is a great deal of labor to take proper care of a flower garden. *Good judgment* in planning will do much toward lessening the work. Also, some plants require more attention and experience than others. These the amateur can avoid, and grow others equally choice and beautiful. The walks, weeds and borders make more than half the work. But if there is little of leisure or strength a garden can be laid out with but two or three walks, or even one, viz: a large round bed, encircled by a "horse shoe," three feet wide; or an octagon for the center, cut from a square, the corners of which form the remainder of the plot, &c. In these gardens of one walk, many flowers can be cultivated, considering the space covered, and the attention required. A war of utter extermination upon weeds, going down to the roots with sharp knives, and removing all the pieces, will usually clear the beds in one or two seasons, and the labor of caring for their lovely habitants will be materially lessened.

Borders.—Thrift, Daisy and Alyssum, will bear careful cutting with the edging knife, if the soil is *firmly* pressed around their roots as soon as the work is done. Grass borders are beautiful, but difficult of control; edging of Box, besides growing too high, (if growing at all,) has an unpleasant smell in damp weather, and a general habit of dying out in spots. Well positioned Box is very ornamental grown singly, and trimmed into little round-headed or poplar-shaped trees. Circles not more than two feet in diameter can also be planted around bark-covered posts, firmly set in the ground. So small a quantity can be protected in winter, by tying long wisps of bright straw over and around. The posts form cheap and pretty rustic supports for dwarf climbers, such as Nasturtion, (*T. magus;*) Morning Glory, Sweet and Perennial Peas; or deep, pail-shaped vine baskets lined with moss, can be fastened on the tops, containing bright-hued Dahlias; or some vigorous, drooping trailer. The Nansemond Sweet Potato is one of the best for this purpose. Its branches are long and pendulous; it grows thrifty, and has handsomely formed, dark, glossy leaves, and is a beautiful vine for out-door culture, or for winter baskets. It should be taken in early, as it withers at the first touch of frost. The Canary Flower, (*Tropæolum peregrinum,*) is a fine trailer, and a free grower,—so is the Myrtle.

As a general rule the tenth of May is sufficiently early, in this section, for sowing seeds in the open ground. Annuals can be started to advantage in April, in the house, as most of them bear transplanting well if it is done carefully. [N. B.—Always handle *all* flowers tenderly, as though you loved them, and had their good at heart.] A seed-bed in the kitchen garden is a good investment; in it you can sow annuals, transplanting them after the potted ones, thus securing a long succession of the same flowers. Also "strangers" can be introduced, accepted or rejected, in this general depository. Diamond, oval, or triangular beds are attractive filled with fragrant Mignonette; or Portulacca, unfolding its white, gold and crimson blossoms in the sunshine; or brilliant, many-hued Heddewigii; or starry-eyed Phlox, that most perfect of annuals. Among other plants suitable for massing, the Single Petunia gives a variegated, dazzling show. A friend once remarked that they resembled a gathering of gay, good-natured, "bouncing" girls. As the simile is very apt, ladies who do not like "bouncing" girls can do better than purchase Single Petunias. The Double ones are charming, but quite delicate. Asters are beautiful, blossoming in beds, groups or single blessedness. They are now grown of the most varied colors — tall and dwarf; flat and quilled; round, full and double as a rose. They bloom from the mid-summer, until

"——Autumn's smile beams through the yellow woods."

La Superbe is one of the best — a lovely shade of pink. Cocardeau has a white center circled with ragged petals of scarlet, purple, and other gorgeous dyes. Calliopsis, (yellow, velvety brown, &c.,) and the innocent looking Candytuft, are fine in masses; also, the sweet smelling Garden, Grass and Moss Pink. Balsam (Lady's Slipper.) I have grown this flower when the stems were almost concealed by the thick, double blooms — some resembling delicate pink silk; some great flakes of snow; others, (the Camellia-flowered Spotted,) having their white sheen mottled with violet, red, crimson, and all the stripings of the morning light. Although enduring civilized culture very cheerfully, and continuing long in bloom, Balsams are as charmingly fragile in appearance as their twin-sisters — the wood flowers. Plant out as soon as they show the third leaf, and trim into little compact trees by pinching off all but three or four of the side shoots. The Dwarf Larkspur and Ten-Weeks Stock, bear close spiked trusses of flowers of various colors, and exquisite *finesse* and delicacy.

As background bloomers, the tall Chrysanthemums, the flaunting African Marigolds, and the red-fruited Ricinus; the old-time Sweet Pea, and the mysterious Mirabilis, (Four-o'clock,) are hardy and appropriate. ELIZA WOODWORTH.

Montview Cottage, Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1868.

TEA ROSE, MARECHAL NEIL.

Our illustration, taken from the exhaustive Catalogue of Ellwanger & Barry, figures the finest yellow Tea Rose in existence. The perfume of this class of roses is most delicate and agreeable; the flowers are large, and they are usually vigorous growers and profuse bloomers. The original Tea Rose is supposed to have been imported from China about the year 1810, and from it have sprung the numerous varieties now in cultivation. It delights in a rich soil and dry bottom, with rather an elevated situation and southern aspect. In this latitude they should be protected, during the severity of winter, by temporary frames covered with boards or glass. Every collection of roses should contain this variety; they are especially well adapted to pot culture. The Marechal Neil is a novelty among roses.

MARSHALL P. WILDER'S GREEN-HOUSE.

Last December I had, while in Boston, an hour or two to spare; so having heard of the rare old things in Hon. Marshall P. Wilder's Green-Houses, I invested five cents in a street car ticket, put all the brass I could to my face, for this is private ground, and presented myself at the door of the said green-house where I was met most smilingly by a gardener who looked almost as old-fashioned and unique as the green-houses themselves; for be it known these houses were built many years ago, and have been now fifteen years and more in care of Nicholas Dillon, who, when he took charge knew something, and has never failed to keep reading, and experimenting on every good rational idea advanced by writers or visitors. I have been in a great many green-houses, and it took but a glance to show me here was good common sense, combined with a knowledge of vegetable physiology, displayed in the management of the house. So without much of remark I took out my pencil and made notes, thinking that if they were historical, the Rural or some other paper would print them.

As I said, I have been in a good many green-houses, and almost the first thing I noticed here, was, that no attempt had been made to accumulate and grow a great variety without knowledge of their natural wants, but good common-sense and intelligence had been given to selecting a few things, and growing them in such manner as always to be attractive. This selection again was made measurably toward rare things curious in themselves, as well as such plants as reward the grower with bloom and perfume.

LEAF OF AGNOSTUS SINUATA.

About the first thing that I noticed was a plant of *Agnostus sinuata*, because of its rarity as well as its size. It is a native of Moreton Bay — an ornamental tree — evergreen — rarely attaining a height of over twenty feet in its native habitat. Here it was growing, a tree eighteen feet high with leaves sixteen inches in length and deeply lobed—see my rough drawing. Next, as per my notes, was an *Erica eparcis*, twenty years old, eight feet high, and literally full of blooms varying from twelve to eighteen inches in the length of the spikes. All along and around it were many others of large size and full of bloom, which elsewhere would be counted as extra. Camellias, we all know, have been among the pet flowering plants of Mr. Wilder, and here I found the old original *Florii* purchased of Floy in 1839—now fifteen feet high and seven feet diameter of branches. Here, also, the original *Abby Wilder*, now ten feet high, and seven feet across, and several others of which I did not get names, that were twelve to fifteen feet high. One of them was fifteen feet across from tip of branch, and all full of blossom buds and opening flowers. Oh! what a show? How beautiful you may imagine. I have not words to depict.

I love roses,—among flowers they are my pets,—and when I entered the house devoted to them and acacias, I felt I could stay there. Think or imagine if you can, one hundred feet length of house filled with roses of sorts which have grown and been trained up on wires—some of them spreading fifteen feet, and all full of buds and blossoms. One *Lamarque* that I measured was ten inches around the stem. In this house the roses occupy the foreground, while acacias fill the rear and back wall, one of which, *Acacia spectabilis*, I measured; it covers a spread of twenty-two feet.

I made notes of many more things; of the colors and forms of the rare Camellias there, of choice bedding plants, &c., &c., and hereafter will write them out, but I have told enough for once. ADDI.

STIR THE GROUND EARLY.

We believe in early moving of the ground over and over by plow and cultivator, for it admits warmth and air, and allows ready evaporation of excess of moisture. But as soon as the leaf expands, culture should be done with reference to the period of ripening the fruit, as well as to the soil in which the tree is growing. Light sandy soils, growing varieties that mature early in summer, should not be plowed or cultivated after the trees have blossomed. The reason for this is that on light soils the most of food which the roots will take up lays near the surface, and the breaking of roots by plowing checks the natural action of supply, and hence often occasions a loss in setting and perfecting of fruit, although the tree blooms abundantly. In rich, deep, clay loams, a breaking of surface roots, late in season, is not as detrimental, because when the surface supply is broken the tree naturally sends its roots downward into equally good constituents; not, however, to be found in hard clays or light sands. Late ripening varieties, such as winter sorts of apples or pears, will bear to be plowed among even into midsummer; but cherries, early July and August apples and pears, should have the ground around them stirred often and thoroughly, early in the season, and then left alone or only surface cleaned until after they have matured their crop of fruit.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Currant and Rose Worms.—R. L. G., Garrettsville, N. Y., referring to the currant and rose worms, writes: "Last season I fed them hellebore powder steeped in water for their drink. Then I cut the stalks and set them in the midst of the bushes, and while they remained fresh the worms did not eat the currants. Seeing they were so fond of the hellebore, I yesterday set a lot of the roots among my currant and rose bushes, so they may have it fresh through the season, and feast upon it when they please."

We do not exactly understand what our correspondent intends to cultivate among his currant bushes for the purpose of keeping off the worms. He will doubtless explain, and if it has the expected effect it may be a valuable hint.

Note the Time of Blooming.—As the varieties of strawberries, peaches, peas, &c., come into bloom, we shall feel obliged for notes of the time of the opening of the flowers of each and every variety. We regard the period of blooming as one of the guides toward the value of a variety for a certain locality. And in this record we should like our correspondents to tell us of varieties which open but a few flowers at a time, and thus are two weeks nearly in bloom from the first till the last flower; and also of varieties that open nearly all their flowers within a day or two of each other. Please send us the records, and when all in we will make up and give you the benefit.

Calendar and Seed Manual.—Maupay, Hacker & Co., Philadelphia, publish an illustrated Calendar and Seed Manual, which, in addition to full and accurate descriptions of useful farm and garden seeds, contains a record of garden and orchard operations for each month in the year, adapted to both Northern and Southern States. It is very convenient and useful to any one who cultivates a rod of ground, and is sent free on application to the above address.

Fruit in Ohio.—The Farmers' Chronicle, Columbus, O., says that reports from different sections of the State differ as to the amount of damage done to the fruit by the late frosts, but concur in the assurance that the prospect of an abundant yield of fruit of all kinds is still good.

"The Big Apple Tree," near Peekskill, went down before a gale recently. It was about 14 feet in circumference just below the limbs, and was supposed to be 150 years old.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

If you like corn meal cakes or bread, tell your cook to try this:

Take 1 quart of meal; 2 tablespoons wheat flour; 1 teaspoon salt; soda the size of a large marrowfat pea. Pour upon these ingredients a quart of boiling water, rub to a smooth paste, then add about a pint and a half of *cold* water. Have the griddle quite hot, but not scorching—a steady fire is necessary; they brown beautifully and can be cooked nearly as rapidly as buckwheat cakes, and for many persons are much more healthy. If you fail of having the best griddle cakes you ever tasted, you will have to send for a Delaware darkie to cook them, as under their administration there's nothing better.

Johnny Cake (or Johnny-kin, as they call it here,) is made in the same way, only add a tablespoon of shortening, and make it a little thicker with meal, or leave out a little of the water—whichever method will be best understood by your cook. The bread will be right either way, if it is not too stiff.—A., *Cedar Creek Hundred, Del.*

Dear Editors:—Having tried this recipe, I will send it to your many readers, and if they can add any improvement I should like to see it in the columns of the Rural:

Steamed Pudding.—1 cup chopped raisins or cherries; 1 do. chopped pork; 1 do. brown sugar; 3 do. flour; 1 teaspoon soda. Steam three hours.

Sauce for the above.—3 pints boiling water; 1 teacup sugar; ½ do. butter; half a lemon, sliced; flour enough to thicken, and a very little vinegar. Boil 15 minutes.—Mrs. C. M. C., *Oakfield, N. Y.*

Eds. Rural:—Wishing to add something to your excellent paper, I send you my recipe for making

Vinegar Cake.—1 cup sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon lard; 1 cup filled ⅔ full of good vinegar, and water to make the cup full; 1 teaspoon soda; ½ do. salt; flour to make a thick batter; add a little nutmeg. This is a very plain cake, and is pronounced good. —Mary E. Young, *Thurston, N. Y.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES, MILK, BUTTER, &c—Effectually preserved without sugar, without cooking them, and without air-tighting the jars or cans, by a new cheap, healthful and effectual method, that of the American Fruit Preserving Powders.

Circular sent free, or a manual of 32 pages, containing full description and directions for preserving said articles, sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

These Preserving Powders are put up and sold for 50c per package; sent by mail to any part of the United States for 75c, postage paid. Or we will send a small sample for trial enough for a few pounds of fruit to any part of the United States for 15 cents.

☞ Agents Wanted—exclusive rights given.

Address L. P. WORRALL, General Agent, No. 165 Chambers Street, New York City.

SEED DRILLS!—FOR PLANTING GARDEN Seeds of all kinds; also Apple and Osage Orange Seed. Send for circular. P. S. MESEROLE, 301 Lake St., Chicago.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES!

NEARLY ALL SOLD!

I have so modified my contract with the parties of whom I purchased my stock of this valuable variety, as to enable me to sell the few bushels remaining unsold, *in quantities to suit purchasers.* Having no more ground to plant I must sell the balance of my stock. I have heretofore advertised "Not more than five pounds sent to one address," but will now supply in larger quantities as long as the limited stock holds out.

PRICES:

1 Pound,	by mail, postage pre-paid	$ 3.00
2 "	" " "	5.00
5 "	" " "	12.50
10 "	by Express, packed free	22.50

It will be noticed that the price for two pounds or more is considerably reduced, and gives parties wishing to form clubs a splendid chance to buy at a reduced figure.

TERMS, Cash with the Order Invariably.

Orders filled in rotation as received, and when the stock is exhausted orders containing money will be promptly returned.

The American Agriculturist pronounces it "*The Best of All,*" and many of our leading Agriculturists pronounce it

THE BEST EARLY POTATO KNOWN!

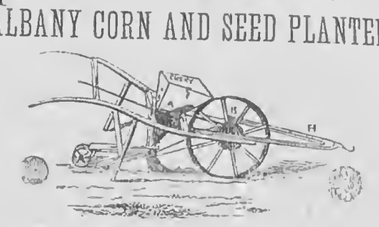
☞ The stock is very small, and will soon be sold.

This is *positively* the only stock of genuine "Early Rose" for sale this spring.

Address

GEO. W. BEST, Utica, N. Y.

HORACE L. EMERY'S ALBANY CORN AND SEED PLANTER,



Adapted for Horse or Hand Power, for Hills or Drills from three inches to six feet apart, and any *number or quantity of Seeds* to the Hill, Drill or Acre; also for all kinds of seeds, *large or small, heavy or light.*

It makes its own furrow, measures and deposits the seeds, covers them and rolls the surface, also marks the distance for the next succeeding row, all at one and the same operation. Capacity *Six* to *Ten Acres per day*, with rows three to four feet apart.

This machine was invented and *introduced* by H. L. Emery during the Winter and Spring of 1866 and 7, and has since acquired the reputation of being the best machine for its purposes in use.

More than twenty thousand of them have been sold, and hundreds have been reported in use over 15 years, averaging over two hundred acres per year at a cost for repairs not exceeding fifty cents the year, and still in condition for as much more service. They have been and are being imitated and sold by other Agricultural Implement Manufacturers and Dealers as the "*Emery's No. 3 Planter,*" but of all such imitations which have come under our notice, (and there are several such makers,) none are as reliable for accuracy as those made and offered to the public by the *Inventor* and *Managers* and *Proprietors* of the

ALBANY AGRICULTURAL WORKS

OF

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Retail Price, $25. Liberal discount to the trade. Descriptive Circulars of these Works furnished gratis on application.

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50,000 MAHALEB, FIRST RATE Stocks, 1,000 $12, 10,000 $100; Mazzard, Plum and Quince Stocks; home-grown Norway Spruce, 2 years, line, 1,000 $10, 10,000 $80; Calycanthus Floridus (Sweet Shrub) doz. $2,50, 100 $15; Verbenas, choice varieties, 100 $7, 1,000 $65; Young Roses, choice sorts, 100 $7 to $10, 1,000 $60 to $80; 50 fine Bedding Plants for $5, 100 do. for $9.

953-2t E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Ind.

SEED POTATOES.—Early Goodrich, Harrison, Lapstone Kidney, Cuzco, Early Cottage, Sebec, Fluke, White Sprouts, Union, Copperuine, Andes, Shakers' Fancy, and fifty other varieties. Four pounds of either variety will be mailed to any address, postage pre-paid, upon receipt of $1. For larger quantities and descriptive price list, address REISIG & HEXAMER,

953-3t New Castle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

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JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

CROSBY'S EARLY SWEET CORN.—This new Corn is *the* kind for Market Gardeners and all who want a variety that is of *good size, early* and *sweet.* It is larger than Darling's Early, *will average twelve rows*, and the ears are finely filled out. The market gardeners around Boston are dropping every other early sort for this. Per package 15 cents, per half pint 30 cents, per pint 50 cents, per quart $1; sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price. My Seed Catalogue gratis to all. 952-4t

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☞ Our Almanac for 1868 mailed to applicants. 948-8t

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O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau St., New York.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE NETTIE.

BY MARIE A.

Blessings on my blue-eyed Nettie,
With her sweetly-smiling face,—
With her dainty form so pretty,
And her winsome, *petite* grace;—

Fairy hands, mischievous fingers,—
Plump white feet that trot about
Long as sunlight's brightness lingers,
Ere the stars shine brightly out.

When Sleep veils her childish vision,
And in dreams our darling lies;
Then we paint a bright elysian,
Fraught for her with cloudless skies.

Round our hearts she's gently twining
Ties of love more strong than gold,—
Sweet affection brightly shining
After *other* loves grow cold.

Heavenly Father! do Thou guide her
Where the flowers blossom fair;
Let no evil thing betide her;
Shield her by Thy tender care!

North Bergen, N. Y.

AIR FOR THE HOUSE-PLANTS.

Sitting here in our Rural sanctum, with the balmy spring air coming in through the open window and tempting us out into the sunshine, we are reminded of something we months ago promised to say to our readers. We talked to mothers, then, in our plain way, about "Murdering the Infants;" and intimated at least, if we did not promise, that when the warm season should come again we would make a special plea for air for the house-plants. Now, we are pleased to believe, the warm season has in reality returned. Coy, coquettish May is deceptive, perhaps, and our just budding summer fancies may be rudely nipped by frosts before they develop into June blossoms; but it is pleasant to think that the sunlight will not again yield to chilling blasts, and that if showers come they will be warm and tender, and will make glad the violets. Therefore, one and all, we plead in behalf of the house-plants; lend us your ears.

"But," says one fair-faced young matron, "I've set my plants out on the front piazza and they are doing handsomely. What more is necessary?"

Pardon us, Madam; we do not refer to those beauties which you have so vigilantly guarded through the winter, but to other house-plants which need sunshine and pure air as much as they. That little girl of yours is being made a complete house-plant of, and her colorless cheeks and delicate form are an earnest protest against such treatment,—a protest that you ought to heed. Shall she not be as well cared for as your floral pets? They droop and wither, in-doors, you have seen, when the bright spring days come; so does she. She will get sunburned and freckled, if you let her go out much, you think. Very likely she may; but better so than pale and sallow, and with all elasticity bleached out of her being.

Human house-plants are abundant, and they all need pure air and warm sunlight. It is said that a certain French physician conceived the idea of administering sun-baths to his patients, by exposing them to a concentration of the sun's rays. The idea was not such a novel one. Thousands on thousands of good people have taken sun-baths in a mild way, for years, and have been kept free from disease thereby; while thousands more have done the same thing when close confinement and bad air had enfeebled them, and have been cured. Put half our invalids out of doors, and the grave-yards will defer their claims upon them.

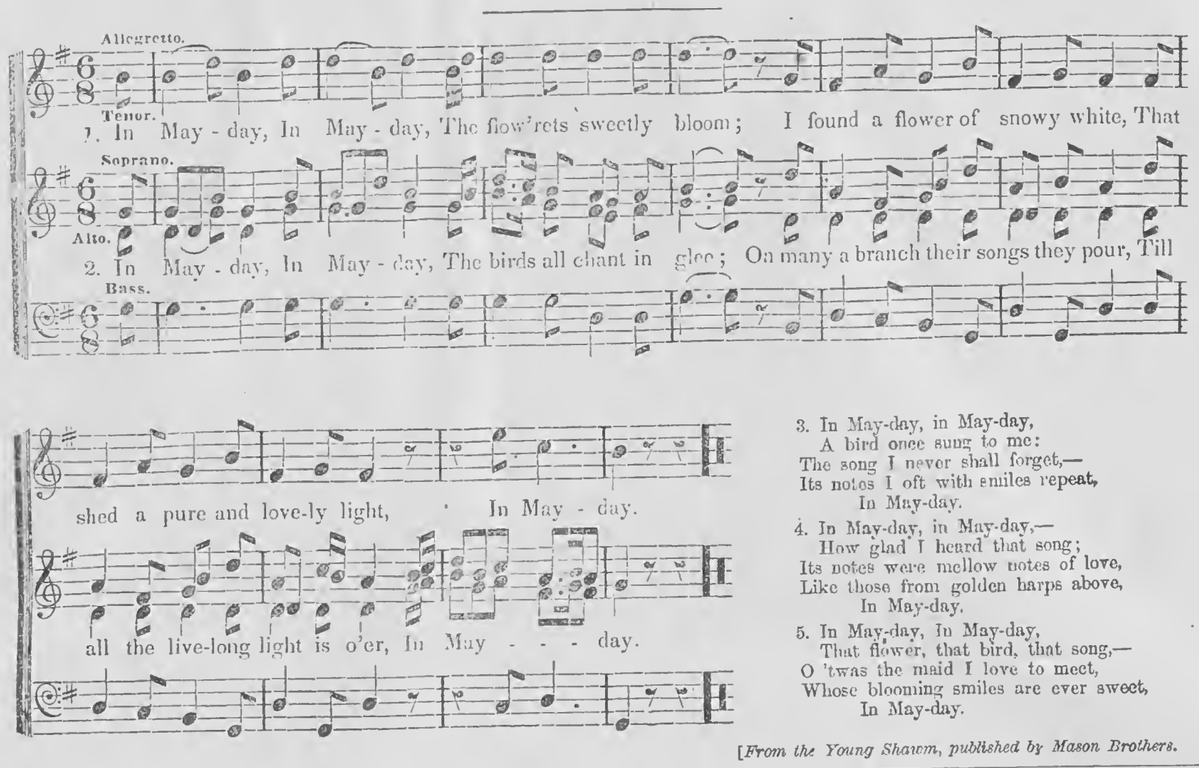
We shall rejoice when something beside pale, white countenances is considered fashionable among our lady friends. It is a foolish notion, girls, that you are handsome and more attractive the whiter and paler you are. A poet might admire your chalky hue, possibly, and even might rhapsodize over your clear complexion; but if he were a sensible man, (for a poet may be such,) he would question much if, physiologically speaking, you were as perfect as you seemed. So pray don't shut yourselves up in the house to acquire a delicate color of face, or no color at all, thinking thereby that the masculine order will fall in love with you. Those who are worth your consideration would much rather see you with red lips and rosy cheeks,—aye, even tanned and freckled, if you will. There is no sadder sight than the girl with colorless face and sunken eye, moping in shaded rooms through all the cheery summer days. To such an one croquet is a perfect blessing. Air and sunlight will in her case work wonders; let her have them, somehow!

When the walking fever raged so high, last autumn, we hoped it would continue till this spring, and that all womankind would catch it. A good brisk walk is a splendid tonic. The house-plants everywhere cannot take the air in any better manner than by walking a mile or more. Don't saunter down the shady side of the street, carelessly twirling your parasol, and call that walking. Make walking a business; start off at a lively, exhilarating pace, and let the exercise invigorate you, and give a glow to your cheeks. Every village and hamlet ought to have its walking club, made up of ladies alone, or ladies and gentlemen both, if that be deemed pleasantest, and let the recreation taken by it be thought not only an amusement, but a duty. We knew one such, years ago, and it was not an infrequent thing for the ladies and gentlemen composing it to walk four miles and back at a time. How many of the delicate house-plants could do the same?

Woman's duties—her *sphere*, if you choose to use the term—of necessity keep her much within doors, and deprive her of many opportunities for enjoying the free air without. But her carelessness, or mistaken ideas, do quite as much toward taking the bloom from her beauty and the vigor from her life. Our plea for the house-plants is for all who neglect the good there is in air and sunlight, as well as for those who are prohibited from improving it. Mothers deal unjustly with themselves also, even as they deal unjustly with their children. They closet themselves in close rooms, and over heated stoves day in and day out, deluded with the idea that care for their families demands it. They pay too dearly for the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. In their cars, for their own good and that of their little ones, we would earnestly and continually make our plea—*Air for the house-plants!*

Steadiness of Purpose.—In whatever you engage, pursue it with a steadiness of purpose, as though you were determined to succeed. A waiving mind never accomplished anything worth naming. There is nothing like a fixed, steady aim. It dignifies your nature and insures you success.

MAY-DAY SONG.



3. In May-day, in May-day,
A bird once sung to me:
The song I never shall forget,—
Its notes I oft with smiles repeat,
In May-day.

4. In May-day, in May-day,—
How glad I heard that song;
Its notes were mellow notes of love,
Like those from golden harps above,
In May-day.

5. In May-day, In May-day,
That flower, that bird, that song,—
O 'twas the maid I love to meet,
Whose blooming smiles are ever sweet,
In May-day.

[*From the Young Shawm, published by Mason Brothers.*

BONNETS FOR MAY.

Bonnets have reached their smallest dimensions, and now there is an idea of doing away with them altogether. On the principle that extremes meet, the next thing we may expect is a return to the preposterous head-gear of forty years ago—the tunnel bonnets, which, it was said, required a speaking trumpet at one end to reach a woman's ear at the other.

The proposed substitute for a bonnet at present, however, is a lace *coiffure*. The *coiffure mantille*, which has already made its appearance, is sometimes worn at the opera, and will probably be worn largely at the inland watering places, where bonnets, for the purposes of the promenade, have always been at a discount.

The graceful arrangement of the new *coiffure mantille* depends much upon the taste of the wearer. The prettiest method is to festoon it to the braids with handsome pins, draw it back from one side of the face, and ornament it high on the side, above the right temple, with a large pink rose and buds, leaving the other side free to be drawn over the face, as a veil, in the Spanish fashion.

The *coiffure mantille*, which is not at all likely to be anything more than a very exceptional caprice, is but the natural development of the *mantille* bonnet, one of the principal novelties of this season, the veil of which is a much more important affair than the bonnet itself. This is nothing more than a very small fanchon of crape or silk, covered with folds of tulle, plain or frosted, with a veil of the tulle attached to the back, descending low, and forming in the front a drapery or second strings, which are fastened with an ornament similar to those on the bonnet.

Nearly all the bonnets of the season have lace falls, or a scarf of lace attached, which is carried to the front, and forms second strings, the first consisting simply of narrow ties. This has been done to a great extent during the past winter, and forms a graceful addition to the small bonnets, which require some sort of drapery to shorten the apparent length between the chin and the top of the head.

A fairy-like bonnet is composed of rows of fluted blonde and white satin folds. A vine of verdure, with creeping mossy tendrils, covers the top and falls over the scarfs at the sides. Over this verdure a little humming-bird flutters, as though sipping the dew drops. The strings are white, with lace falling over them.

THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

The above is the title chosen for the new society in New York city, composed of women of literary and artistic tastes and pursuits. The "Order of the Pen" was at first suggested; but that was not comprehensive enough, and the ladies who are engaged in forming the organization determined to challenge the criticism of tyrant man by assuming a name that would defy it. The first meeting was held a few days since, but was not very largely attended in consequence of some delay in the notification. Circulars have been issued requesting the coöperation of lady members of the press, littérateurs and artists in that and other cities.

Those who have been set down as the prominent members are Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jenny June,) Mrs. James Parton (Fanny Fern,) Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Misses Olive Logan, Kate Field, Alice and Phœbe Cary, Amanda M. Douglass, Mrs. Henry Field, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, Mrs. Eliza F. Ames, Mrs. Laura Leclair Phillips, Mrs. Ellet, Miss Mary L. Booth, Miss Dunning (Shirley Dare,) Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Miss Clara Jennings, Mrs. Alfred Bierstadt, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, and a score of other artists in words, colors, marble, music and histronism.

Wit and Humor.—Wit is the most dangerous talent which a female can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated and lose all self command. Humor is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but it will never procure you respect.

Concerning Twins.—In a certain family, not long since, a pair of twins made their appearance, and as a matter-of-course, were shown to their litte sister of four years. Now, it so happened that whenever a rather prolific cat of the household had kittens, one of them, of course the prettiest, was saved, and the rest drowned. When the twins were shown the child by their happy father, little M—— looked at them long and earnestly, and at length, putting her little finger-tip on the cheek of one of them, looked up, and said, with all the seriousness possible—"Papa, *I think we'll save this one.*"

Miss Joy is glad she is not a "thing of beauty," for she would not like to be "a joy forever."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HUSBANDS, MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY MAY MAPLE.

We often read how the wife is to make home the brightest spot on earth. She is always to wear a cheerful countenance, as well as the cleanest of dresses and collars; to have becomingly arranged hair, and ever to meet her other half at the door with a kiss. The house must be always smiling in its orderly way; children ditto; baby no exception to the general rule.

Now the great wonder is, has the husband nothing to do in this matter of making home happy? To be sure he may do a great deal towards making a home. He may build the house and furnish it in princely style. He may furnish an abundance of food for the table—buy any amount of fine clothing for the family need. Yet he is cross and surly as a snapping-turtle, or unsocial, or careless in his habits, or unsympathizing with his wife and little ones. All that the wife can do will not make the home an agreeable one. Neither can a wife be happy with a husband who is addicted to finding fault with his bread-and-butter. She may try ever so hard to please him, yet when he sits down to meals, she lives in constant fear that some portion of the food will not suit his fastidious taste.

Mr. Wilson was what is usually called a very kind husband. He was willing to assist his wife in little matters about the house, such as dressing the children in the morning while she was getting the breakfast, bringing a few sticks of wood occasionally, or now and then a pail of water, and was generally useful when about the house; and if she desired to go on a visit to her friends he was very willing to help her in every possible way. Indeed, she was frequently the envy of her stay-at-home neighbors.

Yet this same Mr. W. had a terrible habit of finding fault at the table. One afternoon he had taken his wife out for a ride; on their return, she, kind soul, thought to please her liege lord by making some nice cream biscuit, his particular delight. It was not long before we were gathered around the well filled and nicely arranged table.

"These biscuit would have been very nice," said Mr. Wilson, on tasting one, "if you had not put in so much fat." Now any thing that had lard, or "fat," as he called it, was his particular aversion when he was at home, though he often praised the neighbors' cookery, when they used any quantity of the despised article.

"Oh, Henry, there's not a bit of fat in them," said his wife, while her face flushed at the unjust accusation.

"Now, Jane, don't think to cheat me in that way; just as though I couldn't tell by the taste."

"But I tell you, Henry, there's not a particle of fat in the biscuit; you are so 'fraid there will be, that you frequently make unjust charges."

"Well, there's no use of discussing the subject any longer; but I know that I'm right about it."

"I leave it to our mutual friend here," said Mrs. Wilson. "I presume you will not refuse to believe her. She saw the ingredients that I used."

"Of course I should believe her, and would you, only I know that you like to have a little sport at my expense. But how is it, Miss Helen, am I not right?"

"Not this time," said that young lady. "If you wish to know the ingredients of these really delicious biscuit, I think I can give them to you, as I took the recipe for the benefit of the Rural readers:—'Two cups of sour cream, one cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff paste; roll out, and cut into small rolls; bake in a quick oven.'"

"So you see you are finding fault without any reason; for although they are certainly rich enough to please an epicure, there really is no fat in them. And your wife made them to please *you*."

It was a long time before he had reason to forget the "fat biscuit."

Husbands might add to the happiness of home by learning to hang up hats, coats, &c., when they do not want them, instead of throwing them upon the floor, for the wife to put away at her leisure. For a wife has something to do, and often knows what it is to work, notwithstanding the old saying, that "it's nothing to wash a few dishes and get victuals."

—"You'll spoil your wife," said Mr. L. to a young married man, who was tenderly careful of the one he had promised to love and cherish.

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"You are too careful of her; she will soon think that you must be her slave; I used to do just so. I was very careful to bring in all the wood and water, milk the cows and feed the pigs; and was especially careful to clean my feet when I stepped into the yard, and all that sort of thing. But I finally made up my mind that I got married to have some one help me, and I need not do so much for her."

Shame on the man! There was no need for him to say that he had stopped waiting upon his wife, and left her to do "all the chores," in door and out; one look at the poor, pale, sunken-eyed woman he claimed as his wife, and you might know she had neither assistance nor sympathy from her husband. Just as though he would not receive a hundred fold more of love and pleasant little attentions for all the kindly acts bestowed upon her!

Ah! the husband has something to do to make his home a happy one, as well as the wife. When she tries so hard to please the one she loves best of all in the wide world,—the one she clings to, though she must leave father, mother, brothers and sisters, and many loving friends, for his sake, and perhaps endure hardships never before thought of,—what harm will it do him if he sometimes gives her proper meed of praise? A married woman loves the attention of her husband just as well as the young lady does those of her lover; and if she is a true wife she certainly is just as deserving of it. And if all wives received this kindly sympathy, which is truly their right, there would be fewer sorrowing hearts and sad faces in the world than there are now.

Michigan, 1868.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

The Countess Irma is one of the characters in a new German novel entitled "On the Heights." In her journal are found the following beautifully expressed sentiments:

"Modern culture cannot take the place of religion; religion makes all men equal, culture unequal. There must, however, some day, be a system of culture which will make all men equal; then only will it be the right or the true. We are only yet at the beginning."

"So long as we can say 'father,' or 'mother,' there is a love on the earth which bears one up in its arms. It is only when the parents are dead that we are set down on the hard ground."

"We only see all the good nests when the trees are bare, and there is nothing more in them."

"Every man, wherever, he may be, is standing, unforeboded, on a height, from which he does not see the signs of mortality. If one always saw them, there would be no more work in the world—no more song."

"The most mysterious, dreamy thoughts are like a bird on a twig; he sings, but if he sees an eye watching him he flies away."

"A man who allows himself to alter his sentiments, and permits the hunger of his character to be changed, is conquered by the world, and exists no longer as himself."

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Instinct often shows human nature. In Greenwood Cemetery stands, in a little corner of a shaded and secluded nook, a pretty monument of white marble, over the remains of an officer who was killed at Antietam. During the entire peninsula campaign this officer was attended by a faithful dog; no bullet ever grazed him; nor was he ever a straggler in any of the long and weary marches. And when the bullet let out his master's soul, the dog watched by the remains ceaselessly, unwearidly, until they were covered by the sod. And now, every night beside his master's grave the dog comes, and his wails, of a grief like Rachel's, that will not be comforted, rise on the night air. Fathers and mothers and wives and children may love, but what affection more sincere and touching than that of this dog?

Talking in Company.—When you are in company talk often, but never long. In that case, if you do not please, you are sure not to tire your hearers. There are many persons, who, though they have nothing to talk of, never know when to leave off talking. There are some who labor under so great and insatiable a desire for talking, that they will even interrupt others when about to speak. We should in society never talk of our own or others' domestic affairs. Yours are of no interest to them, and theirs should not be to you. Besides, the subject is of so delicate a nature, that with the best intentions it is a chance if we do not make some mortifying mistake, or wound the feelings of some one of the company.

A LYRIC.

"Alas! how easily things go wrong,—
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

"Alas! how hardly things go right,—
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the summer night is a winter day."

Very True.—When one sees the railway trains flying with the speed of the wind along the valleys, across the rivers, and through the mountains, and the lightning flashing man's thought over continents, and across the ocean, from shore to shore, one stands aghast in wonder at the stupendous triumphs of the human intellect and will over the tremendous forces of nature.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

Idleness.—If idleness does not produce vice or malevolence, it commonly produces melancholy. Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die in the consciousness of having done his best.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I AM WEARY.

I am weary, Oh, my Father!
I am weary of the strife,—
Of the vain and useless toiling
For the fleeting things of life;
And I know a quiet grave-yard,
Where I fain would go to sleep,
Where the flowers would bloom above me,
And the willows o'er me weep.

I am weary, Oh, my Father!
I am weary; take me home!
For I long for that blest haven,
Where no shipwrecks ever come;—
Where we never more shall languish,
With earth's toils and woes oppress;
"Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW TO SPEND THE SABBATH.

"And every Sabbath should be passed,
As if we knew it were our last.
What would a dying sinner give,
To have one Sabbath more to live!"

The hours of this holy day of rest are golden moments. How heedlessly many professedly-good people fritter away the precious time that is given them to make suitable preparation for the more perfect enjoyment of the never-ending existence beyond this world. The holy Redeemer, when He dwelt among His disciples in the flesh, taught them that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." One day in seven was designated as time that should be carefully appropriated to the improvement of the heart.

We are on probation ground. The time that we live here is only a brief period, in comparison with the long eternity of rest, or of everlasting sorrow that must inevitably follow this mortal state. Here, by the manner in which we spend our Sabbaths, by our cherished affections, and our manifest course of conduct, we decide our destiny forever. We shall not need gold, silver and jewels in that far-off land beyond the river of death. But, in order to possess those qualifications which will assure us a glorious entrance into the mansions of celestial rest, there must be some preparation.

When a person contemplates taking a journey to a foreign country, he asks wisely, thoughtfully, and honestly, what preparation should I make for the journey? And like a thoughtful and sensible person everything that *should* be done is attended to in good time. The Sabbath is given us to prepare our hearts for the society of the redeemed in that untried state of existence. Holy angels will be there. Holiness of heart, therefore, will be one of the fundamental requirements of every guest. How shall that crowning attribute be obtained? Not by passing the sacred hours of the Sabbath in frivolity, sinful merriment and folly; but by going into some retired place, where none but the Omniscient Creator can see and hear, and there investigate your accounts beyond this mortal state. Let the giddy world move on without you for a few hours. Go alone by yourself, with nothing but the Holy Bible, and, in the sacred retreat of solitude, put forth one honest effort towards securing that preparation which every mortal must possess, before he can be introduced into the holy company of prophets and apostles. There is one thing as certain as the vicissitudes of the seasons—the Creator will not prepare unregenerate souls for heaven in a miraculous manner. The Bible assures us what will be the character of those who dwell there. Therefore, the person who has made no preparation for that life above, by serious meditation, self-examination and prayer on the Sabbath, would never find the company of heavenly spirits to be congenial companions.

To-day you are thirty-five years old. In that brief period you have spent over five years of Sabbaths! Has that time been spent in working out your everlasting salvation? Love inspires the hearts of the redeemed in the Paradise of God. How much of this attribute have you laid up there? How much meekness, humility and other Christian graces have you laid up as treasure above? Gentle reader, try to add one more pearl to your heavenly treasure every Sabbath. S. Edwards Todd.

THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN.

Rev. Rowland Hill once visited a poor man, of weak intellect, and on conversing with him said, "Well, Richard, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"To be sure I do; don't you?"

"Heaven is a long way off," said the minister, "and the journey is difficult."

"Do you think so? I think heaven is very near."

"Most people think it is a very difficult matter to get to heaven."

"I think heaven is very near," said Richard again, "and the way to it is very short: there are only three steps there."

Mr. Hill asked, "Only three steps?"

Richard replied, "Yes, only three steps."

"And pray," said the pastor, "what do you consider those three steps to be?"

"Those three steps are *out of* Self, *unto* Christ, *into* Glory."

A Faithful Charge.—A celebrated and faithful preacher, in a charge which he delivered to a young minister at his ordination, thus addressed him: "Let me remind you, sir, that when you come into this place, and address this people, you are not to bring your *little self* with you. I repeat this again, sir, that it may more deeply impress your memory; I say, that you are never to bring your *little self* with you. No, sir, when you stand in this sacred place, it is your duty to hold up your Great Master to your people, in His character, in His offices, in His precepts, in His promises, and in His glory. *This* picture you are to hold up to the view of your hearers, while you are to stand behind it, and not let so much as your little finger be seen."

Gotthold's Prayer.—Oh God! I have no desire to be anything but what Thou hast made me. I grudge not the great and mighty what Thou givest to them. Nay, I know not that I would exchange my poverty for their wealth, my solitude for their lofty rank. One thing, however, I do implore. Let me reign over the sin that dwells within.

"Whosoever denies that, spite of all hindrances from individual wickedness, right shall not ultimately prevail, impugns not alone human justice, but the justice of God."

A Truth.—On the dial at All Souls, Oxford, is inscribed—"*Pereunt et Imputantur*"—the hours perish and are laid to our charge.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEACHERS, GOVERN YOURSELVES.

It has been said,—"The person that is unable to govern *self*, is disqualified to govern *others*." This truthful adage must impress itself, with double force, upon the mind of the teacher. He, or she, who is to teach the "young idea how to shoot;" under whose influence and by whose efforts it is to be trained; or at whose feet the pupil sits, as a PAUL at the feet of GAMALIEL, drawing lessons of love, politeness, self-control, virtue, morality and religion, should have perfect control over the passion, and especially that little, unruly member—the tongue—which, when unloosed by relaxing the cord of an unbridled temper, says many things that are repented of, but, alas! too late. The teacher that governs a school,—if it be governed at all,—by rushing into a violent passion at the most trifling violation of the code of laws (which sometimes resembles the Justinian in number, and in every instance is found to be too numerous,) will be obliged to govern by "brute force."

Fellow instructors, let me remind you of the self-verifying saying of England's noted poet—"He that overcomes by force overcomes but half his foe." Lay aside this "brute force" and "civil suasion" government. Adopt the "moral suasion" system. Test it until you are satisfied it will not answer the purpose. If you have *mules*, (in disposition, not externals, I mean,) to deal with, which you may, then pull down the rod, and apply the "oil of hickory;" but with moderation and judgment, and, above all, free from anger. Bear in mind you are chastising a fellow mortal. Never forget, while inflicting punishment, that you were once scholars; perhaps *mischievous* ones too.

Another reason for the teacher's self-government may be explained and confirmed by the following quotation:—"As the teacher, so the school." When a scholar, I used to observe closely the movements of my teacher, and more carefully the expression of the countenance. As a result of this scrutiny I have established as a verity the above quotation. If the teacher was out of humor, there apparently existed on the part of the whole school a deal of sympathy. At least the same temperature of feeling was soon perceivable. We think no better illustration of the relation which a teacher sustains to his school can be given, than the relation which exists between the head and the other members of the body. If anything is wrong with the head,—the battery to which are attached all the wires and sections of the nervous machinery,—the intelligence is telegraphed to the various members, and as an affectionate family they enter into the spirit and sentiment of the information. If the intelligence is trouble or affliction, sorrow ensues. If it is glad and joyous tidings, the order of things is reversed. If it is anger, the members may become violent. A hand is raised and a blow dealt, which prostrates an enemy, possibly a neighbor, and the victim of the stroke may be one of his own household.

The figure may be carried further, and applied to the teacher. As a teacher you are the head of your school. The members of the school are looking to you for precept and example. They are connected to you by the lines of vision if not by the ties of friendship. They will notice the smallest jar. The shortest unpolished sentence is observable. The most hasty glance of anger which is made will not miss their detection. Teachers, forget as soon as possible the delusive idea that even your smallest scholars are "know-nothings." Disabuse your minds of the opinion that they belong to that class who, "having ears hear not, and having eyes see not." I tell you, they are little philosophers. They are young detectives; and though they are young in years they are quite mature in experience. You that follow the honorable occupation of school teaching, remember these facts, and watch closely your actions in the school-room. Draw the reins tight over the temper. O. K.

Honeoye, N. Y., 1868.

AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOKS.

There are sixty-four publishing houses in the United States, engaged either exclusively or partly in the business of publishing school books. The whole number of different text-books for schools, academies and colleges now in the market is not far from two thousand seven hundred; so that, if a father, wishing to lay out a complete course of study for his boy, should faithfully search the best text-books in each separate study, he would have to begin by furnishing himself with a library of 2,700 volumes to be examined and compared at his leisure. What is the whole capital invested in the school book manufacture it would be very difficult to ascertain, since so much of it is in parts of whole capital used in the publishing business collectively. The average cost to the consumer at retail, of a hundred text-books taken at random, was found to be $1.62, but this is doubtless too high.

The number of pupils in educational institutions in the United States, on any average school day, is computed at five millions. School age may perhaps be considered as including ten years, from six to sixteen. Allowing this, we have five hundred thousand new pupils demanding text-books every year. The number of text-books used by a pupil who begins at a primary school and graduates at college is not less than one hundred. If he goes no further than a high school or academy, it is probably sixty; if no further than a district school, from ten to thirty. If we average the demand per pupil at forty books, then we have an annual demand from the whole school population of twenty million volumes a year.

But that these figures are below the actual consumption is evident from the facts that we find a single house reporting an annual sale of more than four million copies of their own publications alone; another over two million copies; another, as many; that over a million copies a year are sold of Webster's spelling book; half a million of Mitchell's geographies; one hundred thousand of Smith's grammar; that is, the reported annual sale by three houses, and of two separate books and one series, including not more than three hundred and sixty of our total number of twenty-seven hundred publications, amounts to a total of 9,600,000 volumes a year. It seems probable that the total sales of text-books must reach at least twenty-five million copies a year. If, instead of $1.62, we allow an average cost of less than half that amount, viz.: 75 cents, we have an annual expenditure for school books alone, in this country, of $18,750,000. This is a gigantic market, and fully justifies the expenditure of all the money, machinery, intellect and enterprise which are invested so lavishly in the competition to command it.

A man who is thoroughly in earnest, is honest, and having a moderate share of talent, can hardly fail of success.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RECONSTRUCTION.

BY C. A. CHURCH.

Probably no topic has ever been so thoroughly analyzed and seen in so many different lights, by the wise and the ignorant, old and young, men and women, as the great subject of our nation's Reconstruction. It has been held up and calmly viewed; it has been debased and considered as a mere political farce, or as a means by which to attain political glory. 'Tis true that our nation needs reconstruction bad enough,—but its rulers, one and all, need it ten times more. Men may say and do what they will, our weary, peace-longing country will never be fully and properly reconstructed until revenge, and hatred, and corruption be driven from the breasts of its rulers. But Reconstruction at Home,—we will call it,—is our subject.

How can we expect to be represented by truth, honesty and goodness, while we ourselves are wading through the sickening, stagnant pools of depravity? Instead of Virtue beginning its work away, and coming towards us, the work must begin at home and spread abroad. I know of nothing that needs reconstructing more than our principles, and our determination to uphold and maintain them. As a people, our success has carried us along with such a dizzying velocity that principle, justice and reason have been unable to keep pace with us. And it was only through the agency of these, their invoked helpers in war and peace, that our revered forefathers became heroes of Liberty. We love to talk of them as good and true men; we recognize in their characters the highest spirit of bravery and equity; and yet every day pierce to the very heart, with the dagger of selfishness, gain and notoriety, those excellencies which made them what they were. Of a truth—"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

For the last one hundred years Civilization and Religion have each held up their coverings, and have partly concealed the great struggle, not only between men, but between nations, that has been going on for superiority, and will continue to go on until man,—*head, heart and hand*,—shall become the willing subject of a new and mighty reconstruction. Kings, princes, and subjects need it; teachers and scholars need it; husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, young men and young women, rich and poor need it,—the whole world needs it. Honor, and love, and truth, and charity demand it. How truly ALICE CARY sings:

"I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where Charity is seen;
And when we climb to heaven 'tis on
The rounds of love to men."

Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1868.

HOME-MADE BAROMETERS.

Take two sheets of pasteboard paper of any convenient style,—say three feet long by two feet wide. Bring the ends together, and glue or paste them tight, each sheet by itself; and they will look like two pieces of paper stove-pipe. Cut thin, round boards exactly to fit in the ends of these paper cylinders. Carefully glue or nail them tight. Now you have two air-tight paper drums with wooden heads. Take a pole of any length you desire—three feet or twelve feet—let one drum be fastened to each end of the pole. Now balance this pole with the drums on each end on nice pivots, in the middle. Then bore a gimlet through the end of one drum, and you have a good farmer's barometer. One drum is air-tight; one has a hole in it. So there will be more or less air in one drum than there is in the other, according as the surrounding air is dense or rarified. Consequently, in dense or heavy air the tight drum rises, while the one with the pin hole in it goes down. Crosswise through the middle of the bar or pole should run a stick as large as one's finger, a foot long, with wire gudgeons, on which the instrument should vibrate or teeter. Let the ends of the pole be slightly lower than the middle, that the whole may not make a summersault; smear all with glue or oil, so that air may enter only in the puncture mentioned. Have something you can slide through the bar, to keep it nearly level. Mark, if you please, figures along the pole to show how far you have moved the balancing poise; though for this there is little need. This instrument may not be so perfect as a costly barometer, but for all practical purposes it is all one could ask. I have had one more than a year. I look at it a dozen times a day. They could be made as long as a barn, and placed in the loft, with an indicator, to show the distant mower when to make his hay.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

A NEW FLYING MACHINE.

A steam bird is put forward by the English journals as an offset to the New Jersey steam-man. The bird is a contrivance by Mr. Kauffman, a Glasgow mechanic, to solve the problem of aerial navigation. The plan has answered on the small scale of a model, and is to be tried on a machine of large proportions, which is being made, and will (so it is said) be exhibited at the show which the Aeronautical Society is getting up for the Crystal Palace next June. In appearance it may be described as a locomotive, with a pair of pinions each some forty feet long, and a fan, to act as a tail, of corresponding size. The engine is of seventy horse power; the weight of the machine about 8,000 pounds; and it is expected to fly at the rate of forty miles an hour, carrying a car and two or three people with it. The drawings give no indication of any contrivance to break its sudden descent in the event of derangement of the mechanism during flight—a consequence certain to follow from the enormous speed at which the wings must be worked to sustain the great weight of the machine. We fear that both the steam-man and the steam-bird must be added to the already long list of useless curiosities of invention.

New Material for Walls and Ceilings.—At New Erie, Pa., they are using thick, strong paper to form walls and ceilings instead of lath and plaster—the paper being put upon a backing of common hemlock boarding. By this new and approved method all the walls and ceilings of a good sized house can be put up in a very short time, and as well in winter time as in summer, no drying being required. Besides, the paper walls and ceilings are much cheaper than the lath and plaster.

The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve:—"Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked if he could have sacked London, replied:—"Able was I ere I saw Elba,"—the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

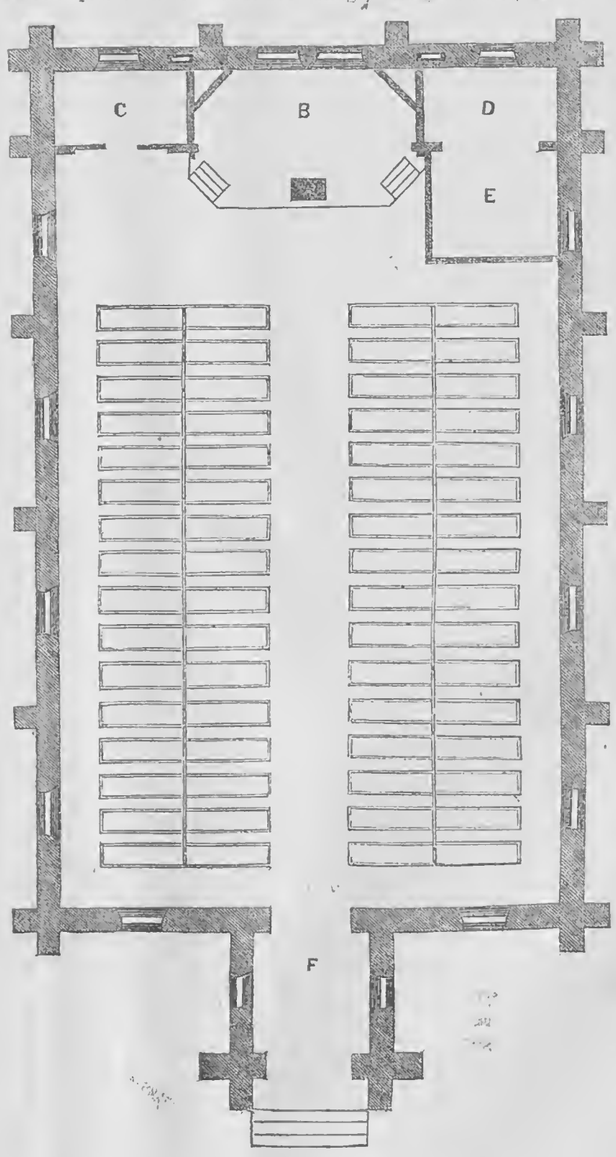
DESIGN FOR A VILLAGE CHURCH—ELEVATION.

Church Architecture is a subject in which thousands of our readers must feel more or less interest, for the RURAL's parish embraces members of numerous local parishes, of various denominations, throughout the country. And no doubt many of our friends are now directly interested or engaged in planning and building church edifices, as this is the season for laudable labor in that direction. With the view of aiding the efforts of all such, we present the accompanying plan for a Village Church, designed by Messrs. A. J. WARNER & Co., Architects, of Rochester. We think it will meet the wants of many congregations, as the design is chaste and the building may be erected without an extravagant expenditure. The Architects furnish us the following description:

This Design for a Village Church in the Gothic style, is well adapted for almost any situation or denomination. It has been made, however, with more especial reference to places where wood is not readily obtained, while stone is abundant; and the use of the latter material has been contemplated in its construction. The main portion of the walls are to be of some dark colored stone, rough dressed, and the trimmings light, fine dressed. The outside dimensions are 40 by 64 feet, exclusive of tower, which is 12 feet square and 76 feet high. Spire and roof to be covered with slate in two colors. Side walls are to be 14 feet high, and the ceiling to finish up on the same angle as roof and be ornamented with wood tracery, brackets and plaster-rib mouldings.

The ground plan shows the internal arrangement for 256 sittings. A, Pulpit; B, Rostrum; C, Study; D, Organ Recess; E, Choir Platform; F, Vestibule and Tower.

Such a structure would cost in this city, (Rochester,) about $12,000, and is appropriate for almost any site. The same design might be carried out in brick in place of stone, having cut stone trimmings, with good effect, and at less cost than stone.



VILLAGE CHURCH—GROUND PLAN.

Singular Sagacity in a Bull.—A little boy, while herding cattle on a farm, near Balbeggie, Perthshire, was suddenly attacked by a bull, and tossed to the distance of some yards. The bull was following up the attack, when it suddenly desisted. On hearing the screams of the boy, the animal ran up and licked him all over with marks of kindness and recognition of an old acquaintance! The boy had put on a strange upper garment to protect him from the rain, and the bull thus mistaking him for a stranger, a fatal result had nearly taken place, but for the animal recognizing the well known voice of his friend.

Outward politeness cannot be learned in set forms at school, for, at the best, it will be hollow and deceptive; genuine politeness, like everything else genuine, comes from the heart.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SELF-DENIAL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Billy Dane had a dollar,—a whole, new dollar! Not one of those round, shining, silver ones we used to see so long ago; but a crisp, rustling paper one, with a pretty green face.

Now it's a very nice thing to have a whole dollar for your own. But a great many boys are apt to think it a great deal nicer if they can have the privilege of spending it just as they please, without having to ask any one what they shall do with it. That was what Billy thought. His father had told him when he gave him this, that, as he had been a good boy, he should allow him to use it according to his own judgment, and he thought he could safely say that it would not be spent foolishly.

"What are you going to buy?" Nettie asked, as she and Billy were in the sitting-room studying their morning lesson.

"I don't know," answered Billy, thoughtfully. "I want a pair of skates, but a dollar won't buy a very nice pair, I guess. I'd like a pop-gun like Ned Ames', that goes off with a 'bang' like a pistol—but I'm afraid Pa would think that was foolish."

"Oh, don't get one of *them*," said Nettie, who had a girlish dislike for anything resembling a gun. "If I had a dollar for my own, I'd buy a dress for my doll, and a picture-book, I guess, and oh, lots of things!"

Visions of charming dresses for her doll, bright-colored pictures, candy for her "sweet tooth," and other things which could be had for a dollar danced through Nettie's mind in bewildering confusion.

"I'd rather have a pop-gun than a doll, any way," Billy said, with a very scornful emphasis on the word *doll*.

Nettie was about to resent the implied insignificance of dolls, when their mother came in and sat down to her sewing, putting a stop to the conversation.

That afternoon Billy started off to spend his dollar. He had determined to buy a book, at first; then he changed his mind and thought he had rather have a picture to hang up in his little bed-room. After that he had thought the matter over, and come to the conclusion that a pair of nice gloves, with fur wrists to them, would be very comfortable, and look ever so much better than his woolen ones. And between them all, he didn't know *what* to get. So he went down the street, looking in at the shop windows, and seeing a great many things that he would like, but which he knew a dollar wouldn't buy.

At last he came to the book-store. The windows were full of toys and books, and he couldn't help wishing that a dollar would buy them all.

Down in the corner, close to the glass, his sharp eyes spied a book with a green-and-gold cover, looking as fresh and charming as a patch of moss all laced across with sunshine; and on the cover was a name that made Billy determine what to do with his dollar. Once, at Cousin Grant's, he had seen a copy of a story-book that delighted him as no other book ever had done. The stories were so natural, and about just such boys as himself, and so wonderfully interesting, too! And he had never quite finished reading the book, for it was a borrowed one, and its owner took it away before he had got to the last page. Now here was a chance to get it for his own, and he had wished to have it so much! Of course Pa wouldn't think it foolish if he bought the book, for he liked to have Billy read, very much.

So he started for the door. Just as he reached the threshold, he saw a boy who had been standing by the window looking at the things inside.

"Hello!" cried Billy. "Is that you, George Brown?"

"Yes," answered the boy, as he took his eyes from the window with a little sigh. "How do you do, Billy?"

"First rate," answered Billy, cheerily. "School commences next week. Of course you'll be there bright and early Monday morning?"

"I don't know," answered George, slowly. I can't work out enough to get money to buy me any new books, and the teacher says we must have new readers and geographies, for the old ones are not going to be used any longer. Mother has all she can do to get a living, and she works so hard that I can't ask her to buy me the books, if I don't have any. If I could only get some work to do!" and George sighed again, for the thought of staying out of school greatly pained him. He loved his books, and study was a pleasure. Some day, if he could only get an education to help him, he meant to be a man who could make his mark in the world.

Billy knew that he had made great plans for the future, for George had told him what he would like to be, and what he meant to do when he was grown up. Quick as thought Billy's resolve was taken.

"Wait a minute, George," he said, and disappeared in the doorway. In a little while he came out again with a package in his hands neatly wrapped in brown paper.

"There's a present for you, George," and Billy thrust the books George had been wishing for into his hands; and before he could fairly comprehend what it all meant, Billy was almost out of sight.

Billy told his father how he had spent his dollar. "Do you think I spent it foolishly?" he asked.

"I think you spent it as well as I could have wished," Mr. Dane said, proud of his son's generosity and kindness. "If you always do as well, Billy, you will never spend your money unwisely."

And Billy felt amply repaid for his self-denial, when he saw what a smiling, happy face George had on Monday morning when the school-bell called them all together to study and help lay the foundation of a life of future usefulness.

A Narrow Escape.—In India, two little children were asleep in a bungalow (a bungalow is a house in India) when a tiger came out of the jungles (jungles are the thick woods) smelling after something to eat. He smelt the children, and broke into the bungalow after them. But the first thing the tiger saw was a looking-glass, and in the looking-glass he saw a tiger. The tiger did not know it was himself; so he growled and grew angry, and the tiger in the looking-glass growled and grew angry. That made him furious, and he sprang at the tiger in the glass, which of course smashed the glass into a thousand pieces; and it frightened the tiger so that he was glad to run off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Be Kind to your Mother.—"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit!"

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE trial of Gen. Geo. W. Cole for the murder of Hon. L. H. Hiscock began in Albany on Monday of last week, but there was really nothing done on that day. Tuesday and Wednesday were consumed in efforts to empanel a jury. The jury of twelve was finally obtained from lists embracing one hundred and fifty-eight names. On Thursday Hon. Henry Smith, District Attorney, opened the case for the people, after which the testimony for the prosecution was introduced. The fact of the murder was established by local witnesses, the character of the fatal wound was shown, the weapons employed by the murderer were identified, and on these with some minor incidents being proven, the prosecution rested. The opening for the defence, by Mr. Hadley, laid out a great deal of ground for the justification of the homicide. The first day's testimony for the defence was devoted to the question of the sanity of the prisoner, and several medical witnesses were introduced to show that his mental soundness had been impaired by the results of an injury sustained in the war. The broader ground of the right of the prisoner to avenge his wrong by slaying the alleged invader of his marital rights, is also embraced in the theory of the defence. Public interest in the case is rapidly increasing.

The Assembly has passed the bill relative to the submission of the new Constitution. The Assembly differs from the convention as to the method of submission. The latter body suggested only two ballots, one relative to suffrage, and the other covering the rest of the constitution. The Assembly bill proposes to divide and submit the instrument in four separate parts: First, that relative to Suffrage; second, Judiciary; third, Legislature; fourth, the remainder of the constitution.

Gen. Barnum, State Prison Inspector, has reported to the Legislature in response to a resolution of inquiry that a contract has been entered into by the Inspectors with Swain & Fisher for the employment of 75 men in the Auburn prison as printers, &c., and that the contract went into effect on the 1st day of April.

From the books of the assessors of New York city, it appears that ten men alone own one-tenth of all the assessed property in the city. William B. Astor heads the list with sixteen millions, while Vanderbilt does not appear at all.

Twelve convicts escaped from Clinton prison Wednesday last. They were at work in the iron mine, 600 feet under ground. They disarmed the keeper and gagged him and then started for the mouth of the mine. There they encountered a guard, but with the gun in their possession they disposed of him and jumping over the stockade fled for the woods. The prison was closed as soon as the alarm was given, and all hands started in pursuit of the fugitives. Seven were captured Wednesday and two more Thursday afternoon. Among those still at large is George E. Gordon, convicted in Albany for the murder of Owen Thompson, the drover, and sentenced to prison for life.

A fire in Oswego, on the night of the 24th ult., destroyed property to the amount of $60,000.

The first propeller of the season arrived at Buffalo last week from Chicago.

Gov. Fenton has signed the bill for the suppression of obscene literature. This is a triumph for good morals not to be underrated.

The Farmers' Hotel in Lockport was burned early on Saturday morning. Loss, $14,000.

The corporation of Trinity Church have decided to erect a magnificent Episcopal Cathedral near Central Park.

The jury of inquest holding session in Port Jervis over the body of one of the victims of the Erie Railway disaster, decided that the rate of speed at which the train was running was too great for the safety of passengers.

The project of straightening the New York Central railroad between Utica and Syracuse is being agitated. New surveys are being made, and the right of way for a portion of the road has been secured on satisfactory terms.

Three small boys stole $900 from the safe of a store in Rochester, one day last week, and escaped from the city, making their way westward. They were taken in Buffalo, and the money found upon them, save $150, which they had spent.

The Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $7,000 for the construction of a swing bridge across the canal at Exchange street, Rochester.

The total amount of insurance on the lives of the killed and wounded by the late accident on the Erie Railroad is $115,000.

The United States boarding house, at Canajoharie, together with its contents, was burned on Sunday night. Loss $30,000; Insured $18,000.

From Washington.

THE Trial of the President was not concluded last week. The High Court adjourned over from Monday to Wednesday, to give counsel time for the preparation of arguments. Upon the re-assembling of the Court, on Wednesday, the question came up as to how many speeches should be made on either side in summing up. It was decided by a vote of 28 to 22 to allow as many as wished to make oral arguments or file them as they might choose. Mr. Boutwell then commenced his argument on the part of the prosecution, and proceeded with it till 4:30 P. M. —three and a half hours—when, at the suggestion of Mr. Conkling, he yielded to a motion to adjourn. Mr. Boutwell opened his speech by saying that this trial relates to the chief magistrate of the principal republican nation of the world, and is a test of the national virtue and of the strength of popular government. He considered the articles of impeachment at length and claimed that every article is fully proved. He demanded conviction on every count and declared in conclusion that the acquittal of the President is not possible, and that his conviction is the peace of the nation. Mr. Logan filed his argument, which occupies twenty-three and a half columns of the Congressional Globe.

On Thursday Mr. Boutwell concluded his speech, and Mr. Nelson began the argument for the defence. He spoke extempore, and did not complete his argument until the ensuing day. He quoted at great length from the debates on the formation of the Constitution, and on the passage of the act of 1789, and from numerous legal authorities, to show that the question of the President's power of removal was definitely settled by the action of Congress at that time, and that in removing Mr. Stanton the President had but exercised what he had good reason to believe was a constitutional right.

On Saturday Senator Sumner sent up two rules, derived from practice, providing—First, That in taking the votes, each Senator shall rise and answer to the question "Guilty" or "Not Guilty." Secondly, That on conviction, the presiding officer shall pronounce the removal from office, and any further judgment shall be on the same order of the Senate, but objection being made to them they went over. Mr. Groesbeck then delivered his argument for the defense. It was, in the main, a repetition of what had been already said in the President's defense. Alluding to a portion of Mr. Boutwell's speech, he denied that the President was merely the servant of Congress to execute their laws; his oath of office required him first to maintain the Constitution. He further combated earnestly the position assumed by that gentleman that the President is required to execute all laws, even if they are pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, claiming that in such cases he was bound by his higher obligations.

The President has surprised every one by withdrawing the nomination of Thomas Ewing, Jr., as Secretary of War, and sending a message to the Senate saying:—"I have nominated John H. Schofield to be Secretary of the Department of War in place of Edwin M. Stanton, to be removed."

A bill has been introduced into Congress conferring the franking privilege for life upon Miss Dorothea Dix, "in appreciation of a life and fortune spent in the service of mankind."

The second trial of John H. Surratt is fixed for Tuesday, May 12th. It is understood that Judge Black and Messrs. Merrick & Bradley, Jr., will appear for the defense.

From the South.

AT two o'clock Thursday morning a fire broke out on the east side of the public square at Pulaski, Tenn., which consumed fourteen business houses. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

Vicksburg papers give some account of a horrible and mysterious butchery committed on Saturday near Omega, La. On that day the people of the neighborhood discovered the house of Mr. Henry Keenan to be burning, and on repairing to the spot, found that Mrs. Keenan and her two children had been murdered and burned. On further search, the body of Mr. Keenan was found about two hundred yards from the house, covered with leaves and bark from the trees, with ten bullet holes in his back. There was no living person on the premises.

The aggregate vote in South Carolina is reported by Gen. Canby as being 56,758 for the Constitution, and 20,050 against it.

Judge Busteed has not yet entirely recovered from the effects of his wounds, and still walks with great difficulty. He has, however, opened the U. S. District Court at Mobile, Alabama.

The project of establishing a Manual Labor University finds favor in Tennessee. Three hundred acres of land have been bought for the University, twenty seven miles from Nashville.

Hon. Wm. C. Rives, formerly U. S. Minister to France, and Senator from Virginia, is dead.

A dispatch from Georgia says the returns thus far received indicate that the Constitution is ratified by a good majority, and that the election of the Republican State ticket is certain.

Returns of the election in North Carolina are not all in, but thirty-six counties give the Republicans 15,000 majority, and the Constitution is undoubtedly ratified. The Legislature is all Republican.

In the Louisiana election, returns from the country parishes put the Constitution about 3,500 ahead in twenty-two parishes. The Constitution is ratified without doubt, and the radical State ticket elected.

The campaign has opened in Virginia, but there seems some doubt about the election taking place on the 2d proximo. Congress has made no appropriation to defray the expenses of an election, and Gen. Schofield has issued an order saying that unless Congress shall make the needed appropriation the election will be postponed.

Wheat will be harvested in Georgia in a fortnight, and a good crop is promised.

From the West.

THE most extensive fire which has taken place in St. Louis since the burning of the Lindell Hotel, occurred there on the 23d ult. Several large blocks with their contents were destroyed, and the loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

Indian depredations are continually reported. The Pitt River or Peute Indians surprised a Ranche in the Nevada Valley on the 18th ult., and murdered the inmates. On the night of the 8th ult., the Sioux Indians ran off all the stock at the Big Springs Station, on the Union Pacific Railroad. On the following night they swept off all the stock at Ogallala, a station just east of Big Springs. The forenoon of the 10th, a party of Red Skins came into Sidney, a military post and railroad station, and ran off a number of cattle. On the same day the same party cleaned out Louis Ranche, at Laramie Crossing, seven miles east of Sidney. The night previous they stole all the stock at Julesburg. On the 11th another party paid Sidney a visit and carried away seven horses. On the 13th they encountered two travellers who had been put off the Union Pacific Railroad cars near Antelope Station, both of whom they killed and scalped.

The ceremony of breaking ground on the commencement of the Oregon Central Railroad took place at Portland on the 16th ult. The occasion was celebrated in an enthusiastic manner with a military and civic procession.

Gen. Halleck has issued orders establishing two new military posts at Alaska.

A large bonded warehouse and the Lockville distillery, near Dayton, Ohio, were destroyed by fire a few days since. The warehouse had been seized some weeks ago by a government agent, and contained 300 barrels of whisky, valued at $30,000, which were destroyed, together with the apparatus of the distillery.

During the Fenian meeting in Healy's Hall, Chicago, on the night of the 23d ult., the flooring gave way, seriously injuring several persons, one of whom has since died.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE British expedition in Abyssinia has been completely successful. A battle was fought on Good Friday, April 10th, before Magdala, between the British troops commanded by Gen. Napier and the Abyssinian forces under the command of their King in person. The latter were defeated and retreated into the town. Their loss in killed and wounded was very heavy.

On the Monday following, Gen. Napier ordered an assault upon Magdala, and the town and citadel were carried by storm. King Theodore was slain. A large number of his warriors were killed, wounded and taken prisoners, and the entire capital remained in the possession of the British forces. The loss of the British in killed and wounded was small. The interior of the Fortress of Magdala presented an extraordinary and splendid sight, the place glowing almost with barbaric splendor. The British troops plundered at once. The men found four royal crowns made of solid gold, twenty thousand dollars in silver, thousands of silver plates, several lots of very rich jewels, and numerous other articles of great value. Gen. Napier takes by his victory the twenty-eight large guns just used against him, five thousand stand of small arms, ten thousand shields, such as are used in battle in open field by the Abyssinians, ten thousand spears, and many other articles of war equipment. All the English captives were found in the city alive and well, and were set free. Gen. Napier's instant return to the sea coast is expected.

The latest advices from Japan state that the Tycoon has retired from the government.

The Mikado offers indemnity for the murder of the French sailors at Ossaca.

In consequence of the recent troubles in Japan, and the outrages committed there on the French seamen, the French fleet in the Japanese waters is to be augmented, and orders to that effect have issued from the Ministry of the Marine.

Prince Alfred, who has been traveling through Australia, was nearly murdered recently by a would-be-assassin, but is now recovering. News of the attempted assassination has created intense excitement throughout England.

CANADIAN NEWS.—Evidence going to show that Whelan is guilty of the murder of McGee has rapidly accumulated. Jean Baptiste Le Croix, a Canadian Frenchman, says he saw the fatal shot fired, and concealed himself at the time fearing that Whelan might discover and shoot him. He has seen Whelan in jail, and identified him as the murderer. Two detectives in Ottawa also swear to having obtained a confession from Whelan of the murder by the stratagem of placing one of his alleged accomplices in communication with him and then overhearing the conversation. The House of Commons has passed a bill providing for the support of the widow and family of the murdered man.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—The latest news from the war in South America is the most important that has reached us since the contest began. The Brazilian fleet of monitors has passed the fortress of Humaita, and the Allies now occupy that stronghold. For nearly two years the Paraguayans held this fortress. It has been the Sevastopol of the war. Standing in an advantageous position on the river Paraguay, and mounting over two hundred heavy guns, it has defied every advance of the Allied army. Now that it has fallen, the Brazilian forces have unobstructed access to Asuncion, the objective point of the advance.

THE VENEZUELAN REBELLION.—Advices from Venezuela state that the rebels are in entire possession of the provinces of Barcelona, Aragua, Bolivar and Caribabo, the national resistance being mainly confined to a paper blockade of the seacoast. Gen. Satillo, an old soldier of great influence in Barcelona, urged the people of that province to return to their allegiance, and a committee of citizens of Caraccas was appointed to offer terms to the insurgents on condition of a return to their allegiance to the federal government.

LATE MEXICAN NEWS.—The Mexican Government is still proceeding harshly against foreign residents in that country. A great many have been arrested, and five were expelled from the country last month. Negrete has taken the field against Juarez; in Sinaloa three thousand men were in arms against the Government, which had five thousand troops.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

No less than eight new and different biographies of Gen. Grant are in rapid preparation by authors and printers for the Presidential campaign. The writers of these biographies are as follows:—Charles A. Dana, A. D. Richardson, Henry C. Deming, E. D. Mansfield, John S. C. Abbott, J. T. Headly, P. C. Headly, and one whose name is not announced.

A FORTUNATE locomotive explosion occurred at Kalamazoo, Mich., last Monday. The engineer, fireman and train men were all at breakfast, and no one was hurt. A piece of iron weighing a thousand pounds was thrown forty rods, killing a calf. The bell was thrown through the wall of a malt house. The windows in the depot offices were demolished, and one end of the wood-shed was blown away. Considering the fact that a number of people were in the immediate vicinity, their entire escape seems miraculous.

THE medals and diplomas awarded to American exhibitors at the Paris Exhibition have arrived in Washington. They were consigned to the State Department, and will be placed on exhibition for a short time in the old hall of the House of Representatives. There are about three hundred diplomas, four crosses of the Legion of Honor, three grand prizes, fifteen gold medals, one artist's medal, seventy-four silver medals, ninety-five bronze medals, and one statuette.

AN English traveler has recently been lecturing in London on his tour in the United States. His impressions regarding Canada and the States are pretty well summed up in the following remark:—"There are two towns, Prescott and Ogdensburg—the former on the Canadian bank of the St. Lawrence, the latter on the opposite side, exactly opposite. Prescott is a miserable, depressing place, with grass in its streets; whilst Ogdensburg, with, I was assured, no greater local advantages, is all life and bustle—gas works, water works, mills, manufactories, shipping, and every sign of wealth and prosperity."

THE Lexington (Ky.) Gazette of February the 29th has this singular marriage item: "Married—In Woodford county, by Elder John Shouse, on the 20th inst., Mr. Sheppard, United States Collector in Indiana, to Miss Polly Shipp. The bridegroom is upwards of seventy and the bride more than three score years of age. Many years ago, perhaps forty, preparations were made in the same house for the marriage of this couple, but some untoward circumstance defeated it. They are now happily married, and received the congratulation of the children and grandchildren of those who formly assembled for the same purpose."

THE Maine Legislature at its late session incorporated twenty-four companies to carry on various industrial enterprises, with an aggregate capital of over four and a quarter million dollars. Among the proposed manufactures are included carriages, iron tools, paper, cotton, woolen, oil, carpet, leather, iron pipe, matches and fruit preserves, and there are also several granite, slate and coal companies to work quarries and mines in Maine, with others of some importance that will furnish business for the new railroads that the people show a determination to push forward to early completion.

Experience with Clothes Wringers.

I TRIED many of them and found them unsatisfactory. Thinking that something of the kind must be a boon to housekeepers, full of cares and often overworked, I tried the Universal Clothes Wringer, sold by R. C. Browning, Agent, at 32 Cortland street, New York. It answered the purpose desired altogether beyond my expectation, proving itself well made, lasting, little liable to be out of order when wanted for use, labor-saving and clothes-preserving—just such as my family wanted, and such as I wish was in every family in the world. J. A. NASH.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, April 28, 1868.

THE money market in Rochester and vicinity is without material change. The banks are fairly supplied with currency, and regular customers find no difficulty in obtaining such accommodations as they desire. During the pressure at the East outside paper met with little favor.

Financial matters in New York are gradually growing easier. Balances are in favor of that point, and a much easier market is speedily anticipated. The last weekly return of the banks is favorable.

In reference to the Boston market, the Bulletin of Saturday says:—"Money is in very active demand. The causes of the present stringency are quite evident. The bank loans are so very high that no one believes they can be increased with any degree of safety. In fact, we hazard the remark that many of our national banking institutions are carrying altogether too heavy loads of paper."

The quarterly reports of all the National Banks of the country, for the current quarter, have been received at the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, with the exception of sixteen. The returns show that the banks generally, in their reserves, are fully up to the requirements of law and that the items of loans and discounts and deposits in the aggregate do not greatly differ from the reports made to the Department in Ap 11, 1867.

The receipts of Government for internal revenue and customs are over $1,000,000 per day, and it is estimated that Mr. McCulloch will have a surplus of over $30,000,000 to use in canceling seven-thirty notes. The public debt statement for May 1 will show a considerable decrease.

DRY GOODS in New York are more active. In Boston there is no material improvement.

WOOL.—The wool market is less active than at the spring opening, and a decline of from two to three cents per pound since last week is noted, with little offering.

Sales in Boston last week 632,000 lbs., at about former prices.

BUTTER is coming in more freely, and a decline will be noted in the quotations below.

GRAIN AND BREADSTUFFS are rather quiet. Lake navigation having opened, and the near approach of the time for the opening of the Canals of this State, it is expected will give greater activity to the market. The shipments from Chicago and Milwaukee are very large.

POTATOES are being shipped eastward quite freely, causing an advance in prices here.

HAY, though in good demand, is less firm than last week, and a decline in price is the consequence.

ROCHESTER, APRIL 28.—Flour, wheat, $14@16; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,22; Mill feed, $25@33. Wheat, red, $2,45@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 38@40c; Barley, $1,85@2,00; Beans, $1,00@1,70; Pork, mess, $27,00@27,50; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,00; Hams, 17@19c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Chickens, 16@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 40@45c; Cheese, 12@14c; Lard, 16@18c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@22c; Potatoes, $1,25@1,30, Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00. Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@42½c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@30. Maple Sugar, 16@18c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 16@18c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25.—Ashes, pots, $8,62½@8.75; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 31½@33c; Flour, $9.30@16.00; Rye Flour, $8,25@9,85; Wheat, $2.55@3.25; Rye, $2.25@2.35; Barley, $2,32; Corn, $1.14@1.18; Oats, 81½@71½c; Pork, mess, $27.00@28.37; prime, $22.75@23.25; prime mess, $25.00@25.00; Beef, new plain mess, $15.00@20.50; Beef hams, $33.00@37.00; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Hams, 16½@18c; Bacon, 14@17½c; Lard 18@18½c; Butter, 20@35c; Cheese, 13@17c.

ALBANY, APRIL 25—Flour, $8@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,62½@9,62½. Corn Meal, $2.55@2.65 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,50@2,95. Rye, $2,05. Barley, $2.05@2.10. Corn, $1,22. Oats, 88c. Clover seed, medium, 9½@10c; large, 10@12½c. Timothy seed, $2,25@2,50. Pork, clear, $28,00; shear clear, $29,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 54@55c. Cheese, 17c.

BUFFALO, APRIL 25—Flour, $10.50@14.50; Wheat, $2.25@3.00; Corn, $1,03@1,04; Oats, 75@76c; Rye, $1,05; Barley, $2,18@2.18; Peas, $1.90@2.25; Beans, $4.50@5.00; Pork, mess, $25,50@28.00; Lard, 18@18½c; Shoulders, 12½@13c; Hams, 17½@18c Clover seed, medium, $6.00@6.50; Pea-vine do. $00.00@8,50; Timothy, $2.35@2.50; Flax, $2.50; Salt, $2.55 fine, $2.60 coarse ℔ bbl; Butter, 30@42c; Cheese, 13@17c; Potatoes, $1,20; Apples, green, $3,50@4,50 bbl.; dried, 3½@9c ℔, Eggs, 22c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 25—Flour, $8 62@11.00; Wheat, $2.07@2.18; Corn, 83½@85½c; Oats 61½@62½c; Rye, $1.87@1.90; Barley, $2.31@2.65; Pork, mess, $27.00@28 00; Lard, 17@17½c.

TORONTO, APRIL 24—Flour, $7@7.25; Wheat, fall, $1.75@1.77; Spring, $1.55@1.60; Oats, 55@57c; Barley, $1@1.35; Peas 55@56c; Pork, mess, $19.50@20. Bacon, 7½@8½c; Hams, 11½@12c; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 12@15c; Butter, 19@21c; Hops, 20@18c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 22—Beeves—Receipts 5,487 head; quotations at 14@19c. Veal Calves—Receipts 2521 head; quotations 11@16c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 16,415 head; quotations 4½@9. Swine—Receipts 13,623 head; quotations 8@13c.

ALBANY, April 23—Beeves, $9,75@11,75. Milch Cows, $40@115. Veal Calves, 6½@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 7@7c.; Western 6½@7c.; Canada 8@8½c. Hogs, 9½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, April 22—Beeves range from 10½@16c. Working Oxen, $300@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 6@8½c; extra, 9@10c18; by the head, $—@—. Swine,—Shotes, retail, 8@9c; spring pigs, 8@10c.—Hides, 8½@9½c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 62c@$2.50 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 8@8½c. Veal Calves, $@12.

CHICAGO, APRIL 25—Beef Cattle, 6½@7½c. Veal Calves, 5@9½c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $9,25@9,45.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 24—Beef Cattle, $4,50@5,50; Sheep, 5½@8½c; Hogs, 8@9½c. Calves, 9@10c.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23—Cattle steady; sales at 7@11½ Cows and Calves, $40@80; Sheep, 7@9½c. Hogs, 14@15c.

TORONTO, APRIL 23—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep and Lambs, $4,00@7,00; Calves, $2@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25—Market is quiet. Sales are 250,000 lbs. at 47@48c. for Domestic Fleece, 41@41½c for pulled, 57½ for unhled, 26@31c. for Texas, 27@32c for California, and 21@22c for Rio Grande.

BOSTON, APRIL 22—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 40@60c for common to choice Western; Combing fleece 56@58c; Canada, 68@68½c.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 22—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 30@33c.; Tub Washed, 38@40c.; Unwashed, 23@28c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 22—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@43c.; Medium, 38@42c.; Coarse, 36@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 43@45c.

BALTIMORE, April 22—Beef Cattle, 5½@10½c; Sheep, 6@9c; Hogs, 12½@14c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$2,000,000.—THE ROAD TO FORTUNE; OR, HOW TO GET RICH.—500 male and female agents wanted. Can make from $40 to $25 per day in three hours. A new thing—just out—used by every one. Sells at sight. A sample and circulars sent post-paid for 10 cents. No humbug. Address SCOTT & CHICHESTER, Jersey City, N. J.

A WATCH FOR $1.—THE MAGNETIC Pocket Time Keeper and Compass, handsome Case, glass crystal, white dial, steel and metal works, watch size, good order; will denote correct time. Warranted for two years. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Sent by mail for $1; three for $2; or by Express, C. O. D., on receipt of order.
Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

TODD'S IMPROVEMENT IN FENCE.

Send stamp for Circular, describing the cheapest, strongest and most durable fence. See notice in RURAL of Feb. 15th. Address A. TODD, JR. & CO., Pultneyville, Wayne Co., N.Y.

A PERFECT SUCCESS!
JOHNSTON'S PATENT
SELF-RAKING REAPER!
We Manufacture Reapers for Reaping and Mowers for Mowing.

Our Reaper is a perfect success, because it is simple in construction, and has less than half the number of parts contained in most Reaping machines. THE CONSTRUCTION is such as to enable us to bring the machine in small space, and also enables us to construct the principal parts of iron, making the machine strong and durable.

THE FINGER BEAM

Is located opposite the tread of the driving-wheel, giving the machine a perfect balance, and enabling it to pass over uneven ground and water furrows with ease.

THE HEIGHT OF CUT

Is readily varied from 3 to 18 inches, and the platform always kept in a horizontal position, or the driver can, by a lever, raise and lower the cut and give the proper angle for cutters in lodged or standing grain.

THE JOHNSTON SELF-RAKE

Gathers and delivers wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, clover, timothy and flax seed, and sowed corn in gavels, bunches, or a swath, at the will of the driver.

IT IS A PERFECT SUCCESS!

Because it was the first to abandon the smooth slat or beater for gathering in the grain, and to use the Rakes for gathering, as well as delivering. It was

THE FIRST GATHERING APPARATUS

In which the beater dropped down on a level with and in advance of the cutters, carried the grain on to the platform, brushed it back far enough to keep the cutters clean; then rose up till a sufficient quantity was deposited for a gavel, when the driver could at will deliver it. The

Johnston Patent Sweepstakes Self-Raking Reaper

Cuts a six foot swath, with as little draft as a light four foot mower, and no side draft whatever. Do you ask as to its strength and durability? The combination of wood and iron in the finger bar makes it the most perfect of finger bars. Its machinery is the most compact and durable of any other, and the seat of the driver outside of the driving wheel so balances and relieves the finger bar that it is less liable to sag or break, than that of any other Machine. Well, but how much work will it do? Here is its great value, for it draws so light, and cuts so wide, that it has been known to cut 140 acres of heavy grain in seven days. But it cuts easily with a common team, 15 acres a day.

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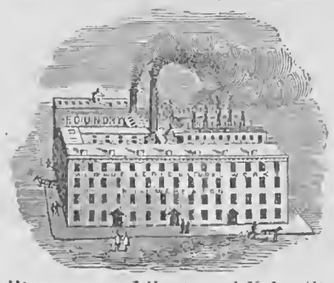

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The assortment of Machines, Implements and Patterns comprises one of the LARGEST and BEST in this or any country, and embraces the *accumulated experience* and *observation* of the Senior for more than *thirty years* in this department of manufactures, in this and other countries.

The attention of the public is called to the above facts, and a continuance of their patronage so long and liberally enjoyed is solicited. Address with care, to avoid delays,
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ALBANY AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
Drawer, 193. *ALBANY, N. Y.*
N. B.—Circulars furnished gratis on application.

BUY THE BEST!
HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.
TWO GOLD MEDALS
AWARDED ONE MACHINE.

Harder's Premium Railway Horse Power and COMBINED THRESHER AND CLEANER, at the Great National Trial, Auburn, July, 1866, for "Flow and easy movement of horses, mechanical construction of the very best kind, thorough and conscientious workmanship and material in every place, nothing slighted, excellent work, &c.," as shown by Official Report of Judges. Threshers, Separators, Fanning Mills, Wood Saws, Seed Sowers and Planters, &c., all of the best in market. Circulars with price, full information, and Judges' Report of Auburn Trial, sent free. Address R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y. 954

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Dodge's Patent Reaper and Mower, and Self-Raker.
Emery's Albany Corn and Seed Planter—H. I. Emery & Son.
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The Protectionist—J. Herbert.
Woodruff's Improved Portable Barometer—Chas Wilder.
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The Illustrated Guide to Health—Wm Earl, M D.
Bluochromatics—Thomas & Co.
Patronize the Best—Eastman & Kendall.
$2,000,000—The Road to Fortune—Scott & Chichester.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Small Fruits—Purdy & Hance.

The News Condenser.

— A large tannery is to be established at Danville, Ill.

— A revival is in progress at Martha's Vineyard.

— A paper mill is being talked of in Horseheads, N. Y.

— The boat clubs of Albany are organizing.

— It is said the gamblers of New York win $10,000,000 annually.

— Rev. Dr. Chapin will visit Europe to pass his summer vacation.

— Buffalo is to have a new line of propellers running to Chicago.

— There are 29 posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in Maine.

— A case of genuine ancient leprosy exists in the Montreal hospital.

— Six hundred tons of grapes were received in New York last year.

— Gloucester packs 55 per cent. of all the mackerel in Massachusetts.

— Anthony Trollope, the novelist, arrived in New York Wednesday last.

— Robins are selling in the Alexandra, Va., market for 50 cents a dozen.

— The Continental Hotel of Philadelphia employs three hundred servants.

— Bridget Kearney was arrested in Albany Tuesday for threatening arson.

— The corporation of Quebec advertises for a treasurer—salary to be $1200.

— A grain elevator, costing $300,000, is to be erected in Jefferson City, Missouri.

— A. M. Farrington of Syracuse was severely bitten by a dog Tuesday afternoon.

— A vitriol thrower in California was recently sentenced to 15 years imprisonment.

— An Illinoisan, within two years, married four wives and buried three of them.

— There were thirteen criminals before the Recorder of Newburgh last Saturday.

— Measles in a dangerous form are epidemic in several towns of Oxford Co., Mass.

— The N. Y. city banks, with a capital of $84,000,000, have a surplus of $28,000,000.

— Franklin street, Boston, has been entirely rebuilt within the past twenty years.

— Several white women recently married negroes in Guilford Co., North Carolina.

— A coal bed has been found in Genesee Co., N. Y. The owners see golden visions.

— Vermont horses are degenerating. It is proposed to raise $50,000 to restore the stock.

— One hundred and forty thousand tons of ice are stored in Chicago for home consumption.

— A Boston match manufacturer paid the Government last year $100,000 for one cent stamps.

— The Freedmens' Savings Bank in Charleston, S. C., received $181,565 on deposit in March.

— Attempts have recently been made to Assassinate some Americans at the City of Mexico.

— Brown, the Canaan child-murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged on the 30th of May.

— Toledo, Ohio, by popular vote has decided not to incur a debt of $500,000 for water works.

— Daniel Drew, in early life, labored in New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., for fifty cents a day.

— Half a million of dollars, on the average, are deposited in the Massachusetts savings banks.

— The grape vines in the vicinity of Crooked Lake give promise of a heavy crop this season.

— It cost the city of Boston $3,121.77 for advertising last year, and about $75,000 for "incidentals."

— A newspaper has already made its appearance in Alaska. It is printed in Russian and English.

— Springfield, Mass., has a newspaper called the Evening News. The first day's sales were $2,600.

— A proposition is before the Canadian Parliament to give Mrs. D'Arcy McGee an annuity of £4,500.

— The end of the universe is positively announced to take place on Oct. 2, 1868—until further notice.

— A man in New Orleans has just married a woman from whom he was divorced twenty years ago.

— There are 40 woolen mills in Wisconsin, capable of manufacturing annually 1,500,000 yards of cloth.

— A young Hamburg merchant has returned home from Zanzibar with the Sultan's daughter as his bride.

— 20,000 Norwegians, Danes and Swedes are to arrive this spring, whose destination will be chiefly the West.

— Miss Nellie DeMare, a young lady of New York, proposes to walk from N. Y. to Philadelphia in 36 hours.

— The Seminoles of Florida, following the example of their brethren of the plains, have taken to murder and scalping.

— Efforts towards the formation of a monthly line of steamers to this country are now making in Denmark and Norway.

— Twenty-four rings were taken from the fingers of a young woman whose body was dug out of the land slide on Vesuvius.

— John C. Green of New York has made a gift of $120,000 and the deeds of certain useful property to the college of New Jersey.

— The average age of the men who married in N. Y. city last year, was 31.3 years; the average age of the women was 23.6 years.

— Rents in Louisville have declined more than twenty-five per cent. this spring, and yet there are many unrented dwellings in the city.

— The town of Brunswick, Me., has voted to allow firemen fifty cents an hour for services at fires, and twenty-five cents an hour at meetings.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SMALL FRUIT—OVER 100 ACRES.

If you wish to purchase any of the old standard or newer sorts of Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, &c., *at a bargain*, send for our *Wholesale List*. If you wish to know how to plant, grow, &c., send 10 cts. for our *Instruction Catalogue*. Address, PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind., or Purdy's Fruit Farm, Palmyra, N. Y.

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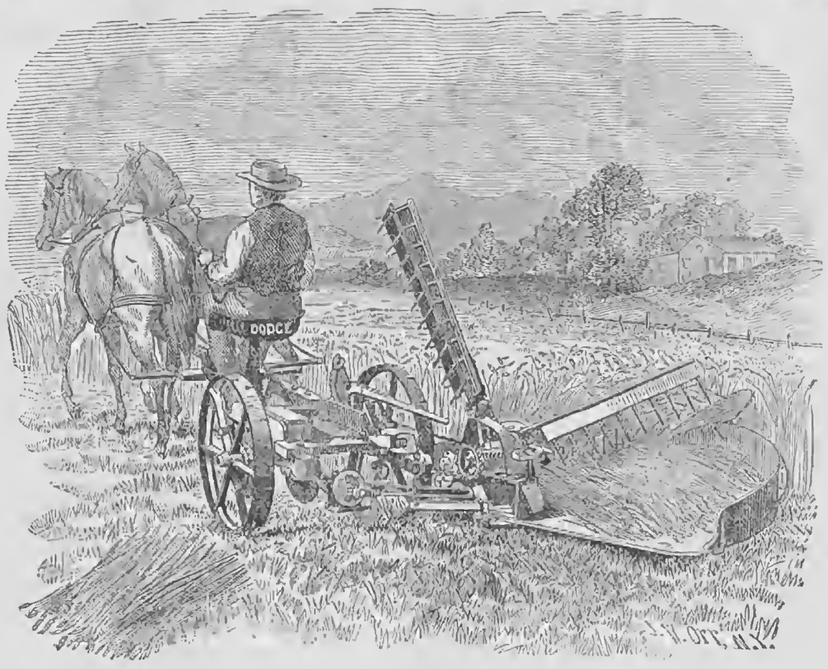
REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER,



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GAMMON & PRINDLE, No. 46 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.
L. J. BUSH & CO., No. 136 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. A. TYRREL, 58 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
WICK, CROWDER & CO., 136 River St., Cleveland, Ohio.

THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR,
AS THE BEST
COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best"—DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or foot, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in Hand rakes, and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain cut was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain leaned very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from the southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also reels, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 18, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, Improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Troutman, at Bearytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra*.

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
D. C. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Pulman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nammors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Luntensteloyer,
H. F. Troutman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fankinburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barhead,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or fixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jimerson, Daniel B. Wooden, F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey, Daniel S. Post,

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction, reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Bockover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Haff,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Goseline,	D. B. Randall,	John Bysinger,
Jacob Disinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	R. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. House,	H. C. Wright,	James Disinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
John Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Shubler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp.	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barto,	Samuel R. Briggs,
S. B. Mandy,	Ira Siltwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. R. Vandyke,
Peter Mannar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Williamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blaavelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hanay,	Peter Tanison,	F. M. Vaunvetwick
Jefferson Sniffen,	Sam. Ogden,	R. Tanison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rapplye,	E. Lamorenaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.

C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

A NEW CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY is forming. For Circular, with full particulars, address, with stamp, "Phrenological Journal," New York.

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DR. O. PHELPS BROWN,
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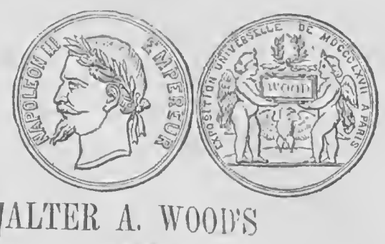

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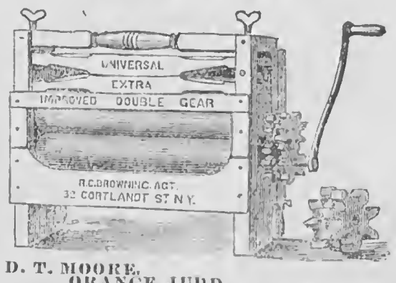

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANOTHER DAY HAS GONE.

BY LEWIS DAYTON BURDICK.

ANOTHER day forever gone!
How many hopes have fled!
Hopes brightest at the morning's dawn,—
Now doubt and fear instead.

How swiftly glide the moments by!
One glance around we cast,—
We give a laugh, or heave a sigh,
And Present turns to Past.

What threatening dangers, though concealed
From us but yesterday,
O fleeting Day, thou hast revealed,
To shade our future way.

There is no passing hour, but swells
The cares of mortal life;
And all experience but tells
How vain is earthly strife.

Yet, doing bravely, one by one,
Our tasks, we find that in
The consciousness of duty done
Our sweetest joys begin.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY TRAVELS:

THEIR ADVENTURES AND TERMINATION.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

CHAPTER I.

MAYBE, reader, you will judge that the title of this tale should have been "Imaginary Travels," or "Journeys in Anticipation," but neither would have been strictly correct. They were not entirely *imaginary* travels, because I hoped, very soon, to make them real, and thought I had reason for so doing; neither were they, strictly speaking, anticipated; as, for instance, one expects to eat when he sits down to a well-spread table. Hope did not bring her dainty table quite so near; she only hovered at a respectful distance, like the coquette she is; lovely, bewitching, tantalizing, as she so well knows how to be; holding out a cup to me filled with a sparkling California nectar, and when I approached her—but I will tell you all about it.

It was the spring of 1861. The war cloud had risen; the tocsin sounded to arms; the war fever filled every heart and brain. Confusion rode rampant,—reigned triumphant; wild excitement held gay jubilee. There was preparation for war, of which term scarce one in ten thousand knew the meaning. There was breaking up of households, severing of old associations, distress and dismay generally.

Amid all this I left school and went out to seek my fortune as a teacher. A very brilliant fortune in that line, at such a time, I did not expect to find; when schools were breaking up, the young men going to war, their sisters to work for them at home, and teachers, by hundreds, returning home from the South. Indeed, I very soon became so hopeless of obtaining any kind of a situation, that it was with a weary discouragement at my heart I saw the May and June days pass by, their verdure and their beauty, their light, and their joy giving me, for the first time, no pleasure, but a nameless pain. It would have pleased me better, I believe, if that spring had come clothed in dark clouds, her fair hair concealed, mourning winds crying for her, the heavens dropping tears. Why not, when, abroad and at home, Sorrow and Terror made havoc of their victims? So heartless seemed those long, brilliant, sunny days.

June came, rosy and fair, and one evening I stood at the door while mother sat just inside, altering and refitting my one muslin dress, a sad, patient look on her face. For she was a widow, and we were poor; and ALICE and MARY must stay at school at least another year; and we had hoped that this summer I would have earned, O, so much money! As I stood there watching the young June moon sailing grandly up the sky, passing through clouds, but emerging from them, beating them back, and going proudly on her way,—a sweet glow of hope came into my heart; I hardly know from whence,—I think from the moon, (by the way, Sister MARY says there is no *man* in the moon, it is a *woman's* face,) for as she (the woman, you know,) careered on, over and past all dark obstructions, radiating them all from her own sweet face, a happy thought came to me:—"How triumphantly she marches on, conquering everything! I will—I will do the same. I will not be overcome by circumstances. And where is she going? To the Far West, to the Pacific. I will go there, too—to the *golden* West, to California, where—above all other places in America—they need teachers; where they pay such fabulous salaries."

Faster and faster my pulses beat and my heart throbbed, as one glowing thought and bright fancy succeeded another, and o'ertopped it, like waves on a beach, each one bright-capped and shining. More swiftly than any swell of the sea, these thoughts came and went, like rays of light. I gave the moon another look, and turned to mother.

"Ma, I will tell you what I will do."

"Well, dear, I wish before you do anything else you'd bring me that other lamp; it's lower than this and gives me more light."

I changed the lamps, and, as I turned down the large one, I spoke again:

"Ma, I'll tell you what I am going to do; I'm going to California."

Mother is very sensible and practical; she so often brings me down in my wild flights of fancy. It must have been father, who was imaginative. So now she only said:—"Well, MAGGIE, when? To-night? You will need to look over your stockings and mend them first."

I laughed, but brought the stocking-basket and sat down; my fingers, however, moving but slowly, while my brain and tongue were actively at work.

"Now, mother, don't laugh at me," I began; "you know you have often heard the great wages they pay teachers there. O, if I could only go!"

She didn't laugh—only smiled sadly.

"Yes, dear, *if*—. I have often wished, myself, as soon as you were all done attending school, that we could move West, but I don't see the way clear."

"O, mother, did *you* think of it? then it don't seem so very impracticable. Couldn't we do it, or couldn't *I* go, and then send for you? Teachers earn so much, and so many are wanted."

"It's all very fine, MAGGIE, but how—where—is the money to come from?"

"O, but, do you say *I* can go? If I can get the money, will you let me go?"

"Dear child, I might as well say yes as no, because you can never get it."

"Why, yes, mother, can I not borrow it? I could pay it very soon."

"MAGGIE, child, are you crazy when you run on so? A young girl like you borrow nearly three hundred dollars, in these war times, to be paid when you earn it away in California! MAGGIE, MAGGIE,—what a castle in the air is that!"

"But, mother, JANE BATES borrowed the money to go. Mr. WATSON lent it to her."

"Yes, but JANE had lived at Mr. WATSON'S, you know, nearly eight years, and she was so careful she was sure to pay it back. Mr. WATSON was sure he could trust JANE."

"Well, couldn't I be careful and steady, too?"

"But you might be taken sick."

"So JANE might, mother."

"Oh, no danger of JANE; she had always been stout and hardy: she was a working woman."

"But, mother, Mr. WATSON couldn't be sure JANE might not die for all that."

"No, of course. Still, he could consider his money very safe in JANE'S hands. Any way, MAGGIE, you wouldn't like to borrow, or ask, of Mr. WATSON."

"No, I don't like him: he is proud of his riches, and overbearing."

"And those you do like haven't the money to lend you. Besides, these are war times, and one could have borrowed, or even begged the money, at the time JANE went to California, ten times more easily than now."

"Now, ma, I am not going to let you discourage me. I've thought of a rich man whom I *do* like—Judge WELLES."

"He *is* a kind man," she said, relenting a little; "but still, I know he wouldn't throw away money like that. I am sure of it."

"But, mother, only let me ask him: it would do no harm, at least."

"He would think me foolish, MAGGIE, to let you go to him on such an errand."

"I will tell him, though, that you think it's all nonsense, and that it's all my own doings. Only let me try."

Mother smiled. "Well, try, then," she said; "he may excuse you, as being young, inexperienced, knowing nothing whatever of the world, and so on."

"Now, mother, you're too bad;" but, just here happening to look down at the stocking I was darning, and perceiving that it was wrong side out, I suddenly held my peace, and before I had righted it ALICE and MARY came in, accompanied by ALICE'S confidante—AMANDA LEE—and "David Copperfield" to read aloud. So we adjourned to the parlor. ALICE lit the large lamp and placed it on our little round table,—only a pine table,—but it was draped in a pretty red cover; we all gathered round it, and "David" began to tell us his story. Really, as we sat so cosily there, and two hours slipped away as if winged, the home-feeling rose within me so powerfully,—ah, so very powerfully—that California, away in the distance, loomed up before me as a most dreary Siberia.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, not a word said I of California,—but when ALICE and MARY had gone to school, and mother to spend the day with a sick woman, I slipped down the street to Judge WELLES'. He lived in the large white house on the corner. Behind it the Hudson river goes winding on its shining way, and in front there is a yard full of green elms. The Judge's office—a small, one-story brick—is on a grass-plat outside the yard. I knew that little FREDDIE WELLES had gone to his grandmother's for the summer, and that, consequently, there was no one in the house but old Mrs. CLAY, the housekeeper, and perhaps her little niece. Therefore I directed my steps to the smaller building, hoping that, as it was so early, I might find the Judge alone. He was alone, or nearly so, as only one clerk sat at a desk, writing. I did not notice particularly at the time, but I remembered afterwards that the Judge did not appear at all surprised to see me. I was too much embarrassed then to notice, but recollected when after events brought it all back to me, that he received me that morning as one he had been expecting to see, even more kindly and cordially than was his wont. He shook hands, and invited me to be seated, then opened conversation himself. Just here, let me tell you a little more about him.

At the age of thirty-five he was elected to the office he now held; and all at once,—for he had never seemed to give the subject a thought before—all at once he made up his mind to marry. Well, he was still comparatively young, rich, in high station, generous, and benevolent, a thought too quiet, but that is a good fault,—on the whole, and to speak in our very vulgar parlance, a "most splendid catch," if he could only be caught. But—to our infinite surprise—what did he do, but, passing by all our village belles and beauties, go away to *Illinois*, where we hadn't even the consolation of knowing that he had ever been in his life before, and return in a few weeks with his bride! And such a bride!—a woman at least six feet high, (he was five feet nine inches;) large in proportion, (some malicious person said that the shoemaker hadn't a last large enough for her foot, and had to make a new one;) homely—not a pretty feature,—(she had a dazzling, clear, white skin, though,) and thirty years old! Well, wasn't there a sensation!

The first Sunday the Judge made his appearance with his wife, the church he attended,—our large, Methodist church,—was crowded and *crammed*, to get a sight of her. General GRANT himself, not mentioning smaller Generals, never caused as great a sensation in so small a circle. I remember poor MARY'S pink lawn that she had ironed with such pains on Saturday, was all wrinkled and "mussed up"—not fit to be seen—she was so crowded. My French gingham escaped better, and, any way, I am not very particular about my clothes—not nearly as much so as MARY,—and I didn't care; I was too much amused to think about lawn or gingham. I hadn't been in love with either the Judge or his money, though I liked him very much; and I really enjoyed the disappointment of some of the other girls,—both young and old,—and their utterly bewildered looks when they saw the lady of his choice. Oh! she was "*so* big," and "*so* homely," and "*so* odd-looking!" "How unlike a bride!" "Is she rich? she must be rich; he has married her for her money." But no; we found out soon that she wasn't even rich, but that she was something better—*good*, a thorough Christian, broad, sweet, rich-natured, lovable, refined, and intellectual, too. We all came to love her in spite of ourselves,—to love her most tenderly, and to resent any slighting word cast at her as we would one against our own mother. She had not been a month in the village before she had won every heart by her overflowing, affectionate goodness. To go to Mrs. WELLES', to show everything to Mrs. WELLES, to ask Mrs. WELLES' opinion on all matters, became an every-day matter-of-course, with all "us girls." She had as much influence among us as if she had been a Lady Superior, and we a convent of "sisters." Whatever number her shoes were, they covered feet that bore her everywhere on errands of love.

Ah, the dear old Judge knew what he was about, after all, when he chose his wife; but how he ever found her, whether he had ever been to Illinois before, or had become acquainted with her elsewhere, why they were not married earlier in life, &c., were queries we would like to have had answered very much, but didn't dare to make them direct, and she never gave us any information. What we did know about two years after she came among us was, alas! sorrowful enough. She was taken sick, and died after a month's illness. I never saw any person so utterly overcome with sorrow as was the poor Judge. Usually so quiet and calm, the hardest heart would have been touched at witnessing his distress. On the day of the funeral our church was again filled and crowded, but ah! from what a different motive! I believe I was never at a funeral where there were so many sincere mourners. When, at the close of the sermon, the minister, in a few touching words, alluded to her life among us, a low, half-smothered wail of grief went through the church. The funeral hymn could not be sung; the greater part of the choir were young people, intimate friends of the deceased, who had often met at her house to practice, and the tender, closing words of the funeral address,—the preacher being himself almost unable to speak,—had left them powerless to raise one note even in her memory. Thus only the low, solemn organ tones, and the sound of suppressed weeping, were heard through all the large church. Judge WELLES, with a face as white as his dead wife's, alone sat tearless and silent, until the relatives rose to take the last look at the dead. Mechanically, then, he rose and went up to the altar. Mother, who sat in his pew, holding his little baby boy,—the poor little baby; the only one in all that crowd who was light-hearted and laughing,—mother followed, carrying the little child, and held him so that he could see the poor, dead mother. The little thing laughed, and stretched out its hands towards the coffin, repeating the only word its infant lips had yet learned, "Mamma, Mamma." The Judge turned towards his son, and, uttering such a despairing cry as rang through the church, hushing every other sound, and causing every heart to quiver, he reeled, and seemed about to fall, when nature, or rather a pitying Providence, came to his relief, and he burst into a flood of tears. A weight seemed taken from all hearts; we felt relieved—really, for the moment, comforted. I remember that ALICE, who had a little hymn-book in her hand that Mrs. WELLES had given her, when the Judge's grief thus found expression turned towards me with a bright look smiling all over her tear-wet face.

I never liked the country fashion of making a show of the dead,—letting careless strangers look carelessly, or with curiosity, at the face of our beloved, exhibiting them in a manner that would have been embarrassing, nay, unbecoming and most hateful to them, while living. But nine-tenths of the people in that church, if refused the privilege of silently saying farewell to Mrs. WELLES, would have begged for it as a precious boon, and even I could not have refused them. It was not cold curiosity, nor heartless formality; but affection, sorrowful affection, which longed for one more look, and still one more, on the face so loved. How long—how long—was that procession! How slowly they passed up and down the aisles! How lovingly they looked,—young and old, men, women and affectionate little children,—though some could scarcely see through their blinding tears. Several children begged to be allowed to kiss her, or to touch her cheek with their hands. They did not fear her; why should they? She had been to them, always, the embodiment of what little children love. And when all hearts had breathed their tender good-bys, the coffin was closed again; the procession sadly wended its way to the village cemetery; "Ashes to ashes" was uttered by lips tremulous with sorrow; and the Judge returned to his silent home, there to realize all the loneliness that comes to bereaved ones "after the funeral."—[To be continued.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 42 letters.
My 30, 8, 25, 30, 3, 6 is a celebrated river in India.
My 7, 35, 5, 27, 3, 28, 41, 42, 38, 27 is an important seaport in France.
My 23, 14, 5, 6, 17, 37, 24 is a noted island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 15, 13, 9 is a river in Russia.
My 30, 3, 22, 5, 12, 17, 31 is one of the principal rice-growing States.
My 16, 19, 6, 40, 5 is a river in Germany.
My 18, 4, 6, 2 is one of the exports of New Brunswick.
My 1, 31, 5 is a river in North Carolina.
My 36, 40, 11 is one of the principal exports of China.
My 33, 22, 36 is is a river in Scotland.
My 20, 21, 38, 24, 26 is the chief staple of New York.
My 39, 8, 10, 32, 19 is a county in New York.
My 34, 29, 11 is one of the sources of the Roanoke.
My whole is an old and true Proverb.

Honeoye, N. Y. CINA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ni het malc tills gitbiwlit fo givenen
Hewn teh dashowe aer lcatgins dranon,
Dan eth mono ni reh re-plond sl geambin,
Nda hte rates ni rehlt denugrar koolde nowd.
Newh eth diwn ni hte iofser ri higegin,
Nad kigman ron ifel mese os rerad,
Ew ane kithn fo eth mospric fo JESUS,
Ilte gslean reu vinergoh rean.

Naples, N. Y. VIOLA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

I HAVE 3 circles 6 feet apart, the largest of which has a diameter of 12 yards. Inside of the smallest is a square whose corners touch the circle. What is the sum of this in feet? E. J. SHRIVER.

Elkridge, Md.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 952.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Lean not unto thine own understanding.

Answer to Anagram:

Come weary traveler and slake thy parching thirst,
And drive away dull care;
Thou needest not broach thy little purse,
For I am free as air.

My source is on the mountain side,
My course is to the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
O drink, for I am free.

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma:—Summer.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Less, 4 feet; greater, 10 feet.

Answer to Geographical Anagrams:—Amsterdam, Andaman, Babelmandeb, Colorado, Florida, Germany, Geneva, Matamoras.

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THE
GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY
HAVE RECEIVED
TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.
22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State.*
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton.*

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade before the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, and add the original cost of Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer had to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation,) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

For manner of getting up Clubs, see former advertisement in this paper.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ ℔.
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YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ ℔.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ ℔.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of this Company.

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (Unground,) 20c., 25c., best 40c. per lb.
GREEN (Unroasted,) 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by Clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges,) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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50 ℔ kegs.....10,00
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In solution for destroying and repelling insects from Trees or Plants.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 19.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 955.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF FLAX.

FIFTY years ago, or before cotton growing was prosecuted to any considerable extent in the United States, the cultivation of flax was common to most of the farmers in all sections of the Union. It was grown primarily for the lint, but the seed was not forgotten or wasted, but went to the oil mills and helped to increase, somewhat, the returns of the crop, and pay for the use of the land on which it was grown. The introduction of the cotton gin, together with improved machinery for the manufacture of cotton, tended to diminish the production of flax, until it ceased to be numbered among the paying products of most farms in the country.

In 1850 the flax product of the whole United States was but 7,709,676 pounds, yet, diminutive as this amount was, compared with the territory and population of the country, ten years thereafter found the quantity diminished nearly one half, or to an aggregate of only 4,726,145 pounds. This was the condition of the flax interest at the commencement of the civil war in 1861. That event, by severing communication between the Northern or manufacturing States and the cotton growing ones, materially tended to bring flax growing into prominence again. It was deemed alike a question of patriotism and a matter of necessity to fall back on a substitute, and this could only be flax. A new impulse was given to the cultivation of this article; invention was stimulated to the production of machinery competent to *cottonize*, spin and manufacture flax into fabrics suited to the demands of the market before supplied from the cotton fields of the South. Considerable progress was made in this direction, while farmers were prompt to adjust their business so as to respond to this renewed demand upon the capacity of their farms. But when the interest was well excited, and preparations made to meet expected demands for flax, the civil war came to an end, the cotton region was open again, considerable supplies of the article were obtained, and the prospect of increased production, in the immediate future, highly flattering. In consequence of these changed circumstances, the interest in flax culture materially declined, till it measurably ceased to occupy much of the public attention.

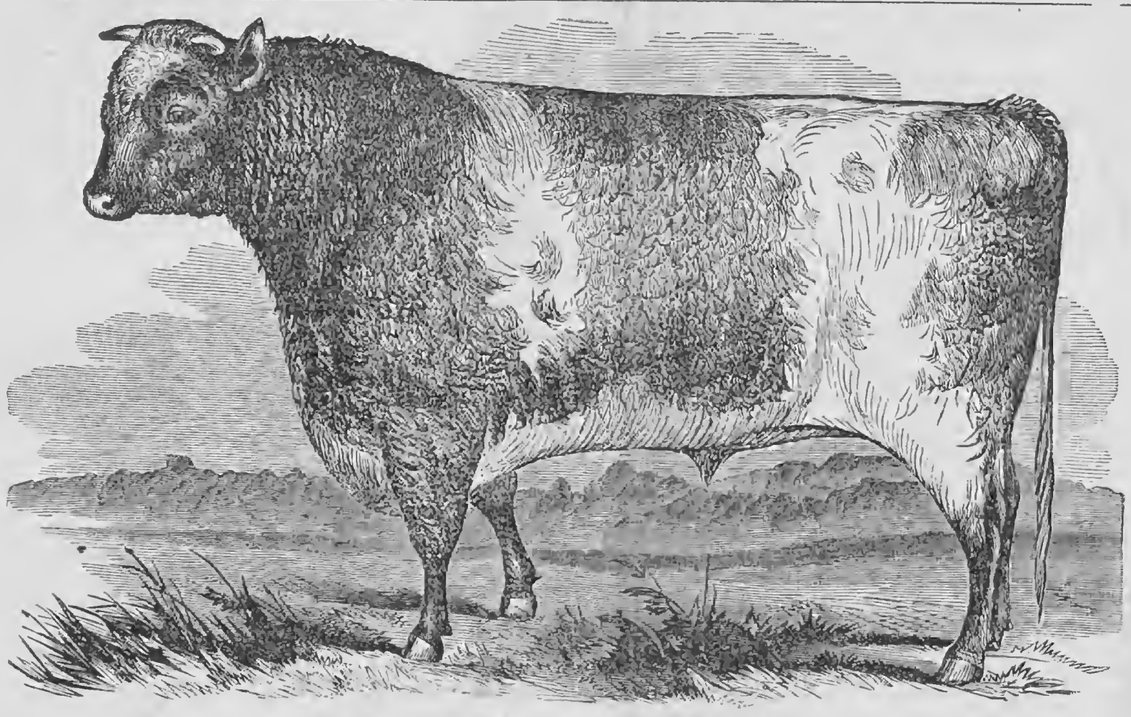
But, though less prominent in the list of farm products now than for several years past, it still holds a place among them, and will continue to do so despite of its rival. Formerly each farmer grew his flax, rotted, broke and scutched, or, as the Yankees say, dressed and manufactured a portion, while the surplus went to another market. Now, the routine is changed, especially in the vicinity of flax mills. The commodity is taken to these, in the rough state,—that is, in the straw,—and sold by the ton, while the seed finds its way to the oil mills, and the cake resulting from it to dairy stables. Disposed of in this way, flax is believed to be a paying product, quite as remunerative as most other farm crops.

Soil, Preparation and Seeding.—What is denominated bottom, or alluvial land, is not proper for the growing of flax, as the straws will fall down, destroying both the lint and the seed. Upland, suited to corn or oats, and free from stones, is best adapted to this product. It will grow among cobble stones, if the soil is suitable; but these take up so much of the space, and as flax does not tiller, a greatly diminished crop, both of lint and seed, on such land will be the result. Therefore, the surface should be clear of impediments, the soil finely pulverized, and, if fall plowed, the chances of a good yield will be much improved. Flax is sown from the first to the middle of May, according to the state of the weather and the condition of the ground. As the crop will mature in about three months, there is less need of hurrying in the spring when the season chances to be a backward one. It is customary, when the seed is sown, to pass over the ground with a kind of bush harrow, as this pulverizes the lumps, and helps to bury the seed. This, however, is not indispensable, though decidedly beneficial.

The quantity of seed to the acre varies according to the end had in view. If seed be the principal or sole object, thin seeding is recommended, say about three pecks or a bushel to the acre. If lint be the main, and seed the incidental aim, five or six pecks per acre may be sown. Some double this amount, but the propriety of this is more than questionable. We have seen excellent yields, both of lint and seed, from five pecks sowing, and good shows of both from a bushel of seed to the acre.

Pulling and Storing.—About ninety days from the time of sowing, the flax stalks will begin to turn yellow and the seed balls to rattle on being moved. It is then time to pull the flax. Some cut it with a reaper, but, when designed for home manufacture and but a limited quantity is raised, pulling by hand is the preferable process. A lazy man will pull and bind in small sheaves—as large as the two hands can clasp—a quarter of an acre in a day, and set it up. A good worker will about double this quantity. The sheaves are usually put in stooks, and, when partially cured, transferred to a stable or loft in the barn and set on end, the butts or root ends downward. It is left to cure here till about the first of October, when the seed is whipped off, a bundle at a time, on an inclined flat stone or piece of timber. It is then ready to be taken to the pool or meadow for rotting.

If dew rotted—and this is the customary way with farmers—a smooth piece of low meadow ground is selected, and the flax, bundle by bundle, evenly and thinly spread, in straight lines, upon the grass. If the spreading is near a fence, space should be left ample for turning a row or swath should it be desirable to throw it in that direction. If the weather is moist, with alternate showers and sunshine, the flax will do to turn in about one week from the time of spreading. This turning is rapidly executed by means of a long, smooth rod, like a fishing pole. If the extreme end of the rod is slightly raised from a direct line, all the better, as it will not catch into the ground or sod when thrust under the flax. When the under side has been exposed about as long as the reverse before turned, the rotting may be deemed accomplished. This is readily ascertained by taking a handful of the haulm and breaking it. If the straw severs readily and drops from the lint, the rotting is amply done, and the flax ready to be gathered in large bundles, bound and taken to shelter till the leisure of winter shall afford the owner time to prepare it for manufacturing.



A MODEL SHORT-HORN BULL.

SELECTION OF BULLS FOR BREEDING.

THE Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1866 contains an essay on the "Improvement of Native Cattle," by Hon. LEWIS F. ALLEN, editor of the American Short-Horn Herd Book, in which "the proper selection of bulls for breeding" is discussed. Mr. A. gives the accompanying portrait of a Short-Horn Bull to illustrate the following description of qualities necessary in an animal selected for breeding purposes:

The bull's head should be fine in all its parts, yet masculine, and denoting in a high degree the superiority of his sex in strength and form; the muzzle small; the nostril wide and open; the nose cream color, orange, or drab, even a nut brown, but never smoky or black, the latter being an indication of inferior blood; the face and jaws should be lean of flesh; the forehead broad, and face *slightly* dishing or concave; the eyes *prominent*, bright, mild and lively; the ears small, and lively in action; the horn well set, flattish in shape, and waxy, not white in color, with no black, except at the very tips, inclining outwards, and not *much* upwards.

The neck should be somewhat arching, as showing strength and masculine power, and setting back well on the shoulders, with a clean throat, and no dewlap, except a slight pendulous thread of skin at the brisket.

The shoulders should be set wide, straight, and open at the top, smooth at the points, with a bull-neck rein, ending below with a full, thick brisket, projecting well forward. The knees should stand wide, and below them a firm, compact leg, ending in a clean, well-shaped hoof. The chine and back should be on a level from the shoulders to the tail; the ribs round, springing roundly in an arch from the back, and running down to give full room for the heart and lungs to play in a broad, deep chest, and running back well towards the hips, so as not to leave the belly looking *paunchy*.

The hips should be wide, and on a level with the back; the flank full and low; the loin full long, level and broad; the rumps level, and well shaped; the tail set symmetrically and level, small, and round in shape; the thighs broad, but not "buttocky;" the twist (space between the thighs) full, and well let down; the gambrel joints straight, as in the horse, and the leg below fine and sinewy. The temper of the beast should be mild and gentle.

These points constitute a finely-shaped, vigorous and almost perfect animal.

As to the color, tastes differ. Red, red and white, and the red roans are mostly preferred; but any color from red to clear white is a good *Short-Horn* color, if the animal be otherwise good. White is usually least preferred, simply, I think, as a matter of taste, for I have seen as good white cows and bulls as of any other color. In thorough-breds, that color is hardly so salable as the reds or roans; but for beef-breeding, it is of little consequence what the color may be so that the animal itself is good. There are two other points, which I consider indispensable in constituting a first-class bull. These are fineness of bone, and a soft, elastic touch. The first is readily known by the general smoothness of the carcass, indicating a good feeder; the other, by a fine wavy growth of hair, and an elastic feel to the skin and flesh beneath it, like that of an India-rubber ball. Fineness of bone and "good handling," as it is called, usually go together. A rough-boned, coarse animal, with hard handling, I would never select as a breeding bull. If *cows* possess these harder qualities, and are *otherwise* good, they may produce quite tolerable calves, when coupled with *fine* bulls, and thus the stock may be improved; but every coarse *bull* calf should be castrated, and never retained as a breeder.

Our American Short-Horns have been much improved in their handling qualities within the last twenty years. Some of the earlier importations were coarser in style and harder to the touch than we now have them. Our American standard of quality has much improved in these particulars, and when it is considered that coarse bone and hard handling are accompanied with a coarser quality of flesh, fineness of bone and "good handling" should always govern the selection of a breeding bull.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Destroying the Wild Pea Vine.

"VERMONTER" writes us from Fond Du Lac, Wis., as follows:—"Seeing questions in the RURAL respecting the wild pea vine, I will state that it is a weed which is very plenty in this part of Wisconsin and is killed by summer fallowing. Three or four times plowing are sure to use up the weed. It is not a plant that has to drop seed on the ground every year, for it will grow from the root, the same as any of the grasses, and I do not know as any winter is severe enough to kill the wild pea. Seeding down to clover and mowing twice does not affect it here, for it grows in moist ground. When it is mowed, before it goes to seed, it seldom starts again until the next year. It will grow in any kind of sod, but it must be moist land to thrive out here. Two years ago I had some spots in my wheat that seemed to be nearly all wild pea; when I thrashed it proved to be so. It has a small, black seed, very hard and bitter; pods dark and sharp at the end so that they annoy the binders very much. The pea, if fed to stock in much quantity, will scour them for a while, when first fed. The roots of the pea grow here from 12 to 20 inches long, as they can be taken from behind the plow, and run near the surface like quack grass."

The Harison Potato.

J. W. K., Davenport, Iowa, writes:—"Will some one of your many readers (who has no ax to grind,) inform me, through the RURAL, of the merits of the Harison potato, which is so highly recommended in the advertisements and circulars of those who have them to sell, but of which I have heard very little said by those uninterested in their sale. It is claimed that Mr. GOODRICH selected this as the best winter potato out of all his seedlings, and if such is the fact, I would like to learn something of its quality, when cooked; is it white and mealy, or is it watery and heavy?—what is its general appearance and habits; does it spread around in the hill, or does it grow in a close, compact form, and is it easy to dig; and lastly, what is its yield per acre, and has it a tendency to rot?

I would also like to ask the opinion of potato growers whether potatoes of different kinds mix when planted side by side? Some farmers here say they will, while some say they won't."

Diversity in Farming—Plan of Milk House.

S. C. L., writes from Lockport, N. Y.:—"I am one of those who are fully convinced that a 'diversity of crops' pays much better than the 'one thing' system—depending wholly on grain, on fruit, on cows, or on sheep, one is apt very often to miss the figure. But when the thing is a little 'mixed' one can hardly escape of being successful in *some* particular. There are many small farms here (say about 100 acres,) with good springs of water, and capital farms for grain and fruit, as well as for dairy, considering the 'cheese factory mania.' I do not see why a butter dairy on such a farm as I describe will not pay in connection with the other branches of husbandry. Will some of your experienced readers furnish a convenient plan for a summer milk house with the modern improvements, suitable for a dairy of ten cows; spring water attainable?"

Mixing Ashes, Plaster and Hen Manure.

L. T. H., Syracuse, N. Y., writes:—"In your paper of the 11th inst., you recommend the mixture of ashes, plaster and hen manure as a good special fertilizer for corn and clover. Ashes or lime, mixed with hen manure or guano, sets free or expels the ammonia, which is the chief value of the hen manure or guano. I trust the mention of this fact is sufficient to have the error corrected."

When the mixed fertilizers are placed in the ground, or among clover plants, ammonia won't be wasted from them. We have never advised the mixing of ashes, plaster and lime, with animal manures, without plenty of absorbents, as muck, strawy manure, turf, &c., being added to retain the gases. Mix ashes, plaster, lime and hen manure, and apply them to the crops immediately and properly, and no waste will take place.

Vinegar from Tomatoes.

J. D. T., Norfolk, Va., writes:—"I would like to ascertain the process of making vinegar from tomatoes. Being largely engaged in tomato raising—quantities of them are sometimes unavoidably left in my packing houses. I would like to put them to some better use than feeding."

Perhaps some of our readers can write from experience on this subject; if so, we would like to publish the results. If there is saccharine enough in tomatoes, the simple process of expressing the juice and allowing it to ferment in casks, would make vinegar; if there is not sugar enough it should be added in some shape, before fermentation.

Sawdust as Manure.

"G W. B.," Milford, Va., asks:—"Will you tell me in what way I can make sawdust available for manure?" Sawdust, unless it be from resinous woods, will speedily decay if placed in the soil, and make humus, or mold, for plants. But the best method that we know of by which to convert it into manure is to litter stock with it, for which purpose it is very well adapted. If you have plenty, cover over the stock yards a foot deep; let sheep and cattle lie on it and eat from racks placed on it. It will absorb all the liquids and become very rich.

Value of Old Ground Plaster.

"A CONSTANT READER" asks if plaster that has been ground a year is as good as when it was first ground. If it has been kept dry, we think it is. Can any of our readers give a sound reason to the contrary?

SOILING.—No. II.

EFFECT UPON PRODUCT OF MILK.

To the dairyman, this will be the great question. He keeps his cows for the profit of their product, and he, naturally, fears that feeding them in their stalls, through the warm months, will so change their habits as to reduce their yield of milk. But here facts reverse his theory. Our experience is, that the cow will average one-tenth to one-fifth more, through the whole season, by soiling than pasturing. It is true that when pasture is fresh and full, and the cow can easily get all she wants, she will give as much milk; but soiling enables the feeder to give a full supply of food through the whole season, and therefore the quantity of milk will be more uniform. Some American farmers have estimated the increase of milk much greater than the above. Mr. R. L. PELL has stated, that in his experience, soiling has doubled the quantity of milk from the same cows. Mr. QUINCY says it has much increased the product of milk.

But the most thorough experiment ever tried, of the comparative yield of milk, in soiling and pasturing, was given by Dr. RHODE ELDENA of the Royal Academy of Agriculture of Prussia, an account of which was published last June in the RURAL; but its importance will warrant a short re-statement. The experiment was conducted through seven years of pasturing and seven years of soiling; and the result noted from each cow. From forty to seventy cows were pastured, and the annual average per cow for the whole seven years was 1,583 quarts; while in soiling from twenty-nine to thirty-eight cows were kept and the annual average per cow, for the seven years, was 3,442 quarts. But in soiling he kept only the best cows, and fed them high summer and winter, which would account for a part of this remarkable gain. He compares the yield of the same cow for different years. As a sample, take No. 26. She gave, in 1860, 3,293 quarts; in 1863, 4,483 quarts, and in 1865, 4,800 quarts. And most of them show a like increase from year to year. This statement is also important, as showing the healthy condition of the cow after seven years of soiling. Many of these were the same cows kept in the pasturing experiment. It is, no doubt, safe to say that soiling, rightly conducted, will produce one-third more milk than pasturing. One reason for this result is also furnished in the philosophy of digestion, which "never proceeds rapidly as long as the animal continues eating. It is only when the stomach is sufficiently filled, that the circulation becomes accelerated, the temperature of the body more elevated and digestion proceeds with the greatest activity." Thus when cows forage sixteen hours a day over large ranges of pasture, slowly gathering a daily supply, digestion proceeds tardily and is performed less perfectly than when an abundant supply of green food is given, which is soon eaten and the digestive organs have full and natural action. The extra product is more than compensation for the extra labor of soiling.

SAVING IN FENCES.

The enormous expense of fences is more and more felt by the farmers as the country becomes cleared of its timber; and it will soon become impracticable to fence farms as at present. The burden of the National Debt to the farmers, is a trifle in comparison. Let us see how this question stands on a farm capable of keeping fifty cows and a sufficient team, or other animals requiring as much food. One hundred and fifty acres must be devoted to pasturage, and one hundred and fifty acres more to winter food, grain, woodland, &c. As different parts of the farm are, alternately, pastured, or crossed and mowed, the whole must be fenced. We will suppose it to be in the most compact form, two hundred by two hundred and forty rods, and divided into fifteen twenty acre lots, 48 by 63⅔ rods. Crediting half of the outside fences to the adjoining owners, we have seventeen hundred and twenty rods of fences, costing, generally, $1, or more, per rod, making an outlay of $1,720—the interest of which is $120.40. Counting the annual repairs at five per cent. and the decay at five per cent., we have $172, which added to the interest makes the annual expenditure for fences $292.40. Let us add the waste of land caused by fences, which, with rails, would be one-half rod wide, and with posts and boards six feet; making in the one case 6¾ acres, and in the other nearly five. We will call the waste land six acres and worth $50 per acre, $300. Adding the interest of this, we have $323.40 charged annually to the fence account. What does the three hundred acre farmer think of the great national incubus of taxes, when compared to this annual outlay for fences?

Soiling, generally practiced, would render fences useless, except to inclose a yard for the animals to exercise in. Besides, the fences are always in the way, and infested with foul weeds, which, by neglect, get distributed over the farm. Farmers will find it a great convenience to be able to plow without the obstruction of fences, to drive into and from the fields without letting down and putting up bars, or opening and shutting gates, to run the mower and reaper without leaving the fence corners to be cut by hand, or, more likely, uncut, to scatter their seeds to the winds.

After putting the six acres occupied by the fences, in good condition, it would soil twelve cows the whole season, or about one-fourth the whole number kept on the farm. One man with the proper conveniences will soil this stock, and, after deducting the expense of driving the cows to and from pasture, it will be found that the labor of soiling is not more than one-half the expense of fencing. We have taken only the large farm for an example, but

it must be seen that the argument is quite as strong applied to small farms, for then the lots will be smaller, and the fencing, proportionally, more expensive. Thus the great objection to soiling—*labor* is turned in its favor.

SAVING IN MANURE.

Any system which will enable the farmer to double his manure from the same animals, should, certainly, commend itself to favor; and this soiling will do, by saving in good condition, all the summer manure, ready for application to the fall crops. Besides, the saving in land will produce food for double the number of animals, and thus make four times as much manure as pasturing. It must be evident that this increase of manure will improve the soil. But, the mass of American farmers, we fear, do not fully appreciate the value of manure. When our land has been cultivated as long as the soil of Europe we shall place a higher estimate upon it. Mr. QUINCY found that his cows, while soiling, each made one load of manure per month, which he estimated at $1.50 per load, making the produce of manure worth $9 per cow for six soiling months. JOHNSTON informs us that, in Flanders, the liquid and solid manure from a cow is valued at $20 per year. All these prove that the extra manure will more than pay the labor of soiling.

SAVING IN FOOD.

In the pasturing system a large portion of the grass is destroyed by treading it, lying upon it, by dung, urine, &c. This is lost for food. But when animals are fed in stalls all this waste is avoided. We have also found, when animals are fed green food in stalls, they freely eat what they reject in pasture. Weeds are no such obstacles under this system. They will all be eaten when fed in the green, succulent state. Even young Canada thistles mixed with grass and cut with a straw-cutter, are readily eaten by horses. We have sometimes fed them when they composed one-fourth of the bulk eaten. Almost every species of weed may thus be turned into food, and this manner of cutting will soon destroy them. Soiling will soon make clean farms. E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RAISING EARLY LAMBS FOR MARKET.

THE following letter, addressed to a gentleman of Virginia, was not written for publication in these columns; but having received a second set of inquiries from the same quarter, embracing nearly the same topics, we are led to think the desired information may prove acceptable to others in the Southern States. To save the labor of re-writing, we give the letter in its original form:

CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y., April 29, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot give you the number of lambs now annually consumed in New York, Brooklyn and the other immediately surrounding towns. I think Mr. J. R. DODGE, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, is likely to possess the latest statistics on the subject, and I will write him herewith and request him, if he has the facts, to communicate them to me for your benefit and that of other inquirers. On receiving his answer I will immediately apprise you. At present I will only say the consumption is enormous.

Early lambs for the New York market should be dropped as near as may be to the first of February, and turned off to the butcher as they reach 40 lbs. weight. Well managed, they should all reach this weight by the first of June. Choice or fancy lots, ready for market thus early, fetch on the average, I should say, one year with another, not far from $5.00 a head.

Full-blood sheep of any breed are not adapted to this production. The small size and comparatively slow maturity of the Merinos, of course, put them out of the question. The English mutton breeds cost too much, and are too great consumers—especially for the thin herbage of much of your tide-water region. Probably as suitable ewes as any other for the purpose—and, all things considered, the most profitable ones—are the ordinary farmers' sheep of Ohio and some of the other Western States. They are descended from the old "native" sheep, so-called, with some uncertain English and Merino crosses. They should have enough of the improved English blood to give them pretty good size; and say a fourth of Merino blood increases the product of wool, and, what is very material, renders them ready to take the ram earlier in the season. It is difficult to get English sheep, or those deeply crossed with that blood, inlambed early in September.

Sheep of this description are annually driven in great numbers from the Western States to the vicinity of New York,—those not fat enough for butchering being bought by farmers to feed for market. Many farmers keep the ewes over winter, raising a drop of early lambs from them, and fattening them the ensuing summer and fall on good pasturage, with a little grain after grass is injured by frost. They thus usually sell for about twice the first cost, or say $5.00 a head. In this way the grazier obtains a lamb, a fleece and the manure, in addition to doubling his original outlay—or upwards of $10 for an expenditure of $2.50. From this is to be deducted merely expense of keep. On Virginia lands this would leave upwards of $5 net profit a head after deducting all expenses. At the present prices of Western sheep, the profits would be greater. From what I have learned of those prices, my impression is that inlambed, wintered ewes could have been bought in the West, before yeaning, with their fleeces on, for $2.50 a head; and the dropped lambs would not probably yet add much to their price. The panic among sheep holders is *beginning* to subside,—but unless there is a decided change, it is probable that immediately after shearing, good, strong ewes with lambs at their sides can be bought for about $2 a pair.

For the purpose of raising early lambs for market, good, fair-sized ewes are preferable,—but the main point is to get those possessing good milking properties. When bought with lambs at their sides, the appearance of the lambs will sufficiently determine that point. As a general thing the mongrel sheep of the West are good nurses and mothers. They are also hardy, easily kept, and have not been taught any artificial wants by that kind of care which is given to full-blood sheep.

These ewes should be put to English rams. The South Down cross is highly approved of, as it is a fitting one in respect to the comparative size of the sire and dam, and it gives those dark colored legs to the produce which enables the butcher to sell them as South Down lambs in the market. These command an extra price among epicures, and, other things being equal, they perhaps obtain a more ready sale generally. The crosses with the Leicester and other English Long Wools are, however, larger at the same age; and with good sized Western ewes, there is not that difficulty which would naturally be expected in yeaning. The Shropshire Down would give both the dark legs and greater size; but I have had no opportunity to observe the comparative early maturity and other characteristics of this cross.

English breeders who, from soil, climate, &c., find it expedient, for the purpose of growing lambs for the market, to breed large improved rams with ewes of smaller and easier kept varieties—or with those which are from any circumstances better adapted to the locality—usually make it a rule to stop with the first cross,—that is to say, they do not continue to save their half, three quarters, &c., improved blood ewes for breeding,—but sell them and replenish the breeding stock with ewes of the original variety. I think this will be found expedient in the tide-water zone of Virginia, for several essential reasons which I will not now stop to point out. But it may also be expedient, in many cases, to keep your Western ewes for more than a single year.

As you live remote from the route of the Western sheep drovers, by far your cheaper course will be to send your own agents to the West to buy your sheep. You will thus escape paying the profits of the middleman. And it would be a great mistake to have them sent to New York and transported to Richmond by steamer, as you suggest. For economy, they should make the entire journey on foot, and by the most direct route; and Richmond is as near, or nearer, to the proper places of purchase than New York. During the periods of spring and summer when grass is most abundant, the expense of driving is quite small. June, immediately after shearing, will be a favorable time.

I cannot name, as you request, the precise localities where the sheep can be most advantageously purchased. These places would not always be the same. An experienced Western sheep drover is the man to find them. He understands all the "run-ways" of the trade. He knows precisely where and of whom to make inquiries. He buys fifty in one place, and there learns who has a hundred more for sale. Thus he goes on buying, on a certain route, so that he can gather up all his purchases on his return—without losing much travel. He will get better sheep, and get them twenty-five per cent. cheaper than a "raw hand." There are probably fifty such drovers in this county, many of them men of character and responsibility. I think I could employ one to purchase for you, if you cannot find a suitable person nearer home. But it would not "pay" to do this for three or four hundred sheep. The economical way is for neighbors to club together and send for as many as eight hundred or a thousand. If you thus engage a foreign buyer it would be extremely well to send some one with him, to learn the run-ways, the modes, and *mysteries* of the business, for future occasions.

The art of raising lambs for market is simple, and in your mild climate will be, in some particulars, far easier than here. Here, last February, when these early lambs should be coming, the thermometer several times marked twenty degrees and more below zero. Such a temperature is no joke with a new dropped lamb, even in a close stable. I have seen the clover sprouting finely in March in Virginia. On this blessed 29th of April, when I write this, grass has just made a perceptible start; occasional banks of snow yet lie in the deep hollows and gorges of the hills; and my breeding sheep are still receiving roots, grain and some hay. Our spring, however, is somewhat more backward than usual.

Western ewes, for lamb raising, usually receive no winter feed but hay, up to the time of yeaning. They are then fed roots, meal or bran slop, or roots and meal, in order to promote the greatest flow of milk. A portion of their stable, large enough for the convenience of the lambs, should be divided off by a partition having apertures sufficient for their easy ingress and egress—while it will wholly exclude their dams. In this apartment, they should be fed hay, meal, &c., as regularly as the old sheep are fed. They commence eating these very early, and it greatly promotes their growth and accumulation of fat. It is better that the ewes nurse but one lamb each, as a good one always commands a good price in the proper season—while poor ones sell for poor prices and are often unmarketable. I need not enforce the necessity of perfect regularity in the mode and time of feeding—cleanliness—adequate ventilation—and non-exposure to the cold spring storms. Yours very truly,

HENRY S. RANDALL.

F. G. RUFFIN, Esq.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

WINTERING TEGS.—"W. R. P.," Honeoye, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes:—"You doubtless recollect what bad success I had last spring with my Merino tegs. [We also recollect that they were fed liberally with grain.] I have wintered them this winter without grain or feed of any kind, except clover hay, and they are healthy and strong. My neighbors have pursued the same course, and their tegs also look well—not like fatted sheep, but they are in good, healthy, thrifty condition. What does this show? Is not well cured clover hay, and plenty of it, quite as good feed as any other, and amply sufficient for sheep which enter the winter in good condition? Such has been my experience and observation. Roots are not raised for stock here. Our people prefer to expend the same labor on corn."

Our own experience confirms that of our correspondent, that good, fine clover hay is an admirable and healthy winter feed for sheep of all ages; that sheep in good condition in the fall will gain on it all winter; and that they will gain more on it than on the best clear timothy. We prefer a mixture of grasses for sheep hay—half clover, and the other half made up of timothy and the grasses which spring up spontaneously with it. But if limited either to clover or timothy, we should prefer the former. We speak for Central and Western New York. We know that the Vermont sheep farmers judge differently. Their timothy and natural grasses are of a very superior quality. There is not a more celebrated region, perhaps, in the United States than a large portion of Vermont, for the fattening off of cattle. There appears to be a peculiar richness and "heart" in the grass, causing fat cattle to tallow remarkably. These properties must have a corresponding effect on sheep. Clover is little grown there, and the soil is not, we judge, well adapted to it. What, therefore, may be true as regards the relative value of clover and other grasses for sheep in New York, may not be true in Vermont, or in other places.

Our correspondent touches on another point of interest, in the implied conclusion that tegs go through the winter more safely on good clover hay than when forced forward by high keep. We do not *object* to a *very little* light, bulky grain feed (like oats and bran) for tegs, and we would keep their bowels in more natural condition by a trifle of roots; but both for present safety and the ultimate good of the animal, we would, even if the expense were the same, decidedly prefer our correspondent's mode—i. e. hay alone—to a *forcing* system. Pampering Merino tegs with high grain keep, *for show*, may frequently be carried on with apparent impunity in small flocks, with ample accommodations, and watched over with consummate shepherd skill. Even then the sheep do not generally do as well when sold to those who keep them in the ordinary way. But when pampered without the advantage of the conditions named, Merino tegs are always in serious danger of being attacked by fatal diseases. We don't know but English sheep, having been bred to it for ages, can bear it better; and where mutton is the primary object, there is an excuse for forcing—but there is no *sufficient* reason for it with Merinos, and we hope the time will soon come when all breeders will set their faces against that vicious practice.

RHEUMATISM.—A very expert and successful flock master of New York writes to us:—"I have lost more lambs this spring than in six years before. My ewes were never, I thought, in better plight for lambing, and most of the lambs come strong, and have a plentiful supply of milk. Thirty died in a week, and I buried nine on Friday. Nearly all of them were the largest and strongest of the drop—some of them more than a week old. They are taken first with a slight lameness or stiffness in one or more of the legs, finally become unable to use their legs at all, and very soon die."

A disease analogous to this in external symptoms is mentioned at page 155 of the Practical Shepherd, but in that, so far as we had observed, there was not much indication of constitutional disturbance; the appetite and digestion were unimpaired—the disease was lingering and without a strong tendency to fatal results. We believe *that* disease to be rheumatism. Whether a malady so sudden and fatal in its action as the one now described can be rheumatism may well be doubted. But we cannot form any definite opinion on the subject, without an opportunity of personally examining its successive symptoms. We should be glad to hear from those who have had experience with it—to learn the most minute particulars of all the circumstances of feed and other management—all the successive symptoms in their order and the rapidity of their occurrence—all remedies resorted to and their apparent effect—and a careful and minute account of the *post mortem* appearances. We esteem the last a *very* important part of the information necessary to ascertain the character of the malady.

SCAB.—"R. T. B.," Sodus, N. Y. According to your description of the disease among the flocks of your town, it is the scab. It *is* highly contagious. If the sheep are not losing their wool badly, it will be best to leave them until after shearing—doing the shearing as early as is safe. But if the disease is at an extreme stage, no time should be lost in applying the remedy. This consists in dipping them in an *extremely strong* decoction of tobacco. If dipped now, they should again be dipped after shearing. If there are "scabs" on the skin, as you mention, it would be well to break these before dipping, by rubbing them with a stiff shoe brush wet with strong soap-suds, so that the tobacco water will penetrate to the burrowing places of the invisible insect (acarus) which causes the disease. The sheep should be entirely immersed, and held in the fluid, except the point of the nose, say 10 or 15 seconds; and if the fluid is quite warm it will penetrate still better. If any symptoms of the disease reappear, the sheep should at once be dipped again. A dipping box, with a grated shelf on one side, like that figured at page 187 of the Practical Shepherd, is the most convenient one. Several cheaper remedies are given, on very good authority, at pp. 340—343 of the same work, but we are not practically familiar with their effects. It will be understood, of course, that every sheep and lamb in the flock should be dipped at the same time, and they should be kept out of the rain for a few days thereafter.

THE ONE-THIRD SHRINKAGE RULE.—One of the most extensive and eminent wool growers in Illinois writes us:—"I am glad to see you walking into the one-third shrinkagers. You speak the sentiments of all wool-growers in Illinois. I will willingly become one of a respectable number who will refuse to ship wool to any broker (as we are often forced to ship, to sell our clip,) who will not publicly discard the rule of shrinking unwashed wool one third, and obligate himself to sell all wool on its merits, without regard to other portions of the same shipment. The wool growers of the country can break up this arbitrary shrinkage business in one season if they will but make the effort. A large proportion of these middle men are and have been anti-wool-tariff men,—and have quite a lively sense of the strength and determination of the wool-growers,—and will not be found very long standing in front of our hosts when once the column begins to move."

Dairy Department.

ABORTION IN COWS.

IT seems that despite the efforts made by the State Societies and liberal appropriations by Legislatures for the purpose of tracing out the cause of abortion in cows, the matter is still shrouded in mystery. Some impute it to the employment of immature or over-worked propagating stock; others to a want of care during the earlier stages of gestation; and a third class to some malign influence pervading the atmosphere and impregnating the herbage upon which the animals are fed; while a fourth one finds it in the over-crowded condition in which masses of stock are occasionally placed. It is assumed that when large numbers of cows, strangers to each other and the question of mastery undetermined between most of them, are thrown together in restricted quarters, many of them get injured and abort in consequence. There is an occasional hurly-burly among stock of this description, causing lively times for a season, but we have no proof at hand that abortion is ever a resultant consequence of such collisions. The sum of $4,000 placed in the hands of the State Society to pay the expense of an investigation of the subject is pretty much exhausted, while the report, in relation to it, confesses that, as yet, the cause of abortion has eluded detection. It is presumed that should losses from this cause continue, still further efforts will be made to solve the mystery which has so long perplexed farmers and professionals in the dairy regions.

AMERICAN DAIRYMENS' ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association has just issued its third annual report, embracing the operations of the Society for 1867. It is prefaced with statistical tables, showing the general dairying force in the several counties in New York, and also in Pennsylvania, Vermont, Ohio, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kentucky, Michigan, Illinois and Canada. The largest number of cheese factories, in any one State, is found in New York—being 464. The number of cows connected with these, as far as reported, is 172,338, but there are quite a number of factories concerning which no reports are given. Outside of the State of New York there are 142 factories—27 of which are in Canada.

These statistics are succeeded by the annual address of Prof. WM. H. BREWER in which the subject of cattle breeding, in connection with dairy farming, is discussed, and the character of different varieties of stock considered. This is followed by one by X. A. WILLARD, Esq., delivered at the annual meeting of the Society in January last. It embodies a vast amount of statistical information relative to dairying, and especially as respects the manufacture of cheese, and the amounts sent to foreign markets for a series of years. The shipments of cheese to Liverpool for the year ending October 1st, 1867, were 40,670,000 pounds. According to the figures presented in this address, showing the cost of production and the prevalent ruling of cheese in the English market, the business has not been a remunerating one, as a whole, for the last year. With reference to the rapid multiplication of cheese factories, here and at the West, Mr. W. remarks:—"The opinion has gone abroad that there is no branch of farming so profitable as the dairy. The consequence is that many are thoughtlessly changing their system of farming, and rushing into cheese making, when really better results would be secured by keeping steadily along in the business with which they are familiar. Dairying is now so extended, that it will need the best united efforts of producers to make the business pay. Every increase is fraught with danger, and it is important that correct and reliable information be disseminated in regard to the extent and profits of the business." As a portion of this information, it is stated that the product of cheese, in the United States last year was fully 200,000,000 of pounds, and that the per centage of profit, on most dairy farms, was far from flattering.

There are other addresses embodied in the volume, as also reports from various factories in New York and other States, containing interesting particulars concerning the dairy business, but we have not space at command to advert to them more in detail at the present time.

THE CHEESE MARKET.—There was quite a little batch of new cheese at the Little Falls market, April 27th. Farm dairies sold readily for from 12 cents to 14 cents. Two or three factories were also in market. The Fairfield Dairy Association sold for 15 cents. Butter met with quicker sales at 50 cents. We have advices from our correspondents abroad down to April 11th. American cheese in London, at that date, was very firm. Fine continues in active request, choice factories being held for 70s. We give quotations:—English cheddar, 70s. to 90s.; Wiltshire double, 56s. to 70s.; Cheshire, 46s. to 80s.; Scotch, 54s. to 68s.; American extra, 64s. to 70s.; Dutch cheese—Edams, 50s. to 60s.; Goudas, 46s. to 53s.; Derby shape, 50s. to 53s. There is scarcity of stocks in England, and but a very limited supply in this country.—*Utica Herald.*

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.—No. IV.

BREEDS—BREEDING—HATCHING.

Too many farmers, otherwise eminent in their business, are very careless concerning their fowls. Interbreeding certainly degenerates—particularly when so promiscuously permitted in a flock of fowls as is common. There is, we opine, the same good reasons for making choice of the best breeds of fowls, as in making the same choice in other stock. And we are further of opinion that while a prime breed is as easily reared, fed and housed as a poorer one, there is a decided difference in the returns in favor of the prime breeds. We candidly advise the introduction of better stock by every farmer in the country, who has paid, hitherto, too little regard to this branch of farm productions. If properly cared for, we hesitate not to say, that fowls of superior order do yield the farmer his largest interest for the outlay.

We advise the acceptance and multiplication of, 1st, Dorkings; 2d, Leghorns; 3d, Boltons or Creoles; 4th, Brahmas; 5th, Pheasants. We have named these in the order that long experience has taught us to prize them. We are aware that we run counter to the highly puffed Brahmas, etc., but we have determined to give the facts of experience, even though our yard contains Brahmas in abundance, and of the best blood, paid for at the highest prices.

For breeding purposes, we enclose in a yard ten or fifteen hens of each variety we desire to propagate, and with them one cock; if we have two or more cocks whose qualities are equal, we think it preferable to change every two days, leaving only one cock with the hens at a time. Two weeks are necessary to procure full bloods, and we prefer the eggs the third rather than the second week. Feed highly, keep warmly, water cleanly.

Be very careful the eggs do not check or crack; also that no grease is permitted to soil their surface—even the perspiration of the hands should be guarded against. Put thirteen or fifteen eggs in a nest of chaff or fine straw, beneath which a newspaper is spread as a non-conductor of air. Take a "hint" from the success incident to a hen that "steals" her nest in some sly place, by putting your box in some unfrequented position. Take a hen that is *hot* for setting, set her where you wish, cover her up securely for one night and day, and you are safe. I have set hens thus, and with success, after conveying them seven miles. LOMAS.

BRAHMA FOWLS.—WEIGHT OF EGGS.

F. J. CLUTE, Schenectady, N. Y., writes us that he has bred some half dozen varieties, keeping them separate and pure, and he concludes "the Brahma is the most profitable. As a market fowl they are desirable on account of their yellow legs and large bodies; and they lay a greater weight of eggs and more of them the year round than any other."

Our correspondent has touched one important point, which is commonly overlooked when considering the value of fowls, and that is, *the weight of the eggs.* Large fowls generally produce large eggs, and if not quite as many as some of the small or medium sized breeds, the aggregate of the large ones for a year, will out-weigh that of the small ones, though the latter number more. It is worth while for any one to make the experiment of weighing eggs, and it will be found that a difference exists between the products of large and small fowls of from three to six to the pound. If eggs were sold by weight, instead of count, the large varieties of fowls would soon prove their superiority over the small ones.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—I see that a great many farmers are losing their chickens with supposed chicken cholera. You will find below a recipe for curing that disease—one which I have tried and found successful:—"Take fat bacon and cut in pills the size of a marble, roll in dry corn meal, and give about three or four of the fat bacon pills; take ground ginger and make like dough, and give three or four ginger pills—then the fat bacon pills, and the ginger, until you think the fowl has enough. Do this two or three days and keep them from water, (you can give a little water, but not too much.) I will guarantee that this will cure, as I have cured some of the worst cases. Notice the chickens in the morning when they are fed, and if they do not eat, the disease is coming on. Then commence feeding them as per recipe.—*Exchange.*

MAKING A NEST EGG.—R. L. G., on the subject of making artificial nest eggs, writes:—"Take a common egg, empty the meat out of one end. Then fill the shell with moistened plaster of Paris. Soon you can remove the shell. Varnish the egg and it will be fit for use as soon as dry."

Rural Notes and Items.

HARROWING WHEAT.—We have been somewhat interested in a certain field of wheat, which we pass by occasionally, from the fact that the owner harrowed it thoroughly early in the spring, and afterwards rolled it. The dry, chilling winds, which this spring have damaged winter wheat seriously in Western New York, seem to have blown harmlessly over this field, and the growth is rank and dark green. Has not the harrowing something to do with its vigorous growth? The crust of the surface was broken and pulverized, crevices about the roots filled, and the plants better protected and kept moist than if the harrowing had not been done. Certainly the season has been favorable for spring harrowing wheat, and we think great benefit has been derived by those farmers who have practiced it.

SCARCITY OF BEEF CATTLE.—The butchers in the region of Rochester complain of the scarcity of cattle, while their customers groan over the high price of beef. By way of experiment, one of the Rochester butchers went to Kentucky in pursuit of Stock, and purchased eighteen heavy bullocks, paying eight cents per pound live weight. Transportation to Cleveland costs one dollar per hundred, and from that point to this city probably as much more. There is a fair supply of good beef cattle in Kentucky, and this experiment will test the question whether butchers on a small scale in the east can purchase their stock from remote points to greater advantage than by purchasing from regular cattle dealers.

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.—We have received from B. P. JOHNSON, Esq., Secretary of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, a pamphlet copy of an address delivered before that body at its annual meeting by ELLIOT C. COWIN, with reference to the universal exhibition at Paris last year. It embodies a racy grouping of the varied products and manufactures displayed on that occasion, as well as of the distinguished personages assembled at that great focus of European civilization.

SOUTHERN FOWLS.—G. A. L., Seneca Co., wants information from some of our Southern Correspondents in reference to Southern fowls. He asks:—"As winters are less severe and summers very long and favorable, are not fowls more prolific and eggs comparatively cheap? What fowls are indigenous to latitude south of Mason and Dixon's line? Are Northern fowls, or such as are regarded as good in the North, healthy and as favorably considered as we hold them?"

SUGAR MAKING IN FLORIDA.—A correspondent writing from Florida gives a favorable account of the productiveness of some portions of that State. As an evidence of this, mention is made of a man named WELDON, who planted two and a quarter acres to cane, at a cost of $150. The result was 4,500 pounds of sugar, which sold for $585; 385 gallons of sirup, $288.75. Total, $873.75, or $388.33 per acre.

A POTATO FREAK.—J. F. LEONARD, Albion, N. Y., sends two potatoes Siamesed in a peculiar manner. It appears they lay side by side, and the smaller of the two sent forth a sprout which passed clean through the upper section of the larger one, about half an inch below the surface. This would indicate much greater force than is generally attributed to so feeble a product as a potato sprout.

SORGHUM FLOUR.—B. SMITH, Cuba, Mo., writes in favor of making use of sorghum seed as a partial substitute for wheat. He had some of the yellow variety ground and bolted last fall, and found it, for pancakes, equal if not superior to buckwheat. Usually this seed is thrown away as useless, but according to this statement it may become an important item in domestic economy.

HOP PLANTING—A CAUTION.—A hop grower in Oneida Co. cautions amateur hop growers from investing largely in the business the present season, assuming that the quantity now planted is fully equal to the prospective demand. The late high prices were not owing to short planting, but solely to the ravages of the hop-louse, which may not be repeated.

GRASSHOPPER RAVAGES.—The Fort Scott, Kansas, Advertiser, replying to inquiries as to the ravages of grasshoppers in that State, says the invasions hitherto, though formidable as to numbers, amounted to nothing in the way of damage to farm crops. The impression in this region has been the reverse of this statement.

BUNCHES ON CATTLE.—W. S. H., Sauk Co., Wis., writes:—"I would like to know the cause and remedy for a disease of cattle, known by bunches coming under the lower jaw and throat, sometimes on the side of the jaw. I have several affected in this way, and the disease is quite prevalent about here."

VENTILATION OF DWELLINGS.—R. R., Putnam, wants information as to the best plan for properly ventilating dwelling houses, and calls on A. J. WARNER, or some other architect, to furnish a plan not very expensive, by which the result aimed at may be attained.

WHEAT IN RESERVE.—It is estimated that the stock of wheat and flour to go forward from the West from May 1st to September only equals twenty-one millions of bushels. The surplus wheat at Toronto is put down at 173,278 bushels.

AN ICE HOUSE WANTED.—M. A. F., Flushing, asks us to picture an ice house. It is rather an unseasonable subject now. He will, however, find in the Vols. of the RURAL for 1866-7 the desired information.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

WILLIAM A. BRODIE, Genesco, Livingston Co., N. Y., has been supplied with Havana tobacco seed for gratuitous distribution.

A FARMER in Massachusetts has just completed the fifth yearly experiment of wintering his cows on steamed food, at a saving, over the old way, of 33 per cent.

A TABLESPOONFUL of chloroform, screened by twice the amount of good mucilage, administered to a horse having the botts, will, it is said, expel them at once.

WAYNE CHOATE, Mills Co., Iowa, says that potato bugs can be destroyed by jarring them off about the second hoeing and plowing them under. They can't get out.

THE Oswego Co. Ag. Society are erecting permanent buildings on their show grounds. One was completed last season, and others will be added the present one.

A FARMERS' club in Ohio have been laboring the wheat and chess question. They decided, by a majority vote, that wheat changes to chess, and the latter to timothy!

A TERRA-COTTA manufactory is in successful progress in Chicago. The clay used is of the finest quality, from which articles for rural ornamentation are manufactured.

JOSEPH BEAN, Patnamville, Mass., has a pair of grade Durham and native steers, three years old in April, which weigh 3,200 pounds. One girts seven and the other seven feet and one inch.

THE N. E. Farmer gives an ewe, the property of Chas. W. Hale, Montpelier, Vt., the credit of having given birth to nine lambs within the last 22 months. All but one are alive and kicking.

A SUGAR planter in the South thinks that a single joint of cane is best for planting. When a cane has several joints the first one that sprouts robs the others of their due share of support.

A FARMER in Iowa was troubled by a lawless cow stealing hay from his stack. He sprinkled the hole with Cayenne pepper. The cow came, took a sniff, left at top speed, and forgot to come again.

THE Germantown Telegraph is rather hard on city agricultural itemizers. Says they often do not know one breed of cattle from another, a cherry tree from an apple tree, or a cabbage from a cauliflower!

HIRAM CARSON, M. D., Montgomery Co., Pa., asserts that pleuro-pneumonia and rinderpest are identical in character, but varying at times in intensity. It is now gradually spreading in Eastern Pennsylvania.

THE mange is a cutaneous disease and contagious. When the skin of an animal shows signs of it, separate it from the herd and apply a mixture of flour of sulphur, turpentine and oil—making a plastic ointment.

ANIMALS of all kinds fatten more rapidly in dimly lighted places than when exposed to the full light of day. This is especially the case with fowls. Breeding stock, however,—especially horses—should have light.

HORTICULTURAL.

TREE-PLANTING—DISTANCE FROM ROADSIDES.

MANY a place is spoiled by reason of error in position of trees. When first planted the tree is small, four to six feet high, perhaps, and with little thought or perhaps knowledge of the size to which it will grow in a few years, the planter places it within two or three feet of the border or edge of his roadway or foot path. In five to eight years it has grown so much that either the tree or road must be changed, involving labor and often loss of the tree. It is not only novices in tree planting who commit this error, but men, some of whom pride themselves on their knowledge of plant life, growth, &c.

The writer was invited to, and visited, last fall, the grounds of a gentleman who has spared no cost in procuring tree and plant, or labor in their care, and who prides himself on his knowledge of landscape arrangement, &c., and he there found a deciduous cypress only three feet back from the line of his carriage-road—a weeping birch only four feet from the line of roadway, and quite a number of evergreen trees, now only four to six feet high, at distances of not more than five or six feet from the borders. The place is young as well as the owner, but it needs only a glance into futurity to see how crowded the effect will be, how the beauty of such trees as are named will be destroyed by the necessity of pruning away the lower limbs to permit the carriage to pass, saying nothing of the narrow, contracted appearance the drive will present ten years hence.

In planting, study first the natural growth, height and breadth of your tree, then place it far enough back from the line of your road or pathway, that its future growth cannot, at least in thirty years, interfere with the line of road. Trees like the maple or elm, ash, &c., whose beauty as avenue lines is not impaired by pruning the lower limbs away, will, of course, bear to be planted nearer the border than trees whose main beauty is in their flowing forms and spreading branches from the ground upward. The Norway spruce should never be less than sixteen feet from the road line, nor should even the shrub tree, red bud, be nearer than eight feet, and so with other varieties, giving to each room to develop its natural form.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—No. II.

"OLD tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaf'd lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not."

[*Mrs. Sigourney.*

PERENNIALS are indispensable in the flower garden. Many of them have the desirable distinctive of annuals—blooming the first season. The cultivation of the hardy class is attended with little effort, and, continuing with us from year to year, they grow into our affections like old friends, while annuals are like the gay callers, dropping in and out of our homes, needed, indeed, to fill certain void spaces, and give more variety and sparkle to the scene, but easily replaced in the changeful drama which we call social life, by other evanescents.

As there is sometimes a little confusion as to the meaning of terms applied to leading varieties of flowering plants, I subjoin three or four definitions: Annual—"A plant that lives but one year, or rather but one summer."—*Martyn.* Perennial—"Continuing *more* than two years."—*Ib.* Biennial—"Continuing for two years, and then perishing; as plants whose roots and leaves are formed the first year, and which produce fruit (or flowers) the second."—*Ib.* Bulb—Formed of scales regularly overlying each other, (onions, tulips.)

The number of hardy Perennials and Biennials is very large. They embrace some of the fairest of the fairy race to which they belong. The Dielytra, with its pink swaying blooms; the delicate Spiræas; the Peony breathing of tropical life and profusion; the showy scarlet Cardinal; the Canterbury with its bells, and the Columbine with its involved interstices; the flame-colored Perennial Poppy, of far Eastern birth; the golden-hued Enothera, and the mottled Pansy of classical fame. How the flowery circle gathers from over the whole earth! How it tempts our feet, (which must stray but a little way,) on and on through its brilliant mazes! No wonder HORACE SMITH sings in an ecstacy,

"*Posthumous glories*—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed and bulb interred in earth."

The bright little Armeria maritima, uplooking "like a sweet face rosily," like the Double Daisy blossoms the first season, and is fine for edging beds. The Dianthus family to which the Heddewigii, Garden Pink, &c., belong, includes many lovely flowers, and most of them bloom the first summer; the queen-named Sweet William, however, which, like the RURAL, has been much improved and enlarged of late, does not perfect its rich, full trusses until the second. The China Pink is a scentless, but charming biennial.

The perennial, like the annual Phlox, is a very perfect flower. Its delicately-formed flowrets are studies of pre-Raphaelite perfection, in their chaste colors and traced shadings. It should be sown early, in a warm, sunny spot. In the back ground, or in clumps, the Double Dwarf Hollyhock is very showy. It blooms the second season, and is a biennial, but the roots can be preserved from year to year by dividing them. The Gladiolus belongs to the rush group. The flowers are of many colors, and elegantly shaped. Like the Dahlia it should be taken up before frost, carefully dried in the sun, kept in a place free from moisture, during winter, and not allowed to freeze. Dahlias need tying to sticks firmly driven into the ground, avoiding the tubers. If you suspect a worm in a stalk, and find the entrance, slit up with a penknife until you reach him; take out, and then carefully bandage the stem. Many of the new bi-colors of this queenly flower are extremely beautiful. Some of them have broad, deep stripings in vivid contrast with the base color; while others are in-limned with faintest shadings—mere indications of shadows, *delicatesse.* The magnificent plain varieties range from snowy-white to purple-black. They require liberal culture, but will grow as well if the soil is rich, and they are regularly watered, in deep baskets or boxes, as in the garden bed.

Bulbs.—These must be set in autumn. Their culture is very simple; the soil should be fine, rich, deep and dry; the bulbs healthy, and not *buried* like dead bodies, down, down in the dark earth, but *planted.* Two inches is sufficiently deep for the Crocus; a trifle more for Hyacinthus, &c. Every three or four years, in October, they need removing to newly-prepared beds. All the seed stalks can be cut off as soon as the flowers wither—reserving the juices for the formation of new bulbs, but in no case remove the leaves. They are the lungs of a plant. It must breathe or die.

The quiet little Snow-Drop is the earliest spring floweret,—the pale Avant-Courier of a brilliant host, and so cheering to the "inward sight" that we love it more than many of its followers. It should be massed like the Crocus; and later in the season the beds of both can be planted with annuals. The tall Crown Imperial with deep cups of scarlet and orange, each holding pearly treasure; the Hyacinth with exquisite waxen flowers, both single and double, red, rose, yellow, blue and white, and the earliest Tulips, Duc Van Thol, and Tournesol, are very desirable and showy spring beauties. The middle and late varieties of Tulips, however, far surpass the Ducs, and bloom at a time when outdoor life is safe and delightful. The Parrots are superb, with fringed edges and gorgeous markings of crimson, cherry, purple, yellow and *green.*

The Lily,—consecrated by the "hallowed words" of CHRIST,—the heaven-flower! I once resided a year in a dismal, far-away hamlet, in which a short reach of street was lighted up and made actually pleasant through the presence of one of them. Riding through the little village one day, to get rid of it, our eyes suddenly fell on a Glory! Afterwards we drove slowly as we neared a certain Bleakhouse. What was there attractive about the old, weather-beaten place? Why, in the front yard was a bed, the single remembered habitant of which was a magnificent Japan Lily in full bloom. It was a rubrum—pure white, glowing with garnets. I can see it now. There, in my imagination, it still stands every summer, through weeks of splendor—years in the life of a flower, under the shadow of old trees, and

"—tolls its perfume on the passing air,"

and gladdens the eyes of a few rare souls who sigh and long for Beauty in that dreary, forbidding village. There are some choice brown-spotted lilies of which the "Tiger" of unfortunate name is one; but the white and Japan varieties far exceed any of these. Those grown by JAMES VICK, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., are as near perfection as it seems possible for earth-flowers to be, and remain on this "sphere." *Lancifolium rubrum,* is pure white with raised bright red dots; *roseum* is spotted with delicate rose; *album* is a fine thick white silk, "set round" with diamonds. *Lilium candidum* is also a charming flower, and can be bought for less than the others, (15 or 20 cents, Japans, 50 cents.) *Japonicum longiflorum* is white, with a tube five inches long, and moulded for a "large" fairy's trumpet.

All of these bulbs are hardy, easily cultivated, bloom the first season after they are planted, and illustrate long as they live, whether in blossom, or in memory, the truthful line of KEATS—

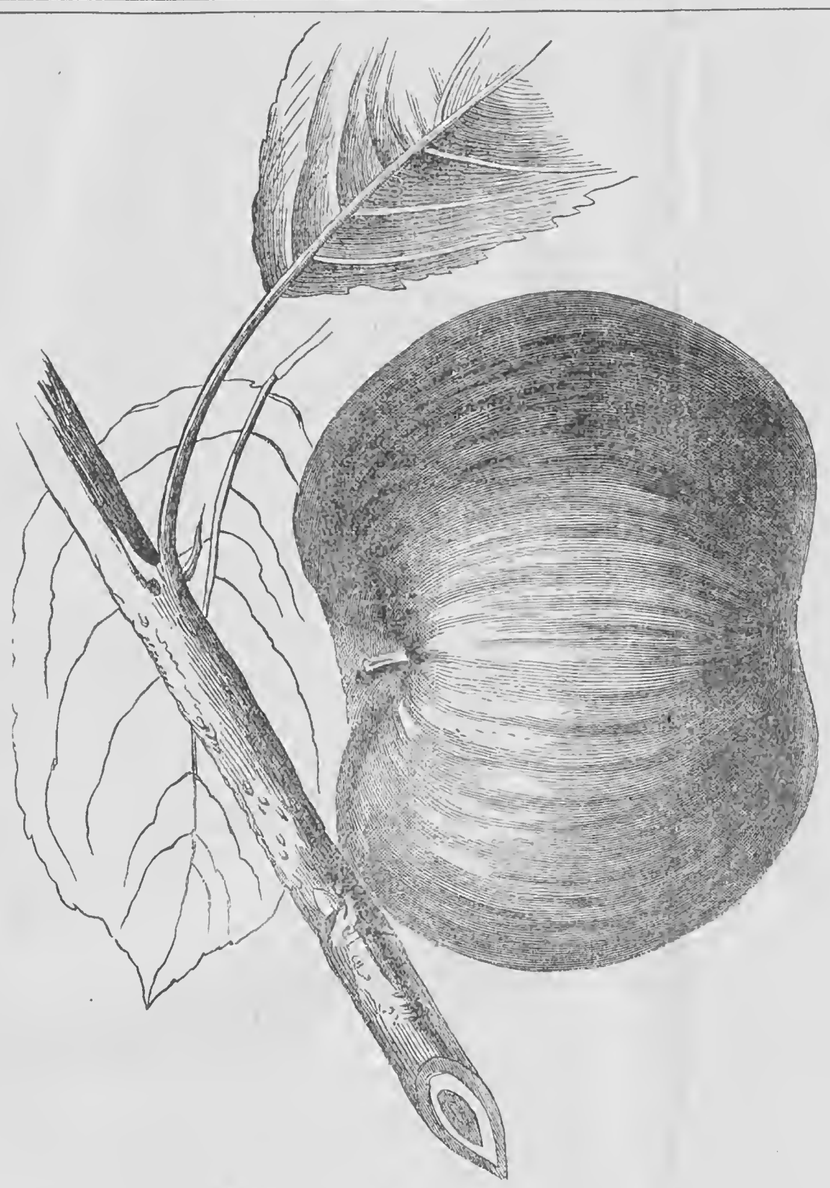
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ELIZA WOODWORTH.

Montview Cottage, Pekin, Niagara, Co., N. Y.

EARLY POTATOES.—There are various opinions respecting the value of early sorts of potatoes. These opinions are, of course, based upon the position and character of soil possessed by the grower, and may be called equally worthy of reception, although they often come in direct collision. We have grown many varieties ourselves, and could give our own views, but we prefer compiling, as it were, the average of opinions. The Early Goodrich appears as the most productive in all localities, but its quality is not regarded so good as that of the Early Jackson. The Early Sebec is another variety of almost as productive habit as the Early Goodrich, of better quality, and of the varieties now common is perhaps one of the best. The Early Rose is claimed as productive as Early Goodrich, and of superior quality and somewhat earlier, but it is yet comparatively untested. ADDI.

SWEET CORN should be planted early as the weather will admit of to furnish a supply for the table. Plant in succession until the middle of June.



MYERS' NONPAREIL APPLE.

Synonyms.—Ohio Nonpariel,—Cattall apple. *Fruit.*—Size, large; form, roundish flattened; color, red and yellow marbled and splashed, and with many scattered gray dots; stem, short to medium, small; cavity, regular, open; calyx, partially open; medium depth, smooth and regular; flesh, yellowish white, juicy, rich, tender, mild, sub-acid; core, regular, partially open; seeds abundant, plump and full; season, last of September to early December. *Tree.*—A strong, stout, rather spreading open grower, producing its fruit evenly over the whole; leaves, large and broad; wood, stout, and buds round.

Describing this apple in the Report of the Department of Agriculture, Mr. F. R. ELLIOTT says:—"I first saw and described this fruit in 1847, and from its superior quality, as nonpareil gave the height of character to English apples, I named this the Ohio Nonpareil; subsequently it was found that it had been cultivated and disseminated by a Mr. MYERS as Myers' apple, and I therefore changed my prefix, calling it, as it is now generally known, the Myers' Nonpareil. Its history is somewhat obscure, the original tree, over fifty years old, claiming to be upon lands of a Mr. BOWMAN, in Massillon, Ohio, while Mr. MYERS of New Lisbon, knows of it from a tree in his father's orchard. It is a fruit, however, of surpassing excellence, and as it cannot be identified with any known sort, it is fair to presume it distinct. It has been pretty generally distributed, and so far proves perfectly hardy in all climates, and yields a fruit that either for table or market has few equals."

METHOD OF PRESERVING WINE.

WE have heretofore referred in these columns to the discovery of the distinguished French Chemist, M. PASTEUR, in respect to the preservation and ripening of wines by the aid of heat. The following is the author's description of the process himself has followed with wine already in the bottle. It is taken from the Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture for March:

"The bottle being corked, either with the needle or otherwise, by machine or not, and the corks tied on like those of champagne bottles, they are placed in a vessel of water: to handle them easily, they are put into an iron bottle-basket. The water should rise as high as the ring about the mouth of the bottle. I have never yet completely submerged them, but do not think there would be any inconvenience in doing so, provided there should be no partial cooling during the heating up, which might cause the admission of a little water into the bottle. One of the bottles is filled with water, into the lower part of which the bowl of a thermometer is plunged. When this marks the degree of heat desired, 149° of Fahrenheit, for instance, the basket is withdrawn. It will not do to put in another immediately, the too warm water might break the bottles. A portion of the heated water is taken out and replaced with cold, to reduce the temperature to a safe point, or, better still, the bottles of the second basket may be prepared by warming, so as to be put in as soon as the first come out. The expansion of the wine during the heating process tends to force out the cork, but the twine or wire holds it in, and the wine finds a vent between the neck and the cork. During the cooling of the bottles, the volume of the wine having diminished, the corks are hammered in further, the tying is taken off, and the wine is put in the cellar, or the ground floor, or the second story, in the shade, or in the sun. There is no fear that any of these different modes of keeping it will render it diseased; they will have no influence except on its mode of maturing, on its colors, &c. It will always be useful to keep a few bottles of the same kind without heating it, so as to compare them at long intervals with that which has been heated. The bottle may be kept in an upright position, no mold will form, but perhaps the wine will lose a little of its fineness under such condition, if the cork gets dry, and air is allowed too freely to enter."

M. PASTEUR affirms that he has exposed casks of wine thus heated in the open air or terrace, with northern experience, from April to December, without any injury resulting. Wine in casks may be heated by introducing a tin pipe through the bung-hole, which shall descend in coils nearly to the bottom and return in a straight line and through the pipe imparting steam. If, after thus being once heated, there is such an exposure to air, by drawing off and bottling, as to admit a fresh introduction of "parasites," the disease thus introduced may be easily cured by heating a second time.

ROBINS AND FRUIT.—Of all birds which visit the orchard, vineyard and garden, the robin is the most destructive to fruit. Early cherries, berries, tender pears and grapes are most subject to their depredations, and it has become an important question, in many localities, whether they shall be tolerated longer. Doubtless they do much good in the way of destroying insects, and they are also a noble looking bird, and are inclined to domesticate themselves close to our dwellings. It is a pity, indeed, to be compelled to war against them, and it would be far better if some means could be devised to prevent their depredations on fruit to any serious extent without resorting to powder and shot. Here is a good chance for inventive ingenuity. No genuine horticulturist will take delight in killing birds; if he is moved to do so, it will be not because he loves the birds less, but that he loves the fruit more.

PLANTING FLOWER BEDS.

THERE are two distinct modes of furnishing beds with flowering plants. One is, to plant in each bed only one kind of plant, or perhaps to edge the bed with another kind; but as this style of gardening is more suitable for large than small gardens, we pass on at once to make a few remarks upon the other mode of furnishing beds, which may, for distinction, be called the mixed style; while the former style ensures a bold and decided piece of coloring, in the garden for a short period of the year, rarely exceeding three months, the latter style secures to the amateur a constantly changing source of pleasure for at least nine months (seven our climate) out of twelve. It consists in the judicious distribution of plants of all kinds over your beds and borders, in such a way that as month after month calls fresh sorts into bloom, a pleasing effect is maintained. This end may be obtained either entirely from hardy perennials, which, for those who cannot spare much time for gardening, afford the greatest pleasure and variety for the smallest amount of care and attention; or from a mixture of spring flowering and autumn flowering perennials with summer flowering annuals and half-hardy plants. In very small gardens it will be advisable to keep only one plant of each kind; but where space permits, a better effect is often produced by planting three of a kind in a group, so that when grown they may look like one good sized plant.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

VETCHES.—"Addi," writes;—"I see JOHN VOWLES, Winona, Minn., asks in the N. Y. Tribune where to buy the seed of vetches, and the astute Agricultural editor of that sheet replies that 'they probably will not grow in this country, or else they would have been introduced long ago.' Let me tell the inquirer that vetches have been repeatedly grown in this country; but as compared with the large red clover, when the improvement of land as well as stock are counted, they have been found inferior, and hence are not much grown. They require a deep, rich, loamy, clay soil, and may be sown in drills or broadcast and covered with the harrow. The seed can be had of almost any leading seedsman."

STRAWBERRY BEDS—MULCHING.—After thoroughly cultivating and weeding the beds they should be mulched. For this purpose we have found nothing better or cheaper than grass. It may be cut from the lawn, field or roadside when three or four inches tall, and it is then heavy enough to keep its place under a high wind, is free of seed or anything that is injurious to the fruit, and is clean, easily handled, and forms a very permanent mulch and good manure. In small gardens it certainly pays to cultivate strawberries in hills—say eight inches apart in the rows, and the latter eighteen inches. Keep the runners off and mulch, and with good varieties the crop will be surprisingly large and fine.

TWO VALUABLE TREES.—Two trees of rapid growth, easy of transplanting, cheaply to be purchased, and valuable as ornamental, shade or timber trees, may be found in the Norway Spruce and the Scotch Larch. They grow freely in any soil not too wet, and trees two and one-half feet high at time of transplanting will in eight years present heights varying from fourteen to twenty feet, with a corresponding breadth of branches, if allowed room to expand.

A HINT FOR FRUIT COMMITTEES.—We suggest that every judge on award of premiums, or "ye committee man," be provided by the Secretary of the Society with his separate book, and that he shall in it record his views and judgment, each singly and separately by himself. Then let the books be collected by the chairman, and the report made accordingly, giving to each judge his credit for aye or nay on an award.

FOREST PLANTING—PREMIUMS.—The Illinois State Agricultural Society has offered premiums of $100, $75, $50 and $25 as an inducement to farmers of that State to plant forest trees. The work of planting is to be done by the first day of October next, and the awards, limited as above, will be made to four competitors according to the relative quantities of land planted and the quality of the timber on them.

THE BARK LOUSE may be cleaned from the apple or pear tree by washing, any time previous to the opening of the blossom buds, with a moderately strong lye of wood ashes. Some use caustic lime mingled, others use sulphur and soot, and some copperas and salt; but simple wood ash lye is as effective as anything, and attainable by all.

TRANSPLANTING.—In transplanting cabbages, tomatoes, etc., it matters not how clear the day or dry the weather, provided in every place a plant is put you pour a pint or more of water into the hole around the roots, and then draw dry earth over the surface. The plant may droop for a little time, but will always recover and grow.

THE N. O. Picayune counsels greater attention to fruits in the South and less to cotton, but has not much faith that its advice will be heeded.

Domestic Economy.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

I WRITE a few lines on household economy, as I think it is a very important matter for consideration. First: Prepare the articles you want for breakfast over night. Rise early in the morning, wash and comb the hair, which is very refreshing; sweep the room; breakfast next; make the beds, and then sweep and use the duster, mop, etc. A short time to rest. Perhaps before dinner a little sewing or knitting can be done while thinking up something new for this meal. I never mix any more bread or cakes than I can bake or fry. If I have any bread that gets dry, I make pudding or toast, or fry it in pork gravy adding a little water, pepper and salt. It is very nice. Second: I never practice hiring work done that I can do myself.

I would like to write more, but I have other duties to attend to. I will only add that household economy, taught to girls when they are young, proves to be a great blessing when they get married. I hope I have not intruded, and would like to hear from others.—MRS. S. W., *East Otto, N. Y.*

WASHING FLUID.—C. W., Elkton, Todd Co., Ky., asks:—"Are those washing compounds, which are going the rounds, composed of borax, sal soda and several other chemicals?" We do not know the composition of the articles mentioned, but have been informed that a washing fluid can be made which cleanses garments with much less labor, wear and tear than the old method of rubbing them out by hand. A fluid, sufficient to last a common family for some weeks may be made as follows:—Take 1 lb. soda ash, or sal soda, ¼ do. lime and 4 gallons rain or soft water; boil 30 minutes, then cool and bottle for use. When preparing to wash, fill the boiler half full of water and add a teacupful of fluid; soap the clothes in the ordinary way and put them into the water while cold. Raise to the boiling point and keep the clothes in for 30 minutes; take them out, rinse, wring and hang up to dry. This is said to save both clothes and labor. A trial will determine the question.

HOP YEAST.—Please insert, for the benefit of your numerous patrons, the following recipe for Hop Yeast that will keep in warm weather until used up:

Two quarts water; 12 potatoes; a handful of hops. When the potatoes are done take out the bag of hops, press the water from it; add 1 teacup of white coffee sugar and a handful of salt. Boil a few minutes; strain through a colander into a jar. When cool enough, add yeast to raise it. No soda is required in making bread with this yeast.

BEAN PIE OR PUDDING.—Wash clean one quart of white Navy beans; then pour boiling water over, letting them remain till morning; then put in *cold* water, (this method destroys much of the strong taste of the beans;) let them boil *slowly* but *steadily;* when perfectly tender and mealy, take out and drain; then mash with a spoon, through a sieve. When you have thus obtained one and a half pints of the pulverized beans, add half a pint of sweet cream (milk will do,) four eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar (either white or brown,) a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, and one nutmeg. Season to taste, with lemon or vanilla. I prefer the latter, as the better neutralizer of the taste of the beans. These proportions will make one large pudding, or three pies provided the plates are not too deep.

POTATOES.—Prof. Blot, in his lectures on the potato, says the skining process is all wrong, as the strength of the vegetable lies near the surface—the starch growing less abundant as the center is approximated.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LURLINE.

BY CARRIE E. OSTRANDER.

LURLINE, LURLINE, I'm by thy grave;
Canst thou not speak my grief to save?
I hastened quick the distance wide
When LURLINE called me to her side.

LURLINE, LURLINE, can I no more
Be greeted at thy mother's door,
By thy sweet self—my joy and pride,—
My LURLINE, to have been my bride?

LURLINE, LURLINE, the wealth I sought,
Which from the dreary mines I wrought,
To add to happiness in store,
Is useless now forevermore.

LURLINE, I know that gentle hands
Did thy sweet biddings and commands;
But, LURLINE, didst thou pray to see
Him at thy grave on bended knee?

LURLINE, LURLINE, the vesper bell
Now strikes my ear; oh! did it knell
Thy *death*, LURLINE? With merry chime
It should have told our wedding time!

LURLINE, LURLINE, yon twilight star
Yon bade me watch, when from you far,
Shall be my guide to Heaven, I ween,
Where I shall meet my rare LURLINE!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IS FRIENDSHIP A MYTH?

I WAS looking over an old note-book, and came across this item:—"Friendship is a myth." I well remember the frame of mind I was in when that was written. All belief in true friendship was dead, and the ashes buried when I had finished writing those lines. A friend had proved unworthy, untrue. His last words had been as he left me, "I shall never be false to the principles you have heard me advocate." And he had proven false—therefore friendship did not exist for me.

Years have passed, and he is but one amid the many that have called themselves friends, passed on, proved false, and are forgotten; and I find as the years roll round, that the world is about the same to all. This little note-book that a few years ago had the names of those of *my* world, is not much different in the ending than the world at large. Some must prove unworthy or we could not appreciate the true, I said, as I turned the leaves of my book.

Here is a page given to "EMOGENE." She signs herself, "your true friend;", soon married, and I forgotten. "Ever your true NETTIE"—true until a few years past, but alas! it seems that true friendship cannot stand the test of marriage. "Only yours, GEORGE, W."—he meant "for a year only," for that was the extent of his friendship. The "MOLLIE'S," the "JENNIE'S," the "J. R.'S," and "EMMA'S" have "broken the golden cord, severed the silken tie" between us long ere this, and forgotten is the word.

I could but exclaim, as I closed the book, "Oh, Friendship! myth that you are, why do the pale ghosts of false friends 'haunt me still?'" I will believe that there are some true. Do I not remember the old, old story of DAMON and his friend? And can I not remember many such instances of which I have read?

Yes, many such. But *every-day*, true, pure friendship, enacted in our own times,—*is* there such? Or *is* it all, indeed, a myth? QUEER.

Le Roy, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"POCKET-PICKING."

ONE can scarcely take up a paper now-a-days, without seeing several accounts of persons losing their money by pick-pockets, especially women. And is it strange, when they are so inconsiderate as to carry their money in a dress-pocket. For what is easier than for a "light-fingered," dexterous woman to thrust her hand (unused to honest labor,) into the pocket of another by her side and abstract its contents?—especially when said pocket is situated amid the ample folds of a dress-skirt, over a hoop-skirt too, and so far removed from the person that the interference is scarcely perceptible?

The census of New York city reports the abandoned women of that Metropolis alone by thousands! These are on the streets, in dry goods stores, street cars, Broadway stages, ferry-boats and steamboats—on the *alert* for honest, unsuspecting country women (such as carry their money in a *dress* pocket.) And is it strange that the latter cannot tell when or where they are robbed? Do you ask, "Where else should I carry my money?" Well, if your ingenuity cannot devise any safer place you are unfit to *travel* alone. You need a guardian. Better adopt the ancient but very pretty fashion of carrying a reticule or workpocket, or do as our grandmothers did—wear a pocket *under* the outside skirt.

On a recent visit to the great city, I was surprised by the numerous instances of losing money by pocket-picking that came under my observation. One lady, who occupied the seat next me, lost forty dollars, but could not tell when or where. Another purchased a nice dress, but had it stolen from her before she left the store! A third had her money stolen while passing from one store to another. And these were but a few instances.

Finally, if you do not want to lose your money, do not carry it in a *dress pocket!* A TRAVELER.

BEGAN TO LAUGH.

A CLERICAL friend, at a celebrated watering place, met a lady who seemed hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her steps languid, and her brow wore the contraction so indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincere pity.

Some years afterward he encountered this same lady, but as bright, and fresh, and youthful—so full of healthful buoyancy and so joyous in expression—that he began to question if he had not deceived himself with regard to her identity.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the springs a few years ago?"

"The very same."

"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body—to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying and began to laugh—that was all."

MOTHERS, educate your daughters for *usefulness*, and not for the world of fashion and folly.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGES.

A PRETTY epitome of feminine fickleness appears month by month in a certain domestic magazine patronized by the women of England. The editress has opened her columns as a medium for the barter of all sorts of articles between her fair friends. In one number of the journal there are thirty-two offers of exchanges, and very droll and suggestive are some of them. Of course, dress and adornment are at the bottom of a good many; for instance, Dora offers "a large, handsome Astrakan cloak (real) for a small seal-skin jacket (real;) and M. B. "three sets Cluny lace collars and cuffs for a Cluny berthe." One dear creature has to go into mourning, and wants fourteen yards of black silk, with a long list of jet ornaments, for which she will give sixteen yards of blue silk, an opera-jacket, a new fan and some other articles. Mabel's tastes are canine: she sighs for "a tiny black and tan terrier, and will give her sable muff for one weighing no more than two pounds." Adrianna goes in for comfort in lieu of appearance, and tenders gold and coral ear-rings for a seal-skin muff and cuffs.

The literary dames and damsels veer capriciously in their tastes. Miss A. R. shows her present appreciation of the poet laureate by offering "a complete set of his poems for four volumes of Thackeray's Miscellanies." Nora Dame wishes to exchange Miss Procter for Jean Ingelow; Mary S. laudably desires "a good book on ladies' gardening;" but she unblushingly exposes her disloyalty by offering "all the royal family photographs for one." Mr. Punch would hardly feel flattered if he knew that two of his mighty tomes are proffered for Mildred's Wedding. The editress of the magazine has, herself, however, to eat the leek by publishing an offer of a whole year of her precious journal for Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management. Sewing machines are in great demand; postage stamps are at a discount; music is very brisk. What are we to think of this item?—"Margaret will exchange a complete set of baby-linen (cost £30,) nicely made, for a gold watch and chain, and brooch!" From cloths to wearers: if this sort of thing goes on, we shall, by-and-by, see an "angel of a girl" tendered for "a cherub of a boy;" and then, who knows but perhaps some inconstant wife may start the idea of exchanging husbands!—*Once a Week.*

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

Now, if matrimony is to become more and more difficult, who will suffer more by such a state of things? It must be woman. For, try to make her into a man, as some may, it is impossible; she is his equal, but she is not a man. The grape vine and oak are equal, but not the same. Whoever builds his ship with the grape vine will come to grief; whoever makes wine with the acorn will have a bitter mouth. Woman needs the strength and courage of man, and he needs her cheerfulness, her sympathy, her consolation. If man does not marry her, he will use her and trample upon her; he does it now in Paris, and in London, and in New York. She will be his mistress, if she is not his wife. And then, when she is sick, or ill-tempered, or stupid, he will throw her away. If she is his wife, the mother of his children, the partner of his successes, and the consoler of his failures, then, and only as such, will he cherish, defend and sustain her.

Time was when woman was described as the *help-meet* of man. Was it only a phrase, and meaningless? Possibly; but then, words in the Bible mostly did mean something. The time, too, was, and yet is in some quarters of the world, when a woman was a help-meet, and accepted and worked up to her position as such. She did not demand everything, and do nothing. Why is marriage easy and universal in such a country as Japan? Life, there, is simple; two or three small rooms, a few dishes, a mat upon which to sleep, one dress, a little rice and some fruit—these suffice for all, rich and poor alike, in a great city like Yeddo, which has a civilization as perfect and as old as ours. And it is not a life of stupidity or barbarism; all can read and write; manners are good; books and pictures are plenty; theaters abound; processions and festival days enliven life. It is easy to see, therefore, why marriage is not a fearful thing in that far-off land; and, by contrast, it is easy to understand why few have the courage to dare it here.—*Exchange.*

A PARISIAN ROMANCE.

M. JULES CLARETIE tells the following touching story, in *L'Illustration:*

"A young married couple, extremely wealthy and adoring one another, after six months of rapture, found themselves invalids. At first they concealed from each other their sufferings, but their maladies continued to increase. The physician who was called in found that the *pauvre et charmante jeune femme* had symptoms of *phthisis*, while the husband suffered from a complication of disorders of the heart and blood. It was a serious matter. The decision was that the climate of the South was necessary for the young wife, and that of a colder region for the husband. The sun of Nice, orange trees and the blue Mediterranean for the one, and long journeys through the snowy plains, fiords and mountains of Norway for the other. Thus spoke the doctor.

"At an immense expense the spirit of his decree was carried out, while its letter was evaded. Two houses were built in Paris, one of which was a miniature Siberia, full of currents of air, in every respect cold and dry, where, by dint of taking violent exercise in every imaginable way, and hardening his system, the husband endeavored to recover his health, while in the adjacent building everything was warm, luxurious, soothing, and tropical. This latter was the home of the young wife. The pair were perfectly happy, living, as it were, a thousand miles apart—the one amid his frescoes, representing icebergs and reindeer—the lady in a constant scene of flowers and lemon trees.

"It would be pleasant to add that both recovered, but such was unfortunately not the case. This fairy life lasted three years, when the one and the other died. While they lived they were, however, happy."

MODESTY.—Modesty adorns virtue, as bashfulness ornaments beauty; it harmonizes with a just sense of character, as moderation harmonizes with justice. It heightens dignity of character, as simplicity enhances greatness. It adds to merit the same charms which candor adds to the greatness of heart. What is modesty? Is it not a sense of excellence so deep and true that the observance of duty appears a natural thing? Is it not so sincere a desire for what is excellent, that what is wanting is much more perceptible than what is already obtained? Is it not so pure a love for what is good, that it forgets the reward reserved for merit in the approbation of others?

DOMESTIC training under the skillful eye of the mother, can alone fit the daughter for home duties.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WILD VIOLETS.

BY ELIZA O. CROSBY.

A TRILL of birds, a gleam of sun,
Fleecy clouds across the sky,
And backward through the springtimes gone,—
As the spring birds homeward fly,—
Wing my thoughts to old home meadows
Where the sweet wild violets grew;—
Forest ferns no fresher fragrance,
Summer skies no brighter blue.

Wandering feet of children fair
Brushed the dew from off the flowers,
Oft 'till noontide lingering there,
Heedless of the golden hours;
Seated on the sunny hillocks,
Mass of blue beneath, around,
Monarchs of a happy kingdom,
Sapphire-throned and sapphire-crowned.

Little hands the blossoms blue
Wove in wreaths, and side by side
Laid, in glistening tears and dew,
On the grave of one who died:
Thinking she might smile upon them
From high heaven watching o'er;
Little hands that since have parted,—
Some are folded evermore.

Some feet entered death's dark gloom,
Some have wandered far away,
Yet I know those violets bloom
Just as brightly blue to-day;
And I think—as memory brings them
With the old-time sweetness rife,—
I shall find no brighter blossoms
In the changeless fields of Life.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILDRENS' RIGHTS.

AMID all the clamor about "rights," of different sorts, and claimed by different classes, has any one had a thought about the rights of children? Poor little things; they alone have no champion. They bear on,—in silence, I was just about to say; not in silence, however,—and suffer on, and get through, some of them, to adolescence, if they are so fortunate as to run the gauntlet of childhood successfully. They must have a place somewhere,—it is right that they should have,—but if that shadowy place has yet been explored, I should like to learn its locality. Poor children, they are scolded out of the parlor because they make litter and dirt; they are driven from the kitchen because they are in the way. Now, I hold that children should live with grown-up people; by living, I mean not shut out from any rooms which their parents frequent.

"But," protests the nervous mamma, "they craze me with noise."

Very well, perhaps, unless you are a confirmed invalid, the noise will do you good, and the more accustomed you become to it the less irritating it will be. Of course, children are noisy,—girls as well as boys,—or ought to be unless they have been awed and chided until they are *old folks* in miniature, and have acquired the art of "keeping still" before their elders, only to let out an extra link as soon as beyond their parents' sight.

If there is anything we look on with pity and abhorrence, it is a child who has been so thoroughly broken in as to sit hours at a stretch with book or work, and who has no relish for the boisterous exhilarating sports of childhood. Take, for instance, that shaver with a face as long and sober as his father's, poring over his difficult task or listening with intent ear to the discourse of elderly folks, while a merry troop on the lawn in vain urge him to join them. His father praises him as a good, steady boy, and his fond mother says he is the best child she has; but could he not be just as good and be a boy, as well as to be a premature old man?

Give children room and opportunity and they will make themselves happy. Do not be afraid of too many holidays, providing always that their companions are good; and a little observation will enable you to decide that. Don't be afraid your girls will romp,—romping is necessary to their health and development. When they grow up to young ladyhood they will naturally be more steady. The great trouble is, they are generally too fine altogether; and how much better are the brown hands, torn dresses and sun-burned cheeks of the romp than the wan face, quiet deportment and crooked spine of the girl who is taught that it is not lady-like to wade the brook, explore the woods, hunt for eggs, and go berrying.

But I hear some one saying, "This is mere folly; if you train up a child this way without any industrious habits, what will his maturity be?"

My dear sir, or madam, give your children stated times for employment,—not hard work, but something that you can make agreeable,—and see that it is done in a proper manner, and at the right time; and you will be surprised to see how much useful labor they can perform without weariness, nay, with actual enjoyment.

"But," persists the doubter, "we may spend all our time in trying to make life agreeable to our children, what opportunity shall we have for our employment and amusements?"

Our duty is to our children. We are responsible for their right bringing up; we ought to be willing to sacrifice much of our own selfish comfort for their welfare. Then, if in spite of all we can do, they go astray, we shall yet have a quiet conscience, as far as our duty to them is considered. And they are not apt to go wrong with pleasant surroundings. When you see a son despise the loving counsel of his father and the tender admonitions of his mother, or a daughter bring down the gray heads of her parents with shame to the grave, you may set it down as a fact that there is (almost invariably) some defect in the home government. But give children opportunity and they will find happiness in their own way among simple things. They do not require costly baubles, like children of larger growth. And first and foremost give them proper recreation; it is good for their moral as well as physical health; and do not try to imbue the artless, open-hearted, heedless child, with the cold wisdom and crooked ways of mature years.

Many persons who are teachers by profession, and are interested with the well-being of our children for a certain number of hours every day, are not fit for the high position. The most ambition they have is to pour any quantity of mental food into the jugs ready to receive it,—in other words, the minds and capacity of our urchins; and so that this end is accomplished, no means are spared. An old and respected teacher told me that ten hours intense application a day for a scholar was little enough, and when remonstrated with because he wished a slender girl of fifteen to add evening labors to the over-tasked day that she might be first in her classes, considered himself aggrieved, while the girl grew nervous, irritable, and lost flesh because of overwork. The man who would throw a harness upon a young colt and expect it to do the work of an older horse, would be called a fool and a brute. Let us at least use our children with as much consideration as we extend to animals, even while we give them all needful discipline. BERRY BRIAR.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

SPRING has really come, for Trailing Arbutus, its harbinger among the flowers, is in bloom. From the maples still dark and gray, not a single crimson bud has yet awakened from its winter sleep. But under the soft mosses, covered and protected by the dead leaves, the creeping tendrils of Trailing Arbutus have wound their way unseen, and springing into life with the first genial sun, have brought forth in full perfection the fragrant, clustering flowers.

Botanists have named this plant Epigæa Repous, from its characteristic of trailing on the ground, and it is often called the Mayflower, from the month of the year when it is most abundant. It is a perennial plant, with evergreen leaves, and is found in the woods from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas. It is covered with rusty hairs; the leaves are hardy and woody and tipped with a small point. It likes a sandy soil, and chooses often the cleft of a rock, and delights especially in the shade of the pines. Its flowers have an indescribable fragrance, and vary in color, now of the purest white, and now of every hue from the delicate rose-tint of the sea-shells to a bright pure pink.

It is a fastidious little creature, and will grow only in the locality it loves; you may spend days of fruitless search in pursuit of it, unless you know its favorite haunts. In the early part of March, cut with a hatchet from the frozen ground with its clustering roots and clinging mosses, brought in a warm room and protected under glass from the dry atmosphere, it develops the tiny white points, which are just jutting out from the hardy leaves into dainty blossoms of the purest white. They look like wax and have no perfume, for their color and fragrance are only developed when the sun has kissed their rosy lips.

Who in the beautiful days of spring does not feel a stir in the pulse, and recall a memory of happy days in the past, when it was a pleasure to go in search of this earliest of the spring flowers, this token of sunny days and leafy woods, of balmy winds and smiling skies? Sometimes it was a secluded nook, close by the side of the snow drift, or the gnarled roots of an ancient forest tree, which concealed the treasure, and sometimes on a sunny bank you caught the beauty of its laughing eye and inhaled the fragrance of its dainty breath.

The wild woods rang with the merry shouts of those who, bending low, had pulled from under the leaves wet trailing masses, where among the tufts of rough, roundish leaves were the delicious blossoms delicately fashioned by fairy fingers, flushed with warm pink, and breathing the spicy odors of Araby the Blest. No gardener has trained this darling of the forest, no hot-house culture has changed its simple nature, but in beauty, grace and fragrance it surpasses the gorgeous inmates of the gardens. Its pure lips are made of air and dew, it glistens like a star, and its color is that of the morning dawn. Poets have immortalized it; painters have transferred its glowing beauties to canvas; but poem and picture cannot set the blood bounding in the veins as does the sight of a little clump of its starry blossoms.

Botanists have given it no language, but it speaks one of its own to every lover of woodland mysteries, to every heart in hidden sympathy with nature. There is a saintly purity about the flower, a wealth of dewy fragrance in its soft corolla, a charming modesty in the way it hides its beauties in the soft depths of protecting mosses, a sweet humility in its trailing tendrils, a naive unconsciousness and unaffectedness in its graceful bearing, which speaks in voiceless words from every opening chalice.

But its most grateful language is that which unites it with the joys of early years, its sweetest perfume that which wakens the music of memory, and which, when every spring renews the miracle of its fragile life, interweaves the hallowed associations of the past with the fairest flower that opens to the northern sky.—*Providence Journal.*

SANDWICHES.

THE salad of the solitary man is, lettuce alone.

MOTTO for a journalist—"Do write, and fear not!"

OUR good feelings have their seasons as flowers have.

A BAKER should feel complimented if called a big loafer.

WHAT do cats have which no other animal has? Kittens.

THE world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest.

"TIME is money," as the man said when pawning his watch.

A WOMAN'S tears soften a man's heart; but flatteries, his head.

WHEN a man is saddled with a bad wife there are sure to be stir-ups in the family.

MISS TOMPKINS says every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

"IF all the world were blind, what a melancholy sight it would be," said an Irish clergyman.

SLANDER not others because they have slandered you; bite not a reptile because you have felt his bite.

NATURE has made two kinds of excellent minds; the one to produce beautiful thoughts and beautiful actions, the other to admire them.

IF any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, was the wise remark of an old philosopher.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in and the beauty of action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

LET us be men with men, and always children before God; for in his eyes we are but children. Old age itself, in presence of eternity, is but the first moment of a morning.

AS DAY BY DAY.

As day by day the years go on,
I sometimes sit and ponder,
Will all be gone when love is gone?
What comes instead, I wonder?

It must be strange to wake at morn,
And not fall back on dreaming,
Nor e'en to feel one is forlorn,
Nor miss the love-light's gleaming.

So day by day, so old and gray,
Still people go on living,
Till life hath taken all away,
And death begins its giving.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOFT AND LOW.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

SOFT and low angels keep
Watch o'er those who silent sleep;
Soft and silent whisperings come—
"Pilgrim, hasten to thy home."

Soft and low roses bloom,
Shedding fragrance o'er the tomb;
Kiss the violets; pass away;—
Short-lived beauties of a day.

Soft and low willows wave
O'er the little new-made grave;
Bending low, their branches weep
Where we laid the flower to sleep.

Soft and low, as of old,
Angels tune their harps of gold;
Angel fingers sweep the strings,—
Echo of the angels' wings!

Soft and low music floats
Over Alpine hills sweet notes;
Labor ended, sins confessed,—
Weary shepherds, go to rest.

Soft and low years go by,
Pointing to a home on high;
Soft and silent, leave their trace
On each tender, youthful face.

Soft and low death appears,
End of all our griefs and fears;
In the valley, lo! a voice,—
"I am with thee; Saint, rejoice."

Linden, O., April, 1868.

INDIVIDUAL WORK.

WHENEVER a Church so far mistakes the end of its existence as to suppose that its main business is to keep itself warm and comfortable by the enjoyment of its ordinances, it is certain to discover its error sooner or later. Ordinances will prove deceitful cordials to men who will not work the work of God. The warmth which once they found in the services of the Lord's house will die out of them, and professors will shiver, even in the midst of them, as we sometimes shiver before a fire, when we seek for that heat without which would come at once, were we by vigorous exercise to accelerate the circulation.

It surely is not an extravagant demand to make, when we say that no man ought to be a member of a Christian Church, who is not able to point definitely to some work he is doing for Christ, or to assign some sufficient reason why he is doing none at all. In many instances it may be almost wholly restricted to the home circle. This must be the case with many Christian mothers, who have families demanding all their available time and energy. It is not for these to climb into garrets, and dive into cellars, to visit and relieve the victims of sickness and poverty. Christ has found them work in their own house. They are to make their children the daily witnesses of their piety; they are to convince them that Christianity has not spoiled, but sanctified, and even glorified their motherhood.

But there are thousands in our Churches who are environed by no such narrow limits. Home does not present a sphere sufficiently wide to exact and exhaust all their time and energy, and these cannot secure an acquittal, either from their conscience or their God, unless they have elsewhere some well-defined work, to which they have given themselves as by vow and consecration. There is no slight criminality attaching to that man or that woman, who, if the Great Husbandman were to come at any moment of the day or night, would be unable to show him where is his post of labor in the vineyard. If he be neither planting, nor watering, nor gathering out stones, nor burning destructive roots, nor mending the fences, what advantage does the vineyard or its owner reap from his presence at all? And how will he face the hour of reckoning when only those who have toiled will receive wages?—*Rev. E. Mellor, England.*

AUTHORSHIP OF THE PSALMS.

IT is common to speak of the entire book as the "Psalms of David." Whereas, it is probable that only seventy-three psalms—or about one-half of the collection—are from the inspired pen of the poet-king of Israel. Twelve of the sacred songs are ascribed to *Asaph*, a man of exquisite delicacy of feeling, who lived during David's reign, about 1,000 years before the advent of Christ. Two of them are ascribed to that universal genius, King Solomon. That "lofty and melancholy psalm," the *ninetieth*, which has been chanted as the funeral march of so many a departed saint, is universally held to have been written by *Moses* himself. It is probably the oldest of psalms, as Damascus is the oldest of cities. How magnificently this ancient lyric opens! "Lord! thou hast been the dwelling-place of thy people in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!"

The authorship of sixty of the psalms is somewhat uncertain. A portion of them are ascribed to the "sons of Korah." One is attributed to the pen of Heman, another to Ethan the Ezrahite, who both lived in the reign of Solomon. But, however various the pens that inscribed them on the parchments, they all bear the same internal evidence of a celestial inspiration.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

PUT TO THE PROOF.

EVERY perpetual motion machine is a perfect success, until it begins to work; and many a character that has never been tested is worth about as much. But when you have stood some trial, when, after the smelting, you have found some gold left in you, and some new reason for trusting God—you are hardly the same person as before. You have made, it may be, a year's growth in a week. Such a trial will show you, for one thing, sorrowing disciple, your own honesty of heart. It is of no use to talk of God's mercy to a man who knows in his conscience that he has no sincerity. The greater is God's goodness, the more of a torture; the more like sunlight on diseases and throbbing eyes, will it be to a consciously bad soul. A Christian wants some proof that he is playing no false part, that his character is not a sham. And a sharp trial gives such proof—shows him of what stuff he is made.—*Advance.*

WHATEVER storms be rising, whatever winds may howl and rage, if the barometer of prayer be rising, we may look, ere long, for calm, and summer weather.

O LORD, take my heart, for I cannot give it; and when Thou hast it, oh keep it, for I cannot keep it for Thee; and save me in spite of myself for Jesus Christ's sake.—*Fenelon.*

The Reviewer.

THE COTTAGE CYCLOPEDIA OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY. A Copious Dictionary of Memorable Persons, Events, Places and Things, with Notices of the Present State of the Principal Countries and Nations of the Known World, and a Chronological View of American History. By ED. M. PIERCE. [8vo.—pp. 1004.] Hartford: Case, Lockwood & Co. Syracuse: W. A. Burnham.

WE regard this as a very valuable work. Not cumbrous, nor so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the public generally, it yet is a pretty full and complete compilation of History and Biography,—such an one, indeed, as every person almost daily wishes to refer to. Questions as to historical facts or dates are of frequent recurrence, and a volume at hand which can readily answer them is truly a desirable acquisition. The contents of the one before us seem to be not merely valuable for reference, but interesting and attractive to the general reader. Facts and data are often enlivened by anecdotes, adventures and pleasant allusions, and thus robbed of their perhaps dull and dry character. We know of no other volume in which so great an amount of useful and entertaining reading matter is comprised as is found in this. The work is printed on good paper, from large, clear type, and substantially bound in sheep. Sold only by Subscription Agents.

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A GOOD anecdote, pertinent and well told, will do more, nine times out of ten, to correct a bad habit, to encourage a laudable endeavor, or to strengthen a conviction of duty, than the most labored homily. Particularly is the anecdote serviceable as a means of improving and instructing the young. Elaborate essays are not adapted to youth, and half the instruction contained in them, so far as childish minds are concerned, goes astray. But put a useful moral, a timely warning, or an earnest truth, into a pleasing anecdote, and the youth will hardly ever fail to discover it. Hence such a volume as the one before us is a desideratum in every household. The anecdotes here given are arranged alphabetically, as to subject matter; are gleaned from a wide range of reading; touch upon a great variety of topics; are not stale and insipid, in the main, but interesting and pointed. The book is finely printed, beautifully bound in muslin gilt, and would ornament any center-table. Sold only by duly authorized Traveling Agents.

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THIS new Reader is given, so the author says in his preface, at the solicitation of many leading instructors, to supply an important educational want. It seems to us an admirable compilation for the purpose intended. The treatise on Elocution is simple, yet comprehensive, and the select readings are well chosen,—fresh, entertaining and instructive. The latter are divided into sections, in each of which only one subject is treated; for instance, Section X. is made up of a thrilling sketch entitled, "Tide-bound in the Sea-Caves," in two parts; "The Tides," by LONGFELLOW; and JEAN INGELOW'S beautiful poem, "The High Tide." The publishers deserve credit for bringing the volume out so handsomely. Good paper, good type and good illustrations are too rarely found in school books. Sold by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

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The Traveler.

THROUGH NICARAGUA.—No. III.

THE TRANSIT.—CONCLUDED.

CASTILLO, according to tradition, dates back some two hundred years or more. It shows the sad effects of ignorance and superstition, in its utter want of elegance and culture. It contains from sixty to seventy inhabitants, who speak nothing but Spanish, and do little besides smoking and lounging. It consists of one street, lying along the river; the buildings are made of bamboo, thatched with palm leaves; the apartments are generally two or three in number—one for the bar, one for sleeping, and one for cooking, I guess, as from this came the dishes we ordered. The food was *very* ordinary, and neither butter nor milk did we see; but having had little or nothing for two days, we relished it as though it had been fit for a king's feast, so true is it that—

"Our stomachs make what's homely, savory."

We were obliged to remain over night at Castillo, sleeping on the boat, which was entirely destitute of bunks or berths. But *we* had a very patriotic slumber, for having obtained permission to occupy the pilot-house, we took the old flag, folded it together, spread it on the floor, and on it stretched ourselves out for the night. To some, this may seem sacrilege, but let these ride three or four days and nights on an open deck, with nothing but a bench to rest upon, (we were not so fortunate as to possess a hammock,) and even the Star Spangled Banner will be greedily "gobbled up" for weary heads to rest upon. You can readily imagine that our dreams were very patriotic, and sweeter slumber it has never been my fortune to enjoy.

The next morning we took a brief survey of the town, especially of the fort, of which it seems so proud. This latter is an old, half-fallen down affair, built of stone, but now so moss-covered and ivy-grown that one could hardly tell the original material. When or by whom it was built we could not learn. It is situated very beautifully on a high eminence, overlooking the river for miles. Orange and lemon trees grow thickly on the hillside, and vegetation of every description greens rich and beautiful on every foot of soil. We were desirous of investigating this imposing (?) structure, but at the entrance stood a grim native, flourishing an old musket with flint lock, and assuming an importance equal to that of a Brigadier-General. We tried expostulaion and entreaty, but could get no satisfaction save an ominous shake of the head, and "*no savez*;" so we must needs be content with a tour around the premises, and then return to the street. I wonder what that same native guard would do if one of Uncle SAM'S shells should come whizzing into that old tumble-down fort?—presume he is just woodeny enough to stand there and mutter, "*no savez*," thinking his old flint lock a secure protection against all modern firearms.

The principal occupation of the Castillans seems to be selling villainous whisky, and still more villainous coffee and tea. The women, as a general thing, look neat and tasteful, wearing some light muslin skirt, ruffled or braided, with a short, loose body, slipping low from the shoulders, revealing olive neck and bosom, over which their long, black hair hangs in heavy braids or waves. Their chief attraction is their eyes, which are very beautiful,—large, soft and dreamy as those in eastern harems. They are shaded with long, black lashes, which, when raised, reveal the fervor and passion of the old Castillan stock. I have looked into such eyes in other days, and the memory even now touches a sad, sweet chord, that will vibrate while life lasts.

I met, and in broken Spanish and English conversed with one real lady—Senora CAMINA ORREGA DE OSORNO. With true feminine curiosity she tried on my hat, and quizzed me as to dress, &c., while I asked the Spanish name of everything I saw. We became very good friends in the few hours we tarried there, as we sat together in the hammock and smoked the irrepressible cigaretta.

Friday morning, July 12th, we left Castillo, and after a day's smooth ride came alongside the lake steamer, to which we were soon transferred, and ere many minutes were sleeping sweetly, while the engine worked tirelessly on, bearing us across the quiet waters of Lake Nicaragua.

Upon coming out in the morning, the first thing that greeted our eyes was a fine view of two magnificent mountains,—Ometipe and Madeira. They rise right up out of the lake, and stand there as monuments of the ages, grand and unmoved by all the commotions of earth. We seemed only a short distance from them, but the captain said they were at least ten miles away. About 10 o'clock A. M. we steamed into Virgin Bay,—wherefore named we know not, for we looked in vain for the virgins. This place is in size and appearance about like Castillo; but it has *one* American hotel, to which we quickly betook ourselves, and were refreshed with a good, square Yankee meal. The proprietor, Mr. SANBORN, and his good lady, are real Boston people, and know how to entertain the hungry traveler, but how they ever came to stray off here in this heathen land and *live*, is a mystery to me.

From Virgin Bay to San Juan del Sur is a land transit of twelve miles, which distance we passed over in rather dubious coaches, drawn by four sorry looking mules, which were constantly spurred on by the horrid yells of our native driver. One mule at last kicked out of the traces entirely,—would not go another inch, and so had to be left behind. During this melee we trudged up "the summit" on foot. This is the highest elevation in the twelve miles, and from it you can see the lake on one side and the broad Pacific on the other.

The same luxuriance of vegetation prevails here as along the river. It seems as though Nature had exhausted all her resources in this unrivaled glory of fruits and flowers. There appears to be nothing else;—no government, with justice and liberty for corner stones,—no institutions of learning,—no church edifices, and no creed save bigotry and superstition,—no social life,—*nothing* but this endless and exhaustless growth of vegetation.

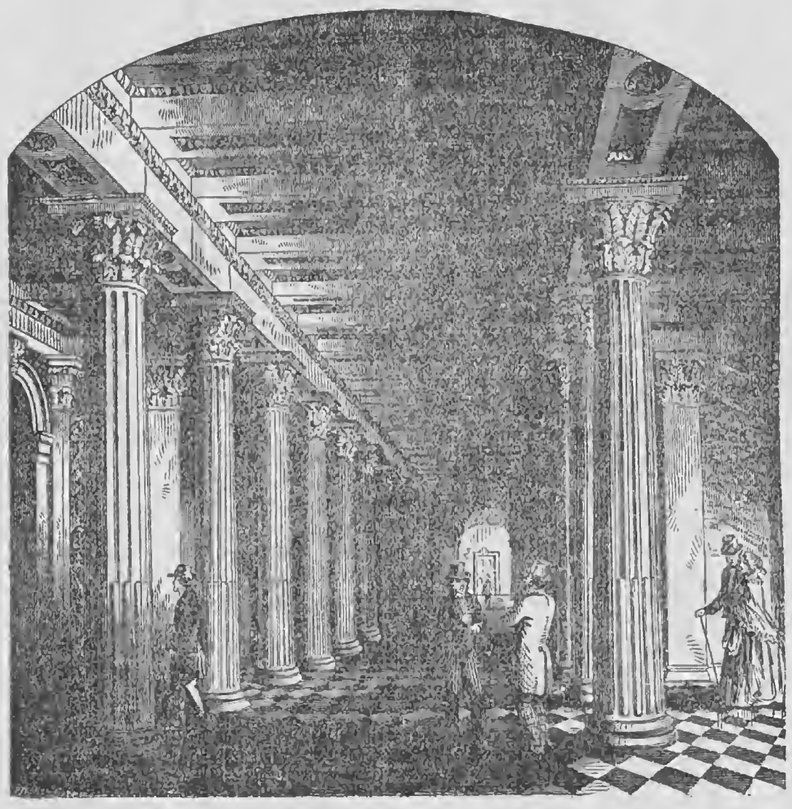
After four hours' travel, we arrived at San Juan del Sur, and were soon on board the steamer, "Moses Taylor," unjustly christened the "Rolling Moses" by the far-famed editor of the N. Y. Tribune—H. G. And so we have "crossed the Rubicon"—viz: the much dreaded Isthmus. We were three days and nights in making the transit, and though weary and worn, we would not exchange the experience of those few days, with all the accompanying discomforts and inconveniences, for another route with luxury and ease.

The transit, although somewhat wearisome, is very healthful, and teems with sights and scenes full of interest and instruction. And it is confidently expected that very speedily matters will be so arranged that the present disadvantages will be entirely removed. A railroad will be built around the rapids and across the land; the river steamers will be made more commodious and convenient, and then this line will rival any in the world. We wish all success to the Company which has so perseveringly kept the route open, in the face of many discouragements and even losses, and hope to see the day when its highest expectations shall be fully realized.

—But the blue, peaceful waters of the Western Ocean are shining and rippling in the warm rays of the July sun, and we leave the Transit for another toss upon

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free."

"NEVADA."



CORRIDOR UNDER SOUTH WING OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

IN the last volume of the RURAL we quite fully illustrated the National Capitol at Washington. Believing that all our readers must feel a deep interest in that magnificent structure, of which, as a people, we are justly proud, we devoted considerable space to engravings portraying different portions of its interior, and representing various paintings and pieces of statuary found therein. From these, and the large and very fine picture of the entire building, as seen from a north-eastern approach to it, (which we gave in November,) a fair idea could be formed of the Capitol's beauty and splendor.

The engraving given above is a correct representation of the Corridor through the basement of the South Wing. That there can be grace and beauty of design even in a basement, is here shown; and it needed but this for us to demonstrate that the National edifice is not only massive, but chaste and finished, from the very foundation up to the Statue of Liberty which crowns the splendid dome. There have been years of labor spent in ornamenting the different basements. Upon the walls of that under the North Wing are many paintings,—portraits of noted Statesmen, Signers of the Declaration of Independence, &c.,—but the corridors are not light enough for them to be seen to advantage. Some have been much injured, indeed, by the dampness of the walls. It is doubtless true, as has been asserted, that certain things about the Capitol are not in keeping, and that portions of the statuary and painting are in bad taste; but where so much is in perfect harmony,—so happily conceived and wrought out,—we are disarmed of all criticism, and are content to admire.

Various Topics.

INDUSTRY OF NEW YORK.

IT is an interesting subject of investigation to ascertain the different kinds of industry in which our vast population are engaged. The variety of all occupations, and the preponderance of certain special ones, are illustrative of national character and a standard of civilization. In Paris, for example, which is estimated to have two million inhabitants, about seventy thousand persons are concerned in feeding and one hundred thousand in clothing this enormous population. About eighty-five thousand workmen are engaged in building houses to lodge them, forty-five thousand in furnishing the same, and a vast number in supplying luxuries, including twenty thousand who manufacture jewelry alone. Thus, at least three-fifths of the working class are engaged in supplying the necessaries of life, while less than two-fifths furnish the luxuries, and this, too, in Paris, the emporium of articles of beauty and *vertu*.

In New York, and probably in every other city in the world, the same proportion exists, though in this Paris of the New World there is also a great demand for the luxuries and vanities of life. In 1860, there were 7,575 establishments, employing upwards of 40,000 persons in making clothing for our population, which was then 800,000. There were also 7,715 establishments, with about 35,000 hands, employed in supplying food; and 2,500 others, with about 20,000 hands, engaged in building and furnishing houses. Next in importance are the caterers to the mind, about 8,000 persons being engaged in supplying books, newspapers, and other mental nutriment. The luxuries of life, including laces, silks, cigars, perfumery, confectionery, &c., occupy over 6,000 persons. There were 1,505 establishments, employing about 12,000 persons, in different mechanical trades, exclusive of those already mentioned; 4,300 dealers in or manufacturers of liquors, employing 20,000 persons; 1,805 lawyers; 2,000 agents, bankers or brokers of various kinds; 460 establishments connected with shipping, 481 druggists, 91 nurses, 1,149 physicians, 500 clergymen, and 95 undertakers. There were 300 firms connected with the manufacture of wagons and harness, 222 with leather, 315 with hardware, 258 with coal, and 164 with oil for illumination. These figures do not include the large number employed as cartmen, drivers, laborers, servants, and venders, comprising many thousands in all.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I AM here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands: I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and, when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby." That's me. I'm "Emmeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillows is Emmeline.

No, I am mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby, and looked at me, and said I "was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganma." Emmeline told me, and then she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was Ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and, maybe, I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies catnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red in the face? I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?—*Exchange.*

FISH CULTURE.

THE New England States have united in the attempt to restock their rivers with fish. Owing to obstructions made by dams, fish which formerly were plentiful, have been prevented from ascending to the upper waters of the streams to deposit their spawn. As they always return to the locality where they were born, it would do no good to remove the dams. To meet these difficulties the spawn is now introduced into the upper waters by a species of artificial process, invented by Seth Green; and that the fish may return, after being grown, to their native grounds the next year, fish-ways are built over the dams, by which they can ascend in their journey from the sea to their spawning beds, and they can thus carry on and perpetuate the enterprise. Meanwhile, proper laws for protecting the works and in particular to prevent the ravages of sportsmen, are enacted, and it may be expected that the extreme penalties will be visited upon whomsoever shall be convicted.

CURE FOR CORNS.

THE safest, the most accessible and the most efficient cure of a corn on the toe, is to double a piece of thick, soft buckskin, cut a hole in it large enough to receive the corn, and bind it around the toe. If in addition to this the foot is soaked in warm water for five or more minutes every night and morning, and a few drops of sweet oil, or other oily substance are patiently rubbed in on the end after the soaking, the corn will almost infallibly become loose enough in a few days to be easily picked out with a finger nail. This saves the necessity of paring the corn, which operation has sometimes been followed with painful and dangerous symptoms. If the corn becomes inconvenient again, repeat the process at once.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A PLEASING INCIDENT.—When Marshal McMahon was entering Paris in triumph after the battle of Magenta, a little white-robed girl in the throng advanced to present him with a huge bouquet. He took the little one up and stood her before him on the saddle, and not all his deeds of heroic valor ever called forth such shouts of applause as this simple act. The child wound one little arm about his neck, and kissed again and again the bronzed face of the warrior, who returned her caress with a father's tenderness. From that moment he was doubly the idol of the enthusiastic multitude. They looked for bravery, but hardly for tenderness and love in their proud general.

LIFE IN YEDDO.—Among the two millions of people by whom Yeddo, in Japan, is inhabited, there is not a beggar in the streets, not a man unable to read, not a boor, not a drunkard, not a ruffian. The women are beautiful, the men are robust and energetic, there is no trouble about fashions, education is universal, books are plentiful, though there are no newspapers; life is simple and easy, marriage is universal, and children go naked.

ANCIENT RELICS.—Seven more skeletons of human beings, who are supposed to have lived long before the present geological era of the earth, and consequently before the period assigned in our ordinary chronology to the creation, have been discovered in France. Two of the skeletons were destroyed by the ignorant laborers who unearthed them; but five were preserved, and their skulls were sent to Paris for examination.

Reading for the Young.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

COME, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia—
They've wealth in gold without doubt;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out:
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deception,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day;
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE PAUL.

KITE-FLYING IN CHINA.

SPRING has really come at last, and kite-flying is one of the sports of the season. Half the boys in our neighborhood have been flying their kites for several days past.

CHARLIE caught the kite fever yesterday, and succeeded in making a house-kite, as he calls it, which mounts up nobly. He calls it a house-kite because of its shape. It is pretty nearly square, with the two upper corners cut off; and it has a tail about twenty-five feet long. He has been flying it to-day, the wind being just right, and now wishes us to tell him, as we this morning promised to do, something of kite-flying in China.

The Chinese are a very queer people. They have many queer ways. One of their peculiarities is that the men fly kites and spin tops, while the boys look on. It would be a very funny sight indeed, for you, to stand in the suburbs of some Chinese city or town and see scores of boys watching the men at their sport. So many engage in it that the air seems filled with curious objects; and there is such a buzzing and whirring overhead as you never heard before! Their kites are of all shapes, almost; some look like birds, with broad wings, some like butterflies, some like the sun, and some like the moon; and all have very long tails.

The bird kite is the most common. This is generally made to represent a hawk. A piece of paper is first cut the exact shape and size of the bird when on the wing, and then painted the natural color and stretched on ribs of bamboo, arranged very much in the shape of a cross-bow when strung, leaving the parts which represent the ends of the wings and tail-feathers unbound by the twine, so as to shiver in the wind. It rises easily and gracefully, just like the real bird, and imitates the bird perfectly; now taking a long swoop downward, then soaring again, and poising itself with a flutter before repeating the process. Sometimes a number of these kites are flown at once, by attaching them at different intervals to the string of some larger kite, and the effect is very amusing. It looks like a flock of birds circling over their prey.

Some of the kites are shaped like men and women, and painted very fantastically. At times they join two such ones together, with an umbrella over their heads, and send them up among the clouds, where they look as though they were walking on the air! This sight would seem very strange to you, would it not? Now and then one is seen shaped like a huge centiped, which, you know, is an animal like a worm, but having many feet,—a thousand-legged worm, maybe you call it. This, with its scaly joints stretching out from fifty to seventy-five feet, closely resembles a terrible centiped creeping down out of the clouds.

They send many messengers up on their kite strings, and these are often as curious as the kites. The butterfly messenger is the prettiest, and is made so that it flutters with open wings right up to the kite, but then closes, by means of a little spring, and comes down very quickly. Such singular kites could not be made by the Chinese, were it not that the paper they have is much stronger than ours, yet very light, and the bamboo furnishes plenty of light but very strong wood for the frames. Our boys need hardly hope, then, to make any kites quite equal to those seen in China.

A GRATEFUL TIGER.

A CAGED tiger had a live dog thrown to it, one day, for its dinner. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little victim. This quietness gave the dog courage, and he began to lick the tiger's eyes, which were sore. This act seemed pleasant to the wild beast, and the dog continued it, from time to time, till the eyes of the savage got well. The tiger from that time took his tiny, four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of the food thrown into his den. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

Thus you see even a fierce tiger can be grateful for a little favor. How much more, then, should children learn to be grateful to their friends for the great favors they have received? When I see boys and girls unkind and insulting to their parents, who have done and suffered so much for them, I tell them the story of the tiger and the dog, and say,—"Children, don't be less grateful to your kind parents than the tiger to the little dog."

CHOOSE WELL.—The line of conduct chosen by a young man during the five years from fifteen to twenty, will, in almost every instance, determine his character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent or ignorant, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope, or calculate his chances in life.

WE are all kings and queens in the cradle, and each babe is a new marvel, a new miracle.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE trial of Gen. Cole continued in Albany throughout last week, and is not yet ended. A large number of witnesses were sworn for the defense, their testimony being mainly designed to establish the plea of insanity upon the part of the accused. A letter from Mrs. Cole, was also given in evidence, acknowledging her criminal intimacy with Mr. Hiscock. The witnesses for the defense having been nearly all examined, a great amount of rebutting testimony was taken, on the part of the prosecution. It was mostly that of physicians, and regarded the question of insanity. Surgeon-General Pomfret testified as an expert, as did also Prof Mosher, of the Albany Medical College, Dr. Swinburne, Health Officer of New York, and others. They did not believe that the injuries said to have been received by Gen. Cole while in the army would render him insane. The testimony on both sides was concluded on Friday, and Judge Parker then begsn his argument for the defense, to be followed by Mr. Brady, and afterward Mr. Sedgwick and Judge Tremain on the part of the people. The interest in the case, which seemed to have been aroused at one time, has died away in a great measure, and it is looked upon with great interest now only by professional men in view of the great legal ability of the counsel employed.

The propeller Governor Cushman exploded her boiler in Buffalo harbor on the 1st inst., causing a fearful loss of life. Five of the crew it is known were killed, and six more are missing. Several others were wounded. One man was thrown clear over the Sturgis Elevator, which is fully one hundred feet high, his mangled remains falling in a stave yard several hundred feet from the vessel. The mattrass upon which he was sleeping was carried to the roof of the Elevator where it caught and hung several hours, finally dropping to the ground. The propeller was from Milwaukee, bound to Port Colborne with a cargo of 21,600 bushels of wheat. It was pretty nearly demolished, and immediately sunk.

A little girl nine or ten years of age was brutally outraged and then murdered, in Camden, Oneida Co., one day last week. One Carswell, a young fellow of doubtful character, was arrested and charged with the crime, and finally committed to answer before the grand jury. The evidence against him was so strong, and public feeling so intense, that the officers feared he would be lynched.

Bonds to the amonnt of $11,000, in charge of the Merchant's Union Express Messenger on the Hudson River Railroad, were stolen from the safe of the car on the 1st inst.

S. B. Fairman, Jr., of the Elmira Daily Advertiser, one of the victims of the Erie disaster, died at Port Jervis on the 1st inst.

The Glenham woolen mills, at Poughkeepsie, have stopped work, owing to a strike of the weavers, mostly females, against a ten per cent. reduction of wages.

The fine country residence at Buskirk's Bridge, of Mr. A. S. Rease, editor of the Troy Press, was entirely destroyed by fire on the 26th ult. Loss, about $15,000.

The New York Newsboys' Home within the last 15 years has provided for 57,507 boys, and restored 4,000 to relatives and friends, at a cost of $65,000, of which the boys paid $18,000.

The steamer C. C. Lary was burnt to the water's edge in New York harbor on the 28th ult. Loss, $80,000.

The remains of 295 Union soldiers, recently exhumed at the South, were landed at Brooklyn on Tuesday of last week. They are to have a monument and interment at Cypress Hill Cemetery.

The Governor has vetoed the bill increasing the fees of sheriffs, and another authorizing a railroad in certain streets of New York city.

A Seneca Indian, widow of the Chief "Destroytown," died at the Cattaraugas Reservation last week at the advanced age of 100 years and upwards.

A fire in Rochester, on the 30th ult., in the building occupied by Briggs Bros., seedsmen, and other parties, did damage to the extent of $9,000.

Richard Wheeler, a resident of Tarrytown was killed on the Hudson River railroad, on Wednesday, by a train passing over his body.

The Germans of New York and vicinity held a mass meeting Saturday, and determined to organize a Scheutzenfest for June next.

There were 453 deaths in New York last week.

The value of the manufactured goods imported from Europe into New York during the past week was $5,395,815.

The annual State Charity Bill, as passed by the Legislature, appropriates $250,000 to various institutions.

From Washington.

THE Impeachment Trial continued during the past week. Manager Thad. Stevens occupied a part of Monday with his argument for the prosecution. He attempted to deliver it in person,—but after speaking twenty minutes his strength failed, and Gen. Butler read the remainder of the argument. It was shorter than any before made, and devoted entirely to the support of the impeachment article charging the President with attempting to obstruct the execution of the Tenure-of-Office act. He said he considered this article at the time of its adoption, and still considered it as quite sufficient for the ample conviction of the distinguished respondent and for his removal from office, which is the only legitimate object for which this impeachment could be instituted.

Manager Williams followed Mr. Stevens, commencing his argument on Monday afternoon and concluding it on Tuesday. This effort was a long and full discussion of the various questions involved in removals and ad interim appointments by the President. The last four articles he did not touch upon at all. His introductory remarks gave a graphic sketch of the situation and of the issue between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, and he then proceeded to analyze and discuss the Tenure-of-Office bill and its connection with the case at issue.

Mr. William M. Evarts of New York followed Manager Williams, commencing his argument in defense of the President Tuesday afternoon, and closing it on Friday. He spoke for about two hours on Tuesday, most of which time he consumed in laying the foundation of his argument. He occupied much higher and broader ground than either Judge Nelson or Mr. Groesbeck, basing his appeal for the President's acquittal upon constitutional and governmental grounds, and the manner in which he presented his arguments was such as to secure the interested attention of both Senators and spectators.

All the Senators have during the trial been remarkably silent, even among their most intimate friends, as to how they will vote on the subject, and therefore what the course of each will be is a matter of inference or conjecture.

Judge Black has written another letter to President Johnson relative to the Alta Vela affair. He says that he knew nothing of the letter signed by certain Radical members of the House, including Gens. Logan and Butler, counseling the President in relation to the affair, and that he had no communication with them whatever on the subject.

From the West.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, the Chinese Ambassador, was given a grand dinner at San Francisco on Tuesday evening, the 28th ult., by the most prominent citizens. In his address he said that his mission was accepted in the interest of civilization, and meant progress, the adoption of international law, peace, commerce and the unification of the human race.

A skiff containing four boys, who were fishing recently in the Wabash River, at Carmel, Ill., was drawn under a dam, and all but one of the boys were drowned.

Mr. George F. Carpenter, the express agent of the Merchants' Union Express Company at Davenport, Iowa, was robbed and murdered in Chicago a few evenings since by an unknown assassin.

The largest siezure of illicit whisky ever made in the West was made at Rockhill's rectifying establishment in Cincinnati lately by the U. S. officers.

The management of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad have determined to change the guage of the road from the broad to the narrow guage, in order to bring it into close connection with the majority of eastern roads. The change will be completed by the first of December.

Idaho advices of April 18th state that the Indians are committing depredations on the Jordan Valley, and it is thought that the programme of the past four years will be re-enacted by the savages, in robbing, burning and murdering.

The brick depot of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad, at Bloomington, Illinois, together with a large amount of valuable freight stored therein, was consumed by fire on Friday last. The loss is heavy.

The Democrats of California have voted in State Convention for Gov. Haight as their first choice for the Presidency, and instructed their delegation, in case their motion is not seconded by other States, to unite with the friends of Pendleton in the Northwest in demanding his nomination.

At Sitka during the last month ten or twelve vessels, of various sizes, arrived and departed, several of them being steamships, and passengers are continually arriving.

Parties are indulging in wolf hunts in the vicinity of Sandusky, O. Six miles from the city one was shot and four cubs captured yesterday. The one shot was five feet in length; four other full grown wolves were seen.

From the South.

GEN. SCHOFIELD wants to have the Virginia Constitution submitted to the people in separate parts, that the entire instrument may not be defeated on account of certain obnoxious clauses, like the disfranchising clause, to which Gen. Schofield himself is opposed.

The Mississippi Convention have adopted several articles of the new Constitution. The work is about closed, and an early adjournment may be expected.

Under the new State Constitution, Louisiana is to have one hundred and one Representatives and thirty-six Senators in its Legislature. The Governor is to receive a salary of $8,000 per annum, to hold office four years, and to be ineligible for the succeeding four years.

The recent shooting of a member of the Ku Klux Klan, by a negro in Tennessee, it is said has tended to modify the enthusiasm of the midnight prowlers to some extent; and it has given the freedmen confidence.

General Schofield has appointed John E. Stokes Mayor of Portsmouth, and a list of Councilmen for that city.

It is said in Richmond that the bail bond of Jeff. Davis will be renewed in the United States Circuit Court. He will not appear in person. The trial, it is confidently stated, will this time be fixed for the last of May, or the middle of June, when it will certainly take place.

At the recent election in North Carolina about 170,000 votes were cast, while at the Presidential election in 1860 the vote was less than 100,000, showing that at the recent election quite a full vote, both of blacks and whites, was polled.

The recently chosen Louisiana Legislature will assemble in a few days and elect two United States Senators. Ex-Governor Hahn's friends have been urging him to allow his name to be used, but he has positively declined.

From Mexico.

A SPECIAL express from Monterey brings an official complaint from Consul Ulrich to Secretary Seward, of another outrage on six American merchants of Monterey, who were sent to the calaboose by order of the Governor's Secretary, and detained among filth and vermin, and the vilest felons, till morning, when they were commanded to perform the most disgusting offices and sweep the prison. On refusing, they were flogged by a felon, at the order of the jailor, and arraigned before the Alcalde, fined and compelled to pay for the return of their watches and money.

Advices from Mazatlan state that Gov. Rubi has called on merchants for a voluntary loan of $30,000 to pay troops and carry on the government, and had received $21,000. Gen. Corona called a meeting of merchants at his headquarters, and informed them that he must have a loan of $100,000 for the immediate payment of the army. After two hours' debate they concluded to raise the amount. Only one American merchant was present. Fifty thousand dollars of the sum was received by Corona on the 22d ult., and the balance to be paid in two weeks.

Gen. Corona had arrived at Mazatlan, and had a brilliant reception as Military Commander of Northwestern Mexico. He is absolutely master of the situation. The notorious filibuster, Dartois, has gone to establish a colony at the mouth of the Colorado River.

Gen. Martinez issued a final proclamation at Caliacan on the 15th, announcing his abandonment of the revolutionary army and his retirement to private life. He is being closely pursued by Gen. Folentino with a cavalry force, with orders to capture, kill or drive the rebellious chieftain out of the State. Granidos, Palacio, Paz and other revolutionists who escaped to San Blas, are reported prisoners in the hands of Lozado.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE war in Crete is continued with much spirit by the Christian revolutionists.

The Greek newspapers announce that a battle, which lasted the entire day, was fought at Apocorona on the 14th of April, and that the insurgents claimed a victory at its close. Fights had also taken place, it is said, between the Army of Liberation and the troops of the Sultan on the 11th, 12th, 13th and 16th of April, but they ended without much decisive result. The Athens editors again agree that the Turkish soldiers commit great outrages on the inhabitants at every point where they obtain complete control on the island.

The steamers employed in running the Turkish blockade of the Candian stores, for the relief of the Christians, and the landing of munitions of war for their use, continue to ply from ports of Greece and to the island.

The Government was beaten again in the British House of Commons on the night of the 30th ult., by a larger vote than before the Easter holidays, the majority against it being 65. Mr. Disraeli then stated that the Ministers needed time to consider their future action, and the House adjourned.

The trial of Burke and Shaw, in London, resulted in a verdict of guilty against both, and the Judge sentenced the former to fifteen years, and the latter to seventeen years imprisonment.

George Francis Train has again been brought before the Court of Bankruptcy in Dublin, but his case was deferred. He continues to denounce the proceedings against him as a political persecution, prompted by the British authorities.

The belief has become general that after the passage of the reform bills for Ireland and Scotland, the Disraeli Ministry will dissolve Parliament and appeal to the people on the Irish Church question.

VENEZUELA NEWS.—Venezuela news, to April 6th, is received. The intelligence is favorable to the Government. General Aristequieta is at Culebra, where he had defeated the rebels. A few of the rebels at Victoria had submitted. Miguel Ropas, after his defeat, opened negotiations for peace. Escobar and Leoncio Quintara, with a small body of men, were fleeing to Eastern Guarico.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

MAINE has three hundred and five lodges of Good Templars, with 29,144 members, 700 more than a year ago.

JOHN BROOKS, bird and snake fancier, was bitten by a rattlesnake in Baltimore on Friday. He died within fifteen minutes.

OF the five submarine cables which connect France and Belgium with England, four were ruptured by a tempest recently.

A HERALD'S special from Havana, May 2d, says: A monster stock company is forming at Cienfuegos for the importation of Coolies direct to that place.

A BOILER in the Penn Treaty Rolling Mill, Philadelphia, exploded on the 23d ult., demolishing the building. Three men were killed, and about twenty more or less injured.

AN exchange states that when Bierstadt lunched with Queen Victoria, bitter beer was served. Henceforth let the great American landscape painter be known as Bitter Bierstadt.

A WELL known New York physician, worth $200,000, has made a will directing that his body shall be burned. He has also written a book in favor of burning the dead.

THE Montana oil works, located a mile from Pittsburg, were totally destroyed by fire on the 2d inst., together with 1,200 barrels of oil. Loss between $20,000 and $30,000; insured for $11,000.

A RUTLAND marble firm have received from Georgia an order for a tombstone, to the usual inscription on which is to be added:—"Height, seven feet; weight, four hundred and thirty pounds."

STRAWBERRIES, blackberries, and almost every kind of garden vegetables have commenced arriving in Chicago from the Gulf of Mexico region, via the Mobile & Ohio and the Illinois Central Railroads.

Two men, one the prize fighter, Australian Kelly, and the other, Wm. McGinnis, went into Wm. L. Garvey's real estate office in New York on Friday evening, threw him down and robbed him of $512. They were arrested.

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart color to 7,000 times its weight of water. It is so in higher things; one companion, one book, one habit may effect the whole life and character.

SOME Dartmouth College students were lately expelled for riotous conduct at West Lebanon, and a few of the classmates of the expelled parties showed their indignation by breaking into the college chapel and destroying the organ.

THE seal fishery of New Foundland is proving quite successful this spring, five of the steamers having returned at latest mail dates with a total of 65,000 seals, and left to prosecute a second trip. Several sailing vessels have proved equally successful.

IT may not be generally known that the trombone was in use among the ancients, but the art of making this instrument was lost. In excavating Herculaneum, one of them was found and sent to George III of England, under whose direction the manufacture was revived.

THERE is a young man attending college in Albion, Mich., whose heart is on his right side. He has been examined by several of the most noted physicians of New York and Washington, who all agree that such is the case. This is the second case on record of the kind.

THE ladies of Augusta, Savanah and Columbus, and other Georgia cities, are making arrangements for the decoration of the graves of the Confederate soldiers in the cemeteries of those cities. As the date on which this ceremony is usually performed falls this year on Sunday, some discussion has arisen as to whether its observance should be postponed.

A YOUNG lady, name unknown, has been writing in Frazer's Magazine very pleasant lines about New York young ladies. She says "their faces are charming. I never could come to America and return unmarried, if I were a man. Such sweet, delicate, refined little faces, and such lovely dark eyes!" And then she adds: "The people all look so independent: even the beggars just carelessly request money, and then go away instantly."

A TERRIBLE case of human spontaneous combustion, which resulted in death, has just taken place in Cleveland, Ohio. The name of the man was Bremer. He drank on a wager six large drinks of whisky and a pint of stock ale at a sitting. With blazing face and starting eyes, he then reeled towards a gas jet, in order to light his pipe, when the noxious gases issuing from his mouth were instantly ablaze, and the poor wretch was soon being consumed by an inward fire.

SOUTH AMERICAN ITEMS.—News from Rio Janeiro to the 9th ult., says:—Dates from the seat of war on the Parana are to March 25th. The allies had taken the Paraguayan lines at Roza, and the headquarters of the Marquis de Caxias were at Resso Marshal Lopez has abandoned Pucu and his whereabouts were unknown. The allied fleet had gone up the river again to Fort Humaita, which was soon to be attacked. The allies expect that the Paraguayans will surrender.

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN VERMONT.—Thirty buildings, including barns, mechanics' shops of various kinds, hotels, stores, offices, residences, a school house and a church, were utterly destroyed by fire in East Berkshire, Vt., on the 29th ult.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, May 5, 1868.

THE quiet condition of financial matters noticed for some time past in Rochester, and in Western New York generally, still continues. All good paper offered is readily discounted. Discounts are more readily obtained at the city banks than they were two or three weeks since.

Last week closed with a decidedly easier market in New York than has existed for some weeks. Money was freely offered on Saturday at 6 per cent. on call, and the feeling was general that the bank statement for the week would show such strength that the ruling rate, for a time at least, would not be above that figure. There is a demand for paper from the banks at 7 per cent.

There is a greater pressure for money in Boston, just now, than at any other important commercial point. It is thought the decidedly improved condition of the market in New York must speedily work a change in Boston. Now "a very active demand" is reported.

Gold continues firm. Sales were made at the New York Board yesterday at 139¼. The total shipment of specie for the week was $1,431,891. It was expected, on account of the remittance abroad of the May interest, that the sum would be considerably larger. It is evident that bonds, instead of specie, are sent out in return for coupons quite freely. Undoubtedly this week's shipment of coin will be quite heavy, as the foreign bondholders will then be mostly paid. On the first day of May $300,000 was paid on the interest due the first of this month, and the payments continued large on Saturday and yesterday.

Government Securities are a little weaker than they were a week since. There was a decline on Saturday of about ¼ per cent. on most descriptions.

The general Stock Market has been dull for a few days, and transactions are quite limited. New York Central and Erie are more buoyant, and have been going up recently.

It is expected the May statement of the Public Debt, to be issued early this week, will show a decrease in the debt of $8,000,000, and probably of $10,000,000. This will be a larger decrease than for some time past.

During the last month several millions in gold have been sold by the Treasury Department. Before the commencement of the payment of the May coupons, the Government held $81,000,000 in coin and $23,000,000 in currency. The Customs receipts have been quite heavy recently. The Internal Revenue receipts are about as they have been for some time past.

COTTON.—The market has been quiet the past week, at about 1c. decline on former rates.

WOOL.—The Eastern market is dull, and extra grades are lower. The sales in Boston last week foot up only 513,000 lbs. A sale of 50,000 lbs. XX Michigan was made at 55c.; New York medium was taken at 46@47c.; New York super, 49c. The demand now is mostly upon the low and medium grades. Stocks at the East, of all descriptions, are very much reduced. There is considerable speculation in regard to the extent of the crop of 1868.

The market for Woolen Goods is quiet, with no improvement in prices. The woolen mills are now running on heavy fall goods.

DRY GOODS.—Trade in New York and Boston for six or eight days has been fair.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—There is no particular change in this market. At the East there has been a tendency to lower rates for some days, in consequence of the opening of navigation. Flour in New York on Saturday dropped down from 10 to 20c. per barrel, and there was a corresponding decline in Wheat.

THE LOCAL MARKET, with trifling exceptions, remains at the dead level of the last three weeks. There is no Wool worth noting offering, and prices are nominal at quotations. The same is true of Barley, Hops, Seeds and the like. The only articles showing an upward tendency are Pork, Cut Meats and Pototoes, which are in demand at quotations. Pork has gone up another dollar per barrel, with a fair prospect of a still further advance. Butter is declining, which is about the only agricultural product which seems to be taking that direction.

ROCHESTER, MAY 4.—Flour, wheat, $14,00@16,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,22; Meal (ed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10. Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 78@80c; Barley, $2,85@2,90; Beans, $4,00@4,50; Pork, mess, $28,50@29,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,00@12,00; Hams, 14@19cts Shoulders, 12½@13c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 19@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@22c; Potatoes, $1,25@1,30; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,25; Onions, ℔ bu., $3,00@3,50; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@44c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@20. Maple Sugar, 16@18c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 15@18c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—Ashes, pots, $8,62½@8,62½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 32½@33c; Flour, $8,80@16,00; Rye Flour, $8,25@4,90. Wheat, $2,42@3,25; Rye, $1,90@1,95; Barley, $2,32; Corn, $1,14@1,22; Oats, 83½@85½c; Pork, mess, $28,00@28,37; prime, $23,50@23,75; prime mess, $25,50@26,00; Beef, new plain mess, $19,00@20,50; Beef hams, $33,00@39,00; Shoulders, 13@14½c; Hams, 16½@18c; Bacon, 14@17½c; Lard 18½@19½c; Butter, 26@43c; Cheese, 12@17½c.

ALBANY, MAY 2.—Flour, $8@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,62½@9,75. Corn Meal, $2,50@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,90@2,95. Rye, $1,95. Barley, $2@3,03. Corn, $1,12@1,15. Oats, 87@87c. Clover seed, medium, 9@9½c; large, 10@11c. Timothy seed, $2,75@3,00. Pork, clear, $29,00; mess, $26,00. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 50@55c. Cheese, 17c.

BUFFALO, MAY 2—Flour, $10,50@11,50; Wheat, $2,25@3,00; Corn, $0,95@1,05; Oats, 72@75c; Rye, $1,05; Barley, $2,18@2,18; Peas, $1,50@2,00; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Pork, mess, $28,00@29,00; Lard, 18½@19c; Shoulders, 14½@15c; Hams, 18@19½c Clover seed, medium, $6,00@6,00; Pea-vine do. $0,00@8,00; Timothy, $2,35@2,45; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $3,55 fine, $2,60 coarse ℔ bbl.; Butter, 30@48c; Cheese, 13@17c; Potatoes, $1,20; Apples, green, $3,50@4,50 bbl; dried, 8½@9c ℔; Eggs, 23c.

CHICAGO, MAY 2—Flour, $9,00@10,75; Wheat, $2,09½@2,16; Corn, 87½@88½c; Oats 61½@66cts. Rye, $1,55@1,57; Barley, $2,30@2,35; Pork, mess, $23,75@29,00; Lard, 19@19c.

CINCINNATI, MAY 2.—Flour, $9,00@14,00; Wheat, $2,62@2,75; Corn, 93@93c ear; Oats, 78@80c; Rye, $2,00@2,10; Barley, $2,65@2,75; Mess pork, $26@28,25; Lard, 18@18½c; Bacon, 15@17½c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,25.

TORONTO, APRIL 30—Flour, $7@7,15; Wheat, fall, $1,75@1,77; Spring, $1,64@1,66. Oats, 55@57c; Barley, $1@1,45; Peas 90@91cts; Pork, mess, $16,00@21; Bacon, 7½@8½c; Hams, 11½@12cts Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 13@15c; Butter, 19@21c; Hops, 30@43c Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $12@17; Straw, $10@13; Wool, 30@33c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 28—Beeves—Receipts 5,633 head; quotations 12@19c. Veal calves, receipts 2,521 head; quotations 5@11½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 19,527 head; quotations Sheep 5@9c; Lambs 12@18cts. Swine—Receipts 21,043 head; quotations, 9@10½c.

ALBANY, April 30—Beeves, $8,25@10,75. Milch Cows, $40@100. Veal Calves, 8@10c. Sheep and Lambs—State 7@7c; Western 5½@9½c.; Canada 8@½9c. Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, April 29—Beeves range from 11@15½c. Working Oxen, $200@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 6@8c; extra, 8½@9½c; by the head, $4@7. Swine.—Shotes, wholesale, 8½@10c; retail, 11@12c; Spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10½@10½c; Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 8@8½c. Veal Calves, $3@12.

CHICAGO, MAY 2—Beef Cattle, 7½@7½c. Veal Calves, 4@5c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $8,40@9,00.

CINCINNATI, APRIL 24—Beef Cattle, $5,25@9,00; Sheep, 4½@7c; Hogs, 7½@10½c. Calves, 7@10c.

PHILADELPHIA, April 30—Cattle steady; sales at 7@11½ Cows and Calves, $40@80; Sheep, 7@9½c. Hogs, 14@15c.

TORONTO, APRIL 30—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep and Lambs, $5,00@6,00; Calves, $2@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 2—Market is quiet. Sales are 220,000 lbs. at 47@54c. for Domestic Fleece, 44@47cts for pulled, 57½ for tubbed, 25@36½c. for Texas, and 18@27½c for California.

BOSTON, APRIL 30.—The Boston Advertiser says:—"We quote Maine wool 48c; delaine selections 50@51c; New York State 45@46c New Hampshire 46c; extra pulled 47@50c; super 50@52c; Canada combing 70c."

CINCINNATI, APRIL 30—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 30@33c.; Tub Washed, 38@40c.; Unwashed, 23@28c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, APRIL 30—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@43c.; Medium, 39@42c.; Coarse, 30@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 48@45c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

THE
GREAT REPRESENTATIVE NEWSPAPER
—OF—
MICHIGAN,
THE DETROIT
Advertiser and Tribune.

This has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the State of Michigan, and is the great popular organ of the State.

Its Weekly issue exceeds that of all other Detroit papers put together, and goes to the masses in every quarter of the State.

Its large Tri-Weekly edition is taken by farmers, millers and merchants on all the lines of railoard throughout the State.

Its Daily edition is larger than that of any other single paper published in Michigan, and is generally read in Detroit and all the more important places in the interior.

Business men and others wishing to reach the people of Michigan, will find advertising in the ADVERTISER AND TRIBUNE to be by far the cheapest and most effective method possible.

Advertisements will be taken by any respectable advertising agent at the same rates that would be required at our own counter, and the following houses in particular are almost daily forwarding orders to us:

Boston — S. R. NILES.
" S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.
New York — JOHN HOOPER & CO.
S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.
PEASLEE & CO.
Philadelphia — COE, WETHERILL & CO.
Cincinnati — COOK, COBURN & TAYLOR.
S. H. PARVIN.
Chicago — COOK, COBURN & CO.

Politically, the ADVERTISER AND TRIBUNE is thoroughly Radical. It gives particular attention to home interests, in this respect being surpassed by no paper on the Continent. Its Michigan news is collected by its own paid correspondents, numbering over one hundred in all, and the telegraph is freely used in its transmission.

Besides being the Official Paper of Detroit, it publishes all the official advertisements of the various mining companies, is the only paper that publishes regularly local financial intelligence, gives very complete shipping and commercial reports, and devotes considerable attention to literary matters and to the religious news of the day.

Every one owning property, or having any interests in the State of Michigan, should by all means take one or other of the editions of this paper.

TERMS.

DAILY.....$10 00
TRI-WEEKLY.....5 00
WEEKLY.....2 00

☞ Christian Associations and free reading-rooms will be furnished with either edition at half price, on application.
Letters should be addressd,
ADVERTISER & TRIBUNE,
Detroit, Michigan.

THE
CHICAGO WEEKLY REPUBLICAN,
The best Weekly Newspaper published in the West, will be issued as a Campaign Paper from the meeting of the National Republican Convention, May 21st, to December 1st, for the
VERY LOW PRICE OF FIFTY CENTS.
It will contain the fullest political intelligence, general news, commercial reports, choice selections of reading matter, and able editorials on all important current topics. It must commend itself particularly to Republican Clubs and Campaign Committees as the cheapest, most entertaining, and most effective campaign document issued. Every Republican should take it and see that his neighbor has it.
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.
Address REPUBLICAN CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE MONITOR EXTRA!
Is pronounced, by the trade, where it has been introduced, to be—THE MOST PERFECT AND SALABLE Cog-Wheel Wringer yet offered to the trade. It sells BECAUSE it is *simple, perfect in all its parts, and durable.* This Wringer
Is the Only Machine Sold
in this State with *all white Rubber Rollers clear to the shaft.* Warranted not to crock or rust the clothes. The iron work is nicely galvanized.
THE NEW SPRING CLAMP, attached to this Wringer makes it THE MOST PERFECT WRINGER MADE.
All Wringers Warranted in Every Particular.
Manufactured by JOHN YOUNG (the Original Wringer man) & SON, Amsterdam, N. Y.
☞ Sold by Dealers everywhere. ☜
☞ AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. ☜

TURBINE WATER WHEEL.
PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., PEEKSKILL, N. Y.
GENTS.:—Yours of 10th April, was received; we have given your 12-inch Turbine Wheel a thorough trial, and the more we use it the better we are pleased with it. We have about 23 foot head and are well satisfied, with the same water, it will give more power than our 30 foot Overshot did, and can do more work. Also run in cold weather without being troubled with ice. A number of Millers and Manufacturers have been here to witness its performance, and all admit its superiority. Yours, truly,
J. F. WHITNEY & SONS,
Berry, Case, Crate and Cup Factory, Milton, N. Y.
☞ For Wheels, &c., address Peekskill Manufacturing Co.

RESTORE YOUR BEAUTY.—HOLLOW *Cheeks, Emaciated Forms, Dark Circles around the Eyes, Pimples, &c.*, cured by the use of VELPEAU'S VITALINE. Was never known to fail. However thin you are, the VITALINE will cause the hollow cheek and shrunken form to fill up with healthful flesh, restoring beauty of form and color. It is harmless. *Satisfaction given, or money refunded.* $1.50 per box, sealed, by mail. Address,
WM. POWELL & CO.,
955-eoly L. Box 15, Troy, N. Y.

EVERYBODY SHOULD SEND TO MAIN & NUTTEN, Concord, N. H., and get some of the MAIN GRAPE VINES. It is the finest Grape grown in the United States. Price of Vines—1 year old, $1; 2 years old, $2; 3 years old or larger, $3.

GREATEST CURIOSITY OF THE 19TH Century!—Wonderful Electric Fish—It pleases all! By mail for 10 cents and stamp, 3 for 25 cents. Address the inventor, NATHAN HALL, West Millbury, Mass. 1954-2teo
☞ Agents wanted in every part of the world. ☜

WANTED—LADY HAIR DRESSER—ONE who understands Ladies Hair Dressing and Hair Work. Will give good wages and steady employment to one who understands it well. Reference required. Address
HENRY LOETIE, Syracuse, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A FIRST CLASS SCREW Stump Machine,—performs its work well. Price, $100.
Z. COLBY, Greece, N. Y.

PURE HONEY!—How to make it easy and cheap *free.* Address G. G. BERRY, North Stratford, N. H.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—For the intensely interesting work, "MYSTERIES OF THE NEAPOLITAN CONVENTS," by an ex-Nun. It gives a true and graphic picture of the inner life of the Convents, and of the country and society of that beautiful land—Italy. Agents are meeting with great success in its sale. Terms liberal. Send for Circulars.
954-8t A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Johnston's Self-Raking Reaper—Johnston, Huntley & Co.
Dodge's Patent Reaper and Mower, and Self-Raker.
The Detroit Advertiser & Tribune.
Darwin's Great Work—Orange Judd & Co.
Star Agricultural Works—Wm B Rinory, Supt.
Union Mower and Reaper—Alzirus Brown.
The Monitor Extra—John Young & Son.
The Chicago Weekly Republican—Republican Co.
Turbine Water Wheel—J F Whitney & Sons.
Italian Queens—J W Haskins.
Greatest Curiosity—Nathan Hall.
Wanted, Lady Hair Dresser—Henry Loftie.
Pure Honey—G G Berry.
For Sale, Stump Machine—Z Colby.
Kennedy's Scrofula Ointment—Donald Kennedy.
The Allotie Watch—Bradford Van Delf & Co.
Curls! Curls!—James S Butler.
The Main Grape—Main & Nurten.
Restore Your Beauty—Wm Powell & Co.
Books for Horse-Owners, &c.—W A Townsend & Adams.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Gold Medal Thresing Machine—R & M Harder.

The News Condenser.

— A Prussian school ship is now in New York harbor.

— Jerome, the New Haven clock man, is dead.

— A mocking bird in New York speaks fifty words.

— Surratt's next trial is fixed for May 12.

— The Astor House on reopening will rent for $55,000.

— Tennessee has put a $1 tax on matrimony.

— Alice Cary is President of the Blue Stocking Club.

— Providence is to have an inebriate asylum.

— Vermont has enjoyed but two hangings in 40 years.

— Sam Slick's son is lecturing in Toronto.

— Narvaez, the Spanish statesman, is dead.

— Napoleon III. was 60 years old on the 20th ult.

— Russian fowls are largely sold in Paris.

— Montgomery, Ala., is enjoying strawberries and ice cream.

— Croquet bids fair to be more the rage than ever this season.

— Gapius Honcharenko, Esq., is editor of the Alaska Herald.

— Breckinridge has an estate in Louisville valued at $22,262.

— Lake Champlain is breaking up. It has been frozen 98 days.

— Chicago will not build a wigwam for the great convention.

— It is said the French Consul in Richmond has bought a theater.

— The Cornwall tin mines no longer support the Cornish miners.

— Massachusetts has been borrowing $3,000,000 from the Barings.

— The Arlington estate is to be cut up into small freedmen's farms.

—A prize fight is still in prospect between Hollywood and Keating.

— Only three bodies from the Sea Bird have as yet come ashore.

— Minister Bancroft is to negotiate a commercial treaty with Prussia.

— Pullman made $75,000 last year out of his hotel and sleeping cars.

— A collossal bust of the poet Bryant is to be placed in Central Park.

— Baltimore swarms with young southerners hunting for clerkships.

— The largest income in Fitchburg, Mass., is that of a pop-corn man.

— Col. Foster, editor of the Pittsburg Daily Dispatch, died last week.

— In New orleans 3,331 colored children attend the public schools.

— A fund is to be raised in Canada for paying D'Arcy McGee's debts.

— The wife of ex-Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, died on Sunday.

— Napoleon paid $13,000 for his cousin's installation to the Cardinalate.

— Three humpbacked whales have been seen near Charleston lately.

— A monument to the memory of Dante will soon be erected at Naples.

— The Great Western employes at Hamilton are organizing a brass band.

— Nantucket men are going West to turn their harpoons into pruning hooks.

— Philadelphia is subscribing $10,000 for the benefit of colored war orphans.

— Madame Musard has purchased the celebrated Cross diamonds for £24,000.

— The peach crop is reported safe in Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey.

— Chicago returned but one income above $100,000. Cincinnati shows ten.

— Dexter has been resting all winter, and never was in such perfect condition.

— Eleven million bushels of oysters per year are taken out of Chesapeake Bay.

— The Island of Antigua had seven shocks of an earthquake on Thursday week.

— Eighty thousand head of Texas cattle are *en route* for the railroad in Kansas.

— The Plicatquis quarries, in Maine, annually ship to Boston 20,000 tons of slate.

— Dickens gave $150 to the Dramatic Fund in New York, and Dolby gave $100.

— The earnings of the Central Pacific Railway during 1867 were nearly $1,500,000.

— $1,000 a year is allowed the dancing attachee of an embassy at Paris for gloves.

— Uncle Sam sold 7,000,000 acres of land last year. He only has 830,000,000 acres left.

— It is claimed that $2,000,000 of capital is employed in the fruit business at Chicago.

— Fifty-seven horses are in the Jerome Park stables, preparing for the spring races.

— Two Boston Military Companies are to drill against each other May 27, for $100 a side.

— Yokohama, Japan, is 11,509 miles from London by way of Suez, and 7,520 via, New York.

— D'Arcy McGee is to be succeeded in the Canadian Parliament by the Hon. Peter Redpath.

— Prof. Thompson of Toronto insists that there is gold worth hunting for north of Lake Superior.

— The life of Capt. Prather, who perished in the explosion of the Magnolia, was insured for $10,000.

— The ruins of a town, canals, etc., are said to have been found in Utah, near the mouth of Salt River.

— Stewart pays Judge Hilton $25,000 a year for keeping him out of the courts, and gets off cheaply at that.

— The comet kown as Brorsen's was seen at the Vassar College Observatory on the evening of the 19th ult.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GOLD MEDAL THRESHING MACHINE.

PERSONS intending to purchase a Threshing Machine will do well to send for Circulars and Judges' Report of the Machine awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS *at the Great National Trial at Auburn, July*, 1866, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 929

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SWEEPSTAKES SELF-RAKING REAPER
JOHNSTON'S PATENT

(SEE ENGRAVING IN RURAL OF MAY 2, 1868.)

We Manufacture Reapers for Reaping and Mowers for Mowing.

Our Reaper is a perfect success, because it is simple in construction, and has less than half the number of parts contained in most Reaping machines. THE CONSTRUCTION is such as to enable us to bring the machine in small space, and also enables us to construct the principal parts of iron, making the machine strong and durable.

THE FINGER BEAM

Is located opposite the tread of the driving-wheel, giving the machine a perfect balance, and enabling it to pass over uneven ground and water furrows with ease.

THE HEIGHT OF CUT

is readily varied from 3 to 18 inches, and the platform always kept in a horizontal position, or the driver can, by a lever, raise and lower the cut and give the proper angle for cutters in lodged or standing grain.

THE JOHNSTON SELF-RAKE

Gathers and delivers wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, clover, timothy and flax seed, and sowed corn in gavels, bunches, or a swath, at the will of the driver.

IT IS A PERFECT SUCCESS!

Because it was the first to abandon the smooth slat or beater for gathering in the grain, and to use the Rakes for gathering, as well as delivering. It was

THE FIRST GATHERING APPARATUS

in which the beater dropped down on a level with and in advance of the cutters, carried the grain on to the platform, brushed it back far enough to keep the cutters clear; then rose up till a sufficient quantity was deposited for a gavel, when the driver could at will deliver it. The

Johnston Patent Sweepstakes Self-Raking Reaper

Cuts a six foot swath, with as little draft as a light four foot mower, and no side draft whatever. Do you ask as to its strength and durability? The combination of wood and iron in the finger bar makes it the most perfect of finger bars. Its machinery is the most compact and durable of any other, and the seat of the driver outside of the driving wheel so balances and relieves the finger bar that it is less liable to sag or break, than that of any other Machine. Well, but how much work will it do? Here is its great value, for it draws so light, and cuts so wide, that it has been known to cut 140 acres of heavy grain in seven days. But it cuts easily with a common team, 15 acres a day.

☞ For Circulars or Agencies for Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Western New York, apply to JOHNSTON, HUNTLEY & CO., Brockport, N. Y., or our Western Agency, 60 West Lake Street, Chicago, Ill. For Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and Central New York, apply to C. C. BRADLEY & SON, Syracuse, N. Y. For Maryland and Virginia, apply to DYER WILLIAMS, Syracuse, N. Y.

UNION MOWER AND REAPER

(A Combination of different Patents.)

It combines more valuable features and will better meet the wants of Farmers than any Machine ever invented.

Has been in use for the past

SEVEN YEARS,

—AND HAS—

PROVED A PERFECT SUCCESS!

Can be worked successfully on rough and stony land, and is the most durable machine in use.

WHITCOMB'S SULKY HAY RAKE.

is the lightest, cheapest, simplest and best Horse Rake known. Agents Wanted. ALZIRUS BROWN, Worcester, Mass., Manufacturer. DUANE H. NASH, General Agent, 29 Cortlandt Street, New York. 955 2teo

STAR AGRICULTURAL WORKS!

The Albany Cotton Gin Manufacturing Co.,

ALBANY, N. Y.,

Office and Factory on Thacher St., North End of the City.

WM. B. EMERY, (Survivor of EMERY BROTHERS,) Superintendent of Manufactory, Manufacturers of

GENERAL AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,

Comprising the Celebrated "STAR" Threshing Machines; "STAR" Railway (or Endless Chain) and Lever Horse Powers; "STAR" Cotton Gins and Condensers; Circular Cross-Cut Saw Mills; Vegetable Cutters; Horse Hay Forks; Corn and Feed Mills; Power Corn Shellers; Dog Powers, &c., &c.

We wish to call the particular attention of Farmers to our celebrated "STAR" THRESHER AND CLEANER, which, as lately improved, we claim is far superior to any other machine now in market. It is compact and easily portable; simple in its construction, and therefore easy to operate by the most inexperienced, and will do its work with marvelous rapidity and perfection, and with comparatively the least demand upon the strength of the animals driving it.

We have made recent improvements in this machine by which we are enabled to *thoroughly clean the grain* under almost any combination of difficulties, and we are now using an entirely new and effective device for relieving the feeder of dust, thus making the operation of threshing as comfortable and safe as with the ordinary machines it is annoying and frequently destructive to health.

These Machines are made of suitable sizes for our "STAR" Railway Power and also for our "STAR" Lever Power.

For full particulars, send for our Illustrated Descriptive Circular and Price List.

AGENTS WANTED.

☞ Correspondents will please address THE ALBANY COTTON GIN MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. Drawer 162, Albany, N. Y. 954-cotf

ITALIAN QUEENS.—IF YOU WANT TO GET the worth of your money, purchase Queens from Apiaries that have no Foul-brood. All Queens sent from my Apiary, are bred from mothers of undoubted purity. Express paid. When requested, I introduce Queens when several are wanted in a town. J. W. HASKINS, Savoy, Mass.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION try the old and well known **Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam**, approved and used by our OLDEST and BEST PHYSICIANS and FAMILIES for FORTY YEARS past. Get the genuine. REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors.

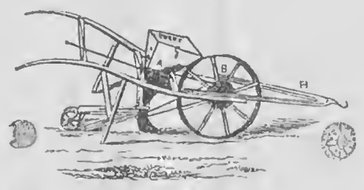
SHAW'S CHEMICAL, ELECTRO, SILVER-PLATING FLUID makes worn out plated ware as good as new. Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents to pay for packing and postage. Address J. SHAW, Chemist, 30 Elm street, Bridgeport, Conn. ☞ Agents wanted everywhere. 953-4t

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—CONSISTing of 110 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, with fruit orchards embracing the most choice fruits, and 3 acres of vineyard all in bearing. One-half mile from Peach Orchard Landing, on Seneca Lake, in the County of Schuyler, N. Y., Hector P. O. For particulars, inquire of B. W. WOODWARD, Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO HEALTH and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., Price 30 cts. free, 240 pp. Address, 12 White St., New York. 954-4t

HORACE L. EMERY'S

ALBANY CORN AND SEED PLANTER,



Adapted for HORSE or HAND POWER, for HILLS or DRILLS from three inches to six feet apart, and any *number or quantity of Seeds* to the HILL, DRILL or ACRE; also for ALL KINDS of SEEDS, *large or small, heavy or light.*

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For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE VISION.

BY L. HALSEY.

I.

If the souls of the departed
Hover still around the earth,
And remember friends that loved them,—
Know the spot that gave them birth,—
Then I saw, last eve, in slumber,
One I loved in years agone,
When my heart was free from sorrow,
In my childhood's rosy dawn.

II.

Then I heard her voice with gladness,—
Clasped her hand in mine once more,—
And felt purer in her presence,
As I did in days of yore;
And she seemed to be an angel,
Even as in the years gone by,
When she had not yet been summoned
To her mansion in the sky.

III.

For she ever carried with her
Light, and truth, and hope, and joy,—
Wore a lovely smile angelic,
Which no sadness could destroy;
To each heart she added pleasure,
In no bosom left a pain,
Faithful she to every duty,—
Such can never live in vain.

IV.

She, last evening, in my slumbers,
Bent above me once again,
And in gentle, flowing numbers,
Soothed my weary soul as then.
Soft she told me God had called her
To a mansion in the sky;
Then I wept as she departed,
Kissing me a last good-by.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY TRAVELS:
THEIR ADVENTURES AND TERMINATION.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 148, last number.]

CHAPTER III.

"Ah, Miss Maggie," said the Judge, and his voice and manner were even more than usually kind and friendly, "how came you to know that I wished to see you this morning?"

In my embarrassment I was about saying—another instant, and I *should* have said, "I did not know, sir; I came"—and whether I should have made an endless pause there, overpowered with shame and the borrower's confusion of face, or made shift, to wade through a mire of broken sentences and blushes, can never now be known. Where was the presence of mind on which I had reckoned so securely last night? At home, no doubt; I hadn't seen it since I left there. Fortunately, so fortunately, for me, as I afterwards thankfully repeated over to myself, the Judge was too absent-minded at all times, and too much interested in what he was about to say, at that particular time, to wait for any reply, or to imagine I could have any possible errand there. He went on talking:

"I have a little piece of good news for you, Miss Maggie; I was just going up to your house."

"Good news?" I thought, but said nothing; I could not. Good news for me must mean a situation; and, like bad news, in its first rush upon us good tidings has a *dizzying* effect. It sets the brain whirling, the heart beating, the cheeks flushing, the eyes shining; this before it tells its message. *Good News!* Fair angel,—gentle messenger,—what hast thou for me? Thy smile is a June sunrise; thy rosy breath perfume. Beneficent fairy, thy hands are full of gifts; but what for me? California gold? No, the Judge's next words dispelled the Eldorado vision like mist in the morning.

"Would you like, Miss Maggie, to go West—to Illinois—to teach?"

To Illinois!—to Illinois! I had thought, last night, of going to California,—thought of it with a cool brain, in comparison with the rushing, surging tides of feeling which now threatened to overwhelm me. How the waves ebbed and flowed in my cheeks! I felt them; the Judge saw them, I suppose, and smiled, in his kind way, as he said:

"Well, what do you think of it? Is it agreeable?"

"To Illinois?" I at length made feint to stammer forth, "where Mrs. Welles came from?"

Had there been one rational idea in my head I should never have mentioned *her* dear name at such a time, and so abruptly. The instant I had spoken I regretted it, but Mrs. Welles' was the only name associated in my mind with Illinois, and they came together upon my tongue. The Judge's dark eyes grew a shade sadder, but his voice and manner were unchanged as he replied:

"Yes, the very same place—the same school—would you like to go?"

"Of course—of course. O, Judge Welles, what shall I say? I cannot thank you."

"There is no need;" he said hastily, "I want no thanks. What have I done to deserve them? They wanted a teacher, and I happened to know it, and thought of you. A mere acquaintance might have done as much. But you will go?"

"Yes, sir; O, yes, and I thank you so much. I don't know what I should have done"— I stopped abruptly, as the hot blood rushed again into my face, at the remembrance of what I had *thought* of doing. What a wild chimera did it at this moment seem, now, when I had hold of something tangible! What a will-o-the-wisp did it appear! The Judge either pitied my increasing confusion, or he was too preoccupied to notice it; I hardly know which. He only said:

"Very well, then; I must give you a little time to think it over. They want you in the course of three weeks. I will come round to your house, this evening or to-morrow, and tell you all the particulars. I am glad you happened to come this way this morning." (I believe he actually imagined he had seen me passing, and called me in.)

Of course, now, I could do nothing but bid him good morning, and go; which I did, and passed out from the dark little office to the air and sunshine. The morning breezes, blowing from the Hudson, cooled me, mentally and physically, and "toned down" my nerves; but I think that not even a Turkish bath,—which they say removes several layers of integuments and superfluities, and almost transforms you into a winged Peri,—could have made me as light of heart and foot as I was that glad morning. When I am happy my heart is full—full to the brim; but it is not chary nor niggardly of its wealth; in generous plenteousness it pours it out,—to the very tips of the fingers; through head, and heart, and body, the bright streams flow, and seem to issue forth again and again like full rivers. Yet all this joy,—this glad upspringing joy,—is within *me, myself*. A stranger must not meddle with it, or its sparkle and foam is gone in an instant, leaving only flat lees. A stranger?—no, not even the nearest and dearest one.

There are some green dells,—some shimmering, shining waters, breaking over pebbles,—some sunset phases of rose, and gold, and pearl,—so beautiful! But one must be alone; only one pair of eyes must look upon them, to feel their quiet power. Into one of these rich-tinted clouds, I had wandered now, and with its glory around me, I rambled home. Very glad I was that I could be alone, for a time; mother would not return till evening, nor Alice and Mary till four o'clock. In a sunny mood, I took my sewing and sat down in mother's easy chair by the front window, as happy, contented, and utterly free from care as the little bird that perched on a limb of the elm, just outside the window, at the same instant, and began to warble a song. Why should I not be? The future was all safe. Care and labor might come to me after a while,—very probably would, in the new sphere to which I was going; but, meantime, I had nothing to do but quietly to prepare, very hopefully to wait, and very merrily to sing "Begone, dull Care."

That day was filled with floating, fairy visions, so sweet, ah, so sweet! "What a pity all should fade!" we say. Not at all; if such were all realized, Earth would not be Earth, but Heaven, which would defeat Earth's object: namely, to prepare us, by her discipline, for Heaven. For my part, I am very glad Eve ate the apple, and, of course, gave Adam a piece of it. I would not choose to live in Paradise till I had passed through Earth's sorrow and bitterness to reach it. What is Happiness, if there has been no past Misery to be its foil? What is endless Day without a Night, or endless Summer without a Winter? Tiresome things. Bayard Taylor felt it to be so, when within the Arctic Circle; he would sincerely have rejoiced to see the Sun go quietly to bed and allow him to do the same, instead of running round and round his chamber, like a man insane, or a bewildered child lost in the woods, ever returning to the place he started from. He realized it, too, when, like Samson in Delilah's lap, he lay shorn of his strength by tropical heat. Too warm an embrace did the swarthy Torrid Zone give him; he longed to feel the breath of a bracing Northwest wind,—old Boreas in his roughest mood.

In a halo of enjoyment, I sat by the window, steadily sewing all day long. I ate an apple and a fried cake, at twelve o'clock, and sat down again to my work. I must be very industrious, I thought, for was I not going to Illinois? How the name thrilled me! The very State, the same city, the same school, even, from which our dear Mrs. Welles had come, now, through her husband's influence, I was going to! How strangely things come about sometimes! How other peoples' lives are woven in, and intertwined, with ours! It was only a few years since Mrs. Welles came from there; they could not so soon have forgotten her. I should learn so much about her; perhaps all the story of her love and marriage, from her first acquaintance with the Judge.

"I wonder what salary they will give me;—perhaps four hundred a year; but no, teachers' salaries are small now; even Mrs. Harding, the French teacher at the Seminary, gets only two hundred and fifty. Well, I can teach French and German, and the rudiments of Latin. Put it down to the lowest figure: suppose I get only two hundred; that will do nicely,—how much I can accomplish with it! Let me see; two hundred a year, reckoning all the year round: twelve into twenty once, and eight over; twelve into eighty six times,—that will be over sixteen dollars a month; four dollars a week, and my board, of course. I will not need more than two dollars a week, to buy all I care about; I can send the other two home; that will be eight dollars a month; it will help them so much. (It was cheap times then, reader, before cotton slowly rose till it gracefully ascended out of our sight, and, by some mysterious attraction, drew everything else up after it.) I will see the prairies, and in all their beauty, too, for I am going in three weeks' time: that will be—let me see—about ten days after 'the Fourth.' I shall spend one more 'Fourth' at home, and I know, I am pretty sure, where and how I shall spend it."

If there had been any body there to see it, I dare say,—indeed I know,—that I blushed, just as *that* thought went slyly through my brain, and, in consequence of sympathetic nerves running thence to my heart, *it* throbbed with a few very swift beats. I will tell you why, presently, reader. Meantime, one bright hour after another passed like shy, pretty children, silently offering gifts. I did not notice them till they were gone, leaving their sweet thoughts, till my treasury was full. Four o'clock came, and brought with it Alice and Mary; six o'clock, and mother arrived. I said never a word to the girls, but helped Mary get tea; while Alice sat down with "David Copperfield," and presently lost herself in his wanderings and adventures. "Ah," thought I, "I will tell you a more interesting tale, to-night, my love, than even David's."

Mary asked me why I was so quiet "I am thinking," I said, and as I felt my face grow hot, I feared she would ask some closer question, and sent her hastily to the spring for water. When she came back I was in the sitting-room, with Alice, again at my sewing.

"Mary," I called out, "would you just as soon make some biscuit for tea? There is some sour milk in the pantry."

Mary, always accommodating, said "Yes," and forthwith brought out the baking board.

So I was left alone in my glory again, till tea was ready,—creamy biscuit and all. The clock struck six, and mother came home. She laid aside her bonnet; we gathered round the table; and I told them my tale. I was right: my story excelled Dickens'. "David Copperfield" was left neglected and alone that evening.

A school-friend wrote for her graduating poem—"Earth's Triumph-Hours:" that was one of mine—of ours. Our hearts were very full. We are not a demonstrative family, generally; mother, especially, is not a demonstrative woman; very rarely does she kiss us; still more rarely does she take one of us in her embrace, or caress us in any manner; but that evening was an exception. I sat beside her, in my usual place at the table, and as I told her my glad, good news, with a quick, fond caress she folded me in her arms. The girls started up: quiet Mary, with her face still hot from the oven, kissed me softly; impulsive Alice flew round the table, upset her tea-cup, and broke a plate, in her haste to give me "one good hug," as she said; then clapped her hands and cried, to her heart's content.

"And all this for what?"—the astonished reader may ask,—"a situation to teach school, which, at the best, would bring in only a very small sum, the amount of which sum you didn't even yet know."

True, very true. In saying that, most wise reader, you show your usual logical acumen. We should not have been so delighted, so half-bewitched, so wholly out of our senses, but—were you ever out of employment? Did you ever seek, week after week, month after month, for work, wearily, so wearily, and in vain, till the magic words—"*A Situation*"—became for you an open sesame, giving admission to Hope, Happiness, Liberty and Life? The first-named seraphs lowered their soft wings and abode with us all that evening, the influence of their gentle presence being inhaled like delicate Arabian perfumes, too fine and evanescent to last, but of subtle sweetness.

In the course of the evening, Judge Welles came in. One scarcely ever saw him, save in court-house, and at church. He visited nowhere, and since his wife's death was more of a recluse than ever; therefore his call was quite an event, though we were expecting him. He staid about twenty minutes, but in that time all was settled.

In the same seminary in which Mrs. Welles had been preceptress, I was to be third teacher, till I should have an opportunity of rising higher. I was to teach some of the English branches, French and German. My salary was to be three hundred and fifty dollars a year, and they would pay my way out there. The Principal of the school was a personal friend of the Judge, and he had commissioned him, he said, to advance me the money for my journey. I strongly suspect, to this day, that not a word had the worthy Principal said of this same money, but that the Judge, shrewdly suspecting our funds were rather low, fabricated this very white lie out of whole cloth. He said he was going to Albany about the same time, and would see me safely through the first stage of my journey. The school averaged, generally, about two hundred and fifty students; it was somewhat reduced by the war, but not much. He bade us a kind good-evening, and went. *We* were very glad, very grateful, but—"It is more blessed to give than to receive; and *he* had "caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

CHAPTER IV.

Bright and gayly passed the long summer days; all too short were they,—all too swiftly they flew,—for the vast amount of sewing mother and I wished to crowd into them. Alice and Mary must not leave school, now, almost at the close of a term; examination-day was too near. They, however, worked indefatigably, out of school hours. Alice even gave up "David Copperfield" for me; he, poor fellow, was thrust unceremoniously into one corner, never noticed now, nor thought of; even Amanda Lee never spoke of him, though she spent hours in our little parlor, her needle and her merry tongue both very busily at work. Alas, for fame!

One disappointment I had just about this time,—concerning no less an important day than the Fourth of July,—the pleasures of which it was rather hard to think of foregoing. I had anticipated that, of all those bright days, it would be the very merriest and brightest. There was to be a pic-nic; a sail down the river, landing at a little emerald of an island; feasting, fun and frolic,—and a homeward sail by moonlight, the leading boat having a band of music aboard. My sisters were invited: Mary had a special invitation from a student-friend; Alice was to go with a crowd of girls. I knew—at least I thought I knew—who would invite me; but, to my great surprise, the days came and went, and brought no invitation. I scarcely noticed how quickly the busy days did pass, till one very sultry morning, when Mary announced that it was the first of July, and immediately began to talk about the pic-nic, asking mother what cakes she might bake, and wondering if she dared launch into the extravagance of a lemon pie.

"Maggie," she said, suddenly, turning to me, "are you going?"

"I guess not;" I replied, laughing, but embarrassed, for the first time in my life, before Mary; "I have not been invited."

"O," she said, coloring in her turn, "but you will be, of course;" and here Mary's womanly tact, of which she had more than any of us, inspired her instantly to add—"I heard Charley Edgerton say he would like to ask you, but he knew it would be of no use; we all knew who you would go with." She laughed, and left me.

I felt half mortified, half pleased. "If I don't go with anybody," I thought, "I can spend 'the Fourth' quietly at home. I shall not much care; but I do wonder if *he* will take any other girl." (*He*, reader, was *not* Charley Edgerton.)

Evening solved my doubts. As I was wiping the tea-dishes Alice came and said a gentleman in the parlor wished to see me. I left her to finish my work. She smiled a little, as she took the towel from my hand, and Mary began suddenly to sing, in a very clear, musical voice,—

"In the days when we went Gypsying,
A long time ago."

I said nothing, but took off an immense apron, in which I was swathed, and went in. I was very tired,—for mother and I had been doing a large ironing,—and very much out of spirits, the cause for which I could scarcely define; but when Frank Parker rose to greet me, some strength—nervous or electric—filled me, fatigue and depression took French leave, I felt very light and sunny of heart. He staid two hours, and as we talked, I was several times on the point of telling him of my new situation and prospects, but something or other prevented. As he went to the door, and we stood talking a few moments longer in the light of the new moon, I was again about to tell him. The words were on my lips—"Have you heard the good news for me?" when he spoke:

"I wished to have the pleasure of asking you to go with me to the celebration on the Fourth," he said, "but I cannot. Very important business calls me to the city to-morrow. I must go, and I shall probably be gone a week or more. I am sorry, but it can't be helped. Do you think you'll be there?"

"I guess not;" I said, "I really don't care about going."

He smiled a little, bade me "good night," and left me.

And I *didn't* care about going. I had been invited, or would have been invited, if circumstances had not prevented, and now I was perfectly willing to stay at home, talk with mother, and rest and read, all through the "Glorious Fourth," which I did, accordingly. I was quite content and happy. Mother and I had a cozy dinner and tea, all by ourselves, and after tea I began to read "Jane Eyre" aloud to her, and read on, in that fascinating tale, till Jane arrived at Thornfield Hall, and Alice and Mary came home, laden with a huge basket of cake for me, and a budget of regrets that I wasn't there.

One thing troubled me somewhat—that I had not told Frank. (In our primitive village, young gentlemen and ladies, as well as children, called each other by their first names.) I was sorry that I had not informed him of my going away. Something might detain him longer than he expected. In ten days, now, I was to start. What if he should not return in time to say good-by? I should be very sorry.

And why? What was Frank Parker to me? A young man, reader, whom I had known from childhood, and known him always the same,—honorable, noble, pure, generous, and frank as his name. We had attended the same school, year after year, from the time he was a boy of nine, and I a little girl of seven years, until the winter I was eighteen. He left school then, and went as clerk into his father's store. The following spring his father died, leaving everything he owned,—money, houses and land to the amount of about sixty thousand dollars,—to his wife, to divide between their two sons, Frank and his older brother James—as she should see proper. Mr. Parker was a pleasant, agreeable and kind-hearted man. Everybody liked him. He was also sharp, shrewd, and, in financial matters, second to no one. In short, as whimsical old Billy White said once, "James Parker had only two faults: he couldn't say *no*, and he let his wife be lord and master." The last accusation was most certainly true. She ruled him, down to the last moment, and he made his will according to her dictation. They had been poor, but by means of his industry and business abilities, and her close economy and talent for managing both him and his business, they acquired wealth. James and Frank were their only children.—[To be continued.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. A. H. A.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 3, 14, 12 is used as fuel.
My 7, 14, 15 is a human being.
My 2, 3, 11 is an agricultural implement.
My 7, 4, 9, 9 is a young girl.
My 11, 10, 6 is congealed water.
My 16, 14, 13, 6 is the name of a college.
My 7, 8, 5, 10 are little animals partial to cheese.
My whole is an interesting department of the Rural.

Bethlehem, N. Y. E. Van Allen.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

The four edges of a rectangular piece of sheet iron, 12 feet in length and 6 feet in bredth, are to be turned up perpendicularly so as to form a pan for boiling sap that shall hold the greatest quantity. How much of the edge must be turned up?

New London, N. Y. S. G. Cagwin.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ew phase noreelsv eth oyj ro erfa
Fo hichw het gmicno feli si dmea,
Nad lil rou tufre'su peatsohemr
Itwh ehnisun ro htwi dseha.

Scottsville, N. Y. Louise and Libbie.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first to woman is given,
My last more chiefly to man,
My whole is the State that I live in,
Now tell me its name if you can.

Tommy.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 953.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—He receives the largest amount of favors who knows how to return them.

Answer to Charade:—Jonah's Gourd.

Answer to Anagram:

High in the belfry the old sexton stands,
Grasping the rope with his thin bony hands,
Gazing afar as for some magic spell—
Answer to the challenge,—ring, ring the bell.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—11.25 inches.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

Unpleasant meeting—meeting one's notes.

The Ghost of a Turkey—when he's a goblin'.

A man of parts—a man part knave and part fool.

Sleight of hand—refusing an offer of marriage.

Why is a beggar like a baker? They both *kneed* bread.

Why is a certifier of deeds, etc., like England? Because he is not a republic.

The dandy who makes the greatest flourish isn't always in a flourishing condition.

Why are book-keepers like chickens? Because they have to scratch for a living.

What word can you pronounce quicker by adding a syllable to it? The word quick.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young ladies, is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

Miss Lovely says that males are of no account from the time they stop kissing them as infants till they kiss them again as lovers.

A henpecked husband says that "before marriage I fancied that wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards I found it was all moonshine."

"No, father isn't a drone, either," said a bright lad; "he's a philanthropist, and collects money for the heathen in Africa to pay for our house and things."

A man who is advertising lodgings "to let for early risers" adds:—"Cochin China fowls of unusual vocal powers kept on the adjoining premises."

Two Irishmen were traveling, when they stopped to examine a guide-board. "Twelve miles to Portland," said one. "Just six miles apiece," said the other, and they trudged on, apparently satisfied at the short distance.

A very talkative little girl used often to annoy her mother by making remarks about visitors that came to the house. On one occasion a gentleman was expected whose nose had been accidentally flattened nearly to his face. The mother cautioned the child to say nothing about this feature. Imagine her consternation when the little one suddenly exclaimed:—"Ma, you told me to say nothing about Mr. Smith's nose. Why, he hasn't got any!"

A clergyman, while sitting in the gallery of the Connecticut Legislature when that body was putting through divorce cases, wrote the following impromptu:

"For-*cut*-ting all *connect*-ions famed
Connect-i-cut is fairly named;
I twain *connect* in one, but you
Cut those whom I *connect* in two.
Each legislator seems to say,
'What you *connect-I-cut* away.'"

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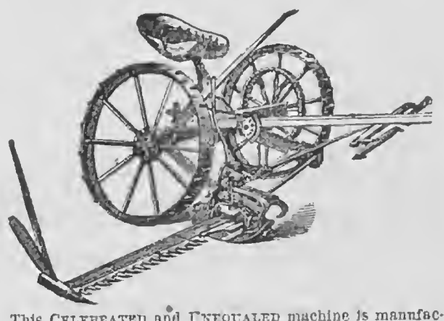

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AGRICULTURAL.

CORN GROWING.

WE suppose there will be an unusual breadth planted with corn this year, especially in those States where this staple is a prominent product. Ten cent corn drove Western growers into other branches of farming, to the partial abandonment of corn raising; but late high prices have re-instated King Corn, and other causes, as the closing of the war and abatement of the demand for many manufactured articles, have restored a multitude of workers to the fields which were heretofore laboring at other pursuits. We hope, indeed, to see a large corn crop made during the coming season, for while it will prove remunerative to the grower, it will also accomplish, to a reasonable extent, an abatement in the present extraordinary high prices of food. But it is not the amount of land planted which will determine the bulk of the crop; much depends on preparation of the soil, its fertility and culture, and more, perhaps, on the season; the one is mostly within control of the farmer and he is responsible for the effect of his work, the other is beyond his interference and he should not be annoyed by its unfavorable aspects.

The corn crop is one adapted to a rich, well turned sod—the moldering turf supplies the right kind of food—but whether sod ground or not, it is essential that the soil be rich in order to grow a large crop. Corn is, perhaps, the only staple farm crop which it is impossible to plant in soil too fertile; in ground where potatoes would decay and straw crops lodge and fail to mature grain owing to excessive richness, corn flourishes and yields best. It is a very unsuitable crop to grow on sterile soil—better plant beans or sow buckwheat on such—and it is a sound practice to cut down the number of acres to be planted one-half, and double the manure thereon, rather than spread it thin over greater space.

The preparation of corn ground should be thorough. Many plow too early, which necessitates much extra cultivation to destroy weeds and grass. Better plow as little time as possible preceding the planting, harrow well, mark straight, and cover with fresh earth. By this method, if the work is not done too early, the corn grows in advance of weeds and the culture is greatly cheapened. The seed should always be tested before planting, which can be done by placing some in earth in the house a few days previous. If there is nothing to disturb the seed plant it dry, but if it is desirable to guard against birds, squirrels, &c., soak the seed a few hours in tepid water and apply *a little* warm coal tar and roll in plaster.

The worst enemy to corn is the white grub, which is well known to all corn growers, and its ravages in many years seriously diminish the amount of the crop. It is not a new visitant to our fields, as are some of our insect enemies, but it has been known to depredate upon the young corn as long ago as we have any record. It infested the Indian cornfields, and those of the earliest settlers. Although its habits and changes are well known, no effectual check against it has been discovered. Hand picking, or search for it where its presence is made known by the appearance of the hill, will answer for small patches, but is utterly impracticable in the immense fields of the West. As it is known to travel from hill to hill, journeying in the night, and as a hot sun is fatal to it, we have thought that something might be accomplished in the way of trapping it. If a field were rolled smooth after planting, and when the soil is moist enough to compact, a sharp, narrow indentation, such as a V shaped runner would make, was made between the rows each way, many of the grubs might be detained in their nocturnal journeys and destroyed by the next day's sun. Or a simple instrument might be made which, set down on a hill, would indent a little furrow around it, thus obstructing their approach from the surface. But these are hints merely, and if our readers can profit by them, or have any effectual way of treating the marauders, let the corn growers have the benefit.

VALUE OF CARROTS,—AND HOW TO RAISE THEM.

AMERICAN farmers do not sufficiently appreciate root crops. They prefer food for animals that will grow without annual planting and tilling. Much of the excellence attained by English farmers in rearing and fattening cattle and sheep is referable to their root crops. The carrot has a greater value than the amount of nutriment it contains. It has a small portion of pectic acid, which assists in the digestion of other food. This acid has the power of gelatinizing the contents of the stomach. When carrots are fed to horses with oats, the oats are all digested, even to the husks. Horses will sustain more labor with carrots substituted for one-third of the oats, as they promote the health as well as digestion. They are said also to arrest the heaves in its early stages. The following is an average analysis of the carrot:

Flesh formers	1.5
Heat and fat producers	10.8
Woody fiber	1.7
Mineral matter	1.0
Water	85.0
	100.0

It will be seen that nearly six-sevenths of the carrot is water, but when the weight raised upon an acre is considered, counting eighteen tons, of two thousand pounds each, as the product of an acre, which is not an extra yield, we have in food elements:

Flesh formers	540 lbs.
Heat and fat producers	3,888 "
Amount of digestible food per acre	4,428 "

And as hay contains only about forty-nine per cent. of nutriment, this acre of carrots would be equal to four and a half tons of good hay, besides being more easily digested. And when we consider that carrots are in as soluble and digestible condition as grass—in fact are grass laid up for winter use, we see the great importance of this crop. Although deficient in flesh forming matter, yet it abounds in heat and fat producing element. The balance of food constituents will be restored by other fodder. The tops are also valuable food—are devoured very greedily by cows, and coming in when other green food is done, assist in keeping up the flow of milk later in the season. Some have estimated the tops as a remuneration for the principal part of the labor in raising them.

Carrots are admirable food for milch cows in winter, producing as much butter in January as the best grass in June.

EXPERIMENTS.

Turning to our Book of Experiments, we find that a four year old cow produced, in January, from fourteen days' milk, after calving, twenty pounds of butter. Another cow, coming in about the first of February, produced in seven days nine pounds of butter; another in April made ten pounds in eight days. A record of these cows was kept till June 1.

The first cow had given milk	149 days
second " " "	125 "
third " " "	44 "
Whole number of days	318 "
The milk used in family was equal to	65 "
The number of days milk set	253

From which were made 308 pounds of butter; average per cow per week, 8 5 9 pounds. The food of these cows consisted of hay and twelve quarts of carrots each per day. This would require about one hundred bushels of carrots. The product of butter was, unquestionably, doubled by the carrots. This would give 154 pounds of butter for 100 bushels of carrots—certainly a liberal remuneration for raising them. This butter produced in winter had nearly as fine a color and flavor as if made on grass in June. It is better to color the butter with carrots inside the cow, than with an infusion of juice mixed in working.

SOIL.

A sandy soil is generally recommended, because it is most easily worked, and the carrots more easily harvested; but even larger crops may be raised upon a clay loam. A heavy soil should be freed from water and deeply worked with a subsoil plow, that carrots may have room to run down, and the air a free circulation. If stable manure is used, it should be upon a previous crop, as fresh unfermented manure causes the carrot to branch out at the bottom into what is called fingers and toes, thus decreasing the value of the crop. Unleached ashes, the salt or lime mixture composted with muck, acid superphospate of lime, bone dust and well rotted barn yard manure are all excellent fertilizers of this crop.

SEED.

The *Early Horn* is suited for early garden culture; has a superior flavor for table use. The *White Belgian* yields the largest crop, but is of inferior quality. The *Long Orange* is generally preferred for a field crop. Some trouble is frequently met in the uneven germination of the seed; and we have found an advantage in placing the seed in a cotton bag, moistening it with warm water and covering it in warm soil. The bag should be examined often, shaking up the seed, with the moisture evenly distributed, and when the seed begins to sprout, plant it immediately, and it will soon come up evenly.

PLANTING.

This may be done from the first of May to the middle of June, depending upon the climate and season. The rows should be about twenty inches apart. The seed should be deposited with a drill at a uniform depth of one-half to three-fourths of an inch. If planted deeper than this much of the seed will rot, and if less than one-half inch the seed will be too much dried. Some have practiced mixing carrot with radish seed. The radish coming up in two or three days marks the rows and also shades the young carrots. The radishes may be pulled for use when ready, which leaves the ground loose about the young carrots, or left to decay in the ground.

CULTIVATION.

The successful cultivation of the carrot, especially on heavy land, requires the use of the one-horse subsoil plow. The sole of this plow is something like a spear, placed flat on the ground, point forward, with its lower side slightly concave, and about twenty inches long, four inches wide at the back end. It is a gradual incline plane from the point backwards. This is fastened to the beam by two standards, with sharp cutting edges. It lifts the soil less than one inch, and requires the least power to move it through the earth, but moves and disintegrates all the soil above and around it. When the carrots are ready to work, this subsoil plow should be run in the center between the rows. This will lift the soil slightly and also the carrots, but will not separate the particles of earth from the roots, admitting the circulation of air and causing the surplus water to sink. For cutting up weeds between the rows, the *carrot weeder*, or flat-tooth horse hoe, fifteen inches wide, should be run about two inches deep, raising and leaving the weeds on top. By the use of the best implements the cost of cultivating is greatly reduced.

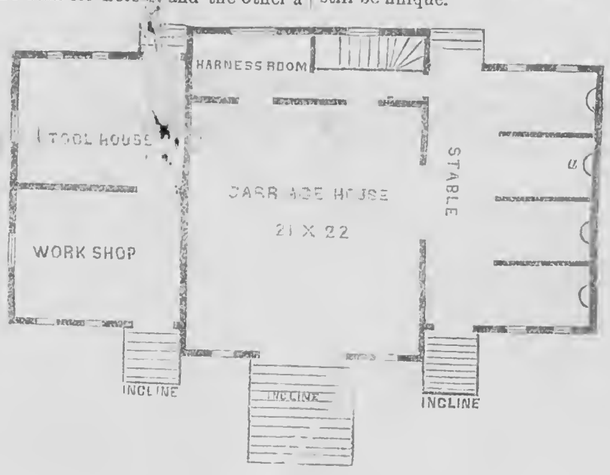
HARVESTING.

When the carrots are ready to pull, run a two-horse subsoil plow, of the same pattern, close to the row and as deep as it can be drawn. This will loosen the carrots so they can easily be lifted out by hand. In cutting the tops, the lower crown should be left to preserve them from decay. Some pack them in sand, laying them straight, heads to points, the sand preserving them from rotting by contact. This crop might be made of great value to the stock districts of the United States, and we hope this article may induce many to cultivate it who have not hitherto.—E. W. S.

POWDERPOSTING OF HICKORY TIMBER.—In reply to the inquiry of a Michigan correspondent, (and for information of others,) we would state that powder-posting of hickory timber is owing to the fermentation of the sap left in the pores after cutting. To prevent this, it should be cut after the tree has attained to full leaf, and the sap is eliminated. Steaming or heating the wood directly after cutting would probably preserve it.

A CARRIAGE HOUSE AND STABLE.

HAVING received several inquiries lately respecting plans for horse barns, we give in response one of A. J. DOWNING'S designs, from which the building was erected on the estate of M. VASSAR, Esq., near Poughkeepsie. It will be seen by the perspective view that it is in the rustic, pointed style, both ornamental and picturesque. The plan shows a carriage-room in the center, with an inclosed harness-room and storeway in the rear; on either side are wings, one containing the stall for horses, and the other a tool-house and work-shop. There is sufficient room overhead for the storage of fodder, which is fed through tubes or racks from above. This plan may be readily varied to meet different requirements. If stalls for horses are desired the wing containing the tool-house and work-shop may be used for that purpose. If less room is needed, or the expense is too great, one wing or some of the ornamentation may be omitted, and the appearance of the building will still be unique.



GROUND PLAN.

HOW LONG SHALL FODDER BE CUT?

FRIEND MOORE:—"E. W. S.," page 117 of the RURAL, has quoted a few paragraphs from my pen, and sneered at it as "theory." If anything does not coincide perfectly with practice, surely a practical man ought to be able to expose the error. "E. W. S." affirms that I "entertain very erroneous ideas upon cutting fodder!" Judging from the manner "E. W. S." flourishes his pen, at the first onset, the bottom stone of the foundation of his antagonist will be torn up, so that the light of science may pour in like a flood. But to our extreme surprise, he has entirely over-shot his target, disclosed no error, and vanished. The readers of the RURAL, as well as myself, desire to know where my great errors lie. If "E. W. S." perceives them, it was his duty to blow the abused theory higher than a gilderoy ever flew. That readers may infer that "E. W. S." is not a theorist, but a practical man, he states that he has cut four hundred tons within the last twelve years. I may be allowed to say, that I have cut more than that amount of fodder with my own hands. For more than sixteen years, when I was on the farm, almost all the fodder was run through a power cutter, which was fed—not as SOLOMON built the temple—but with my own hands. Of course, I instituted numerous experiments, as to the most profitable length for cutting coarse fodder.

"E. W. S." inquires, sneeringly, "when and where stalks or straw have been cut so fine that animals swallow the pieces without crushing them." This seems passing strange, that an observing farmer, who has been experimenting for twelve successive years with cut fodder, has never perceived that numerous short pieces have passed through the animals entirely whole! Before I was ten years old, when we cut but a small quantity of straw with a hand cutter for the teams only, I often examined horse droppings, by pouring water on them to wash out all the finer portions, thus leaving the pieces of whole straw.

"E. W. S." asks:—"Why not cut fodder as short as kernels of oats?" Every practical farmer who has cut much fodder knows that the operation is expensive—so expensive that untold numbers of excellent farmers cannot yet believe that it will pay to run coarse fodder through a cutter. It costs all that farmers feel willing to expend when fodder is cut two inches in length. It will require an hour or more to cut one ton at this length. "E. W. S." affirms that "fodder should be cut an eighth of an inch long!" He affirms also that he "has cut fodder from one and a half inches long down to one-eighth of an inch in length; and the benefit was practically in proportion to the fineness of division."

All this may be correct; but I believe that our most reliable, practical cattle feeders, after numerous satisfactory experiments in cutting good hay, are obliged to admit that the advantage resulting from chaffing prime hay is so small that it will hardly pay to incur the expense of running *prime hay* through a cutter.

Now, suppose we cut hay two inches long. It will take one hour to chaff a ton. To cut the same hay one-eighth of an inch long, it will require sixteen hours to do it. Where is the farmer who will do that? And yet "E. W. S." says this is the correct length for chaffing fodder. He affirms, also, that he has found that the value of fodder is increased in proportion to the fineness of division, or the shortness of the cut. Let us riddle this matter a little, and ascertain what test it will endure, *practically*. We will cut a ton of hay two inches long. The expense does not exceed the advantage gained. "E. W. S." says:—"Now cut that fodder one-eighth of an inch long, or cut each piece into sixteen smaller pieces, and you increase its nutritive value sixteen times; or, in other words, one ton of fodder cut one-eighth of an inch long will afford as much nourishment as eight tons when cut one inch long!

Who is the theorist, lame, halt and blind in this calculation? Let the readers of the RURAL be the judges. S. EDWARDS TODD.

Editorial Rooms of the New York Times.

RAISING CORN IN THE SOUTH.

SOUTHERN corn growers of large experience and acknowledged skill are debating the question whether it is better to plant corn in rows seven feet apart, with a row of peas between, or only five feet apart and nothing between. In either case the hills are about three feet distant, one from another in the row, and one or two stalks in the hill. Mr. DICKSON of Hancock Co., Ga., and others, prefer seven feet between rows, getting nearly as much corn, and a valuable crop of peas which yield rich manure and much meat, or strength to working stock. Where one desires to fertilize land for raising cotton or wheat, corn and peas grown together, unquestionably, attain that object better than to grow corn alone. The Southern pea is a *dolichos*—something different from the English pea or bean, but nearer the latter than the former.

Should the seasons be favorable, the South will produce an uncommonly large crop of corn this year; for old corn being only fifty-six cents a bushel now, favors poor men in the purchase of grain to feed themselves, families and teams till harvest. Wheat promises finely, and will come in early to keep along corn raisers in this section. Corn is too valuable for forage to justify the very general neglect of cultivating it in drills, heavy seeded, for that purpose. Corn-hay is both the cheapest and best a farmer can raise, after his meadows are run down. Many overstock their farms, and get a poor return in milk, butter, or cheese, the growth of beef, wool, or horse flesh.

Raise corn for all kinds of stock, and save their manure to improve other fields. Rich bottom ground, or river flats, made productive by inundation, are the best corn land. Such manure costs next to nothing, and is superb for wheat fields and meadows. In the absence of rich flats, look for low swamp ground that perhaps needs a little ditching. One should search for fertilizers in low places adapted to corn, as for hidden treasure. In the valley of Tennessee and its affluents, we raise a world of corn; but the art and wit of making a large quantity of manure from it is something like a berry above our persimmon. Perhaps our grandchildren may grow to do better in the remote future.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868. D. LEE.

BREAKING YOUNG ANIMALS.

I SUPPOSE there is nothing that can't be "*broken*," unless it is the brazen face of a legislative swindler. There is a great deal of *smashing* that seems to come very easy, as everybody that has boys or keeps hired help can testify; but *breaking* young animals in a way to curb and suppress what is vicious, and develop all good qualities, requires great philosophical insight, patience and experience.

If an animal will *draw* passably well he passes for *broke*. He is expected to back some, but he generally does it by jerks, and if he has much to do, gets mad in the operation. Even his *pulling*, if the load does not come the first time, is not persistent and determined; and when the wheels get well down in the mud, the case is well nigh hopeless. A well broken horse will pull till it comes, or you tell him to stop; will stand till you tell him to go.

I was recently greatly gratified by an exhibition of horsemanship by Mr. SANDERSON of Livingston Co., N. Y. I need not say *horsemanship*, for he has a lot of straps, ingeniously arranged and patented, which he applies indiscriminately to bulls, buffaloes, jacks, mules, horses, cows, or any thing that needs to have the conceit taken out of it. He exercises perfect control over all the animal's motions, and breaks up a habit of kicking, balking, &c. The apparatus which he uses prevents the formation of bad habits, and insures docility in a wonderfully short time. Taking it in my head to make a pair of furious bulls *work for a living*, I sent for Mr. SANDERSON, and in two hours from the time when it took ten men to handle one bull, he drove them

quietly in the yard,—the whole THREE went about as meek as MOSES, to the great edification of a large crowd that assembled to see the famous animal tamer. His apparatus ought to be in every neighborhood, and be applied to whatever don't behave properly.

It is necessary that the animal handled shall acknowledge his master, and submit to the terms imposed. SANDERSON has the shortest, quictest and most efficacious way of settling that matter. I cannot insist too earnestly upon better discipline for domestic animals. H. T. B.

—Though it looks like a *puff for a patent*, we are sure our friend only had in view the subjection of animals, and benefit of their owners, in penning the above.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN CALIFORNIA.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, April 5th, 1868.

Mr. H. S. RANDALL, Cortland Village, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR:—Your favor was received some two weeks ago. I shall be happy to comply with your request as soon as I find leisure to do so. During the winter I could easily have furnished the information offered to the "RURAL NEW-YORKER" last autumn; just now I am shearing, with dipping (for scab) and haying ahead. We suffer here from a scarcity of experienced American laborers, and the employment of the Indians and native Californians demands unremitting attention and thorough comprehension of detail on the part of the employer. I have derived great benefit from perusal of your works, and feel under obligation to furnish you information as fully as possible. As you have published little in regard to California sheep-husbandry, I cannot tell how much may be new to you.

I have rarely found a single point upon which wool growers in this State are entirely of one opinion. My own experience has been a varied one, and under its influence I have constantly varied my theories and practice. From July till November we find a good deal of leisure. Nothing relieves the isolation of a sheep rancho like communication by mail with people we can't talk to; so you see the temptation to scribble is strong. You will see that the "slipshod and slovenly" way in which we raise sheep here is not entirely a matter of choice with us. The climate and grasses are eminently adapted to successful sheep raising. The tail end of our ewes are still lambing—3 or 4 per diem. From 2,300 ewes already lambed out we have marked 2,600 lambs. To one band of 988 ewes we marked 1,204 lambs. We marked most of the lambs at the age of four to six weeks—could not do it earlier. We used no inclosure or pen (corrals) of any kind, except one made for marking. Our only improvements were a shanty 16 by 20, two roofed bunks, and a tent: not a pound of hay or feed of any kind, but salt—plenty of that. I merely mention these details to show you that something can be done here even without fixtures or shelter. Of course our loss by cayotes and storms was great, and so are every sheep man's in the country.

These sheep are bred from Missouri and Illinois ewes brought into the country in '54 by W. W. HOLLISTER of San Juan, crossed with French Merino rams from '57 to '63, and since then with Spanish (Vermont) Merino,—HAMMOND stock. We used 7-8 and 15-16 grade rams bred by HOLLISTER, from rams imported from Vermont by J. B. HOYT. We find these lambs hardy and our system of lambing has a tendency to confirm this hardy habit; a weak lamb can't stand it, and a poor nurse fails to raise her lamb. We are near the coast, on burry range—preferring it. A band of ewes bred from the native (mustang) stock crossed with Australian rams and afterward with ½ and ¾ grades Vermont-Missouri dropped lambs not nearly as hardy, and our loss among these was greater; we barely raise 100 per cent. from them.

To account for the dirty condition of *Southern* California wool is easy. From May to November there is no rain, and the ground gets perfectly dry—grass also. The sheep range in large bands, say 1,500 to 3,000, and sometimes more, and soon pulverize the surface of the ground around their camps, corrals and watering places. Waters are generally scarce and found at some distance apart. The sheep as a general thing are watered once a day, and come to the creek, hole or troughs on the run, raising clouds of dust which settles into the wool: the corrals get dusty; sheep stampede frequently at night, producing the same result, and the accumulated dust at the end of the dry season has settled through and through the wool to the skin. Scab is the rule and not the exception. The soil of the low hills near the coast wears easily, and the heavy rains of winter cut ravines into gulches with perpendicular sides. Trees are scarce, and the scabby sheep scratch themselves against these banks and the banks of the streams at which they water, rubbing in a great deal of dry earth. Loose wooled sheep get well washed and cleansed in a wet winter like this last, but tight, yolky wools retain most of the dirt; in some cases yolk, dust and water form a compact cement, such as I send you. In winter the new grass purges the sheep; they puddle the surface of their corral, and if inclosed they are compelled to stand in two or three inches of soft manure and mud, till from sheer exhaustion they lie down in it. The result needs no explanation. This is a common practice. In many cases it is forced upon the sheep owners by the systems we follow. No fodder is put up for winter; the first rains rot and destroy the dry feed; if they are not followed by warm, growing weather, the scarcity of feed is felt by the sheep; the new grass is watery and does not stick to their ribs till morning, or night finds them still hungry, in which case, if not inclosed, they wander off in the night in search of food, get divided, lost or stampeded by coyotes or other animals into gulches and smothered. The only way of avoiding it, is to employ extra hands* to guard or (on moonlight nights) to herd them at night. This is sometimes impossible.

A case in point. The winter of '61 and '62 was a very wet one and the rains fell early, but over a great deal of Southern Cal., cold weather and frost kept the grass back till March. I was at that time working for one of the prominent sheep men of this State, and within 100 miles of San Francisco. The wearing out and falling sick of several shepherds, and a swollen river, impassable for over six weeks, left us with over 8,000 ewes and no shepherds to take care of them. The ewes were on the eve of lambing. We were compelled to cut them into two bands and await what might become of it. One shepherd was at last forced to take charge of one band and I took the other. We were compelled to range five and six miles from camp for grass and the lambs were dropped all over the range, at the rate of 150 to 200 per diem, for nearly three weeks. Of course the loss was enormous, but if I remember rightly, the total number of lambs raised was nearly 90 per cent. of the number of ewes. As the grass got better and shepherds were found, things went easier and the sheep were left out of the corrals. If a leading wool grower (he marketed nearly 20,000 fleeces that Spring), the owner of real estate, with good improvements, long experience and unlimited credit, finds himself in a tight place occasionally, and compelled to sacrifice the cleanliness of his wool to the preservation of his stock, you can understand how easily and how freqnently it may happen to a beginner with no capital but his sheep and small credit. Shearing has to be done in a hurry, after the roads will admit of hauling and before the new seeds get ripe. Good shearers are scarce. Shearing is done by the head—4c. to 9c.,—and of course shearers work quickly and slovenly. Hides, pelts, old boxes, or nothing at all, are placed under a tree or under a shade of cut boughs; a rail, stake or brush-pen is built around them, the sheep are inclosed, and the shearers turned loose. In the spring the shearing pens get muddy, the sheep pile up, climb on each other, and a good deal of soft dirt gets into the wool: in the fall the pens get dusty and the result is dry dirt in the wool. The shearers throw on the table tags and all; every one is in a hurry, and what can you expect? We are pretty well fixed in comparison with most small wool growers, but our shearing pens are under two trees and made of ten loads of willow rails,—1,000 ft. sawed lumber and brush corrals. It took four days' work of my partner and myself to put them up, yet it is a first-rate shearing place for this country, and in it we take off 2,200 fleeces for some neighbors and 6,300 of our own. Some of the wool princes have as fine barns and sheds for shearing as could be made, but they are exceptional.

Pardon me. Once started, the temptation to talk sheep was too strong for me. I am tiring you and neglecting my affairs. I intend writing to you again, and, as I have no copy of this letter, may be guilty of repetition. I should add to the causes of ill-conditioned wool the fact that nearly every seed in this country sticks to wool;—the worst being the clover-burr and alfilerillo—alfilerillo signifying "small pin," from the Moorish-Spanish word *al filer*, "pin;" *illo* being a Spanish diminutive. The clover-burr is identical with the South American burr. The botanical name of the plant I have forgotten. It is a Trifolium. The Californians call the plant Trebol, (pronounced *tray-bole*,) and the burr "Caretilla,"—small wheel. I fancy you are perfectly familiar with the whole subject. If you want samples of the seeds or grasses of the country, I shall be happy to send them to you.

Very respectfully yours,

—— ——.

P. S.—Please understand that this letter is rather to Mr. RANDALL than to the Sheep Husbandry Editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. The RURAL is welcome to the matter, but hardly to the rude way in which it is communicated: if you make use of it please filter it and suppress my name.

[At the request of the writer we suppress his name, but otherwise give the letter in its original form. We shall be glad to receive the promised future communications on the same subject.—ED.]

* Sooner or later hay will be put up to tide through the early winter; but occasionally grass grows from the first rains and tempts sheep men to take chances on succeeding years.

WASHINGTON CO. (N. Y.) FAIR.

ONE-THIRD SHRINKAGE RULE.

AT the Sheep Show and Public Shearing, held May 6th by the Washington Co. Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Commission merchants and wool dealers in market have heretofore, for their own convenience and profit, adopted a rule to shrink all unwashed wool one-third, without regard to its intrinsic value or condition; and whereas, the wool buyers in various sections of the country, who are agents of wool dealers, and under their influence and suggestions have formed associations and passed resolutions adopting this unjust and oppressive rule, and pledged themselves to make their purchases in accordance therewith; therefore,

Resolved, That the Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers of the country are compelled and in duty bound to take summary steps to protect themselves against this associated combination, and prevent the universal adoption of a rule so unjust and oppressive to their interests.

Resolved, That the article of wool, like all other farm products, should be sold on its merits, the condition of the article governing its price; and while it may be both convenient and profitable for the wool dealer to adopt the one-third rule to protect him from the ignorance and blunders of inexperienced agents, it would be more just to both parties to employ agents who understand their business.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the State Wool Growers' Associations, and all the County Associations in this and other States, to adopt resolutions and recommend all wool growers to resist and, if necessary, to decline dealing with all agents who insist upon this rule.

The exhibition was well attended, and in the *quality* of sheep shown, surpassed all previous shows of this Association. Representatives from several of the choice flocks of Vermont competed for the sweepstakes premiums. The sweepstakes prize on rams was awarded to the two-year old ram, "Cashier," the get of Hammond's Green Mountain, and the property of BAKER & HARRIGAN of Comstock's Landing, N. Y. The sweepstakes premium on ewes (pen of five) was awarded to W. H. WRIGHT of Whitehall, N. Y. Some ten or twelve sheep were shorn on the ground, and there would have been more but for the rain on the shearing day.

ONONDAGA CO. RESOLUTIONS ON THE ONE-THIRD SHRINKAGE RULE.

AT a meeting of the Onondaga Co. (N. Y.) Wool Growers' Association, held on the day of the Annual Fair, May 6th, 1868, Mr. A. F. WILCOX called attention to the efforts being made by a combination of wool buyers to enforce certain rules to regulate the purchase and sale of wool, and moved that a Committee be appointed to report what action should be taken by wool growers in relation thereto. The motion prevailed *nem dis.*, and the President appointed Messrs. WILCOX, COWLES and CLARK said Committee. They reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1. That no combination of buyers or dealers have the right to impose arbitrary rules, uncalled for by any necessity or utility of trade, on the producers of any important staple of industry.

2. That the uniform one-third shrinkage rule on unwashed wool, and some other rules recently adopted by combinations of wool buyers, operate most unequally and unjustly as between sheep of different breeds, and those of the same breed under different treatment.

3. That we will not recognize or submit to those rules in the sale of our wool, and will discountenance all buyers who attempt to enforce them.

DAVIS COSSIT, President.

H. D. L. SWEET, Secretary.

THE ONONDAGA CO., N. Y. SHEEP FAIR.—This was held at Onondaga Valley May 6th. A heavy rain fell on the preceding day, and it rained steadily on the forenoon of the 6th, keeping back a large portion of the sheep intended for exhibition. There were, however, about a hundred on the ground, mostly of very superior quality. The display of horses was large and fine.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—J. M. FORREST, Fowlerville, Livingston Co., N. Y., sends five Merino ewe and three teg samples. Those of ewes (sheared 6th of June last) are of good fair quality and style, and from 2 to 2¾ inches long. The tegs (dropped April 10th to May 7th) is about the same quality, and 2 to 2½ inches long. This is too short, according to the standard of "American Merino" breeders. The ewes are rather short wooled, and should have been served by a longer wooled ram. Many flocks of first of May tegs now show 2¾ inch wool on the average. Our correspondents must not ask us to decide on purity of blood by a few little samples. Grade Merino, i. e., Merino with some mongrel blood, but having also a deep Saxon cross, frequently shows better in the sample than heavy fleeced, full blood Merino.

L. DENSMORE, Kalamazoo, Mich., sends samples of Cotswold wool from 8 to 11 inches long, inquiring whether it is long enough for combing, where it is manufactured, and where it should be sold; also whether it would not be well to send it directly to manufacturers "instead of selling it to speculators at home for two-thirds of its value." The wool is abundantly long enough for combing. It is manufactured principally in New England. It is generally more satisfactory to sell wool *at home*, where there are liberal and honorable buyers in the market; but we think that good wool, well put up, shipped directly to manufacturers of character and reputation, who would consent thus to receive it, would generally obtain the market prices at the time the wool was received. This might be a time of longer or shorter depression in the market, and the consignor finding higher quotations before or afterwards, would be likely to be greatly dissatisfied. If the grower sells his own wool he has nobody to complain of, and fair buyers ought to be found in Kalamazoo or Detroit.

TATTOOING—MARKING.—D. G. WYETH, New Way, O., inquires:—"Can you tell me which is the best kind of ink for tattooing the ears of sheep? Which seems to you the most desirable way of marking them?" Gun powder and whisky, indigo, vermilion, &c., are used in tattooing in foreign countries; but marking sheep in that way requires so much time and care that it is scarcely practiced at all in the United States. Where each individual pedigree is not separately preserved, stamping the initials of the owner with paint on the sides is, we think, the best mode of marking—especially in large flocks. It enables the ownership to be determined at once in case of estray or the mixture of flocks. Where individual pedigrees are preserved, Dana's metallic ear marks, if properly put in, are permanent and answer the purpose. But as a sheep must be caught to read the initials and numbers on them, it is well to combine their use with that of also stamping the large (2¾ inches long) initials on the sides, both for the purposes already named and to guard against stealing. All kinds of metal ear marks, except the riveted ones, *can be removed*, and the riveted ones do not find favor on account of the trouble of fastening them. The pendent ear label on a ring proved to be a failure, on account of the ring cutting out of the ear, and its liability to be torn out by accident.

HOOF ROT.—C. L. HOYT (who is President of the Potter Co., Pa., Agricultural Society) writes:—"Please tell 'J. A. B.' or 'any other man,' through the RURAL, that here is a recipe which I will *warrant* to cure hoof rot in any flock of sheep in America. I bought it with three years' experience:

Perseverance	500 lbs.
Jack knife	100 "
Blue vitriol (pulverized)	3 "
Spirits turpentine	½ pint

Apply the latter to keep away the flies."

LAUREL POISON.—"A. F.," Lima, Indiana, writes: "When I was a boy the following was found a sure cure for sheep poisoned with laurel:—Mix common clay (the purer the better) with water until quite thin, and administer from a gill to half a pint. If first dose does not cure entirely, repeat in from two to four hours, until cure is effected. Forty years ago drovers driving sheep from Western New York through Pennsylvania and New Jersey, carried a cup to mix the clay in, so that they could cure their poisoned sheep on the road, without delaying their journey."

THE ONE-THIRD SHRINKAGE RULE.—We have received letters from well known wool growers residing in Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Vermont and New York, highly approving of our advice to the growers of the whole country to resist the enforcement of the one-third shrinkage rule, or any other rule for a fixed and uniform rate of shrinkage on unwashed wool, or other wool not in clean condition. These expressions are so numerous that it would require all the space allotted to this Department, for weeks, to publish those already received; and they still continue to come rapidly.

SALE OF COTSWOLDS.—JOHN D. WING of Washington Co., N. Y., has sold during the present month twelve choice Cotswold sheep out of his flock, at long prices, to HORACE F. BUCKLEY of Snellings, California. Mr. B. has 15,000 sheep, with which he proposes to make a Cotswold cross to get a greater growth of both wool and mutton. He made extensive examinations in the United States and Canada before purchasing his stock rams of Mr. WING.

The Stable, &c.

BOTS IN HORSES.

IT is a prevalent impression that bots often cause the death of horses. This conclusion is discredited by Dr. STEWART in the "American Farmers' Horse Book." His opinion is that the true character of the bot and its influence on the health of the horse have been misunderstood very generally; that the bot is hereditary with the horse, and found attached by the tail to the coating of the stomach of the colt in the shape of a small parasite. In this normal condition the bot causes no injury to the horse; has no relationship to the grub or worm, the last being the offspring of the gad fly, which deposits its eggs upon the hair of the horse and are bitten off and swallowed by the animal. These develope into worms in time; pass off with the excrement; burrow in the ground, where a chrysalis is formed, and in time a succession of gad flies is the result. This grub, unlike the bot, never attaches itself to the coating of the stomach, but lives amid the food the same as worms in the stomach of a child. These worms may cause much uneasiness to the horse, but never death.

As to the bot and his operations, Dr. STEWART adds:—"The cuticular coating of the stomach to which the bot fastens himself by means of two little bearded hooks, is nearly, if not wholly, insensible, having no more feeling apparently than the animal's hoofs. When the horse is in health it is hard, rigid, impenetrable, and the bot, if ever so much disposed to do so, would attack it in vain; but when death seizes him this coating becomes relaxed and soft, and begins rapidly to decompose. Then only is it that the bot can or ever does work his way through it. Another fact still more strongly corroborative of the above proposition, is this: that of any number of horses killed while in perfect health, and opened an hour or two afterward, there will be found not one whose stomach is not 'riddled by the bot.' Dissection has revealed the existence of this condition in hundreds of instances of sudden death from accident."

This riddling of the stomach is a consequence, not the cause, of the death of the horse, according to the theory here presented. When the animal dies from the effects of disease or from accidental causes, the instinct of the bot teaches it that decomposition of its home, the stomach of the horse, must speedily take place, involving its own death, hence its prompt efforts to escape from its festering prison. It is the same instinct which induces rats to attempt escape from a scuttled ship or from a building threatened with destruction by fire or submersion by water. If this is a true solution of the bot question, the care of the horse will be considerably simplified and ailing animals relieved from many disagreeable drenchings designed to expel from their stomachs what has been generally regarded as a mortal enemy. Those well posted in regard to the horse, his enemies and diseases, will doubtless give the theory of Dr. STEWART, in reference to the bot, proper consideration.

BLIND STAGGERS IN HORSES.

THE American Stock Journal, commenting on the blind staggers in horses, says the first thing to be done in a case of this kind is to relieve the pressure of blood about the head of the animal by copious blood letting. The jugular vein should be tapped and so much blood be taken as will serve to restore the animal to the command of its limbs. The quantity proper to be taken can be pretty accurately determined on by the effect produced. When the horse shows signs of being relieved, the flow of blood should be checked, the cause of the attack sought for, and medicines given in accordance with the symptoms. If the attack proceeded from an over-distension of the stomach, the pump should be brought into use, and a free application of warm water be made. Medicines calculated to give freedom to the bowels will be found beneficial.

GROOMING HORSES.

THOUGH suitable and properly prepared food is the prime requisite for the horse, regular grooming holds the second place in the management of him. A man who omits the customary ablutions at stated times—who goes for days or weeks with uncombed hair, may exist,—but does not live in the proper sense of the word. So of the horse. Grooming is alike essential to looks, health, and elasticity of action. The curry comb and card should be brought into daily requisition, nor should the clipping shears be omitted. Fetlocks bedraggled with mud, unkempt and tangled mane, detract much from the appearance of the animal, repress his ambition, and hence diminish his usefulness. A man who neglects the regular grooming of his horses is an enemy both to the beasts and himself; to them because he withholds labor which is their due, and to himself because he depreciates the value of his own property.

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—The Rural World proposes to cure founder in horses in this way:—Take the horse into a brook or stream of water deep enough to nearly reach his body, and fasten him there with his head so high that he cannot drink. If the weather is warm keep him there several hours. Then remove him and rub his legs thoroughly to promote circulation. If still lame repeat the process two or three times and a cure will be effected. In the winter twenty minutes will be long enough to keep the horse in the water when he should be taken out and rubbed as in the other case—repeating the operation if necessary. This is said to cure all cases of founder, when not of long standing.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Change of Product.

THE N. O. Picayune, referring to the Freedmen's Bureau in relation to the employment and compensation of colored laborers, says:—"We shall not complain if the great fields which were once white with cotton become meadows and pastures."

A Minky Idea.

THE Institute Farmers' Club, New York, pass occasionally from the grave matters pertaining to farm management to those of a more lively character. At a recent meeting L. B. PRINDLE, Litchfield, Ct., proposed to make our new acquisition of Alaska available for the extinction of the national debt by the establishment of a mink factory under governmental supervision. The cost of the minks, and incidentals to start with, is put down at about $12,000, and the avails (at the end of four years) at $4,869,824,672.21. Good for the Institute Club!

Choked Cattle.

L. T. W. writes the Genaga Democrat concerning choked cattle. The smashing process of cure is objected to as barbarous and a better process pointed out. Thus:—"Hold the animal firmly by the horn and nose, standing on the left side; place the right hand over the neck on the swallow-pipe down close to the brisket, the left hand on the opposite side. Press the hands against the pipe and move them up towards the mouth until the obstruction is found. Then twist the forefingers of both hands into the hair, and crowd up with the thumbs and the obstruction will be thrown into the mouth.

Manure Cellars.

E. G. STORMS, St. Johnsville, N. Y., writes the Utica Herald on the subject of making and saving manure. We quote a paragraph as follows:—"I have always opposed manure cellars under stables, believing them unhealthy, but if properly ventilated, and with tight floors above, they might be less objectionable; and what grand manure manufactories they might become. A sewer running from the wash-room and through the privy vault should empty in the cellar, and here should be collected all the refuse from the farm, such as scrapings of the wood-shed, bones pounded fine, hen manure, weeds, (of course no farmer allows these to ripen their seeds,) &c., &c. All the machinery required will be a drove of hogs, and the motive power, a little corn scattered on the manure."

Washing Sheep.

IN a late number of the Irish Farmers' Gazette, a plan for sheep washing is proposed, which precludes the necessity of going into the water to perform this operation. A clear running section of water should be selected, and a bench or platform of suitable dimensions placed in the water next to the shore and about even with the surface. Place another one further out in the stream parallel to the first; put planks across both, at the ends reaching to the bank; on these, in line with the stream, place other planks to walk on and far enough apart to pass the body of a sheep readily between them. A sheep is brought forward, and two men, placed there for the purpose, one on each plank, take the animal by the legs and turn it, back downward, into the water and float it rapidly back and forth between the planks, finishing off by sousing down and up till the fleece is cleaned. The sheep is then restored to its footing, on the end platform, and suffered to walk ashore.

Rural Notes and Items.

SNEERING AT THE AUTHOR OF "WALKS AND TALKS."—The May number of the Baltimore "American Farmer" contains the following ingenuous paragraph:

We copied last month an article from the RURAL NEW-YORKER under the heading "Value of Manure from different Animals," *in which, as we thought, there were well taken exceptions to a theory of Mr. Harris*, that "the value of manure from any animal depends entirely on the food." In doing so, we are sorry to have given further publication to a sneer with which the article concludes, as follows:—"He should have a good, sound basis of facts for his conclusions, instead of deriving them from such absurd assertions and theories as those uttered by the newly-fledged Resident 'Professor of Agriculture' (?!!) in what is designed to be the leading Agricultural Institution of America."

Expressing sincere regret that our venerable and astute contemporary should place itself in a false position before the public, by copying an article which it still pronounces sound, we respectfully suggest that the best way to avoid such unpleasant predicaments—necessitating recantation and apology—is to carefully read and judge of articles *before* publication. Such a course might obviate subsequent remorse of conscience and pressure from parties aggrieved.

—As to sneering at the author of "Walks and Talks," we confess to no surprise that many practical and scientific soil cultivators in this latitude—men who make farming *pay*—were disposed to do that very thing on hearing of his appointment to the important professorship alluded to;—and we venture to say that neither the Founder nor Trustees of the Cornell University knew much if anything about Mr. H.'s farm or farming, or his actual qualifications as an instructor in profitable Agriculture, at the time of said appointment. Moreover, were we to publish a tithe of what has been said and written on the subject, by able and experienced men who know whereof they affirm, our contemporary and the public would have abundant reasons, based on cogent facts and arguments, why the selection was, to say the least, most unfortunate for an institution from which so much has been expected. It is not pleasant to say these things, but those familiar with the RURAL NEW-YORKER are aware that its duty to the public is considered paramount, and is usually discharged, regardless of the friendship of individuals or favor of corporations or mutual admiration societies. People who are advertised as "specially educated for the Agricultural Profession," thereby invite (and are legitimate subjects of) public investigation and criticism;—hence what we have published, or may hereafter publish, on the subject.

SHEEP SHEARERS' FESTIVAL AT SPENCERPORT.—The Sheep Shearers' Association of the Western District of Monroe Co., N. Y., held its Annual Shearing Festival at Spencerport, May 2d. Owing to a storm the attendance was not as large as usual, but still respectable as to numbers. The show of sheep was good, including a prime lot from Vermont, and the shearing quite equal to any on previous occasions. Sheep were entered and sheared as follows:

Owner.	Sex.	Age. years.	Wt. of carcass. lbs.	oz.	Wt. of fleece. lbs.	oz.
P. Babcock	Ewe.	1	45		9	12
Alex. Bromley	"	2	86	8	13	15
" "	"	2	74		12	9
Ira D. Harroun	"	1	62		8	15
" "	"	1	57	8	7	6
" "	"	1	63		11	9
Alex. Bromley	"	5	88		12	13
" "	"	1	55		9	9
Pierce & Fellows	"	3	80	8	13	15
P. Babcock	Ram.	3	120	8	25	10½
" "	Ewe.	1	56	8	11	12
Pierce & Fellows	"	3	77	8	14	12
I. J. Whitney	Ram.	1 10m.	107	8	20	1
Wonsey & Smith	Ewe.	3 10m.	142	8	26	4

NEW AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS.—We learn that Messrs. GLEN & HALL, the enterprising proprietors of the Hall Agricultural Works, on Water St., Rochester, have decided to transfer their manufacturing establishment to Brighton, where they will have "ample room and verge enough" for the prosecution of an extensive and increasing business. For this purpose they have purchased sixteen acres of land, extending from East Avenue to the Erie Canal, about one mile east of Rochester city limits, whereon extensive buildings for the manufacture of agricultural implements and machinery will at once be erected, and also quite a number of dwellings for employes. The manufacturing buildings are to be of brick, of good proportions, and in approved architectural style—permanent, commodious and ornamental. We congratulate all interested—not only Messrs. GLEN & HALL and the people of Brighton, but the farmers of Western New York—upon the proposed improvement and acquisition.

STOCK EXHIBITIONS IN CANADA.—The farmers of what was formerly Upper Canada, but now the Province of Ontario, are engaged with their customary spring exhibitions of farm stock. The Cayuga Sentinel notices shows in Walpole, York and Cayuga—the first two eminently satisfactory, but the last an indifferent one, owing to mismanagement in the adjustment of premiums,—a circumstance not peculiar to Societies across the Lake.

WHEAT IN OHIO.—Mr. G. S. INNIS is supplying the Farmers' Chronicle some valuable information relative to wheat growing in Ohio. The average of the crop, for 1866, was only four and a half bushels to the acre, necessitating importation to supply the home demand. A better system of drainage and manuring, a systematic diversification of cropping, and deeper tillage, are deemed essential to bring farms back to their former productiveness.

EGG AND EGGEE.—Mr. O. C. ROSS, Penfield, N. Y., has favored us with a couple of hen fruit specimens. The conjugate and transverse circumferences of the larger are respectively seven, and eight and a half inches; weight, four ounces, or four to the pound. The last bears about the same relation in size to the first as Tom Thumb to the Belgian Giant.

ROYALTY AND AGRICULTURE.—The Irish Farmers' Gazette, Dublin, in noticing the Agricultural exhibition recently closed there, states that it was attended by one Princess, five Princes, and at least one hundred Peers, Baronets and Knights.

HORSE SHOW AT FREDONIA.—The Chautauqua Farmers' and Mechanics' Union have decided to hold a Horse Fair on their grounds in Fredonia June 17th and 18th. The Society is said to be in a prosperous condition.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A FARMER in Plainfield, Ill., owns a colt three years old which weighs 1,500 pounds.

THE Patrons of Husbandry are perfecting organizations in Wisconsin with flattering prospects.

A FARMER in Illinois recently imported a horse from Normandy which weighed 2,150 pounds.

THE papers are full of "crop prospects" just now. It is a spring fashion and must have its day.

A DEAD dog, cat, pig—in fact any thing dead and buried near a fruit tree will accelerate its growth wonderfully.

A PIECE of land in Minnesota is reported to have yielded last season at the rate of 137 bushels of shelled corn to the acre.

J. A. CRAWFORD, Clay, N. Y., recently sold a calf nine months and nine days old, the meat of which weighed 450 pounds.

IT is a mooted question whether whey is the most profitable fed to cows or to swine. The hog has our vote on this question.

THE woolen manufacturers of Wisconsin recently held a convention at Appleton. They reported forty woolen mills in the State.

THE Ohio Farmer says the practice of plugging up the holes in a sugar tree is wrong. The hole should be left open to prevent rotting.

PROF. GAMGEE, England, denies that rare cooked beef is healthier than that well done. This is a singular decision for an Englishman.

THE Stock Journal says the practice of docking stock is nonsensical and cruel—robbing the animal of its defence against annoying insects.

THE canker-worm cures have commenced their annual travels. They are as numerous as the worms, but, unfortunately, not equally destructive.

SOOT sprinkled on the ground and forked before planting will aid plant growth and protect from worms and bugs. It is excellent on cabbage ground.

HORTICULTURAL.

BEARING AGE OF PEAR TREES.

"W. S. L.," Fostoria, Ohio, asks for "information as to the age at which many or most of the leading varieties of pears bear fruit after being taken from the nursery at two years old and transplanted into the orchard."

There are so many items connected with the season, soil and cultivation which the orchard trees might have, that it is almost, if not quite, impossible, to state any positive conclusion as to the period at which trees of the same or different varieties would come into bearing. For instance, we have trees of the Flemish Beauty on the pear roots—i. e., termed standards—they were taken from the nursery three years since, and were then two years from bud. Some of these trees stand in sharp sandy, gravelly loam, others in strong clay. If there is any difference in size of trees, and extent of growth last year, it is in favor of those in the sandy soil, and yet those trees are now full of fruit buds while those in the clay soil have only here and there a blossom bud.

It is generally supposed that light soils tend to check a luxuriant growth, and thus change the currents of the sap into formation of fruit buds; but our trees of many sorts on pear roots have always grown freely and yet come early to maturity in light sandy or gravelly soil—and we opine that it is attributable more to the earlier period in the growing season when the roots commence vigorously to supply the demand of the leaf, than to any other cause. Beurre Bosc on a pear stock and on gravelly soil, we find to fruit at three years, while on rich clay loam it took with us five years, but after the trees came into bearing those in the clay loam have given the most, largest and best fruit. Beurre d'Anjou we planted on quince and on pear roots, in similar soil; if anything the quince root had the most of gravel in it—and both bore fruit the same year two years from planting. Swan's Orange, also, we planted on pear and quince and realized fruit from the quince at two years out and from the pear at three years, and at four years our tree on quince root had become a standard, having thrown out lateral pear roots. Golden Beurre of Bilboa, and Dix—both standards—set at same time in loamy clay, gave fruit, the first at five years from planting, and the last at eight years; and fruit enough had been sold from the first named before the second came into bearing to more than pay for fifty trees. A nice little early summer pear called Mary has given fruit on the pear root at two years from orchard planting. F. R. E.

OLD NOTES.

LOOKING over some old memoranda in my note book I find that last summer I saw in ELLWANGER & BARRY'S gardens, the following among other beautiful flowering plants that I and others ought to have. Among the perennials, I marked down *Campanula persicifolia, witleifolia flore pleno, grandiflora alba pleno*, and *trachelium*. *Lychius Chalcedonica pleno, Chalcedonica alba pleno* and *Fimbriata*, the latter especially beautiful with its small, rose colored flowers. *Hesperis Matronalis*, with its fragrant white flowers, is a gem for the hardy perennial border; and just as soon as they can propagate and offer for sale their collection of *Double Pyrethemums*, I hope they will do so, for they are plants that should decorate every flower garden.

I was too late to see all the blooms of their magnificent collection of *Peonies*, but I saw enough to satisfy me that nowhere in my rambles had I seen as many varieties. You who know only the old *Red Peony* (Piny) just imagine the same size of flower, but of every possible shade of color, from a creamy white to a straw yellow, deepening to a salmon, and that again to all shades of red, and in many of the flowers two and three colors embraced. Oh! you can't do without a bed of Peonies, if you appreciate showiness as well as beauty of flower.

Their collection of *Clematis*, of *English* and *Spanish Iris*, of —— but I'll stop for no one of you can have their whole stock, and I had rather you obtain a few good things than lumber your garden with so many things as to give none of them proper care in order to flower them satisfactorily. ADDI.

IMPROVEMENT OF COUNTRY PLACES.

How are we to lay out and plant our grounds so that the improvements may be in good taste, and also permanent, is a question that we are contiuually hearing on all sides, and to persons of usual experience the solution is seldom an easy one. Many and great are the mistakes of the novice who himself undertakes to lay out a country place. The improvements of a new home, or the changes in an old one, are frequently begun and carried on without forethought, without plan, and without the remotest idea of future effects. And what is the result of all this? Why, simply that failures are the rule—success the exceptions.

We have long come to the conclusion (for experience has taught us) that there is no branch of the fine or liberal arts so imperfectly understood among us as Landscape Gardening; and we here most emphatically enter our protest against the indiscriminate application of the term to every new place which is to be laid out, no matter what size it may be or what circumstances surround it. For any one who has the spirit of improvement upon him to fancy he has the genius of a POWERS, a CHURCH or a BIERSTADT, and that he can produce such effects as they can on canvas, is utterly absurd. As an ornamental gardener he may, perhaps, produce something worthy his efforts, but there is a wide difference between ornamental gardening and landscape gardening. They bear about the same analogy to each other that landscape painting does to ornamental painting; a painter of signs may be called an ornamental painter,—yet who would say, though he should ornament his signs with something in imitation of a landscape, that he was a landscape painter? To become a good and successful landscape gardener requires a mind capable of grasping all the salient points and overcoming all minor difficulties by changing surfaces, and either adding to or diminishing the vegetation by planting or thinning out so that the change may become apparent at once, and at the same time seem a desirable one. It is not the picturesque wildness in a landscape that is always calculated to attract. To the person of taste such scenes are only pleasing when the surroundings harmonize,—for there is a fitness in things which cannot be studied too closely by every person who undertakes to lay out a country place.

As a curved line is admitted by every person of taste to be the natural line of beauty, so in the arrangement of a country place should the inequalities of surface and the irregular grouping of trees be studied, that similar effects may be produced by art,—not that it would be in good taste to copy nature indiscriminately, but that the finer forms in nature may be imitated. Those who think that beauty, under all conditions, when unadorned is adorned the most, labor under a great mistake,—for it is the blending of art with nature that will attract. This is the idea which we wish to inculcate in respect to landscape gardening, and which applies with equal force to either of the styles now in vogue—the beautiful and picturesque. These styles differ very materially from each other, and it requires a well trained and highly sensitive mind to distinguish and separate them.

That mistakes often do and will occur, particularly in what is usually termed ornamental gardening, is evident, even to the most casual observer. This latter is a style which is mainly followed by persons whose conception of the beautiful in nature is but limited, and is as distinct from landscape gardening as sign painting is from landscape painting. To one practitioner the light and shade, emerald green, azure blue or roseate tints of sky, earth and forest, are like so many gems which are presented to his vision or seen floating in his mind, which he is to grasp, transfer and reset in his picture with all the accessions that art can give; while to another they seem but mere illusions, like bubbles floating in air, passing by and then forgotten. Let it not be understood, however, that we desire to disparage ornamental gardening; far from it,—for it is the only style that can be adopted in towns or villages with any degree of success, and in such places we would encourage it as much as possible,—but protest against its introduction into such country places as could, with a little judicious taste, be made to blend and assimilate with the scenery around. To preserve a proper balance between the true and the false when arranging the grounds of a country place, should be the aim of every improver, no matter what his circumstances may be.

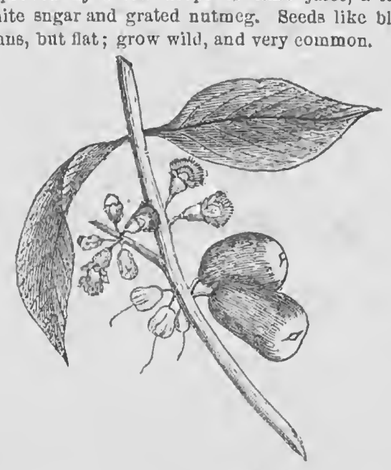
WILLIAM WEBSTER.

Rochester, May 7th, 1868.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA.—No. V.

The Star Apple.—Tree fifty or sixty feet high, something like a tall elm; wood hard; foliage vivid dark green on the face of the leaf, on the back like frosted silver, with the ribs bright bronze, size and shape of a large apple leaf; one of the most beautiful in the world. When a negro wants to tell another that he is deceitful or two-faced, he says, "You stand like a star apple leaf." The fruit is round, skin thick and smooth. When ripe they feel like rubber balls. Color, some light green, some purple like a vegetable egg; flesh varies like the skin; seeds black, like flat beans. If the fruit is cut through the center the divided seeds show a star in each half, hence the name. The fruit never drops, however ripe,—but will hang on and dry up; hence those who get star apples must climb the high trees and pull them, or knock them down. We have no fruit to which I can compare or liken them.

The Custard Apple.—Tree like an old peach; fruit irregular in shape, but tending to round; skin rough and light brown, with some patches of bright, smooth red, like thin leather. When ripe the flesh is like a good, solid custard, very nice, but much improved by a few drops of lime juice, a little white sugar and grated nutmeg. Seeds like black beans, but flat; grow wild, and very common.



ROSE APPLE—FRUIT, FLOWER AND LEAF.

Rose Apple.—Grows by river sides; wood and leaf might be mistaken for oleander; more of a bush than a tree, though some shoots will measure 15 to 20 feet; flower bright yellow; fruit a hollow ball; color pink; smooth; flesh ¼ inch thick, and like a rather mealy apple, and identical in smell with a fine cabbage rose, hence the name. Seeds, one or two round, or with one flat side, loose, with a rough, brown surface.

SOUR SOP—FRUIT AND LEAF.

Sour Sop.—Tree much like a standard pear; wood soft; foliage dark green; fruit heart-shaped; size from one to eight pounds weight; skin green, thick as calf leather, and covered with short, blunt spines; flesh white; seeds many, and like black beans. When the pleasant, milky and rather acid juice is sucked, there remains what might be easily mistaken for wet white cotton. The flower, before it opens, is in shape like a beech nut, but much larger, and often bursts from the bark of the stem and limbs. The three sides part, and show a not very beautiful yellow flower. T. B. P.

Akron, Ohio, May, 1868.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Soil for Gardening.—The best soil for gardening is a deep, rich, warm sand. A good soil is a friable loam and the worst is a stiff clay. Upon the latter, even if well drained, it is useless to attempt to raise early vegetables; one must content himself with the grosser and later crops. Three important considerations with the market gardener are, a warm, rich soil, nearness to market, and ample facilities for getting manure. Without the first, he cannot raise early crops; without the second, he cannot get them to market in good condition, and without the last, he cannot cultivate successfully at all. In gardening it is not sufficient that the land was manured last year. It must be manured this year as well, and the best manure is a compost, composed of every waste thing liable to decay about a city, a village or farm. Forty tons per acre each year of such manure will not hurt any land, and we know soils that receive and consume one hundred loads.

House Propagating Tanks.—Mr. Kittoe of Galena, Ill., has invented a tank for use in the window of the house, and adapted to the masses, where they have not room for a hot-bed or access to a greenhouse. It is to construct a pan of any suitable size to contain water, it being covered with slate-stone, on which earth is placed. The heating is accomplished with a kerosene lamp with a tin chimney, made double, so the water circulates all round it, and this is connected with the pan or tank by two small tubes or pipes; the water in the tank is thus heated as desired. The tank can be made of any size, and used for starting of all tender plants and flower seeds, striking cuttings, etc.

Wash for Fruit Trees.—The Working Farmer says: "We would remind our readers again of the soda wash for fruit trees, which we have so often recommended. This is the time of year for its application. Heat sal-soda to redness, so as to drive out the water of crystalization and carbonic acid; then dissolve the caustic soda in water at the rate of one pound to the gallon, and apply it when cold to the trunks and larger branches of fruit trees. It will destroy cocoons and ova of insects, mosses of all kinds, decompose dead bark, and present a fine glossy surface not likely to be attacked by insects. Unlike potash, it does not destroy any living portion of a plant, while it decomposes the dead portion more readily.

Plums—Curculio.—Mrs. C. D. SALISBURY, Coventry, Chenango Co., N. Y., states that applying a thick coating of whitewash made of lime slaked with water, with a broom, from the roots of a tree to the limbs, when in blossom or soon after, will protect the fruit from the ravages of the curculio. She adds:—"It was by accident that I found it out, happening to whitewash a small plum tree while performing the operation on some other trees. Being surprised with fruit where none had ever ripened before, I was led to try it again. I have used it three years, leaving one tree and whitewashing the rest to see whether it was in the lime or the season. Every time the whitewashed trees were laden with fruit, while the one left without whitewashing never ripened a plum. A neighbor has tried it with the same result."

Lovers of fruit would do well to test this simple *remedy* not only on the plum, but on all tender fruits—cherries, pears and apricots.

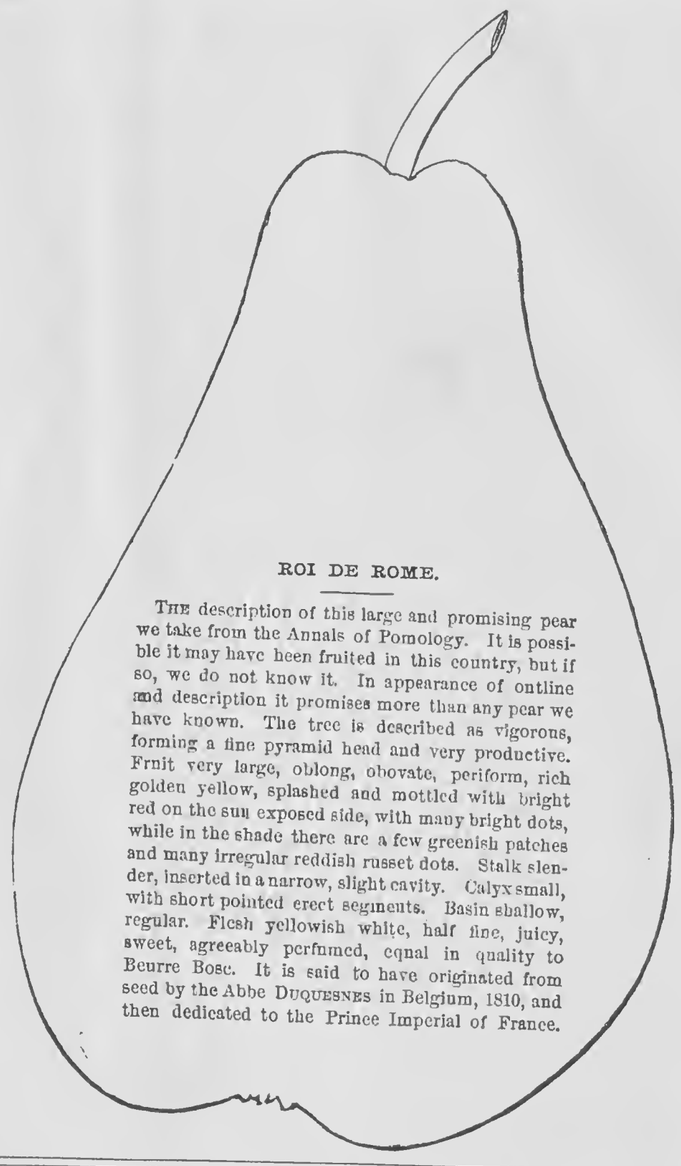
The Admiral Farragut Pear.—The Journal of Horticulture gives the following description of this pear from its originator, Dr. Shurleff. Its large size and fine appearance, added to the vigor and productiveness of the tree, may render it a valuable variety for market purposes, if not for the amateur:—"The fruit is long, pyriform in figure, measuring five inches in length, and from three to three and a half inches in diameter; stem rather stout, about three-fourths of an inch long, curved, set in a shallow, one-sided depression; calyx medium size, set in rather shallow basin; segments slightly reflex; the skin is green, with numerous dots, and a considerable blush on the sunny side; the flesh is melting and juicy, fine grain, with a pleasant sub-acid flavor. It always ripens soundly, and can be picked a little before maturity if long transportation is necessary. It comes in about Sept. 25, just on the heels of the Bartlett, and has always sold for a much higher price, on account of its large size and beauty. The tree is eighteen years from the seed. It bore a barrel and a half of fruit in 1866, and it has fruited very abundantly every year. The tree is strong; making long, healthy shoots of moderate thickness. The pear has steadily improved year by year; and last year was better than ever before."

Raising Lima Beans.—A correspondent of the Gardeners' Monthly gives the following directions: "About the first or second week in May, when the ground is in a suitable condition and in good order, we proceed to dig out the holes, taking out three or more spadesful of earth; then in the center make the holes with a crowbar, and put in the poles securely. Put a shovelful of well rotted stable manure or, if you have the article on hand, home-made poudrette in a hill; cover the manure two or three inches deep, and then plant the Limas carefully point downwards around the pole. Ten or more seeds should be put in a hill, so that if it should be a bad season, and only a part come up, we will have some to rely on. If more than four grow, when three or four inches high leave the best and pull the others up. We think there should be but a very little soil thrown over the beans when planted, and that should be free from lumps and fine as possible. If the beans have not shown themselves in a reasonable time they should be examined, and if rotten plant again, and when a few inches high sprinkle them with guano water, or throw guano around the roots previous to a rain. Guano will hurt some vegetables, if used freely, but we have never known it to hurt Limas after they are a few inches high. There is no vegetable we raise that pays us better for the care in planting and tending than Lima beans. And when they are large enough to eat they are always in order on the table, no matter what other vegetables we have, or the meals we cook."

A Century Plant is in full glory of blossom in Troy, in the nursery of Mr. L. Menand. The owner has watched for this flower for twenty-five years. The plant was eight years old when he came into possession of it. This fact militates against the century-blossoming theory. The Troy Times thus describes the *rara avis*:—"The leaves are about three feet in length, lanceolate in shape, not more than four inches in width, slight and flexible. From the midst of the leaves, which grow in a compact tuft at the base, rises a long, slender *scape* or stem, perhaps four inches in diameter and fifteen feet high, cylindrical in form and crowned with a group of flowers, perhaps twenty in number, each mounted on a separate peduncle. The flower is constructed in funnel-form, with one pistil, six stamens and six petals, the average length about six inches, and the prevailing color a beautiful crimson. The petals are whitish on the inside, folding closely about the stamen about half way up, then spreading. The stamen has a crimson filament holding up an anther thickly covered with its olive-green dust. When the bloom is fresh the petals incline together at the top, but after a few hours, curl outward. The plant continues in bloom for several weeks, during which fresh flowers replace the drooping blossoms, so that the beauty of the crown is not diminished."

Apples in the Northwest—Cultivation.—Mr. E. H. SKINNER, Marengo, Ill., in an essay published in the Transactions of the Northern Ill. Hort. Soc'y, says:—"After carefully preparing the ground by subsoiling, &c., I set an orchard of five acres of young root-grafted trees with the following results: The products of this orchard of five acres the third year after setting, were seven and a half barrels of choice apples which sold for $3 per barrel. The fourth year, 55 barrels, which sold for $5 per barrel. The fifth year, 79 barrels, which sold for $5 per barrel. The sixth year, 187 barrels, which are now selling at $5 per barrel. The four years' product amounted in all to $1,627.50. This proves most conclusively to my own mind two things. First: That the apple may be successfully produced in its highest stage of perfection here in the Northwest. Secondly: That while seedlings may be, and are cultivated with reasonable success, root-grafted or budded trees of hardy sorts are much better adapted to our wants and may be cultivated with far greater assurances of success. The above-mentioned orchard of five acres, although three years younger than the orchard of top-grafted seedlings, is worth far more per acre than the latter.

"It is often asked, should the orchard be cultivated. My own opinion is that grass should not be allowed in an orchard until it is at least two years old, and then never removed, but mowed and spread under the trees as mulching. The cultivation of the orchard is of vastly more importance than many suppose. I do not mean the cultivation many give them, which is to take their teams with high hames to their harness and long whiffletrees attached, running against one-half the trees, tearing off large strips of bark from their bodies, while the tall hames are making bare the limbs at the same time the plow is beam deep among the roots. This is done by some people, and then they cry out this is no fruit country. Instead of this mangling process, plow and cultivate with care, very shallow near the tree, and deeper as you recede; keep the land all mellow by frequent cultivation up to the first of August, after which cultivation should cease, to allow the wood to ripen fully for winter. Thousands of fruit trees have perished in the West from bad cultivation forming basins around the collar of the tree, which fill with water and freeze solid to the trees, pressing them as if in a vice—in many instances entirely killing the tree at this point; the tree lingers and dies. This also has often been charged to root-grafting; had they examined more closely, they would have found them dead at the collar and the roots alive and perfectly healthy."



ROI DE ROME.

THE description of this large and promising pear we take from the Annals of Pomology. It is possible it may have been fruited in this country, but if so, we do not know it. In appearance of outline and description it promises more than any pear we have known. The tree is described as vigorous, forming a fine pyramid head and very productive. Fruit very large, oblong, obovate, periform, rich golden yellow, splashed and mottled with bright red on the sun exposed side, with many bright dots, while in the shade there are a few greenish patches and many irregular reddish russet dots. Stalk slender, inserted in a narrow, slight cavity. Calyx small, with short pointed erect segments. Basin shallow, regular. Flesh yellowish white, half fine, juicy, sweet, agreeably perfumed, equal in quality to Beurre Bosc. It is said to have originated from seed by the Abbe DUQUESNES in Belgium, 1810, and then dedicated to the Prince Imperial of France.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

LAMB AND RICE.—Half roast a neck of lamb, take it up, and cut it into steaks; take half a pound of rice boiled ten minutes in a quart of water, put it into a quart of good gravy, with two or three blades of mace, and a little nutmeg; do it over a stove or slow fire till the rice begins to be thick; then take it off and stir in a half pound of butter, and when that is quite melted stir in it the yolks of six eggs well beaten, then take a dish and butter it all over; take the steaks and put a little pepper and salt all over them, dip them in a little melted butter, lay them into the dish, pour the gravy that comes out of them over them, and then the rice; beat the yolks of three eggs and pour all over, send it to the oven, and bake it better than half an hour.

HOW TO POT HERRING.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph communicates to that paper the following method to pot herring, which takes all the bones out of the fish. As the season for herring is approaching, would it not be well for those who like pickled fish, to preserve the recipe:—Clean and scale, then put them to soak a few hours, changing the water at least twice to draw out the blood; take a jar or pot, put at the bottom cloves, allspice, pepper and salt, then a layer of fish, and so on alternately until the jar is nearly full, then cover with strong vinegar; now take bread dough and cover the jar about two inches thick to exclude the air; set the jar in a warm stove over night, and next day the fish is ready for the table, and the bones are *non est*.

SIMPLE BUT DELIGHTFUL FRUIT CAKE.—One cup of butter, three and a half cups of light brown sugar; beat these ingredients to a cream, put the yolks of three eggs into the mixture, and beat all together; one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, in which mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda; take some of this flour and rub it into one pound of clean, dry currants, and add them to the mixture, then gradually stir in all the flour, one quarter of a nutmeg, and the grated rind of one lemon; then add the beaten whites of the eggs; pour into a pan lined and covered with white paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

FOR KEEPING HAMS.—As soon as the hams come from the smoke-house, or before any flies or insects of any kind make their appearance, cut your ham in nice even slices, just as you would if to use at the time. Remove the bone and skin, and trim other parts just as you would for immediate use. Pack down in stone jars, compactly and smoothly, so as to leave no interstices for air. When the jar is full, or nearly so, turn on the top an inch in depth of melted lard; put on the cover, set in a cool place, and it is ready when you want it.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare, core, and quarter, the quinces; boil them gently, uncovered, in water until they begin to soften; then strain them through a hair sieve, and beat in a mortar or wooden bowl to a pulp; add to each pound of fruit three-quarters of a pound of sugar; boil it until it becomes stiff, and pour into small moulds.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint sweet milk; two tablespoons molasses; a small piece of butter, (about the size of a walnut;) half teaspoon soda; salt, three eggs, and raisins or currants. Mix with the ingredients one quart of good meal. Boil in a bag about one hour and a half.—A READER.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SIXTEEN.

BY G. F. BARTHOLOMEW.

SUPPOSE your hand with power supplied;
Say, would you slip it 'neath my hair
And turn it to the golden side
Of sixteen years?—suppose you dare?

And I stood here with smiling mouth,
Red cheeks, and hands all softly white,—
Exceeding beautiful with youth,—
And that some sly consenting sprite

Brought dreams as bright as dreams could be,
To keep the shadows from my brow,
And pluck'd down hearts to pleasure me,
As you would roses from a bough,—

What could I do then? Idly wear,
While all my mates went on before,
The bashful looks and golden hair
Of sixteen years, and nothing more?

Nay, done with youth is my desire;
To time I give no false abuse;
Experience is the marvelous fire
That welds our knowledge into use!

And all its fires of heart or brain,
Where purpose into power was wrought,
I'd bear, and gladly bear again,
Rather than be put back one thought.

So, sigh no more, my gentle friend,
That I have reached the time of day
When white hairs come, and heart-beats send
No blushes through the cheeks astray;

For, could you mold my destiny
As clay within your loving hand,
I'd leave my youth's sweet company,
And suffer back to where I stand.

Whitehall, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A MOTHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON HOME TRAINING.—I.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

DOVECOTE, April 186-.

MY DEAR MARY:—You know how we used to write compositions on the Beauties of Spring, the Glories of Summer, on Fireside Joys, and on Education, when we were schoolmates; and how, when we graduated, we thought, poor, simple girls that we were, our education was completed. No more weary poring over books, no more fear of the recitation hour, no further answering to school bells! Happy days of gayety and freedom that come but once and pass so soon! I now recall them as a dream of flowers and sunshine, as a dewy morning that has merged into a mellow noon; and when I look into the three pairs of bright eyes that follow my every word and action,—the three pairs of rosy lips that call me "ma-ma,"—and think how much of the present and future of these darlings is in my hands, to make it a blessing or a curse, I tremble and know not what to do. Is it so with you, MARY, that you seem never to have rightly understood the meaning of the term education, now that the joys and responsibilities of motherhood are yours? How I should like to sit down with you and talk over all these matters that now are so engrossing, and of such vital moment to us both. And since I cannot talk with you, I will lay aside the little frock I have been embroidering for JAMIE, my baby boy, and take up the pen. I remember so well that at school when we girls were taking wax flowers and embroidery, or reading CHILDE HAROLD and HENRIETTA TEMPLE, you would smile at us and pore over PLATO'S Dialogues or BACON'S Essays, and a great many other books that then seemed hopelessly dull to me; but I have thought, of late, that you were a great deal wiser than we, that maybe you found in those grave books ideas that are of great help to you now since you, as I, have been called to the dignity of motherhood. You have three children, too, about the ages of mine. Perhaps you are never at a loss how to control and train them in the best manner. How often I wish that, instead of spending so many hours over my needlework and in practicing my piano lessons, I had read more History, studied Arithmetic harder, and learned my Moral Science better. Maybe then I should have been a more sensible mother, and more perfectly fitted to train my boys to be good and useful men. I wish you would write me a long letter and tell me all about how you have governed, and taught, and disciplined your children, and thus you will aid me in rearing mine. But JAMIE wakes from his nap and calls me. Cannot you write soon to Your old friend and schoolmate, JULIA.

HOME, April, 186-.

MY DEAR JULIA:—Your letter was very welcome, indeed, and recalled many pleasant reminiscences of our school days at the "old Academy." It hardly seems ten years ago that we sat together under those maples, studying out problems in Algebra and construing our lessons in Virgil, but this eight-year old boy doing sums in multiplication at the table where I write calls me "mother," and the recollection of the bright hour when his infant breath first warmed my cheek, and his little brown head nestled in its own home near my heart, verifies his claim to call me thus. It is true we are no longer girls—the full responsibilities and honors of motherhood are ours and we rejoice in the burden, for it is our star and the badge of our title to the full nobility of womanhood.

I feel some diffidence in writing you my views and practices as to home training, for you know how many parents called judicious, sensible and wise have failed in the final results of their domestic discipline, and how many children, who seem to have been brought up carelessly, have yet made fine men and women. But, however this may be, I will have the satisfaction, at least, that I tried to do all a mother can for the best good of my children; and how glad shall I be to aid you, if I may, in this most delicate and important trust—the proper education of our offspring.

I know not how it may be with young ladies in general, but with me, from my earliest girlhood, the tie of mother and child seemed most sacred and holy of all that make life dear. And when I read of noble mothers, my girlish heart bounded with the hope of one day becoming one myself. I will confess to you that this probability spurred me alike in my studies and in the regulation of my temper. I was quite indifferent to the so-called accomplishments of young ladies, except drawing and oil painting, because I could not see how wax flowers and embroidery, how music and dancing, how hair-work and potichomanie, would aid me as much as knowledge of more worth in developing the noblest capacities of my nature, and fitting me for highest uses. Therefore wove I few garlands for TERPSICHORE and EUTERPE,—they of the fantastic toe and the sounding lyre. My muses were URANIA, MELPOMENE and CLIO,—they who teach us of the glories and solemnities of the material universe, of the depths of the human soul, and the storms of great passions, or who illuminate the records of dead empires, and give us the wisdom that comes where Philosophy teaches by example. I cannot but think that if young ladies, whose minds are all the time running on dress and frolic, on beaux and balls, would but project their thoughts beyond the bridal trousseau and the nuptial hour, which they are too apt to count the ultimate goal of their destiny, into the years that succeed, and take in the actual probabilities of their lives at thirty-five and forty years of age, there would result from such wise forecastings advancement for the race in notable mothers and noble sons.

You will think I am not touching the subject matter of your letter, but if your little CARRIE grows up with the hope of some day dressing and undressing live babies of her own, instead of dolls, the expression of these views may not be in vain. I will speak of this subject again, and some others cognate with it, in future letters, and reply at once to some of your suggestions.

To begin at the outset, I awoke from the first long, deep sleep, after the tiny form had been laid on the pillow beside me, and the first refrain of melody, ineffably sweet, struck from the chords of maternal love, had filled my whole being with unutterable delight; I awoke, and in the darkened chamber, as I lay successive days brooding with boundless love over the wee bit of humanity swathed in flannel and lawn beside me, thoughts like these passed through my mind:—I have found my mission. Here in my arms lies a baby boy. Not more totally will his physical wellbeing depend on mine for many months to come than his moral nature, even in infancy, reproduce my own, catching the tone and reflecting the hue of my habitual thought and feeling. And as he grows older and his mind develops, I shall find use for every faculty, every acquisition, every power I possess, in rightly forming his intellectual tastes, his social habits, his moral character. More intimately than in the dumb and embryonic life from which he has just emerged, does his existence now depend on mine, for, superadded to physical ties are the higher interests which link soul to soul and take hold on immortality. A new love of life sprung up within me, since as to no mortal could I bequeath the unfathomable maternal love that pulsated through all my being, so to none could I delegate the great trust, solemn, sweet and sacred, that clothed me with the dignity, the happiness, the honors of motherhood.

Most fortunately, my husband's views and mine relative to the training of children are and have ever been in perfect harmony. We rejoice in the burden, we accept the exalted mission. Every successive child has been right heartily welcomed into this breathing world. We count no practical wisdom of so much importance as the right apprehension of parental duty. We see at once philosophy and religion in the primal ordinance which setteth the solitary in families.

If, by a recital of methods which we have found successful, I can aid you, it will give me the sincerest pleasure to do so.

As ever, yours, MARY.

STYLES FOR SPRING.

THERE are pretty variations of the polonaise out for spring. Some are cut with revers, and sleeveless, others have only a laced bodice over the high-necked waist of the lower dress, which shows a flounce at the edge of the skirt. Ruffles to the knee and flounces in graduated rows are seen on walking dresses, and the fichu is seen on almost all light material.

Plaid wraps are admired for traveling, and add much picturesqueness, to the somber suits usually chosen for that purpose.

The chignon, it is said, will soon be replaced by masses of curls. If this be the case, a lady's hair dresser will be indispensable in every town.

The black lace mantilla will be a feature of toilets for watering places.

A long-pointed black veil, caught together near the end by a bow of ribbon, and flowing behind, was seen on some French hats last season, and is popular this spring.

Black lace and Mexico blue are a stylish combination of bonnets. This tint is a light, clear azure, not so deep as Empress.

White muslin bonnets with puffed crowns, trimmed with sweet brier roses and blue ribbons *a l'infant* are a sure and charming device, which is likely to be popular, especially among ladies who wish to look as young as possible.

HOW A ROYAL BRIDE WAS DRESSED.

THE young Princess, Mary Theresa, of Austria, who was married the other day at Vienna, wore a robe of white silver brocade, with large volante of silver lace, trimmed round about with little bouquets of myrtle and orange blossom. From her waist hung the heavy *manteau de cour*, also of white silver brocade, and trimmed with a broad *a jour* embroidered garland of raised silver flowers. It was borne by two pages and a head stewardess. Her simply-parted dark hair wore in front a wreath of myrtle blossoms; the back of her head was enveloped in a net of *solitaires*, of which, too, the band of the wreath consisted. A silver lace veil, flowing down to the train, completed this tasteful head-dress. Costly diamond *mivieren* formed the ornaments of her neck, shoulders, and arms, and the ear-rings, girdle, and inclosure of the waist were composed of chains of brilliants. The remaining archduchesses had all of them white, silver-brocaded dresses, with rich lace coverings and costly diadems of brilliants—the difference between their dresses and that of the bride being the color only.

LOVING AND FALLING IN LOVE.—Nothing is indeed so common in this world as falling in love, yet it is not quite so common to love. The one is the flower that may bloom and wither in a night, the other is the rich fruit from the flower, that can survive the sun and storm, and ripen to decay no more. When feverish anxieties have passed away, when "hopes, and fears that kindle hope," cease, when selfish jealousies and lover's quarrels are buried, when "honeymoons" are long forgotten, and the snowy brow has become wrinkled, and the eye lost its moisture, then does love, worthy of the name, become the inmate of the heart and home—a love such as youth never dreamed of nor realized.

A YOUNG lady at a fashionable dinner pestered Dr. Johnson with a conundrum—a thing which the bluff old philosopher utterly detested. "Why is the letter J like the end of spring, doctor?" was the question. Of course the doctor couldn't tell. "Because it is the beginning of June," was the solution. "Now, miss, will you tell me why the letter K is like a pig's tail?" sternly asked the doctor. The young lady had to give up. "Because it is the end of pork, miss." The doctor was bothered with no more conundrums.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VANISHED DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

THE vanished days are never dead;
They glide off into spaces
We know not of; the light they shed
Gleams somewhere still, though it be fled
From wonted places;—

And frequently the song they knew
Upon the air is stealing;
And to us, all the distance through,
Again the beautiful and true
They are revealing.

Their noble words and fruitful deeds
Forevermore are living:
Their ripened gladness far exceeds
The hopings that would cheat our needs
In lieu of giving.

So not in sadness should we yield
The Present to their keeping:
Sometime their joy will be revealed,—
They are not dead, the days concealed,
Not dead, but sleeping.

To-day steals quietly away
Behind the dreamy curtain
That veils the vanished Yesterday,
And heralding To-morrow play
The lights uncertain.

Sweet sleep be on the years we miss—
A restful sleep, and holy!
They hold somewhat of all our bliss;
The Future has the rest, and this
Is coming slowly!

For Past and Future ever hold
The sum of all our pleasures;
Sweets are not sweet that *now* unfold,
And happiness is not controlled
In *present* measures!

SOCIAL ABSURDITIES.

NOT many months ago a very celebrated actor went to Boston and favored the play-going public of that immaculate city with his renderings of the tragic. The *elite*,—feminine gender, particularly,—went into ecstacies over the acting and the man. Compliments and bouquets were showered upon him in the greatest profusion; his elegant appearance was the all-absorbing topic of conversation; his smiles and attentions were as eagerly sought after as were ever those of a Prince Royal. But the enthusiasm of the ladies did not stop with this, or so, at least, runneth the newspaper story. The anxiety to procure something belonging to him, to keep as a souvenir, was for a time the grand passion of not a few. It was gratified finally, in this wise: Learning that he was having some shirts manufactured at a certain place, several of the enthusiastic ones proceeded thither, secured an old garment, in use for measurement, and divided it between them!

Boston has a Great Organ, and numerous other things of which it is exceedingly proud. It also claims to have the most genteel society on the Continent. Is gentility which makes such foolish exhibitions as the one mentioned, anything to boast of? In civilized and refined circles absurdities like this are not to be expected. We are even surprised to hear of a similar one as occurring among people whom we have heretofore supposed far behind the Bostonians in enlightenment. The character of South Americans, in point of refinement, has never been of the highest, but the manner in which they lately indulged a social infatuation should give them rank with the Boston ton. GOTTSCHALK, the Pianist, has been playing in Uraguay and Buenos Ayres, and created a regular furore there. The Paris *L'Art Musicale* says the ladies of Montevideo were so infatuated that they thought themselves fortunate if they could get bits of his gloves to wear in lockets. They were, however, entirely thrown into the shade by their neighbors of Buenos Ayres who, hearing that the handsome and attractive musician had been to have his hair cut, marched in solemn procession to the barber's and purchased the locks of hair which had fallen under the scissors of the Argentine Figaro. These they bore off in triumph, and, placing them in elegant little reliquaries, wore them round their necks as relics.

If demonstrations like this were confined to half-civilized countries, we should not now speak of them. But they are not so confined. Boston has shown that they are not: indeed, it was shown previously in many other communities claiming to possess good taste. BOOTH has been toadied by New York's "Upper Tendom" for years, and in nearly every city in the United States GOTTSCHALK has found those willing and eager to indulge in manifold social absurdities.

Now this is all wrong, and we very deeply regret the tendency of society at large to hero-worship. A man's ability to delineate HAMLET well, or to finger the ivories in a masterly manner, does not deify him. It is not strange, perhaps, that the ladies admire this ability, especially when coupled with a fine face and figure; but it is absolutely painful to see admiration overcome delicacy and sense. That it has done this, time after time, either of the gentlemen named, and scores of others, could truly attest. Probably the ladies imagine that the stuff they make heroes of is pure and worthy, but such is too rarely the case. Even if it were true, always, hero-making would be none the less foolish and disgusting.

And not alone are the ladies at fault in this matter. Mankind is not much behind womankind in making heroes. Infatuated hero-worship may show a lack of delicacy in woman not observable in man; yet the latter loses greatly in self-respect by such yielding of adoration. To get down in the dust, so to speak, before a fellow mortal, is to meanly abase yourself. Proper respect for others, who have good qualities of head and heart, should not be withheld; giving more than that is unduly lowering the standard of self, and will work a deep injury.

Possibly social ethics demand some new excitement occasionally, in which or upon which communities and the general public may vent their superfluous enthusiasm. A moderate-sized hero, then, may at times be useful,—one just large enough to perform the work properly, and then vanish. WESTON served a purpose, perhaps. War heroes had come to be an old story. The popular heart had been gathering enthusiasm, as the clouds gather electricity, and it must spend itself in some way. The pedestrian proved a fair conductor, and the popular heart at length acquired its normal tone. This hero-making, however, has an air of fickleness about it, and does not speak well for the earnest good sense of a people. Lionizing one man to-day, another to-morrow, and a third next week, implies that our professed regard is very unstable and valueless. It is an absurdity foolish and damaging, but amusing, withal, on the part of men,—dangerous and highly reprehensible, on the part of women.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FLOWERS.

How we wait and watch for flowers, all through the glad April days; and how the chill and weariness turns to leave the heart, just as it leaves the earth, when the first tender buds burst from the mold. Ah, we forget, a while, the sin and hollowness of the world, as we look into the tiny celestial faces of the flowers. Our hearts seem to go back to that far-off time when they were pure and loving as the sweet, glad blossoms that clasp and kiss each other all the long bright days.

Home is not *home* without flowers—they teach us so much of love and trust, as they blossom around the door. I care not how lowly the home may be, if flowers are there we may know love sits by the hearthstone. They will fade I know, but not until they have told us, by every gleam of sunlight on their faces, by every dew drop nestling in their hearts, that the dear GOD careth for all.

GRACE G. SLOUGH.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

AT an auction sale of rare books, in New York, on the 28th of April, among others was a perfect copy of ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE, which brought *eleven hundred and thirty dollars*, the highest price ever paid for a printed book in this country. This Bible, the first ever published on this continent, was printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1663, the work having been begun three years earlier. There are now no living men who can read it, for the race to whom the noble-hearted missionary devoted his laborious life has passed away from the earth, and the Book which he prepared for their eternal good, with so much self-sacrifice and toil, remains only a monument to his scholarly genius and Christian zeal. The heathen and their loving apostle have both passed away, but John Eliot's unreadable Bible still preaches a sermon of no ordinary eloquence. So says the Examiner & Chronicle.

CHARLES LAMB relates, in one of his unpublished letters, some criticisms made upon SHAKSPEARE by WORDSWORTH. One of them was that "SHAKSPEARE was a great poet, very able genius, indeed;" that "much of his merit, however, lay in his style, and a peculiar manner he had," which WORDSWORTH thought other people could imitate—in fact, *that he himself could write like Shakspeare, if he had a mind to it.* "*So you see*," LAMB added, "*he wants nothing but the mind.*"

MR. JAMES PARTON, whose latest work—"People's Biography"—we noticed last week, is described in the Cincinnati Commercial as "tall, slender, pale, high-nosed, dark-haired, with beard all worn but close clipped, his face grave and impressive, his eye black, big and meditative. Altogether he has the look of a Spaniard of the olden time, thinned in flesh by hard study, and 'sickled o'er by the pale cast of thought.'"

IN a recent English book—"An Old Lady's Recollections,"—we find that in the highest social ranks in that country as lately as 1805, it was only the married women who dressed expensively; satins and velvets were considered too heavy and old-looking for maidens. Not so now.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the best lyric of the war, converses fluently in eight different languages—just eight more than a good many people can converse in correctly.

LORD LYTTON'S "Miscellaneous Prose Works," the bishop of Oxford's Life of his father, William Wilberforce, and an essay by Dean Stanley, on the "Connection of Church and State," are among the latest English publications.

HENRY KINGSLEY says, in the introduction to a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe," that the story is no romance at all, but merely an allegorical account of DeFoe's own life.

DEFOE could find no publisher for "Robinson Crusoe;" Thackeray, for "Vanity Fair;" Charlotte Bronte, for "Jane Eyre;" Emerson, for his first essay on Nature—until patience had been exhausted.

JEAN INGELOW'S popularity in this country is shown by the fact that sixteen thousand volumes of her works were sold last year.

DR. HOLLAND'S "Kathrina" has reached its forty-fifth thousand. In view of this some one asks—"Have we a TUPPER among us?"

WHITTIER calls attention to the fact that some of the best contributions to our periodical literature are by persons who have never published a book.

A BOOK of poems, by Adah Isaacs Menken, is announced in London.

KIOYTE BAKIN is the Dickens of Japan. One of his stories is in 120 volumes.

THE UNCHANGEABLE LAND.

THINGS do not change in the East. As Abraham pitched his tent in Bethel, so does an Arab sheik now set up his camp; as David built his palace on Mt. Zion, so would a Turkish pasha now arrange his house; in every street may be seen the hairy children of Esau, squatting on the ground, devouring a mess of lentils like that for which the rough hunter sold his birthright; along every road plod the sons of Rechab, whose fathers, one thousand years ago, bound themselves and theirs to drink no wine, plant no tree, enter within no door; and their children have kept the oath; at every khan young men around the pan of parched corn dip their morsel into the dish; Job's plow is still used, and the seed is still trodden into the ground by asses and kine; olives are shaken from the boughs, as directed by Isaiah; and the grafting of trees is unchanged since the days of Saul. The Syrian house is still, as formerly, only a stone tent as a temple was but a marble tent. What is seen now in Bethany may be taken as the exact house of Lazarus, where Mary listened and Martha toiled, or as the house of Simon, the leper, where the precious box of ointment was broken and whence Judas set out to betray his Master.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

A DAY.

A DAY! It has risen upon us from the great deep of eternity, girt round with wonder; emerging from the womb of darkness; a new creation of life and light spoken into being by the word of God. In itself one entire and perfect sphere of space and time, filled and emptied of the sun. Every past generation is represented in it; it is the flowering of all history, and in so much it is richer and better than all other days which have preceded it. And we have been re-created to new opportunities, with new powers—called to this utmost promontory of actual time, this center of all coming life. And it is for to-day's work we have been endowed; it is for this work we are pressed and surrounded with these faculties. The sum of our entire being is concentrated here; and to-day is all the time we absolutely have.—*Chapin.*

Sabbath Reading.

A FRIEND in Adrian, Mich., sends us the following expressive lines which were found among the selections of a dear son after his decease. We have no doubt that they will prove, as she suggests, of touching interest to some invalid reader of the RURAL:

THE ANSWER.

"ALLAH, ALLAH!" cried the sick man, racked with pain
the long night through.
Till with prayer his heart grew tender, till his lips like
honey grew.
But at morning came the tempter; said, "Call louder,
child of pain!
See if ALLAH ever hears or answers, 'Here am I,' again."

Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses
went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.
Then before him stands ELIAS; says, "My child why
thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer
afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often, never heard the
'Here am I;'
And I thought, GOD will not pity; will not turn on me
His eye."
Then the grave ELIAS answered—"GOD said 'Rise, ELIAS; go
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf
of woe;

Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That *his* prayer, 'Come, gracious ALLAH!' is *my* answer
'Here am I.'"
Every inmost aspiration is GOD'S angel undefiled;
And in every "O my father!" slumbers deep a "Here,
my child!"

CONFESSING CHRIST.

IT means more than we sometimes stop to think when an individual stands up in the gathered congregation, and publicly declares his belief and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as the only Redeemer of sinners.

Not long since, we attended the funeral of a man, past middle life, who had always been a firm and liberal supporter of evangelical worship—who was found in his place on the Sabbath, an attentive listener to the word—who, by an almost nameless air and manner and expression of countenance, gave evidence that he was listening not with the ear only, but with the heart, and who, in the lingering illness that preceded his death, seemed to trust joyfully in the only Saviour of sinners; but he had never made a public profession of religion.

It was the one sad reflection in those funeral services, that this man, in the years of his active life, had not publicly avowed the Lord Jehovah to be his God, and Christ as the only hope of pardon and eternal life. Naturally modest and retiring in his disposition, he had shrunk from this open declaration. And doubtless those, who are no friends of Christ and his church, had many times pointed to this man—his correct and blameless life—and held him up as an example how much better a man may be *out* of the church than *in* it, counting him on their side, and covering their own impiety by his example, when he was not on their side. The virtues and excellencies of his character, so far as we can judge, were Christian virtues. He was not self-righteous. He was not trusting in his works. He himself made no merit out of those things, for which others boasted of him, and his public testimony ought to have been on the side of Christ and His people.

We have no wish to add improper members to the church. Mere increase in numbers, in itself considered, is no strength. But in a Christian community like your own, there are many individuals, who stand related to Christ and his flock very much as this man did, and who ought to come out and bear open testimony for the Redeemer.—*Selected.*

FAITH AND WORKS.

Two gentlemen were one day crossing the river in a ferry-boat. A dispute about faith and works arose, one saying that good works were of small importance, and that faith was every thing, the other asserting the contrary. Not being able to convince each other, the ferryman, an enlightened Christian, asked permission to give his opinion. Consent being granted, he said:—"I hold in my hand two oars. That in my right hand I call 'faith,' the other, in my left, 'works.' Now, gentlemen, please to observe, I pull the oar of faith, and pull that alone. See! the boat goes round, and the boat makes no progress. I do the same with the oar of works, and with a precisely similar result—no advance. Mark! I pull both together, and we go on apace, and in a very few minutes we shall be at our landing place. So, in my humble opinion," he added, "faith without works, or works without faith, will not suffice. Let there be both, and the haven of eternal rest is sure to be reached."

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works. Faith is the parent of works, and the children will bear a resemblance to the parent. It is not enough that the inward works of a clock are well constructed, and also the dial-plate and hands; the one must act on the other, the works must regulate the movement of the hands.—*Arch. Whately.*

SAID Mr. Moody, in one of the noon-day prayer meetings in Chicago:—"I used to think that Christ loved me more than God, because he gave his life for me; but since God gave me a child I don't think so. Why, there isn't a pain that my little daughter suffers but that I would gladly, if I could, take it out of her breast and put it into mine; there isn't a disease that enters into her system but that I would gladly divert into mine. She experiences no pain that does not, like a knife, pierce me also. To save her life I would willingly lay down my own. And yet, God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

THERE is a Christian friendship which human philosophy seldom comprehends; it is the association of two souls who put in common their faith and prayers, and raise themselves together towards God.

PRAYER is the key of the day, and the lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, bid ourselves good-morrow and good-night with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous, and our rest sweet.—*Lord Berkeley.*

WITH men it is a good rule to try first and then to trust; with God it is contrary. I will first trust him as most wise, omnipotent, merciful, and try him afterward. I know it is as impossible for him to deceive me as to be deceived.

A BROKEN and contrite heart unlocks our inward senses, and makes us see, and hear, and feel the things that could no more be seen, heard, or felt before, than a man in deep sleep can hear, and see, and feel the things that are said and done.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCOTT'S SCHOOL-MASTER.

BY L. HALSEY.

ONE of the reasons of the wonderful popularity of Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels, is the fact that his pictures are so true to nature. The reader feels that the great writer of romance could, were he living, sympathize with him in the joys and sorrows of his own heart, and exactly understand his feelings. The simple and direct appeal to nature disarms criticism. Our hearts tell us that the author of Waverley wrote, not alone to excite our interest by the narration of knightly exploits or the entanglements of lovers, but to tell us the history of his country, and of his heart, in the way in which his surpassing genius directed him. His characters, like those of the great SHAKSPEARE, are never removed from the temptations and weaknesses of every-day life, but we feel that they are more and more like ourselves, and that therefore we can understand their thoughts and explain their actions.

What school-teacher has ever read the "Tales of My Landlord," without heartily sympathizing with the hard lot and thankless labors of poor PETER PATTIESON? To all those faithful laborers who, weary, but, let us trust, not without hope, are striving to follow in the footsteps of SCOTT's humble PATTIESON, the subjoined extract from the first chapter of "Old Mortality" will not be uninteresting. Those who have never seen it will be glad that it is contained in this number of the RURAL; those who have read it once will read it again.

There are few, who have never themselves engaged in the work of instruction, who properly appreciate the difficulties of the teacher's task. Trials, petty, perhaps, in appearance, but stern in their reality, and powerful when added together, incessantly surround him; nor can he tell for a moment what new difficulties may beset him the next. His nerves are continually in a state of tension. His body may rest sometimes, but his mind never. Other workmen shape wood, or metal, or stone to suit their fancy, and may suffer from the misuse of their tools or from carelessness; his task is to mold the living mind, and while any fault of his own is visited with a double penalty, he is responsible for the actions of others who, too often, through intent or thoughtlessness, are seeking to do him injury. That there are many enjoyments peculiar to and inseparable from the teacher's life, we do not deny; that he has many trials, both of the head and heart, we assert and know to be true.

How we would love to look over and review the long line of school teachers who belong to the RURAL army, as they read the words of simple, loving, true-hearted PETER PATTIESON, and to listen to the half-uttered thought which will rise in their hearts that it has been ever so with them.

"'Most readers,' says the manuscript of Mr. PATTIESON, 'must have witnessed with delight the joyous burst which attends the dismissing of a village school on a fine summer evening. The buoyant spirit of childhood, repressed with so much difficulty during the tedious hours of discipline, may then be seen to explode, as it were, in shout, and song, and frolic, as the little urchins join in groups on their play-ground, and arrange their matches of sport for the evening. But there is one individual who partakes of the relief afforded by the moment of dismission, whose feelings are not so obvious to the eye of the spectator, or so apt to receive his sympathy. I mean the teacher himself, who, stunned with the hum, and suffocated with the closeness of his school-room, has spent the whole day, (himself against a host,) in controlling petulance, exciting indifference to action, striving to enlighten stupidity, and laboring to soften obstinacy; and whose very powers of intellect have been confounded by hearing the same dull lesson repeated a hundred times by rote, and only varied by the various blunders of the reciters. Even the flowers of classic genius with which his solitary fancy is most gratified, have been rendered degraded, in his imagination, by their connection with tears, with errors, and with punishment; so that the Eclogues of VIRGIL and Odes of HORACE are each inseparably allied in association with the sullen figure and monotonous recitation of some blubbering school-boy. If to these mental distresses are added a delicate frame of body, and a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than that of being the tyrant of childhood, the reader may have some slight conception of the relief which a solitary walk, in the cool of a fine summer evening, affords to the head which has ached, and the nerves which have been shattered, for so many hours, in plying the irksome task of public instruction.'"

FEMALE EDUCATION ABROAD.

THE people of England and France are beginning to give the girls as high an order of education as the boys. In the former country a Cambridge examination system has been established, under which classes of girls under the age of 18 have been formed in various towns of England, and also in the city of London. In these classes the girls are examined in various branches of study, including some of the severest, such as geometry and algebra, and the most distinguished obtain certificates which, like college degrees, may be serviceable to them in their future lives. The Empress Eugenie patronizes a similar movement in France, which was somewhat appropriately inaugurated in Sorbonne in December. Great numbers of young ladies attended the lectures there, among whom were two young relations of Eugenie herself. This system of superior instruction for girls has been adopted in thirty or forty other towns of the departments.

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.—The general intelligence of young men in college was very aptly illustrated, the other day, by a William's freshman. The passage, "there with fitting tears may you moisten the ashes of your poet friend," had been translated from one of Horace's odes, and the tutor had remarked that the remains of the poet Shelley had also been disposed of by cremation, when the freshman eagerly inquired whether Horace had Shelley in mind when he wrote the lines under discussion. Perhaps the arguments for the abolition of classical study in our colleges are not so baseless after all.—*Springfield Republican.*

RULES FOR READING.—Better to read one good book carefully than to read ten carelessly. Be slow to begin to read a book, if it is likely you will not have time to finish it. Be careful how you spend time in reading books which are not worth reading. You had better throw away money than time, for time is worth more than money. As a bad man may have a good name, so a bad book may have a good title.

Various Topics.

REVERSES IN NEW YORK.

FIRMS are constantly changing in this city. Splendid mansions change hands suddenly. A brilliant party is held in an up-town house, the sidewalk is carpeted, and the papers are full of the brilliant reception. The next season the house will be dismantled, and a family, "going into the country," or "to Europe," will offer their imported furniture to the public under the hammer. A brilliant equipage is seen in Central Park in the early part of the season, holding gaily dressed ladies and some successful speculators. Before the season closes some Government officer or sporting man will drive that team on his own account, while the gay party that called the outfit their own in the early part of the season have passed away forever. This grows out of the manner in which business is done in New York. There is no thrift, no foresight, no thought for the morrow. A man who makes $50,000, instead of settling half of it on his wife and children, throws the whole into a speculation with the expectation of making it a hundred thousand. A successful Dry Goods Jobber, who has a balance of $75,000 to his credit, in the bank, instead of holding it for a wet day or a tight time, goes into a little stock speculation and hopes to make a fortune at a strike. Men who have a good season launch out into extravagancies and luxuries, and these, with the gambling mania, invariably carry our people under.

A gentleman here, who had a very successful trade, built him an extraordinary country seat in Westchester county, which was the wonder of the age. His house was more costly than the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. His estate comprised several acres laid out in the most expensive manner, and the whole was encircled with gas lights, several hundred in number, which were lit every evening. As might have been expected with the first reverse, (and it comes sooner or later to all,) the merchant was crushed, and as he thought disgraced; and he was soon carried to his sepulchre, the wife obliged to leave her luxurious home, and by the kindness of creditors was allowed, with her children, to find temporary refuge in the coachman's loft in her stable.—*N. Y. Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE GULF STREAM.

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest drouths it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other so majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that this line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessels may be perceived floating in the gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. In addition to this, there is another peculiar fact. The fishermen on the coast of Norway are supplied with wood from the tropics by the Gulf Stream. Think of the Arctic fishermen burning upon their hearths the palms of Hayti, the mahogany of Honduras, and the precious woods of the Amazon and the Orinoco!

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

LET a man, then, say, My house is here in the country, for the culture of the country; an eating-house and sleeping-house for travelers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife! not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, that which he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparely and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveler; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe. The soul worships truth and love; honor and courtesy flow into all the deeds.—*Emerson.*

HOW TO GET SLEEP.

THIS is to many persons a matter of high importance. Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of the blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let them rise and chafe the body and extremities with brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath, and rubbing, or a good run or a rapid walk in the open air, or a going up and down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple and easy of application in the castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

JARRING ON RAIL-CARS.

ONE of the annoyances to which people are subject on railroads is the clickety-clack all the time making itself heard above the rumble of the wheels and the snorting of the engine, and any or all the other noises combined. This is to a certain extent a necessity, for it is occasioned by the wheels passing over the open spaces between the rails. Sometimes, indeed, the unevenness occasioned by one rail-end being above or below its neighbor increases this racket; but the open space itself is the main cause. This might be remedied by a closer contact, but that the expansion of the iron rails on a road, say 500 miles in length, in a good hot summer's day, will amount to nearly a quarter of a mile beyond the extent to which the same rails will contract on a snapping day in winter. Without the joints there would be a pretty state of things.

THE opera was first introduced in London in 1710 and in America in 1825.

FISH BREEDING — OUT-DOOR APPARATUS — FIGURE IV.

Pisciculture.

FISH CULTURE.—No. I.

EARLY HISTORY.

THE subject of fish raising is receiving much attention in various quarters, and is, we think, worthy of general consideration. It is by no means a novel idea, though many persons, hereaway and thereaway, who of late have heard and read somewhat of the efforts of SETH GREEN and others to propagate fish artificially, probably deem it so. To a certain extent, pisciculture was practiced among the ancients, who had a remarkable fondness for large-sized specimens of the finny tribe. Those old Romans, who so zealously catered to their appetites, regardless of expense, used to construct fish ponds at enormous cost, and in them fatten and propagate a supply of the desired luxury for their tables But though in a measure skillful, the ancients never acquired the art of transplanting the ova, and rearing fishes from the eggs.

FIGURE 1—REMOVING THE OVA.

The Chinese have, however, from time immemorial, carried on fish raising direct from the egg, for economical as well as ornamental purposes. We are indebted to them for the gold fish, that familiar and beautiful ornament of the parlor or drawing-room; and by their special culture of this specie almost innumerable varieties of it have been obtained, no less than eighty-nine having been illustrated by a French naturalist in a work entitled "*Histoire Naturelle des Dorades de la Chine.*" A considerable commerce is in fact maintained in both the eggs and the fry which have just escaped from them. Curious stories are told of the growth of fishes in China, but they are too incredible to bear repeating.

Artificial fecundation was first discovered and announced in Europe by JACOBI, a lieutenant in the small principality of Lippe-Detmoldt. In 1763 he published, in the "*Hannover Magazin,*" the results of thirty years' experiments in the artificial fecundation of the salmon and trout. His discovery was communicated to prominent naturalists of the day, and gained for him a pension from the English Government. In 1768 SPALLANZANI, experimenting physiologically, practiced artificial fecundation with entire success in the case of the frog. ADANSON, the celebrated naturalist and African traveler, was also acquainted with the principles of artificial fecundation, and clearly explained them and their *modus operandi* in lectures delivered in 1772.

FIGURE II—IN-DOOR HATCHING BOXES.

But though fish culture was thus early proven to be feasible, it received very little attention. So little heed was paid to it, indeed, that the memory of all experiments and successes quite faded from the public mind, and when, in 1848, it was announced to the French Academy of Sciences that two fishermen had successfully prosecuted artificial fecundation, the announcement was considered by many to be a new discovery. In Scotland, however, ten years previous to this, Mr. JOHN SHAW had succeeded in artificially fecundating the ova of the salmon, making his experiments in the river Nith. The labors and experiments of JOSEPH REMY and ANTOINE GERIN, the two French fishermen referred to, and the interest manifested in them by the Academy of Sciences, gave a new impetus to fish culture, under the influence of which artificial fecundation has become a recognized art and branch of industry in France and elsewhere.

IN-DOOR BREEDING.

In Volume XVII of the RURAL we described at length, and fully illustrated, Mr. GREEN's method of breeding trout, as shown upon his grounds in Mumford, a few miles from Rochester. We now present a series of illustrations of fish culture in general, which may interest readers having piscatorial propensities. The in-door apparatus for breeding is considered preferable to any other, and is shown in Figures 1 and 2.

Figure 1 illustrates the manner of expressing the ova from the fish. Artificial fecundation consists simply in impregnating the ova, so procured, with the milt of a male fish, expressed in a similar manner. Of course only perfectly mature fishes can be treated thus, and care is necessary to properly determine when the period of maturity is reached.

The hatching boxes are shown in Figure 2. Number 1 indicates the hands of the operator placing in the frame-work of glass rods upon which the eggs are left to hatch. In number 2 we see the eggs resting upon the gravel. These boxes can be multiplied to any extent, one above another. The water from above must be kept flowing constantly but gently. While the eggs are being developed boards should be covered over them, to exclude the light, in a measure. Number 3 shows the catcher, a useful little instrument for moving the eggs without injuring them. Place the finger on the end of the straight part of the tube; immerse it in the water, bring the lower end opposite the egg; withdraw the finger; the water rushes into the tube, and with it the egg. Number 4 is a net of common wire for catching the young fish after hatching. This apparatus can be much modified, if deemed advisable.

OUT-DOOR BREEDING.

Figures 3 and 4 represent out-door apparatus for hatching. Various patterns have been recommended for this purpose, but the principles followed are really the same in all. The essentials are a fountain of clear running water—a spring is preferred—from which a small stream flows, or may be led, with a gradual fall or descent, and a series of boxes, through which the water will flow. The floor of each box must be covered with gravel or pebbles, as a bed for the deposit of the spawn.

In Figure 3 we have,—1, reservoir; 2, shoot through which water is discharged; 3, trough to catch the water before it passes into the box; 4, perforated zinc; 5, shoot to discharge water. This box is made of elm, four feet long, fifteen inches wide in the clear, and ten inches deep, and will contain four or five thousand ova, or perhaps more. These are evenly distributed by means of a spoon, and care should be taken to have them fill up the

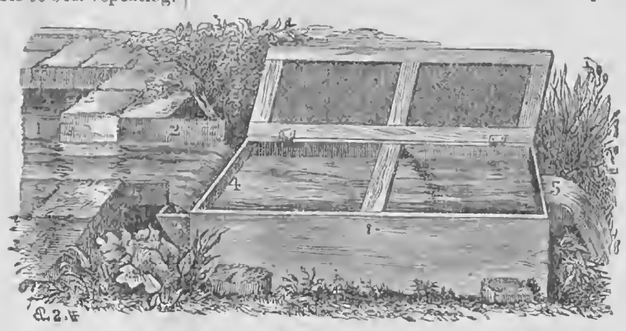

FIGURE III—OUT-DOOR HATCHING BOX.

interstices among the gravel. When thus arranged, a layer, composed of rather large, flat stones an inch and a half or two inches square, is spread over the ova, heed being taken not to squeeze them. The box should be furnished with a lid, of wooden frame-work and perforated zinc center. A series of such, similar to those shown in Figure 4, can be readily constructed upon a stream having a slight fall. The plan was introduced in England by Mr. FRANCIS FRANCIS, author of a work on the breeding and rearing of fish, and was adopted by the "Thames Angling Preservation Society."

Figure 4 represents apparatus quite similar, the boxes in this case being six feet long, one foot wide and seven inches deep, each box over-lapping the succeeding, and the inflowing of the stream regulated by a hatchway and guarded by perforated zinc. Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, in "Fish Hatching," describes this apparatus as being employed in the Galway salmon fisheries with great success, many thousands of salmon having been hatched by means thereof.

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

IMITATION is the sincerest of flattery.

LANGUAGE is a part of a man's character.

COMPLIMENTS are only lies in court clothes.

ACTION is happiness here, and without action there can be no heaven.

THE wider the base of life, the higher may we hope to raise the summit.

HE who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

WHO gives of his superfluity does good to others; who gives of his necessity does good to himself.

THAT which moveth the heart most is the best poetry; it comes nearest unto God, the source of all power.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

I THINK the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is right.

Reading for the Young.

THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

BY MRS. E. A. WALKER.

THE way to Heaven is narrow
And its blessed entrance straight,
But how safe the little pilgrims
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell,
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to Heaven
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits. [*Advance.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

BY SUSIE V. STORMS.

DOT'S VISIT TO GRANDMA'S.

"GOOD-by, little DOT," grandma said, as she stooped to kiss the pink cheeks that were held up for a good-by kiss. "Come and see grandma before long, won't you?"

"'Es," answered DOT, in her bird-like way, much the same as a robin would talk to its neighbor, on a cherry tree, if they were eating cherries together; robin DOT's cherries, this time, happened to be bread and milk. "'Es, I'll tome an' stay one, two, ever so many days."

"That's right! Don't forget now, will you?" and with another kiss, grandma started for home. DOT sat down and watched her till she was out of sight; then she turned her attention to the bowl of bread and milk which remained unfinished.

DOT loved her grandma very much. I am not sure but she would have been quite willing to take up her abode altogether with grandpa and grandma, although papa and mamma held a large share of her love.

The next afternoon DOT was out in the garden at play with Spot, her pet kitten. Spot was a very pretty creature, and DOT loved her dearly, I assure you. She would say, "I love mamma ever so much, and papa a bushel, and Spot,—oh, I love Spot *lots!*" And I think Spot returned her little mistress' affection, for she followed her about all day and slept with her nights, and very often DOT allowed her to eat of her bread and milk.

I don't know what put the idea into DOT's head, but she determined to pay grandma a visit that afternoon. She did not once think that she could possibly lose the way, for hadn't she watched grandma ever so many times, and knew just the way she went? So, calling Spot, DOT opened the garden gate and passed out into the road. She trudged off along the grassy highway, singing, and talking to Spot who seemed to relish the walk fully as much as her little mistress.

DOT went along very slowly, for her eyes caught sight of too many strange things along the road, which she had to stop and examine, to allow her to get along very fast. Here she found a pretty little flower, and there a curious old stone, all over moss, as soft and green as the velvet on the great easy chair of papa's, in the library at home. Then she heard the birds singing in the trees, and of course she had to stop and listen to them, and after they had finished their concert she thought it only fair that she should return the favor, and so she sang them one of her songs that was almost as birdlike and silvery as theirs.

By-and-by, DOT began to get tired, and wondered why she didn't come to grandma's. She sat down for a while to rest, on an old log, and then she saw some pretty red flowers growing just a little way from the road, and went to get them to carry to grandma, for she loved flowers very much, DOT knew. And when she had, with a great deal of labor, broken the flowers from their stems, she saw some yellow lilies further on and so she went to get those, too. They were great golden things, spotted all over with brown, and when DOT came to them she found that they grew higher than her head. She tried to reach them, but she could not, and tired out, at last, with her efforts, she sat down under them and laid her curly little head on the moss that carpeted the ground. Spot crept up and nestled down closely in DOT's arms, and began to purr. And in a little while the blue eyes of the little traveler closed; DOT was fast asleep.

"I wonder where DOT is?" Mrs. LOCKWOOD said, after an hour had passed, and nothing was to be heard of the little girl she had sent out into the garden to play just as the clock struck two. "DOT! DOT!" she called, but no child-voice answered her.

She went out among the flowers, where she had seen her little girl last, but she was not there. Then she spied the open gate, and outside in the sandy road was the print of little feet. The steps were turned to the grassy border on the side of the road, and she could see where DOT had trampled down the grass here and there. So she followed on the crooked, halting trail, and found, at last, where DOT had turned off from the road, and gone in search of flowers she knew well enough, for she found the broken stems of the red blossoms, with foot-prints all about in the moss, and then she saw where the track branched off toward the lilies. She followed it, wondering how much further DOT had wandered, when suddenly she caught sight of her, fast asleep under the great, golden blossoms, with Spot curled up like a ball of white wool, beside her.

"DOT!" she called, softly.

And DOT opened her blue eyes sleepily, and asked if she had got to grandma's yet!

And that was the way DOT's visit to grandma ended.

THE LORD BLESS MY PENNIES.—A little girl of six years old, who was very desirous of putting her pennies into the Missionary-box with others, when saying her evening prayers at her father's knee, hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord bless my two pennies for Jesus' sake. Amen." After the child had gone to bed, her father asked his wife, "What made Gracie say that?" "She has prayed thus every night since giving her pennies to the Missionary-box," was the mother's reply.

AFFECTION, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE trial of Gen. Cole was concluded last week. The closing arguments of the counsel on both sides were long, able and very exhaustive. Mr. Tremaine made the final plea for the prosecution, beginning it on Monday and concluding it on Tuesday. He urged the premeditation and deliberation of the murder, and combated the claim of insanity. Judge Ingraham's charge to the Jury was plain and forcible. Touching the question of insanity he said:—"You must be satisfied that he (the accused) was so unsound of mind as not to be responsible for his acts. The law looks upon insanity one way and the medical profession in another. The doctors regard anything as insanity that disorders the mind. The law does not so regard it, but holds the man accountable if he knows right from wrong." The Jury were out forty-three hours, and failed to agree, the members being six for conviction and six for acquittal. There being no possibility of any agreement, the Judge discharged them from further consideration of the case. A new trial will probably be ordered, with a change of venue.

The Legislature, after an active and eventful session, exceeding by three weeks the time for which its members receive compensation from the State, adjourned on Wednesday afternoon, the 6th inst. There was a considerable rush of business in the closing hours, but this did not interfere with the usual scenes of boisterousness and hilarity that characterize the legislative adjournment *sine die*. One of the last acts of the Senate was to pass the Tax Levy bill for New York county, and the bill appropriating $250,000 aid to the Susquehanna Railroad. The Governor's veto of the Sheriffs' fee bill was sustained—for the veto 11, and against it 20, not two-thirds. The Assembly concurred in the Senate's amendments to the State Prison contract bill.

Mr. H. J. Messenger, a well-known banker, who has for many years resided at Cortlandville, and had banks at that place, at Canton and at Canandaigua, and banking houses in New York city, Marathon and Herkimer, suspended payment last week. The failure is said to be for about half a million dollars. The cause was considerable losses in stock speculations, the failure of a New York city firm dealing in dairy products, involving Mr. Messenger to the amount of about a hundred thousand dollars, and a loss of nearly the same amount in an overland enterprise.

An infant son of Mr. Gibbons of Utica, fell into a cistern on Saturday, and was drowned.

Joseph Dubritski, a Pole, fatally wounded his wife in New York on Friday, and then blew out his own brains because of a fit of jealousy.

A tornado visited Hudson River, near Cold Spring, on Saturday, capsizing one vessel, throwing another on her beam ends, and driving three others ashore on Stony Point. The gale came so quickly that the vessels were nearly all struck with their sails set.

Four hundred and eighty-two deaths occurred in New York last week.

The schooner Mary Ann was burned to the water's edge on Sunday evening at Weehawken; loss $25,000.

The bill providing for a new Capitol was amended somewhat by the Legislature, and several additional Commissioners named. The Board, as it now stands, is composed of Hamilton Harris, John V. L. Pruyn, Wm. A. Rice of Albany; O. B. Latham of Seneca Falls; A. B. Cornell of Ithaca; James Terwilliger of Syracuse; John T. Hudson of Buffalo, and James S. Thayer of Troy.

From Washington.

THE last argument for the President was made by Mr. Stanbery, and was concluded on the 2d inst. His physical condition was such that he pronounced only part of his speech; the remainder was read by his secretary. No especially new points were elicited.

Mr. Bingham commenced the final summing up for the prosecution on Monday, continued throughout Tuesday, and closed on Wednesday. He opened his speech before one of the most anxious, brilliant, and appreciative audiences of the season, which accorded him a most respectful and close attention until recess, and afterwards until adjournment. He spoke from brief written notes, to which he was not obliged to refer except when quoting authorities or precedents, and, consequently, his speech had all the effect of an extemporaneous effort. On Tuesday galleries, aisles, and doorways were jammed with spectators. It was evident that the ticket system had been flanked in some way, but the ingenuity of the door-keepers failed to ascertain precisely how. The order, however, was unexceptionable.

The Senate, in secret session, Thursday, the 7th inst., decided to adjourn until Monday, the 11th, and that the verdict should be taken on Tuesday noon, May 12, the Chief Justice to put the question on the various charges in such a manner as he may deem most expedient for ascertaining the opinions of Senators. Permission was given to Senators to file written opinions of the case on or before Thursday next.

A bill for the admission of Arkansas was reported to the House on Thursday, by Mr. Stevens of Pa. On Friday, after a lively debate of an hour and a half, in which Messrs. Paine of Wisconsin, Pike of Missouri, Spalding of Ohio, Stevens of Pa., and others took part, the bill was passed by a vote of 110 yeas to 32 nays. It provides for the admission of the State on condition that its Constitution shall not be so amended or changed as to deprive any person or class of persons of the United States of the right to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are now felonies at common law, whereof he shall have been duly convicted.

After the passage of the Arkansas bill, Mr. Paine reported a similar bill for the admission of South Carolina, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Shanks of Indiana, introduced a joint resolution to declare the officers elected in South Carolina to be the Provisional Government of that State, which was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

The Ways and Means Committee have finished the tax bill. Among the new features of the bill is one making the Revenue Department entirely separate from the Treasury, and giving the Commissioner supreme power over the whole subject of making the appointments, and holding him alone to the responsibility of collecting the revenue.

Mr. Seward and the British Minister are engaged on a treaty relative to naturalized citizens, and it is nearly ready to submit to the Senate.

A personal controversy took place in the House last week between Messrs. Washburne and Donnelly. It was very bitter, and wholly out of character. A committee has been appointed to investigate charges and counter charges, and decide which one of the parties was most blame-worthy.

From the West.

A TERRIFIC tornado occurred at Shanghai, Ill., on the 3d inst. Fourteen houses were blown down, and also two churches. Service was being held in one of the churches at the time of the catastrophe, and the scene presented was most appalling. A singular darkness preceded the hurricane, and there was thought of closing service, to allow those present to return to their homes before the impending storm should burst forth,—but in an instant the building began to rock to and fro in the gale, and directly it fell in pieces, the steeple and roof crashing down upon the frightened assemblage. Four persons were killed and over forty more or less injured.

The Springfield and London Railroad, with all its fixtures, was sold at Springfield, O., recently by the U. S. Marshal to Jacob W. Pierce of Boston, for $100,000.

The Attorney General of California decides that mining claims must be taxed like other private property in accordance with the late State and Supreme Courts. This will add largely to the revenue of many counties.

Several earthquake shocks were felt in California about the period of the outbreak in the Hawaiian Islands.

The dwelling of Dr. Hall, at Piqua, O., was entered by burglars on Thursday morning, and the Doctor and his wife so badly beaten that their lives are in danger. No clue has been obtained of the perpetrators.

A woman by the name of Miller threw herself on the track in front of a freight train three miles east of Plymouth, Ind., on Monday evening, at about half-past six, and was instantly killed.

In Jersey, Ill., John Brady was sentenced last week, to 99 years in the penitentiary, for killing Thomas Swabbs.

A very violent wind storm, amounting to almost a hurricane, swept over St. Louis and vicinity, on the 6th inst., doing great damage to property. Two ferry boats were driven from the levee on to a sand bar, and a steamer upon the dry dock was turned keel upward and seriously damaged. The hurricane extended into Iowa, and near Muscatine made havoc with houses and barns. The dwelling of Mr. Miller, near Cedar River, seemed to be taken in piecemeal and carried off, together with every article of furniture, bedding, clothing, &c. Mr. Miller and his family were fortunately away from home at the time, which probably saved their lives. A large frame church building, valued at $3,000, was literally lifted from its foundations and scattered to the four winds. A brick school house, near the church, worth about $1,500, suffered the same fate.

The Indians made another attack on the Union Pacific Railroad, Kansas branch, near West Cayake on the 9th inst. They burned three car loads of freight and tore down the telegraph wires, and then moved towards Cayake. Two companies of cavalry have been ordered from Fort Hayes to pursue the Indians. Other posts along the line have been notified of the condition of affairs.

The Methodist General Conference assembled at Chicago last week. The question of the admission of Southern delegates was discussed some time.

From the South.

A CYCLONE on Wednesday of last week passed over a portion of Davidson and Williamson counties, south of Nashville, Tenn. Its path was half a mile wide, and for some ten miles houses, trees and fencing on the route were destroyed. A Mr. Chambley and one of his children were killed, and his wife and three other children badly injured. The house they were in was lifted up and carried a distance of three hundred yards.

The Protestant Episcopal Convention met in Savannah on the 8th inst. About twenty churches were represented. Bishop Beckwith presided. The next Convention will meet in Augusta in May next.

The Mississippi Convention is engaged in revising the Constitution, but making no material changes. No proposition has been made to adjourn.

The Southern press association met at Augusta, Ga., on the 6th inst. The Montgomery, Columbus, Atlanta, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Macon, Augusta, Savannah and Charleston papers were represented.

The official accounts show, that according to the incomplete returns received, the majority for the ratification of the Constitution in Arkansas is 1,316. Gen. Gillem says, had the election been conducted in strict compliance with general order No. 7, the adoption of the Constitution would have been indisputable, but there were many irregularities in voting, in several counties, and each party charges the other with fraud.

Ex-Gov. Hamilton of Texas says that not less than two hundred and fifty Union men have been murdered in that State since the appointment of Gen. Hancock to the command of the Fifth Military District. This is the general tenor of the news from the South.

A duel was fought at Baltimore one day last week between Count de Lattum of the Prussian Legation, and Gen. A. Gallatine Lawrence of Rhode Island. But one shot was fired, and that was intentionally fired high, and Gen. Lawrence did not fire at all.

The Virginia Republican Convention at Richmond nominated A. M. Crane of Winchester, for Congressman at large, and Geo. W. Booker of Henry, for Attorney General. George Yeoman, (a negro,) J. H. Pratt, John Hauxhurst and Chas. Whittlesey were appointed delegates at large to the Chicago Convention.

A duel with rifles was fought in Oberlin county, Tenn., some days since, in which one of the principals was shot dead at the second fire, and the other wounded in the arm. The duel was the climax of a family feud.

The prospect for a large sugar crop in Louisiana is excellent. Last year the crop was only about 40,000 hogsheads, one-tenth what it was before the war.

From the Sandwich Islands.

A SERIES of severe earthquake shocks and volcanic eruptions last month wrought fearful havoc among life and property around Mauna Loa. The bark Cornet brings to San Francisco accounts of the awful catastrophe. On the 27th of March the mountain began its demonstrations, and the next day one hundred earthquake shocks were felt. During the two weeks following, to April 13th, two thousand shocks occurred. At Waischina, the earth opened in many places, and a tidal wave sixty feet high rose over the tops of the cocoa trees for a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses, and everything movable before it. A terrible shock prostrated churches and houses, and killed many persons. In all one hundred lives were lost, besides a thousand horses and cattle. The craters emitted fire, rocks and lava, and a river of red hot lava five or six miles long flowed seaward at the rate of ten miles per hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea. A new crater, two miles wide, opened, and threw rocks and streams of fire a thousand feet high.

An island rose suddenly, three miles from the shore. It was thrown up to the hight of four hundred feet, and is joined to the main land by a stream of lava a mile wide. Bottomless fissures opened in the mountain side; and a lava stream, flowing under the ground, broke out in four jets, several miles inland, and threw lava and stones 1,500 feet high.

Numerous extensive land slides accompanied the other phenomena, destroying life and property. The summit and side of a hill, fifteen hundred feet in hight, were thrown a thousand feet over the tops of trees and landed in the valley below. A large stream of water has burst from the mountain where the earth eruption occurred. The base of the volcano is about thirty miles in circumference and is desolated. At least half a million dollars' worth of property is destroyed.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

GEN. NAGLE and the other Fenian prisoners who were captured on board the Jacmel packet, "Erin's Hope," some time since, and imprisoned, have been released from confinement, having previously given the authorities the pledges required.

The Irish Laboring Men's Association of Dublin have nominated George Francis Train for President of the United States. Are they all coming over to vote for him in November?

It is reported that the Princess Louise, the fourth daughter and sixth child of Queen Victoria, has been contracted in marriage to Christian Frederick William Charles, Prince Royal, and heir apparent to the throne of Denmark.

Political matters in England are in a very excited state. The recent severe defeat of the Ministry in Parliament caused Disraeli to tender his resignation to the Queen, but it was not accepted. In the House of Commons on the 4th inst. another long debate took place, in which the Premier spoke for himself and his administration. He stated that Her Majesty had not only declined his tendered resignation, but had urged him not to dissolve Parliament at present, till an appeal could be made to the new constituencies, and this he hoped to do with the aid of the House.

He was replied to by Mr. Gladstone and John Bright in sharp and telling speeches. The former said it was unprecedented that a Ministry which had been beaten by sixty-five majority should talk of dissolving Parliament. It might be right to elect a new Parliament to settle the question of the Irish Church, but its first duty when chosen would be to settle the Ministry itself. Mr. Bright showed the inconsistencies of the Tories, noted the variation of opinions among the members of the Cabinet, and said that an adverse vote was no disgrace to a Ministry, but to hold office after such a vote was. There was no reason why the constitutional practice should be dispensed with in favor of Mr. Disraeli, who knew well enough that no Irish or Scotch Reform Bill, not of a nature to suit the Irish and Scotch Liberals, could pass the House.

Lord Brougham died last week at Cannes, in the South of France, where he has of late resided. For more than half a century he has been one of the foremost men in England in literature, oratory, science, law and politics. He was made a peer in 1830, and has held the office of Lord Chancellor.

The persecution of Jews in Jassy, Baken and other places in Moldavia, has been stopped by the authorities. Those who were compelled to flee from their homes have been allowed to return. Assassins and desecraters of the graves of the Jews, who perpetrated their outrages almost with impunity for a long time, will hereafter be rigorously punished.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY. — Information has reached this country that the bid made by Hon. Andrew D. White, in behalf of the Cornell University for the library of Prof. Bopp of Berlin, has been accepted. The splendid collection of this distinguished philologist, probably the best collection ever made in philology, will soon be on the shelves of the Cornell University, and appropriately associated with the Anthon Library, which has already been received at Ithaca.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—Advices from Port Au Prince state that the Salnavists are in possession of Fort Liberte, Hayti, and are fortifying to protect the town. Gen. Chevalier is at Gonaives, and is throwing up intrenchments to protect that place against an attack of the Cacos. The latter are reported to be within sixteen miles of the capital, and should the place fall, Salnave will never reach the place, though daily expected there.

EFFORTS FOR EMANCIPATION. — Several free negroes from Cuba have sailed for England to make an effort to enlist the sympathies of the people in favor of the emancipation of the blacks in that island. Several hundreds of people of color visited the steamer to bid their friends adieu.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A WOMAN in Brooklyn purchased a quart of milk, and found a small fish swimming in it. The milkman stated he thought the cow must have swallowed the fish.

ON Wednesday a striped bass, weighing 67 pounds, was caught in a seine in the Hudson River, just above Bath. This is said to be the largest bass ever caught in that vicinity.

IF a farmer in Wisconsin plants a row of trees along the road, he is exempt from working on the road; whoever hurts one of these little ones is fined $5; and the State Horticultural Society offers a premium of $100 for the best ten acres of forest trees, and $50 for the second best.

MANY counterfeit bank notes of recent issues, are now in circulation in Boston. The notes are chiefly on New York and Philadelphia banks, and of the denominations of twos and tens. They are well executed and likely to deceive.

A NEW YORK paper firm found the other day among their purchases of waste paper, nine volumes of old War and Navy Department letters, written during the Revolution, which they value at $500.

A MAD cat recently went on a several miles rampage through Easton, Conn., biting other cats, and even persons, until her career was closed by a pitchfork. Hydrophobia seems unusually prevalent this year.

BRAZIL supplies almost half of the coffee consumed in the world. The quantity exported increased from 1,320,109 bags in 1863, to 2,459,753 bags in 1867.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, May 12, 1868.

OUR local Banks continue to be well supplied with currency. The call for accommodation is not large, and the demand for discounts is from regular customers mainly, and for legitimate business. The opening of the canal has not essentially increased the call for money. The Erie Canal is in fair condition through its entire length, and boats have met with no obstruction since the opening. Scarcely any produce has been shipped from Rochester thus far, and there is none in the warehouses. Boats that were laid up between Syracuse and Buffalo last fall, have very generally gone to the latter place for cargoes. Loading thus far has not been in large supply, and freights are consequently low. There is said to be a large amount of produce to come down the lake. It was a little late in being shipped in consequence of a disagreement between forwarders and ship owners, in the matter of "shortage;" this difficulty being arranged, the shipments of grain from the lake ports will doubtless be large.

About the middle of last week money was tight and up a little in New York, but at the close there was much greater ease than has existed for some time. The New York Evening Post of Saturday says:—"The money market remains easy, with money in full supply, the general rate on call loans to large dealers being 6 per cent. The street are generally anticipating that the footings of the weekly bank return of today will show differences in some columns as remarkable as that of last week. Certain it is that the flow of money has been to this city all the week, with light drafts from the country; it is believed, also, that the aggregate of loans, if not diminished for the week, has not largely increased. Government securities are in fair demand this morning. Dealers remark in their country correspondence that the orders are generally for purchase, with very few for sale. It is noticeable that in the face of the pending impeachment of the chief officer of the nation our securities have appreciated ½ per cent. in the markets of Frankfort and London within a week."

Gold for a few days has been more active and the premium rose last week to something above 40. The near approach of the decision on the question of impeachment, and an anticipated large export demand for specie have produced the advance. Sales of gold were made yesterday at the New York board at 140¾.

The payments of coin, on account of the May interest, by the Assistant Treasurer in New York, up to Friday night, were $10,515,000. The total amount of specie shipped from New York last week was $3,686,000. By the debt statement of May 1st, it appears that the amount of gold belonging to the public Treasury on the 1st inst., was $60,000,000, a reduction of about $21,000,000 since the first of April. A further reduction is anticipated in the treasury gold balance. July 1st over $25,000,000 of gold interest matures, and before that time 7,000,000 may be required to settle the Alaska bill. Of the $46,010,520 compounds now outstanding $23,927,600 mature May 15th. Interest will at once cease upon them, whether they are presented for payment or not. Most of these notes are in the hands of National Banks.

TRADE AT THE EAST.—Eastern trade has been only fair the last week. Unfavorable weather is assigned as the cause of light sales in the Dry Goods line.

COTTON.—Toward the close of last week the market was dull, under unfavorable advices from Manchester. The exports continue large, while the receipts at Southern ports are falling off. Manufacturers purchase sparingly.

WOOL.—Manufacturers and others are beginning to talk about the coming wool clip, though it will be some time before it will be in market. The supply of old wool, particularly of the low and medium grades, is pretty nearly exhausted in the markets of Philadelphia, New York and Boston. There is a little remaining in the hands of operators in the interior, but the amount is not believed to be large. There is scarcely any in the possession of producers.

The sales last week in Boston were only to the extent of 673,000 lbs., at about former rates. Manufacturers have no disposition to purchase; they are selling very few goods, and are not manufacturing to any extent. They do not intend to manufacture ahead of the market demand.

The Woolen Goods Market is still dull, but there does not seem to be a large stock in the mills. The Boston Bulletin of Saturday says:—"The old stocks of heavy woolens, both foreign and domestic, have been mostly cleared out of the market. The fresh products of home manufacturers and importers are being exhibited to purchasers; and, though the demand is as yet a little premature, the confidence in regard to the coming fall trade is such that there is no difficulty in placing fair sized lots at remunerative prices."

Many anticipate an advance in woolens in June, that will have a material effect on the price of this season's wool clip.

COAL.—The Pennsylvania markets are dull, and a further reduction in price may be anticipated. Heavy buyers at the East are, however, contracting for their yearly supply.

PETROLEUM is higher, for both crude and refined. There is an advance in the European markets, which is having a tendency to induce speculation.

BUTTER.—The market in New York and Boston is much better supplied than for some time past, and prices are shading down.

CHEESE is quiet and unchanged. Small lots of new begin to appear in the Little Falls market.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—There is little or no animation in the Wheat and Flour markets at the East. The supplies are not large; operators are carefully noting the shipments from the West. The receipts of Wheat, Flour and Corn are now quite liberal at Buffalo.

THE LOCAL MARKET, this week, shows some changes. Pork is firm, at an advance of $1 per barrel, while Cut Meats show a corresponding appreciation. Butter tends downward slightly, though the supply as yet is rather limited. Barley is a shade better, with but little offering, and not much disposition to purchase. Small lots are taken at quotations. The Wool market continues dull, with but scattering parcels offering. A lot of 600 lbs., two years old, medium grade, sold for 37½c. Good samples are nominal at 41c. It is anticipated that when the new clip comes in more activity will be manifested, but what the ruling rate will be is matter of conjecture.

ROCHESTER, May 11—Flour, wheat, $11,00@16,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,65@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $2,00@2,25; Beans, $1,00@4,50; Pork, mess, $20,00@20,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 19@20cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 28@30c; Cheese, 17@17c; Lard, 14@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, $1,25@1,30; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,50; Onions, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $8,00@5,00; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 35@50c; Wool 40@42½c; Honey, box. ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@30. Maple Sugar, 16@18c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 15@18c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 9.—Ashes, pots, $5,50@8,62½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 31@31½c; Flour, $8,60@16,00; Rye Flour, $8,00@9,25; Wheat, $2,35@2,58; Rye, $1,95@2,00; Barley, $2,00; Corn, $1,19@1,25; Oats, 84½@86½c; Pork, mess, $27,50@28,87; prime, $23,50@24,25; prime mess, $25,00@25,87; Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; Beef hams, $35,00@37,00; Shoulders, 13½@14c; Hams, 17@18½c; Bacon, 14@17½c; Lard 18½@19½c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 12@17c.

ALBANY, May 9.—Flour, $9@15,50. Rye Flour, $9,62½@9,75. Corn Meal, $2,45@2,55 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,90@2,90. Rye, $2,00. Barley, $2@2,25. Corn, $1,12@1,18. Oats, 86@87c. Clover seed, medium, 10½@11c; large, 9@10c. Timothy seed, $2,75@3,00. Pork, clear, $30,00; shear clear, $31,00; mess, $29,00. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 30@35c. Cheese, 17c.

BUFFALO, May 9—Flour, $10,50@15 00; Wheat, $2,11@2,50; Corn, $1,03@1,05; Oats, 78@79c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $2,15@2,35; Peas, $1,50@2,50; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Pork, mess, $29,00@29,25; Lard, 19½@20c; Shoulders, 14½@15c; Hams, 19@21½c Clover seed, medium, $8,25@7,50; Pea-vine do. $00,00@0,00; Timothy, $2,35@2,35; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,25 fine, $2,60 coarse ℔ bbl.; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 14@17c; Potatoes, $1,20; Apples, green, $2,50@1,50 bbl.; dried, 8½@9½c ℔; Eggs, 20@22c.

CINCINNATI, May 9.—Flour, $9,00@13,75; Wheat, $2,35@2,80; Corn, 93@95c ear; Oats, 77@80c; Rye, $2,00@2,05; Barley, $2,65@2,75; Mess pork, $26@29,00; Lard, 18½@20c; Bacon 14@17½c; Hams, 18@20½c; Shoulders, 12@16c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,35.

CHICAGO, May 9—Flour, $9,00@11,25; Wheat, $2,06@2,20; Corn, 92½@93½c; Oats 60@60½cts. Rye, $1,35@1,35; Barley, $2,27@2,38; Pork, mess, $28,35@28,50; Lard, 19@19c.

TORONTO, May 6.—Flour, $7@7,15; Wheat, fall, $1,55@1,80; Spring, $1,61@1,63; Oats, 54@60c; Barley, $1@1,20; Peas 85@92cts; Pork, mess, $14,50@22,00; Bacon, 8@10c; Hams, 12½@13½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 10@11c; Butter, 14@20c; Hops, 30@33c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $15@21; Straw, $11@13; Wool, 20@28c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 6—Beeves—Receipts 5,533 head; quotations at 11@13½c. Cows—Receipts 50 head; quotations at $40@120. Veal Calves—Receipts 2831 head; quotations 10@19c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 13,783 head; quotations 4@18c. Swine—Receipts 14,439 head; quotations 9@10½c.

ALBANY, May 7.—Beef Cattle sell at 10@11½c; Milch Cows, $40@100; Veal Calves, 6@7c; Sheep, sheared, 6½@8½c, unsheared, 7½@9½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c; Store Pigs, 8½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, May 5—Beeves range from 10@11½c; Working Oxen, $150@300 ℔ pair; Steers and Stag Oxen, $125@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and fat row, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 6@8c; extra, 8½@10c; by the head, $2@2,50; Hides, 8@9½c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 8@8½c Calf skins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 62c@$2,50; Swine, nosales.

CINCINNATI, May 6—Beef Cattle, $4,50@8,50; Sheep, 4½@6c; Hogs, 8@10½c. Calves, 7@10c.

TORONTO, May 7.—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep, $4,00@7,00; Lambs, $3@3; Calves, $5@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, May 9—Market is quiet. Sales are 250,000 lbs. at 43@54c. for Domestic Fleece, 43@48cts for pulled, 57½ for tubbed, 25@36½c. for Texas, and 25@33½c for California.

BOSTON, May 7.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 42½c@55c; pulled, 28@55c; medium and extra Western, 45@55c.

CINCINNATI, May 6.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 30@33c; Tub Washed, 40@42c; Unwashed, 25@28c; Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

CARPENTRY MADE EASY—Instructs Farmers how to build Barns, Outhouses, Bridges, &c. Price, $5.00. H. CHALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

MACHINERY OILS—Best and Cheapest—Circulars and samples FREE. WARFIELD & CO., Wholesale Dealers, 85 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—TO SELL OUR NEW Double Thread $20 Sewing Machine. For sample of work, address GRANITEVILLE S. M. CO., Detroit, Mich.

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT Grower, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 9:6-13t

KNIFFIN MOWING MACHINES.—The most simple in construction, and the lightest draft of any machine ever built. Send for Circular. ELIJAH DUNBAR, Agent, 23 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

SOLDIERS WHO ENLISTED IN 1865, OR their heirs, will receive important information, by addressing, (with stamp,) C. S. TREVITT, Washington, D. C., stating Company, Regiment, date and place of enlistment, &c.

$1. The Instantaneous Photographer, an Instrument by which any person can take a perfect Photograph. Sent pre-paid, with blanks and full instructions, on receipt of $1. Address ALBERT SPEAR, Potsdam, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY IN the Union, to sell an article of daily use in every household. Send Twenty-five Cents for sample, with terms to Agent. E. W. LASEY, Dover, New Jersey.

BULLARD'S PATENT HAY TEDDER WITH Herring and Squiers' Improvements, can be had of S. C. HERRING, Manufacturer, New York, GEO. A. SQUIER, Superintendent, Syracuse, N. Y. S. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Little Falls, N. Y. For Circulars address as above. 956-5t

WANTED—AGENTS—TO SELL BY sample, a COMBINED SQUARE, LEVEL AND BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address W. S. BATCHELDER & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA. 955-4t

$200 A MONTH—A FEW AGENTS WANTed for the *Best Low Priced* Sewing Machine ever made; will sew, fell, hem, tuck, bind and embroider as well as a high priced machine. For sample, special terms, &c., address ASHUELOT S. M. CO., Hinsdale, N. H., Box 14.

℞ IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN and City, to sell the best Stationery Gift Package, containing more and better quality of Stationery and better presents than any other Package. Our Agents meet with quick sales, and are making from $5 to $8 a day. For further particulars address, with stamp, for send 25 cents for sample, to J. F. DWINELL, No. 166 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AN ART WORTH KNOWING. AGENTS WANTED.

A PARISIAN REVELATION—YANKEEDOM outdone.—Invaluable to all—can be learned in 1 hour—copyright in Europe and America. Full instructions and sample sent for $1, for trial. Address PROF. LA RUE, 145 Nassau Street, New York. 956-2t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—MEN OR WOMEN—in every Township, Village and City, for a splendid work, brim full of entertainment and instruction, and the best selling book in the field—BAKER'S EXPLORATION OF THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. The Nile mystery solved; the country, climate, soil, productions, natural scenery; habits and customs of the people; exciting adventures in hunting Elephants, Lions, Buffalos, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, &c. Book Agents everywhere will find it to their interest to examine this work. SPECIMEN PAGES furnished. Our Canvassers are having great success. Ladies sell it rapidly and make large wages.
"An admirable record of scientific exploration, geographical discovery, and personal adventure."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
"It is issued in a very attractive form, and is as entertaining as a romance."—*Boston Journal.*
956-8t] O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

CURLS! CURLS!
SAMPLES
SENT FREE!

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address with Stamp, PROF. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. 956-4t

2,5,00000 CUSTOMERS in FOUR Years
PATRONIZE THE BEST!
Having the largest capital, most experienced buyers, and extensive trade of any concern in the Dollar Sale business, we
GUARANTEE SATISFACTION
In every instance, and also the *best* selection of Goods ever offered at
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling. Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.
THE LADIES
Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1861.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cents; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free present to getter-up, (worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a Circular.
N. B.—Our sale should not be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

PURE HONEY!—How to make it easy and cheap *free.* Address G. G. BERRY, North Strafford, N. H.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—For the intensely interesting work, "MYSTERIES OF THE NEAPOLITAN CONVENTS," by an ex-Nun. It gives a true and graphic picture of the inner life of the Convents, and of the country and society of that beautiful land—Italy. Agents are meeting with great success in its sale. Terms liberal. Send for Circulars. 951-8t A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE, OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST. For a few days' services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp, CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass. 954-13t

SHAW'S CHEMICAL, ELECTRO, SILVER-PLATING FLUID makes worn out plated ware as good as new. Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents to pay for packing and postage. Address J. SHAW, Chemist, 80 Elm street, Bridgeport, Conn. ☞ Agents wanted everywhere. 953-4t

THE ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO HEALTH and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., Price 30 cts. free, 240 pp. Address, 32 White St., New York. 954-4t

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL, No. 9 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y. 944-tf

A NEW CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY is forming. For Circular, with full particulars, address, with stamp, "Phrenological Journal," New York.

AGENTS.—LADIES, GENTLEMEN, OR CHILDREN can earn a Watch, Silk Dress, Sewing Machine, Web of Sheeting, &c., by two or three days' work for GILMAN & CO.'S Great One Dollar Sale, 119 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. Circulars sent free. 952-12t

CANCERS CURED WITHOUT PAIN, USE OF the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address Drs. BABCOCK & SON, 700 Broadway, New York. 951-6t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Turner's Patent Extension Ladder.
An Art Worth Knowing—Prof La Rue.
2,500,000 Customers in Four Years—Eastman & Kendall.
Osage Orange Plants—F K Phoenix.
Curls! Curls!—Prof. B. B. Robb.
Agents Wanted—Graniteville S. M. Co.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Wanted, Agents—W S Batchelder & Co.
Carpentry Made Easy—H Challen.
The Instantaneous Photographer—Albert Spear.
$200 A Month—Ashuelot S M Co.
Machinery Oils—Warfield & Co.
Bullard's Patent Hay Tedder—S S Whitman.
Book Agents Wanted—O D Case & Co.
Kniffin Mowing Machines—Elijah Dunbar.
Soldiers who Enlisted in 1865—G S Trevitt.
Nansemond Sweet Potato Plants—Purdy & Hance.
Seed Wheat—Geo A Deitz.
Agents Wanted in Every County—E W Lasey.
Agents Wanted in Every Town—J F Dwinell.
Every Man His Own Lawyer—B W Hitchcock
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Doty's Clothes Washer—R C Browning, General Agent.

The News Condenser.

— Spain, with an army of 100.000 men, has 510 Generals.

— Japanese scissors are made like sheep shears.

— Maine has seventy thousand farmers.

— There was a heavy snow storm in Maine the 8th inst.

— Crevalli, Austrian Ambassador at Rome, is dead.

— Suicides are now unusually frequent in Cincinnati.

— Gen. Sherman has gone to Cheyenne.

— Mr. Charles Dickens arrived in England on Friday.

— The fair sex are largely represented at the Memphis races.

— A man named Michael Sharp has been murdered in Toledo.

— A serious shooting affray occurred lately at Clifty, Indiana.

— Three children, near Toronto, died from the effects of poison.

— John B. Adatte, the enrrency counterfeiter, has been discharged.

— The discount on American invoices in Canada is 28 per cent.

— John E. Stokes has been appointed Mayor of Portsmouth, Va.

— A hog tried to eat up a legless man and a goat in New Albany.

— Queen Victoria has more than thirty tons of silver and gold plate.

— A man named Warren was found dead in his bed at a New York hotel.

— Mme. Ristori and her troupe have returned to New York from Cuba.

— Thirteen States of the United States and one Territory grow cotton.

— Two colored children were burned to death at Lockland, Ohio, lately.

— The new insane asylum at Dewittville, Chautauqua Co., is completed.

— The irreverent negro minstrels of New York are burlesquing Dickens.

— A juror named Bishop dropped dead at Mount Holly, N. J., Friday week.

— One of the three silver dollars coined in 1804 was recently sold for $750.

— The New York carpenters have determined to demand higher wages.

— H. H. Lloyd, the map publisher, died at Mount Clair, N. J., on Thursday.

— C. W. Adams of Cleveland, committed suicide at Cincinnati last week.

— Wolves have lately destroyed several hundred sheep in Erie county, Ohio.

— A wild woman is said to be living in the Big Cane neighborhood, Texas.

— Goldwin Smith has written a book on "Irish History and Irish Character."

— The fleet of Admiral Farragut has arrived in the Tagus River, Portugal.

— The military authorities have removed Mayor Barrows of Jackson, Miss.

— Six murders in one day were recently committed in a single county in Texas.

— Policeman J. D. B. Smith of Troy, has mysteriously disappeared, and foul play is suspected.

— A little girl in New Hampshire cut off her sister's hand while playing with a sharp hatchet.

— John Brooks was bitten by a rattlesnake in Baltimore, and died from the effect in 15 minutes after.

— Russia has sixty-eight agricultural schools and colleges, one of which has 3,000 acres attached.

— The culture of flax is rapidly increasing in California. Oil cakes now sell there for $30 per ton.

— There are at present over 60 vessels under way from Chicago loaded with grain for lower lake ports.

— A boy in Shelbyville, Ky., ran a stick through his neck, and lingered four days in terrible agony.

— Mrs. Ann White last week sold twenty-two head of mules to the Louisville City R. R. at $150 each.

— There is said to be but two factories of pressed tinware in the U. S., one of which is in Philadelphia.

— The Lenox, Mass., plate-glass company are to use gas hereafter for melting purposes instead of wood.

— The mayor of Providence has suspended a detective in that city for attending a prize fight as a spectator.

— The Patent Office report for 1861 is completed and ready for distribution. It makes three large volumes.

— The length of the span of the Cincinnati and Newport bridge over the Ohio has been finally fixed at 300 feet.

— In the Paraguayan war it is calculated that 40,000 lives have been lost from wounds, and 40,000 from cholera.

— One of Ristori's charitable performances in Havana netted $3,500 in gold; and she brought back from there $60,000 in gold.

— Albany thieves have been attempting to burglarize the vault wherein repose the remains of Mrs. Catharine Hamilton in the Rural Cemetery.

— A well known horse fancier in New Jersey has built a Turkish bath in his stables, and the horses are much improved in appearance and health by its use.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER.

Extract from Report of Farmers' Club, New York, 1867.

"WASHING MACHINES.—William D. Osborn asks: 'Will the Club give us its opinion of washing machines? Is it economy to pay fourteen dollars for one of Doty's machines? Will it wash farmers' clothes clean, and not be too hard work for the women? Washing machines have so generally proved to be failures that I am afraid of throwing away my money upon one.'

"SOLON ROBINSON—If you had to pay ten times the money you mention, it would be the best investment you ever made upon your farm. But you must not have that alone. Get the Universal Clothes-Wringer with it, and your wife and children will rise up and call you blessed. For they will find washing made easy."

SOLD BY

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,

32 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.,

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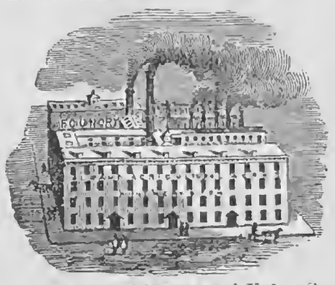

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The above works were projected and established over twenty years ago by the Senior Proprietor, during which time their manufactures have acquired a World Wide Reputation for *Utility, Durability and Efficiency*. All of the Principal Machines which have given these works and their manufactures their reputation, are the results of the *Inventions* and *Improvements* of the SENIOR PROPRIETOR.

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Purifying Lake, Rain and River Water.

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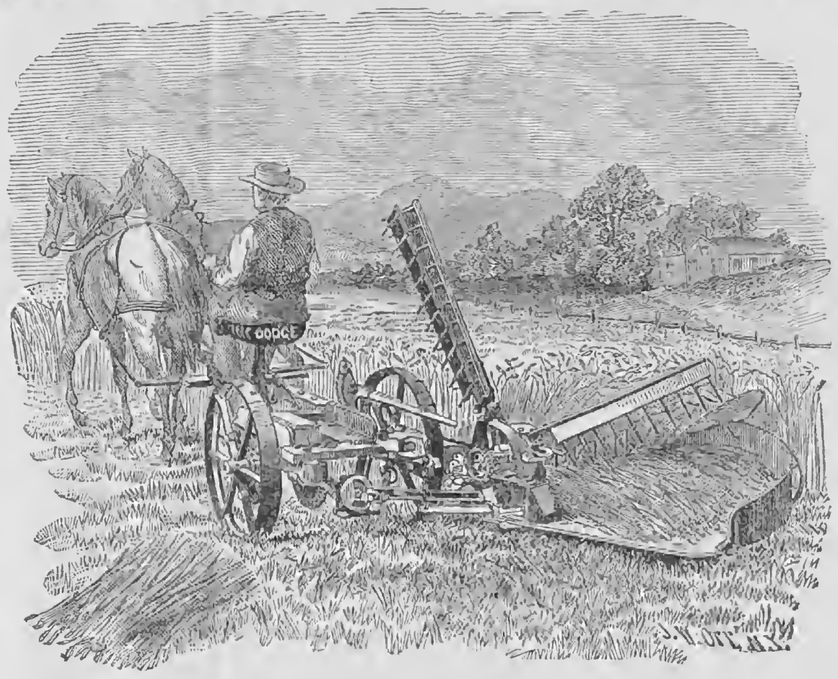

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THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR,
AS THE BEST

COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best" in DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or foot, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in it and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain cut was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain leaned very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from the southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also reels, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 18, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, Improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Trontman, at Searytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra*.

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
D. C. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Pulman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nummors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Luntensteiver,
H. F. Trontman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fanklnburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barbean,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or nixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jimerson. Daniel B. Wooden. F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey, Daniel S. Post,

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction, reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Bockover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Huff,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Goseline,	D. B. Randall,	John Dysinger,
Jacob Dislinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	R. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. House,	H. C. Wright,	James Dislinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
John Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Stabler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp,	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barto,	Samuel B. Briggs,
S. B. Mundy,	Ira Stillwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. R. Vandyke,
Peter Mantuar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Williamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blunvelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hunay,	Peter Tunison,	F. M. Vaunvetwick
Jefferson Sniffen,	Sam. Ogden,	R. Tunison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rapplye,	E. Lamoreaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.

C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

TODD'S IMPROVEMENT IN FENCE.

Send stamp for Circular, describing the cheapest, strongest and most durable fence. See notice in RURAL of Feb. 15th. Address A. TODD, JR. & CO., Pulneyville, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—80 ACRES, 2½ MILES from Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. Price $100 per acre. Inquire of J. E. BRIGGS, Esq., Newark, or N. S. OSBAND, on the premises. 937-6t

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EMPLOYMENT.—$15 TO $30 A DAY GUARANTEED. Male or Female Agents Wanted in every town, descriptive circulars *free*. Address

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"It is the best Barometer for general use."—American Agriculturist.

"It is really a good, practical portable Barometer."—Scientific American.

"The best Barometer, and very cheap."—Mother's Journal.

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THE GREAT REPRESENTATIVE NEWSPAPER
—OF—
MICHIGAN,
THE DETROIT
Advertiser and Tribune.

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Its Weekly issue exceeds that of all other Detroit papers put together, and goes to the masses in every quarter of the State.

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Its Daily edition is larger than that of any other single paper published in Michigan, and is generally read in Detroit and all the more important places in the interior.

Business men and others wishing to reach the people of Michigan, will find advertising in the ADVERTISER AND TRIBUNE to be by far the cheapest and most effective method possible.

Advertisements will be taken by any respectable advertising agent at the same rates that would be required at our own counter, and the following houses in particular are almost daily forwarding orders to us:

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S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.
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Politically, the ADVERTISER AND TRIBUNE is thoroughly Radical. It gives particular attention to home interests, in this respect being surpassed by no paper on the Continent. Its Michigan news is collected by its own paid correspondents, numbering over one hundred in all, and the telegraph is freely used in its transmission.

Besides being the Official Paper of Detroit, it publishes all the official advertisements of the various mining companies, is the only paper that publishes regularly local financial intelligence, gives very complete shipping and commercial reports, and devotes considerable attention to literary matters and to the religious news of the day.

Every one owning property, or having any interests in the State of Michigan, should by all means take one or other of the editions of this paper.

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DAILY	$10 00
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☞ Christian Associations and free reading-rooms will be furnished with either edition at half price, on application.

Letters should be addressd,

ADVERTISER & TRIBUNE.
Detroit, Michigan.

☞ NOT A PATENT MEDICINE. ☜

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

Its Effects are Magical.

It is an *unfailing remedy* in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than *two or three pills*.

No other form of Neuralgia or Nervous Disease has failed to yield to this *wonderful remedial agent*.

Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements—of many years' standing—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can *always* be used with *perfect safety*.

It has long been in constant use by many of our *most eminent physicians*, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

One Package	**$1.00**	**Postage 6 cents.**
Six "	**5.00**	**" 27 "**
Twelve "	**9.00**	**" 48 "**

It is sold by all wholesale and retail dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and by

TURNER & CO., Sole Proprietors,
952-1y-eo **120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

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JOINT STOCK COMPANY,
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NEW YORK.

W. C. POTTER, *Vice-Pres't.*
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PLASTIC SLATE FOR
ROOFING AND OTHER PURPOSES.

The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated state was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of

Pulverized Slate and Viscous Matter,

(the latter possessing qualities of geological and chemical affinity for the former,) and is a development of one of the simple but unalterable tendencies of nature.

AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.

A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non-combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.

FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.

The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and

PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,

it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown*. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.—Send for List. PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

$25 PER DAY.—AGENTS WANTED—MALE and Female; business new, light and honorable; steady employment; no capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 73 Nassau St., New York.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by O. A. BOORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.
947-13t

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BY THE BROOK.

BY LEWIS DAYTON BURDICK.

SWOLLEN by the springtime rain,—
Icy chains no longer binding,—
Through the little valley winding,—
Onward speeds the brook again.

Memories are like a dream
As I stand beside it musing,
History of my life perusing
In the flowing of the stream.

Here our cottage used to stand,—
Fair wild flowers around it growing,
Perfume sweet on us bestowing,—
Happy home in fairy land!

Dear old place it is to me;
Ah! how many ties endearing!
Visions of the past appearing,
Boy again I seem to be.

Here no cottage longer stands;
Still the brook is onward flowing,
Still the years are onward going,
Stayed not by frail human hands.

Treasures old are swept away
From the valley loved so dearly,
Rich in memories, but I yearly
Hither friendly visit pay:

And the brooklet's gentle flow
Many lessons to me teaches,
Many sermons to me preaches,
As adown Life's stream I go.

Though the rolling years shall ever
Bring refreshing summer showers,
Giving bloom to nature's bowers,
Yet these dead years come back never.

Childhood's hours swift roll away,
Manhood's cares come onward pushing,
And, to Life's rough contest rushing,
We must win or lose the day.

The Story Teller.

MY TRAVELS:
THEIR ADVENTURES AND TERMINATION.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

CHAPTER IV.

[Continued from page 156, last number.]

MRS. PARKER was a unique woman,—quite a genius in her way. She was tall, slender, with well-cut features, and graceful carriage:—a fine-looking woman. There was a little too much firmness about the mouth; perhaps not quite enough softness or genteleness in the eye, to make it pleasant for instance, to think of living in the same house with her. Not that she was a virago; by no means. I don't believe she ever was "mad" in her life; she never even scolded; but she was determined to rule, and did rule, entirely, every one with whom she came in contact. She didn't do it openly; she didn't take you by storm; but slyly, very slyly, by manœuvering, by planning, and steadily pursuing her plans to the end, she used you for her own purposes, and for the particular purpose she designed from the first. *Ambition* was her watchword; to be the first, and to have everything and everybody belonging to her, and connected with her, the first and best of their kind, was her aim,—really and genuinely the best, however; her's was no vulgar ambition. If she wished to shine, it was not with borrowed light. She must be a sun—no satellite. If she wished to be at the top of the ladder, that ladder must be no bean-stalk, frail and tottering, leading nowhere but into the air, above the heads of the gaping crowd; it must be one with solid gold rounds, carrying her up to a substantial basis of prosperity. She was not greedy for gold—that was not it; indeed, the miser and the ambitious man are scarcely ever one and the same. Mrs. PARKER only loved money for the power it gave her. She sometimes bestowed it freely and generously; and she never gave for the sake of seeing her name at the head of a subscription list, where, indeed, she never allowed it to be. She was too high-minded for that; she scorned such low ambitions; she left them for those who could attain nothing better.

MRS. PARKER was not a cold-hearted woman; she was neither hard nor unfeeling. Though she ruled her husband, living and dying, yet I believe she loved him, truly and tenderly. She mourned his death sincerely, and her two sons were dear to her as her life. Not because she coveted money and was a heartless mother, had she persuaded their father to leave all the property in her hands; but because she coveted power, and because she thought she could use the money to far better advantage, both for herself and them. Love was very powerful in her, but Ambition always carried the day. One thing I often noticed, and could not help admiring, it is such a rare, as well as "beautiful thing in woman;" I have said she never scolded. Another good word for her,—she never fretted; never carped, nor harped on by-gone griefs and troubles. When a thing was past, and could not be helped or changed, —when a deed was absolutely accomplished, no matter what trouble, or perplexity, or even extreme pain it caused her,—not a word concerning it ever afterwards passed her firm, proud lips: nor did she ever sulk. Some innate philosophy taught her the folly of either; in my eyes, this trait of her character covered a multitude of sins. To my own certain knowledge, it was well put to the proof, tried in a burning, fiery furnace, and came out pure gold.

Of course Mrs. PARKER desired that when her sons married, their wives should be peerless, in some way or other; if not in wealth and station, then in resplendent beauty, or brilliant wit, wisdom, or genius. No common-place person must bear her name, or enter her house as an equal. Naturally, then, her son could not pay close attention to such a nobody as I—MAGGIE ALLEN—whose mother took in sewing, went out nursing, and did whatever her hands found to do, to obtain our daily bread, almost the last dollar of our small property being consumed in my education. Of course he couldn't mark *me* out as the object of his special regard, gossip retailing each visit into the ears of Mrs. PARKER;—though indeed, that lady's eyes would have served her without other aid. Could this be allowed? Possibly—not very probably—but possibly, if I had been possessed of unsurpassed beauty, or had been a shining light, an unmistakeable "star" in any orbit, she might have granted ORION to wear me in his belt; but *I*,—who only possessed a loving heart, an average share of brains, and a mediocre portion of beauty! (My eyes have been praised by many: they *are* dark blue, well-shaped, and not too small; but, reader, when everybody praises and admires only some one feature of your face, it's a gentle hint that there is none other worth noticing; and becomes rather humiliating, after a time.) Would Mrs. PARKER deign to cast a look at me? It could not be: the thought was torture to her, and during many months, I believe,—I knew nothing of it then, but I have suspected since,—she suffered agonies. Wounded pride is worse than sea-sickness, which Mrs. STOWE says is worse than any martyr's torments.

Both the boys inherited enough of their father's easy disposition to make them, generally, quiet agents of her will; but they possessed too much of her own sharp acuteness to come under her yoke with their eyes shut, as their good father had done. They only bowed to it, at times, for the sake of peace; when they chose, they threw it off, and ran absolutely against her potent will; like herself, doing it quietly, without the least waste of words. Her skillful generalship, her artful manœuvering, sometimes brought them back, but not always. However, till the boys were men, nothing of any great moment had occurred in or for which it was worth while to use much strategy,—only a little light skirmishing on each side, while a true affection existed between mother and sons. They loved her, and were proud of her, although JAMES openly and good humoredly laughed to scorn her plotting and planning, while FRANK quietly smiled at, and both thoroughly despised it. Still they had to own, sometimes, that they were both caught in her nets.

One thing was noticeable: the boys always took each other's part in any difference between one of them and the mother. They seemed to have a sort of instinct that to do otherwise would be meanly going over to the side of the stronger. In reality very much alike in character and disposition, to a stranger they looked very different; for though each had his father's features, as though cast in a mold, and their mother's tall stature, there was a great dissimilarity in their appearance. JAMES had black eyes, black hair, whiskers and mustache; was broad shouldered and athletic, and had a fiery, passionate disposition, which, like a true son of his mother, he could curb at a moment's notice, but which, now and again flashed out of his dark eyes like a blaze of sheet-lightning, gone in an instant, but during the instant it lasted very bright and very dangerous. FRANK was more slenderly made than his brother, though equally tall; his hair was light-brown; his whiskers of a fairer shade, (one saucy girl called them *creamy;*) he had no mustache; and his eyes were blue or gray—I never could tell which. As to his *moral make*, his passions and temper lay a strata deeper down, his generous affections a layer higher up than JAMES'; but they were substantially the same. Either—had he inherited a smaller portion than he did of their parents' genius for business and trade—would have made his way in a world three times as full of difficulties as this.

And did FRANK PARKER love me? Yes, he did; I knew he did. Every tone of his voice, when he spoke to me,—every expression of his face, when his eyes met mine,—disclosed it. Besides, during the two past years he had paid me such unremitting attentions as a man gives only to his chosen or affianced. Truth and honor were in each mobile expression of his countenance, which expressions were changing as the summer winds. He guarded me, too, as the apple of his eye. He watched over me, as over some precious treasure. At school, any success I achieved was doubly sweet to me for his few quiet words of congratulation. When, in my blue graduating dress, (I was a member of a literary society in the seminary, whose color was blue,) which I knew became me, I came on the stage to read the valedictory, it was his face I sought in the quick glance I cast over my audience; it was his eyes and brown hair I saw near the stage, a little one side; it was his smile that gave me an electric thrill, under the influence of which I read well. They praised *me* that night, when they should have praised *him;* so rarely do we get our due in this world! I knew that when FRANK married I would be his bride, and I did not care that it should be soon. I could wait years if he chose; there was no hurry; we were both still very young and I *did* wish to earn a little money for mother before leaving her. Of course I could not say this to FRANK, or even mention work, or a situation, to him. It would have seemed too much like a hint or inuendo.

So all those spring months when I was longing so ardently for work, there was another hidden reason, reader, which I did not tell you, or anybody else. I could not say to FRANK, "I want a situation; I want something to do, for I have an overpowering fear you may be thinking I am waiting for you to offer marriage." I could not hint this even to my mother; I must keep that bitter trouble to myself, but it was daily torture to me only to imagine what he might be thinking! Thus, reader, I was willing to go to California, or to the antipodes, to get employment, and, with it, restored self-respect. Thus was I so eager to tell him that I had got a situation. He evidently had not yet heard of it. I wished he had not been obliged to go to the city just then; it seemed inopportune. He had told me, however, that it could not be helped, and JAMES, whom I happened to meet the day after the "Fourth," said that his mother and FRANK had gone to town, and left him to his own destruction; he only hoped they wouldn't get lost; they hadn't even condescended to tell him their business there, and he laughed and touched his hat, and was bidding me good morning, but I stopped him for an instant.

"Did your mother go?" I asked; "I didn't know that."

"Oh, yes, and by the way, Miss MAGGIE, somebody told me, this morning, that you were going to leave us pretty soon. I hadn't heard of it before. Is it so?"

"Yes, sir, in a little over a week. I am going to Illinois."

He fairly started. "In a week?—to Illinois?" he exclaimed. "Isn't that very sudden?" But he calmed himself in an instant. "Well, I will see you again before you go. I will not say 'good-by' now, but only 'good-morning;'" and touching his hat again, he left me.

FRANK'S mother was gone with him! Well, wasn't that perfectly right and proper? Reader, do you see the wolf's eyes shining through that lamb's fleece? I did not, very clearly, at the time, but I felt rather uneasy at the creature's presence. I didn't know Mrs. PARKER very well then, and I was very innocent and unsuspecting in those days; my dull wits have been sharpened somewhat since. How could I imagine that many half-formed plans which had been roving like wild horses through Mrs. PARKER'S troubled brain, concerning her son FRANK and myself, had suddenly been drawn into leash, harnessed and prepared for labor, at the instant of hearing that I was going West? She knew it, though FRANK did not. Nothing that occurred concerning me would be likely to escape her. Little did I know the vigilant surveillance I had been under for eighteen months, and the trouble of heart and mind I had occasioned Mrs. PARKER. As little did I imagine the relief and thankfulness she felt at hearing that I was going, and going away so far, too, for an indefinite time. A burden was lifted—a load was taken—from heart and brain; she saw her way clearly before her. All that was to be done now was to prevent FRANK from seeing me before my departure to hinder the possible catastrophe of an engagement between us.

To accomplish this object she kept him busy, night and day, in preparations for going to the city; in taking her here and there on various errands and visitings. The first of July evening, on which he called to see me, was the one only time in which he had a moment's breathing space. While his mother was attending to the packing of her trunk for the morrow's journey he came quietly down to have a little talk with me. He then went on to JAMES' store. (It was nominally JAMES', since his father's death, and Mrs. PARKER had promised that it should be his, in reality, very soon.) The brothers returned home together, and whatever Mrs. PARKER may have suspected of FRANK'S whereabouts that evening, she asked them no questions. By the most skillful questioning the next day, she found out that FRANK, if he had seen me, (whether he had or not, she couldn't be sure,) knew nothing of my going West.

Once get me safely off and she felt secure! "Out of sight, out of mind;" and she would try to occupy FRANK'S mind in such a manner that he would scarcely have time or opportunity to think. To accomplish this she would set him up in business. He had been JAMES' clerk long enough, she said; she would make over to him ten thousand dollars. When she gave JAMES his store, and the goods it contained, she would give FRANK that sum of money, and the use, for five years, of one of his father's warehouses, which, of late, had been used as a granary. Her gifts to both of them should be made out in legal form, and all should be settled before she and FRANK returned from the city. She would keep it a secret from JAMES, she told FRANK, and surprise him with it. Therefore, JAMES spoke truly when he said they hadn't told him their business. FRANK, indeed, did not know it, himself, fully, till they were fairly off; when, in the cars, his mother told him all. He was pleased and grateful. What young man is not, when first made independent, and left to work out his own way in the world, especially when he is conscious that he has the elements of success in his own brain and fingers? He thanked her sincerely and assured her that he would make no bad use of her trust in him.

"I am very glad, too, mother," he continued, "that JAMES' good fortune comes at the same time with mine; it gives me a double pleasure."

"I thought it would," she replied, "and now, this week, while I visit some of our friends in town, you can be buying up a small stock of goods; enough to last till the fall trade."

FRANK assented, and both relapsed into silence, each one, practical as they were, entering into the very ideal occupation of building castles in the air. I think I know what FRANK'S were; and I imagine I can now guess some of his mother's. One item I chance to know: she would keep FRANK in the city till I had started on my journey. She was now like a desperate gambler, who had risked everything he possessed on one throw of the dice. If FRANK should meet me, after all, before I started, all was lost. She was even putting the means in his hands to marry me, and be independent of her. It was a desperate risk, but the inexpressible relief she felt at hearing that I was really going far away gave her boldness for it, and a feeling of surety of success. My absence was such an unhoped-for blessing—such a welcome omen—surely it betokened good. She had a pleasure in daring the die, and as long as FRANK was by her side—an unmarried man—and "that MAGGIE ALLEN" in Illinois, she would not trouble herself about the future.

CHAPTER V.

Meantime, the days passed by; the last day that I was to spend at home drew near. My bright, gay hopes had somehow vanished during these last days; they were gone, I knew not whither. Some way, Illinois had lost its charm. I was down-hearted and depressed; but I must show a cheerful exterior. Mother, no doubt, had her own sorrows at the anticipated parting; I must not add to them. And I did not. I noticed, too, that about this time, MARY'S gay songs, ALICE'S lively talk, and AMANDA LEE'S funny stories, all ceased. I could not help feeling what these things betokened, but managed, some way, to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness.

One great and unexpected pleasure we had, about this time. The Seminary examination days and exhibition evening passed, with the usual bustle and eclat, and Miss MARY ALLEN'S name was read off in the chapel, as having obtained the first prize for good scholarship. Our modest MARY, blushing up to her hair, went forward, and received a handsome octavo volume—SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedies, bound in Turkey morocco. That was a very bright evening for us.

The next day we were very busy: there was so much to be done. Judge WELLES just came to the door to tell me to be ready for the five o'clock train, and to leave the money he said the Principal had commissioned him to give me for the journey—fifty dollars.

"Will it take so much as that?" I inquired, in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," he said, "very likely; if there is any left, you can send it back, you know. Good morning."

I went on packing my trunk. Some tears dropped upon my pretty, new pink muslin, as I folded it up; but I wiped them away very hastily, as mother and the girls came in, and showed them the Judge's money.

The morning hours passed; clothes, books, parting gifts—everything were in my trunk; it was shut and locked. Dinner time came and went. After dinner, friends came, school-friends, especially, to say good-by, to have one last little talk, as I was going so far away. Thus the afternoon went by; four o'clock came; a man whom I had engaged came to take my trunk to the depot, and then at last, as the dumb representative of me and my fortunes went out from home for the first time, I threw myself into mother's arms, and burst into tears. ALICE rushed out of the room; MARY buried her face in the cushions of the lounge. Mother didn't reprove, nor expostulate with me; she smoothed my hair, as one would caress a little child; she kissed my forehead, cheeks and lips; she looked into my eyes with a fond, yearning look, calling me by such tender, pet names as I had not heard from her lips since I was a very little child.

Then—how potent is love!—I was comforted. The paroxysm passed; I felt strong enough for anything. I bathed my face, put on my hat and sacque, and in a few moments the Judge came, carrying his valise. Almost upon his heels, JAMES PARKER appeared.

"I am here to see you off, Miss MAGGIE," he said; "you know I promised to bid you 'good-by.'"

It struck me at the time, that there was something queer in the expression of JAMES' eyes—something more whimsical than even his usual whimsical look, when he was merry. But he turned from me, on the instant, and offering his arm to MARY, asked if he might have the pleasure of seeing her safely to the depot. She laughed at his bantering manner, and away they went. ALICE followed with the Judge; mother and I followed them, and had a quiet talk all to ourselves, as we loitered behind the rest, for there was plenty of time.

When we arrived at the depot, I asked MARY where JAMES was.

"In there," she said, pointing to the ticket office, and as they opened the little door, at that moment, we saw him standing by the telegraph operator and heard the click of the telegraph wires.

The Judge got our tickets; in three minutes more the train came. Not till I was seated in the car and had hastily pushed up the window for a last look and word, did I see JAMES. Then he came hurrying up to shake hands for "good-by."

"Miss MAGGIE," he said, "if you see that brother of mine in New York or Illinois, tell him to please hurry home. I am impatient to get a sight of him."

The cars rushed on; he had scarcely time to step back on the platform; I looked out once more, but JAMES, mother and the girls were all out of sight; and the cars were almost into the covered bridge leading across the Hudson.—[Concluded next week.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 2, 14, 7, 21, 28, 32, 27 is a lake in North America.
My 20, 14, 10, 11, 15, 31, 6 is a country in Europe.
My 9, 12, 4, 8, 28 is a river in Asia.
My 3, 19, 32, 31, 23, 9 is a gulf in Africa.
My 22, 13, 23, 12, 5, 14, 33 is one of the N. England States.
My 25, 20, 32, 11, 15, 1, 13, 10, 26, 20, 32, 21 is a city in Pa.
My 16, 17, 6, 31, 23, 34 is a city in Australia.
My 20, 18, 30, 16, 29, 18, 14 is a town in Texas.
My whole is very good advice.
Havana, Ohio. H. K. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ENIGMA.—50 POUNDS REWARD.

THE following Enigma was made by a Miss SEWARD, an English lady, and was found in her will, with the direction to her executors to pay £50 to the person who should discover the true solution. At the time when copied by an American traveler, it still remained a mystery in England and Scotland:

The noblest object in the works of art,
The brightest gem which nature can impart,
The point essential in a lawyer's lease,
The well-known signal in the time of peace,
The hardy plowman, when he drives his plow,
The soldier's duty and the lover's vow,
The planet seen betwixt the earth and sun,
The prize which merit never yet has won,
The miser's pleasure and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition and the parson's dues.
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By all these letters clearly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

Cork tell it — Dan Torlp,
D. stop us, — Lumbus Co,
Nell C Andev, — Harin loves Kate,
E. T. Wilson, — Bang E. Carl.
Romulus, N. Y. N. BALEY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

IPRNSC ash mcoe tiwh lal tsi ensigasd,
Reste nad dubs dna lstpna cejiroe;
Tle rehet ocom on gouhth fo nasesds
Tbu elt su moicewe iwht oru fvoce.

Harrisburg, N. Y. ANGELINE DENISON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 954.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—There's many a good wife who cant sing and dance well.

Answer to Anagram:

In the calm still twilight of evening,
When the shadows are stealing around,
And the moon in her splendor is beaming,
And the stars in their grandeur looked down,
And the wind in the forest is sighing,
And making our life seem so drear,
We can think of the promise of Jesus,
"The angels are hovering near."

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—8 feet.

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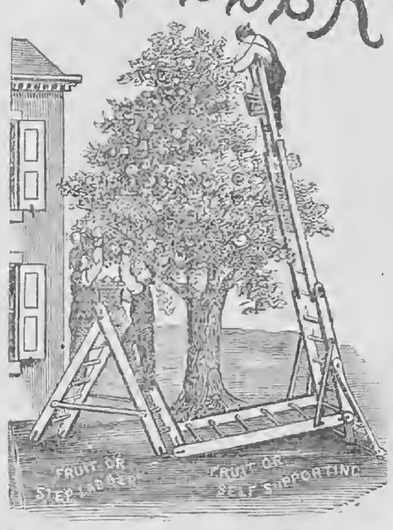

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The Best! The Cheapest.

Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers and Expressmen—the most exacting class of watch-wearers—as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy and durability.

Unscrupulous dealers occasionally sell a worthless Swiss imitation. To avoid imitation, buyers should invariably demand a certificate of genuineness.

For sale by all respectable dealers.

Ask for a WALTHAM WATCH, and take no other.

It is the Best! It is the Cheapest!

ESTABLISHED 1861.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES OF THE FINEST NEW CROP TEAS.

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State.*
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton.*

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade before the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, and add the original cost of Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer had to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation,) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

For manner of getting up Clubs, see former advertisement in this paper.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ ℔.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ⅌ ℔.
IMPERIAL (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ ℔.
YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ ℔.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ⅌ ℔.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of this Company.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (Unground,) 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.
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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

DR. DANIEL LEE AND HON. THEODORE C. PETERS, Southern Corresponding Editors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

PLANT—CULTIVATE—PRODUCE.

ACCORDING to Galignani's Messenger (Paris,) the sun's disk is at present riddled with holes,—in other words, with spots,—one of which is of very considerable size. It is represented as a deep cavity in the photosphere, and so wide that the whole terrestrial globe would find room in it without touching the edges! There is another spot which, though much smaller, still has one of its diameters as large as that of our earth. The Messenger adds that HERSCHEL and ARAGO having conceived the idea of comparing the annual price of the cereals to the number of solar spots observed each year, found, on comparing a series of twenty-five annual results, that the greater the number of spots the higher was the price of breadstuffs. This shows that these phenomena may reduce the heat of the sun, and thereby retard or reduce crops considerably.

The above statement, taken in conjunction with the fact that the spring of 1868 has been unusually cold and backward, may very properly induce others than chronic croakers to reflect on the season, crops and production, and seriously consider cause and effect in estimating the prospective harvest and general prosperity of this country. The subject is certainly worthy of consideration at a time when many of the earth's most common products—articles which have come to be considered actual necessaries—are so exorbitantly high in price as to be beyond the means of a large portion of our population.

But spots on the sun and backwardness of the season are not the only causes which will produce injurious effects in summer and autumn. There are other and far more serious reasons for apprehending a diminished production and its consequences—high prices and suffering, if not famine. The thousands—aye, tens and hundreds of thousands—of acres of improved and easily-cultivable land which are lying fallow and waste in fertile regions throughout the States and Territories of this Republic, ought to alarm those who study cause and effect, and especially intelligent farmers and landowners, and arouse them to immediate and effectual action to prevent the loss and suffering that must result from their non-cultivation. Let us remove these blemishes from earth, and leave those of the celestial bodies to a higher power. The subject is of the first importance to the people and country—of far greater consequence than the success of this or that party in the approaching political campaign—and it behooves every one who can to *Plow, Plant and Cultivate as much of mother earth as possible.*

The truth is that too many soil cultivators have forsaken their calling for trade and speculation. A haste to get rich has caused a hegira from country to city which must prove most disastrous—not only to the deserters themselves, but to the country at large, in diminishing production and checking the general prosperity. The success of one oil speculator induces scores to try their luck, and though nineteen out of twenty fail, the twentieth man—he that succeeds—is, as a rule, the one who is envied and imitated *in the effort*, not the success. So in other speculations and pursuits which do not involve manual labor. The desire to live in the city, wear fine clothes and be fashionable, is resulting in a curse to the Rural Population approaching that of the primal one upon the race. This, we are aware, is strong language, but is it not justifiable, considering the results and consequences of the great influx to the cities? Let the disappointments, failures, poverty and destitution of thousands in our commercial centers answer.

We adjure every farmer, and especially every young man on the farm who is familiar with its labors and duties, to *adhere to Agriculture*—except such as have special talent or an irrepressible inclination for this or that occupation or profession. We make this exception for the reason that, unless our cities are occasionally reinforced by country stamina and constitutions, their citizens will naturally and speedily deteriorate and become effeminate and useless. Luxury and dissipation—idleness and fashion—do not produce or encourage Brain, Muscle and Industry, the great levers of production and success. Were Agriculture rendered more attractive—more popular and fashionable—tens of thousands who now leave it, annually, would remain on the farm, and a hegira from city to country—instead of the reverse—would be the result. Hence, every improvement in culture and labor-saving machinery—every well conducted agricultural journal, college, school or experimental farm—should be fostered and encouraged by those who regard the future wellbeing and prosperity of the people and country.

But we are digressing from our text and purpose. We cited the spots on the sun with the view of speaking of the *greater spots, causing barrenness, on the earth*—the results of non-culture. To remove these blemishes, earnest, persistent, well-directed labor must be performed—not alone by those now on the farm, but by myriads of do-nothings in villages, cities and elsewhere. Thousands of these must work or suffer ere long, and as the trades and professions, as well as the channels of speculation, are over-stocked, the sooner they get into the country *and become producers*, the better will it be for all concerned. Those who have some means, and no business, or none that they understand, can purchase and cultivate farms; and if they do not make agriculture immediately or very profitable, they may gain in health and comfort, benefit the country, and teach their children how to secure a sure and honest competence.

In conclusion, we beseech farmers all over the land to plant and sow as much as possible—all the unoccupied acres which they can cultivate well, by extra effort—and thus aid in staying scarcity and starvation. And all idle men—especially those who must either work, beg, steal or suffer—should join the great Rural Phalanx and help remove the *barren spots* from the earth's otherwise fair surface. Let us discharge this near terrestrial duty, and Heaven will take care of the sun and other celestial bodies. All who can should this season PLANT, CULTIVATE and PRODUCE to the utmost of their ability.

POTATO GROWING.

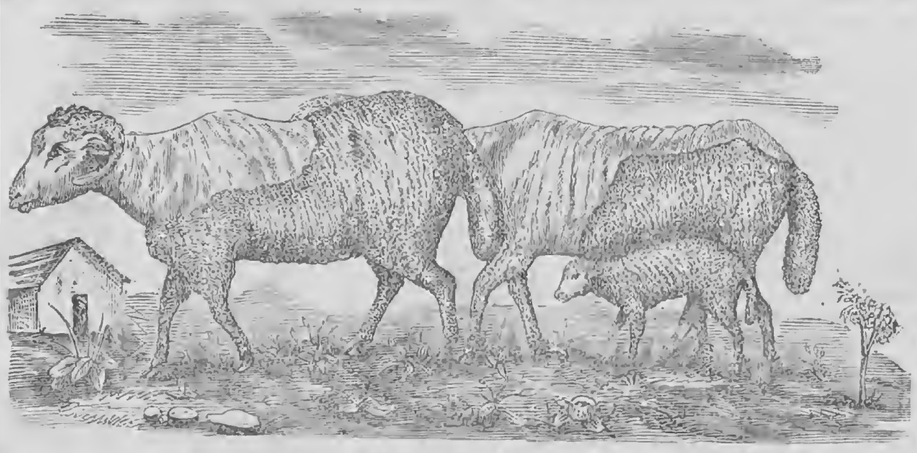
YEAR by year the potato has advanced in importance as an agricultural production, until it now ranks with the foremost of our farm crops. It is a noticeable fact that its prices, in various parts of the country, are nearly equal, and the grower is not compelled to seek, nor dependent on distant markets for profitable returns. The large cities of course consume immense quantities, so, too, do the smaller towns and villages everywhere, and as no surplus can be carried over from one year to another, the local as well as shipping demand will always be good and generally steady. In all localities that are well adapted to potato growing, farmers will do well to pay considerable attention to this branch of their business. At present prices the crop is enormously profitable, with a fair yield. We have observed, too, that farmers who had good advantages in the points of location and soil, have made themselves rich by steadily pursuing potato growing for a short term of years. It is true they met with occasional failures—sometimes from rot, or drouth, or low prices—but these were compensated for by years of unusual success. In regard to prices, they are much less variable latterly than formerly, and there seems now to be little danger of meeting serious reverses in that direction.

Owing to the nature of the crop, which is bulky and requires much labor to handle, close proximity to market, or to a shipping point, is very essential to growing it on a large scale. Five miles, even, will be found a long and weary distance to haul a large crop of potatoes, and where the location is so near the market that it is only the work of two or three days to haul the crop, the advantage of prices which may often be taken will add largely to the profits. As for soil, loams are the best, and stiff clays least adapted to the potato.

The cultivation of potatoes, with the exception of harvesting, may be carried on with as little expense as that of corn, and perhaps with even less cost. They may be planted rapidly by machinery, and by judicious and timely use of the harrow and cultivator hand hoeing is rendered unnecessary. The young potato plant is much tougher than that of corn, and will bear to be entirely covered with earth after it breaks the crust; this gives a chance of completely cleaning the soil by machine labor alone. Some growers recommend flat culture, but this necessitates a very deep soil, as the seed must be planted in a furrow, so as to allow of a considerable depth of earth being drawn over the tubers as they grow; this is necessary to protect them from the sun. Moderate hilling is undoubtedly the best and most practical method of culture to suit the majority of fields, and has the advantage of leaving the surface in the best position for digging.

The great improvement yet to be generally introduced to cheapen potato growing, is suitable machinery for harvesting. When the farmer can take his crop from the ground and put it in the basket by horse power at as rapid a rate, comparatively, as he can harvest wheat, he will have overcome the main obstacle to the extensive growing of this important article of food. Inventors see this, and are thickly in the field eagerly contending for the prize. It is not an easy one to win, yet we look with faith for the time when potato harvesters will be as perfect and as common as reapers.

The potato crop is a good one to precede spring grain, especially barley. The latter is an excellent one to seed down to clover and grass with, and a clover sod, of a year's growth, is good preparation for potatoes. But this would be too narrow and short a system of rotation. So we should prefer to follow the clover with wheat, and the wheat with clover again. Potatoes are an admirable crop to introduce in a system of rotation, and they should come between two crops of grain, or grass and grain.



THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S SHEEP AT SHEARING TIME.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Thrashing with Steam Engines.

"C. L. J.," Waynesville, Ohio:—"I notice in the RURAL of Dec. 14, 1867, in the Club, a question by "H. A. P." about a light, portable steam engine for thrashing. For four years we have used a steam thrasher in this part of the country—having thrashed 26,000 bushels one fall. The engine requires half a cord of wood per day and twelve barrels of water. (I have no ax to grind, I answer the query on the score of humanity.) The engine can be drawn from farm to farm by one yoke of oxen. Horses are done going around with thrashing machines here."

The Grub in Cornfields.

"L. P. G.," Lima, N. Y., writes:—"Can you or your correspondents inform us by what means we can prevent the grub (which we find numerous in the sward ground this year) from destroying our corn? I saved most of mine last year, by digging them out of the hills with corn knives, while they were committing their depredations on the young stalks. Will soaking corn in any solution save it from these pests?"

As the grub preys upon the young shoot and not on the kernel, soaking the grain will not prevent their ravages. For small fields there is nothing more certain or probably more satisfactory than the hand process our correspondent describes. The Germantown Telegraph says that a tablespoonful of salt, applied to each hill of corn after the blades make their appearance, will keep off the grub. Care must be taken to put the salt *around* the corn and not in contact with it. The Telegraph states that the plan has been tried with success several seasons by many persons in that part of the country. We also refer our correspondent to the article on "Corn Growing" in the RURAL for May 16th.

Buckwheat in the Hop Yard.

"D. A.," Oakland Co., Mich., writes:—"We would like to learn, through your columns, whether it is desirable to sprinkle buckwheat on the hop yard after the last cultivating. It has been suggested as good to keep the louse from attacking the hops, as they give the buckwheat the preference. Many of your subscribers here would like information on the subject."

This is a matter which must be proved by experiment. We are not aware that any yards have been thus protected; that is, no experiments have been reported which were so conducted as to demonstrate, beyond doubt, that buckwheat had the effect ascribed to it. We advise trial, believing that a sprinkling of buckwheat on a rich and well cultivated yard will have no serious damaging effect, while there may be a possibility of its affordidg the desired protection. We invite hop growers who have tried it to report to us, or if they know any means of circumventing the insect let us hear it. As a rule, we can't coax our enemies from our crops by giving them something they like better.

Thistles and Other Weeds.

"R. D. C.," Augusta, Wis., writes:—"I notice in the RURAL of April 11th, a few remarks on the burning of Canada thistles. Now, I was brought up in your State, and if there is any one thing more vividly remembered by me than all other incidents of boyhood's trials, it is the hugging of Canada thistles when I assisted in binding my father's grain, and I want to say to everybody, 'kill them out.' Stubborn as they are and tenacious of life, they may nevertheless be destroyed root and branch by mowing them on the 5th day of July two years in succession. By this year's cutting all are killed that would seed, the young sprouts live through and must be cut next year."

Mowing Canada thistles, at the period when they have their full growth, but before the seed matures is a good practice, and if well followed up, on sod ground, will eventually kill them. We do not think, however, that the 5th of July, or any other exact date can be specified as the best and most certain to ensure their destruction, if the cutting be then performed. The time must be fixed by the maturity of the thistles and state of the weather.

The weed question is a very important one to Western farmers. They work a soil free from these pests when the plow first upturns it, and nobody will pretend to deny that it *might* be kept in that condition, and that the cost incurred to do this work would be far less than that of extirpating them when once they have become established, or of covering the loss they inflict when they have secured a firm foothold. But such is human nature—so regardless are private individuals of public interests—that we suppose, in spite of frequent warnings and earnest exhortation, weeds will eventually spread and occupy the fertile, virgin lands of the West, as they have those of other regions.

The means by which they spread are many, and some of their approaches are so insidious that the farmer never dreams of guarding against them, and when he finds the weeds on his land, he knows not how to account for their presence. There are two means by which weeds spread, against which we especially warn Western farmers; one is the packing of straw and hay which encloses many goods shipped from the East, and the other and most pernicious, we think, are the roots of nursery trees. The latter are frequently grown in land infested with Canada thistles and quack or couch grass, and nothing is easier than for some roots of the weeds to cling to the trees and spring to life when planted again in the earth. The roots and packing of nursery trees should be carefully examined before setting, and for a year or two afterward search should be made around the trees for the appearance of weeds.

Cultivation of the Castor Bean.

"J. W. B.," Gonzales, Texas, asks for information respecting the Castor Bean. The soil for this crop should be dry and adapted to growing wheat or corn. Planting should be done as soon as the ground can be got into good tilth, as for other cultivated crops. If the ground is low, or likely to suffer from rains, throw it into ridges. The rows should be from five to six feet apart each way. About every eighth row leave a space of eight feet for the passage of a wagon at gathering time. In preparing the seed, pour water, raised to nearly the boiling point, upon it and let it remain twenty-four hours before planting. Eight or ten seeds to the hill should be dropped, as the cut worms are likely to destroy some of the plants. Keep the ground open and mellow as for other hoed crops. The pods are generally about eighteen inches long, and should be gathered as soon as they begin to turn brown—cutting them off as they ripen. They may be dried in a house specially prepared, or in an open place with a southern inclination—the ground being first rolled down hard to facilitate the gathering of the beans, as they pop out of the pods, as they frequently do to the distance of a dozen feet. The spikes or pods should be frequently turned over till they are all clean, when a new batch, which ripened later, may be put in the same place. If rain is threatened, rake the pods into heaps and cover them with straw or boards. When all the beans are out sweep them together, clean with a fanning-mill, sack or store them, in a dry place, for market. The yield is about twenty bushels per acre, and the price per bushel ranges from two dollars to five. Prolific seasons may depress the price below two dollars, but this is not often the case. Where the cultivation is on an extended and permanent scale, a drying-house is important, as loss from bad weather is avoided and a saving made in the end, amply repaying the cost of the structure.

IS IT FAIR?—IS IT HONEST?

EDS. RURAL:—A great deal has been said about "Book Farming;" and about agricultural and horticultural books being written by men who know nothing practically about the subjects upon which they write. Now, I have felt that there may be something in this, and I have neglected to get what I much wanted—a good book on kitchen gardening—lest I should get one of the poor kind. But being in New York, lately, I asked a bookseller to let me see his latest works on gardening. Amongst others he showed me one which was by a man who is well known to be one of the best gardeners in the country—ROBERT BUIST. Moreover, the book professed to be published in the year of our Lord 1867; it bore the imprint of a publisher who is well known to be death on all humbugs—ORANGE JUDD; and so I felt sure that I was all right,—that I had the latest and best thing out.

And now, what do you think, when I tell you that this book, which professes to be by a good gardener, and to be published last year, contains not one word about any of those fruits and vegetables which have been introduced since 1847? I felt anxious to see what BUIST had to say about the new Goodrich potatoes. He says nothing at all. He writes of grapes and describes the varieties, but not a word about any kind more modern than the Catawba or Longworth's Ohio. His varieties of peas are confined to the good old kinds that we had twenty years ago; and the same is true of everything else.

On comparing the copy in my possession with a copy published in 1850, I find that both are published from the same plates, and therefore I ask: Is it fair or honest to take an old book, issued twenty years ago, print a new title page, and issue with the date 1867 flaunting conspicuously at its foot? I know that some will "whip the devil around the bush," as the saying is, and claim that the book really was printed in 1867, and perhaps they will cite cases in which the works of VIRGIL, HORACE or BACON have been reprinted and issued with modern dates attached. But this is a different thing. If you order a copy of "LINDLY'S Theory of Horticulture," latest edition, you will get one marked 1855. At least so I am told by a friend that knows. There is no attempt to deceive here. You are told that the book was published in 1855, and you will find that the book is up to the time. If I am anxious to get the latest information in regard to any subject, I can do so by getting English, French or German books of the latest dates, and if they are by respectable authors I am pretty certain that the title page will give me the year up to which I may expect that information to be brought. But if I buy one of JUDD'S books which professes to be published in the year 1867, I may get a book which is in reality twenty years old. It is no palliation of this to tell me that a smart bibliographer can always tell the year in which a book is really published. Gardeners are not usually bibliographers. A gardener goes into a book store, and if he sees a book with 1867 on the title page he believes that it was issued in that year, and that it will contain an account of the most recent improvements. If he buys it under this impression, who is to blame, the gardener or the publisher?

ONE WHO GOT BITTEN.

REMARKS.—The above is given at the request of the party aggrieved, and of course with no desire to injure the good name or business of the publisher alluded to. Indeed, we think the practice complained of is followed by other publishers, and no doubt often misleads book purchasers, for this is by no means the first protest we have heard or received on the subject. As it is manifestly unjust to the public to issue an old work as a new one—unless it has been revised and corrected to date—we trust the matter will soon be reformed altogether.

TRIAL OF PLOWS IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE old aphorism which saith

> "He who by the plow would thrive,
> Must either hold himself or drive,"

may have been true in that "good old time," when every plowman made his own rude wooden plow; but in this later day, when talent and skill of the highest order, and capital in almost unlimited amount, find well requited employment in the manufacture of plows, a better rendering would in some manner include among those who thrive, and perhaps best thrive, by the plow, many who are employed in its production rather than its use. Away back in the olden time, when the tournament and the tilt afforded the tiller of the soil,—the vassal of some feudal lord,—his only season of recreation, the plow was comparatively unknown. Its history is the history of civilization, while that of the sword is of a rude barbarism. If, as is frequently asserted, the modern improvements in agriculture, agricultural implements, and the mechanic arts generally, are due to the prevailing system of fairs, cattle-shows and expositions, then, indeed, is the plow indirectly, as well as directly, a great benefactor; for it is said that to the inability of an English farmer to get a plowman who could use his rude wooden hook, yclept plow, do we owe the origin of the whole system. The mechanical improvement of the one has kept even pace with the humanizing influence of the other, until there are not wanting some who assume to believe that perfection in the art of plow-making has been attained; and to the most critical mechanic, who judges by inspection alone, it does really seem as if there is no field for improvement.

But the fallacy of attempting to form a just opinion of the true merits of a plow by inspection alone, has been forcing itself upon the minds of the officers of our Agricultural Societies, and of those persons who are called upon to make a practical use of the plow in the field, till the Executive Committee of the New England Agricultural Society felt that it devolved upon them to bring about a thorough trial of any plows that might be offered, with a view to testing their comparative merits for field work. The beautiful farm of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, having upon it plats of land of almost every variety of soil, was placed at their disposal for the purpose, and on Tuesday morning, May 5th, the trial commenced. Dr. GEO. B. LORING of Salem, Mass., the accomplished President of the Society, attended personally to every detail, of the trial, working in the field more than ten hours each day; Prof. LEVI STOCKBRIDGE, the very efficient Superintendent of the College Farm, was untiring and assiduous in his efforts; and the judges were none the less determined to make the most of the opportunity.

There were thirty entries of plows for competition in seven different classes, and several others on exhibition, but not in competition for the prizes. The plows were subjected to every possible test, and prizes awarded as follows:—To the AMES PLOW CO. of Boston, five medals and one diploma; to the MORSE PLOW CO. of Boston, one medal; to

the COLLINS Co. of Collinsville, Ct., one medal and three diplomas; to C. W. SYKES of Suffield, Ct., two diplomas, with very honorable mention; to the BELCHER & TAYLOR Agricultural Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, one diploma, and to SOLOMON MEADE of New Haven, Ct., one diploma.

Prof. KNOX, the veteran artist of the Ames Plow Co.,—discoverer of the mathematical relations that one part of a plow should bear to another, and inventor of a majority of the winning plows,—may well feel proud of this recognition of his high claim as the chief of plow makers. It should be remarked in this connection that the new style swivel plow of Mr. SYKES' was highly approved by everybody who saw it; but as it is not duplicated and not on the market, the committee did not feel warranted in awarding it a medal. The MORSE Co.'s iron beam plow, winner of the medal in class 1, was much admired by the bystanders, and I could not help thinking that if some of the other plows had, like that, been sent there all alone, to stand or fall upon their own merits, instead of being too zealously supported, the result might have been more favorable for their contributors.

It is a matter of surprise to many that, of all the many plow makers in New England, but six could be found willing to enter their wares for trial. The firm that carried off the majority of the prizes at Utica last fall, believing that "discretion is the better part of valor," did not deem it best to risk another experiment.

One of the happy incidents connected with the trial, was a levee given by President CLARK at his residence, on Wednesday evening. Among the guests on the occasion were the Faculty of Amherst College, the Trustees and Faculty of the Agricultural College, including, of course, the venerable pioneer in the cause of Agricultural Education, Col. WILDER of Dorchester, Mr. Secretary FLINT of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, and the officers and guests of the New England Society.

It was my purpose to write a brief notice of the Agricultural College, but I have already spun too long a yarn, and I must close with a simple expression of thanks to all for the many kindly courtesies extended to me. O. S. B.

Amherst, Mass., May 5th, 1868.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

A REFORMATION NEEDED IN WOOL BUYING.

THAT a reformation in the selection of agents for buying wool, and in the mode of purchasing it, is demanded by the best interests of both the grower and manufacturer, is perfectly apparent to the sensible men in each of those occupations. It is notorious that not one-half of the buying agents are anything like good judges of wool. To be a nice judge is an *art*, and requires much experience—far more than can be acquired by annually buying wool a couple of months during two or three, or even half a dozen years. We have seen farmers who have spent their lives in growing wool, and wool merchants and dealers who have spent their lives in handling it, who were scarcely fair judges of the article. To be a very skillful mechanic, a man must have, besides experience, naturally mechanical tastes, eyes, and hands. The wool expert must equally, in our judgment, have this natural adaptation joined to long practice.

If these things are so, what degree of proper discrimination is to be expected from buyers possessing little or no experience? During the existing depression in manufacturing, more than the ordinary circumspection has been employed in selecting agents. Manufacturers, and consequently dealers, have found it necessary to buy "close:" and the former, instead of laying in large stocks for the year soon after shearing, as they formerly did, buy in limited quantities from time to time—just fast enough to keep their mills running. Consequently, there has been no rush in purchasing; few traveling agents comparatively have been employed; utterly incompetent ones have not been quite so frequently employed; and therefore rather more reference has been had to quality and condition in the prices paid for *washed* wool. There would have been still more, but for one pernicious old custom of the trade, and an attempt to establish some very injudicious new ones.

The highly pernicious old custom referred to is of pricing wools *by localities*. Thus the clips of New York, Ohio, Illinois, &c., are each rated, in the aggregate, at a different range of prices. And those States are subdivided into counties or groups of counties, between which a similar discrimination is made. If one State or county, on the average, produces better or cleaner wools than another, it is perfectly right that its wools obtain a higher average price. But is this any excuse for saying that all the wools in either, without respect to the quality or condition of individual lots, shall go for about the same price? Yet this is substantially insisted on by dealers. They send out buying agents restricted in the prices which they are allowed to pay in particular regions. They rarely or never put the maximum price allowed to be paid, high enough to make a fair, or even decent, remuneration for the choicest wools of the region. When one of these choice lots is shown to the agent, he admires it, sometimes admits that it is worth more than he is authorized to pay, but says he "must obey orders." The owner is compelled to sell at the price at which inferior and dirtier wools are selling, or keep it on hand until the bulk of the wools of the region are sold out—and until, perhaps, not enough lots are left to make it an object for other buyers to come in to pick them up. In that case they must be kept over the year, perhaps to have the same thing take place another year. What is the inevitable result of such a system? Can growers be expected to produce superior and superior conditioned wool, when they perfectly well know, in advance, that they will be robbed—yes, *robbed*—of their just remuneration for an object which we will now proceed to state?

What is the excuse given by the dealers for thus tying up the hands of their buyers, by fixing maximum prices concededly below the value of the choice, clean wools of the regions into which they are sent? Why, that all the growers of the region will insist on having about the same prices which are paid for the best, or they will refuse to sell. Consequently, to enable the dealer to make rapid and clean work in buying up wool, to enable the agent to pocket a good commission without unnecessary expense of time or travel, and to obtain the bulk of the wool on good terms, it has been deemed expedient to fix the maximum price of each locality at about the middle or average of the actual value of the aggregate clip, *so that as much of it shall be brought under as over the actual value!*

Such is the *splendid* encouragement which the dealer—always whining and passing resolutions about inferior, ill-conditioned wools—offers for the production of good, clean wool! He pays a direct *premium* on the bad article—a premium not taken from his own pocket, but wrenched from the grower of the good article—and then scolds and whines and affects astonishment because the seed he has planted and so diligently watered bears its legitimate fruit. There have been a few old-fashioned men who have continued to produce none but good and well conditioned wool, because they did not know how to do business in any other way. Thoroughness was a principle with them, even when it wouldn't pay. But they are fast dying out or deserting the business. Young America is a shrewder chap. He won't take the trouble to raise figs, when thistles will fetch as much. You will not catch him carefully screening his wheat for market, when he knows that mixed half with cockle, chess, oats, &c., it will sell for about the same price. We don't think he would be transcendently particular to carry good butter or potatoes to market, if somebody would pay him a *premium* which would make it equally remunerative to carry half worked butter or unsorted potatoes to market.

The present situation of the dealers reminds us of that of the person in BULWER's tale, who learned the invocation which caused the water spirits to pour forth their stores, but forgot to learn the words to stop them—and therefore was drowned! But, on second thought, there is this strong distinction between the cases. The drowning man had no time to save himself. Wool dealers can yet learn the counter invocation, and bail out the inrushing flood—of *grease!* They have but to do right—to pay fairly for what they want to get—make a proper discrimination in price in favor of good, clean wool—make it *equally remunerative* to grow it—and they will speedily be able to obtain the most ample supply. Will they do this, or will they fight it out on the old line? Of one thing they may rest perfectly assured. By no resolutions they can pass, no "rules" they can attempt to enforce, no combinations they can form, will they coerce American growers to produce fine, clean wool, in order to sell it at a mere trifle above the heavy, half washed wool.

Such is the old and great nuisance which requires abatement in the trade of what is termed *washed* wool. But instead of taking steps towards this abatement, the buyers are attempting to create and enforce new nuisances! A body of them under the sounding title of "The Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest," in resolutions passed at Chicago, Feb. 19th, classed all fleeces "stuffed with tags," "black fleeces," &c., as unmerchantable, decided that a deduction of one-third should be made on them, and formally agreed to be governed by these rules in all cases. The context shows that the words "*stuffed* with tags," merely meant putting in the fleece the tags taken from it; and circumstances also prove it,—for who ever heard of anybody buying tags to put in his fleeces? In quality, tags, as the word is usually understood, (clippings from the breech which are liable to become dungy in spring,) are not the worst part of the fleece, and when clean, are good, workable wool. If put in the same condition with the rest of the fleece, there is not a shadow of a good reason why they should not be sold with the fleece and at the same price. We see that the Ohio Buyers' Convention, which met a few days since, in their resolutions, say:—"We further recommend all buyers to urge the growers to bring their *tags* carefully tub-washed and loose, to market, outside the fleece, and we agree to pay for them the same price of the balance of the clip, provided they are in equal condition." That will do. That is the most rational step to reform a particular grievance, that we have yet seen in the proceedings of any convocation of wool buyers. Here we have a definite promise to make better handling *equally remunerative*. This will be found a far better and more successful course, than imperiously threatening the grower with the confiscation of one-third of his fleeces, if he presumes to sell them whole, and will not throw out a part and sell the thrown out part (so it has hitherto resulted practically) for a song.

And then to think of this "Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest," passing a shrinkage or confiscation rule on *black* fleeces! We suppose there may possibly be one black sheep in two hundred. Black wool *is* a little less valuable. It was a matter demanding serious attention! Nothing short of a fixed and published *rule* would properly meet the emergency. But some of the aspects of the case were overlooked. How if a sheep is part white and part black? Shall it be separated, and the black wool alone undergo the prescribed confiscation, or must the whole fleece go in as black? Seriously, this strikes us as very small business.

We believe the wool growers of the "Northwest" and the growers in all parts of the country, will never submit to the arbitrary dictation of either dealers or manufacturers in regard to the mode of marketing, or rules for selling their wool. We believe they will sell their wool unwashed or washed, as they please,—and that they will never grow fine, light wool and put it up in choice condition, until they can obtain a decent remuneration for so doing. We most deeply regret the depreciation from the former standard, in the average condition of American wools,—but we more regret that suicidal and short-sighted policy on the part of buyers which has produced this effect, and which will continue to produce it until the cause is removed. And this will never be removed until the buyers and dealers abandon their present unjust and absurd system of purchasing.

PURE SAXON SHEEP.

"A REAL Friend of the Wool Growing Interest" (at Chicago,) whose letter was published, with some comments of our own, in these columns April 4th, 1868, again writes us:

"You ask if Mr. HARRIS has tested Buenos Ayres wools 'alongside with what were formerly generally known in the trade as Washington Co. wools—grown in Washington Co., Pennsylvania, and adjacent portions of Virginia and Ohio?—such wools as Old John Brown, of Harper's Ferry memory, used to deal so largely in?' You say 'some of the sheep bearing Washington Co. wools are yet grown,' &c. Now, these wools were pure Saxon. Will you be good enough to inform me *who* grows them and *where* they are grown? Can you give me the post-office address of the owner of one hundred such sheep in the regions mentioned? If so, you will do me, and perhaps some breeders and manufacturers, a favor. I concede your great accuracy and fairness generally in the statement of facts which affect the wool and woolen interests of the country, and your great knowledge of the subject; but in this particular matter my own sources of information ought also to be considered good, and I believe Saxons of undoubted purity, or sheep bearing their precise quality of wool, are entirely or nearly extinct in this country." * * * * * *

Other matters have delayed our reply several weeks. We will now proceed to give our somewhat categorical, but at the same time respectful interrogator the definite information which he asks. We have good authority for believing that the following gentlemen breed sheep of the most undoubted purity of blood, and as regards wool, coming strictly under the description in the last sentence of above letter. And to show that the breed are not "nearly extinct," we give what we are informed are about the usual numbers of sheep kept in the several flocks:—John Kirtland, Poland, Mahoning Co., Ohio, 500; John Hisey, Columbiana, Columbiana Co., Ohio, 300; Thomas Wood, Smithfield, Jefferson Co., Ohio, 300; Richard Ridgely, West Liberty, Ohio Co., West Virginia, 1,000; Peabody Atkinson, Triadelphia, Ohio Co., West Virginia, 500; Dr. J. C. Campbell, Wheeling, West Virginia, 600; John Wilson, Wheeling, West Virginia, 300; J. McDowel, Washington, Washington Co., Pennsylvania, 800; Mr. Davis, Washington, Washington Co., Pennsylvania, 500; Mr. Clark, Washington, Washington Co., Pennsylvania, 400; Mr. Gabby, Washington, Washington Co., Pennsylvania, 500; Lysander Patterson, Patterson's Mills, Washington Co., Pennsylvania, 200; Mark R. Cockrill, Nashville, Tennessee, number unknown.

We have mentioned above only as specimens of the *pure* Saxon flocks—flocks fit to draw breeding rams of this variety from—in regard to which we have definite and, we suppose, entirely reliable information. There are doubtless a great many others in the same and other States, concerning which we have not such information. And we know there are a multitude of flocks, scattered through all the principal wool growing States, which produce wool only a shade or two lower in quality, but fine and short enough to make good broadcloths. We confidently repeat the opinion heretofore expressed, that with remunerating prices the production of this kind of wool can, and we have no doubt will, fully keep pace with its manufacture in the United States.

ONTARIO AND LIV. CO. SHEEP FAIR.

ONE-THIRD SHRINKAGE RULE.

AT the Annual Fair of the Ontario and Livingston Co. (N. Y.) Wool Growers' Association, May 6, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Various wool buyers' conventions have recently passed resolutions in favor of enforcing the one-third shrinkage rule on all unwashed wool, without regard to breed or condition, and in favor of other "rules" equally unjustifiable; and, whereas, buyers in different parts of the country are now attempting to form a general combination to force these rules on the grower, by pledging themselves to purchase wool on no other conditions, it is hereby

Resolved, That we recognize no right on the part of buyers to dictate any *rules* to producers other than those constituted by law, and by the established and mutually recognized customs of the trade; that an attempt to impose such rules by combination, without the assent and contrary to the interests of the seller, is a most unwarrantable and arrogant assumption of authority.

Resolved, That the one third shrinkage rule is in force in no other country—is not applied, in the trade, to unwashed wool imported from other countries—is not called for by the leading manufacturers of the United States—finds no precedent or support in the established rules for the purchase of any other product—is wholly unnecessary—and operates with palpable inequality and injustice in respect to the wool of different breeds of sheep, and to wool of the same breed under different modes of treatment. That so apparent are the latter facts, that no meeting of buyers or others, which has endorsed these rules, has ventured to embody any reasons or excuse for them in its resolutions, or in any other form of manifesto addressed to the public.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves not to submit to these rules in our individual sales; not to send our wool to any commission houses for sale which will not expressly agree wholly to disregard those rules, and to sell our wool according to its actual quality and condition; and we earnestly recommend all the wool growers throughout the country to adopt a similar course.

Resolved, That we disapprove of putting dung or dead wool into fleeces, or tags which are not in as clean condition as the fleece; or of using an unnecessary amount of twine; and that doing either of these things justly entitles the buyer to make a deduction in the price fully proportioned to the increase of weight obtained by such practices.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

GOOD MERINO FLEECES.—M. A. HAWKINS of Castleton, Vt., writes us that two yearling ewes of his yielded respectively 10 lbs. 6 oz., and 18 lbs. of wool; five two year olds, 17 lbs., 16 lbs. 3 oz., 14 lbs., 12 lbs. 4 oz., 13 lbs. 11 oz.; older ones, 9 lbs., 3 oz., 13 lbs. 3 oz., 13 lbs. 4 oz., 12 lbs. 12 oz., and 12 lbs. A sample of the lightest fleece in the lot is forwarded. It is about 3½ inches long, and of very fair quality.

OHIO WOOL BUYERS' ASSOCIATION.—This body held its annual meeting in Cleveland about the first of May. "The meeting," says the Ohio Farmer, "would have been one of perfect harmony and unanimity of opinion, had it not been that a certain troublesome old fellow from the office of the Ohio Farmer would persist in saying things and asking questions." This "old fellow" (Gen. HARRIS) said many things to the purpose, and asked some puzzling questions, but we have not room to give the discussion. The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The wool growers have been instrumental in securing the passage of a tariff that excludes certain grades or qualities of wool much needed by manufacturers, such as combing and strictly fine, light, fancy, clothing wools.

Resolved, That we recommend the growers of Ohio to give special attention to the production of those kinds of wool that will supply the present wants of manufacturers, and we feel confident in assuring the farmer that their goods will command a ready market and a fair price.

Resolved, That the members of this association do hereby most heartily endorse and re-affirm the principles embodied in the "Rules and Regulations of 1867." We further recommend all buyers to urge the growers to bring their "tags" carefully tub washed, and loose, to market outside of the fleece, and we agree to pay for them the same price of the balance of the clip, provided they are in equal condition.

We believe the "Rules and Regulations" re-affirmed in the third resolution include the one-third shrinkage rule, &c.

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.—No. V.

SETTING HENS—"BREAKING" SETTERS, ETC.

WHEN poulterers desire fowls to set, oh, then how fine a thing to have a good setter! But when the course of egg laying is desired to be smooth and uninterrupted, how provoking is the ominous cluck! But it is just as natural for a hen to desire to set as it is for her to lay eggs, we know. That there is a vast difference between hens in this respect, we readily admit; but in all our experience we never have seen a variety yet destitute of the desire to set. But such *is* the wishy-washy prologue we are too often insulted with, when some far distant speculator would "*sell*," either extraordinary fowls, or unsophisticated poulterers. Observation teaches that all the Asiatic breeds are uncommonly wanton in this respect. The Spanish, much less so; and the Boltons and Leghorns still less; yet these desire to set sometimes, and are often very tenacious of their right to do so. So far from "never inclining to set," as per BEMENT, (page 159,) Boltons *are* thus inclined, and make the best of mothers. If a breed can be proved to be without the property of setting, I think it will appear, in that event, to be much like the horse *warranted* to stand without tying, which could not be started with a whip; the property of sterility may be claimed as theirs also.

It is not advantageous to have fowls set whenever nature prompts them, and we desire to "break" them up. How shall we do it? is a question which arises in the minds of all poulterers. One says: "Put them into a barrel, in the bottom of which are about six inches of water; let them remain for two days!" Another—"Tie their legs three or four inches apart!" And still another—"Starve them for a week!" Such brutality is shocking to natures subject to Christianity! The Society for the "Prevention of Cruelty" should not overlook the too often abused hen,—abused shockingly, after having fed and nourished us as nothing else does or can! Poulterers, Farmers, Humanity, I appeal *from* such decisions, and *for* those of common, practical sense. The feverish excitement under which the hen labors is a weakness occasioned by long exertion, and subsides when the fowl is again in prosperous condition. And it is for the poulterer's interest to *use*, and not *abuse*, poor "biddy" to that end. Shut her apart from nests and male fowls, feed plenteously and water freely; give her good roosts, and, my experience for it, you will never do wrongly again. Keep her thus, until the ominous cluck is omitted, and soon the pleasant song will take its place, and the eggs will shortly follow the gladsome notes.

Is not this the better way? That it is practically feasible, I know; and that it is profitably preferable, I need not ask your good opinions to acquiesce in.

There are many persons who would be poulterers were it not for the large mischief which fowls transact out of their enclosures. It is with many an almost, if not quite, impossible feat to confine hens, especially if their pen is small. Let every person so afflicted try this simple cure:—Take the fowls between your knees, and pull out, not cut, the first eight or ten wing feathers, commonly known as flight feathers, counting from the outside. When drawn out one by one, they yield with an ease hardly supposable. The fowls seem to suffer none from the hurt, and their appearance remains the same. Fences for poultry need not be higher than ordinary farm fences, when fowls have their flight feathers extracted, being careful to have the cracks between the boards so narrow they cannot crawl through. There is a wide difference of opinion how large inclosures should be for any number of fowls. We find that one and one-half rods square is sufficient for a dozen fowls; double this yard and you may treble your number of fowls. Again, we hear much dispute concerning the proper number of male birds among hens. We say one cock to a dozen hens. Eggs will hatch better from this proportion of the sexes than if the number of males were doubled.

LOMAS.

LONGEVITY OF FOWLS.—A common hen will live, in some cases, from ten to fifteen years, but is not profitable after the third and fourth year. A hen is in her prime the first and second years. We do not keep any after the third year, except some of our choice birds.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

ENEMIES OF BEES—REMEDIES.

BEES have several *real* enemies, and not a few imaginary or questionable ones. First in the list, and the most annoying, is the bee-moth, followed by the bee martin or king-bird. This is a disputed point, as this bird is reported to feed on drones only, at a time when they are about played out, and therefore not of much consequence. The woodpecker is accused of rapping on hives and, when the bees issue, of gobbling up some. Mice occasionally work their way into hives and commit depredations, while toads, snakes, hornets and spiders—the latter by means of their webs—are charged with depredating on bee colonies. Lastly, bees depredate on or rob each other. Most of these enemies, the moth excepted, are probably rather fanciful than real—their depredations being on a limited scale; occasional or accidental rather than premeditated or persistent. These enemies, generally, are of such a character as to elude summary execution—though birds may be shot, toads crushed, and spider webs swept away when found, but neither of these processes is likely to prove a paying one.

The most annoying and disturbing enemy the bee has, is the bee termed pirate. It is painful to witness the commotion in a hive assailed by a strong band of brigands. If the assailed colony be weak and the enemy strong, the former, if not aided, will be demoralized if not broken up. In such cases, D. L. ADAIR, Esq., in his new system of Bee-Keeping, recommends making a smoke, for some hours, in front of the hive attacked; rubbing turpentine about the entrance of the same; placing pieces of onions or garlic in the hive of the robbers, which will give them so strong a scent that the guard-bees in the other will be enabled to distinguish enemies from friends; contraction of the entrance so that but one bee can pass at a time; removal of the robber hive a considerable distance from its original position; throwing a litter of small chips or shavings into the hive of the robbers, which will divert their attention from robbing while cleaning out their own domicil. To ascertain the home of the robbers, to a certainty, it is recommended to throw some flour on them as they are leaving with their booty, and notice what hive they enter. Once found, they may be dealt with in such a manner as shall promise the best results. Finally, it is recommended to keep the several colonies as nearly of equal strength as possible, as the danger of robbing will be much diminished.

PREPARATION FOR SWARMING.

MANY persons, who know better, neglect to clean their bee stands in the spring—an operation grateful to the bees and essential to a full development of their productive powers. There is sometimes remissness, too, in preparing hives for the swarming season, resulting often in the loss of colonies, which otherwise would not have sought a forest domicil. No matter what description of hive is used, it is best to have an ample number on hand to meet any possible exigency which the freaks of off-shooting colonies may chance to display. These preparations may not save all, but the chances are they will, if not delayed till the moment when the outgoing colony is about to take wing. It is a trite saying that "delays are dangerous," and in nothing are they more so than with bees in the swarming season.

BEE-HIVES.

IT is the opinion of some practical bee-keepers that tall, narrow hives do not preserve the colonies in winter any better, if as well, as broader and shallower ones. A hive ten inches deep is deemed about right if pretty broad, as the bees will store more honey and be nearer the brood apartment, which seems to suit the workers best. A hive ten inches high and fifteen or eighteen broad will give ample room to begin with. As the hive fills, others may be added and removed as circumstances warrant. If it is not desirable to have a colony throw off others, a hive placed under the original one will most likely prevent swarming, but whether this is advantageous, on the whole, is a matter about which opinions vary.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—A bountiful supply of rain has fallen in Western and Central New York during the past week, and from reports we hear, it seems no part of the country is at present suffering from lack of it. Many sections have complained of too much this spring, but here farmers have wished for more rain than has been given. Now there is an abundance of moisture, and with spring grains already above ground, and a large share of the planting done, farmers are contented to "let it rain." It comes indeed opportunely, and though with the present northwest storm the mercury has dropped into the forties, yet for many days previous it averaged 60°, and as a consequence the peach and cherry trees dressed up in blossoms, and a dark green tinge crept over the apple orchards and maple groves. Crops are looking finely, and though the grumblers have their chronic croaking about the "backwardness of the season," the latter part of May brings all vegetation to its standard growth and forwardness.

IMPROVED FARMING IMPLEMENTS.—At a late meeting of the Herkimer Farmers' Club the subject of improved farming implements was pretty thoroughly ventilated. Many of the more prominent members of the Club participated in the discussions, and there was a general concurrence of views as to the worthlessness of nine-tenths of the patents claiming an improvement in various farming implements. Among the things specially denounced as a humbug and swindle was the patent hay loader, so persistently urged upon the attention of farmers. As a means of warding off the evil complained of, a committee was appointed to examine what are denominated improved farm implements, and report to the Club as each claim is passed upon. In this way it is thought valuable improvements will be brought prominently before the public, and worthless articles consigned to merited oblivion.

HOG CHOLERA.—H. C. DICKSON, Talbot Co., Ga., finding his herd of swine rapidly diminishing in consequence of cholera, experimented on the ailing ones successfully. When a hog was attacked, it was thrown upon its back and a gag placed in its mouth. A strong dose of salts—a half a teacupful—was dissolved in a bottle, and poured down the throat of the hog. If the action was not favorable, the dose was repeated in about six hours, and always with success. After the salts commenced to operate, laudanum was administered as a soothing potion, and with manifest advantage. In cases of the milder type, laudanum alone will effect a cure.

SHEEP IN STEUBEN CO.—The Courier at Bath notices a flock of sheep recently sheared by ALEXANDER ARNOLD & SONS of Avoca—parties noted for the excellence of their flocks. At a shearing, on the 4th and 6th of May, ten Merino ewes, two and three years old, sheared 150¾ pounds of wool. Their aggregate weight of carcass was 674 pounds. The fleeces were from four to eight days short of one year's growth. The Infantado ram, Eureka, sheared 24 pounds—fleece one year old, and weight of carcass 110 pounds.

HURRYING FARM WORK.—It is a good thing for a farmer to have his ground mapped out, the crop for every section specified, and the time for working each part noted in his plan of action. But this rule is liable to modification from causes not foreseen, and especially from the character of the weather. If it has been decided to plow such a field at a given time, it would be poor policy to do it if the soil was overcharged with water, or too arid to make plowing easy or profitable.

"STERILITY IS LAID," is the text of an address delivered before the Bedford (N. H.) Farmers' Club by JOHN A. RIDDLE, Esq., of Manchester, N. H. The principal aim of the author seems to have been to elucidate and give prominence to the new system of Agriculture as put forth by Prof. VILLE an eminent French chemist and practical culturist. The lecture is published in pamphlet form, and is worthy of perusal.

RAIN IN THE OCCIDENT.—Late California papers mention the season as an uncommonly wet one there. The rains have been copious and protracted, retarding materially farming operations. Owing to the character of the climate there, the delay in farm work is of much less consequence than it would be in our section of the Union.

MICHIGAN AGL. COLLEGE.—According to the report recently made by the officers of this institution, its affairs are in a prosperous condition. Every student is required to devote three hours each week day to manual labor on the farm, or in some of the mechanical branches connected with the institution.

WASHINGTON CO. SHEEP SHOW.—This show came off at North Granville, Washington Co., on the 5th and 6th of May. There were 153 sheep exhibited, surpassing all previous shows of the Society in this respect. BAKER & HARRIGAN, Comstock's Landing, carried off the sweepstakes prize, the two-year old ram, Cashier, being the winner.

STATE FAIR PREMIUMS.—The Maine Agricultural Society is perfecting its premium list for the ensuing State Fair. The premiums for the various field crops are announced, and are quite liberal in amounts. Those for stock are yet under advisement.

A LITTLE MORE CHURN.—An exchange suggests that, in view of the disproportion existing between the stock of cheese and butter now produced, it would be good policy for farmers to adopt as a motto, "More churn and less vat."

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A TENNESSEE paper crows over a chicken with three eyes. Is this the Ku-klux?

THE wheat crop in Tennessee is reported more promising than for many years past.

THE farmers in Illinois propose to do up the Colorado potato bug this year with hellebore.

JAMES THOMPSON, Davenport, Iowa, has sown 3,000 acres of spring wheat, 1,500 of barley, and 1,000 corn and oats.

THE city of Portland, Me., has donated $2,500 for the purpose of putting the Fair Grounds in order for the fall exhibition.

THE Painesville (O.) Telegraph gives Lake Co. the credit of having exported 400,000 bushels of potatoes this spring.

ACCOUNTS from Egypt, Ill., the Canaan of the fruit growers, represent the damage by frost as much less than at first reported.

ACCORDING to the Charleston (S. C.) Courier, the spring has been so wet as to prevent cotton planting in most of the State. Corn is to be substituted.

A MAN in Farmington, Me., has a small native cow, seven years old, which, during six months last year, averaged 11½ pounds of butter per week.

THE superiority of Herkimer Co. pastures is attributed to the prevalence of clover. This has more nitrogen than the grasses, and hence better for the dairy.

SAMUEL THORNE of Dutchess Co., N. Y., cures breachy cattle of all disposition to jump over fences by clipping off the lashes from the under lid of the animal's eye.

A GERMAN author says the useful plants number about 12,000. Of these, there are 1,350 varieties of edible fruits, berries and seeds. The cereals number 108, and vegetables 406.

CATTLE troubled with lice can be readily relieved from them by a free application of the water in which potatoes have been boiled. This is cheaper than a tobacco decoction.

WHEN a cow or ox gets choked, it is said that immediate relief may be obtained by strapping up a fore leg and compelling the animal to jump, when the obstruction will fly out.

IT is reported that the wool business in Buenos Ayres is in a very depressed state. Owing to war, cholera and a limited foreign demand, large numbers are giving up wool growing.

A FRUIT grower in a Western State tried the experiment of burning brimstone on a hot shovel under a plum tree to kill the curculio. The burning was done weekly and the fruit saved.

R. W. GARDNER of Cross Hill, Me., informs the Maine Farmer that one of his ewes dropped four ewe lambs at one yeaning. Two are cared for by the mother and the others brought up by hand.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CURRANT.

Of our small fruits, the currant has received less attention, during the past few years, than it deserves. It is really one of the most valuable on our list, and signs indicate that more attention will be given to its cultivation in the future than in the past. The growers of small fruits for market can make the currant very profitable, as it is well adapted for that purpose, and the demand is, and will be, large. It possesses an advantage over most other summer fruits—that of keeping well after it is ripe and bearing a long transportation to market. It is also quite desirable for use in a green state, and the grower runs little risk of losing any part of his crop by reasonable delays in harvesting, caused by wet weather or scarcity of help.

It is propagated by the simplest method, viz: cuttings, which grow very readily if planted early, and make the best plants. Cuttings may be used, even, with success to start the plantation, without first rooting them in beds and then transplanting, although this course should not be adopted, except by skillful and careful cultivators, and on soil of the most favorable kind and well prepared. Currants flourish best on rich, deep soil, somewhat heavy and moist.

Some cultivators advise the tree form of pruning, which consists of disbudding the lower part of the cutting or plant, leaving a smooth, tree-like stem a foot or so in height, supporting a bushy, tree-formed top. No suckers or root sprouts are permitted to grow. This system makes fine looking plants, but gives no chance for a renewal of wood, and is, therefore, not so well adapted to long bearing as the more natural method of allowing new shoots to spring from the roots. By the latter plan new wood can be brought into bearing every second or third year, and finer fruit grown through a long series of years.

The rows should be six or eight feet apart—better eight than less, on rich ground—to allow of the thorough cultivation and high manuring, and although no supports for the bushes are essential, yet a single wire stretched along the row allows of spreading out the plants, fan form, thus admitting sun and air and developing the most perfect fruit. The grower will find his reward for his painstaking in the larger prices which extra fine fruit always commands. The only pruning necessary is the thinning out of old wood. In some regions the currant worm is a troublesome enemy,—but white hellebore is a sure and rather easily applied remedy. The yield should not be less than one hundred bushels per acre, and prices will usually range from three to six dollars per bushel.

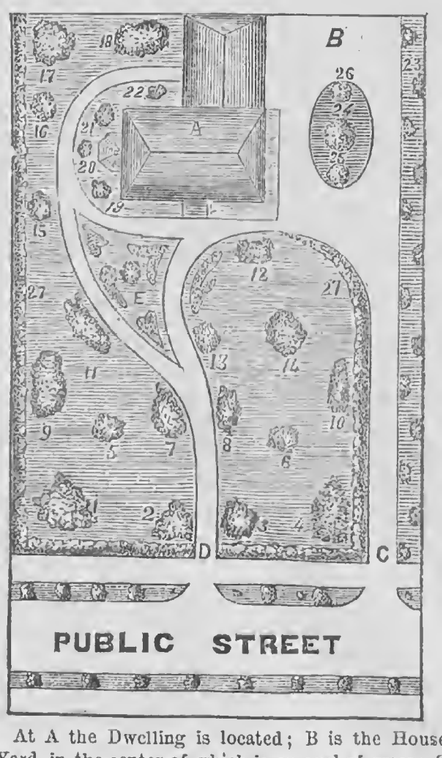
Of varieties the old red and white Dutch have proved the most generally and uniformly successful. They are hardy, prolific, good growers, and when well cultivated the fruit is fine and sweet. The white grape and cherry are well known and are favorites in market, but in some localities prove to be rather unthrifty. The Versailles, a new French variety, is also highly recommended. In our large cities red currants generally command much larger prices than the white varieties,—but in smaller markets, and inland towns, there is little difference. Planters should heed these facts. The black varieties are not ravaged by the worm,—but they command a limited sale.

ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.—No. 1.

The accompanying illustration will convey to the readers of the Rural our ideas of ornamental gardening, as applied to the majority of places now existing throughout the country, where any skill is shown in laying them out, varying as they do from a quarter of an acre to even three or four acres in extent. And, as we have different degrees of the ornamental, from the simple, graceful curve to the most elaborate decoration, it should be the aim of every improver in whatever he undertakes or introduces for the adornment of his grounds to make everything harmonize.

With this object prominently before us, we start with a plan for a small place of half an acre, intending that whatever changes are to be made in the way of improvement or adornment shall be at once striking and apparent, if an alteration of the surface is contemplated. The outlines should be made smooth and graceful, or if some individual tree or shrub is to be introduced, let it be of such a character that its natural beauty cannot fail to attract. By exercising but even a moderate degree of taste in the arrangement of such a place, if proper care is given to the selection of a few small-growing trees or shrubs of any kind, simply for their individual beauty, we may reasonably expect a moderate degree of success.

The great fault, and the one most apparent to every person of taste, is the indiscriminate planting of trees and shrubs, even to repletion, in small places, so that in the course of two or three years their individuality is lost in the mass. With some the question may arise as to how they are to plant without destroying the individuality of their favorites. As a solution of this question we refer to the plan.



At A the Dwelling is located; B is the House Yard, in the center of which is an oval of grass; C is the Carriage Road leading to the dwelling; D, Main Walk leading to the front door; E, Flower Garden, the beds cut in the grass. The whole, with the exception of the flower beds and walks, is intended to be laid down to grass. The trees and shrubs, indicated by figures, are to be planted on the lawn. On the front and one side, and that portion which borders the carriage road, an evergreen hedge is represented, which may be of red cedar, hemlock or arbor vitæ. No. 1, American Mountain Ash; 2, Pyrus Japonica; 3, Deutzia Scabra; 4, European Mountain Ash; 5, Kilmarnock Weeping Willow; 6, European Weeping Ash; 7, Siberian Arbor Vitæ; 8, Juniperus Hibernica; 9, Cercis Canadensis; 10, Tartarian Honeysuckle; 11, Weigelia Rosea; 12, Mahonia Aquifolia; 13, Rosemary-leaved Willow; 14, Double-flowering Deutzia; 15, Deutzia Gracilis; 16, Double-flowering Spirea Prunifolia; 17, Berberis Purpurea; 18, Rhus Cotinus; 19, 20, 21 and 22, Hybrid Perpetual Roses; 23, Shrubs and small-growing trees; 24, Norway Spruce; 25, Mahonia; 26, Juniperus Sabina.

The above arrangement will produce a good effect, although the varieties might be changed without detriment to the plan. WILLIAM WEBSTER.

ABSURDITIES.

I am amused, and at the same time annoyed, when I read some of the absurdities which occasionally get into the Agricultural papers. I am amused at the idea of an editor too ignorant to correct the error, yet presuming to teach the people, by editing and publishing for the educational advancement of the people; and I am annoyed, because every error so published is sure to be read, and years are required to correct it.

In a recent number of a monthly Agricultural journal not ten thousand miles from Rochester, occurs the following passage:

"In the garden of a distinguished person, the traveler saw a tree which was the product of the combination of three different kinds of seeds—the orange, citron and lemon: and each particular fruit of the tree contained qualities of each sort of fruit. The mode of producing this tree is as follows:—Three seeds, one of each kind, are taken, and the outside shell or coating of one seed is stripped entirely off, and placed in the middle of the other two seeds, that have each one of its side coatings taken off, and then the three seeds are closely bound together by fine grass, and deposited in the earth, from which in due time there springs forth a germ which subsequently develops into the tree, and fruit above described."

After which the writer goes on to talk about producing a sweet and sour apple by the halving of, and then joining two buds, one from a sweet and the other from a sour apple tree. Had the writer not been entirely ignorant of the first principles of vegetable life, viz., the formation of the germ of the tree, laid up in the seed by the commingling of pollen or fructifying power from the blossom, he would never have regarded the paragraph which he extracted, as above, as any more than a traveler's tale, written to fill up his book and amuse a gullible public. The slightest injury to the germ of a bud or seed once formed, is well known to be its destruction. In order to produce an admixture in vegetable life, as in animal life, recourse must be had to the primary source. The "*sweet and sour*" apple is a distinct and long well known variety, produced, doubtless, by intermingling of the pollen of sweet and sour fruits when in flower, and so intermingled and formed in the seed, that when it became a tree both parents were developed as plainly as the grape known as Rogers No. 4 develops the native Fox and the Black Hamburgh varieties which crossed in the flower produced a seed from which the No. 4 was grown.

I hope the editor of the journal in which this paragraph appeared without comment, will correct it, to his readers, and I hope the writer will give a little of his spare time to the study of vegetable life ere he writes any more "valuable contributions." ADDI.

CULTURE OF THE VINE IN EUROPE.

The United States Commission at the Universal Exposition of Paris in 1867 appointed a Committee, composed of Marshall P. Wilder, Alexander Thompson, William J. Flagg and Patrick Barry, to report on the culture and products of the vine. The Report is given in the monthly publication of the Department of Agriculture, and our copious extracts contain the gist of the article, and will, doubtless, interest a large class of our readers. Of the production and prices of wine in France, the Report says:

Further south than Bordeaux, in the country about Montpelier and Bezires, an inferior article, but perfectly pure, can be obtained of the producer at five and six cents per gallon, or one cent per bottle. Of late years, and since the abatement of the grape disease, the production of France has been very large, the 4,000,000 acres in cultivation yielding an average of 1,200,000,000 of gallons, which would give to every man, woman, and child in the country, a half bottle-full every day, even after allowing 200,000,000 of gallons for exportation.

SOIL AND EXPOSURE.

The soil of Medoc, where stand 'Chateau Margeaux,' 'Chateau La Fitte,' and 'Chateau La Tour,' is a bed of coarse gravel, among whose pebbles the eye can barely detect soil enough to support the lowest form of vegetable life. In the vicinity of Bezires, on the other hand, the land is rich and strong enough to yield any kind of a crop,—yet Medoc grows wine that often sells for ten dollars per gallon, while that of Bezires sometimes sells for the half of ten cents per gallon. In Burgundy there is a long hill, on whose dark red ferruginous limestone sides a wretched thin covering of earth lies, like the coat of a beggar, revealing, not hiding, the nakedness beneath. Here stand little starveling vines, very slender and very low,—yet here is the celebrated 'Clos Vaugeot,' and this is the hill, and these are the vines that yield a wine rivaling in excellence and value that of Medoc, and to the fortunate proprietor the *Cote d'or* is what it signifies, 'a hillside of gold.' At its base spreads out a wide and very fertile plain covered with luxuriant vines, whose juice sells from ten to twenty cents per gallon.

If you go further northward and examine the hills of Champagne, you will find them to be merely hills of chalk; and these instances only illustrate the rule derived not from them alone, but abundance of others, that, for good wine, you must go to a dry and meager soil. Yet we should be sorry to have to extend the rule, and say that the poorer the soil the better the wine,—for there are certainly very few patches of ground in America that can match in poverty the mountains of Champagne, the hills of Burgundy, or the slopes of Medoc; nor would it do to conclude that manure should not be applied,—for although some say it is hurtful to the wine in its quality, it is yet an open question whether this is so or not. Meanwhile the practice is to manure, although sparingly.

PLANTING THE VINES.

In Burgundy, Champagne, and some other districts, it is the practice to renew the vigor of the vines, by laying down the cane and rooting the plant in a new place, which quite breaks up the original lines so the plow cannot be used. This is doubtless a good way to renew the strength of the plant,—but it is objected to by high authority, on the assumption that the older the stalk is the better the wine will be; on the other hand, Champagne wine dressers have attributed to this practice in a great measure their almost total exemption from vine disease. But then again, others attribute that exemption to the general and long established custom of spreading over the vineyards a bituminous shale containing sulphur, a well-known antidote; and here we would recommend most strongly to our countrymen a renewed and sustained effort to combat mildew with sulphur. The experience of France and other countries is entirely in its favor, and its use is still felt to be necessary, and is still kept up.

WIRE TRELLIS.

These are becoming quite popular here, as we think they are in America also, notwithstanding the cheapness of wood. The size of wire preferred is number 10, and but two wires are used. Our large vines would need three wires. They are stretched to strong posts set 20 feet apart, passing intermediately through holes of smaller posts or stakes. On the lower line, about 18 inches from the ground, the fruit-bearing wood is trained, while the upper line, about 18 inches above the other, supports the new wood. Many prefer to allow the fruit-bearing cane to do service two years, instead of only one, as is the practice in America. There is no doubt that with wire trellises the pruning, tying, pinching off, &c., can be much more cheaply done than where the training is to stakes, and from the way the clusters depend from the horizontal cane, it is easy to see that there must be also a superior access of sun and air, and a greater ease in gathering the vintage.

WINTER PROTECTION.

It is a common practice to go through the vines with a plow every fall, and throw up a good ridge of earth against the stalks. The Hungarians have a more effectual way of guaranteeing against the cold of their vigorous winters, which is to lay the vines on the ground, cover them with straw, and on the straw throw the earth; without this it is said they could produce no wine at all. Our native grapes are generally hardy, and will live wherever their fruit will ripen, but occasionally there is a severe season which seems to touch the very heart of the wood, and so enfeeble it that it falls an easy prey to disease. It was noticed that the mildew set in with great destructiveness after the two hard winters of 1854 and 1856. The thorough covering employed in Hungary would secure it against such occasional risks, and also might render it possible to grow European vines in our country. By its means, too, we could, perhaps, make the 'Scupper' live in our northern States, and obtain from it a sparkling wine, of form and flavor unsurpassed. From these considerations and others, we recommend to the wine growers of our more northern States to lay down and thoroughly cover their vines regularly every fall; and to those in milder regions, to bank up the earth against the stalks as is done in France.

EARLY VINTAGES.

We have derived most of our instruction in vine dressing from the Germans, in whose native country there are no sunbeams to spare; and the celebrated 'Risling' grape is said to hardly ever ripen, and, thus, perhaps, we have been led to attach too much importance to letting the fruit remain on the vine as long as possible before gathering. If we have been in error, it would be well worth while to know it,—for, besides the loss by shrinkage, the ravage of insects and birds, quadrupeds and bipeds, during the last fortnight of the vine dressers' watchings, is most disheartening. Now, it is contended by good authority in France, that early vintages are the best, and that it is important, not merely in regard to quantity, but quality also, to gather the fruit before it becomes over-ripe. Possibly what is true of white wine may not be so of red wine, to which last named kind attention is so widely directed in Europe. Here the proportion of white wine to red is very small, and it may be said that red is the rule, and white the exception.

WHITE AND RED WINES.

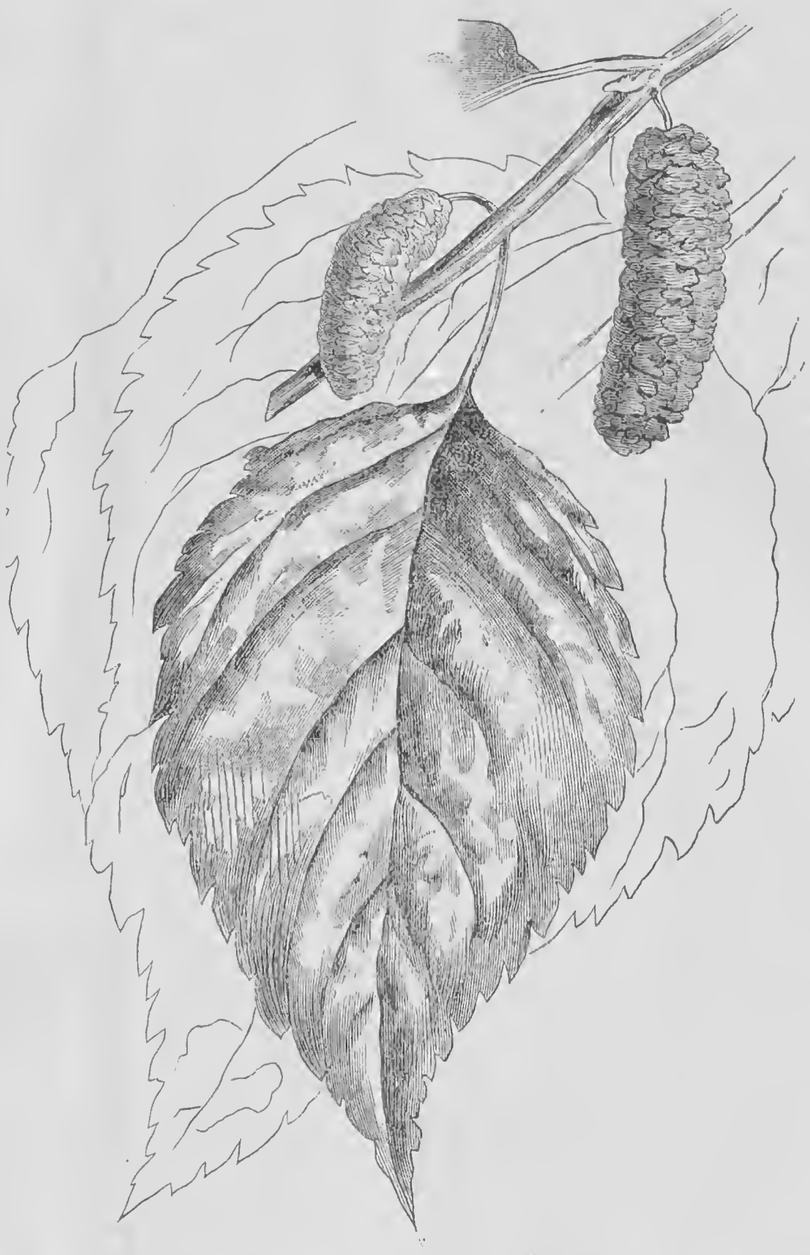
Our wine growers in America understand very well the principles to be observed in the manufacture of white wine, and many of them, as regards care and nicety, are as good models as need be desired. But it cannot be denied that the practice of selling the ripest and finest grapes for table use, and converting the unsalable into wine, prevails to a great extent among American vineyardists, and the result is the manufacture of much inferior wine. This has already injured the reputation of American wines, both at home and abroad. Of the much more complicated process of making red wine, however, American manufacturers are but little informed, for the reason that until recently they have had no grapes suitable for the purpose; but now that we have discovered those excellent varieties, the 'Norton' and 'Ives' seedlings, our estimate of the value of which has been very greatly raised by comparing wine from them with some of the highest grades of foreign productions, a few observations of methods of fermentation for red wine as practiced in France may be appropriate. In France they will make either white or red wine from the same grape; but in America they have grapes whose pulp is so rich in coloring matter that they yield a very pretty tinted wine without any further treatment than what is given to make white wine, and a pure white wine cannot be made from them; of this kind is the 'Norton' seedling. Yet not for beauty alone do they put them through the process of fermentation on the skin, but because that process imparts qualities which, as affecting the palate, stimulation, digestion, &c., are quite different from what the other process imparts; many persons find red wine essential to their health, who cannot use white wine, and *vice versa*.

STEMMING.

The fruit having been gathered and selected, the next thing to do is to stem it. In 'Medoc' and all the 'Borderlais' this is invariably done. But in 'Burgundy' and other districts they commonly omit it, and throw stem and all into the vat; if, however, the season has been bad, and the stems remain unripe, they are of necessity excluded in whole or in part, lest they do more harm than good. The chief reason for putting in the stems is to correct the disease called 'teitter,' for which the turrin acid, &c., of the stem is thought to be an antidote. Fortunately we know comparatively little, as yet, of any wine disease, except acidity,—but still it will remain for us to decide upon experience which of the two methods it is best to adopt. Probably we shall arrive at the same diversity of practice as is witnessed here. Stemming is usually done by rubbing the fruit upon a grating of iron rods,—but the better way decidedly is a grating of wood.

CRUSHING.

This is next to be done, by trampling the grape with the naked foot. It is said to be a better way than to use a large mill, for the reason the mill will crush the seed; but the seeds are not easily crushed, and a properly made grape mill need not bruise them in the least. At a well managed wine house, that of Messrs. Averone Brothers, in 'Paulliac,' they put the grapes to ferment with no further crushing than what is given them in the process of stemming, which experience has satisfied those gentlemen is all that is needed. Treading out grapes with bare feet is well enough if the feet first be made clean,—but probably no American will ever adopt the plan of crushing with naked feet, either clean or unclean, but will either rely on the crushing given in the stemming process, or use a mill, or a bucket and tripod.—[To be continued.



DOWNING'S EVER-BEARING MULBERRY.

The Mulberry is but little cultivated in this country, although it is a hardy, deciduous tree, and would be quite an acquisition to our list of summer fruits. Its period of ripening is soon after the season of cherries. The fruit falls when ripe, and is gathered from the ground beneath the tree. The Black or English Mulberry is quite common all over Europe; it is rather dwarfish in size, scarcely reaching a height of more than twelve or fifteen feet, branching low and living to a great age. It will succeed in the Middle and Southern States.

Our illustration figures a variety which originated with Mr. Charles Downing from seed of the Multicaulis, and it has merits which deserve prominent attention from the amateur fruit-growing public. The tree is vigorous, hardy and productive, coming into bearing the third or fourth year, and its elegant appearance renders it an ornament to any grounds. The fruit is in length from one to one and a half inches in length, about one half of an inch in diameter, purplish-black in color, and the flesh juicy, and of a rich, sugary, vinous flavor.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Grape Vine Training.—The varied discussions on training grapes at meetings all over the country, result in about as much unity of opinion as to any special rule of practice, as do the various religious views as to any one doctrine being the correct one. All are agreed that religion is a good thing, and so all are agreed that pruning the grape in some way is a requisite necessity when desirable to grow it otherwise than upon trees. The simple renewal practice and training the bearing canes upon the lower vines of a trellis, while the growth for another year's fruiting takes an upright position, seems to meet more general favor and extent of practice than any of the more systematic line and rule forms laid down by Mead, Fuller and some other writers.

Northern Illinois Hort. Society.—We have received a copy of the transactions of this Society for 1867-8, and find it a very readable and instructive pamphlet of 120 pages. If this publication is an index (and we presume it is) of the vigor, activity and extent of Horticultural operations in that portion of the West, we advise Eastern fruit growers to look to their laurels, or they will suddenly find them over-shadowed by the blossoms and fruit of the Prairie States. The bulk of this Report is devoted to essays on important Horticultural topics by prominent and experienced Pomologists of the Society. In a long time we have not met a more readable work on Horticulture.

Notes from Michigan.—"J. S. T." writes from Nankin, Wayne Co., Mich., under date of May 13th:—"Vegetation has come forward rapidly; fruit trees are mostly in bloom; wheat and grass look splendidly; garden truck and some early potatoes are coming on finely; the prospects of fruit is fair; the "tent caterpillar" I see has made its appearance in thousands. Why do not people go to shooting them, as I suggested a few weeks since through the Rural. It is the easiest, cheapest, and most effectual way to get rid of them."

Girdled Trees.—The most successful remedy for trees that have been girdled by mice or other means, seems to be simply banking the earth around the uncovered parts, so as to prevent the sun's drying and checking the wood. New bark will form if the wound is kept moist and dark. If the girdling is too high up on the stem to be easily banked, clay should be bound around it by enclosing the tree in a box. Numerous well attested instances of girdled trees being saved by these means have come under our observation.

Tennessee Hort. Society.—The spring meeting of this Society took place at Nashville on the 4th ult.—P. S. Fall, President, in the Chair,—when a large accession of members was obtained. The exhibition of flowers is reported as having been uncommonly varied and rich, as was also that of vegetables. The Society is in a flourishing condition.

A Good Apple Orchard.—An apple orchard, covering one hundred acres, located near the Mississippi, eight miles from St. Charles, Mo., was planted eight years ago. The yield last year was 2,564 barrels, and sold at an average of $3 per barrel—giving $7,692.

Domestic Economy.

"WHY DON'T THEY?"

Some weeks since we published an article from "Incog" about household matters. It has drawn the fire from two batteries, as follows:

Eds. Rural:—An article in the Rural of April 25th, headed "Why Don't They?" has set *me* to thinking. "Why don't they?" I don't think Mr. "Incog" knows *all* the "modern wives," or he would know *some* who are competent to *practice* household economy and to *discuss* it too. I don't wish to be egotistic at all,—but I believe *I* could discuss the matter, and perhaps will, one of these days, in an article for the Rural, when the man who bet the "bag of beans" will have to deliver them up, and then I hope Mr. "Incog" will be kind enough to hunt up that "great catch" and send him down here among the hills of Ohio, where people are supposed to know nothing. That is, providing he will mind his own business and let household matters alone, as I think there is nothing more disagreeable than to have men prying into womens' affairs.—Betsy, *Logan, Ohio, May 5th*, 1868.

Eds. Rural:—There appeared an article in your paper of April 25th, that we think ought to have a reply. It was under the head of "Domestic Economy," written by Mr. "Incog," entitled "Why Don't They?" meaning why don't the women write on the subject of Domestic Economy.

Now, we can tell Mr. "Incog" just the reason why. It is because they are so busy *practicing* that they do not get time to write. We practice, while you preach. You say, sir, that you are a married man. Would you consider yourself fortunately married if you should come in to dinner and find nothing to tempt your nice appetite, or to find the house all in disorder and your wife penning an article for the press? We think there would be no need of making rye bread for some time,—for one wry is enough at a time.

If you will advance the proposed salary, or even a *small* part of it, it would enable us to hire some of our work done, and we promise a liberal support to "our" column.—Mrs. Practice Economy, *Homer, N. Y.* In behalf of the women of the country.

A New "Washer"—A Novel Idea.—A downeast inventor has originated a new idea in washing clothes. A false bottom of tin, perforated, is placed in a common boiler. Beneath it are placed soap and water; above it the clothes to be cleansed. From either end of this bottom rises a curved tin tube so shaped that the streams of water coming up through them pour into the middle of the boiler. This being placed upon a stove, the heat produces expansion of the water at the bottom, which pours up through the tubes and falls on the clothes. The suction from below draws the water downward through the goods, making a constant circuit of boiling suds drawn through the meshes of the fabric to be washed. All that is necessary to be done after this is to remove the goods, when they are clean. The machine runs itself.

Blue Ink.—Take soft Prussian blue and oxalic acid in equal parts. Powder them finely, then add soft water to made the desired shade of color, adding a little gum Arabic to prevent its spreading.

Prepared Glue.—Dissolve eight ounces best glue in twelve ounces of water and add eight ounces of vinegar; it is then ready for use.

Water-Proof Composition for Boots and Shoes.—Melt three ounces of beeswax and the same of resin, then add one pint of boiled oil. Stir well together. Let it boil up, remove it from the fire and add three ounces spirits of turpentine.—P Finch, *Clyde, N. Y.*, 1868.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MOURNER.

BY HELEN L. SMITH.

I saw him as he stood beside the grave
On which pale roses and sweet violets grew,
The calm still light of early morning gave
A luster to the flowers, the grass, the dew;

And gentlest zephyrs fanned his fevered brow,
The birds sang sweetest songs above his head;
His noble form with grief was bending low,
And bitter tears were falling for the dead.

One fleeting year had passed since in the pride
Of manhood's nobleness, with holy joy
He to the altar led the darling bride,—
O, how could death the tender bud destroy?

No more the silvery accents of her voice
Shall greet him as he treads life's toilsome way;
His stricken heart will never more rejoice
To catch the warblings of her simple lay.

He never more the snowy hand shall press
That clung to him all through the blissful hours
When, in the light of love and tenderness,
He dreamed the wilds of earth were Eden bowers.

He kissed with anguish deep the marble brow,
And closed the eyes in their long dreamless sleep;
Then folded on the lifeless breast the hands,
And knelt beside the precious clay, to weep.

Pity the sorrow of that broken heart;
Uphold him FATHER, by thy strong right hand!
And grant, though death the loved ones here may part,
That they may meet in the bright "summer land!"

Wheaton, Ill., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MISSION OF WOMAN.

GOD does not create for naught, and woman, by all the nature He has given her, has a mission—a blessed one. It is the tender, earnest grasp of her hand that may lead humanity nearer to its Creator; it is her life of holy devotion that may shine even as the one star that first comes up in evening's sky of blue. Sweet and sacred to us are the names of such women as ANN H. JUDSON, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and MARY LYON. Over and over again they are repeated by our firesides, and we linger over the records of their sublime faith and holy love, as though they breathed of sanctity. And well may we love to linger there, while our hearts thrill and glow in the light of the beacon-fires they kindled.

The pathways are many in which woman's feet may tread. Not all may suffer and sacrifice as did MRS. JUDSON; not all may labor as did that noble woman of Crimean battle-fields; but all may be pure and noble, bearing upon their hearts and faces the seal of a true, glorious womanhood. Ah, it will do so much for the world,—so much for GOD! I shudder as I think of woman, idly folding her hands in this great world, where her love and labor are needed so much. When I see her coming down from her throne of purity, gentleness and love, to hang at the garments of flimsy fashion, forgetting for this the holy calling of wife, mother, sister, friend—bartering life's sweetest wealth for a few honied words of flattery, laying on that unhallowed shrine all her precious gifts,—I wonder if, as she kneels there, she can shut out the calls of humanity, if she hears no reproaches of erring ones who are pleading with her for one kindly hand-clasp, one loving word—*only one*, which might save them.

And in that day when the King shall come in His glory, in whose garments shall the blood of these young souls be found? Are the daughters of wealth and pride holier than Him who said, "Go, and sin no more?" It matters but little whether woman dwells in marble halls or in the humble cottage; there is ever the same lesson of charity, kindness, purity and love for her to teach. The world may never see the hand she has reached to some outcast; may never know the earnest prayers, the loving sacrifices that have arisen like sweet incense from some lowly hearthstone; but by them one soul may have been saved from the slippery path; one star may have been added to the crown that fadeth not away.

GOD has planted in her heart a beautiful germ of truth and purity. To her life the world is looking; that life must ennoble or degrade it. Sisters, wives and mothers, can we fling idly away these attributes? Shall we for the sake of ambition, wealth, pride or pleasure, forget life's holy work? Oh, be pure, be true, be loving! There is selfishness, falsehood and sin enough in the world now; let it not be said that because of our lives there is more.

GRACE G. SLOUGH.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

YOU are all apt to complain, writes a lady addressing her own sex, that lovers, when they become husbands, cannot unite the two characters. You lay this mostly to the men's charge. Do you think it is their fault entirely? I am disposed to say, No. I will tell you why. Before marriage you take the greatest pains to elevate yourselves into goddesses, and desire to be worshiped accordingly. Men, especially those possessing superior intellectual qualities and refinement of nature, favor those views, and treat you as something nearer to heaven than themselves; and lo! no sooner has the honeymoon passed than your husbands discover, by imperceptible but sure degrees, that you are—though in somewhat inferior ratio to themselves—of the "earth, earthy." Happy the woman who has the wit to contrive that in her married life the same halo shall surround her in her husband's eyes that existed before their union. The thing, in the intimacy of common-place, every-day life, may be difficult to achieve. Your own neglect of all those cares and arts by which you won the lover causes commonly the early estrangement of the husband.

How frequent is the spectacle of neat, scrupulous maidens, who, when they become wives, neglect their personal appearance, and who, if asked why they do so, would answer, "O, I'm married!" showing plainly that their care and trimness formed no part of their natures, but was a trap, a net spread for the lure and destruction of men. Pretty Mrs. Spider! when your careful, fine-spun web caught the credulous fly, your object being effected, good-by to neatness, good looks, care and refinement. What more had you in the world to do? Your unfortunate husband finds the very qualities which most likely influenced his choice have vanished, "like the base fabric of a vision," and which, to paraphrase the poet, "leaves but a wreck behind."

A NOVEL article lately brought out, which combines beauty with utility, is a riding-whip for ladies' use, in the butt of which a pretty fan lies secreted, until required for use, when it is brought out and spread as if by magic, and is as quickly returned to its place, when no one would suspect anything but an ordinary whip.

GOETHE AND BETTINE.

RARELY has any relation of individuals been so original, and awakened so much interest, as that between Goethe and his child friend Bettine. In publishing their correspondence many years after its close, Bettine prefaces it with the remark:—"This book is for the good and not for the bad." She foresaw how the bad would misinterpret it, yet felt that she could afford to defy their incompetent construal. She loved Goethe to idolatry—her whole soul vibrating beneath the power of the possession; but the ideality of the passion, in her naive and spontaneous nature, was a perfect safeguard from evil. Under this spell, all her rich, unquestioning ardors of reverence and fondness were as sacredly guided as the movements of Miguon, dancing blindfold amidst the eggs, with never a false step. Goethe's conduct towards the trustful and impassioned girl was exceedingly discreet in its mingled kindness and wisdom. He felt the sweetness of her worship; he guarded her, as a father would, from its dangers. But, above all, he was profoundly interested in the spectacle of her young, original, unveiled soul. The electric soil of her brain teemed with a miraculous efflorescence, on which he never tired of gazing. It was to him like sitting apart in some still place and watching the secret forces and workings of nature, reflected in a small mirror.

Thus Bettine writes from the strange fullness of her mind, in mystic language, to Goethe's mother: "Would that I sat, a beggar child, before his door, and took a piece of bread from his hand, and that he knew, by my glance, of what spirit I am the child. Then he would draw me nigh to him, and cover me with his cloak that I might be warm. I know he would never bid me go again. I should wander in the house, and no one would know who I was or whence I came; and years would pass, and life would pass, and in his features the whole world would be reflected to me, and I should not need to learn anything more." And Goethe replies, "Your dear letters bestow on me so much that is delightful that they may justly precede all else; they give me a succession of holidays whose return always blesses me anew. Write to me all that passes in your mind. Farewell. Be ever near me, and continue to refresh me." Mont Blanc stoops, with all his snows, to kiss the rosy vale nestling at his feet.—*Alger's "Friendships of Women."*

NAMING THE BABY.

BUT to go back to the baby's name. Your grandfather, as well as *his* father, and your great, great, great grandfather, who came over in the Mayflower, (or if not in that getting-to-be mythical vessel, in some other,) rejoiced in the euphonious cognomen of Obadiah. I pray you, do not let the desire to hand down family names, lead you to bestow upon your boy an appellation that will be a torment to him all his days. Trained as you will train him, no regard for his ancestors will be sufficient to deafen his ear to the uncouthness of such a name. Obadiah and Jedediah, and the other *iahs*, have done yeoman's service. Let them rest now in the tomb of the Capulets. Neither need you in shunning Scylla fall into Charybdis. You need not call him Clarence Augustus, nor Roderick Angelo Fitzgerald; Napoleon Bonaparte, nor George Washington. But give your son a good, plain, honest name; one that will not be suggestive of dandyism and romance on the one hand, nor overshadow him with its own greatness on the other; a name that will fall smoothly from your lips now, and from the lips of a later love by-and-by; a name that is tender enough for a baby, and manly enough for a man. Call him John!—*The Household.*

COWPER'S MOTHER.—The influence of Cowper's mother upon his character may be learned from the following expression of filial affection which he wrote to Lady Hesketh, on the receipt of his mother's picture:—"I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated." And he penned the following lines on that occasion:

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's sorrow just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile, it answers 'Yes!'"

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

PUBLIC sympathy everywhere has been generously accorded to the Empress CARLOTTA, widow of the unfortunate Prince MAXIMILIAN, of Mexico, both on account of her bereavement and the mental ailment which for some time previous to his death had rendered her an object of pity. It is said her health and spirits are now improving. She takes daily rides in Brussels, seated in an open carriage, driven by the Queen, saluting with graceful but sad smiles the people whose idol she is and always has been from her childhood. The Empress is looking very pale, and is dressed in deep mourning. The attention paid to her by the Queen is beyond all praise, and there can be no doubt that her recovery from mental prostration is chiefly owing to the energy and devotion of her royal sister-in-law.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent speaks thus of the Princess MARGUERITA of Genoa, the cousin and wife of the prospective king of Italy, Prince Humbert: "The girl is as gentle and as sweet as an angel, and although I never saw an angel, I do not doubt that she is quite as pretty; she is at least as beautiful as they are represented to us in pictures, and what more could reasonable mortal desire? The picture of the future queen of Italy is in all the shop-windows, and the public heart is already touched with sympathy for the one who is to be the first lady of the land."

THERE is certainly a psychological mystery in the fact that brides and bridegrooms in railway cars parade before the eyes of crowds of strangers, who they must know are laughing at them, tendernesses and familiarities which they would not dream of committing in a family parlor. Discriminating justice also observes—and this is a still greater psychological mystery—that in these social offenses it is oftenest the woman who begins.

A YOUNG Indian girl who had curiously watched the process of marking barrel heads in a flouring mill in Winona, Minnesota, stole in one day and taking possession of the stencils ornamented her blanket with the words, "Ellsworth's Choice," and paraded the streets in great delight, but to the disgust of Mr. Ellsworth, who is a bachelor and had made no such choice.

IOWA has three women editors—Mrs. Money, of the Jefferson Era; Mrs. Hartshorn, of the Corydon Monitor; and Mrs. Mary Reed, of the Wright County Register.

Choice Miscellany.

OLD TIMES.

THERE'S a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow white foreheads are there;
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny road and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
The golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sink down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now Old Times.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RAVELINGS — NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. V.—BACKSIDE VIEWS.

THERE are manifold views in this world. Views political, philosophical, humanitarian, sectarian, statesmanlike, comprehensive, enlarged, lofty, sublime, beautiful, magnificent, picturesque, unchangeable, fleeting,—go to WEBSTER for the rest of the adjectives. Landscape views are green and good. A sea view is full of liquid beauty; but in a sea view the sea appears to me a very blue superflu(id)ity. A dissolving view is the most natural thing going. It is very pretty, unless 'tis your fortune you are looking at, or a railroad train when you are one minute late at the depot. A side view is pleasant, unless you are taken aside to see a creditor. A broad view is much sought after; that's why so many sight-seers go abroad. At times a front view is desirable, but it is most so when no affront is intended. And a re-view is often particularly gratifying—that of a lost carpet-bag, for instance, a stolen watch, or a long absent friend.

But best of all is the backside view. As an amusement, and a source of profit, I mean. 'Tisn't always attractive, to be sure. Maybe it's often incongruous, and a bit surprising. For a philosophizing person, though, it is like a certain medicine advertised for children—not bad to take.

Persons having an eye only to the view beautiful, and pleasing, complain of the railroads because they run through towns on back streets. 'Twould be pleasanter for the traveling ones if they could always steam into and out of cities via nicely-kept avenues, and in front of handsome mansions. Certainly it would. But it might prove disagreeable for the dwellers in those handsome mansions. Yet I am not certain but it would be better for them, all things considered. One sees so many things discreditable and humiliating to them in the backside views the present arrangement gives! This is how I came to cogitate upon the matter.

Hansom street is one of the finest in all Finctown. I have driven through it frequently with my friend DENT. It is beautifully shaded. Its residences betoken some pride and much wealth. They all look neat and tasty in front, and have quite an aristocratic air about them—a sort of million air, as it were. Last time DENT took me past them I was so much charmed that I seriously thought of selling out the old place, and purchasing one of these. Going home, I proposed the thing to Aunt JERUSHA.

"Better look all about them before you conclude to buy," she said. "Never take any thing on merely a front view."

The next week I visited Finctown again. Arrived there via the Slow Coach Railroad; which runs in on Track street, a parallel of Hansom. Never went over it before. It gave me, I found, a very good backside view of the residences I had admired most. I hardly recognized them, at first. Looking at them rearwise, I was not greatly impressed with their neatness or beauty. As we slowly crept along past them I felt my admiration and desire for ownership gradually waning. The consequence is, I shall not buy that elegant place on Hansom street. And I feel under some obligations to the Slow Coach Railroad for this consequence.

There is nothing like a rear view of character, by which to form a correct opinion. Let me in at the back door of a man's nature, once, and I will be content to loiter on the front steps thereof forever after. Three-fourths of mankind resemble some house-fronts, which always have the blinds closed, and show only the outside.

I saw PERSIMMON SMOOTHE on the road, the other day. He is in the dry goods trade. You've seen him often, behind the counter. So had I. There, he is a model of politeness. All the ladies are fond of making their purchases of him. "He is *so* affable and genteel." His sales are very large. But PERSIMMON SMOOTHE selling goods at a profit is like the front of the house, with the blinds closed; PERSIMMON SMOOTHE away from home, where he thinks he isn't known, is as the backside of the same. I had to look twice, the other day, before I knew him. A careworn looking woman came into the car; and hesitatingly asked Mr. SMOOTHE if the seat with him was taken. He grunted out an affirmative, very unlike his polite replies when immediately interested in dry goods. The affirmative was true,—in a degree. The seat was taken—by his shawl. Oh, PERSIMMON! PERSIMMON! I went into the back door, then, and I shall never see gentlemanliness personified in you again, any more!

Mrs. ARABELLA BLANDE interested me, somewhat, several years since. She was then Miss ARABELLA BLONDE, and quite charming. Her smiles and her musical voice seemed the indices of a mild and affectionate disposition. I was considerably younger at that time than I am now, and had not speculated much upon the deceptiveness of front views. So I enjoyed her smile and her musical voice. I even began to question, when alone of an evening, if this bachelor life was not rather dull, after all; if a graceful feminine form—like ARABELLA'S, for instance—would not make my bachelor quarters more attractive; or if a voice full of gentleness and love—again like ARABELLA'S—would not add a new melody to all the hours.

But BLANDE came along then, poor fellow! and Miss ARABELLA made a slight change in her name. Since I met her last summer, at the Strand House, I have been very glad that the change was so slight. I shudder to think of her as Mrs. RAVELER, and scolding my children as I heard her scolding theirs, on repeated mornings. A shrill female voice awoke me, the next morning after I reached the Strand, with a tornado of ill-natured words. "There is domestic felicity for you," was my mental ejaculation. That afternoon I learned who my neighbors were. Mrs. BLANDE and I met on the veranda. A well preserved woman she appeared, still,—but something of the old sweetness was lost out of her face. Maybe I shouldn't have observed the lack, but for the morning's revelation. BLANDE was with her,—meek, very meek, and not as well preserved.

—Poor BLANDE! I'm glad I never really envied him. Doesn't he deserve a bit of my gratitude, though? If it hadn't been for him—well, it isn't a pleasing thing to think of. I might never have written these Ravelings, and the "might have been" very possibly might have proved sadder than the saddest "of all sad words of tongue or pen." It is well to take a backside view of things when we are disposed to drop a tear over the "might have been." Tears are cheap things,—but there is no sense in wasting them for naught. Your brightest dreams might have become the dreariest of all dreary actualities. Probably they would. Accept this philosophy, and don't believe a word the poets say to the contrary.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

No infant lake ever slept more calmly in its cradle of hills or smiled more beauteously in starlight ripples as it dreamed of the kind heavens, watching like a mother its repose, than does the queenly Mediterranean to-night. I have been sitting on deck wrapt in reverie—that delicious "*dolce far niente*" of thought. Imagination and memory have united their magic powers to call up before my mind's eye a scene of yore. And as the galleys and merchantmen, of nations that now exist only in the monumental ruins of their ancient glory, float again upon this classic sea, their pennants fluttering gayly in its holiday winds and proclaiming their errands of conquest or commerce; as the vicissitudes of empire that made the coming of every new century to its shores the introduction of new dynasties, and the forerunner of Him who is steadily advancing to the throne of the whole earth,—these and other pictures,—passed in order like parts of a grand panorama, yet in motion, and to end only with time; I could scarcely persuade myself that I was not in the midst of some wonderful enchantment, the work of some super-human necromancer.

Surely, there can be few things lovelier than this sight. The sea is unruffled, smooth as the brow of saintly death. The sky is unclouded and illuminated with countless lights which cast their rays in long lances of silver upon the water below. Not a breeze wanders even in most innocent flight. Tranquillity is the spirit of the entire view, as if all around had been lulled by an Orphean strain, and was now, in the silent pause of the music, waiting with suspended breath for the first note to follow. Hark! now the song begins. The heart hears it. It awakes the echoes of emotion, sad but not painful. It is "Home, Sweet Home." They obey the fairy summons and gather about me—the spirits of the loved—with the same dear familiar faces I remember so distinctly as they looked when we parted, and tried but could not say farewell.—*Cor. Baltimore Methodist.*

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

IT is talk which initiates all our ends; to love, to friendship, it is almost always the tongue which is the gateway. The preservation of a young woman from the pursuit of a mad bull, or the rescue of a fellow-creature from drowning, are opportunities that do not take place in real life so often as in novels. The manly, yet conciliatory, expression of an opinion, the eloquent eulogy of a pursuit, or the witty defence of a pastime; in short, a few well-chosen words, well spoken, upon any subject, form the best introduction to our fellow-creatures, and do more to attract them to us than any natural advantage, except, indeed, the personal beauty of a woman. It is the knowledge of the power of this latter charm which makes pretty women commonly such foolish talkers. They have only to show their faces to win at once, not only the audiences of the wise and witty, but (supposing at least they are of the masculine gender) the wise and witty themselves. Why, then, they argue, should we cultivate the powers of speech, when our eyes and lips are more eloquent than others' tongues? A question, however difficult it may be to answer now convincingly, to which they will one day receive a terribly conclusive reply. The good looks of a man, as squinting Wilkes said, only avail him with a woman, against one better skilled in the art of conversation, for the first quarter of an hour; and with one of his own sex, it may be added, for a considerably less space of time. It was not by his pretty spots and gorgeous scales that the serpent persuaded Eve, but by the flicker of his forked tongue.—*Maxims by a Man of the World.*

MOULDING WIVES.

IT is very true that almost any husband who is afflicted with a bad wife, or imagines he is, has only himself to blame for it; has only proved his own incapacity for the married state. A wife's demands are usually simple enough, if not always just, and these complied with, she is likely to be all that the most exacting spouse could ask—to be loved better than anybody else in the world, and to have her own sweet way in all things. If she can achieve the latter end without seeming to do it, so much the better; she is philosophical enough to be satisfied with the reality of power, whoever has the semblances. Besides, the majority of women are married at an age when their characters are still mobile and plastic, and can be shaped in the mould of a husband's will. At least so the husbands are fond of fancying, and if, mistaken beings, they are oftener shaped than shaping, they are happy in never knowing it.—*Round Table.*

ENGAGING MANNERS.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish. The sweet smiles, the cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, sends a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty, and inestimably enhances the latter, if it does exist.

THE best bank ever known is a bank of earth, it never refuses to discount to honest labor. And the best share is the plowshare, on which dividends are always liberal.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INDECISION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WE say our days are spent in sloth,
And all our deeds are done in sin,
Yet careless of the life within,
We cannot shake our habits off.

And so we sit us down, and speak
In idle tones, as children do;
Or hurrying on the whole day through,
We lose the peace that we should seek;

The peace that comes with holy guise,
And soothes the weary, throbbing brain,
When showers like summer's sobbing rain
Would gather in our misty eyes;—

The peace that follows days well spent,
With oft a word of kindly tone
To cheer sad hearts that grieve alone,
And win them o'er to sweet content;—

That follows fresh on loving deeds,
Or blest forbearance when a foe
An arrow places in his bow
To pierce the heart until it bleeds;

This Heavenly peace, whose reign supreme
Can make our passing moments blest,
And while we journey toward the West
Can make our life more than a dream.

"JESUS WEPT."

CHRIST'S humanity is touchingly pictured in the two words which comprise the shortest verse in the Bible. In the same chapter wherein is found the sublime declaration—"I am the resurrection and the life," it is recorded, "*Jesus wept.*" Divinity speaks forth in the declaration; humanity sorrowfully manifests itself in the brief, simple record.

Though, as we read the Gospel narrations, we can readily believe the SAVIOUR to be "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," we never realize how closely his nature is allied to our own until we see him weeping in sympathy with others over a friend dead. CHRIST healing the sick, making the blind to see, causing the lame to walk, and performing all those God-like miracles which so clearly prove his superior power, wins our most devout worship; CHRIST sorrowing as we sorrow, stricken in heart with a grief so common to us all, calls out our deepest and warmest love.

Human grief is so very human that it moves us with a strange control. We cannot look upon it in idle indifference. Griefs are of many kinds, however, and not all move us alike. Sorrow born of death has the strongest influence. Speaking of this sorrow one said once, in our hearing,—"When a friend dies it is not so much that one we loved is dead, but that a part of our life is wanting." And so when we see stricken ones mourning over the part of their life which they miss, our hearts respond in sincere sympathy. When the Redeemer weeps over Jerusalem, because of its wickedness, we are touched, but in only a slight degree; when, with MARTHA and MARY, he weeps over the dead friend and brother, we can scarcely do other than add our tears to his.

Perhaps in no other portion of the inspired narrative is the marvelous union of the divine and the human, in the person of CHRIST, so clearly shown as in this eleventh chapter of JOHN. JESUS wept not as we weep when those we love are taken from us. His humanity asserted itself for a moment, but had he not said to the sorrowing MARTHA—"Thy brother shall rise again?" What need that he should be long troubled in spirit? Only a moment later, and he could say "LAZARUS, come forth," and the tomb would yield up its dead. Blending with the tears of the man was the wonderful power of the All-Father, which should bring joy to the bereaved but believing sisters, and faith to the doubting Jews.

And still CHRIST is troubled in spirit because of humanity's griefs; still he is saying to all—"I am the resurrection and the life;" still is the human in his nature reaching out to human natures everywhere, to draw them up towards the divine. We do not realize this enough. We think of CHRIST too much as one who was crucified for our sakes, but having been crucified is forevermore disassociated from us, and from everything allied to humanity. We need to appreciate more clearly that he is still our elder brother,—sympathizing with us, sorrowing with us, and even interceding for us.

YOUTH IN AGE.

ABOVE all things put on charity. Charity is the eternal dew of youth. To love is to live; to love rightly and truly is to live forever. Love is the River and the Tree of Life, and unites the soul with the Eternal Life, whose name is Love. Keep ever young by the love of the beautiful, the good and true; and keep that love young by perpetual communion with the Lord of beauty, goodness and truth.

So shall your earthly life be transfigured and translated, that it see not death. All its forces and memories shall become pulses of immortality; and the all-vitalizing Spirit shall ever breathe on you from the climes eternal. Age shall become as a cape of Benlah, beyond the skies of storm, lying far out toward the shining shore, where the air is always mild and sweet, and the light ever soft and serene; and through the hallowed solitudes from beyond the death-shade and the dark River, from the heights of immortality, ever and anon, and nearer and nearer, come rifts of the Psalm of Life—hymn of evening and of morning—vesper of time and matin of eternity—the new song of the ever young.—*Advance.*

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

SPEAK the great things of this gospel to little children—sitting upon the knees of a parent, or gathering around the teacher in her class—how wonderfully they meet the natural religious instincts of the child! how they enlighten and shape them, and give them meaning and purpose! how the incarnation and life and death of Jesus Christ—infinite mysteries as they are—fill the little mind and satisfy the little heart of a child! how every child's heart responds to the words of the divine, mysterious, but gentle Jesus, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!" and how the mind and heart of a child grow under his teaching and love, "go from strength to strength." Nay, under what else can they grow? The child develops into a man, "he receives the sincere milk of the Word, and grows thereby."

MORAL and *religious* culture furnishes the principal excellence of woman's noble character and crowns her queen of home and empress of the school-room, where her greatest power is felt and influence exerted.

The Reviewer.

THE PAINTER, GILDER AND VARNISHER'S COMPANION: Containing Rules and Regulations relating to the arts of Painting, Gilding, Varnishing and Glass-Staining, &c., &c. [12mo.—pp. 240.] Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

THE tenth edition of this very useful work is upon our table. Besides giving rules and regulations for painting, gilding and varnishing, it contains numerous valuable recipes; tests for the detection of adulterations in oils, colors, etc.; a statement of the diseases and accidents to which painters, gilders and varnishers are peculiarly liable, with the simplest and best methods of preservation and remedy; and directions for graining, marbling, sign-writing and gilding on glass. It is not designed so much to instruct experienced artisans, as to aid those who, from motives of economy or other reasons, may desire to perform work of the nature treated of. We advise all such to procure it.

A TREATISE ON METEOROLOGY: With a Collection of Meteorological Tables. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, and Author of a Course of Mathematics. [8vo.—pp. 299.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

METEOROLOGY, as defined by Prof. LOOMIS, treats of the constitution and weight of the air, its temperature and moisture, the precipitation of vapor in various forms, the laws of storms, all kinds of electrical and optical phenomena, and aerolites and shooting stars. Thus comprehensive, this branch of science is of uncommon interest. The present work upon it is admirably adapted to purposes of instruction in schools, and will amply repay perusal by the general reader. It is not so scientific as to be difficult of comprehension: is written in a plain, forcible style; and is very fully illustrated throughout. It contains a rich fund of useful as well as curious information. Sold by DEWEY.

THE LIFE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT, General-in-Chief U. S. A. By Hon. J. T. HEADLEY. Author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Sacred Mountains," "Farragut and our Naval Commanders," etc., etc. Illustrated. [8vo.—pp. 453.] New York: E. B. Treat & Co.

IN this handsome octavo we have one of the many biographies of General GRANT which have been promised to the public. It is written in the brilliant, graphic style which renders all of Mr. HEADLEY's narratives so interesting, and is as readable as a romance. The history begins with the boyhood of its subject, and is brought down to his yielding up of the War Department, upon the re-instatement of Secretary STANTON by the Senate. A very excellent portrait of the General forms the frontispiece of the volume: and it is further embellished by several fine steel engravings, one of which represents the General's birth-place. Sold only by Subscription.

MARGARET: A Story of Life in a Prairie Home. By LYNDON. [12mo.—pp. 360.] New York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

WE do not know what identity the *nom de plume* of "LYNDON" conceals, but, whoever the author of "Margaret" may be, he or she groups the common happenings of life with rare grace. The story made up of such groupings was originally published as a serial, in the columns of the Examiner and Chronicle, and merits preservation in the very neat dress in which it now appears. It can be taken into any Christian home with good effect. MARGARET CROSBY's character is a worthy pattern for daughters everywhere to follow: and though ROBERT RUSSELL may be pronounced Quixotic by some incapable of appreciating his generous nature, we heartily wish there were more such Quixotic ones. To do good as they have opportunity appears to be the exception among mankind rather than the rule. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

STEVEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN. A Novel. By Mrs. EDWARDS, Author of "Archie Lovell," "Ordeal for Wives," and "Miss Forrester." Elegantly Illustrated. Author's Edition—printed from Advanced Sheets. [8vo.—pp. 422.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

INTENSELY interesting as this novel is, the interest springs from nothing highly wrought or unnatural. There may be few natures thoroughly simple and honest, like that of STEVEN LAWRENCE, but experiences and heart struggles similar to his are abundant. As strange combinations of accident and design as for a time wrecked his life, have conspired to press all the real sweetness out of the life of many another. The story is prolific in graphic word-pictures, and is finished out, in all its parts, with an artistic regard for details. It is one of the best, of the English school, that we have of late perused. For sale by DEWEY.

THE READABLE DICTIONARY; Or, Topical and Synonymic Lexicon. Containing Several Thousands of the More Useful Terms of the English Language, Classified by Subjects, and arranged according to their affinities of meaning; with Accompanying Etymologies, Definitions and Illustrations. To which are added, I.—Lists of Foreign Terms and Phrases frequently occurring in English Books; II.—A Table of the Common Abbreviations; III.—An Alphabetical List of Latin and Greek Roots, with Derivatives. For the use of Schools and Private Students. By JOHN WILLIAMS, A. M. [8vo.—pp. 360.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

HAVING given the full title-page of this new venture in lexicography, we need add little more. The chief value of the work lies in the topical classification of words, and this is what gives it readability. It will add interest to what is generally regarded as a dry branch of learning. Sold by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

A NEW TREATISE ON THE ELEMENTS OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. Edited by I. F. QUINBY, A. M., LL. D., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, University of Rochester. [8vo.—pp. 412.] New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.

THIS is one of ROBINSON's Mathematical Series, which are too well known in schools to require any word of commendation from us. It treats very amply of the subjects under consideration, and is very well adapted to the wants of students in the higher schools and colleges. The volume is beautifully printed, on tinted paper, and well bound in leather. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS. By JEAN INGELOW. [12mo.—pp. 406.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

SEVEN stories make up this, Miss INGELOW's latest volume. "Laura Richmond" is the longest. It can hardly be called a story, being rather an outline sketch of quiet home life, given without any elaborateness of detail. "Poor Matt; Or, The Clouded Intellect," is very touchingly told, and can scarcely be read with undimmed eyes. The author's ability as a prose writer is manifest throughout. Sold by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

JEANIE'S QUIET LIFE. A Novel. By the Author of "St. Olaves," "Janita's Cross," "Alec's Bride," &c., &c. [8vo.—pp. 128.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE title of this story will indicate its character. It is a very quiet, unpretending narration, and would not at all please the lovers of sensational literature. It is nowhere dull, however, and there is a singular charm in its simplicity which is only too rarely found. We should like to read many more stories of such quiet lives as that of JEANIE LYNETON. For sale by DEWEY.

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. [12mo.—pp. 352.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"IN Bleak House I have purposely dwelt upon the romantic side of familiar things." So says Mr. DICKENS in his preface to the story. The APPLETONS' cheap edition enables any person, whatever the condition of his exchequer, to see familiar things on their romantic side, as the novelist sees them. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

THE MODERN PRACTICE OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By R. W. THOMAS, F. C. S. [8vo.—pp. 69.] Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

THE photographic art is very concisely explained in this tasty pamphlet. Persons desirous of pressing the sun into their service as a limner, and any who are curious concerning that luminary's process of working and the aids he needs, should read it.

Various Topics.

STEREOTYPING NEWSPAPERS.

FEW persons are aware of the fact that our principal morning journals are not printed directly from the type, but from stereotypes taken from the regular forms. The whole time consumed in making the forms of The Sun is about twenty minutes. It is accomplished thus:

Each page is made up in a separate form, on a table in size and height expressly adapted for the purpose; the legs of this table are furnished with castors, and soon as the forms are locked, the table is rolled into the stereotype room. The form is then removed to the moulding table; the latter has a hollow iron bed, the cavity of which is filled with steam, as heat is one of the requirements in facilitating the operation. After the right temperature is attained, the form is removed again to the imposing table, and two or three sheets of a peculiar kind of paper is laid over the surface of the type, and they are then beaten down with a brush in the same manner that printers proceed in taking a brush proof.

The form is then again slid upon the moulding table, another and a heavier sheet of paper placed over the first; this is covered with a wet blanket, and the whole slipped under the press attached to the moulding table, and the power applied. This is done almost instantly, when the form is again run out, and the paper peeled off is a complete matrix of the whole form. A preparation of French chalk is now applied to the surface of this paper, when it is placed into the mould, the hot metal poured against it, and the plate almost instantly formed. It is now moved to the plainer, is cut, routed and justified, and in a few moments on its way to the press-room. These plates are cast in the exact form required for a cylinder press, and are about half an inch in thickness.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A BRAVE DUTCH ADMIRAL.

LEFT to himself, alone in a dismasted ship, the Vice-Admiral never thought of yielding to the eighteen Spanish galleons. To the repeated summons of Don Luis Fazardo that he should surrender, he remained obstinately deaf. Knowing that it was impossible for him to escape, and fearing that he might blow up his vessel rather than surrender, the enemy made no attempt to board. Spanish chivalry was hardly more conspicuous on this occasion than Dutch valor, as illustrated by Admiral Haultain. Two whole days and nights Klaaszoon drifted about in his crippled ship, exchanging broadsides with his antagonists, and with his colors flying on the stump of his mast. The fact would seem incredible were it not attested by perfectly trustworthy contemporary accounts. At last his hour seemed to have come. His ship was sinking; a final demand for surrender, with promise of quarter, was made. Out of his whole crew but sixty remained alive, many of them badly wounded. He quietly announced to his officers and men his decision never to surrender, in which all concurred. They knelt together upon the deck, and the Admiral made a prayer, in which all fervently joined. With his own hand Klaaszoon then lighted the powder magazine, and the ship was blown into the air. Two sailors, all that were left alive, were picked out of the sea by the Spaniards and brought on board one of the vessels of the fleet. Desperately mutilated, those grim Dutchmen lived a few minutes to tell the tale, and then died defiantly on the enemy's deck.—*Motley's History of the Netherlands.*

GREAT POISON FACTORY.

AT Patna is one of the two great opium factories of India. It is the greater of the two, and may, therefore, be fairly styled the largest poisoning agency in the world. The establishment faces the river Ganges, whose bed is here four miles across—at this season a desert of caked mud, with the river far away on the other side of the waste. The opium is shipped to Calcutta in a steamer, and it is a good instance of the fickleness of Indian rivers—those plagues of engineers—that last year, and for many years before, the sacred stream ran so close to Patna, that wharfs were erected from which the chests could be put right on to the steamers, and on to which the timber wherewith to make the next year's chests could be landed. This year the Ganges has retired, and the chests have to be carried a mile or so before being shipped, and that can only be done by small boats, and at considerable expense.

The opium packing for 1867 was just over at Christmas, and nearly 30,000 chests of China opium had been sent down to Calcutta, worth about £4,000,000. Each chest contains forty cakes, the dark, sticky stuff ingeniously enclosed in a coating of dried poppy leaves, so that each cake (weighing about two pounds) presents the appearance of a Dutch cheese or a cannon ball. This has given rise to the saying that in war the British give the Chinese cannon balls of iron, and in peace cannon balls of opium, thus giving them the choice of being shot or poisoned, and making them pay smartly for either attention. In return for this they feed us with tea, and clothe us in silk, which seems to show a truly celestial spirit.—*London Paper.*

THE HUGUENOTS.—It is rare that a persecuted people like the Huguenots have so uniformly "lit on their feet"—to use a common phrase—when scattered to the ends of the world, with little save their hands as a reliance for the struggle against poverty. Yet, in almost every instance where few or many of these Huguenots found asylums abroad, they were independent and self-reliant from the start; and wherever they settled prosperity quickly followed, and remained as a permanent inheritance of those brave and ingenious workers, so that the countries which gave them refuge had not long to wait for practical evidences that tolerance was a profitable virtue.

A HUGE CHIMNEY.—The tallest chimney in the world is said to be at the Port Dundas works, Glasgow, Scotland. Its hight from the foundation is 458 feet; above the ground, 444 feet, the foundation being 14 feet deep; the outside diameter, on a level with the ground, is 54 feet, at the top, 12 feet 8 inches; thickness at the ground, 7 bricks, at the top, 1½ bricks; the internal diameter at the base is 20 feet, which gradually contracts at the top to 10 feet 4 inches diameter.

MAKE free use of printers' ink. Let your pledged word ever be sacred. Nothing is more valuable to a man in business than the name of always doing as he agrees, and that, too, at the moment. A strict adherence to this rule gives a man the command of half of the spare funds within the range of his acquaintance.—*P. T. Barnum.*

ARTIFICIAL SPAWNING BED—FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.

Pisciculture.

FISH CULTURE.—No. II.

IT has been clearly proven that ova can be fecundated and transported long distances, for breeding purposes, with complete success. This being the case, there is no reason why streams and ponds everywhere may not be stocked with excellent fish, and thereby contribute bountifully to the tables of the people. Trout spawn were sent to the Rocky Mountains from Rochester in March last. Writing from Fort Sanders, concerning the rather unusual remittance, Col. GIBBON says:—"The spawn was immediately placed in a breeding trough, and nearly all the eggs are now hatched out and the fish doing well. This demonstrates perfectly that brook trout spawn from your ponds in the State of New York can be sent by mail to the Rocky Mountains without injury."

ARTIFICIAL SPAWNING BEDS.

But though artificial fecundation can be practiced successfully in the propagation of some species, particularly salmon and trout, there are others for which it cannot be employed with equal advantage. The preparation of artificial spawning beds is frequently advisable—places suitable for the deposit of the ova and milt of such fishes as it is desired to propagate, and which will instinctively be resorted to by them. This practice has been followed in France, and has been warmly advocated by M. BLANCHARD, in a work on the fresh-water fishes of that country. A paper on "Fish Culture with reference to American Waters," by THEODORE GILL, M. D., in the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1866,—to which we are indebted for most of the information given in these articles,—has a translation from M. BLANCHARD's work, touching upon this point, from which we extract as follows:

"Among fishes, some, as the salmon, deposit their ova in slight excavations, in gravel, or in the interstices between stones; others, as the perches and cyprinids, (carp, bream, roach, &c.,) attach their ova, agglutinated together by means of a viscid matter, to aquatic plants, stones, or any bodies to which their eggs can be fixed. It is especially for the last that artificial spawning beds might sometimes be advantageously prepared.

"The construction of an artificial spawning bed is a very simple matter. A framework of sticks or laths should be made, and to such framework, boughs, furze, and aquatic plants should be fastened by cords, in such a way as to form irregular structures. It is also easy to give to structures of this kind a circular form, by taking hoops for frameworks. The form, and especially the size to be given to these spawning beds, would necessarily vary, according to the character or the size of the body of water in which they are to be immersed. They should be held to the bottom of the water by stones, and fastened to a stake or post on the bank. When kept in place in this way they can be easily drawn out of the water, if it becomes necessary to do so.

"It will be readily understood that these artificial spawning beds will be especially serviceable in those streams and canals which are so clear as to be devoid of any natural spawning beds.

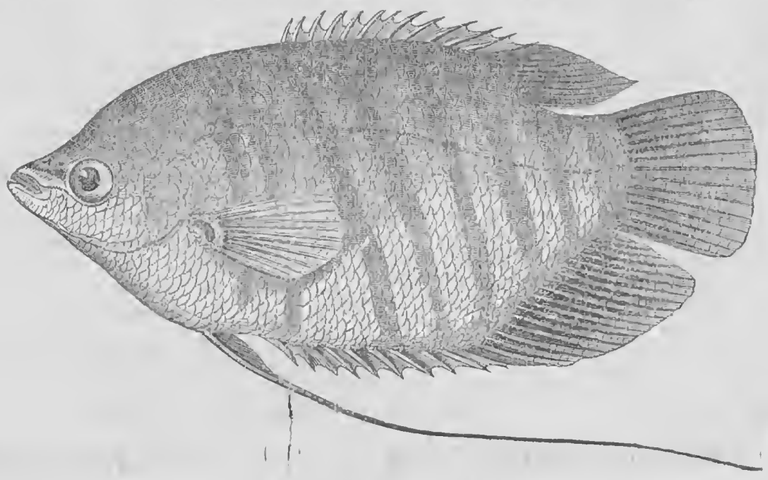
"For the salmonids, which spawn on a gravelly bottom, and whose ova remain free, artificial spawning places are very simple and readily prepared. It is only requisite to cover in certain places the beds of rather shallow and rapid streams, near the bank or the bottom of rivulets, with a thick layer of gravel or pebbles, and to prepare slight excavations or furrows, like those made by the salmon or trout, to deposit their eggs in. M. MILLET also recommends that small heaps of pebbles should be raised at the edges of these furrows. By means of these contrivances, trout especially would often be attracted, and be content to stop and spawn in places which they would not otherwise frequent, and where it would be convenient to keep them."

An artificial spawning bed is illustrated above. The rapid depletion in numbers of our best species of fish should prompt to the construction of similar ones in many of our smaller rivers and streams. The salmon or trout will not live in every stream, but there are many species which, though inferior to those, are nevertheless very excellent as food, and which could be propagated with profit in ponds and streams now of no value whatever. In Europe, especially in Germany and France, submerged land is made almost or quite as valuable as that which is tillable, by fish breeding; and in some situations land which shows signs of cultivation is flooded and converted into ponds, in which fishes or the fertilized spawn are distributed, yielding in due time a generous harvest. We trust that sooner or later our waters and waste lands will be utilized in like manner.

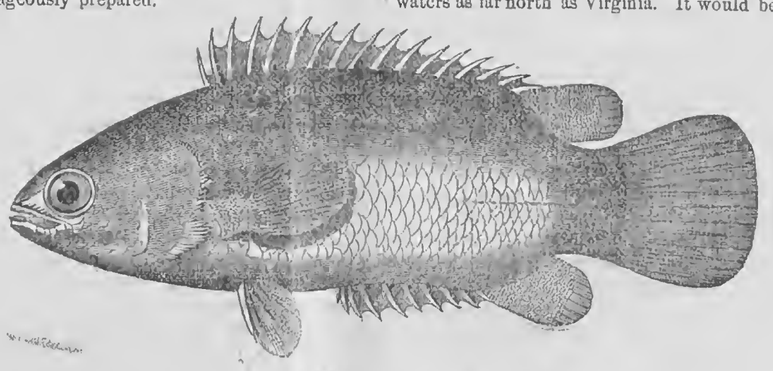
CURIOUS FINNY SPECIMENS.

As curiosities in pisciculture, we give illustrations of two notable specimens of the finny tribe—the *Gourami* and *Anabas scandens.* The native home of the *Gourami* is the fresh waters of the Malaccan islands—Java, Madura, Sumatra and Borneo; and among the inhabitants of those islands it has always been esteemed for the delicacy of its flesh. It is remarkable because of peculiar reservoirs or organs, developed from the first of the gill arches, which receive and contain a supply of water sufficient to moisten the gills, and enable them to perform their functions of aerating the blood long after the fish is removed from the water. Because of this singular provision it is enabled to leave its customary abode, we are informed, and travel on land for some distance, to seek more favorable resorts.

Efforts to acclimatize the *Gourami* in regions distant from its nativity, have been repeatedly made, but have never yet proved successful. The fact that it attains to a large size,—six feet in length, at times, it is said,—has caused it to be an object of unusual interest among fish culturists, and particularly the French. They met with some success in taking it to the Isle of France, but sustained utter failure in the West Indies and elsewhere. It probably can never be acclimatized in cold countries; but it is thought that the fish can be reared in American waters as far north as Virginia. It would be a very valuable acquisition, especially as it is herbiverous.



OSPHROMENUS GOURAMI.



ANABAS SCANDENS—"CLIMBING FISH."

The *Anabas scandens* belongs to the same family as the *Gourami.* This is the very wonderful climbing perch of the East Indies, which has long been celebrated for its powers of leaving the failing streams, ascending the banks, and proceeding overland to some spot where its unerring instinct warns it that water is yet to be found. The fishermen of the Ganges subsist largely on these fishes, and are accustomed to put them into an open jar as soon as caught; and though no water is supplied to them, they exist very well without it, sometimes living this strange life five or six days.

METEORS IN POLAND.—In Poland, recently, there was an extraordinary shower of meteorolites, caused by the bursting of a meteor. The light of the meteor was visible for eight seconds, and the eye could follow the direction of the fragments, and the places where they fell were easily discovered the next morning. Some of the fragments collected have been deposited in the Polish museum at Varsovia.

PARROTS live a century or a century and a half, and they are the only creatures, except men, who talk without thinking. And so it might, perhaps, be assumed that absence of mental irritation, and a careful cultivation of stupidity, would be good for long life.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FOR THE SCHOOL BOYS.

NEVER look unhappy, boys,
Be merry while you can;
Youth is but a Mayday morn,
Life is but a span;
If you meet them with a smile
Troubles soon will fly,
So only mark the sunshine, boys,
And let the clouds go by.

Don't neglect your lessons, boys,
Wisdom is a prize
Greater than earth's riches are,
Grasp it, ere time flies;
School-boy days will soon be o'er,
Be merry while you can;
A *happy* childhood seldom fails
To make an *honest* man.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

THE MUTE DETECTIVE.

"No dogs admitted, sir," said the porter to a gay assemblage, as a young man and his dog appeared at the entrance.

"You must leave him behind, if you go in."

"Very well," said the young man; "stay about here, Prince, till I come back!"

And he joined the crowd within.

By-and-by the young man wished to refer to his watch, when, behold! the chain had been snapped in two and the valuable time-piece was gone. He considered the case a moment, and then a sudden thought flashed through his mind. So stepping out, he whispered the fact to the porter, and gained permission to take his dog in for a minute or two.

"Look here, Prince," said he, "you knowing dog, my watch is stolen," and he showed him the empty pocket and the cut chain. "Do you understand, old fellow? In there, sir, is the thief. You find it, my good doggie, and I'll get you a famous treat. You understand, do you?"

Prince wagged his tail, and gave his master a very knowing and cute look, and then the two stole quietly into the place. Quietly this dumb detective glided around among the people, smelling away at this one's coat and that one's chain, until at last he set his teeth firmly into the coat skirt of a genteel looking man, and could not be shaken off.

The young man quietly made know the case to the bystanders, who had gathered around him, and had the thief's pocket duly searched. Six other watches were found upon him, which he had gathered up in the course of the morning, and which the rightful owners were very glad to get their hands on.

Prince selected out his master's property in a twinkling, as that was all he cared for, and gave it to him joyfully. It would have taken a very keen policeman to do the work so neatly and quickly, and all agreed that he merited as good a dinner as a dog could have. A good beef bone and a bowl of milk, however, abundantly satisfied all his wants, and then he was just as ready to do the same favor over again.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

"MAMMA, when I am a man, I will begin to love Jesus."

These words fell from the lips of a fine little fellow scarcely six years old.

His mamma had endeavored, time after time, to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety; but, hitherto, all her persuasions seemed in vain.

When he uttered these words, she said, "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?"

He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as if in deep thought; and then, with a resolute countenance, added, "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."

Now, my dear young readers, will you follow Eddie's example, and "begin at once?" There is no time like the present for serving the Lord. If you put it off a little longer, you will, perhaps, find that you have put it off a little *too* long. You have been frequently reminded in these pages, and perhaps by incidents occurring around you, that the youngest is not too young to die. But neither are you too young to give your heart to Jesus. If you go to Him now, you will not regret it when you become men and women; but, on the contrary, will find God's care and protection to be over you at all times, and that he fulfills His promises in ways that you cannot fully understand.—*Early Days.*

THE RED LINE.

A BEAUTIFUL block of marble was brought, some years ago, all the way from Paris, for the great sculptor, Canova, to fashion out a statue of the great Napoleon. It was very pure and beautiful, and Canova was proud of having such a splendid block of marble to work upon. And he thought of how he would fashion that rough-hewn block into an elegant and graceful figure, and how it would stand in the king's palace, and be admired by thousands and thousands. But just when he was about to commence working upon it his eye discovered a tiny red line running down one of its sides. It was a very little one, and many people would have thought nothing about it; but Canova said—"I can not work upon this; it has a flaw. It is not perfectly pure and white. I will not lay my chisel upon it." And he did not.

So, dear children, will it be with your souls. If there is on them the smallest taint of sin when you die, God will say—"I can not receive this soul. It is not perfectly pure." No, there must not be the faintest red line,—but they must be perfectly pure and white, and there is only one way by which they become so, and that is by their being washed in the blood of Jesus.

"PLEASE MAKE ME A CHRISTIAN."

I WELL recollect, in the course of my labors, a poor Hindoo youth, who followed me about the garden of the school, asking of me to make him a Christian. I said:—"It is impossible, my dear boy; if it is possible to do so at all, it is possible only through the Lord Jesus Christ to make you a Christian. Pray to him."

How well I recollect the sweet voice and face of that boy when he soon after came to me and said: "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken His place in my heart." I asked:—"How is that?" He replied: "I prayed and said, 'O Lord Jesus Christ! if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that He came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

How simple and how touching! "Lord Jesus Christ! if you please, make me a Christian!" Can you say that you have made a similar appeal in such a spirit as this poor Hindoo boy? And can you say, my young friends, that Jesus Christ has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?—*Rev. Dr. Boaz.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE second anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association was celebrated at Cooper Institute, New York, on Thursday, the 14th inst. There was a large attendance of ladies, and the exercises were interesting. Elizabeth Cady Stanton presided. Speeches were made by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Col. Higginson, Fred. Douglass, and others. A letter was read from John Stuart Mill, expressing his earnest wishes and confident hopes for the success of the objects for which the Association was formed.

The Fenian Brotherhood of this State held a Convention in Syracuse last week. It was in session two days, and the proceedings were secret to all but accredited delegates. The Convention was well attended and delegates were present from all parts of the State.

General Samuel H. Roberts, Postmaster of Brooklyn, was suspended from duty on Tuesday of last week, by order of the Postmaster-General. Failure to meet a draft of the Department upon him, is supposed to be the cause.

Sherman's large planing mill and packing box factory, Brooklyn, was burned Friday morning. Several adjoining buildings, including a dozen tenement houses, were badly damaged, turning forty families into the streets. Damage over one hundred thousand dollars.

The planing mill of Clark & Co., Brooklyn, was burnt on the 11th inst., together with several adjoining buildings. Loss estimated at $50,000.

During the year 1867, 109 new stores, 559 first class dwelling houses, and 34 buildings, such as hotels, theaters, etc., were erected in New York city. This year it is said the number will be greater.

A German named Charles Grance, attempted to shoot his son-in-law in Albany on the 14th inst. The ball missed its intended victim, whereupon Grance shot himself through the head and died in four hours. The affair arose from a family quarrel.

Isaac Cohn, dry goods dealer in Albany, committed suicide by drowning himself on the 11th inst.

The forty-second Anniversary of the American Bible Society was celebrated last week at Steinway Hall, New York.

Eighteen vessels now in port at Buffalo have discharged their crews and laid up, rather than run at present low rates of freight. Other vessels arriving will do likewise.

The United States Hotel at Sharon Springs, N. Y., was burned recently; loss $30,000; insurance $16,000.

The day line of steamers between Albany and New York, consisting of the Daniel Drew and Chauncey Vibbard, commenced their trips for the season on Monday.

The staircase at Niagara Falls descending to the path leading under Table Rock, owned by the Messrs. Barnett, tumbled down on Saturday last. A number of persons had passed up and down the day previous.

Mr. Harlow W. Chittenden has resigned his position as General Superintendent of the New York Central Railroad. Mr. John Newell, formerly of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

Mr. Nelson Collamer, a highly respected citizen of Parma, committed suicide on Friday morning by hanging himself in his barn.

A. A. Kelly, publisher of the illustrated paper known as Kelly's Weekly, was arrested at the Metropolitan Hotel, in New York, on the 13th instant, by Detective Cusick of Buffalo, and started for that city, charged with being proprietor of a swindling gift enterprise.

Two French missionaries have arrived in New York to obtain aid and relief for the Algerian Arabs, who are at present and have been for some time enduring most horrible sufferings from famine and pestilence.

Charles M. Jeffords was murdered in Sing Sing Prison on the 15th inst., by some person unknown. The murdered man was under sentence for life for the murder of his step-father in New York city five years ago.

From Washington.

THE Senate held a secret session on Monday the 11th inst., which was devoted to the consideration of Impeachment. The proceedings were made public next day. A large number of Senators declared their opinions. Sherman spoke for conviction on the second, third, eighth and eleventh articles. Then followed Stewart from Nevada, Williams from Oregon, and Edmunds from Vermont, all of whom recorded their names in favor of conviction on all the articles. Grimes, of Iowa, came next. He spoke for radical Iowa against all the articles. Kansas followed for conviction on all the articles through the mouth of Pomeroy. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, spoke against all. Howe, of Wisconsin, got the floor next. He pronounced for all the articles but the first. Morrill, of Maine, succeeded him. His was another vote for all, without reservation. Doolittle and Garrett Davis spoke against all the articles. Henderson followed, and spoke against the first and second articles, and so on up to the ninth. Dixon followed, going against all the articles, as also Reverdy Johnson. Lyman Trumbull next spoke, and denounced the whole trial. It would not, he said, stand a moment in any justice's court in the country. The friends of the President felt confident of his acquittal.

The Impeachment Court convened on Tuesday, but the final vote was postponed until Saturday, on account of the illness of Senator Howard. Meantime the Managers proceeded to take some testimony regarding certain influences said to have been brought to bear upon Senators to change their votes. Nothing important was elicited.

On Saturday the Court re-assembled. The most intense feeling prevailed among all parties. The first question arose on an order, submitted by Senator Williams on Monday last, that the eleventh article be voted on first. This was decided in the affirmative, by a vote of 34 to 19. The Chief Justice then directed that the galleries should maintain order, and the Clerk read the eleventh article, after which the Chief Justice addressed the first Senator thus: "Mr. Senator Anthony—How say you, is the respondent, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor, as charged in this article?" Whereupon Senator Anthony responded "Guilty," and the like question was asked of every Senator. The vote resulted in an acquittal upon this article, by a vote of 35 to 19, as follows:

Guilty—Senators Anthony, Cameron, Cattell, Chandler, Cole, Conkling, Conness, Corbett, Cragin, Drake, Edmunds, Ferry, Frelinghuysen, Harlan, Howard, Howe, Morgan, Morrill of Maine, Morrill of Vermont, Morton, Nye, Patterson of New Hampshire, Pomeroy, Ramsey, Sherman, Sprague, Stewart, Summer, Thayer, Tipton, Wade, Willey, Williams, Wilson, Yates.

Not Guilty—Senators Bayard, Buckalew, Davis, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Fowler, Grimes, Henderson, Hendricks, Johnson, McCreery, Norton, Patterson of Tennessee, Ross, Saulsbury, Trumbull, Van Winkle, Vickers.

Senator Williams then made a motion that the Court adjourn till Tuesday, the 26th inst. While this was pending, the Chief Justice announced the vote and declared the President acquitted on the eleventh article. The Chief Justice then, at the suggestion of Senator Hendricks, declared the motion of Senator Williams out of order, on the ground that the Court was then in process of executing an order, the vote not having been taken on all the articles. Senator Conness appealed from this decision of the Chair, and the decision was reversed, by a vote of 24 to 30. Various amendments were then offered and lost, and the motion of Senator Williams was carried, by a vote of 32 to 21, so the High Court adjourned till Tuesday, the 26th inst., at 12 o'clock.

Col. Forney has tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Senate, that he may comment more freely on the conduct of republican Senators who do not sustain the impeachment of the President, than would be suitable otherwise.

Hon. Samuel J. Randall and ex-Gov. Hamilton, of Texas, had a personal encounter near the Capitol on the 14th inst., in which the former was severely beaten. Gov. Hamilton used his cane so vigorously as to prevent Mr. Randall from taking his place in the House next day.

From the West.

THE discussion in the Methodist General Conference at Chicago, upon the question of admitting Southern delegates, was finally concluded by adopting the report of the Committee on Credentials. This report was in favor of admitting all claimants to membership, and therefore included both the white and colored Southern applicants.

Peter Cartwright, the itinerant Methodist preacher, is now in active attendance upon the General Conference in Chicago, and lectured last Tuesday evening, giving reminiscences of his ministry for the past sixty-four years.

Generals Sherman, Augur, Terry and Cole of the Indian Peace Commission, returned to Cheyenne from Fort Laramie on the 13th inst., and report that they have concluded a treaty with the Crows, Brule, Sioux, Northern Cheyennes and Arappahoes, to settle on the reservation.

Generals Sanborn and Harney are arranging for the removal of a large party of Indians from Fort Laramie to a reservation on the Missouri River.

About 100 Sioux, who are believed to have committed the late depredations on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, are still hostile. Red Cloud sends a message that he and his warriors in the mountains are waiting for the evacuation of the military posts, and when they are abandoned, he will come to meet the Commissioners.

General Augur goes to Fort Bridger to meet the Snakes and Shoshones; Generals Sherman and Tappan to New Mexico, to meet the Navajoes; and General Terry to Forts Randall and Sully, to arrange for the reception and location of the Indians on the reservation.

Illinois expects soon to become a State without taxes, the Illinois Central Railroad defraying the expense of Government.

The Central Pacific cars are now running to Reno, Nevada, twenty miles from Virginia City. The prices of town lots at auction there, range from $250 to $1,000.

On Tuesday, May 5th, the first rail was laid on the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad. The St. Paul papers are in ecstacies over the road to be built, and predict great results for the city.

Near Princeton, Illinois, on Saturday, midnight, a train going east was thrown from the track down a thirty feet embankment, and three cars were consumed by a fire kindled by a kerosene lamp. Fortunately no person was seriously injured.

The boiler of Van Winkle's saw mill, near Anderson, Ind., exploded on the 14th inst., instantly killing two men, named Moore and Woolf. The latter Postmaster at Florida, Ind. Three others are supposed to be fatally wounded.

Alaska dates to April 20th, report the weather quite pleasant. The health of Sitka is good. There have been a number of arrivals and departures, and business is quite brisk.

Advices from Idaho state that the grasshoppers threaten great havoc. Reports from the mines are good and labor is in demand.

From the South.

THE South Carolina Senate contains twenty white members and twelve colored; the House of Representatives forty-four whites and eighty colored.

Ex-Governor Smyth of Virginia, who is now over seventy years of age, rode fifty miles a few days since to speak against the new Constitution.

So far as heard from, three negroes have been elected to the Georgia Senate and twenty-five to the House of Representatives.

All the candidates for State officers on the Conservative ticket in Virginia were officers of Lee's army.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

A PETITION has been presented in the British House of Commons, from the people of Nova Scotia, praying that Parliament repeal the act by which that Province was united to the Dominion of Canada. The petitioners denounce the Canadian Union act as an evil uncalled for and unjust, the result of a surprise sprung on the people and of fraud practiced on Parliament.

The bill to suspend the making of appointments in the Irish Church has passed to a first reading in the House of Commons. It is to remain in effect until the first of August, 1869.

Mr. Bancroft is at Munich waiting the return of Prince Hohen Coke, to negotiate a national treaty with Bavaria.

Charles Francis Adams, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, who resigned his position some time ago, took leave of the Queen at a special audience on Thursday. Mr. Adams left London soon afterwards for the continent, leaving Mr. Moran in charge of the American Legation.

The Sultan at Constantinople opened his new Council on Monday, the 11th, with a remarkable speech. He said the time had come when Turkish manners must yield to European civilization.

An ecclesiastical deputation waited upon the Queen at Windsor Castle on the 14th inst., and presented to Her Majesty an address from the hierarchy of the Irish Church, giving their views in regard to the great changes contemplated in the establishment. The Queen replied in vague terms, not committing herself to the policy of either the Church or the Liberal party on the question.

The Rev. Dr. James McCosh of Queen's College, who was recently elected President of Princeton College, New Jersey, has not yet decided whether he will accept the position.

The most harrowing stories are told of the sufferings of the Arabs in Algeria, many of whom have been reduced to such straits that they eat offal and dig up the dead bodies of animals that have died of the plague. One hundred thousand of them have died of the famine or the cholera in six months.

NEWS FROM HAYTI.—The latest Haytien news is important. President Salnave had escaped from Cape Haytien, and had reached Port au Prince. He and Gen. De Lorme, who acts as Secretary of State, Interior, War and Navy, arrested many of the citizens and ordered some to be shot. Numerous murders and robberies had taken place. The stores of six American merchants were robbed by the troops. Salnave threatened to seize and burn them to ashes, at the same time he used violent measures to the foreign consuls. Many Americans had been shot at in their own windows, and were forced to seek refuge in the American Consulate. Mr. Hollister and his attaches had an interview with President Salnave and Gen. De Lorme. They demanded protection and were received defiantly and denied protection. The American Minister at once sent a dispatch to Havana for some American men-of-war to go to his assistance. He also sent to Jamaica for a British war steamer, which was sent to his aid. The whole country is reported to be in arms against Salnave, excepting Gonaives, Jacmel and Freecape. The Revolution in the North has been successful under the lead of Gen. Fissage, Sage and the Cacos. The entire South is against the Government.

MEXICAN NEWS.—Advices from the city of Mexico to May 1st, via Acapulco, state that Juarez is in the quiet possession of the Presidency. All attempts at revolution in the different portions of the country had been suppressed. Gen. Martinez had passed through Tepsic on the way from Sinoloa to submit to the mercy of the Government. All was quiet at Sinoloa and Guerrero. Overland advices from Mazatlan confirm the reported defeat of the revolutionists at Presidia, by 1,500 national troops under Guerrera. Three hundred rebels were killed and wounded, and six hundred captured. Ten staff officers were shot. Col. Crespo of the State troops, was killed. The General escaped. The revolution is a failure.

EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.—One of the best signs of the times is the increased attention given to education at the South. In Wilmington, N. C., fourteen hundred colored children are now studying in schools which are said to compare favorably with those of New England, while a system of schools for poor white children has been in successful operation for over two years. Since the offer of assistance from the agent of the Peabody fund, the trustees have enjoyed greater facilities for extending the work, and it is believed that there will soon be schooling accommodations for every child, white or colored, in Wilmington. Other Southern cities are also making progress in this direction.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—By advices from Rio Janeiro to April 24th we learn that some changes had taken place in the Brazilian Cabinet; Senor Albuquerenne had resigned from the Department of Foreign Affairs, and is succeeded by Senor Gonza, a member of the Chamber of Deputies; and Senor Aldin had been appointed Secretary of the Brazilian Legation at Washington. The latest advices from the seat of war in Paraguay are that the fortress of Humaita had been shelled by the Allied batteries and an assault was menaced by the army under the Marquis de Caixas. Two Paragnayan gunboats had been sunk by the Brazilian batteries above Humaita.

NEW ENGLAND ITEMS.—By a freshet near Providence, R. I., three dams, Hughes' cotton mill, Walsh's storehouse and the Glen Hill Chemical Works were carried away. Hughes' loss is $60,000. The Republicans of the Connecticut Legislature in caucus Thursday night, nominated William A. Buckingham for U. S. Senator. The vote stood, Buckingham, 81; Hawley, 59. The cotton mill known as the White Mill, belonging to the Fall River Manufacturing Company of Fall River, was totally destroyed by fire on the 14th inst.

FENIAN PROSPECTS.—At the Fenian State Convention recently held in Hartford, the report on the cause in Connecticut showed that there were thirty-seven circles and a full regiment of infantry enlisted in the Irish Republican Army. The usual appeal for support was made, as success was certain this time. Many new enlistments were secured.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE progress of the Pacific Railroad is so steady that no one wonders at its rapidity. Few consider, fewer still estimate the grandeur of the fact, that both ranges have been surmounted. The Sierra Nevada Mountains were regarded as the great obstacles to its construction. These have now been overcome by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and the locomotive is now advancing across the Salt Lake Basin, to meet the Union Pacific Railroad, which is successfully crossing the Rocky Mountain ridges. The interval remaining to be constructed presents no engineering difficulties equal to those already overcome. It is confidently predicted that the whole line will be open for business in about two years from this time.

Accustomed as we are getting to the story, the Pacific Railroad is the marvel of our day. Nor can we easily exaggerate its effect on the development of the interior of the continent, and on the course of the commerce of the world, and the boldest can hardly over-estimate the financial success of the companies which control it.

It will be seen by the advertisement in another column that the completed portion of the Central Pacific Railroad is already earning vastly more than its expenses and the interest on its Bonded debt. The First Mortgage Six-Per Cent. Gold Bonds on that end of the line are offered at par and accrued interest, in currency.

THE BEST AMERICAN ORGAN TO BE GIVEN FOR THE BEST AMERICAN STORY.—The Publishers of the new "*Prize Story Monthly Magazine*" offer as a premium for the best moral story, one of S. D. & H. W. Smith's American Organs, valued at two hundred and twenty-five dollars. This generous award will be made by a committee of literary gentlemen. Authors will address "PRATT BROTHERS, Publishers, 37 Cornhill, Boston," for particulars.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, May 19, 1868.

OUR local money matters remain much as heretofore noticed. The banks are well supplied with funds, and the demands of borrowers are light. The New York market is easy. The past week has shown decided improvement in Boston. All the principle money centers closed up the last week with a better feeling in financial affairs than has been experienced in some time. The banks are now exchanging their May compounds for 6 per cent. certificates. The amount of compound interest notes presented for exchange at the Sub-Treasury in New York up to the close of last week was nearly $16,000,000. Cash redemption of compounds are only made at Washington.

Gold was rather active last week, though there was no great fluctuation in prices. The impeachment excitement had but little effect on the market. Sales were made yesterday at 139⅝.

WOOL.—There is no change to notice in the market for wool. Sales in Boston last week were to the amount of 761,000 lbs. at about former rates.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—There is but little change in prices in the Eastern market. Receipts are light, but holders both in New York and Boston manifest a disposition to realize.

LOCAL MARKET—Owing to a protracted season of falling weather the local market is without the usual animation at this time of the year. The wool market is especially dull, as the new clip is not yet offering, and probably will not be for a month or more to come. Prices of fleece are nominal at quotations. A few bales of No. 1 pulled, were taken on Saturday at 33c—a top figure for this class of wools.

GRAIN—The grain market is dull with no quotable change in prices. Barley is especially slow and but little offering.

PROVISIONS hold up with no immediate prospect of declension. Butter is in limited supply and is taken at improved rates. Vegetables are scarce. Shipments to New York have left the market quite bare of potatoes and prices are higher.

HAY is down a trifle, but still higher than is customary so late in the season.

ROCHESTER, MAY 18—Flour, wheat, $14,00@16,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,00@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,35@2,70; Do. white, $3,00@3,10; Rye, $1,75@1,90; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $2,00@2,25; Beans, $4,50@5,50; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 19@20cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 28@30c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, $1,30@1,50. Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,50; Onions, ℔ bu., $0,00@0,00; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 40@42½c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@28. Maple Sugar, 16@22c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 15@18c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 16.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,62½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 31½@32c. Flour, $8,40@16,00; Rye Flour, $8,25@10; Wheat, $2,35@2,43; Rye, $1,95@2,00; Barley, $2,20; Corn, $1,14@1,22; Oats, 80½@87½c; Pork, mess, $27,62@28,37; prime, $23,50@24,00; prime mess, $24,50@24,75; Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; Beef hams, $25,00@26,50; Shoulders, 13½@13c; Hams, 17@18½c; Bacon, 14@16½c; Lard 17½@18½c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 12@17c.

ALBANY, MAY 16—Flour, $9@14,75. Rye Flour, $9,62½@9,75. Corn Meal, $2,45@2,55 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,90@2,90. Rye, $2,00. Barley, $2@2,25. Corn, $1,12@1,18. Oats, 77@80c. Clover seed, medium, 10½@11c; large, 0@00c. Timothy seed, $2,75@3,00. Pork, clear, $30,00; shear clear, $34,00; mess, $29,00. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 40@50c. Cheese, 17c.

BUFFALO, MAY 16—Flour, $10,25@13,25; Wheat, $2,22@2,90; Corn, $1,03@1,05; Oats, 78@78c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $2,15@2,25; Peas, $1,50@2,50; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Pork, mess, $28,00@29,00; Lard, 16@19½c; Shoulders, 14½@15c; Hams, 19@21½c; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,35@2,40; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,40 fine, $2,45 coarse ℔ bbl.; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 14@17c; Potatoes, $1,30; Apples, green, $3,50@4,50 bbl.; dried, 5@6½c ℔; Eggs, 18@19c.

CINCINNATI, MAY 16—Flour, $7,50@13,50; Wheat, $2,40@2,70; Corn, 86@92c ear; Oats, 75@78c; Rye, $1,85@1,90; Barley, $2,50@2,60; Mess pork, $26@26,00; Lard, 18½@19c; Bacon, 18½@17c; Hams, 17½@20c; Shoulders, 13@16c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,25.

CHICAGO, MAY 16—Flour, $9,00@11,25; Wheat, $2,01½@2,10; Corn, 91½@93½c; Oats 69½@70cts; Rye, $1,78@1,83; Barley, $2,27@2,38; Pork, mess, $28,00@28,00; Lard, 18@18c.

TORONTO, MAY 15—Flour, $7@7,75; Wheat, fall, $1,75@1,80; Spring, $1,61@1,65; Oats, 56@60c; Barley, $1@1,30; Peas, 90@91cts; Pork, mess, $14,50@22,00; Bacon, 8@10c; Hams, 12½@18½c; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 10@12c; Eggs, 10@11c; Butter, 14@20c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 10@11c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $15@21; Straw, $11@18; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 13—Beeves—Receipts 5,151 head; quotations at 11@19cts. Cows—Receipts 92 head; quotations at $40@100. Veal Calves—Receipts 2,554 head; quotations 5@13c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 12,367 head; quotations 5@13c. Swine—Receipts 24,003 head; quotations 9½@10½c.

ALBANY, MAY 14—Beef Cattle sell at 4@11½c; Milch Cows, $00@75; Veal Calves, 6@7c; Sheep, 6½@11c; Hogs, 9½.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, MAY 14—Beeves range from 10@14½c; Working Oxen, $150@190 ℔ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@150; Milch cows, $55@100; Heifers and farrow, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 6@8c; extra, 8½@10c; by the head, $2@2,50; Hides, 8@9½c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 8@8½c; Calfskins, 16@18c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 62c@$2,50; Swine, no sales.

CHICAGO, MAY 16—Beef Cattle, 6½@8½c. Veal Calves, 4@9½c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $8,40@9,00.

CINCINNATI, MAY 13—Beef Cattle, $4,50@8,50; Sheep, 4½@6c; Hogs, 8@10½c. Calves, 7@10c.

TORONTO, MAY 15.—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep, $5,00@7,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $3@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 16—Market is active. Sales are 500,000 lbs. at 45@54c. for Domestic Fleece, 44@47cts for pulled, 53½ for tubbed, 25@35c. for Texas, 25@37c for California, 29@36c for Oregon, and 22½@23c for Camels hair.

BOSTON, MAY 14—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 44½@55c; pulled, 28@55c; medium and extra Western, 45@55c.

CINCINNATI, MAY 14—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 30@33c; Tub Washed, 40@42c; Unwashed, 25@28c; Fleece, 35@42c.

DIED.

In Gates, Monroe Co., N.Y., April 1, 1868, of Scarlet Fever, CHARLEY A., eldest son of BYRON M. and MELISSA E. GARDNER, aged 8 years, 6 months and 12 days.

And yet, ye friends who now lament
The loss of one so dear,
'Tis right ye should, for JESUS wept—
Ah yes, he shed the tear.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—Thorough; Systematic; Practical. Instruction given in Methods of Learning and in Methods of Teaching. For Circulars, address J. A. COOPER, 957-2teo Edinboro, Erie Co., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, everywhere, to sell our new and splendid Engraving entitled "FROM SHORE TO SHORE," suggestive of Life's Journey from Childhood to Old Age. A perfect gem. 957-2teo Address B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG. 957-2teo 94 Columbia St., New York City.

WANTED—TELEGRAPHERS—BY THE Union Telegraph Institute, Oberlin, Ohio. Young Ladies and Young Men to learn the art of Telegraphing, to furnish Operators for the new lines. For further particulars, address ABERNETHY & SHERMAN, Proprietors.

AGENTS WANTED.—PEOPLE IN WANT OF, and Agents who are selling, all kinds of SEWING MACHINES, are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS, 957 4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

WANTED.—AGENTS TO SELL CAMPAIGN BADGES and MEDALS, in every town. GRANT BADGES, &c., ready now. Send 25 cts. for samples, or stamp for full particulars. We also make the *best* RUBBER STAMP in the world. LANPHEAR & PERRY, 109 Bank St., Cleveland, O.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—The 19th Annual Session will open October 14, 1868. For further particulars, address the Secretary, MRS. E. H. CLEVELAND, M. D., at the College, North College Avenue and 23d Street, Philadelphia. ANN PRESTON, M. D., Dean.

THE EXCELSIOR—A PERIODICAL DEVOTED to choice Literature, Fashions, &c. &c. The most magnificent premiums offered on the most liberal terms. *Gold* Watches, Sewing Machines, Furs, Music, &c., &c. Every one can secure a premium. Send 10 cents for specimen copy. Address W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

POPULAR INVESTMENT.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS.

The CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY are authorized by Acts of Congress to construct, with the aid and supervision of the United States Government, the Western and principal portion of the National Trunk Line between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi Valley. They have built by far the most difficult and expensive portion of their Road, and have an unprecedented working force extending the track across the Salt Lake Basin. By the close of 1868, it is expected they will have 400 miles in full operation; and that the

ENTIRE LINE WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

More than TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS have been expended in the work, and the available CONSTRUCTION RESOURCES are ample for the remainder, as follows:

1. UNITED STATES BONDS to the extent of $35,000 per mile, average.
2. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount.
3. GRANT OF PUBLIC LANDS along the route, 12,800 acres per mile.
4. CAPITAL STOCK of $20,000,000, of which $5,000,000 is subscribed and paid on the work done.
5. CASH RESOURCES, comprising Donations from California sources amounting to $1,250,000, Net Earnings, etc., 1865 to 1870, $6,500,000, making a total of more than

SEVENTY MILLIONS UPON THE FIRST 726 MILES.

One Hundred and Fifty Miles are now built and in operation on both slopes of the Sierra Nevada Range. The net earnings for the past year were OVER A MILLION IN GOLD, or more than four times the annual interest liabilities; and the net surplus for the present year, after payment of expenses and interest, is estimated at

$1,500,000 IN GOLD.

We have now on hand a supply, and are prepared to fill all orders at their

Par Value and Accrued Interest,

in currency, a limited amount of the

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

bearing six per cent. per annum—both INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL being explicitly made "PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN," conformably with the Specie Laws of the Pacific States.

The Bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January, the back interest from January 1st, being charged to the purchasers, *in currency*.

☞ The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time*; but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. They are believed to be the most perfect and assured Corporate Security now offered.

We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from 5 to 10 per cent. profit and keep the principal of their investments equally secure.

Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and Prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

FISK & HATCH,
Financial Agents of the C. P. R.-R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
OFFICES OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,
No. 54 William Street, New York,
Nos. 56 and 58 K Street, Sacramento, California.
Sold by FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK, FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.

Subscriptions received through Banks and Bankers, generally.

☞ All Descriptions of Government Securities Bought, Sold, or Exchanged, at our office and by Mail and Telegraph, at MARKET RATES.

☞ SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES converted into the New Five-Twenties, or any other class of Government Bonds.

☞ ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS and others received, and favorable arrangements made for desirable accounts.

☞ GOLD, COUPONS, and COMPOUND-INTEREST NOTES Bought and Sold.

☞ Miscellaneous STOCKS and BONDS Bought and Sold, at the Stock Exchange, on Commission, for Cash.

☞ Dealers and Investors out of the City desiring to make negotiations in any of the above, may do so through us by mail or telegraph, as advantageously as though personally present in New York.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

WILSON EARLY BLACKBERRY PLANTS, grown in pots and well-rooted, at $15 ℔ 100; $2,40 ℔ dozen. SAM'L C. DE COU, 957-2t Recklesstown, Burlington Co., N. J.

HEXAMER'S PRONG HOE.—THE BEST HAND CULTIVATOR ever invented. It saves half the labor of hoeing, and does the work better than any other tool. Every farmer and gardener should have it. Circulars sent on application. Price $3,50; cash with the order. For sale at the principal Agricultural Warehouses, and by REISIG & HEXAMER, 957-2t New Castle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.
Presidential Campaign Chart
Now ready, giving large, clear and striking likenesses of the Republican Candidates for President and Vice-President, Party Platform in full. The whole is surmounted by the American Eagle and Flag, and beautifully colored. This affords the best chance for Agents to make money for the year 1868. Send for catalogue giving full particulars of my Maps and Charts. Address GAYLORD WATSON, 957-4t No. 16 Beekman St., New York.

NANSEMOND SWEET POTATO PLANTS—Packed and delivered to express office for $3 ℔ 500; $5,50 ℔ 1,000. Address PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—First Class, *packed* and at depot, $2,50 ℔ 1,000. *Hittatinny*, strong yearling, $6 ℔ 100; $50 ℔ 1,000. *Wilson's Early Blackberry*, strong, $25 ℔ 100; Do., fine young plants, *warranted to grow*, $7 ℔ 100; $60 ℔ 1,000. *Missouri Mammoth* Blackberry, $1 each, $9 ℔ doz., $60 ℔ 100; young plants, strong and fine, 50c each, $4,50 ℔ doz., $30 ℔ 100. *Concord and Hartford Prolific*, excellent first class, $5 ℔ 100, $35 ℔ 1,000; Do. 2d class, $4 ℔ 100, $25 ℔ 1,000. Roses, Verbenas, Dahlias, Sweet Potato, &c., &c., magnificent stock. Send 3 red stamps for 3 Catalogues. F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, McLean Co., Ill.

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N.Y.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Central Pacific Railroad Co—Fisk & Hatch.
Helmbold's Extract of Sarsaparilla.
The Albany Cotton Gin Manufacturing Company.
The Alloide Watch—Bradford, Van Delf & Co.
Great Dollar Sale—Andrews & Co.
Wanted—Agents—J Ahearn & Co.
Wilson Early Blackberry Plants—Sam'l C De Con.
Improved Common Sense Sewing Machine—Secomb & Co.
Portable Steam Engines—J C Hoadley & Co.
Best Young Plants—F K Phœnix.
Telegraphers Wanted—Abernethy & Sherman.
Agents Wanted—J K Pearson.
Woman's Medical College—Ann Preston, M D.
The Great Desideratum—The Colwells, Shaw & Willard Manufacturing Co.
$10 to $20 a Day Guaranteed—W G Wilson & Co.
Wanted—Agents to Sell Campaign Badges—Lanphear & Perky.
Fruits, Vegetables, &c., Preserved—L P Worrall.
Unparalleled Success—Harris & Plummer.
Hexamer's Prong Hoe—Reisig & Hexamer.
Presidential Campaign Chart—Gaylord Watson.
Pennsylvania State Normal School—J A Cooper.
Agents Wanted—B B Russell.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
$10 a Day for All—A J Fulam.
The Stimpson Scientific Pen.
The Excelsior—W T Horner.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Blood Stock—H C Graff.

The News Condenser.

— It is said Chicago aldermen smoke in meeting.
— Strawberries have appeared at Cairo, Ill.
— Maple sap is still running in Vermont.
— There were 370 patents issued last week.
— Boston has been having a great musical festival.
— Anna Dickinson is going to England to lecture.
— James Gordon Bennett's income last year was $167,000.
— Coal mines are to be worked near Pekin, China.
— Shad are running up North River in great numbers.
— Canada suspects that it has a Ku Klux Klan.
— Cincinnati has decreased her tax levy this year.
— New York is enjoying two young barons.
— Mr. Jesse, the British naturalist, is dead.
— Chicago streets are being re-baptized into avenues.
— Sugar crop prospects in Louisiana are encouraging.
— The Boston Cretan Fair netted $17,000.
— Ristori brings $60,000 in gold from Havana.
— The Prince of Wales wants £10,000 more income.
— Goat Island, Niagara Falls, is to be lighted with gas.
— St. Paul's Church, Boston, is to be sold for $400,000.
— A woman 72 years old lately gave birth to a child in Berlin.
— California grape growers are studying brandy manufacture.
— Miles O'Reilly has bought a 700 acre tobacco farm in Virginia.
— A Social Science Association is to be organized in the West.
— A monument to the rebel dead of Bull Run is being talked of.
— Cholera has killed as many as gunpowder in the Paraguayan war.
— Montana expects to raise grain enough this year to feed itself.
— Over twelve hundred million tons of ice are stored in New York.
— Iron curbing is being tried with success in the streets of Pittsburg.
— Mrs. Kit Carson died suddenly in Colorado Territory on the 26th ult.
— The American Antiquarian Society of Boston has a fund of $61,503.
— The Harmony Co. at Cohoes, made 3,620,000 yards of cloth last month.
— A whisky spring has been found near Nodaway, Mo. Does it pay tax?
— The New York coopers have struck to stave off a reduction of wages.
— Wheat will be ready for harvesting in Georgia in about two weeks.
— There is a thrifty peony plant in Collinsville, Conn., over 100 years old.
— The new Tabernacle at Salt Lake holds 10,000, and is already too small.
— Celedon, the latest color fashion, is a mixture of pea green and orange.
— Capt. John G. Coblin returns the largest income in St. Louis—$132,000.
— A company to insure plate glass windows has been started in New York.
— There is an extraordinary rush to America this year from Electoral Hesse.
— The rebel dead on Johnson's Island are to be removed to the mainland.
— New Orleans claims the most miles of street railway of any city in the world.
— The bail bond of Jefferson Davis was renewed at Richmond Saturday last.
— A Naples merchant is held by brigands as security for his ransom of $35,000.
— Vermont has a copper mine at Vershire which raises annually 5,000 tons of ore.
— Report says an iron-clad monitor is to be built in New York for the Cretans.
— A rich vein of iron ore has just been discovered on the Garret Mountain, N. J.
— Chicago is going to build a new draw-bridge over the river at Twelfth street.
— The Baltimore Common Council has expelled three of its members for bribery.
— Napier's elephants became so foot sore that they were obliged to wear boots.
— Wm. M. Evarts, one of the President's counsel, is a grandson of Roger Sherman.
— The Hoosic bore has cost Massachusetts $4,000,000 and will cost $8,000,000 more.
— The labors of the Mississippi Reconstruction Convention are about completed.
— Davy Crockett's farm in Gibson Co., Tenn., consisting of 1,300 acres, is for sale.
— A Massachusetts man named Leonard Kimball committed suicide Thursday week.
— The remains of 295 Union soldiers, exhumed at the South have arrived at Brooklyn.
— A number of Mississippians are petitioning for the removal of political disabilities.
— The Detroit Board of Underwriters offer $500 reward for the arrest of any incendiary.
— A man named Kinney was shot and killed during a quarrel in Dexmont, Me., recently.
— A hardware merchant of Rondout is in limbo for robbing the postoffice at that place.
— The insurrectionary war against the Turks is still vigorously prosecuted by the Cretans.
— A man in New Hampshire crawled a quarter of a mile in satisfaction of an election bet.
— Ex-President Buchanan is believed to be on his death-bed, prostrated with pleuro-pneumonia.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Blood Stock of most Recent Importation.—Prize true-bred English Berkshire Swine, selected from Prince Albert's Pens, Windsor, England; Short-Horn Bull and Heifer Calves, Alderneys, pedigrees to importation. The Berkshire is black, white face and feet, readily attains 400 lbs. at 15 months, fattens at any age. All stock sold on special guarantee. Inclose stamp for price.
H. C. GRAFF,
Greendale Stock Farm, Maysville, Col. Co., Ohio.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

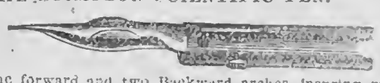
NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—AGENTS.—$200 PER MONTH the year round, or a certainty of $500 to $1,000 per month to those having a little capital. We guarantee the above monthly salary to good active agents at their own homes. Every agent, farmer, gardener, planter and fruit grower, North and South, *should send at once for particulars.* Please call on or address J. AHEARN & CO., 63 Second Street, Baltimore, Md. 957-2teo

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!—WE ARE selling from a rich and varied stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Watches, Carpetings, &c., at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR. Parties getting up clubs will receive a premium worth from $3 to $300, according to the size of the club. A check describing an article to be sold for One Dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10. Circulars sent free. Agents wanted in every town. Address HARRIS & PLUMMER,
957-4t 34 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

THE STIMPSON SCIENTIFIC PEN.



One forward and two Backward arches, insuring great *strength*, well-balanced *elasticity*, *evenness* of point, and *smoothness* of execution. Sold by all Stationers. One gross in twelve contains a *Scientific Gold Pen*. One dozen *Steel Pens* (assorted points) and Patent Ink-retaining Penholder mailed on receipt of 50 cents. A. S. BARNES & CO.,
957-2teo 111 & 113 William st., New York.

BEST YOUNG PLANTS.
Carefully Packed, Warranted Genuine, Warranted to Grow.

BLACKBERRIES.	Per Doz.	Per 100.	Per 1000.
KITTATINNY	$1.00	$5	$40
WILSON'S EARLY	1.50	7	50
MISSOURI MAMMOTH	4.50		

RASPBERRIES.—Clarke and Philadelphia, $2.00 per doz.; Ellsdale and Thornless, $1 per doz.
ROSES, an extra collection, on their own roots, $3 per doz.; $15 per hundred.
VERBENAS, $5 per 100. Also, a general assortment of Green-house and Bedding Plants.
957-2t F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, Ill.

FRUITS, VEGETABLES, MILK, BUTTER, &c—Effectually preserved without sugar, without cooking them, and without air-fighting the jars or cans, by a new cheap, healthful and effectual method, that of the American Fruit Preserving Powders.
Circular sent free, or a manual of 32 pages, containing full description and directions for preserving said articles, sent for 10 cents.
These Preserving Powders are put up and sold for 50c per package; sent by mail for 75 cts; or we will send by mail a small sample for trial—enough for a few pounds of fruit—for 15 cts. Also for sale by Druggists, Grocers and General Dealers everywhere. If not found at your store, send direct to
L. P. WORRALL, General Agent,
No. 165 Chambers Street, New York.

STAR AGRICULTURAL WORKS!
The Albany Cotton Gin Manufacturing Co.,
ALBANY, N. Y.,
Office and Factory on Thacher St., North End of the City.
JOHN WARD, President.
G. D. VAN VLIET, Secretary and Treasurer.
WM. B. EMERY, (Survivor of EMERY BROTHERS,) Superintendent of Manufactory.
MANUFACTURERS OF
GENERAL AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,
Comprising the celebrated "STAR" Threshing Machines; "STAR" Railway for Endless Chain and Lever Horse Powers; "STAR" Cotton Gins and Condensers; Circular Cross-Cut Saw Mills; Vegetable Cutters; Horse Hay Forks, Corn and Feed Mills; Power Corn Shellers; Dog Powers, &c., &c.
For full particulars, send for our Illustrated Descriptive Circular and Price List.
AGENTS WANTED.
☞ Correspondents will please address THE ALBANY COTTON GIN MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. Drawer 162, Albany, N. Y. 957-mtf

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL Complexion follow the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
It removes black spots, pimples, moth-patches, and all eruptions of the skin.

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER MONTHS, the system naturally undergoes a change, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is an assistant of the greatest value.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE OF THE INJUrious effects of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the utmost value.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY.—HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine, err.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF Complexion must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take NO other.

HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA ERADICATES ERUPTIVE AND ULCERATIVE DISEASES OF THE THROAT, NOSE, EYELIDS, SCALP AND SKIN, which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury, and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASE, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.
TWO TABLESPOONFULS of HELMBOLD'S Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Sirup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions as usually made.
AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the Medico-Chirurgical Review, on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F. R. S., &c. Speaking of these diseases, and diseases arising from excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary—more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic, with this invaluable attribute—that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT BUCHU is the great diuretic. HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the Great Blood Purifier. Both are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.
The best test of their purity and superiority will be a comparison with the properties as set forth in the United States Dispensatory.
My laboratory for the manufacture of Fluid Extracts has been visited by thousands of physicians and druggists from all parts of the United States, and the mode of preparation received their unanimous commendation.
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACTS are pleasant in taste and odor, and immediate in their action.
NONE ARE GENUINE, unless done up in the steel engraved wrapper, and signed, H. T. HELMBOLD.
The proprietor was compelled to adopt such a wrapper, because of the growing popularity of his articles, and to prevent spurious and dangerous counterfeiting.
H. T. HELMBOLD, druggist, of eighteen years' experience, and manufacturer of HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.
Principal Depots—HELMBOLD'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, No. 591 BROADWAY, New York, next Metropolitan Hotel; and HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT, No. 104 SOUTH TENTH STREET, Philadelphia, where all desiring information should address communications, which will be promptly replied to, and the necessary instructions imparted.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
Price $1.25 per bottle, or six bottles for $6.50. 957-6teo

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, combining the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Address
957-26t J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 957-3t

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF May 2.
To the Editors of the New York Tribune:
GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern, that we are engaged in a legitimate, straight-forward business and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.
Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, $101,711, *one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7,950—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:
1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to the piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
315 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces of Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1182 Wool Square Shawls.
1401 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 cards each.
5 Silver-Plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver Plated Castors.
1492 White Quilts.
If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our House absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.
But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us. ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address. 957-2t

JOHN YOUNG'S
(ORIGINAL WRINGER MAN)
MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER,
WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS, AND
ALL WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS.
The subscribers claim to have a Machine so constructed as to work as easily as Clothes Wringers without gear, which entirely obviates the great objection so universally made against all Cog-Wheel Wringers.
The Cog-Wheel Monitor
is the first and only Wringer ever constructed so as to work effectually with Cog-Wheels and self-adjusting Rubber Springs combined, and at the same time keep the cogs in gear and rollers level at both ends.
Time, experience and the public have convinced manufacturers that Clothes Wringers with cog-wheels are much more durable than those without, for the following reasons:
1st. They prevent any strain upon the clothes while being wrung.
2d. They preserve the rollers, as the labor is divided between both rollers, instead of all being done by the lower one to which the crank is attached, as is the case when no cogs are used.
3d. They wring large articles with perfect ease.
N. B.—If it be so, as some manufacturers assert, that *Black Rubber Rollers* are as good and better than White Rubber Rollers, why don't they use all Black Rubber instead of covering it with a thin coating of White Rubber to give them the appearance of All White Rubber Rollers? A liberal discount made to jobbers.
Agents wanted everywhere. Sold everywhere by Grocers and Hardware Dealers. Manufactured by
JOHN YOUNG & SON,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

CARPENTRY MADE EASY—Instructs Farmers how to build Barns, Outhouses, Bridges, &c. Price, $5.00. H. CHALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT GROWER, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 956-13t

BULLARD'S PATENT HAY TEDDER WITH Herring and Squlers' Improvements, can be had of S. C. HERRING, Manufacturer, New York, GEO. A. SQUIER, Superintendent, Syracuse, N. Y. S. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Little Falls, N. Y. For Circulars address as above. 956-5t

WANTED—AGENTS—TO SELL BY sample, a COMBINED SQUARE, LEVEL AND BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address
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956-4t PITTSBURGH, PA.

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AGENTS WANTED.
A PARISIAN REVELATION—YANKEEDOM outdone,—invaluable to all—can be learned in 1 hour—copyright in Europe and America. Full instructions and sample sent for $1, for trial. Address PROF. LA RUE, 145 Nassau Street, New York. 956-2t

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PURE HONEY!—How to make it easy and cheap *free*. Address G. G. BERRY, North Stratford, N. H.

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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—CONSISTing of 110 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, with fruit orchards embracing the most choice fruits, and 3 acres of vineyard all in bearing. One-half mile from Peach Orchard Landing, on Seneca Lake, in the County of Schuyler, N. Y., Hector P. O. For particulars, inquire of B. W. WOODWARD, Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

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This New Sewing Machine gained the Highest Prize,
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867,
And more FIRST CLASS PREMIUMS during the past year than any other. It is without doubt the BEST for family use, because it is the SIMPLEST in construction, EASIEST to learn, and LEAST LIABLE to get out of ORDER. It makes the LOCK STITCH, and we guarantee it to do a greater range of WORK without change than any other machine in the market. **WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.,**
Home Office—Hartford, Conn. Branch Offices—613 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. 953-13t

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The best Weekly Newspaper published in the West, will be issued as a Campaign Paper from the meeting of the National Republican Convention, May 21st, to December 1st, for the
VERY LOW PRICE OF FIFTY CENTS.
It will contain the fullest political intelligence, general news, commercial reports, choice selections of reading matter, and able editorials on all important current topics. It must commend itself particularly to Republican Clubs and Campaign Committees as the cheapest, most entertaining, and most effective campaign document issued. Every Republican should take it and see that his neighbor has it.
SEND IN YOUR ORDERS.
Address REPUBLICAN CO., Chicago, Ill.

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Take the lead, and used everywhere. Two Grand Gold Medals and Cross of Legion of Honor, at Paris Exposition, 1867. And 500 First Premiums in all parts of the world. Over 90,000 now in use. Increasing demand with increased facilities. Improvements for 1868. Pronounced by all who have used them to be the
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WOOD'S PRIZE MOWERS—one and two-horse.
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WOOD'S HAND-RAKING REAPER.
HAINES ILLINOIS HARVESTER.
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FOREIGN OFFICE, 77 Upper Thames St., London, Eng.
SEND FOR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR FOR 1868.
SEE RURAL NEW-YORKER, APRIL 4, 1868.

The Premium Harvester of America.

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90,000 Now in Use—20,000 Sold in a SINGLE SEASON.
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"An admirable record of scientific exploration, geographical discovery, and personal adventure."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
"It is issued in a very attractive form, and is as entertaining as a romance."—*Boston Journal.*
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AND
American Manufacturers' Monthly Circular.
A Commercial Journal advocating a Tariff for the Protection of American Manufactures, and the Organ of the Manufacturers of the United States.
PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT $3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, BY
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Being the only special organ of the Manufacturers of the United States, it is a valuable contribution to the commercial Journalism of our country, and should be in the Counting House of every person engaged in Trade, Commerce, or Manufactures.
Its aim is to promote and encourage the interests of American labor, and render Domestic production profitable, whether manufacturing, agricultural, or mining, in its pursuits. It aims to secure a reduction of the enormous internal taxes that now retard American enterprise, and, by placing the tariff of our country on a fair and permanent basis, give life and activity to American Agriculture, Trade, Commerce and Manufactures.
Every Manufacturer should subscribe for it.
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TO MANUFACTURERS.
Its advertising columns afford a means of gaining publicity amongst large dealers in all the large cities and towns of the U. S. that no other Journal can offer.
Send on your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once.
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109 Leonard St., New York.

FOR ONE DOLLAR **XL**
A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE, OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST.
For a few days' services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp, CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass. 951-13t

RESTORE YOUR BEAUTY.—HOLLOW *Cheeks, Emaciated Forms, Dark Circles around the Eyes, Pimples, &c.*, cured by the use of VELPEAU'S VITALINE. Was never known to fail. However thin you are, the VITALINE will cause the hollow cheek and shrunken form to fill up with healthful flesh, restoring beauty of form and color. It is harmless. *Satisfaction given, or money refunded.* $1.50 per box, sealed, by mail. Address
WM. POWELL & CO.,
955-eoly L. Box 15, Troy, N. Y.

GREATEST CURIOSITY OF THE 19TH Century!—Wonderful Electric Fish—It pleases all! By mail for 10 cents and stamp; 3 for 25 cents. Address the inventor, NATHAN HALL, West Millbury, Mass. [951-2teo
☞ Agents wanted in every part of the world.

LAWN MOWERS
AND
CLIPPER MOWING MACHINES.
Send stamp for descriptive circulars and order early.
953-5teo R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 376, New York

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES *and* **TAN.** The only reliable remedy for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. 950-13teo

A VALUABLE GIFT.—80 PAGES. DR. S. S. FITCH'S "DOMESTIC FAMILY PHYSICIAN" describes all Diseases and their Remedies. Sent by mail, free. Address DR. S. S. FITCH,
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AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.
The Best! The Cheapest.
Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers and Expressmen—the most exacting class of watch-wearers—as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy and durability.
Unscrupulous dealers occasionally sell a worthless Swiss imitation. To avoid imitation, buyers should invariably demand a certificate of genuineness.
For sale by all respectable dealers.
Ask for a WALTHAM WATCH, and take no other.
It is the Best! It is the Cheapest!

UNION MOWER AND REAPER
(A Combination of different Patents.)
It combines more valuable features and will better meet the wants of Farmers than any Machine ever invented.
Has been in use for the past
SEVEN YEARS,
—AND HAS—
PROVED A PERFECT SUCCESS!
Can be worked successfully on rough and stony land, and is the most durable machine in use.

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Is the lightest, cheapest, simplest and best Horse Rake known. Agents Wanted. ALZIRUS BROWN, Worcester, Mass., Manufacturer. DUANE H. NASH, General Agent, 29 Cortlandt Street, New York. 955-2teo

CRESYLIC COMPOUNDS.
(PATENTED.)
A Complete Disinfectant, Sure Insect Destroyer and Cure for Skin Diseases, &c.
Cresylic Acid, well known as certain in its effects for the above purposes, is now for the first time made *available for common use.* With license under Letters Patent various compounds are being manufactured by the undersigned, whose Family Soaps have long been a staple article in the market.

SHEEP DIP,
For Curing Scab and Destroying Insects on Sheep.
5 ℔ canisters.....$1,25
10 ℔ canisters.....2,25
50 ℔ kegs.....10,00
200 ℔ bbls.....35,00
Proportions are 1 ℔ Dip to 5 gallons water for 5 to 10 Sheep, according to size.

PLANT PROTECTOR.
In solution for destroying and repelling insects from Trees or Plants.
In 1 and 3 ℔ canisters, 50 cents, and $1,00; larger packages same price as Sheep Dip.

CRESYLIC OINTMENT,
For Cure of Foot-Rot, &c. In solution for killing insects, &c., on stock. In 3 ℔ canisters, $1.

CARBOLIC DISINFECTING SOAP.
In tablets for convenient use in washing Horses, Dogs, Pigs, &c., destroying insects of all kinds, protecting from Flies, curative of Sores, Scratches, and Chafes of all kinds. 40 cents ℔ ℔., or in boxes, 3 dozen tablets, $3,00.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
For Promoting the Growth of, and Beautifying the Hair,—and rendering it Dark and Glossy.
The COCOAINE holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

LOSS OF HAIR.
MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:
I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil,—COCOAINE.
For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain.
By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE
EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.
MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.:
I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been sick six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.
When her hair came off she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly that, in October, 1861, it all came off, and for two years after her head was as smooth as

THE CLEAR VISION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I DID but dream. I never knew
What charms the sternest seasons wore;
Was never yet the sky so blue,
Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

O Earth! with gladness overfraught,
No added charm thy face hath found;
Within my heart the change is wrought,
My footsteps make enchanted ground.
From couch of pain and curtained room
Forth to thy light and air I come,
To find in all that meets my eyes
The freshness of a glad surprise.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west winds of spring
To see the unbounded rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.
The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow noisy green with leafing buds,
And violet and wine flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May.

Break forth, my lips, in praise and own
The wiser love severely kind;
Since, richer for its chastening grown,
I see, whereas I once was blind.
The world, O Father! hath not wronged
With loss the life by thee prolonged;
But still, with every added year,
More beautiful thy works appear!

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;
Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY TRAVELS:
THEIR ADVENTURES AND TERMINATION.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Concluded from page 164, last number.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, as, very weary and tired, I followed the Judge out of the cars in a depot in Cortlandt street, New York city, to my utter astonishment, "that brother of mine" stood on the platform,—either in spiritual or bodily form, I could scarcely tell which, for I was almost asleep. But he offered his hand and said:

"MAGGIE, good morning. Didn't you expect to see me? You knew I was here in the city."

"Yes, sir, but I didn't hardly expect to see you. How did you know I was coming?"

"I divined it by intuition;" he said, and I actually was too sleepy to be astonished at anything he might say; I heard it all as one hears things in a dream—surprised at nothing.

"How soon do you leave the city?" he inquired.

"In about twenty minutes, I believe the Judge said."

"Well, I must see the Judge," he said; "I will, if you please, go the first stage from here with you—to Philadelphia, for instance."

"Oh, thank you," I exclaimed; "I dreaded going alone so much!"

He took me into the ladies' room, a large, gloomy looking apartment, took off my hat, got me a glass of water, and saying he would be back in a moment, went out. I sat down on one of the hard benches, put my satchel on its arm, my head on the satchel, and in another minute was fast asleep. I was awakened by FRANK, coming in with a tray, bearing a dainty breakfast—coffee, rolls and chicken. He placed a chair before me, and put the tray upon it.

"How did you conjure that up in five minutes?" I said. "How kind you are!" I added, directly, while the tears filled my eyes.

"Very kind!" he said, smiling, "to feed a famishing being who evidently has not tasted food for the last twenty-four hours."

"Why, yes I have," said I,—"I ate dinner yesterday; I wasn't hungry last night."

"No, I presume not; but won't you eat now? Can't I persuade you? I feel ravenously hungry myself. Shall I assist you?"

"Yes," said I; and he drew up another chair, and taking out a pocket-knife, he borrowed my fork occasionally, and we "did eat." Instead of coffee, he got a tin cupful of water. Fortunately for the complete enjoyment of our feast, no one came into the room till we had quite finished. I felt greatly refreshed, ready to go to Illinois, or to Europe, if necessary; and said so to FRANK, as I lent him my fork to take the last mouthful of chicken.

"Have you really strength enough to go?" he said, "such a long, weary journey! Do you not dread it?"

"I am glad to go," I replied, eager, as the reader knows, to have the opportunity of telling him so;" so glad that I cannot tell it to you. It has been such a sore trouble to me, since I left school, that I could get nothing to do; I have felt, sometimes, like one imprisoned."

"And now you are free?" he said, with an odd smile. "Judge WELLES is your deliverer. I suppose you will owe him eternal gratitude."

"I shall be very grateful to him, indeed," I replied. "Would not you be? Only think how kind he has been to me."

"Oh, yes, it's all right; only it makes one half jealous of the old fellow."

"Jealous of *gratitude?*" I rejoined. "Why, you needn't be: I am grateful to you for my breakfast."

"Gratitude?—no, I am not jealous of gratitude; there is no other feeling, then, mingled with the gratitude?"

"No, you ridiculous fellow, what other feeling could there be? I have great respect for the Judge, to be sure; I always had—haven't you?"

"Yes, oh yes; I respect him most highly. If I should say I loved him, would you say so too?"

"Not unless I did love him."

If FRANK is trying to sound me, I thought, he shall not succeed.

"O, well," he said, "then you don't love everything that I do?"

"I don't know. I love chicken and fresh rolls, don't you?"

"I can't deny it," he replied. "We've had a pleasant little breakfast here in this forlorn looking room, haven't we?"

"Yes," said I, "thanks to you."

"I deserve a great deal of thanks, when I ate half of it. MAGGIE"—suddenly changing his tone, and barely touching my hand, as it still held the coffee-cup,—"I would like to provide you your breakfasts always hereafter; will you let me?"—assuming a bantering air again—"and I will provide dishes and coffee for two."

"What about the dinner and supper?" I said, trying to smile, but feeling pale and queer.

"Oh, we will live on one meal and love," he said, "shall we, MAGGIE?"

"A precarious living," I said. "I fear you would famish on it."

"Well, then, you shall furnish the dinner and supper out of the proceeds of your teaching; and if you will buy my cigars I will buy your dresses. Come, now, that's fair; is it a bargain?"

My heart was beating very fast—so fast that, although I tried to answer in the same light, gay tone,—my tongue failed to perform its office-work.

Pushing away the chair which held the tea-tray, at the imminent hazard of breaking its contents, he sat down on the seat beside me. His face was flushed, and his breathing quick and hurried.

"MAGGIE," he said, "do you love me? Could you wait for me for several years—perhaps three or four—till I could give you a home? Do you love me enough for that—to wait through weary years, MAGGIE?"

"How do you know they will be weary?" I rejoined, laughing; but I could not keep the tears from my eyes; "I intend to make them pass quickly, by working hard and earning money. It is to lazy people, time drags slowly."

"You work," he said, "and earn money!—a slender creature like you, with such bits of hands! What a comical idea!"

"Thank you sir; I am not going to work with my hands, but with my brains. I will earn three hundred and fifty a year, and board and washing."

"Then you set yourself up independent of me, do you?"

"Yes, indeed; isn't that salary an independency?"

He gave me a queer look.

"MAGGIE, why didn't you tell me you were going away? Why were you going to slip off when I was down here?"

I had opened my lips to answer him, when Judge WELLES entered.

"The train will start in three minutes," he said.

FRANK sprang to take his tray of dishes; went out, and returned in half a minute. In that half minute I had thanked Judge WELLES for his great kindness to me, and bade him good-by.

"I am glad FRANK is going some ways with you," he said. "Do you know how far?"

"I believe to Philadelphia, but indeed, I don't know," I replied, laughing; "I was almost asleep when he told me."

"I am very glad," he repeated; and as FRANK just then entered—"I give Miss MAGGIE in charge to you, FRANK; take good care of her."

"Yes, sir," with a funny expression on his face. "When shall I see you again, Judge?"

"In a few days,—a week at furthest." Turning to me—"I wish you all success and happiness, Miss MAGGIE." He shook my hand, and as the train rushed up, accompanied us out.

"My trunk!" I said, "I havn't got the check for it."

"I have," said FRANK. "Good morning, Judge," and he hurried me into the cars, and the cars hurried off. I remembered afterwards, that when FRANK placed me in a seat he proposed to leave the window open, but put down the shutter, it was so hot, which I agreed to. Then he commenced a quiet conversation, but soon broke off, and proposed that I should try to sleep. The seats, he said, were the easiest he had ever seen. They certainly were easy: the backs were high,—as high as my head as I leaned back; the cushions were soft and inexpressibly welcome to me, and I was soon asleep. Completely exhausted, I slept several hours. I knew we didn't change cars till we arrived at Philadelphia; felt perfectly safe in FRANK's care, and slept till noon. I had a dim consciousness, all the time, where I was, and who was beside me, and that I ought to wake up and talk to him, but the thought passed out of my mind even as it entered it, and so quietly I slumbered on.

Starting suddenly, as the cars slowly stopped, I was astonished to find myself alone. In alarm, I wondered where I was; if FRANK had left me at Philadelphia, and I was too sleepy to know it; and the cars had went on and on,—where to? Dreadful thought! But as I started up, in a panic, to find the conductor, I saw FRANK making his way through the crowd with a steaming bowl in his hand, which, amid the laughter of the bystanders, he conveyed safely to me,—oysters and crackers.

"Eat and live," he said; "I am going to do the same;" and in the course of five minutes, he had been into the eating-room, devoured his dinner, and was at the window for my bowl, which I handed out to him. He came aboard and the train started again.

"Where are we?" said I; "are we not almost to Philadelphia?"

"Not quite," he replied; "I have discovered what will be a great annoyance to you: we will have to stop—for some reason or other—about two hours at a town this side of Philadelphia. It is too bad for you. I am sorry you will be so delayed, but I will try to make the time pass pleasantly to you."

Which he did,—ah, so pleasantly! Shall I ever forget that afternoon?—the sunniest, the brightest of all my young days! Thoroughly rested, now, my fatigue all gone, we talked through all the afternoon, and heart and mind, in the Elysium of content, quietly weighed anchor and never thought of future storms.

I did not think of it at the time, but I remembered afterwards that I did not hear a station called out all that afternoon. Something especially interesting in what I was saying, or listening to, closed my ears each time. When we stopped, in a great bazaar-looking building, the two hours passed like a quarter of one. FRANK went out and bought the last "Harper's" and Atlantic Monthly, and we read and talked.

At last, at last—a little while after dark—the cars stopped. FRANK took up my satchel and said, "Well, here we are."

"At Philadelphia?" I asked, and my heart sunk, but we were in the rush of people going out of the car, and I could say no more. I thought:

"O, if he could only go a little further with me, but beggars always want more, and how kind he has been already! Shall I ever forget it?"

We got out of the car, and as I stepped upon the platform, to my utter astonishment and some alarm, a woman seized me in her arms.

"My dear child," she said, "is this a dream?"

Could I believe my ears—my eyes?—any one of my five senses? I was in my mother's arms! MARY had one of my hands in hers, and was kissing it and bathing it in tears! ALICE and her inseparable AMANDA were clasping mother and me in one embrace, and bidding fair to go into hysterics, while—was I utterly insane?—JAMES PARKER stood close by flourishing his handkerchief in a melodramatic manner, and begging, for the love of pity, that they wouldn't entirely break his heart, while he applied the handkerchief to his eyes.

That was a blissful moment, but I felt quite calm. I kissed mother, raised myself out of her arms and stammered out:

"If this is a dream I wish it may last forever."

"Amen, my love;" FRANK's voice was close to my ear. "I am perfectly happy. Are you?"

"And I am not asleep—I am in my right mind?" I queried.

"I sincerely hope so," he replied, "for I want you to go through a certain ceremonial, to-night, for which it is necessary to be in your proper senses."

He led me a little apart. "My own beloved," he whispered, in a yet lower tone, "did you imagine I could let you go to that wilderness of the West, where I might lose you forever? My jewel—my one jewel—is too precious for that. Instead of taking you to Philadelphia I have brought you home. Forgive my boldness. I had the temerity to think you loved me, MAGGIE, and would forgive me this. If you do, if you will make me the happiest man in all this world, to-night, only give me one kiss,—the first you ever gave me, MAGGIE,—and say 'I forgive you; I will be yours.'"

I had to say it, reader; they were waiting for me, and he wouldn't let me go back to them, till I did. Then he kissed me twice or three times, took my hand, and said, "Now we will go home," which we did.

And, reader, in the parlor was spread a wedding supper; in the parlor rocking-chair sat the Reverend Dr. KANE, the Principal of our Seminary; on the parlor sofa sat JAMES PARKER and a young lady, a particular friend of mine, from whom I had parted, only the day before, with a very sad heart, and who now rose to greet me with a loving kiss and embrace. All around the room, in some omnipresent manner, were MARY, ALICE and AMANDA. Coming in and out of the room, "on hospitable thoughts intent," with the most loving, happy look on her face, was mother.

In a few moments tea was ready—the table snowy white in an Irish linen table-spread,—hissing in the waters of a silver urn, and shining in mother's beautiful transparent China, all three of the mentioned articles being heirlooms in our family, and having come over the sea. Meantime, I was out in the kitchen, arranging my hair by the little glass there. I could not change my dress; the trunk containing all my clothes was still at the depot. I must keep on the gray traveling dress.

AMANDA and ALICE brought a wreath of white artificial blossoms and shining green leaves and fastened it round my braids. MARY brought out her prettiest collar and breastpin for me. Each of them gave me a kiss, and I went into the parlor. FRANK came forward, took me by the hand, and led me to the sofa; my friend, LIZZIE GREY, stood up beside me, JAMES beside FRANK; Dr. KANE rose and came forward, and before my heart had ceased to flutter and my limbs to tremble, it was all over; I was FRANK's wife; he had kissed me once more, and we were sitting down to supper.

Ah, Mrs. PARKER,—

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
(And women, too,)
Gang aft aglee."

You are acute enough, reader, to divine, without my telling you, that JAMES—my brother, now, you know—had, by the aid of the telegraph, kept FRANK informed of all my sayings and doings; that Judge WELLES was immediately taken into the plot, on our arrival in New York; and that the depot where we stayed two hours was not a town a little east from Philadelphia, but the goodly city of Troy!

My friend and bridesmaid, LIZZIE GREY, is going in my place, to Illinois. I passed over the Judge's fifty dollars to her.

FRANK and I are to live here, at home, till fall, then we will go to housekeeping.

FRANK went to the city the morning after his marriage, for his mother, and they both arrived home safely. With her usual cool philosophy she came at once to see me, staid an hour and invited me to go to Niagara with her in August,—the boys would come after us. Nothing could have been kinder than her manner.

So I *am* to travel, very soon. Indeed, have I not already traveled?—and such a journey!

BRUCE'S OX STORY CONFIRMED.

THREE of the officers of the Fourth Regiment saw the other day, at Fokada, an operation which was described by Bruce, but which has been denied by all subsequent travelers, and by the Abyssinians themselves. This was the operation of cutting a steak from the body of a living ox. They came upon the natives just as they were in the act of performing it. The unfortunate bullock was thrown down, and its four legs were tied together. The operator then cut an incision in the skin near the spine, just behind the hip-joint. He blew into this to separate the skin from the flesh, and then cut two other incisions at right angles to the first, and then lifted a flap of skin four or five inches square. From this he cut out a lump of flesh, cutting with the knife under the skin, so that the amount of flesh taken out was larger than the portion uncovered. The operator then filled up the hole with cowdung, replaced the flap of skin, plastered it up with mud, untied the feet of the poor animal, who had kept up a low moaning while the operation was going on, gave it a kick to make it get up, and the whole thing was over. I should mention that the operator cut two or three gashes in the neighborhood of the wound, apparently as a sign that the animal had been operated upon in that part. The officer observed that several cattle in the same herd were marked in a precisely similar manner. They returned in half an hour, and found the animal walking about and feeding quietly. I have not mentioned that it bled very little at the time the operation was being performed.

It certainly is very singular that after so many years Bruce's story, which has been always considered as a traveler's tale, should have been confirmed. All travelers have denied it. Mr. Speedy, who was a year among them, tells us that he never saw or heard of its being done, and the Abyssinians, of whom he had inquired respecting the truth of Bruce's statement, had always most indignantly denied it, and indeed asserted that it would be entirely contrary to their religion, for that they strictly kept the Mosaic law, to eat no meat unless the throat of the animal had been cut and the blood allowed to escape. Anatomists have denied the possibility of an animal, when such an operation had been performed, being able to walk afterward. Here, however, was the indisputable fact. The party may have been some wandering tribes belonging to the low country, who might have come up for trading purposes. It is very unfortunate that neither Mr. Speedy nor any of the interpreters were at hand to find out the exact tribe to which these savages belonged.—*Letter from Abyssinia.*

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

YOUTH and white paper take any impression.

WHY are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the chain of all the virtues.

THERE is one good wife in the country; let every married man think he hath her.

A BORE—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

A FRENCH writer on gastronomical subjects has defined indigestion to be the "ingratitude of the stomach."

ABE having heard it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "I suppose an attorney is a sueing machine."

"WE'RE in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.

"I DO not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that, if his farm joined mine, I would not try to keep sheep."

"Do you like codfish balls, Mr. Wigging?" Mr. Wigging (hesitatingly)—"I really don't know, Miss: I don't recollect attending one."

A YOUNG woman being asked by a boring politician which party she was most in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

A PERSON was boasting that he sprung from a high family. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

"BRIDGET," said a lady to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?" "An shure ma'am I'se just afther giving it to my sister's own cousin, O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

A SABBATH school superintendent asked his scholars if any of them could quote a passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives; whereupon nearly the whole school cried out, "No man can serve two masters."

A SOLDIER on trial for habitual drunkenness was addressed by the magistrate:—"Prisoner, you have heard the charge of habitual drunkenness; what have you to say in defense?" "Nothing, please your honor, but habitual thirst."

LOVE'S MEASURE.—Pretty girl to Charles—"Charlie, how far is it round the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousand?" Charles (who adores pretty girl, puts both arms around her)—"That's all a mistake, my love: it's only about twenty-four inches." She was all the world to him. "Dear Charlie."

THE POET FOILED.

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes;
She likes a *verse*—but, cruel whim,
She still appears *a-verse* to him.

THE NOSE.

Knows he, who never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joy
That my nose knows?

O Nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 28 letters.
My 26, 6, 1, 10, 11 is an adverb.
My 21, 14, 13 is what people work for.
My 19, 2, 21 implies immersion.
My 12, 20, 14 is a common drink.
My 9, 25 is a verb.
My 7, 8, 9 is a girl's nickname.
My 4, 3, 5, 22 is not false.
My 24, 14, 23, 27, 28 is what many young people like to do.
My 17, 15, 16, 2, 14, 18, 14 is the name of one of the Western States.
My whole is the motto of one of the Western States.

Cambridge, N. Y. JENNIE ELDRIDGE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

OFLYL nad neeconien rea os leakl,
Eth fincredeef, hutgoh tinseales, falsi ot sterki;
Tey fyoll evre ash a tacnav castr,
A pengsimri conucentena, nad a tirfnigl rai;
Tbn incocenen, eastde, rosene, ceter,
Sightdel su by engiggan oru recepst.

Groesbeck, O. J. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THREE circles, whose radii are as the number 6, 7 and 8, are inscribed in a circle whose diameter is 336 rods. Required the radii of the inscribed circles, and the amount of land lying between the three inscribed circles.

New London, N. Y. S. G. CAGWIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 955.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Choice Miscellany.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—1 267949+ feet.

Answer to Anagram:

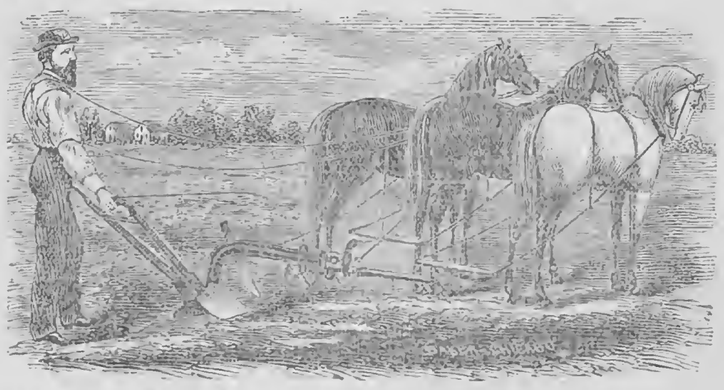
We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

Answer to Charade:—Maryland.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Bonnets having at last dwindled down to naught, little ciphers, farewell!

FARMERS LOOK AT THIS!

CLEVIS!



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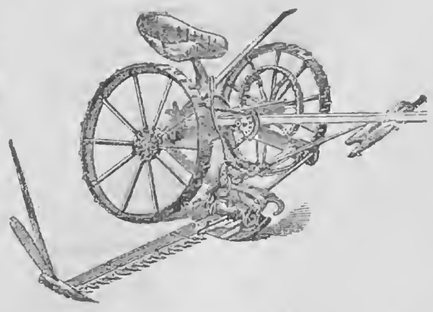

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VOL. XIX. NO. 22.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 958.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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AGRICULTURAL.

IMPROVE THE HERD.

IT is not every farmer who can breed a famous herd of cattle—one that will furnish animals sought far and wide and commanding fancy prices, but there is no farmer, we venture to assert, who has neither means nor capability to greatly and profitably improve his stock of cattle, be it large or small, if he begins the work with determination and forethought, and follows it with patience and steadfastness. And there is, perhaps, no branch of farming that would pay better than such improvement, considering the outlay. How much, for instance, might the average quality of our beef be advanced, in a few years, and the cost of its production lessened, if the farmers who raise it would universally breed their stock, to the best of their knowledge and opportunities, with the view of improving their qualities for making meat. The gain would soon aggregate a large amount.

So, too, with the milking qualities, though we think more care is taken in general, to breed good milkers than cattle having the best fattening qualities. Still, there is a very general failure in this respect. How many readers of this, for example, have owned, at some time in their farming experience, a strain of milking stock that possessed superior qualities—a cow, herself and female descendants noted invariably for richness and quantity of milk—and yet by carelessness or non-appreciation have lost the good blood and got inferior in its stead? With some care and judgment and a little extra expense, a valuable herd might have been created, eating no more food but returning much greater profits, and intrinsically worth much more than the one now kept. We know many farmers are careless in this respect because they shift often from one class of stock to another; now it is cattle, by-and-by it will be sheep or hogs, but it should be remembered that the best brings the largest price when sold, and the good breeder is repaid for his outlay even if the stock is brought under the hammer.

It is necessary for the cattle breeder who sets out to systematically improve his herd to understand the fundamental rules governing selection, and these are well stated in the Hon. L. F. ALLEN'S recent work on American cattle, from which we quote:—"First. Sound health and freedom from constitutional, hereditary, chronic or local disease, blemish or infirmity of any kind. And such sound health and freedom from any kind of *fixed* disease, should appertain to every young animal which is to be retained for breeding purposes thereafter. 2d. As much perfection of form as may be possible to obtain in the breed, bearing in mind the chief uses for which the animals are intended. 3d. That they possess the strong and marked characteristics of their breed, in the various points belonging to it. 4th. That if of a distinct breed, the blood be thoroughly pure, and that purity be substantially well authenticated pedigrees, through as many generations back as can be ascertained. 5th. Good temper, and a kindly, docile disposition in the animals so selected or reared for breeding or other purposes.

"To carry out these rules, an enumeration of certain points which all cattle, of any breed should possess, is necessary. Among them are, 1st. A fine head, small and lean. 2d. A broad, full and deep chest, giving room for well-developed and vigorous lungs to play. 3d. Good length, breadth and roundness of body, roomy and full from shoulder to hip, with low flanks, thus giving room for abundant action of the viscera, or bowels, and expansion for the fœtus, if in a female. 4th. Straight back, broad hips and good length of loin. 5th. Fineness of bone, smoothness in the carcass generally.

"All these are indispensable, whether in an animal held for propagating its kind, for flesh solely, an ox for labor, or a cow for milk. The intermediate parts, or points of the animals, may be filled out to promote the objects desired for the particular uses to which the creature is to be applied; but all of which we have enumerated, are indispensable in making up a good animal."

It is not always safe and best to accept the general appearance of an animal as a proof that it is a good stock getter, although in the majority of instances this is probably true; but a better proof and one that should always be shown before very high claims are set up for it, are the good points of its offspring. It not unfrequently happens that an animal of inferior appearance is produced from the best and oldest blood, and such will belie their looks, getting much finer stock than animals of better points but inferior blood.

SOILING.—No. III.

SAVING LAND.

THE first observation on surveying stock farms is the fact that, generally, three acres are devoted to pasture for one to meadow. The question then arises, does it require so much less food to support an animal in winter than summer? On the contrary, it requires about one-eighth more food to keep the animal in cold than warm weather, yet the farmer manages to winter his animals on one-third of the land he takes to summer them. The reason of this great waste has been shown in our former articles.

Although forty rods of ground may be so fertile as to furnish green food to a cow for a season, yet we estimate, generally, one-half acre in good condition as the amount necessary to summer a cow, and that one acre in good meadow will winter her. But on most farms, four, five and six acres are used to keep a cow through the year, and thus it appears that where the land is all in tillable condition, from two to three animals may be kept on the same land, where one is by pasturing. And as we have seen that the extra labor of soiling is more than paid for, 1st, by the extra milk; 2d, by saving the manure, and 3d, by saving in fences; therefore this extra stock kept by soiling must be all profit. It is not extravagant to say that a fifty acre farm under the soiling system will carry as large a stock as one hundred and twenty-five acres under the pasturing system.

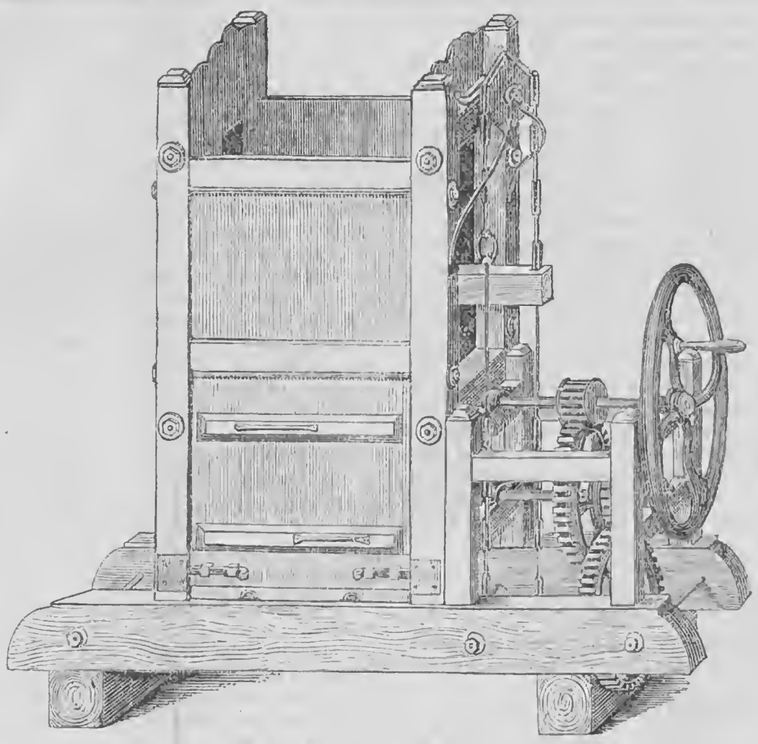
SOILING CROPS.

Whatever crops are used for soiling, they should be grown as near the feeding stable as may be, to save cartage to the animals. The crops used should be such as yield a succession of rich, succulent food. Winter rye, on land suitable to it, furnishes the earliest green food; may be cut several times, and, according to LIEBIG, will mature a crop the following season. But of the grasses, clover will afford the earliest cutting; and may be cut from two to three times in a season. We have usually been able to cut clover on the 20th of May. Oats and millet make good soiling crops. But Indian corn, after the grasses, will be found the most reliable for quality and quantity. Sorghum or Chinese sugar cane, on light, warm land, makes most valuable green food. There is no danger of injuring breeding animals from its use, as it should be fed before its juices take on a distinct saccharine character—before heading. We have generally used clover till timothy is in condition—then timothy till early sown corn or oats, after which corn and clover and oats till cold weather. It would be well to have one-fourth acre for each cow in clover, one-fourth acre in corn, and one-eighth in oats, to make sure of enough. Feed the oats before the corn, and if not all used, corn makes excellent winter fodder.

METHOD OF FEEDING.

Cattle.—Different methods may be used in summer feeding. Some would use the yard or shed, or small enclosed field. But the stable is preferable for cows. Let them be fed in the same position winter and summer. Once or twice a day give them the yard for air and exercise. They should be fed with perfect regularity, say at six and ten A. M., and at two and six P. M., giving air and exercise between ten and two. A lane leading to the wood lot will afford them more exercise than the yard, and being always fed in stable they will return at the appointed time. A good feeder will give no more each time than the animal eats up clean and with a relish. Too much at a time tends to clog the animal and impair easy digestion. The first cuttings of clover, green succulent, should be mixed with one-quarter to one-third its quantity of straw or hay. To do this well, both clover and hay or straw should be cut short. This cut hay or straw will absorb much of the moisture and prevent bloating; but when more mature, the clover may be fed alone. The food should be slightly salted several times a week; or the animals should have free access to salt. To milch cows the green food should be fed fresh, and not suffered to be much wilted.

Sheep.—Sheep may be soiled as easily as cattle and horses. They should be kept in small flocks of fifty to a hundred, the number to be determined by practical experiment. They may be confined in fields enclosed with a hurdle fence. In a field ten rods square, containing one hundred square rods, place one hundred sheep, or one sheep to a rod of ground. Around this field, against the fence, place racks to feed them in. The sheep should be kept in a field only so long as the ground is fresh and healthful to them. This will require experiments to determine. But from facts within our knowledge, we think they should be changed to fresh ground every week. It will be necessary to have extra hurdle fence, and by setting a fence around three sides of a field, and against one side of the field in which the sheep are, they may be let through into the new field. The sheep having occupied this field for one week, it will be found quite well manured, and to keep this manure from wasting by exhaling into the atmosphere, one bushel of plaster should be sown at once over this field on removal of the sheep. The first ground cut for soiling should be used to hurdle sheep upon, and it will be found an effectual as well as cheap way of manuring. Soiling sheep will have many advantages over pasturing. It will give the feeder an opportunity of separating his various grades, and bestowing his extra feed upon those he desires for market. He can perfectly command the condition of his sheep. It will prevent that close feeding of pastures so destructive to production. Three sheep may be kept by soiling where one can by pasturing.



A GERMAN HAY PRESS.

THE growing of hay for market is one of the most profitable branches of farm industry where the locality is favorable to producing and marketing the crop. It is, moreover, an agreeable crop, in regard to work, and subject to little labor and cost as compared with most others. The greatest difficulty which the grower of hay encounters is its bulkiness, which makes the cost of marketing large, and even impracticable, when any considerable distance is to be traversed. It can only be shipped by rail or water in a compressed state, hence there have been many presses contrived for putting hay into convenient bulk. We herewith illustrate one which we find described in a foreign (German) journal, and which is said to have been proved superior to several others at a comparative trial of their merits. Its dimensions are, length eight feet, breadth four, and height eight and a half. Weight about twelve hundred pounds. The average weight of the bales is one hundred and fifty pounds each. The plan is simply that of bringing down a beam or follower by means of wheels, chains and pulleys, geared and arranged to acquire great power. The shaft of the lower cog-wheel extends under the bottom of the press to the other side, and there works a similar chain and pulley attached to the other end of the follower, or beam, to those shown on the side exposed to view. When the pressing is completed, the panels in the front and rear of the press are unbolted and removed, the bands around the bale fastened, and it is then shoved out. To facilitate this the opening is a trifle larger on one side than on the other.

SOILING FOR THE SOUTH.

The difficulty of producing permanent grasses at the South for pastures renders the soiling system of the highest importance to this region. Here the red clover may be raised in abundance for cutting, and although requiring to be often renewed, yet this can easily be done, and a large stock supported upon those old plantations, thus furnishing manure for their renovation. By this system, butter and cheese may be produced, of fair quality, at home by the Southern farmer, and thus introduce another element of his independence. Winter rye would here be found an important crop for soiling. But, as at the North, great reliance must be placed upon corn sown in drills. This would furnish, with straw, a large element of winter food. They might also raise their own mules, and thereby cut off another drain of their substance. This soiling system, generally introduced at the South, would render her independent of the North and West for all her animal productions.

HOW SHALL SOILING BE INTRODUCED?

First, soiling is only adapted to tillable land. Land not tillable must be used for pasturing. And where the land is all tillable, we do not advise a change, at once, wholly from pasturing to soiling; because some preparation is necessary. The pastures must gradually be got into meadows—the soiling crops prepared near the barn, &c. But every farmer may begin soiling at once. He may keep a few more animals, and raise sowed corn or other crops to produce the extra food. He will at once discover the economy of this way of feeding. In from two to four years he may change entirely from pasturing to soiling. And when once thoroughly adopted, he will never go back to the old wasteful system again. Let the small farmers introduce this system of soiling, instead of coveting more land. In many portions of Germany and France farmers with ten acres keep from eight to ten cows. This may as easily be done in this country, where the soil is nearly in a virgin state. The farmer with twenty-five acres may compete in production with the pasturing farmer of sixty acres. The small farmer will find in soiling the road to independence and plenty.—E. W. S.

AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS.

IN a recent letter headed "Deep Plowing—Shallow Thinking," I remarked that "the feeding and clothing of the inhabitants of many cities and villages, without impoverishing the land cultivated for that purpose, is a very complex problem in the natural sciences." The sciences referred to are those that show how agricultural plants grow; how much of their organized tissues is derived from the atmosphere and rain water, and how much from earthy elements which the cultivator must replace in the soil to prevent its deterioration, and ultimate refusal to yield remunerating crops. Practical Agriculture demands a solution of the problem: What is the minimum quantity of plant food, in the shape of manure, that a farmer or cotton planter must give to an acre of tilled land from year to year, to keep it forever in a fruitful condition? Experience and observation would long since have answered this question in the most satisfactory manner, if soils were not infinitely diversified in their physical, geographical and climatological qualities and conditions. While this extreme diversity renders it at present apparently impossible to reduce Agriculture to an exact science, it may, nevertheless, be made to approximate the certainty of astronomical science by carefully observing facts and giving them their true meaning.

Such has been the demand for cotton, (an article so easily spun and wove by machinery,) and such the industry and enterprise employed in its production that more impoverished land has resulted from the cultivation of this staple than from any other. Seeing their naturally thin, sandy, piney woods plantations wearing out rapidly, thoughtful cotton growers have developed facts in the last twenty years which throw valuable light on the great question of making full restitution to arated fields for crops raised and sent to cities or abroad for consumption, at the least expense to the producer.

As the principles of Agriculture are the same everywhere, reliable facts illustrative of these principles deserve consideration, no matter how different the climate or local condition of the soil brought under review. A planter who has made a fortune by raising cotton on a naturally thin, sandy soil in the piney woods of Central Georgia, and greatly improved his plantation, writes as follows in the March No. of the Southern Cultivator:—"Twenty-two years ago (1846) I saw an advertisement in the American Farmer, Baltimore, Md., describing the fine effects of Peruvian guano. I ordered three sacks and tried it. I found it to pay well. I used it sparingly at first, being at that time the only one in Georgia who used it so far as I knew. I continued to increase the quantity annually till 1861. That year I used of all kinds thirteen thousand dollars' worth: last year, (1867,) I used twelve thousand dollars' worth. Being a pioneer I lost a great deal of money in making trials of other guanos." * * "I am for an annual manure—a soluble manure—that will return the principal, or at least 75 per cent. of it, with 125 per cent. profit, or double the investment. I am in favor of an investment that never pleads for time or complains of usurious interest or calls for relief or repudiation, but will punctually square up accounts with 100 per cent. profit. Such an investment is soluble bones and Peruvian guano."

Thus writes Mr. DAVID DICKSON of Hancock Co., Ga., whose plain truthfulness and reliability are the same in the South as those of Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON in the North. When a reading planter buys a soluble manure that costs him about $115 a ton delivered by twelve thousand dollars' worth a year, and doubles his money, with free negro labor in such bad cotton growing years as that of 1867, with an onerous cotton tax to cut down the profits, I hope no one will object to a pretty thorough analysis of this agricultural problem.

In the first place attention is called to the facts that the use of very concentrated manures twenty-two years, and on some three thousand acres of improved land, (Mr. DICKSON'S plantation has about 9,000 acres,) would indicate very plainly whether the soil was growing poorer or better by the limited restitution made. Having visited the plantation under notice to study the details of its economy and management, I am happy to say that its productiveness has been augmented by uniting sound husbandry to the liberal purchase of commercial fertilizers. It will extend this letter too much to give the process of raising corn, peas and oats to feed and fatten hogs and cattle in the field, to enrich the land in connection with cotton raising. The cost per acre of an "18-acre lot 55 years in cotton" is thus stated by Mr. DICKSON:

250 pounds soluble bones	$8 75
165 pounds No. 1 Peruvian guano	6 75
100 pounds plaster	1 25
Mixing and putting on	25
Horse 2 days	2 00
Hand 2 days	1 00
Hoe hand 2 days	1 00
Dropping seed	20
Picking	10 80
Whole cost	$32 00

The yield was 1,000 pounds of lint per acre, which at 25 cents a pound, (the present price,) is $250. Deduct $32 for cost, and the clear profit is $218 per acre. Mr. DICKSON says that the seed will sell for as much as the lint, being an improved variety, which he will not sell, as he needs it for his own planting. But to raise superior seed, whether cotton or wheat, is a legitimate business, therefore, I add $250 per acre to the $218 for lint, as a part of the last year's profit on this to him small "18-acre lot."

As other reliable planters report profits on the use of stable and other manures that range from 500 down to 100 per cent., I will in one or more additional letters aim to point out the true meaning of their instructive facts. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn.

BORROWING TOOLS.

OF all the nuisances attached to a neighborhood, there is no one more annoying than that of a borrower. I happen to live where I have two or more of the agreeables; and this morning, wanting my hedge shears to prune a little piece of hedge, on looking for them where they ought to have been, they were not there. On asking my good wife if she knew aught of the missing property, "Why yes, Mr. C. came the other day when you were gone, and I could not refuse him, although I told him you did not like to lend, because every day almost you wanted them to use, but he said he guessed he'd take them, and when he got through with them perhaps he'd bring them back."

Another day I wanted my little plow to plow out a few rods of currants, but looking in the shed for it, I found no plow. "Oh," says my man, "Captain ——'s man came here yesterday while you were gone, and although I told him you gave me orders not to lend, he said he was told to get it any how, for they wanted it to use." And so they go. These are only recent little items of almost every-day annoyances of the kind, which I have been trying to check a long time, and I am happy to say I have accomplished much; for where I have one nuisance now I formerly had half a dozen. One of my neighbors actually worked a small farm of twenty acres several years without ever owning a plow. I could write a long homily on this item of neighborhood borrowing nuisances, but my object is to check the practice, and if this hint don't answer then I must continue to endure, for kicking at, or reading a long homily to, that kind of cattle will do no good. ADDI.

RULES FOR EMPLOYES ON FARMS.

SOMEBODY who has the good of working men warmly at heart, submits, in the N. Y. Times, a set of rules for their guidance. Thus:—"1. Feed the team in the morning before 5 o'clock, so that they will have ample time to eat before working. 2. Feed the milch cows before milking. 3. Wash every cow's udder with clean water, and clean the stalls before milking. Wash hands with soap and clean water, cut finger nails short, and put on clean clothes before milking; and do not commence milking another cow till you have emptied the milk of the first cow. 4. Feed the sheep, the swine and fowls, and be ready for breakfast at 6 o'clock."

It strikes us that this is rather crowding the mourners. Is the clean milking suit to be donned before or after washing the cows' udders? Who is to supply this clean milking rig and keep it in order for use? Are the finger nails to be cut every morning, or only as often as they grow out? If all this routine of labor cannot be performed by six o'clock in the morning, is the laborer's breakfast forfeited in consequence of the deficiency? Would it be an unpardonable sin to milk two cows into one pail, provided it was ample to contain the supply furnished by both of them?

USE THE CARD.

MANY farmers who are pretty regular in the use of the curry-comb in their horse stables, seem to forget that they have other stock to which like attention would be agreeable and remunerative. Working oxen and dairy cows are greatly improved in appearance, and, it is believed, in productive power also by being regularly cleaned and carded each day. If animals confined in stables and thus attended to had the power of speech they would, as their actions indicate, return thanks to those who have afforded them the pleasure of a thorough grooming. They will thrive all the better for the operation, take a higher position in the market, besides making munificent returns in the shape of extra labor, or in enhanced contributions to the stores of the cheese and butter rooms.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

"FIGHTING THE DEVIL WITH FIRE."

It seems there has been some difference of opinion among the friends of the wool interest in regard to the necessity of taking direct and active steps to resist the enforcement of the "rules" for buying wool, attempted to be imposed on growers by combinations of buyers. The New England Farmer, one of the best conducted Agricultural journals of the country, says on this subject:

"For our own part, we have considered the idea of establishing any such arbitrary and preposterous rules for buying wool as too absurd for serious protest. Suppose that a convention of consumers were to fix a standard of 'merchantable cloth,' and then adopt a one-third or any other positive rate of shrinkage on which they would buy all other cloths, and who would feel called upon to define his position on that question, or to attempt to bring such combination rules into discredit and disuse? Or, try it on horses or cattle, houses or lands, sugar or salt, stockings or shoes, and what would be said to a proposition to administer trade on any such principles?

"Still we very well know that wool growers have long submitted to somewhat similar edicts, and perhaps their emancipation from their unjust operation is more distant than we had supposed. It may yet be necessary, as suggested by Dr. Randall, for the producers 'to fight the devil with fire,' by forming a combination of their own to checkmate the combinations of the buyers."

In a portion of his article, not above quoted, our contemporary seems to suppose that the resolutions of The Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest, at Chicago, last February, and those passed at the New York State Convention of Buyers, at Rochester, last year, comprise all the public and combined action taken by the dealers to enforce their shrinkage rules. This is an error. The Ohio State Buyers' Association passed similar resolves last year, and has recently, in a State Convention, reaffirmed them. Various other State and local Associations have taken the same action,—but we have not preserved records of their places and times of meeting. The movement is general in the principal wool growing States,—nor has it been confined to mere words—"puffs of empty air," as the New England Farmer elsewhere terms them. It is notorious that buyers, in all parts of the country, are attempting practically to carry out these "rules," and that they are rapidly becoming more fixed and peremptory in this—*alleging them to be the established regulations of the trade.* We have made extensive recent inquiries on the subject, and regret to say that, in our opinion, there is no doubt that a large proportion, if not even a majority of growers,—though protesting against the injustice of these arbitrary exactions,—actually submitted to them in selling the clip of 1867.

Let our friend of the New England Farmer make inquiries among the wool brokers and dealers at home, in Boston, and ascertain what proportion of *them* recognize and act on the one-third shrinkage rule, in their transactions in *domestic* wool. We suspect that he will find that nearly all of them practice the rule, and that they took the lead of the country dealers in the matter. As long ago as December, 1865, at the National Convention of Wool Growers and Manufacturers at Syracuse, Mr. Geo. W. Bond, one of the most eminent and well informed wool brokers in Boston, or in the United States, declared that "he understood that the (one-third shrinkage) rule commonly prevailed among the buyers and sellers of American unwashed wool—so much so, that in the absence of a contract, the rule would be understood to prevail as a matter of course." And how tenaciously Boston dealers are disposed to cling to the rule, and resent its infraction among themselves, may be inferred from the following fact. We recommended a Boston house, to which, on the supposition that it sold wool "on its merits," we had advised some lots of wool to be sent in 1867, to *advertise* that it would so sell in all cases; stating that by so doing it might confidently anticipate large consignments from the interior of New York. In reply it solicited a favorable notice from us, (which it did not receive,) but declined to comply with our suggestion on the ground that it might thus "incur the enmity of (wool) merchants!"

In view of the above facts, we confess it is impossible for us to regard the general combination among buyers and dealers—every day acquiring a more systematic organization, and every day adding new force and solidity to its rules by custom—as an evil which can longer be safely submitted to, or safely permitted to take its own course. Our writings on sheep husbandry, for the last twenty years, will show whether we ever have been either an alarmist or an agitator on this class of subjects. We have ever believed that the triumphs of peace, if attainable, are cheaper and better than those of war; and, as a general thing, we have believed them more attainable. We regard an internecine conflict between the different branches of the same general interest as especially deplorable. But when one branch of such an interest persists in disregarding common sense and common justice in its dealings with another branch, and, mistaking patience and moderation for approaching submission, arrogantly assumes that its will is the settled law in the premises—what remedy remains to the injured party but outspoken, energetic and *organized* resistance?

Some persons seem to suppose that inasmuch as "it takes two to make a bargain"—inasmuch as the buyer cannot enforce his rules on the seller without the consent of the latter—it is safe to leave the matter entirely to individual action. The history of the last two or three years teaches a different lesson. The buyers' rules have steadily spread wider in their field of operation and been more and more successfully enforced. What else could be expected, when they were supported and acted upon by a powerful and organized body of men, and met with no organized opposition? Was there not, ostensibly, even some ground for the buyers' pretence that they were "established laws of trade" when buyers' association after buyers' association substantially proclaimed them such, and the growers' associations generally remained silent on the subject? Was it to be anticipated that the scattered sellers—especially the small sellers, who in the aggregate grow most wool—would make an obstinate resistance, when they were not encouraged by their associations to do so, when they saw their neighbors giving way to the exaction, and when they were doubtless led to apprehend that they would lose the sale of their clips if they stood out? But if the same men learn that their neighbors and the wool growers of the country will stand by them; if they learn that their brethren, as a class, appeal to them to join, as a matter of duty and principle, in protecting the common rights—none but weak-kneed and milk-and-water men, or those who *must* sell on the first chance, from pecuniary necessity, will abandon the common cause.

We have spoken of growers' associations, in previous years, remaining silent on this topic. There has been at least one exception. The New York State Association—after inviting the State Buyers' Association to join in the deliberation—held a meeting on the subject of the "buyers' rules" at its Annual Fair at Auburn, in May, 1867. Not more than one member of the Buyers' Association attended. One manufacturer was present. After a full discussion, resolutions were unanimously passed setting forth the glaring injustice of "the rules," and of some other buyers' customs which were alluded to by us last week. But no recommendation was made in favor of a general and united defensive movement. It was then hoped that such steps would not be necessary. Many believed that the buyers' resolves, in their public meetings, were "puffs of empty air"—mere expressions of their *wishes*—and that such absurd and unjust regulations would not be insisted on in practice, at least by country buyers. And for reasons heretofore given by us, a confident expectation was entertained that the National Association of Wool Manufacturers would soon repudiate the obnoxious rules, and thus bring them into disrepute both among city and country dealers. Detesting anything savoring of *combination* in the affairs of trade, unless rendered absolutely necessary in self-defence, the New York Growers' Association judged, and we believe wisely judged, that it was not expedient to resort even to defensive combination until the necessity should become palpable, imperative and apparent to all.

Another season has rolled by. The "sober thought" has brought no change in the action of the buyers. They are again fulminating and reiterating resolutions in favor of their odious and insulting rules. A majority of the individual clips of 1867 were, as already said, sold under those rules. And we learn from undoubted sources that a most decided effort will be made to enforce them universally in buying up the clip of 1868. We most sincerely believe, then, that the struggle cannot be safely put off longer. We believe that if the clip of 1868 is sold under "the rules," subsequent resistance will be rendered ten times as difficult, if not altogether unavailing. We believe that such would be the deliberate and unanimous conclusion of every State growers' association if they were convened to obtain an expression on the subject. But the meetings of most of them will not be held before most of the new clip will probably be sold.

But individual growers *can* take the remedy into their own hands. They are called upon by every consideration of interest and of manhood to do so. Let every one remember that his own submission to the buyers' rules—even if he has not half a dozen fleeces to be affected by them—is an abandonment of the rights and interests of his class and is directly giving aid and comfort to those who are, in this matter, the enemies of his class.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

The Sheep Shearing.—The following is the report of the Judges of the sheep shearing at Shelburn, Vermont, May 6th:

RAMS—TWO YEARS OLD AND OVER.

	Wt. of Fleece. lbs.	oz.	Days of Growth.	Wt. of Carcass. lbs.
Henry Thorp.....	22	5	364	123
Thorp & Newell...	21		372	105
S. H. Weston.....	17	6	335	88
RAM TEGS.				
L. S. Drew.....	16	3	437	72
Henry Thorp.....	9	9	387	48
L. S. Drew.....	14	12	387	70
EWES—TWO YEARS OLD AND OVER.				
B. F. Van Vleit...	12	5	362	69
H. N. Newell.....	16	8	372	53
H. N. Newell.....	13	12	372	56
H. N. Newell.....	11	8	372	59
L. S. Drew.....	14	15	372	62
L. S. Drew.....	15	9	372	58
S. H. Weston.....	12	12	367	52
S. H. Weston.....	12	1	365	43
EWE TEGS.				
L. S. Drew.....	10	15	437	52
L. S. Drew.....	11	8	437	49
L. S. Drew.....	12	2	438	49
B. F. Van Vleit....	15	8	402	72
B. F. Van Vleit....	12	6	402	68
B. F. Van Vleit....	12	15	395	69
S. H. Weston.....	12	12	367	48

For Ram of any age that shall shear the greatest amount of wool according to time of growth: 1st premium, Henry Thorp; 2d premium, Thorp & Newell.

To Ram Lamb, &c.: 1st premium, L. S. Drew; 2d premium, L. S. Drew.

To Ewe of any age, &c.: 1st premium, H. N. Newell; 2d premium, L. S. Drew.

To Ewe Lamb, &c.: 1st premium, B. F. Van Vleit; 2d premium, B. F. Van Vleit.

Committee—J. L. Barstow and J. M. Knox.

Report of Committee on Full Fleece:—Rams, (full fleece:) Best, Henry Thorp; 2d, Thorp & Newell.

Ram Tegs, (fleece:) Best, Henry N. Newell; 2d, Lemuel S. Drew.

Ewes, (full fleece:) Best, Henry N. Newell; 2d, Lemuel S. Drew.

Ewe Tegs, (fleece:) Best, Lemuel S. Drew; 2d, Henry Thorp.

Committee—T. D. Chapman, Henry Giddings, E. S. Stowell.

The Committee on shearing awarded to Alfred Washburn of Milton the first premium as best shearer, the second to David St. Peters, Charlotte, and the third to Samuel Millham. The shears used were from the house of Henry Seymour & Co., New York.

Annual Fair of the Northwestern Wool Growers' Association.—At the meeting of this Association at Belvidere, May 6th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*—D. W. Gates, Belvidere. *Vice-President*—Chas. H. Smith, Genoa, DeKalb Co. *Secretary*—J. H. Fitch, Belvidere. *Treasurer*—B. G. Eaton, Belvidere. *Executive Committee*——— Stacy, Wheaton, DuPage Co.; John Chilson, Blackberry, Kane Co.; H. Aiken, Lockport, Will Co.; S. Alden, Cortland, DeKalb Co.; W. H. Chamberlain, Belvidere, Boone Co.; J. S. Stanger, Oregon, Ogle Co.; A. Crill, Rockford, Winnebago Co.; E. B. Ferry, Benton, Lake Co.; A. Goodsit, Marengo, McHenry Co.; C. Brackett, Lee Center, Lee Co. We have not seen the list of awards.

Medina (Ohio) Wool Growers' Meeting.—Wm. P. Clark, Secretary, writes the Ohio Farmer that the semi-annual meeting of the Medina Co. Wool Growers' Association was held at the Court House in Medina May 6th. An informal discussion was had upon the diseases of the feet of sheep and the means of cure. Also upon grades of wool. The following resolutions were also discussed and adopted:

First, That the practice of buying wool on commission tends to induce the buyer to purchase wools inferior both as to quality and condition, and should be abandoned.

Second, That wool, like other articles in market, should be sold upon its merits, and that the rule of deduction adopted by the Wool Buyers' Convention, recently held at Cleveland, cannot be enforced without great injustice.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

The first wheat sown in Ohio was at Marietta, in 1788, by Truman Gustril.

Our western exchanges continue to speak hopefully of the grain prospects in that section of the country.

Chickens fed on Indian meal should have it cooked. Many are choked to death or die from eating it raw.

Good dry earth is said to be the most healthful material to place in a poultry house. It is an excellent absorbant.

The army worm has appeared in the cotton fields of Louisiana, causing much despondence among the planters.

On stiff, heavy soils, designed for wheat, it will be found to pay well to sow peas as a prelude to the former.

The people in the swampy sections of New Jersey are doing up the cranberry business on a large scale this year.

It is reported that some eight thousand yearling mutton sheep are sold every Saturday at Norwich, England, at from $12 to $14.50 per head.

A Canada farmer objects to feeding whey to cows, as it affects unpleasantly the flavor of the butter produced after such feeding.

A breed of horses known as the Bashaw is attracting considerable attention just now. The former owner of Dexter recently paid $16,000 for one.

The Dairy Department.

BUTTER FACTORIES.

An occasional inquiry is made about butter factories and the chances of their general introduction into regions where dairying is the more exclusive or predominant interest. It is believed that an occasional factory of this description may be formed in this State, or rather as an attachment to the cheese factory, but any considerable multiplication of them is not deemed probable at present, if at all. The general impression, in the dairy districts, seems to be that the factory system has been pushed to such an extreme as to render it, on the whole, non-remunerative, and that necessity will compel many dairymen to fall back on a system of mixed farming by which their contributions of milk to the factories will be somewhat diminished and the chances of butter making, through the same medium, correspondingly lessened. In sections where mixed farming is the rule, and exclusive production the exception—and these embrace much the larger portion of farming lands—butter factories would seem to be out of place because affording no reasonable prospect of a remunerative return for the expense involved.

A farmer, with half a dozen cows or perhaps double the number, has usually help enough to take charge of the stock and to manufacture all the butter likely to be produced by it. Some may contend that factory made butter is superior to that made at isolated dairies, hence the factory system should find favor with the owners of dairy stock. This is mere assumption, and not warranted by anything connected with farm butter making. A poor article can be made anywhere, and so can a good one, if proper intelligence directs in one case and the opposite the other. Good butter, factory-made or otherwise, is the result of suitable food for dairy stock; judicious feeding of the same; cleanliness in all that pertains to the milk; the cream, and the conversion of it into butter; the extravasation of the buttermilk; the due application of salt, and proper packing for use. All these essentials are at the command of the individual farmer, if he has the intelligence and disposition to use them, as well as of the factory, hence the latter is not essential to the production of good butter even did circumstances conspire, which they do not, as a general thing, to give promise of success to the factory system of butter making except in some locations peculiarly adapted to this branch of farming industry.

MANAGEMENT OF COWS.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer treating of the management of dairy stock, says:—"I look upon a cow as similar to a steam boiler; no matter how good they may be, unless the boiler is well supplied with water and good fuel, also well attended to, the supply of steam will be short, or it will be in proportion to the fuel and attention. So also with the cow; no matter how good she may be, if she is not well and plentifully fed and cared for, her product will be shortened.

"Another very important matter with cows is that they should be protected from storms and bad weather. They should be fed and kept under shelter when the nights are wet and inclement; this more particularly in the early season, when the cow is fresh and in full milk; one exposure to a cold, wet night, has frequently reduced milk one-half. Also in the fall, when the nights become frosty, never let them remain out; be particular to stable them; and in the morning never turn them out on the pasture until the frost is melted off by the sun, as nothing, perhaps, dries a cow or reduces her milk more than eating grass with the frost on it. To many of these requirements the generality of farmers pay no attention whatever. In the early season, as soon as there is any pasture whatever, the cow is turned out of the barn-yard to eat what she may find, and to remain day and night until the winter comes; there is also nothing grown or fed to eke out the scanty supply of pasturage that almost invariably occurs at some time in each season."

CHEESE MAKING.

Owing to the general backwardness of the season cheese making is not as far advanced now as it was at the corresponding period last year. There will probably be more attention paid to butter making than for some time past, though cheese will not be forgotten. In New York but few, if any, new factories will go into operation, but at the West, where the product of cheese is not up to the local demand, large additions are anticipated. It is probable there may be a falling off in factory-made cheese the present year, but the deficiency, whatever it may be, will be more than made good by the products of private dairies, though the grade of the article may be a little lowered by the change.

Food for Cows.—In the correspondence of the Ohio Farmer occurs the following:—I have had twenty-five cows to milk, and found timothy and wild grass the best. To feed in winter, use shorts, ground oats, shorts and corn meal; shorts make more milk than clear meal; oats ground do better than either; but corn meal with shorts makes richer milk, but no more of it. I have fed potatoes largely; they do tolerably well, but milk a day or two old gets strong. Rutabaga turnips and carrots would not do for me to make butter from the milk; but of all the roots I ever tried, sugar beet is the best. I heard pumpkins were good to make milk, and tried them. I had twelve milkers; I divided them; fed six with pumpkins three weeks, and all run on grass alike. Those that had pumpkins gave not a gill more milk than the others, but I believe it was a little richer.

Adulteration of Milk.—The Canada Farmer states that an act was recently passed by the Legislature of the Dominion of Ontario to prevent the adulteration of milk supplied to cheese factories. It makes provision against diluting milk with water, depriving it of cream or the strippings, as also against sourness and taint from lack of due cleanliness and care. Any two magistrates may convict the offender and enforce the penalty—not less than five dollars nor more than fifty for each offense, and in default of payment imprisonment not exceeding twenty days.

Cheese Market—Little Falls.—There was a limited delivery of cheese at Little Falls on the 18th owing to inclement weather. The principal offers were from farm dairies—much of the cheese from skimmed milk and sold from 8 to 12 cents. The better grades from these dairies sold readily at 14 cents to 14½ cents. Factory-made sold at 14½@15¼. Butter, good quality, sold readily at 30 cents.

DEVON COWS—BUTTER MAKING.

D. H. Prest, Ontario, having seen Mrs. Cragg's statement about her butter product in the Rural, sends a communication giving his experience in butter making. Four years ago, having purchased a Devon cow, it was resolved to test the value of the purchase by keeping an account of the butter made from her milk. The first week's cream was churned by itself, and produced 14 pounds of butter. The milk stood from morning till night, and from night till morning, and was skimmed and fed to the calf before it got sour. That calf, when a heifer two years old, was milked separately like the dam, and produced in a week 10¾ pounds of excellent butter. Another heifer, from the same mother as the last, came in also at two years old, and in the second week in March produced 10 11-16 pounds of butter, which was sold at 47 cents per pound. Our correspondent adds:—"I was not trying to beat any one, but only testing the character of the Devon cows as compared with others I had on hand. I think I could better this by a good many pounds should I make it my study."

Bee-Keeper's Department.

HANDLING BEES.

C. E. R., South Argyle, N. Y., writes:—"Can you inform me, through the Rural, how to handle bees without getting stung? I have heard of men selling a secret to handle them, but never had an opportunity to obtain it. If there is such a secret I would like to find it out, as I get stung every time I hive a swarm or take out drawers,—in fact, almost every time I come in sight of them."

We have heard men profess to be in possession of a secret which enabled them to handle bees with entire impunity,—but no practicable proof accompanied the pretension, though the means of testing the matter were within reach. There is no question that bees discriminate between different individuals—rancorously assailing some, while leaving others of the same company unmolested. The bee has an acute sense of odors, hence if a person, reeking with sweat and with an offensive breath, approaches the hive in the working season, he will be at once assailed by a squadron of bees and forced to beat a retreat. It is probably an offensive effluvia arising from the person which arouses the ire of the bees and induces these assaults. Let the same party be cleanly washed and apparelled and scented by some extract of an agreeable aroma, and the chances are ninety-nine in the hundred that the bees will show few or no signs of irritation on the approach of the individual so circumstanced. The writer of this once followed a stray swarm of bees to a tree and watched them till safely housed in it. The tree was cut down at night and a section removed to the door-yard and placed in position. It proved a contented and hard working colony, and was visited often during the week, but especially on Sunday, if the weather was propitious. During the week days, when severe labor had induced excessive perspiration, the bees, when visited, were uniformly irritable and unfriendly. But on Sundays, after the customary ablutions had been performed and clean apparel donned, the same bees evinced no disinclination to receive calls, showing that while they detested dirt and foul odors, they had a proper appreciation of their opposites.

From these facts,—for facts they are—the conclusion is deduced that, when bees are to be handled, the operator should consult cleanliness both of apparel and person, if he would secure the good will of the colonies to be manipulated and escape the punishment customarily inflicted on those who court familiarity without the proper preliminary preparation for it. We have seen persons handle bees readily by simply covering their faces with a veil and their hands with leather gloves,—but where these are not available we know of nothing more likely to afford the operator impunity than the simple preparations we have named. Some smear their hands and faces with honey and let it dry on before handling the bees, which is said to work well, though we never tested the matter by experiment. It is one easily made, and can do no harm should it fail of accomplishing the immunity from assault intended by it. There is another thing which it may not be amiss to mention. Bees sometimes act as though determined on war with or without cause. The best way, in such cases, is to act as though their belligerent intentions were unperceived. They will circle about the intruder's head in a noisy manner,—but the chances are that no assault will be made, the whole ending in bluster and nothing else.

TRANSFERRING BEES.

H. B. K., Kinmundy, Ill., wants to know the best or readiest way to transfer bees from old box hives to new and improved ones. We know of no better way than that recommended by Langstroth in his treatise on the honey bee. When a colony is to be transferred, a box sufficiently large to hold the swarm is provided and placed on the top of the hive to be vacated, with an aperture for the admission of the bees into it. This done, the entrance holes of the old hive are closed and the sides rapped upon smartly with a stick. This continued for a while will cause the bees to escape up through an opening in the hive to the extra box, where they can be secured for the time being. When they are out, sufficient store and brood comb for the colony may be cut from the old hive and fastened in the new one in such a manner as to keep it in place till the bees can have time to attach it permanently to the movable frames. This done, the new hive is placed in the position on the stand occupied by the old one, and the bees in the box turned down in front of it to seek their new home. This they will generally do without much remonstrance, and the work of accumulation and propagation will go on as though the process had suffered no interruption by the transference from one domicil to another.

BEE HIVES.

C. E. R., South Argyle, asks the publication of a cut of a bee hive, which shall combine all the more desirable points of such an article. We cannot well do this without trenching on some patents, for which we might be called to an account. These patents have been very numerous, but the improvements are not always perceptible, being variations rather than improvements. Bees are not very fastidious about the looks of their habitation, paying more regard to its exemption from damage from storms than to any thing else. They accumulate large stores in old fashioned box hives, doing as well there as in any other. There is this drawback, however,—they are not as readily handled as when in sectional hives, where portions can be removed and divisions of swarms made with great facility. Almost any person of medium mechanical genius and a tolerable acquaintance with bees can construct a hive which will answer the purpose very well.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Weather and Crops.—Looking over our exchanges and numerous private letters giving accounts of the state of the crops and weather, (which information we always thankfully receive, although we have not space to publish the letters entire) we find that the month of May, to the 20th inst., has been remarkably wet throughout most of the corn-growing region of the country. The result to the corn crop has been delay in planting, and in preparing the ground, to an unusually late time, and farmers are getting nervous over the prospect, and begin to prophesy a short crop and high prices. But it is too soon to be discouraged or elated, for it is rarely the spring season which determines the success of the corn crop. In corn regions and on good soil planting may be done up to the 10th of June and good yields harvested therefrom. Meantime what has been lost by wet on corn has been gained on other crops. All vegetation needed rain; a thorough soaking of the earth to raise the deep springs and saturate the subsoil, with days of cloud and mist, were highly favorable to grass, wheat, and spring grains. The earth needs such an accumulation of water to provide against summer drouth. The latter crops we have mentioned promise well, and with the exception of grasshoppers in limited sections of the West, and the Colorado potato bug, we know, as yet, of no serious drawbacks on the prospects of a bountiful harvest.

Season and Crops in Northern Ohio.—During last week we visited several points in Northern Ohio, and had opportunity to observe the state of the crops. Though much of the country was nearly submerged by recent heavy rains,—and the season some two weeks later than usual,—the crops generally appeared promising. In some sections corn planting had been delayed by wet weather, but most spring crops were starting finely. The copious blossoming of apples, peaches, etc., indicated a fine prospect for an abundant yield of fruit. About Cleveland, Painesville, Willoughby, and other towns in that region, large quantities of potatoes are being planted,—the present high prices, and a favorable soil for the crop, inducing many farmers to make that a leading product this season. In one instance, near Painesville, land is rented at $30 per acre for potato growing. We shall long remember a pleasant morning ride of some ten miles, from Willoughby to Painesville, through a very rich and fruitful district,—and much regret that lack of time forbade our calling at the homesteads of friends M. B. Bateham, Ex-Agricultural Editor, and W. F. Geer, Secretary of the National Wool Growers' Association. The next time we travel thereway—and may it be soon!—we shall certainly endeavor to note the fruits, flowers, crops and flocks of the aforesaid cultivators and breeders.

Animal Acclimation in Paris.—There is a garden in Paris where exotic animals are in process of acclimation. Among them, a correspondent of the American Stock Journal mentions bisons from Russia, which are now found only in the Lithurnian forests, bearing a strong resemblance to the American buffalo; the yak, or horse-tailed ox, from the Himalayan Mountains, with hair nearly reaching the ground; the zebus or hump-back cattle of India; the ong-ti Chinese sheep; Yemen sheep, covered with hair instead of wool; Angora goats; the lama of the Andes; the vicuna, from the same region; zebras, wild asses from Tartary, Siamese ponies, and the peccary or wild hog of Texas and South America. Several crosses with cognate animals of European extraction have been made, but the results are not promising.

Backward Seasons.—The present must be numbered among the backward seasons which have characterized the last fifty years. An old farmer supplies the Boston Journal with a record of some of the backward seasons within his remembrance in Massachusetts. June 8th, 1816, snow fell in Salem, Mass., and also in Vermont. In the latter section it was a foot and a half deep. In August of the same year there was a severe frost, which pretty generally cut off the corn crop. Though the present is a backward season, and planting late, there is nothing in this to induce apprehension that good summer crops may not yet reward the labors of the husbandman.

"Cream Pot" Short-Horns.—Several weeks ago (April 11,) we gave a brief account of this family of Short-Horns, in connection with the portrait of a cow owned by Mr. Wm. H. Slingerland of Albany. Mr. S. writes us that, in consequence of the publication of the portrait and article, he is in receipt of a number of letters daily—more than he has time to answer—and requests us to state that he has no more of the stock to dispose of at present. It is proper to add that Mr. S. was not consulted about the publication, and that it was not intended to benefit him or any other breeder, but merely to advise our readers in regard to a valuable family of Short-Horns.

The Three-Horse Clevis, advertised on third page of this paper, looks like a good thing, and we are assured by a disinterested party that it is really a "big little thing" and selling very rapidly in the West and elsewhere. As it purports to "fill the bill" of a long-sought desideratum, farmers and others will of course govern themselves accordingly. It hails from a good section, and is worthy of a fair trial.

"The Garden State of the Union."—A pamphlet of some sixty odd pages has been issued from the office of the Independent, N. Y. city, by Henry T. Williams, in reference to the soil, climate and productive power of the State of Delaware, which is denominated "The Garden State of the Union." It contains much valuable information in relation to that State, and is prefaced by a well executed map of it.

Shearing Festivals.—Sheep shearing festivals have been more than usually unfortunate the present season in respect to the weather. It has rained all over the country for many days—precisely at the time when these festivals were to come off, but in no case were the festivals a failure. Some of the journals counsel a week or two later in the season for succeeding shearings.

Massachusetts Ag. College.—The managers of this institution have elected Dr. Charles A. Goessmann to the chair of Chemistry. He is a native of Fritzlar, Prussia, and educated at the University of Goettingen, graduating in 1852. He is said to be, both by education and practical experience, eminently qualified for the position to which he has been assigned.

Cornell University.—This institution is soon to be enriched by the library of Prof. Bopp of Berlin, a noted philologist. This, in connection with the Anthon library, already received, will place the Cornell in the front rank as regards the means for imparting information on scientific and practical subjects.

Chicago Ditching Machine.—A strong endorsement of this machine will be found in our Special Notice column. We shall embrace the first opportunity to witness the operation of this machine, and then express our opinion as to its merits. Meantime will say the testimony we have seen in regard to its capacity and utility is highly favorable.

The Potato Bug.—The Missouri papers announce the appearance of the Colorado potato bug in the region about St. Louis. Its advent is looked upon with many misgivings, but the prevalent disposition seems to be to give the pest battle in the way most likely to preserve a portion of the potato crop from its ravages.

Thorn Hill Farmers' Club Fair.—The sixth Annual Fair of this Club will be held at Thorn Hill, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 17th of June next. Facilities will be afforded for a thorough trial of all kinds of agricultural implements.

New Potatoes.—The Syracuse Journal of the 23d inst. gives Henry Burt of Onondaga Valley the credit of having grown the first new potatoes at the North the present season.

HORTICULTURAL.

GARDEN CROPS FOR MARKET.

THERE are a great many small farmers, living handily to market, who might cultivate with great profit some of what are usually termed garden crops. Especially if their farms are small and their boys many and anxious to have something to do, could they engage in such pursuits with success. It is not always necessary to buy more land for "the boys" as they grow up, if one possesses skill and tact to put that to good use which is already occupied. Where the market or shipping point is near, plenty of manure and help attainable, soil a good loam, the following crops may generally be grown with large profit by farmers who do not engage in a strictly gardening business.

Asparagus. An acre or two of this vegetable will be profitable. Once well started, it produces for a long period. It is not a costly crop to cultivate, and the market is rarely supplied with this excellent vegetable.

Currants. This is a hardy and productive summer fruit, in great demand always, and it may be shipped a long distance, and will bear considerable delay in harvesting without loss. The red varieties are usually the most salable.

Horse-Radish. This vegetable is easily grown from sets, is harvested after one season's growth, and is in large demand. The roots are dug, washed, and shipped in barrels, like potatoes, to market. It is sold by weight.

Early Cabbage. If the market is not too distant, this crop proves very profitable. A crop of early cabbage and one of horse-radish may be grown on the same land in one season.

Turnips. There is often a great demand for good table turnips, during the winter and spring. They may also be grown in connection with cabbage.

Onions. An acre of onions may be made to produce from three to four hundred bushels, and at last year's prices the crop would pay pretty well.

We might also mention *cucumbers* for pickles, *melons*, *early potatoes*, *squashes*, *celery*, *tomatoes*, and extend our list of profitable crops for market culture, but the farmer who engages in the business would speedily discover the most suitable and best paying kinds. Small fruits of all kinds are always in demand, and yield, on the average, good returns.

HINTS TO YOUNG VINEYARDISTS.

YOUR vines should have been properly pruned and tied up to the stakes or trellises before the buds started. If it has not been done before, do it *now*. Tie or fasten the fruit canes strongly, so that the winds, and particularly the weight of fruit, will not get them down during the season. A good way to fasten to stakes is to take a strip of thin leather, lap it around the cane, and fasten it with a ten or twelve ounce tack to the stake. Good wood twine is good to use on trellises or horizontal slats or wires, and you should use nothing to fasten the fruit canes with of any *less* strength or durability than these materials. Later in the season the new canes may be tied with smaller twine or straw, &c. If you have got more than ten or fifteen fruit buds on a vine from two to four years old, or from twenty-five to fifty on an old established vine in a vineyard, you have left too many, and your vines will set more fruit than they can ripen well and at the same time mature fruit canes for bearing the next year.

If this statement looks unreasonable to you, practice your own judgment and learn by experience, as I have. You are sure to come to that conclusion in time, and it may be worth more to you to learn it by experience.

By a fruit bud I mean a well developed bud on last year's wood, usually about from three to six inches apart on canes about one-fourth inch in diameter or thereabouts. If much smaller than this they should be cut back, and stronger ones grown next year by confining the whole strength of the vine to a fewer number of canes. With my experience about one pound of fruit may be expected from every well developed fruit bud. If there are not too many left on you can count the probable product of your vine by counting the fruit buds.

Examine along the *old* wood from the ground to the bearing or last year's wood, and you will probably find a dozen or more, and perhaps dozens of small buds starting. Rub them off; they are suckers. In a week or two you will find another brood of them; rub them off again and keep doing so during the whole season. When the fruit buds push and develop into canes, tie them to the trellis as fast as they grow out and need the support, and *let them grow*, without stripping off a single leaf or lateral from the fruit canes. This way of summer pruning (you may say lack of pruning) is not agreed to by many experienced vine growers, but "prove all things and hold fast that which is good," and practice that which you find most successful.

Plow, cultivate or till the surface of the soil in the vineyard; keep it loose and mellow, and free from weeds, during the early part of the season, say until about August, when it is well to cease stimulating the growth of vines and encourage the development and maturing of the canes and fruit.

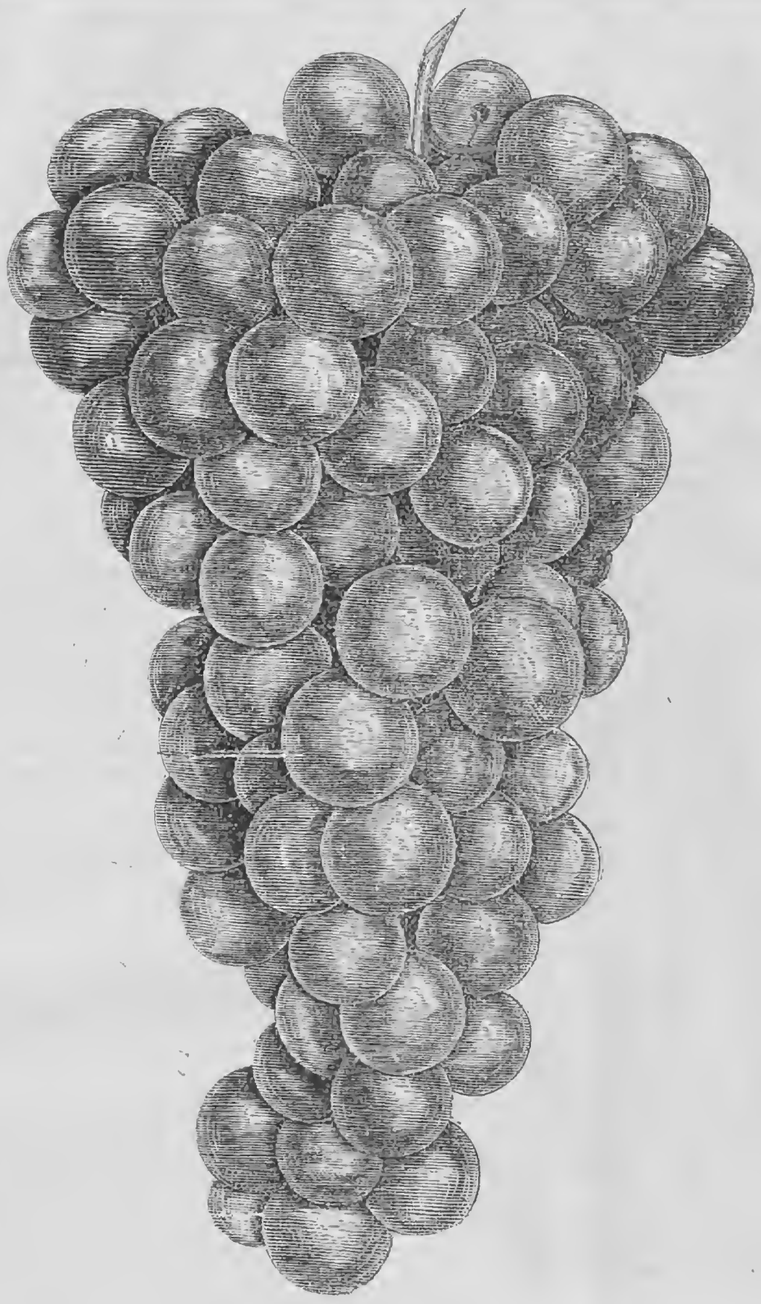
GEO. L. PRATT.

Ridgeway, Orleans Co., N. Y., May 15, 1868.

WHEN TO MANURE TREES.

INQUIRY is often made as to the frequency and amount of manuring or cultivation for trees. The answer must be, act according to circumstances. The question again recurs, how shall we know what our soils need? The answer is, observe the results of growth. An examination or analysis of the soil will be of little use. But the trees will tell their own story. If the soil is so rich that they make annual shoots of two or three feet or more in length, without any cultivation or manuring at all, (which, however, is rarely the case,) then it will be needless to give additional care. The annual growth is the best guide to treatment. There are very few apple or other orchards which, after reaching a good bearing state, throw out annual shoots more than a foot and a half long, and many not half this length. The owner may lay it down as an unalterable rule, that when his trees do not grow one foot annually they need more manuring or cultivation, or both. By observing the growth he can answer all questions of the kind referred to without difficulty.—*American Fruit Culturist.*

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake up* any grievances; protect the young and tender *branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feeling, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.



THE LORAIN GRAPE.

AMONG the new white or light amber colored grapes deserving a further trial, one under name of Lorain has perhaps due and just claims. Its origin, that is its paternity, is in obscurity—as its grower knew nothing of artificial hybridization, or in fact of the requisites in seed to produce a grape of any great excellence, hence this, like many another valuable fruit, has been grown by mere chance. Its originator, Mr. HOPKINS of Lorain Co., Ohio, had a taste for the cultivation of fruits, and, among other grapes the Isabella and Catawba were his staple sorts, and while there are several white, or amber yellow white grapes among the seedlings which he produced, no knowledge is had of his ever having a white grape on his premises—(the originator, HOPKINS, is now deceased.)

I have never seen the vine, but Mr. GEO. CAMPBELL tells me it has no foreign character, but is all native. Mr. W. Z. N. BARNEY of Sandusky, Ohio, from whom I received the bunch of fruit from which to make my drawing, describes the foliage as follows:—"Foliage with leaves of medium size, thick; in form much like the Iona; downy on the underside, and growing on the vine preventing the curl or rounded character of Isabella."

Description of Fruit.—*Bunch* large, long, from seven to ten inches—not strictly shouldered; *peduncles* long, giving the bunch a loose appearance; *berry* roundish oval, nearly round; *color*, light golden amber; *skin* firm, rather thick but without any astringency; *flesh* with little pulp, sprightly, pleasant flavor of the Muscat grape, with moderately rich sweet juice. Ripens in September.

The quality of this grape is one that will please most lovers of the fruit, and it only remains to have its hardihood and bearing tested in localities away from its origin, to have it appreciated or otherwise. Amateurs all over the country should obtain of it—grow, and report the result for the benefit of the public.

F. R. ELLIOTT.

CULTURE OF THE VINE IN EUROPE.

[Continued from page 167, last number.]

FERMENTATION.

THE crushed mass, with or without the stems, is next thrown into vats and allowed to ferment. The vats are large casks, generally without bulge, the largest at the bottom, and open at the top. In some of the large houses they are covered with loose boards; in others the boards are jointed and made hermetically close by plastering with cement or clay; in others there is merely a floating mass of stems; and in others there is no covering at all except the scum of stems, skins, seeds, &c., which rise to the surface. After the fermentation has ceased and the wine becomes clear, it is drawn off and put away in close casks, which in France are almost uniformly of the size called "barrique," holding about fifty gallons. In Burgundy these are kept above ground and in the light until spring, and then put into cellars, while in the Bordeaux country they remain in the light in storehouses above ground until one or two years old, and then removed to dark rooms on the same level. A careful way of making red wine out of grapes not fully ripened is to allow it to remain in the vats for a sufficiently long time after fermentation to let the greenness held in suspense settle to the bottom At "La Tour," in the vintage of 1866, they allowed the wine to remain in the vat a whole month, though the fermentation was probably complete in half of the time. After drawing off the remaining undissolved pomace, it is pressed and made into a wine of inferior quality. It is common in France, and it would be sometimes necessary in some parts of America, to provide means of warming the wine-house up to at least 20 degrees of "Centigrade" or Fahrenheit, as well as to introduce steam heat into the vats themselves, which is done by means of a tin pipe, entering to the right of the faucet and a little above the bottom of the vat, bending to the bottom and rising again in the form of a letter U, and then passing out at the other side of the faucet, at the same distance from it, the steam entering at one end and the condensed vapor escaping at the other; but heat is only applied in cold seasons and when the grapes are badly ripened.

In France, the fruits of different varieties are commonly mixed together, and generally but little account is taken of "cesaye" (variety) as compared with the quality of soil. Well-informed persons, however, are disposed to complain of the introduction, which has been quite general of recent years, of coarse varieties grown for quantity rather than quality.

There is one variety of vine commonly seen on rich soil and deemed unfit for poor ground, except where grown for brandy, as in Cognac, that may possibly be of value to us. It is called "la folle," (the crazy;) "en ragatt," (from enraged.) Except in its infancy it needs no stakes, but holds itself erect by the strength of its stalk, which is trained about one foot high, and from which the cane or branches shoot out with great vigor, like those of the osier willow pruned low. Every winter all the branches are cut back to two or three eyes, and during the season the ground is cultivated in the usual manner, but further than this it demands no attention. There is no summer pruning nor any tying, winter or summer. It is never hurt by frost, is proof against all disease, and is unfailing in its fruiting, and yields, when in good condition, 1,200 to 1,500 gallons of wine per acre. Its most favorable soil is a sandy loam, and when grown on such its wine, which is quite strong, is worth forty cents per gallon. Of that produced about Bordeaux a good deal is mixed with coarse red wine and made into claret for American consumption. Of itself it will not make red wine. It is possible that this hardy vine or grape will stand our severe winters, and, with or without winter covering, obtain a footing in American soil. If so, every farmer or whoever else can command a quarter of an acre of land might raise for his own table an abundance of good sound wine at a trifling cost. Generally it is a bad policy to introduce a coarse plant of any sort, but we have so vast a spread of land that it is too rich for growing delicate wines, no matter what variety of plant is tried, and of late the mildew and rot have been so discouragingly fatal in many parts of our country, it might be well to give the "en ragatt" a trial, and, since we must drink the juice baptized with the names of "St. Julian," "Chatteur," "Margeaux," and all the saints of Medoc, we may as well enjoy the satisfaction and the very large profit of raising it ourselves.

Not only do the French mix different kinds of grapes in the vat and on the press, but they freely compound together different kinds of wine in every stage of maturity. This is done of course with great carefulness, and the success of the merchant in his business depends on his skill in concocting what will please the palate. Such combination may be agreeable to the taste of the consumer, and profitable to the merchant, but it may well be doubted if it is as good for the health as that which is simply natural, and made from one variety of grape.

A French wine-grower has introduced the Catawba into his vineyard, and uses its juice to mix in very small proportions with that of native grapes to give flavor. Any considerable addition of the Catawba's musky quality would be more than the French palate, trained to like only that which is negative, could very well bear. When American wines were tested by the jury at the Exposition, the French jurors, whose scale was from one to four, with a zero at the foot, generally complimented our Catawba with a zero, and they remarked that the more of the natural flavor the wine possessed, other things being equal, the lower they should estimate it. In America the very contrary is known to be the case. The German jurors, accustomed to wines of high bouquet, held quite different opinions from the French, and were much pleased with the American samples.

OTHER VINE-GROWING DISTRICTS.

The Committee visited the principal vine districts of Switzerland and Germany. The vineyards to which attention was more especially given were those of the borders of Lake Geneva, those of Pfaz or Rhenish Bavaria, and of the banks of the Rhine, the Neckar and the Main. With regard to the quality of the soil, we have the same remark to make here as was made in the former report, viz., that the vines yielding the best wine were found to be growing on the poorest soil. Geologically, the soil throughout all the above districts is very much the same, viz., basalt and sandstone, formations usually seen in close proximity, basalt uppermost, resting on the other. The only exceptions were a few patches of limestone and slate. The basalt soil is esteemed richer than the sandstone, and is often hauled on to the other to enrich it. For instance, the vine-dressers of Durkheim actually manure their thin, poor, gravelly land with tens of thousands of yards of earth, brought from the neighboring town of Deidesheim, and yet the Durkheim wine is quite superior to that of their neighbors. All this was quite different from anything we noticed in France; there, calcareous rocks seem to underlie everywhere, nor could we learn of any wine of high repute in France, that derived its quality from sandstone or basalt. The vine husbandry of the Swiss and Germans is of the first order. Nowhere do you see in their vineyards the straggling appearance so common in those of France, (the effect of frequent layering,) but the lines were always beautifully true and even. Although the intervals or rows were wide enough for the plow to pass, nearly all the cultivation was done by hand, and done most thoroughly, too. In France, as in America, they stir the ground two or three times during the season. In the Rhinegan it is done four times, but about Forst Deidesheim and Durkheim they do it as often as every two or three weeks from the beginning to the end of the season. It is in the above neighborhood that basaltic earth is applied as a manure, as is also clay, to make the ground more retentive of manure; and this they do to such an extent that old vine fields are seen which have been raised visibly above the level of the others adjoining them.

The expenditure of labor in a year on an acre of those fields amounts to about one hundred and forty days' work. In the Pfaz, it is usual to train upon horizontal laths or lines of wire running fifteen inches above the ground, very much as is done in Medoc, only that where wire is used a second line is stretched above the other. If the plan is good in Medoc and the Pfaz, it is hard to see why it would not be good everywhere, especially in countries so cold as Germany and the northern part of the United States. Indeed, M. Guyot, to whose book we have already referred, argues strongly in favor of everywhere adopting the method of training the fruit-bearing cane horizontal with the ground and very close to it. We ought, however, to note here, that the fields where this mode was more particularly noticed, or connected with good results, were in gravelly deposits of nearly level surface. Manure is freely used in Germany, much more so than in France, and is prepared and applied with much care and system. Cow manure, largely composted with straw, is the only kind thought fit to manure vines. They sprinkle the heaps almost daily to keep them moist and allow the mass to rot, at least twelve months before being used. It is applied every three years. As to quantity, it is certain that some soil, like the poor and unretentive gravel beds of the Pfaz, should receive more than those of the neighboring slopes, and that the calcareous earths of France need less than the sandstone and the basaltic earths of the Rhine valley.—[Concluded next week.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

THE SEASON.—On this 25th day of May, 1868, vegetation is not more advanced than is usually the case at this time of year. Grass is a short bite for stock, no trees have come into full leaf, though the apple orchards and the beech and maple woods are getting somewhat dense with foliage. The oaks and chestnuts on "opening land" are bare as in winter, and the red man's sign for corn planting—when the oak tree leaf gets as large as a squirrel's ear—has not yet appeared. Cherry trees are going out of blossom. There was a heavy rain when they were fully in bloom, and it may have some effect in lessening the crop. Pear trees are unusually full of blossom; and apples, though not yet out, give signs of great abundance also. The bulk of peach orchards are not in bloom; they are very late in starting, and we hear of some being winter killed. It is probable they suffered more from drouth last year than from cold during the past winter. Small fruits, though late, promise well. At present we see no reason why berry bushes and vines should not bear abundantly.

JAMES VICK'S GROUNDS.—The show of tulips on these grounds each spring has become famous. A hundred thousand tulip blossoms in a mass are a rare sight, and it attracts hundreds of visitors from this city, and many from considerable distances. Splendid as the tulip beds are now, they are only the beginning of the decoration of these grounds for the season. By-and-by there will be acres of annuals in bloom, broad, rich masses of color, blazing on the fields where grow verbenas, double ginnias, phlox, petunias, asters, ten week stock, scabiosa, balsam, candytuft, and all the desirable flowers that are familiar to the readers of VICK'S Catalogue. It is probably the largest and most brilliant flower garden on the continent, and each succeeding year witnesses further improvement and enlargement.

BOOK OF EVERGREENS.—This is a 12mo book of over 400 pages, written by JOSIAH HOOPES, and published by ORANGE JUDD & Co., New York. It describes all the different species and varieties of evergreens that will endure the climate of the Middle States. The opening chapters treat of soil and planting, propagation, pruning and after-management, evergreen hedges, diseases and insects injurious to conifers, situation and selection of varieties. A large part of the book is devoted to a synopsis of the genera of coniferæ. The work is finely illustrated, and full of valuable practical and scientific knowledge.

BUGGY.—The N. E. Farmer says that in France last year a reward of about one dollar for every hundred pounds of June bugs caught was offered. The result was the delivery to the authorities of over eight hundred thousand pounds of bugs. Just think of forty tons of pure bugs in a single season!

CINCINNATI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY will hold an exhibition in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 6th of June next. Liberal premiums are offered, amongst which is a silver cup for the best new seedling.

IMPLEMENTS, PLANTS, &c., RECEIVED.

HEXAMER'S PRONG HOE.—This implement resembles a large potato hook, and its action on the soil is like that of a garden rake, only it works much deeper. In all hoed crops that do not need hilling, it is an excellent tool for stirring the soil and killing all weeds when they first emerge from the ground. It is worthy of a place on every farm and garden. See advertisement in RURAL.

CONKLIN'S WEEDING HOE.—A new tool, and rather difficult to describe without an illustration. It is very light, well made and novel in form, and is a very desirable tool to use among small garden crops, as onions, carrots, parsnips, &c.; and the ladies would admire it very much for their flower beds. Made by D. R. BARTON, Rochester, N. Y.

NICHOLS' TRANSPLANTER.—An implement intended to facilitate the transplanting of corn, cotton, or any tender plant which requires considerable earth to be taken up with the roots; simple and apparently effective. Received from F. G. NICHOLS, Beaufort, N. C.

EARLY ROSE POTATO.—A sample of this new variety, received from G. W. BEST, shows a smooth, light-fleshed, full-eyed, oblong potato, having so many good points that it is certainly "worthy of trial."

DAVISON'S THORNLESS RASPBERRY.—We are indebted to Mr. SINTON, Angola, Erie Co., N. Y., for a package of this variety, which has been fully described and illustrated in the RURAL.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

FRITTERS.—Turn a quart of boiling milk on a pint of Indian meal, stir in three large spoonfuls of flour, three eggs, teaspoonful of salt.

MILK BREAD.—One pint of boiling water, one pint of new milk, one teaspoonful of soda, the same of salt, flour enough to form a batter; let it rise, and add sufficient flour to form a dough, and bake immediately.

LEMON CAKE.—Five eggs, three cups sugar, one of butter, one of milk, five of flour, one lemon rind grated, one-half tea spoonful soda dissolved in milk, and after all is well beaten, add the juice to the lemon, and bake immediately.

LEMON JELLY.—One ounce American gelatine, one and a half pounds loaf sugar, three lemons, grated peel, pulp and juice. Pour a quart of water on the gelatine, add the sugar and lemons, mix and strain it, and pour it into a mould to cool.

MRS. GLOVER'S PAN PIE.—Make a quart of nice apple sauce, flavored as above, but sweetened with sugar (nutmeg may be used for flavoring if preferred). Bake the paste very thin on a tin sheet, mark it into squares, and when baked break it into the apple, and be sure that all the paste is well covered in the sauce, for at least two or three hours before it is used.

CRUMB PIE.—Mince cold meat very finely, season it to taste, and put it into a pie dish; have some finely grated bread crumbs, with a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and pour into a dish any nice gravy that may be at hand; then cover it over with a thick layer of the bread crumbs, and put small pieces of butter over the top. Place it in the oven till quite hot; and should not the bread crumbs be sufficiently brown, hold a salamander over them.

ORANGE SNOW BALLS.—Wash well a pound Carolina rice, put in it plenty of water, and boil it rather quickly for ten minutes, drain and let it cool. Pare four or five small oranges, and clear from them entirely the thick white inner skin, spread the rice in as many equal portions as there are oranges, upon some pudding or dumpling cloths, tie the fruit separately in these, and boil the snow balls for an hour and a half. Turn them carefully on a dish, and strew plenty of sifted sugar on them.

RECIPE FOR A COUGH SIRUP.—Take 1 quart thick flaxseed tea, 1 pint of honey, ½ pint of vinegar, 2 spoons saltpetre. Boil all together in a new earthen pot that is well glazed, until it becomes a pretty thick sirup; keep stirring while boiling, with a pine stick; if fresh from a green tree the better.

Dose—One tablespoon three or four times a day. If there is any patent mixture for sale as good as this for a hoarseness or cough, I have been unable to obtain it as yet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISSOURI MAMMOTH BLACKBERRY claimed to be the earliest, largest, and hardiest in cultivation, fine young plants packed per doz. $3; per 100 $18. Kittatinny, young plants, ₩ 100 $5; ₩ 1,000 $40. Wilson's Early, young plants, ₩ 100 $8. E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Ind.

BEST YOUNG PLANTS.
Carefully Packed, Warranted Genuine, Warranted to Grow.

BLACKBERRIES.	Per Doz.	Per 100.	Per 1000.
KITTATINNY	$1.00	$5	$40
WILSON'S EARLY	1.50	7	50
MISSOURI MAMMOTH	4.50		

RASPBERRIES.—Clarke and Philadelphia, $2.00 per doz.; Ellisdale and Thornless, $4 per doz.
ROSES, an extra collection, on their own roots, $3 per doz.; $15 per hundred.
VERBENAS, $5 per 100. Also, a general assortment of Green-house and Bedding Plants.
957-2t F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, Ill.

NANSEMOND SWEET POTATO PLANTS—Packed and delivered to express office for $2 ₩ 500; $3.50 ₩ 1,000. Address PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind.

WILSON EARLY BLACKBERRY PLANTS, grown in pots and well-rooted, at $15 ₩ 100; $2.40 ₩ dozen.
SAM'L C. DE COU,
957-2t Recklesstown, Burlington Co., N. J.

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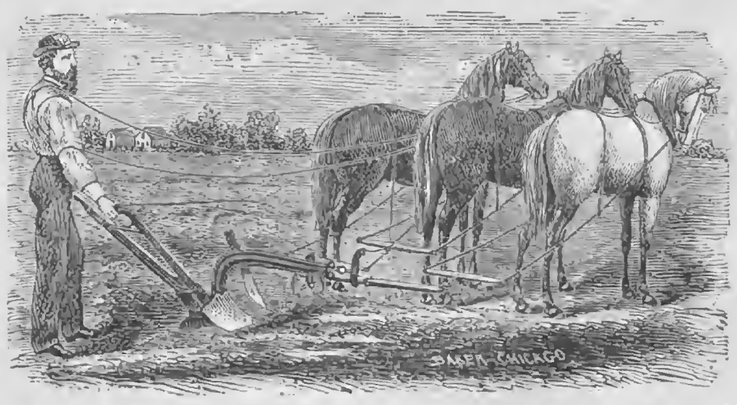

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Ladies' Department.

LOVE.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

The loveliest thing on earth is Love,
The loveliest and the purest;
The dearest thing on earth is Love,
The dearest and the surest;

And not alone is heavenly sweet
The honey of its kisses—
The very tears of Love are sweet,
Its very pangs are blisses;

And they who love with love the best,
The fondest and the strongest,
Love with the loveliest love of all,
Are they who love the longest.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A MOTHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON HOME TRAINING.—II.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

DOVECOTE, April, 186-.

MY DEAR MARY:—I have read your valuable letter again and again, and thank you most heartily and warmly for it. Some of my friends were taking tea with me the evening it came,—all young married women,—and I read it aloud to them. With one voice they pronounced it excellent, and unite with me in the sincere desire that you will send us many more such. Mrs. BRIGGS, who has a baby still in long clothes, hopes you will say some things to fit her case; and Mrs. HEWETT, whose only child—a boy—is just running about, looks for a hint or two for her; while Mrs. RILEY, with a brood of four little ones, all under six years of age, is sure you cannot fail to drop into her lap some crumbs of comfort. So you see you have written yourself into an authority, and I hope the reflection that you can do us so much good by giving us your views on these most important subjects will prompt you to write again very soon.

How I wish I had spent less time practicing on the piano, when I was a girl, and more in reading useful books. I scarce ever touch the instrument now, unless to play some simple waltz or march, or sing a song, to please the children; and the piles of music books that cost so much money and used up so much time, lie month after month on the music stand unopened. I wish I could turn them into interesting juvenile books for my children. One thing I am resolved upon,—when my little CARRIE grows older, unless she shows a decided talent for music, she shall not be compelled, as I was, to practice hour after hour on a tedious music lesson. I want her to learn to sing and play, too, but the time and money wasted in trying to accomplish me in an art for which I had no talent shall be more wisely expended in her case. Oh dear! when I look at these children, growing up around me, and think what a poor little know-nothing their mother is, don't I wish I had been studying history and arithmetic instead of reading novels hidden away among my books? What good do Mrs. HENTZ's novels do me?—or Mrs. SOUTHWORTH's? What can I remember of the "Children of the Abbey," or "Alonzo and Melissa," that will profit me now? Tell me, if you can, how I am to make my children like histories and books that instruct as well as amuse. Is it too late for me to learn to be a sensible, judicious mother? If I had my school-girl life to live over again, I should do as you did; but that can't be. Visitors call me away.

Good-by,—and write soon to your warm friend,

JULIA.

HOME, May, 186-.

MY DEAR JULIA:—I am gratified, indeed, that any words of mine can do you or your friends good, and how glad shall I be to discuss with you fully these interesting and important subjects. If the women of our land, instead of evading and shirking the duties of motherhood, would rather study to fit themselves nobly and faithfully to discharge them, the next generation would show us results that would as much surprise as rejoice us. Young ladies are taught to look forward to marriage as their destiny, and since the relation of mother springs naturally from that of wife, why should they not be educated into the idea that they are to become mothers? How do women mistake the true sources of their own highest felicity when they imagine a life without care, without labor, without the incumbrance of children, can be a happy life! You, JULIA, are a mother. You know the intense delight that fills your whole being when you feel nestling to your heart the precious buds of immortality GOD has given you upon your tree of life. Could any embroideries, any jewels, any splendid equipage waken such raptures in your breast? And do you ever envy those women, who, having not the maternal cares that sometimes oppress you, know nothing of the depth, the height, the power of a mother's love? To me it seems that she who passes from girlhood to womanhood, and on into mature life, without once tasting the wine pressed to the mother's lips, has missed the sweetest draught of life, the highest honor, the brightest jewel in the crown of womanhood. Laces, diamonds, elegant leisure, a costly establishment,—do they, can they, satisfy the true woman's heart? She may have all these and be magnificently miserable; while the toiling, self-denying, patient mother of a family, wanting these brilliant gewgaws, may yet drink continually from unfailing fountains of perennial joy. Shall not we who are mothers do much to bring about a more healthy and legitimate feeling with regard to the care and labor of bringing up children by dwelling on the bright side of the picture, by speaking of the happiness we have with them, the ever fresh joy they diffuse through the home circle, the hopes they inspire, rather than of our toils, our anxieties, and our fears?

But I promised you a sketch of the courses we marked out and have pursued with our children, and in what I may first say your friend, Mrs. BRIGGS, may find something of interest. The two extremes into which young mothers are apt to fall,—neglect, on the one hand, and over-tenderness, on the other,—I determined to avoid. No nurse, however skillful or conscientious, can make good the mother's place, since she cannot bring to the infant a mother's wealth of love. The magic touch of the beloved hand, that so many of our sick soldiers in the war longed for with inexpressible yearnings, the young baby very soon learns to recognize, and pine for if it is withdrawn. The loving tones, the gentle caresses, the brooding affection that none but a mother can bestow, are to the baby as dew and sunshine to the tender plant. Her voice, her smile, her presence, make the joy of childhood, the delight of youth. Let these be given free as air, fresh as morning light, plenteous as summer showers to the olive plants around our table. Let the newly made mother not excuse herself from the care of her child because she lacks nursery knowledge; for she can learn from those skilled in the nurture of children, from books, and gradually from her own experience, all the secrets of the art.

On the other hand, too great devotion to the baby will undermine the mother's health and injure, instead of benefiting, the child. As we plant seeds in the ground and leave them to the care of the kindly elements, taking thought that no rude hand molest them, so must we manage with children. Sleep and food at regular and stated intervals, flannel, cleanliness and abundance of pure air—these are the elements on which their physical nature thrives. Provide these, and the law of growth will assert itself. Let the morning bath be succeeded by a full repast, and that by a long, deep sleep; then in suitable weather will naturally come a walk in the open air, and early sleep at night, which may, after the child is about four months old, be unbroken till morning. When my boy was a month old I laid him in his little crib at six o'clock at night and let him cry himself to sleep; at the time of his morning nap I did the same. In two or three days he learned to lie quietly, and go to sleep without rocking. This course I have pursued with all my babies, and can recommend it as practical and beneficial to mother and child. By careful attention to her baby's physical wants,—by keeping it warm, and clean, and dry,—by removing as far as possible every cause of fretfulness and uneasiness,—the mother will do very much towards cultivating in the little thing a uniformly pleasant disposition.

She cannot commence too early to impress upon her child the idea of prompt and implicit obedience. Her own mind cannot be too full of the value of that idea. As in the germinating seed, the root and the leaf develop about the same time,—one seeking nourishment from the soil beneath, the other unfolding in the air above, fed with sunlight and dew,—just so in the infant mind, intelligence and will expand together, and the mother should sedulously cultivate the one, while she no less carefully directs and restrains the other. Many a mother labors under the mistaken notion that a child can be taught many things before it is old enough to learn submission. But whenever the tone of its cry indicates temper, that moment a corrective should be applied. A firm tone of command, a slight reproving pat, will change the cry of anger to one of grief, which may be soothed. And she who wisely loves the nestling in her bosom will early instil lessons of patience and obedience. As for bruises she applies arnica,—for colic, catnip tea,—for sorrow, soothing tones and gentle caresses,—so in the same spirit of truest love let her check the earliest risings of self-will.

Of vastly more importance than any details of nursery training is the spirit in which the mother enters upon and discharges her duties. Let the same love which prompts her to bestow toys and caresses on her little ones, and to dress them in becoming and tasteful attire, restrain her from ever correcting them in anger, or withholding reproof and punishment when the real good of the child requires it. You will be curious to know if I carry out my principles in daily life. Indeed, JULIA, I try to. Our standard of perfection cannot be too high, and though all must fall far short of it, the effort to attain to it must result in good.

As the skillful gardener knows by the look of his flowers what treatment they need, so we can catch the tone of the little brood about us, and quickly see what on our part is called for. One of our little plants may need a trellis to climb on; around another weeds may be springing or a worm be at the root; while one may need just to be left to grow, another may call for the pruning scissors. Happy and fortunate, fortunate and happy, is the mother who is able to adapt to each the culture it requires.

As ever, yours, MARY.

A WRITER in Lippincott's Magazine tells us that the ladies in Cuba seldom wash themselves, and only clean their faces with a little spirits or *eau de Cologne*, which is supposed to improve the complexion. A cold bath once a day would, however, be far better for this purpose.

"LA MERE"—(THE MOTHER.)
FROM A GROUP OF STATUARY IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATRIMONIAL DEMONSTRATIONS.

IT seems to be the natural tendency of many people to suppress all manifestations of feeling and emotion. Before the suggestions of impulse are followed, they are critically examined and thoroughly understood; and as it is impossible to be mathematically impulsive, the little exuberance of feeling these persons possess grows weak, and the affectionate, unselfish promptings of the heart frequently become almost extinguished from simple disuse. It is not enough to possess good characteristics; we must make a proper use of them in order to show our proprietorship.

Lovers are usually profuse in their protestations of affection towards each other, and the experiences of courtship are generally conceded to be at least pleasant: but there is nothing supernatural about this comparative happiness; it is only the legitimate result of the frequent and palpable manifestations of their mutual love and regard. When the matrimonial contract is completed, and the honeymoon begins to wane, little opportunities for showing attentions are slighted as too insignificant to merit notice. Conscience may protest against the growing indifference, but it is silenced with the reflection that each party has been informed in reference to the other's feelings, and should henceforth be satisfied, forgetting that the moment either ceases to demonstrate the fact that the old love still lives, a mutual right to question it exists. This right is immediately claimed, and jars and dissensions follow, culminating, perhaps, in a disgraceful attempt to procure a bill of divorce. I believe this deplorable state of things might be avoided, in many cases, if the parties concerned would cultivate a disposition to *manifest* their love towards each other, instead of suppressing as meaningless every natural ebullition of feeling that seeks to be tangibly represented.

F. S. J.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LABOR.

No great man can be an idler. The world is teeming with work for us all, and no one can do that which GOD has given another to do. We seek amusements *to pass away the time*, when every hour is crowded with human destinies, and we have not one moment to waste. The seconds of time are the woof of eternity,—a moment misspent, and there is a flaw in the web.

We must *work*. Not all may be reapers, not all gleaners; but all may do *something*. Day after day humanity is stretching out her hands for help—poor erring souls going down to ruin, because men, and women, love *self* more than GOD. You who lounge on luxurious couches, who boast your lily-hands, tell me, what have those hands ever done for others? The poorest day-laborer who walks the streets, is greater than you. Not all kings wear royal robes, or sit on thrones, and he is far more kingly and noble who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, than he who wraps about him his purple and fine linen, and boasts his millions.

We hear so much of "gentlemen" nowadays. What constitutes a *gentleman?* Is it fine broadcloth, glossy beaver, immaculate kids, and dainty cane?—or is it a true, unselfish heart and soul rich with blessed deeds? Young woman, to which would you trust your happiness, your life? Better a royal soul than royal robes,—better hands that labor has made brown, than those that idleness has made white. The crown that earnest toil brings, is better than a king's coronet, and labor for others' sakes better than treasures of silver and gold.

GRACE G. SLOUGH.

RING OUT, MERRY LAUGH!—Fun is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

EARNEST MEN.

ENTHUSIASM is magnetic. Like the magic fiddle of little Fritz in the German legend, it fascinates and draws after it the crowd. No eloquent enthusiast ever lacked followers, whether his creed were right or wrong. The earnest man of action, even though a very bungler in his rhetoric, is sure to have plenty of friends. His deeds speak for him. Cromwell's speeches were generally unintelligible, but he was terribly in earnest both as a fanatic and a soldier. It was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his prayers, or to misunderstand the logic of his victories. Mahomet was a man of vast capacity, a great orator, a furious sectarian leader, and a lion-hearted hero. Such a combination was irresistible, and he founded at once a new empire and a new creed.

Had the intellect of Luther been of a more passive type, his conquest over error had never been achieved. It was the warlike ardor with which he challenged and defied his antagonists, his enthusiasm as a controversialist, that enlisted sympathetic spirits under his banner, and made the reformation a success. To come down to later times—confidence in his own destiny was the inspiration of Napoleon, and it was because he believed in himself that his army believed in him. He thought himself irresistible, and so thought every man in his hosts, from the marshals of the empire to the meanest followers of the camp. To this delusion, as much as to his genius, may be ascribed the glories of his dazzling career.

THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY.

YOU meet what looks like an opera chorus at every depot—men and women dressed, it may be, in rags, but it is sure to be in colors, and worn with an unconscious grace that is peculiar to this race. The Italian peasant is a natural posturer. He tumbles into graceful attitudes as naturally as the workmen of most countries fall into awkwardness. No hussar can wear his jacket as jauntily as an Italian beggar wears his capote. And when he flings his darned, and stained, and tattered cloak about him, it falls into statuesque folds. If he leans against the walls, he poses himself like Massaniello, and stands like a model, as fixed as if he had been arranged for an hour's study. His hat is a curious sugar-loaf, that looks like an Italian volcano dwarfed into fit proportions, but retaining all its picturesque features. The Roman *contadini* beat all the peasants in the world in natural beauty and native costumes. The sun deepens their complexion without coarsening their features. Their blood is dark as Burgundy. They are improved by the boldest colors, and their dress is as rich as a parrot's plumage.—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

SUNSHINE.

THE country-houses of Great Britain are by no means shaded as our own; and the most considerable piles of buildings, such as Eaton Hall, Blenheim, Dalkeith and Burghley House, have hardly a noticeable tree within stone's throw of their walls. The flower-patches and coppices of shrubbery approach more nearly, and to the garden-fronts of those magnificent homes you walk through walls of blooming shrubs. But the full flow of sunshine upon the window is a thing courted. Allowing for all difference in climate, I think there may be a question if we do not err in this country by overmuch shading. A cottage in a wood is a pretty subject for poetry, but it is apt to be uncomfortably damp. And there are village streets with us so embowered that scarce a ray of sunshine can play fairly upon the roofs or fronts of the village houses from June to October. A summer's life under such screen cannot contribute to the growth of roses in the cheeks any more than to the growth of roses at the door. There is no provision against agues—whether moral or physical—like a good flow of sunshine.—*Rural Studies, by Donald G. Mitchell.*

POWER OF MUSIC.

TIME may never disclose the mighty power of music in the war of the rebellion. In the camp, in battle-fleet, in hospitals, on transports, in sacred services, I have seen and felt its power to inspire patriotism, subdue suffering, carry the wanderer back to home and the cross, and sustain the spirit amid weariness and agony. In our evening songs we were joined by the soldiers, who quickly gathered among us. As the shades of twilight deepened, and nothing but dim outlines could be seen, the sob of many a manly breast was heard in the pauses of hymns made familiar by the Sabbath school, the family altar, and the sanctuary. One evening, after a pause, we started the air "Home, sweet home." All joined in except the soldiers. They sat in silence, and a long, deep inspiration at the close explained the reason. One braver to speak than the rest, said, "Ladies, the boys never sing that song. It unfits them for duty, and makes them homesick." As we all know, Napoleon on that principle forbade the Swiss evening song, "Ranz des Vaches," to be sung or played in his army. It paralyzed the arms and crushed the spirits of his Swiss soldiers.—*Hours at Home.*

SANDWICHES.

WHERE should a blind man go?—To an i(s) land.

AIRLESS music—bal'd opera.

THE only tolerated murders are the lady-killers.

AN angry country—Ireland.

A STRANGE noise at table—a fish ball.

A POPULAR cure—Sine-cure.

JUVENILE warriors—Babes in arms.

SANGUINARY ships—Blood-vessels.

MUSICAL ornament—bugle trimming.

THE Essay on Man—A woman's attempt to marry him.

THE best exercise of memory—Remembering the poor.

A CYNICAL bachelor thinks the honeymoon a sweet lunacy.

PYROTECHNICAL remedy for crying infants—rocket.

THE science of numbers—Knowledge of the people.

WHEN is a cat like a teapot? When you're teasin' it.

THE most cruel revenge is the disdain of a possible vengeance.

SMITH found a dollar the other day in an alley. He calls it alimony.

HEAVEN and earth, advantages and obstacles, conspire to educate genius.

A RUSTIC gallant thinks his inamorata deserves to be called refined sugar.

SOME seek renown as the Parthians sought victory—by seeming to fly from it.

A SELF-DENYING woman—one who sends word "not at home," when she is.

THE truly generous is the truly wise, and he who loves not others, lives unblest.

Sabbath Reading.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again,
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling balm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh, thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

THE SABBATH.

"WELCOME, sweet day of rest!" No books to post, no orders to fill, no projects to think over, no politics to discuss—none of the thousand wearing, temper-trying, heart-worrying cares of the every-day world, to-day. One day of quiet and tranquility—"emblem of eternal rest."

How sweetly comes the peace of the Sabbath morning after the toils and agitations of the week! Balmy as odors of orient spicy groves; gentle as the breath of sleeping infants, or the dying winds of evening; pure as the incense that rises before the throne of God comes the calm of this holy morning—"day of all the week the best." It is the day of home—home hushed and quiet, home beautiful and full of comfort. To-day the father is at home, and the mother with brow free from week-day cares, sits beside him; and the memories of Sabbaths in the by-gone time, when love made the day of repose time of joy, come back in all their pleasantness. Father is at home and the little ones hang at his knee, telling their joys and troubles of the past week, and rejoicing that for a whole day he would be their company and lavish upon them, uninterrupted, his loving words and smiles.

Aye, pure, sweet and holy is the day of rest in the family; but it is all too brief—transient as the outline of the silvery vapor that floats on the summer sky—for the rush and turmoil of the troubling world come back to-morrow. Let not that thought mar the gentle joy of this sweet day: remember, father, there is a "home" whose peace is never interrupted, whose joy is never broken, whose repose treads on to-morrow, and that a part of the privileges and happiness of to-day is to secure a place in that family whose circle is united forever more, in our Father's home on high.

WISDOM OF DIVINE ECONOMY.

"ALL things work together for good to them that love God." This is a truth of the sweetest and holiest import, and is daily recurring to me; for how many are the things in common life which, in the dictates of our poor wisdom, we would gladly have otherwise!

I doubt not you have learned, to a great extent, to depend on God, day by day, for your daily bread. This lesson I desire to learn. How sweet it is to be directed, from hour to hour, with scarce a ray of light beyond! The darker the future, the brighter often is faith, and the more firmly do we rely on that arm which can never fail.

I have often found myself attempting to preserve the manna till morning, but never succeeded. How wise is the economy of Providence and the economy of grace! How should we rejoice that we cannot lay up stores for our ourselves, either of wisdom or of faith.

Surely it is good to commit our way wholly unto God, without fear and without compromise. Then the pillar of cloud or of fire will go before us, though we may not always be able to recognize it.

I have often said to myself that if there should come to me a permanent cause for sadness, either constitutional or otherwise, I must just as resignedly bear it as I have carried my cheerful tendencies. Yes, be willing to be sad—nay, subdued, rather; for we can smile through tears. Let the tears come if they must; they cannot last forever. We must look sunward, and do our duty, and in God's good time we shall walk in light.—*Weary Hours.*

REPENTANCE.

"WHICH is the most delightful emotion?" said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates, to write an answer; and one, with a smiling countenance, wrote "*Joy.*" It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down "*Hope.*" A third, with a beaming countenance, wrote "*Gratitude.*" A fourth wrote "*Love,*" and other feelings still claimed the superiority in other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, "*Repentance* is the most delightful emotion." He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, "Why?" "O," said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, "it is so delightful to be humbled before God!"—*Sunday School Times.*

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

A PASTOR was making a call upon an old lady who made it an habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evily spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added, "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself were the subject of conversation, mother would find out some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course, this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and voluntarily replied:—"Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's perseverance and industry."

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HINTS TO TEACHERS.—No. I.

OBSERVATION has taught us that teachers in the school-room are too careful to follow out a certain routine of duty. This regularity we do not object to, nor do we complain about the care that is usually taken in the execution of duty. It is the narrow limit,—the contraction of these labors, the close confinement to the text-book in recitation, and the requirement (in every case) of literal definitions,—that we ask teachers to avoid.

Now, Teachers, do not follow beaten paths. Get out of the *old rut* occasionally. If you are tied and hampered by cords of formality, either *break* or *lengthen* them. The human mind desires variety. It is similar to the stomach. One kind of diet will not answer the purpose of many. In countries where the inhabitants live entirely on one kind of food, (rice, for instance,) the people are dwarfish, inactive and sluggish. It does not afford the nourishment that the body requires. Undoubtedly the article contains the stimulus, but the digestive organs become weakened from want of proper exercise. They lose part of their power, and consequently do not extract the entire strength of the material subjected to them. Precisely so with the mind. One kind of food will not suffice. Give it a variety, and if dainty, the most stimulating obtainable. These various dishes of mental food will not be found in the school-book altogether. The teacher will be obliged to look out for matter almost foreign to the common text-book of district schools.

First, then, it is your duty *to inspire*. This inspiration is made in many ways, some of which will nearly contradict the term. To illustrate: If you have a scholar possessed with more self-esteem than is profitable to him, or sufferable by you, the only way to advantageously inspire that scholar is to show him, frequently, that he knows almost nothing. (In this some teachers will disagree with me, but I write from experience, and as a successful teacher.) That scholar is not what he thinks he is. He is a perfect epiphyte. He stands upon an insecure and groundless foundation,—absorbing the air of popular applause, until he has imbibed so much as to make himself disproportionally large. Now, as an honest teacher, it is your *duty* to place such a pupil upon a natural and sure platform. Place him upon something, where he will feel, and will *be*, safe when the test comes. But in order to accomplish this you will be called upon to shake his tottering structure, until he himself feels unsafe upon it.

Some teachers at this point will remark,—"I guess the writer is not a student of human nature. He is not aware that scholars have '*weak sides*;'" Are you, then, so unfair as to sacrifice your pupils' future usefulness, for the sake of their friendship? Are you willing to take the menial office of misrepresentation, in order to avoid a just but unpleasant task? If so, then labor for "weak sides;" flatter and applaud those who are willing to receive flattery and applause, and you can accomplish your purpose. But I hope your conception and appreciation of honesty will prompt you differently.

If you have scholars of an opposite disposition, and naturally timid, the whole *modus operandi* should be reversed. The proper inspiration must be given in such cases by encouragement. DANIEL WEBSTER claimed that it was owing to a word of encouragement from his teacher, when a very inferior scholar, that he became what he was. BENJAMIN WEST said—"My mother's kiss made me a painter." It was the encouragement of that mother's affectionate kiss that caused the zeal on the part of the youthful WEST.

Do not be afraid of that dirty, ragged little boy whom you find not infrequently trying to hide his embarrassment, when one of his mates appears before him better clad. Take hold of the little fellow; raise him up; whisper an encouraging word in his ear. What a consolation it will afford you (if a lover of your vocation,) as you observe his face brighten with gladness and joy. Test him, and you will find that the unalloyed metal is there. Follow this course, and you know not but you are encouraging a WEBSTER, or a greater than WEST. There are greater men than they, yet unborn. O. K.

Honeoye, N. Y., 1868.

CHANGING TEXT BOOKS.

THE Massachusetts Board of Education have submitted their thirty-first annual report to the Legislature, in which they call attention to the growing evil of constantly changing text books, which so far from benefiting the schools, is a serious damage to them, besides being an unwarranted source of expense to parents and guardians. For want of time (say the Board, which is letting them off easy,) to thoroughly examine the multitudinous number of school books yearly issued from the press, school committees and teachers are much at the mercy of publishers and book agents. Bad books, or inferior books, which are issued by a wealthy and energetic business firm, will often drive out better ones, whose authors or proprietors have relaxed their efforts. It would seem desirable to have a judicious board or commission, wholly independent of authors or publishers, to examine all the text books in use and publish a list of the best, describing them and pointing out their characteristics. By all means let this recommendation of the Board be adopted, and let the power of "feed" school committees to change text books every term, be vetoed.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS.—It appears from a report just presented by examining commissioners, that there are about 3,000 endowed schools in England. Of this number 782 are called classical, and the remainder, non-classical schools, being devoted to the education of the laboring classes. Some of the classical institutions have annual incomes exceeding $10,000. King Edward's, at Birmingham, has a total of yearly stipends of $60,000, which sum it expects to have increased to $250,000 during the next thirty years. The total income of all these schools amounts to over $1,500,000. They educate on an average thirty-seven thousand pupils. In addition, there are some ten thousand private schools in England.

POPULAR INSTRUCTION.—From Georgia to Japan, from Australia to Austria, the claims of popular instruction are coming to be recognized to a degree never before known. The narrow, selfish interests of peculiar institutions, whether social, political, or religious, are everywhere giving way to that broader, nobler impulse which demands that *all* the rising generation shall be taught the elements of knowledge, rather than that a few be trained never so thoroughly in the doctrines of this or that political or religious school or creed.—*New York Teacher.*

Literature and Art.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE, author of several miscellaneous works, but better known as a poet, is now political editor of the New York Dispatch. His forty years, or thereabouts, sit lightly upon him; and, judging from his latest effusions, his poetic fancy is yet in all the freshness and beauty of early youth. Years ago he was styled "The Iron Poet," on account of the ruggedness and force of his style, but such a *sobriquet* is no longer applicable, for, though he has lost little in expressiveness, his versification has acquired a polish that is seldom met with. One of his early ventures was a scathing satire,—the best, we think, ever produced in this country,—entitled "Parnassus in Pillory," in which American poets and many prose writers were capitally and even severely discoursed of. It was heartily enjoyed by those for whom its lines contained no sting, and also by some of the less fortunate ones. Published anonymously at first, its authorship was duly acknowledged soon after,—on the appearance of a second edition, if we remember rightly,—and a laughable incident occurred on the same day the acknowledgment was first publicly made. Mr. DUGANNE was walking down Broadway and met BAYARD TAYLOR. Said the poet traveler: "You've made a capital hit, DUGANNE; I congratulate you. That is a *very* good thing on LYON—*very* good!" Ten minutes later the satirizer met LYON—CALEB LYON, who had a slight taste for poesy and statesmanship. "Ah! DUGANNE, good morning!" said the author of Californian epics, in his bland manner. "Your 'Parnassus' is excellent" and he added, with a peculiar relish, "*You have hit* TAYLOR *capitally!*" Col. DUGANNE is genial and courteous, and a gentleman of varied accomplishments. The fine old-style madrigal, beginning—

"I know a little foot,
And so cunningly 'tis put,"—

which is generally supposed to be of English authorship, was penned by him.

MRS. CHARLES, the author of the Schonberg-Cotta series, has been thus spoken of by a correspondent of the Evangelist:—"She is a lady still young, and eminently English; of small, slight figure, whose modest, almost timid manners at once engaged our interest and sympathy. It needed but a glance to recognize a pure, transparent nature in this true Englishwoman. Mrs. CHARLES is a native of Devonshire, the only child of a member of Parliament who died some years since, leaving a name greatly respected in that part of England. Her mother, a lady of great excellence, lives with her. Mr. CHARLES is a merchant of London, who, though engaged in business, shares in the tastes of his wife, and furnishes her ample means for their gratification."

MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS, one of the best of England's lady novelists, whose latest work, "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," we noticed last week, is now residing in the south of France, superintending the instruction of her two daughters. She is described as a "fine type of an English woman; tall, admirably built, fair-haired, with a head that gives assurance of rare intellectual ability, and a face whose hues show not only strong character, but thorough and charming femininity."

ALICE CARY, it is stated, writes on an average two poems a day. With many of the New York authors quantity seems to be the aim, rather than quality. The amount of work done by some of them is wonderful. WILLIAM WRIT SIKES, if we may credit the Herald of Health, claims to have edited no less than twenty-three publications in the space of one year; and the same authority says that Miss OLIVE LOGAN runs a pen race with SIKES.

JEAN INGELOW is one of a family of eleven children. Concerning her, her mother said to a visitor recently:—"You have probably noticed that JEAN is very shy and reserved, and I think that only through her finger ends could she have given vent to her heart and soul; for I have learned more of her life and tastes through her writings than through years of companionship."

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, the poet, edits Every Saturday. He is said to be just such a genial, warm-souled young man as his poems would make him. His little house is furnished in exquisite taste, and his "wee wife" is pretty enough to compensate for the loss he laments in his "Flight of the Goddess."

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

"POWERS is now employed upon a statue," writes BAYARD TAYLOR, "to which he has not yet given a name. It might be called 'The last of the Race.' A tall, beautiful Indian woman is represented as in the act of running, but with a weariness of body and limb that indicates that the end of her flight is near. Her head is turned to one side, as if listening to the sound of pursuit. The face expresses both fear and pain, not sharp and desperate, but dulled by the knowledge of an inevitable fate."

THOMAS NAST, who has sketched so many vivid pictures for Harper's Weekly, and over whose grotesque caricatures so many people have laughed, is a jovial young man, of perhaps twenty-six years, but looking considerably less, with a little, tight, black, brilliant moustache, and an imperial that glitters between a full-lipped mouth and an oval chin, decorating a jaw that speaks of tenacity in purpose, as surely as his great bright eyes of the gift of seeing the fun that is in the world.

"FROM SHORE TO SHORE" is the title of a beautiful steel engraving by F. T. STUART, from a painting by CLARENCE M. DOBELL, published by B. B. RUSSELL, 55 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. It is twenty by twenty-six inches in size, and is a good specimen of the engraver's art. It represents a boat crossing a stream, in which childhood, youth, manhood and old age are strikingly portrayed, and is a touching illustration of the idea expressed in the lines engraved on the margin—

"In Childhood's hour with careless joy
Upon the stream we glide,
With Youth's bright hopes we gaily speed
To reach the other side.
Manhood looks forth with careful glance,
Time steady plies the oar,
While Old Age calmly waits to hear
The keel upon the shore."

D. APPLETON & CO. have just published a beautiful edition of the Poetical Works of Sir WALTER SCOTT, on tinted paper, with a Life of the Author. This volume contains Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Don Roderick, Rokeby, Ballads, Lyrics and Songs.

AN old book sold in Holland at auction awhile since for $2,500. It is *suspected* of being the earliest printed book from movable types extant.

JOHN B. GOUGH has announced that, at the close of this season, he would retire from the lecture field.

Various Topics.

THE BOBOLINK.

THIS well known songster of the North—reed bird or ortolan of the Middle States, and rice bird of the South—is abundantly distributed throughout most sections of the continent, ranging from the latitude of Quebec in Canada to the Middle States in summer, and from the Southern States to Central America, and even the Southern continents, in winter.

Early in the spring it makes its Northern migration, moving leisurely through the Southern and Middle States, and arrives in New England and this latitude about the middle of May. During this Northern passage the birds depend for a subsistence very greatly upon the newly sown fields of grain, and the havoc they inflict is quite considerable. The male birds arrive at the Northern breeding grounds several days before the females, during which interim they frequent meadows and fields in cultivated districts, in preference to thinly-settled localities, and soon become very tame and familiar, notwithstanding the severity with which they have been pursued by the inhabitants of all the countries they have had to traverse in their migrations, by whom they are regarded only as a pest and nuisance. The bobolink knows when he has arrived among his friends; and the same bird who would carefully avoid you in the South will perch on your garden fence in New England as familiarly as if he were to the manor born, and regale you with a flood of his choicest melody.

Everybody in the North knows his song perfectly, and has at some time laughed in spite of himself or herself at the grotesque singer, as, perched on a twig in the cherry tree by the house, or in the elm by the roadside, or alder by the brook, he nodded his head, quivered his wings, opened his mouth, and rattled out the most curious, incomprehensible, jingling, round-about, careless, joyous, and altogether sweet medley that any bird ever uttered. As soon as the females arrive, they become the great objects of attention with their male neighbors; and the combats, both in music and—I am forced to say it—anger, for the possession of a favored one, between the contesting suitors, are almost innumerable. The female is at the outset apparently indifferent to the attractions of any particular male, and, in fact, seems a little bored at their manifestations; but all her indifference is unreal, and the cavalier who can outsing and vanquish his rival, becomes the possessor of her maiden, or, it may be, thrice widowed affections, "to have and to hold" until the next Autumn.

As soon as the birds are mated, early in June, they commence the structure in which their family is to be reared. Selecting a tussock of grass in a field or meadow, through which or near which a brook prattles of cool draughts, and sweet, refreshing baths in the hot and thirsty summer, they begin to entwine, beneath the bending and concealing leaves, fine grasses and rootlets into a loose and not deeply-hollowed nest. The position is so well chosen that nine times out of ten, if you walk the meadow over, knowing it to be there, you will not discover the nest. The male bird flies over your head, chiding and complaining, as soon as you draw near his home, and the female skurrying off through the thick grass, rises away from her nest, that you may not discover its locality.

The eggs are four or five in number, and vary in color from a light ashey blue, with spots of blackish brown, to a pale brownish clay, with spots and blotches of umber, of different shades. During the season of incubation, and until the young birds leave the nest, Bob has but little to do with his neighbors; but when the young are turned aside to shift for themselves, the members of different families unite into a large scattered flock and roam through the neighborhood, feasting on all the good things available.

It is at this period that the male exchanges his nuptial suit, for one more in keeping with his "old-folks" condition; and he arrays himself in a dress very similar to the sober one of his mate, dropping at the same time his jolly song, and uttering only a single note, like the syllable "chink." At this time it is almost impossible to distinguish the male from the female or young bird, as they fly away from you in the field, so much do they resemble each other.

Early in September the bobolinks begin to move southward; and although they obtain a great portion of their sustenance from fields and meadows, gleaning seeds of grasses, and weeds and insects, they make sad mischief in the fields of late grain and rice; and the firing of guns during the passage through the Middle and Southern States, not only by farmers and planters, but by sportsmen, who shoot them for the table and market, is at some seasons almost incessant.—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Mauna Loa, the Hawaiian volcano which has recently caused so great destruction to life and property in the Sandwich Islands, is an old offender. It is situated in the interior of Hawaii, and is 13,768 feet high. It was active in 1855 and in 1859, but on those occasions its exploits were by no means so dreadful as during the fortnight commencing on the 27th of March. The whole number of lives known to be lost is eighty. The sufferers were all natives, Mauna Loa having spared the whites with a discrimination in their favor that indicates conservative instincts. The eruption continued at last accounts with unabated vigor, and there were fears that its demoralizing influence would extend to other islands, where the consternation of the people is intense.

THE AMERICAN LAKES.—Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. It has an area of upwards of thirty-two thousand square miles, and a mean depth of 1,000 feet. It is apparently fed by a few insignificant streams, the largest of which are the St. Louis and the Ontonagon. Lake Michigan has a area of 24,000 miles, and a mean depth of 900 feet. This lake only receives a few streams, and yet Lake Michigan furnishes a large proportion of the current that flows over the St. Lawrence into the ocean. These great lakes must get supplies from subterranean sources. It is well known that large rivers on the western plains suddenly disappear through fissures and chasms never again to re-appear on the surface.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

ONE drinks because he's very hot as we are often told;
Another must a tankard take because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try;
Another, sure, a tankard gets because he's very dry;
Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it!
While one and all the liquor take because, in fact, they like it.

PLYMOUTH ROCK MONUMENT.

OUR illustration represents the monument erected on the site of Plymouth Rock. It was completed only a few months ago, the last stone being laid on December 7, 1867. The complete structure is 15 feet square and 38 feet high. The corner-stone was laid on the 1st of August, 1859, with appropriate ceremonies, and it is expected that the coming summer will witness its dedication. In connection with the deposit of the cap-stone, on December 7, an interesting event occurred. The Pilgrim bones, which were exhumed on Cole's Hill in 1855, during the construction of the water-works, and afterward deposited in a brick vault on the Burying Hill, were again removed from their resting-place, and carefully inclosed in a box lined with lead were placed in the open chamber in the attic between the cap-stone and the dome. The following inscription on the outside of the box containing the remains is an authentic record:

About fifty of the Pilgrims died during the winter of 1620 and 1621, and were buried on Cole's Hill. This number included Governor JOHN CARVER, WILLIAM WHITE, ELIZABETH WINSLOW, wife of Governor EDWARD WINSLOW; ROSE STANDISH, wife of Captain MILES STANDISH; and MARY ALLERTON, wife of ISAAC ALLERTON. On the 22d of May, 1855, workmen, while excavating a trench for the pipes of the Plymouth Water Works, built during that year, found on the hill, a little south of Middle street, nearly all the bones belonging to three skeletons. The skulls were submitted to Dr. JOHN C. WARREN and Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES of Boston, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were skulls of white persons or Indians. Their decision that the skulls were those of white persons made it certain that they were those of some of the Pilgrims who died in 1820 and 1821. The bones were soon after placed carefully in a vault on the Burying Hill, prepared for the purpose, and were exhumed and placed in the canopy over the Rock where the Pilgrims landed, on the 30th day of November, 1867, the day of the completion of the canopy.

NEW PRINTING PRESS.

THE Bullock press is certainly a most remarkable piece of mechanism. This machine was introduced into the Government printing office about a year ago, and Mr. Defrees, the Superintendent of Public Printing, and the foreman of the press-room, speak of it in the highest terms. In a given time, with two hands, it did the work of twenty Adams presses and thirty-five hands. The cost of the Bullock press was $25,000, and of the Adams press, $3,000. The Agricultural report, 189,550 copies, was the first and only book yet printed on this press. It has run more consecutive hours than any press known. In less than four months, at eight hours a day, with two men and a laborer, it printed eight millions of distinct impressions, without any effort to crowd its capacity. The paper for the use of this press comes from the mill in rolls containing thousands of sheets when cut into proper size. The roll is placed on a reel, and the press started; it unwinds the paper, cuts off the required size, prints it on both sides at one operation, counts the number of sheets, and deposits them on the delivery board ready for folding, at the rate of from eight to fourteen thousand per hour, or, counting both sides, from sixteen to twenty-eight thousand impressions.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HUMANITY.

THE humanity of Lord Erskine is perpetuated in his bill "For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," in one of his speeches upon which measure he observes:—"I never knew a man remarkable for heroic bearing, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity; nor a kill-and-eat-him countenance that did not cover the heart of a bully or a poltroon." Of many quaint stories illustrating his fine tenderness for the mute creation, one may be inserted in this paragraph. Having expostulated with a ruffian for violently beating a feeble and emaciated horse, he was asked by the rascal, "Why! it is my own, mayn't I use it as I please?" The man's tone heightened the insolence of his words, and having uttered them he renewed his attack on the poor brute. In a trice, Erskine, who was armed with a stout cane, gave the offender a sound thrashing. "What right have you to strke me?" roared the fellow, beside himself with rage and pain. "Pooh, man!" replied the executioner, "my stick is my own, mayn't I use it as I please?" —*Jeaffreson's Book about Lawyers.*

BIRDS FORECASTING THE SEASON.

IT is possible that both birds and beasts have a species of prescience with respect to the general character of the season, and that they build their nests or dig their holes with some reference to what this is to be. But there is no absolute uniformity observable among the birds in nest building, indicating that the season is to be a wet or dry one. There is one robin preparing for the cares of a family. She has selected the site of her nest low down in the forks of a cherry tree, and persists in staying there, despite of sundry hints that a more elevated position would seem to offer greater immunity from spoliation. Another one has selected a point well up towards the top of the tree though more promising points are to be found lower down. According to one of these weather prophets, the season is to be characterized by an abundant flow of water; while the other seems to predict the reverse or an arid summer. Which is to prevail the birds do not tell, perhaps for the very sufficient reason that they do not know.

Reading for the Young.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

WE find this little gem of beauty quoted by the London Spectator, from a little book of Poems written for a child, by Two Friends:

SPRING is growing up,
Is it not a pity?
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty!
Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty.
(But it is to little Spring
That she owes her beauty!)

All the buds are blown,
Trees are dark and shady,
(It was Spring who dressed them, though
Such a little lady!)
And the birds sing loud and sweet
Their enchanting ditties.
(It was Spring who taught them, though,
Such a singing mistress!)

From the glowing sky
Summer shines above us;
Spring was such a little dear,
But will summer love us?
She is very beautiful
With her grown-up blisses,
Summer we must bow before;
Spring we coaxed with kisses!

Spring is growing up,
Leaving us so lonely,
In the place of little Spring
We have Summer only!
Summer, with her lofty airs,
And her stately paces,
In the place of little Spring,
With her childish graces!

TALKS WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY UNCLE PAUL.

LITTLE MINSTRELS.

YOUNG friends, fancy yourselves away off in some strange country, far from home, and with no kind father or mother near to love you and care for you. It would seem very lonesome, would it not? Don't you think you would get homesick, sometimes, and maybe cry a little? How would you manage to get food and clothes, and where would you sleep?

We suppose our boys seldom go a great ways from home, and never find themselves in a foreign land among total strangers. There is no reason why they should seek another country. America is the best country under the sun, and is just the place for boys to grow up in. Here they can become great men and good men, and can prosper in anything they undertake if they will only do right always. This is the reason, perhaps, why boys in Ireland and England and Italy, and other countries, want to come here. They hear about free America, and think they can grow rich and be happy under its laws. Many of them do come, and realize all they hoped to.

The other day we heard music, and saw a group of men and boys assembled, on the street, so we went to see what was attracting attention. What we saw would have pleased you all, we think. Two little boys were playing, one upon a violin and the other upon a harp. They were very little fellows, indeed,—not over eight or nine years old,—but they played quite well, and many pennies were thrown to them. One of them sang a song, but it would have sounded very strangely to you, for it was not in our language, and you couldn't have understood a word of it. These little minstrels were Italians, and they could talk no language but that spoken away in sunny Italy. They had black hair and bright black eyes, and were quick and sprightly in their motions, just like nearly all Italians.

We wondered if they had any father or mother anywhere, or if any brothers or sisters ever spoke of the wanderers and wished they would come home; and very much wished we could talk with them so as to learn how they came to leave their native land while so young. Neither of them looked happy and light-hearted, as you do, while one had a sad face that was really pitiful. You are apt to think that making music is a pleasant thing, and we presume some of the little boys who heard the minstrels had a notion that 'twould be real fun to travel about and sing and play as they were doing. They would find it different, though, after a little, and would long for the shelter of the home-roof and the kind care of parents. Playing and singing for pennies, upon the street, is not like singing sweet songs now and then in the parlor, with mother and the girls to sing with you.

Yesterday we saw another little minstrel, carrying his small harp along the street, and stopping at times to play a tune or two. His harp appeared to have been carried about a great deal, for it was worn and defaced and did not sound very musical. When we saw him last he was in front of a hotel, playing and singing a song, and his shrill young voice rang out the words just as loudly and lustily as though he had been somewhere in his own Italian land. We hope the little minstrels will find good friends wherever they go, and will get pennies enough to buy them plenty to eat and wear and comfortable lodging places; and may everybody be kind to them!

AN ODD THOUGHT.

EDMUND ANDREWS was well known as a cruel boy. Cockchafers, butterflies and birds, frogs and toads, dogs and cats, had all been ill-used by him in their turn; and many a reproof had he received for his cruelty.

As Edmund was passing by Burlton's barn, he saw Wilkinson, the old shepherd, with his pitch-kettle and iron, marking the sheep which had been lately shorn, with the letters J. B. for John Burlton.

"So you are putting your master's mark on the sheep, are you?" said Edmund as he walked up to the shepherd.

"I am, Master Edmund," replied Wilkinson; "but their Almighty Maker has put his mark upon them before."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, looking at the shepherd inquiringly.

"I mean," replied Wilkinson, "that our heavenly Father, in his wisdom and goodness, has put his marks upon all the creatures he has made, and such marks as none but he could put on them. He has given brown wings to the cockchafer, spots to the butterfly, feathers to the bird, a sparkling eye to the frog and toad, a swift foot to the dog, and a soft furry skin to the cat. These marks are his marks, and they show us that these creatures belong to him; and woe be to those who abuse them. We should never be cruel to any of them."

"That is an odd thought," said Edmund as he began to walk away from the spot.

"It may be an odd thought," replied the shepherd; "but when odd thoughts lead us to glorify God, and to act kindly to his creatures, the more we have, Master Edmund, the better."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly, Old School, met in Albany, on the 21st inst. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Humphrey of Louisville, Ky. Rev. Dr. Musgrave of Philadelphia, was elected moderator; Robert C. Knight of Pittsburgh, clerk.

In forty-eight hours ending at 10 o'clock on Monday morning the 18th inst., one hundred canal boats, laden with grain, had passed Fultonville, Montgomery county. The aggregate amount measured at least six thousand bushels to the boat, making three hundred thousand bushels per day. Of these one hundred loads—twenty-one were wheat, fifty-seven corn, ten oats, and the rest other varieties.

The men lately in the employ of Messrs. Roy & Co., of West Troy, still remain on a strike. Had they continued at work, they would have received about $30,000 for the period embraced in the strike. The extensive establishment which has for years past given steady employment the year round, still stands idle.

On the night of the 18th inst., the hardware store of Stephen Bird, in Lockport, was entered, the safe blown open and $558 abstracted therefrom.

The annual meeting of the publishers and editors of Western New York will be held at Watkins, at the head of Seneca Lake, on the 25th of June, and will continue two days.

A boiler in the steam engine works of Frisbie & Co., at Newburgh, exploded on the 18th inst. Three men were badly injured.

Two school boys residing in West 52d street, New York city, fell from a train of Hudson River Railroad cars on which they had jumped for a ride, one day last week, and were instantly killed.

The schooner Sarah Bond, laden with lumber, is lying one mile east of the Genesee River, water-logged and deserted by her crew. The schooners John Wesley and Defiance are sunk inside the harbor.

The Rochester jail now boasts of three Spanish prisoners, one of whom is of the nobility. Don Frederick Lopez is his name, and defrauding the revenue was his crime.

A man named William Qua lost his life in Cambridge, Washington county, last week, by being thrown upon a large circular saw in a sash and blind factory. His body was completely severed in twain.

A great freshet prevailed in Albany last week. On Saturday the pier, steamboat landing and quay were submerged. Boats and bridges were in universal use. Many merchants suffered much damage.

The grand jury of Albany county came into Court on Saturday with an indictment against Mark Lewis, charged on the complaint of E. M. K. Glen, member of Assembly, with attempting bribery on the Erie Railroad bill. The jury also brought in several sealed indictments, and it is generally rumored that one or more members of the Legislature are involved in them.

At the session of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Albany, on Saturday, the annual report of the Board of Church Extension was submitted, showing receipts of $50,517.78, disbursements $61,460.46. In thirteen years it has received $376,178.25. Over 1,600 churches failed to contribute to the fund the past year.

Mr. P. Hollyrand, with his son and daughter, of Lancaster, Niagara county, while driving over a temporary bridge at Cayuga Creek on Friday night, were precipitated into the water. The father and son were drowned; the daughter was rescued.

A man named Reuben Jones, steersman on the boat D. F. Thomas, fell off the boat Friday, at Fairport, and was drowned.

A mail train on the Erie Railway ran into an oil train, at full speed, on Sunday morning, the switch not having been reversed in time. The oil tanks were bursted, and several thousand gallons of oil ran into the Delaware river. Two young men were riding on the platform of the postal car, one of whom was instantly killed by being beheaded and having his legs crushed off, and the other was fatally injured.

Three dead infants were found in the streets of New York city, and three bodies of unknown men were picked up in the river, on Sunday night.

The body of Captain A. DePeyster, late Governor of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island, who has been missing since the 23d of January last, was found on Saturday at Port Johnson, New Jersey.

The total shipments of specie from New York city the past week were three and a half millions.

The inquest in the case of Jefferds, the convict who was recently murdered in Sing Sing prison, was concluded on Saturday. Evidence clearly implicated two convicts, Burns and Withington, in the commission of the deed, and they were so charged by the jury in their verdict.

Several acts passed by the late Legislature have been sent from the Executive Chamber to the office of the Secretary of State without the Governor's signature, and are therefore null and void. The most important are the following:—To aid in the construction of the New York Northern Railroad, and to facilitate the improvement of the wilderness through which it is projected. To aid in the construction of the Buffalo & Washington Railroad. To provide for the completion of the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad.

Major-General Dickman, who had command of the New York volunteers in the Mexican war, died last week in New York.

The bill to remove Genesee college to Syracuse failed to become a law at the late session of the Legislature. The college will, therefore, remain at Lima for the present.

A fire broke out Sunday afternoon in the office of the Neptune Steamship Company, New York Harbor, which resulted in a loss of not less than $500,000. The propeller Oceanus of the Neptune Line, plying between New York and Providence, caught fire and was soon completely enveloped in flames and was burned to the water's edge. The Electra, of the same line, and the Tis, of the Boston Line, also caught fire, but they were saved by being hauled out into the stream by ferry-boats and tugs.

From Washington.

CONGRESS has accomplished virtually nothing during the past week. The House has been without a quorum nearly every day, owing to the attendance of many members upon the Convention at Chicago, and the Senate has been similarly circumstanced.

A little excitement in regard to Impeachment has been kept up by the Managers, who have been engaged in endeavors to ferret out alleged corruption. Various circumstances have transpired to give credit to a suspicion that the votes of certain Senators on the eleventh Impeachment article were influenced by improper motives. Explicit charges of bribery have indeed been made, and a number of witnesses have been examined by the Managers. Perry Fuller, S. S. Cox, Samuel Ward, J. T. Leggett of Kansas, and two or three other persons, were examined on Friday. Fuller was questioned concerning the drawing and depositing of large sums of money, which he did not account for altogether to the satisfaction of the Managers. Thurlow Weed was under examination for several hours on Saturday. As the Managers preserve much secrecy in regard to the matter, nothing definite can be stated as to whether important revelations have been made or not.

At this writing, (Monday, 25th,) the indications are that the vote on the remaining articles will be again postponed. It is thought that new articles will be introduced.

The general question of bringing in the Southern States has been a good deal debated of late. It is pretty certain the Senate will agree with the House in ordering a new election in Alabama, but that the other reconstructed States will be admitted before the first of July.

From the West.

THE Republican National Convention met in Chicago last week, and was in session two days. Delegates were in attendance from all the States in the Union, and a large number of outsiders were also present. It is estimated that at least fifty thousand visitors were in the city. The Convention was organized on Wednesday, in the Opera House, with Gen. Carl Schurz as temporary Chairman, who gave an address of greeting. Ex-Gov. Hawley of Connecticut, was made permanent President, and delivered a brief speech.

The nominations were effected on Thursday. Gen. Grant was nominated for President, first by acclamation, the whole Convention rising to their feet amid great cheering and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and then by *viva voce* vote of each State as represented. The chair announced that 650 votes had been cast, and all for Gen. Grant. The contest for Vice-President was very spirited. The following names were submitted and elaborately eulogized and supported by those making the nominations and others:—Henry Wilson, Schuyler Colfax, Benj. F. Wade, Reuben E. Fenton, Ex-Att'y Gen. Jas. Speed, John A. Cresswell, Andrew G. Curtin, Jas. Harlan, Hannibal Hamlin, Wm. D. Kelley, Samuel C. Pomeroy. Wade, Colfax and Fenton were the most prominent candidates. On the fifth ballot Schuyler Colfax was declared nominated, and the nomination was thereupon made unanimous.

The Declaration of Principles, as adopted by the Convention, declares equal suffrage: denounces all forms of repudiation; says taxation should be equalized; advocates the extension of the national debt, the reduction of the interest thereon, and the strictest economy in Government; pronounces against Andrew Johnson; maintains the rights of naturalized citizens; acknowledges obligations to soldiers and sailors, and solicits emigration.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention also assembled last week in Chicago. Gov. Fairchild was elected President, and a long list of Vice Presidents were appointed.

One hundred and fifty acres of hops will be raised in Jackson county, Wisconsin, this year. Over two hundred acres of hops have been put in, in Grant Co. Numerous new hop yards have been set out in Calumet county.

Among the passengers to San Francisco by the steamship New York, from Japan, are two native Japanese of high rank, who are refugee adherents of the Tycoon. They will study our language and institutions until it is safe for them to return to Japan.

By a fire in Canton, Illinois, on Sunday, P. C. Ross, druggist, Amos Smith, hardware, and others, lost $75,000.

The Indians in Nevada are again committing depredations in the absence of troops from Fort Mc Dermott in search of the murderers of the Pierson family. Advices from Arizona state that Gen. Devin is about to scour the country to the eastward of the Rio Verde for hostile Indians.

Colorado has sent east a silver ingot weighing two hundred and fifty-seven pounds, troy, and worth about five thousand dollars. It is the largest silver brick ever made in the Territory.

The Adams Express car from Cincinnati on the Jeffersonville Railroad, was on Friday night, the 22d, robbed of three safes by a party who seized the engine while taking wood and water, detached the train and ran off with the express car, threw the messenger out and stole the safes. The robbers abandoned the car a short distance south of Seymour, Indiana, and made their escape. The total amount of money abstracted was $56,000.

From the South.

THE National Division of the Sons of Temperance held their Annual Meeting in Nashville last week. It was decided to hold the meeting next year in Washington, on the second Monday in June.

Lieut. Charles E. Moore, U. S. A., was shot in the street, in Savannah, Ga., on the 22d inst., by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mason. The ball passed through his neck, and his recovery is doubtful.

The official returns of the recent election in North Carolina have been received. The total vote was 164,410, and the Constitution had a majority of 20,770. The vote on Governor was about the same.

A very destructive hail storm visited San Antonio on the 19th instant, which lasted for half an hour and destroyed houses, crops and gardens to the extent of $500,000, and several lives are reported to have been lost.

Reports come from Virginia that the wheat crop of that State never looked more promising than now. Similar accounts come in from North Carolina.

A singular phenomenon occurred in Hamilton Co., Florida, a few days ago. Nearly two acres of a farm suddenly sank to the depth of fifty feet from the surface of the surrounding land. It immediately filled with water and submerged the tops of the tallest trees. The ground is still sinking and now covers four acres.

From Mexico.

THREE thousand stands of arms were recently seized in San Blas by the adherents of Gen. Viga and Lozada.

Gens. Toledo, Glandios and Palacio, three principal chiefs in the Sinaloa revolution, with other officials implicated, have been seized and forwarded under strong guard to the city of Mexico.

The Legislatures of Durango, Chihuahua, Calimla and New Leon are discussing a project for raising 3,000 men to defend the frontiers against Indian ravages.

Several districts have pronounced against the constitutional authorities, and troops were moving to put down the revolutionists.

A band of robbers attacked the town of Allende, in Guanajuato, robbing the custom house of $4,000. A formidable band was also reported in the vicinity of Rio Verde, State of San Luis Potosi.

The ladies of Merida, State of Oajaca, have formed a club and are about starting a paper to be called the "Feminine Race," which is to be a woman's rights organ. New weekly papers are springing up all over the country. The majority are Liberal organs, a few being devoted to mining and literary interests.

The 5th of May was observed throughout the country as a national holiday, it being the sixth anniversary of the defeat of the French at Puebla.

An unsuccessful attempt had lately been made to assassinate Gov. Pesquiera of Sonora. Two of the would-be assassins have been arrested and will probably be shot.

A band of robbers 250 strong, under the notorious bandit Novega, had invaded the district of Pachuera, in the State of Jalisco, sacking towns and ranches, robbing, killing, wounding and carrying off residents and citizens, from whom they demand large ransoms.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Liberal Party in England achieved another victory in the House of Commons on the 22d inst. The debate on the Irish Church was then resumed, the Suspension bill being under consideration. Mr. Gladstone made a speech explaining the character and intent of the measure and closed by moving that the bill pass to a second reading. Mr. Gathorne Hardy moved that the second reading be postponed six months, and supported this motion with a speech of much warmth. He declared that the bill was a surprise and meant confiscation; that it misstated the Queen's reply to the address of the House concerning the disposal of ecclesiastical patronage, and robbed the Crown of some of its greater prerogatives, including the veto power. The debate continued at length, terminating in another speech by Mr. Gladstone in reply to Disraeli. A division followed on the motion that the bill have its second reading, with the following result:—For the second reading, 312; against it, 258—majority 54. The announcement of the vote was received with loud and prolonged cheers from the Liberal benches.

It is said that the Pope has invited the Roman Catholic Bishops of the United States to raise one thousand volunteers for the Papal army, authorizing them to make such terms with the recruits as they may deem necessary and proper.

While the British Minister was passing through the streets of Kioka, Japan, April 1st, he was fired on by two fanatic priests, who wounded eleven men of his escort and five horses. The minister and five horses escaped unhurt. One priest was killed and another captured and executed by Stots Bashi.

Kenzaboro, the Japanese officer who ordered the firing on the foreigners at Hiogo, has been executed by order of the Mikado in the presence of one foreigner from each European legation, together with an equal number of Japanese officials. The scene was solemn and impressive. The condemned being of high rank, was permitted to commit hari kari. The foreign representatives requested the government not to confiscate his estate, according to the Japanese law, but to permit it to descend to his family. The request was granted and the next day the ministers received a letter of apology from the Mikado's Government.

Australia papers give full particulars of the attempt to assassinate Prince Alfred. The would-be murderer, it appears, was a Fenian maniac; his sister having testified that he had for some time been so bad as to require restraining. He was executed on the 22d of April.

Queen Victoria has gone to Scotland. Her absence from the seat of Government during the present Parliamentary and Ministerial crisis is generally censured by the press.

Intelligence from Cretan sources represents that several battles took place in Crete last month, between the insurgents and the Turkish forces, in all of which the Cretans are said to have gained advantages. The refugee Cretans in Greece were suffering severely. The Greek Government had already spent three million dollars to keep them from starvation.

THE SANDWICH ISLAND CONVULSIONS.—The Honolulu Gazette says:—Accounts up to April 29th have been received of the volcanic action in the island of Hawaii. The earthquakes were less violent and frequent, although the whole island was still agitated with light vibrations, and two strong shocks were felt as far as Honolulu. There were reports that lava had again broken out, but they were not credited. Full details of the eruption at Mauna Loa confirm the accounts previously received. At Kakuka, on the 7th of April, the lava again burst forth through a fissure nearly three miles long, and ran in a few hours twelve miles from a height of 3,800 feet to the sea, forming a solid projection half a mile in length.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—At last advices Salnave had declared himself Dictator of Hayti, but was being hemmed in at Port au Prince by the revolutionists. He threatened to burn the city. English war vessels were there to protect foreign interests. The Cacos were surrounding Port au Prince and had defeated Gen Schevalier. Two British men of war had arrived at Port au Prince. They demanded the immediate cessation of the persecution of foreigners—otherwise they threatened to bombard the town.

RESULT OF A STRIKE.—The Irish laborers at the West Rutland (Vt.) marble quarries, to the number of several hundred, having struck for higher wages, the owners of the quarries, instead of acceding to their demands, sent agents to Canada and engaged about 500 Frenchmen to work their quarries. This has caused much ill feeling among the Irish, who threaten the distruction of the place.

CANADIAN INVASION.—A programme for the Fenian invasion of Canada in July next, supplies General O'Neil with 30,000 troops; attacks Montreal with 15,000 men; matches 5,000 men from Buffalo against Toronto, and 3,000 from Detroit to the same point, and sends a body of 10,000 men to their support.

MR. JOHN BROWN, an American living in Valparaiso, Chili, has lent that city $250,000 in gold for internal improvements. The history of Mr. Brown, says a Boston paper, is a remarkable instance of the force and perseverance of the Yankee character. It is but a few years ago that he landed at Valparaiso from a ship where he had worked as one of the crew, and with nothing but the clothes he had on, commenced work as a journeyman carpenter. He has an interesting family, lives in princely comfort, and stands at the head of social and financial affairs in Chili.

COL. A. G. HAZARD, proprietor of the Enfield (Connecticut,) powder mills, died in New York last week. He was the largest manufacturer of powder in this country, having special depots for the storage of his powder in nearly every State in the Union. He was eminent for his generosity and social characteristics.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, May 26, 1868.

FINANCIAL matters in this locality are very quiet. The banks are easy, and there is a good supply of currency. The call for money is comparatively small. The stock dealers are buying cattle as is usual at this time of year, and using some money, but millers are doing nothing, or next to nothing. As a supply of wheat reached Buffalo it was expected they would commence grinding, but the recent decline in wheat with the dull sales of flour have prevented active operations. Millers will operate when the wheat market becomes more settled.

Money matters at the East continue easy and the supply of capital abundant. The demand on Saturday was a little active in consequence of a freer movement in stocks. Good borrowers are generally able to supply their wants at 5 per cent. Prime paper is freely taken at 6@7 per cent.

Gold sold yesterday at 139⅜. The New York Financial Bulletin says:—"The gold market continues firm, the requirements for export being considerable. The exports of coin seem to be the main cause of the present firmness."

Government stocks have improved. One reason for the advance is the improved condition of the money market. The banks are buying Governments, believing no better loan material can be found. The advance of American securities abroad has been considerable, and New York banks during the past week have been large purchasers. Seven-thirties are particularly firm as the United States Treasurer is a large purchaser.

WOOL.—The Eastern market continues dull. The demand from Manufacturers is unusually light. The low and medium grades are in light supply and sales are not pressed. There is a large amount of fine staple in the warehouses, and on this description holders are anxious to realize. The Boston sales of domestic last week, foot up 675,000 lbs., at rather drooping rates.

In consequence of the wet weather, &c., it is thought this season's wool clip will be late in market. Holders of old stocks are desirous of closing out before the new clip is offered.

COTTON is dull and lower, although shipments for the season are pretty much over. The decline last week was ⅜d. in Liverpool, and a corresponding decline, of about 1½c on this side. The supply left for home consumption is small, but manufacturers do not seem disposed to purchase largely in the present state of the goods market.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Prices have fallen off in the Eastern and Western markets considerably the past week. There is a material decline in wheat. The Western supplies coming forward, with the prospect of a good harvest both in this country and in Europe are not favorable to high prices.

BUTTER in the New York and Boston markets has fallen 7 to 8 cts. during the past week, and the supply reaching those points is on the increase. The continued rainy weather is making abundance of pasturage everywhere. Butter soon must be still cheaper.

LOCAL MARKET.—Flour remains at former quotations, but the tendency is downward if any thing. There is little doing outside of the local trade. Wheat shows a decline of about 10 cts. on the bushel, though there is scarcely enough offering to give any desirable tone to the market. Small lots are taken at quotations. Other grains remain nominal with small receipts.

WOOL.—The wool market continues depressed and the receipts next to nothing. The new clip is not yet in, nor is the prospect good for bringing it forward at an early day after shearing. Some agents here have received information from the East that it will not pay to open with the new clip above 38c. There is some of the old one in first hands yet, and generally held at 40c, but buyers hesitate to meet this figure.

ROCHESTER, MAY 26—Flour, wheat, $14,00@16,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,35; Mill feed, $25@26. Wheat, red, $2,35@2,60; Do. white, $3,00@3,00; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $2,00@2,25; Beans, $4,50@5,50; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 12@23cts; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@30c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 13@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, $1,00@1,25; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,50; Onions, ℔ bu., $0,00@0,00; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 38@40cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $18@28. Maple Sugar, 16@22c. Hides, green, 9½@9¾c, Calfskins, 15@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 23—Ashes, pots, $8,37½@8,50; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 30@31c. Flour, $8,25@15,50. Wheat, $2,18@2,70. Rye, $0,00@0,00. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,09@1,17. Oats, 86@87cts. Hops, 10@15c. Pork, mess, $27,75@27,87; new mess, $28,75@28,80; prime, $23,00@23,50; prime mess, $24,50@24,75. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $33@41,00. Shoulders, 12½@13¾c. Hams, 17@18c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13½c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 15½c. Lard, 17½@19½c. Butter, 25@32c. Cheese, 12@17c.

ALBANY, MAY 23.—Flour, 10,25@15,50; Rye flour, $9,75; Corn meal, $2,30@2,40 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,20; Rye, no sales; Corn, $1,09@1,12; Oats and Barley, no sales.

BUFFALO, MAY 23.—Flour, city spring, $10,25@10,50; Wheat, $2,10; Corn, $1; Oats, 79c; Rye, none. Provisions—Pork, mess, $28,75@29,10; Lard, 19½c.

CHICAGO, MAY 23.—Flour, $8@10,50; Wheat, $1,90@2,00; Corn, 88@89½c; Oats, 60½@69½c; Rye, $1,61@1,63; Pork, mess $28,50; Lard, 18½c.

TORONTO, MAY 23.—Flour, $6,90@7,50; Wheat, spring, $1,58@1,60; fall, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 55@56c; Barley, $1,25; Peas, 88@90c. Pork, mess, $21@22,00; prime, $16@17,00; Bacon, 8@12½c; Hams, 9½@13c; Shoulders, 8@10c; Beef hams, 13@17c; Lard, 13@14c; Butter, 18@23c; Cheese, 11@12c; Hay, $16@20; Straw, $11@12.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 18—Beeves—Receipts 5,831 head; quotations 15@18½c. Veal calves: receipts 1,700 head; quotations 7@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 10,950 head; quotations, Sheep, 6¾@10½c; Lambs, 12@19c. Swine—Receipts 22,957 head; quotations, 6½@10c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, MAY 20—Beeves range from 12@15cts. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair: Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $20@45; three-year-olds, —@—. Sheep and Lambs, 7@9c; extra, 10@11cts; by the head, $2,75@—. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 10@11c; retail, 11@12c; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10½@11cts; Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@18.

ALBANY, MAY 21—Beeves, $3,50@10,50. Milch Cows, $40@100. Veal Calves, 8@10c. Sheep and Lambs—State 7@9c.; Western 7½@10c.; Canada 9½@10c. Hogs, 9½@10¼c.

CHICAGO, MAY 23.—Beef cattle range at from $6,50@8,50. Hogs, live, $7,87½@9,00.

CINCINNATI, MAY 20.—Beeves, $4,75@10; Sheep, $3,50@5; Hogs, $7,50@10 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21.—Beef Cattle, 6½@11½c: Cows and Calves, $45@75; Sheep, 6@8c. gross; Hogs, 13@14¾c.

BALTIMORE, MAY 22.—Beef Cattle, 6½@11cts; Sheep, 5½@7½c; Lambs, $3@5; Hogs, 12½@14¼c.

TORONTO, MAY 22.—Beeves range at $6.50@9; Sheep, $4,50@7; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $2@8.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 23—Wool market is quiet; sales 360,000 lbs., at 44@55c. for domestic fleece, 45@49c. for super pulled, and 43@44c. for extra pulled.

BOSTON, MAY 20.—The Boston Advertiser says:—"We quote Maine wool 48c; delaine selections 50@51c; New York State 45@46c; New Hampshire 46c; extra pulled 47@50c; super 50@52c; Canada combing 70c."

CINCINNATI, MAY 20—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c.; Tub Washed, 40@40c.; Unwashed, 25@28c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

WANTED.—AGENTS for our $1 SALE.—Send 25 cts. for 2 Checks. Circulars free. BANKS, LORD & CO., 221 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 958-2teo

WANTED—A YOUNG DEVON BULL—ANY one having a good Bull of the above breed to sell will please address WM. M. WHITE, Canaseraga, Allegany Co., N. Y.

IMPROVED BARTLETT Sewing MACHINES, Manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents Wanted*—Enclose stamp, and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to Machines for shipping.

WANTED! AGENTS!—TO SELL JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. This work contains a *fine steel engraving* of the Father and Mother of the General, and is otherwise very handsomely illustrated. The best selling work in the market; price suited to the times. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, No. 55 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. 958-2t

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—DR. CROSVENOR, who has discontinued practice, is still desirous of sending by mail, free of charge, to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed Consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent to any person on receipt of stamp to pre-pay postage. Address O. P. BROWN, Secretary, 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

WOODEN PUMPS FOR WELLS AND CISterns of good material and good work constantly on hand. Orders filled promptly at reasonable rates. Address S. STOCKING, Corner Monroe and Alexander Sts., Rochester, N. Y.

HOWE'S PIANO WITHOUT A MASTER. ALSO FOR MELODEON, CABINET ORGAN, GUITAR, ACCORDION, CONCERTINI, GERMAN ACCORDION, BANJO, VIOLIN, FLUTE, CLARIONET, FLAGEOLET, FIFE. Each Book contains easy and simple, but very complete rules and exercises, with from one to four hundred pieces of popular music, fingered expressly for the instrument. Price, 50 cents each, sent post-paid. ELIAS HOWE, 958-2teo 103 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE OF THE TIMES.—Our greatest military hero. I desire Agents everywhere to sell the Splendid Steel Engraving of Gen. U. S. GRANT ON HORSEBACK, now ready. The only equestrian picture of Gen. GRANT ever engraved. Retail price $2; size 22 by 28 inches—printed on plate paper 19 by 24 inches. Send for sample copy immediately inclosing One Dollar, and I will promptly send same safely on roller, by mail, to any part of the country. Address GEO. E. PERINE, Fine Art Publishing House, No. 111 Nassau St., New York. 958-4t

ENTERPRISE.—WE ARE HAPPY TO learn that G. W. KINTZ, the inventor of the Ladies' Favorite Compound Washer, and also inventor of the celebrated Excelsior Potato Digger improved, is now manufacturing these valuable labor-saving machines. His Washer cannot easily be excelled; it dispenses with hand-rubbing, and is warranted to do the work well and not injure the clothes. Price $5. He now offers his Pulverizer, which is readily attached back of the mould-board of a plow so that as the furrow is turned over it is leveled, dragged and most of the noxious roots combed out, such as quack and thistles, and saves much labor for the nurseryman and farmer. Also offers his Plow Cleaner, which clears the coulter of coarse manure, corn stubble or straw, and other usual obstructions. Also a wheel, with elbows, which lessens the draught of a plow in breaking up. These machines have all been recently patented and thoroughly tested and are warranted. An ordinary blacksmith can make either of the last three devices mentioned in four hours. They can be seen and tested at his residence, 152 Mt. Hope Av. A farm right of either can be obtained with model draft and directions sent free to any address on receipt of $3. Address GEO. W. KINTZ, Rochester, N. Y. P. S.—Letters requiring further information should inclose stamp.

HEXAMER'S PRONG HOE.—THE BEST HAND CULTIVATOR ever invented. It saves half the labor of hoeing, and does the work better than any other tool. Every farmer and gardener should have it. Circulars sent on application. Price $2,50; cash with the order. For sale at the principal Agricultural Warehouses, and by REISIG & HEXAMER, 957-2t New Castle, Westchester Co., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

Presidential Campaign Chart

Now ready, giving large, clear and striking likenesses of the Republican Candidates for President and Vice-President, Party Platform in full. The whole is surmounted by the American Eagle and Flag, and beautifully colored. This affords the best chance for Agents to make money for the year 1868. Send for catalogue giving full particulars of my Maps and Charts. Address GAYLORD WATSON, 957-4t No. 16 Beekman St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—PEOPLE IN WANT OF, and Agents who are selling, all kinds of SEWING MACHINES, are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS, 957-4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

THE EXCELSIOR—A PERIODICAL DEVOted to choice Literature, Fashions, &c. &c. The most magnificent premiums offered on the most liberal terms. *Gold* Watches, Sewing Machines, Furs, Music, &c., &c. Every one can secure a premium. Send 10 cents for specimen copy. Address W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

PURE HONEY!—How to make it easy and cheap *free.* Address G. G. BERRY, North Strafford, N. H.

CARPENTRY MADE EASY—Instructs Farmers how to build Barns, Outhouses, Bridges, &c. Price, $5.00. H. CHALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT GROWER, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 956-13t

BULLARD'S PATENT HAY TEDDER WITH Herring and Squiers' Improvements, can be had of S. C. HERRING, Manufacturer, New York, GEO. A. SQUIER, Superintendent, Syracuse, N. Y. S. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Little Falls, N. Y. For Circulars address as above. 956-5t

WANTED—AGENTS—TO SELL BY sample, a COMBINED SQUARE, LEVEL AND REVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address W. S. BATCHELDER & CO., 956-4t PITTSBURGH, PA.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.

PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 957-2t

TO THE LADIES.

We are agents for over *ONE HUNDRED* Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers, and are prepared to furnish the whole country with *DRY* and *FANCY GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FURNITURE, PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES, &c., &c.*, at the uniform price of

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

Send your clubs of 10 and upwards, for descriptive checks, showing what article can be obtained for One Dollar, with 10 cents for each check.

CIRCULARS SENT FREE.

Presents worth from $5 to $100 sent free of charge to agents sending clubs. Agents Wanted in every Town. 952-6teo CUSHMAN & CO., 10 Arch St., Boston.

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

COE'S

DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The world renowned remedy for the unfailing cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, finally terminating in Death.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

From Rev. ISAAC AIKEN, Allegheny, Pa.

JOSEPH FLEMING, Druggist,
No. 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh:

SIR:—I take great pleasure in stating that, after having suffered from dyspepsia for about fifteen years, at some periods much more than others, I have been entirely cured by the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. My friends know that of late years my case has been an extreme one. I had great suffering from eating any kind of food, and on an average would vomit about one-third of my meals, in a sour, indigestible mass. When the severe attacks would come, I would lose all strength and be utterly helpless. Some of the attacks would be so severe that for days together I would not retain anything on my stomach, save a little dry toast and tea. For years I knew not what it was to pass five consecutive hours without intense pain. From the time I took the first dose of this medicine I ceased vomiting, gradually all soreness passed away, and flesh and strength returned, and ever since I have been able to eat any kind of food set upon the table. Six months have now passed without any symptoms of the return of the disease. My case was considered by all, even physicians, so marvellous, that for a time it was feared it might be fictitious; but I am now so well convinced, that I have been not merely relieved, but permanently cured, that I can conscientiously recommend Coe's Dyspepsia Cure to all victims of dyspepsia. ISAAC AIKEN,
Late Pastor of the Beaver St. Church, Alleghany.

Mr. LESTER SEXTON, a wholesale merchant of 30 years, in Milwaukee, one of the most reliable and careful men in the State says, under date,

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 24, 1868.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & CO., New Haven, Conn.:

Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it proved PERFECTLY satisfactory as a remedy. I have NO hesitation in saying that we have received GREAT BENEFIT from its use. Very respectfully,
(Signed,) LESTER SEXTON.

From H. M. T. Smith, Dunkirk, N. Y.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 1, 1868.

Gents.—I inclose your Circular. I know of two parties, wives of prominent citizens, in this place who have been greatly benefited if not cured by the use of your Dyspepsia Cure, but they will not consent to the public use of their names, and thus the matter rests, with a steady increasing sale. Yours, respectfully,
H. M. T. SMITH.

From the Rev. D. Allen Crowell, Brookville, Pa.

LUTHERSBURG, Pa., May 2d, 1867.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & CO.:

Sirs.—"Coe's Dyspepsia Cure," is gaining a reputation amongst our people. The medicine already used has had the desired effect. A friend wishes me to get a bottle for him, for which I send you $1 inclosed. Send to my address as early as possible. Yours, etc.,
REV. D. ALLEN CROWELL,
Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

C. G. CLARK & CO., NEW HAVEN, CT., 958-2teo **Sole Proprietors.**

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Coe's Dyspepsia Cure—C G Clark & Co.
Howe's Piano without a Master—Elias Howe.
Enterprise—Geo W Klintz.
To Consumptives—O P Brown.
The most Popular Picture of the Times—Geo E Perine.
Missouri Mammoth Blackberry—E Y Teas.
Wooden Pumps for Wells—S Stocking.
Wanted, a Young Devon Bull—Wm M White.
Improved Bartlett Sewing Machine—Goodspeed & Wyman.
Wanted, Agents—Banks, Lord & Co.
Wanted, Agents—B B Russell.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Chicago Ditching Machine—G H Beardsley.

The News Condenser.

— La belle Heelne was played 292 times in Paris last year.

— Lord Brougham has been buried at Cannes.

— Reno, Pa., is totally dead, and its railroad torn up.

— Grasshoppers threaten great havoc in Idaho.

— Gen. Fremont's son has been made a naval middy.

— The Saratoga hotels are preparing to open.

— Ole Bull goes to Europe in June, to return in October.

— The Mormons have got above eating pork.

— France has 41,525 acknowledged idiots.

— D'Arcy McGee's poems are to be published.

— Fare between New York and Boston is down to $4.

— New Jersey will cover her swamps with cranberries.

— Brooklyn's population is estimated at 400,000.

— Pennsylvania is growing a heavy grass crop.

— A suit over the title to Mt. Washington is in court.

— Favorable reports are received from the Idaho mines.

— California raised 2,000,000 bushels of potatoes last year.

— An observatory is to be erected on the top of Mont Blanc.

— Fifty thousand cherry trees are in bloom on Staten Island.

— San Francisco servant girls are investing in real estate.

— England is selling her old wooden vessels to the junk dealers.

— Uncle Gideon has sold 300 vessels since the close of the war.

— Detroit has raised $30,000 to establish a Medical College.

— There is a prospect of a fine crop of wheat about the Black Sea.

— Strawberries are selling at fifty cents per quart in Milwaukee.

— There is considerable activity in ship building at Puget Sound.

— Twenty-one Harvard students have been fined for drunkenness.

— Pipe smoking in the streets is on the increase in New York city.

— Brigandage has broken out with fresh virulence in Southern Italy.

— Numerous murders and robberies are being perpetrated in Hayti.

— Crop reports from Arkansas and West Tennessee are very encouraging.

— Queen Victoria has written an autograph letter to Mrs. D'Arcy McGee.

— It is said that Count de Sartiges, French Minister at Rome, is to be removed.

— The Canadian Governor General's salary has finally been reduced to $32,000.

— Two French missionaries have arrived in New York to obtain relief for Algeria.

— Four wolves were killed, and four captured alive, in Greene Co., Ind., last week.

— Omaha is said to be overrun with men seeking employment and half starving.

— Tobacco in tin foil is liable to become impregnated with a poisonous salt of lead.

— Mrs. Partington is writing an ode to be sung at the Springfield Masonic celebration.

— True bills have been found against the warehouse revenue defaulters at Galveston.

— Twelve vessel loads of Italian emigrants sailed from Genoa for America in March last.

— Otterville, Mo., had a sensation last week in the shape of a marriage on horseback.

— Within the past six months 100,000 persons have died in Algeria from famine or disease.

— There is excitement in Owen county, Ind., over the reputed discovery of a silver mine.

— At the Paris Exposition, Brazil secured the prize for raising the best coffee in the world.

— Notice of a birth, marriage or death costs five shillings sterling in the London Times.

— A man in Palmer, Mass., lost thirty chickens in one night, and next day caught ten foxes.

— D'Artois, the notorious Mexican filibuster, has gone to establish a colony in North Colorado.

— The Emperor Don Pedro of Brazil is tired of the cares of royalty, and talks of abdicating.

— A crazy woman in Memphis was shot and mortally wounded, being mistaken for a burglar.

— The Central Pacific cars are now running to Reno, Nevada, twenty miles from Virginia city.

— Col. Jennison the ex-Jayhawker, has been fined $100, at Leavenworth, for keeping a gambling house.

— A Portland lady who has kept count claims to have used 30 miles of spool cotton within twelve years.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CHICAGO DITCHING MACHINE.

This Machine for making ditches for Tile Draining, invented in 1866, has been thoroughly tested and approved, and is unquestionably by *far the best and most practical Ditcher ever introduced.* Its operation has been witnessed by numerous practical men, by whom it is highly approved. It is also fully endorsed by the Illinois State Agricultural Society, as "the best machine for the purpose intended which has come under their notice," as will be seen by reference to report of a trial before said Society. The following certificate is given as a sample of many similar ones from practical farmers and others who have seen the machine work and know whereof they affirm:

WATERLOO, N. Y., May 1, 1868.

G. H. BEARDSLEY, *Secretary Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine Company:*

SIR:—We have seen exhibited, on the farm of Joseph Wright, Esq., near this village, a Machine for Ditching, invented by Judd Stevens. The soil in which this was run, and the working, was as follows:

The ground was principally a hard clay, but a small portion of which was intermixed with quicksand, together with a few stones, and other substances which had not been thoroughly saturated since last year, the season having been extremely dry in this section. Four horses were attached to the Machine. From the time they started until the completion of the ditch day, which was sixty-five rods long, and from two and one-quarter to two and one-half feet deep, the time of one hour and forty minutes was occupied. During the above time named, the Machine was probably standing still at least thirty minutes.

We believe the *principle of the Machine correct for the purpose intended, and further recommendations unnecessary.*

Joseph Wright,	Samuel Thomas,
H. F. Gustin,	W. Pulman,
Platt Crosby,	E. Fatzinger,
Wm. B. Clark,	F. Gage,
A. B. Slauson,	J. B. Murray,
E. W. Sentell,	Asa D. Baker,
R. D. Hulbert,	Vincent Schott.

In ordinary soil this machine will dig a rod of ditch, *2½ feet deep, and 10 inches wide, per minute.* Rights for given territory, with machines, for sale. For particulars address G. H. BEARDSLEY, *Secretary,* 905 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, COMbining the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Address
957-26t J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE OF May 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows:—That our business is not a gift enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straight-forward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, $104,711, (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars.*) Numbers of orders received by mail and express, 7,950—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to the piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
315 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces of Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1192 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 cards each.
5 Silver-Plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-Plated Castors.
1492 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our House absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us. ANDREWS & CO.,
Nos. 104 and 106 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.
☞ We will send circulars to any address. 957-2t

SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. These fowls sell readily at $7 ⅌ pair, $9 the trio. Address
WM. M. LEWIS, 46 Delevan St., Rochester, N. Y.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—CONSISTing of 110 acres of land in a high state of cultivation, with fruit orchards embracing the most choice fruits, and 3 acres of vineyard all in bearing. One-half mile from Peach Orchard Landing, on Seneca Lake, in the County of Schuyler, N. Y., Hector P. O. For particulars, inquire of
B. W. WOODWARD, Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

FAMILY FAVORITE.
This New Sewing Machine gained the Highest Prize,
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867,
And more FIRST CLASS PREMIUMS during the past year than any other. It is without doubt the BEST for Family use, because it is the SIMPLEST in construction, EASIEST to learn, and LEAST LIABLE to get out of ORDER. It makes the LOCK STITCH, and we guarantee it to do a greater range of WORK without change than any other machine in the market. WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.,
Home Office—Hartford, Conn. Branch Offices—613 Broadway, New York, and in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. 953-12t

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!—WE ARE selling from a rich and varied stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Watches, Carpetings, &c., at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR. Parties getting up clubs will receive a premium worth from $3 to $300, according to the size of the club. A check describing an article to be sold for One Dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10. Circulars sent free. Agents wanted in every town. Address HARRIS & PLUMMER,
957-4t 31 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address with Stamp,
956-4t PROF. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—For the intensely interesting work, "MYSTERIES OF THE NEAPOLITAN CONVENTS," by an ex-Nun. It gives a true and graphic picture of the inner life of the Convents, and of the country and society of that beautiful land—Italy. Agents are meeting with great success in its sale. Terms liberal. Send for Circulars.
954-8t A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn.

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL,
944-tf No. 9 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE, OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST, For a few days' services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp, CLOUDMAN & CO., 40 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass. 954-13t

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

RITTENHOUSE'S CELEBRATED POULTRY POWDERS—A remedy for all diseases to which fowls are liable, such as Roup, Gapes, Drooping, &c., &c. Price, twenty-five cents per package, or five for one dollar. Manufactured and for sale by G. W. RITTENHOUSE & CO., Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa. ☞ All orders promptly filled.
☞ Wholesale Agents, WM. V. CRISSEY & CO., 266 Greenwich St., N. Y. 951-8t

£150,000,000 STERLING.—Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, commencing 1600. Fee to search for any name, $2.
GUN & CO.,
950-13t 4 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

AGENTS.—LADIES, GENTLEMEN, OR CHILDREN can earn a Watch, Silk Dress, Sewing Machine, Web of Sheeting, &c., by two or three days' work for GILMAN & CO.'S Great One Dollar Sale, 119 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. Circulars sent free. 952-12t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—MEN OR WOMEN—in every Township, Village and City, for a splendid work, brim full of entertainment and instruction, and the best selling book in the field—BAKER'S EXPLORATION OF THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. The Nile mystery solved; the country, climate, soil, productions, natural scenery; habits and customs of the people; exciting adventures in hunting Elephants, Lions, Buffalos, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, &c. Book Agents everywhere will find it to their interest to examine this work. SPECIMEN PAGES furnished. Our Canvassers are having great success. Ladies sell it rapidly and make large wages.

"An admirable record of scientific exploration, geographical discovery, and personal adventure."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is issued in a very attractive form, and is as entertaining as a romance."—*Boston Journal.*
956-3t] O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

℞ IF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER from the dull stupidity that meets us everywhere in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

THE PROTECTIONIST AND American Manufacturers' Monthly Circular.

A Commercial Journal advocating a Tariff for the Protection of American Manufactures, and the Organ of the Manufacturers of the United States.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT $3 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, BY
J. HERBERT, 109 Leonard St., New York.

Being the only special organ of the Manufacturers of the United States, it is a valuable contribution to the commercial Journalism of our country, and should be in the Counting House of every person engaged in Trade, Commerce, or Manufactures.

Its aim is to promote and encourage the interests of American labor, and render Domestic production profitable, whether manufacturing, agricultural, or mining, in its pursuits. It aims to secure a reduction of the enormous internal taxes that now retard American enterprise, and, by placing the tariff of our country on a fair and permanent basis, give life and activity to American Agriculture, Trade, Commerce and Manufactures.

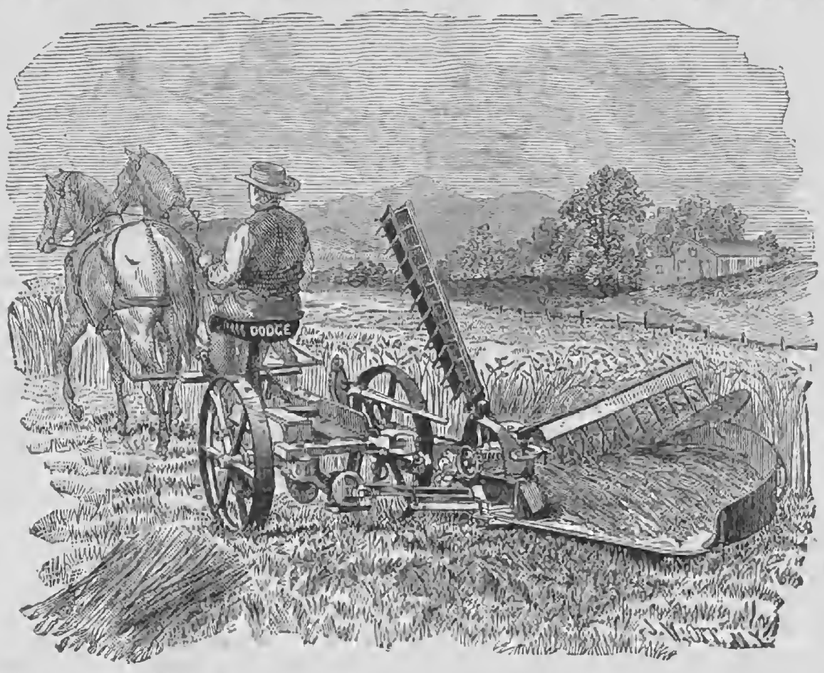
Every Manufacturer should subscribe for it.
Every Merchant who purchases his goods direct from the manufacturer should subscribe for it.
Every Farmer, Miner, and every one interested in our National prosperity and desiring to be informed on the true method of attaining it, should subscribe for this Paper.

TO MANUFACTURERS.

Its advertising columns afford a means of gaining publicity amongst large dealers in all the large cities and towns of the U. S. that no other Journal can offer.

Send on your Subscriptions and Advertisements at once.
☞ Specimen copies and rates for advertising sent by mail on application to J. HERBERT,
109 Leonard St., New York.

DODGE'S PATENT REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER,



MANUFACTURED BY THE DODGE AND STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., AUBURN, N. Y.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES AND DEPOTS FOR MACHINES AND REPAIRS:

SEMPLE, BIRGE & CO., No. 13 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.
GAMMON & PRINDLE, No. 46 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.
L. J. BUSH & CO., No. 136 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. A. TYRREL, 58 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
WICK, CROWDER & CO., 136 River St., Cleveland, Ohio.

THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle; and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR,
AS THE BEST
COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS,* by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best"—DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or tool, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in it and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain cut was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain leaned very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from the southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also feeds, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 18, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, Improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Troutman, at Searytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra.*

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
D. C. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Pulman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nummors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Luntensteloyer,
H. F. Troutman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fankinburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barbeau,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or fixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jimerson, Daniel B. Woodcn, F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey, Daniel S. Post,

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction, reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Bockover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Hull,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Goseline,	D. B. Randall,	John Dysinger,
Jacob Disinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	R. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. House,	H. C. Wright,	James Disinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
John Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Stabler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp,	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barto,	Samuel R. Briggs,
S. B. Mundy,	Ira Stilwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. R. Vandyke,
Peter Mannar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Williamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blauvelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hanay,	Peter Tunison,	F. M. Vannvetwick
Jefferson Sniffen,	Sam. Ogden,	R. Tunison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rappiye,	E. Lamoreaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.

C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

WATER FILTERS FOR Purifying Lake, Rain and River Water. With this Filter the most impure water is made free from all foreign matter, clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell. J. E. CHENEY & CO., Manufacturers, Rochester, N. Y.

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WOOD'S SELF-RAKING REAPER—with or without.
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WOOD'S HAND-RAKING REAPER.
HAINE'S ILLINOIS HARVESTER.

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SEVEN YEARS,
—AND HAS—
PROVED A PERFECT SUCCESS!

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Six "	5.00	"	27 "
Twelve "	9.00	"	48 "

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The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and

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it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

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This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown.* Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

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WHO IS SUFFICIENT?

SIX-AND-THIRTY little mortals
Coming to be taught,—
Mine that "most delightful task,
To rear the tender thought."
Merry, mischief-loving children,
Thoughtless, glad and gay,
Loving lessons,—just a little,—
Dearly loving play.

Six-and-thirty souls immortal
Coming to be fed,
Needing food adapted to them
As their daily bread;—
Bright and happy little children,
Innocent and free,
Coming here their life-long lessons
Now to learn of me.

Now they at the well known summons
Cease their busy hum;
Some with pleasure, some reluctant,
To the school-room come.
Listen to the tedious routine,
List and answer, then,—
For these things who is sufficient
'Mong the sons of men?

Comes a cunning little urchin
With defiant eye,
Making music with his marbles
As he passes by;
But, alas! the pretty toys are
Taken from him soon,
And the music-loving WILLIE
Strikes another tune.

Comes a lisping little beauty
Scarce five summers old,
Pleading with resistless logic
"*Pleath, mith, Ize etho cold!*"
Little one, the world is chilly,—
All too cold for thee;
From its ills the FATHER shield thee
And thy refuge be!

While I turn to caution JOHNNIE
Not to make such noise,
MARY parses,—"'Earth's' an adverb
In the passive voice."
Well, indeed, it must be passive,—
Else it is not clear
Why such open language-murder
Goes unpunished here!

Second Reader class reciting,
Lesson,—verse or prose?
None in all the class is certain,—
Each one *thinks he knows!*
Well is queried thus,—"The difference
Who can now define?"
Answers ROB,—"In verse, they never
Finish out the line."

'Tis an idea suggestive;
And, as time rolls on,
Hears my heart the solemn query,—
Is my day's work done?
Tho' the promised hours I've given
To this work of mine,
Have I in the sight of Heaven
Finished out the line?

Oh, it is too fine a knowledge
For our mortal sight,
All the restless little children
How to lead aright!
He who prayeth while he worketh,—
He alone can tell
How to walk before them ever
Worthily and well.

The Story Teller.

CONNOR.

"To the Memory of PATRICK CONNOR,
This simple stone was erected by his Fellow-Workmen."

THESE words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them an hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor and humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawn's great tin and hardware shop, one day, and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawn, not lifting his head from his account book.

"I'd work faithful, sir, and take low wages, till I could do betther, and I'd learn aisy—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawn always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand. Yet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly and, with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of the fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

"What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; that 'ud make it aisyer."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Much?"

"No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie. Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."

"You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawn, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Beside, I know your countrymen—lazy, good-for-nothing fellows who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be bringing 'em over in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open with an English half penny upon it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawn, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

"Jist Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, masther, jist thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems aginst it, and me with arms like thim."

He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawn looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for the week," he said, "and now as it's noon, go down into the kitchen and tell the girl to get you your dinner—a hungry man can't work."

And with an Irish blessing, the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawn, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance. "Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spend puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, thim I have must do me—betther no coat to me back than no wife and boy by me fireside: and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink—made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement or to share in their Sunday frolics. All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favors of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish—living on little, working at night on any extra job he could earn a few shillings by; running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sport of butt of Connor, whose "wild Irish" ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and when, one day, mounting a work-bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red kerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys, I've got the whole at last! I'm goin' to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoroo! I've got it!" all felt a sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting place was a poor lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a hard wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep. When he wakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone. Some villain, more contemptible than most bad men are, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him to "quit joking and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?"

And some one answered—

"No doubt of it, Connor. It's sthole.

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet." At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman.

That seemed a sort of charity to him. Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawn, at pay day, set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief, in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man—even he, who had coolly hurled his hammer at an offender's head, missing him by a hair's breadth, would spend ten minutes in the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give any thing to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantle-piece. And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hour's on Connor's work, when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless those who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service, as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her an education, the items of which Connor told upon his fingers,—"The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all a woman can." Then he looked up at his fellow-workmen with tears in his eyes, and asked,—

"Do ye wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was—Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until news came that the Stormy Petrel had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawn's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the onld counthry," he said. "But she'll know how to kape thim tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, at a pace which made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employes were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband—he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amidst those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first, eagerly but patiently; but by-and-by growing anxious and excited.

"She would niver go alone," he said. "She'd be lost inthirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys, I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asked one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few moments he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am lookin' for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come; I somehow think she didn't."

"At the name Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked,—

"What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at the captain. Then he said, huskily,—

"Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends them. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

"It's been a sickly season," said the captain. "We had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."

"I didn't," said Connor; "I can't read—they kep' it from me."

"We didn't want to frighten him," said one man, in a half whisper.

"You know how long we lay at quarantine?"

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor.

"Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought to be lookin' for her, captain."

"Many died," went on the captain—"many children. When we were half way here your boy was taken sick"—

"Jamesy," gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she, 'he's longing so to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain. "I wish any one else had it to tell rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also; very suddenly. She grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up, trying to steady himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends.

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the floor like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There, at last, he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawn bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor. "It's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but He's takin' me over to her—and Jamesy—over the river; don't you see it, and her standing on the other side to welcome me"—

And with those words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.

DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.

JENNY LIND gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and sent invitations to the President, Mr. Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Clay, and many other distinguished members of both Houses of Congress. It happened that on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that the concert was nearly over when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, and others came in. Whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia." At the close of the first verse, Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer; and rising like Olympian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous, bass voice in the chorus. Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat tail to make him sit down or stop singing; but it was of no earthly use, and at the close of each verse Webster joined in, and it was hard to say whether Jenny Lind, Webster, or the audience were the most delighted. At the close of the air, Mr. Webster arose, hat in hand, and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed D'Orsay's best. Jenny Lind, blushing at the distinguished honor, curtsied to the floor; the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined not to be outdone in politeness bowed again; Miss Lind recurtsied, the house reapplauded, and this was repeated eight or nine times.

UNSELFISH LOVE THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the main-spring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends—we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 24, 12, 6 we often do pass through.
My 2, 22, 14, 7 is what we should not view.
My 3, 17, 7, 10 is what we should not be.
My 4, 18, 17, 7 is that from which each one should flee.
My 5, 8, 25, 4 though small, may do much good.
My 6, 24, 11 makes all things understood.
My 7, 17, 21 is what we should not tell.
My 8, 15, 23 should not within us dwell.
My 9, 19, 22 will give the weary rest.
My 16, 10, 20 pleases when it is possessed.
My 26, 24, 12 is to protect and save.
But when you find my whole, it is a saying of the brave.
Laytonsville, M. D. JOSEPH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

IN olden time beside the fire
Our grandma sat a knitting;
My first was hung upon her chair—
Though she had knit full many a pair—
She never thought of quitting.

My second shone upon her hair
And on her glancing needle;
Her face, though wrinkled, looked so kind
That we forgot mamma to mind,
And for tales began to wheedle.

So we would lean upon her knee
To listen to the story:
Then if she smiled and said no word
We coaxed, or slightly used my third,
For old grandmamma MOREY.

Or else she told us of the cup
Drained by my whole, the sage and teacher,—
Dear grandmamma! so good and mild,
Taught many lessons to each child;
We thought her better than the preacher.
DENIO.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A CANNON ball shot perpendicularly upwards returned in 122.48 seconds. What was its average velocity per second? H. W. B.

Naples, N. Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 956.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Do good to all men as you have opportunity.

Answer to Geographical Anagrams:—Little Rock, Sodus Pt., Cleveland, Lewiston, Portland, Columbus, Ekatherinoslav, Archangel.

Answer to Anagram:

Spring has come with all its gladness
Trees and buds and plants rejoice;
Let there come no thought of sadness,
But let us welcome with our voice.

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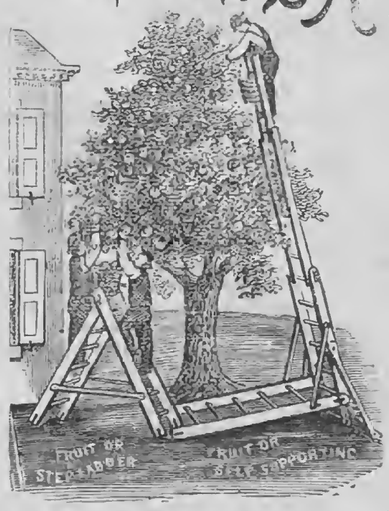

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GREAT AMERICAN
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12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Shotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune district of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade before the establishment of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American house in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in the country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, and add the original cost of Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer had to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages and wastes, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same price (with the small additional expense of transportation,) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

For manner of getting up Clubs, see former advertisement in this paper.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office Drafts or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas of us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our Warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

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OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
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ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ lb.
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UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) $1,25, best $1,50 ℔ lb.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of this Company.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

ROASTED (Unground,) 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.
GREEN (Unroasted,) 25c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by Clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third (beside the Express charges,) by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

Special Contributors.

P. BARRY, F. R. ELLIOTT, E. W. STEWART, H. T. BROOKS, JOHN E. SWEET, JAMES VICK, MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, MRS. L. E. LYMAN.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

Cultivating.—This is the most important work of the month. It should be begun early, if the weather and state of the soil will admit. Break the crust that forms after rains, and destroy the young weeds when they first emerge from the earth. We observe some farmers recommend using the harrow on corn fields even after the corn is up. We have never seen this tried, but should hardly think it a commendable practice; but we have no doubt the harrow might often be employed advantageously *just before* the corn comes up, especially if it has been a long time planted. A light harrow would probably not displace the seed from the hills; the only point to be guarded against would be injury to the young shoot or plant. Small corn is the most difficult to cultivate well; as it grows larger the dirt may be thrown close to the stalks. Potatoes may be covered as soon as they emerge, and they will spring up again with renewed vigor in a day or two.

The Compost Heap.—The barnyards should be cleaned up, and manure collected from every source, and piled to form a top dressing for wheat in the fall. When wheat is as high as at present, the profits of the compost heap are large.

Implements.—Get the rakes, forks and all harvesting tools ready. See that the wagons and racks are in repair, and clean out sheds and barns.

Stacking.—If part of your crops must be secured in this way, select the sites and prepare good foundations. Bear in mind the wintering of stock at the stacks, and have them near water and shelter. Much shelter from the stacks themselves may be obtained by forethought and judicious arrangements. Stack covers ought to be provided as a safeguard against storms injuring the grain and hay before the stack is finished. Millions of dollars are annually lost to the grain growers of the West by careless stacking. It don't pay.

Pastures.—Stock revel in fresh, sweet food this month. No one complains of short pasture in June, but beware of feeding too close. July and August will demand much. Feed clover fields first and let the herdsgrass and old pastures accumulate food for the dry months. They carry it better than the clover. Sow corn in drills for the horses and cows in August and September. Plant cabbage for late fall and early winter feed. Missing hills in the corn and potato fields may be set with cabbage.

Stock need little care this month. See that they have plenty of water and salt. It is the best month in the entire year for horses to run to pasture. Endeavor to improve your stock by breeding to superior animals.

Haying will be begun with the clover fields this month. Cut clover early, before it is fairly in blossom if you intend growing seed afterward. Better cut clover too early than too late. Be careful and not over dry it. It will bear stacking or putting in the mow in an apparently greener state than either red-top or timothy.

Weeds should be kept from seeding.

Working Roads.—This work properly belongs to June. Highways are not always improved by working. Hills should not be made higher by turnpiking them on the top, nor should sod and mucky earth be thrown into the road bed. The best way, in a great many localities, is to deepen the ditches, and scrape down the road-bed smooth and to a hard foundation. Turnpike in hollows. See that the bridges over water courses are safe and durable.

Roots.—It is hardly too late to sow beets and carrots for stock. If they have not been attended to, it will yet pay to devote a piece of choice ground to their culture. You want some carrots for the horses in winter time, and the beets for the cows next March and April. It is seasonable to sow turnips.

The Hop Yard.—Tying up the vines and tilling the soil is the chief work for this month. Be sure to put the vines on the poles so that their twining will follow the sun, and keep them tied up until eight or ten feet high. It is said that plaster dusted over the vines is the best thing to use against the hop louse. It should be sown freely on their first appearance.

THE AMERICAN HAY TEDDER.

It is hardly necessary for us to endeavor to convince American farmers of the utility of a machine designed to do, with the aid of one horse and a driver, the labor of twenty men in turning and spreading grass to facilitate its curing into hay. Its advantages are apparent to every hay maker, and the one herewith illustrated is claimed by the manufacturers to be "constructed upon entirely new principles, combining all the features requisite to make a successful tedder, avoiding the objections apparent in others and having peculiarities rendering it far superior to anything heretofore in use for the purpose. The machine is mounted upon two wheels, and furnished with 16 spring forks, ingeniously attached to a light reel. The forks are made to revolve rapidly, and will thus do great execution, even while the horse is moving on a slow walk. It is impossible to clog the machine, it can be backed, runs noiselessly, and readily passes over any obstructions that a horse-rake will, without damaging it, and without effort on the part of the driver, who has no levers or handles to operate, he having merely to drive his horse. In fact no skill or labor is required in operating this machine, and a boy ten years old answers this purpose as well as a man—the operator having nothing to do except to sit on his seat and drive his horse with *both* hands free to handle the reins. The movements in operation being rotary, continuous and uniform, the hay maker will never complain that it shakes itself to pieces before it is half worn out; while running so very light in all its parts, the wear is slight, and the machine will last many years.

"One of the strong recommendations of the American Hay Tedder is its *great ease of draught*, it being but light work for one horse. In fact the draught is by actual test *but* 150 *lbs.* in the heaviest grass. Another excellent feature is, that it is composed of but few pieces, and those not liable to get out of order—so that it may be worked for whole seasons without requiring repairs. Its *novelty, simplicity, ease of draught*, and the admirable manner in which it performs its work, clearly demonstrate it to be a perfect hay tedder. It was thoroughly tested the past season, and every farmer who has seen these machines in the field testifies to their successful operation in any place where the mower and horse-rake can be used to advantage."

That the American Hay Tedder is highly approved is apparent from the numerous strong testimonials received from large and successful farmers, giving evidence of its good performance under varying conditions, and of making large pecuniary addition to the value of the hay crops on which it was used. It is manufactured by the AMES PLOW COMPANY, Boston, Mass., to whom inquiries for price, or other particulars, should be addressed.

Summer Fallowing.—When the object in view is clearing the land of weeds, plowing should be done soon as possible. Cultivate or plow as often as the weeds start. If the chief end in view is to fertilize the soil and prepare for a good crop, it is better to defer the plowing until a large growth of vegetable matter can be turned under. Then cultivate the surface, or sow buckwheat on it, and plow once more a couple of weeks before seeding time. If buckwheat is sown it will smother weeds and furnish a large bulk of vegetable growth to plow into the soil.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Spring Harrowing Wheat.—Drills.

E. A. D., Point Albino, (what State?) writes: "A great deal of winter wheat was killed through this section after the snow went off this spring, by freezing, and the prevalent chilling east winds. Being interested in anything that will improve and preserve our wheat crop, I should like to learn what is the best kind of harrow to use on wheat in the spring. Also, what is the best grain drill, and are they adapted to working in gravelly or stony land?"

We think our inventors and manufacturers of agricultural implements ought speedily to give wheat growers an implement for cultivating or horse-hoeing drilled wheat in the spring. The machine should cover as much ground as the drill. This culture is extensively practiced with the best results in Great Britain, but we do not know of a single machine of the kind in this country. At our fairs we have never seen an implement designed for hoeing or cultivating wheat. That this work might be done, and with the best results, no intelligent agriculturist will question. Wide drill culture and horse-hoeing are the great improvements we need for the wheat crop—the great cereal of the country. An ordinary, light, forty-tooth harrow we have found well adapted to harrowing winter wheat in the spring. In regard to drills they work well in gravelly land, but fast or very large stone are, of course, an impediment.

Powderposting of Hickory Timber.

C. V. RILEY, State Entomologist of Missouri, criticises a recent statement in the RURAL of the cause of powderposting of hickory timber. We accept the correction of our statement, although the latter was made on the authority of an octogenarian friend, an acute and patient observer. But bug-ology is an intricate study; there is many a mooted question in it,—its doctors often disagree, and its known facts at best are but outposts to the vast unexplored region which lies beyond. Mr. R. says:—"Powderpost of hickory timber is wholly and solely caused by a yellowish white grub—the larvæ of the banded hickory borer, *Ceruspherus cinctus*, (DRURY.) It is an abominable nuisance, and quite common all over the country. The best way to prevent its attacks is to keep the timber greased as soon as felled. The time of felling has nothing to do with it. If you wish further particulars you will find an exhaustive article on the subject in the fourth number of the now defunct 'Practical Entomologist.' My friend WALSH is, however, in error in stating in that article that the grub has legs, for I have bred many of the beetles this spring from *legless* larvæ. HARRIS, on p. 97, gives a fair figure of it, and if you wish further corroboration, turn to p. 116 of EMMONS' report of the insects of your State."

Southern Bush Clover.

B. D. L., Eatonton, Ga., sends us a sample of seed of the *Lespedeza striate* or bush clover, with the following remarks:—"This clover, which made its appearance in our section, Middle Georgia, some seven or eight years ago, is rapidly spreading over all our lands not in cultivation. It is called by some 'shamrock' or 'trefoil,' and some have classed it with DARBY and GRAY (botanists) as the *Lespedeza striata* or bush clover. Where it came from none of our farmers can tell; some say it made its appearance in this county (Putnam) after a severe dry storm seven or eight years ago. It is an annual, reproducing itself from the seed, which fall as soon as the plant is killed by frost. It is very prolific, producing a great many seed; if it does not grow but a few inches high it will produce plenty of seed to reproduce itself the next spring. It resembles lucerne. In rich ground it will grow twenty to thirty inches high; in poor land, or where there is little soil, it covers the ground like a mat. It comes up early, and grows very fast; by coming so early it gets the start of other grasses and weeds, and to use a common expression, it is 'choking' out all other weeds and grass. It is a fine renovater of the soil, and easily destroyed by being plowed up."

Stone Drains.

J. B., Schuyler Co., N. Y., asks:—"Can one make a drain with good flat and round stone and have it as durable as tile on both flat and side hill land? How should the throat for the passage of the water be laid so it will not fill up?"

On side hills, where the fall is very rapid, the stone may be thrown in loose, but on nearly level land this will not answer, as the ditch will become choked. If you have both round and flat stone a good way is to lay round stone on each side of the ditch at the bottom, leaving a way for the water between and cover with flat stone; then fill in the ditch with loose ones a foot or so. If you have plenty of flat stone dig the ditch rather narrow and lean them against the side leaving a triangular opening for the water underneath, and fill in above with stone. If stone are plenty and of good shape it will probably pay to use them, but we think tile make the most durable drains.

Making Tomato Vinegar.

In reply to a query on this subject, published in our Club recently, Mr. S. H. KRIDELBAUGH, Agricultural Editor of "The National Platform," Des Moines, Iowa, writes us as follows:—"In your columns of the 9th May, 1868, I see an inquiry from J. D. T., Norfolk, Va., concerning tomato vinegar, and for his benefit, and all others who may have use for it, I here relate my process for manufacturing that article:

"Take one bushel of ripe tomatoes, wash them in an open tub, and add one quart of molasses that weighs eleven pounds to the gallon, and thoroughly mix the whole together, in which condition let the tub stand several days, not neglecting to frequently stir the mixture in it. When a decided vinegar odor is given off, the juice should be strained from the pomace and put into casks, and let stand until the process is completed. Vinegar thus made is equal to the best, and to succeed in its manufacture only requires faithfully following out these directions."

Cement for Brick Walls.

A SUBSCRIBER, Miamiville, Ohio:—"In answer to an inquiry in your paper of April 25, I will say that hydraulic cement and sweet milk make 'a good wash for brick work, to prevent it from crumbling' Mix the cement and milk until the wash is about as thick as whitewash, stirring all the time, and apply immediately with a brush. Two or three coats applied in this way will make a strong, desirable covering for brick, stone or wood. It will not scale off if there is no whitewash under it, and it can be painted any color, or striped to imitate stone work."

Sawdust—Gas Lime.

N. S. H., Woonsocket, asks:—"Would you recommend sawdust as bedding for cattle?" How much gas house lime should be put upon an acre of land? what is the best method of application?"

We have frequently advised the use of sawdust for bedding stock; it is convenient for that purpose and may be turned into excellent manure. We invite some of our Club readers who have experimented with gas lime to give us an account thereof. We believe the application of this substance to land is not always satisfactory. Let our readers enlighten one another.

Remedies for Cracked Hoof.

"J. C.," Cortland Co., N. Y., writes in reply to an inquiry:—"Put on a heavy shoe; weld straps on the middle of the shoe, and bring them over the central part of the hoof to within half an inch of each other. Connect them with a bolt that can be screwed up from time to time so as to keep the hoof close. Cut the hoof across the crack, in the edge of the hair, at least a sixteenth of an inch deep, and apply white pine turpentine once a day."

HOW LONG SHALL FODDER BE CUT?

MR. S. EDWARDS TODD, in the RURAL of May 16, complains that I "sneered" at his system of cutting fodder. It is evident from his reply, that my criticism affected him deeply, or else he must have had the benefit of a Chinese education and been taught to regard noise as more potent than argument. He says:—"If E. W. S. perceives where my great errors lie it was his duty to blow the abused theory higher than gilderoy ever flew." It is sufficient of this to say, that Chinese gongs and kite-flying literature were never in my line. The subject under discussion is important, and it should be approached with a sincere desire to arrive at the truth, and not to vanquish an opponent.

It, certainly, was not my object in writing upon this subject, to make a point against Mr. TODD, but to induce farmers to practice that better system of preparing dry fodder, which will compensate the animal for the loss of its natural food—grass I saw that Mr. T. must be taking them back to the days of his youth, when bull-plows and straw-cutters fed by hand were in vogue, since no well constructed straw-cutter can now be found, which cuts two inches long, unless made to order for some RIP VAN WINKLE. All the best straw-cutters with revolving knives, now made, cut from one-fourth to one inch long, and the constant demand upon manufacturers has been for machines to cut shorter, not longer. Indeed, a machine with four knives on a cylinder of common size, cannot be made to feed fast enough to cut two inches long, and if run with two knives, would cut no faster two inches long than four knives would cut one inch long. It is very doubtful if it pays to cut two inches long. The principal advantage is that it prevents animals from wasting fodder. Corn was formerly ground very coarse, so as to give the animal something to masticate, but now the best feeders believe that the finer it is ground, the more perfectly does the animal extract the nutriment. This constant progress towards machines of a shorter cut, shows where experience leads practical men.

Mr. T. says he has, for sixteen years, fed the straw cutter with his own hands—insinuating that I have fed it, as SOLOMON built the temple, by other hands—but I can assure Mr. T. if that is important to the argument, that I have generally fed my own straw-cutter without gloves, and sought, through many trials, a machine which would perform the best and most rapid work. But my experience in cutting has proved, not that "an hour or more is required to cut a ton of hay two inches long," as Mr. T. asserts, but that in an hour and a half, a ton of hay may be cut one-quarter inch long by a two-horse power cutter, and in two and a half hours it can be cut one-eighth inch long. This I tested by the watch, and if Mr. T. never saw the feat performed, I shall be happy to give him an ocular demonstration. And by increasing the power, the same machine will cut much faster. To run a two-horse power straw-cutter, at full pay, costs about seventy cents an hour, and at this rate it would cost to cut a ton of hay one-fourth inch long $1.05, and one-eighth inch long $1.75; but the farmer can run his own machine twenty-five per cent. less than this. Thus fall to the ground the remarkable consequences, which Mr. T. figured up on cutting a ton of hay one-eighth inch long—"*sixteen hours*" *hard labor!* And he exultingly asks, "Where is the farmer who will do that?" I answer—no where! unless it be an old neighbor of Mr. T.'s who still owns that old machine which performed that remarkable feat of cutting a ton of hay two inches long in an hour!

Mr. TODD expresses surprise that I should ask "When and where hay or straw had been cut so fine that stock swallow without crushing it?"—stating that, before ten years old, he had "often washed the droppings of horses fed on cut straw, leaving pieces of whole straw." But is it correct to infer from this fact that cutting was the cause of its passing through whole? Has he ever examined the droppings when the animal was fed on uncut hay or straw? If so, he has often found pieces of hay or straw in the same condition, notwithstanding the animal must partially masticate it before swallowing. These pieces, of apparently whole straw, had been bruised by the teeth, but not sufficiently masticated to be digested, yet again swelled to the natural size. I have examined the droppings of my horses to see what effect cutting produced, and found much less undigested, when cut one-fourth inch than when one inch long, and less when cut one inch than when fed uncut, and, least of all, when cut and steamed. These examinations were made many times with different animals. But any one who will examine the droppings of horses fed on oats, will sometimes find oats apparently whole and, occasionally, so little changed that they will grow. This only shows that the oats need grinding and the hay mashing to a pulp, or cooking. It, certainly, does not show that the hay should be cut longer. The improvement yet to be made is a machine which will not only cut, but mash the fiber of hay and straw. We cannot do too much, in this direction, for the good of our animals and the saving of food.

But the most disingenuous statement made by Mr. T. is at the close of his article, where he represents me as saying "that the *value* of fodder is in proportion to the fineness of division." The language used by me was, "We have cut fodder through the whole scale, beginning at an inch and a half and coming down to one-eighth inch, and have found, practically, that the benefit is in proportion to the fineness of division." Here, I say, as plainly

as possible, that the "*benefit*" of cutting, not the "*value* of the fodder" is in proportion to the fineness of division. Is it within the limits of human charity to suppose that a man of Mr. T.'s attainments could have confounded "*benefit*" of cutting with "*value* of fodder?" Yet upon this perversion, he has founded what he evidently regards as the climax of his reply. I do not anywhere intimate that cutting fodder, long or short, creates or increases the nutriment contained in it, but only that it renders it more digestible, and enables the animal to appropriate a larger proportion of its nutriment. The simple force and effect of my statement is, that if it will pay to cut fodder long it will pay better all the way down to one-eight of an inch. It may seem cruel not to allow Mr. T. the benefit of this perversion of my language, as it was only through misstatement that he could make a hit and go off crowing like a school boy, but the subject is too important to allow such youthful pleasantry.

And now let me hope that Mr. T. will find time, among other things, to show why shaving up corn stalks into thin pieces, thus breaking the flinty outside scale into shreds and rendering them easy of mastication, is not much better than cutting two inches long, still leaving nine-tenths of the labor of reducing them to the animal? And let us hope that he will approach this important subject as a seeker after truth. E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

REPORT OF CUSTOM HOUSE EXAMINING COMMITTEE.

THE Committee appointed by the National Wool Growers' Association, with authority from the Secretary of the Treasury to examine the manner in which imported wools have been classified and appraised for the payment of duties, in the New York and Boston Custom Houses, since the wool tariff passed March 2d, 1867, went into effect, having discharged the duties assigned to them, would respectfully report:

Mr. JOHN A. BAUSH, the Assistant Appraiser in the New York Custom House having wools in charge, and Mr. THOMAS G. RICE, General Appraiser in the Boston Custom House having the same in charge, extended to the Committee every possible facility for making a thorough examination, and evinced the utmost willingness to communicate all desired information explanatory of their official action generally or in particular cases, and also in regard to all facts tending to illustrate the practical operation of the law.

Both of these officers had put an official construction on the provisions of the wool tariff, in regard to classification and in other respects, corresponding with that put upon them by the Committee of the National Wool Growers' Association who assisted in framing the bill; and accordingly they did not ask, in any case, to have the correctness of their official proceedings tested by any other standard.

Invoices of wool on being entered at the Custom House are examined by the Appraiser, whose business it is to classify them and appraise their value, in order that the legal rate of duties may be levied and collected on them. Every invoice is recorded in the books of the office, with the number and weight of bales, name of vessel, name of consignee, date of entry, &c., &c., and the adjudged classification, appraisal and rate of duties levied, are also recorded,—so that the books furnish a full history of the official action of the department in every separate case.

In the examination of an invoice of wool by the Appraiser, the bales are cut open and samples taken from different parts of the bale indiscriminately, and from enough bales to determine beyond a reasonable doubt the character and condition of all the wool embraced in the invoice. When wools of different classes are found to be mixed, or any indications of intended fraud are discovered, the examinations of the bales are made more rigorous, and more numerous samples taken from them.

The samples in the New York Appraiser's office generally weigh from one to three pounds each, and in cases where, owing to a mixture of different wools or other circumstances, doubts are entertained by the Appraiser in respect to classification, &c., the samples are considerably larger. They are all put up in well secured packages, marked so that the particular invoice from which they were taken can at once be determined, and hence by reference to the records of the office, they furnish satisfactory evidence of the Appraiser's action in regard to each separate invoice of wool, and enable the correctness or incorrectness of that action to be properly reviewed. That is to say, they furnish such evidence unless it can be supposed that the samples are not what they purport to be, but are false ones substituted to cover up fraudulent classifications and appraisals. The official action of the Appraisers is necessarily subject to the inspection of so many persons—official persons and others—including wool importers keenly anxious to prevent other wools of the same description from going into the market with the advantage of being burdened with less duties than their own, that any attempted fraud in this particular would be subject to immediate detection and exposure. We believe that no suspicions are entertained in any quarter that such frauds have been practiced.

The Committee examined samples from every invoice of wool which has been entered at the port of New York from the day the wool tariff went into effect, down to May 20th, 1868, with the exception of a few invoices—not exceeding a dozen in all—which were entered in bond, and which were immediately re-shipped to foreign ports without being landed. In such cases there was no object in the Appraiser's taking samples.

The examination made in Mr. BAUSH's department, at New York, satisfied the Committee that this experienced and valuable officer has faithfully executed his duties as Wool Appraiser to the utmost letter and spirit of the law. Not an instance was found where a shadow of doubt was entertained by any member of the Committee in regard to the accuracy of any of his official decisions or acts.

The Committee found that the Wool Appraiser's department, at Boston, was conducted on substantially the same system with that of New York. Here, too, the Committee examined samples taken from every invoice of wool entered since the enactment of the wool tariff down to the period of their examination. The zeal and fidelity which so signally characterized the New York Appraiser's official action, were found equally to characterize Mr. RICE's official action; and this Committee would deem it unjust not to avow that, in their opinion, the warm thanks of the wool growers of the country are due to both of these officers for their fearless and upright administration of the law.

The attention of the Committee was specially directed to the practical effects of the tariff in the admission of foreign wools, and particularly to the fact whether wools which pass the Custom Houses as Third Class (Carpet) wools, and which pay the lower duties of that Class, are not wholly or in part applicable to, and actually used in the same branches of manufacture with Class One and Class Two (Clothing and Combing) wools—thus, to the extent of such use, robbing the United States wool grower of the protection against foreign competing wools, avowed to be one of the principal objects of the law. If it can be shown that wools admitted as Carpet wools are thus brought into competition with United States wools by being used in the same classes of fabrics, it either establishes the fact that there is no essential distinction between them, and hence no ground for the distinction made in the duties imposed on the respective classes, or else that the terms employed in the tariff classification are defective and open to evasion. In support of one or both of the latter propositions, the Committee were informed by individuals that they had seen combing machinery in operation in certain designated Carpet mills; and knowing no occasion for its use in Carpet manufacture, they were led to infer it was employed to prepare Carpet wool, or a portion of it, to be used in other fabrics.

On the above subject, the Committee took the testimony of carpet manufacturers and wool spinners, eminent for character and experience, and supposed to be particularly conversant with the wool manufactures of the whole country. These gentlemen stated that they did not know of any case of wools admitted as Carpet wools being sold or used as Clothing or Combing wools. An experienced and eminent spinner, Mr. CAMERON of Graniteville, Mass., declared there were intrinsic properties in Carpet wools (which he described at length) which unfitted them for *profitable* use in any case, and even from *practicable* use in most cases, as substitutes for Class One and Class Two wools. The combing machinery used in the designated Carpet mills, was found to be used in their own legitimate operations. Wool is combed for carpet manufacture, the longer portions being used for the warp, and the noils, etc., for filling.

Taking the above statements in conjunction with the important fact that there has been no unusual import of Carpet wools since the enactment of the present wool tariff, the conclusion is irresistible that no appreciable amount of the wool which passes the Custom Houses of New York and Boston, or probably the other United States Custom Houses, in that Class, is employed in the same fabrics, or brought into competition with United States wools.

The Committee are fully satisfied from the results of their investigation that the classification of wools contained in the tariff has thus far effectually carried out in practice the objects it purported and was intended to embrace, and that at present it needs no amendments to give the wool growing interest of the country full security against evasions of the law, when administered by competent and honest officers. Administered by incompetent or dishonest officers, no legal provisions could give the wool growing interest such security.

HENRY S. RANDALL,
S. D. HARRIS,
EDWIN HAMMOND,
J. W. COLBURN,
WM. R. SANFORD,
WINTHROP W. CHENERY,
JOHN D. WING,
BURDETT LOOMIS,
LEANDER WETHERELL,
Committee.

May, 1868.

I fully concur in the above report so far as the New York Custom House is concerned,—but not being present at the examination made at the Boston Custom House, I withhold any expression of opinion in relation thereto.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN, *Member of Com.*

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SHEEP SHEARING FESTIVAL IN VT.—A Public Sheep Shearing Festival was held by F. H. DEAN, Esq., of West Cornwall, Vt., on the 12th day of May, 1868, before a goodly number of sheep breeders. The day was pleasant, although the weather previous had been cold and dry, unfavorable for shearing heavy fleeces. The wool was dry. The first that were shorn were ten ewe lambs dropped in the month of March, 1867, and they sheared as follows:

No. 1,.....	Fleece,	11	lbs.....	Carcass,	41	lbs.
" 2,.....	"	14¾	"	"	53½	"
" 3,.....	"	12½	"	"	54	"
" 4,.....	"	12	"	"	46¼	"
" 5,.....	"	11¼	"	"	49½	"
" 6,.....	"	11¾	"	"	53¼	"
" 7,.....	"	12½	"	"	48	"
" 8,.....	"	11½	"	"	50	"
" 9,.....	"	12¾	"	"	53½	"
" 10,.....	"	12½	"	"	54¾	"
Gross wt. of wool,..		122¼	Gr. wt. carcass,.		509¾	

Average weight of fleece per head, 12 lbs. 6 ozs., lacking a fraction of one pound and four ounces of wool to every four pounds of carcass. Average weight of carcass 50 lbs. 8½ ozs.

These ewes, perhaps, were a trifle above the average of a flock of fifty, and all sired by Mr. DEAN's celebrated ram (called Little Wrinkly) bred by HENRY HAMMOND of Middlebury, Vt., and sired by Old Sweepstakes. He is six years old this spring, and sheared on the same day 28¼ lbs. of wool to 109½ lbs. of carcass, a fraction less than one pound of wool to four pounds of carcass. In 1867 he sheared 29¾ lbs. to 114 lbs. of carcass; in 1866, 26 lbs. to 99 pounds of carcass, showing that according to live weight he is not excelled. Mr. DEAN's flock are largely of this ram's stock.

The above are extracts from the report of a committee consisting of A. L. BINGHAM, FRANKLIN HOOKER, E. D. SEARL and EDGAR SANFORD.

ONTARIO AND LIVINGSTON SHEARING EXHIBITION.—The following is the shearing record of the Second Annual Shearing Exhibition of the Union Wool Growers' Association of Ontario and Livingston Co.s, held at Honeoye, May 6th, 1868. Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive were intended expressly for scouring. JOHN P. RAY, *Sec'y.*

Hemlock Lake, N. Y., May 25, 1868.

Owners.	Sex.	Age of Sheep. y.	m.	d.	Age of Fleece. y.	m.	d.	Wt. of carcass. lbs.	oz.	Wt. of fleece. lbs.	oz.
H. M. Boardman,.....	1 Ewe	1	2	2	1	2	2	75		16	13
John P. Ray.....	2 Ewe	1	1	3	1	1	3	51		10	2½
J. C. Short,.....	3 Ewe	1	1	21	1	1	21	51	8	13	2
Levi Noble.....	4 Ram	3			1	1	21	108		24	2
Marriner & Bronson..	5 Ewe	3			1	1	20	87		16	15
Marriner & Bronson....	Ewe	1	1	15	1	1	15	72	12	16	15
S. D. Short.....	Ram	1	1	3	1		13	119		27	8
Levi Noble.....	Ram	3			1	1	15	140		21	10½
Stevens & Gilbert.....	Ram	3			1	1	21	133		26	12
Peter C. Ross.....	Ram	1	1	4	1		14	90		16	8½
S. Francis.....	Ram	1	1	18	1	1	18	102		17	10½
H. M. Boardman.....	Ewe	1	1	14	1	1	14	57		14	14½
Geo. Johnson.....	Ram	2			1	1	22	122		24	8

SHEARING MATCH IN GENESEE CO.—In Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y., on Monday the 4th ult., a shearing match was held at the farm of H. H. & C. CROSMAN, the following being a correct statement of the heaviest sheared:

Mr. Crosman's ram,	Dixie,.....	1 yr. old,	28¼ lbs.
" " "	Rocky Mountain,	1 "	27¾ "
" " ewe,	Chloe,.....	5 "	20 "
W. Springer's ram,	Osceola, Jr.....	2 "	25½ "
D. L. Dodgson's ram,	Wrinkley, Jr.,....	1 "	16 "
Wm. Sawens' ram,	Gen. Scott,.....	2 "	16¾ "

RICHD. R. LOSEE, *Sec.* WM. SAWENS, *Ch'n.*

Mr. CROSMAN states that the two ram lambs, Dixie and Rocky Mountain, born the last days of March, 1867, were sired by Mr. LOSEE's ram, Wrinkley, by Young Grimes, by Old Grimes, by Hammond's Sweepstakes. The ewe Chloe was shorn on the 6th of May, 1867, weight of fleece 20 lbs. 6 ozs., is the dam of Rocky Mountain, and granddam of Dixie. The dam of Dixie was sired by Young Grimes. Shorn on the 6th of May, 1867, weight of fleece 16 lbs. 12 ozs. Shorn on the 5th of May, 1868, weight of fleece 16 lbs. 12 ozs. Dixie's weight is 111 lbs.

WASHINGTON CO. SHEEP SHOW AND SHEARING.—A report of the fourth annual Sheep Show and Public Shearing of the Washington Co. Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, held May 5th and 6th, has been received from the Secretary, Mr. I. V. BAKER, Jr., but is deferred (with other reports) for want of space. The show was well attended and surpassed all preceding ones of the Association in the quality of sheep on exhibition.

The Stable, &c.

ABOUT SPAVINS.

THE Rural American recently contained an article on spavins, by E. P VAIL, as follows:—Bone spavin is a blemish which occurs on the inside or hinder pastern of the hock joint, and is an ossified or bony tumor. It occurs at all periods in the life of a horse, and is usually induced by a strain of the ligaments, followed by inflammation. The hock joint is made up of several bones, but two of which are usually affected; they are called the scaphoid and cuniform magnum. These bones rest upon each other, and are superimposed upon the metatarsal or long bones, and turning but very slightly on each other, being fastened almost to immobility by ligaments, which become inflamed in consequence of strains, and ossification ensues. Attached to the extremities of the tendons terminating in the hock are small sacks of mucous secretion, designed to lubricate the parts and permit the necessary motion without being attended with friction. Overstrain produces enlargement of these sacks, and is the immediate cause of thoroughpins and wind galls. Upon the inside, and exactly on the curve of the joint, one of these bags is located, and its distension causes bog-spavin; between the enlargement of the joint and the skin a vein is pressed upon this sack, and when inflammation ensues the circulation is retarded, the vein becomes distended from the bag to the adjacent valve below, and blood spavin is the result.

In a large majority of cases where blood spavin is believed to be present, there exists only bog spavin; the two are so readily confounded that oftentimes only a practiced veterinarian is capable of determining. In some instances where lameness has been caused by bog spavin, blood spavin has followed, and the horse has recovered from his lameness, as the one sometimes counteracts the effects of the other. In other cases, where the lameness occasionally returns, the bog, and not the blood spavin, produces the defect of carriage.

As these defects all arise from like causes, similar treatment is required. Whenever inflammation is present, cooling purgatives and alteratives should be given in connection with softening and cooling outward applications. It has been said that frequent bathing with sour buttermilk will soften bone spavin and cause it to be absorbed. This should be the design in all remedies used in preference to the old system of cutting, burning and blistering. In cases of bog and blood spavin, compressing, with cooling diet and medicine, will usually effect a cure in connection with rest and absence from all exciting causes; and, in order to have the cure permanent, the horse must for a long time be used with great caution, avoiding violent exercise, high speed, heavy draft, hard pavements, plank roads, and long standing on hard floors.

HORSE FEEDING BAGS.

IN the more prominent commercial cities there are great numbers of horses employed in transferring goods to and from stores, ships and railway cars. A large portion of these animals are stabled so remote from the field of their daily labors as to render it necessary to feed them in the streets or on the docks at dinner time. As there are no stables at hand, the horses are left attached to carts or trucks, and their grain furnished in a canvass bag hung over their heads. This sack reaches well up towards the eyes of the horses, and, being necessarily restricted in diameter, affords little chance for the admission of air while the process of feeding is going on. This exclusion, in a measure, of what is essential to the health as well as life of the horse, can scarcely fail of affecting the animals injuriously, consequently anything tending to increase the volume of fresh air while feeding must prove of great advantage to them. The Turf, Field and Farm states that this desirable addition to the comfort of the dray-horse has been found in an improved feed-bag, shoe-shaped, which allows a fresh admission of air and relieves the animals from the discomforts to which the old ones subjected them. The projector of this improvement deserves the thanks of the owners of dray-horses, and would receive those of the animals themselves could a *neigh* be made available for the purpose.

STABLE FLOORS.

THE Vermont Record mentions, approvingly, a mixture of small stones, coal tar and gravel as a flooring for stables. The small stones are placed in a heap and the tar poured over them and mixed, with a shovel or other suitable implement, till properly coated. When thus prepared, the stones are spread over the ground to the depth of about three inches. Over this foundation coarse gravel prepared in the same way is spread to the depth of two inches, and the whole rendered compact by the use of a maul and heavy roller. The quantity of tar need not be profuse, as a large amount renders the drying process very slow, while needlessly prolonging the scent arising from it. While the mauling and rolling are going on, fine sand should be applied, by which a compact and smooth surface will be secured. This species of floor is said to be very durable, healthful for stock, and, after being sometime in use, entirely free from the disagreeable odor arising from the tar on its first application.

POLL EVIL—CURE.—A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph asserts that poll evil can be readily cured at a cost of about ten cents. Cleanse the sore thoroughly with pure soft water, and then apply eight or ten drops of muriatic acid upon it twice a day till it has the appearance of a fresh wound. Then wash clean with suds made of castile soap, and leave it to heal, which it will speedily do if sufficient acid has been applied.

SOFT WATER FOR HORSES.—YOUATT, in his book entitled "The Horse," says this animal will never drink hard water if soft is within reach: that he will leave clear, transparent, hard water for a pool or stream of soft, even though the latter be discolored with mud. Very cold water, from the well, will make the hair rise up and not infrequently cause an attack of gripes. Give soft water when practicable, especially if the animal be ailing.

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.—No. VI.

CHICKENS—THEIR CARE AND USE.

MOST poulterers animadvert the practice of assisting the chick from the shell at the end of incubation, and there is much danger of being too helpful. But with care, many little chickens may be saved *to* us by assistance *from* us; not by taking them from the shell, but by cracking the shell so the little fledgling can throw it off. Already this season I have lost many Brahmas because the shell was too thick for them to extricate themselves. Colored eggs have much thicker shells than white, and the Brahmas are very thick. Indian meal stirred in sour milk, quite thick, is excellent first food. A hard-boiled egg grated into boiled potatoes is still better. Cayenne pepper is almost always a necessity as a preventive of dumps.

After making their proper care our first duty, let us then endeavor to make them useful as they grow. 1. place a brood of twenty chicks,—which number a hen will care for and hover as easily as ten,—under a plum tree, and you are secured from the curculio. A hen yard is the best place to set a plum orchard, as the manure that casually drops around them is very agreeable to the plum, and the chicks pick up the curculios as fast as the wind shakes them from the trees. 2. A coop placed among cucumber vines insures the safety of the young plants from insects. We have an aged man who keeps our garden, nursery and vinery in trim, who has always opposed the intrusions of the fowls therein. But he is now converted from his prejudice, by observing that they did not run among the bushes to eat the fruit, but the worms. His conversion was made certain by finding his bushes unharmed and very fruitful; while our whole neighborhood besides lost almost all the fruit and leaves from their currant bushes, and very many were killed. They looked as though a fire had run through them. How simple the remedy.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

The poultry yard is no exception to the rule that "mistakes will happen in the best of families." Nature prompts the hen to lay but one egg a day; but we have a hen that alternately lays one and two! Yet we find this quality not transmissable, as her yearling pullets will not follow her unnatural, but profitable example. It is not uncommon for a hen to lay one egg in the day, and mature and drop another at night. The hatching of fowls from eggs, where every care was taken to have them pure, has resulted, in many cases, in bringing forth disfiguring traits, as dark legs, black feathers, pink eyes and supernumerary toes, where these should not be. Double-yolked eggs are freaks of nature, but good freaks; also the last egg in the litter, containing no yolk, is a freak—a bad freak. Double eggs *should* never be set, but too often are, by the virtuous, "to see what will come of it." We will tell the curious the inevitable result, and perhaps save *them* the experiment and *creatures* much pain. As the process of incubation progresses, the whites combine, causing the chicks to be connected wherever the whites thus combine. We have seen them connected at the back, in which case one would carry the other until strength failed, then fall, upon which the other takes up "the line of march" until exhausted. They never live long, and it is merciful to nip their lives as soon as the mistake is discovered; while it is *cruelty* to purposely set them, and this should ever be guarded against. For,

"None sooner shoots into luxuriant growth
If unrestrained, than cruelty,
Most devilish of them all." LOMAS.

Rural Notes and Items.

SUMMER—*The Agricultural Outlook.*—Though the almanac says Summer is here, we do not, on this first day of June, either feel or see it—for the weather is chilly and the heavens o'ercast. True, we have had some warm weather of late, but only enough for an exception—to prove the rule about a cold and backward season. For weeks past—during the usual planting season—the weather has been cold and rainy over extensive regions, and the result must be great delay and derangement in important farming operations. In some sections much of the seed planted has rotted in the ground, necessitating replanting or change to other and later crops. Farmers thus situated must exercise their brains, to decide what it is best to do, and then use extra muscle to make amends for delay and damage. Intelligence and industry must be brought into requisition in such an unfavorable season, and it behooves every farmer to both study and work in order that his acres may be profitably occupied, notwithstanding the adverse season. Though there is no special fear of famine in a country so vast in extent and variety of soil and temperature as ours, it is still the duty of every one to plant, cultivate and produce all that is possible, and we again urge this near duty upon all who depend upon soil culture for a maintenance.

—We would not encourage croakers, but certainly the outlook is not cheering for the opening of Summer. But while under a cloud our faith and works should be active, looking and striving for a silver lining in the shape of a remunerative (if not bountiful) harvest. Let us, therefore, do our whole duty in the way of culture and management—not reckoning upon a favorable season nor depending upon the influence of the planets—with an abiding faith that well-directed labor will be rewarded when the promised harvest cometh.

EXPERIMENTAL FARM, EASTERN PA.—The managers of this farm, at West Grove, Pa., have submitted to the President a report of their preliminary operations. The experiments about being made are on a limited scale, and of immediate practical value. They will embrace the different varieties of oats and potatoes—the comparative productive power of large and small potatoes for seed, and the relative value of several commercial fertilizers as applied to tilled crops and also to grass land. The aim will be to develop a few important facts, at first, as a reliable basis of future and more extended and diversified operations. This is a sensible beginning, whatever may be the ultimate result of the experimental farm operations.

MISSOURI STATE ENTOMOLOGIST.—We are glad to learn that Mr. C. V. RILEY of Illinois, a practical and scientific investigator, of industry and ability, has been appointed State Entomologist of Missouri. Regarding Mr. R. as an eminently practical and thorough man, we think the choice an excellent one, and that "Free Missouri" will soon be freer of noxious insects than ever before. With such entomologists as WALSH of Illinois, and RILEY of Missouri, the West can successfully cope with the East in developing and heading insect pests.

IOWA AG. COLLEGE.—The Trustees of this College recently made the following appointments: President—A. S. WELCH. Professor of Chemistry and Practical Mechanics—W. A. ANTHONY. Professor of Mathematics—G. W. JONES. Professor of Practical Agriculture—NORTON S. TOWNSHEND. Professor of Geology—Mr. ST. JOHN.

CROP PROSPECTS SOUTH.—There is a general concurrence of opinion among the journals of the South that rust has seriously damaged the wheat crop, and the army worm that of cotton. The damage may be sectional and not general as respects both crops.

SAVING THINGS.—A correspondent writes us concerning the way some people, anxious to save every thing, incur loss for want of information. As for example:—A man about to empty the brine from a pork barrel, bethought him that salt was good for hogs, possibly, and, having a sow with a litter of pigs, a good chance for saving was presented. Some meal was stirred into the brine and salt, and given to the pigs—the sow being absent on a foraging expedition. The former partook greedily of the mess for a short time, when the mother came back and finished the balance. The result of this saving process was the death of all the pigs but one, which worried through, and the protracted illness of the sow. Another instance is given:—A man took from his cellar a lot of decayed vegetables, and, to save them, fed as above, with a like result, proving the assumption false that "anything is good enough for a hog."

The moral of this is, that experiments in saving should be preceded by some acquaintance with the effects of the means used for the accomplishment of the object in view; otherwise the operator may find he has been "penny wise and pound foolish," or "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung."

WIRE WORMS—EXPERIMENTS IN KILLING.—A writer in a Western paper relates some experiments made by him in killing wire worms. The first was with spirits of turpentine in a common saucer. Eight worms were dropped into it. They died in two hours and forty minutes. The same number put in salt and water gave it up in eight hours. In a decoction of sweet elder, boiled down, it took twelve hours to finish them. A strong solution of copperas was less effective, taking twenty-four hours to do them up. This shows that wire worms are quite tenacious of life. A quart of corn, soaked or saturated in turpentine, was planted, and grew vigorously untouched by the worms, while that in the vicinity not prepared in this way was nearly all destroyed.

COTTON—GROWING AND MANUFACTURING.—A short time since there was held in Boston, Mass., a convention of cotton manufacturers, both of the Eastern and Southern States, in the proceedings of which several planters or cotton growers participated. The aim of the parties present was to bring these interests into closer alliance, and thereby enhance the prosperity of both. DANIEL PRATT of Alabama was President of the Convention, and its proceedings seem to have given great satisfaction to the members from both sections of the country. The N. O. Picayune infers much future advantage to the country as likely to result from this gathering of parties from points supposed to be antipodes alike in location and interest.

GRAND DOMINION PLOWING MATCH.—A "General Plowing Match" took place on CAMPLIN's farm, township of Whitby, Ontario, May 21st. The Toronto Globe pronounces it the greatest demonstration of the kind ever made in Canada. There were 68 plows on the ground,—consequently the competition was pretty lively. From 5,000 to 7,000 persons attended on the occasion. The prizes awarded amounted to $500. The plowing in all cases was of a high order of excellence, and the task of the judges in making the awards was a rather perplexing one. The proceedings, however, were of a highly satisfactory character.

CATTLE DISEASE IN THE WEST.—Numbers of cattle are reported to have died recently in the vicinity of Springfield, Ill., in consequence of a disease supposed to be rinderpest, but an examination by Dr. H. C. JOHNS of that place traced the deaths to an acute inflammation of the lungs. The disease bore little or no resemblance to the epidemic pleuro-pneumonia formerly prevalent in Massachusetts. In some portions of Indiana the dairy stock suffered considerably a short time since from the same cause which produced the mortality in the adjoining State. It is rapidly abating now in both localities.

MAKING HOGS WORK.—A Western farmer, member of a Club, objects to stuffing hogs with prepared food, as the practice of some is. His motto is, "Root, hog, or die." In other words, the hog should be made to earn his living by rooting over compost heaps, and about the roots of apple trees, during the working season, thus aiding in preparing manure, stirring the soil and dispatching the various farm pests burrowed in it. A hog thus properly employed would earn at least five dollars before the arrival of the period for shutting up and fattening for slaughter. This is not bad hogology.

THE MOON IN THE DOOR-YARD.—A correspondent of the Oneida Circular says that, by the aid of the telescope, the moon is brought within one hundred and fifty miles of us at present. Improvements, yet to be accomplished, it is thought will annihilate the remaining distance, when the moon will become a door-yard institution, subject to close inspection on suitable occasions. This will be good news to those accustomed to hinge their farming operations on the aspects of this familiar satellite.

WHEAT IN CALIFORNIA.—A wheat grower in Stanislaus Co., California, has provided himself with thirty-five tons of wheat sacks, or seventy-five thousand in number, at a cost of $11,300. This indicates wheat growing on an extensive scale. The barley harvest commenced about the middle of May. The average of wheat is 1,000,000 of acres; barley, 45,000; oats, 75,000. The prospective yield of wheat is 20,000,000 bushels, barley 10,000,000, and oats 2,500,000.

ADULTERATION OF MANURES.—The Irish Farmers' Gazette says the subject of selling adulterated fertilizers attracts no little attention in that country, and adds that a large proportion of the Peruvian guano sold in Ireland is made up of chalk, clay, marl, powdered bricks and washed out phosphatic guanos.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

AN exchange says that both men and farm animals are miseducated. They eat too liberally of costly food—the bipeds especially.

THE Ohio Farmer asserts that nine-tenths of the foot and ankle ailments of the horse are traceable to standing on dry plank floors.

A FARMER in Loraine Co., Ohio, has a cow from whose milk—nine milkings—he churned nine pounds and seven ounces of butter.

THOSE who like plums should not forget to fumigate their trees frequently with tobacco smoke when the curculio begins to work.

THOSE who burn wood in their dwellings should remember that the ashes, besides making lye for soap, are excellent as a manure.

BEMENT is of the opinion that where fowls are fed on corn or barley it pays well to boil it. Oats and buckwheat should be fed raw.

THE N. E. Farmer considers it the special mission of agricultural papers to repeat facts rather than to discover or originate new ones.

THE Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, in their recent annual report, give the amount of permanent funds belonging to it at $342,282.41.

THE Prairie Farmer says there is a species of white rye which is indigenous to the mountains of California. It makes a very excellent flour.

ANDREW S. FULLER, author of the Fruit Culturist, thinks coal ashes are worth to him from $3 to $4 a load. They are best adapted to sandy soil.

HORSES troubled with the yellow water should be copiously bled, mildly physicked, and be given tea made of cedar boughs several times each day.

KENTUCKIANS are noted for a warm appreciation of the horse, yet the Farmers' Home Journal, Lexington, is opposed to speed rings at agricultural fairs.

J. O'B. RENICH, Columbus, O., does not believe there ever was a bullock that weighed 4,000 pounds gross, and says he will give $10,000 for one that will weigh it if he can travel.

CORN planted five feet apart, each way, will give 1,742 hills to the acre; five by four, 2,178; five by three, 2,940; four by four, 2,622; four by three, 3,630; 3½ by 3½, 3,547; three by three, 4,846.

AN effort was recently made to perfect an arrangement for a trial of mowers and reapers in Ohio. Five manufacturing firms were represented, but nothing was agreed upon in the premises.

A WRITER in the Farmers' Chronicle has devoted three papers to the mule, and predicts that they will become as popular on the farms of the central States as they are in the cotton fields of the South.

THE average weight of hogs slaughtered in Chicago in 1866 was 227¾ pounds, and lard 33 pounds. In 1867 the average was only 192 and 27 pounds. Result—higher prices now than were anticipated.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE STRIPED CUCUMBER BUG.

THIS is probably the worst insect pest of the garden. He is the great enemy to squash, cucumber, and melon vines, and often blasts every hope of a good crop. According to Dr. FITCH he is the parent of the small white worm, half an inch long or so, which enters the stems of vines just below the surface of the earth, and eats out the pith and destroys them. This worm often kills vines that have begun to bear fruit when it is entirely too late to replant. We illustrated this enemy in the number for July 18th, last year. If this be a fact, (which we believe entomologists have not disputed,) it is within the experience of every vine grower that the bug is scarcely more to be dreaded than when transformed to a worm; in fact the bug can be most easily thwarted in his depredations.

Perhaps the surest means of keeping the bug, or beetle, both from eating the leaves and laying his eggs, are boxes covered with muslin, set over the hills. They should be large enough to allow of considerable growth inside of them, and the sides ought to be made sloping, so as to admit sunshine to the best advantage. Some cultivators get along very well by using paper covers, and very thin cotton batting has also been recommended. Plaster or oyster-shell lime dusted on the plants once a day, when the dew is on, is also claimed to be a preventive, and some have used powdered white hellebore with as good success against the cucumber bug as the currant worm.

HORT'L NOTES FROM DELAWARE.

LAST week I visited Delaware to look after the peach and berry crops, and on arriving at Middletown found that the peach crop was badly injured. Mr. SHELLCROSS, who is a large grower, informed me that they could not calculate on over one-fourth of a crop, and his private opinion was that one-eighth would be nearer correct. The old orchards are so badly injured that they cannot be counted upon with any safety, the fruit being confined to the young orchards. There are no berries grown for market in this locality.

Dover was the next place visited, and the peach crop was about the same there as at Middletown. I conversed with several of the leading growers, such as PARIS, TODD, RIDGELY, ECLE, and others, and they all agreed in regard to the quantity. Strawberries are beginning to attract considerable attention there, and they pay well, as a crop. Messrs. RICHARDSON and ROBBINS have a very fine patch of Wilson's; they were looking very thrifty, and promised a large crop. These gentlemen are doing quite an extensive business in canning fruits, thus making use of the balance of the crop not sent to market.

At Camden, three miles south of Dover, the prospect for peaches was the same, and the berry business increasing rapidly. Messrs. WHEAT and BENNET, both New Yorkers, have started a steam saw mill and box manufactory, and are doing a fine business. They are manufacturing large quantities of crates for the BEECHER baskets, at the same price BEECHER does, thus saving all the expenses of transportation to the growers of that vicinity.

At Fredrica, and Felton, the berry business is taking the lead; a large number of acres are in cultivation, and the area is steadily increasing. Mr. J. EMMERSON has a very promising crop, and expects to pick from five to eight thousand quarts. Mr. CARTER, at Felton, has a small farm, and is planting it entirely in small fruits. He has experimented in the different varieties of Strawberries, but found nothing equal to the Wilson; and that is the general opinion of all the growers I conversed with.

I heard from other parts of the State not visited, and as far as could be ascertained the peach crop was about the same. I was greatly surprised at the rapid improvement, and increased value of farms; a person who had not seen them for two years could hardly realize it. Good farms are now valued at $150.00 per acre, and choice ones still higher. This rapid increase is owing to the introduction of Northern farmers, and the cultivation of small fruits. Mr. J. S. COLLINS of Moorestown, N. J., the well known nurseryman, has purchased a fine farm five miles from Dover, and is planting it all out in small fruits. His superintendent being from home I did not succeed in learning the particulars of his experiments.

While at Camden I called on Mr. LORD, the gentleman who sent the bushel of Apricots which sold for $32,00 last year. I was surprised to find the tree so small; it is growing in his back yard, surrounded by buildings, and the ground closely packed by the tramping of his family. He informed me that it had on about two bushels in all, but not being in the habit of marketing them, the balance was consumed in his family. It was only through the persuasion of Mr. BANCROFT, to try our market, that he was induced to send them. He was much surprised at the amount received for his fruit, and stated farther, that the tree seldom failed to yield a good crop. NOW AND THEN.

New York, May 21, 1868.

CULTURE OF THE VINE IN EUROPE.

[Concluded from page 175, last number.]

MANURES.

Guyot, arguing strongly in favor of manure, recommends the French cultivator to put on at intervals of three years a quantity of manure that will be equivalent in weight to that of the fruit he has taken off at vintage, while M. Herzmansky, the steward at Johannesberg, who tills some fifty acres of vines, keeps about forty very large cows in his stables.

BUT WILL NOT MANURING HURT THE QUALITY OF THE WINE?

In our former report we say that this is an open question as yet, and so it is in France, and M. Guyot treats it as such in arguing upon it. Of course none will doubt that were a vineyard to be treated in this respect, as we treat the soil of a grapery, very poor wine would be produced, and the only question is will a moderate quantity do harm? This is precisely the question the Committee put to M. Herzmansky, the intelligent and thoroughly experienced director at Johannesberg, where the best wine in the world is made. His answer was, "No. As we apply it on this soil it does not impair the quality of the wine in any degree; on the contrary, it improves the flavor." Then he led the way to his well-ordered cow stables, and pointing to the compost heaps remarked, "There is the beginning of Johannesberger." Now Johannesberger is the most delicate of wine, as it is indeed superlative in every respect. By the kind invitation of the Princess Metternich the Committee were allowed to taste specimens of the best the castle cellar contained, including some that was twenty-one years old in the cask, and some from a cask that was *par excellence*, called the "bride of the cellar," and the opinion formed was that the quality of Johannesberger is such that it cannot be described, and can be communicated only to the organs of taste, nor can it be understood or even imagined, except by those who are so highly favored as to have a taste of it. But this marvellous wine is but the crowning product of the famous district of the Rhinegau, or that portion of the valley lying just north of Mayence, a strip less than ten miles in length, whose fruit yields a juice which surpasses all others of the world, combining richness with flavor and delicacy with strength. The soil of the Rhinegau seems to be of a red sandstone mostly, if not wholly. Johannesberg hill reminds one strongly of the soil of some parts of New Jersey and Connecticut, and in the neighborhood of New Haven, in the latter State, the "basalt" is seen resting upon the red stone, just as it does upon the hills that skirt the Rhine. Nearly all the German and Swiss wines, and, indeed, nearly all the grapes grown in Germany and Switzerland, are white, for which the soil and climate of the former country seems peculiarly adapted, while at the same time unsuited for ripening colored grapes to the tint needed in a true red wine. The peculiarity of the better sort of Rhenish wines is "bouquet," and of the inferior sort, acidity compared with them: their French rivals are quite negative, and so are those of Switzerland. A French wine, white or red, must be very poor indeed if it shows any acidity, and must be very fine indeed if it possesses any easily-tasted "bouquet." Altogether, we must award the palm of excellence to the white wines of the Rhine, as we do to the skill and industry of the vine dressers who produce them. In considering the merits of the different soils as geologically distinguished from each other, we seem drawn to the conclusion that, so far as our observation has gone, the red sandstone is the superior one, but we confess ourselves unfit to make any such sweeping generalization, and will only say that the soil in question, for aught we can see, seems as fit as any other to grow a superior wine. The difference between wine made by fermenting the bruised grapes, juice, skin, pulp and seeds altogether, and called "red wine," and that made by pressing immediately after gathering and fermenting its pressed juice by itself, called "white wine," is not a difference of color alone. For certain bodily temperaments, and for certain conditions of health, possibly, too, for the peculiar constitution of the German people white wine may be the best. And to that of the Rhine country Liebig attributes the virtue of being an antidote for calculus and gout. But all this being admitted, the better reasons seem to favor the production and use of the red wine in preference to the white where it can be done. The testimony we have obtained from the best sources of knowledge on this point amounts to this:

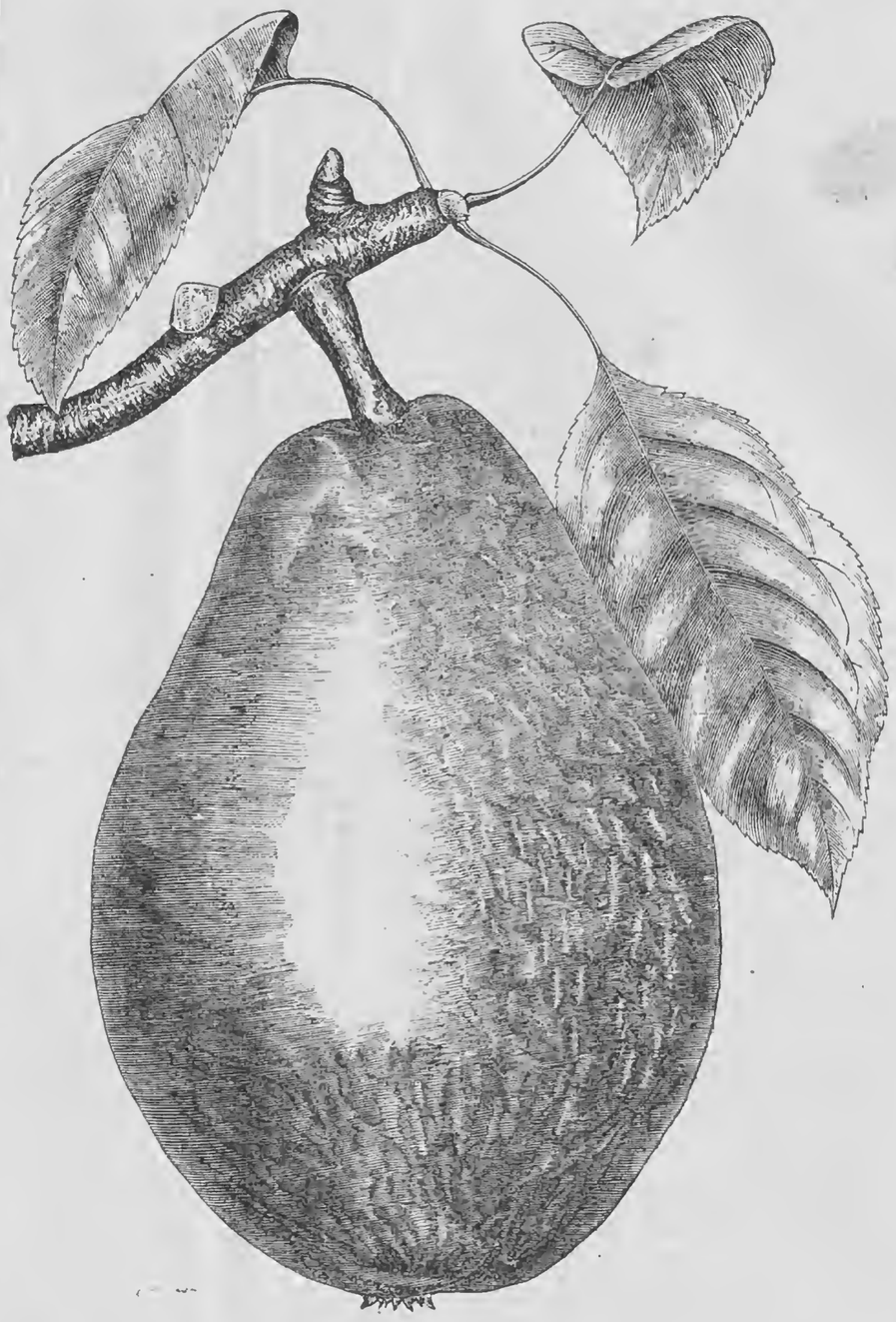
Red wine is much less heating, much more tonic, much less exciting to the nerves, much less intoxicating to the brain, and its effects are more enduring than white wine. As we of America are, by reason of our dry climate, as well as from moral causes, more excitable, both from brain and nerve, than the Europeans, and at the same time much oftener in need of tonic diet, and our summer heats are so much more intense than in the wine latitudes of Europe, all the above considerations should have peculiar weight with us. So highly, at least, do the French people appreciate them that they consume now little white wine, and it bears always a lower price in the market than red of equal quality. To the general consumption of this drink intelligent Frenchmen are apt to attribute the fine health of their peasantry, as well as their habitual gaiety and habitual temperance. (The habitual use of *whisky* has quite another effect.) An American gentleman, for many years residing in France, and for a time a professor in one of the universities, affirms that the greatest longevity is among those people who take red wine three times a day and abstain from both tea and coffee. When Americans consult French physicians, three times in four they are ordered to drink red wine as a habitual beverage, and one of the commonest daily events among Americans residing in Paris is the cure of an obstinate dyspepsia by the same simple remedy, even in the unhealthful air of that city.

The German vineyards have hitherto escaped any very serious ravages from the "vine disease." It is met as often as it appears, and successfully combated with sulphur. Three applications are made, the first as soon as the berries have grown to be as large as the head of a pin. Early in the day, and before the dew is dried off, the flour is sprinkled on the lower surface of the leaves, where the moisture causes it to attach. The implement used is a tube of tin, perforated with numerous small holes at the lower end. At Rheims we were shown a large vine, trained to a wall, one-half of which had been treated as above in the spring of the year before, and the other half neglected. The latter had, as a consequence, lost all of its fruit, and we visited the place and saw it the following season. It showed yellow and falling leaves in July, and very little fruit, while the other portion was perfectly healthy, and was loaded with a good crop of fruit. This experiment was made by a French gentleman, who had recently returned from a long sojourn in America, and visited that country for the purpose of satisfying himself if the sulphur be really a preventive or not against the vine disease, of which he had heard so many doubts expressed while in America.

PEACH BORER AND YELLOWS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Horticulturist writing of the attacks of the peach borer says:—"Having tried all the plans proposed for the last five years—merely as an experiment upon neglected trees—I have found them all deficient in one thing, *i. e.*, in preventing a renewal of attack. Nine years' experience fully proves to me that the waste water of salt works called 'mother liquor,' or 'bitter water,' is a sure preventive. I will not aver that it will kill the worm when once in the tree, as my experience is not conclusive on that point, but I do assert that it has killed them by thousands when partly in the tree and not entirely shielded by the bark. We apply it any time during the summer, but when possible, in June and last of August, putting about one pint of the liquid around the base of each tree. At the same time we wash the body and main limbs of the tree with the same liquid, which removes scales of dead bark and kills the eggs of insects. My observations in the treatment of trees to this liquor leads me to declare it to be the most powerful agent in preventing the dreaded disease known as "yellows" that has yet been discovered. Trees in a rapidly declining state from the effects of this disease being treated to this liquor, took on a new life as it were, casting their yellow leaves and throwing out an immense healthy foliage."

THE fruit crops in Maryland and Delaware have been greatly damaged by the late inclement weather.



CLAPP'S FAVORITE.

THIS fine pear is of American origin, and was grown from seed by the late THADDEUS CLAPP of Dorchester, Mass. It must, of course, be classed among the newer pears, but it has been tested long and carefully enough to warrant the statement that it is one of the finest and most promising varieties on our list. The wood and foliage resemble those of the Flemish Beauty, and the fruit that of the Bartlett. It is supposed to have sprung from a cross of those two varieties, and the tree is hardy, vigorous, a fine grower, holding its foliage well, and the fruit is of large size, fair and plentiful. Its period of ripening is the last of August, generally about one week in advance of the Bartlett. It should be gathered before full maturity and ripened in the house. The surface of the fruit is a little uneven; color, yellowish-green, becoming clear yellow at maturity, and shaded with red in the sun. Flesh, greenish-white, juicy, melting, perfumed and of excellent quality.

ORANGE TREES IN FLORIDA.

B. H. HART sends us some observations about transplanting the wild orange trees, in Florida, from the forests to the groves where they are budded with the sweet orange. He says:—"The tenacity of life in an orange tree is surprising. Many trees are dug up, as large as four inches in diameter, with very few roots, and the whole top taken off, three feet from the ground, and yet these trees live. The proper way is this: select a tree about two inches through, make a circular incision about two feet in diameter, in the ground, around the tree, with a sharp spade or ax, severing the lateral roots; then dig down and cut off the tap root, and the tree can be taken up. Then to cut off the top, don't lay it on a log, or any hard substance, but lay it flat upon the ground with the roots resting in the hole, then with a stroke of the ax inclining toward the top, sever the trunk three or four feet from the roots. You need not be afraid of dulling your ax, for the soil, composed of muck and comminuted shells and sand, would affect the edge about as little as an old cheese. In about three weeks after these trees are set out the new shoots push through the bark, and when they have grown a foot or more are ready to bud with the sweet orange. Some of the trees that I procured in November, made shoots of a foot in length and were ready to bud, by the first of March.

"To show the endurance of the orange tree, and the indomitable pertinacity with which it contests the ground, with the trees of the forest, I will state that one of these trees, growing by the side of a large oak, had so attached itself to one of its roots that I was obliged to bring off a portion of it with the orange tree, the roots of the latter had evidently destroyed those of the former, and had grown into and around them so they could not be separated."

STRAWBERRY CROP AT THE WEST.

THE Prairie Farmer of May 30th says:—"From all parts we get news of a poor strawberry crop. In Southern Illinois an early frost ruined the first blossoms, but enough came out afterward to give promise of the usual yield. Everybody was hopeful, but suddenly, and without apparent cause, the berries ceased to develop and the crop is pronounced a failure. This is pretty general in all Southern Illinois. At Champaign, where large plantations have been made, the result is very similar. The only reasonable explanation we have had of the phenomenon is, that just as the blossoms were ready to be fructified, a heavy rain prevented the distribution of the pollen. This we have heard given as the cause in the South Pass region. On reference to our weather notes, it seems likely that the heavy rains at Champaign occurred when the blossoms were in a similar condition of development. At the North, there is a very poor stand, generally, in the plantations, owing, in a great measure, to the drouth of last year. Altogether, then, we look for a small supply, and high prices for this fruit the whole season."

DWARF PEAR TREES.

WE are almost monthly reading of some dwarf pear tree grower who, after a few years of experience, and that upon some piece of dry, sandy soil perhaps, condemns the practice of growing varieties of the pear upon the quince root. It is fair to presume that these writers present their views in full belief of their practical truth, but when we can go into grounds not only in the New England States, but of sections in New York and Western States, and find hundreds of pear trees of ages varying from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty years, thriving vigorously, bearing abundantly, and which careful examination shows to be only growing upon the quince root, we are compelled to treat those writers as so many whose experience and observation are not of sufficient extent or duration to render them reliable.

We confess we should advise pears on pear roots where only a light sandy soil can be had, but then we should plant close, say ten feet each way and root-prune the lateral, not the tap roots. If, however, the planter's soil be a strong heavy clay or clayey loam we prefer the pear worked on the quince root, and when planting set so as to have about four inches of the pear beneath the surface.—P. R. E.

PROFITS OF TIMBER CULTURE.

IN an essay on "Timber Culture a National Necessity," D. C. SCOFIELD, Esq., of Elgin, Ill., says:—"Summon all the landholders of the country, and demonstrate to them the profits of timber culture; produce facts and not theory; tell them that from one acre planted with Tyrolese Larch, they may reap a harvest at the end of six years, of hop-poles, grape-stakes and trellis materials, worth more than two hundred dollars, and at the close of another six years, they may reap a harvest of fence-posts which will be comparatively *imperishable*, and worth more than nine hundred dollars. In testimony, I adduce my forest in Elgin, which, ten years ago was a smooth prairie, and afterward planted with plants which then stood in the nurseries of Scotland. Let them measure the trees, both of pine and larch, of more than two feet in circumference, and more than twenty feet in height; count the number on the acre, and estimate the number of fence posts that each tree will make; tell them that at the end of twenty years they may reap a third harvest by cutting one-half of the residue, or six hundred and five trees, now more than one and a half feet in diameter and forty feet in height. This timber may be used for ship spars and fence posts, building timber and railroad ties, worth more than fifteen hundred dollars. At the end of another ten years they may enter the forest again and gather a fourth crop, by removing three hundred and two trees, leaving an equal number growing on the ground. Now, the trees have an average diameter of two feet and more, and are sixty feet in height, each of which is worth at least ten dollars, or a total value of three thousand dollars. The amount of the proceeds already realized in thirty years is five thousand six hundred dollars, or an average of more than one hundred and eighty-six dollars annually. There are now left three hundred trees standing on the ground, twelve feet apart, to grow undisturbed fifty or seventy-five years longer, when each tree will be worth from twenty to fifty dollars, and in the total more than six thousand dollars."

APPLE TREE SUCKERS.—The Working Farmer says:—"Many otherwise good orchards are allowed to become defaced, as well as seriously injured, by allowing a profusion of suckers to grow at the base of the trunks. Attempts are sometimes made to get rid of them by cutting them off down to the surface of the ground, and leaving considerable portions below in form of short stumps. These sprout again, and they soon become as bad as ever. A better way is to wait till they are in leaf, at which time they are loosened more readily, and taking each separately in the hands, and placing a thick boot upon it near the tree, they are quickly separated. If done at that time they will not be likely to sprout again.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

INJURY TO THE CHERRY.—A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says that the spring frosts have caused considerable injury to the cherry crop in the neighborhood of Cincinnati; while further northward, where the buds were less developed, they suffered but slightly. He says that the Early May (by which name we suppose he means the true Early Richmond,) has suffered largely—nearly all the flowers presenting blackened germs. The Early Purple Guigne, and all other varieties in blossom, when the thermometer sunk to 20° on April 4th, are completely destroyed. More than half the buds of the May-duke have escaped.

GRUBS IN STRAWBERRIES.—Last year the white grub destroyed a great many strawberry plants, and seriously injured the prospects of many growers. We think those beds suffered most on which manure—especially fine compost—was freely used; and those least, perhaps, to which ashes were freely applied. There is no better fertilizer for strawberries than wood ashes, and we should prefer to use them in abundance, even after the plants are set, rather than enrich the ground highly with manure. Let every strawberry grower apply ashes freely to his beds. Manure in liquid form, put on before the blossoms open, is a safe and important way of fertilizing.

THE STEEL BLUE BEETLE ON GRAPE VINES.—There is considerable complaint in the vicinity of Rochester of the depredations of this insect on the swelling buds of the grape vines. This is a long and well known pest to the grape grower, but is not a general one, although in some seasons and places it does great damage. If let alone they entirely destroy the bud, and even continue their work until the fruit has set. The only remedy is to knock them off repeatedly and kill them.

STRAWBERRIES.—Colman's Rural World gives Southern Illinois the credit of sending the first strawberries to the St. Louis market the present season. The first lot went off at $2 per quart, but the supply augmenting, the price went down to 25 cts. This was the rate on the 16th inst.

ALL wrinkled peas are superior to, and more delicate in flavor than those that present a full and perfect form; like sugar corn, the saccharine matter which they contain causes them to shrivel when dried.

Domestic Economy.

MAKING THE GARDEN.

Now begins
The housewife's happiest season of the year.
The ground, already broken by the spade—
The beds made level by the passing rake—
The almanac consulted, and the signs
Conspiring favor, forth with apron full
Of choicest seeds, the best the last year gave,
She sallies to the garden, where all day,
Breathing the pleasant odor of the mold,
She bends and plants, while to her eye of hope
Here springs the early pea, and there the bean,
The lettuce and the radish, and what else
Her culinary providence requires.
But chief of all, with careful hands, she sets
The slips, the bulbs, and plants, which round each bed
Shall make a bright embroidery of flowers.

HEEDLESSNESS.

IF some RURAL reader could only give a recipe whereby careless and incompetent housekeepers could be made orderly and attentive, it would be a very desirable one indeed. For instance, one often sees a heedless washer put an empty wash boiler on the top of a hot stove, and then leisurely proceed to pump a pail of water to put in it, thus running the risk of melting the boiler and filling the room with a disagreeable odor besides. Also, a hot flat iron standing on the ironing sheet, while folding up a garment, scorching the cloth and injuring the table needlessly. The like want of care is seen in leaving a dish of meat on the stove cooking until it burns, and taking a coffee pot from the center of a hot stove and pouring out the coffee at once, as if muddy coffee were a desirable thing. Coffee should be steeped, not violently boiled, and when the pot is filled up it should be taken off the stove and stand a few minutes, a little cold water poured in and it will settle nicely. The tea kettle need not be filled so full that it will not hold another drop, because when it boils it will run over. Neither should fried eggs nor meat be dished up on the dinner plates as many cooks thoughtlessly do. Want of attention to such little particulars is a source of waste and discomfort in a house, and it is just as little trouble to do things right as wrong, and a great deal more satisfactory. AUNT RACHEL.

Evergreen Cottage, 1868.

CAKES, BREAD, &c.

RAISED FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of raised dough, 2 of sugar, 1 of butter, 3 of raisins, (stoned and chopped,) 2 of currants, half pound citron, wine glass of brandy, same of flour, teaspoonful saleratus, spices, 3 eggs.

COCOANUT CAKE—VERY NICE.—One pound of white sugar, half pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour, 6 eggs, 1 grated nutmeg.

SPONGE CAKE, OR DIET BREAD.—One pound of pulverized sugar, 6 ounces of flour, 10 eggs, flavor with lemon.

POOR MAN'S PUDDING.—One cup of suet, chopped fine, 2 do. of molasses, 1 pound of raisins, flour the consistency of cake, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg; boil 2 hours; wine sauce. RURAL READER.

FRIED HALIBUT.—Place in your fry-kettle half a dozen slices of fat pork; fry to a brown, then remove them to a deep dish; add to the fat three tablespoonsful of fresh lard; when boiling hot put in your halibut, which should be cut in pieces about three inches square, and dipped in sifted meal; sprinkle over it a little salt. Fry a good brown. After the fish is all fried (it may be necessary to add more lard if it is a large one) put it in the dish with the slices of pork, pour the boiling fat over it, and add one tablespoonful of boiling water; cover with a plate tightly, and stand in the oven for twenty minutes.

DRIED BEEF GRAVY.—Slice two teacups of dried beef very thin, add one quart of sweet cream; let it boil a minute or two; then thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, one egg, and a little sweet milk, (beat well the thickening before pouring it in,) and stir until done, which will be two minutes. Sweet milk will do in the room of the cream by adding butter. This is a capital dish to serve with baked potatoes.

BLACKBERRY PUDDING.—One pint of milk, three eggs, teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a thick batter. When this is well beaten add your berries, as many as you can conveniently, and boil three hours. To be eaten with sauce.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LONELY MOTHER.

BY PENNA.

When, from a garland of children,
Death, unseen angel, plucks one,
Breaking love's tender entwinings,
Withering the blossom begun;
Ah, in her bosom, how keenly
Feels the fond mother the smart!
Deep in her bosom, how freely
Bleeds the torn cords of her heart!

Though every childish enchantment
Stirs up her sorrow anew,
Memory in every amusement
Bringing her darling to view,
Still were the children remaining
Never so fondly caressed;
O, with what sweetly sad yearning,
Presses she them to her breast!

When from a family circle,
Death takes the dear only child,—
Closing the sweet lips that prattled,
Dimming the bright eyes that smiled,—
Lonely, so lonely! the mother,
Lately with heart overjoyed,
To her breast presses—her sorrow;
Closely embraces—a void.

Dusting his crib and his carriage,
Handling his smooth-ironed clothes,
Kissing, and bathing with tear-drops
Little shoes, shaped to his toes,
Holding with solitude converse,
Even her grief growing dear,
Looks she to Heaven for her darling,
For she has no darling here.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A "QUEER" ANSWER.

A recent number of the Rural is before me, and the "queer" question "Is Friendship a myth?" attracts my attention. As I yield to a thought, memory, with fairy brushes, reproduces the past; the friends of my girlhood cluster around me; recollections of friends loyal and true, some of them now sleeping for country, assure me that I mistake not when I answer, "No."

Let us refer to your note book, "Queer." When you penciled that assertion,—"Friendship is a myth"—had you, by the attainment of a useful, christian womanhood, rendered yourself worthy to receive a pure, exalted friendship,—such as is ever based upon a noble character?

In our world of change a kind Father has rendered us capable of varied friendships. Separation may prevent expressions of friendship, and yet we know that it exists, else would life's sweetest melody become discordant, and life itself be scarce worth the living.

But to return to the note book. When "Emogene" (who wrote herself "your true friend," and in one year had forgotten you,) assumed the responsibilities of a young wife, did you extend to her your earnest sympathy, and interest yourself in her housekeeping and other wifely duties? Or did you take it for granted that she had no use for you now, and wound her sensitive heart by your sudden change of manner? Again, when your "ever true Nettie" was married, did you attempt to find a new friend in her husband? Or did you indulge in a weak jealousy? Pardon my plain questioning; my motive is friendly.

Oh, yes, my friend, there do exist "every-day, true, pure friendships, and your present correspondent gladly avails herself of this occasion to chronicle the wealth of kindness, bestowed upon her by friends, that has crowned with beauty and glory each year of life.

Alger's "Friendships of Women" affords beautiful reply to your question. And now a word to any girl-friends who chance to read this:—If you would gather a bountiful harvest of love, go through life with a loving heart, generously sowing the seeds of kindness, and surely you shall bind beautiful sheaves for the garner of Friendship.

Lizzie M. Boynton.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RESTRAINT.

There is no more difficult or important lesson to teach a child, than that of restraint. It is fearfully true that most young boys consider it unmanly to yield to restraint, and they will do almost anything to break away from it. Parents who do not restrain their children sow to the wind, and may expect to reap the whirlwind. Such parents, by their neglect, bring upon themselves a reproach which they cannot wipe out, injure and often destroy their own offspring, and inflict upon society an incurable malady.

Many a child goes forth from the domestic circle with a passion burning in his bosom that, having never been subdued, will gather strength daily, and only waits for an occasion to call it out to reenact scenes of violence which are so unhappily prevalent almost everywhere. A child that has never been restrained in the home circle is dangerous wherever he goes, and it is almost certain that he will become a man of unrestrained passions; if he does not commit deeds of violence he will, in his intercourse in life, inflict wrongs not less criminal in themselves.

The law of truth, obedience and submission should early be taught the child; and while the mind is forming, and yet plastic, shape it in the mold of virtue. Every promise a parent can glean from any source is coupled with a command to instruct and to restrain. If the command is disregarded, the promise will fail. N. F. G.

Christian Womanhood.—Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent sermon, discoursed thus in regard to the fair sex:—"Maidens, look to the God of your fathers. If there be any one in this world who cannot afford not to be a Christian, it is a woman. If there be any one whose beauty fades as a flower and whose grace needs the sustenance of the ineffable; if there be any one whose power is in beauty, in purity, goodness, it is a woman. If there be any one more than another upon whom blight falls more rudely; if there be any one more than another, who is more burdened with grief or more wrung with sorrow, it is a woman. I marvel to see a woman that is not a Christian. The ladder between her soul and God is not half so long as that between our souls and God. God made woman to be better than man; and the perversion is in proportion when she is worse."

There are other things in life besides love; but everybody who has lived at all knows that love is the very heart of life, the pivot upon which its whole machinery turns; without which no human existence can be complete, and with which, however broken and worn in part, it can still go on working somehow, and working to a comparative useful and cheerful end.—*Miss Mulock.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN.

How much is said and written upon this subject. Now pause a moment, my dear masculine friends, and let us compare notes. To be sure we sometimes wear diamonds, (I for one am guilty of the crime, though *mine* are precious mementoes;) but my dear sir, this "single stone" and this rich "cluster," with its "opal center," tinted and rainbow-hued, cost not the half so much as that regal *solitaire* sparkling upon *your* little finger! Our ribbons and laces, which look such a prodigious pile to your unfeminine eyes, could easily be bought with the money thrown away on your cigar stumps! (By the way, we think there might be "mustache cups" invented for *smoking* as well as drinking,—why not?) Our darling bonnets, though grown so liliputian of late, we admit cost a trifle, but so do all those luxuries over the way where *we*, poor souls, never care nor *dare* to enter! Our silks and satins cost less than your broadcloth, while our boots (dear, dainty little things,) are scarce a third the price of your own. Now,—saying nothing of your clubs, and the secret associations to which you belong, but ignoring all these,—where are all the superfluities of our sex I would ask, not overbalanced by those of your own? *Where are they?*

Mrs. Wilkinson.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

I am afraid that our domestic life will not bear looking into. I fear that our houses will not be found to have unity, and to express the best thought. The household, the calling, the friendships, of the citizen are not homogeneous. His house ought to show us his honest opinion of what his well-being consists in when he rests among his kindred, and forgets all affection, all compliance, and even all exertion of will. He brings home thither whatever commodities and ornaments have for years allured his pursuit, and his character must soon be in them. But what idea predominates in our houses? Thrift first, then convenience and pleasure. Take off all the roofs from street to street, and we shall seldom find the temple of any higher god than Prudence.

The progress of domestic living has been in cleanliness, in ventilation, in health, in decorum, in countless means and arts of comfort, in the concentration of all the nullities of every clime in each house. They are arranged for low benefits. The houses of the rich are confectioners' shops, where we get sweetmeats and wine; the houses of the poor are imitations of these to the extent of their ability. With these ends, housekeeping is not beautiful; it cheers and raises neither the husband, the wife, nor the child; neither the host, nor the guest; it oppresses women. A house kept to the end of prudence is laborious without joy; a house kept to the end of display is impossible to all but a few women, and their success is dearly bought.

AN EASTERN ROMANCE.

One evening I preached to a small gathering in the reading room of Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, and took up a collection of about $25 for the benefit of the mission. The school of this mission has been the scene of one truly Oriental romance. A young Indian Prince, by name Maha Rajah Duleep Singh, (who was taken to England and carefully educated after the principality was taken from his father, Achbar Khan, one of England's most formidable enemies,) about five years ago passed through Egypt, carrying his mother's remains to India. In Cairo he visited this school, and was struck with the appearance of an Egyptian girl, a pupil here and a Christian, whom, after several visits, he proposed to make his wife. In due time they were married at Cairo, and on the wedding day he presented £1,000 pounds to the school. He carried her to England, where she was generally received, in deference to the rank which had always been accorded him by the queen. She is now there, and the marriage has proved a most happy and useful one. On the return of each wedding day the prince sends the school another £1,000! Is not this Oriental poetry? What results to India may not possibly flow out of the mission which christianized the Indian prince's wife?

OUR SPICE BOX.

A skillful pickpocket always takes things easy.

Household words—Rent and taxes.

Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise.

Sleep is the fallow of the mind.

What buss found room for most people?—Columbus.

When does a candle resemble a tombstone? When it is set up for a late husband.

Those who want the fewest earthly blessings, most regret that they want any.

No man has as yet been able to ride a clothes horse with the "spur of the moment."

Habit is a cable. We weave threads of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

If you wouldn't have affliction make you a second visit, listen to its teachings at the first.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because though first in pity, he is the last in help.

The gentlest effort may put a wedding ring upon the finger; a thousand-horse-power may not suffice to pull it off.

A husband, on being told that his wife had lost her temper, replied that he was glad of it, for it was a very bad one.

The first evidence of a woman's interest in a man is her mending his gloves, and the last working him a pair of slippers.

Question by a cynic—If a man you have fought with is a brother-in-arms, why isn't a woman you are married to a sister-in-arms?

Aunt Betsy has said many good things. Among the rest, that a newspaper is like a wife—because every man should have one of his own.

An exchange says:—"There is something sweet about little girls." The Louisville Journal adds; "And it grows on them as they grow bigger."

A Frenchman, wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, thus expressed himself—"She be mooch tame, like the *petite* mouton."

Talking in the rough comes by nature; talking well is an art which only some women care to cultivate. Like other arts, also, it requires a basis of natural capacity for the processes of cultivation. It demands a certain self-confidence, much frankness, patience, and quickness of sympathy; and the more humor it can get the better. Practice enters so largely into this process of cultivation, that it is seldom one finds a young girl who can talk well—except to her lover.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTIFUL JUNE.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

Afar in the sky sweet bells are ringing,
List! in the greenwood voices are singing,
Down to the earth bright angels are winging
To welcome the beautiful June.

And Summer is robed for her bridal now,
See the lovelight play on her pure young brow,
While the dewy valleys and crowned hills bow
At the feet of the beautiful June.

We greet thee, oh loveliest bride of the year,
While billows of blossoms are drifting near,
Kissing the brow and the lips so dear,
Of our beautiful, regal June.

For thee what visions of happiness,—
How thy heart is thrilling with tenderness!
Only God and the angels thus could bless
The pure, the beautiful June.

Then drop, sweet angels, a blessing of light,
Crown with flowers unfading that brow of white,
Drop gladness down, summer skies so bright,
Hallowing beautiful June.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FARMING AND REFINEMENT.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins had lately a very earnest talk about farming. All in good nature, certainly, and I doubt not they thought alike to begin with; but they are both, naturally, so contrary that they take to opposite sides of a question as a duck does to the water.

The talk came about in this way. A young man—a well-to-do farmer—dropped in to spend an hour, of an evening. Mrs. Jenkins was very pleasant and cheerful during his stay,—but as his footsteps receded on the frozen walk, she exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. Jenkins, didn't you perceive what an odor of the stable that man brought with him? I could hardly endure it; the room is full now; and, what is worse, here is a lot of mud from his boots, with plenty of manure."

So the wash-cloth came into requisition; Mrs. Jenkins in the meantime sighing, "It's too bad; that beautiful bunch of flowers is all stained."

"Well," said Mr. Jenkins, "this demonstrates what I have always told you, that persons of taste and refinement should not be farmers."

Mrs. Jenkins, being already a little vexed, bridled up. She could hear no more. Her father was a farmer, so was her dear Mr. Jenkins, she believed in farmers and in farming,—so, though I will do Mr. Jenkins the justice to add that he didn't mean half he said, Mrs. Jenkins hustled along all her small arms and light artillery to annihilate him, just the same.

"Mr. Jenkins," said she, "you do know that farmers can be decent. Do you pretend to say that a farmer can't be presentable in refined society just because he is a farmer? Must he keep the dirt on him till it is grimed into his very soul? For, without doubt, if the soul is right the outer person can soon be made so. Will you own that you are not as nice as Mr. Winkle, over here, who lives in his store all day, discussing the merits of striped calico and fine suspenders, only creeping out to get his daily bread? How like a mummy he looks. Then there's Mr. Greasen, in the corner grocery,—don't you wish you were he? selling pork, petroleum, potatoes, and lard, and sausages? 'Tis such nice business. I don't see why, by taking a little pains, a farmer can't be decent as well as any other man."

Here Mr. Jenkins broke in.

"Look here, Mrs. Jenkins, supposing a farmer is doing his own work, and it's harrying time of year. He is out in the mud plowing, ditching, or getting out manure. Can he stop to make himself nice before going into dinner? Just think of taking half an hour to clean up, three times a day! I tell you he can't do it; it won't pay. It may do for the gentleman farmer,—the myth, who has so many times provoked your fun,—but it won't do for a practical laboring ma— farmer."

"One word, please, Mr. Jenkins. You started to say *man* instead of farmer; why didn't you hold to the word? Isn't the lowest work of almost all kinds of business full as grimy and dirty, and perhaps more so, than the worst part of farming? Now, a man of genius and energy,—and a farmer ought certainly to acquire energy, because he must bestir himself,—a man of genius and energy, I say, should, after a while, get beyond the most disagreeable jobs; that is, he should be able to pay some one for doing them who is just beginning his apprenticeship, or who hasn't ability to do anything better."

"Give me a word here, Mrs. Jenkins. Thanks for bringing to my mind so forcibly the main point in my argument; the thing which staggers me and which can't be got around. A farmer can't get ahead like men in other business; he can't get rid of dirty jobs, unless he has money to start with, or makes it by speculation."

"Pardon me, Mr. Jenkins. You don't mean what you say,—but we are arguing, you know, and I can't agree with you. I do believe farmers can get ahead, if they will use a *head* enough. They may 'be penny wise and pound foolish.' They work so hard, so many hours, with this idea,—that all a hired man's pay they can save is so much clear gain, that of course they are completely tired out at night, and indeed all the time. If any one reads they go to sleep. They are too much exhausted to read, themselves; they tumble into bed and sleep like logs. The man,—what was his name, Mr. Jenkins,—who said, 'The sleep of the laboring man is sweet,' knew nothing about laboring Yankees. In the case he referred to he might as well have said, 'The sleep of the ox is sweet,'—for he works steady and has no ambitions stirring to make waking dreams. The sleep of the overworked is not sweet. How can those farmers who work so hard have much wit or wisdom left by which to arrange the proceeds of their labor? They wear themselves out toiling; and some one who doesn't work at all keeps his eyes open, and gets the benefit. I do believe if you and many others would only spend half a day in the field, resolutely taking the afternoon for reading, thinking, and driving around with your wives, (I don't mean lounging about town altogether,) that in ten years you would all have much more money, intelligence, health, and happiness, than you can have in the present way of doing, and than any other class of men can have."

"Go on," said Mr. Jenkins, "it's very soothing to hear you."

"Ah, you are laughing at me,—but that doesn't matter. I'm not talking to enlighten you, for you are just as sure of the truth of what I say as I am; but it vexes me to hear that farmers can't spend time to be decent. Mr Rusk, who was in here to-night, for instance,—why couldn't he have changed his boots before coming? He has two other pairs, I know, for he spoke of them this evening. It is habit. He didn't think, or it was too much trouble, wouldn't pay, or something of the kind. This careless manner of dressing among farmers is one great reason why they are spoken of as a rough, ungainly set of men, and why their profession doesn't hold so high a position as it ought to and might. Farmer Somebody brings up his horse and buggy to ride to town for half an hour on business. It is a warm day; he has just come out of the field, and his wife, who is going with him, says—'There are clean clothes in the closet; just wash up, and slip them on; you'll feel and look so much better, and it won't take you five minutes.'"

"'Can't spend time. Too much trouble!' But she herself looking as nice as a town lady, persists—'I wish you would.' But he jumps into the buggy, saying, 'what's the use of being dandyfied?' Well, he goes to the bank, and to the hardware; and they are all ready to do business with him because he is made of good stuff; but they think to themselves, 'Rough, dirty, unpleasant business, farming. Good security,—but deliver me from the dirt, perspiration, and such looking clothes.'

"These habits are the remains of the bad old times, when farmers were serfs, nothing more. But there's a better time coming, I think, when farming will be a profession, and an honored one. There are many things to be lived down, certainly. So many men, not considered smart enough for anything else, are shoved into farming. What's farming but digging up the dirt, putting in the seeds, and covering them up? Any pimp can do that. But any pimp can't be what a farmer should be; many find it out, and this is one reason why the learned professions are so much crowded.

"Sleepy, are you, Mr. Jenkins? Well, I only wish to ask if you won't admit, at the least, that a farmer can be nice and clean, after his day's work is done, at any time of year, if he has a mind to take the pains to make himself so? Say you are convinced, and will give up."

"Ha, ha! Mrs. Jenkins, you had no need to exhaust your mental powers in convincing me; I thought just so all the time." E. W.

LIGHTING THE CAPITOL DOME.

The splendid dome of the Capitol at Washington is resplendent at night with an immense number of gas jets, and presents a most brilliant appearance. The jets are lighted by electricity, from a powerful battery of one hundred and eighty cells, which has connecting wires running to all the burners in the building. The process of illumination is thus vividly spoken of by a letter writer:

"You should see them turn the great dome from perfect night to perfect day. Stand under it! A little moon dazes the far up slits of windows; the concave eye is absolute night; all the sculptures are lost upon the wall; color and action are gone out of the historic canvases; the stone floor of the rotunda might be some great cathedral's, for you can only feel the gliding objects going by, and hear the dull, commingling echoes of feet and whispers.

"At a wink the great hollow sphere is aflame. You can see the spark spirit run on tip-toe around the high entablature, planting its fire-fly foot on every spear of bronze; a blaze springs up on each. Chasing each other hither and thither, the winged torch-bearing fairies on the several levels race down the aisles to the remote niches, to lateral halls, to stairways all variegated with polished marbles, over illuminated sky-lights armorially painted. Your thought does not leap so instantly; and people far off in the city see the lantern at the feet of the statue of Liberty arise in the sky as if a star had lighted it. Since the first commandment of God to the earth light has had no such messenger."

ADVANTAGE OF YEARS.

You are getting into years. Yes, but the years are getting into you—the ripe, rich years, the genial, mellow years, the lusty, luscious years. One by one the crudities of your youth are falling off from you, the vanity, the egotism, the insulation, the bewilderment, the uncertainty. Nearer and nearer you are approaching yourself. You are consolidating your forces. You are becoming master of your situation. On the ruins of shattered plans you find your vantage ground. Your broken hopes, your thwarted purposes, your defeated aspirations, become a staff of strength by which you mount to sublimer heights. With self-possession and self-command of all things, the title deed of creation, forfeited, is reclaimed. The king has come to his own again. Earth and sea and sky pour out their largess of love. All the crowds pass down to lay its treasure at your feet.—*Ik. Marvel.*

Love and Friendship.—Love is war! The friendship of a brother and sister, unrelated, is a truce, in which both parties are secretly preparing for the onset and victory. First comes acquaintance—that is May; then friendship—that is June; then brother and sisterhood—that is July; and then love, which is August; but July and August are so much alike that no one can tell when one stops and the other begins!—*Beecher's Norwood.*

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Every work so merely and basely mechanical that a man can throw into it no part of his own life and soul, does, in the long run, degrade the human being.

The "point of honor" can often be made to produce, by means of vanity, as many good deeds as virtue.

In proportion as we ascend the social scale, we find as much mud there as below, only it is hard and gilded.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

When Charity walks into the lowest places of want, we see the beautiful purity of her robes most distinctly.

To believe that every thing has been discovered, is to believe that the horizon we see is the edge of the world.

The generous who are always just, and the just who are always generous, may, unannounced, approach the throne of Heaven.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it.

RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

Just wealth enough to keep away
Of want the direful scene:
Just health enough to gild the day,
And make life's course serene;
Virtue enough to act that part
Which is devoid of sin;
Courage enough to ask the heart,
"Art thou secure within?"

Sabbath Reading.

ONE WEEK IN HEAVEN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"One week in heaven!" I sit within the room,
So strangely silent since thou art not there,
And wintry moonbeams silver all the gloom,
And whitely fall across thine empty chair.

"One week in heaven!" no thought of thee is bound
With the dark grave that hides thee from my sight,
But with the ransomed and the glory-crowned,
Who dwell with thee in God's eternal light.

So near, perchance, thy tender, pitying face
But for this earthly film would meet my eyes;
So far, no speech of mine can cross the space
That lifts thee from me to thy holy skies!

O patient hands, whose day of toil is o'er,
So meekly folded on the silent breast,
How heavy was the cross of pain ye bore!
How sweet, at last, must be the promised rest!

Sad eyes! that saw earth's splendors fade away,
And moth and rust corrupt its fair delight,
How bright the glow of heaven's unchanging day,
The deathless lilies and the garment's white!

Home, home at last! O city of the King!
O Lamb! whose glory is its fadeless light!
When shall our lips among the ransomed sing
In the bright streets where comes no shade of night?

[*Congregationalist.*

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

During the late visit of the celebrated English divine, Rev. Newman Hall, to this country, he preached a very forcible sermon in the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York city, from the text, "Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me," in the course of which he spoke of God's promise regarding prayer, as follows:

The promise of God is not that His people shall be preserved from encountering trials, but from sinking under them. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." Though the afflictions remain, deliverance is effected because believers are supported amidst them, and brought safely through them. We are not told that "God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tried" at all, but not above "*what we are able*" to endure. He does not say that with the temptation "He will send a way of escape out of the reach of it;" but so that we "may *be able to bear it.*"

When God selects this as His method of fulfilling His promise, it is the best deliverance in the day of trouble. We may "glorify Him" more by patient endurance than by the avoidance of trouble. We may be ourselves far more benefited. In my journey I come to a steep crag. I ask to be spared the toil of climbing it. I say to my guide, "O, lead me some easier way. I am timid—I am weak—I am weary—I shall faint and fall on a path so steep!" He listens to my appeal; he wipes away my rising tear, and kindly grasps my feeble hand; but he says, "This is the way—the best way—thou must walk along it: but I will hold thee by my right hand; thy feet shall not slip; I will give thee nourishing food, and satisfy thy thirst with living water, and will gently lead thee as thou hast strength for the journey; but I can take thee by no other road." So he brings me up the steep crag; and when I reach the summit, and find myself refreshed instead of exhausted by the climb, and breathe the exhilarating mountain air, and enjoy the wide-spread landscape, and catch glimpses of the dear home to which I am traveling, and see how much nearer I am to it than if my request had been granted just as I wished, then I acknowledge that God has fulfilled His promise, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

The promise is finally and always fulfilled when the Lord removes us out of the reach of all trouble, and when in heaven we glorify Him forever. If we call upon Him "in *the day* of trouble," He promises to "deliver" us. Our trouble, however protracted, is but for a day—a short, fleeting day. The longest life, compared with eternity, is infinitely shorter than the shortest day compared with the longest life. Let us, during this "day of trouble," call on the Lord, and we may be sure that He will deliver us; if in no other way, in this: by calling us to that home of bliss, where all tears shall be wiped away, and where, in His presence, there are "pleasures forevermore."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"It makes a good deal of difference," said Mr. Moody in the 'Chicago noon prayer-meeting,' "whether you take hold of God or whether He takes hold of you. My little girl to-day refused to let me take hold of her hand when we were walking together. She thought she could go alone. But when we came to a place that was slippery, she took hold, first of my little finger, and then, as it grew more icy, of my whole hand. As we went on, and it was growing worse, she let go entirely and said, 'Papa, take hold of *me*.' She knew I was strong, and that she could not fall unless I fell. Now," said he, "I have been slipping, slipping, for the last eleven years, and the reason is, that I have not put my hand into the hand of God. I have been trying to take hold of Him, but not asking Him to take hold of me. As long as He has hold of my hand I can't fall. He would have to be disenthroned first. If our hands are placed in His, whose throne is in heaven, we never can fall down into hell."

CARRYING ON BUSINESS FOR CHRIST.

Many years ago, happening to be in South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion, and in very comfortable circumstances. He had before been carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative he had unexpectedly come into possession of this property. After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind he should still continue to carry it on, though no longer for himself, but for Christ. I could not help being struck with the gleesomeness of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said:—"I never knew before what real happiness was. Formerly I wrought as a master to earn a livelihood for myself, but now I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so; but it is now for Christ, and every half-penny of profits is handed over to the treasury of the Lord, and I feel that the smile of my Saviour rests upon me." I think that is an example worthy of being imitated.—*Dr. Duff.*

Our present frail existence is the unsubstantial basis upon which too many are building the fabric; but it is building a nest upon the wave.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SNAIL.

"What is there interesting about the snail, that insignificant, slimy, loathsome creature?" I hear the reader inquire. Did you ever examine one of these slimy, loathsome creatures with a view to studying its structure, habits, etc? If not, you can hardly realize with what interest an All-wise Creator has invested it.

First, notice that little house of his which he carries on his back; mark its shape and structure, winding like a staircase. Naturalists class this among the helices; and other shells of similar structure belong to the same class.

"Is there any thing so very wonderful about this house, or shell? I see nothing that appears remarkable."

Let us see if there is nothing of interest about it, or its inmate. First, we find when the snail issues from its egg this shell accompanies it, on its back, ready formed; and, as the animal grows, undergoes no other transformation than an increase in size. The egg of the snail is about the size of a small pea, of a soft substance, and is laid in some sheltered, moist situation, usually under a little clod of earth, or in some cool cavity.

Examine the snail divested of its house. It has neither feet nor claws, and yet it has the power of locomotion over any surface, perpendicular, horizontal, smooth or otherwise. To accomplish this feat, you notice that along each side of its form is a broad skin; by means of the power of motion possessed by this skin, the snail is enabled to creep, and assisted by the glutinous slime emitted from the body it is enabled to pass over the smoothest surface. See it in motion, carrying its house on its back. On its head are four little horns, two of which are set higher and are longer than the other two, and are deserving of especial notice. You will observe that they are endowed with the power of moving in various ways. On the end are two little blackish points,—the eyes,—which when examined, detached from the body, are of a bulbous, or round figure. One coat, only, encloses the aqueous and the chrystalline humors. By means of their horns they are enabled to direct their eyes towards different objects at pleasure; and sometimes, by a very swift contraction into the body, to hide them.

Under the second, or smaller pair of horns is the mouth, furnished with no less than eight teeth, with which it chews leaves and other substances seemingly harder than its own body; and even in emergencies biting pieces from its own shell. If we break the shell of the snail, even in small pieces, it has the power of repairing the same by means of the slimy substance forced from the body, which soon hardens, and in a few days all the numerous chasms and cracks are closed up, often resembling a much patched garment. Thus far its power goes; if once deprived of its shell, it has no power of producing a new one.

The depredation which snails are capable of committing in the garden and orchard are not inconsiderable, as may often be witnessed where numbers infest a given locality. If moist and succulent substances are not to be had they will feed on those of a dry and hard nature. Should we take one and place it under a bell glass, or tumbler, four or five inches in diameter, placed on a piece of blue paper, it will, if hungry, eat out the paper clean, within the circle covered by the glass, as if cut out, in a single night. The snail is an animal very tenacious of life,—perhaps there is no other animal as much so. They have been known to be revived after having been kept in a cabinet fifteen to twenty years, and supposed dead for that time, by immersing them for a while in water.

There is no creature, however insignificant or repulsive, to delicate nerves, but that is invested with interest to the inquiring mind, when we seek to learn its nature, habits, etc.; and the most common, if studied with that view, will often exhibit much that is wonderful, as well as interesting and useful.

W. H. W.

HOW TO FIX THE CLOCK.

THE Country Gentleman contains the following: When the clock stops, don't take it to the repair shop till you have tried as follows:—Take off the pointers and the face; take off the pendulum and its wire. Remove the ratchet from the *tick* wheel and the clock will run down with great velocity. Let it go. The increased speed wears away the gum and dust from the pinions—the clock cleans itself. If you have any pure sperm oil, put the least bit on the axles. Put the machine together, and nine times in ten it will run just as well as if it had been taken to the shop. In fact this is the way most shopmen clean clocks. If instead of a pendulum the clock has a watch escapement, this latter can be taken out in an instant without taking the works apart, and the result is the same.

A CURIOUS BAROMETER.—A Bostonian has a toy barometer on exhibition, which consists of a miniature cottage with two doors. At one of these stands a man clad in purple and fine linen; while at the other appears a female arrayed in like apparel. If there are signs of rain, the man steps boldly out of the house, while the woman shrinks into the cottage. But if the signs are favorable, the woman goes forth to shop and gossip, while the man stays at home and tends house and baby.

A GREAT CLOCK.—The clock on St. Paul's, in London, is very large. The pendulum is forty-four feet long, and the weight at the end of it is one hundred pounds; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dial is eight feet, and the weight seventy-five pounds; the length of the hour figures is two feet two and a half inches.

LARGE LENS.—A lens, three feet in diameter, three inches thick in the center, and weighing 212 pounds, has recently been made for Mr. Parker, of London. In its focus small quantities of the refractory metals are quickly fused, and completely dissipated into vapor, and the usually unyielding minerals are immediately vitrified.

YOUATT, the well known veterinary surgeon, who has been bitten eight or ten times by rabid animals, says that crystal of the nitrate of silver rubbed into the wound will positively prevent hydrophobia in the bitten person or animal.

FOOLSCAP paper is so called because the Parliament in Cromwell's time substituted a cap and bells as the watermark on that kind of paper for the king's arms which it had previously borne. That mark went into disuse two centuries ago, but the name remains.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

WHILE reading, a few days since, some account of the societies established in our cities for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I wondered why the same measures should not as well be adopted in the country. Surely something might be done to prevent the cruel sights which so often meet our eyes. Every day dumb beasts stagger beneath their heavy burdens, and when, in uncomplaining silence, they sink beneath their weight, they are urged on by the cruel lash. What a pity that every wicked blow inflicted cannot react upon the back of the wretch who gives it! The poor animals live and toil, until too much worn out to work, when they are turned aside with no further care, and too often are left to suffer, even in want of food.

Nor is the horse the only animal subject to cruel treatment. The patient ox and the friendly cow must bear their share. The dog and cat are too often ill-used by those devoid of kinder feelings. Children are allowed to torture the innocent kittens, to deprive flies of their wings and legs, and to practice many other unfeeling acts. Even the smallest insect, which exists but for a day, is liable to spend that day in pain because some giant hand may, perhaps thoughtlessly, half crush it. And yet when merely an insect is injured by some rough hand, a life is maimed. GOD gave us life. We cling to it with a tenacity with which we hold to nothing else, and yet we can torture or crush out a little life like that, with no thought that we are committing an unkind deed. True, GOD gives us some animals for food, and life is fed by death,—but is this any reason why we should despise any other life?

The spider builds a web in your house; you sweep down his work,—a work which all your wisdom could never construct,—and crush him beneath your feet. Why not rather take him down and say, "Mr. Spider, you are encroaching on my premises; the world is wide enough for you and me; I will put you out, and you may build elsewhere," instead of destroying the little life which the Creator has given as well as your own! Is He, who notes the fall of even a sparrow, whose value is but half a farthing, pleased when one tortures or tramples under foot the little life which He has made?—when one treats with cruelty the faithful beast He gives us to bear our burdens? No, it cannot be; nor does He suffer one to go unpunished for such wicked acts. Such wrongs must be redressed.

We hope persons of kindness and influence will take up this matter, and introduce some method of reform. We are glad to learn that Dr. DRUMMOND of Ireland has written a work entitled "The Rights of Animals." We wish it might be circulated, and widely circulated, in this country, and that others would interest themselves in behalf of the poor beasts which are the daily victims of man's inhumanity. May the time soon come when these unfeeling hearts shall grow more kind, and learn to treat with kindness whatever is placed within their power, and when they shall not despise these lives whose existence is so brief, and still to them so sweet.

E. MELBOURNE.

REALITIES OF WAR.

ONE of "the boys," who saw actual service during the late troubles, hits off the realities of war in the following graphic pen-picture:

"The popular idea of battles is derived from certain writers—historians they call themselves—who have a trick of descriptions, whereby colossal horses with distended nostrils are made to bear plumed troopers with bloody sabres through agonized infantry and lost batteries, or long lines of gleaming bayonets are promiscuously "mixed"—while struggling men, with patriotic war-cries, are prodding or pommelling each other indiscriminately for hours, around waving flags, where shells burst with artistic precision, and slain horses encumber wounded heroes, who still flourish defiant weapons; disabled pieces furnish picturesque couches for slaughtered cannoneers, and everything tells of the rage and terrible splendor of conflict, the agony of wounds and sufferings, or the beautiful abandonment of death. To the readers of such thrilling things, it would seem very tame to tell the story of a great battle without embellishment. They would turn disappointed from the simple story of a line of blue-coated soldiers toiling slowly across a broken valley or tangled swamp, against a crest or wooded slope, or a scarcely visible line of works; while a few distant knolls are crowned with the smoke of batteries, and men are falling here and there with little regard to artistic effect. Two murderous minutes of the "double-quick," and one of close, hurried, and disordered fighting, would not content the myriad readers of the imaginative historians. And yet this, repeated at moderate intervals through the day, is, perhaps, all that we could offer in truthful description of any of the great battles of the war."

LIVING WITHOUT SLEEP.

FIVE young men in Berlin lately made an agreement for a wager, to see who of them could keep awake for a whole week. They all held out for about five days and a half, by drinking largely of strong coffee, and keeping up a constant round of active exercises and exciting amusements. At the end of that time two of them yielded to drowsiness. A third soon after fell asleep while riding, tumbled from the saddle and broke his arm. A fourth was attacked by severe sickness and compelled to retire from the lists. The fifth held out to the end, but lost twenty-five pounds of flesh in winning the wager.

Long ago, Frederick the Great and Voltaire made a similar experiment, making use of the same stimulant of strong coffee, but they did not succeed in driving away sleep for more than four days. "Tired nature" obstinately refuses to accept any substitute for her "sweet restorer."

THE MIGHTY PRESS.—There are printed in the United States *five thousand and sixty-two* regular publications—daily, tri-weekly, semi-weekly, weekly, semi-monthly, monthly, bi-monthly and quarterly—with a combined circulation of over *seventy-five millions* a week. Nearly all country publications own two presses—some of them three; while the papers in large cities and job offices generally own from two to fifty presses each. These offices will average four presses each, which will amount to about *sixteen thousand*, and adding, say *eleven thousand* for newspapers, we have *twenty-seven thousand* printing presses in use in the United States.

GRIEF knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR.

SOME twelve or fifteen years ago it chanced to be my lot to have charge of a large manufacturing establishment on the Malabar coast, East Indies, and as our works were situate on the banks of the river, my introduction to its principal inhabitants, the alligators—they are called out there muggers—very soon took place. I am not naturalist enough to determine the genus and classification of these huge amphibians. They infest all the rivers and backwaters of that district in immense numbers, and mugger-shooting was, if not a very successful sport amongst the younger members of our European community, yet the almost daily resort of many of the young men in the cantonment. Many and many a shot I had at them myself, either as they lay basking on the muddy river banks when the tide was low, or now and then venturing, though with scarcely a hope of success, a snap-shot at some fellow's nose which would be popped above the water-line as its owner lazily floated, like some huge log of timber, down the stream. Never, however, with any luck, for even if my bullets took effect it was not sufficient to stop my mugger friends, and pounds and pounds of lead and powder did I thus expend, until one eventful morning, when I landed, or bagged, or secured, or whatever else may be the proper expression, my only alligator.

My domicile, which was situate some six or seven hundred yards from the factory, stood upon a rock rising almost perpendicularly from the stream some forty or fifty feet, and down to the river side there was a winding path, half roadway half staircase, cut out of the laterite. Opposite, at a distance across the water of some forty yards, lay a small island covered with cocoa-nut trees, and again, beyond this, the wide expanse, say five hundred yards, of the main stream stretched away to the old fort of Farookabad, one of the remnants of Tippoo Saib's mansion of Malabar. All around the little island were favorite spots where, in the soft, slimy mud, my friends the alligators would enjoy their siestas; and we frequently used to get pushed round in one of the little country canoes in order to have a shot at them, always, however, without success, until that time. It was a holiday, and after my morning walk round the works just to see that the engines were in proper order (for we were compelled to keep them going without intermission,) I had returned to my bungalow, and having done the regular matutinal tubbing, was just about to sit down to breakfast, when I heard one of my European engineers (a Welshman from Glamorganshire) talking in the veranda to the head servant, and telling him that there was a huge mugger asleep on a little rock just at the foot of the pathway I have before mentioned as leading down to the river. I called out to James to come in, and in a few minutes he was with me, in an excited state about the alligator, but dressed, as was his wont on festival days—although the costume but ill-suited the climate—in a suit of respectable black cloth, with a white neckcloth, and regular stand-up chimney-pot hat, just as if preparing to go to meeting in his native wolds. Indeed, he was on his way to a lecture at the neighboring cantonment when he had been told of the alligator's presence.

"Fifteen feet long at least, sir, and fast asleep. So if you creep down quietly, you'll get a splendid shot," said James.

Well, I loaded my double-barrel, one of the finest manufacture, very carefully, putting a brass bullet in the right barrel, and a lead one in the left, and then, clapping a solar toupee on my head, proceeded, followed by James and several of my native servants, cautiously and as quietly as might be towards the scene of action. Down the path before-mentioned we went, not, however, seeing anything on account of its zig-zag winding, until we had turned the last corner at the bottom; and, that passed, there lay the mugger, reposing most calmly on a jutting bit of rock some five-and-twenty yards down the river-side. A really fine fellow he looked as he lay there, with his head towards the water—a good fifteen feet from tip to tail; the huge scales being distinctly visible, and the ridge of his back resembling not a little the teeth of some Brobdingnag saw. I stopped, raised my rifle, and was just about to fire, when James whispered—

"Try yet a little nearer, sir."

So I crept forward some few yards, and should have tried to get even closer, but hitting a loose stone with my foot, its splash as it rolled into the water disturbed our alligator, and he awoke. He was somewhat slow, however, about this, and looked round as if uncertain why or by what he had been disturbed; satisfied, apparently, that something was wrong, and that he would be better afloat than ashore, he then slowly began to creep towards the water. In a moment I fired, aiming, as well as possible, at the eye, and I could hear, by the sound, that the bullet had taken effect, and the brute evidently hesitated for a moment as to whether he should advance or retreat. The next instant, to my surprise and horror, I found James rushing past me, and saw him, without a moment's hesitation, seize the mugger, who seemed now inclined to take to the water, by the tail. Yes, there he was; there was no exaggeration, no mistake whatever about the matter. By the tail he had him, and gallantly did he stick to it. Here was Western civilization in its evening dress, white cravat, black coat, and chimney-pot hat—humanity, if one may use the expression, in its refined form of tailorized exterior—contending with the brute creation under, perhaps, its most disagreeable and most disgusting appearance. But the brute was not to win, for inasmuch as my bullet had injured the alligator under the spine, in the thick part of the neck, he soon began to lose the power of movement. By this time also I had more or less recovered my first surprise, and calling to James to hold on, which he boldly assured me he would, I got a coir-rope brought down from the bungalow, and making a running noose on it I cast it over the alligator's nose, and then, watching an opportunity, slipped it under his forelegs, when, drawing it tight, we had him at last fast and secure. All this time, I should say that the native servants, except a couple of Moplat boatmen, or bearers, seemed paralyzed with fear, and it was only when they saw we had him fast and secure that they came forward to aid us in hauling him up to the bungalow. James let go, and we set to work at the task, but our mugger was not at all a willing party to our proceeding. He gnashed his teeth—a most formidable arrangement of three rows of incisors in each jaw, which, fitting into each other, produced a most singular dull kind of sound as the solid bony parts of the mouth were brought together at every fruitless struggle.

We got him up safely at last, and substituting a chain for the coir-rope, I fastened him to one of the pillars of the veranda, and sat down with James to the consolation of some brandy pawnee, and the contemplation of our captured mugger. He did not like his captivity at all, and furious were his struggles to get free; this, however, only tended to draw tighter the noose by which he was fastened—and perhaps getting weary, or feeling extra pain at this, he became quieter towards the evening.

Some friends chancing to ride out to dine with me that afternoon, we had him poked up, and made to show his teeth for their amusement and delectation, and for two days I kept the poor brute fastened as I have said. At the end of that time he began to be very offensive to the olfactory nerves, so I put a bullet into his brain, and handed over the carcass to the stuffer. A finer specimen was seldom procured; he measured thirteen feet four inches from end of snout to tip of the tail, and for many a long day formed the principal trophy of my veranda.

This was my first and last mugger. I shot some hundreds of others, but this was the solitary specimen bagged: and for that success I am indebted to my friend James' nerve and determination.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

FAULT-FINDING.—A man habitually finding fault, habitually on the alert to detect folly or vice, without even bestowing a thought on whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report, is, as nobody would choose to deny, morally halt and maimed. One-half of his faculties, and the most powerful half, is paralyzed and useless. He is like land which produces nothing but thistles and brambles.

"THE sound of your hammer," says Franklin, "at five in the morning or at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice in a tavern when you should be at work, he will send for his money the next day."

GEMS IN NEVADA.—In addition to its gold mines, Nevada may soon become celebrated for its precious stones. The Reese River Reveille of the 27th ult., gives some account of the gem called turquoise, and of a turquoise mine existing in the Columbus district. The turquoise stone is susceptible of high polish and is much esteemed by connoisseurs of precious stones. The choicest specimens are of a pale blue with the faintest tinge of green; but in turquoise of an inferior kind the green predominates. In Persia this gem is most highly prized and the choicest specimens are obtained there.

LIFE is rapid, art is slow, occasion coy, practice fallacious, and judgment partial.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BRUNO.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ONE morning ARTHUR HALE found a large, black, shaggy dog on the steps of his father's house. It was quite poor, and the hungry, starved look in its eyes told that it had been homeless for some time.

ARTHUR was delighted. He loved dogs very much, and here was just such a dog as he always wanted. He ran into the kitchen where his mother was getting breakfast, the dog following close at his heels, evidently much delighted at the cordial reception he met.

"Oh, mother!" cried ARTHUR, "see what a nice large dog I found on the steps! Ain't he a beauty?"

Mrs. HALE was not much of a friend to dogs, and did not appear very much pleased at sight of the black, curly-haired fellow, who kept close to ARTHUR as if he knew well enough that he was his best friend.

"Can't I keep him, mamma?" pleaded ARTHUR.

"What will he be good for?" asked Mrs. HALE, as she thought of the amount the dog would probably eat and the little use there would be for him.

The dog seemed to know what Mrs. HALE said, for he started off down the path barking furiously. Some pigs were in the garden, and he drove them out through a crack in the fence where they had probably entered.

"There!" cried ARTHUR, triumphantly. "He's told you *one* thing he can do, and I'll bet he can do a good many more that will be useful! Shan't we keep him, mother?"

"We will keep him a while if your father is willing" answered Mrs. HALE, much pleased at the dog's sagacity. "Good fellow, what's your name?" and the dog answered the question with a bark, telling as plainly as he could, the name he had borne.

"Rover, Bounce, Fido," said ARTHUR slowly. The dog sat still, and evidently was wholly unfamiliar with such names as those. "Bose, Bruno,"—

When ARTHUR said "Bruno," the dog gave a sharp bark and leaped up against him with a look in his eyes that said plainly enough that Bruno was his name, and that he was glad to hear it again.

"That's his name, I'm sure," said Mrs. HALE. "Bruno, Bruno!"

Bruno ran to her in answer to her call. She cut him a large slice of bread which he devoured quickly, and then went and sat down by ARTHUR, feeling much better, I suppose, for he had probably been half starved.

Mrs. HALE'S consent was cheerfully given that the dog might be kept, and from that time he became a highly valued inmate of their household. He drove the hens and chickens out of the garden, kept the pigs out of mischief, and made himself useful in a great many ways.

Somehow he seemed to consider himself as ARTHUR'S property. Wherever ARTHUR went, there went Bruno, and he was as true a friend as one could ask for. ARTHUR had no brothers, and Bruno seemed to consider himself as playmate. He would chase ARTHUR'S ball, and leap with him over poles or fences; he would swim with him and go off on excursions by land or water, seeming to enjoy himself as much as ARTHUR did.

One day ARTHUR went down to the river to fish. Of course, Bruno went, too. He trotted along by ARTHUR'S side, stopping now and then to bark at a squirrel by the road, or giving chase to a rabbit that his keen eyes spied among the bushes.

ARTHUR sat down on the bank, and dropped his hook into the water. But for some reason or other the fish did not bite. After a while, as he had no luck there, he made up his mind to climb out on a tree that overhung the water and drop his hook in the pool below. The river was quite deep there, and sometimes the fishes gathered together in the deeper water, and could be caught in such places more readily than elsewhere. So he clambered out among the branches. Bruno concluded not to stay alone, and he made his way up the leaning tree slowly, and at length reached ARTHUR'S perch among the branches. Once or twice ARTHUR felt the line twitch as if there was a fish at the end of it. But it was only a nibble, and he got quite discouraged at his poor luck.

At last there was a jerk of the line, and ARTHUR knew that one of the finny fellows had swallowed the bait. He leaned out to get a better hold of the rod before drawing up his line, and lost his balance and fell. He felt the water close over his head, and went down, down, down, till it seemed that there was no bottom to be reached. At last his feet touched ground and he went up toward the surface again; he struck out for the shore as soon as he reached the surface, but his boots were full of water, his clothes were like weights upon his limbs, and he felt himself sinking again. He heard a splashing and pawing in the water, but was too frightened to think what it could be, as he went down. Again he reached the bottom, and again he rose to the surface. Just as he appeared above the water something caught him by the coat and he was borne toward the shore. The water was shallower near the banks, and he was dragged along and placed safely on the sand, completely out of the water, but not upon the bank. Bruno could not lift such a heavy load up so steep an ascent.

"I declare!" cried a familiar voice, as ARTHUR felt himself deposited on the sand, "ef that dog ain't worth his weight in gold! How'dy'e feel, ARTHUR? Purty much done for, ain't ye?"

JOE BROWN lifted ARTHUR up the bank, and took off his wet jacket and boots.

"I'll wrap ye up in my blouse, an' take you home as quick as I can, an' ye'll come around all right in a little while. I'm blest ef that dog o' your'n ain't the knowin'est one I ever cum acrost! I see'd you tumble off'n the tree an' run as fast as I could, but you'd a gone for it afore I could 'a got holt of ye, ef the dog hadn't a jumped in arter ye. The fust time he missed ye, but the next he grabbed ye quick'r'n a flash! He'd orter have a gold medal with his name on to it, tu pay for it."

By this time ARTHUR was able to walk, with JOE'S assistance. They hurried homeward and Bruno ran ahead barking and jumping as if to announce their coming.

Mrs. HALE was very much frightened when she knew how near her boy had been to death. JOE told the whole story after ARTHUR had been put in dry clothes and given a warm drink to strengthen him; and Bruno came in for the hero's share of the narrative. You may be sure Bruno received a great many pettings and caresses in return for the deed he had performed. He seemed to enjoy them, and I am sure you will say he deserved them. Money could not buy him after that. He was too much like a friend to be bought or sold. Mrs. HALE never was sorry that she allowed him to stay.

LEARN to control your temper now, children, or by-and-by it will control you.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Senate, as a Court of Impeachment for the trial of Canal Commissioner Dorn, convened in Albany on Tuesday of last week. The Judges of the Court of Appeals take part with the Senate in the proceedings. The Managers appointed by the House to conduct the trial are John C. Jacobs of Kings; John L. Flagg of Rensselaer; William Lounsbery of Ulster; John F. Little of Steuben; W. S. Clark of Schoharie; William B. Quinn of New York; E. L. Pitts of Orleans; Alpheus Prince of Erie, and N. B. La Bau of Warren. Hon. Smith M. Weed of Plattsburgh, and David J. Mitchell of Syracuse, are counsel for the Managers. Hon. William A. Beach of Troy; Hon. John H. Reynolds and Hon. Henry Smith of Albany, are counsel for the accused. The fourth impeachment article, charging the accused with letting work without advertising, is stricken out.

There are at present 1,340 convicts in Sing Sing Prison. Of that number, thirty are in hospital, the remainder being well and constantly employed at some kind of work about the place. Last year there were but thirteen deaths in all, and there has been no violent contagious disease there for six years. New York city sends, on an average, one prisoner to Sing Sing daily.

In the Supreme Court of New York city last week a verdict was rendered against the People's Line Steamboat Company in favor of Nathaniel Caldwell, for twenty thousand dollars. Mr. C.'s claim was for damages sustained by the explosion of a boiler on the steamer St. John, about two years ago.

A Committee of the Common Council of New York are hearing the proposition to widen Broadway from 17th to 59th street. It is said the job will cost from fourteen to twenty millions of dollars.

The British vessels in New York harbor hung out all their bunting, Monday, the 25th ult., in honor of Victoria's birth day.

Work has been commenced on the new skating rink at Rochester. It is proposed to have it completed by the 4th of July, so as to have a grand opening upon that day.

Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon of Albany, died in that city on the 25th ult., aged about eighty years. He inherited the vast estates of the original Patroon, in the vicinity of Albany, and retained a good share of the property in his possession until the time of his death. Most of his land was leased to farmers on condition of the annual payment of certain products of the land, and he held a sort of feudal tenure over the property and tenants, which was exceedingly galling to the settlers on the land; and refusals to comply with the terms of the lease were very frequent, causing the disturbances known as the "Anti-Rent War."

Work has commenced in Dunkirk harbor on the strength of the one hundred thousand dollar appropriation for its improvement by Congress. It is thought that the new breakwater will be completed from the shore to the beacon by October 1st.

Two of the oldest boys confined in the House of Refuge, Rochester, recently mutinied and attempted to murder two of the overseers in No. 3 workshop. They made the assault, but were knocked down and secured before inflicting any serious injury. An attempt was also made to burn one of the workshops attached to the house, but the flames were suppressed before much damage was done.

It is estimated that $10,000 worth of crops were destroyed by the late freshet on the islands south of Albany. The Hudson River Railroad track was inundated for miles, and trains had to move with the greatest caution.

The 14th of September has been fixed as the day on which the new trial of General Cole for the murder of L. Harris Hiscock will commence.

A negro named John Johnson was killed by being run over by a train on the Central Railroad, a few evenings since, near Manlius.

Mrs. William Pope of Rochester died in that city the 24th ult., under peculiar circumstances. Some days previous she undertook to cleanse a barrel that had contained Western lard and had become quite offensive. In doing so she injured one of her fingers and some of the foul matter in the barrel got into the wound and poisoned the blood, from the effect of which she died. Medical aid could afford no relief in the case.

Dr. Kendrick of the University of Rochester, is about to visit Europe.

The Schenectady Star announces that an Astronomical Observatory is soon to be erected in connection with Union College.

Ground was broken in Brooklyn, last week, for a new Catholic College.

Alonzo McCormick shot his wife at his house in Brooklyn, on Saturday killing her instantly, and then killed himself. Cause, rum.

The New York State "Sportmen's Convention" advertised to take place in Buffalo June 1st, has been postponed on account of the impossibility to obtain birds.

Baron Stœckel, the Russian Minister, has called upon Mr. Burlingame, in New York city, to express the best wishes of the Russian Government for the Chinese Embassy. He said a magnificent ovation awaited the Embassy on its arrival in St. Petersburg.

The ship Carl arrived in New York harbor on Friday last with 496 steerage passengers in a very filthy condition. Twenty-five children had died of measles on board.

Edward J. Clark, a Brooklyn policeman, in a fit of insanity, attacked his wife one day last week, and beat her to death. He then attempted to commit suicide.

From Washington.

THE Impeachment Trial of President Johnson was finally terminated on Tuesday of last week, by a vote on the first and second charges contained in the indictment against him—the result being thirty-five for conviction and nineteen for acquittal. A strong effort was made to postpone further voting, but a majority of the Senators thought best to have the matter wholly disposed of. There was comparatively little interest manifested in the final vote, the President's acquittal being generally conceded. Intense feeling was shown, among Republicans, against those Senators who voted for acquittal, and charges of treachery and bribery were freely made. Senators Fowler, Trumbull, Grimes, Ross and Henderson were held responsible by their party for the unsatisfactory result of the Trial.

Much of the evidence elicited by the Managers in the Corruption Investigation, has been made public. It seems very damaging to the characters of the Senators named, though it fails to directly substantiate the charges of bribery made. It goes to prove, however, that a strong "ring" operated to defeat the President's conviction, and that money was contributed to secure that end. S. S. Cox swore that he was offered a fee to engage in the work of "buying" Senators, but declined to enter into such negotiations. It is alleged that he did nevertheless act with the "ring" to a certain extent.

The man who appears to have had the handling of most of the funds supposed to have been used for improper purposes is one Woolley. He has persistently refused to tell the Managers all he knows about the use of certain moneys known to have been placed to his credit, and his refusal is looked upon as a confession that these moneys were corruptly employed. He is imprisoned in the old Capitol, and prohibited from communicating with others than his family and physician, but shows no signs of acceding to the wishes of the Managers and making a free statement. He is well cared for in his confinement, and expresses his intention to remain there as "a regular boarder."

Consequent upon the result of the Trial, is the retirement of Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War. He turned over his portfolio to Gen. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, last week, and informed the President of such action. The nomination of Gen. Schofield to that position, which was made some weeks since by the President, remained unnoticed by the Senate until Wednesday, and was discussed for the first time on Thursday. Objection was made to its phraseology, and it finally went over. On Saturday it was again taken up and there was an exciting debate on the resolution to confirm, the chief question being about the preamble, whether it should read that Secretary Stanton was removed or not. The preamble and resolution were finally modified so as to declare the order of the President removing Mr. Stanton unconstitutional, but advising and consenting to Gen. Schofield's appointment on account of Mr. Stanton's having relinquished the position. Gen. Schofield took possession of the War Office on Monday morning, and was subsequently called upon by Gen. Grant.

Mr. Ashley of Ohio, has introduced in the House a joint-resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing that a President shall not be eligible for a re-election, and that the office of Vice-President shall be abolished, and for a thorough revision of the mode of electing the President.

General Grant and Speaker Colfax will, it is announced, start about the first of July for Colorado. They expect to be gone about two months, and their trip is solely for the purpose of recuperating their health.

The medal ordered by Congress for George Peabody, in consideration of his munificent gift to the South, is completed. It is three inches in diameter and half an inch thick, and bears an appropriate inscription.

A concurrent resolution has been offered in the Senate by Mr. Conkling, providing for the adjournment of Congress on the 13th inst. It is thought the session will necessarily be protracted later. The tax bill is the main thing in the way of an early adjournment.

On Friday afternoon the Committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention which lately assembled in Chicago, waited upon Gen. Grant at the Army Headquarters, and presented him with a copy of the platform of principles of their Convention.

The General replied in a brief speech, and the Committee then proceeded to the Capitol and waited upon Speaker Colfax in a similar manner, expressing through Gen. Alleman their confidence in him as candidate for the Vice-Presidency. On Friday evening the Committee of the Republican National Convention appointed to notify General Grant and Speaker Colfax of their nominations, performed that duty at the residence of General Grant. Gen. Hawley, President of the Convention, delivered an address to each of the candidates, to which each briefly responded, accepting the nomination tendered, and pledging faithfulness to all trusts which might be reposed in them by the people.

From the South.

THERE seems to be no doubt that in most of the Southern States, and especially in Louisiana and Mississippi, the cotton crop will be a complete failure. The army worm has never appeared so early or in such great numbers.

The balance of the Freedmen's Bureau Deposit Banks throughout the South shows a total of over seven hundred thousand dollars to the credit of the freed negroes.

In New Orleans a few days ago an ice cart was struck by lightning. The bolt descended on a block of ice, shivering it into a thousand pieces and scattering it in all directions. Singular to state, the driver, mule and vehicle escaped without injury.

Mormon Missionaries have been operating in Virginia and North Carolina with much success. In Surry county, N. C., they have organized a church of thirty members.

The Tennessee State Board of Finance have voted to issue bonds to the amount of $1,500,000, bearing gold interest, for the purchase of outstanding bonds not due, indiscriminately. The Comptroller and Secretary of State voted against the resolution, and after its passage offered protests, and resigned their places as members of the board.

Six persons refusing to allow freedmen to hold a political meeting, in Augusta, Ga., have been arrested and will be tried before a military commission, by order of Gen. Canby.

The grain crops of North Georgia look very fair, but in the middle and southwest the rust has made its appearance.

A duel took place Thursday evening of last week near Richmond between Col. H. B. Reed and Major R. H. Porter, both army officers. At the first fire Reed fired in the air. The matter was then adjusted.

The confederate graves in Hollywood Cemetery were decorated on Saturday. About ten thousand persons were present. The principal stores in the city were closed.

From the West.

THE inauguration of Miss Hosmer's statue of Thomas H. Benton took place one day last week, at St. Louis, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens and strangers. Gen. Frank P. Blair delivered the eulogy. He dwelt upon the great favorite idea of Col. Benton, the Pacific Railroad, by which he hoped to see the trade of India drawn across the continent. Col. Benton's daughter, Mrs. Fremont, unveiled the statue. Two thousand school children were present at the ceremonies.

A very subtle and terribly fatal disease is now raging among the cattle in some portions of Illinois. Over one hundred head have fallen victims to it within the past few days. It usually kills in a few hours. No premonitory warnings are given, and although all the skill in possession of ordinary practitioners has been brought to bear upon it, it yields to no remedy or treatment, and is fatal in every instance. Its name and nature have not yet been determined.

Brigham Young is said to be setting one hundred and fifty acres in mulberry trees, and the faithful are about to follow his example. The slopes and hills of Central Utah are particularly well adapted to silk growing, and the characteristic energy of the Mormons will soon make it a large interest.

The waters of Lake Michigan are capricious. The level of the lake lately rose four feet in five minutes at Racine, and in five minutes more it had sunk six feet. No cause is assigned for the phenomenon.

A letter from Fort Lyon, Colorado, says: The celebrated Kit Carson died at this post on the 23d inst., from the effects of a rupture of an artery in the neck.

The town of Rino on the Central Pacific Railroad, near Virginia city, only laid out this month, already contains 100 houses and 500 inhabitants.

The Supreme Court of Ohio on Friday evening decided the Visible Admixture bill, passed by the last Legislature, to be unconstitutional. This bill prevented from voting in the State all persons who had a visible admixture of African blood in their veins.

An important treaty between the United States Government and the chief counselors, warriors and head men of the Osage nation was concluded on the 27th ult., by which the Osage nation cede to the Government, and the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad purchase, the remaining lands owned by the Osages in Kansas, including their trust land, amounting in all to about 8,000,000 acres. By this cession the annuities to the Indians are largely increased, and abundant provision is made for the settlement of their new home in the Indian Territory.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

MR. DISRAELI has informed Mr. Gladstone that he will not make any further opposition on the Irish Church bill.

Dispatches have been received from Shanghae which state that the Chinese rebels have laid siege to the important commercial town of Tientsin, on the Peeco river, about seventy miles from Pekin, and the port of that capital.

Prussia has taken the initiative in the proposed general disarmament. By command of King William, a reduction is to be forthwith made in the landwehr of the kingdom.

The treaty for the mutual protection of naturalized citizens which the American minister, Mr. Bancroft, has been negotiating with the Bavarian Cabinet, has been signed.

Telegrams have been received at Vienna giving the particulars of a formidable revolt which has just broken out in the province of Bosnio, in Turkey. Troops are being rapidly pushed forward from Constantinople to quell the disorder.

The German Scientific Expedition to the Magnetic Pole has sailed on its voyage of exploration.

The Imperial assent has been given to the Public Schools and the Civil Marriage bills, which recently passed the Austrian Reichsrath.

A dispatch from Bombay reports that the Russians in Central Asia have defeated the Bokharians in a pitched battle, in which the Emir of Bokhara was killed, and that the victorious Russians subsequently captured the capital of Bokhara by storm.

The United States squadron, with Admiral Farragut on board, sailed on the 30th ult. from the Tagus for Antwerp.

HONORS TO OUR DEAD.—The ceremony of decorating the graves of those who fell in the war, in accordance with the order recently issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, was generally observed throughout the country on Saturday last. In some places business was suspended, and the people turned out *en masse*. At Washington business was suspended in all of the Government Departments and the day was observed as a holiday. Four large army wagon loads of flowers were used in decorating the soldiers' graves at the Arlington National Cemetery. At Richmond seven thousand graves of Union soldiers in the National Cemetery were handsomely decorated in the presence of several thousand people. The negroes turned out in large numbers with flowers, and each grave was marked with a miniature United States flag. Commemorative services were held in many of the cities, and appropriate addresses made. The ceremonies were particularly imposing at Worcester, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Memphis, New Orleans, Nashville, Philadelphia, Boston, Indianapolis, Augusta, Louisville, Rochester, Utica, &c.

NEW ENGLAND ITEMS.—The 38th annual Convention of the New England Anti-Slavery Society, was held in Melodeon Hall, Boston, on the 27th ult., the President, Mr. John G. Sargent, presiding. Mr. Wendell Phillips presented a series of resolutions and advocated their adoption. He denounces Gen. Grant, Speaker Colfax, the republican and democratic parties, the Chief Justice, the republican Senators who voted for the acquittal of the President, and said that radicalism has been killed by the failure of the impeachment..... It is stated that the bronze statue to be placed upon the soldiers' monument, in front of Griffin Hall, Williams College, designed by Batterson, of Hartford, and cast at the Ames Works at Chicopee, is to be placed in its position a few days before Commencement. The dedication ceremonies will probably be on July 28th. The entire cost of the monument, with the statue, was $13,000..... A weak-minded man named Cornelius Holmes was murdered in Plymouth, Mass., a short time since. The murder, together with the mystery surrounding it, has caused the wildest excitement and suspicion in the town of Kingston.

OLD SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.—The General Assembly of Old School Presbyterians continues its sessions in Albany. The subject of reunion with the New School has been long and ably discussed, several gentlemen of the New School having had a hearing. A basis of union has been adopted by the majority, as also a motion to send the record down to the Presbyteries for final action. The minority has entered a protest. A report of the Theological Seminaries shows that they are all in a flourishing condition, with 211 scholars, of whom eighty-four are now students and fifty-nine graduates.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—By the latest advices from Hayti we learn that Salnave's troops had beaten the rebels back of Port au Prince on the 14th, but were in turn beaten by the rebels on the 16th. The British man-of-war Royalist had got aground after releasing the imprisoned foreigners. The United States man-of-war De Soto had sailed for Key West against the protestations of the American Minister. Salnave had threatened to burn the town if the rebels defeat him, but it is supposed the American Minister, with the aid of the British gunboats, will prevent it.

DEATH OF AN EX-PRESIDENT.—Ex-President Jas. Buchanan died at his residence in Lancaster, Pa., on the morning of the 1st inst., in the 77th year of his age. He had been in failing health for some time, and his death was not therefore unexpected.

REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.—The Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in session at Pittsburgh, Pa., adjourned last week to meet in 1869 at Cedarville, Ohio. Dr. Wylie and session of the First Reformed Church of Philadelphia were suspended. Mr. Stuart, suspended for singing hymns, has the sympathy of the entire community.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEART.—The New York SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE of June 9th will contain an address by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax on the necessity of proper moral culture for human happiness. See advertisement.

WE understand that the "Star Shuttle Sewing Machine Company" are manufacturing one hundred of their celebrated machines per day, at their works in Cleveland, Ohio.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 2, 1868.

MONEY continues easy in all the great commercial centers, and rates of interest are lower than reported last week. In New York at the close of last week it was freely offered at 4 per cent. on Governments, and 5 per cent. on stocks. For prime commercial paper the rate ranges from 5½ to 6½ per cent., according to time.

Gold sold yesterday at 139¾. The exports of specie continue large. The total amount shipped for the week was $1,250,000.

Five-twenties are higher in London, and sold last week at 72¾. Government securities are strong and higher this side.

Trade of all kinds at the east is dull and unsatisfactory. In dry goods, last week was the dullest of the season. This may in part be owing to the weather, it having been constantly rainy and unpleasant.

WOOL.—There is a rather better feeling reported in the eastern wool market, though sales are not materially larger, nor any advance in prices. Consumers expect this year's clip to be late, and are therefore a little more anxious to get a supply from present stocks. The sales in Boston last week foot up 675,000 lbs.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The markets east and west are dull, and prices are lower. The receipts at western shipping points have recently been quite liberal. The favorable prospects of the growing crop have induced farmers to dispose of stocks on hand.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 2—Flour, wheat, $14,00@16,00; Buckwheat, ⅌ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,50@2,75; Do. white, $2,85@3,00; Rye, $1,75@1,50; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $2,00@2,25; Beans, $4,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $28,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $9,00@9,00; Hams, 10@20c; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 15@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@27c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 12@13c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@20c; Potatoes, 80@$1,15; Apples, green, ⅌ bu., $1,00@1,50; Onions, ⅌ bu., $0,00@0,00; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $3,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 30@40cts; Honey, box, ⅌ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ⅌ ton, $18@28 Maple Sugar, 16@22c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 15@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 30.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,50; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 30½@31c; Flour, $7,90@16,00; Rye Flour, $8,00@10; Wheat, $2,18@2,57½; Rye, $2@2,01; Barley, $2,20; Corn, $1,06@1,17; Oats, 84½@86½c; Pork, mess, $27,87@28,25; prime, $23,00@23,25; prime mess, $34,25@34,50; Beef, new plain mess, $18,00@20,50; Beef hams, $25,00@32,50; Shoulders, 12½@13½c; Hams, 16½@18½c; Bacon, 14@16½c; Lard, 18½@19½c; Butter, 25@33c; Cheese, 12@16c.

ALBANY, MAY 30—Flour, $8,75@14,75. Rye Flour, $9,75@9,75. Corn Meal, $2,30@2,40 ⅌ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@3,10. Rye, $2,00. Barley, $2@2,45. Corn, $1,07@1,08. Oats, 84@86c. Clover seed, medium, 10½@11c; large, @60c. Timothy seed, $2,75@3,00. Pork, clear, $30,00; mess, $29,50. Smoked hams 19c, and shoulders 16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard 18@19c. Butter, 30@33c. Cheese, 16c.

BUFFALO, MAY 30—Flour, $10,25@14,50; Wheat, $2,02@2,15; Corn, $1,00@1,00; Oats, 75@78c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $2,15@2,25; Peas, $1,50@2,50; Beans, $3,00@3,50; Pork, mess, $28,00@29,00; Lard, 18@19½c; Shoulders, 14@14½c; Hams, 19½@21c; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50; Salt, $2,40 fine, $2,45 coarse ⅌ bbl.; Butter, 25@30c; Cheese, 14@16c; Potatoes, $1,00; Apples, green, $3,50@4,50 bbl.; dried, 8½@9½c ⅌; Eggs, 18@19c.

CHICAGO, MAY 30—Flour, $9,50@10,75; Wheat, $1,75@1,93; Corn, 81½@85½c; Oats 65½@65½c; Rye and Barley, no sales; Pork, mess, $27,75@28,00; Lard, 17½@18c.

CINCINNATI, MAY 30—Flour, $7,00@13,00; Wheat, $2,40@2,60; Corn, 97@97c ear; Oats, 79@82c; Rye, $1,88@1,98; Barley, $2,50@2,60; Mess pork, $28@28,50; Lard, 18@18½c; Bacon, 16@17½c; Hams, 18@20½c; Shoulders, 13@13c; Clover seed, 9¾@10c. ⅌ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, MAY 30—Flour, $6 75@7; Wheat, fall, $1,60@1,60; Spring, $1,70@1,80; Oats, 66@69c; Barley, 95c@1,00; Peas, 80@85cts; Pork, mess, $17,50@22,00, Bacon, 9@11c; Hams, 12½@13½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13@14c; Eggs, 10@13c; Butter, 14@15c; Hops, 20@43c; Cheese, 11@12c; Dried apples, 9@9c; Hay, $17@21; Straw, $11@14; Wool, 20@23c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 25—Beeves—Receipts 6,299 head; quotations at 11@18cts. Cows—Receipts 113 head; quotations at $40@110. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,575 head; quotations 7@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 12,232 head; quotations 6½@11c. Swine—Receipts 24,693 head; quotations 9@9½c.

ALBANY, MAY 28—Beef Cattle sell at 4½@11c; Milch Cows, $65@125; Veal Calves, 7@8c; Sheep, 5½@9c; Hogs, 9¾.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, MAY 28—Beeves range from 12@14½c; Working Oxen, $225@315 ⅌ pair; Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@200; Milch cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Sheep and Lambs, Northern, 7@8c; extra, 10@11c; by the head, $3@4,75; Hides, 8½@10c. ⅌ lb.; Tallow, 7@9c; Calf skins, 18@20c. ⅌ lb.; Pelts, 75c@$2,50; Swine, 10½@10½c

CHICAGO, MAY 30—Beef Cattle, 6½@8½c. Veal Calves, 4@9½c. Sheep, $3,00@7. Hogs, $8,00@9,75.

CINCINNATI, MAY 30—Beef Cattle, $4,25@8,25; Sheep, 4½@6c; Hogs, 7½@10c. Calves, 7@10c.

TORONTO, MAY 29.—Beef ranges at $6,00@8,00; Sheep, $5,00@7,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $3@8 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 30—Market is active. Sales are 495,000 lbs. at 48@57c. for Domestic Fleece, 31@33c unwashed, 37@48c for pulled. 52c for tubbed, 23c. for Texas, 18@34c for California, and 27@33c for Mexican.

BOSTON, MAY 28—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 45@72c; pulled, 25@52½c; medium and extra Western, 45@50c.

CINCINNATI, MAY 27—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c; Tub Washed, 40@40c; Unwashed, 25@28c; Fleece, 35@42c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$20 a Day Cleared.—Agents wanted everywhere. Send for circular. HYSON & CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

SHORT-HORNS—BULLS, COWS, HEIFERS; Also, Bull and Heifer Calves, for sale at fair prices, by J. TALCOTT, Rome, N. Y. 959-4t

FREE—A GEM PHOTOGRAPH of the next President of the U. S. Address with stamp, BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, N. Y. 959-4t

FOR SALE—SHORT-HORN BULL VICTOR, bred by C. K. Ward, 3 years old, 16th inst. Price $150. Address SYLVESTER LEHMAN, Sharon Center, Schuyler Co., N. Y.

CIDER WANTED.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay the highest market price, in Cash, for Cider and furnish barrels. JOHN L. KIMBERLY, Jr., 34 Hanover St., Buffalo, N. Y. 959-4t

KNIFFIN MOWING MACHINES.—The most simple in construction, and the lightest draft of any machine ever built. Send for Circular. ELIJAH DUNBAR, Agent, 23 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City. 959-2t

WANTED—GOOD AGENTS FOR A COM- mentary of the Bible, in two volumes, containing Indexes, Maps, Engravings, Dictionary, etc., etc. For Circular address A. BRAINARD, Hartford, Conn. 959-5t

CRAWFORD'S GARDEN CULTIVATOR, Hand Machine for all kinds of Garden Cultivator.—Warranted to do the work of four men.
☞ Send for Circulars.
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GREAT SALE OF DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, BOOTS AND SHOES, SILVER PLATED WARE of all kinds, ALBUMS, and a variety of valuable and useful articles for sale at

ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

A Check, describing an article selected from our Stock for sale at One Dollar, will be sent on the receipt of THREE CENTS to pay postage. NO CHARGE FOR SCHEDULES OR CHECKS MADE AT THIS ESTABLISHMENT.

Send for Circulars, as this is the most liberal sale of the kind in the country. Address FARNHAM & CO., No. 24 Friend Street, Boston, Mass. 959-4t

THE LITTLE GIANT
Hand-Raking Reaper and Mower Combined.
☞ Simple, cheap and durable. Price, $ 00.
959-3t H. W. SEYMOUR, Brockport, N. Y.

SORGO HAND-BOOK.
Our Ninth Annual Sorgo Hand-Book,
Giving the most reliable information on Manufacturing Sorghum Sirup, the result of 11 years' personal experience, with full description of the celebrated COOK EVAPORATOR and VICTOR CANE MILL—sent free to all applicants.
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, the oldest and largest concern of the kind in the United States, possessing extraordinary facilities for the manufacture of Fertilizers, *controlling exclusively* the night soil, offal, bones and dead animals of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey cities, as also the great Communipaw abbatoirs, offer for sale, in lots to suit customers,

8,000 TONS
OF
DOUBLE-REFINED POUDRETTE

Made from night-soil, blood, bones and offal, ground to a powder. Its effects have been most astonishing, doubling the crops and maturing them ten days or two weeks earlier. Equal to the best brands of Superphosphate for *present crop*, although sold for **$25 per Ton** with freight from New York added. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each.

BONE DUST.

1—COARSE and FINE MIXED. 2—FINE, suitable for Drilling And 3—FLOURED BONE.

☞ WE WARRANT OUR BONE TO ANALYZE PURE. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each. For Winter grain, Double-Refined Poudrette and Fine Bone, mixed in equal proportions and *drilled in* with the seed, have produced most remarkable effects. Sold as low as any article of same purity and fineness in the market.

NITRO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

We offer this Phosphate confidently as being as good, if not superior, to any *ever* made or sold in this market, containing a larger amount of soluble Phosphate and Ammonia than usual in Superphosphates. For PERMANENT, as well as for immediate powerful effect upon land, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Price in New York, **$55.00 per Ton** of 2,000 lbs. For Price Lists, Circulars, &c., apply to THE LODI MANUFACTURING CO., 60 Cortlandt St., New York, or C. G. STARKWEATHER & SONS, Agts., Rochester, N. Y. 959-6tom

THE APPETITE FOR
TOBACCO DESTROYED!
Leave Off Chewing and Smoking the Poisonous
WEED, TOBACCO:

One box of ORTON'S PREPARATION is *warranted* to destroy the appetite for tobacco in any person, no matter how strong the habit may be. ☞ IF IT FAILS IN ANY CASE THE MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED. It is almost impossible to break off from the use of tobacco by the mere exercise of the will. Something is needed to assist nature in overcoming a habit so firmly rooted; with the help of the Preparation there is not the least trouble. Hundreds have used it who are willing to bear witness to the fact that ORTON'S PREPARATION completely destroys the appetite for tobacco and leaves the person as *free from any desire for it as before he commenced its use. It is perfectly safe and harmless in all cases.* The Preparation acts directly upon the same glands and secretions affected by tobacco, and through these upon the blood, *thoroughly* cleansing the poison of tobacco from the system, and thus allaying the *unnatural cravings* for tobacco.

No more Hankering for Tobacco after Using Orton's Preparation! Recollect it is Warranted! Beware of Counterfeits!

RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following are a few selected from the multitude of recommendations in our possession:

[From W. P. Heald, Esq., Bangor, Me.]

BANGOR, Me., April 21, 1868.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco for thirty years past, and for the last fifteen years I have used *two pounds* per month.—I have made attempts to leave off at different times—I have left off one year at a time, but always continued to hanker for it until I used ORTON'S PREPARATION, which has completely cured me of the appetite for tobacco. I would recommend all who are affected with this terrible habit to try the Preparation, which will certainly cure if the directions are followed. W. P. HEALD.

[From E. W. Adkins, Knoxville, Tenn.]

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 5, 1867.

This is to certify that I had used tobacco to such an extent that my health had become greatly impaired and my whole system deranged and broken down. In June, 1867, I purchased *one* box of Orton's Preparation, and after using it I found that I was completely cured. I have not had any hankering or desire for tobacco since using the Preparation. I believe it to be all that it is recommended, and I would advise all who wish to quit the use of tobacco to try one box of Orton's Preparation. E. W. ADKINS.

[From John Morrill, Bangor, Me.]

BANGOR, Me., March 31, 1868.

This is to certify that I have used tobacco for eighteen years; have tried many times to leave off, but have suffered so much from a dizziness in my head, and gnawing at my stomach; that I have soon given up the trial. A short time since a friend induced me to try Orton's Preparation (sold by you.) I have done so, and am completely cured. I did not in the least hanker after tobacco, either to smoke or chew, after I began to use the Preparation. JOHN MORRILL.

☞ Price of Orton's Preparation Two Dollars per box, forwarded to any part of the country, post-paid, on receipt of Price. Money sent by mail at our risk! Address C. B. COTTON, Proprietor, Box 1,748, Portland, Maine.

THE
EDUCATION OF THE HEART;
OR
THE NECESSITY OF PROPER MORAL CULTURE FOR HUMAN HAPPINESS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE AURORA (ILL.) SEMINARY.

BY THE HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Truth, Charity, Spirituality, the basis of Perfect Manhood.

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.

The Address of Mr. COLFAX will be published, entire, in

THE NEW-YORK
SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE
OF TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

Price Five Cents.

The New-York Semi-Weekly Tribune

is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all the Editorial Articles, not merely local in character; Literary Reviews and Art Criticisms; Letters from our large corps of Foreign and Domestic Correspondents; Special and Associated Press Telegraph Dispatches; a careful and complete Summary of Foreign and Domestic News; Exclusive Reports of the Proceedings of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute; Talks about Fruit, and other Horticultural and Agricultural Information; Stock, Financial, Cattle, Dry Goods and General Market Reports, which are published in THE DAILY TRIBUNE. Nowhere else can so much current intelligence and permanent literary matter be had at so cheap a rate as in THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE. Those who believe in the principles and approve of the character of THE TRIBUNE can increase its power and influence by joining with their neighbors in forming clubs to subscribe for THE SEMI-WEEKLY Edition. It will in that way be supplied to them at the lowest price for which such a paper can be printed.

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Persons remitting for 15 copies $45 will receive an extra copy one year.

For $100 we will send thirty-four copies and THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

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Address

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

IMPROVED BARTLETT Sewing MACHINES, Manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents Wanted*—Enclose stamp, and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to Machines for shipping.

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE OF THE TIMES.—Our greatest military hero. I desire Agents everywhere to sell the Splendid Steel Engraving of Gen. U. S. GRANT ON HORSEBACK, now ready. The only equestrian picture of Gen. GRANT ever engraved. Retail price $2, size 12 by 16 inches—printed on plate paper 19 by 24 inches. Send for sample copy immediately inclosing One Dollar, and I will promptly send same safely on roller, by mail, to any part of the country. Address GEO. E. PERINE, Fine Art Publishing House, No. 111 Nassau St., New York. 958-4t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Education of the Heart—The Tribune.
Dialogue—R C Browning.
The Appetite for Tobacco Destroyed—C B Cotton.
To Farmers and Planters—The Lodi Manufacturing Co.
Great Sale of Dry Goods—Farnham & Co.
Kniffin Mowing Machines—Elijah Dunbar.
Sorgo Hand-Book—Blymyer, Norton & Co.
The Little Giant—H W Seymour.
Short-Horns for Sale—J Talcott.
Wanted, Good Agents—A Brainard.
Crawford Garden Cultivator—Blymyer, Norton & Co.
Cider Wanted—John L Kimberly, Jr.
Free—A Gem Photograph—Blackie & Co.
Short Horn Bull for Sale—Sylvester Lehman.
$20 a Day Cleared—Hyson & Co.

The News Condenser.

— England now claims the honor of Washington's birth.
— The bonded debt of St. Louis city is $11,490,000.
— The Brooklyn Common Council are to visit Niagara.
— N. Y. city had eighteen rainy days last month.
— Bonnets are growing smaller in Paris.
— Cincinnati is to have a "skatorial academy."
— "Toadskins" is the Western name for greenbacks.
— Providence, R. I, has a Ku-Klux-Klan Society.
— New York is to have another German daily paper.
— The use of petroleum is decreasing in England.
— Calabar has been found to be an antidote for trichina.
— New York has a Masonic insurance company.
— Long Island has spent $300,000 in starling fish ponds.
— The Czar has sent five horses to the Sultan.
— Ship building is reviving in Boston.
— Paris had two suicides a day last year.
— The Black Swan's voice is said to be breaking with age.
— Dr. Ayer made $67,424 out of pills and pectoral last year.
— Chicago will pay $795,500 for its public schools this year.
— The Maryland school of Design at Baltimore has 414 pupils.
— Lord Brougham's title descends to his youngest brother.
— London has a number of successful female wood engravers.
— In the Sandwich Islands they lock up Second Adventists.
— The cable from Florida to Cuba will be laid this summer.
— An army of 15,000 men are now building the Pacific Railroad.
— Annexation parties are forming in Hayti and San Domingo.
— Central Park, N. Y., is rich just now in birds and blossoms.
— Col. Hazard, the powder man, left an estate of $2,000,000.
— Cleveland, Ohio, claims to be the third in size of the lake cities.
— Hartford, Conn., has 8,000 children between the ages of 4 and 16.
— Omaha, Nebraska, is overrun with persons out of employment.
— The water in the rivers of Maine resembles over-milked coffee.
— Victor Hugo has lost his only grandchild and inheritor of his name.
— The Long Branch hotels open two weeks earlier this season than last.
— Juarez did not run away from Mexico. He only sent his money away.
— Printing-House Square in Chicago sends out some forty periodicals.
— Counterfeit tens on the National Bank of Lockport, are in circulation.
— A stock company in New York is going to build a grand central bath.
— The new Catholic Cathedral to be built in Brooklyn will cost $1,200,000.
— In Prussia the Zollverein Diet has refused to impose a tax on petroleum.
— The French government has dispatched an ultimatum to the Bey of Tunis.
— Thirty-eight thousand citizens of Arkansas lost their lives in the rebellion.
— Private property is being seized in Venezuela to pay the government debt.
— No telegraphic instrument but Morse's is in use in the capital of Europe.
— Lee, the drawer of the Chicago Opera House returns an income of $213,831.
— A sea wall, 2,100 feet long, is to be built at Gallouper's Island, Boston harbor.
— Nelaton, the Paris surgeon, took a $20,000 fee lately for going to Stockholm.
— Trinity College, Hartford, is about to establish lectures on practical matter.
— Bulwer Lytton is said to have written a play for Bandman, the German actor.
— Fennimore Cooper's works are being published in London at 12 cents a volume.
— The Spiritualists are to hold a State Convention in Rochester the 25th of August.
— Gen. Cole spends his time in his cell at Albany in whittling wooden ornaments.
— Champagne is being made in London out of petroleum for eighteen cents a dozen.
— Owing to competition, paper collars sell in Bridge water, Mass., at one cent a box.
— The International Bridge at Buffalo will be of iron, 1,760 feet long, and cost $717,000.
— Wm. Lloyd Garrison has received $31,000 as the national testimonial to his services.
— Two Ohio men have bought 23,000 acres of land in Nebraska to cultivate as one farm.
— Laramie City is the new rival of Cheyenne, and lots there are already selling for $2,000.
— Six pickles gave a young lady of Brooklyn something like the cholera the other day.
— Chicago has recently built another immense grain elevator, and now boasts of sixteen.
— The British Government has forbidden the deposition of Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal.
— Ashburnham, Mass., has had $150,000 given to it for the purpose of endowing an academy.
— A Southampton Co., Va., man has sold the strawberry produce of ten acres, in advance, for $10,000.
— A beet root sugar company has bought 485 acres of Illinois land for raising the saccharinous root.
— Ben. Halliday, the overland stage man, has given Gov. Haight of California a $2,000 silver punch bowl.
— The Austrian Emperor has given his assent to the law passed by the Reichsrath establishing equality of religious sects.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Gold Medal Threshing Machine.—PERSONS intending to purchase a Threshing Machine will do well to send for Circulars and Judges' Report of the Machine awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS *at the Great National Trial at Auburn, July*, 1866, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DIALOGUE.

Extract from Report of Farmers' Club.

WILLIAM D. OSBORN.—"Will the Club give us its opinion of Washing-machines? Is it economy to pay fourteen dollars for one of Doty's machines? Washing-machines have so generally proved to be failures that I am afraid of throwing away my money upon one."

SOLON ROBINSON.—"If you had to pay ten times the money you mention, it would be the best investment you ever made upon your farm. But you must not have that alone. Get the Universal Clothes-Wringer with it, and your wife and children will rise up and call you blessed, for they will find washing made easy."

The following testimonials have been given:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."—REV. BISHOP SCOTT, M. E. CHURCH.

"It is worth one dollar per week in any family."—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"I give it the most unqualified praise, and pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping."—REV. H. WARD BEECHER.

"In the laundry of my house there is a perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention of your excellent Wringer.—REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry."—N. Y. OBSERVER.

BOTH THESE MACHINES HAVE RECENTLY BEEN GREATLY IMPROVED.

You may prove the above statements true by sending the retail price: Washer, $14; Extra Cog-Wheel Wringer, $9; and we will forward to places where no one is selling, either or both, free of charges. If, after a trial of one month, you are not entirely satisfied, we will REFUND THE MONEY on the return of the machines.

☞ **Large discount to the trade everywhere.**

R. C. BROWNING,
General Agent,
959-2teo 23 Cortlandt St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.—PEOPLE IN WANT OF, and Agents who are selling, all kinds of SEWING MACHINES, are requested to address me (with stamp) for greatly reduced prices and terms. J. K. PEARSONS,
957 4t Box 4, Charlestown, Mass.

THE EXCELSIOR—A PERIODICAL DEVOted to choice Literature, Fashions, &c. &c. The most magnificent premiums offered on the most liberal terms. *Gold* Watches, Sewing Machines, Furs, Music, &c., &c. Every one can secure a premium. Send 10 cents for specimen copy. Address W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

CARPENTRY MADE EASY—Instructs Farmers how to build Barns, Outhouses, Bridges, &c. Price, $5.00. H. CHALLEN, Philadelphia, Pa.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, COMbining the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Address
957-26t J. C. HOADLEY & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.

Presidential Campaign Chart

Now ready, giving large, clear and striking likenesses of the Republican Candidates for President and Vice-President. Party Platform in full. The whole is surmounted by the American Eagle and Flag, and beautifully colored. This affords the best chance for Agents to make money for the year 1868. Send for catalogue giving full particulars of my Maps and Charts. Address GAYLORD WATSON,
957-4t No. 16 Beekman St., New York.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 957-2t

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN YOUNG'S
(ORIGINAL WRINGER MAN)
MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER,
WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS, AND
ALL WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS.

The subscribers claim to have a Machine so constructed as to work as easily as Clothes Wringers without gear, which entirely obviates the great objection so universally made against all Cog-Wheel Wringers.

The Cog-Wheel Monitor

is the first and only Wringer ever constructed so as to work effectually with Cog-Wheels and self-adjusting Rubber Springs combined, and at the same time keep the cogs in gear and rollers level at both ends.
Time, experience and the public have convinced manufacturers that Clothes Wringers with cog-wheels are much more durable than those without, for the following reasons:
1st. They prevent any strain upon the clothes while being wrung.
2d. They preserve the rollers, as the labor is divided between both rollers, instead of all being done by the lower one to which the crank is attached, as is the case when no cogs are used.
3d. They wring large articles with perfect ease.
N. B.—If it be so, as some manufacturers assert, that *Black Rubber Rollers* are as good and better than White Rubber Rollers, why don't they use all Black Rubber instead of covering it with a thin coating of White Rubber to give them the appearance of All White Rubber Rollers? A liberal discount made to jobbers.
Agents wanted everywhere. Sold everywhere by Grocers and Hardware Dealers. Manufactured by
JOHN YOUNG & SON,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!—WE ARE selling from a rich and varied stock of Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Watches, Carpetings, &c., at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR. Parties getting up clubs will receive a premium worth from $3 to $300, according to the size of the club. A check describing an article to be sold for One Dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10. Circulars sent free. Agents wanted in every town. Address HARRIS & PLUMMER,
957-4t 34 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT Grower, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 956-13t

BULLARD'S PATENT HAY TEDDER WITH Herring and Squiers' improvements, can be had of S. C. HERRING, Manufacturer, New York, GEO. A. SQUIER, Superintendent, Syracuse, N. Y. S. S. WHITMAN, Agent, Little Falls, N. Y. For Circulars address as above. 956-5t

WANTED—AGENTS—TO SELL BY sample, a COMBINED SQUARE, LEVEL AND BEVEL. Great inducements offered. County Rights for sale on most liberal terms. For particulars address
W. S. BATCHELDER & CO.,
956-4t PITTSBURGH, PA.

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

AGENTS.—LADIES, GENTLEMEN, OR CHILdren can earn a Watch, Silk Dress, Sewing Machine, Web of Sheeting, &c., by two or three days' work for GILMAN & CO.'S Great One Dollar Sale, 119 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. Circulars sent free. 952-12t

SENT FREE.—CATALOGUE OF CHOICE
FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS.
M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO., Seedsmen & Florists, Rochester, N.Y.

WANTED! AGENTS!—TO SELL JOHN S. C. ABBOTT'S LIFE OF GENERAL GRANT. This work contains a *fine steel engraving* of the Father and Mother of the General, and is otherwise very handsomely illustrated. The best selling work in the market; price suited to the times. Address B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher,
953-2t No. 55 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

POPULAR INVESTMENT.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD
COMPANY'S
FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS.

The CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY are authorized by Acts of Congress to construct, with the aid and supervision of the United States Government, the Western and principal portion of the National Trunk Line between the Pacific Coast and the Mississippi Valley. They have built by far the most difficult and expensive portion of their Road, and have an unprecedented working force extending the track across the Salt Lake Basin. By the close of 1868, it is expected they will have 400 miles in full operation; and that the

ENTIRE LINE
WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870.

More than TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS have been expended in the work, and the available CONSTRUCTION RESOURCES are ample for the remainder, as follows:

1. UNITED STATES BONDS to the extent of $35,000 per mile, average.
2. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount.
3. GRANT OF PUBLIC LANDS along the route, 12,800 acres per mile.
4. CAPITAL STOCK of $20,000,000, of which $5,000,000 is subscribed and paid on the work done.
5. CASH RESOURCES, comprising Donations from California sources amounting to $1,250,000, Net Earnings, etc., 1865 to 1870, $6,500,000, making a total of more than

SEVENTY MILLIONS
UPON THE FIRST 726 MILES.

One Hundred and Fifty Miles are now built and in operation on both slopes of the Sierra Nevada Range. The net earnings for the past year were OVER A MILLION IN GOLD, or more than four times the annual interest liabilities; and the net surplus for the present year, after payment of expenses and interest, is estimated at

$1,500,000 IN GOLD.

We have now on hand a supply, and are prepared to fill all orders at their

Par Value and Accrued Interest,

in currency, a limited amount of the

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,

bearing six per cent. per annum—both INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL being explicitly made "PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN," conformably with the Specie Laws of the Pacific States.

The Bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January, the back interest from January 1st, being charged to the purchasers, *in currency.*

☞ The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time;* but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. They are believed to be the most perfect and assured Corporate Security now offered.

We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from 5 to 10 per cent. profit and keep the principal of their investments equally secure.

Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and Prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

FISK & HATCH,
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
OFFICES OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY,
No. 54 William Street, New York,
Nos. 56 and 58 K Street, Sacramento, California.
Sold by FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.
GREEN BROTHERS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

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☞ All **Descriptions of Government Securities Bought, Sold, or Exchanged,** at our office and by Mail and Telegraph, at **MARKET RATES.**

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☞ **GOLD, COUPONS, and COMPOUND-INTEREST NOTES** Bought and Sold.

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☞ Dealers and Investors out of the City desiring to make negotiations in any of the above, may do so through us by mail or telegraph, as advantageously as though personally present in New York.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by
947-13t O. A. ROORBACH, No. 103 Nassau St., N. Y.

SILVER POLAND HENS' EGGS—I can furnish Eggs of these Premium perpetual-layers, (beautiful Top-Knot Fowls,) during the season, at $3 per dozen. Eggs securely packed and sent by express on receipt of cash. These fowls sell readily at $7 ⅌ pair, $9 the trio. Address
WM. M. LEWIS, 46 Delevan St., Rochester, N. Y.

FAMILY FAVORITE.
This New Sewing Machine gained the Highest Prize,
PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867,
And more FIRST CLASS PREMIUMS during the past year than any other. It is without doubt the BEST for Family use, because it is the SIMPLEST in construction, EASIEST to learn, and LEAST LIABLE to get out of ORDER. It makes the LOCK STITCH, and we guarantee it to do a greater range of WORK without change than any other machine in the market. WEED SEWING MACHINE CO., *Home Office—Hartford, Conn. Branch Offices—613 Broadway, New York*, and in all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. 953-12t

FOR ONE DOLLAR XL

A PRESENT OF $25.00 VALUE, OF YOUR OWN SELECTION,—FREE OF COST.
For a few days' services in any town or village. Particulars and gift sent free, by addressing, with stamp, CLOUDMAN & CO., 10 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass. 954-13t

£150,000,000 STERLING.—Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, commencing 1600. Fee to search for any name, $2.
GUN & CO.,
950-13t 4 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.,
37 Union Square, Broadway, New York,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SMITH'S UNRIVALLED AMERICAN ORGANS,
Also, SUPERIOR PIANOS, and Publishers of SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC.
N. B.—We will rent our Organs by the month, letting the rent pay for them. 953-6teo
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

WATERS' FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS, with Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge, Melodeons, Parlor, Church and Cabinet Organs, the best manufactured; Warranted for Six Years.
100 PIANOS, MELODEONS and ORGANS of six first-class makers, *at low prices for Cash*, or, one-quarter cash and the balance in Monthly or Quarterly Installments. Second-hand Instruments at great bargains. Illustrated Catalogues mailed. (*Mr. Waters is the Author of Six Sunday School Music Books; "Heavenly Echoes," and "New S. S. Bell," just issued.*) Warerooms, 481 Broadway, New York.
951-1yeo HORACE WATERS & CO.

RESTORE YOUR BEAUTY.—HOLLOW *Cheeks, Emaciated Forms, Dark Circles around the Eyes, Pimples, &c.*, cured by the use of VELPEAU'S VITALINE. Was never known to fail. However thin you are, the VITALINE will cause the hollow cheek and shrunken form to fill up with healthful flesh, restoring beauty of form and color. It is harmless. *Satisfaction given, or money refunded.* $1.50 per box, sealed, by mail. Address
WM. POWELL & CO.,
955-eoly L. Box 15, Troy, N. Y.

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CLIPPER MOWING MACHINES.
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For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain.
By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared; the hair ceased to fall; and I have now a thick growth of hair. Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1861.
MESSRS. BURNETT & CO.:
I send you a statement of my daughter's case, as requested. She will have been sick six years, if she lives until the 1st of August next.
When her hair came off she had been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used, during that time, many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly that, in October, 1861, it all came off, and for two years after her head was as smooth as her face.
Through the recommendation of a friend, she was induced to try your COCOAINE, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft and fine, and of a darker color than formerly. She still continues to use the Cocoaine, and we have little fear of her losing her hair. With respect, WM. S. EDDY.

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Some hearts go hungering through the world
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet beneath them all the while
The hungry heart be pining still.

I see them gaze from wistful eyes,
I mark their sign on fading cheeks;
I hear them breathe in smothered sighs,
And note the grief that never speaks;
For them no might redresses wrong,
No eye with pity is impearled;
O, misconstrued and suffering long!
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

For you does life's dull desert hold
No fountain shade, no date grove fair,
No gush of waters clear and cold,
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fall, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still ye make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame.

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!
O, arms which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb;
When life's frail tent at last is furled
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O, hearts that hunger through the world!

The Story Teller.

A TALE TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

"First person I love, second person thou lovest, third person he loves," drawled the head boy in the class. The next, a little girl, took it up promptly. "Plural—First person we love, second person you love, third person they love."

"And we all love."

The interruption came in a whisper, loud enough to be heard all over the room, causing the older boys and girls to smile and giggle, and the teacher, Miss Olive Burnett, looked up quickly, glancing along the row of large scholars on the back seat—young men and women,—for this was a country school, and in the winter. She had come to look for trouble from that quarter. Every day some fresh aggravation, some new infringement of the rules and offence against the discipline made it hard work for her, a girl of eighteen, to maintain her authority over those forty turbulent spirits, constantly incited to insubordination by the example of their acknowledged leader, Scott Goldrick.

He sat there, at the further end of the bench, quite in the corner, a good looking young man of twenty, with curly chestnut hair and a mutinous curve of the lip, with head bent now over his slate, and fingers busy in figuring out some difficult problem in arithmetic. But Miss Burnett was not deceived by the apparently studious air. And there was an undertone of resolute determination in her voice as she said, looking quietly over the forty faces before her:

"These interruptions must come to an end at once. There is a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and I think it has been passed. From this time out I shall enforce *every* rule of the school. The penalty for the next interruption of this kind will be twelve strokes of the ruler," carelessly balancing the slip of cherry-wood in her fingers.

The clear, bright face in the corner was lifted for a moment; the dark, hazel eye looked steadily into Miss Burnett's blue eyes; only a moment, the space of a breath; then the hand went on again steadily with that endless maze of figures, and Miss Burnett went on with *her* work.

Hard work it was, especially hard work to-day. All day long the vivid scarlet had burned in her cheeks, making her passing lovely, while her temples throbbed with pain, and one of the children, feeling her feverish touch, wondered "what made Miss Burnett's hand so hot." She must not give up, though. There was too much depending on her for that. A helpless mother and two little sisters, hardly more than babies yet, all dependent for the bread they ate, upon the overworked young teacher. Truly, failure here would be her disaster.

But she must *not* fail. Would those interminable lessons never be finished? She wanted to go home and rest.

Two hours of tolerable order and quiet, and the day's work was nearly ended, when in the midst of the last recitation, came again that interrupting whisper, plainly heard all over the room.

For an instant Olive Burnett's heart failed her. *Could* she muster courage enough to ferule Scott Goldrick, the oldest and largest scholar in the school—a man grown? The thought came once that it was unmanly in him to try her so. But right or wrong, her word was passed and must be kept; her authority was assailed and must be maintained now or lost altogether. To falter now was to give up all. So, calling up all her nerve, though her head throbbed dizzily, she closed her book quietly, dismissed the class and faced the school as she said, slowly:

"The scholar who whispered that last time will please step forward."

There was a dead silence for an instant; then Scott Goldrick left his seat and walked up to where the young teacher stood. No boyish mischief in his manner now; no mocking deference; no shade of defiance, but instead, a quiet manliness that was harder to meet than any bravado would have been.

"You can understand, Mr. Goldrick, that this is not a pleasant duty to me," her voice steady, but lower than usual, so low that some who were listening, did not catch the words at all. "You can understand that it is not pleasant for me to do this, but my rule must be respected."

For an answer he bowed and held out his hand. They were counted out faithfully—twelve strokes—no more, no less. Did he know how every one hurt *her?* Perhaps he did, for his eyes were on her face all the while, and when the last one was given he walked back to his seat, a little graver than before, but that was all. And the rest of the scholars opened eyes of amazement. They had expected high words and open defiance at the least. This new gentleness was not fear; they knew that well. Fear and Scott Goldrick's name never went together. If it was voluntary submission to discipline, why, they might as well all yield too.

Miss Burnett heard him talking to some of the older scholars outside the door after the roll was called and the school dismissed. "What! resist a lady? You'll never see me do that. Besides, I deserved the feruling for breaking the rules. I didn't mean to interrupt the last time, though. I'm going away to-morrow to my uncle's counting house in C——." Then the door closed, and Miss Burnett heard no more.

Going away! She said the words over and over to herself, sitting there with her head laid down on the table before her. Going away! Why, that was worse than all. What should she do, missing day by day the bright face in the corner, and the voice that, spite of aggravations without number, was still the pleasantest voice in the world to her? *What* should she do?

The great pile of copy-books there on the table were still untouched when, half an hour later some one opened the door and came in; some one whose step she knew too well. Scott Goldrick had come back for his books and slate. But she did not lift her head. He stood before her presently with the books on his arm and his hat in his hand.

"I am going away, Miss Burnett, to stay. Will you bid me good-by?"

Still she did not look up or speak. He persisted, gently.

"Have I offended you beyond all hope of forgiveness?"

She gave him her hand at that.

"No, but——"

"But you are sick, Miss Burnett!" as he saw her face plainly. "You are really sick. What can I do for you?"

She tried to smile.

"It is only a headache—I have had it all day—and a touch of fever with it, perhaps, nothing more."

"You have been sick all day, and I have been aggravating the life out of you," he said, remorsefully, in his earnestness kneeling down on one knee beside her chair with a half bold, half shy grace. "I have made you trouble constantly, not to-day, not to-day only, but ever since you came here to teach. What a brute you must think me! It was unmanly and cowardly to act as I did. No, you must let me make full confession now," kissing the hand she laid over his mouth to stop him. "But, Miss Burnett, you are *very* ill," seriously alarmed now at the sight of her white face and closed eyes; for the self-control maintained by main force all day, and up to this moment, had given way suddenly, and weaker than a child she sat there, her breath coming in little short gasps.

Unused to woman's moods and "ways," he was at a loss what to do. He had an idea, though, that when a lady fainted, cold water was the thing, so he sprinkled her face from the cup standing on the table within reach of his hand, and, man-like, drew her head down upon his shoulder.

She was not altogether unconscious, for she made a weak movement to withdraw herself from his arm, but he whispered, "Trust me and lie still, will you not, till you are better?" conscious the while of an odd, pleasant thrill, at his heart, as her face lay so near his own that he could have touched it with his lips.

If he had been a dozen years older, he would most likely have yielded to the temptation and kissed the roses back to her cheeks, but there was just the least bit of boyish timidity yet about him; and besides he could not forget that he had been in part the cause of this very illness, and his heart smote him regretfully every time he looked at her.

She sent him away by-and-by—as soon as she was able to sit up without support. She would not let him go home with her, either, though he begged her to let him do so; she would do better by herself, she said. But seeing the troubled look in his eyes as he turned away, she relented so far as to say:

"I trust we part friends?"

He came back to her at this, saying earnestly:

"Can you be my friend, after what you have known of me for the past two months?"

"I can be—I am sincerely your friend."

"Thank you for that. Knowing it I shall not carry such a sorely troubled conscience away with me."

Ah! he never guessed that instead of a troubled conscience, he was carrying Olive Burnett's heart away with him.

It was seven years before they looked upon each other's faces again. Such a long, long interval. Those seven years had changed Scott Goldrick into a successful business man, steadily amassing his thousands, and alive to the brilliant, courted young widow, Mrs. Logan.

She had grown heart-sick of teaching, and one day in a desperate mood gave it up and married Paul Logan, the rich land owner. Scott Goldrick, hearing of it in the distant city where he was living, said, "Such a pity! She was one woman of a thousand, and deserved a better man than that."

Well, Paul Logan was a better man than Scott Goldrick's words would seem to imply, and better still, his gold brought all comforts to the helpless mother until she died, and a home and all the advantages of wealth to the little sisters. And now with her husband two years in his grave Mrs. Logan went freely into society again.

"Such a lovely woman," men always said when speaking of her. And Scott Goldrick endorsed the verdict when he met her at a reception one evening, and the hostess supposing them to be unacquainted, presented him.

It was the Olive Burnett of seven years ago who smiled up at him, as she said to Mrs. Lake, "Mr. Goldrick and I are very old friends."

"You remember me, then," he said, as he led her away.

"I never forget," was the sweetly grave reply.

But somehow, even with this flattering beginning, they did not seem to make much progress in the renewal of their old acquaintanceship. Meeting often, as they did, at party and ball and reception, at concert and theater and opera, there was always an indefinable something, a *distance* between them; and it was quite at the close of the winter that calling one morning on Mrs. Logan, to make his adieu before leaving town, Scott Goldrick lingered a moment as he bowed over her hand at parting, to say, half jestingly, but yet in earnest, too,

"Do you remember the old school-house?"

"Yes, I remember. I am going out there on purpose to see it this coming summer."

"And I, too. Who knows but what we shall meet?"

It was in the midst of the August heats that Mrs. Logan, paying a flying visit to Ryefield, procured the key of the old school house—empty now for summer vacation—and walked down there alone one afternoon to look at it.

The door swung rustily upon its hinges as she entered and looked curiously about. It was not the cleanest place in the world, for a coat of dust, raised by the last sweeping, had settled over everything; but the rough-coated walls looked familiar as ever, and the glazed maps hanging there, and the unpainted wooden benches. It was in that corner Scott Goldrick used to sit—and remembering, a tide of recollections rushed over her, and she sat down in the low-backed chair and laid her head down upon the pine table, just as she had done that evening more than seven years before.

Sitting there buried in thought, she did not hear the footstep that crossed the threshold—that paused there at the door, and then came to her, while a voice said:

"Miss Burnett, I am going away. Will you bid me good-bye?"

She looked up with a little cry—to meet a pair of clear, hazel eyes, to see before her a bright handsome face, and heavy waves of chestnut hair.

"You are really here, Mr. Goldrick? I could almost believe that the old days had come back again."

"You used to call me Scott, then," he said, significantly, coming around and kneeling on one knee beside her chair. "You are not pale now, so I shall not sprinkle your face with water," glancing at the empty cup standing there on the table, "but I should like to have your head on my shoulder again."

She made a movement to rise but he detained her.

"Don't be offended, Olive," he said, earnestly. "I made confession of my sins that night, let me make another confession now. I think I began to love you that evening, but I was a boy and did not understand my own heart. I *know* now that I love you. Your face has always been before me as the sweetest and finest in the world. You sent me away from you then. Don't be so cruel again. I want to stay with you always, Olive. I want to be your husband. May I?"

For answer she put up her white hands and drew his head down upon her shoulder. And the brown walls must have opened eyes of astonishment, if eyes they had, to see Scott Goldrick kissing the blushing little woman. You see when a man falls in love for the first time at twenty-seven he is apt to be desperately in earnest.

And in the gathering gloom of twilight they locked the door of the old school house behind them and turned their steps homeward, not teacher and pupil now, but plighted husband and wife.

SCIENTIFIC DARING.

One dull day in autumn, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Clect Hills, on the western edge of the great central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce; it rose with amazing velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of cloud more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air-ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest and deepest blue; and below lay cloudland—an immeasurable expanse of cloud, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep, dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those cloud-mountains next the sun glittering like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock.

Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above earth! A pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a bark laden to the deck were to pass from the heavy waters of the open sea into an inland unsailing lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! The spectrum, opposed to the sun, showed marvelously clear; lines appeared which are invisible in the denser atmosphere on the earth's surface; but as the car swung round in its gyrating upward flight, the moment the direct rays of the sun passed off the prism, there was no spectrum at all. The air was so pure, so free from the comparatively solid aqueous matter, that there was no reflected light; the air was too thin to retain or reflect any portion of the rays which fell upon it. And what a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as unstirred from year to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture in a deserted house. No sound, no life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dewangiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air-ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity bred of long practice.

Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and can only mark, from the falling barometer, that they are still rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call his comrade, who has gone into the ring above; a whisper in that deep stillness would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. His head droops on his shoulders; with an effort he raises it—it falls on the other shoulder; once more, with a resolute effort, he raises it—it falls backward. For a moment he sees dimly the figure of his comrade in the ring above; then sensation fails him—he lies back, unconscious.

Some minutes pass—the balloon still rising upward. Seven miles above earth! The steersman comes down into the car; he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him. He saw at once that life or death hung upon a few moments. The balloon was still rising rapidly; it must be made to descend at once, or they were both dead men. He seized, or tried to seize the valve, in order to open it and let out a portion of the inflating gas. His hands are purple with the intense cold—they are paralyzed—they will not respond to his will. It was a fearful moment. In another minute, in their upward flight, he would be senseless as his comrade. But he was a bold, self-possessed man, trained in a hundred balloon ascents, and ready for every emergency. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend.

Then the swooned marksman heard a voice calling to him, "Come, take an observation—try!" He heard as in a dream, but could neither see nor move. Again he heard, in firmer and commanding tones, "Take an observation—now then, do try." He returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instruments; they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. Brandy was used. The aeronauts revived. They had been higher above earth than mortal man, or any living thing, had ever been before. But now they were safe.

Such are the perils which science demands of her votaries, and which they encounter bravely and cheerfully. Such was the memorable balloon ascent of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, from Wolverhampton, on the 5th of September, 1862. A madness, thousands will say, a perilous absurdity, a tempting of Providence, a risking of life for no adequate purpose. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air-ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating untended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space. What would have become of it? How far it would have ascended with its lifeless freight; how long it would have floated all unseen in the empyrean, who shall say?—*Once a Week.*

Wit and Humor.

LECTURE ON THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Hearing of a lecture that was to be delivered on Alaska and the Northern regions, we dispatched our reporter in order to give the public the benefit of the lecturer's wisdom. We regret that we have only room for a brief report, as follows:

The north pole has never been seen; it is not certain whether the bears climb it. Those who go there are protected from the cold, although they go in bear skins. No negroes there—all white bear skins. Dr. Hayes, a Yankee, went there in search of a notion. You can see a haze when the northern lights are visible. There is no corn raised in the northern regions—yet when the Esquimaux have breakfast it is an Indian meal. The principal amusement is old sledge—tho' sometimes they have a new one. The annexation of Alaska to the United States will not probably increase the poll tax. When the prodigal son went into a far country, he probably stopped in Alaska. The people there don't care for the return of spring. When the rivers begin to run they say its snow matter. The territory is well defended against cavalry. There is a shiver de freeze all around it. It is a good place for orators. Even the whales spout. Horses are not very numerous, though there are some fine bays on the coast. Education is very general. The whales go in schools. The hunters do not always stop to read their letters when they open the seals.

At this point—(the point referred to is the punctuation point at the ending of the preceding paragraph,) our reporter took his leave; to speak more exactly, he took several of his leaves containing his notes of the lecture.

"Argumentum ad Hominem."—A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker:

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes, for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No, to be sure I wont."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I'm not afraid of a barrel of ale," said the bricklayer. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach!"

"The man who raised a cabbage head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRINTERS' REBUS.

B
ST SSEYLAFWPLRAAPINSAE.

Rochester, N. Y. Typos.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 1, 23, 29 is a bird.
My 4, 16, 11, 38, 13 is what all eat.
My 7, 36, 2, 18, 24 should always be spoken.
My 14, 19, 15, 13 is a fish.
My 10, 21 is a verb.
My 19, 25, 9, 6, 17 is a useful animal.
My 8, 20, 20, 18 is a part of the human form.
My 26, 5, 28, 40, 41, 15, 40, 27 is one to be despised.
My 3, 32, 20, 31, 7, 22, 8 is a name for a fowl.
My 12, 34, 39, 12 is a word used in grammar.
My 37, 15, 2, 40, 26 is often found.
My 33, 30, 12 is what most boys and girls are fond of.
My 4, 16, 35, 42, 24 is a useful article.
My whole is a wise saying.

Woodlawn, Cecil Co., Md. Mollie Thomas.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CUBE ROOT EXTRACTION.

A rule for extracting the cube root, done up in verse by an octogenarian:

The cube of your first period take
And of its root a quotient make,
Which root into a cube must grow,
And from your period taken fro.
To the remainder then you must
Bring down another period just;
When this is done, then you must see
Your number straight divided be
By just three hundred times the square
Of what your quotient figures are.
The last figures squared and multiplied by the rest—
And that product thirty times express'd,
The cube of your last figures too
You must put in if right you do.
Add these three numbers, and their fact
From your dividend you must subtract.
Repeat your work, and so descend
From point to point, unto the end.
When done, if right—to remaining figures you shall
Add three cyphers, for a decimal.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

D, E, F, G, H, are the centers of the inscribed, the circumscribed, and the three escribed circles of the plane triangle, A, B, C. Four new circles are drawn; the first through D, F, G; the second through D, F, H; the third through F, G, H; the fourth through D, G, H. Prove that the diameter of each of these four circles is twice the diameter of the circle circumscribing the triangle A, B, C; also, that, if I, J, K, L be the centers of these four circles, the lines D I, F J, G K, H L each pass through E, and are bisected therein. Asher B. Evans.

Lockport, N. Y., 1868.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

A negelt rowd si veern solt;
O veren huet ersufe neo.—
Ti serche het reath nhew roswor-sott,
Nad sulll het rasce tath sibeur noe.
Ti castrest nushisen re'o ruo ayw,
Ti runst rou shortn ot sores,
Ti ghances redray thing ol ayd,
Nad heop ad aeep sidesoles.

Bloomington Ill. Merrill.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 957.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Virtue, Liberty and Independence.

Answer to Anagram:

Folly and innocence are so alike,
The difference, though essential, fails to strike;
Yet folly ever has a vacant stare,
A simpering countenance, and a trifling air;
But innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us by engaging our respect.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—The radii of the circles are 66, 77, 88 rods, and the amount of land between is 8.2366844149 acres.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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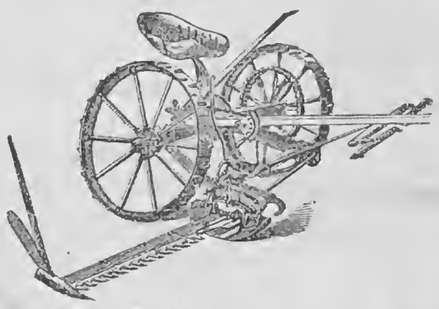

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

CROP AND WEATHER REPORTS.

A WORK FOR AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES AND JOURNALS.

As the season advances, and the various staple crops spring up and approach maturity, increasing interest is manifested in regard to the weather and its effects upon the harvest. This is true every year, and during spring and summer, and even into autumn, the weather, crop prospects, etc., are fruitful subjects of discussion by individuals and the press all over the country. Indeed, long before anything like an accurate or reliable opinion can be formed on the subject, many papers annually tell us about the "fine appearance of the wheat crop," and what a "bountiful harvest will be gathered." Some of these statements are made innocently, though on hearsay, or partial evidence—perhaps on seeing a fine field of wheat, or hearing of one man's crop, or of the prospect in a single town—but many of them are undoubtedly started by grain speculators or their agents with a design to deceive the public and affect the market. We have watched this matter every season for many years—ever since our connection with the press—and are satisfied that most crop reports, published in spring or early summer, are erroneous, while those which appear later are uncertain, to say the least, especially if put forth by commercial and other journals likely to favor dealers and speculators.

When we were a "new hand at the bellows" of journalism—which was over a quarter of a century ago, by the way—we were innocent or verdant enough to believe and reiterate the rose-colored statements about the "glorious crop prospects" put forth by leading commercial journals every spring; but we soon discovered the why and wherefore of the annual hue and cry on the subject, and have often warned our readers not to put their trust in the crop reports of papers in the interest of the commercial classes. While editing the Michigan Farmer, twenty-five years ago, we had occasion to expose the duplicity of leading Eastern papers in regard to crops in the West, and since then we have annually observed most erroneous and deceptive reports in the prominent commercial organs of New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other large cities.

"Well, what is your remedy?" asks the reader. "Conceding the correctness of your statement, how are we farmers—producers—to get at the facts, so that we can decide as to the market value of our produce, and whether it is best to sell or hold?"

This is a pertinent inquiry, and one to the solution of which we have given much thought. It has agitated the minds of producers—especially in the West—for many years, and lead farmers to organize in numerous localities, in order that they might successfully cope with speculators and secure just prices for their grain, wool, and other products. Years ago we attempted to introduce a system of crop reports, and endeavored to obtain accurate statements from different counties in this and other States,—but failed to get the right men, in most cases, though we succeeded in some localities. Later, the Department of Agriculture attempted the same thing, on a larger scale, but the results anticipated have not been realized; many of the reports, being made gratuitously, are unreliable—furnished by persons who either guess or depend upon hearsay for what they give as facts and indications. While some are correct, many, if not the great mass, are only partially so, and hence little reliance can be placed upon calculations or estimates based thereupon. If the Government were to discharge the thousands of superfluous and do-nothing (except draw pay and sign receipts) custom-house and other agents,* and pay the money thus saved for Weather and Crop Reports from intelligent and honest men in various parts of the country, millions of dollars would annually be placed in the purses of those who earn but do not get it—*the producers of the country.*

But so long as the Government and political parties continue as corrupt as now, no such reform can be expected,—hence we must look elsewhere. We have often thought—and heretofore suggested in the RURAL—that Agricultural Societies and Farmers' Clubs could accomplish much good by giving attention to crop prospects and statistics. If all local (Town, District or County) Societies would attend to this matter and report monthly, or oftener, during spring and summer, to their respective agricultural journals for publication, (or to their State Ag. Societies, and the latter to the Department of Agriculture,) the object sought would, to a great extent, be attained. With well organized agricultural societies, managed by intelligent and practical men in the farming interest, in all parts of the country, the desired information could easily be obtained and communicated to the Agricultural Press—provided always that each Society should make crop reports one of the special duties of a Committee or the Secretary. Otherwise little can be accomplished, for "what is everybody's business is nobody's." Certainly, Agricultural Societies and Journals ought to work together in promoting the interests of producers, and in our view there is no matter in which a union of their efforts would be likely to prove more beneficial than the one under discussion. But our remarks are suggestive, and offered for the consideration of those who are deeply interested in the publication of reliable statements concerning the yield of the leading crops of the whole country. And we invite the views and suggestions of those who have given the subject attention.

—Since writing the above we have received, and just read, a very timely and sensible letter on the subject from Mr. L. B. STONE, Secretary of a Farmer's Club in Polk Co., Ga., inclosing the report of a Committee of the Club on the condition of the growing wheat crop. The matter is so appropo that we quote the substance of both letter (dated May 26,) and report (dated May 23,) as follows:

"Inclosed I send copy of report as printed in our local paper. If you think it will be of use in giving the *true* prospects of the wheat crop, you will oblige all farmers by publishing it. We (that is, farmers,) do and ought to look to *our* papers for correct information as to the prospect for a good crop. Of course the price is controlled by the supply and demand. We very frequently read in the papers (not agricultural) that the harvest will be abundant, when, if the truth were only half told, it would be short. Last year nearly every crop that was raised in this section of country was grown at a positive loss to the farmer; a great many were obliged to sell early; others were told of the unlimited supply, and, believing, hurried their crops forward and sold at a sacrifice. Now, if we protect ourselves by forming Farmers' Clubs, and then, through *our* papers, give the truth and the whole truth, would it not be an advantage to us? We think so. Since this report was published the rust has made its appearance on the stalk of the wheat. If it becomes general the yield will be much smaller than the Committee report."

Very truthful talk, that, and to the point. And the Report opens as truthfully. It says:

"Public reports of prospective crops are usually made by transient persons, frequently the agents of speculators, and these reports often prejudice the interests of planters. Last year the price of wheat and cotton was reduced by false representations. The farmers of Cedar Valley alone lost thus several thousand dollars on wheat, and, perhaps, near a hundred thousand on cotton. Let the farmers have some showing in making reports on their own crops. We expect only market value on our productions; but let the market price be on a fair and just account of supply and demand. Let Agricultural Societies be formed and kept alive in every county; and let them protect their interests by *speaking out*, when necessary, as we intend to do.

"We visited, on the 22d, some of the principal farms of Cedar Valley, with the view of seeing what the wheat prospect now is. This is the unanimous report:—All the wheat has the rust—most of it badly, but as yet confined to the leaf. The promise was very fine up to the time of the late heavy rains. The estimate of average yield of the crops examined (some of the best in the valley) is six bushels per acre. From all the information we can get from other sections of the county, the average will be considerably less. Note, wheat growers, the prospect for a full yield is good nowhere, so far as we are informed.

"Let us hear from farmers in other counties as to the wheat prospects."

Of course this report speaks for only one locality or county. But if the prospect in every cultivated county or region in the Union were as faithfully reported, the actual truth would be known, and producers and dealers, as well as consumers, thereby vastly benefited—for releable estimates could be derived from a multitude of statements, covering our whole cultivable territory. Think of it, reader, and if you can suggest a better plan, communicate it for publication. Meantime, how many Secretaries of Societies and Clubs will furnish careful reports to this and similar journals,—and what say our friends of the Agricultural Press?

* We are credibly informed that a collector of customs at a certain port on Lake Ontario employs (no, not employs, but appoints and pays,) at least twenty more men than are required to do the business to be transacted!

SUBSOILING AND DEEP PLOWING.

SOME years ago it was quite generally the custom of agricultural writers and teachers to advocate deep plowing without much reference to circumstances. As a nation of farmers we were, undoubtedly, in the practice of plowing too shallow—even now the charge of shallow plowing would hold against the majority of cultivators. But on most soils it is not advisable to change suddenly from a system of shallow or medium depth plowing to one of deep culture. The subsoil which the first deep plowing exposes to the air, is not suitable as a bed for seed to germinate in, especially spring sown seed, for it is cold, lifeless, and will not stimulate the young plant into vigorous growth. True, there is rich earth for the deep roots to take hold of, and there is a mellow and deep seed bed, which are important advantages, but they will not compensate for loss of the healthy and vigorous early growth. Besides, to speak plainly, for the good of the present crop, we should prefer keeping the richest earth nearest the surface, and there is a way to do this and yet stir the soil deep.

Subsoiling, on the majority of soils—on all which are not perfectly porous and leechy—is the kind of deep plowing which will give the most satisfactory results. It would already be generally adopted by all progressive farmers were it not so expensive, involving, as it does, the use of extra teams, plows, and men. But the principle of culture is right; the surface mold forms the seed bed, fresh, rich, lively, just right to push along the plant in the first stages of its growth, while the soil below is made loose for the admission of air, water and roots. This kind of deep plowing is adapted to all crops and seasons. Subsoiling may be done in the spring or early summer with less expense than later, when the earth becomes dryer and firmer. Several devices have been tried for attaching a subsoiler to the common plow, so that one hand, at least, with sufficient team, can break up the soil to the desired depth. A successful plow of this description would be received with favor.

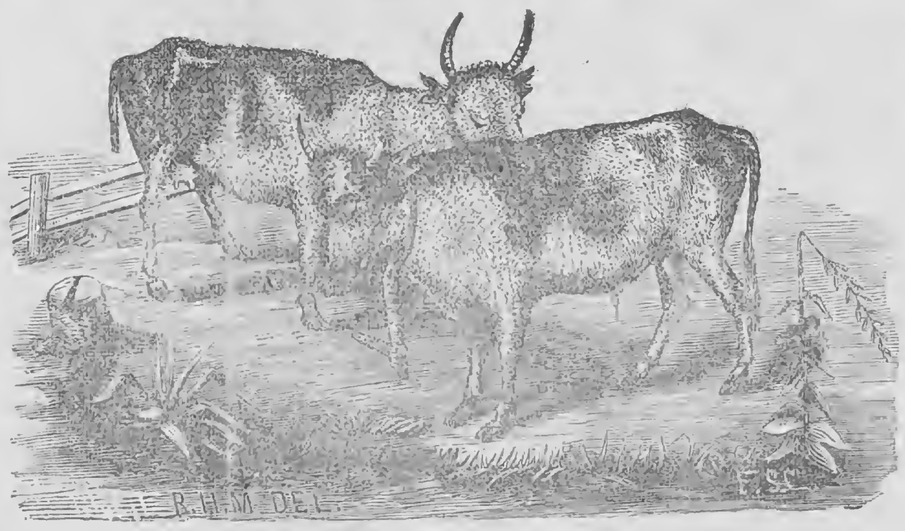
Whether good results flow from deep plowing with the ordinary plow, will depend a great deal on the kind of crop, the time of year when the work is done, and the nature of the previous tillage. In planting corn on sod land, for instance, it is not advisable to plow deep; the work should be *well* done, and dirt enough turned over the sod to work readily in and to cover the grass roots, but two or three inches in depth of cold subsoil—previously unplowed earth,—will not benefit the crop if brought to the surface. But the subsoil plow might be used to advantage. Supposing the corn crop be followed, the next year, by one of spring grain, the plow should then be run deep enough to bring the decayed sod and an inch or so of fresh earth or subsoil, to the surface. This will demand somewhat deeper plowing than for corn. If winter wheat follows the spring grain the depth of plowing may be increased two or three inches. A top dressing of manure should be applied which will aid in forming a good soil. In this way the arable soil is gradually deepened, and permanent improvement made.

COOKING FOOD FOR COWS.

THE best way to commend an improvement to farmers, is to publish, from time to time, the results of experiments. With this view, we give the following statement of Mr. B. A. AVERY of Syracuse, who made his first trial of cooking food last winter He says:—"I purchased a six-horse steam boiler with eight flues—built an engine or boiler house separate from the barn—run a steam pipe 70 feet to the steam box, in the basement of the barn, holding 400 bushels. On the floor above, I cut the hay, wet it and sifted on two pounds of pea meal to the bushel and steamed all together. I have fed from 60 to 80 cows, milked daily about fifty. Out of this lot, I have sold twelve of the oldest, after milking them every day till sold to the butchers—and I could sell half of my remaining herd to the butchers, not first quality beef, but such as is readily purchased. My whole steam apparatus cost $300, and I think I have saved $10 per head, in food, say $600 on the stock fed, besides having the milch cows in much better condition than ever before at this season of the year. Another winter I intend to attach a steam engine to this boiler of sufficient power to cut the hay and coarse fodder, grind the feed, &c., thus saving another large item of expense."

It will be noted here that Mr. AVERY fed only pea meal, (probably about four pounds to a cow per day) in addition to hay, and that they gained in flesh so as to fit them for the butcher, while giving milk. He does not state the effect upon the quantity of milk, but it would, no doubt, have been favorable. Mr. A.'s boiler is large enough for the largest stock, and his apparatus much more expensive than needed for a small number of animals. A steam apparatus for 30 to 50 cows or other stock, may be got up complete for about one hundred dollars. The saving of ten dollars in wintering a cow, and at the same time keeping her in extra condition, must be of the highest importance to the dairyman. B. W. S.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. II.



THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S CATTLE.

RAISING BUCKWHEAT.

THIS crop is regarded by many as a profitable one on land designed for winter wheat, in a two-fold way—as a fertilizer in retaining moisture, in attracting and conveying to the soil the manurial agencies floating in the atmosphere, and, at the same time, furnishing, as a result, a welcome portion of bread material for family consumption without detriment to the crop of winter wheat which is to succeed. Instead of letting the ground rest, as it is termed, in a fallowed state, it is made to furnish an extra crop counted as so much clear gain. It would be absurd to assume that a crop of anything, drawing nourishment from the soil, does not weaken, at all, its productive force, unless it can be shown that with the draft made there is coupled a compensating power which serves to balance the account. This restoring force is ascribed to buckwheat by many who have grown the article and watched the effect on the subsequent crop. On a certain occasion a field of ten acres—an old pasture—was summer-fallowed quite early. It was a heavy clay soil, and after it had been turned over a couple of weeks, two acres of it were sown to buckwheat. It was well harrowed, in the direction of the furrows, and a very tolerable seed bed secured. The result was a good yield of buckwheat while that of the winter variety, which followed, was one-quarter better on the buckwheat ground than that on the portion which was allowed to rest and recuperate in fallow. The stolen crop seemed to give a liveliness and elasticity to the soil of the section used, which the fallow rest failed to impart to the remainder.

NOTES FROM TENNESSEE.

THE Seventeen-Year Locusts made their appearance in this county (Knox, Tenn.,) early in May. They are now very numerous, and are likely to damage our fruit and forest trees by their peculiar way of preparing a nidus for their eggs. In some places their music is almost painful from its intensity. There has been an excess of rain, and our corn planting is backward. Wheat and oats are growing finely, and if they escape the rust we shall have more than average crops. Clover, meadows and pastures, are also very promising. Hay is scarce, and East Tennessee needs more land in European grasses and less under the plow.

The late remarkable rise in cotton has given a favorable turn to the rather large mule and provision trade of this State. Bacon is high, (from 15 to 18 cents a pound,) while corn is worth only 60 cents a bushel. Stock hogs are scarce and in demand. The systematic production of meat will pay handsomely in Tennessee. The Canada oats and peas sown together as field crops for hogs, before corn is sufficiently advanced for feeding will help to make early and cheap pork and bacon. It is wise to push pigs early in the season on nutritious food when they grow rapidly.

The same remarks apply to young colts and mules. Excellent blue grass and clover pastures with frequent salting and pure water will do for them. I feed oats from weaning time till a full feed of grass comes in the spring. When old enough to wean, mules and colts cost some $35 a head on an average. Only a few tenant farmers are in a condition to raise mules, while they often keep one or more brood mares to work in corn crops. Cows, and land to keep them on, can be bought low at this time; and the dairy business will pay handsomely. D. LEE.

AGRICULTURAL LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

NUMBER ONE.

WHATEVER may have been developed by the Abyssinian intellect at the day of that country's greatest prosperity, it is very evident that agricultural science did not occupy a large share of attention, or, if it did, it has been lost to the inhabitants of the present day. "Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee," was the curse of GOD spoken of the ground to ADAM when he was driven, along with his companion, out of Eden, and the Abyssinian, with true respect for all Biblical tradition, has never rebelled against this mandate of the Creator. He manages his farming something after the style related in the parable—letting the tares and the wheat grow up together. Both grow in great abundance, however, and having very few wants to supply, he does not care to till his land to the best advantage.

It is a matter of surprise that a country of such exceeding richness of soil should have lain for a thousand years comparatively unknown to us; and still more that its inhabitants, who are undoubtedly one of the finest specimens of the African Caucassian, should have, along with the standing of their country, degenerated so much. The reasons are manifold. Barred from the outer world by the barrier of hills which surrounds the country like a wall, continually harassed by the Mohammedan tribes of the lowlands, the inhabitants have been compelled to live among themselves; the only acquisition to their numbers being from the lower races of the surrounding countries. Until the recent expedition by the English, few Europeans,—except since the reign of THEODORE, who introduced European artizans into his country and encouraged intercourse at first,—have visited this remarkable country; and the correspondents and writers now in Abyssinia open up to us entirely new life, which is as interesting as it is peculiar. To the agricultural life of the country they give especial prominence, and we shall avail ourselves of their labors in the following article.

Abyssinia is fitly termed the Switzerland of Africa. A Prussian officer connected with the expedition, says that he has seen nothing in Europe that can at all equal the beauty of Abyssinian scenery, not only in its Alpine ruggedness, but also in the loveliness and fertility of its valleys. Many of these valleys cover miles in extent with the sweetest and richest grass, "enough in a single valley to feed the largest army for a considerable time." The mountainous lands, though not as productive, are still magnificent. There grow the picturesque candelabra tree, with its pink or crimson blossoms, according to its age; the flowering aloe, the myrtle, the mimosa, the bamboo, the coffee-tree, besides many "a wee modest and crimson-tipped flower, and many a fern and maiden-hair." Most of the valleys are under cultivation; and it was a matter of surprise to see so many of the inhabitants tilling the ground.

"We passed through a valley to-day," says a correspondent, "where fields of barley were to be seen in all the different stages of advancement: green and in the ear, growing in closest contiguity to fields which were drooping in the head, which produced a silken rustle, as gently shaken by the breeze, it is proclaimed ready for the sickle. Reaping was in progress in one part of the valley, sheaves being gathered in without loss of time, in order that advantage might be reaped from the shining hours and the shining beams." The day or two succeeding, we are told that "they are busily sowing their seed,"—a work which comes three times a year—in March, June, and October. The Abyssinian farmer consequently reaps three harvests a year. The chief grain grown is barley, besides wheat, oats and teff, (a small millet seed.) The latter is cultivated almost everywhere, except where the heat is too intense. The method of cultivation is very simple. The ground only needs the veriest "scratching" to produce excellent crops. The plow is a very primitive instrument, being a crooked piece of wood, pointed at one end, and drawn by a single ox. The peasant generally does this work; the women sow the seed, and the children are made useful by breaking up the clods. In the dry bottom lands, resource is had to irrigation, which is done by diverting a small stream from its course along the side of a hill, instead of in the bottom of the ravine; then all the land between the stream and the ravine can be watered at pleasure by simply removing a few clods of earth.

By this means the Abyssinian farmer overcomes the lack of rain, which is felt during the dry season. In the rainy season, especially near the coasts, this period is a perfect deluge caused by the rains descending from the mountainous regions. Tobacco is raised in considerable quantity. Vegetables and fruits common to temperate climes are not grown in great plenty, although the climate is excellent for them. The high-lands are said to be specially adapted to the cultivation of the grape, but there are too many drones in the land to render their cultivation profitable. Indeed there is little but that may be grown in Abyssinia, the temperature being so varied; the hot valleys; the warm plateaus, the bracing highlands and the colder mountainous regions. In the latter, the coffee tree is found in its wild state, the grape, the apricot and varieties of citron. "Here the jessamine and wild rose unite together and form fragrant bowers shaded by the thick branches of the spreading sycamore."

The raising of live stock has apparently reached a better point than the cultivation of the soil. Large herds of cattle, sheep and goats are to be seen in most of the provinces. One correspondent says that he saw as many as a thousand head of cattle in a single day's march of about fifteen miles. Where the country is not subject to the ravages of "feudal chieftains," it is literally "teeming with meat." The cattle are of excellent quality, with the flesh properly distributed. The provinces of Dembea, Damot and the Walle are famed for the beauty of their oxen and cows. A bullock can be bought for about ten dollars; ordinary animals from the plow for about seven. Sheep are plentiful, especially in the province of Begemder, (literally, sheep-land,) their wool is said to be of a description between ordinary wool and hair. The price ranges from one to two dollars, according to condition. In color they are nearly all black, though there are some piebald, and occasionally a white one. They are not fine

animals, however. The best horses are found in the provinces of Shoa and Godjam, where the favorite war horses are procured. The rest are very inferior animals. Mules are the favorites with the Abyssinian transport. There are great numbers of them found in the Gallas country, Shoa, and in some parts of Tigre.

It must not be supposed that the Abyssinians are without markets for their produce. At present the English army pays good prices for whatever it can get in the country where its line of march crosses. Some idea of the extent of the produce may be inferred from the fact that the purchase of the English army in one day, at Autalo, amounted to 11,000 lbs. of barley, 12,000 lbs. of flour, 1,800 lbs. of bread, &c., at an expenditure of $3,000. (Autalo is in Ashangi, called the "granary of Abyssinia.") A dollar is paid for 250 lbs. of grass or chopped straw, or 18 lbs. of grain, 9 lbs. of flour, 7 lbs. of bread, 3 lbs. of honey, 5 lbs. of coffee—everything being calculated on the basis of the dollar, (Austrian.) In ordinary times the natives hold a weekly market in the neighborhood of the large towns. Generally, however, a place is selected at an equal distance from a large number of small villages, and there, lonely as it is, hundreds resort to buy and sell. Here can be bought whatever the country produces: hay, grain, potatoes, ghee, butter, milk, chills, pepper, tobacco, onions, honey, etc. The women generally stand in the markets, and are described as being good tempered; but always try to get the best of the bargain. A correspondent thus describes them:—"First one woman, old and shriveled, forced her way to the measure of the commissariat, and on her share of flour being found insufficient, she violently abused the impassive Hindostani, but at length had to take back her goods. The next was likewise a little deficient, and as she was plump and good looking she tried coaxing, but her blandishments were utterly thrown away; then a third came on the scene, but she declared she would make up the amount wanting from a relation's bag, which she did eventually, first trying to content the representative of British interests with about half the quantity due." JOHN P. JACKSON.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TEXAS.

COLUMBUS, Texas, May 11, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—*Sir:* I have read for many years past your able communications upon Sheep Husbandry in Texas—in which you display not only thorough knowledge of the subject of sheep husbandry, but of our soil and climate. They immediately awakened among our people a deep interest in sheep raising; and our innumerable and increasing flocks demonstrate the correctness with which you predicted the adaptation of this country to sheep. To you and KENDALL, Texas is indebted for her present flocks, and the State owes you a perpetual debt of gratitude. * * * *

But Texas is not, as you are well aware, exclusively a sheep and stock country. In salubrity of climate, in fertility and durability of soil, in capacity and range of production, in inexhaustible and illimitable resources, she has no superior in the Union. Public opinion in the North has been grossly misled in regard to the state of society here and to our feelings towards Northern emigrants. Life and property are as secure here as elsewhere. Emigration from the North is warmly welcomed. We know that in mechanism, in the economies of life, in energy and enterprise, and in agricultural skill, you far surpass us; and we want you to come here for our benefit and your own.

The present situation of affairs offers great inducements to such an emigration—that is, the emigration of reputable and industrious men. We want no more of those adventurers who have come among us penniless and unprincipled to make fortunes by swindles of one kind or another. We want good shepherds, good farmers, good mechanics—honest, stable, and industrious men who come here to find homes—who come here to build up the country and to be built up with it. Such persons will find an immediate passport to the confidence and respect of our people in all circles of society. They will rapidly prosper in their pecuniary affairs. They will find honors and promotion before them. Urge your friends to come and make the trial. They will not be disappointed. * * * *

It would be egotism in me to attempt to tell *you* what you do not already know about the capacities of our soils. But I write for others; and let me state their capacity and range of production in my own vicinity, and the advantages which they present to the emigrant. I have traveled over the whole of the United States except California, the Pacific slope and the new territories—all over Texas again and again. I have lived upon the Colorado for fifteen years. In my opinion the golden region of this State—and I prefer it to any region I have ever seen elsewhere—is that through which the Colorado runs centrally, bounded east by the Brazos and west by the Guadalupe.

Its present agriculture is most defective. Four inches is the utmost depth of plowing in breaking up. Most generally it is but three; and often a furrow is made with a bull tongue plow, corn planted in it and covered by throwing two more furrows without any preparation,—and frequently the middle is just broken out, especially if the ground is fresh, and the crop is thus finished saving thinning. Corn never requires more than three plowings, generally two. Cotton usually requires about three. Hitherto these have been the main crops, but others have been planted sufficiently for experiment. Under the culture above described, if it can be called culture, the average yield of corn is from 25 to 50 bushels, and cotton from half a bale to a bale per acre. The cost and labor required is less than one-third what it would be in the North. Corn is finished in May, cotton by June 1st,—before hot weather has fairly set in; which, by the way, is not so oppressive as with you. During my residence on the Colorado, I have not had an hour's sickness. Last year was the only sickly year I have seen, and it was owing to excessive rains.

Experiments have given the following averages of other crops, per acre; sweet, and Irish potatoes and pindars from 100 to 300 bushels; castor beans from 50 to 60 bushels; millet four tons; barley 50 to 75 bushels; broom-corn any amount; English peas 40 bushels; poppies 40 lbs.; sugar one hhd.; and any amount of tobacco. Wheat and oats are liable to rust. Vegetables of every variety and fruits of nearly every kind flourish luxuriantly. Cayenne pepper, ochra, tomatoes, castor beans and tobacco seem to grow everywhere in the woods without fence or culture. There are many wild nuts and fruits in the forest which only require cultivation to become profitable. In Grapes I believe Texas the first State in the Union. Nearly every tree and bush has a vine, and the mustang will yield a barrel to a vine. Every foreign and native variety do remarkably well on being cultivated. The ramie is being put on trial, and I have no doubt will prove a success. Hops do well and would pay largely if grown. The culture of silk is only a question of time.

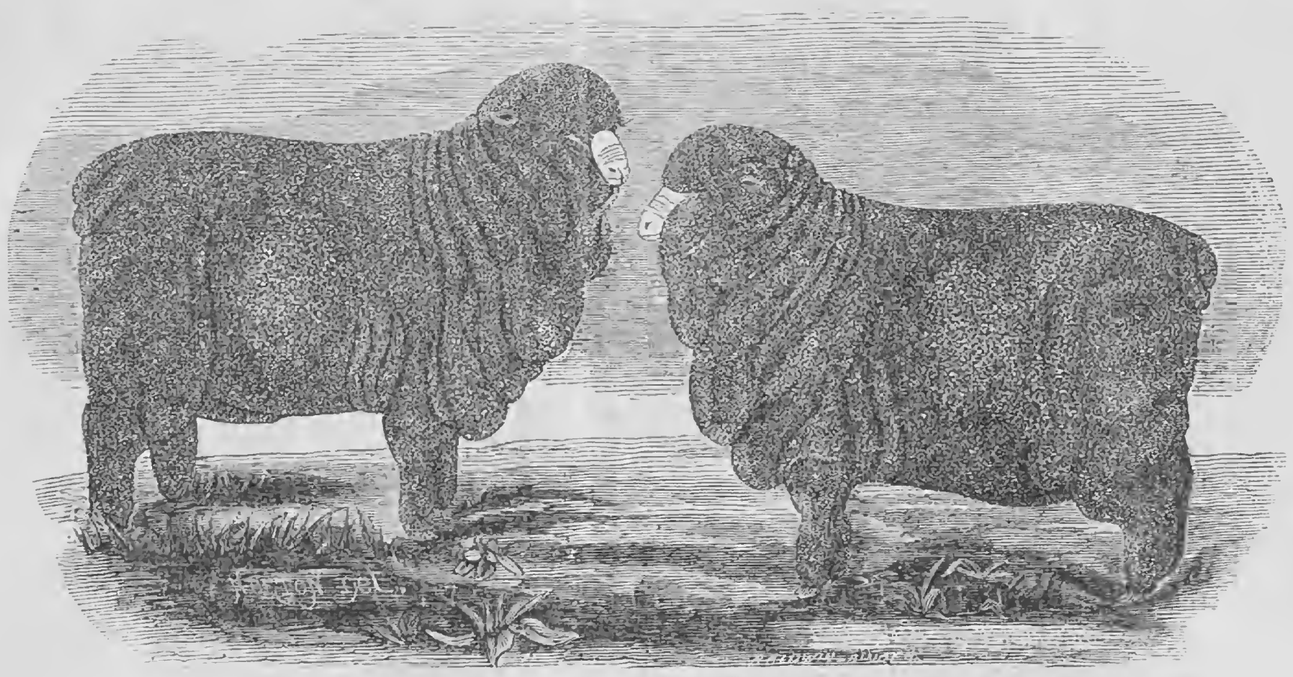
Beef packeries have been started all along the coast, and at interior points along the railroads. One was erected at Columbus, within three miles of me, last November, and in four months gave a profit of $10,000. Cattle, hogs, horses and sheep require but little more attention than chickens in New York. Columbus is finely situated on a bend of the Colorado, with immense facilities for water power. It has always been a healthy town—is the terminus of the B. B. B. & C. Railroad—and is the lowest point of steam navigation. It has trebled its population in four months and will become a large inland city.

Land sold for four times as much before the war as now. Wild lands range from 25 cents to $1 per acre—when improved, from $5 to $10. You can buy on time if desired. Stock cattle are worth about $2.50 per head; milch cows $5; oxen $20 per yoke; sheep $1 per head; goats 25 cents—pork 5 cents per pound; beef 1 to 2 cents. Stock horses are worth $10 per head; saddle and work horses from $25 to $60—and same for mules.

Our soil has been 43 years under cultivation without manure, and without any evidence of exhaustion. With advantage of proximity to market—of three months earlier maturity of crops—of far less labor in making them—with all the necessaries of life so low, *and the people actually begging for emigration*, where can either the honest hard-working man, or the capitalist, find such an opening *in the whole world?* Wool and cotton manufactories, tanneries,—butter, broom, rope, soap, &c., &c., factories—are all wanted, and all can make first-rate profits.

There are but few negroes in Western Texas, and they are rapidly removing. All the alarm and pother about "a war of races" is the sheerest nonsense. We have learned to let politics alone. Our business now is to develop the national prosperity of our country. A good deal of emigration is coming from the Northwest, and from Europe—but nothing in proportion to what the inhabitants desire and the country needs. Especially do we want *families*. We will cherish virtuous and industrious ones as the apples of our eyes. They will be as secure, and we trust, as happy amongst us, and have far better openings for successful industry, than are to be found in their present Northern rural homes.

Yours very respectfully, R. K. GAY.



MR. TOWNSEND'S "TWIN EWES."

THEY, the owner writes us, "were bred by HENRY BASCOMB, Shoreham, Vt., and are now the property of ELBERT TOWNSEND, Pavilion Center, Genesee Co., N. Y. They were got by HAMMOND'S Sweepstakes, dam by Mr. CUTTING'S ram, he by Wooster. They received the first prize, when yearlings, at the Addison Co. (Vt.) Fair in the fall of 1865; first prize and sweepstakes at the N. Y. State Sheep Show held at Rochester in May, 1866; and the special premium at the N. Y. State Fair held at Buffalo in Oct., 1867. Their average weight of fleeces, for the last two years, has been 14 lbs. 6 oz. each—they raising their lambs."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

WASHINGTON COUNTY SHEEP EXHIBITION.—The Fourth Annual Sheep Show and Public Shearing, under the auspices of the Washington County Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association, was held at North Granville, May 5th and 6th. The number of entries for competition was 47; comprising 153 sheep. In the quality of sheep on exhibition, this year's show surpassed all others, and the list below of fleeces shorn, shows that we are improving in weight of fleece materially.

County Awards.—Division A, as regards quality of wool; Div. B, as regards quantity of wool; Div. C, (the highest,) as regards quantity and quality, combined with symmetry of carcass.

Ram Tegs.—In Divisions A and B—Premiums to B. J. Lawrence of Fort Ann. Div. C—1st prem. to O. Collins of Whitehall; 2d to F. A. Braymer of Granville. Viewing Committee—Thomas Cree, W. W. Wright, Geo. Campbell.

Rams One Year Old or Over.—In Div. A—Prem. to H. W. Beckwith of West Granville Corners. Div. B—Prem to E. P. Harden of Hartford. Div. C—1st prem. to Baker & Harrigan of Comstock's Landing; 2d to E. L. Campbell of Comstock's Landing. Viewing Com.—Ira Brayton, B. J. Lawrence, H. Spring.

Pen of Three Ewe Tegs.—In Div. A and B—no awards. Div. C—1st prem. to Addison Willett of North Granville; 2d to H. W. Beckwith. Viewing Com.—W. H. Wright, Geo. Campbell, Ira Brayton.

Pen of Three Yearling Ewes.—In Div. A—no awards. Div. B—Prem. to E. P. Harden. Div. C—1st prem. to W. H. Wright; 2d to E. L. Campbell. Viewing Com.—Q. C. Rich, O. Collins, R. Ellis.

Pen of Three Breeding Ewes.—In Div. A—no awards. Div. B—Prem. to F. A. Braymer. Div. C—1st prem. to E. L. Campbell; 2d to Addison Willett of North Granville. Viewing Com.—E. P. Hardin, Geo. Kingsley, H. Spring.

There were five entries for the Sweepstakes Premium on rams. E. L. Campbell entered his two year old ram "Monitor," sired by Campbell's "Old Grimes," also "Millionaire," a two year old ram, owned by Geo. Campbell of Westminster, Vt., sired by Stowell's "Golden Fleece." Q. C. Rich of Shoreham, Vt., entered a two year old ram, "Ben. Wade," sired by a "Tottingham Ram." Capt. Joseph Sheldon of Fairhaven, Vt., entered a three year old ram, "Nero," sired by "Don Pedro." Baker & Harrigan of Comstock's Landing, entered "Cashier," a two year old ram, by Hammond's "Green Mountain." The Sweepstakes Premium was awarded to the two year old ram "Cashier," owned by Baker & Harrigan. *Judges*—Frederick A. Braymer, E. P. Hardin, M. O. Stoddard.

There were four entries for the Sweepstakes Premium on Ewes, Wm. H. Wright, E. L. Campbell, Capt. Joseph Sheldon, and Addison Willett, each entered a pen of five ewes to compete. The Sweepstakes Premium on Ewes was awarded to the pen of five ewes exhibited by Wm. H. Wright. *Judges*—Thomas Cree, Geo. Kingsley, B. J. Lawrence.

List of Sheep Shorn.—Q. C. Rich: Ram; age two years; time of growth of fleece, 1 year 11 days; weight of carcass 117 lbs.; weight of fleece 21½ lbs.

E. L. Campbell; Ram; age two years; time of growth of fleece, 1 year; weight of carcass 113 lbs.; weight of fleece 15 lbs.

O. Collins; Ram; age 13 months; time of growth of fleece, 13 mos.; weight of carcass 66½ lbs; weight of fleece 15 lbs.

H. W. Beckwith; Ewe; age 2 years; time of growth of fleece, 1 year and 4 days; weight of carcass, 85 lbs.; weight of fleece, 16½ lbs.

W. H. Wright; Ewe; age 2 years; time of growth of fleece, 1 year and 6 days; weight of carcass, 55½ lbs.; weight of fleece, 14½ lbs.

O. Collins; Ewe; age 13 mos.; time of growth of fleece, 13 mos.; weight of carcass, 50¼ lbs.; weight of fleece, 13 lbs.

Wm. H. Wright; Ewe; age 2 yrs; time of growth of fleece, 1 year 6 days; weight of carcass, 50 lbs; w't of fleece, 12½ lbs.

H. W. Beckwith; Ewe; age 1 year 15 days; time of growth of fleece, 1 year 15 days; weight of carcass, 66 lbs; weight of fleece, 12½ lbs.

Baker & Harrigan; Ram; age 2 years; time of growth of fleece, 1 year 4 days; w't carcass, 111 lbs.; w't fleece, 20½ lbs.

Shearing Premium on Ram tegs awarded to O. Collins. On rams two years old or over, to Baker & Harrigan. On Ewe tegs, to O. Collins, Whitehall. On Yearling Ewes, to Wm. H. Wright. On Breeding Ewes, to H. W. Beckwith.

The Ram shorn by E. L. Campbell, was shorn to compete for the scouring test; there being no one in competition, the fleece from Baker & Harrigan's "Cashier" was entered to compete with Mr. Campbell's Ram fleece, the two fleeces are in the Committee's hands, who will make the report as soon as the fleeces are cleansed and returned to them.

President Beckwith exhibited eight Ewes with lambs by their sides, which he did not enter for competition. The lambs were extra good ones, and attracted much attention.

The Association were well pleased with the manner in which Mr. C. G. Mason carried out the arrangements of pens, shearing, &c., and are under obligations to him, and to Mr. Wilson, the landlord, for free use of room for Executive Board, &c. I. V. BAKER, JR., *Sec'y.*

Comstock's Landing, May, 1868.

EFFECT OF BLOOD IN REPRODUCTION.—A. G. PERCEY, Newark, N. Y., writes:—"I perceive by Dr. LEE's article that he takes exception to your views of 'blood,' in its effects on the future progeny of the mare, impregnated by one of her own race, after having bred a mongrel colt. I have a work in my possession which presents the same views as to breeding a mare to an ass, and afterwards breeding from a horse. It states that the colts have the marks of the hybrid for three generations, and attributes this to the poisonous effect of mingling the blood of the ass with that of the horse. If this is so, '*blood*' does *tell* with powerful results, and may be of as much benefit as damage. It is conceded on all sides that the mule is much longer lived than the horse, and if the 'blood' of the ass mingled with the 'blood' of the mare has such a powerful effect during pregnancy as to control her future offspring, why should it not add several years to the life of the horse, thereby making a colt much more valuable for a farm horse than it would be if the mare had never bred a mule? But does not this ass story lack confirmation? Did not the ass run with the dam during pregnancy by the horse, and mark the colts instead of her 'blood,' having been poisoned by the 'blood' of the ass? I have known several instances of mares producing sorrel, white faced, white legged colts, sired by black Black Hawk horses, and in every instance the mare ran with just such a colored horse, or ran beside or next to a horse of that color, belonging to a neighbor, on the other side of the fence, showing conclusively that the colt was marked. I can readily see why the impregnation of a superior ram should alter the pile of the offspring, by diffusing greater stamina into a weaker one, thereby controlling the fœtus during gestation, without which we could not expect to improve sheep husbandry to any extent; but that it should effect the future offspring of the dam, I cannot believe, without better evidence than I now possess."

IMPORTATION OF LINCOLN SHEEP.—WINTHROP W. CHENERY of Belmont, Mass., has imported some Lincolns, selected for him by Mr. JAMES HOWARD of Bedford, England, who thus describes them, under date of Oct. 25th, 1867:—"The ram is a shearling about twenty months old, bred by Mr. GEORGE CLARKE, Canwick, Lincolnshire. Mr. CLARKE and his brother, residing at Scropwick, near Lincoln, are very eminent breeders of this mammoth breed. The ewes, twenty months old, were exhibited by the breeder, Mr. CLARKE HALES of Bassinghourne, Cambridgeshire, at the late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Show at Bury St. Edmonds, where they took the first prize. They have been running with a prize ram of Mr. HALES, so that the progeny will not be related to the (CLARKE) ram." [We have carefully examined these huge sheep, and consider them magnificent specimens of the breed.—ED.]

SHROPSHIRE DOWN CROSSES.—S. M. MOORE, Ironton, Mo., writes us:—"I have read your article on Early Lambs for Market, in RURAL of April 29. You say that you have not had an opportunity to observe the comparatively early maturity, &c., of the get of Shropshire Down rams crossed with common sheep. I purchased an imported Shropshire Down ram three years ago, for the purpose of making such a cross, to get up a flock of mutton sheep. The cross more than meets my expectations. Lambs drop in February and March with mottled faces and legs. The ewes encounter no difficulty in yeaning, although some of the lambs weighed 12½ pounds when dropped. The ewes fed on meal and bran, with clover hay, until grass, and then are turned into the woods upon wild grass, weeds and vines. At five months old I weighed half a dozen lambs. They varied from 60 to 85 pounds,—one extra fine one weighing 90 pounds at four months, live weight. I have no doubt they could be made to weigh 100 pounds at five months, with proper feed and care."

PRICE OF SHEEP AND LAND IN MISSOURI.—S. M. MOORE, Ironton, Mo., writes, (May 14:)—"Ewes and lambs have been selling in adjoining counties to this at $1.50 a pair, with fleeces off. Several hundred can be bought from 75 cents to $1.25 each. Lands are from $3 to $12 an acre. I would be pleased to join with some one in Sheep Husbandry. I know of many good localities and cheap farms on accommodating terms."

LAMB DROP IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A. G. PERCEY, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., writes:—"So far as I am able to judge, there has been more than the usual loss of lambs in this region: and taking into consideration the fact that many did not turn out their rams last fall, there cannot, I think, be more than two-thirds of the usual annual increase."

The Dairy Department.

VERMONT BUTTER MAKING.

A VERMONT dairyman supplies the St. Albans' Messenger with some notes in reference to butter making last fall. The milk stood thirty-six hours before being skimmed and the cream twenty-four hours thereafter. It was then churned, and the butter washed with spring water till the milk was all carried off, leaving the water clear. Ashton salt was then worked in by hand, at the rate of an ounce to a pound of butter. It was then set away for twenty-four hours, when it was hand worked, small quantities at a time, till the brine was all expelled, when it was pounded down in a tub. When nearly full, a clean linen cloth was spread over the butter, and covered with a thin layer of salt. Cream, churned the same day it is taken from the milk, sometimes has a disagreeable taste, which disappears after twenty-four or thirty-six hours, when the churning may safely take place. There is nothing new about this that we are aware of, still the hints may be useful to new beginners in the dairy line.

DAIRY ITEMS.

Copious Flow of Milk.—The Attica Atlas says that a favorite cow, the property of F. D. WILCOX of that village, gave 10¼ gallons of milk in twelve hours, or 41 pounds. The milk was weighed for several successive days, and the average was 40 pounds.

Cheddar Cheese.—JAMES MCADAM is making Cheddar cheese at his factory in Manheim, Herkimer Co., at the rate of thirty-four per day. He uses the milk of 1,000 cows, and says it requires no more labor to make Cheddar than any other kind or style of cheese. The May sales brought 15⅝c. per pound.

Cheese Market.—The market at Little Falls, on the 1st inst., was rather sluggish, and the stock offered quite limited. Skimmed cheese, from farm dairies, sold from 10c. to 12c., and the pure article at 13@14c. Factory sales were made at 14@15¼c. Butter sales were made at 29c., with but little offering.

Dairying in Chautauqua County.—The Fredonia Censor states that the farmers in that vicinity are very generally sending their milk to the cheese factories, instead of making butter as they anticipated earlier in the season. The decline in the price of this article is the cause of the change, as cheese is deemed to pay best.

Shade for Cows.—If pastures for cows, during the hot months, are destitute of shade trees, the animals will suffer much from the effects of heat and the biting of flies. Their productiveness will be considerably diminished from these causes, consequently it will pay well to furnish a temporary shelter till trees can be grown at suitable points for the comfort of dairy stock.

To Keep Butter Sweet in a Cask.—A compound of one part sugar, one pint nitre, and two parts of the best Spanish salt, beat together into a fine powder, and mixed thoroughly with the butter in proportion of one ounce to the pound, has been found to keep the butter in every respect sweet and sound during two years that it was in cask. It is also said to impart a rich marrowy flavor that no other butter ever acquires, and tastes very little of the salt. It might be well to give it a trial.

Rennet—Preparation.—The Utica Herald gives the Bavarian method of curing rennets, which is said to be preferable to the one commonly practiced. The contents of the rennet skin are emptied out and the latter inflated with air like a bladder, the end tied with a string, and hung up to dry. When properly cured, the skins may be taken down and packed away in a small space for use. Little or no salt is required, which is supposed to be an advantage, aside from the cost of that article, as its free use in preserving rennets is supposed to materially weaken their coagulating power.

Food for Milch Cows.—A dairyman writes the Ohio Farmer concerning the food proper for cows. Of the grasses he prefers timothy or the wild kinds. Where grain is fed the favorite mixture is shorts, ground oats and corn meal, in about equal proportions. Oats ground alone make a good flow of milk, but the use of corn meal adds to its richness but not to its volume. Potatoes are not bad, neither are they particularly good, as the milk is strong, as it also is when carrots are fed in considerable quantities. Pumpkins make rich butter, but do not much increase the quantity of milk. The best root to feed to cows is said to be the sugar beet.

Too Much Stool.—Cows sometimes, just after their calves are taken from them, show temper, and refuse to give down their milk, except grudgingly. In such cases many milkers administer a dose of stool, repeating at brief intervals. This is rarely, if ever, effective, and were better omitted on all occasions. The more rational way is to soothe the animals in their affliction, till time—which will not be long—shall have effaced the memory of their bereavement. Meantime, work at them steadily and they will "give down," simply because they are not proof against perseverance and good temper—a combination at once powerful and effective.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS—*New Rural Journals.*—It affords us great pleasure to note the increasing prosperity of the Agricultural Press of the United States and Dominion of Canada. Judging from such indications as appearance, contents, etc., we infer that most of our contemporaries—especially those which have been published for years—are established on a permanent and paying basis. But they merit far greater support than they are receiving, for many of them struggled long and manfully before realizing any profits, and then had a "hard road to travel" during the war—losing rather than making money for some years. It required a vast amount of pluck and perseverance to carry the leading Agricultural Journals through the rebellion, and those which survive—having, through years of adversity, faithfully maintained their fidelity to the Rural Interests of the Country—ought to be substantially remembered by the great Industrial and Producing Class whose prosperity they have constantly sought to enhance. We therefore ask all interested,—Farmers, Horticulturists, Stock Growers, &c.,—to see to it that the Agricultural Press is neither neglected nor forgotten during the coming political campaign, for whoever is President, or whichever party prevails, it is of vast importance to the Country and People that good and large crops be produced. Let every well-conducted journal devoted to the interests of the Rural Population be recognized and sustained according to its merits, and the prosperity of the Nation will be continuously augmented through its influence. Most of the long-established Agricultural and Horticultural Journals are too well known to be enumerated in this connection—having often been favorably noticed by us,—but we subjoin a list of new journals, (most of which have been commenced within a few months,) giving address, price, etc., of each, for the information of all interested:

Rural West. Monthly—16 page quarto. By T. M. ROGERS, Quincy, Ill.—$1.

Rural Messenger. Monthly—16 page quarto. By JERIAH BONHAM, Chicago, Ill.—$1.

Rural West Virginian. Monthly—16 page quarto. By DAVID COBORN, New Creek, West Va.—$1.

The Ruralist. Monthly—16 page quarto. By J. S. SHEPPARD, Cincinnati, Ohio.—$1.

The American Farmer's Magazine. Monthly—32 pages octavo. By CHARLES BURNETT, Cincinnati, O.—$1.50.

The Farmers' Friend. Monthly—16 page quarto. By TAYLOR & BLEW, Vineland, N. J. (No price given.)

Journal of the Farm. Monthly—16 page quarto. By BAUGH & SONS, Phila, Pa.—50 cents.

The Farmers' Union. Monthly—8 page quarto. By W. A. NIMOCKS, Minneapolis, Minn.—50 cents.

Model Farmer. Semi-monthly—32 pages octavo. By KEY & BARR, Corinth, Miss.

The New England Homestead. Weekly—8 pages double quarto. By H. M. BURT & Co., Springfield, Mass.—$2.50.

The Dixie Farmer. Weekly—16 page quarto. By WM. S. BLISS & Co., Columbia, Tenn.—$3.

PAST SEASONS AND THE PRESENT.—Col. S. G. INNIS, in the Ohio Chronicle, takes a back sight on the seasons and crop conditions, commencing with 1845 and coming up to the present year. In the year mentioned, severe frosts occurred in May, and finally, on the 25th of that month, there was a sweeper, which cut the corn clean down, and the ground had to be planted over again. The wheat was also cut and severely injured, except in sheltered places. This was followed by very dry weather till the first of June, when a fine fall of rain occurred, and planting the third time commenced on the 3d, and was continued up to the 10th or 15th of the month. The result was a better corn crop than for several preceding years. Wheat was pretty much a failure. The years 1855 and 1858 were hard ones at the West, owing to continued wet weather. Corn was planted as late as the 3d of July, but the crop was light and the price went up to eighty cents per bushel, or sixty-five cents higher than in 1847. In 1859 there was a killing frost on the morning of the 6th of June, which cut down the corn, greatly damaged the wheat, and made a clear sweep of the fruit. Planting over again was the order of the day, and a fair crop was the result. Two fruitful seasons succeeded, and, in 1861, corn sold for 20 to 25 cents per bushel. Mr. INNIS says he finished planting corn that year June 15th. Since that time the seasons have fluctuated about the same as during the period mentioned,—some wet and some dry, with variable productiveness,—but the intervention of a four year's war, followed by continued disruption to the present time, worked a change in prices greatly disproportioned to those generally prevalent previous to that event. Notwithstanding the drawbacks of the present season—including a light frost on the morning of the 8th of June—it is safe to assume that an average crop, all things considered, may yet reward the labors of the husbandman. The prospect is not the fairest for the last twenty years, nor is it the least assuring of the series.

WHICH RURAL?—Since the RURAL NEW-YORKER was established, some thirty or more journals have been started with the prefix or affix of *Rural* to their titles, many of which have proved successful. Hence the simple word "*Rural*" is a very indefinite credit to any one member of the family, and yet it is the only mark of paternity usually given by several agricultural and other journals in copying from the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Our friends might almost as well follow the example of those who give no credit whatever. We do not admire either style (nor that of *R. N. Y.*, or *Rural N. Y.*, which we frequently see in exchanges,) on the score of justice.

REPORT OF THE MICHIGAN BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—We are indebted to the Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture, SANFORD HOWARD, Esq., for copies of its Annual Report for 1867. It forms a volume of over 500 pages, and we judge the matter therein contained is of particular interest and use to the farmers of that State, and much of it likewise has a more general value. In the table of contents we notice the report of the State Agricultural College; an article on the Grand Traverse Country; Cheese Factories in Michigan, and reports of many of the County Societies.

DOMINION PRICES.—The Barre Examiner, Simcoe District, notes a considerable decline in the price of farm products in that section of the Dominion. Spring wheat is quoted at $1.30, oats 53c., potatoes 60c. per bushel; butter 15c. per pound, and eggs 10c. per dozen. In our currency this would give wheat at $1.80, potatoes 80c., and butter 21c.

THE AMERICAN FLAG HORSE COLLAR, advertised in this paper, is meriting the attention of farmers and all others having draught horses. From an examination of the collar, and testimony in its favor, we think it a valuable improvement, and should be commended by all merciful people.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

DURING the month of April, Mount Vernon, O., shipped 2,346 barrels of eggs.

EIGHTY-FOUR acres of land have been purchased near Prospect Park, Brooklyn, for a Fair Ground.

SOME writers for the Agricultural press are having fun over what they call the hen fever. Such parties are not safe visitants to the egg boxes.

A WRITER in the Rural Gentleman states that sowing wood ashes over wheat when exposed to rust will prevent it from injury from this source.

A MICHIGAN Agricultural Society, in order to make up for excluding horse racing, proposes a premium for the best pedestrian feat during the coming Fair.

A MAN tells the Prairie Farmer that he saved his potato crop from bugs by spreading straw between the vines, driving the bugs into it, and then burning the straw.

THE Michigan farmers complain of a new pest on their lands—the Red Root. Its introduction is charged to a New York thrashing machine removed to that State.

FIVE cows recently died in Belmont Co., Ohio, from drinking brine emptied from a meat barrel. The deaths were charged to the meat, but most likely too much brine was the guilty party.

THE N. Y. Farmers' Club recently decided that farming would not pay seven per cent. on the outlay. There was an omission on the credit side, of the table supplies from the farm, and also house rent and fuel.

SOME farmers contend that mowing their timothy and clover ground early in June is a paying operation. They get a fair first crop, a good second one, and often a third in September, with a good aftermath.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CHERRY.

This fruit increases in importance every year. It makes amends to some extent for the failure of the peach crop. Its uses are multifarious, being sought for as a table fruit, for canning, drying, distilling, and for flavoring liquors. Like most other valuable fruits, it seems to fail in productiveness and hardiness as its cultivation becomes more widespread, and its enemies are more numerous than formerly. Still, it is one of the most reliable of our fruits, and is adapted to a wide region of our country. In Western New York we fear that heavy rains, which occurred just at the period of fullest blossom, have greatly damaged the prospects of the cherry crop. The trees were apparently healthy and thrifty and blossomed very free, but little fruit has set. Undoubtedly the full bloom partially sapped the vigor of the tree, but heavy rains, washing the blossoms, did more damage.

In looking over various records of Horticultural movements and progress throughout the country, for the past year, we find that the cherry is taking quite a prominent place. In the fruit-growing region of Central Illinois the culture of cherries for market is extending. In the Transactions of the Illinois State Hort. Soc'y, the *ad interim* Committee report that "Cherries are grown throughout the State, in some of their varieties, in spite of some very uncongenial soils and changes of temperature. The Early Richmond is, by long odds, the most successful as a hardy tree, and early, productive bearer of a third quality of fruit. The variety known as the Common Morello is, in the Alton region, a fruit of much better quality, and probably equal hardiness, but ripens later and is, perhaps, more subject to attacks of insects. It has been seen as far north as Muscatine, Iowa, bearing well. The English Morello is highly commended, as may be seen in our discussions, but, judging from a brief experience, it is not nearly as good a fruit as the Common Morello; whilst the discussion reveals the fact that the admirers of the English Morello were talking of different varieties. Late Kentish is a successful and valuable cherry. May Duke, Belle de Choisey and Governor Wood seem tolerably successful at many points. On the prairies of Central and Northern Illinois, the better cherries have not thus far been successfully grown. But on the river bluffs, where the soil is of a different character, the finer varieties may be grown. At Alton the Committee was shown trees twenty years of age, of the Tradescant's Black Heart, Black Eagle and Napoleon Bigarreau varieties. The most healthy were planted in very deep, and large holes made by the removal of some large stumps—a good hint to cherry planters. All along the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and, doubtless, at many other points, the growing of sweet cherries can, no doubt, be made successful; but care must be exercised."

In some of the discussions of the Society Mr. Dunlap stated his preference for the May Cherry, or Early Richmond, and stated that from six hundred trees, planted in 1861, he marketed last year a peck of fruit on the average from each—the crop netting three dollars per tree. The Early May variety on Morello stock seems to give the best results in that region, and although some complaints are made of sprouting from the roots, yet, as a member remarks, "*it cherries also.*"

KNIGHT'S EARLY BLACK.

This cherry is described by F. R. Elliott as a stocky, strong grower, with short jointed wood, oblong leaves, and flowers of middle size. Originated by Mrs. Knight of England, in 1810. For amateur garden culture it is one of the finest varieties, making a tree of only moderate size. The fruit is medium in size, or rather above; form obtuse, heart shaped; surface a little uneven; color purplish red, becoming nearly or quite black when fully ripe; stem short to medium, inserted in a deep, round basin; flesh separates freely from the pit, is tender, juicy, rich and sweet; pit medium. Season last of June.

HORTICULTURE.—WESTERN PROGRESS.

Each year the lovers and promoters of Horticultural progress extend in numbers and over territory but recently the bleak prairie or the unbroken forest. While the Eastern grower is applying new modes of practice, or experimenting in some system of pruning, with a view to a better development of both tree and fruit, the Western man, content with a good, well-formed tree, plants out by the thousand in the maiden soils, and almost ere he has finished planting commences to gather and eat of the fruit. It is but a few years since the West could number only here and there a scattering member of the Pomological fraternity, but now she has them by the hundreds,—and not only her men, but her Societies in Horticultural advancement, outstrip the most active and energetic creations of the older States.

Commencing with New York and going West, not only State Societies are found in every State, but in some of the States two or more Societies, embracing their extremes, are found,—all working in one harmonious whole toward the promulgating of information relative to the culture of fruits, flowers and vegetables, to minister to the comfort and advance the mind of man. Even Utah has her Horticultural writers and workers; and a gathering of the publications of these Societies for one year only, now makes more of real Horticultural literature than was to be found in some of the large libraries forty years ago.—F. R. E.

HORT'L NOTES FROM NEW JERSEY.

May 26th I visited the country around Moorestown and Cinnaminson, Burlington Co., N. J., to learn the prospect for the coming fruit crop. These localities are widely known as fruit growing sections, but owing to their proximity to Philadelphia, most of their fruit is sent there. I called on T. Andrews, who is a large grower, and found his crop doing well, with the exception of his blackberries, which were badly injured by the winter; he has about forty acres of them under cultivation, and twelve of strawberries, which give promise of a good crop. S. C. Allen's blackberries were also injured from the same cause, but the strawberries looked well. This gentleman is growing tomatoes largely, and his soil is well adapted to their growth. J. Williams has a fine farm, mostly new land; the location is well selected, and his fine, large dwelling is erected on one of the most commanding sites in that section of the country. He is devoting the whole farm to fruit and garden truck, and has several hundred feet of propagating houses to start his plants.

I also called on Wm. Parry, and found much pleasure in looking over his fine farm. He has recently erected a very fine, large brick house, and laid out his grounds surrounding it in a beautiful manner. Mr. Parry is a gentleman of very quiet, retiring disposition, always ready to give advice or an opinion, but never boasts of his success. His farm contains three hundred acres, in a high state of cultivation, and he has now thirty acres of the Philadelphia Raspberries, twenty of the Doolittle, thirty of the Wilson Blackberries, ten of the Lawton, fifty of Dorchester, and about twenty-five acres of strawberries under cultivation. In addition to these he has a large number of acres devoted to experimenting with new varieties of small fruits, and many more as nurseries of ornamental trees. I was informed that he had an unusual demand for plants this season,—to use his own language, "I am all cleaned out with the exception of the Clark Raspberry." He entertains a very high opinion of this berry. His fruit all looked well, with the exception of about ten acres of the Philadelphia Raspberries which were injured by the frost.

I also learned that the blackberry crop was badly injured around Burlington city. With these exceptions the fruit crop of this county will be large, and I hope such prices may be obtained as will be satisfactory to the growers. For the first time in several years these growers will be able to pick the first setting of the strawberry, which are usually blasted, and, as this part of the crop is generally large and fine, will add much to its value.

On making inquiry in regard to the supply of laborers for the fruit growers, I was informed that there was no difficulty in obtaining all they wanted, as they employed large numbers of German women, who were glad to get the work, paying them about one dollar per day. These women often do as much as a man, in the lighter departments, such as weeding, taking up and setting out plants, picking and packing fruits, &c. Now and Then.

TIME FOR MULCHING.

We believe in mulching as much as we believe in good cultivation, for it is a part of it; but there is a time for benefit to be derived in the greatest degree from both. Light, heat, air and moisture are as essential to the growth of roots below ground as they are to that of leaf and twig above; but if the mulch is put upon the ground early in spring the direct action of these elements is lost, growth is retarded until heat has approached from a side connection, and it is then continued often late in the season, resulting in an immature, unripe condition of the plant. We have found our best results to come from stirring the soil frequently until the summer heat, then apply our mulch, removing it again early in October, and again applying it as soon as the ground is well frozen. By this course we give our roots, in the spring, the benefit of the elements they need to make perfect growth; we keep the powerful rays of the midsummer sun away and thus give them a longer time to fully mature wood and root; we give them in autumn the action of the atmosphere to enable them to gradually harden the root and branch and fit it for the extreme cold of winter; and in winter, after having frozen them to sleep, we cover them so they may not be wakened from week to week, but continue their nap until such time as, by the natural order, they should again pursue their appointed course.—*Horticulturist.*

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Hogs in Orchards.—The Journal of Agriculture says:—"If you are not particular about the looks, turn your hogs into the orchard. But keep the wire out of their snouts. Let them root to their heart's content; mellow the soil; they are equivalent to a cultivator,—better in sod; and they are continual workers. They will meet three important things: they will work the soil, manure it, and destroy the infected fruit. This remedy, for at least two years, is advisable. Then grow sod, if you like, and your soil is rich enough. In olden times hogs were in order in orchards, and so was fruit.

Growing Cabbage.—An experienced gardener recently informed the editor of the Utica Herald that he raised cabbages without the trouble of transplanting from a seed bed. The ground to be occupied is prepared in the best manner, and the rows properly marked. The seed is scattered along the drills, and when the plants show pretty well the surplus ones are removed. Those remaining grow much more vigorously than transplanted ones and mature earlier and more evenly than when set out in the old way. This plan, though requiring more seed and culture of the soil than the usual one, may be worthy of trial.

The Catawissa Raspberry.—In commenting on the cultivation of this variety of berry, the Germantown Telegraph says:—"Our rule has been to cut the canes down even with the ground the last of November, cover with manure and let alone. The manure answers as an excellent mulching the following year. By this means the whole strength of the stool or roots is thrown into the *new* wood, and a far more productive crop is obtained. It begins to ripen about the 20th of August and continues to furnish a supply far into October, if the season is favorable. We have had them upon our table on the 11th of November. The poor crop which the foot of the previous year's wood will afford is not needed when there are plenty of other berries for early summer use, and it detracts just about in the same proportion from the fall crop. We think highly of this fruit, and have a profuse supply from about twenty-five stools every year without any signs of the stools running out."

How to Turf a Steep Bank.—A German horticulturist recommends the following method to cover a steep bank with grass. For each square rod to be planted, take half a pound of lawn grass seed, and mix it intimately and thoroughly with about six cubic feet of good, dry garden earth and loam. This is placed in a tub, and to it liquid manure, diluted with about two-thirds of water, is added, and well stirred in, so as to bring the whole to the consistency of mortar. The slope is to be cleaned off and made perfectly smooth, and then well watered, after which the paste just mentioned is to be applied with a trowel, and made as even and thin as possible. Should it crack by exposure to the air, it is to be again watered and smoothed up, day by day, until the grass makes its appearance, which will be in eight to fourteen days, and the whole declivity will soon be covered by a close carpet of green.

Forcing Strawberries.—The Gardener's Monthly says:—"At the last meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, Mr. D. W. Herstine of Philadelphia, displayed a large basket of strawberries, which delighted every one by their size and beauty, and which were produced simply by covering the plants in the open ground with a common hot-bed frame. It is astonishing that this simple way of getting early strawberries is not more general. Here, Mr. H. had an abundance of fine fruit before the plants in the open ground, without the glass, were in blossom—and before even Southern fruit is in the market here. No doubt this plan, on a large scale, could be made very profitable—not to speak of the immense enjoyment every family might have, in strawberries a month before the usual time, by the trifling cost of hotbed sash. The variety exhibited was the Stinger. These were much more highly colored than we have seen them in the open ground."

Manuring Trees.—Some farmers still practice the old plan of putting a little heap of manure close around the trunks of their fruit trees, instead of spreading it near the trees and mixing it thoroughly with the soil, so that the fibrous roots can reach it. But such farmers seldom read agricultural papers, and many of them are opposed to "book farming." Now if they would consider the subject a little, even without reading the papers, they would see that it stands to reason that the tree gets its nourishment through the small roots,—rootlets, fibrous roots,—whose bark is tender and spongy, and not through the thick, hard, woody bark of the roots near the trunk. These rootlets are most numerous at a distance of four to ten feet from the tree, according to its size. If the manure is spread over that space in the fall, and mixed with the soil with the harrow, or better, with the plow, the frost and winter rains will so modify its fertilizing properties and wash them into the subsoil that they will be readily appropriated to the growth of the tree.

Asparagus in France.—This is one of the leading vegetables in France. The following from the London Journal of Horticulture shows how careful they are in selecting seed:

"Every grower raises his own roots by sowing selected seed. The largest and earliest ripened seeds are chosen. A bed of sandy, unmanured soil is lined off, forming little furrows 12 inches apart, and the selected seed finger-and-thumbed-in at least four inches apart. After the rake has been drawn over all, the seeds will be two inches from the surface. This operation is done on a dry day in February. By the end of March, a hoeing before the seeds germinate tends to keep the seed beds clear of weeds, after which the young plants soon begin to show themselves above ground. The end of April and the beginning of May bring dry, hot weather. A slight mulching with decayed manure is now applied. After this nothing more is required but a little hand-weeding and repeated waterings in very hot weather throughout the year. At the period when they may be termed yearlings with half an inch of growth, which will be about the end of March, is the time when the planting in the *Aspergerie* take place."

The Quince.—A few years ago this fruit was easily grown, and large quantities found their way into the great cities, where they were sold at moderate prices; but latterly they have failed, and, like the apple, have been scarce and high. The quince seems to flourish best on a rather stiff, moist soil, in somewhat sheltered locations. We have often seen trees or bushes loaded with fruit, growing beside brooks or around small ponds. It has long been a favorite fruit for preserving in sugar, and for marmalade, on account of its texture and peculiar and agreeable flavor. We know of no reason why the cultivation of this fruit should be neglected,—for there is always ready sale for it. The plants are easily grown from cuttings, and soon come into a bearing state. They may be planted six feet apart in the row, with rows ten feet apart. The trees are quite long-lived, and usually healthy and hardy. The worst enemy to the quince is the borer, which soon destroys the tree if allowed to work. The same plan may be adopted for the destruction of the borers in the quince as in the apple. Fruit growers having a soil suitable for this fruit should certainly devote time and space to its cultivation,—for, at the prices for which it has been selling, no fruit will pay a better profit.—*Am. Jour. Hort.*

Equilibrium in the Grape Vine.—Keep up the balance between the wood and the fruit of your grape vines. This is the most important point in grape culture. There must be wood or there can be no fruit. If the wood suffers the grape must suffer—both then suffer. The vine is weakened by the excess of fruit, and unable not only to perfect its crop, but its wood also. This is common, nothing more common. Grow a large crop of fruit, and you are sure to grow a small crop of vine, and what you get is imperfect; it cannot perform its functions properly. Nothing seems worse than to see such suffering wood on a good, well disposed vine. The very source that produces the fruit is crippled, and the fruit in consequence must suffer correspondingly. We see this to a large extent; it is a common, a general evil. We prune too much; that sums it up. But that alone, is it not? We prune too little on the other side at the same time. Thin out the fruit, the small clusters, the crowded parts, and the bunches themselves, and you will arrest the current and throw it back on the wood in part; thin out one-third, one-half, or a quarter,—thin so as to get a fair, good crop. Avoid, as you would death, an overbearing crop, a "premium" crop, a crop to be reported for its great yield. Get a medium good crop, and you will have it always. A celebrated crop is celebrated only once. Less pruning, then, and more extent on the trellis, more air and sun, less but better fruit, and fruit always,—wood withstanding the cold and disease,—not absolutely, but to a good extent. Pinch, but pinch carefully, to get up a balance. So the fluids of the human system must be in balance. Then there is nothing one sided; then everything goes off harmoniously. So does the vine in Europe prosper; so does it here to some extent; so will it always if kept in its balance. —*Journal of Agriculture.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

A Pie Plant.—The editor of the Geneva Gazette has been the recipient of a stalk and leaf of a pie plant of unusual dimensions. The latter was two feet four inches in diameter, and in circumference, following the indentations, eleven feet eight inches.

Horticulture in Tennessee.—There is a live Horticultural Society in Nashville, Tenn., which recently held its semi-annual exhibition at that place. The Dixie Farmer says it was the most brilliant and successful affair of the kind ever witnessed in that State. Experienced florists asserted that it had never been excelled in the United States in the way of flowers; but as respects fruits and vegetables considerable abatement from this credit must be made.

Record of Horticulture.—We have just received the second annual volume of this work, edited by A. S. Fuller, and published by F. W. Woodward, New York. The aim of the authors in making up these annual publications is to give a brief synopsis of the principal events that are likely to interest the cultivator of plants. New fruits, vegetables, flowers and horticultural implements are described and illustrated; new books on horticulture noticed, and the volume closes with a very complete list of the Nurserymen, Florists and Seedsmen of the country.

New York Grape Growers' Association.—A meeting of the Executive Board of this Association will be held at the Canandaigua Hotel, Canandaigua, on the 17th day of June instant, to make arrangements for the fall exhibition and to transact such other business as may be necessary. E. B. Pottle, *President.*

Domestic Economy.

ECONOMY OF TIME IN HOUSEKEEPING.

Eds. Rural:—As there seems to be a desire to have the subject of Domestic Economy discussed, I will contribute my mite, hoping older and more experienced housekeepers will "do likewise." To my mind there are several kinds of economy to be practiced in housekeeping—the most important of which is economy of time. I can do more work in one day now than I could in two during my first year of housekeeping. We must do more than one kind of work at a time. I will give a description of my day's work last Saturday, which is a fair sample of my way of managing:

I have a family of five—two men, two children and myself; so I have no help. I rose at five o'clock, commenced my breakfast, then put my bread to sponge; breakfast a little before six; did up the dishes; washed, combed and dressed the children, and gave them their breakfast; then put peaches on to stew for pies; put on a kettle with hops and potatoes for yeast. While these were cooking, made beds, swept, dusted and put things in place; then, everything being in order, I was ready to commence baking. Baked a batch of cookies first; then made my yeast, moulded my bread, and put a kettle of water over to be heating while I was making my pies, so that it would be in readiness for cleaning the floors as soon as needed. By the time my floor was cleaned, my pies were done, the bread was ready for the oven, and I made a sponge cake, put it in the oven, and looked around to see what more was to be done. Oh, there were the lamps to wash, and my tea kettle did not look quite bright enough; so a little scouring and washing, and my Saturday's work was done. Then I washed and dressed, and on looking at the time found that it was only ten o'clock.

There was a whole hour for resting before it was time to get dinner. I took my sewing and sat down, and that, too, in the forenoon—which is not often the case with housekeepers, especially on Saturday. By an economical use of our time, we may do our housework easily and pleasantly, and gain time enough in which to do our sewing. One item in my day's arrangement I must not omit to mention. I had the evening free from care or work to devote to the Rural. Jennie.

Dundee, Mich., June, 1868.

To Clean Gloves.—Lay them on a clean board, and first rub the surface gently with a clean sponge and some camphene, or a mixture of camphene and alcohol. Now dip each glove into a cup containing the camphene, lift it out, squeeze it in the hand, and again rub it gently with the sponge, to take out all the wrinkles. After this gather up the cuff in the hand, and blow into it to puff out the fingers, when it may be hung up with a thread to dry. This operation should not be conducted near to a fire, owing to the inflammable nature of the camphene vapor. The recipes given in all the printed books we have consulted for cleaning gloves are barbarous.

Vermicelli Soup.—Put four pounds of any kind of fresh meat, except pork, into a gallon of cold water, cover close, and boil gently until the meat is tender. Throw in a head or two of celery, and half an hour afterward take it from the fire, strain it, and return it to the pot. Season with salt and pepper. Add vermicelli, which has been scalded in boiling water, in the proportion of four ounces to two quarts of soup. Let it boil ten minutes, and pour into the tureen.

Coloring the Hair.—"A Reader" wants somebody to give a recipe for coloring the hair dark without injury to it.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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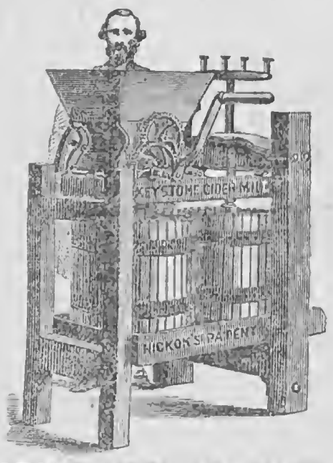

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Rev. A. Mahan, D.D., the President of Adrian College, and the Author of Standard Works on Mental Philosophy, Natural Theology, etc., says, in relation to this work:
"During the past winter the Rev. Alexander Clark delivered before his congregation in Pittsburgh, a series of discourses under the above title. So intense was the interest awakened by them that he was requested to publish them in book form, with which request, I am rejoiced to learn, he has complied. In this work two ends of great importance are secured. Very valuable information is conveyed, by which the reader is made better acquainted with many of the leading facts, and much of the figurative language of the Bible, and the truth or virtue elucidated is made to stand out in newer and fresher forms than before, in the mind's apprehension. The author has attained to certain forms of excellence in which he is surpassed by but few. For such forms of writing as the above, he has very peculiar adaptation, and his present effort is a very marked success."
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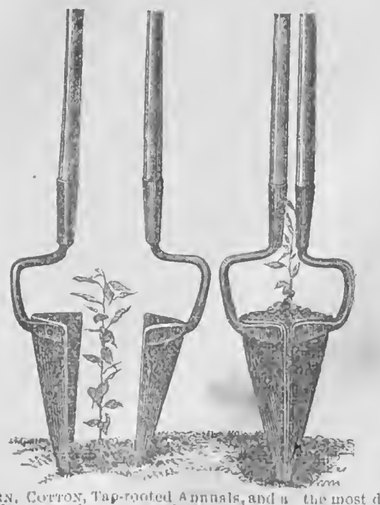

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JUNE.

Her lips are bright as rubies,
And rose tints flush her cheeks;
Her eyes are blue and starry,
She warbles when she speaks.
Her royal maids of honor
Are Beauty, Grace and Bloom;
And all her haunts are dainty
With song and rich perfume.

She trips among the lilies;
She dances on the hill;
And while she makes her toilet
Her mirror is the rill.
So grand she is, and careless,
So charming, yet so mild,
That in her simple sweetness
She seemeth like a child.

The sunshine and the dew drop
She treasures in her heart
To deck the world with rainbows,
For well she knows the art.
And when from her gem casket
The liquid fountain flows,
She waters all the daisys
As kindly as the rose.

Thou peerless queen of summer,
How in the panting day
I love to seek thy shade-lands,
And dream the hours away;
For with each balmy whisper
That stirs the shimmering leaves,
My heart some thrilling echo
Of happiness receives. L. M. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A MOTHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON HOME TRAINING.—III.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

Dovecote, May, 186-.

My Dear Mary:—For a week I have been trying your method of putting babies to bed, and at last it works admirably. Now Jamie goes to sleep quietly without rocking, and I have my evenings for reading or going out to lectures and other entertainments. I do not think because a woman is married, and has a house to keep and children to care for, she need be excused from all other social duties. I always feel a great deal better if I can get away from domestic care two or three times a week, and breathe a different air from that in my sitting room. Home seems all the dearer when I come back to it, and the faces of my children more beautiful to me from contrast with those I meet; and I have, too, a clearer and fresher appreciation of my maternal duties from the glimpses I get into other families.

I was very much impressed with what you said about implicit obedience on the part of children, and think you are right about it. What is more unlovely than an ill-governed, disobedient, self-willed child? What is more beautiful than a docile, submissive, subdued spirit? But I find it no easy matter to insist in every instance upon prompt and implicit obedience. I am sure, however, perseverance in requiring it will be amply rewarded. My friends, Mrs. Hewett and Mrs. Riley, have humored their children always, but, with me, they begin to see that it is very important that their little ones learn to obey while they are young.

Your next letter I wish much to see. Perhaps you will tell us what you think of baby-talk, and the best methods of teaching children at home. Your letters are eagerly read by my friends, as well as by myself, and are doing us a great deal of good.

Your friend, Julia.

Home, June, 186-.

My Dear Julia:—In reply to your last I will copy a few extracts from a diary I kept when my oldest boy was two and three years old. They touch the points in your letter as well as anything I can say, and have the merit of having been written when these were fresh in my mind.

"*June* 12, 185-.—Mrs. M. has been spending a week with me. She brought her little Effie, a child of three years, a little angel in form and feature, but so spoiled with indulgence that the whole house was kept in a ferment all the time she was here. Effie must have cake, and the crumbs, of course, were scattered over the parlor carpet. Effie must have the pretties from the *etagere*, or a long cry will deafen us. Effie wont go to bed till nine o'clock, and mamma must stay home with her and rock her to sleep. Mrs. M. can't punish her; it would 'break the little girl's spirit,' and so Effie tyrannizes over mamma, and every one must bow to her will. My baby goes to sleep regularly at six o'clock in the evening, and I have no trouble with him till morning. He is nearly two years old and talks quite as plainly as little Effie does. His father and I decided when he was a mere baby to train him in the correct and perfect use of his mother tongue,—to teach him from the cradle to speak pure English. He never hears baby talk, incorrect pronunciation or slang words, and will always speak, I hope, the language of Addison and Washington Irving.

"*July 20th.*—Eddie knows all his letters and can pick out each and bring to me on the block. Now I shall get him a primer, and every day hear him read a little. My mother taught me to read before my recollection, and I want Eddie to learn his first lessons at his mother's knee. He has just begun to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Ever since he was a year old, when I told him, 'Eddie, say your prayer,' he would kneel beside me and put his little hands on his eyes while I repeated the verse, but bound up quickly when I came to 'Amen.' I am beginning to teach him who made him, and who the first man was and the first woman. I find myself growing impatient for the time to come when I can tell him stories and he can talk back to me.

"*August 10th.*—We have been talking this evening about the future of our two boys, and I will note down some of the conclusions we have come to. One of our near neighbors, Mr. Bentley, has a son about twenty, a very reckless and unmanageable youth, who is restrained neither by the authority of his father nor the tears of his mother. The failure in their domestic training has led us to discuss the means of acquiring such influence over our boys as they will not outgrow when they arrive at maturity. It is far easier to see the faults in other parents than to make ourselves perfect. But we think we see some errors in Mr. Bentley's management that should be avoided. He is a well educated man, but has always allowed himself to be so engrossed with business that he has given very little personal attention to the education of his family, except to pay their school bills and see that they were supplied with all physical comforts. Mrs. Bentley is a careful mother and a good housekeeper, but her notions of maternal responsibility do not go much beyond providing suitable food and clothing for her family. She never reads much herself, and of course cannot prescribe what books are best for her children. Her daughters are pretty, well behaved girls, but seem to have no very high ideas of life and its duties, or any great respect for their mother's wishes. Looking at their family life, we have been led to inquire what is the secret of the continuance of parental influence and authority over children after they become of age and take their places in society as men and women? The physical tie is weakened in proportion as the child becomes independent of the parent and able to take care of itself, and unless other and stronger ties are substituted, indifference on both sides will gradually creep in. We see this daily in multitudes of families. But let parents become at once the fountains of intellectual and moral as well as physical life to their child,—let them feed his mind with knowledge and instruct him in the fundamental principles of virtue, and ethics, civil and social, and their power over him will increase with increasing years. It is comparatively easy to take the plastic child and train him in correct habits; but after a lad passes the age of eighteen, the period of fermentation sets in, and years of good habits and virtuous instructions may be neutralized by a single rash step. Youth does not think long, and on many subjects the gusts of passion will drive the bark much further from its track than a defective magnetic needle or an erroneous calculation. The mother can, by early nursery influence, see to it that the needle is a good one,—the conscience true and just; but how shall she protect her boy when the sweeping gale falls upon his broad-spread canvas? In other words, by what arts, what studies, what wisdom, can she make herself the best possible adviser to a young man of twenty-one? Not by sitting in the chimney corner and reading Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' but by keeping herself in sympathy with youth, with the joys and the impulses of youth, with the hopes and aspirations of young men and women. Lord Bacon, Sir William Jones and George Washington honored and revered their mothers to their latest day. Not because their bodies were kept well fed and clothed in infancy and boyhood, but because their mothers were the guardians and inspirers of the noble purposes and lofty aims of aspiring young manhood. They taught their sons truth, integrity, virtue, religion. And every mother who has retained a lasting influence over her children has done it by reason of her intellectual and moral power. When these unite in the same character and are exercised in the direction of beneficence, their potency for good cannot be estimated. It is beyond computation by any arithmetic of earth. This power does not grow old with advancing years. Like its infinite Source, it is yesterday, to-day and forever the same, and parental influence so based must cease only with the immortal spirit over which it exercises its control. Therefore will we be in the highest sense the parents of our children, imparting to them the essential elements of intellectual, moral and spiritual growth, according to the ability God shall give us."

We have acted accordingly. As their minds unfolded we have poured in knowledge. Bible stories have been rehearsed until they are familiar with all in the Old Testament and in the New. We have not taught them "Mother Goose's Melodies" or anything in that line, but have rather taken Homer and Virgil as our nursery poets, and told them in child language the mythologic tales of Greece, the story of Achilles, the wanderings of Ulysses, the adventures of Theseus, the misfortunes of Æneas, and the sad story of the fall of Troy. To show you how appreciative they are of these fables and stories, I will relate a little conversation at the breakfast-table, when our second boy was a little over three years old. "Tithonus, Tithonus," he kept repeating to himself. "And who was Tithonus?" I asked in astonishment, for I had been too busy getting breakfast to listen to his talk with his father. "Oh," said the wee lad, "he was the husband of Aurora, the pretty lady that scatters roses in the morning and makes the heavens all beautiful."

In this way we have told them the story of "Paradise Lost," "The Lady of the Lake," the wonderful tale of the "Ancient Mariner," and historical stories without number. As they began to notice the world about them, and ask questions, the answers to which involve the rudiments of science, we have stimulated their curiosity and encouraged their questionings.

But as this letter is already so long I will reserve what else I have to say till a future time.

Yours, Mary.

LEARN TO SWIM.

Everybody should learn to swim. Steamboat disasters would be less terrible in loss of life, if all could swim. No girl, even, should be called educated who cannot swim a mile and dive to at least a dozen feet. Recently in England, two girls, aged eight and fourteen, walking with their governess, and being a little behind her, the youngest fell into a deep pool. Her sister immediately jumped in to her rescue, and pushed her on to a rock, where she gained her footing, but in doing so the latter herself was carried under water out of her depth. She came to the surface twice, when her screams were heard by the governess, a heroic young lady of twenty-one years, who immediately ran to the spot, saw her again sink, and jumped in head foremost, caught hold of her and succeeded in holding her head above water for fifteen minutes, while the younger sister ran for assistance. Both were under water except their heads for a quarter of an hour. The whole party were rescued and saved.—*The Revolution.*

SANDWICHES.

A floral swell—The dande-lion.

Epitaph on an auctioneer—"Gone."

Epitaph on a portrait painter—Taken from life.

What whole is better for being in many pieces?—A brass band.

Meekness and modesty are the rich and charming attire of the soul.

Most things in life seldom turn out as good as we hope, nor as bad we fear.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.

What would be most apt to accelerate the movements of a slow man?—A hurri-cane.

Those are, usually, most proud of riches and grandeur, who were not born to either.

He who studies books gets the frame of knowledge, but he who studies men gets the soul.

A sentimental banker says when he begins to operate in bonds (matrimonial) he shall prefer five-twenties to seven-thirties.

Fretting is a perpetual confession of weakness. It says "I want to and I can't." Fretting is like a little dog pawing and whining at a door because he can't get in.

Choice Miscellany.

LONGFELLOW.

Henry W. Longfellow, accompanied by his family, has sailed for Europe, and will not return home for two years or more. The Boston Advertiser publishes the following tribute from Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was read a few evenings ago at a private farewell dinner to the poet. The sentiment it embodies is that of our whole country:

Our Poet who has taught the western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech,
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the furthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know.
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears!

Forgive the simplest words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase:
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend,
And what the frost has marred, the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearts our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find,—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind,—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind.

OLE BULL AS AN ARTIST.

It will ever be one of our sweetest memories that we once heard Ole Bull play "Home, Sweet Home." We have listened to the air of the wanderer under a variety of circumstances,—in the home parlor, where warm hearts and sunny smiles gave a touching emphasis to the refrain; among strangers, where the melody made the lack of these more keenly felt,—but when it breathed forth from under Ole Bull's fingers, coming, as it almost seemed, from some poor homesick soul hid away in the violin of the marvelous player, it had a new depth of feeling in it, a more subtle power than ever thrilled our heart before. It was a new revelation,—a something to remember as one would remember a hope or a prayer.

Had we heard Ole Bull play nothing but this, we could have unhesitatingly pronounced him an artist. For what is art but, in its truest sense, an appeal to the feeling of humanity? And when anything touches the heart, and takes hold upon all one's finer nature, is it not in the highest degree artistic? Ole Bull's touch *humanizes* the violin. Listen to him, with shut eyes, and you feel the truth of the statement. You hear a human voice,—human, only wondrously sweet,—a human voice full of joy, it may be, or wailing and tearful, or, as in "The Mother's Prayer," now agonizing and now triumphant, dying away at last in sweet sentences of thankfulness; and you realize, then, that music is indeed a divine art, and that such an interpretation of it as you have received is forevermore a blessing.

The proper standard of art is worthy consideration. There are some who would have all art subjected to the most rigorous discipline; with whom art is but another name for formality. Such persons err, we think. The purest art is always the nearest allied to nature; and nature's effects never are circumscribed by square and compass. Some writer has discoursed very truthfully of Ole Bull as an artist, in the paragraphs which we append:

What Paganini was to the violinists of the last generation Ole Bull is to those of the present. Neither can be classed as a follower of any particular school; for the characteristic of each is a bold sacrifice of technical restrictions for the purpose of broad effects; a wonderful power of moving the listener, with little care how that power is obtained. And is not this independence, after all, a mark of genius? As the human voice is the noblest of all instruments of sound, so that is the truest and most elevated music which most closely copies the expression of human feeling. It was when the violin was emancipated from mechanical restrictions and made capable of receiving the freest impression of the player's taste and sentiment that it was raised from its former low rank to its present importance; and so it was when musicians plucked up heart to dare the censure of formalists that what was previously little better than dry science became living and enduring poetry. In its power not alone of imitating the voice, but of expressing profound human sentiment, the violin is unrivaled; and schools are true or false, players are men of genius or mere craftsmen, just in proportion as they bend their rules to the attainment of this end.

In this recognition of the poetry of his art, and this independence in his method of giving utterance to it, Ole Bull is to-day the first of violinists. Paganini resembled him in many things, and surpassed him as an executant; but his taste was not a pure one, and his playing was often empty sensationalism instead of the voice of nature. He, as well as Ole Bull, was denounced as a charlatan and musical trickster. Sometimes the accusation in the Italian's case was just; oftener it was not. The canons of music are not immutable. What is charlatanism to-day becomes classic to-morrow, and if a new Apollo were to come upon earth there are critics who would hoot at him as a humbug. Paganini was called a mountebank because he performed feats which no one else durst attempt, and critics pretended to discover the secret of his success in a deformity of his fingers or a peculiar method of tuning his instrument. In like manner Ole Bull has been denied the title of a genuine artist, because some of the means by which he stirs the soul and brings tears to the eyes are not those laid down in the old books or practised by the old musicians. But disparagement like this is not criticism.

Ole Bull differs from other artists for the same reason for which he excels them, because he is a genius, and it is the privilege of genius to strike out new paths and trample upon old restrictions. In the pathos of his touch, the singing, voice-like quality of his tones, the profoundness of his poetical perceptions, he is without an equal to-day—perhaps he has never had an equal; and a performer of whom all this can be said has reached the acme of his art. If the true aim of music is to influence the feelings, Ole Bull is one of the greatest musicians of his time. We hail him as a phenomenon in music, to be judged by none of the acknowledged scientific standards, but to be welcomed with gratitude and unquestioning admiration.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO HUSBANDS.

There is one thing I would like to ask of every husband and father, feeling certain that many of my sisters will join my petition with the most heartfelt earnestness. It is this:—Spend *some* of your evenings at *home* with your wife and children. If you have an amiable, gentle wife, surely your home must be a pleasant one, but if, from increasing cares or other reasons, she has grown fretful or sullen, who knows but a little more attention or kindness on your part might do a great deal towards the return of the amiability you so much admired in her girlhood? If you would stay at home oftener evenings, treating her with something of the old tenderness, making her believe at least that you are not wholly indifferent to her happiness, you would soon see a change for the better in your household.

She has not forgotten the time, if you have, (not very long ago, perhaps,) when her society was all you asked for to make the long evenings pass delightfully away. Loving you as she did, *she* would have gone on through life in the same quiet way, contented and happy. But, alas! you soon grew tired of the same room evening after evening, the same easy chair, and saddest of all, weary of the society of your wife,—impatient of the restraints of home, longing for a change. So you spend your evenings away, meeting many gay, companionable fellows, who entertain you with wit, song and wine, and you fancy yourself delighted and charmed. Perhaps there are moments of reflection, when conscience seems whispering to you of the pure, holy influences of home which you have so recklessly and unfeelingly cast away from you. Your lonely wife sits by the fireside, watching and waiting for your return, through the hours that drag slowly along, listening eagerly to every footfall, starting at every sound, fearing, she knows not what, yet conscious always of the weary heartache that seems wearing her life away.

Evening after evening she watches your preparations for departure, hoping, meanwhile, you will relent and stay at home with her. But you hastily don your hat and coat, turning your back resolutely towards her, fearing to encounter that gaze of wistful entreaty, for you *know* she is watching you, with tears silently rolling down her pale cheeks. You know it, still you do not think best to notice it, for you *dislike a scene. Tears* annoy you exceedingly, so you close the door, perhaps with a bang, trying hard to feel very indignant towards her for daring to weep, even behind your back. So the lonely wife brushes away the falling tears, and sits down with bitterness in her heart, to compare the last years of her married life to those first ones, made so bright and happy by her husband's love and presence. Sometimes softer feelings fill her heart, and she dreams of that dear old home she left for this one—the home that sheltered her childhood and youth; and as she thinks of her beloved parents, her brothers and sisters, the light, the warmth and love in the old homestead, no wonder she bows her head and weeps by her lonely fireside, like a grieved, homesick child. G. C.

VACANCIES.

Vacancies have a mission. What has not? There is something in everything to be a chariot for thought. Even the absence of a familiar object may set in motion the wheels on which thought swiftly rides. That vacant chair carries the mind back to your school days; to merry rambles over green meadows and tufted pastures, through shady groves; to your favorite seat on some mossy bank that was kept green by a little brook that babbled by it; to that swing under the great maple, that used to stand in the yard; and by-and-by you go quietly to the drawer, and take out a little square case, just large enough to hold a treasure, open it and gaze thoughtfully on a picture. Then you feel something rising from the heart, and, mayhap a pearly tear steals slyly down your cheek. No one saw it; you saw no one; yet you felt that you had met a loved one; saw a smile upon the lip that had often returned your caresses. You put away the picture and go about your regular duties happier, better for having thus seen and felt some of the joys of the past.—*Telegram.*

AN UNSPOTTED CHARACTER.

Money is a good thing, especially in these hard times, but there is something a thousandfold more valuable. It is character—the consciousness of a pure and honorable life. This it should be a man's first aim to preserve at any cost. In times of commercial distress, while some are proved and found wanting, others come forth tried as by fire. Here and there one comes out of the furnace far more of a man than before. Amid the wreck of his fortune he stands erect—a noble specimen of true manhood. We have occasionally witnessed an example of courage in such a crisis, of moral intrepidity, that deserved all honor. Let it be the aim of every business man, above all things else, to keep this purity sustained. This is the best possession—this is a capital which can never be taken from him—this is the richest inheritance which he can leave to his children.

The Sorrows of Others.—There is no question but habitual cheerfulness is a very great blessing. But when cheerful people are lauded, let it be remembered, as a general thing, that they are no more commended for it than a person for the possession of a pair of beautiful eyes. Cheerfulness is a matter of health and constitution. An invalid or a nervous person—a very sensitive person, easily affected by atmospheric and other influences, cannot be uniformly cheerful. He may do much towards endeavoring to be so, it is true, but it must be a thing of effort. Many people are cheerful because they are apathetic. The sorrows of others, not being their own, are easy to bear. We do not wish to decry this social sunshine, but let us not forget that there are very sweet flowers that flourish and give out perfume only in the shade.

Good Advice.—Stop grumbling. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something out of your regular profession. Mind your own business, and with all your might let other people's alone. Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away or sell your dog. Smoke your cigar through an air stove. Eat with moderation, and go to bed early. Talk less of your own peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of those of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you would see in others. Be a good man, and stop grumbling.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"TIRED OF LIVING."

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

As we wander 'mid the shadows
Deep'ning on the hills of life,
Listening ever to the tumult
Of men's hearts and hands at strife—
We grow weary of the conflict,
Long for rest beneath the sod,
Long to taste the sweet millenium,
In the paradise of God.

Tired of living! oh, thou pilgrim,
Hast thou *nothing*, then, to do?
If the world seems false and hollow,
Canst *thou* not at least be true?
Courage!—there's some silver shining
Bursting thro' the gloomy pall;
Earth has always some sweet heart-song,
Tender as the dews that fall.

Weary?—Sad heart, never weary,
Till the blissful goal is won,—
Pause not, drop no heavy burden,
Till the setting of the sun.
Over all thine hours of toiling,
God is dropping blessings down;
Thou wilt change thy cross at even,
For a fadeless, starry crown.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I WANT SOMETHING.

"In prayer my soul drew near the Lord;
I saw His glories shine;
And when I read His holy word,
I called each promise mine."

"I want *bread; daily* bread; *living* bread; that bread which *came down from heaven.* I am hungry. Porter-house steak, rich pastry and delicious puddings do not seem to be what I need. I want something that will appease the gnawings of hunger. Bread will do it. Heavenly Benefactor, give me bread for my famishing soul!"

Here is the petition of a hungry soul who never thought he knew enough to pray. Such an one will bring down all the bread you want, for half a day, at least; while the poor soul that soars to the Giver of all good on the pinions of a lofty imagination, spreading out his necessities in beautiful sentences and well-rounded periods, will go faint and hungry, as a dog in the chase, all day; and wonder why he can't have bread when he asks for it, in such beautiful language!

My reader, do you know that there is a great and holy law which we, blind guides, know very little about, except what we perceive, blindly, of its operations? Tell me what light is! Show me what electricity is! Explain to my dark understanding what the immortal mind is, so that I can put my finger on it! Then I will tell you more about that higher law of which we know so little. And yet, a poor, hungry beggar, who wants something—who can just manifest his need by dropping on his knees and uttering, in broken accents, "I want bread," finds that he has touched the key-note. Asking, giving and receiving are all regulated by this great and high law. Everything remains inert until you *ask.* If you fail *to ask*, the stars will go on, just the same, in their courses; and your spiritual nature alone will suffer. Only ask, and you will receive all your famishing soul craves. If you fail to ask, the bread will not come. Can you suggest a law by which poor, hungry souls can get their bread any sooner, or more satisfactorily, than to go into their closet, where none but the ear of Heaven can hear, and in the silence of the voiceless night, whisper—"I want heavenly bread?"

S. Edwards Todd.

NEED SHAKING.

My watch stops; something is broken in it. I take it to the watch-maker, and he puts in a new main-spring. I do not know anything about it, except that he does it. And when it is repaired he lays it aside. Presently I go for my watch, and ask him if it is done. "Oh yes," he says, "but I do not know that it is going." And he takes it, and finding that it does not go, he winds it up, and then it does not go, perhaps; but he gives it a little shake, and it commences ticking and keeping time.

And I know many persons that have a main-spring in them, and that have been wound up, for that matter, but that have not been shaken yet! And there they are. If somebody would only take them up and whirl them round a few times, and say to them, "You are Christians; tick! *tick!*" they would commence keeping time. I have known persons that spent months and months, not only making no progress, but losing ground, just for want of knowledge of the fact that the office of the Lord Jesus Christ was to take people in order that they might be good, and that it was his nature, after he had taken them, to be patient with them, and help them, and bring all the power of his being to bear upon them to save them.—*H. W. Beecher.*

How His Sermons Grew.—A lay member made the following remark of his minister, whose pulpit talents were quite ordinary:—"Our pastor comes to the pulpit Sunday morning, and preaches a little sermon; and in the afternoon he comes again, and preaches another little sermon. In the evening he comes into the prayer meeting full of love, and we all have a good time praying, singing and exhorting. Then, on Monday, after spending the forenoon in his study, he goes out and sees a family of his congregation, and talks to them about Jesus; he does the same on Tuesday, and each day of the week, and by Saturday night the little sermons on Sunday have grown into big ones." One can easily conceive how a people would be satisfied with such preaching. Reverse the matter. If great sermons on the Sabbath become little ones during the week by manifest inconsistencies, would it not destroy all pulpit efficiency?—*Canadian Independent.*

God's Word is like God's world, varied, very rich, very beautiful. You never know when you have exhausted all its secrets. The Bible, like nature, has something for every class of mind. As in the phenomena around us there are resources and invitations both for science and poetry, so does God's revelation furnish materials both for exact theological definition and for the free play of devout thought and feeling. Look at the Bible in a new light and you straightway see some new charms.

True Test.—One evening we are told, after a weary march through the desert, Mahomet was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them say, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God," on which Mahomet spoke, "Friend, *tie* thy camel and commit it to God."

The Reviewer.

EXPLORATION OF THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA. The Sources, Supply and Overflow of the Nile; The Country, People, Customs, etc. Interspersed with many Highly Exciting Adventures of the Author among Elephants, Lions, Buffaloes, Hippopotami, Rhinoceros, Antelopes, and Other Great Game of the Country; Accompanied by Expert Native Sword Hunters. With Illustrations. By Sir S. W. BAKER, M. A., F. R. G. S., Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society; Author of the "Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon," etc., etc. [8vo.—pp. 608.] Hartford: O. D. Case & Co.

SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER ranks with SPEKE and GRANT as an African explorer, and is almost if not quite as veritable a Nimrod as the renowned CUMMING. In recounting his explorations and hunting adventures he has proved himself a very graphic writer. Two years ago he published "The Albert N'yanza Great Basin of the Nile," a narrative of the discovery of the equatorial lake system from which the great Egyptian river derives its supply, and the present volume complements that work by unraveling the entire mystery of the Nile, fully establishing the fact that, while the river is supplied sufficiently from its lake sources to support the exhaustion of evaporation and absorption, throughout all seasons, its inundations, upon which the fertility of Egypt depends, have their origin entirely in the Abyssinian tributaries, flooded by periodical rains. Mr. BAKER devoted twelve months to exploring these tributaries, accompanied by his wife. The history he has given of their life and adventures during that time is intensely interesting, and fairly enchains the reader's attention from beginning to end. The volume is printed in superb style, and is handsomely illustrated and bound.

THE VARIATION OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS UNDER DOMESTICATION. By CHARLES DARWIN. Two Volumes. [12mo.—pp. 494 and 516.] Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

THE present work is evidently designed to support, by illustration and inference at least, the author's theory that all the races of animals have sprung from one progenitor, and that the differences which now exist in the animal kingdom have been brought about, in an incalculable space of time, solely by the influence of climate, food and other physical causes. The high scientific reputation of the author ensures from his co-laborers in the same fields careful and candid attention, while the great mass of facts, the minute and well arranged information regarding domesticated animals and many of the important cultivated plants, invest his work with interest for the general reader. It will be of especial value to the agriculturist and breeder, as it treats at length of the principles governing the production, improvement and preservation of breeds and races; of the laws of inheritance; of breeding in-and-in; of the effects of crosses, &c. It is introduced with a brief preface by the author, and also one by Dr. GRAY of Harvard College.

WHERE IS THE CITY? [16mo.—pp. 349.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ISRAEL KNIGHT read in his Bible, "And the name of the city from that day shall be, *The Lord is there*;" and he said to himself, "O, that I might find the city with that name!" This volume is the account of his endeavors to find the city. His experiences among nine different denominations of Christians are fully recorded, and the main characteristics of each sect are quite lucidly portrayed. Finally all his anxious searchings for the true Church resulted in the broad, Catholic conclusion, "Henceforth, I will seek to be a disciple of CHRIST. I shall love all men, though they love me not. In whatever place I find a true worker for the good of his fellowmen, I will be to him a brother." And the anonymous author of "Where is the city?" says that with this simple yet sublime faith in his heart, ISRAEL KNIGHT went forth again into the world, no longer seeking the city, for he had found it. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by GEO. CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH and H. K. BROWNE. Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, Sketches by Boz. [12mo.—pp. 777.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE DICKENS—editions—how they multiply! This is the first issue of the newest—the Library Edition, to be complete in six volumes. It is the most attractive in outward appearance yet brought to our notice, and its blue and gold binding would ornament any center table. Necessarily, to compress so much in one volume as the Pickwick Papers, Barnaby Rudge, and Sketches by Boz contain, the work is printed from small type; but it is very clear and easy to read. All who wish DICKENS' writings in as convenient form as possible, should get this edition. For sale by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

SERMONS BY REV. NEWMAN HALL, D. D., OF LONDON. With a History of Surrey Chapel and its Institutions. By Dr. HALL. [16mo.—pp. 309.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

REV. NEWMAN HALL, Pastor of Surrey Chapel, London, was quite widely known by Americans as a man of remarkable ability, even before he came to this country last fall. The sermons preached in various places during his tarry here introduced him more generally to popular notice. They were full of deep religious feeling, and cannot fail to profit the reader. Twenty of these sermons are given in the present volume, together with an interesting account of Surrey Chapel, and a few of Dr. HALL'S poems. Sold by DEWEY.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Impressions of Europe in 1867—1868. By HENRY W. BELLOWS. Vol. I. [12mo.—pp. 454.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

BOOKS of travel are abundant, but they are not always good. This one is really worth reading. It is a collection of letters written by Dr. BELLOWS during European journeyings of considerable extent, and first published in the Liberal Christian. They are emanations, emphatically, from the pen of one who travels, sees and thinks. They are descriptive enough to be interesting, statistical enough to be profitable, and delineate life and customs abroad in a very forcible manner. The present volume is devoted mainly to France, Prussia and Switzerland. For sale by DEWEY.

SKETCH OF THE OFFICIAL LIFE OF JOHN A. ANDREW, As Governor of Massachusetts, to which is added the Valedictory Address of Governor Andrew, Delivered upon retiring from Office, January 5th, 1866, on the subject of Reconstruction of the States recently in Rebellion. [16mo.—pp. 211.] New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THIS volume contains an article which appeared in the North American Review for January, 1868, written by ALBERT G. BROWNE, Jr., Military Secretary to Governor ANDREW during the war, and full copies of various correspondence and documents of general interest. It is a most interesting sketch. A fine photograph of Governor A. faces the title-page. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

JANUARY AND JUNE. By BENJ. F. TAYLOR. [12mo.—pp. 280.] New York: Oakley & Mason.

WE are very glad to see that a new edition of this book is out, and in such handsome dress. It is a unique book, made up of "Out-door Thinkings" and "Fireside Musings,"—beautiful poems in prose and verse. For FRANK TAYLOR is a poet, ever and always, and his prose is more charming than the poetry of many another. Everybody ought to read "January and June;" everybody would, if they but had an inkling of half the beauty and suggestiveness there is in it. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE ROCK COVE. With Illustrations. [16mo.—pp. 224.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THIS is a very entertaining story for the young. They will not wish to drop it, when begun, until it is read through. Five very beautiful engravings, made in London by a new and secret process, embellish the volume, and the typography is perfect.

THE NEVERS; And Other Stories. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

MR. HOYT has here added another little volume to the Hillside Library. It has 134 pages, inclosed in a very bright cover. Besides being entertaining for the little ones, the stories are sensible, and impart good lessons.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHANGES IN DIET NECESSARY.

ARE the cooks and doctors co-workers? Let us quote what some physicians say upon this subject:

"The dyspeptic will do any thing but eat moderately of plain, healthful food, and drink water." "The dyspeptic consults doctors, swallows patent medicines—mineral waters, takes emetics, and cathartics, and does many things disagreeable, painful, and expensive, rather than cut off the supplies, that the enemy may leave the citadel."

Dr. DIO LEWIS says a young man called on him, with numberless aches and distresses. He was dizzy and half sick in the morning; sleepy after dinner; restless at night; with constipation; pain and sourness of the stomach; hypochondria, &c. After questioning him about his diet, drinks, and other habits, he told him if he would stop his drugs and eat only what he advised him, he would get well. For breakfast a piece of unleavened, cracked wheat bread, as large as his hand, with a baked apple. Twice as much bread of the same sort for dinner, with a saucer of cracked wheat and milk, and two or three baked apples. (The cracked wheat to be eaten in milk is to be boiled first, we suppose; and the apples to be put in milk ought to be sweet, we think, from our experience.) He was to eat nothing for supper, and retire at eight o'clock, with his sleeping-room well ventilated.

The diseased stomach needs rest, and abstinence from the things whereby it has become diseased. This rest can only be obtained by eating moderate quantities of plain and easily digested food, and drinking sufficient pure water, either warm, with the addition of a little milk, or fresh and cold, if the stomach will bear it, in small quantities. And here we might add, that grapes, currants, berries, and all other fruits that are sometimes made into wine, would make far the best medicines for the sick, if deprived of pulp and pits, or seeds, and made into jelly or canned, in an unfermented state. All fermented drinks contain a quantity of alcohol, which renders them unhealthful; if preserved from fermentation they would be highly medicinal and restorative to the sick. But they should not be cooked in brass or copper vessels.

Healthful food may be made highly injurious to health by a thoughtless cook. A certain quantity of nutritious food is necessary to the growth and health of the system, the strength and activity of the mind and muscles, and it should always be healthfully prepared. The cook who thinks her pickles must look green, soaks or scalds them in brass or copper kettles, and thus renders them unhealthful food. People do not usually eat enough of pickles at a meal to make them immediately sick, and convince them they have eaten something wrong though their appetites may crave that very thing.

Physicians tell us that people from various unhealthful causes often have morbid appetites, or an insane craving for things highly injurious to health and life. This is the case with the wine bibber, the liquor drinker, the opium eater, the tobacco user, and many others. If one finds that his former diet, drinks, medicines, or other unhealthful influences, have been such as to create an unhealthful appetite, or injurious to health and good morals, it is his duty as a rational being to conquer such cravings, however severe the struggle.

Some people have proved that abstinence from food, with rest, quiet, and washing the whole system in warm water with soap, so as to open the pores of the skin, was better for them than taking medicines, in many attacks of sickness. Others have cured themselves of chronic ailments with these measures, and a change from their former food and drinks, by eating moderately of boiled wheat, or unbolted wheat bread or corn meal bread, and fruits of various kinds, and improved in strength and mental vigor all the time.

HATTIE HOPEFUL.

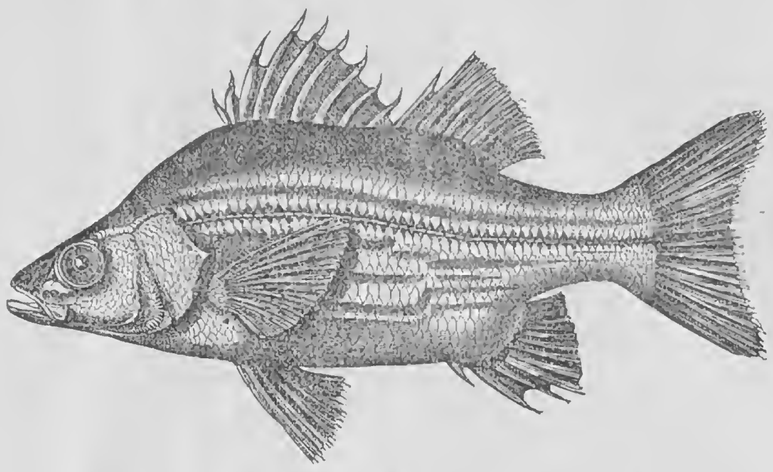
MIDNIGHT AND NOONDAY IN WALL ST.

DID you ever indulge in a *midnight* and a *noonday* meditation in Wall Street? Walk slowly down from Broadway while old Trinity is tolling the midnight hour, and the watchman's club is ringing on the pavement. Almost every foot and square inch of sidewalk covers, or environs with a rocky fortification, the dark sepulchres where wealth is stored. Here it is, right under your feet, millions upon millions of pelf, gold by the ton, bank bills by the cart load, bonds and stock certificates by the cord. Why, my poor neighbor, if you could squeeze down your hand through the grating and get, as it were, a pinch of that yellow sand that lies in this subterraneous Ophir, you might lie in bed till midday for the residue of your mortal life. For nineteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, these treasures lie undisturbed in their dark bed. But when old Trinity tolls twelve the next time, the silent sidewalks have changed into a battle-field, and men are digging fiercely with their claws to get through the pavement and seize each a morsel of the hidden store. It is a tussle of harpies, or a warfare of vultures on a carcass, and one seizes a bone and another a slice of flesh, and each flies to his den to devour, and then comes forth again to fight and tussle till the bell tolls three; and then the first lull, premonitory of the midnight silence, comes again, and the warriors go to their tents, eager for the next day's fray; and as they wind their way out of the battle-field you can read the diary of the day's campaign in every man's face.—*Packard's Monthly.*

A BACHELORS' HOME.—In Putnam's Magazine for May, Mr. C. W. ELLIOTT gives a sketch of life in San Francisco, which is not only gossipy but statistical. One of the hotels there must be a perfect paradise for confirmed old bachelors. Mr. ELLIOTT says:—"But the 'What Cheer' Hotel is a Yankee shoot grafted upon a California stock, and proves a most profitable growth. All is done for cash, and your bed is paid for before you get into it. A large restaurant supplies four thousand meals a day, at prices from fifteen cents upward. Ample means are provided for you to black your own boots free; and the library, of five thousand volumes, is open to all. There is no bar. The house has one more peculiarity—no woman is allowed within it; the servants are all men, and no man's wife can sleep with him at this house. It pays at the rate of $30,000 to $40,000 per year.

HOPE is a great elevator. It sustains the maiden at 45 in the belief that her time and man is yet to come; it keeps alive the dreams of youth for fame and fortune; it nurses the visions for place and power; it transforms the old into the young; and it also often induces people to make exceedingly great fools of themselves.

BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF FISH.

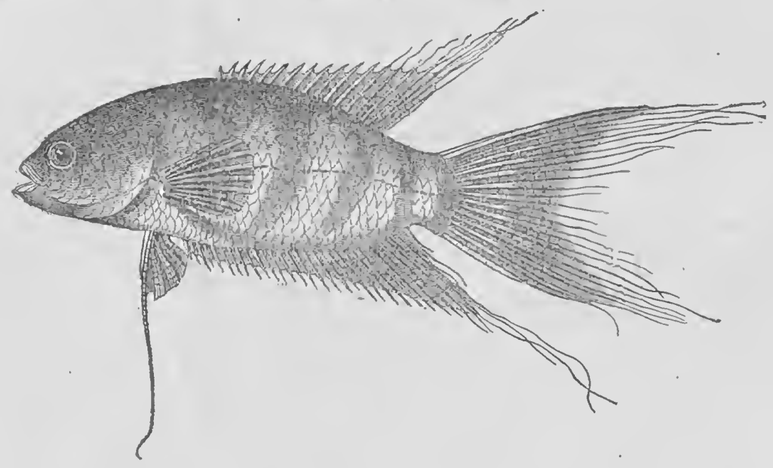


MORONE INTERRUPTA.—("SHORT STRIPED" OR "BRASSY" BASS.)

As a sequel to the articles on Fish Culture which have recently appeared in the RURAL, we give herewith illustrations of two finny specimens,—*Morone Interrupta*, and *Macropodus Viridi Auratus*.

The first of these is of the tribe of *Labracins*, or true bass, and is a very handsome species inhabiting the Mississippi river It appears to be common between St. Louis and New Orleans; its further range is yet undetermined. It is commonly called "short striped" or "brassy" bass, and in form scarcely differs from the ordinary white perch, to which it is nearly akin. In color, however, it is very strikingly distinguished from the perch, being far more beautiful than the gold fish. Its general hue is bright brassy, with olivaceous shading on the back, and blackish bands, broad and well defined. In flavor and firmness of flesh it is said to resemble the white perch, being in no wise inferior. The species has been made known to the scientific world within a few years, and has not as yet, we believe, been experimented upon by pisciculturists. Its beautiful coloration, and general excellence, would seem to recommend it to the attention of fish breeders.

The second species shown is of the same family as the *Gourami*, which we illustrated in our last article on Fish Culture, and the peculiarities of which we gave some account of. The *Macropodus Viridi Auratus* somewhat resembles a rock bass or sunfish, but has a smaller head and a still smaller mouth, and singularly long fins, especially the ventral and anal ones, the first soft ray of the former almost or quite equalling the entire length of the fish. It is reared by the Chinese for ornamental purposes, like the gold fish, and its remarkable beauty certainly entitles it to that distinction. It can never be available for practical purposes, as it cannot be successfully acclimatized, and we give it therefore merely as a curiosity.



MACROPODUS VIRIDI AURATUS.

ERRORS OF THE TYPES.

PRINTERS, like all the rest of mankind, are not infallible. The typographical errors they are at times guilty of are frequently ludicrous, and always provoking, especially to authors. Many amusing specimens of these errors have been given, of which the following are perhaps as ludicrous and as provoking as the average:

"The stillness of the hour is the stillness of a dead calm at sea," Professor Phelps wrote in his book—"The Still Hour." Several hundred copies were printed and sold, in which the word "calm" became "clam." The Reverend Doctor Todd, having presented some relics from an acquaintance to be deposited in the museum of a prominent institution, made some allusion to the "Lives of the Saints." His remarks, when published, alluded, through a typographical blunder, to the "*Lies* of the Saints," which so enraged the owner of the relics that he wrote to Dr. Todd, demanding their return. The late Doctor Bethune used to relate that, reading one morning a report of a discourse delivered by him the day before, he found the remark, "And the adversary came among them and *sowed tares*," printed, "And the adversary came among them and *sawed trees*."

"For instance," pathetically writes an author, "what opinion can an 'appreciative and indulgent public' entertain of your mythological knowledge, when they see you writing about the '*Formose* Hercules,' and the 'Venus de *Medicine*,' and referring to the majesty of the great 'Juniper?' What is their opinion of your classic attainments as you discourse of the immortal *Horner* and *Virgin*, and admire the Platonic philosophy, and assure them that the *Greek* (Creek) race was utterly exterminated some twenty years since by the Camanche Indians? If you mention that you have been 'regaling yourself with a page of Friar Bacon,' the stupid printer invariably has it 'a plate of fried bacon'—just as poor Goldsmith saw his lines, in which he so ingeniously imitated the notes of a nightingale—

'*Gul, gul, gul!*
'And that low tone, more sweet than all!'

converted into—

"Jug, jug, jug!
'And that low tone, more sweet than *ale!*'

to his everlasting mortification and confusion."

BIRDS NONPLUSSED.

WHILE Prof. AGASSIZ was at Rio Janeiro, a solar eclipse occurred, and he gives this account of the perplexity which such a novel occurrence caused the animal creation:

The effect of the waning light on animals was very striking. The bay of Rio is daily frequented by large numbers of frigate-birds and gannets, which at night fly to the outer islands to roost, while the carrion crows, swarming in suburbs, and especially about the slaughter-houses of the city, retire to the mountains. As soon as the light began to diminish, these birds became uneasy; evidently conscious that their day was strangely encroached upon, they were uncertain for a moment how to act. Presently, however, as the darkness increased, they started for their usual night quarters, and they had all left their feeding-grounds before the moment of greatest obscurity arrived. They seemed to fly in all haste, but were not half way to their night home when the light began to return with rapidly increasing brightness. Their confusion was now at its height. Some continued their flight toward the mountains or the harbor, others hurried back to the city, while others whirled about, wholly uncertain what to do next. The re-establishment of the full light of noon seemed to decide them, however, upon making another day of it, and the whole crowd once more moved steadily toward the city.

REGARDING HANDWRITING.

SOME imaginative persons, Edgar A. Poe among the number, cherish the delusion that a man's character could be read in his handwriting. No more absurd position could be held, as it is at once proven by the fact that no man's handwriting is invariable. It is influenced by circumstances, and changes with his condition and moods. A man who thinks fast will write fast, and in all probability, unless he be a scrivner, will write illegibly. It is also assumed that all men of great literary talent or marked professional ability write badly. This is utterly incorrect as a basis for a theory, though true as a fact. Such men write badly, because is is of no material importance to them to write well. Editors write badly, not because they write over-much, but because the thoughts they have to set down crowd upon them so fast in the order of composition, that lest some should be omitted, the pen is forced faster than their skill can follow; and as their salaries are not dependent on the beauty of their handwriting, they take no pains to make their chirography legible and handsome. Yet there are scores of merchants' clerks who write far more rapidly and for a greater number of hours daily than any editor or lawyer, whose writing is always handsome, uniform and legible. This is because they would lose their places were the case otherwise.

SPONGES.

LOWEST in the rank of animal life stands the sponge, a creature which has been known from antiquity, and whose nature has always been a subject of dispute. For some time it was classed by naturalists among vegetable productions, and only recently has it been assigned a place in the animal kingdom. It is undecided even yet whether each sponge is a single individual, or a congregation of minute creatures living together in a community like that of the coral polypi. The most important sponge fisheries are those in the Grecian Archipelago and on the shores of Syria, although the commodity is also obtained from the Red Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and to some extent along the whole Mediteranean coast. The sponge has become so valuable as an article of commerce, that the fisheries have been nearly exhausted in order to supply the demand; and unless artificial cultivation is resorted to, it is probable that the sponge will soon entirely disappear. The poorer qualities are found in shallow water, and torn from the rocks by means of three-forked harpoons; but the finer kinds, which grow at a depth of from twelve to twenty fathoms, are brought up by divers, and have to be carefully detached from the rocks by means of a knife.—*Ex.*

INTERESTING TO TEA-DRINKERS.

IF you pour a few drops of strong tea on a piece of iron—a knife blade, for instance—the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix it with iron-filings or pulverized iron, you may make it a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms, with the iron of the blood, the tannate of iron. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation, and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration, and the kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin introduced with so much warm liquor, producing perspiration, will have no more effect upon the skin? Look at the tea-drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued in the habit of drinking strong teas—are they not dark colored and leather-skinned? When young they were of fair complexion.—*Herald of Health.*

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHILD'S SURPRISE.

"MOTHER, come see my flower bed,"
A little girl to her mother said.
"The flowers are wet with rain, while I,
Discern no clouds in yonder sky;
I hear no thunder, and see no glare,
Of the dread lightning, in the air;
Yet here in my own loved retreat,
The rain has fallen on all so sweet,
And bathed in moisture all my flowers,
But tell me, whence came the gentle showers."

The mother took her hand, and smiled,
And said, "I'll tell you, my darling child.
When dusky evening comes apace,
To hide from view fair nature's face,
The evening dew, a gentle shower,
Falls on each plant and every flower;
And they a precious lesson give,
To you, if you will it receive.

"The dew refreshing, falls upon
Each leaf, and flowret, bright and wan,
To counteract the scorching ray
The sun pours on them thro' the day,
And thro' the darksome hours of night,
Preserves the gentle flowers from blight.
Now you, my child, a flowret are,
Placed on the earth, and kept with care.
The gospel dew unceasing falls,
To keep you safe when fear appalls,
Preserve you thro' all trials drear,
In grief and pain your heart to cheer;
Mind well, my child, its precepts pure,
For tis the armor ever sure
With which to meet all woe and pain,
And lead your way to peace again.

"And yet, my child, another thing,
Concerning the soft dew of spring.
The morning sun draws up this dew;
This has its lesson too for you:
For when your work on earth is done,
The sun of righteousness will come.
Your time on earth, oh, then improve,
Let love your every action move,
That when that glorious sun appears,
Whether in youth or riper years,
Our LORD may say, 'Thou hast done well,'
Beloved, thou in heaven shall dwell;
In peace thou then canst close thine eyes,
And peacefully to glory rise."

Elkhorn, Wis., May, 1868. B. C. D.

SINGING SCHOOL FOR BIRDS.

THERE is such a school as this, and very good scholars it makes. They cannot read or write, but they can sing. They sing a few simple notes, like the small linnets you may hear in the fields; but after they are taught they will whistle regular tunes.

Last summer I was at a friend's house at Nahant. I rose early in the morning, and went down stairs to walk on the piazza. While there I heard, as I thought, some person whistling a tune in a very sweet style. I looked around, but could see no one. Where could the sound come from? I looked up, and saw a little bird in a cage. The cage was hung in the midst of flowers and twining plants. "Can it be," thought I, "that such a little bird as that has been taught to sing a regular tune so sweetly?" I did not know what to make of it. When my friend came down stairs she told me that it was indeed the little bird who had whistled the sweet tune. Then my friend cried out to the bird, "Come, Bully, Bully, sweet little Bullfinch, give us just one more tune." And then this dear little bird hopped about the cage, looked at its mistress, and whistled another sweet tune. It was so strange to hear a bird whistle a regular tune! "Now, Bully," said my friend, "you must give us 'Yankee Doodle.' Come, come, you shall have some nice fresh seed if you will whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'" And the little thing did whistle it, much to my surprise.

My friend then told me that she had brought the bird from the little town of Fulda, in Germany, where there are little schools for teaching these birds to sing. When a bullfinch has learned to sing two or three tunes, he is worth from forty to sixty dollars; for he will bring that price in France or England. Great skill and patience are needed to teach these birds. Few teachers can have the time to give to the children under their charge so much care as these bird teachers give to their bird pupils. The birds are put into classes of about six each, and kept for a time in a dark room. Here, when their food is given to them, they are made to hear music, so that when they have eaten their food, or when they want more food, they will sing, and try to imitate the tune they have just heard. This tune they probably connect with the act of feeding. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is let into the room, and this cheers them still more and makes them feel as if they would like to sing. In some of these schools, the birds are not allowed either light or food till they begin to sing. These are the schools where the teachers are most strict.

After being thus taught in classes, each bullfinch is put under the care of a boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, while the master or mistress of the bird school goes round to see how the pupils are getting on. The bullfinches seem to know at once when they are scolded, and when they are praised by their master or mistress; and they like to be petted when they have done well. The training goes on for nine months; and then the birds have got their education, and are sent to England or France, and sometimes to America, to be sold.—*The Nursery.*

ENOUGH FOR BOTH.—A little sparrow lighted upon a trough where a horse was taking his feed. "Horsie," said the little sparrow timidly, "let me pick a little, only a grain or two, and you will still have enough."

"Help yourself," said the horse to the sparrow, "help yourself; there's enough for both you and me."

And so they ate together, and neither the one nor the other suffered from hunger; and when the warm sunshine came, and swarms of flies began buzzing round, the sparrow killed them by hundreds, and so the horse was well paid.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost to society by allowing it to tarnish, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom, suffer nothing to displace or dim its luster. Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us the man who commands the best respect; an oath never trembles on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception, you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and let not a vile word disgrace you.

IDLENESS is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself you shake it off.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

JOSEPH BROWN was hung at Hudson on the 30th ult., for the alleged murder of Angelina Stewart, at Canaan, on the 5th of December last. He died protesting his innocence.

Large crystals of mica have lately been found in a rich deposit of valuable mineral at Pleasantville, Westchester county, N. Y., the *lamina* of which contain forms of apparently dwarf vegetation, that are exceedingly beautiful, when seen through the microscope.

Frank Michalls, a deck hand on the bark City of Chicago, was crushed to death on the 31st ult., in Buffalo harbor, he being caught between two vessels passing each other.

New York has two hundred thousand tons of ice more than last year. The cost of the whole amount in store was over three millions of dollars.

The Hon. Anson Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese Embassy, have accepted an invitation to a public dinner, to be given by a number of prominent men in New York city, on the 23d inst.

The graining works and the glazing mill at the Smith & Rand powder works near Newburg, containing some five tons of powder, blew up on Wednesday morning of last week about six o'clock. One of the workmen, Adam Schossler, a German, twenty-two years of age, was killed, his body being horribly mangled. He was the only man at work at the time, and the cause of the explosion is therefore unknown. The body of Schossler, and the debris of the buildings blown up, were thrown hundreds of feet in the air. The report was distinctly heard for a distince of forty miles. It shook huses in Peekskill and Poughkeepsie.

Quite a scene occurred at the Central Railroad depot in Albany, Monday afternoon. A lady of that city detected her husband at the depot attempting to desert her and her children, to accompany another female destined for Cincinnati, on her journey. The wife attacked her liege, but would-be false lord, and drove him home before her. The affair produced great excitement.

The trial of Joel B. Thompson for the murder of Thos. H. Bailey, at Troy, has been postponed until September.

Seeley Kinney, Collector of Canaudaigua, hung himself in his woodshed one night last week.

The election of officers of the State Inebriate Asylum, Binghamton, resulted in the re-election of the old members.

An Extra Session of the Senate is rumored for the consideration of nominations before that body at its late session, and not acted upon.

The Dorn impeachment trial is approaching a close—the testimony for the prosecution being all in.

T. C. Callicott, Richard C. Enright and John S. Allen, Brooklyn, internal revenue defrauders, were sentenced by Judge Nelson of the U. S. District Court on the 5th inst. Callicott was sentenced to the Albany Penitentiary for two years and to pay a fine of $10,000; Enright, eighteen months and $2,500, and Allen, one year and a fine of $2,000.

From Washington.

THE oath of office was administered to General Schofield as Secretary of War by Chief Justice Chase, on the 1st inst. His first official act was to order Maj.-General Stoneman to take command of the First Military District.

Official returns give Mr. Bowen, the Republican candidate for Mayor of Washington, 74 majority over Given, his competitor, in a poll of over eighteen thousand votes and a registry of 20,000. The Board of Aldermen is a tie, while in the Council the Democrats have three majority.

The Committee on Foreign Affairs have instructed Senator Sumner to report adversely on the nomination of George B. McClellan as Minister to England. The nomination of General Mott as Minister to Costa Rica has been postponed.

The proposed Tariff was on Wednesday postponed till December next in the Ways and Means Committee, by the following vote:—Yeas—Schenck, Allison, Griswold, Brooks, Niblack. Nays—Hooper, Moorehead, Logan and Mayuard. It is probable that a new bill embracing a few provisions may be reported to the House.

The bill before the Senate provides that any contract hereafter made specifically payable in coin shall be legal and valid, and may be enforced according to its terms, anything in the bill relating to U. S. notes to the contrary notwithstanding.

The bill for the admission of several of the Southern States was debated at length, but no decision was reached.

The deficiency bill came from the House with an amendment, which was concurred in, and the bill passed.

The Senate confirmed the nomination of H. G. Worthington of Nevada as Resident Minister to the Argentine Republic; Alfred Albro of Kentucky, as Consul to Foo Chow, China; Thomas B. Asten, as Internal Revenue Assessor, Eighth District, New York; Commodore Thomas Turner, Rear Admiral, and Captain John L. Worden, as Commodore.

A bill, amendatory of the one relating to pensions, was passed by the House. A consideratron of the tax bill consumed the balance of the session.

The Chinese Embassy was received by the President on the 5th instant, the Cabinet being present. Mr. Burlingame read the address of the Embassy, and Mr. Seward the response of the President. The interview was formal and brief.

The State Department has been advised of the release of Dennis O'Connor by the British authorities, and of his departure for the United States.

The British Minister has addressed a letter to Secretary Seward in reference to the international coal trade. The Canadian authorities admit coal from the States free, which is not reciprocated. The Secretary replied that as the old treaty had been abrogated, he did not feel authorized to reopen the subject unless Congress indicated a wish to that effect.

The new Secretary of the Senate, George C. Gorham, was sworn into office on the 6th inst.

The report of the Conference Committee on the Arkansas Bill, as corrected, has been agreed to.

In the House on the 6th, the Committee on Invalid Pensions, reported a number of bills granting pensions to sundry classes of persons mentioned in them, which were ordered printed and re-committed.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax Bill, the question being on the motion of Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island, to amend the 22d section by taking from the Assessor the right to act on penalties. Fifty-three sections of the bill were passed upon without amendments except as to matters of detail.

A report of the Committee of Conference on the Kansas Bill, was presented, but before being acted upon the House adjourned.

The Senate rejected the nomination of George B. McClellan as Minister to England.

Secretary Seward feasted the Chinese Mission on Friday evening last.

One of the witnesses before the Impeachment Committee stated that $22,000 had been collected and paid to the President's Counsel.

The election in Oregon on the 2d inst., resulted in a Democratic victory. The Democratic Congressman has 1,200 majority. The Legislative candidates and county officers elected are nearly all Democrats.

The dead body of a man named Perry has been found in a light-house on one of the islands in Lake Superior. He was left in care of the light-house last fall, with an inadequate supply of provisions, and starved to death.

A battle took place May 7th in the vicinity of Paradise Valley, Northeastern California, between a force of fifty men under Captain Munson and a party of thirty or forty Indians. The latter occupied a strong position in the mountains, but were driven from it after four hours' fighting, with a loss of several killed. The troops lost one killed and two wounded. Nearly all of the Indians were armed with rifles.

A servant girl in Chicago was garroted and robbed of her week's wages on Saturday evening, and was so terrified thereby that she went into convulsions and died.

The quarrel about the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad management has been adjusted, and all the suits discontinued. An extension of the road to Council Bluffs has been ordered.

A terrible gale of wind, accompanied by rain, passed over Sandusky on the 4th inst., doing considerable damage. The roof of the Cincinnati, Sandusky and Cleveland Railroad Warehouse was blown off and fell upon the propeller Orontes, lying at an adjoining dock, tearing away the smoke stack and injuring three men—two of them seriously. Trees were uprooted, chimneys and sheds blown down, and much property damaged in all parts of the city.

A dispatch from Oregon announces the completion of a telegraph line from Portland to the Dallas, the upper navigable waters of Columbia River. The event caused much public rejoicing.

From the South.

THE steamer Ben McCulloch took fire on the 26th ult., while laying up for the night, in the Ouachita River, Louisiana, between Trenton and Camden, and was burnt to the water's edge. Mr. William H. Scott, of Arkansas, and Mrs. Ryan and daughter, of Alabama, lost their lives.

A duel was fought near Savannah, Ga., on the 3d inst., between two colored men, one of whom was killed.

A fire on Wednesday of last week on Bay street, Savannah, Ga., destroyed property to the extent of $20,000.

A letter from Wayne County, Ga., says;—"Crops throughout the country are good, and promise an abundant yield. The negroes generally work well and do not complain. Everything begins to assume its naturally peacelike appearance.

During a severe rain storm recently a water spout swept down Moody's Mountain, in Hope township, Knox county, Virginia, uprooting in its course trees ten inches in diameter, and raising Lincolnville pond, in one night, three feet higher than ever known before.

The Davis trial will be postponed until October by agreement, as already stated, of the counsel. Among the witnesses summoned in the case are Gens. Hartranft, Wilcox, and Sharp of the Union army, and Gens. Fitzhugh Lee, Cooper and Gordon of the Confederate army. Burton N. Harrison, private secretary of Mr. Davis, is also on the witness list.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

A LATE dispatch from Abyssinia conveys important but rather melancholy accounts of the present effects produced by the British expedition under General Napier on the political and social codition of the country. Civil war, with its consequent anarchy, reigned all over the territory at the late writing. The native chiefs, had organized and raised armies to fight against the new dynasty of Gobazzee of Losta, the nominee of the British as the successor of the deceased Monarch. Gobazzee called out all his forces in order to maintain his position. His commanding General, named Mashesba, set out at the head of a strong force in pursuit of a released chief named Ali, who was in active hostility against the forces of Gobazzee. The opposing forces met, and a furious battle took place between them on the 26th of April. Gobazzee's force had many good soldiers of the Walda Gallas country in its ranks, but as soon as the Walda men beheld their old chief Ali, they immediately reversed their spears, turned their weapons against their late commander, Mashesba, and defeated his army. Gen. Mashesba was made prisoner by the Fraternized Legions of Ali. Queen Nustivati, supported by 12,000 men of the Gallas country has possession of the site of Magadala, and the ruins evacuated by the British troops. The native priests declare that Menelek of Shosta, is the legitimate king to succeed Theodorus on the Debra Tabor or the Mount of Transfiguration.

A petition in favor of woman's suffrage, containing nearly 22,000 signatures, has been presented to the British Parliament. Among the signers are Mrs. Somerville and Florence Nightingale, who head the list, Lord and Lady Amberley, Prof. Brin, Sir John Bowring, the archdeacon of Coventry, Dr. Farr, Mr. Grote, the historian, and his wife, William and Mary Howitt, Prof. Huxley, the Rev. Charels Kingsley, and Miss Martineau.

General Napier was continuing his march in evacuation of the territory towards the coast, the column having passed Senafe, one of the last posts on the route. The rainy season had set in with the usual violence and disastrous consequences to the inhabitants of the low lands.

Agents have been sent from Rome to the United States for the purpose of recruiting for the Papal army. Garibaldi has written earnestly to his friends here to have the project defeated.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a ukase setting free all persons of foreign birth now exiled to Siberia, and all natives of Russian Poland who are sentenced to less than twenty years' exile.

Prince Napoleon is on a visit to the Emperor of Austria.

THE Rutland (Vt.) Marble Company have purchased the marble mills at Salem, N. Y., and have built a large steam sawmill at their Rutland quarries. The annual product of both is about four hundred thousand feet of two-inch sawed marble, and two others of the same capacity are supplied from the same source. This is by far the largest business in that line in the United States.

Northwestern Iowa.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, May, 1868.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Northwestern Iowa, embracing that part lying north and west of the counties of Monona, Ida, Sac, Calhonn, Humboldt and Kossuth, on account of the difficulties of transportation, no railroads having, until recently, penetrated that region, has not been very rapidly settled; and the general belief that it is as cold as Greenland, on account of its northern latitude, and the impression that the Indians have not yet been subdued, has prevented much interest being felt concerning it. By the completion of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway to the Missouri River, and the Sioux City and Pacific road up the great Valley of the Missouri to this place, this vast and fertile region has been brought into immediate connection with the rest of the world, and already there is a tide of immigration pouring in that is perfectly wonderful.

The soil in the river bottoms is a very rich alluvial deposit, varying in depth from three to thirty feet; that of the prairies is of clay and sand, but so combined as to render it porous, and of a very superior character. The "prairies" of this region are more rolling than in Illinois, or the eastern part of this State, and it is a rare instance where artificial drainage is required. In the immediate vicinity of the rivers timber is abundant and cheap; but further inland the country is devoid of wood. Throughout the section referred to, good brick clay and limestone of a superior quality are found, these giving a cheap and durable material for building; and as the different railroad lines work their way westward, cost of lumber will be reduced materially.

The chief products of Northwestern Iowa are wheat and corn, the former growing luxuriantly and producing an average crop of thirty bushels per acre, which is rated in Chicago and St. Louis as "No. 1 choice," and equal in every respect to that grown in Minnesota. Wheat sold at this place last season for $2 per bushel. Corn yields an average of fifty bushels, and sold last year for $1,00 per bushel. Potatoes yield as high as five hundred bushels per acre, the average, however, being about two hundred bushels, which are worth from sixty cents to one dollar and a half per bushel.

All the small fruits grow well here, and there is no finer region for grape culture east of the Missouri River than this. Apples, plums, pears and other hardy fruits all do well. For stock growing this section is unsurpassed, animals grazing until the middle of February, without receiving any care or attention. Prices of good cows range from $37 to $50; oxen from $140 to $160 per yoke. Sheep do exceedingly well, and the wool grower finds a ready market at his very door for all his product. Horses are high, ranging for farm stock from $250 to $700 per pair. Hogs thrive, yet cattle and sheep pay better, hay being only $3,50@$4,00 per ton, while the range is free; and hogs require more attention, while corn is never less than 90 cents per bushel. To parties desirous of establishing nurseries, no field offers greater inducements than this. Fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, vines, etc., here find ready sale at large prices, especially if raised within the limits of the State. To manufacturers of any and everything, here is an inviting field. Immense water power is furnished by the numerous rivers draining Northwest Iowa, and within a brief time crude material can be delivered in any part of this region as cheaply as at Chicago or St. Louis.

Within twenty miles of this city there are hundreds of thousands of acres of the finest lands in the world that are open for settlement under the Homestead Law, while there is an abundance a little further out that can be purchased at prices ranging from $1,25 to $2,50 per acre. Land of the finest quality, within six miles of this place, and two miles of the completed railroad, can be had, in limited quantities, for $6 to $10 per acre. The Little Sioux, Floyd and Big Sioux Valleys, are being densely settled by active, intelligent and progressive men, while the Missouri Valley fairly teems with life. The Register of the U. S. Land Office for the "Sioux City District," shows that there were 113 actual settlers in this district during the worst month in the year, nothing heretofore being done until in June. The number of acres taken was nearly 25,000, and principally in this and Plymouth counties. The Register of the Land Office at Vermillion and Dakota, has lately received as many as fifty applications in one day, and the rush is on the increase. The principal number of the Vermillion locations are being made in the Big Sioux Valley, which is about 200 miles long, and varies in width from two to eight miles, the river emptying into the Missouri four miles above this city.

Iowa stands in the van in respect to provision for the education of her children. According to the report of Hon. D. FRANKLIN WELLS, State Superintendent, made to the General Assembly January 13, 1868, the permanent School Fund (*cash*) was $2,557,-107.10; and in addition to this there yet remains unsold 572,492 acres of "School Lands," which are estimated at $3.00 per acre, giving a grand total of *four millions two hundred and seventy-four thousand five hundred and eighty-one dollars*, the interest of which is devoted to the support of the public schools. Each person in this State, between the ages of five and twenty-one years, drew last year $5.55 from the State School Fund, which left a small balance in favor of some of the different districts after meeting their annual expenses. In relation to the higher grades of schools, this State is second to none.

The climate of Iowa is not so severe as has generally been supposed, the mean temperature for the year being 47°. The springs and summers are decidedly warmer than the Atlantic States, while the winters are colder and *dryer*, which lessens the intensity of the cold to such a degree that 29 degrees below zero in Iowa is not so severely felt as 15 degrees below in New York. The dryness of the climate has a most important bearing upon the health, and is particularly beneficial to those suffering from consumption, bronchitis and other pulmonary complaints, many now emigrating here on this account alone, they preferring this to the climate of Minnesota. Fever and ague is almost entirely unknown.

Within a brief period, several distinct railroad lines will be permeating this section, and will open up the finest agricultural region of the great Northwest. Among those of greatest importance is the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, which runs from Superior City, at the head of Lake Superior, to this city, a distance of 440 miles. It is intended to connect here with a road projected from Columbus on the Union Pacific, 90 miles west of Omaha, to this place. When this road is completed,—which will become an accomplished fact within three years, it now being done to Mankato, 180 miles north of here,—it will bring lumber to this point from St. Paul, which can be sold at less than it now is at Chicago, and will make this the lumber market of the Missouri River Valley towns. The Dubuque and Sioux City Road is now completed up to Iowa Falls, and work is going on as far as Fort Dodge, 114 miles east of here. It will be finished in 1870. The McGregor and Western Road also passes through this section. All along these lines coal is found in abundance.

To those seeking homes, we can only say that here lands are cheap, good, and will be plenty for some time to come at foregoing rates; that the climate is superior to the Eastern States; that prices for produce are such as will enable an energetic man to buy a farm at $5.00 per acre, pay $4.00 per acre for breaking, $5.00 for fencing, $6.00 for seeding, harvesting and marketing—making a total of $20—from which he can grow, the second year, a crop sufficient to pay this sum, leave him his farm, and a wide margin besides, as his profits. In 1861, Mr. W. B. HOFFAN settled in the Missouri Valley, (Woodbury Station,) having a good *head*, one yoke of oxen, two cows and a wagon, as his capital. To-day he is worth not less than $25,000, which he has made in stock raising and hay cutting. This is not an isolated case, but there are scores similar in this immediate vicinity. The vast gold region of Montana will absorb all the produce that can be spared from this region for years to come, and farmers will have a market in which there can be no competition against them.

R. J. P.

FROM MEXICO.—The Mexican Minister, M. Romero, is on his way from Havana to New York, for the purpose of getting married. Numerous insurrections are reported. One in Queretero pronounced in favor of Santa Anna. Escobedo and Cortinas were after them. Gen. Negreta had routed in the Chichiquita Mountains the troops commanded by General Vieles and others. Numerous skirmishes had taken place with Aureliano Rivera's troops, who had pronounced against Juarez, and several prisoners had been taken by the regulars. The revenue of Mexico for the coming year from duties and taxes is estimated at only $18,000,000. The army is re-organized in four divisions of 4,000 men each. The insurrections so far have proved unsuccessful. An attack on the Campeachy Indians was a disastrous one—nearly the whole assailing force being cut off.

FROM CANADA.—There is another Fenian fever in Canada. Seven hundred soldiers left Montreal on the 5th inst. for St. Johns—the point supposed to be menanced. Several pieces of raiding artillery are reported to have been shipped to Chateaugay, hence the movement of the troops. A private of the 16th Infantry, Montreal, fired at his sergeant in the barracks last Friday. The ball missed its mark, but killed a soldier and wounded two others.

THE Senate of Massachusetts has passed a bill appropriating the sum of five millions of dollars for the completion of the Hoosic Tunnel, which has been progressing several years.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 9, 1868.

MONEY continues abundant in this locality and throughout Western New York. The Banks have more currency in their vaults now than is wanted by the business community. There is great ease in financial affairs all through the North and West. The stringency that existed at the East two months since has entirely passed away, and in Boston and New York there is a decided plethora in the market. Call loans in Boston are made as low as four per cent., and the demand at this rate is reported light. Choice notes are taken as low as 5½@5½ per cent. As might be expected with rates thus low, the Boston Banks, in their weekly statements, show a large increase of deposits. Legal Tenders have also largely increased. In New York the ease in financial matters is still more decided, rates of money on call are reported very low, and good commercial paper is much wanted. Loans on Governments in Wall Street are made at 3@4 per cent. Country Banks have large balances in New York in consequence of the ease in the interior.

Money is in fair supply in all the commercial towns at the West. Chicago Banks find an absence of good business paper, and are buying Government Securities, as are the Banks in many other localities.

Sterling Exchange is high—bills on London last week selling mostly above 110. This causes large shipments of specie and keeps the gold premium up, and will continue to be the case while our imports are as heavy as recently, with moderate, or comparatively moderate, exports.

Gold sold yesterday at 139¾.

United States Securities are firm, and are growing more and more in favor, both with regular investors and speculators. It is generally believed that U. S. Stocks will go higher.

COTTON is about 31c. for middling. The whole stock in American ports foots up only 145,000 bales, against 275,000 last year. Holders are therefore firm.

DRY GOODS are more active, without any general increase in prices.

WOOL.—There is considerable more activity in the Wool Market, though at a little concession in prices. The sales in Boston last week were large, reaching 1,250,000 lbs., at a range of 45@55c. for fleece, and 42@53c. for pulled. Some large manufacturers have been in the market purchasing supplies to bridge over the interim between this and the coming of the new clip. The indications are that there will be a brisk market for two or three weeks to come. At the present rate of demand it is anticipated the Boston market will be bare of stocks in fifteen or twenty days. Several houses entirely sold out last week.

BREADSTUFFS.—There is continued dullness in the market for Wheat and Flour, and prices still tend downward. The stocks at the East are larger than last year at this time. The good crop prospects, with continued liberal receipts, are unfavorable to an advance. Some heavy Western dealers have recently been operating with a view of advancing the Eastern market, but the weather, the breadth of wheat on the ground, and its promising condition, are all against them.

PORK.—The market has been active and excited for the last four weeks, though more quiet and a little depressed for a few days past. A Chicago paper says:—"The recent rapid rise in the prices of pork products is something remarkable. Fortunes have been both lost and won. The advance in mess pork within a week is $3 per barrel; on lard 1c. per pound; on bulk meats 2c, per pound. On some days 3,000,000 to 5,000,000 pounds of meats have changed hands here, on others between 7,000 and 8,000 barrels of pork, and about 2,000 tierces of lard. Of course the sellers early in the season can now see where and how they lost from $20,000 to $100,000 which others more fortunate have gained."

ROCHESTER, JUNE 9—Flour, wheat, $14,00@15,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,50@2,50; Do. white, $2,50@3,00; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $2,00@2,25; Beans, $4,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 19@20cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@27c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@21c; Potatoes, 88c@$1,15; Apples, green, ℔ bu., $1,00@1,50; Onions, ℔ bu., $0,00@0,00; Timothy seed, $2,50@2,75; Clover seed, medium, $5,00@5,50; Do. large, $8,00@8,50; Peas, $2,00@2,50; Flax seed, $1,50@2,00; Hops, 25@50c; Wool 38@40cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $15@28. Maple Sugar, 10@22c. Hides, green, 8½@9½c. Calfskins, 15@15c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 30@30½c. Flour, $7,65@10,00. Wheat, $2,30@2,60. Rye, $2,10@0,00. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,09@1,11. Oats, 84@86½c. Hops, 10@45c. Pork, mess, $27,00@27,50; new mess, $27,75@28,00; prime, $22,75@23,00; prime mess, $23,75@24,00. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $25@32,50. Shoulders, 12½@13cts. Hams, 16@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 13½c. Lard, 16½@18½c. Butter, 25@35c. Cheese, 7@15c.

ALBANY, JUNE 6.—Flour, $8,25@14,50; Rye flour, $9,87½; Corn meal, $2,30@2,40 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,20@2,65; Rye, $2,00; Corn, $1,13@1,14; Barley $2,00; Oats, 84@85c; Pork, mess, $29@29,50; clear, $31@32; boneless, $33,00; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 16c Smoked beef 22c; Lard, 19½@20c; Butter, 28@33c. Cheese, 10@17c; Beans, $5,50@6; Dried apples, 9@10c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 6.—Flour, $9,50@10,00; Rye flour, $9@ Wheat, $2,00@2 85; Corn, $1,00@1,05; Oats, 70@71c; Rye, $1,00; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Peas, $1,35@1,50; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Pork mess, $27,50@28,50. Lard, 18@18½c; Shoulders, 13@14½c; Hams 19½@20c; Dried beef, 20½c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 6.—Flour, $9,00@10,50; Wheat, $1,75@1,88; Corn, 85½@88½c; Oats 69@71c; Rye no sales; Barley, $1,20; Pork, mess, $27,00@27,75; Lard, 16c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 6.—Flour, $7,00@13,00; Wheat, $2,40@2,60; Corn, 97@97c car; Oats, 79@82c; Rye, $1,88@1,98; Barley, $2,50@2,60; Mess pork, $28@28,50; Lard, 18@18½c; Bacon, 16@17½c; Hams, 18@20½c; Shoulders, 13@10c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, JUNE 4.—Flour, $6,90@7,50; Wheat, spring, $1-85@1,40; fall, $1,45@1,50; Oats, 53@53c; Barley, $1,25; Peas, 70@72c. Pork, mess, $21@22,00; prime, $16@17,00; Bacon, 8@12½c; Hams, 9½@13c; Shoulders, 8@10c; Beef hams, 13@17c; Lard, 12@14c; Butter, 10@11c; Cheese, 11@12c; Hay, $11@21; Straw, $12@16.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 1—Beeves—Receipts 5,745 head; quotations 16@17½c. Veal calves; receipts 3,384 head; quotations 6@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 19,881 head; quotations. Sheep, 5@8c; Lambs, 12@16c. Swine—Receipts 23,591 head; quotations, 8@9½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 1—Beeves, $4,00@10,50. Milch Cows, $35@115. Veal Calves, 8@9cts. Sheep and Lambs—State 7@8c.; Western 7@9c.; Canada 8@9c. Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JUNE 4—Beeves range from 12@15½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $35@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $50@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 7@8c; extra, —@—cts; by the head, $2,00@—. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 8@10cts; retail, 8@11c; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@18.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1.—Beef Cattle, 6@10½cts; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 6@7½c. gross; Hogs, 13@14½c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 5.—Beeves, $4,00@9; Sheep, $3,00@6; Hogs, $7,50@10 gross.

CHICAGO, JUNE 6.—Beef cattle range at from $7,25@7,50. Hogs, live, $7,00@8,87.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 5.—Beef Cattle, 6½@11cts; Sheep, 5½@7½c; Lambs, $3@5; Hogs, 11½@14½c.

TORONTO, JUNE 4.—Beeves range at $6,00@8; Sheep, $3,-00@5; Lambs, $1,50@6,00; Calves, $2,50@6.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6—Market is declining. Sales are 310-000 lbs. at 48@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 30@36c unwashed, 45@47c for pulled, 28@33c. for Texas, 20@35c for California.

BOSTON, JUNE 4—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 41@45c; pulled, 25@51½c; medium and extra Western, 45@52½c

CINCINNATI, JUNE 4—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c; Tub Washed, 40@40c; Unwashed, 25@38c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 4—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@41c.; Medium, 39@42c.; Coarse, 38@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 40@43c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

SHORT-HORNS—Cows, Heifers, and Calves, for sale by J. TALCOTT, Rome, N. Y.

10 CTS., Post-Paid. "Short Hand: all about it." Address G. J. MANSON, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

GENUINE PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW Castings are made only by PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS, *Peekskill, N. Y. Beware of imitators with our casting filed up, not fitting.* 960 2t

$325 A MONTH, AND ALL EXPENSES PAID!—28 new, useful and curious articles for agents. Full particulars sent FREE. Address
960-13t H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

SPORT FOR OLD AND YOUNG—Sensitive Fish. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of 10 *Cents and stamp, by*
F. J. PHILLIPS,
960 2t Providence, R. I.

JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.—A Weekly Illustrated, Practical, Western Paper. Subscription Price $2 a year. Volume 4 begins July 1st. It will be sent from June 1st to the close of the year, giving Vol. 4 complete with index, for One Dollar. Try it. Specimens sent free. Address L. D. MORSE & CO., Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.

AN ASTOUNDING NOVELTY!
"PLANCHETTE."
This wonderful and amusing automaton should be in every family. It will interest and amuse both old and young. Sent by express on receipt of the price, $2,50. Trade supplied at a liberal discount. Send for Circular.
960-2t HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

GRANT CHARMS AND PINS.—Great inducements for Agents to sell our Grant Engravings, Charts, Medals, Badges, Pins, Song Books, Ivory Charms, Flags, &c. Specimens sent for **25** Cents. **10** different styles sent for **$1.50.** Send for Circulars to STONE, HALL & CO., Headquarters for Campaign Goods, Boston, Mass., P. O. Box, 3,841. 960-4t

PHILADELPHIA CANCER HOSPITAL.—Prof. KLINE, of the Philadelphia University, is making astonishing *Cures of Cancer* at the *Philadelphia Cancer Hospital*, by a new process, a *Chemical Cancer Antidote*, that removes the largest of *Cancers* without *pain* or the use of the knife, without *caustic, eating*, or *burning Medicines*, and without the loss of a *drop of blood.*
For particulars call or address R. H. KLINE, M. D., **931** Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 960-4t

℞ THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.—WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO. This great remedy is an excellent appetizer. It purifies the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. *Smokers and Chewers for Fifty Years Cured.* Price Fifty Cents, post free. A treatise on the injurious effects of Tobacco, with lists of references, testimonials, &c., SENT FREE. Agents Wanted. Address
DR. T. R. ABBOTT,
960-4t Jersey City, New Jersey.

THE AMERICAN FLAG
HORSE COLLAR!
Warranted *not to gall* in any service. *Old galls cured by their use.* Cheapest and easiest collar ever offered, and the only collar that should be used on a working horse.
RETAILED AT $3 PER PAIR!
Sold by all Harness Dealers. Send for Circular. Call on or address
WM. CHAPPELL, SEC'Y,
37 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

The Premium Harvester of America,
BUCKEYE Mower, Reaper, AND SELF RAKER
Awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUMS at the most important FIELD TRIALS ever held in any country.
90,000 Now in Use—20,000 Sold in a SINGLE SEASON.
☞ Circulars forwarded by mail.
MANUFACTURED BY
ADRIANCE, PLATT & CO., No. 165 Greenwich St., N. Y., (Manuf'y Pokeepsie,)
HIRAM CURTIS, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
J. M. CHILDS & CO., No. 121 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

GRANT AND COLFAX IN THE FIELD. THE CAMPAIGN OPENED. Now is the time for Agents to make money. Thirty different styles of elegant Campaign BADGES, MEDALS and PINS, now ready. Sample lots sent to the trade at the rate of 15 cts. each, post-paid.
Also, in Press, WELLS'S ILLUSTRATED NATIONAL HAND-BOOK, a complete compendium of the Political History of the country, from the original formation of the Government to the present time. The most complete work of the kind ever published. It should be in the possession of every voter in the land. It is invaluable as a book of reference. Sent post-paid on receipt of $1.50.
Also, in Press, GRANT AND COLFAX CAMPAIGN SONGSTER, brim full of new and original Songs, adapted to popular airs, suited to present campaign. This will be the Song Book of the Compaign. Sent post-paid on receipt of 15 cents.
TO THE TRADE.—We propose to produce, from time to time, everything that is wanted in the Campaign line. If you want the right kind of goods at the right prices, send to headquarters. Send for descriptive catalogue, with terms. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher and Manufacturer of Campaign Goods, No. 98 Spring Street, New York, under St. Nicholas Hotel.

THE LITTLE GIANT
Hand-Raking Reaper and Mower Combined.
☞ Simple, cheap and durable. Price, $100.
959-3t H. W. SEYMOUR, Brockport, N. Y.

IMPROVED BARTLETT Sewing MACHINES, Manufactured by GOODSPEED & WYMAN, Winchendon, Mass. *Agents Wanted*—Enclose stamp, and address as above. N. B.—Particular attention given to Machines for shipping.

THE MOST POPULAR PICTURE OF THE TIMES.—Our greatest military hero. I desire Agents everywhere to sell the Splendid Steel Engraving of Gen. U. S. GRANT ON HORSEBACK, now ready. The only equestrian picture of Gen. GRANT ever engraved. Retail price $2, size 12 by 16 inches—printed on plate paper 19 by 24 inches. Send for sample copy immediately inclosing One Dollar, and I will promptly send same safely on roller, by mail, to any part of the country. Address GEO. E. PERINE, Fine Art Publishing House, No. 111 Nassau St., New York. 958-4t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Great American Tea Company.
C. O. D.—M E Chapman & Co.
Storekeepers, Lawyers, &c—Jay Cooke Sturdivant.
Employment—H L Storke & Co.
The American Hay Tedder—Ames Plow Co.
Nichols' Patent Transplanter—E G Nichols.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Grant and Colfax—Treat & Co.
Journal of Agriculture—L D Morse & Co.
Short-Hand—G J Manson.
Tobacco Antidote—Dr F R Abbott.
$325 a Month—H B Shaw.
Keystone Cider and Wine Mill—W O Hicock.
Grant Chasms and Pins—Stone, Hall & Co.
An Astounding Novelty—Haskins & Co.
Philadelphia Cancer Hospital—R H Kline.
Sport for Old and Young—F J Phillips.
A Book for Summer Time—J W Dunghaday & Co.
The Premium Harvester of America—Adriance, Platt & Co.
Grant and Colfax in the Field—B W Hitchcock.
Short-Horns for Sale—J Talcott.
The American Wheat Culturist—Taintor Brothers.
Genuine Peekskill Plows and Plow Castings.
American Cattle—Taintor Brothers.
On Trial—S R Wells.
The American Flag Horse Collar—Wm Chappell.
Family Cider and Wine Mills—Hutchinson's Patent.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Willis' Stump Extractor Ahead—W W Willis.

The News Condenser.

— The Saratoga hotels are open for the season.

— Cholera is raging among the chickens in Kentucky.

— King Theodore's death is uncertain.

— Queen Victoria has gone to Scotland.

— There are changes in the Brazilian Cabinet.

— Oxford declines to race with Harvard.

— Oil has been struck at San Antonio, Texas.

— The queen wants to pardon O'Farrell.

— Bismarck says he hasn't time to travel for his health.

— The Emperor of Brazil has two daughters and no sons.

— A Detroit woman recently gave birth to three children.

— Indiana sent the tallest average of soldiers to the army.

— The Marquis of Hastings lost $1,000,000 on the Derby races.

— A church for the deaf and dumb is to be erected in London.

— New wheat has been received at Memphis from Mississippi.

— Peter Van Ness was drowned in the Hudson at Troy last week.

— "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is still lingering on the stage at Newark.

— There were about a thousand editors at the Chicago Convention.

— A traveling circus at the West calls itself the "Hippolympiad."

— An English antiquary has discovered the bones of King Alfred.

— Admiral Farragut's squadron has sailed from Lisbon for Antwerp.

— The Chicago Tribune Association is about to erect a new building.

— Not a school house has been built in Lynn, Mass., for twenty years.

— "Whistling taught in six easy lessons" is advertised in Connecticut.

— A recent steamer from New York took out $1,000,000 in coin for Europe.

— The pineapple crop in New Providence is said to be very large this year.

— Two vessels are quarantined at New York with the small pox on board.

— Ground was recently broken for the New Catholic College in Brooklyn.

— Henry King, a New York real estate broker, is in limbo for swindling.

— It is affirmed that California can beat China and Japan in silk culture.

— Milwaukee is at present infested with house-breakers and sneak thieves.

— A Mrs. Dugan committed suicide at Springfield, O., leaving seven children.

— The French Senate has passed the bill for the regulation of public meetings.

— E. P. Buell, an aged citizen of Hebron, Conn., committed suicide last week.

— Five prisoners lately broke jail at Clemens, Mich., and made good their escape.

— Florence is, as its name imports, a city of flowers, and famous for its bouquets.

— The New York Fenians had a grand picnic at the Bellevue Gardens last week.

— Germany levies a tax upon tobacco of six thalers per acre and six thalers per cent.

— The English press comment favorably upon the acquittal of President Johnson.

— A large bed of amber has been discovered at Schwarzort, on the shores of the Baltic.

— P. B. Reading, one of the first American citizens in California, died on Tuesday last.

— An entire family at Geneva were poisoned last week by eating scoke weed for greens.

— Three hundred more Canadian Zouaves have set out for Rome to join the Papal army.

— The New York Board of Health requires $150,000 to meet its expenses the ensuing year.

— "Experience Goodridge" is the name of a person recently deceased in York Co., Me.

— Boston has invited Hon. Anson Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy to visit that city.

— An exchange tells of a man who stopped his paper on Saturday and died the next day.

— The New School Presbyterian Church will hold its next General Conference in New York.

— The eighteen public squares of Paris are opened to the public until 10 o'clock in the evening.

— A clerk in the New York postoffice, named James Bell, has been arrested for purloining letters.

— Another youthful bank messenger in New York has absconded with the money entrusted to him.

— The captain and mate of the bark Helen Angier have been arrested at New York for murder at sea.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WILLIS' STUMP EXTRACTOR AHEAD!

WILLIS' Stump Extractor, at the Great Public Trial, at Springwater, Livingston Co., N. Y., on the 2d inst., distanced all competitors, drawing 15 stumps in 39 minutes, and finished by taking up 3 of the largest stumps a committee could find in the lot; he also extracted a 4 foot green chestnut near Blood's Station, which was so satisfactory that one of the competitors with the screw machine bought one of WILLIS' machines, and four others were engaged on the spot.

Mr. WILLIS will attend and put in operation all machines sold within a reasonable distance from this city, and guarantee their entire reliability.

Mr. WILLIS offered to draw as many stumps in a given time as any two screw or any other machine, or forfeit One Hundred Dollars, and the offer is still open to all competitors; loading, unloading and setting up computed in the time. Send for Pamphlet.

Address W. W. WILLIS, 8 Exchange Street, Rochester.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN WHEAT CULTURIST.—A *Practical Treatise on the Culture of Wheat*—By S. EDWARDS TODD. Illustrated, 132 pp. Price, $2,50. Agents Wanted. Sent by mail where no agent is appointed. Address TAINTOR BROTHERS, Publishers, 678 Broadway, N. Y.

AMERICAN CATTLE:—THEIR HISTORY, **Breeding and Management.** By Lewis F. Allen, late Pres't N. Y. State Ag. Soc. 528 pp. Illustrated. Price, $2,50. AGENTS WANTED. *"Gives the farmer just the instruction he wants."—N. Y. Independent.* Sent by mail where no agent is appointed. Address TAINTOR BROTHERS, Publishers, 678 Broadway, New York. 959-2t

ON TRIAL.—TEN COPIES OF A First-Class $3 Magazine Six Months "On Trial" for $10. THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, sent in Clubs of Ten, from July to January, at only $1 a Copy. A New Volume begins with July No. NOW is the time to subscribe. Sample No. 20 cents.

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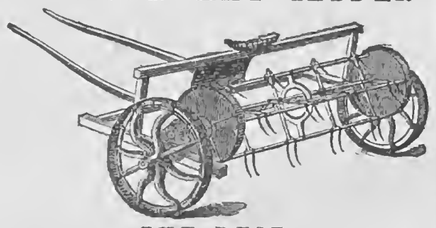

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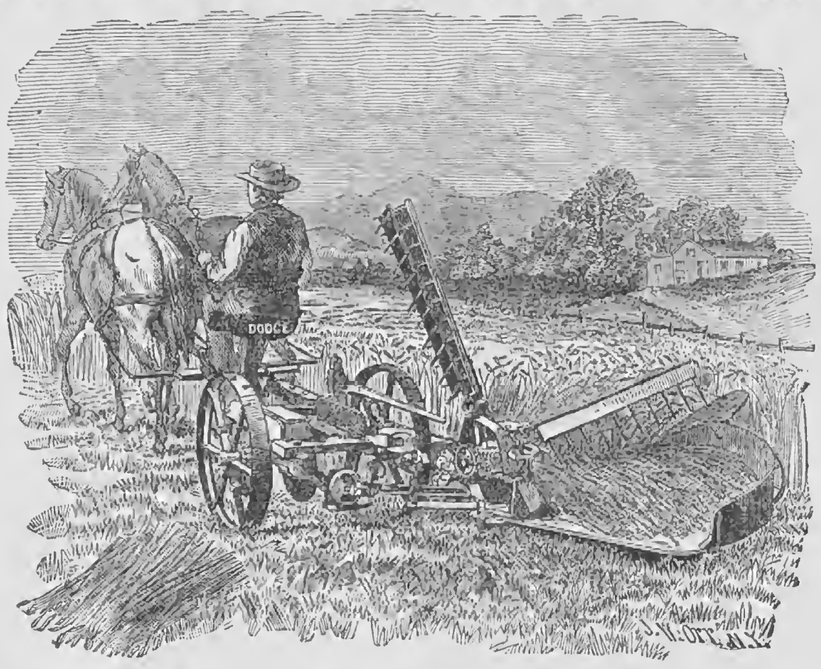

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THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the unent grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR, AS THE BEST

COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 5th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best"—DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or foot, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in it and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain cut was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain leaned very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from the southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also reels, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 18, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Troutman, at Bearytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra.*

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
D. C. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Palman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nummors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Luntensteloyer,
H. F. Troutman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fanklnburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barbeau,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or fixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jimerson.	Daniel B. Wooden,	F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey,	Daniel S. Post,	

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction, reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Beekover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Half,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Goseline,	D. B. Randall,	John Dysinger,
Jacob Dislinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	R. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. House,	H. C. Wright,	James Dislinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
John Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Stabler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp,	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barto,	Samuel B. Briggs,
S. B. Mundy,	Ira Stilwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. B. Vandyke,
Peter Mannar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Willamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blanvelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hanay,	Peter Tunison,	F. M. Vannvetwick
Jefferson Sullten,	Sam. Ogden,	R. Tunison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rapplye,	E. Lamoreaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.

C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown*. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory, No. 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

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WATER FILTERS FOR Purifying Lake, Rain and River Water. With this Filter the most impure water is made free from all foreign matter, clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell. J. E. CHENEY & CO., Manufacturers, Rochester, N. Y.

SEND STAMP FOR 16 PAGES DESCRIPTION of some of the finest imported and thorough-bred animals and Fowls in America. L. B. SILVER, Salem, Ohio.

WANTED.—AGENTS for our $1 SALE.—Send 25 cts. for 2 Checks. Circulars free. BANKS, LORD & CO., 221 Washington St., Boston, Mass. 953-3teo

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"It is the best Barometer for general use."—American Agriculturist.

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"The best Barometer, and very cheap."—Mother's Journal.

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DYSPEPSIA CURE.

The world renowned remedy for the unfailing cure of

DYSPEPSIA,

Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sourness or Acidity of Stomach, Rising of Food, Flatulency, Lassitude, Weariness, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, finally terminating in Death.

READ THE EVIDENCE.

From Rev. ISAAC AIKEN, Alleghany, Pa.

JOSEPH FLEMING, Druggist,
No. 84 Market Street, Pittsburgh:

SIR:—I take great pleasure in stating that, after having suffered from dyspepsia for about fifteen years, at some periods much more than others, I have been entirely cured by the use of Coe's Dyspepsia Cure. My friends know that of late years my case has been an extreme one. I had great suffering from eating any kind of food, and on an average would vomit about one-third of my meals, in a sour, indigestible mass. When the severe attacks would come, I would lose all strength and be utterly helpless. Some of the attacks would be so severe that for days together I would not retain anything on my stomach, save a little dry toast and tea. For years I knew not what it was to pass five consecutive hours without intense pain. From the time I took the first dose of this medicine I ceased vomiting, gradually all soreness passed away, and flesh and strength returned, and ever since I have been able to eat any kind of food set upon the table. Six months have now passed without any symptoms of the return of the disease. My case was considered by all, even physicians, so marvellous, that for a time it was feared it might be fictitious; but I am now so well convinced, that I have been not merely relieved, but permanently cured, that I can conscientiously recommend Coe's Dyspepsia Cure to all victims of dyspepsia. ISAAC AIKEN, Late Pastor of the Beaver St. Church, Alleghany.

Mr. LESTER SEXTON, a wholesale merchant of 20 years, in Milwaukee, one of the most reliable and careful men in the State says, under date,

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 24, 1868.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & Co., New Haven, Conn.:

Both myself and wife have used Coe's Dyspepsia Cure, and it proved PERFECTLY satisfactory as a remedy. I have NO hesitation in saying that we have received GREAT BENEFIT from its use. Very respectfully, (Signed,) LESTER SEXTON.

From H. M. T. Smith, Dunkirk, N. Y.

DUNKIRK, N. Y., May 1, 1868.

Gents.—I inclose your Circular. I know of two parties, wives of prominent citizens, in this place who have been greatly benefited if not cured by the use of your Dyspepsia Cure, but they will not consent to the public use of their names, and thus the matter rests, with a steady increasing sale. Yours, respectfully, H. M. T. SMITH.

From the Rev. D. Allen Crowell, Brookville, Pa.

LUTHERSBURG, Pa., May 2d, 1867.

Messrs. C. G. CLARK & CO.:

Sirs,—"Coe's Dyspepsia Cure," is gaining a reputation amongst our people. The medicine already used has had the desired effect. A friend wishes me to get a bottle for him, for which I send you $1 inclosed. Send to my address as early as possible. Yours, etc., REV. D. ALLEN CROWELL, Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

C. G. CLARK & CO., NEW HAVEN, CT., 953-2teo **Sole Proprietors.**

☞ NOT A PATENT MEDICINE. ☜

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

Its Effects are Magical.

It is an *unfailing remedy* in all cases of Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in less than twenty-four hours, from the use of no more than *two or three pills.*

No other form of Neuralgia or Nervous Disease has failed to yield to this *wonderful remedial agent.*

Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia and general nervous derangements—of many years' standing—affecting the entire system, its use for a few days, or a few weeks at the utmost, always affords the most astonishing relief, and very rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure.

It contains no drugs or other materials in the slightest degree injurious, even to the most delicate system, and can *always* be used with *perfect safety.*

It has long been in constant use by many of our *most eminent physicians*, who give it their unanimous and unqualified approval.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

One Package	$1.00	Postage	6 cents.
Six "	5.00	"	27 "
Twelve "	9.00	"	48 "

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BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

A STORY OF SCIENCE.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

A PHILOSOPHER sat in his easy chair,
Looking as grave as Milton;
He wore a solemn and mystic air
As he Canada balsam spilt on
A strip of glass, as a slide to prepare
For a mite taken out of his Stilton.

He took his microscope out of his case,
And settled the focus rightly,
The light thrown back from the mirror's face
Came glimmering upward brightly.
He put the slide with the mite in place,
And fixed on the cover tightly.

He turned the instrument up and down,
Till getting a proper sight, he
Exclaimed, as he gazed with a puzzled frown,
"Good gracious!" and "highty-tighty!
The sight is enough to alarm the town—
A mite is a monster mighty!"

From t'other end of the tube, the mite
Regarded our scientific;
To its naked eye, as you'll guess, the sight
Of a man was most terrific.
But reversing the microscope made him quite
The opposite of magnific.

"One sees the truth through this tube so tall,"
Said the mite, as it squinted through it;
"Man is not so wondrously big after all,
If the mite-world only knew it."

MORAL.

Mem.—Whether a thing is large or small
Depends on the way you view it!

[*London Fun.*

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COUNTRY AND CITY;

OR,

AN EPISODE IN THE LIVES OF HARRY AND I.

BY MRS. WILKINSON.

CHAPTER I.

WE had always lived in the country—HARRY and I,—our snug little farm and rural home being our only possessions. The cottage in which we lived had been my mother's before me, and there, in its cozy little parlor, with a wealth of honeysuckles peeping in and out through the white dimity hangings, had I first promised to become HARRY's bride. Months afterward when I *did* become his bride, with how much pleasure did I commit to his keeping papers making him "sole owner and executor" of all my worldly wealth! Smile not, kind reader, for wealth indeed it seemed to me, and with my husband's love I was happy.

HARRY was poor, proud and ambitious, and often in those bright summer evenings, when the duties and labors of the day were finished, he would lead me to a seat on our vine-wreathed porch, where, with the summer breezes gently stirring the green branches overhead, we would sit for hours talking of our future.

"I do not exactly fancy this hum-drum sort of life, NELL," he would say. "To think of plodding on in this way, year after year, when I *know* I have talent for something nobler and more elevating, is almost unendurable at times. Do *you* ever think of it, NELL? Are *you* perfectly satisfied and contented here?"

Yes, I was; and why should I not be, I would ask, with my husband's love and my childhood's pleasant home? Yes, very bright had our future always looked to me; but never until, with HARRY's arm about my waist, a little cherub head pressed close to my mother heart, had the world revealed to me so much of Paradise! For a time even HARRY seemed satisfied. His was an all-absorbing love, but ere long the old discontent came back again!

"I have my plans all laid for the future, at last, NELL," he said one day. "We must dispose of the farm—homestead and all—and I will commence business in town——"

"But have you any definite plans upon which you may act when there?" I asked, interrupting him.

"O, yes; but I had hoped to keep all a secret from you, NELL, until you should see me duly installed 'Dry Goods Dealer,' 'number,' 'street,' &c., in glowing gilt characters.

I was already in tears, and HARRY, spying them, seemed the embodiment of chagrin and disappointment.

"What, *crying*, NELL? Why, I was never so elated in all my life! I tell you, darling, this is the happiest day of my existence!" And I, dear reader, could not help thinking of that *other* time when he had said the very same. It was in the little parlor, and on the day when I promised to become his wife!

"But this is never going to do, NELL; not in the very least," he said, coming over and kissing me. "*In tears!* and just because you are for once to be rid of this miserable household drudgery! Why, darling! Well, women are mysterious creatures, after all,—always advocating 'love in a cot,' and all that sort o' thing. But jump up, little wife, now that you are smiling through your tears, and just let me take a look at you. Jump up, darling—there, that's right. Now let's see and compare notes. Fine figure—fair complexion—beautiful eyes—and those ringlets, NELL! Why, you'll grace your position, and no mistake. Now, what of *me?* Just take a good, prolonged stare, and give in your verdict quick, little wife."

My noble young husband!—how proud he looked standing there with all the assumed dignity of a prince, until at last I smiled through my tears.

"Now come and sit by me, NELL," he said, "and I will tell you of my plans. You remember FRED HORTON, in town? He has found an opening, where, with his influence, and by disposing of the place here for ready means, I can at once accept a partnership in one of the most thriving firms in the city. And here you see is at once a stepping-stone to wealth and position."

"Yes, HARRY; but our snug little farm supports us so nicely here, and in your new position you are assuming responsibilities to which you have hitherto been a stranger."

"Pooh! on the responsibilities, NELL; they will be pleasant ones."

"And the *liabilities*, HARRY?"

"Oh, they will take care of themselves! Any more objections, little wife?"

"Yes, there is one more consideration, HARRY: our little IDA; will it be as well for her?"

"O! it will be a capital change for our darling. When a little older she will there have all the superior advantages of education and society, besides many privileges which *here* she could never hope to enjoy."

"But, dear HARRY, have you yet found a purchaser for our home?" inquired I, making a great effort to stifle the rising emotion, which I could but illy suppress.

"Yes, to-morrow it is to be sold: at least should you consent to it."

"And who is to be the purchaser?"

"NED FREEMAN."

"O, HARRY! *sold*, and to *him!*" cried I, my feelings quite overcoming my hastily formed resolutions to be brave.

"And why not to *him*, NELL?"

"He was my father's bitter enemy, HARRY; and even after his death the animosity continued, and in more ways than one did my poor mother feel the depths of his seething and abiding hatred. To think of our pleasant home falling into *his* hands,—were it any one else, I could have borne it better."

"Pray compose yourself," said HARRY. "Had I known this sooner, I can assure you I would have looked further for a purchaser. But never mind, NELL. Make the best of the matter now. FREEMAN is rich, you know, and will pay for the property at once, which is quite a consideration. Do you consent to this, NELL?"

"If you are convinced it is for the best," was my tearful reply; "but I fear sooner or later you will regret it."

"Never! never! take my word for it," was his eager rejoinder. "I consider myself a lucky man. One week ago I could not have dreamed that this freak of fortune might be mine. Be a brave little woman, NELL," continued HARRY, getting down and turning a complete somerset towards the baby, who laughed gleefully, while I sat smiling through my tears. And was I brave? We shall see?

CHAPTER II.

ONE week from the day on which HARRY and I held the preceding conversation, our household things were to be sold. At an early hour the neighbors began to flock in, and at ten the sale commenced. Then came the struggle. There was each dear, familiar object, one after the other, brought out and placed under the auctioneer's hammer, while his dismal cry of "Going! Going! Gone!" echoed through the house like a death-knell! Each dear object was associated in some way with my happy past,—some fond remembrance was clinging to each,—until link after link of that past seemed broken, as neighbors one after another bore away triumphantly each and every article of furniture with which I had ever been familiar. I could bear it no longer, but ran up to my now empty, desolate room, where I thought unperceived to give vent to long pent up sorrow in a flow of tears. But the room was already occupied, for there stood KATY, our old domestic, so long-tried and faithful, the tears streaming down her honest, sunbrowned face, striving in vain to soothe little IDA, who would not be comforted because "de nau'ty man" had borne her little high chair by the window, "and was doin to tarry it off wis him!" Poor little IDA. This was her first great sorrow!

The saddest day must have an end, and the morning after the sale dawned bright and beautiful. Our kind neighbors with whom we had been invited to pass the night were early astir, and busily engaged in preparing our breakfast, that we might not be too late for the "train" which was to bear us cityward. I rose not very much refreshed, but *trying* to look very cheerful and happy. HARRY was in his element, and baby in ecstacies over her anticipated "ride," while KATY looked sad and thoughtful. HARRY had insisted upon my keeping KATY, saying that we should need one domestic at least in our new home, although we were to "board" for the present.

We bade our kind neighbor "good-by" at the "station," whither he had volunteered to see us off, "bag and baggage." A few hours' ride in the dusty cars brought us to our city home, and a few minutes before twelve we drew up before a three-story stone boarding-house, of modern style, and rather commanding appearance, so to speak. We were immediately shown to our rooms (which had been previously engaged by HARRY,) by a colored servant who acted as porter for the house, and who, with much bowing and scraping, said he should be happy to receive our further commands.

"Order dinner for three," said HARRY; "and as we are somewhat fatigued, say that we will dine in our rooms to-day."

"Yes, sah; my name is SAMBO FITZFIZZLE, sah; the missa calls me SAM for short, sah; I shall be most happy to 'bey your orders in de future, sah!" said Mr. SAMBO FITZFIZZLE, with a sly glance and a twinkle of the eye at KATY, who manifested her appreciation of the same by a haughty curve of the head in another direction.

"I wonder does he think we niver saw a nigger afore, or 'gintleman of color,' as no doubt he calls hisself," said KATY, indignantly. "He had betther lave his airs below, and not be afther bowin and scrapin at sich a rate, or I'll let him know that a true born Irish is as good as a nigger, any day!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted HARRY. "Why, you'd not quarrel with a 'gentleman of color,' would you, KATY?"

"He must not be after lookin at me the likes o' that agin, sir," answered KATY, whose indignation knew no bounds, and who seemed to entertain no very kindly feeling toward "gentlemen of color" in general, and, judging from appearances, Mr. SAMBO FITZFIZZLE in particular.

Our dinner was soon brought in, by a tidy looking serving maid, who informed us that her mistress would look in upon us after giving us time to refresh ourselves. We must have done ample justice to the dinner, for HARRY declared there was "nothing left but the dishes" when we had finished.

"Now, NELL, I must go down to the store," said he, "and commence operations there. It's not far from here,—just a pleasant walk,—and you, in the meantime, try to amuse yourself the best way you can. We are to occupy this suit of rooms—three in number—but bless my soul, NELL, you haven't seen the parlor yet, sure enough! Just step this way."

It *was* a beautiful parlor. A carpet of tapestry covered the floor; easy chairs, ottomans and divans, were scattered about in luxurious profusion; mirrors, statuary and paintings were arranged tastefully and elegantly; and altogether the room wore an air of combined elegance and simplicity seldom seen, and which at once gave me a favorable impression of the "lady of the house."

"Can you not be happy here, NELL?"

"I hope to be, HARRY."

Mrs. HALL, our landlady, was just such a person as I had, from her surroundings, expected to meet; tasteful, elegant in manners, and a woman of superior intellect. I felt at once drawn towards her, and knew that I had found at least *one* congenial heart in our new home.

I saw but little of HARRY during the afternoon and evening, but when he came home for the night it was with a glowing account of matters at the store. In the morning, at his urgent request, I accompanied him "down town."

"O, NELL," said he, "this is so much pleasanter than our hum-drum life on the farm. There is some excitement here—something to keep one's soul and body together."

And thus several months passed away very pleasantly, and I was getting quite accustomed to our new style of living. Calls, visits, party going, with various other rounds of amusement and conventionalities, were becoming quite familiar to me. HARRY had been very gay and dashing of late, and yet I thought I could detect a little shade of anxiety upon his face now and then, when he came home later than usual. Yet, as there was nothing said upon the subject I did not know but the *anxiety* was wholly of my *own imagining*.

CHAPTER III.

"Fortune favors the brave, NELL," said HARRY, one night, bursting into the room where I had been sitting until a later hour than usual awaiting his return. He had an unsealed package in his hand and acted almost like a crazy man as he hopped about, crying, "Guess, NELL! Guess quick—what's in store for us now?" at the same time holding the package at arms-length and dancing around my chair like a little urchin about a May-pole.

"But I never could, HARRY," I said; "so please be quick and tell me all about it, for the suspense is intolerable!"

"Woman's curiosity—intolerable is it? Ha! ha! But you've heard me speak of my grandfather in England, on my father's side? Well, this veritable old grandfather whom I never saw, has seen fit to die, and in his 'last will and testament' bequeath to his 'darling grandchild HARRY, he being the only child of his well beloved and long since deceased son WILLIAM,' the nice little sum of—what, NELL? Guess, now."

"Ten thousand, then."

"*More, more*—guess again."

"Fifteen thousand, perhaps."

"No! no! steeper yet, I tell you."

"Can it be *twenty thousand*, HARRY?"

"O, NELL, you never *could* guess. *Forty thousand dollars!*"

"Is it *possible?*" I exclaimed, not a little bewildered, I confess, by this sudden freak of fortune.

"Yes, *possible!* and in a most opportune moment, too," said HARRY, sitting down for the first time. "I tell you, NELL, I was beginning to fear we could hardly make ends meet, as the saying goes. You see I had so little invested, and with our expensive style of living, I really didn't know just where to place myself. But good-by to uncertainties now. With *this* nice little sum invested I shall be equal partner, which is the very height of my ambition. And this little wife of mine—I tell you, NELL, you shall not have a wish ungratified; and papa's darling—what will he *not* do for his idol *now?*" he said, stooping to press a kiss upon the waxen brow.

"How *very beautiful* she is, NELL, he continued, forgetting for the moment his new-found happiness in contemplation of the little sleeper. "How beautiful she is, NELL!"

"Yes, *beautiful*, HARRY."

Two years passed quickly away. In the first, HARRY came into possession of his property, which was even larger than he had supposed, and in the generosity of his heart he purchased the little homestead again, and presenting me with the title of ownership, said,

"It is *yours*, NELL."

And the *second* year,—I can write it now, dear reader, for time has somewhat smoothed the first bitter anguish of my mother heart,—we laid our darling to rest beneath that little mound of earth where she sleeps in the dust, our treasure, with the damp sod and marble upon her breast. We planted a rose at her head; and at her feet, with the soft winds sighing a faint requiem among the low drooping branches, stands a willow.

With the death of our darling came the failure of the firm in which HARRY was partner. Long had they struggled, and firmly, against the great commercial crisis. Step after step had been taken to prevent the worst; but it came at last, and with it all hope of recovery.

"I am a ruined man," said HARRY, when the worst had become known, "but my heart is in the grave of our idol. My sudden wealth has flown, and with it every ambitious motive. Oh! how I *loved her*, NELL: my darling,—*my idol*,—but perhaps 'tis better so."

"Let us go back to our country home, my husband."

"We will go."

And we went, kind reader; and it is in that same little parlor with the wealth of honeysuckles peeping through the white dimity curtains that I have gleaned from my diary this sketch for you. Our little farm is as productive as formerly, and supplies us bountifully. It is just five years to-day since HARRY and I commenced housekeeping here, and with very few exceptions everything wears the appearance of yore. Within the hearts of its possessors time has wrought, but not idly. We have learned in these few years lessons which He alone may teach who dealeth with us according to our deserving. Bitter ones they may have been, but profitable to us; and we thank Thee, O, FATHER, *for the teaching!*

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

BE satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is too common for young housekeepers to begin where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with; adorn your house with all that will render it comfortable. Do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. If secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step further, and visit the home of the suffering poor; behold dark, cheerless apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence and all the comforts and refinement of social life, and then return to your own with a joyful spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a grateful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil of self-denial which he has endured in the business world to surround you with the delights of home; and you will co-operate cheerfully with him in so arranging your expenses, that his mind will not be constantly harassed lest his family expenditures may encroach upon public payments.

Be independent; a young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she does now, to resist the arrogance of fashion. Do not let the A.'s and B.'s decide what you shall have, neither let them hold the strings of your purse. You know best what you can and ought to afford. It matters but little what people think, provided you are true to yourself, to right and duty, and keep your expenses within your means.

OPPORTUNITY has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

No man ever sins at half-price.

TIGHT PANTS—Asthmatical breathings.

No wonder that the squirrel is accused of chattering; he is certainly a great tall-bearer.

It is said that whisky is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. What will cure the bite of whisky?

CHILD MURDER.—Making a boy or girl of seven or eight study ten different branches of education every day as they do in some schools.

LENT.—We have just got through the season of Lent. A friend says that so far as money is concerned it is lent with him all the year round.

THERE is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can never get enough of the glass.

"MY dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from town, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in the city?" "The ladies' faces, my love."

A CREDULOUS man said to a wag who had a wooden leg, "How came you to have a wooden leg?" "Why," answered the wag, "my father had one, and so had my grandfather. It runs in the blood."

SYDNEY SMITH said to the canons of St. Paul's, when they wrote to him urging the advisability of a wood pavement round the churchyard—"Let them lay their heads together and it will be done."

BLINDMAN'S BUFF is supposed to come nearer to genuine human sympathy than any other amusement known to the children of men, because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.

"SAMMY, my son, don't stand there scratching your head; stir your stumps, or you'll make no progress in life." "Why, father, I've heard you say the only way to get along was to scratch ahead."

"How shall I sell my horse?" said a jockey to an acquaintance; "his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him." "Sell him by wholesale; for no honorable man will *re*-tail him," was the reply.

A WESTERN editor remarks that he is glad to receive marriage notices, but requests that they may be sent soon after the ceremony, and before the divorce is applied for. He has had several notices spoilt in this way.

"PEOPLE talk about their grand business enterprises," exclaimed Mother Seabolds, "why there isn't one of 'em that's equal to my old clock! They can't go after they're wound up, but my old clock always goes the better for it."

THERE is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. The next child was Nothing; it being Nothing New. And on being asked, "Why was the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?" he answered the question thus: "Because it has a stern duty to perform."

A LADY found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones, and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles, while polished gold glittered from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who by-and-by seriously remarked:—"Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours."

GREAT FERMENTATION IN CHINA.

[Beer has been successfully brewed at Shanghai.]

For "the cup that cheers," in spite of your leers,
I shall never be loth to speak up;
But I thought till to-day, in the land of Cathay,
That the cup so famed was the tea-cup.
The only brew John Chinaman knew,
I'd have wagered a pound of Hyson,
Was the tea of that ilk, which with sugar and milk,
Is a pleasantly negatived p'ison.
But it seems that a gent, from Burton-on-Trent,
Connected with one of the ale-men,
Bass, Allsopp, or Salt, the uses of malt
Has imparted un-*to* the pig-tail men.

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 16, 22, 4 is a point of the compass.
My 5, 8, 23, 10 is a Latin word meaning behold.
My 9, 14, 6, 25 means if so.
My 11, 26, 3, 2 is the destiny of humanity.
My 12, 19, 17, 10 is a symbol of subjection.
My 15, 24, 21, 13 is an expression of entreaty.
My 18, 7, 20, 27 is largely produced in Ohio.
My whole, from the salutary influence it exerts, and its genuine popularity, has become the leading feature of our school. DEBBIE BLACKBURN.
Hillsboro, Ill.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 36 letters.
My 32, 17, 27, 8, 3, 33 is a town in Kansas.
My 36, 15, 4, 13, 25, 26 is a country in Europe.
My 6, 20, 30, 28, 34, 11, 19, 35, 7 is a river in the U. S.
My 12, 5, 10, 22, 14, 33, 7 is an island in the Pacific.
My 18, 9, 1, 2, 29, 17, 23, 21 is an Island in the Baltic Sea.
My 13, 2, 31, 24, 17, 8 is a town in Turkestan.
My whole is an old Spanish Proverb.
Enterprise, Wis. CHAS. L. WOOD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first's a stream in classic land;
My second, all well understand
Who traveled much by public aid
Ere steam ingenious man obeyed.

My first—when cut in two again—
Has part in shedding light 'mong men,
In cities populous and gay,
But oft is in the drunkard's way.

My second, (though 'tis no disgrace,)
Writes wrinkles on the human face,
And to the world is thus revealed
What some desire should be concealed.

By transposition, you will find
An animal for use designed:
A game that children often play,
And something useful washing day.

My whole is not of recent birth,
But something known of real worth,
Whose task is to facilitate
The movement of the Ship of State.

Norwich, N. Y. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THERE is a circular lot containing one acre of ground. A horse is teddered on the outside of the circle with a halter as long as the radius of the circle. Over how much ground can the horse feed on the outside of the circle, and over how much on the inside?

Naples, N. Y. X. Y. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 958.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Give me liberty or give me death.

Answer to Charade:—Socrates. (Sock-ray-tease.)

Answer to Problem:—985 feet.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS AND OTHERS.

THE following works on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other Books on RURAL AFFAIRS, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices—and shall add new works as published.

Allen's Am. Farm Book	$1,50	Mayhew's Account Books (to go with the above)	1,99
Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals	1,00	Do. Key (to go with above)	50
American Bird Fancier	30	Miles on Horse's Foot (cloth)	75
American Pomology (300 Illustrations)	3,00	Miss Beecher's Receipt Book	1,50
Am. Sharp Shooter (Telescopic Rifle)	50	Modern Cookery, by Miss Acton and Miss S. J. Hale	1,50
American Rose Culturist	75	Monumental Designs, 159 plates and designs	10,00
Am. Weeds and Useful Plants	1,75	Nature's Bee Book	25
Annual Register of Rural Affairs (120 Engravings)	50	Norton's Elements Scientific Agriculture	75
Architecture (Cummings & Miller) 382 designs and 314 ills.	10,00	Ornamental Cottages	50
Barry's Fruit Garden	1,50	Our Farm of Four Acres	30
Beautiful Leaved Plants (London Edition) (coloured ills.)	2,00	Parsons on the Rose	1,25
Bement's Poulterer's Companion 130 Illustrations	2,00	Pedler's Land Measure	50
Black Raspberry Culture	30	Phantom Flowers	1,50
Browne's Field Book of Manures	1,50	Practical Shepherd, Randall	2,00
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Cole's American Veterinarian	75	Randall's Fine Wool Husbandry	1,00
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Cultivation of Native Grapes and Manufacture of Am. Wine	1,50	Richardson on the Dog	50
Dana's Muck Manual	1,25	Rivers' Minature Fruit Garden	1,00
Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor	1,50	Rogers' Scientific Agriculture	1,00
Do. American Cattle Doctor	1,50	Rural Homes (Wheeler)	1,50
Domestic Poultry Book, with over 100 Illustrations	50	Saunders on Poultry (Illustrated,)	40
Downing's Cottage Residences	1,50	Schenck's Gardeners Text-Book	75
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	75	Scribner's Produce Tables	50
Everybody his own Lawyer	1,25	Do. Ready Reckoner and Log Book	30
Farm Drainage, by H F French	1,50	Silver's new Poultry Book (To Illustrations)	50
Field's Pear Culture	1,25	Stewart's (John) Stable Book	1,50
Flint on Grasses	2,00	The American House Carpenter (Hatfield's)	2,50
Fruit Trees of America	1,50	The Farm Yard, a Manual	1,00
Fuller's Illustrated Strawberry Culturist	50	The Boston Machinist (Fitzgerald)	75
Do. Forest Tree Culturist	1,50	The Farm, with Illustrations	1,00
Do. Small Fruits (beautifully illustrated)	1,50	The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America (Downing)	3,00
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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

GRASS AS A RENOVATING CROP.

THIS crop grows more or less in all countries and climates, sustains more animal life than any other, and contributes most towards supplying the comforts and luxuries mankind enjoy. Wherever grass flourishes man gains an easy living and acquires wealth; where it grows not deserts spread their inhospitable wastes, and man is a nomad and a barbarian. It gives to man, civilized or savage, meat, wool and milk and its products; it is the great renovator of soil worn by tillage and cropping; thus lying at the very foundation of all other useful vegetable growth, and in the landscape it appeals to our sense of beauty with greater force than any other feature. It grows spontaneously, yet yields easily to culture.

As a renovator of the soil, grass is of greater aggregate value with us than stable or barn yard manure, and it is a question worthy of a good deal of thought how to use it with the most profit in enriching our lands. It seems, indeed, to enrich soil, at least for the production of other crops, by merely occupying it. If we mow, or pasture, or let it decay where it grows, although we see greater benefit from some methods than others, yet all seem to add somewhat to the productive power of the soil for cereals. Grass acts as a soil renovator, both by what it conveys to it, and also by a certain mechanical action. Of course it can add nothing to what was in the soil previous to its growth from it, except what it derives from the atmosphere; but this is considerable, and besides, it changes, by its growth and decay, the crude elements of soil into a state better adapted to nourish plants of a higher character, and bearing food directly for the use of man. But the dense bottom growth and surface roots of grass, which form what we call turf, protect the soil from hot sunshine and drying winds, and under this shelter it rapidly accumulates nitrogen, and to this cause, probably, as much as to any other, do we owe the increase of fertility in our lands laid down with grass.

It is the popular notion that pasturing enriches land laid with grass more than mowing. Perhaps it does, as a general rule, but a great deal depends on how the land is treated under either practice. If the pasture is kept short the grass roots will not extend as deep nor grow as large—there will not be as great a weight of them—as though the grass grew tall. Hence the meadow would get the advantage over the short pasture in weight of roots wherewith to enrich the soil. If the hay cut from a meadow be fed in such manner that all the manure it makes can be saved, and this returned to the field, it is probable the soil would keep in better condition than if pastured. For this reason: the manure from the hay would be applied in better shape and with less waste, than that which stock leave on the fields where they graze. But if the manure, or its equivalent, from the hay, be not returned to the field, then pastured land would improve in fertility faster than meadow.

But grass is extensively used as a soil renovator by plowing it in when it has attained large growth. All things considered it is the cheapest fertilizer that can be used. An amount of turf and grass will grow on one square rod equal in weight to a two-horse load of stable manure, and if the turf and grass were removed from the square rod the stable manure would hardly more than make good the deficiency. The farmer who can get a thick turf and good growth of grass can grow other large crops; his soil is fertile enough. In many cases the result is equally beneficial to let the growth go down on the ground without plowing until desirable to till the soil for a crop. It is probable, indeed, that little but water is lost from the grass when it dries, and the advantages of having the soil shaded and kept moist through the summer, instead of turning the bare earth to the sun, are great.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Working Roads.

"PATHMASTER" gives these hints, as he terms them, respecting the working of highways:—"In the first place throw up a broad, even turnpike, with deep ditches on either side, grade it smooth, remove the stone, and then, if possible, never again plow up the road bed. Frequent plowing of the road bed spoils it. The water courses are next in importance. If the water is kept in the ditches and conducted away properly, half or two-thirds of the work will be saved which otherwise would have to be expended on the highway. The trouble is, we work our road tax out at one time or season, and then neglect the roads until another year. Now, some work should be reserved, so that once or twice a month, at least, the highway may be looked over a little and repairs made. You know the adage, 'A stitch in time.' Loose cobble stone, as they come from the fields, should not be thrown into mud holes or other low places in the road bed and then covered slightly with dirt. In muddy weather the wheels cut down, the stones are displaced and work to the surface, and when the soil dries you have the roughest kind of a road, viz., stone and dirt mixed. Break the stone fine before filling in, as you see them in cities, and then cover slightly with gravel.

"If there is a bed of gravel near the 'beat,' it should be a point to turnpike and gravel a portion of the road each year. That plan makes the best country roads of any that American farmers can afford to carry out on ordinary highways. When well established it takes but little labor each year to keep them in repair. Sandy roads can often be improved by putting clay on them after being turnpiked; clay is often found in the subsoil under sand. A layer five or six inches in depth of clay will make a fine, hard road, on the lightest sand, in the dryest weather. Only one side of the turnpike should be clayed, reserving the other for use in wet weather. All steep hills should have frequent "turnouts" for the water to flow from the center into the ditches. These also form good resting places for loaded teams going up. Common sense of course will teach any one that dirt should not be thrown into the road bed on the summit of a hill, to turnpike it, but rather the ditches dug out; turnpike by drawing dirt in at the bottom,—thus the height of the hill will be somewhat diminished.

"The country needs a better system of road management. The improvements ought to be made more permanent. If it were the duty of each district to construct a small portion only, each year, under the direction of competent engineers, so that it would be durable and efficient, the result would be that the next generation would traverse good roads, and the present one would be taxed no heavier to make them than they are to work under the present system."

Improving the Herd.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us as follows, on the above subject:—"Your recent article urging farmers to take measures to improve their herds of cattle is not only timely but the advice contained is of more importance than many would appreciate at a glance. It is just as easy, and as cheap, to raise a cow worth one hundred dollars, estimating her value from the basis of her products, as to raise one worth only fifty; or it costs but a trifle more to raise a steer that, from his superior qualities for making beef, will bring one-third larger price than an ordinary one, when three years old. The most obvious means of improving the herd are the using of the best thorough-bred bulls at hand, and the selection of cows, so far as possible, from families of stock that have shown good qualities a long way back on their ancestral line. Another quality is very needful to effect a permanent and real improvement, and that is perseverance. It will not do to swerve from the object in view; the breed should not be changed, especially if a right start is made, but better blood from other herds of the same breed or family sought. We should constantly breed up to higher standards. This subject needs to be brought forcibly and often to the attention of farmers. Think of the vast increase of food which would be the result of infusing the blood of the best milking stock with all the dairies in the land; or if all the beef cattle henceforth raised sprung from the Short-Horn race. This blood, mixed in the vast herds which roam Texas, and the southwest alone, would soon add millions of dollars yearly to the value of the meat produced in those regions."

The Opium Poppy.

G. G. P., Brooklyn, California, asks information about the opium poppy. The opium of commerce is made from the White Poppy, (*Papaver Somniferum.*) So named because the seed is white. It is grown chiefly in Eastern countries, being a native of Asia. The flowers are usually red of various tints. Opium is the thickened juice of the poppy head, incisions are made in it when in a green state, from which a milky juice exudes. This juice dries and hardens in the sun, changing to a dark color, and becomes opium. It is necessarily collected by hand-labor, by scraping the heads, hence the business demands cheap labor to be at all profitable. Chemistry might possibly teach some more expeditious and cheaper method of extracting the opium in a pure state. Varieties of the poppy yielding black seed are cultivated in Europe to a considerable extent, for the sake of the oil extracted from the seed. This is very sweet and wholesome and is used as a salad oil. But if seed is gathered, opium cannot be made. It is hardly probable that opium growing in this country would be profitable.

Will Subsoiling Pay?

J. S., Noble Co., Ind., asks:—"Will it pay to subsoil? My ground is a dry loam; soil from five to ten inches deep, with hardpan underneath." We cannot say whether it "will pay" as a business operation to subsoil our correspondent's land. That depends on the conditions surrounding him—on the price of labor, products and other things. It may not always "pay," in the strictest sense of the term, to make improvements, but we have no doubt that subsoiling would be a great improvement on his land, and enable him to grow better crops. The soil described is just the kind that is benefited by this subsoiling. The surface plow pulverizes the ground and turns it to the ordinary depth of seven or eight inches; then follows the subsoil plow, breaking the hardpan and stirring it to the depth of seven or ten more. Isn't that an improved tillage? The surface water drains down, and the top soil dries sooner, and you can work earlier in the spring or after a wet time. Then air goes down with the water, and roots of plants follow. There is a new field and fresh food for them, and they grow from it dark and rank as though a new field had been put under the old one, and both were helping push along the crop.

Facts About Chess and Wheat.

A. G. P., Potter Co., Pa., writes:—"In your issue of May 9th, under head of 'Rural Brief-Mentionings,' I read:—'A Farmers' Club in Ohio have decided by a majority vote that wheat changes to chess and the latter to timothy.' Here are some *facts*. In this town a piece of new cleared land was sowed to oats, and, after heading out, some spots where had been log heaps, lodged or fell flat down; from some of the stools came up a second growth, which were about a foot high when the crop was harvested. The next spring the piece was sowed again to oats, without plowing (which we sometimes do when the ground is clean,) when the same stools that came up a second time the year before now sprung up again, and the crop this time was a rank, heavy growth of well filled *chess*. These are facts which I saw myself. I also heard one of my neighbors say that when the country was new in Cortland and Tompkins counties, his father sowed a small piece of oats on new land, fenced it, and kept it fed down with calves all summer. The next year it was covered with chess; what it was after that I do not know."

Blindness in Yearling Cattle.

T. R. CROSS, Hornellsville, N. Y., asks information concerning the blindness of some of his yearling cattle. He writes:—"One of them became blind in March. The eyes began to run and a film grew over them. Thinking that something was in them, I used salt, lard and burnt alum, but blind he was, and is, and eats but little. The eyes seem to be swollen, and run. Nose dry, with considerable discharges from the nostrils. Last week another was taken in the same way, and is now totally blind; eats nothing, and will probably die within a day or two. My neighbors have never heard of any thing of the kind. Any information in regard to the cause and remedy will be thankfully received by the farmers of this locality, as well as by myself."

It is barely possible that the ailment in this case is owing to the presence of a hair-like, white worm in the aqueous humor or fluid immediately behind the cornea. It is recommended, in such cases, to puncture the covering of the eye-ball and let out the worms. A cure in this way is possible, but the chances of success are not very flattering. If any of our readers can give information on this subject we hope they will avail themselves of the opportunity through the RURAL.

THE MESSENGER STALLION "ERRICKSON."

WE present this week a portrait of the Messenger Stallion Errickson. He was bred by Mr. ENOCH R. LEWIS of Clark Co., Kentucky, being foaled in the spring of 1856, and is the produce of Mr. CLAY'S famous Mambrino Chief and the noted road mare, Mrs. Caudle. Among the many descendants of Mambrino Chief we might name along with the subject of this article, Mambrino Pilot, Kentucky Chief, Lady Thorne, Brignoli, Idol, that were large, fine looking horses and fast trotters. As a four-year old performer Errickson distanced them all on the turf, and at a private trial he trotted in 2:26 to a wagon. He was then withdrawn from the turf, and has since been kept for breeding purposes alone, being now the property of R. C. BARKER, Esq., Detroit, Mich. He is thus described:—"His form shows the characteristic marks of the family. Fully 16¼ hands high, with a length of body proportioned to his height, there is yet a symmetry scarcely ever found in so large an animal. His limbs are first-rate, and they are placed in such a position that the motive force of the muscles is used to the best advantage. His color is a deep mahogany bay, a shade which seems to be the prevailing one in the family, as many of his brothers and sisters are of the same hue. His eye is full and bright, and his style lofty and grand."

AGRICULTURAL LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

NUMBER TWO.

HONEY, one of the articles to be found in every Abyssinian market, is a favorite article of food or relish, and bees are plentiful. One correspondent noticed as many as twenty hives hanging from the branches of a single tree. These are cylinder pots, made of earth, being closed at the bottom by straw matting. They are about two feet in length, and fourteen inches in diameter. Game of every description is abundant. Hares,—which the Abyssinian will not eat, together with the swine,—can be shot just outside the camp. Snipes, wild ducks and geese, grouse and guinea fowls are considered just as good eating here as in England. Of the "nobler" game, there are lions in the deeper ravines, hyenas,—a semi-sacred animal which is found everywhere,—the leopard, which prowls in dangerous proximity to towns and villages, wolves, the hippopotamus, the buffalo, the elephant, the antelope, and, finally, monkeys, which are so numerous that a panic was once caused among the Abyssinian soldiers by their compact appearance.

And now let us look at the natives themselves. But what a contrast do we find between the natural beauties of the country and the demoralization of the inhabitants. Yet what can we expect where a feudal aristocracy levies its contributions at will, and where the priesthood take what is left behind. The peasants of Abyssinia, says Dr. BLANC, one of the English captives of King THEODORE, are a hard-working class; but they are constantly plundered by every one; they just manage to keep themselves alive; but with all their labor, after years of semi-starvation, clad in rags, they often in the end perish from utter starvation. It is difficult to see why a few should labor and so many live by exaction and plunder. Every province has its army to feed, and when supplies are scarce the last piece of bread is snatched from the peasant's mouth; and to punish him for having withheld it, his poor hut is set on fire, and the rising harvest in his fields wantonly destroyed. This is not an exaggerated picture of the land which THEODORE has tried in vain for so many years to regenerate, first in sagacious measures, and latterly through blood and rapine. That the land needs a moral regeneration is evident, and we may perhaps be pardoned for introducing the following paragraph from the pen of a correspondent, in proof. He refers to a market where the British army were purchasing:—"A 'traffic' was carried on so openly as to show that morality had sunk to a fearfully low ebb among the women of Abyssinia, and that the *vinculum matrimonii* is in this country a thread which may be tied or snapped asunder at the will of either party. Abyssinians are ready at any time to bargain for the charms of their wives or of other female members of their household!"

What the future of the Abyssinian may be cannot now be premised. European methods are well explained by THEODORE himself:—"I know the tactics of European governments when they wish to annex an Eastern kingdom. They send missionaries first, then consuls to support the missionaries, and then battalions to support the consuls. I am not a Rajah of Hindoostan, to be treated thus; I would rather deal with battalions at once." This passage shows THEODORE'S foresight. The Europeans are already making reports upon the gold regions of the country, the coal, which exists in considerable quantity, the iron, which the natives scrape out of the ravines, and also the possibilities of the commercial capacity of the country. "Except a few hides of cattle, I have seen nothing which they could exchange," says a correspondent, "but," adds he, characteristically, "I am sure the natives would soon acquire a taste for English goods, many of which they are anxious to obtain!" This shows which way the English mind is looking. I must add another quotation from the same hand:—"The country is well suited for colonization. It would be impossible, however, to tolerate the petty princes, * * and if ever this country supports, as it is eminently adapted to do, a European population, the rifle will have to be used as freely as it was once in the backwoods of America." This is the army of civilization of the nineteenth century, forsooth!

Such is the working of the European mind—ruled by the single idea of expansion of territory. Yet, the fact is, there can be found more poverty and degradation among the populations of Europe,—taking into consideration the civilization that they have undergone,—especially among the lowest class, than exists to-day in Abyssinia. They need a guiding hand, but not an exterminating one. Let us glance at the homes of these Abyssinian peasants: "The houses are generally grouped together, but are not crowded close, and, for peasants' houses, are considered large and commodious. The walls are built of stone, and the roofs are made of the branches of trees. They have wooden doors. Ventilation is sometimes provided for by some holes near the top of the wall. If they were furnished with windows, their external appearance would be one of great comfort, and even at present they are infinitely superior to an ordinary Irish cabin!"

Such is an imperfect account of the agricultural portion of the inhabitants of that unfortunate country which has been brought to notice by the mad acts of THEODORE. For centuries it has lain hid-

den away from the civilized world; where our own civilization began to develop it remained, and has even retrograded. Yet the Abyssinians are a people as capable of intellectual improvement as any semi-barbarous race upon the face of the globe. Contact with the Western mind cannot fail to improve them; and they only need this to point out to them the road to the attainment of that civilization which King THEODORE has tried to enforce with fire and sword. JOHN P. JACKSON.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

BREEDING BACK.

D. G. WYETH, New Way, Licking Co., Ohio, writes us:—"I notice that own brothers, own sisters, and even twins, are frequently unlike each other. Why is this? And will they breed alike, or equally well, if they have the same constitutional vigor?"

The facts named by Mr. WYETH—and they are indisputable—would seem at first view to clash materially with the universally adopted theory, or rather conclusion, of breeders, that "like produces like." But in reality they do not. For exceedingly wise purposes, this great natural law of reproduction is not limited in its operation to parents, but also extends back to more remote progenitors. Were it otherwise, the labor of attaining permanent excellence in our domestic animals would, it is true, be materially lessened to breeders possessing proper sagacity; but it would also enable every person clothed with the "little brief authority" of ownership to perpetuate his own whims, and create new varieties or subvarieties to an extent which would destroy all the congruity of races. It is easy to show that this would be a most undesirable condition of things.

Mongrels breed back to both or all the different breeds from which they spring, and hence there is scarcely an approximate uniformity in their progeny. Full-bloods can breed back only to one breed, and therefore their differences cannot extend beyond the boundaries of that breed. Thus a mongrel South Down and Merino ram, whatever his individual qualities, will, with ewes of the same class, get progeny in which the characteristics now of one and now of the other of those breeds preponderate in constantly varying proportions. But the progeny of a full-blood Merino ram and ewe, however inferior it may be, is always a Merino in every characteristic.

There is another element of difference in the most nearly related animals. Besides breeding back to breeds and varieties, they also breed back to individual ancestors,—that is to say, they to a greater or lesser extent inherit the special qualities or peculiarities of one or more particular ancestors. They may thus inherit better or worse points than the corresponding ones of their parents. They may group together the bad or good points, either entire or modified, of several ancestors. And what may seem remarkable, the same ram and ewe do not uniformly breed back to the same particular ancestors. As Mr. WYETH states, twins begotten at the same time and developed together in the same womb, frequently exhibit material differences; and these unquestionably inherit those differences either from their parents or more remote ancestors. We say unquestionably, for any other hypothesis of explanation (barring accidents and other incidental extraneous causes*) would show the cardinal law of breeding—that like produces like—is subject to exception and chance. Nature proceeds from cause to effect. She knows no chance. Even that irregular breeding back, under consideration, which is so perfectly unexplainable, is guided, we have no doubt, by causes as fixed and firm as those which control the most stupendous operations of nature.

The improvements made in breeds have greatly tended to increase the differences occasioned by breeding back. Breeds of domestic animals which have been preserved entirely distinct for countless generations—and are therefore termed pure blood animals—usually possess great uniformity in their unimproved state—nearly or quite as much as distinct species of wild animals. Different external circumstances, such as food, climate, &c., produce subdivisions or varieties,—but these two maintain their distinctive character. The broad-tailed sheep of Asia and Africa, and the Merino of Spain, are cases in point. Each of the varieties of the latter possessed a marked uniformity. They were not, strictly speaking, unimproved sheep, and probably their breeding had tended to increase their uniformity. But they were unimproved compared with their American and German descendants of the present day. We need not state the process of effecting improvements. Their result is to change the character of a breed in more or less particulars. But these changes cannot be *established*, as it is termed, i. e., rendered readily transmissible to posterity, without being reproduced ever and over again for a number of generations in the improved animals. And the longer blood and particular accompanying characteristics are continued in the same channel, the more firmly are those characteristics established and the more certainly transmitted to descendants.

Various English improved varieties, gotten up by mixing other varieties for a few years, are pronounced established. They are so far established, that with continued selection and that skillful breeding so common in England, they maintain their distinct character. But in the absence of either of these conditions, that character is soon lost. Many of the improved Merinos are no better established in their *improved* characteristics. This is a prominent reason why so many showy rams and ewes breed so poorly. And the get of the best ram and of one possessing the best established good qualities, from unimproved or defective ewes, cannot, however good their individual qualities, be confidently relied on to transmit them unimpaired to the next generation. There can be no safeguard against bad breeding back until the improvement is firmly established in both parents.

Constitutional vigor and strongly masculine characteristics have doubtless something to do with the superior degree with which certain rams transmit their individual properties to their get—"mark them after themselves," as it is commonly termed—and these properties should always be sought after in stock rams. But every observing breeder knows that where there is apparent equality in these respects, and where the purity of blood is equally undoubted, different rams do not transmit their individual characteristics with any approach to equality. The leading cause is that *their own* individual qualities are established in different degrees. A ram of pure blood, descended from ten or twenty generations of ancestors possessing approximately the same characteristics—or, if this is not to be found in improving flocks, bred steadily towards the same standard of excellence—is worth a barn yard full of rams possessing the same points, but whose ancestors, even on one side, did not possess those points, or possess them for more than a generation or two back.

Hence it is that in-and-in breeding leads both to the most rapid and fixed improvements. Many sheep growers (but no successful breeders that we know of) fancy that the least degree of relationship between sire and dam is highly injurious to constitution, and therefore change their stock rams once in two years. To obtain unrelated or even distantly related rams, they are generally compelled to resort to flocks which differ from their own in some of their characteristics—and thus new differences are constantly introduced, and no fixed general type ever becomes established in the flock.

It is of course legitimate to breed from a ram possessing different, because better points than the flock, in order to effect improvement. But then his points should coincide as near as possible with the existing good points of the flock. To secure improvement in one point, unnecessary and disturbing changes should not be introduced in others. For example, suppose a flock to be too long legged and to lack in compactness, but to possess a particular and desirable style of fleece. It would obviously be appropriate to introduce a ram possessing short bones and compactness, and the same style of fleece. But suppose to attain the former, a ram should be introduced essentially changing the character of the fleece; and at the end of a couple of years another be introduced, differing in other important points, and so on. This would be precisely what a multitude of flock masters are constantly doing, and it is precisely what prevents their flocks from obtaining fixed characteristics; and which for the purposes of breeding makes them a mere hotch-potch of different flocks, breeding back without uniformity to ancestors of every sort and degree of dissimilarity.

* It would be difficult to suppose an extraneous cause which would affect before birth one and not the other of a pair of twins,—but it is easy to suppose it in the case of brothers or sisters born at different periods.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SAMPLES AND WEIGHTS OF FLEECES.—S. N. FRANKLIN of King's Ferry, Cayuga Co., N. Y., encloses four samples. No. 1, ewe teg, 13 mo. old, fleece 11¼ lbs.; No. 2, ewe teg, 13 mo. old, fleece 11 lbs.; No. 3, ram, 2 yrs. old, fleece, one year's growth, 15½ lbs.; No. 4, 2 yr. old ram, "Tariff," one year's growth, 17½ lbs. First three got by "Tariff," he by BURGESSES' "Gold Mine." A ewe teg (sample not forwarded) 12½ mo. old, yielded 15½ lbs., carcass 61 lbs. Mr. FRANKLIN writes:—"My sheep have very little external coating. I go in for the wool without the tar." Both of the ram samples are about 3½ in. long; No. 1 teg nearly 4 in. long, No. 2 over 3½ in. long. The wool is fine, soft and strong, with good style. We have before called attention to this flock, so remarkable for length of staple and its amount of clean, good wool.

J. H. EARLL of Skaneateles, N. Y., (a young breeder of spirit, whom we cordially welcome into the ranks,) sends samples from five 3 year old ewes bred by C. D. SWEET, North Bennington, Vt., got by his ram "Peerless," bred by Mr. HAMMOND. Nos. 3, 4 and 5 have suckled lambs (No. 4 since 19th March.) No. 1 has a lamb but does not suckle it. All shorn May 19th—age of fleeces 12 mo. No. 1, 17 lbs. 4 oz.; No. 2, 15 lbs.; No. 3, 13 lbs. 5 oz.; No. 4, 14 lbs. 4 oz.; No. 5, 14 lbs. Staple from 2 in. to 2½ in. long. The quality is in all respects good, and very superior for such weights of fleece.

F. K. HICKS, Bristol, Ontario Co., N. Y., 4 sets of side and thigh samples from 2 yr. old ewes. Age of fleeces, 1 year 5 days. No. 1, 17 lbs.; No. 2, 15¾ lbs.; No. 3, 13¾ lbs.; No. 4, 13¼ lbs. Side samples from 2¼ to 2¾ inches. Quality fair average of such heavy fleeces.

WILLIAM F. BARBER, Castletown, Vt., is the owner of the sheep erroneously mentioned by us, May 23d, as belonging to M. H. HAWKINS. Mr. B. sends with his correction 2 samples, one 3⅛, the other 2½ in. long—both of good quality.

G. W. PENNEY, Newark, O., under date of May 22d, sends (without samples) the following statement of the weights of fleeces of his entire lot of ewe tegs, dropped from March 10 to April 1st, 1867:—No. 200, 11; 201, 10½; 203, 11¼; 204, 9½; 205, 12½; 206, 11½; 207, 12½; 208, 13½; 209, 11¾; 210, 12¼; 211, 9¾; 212, 12¾; 213, 10½; 214, 10½; 215, 10; 216, 11; 217, 11; 218, 12½; 219, 9¾; 220, 11¼; 221, 12¼; 222, 11; 223, 17¼; 224, 10½; 225, 9½; 226, 10¼; 227, 12; 228, 10½; 229, 10¼; 230, 11½; 231, 11½; 232, 11¼; 233, 9½; 238, 10½; 240, 10½; 241, 10¾; 243, 10¾; 246, 10; 227, 11½; 250, 10½. Total, 40,—444½. Average, 11⅛.

SHEEP TICKS.—J. W. D., Lawrenceville, N. Y., complains bitterly of the ravages of ticks in his flock, and asks for a remedy. Dip the sheep in a decoction of tobacco boiled until strong enough to kill the ticks speedily. The last point can be readily tested by trying it on a few ticks. Dip immediately after shearing if there are no lambs in the flock. If there are a good proportion of lambs, and the sheep are not very ticky, it is common to defer the dipping until a fortnight after shearing, when the ticks will have transferred themselves to the longer wool of the lambs, and can be destroyed by dipping the latter alone. If this course is pursued every year the flock will be kept entirely free from these destructive parasites.

WASHING SHEEP.—S. R. strongly recommends what he terms the "inspection method"—passing the sheep along a line of washers, each of which wash a particular portion of the fleece—the best hand or owner standing at the end of the line as an "inspector," and when the sheep reaches him and he cries "pass," it is discharged. The advantage of the system is, says S. R., that by dividing and assigning the labor, any remissness can be brought right home to the delinquent." But our correspondent does not consider that *clean* washing, whether performed by one or a dozen, is not what is now generally aimed at. We are afraid the "inspection method" will not be very generally adopted as long as the present *buying* method prevails.

RHEUMATISM.—WM. C. GASSON, Addison, Steuben Co., N. Y., sends a remedy for rheumatism. He has seen but one case, but this he describes very accurately. The lamb was three weeks old when attacked. He cut off its tail, and in six hours it got on its feet again, appeared to be well, and was never again attacked. A single case establishes nothing—but there *may* be efficacy in bleeding, which the docking effected.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A KIND of cattle census taken in Texas gives, in round numbers, five million head.

THE Chinese are said to have fed their stock on cotton seed meal for centuries past.

A WESTERN gardener asserts that the best kind of molasses can be manufactured from the watermellon.

THE shade trees in Paris number 148,000, covering about seven and a half per cent. of the city area. The elm predominates.

A FRENCH steamer recently brought to New York from Paris fifteen packages of models and apparatus for the Cornell University.

COTSWOLD sheep are said to be in greater demand in England now than ever before. At a late sale fifty-five averaged $150 in gold.

SOME farmers have their grind stones exposed to the hot sun in summer, causing them to harden, besides injuring the wooden frames.

THE Building Committee of the Iowa Agricultural farm are building houses for the Professors, of concrete brick. The farm supplies the materials.

To remove a screw rusted in the wood, heat a poker red hot in the fire, and put it on the top of the screw, and you will get it out easier if you do it when it is warm.

EBENEZER COTTON, Westfield, Mass., has a heifer—an old one—which he has kept up and fed seven years. Has been out of the stable but once in four years, and is a mountain of fat.

THE salt marsh lands of New Jersey comprise 295,476 acres. Of this, 20,000 acres have been reclaimed, at an average cost of about $12 per acre, and are now the most productive in the State.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

TREATMENT OF BEES—HONEY YIELD.

HON. DANIEL SHALL of Starkville, Herkimer Co., N. Y., obtained last year (1867,) 180 lbs of cap-honey from three swarms of bees. The hives were the common hive, 12 inches square on the board, and 15 inches high. From each issued two good swarms, all doing well. The whole was a great success, nothing in the neighborhood approaching it.

Mr. S. holds with JASPER HAZEN, that there should be plenty of room for bees to work—*all* the bees. To this end he caps his hives as soon as the working season opens, putting four caps (5 by 6 inches,) on each hive, covering two one-inch holes each. A bit of comb is fastened inside of each box as an inducement to work,—and Mr. S. says it has never failed to succeed well with him. The four boxes are thus put on early, enlarging the general space, giving a full opportunity to work,—and all are employed, consequently there were no bees on the outside of the hive. The boxes were filled each twice during the season, mostly with honey obtained from white clover; also from the heads of the late growth of red clover, the medium or small kind. Mr. S. says he has observed this carefully and fully. Here was a great advantage, as the second cutting blossomed quite late, interfering with the buckwheat, and displacing it to such an extent that but little buckwheat honey was found in the boxes. It was all sold for "clover honey"—sold at 30 cents, and more wanted by the neighbors, many of whom have bees, but few of whom have had success.

Mr. S. has his bees in the shade,—not a dense shade: a row of trees—(maples of a dozen year's growth)—on the north, a few scattered trees on the south. The sun but partially reaches the hives. I should call it about the same temperature as bees have in the forest—not the dense shade of the ground, but the mild air of the tree-tops, hid from the sun, but not from the light. The hives are within six inches of the ground, but they are kept clean and seen to. Here they remain during the winter. If snowed under, as they often are, no harm results. In the spring, when the snow begins to thaw, they are shoveled out, so that the moisture shall not affect them. The hives then are raised, and the board cleaned. There are no ants to trouble. Salt is sprinkled plentifully around the cap-boxes and in other places. Mr. S. thinks this has a cleanly and a general good effect. He is in favor of good strong swarms—will have no others. To this end he puts two or more together when needed. His way is to dump the bees in front of and under the hive tipping back the hive he wishes to add them to. He does this in the evening. In the morning he says he finds the two swarms united, with a dead queen on the board. When united during the day, he says he loses a quart or two of bees in the encounter of the swarms.

The locality is in a valley, and considerable numbers of bees are kept throughout the neighborhood. A colony, just opposite Mr. S.'s, are a failure, though well taken care of. They are in the sun, on a hot southern exposure, and between buildings, on a grass plat of an acre in extent. I lay the success of Mr. SHALL—

First, To sound, large swarms.

Second, To plenty of room, so that all can work uninterruptedly.

Third, To a mild temperature, shade, avoiding the two extremes of heat and cold, as bees are found only in temperate latitudes.

Fourth, Care and attention; feeding when it is necessary, and keeping clean.

Mr. S. is considered a successful bee-keeper—though without having studied the science, or consulted books—all from his own observation and judgment. F. G.

Starkville, N. Y., June, 1868.

HIVING BEES.

IN reply to an inquiry in the Maine Farmer about bees swarming in trees and how to prevent them from doing so, a correspondent says he knows of no remedy except to agitate the branch on which they are pitching. He adds:—"I think they ought not to be disturbed until they have pitched, and are all quiet—say from a quarter to half an hour after issuing from the hive. My method then is to take a pole about ten feet long, bend a hoop to the end of it about the size of a barrel, sewing the mouth of bag to the hoop, the bag to be from twelve to fifteen inches deep. Take the pole in one hand, hold the sack under the bees, and with the other take a light pole or stick, with a hook or nail in the end of it, give the limb a sudden jerk, the bees will fall into the sack, when they can be lowered to the ground, turning over the sack, and carefully placing the hive over them. Should they light on the trunk of a tree, or a fence, take a wing and brush them off into a pan, turn them on to the ground beside the hive, set it over them, blocking up one side. Make a smoke on the windward side of the bees, which will quiet them so that they can be handled without much danger of being stung. Use a veil and gloves in handling them."

ITALIAN BEES.

ONE argument in favor of Italian bees is that the queens are much more prolific than those of the common bee, making stronger colonies and thus preventing the ravages of the bee moth. This pest rarely, if ever, invades strong healthy colonies, such as the Italianized ones, almost invariably are. It is claimed, too, that the Italians are more industrious than their native competitors, going forth earlier in the morning in search of stores, and working later at night. The result is that, besides their ability to repel their foes, they store considerable more honey during the season than the other variety. The Italians are also recommended on the score of natural amiability, though, if stirred up roughly, they will retort with a dash and vigor equal to that shown in the accumulation of stores. It is assumed by some apiarians that Italianizing a colony adds fully one-third to its accumulative powers.

VOTING DOWN BEES.

THE people of Wenham, Mass., have decided, by a two-third vote, that no bees shall be kept in that town. How will they deal with those just over the line in the adjoining towns? In reference to this subject the Bee Journal remarks:

"A silly prejudice against bees is entertained by some fruit-growers, based on the notion that the crops of fruit are injuriously affected, both in quality and quantity, by the visits of bees during the blossoming period. A more unfounded notion, or one deriving less support from observation and science, can scarcely be conceived. Yet it regularly looms up once or twice in a century, and creates as much alarm and consternation among the wiseacres, as the appearance of a comet used to do in by gone days.

HANDLING BEES.

M. M. BALDRIDGE, in the American Bee Journal, ignores the use of a veil in handling bees, or stuffing the ears with cotton. The first is not necessary, and should be given to the wife, and the last is objectionable, as it prevents one from determining the temper of the swarms by the music of their humming. In alluding to his own practice and that of a neighbor, who has 300 colonies of choice Italians, he says: "We both use wood smoke, and no further protection than what the smoke affords, in our manipulations with the honey bee. We have no trouble in accomplishing with that kind of smoke all that we desire. Its pungency, when rightly used, will subdue any hive of bees, whether Italians, natives, or the ill-tempered hybrids. Friend Marvin, I believe, keeps a supply of bee-hats, made of wire, for the use of visitors, of whom he has a great many from all parts of the country. These bee hats are worth many times their cost to him every year. They are first rate for 'caging his visitors,' so they cannot pitch into his choice fruits! for be it known that Mr. Marvin is not only a practical bee keeper, but likewise an amateur fruit grower. So it seems a bee-hat is of some use."

It is hardly necessary to add that both of these apiarists consider the "bee charm" dead and unworthy the honors of a resurrection.

BEES AND THEIR LABORS.

LANGSTROTH and others, deemed authority on bees, divide a colony into three classes. The queen or king bee—one to each colony—several hundreds, denominated drones, and from fifteen to forty or fifty thousand workers. The business of keeping up stocks and multiplying them is the joint labor of queens and drones, while the privates—imperfectly developed females—do the labor, providing cells for future colonies and the food necessary to carry them through the season of non-accumulation. The bee is an evanescent insect, the queen reaching the age of from three to five years, and the workers from three to four months on an average. The drones accumulate no stores of honey, and, after having attended to certain specified duties, are gradually killed off or turned out of doors as old fogies, where they fall victims to the elements or are preyed upon by insectiverous birds. Considering the brevity of the bee's existence, its comparative physical feebleness, it is the most remarkable accumulator in the whole range of animated nature.

The Poultry-Yard.

HINTS TO POULTERERS.—No. VII.

PROFITABLE CONVENIENCES.

WHEN broods are allowed to run with mature fowls, the chances of the chickens are slim when food is administered. To obviate this difficulty, and reverse the deal, let every yard have a pen made of slats, into which the younglings may enter, but which positively excludes the voracious elders. Such a pen can be constructed for twenty cents, and save double this amount in life and growth daily.

The common custom of picketing a barrel, placed horizontally, out of which the chicks may run, while the mother remains enclosed, is too often convenient at the expense of the chickens' lives; as the old hen scratches and walks the enclosure, uneasy under confinement, she cares but little where she steps, nor how many she destroys. To improve this greatly, is to have a slat enclosure, into the end of which the open barrel is placed. In fine weather she can scratch up dirt without danger to the chicks, and in rainy times has a shelter into which to retreat. This improvement is the result of dear experience, as many will testify.

Poulterers will find it convenient to have bushes, or small trees, in or about the poultry yard for shade; the well known loll in fowls is hereby materially avoided, and the growth and good condition augmented. Next to having a good house, the most profitable convenience is to have a stream of water, either natural or artificial, run through the yard. Disease in various expressions is avoided, and its transmission to the human frame prevented. LOMAS.

ABOUT HEN LICE.

THE following communication was received some weeks since, but was mislaid, hence the delay in its appearance. The matter referred to is still in order, though alluded to in communications on the same subject from other sources:

I wish that you or some of your correspondents would give us their experience with hen lice—those unwelcome visitors to the poultry yard. Aside from this we find poultry keeping both pleasant and profitable. Early, last season, we anticipated their appearance, and in good time provided for them, using every precaution within our knowledge necessary to the condition of the fowls and the early extermination of the vermin. The walls and nests were thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed; the roosts well oiled and sprinkled often with sulphur; dust baths of ashes and sulphur provided, and sulphur often mixed in their feed. Once a week, regularly, the house was fumigated with brimstone, yet, in spite of all precautionary measures, they made their expected appearance about the first of August, and flourished until the 20th of September. During this interval no pains were spared for their discomfort. The fowls seemed to accept the condition of things as natural, and I could not discover that they suffered in any way from the presence of the vermin. The lice were very abundant and lively at night, but scarce and quiet during the day. What has been the experience of others in regard to this pest and the influence on the productiveness of the fowls?

Glenn's Falls, 1868. GEO. K. HAWLEY.

THE SURREY FOWL.—A correspondent of the American Stock Journal says the Surrey is an improved variety of the Dorking, but lacking the fifth toe. It is held in high estimation in England—especially in the county whence it derives its name. A full grown cock will weigh from nine to twelve pounds, and the hens from seven to nine pounds, and are very prolific layers, good sitters and excellent mothers. They have white legs, grey or speckled plumage with combs and wattles nearly the size of the Black Spanish, of fine scarlet hue, and a small white patch on the cheek.

CHICKEN FEVER.—THOS. R. CENTER, Doka, S. C., is fearful that the chicken fever prevailing at the North, this season, will sweep down to the South and infect that region also. Having had a slight attack, in "Shanghai times," he avows his determination to fight manfully against a second one. But while bracing himself against Shanghais and bronze turkeys, he capitulates to the "pure Mexicans" under the plea that they "wear better than any imported variety." He has the fever after all.

Rural Notes and Items.

FARM AND MANUFACTURING CORPORATION.—An association has been formed at Corinth, Mississippi, for the purpose of carrying on the business of fruit growing, stock raising and manufacturing under a common supervision. One of the parties owns one thousand acres of land, which he puts into the common stock at $2 per acre. The capital stock is fixed at $10,000, and already considerable improvements have been made.—ten acres planted to fruit trees and considerable to grapes. It is proposed to make sheep raising a prominent feature in the operations for the purpose of supplying wool for the manufacturing department of the association.

—All which *may* work profitably, but we reckon not, unless the affairs of the association are managed by practical, go-ahead men, who are stockholders and know how to "run the machine" economically.

MORTALITY AMONG CATTLE.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Journal says an epidemic among the cattle in that region has carried off nearly one-third of the stock. Animals which are well in the morning are found dead in the evening—many dropping along the roadside within an hour or two after milking. The first noticeable symptom is a stiffening of the limbs and an inability to walk, when death almost immediately follows. The bodies swell rapidly, and emit a nauseous effluvia, arising from the fluid oozing from the mouth and nostrils. As to whether the disease is rinderpest or something else, opinions differ, though not a few regard it as the former.

OHIO STATE FAIR.—The Ohio State Agricultural Society has revised and perfected its Premium List for the ensuing State Fair. Several changes in the regulations have been made, the most important of which is the abolition of the entrance fee, thus giving every one the privilege of exhibiting articles and competing for premiums in any class. This competition is without restriction as to State or country. The departments are Live Stock, Machinery, Implements, &c., Mechanics' and Manufacturers' Products, Horticultural Products, and Fine Arts.

IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—At the recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Agricultural College the following officers were elected:—Prof. A. S. Welch, formerly of the Michigan State Normal School, President of the College; Prof. W. A. Anthony of Antioch College, Professor of Chemistry and Practical Mechanics; Mr. G. W. Jones, Principal of the Franklin Institute, New York, Professor of Mathematics; Mr. Norton S. Townshend, Professor of Practical Agriculture; Mr. St. John, Professor of Geology. He is the present Assistant State Geologist.

A QUESTION ABOUT WHEAT.—An Alabama paper states that a farmer near Columbia recently gathered twelve heads of fine wheat, the product of a single kernel, having an aggregate of 240 grains. Noting this fact, the editor wants to know why, if one grain will produce this number, a bushel sown will not produce 240 bushels. We suppose it would if each kernel germinated and grew under as favorable circumstances as the one specified, but we apprehend it would require a good many acres to give each grain, in a bushel of wheat, as favorable a chance for development as the one cited in this example.

A GOOD THRESHING MACHINE.—Thousands of farmers want and must be looking for harvesting machinery now-a-days, and while about it they should endeavor to secure the best of each kind—reapers, mowers, threshers, etc. We have advertised and referred to several good reapers and mowers, and now come the threshers. Among these "The Vibrator," advertised by Messrs. NICHOLS & SHEPARD of Battle Creek, Mich., is claimed to possess several points of excellence, which render it worthy the attention of grain growers, and we have no doubt it is a good and economical machine.

A BIG DAY'S HARVEST.—Last season ROBERT STONE, Fulton, Wis., cut in one day with a single span of horses 32 acres and 81 rods of wheat. Having done this he offered a wager of $2,000 to $10,000 that he could cut 40 acres in a day with the same team. The challenge has been accepted, on the $2,000 basis, and the stakes deposited, with a provision that for every acre short of the 40 Mr. S. is to pay $200 and receive the same amount for every acre cut over the 40. The matter excites considerable interest among the farmers in that region.

SORGHUM SUGAR.—The Maysville Eagle mentions the favorable prospects of a sorgo company located in Dover, Ky. Sugar has been successfully and profitably manufactured there from sorghum cane, and the business is to be greatly extended, as the experiments have demonstrated that it will be highly remunerative. The soil and climate of Kentucky are more favorable to this branch of industry than those of some of the Western States, where there have not been indications of any marked success.

TRICHINÆ IN PORK—*A Practical Test.*—The California Farmer states that at a meeting in San Francisco a microscopical examination of pork before cooking was advocated. A prominent veterinarian present rose and stated that the idea of trichinæ in pork was an illusion; whereupon he was challenged to eat some of the meat under examination, which he did, after some bantering. The result was that he was hopelessly paralyzed a few days thereafter, and acknowledged his error.

LOCUST SOAP.—A communication in the Dixie Farmer gives some interesting particulars about the seventeen-year locusts, now visiting sections in the South and West. They are comparatively harmless and short lived. What they were made for was a puzzle, till the ingenuity of a Yankee made the discovery that good soap can be made from the grubs just before they emerge from the ground. They must be dug for like potatoes, of course.

FEEDING HORSES.—The Arabs, the most careful of their horses of all people, do most of their horse feeding at night. They say that feeding in the day time does not impart so much vigor and elasticity to the animal as night mastication does. Their saying is that "barley in the night goes to the buttock—in the morning to the manure." They afford water, too, very sparingly during the day time.

THE TABLE LANDS OF TENNESSEE.—These lands embrace what is called the *Barrens* in the counties of Lincoln, Franklin, Coffee, Warren and White, and were deemed of so little consequence as to have been entirely overlooked by the land hunter. Recent investigation and trial have proved them to be among the most valuable farming lands in the State.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The Greene Co. (Ohio) Agricultural Society had a spring exhibition on the 25th and 26th of May, which proved highly successful. The display of road and other stock, farm implements and flowers was very good. The premiums awarded amounted to over $1,000.

CONNECTICUT BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The members of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture met in New Haven last week and made choice of the following officers: *President*—Gov. James E. English. *Vice-President*—Lieut.-Gov. Ephraim H. Hyde. *Secretary*—T. S. Gold.

AG. SOCIETY IN TEXAS.—The Texas Farmer is highly gratified with the formation of an Agricultural Society in Southeastern Texas. Over fifty members joined at the commencement of the organization. N. A. DAVIS, Milman, Sabine Co., is the Secretary of the new Society.

AN EXTENSIVE FARM.—Messrs. CLARK & CRAIG, Cadiz, Ohio, have purchased a township in Stanton Co., Neb., containing 22,040 acres. It is proposed to have all the arable land in this tract under cultivation during the coming year.

HORTICULTURAL.

THINNING FRUIT.

AMERICAN fruit growers are, in general, apt to avail themselves of any means whereby the profit of their business is augmented. As a class they are not inclined to expend much capital for the mere gratification of taste, or to indulge a whim or conceit. Hence, good culture, in the most liberal sense of the term, will be most thoroughly applied to fruit crops only in cases where sufficient remuneration therefor is in prospect. Convince them that a certain plan will *pay*, and it is likely to be adopted and carried out with vigor.

The practical question, then, in dealing with the subject of thinning fruit is, will it be profitable? We have never seen a fruit grower who had any practical experience in the matter who did not unhesitatingly assert that thinning pays. The author of "Ten Acres Enough" relates that an Ohio peach grower sold five thousand dollars worth of peaches from an orchard eleven acres in extent, during a season when the ordinary selling price of the fruit in the same market was twenty-five cents per bushel. He received two dollars, and the result was due to thinning. When the peaches were the size of hickory nuts, he employed a large force and expended one hundred and eighty-five days' work in picking off the excess of fruit. The result was early fruit, large and fine in color, good in quality, large in measure, and that commanded a high price. The author's own experience in thinning peaches was of the most profitable kind. Mr. MOODY of Lockport, N. Y., a very successful fruit grower, found great profit in thinning fruit on peach trees, for though the crop numbered fewer specimens it measured as much; besides, it required less work to pick the fruit, and, best of all, his crop sold readily for a dollar and a half per bushel, when his neighbor, who did not thin, with difficulty got fifty cents.

Apples and pears are often in need of thinning. There is no need to argue in favor of the benefits of the practice, for they are obvious. But the labor daunts many a zealous fruit grower. It should be remembered, however, that thinning saves labor in picking and assorting the matured fruit. It is stated in THOMAS' Fruit Culturist that one day's work to fifty barrels of apples will do the required thinning. Of thinning the pear, M. P. WILDER said:—"One of the best cultivators in the vicinity of Boston has reduced this theory to practice with the happiest effect in the cultivation of the pear. He produces every year superior fruit, which commands the highest price." He also says: "Another cultivator, who raises an annual crop of the best apples, assures us that the secret of his success is the thinning of the fruit, and that he has no doubt of the economy of the practice."

Vineyardists usually aim to thin grapes sufficiently by pruning, but often it would be found economy to use the knife on the young clusters. When unusually fine specimens of the small fruits, as berries, are desired, the experienced cultivator resorts to thinning and liquid manuring. It is probable that orchards of apples, pears and peaches might be brought into the habit of annual bearing by thinning so as not to overtask the trees in any one season; and they would be maintained in better condition and greater vigor if not allowed to exhaust themselves in producing enormous crops.

FRUIT GROWERS AND FRUIT DEALERS;

OR, SOME PLAIN TALK WITH GRUMBLERS.

I HAVE frequently been amused, and sometimes vexed, at the ignorance displayed by many fruit growers at their society meetings in regard to the difficulties that dealers have to contend with in order to dispose of their fruit; and I was on the point of saying it was singular that those who knew the least about it always had the most to say; but on second thought I will not, because if they knew more they would say less. Some of these men say that, because the fruit is theirs, and they want just so much for it, of course it must bring it in the market, and no excuse is sufficient to induce them to overlook this fact, or forgive the dealers for not getting the price they wanted for it. Again, because the fruit was started in prime order, it ought to reach the dealer in that state; or perhaps it was sent in a package that the grower *thinks* is the best, rejecting advice of the dealer to the contrary, and by this act does not receive as much as his neighbor, who is more teachable. He considers this the fault of the dealer, for *he* knows which is the best, and if you could hear him denounce the dealer, and tell how it ought to be done, you would think that all the wisdom of seven SOLOMONS was concentrated in this one man. He can sit down and tell you how many hills of berries he has in his lot, how many berries they will average to a hill, and just the price they will net him in the market; and on realizing the net amount of his crop, if it does not turn out just so, why it is all the fault of the dealer. He has made no mistake—oh, no—he does not make mistakes.

I wish some of this class of grumblers would follow their fruit to market and see it arrive; I think their conceit would soon be taken out of them. I have known a large consignment of choice fruit to be entirely ruined by the carelessness of the grower in sending it in packages that were not fit, because he had them on hand and did not want to buy others, thus losing almost enough to purchase good packages to market his whole crop.

There is one simple fact that some growers entirely overlook. It is this:—Because they have the complete control of their fruit until they place it in the care of the transportation company, they think after that the dealer has it, but such is not the case. The dealer has no care of it until it arrives at the depot in the city, and is delivered to him by the company. He then receives it just as they deliver it, and must make the best of it, whether it is in good order or not. It is very little satisfaction to report to the company that it has been ruined by them; they care nothing about that so they are paid for their freight.

Some of these SOLOMONS who have never been to market to sell their fruit, profess to know all about it, and can tell old dealers just how it ought to be done, for they know. You cannot teach such men anything. To them ignorance is bliss. I well remember two countrymen of this stamp who came to the city to sell berries; they made their boast that they would show us how to do it. And they did. Not a day passed but they were surrounded with thieves and peddlers, who paid for all they could not steal, and before the season was over they were played out of both money and packages, and went home wiser if not richer men. Some growers talk about fruit dealers as if they were the greatest thieves in the country, and if they send them a consignment, consider it one of the greatest acts of charity that man could do for his fellow-man, not considering that he is dependent on these very men for a good price for his produce. He does not think of that; he only thinks about his having a few dollar's worth of produce to sell. It will not pay him to go and sell it, and perhaps the dealer will cheat him out of it. Some of this class of men want us to furnish them with barrels and baskets to send their fruit to market, and come to the depot and receive their produce, and return them their money. And this is the class of men that are always complaining of us, and the more dishonest they are, the more suspicious of others, and you will find that this class of men always prefer buying those baskets and boxes that contain less than they represent; and if they buy barrels, will always purchase the smallest, and do not fill them. They think this is smart, and they must think the buyers are fools to pay as much for three pecks as they would for a bushel.

A word in regard to the return of empty packages. The system of guaranteeing the return of them is a correct one, but there is a difficulty in the way that cannot well be overcome, which is generally overlooked by the owners. If all the roads would give receipts for them, then the whole difficulty would be removed, for the dealer could produce the receipts as vouchers and be released from all claim. But this is not the case, excepting on a very few roads. Usually the dealer has simply his accounts to show for their return, which does not give satisfaction unless all have been received, and as a general thing the grower will persist in the idea that the dealer ought to pay for them because they are lost. Another feature in this business I will introduce to the attention of these grumblers, and that is, they want pay for the full cost of the packages even when they have been used for years, and many of them not fit for use at all. Yet full cost is exacted, because they are lost. Is this fair or honest? I think not. I wish you would discuss this subject at your meetings, and do as you wish to be done by. NOW AND THEN.

FRUITS OF JAMAICA.—No. VI.

PAPAW.

The Papaw.—This is a palm growing fifteen to twenty feet high. The stem never becomes hard, and is soft and pithy in the center. The leaf stem is from eighteen to twenty-four inches long; the leaf so deeply lobed as to appear merely a skeleton; color, light green. A few of these leaves boiled with a tough old fowl will make the flesh tender as a young chick without imparting any unpleasant flavor. Above, and at the foot of each leaf, appears a yellow blossom, and then the fruit, which is very like a common muskmelon. The size varies much. Some trees bearing fruit as large as a full sized melon; others not larger than a teacup. The fruit is hollow, the inside lined with a delicate skin, like very fine pink crape. The seeds hang to this by short stems. The leaves drop before the fruit ripens, so that there is, from the time the tree begins to bear, always a cluster of fruit round the stem, below the growing leaves, in various stages of growth, the lowest of course, ripest; the fruit is quite as good as a melon, and very like one.

The Gwinup.—Tree twenty to twenty-five feet high; open top; fruit hangs in loose bunches as large as large acorns, and like an acorn, without the cap in shape, though more pointed. Color, light green; skin or shell, thick as an egg shell; inside of shell white; outside, granulated. Next the shell and adhering to the seed, is a pink pulp as pleasant to the taste as a good grape; the seed is like an acorn hulled.

GRANADILLA.

The Granadilla.—A perennial vine; one of the passion flowers. Leaf oval and large as the hand, bright green. Flower, shape of half a globe and hollow; color, white ground closely dotted with lilac; perfume too powerful to have indoors; fruit, large as a moderate watermelon; color, light green. The seeds hang thick to the inside skin—each in a transparent cyst filled with a juice, which is esteemed the best part of the fruit; a good Granadilla will give a tumblerful of these cysts, which, with white sugar and old Madeira wine, is counted a luxury. The flesh of the fruit makes a good jam.

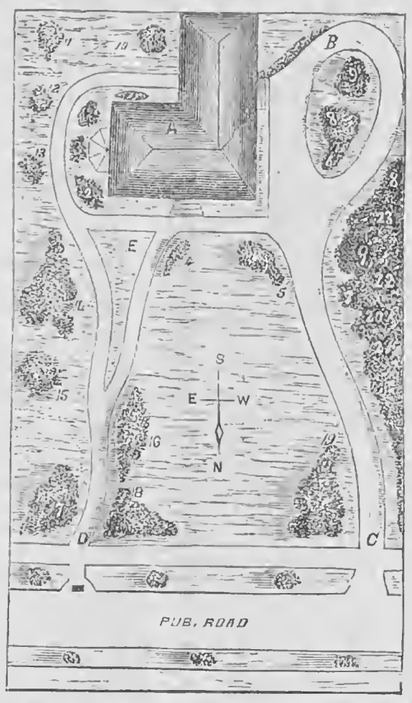
Banana.—Fruit well known here as to size and shape; but to eat a good Banana one must be near where they grow. When the bunch is really ripe the first two or three nearest the tree will crack their skins and show the yellow, mealy surface of the fruit. The tree is then cut down; for the Banana and Plantain bloom and bear but once; but from the mass of roots there is, if the soil and seasons are good, always growing a succession of trees. The stems are very heavy; but if put through a mill and the sap pressed out would be light as straw, and make first rate paper. T. B. P.

Akron, Ohio, June, 1868.

HORTICULTURAL FESTIVAL.—The members of the Moscow (Brown Co., Ohio,) Horticultural Society recently held a spring festival, which is reported to have been numerously attended and highly satisfactory. A fine display of small fruits was made, consisting of strawberries, cherries, gooseberries and currants, circled about by a fine floral bordering. After partaking of a bountiful collation, several gentlemen unbosomed themselves in the way of speeches in relation to fruits and flowers, and in complimentary allusions to the ladies, by whom they had been entertained.

"ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.—No. I."

I DO not always keep read up, and it is only to-day, June 8th, that I have read the RURAL of May 23d, in which I find that talented Landscape Gardener, Mr. WEBSTER, has given a plan under the above



heading, for the arrangement of road, tree, shrub and flower on a plat of half an acre of land. As the plan—although probably a good one—did not please me, I have set my pencil at sketching another way in which to line my roads and paths and plant my trees, were I working the same plat of ground—taking the exact lines of boundary of Mr. WEBSTER'S plan, and permitting the house to stand just as he has placed it. Had I the vacant lot, on which to place the house, however, I should not have it where now placed, but I know we have to take houses where the owners have built them, and in planning for the lines of roads, positions of trees, &c., &c., must work to them, be they ever so much out of true, tasteful position.

Mr. W. dwells somewhat on the individuality necessary, and often desirable to be retained in tree or shrub, and which is lost by indiscriminate planting without taste or knowledge in the arrangement. I agree with Mr. WEBSTER that a birch, hemlock, Norway spruce, etc., may occasionally be so arranged that their beauty as individual or distinct trees will be prominent and always attractive, but in small grounds like what we are now picturing, unless we leave out nearly all the shrubs and flowers, there is no room for trees of their natural size to be grown, and once a *tree* is clipped its individual beauty as a tree is lost. With shrubs, however, whose beauty comes more from their blooms than their forms, I fail to see the advantage of isolating them rather than massing or bouquecting them. I think there is more beauty in a group of Deutzias of varieties massed and clipped to bring their blooms prominently in sight, than in the form of one placed immediately in the center of the lawn. However, as all this is a matter of taste—and only a question as to which is correct—I will proceed with my little change of Mr. W.'s plan. Without knowing anything of the character of architecture of the house or the elevation of the ground, no plan, however, can be made useful; but in this it will be seen my objections have been to the straight entrance road, and to the want of breadth, depth and character, lost by reason of so evenly dividing the lawn and placing shrubs and trees without unity or effect as a whole.

Taking the original plan, I follow with A, the Dwelling. B, the House Yard, in the center of which is an oblong oval of grass. C, the Carriage Road leading to the dwelling. D, Main Walk leading to the front door, and branching therefrom on an easy line to the rear door. E, Flower Garden or Bed, edged with Dwarf Box:—1. Bed of Verbenas in summer, Tulip and Hyacinths for spring. 2. Beds of Hybrid Perpetual Roses. 3. Peonias and Japan Lilies. 4. Daphne Cneorum and Mezereon. 5. Savin Mahenias and Azaleas. 6. Evergreen Thorn. 7. Judas or Red Bud. 8. Mountain Ash. 9. American White Spruce. 10. Lombardy Poplar. 11. Magnolia Acuminata. 12. Halesia Tetroptera. 13. Staphylea. 14. Japan Quince, Forsythia, and Spirea flore pleno on the points. 15. Weeping Cut Leaved Birch, or Weeping Beech. 16. The center with Deutzias and points with Tea Roses. 17. Tree Honey Suckles and Persian Lilacs. 18. Wiegelas in variety. 19. Mountain Ash, Purple Fringe, Strawberry Tree and Colinteas. 20. Mahaleb Cherry. 21. Pinus Pumilla. 22. English Elm. 23. Magnolia Glauca.

I would have a hedge on the boundary line at right of the entrance road until it meet the group, and then again a hedge beyond the group until near the door step or side entrance. The introduction of a hedge in front or on the left hand boundary line must of course depend on the grade of my lot and the planting or value of views on my neighbor's side. I am not an old country gardener, never studied my subject elsewhere than in this country, and probably Mr. WEBSTER can correct, as I hope he will, my errors. I hope, however, he will deal gently with me, or he may scare me so that I shall not again dare to present myself as now, in good nature, and with a design toward the improvement of public taste. ADDI.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late issue you had a notice of the blooming of a Century Plant at Troy. This must have been of a different kind from those growing in Jamaica. I have seen many in bloom,—the color always a beautiful yellow. A common plant when near full grown, will fill a circle six feet in diameter. The flower stem is very like a Norway spruce with the limbs pruned off some ten or twelve feet; but the flower stalks of the aloe do not, like the limbs of the spruce, grow at right angles or incline a little up, but are beautifully curved like the arms of a chandelier. The flower shaft will run up near twenty feet. The seeds hatch in the pods, the latter opening and holding water. I have seen scores of young plants of three or four thick leaves, each about an inch long, with a few black wiry roots laying round a dead aloe; *for they bloom but once.*

In Mexico, acres of these plants are set out; they take from fifteen to eighteen years to come to maturity; when the flower stem begins to shoot it is carefully cut out, leaving a deep hollow in the center of the plant; the juice of the leaves and the sap that would have gone to the flower shaft collects in this hollow, and is dipped out from time to time. This juice is fermented, distilled and called palque. This is the Mexican whisky. T. B. P.

THE GRAPE CURE ABROAD.—In Switzerland one of the specialities is the Grape Cure. Its season is at the time of the vintage, say early in October, sometimes not until November, although those who are to avail themselves of the beneficial effects of consuming at least five pounds of ripe grapes per diem reach the hotels and chalets in September. Every malady, real or imaginary, is supposed to be curative whenever the patient will consent to stuff himself from morn to night with grapes.

We have no doubt of the value of ripe grapes as conducive to health, but we likewise believe open air exercise in a bracing climate is requisite, and perhaps an equally effective agent. Ripe fruits of all kinds tend to health; and it is rare that any person, child or adult, is affected by fevers or severe disease, who has opportunity, to gather and eat abundance of ripe fruit from the commencement of the strawberry season onward during the year.

BUDDING LEMON AND ORANGE TREES.—"C. T.," St. Johns, Mich., writes:—"What time of the year should lemon and orange trees be budded, where can buds be obtained, and can they be sent by mail or express without injury?"

ANSWER.—The budding of the orange and lemon is conducted on the same principles exactly as other trees. That is, they must be budded when the bark can be easily separated from the wood, and the buds on current season shoots are sufficiently mature. This will most likely be in July or August. Buds can be had at the nurseries here, and can be sent by mail, a reasonable distance, if properly wrapped in oiled silk or paper to exclude air.—B.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

CURRANT WORMS—CONFLICTING OPINIONS.—Dr. CHAS. F. ADAMS, Rutland, Vt., claims to have found out "a dead shot" for the currant worm. The charge used is composed of one part of soft soap and ten of water, thoroughly mingled and applied to the bushes early in the morning by means of a common watering pot.

The Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle discredits the effectiveness of worm exterminators; says the pests are more numerous and destructive this year than ever, and adds: "Several unsuccessful experiments have been tried to rid the currant community of these pests. Put them into kerosene oil and they take a new lease of life, pour strong lye upon them and their activity and destructive power is increased, and in short do what you may and they will 'still live.' This is our experience with the currant worm."

GAS LIME AROUND TREES.—A friend from Delaware asks if gas lime will injure peach or other fruit trees if applied in small quantities around the base of the trees. Perhaps not, if the quantities were diminutive enough, but we should prefer trying the experiment on a very small scale indeed. It is not a safe application to make to trees.

ORANGES IN FLORIDA.—Northern men, who have spent much time in Florida, consider the cultivation of the orange as the most profitable business for a considerable portion of that State. The orange commences bearing at about the age of five years, and is considered worth one hundred dollars. The average yield per tree is put down at about five thousand.

THE STEEL BLUE BEETLE.—S. PALMER, Galesburg, Pa., sends us specimens of this insect, which, he writes, is doing great harm to the grapes in that vicinity. The only remedy is to jar them off and kill them. Their habits are somewhat migratory, and localities that suffer great damage one year frequently escape it the next.

GRAPES ON THE ISLANDS.—The Ohio Farmer, whose editor seems to have been investigating among the grape islands of Lake Erie, says the promise of a fine yield of this fruit on Put-in-Bay Island is very flattering,—never more so than now. If the fruit is not injured by mildew the yield is likely to be heavier than ever before.

TIME OF BLOSSOMING.—T. B. P., Akron, O., writes under date of June 6th:—"Metcalf's Early Strawberry opened its first blossoms on the 1st of May; no ripe fruit yet. Next came Brooklyn Scarlet, Agriculturist and Jucunda. I have some Mercer potatoes that show open blossoms to-day."

W. N. Y. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The summer meeting of this Society will be held at the City Hall, in Rochester, June 24th, 1868, at 10 A. M. Fruits, flowers, &c., will be exhibited. Please invite your friends.

H. G. WARNER, *Secretary.*

PROMISING PEACH ORCHARDS.—It is reported that the peach crop in Warren Co., O., is very promising. One orchard of 4,000 trees is estimated to yield 10,000 bushels, while another of 2,500 trees is equally promising.

Domestic Economy.

EATING PORK.

EDS. RURAL:—The Jews were forbidden the use of swine's flesh. I have thought sometimes it was a needless injunction, for the very sight of the animal is enough to disgust the most inveterate meat-eater. Our best physicians and physiologists, too, agree that trichinæ, scrofula, erysipelas, putrid sore throat, and a thousand other ills that flesh is heir to, are engendered by the use of pork. There is no good reason why farmers, who ought to live on the best the land produces, should eat so much salt pork—the most expensive of all meats. The same amount of food given to young calves or sheep, or even poultry, would, in my estimation, yield a greater amount of healthier and more palatable food than if fed to swine. If a few farmers in each neighborhood, during the summer months, would club together and fatten and kill in rotation small animals, making an equal distribution of the meat, we farmers' wives would not be obliged to resort so often to the pork barrel. There would be no difficulty in keeping the meat any length of time during the hottest weather, if put down according to the following directions. I speak what I do know, and testify what I have seen:

Cut the meat in slices ready for frying. Pack in a jar, in layers, seasoning each layer with just salt and pepper enough to make it palatable. Place a piece of writing paper over the top; cover with about one-half inch thickness of salt. Cover the jar closely; and whenever any is wanted it is ready. My neighbors and I have kept veal in this way for several weeks. Try it and see.

Venice Center, N. Y. A FARMER'S WIFE.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

CAN UP PICKLED PEACHES.—Peaches that have kept well during the winter and spring, can now be taken and heated thoroughly, canned and sealed, and kept any length of time. Pickles of any kind may be put in cans when first done up, and will keep nicer than any other way.

SCOTCH CAKE.—Two pounds sugar, 1½ of butter, 1½ of flour, 4 eggs and 2 nutmegs.

COMMON JOHNNY CAKE.—One cup cream, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, or not, as you choose; one egg, teaspoon salt, 1 of soda.

SPONGE CAKE.—One cup sugar, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon sweet milk, 1 of butter. Bake in thin sheets and spread with jelly.

Another way.—One cup sour cream, 1 of sugar, 3 eggs, saltspoon of soda and pinch of salt. Make as the above, or roll it up.

PEACH BUTTER.—To 12 lbs. of peaches, 4 lbs. sugar may be added; boil tender then rub through a sieve, then boil 3 hours, stirring all the time.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.—Grate ½ a cocoanut, beat into it 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, add 1 quart milk and bake, or boil. Turn the above into a crust and it makes a good pie.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.—One pound superfine sugar, the whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff, 2 drops oil of peppermint; drop on paper, dry in oven.—MRS. O. F. H.

PRESERVING LEMONS.—J. F. P., Auburn, wants to know if lemons can be preserved in cans with sugar, and if so, the way to do it. Who can give the information, if the thing is practicable?

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING POWDERS are warranted to preserve all kinds of fruits, vegetables, tomatoes, cider, milk, butter, &c., without sugar, with or without cooking fruits, and without air-tighting the cans. Warranted to preserve the natural color, flavor and appearance of fruit equal to any other method, and to do so at one-half the cost of time, trouble and expense. Price 50c. per package; sent by mail for 75c. And being encouraged that more will be induced to try them upon the berries and early fruit, we will for a few weeks send by mail for 15c. a small sample for trial, enough for a few pounds of fruit. Circulars sent free, or a manual of 32 pages, giving full description and directions for preserving said articles, sent for 10c.

An AGENT WANTED in each county in the United States to appoint Sub-Agents and control their sale in his county during the life of the patents, 16 years; must be a business man and able to control some capital; a merchant preferred. Address

AMERICAN FRUIT-PRESERVING COMPANY,
No. 165 Chambers St., New York.

PETERS' EMIGRANT AND LAND AGENCY.

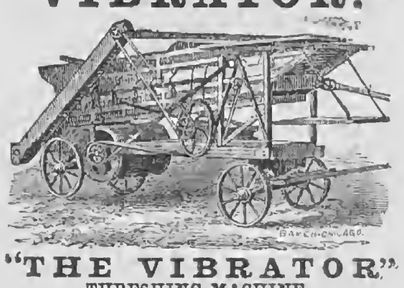
Having been in the South much of the last two years, and become familiar with its soil, climate, and agricultural resources and condition, and being also familiar with the North and the West, I have opened an office, where Emigrants, both Home and Foreign, can obtain reliable information regarding localities, &c., in either section.

Letters requiring answers must enclose $1 and a pre-paid envelop properly addressed.

The value of securities examined, and loans negotiated.

Persons having farms or other lands for sale will do well to enter them at the Agency. T. C. PETERS,
No. 100 Nassau St., New York.

NICHOLS' & SHEPARD'S
"VIBRATOR."



"THE VIBRATOR."
THRESHING MACHINE,
Patented and Manufactured by
NICHOLS & SHEPARD
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

POINTS OF EXCELLENCE:

It works on a different principle from the old style machines. No "canvas apron," "beaters," "pickers" or "raddles" are used. It separates the grain by means of lifting fingers, and, it is safe to say, has three times the separating and cleaning capacity of any other kind. *It is emphatically a perfect grain saver.*

But FOUR BELTS and ONE SET OF GEAR are used about the entire Separator, being less than one-half the machinery required by others. Hence it is very easy draft and very durable. It makes no litterings or scatterings; has a sieve or mill that can take care of all the grain that comes to it and clean it fit for market, and never requires "poking" or "scraping." The machine cannot be "clogged" with anything that can pass through a cylinder. It is adapted to all kinds and conditions of grain, and is warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in present use.

For full particulars, Call on our Agents, or apply to us for Descriptive Circular, giving full description and testimonials from hundreds of users. NICHOLS & SHEPARD,
Battle Creek, Mich.

MOWING MACHINE SECTIONS.—Sweet, BARNES & CO., Syracuse, N. Y., will furnish Sections, either smooth or sickled to repair the knife of any Mowing Machine. In ordering sections send to us, by mail, a diagram of the Section wanted, which is easily made by marking around an old one and through the rivet holes with a pencil. Where this is done we will guarantee the Sections we send to fit on the bar, and we can, if requested, send Rivets for putting the Sections on. State the number of Sections wanted, and we can usually ship them on receipt of order, by express, to collect on delivery. We have one uniform price for Sections and Rivets, varying according to size, viz: Sections, 13 to 25 cts. each; Rivets, 25 cts. per pound, or for less quantity four Rivets for a cent. Address

SWEET, BARNES & CO.,
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THE CROSSMAN CLAY & M'F'G CO., of Woodbridge, N. J., are now prepared to supply from their works, by the cargo, all sizes *Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile, Fire Brick*, and *Building Brick*. Less quantities for sale at their store, 43 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK.

The Company will also supply to manufacturers TIFFANY'S PIPE and TILE MACHINES, of which it owns the Patents.

J. R. CROSSMAN, President,
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FAMILY
CIDER AND WINE MILLS,
(HUTCHINSON'S PATENT.)

Three sizes; exceeding low price. Grinds fine, fast and easy. Makes pure Wine and Sweet Cider. SAVES ALL THE FRUIT.

MORE THAN 15,000 IN USE.

CIDER PRESS SCREWS,

Fine thread, very powerful.

COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER,

The best and cheapest self-feeding Feed Cutter in the world.

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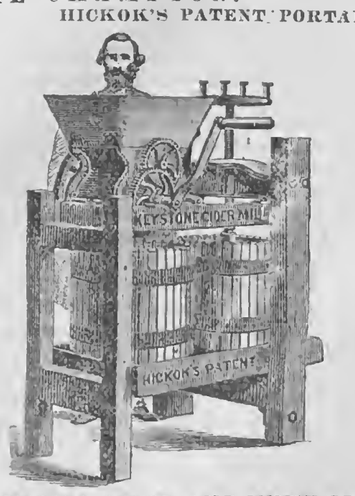
THE CHAMPION.
HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE



KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest, of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.

FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

I also make two sizes of superior

PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.

If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer, W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL,
944-tf No. 9 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

MABEL'S CURE.

"The world is even as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

Thus spoke a grandame, bent with care,
To little Mabel, flushed and fair.

But Mabel took no heed that day
Of what she heard her grandame say.

Years after, when, no more a child,
Her path in life seemed dark and wild,

Back to her heart the memory came
Of that quaint utterance of the dame:

"The world, dear child, is as we take it,
And life, be sure, is what we make it."

She cleared her brow; and, smiling thought,
"'Tis even as the good soul taught!

"And half my woes thus quickly cured
The other half may be endured."

No more her heart the shadow wore;
She grew a little child once more.

A little child in love and trust,
She took the world—as we, too, must—

In happy mood; and, lo! it grew
Brighter and brighter to her view!

She made of life—as we, too, should—
A joy; and, lo! all things were good

And fair to her, as in God's sight,
When first He said, "Let there be light!"

THE POLICY OF LOVE.

"Do anything but love," Miss Landon once wrote. It was very poor counsel to her kind. An unloving woman is one with the finer part of her woman nature dormant. To see such an one going through the years fairly alone, however many may surround her, with none of the sweetness of her life going out to sweeten and purify some other life, is very sad, very regretful.

True, love has wrecked many a woman's life; but the lack of it has wrecked many another. Not so manifestly, perhaps, but just as completely. Woman was made to love. It is one of the necessities of her nature that she should love, if her nature is to be properly developed and fully beautified. Affection for kindred will not satisfy; only the intenser, the diviner flow of feeling which crowns her womanhood *will* satisfy.

But may there not be a policy in love? Miss Landon has answered the question in her verse. Having said "Do anything but love," she adds:

"——Or, if thou love,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship. Never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him;
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird,
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected
And perish in forgetfulness."

There is somewhat of truth in this philosophy; or rather, it is true in some cases. A certain amount of coyness in the woman he loves oftentimes has an attraction for a man which is singularly strong. With some men, we doubt not, womankind ought to make use of a policy in their loving. There are some natures that take delight only in a kind of exciting chase after love, and these, when once assured that a woman's whole heart-wealth is given them, are soon satiated, and weary of it. For such, a woman would be hardly safe to manifest unrestrained love, even after marriage. To lead such men "from tree to tree, from flower to flower," would be to give wedded life an added sweetness, in their regard, and so would increase the happiness of both.

Yet there are many noble, loyal masculine natures, to whom any policy in love would be utterly distasteful; who ask a full and perfect surrender of the heart's treasures; and receiving that,—knowing they hold complete equivalent for their largess of love,—are thereafter ever glad and content. A man of this class finds his supreme earthly enjoyment in knowing how dear he is to one loving and trusting heart. The knowledge sanctifies him, in a certain sense. It keeps him out of sin and wickedness; it is the good angel which continually allures him from unworthy things. Knowing that wherever he goes he carries with him this sweet burden of love, he feels that it would be absolute sacrilege to carry it into any other than a pure atmosphere.

Let such a man feel a doubt as to the possession of full and complete love, and his happiness is in the most imminent peril. He wants no butterfly chase after affection; with him love is a something to have and to hold forever. Should he come to believe it slipping away from him, he will hardly follow. He will say to himself, "I was mistaken; I claimed what was never mine; it is best so." And for himself, and, it may be, for her who is the object of his thought, the policy of love has proved a veritable curse.

Woman's quick intuition can enable her to rightly divine between the two characters named. Acting upon such divining, her judgment must decide for her whether to be politic in manifestations of love will be productive of happiness, or the reverse.

MATRIMONY MADE EASY.

John Ruskin, in a late work of his, entitled, "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne," being twenty-five letters to a workingman of Sunderland on the laws of work, offers the following plan to make matrimony easy and prosperous:

Permission to marry should be the reward held in sight of the youth during the entire latter part of the course of their education, and it should be granted as the national attestation that the first portion of their lives had been rightly fulfilled. * * * No girl should receive permission to marry before her seventeenth birthday, nor any youth before his twenty-first; and it should be a point of somewhat distinguished honor with both sexes to gain their permission of marriage in the eighteenth and twenty-second year, and a recognized disgrace not to have gained it at least before the close of their twenty-first or twenty-fourth. * * * In every year there should be two festivals, one on the first of May and one on the feast of Harvest Home in each district, at which festival the permission to marry should be given publicly to the maidens and youths who had won them in that half year, and they should be crowned, the maids by the old French title of Rosieres, and the youth perhaps by some name rightly derived from the supposed signification of the word "bachelor," "laurel fruit," and so led in joyful procession through the city street, or village lane, and the day ended with feasting of the poor. * * * And every bachelor and rosiere should be entitled to claim * * * a fixed income from the State, for seven years after the day of their marriage, for the setting up of their homes.

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

It has been said that Madame de Stael would gladly have exchanged her rare mental endowments for the gift of beauty; and there are some who appear to think this one of her wisest sayings, instead of a momentary weakness; who seem inclined to hold up this confession as a warning to girls not to emulate intellectual attainments, but to cultivate the more feminine charms of beauty and gracefulness which shall bring all hearts beneath their sway, and make them queens in a wider and more sacred realm then the world of mind. Girls are only too willing to forget the good old maxims their mothers taught them, such as "Beauty is only skin deep;" "Handsome is that handsome does;" and accept as their highest aim the attainment of the art of pleasing, and as the surest means to this end the cultivation of personal charms. The broom and dishcloth are discarded that hands may be soft and white; the dance is frequented to acquire graceful movements; expensive and suicidal styles of dress are adopted to set off the fine points of face and figure; time, thought, energy, everything is sacrificed on the altar of personal vanity.

But when we behold, in consequence, a generation of frivolous women, shall we blame the fair culprits alone for this wanton waste of "life's grand possibilities?" Does not part of the sin lie at the door of those who have taught them, directly or indirectly, that the highest requirement society makes of them is to be beautiful? Away with such frivolous teachings, and give us such as will lift girls out of selfishness and inanition! Give them something to think of and work for besides themselves—housework if that comes to hand and suits their capabilities best—if not, let them do anything to take the nonsense out of them, and teach them that this is a busy working world they live in, and that every one who breathes its air and eats the fruits thereof is in honor bound to bear some part in its toil, to work for some nobler end than personal adornment.

Yet beauty is not to be despised. It is a glorious gift, albeit sometimes a dangerous one to its possessor. Let her on whom so rich a dower is bestowed, rejoice with trembling, while she earnestly strives to use the influence it gives her for high and noble ends. Let her reverence the body God has so adorned, and seek to make the soul within a worthy inmate of so beautiful a temple. An ancient traveler among the cities of Egypt, wrote of magnificent fanes, whose exquisite carvings and gorgeous tapestry and splendor of gold and jewels enraptured the eye, but whose inner shrine was filled by some paltry idol or disgusting beast or reptile. Strange incongruity! Yet how far more strange and sad it is, when in a lovely human form, that fair temple of God's own building, we see enshrined a worthless toy, or more appalling still, some coiling serpent of deceit, some fierce wild beast of passion or selfishness or pride.—*Advance.*

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

As a rule, the little woman is brave. When the lymphatic giantess falls into a faint, or goes off into hysterics, she storms, or bustles about, or holds on like a game terrier, according to the work on hand. She will fly at any man who annoys her, and bears herself as equal to the biggest and strongest fellow of her acquaintance. In general she does it all by sheer pluck, and is not notorious for subtlety or craft. Had Delilah been a little woman she would never have taken to shear Samson's locks. She would have defied him with all his strength untouched on his head, and she would have overcome him, too. Judith and Jael were both probably large women. The work they went about demanded a certain strength of muscle and toughness of sinew; but who can say that Jezebel was not a small, freckled, auburn-haired Lady Audley of her time, full of the concentrated fire, the electric force, the passionate recklessness of her type? Regan and Goneril might have been beautiful demons of the same pattern; we have the example of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers as to what amount of spiritual devilry can exist with the face and manner of an angel direct from heaven; and perhaps Cordelia was a tall, dark-haired girl, with a pair of brown eyes, and a long nose sloping downward.

On the whole, then, the little women have the best of it. More petted than their bigger sisters, and infinitely more powerful, they have their own way, in part, because it really does not seem worth while to contest a point with such little creatures. There is nothing that wounds a man's self-respect in any victory they may get or claim. Where there is absolute inequality of strength there can be no humiliation in the self-imposed defeat of the stronger; and as it is always more pleasant to have peace than war, and as big men for the most part rather like than not to put their necks under the tread of tiny feet, the little woman goes on her way triumphant to the end, breaking all the laws she does not like, and throwing down all the barriers that impede her progress, perfectly irresistible and irrepressible in all circumstances and under any conditions.—*Saturday Review.*

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

"I'm afraid you don't like babies when they cry," said a matron to a gentleman, as she tried to soothe the darling in her arms. "Oh, yes," said he, "I like them best when they cry, because I've always observed that then they are invariably carried out of the room."

The Queen of Spain having sold her necklace to Madame Musard for £24,000, the ex-Queen of Naples has followed her example, and has sold a pearl and diamond necklace, which has been in the Neapolitan royal family for several generations, to a celebrity of the world of Anonymous for £15,000.

An impatient couple in Chesterfield Co., Va., were married in a buggy a few days ago. The affianced bride made a journey to Richmond to select the wedding trousseau. When she returned by rail she was met by her lover with a top buggy to carry her home. On the road they met the pastor of their church, and as the license had already been obtained, the impatient and too eager bridegroom insisted upon the ceremony being performed at once,—the preacher on horseback, and they in the carriage,—with a farmer and his wife, who happened to be present, as witnesses.

The Woman's Club in New York, known at first as the Blue Stocking Club, but finally re-christened the Sorosis, has not proved a perfect success. It is said that from the outset all has not been entirely harmonious, and that owing to serious dissensions, some of the original leaders,—Alice and Phœbe Cary, Kate Field, and a dozen others,—have retired, and are quietly planning another and more modest organization for the social benefit and art elevation of the clever of the sex. The name, the lunches, the reporting of the proceedings, and Madame Demorest, the milliner, were the stumbling blocks in the way of the seceders.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FOOT BRIDGE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Throughout the long hours of the day
How many tread its yielding plank
That safely bear them on their way
Across the stream to either bank.

A motley throng, in eager haste
To chase their phantom, though it flies;
Once grasping it they hope to taste
The blissful joys of Paradise.

And yet what thoughts beat through the brain
In time with footsteps fast or slow,—
What hopes they carry in their train,
Or what unrest, we may not know.

Could all their fancies take dim form,
And hover in the ambient air,
How strange and sad an outward charm
That little quiet bridge would wear.

But to that bridge who will, repairs;
And passing, leaves no other trace
Than that which constant treading wears
Upon its hard, enduring face.

Yet on our varied ways in life
We leave the marks where we have been,
Disclosing in the restless strife
The silent path we tread within.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FARMING.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

"Better stay on the farm a while longer,
Though profit comes in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!"

Farming is glorious employment, and has always seemed to me a most exalted one, from the fact that God placed the first man whom he made in His own image, in a beautiful garden "to dress it and to keep it." Dear indeed to our first parents must have been their *first* home, and sad for them and their toiling children that sin drove them from it.

Though we who are representatives of the *soil* find it cursed with thorns and thistles, and in the sweat of our face eat our bread, yet there is a satisfying pleasure with all, making our attachment stronger for the dear old farm every day. The old farm! Not a spot of it but is sacred and loved; not a field of it but we've watched with tender, loving interest. Our first home, too: every tree, shrub and flower we've planted with our hand, watched and tended, and nurtured them, too, like very pets.

The beautiful orchard, set only a little time, how fine it looks this spring; and what delicious pears and apples those thrifty young trees bore last year. Leave the farm? No, indeed! Stay on it, live on it, and enjoy the good that comes from patient, persistent effort.

I get almost indignant, though, sometimes, when I hear city-bred people talk, and,—more than *that*,—when the would-be aristocrats of our small towns raise their lofty heads and suffer their tongues to ridicule country people, half of them, too, country people themselves, retired from the "horrible farm." Should all who might, leave their farms,—should all who have had great inducements offered them to go into the city, go,—farm products would very soon get beyond reach of some of these lofty people, who think farming is so disgraceful. Their wheat might prove corn, and their butter minus. Ye who think farming so ignoble, remember Adam wasn't placed at a stall to sell peanuts and candy, nor in a long, narrow prison to sell dry goods.

Even though by sin a curse fell upon the earth, it is bounteous and beautiful still; and the farmer who loves his employ can make his farm a very garden even, "by the sweat of his brow." He can have an allegiance to God and not be driven from his cherished and chosen heritage. Since it is growing so popular to "sell out" and retire to the city, many are affected with this "hegira," and thus the farms often pass into inexperienced hands, (for the rush has been made by elderly men, those who knew how to do farming well,) and younger men have succeeded these, who, after a little time, grew discouraged, or caught the prevailing mania and followed to the city. The rare facilities for culture and refinement in the city may attract many; ease and fashion may attract others; while more are from their foolish pride led there. When they hear the country and its representatives "made fun of;" when told that these uncouth people can't appreciate anything elegant, and care nothing for rare architecture and frescoed ceilings; they resolve *they* will not be classed among the illiterate herd, so off to the city they go.

O, young men, don't suffer your pride to drive you from the farm. Show yourselves men, indeed, who can and will make your business honorable and exalted. To neglect your farm would degrade it and you; to farm thoroughly and well must surely give you an independent spirit, and cause you to justly value your own manliness. While the city would afford you great and good means for cultivation,—while you might mingle with the noblest and best men and women,—remember the very Sodom of sin and temptatation which the city so often proves to young men.

How many pure and spotless sons and daughters, choosing the glitter and glare, the fashion and folly of city life, have left the quiet farm home,—left father and mother,—and in a few short months have been utterly ruined. Yes, they studied refinement, they grew polite, they dressed fashionably, they scoffed at "country people," and lost their purity, their simplicity, their truth, their character. Stay on the farm. Buy books, take plenty of papers, attend lectures within your reach, form debating clubs at home, and societies for considering and adopting improvements in farming, to do it better and more thoroughly, and if you are not happy and content the farm won't be to blame.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1868.

Personal Influence.—Blessed influence of one true loving soul upon another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem, and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and can not make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made of flesh; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

He that would reprove the world, must be one whom the world cannot reprove.

A BREATH OF JUNE.

Somebody,—Frank Taylor, we guess,—has said that heaven is nearest to us just about the leafy month of June. One who misses the gradual unfolding of the spring's beauties, who in the early June days goes out from the city's monotonous din, and finds forest and mead in all the freshness of their summer livery,—can well believe the saying true. For such an one the charm of newly developed leaves and blossoms is perfect, and as powerful as though the development of leaf and blossom were but the work of a moment. It is as though we slept last night with the naked branches sighing mournfully above us, and awoke this morning to hear the Æolian music of boughs rich and glad with verdure.

We looked the young June full in the face, the other day. We felt that we must see her, before she wandered off somewhere to find an hundred other Junes that have played truant and gone to make beautiful years with no Decembers in them, and so we forsook the Rural sanctum,—left vexations manuscripts, and dropped our pen,—turned our back upon city walls,—and found the beauty we were in search of, hiding in the green fields, out among the violets and the strawberry blossoms.

What if the evenings be sometimes regretful?—there are *glorious* mornings! And one of these gladdened the world as we mounted the old stage and went bowling across the country. The clear, bracing air seemed surcharged with vitality; the woods and fields wore the cheeriest smile of all the year; verily, it was the time above any other for an "outside" ride. Atop the old stage, then,—a vehicle which yet haunts the railroad like a memory,—and beside a driver whose four-in-hand recollections drove away back to the good old days of staging on the Albany and Cherry Valley Turnpike, we enjoyed a breath of June worth more than a whole November, with perhaps a short February thrown in! It was even sufficient to call forth a mental blessing on the old stage coach, albeit remembrances of sundry other by no means as agreeable rides upon its kind were neither vague nor few.

PERTINACITY OF A BIRD.

"A robin," says Mr. Jesse, "lately began its nest in a myrtle, which was placed in the hall of a house belonging to a friend of mine in Hampshire. As the situation was considered rather an objectionable one, the nest was removed. The bird then began to build another on the cornice of the drawing-room, but as this was a still more violent intrusion, it was not allowed to be completed. The robin, thus baffled in two attempts, began a third nest in a new shoe, which was placed on a shelf in my friend's drawing-room. It was permitted to go on with its work until the nest was completed; but as the new shoe was likely to be wanted, and as it would not be benefited by being used as a cradle, the nest was carefully taken out and deposited in an old shoe, which was put in the situation of the new one. Here what remained to be done was completed; the under-part of the shoe was filled with oak leaves, the eggs were deposited in the nest, and in due time hatched, the windows of the room being always left a little open for the entrance and egress of the birds. My friend informed me that it was pleasing to see the great confidence the robins placed in him. Sometimes, in the morning, the old birds would settle on the top of his glass, nor did they seem the least alarmed at his presence."

COMMON EVENTS OF LIFE.

Of old times, Michael Angelo took his copies from the persons in the streets, and wrought them out on the walls and the ceiling of the Vatican, changing a beggar into a giant, and an ordinary woman who bore a basket of flowers on her arm into an angel; and the beggar and the flower-girl stand there now in their lustrous beauty, speaking to eyes that wander from every side of the green world. The rock slumbered in the mountain, and he reached his hands out and took it, and gathered the stones from the fields about him, and built them into that awful pile, which, covering acres on the ground, reaches up its mighty dome toward heaven, constraining the mob of the city to bow their foreheads and to vow great prayers to God. So, out of the common events of life, out of the passions put by God into your hearts, you may paint on the walls of your life the fairest figures, angels and prophets. Out of the common stones of your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm, and bring down upon you the inspiration of God.—*Theodore Parker.*

SANDWICHES.

The prettiest lining for a bonnet is a pretty face.

How to find happiness—look in a dictionary.

Something always on hand—your thumb.

Representation of Minorities.—Photographs of children.

"You are very pressing," as the filberts said to the nut-crackers.

Why is a kiss like scandal? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

"Give the devil his due," but be careful there isn't much due him.

Some ladies use paint as fiddlers do resin—to aid them in drawing a bow.

What is that which by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? A noise.

A New Orleans gentleman calls the negro a "remuant" of the dark ages.

The lady who had a "spark" in her eye has kindled a "match" without trouble.

When a woman bestows her hand upon a man, can he be said to bear away the palm?

The latest novelty in sewing machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

Whenever the soul is in grief, it is taking root, and when it is in smiles it is taking wing.

I am going to draw this bean into a knot, as the young lady said when standing at the hymeneal altar.

We too often make our happiness depend upon things that we desire, whilst others would find it in a single one of those we possess.

THRIFT.

My ships are blown about the world,
From Heart's Content to iceless Ind;
The tides play out, the winds come down
And perils follow tide and wind.

When Fancy tricks me into dreams,
I see my love in royal rooms—
More than a queen when all are queens,
And kings beside her seem like grooms.

Meanwhile she spins her wheel indoors,
Beginning when the days begin;
"We shall not want"—her very words—
"Though never ship of thine come in."

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.

BY BERRY BRIAR.

How near are *we* to the viewless shore?
We drift along on the sea of life,
With its cares, its gains, its petty strife;
We weep for those that are passing o'er,—
They glide along and are seen no more.

How near are we to the promised land?
We cling to the earth and its sordid gains;
Shall we dwell forever amid its pains?
Ah! we think with tears of the broken band,
We feel that our hopes are built on sand.

Does Death, the ferryman, watch and wait
As still awhile we stop to play
With the gilded toys that hedge our way?
Does he see us draw, with certain doom
And heedless steps, towards the tomb?

How near are we to death's tideless sea?
O, let us be ready to embark.
Tho' we sail alone and the way seems dark,
Jesus, our brother, has gone before,
He reaches his hand from the other shore.

GOD'S WORD EVER-ABIDING.

We find the following beautiful thoughts in the North British Review:

It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature pæan over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed, and ashamed at the sight of its Magna Charta. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity.

The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper in the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. These gather around the Bible a dense "cloud of witnesses," from the ruins of Ninevah and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and bas-reliefs of Sennacherib, and tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from rolls of Chaldee paraphrast, and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians.

Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. Their oracles written amid such strange diversity of time, place and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine—in the palaces of Babylon, and in the dungeons of Rome—have come to us in such unimpaired fullness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously toward them as the generation which hung on the lips of Jesus, as He recited a parable on the shores of the Gallilean lake, or those churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning exposition.

Yes! the river of life, which issues out from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb, may, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its conquests, but the great volume of its waters has neither been diminished, nor dimmed in its transparency, nor bereft of its healing virtue.

WHAT ONE SIN WILL DO.

There was but one crack in the lantern, and the wind has found it out, and blown out the candle. How great a mischief one unclouded point of character may cause us! One spark blew up the magazine and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body—one sin destroy the soul.

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin; Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes. The strength of a chain is to be measured, not by its strongest, but by its weakest link, for if the weakest snaps, what is the use of the rest? Satan is a very close observer, and knows exactly where our weak points are; we have need of very much watchfulness, and we have great cause to bless our merciful Lord who prayed for us that our faith fail not. Either our pride, our sloth, our ignorance, our anger, or our lust would prove our ruin unless grace interposed; any one of our senses or faculties might admit the foe, yea, our very virtues and graces might be gates of entrance to our enemies. O, Jesus, if thou hast indeed bought me with thy blood, be pleased to keep me by thy power even unto the end.—*Spurgeon.*

QUARRELLING WITH GOD'S WORD.

There are few sins more dangerous than picking quarrels at God's Word and taking up weapons against it. It will prove a burdensome stone to those that burden themselves with it. Therefore, whenever our crooked and corrupt reason doth offer to except against the ways of God as unequal, we must presently conclude, as God doth, that the inequality is in us, and not in them. Every wicked man doth, though not formally and explicitly, yet really and in truth, set up his own will against God's, resolving to do what pleaseth himself, and not that which may please God; and consequently followeth that reason and council which wait upon his own will, and not that Word which revealeth God's. Yet because he that will serve himself would fain deceive himself too, (that so he may be able to do it with less regret of conscience,) and would fain seem God's servant, but be his own; therefore, corrupt reason sets itself on work to excogitate such distinctions and evasions as may serve to reconcile God's Word and a man's own lust together.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

The Central Good.—It is hard for us to get at the central kernel of things. We stop half way and feed ourselves on shells and husks. In religion everything depends on getting at the center, and this center is love. He who, by faith, has penetrated into this mystery, is blessed above his fellows. To him the Divine law has assumed the form of his own personal good pleasure; to him who is himself pure, all things are pure; to him the whole material universe is but one grand temple of the Most High, in which the forces of nature and the lives of the pure are forever united in one harmonious anthem of praise and thanksgiving.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.—No. II.

HAVING shown in our first article two modes of *inspiration;* we find, upon examination, that one very important method still remains—inspiration by *leading out.* Conduct a class into biography. Select, there, examples suited to forcibly illustrate the condition of one of your class. Intimate to that boy the fact that the lamented LINCOLN was once the poorest of poor boys,—that ALEXANDER T. STEWART, when he came to our shores, carried his effects in his hand,—that the pages of history and biography are illumined with names which have been made to shine even amid circumstances most depressing. Though poverty with despotic sway thought to crush its victim beneath its feet,—though physical deformity felt encourged with the hope of being able to shame its subject into obscurity,—the iron will conquered. Where there is a *will,* there *is* a way. We need no better example than our own FRANKLIN. Teachers, inspire your pupils with the sentiment that is breathed in the stanza of LONGFELLOW:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

Let your motto be "What man has done, man can do."

So prevalent is the idea among scholars and teachers of looking no further than the common text-book, that it has become injurious. Scholars are apt to think there are no other studies after they shall have completed their lower English books. Teachers do not feel inclined to clear up their minds or inform them differently. The analysis of one little flower has created a desire for botany. Tracing one English word to the original—Greek or Latin—showing its cognates, has caused a thirst for the classics. The drawing of one geometrical figure, and the demonstration of one proposition, have awakened an interest for the higher mathematics. The recitation of one important event in history (for instance, the career of NAPOLEON,) has inspired a pupil to descend, by stepping stones, the historical monument of five thousand years.

In the next place it is your duty to be *firm.* I have seen teachers moved by the tears of scholars—turned from a just purpose by their appeals. And to those teachers who profess the name of CHRIST, (I wish *all* did—all *should,*) these appeals will have greater effect. They will fear, lest, by not heeding such appeals, they will be called cold-hearted, unkind, unchristian. But, teachers, be not deceived. Enter not into their sympathy. What could the surgeon accomplish if he were to heed the groans of his patient? How could he retain his strength of nerve, if he were to sympathize with his subject, during a process of amputation? Yet do you question the piety of those christian physicians? Duty prompts them. They are obliged, by virtue of their professions, to execute first, sympathize afterwards. So with you. Let *principle* make you firm.

Again—Be honest. In order to execute this duty you will have to use precaution in imposing penalties for uncommitted crimes. If not, you will impose the penalty for a crime, and when the crime is committed there will be no execution of penalty. In this respect teachers have become almost as guilty as some merchants and clerks. They are continually telling "three-cent lies." These will give any school an impetus to persevere in wrong-doing. Many good pupils have been falsely trained in this way. There is too much pardoning at capitol—in the State—in the school-house. O. K.

Honeoye, N. Y., 1868.

TEACHERS OF YOUNG AMERICA.

THERE seems to be no doubt that women are superseding men as teachers in the schools of the United States. An examination of the census shows that of the 150,241 teachers in the common schools of the country, exactly 100,000 are women. In Massachusetts there are six times as many female as male teachers. In Vermont the proportion is five to one; in Iowa three to one. The disproportion is the most marked in the large cities. In New York there are only 178 male out of over 2,000 teachers; in Philadelphia, 83 to 1,300; and a similar proportion prevails in all other cities. The cause seems to be that few men are willing to enter systematically a profession which nowhere holds out a higher salary than $3,000, the average payment being $2,000 per annum. A leading principal in New York believes that soon there will be only women teaching in the schools. The Board of Education in New York declares that the teaching by women is equally satisfactory with that by men, and the Board of Cincinnati says it is superior.

NEWSPAPERS.

A TEACHER who has been using a newspaper as a portion of his material for the education of children, writes that the results, so far as have been reached, are of a very satisfactory kind. The scholars manifest an interest in preparing for the exercises that is not likely to die out. All the passing events and interests of the day, from the most trivial to the most profound, in our land, and in all lands, are brought before the pupils' minds. And since the Press—the Newspaper—is the World's Teacher, and is destined to remain such for all coming time, it is well, it seems to us, that children should be habituated to look at it, and to learn how to regard and use it. Familiarity, therefore, with the Newspaper, may be properly regarded as an important branch of every one's practical education. Certainly, the habit of observing what is in the papers from day to day, besides adding to the general intelligence, must aid, almost insensibly, perhaps, in the formation and the strengthening of that most important habit of retention.

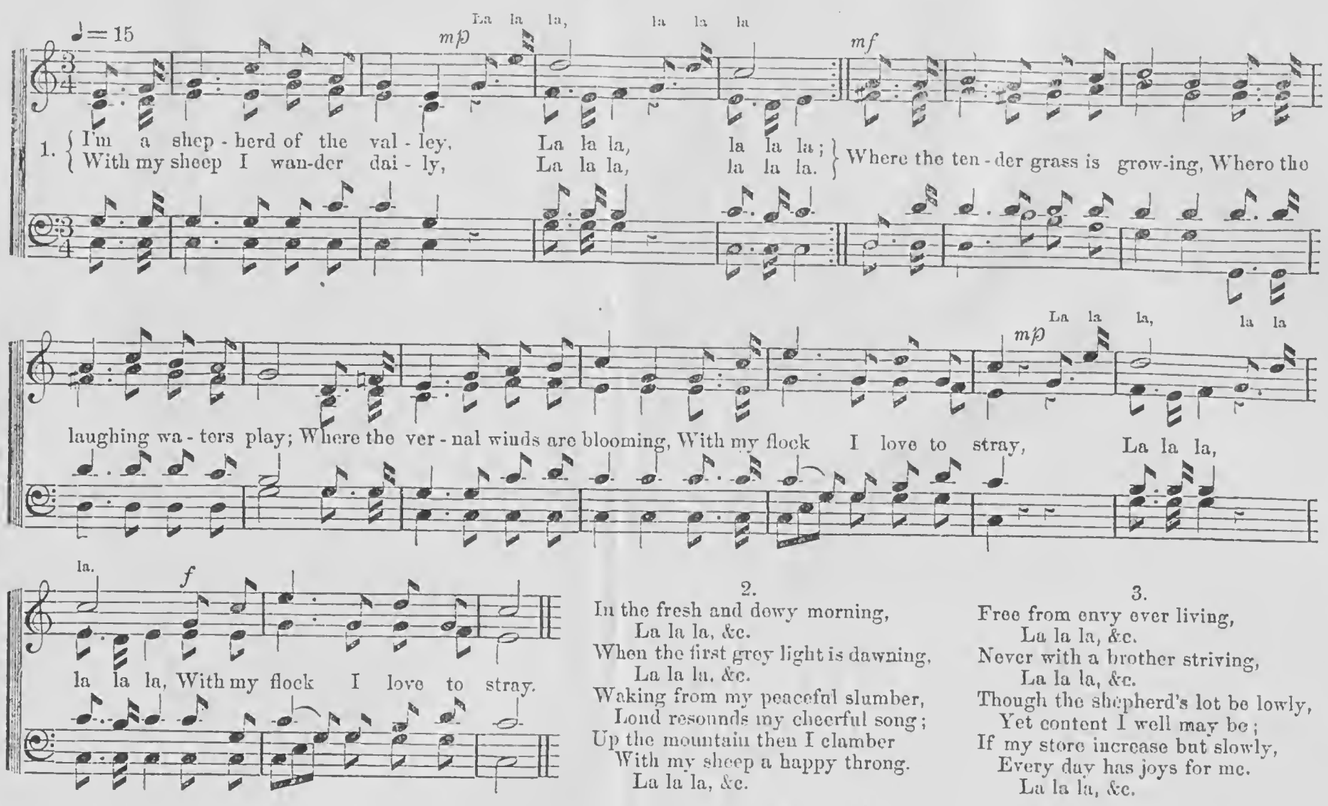
EITHER AND NEITHER.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE, one of the most scholarly writers of the age, has, in a recent number of the Galaxy, the following:

"The analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *ayther* and *nayther*—the diphthong having the sound in it that it has in a large family of words in which the diphthong *ei* is the emphasized vowel sound—*weight, freight, deign, vein, obeisance,* etc. But *ayther* and *nayther,* being antiquated and Irish, analogy and the best usage require the common pronunciation *eether* and *neether.* For the pronunciation *i-ther* and *ni-ther,* with the *i* long, which is sometimes heard, there is not the authority either of analogy or the best speakers. It is an affectation, and, in this country, a copy of a *second-rate British affectation.* Persons of the best education and the highest social position in England say *eether* and *neether.*"

We think the great majority of good speakers and writers will agree with Mr. WHITE in this expression.

I'M A SHEPHERD OF THE VALLEY.



2.
In the fresh and dewy morning,
La la la, &c.
When the first grey light is dawning,
La la la, &c.
Waking from my peaceful slumber,
Loud resounds my cheerful song;
Up the mountain then I clamber
With my sheep a happy throng.
La la la, &c.

3.
Free from envy ever living,
La la la, &c.
Never with a brother striving,
La la la, &c.
Though the shepherd's lot be lowly,
Yet content I well may be;
If my store increase but slowly,
Every day has joys for me.
La la la, &c.

[*From the Song Garden, (second book,) published by Mason Brothers.*

The Traveler.

AN ALHAMBRA GUIDE.

IN one of his "Letters from the Alhambra," now appearing in the New York Observer, Dr. PRIME gossips pleasantly as follows concerning one of the Alhambra guides, and gives us an inkling that IRVING's imagination added a false charm to certain Spanish institutions and personages:

BENSAKEN is *the* guide to the Alhambra. Others are willing to lead you through the labyrinth, and will talk to you as they go, in a mixture of Spanish, Italian, French and English, with a dash of Arabic, which they have picked up from the translations of inscriptions on the walls; but they are all ignorant fellows, who live by the ignorance of those to whom they tell their stories. Now BENSAKEN is an Englishman, born in Gibraltar, and has lived to be seventy years old in Spain; has been through all these years adding to his knowledge of the country, its history and its condition, especially all that relates to the Moors, Granada and the Alhambra, until he has grown into a walking cyclopedia of Spanish lore. And this learning of his he guards so cautiously that when other guides and interpreters, with travelers so unhappy as to have fallen into their hands, would come near to us while our learned BENSAKEN was discoursing to us of the wonderful mysteries of the Alhambra, its legends and its uses, he would suddenly pause in his interesting narrations, and begging pardon for his silence, would wait until they had passed beyond hearing; for, said our veracious and most agreeable BENSAKEN, "I cannot afford to let them fellows know what I have been learning all these years of my life. I have forgot enough to set all of them up in business."

"Did you know our countryman WASHINGTON IRVING, when he was here?" I inquired.

"O, yes, and a nice, worthy gentleman he was; so kind, so pleasant always; but he did not keep very closely to the facts: to tell you the truth, those are very beautiful stories of Mr. IRVING, but the most of them are all in your eye, sir."

"He speaks of the good people who lived here when he lodged in the Alhambra, and a fair maiden to whom he gave the name of DOLORES, and a noble young man, MOLINA, or something like that; what ever became of them, can you tell me?"

BENSAKEN gave a low little laugh, and said that DOLORES was a coarse and dowdy drudge, whom the warm imagination of the author had invested with purely rhetorical charms, and the other occupants of the palace had no claims to distinction. One of them whom he mentioned was murdered in a street brawl, and the whole family had passed into oblivion. Yet their names will live in the stories of the Alhambra while the genial and smoothly flowing pages of IRVING are read as the pleasantest and most *reliable* account of the traditions of this wondrous pile.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

IF there be a part of the world which ought to tempt the traveler, it is assuredly that region of Asia which lies between the Caspian and Black Seas. Immemorial tradition declares this to be the cradle of the human race. Here—say the Persians and Armenians—was the Garden of Eden; here, as one knows, stands the mighty Ararat, from which mankind spread after the deluge. Here are the best and most undeniable physical evidences of that astonishing catastrophe. Here hunted the Biblical Nimrod, here Noah planted the vine. Here languished Prometheus chained to the rock with vultures ever gnawing at his liver. Hither sailed Jason and the Argonauts, and hence departed the enchantress Mede. One of the rivers of this region still bears the name of Cyrus the great. Alexander of Macedon is a household word among the Caucasian villagers. Hence flowed, Greeceward, that stream of gorgeous fable which widened into Hellenic mythology. Here Pompey conquered, and the soldiers of imperial Rome bled in vain. Here Gregory preached, and Tamerlane and Genghis Kahn spread havoc; the Turks uprooted the Genoese on these shores, to be themselves uprooted in due time by the more opportune Russians. Over the Caucasian wall, at the dread hour when Allah's time shall sound, Gog and Magog shall cross to put an end to the empire of Islamism on earth, and destroy the kingdom of the true believers. When the Russians swept away the Georgian throne, in 1800, learned men at Tiflis exclaimed in their anguish that the fallen monarchy had existed without interruption since the time of Abraham; there is good historical evidence to prove a line of kings extending over a period of 2245 years.

Nor does the future promise to be less interesting than the past. The burial-place of the Turks will evidently be here. This is the battle ground on which the last fight of pure Islamism will be fought; we can see even now the giant Russia drawing its grasp tighter and tighter round the throat of the effete nationalities of Turkey and Persia, and before many years both must be strangled. The soldiers of Azerbijan, the most martial province of Persia, are devoted to the Czar; the authorities of Tabriz are in his pay. England and France may insist on the dismantling of the Caucasin fortresses; but the Armenians will welcome the day which ranges them among the subjects of the Emperor of Russia. Yet these events, proximate as they seem, cannot be consummated without fresh contests.—*Exchange.*

BY THE RED SEA.

"CARLETON" writes from Suez to the Boston Journal:—"The opening of the railway and the overland travel between Europe and the East has already built up a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants at the upper end of the Red Sea. All around is desert, but the water of the Nile has been brought here and the great transformation has commenced. You see a large railway station, three or four hotels offices of the Peninsula and Oriental Company, one hotel owned by them, where you can sit down to substantial beef and pudding just as if you were in a London hotel. The town is Egyptian, narrow streets, houses built from dried brick and stone from the cliffs along the Red Sea, bayous like those of Cairo, a swarthy crowd of Arabs, Negroes, Nubians, Hindoos, Italians, Spaniards, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians, Turks. The English have the upper hands here, but everywhere else in Egypt French influence predominates. The British government have recently erected large hospital buildings here for invalids returning from India, who may need nursing at this half-way house."

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE NAMES OF DAYS.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

SUNDAY.—So called because this day was anciently sacred to the worship of the sun. The Sabians, or adorers of the heavenly bodies, existed in very early times in the East, Chaldea, &c. From these countries, this form of idolatry was carried into Europe, and adopted by our Saxon forefathers who adhered to Sabianism until they embraced Christianity. In retaining the heathen name their Pagan worship is still memorized by us their Christian descendants. The word does not occur either in the Old or New Testament. As CHRIST arose from the dead on this day, it has been observed as the Sabbath of rest, by his followers, with few exceptions, from the early Christian times.

MONDAY.—[G. *montag,*] or the day dedicated to the moon. The worship of this planet was very popular among the ancients. It was generally adored as a goddess, but in Syria and Armenia as a god. The Egyptians called the idol representing it ISIS; the Greeks, DIANA, HECATE, VENUS, &c. In some countries the forms observed were extremely cruel, and STRABO and LUCIAN state that human sacrifices were offered. Even the Hebrews presented oblations, though of a far more innocent character, to the moon, which they adored as MENI. JEREMIAH describes her worship as one which embraced all the members of a family,—in which the children gathered the wood, the fathers kindled the fire, and the women kneaded the dough "to make cakes to the queen of heaven."

TUESDAY.—From TIG, or TUISCO. This deity among the ancient Saxons, was the god of strife, and presided over wars and litigations. Formerly, and probably for this reason, the opening day of the assize always fell on Tuesday. TIG corresponded to the Grecian MARS.

WEDNESDAY.—From WODEN, another Saxon god. He is thought to be synonymous with MERCURY, one of the twelve principal deities, or *nobiles deos,* as OVID calls them, who formed the great central system of ancient idolatry.

THURSDAY.—THOR's day, or the day dedicated to THOR. Among the Northern Pagans this deity was the god of thunder; and he corresponds to the JOVE or JUPITER of the Greeks and Romans. By our rude forefathers, who trembled when they heard the awful voice of THOR, he was the most honored of the gods, and they offered the most costly sacrifices at his shrine.

FRIDAY.—The day which was sacred to FRIGGA. This goddess was the VENUS of the Saxons.

SATURDAY.—The Sabbath of the Jews, and also of the Seventh-Day Baptists. Some of the early Christians continued to observe this, instead of the First, or LORD'S-DAY; but by our Pagan ancestors it was consecrated to SATURN, [hence its present name,] one of the elder gods; the son of CŒLUS, [heaven,] and of TERRA, [earth,] and the father of JUPITER.

Thus we see that each of our days wears the baptismal title of its heathen chrism; and if ever nearly all knowledge of us save of the names of them, shall perish out of the world, will not the historians of those times be justified in writing down the Anglo-Saxon nations of these ages, as veritable Pagans? Historied, but false suppositions, are doubtless now in existence, which had their rise in less suspicious items than these. The Future may possibly assert that the benighted and Pagan Saxon of the West, like his benighted and Heathen Ancestor of the North, called even his days after the names of his gods. And such gods!

Montview Cottage, Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1868.

DOES IT PAY TO SMOKE?

PECUNIARILY considered, of course it does not pay to smoke. It costs the world annually five hundred million dollars for tobacco. And this connects the use of the weed with higher considerations, for this comes out of the world's surplus fund, out of which comes the means of extending civilization. In the United States, moreover, four hundred thousand acres of land are exhausted by tobacco, which should be devoted to grain for the thousands who have needed it the past winter.

One strong point made by Mr. Parton is that tobacco is the enemy of women. Not only because its filthiness keeps men away from the sex and makes them seek the company of each other to indulge the habit, but because it destroys manhood. The point is simply this:—Tobacco, by disturbing and impairing vitality, tends to vitiate the relations between the sexes, tends to lessen man's interest in woman and his enjoyment of her society, and enables him to endure and be contented with, and finally even to prefer the companionship of men. Put that thought into your pipe and smoke it.

Among the great men of our country who did not smoke, were Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. Washington Irving was not a smoker, though nobody ever drew such delightful pictures of lusty Von Twillers enveloped in clouds of tobacco smoke. Gœthe never smoked, nor could he have smoked and remained Gœthe. The man so perfect in body, so lofty and splendid in intellect, and so grand in character, could not have been a smoker.

FRENCH BABIES.

BABIES have rather a hard time of it in France. Owing to the enormous rents, particularly in Paris, which render it desirable that families at home should be as small as possible, and to the general employment of women in shops among the lower classes, and their excessive devotion to fashion in the higher, there is an almost universal custom of handing infants over to nurses. This is generally done through agencies, or, as they might be called, baby brokers, who keep the poor little creatures at their own houses on food which either kills them or produces chronic gastric disorders, until they can make a good bargain with some neighboring nurses. Of the 53,400 children yearly born in Paris, 18,000 are put out to nurse in the provinces, more than two-thirds through the instrumentality of the "agency offices." The mortality among these nurslings is 90 per cent. In one district, 87 in another, 69 in a third, and so on. No wonder the population of France takes 198 years to double. In our country, nearly one-third of the deaths are those of children under five years of age; so that it would seem, at the best, that the life-tenure of the little ones is precarious enough. But in France their destruction is truly terrible.

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

THE following is given in BLINN'S Anatomy of Sleep, or the art of procuring sound and refreshing slumber at will, published in London in 1842. The principal feature of BLINN'S system is for the patient to fix his attention on his own breathing:

"He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes sovereignty, and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

A newspaper writer says he has practiced the above for years whenever nature needed any assistance, and can fully endorse the prescription. It will put any one to sleep who has not an evil conscience, a jumping tooth, or a bank note past due.

AN ANCIENT STRUCTURE.—The oldest building in Albany is the Staats Building, on the corner of State and Pearl streets. It was built in 1666 just 202 years ago. It was upwards of seventy years old when Washington was born. When the old house was built Charles II. was King of England, while the whole population of this State (then a British colony) was less than 100,000. The old house is in a good state of preservation, and with a little paint now and then, will last a thousand years yet.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUT FOR A RAMBLE.

THE apple tree blossoms are white as snow,
Their perfumes in at the window blow,
Come, babie, we will a gypsying go
Out in the fields together;
The pansies and buttercups open their eyes,
The violets tremble in glad surprise,
And the honey bee hums as he gathers his prize
From the flowers, this sunny weather.

Ah, babie, well I remember a day
As warm and fair, a morn in May
When the sun was bright, and the fields as gay,
When the birds all sang together—;
But we must away, while the sky is bright
And the buttercups shine with the golden light,
For those fleecy clouds in the south, so white,
May bring us rainy weather.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SO HAPPY RIGHT HERE."

LITTLE WILLIE was busy at play in a cheerful room, one cold, rainy day in spring, when suddenly looking up to his mamma, who was at her sewing near him, he exclaimed,

"Oh, mamma! what a pleasant and beautiful day this is."

"Why, WILLIE?" asked his surprised mamma. "Do you not see the rain and sleet out of doors?"

"I know it rains," said WILLIE; "but then it is so pleasant in this room, and I feel so happy right here;" and WILLIE placed his hand on his heart.

Yes, WILLIE was happy in his heart. He had been a good boy that morning, and this was the secret of the beautiful day. Dear children, always try to do right and you will continually feel happy and contented in your hearts, and rainy days as well as sunny ones will surely be beautiful. MAUD.

FUNERAL OF A BEE.

SOMETIMES when a pet kitten dies, or a dog, or maybe only a little chick, the boy or girl who dearly prized it when it was alive calls in the aid of one or two other boys or girls, and gives the dead pet a sorrowful burial, down in the garden, or out in the orchard under some favorite tree. A good many tears are shed, perhaps,—at any rate we remember shedding a good many, when a very small boy, over the burial of a four-footed friend,—and the funeral is doubtless as sad an one as older people ever take part in. It is not common, though, to see animals or insects burying their dead comrades, yet such instances have been known. Above we give a picture of a bee funeral, which some gentlemen once witnessed. Two bees were seen coming out of a hive, bearing the body of another bee. The gentlemen followed them closely and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of a gravel walk—the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downwards, to the earth—and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless "in memoriam." Their task being ended, they paused about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave a sympathising tear, when they flew away.

WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.

"STAY, dear sunbeam," murmured a bright wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in, one summer day, among the pine-tree branches. "Stay a while and rest upon this bright carpet of moss, and tell me a story. It is so quiet here to-day, in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world, and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night!"

"Nay," said the sunbeam, "I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen; but, if you care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the wood-lily, bending her graceful head to listen.

"I was kissing away the tears that the night had left upon a cluster of climbing roses that overhung a cottage window," said the sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within and saw two dear little girls at play. Many pretty toys were scattered about the room, and each of the little ones had a doll clasped in her chubby arms. I thought them lovelier than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By-and-by they put up their sweet lips and kissed each other, while I hovered over them with delight, caressing their cheeks and turning their brown curls to shining gold."

"A pretty sight, indeed, that must have been," said the wood-lily.

"And now," continued the sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children, and to give them my parting blessing; but I found them, alas! how changed! Harsh words issued from their rose-bud lips, frowns clouded their fair white brows, and their little hands were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the summer wind through the pine boughs.

"A sad sight!" breathed a cluster of violets, while tears fell from their blue eyes into the little stream beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the rippling stream.

"A sad sight!" sang the birds in the branches.

So it was as if a gloom had suddenly settled itself over the forest, and all because of the sad story the sunbeam had told.

Have a care, dear children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a tale to tell of you.—*Children's Hour.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Court of Impeachment at Albany adjourned on the 12th inst., having acquitted Canal Commissioner Dorn on all the charges preferred against him. The vote on the two articles which were strongest for conviction, stood as follows:—Yeas—Messrs. Grover, Miller, Beach, Cauldwell, Crowley, Hale, Morris and Nichols—8. Nays—Messrs. President Hunt, Woodruff, Mason, Clarke, Bacon, Dwight, Banks, Campbell, Hubbard, Humphreys, Kennedy, Mattoon, Morgan, Wicks, Palmer, Parker, Thayer, Van Petten, Chapman—19.

The prisoners Theophilus C. Callicott and Col. R. C. Enright, were removed Monday morning, 8th inst., from the Kings Co., penitentiary to the Albany penitentiary. Allen the other prisoner will serve out his time in the Kings Co., penitentiary.

Moses Johnson, who lived alone, in Brookfield, Madison Co., was found, on the 6th inst., murdered and his body thrown into the well. It is supposed that he was murdered on the Thursday previous, to obtain a considerable amount of money known to be in his possession.

Hon. Samuel Cushing, once Attorney-General of the State, was taken suddenly ill in an eating saloon in New York, on Tuesday evening of last week, and died while being conveyed to the Bellevue Hospital.

Patrick Devine bit off the ear of Courtney Kenney, at Albany, on the 6th inst. Wednesday he was arrested and held to learn the action of the grand jury in his case of cannibalism.

The commissioners of Owego offer $200,000 bonds for that village for sale. These have just been issued in aid of the Southern Central Railroad, and one quarter sold already.

The season for catching shad in the Hudson has about terminated. To the fishermen it has not been a very lucrative one. They are now devoting themselves to catching herring and sturgeon.

John W. Van Valkenburg has been appointed Superintendent of the Albany and Susquehannah Railroad.

Twenty-three young men were ordained priests in the Catholic Church by Bishop McFarland, at Troy, on the 7th inst., and nearly one hundred others were admitted to deaconship and minor orders.

The Third Annual Convention of the New York Sportsman's Association was held in Buffalo last week, beginning on Tuesday and closing on Friday. A large number of delegates were in attendance, and the shooting was unusually fine. The annual supper at the Tift House on Thursday night was a brilliant affair. Robert B. Roosevelt, of the New York Citizen, delivered a chaste and eloquent address.

During a late storm Mr. Stephen R. Burdick, a farmer residing in Brookfield, near Leonardsville, on the Unadilla River, was killed by a stroke of lightning. Being missed after the storm, search was made for him, when he was found dead in the basement of his barn.

A very destructive fire in Springfield, Erie Co., on the 7th inst., destroyed nearly the entire business portion of the village.

Dwelling houses near Medina, were entered by burglars on Monday night, 8th inst. The inmates were gagged and bound, and ten thousand dollars in Government bonds were stolen. The burglars were pursued and fired at. The bonds were recovered, and three of the burglars were captured at Gasport on Tuesday.

Three men were at work on a scaffold, painting the side of a large warehouse in New York, when the coping which sustained the scaffold gave way, and the men were thrown to the ground. One man was instantly killed, another died in about twenty-five minutes, and the third had one of his legs broken.

Patrick Callahan, who has been on trial at Troy for the murder of Patrick Cunn, by shooting him about two years ago, was convicted of murder Wednesday afternoon.

The Lowenstein Block, in Rochester city, was partially destroyed by fire on Monday night, 8th inst. Lamphier Brothers, tobacconists, lose about $12,000. The other losses will aggregate about $6,000.

The Astor House, in New York city, was re-opened on Thursday evening, 11th inst., and a dinner given to the press by the proprietor, Alex. Stetson.

Samuel McCrea Smith, a young man connected with the Atlanta Mutual Fire Insurance Company, was drowned while bathing in the Hudson river, opposite Albany, a few days since.

Mr. Geo. H. Tilford, an old and prominent resident of Oswego county, was burned to death at Sterling Valley, recently, by his clothes taking fire from a pipe he was smoking. He was alone at the time.

The funeral of Don Yrissari, late Guatemalan Minister to the United States, took place in Brooklyn on Sunday. It was attended by all the foreign Consuls, the Swedish and Peruvian Ministers and a large number of friends.

The Press Club of New York city gave a banquet to the ladies of the "Sorosis" at Delmonico's on Saturday afternoon. About forty gentlemen and the same number of ladies were present. The entertainment was a success, and will probably lead to further reunions.

On Monday night of last week, some person or persons entered the barn of Mr. Amy, in Phelps, Ontario county, and destroyed five sets of harness by cutting them into short pieces.

A young lady was killed in Rochester one evening last week, by being run over by a locomotive. She was driving across the Central Railroad track, in a carriage, when a train came along at a high rate of speed. She was thrown out, the horse killed and buggy smashed in pieces.

From Washington.

A RECEPTION was given to the Chinese Embassy by the House, on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Schenck, Chairman of the Committee appointed for the purpose, introduced the members of the Embassy to the Speaker, who welcomed them on behalf of the House and the people in an appropriate speech. Mr. Burlingame replied in a felicitous manner, stating the general objects of the Embassy. The Representatives were then personally introduced to the Ambassadors. The reception was witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, who thronged the galleries.

The President has nominated, and the Senate has promptly confirmed, Reverdy Johnson, the Maryland Senator, to be Minister to England in place of Charles Francis Adams. Mr. Johnson is a man of high talents and character, and in point of ability and distinction is every way fitted for the post. He is seventy-two years of age, and has been in the public service of his State or the country for nearly fifty years.

Mr. Woolley has been finally discharged from custody, having answered all questions put to him to the satisfaction of the Investigating Committee. His answers are not yet made public. Gen. Butler is at work upon the Committee's report of the Investigation, and it will soon be produced in the House. The Committee claim to prove that Impeachment was deliberately sold out.

The bill to continue the Freedmen's Bureau has been the subject of much debate in the House. Mr. Hendricks characterized it as an attempt to continue political domination, and said the people would condemn it as well as the other reconstruction measures. Mr. Wilson defended the Bureau as having been more than self-supporting.

The House Committee on Territories has reported a bill to admit Colorado.

Mr. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has resigned. One of his reasons assigned, is the unsatisfactory working of the Revenue Department, consequent upon the conflict as to the appointment of suitable officers.

In compliance with the request of Secretary Seward, the Prussian Government has recalled Baron Kusserow, first private secretary of the Prussian Legation, who fought a duel some weeks ago with General Lawrence.

Secretary McCulloch has renewed to the President his readiness to resign his office, if it is the wish of the President that he should do so.

The Commission appointed to sell the reservation of the Osage Nation, by fair promises, some intimidation and a few presents, has induced the Osages to sell eight millions of acres of land to Mr. Sturgis of the Leavenworth, Lawrence and Galveston Railroad, for $1,600,000, being exactly twenty cents an acre, payable in fifteen years. The action of the Senate and President is needed to make the transfer valid.

From the West.

A. C. HOLDRIDGE, formerly of Monroe Co., N. Y., and for five years post clerk of the Ashley House in Bloomington, Ill., jumped from the fourth story window of the Ashley House, on the 11th inst., killing himself instantly.

The steamboat Ocean Wave, belonging to the People's Line, took fire on the 11th inst., while on Lake Pepin, and was burned to the water's edge. The boat and cargo are a total loss. No lives were lost.

The California Iron Foundry on Market st., San Francisco, was destroyed by fire on the 11th instant. Loss $30,000. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

The overland coach while on the way from Austin, Nevada, on the 10th inst., was robbed when within six miles of Virginia City, by three men armed with shot guns, who secured three silver bars worth $3,584 and a small amount of coin, besides $1,000 and two gold watches taken from the passengers.

A very destructive fire occurred in Marquette, on Lake Superior, on Thursday night. More than a hundred buildings were burned, including nearly all the business part of the town and involving a loss of a million of dollars.

From the South.

THE Legislature of Florida has adopted the amendment of the Constitution known as the fourteenth article.

Captain Packard, Chairman of the Board of Registration of Louisiana, has been arrested by General Buchanan, in command of New Orleans, and Gen. Grant has been applied to for redress.

Chief Justice Chase, in a case at Richmond, Va., recently, charged the jury to the effect that all the bonds, drafts, notes, &c., drawn during the war in the rebel States and payable in the loyal States are illegal and cannot be recovered at law.

Quite a number of prisoners are held at Atlanta, Ga., on suspicion of connection with the murder of Colonel Ashburn.

The new Governor of Florida, Harrison Reed, was inaugurated, and the new Legislature assembled at Tallahassee a few days ago. The Radicals have a majority of thirty-two in the Legislature on joint ballot.

Election returns now complete from the thirty-one districts of South Carolina indicate that the Radicals have carried fifteen and the Democrats sixteen districts.

From South America.

NEWS from Buenos Ayres, via Valparaiso, states that the Paraguayans in a recent engagement captured eight hundred prisoners and six thousand horses from the allies, and it was reported that two of the allied ironclads had been sunk.

The Chilian Government has finally disposed of all steamers purchased in the United States as useless at a loss of several hundred thousand dollars.

The banks of Chili have obtained permission from Government to issue notes to the amount of $5,300,000.

The Chilian Government has contracted for the introduction of Swiss, Tryolese and German colonists, the contract extending over four years.

The yellow fever is raging in Chili. Some 200 deaths occur daily, and the disease is spreading along the coast, having reached Islay. It has abated in Peru.

In the late elections for the Ecuadorian Congress the conservative party were successful. Several earthquakes have been felt in Ecuador. Mount Pichincha, on whose declivity Quito is situated, is again in activity.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

PRINCE MICHAEL, reigning sovereign of Servia, was assassinated on the 10th inst., at Belgrade, while walking in a public park called Topschidor. The Prince was accompanied by his cousin and a daughter of the latter, together with his usual attendants. The assassins directed their fire promiscuously at the royal party. At the first shot, the prince fell, and expired immediately. The cousin of the prince was also hit, and died a few minutes afterwards. The daughter received a severe flesh wound, but is not dangerously injured. One or two of the valets were also slightly wounded. The assassins were recognized as a father and two sons. One of the latter was promptly taken while hurrying from the scene of the tragedy, and the others can hardly escape. Michael was born Sept. 4, 1828, and was therefore nearly 40 years of age. He was the youngest son of Prince Milock, and belonged to the Obrenovitch family.

The North German Confederation propose to the great powers of Europe and America the adoption of an international treaty to guarantee the absolute security from the seizure of private property upon the high seas in time of war.

The Prussian government is about to commence work for the extension and strengthening of the fortifications of Cologne.

The Austrian Reichsrath has adopted a bill providing for the sale of the state domain.

It is now generally understood that the British Ministry will make an appeal to the country on the question at issue between them and the House of Commons. The Government has decided to dissolve Parliament in October. Writs will then be issued for the elections, which will take place during the month of November, and on the 9th of December the meeting of the new Parliament will take place.

A grand state banquet was given to Admiral Farragut and the officers of his staff, at Brussels, last week, by United States Minister Sanford.

LATE MEXICAN NEWS.—By last advices from Mexico numerous insurrections are reported. One band in Queretaro had proclaimed in favor of Santa Anna. Escobedo and Cortina were marching on the insurgents. Gen. Negrete had routed in the Chichuaila mountains the troops commanded by Gen. Vielz and others. Numerous skirmishes had taken place with Aurelieno Rivas' troops, who had pronounced against Juarez, and several prisoners had been taken by the regulars. Numerous pronunciamentos were being made everywhere. Balezeno had pronounced against Juarez at Piccho, proclaiming Porfeirio Diaz as President. He was routed and his adherents put to flight. Six hundred bandits had captured Saltillo, Mexico, murdered all the city council and all soldiers on duty. The Mexican army is to be reorganized and will consist of four divisions of 4,000 men each. The revenue of the Mexican Republic for the coming year, from duties and taxes, is estimated at $18,000,000.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—Mail advices from Port Au Prince state that the revolution was steadily gaining ground, and President Salnave found himself cooped in his capital and abandoned by his right-hand man, Minesta Delorme, who had escaped to England. Incendiary fires were of frequent occurrence, and the responsibility was thrown on the Cacos and their sympathizers, by Salnave. The foreigners, however, attributed them to the President's vindictiveness, as he had repeatedly threatened to burn the town sooner than allow the rebels to get possession. Ex-President Cabral of St. Domingo, had reached Jackmel, and was actively supporting the rebels.

CANADIAN ITEMS.—Fears of another Fenian raid are still entertained A considerable part of the volunteer force is said to be under orders to leave Montreal for Huntingdon, Hemmingford, Dunham, and other important points. The gunboat Minstrel is to be stationed for duty at a point between Prescott and Cornwall. Her Majesty's war ship Jason is expected shortly at Montreal. The Dominion has adopted the following device for the new national flag:—A white field, containing a garland of autumnal maple leaves, bound with the order of the Garter, and surmounted with an imperial crown, a beaver and a number of maple leaves in the center.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE funeral of Ex-Governor Lincoln was attended at Worcester at 12 M. on the 2d inst. Business was generally suspended, and flags at half-mast. The principal dignitaries of the State were present.

THE peat speculation has proved unprofitable in Connecticut. Losses have occurred in Hartford and Tolland counties to the extent of about $150,000 in this speculation, and large sums in other parts of the State.

PREPARATIONS are busily making for laying another telegraph cable between Havana and Key West. The United States steamer Gettysburg is engaged in sounding for a cable to connect Panama with the United States.

LETTERS from Lima, Peru, state that there was some apprehension of war between that country and Chili, growing out of differences arising between the two countries relative to proceedings appertaining to a settlement of the late war with Spain.

WM. PENNY, of Stacyville, Iowa, has a sheep which owns two mouths, the extra one being under the right ear, with complete jaw and teeth, and a natural passage to the throat. In case one mouth gets out of order, the other can be used while repairs are being made.

AMONG the private corporations chartered by the last Legislature are twenty savings banks, of which seven are in New York city, four in Kings county, and of the residue one in Albany, two in Greene, one in Erie, one in Orange, one in Tompkins, one in Tioga, one in Ulster, and one in Westchester Co.

A NEW shoe factory in Auburn, Maine, will be 40 by 80 feet, and four stories high, and thirty or more sewing machines will be operated therein by a ten-horse steam engine. In all but one other of the Auburn shoe establishments the girls run the sewing machines, and the hard work breaks them down rapidly.

GOULDING, who accomplished the walking feat of one thousand miles in a thousand hours, in New York city, is much prostrated by fatigue, being afflicted with severe pains, dizziness, &c., his feet and legs badly swollen. He has lost 37 pounds during his tramp. He will challenge Weston to a trial after recuperating.

A FIRM in Franklin, N. H., are building a locomotive for use on the Mount Washington railway. Its boilers are upright, and contain three hundred and eighty tubes, with five hundred square feet of heating surface. The cylinders are ten inches in diameter with 16-inch stroke. This engine is coupled in the rear end of the train, and pushes the cars up.

A BOLD thief at Chicago, the other day, stole a $3,000 diamond ring, and escaped successfully. Entering a jewelry store, he requested the clerk to show him the diamond rings, and selecting one containing the largest and most valuable stone, put it on his finger, coolly bade the clerk "good morning," walked out of the store, fastening the door after him with a block of wood, and disappeared before the police could be summoned.

A "NEW YORK correspondent" has just discovered that it is becoming dangerous to wear a stove-pipe hat in that city after dark. Expert pickpockets make nothing of knocking it down over a fellow's eyes, and while he is in a state of utter bewilderment "going through him" in most approved and thorough style. Such cases are becoming very frequent, and have created quite a serious panic in favor of the soft, low-crowned hat.

A MOST extraordinary sea monster, a regular ringed, streaked and striped devil fish, was captured in Charleston harbor lately, by some colored fishermen, near the wreck of the gunboat Housatonic. One of the men, feeling a bite, thought that he would play his fish a while, and then draw it in; but to his terror and dismay, and that of his brother fisherman, a huge monster, such as they had never before seen, leaped into the boat, and was so savage that they were compelled to kill it in self-defense. It was 9 feet 4 inches in length, and 5 feet 10 inches in breadth, had a square head, with large square eyes, and was spotted on the back, with a white belly.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 16, 1868.

MONEY continues easy and abundant in this locality and in Western New York generally. The prospect is there will be little call for money until it is wanted for moving the wool crop.

Money is very easy in Boston. In New York the supply of capital is very abundant. The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday says:—"The week closes with increased ease in the money market. The banks and private bankers are loaded up with money which they find it difficult to employ at 4 per cent.; and, under the usual Saturday anxiety to employ money over two days, large amounts are offered at 3 per cent. on mixed collaterals."

The supply of money is good at the West, particularly at Chicago. Trade is generally stagnant, and consequently there is very little money wanted by merchants. Prime merchants' paper is current in New York at 5@6 per cent.; short dates of first class notes are taken at 4½ per cent.

A week since there was an effort made to depress Governments, but a sharp reaction took place toward the close of the week. The advance in National Securities, since the money pressure two months since, has been about 7 per cent. The advance in Europe has not been as great as on this side. The abundance of money and consequent low rates of interest have induced large purchases from bankers and private capitalists.

There is little variation in the price of Gold. Sales yesterday were made at 140¼. The shipments of coin continue large. The amount sent out last week was $2,972,000. The total amount of gold disbursements for July is $38,986,016. The large amount so soon to be thrown upon the market has a tendency to keep the premium down.

Stocks are more active. The plethora of money induces investments in all dividend-paying securities.

A new counterfeit is afloat in this city, being $20, altered from $5, on the First National Bank of Boston, Mass.

The Western Union Telegraph Co. have declared a semi-annual dividend of 2 per cent., payable July 1st.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The general markets are drooping. On Saturday Wheat fell off in New York 10@2c. per bushel, and flour about 20c. per barrel. Western farmers continue to bring out their reserves freely, which, with the prospect of an abundant harvest, is not favorable to those who are operating for a rise. The Wheat and Flour markets in Chicago and Cincinnati are uncommonly dull.

WOOL.—The Eastern market is quite active, though rates are hardly as firm. The sales in Boston last week were 1,200,000 lbs. Manufacturers seem disposed to purchase of the old stock sufficient to bridge over the interim between this and the time the new clip will be offered.

Western wool dealers are urging the importance of having wool put up in better condition than heretofore.

An exhibition of wools and woolen goods is proposed to be held in Chicago, Aug. 4th, 5th and 6th, under the auspices of the woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest.

THE LOCAL MARKET, as is generally the case at this season of the year, is quite dull, and quotations, except in special cases,—as dairy products and the like,—are rather nominal than otherwise. The seed trade is over for the season, hence we omit our customary quotations of the several varieties.

The recent very warm weather is favorable to the corn and other crops, and will have a tendency to repress any advance in the price of grain.

The clip of new wool has commenced arriving in small parcels, and sales have opened at about 55 cents. The quantity received is too small to indicate very closely what the ruling figures will be when the business is fairly opened for the season. The chances for a slight rise or fall seem to be about balanced. We alter our figures to correspond with the opening sales of the new clip.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 16—Flour, wheat, $13,50@15,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,45@2,50; Do. white, $2,70@2,80; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 80@82c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@21cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@27c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@21c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box, ℔ b., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $15@28. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 28½@29c. Flour, $7,25@15,00. Wheat, $2,10@2,70. Rye, $2,00@0,00. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,08@1,17. Oats, 85@85½c. Hops, 10@40c. Pork, mess, $27,25@27,50; new mess, $28,00@28,37; prime, $22,75@23,25; prime mess, $24,25@24,50. Beef, new plain mess, $18,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $20@31,00. Shoulders, 12½@13cts. Hams, 16@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 15½c. Lard, 16½@18½c. Butter, 25@32c. Cheese, 7@15c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 13.—Flour, $9,00@13,50; Rye flour, $9,37@9,50; Wheat, $1,85@2,15; Corn, $0,97@1,04; Oats, 76@77cts; Rye, $1,00; Barley, $2,30; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $4 50@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@28,50; Lard, 18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14½c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 7@15½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 13—Flour, $8,25@14,00. Rye Flour, $9,75@10,25. Corn Meal, $2,30@2,40 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,50@3,05. Rye, $2,05. Barley, $2@2,45. Corn, $1,00@1,10. Oats, 84@86c. Pork, mess, $29,25@29,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $33,00. Smoked hams 18@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 30@35c. Cheese, 16@17c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 13.—Flour, $9,00@10,50; Wheat, $1,86@1,93; Corn, 83@80½c; Oats 66½@66½c; Rye $1,55@1,58; Barley $1,20; Pork, mess, $27,75@28,00; Lard, 17c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 13—Flour, $6,50@12,50; Wheat, $2,20@2,40; Corn, 90@91c ear; Oats, 76@77c; Rye, $1,90@2,02; Barley, $2,40@2,45; Mess pork, $26,75@28; Lard, 17@18½c; Bacon, 13@16½c; Hams, 18@19½c; Shoulders, 13@15c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ b; Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, JUNE 11—Flour, $5,60@7,00; Wheat, spring, $1,40@1,42; fall, $1,47@1,50; Oats, 52@52c; Barley, $1,05; Peas, 56@72c. Pork, mess, $21@23,00; prime, $16@17,00; Bacon, 18@12cts; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 8@10c; Beef hams, 13@17c; Lard, 13@14c; Butter, 12@18c; Cheese, 11@11c; Hay, $11@21; Straw, $12@16.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 8—Beeves—Receipts 6,357 head; quotations 15@18c. Veal calves; receipts 1,969 head; quotations, 8@13c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 13,903 head; quotations, Sheep, 5@8c; Lambs, 12@16c. Swine—Receipts 14,787 head; quotations, 7½@8½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 8—Beeves, $3,75@10,50. Milch Cows, $35@120. Veal Calves, 8½@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 5@6c.; Western 6@7½c.; Canada 8@9c. Hogs, 7@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JUNE 11—Beeves range from 12@15½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, ¼@8c; extra, —@—cts; by the head, $2,00@—. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 8@10cts; retail, 8@11c; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 8½@10c. ℔ b.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ b. Tallow, 7½@9c. Veal Calves, $3@13.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8.—Beef Cattle, 6@11½cts; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 5½@7½c. gross; Hogs, 13@14½c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 13.—Beef cattle range at from $6,25@8,70. Hogs, live, $6,00@8,50.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 12—Beeves, $4@7,50; Sheep, $2,50@5; Hogs, $7,50@8,50 gross.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 12—Beef Cattle, 5@10½cts; Sheep, 5½@7½c; Lambs, $3@5; Hogs, 11½@14½c.

TORONTO, JUNE 11—Beeves range at $6@7,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Calves, $2,50@8.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 13.—Market is inactive. Sales are 382,000 lbs. at 45@56c. for Domestic Fleece, 32@34c unwashed, 42@48c for pulled, 20@34c. for Texas, 27@36c for California.

BOSTON, JUNE 11—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 45@50c; pulled, 25@53½c; medium and extra Western, 45@48c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 11—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c; Tub Washed, 40@46c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 12—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 42@44c.; Medium, 38@40c.; Coarse, 37@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 45@50c.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 12.—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 38@43c; Pulled, 30@35c.

MARRIED.

IN Jackson, Mich., on Sunday, the 7th of June, by Rev. A. P. MEADE, D. W. ABRAMS of Paw Paw, and Miss S. A. CLARK of Lawrence.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

INVENTORS wanting Patents, send for Circulars, to DODGE & MUNN, 452 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.—Thorough; Systematic; Practical. Instruction given in Methods of Study and in Methods of Teaching. For Circulars, address J. A. COOPER. Edinboro, Erie Co., Pa. 961-2teo

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO., BEARING SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM. PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST EXPRESSLY PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN OF THE UNITED STATES.

These Securities, based upon the most favored portion of the Great National Pacific Railroad Line, representing the first claim thereon, and which rest upon a valuable and productive property furnished by an equal amount of the Government Bonds, and a similar amount of Private Capital, Net Earnings, Donations, etc. They have thirty years to run, are already taken in large amounts for steady investments both in this country and in Europe, and are favorably regarded as being among the very **best and safest Corporate obligations** offered on this Continent, and are believed to be secure against all ordinary contingencies.

The Bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in New York City in January and July, and are offered for sale at

103 PER CENT. AND ACCRUED INTEREST,

in currency, from the date of the payment of the last coupon. At the present rates of gold they yield **more than Eight per cent. upon the investment,** with the prospect of a steady appreciation of the premium upon the Bonds.

The Company have now built and in successful operation 150 miles of road, on both slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, including by far the most difficult and expensive portion of the whole. They have also an unprecedented force, extending the track into the Salt Lake Basin, the middle of which will be reached in Autumn, making more than 330 miles in operation. Several important tributary Branch and Connecting Roads are projected and now being built, and the prospect is fair that the continuous

Through Line Across the Continent

will be completed early in 1870, or about two years from this time.

The Net Earnings from Local Business merely, for the past year, upon less than 100 miles, operating under temporary disadvantages, amounted to $1,087,901, in gold, over the operating expenses; and the Gross Earnings for the First Quarter of the current year were 50 per cent. greater than for the same period in 1867. It is estimated that the Net Earnings for 1868 will reach **$2,500,000,** which, after deducting interest payments, (estimated at less than $1,000,000,) are applied to Construction purposes. Besides further Subscription to the Capital Stock, and other Resources, the Company will be receiving from the United States Government its 30-year Six per cent. Bonds, at the rate of $32,000 per mile, and are therefore enabled to carry forward the enterprise with the utmost confidence and vigor.

☞ The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time;* but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of such advance will be filled at present price.

We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from 5 to 10 per cent. profit and keep the principal of their investments equally secure.

Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and Prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

FISK & HATCH,
Financial Agents of the C. P. R. R. Co.,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.

OFFICES OF THE COMPANY,
No. 54 William Street, New York, and
Nos. 56 and 58 K Street, Sacramento, California.
Sold by FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.
GREEN BROTHERS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

Subscriptions received through Banks and Bankers, generally.

☞ All **Descriptions of Government Securities Bought, Sold, or Exchanged,** at our office and by Mail and Telegraph, **at MARKET RATES.**

☞ **SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES** converted into the New Five-Twenties, or any other class of Government Bonds.

☞ **ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS** and others received, and favorable arrangements made for desirable accounts.

☞ **GOLD, COUPONS, and COMPOUND-INTEREST NOTES** Bought and Sold.

☞ Miscellaneous **STOCKS** and **BONDS** Bought and Sold, at the Stock Exchange, on Commission, for Cash.

☞ Dealers and Investors out of the City desiring to make negotiations in any of the above, may do so through us by mail or telegraph, as advantageously as though personally present in New York.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

AGENTS WANTED.—GRANT AND COLFAX.—A perfect Steel Engraving of each, 8x10 oval, with or without Frames. Samples of both for 50 cents, post-paid. Also, life of both for 25 cents. 100 per cent. profit. Address GOODSPEED & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

DUTCHER'S LIGHTNING FLY-KILLER.—The original article, containing more than double the poison of any other, and therefore better and cheaper. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies. Sold everywhere. 961-2teo

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by 961-6teo O. A. ROORBACH, No. 162 Nassau St., N. Y.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG, 961-2teo 94 Columbia St., New York City.

$10 TO $20 A DAY, SURE, AND NO MONEY required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our PATENT EVERLASTING WHITE WIRE CLOTHES LINES. Address 961-2teo THE AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago.

GOLD! GOLD!—MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in twenty-one days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent free for 70 cents a package. Address E. H. COLVIN, Hadley's Station, Ill.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR HOWLAND'S GRANT, AS A SOLDIER AND A STATESMAN. An accurate history of his Military and Civil Career. In one large octavo vol., nearly 650 pages, finely illustrated. Agents will find this the book to sell at the present time. The *largest commission given.* We employ no General Agents, and offer extra inducements to canvassers. Agents will see the advantage of dealing directly with the publishers. For descriptive circulars and terms address 961-2teo] J. B. BURR & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Central Pacific Railroad Co.
Nichols & Shepard's Vibrator—Nichols & Shepard.
The American Fruit Preserving Powders.
Penman Wanted—H G Eastman.
Gen. Wilson's Life of Gen. Grant—Robt M De Witt.
Auction Sale of Fine Blooded Stock—Thos Fitch.
Farm for Sale—E E Lewis.
Family Knitting Machine—Masury & Reynolds.
A New Invention—H F Merrill.
$200 a Month—Clark & Co.
Agents Wanted—Goodspeed & Co.
Dutcher's Lightning Fly Killer.
Mowing Machine Sections—Sweet, Barnes & Co.
Book Agents Wanted—J B Burr & Co.
Peters' Emigrant and Land Agency—T C Peters.
The Crossman Clay & Mfg Co—J R Crossman.
Gold! Gold!—E H Colvin.
$10 to $20 a day. Sure—The American Wire Co.
The Book of Wonders—O A Roorbach.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
Pennsylvania State Normal School—J A Cooper.
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The News Condenser.

— London is to give Napier a thousand dollar sword.
— The King of Greece is anxious about his finances.
— Australia is whispering of separation from England.
— The female coal miners of England get 1s. 2d. a day.
— The Pope is 77, his grandfather lived to the age of 96.
— Buttered sponge is an unhealthy edible for rats.
— The plague of locusts has reached Missouri.
— Strawberries are 25 cts. for three quarts in St. Louis.
— Irving's two nieces are still living at Sunnyside.
— The old Mormon hall, at Nauvoo, Ill., is burned.
— There are 60,000 Germans in Texas, mostly farming.
— The Crown Princess of Russia has a son.
— Eggs are selling at ten cents apiece in Utah.
— The Persian Gulf is to be explored.
— The Bakers in New York are on a strike.
— The Mexican Congress has adjourned until Sept.
— Milwaukee had no fires last month.
— Chicago talks of tunneling the river at La Salle St.
— The widow of the late Abyssinian King is dead.
— The building season opens briskly in Philadelphia.
— Yellow fever in Callao is killing 200 a day.
— Green corn abounds in the New Orleans market.
— The wheat harvest has commenced in Tennessee.
— Coal has been found in Wabasha Co., Minnesota.
— The Chicago bricklayers want $5 per day.
— San Francisco is to have a park of 1,000 acres.
— Boston has sold the last of her Liverpool steamers.
— Marquez positively denies that he betrayed Maximilian.
— The National Typographical Union meets in Albany next year.
— A water spout played antics in Knox county, Md., last week.
— The wife of a Chicago policeman committed suicide last week.
— The mining interests of Arizona are in a prosperous condition.
— Formidable military preparations are still going on in Canada.
— Prince Humbert and his bride will pass the summer near Milan.
— Great fires are raging in the pine woods of Northern Wisconsin.
— France has resumed diplomatic relations with the Bey of Tunis.
— The Albany concert saloons have been indicted by the grand jury.
— France pays $3,000,000 for its Legislature, $5,000,000 for its Emperor.
— Germany sends twenty delegates to the Chicago singing festival.
— Two Georgia negroes fought a duel lately, and one of them was killed.
— A Memphis negro girl recently attempted to poison an entire family.
— A "flood of street beggars" is complained of by the Cleveland papers.
— Admiral Farragut's fleet is still riding at anchor in the harbor of Brest.
— An extensive batch of murder trials are in progress at Worcester, Mass.
— Ithaca is organizing a savings bank, with Hon. Ezra Cornell as President.
— The weather at New York Saturday week was the hottest of the season.
— The entire Chinese portion of Jackson, Cal., was destroyed by fire recently.
— In ten weeks Newfoundland has landed $1,000,000 worth of seals—450,000.
— A Montreal dispatch states that 700 soldiers are to start for St. Johns soon.
— Vienna is jealous of the smiles lavished upon the Prince of Prussia in Italy.
— Three men have been arrested in New York for the murder of Richard Butler.
— A nugget of gold and quartz, worth $20,000 has been found at Remington Hill, Cal.
— The Spiritualists of the State of New York lately met in convention at Hudson.
— A colored Orphan Asylum and Mission School is to be established in Brooklyn.
— An old lady named Lewellyn was gored nearly to death by a cow in Cleveland.
— A couple of Cleveland urchins last week stole a horse and sold it, then stole it again.
— Accommodation for two thousand troops is being prepared at St. Johns, Quebec.
— The young heir to the throne of All the Russias, is to bear the name of Nicholas.
— A Mr. Taylor of Cambria, N. Y., was killed by lightning lately while asleep in his bedroom.
— A little child was drowned in the gutter at Albion on Thursday week, during a heavy shower.
— The Troy Common Council has appropriated $1,000 with which to celebrate the Fourth of July.
— The Crown Prince of Prussia has declared for freedom of the press, and the reactionists are shocked.
— Pictures illustrating the evils of intemperance are to be hung up in the bar rooms of Washington.
— Rev. John C. Lyon, founder of the German Methodist Church in America, died at Baltimore the 22d ult.
— Patrick Ross, the murderer, died in Cincinnati last week from the effects of a late attempt at suicide.
— The steamer Narva has sailed from London with the new sub-marine cable to be between Cuba and Florida.
— Ira Penfield of Stepney, Conn., has a child seven months old who can talk so as to be plainly understood.
— Detective Pinkerton and his assistants are at work investigating the recent Express robbery on the Jeffersonville Railway.
— Levi Patridge, Cashier of the First National Bank of Seneca Falls, attempted to commit suicide in Syracuse Sunday evening week.
— A lad named Conkling is under arrest in New York for committing forgeries upon the East River National Bank. He has confessed.
— A Brooklyn man named Alonzo McCormick shot his wife on Saturday, killing her instantly, and then killed himself. Cause, New England rum.
— The new system of requiring the payment of taxes on bonded whisky before the owner can ply his distillery is working satisfactorily in New York.

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About 25 head are thoroughbred Alderneys.
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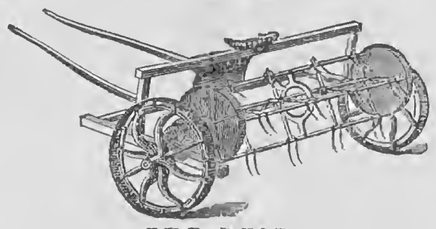
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A PERSIAN LEGEND.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Calif Hassan—so the tale is told—
In honors opulent and rich in gold,
One New Year's day, sat in a palm tree's shade,
And, on a stone that lay beside him, made
An inventory—naming one by one
His benefactions; all that he had done
Throughout the year; and thus the items ran:
"Five bags of gold for mosques in Ispahan;
For caravans to Mecca, seven more;
For amulets to pious people, four;
Three for the Ramazan; and two to pay
The holy Dervishes who thrice a day
In prayer besought the safety of my soul;
Item, one loaf of bread, a weekly dole
To a poor widow with a sickly child."
The Calif read the reckoning o'er and smiled
With conscious pleasure at the vast amount,
When, lo! a hand sweeps over the account!
With sudden anger, Hassan looked around,
And saw an Angel standing on the ground,
With wings of gold, and robe of purest white!
"I am God's messenger—employed to write
Within this book the pious deeds of men;
I have revised thy reckoning—look again!"
So to the man the Angel spake aloud,
Then slowly vanished in a rosy cloud.
The Calif, looking, saw upon the stone
The final item standing there alone!

The Story Teller.

A KIND HEART REWARDED.

Knowing that many readers are more interested in tales founded upon facts than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, although rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouched for by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer. The newly-married couple had just come from the altar, and were about starting on a bridal tour as the following conversation took place:

The newly-married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand; for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which in the hour of happiness some malignant fairy steps ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair."

"Reassure yourself, my dear Frederic," said the lady; "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she.

At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed.

"I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; "and in spite of refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me! Madame?" cried Frederic.

"Yes, sir, you——. Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend! What can you think of me? Yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederic replied politely to these apologies.

Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the fair lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled by admirers.

One by one, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance was magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue—could he hesitate?

When the marriage contract was signed, his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of large property, both in England and in France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederic," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but did not quit her hand. She began, "Once on a time"—Frederic started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!" "Listen to me, foolish boy," resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well-born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprung up and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, but at last died in an hospital.

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging.

"She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and stooping so as to simulate age, she went out into the street. When there, she held out her hand. Alas, the hand was white and youthful and delicate! Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself, and asked, 'A sou—a single sou to get bread?' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that the experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened, his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night-police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police said to the girl:

"'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! Come along!'

"The young man interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly:—'This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer—'I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued:

"'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

"The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine," continued the lady, "and as you walked along supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure"—

"My figure!" said Frederic, in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned his wife. "It was to me that you gave alms on that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps, that you saved."

"You a mendicant—you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity enabled me to enter as seamstress in a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and indeed I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learned that I was of good family; in short, learned my whole history. The result was that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"'Marry you!' cried I, in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife. I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care, that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it.'

"At that time, Frederic," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, but that once was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal. This part of the story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recess of my heart. But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies and theaters. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribband, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. "It is the same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by pledging it I got a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part from it.

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England and there pass my days, in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full capacity of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederic," said she gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

SAVED.

I believe the boy came to steal. Why else did he creep into the kitchen window without knocking?

Pet was sitting there in one of her thoughtful moods. I could see through the side window, though the luxuriant grape vine hid me completely from view. At first sight the boy startled me. He was uncouth—he was ugly. Not only that, but his brow was low; and to me his eye was vicious. Some children would have screamed at the sight of such an apparition—Pet did not. Instead, a smile broke over her face like a burst of sunshine.

Nothing human repulsed her. I have shuddered to see her clasp a filthy little creature round the neck. Everybody was "nice" with her, and in her vocabulary "niee" meant good.

But to go back to the rough intruder.

It startled him to see her smile, but in an instant the boy looked ashamed. A flush spread to the purplish swellings under his eyes.

"Is 'oo hungry?" cried Pet, in a clear, small, bird-like voice.

A moment after, she emerged from her corner with a lovely rose apple, that filled both her wee hands, and running toward him, her eyes shining—I thought I never had seen so beautiful an expression in a human face.

"Take 'is and 'ool be niee—'oo is nice, ain't 'oo?"

The boy looked down at the small blessing; his lips worked a little. Sure am I no sermon would have reached his poor heart as did that little act. He seemed to hesitate.

"Take it," said I, cheerfully; "Pet would rather you would eat it, I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do anything for you?" coming in as I spoke.

The tears stood in his eyes now.

"I don't know as I want anything, ma'am, I—well—I—don't know as I need anything!"

"Have you a home?" I asked.

"A—a—home—that's what I never had."

"Dive him somefin more, mamma," said Pet, pitifully, grieving for the tears.

He looked at her almost with a worshiping glance.

"I have two or three cords of wood that want splitting and piling down the cellar," said I.

"I'll do it," he cried, brightening.

I looked at him keenly.

"Can I trust you?" I asked; but I tried to say it with a smile.

"Yes, you may, ma'am; indeed, you may," he said; and, then, with a swift motion, jerked his sleeve across his eyes. He told me that he was called Bertie, and I imparted his name to Pet. So every little while she would pat-a-pat to the head of the cellar stairs and cry out:

"Bertie—is 'oo nice?" then throw back her head and burst into such silvery peals of laughter, that I laughed softly to myself every time I heard her.

Bertie came next day to finish his job, and his grey eyes grew positively beautiful at sight of Pet.

"O, I love her, ma'am," he exclaimed, "O, I'd give anything if I might kiss her, ma'am."

"Pet, Bertie wants to kiss you," I said.

"Is 'oo nice?" laughed Pet, suspending her busy little operations.

"No—no—I ain't niee," he said, remorsefully.

She seemed to deliberate a moment; then she said, slowly:

"Well, 'oo must be niee;" came up to him and put up her lips.

He kissed her—made that swift, awkward motion with his sleeve again, and hurried to his work.

My husband became interested in the boy.

"Depend upon it, Hetty," said he, "he's a neglected genius, or he never would have shown such sensibility. I'll see about him."

He did see about him to some purpose. He gave him occupation; found him reliable and steady work. The war broke out—Bertie enlisted—was wounded and came near dying in the hospital. From that sick bed he returned home refined, spiritualized. Ah, me! he came home to weep over Pet's still, waxen features.

"Oh! my little salvation!" he cried, with tears of agony; "under God—my little saviour!"

Pet, in her home above, must rejoice if she sees Bertie—now an earnest student in Christ; for this sketch is not all fancy. Bertie will be a shining light, a brand saved from the burning, to minister to the heirs of glory.

As for Pet, do you think I ever wished her back? Never.

My waiting angel—my seraph guide to the courts of heaven! My one little child that never gave the heart that loved her a single pang! "Of such is the kingdom," and with such my darling is safe forevermore.

PRODUCTION OF AMBER.

The little fishing village of Schwarzot, situated on the shore of the Baltic, between Memel and Dantzic, about two leagues to the south of the former place, has within the last three years acquired a certain importance, owing to the discovery of a large bed of amber. This bed is situated near the Cape Korning, and is believed to be extensive. Four steam dredges are employed for the collection of the amber, as well as a considerable number of dredges worked by hand. The amber is found almost uniformly in separate nodules, with lignite, disseminated in the sands at a depth of from ten to twelve feet. The dredging is carried on day and night, by shifts of eight hours each. About four hundred persons are employed at this work, and their wages are on an average thirty-two silver groschen (53 cents) per shift. The quantity of amber collected is considerable, amounting to some 288 lbs. per shift, and for six days' work 5,184 lbs. The sand is sent on shore, when it is washed, in order to find the amber.

Wit and Humor.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

I was sitting beside
My destined bride,
One still, sentimental day;
"How I long," said I,
"But to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away!"

Fair Cecily blush'd,
Her voice grew hush'd,
I thought she would cry to be sure;
But she lisp'd to me,
Pouting prettily,
"Prevention is better than cure!"

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

Can a man learn the ropes that are not tant?

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

What comes next to an oyster? The shell. (A hard case that!)

Interesting to a youthful barrister—A maiden brief is not a little girl.

"One bumper at parting," as the man said when he ran against a post.

The principal feature in the new spring hat is the height of the price.

A fly in a man's butter is decidedly the least pleasant of all kinds of butterflies.

A wag told us the other day, that "one half of the lawyers live without a cause and die without effect."

An old bachelor says that the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is but "he! he! he!"

The hog may not be thoroughly posted in arithmetic, but when you come to square root he is there—the hog is.

Matrimonial advertisements now read:—"No cards, no cake, no wine." The next thing will be "No wedding."

"I won't pay for steaks as tough as these," said an angry boarder. "There's no law to compel me—they're not a legal tender."

It may perhaps be thought difficult to decide which is the more destructive—the mortar in the battle-field or the mortar in the drug-shop.

Felix says the Cincinnatians don't celebrate the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. They are too much devoted to Packin-ham.

The Chicago Republican says:—"Junius Henri Brown contemplates a 'Mirror of Manhattan.'" If he contemplates it long, he'll surely break it.

A little boy returning home from Sabbath School, said to his mother;—"Ain't there a kitty-chism for little boys? This cat-a-chism is too hard."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher, "Of what is the German Diet constituted?" replied, "Sour krout, schnapps, lager beer, and nix cum arons."

The following is a recent verdict of a western jury, "We are of opinion that the deceased came to his death *casually*, by an *accidental* stroke of thunder."

When a single gentleman cannot pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.

"Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the programme no piece can be repeated," was the answer White received from his landlady upon asking for a second piece of pie at dinner.

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:—"By me sowl, and that's a good idea! Sure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his life-time!"

A man in telling about a wonderful parrot hanging in a cage from the window of a house which he often passed, said, "It cries 'stop thief' so naturally that every time I hear it I always stop."

A few years since, at the celebration of a national anniversary, a poor pedlar, who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following:—"Here is health to poverty; it sticks to a man when all his friends desert him."

A rural couple, studying the beauties of an art gallery at Boston, discovered the word "Requiem" on the bust of Mozart. "Re-qui-em—who's he, anyhow?" "I guess," said the girl, "he was French or Dutch, or somebody else somewhere," and they went on to other scenes.

As a gentleman was walking under the arcade of the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington, looking at the works of art displayed there, he came upon two well-dressed ladies examining a statuette of Andromeda, labeled, Executed in Terra Cotta. "Executed in Terra Cotta," says one; "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," returned the other; "But I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 9, 50, 26, 10, 47 is what we all use.
My 1, 29, 52, 48, 43, 30, 25 is a girl's name.
My 27, 3, 54, 8, 16 is a useful animal.
My 35, 33, 24, 31, 46, 51, 33, 18 is one of the Southern States.
My 28, 13, 17, 5, 34, 41 is what we eat.
My 12, 53, 15, 10, 38, 53, 34 is one of the United States.
My 49, 34, 45, 53, 41, 2, 28, 37, 32, 52 is a city in Virginia.
My 4, 6, 15, 51, 46, 34 is a girl's name.
My 39, 21, 11, 44, 21, 23 is a town in Wyoming county.
My 18, 1, 7, 42 is a part of the body.
My 20, 25, 22, 7, 53 is a county in New York.
My 28, 36, 14, 51, 51, 10, 40 is an island between the Indian and Pacific oceans.
My whole is a Proverb of Solomon.

Grosvenor's Corners. A. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

The school-boy views with longing eyes
My first; and for it often sighs.

My next go down to the sea in ships,
Or throng the streets with bearded lips.

My third will hang a man till dead,
Or hold him up alive in bed.

My whole is but a wholesome spice,
Brought from the east, with cloves and rice.

Denio.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ether rac otw sway ot evil no reath,—
Wot aysw ot edgjn, to cat, ot evwi;
Orf lal nights reeh vhae loubde thirb—
A grith dan grown—a salfe nad rute!

Ho! paphy eyth woh pyhap kame—
How singlesh lilts seemthelvs rac stelb!
Ohw tinsgomeh rapes orf hereto kase,
Dna rivest ni lal stingh rof eth steb!

Cleveland, O. Jonas Perdue.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A and B agree to dig a trench 50 rods long for $100. It is worth half a dollar a rod more to dig one end than the other. Required the number of rods each shall dig to receive his $50. W. H. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 959.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Our best friends are those who tell us of our faults.

Answer to Anagram:

A gentle word is never lost;
O never then refuse one,—
It cheers the heart when sorrow-tost,
And lulls the cares that bruise one.
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
It turns our thorns to roses;
It changes dreary night to day,
And hope and peace discloses.

Answer to Printers' Rebus:—Be honest, and always backward in self-praise.

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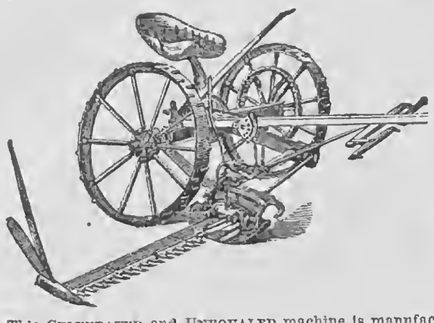

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PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

HIRAM BUMPHREY AND REUBEN D. JONES, Assistant and Commercial Editors.

Special Contributors.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE TURNIP CROP.

WE suppose there are few farmers who would object to a liberal turnip crop, if, at the proper time, it were found stored in their cellars, ready for feeding stock. And if it is not yet expedient for American farmers to engage in turnip growing as largely as their English cousins, it may be of great profit for them generally to grow moderate quantities, and, in many cases, large crops. The farmer who at the present season looks over his resources, and fears he is not producing food enough to carry his stock through next winter, may yet increase those resources to an extent which will enable him to even *add to* instead of diminishing his number of animals. Putting in a turnip crop will do this; and just now, before you are fully engaged in the grain harvest, is the time to devote a day or two to this work.

If the farmer unexpectedly determines to raise turnips it may puzzle him a little to select the land for their growth. He has no place prepared: but there may be several locations on his farm where an experienced turnip grower would expect to attain reasonable success. If by mischance there are vacant spots in the corn or potato field, sow them to turnips. The stubble of the earliest cut grain, plowed, fitted and sowed promptly, may give a fine crop. Or a light and brittle clover sod inverted with care, will fit the turnip plant. There is, indeed, no lack of place for the crop on any farm.

Where there is a chance for selection the soil should be fertile, and one that may be finely pulverized and readily worked. Then preparations should be made to grow a large crop; it is much better to raise eight hundred bushels on one acre than ten hundred on two. The foundation for a large crop is manure; faith and a liberal hand is wanted there. Good culture rears the superstructure; skill and industry should labor together. The Swede, or ruta-baga, which variety is perhaps unexcelled as a field crop, is peculiarly remarkable for its wanting manure to give it a start. A little concentrated fertilizer in the drills is what is needed so to push the plant vigorously in its first growth that it may escape the turnip fly, and acquire early the broad rough leaves through which the plant derives from the air a very great share of its substance. If the method of culture is thorough, aiming to grow a large crop from a given area, we should advise planting in drills that are about two feet apart. These may be opened with a plow, manure spread along them, then dirt turned on to the manure, thus forming over it little ridges. These should be slightly flattened and the seed sown about three-quarters of an inch deep and at the rate of one pound per acre. In our climate it would be of some importance to sow the seed while the soil is fresh and damp so that the seed will germinate quickly. Broadcast sowing is often practiced, but for a good crop it is not commendable.

When the plants first appear they are often infested with the turnip fly. The best remedy is to push the plants with manure so they will soon get the rough leaves, when the insect becomes harmless. It is useful to dust plaster over the plants. As soon as the young turnips are of sufficient height to mark the rows well, cultivators should be passed between them, and the dirt scraped from the sides of the ridges, leaving them only three or four inches in width and two or three in height. A few days later the plants must be thinned in the row so they will stand about one foot apart. This work is rapidly done with a hoe, an active hand going over one-third of an acre in a day. This completes the hand labor, if the ground is tolerably free from weeds, until harvesting; but the cultivator must be used. The main growth of the turnip is made in the fall, moist, dark weather being favorable to its development. It is not injured by the ordinary fall frosts, but continues its growth late. It should be harvested in November.

Our illustration represents several varieties, of which the Swedes and Red Top Strap Leaf are the best for market or stock. The Kohl Rabi is a singular plant, intermediate between the Cabbage and Turnip. It rises one stem above ground, but the bulb and leaves are those of the Turnip family. They are grown extensively for stock in Europe.

FARM PIONEERS.

PIONEERS are an important portion of an army, especially on a march through a rough and primitive country. But pioneers are not confined to the military solely, but are found self-appointed in all newly settled countries. There is many a stalwart man who marches into the woods with the tread of a giant; searches for a spring, and, when found, locates a cabin near it and says, mentally, "here I stick my stakes." He means it, and goes to work with a will. The forest becomes vocal with the reverberating blows of the ax and the crash of falling timber. In a short time an opening is made; ground that has reposed in the shade for ages feels the genial influences of the sun, and is bedecked with waving grain. Home seems stamped on every thing around. But the pioneer tires of a fixed position; the glare of the sun is too strong for his optics, and he pines for the solitude and undress of the forest. The pioneer fever is strong upon its victim. Stakes are pulled up, "betterments" sold, and another dive into the far west is made with all the zest of a first effort.

Such are the pioneers of the real farmers, smoothing down, as do the military ones, the rough places, and preparing the way for the advancing thousands which follow along the routes thus explored. There are some of this pioneer class of farmers who have set and pulled up their stakes half a dozen times before age and consequent diminution of physical power warn them that it is time to make them fast for life. This class pioneer for the excitement. They are like the Athenians, ever after some new thing. But there is another class who are pioneers from necessity; men with strong local attachments, but whom misfortunes have compelled to seek shelter in the region of cheap lands. These last are the men who will leave a more lasting mark in the place where they settle than will the first. The first throw up temporary structures; the last permanent ones. The first move from a feverish impulse; the last from settled convictions. The one is the light artillery of advancing civilization; the last the heavy battery.

GAS LIME AND OTHER REFUSE OF GAS WORKS.

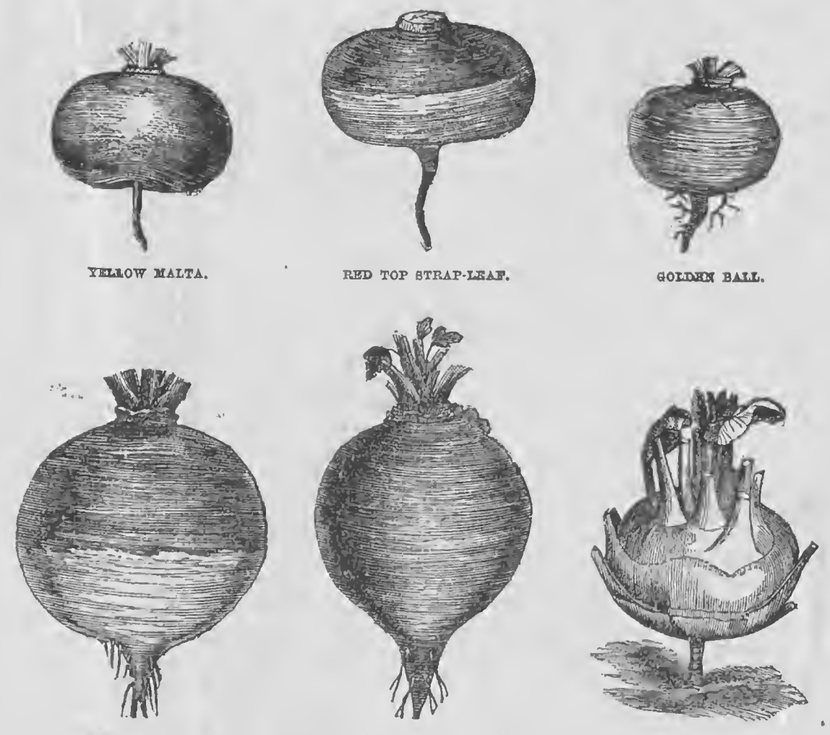
N. S. H. asks, through the RURAL, "How much gas lime shall be put upon an acre of land?" The multiplication of gas works in every considerable town, producing a large amount of this refuse lime, renders this question very important to farmers in the vicinity. In order to understand this question fully, it will be necessary to look into the composition of this gas lime. The gas is forced through the dry-slacked lime to purify it of its sulphuretted hydrogen and other impurities. In its fresh state gas lime contains some ammonia, which is soon dissipated as a carbonate, and it also soon parts with its hydrogen. What change is produced in the lime may be seen by the following analysis of Prof. J. F. W. JOHNSTON:

COMPOSITION OF GAS LIME.

	When nearly fresh.	When a year or two old.
Water and Coal Tar	9.59	9.59
Carbonate of Lime	58.33	56.41
Hydrate of Lime, (Caustic)	5.92	—
Sulphate of Lime, (Land Plaster)	2.77	29.32
Sulphite and Hyposulphite of Lime	15.42	—
Sulphur	.92	—
Prussian Blue	1.80	1.80
Alumina and Oxide of Iron	3.40	3.40
Sand, &c.	1.29	1.29
	100.00	101.81

A careful scrutiny of this analysis will explain the cause of the different opinions of the value of gas lime. The fifteen per cent. of sulphite or hyposulphite of lime dissolves readily in water, and when used fresh in considerable quantity, is dissolved by water and carried down to the roots of plants so rapidly as to injure or destroy them, and thus comes the statement that it will kill rather than nourish vegetation. Some years ago, when in a hurry, meeting an acquaintance in Buffalo, who had heard of my using gas lime, he asked me if I had found it beneficial. To which I replied, "Yes, a valuable manure," and passed on. The next thing I heard he had put on twenty loads to the acre and killed every green thing. But I understand the soil has been much benefited by the application since.

It will be seen by the analysis that, after being exposed to the air for a time, this sulphite of lime changes to sulphate of lime or land plaster and thus becomes very useful to vegetation. The sulphite of lime is not injurious to vegetation when used in the proper quantity. The fresh gas lime may be used with perfect safety if mixed with five times its quantity of muck or other compost. I have used it with excellent effect, mixed one to three with bone manure. Fifty bushels of the lime mixed in this manner and sown upon an acre of oats produced fifty per cent. more than another acre adjoining, without manure; and I thought this difference could not be attributed to the three loads of horse manure. I also used two loads of old gas lime alone upon an acre of wheat, and found a great improvement over an unmanured portion of the same field. It will be seen that fifty-eight per cent. is carbonate of lime uncombined with impurities of the gas. This portion is as valuable as lime slaked in any other way. Then the sulphur is certainly beneficial when combined with lime in the form of gypsum or land plaster. After using it for years, I have come to consider gas lime, properly managed, a very valuable ingredient for the compost heap, or as an application to be used alone in moderate quantity. If fresh, not more than fifty bushels should be used on an acre, mixed with five times its bulk of muck or scraping of the barnyard. But if it has been composted for a year double that amount may be used with profit.



YELLOW MALTA. RED TOP STRAP-LEAF. GOLDEN BALL.

GREEN-TOP SWEDE. LAING'S PURPLE-TOP SWEDE. KOHL RABI.

VARIETIES OF TURNIPS.

AMMONIACAL LIQUOR.

This refuse of the gas works has not been used to any extent in this country. But it is valuable as a manure, and to those in the vicinity of the gas works it would many times repay the cost of saving and applying it. The gas is forced up through hollow columns filled with water spray, which absorbs the ammonia from the gas and retains it. This ammoniated water has the principal fertilizing agent of urine, and when used with compost causes a rapid decay of vegetable matter and adds great fertilizing power. It may be used in a liquid form, but, in that case, it must be diluted—one of the liquor to four of water. In this proportion it has been applied with a water cart at the rate of 400 gallons per acre, a few days before putting in the crop. This liquor is rich in nitrogen, which has been reckoned the most valuable portion of Peruvian guano. Immense quantities of this liquor go to waste, which might be used to fertilize thousands of acres of wheat and other grain, and thus add to the sustenance of mankind.—E. W. S.

NOTES FROM THE FARM.

COBBLE STONE WALLS.

I HEARTILY detest that thing called a cobble stone wall, commonly supposed to be a fence, but mostly a good harboring place for vermin and a very effective contrivance for teaching stock—especially sheep—to be unruly. Cobble stone on the fields are a nuisance, but most farmers so unfortunate as to be troubled thereby have committed a greater by putting them into fences. It isn't in their nature to be made into a satisfactory fence, first, because you can't build a cobble stone wall high enough for a complete and legal barrier without having it tumble down in a few years, and second, you can't build it low enough, finishing the fence with rails or boards, to keep it from going the same way. Of course, there are some ways of building wall that render them more durable than others. If you make them broad at the base, narrow at the top, low, and then bank them sufficiently to keep the frost from the foundation you get half a fence. But the work costs as much as a whole fence out of good rails or posts and boards would, and what is gained thereby? Better plow up a simple bank of earth and put the rails or boards on that; or, what is better, plant a hedge.

Well, what would I do with the cobble stone? Bury them. Put them out of sight and the way of troubling forever. They can be made of more service to the farmer underground than above. Fill up ditches with them, and if more remain find hollows, or sinkholes that are too wet and low, dig great holes in them and fill up with stone. You can mend many bad places around the farm in that way, every field will absorb the stone on it, and you will never be troubled with them afterwards.

It don't pay to have too much fencing on a farm. Consider that it is of no use but to restrain stock in pasture. For all other farm purposes fences are in the way. They are costly, they occupy land, and they harbor weeds. Surely, for the one purpose it is not necessary for us to build and keep up miles of fences on every hundred acres. Let us away with the old fogy practice, and bring the food to the stock, and have only the permanent pasture lands fenced.

THICK AND THIN SEEDING.

We sow too much seed to the acre. I mean of grain; rarely do we sow too much of grass. We should consider that we sow grain to reap grain, and that to head well the plant must have room, air and sunshine. If grass is thick and fine it is of better quality than if thin and coarse, hence it will bear thick seeding. It is not the largest *number* of heads of grain in a field that yield the most bushels per acre, but the greater length and weight of them. A field of grain looks best when the heads lop over with weight of berry; then the sun glances from it and the field delights the beholder. I saw an illustration of thick and thin seeding in a barley field last year; four bushels per acre were sown on one strip and less than two on another. On the first the straw was fine, thick, and heads short and stood perfectly upright; on the second the heads of grain were long, well filled and the berry heavy. The yield of grain was more than double that of the first.

MEADOWS

Should not be mown late if it is desirable to retain them permanently in grass? No seed should be allowed to form on the grass of permanent meadows or pastures. Late mowing, thus allowing seed to ripen in the grass, and light pasturing, which on rich lands brings the same result, are not favorable to the permanency of grass. Not only does the matured seed impoverish the land, but it saps the vigor of the plant itself, and induces it to put forth feebler efforts for growth and even existence. CHIEL.

CONCENTRATED STABLE MANURE.

WHILE E. W. S. is showing very clearly in the RURAL the importance of "soiling" farm stock, perhaps its readers will be gratified with a few facts showing the intrinsic value of concentrated stable manure. In the February and March numbers of the Southern Cultivator of the present year, Dr. E. M. PENDLETON of Sparta, Ga., furnishes tables of carefully conducted experiments with twenty-eight different kinds of manure, applied to cotton. Among all these, *concentrated stable manure* estimated as costing $20 a ton, gave the largest profit on the investment, or 531 per cent.; 167 lbs. per acre drilled in with cotton seed, increased the yield from 588 lbs. to 876 of seed cotton. Gain, 288 lbs., equal to 100 lbs. of lint and 188 lbs. of seed. When cotton was very low in price Dr. P. estimated the "clear profit at $8.89." At the present price of cotton it would be twice that sum, or give him a clear profit of 1,000 per cent on a fair valuation of the stable manure.

A ton of 2,000 pounds of common manure was reduced to less than 400 pounds by thorough drying; or it "lost between 80 and 90 per cent." "It was thoroughly pulverized and sifted—all of which, together with the hauling, &c., were estimated in the cost." Sifting would remove woody stems and tissue of little value as a fertilizer.

Cow manure, gathered from an open cow pen or yard, manipulated in the same way, and estimated at $1 for 100 pounds, gave a clear profit of 315 per cent. Pigeon manure a profit of 328 per cent. Urinated plaster a profit of 97 per cent.

The benefit to accrue from concentrating common farm manure lies in the fact that carbon, water and its elements, are too abundant in the atmosphere and soil, for it to be profitable to haul them far, or spread them by hand, as fertilizers. In ten tons of stable droppings there are eight tons of water, which is no better than rain or snow water on any crop. Why haul and spread this worthless water, when a little drying will remove it? Why not use concentrated manure and drill it in with seed wheat, corn, beans and other crops? Even "chip manure," concentrated, gave Dr. PENDLETON a profit of 24 per cent., estimated at $20 a ton; while "lime or rotten wood" gave a loss of 101 per cent. Cotton seed heated, (probably by fermentation to destroy its vitality,) gave a profit of only 26 per cent.; while similar seed, crushed and pressed without fermenting, gave a profit of 117 per cent. This means that we should let manurial substances ferment and rot on the land or in tilled ground.

Again: 140 pounds of a mixture of Peruvian guano and soluble Pacific applied to an acre gave an increase of seed cotton from 553 pounds to 1,450 pounds, at a clear profit of $26.80; and 492 per cent. on the cost of the fertilizers. Home-made superphosphate gave a profit of 363 per cent., and was used at the rate of 178 pounds per acre.

These profits appear large; but two bushels of plaster applied to an acre of meadow on the Michigan College farm increased the crop of hay over 4,000 pounds—showing an enormous profit on the cost of the fertilizer. Do not these facts warrant the conclusion that it is *possible* to make two or three hundred pounds of the proper food of plants do for the farmer what he expects from 20 loads of yard or stable manure? Are not 4,000 pounds of hay obtained from a little salt of lime, quite as valuable as if made by the most watery dung heap? Such dung heaps smell of agricultural old fogyism—of that happy time when our forefathers went to mill with the grist in one end of the bag and a big stone to balance it in the other. There is no doubt that man once drank salt water at saline springs as wild cattle now do; but if it is proper to concentrate the diffused particles of salt in natural water, why is it not also proper to concentrate fertilizing atoms, greatly diluted in the stable droppings of our farm stock? Who uses sugar diluted in water as it comes from cane, the sugar tree or beet? Corn is not more reproductive in its nature than good stable manure; but, as it is not necessary to plant a whole cornstalk, cob and leaves, to get the living germ of this plant, so it is needless to plant 96 pounds of carbon and the elements of water in manure, to obtain four pounds of the living essence of fertility.

These views were urged upon the attention of the enterprising and intelligent planters of Hancock Co., Ga., over twenty years ago, in an address before their County Agricultural Society by the writer; and they are to-day in advance of all other Americans in the profitable use of manure brought to a focus. It is time to collect the scattered rays of agricultural science—bring them to a point on the art of feeding all cultivated plants, as well as all domesticated animals. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

HOW LONG SHALL FODDER BE CUT?

As friend E. W. S. has abandoned his hair-splitting platform, with regard to cutting fodder, and planted his views exactly on a level with my position, which he at first assailed, we will dismiss our academical nonsense, and treat the subject with the dignity which becomes men who are ambitious to disclose important facts and useful information. It is the height of folly to attempt to palm off on the readers of the RURAL any thing that is not practically useful. Many people who cannot write even a brief paragraph for the press, *can judge* as correctly as if they were competent to wield the pen of a ready writer. There are a great many really intelligent cultivators of the soil who cannot commit a single paragraph of their practice to paper. And yet, I feel willing to take a place at their side as a *learner*. Such men know perfectly well whether we writers record matter that is practically useful or not. A young stripling of a minister sometimes thinks that because he has been introduced into the pulpit he knows more than all the congregation, when many of the fathers and mothers in Israel, who are in their dotage, can talk more theology when in their places than their haughty parson.

It is of no use for us to recommend to intelligent farmers that hay, straw and corn-stalks ought to be cut an eighth of an inch long; or that it ought to be ground into a pulp before it is fed out; or that the cut fodder should be reduced to small fragments, unless we can show that it will pay them; because they are not going to adopt a system of management that will not return to them a *quid pro quo*—an equivalent—for their labor. A millionaire who has so much money that he must set his wits at work, night and day, to devise ways and means of *spending a part* of his interest money, may construct expensive machinery for reducing coarse fodder to a pulp; but it is a palpable absurdity to recommend to the masses of the farmers to grind or crush all their fodder, after it has been run through a straw cutter. They will not do it.

HON. ROSS WINANS of Baltimore, has constructed a huge crushing machine for mashing and grinding all hay and straw fed to three hundred milch cows, after everything is steamed. At first sight, we all say, that is the way to farm it. Admit it to be so, for the sake of the argument. But, when a farmer has only a limited revenue, and a small herd of cattle, will it be possible for him to make it pay, if he expends $2,000 for machinery and apparatus to crush and steam his fodder? The bare interest on the money expended would more than consume his profits. A farmer must count the cost of every operation. We are agreed that the facilities for *cutting* coarse fodder are now so complete that it can be made to pay to chaff the coarse material before feeding it, provided we do not recommend cutting too fine, thus increasing the expense so as to frighten beginners out of an economical operation. If we can get farmers to cut their coarse feed two inches long, we have gained a desirable point. I know it will pay to cut cornstalks and straw two inches long. I am still in doubt, however, about cutting *prime* hay. Very coarse, second quality of hay, I would cut and steam also, if I could devise an apparatus that would not cost more than all the profits of feeding. If we can induce farmers to cut their fodder two inches long, I feel assured that, after a few years, they may think it best to try the experiment of cutting one inch long. But, if we come out squarely, and contend for cutting everything one-eighth of an inch long; that it must be mashed and pulped and steamed, the expense will appear so enormous that farmers would be in dan-

ger of being frightened out of a profitable system of management. Every farmer should count the cost of his operations. If we cut coarse fodder two inches long, the expense will not be so great as to bring the operation into disrepute. Nothing is added to coarse fodder by running it through a cutter. The nourishment is only rendered more available. The chief point is, to reduce the coarse material to such a condition, that an animal can place a large wad of it between the teeth without difficulty. If it be cut two inches long, they can masticate it with great facility. It is better that animals should employ their teeth, to a certain extent, in grinding their food, than that every atom should be pulped; because the saliva will be mingled more completely with what is eaten.

Manual labor is so expensive, that it is desirable to conduct every operation with as little expense as possible. For this reason, we cut fodder as long as animals will eat it with avidity. Then, if a farmer can make it pay to steam everything, it is better to do so. If I make every operation pay a satisfactory profit, and my neighbor says he cannot make it pay to do as I have done, he is not a wise and judicious manager, to attempt to practice what he knows will cost him more than the profits.

S. EDWARDS TODD.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE WOOL BUYERS' COMBINATION.

THE Michigan State Wool Buyers' Association met at Detroit June 2d. The President, in stating the objects of the meeting declared (we quote report of the "Western Rural") that "there seemed to be a determination among farmers to sell wool in a bad condition, for the same price as the best quality of wools should bring." The resolutions fully reaffirm the buyers' rules adopted by the Association last year, and contain the following explicit pledge:

"*Resolved*, That we will buy wool only on these conditions, nor put any local or travelling agents in the market except upon the same terms, and that in any case of deviation from these rules, on the part of any such agents, we will withdraw them from the market."

The rules referred to are the following:

1. A deduction of one-half on greasy and gummy unwashed buck fleeces.
2. A deduction of one-third on heavy washed buck fleeces.
3. A deduction of one-third on all other unwashed, or partially washed fleeces, and on cotted wool, and on unconditioned fleeces made unmerchantable by stuffing with tags and dead wool, or by an excessive use of twine, and on fleeces that have been divided for the purpose of deceiving the buyer.
4. In purchasing wool thus prepared for market, to pay a price proportionate to its relative worth as to texture, strength and other desirable qualities.

The words "greasy and gummy" in the first rule, and the word "heavy" in the second, practically mean nothing, because they apply sufficiently to all or nearly all improved ram's fleeces of the present day to bring them within the scope of those rules.

The Western Rural, commenting on these proceedings, says:

"We need here only express our surprise that a body of intelligent gentlemen should insist that it is just to make exactly the same deduction on a fleece of wool in which there is one pound of dirt as on a fleece in which there are four pounds of dirt; or to make the same deduction on two fleeces of wool, both of which had been very dirty, but one of which had been washed almost clean enough to pass as well washed wool."

Suppose, too, the buying agent should decide that there was "an excessive use of twine," amounting, say, to two ounces on a fleece, otherwise perfectly well "conditioned," weighing five pounds. Would it be just to confiscate upwards of a pound and a half of wool to offset two ounces of twine? What the Michigan Buyers' Association mean by the words, "an excessive use of twine," may be gleaned from one of the "rules" they recommend to growers, viz: that fleeces "be wound with light-colored, strong twine, brought twice each way around the fleece." This may be sufficient in most cases of ordinary sized washed fleeces, but suppose that one or more accidentally become badly torn or separated in shearing—as not unfrequently happens with the best shearers—does not every farmer know that in order to prevent such fleeces from becoming scattered about or even broken in pieces in handling, more twine must be used? Yet this, it would seem, whatever the necessity, subjects one-third of the fleece to confiscation! If the tags, though as well washed as the rest of the fleece, are *put* in it (the words "stuffing with tags" mean no more, for growers do not buy tags to put in their wool) the one-third confiscation *must*, according to the rules, be enforced. So, too, if the fleece is in the least degree "cotted"—though its value is not thereby reduced ten per cent.

If these rules were only intended to meet cases of intended fraud or very culpable carelessness, and the buying agent were left to exercise a sound discretion as to their enforcement, there would be more excuse for them. But the Association makes no exception, and it allows its agents to make no exception. On the contrary, it stands distinctly pledged to discharge any agent who makes *any* deviation from the rules!

No intelligent dealer will for a moment contend that these rules operate equitably in all cases. He makes them partly for his own convenience, so he can comparatively safely employ cheap and incompetent agents who are incapable of exercising sound discretion in purchasing: and partly to compel the growers to prepare their wool for market in the way he (the dealer) prefers to have it done. He establishes fixed discriminations and penalties for non compliance, though in many cases it inflicts no injury on himself, and though compliance would be impracticable or highly injurious to the grower. Take the case of sheep exposed to the ordinary extent to the weather the year round, but not washed because there are no sufficiently accessible or safe places for washing. There are thousands of flocks, especially in our Western States, in this situation—flocks composed of Merinos or English grades which do not carry much "grease," and the wool of which will not lose anything like a third in weight in washing. What is the shrinkage of such wool one-third but an arbitrary *penalty* inflicted by the buyer for not washing? The non washing does *him* no injury. It does the manufacturer no injury. It does the wool no injury. But the *dealer* prefers to handle washed wool, and *therefore* the grower must be *punished* for not, at all hazards, and at wholly unnecessary inconvenience and loss, deferring to that preference!

Who are these lordly gentlemen who thus claim authority to control the laws of trade—to establish new and unnecessary regulations at their pleasure—and to inflict *penalties* and *forfeitures* for their infraction? Are the dealers in a product—who neither grow, manufacture nor in any way add to its value, but merely trade or speculate in it—entitled to dominate over and lay down laws to the *productive* industries which grow and fit that product for human use? We justify no frauds on the part of growers. We are willing to meet the dealers half way in all legitimate efforts to correct bad practices on both sides. But until the dealers *own* the growers, we do not propose, for one, to submit to their *ex parte* legislation, or, not to put too fine a point on it, to their purely arbitrary and insolent dictation.

We recently saw the gist of the dealers' claim that they have a right to make such buying rules as they have done, expressed in the flippant remark of one of their number, that "he supposed every man has a right to buy on the terms that suit him, or let it alone." Has any man the right to attempt to buy on unjust terms? Especially have a body of men a right to *combine* to enforce unjust terms of sale on another body of men, who are in some degree dependent upon them for the customary marketing of their products—and who they imagine must submit to delay and inconvenience in finding new ways to market such products? What is thought by sound business men, the world over, of such combinations? What would be thought if the dealers in other products, such as grain, meat, butter, cheese, &c., should presume on their supposed necessity to the producers to lay down rules of buying precisely analogous to those attempted to be established by the wool dealers? The whole country would scout at such ridiculous impudence.

The Michigan Buyers' Association takes an unusually agressive tone. Its President opened the meeting with a declaration, which does gross injustice to all respectable wool growers. The resolutions are supercilious and assuming in their tenor. The pledge broadly and unblushingly put forth to discharge every agent "in *any* case deviating from the rules"—whatever the circumstances, or whatever equity may require—is, we think, a little the squarest and most impudent avowal of a combination to coerce the growers which has yet appeared. Perhaps the wool growers of Michigan will submit to a dictation not even varnished over with civility, but attempted to be stamped into them with the boot-heels of this Buyers' Association. Perhaps they won't!

Those who thought the buyers' combinations were dying out, must by this time be convinced of their mistake. The time has come for wool growers to assert and maintain their independence, or *retire from the business*. And the time has come when they should earnestly look about for a feasible way of dispensing altogether with *middle men* in marketing their products—or at least all middle men who subscribe to the buyers' rules. The cheese producers in certain portions of Oneida Co., N. Y., have shook off their middle men, and established relations directly with the consumers or their agents in England. We have this fact on very high authority. They were not, so far as we know, goaded to this act by agressive combinations. They did it simply on the score of economy—and because they believed it wholly unnecessary to divide their profits with dealers and speculators. And they have successfully accomplished their object. It certainly ought to be greatly easier to establish the same direct trade between the wool growers and wool manufacturers of the United States. This direct intercourse formerly existed to a very great extent. It can be readily restored—after the existing stagnation in trade has passed away. Let this matter be well considered and investigated by growers—and also by those liberal, intelligent and *numerous* manufacturers who disapprove of the buyers' rules; and while the subject is ripening, let no man who is not driven by pecuniary necessity to such a step, voluntarily *abase* himself by submitting to those rules. We have no doubt that on proper inquiry, even wool merchants enough will be found who will stipulate to sell wool on its merits, and without any regard to rules.

P. S.—Since writing the above, the Prairie Farmer (Chicago) has come to hand, containing the following spirited comments on the Michigan resolutions, closing with an announcement to which we wish to call special attention.

"It is useless to suffer longer in silence, or to crawl at the feet of these men, and supplicate for justice and fairness. As conductors of a paper in the interests of the producers, there is no longer any middle ground for us to take. The agricultural paper that wavers in a manly, out-spoken defense of plain and well known rights of its patrons, is recreant to its great duties, and unworthy of support. It is time for the agricultural press, individual wool growers, wool growers' associations—national, State, county and township—to combine against this manifest wrong which has already banefully affected the wool-growing interest, and threatens to do so disastrously.

"It is gratifying to know that what has already been done in opposition to the obnoxious custom, has influenced one of our largest wool houses to openly avow a determination to conduct its business in a just and equitable manner. We refer to gentlemen Lewisses & Brooks, and trust their example will be speedily followed by our other wool houses, both old and new."

We wrote last week to SAMUEL LAWRENCE & SON, 43 Broadway, New York, a wool house of excellent standing, to know whether they would sell domestic unwashed or other wool on commission according to actual condition, and without regard to the one-third or any other positive rates of shrinkage. They reply:—"The proper way to sell wool is on its merits, and we do it daily, without any regard to 33⅓ or other discount from the market value."

The prices for the new clip are likely to open too low for growers to put their wool into the market at present. There will be plenty of time to look out for purchasers who do not wear the collar of the Buyers' Associations. It is more satisfactory to sell wool at home if it can be done on the proper terms; but it is vastly better to send it to wool houses, like those above named, which will treat the buyers' rules with the contempt they deserve, than it is to submit to those rules. We hope the wool merchants and brokers of the country will be generally interrogated whether they will disregard the buyers' rules or not. We will *publish* lists of those who will and those who will not as fast as they are furnished to us. Those who refuse to answer within a reasonable space *perfectly civil and proper* interrogatories on the subject, should be counted among those who adhere to the buyers' rules.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

DOES WOOL LOSE WEIGHT?—E. C. CLARK, Superintendent of Lawrenceburg (Ind.) Woolen Mills, writes, June 12th:—"Just one year ago, immediately after being clipped, I selected of three-fourths blood wool, fleece washed,—100 lbs. light condition, 100 lbs. heavy condition,—and laid it on the floor of the fourth story of our warehouse. Each lot now weighs just 99 lbs., having shrunk only 1 lb. As that is much less than I expected, I should like to have your experience, if not too much trouble." [We have never made any particular experiments in the matter, but have been under the impression that wool piled in considerable masses scarcely loses any thing in weight the first year, and not a great deal afterwards.]—ED.

SAMPLES AND WEIGHTS OF FLEECES.—NELSON G. HULL, Center Berlin, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., sends 3 samples from 2 yr. old ewes, which have suckled their lambs since early part of March; fleeces from 10 to 15 days over a year's growth, and weighed respectively, 11 lbs., 11¾ lbs., and 12 lbs. Staple of one, 2½ in. long; of the other two, 3 in. long. Wool of all clear, bright, of good style and fine for American Merino. The ewes were bred by E. E. BROWN, New Hope, N. Y., and received a premium at State Fair at Auburn, 1867. They were got by Orion, bred by HENRY S. RANDALL, he out of Tulip 3d, bred by EDWIN HAMMOND, and got by Silver Mine, &c., &c.

We have been so unlucky as to get Mr. H. A. TOLL's samples mixed with others, and cannot identify them with certainty. Will he send others?

The remarks of a correspondent on Messrs. CROSSMAN's weights of fleeces, published by us June 6th, will be deferred until the Messrs. C. have time to produce their proofs.

Dairy Department.

FEED FOR DAIRY STOCK.

DURING the summer season cows, except in the instance of soiling, are expected to get their own living from the pasture, and this they will do very well if the grass is of the right quality and the quantity sufficient for the purpose. It is in the winter the failure, if any, comes in, if at any time, and this results less from the quantity of food supplied than from its quality. This subject was recently up before the Little Falls Farmers' Club, and was treated in a very intelligent manner. The discussion was opened, as we find by a report of it in the Utica Herald, by HARRIS LEWIS of Frankfort, who said he commenced the practice seven years ago of cutting grass early, sufficient to keep his milch cows in feed from the time they "came in" up to the time of turning to grass. The term, early cutting, is understood differently by different persons. Some persons would call grass cut early if it was cut at the time of its maturity. What he meant by early cut grass was to cut it at a period before half of the timothy or clover heads were in blossom. Has been his practice, when the weather would permit and the grass forward enough, to cut and have cured and in the barn, by the 1st of July, enough grass for the spring feed of dairy stock.

Previous to the time mentioned, seven years ago, it was his practice to let grass stand until it had matured before commencing to cut. The consequence was that that portion which was cut last was nearly worthless. Under this system it was his practice and he found it necessary to feed stock grain during the spring months in connection with hay. Since cutting his grass early, had found this early cut hay, if properly cured, to be all that his milch cows needed in spring to keep them in good condition, requiring neither grain nor roots. Milch cows fed in spring upon this early cut hay, give milk nearly of equal value, both as to quantity and quality, with that yielded upon grass. The droppings had all the appearance from those of grass fed cows, except that the latter contained more water. As to the comparative quantity of cream in the milk, no difference could be detected between that made from the hay and that from the grass. These experiments fully convinced him that for feeding milch cows grass should be cut early. Had made a careful estimate of the loss on hay made from grass standing until it was over-ripe. The loss would run from $1 to $5 per ton."

These views were generally concurred in by the club, variant ones being expressed by but one or two members. Before the introduction of mowing machines farmers, with a hundred acres of meadow land, were compelled to let much of their grass remain uncut till it was over-ripe and therefore injured, but now, if meadows have been properly cleared of obstructions, the mower will do the cutting so rapidly as to dispatch the work before the grass is injured by long exposure and over-ripening.

BUTTER MAKING AT CHEESE FACTORIES

IN an address, delivered by Dr. N. S. TOWNSHEND, before the Ohio Dairymen's Association, the propriety of coupling butter making with that of cheese was urged. On this point Mr. T. remarks:

"If factories make only cheese, some of the valuable constituents of the milk will not be saved or utilized. However much you may desire to retain all the butter in the cheese, its complete retention is not possible, and in spite of your efforts, much will run off with the whey, which although not as good as first rate butter made from cream, is yet better than much of the cream butter that comes to market; and if properly made it will gladly be purchased at a somewhat reduced price by families with whom economy is an object. Does any one dispute the possibility of making a fine butter from whey? Let me reply by saying that such have a pleasant and profitable lesson yet to learn. Of course the best of butter may be largely made in factories whenever the price of butter is relatively higher than that of cheese, or whenever half milk or skim-milk cheese is in good demand.

We do not see why factories cannot, without injury to that reputation of which they are properly so careful, make large quantities of half-milk and skim-milk cheese of a different form or style from whole milk cheese, and supply the market with an article at somewhat lower price, much to the comfort and convenience of families that regard the highest priced cheese as too expensive a luxury. This would enable factories to make a fine article of butter, and perhaps contribute to improve the butter making of the whole region. The manufacture of butter, whether in factories or private dairies, is not so purely a mechanical operation as some imagine, and therefore the purchase of the last patented churn is not all that is required. The time allowed for the preparation of the cream, the temperature for churning, the making, working, and salting, all require great skill and the perfection of that neatness that is so indispensable to the manufacture of good cheese."

THE CHEESE MARKET.

AT Little Falls on the 15th, was rather inactive and the tendency in price slightly downward owing to advices from Europe. The stock was accumulating in Liverpool, and sales were pressed which tended to alarm buyers somewhat. Good factories were offered June 1st, at 46s. to 52s., and medium at 28s. to 35s. The range of the market at Little Falls, as above, was from 14c. to 14½c. The Utica Herald sums up its notice of the cheese market by saying:

"The whole trouble with the cheese trade and the low rates is the hap-hazard way in which it is conducted. Had we agents in the field to obtain reliable statistics, and circulars issued to dairymen every two weeks, as was proposed at the last Convention, prices would advance at least two cents. If farmers and dairymen do not see the advantage of such a movement, they have the privilege of selling in the dark for what they can get. At present prices there can not be much money in producing cheese."

DON'T MIX IT.—Butter frequently comes into market made up of about equal portions of white and yellow. It looks bad, and is not as marketable as it would be were each kind presented by itself. Keep the parcels separate, and consumers will thank you for the trouble.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Destroying the Tobacco Miller.

A KENTUCKY tobacco grower has discovered a method by which the tobacco fly or miller may be easily exterminated. By watching the insect it was found that it was fond of sucking the bloom of the Jimson or Jomstown plant, which infested the tobacco ground. As an experiment, he adds:—"I procured from a druggist about an ounce of pulverized fly powder, or fly stone, mixed it with water, making it very sweet with honey, (sugar or molasses will do as well,) put it in a half-pint bottle with a cork stopper, into which I inserted a goose quill. Thus armed and equipped, I went every evening between sunset and twilight and dropped about three drops of the mixture into the 'Jimson,' and the next day would pick up handsful of the insects lying dead under the nearest trees, or in the corn field close to the tobacco patch. So eminent was my success in destroying them that many of my neighbors were induced to try the experiment, and the consequence is that the crops in our neighborhood are much less injured by them than usual. The poison destroys that particular bloom as well as the fly. Seeing this, I go every evening and drop it into the new ones which form in the next twenty-four hours. If every planter would follow this practice that particular race of destructive insects would soon become extinct."

Salting Hay.

A WRITER in the Germantown Telegraph says when hay is mowed away or stacked in an imperfectly cured state, an application of salt will not only preserve but give a fine flavor to it. This is undoubtedly true, and we may add that many of best stock raisers salt their hay, no matter how well it may be cured. When the hay is well cured about four quarts to the ton are used, but when put away in a green or damp state the quantity should be about doubled. Some salt more liberally than this, in both cases, but this is not absolutely necessary to the preservation of the day or to make it more palatable to the stock fed upon it.

Plowing by Steam.

BY a notice in the last Irish Farmers' Gazette, Dublin, it would appear that plowing and harrowing by steam is steadily working into favor with the Irish farmers. That paper mentions the operations in cultivation of a stationary engine and steam tackle for two days, and adds that "the character and extent of the work performed will not easily be forgotten, either by the numerous spectators or by the land operated upon, such was the depth to which it was cultivated." The plowing and harrowing occupied two days, during which thirty statute acres were deeply plowed and properly pulverized by the aid of steam.

Lime the Hay Mow.

A FARMER writes to the Utica Herald that he has tried putting lime on the hay mow and finds it work like a charm. The hay kept green and bright, and though the lime shook out while handling the hay, both horses and cattle eat it with the greatest avidity. It is thought to be a preventive of heaves and stops the cough in horses. A neighboring farmer also limed his hay in the mow with equally beneficial results. It will be but little trouble, at the coming hay harvest, to treat a portion of the hay mow to a dusting of lime as a test of its efficiency.

The Canada Thistle.

IT seems to be conceded that steady cultivation of land for two or three years will effectually destroy that great farm pest, the Canada thistle. Such being the case, there is no excuse for the man who will let patches of these thistles go to seed on his farm, and in autumn filling the air with the seed for further propagation. Not a thistle should be allowed to perfect its seed on the farm. This prevented and the ground properly tilled, the thistle nuisance can be exterminated in a couple of years.

Bloody Murrain.

A FARMER sends the Southern Cultivator a cure for this disease. The animals are first fed a half dozen eggs, one at a time, with the shells partially crushed. A drench should follow of half a bottle of whisky, and the balance of strong pepper tea, flavored with two tablespoonsful spirits of turpentine and the same amount of garlic juice, well shaken together. This should be followed, in a few hours, by a pint of melted lard. This may be repeated, if necessary.

Rural Notes and Items.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.—Agents, Friends, and all others interested in the circulation and prosperity of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, are reminded that a new Half Volume commences next week—July 4th—and hence renewals and new subscriptions are now in order. The glorious anniversary of the Nation's birth will, therefore, be a good time to renew their subscriptions,—and for all the rest of mankind who wish to do a wise thing, to subscribe for the RURAL. And, with all due respect to prevailing notions and customs, we respectfully submit that investing money in such a manner will exhibit quite as much patriotism, and more sense and wisdom, than spending it so imprudently and lavishly (for stimulants, powder, fire-works, etc.,) as myriads do on every recurrence of the "Glorious Fourth." The benefit derivable from the paper would be lasting to every subscriber and his family, while the result of taking extra stimulants,—of "drinking between drinks," and indulging in other excesses, as so many do on such anniversaries,—must prove decidedly injurious in depraving the mind, impairing the morals, and depleting the pocket. It's all right to be patriotic on such an occasion, but a wise provision for the future is always in order. Of course our constant readers require no admonition on the subject, but the hints in this digression may apply to some of their friends!

As we remarked two or three weeks ago, in speaking of and for the Agricultural Press, the Industrial and Producing classes should see to it that such journals as the RURAL NEW-YORKER are well sustained. We then spoke for all, and may now be permitted to present the claims of our own journal. Those who have taken it for the past six months, or longer, (and whose subscriptions now expire,) know its character and value, and can best judge as to the propriety of continuing it and inviting others to become subscribers. We certainly trust none of our friends will stop simply because of the political campaign and fever, for they and their families can hardly exist on such mental pabulum as the party papers will furnish during the ensuing three months.

—See notice at head of News Department—page 210.

WHEAT YIELD LAST YEAR.—According to the figures of the Commissioner of Agriculture, the average of wheat per acre in the United States last year was less than twelve bushels. What was formerly the great wheat producing West, by carelessness and the skinning process, produces less wheat to the acre than the New England States. The difference is solely owing to the better tillage of the farmers in the latter States.

HARVEST AND HARVEST PROSPECTS.—The wheat harvest in the Southern States is generally over. The papers published there vary in opinion as to the yield as compared with former years—fair crops having been gathered in some sections and light ones in others. The Courier, Rome, Georgia, notices the arrival in the market there of small lots of wheat, which sold at from $1 75 to $2.00 per bushel. It advises farmers to hurry forward their surplus before the crop from the Western States has a chance to come in competition with the Southern product.

A writer in Colman's Rural World, St. Louis, Mo., says:—"The wheat crop everywhere is looking splendid. Wherever a thorough and systematic course has been pursued in the preparation of the ground, a bountiful crop may be expected. Grass is looking splendid." Corn, having been planted late, makes but little show yet, but a good yield is anticipated, notwithstanding the spring drawback. Potatoes are promising.

Notices published in the Kansas Farmer from various points in that State, represent crop prospects generally very flattering, especially with respect to wheat and corn.

The Farmers' Union, Minneapolis, Minnesota, says: "In all parts of the country appears the promise of bountiful crops. The yield of breadstuffs, it is believed, will exceed that of any former year. The winter cereals have been specially favored by the weather. The wheat crop in the South and West will be very large."

From Illinois reports respecting the prospective wheat and corn products the present year are somewhat conflicting, but there is a general concurrence in opinion that spring sown grain will produce a fair yield. Pretty high prices are considered certain for the present.

Accounts respecting wheat and corn in Northern Ohio are, in the main, satisfactory. Winter wheat was not badly killed generally, and has made a fine growth, standing evenly and strong. Much more spring wheat has been sown than usual in that region, and promises well. Corn, though planted late, gives fine promise. Grass never better.

The Canada Farmer, Toronto, June 15th, says:—"In some quarters we hear complaints of the wire worm as very destructive in wheat fields, but with this exception the wheat report is most encouraging. Hay is now sure to be a good crop. Pasturage is abundant. Nature smiles with verdure, and is purpled with flowers. The land flows with milk and honey. Grain, grass, fruit, beef, mutton, and all farm products, bid fair to be abundant."

In Western and Central New York the wheat prospect is highly flattering, as a whole. Should the weather prove favorable, so as to escape the rust, the yield of winter wheat will equal that of the most favored seasons for the last decade. The backwardness of the spring delayed corn planting for two or three weeks beyond the usual time, but it is now over, and the corn up and growing most rapidly, as it is bound to do with the mercury brushing closely upon 90° for several days in succession. Spring sown grain is looking equally well, and the meadows never afforded better promise. Fruits are not what they should be, especially the smaller ones, but there will be enough for domestic consumption, with some to spare to outsiders. Peaches, in some few favored localities, promise to be a fair crop, but generally, in this vicinity, they may be regarded as pretty much a failure. Orleans, Genesee, Wyoming and Niagara counties will do better if reports from them are made good.

TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO DITCHING MACHINE.—Mr. JUDD STEVENS has invented, and the Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine Company manufacture, an implement designed to open ditches, by the aid of horse power, for the reception of tile. We attended a trial of this machine, made at Geneva, this State, on the 16th of June. It could not have been held before a more appreciative body of spectators, for in that region tile draining is probably better understood and practiced to a greater extent than anywhere else in the Union. The machine was first put to work in a low and wet field, having a top soil of muck and a subsoil of very soft and sticky clay, free from stone. Two conditions were present which operated against its complete success in this field,—one being the extreme softness of the ground, which prevented the teams from working well, the other the adhesive nature of the clay, which caused it to stick to all parts of the machine and impede its action. A ditch was cut, however, averaging eighteen inches in depth, when it was thought best to remove to a higher and dryer field. The next trial was made on the nursery grounds of Messrs. W. & T. SMITH, where the top soil was loam, subsoil clay, with some stone intermixed. The soil was dry enough to fall readily from a spade, and the machine cleared itself well and worked free and without detention. A ditch one foot wide and two deep was opened. Loose dirt, worked up by the action of the spades to the depth of six inches, was left in the bottom. Four horses and two men are required to operate the machine, and the line of ditch must be traversed several times to attain the required depth. Ordinary cobble stone do not seem to obstruct it movements. Perhaps the collective opinion of the spectators regarding its merits was well expressed in the remark of one, that "this is a long step, anyhow, towards a perfect ditching machine." Our own impression of the merits of the machine was very favorable.

The digging apparatus is simply a revolving wheel, upon the periphery of which a series of forked spades is arranged. As it revolves, the weight of the wheel forces the spades into the ground, and by means of cams they are arranged in position to retain and lift the earth, until tilted, as they rise on the rear of the wheel, when the contents are discharged into an apron, and they roll to one side. See advertisement in this paper for particulars.

REAPERS AND MOWERS—TRIAL.—There will be a trial of reapers and mowers at Xenia, Ohio, July 6th, under the control of the Green Co. Board of Agriculture. To the best reaping machine will be awarded a gold medal valued at $125; the same to the best mower, and a like one to the best mower and reaper combined. The entrance fee for each prize is fixed at $35. The trial will continue from day to day till the competing machines are fully tested. Suitable fields of grain and grass will be secured. Competition not limited. Communications in reference to the trial should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary of the Green Co. Agricultural Society, A. L. TRADER, Xenia, Ohio.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

IF farmers desire good milk and its products, butter and cheese, they must give their cows good food, and plenty of it.

THE Fruit Culturist, Philadelphia and Hammonton, is discontinued. The Journal of the Farm is substituted to finish up contracts.

THE Commissioners of Marion Co., O., have levied a tax of half a mill on the dollar for the benefit of the County Agricultural Society.

WILLIAM RICHARDS, Richmond, Mass., writes the Boston Cultivator that millet and Hungarian grass have no more relationship than rye and millet.

THE Hagarstown (Md.) Free Press states that quite a destruction of hogs is taking place in that region, owing to the animals feeding on the locust grubs.

DANIEL EDWARDS, Allegany Co., N. Y., made an experiment in fattening hogs, and ascertained by weighing that one pound of meal made 11¾ pounds of flesh.

LAST season a poultry dealer in Norfolk, England, fattened 12,000 geese for market. The fattening commenced the middle of November—barley, meal and brewers' grains being used.

AN Englishman had a curiosity to watch a pair of birds, when feeding their young, for one hour. They went and returned continually, bringing a caterpillar each time. They brought at the rate of 500 per day.

A FARMER named Parkhurst in Fayette Co., Iowa, broke his arm in the spring when about commencing wheat sowing. His neighbors made a "bee" for his benefit and put in 50 acres in a single day.

THE Franklin Co., O., Agricultural Society have made an addition to their show grounds. They have now sixty acres, on which a dwelling is to be erected and the land to be properly cultivated instead of lying idle.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England Homestead has for the last 25 years planted potatoes, not larger, on an average, than an ordinary hen's egg, and they yet produce as sound and as large a product as at first.

LEVI BARTLETT writes the Cultivator about turnips, and says the best manure for the land on which they are grown is super-phosphate. It carries no seeds of grasses and weeds to the soil as does barn yard manure.

HORTICULTURAL.

DISCUSSIONS ON STRAWBERRIES.

At a late meeting of the Alton Horticultural Society, the Committee on fruits reported as follows, on samples exhibited:

Downer's Seedling, grown on black prairie soil, said to be productive with hill culture; soft and rather acid. The Agriculturist not productive; Russell's Prolific, third in value, not productive; Triomphe de Gand, second in productiveness, with hill culture thirty inches each way. Shaker Seedling, large, and said to be productive, quality very good. Dr. Hull displayed Longworth's Prolific strawberry, which he grows to the exclusion of all others.

At a recent meeting of the East Cleveland Horticultural Society, a strawberry discussion was held, from which we make the following extracts:

Mr. Coit thought the Wilson more profitable than any other; he had poor success with the Jucunda; two years ago had the Agriculturist; covered with boxes in winter and uncovered in spring; took a large box filled it with manure and placed it near the bed, put in water and let it leak out on the plants; the same season picked the finest berries he ever saw, thirty-five berries filling a quart measure. But with a good deal of nursing, it was not successful. At a rough estimate would say he obtained an average of 125 bushels per acre of Wilson's, and generally averaged $3 per bushel. Thinks field culture most profitable; hoed often and manured highly, except on new land where he produced good berries without high culture. Had tried the Triomphe de Gand but had not one-half of the crop that he did of Wilson. More clay in the absence of manure, the better on sandy soils.

Mr. Cozad had tried the Triomphe de Gand, but to succeed with it you must keep it in hills, but common field culture with the Wilson would produce the best results; had cultivated it since its introduction, because it is the best berry to ship, thought if you could get a better berry than the Wilson it would take years to introduce it. Planted and obtained two crops and then plowed up and set new. The second crop small,—only one good crop. Set his own plants and took a square the size of the spade and placed in the ground prepared, setting the plants five feet each way and water freely without regard to the weather when setting. By removing early and watering freely the ground settles around them, and they will produce a small crop the same season; keeps them in squares and thus has a path each way and avoids trampling the vines in picking; thinks clay best adapted for Wilson. Had planted corn and set strawberries between the hills, leaving only twelve inches between the plant and corn, and got as good a crop as he did where there was no corn; average yield of berries, 100 bushels per acre, manured late years but not formerly; used ashes on berries with good results; put it on early in spring or late in the fall; leached ashes four two horse loads per acre. For retail trade more money could be realized from Jucunda than from Wilson, although not so productive, sold higher per quart, nearly double at the same time; needs strong, rich loam or clay. He was not in favor of hill culture; received the most money from a medium between hill and field culture.

Mr. Crawford differed from Mr. Cozad with regard to hill culture; to have the best success with most varieties, you must keep them in hills. All foreign varieties would do better if kept in hills.

Mr. Swan stated that strawberries needed water, and by mulching, the evaporation is lessened, the berries enlarge faster. The best results are obtained when mulched with straw or grass. Where the soil is underdrained they need no protection; tan bark is used and furnishes an acid the berry needs, but it dirties the berries and therefore is not so good as straw.

NOTES FROM OHIO.

A NEW PETUNIA—A GOLD-LEAVED SPIREA—TILE DRAIN WORKS.

I am a rambling "Chiel," and sometimes my travels are induced by business, and sometimes because I hear of some new flower, fruit or shrub that I desire to see for myself and *know* of its value. By chance, a few days since, hearing of a rare and new Petunia, I struck a line into Ohio—township of Middlebury, county of Summit—where, in the grounds of Frank Adams, Esq., I found one of the rare gems of Flora's offerings—a Double-Flowering Petunia, of a perfection in flower and color surpassing anything I have before seen, and I believe I am acquainted with all the named varieties.

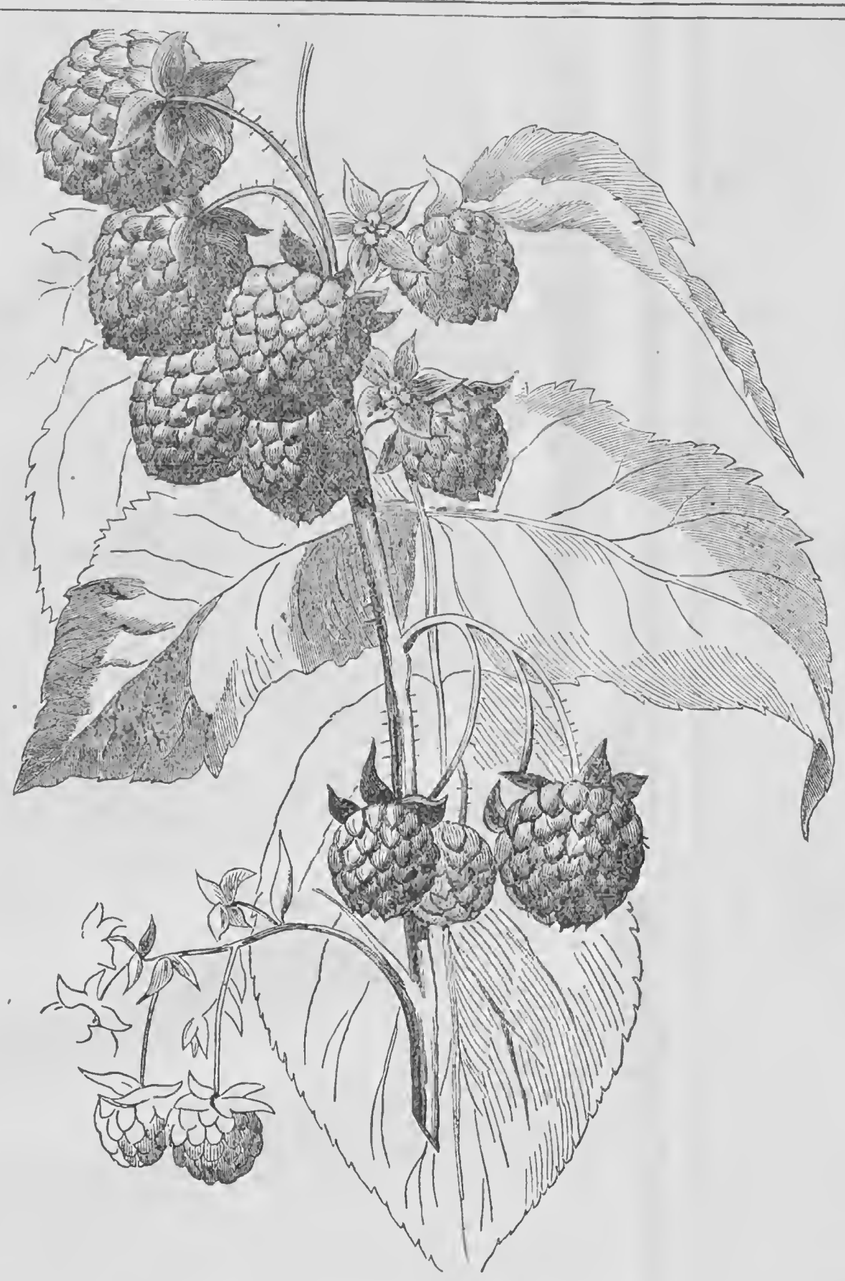
This Petunia was grown from seed in 1867; is of a very compact, stocky or bushy habit; its stem and leaves quite rough and downy; the leaf broad, rounded, pointed, oval, very thick and almost leathery; an inclination to form flower buds freely, and to make a stocky tree rather than a running plant. The flower is full four inches in diameter, full double, rounded, ball like, with broad petals, of a rich, deep, bright violet, velvetty, pure red or cherry color, clear and distinct.

After looking and getting my notes of this Petunia, I turned to see what other rare and good thing this amateur lover of flowers might happen to possess, and after looking over dozens of choice things, but known to all who read, I came upon a *gold leaved* Spirea, so prominent in its foliage that my attention was attracted to it many rods off. In habit of growth, in form of leaf and shape of flower head, it was a counterpart of Spirea *opulifolia*, but the petals of the flower drop almost as soon as opened and leave green stamens and threads that do not make it attractive for the flower; but the growth is vigorous like the *wine bark* and of a rich, golden yellowish-green foliage that renders it especially a plant of value in making up groups of ornamental shrubs. To me this is a *new* thing, and in its way so beautiful that I hope some propagator and dealer will obtain and increase it.

After viewing the grounds of Mr. Adams my attention was drawn to the immense drain or sewer pipe works of Hill & Adams in this same town of Middlebury—and although not strictly in the Horticultural or Floral line, yet as an item of great interest to the world I cannot refrain from just a few words descriptive. Readers, some of you may have used, and many of you have seen and read, of stone drain pipe, a tube varying from one inch to two feet in diameter, and made from a peculiar clay that when pressed and heated, *not* burned, is almost identical with and equally hard and durable as stone. But few of you, I imagine, have any idea of the amount of capital invested in this business or the millions of feet of it that are yearly made and used. And neither have I; but here in this little town of Middlebury in Ohio—back away from everybody as some would say—is one single concern making daily a length of two thousand feet, averaging six inches in diameter, for the purpose of draining the filth from your kitchens, cess pools, yards, &c. Here are daily employed over seventy-five men. Here is one building of about one hundred and eighty by sixty feet, in which the machinery is run by water-power, and another building of two hundred by forty feet, in which the machinery is run by a forty-horse power steam engine; and this power and machinery constantly running, grinding, pressing and moulding dirt, which after being dried by laying it over two and a half miles of steam-heated gas pipe is then put into furnaces or kilns—fourteen in number—where it is burned into stone, and where, as you stand and look upon the structure and the workmen, you are mightily reminded of a little bit of Scripture wherein is related the account of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace—only instead of Shadrach and associates being encased therein the fire is raging among hollow logs of dirt which it turns to stone for the use, aid and comfort of civilized man, a little advance, I think, on past ages.

Practically, however, to use an Irishism, this little drain tile concern back here in the country is a big thing,—swallowing, as I have said, the daily labor of seventy-five men, using a capital of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and having a railroad connection of its own of two miles or so whereby its products are transhipped to Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc.

I shall go from here to Akron and thence probably to Columbus, and will write of what to me may seem worth telling. Addi.



THE NAOMI RASPBERRY.

F. R. Elliot thus describes the Naomi Raspberry:—It is to the public a comparatively new variety, but observation of it for about twelve years, during which it has been grown without any but good common care in cultivation and entirely without winter protection—it was each year producing large and profitable crops of very superior fruit—induces me to place it in the department report, because of the great interest felt at this time in the cultivation of small fruits. It originated with Mrs. Governor Wood, of San Francisco, California.

Fruit.—Size, large to very large; form, roundish, slightly conical, or obtuse conical; hairs, long; grains, large; color, bright, rich red; flesh, firm and sprightly, rich and delicious; canes, strong, with numerous lateral branches when fruiting, brown, smooth, occasional inconspicuous spines; leaves, broad, lanceolate, very productive and hardy.

SEASONABLE SUBJECTS.

Fuchsias should be shaded from the mid-day sun. It is a good time now to make cuttings and propagate.

Bush and Pyramid Trees, under the common name of dwarfs, should be carefully watched and pinched back from time to time, if any special form is desired to be retained.

Asparagus should not be cut too late in the season, or its value another year will be lessened. A dressing of well rotted manure lightly forked in should now be given the bed.

Herbaceous Plants, as soon as they have done flowering, may be easily propagated by cuttings. These should be planted in a cold frame in a mixture of sand and loam, and kept shaded until roots have formed.

Tomatoes will bear more abundantly, and occasion the least trouble, if the ends of the shoots, just beyond the fruit, are pinched off. A surface mulch of rotten manure, and if a dry time, frequent watering, well repay in increased size and abundance of fruit.

Increasing the Size of Fruit.—While the fruit is swelling, the size of raspberries and strawberries may be increased by thinning out the number on a cane or plant, removing all suckers or newly-forming attached plants, and watering occasionally with manure water.

Grass Lawns, newly made, must not be so closely mown as old turf; but mowing must be performed with regularity, or it is impossible to obtain a uniform velvety green surface. To mow close a well-established turf is to encourage the fine grasses and kill out the coarse kinds. Salt and plaster are good manures to sow at this time. Use at the rate of one bushel of plaster and three bushels of salt to the acre, and sow just before a rain.

Number of Varieties of Small Fruits Named and Described.—A glance which we have given at the number of varieties of small fruits now known, named, and described, counts up over *three hundred* of strawberries, about fifty currants, seventy raspberries, twenty blackberries, and nine of American gooseberries. The list of English gooseberries, is almost beyond computation, and nearly all are valueless in this country.

Tree Peonies.—We have repeatedly written of the wealth and beauty of leaves and flowers possessed by Moutan or tree peonies, and we now again desire to call the attention of every lover of flowers to an examination of their foliage and blossoms. We have found them to be perfectly hardy, and now that a variety of shades of color have been produced by new seedings, a bed of them when in flower presents one of the grandest sights we have ever seen created by grouping or massing of flowering shrubs.

Gordon's Flowering Currant—*Ribes Gordoniani*—is one of the prettiest and most showy of our very early and hardy shrubs. Its blossoms have been beautiful with us this year. It should be annually pruned back as soon as it has done blooming, otherwise it will soon grow out of shape; and besides by annual cutting back, it grows more vigorously; and as its flowers are all on the wood of the previous year's growth, the bloom is consequently more abundant.

Hoe with the Rake.—This may be an Irishman's advice; but we have found great advantage in the use of an iron tooth rake or toothed hoe during the early cultivation of all garden crops. We go over our beets, parsneps, peas, beans, etc., with a twelve-tooth steel rake as soon as they show sign of coming above ground. For potatoes, corn, and for working among raspberries and other small fruits, and for stirring the surface earth around dwarf pears and recently planted trees, we use a four-pronged hook or hoe, with which a man will perform nearly or quite one sixth more work in a day, destroy the weeds, and leave the ground always light loose, and even.

Keep the Surface of the Ground Loose.—We have many years watched the varied results of the cultivator who keeps frequently stirring the surface of his soil, and the one who hoes or cultivates only when the weeds compel him to the work; and as we have watched and recorded our notes, the result has always been in favor of the constant stirring of the surface soil. We do not advocate deep tillage during the growing season, but we would have the ground deeply and thoroughly stirred early in the season, whether it were an old or new plantation. Once, however, that vigorous growth of top and root has commenced, all deep tillage should cease, because, by pursuing it, constant and continued checks are given, and a truly healthy growth prevented by repeated breaking and tearing asunder the roots and fibers, the supplying pipes for elongation, expansion, and evaporation of the branches and leaves. By repeated surface stirring of the soil, however, no roots are broken; the sun, air, and moisture are enabled to penetrate and assist in the chemical transmutation of the earth's compounds and fitting them for absorption by the roots.—*Horticulturist.*

THE LESSON OF THE YEAR.

If anything be wanted to teach people how cold kills plants, the past winter affords the material. It was at one time supposed that frost destroyed plants by rupturing the sap vessels. The cells were believed to expand and burst by frozen sap. It was known that a bottle of water would burst in this way,—and why should not a plant cell? The plant was killed, and the bottle destroyed; what more natural than to suppose the process identical?

Some years ago, the writer of this attempted to show the fallacy of such a theory. In Hovey's Magazine of that time, some of our best horticulturists argued the point. We endeavored to satisfy our friends that, when evaporation went on faster than the roots could supply moisture, the plant had to die. No theory of cell-bursting was necessary.

Evaporation is excessive in cold weather. When there is not enough moisture to fill the cells—when it goes out faster than it comes in—they die; not by bursting, but by shrinking away. A recognition of this fact will save many a tender tree; and a review of the past winter's losses must convince any one that such is the fact.

We have not had an extraordinary low temperature, yet plants never suffered so. But we had a higher wind, coupled with a low temperature, than we ever knew before. The exhaustive strain on the evaporative powers of a plant in a high wind, even in a temperate atmosphere, is enormous. How much greater must it be in a very cold medium?

Thus we see that wherever there is a shelter from wind, the tender plant escapes: but set even the hardiest where the wind can concentrate all its power against it; set for instance, an Oriental, or a Norway Spruce on a bank near a house where the winds can sweep around it, and it will "go" equally with the tenderest.

How strange it is that men cannot learn from these facts! People have yet such religious veneration for the thermometer as their infallible guide in this matter, that it seems a sacrilege in any one to suggest anything better. English papers, and some of our own, are filled with comparisons of the thermometer and the deaths, as if this was the all in all of Horticultural knowledge. Our readers we hope fully understand that with this the Hygrometer and the Dynamic force of the winds are quite as important to study, and in the absence of any good instruments like the thermometer to assist us, we can only say that he who is wise, will shelter his barns, his houses, his cattle, his orchards, his rare plants, trees and flowers. Plant trees,—fast growing, hardy trees,—everywhere around from whence a cold dry wind may blow, and you will be astonished to find that although your thermometer may sink to unheard of figures, your plants are not near as much hurt as those of him who still clings to the old notion that frost bursts the sap vessels and there is no help for it. Dryness is an especial weakness of our climate, and as antagonistic to this, the watchword of every progressive Horticulturist should be shelter, shelter, shelter.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Grape Vines on Trees.—In a discussion before the Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, Dr. Bull of Concord went very fully into the subject of grape culture. Among other things, he stated that Mr. Breck, ex-President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and a grape grower of large experience, planted a Concord vine near an apple tree for the purpose of letting it climb and have its own way. It covered the tree completely, bore bountifully, and was never affected by mildew. Many such instances might be mentioned with reference to other sections of New England, where the Concord was allowed to sport itself at will on trees of various kinds. One instance may be mentioned where a vine mounted a swamp oak, or grew up with it—we are not sure which. The tree was twenty inches or two feet in diameter, and ran up forty feet or more before limbs projected from it. These formed a kind of cone, over which the grape vines meandered, forming in fruiting time a complete canopy. Underneath this the grapes were pendant in profuse clusters, and in numbers astounding to the beholder. This vine was noticed for several seasons, always burdened with fruit,—never affected in the least with the diseases incident to many modern graperies.

Strawberry Culture.—This subject was a prominent one before the East Cleveland Horticultural Society at a late meeting. The prevalent opinion was that it paid well to plant anew at least once in two years. Some thought annual planting better still. The yield per acre of the Wilson was from 100 to 125 bushels. Mr. Coit got the latter amount last year, which averaged in market $3 per bushel, or $375 per acre. One member, Mr. Cogad, practiced planting the strawberry between the hills of corn, and got as good a crop as he did when there was no corn.

Kerosene for Cucumber Bugs.—J. Fink, Baldwinsville, N. Y., informs us that swarms of cucumber bugs having attacked his vines, he moistened some cotton with common kerosene and laid it thinly and loosely over the hills. The result was, some of the rascals were killed and the rest left for better pickings. The plants were not injured by the kerosene, as it did not come in direct contact with them.

Fruit Exhibition, Chicago.—The Chicago Horticultural Society are making arrangements for an imposing exhibition of fruits and flowers in that city the coming fall. As that place has got the name of the "Garden City," extra efforts will be made to make the distinction an appropriate one.

Fruit in Illinois.—The Western Rural is informed that in the region of Centralia the fruit crop will not be more than one-tenth of what it was last year. Other sections, however, promise better, especially as to peaches, though even these are suffering from the curculio.

N. Y. State Grape Growers' Association.—The Executive Board of the New York State Grape Growers' Association met at Canandaigua on the 17th inst. It was decided to hold the first annual Fair of the Association at that place on the 7th and 8th of October next.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

French Cake.—One and one-half cups butter, 3 eggs, 2 cups sugar, 1 sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 of soda; beat the yolks in the milk, add the butter and sugar, then flour and cream tartar; lastly the beaten whites and soda.

Pound Cake.—One pound flour, ¾ lb. sugar, ½ lb. butter, 3 eggs, 1 glass rose water; bake immediately.

Graham Tea Cake.—One cup cream, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 saltspoon soda, 1 cup sugar; stir to the consistency of soft ginger bread and drop on tins, or in rings.

Rye Drop Cake.—One cup cream, ½ cup sweet milk, teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, pinch soda; drop on tins, or in cups. By adding one cup sugar to the above they are a very nice tea cake.

Cup Cake.—Half pound sugar, ¼ lb. of butter, 2 lbs. of flour, 1 glass rose water.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Half pound butter, ½ lb. of sugar, 5 eggs, handful flour, 1 cocoanut grated; stir into paste and bake.

Excellent Common Cake.—One cup cream, 1 egg, a teaspoon even full of salt, ½ teaspoon soda, flour to make thin batter; bake quickly; is very nice warm or cold.

Old Potatoes like New.—Pare and cut in small pieces; boil rapidly, and soon as done drain off the water; pour into them one quart rich milk; season with butter, pepper and salt; let boil up a moment, then serve up. They are equal to new potatoes if not better.

Coffee Cake.—One and a half cups sugar, 1 of molasses, 1 of cold coffee, 4 of flour, 1 teaspoon of cream tartar, ½ of soda, 1 of cloves, 1 of cinnamon, 3 eggs.

Pork Cake.—One pound pork chopped fine, 1 pint boiling water poured on it; let it stand till partly cold, add 2 cups sugar, 1 of molasses, 7 of flour.—A Subscriber, *Adrian, Mich.*, 1868.

CARVING.

It is considered an accomplishment for a lady or gentleman to know how to carve well, at his or her own table. It is not proper to stand in carving. The carving-knife should be sharp and thin.

To carve fowls, (which should always be laid with the breast uppermost,) place the fork in the breast, and take off the wings and legs without turning the fowl; then cut the "merry thought," cut slices from the breast, take out the collar bone, cut off the side pieces, and then cut the carcass in two. Divide the joints in the legs of a turkey.

In carving a sirloin, cut thin slices from the side next to you; it must be put on the dish with the tenderloin underneath; then turn it and cut from the tenderloin. Serve the guests to both kinds.

In carving a leg of mutton or a ham, begin by cutting across the middle of the bone. Cut a tongue across and not lengthwise, and serve from the middle part.

Carve a forequarter of lamb by separating the shoulder from the ribs, and then divide the ribs. Serve each to a piece of kidney and its fat. Carve pork and mutton the same way.

To carve a fillet of veal, begin at the top and help to the stuffing with each slice. In a breast of veal separate the breast and brisket, and then cut them up, asking which part is preferred.

In carving a pig it is customary to divide it and take off the head before it comes to the table, as, to many persons, the head is revolting. Cut off the limbs and divide the ribs.

In carving venison, make a deep incision down to the bone to let out the juices; then turn the broad end toward you, cutting deep in thin slices.

For a saddle of venison cut from the tail toward the other end, on each side, in thin slices. Warm plates are very necessary with venison and mutton, and in winter are desirable for all meals.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAUTION TO THE CONSUMERS OF

FRUIT JARS.

The manufacturers of the Mason Fruit Jar desire to call the attention of the public to the various inferior Jars made in imitation of their own, which are now being offered in the market, and in some cases sold as the

TRADE MARK S. M. S. CO. ALWAYS RELIABLE

GENUINE MASON JAR.

To prevent such imposition in future, each Jar of their manufacture will have the accompanying trade mark stamped upon the cover.

☞ Parties desiring a Jar which is in all cases thoroughly reliable, will find it to their interest to

LOOK AT THIS STAMP.

before purchasing. SHEET METAL SCREW CO., Manufacturers of the Mason Jar.

☞ Rochester Agency—WISNER & PALMER, 33 State St.

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

lately much improved—and the new

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

improved with *Rowell's Patent Double Cog-wheels*, and the *Patent Stop*, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will *save their cost twice a year*, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."—*Rev. Bishop Scott, M. E. Church.*

"It is worth one dollar a week in any family."—*New York Tribune.*

"In the laundry of my house there is a perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention of your excellent wringer."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry."—*New York Observer.*

"I heartily commend it to economists of time, money and contentment."—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*

"It really merits all the good that can be said of it.—*Rural New-Yorker.*

"Friend Doty:—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success. I assure you 'our machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."—*Solon Robinson.*

PRICES.

Send the retail price, Washer, $14, extra Wringer, $6, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.

Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made. R. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent, 32 Cortlandt St., New York.

FAMILY

CIDER AND WINE MILLS,

(HUTCHINSON'S PATENT.)

Three sizes; exceeding low price. Grinds fine, fast and easy. Makes pure Wine and Sweet Cider. Saves all the Fruit.

MORE THAN 15,000 IN USE.

CIDER PRESS SCREWS,

Fine thread, very powerful.

COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER,

The best and cheapest self-feeding Feed Cutter in the world.

☞ Send for Illustrated Circulars to PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS, 83 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio, or Peekskill, N. Y.

THE CHAMPION.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE

KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL

OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.

FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

I also make two sizes of superior

PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.

If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer, W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—Containing 50 acres of choice land, 400 Pear Trees in bearing, 200 Apple Trees, choice varieties, abundant supply of Peaches, Cherries, Plums, Grapes, and all kinds of *Small Fruits*; 3 acres wood, abundance of pure water, comfortable buildings and no waste land; all well fenced. Situated 3 miles from Phelps at Railroad Station, Ontario Co., N. Y. PETER S. BURTIS.

TRI-WEEKLY ADVOCATE, BATON ROUGE, LA.

The best Advertising Medium in East and Middle Louisiana. Address D. C. MOUTEN, Manager, Baton Rouge, La., or PETTENGILL & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. 962-4t

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PERSONS SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and other Diseases of the Lungs, Fever and Ague, Piles, and Chronic Diarrhœa, may find a cure by addressing Dr. BOARDMAN, 38 St. Mark's Place, New York. 963-3teo

Ladies' Department.

SWEET RUTH.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THE summer will soon be here, Sweet Ruth,
For the birds of brighter bowers
Are singing their way from the balmy South
To the land of opening flowers;
But the summer will fade, and the flowers will die,
And the birds, from bank and plain,
Go mourning back to a warmer sky
While I wait for thee in vain.

O! many a heart and many a hand
I have pressed in pain and bliss,
Have found that rest in a better land
Which they never knew in this;
And of all the forms that fled with thee,
From a kingdom fraught with tears,
There are none that seem like thine to me
Thro' the golden mist of years.

But I never have wished thee back, Sweet Ruth,
In the years that since have rolled,—
And I guard the memory of thy truth,
As a miser would his gold;
The lowliest glens of my being know
How the birds of peace may sing,
And the darkest waves have caught the glow
From a guardian angel's wing.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FARMERS' WIVES.

YOUNG WIFE, if you would make home happy, strive also to make it beautiful. There is a grave mistake made, in this respect, oftener in "the country" than elsewhere, but quite as censurable as the idle, frivolous habits so often and so justly reproved in our city and village girls of the present time. I would speak of this other extreme, which has caused many a household in a few years' time to be governed solely by a spirit of avarice, and a love of gain to the exclusion of all that was ennobling or elevating to the mind or principles. Habits of industry and economy are very necessary, and a thorough knowledge of housekeeping should be indispensable to every woman. No matter what position she intends to fill, she should be capable of managing her own household well and properly at all times.

Many of our young farmers' wives, from the day of their marriage, devote themselves so entirely and exclusively to the all-absorbing idea of housekeeping, that they soon know very little of what is taking place in the world outside the "kitchen and dairy." No matter how good an education they may have acquired in their girlhood, or how many accomplishments, they are all alike forgotten in the thousand and one cares they *will* take upon themselves, however competent or faithful their domestics may be. They *will insist* upon "baking, brewing, pickling and preserving," year in and year out, until with their physical strength nearly exhausted they become sour, fretful, faded women. Aside from being good "housekeepers," they of course desire to be "good wives and mothers;" and in one sense they are, for a bountiful table is usually provided by their own hands; but while in the performance of those duties the children must be *very* careful not to get in their way, neither must they trouble "mamma" with questions when she is busy and tired.

Now, being a farmer's wife myself, I know from experience that it is not necessary for the class spoken of to become "*kitchen maids*" and nothing else, unless they do it purely from choice. A woman of refined, cultivated tastes, may, if she will, devote a portion of each day, however short, to the enjoyment of these tastes, no matter how much butter is to be made or how many cheeses there are to turn. Farmers, as a general rule, understand how to keep the purse pretty well filled, without any anxiety, or extra exertions on the part of their wives, save what they may do by careful economy and good judgment.

So, weary wives and mothers, stop and rest, and—*consider*. Stay *less* in your kitchens, and devote more of your time to adorning and beautifying your homes. Cultivate flowers, if only a *few;* and if you understand music, and have an instrument, because you are married do not close it and pile away your music with the mistaken idea that you will have no more time to practice. Take time for your music, and your reading also. Above all, do not entirely neglect your personal appearance in your great eagerness to accomplish just such an amount of labor. If you do, it will be nothing strange if your husband sometimes compares the untidy woman he sees every morning, noon and night in his house, to the neat, tastefully dressed, cheerful girl that always greeted him in the days of courtship; and the comparison will surely cost him a sigh.

Then there are the children: *they* should never be neglected for anything. Besides being parent and teacher to them, be also a companion, and even sometimes a playmate, thereby gaining their confidence, and making them understand that they have your sympathy as well as love. Combine as much as possible the beautiful with the useful. Bring all the refining influence you can into your homes, that they may make a lasting impression on the tender minds and hearts of your offspring while yet they are young, and that your husband may realize at last that there is something else to live for, some other "end and aim" in life than merely to "get rich." Make an effort to fill your homes more with music, books, pictures, flowers and cheerfulness, and you will see ere long that the lessons they teach of purity and contentment will be felt, all through your household. Truly, there is a vast amount of labor for "farmers' wives" and all others; yet not more than one-third of it should be done "in the kitchen."

G. C.

KISSES.

THERE'S a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move;
There's a traitor's kiss for gold
Like a serpent's clammy fold;
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And the thrilling kiss of love;
A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever,
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.—The sorrows that are born of genius are like the tendrils of some delicate vine, which, when reaching forth for support, meet only rudeness, and they wither and dry. The juices of the plant which sustained them are sent back to the heart, and the revulsion of strength which went out towards another is like so much poison, that retards its growth and renders the plant sickly, if indeed it does not die.—*Northwestern Ch. Adv.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEARS.

"TEARS are cheap things,—but there is no use wasting them for naught."

So says "T. RAVELER" in "Ravelings, No. V." Strange assertion! Certainly, the man who framed that sentence could not have been familiar with the subject. His nature must be superficial, indeed, or he has not yet encountered the tempest that shook it to its foundation, that stirred his soul to its very depths, else he could not speak thus lightly of so great a blessing.

Tears are a gift from Heaven direct to sorrowing man; an antidote for woe; a balm that soothes the breaking heart; that cools the scorching brain, the fevered imagination, when corroding cares and cruel wrongs have fanned to a flame the fires of hatred and revenge. Tears are alike the solace of youth and old age,—the oil poured in upon the infant mind, to prevent the friction of the bustling world until the little, tender, trembling creature shall have gained strength of mind and body sufficient to enable it to strive with the striving multitude.

"Tears are cheap things." Would it were true! But memory is too faithful to her trust to entertain the illusion. Every tear has been purchased at a fearful cost,—the leveling of some beautiful structure hope had reared; the severing of the nearest and most sacred ties of earth; or, perchance, the memory of some sin yet unforgiven, the thought of having offended a merciful GOD.

"Cheap things?" No, they are costly, precious things; sacred things; holy things!

Wheaton, Ill., May, 1868. SARAH M. SMITH.

WOMEN IN ENGLISH COAL MINES.

AN account of the condition of the colliers of South Lancashire, England, published in the London Daily News, describes the women who are employed in the pit-months. The number of women thus employed in the neighborhood of Wigan is five hundred; most of them are unmarried. Their ages vary from twelve to fifty; a few are the widows of colliers. They generally wear a peculiar attire, consisting of coarse trowsers, resembling those worn by men, fastened by a belt round the waist, a soft bonnet and a shawl. The petticoats are generally tucked into the trowsers

Sometimes they may be seen wearing jackets, like the men, smoking, drinking and behaving as if completely unsexed. It is acknowledged that the habitual wearing of this costume tends to destroy all sense of decency amongst them; but it has not been ascertained that their morals are more lax than those of the generality of females employed in agricultural operations. They naturally belong to a very low class; but in some cases they make good wives and mothers, and many of the younger ones regularly attend, in appropriate female costume, the neighboring Sunday Schools; still, the system cannot be easily defended. The colliers, as a body, are ashamed of it.

The labor required of the women is hard and very dirty, rendering their persons and clothing black as coal. They have to assist in removing the tubs of coal from the cages at the mouth of the pit, sometimes assisting to tip the tubs into the coal wagons. The work is severe even for men, yet the women appear accustomed to it, and, as a class, seem healthy and robust. The hours of labor are from 6 A. M. to 5 or 6 P. M., including the necessary intervals for breakfast and dinner; but the labor is not always of a very heavy character, the females being frequently employed in picking and cleaning coal, the men using the shovel; in fact, the women have the cheaper kinds of labor, their wages seldom exceeding 1s. 9d. per day, while the men whom they assist receive from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per day. The average price of female labor is 1s. 2d. per day. Where the women are married the wages are often spent in drink by the husband; indeed, there are some men—fortunately a few only—who live absolutely on the earnings of their wives and offspring.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN GERMANY.

I TOOK tea not long since, at the house of a Baroness, with a party, and not a servant was seen. The Baroness made tea after we were seated at the table, with a convenient and elegant apparatus, prepared for the purpose, and two beautiful young ladies, a niece of the Baroness and a friend, passed around the table and served the guests.

On a certain occasion I called on a wealthy family, and was received by the lady of the house, who told me that her two daughters were in the kitchen cooking. They were both to be married soon, and a professional cook had been employed to come three times a week to give lessons in the art of cooking, and initiate them fully into all the mysteries. In five minutes one of these young ladies came into the parlor to see me, neatly dressed, and conversed with me in beautiful English.

A thorough acquaintance with domestic economy is considered an indispensable qualification in a young lady for the married life. In addition to all this, mothers teach their daughters that one of the chief duties after marriage is to strive to make their husbands comfortable and happy. When a German husband comes to his home, at the close of a day of toil and anxiety, his wife receives him with a smile, arranges his arm chair, brings him his study gown and slippers, places before him refreshments, gets him a cigar, and while he eats and smokes, converses with him in the most entertaining manner about the events of the day. What will your lady friends say about this picture of domestic life in Germany?—*Correspondent.*

OUR SPICE BOX.

THE weapon that no enemy can parry is a bold spirit.

ADHESION to low habits—Telling lies and sticking to them.

A TRULY great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter.

THE duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

IT is better to weep with Jerusalem at noon than mourn with Babylon at night.

LOOKING GLASSES don't lie, but they tell some awful plain truths now and then.

THERE can be no objection to a broil in the house as long as it is confined to the kitchen.

IF you want to see a pretty tolerable specimen of vanity, consult—your own looking-glass.

THERE never was a hypocrite so despised but he had yet some mark or other to be known by.

THE repentance that is delayed until old age is but too often a regret for the inability to commit more sin.

PEOPLE oftener want something taken away to make them agreeable, than something to be added.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SHINING THOUGHTS.

LIGHT and Beauty walk together hand in hand
Through the heart's congenial chambers, day by day.
Catching up the shining thoughts all fair and bland
Which are dropped into their garner as they stray;
Yet unseen by mortal vision is the charm
That enhances all their dainty store with grace,
Save when bonny Beauty from her jeweled arm
Flings their ever changing splendor o'er the face.

Then the eye that loves to search for golden truth
Borrows hope and gladness from those kindling beams,
Till it dances like a fondling in its youth,
While it drinks the sparkling bliss of real dreams;
And the spirit is refreshed with living worth
As their diamonds glitter in its mystic cell,
Till it longs to break the galling chains of earth
And with GOD the fount of thought forever dwell.

Light reveals the shades of feeling as they throng
Every human breast, with vividness and power;
Beauty is the music of impressions song,
And its hues blend like the variegated flower.
Thus they weave the chain of thought with rosy links,
And its crowning glory is their gold refined;
From their magic fountain he who early drinks
May possess the brightest treasures of the mind.

Oh, the world is wealthy with its gifted few,
For the lowly from their lips may wisdom learn;
And one little shining thought, if pure and true,
In a thousand faithful hearts for years may burn,
Giving life and strength and courage to the soul,
Making all its burdens lighter far to bear,
Teaching goodness, patience, meekness, self-control,
And preserving those who sorrow from despair.

L. M. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. VI.—THE MAIDEN AUNT OF STORY.

"How ridiculous!"

For a half hour before making this exclamation Aunt JERUSHA had been deeply absorbed in "The Very Weakly Tale-Bearer," a copy of which the officious news-boy had thrust into her lap. We were taking our first summer airing by rail.

"How *very* ridiculous!"

"What is it, Aunt JERUSHA?"

She handed me "The Very Weakly Tale-Bearer," in answer, with her index finger pointing to one of the stories therein contained. It was entitled "Prudence Prevost's Regret." I read the story. It opened with a lovers' quarrel. PRUDENCE PREVOST was the kind, sweet-hearted, mild-mannered, much-beloved, uncommonly-common (for further compounds see the dictionary or druggist) maiden aunt who knew of the quarrel, and sacrificed her sensitive feelings by opening a chapter from her own early experience, to show the young girl (one of the lovers) how exceedingly dangerous a little quarrel between lovers was. The chapter thus opened formed the "Regret" of PRUDENCE PREVOST.

Having read it through, I dropped the paper with the simple utterance—

"Well?"

"Well?" echoed Aunt JERUSHA, with more spirit than usual. "It isn't *well*, at all! The story tellers ought to be ashamed of themselves! I haven't picked up a story in a month but I have found the maiden aunt figuring in it in some such way as this."

I thought the good woman was slightly exaggerating, yet was conscious of an impression that Miss PRUDENCE PREVOST was an old acquaintance under a new name.

"In this particular story," Aunt JERUSHA continued, "she is a round hundred years old: it's a fact—the story teller says it. Now don't you think it about time the poor soul be allowed to die in peace?"

I involuntarily nodded an affirmative.

"To be forever giving the maiden aunt a 'regret,' or a 'mistake,' long as life lasts! It's a downright imposition! Do people suppose because she is unmarried that she carries with her a ghost of a sorrow continually? Is it inevitable, since she is single, that some doleful experience made her so?"

Aunt JERUSHA was waxing more and more indignant. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled with an angry light, and she was for the moment ten years younger than the family Bible represented. She hadn't forgotten, however, that she was speaking for her class.

"I say, is it a necessity, because she is a maiden, that she must father, or rather mother, these lugubrious productions of the story writers? Answer me, THOMAS. Is it?"

"My dear Aunt JERUSHA, don't you think it rather incumbent upon a woman to mother *something?*"

Soberly conning it over, since, I have questioned if my answer didn't deserve the contempt she gave it. Seeing that she waited for some further reply, I added,—

"But are the experiences of the fictitious maiden aunt purely fictitious in themselves? Would a woman remain always a maiden without some such experience?"

"There it is again! Now I should like to know, THOMAS, why a woman may not live a single life simply from choice, and choice in no wise influenced by any touch of disappointment? I think she can. I think a great many women do. I don't take it for granted that you are a bachelor solely because you quarreled with a pretty girl years ago."

I must confess I winced a little at this. This talk of my Aunt JERUSHA interested me, though. You know when I first introduced her to you I said that she probably had her story. I really imagined she had, and hoped some time she would favor us with it.

"All of mankind, and perhaps some of my own—I see a woman wrote that"—and she pointed scornfully to the "Tale-Bearer"—"seem to believe that celibacy, with woman, is an unpleasant outgrowth of a more unpleasant heartache. The belief is sheer nonsense. If you say it is founded on the assumption that every woman must have a heart-experience,—must fall in love, as it is termed,—and that the assumption is correct, then I contend that half the women *marry* solely because of some previous disappointment; for that number, at least, fail to marry the man they first love.

"But do not that half forget their sorrow in a second love?"

"Granted. Then may not the rest?"

"But they do not, Aunt JERUSHA."

"Because they do not care to. If a married woman's first love is not with her a life-long sorrow, no more is the first love or the only love of a single woman, be it admitted she ever *had* such a thing. I saw a poem, a while since,—a pitiful tale about a young girl who allowed her lover to go away without knowing her love,—the last verse of which began—

'So she is living her long regret.'

And the story tellers,—poor, mistaken scribblers!—think that is the case always with the maiden aunt. They ought to know better. She *hasn't* any 'long regret.' This one of Miss PRUDENCE PREVOST, here," and she crumpled the paper in her hand, "is a gross libel. A libel, too, on a woman a century old!"

Aunt JERUSHA smiled very derisively. I was about to speak, when she resumed:

"I ask, again, if it isn't about time the maiden aunt of the story-tellers had a peaceful burial? She has labored for them very faithfully a good three-quarters of a century, and should at least be allowed to retire on a pension. If you have any story-telling friends, THOMAS, you can repeat what I have said, to them, if you please. And, I beg of you, ask them to bring out their bachelor uncle for a while!"

Which request I therefore now most earnestly make.

CONCERNING LEISURE.

THE most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this, and I would do that, if I had leisure." Now there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is less than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed may be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbors, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance indeed of doing so. To do increases the capacity of doing, and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion, to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for a man who does little or nothing, to put himself into motion for the same end. There is reluctance in all things to be set a-going; but when that is got over, then everything goes sweetly enough.

Just so with the idle man. In losing the habit, he loses the power of doing. But a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day, can very easily do something else during the remaining hours; indeed, the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle. As he walks through the world, his hands hang unruffled by his side, and he can sometimes do more by a single touch in passing, than a vacant man is likely to do in a twelve-month. Let no man ask for leisure in order to do anything. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do any good thing, he will always find time for it, by properly arranging his other employment.—*Ex.*

ARTISTS' MODELS IN ROME.

THE living models are a curious class of people, and quite numerous. They are in a great part Italians, and follow no other business. A model gets his run of customers and makes his engagements weeks ahead. In a school they generally pose for a week at a time, for four hours each day, and in private ateliers for any required time. The schools generally have men for models two weeks, then a woman for one week, as the latter are more scarce and more easily drawn than men. The firmly marked muscles of the male figure offer a much more difficult problem than the smooth contour of a woman. The same models pose in all the schools in their turn, coming around once in a year or so, or oftener, right along, all their lives, perhaps. I know of one who has posed in a certain atelier regularly for more than thirty years. One franc an hour is the ordinary compensation, but no model will come at all for less than four francs. Some who have extraordinary forms are able to get larger prices. There is a baker in town who has a face and form finely adapted to pictures of the time of Louis XIV., who is often employed by Missonier and others at ten francs per hour. There is another fellow who has a Greek cast of form, who gets six francs; and an Italian who poses for Christ for eight. All the Italian models profess to pose for Christ, however villainous they may look; many also incline to the role of St. John. The women often have special fortes, as the Virgin Mary, or Minerva, Venus, &c.—*Cor. Chicago Republican.*

BOY CHOIRS IN GERMANY.

SOME of the finest church choirs in Berlin, Dresden, Potsdam and Halle consist chiefly of boys. One thing is a little peculiar—I have not yet seen a lady in a church choir. The mystery is, how the singing master manages to get so much and such a variety of music out of such unmusical looking heads; yet he does, and it is not all sound simply, but harmony of the sweetest kind—thrilling, rapturous music. And what is more marvelous, these boys' voices imitate the most cultivated tones of the female voice, giving all parts in sweetest unison. I have seen choirs of from forty to one hundred boys, behind them a huge organ, and when the singing service is introduced, one is nearly lifted from his feet, as that hundred-voiced, youthful choir, accompanied by organ and congregation, sends forth the anthem of praise. These boys sing with a will—sing lustily—throw back their heads, open their mouths, expand their lungs, and pour forth such volumes of sweet sound that one never would have dreamed resided there. But the Germans are ready singers, natural singers, love singing, and in some form and somewhere are always engaged in it. The children all sing, are taught it early—so early, that one almost concludes they are born singing.—*The Methodist.*

DON'T WRITE THERE.—"Don't write there," said one to a lad who was writing with a diamond pin on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel.

"Why?" said he.

"Because you can't rub it out."

There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of a diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the heart may last forever.

On many a mind and many a heart, sad inscriptions are deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the minds of others.—*Merry's Museum.*

KNOWLEDGE.—Knowledge, like wealth, is simply an element of power and enjoyment. Its possession does not imply either wisdom or virtue. Knowledge is an increased power to do good or evil. There is a necessity, therefore, that man's whole nature should be educated to make him a complete being; it is essential that the development of his moral nature keep pace with that of his intellectual faculties.

Sabbath Reading.

A PRAYER.

BY MYRTA MAY.

IF always on the thorns my feet must tread,
And heavy clouds hang darkly o'er my head;
If all the sunshine from my life depart,
And cold, gray ashes lie upon my heart,
If all my hopes, like swift-winged birds must fly,
And every flower of promise droop and die;
If always through a mist of gathering tears
My eyes watch sadly for the coming years;
O, Father, when Death's river I've crossed o'er,
And my feet stand upon the *further* shore,
Shall not thy seal upon my forehead be
"Perfect through suffering." purified by thee?

[*Advocate.*

BYGONES.

IN what sense are bygones to be bygones? We answer:—In the sense of exercising Christian charity; in the sense of forgiving the faults, and cherishing reticence concerning the imperfections and failures of our fellow-men. Nothing more clearly displays the littleness of the natural man, or the weakness of the spiritual life in the professed Christian, than the constant allusion to the faults of others who are regarded as enemies. Nor does anything show greater nobility of character, and truer assimilation to the holy God-Man, than the forgiveness of, and sympathy with, wrong-doers. Oh, it is a beautiful and God-like thing to pass by private offenses with silent compassion for the offender. We do not counsel the reader to look with complacency on the sins of any person. "The best man hates them most; the worst man cannot love them; but are these the man? Does a woman bear that form in virtue of these? Lies there not within the man and the woman a divine element of brotherhood, of sisterhood; a something lovely and lovable?" Let that divine element be recognized by us. Let us love the brother and sister, but so hate that which is unlovely about them as to hasten to forget it.

Making bygones bygones thus would neither endanger nor lessen public security. We make a distinction between private and public wrongs. A Christian man, however influenced by charity, is still a citizen of the earth, and has social rights which Christianity does not ask him to forego, but rather to defend. To be Christ-like is not to be a coward. Public sins should be followed by chastisement. The law and its penalty, which are a terror to evil-doers, must be upheld. But when justice has had its demands, and especially when the correction has proved reformative, it is the part, not only of Christian charity, but of common fairness, to say, "Let bygones be bygones." Do not check the man's eager efforts to gain an honest livelihood, to offer society some degree of reparation for the past, and to reinstate himself and those dear to him in the esteem of men, from which in the hour of temptation he fell. Remember how the Divine Father deals with you, and think of the heart-probing petition put into your lips by Jesus, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." How can we expect to receive forgiveness of God while we exclude a brother from our mercy?—*Rev. J. H. Hitchens.*

OUR CHART.

IF you would know whether the Bible be true in its teachings, you must do by it as you do by a chart. A chart is nothing but a piece of paper, and what good would it do for half a dozen captains to sit down on shore and discuss its merits? How can they know whether its descriptions are correct or not? Let them take it on board and prove it by sailing by it. That is a true chart on trial. If there is a rock where it says "rock;" if there is a shoal where it says "shoal;" if there is a current where it says "current;" if it is safe where it says "safe," then it is a true chart, no matter who made it, or how, or when or where it was made.

It is the sea that is the best test of a chart, so is the human life the test of the Bible. Take God's word, in which human life is chartered down, and measure character and conduct by it; measure your whole self by it; measure God's grace by it, and see if it is not true. Would you know the truth of the Bible? Become a Christian. "If any man will do my will," says Christ, "he shall know of the doctrine which I teach, whether it be of God."

LIVING TO LOSE.

WHO is there that lives past twenty that does not live to lose? First goes our youth down into that deep, deep sea which gives us back none of all the treasures that it swallows up. Youth goes down, and innocence with it, and peace is then drowned, too. So, many happy, joyous feelings that belonged alone to youth, like the strong swimmer from some shipwrecked bark, struggle awhile upon the surface, but are engulfed at last. Strength, vigor, powers of enjoyment, disappear, one by one. Hope, buoyant hope, snatching at straws to keep herself afloat, sinks, also, in the end. Then life itself goes down, and the broad sea of events that has just swallowed another noble ship, flows as calmly as ever, and myriads cross and recross on the same voyage, the spot where others perished scarce a day before. So life is a continued loss from the cradle to the grave, and these losses taken away one by one, should admonish us that nothing is stable here, but heaven is to be gained only by the loss of all earthly things that please for a moment and then vanish forever.—*J. L. Hersey.*

FIVE KINDS OF CONSCIENCE.

THERE are five kinds of conscience on foot in the world: First, an ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor says anything, neither beholds the sins in a soul nor reproves them. Secondly, the flattering conscience, whose speech is worse than silence itself; which, though seeing sin, soothes men in the committing thereof. Thirdly, the seared conscience, which has neither sight, speech nor sense, in men that are past feeling. Fourthly, a wounded conscience, freighted with penitence for sin. The last and best is a quiet and clear conscience, pacified in Christ Jesus. Of these, the fourth is incomparably better than the three former, so that a wise man would not take a world to change with them. Yea, a wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful; an affliction, an offense; and is in the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—*Thos. Fuller.*

FAITH is exceedingly charitable, and believes no ill of God.

HE who loves little, prays little; he who loves much, prays much.

Literature and Art.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

THAT very curious literary genius—if genius he be—WALT WHITMAN, has of late received some attention from English critics. Their estimates of him are very diverse. CARLYLE speaks of him in a manner far from elegant or complimentary, and some others do not hesitate to characterize his writings as unmitigated bosh. One journal says if an Englishman were to write as WHITMAN does he would be pronounced fit only for a lunatic asylum. The London Atheneum thinks differently, and after quoting quite freely from the poem "A Word out of the Sea," says:—"Of the sublimated passion and sweetness of the above, of the minuteness with which the most delicate transitions of feeling are caught, and of the grand yet melancholy suggestiveness which sets the whole picture, as it were, in a frame of sad sunset glory, we can hardly speak in terms of praise too high. That WHITMAN can write noble poetry, this one example conclusively testifies."

HISTORICAL and biographical novels seem to be much in vogue at present. A new one doubtless intended for musical readers is announced, under title of "Mozart: a Biographical Romance," being a translation from the German. We conclude that the Germans have a special fondness for the pseudo historic and biographic.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the English novelist, now at Washington, is described as bald, with heavy and reddish side whiskers. He wears spectacles with perfectly round glasses, weighs at least two hundred pounds, and has the general appearance of a heavy business man of considerable intelligence.

LUDWIG UHLAND, a German poet who is hardly known in this country, has met with an almost unparalleled mark of appreciation, in the demand for no less than fifty-two editions of his poems in his native city, Tübingen.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE, the Boston poetess, has in press a new prose work bearing the poetic title "From the Oak to the Olive." It is a series of travel sketches made during a recent trip to Europe.

THE popularity of American female authors is strongly shown in the fact that more than a quarter of a million copies of Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES' works have been sold in this country.

J. WESLEY CARHART, D. D., late of Troy, is said to be the author of the beautiful American romance entitled "Margaret."

DR. "TIMOTHY TITCOMB" HOLLAND sailed for Europe on the same steamer with the poet LONGFELLOW, accompanied by his family.

CAPT. MAYNE REID has gone back to Europe, but will soon return, with all his baggage, and make this country his home. He has been naturalized.

ART PENCILINGS.

BIERSTADT'S "Domes of the Yo Semite" has been very favorably noticed by the London Post.

THE Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts has four hundred new pictures and sculptures on exhibition.

MISS HOSMER is at work at Florence on new pieces of sculpture for the galleries of two English noblemen.

MESSRS. MCENTEE and GIFFORD, whose landscapes are so well known, have gone abroad. The former intends to spend several years in Syria and Egypt.

MR. JACKSON, the sculptor, has received an order from the Croton Water Board of New York, for an allegorical group, to be cast in bronze, to adorn the gate of the new reservoir in Central Park. The design is very beautiful.

MR. CHURCH, the artist, has gone to Arabia to paint the landscapes and curious sculptures of the Petra. At last accounts he was perambulating that strange country wearing a big hat and carrying a still bigger portfolio.

MR. JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD of Washington has published a steel engraving of Gen. GRANT. It is a large-sized plate, 22 by 28 inches, and is a very correct likeness of its subject. We are quite as well pleased with it as with any of the many representations of the General-in-Chief which have appeared.

A COPY in marble of the "Apollo Belvidere" is now on exhibition at FISHER & BIRD'S establishment, New York city. The original stands in the Belvidere window of the Vatican, at Rome, (hence its name,) and is one of the Papal treasures. It is considered the finest statue in the world. The copy is eight feet high, weighs two tons, and is for sale for $3,000.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHINESE AT WASHINGTON.

EDS. RURAL:—On Monday I was at the capitol, and in the gallery of the Representatives' Hall. Perhaps some thirty persons were present, and on the floor below was going on the discussion of the Tax Bill—important, but not of special interest to "outside barbarians." Yesterday I went again, with my "better half," a half hour or more before the time of opening the session, and found the galleries crowded with the beauty, and power and *prestige* of our best and brightest manhood and womanhood,—twelve hundred spectators waiting in expectancy of some notable event, and hundreds more crowding vainly for entrance around the doors.

By patience and good behavior we found entrance, and saw the honorable members below all in their places, evidently waiting in due expectancy. The session opened at eleven o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, and as the Chaplain closed the opening services, the Speaker announced that they met to receive Mr. BURLINGAME, Minister, &c., from the Empire of China, and the delegation of Chinese mandarins and others with him.

All eyes were turned to the north door, opposite the Speaker's desk, and in a few moments the company made their entrance, Hon. R. C. SCHENCK beside a mandarin, Mr. BURLINGAME with another, Messrs. BANKS and BROOKS of the House, each with a "celestial" by his side, and two or three others of lesser rank following, duly escorted.

In their brief passage from the door to seats in front, and facing the Speaker, there was a busy hum of whispers, a battery of bright eyes centered on the visitants from the "flowery kingdom," and a murmur of applause and curiosity as they took their seats. The brief but fitly spoken address of Mr. COLFAX, and the equally excellent reply of Mr. BURLINGAME are in all the newspapers. The last gentleman, a ready and easy speaker, seemed embarrassed and well-nigh overcome, at first, by the novelty of his position and the hearty welcome of his friends and former colleagues. Then the members left their seats and came crowding up to shake hands with him and his Chinese associates, a process which they all seemed greatly to enjoy.

I cannot describe their dress,—look into any good picture of Chinese costumes and you have it,—bidding utter defiance to all our ideas of taste or fitness, by a strange jumble of loose robes under odd looking coats or blouses; shoes of cloth, with wooden soles; hats of straw, shaped like inverted bowls, ornamented with flowing feathers, and surmounted with buttons indicative of rank; fans of delicate and beautiful workmanship in their hands, and their garments of richest silk or finest cotton. Their long, black *cues*, plaited with nicest care, looked as odd as their dress, and I noticed the ladies about me involuntarily spoke of them as women, and then corrected their mistake with sportive laughter.

After the greeting was over they sat down again and the House went on with its usual business,—long enough for them to see how legislation is managed with us—and then they passed through a side door to the Speaker's room, and spent an hour in talking, through their interpreters, and giving their autographs to those present. I have one, and would send it to you, but fear the type-setters would go crazy in trying to get it in any shape.

I observed the grace and fine courtesy of their manners. They are evidently made of finer stuff, and with more expressive and noble features, than the poor Chinamen we have sometimes seen. The head mandarin, a man past middle age, had never, until lately, seen the sea, a ship or a railroad, and, in common with the rest, seemed greatly impressed and pleased with his strange surroundings. It must be like a journey on a strange planet to them, and they seem capable of profiting by it, and giving to their countrymen some of their experiences. It would be interesting to read the book of travels that some of them may write in China.

It was indeed an interesting and significant ceremonial,—the opening of a sealed door between this great Empire of 400,000,000 people and the outside world,—the meeting of the Orient and the Occident, the oldest and the newest civilizations in the world; and that meeting not for war or strife, but peaceful in spirit and fraternal in intent, with the hope and wish for mutual benefit thereby. Well did Mr. BURLINGAME suggest that, as we knew the Chinese better, we might learn of them in matters where they were our superiors, and doubtless they can learn of us also,—a mutual commerce for the common good. The selection of an American to make the first treaties with foreign powers is a high proof of confidence and regard, and it was fit that they should come here first and strike hands in friendship with us before steamships and the Pacific Railroad had made us neighbors.

After they had left the capitol I found my way out with the dispersing crowd, down the long flights of stone steps, on the west side of the great building, and through the shaded walks, with flowers and fountains and richest verdure on either side. Just before reaching the gate toward Pennsylvania Avenue I turned to see the great dome, as I have done many times; up, far over the tall trees, against the blue sky, noble and perfect in its symmetry, there it stood rising four hundred feet above me. Reaching my room, I looked out a short distance to the southwest, and over the Metropolitan Hotel, headquarters of the Chinese Embassy, floated side by side the great silk banner of the Oriental and ancient Empire, and the Stars and Stripes of our Republic.

Washington, D. C., June 10, 1868. G. B. S.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

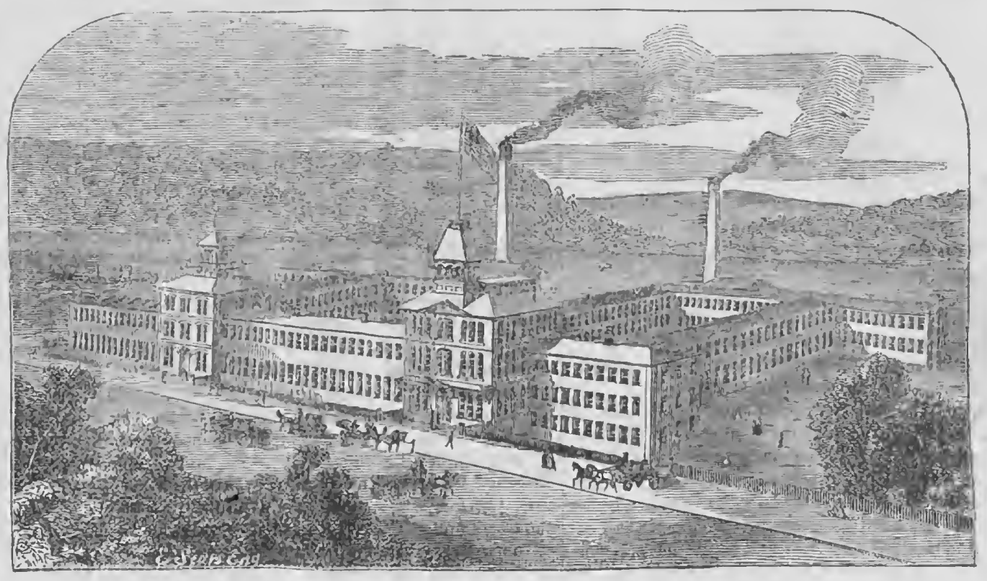
EIGHTY miles northwest of the camp on the Mohave River, Col., is the well known and much dreaded "Death Valley." It is said to be lower than the level of the sea, and wholly destitute of water. The valley is some fifty miles long by thirty in breadth, and, save at two points, it is wholly encircled by mountains, up whose steep sides it is impossible for any but expert climbers to ascend. It is devoid of vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkened its white glaring sand. In the early days, trains of emigrants bound for California, passed, under the direction of their guides, to the south of Death Valley, by what is now known as the "old Mormon road."

In the year 1850, a large train, with some 300 emigrants, mostly from Illinois and Missouri, came south from Salt Lake, guided by a Mormon. When near Death Valley, a dissent broke out in a part of the train, and twenty-one families came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader, and broke off from the main party. This leader determined to turn due west, so with the people, and wagons, and flocks, he traveled for three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white, glaring sand, bounded by the scorched peaks, met their gaze on every hand. Around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breasts, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals, the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered and raved and died.

After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a rock in the mountains. It lasted but a short time, then all perished but two, who, through some miraculous means, got out of the valley and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven persons, with hundreds of animals, perished in this fearful place, and since then the name of "Death Valley" has been applied to it. Mr. Spear says that when he visited it last winter, after a lapse of eighteen years, he found the wagons still complete, the iron work and tires bright, and the shriveled skeletons lying in many cases side by side.

DR. B. A. GOULD, of Cambridge, Mass., who is now engaged in preparing statistics of the Sanitary Commission, says the average height of American soldiers is greater than that of any other civilized country, and that the average height of Indiana soldiers is greater than that of the soldiers from any other State of the Union.

THERE are two directly opposite reasons why a man cannot sometimes get credit; one is because he is not known, the other is because he is.



AMERICAN WATCH FACTORY, WALTHAM, MASS.

WE believe in American institutions, emphatically. We illustrated and described one of them, in a recent number of the RURAL,—APPLETON & Co.'s Book Making Establishment,—and now take pleasure in giving our readers a view of another, together with a brief account thereof. The Factory of the American Watch Company at Waltham, Mass., is purely an American institution. It grew out of the peculiarly American idea of applying machinery in the manufacture of everything. Until it was started watch making had been carried on solely by hand. Necessarily, the process was slow, laborious, expensive. Nearly all the watches in this country came from abroad. Hand labor with us was too dear to admit of any real competition in the business. Such being the case, then, we paid England, Switzerland and France about four millions of dollars annually, for time-keepers, and it took nearly as much more to make them run.

But fifteen years ago two plucky Bostonians conceived the project of making watches by machinery. Could machinery operate successfully in the construction of so minute and delicate a thing as a watch? They believed it could. They organized a stock company; obtained $100,000 in subscriptions; and began the enterprise. Success was not easily attained, but attained it was, at last,—thanks to American inventive genius and skill. Obstacles of many kinds, and almost innumerable, were overcome; bankruptcy was fought against, succumbed to, and then circumvented; and to-day the American Watch Company manufactures a complete watch for every two and a half minutes of the working day, or 80,000 annually, which number is equal to the entire production of England, and is eight times more than that of all the other makers in this country combined.

The Factory is the largest in the world, covering about four acres. It is an immense structure, more than 300 feet long, with wings and cross-wings, inclosing quadrangular courts. It is located in a quiet enclosure of seventy acres, and all its rooms are light and cheery, like parlors rather than the old close, foul quarters of operatives. In it are three-fourths of a mile of work benches, and seven miles of steam, gas and water pipes. Seven hundred and fifty employes are kept constantly busy, working ten hours a day. One-third of these are ladies, and nearly all are intelligent Americans. Every part of the watch is made by some machine invented for the specific purpose. The workmanship of some of these is fairy-like, indeed. Screws are produced so infinitessimal in size that it takes 300,000 of them to make a pound, and a pound of such are worth $3,500. Nowhere can one gain a better idea of the marvelous perfection to which mechanism has been brought, than in witnessing the manifold curious processes in which it is applied by skilled fingers, in this Factory, to bring forth the six different styles of "bosom friends" here produced.

Concerning the quality of the Waltham Watches we need say little. Their steady, reliable "tick-tick" through the year speaks for them very effectually. Were any further commendation of their accuracy as time-keepers needed, we have it in the fact that they are now in use by engineers and conductors on all the leading railways, being considered superior to the foreign-made article. We have awarded many of them as premiums, and the recipients universally testify to their superiority as time-keepers. One which we purchased last year has proved more reliable than a famed "Jurgensen" watch we had carried for years, and considered unequaled in accuracy.

THE BEAVER.

THE beaver was the first victim. His fur was valuable even in early days, when luxury took the form of neatness and cleanliness. He was easily captured, and the fertile meadows where he had his home were first demanded for culture. When the wolves yet perhaps outnumbered the watch dogs, and Bruin's clumsy plantigrades often stamped the March snows about corn-stacks and orchards, what time he had waked too early from his winter nap, but yet would not turn in again, the beaver even then was never seen, hardly remembered. The Dutch seal of New Netherlands had a beaver waddling across the shield; and also in all those of the English province the female figure which forever kneels to the changing line of kings and queens holds out a beaver for tribute and peace-offering, as she might offer her baby for a hostage.

The first, and may be the only hostile shot fired in the east valley of the Lower Hudson in Indian history, was when some graceless red pirates of Rhinebeck hailed an opposition canoe of beaver peltry paddling down to Manhattan market. Near the outlet of a side-swamp that finds the main stream just below the Otter Rock is the "Beaver Dam." Tradition gives no record of its residents; but now for one hundred years, without repairs, it still stops the unused water. The bank that formed the dam when the beavers kept it full is yet plain, braced with elm roots, and green with a century's sod. Was it Todleben at the Crimea, or did these engineers first discover the durability of earthworks?—*Harper's Magazine.*

OUR POPULATION A CENTURY HENCE.

THE most considerate and cautious estimate and set down the increase of population in the United States for several decades as follows; 1870, forty-two millions; 1880, fifty-five millions; 1890, seventy-seven millions; 1900, one hundred millions. It is not unreasonable to suppose that in a hundred years from this time we may have a hundred millions in the valley of the Mississippi, seventy on the Atlantic slope, and thirty on the Pacific. There are more owners of the soil in this country than any other. We have fifteen millions, whereas Great Britain has less than thirty thousand. According to Mr. John Bright, half the land in England is owned by fewer than one hundred and fifty persons, and half the land in Scotland by not more than ten or twelve. No wonder that emigrants come hither. For the last eighteen years our average emigration is 181,269; that is to say, during all that period an emigrant has landed on our shores on an average of every minute of time, and oftener, counting the day twelve hours long. There are probably fifty tongues doing business in our metropolis; there are from thirty to fifty thousand Chinamen on our Pacific slope. The commercial convulsions and political commotions of Europe, and the fear of revolutions and conscriptions, are quickening and spreading from the European continent the westward wave of life.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.—Take a piece of pasteboard, about five inches square, roll it into a tube, with one end just large enough to fit around the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the whole hand;) put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seen as if through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they can not be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube instead of a book, and the hole will seem to be through the hand.

A WONDERFUL DOME.

THE dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in America. It is a hundred and eight feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, sixty-eight feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, and twenty-three feet higher than the Trinity Church spire of New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,200,000 pounds. How much is that? More than four thousand tons, or about the weight of seventy thousand full grown people; or about equal to a thousand laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a-half. Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,985 pounds. The pressure of the iron upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter's presses nearly 20,000 more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require to crush the supports of our dome a pressure of 775,280 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1,000,000. The new wings cost about $6,500,000. The architect has a plan for re-building the old central part of the Capitol and enlarging the Park, which will cost about $3,200,000.

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER MAKING.

IT is now alleged that the okra plant, which grows luxuriantly in all parts of the United States, possesses all the requisites for making every description of paper, from the common wrapping to the finest book or bank note paper, either sized or unsized without the addition of any other material whatever. It is claimed that this has been practically demonstrated, and that the discoverer has, within the past few months, manufactured by the most simple and economical process, in different mills, a variety of samples of papers which, although made under very unfavorable circumstances, possesses all the characteristics of paper made from linen rags and manilla rope. If this should turn out to be true it cannot fail very greatly to affect the price of paper, as the okra can be raised cheaply and abundantly. It is stated that arrangements have been made for commencing the manufacture of okra paper this season.

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER BY THE SKY.—The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather and a ruddy sunshine bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

Two Quaker missionaries, travelling in Syria, have, during the last few weeks, had an interesting interview with the great Arab chieftan, Abdel-Kader, once the leader of the Algerine tribes against the French armies. He now resides at Damascus, whither he has been followed by about seven hundred African Arabs. Here he enjoys a pension of £4,000 a year, granted him by the Emperor Napoleon.

C. M. BAILEY'S oil-cloth factory at Skowhegan, Me., turns out about 400 pieces of 25 yards each, employing between 40 and 50 hands, in two buildings 120 by 50 feet and five stories high. Each piece of carpeting passes through 75 different processes.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OPEN THE GATE.

"OPEN the gate, mamma! open the gate,"—
A tiny voice is calling to me,
And she laughs aloud, with her joy elate,
And claps her hands in her childish glee.

"Open the gate for NETTIE, please,"
And then for my coming the eager feet wait;
Her bright curls toss in the evening breeze:
Yes, child of my heart, I will open the gate.

For the gate of my heart is open wide,
To welcome the wanderer safely at home;
As the golden curls on my bosom hide,
I pray that the little feet never may roam

Afar through the luring gate of sin,
That downward leads to death and despair;
But the pearly gate may they enter in
To walk with the angels, in glory there.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CLOVER'S DREAM.

BY SUSIE V. STORMS.

CLOVER went to bed feeling just as ugly as a little girl possibly could. She had said over her little prayer because she *had* to, not because she *wanted* to, and when it was ended she jumped into bed without waiting for, or giving mamma, a good-night kiss.

Mamma tucked her up just as tenderly and carefully as usual afterward, and CLOVER ought to have thought better of her naughty actions and given mamma a kiss, *then*, but she was too full of wicked, ugly thoughts to do so.

She had been very naughty, all day; it seemed as if some mischievous person kept whispering in her ear all the time and telling her what to do; for as soon as mamma got her out of one kind of mischief she got right into another. And she had wanted a new dress for her doll, and mamma had refused to let her have the silk she had found while rummaging in the bureau, telling her that she had got a particular use for it. Then CLOVER got angry and cried, and thought all sorts of wicked things about her mother, and as soon as her eyes were dry, went to cutting paper dolls out of the last paper. Mamma had told her to let the paper alone, as it was a new one, but her mischievous disposition ruled her, and she scissored away, almost hoping that mamma *would* see her; and mamma *did* see her and punished her for disobeying.

CLOVER had wished there was a place where children could do just as they pleased, and that she could live there always, with no one to tell her what she might or might not do. She imagined such a life as that would be a very delightful one.

In ten minutes after she was in bed she was fast asleep. She thought that she was in a lovely valley, where brooks ran merrily and flowers blossomed in great profusion, and birds kept up a continuous singing in the great trees that made the place so cool and pleasant with their shade. She looked about her and saw that there were a great many children there. Some were smaller and some were larger than herself, but there were more of her size than of any other. She looked about but could see no grown people, and concluded it was a very nice place.

A little girl came toward her; CLOVER smiled, and the little girl smiled back, and then they fell to talking, and in five minutes were very great friends. It does not take children very long to form a friendship.

"What place is this?" asked CLOVER.

"Don't you know?" answered the little girl, who said her name was MARY. "This is the place where children live who do just as they want to. There aint any big folks here at all!"

"It must be real nice!" said CLOVER.

Some of the children came up, then, to get her to take part in one of their plays. She was very willing to do so, and for a little while everything went nicely enough. Then some of the boys began to dispute, and from words it went to blows, and a general skirmish ended the play. CLOVER got her hair pulled and her eyes full of dust, and her new apron was torn shockingly. She wondered why the parents of the children did not learn them better manners, but suddenly recollected that there were no grown people there. She made up her mind that some of the children had very bad tempers, and hoped that as all could do as they had a mind to they would have a mind to get along peaceably. But all that day, wherever she went, every play that was started ended in trouble, all wanting their own way.

At last CLOVER sat down under a tree, completely tired out. She had played a good deal, and quarreled a good deal more, and at last no one would play with her and she had to go away by herself. Night came on. CLOVER wondered where she was to sleep. She looked around but could find nothing that looked like a bed. Then she thought of her white bed at home, where she could sleep as warm and snug as a kitten in a basket of wool, and she wished she was in it at that moment. It grew dark, and she was always frightened when she was alone in the shadows; but none of the children would stay with her and she was too tired to go with them, so they left her alone.

How lonesome it was! All was so still, and dark, and gloomy! The dew fell and she began to get chilly. Then she missed her cosy bed more than ever, with its warm blankets and downy pillows, and she wished that she could cuddle down in its soft depths and feel mamma's hand tucking up the clothes, as she always did before she said good-night. And then she began to think of mamma's kiss, and oh! how much dearer it seemed to think of when she had lost it forever! She should never kneel at mamma's knee to say her evening prayer, or kiss papa's cheeks as she used to and say "sweet, sweet!" every time she did so. Oh, no!—little girls and boys who came to that place never could go back again, she knew! She had wished there *was* such a place, and that she could live there, and there she was, feeling that she had no one to blame but herself. It was very nice to do as she pleased, but she had a great deal rather do as mamma and papa wanted her to, and live in her old, pleasant home. If she could only be back there once more, she would never disobey again, or be as wicked and naughty as she had that day.

Then she opened her eyes and found herself in her own little bed; for she had been dreaming. She hopped up and ran to the bed where mamma and papa were, and with a cry that was half way between joy and sorrow she said,—

"Please forgive me for being so bad and naughty, and kiss me good-night as you used to; won't you, mamma?"

And mamma kissed her very tenderly, and CLOVER ran back to bed again, feeling very thankful that the land of "Do-as-you-want-to" existed only in dreams.

NEW HALF VOLUME!

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

As the Second Half of Vol. XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence next week, July 4th, *now is a favorable time to subscribe or renew.* Agents, and all earnest friends of the RURAL, will please note this, bearing in mind that every new subscription will tell in enabling us to make the paper more acceptable and valuable. And now that splendid crops are being vouchsafed farmers and planters in almost every section of the Union, we trust they will not forget the RURAL and other journals which seek the best interests of producers.

All subscribers whose terms expire this week will find the number of paper (962) printed after name on address label. In renewing, as we hope all will,—either by remitting singly, or joining or forming a club,—we hope no one will neglect to invite others to give the paper a trial for six months or a year. Single or club subscriptions will be received for six months at the same proportionable rates as for a year, and free copies, etc., allowed in proportion. Agents are reminded that the Premiums offered for the Spring and Summer Campaign extend to July 1st.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

IN accordance with an act passed by the last Legislature reducing the National Guard of this State from fifty to thirty thousand, Adjutant-General Marvin has issued an order mustering out of the service fifty regiments and one battery of artillery. The disbanded organizations are mainly those in the country, the city organizations being deemed the most efficient in our military establishment.

Reports have of late been in circulation that Fenian war material and provisions were being collected along the frontier between Ogdensburgh and St. Albans, Vt. Officers sent by the Government to Ogdensburgh to investigate the matter have ascertained the reports to be purely imaginary. Nothing of an unusual character has occurred thereabouts since June, 1866.

A mail train on the Central Railroad was thrown from the track about five miles below Schenectady, on the 17th inst., while proceeding at the rate of thirty miles per hour. Two express cars and one baggage car were thrown over an embankment twenty feet high, and badly broken. One passenger car was thrown off the track, but did not go over the embankment. Only one man was injured.

The Trustees of the Peabody Fund held their Semi-Annual Meeting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city, last week.

Frank Gallagher, a quarryman of Rochester, left his home on Monday evening of last week, stating that he was going down town after some tobacco. His body was found on the railroad track the next morning, horribly mangled, and the head severed from the body.

The New York Yacht Club concluded its annual regatta on the 19th inst. The sloop Gussie won the cup, sailing the forty miles to the light-ship and back in four hours and thirty-three minutes. The schooner cup was won by the Magic.

Col. Henry A. Moyer of Chicago, a passenger from New York to Troy on the steamer Connecticut last week, took an over dose of chloroform Friday night to quiet a neuralgic affection, and died from its effects next day.

The three societies of bricklayers in New York, numbering in all 3,000 men, have decided to adopt the eight-hour system, and to accept $4.50 per day, as the standard rate of wages, instead of $5.00 as at present.

A fire engine, which had assisted in extinguishing a fire in New York city, exploded on Thursday night of last week, killing four persons instantly, and wounding, in some instances fatally, nearly forty others. The majority of killed and injured were boys who had gathered from curiosity.

It is stated that the Grand Jury of Albany county, at the last session of the Court, indicted Alexander Frear, Member of Assembly from New York, for bribery, in attempting to induce members to vote in a certain way on railroad bills. There will now be a judicial investigation of the charges made against leading members of the last Legislature.

A tug boat from Albany, with a lumber barge in tow, exploded off the Battery, in New York, on Saturday, while racing with another tug. Ira Lynch of West Troy was drowned, and John Lewis, cook, was picked up with a leg and arm broken, and will probably die.

From Washington.

THE Chinese Embassy were presented to the Senate on the 17th inst., by Mr. Sumner, with appropriate remarks, and were duly welcomed by Mr. Wade on the part of the Senate. Personal presentations then took place.

The Senate has finally passed Mr. Sherman's bank bill in an amended form, but its chances are very faint for surviving the gauntlet it will have to run in the House. The subject of the currency has been discussed in the Senate at great length.

Gen. Logan is engaged in concentrating the entire Western influence to secure the appointment of a commission to look up a site for the Capital in the Mississippi Valley. He will bring up the matter on the first opportunity, and move a joint resolution, which he is assured will be passed through the Senate any time the House will send it there.

In the Senate, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill to promote commerce among several States and help the transportation of the mails and of military and naval stores. It contemplates the construction of additional railroads leading out in different directions from Washington. Referred to a select committee to report early next session.

The bill to remove the disabilities of certain citizens of North Carolina, has passed the Senate.

Among the bills lately introduced in the House are one by Mr. Julian to sell the Hot Springs Reservation in Arkansas; one by Mr. Ingersoll directing the Committee of Ways and Means to consider and report on the expediency of placing a tax on Government and other deposits, and the circulation of National and other banks of issue; one by Mr. Pomeroy of Kansas, to transfer the Indian Bureau to the Freedmen's Bureau; and one by Mr. Van Wyck in relation to the arrest and punishment of American citizens in foreign countries for words spoken in America.

A bill is under consideration by the House Committee on Military Affairs proposing to give officers of the army thirty-three and a third per cent. in addition to their pay.

The Committee on Reconstruction has decided to postpone for two weeks the consideration of the bill to divide Texas into three States.

It is probable the Government will abandon the indictment in the case of John H. Surratt. The Grand Jury of the District of Columbia is examining witnesses with a view to bringing in a new indictment, charging him only with conspiracy to take the life of President Lincoln.

The President has vetoed the bill admitting Arkansas to representation in Congress. His veto is based on Constitutional grounds. He claims that the State has never been out of the Union, and that Congress has no right to do more than decide upon the eligibility of such representatives as the State may elect. The House has passed the bill over the veto, and it is expected the Senate will do likewise. The Representatives elect from Arkansas are already at the Capital, in readiness to take their seats.

The friends of Colorado find that the admission of that State would jeopard the ratification of the fourteenth article. The Senate Committee have reported an amendment, therefore, requiring the State Legislature of Colorado to ratify the amendment before admission. It is understood that the Congressional delegation elect propose to resign, and thus place the entire State question in the hands of the people.

The Attorney-Generalship has at last been formally tendered to Mr. W. M. Evarts, by the President, and is being held under advisement.

A communication direct to Congress from the Texas Convention, was read in both Houses on Wednesday. It was in the form of a preamble and resolutions, urging Congress to authorize the organization by the Convention of a military force in the several counties in the State, to act in conjunction with and under the direction of the military commander therein, for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens, now every day preyed upon by assassins, and robbed to an extent unparalleled in the history of civilized communities in times of peace, and stating that if protection is not speedily provided in some form by the National Government, the loyal and law-abiding citizens of Texas will be compelled, in the exercise of the sacred right of self-defense, to organize for their own protection.

A bill apportioning the reward of $100,000 for the capture of Jeff. Davis has been reported from the House Committee on Claims. It gives to Gen. J. H. Wilson, of Illinois, $3,000; to Benjamin D. Pritchard, Michigan, late lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Michigan cavalry, $3,000; to Joseph A. O. Yeoman, of Iowa, late captain of the 1st Ohio cavalry, $3,000; and to 144 non-commissioned officers and privates of the 4th Michigan cavalry, 75 officers and enlisted men of the 1st Wisconsin cavalry, and 27 others, being a detachment accompanying Captain Yeoman, principally from Ohio, in proportion to the monthly pay to which they were respectively entitled in the grades which they held at the time of said capture.

The Tax bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means on Friday fixes the tax on whisky at sixty cents. The finer qualities of tobacco are reduced from forty cents to thirty-two cents. There is not much change on other kinds. The bill is long, embracing the administrative sections on those subjects contained in the Tax bill heretofore reported.

From the West.

THE notorious counterfeiter of $100 and $500 greenbacks, Charles Ulrect, who has given the Government much trouble, has pleaded guilty in Cincinnati, and been sentenced to 12 years imprisonment. His conviction breaks up a dangerous gang.

Another section of 20 miles of the Union Pacific railroad, from the six hundredth to the six hundred and twentieth mile post, west from the initial point, has been reported to the Interior Department.

In boring for water at Mankato, Minn., recently, the shaft, at the depth of thirty feet, fell four feet, until the handle touched the ground. The anger was drawn out, when a large volume of smoke arose for a few hours, and was followed by a stream of beautiful water.

The first samples of the new California wheat crop have reached San Francisco. The quality is excellent.

Lieut. Bell, of the 18th United States Infantry, was shot dead at Fort Saunders, the 14th inst., by a private, who was arrested and subsequently shot.

Up to Saturday last the number of delegates arrived in Chicago in attendance upon the German Saengerfest was about two thousand, representing sixty-one societies.

One man was suffocated in a gas tank in St Louis, on Sunday evening, and two others narrowly escaped suffocation.

The steamer Morning Star, proceeding from Cleveland to Detroit, collided with the barque Cortland, thirty miles from the former place, on Saturday evening, and both were sunk. About twenty of the passengers and crews are missing, several of whom are known to have gone down.

A rock slide occurred near Summit tunnel, on the Central Pacific Railroad, a few days since, killing several Chinamen. Nine thousand men are employed on the railroad, and it is expected to be completed one hundred miles east of Keno early in June.

The Trinidad lumber mills in Humboldt were blown up on the 15th, killing one man and wounding several.

From South America.

RIO JANEIRO advices to May 26th state that the Brazilian finance report shows the cost of the Paraguayan war at $21,000,000 and the total debt of the Empire at $247,000,000. The minister of finance declares a foreign loan impracticable while the war lasts.

The news from the Parana is that Lopez is arming women and has four thousand of them already on the Tebiquary under Eliza Lynch, an Irish woman. They are charged with the duty of guarding the communications.

Twenty-five hundred Paraguayans assaulted the Brazilian position on the Chaco, on the 4th of May, but were repulsed with the loss of a sixth of their number. Another account states that the engagement was in the field and a victory is claimed for both sides, the loss on the Paraguayan side being reported at 800 and that of the Brazilians at from 400 to 500. The people of Paraguay have become united and have placed in Lopez's hands the resources to prolong the war indefinitely.

The Emperor of Brazil opened the General Assembly on May 9th. In the course of his speech he stated that the United States Government had again offered mediation for the re-establishment of peace with Paraguay, which, however, was declined with thanks, the same reasons existing, strengthened by the late triumphs, which prevented the acceptance of the first offer.

The latest advices from Venezuela represent that the revolution is gaining strength and rapidly extending throughout the country. Gen. Monagas, with a large force of infantry and cavalry, had advanced on Caraccas and was within a few miles of that city. The State of Bolivia had pronounced against the Falcon administration and joined the revolutionists.

From New England.

DURING the heavy thunder storm on the 16th inst., three school boys were instantly killed by lightning, while standing on the school house porch at Monroe, Conn., and a little girl was severely stunned, but has recovered. The school house was badly damaged.

The ninety-third anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, was observed at Boston on the 17th inst., with a greater patriotic display than for many years.

An engineer on the Vermont Central Railroad, named Webster, was killed by striking against a bridge last week.

A defalcation of $575,000 in the Hide and Leather National Bank of Boston is made public. The surplus capital of the bank is $350,000, which leaves a deficit in the capital stock of $225,000.

A walking match of one hundred miles for $3,000 a side began at Mystic Park, Boston, on Friday last, between Weston and Topley, the English pedestrian. Topley completed his first twenty-five miles a mile ahead of Weston, in five hours, twenty-three minutes and forty-six seconds, thus winning the first thousand dollars.

The mystery surrounding the murder of Cornelius Holmes at Plymouth, Mass., which occurred a few weeks since, has been partially cleared up. Suspicion fastened upon one Deacon Andrews, a very respectable citizen. He has finally confessed the act, but pleads that it was done in self-defense.

Five men were drowned in Saco river, Maine, on the 19th inst., by the upsetting of a boat.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE petition of the people of Nova Scotia against the Canadian Union, has been the subject of an interesting debate in the British House of Commons. Mr. Bright moved that a commission be appointed to inquire into the cause of discontent on the part of Nova Scotia, and supported his motion in a speech in which he said justice to the people of Nova Scotia and generosity to the United States demanded such inquiry. Hon. C. B. Aderley, Under Secretary of the Colonial Department, replied for the Government. After the discussion a division took place on Mr. Bright's motion, and resulted in defeating it by 183 to 87.

The Church Suspensary bill has passed to a third reading in the House of Commons.

The University of Cambridge conferred the degree of LL. D. upon Henry W. Longfellow the 16th inst. The ceremony took place in public, and was witnessed by a vast audience. On coming forward to receive his degree, Mr. Longfellow met with an earnest demonstration of welcome from the assemblage, who greeted him with loud and prolonged cheering. The Vice-Chancellor, on conferring the degree, made an address in Latin, in which he alluded in suitable terms to the poet's life, character and works.

A report is in circulation that certain important papers have been discovered in Silisia, which reveal the existence of a plot to involve the lesser European powers with France, in a war against Prussia.

Count von Bismarck has retired from office on leave of absence, and left Berlin for his estates in Pomerania, where he will remain three or four months to recruit his health. Herr von Thile, Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, takes his place at the head of the Foreign Office.

A great meeting of Ritualists was held in London on the 16th instant. Dr. Pusey and other eminent divines were present, and resolutions were adopted defending the Irish Church Establishment as it at present stands, and maintaining the high church doctrines of the Church of England.

Negotiations have been renewed between Austria and Italy for the final disposition of the art treasures at Venice.

A solemn requiem mass was performed in Paris on Saturday last in commemoration of the death of the ex-Emperor Maximilian, it being the anniversary of his execution at Queretaro. The ex-Empress Carlotta, Gen. Miramon and a large number of Mexicans were present.

The sessions of the North German Parliament were formally closed on the 20th inst. King William of Prussia made a short and pacific speech on the occasion. The American Minister, Mr. Bancroft, contemplates a visit to the Courts of the different South German States.

Queen Victoria reviewed the British volunteers in Windsor Park, on the 21st inst., it being the thirty-first anniversary of her accession to the throne. Twenty-seven thousand men were under arms, and the scene was very brilliant.

WEST INDIAN NEWS.—At the latest advices the revolutionists had completely encircled Port au Prince, and were being bombarded constantly by Salnave's forts. The civil war was continued with unabated violence. A schooner had arrived at Port au Prince from Curacoa and landed one thousand rifles and a large supply of ammunition and war material for the revolutionists. The forces of Generals Pretor and Tanbert had united with General Nissage, and, with quite large reinforcements from the Cacos, the combined forces had commenced the siege of Fort Alexander, the last stronghold of Salnave. A proposition had been made to General Salnave to resign the Dictatorship, which he had assumed, and retain the Presidency, but this was not entertained. Ex-President Cabral of St. Domingo with his followers had joined the revolutionists in Hayti, in revenge for the assistance given by Salnave to General Baez. General B. was alarmed by the news from Hayti, as he had reason to expect an invasion of St. Domingo by Ex-President Cabral with an army of Haytiens after the defeat of Salnave.

CANADIAN ITEMS.—Races were had at Toronto on the 17th inst., under management of the officers of the garrison. The Queen's plate and fifty guineas formed the grand prize. A hurdle race closed the day's sport.....It is reported that the military authorities have decided to pull down the old fortifications at Quebec.....Several cases of sun-stroke have occurred.

A POPULAR SUMMER RESORT.—Freer's Glen, at Watkins, Schuyler Co., N. Y.—head of Seneca Lake—has, within a few years past, become one of the most popular summer resorts in the State,—not even excepting Saratoga and Niagara. Last year over 30,000 persons in parties, large and small, visited this remarkable Glen—which in a distance of over two miles presents a greater variety of beautiful and romantic scenery than any other known Glen in the world—far surpassing in these respects the famous Glens of Scotland and Switzerland, which have of late years been robbed of many of their natural charms by the ruthless encroachments of civilization. A trip over the Seneca Lake in summer, and a visit to this now famous Wonder of Nature, is asserted by tourists and pleasure seekers to be among the most attractive and enchanting in the country—Seneca rivalling Lake George, and the Glen and Landscape views from Glen Mountain, being equal to the finest scenery of the Kattskill or the White Mountains.

THERE is a woman now in the House of Industry, at Deer Island, Boston Harbor, who has been committed twenty-eight times, and another at the House of Correction, serving her thirty-seventh term. The offense in both cases was drunkenness.

☞ In the advertisement last week of those two excellent articles of household use, Doty's Washing Machine, and the Universal Clothes Wringer, the readers were sent to No. 23, Cortlandt street, instead of No. 32, which is Mr. Browning's correct number

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 23, 1868.

Money continues very easy in this locality, and the demand is light. In New York and Boston money is very easy and rates of interest, particularly for call loans, are low.

There is little variation in the price of gold. Sales were made yesterday at 140¾. Government securities are very active and transactions in the different varieties have, with the past few days, been large. Ten-forties are very firm. These bonds are steadily growing in favor with all classes of investors. The banks in New York and Boston are now holding large amounts of them, and evince little inclination to sell.

The new five-twenties of July 1, 1868, are now on the market, and are in quick demand. Many parties show a particular fondness—a partiality hardly explainable—for these freshly dated 5-20's. The loan of 1868, which amounts to ten millions, and falls due July 1, will, to a great extent, be reinvested in U. S. bonds, thus causing a special demand.

Senator Morgan has opened his guns upon the monetary unification plan. He objects mainly upon the ground that the scheme proposes a material reduction in the legal value of our gold and silver coinage. He argues that this reduction at the present state of the national debt, would rob the public creditors of nearly a hundred millions of dollars. It should, however, be remembered in this connection that Mr. Ruggles, the active mover in the unification movement, has always been in favor of making proper allowance to the holders of the national securities.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The market for wheat and flour both at the east and the west exhibits no improvement. The favorable crop prospects keep prices down.

WOOL.—The eastern sales fell off somewhat last week. Prices ranged, in Boston, from 42@55c for fleece, and 40@52½c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Commercial Bulletin of Saturday last says: "This year, manufacturers will send out very few buyers; and the agents of Eastern wool houses will encounter so little competition, that they will be able to select their purchases with care, and avoid everything that is not strictly straight and legitimate in the handling and preparation of wool for the market. According to the best information that can be obtained on the subject, it seems probable that the new clip will be bought up at a range of 37@40c for Michigan, 40@45c for Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, 33@38c for the various grades of Western, and 32@37c for Vermont and New York. These are low figures; but they are as high as warranted by the commercial situation and prospects."

The sales of wool in Western New York thus far this season have not been large, and in most localities there is a disposition among farmers not to sell at present. In this immediate vicinity sales have generally ranged from 35 to 38c. In some localities we hear that 40c have been paid. There is very little doing in Michigan. The Detroit papers quote sales at 35@38c. Some sales are reported at higher figures, but toward the close of last week the tendency of the market was to lower prices.

LOCAL MARKET.—FLOUR AND GRAIN.—The local market shows some changes since our last report. In flour a decline of one dollar per bbl. on the lower grades and half a dollar on the higher has taken place, with the tendency still downward. Wheat has also receded correspondingly—red falling ten cents and white twenty cents per bushel. Corn and oats are also lower. No barley offering, hence quotations are nominal.

PROVISIONS—Show great steadiness. Pork is without change, as also are cut meats. Butter has receded a trifle. Old cheese is steady at quotations, and new a shade below. Supply of both ample for the market. Eggs are less plenty and higher. Hay is lower and the tendency still downward.

WOOL—Hangs fire yet. But a few small lots, and these of the lower grades, have yet been offered. They were taken at the average of our quotations.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 23—Flour, wheat, $12,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,35@2,40; Do. white, $2,50@2,65; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@21cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 23@25c: Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 24@25c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box. ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $15@25. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@4½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 29½@31c. Flour, $7,10@15,00. Wheat, $2,20@2,55. Rye, $1,00@0,00. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,05@1,11. Oats, 82@83cts. Hops, 10@40c. Pork, mess, $27,75@28,00; new mess, $28,20@28,37; prime, $22,00@23,00; prime mess, $24,25@24,50. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $27@35,00. Shoulders, 12½@13cts. Hams, 16@17cts. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 15½c. Lard, 16½@17½c. Butter, 25@35c. Cheese, 7@15c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 20.—Flour, $9,50@10,50; Rye flour, $9,37@9,50; Wheat, $1,93@1,98; Corn, $0,91@0,97; Oats, 76@82½c; Rye, $1,20; Barley, $2,20; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $4 50@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $28@28,50; Lard, 18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14½c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 20@30c; Cheese, 7@15½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 20—Flour, $8,00@14,25. Rye Flour, $9,75@10,25. Corn Meal, $2,25@2,35 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,50@3,05. Rye, $2,05. Barley, $2@2,45. Corn, $1,07@1,09. Oats, 82@83c. Pork, mess, $28@28,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $33,00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 30@37c. Cheese, 16@17c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 20.—Flour, $9,25@10,00; Wheat, $1,93@1,98; Corn, 85@86½c; Oats 66½@67cts; Rye $1,52@1,52; Barley $2,25; Pork, mess, $27,75@27,75; Lard, 16½c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 18—Flour, $6,50@12,50; Wheat, $2,00@2,30; Corn, 93@91c car; Oats, 73@75c; Rye, $1,73@1,80; Barley, $2,00@2,10; Mess pork, $26,37@28; Lard, 17@18½c; Bacon, 13@16½c; Hams, 18@19½c; Shoulders, 13@15c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, JUNE 18—Flour, $6,00@7,00; Wheat, spring, $1,40@1,42; fall, $1,43@1,50; Oats, 52@53c; Barley, $1,05; Peas, 50@72c. Pork, mess, $21@22 00; prime, $16@17,00; Bacon, 18@12cts; Hams, 13@13½c; Shoulders, 8@11c; Beef hams, 15@17c; Lard, 13@14c; Butter, 12@13c; Cheese, 11@11c; Hay, $11@21; Straw, $12@16.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15—Beeves—Receipts 6,252 head; quotations 14@18c. Veal calves; receipts 2,356 head; quotations, 8@12½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,904 head; quotations, Sheep, 3½@8c; Lambs, 12@15c. Swine—Receipts 17,060 head; quotations, 8@9½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 18—Beeves, $9,75@10,25. Milch Cows, $50@120. Veal Calves, 8½@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 5@5½c; Western 5½@7c.; Hogs, 8½@9½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JUNE 17—Beeves range from 11@14½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 4@7c; extra, —@—cts; by the head, $2,00@—. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 7@10cts; retail, 8@11c; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb; pelts, 75@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@9c. Veal Calves, $3@12.

CHICAGO, JUNE 20.—Beef cattle range at from $4,00@8,75. Sheep, 5½@7½c. Hogs, live, $8,00@9,25.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 17—Beeves, $4@7,50; Sheep, $2,00@4; Hogs, $7,00@8,75 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15—Beef Cattle, 5@10½cts; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 5@6½c. gross; Hogs, 12½@14c.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 18—Beef Cattle, 5@10½cts; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Lambs, $2@4; Hogs, 11½@13c.

TORONTO, JUNE 18—Beeves range at $6@7,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,50; Lambs, $4,50@3,00; Calves, $2,50@8.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 20.—Market is quiet. Sales are 380,000 lbs. at 44@50c. for Domestic Fleece, 32@34c unwashed, 42@48c for pulled, 55c for Canada combings, 20@32c. for Texas, 22@35c for California, 24½@34 for Mexico, 41@42½c for Cape, and 35c for Oregon

BOSTON, JUNE 17—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 45@50c; pulled, 43@50cts; medium and extra Western, 44@47c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 17—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c; Tub Washed, 40@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 18—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 42@44c.; Medium, 33@40c.; Coarse, 37@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 45@50c.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 18.—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; bury, 19@21c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 39@43c; Pulled, 30@3c.

MARRIED.

AT the residence of the bride's parents, on the 17th June, by Rev. HORACE ALLEN, Mr. CHAS. F. HALL and Miss MARY J., daughter of H. J. KIDDER, Esq., both of Honeoye Falls, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

CHILDREN.—ALL PARENTS SHOULD UNderstand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip is decidedly ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. 962-2teo

A NEW PORTRAIT OF GRANT, LARGE size, handsomely engraved on steel,—price $1,25,—sent by mail on receipt of price. Also, small portraits of *Grant* and *Colfax*, 25 cts. each. Liberal discount to Agents. Address J. C. BUTTRE, 53 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK. [962-2teo

CHICAGO
DITCHING MACHINE.

We again call attention to the above Machine. It has been tried in all kinds of soil, and where there were a good many boulders and large stone, in all of which it has worked successfully.

The Machine, as now being manufactured, is intended for *tile draining only*, though the same principle can be used for *surface or open ditching*, with an appliance for sloping the sides, (which is not to be patented.)

The importance of drainage in the older sections of the country is too well known to require comment. You can estimate for yourself as to the amount of tile drainage that can be done *per diem*, taking ten hours as a day's work. Six times over the course, in strong clay, will dig a ditch from two and one-half to three feet deep. The horses walking at a rate of three miles per hour, for ten hours, will give you thirty miles; divided by six, makes you five miles of drain; deducting from this, time consumed for turning, &c., you will have, we will say, three miles. Numerous exhibitions of these Machines at work have been witnessed by many in Illinois and New York, few, if any of whom, pronounce unfavorably as to the practical working of them.

WE CHALLENGE *the inventor or owner of any Ditching Machine not constructed under cover of our Patents, to dig* TEN (10) RODS OF DITCH, *two and one-half feet deep, with one of their Machines, while we dig with one of ours* ONE HUNDRED (100) RODS, anywhere where a man can shovel by hand advantageously, or where fifteen hundred pounds will press a shovel into the ground at an angle of forty degrees, or where ground is not too soft for horses to get a good footing.

We use the ground as a fulcrum, and all the power required to do the work substantially, is to elevate the earth to the apron, which discharges it. It will be readily seen, by the description of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, that there is a "wheel within a wheel;" or, in other words, the inside of the wheel that does the digging is as large as the outside. This is accomplished by the slipping of the head of the spade to place it in proper position to penetrate the ground, without which it cannot be done successfully.

It is evident that if what is stated is true—*and all we ask is for those interested to investigate*—that there is no farmer in this country who needs the exclusive use of a Machine of this kind; consequently, in order to compensate the inventor and the present owners, we propose to sell territory by States, Counties or Towns, for the *exclusive* right to use within the district for which they may have a deed, for fifteen years from the 7th day of August, 1868.

One Machine for a Township for the present is all that is required; but *the parties buying the territory only will have the right of getting more for the time above named.*

What we prefer to do is to distribute this among enterprising farmers or others who will not make it a monopoly, and the price of territory and Machines divided among a few will make only a small investment for each.

To substantiate what we assert, we refer you to the following parties:

A. B. MCCONNELL, President Illinois State Ag'l Soc'y, Springfield, Ill.
JNO. P. REYNOLDS, Secretary Illinois State Ag'l Soc'y, Springfield, Ill.
Judge JOHN M. WILSON, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. EMORY, Editor Prairie Farmer, Chicago, Ill.
JOSEPH WRIGHT, Waterloo, N. Y.
W. PULMAN, Waterloo, N. Y.
SAMUEL THOMAS, Waterloo, N. Y.
DAVID COBAB, Jr., Phelps, N. Y.
JNO. P. COWING, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.
Messrs. MAXWELL BROS., Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.
Messrs. W. & T. SMITH, Nurserymen, Geneva, N. Y.
And all others who have seen one of them work.

For further information, address the undersigned,
G. H. BEARDSLEY, Secretary,
Chicago Ditching & Spading Machine Co.,
995 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ALL FOR $5.

One Piece Bleached Sheeting, or One Piece Brown Sheeting,

And Descriptive Slips of SIXTY ARTICLES for sale at ONE DOLLAR each, will be sent to any person that will send us FIVE DOLLARS. This beats all

THE REVOLUTIONS IN TRADE

Ever heard of in the world!

WE ARE COMING

To offer better bargains than any other Dollar Concern in the Country!

We send Descriptive Slips and a Printed Schedule of Goods we have for sale at ONE DOLLAR EACH,

FREE OF ALL CHARGES!

We do not require any one to send us ten cents in advance (or $10 either) and then send a printed slip stating that the person can receive for one dollar a Toy Flute valued at $3, but really worth but 10 cents, or a Perfumed Glove Box worth but 25 cents.

We use no such trash in OUR DOLLAR SALE. Our Circulars state fair and square the articles which will be sent for the money received.

☞ SEND US $5 AND GIVE US A TRIAL, OR BE SURE AND SEND FOR A CIRCULAR BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

FARNHAM & CO.,
962-2teo. *No. 24 Friend Street, Boston, Mass.*

INDELIBLE PENCILS.

For Marking Clothing, &c.,
Single, $0,50; 3 for $1; per dozen, $2,75; ℔ grs. $28.
For Writing on Wood,
Single, $0,60; two for $1; per dozen, $4.
Sent, freight prepaid, on receipt of price.
"More convenient than ink."—*Am. Agriculturist.*
"Invaluable for marking linen."—*Chicago Tribune.*
Manufactured and sold by the
INDELIBLE PENCIL CO.,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
☞ Sold by Stationers and Dealers every where. [962-2teo

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
THE BEST REAPER KNIFE GRINDER!

Made of FINE EMERY and VULCANIZED RUBBER, firm as steel and ALWAYS TRUE. Cuts five times as fast as the Grindstone, and gives a PERFECT EDGE. Weighs but twenty pounds, is clamped to the machine, a plank or table, runs rapidly by gear, and turns easily. Is the best and cheapest. See it before you buy. For Circulars and BEST TERMS to Agents, address
962-2t E. G. STORKE, AUBURN, N. Y.

CONSIGN YOUR GOODS TO H. P. BALLARD & CO., the old established, strictly Produce Commission House, *No. 332 Washington St., New York.* Receives all kinds of Country Produce, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Tallow, Eggs, Beans, Peas, Flour, Grain, Wool, Hops, Beef, Poultry, Tobacco and High Wines.

Our long experience in the Commission Business enables us to sell goods without delay for the highest market prices. Cash Advanced on Consignments. Sales promptly made. Send for our Daily or Weekly Price Current.

☞ 10,000 AGENTS WANTED—IN OUR Great ONE DOLLAR SALE of Dry, Fancy, Cutlery, and Plated Goods, &c. All Goods sold at an equal price of ONE DOLLAR. Special arrangements made with the ORIENTAL TEA COMPANY for their Teas and Coffees at their best Trade Prices. Circulars sent *free.*—Agents can make 25 to 50 Dollars a Week.
GEORGE DRYDEN & CO., Manuf'rs Agents,
962-2teo 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

HARD TIMES BEAT!
NO PERSON NEED COMPLAIN!
EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL!
to act as Agent for Adams & Co.'s
GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE.
Send for Circular.
962-2teo ADAMS & CO., 22 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

℞ AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
the world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

EVERY FARMER HIS OWN SOAP-MAKER.—Making Soap with GEORGE F. GANTZ & CO.'S WHITE ROCK POTASH is as easy as milking a good cow. Your soap will only cost 2 cents a pound, and the quality will be most superior. Ask your storekeeper to get it for you at 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York. If he is accommodating, he will do so. It is better than any Lye in the market.

CHESTER COUNTY WHITE HOGS.—THE subscriber is breeding, and at all times prepared to furnish pigs of various ages of this celebrated breed of hogs of best quality and at reasonable rates. Pigs will be carefully boxed and shipped as ordered, to all parts of the country. Circulars and Price List furnished to all who apply and enclose a stamp to pay return postage. Address
962-4t JAMES EDGERTON, Barnesville, Ohio.

THE DOLLAR WATCH.—The Magnetic Pocket Time Keeper and Compass, handsome Case, glass crystal, white dial, steel and metal works, watch size, good order; will denote correct time. Warranted for two years. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Sent by mail for $1; three for $2; or by Express, C. O. D., on receipt of order.
Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Chicago Ditching Machine—G H Beardsley.
Doty's Washing Machine—R C Browning.
All for $5—Farnham & Co.
Fruit Jars—Palmer & Wisner.
Indelible Pencils—Indelible Pencil Co.
Chester Co. White Hogs—Jas Edgerton.
Farm for Sale—Peter S. Burtis.
The Dollar Watch—Hunter & Co.
Wanted—Agents—National Sewing Machine Co.
Elmira Female College—Rev A W Cowles.
Agents Wanted Everywhere—E G Storke.
Deafness, Asthma, &c., Cured—Dr Boardman.
Children's Shoes—The New Silver Tip.
A new Portrait of Grant—J F Buttre.
Hard Times Beat—Adams & Co.
10,000 Agents Wanted—Geo Dryden & Co.
New Song—J S White & Co.
North Street Nursery, Geneva—J W Baker.
Tri-Weekly Advocate—D U Monten.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Every Farmer his own Soap Maker—Geo P Gantz & Co.
Consign your Goods to H P Ballard & Co.
The Day-Book—Van Evrie, Horton & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Albany has voted $3,000 to celebrate the "Fourth."
— A 40-lb. bass was caught near Hudson, Sunday.
— Brooklyn will celebrate grandly on the "Fourth."
— Charlotte Cushman will arrive home in July.
— Newhouse, an English jockey, aged 14, weighs 44 lbs.
— Jenny Lind is coming over again in the autumn.
— Lord Brougham's remains are to rest in France.
— The Prince of Wales is bald.
— Milwaukee is called the Cream City.
— Chautauqua Co., N. Y., lost 631 soldiers in the war.
— Cherries have appeared in the Rochester market.
— Quebec contributes $529.30 to the McGee Fund.
— Mad dogs rage in Iowa.
— Napoleon has "Bright's disease."
— Keckley's book has been burlesqued.
— Menken's last husband is named Maitland.
— Silver eels are being caught in the Wisconsin waters.
— Dickens will read in England this fall.
— Fanny Elssler is fifty-seven, and fat.
— Brigham Young wants a cheese factory.
— Boston has a new fountain on the Common.
— Bierstadt has taken a studio in Paris for next winter.
— The pine apple crop was never finer than this year.
— The grasshoppers are grazing in Central Iowa.
— Edwin Booth never goes to hear any other actor.
— Leotard, the gymnast, gets $625 a week in London.
— The new 15 cent notes have been printed.
— Pierre Carme is billiarding in St. Louis.
— Gossips send Thurlow Weed to Europe.
— Gen. Meade is in Philadelphia.
— A valuable turquoise mine has been found in Nevada.
— Trimm has made $100,000 on the Petit Journal.
— Lowell has 433,418 spindles, and 25,000 *spin*-sters.
— White linen suits are to be "the thing" this season.
— A New York banker is to build a house of gypsum.
— Mount Vernon is going to decay.
— Sing Sing prison contains 1,325 male convicts.
— Geo. W. Bungay is lecturing in New York.
— A vein of lead has been discovered in Venango, Pa.
— One California wool ranche pays $60,000 a year.
— The Kansas farmers are having a sweet potato mania.
— A man in Chicago has grown six feet of beard.
— Glass for the New York Post Office will cost $76,000.
— A regatta is talked of, on Seneca Lake, from July 4th to 6th.
— Peat speculations in Connecticut have proved disastrous.
— A society of the Army of the Potomac is to be organized.
— Victoria will summer in Switzerland and Engenie in Norway.
— Texas is not a little surprised to find money in its treasury.
— Toledo revels in the anticipation of 2,000 new houses this year.
— Kuntze, the sculptor, is engaged on a statuette of John Jay.
— Twenty-one Harvard students have been fined for drunkenness.
— Disraeli lacks only one hundred and forty-two hairs of being bald.
— New Haven, Ct., will decorate its soldiers' graves on the 4th of July.
— The head cook at the Astor House receives a salary of $4,000 a year.
— One hundred million dollars a year are stolen by the revenue thieves.
— One thousand persons have gone through bankruptcy in Massachusetts.
— Victor Hugo has just lost his only grandson, of whom he was very fond.
— It is announced that "Greeley has experienced a change of—hat."
— A four-legged chicken has been born in Tennessee, all the legs kicking.
— Several boys have been drowned at Troy lately, while bathing in the river.
— King William of Prussia clings to old clothes, "they are so comfortable."
— The wife of Canal Commissioner Dorn died at Schenectady on Tuesday.
— The Detroit Board of Trade has been discussing the renewal of reciprocity.
— Emigration from Prussia to America this year is expected to reach 250,000.
— The attempt to raise cotton in India from American seed is a settled failure.
— An ingenious Nebraskan catches grasshoppers on boards spread with tar.
— Portland, Maine, offers a reward for the detection of boys robbing birds' nests.
— Hon. Wm. Loughridge of 4th Iowa district has been renominated for Congress.
— A penny edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" has been published in England.
— All land in Iowa on which groves or hedges are planted is exempt from taxation.
— The statement that Grant had sent officers to look after the Fenians, is denied.
— A Connecticut paper alludes to a local poetess as "a side-saddle rider of Pegasus."
— Seventeen days is the quickest time on record from San Francisco to Washington.
— Quiet reigns in Troy. The lawyers have gone in a body to visit the Hoosac Tunnel.
— Miss Maria S. Rye, with one hundred English girls, is expected in Canada this week.
— Greeley has given 100 copies of his "American Conflict" to English public libraries.
— Disease has made sad inroads upon the once fine personal appearance of Gen. Hooker.
— Syracusans are flattering themselves that they are to have a new depot. They need one.
— The Japanese government is thinking seriously of opening the entire country to trade and travel.
— Cincinnati claims eight seconds better time on the recent races than was ever made in this country.
— An Illinois farmer was caught in a corn sheller and came out with nothing on but his boots and neck-tie.
— Rhode Island must be a nice little State, with but few axes to grind. The Legislature sat only two days.
☞— Seven children lay dead of scarlet fever in different parts of the village of North Adams, Mass., on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 923

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED—Agents.—$175 per Month to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of $20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 962-4t

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.—This fully chartered College offers superior advantages for the most extensive and thorough education of young ladies, who may enter either the *Collegiate, Eclectic, Academic* or *Musical* departments. Terms moderate. Send for a circular, to Rev. A. W. COWLES, D. D., President, Elmira, N. Y. 962-4tco

NEW SONG.—"The Farmer he must Feed them All." Composed by BERNARD COVERT, author of "THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL," and over one hundred other Songs. Every Farmer should feel proud of his occupation and send for a copy of this beautiful Song, 3c.
Address J. S. WHITE & CO.,
81 State Street, Marshall, Michigan.

THE DAY-BOOK FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1868!

The great canvass of 1868 is now commencing—a canvass that is to determine the restoration of the Union, or years of chaos, bloodshed and horror. The people want light, want to understand the issue, want to see and know the dangers that surround them, and this furnished them, they will sweep Mongrelism, or so-called Radicalism, from the face of the earth. THE DAY-BOOK can do this; its editors and writers have long made the Mongrel faction a special study. It is the only paper in the country that grapples with it, or contests its fundamental principles, and *therefore* is just what the people want in this great contest now upon us. Having received numerous inquiries as to its price for the Campaign, we would announce the following as its terms, for four months, commencing July 1st, or from the date of subscription:

Terms for the Campaign of Four Months.

One copy	$ 60
Five copies	2 50
Ten copies and one extra	5 00
Twenty copies and two extra	10 00
Fifty copies and five extra	25 00
One hundred copies and ten extra	50 00

Yearly Subscription.

One copy one year	$2 00
Three copies one year	5 50
Five copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	9 00
Ten copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	17 50
Twenty copies one year, and one to the getter up of the club	30 00
Additional copies	1 50

We write the names on the papers at the above rates.

One hundred thousand additional DAY-BOOKS ought to be scattered over the country between the 4th of July and November 1st. Let us start in July with at least ten thousand additional subscribers. Who will make up the first hundred? Democratic Clubs, Committees, &c., ought to attend at once to this important matter of circulating Democratic papers.

VANJEVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
No. 162 Nassau Street, New York.

PETERS' EMIGRANT AND LAND AGENCY.
Having been in the South much of the last two years, and become familiar with its soil, climate, and agricultural resources and condition, and being also familiar with the North and the West, I have opened an office, where Emigrants, both Home and Foreign, can obtain reliable information regarding localities, &c., in either section.
Letters requiring answers must enclose $1 and a pre-paid envelop properly addressed.
The value of securities examined, and loans negotiated.
Persons having farms or other lands for sale will do well to enter them at the Agency. T. C. PETERS,
No. 109 Nassau St., New York.

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL,
944-tf No. 9 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

$200 A MONTH, TO AGENTS, MALE OR FEMALE. Particulars free, or sample retailing for $1 for 10 cents. Address
961-2t CLARK & CO., Newark, N. J.

A NEW INVENTION.—A STOVE HOOK, A Hammer and Claw, and Pie and Pan Lifter, and Kettle Hook all combined. Agents wanted to sell this new invention. Needed in every house. A sample one sent by mail for 50 cents. Address H. F. MERRILL, Barkhamsted, Conn.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE—THE BEST is the one manufactured by the Bridgeport Knitting Co., Bridgeport, Ct. Send for circular to your nearest agent. MASURY & REYNOLDS, Boston, Mass., J. W. ROBERTSON, Concord, N. H., REYNOLDS & PORTER, 131 West 5th St., Cincinnati, O., J. H. SNOW, Freeport, Ill., C. K. CANFIELD, Lyons, Ia, H. MILLEU, Madison, Wis., J. B. SNOW, Minneapolis, Minn.

AUCTION SALE OF FINE BLOODED DAIRY STOCK.
The Third Annual Sale of Thoroughbred and Grade Alderney and Ayrshire Calves, Heifers, Cows and Bulls, will take place at the Farm of the subscriber, situated one-half mile from the Railroad Depot, in the City of New London, Connecticut, on Thursday, July 9th, 1868. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock, A. M., and no postponement on account of weather. 100 head of this celebrated stock will be sold as above, without reserve, to the highest bidder.
About 25 head are thoroughbred Alderneys.
" 25 " " " Ayrshires.
" 22 " " Cross of the two bloods (Alderney and Ayrshire.)
" 25 " " Grades, ½, ¾, ⅞, 15-16th, 31-32d.
Terms—Cash on delivery of the stock. Catalogues on the day of sale. THOMAS FITCH,
961-2teo New London, Conn.

GRANT CHARMS AND PINS.—Great inducements for Agents to sell our Grant Engravings, Charts, Medals, Badges, Pins, Song Books, Ivory Charms, Flags, &c. Specimens sent for 25 Cents. 10 different styles sent for $1.50. Send for Circulars to STONE, HALL & CO., Headquarters for Campaign Goods, Boston, Mass., P. O. Box, 3,841. 960-4t

PHILADELPHIA CANCER HOSPITAL.—Prof. KLINE, of the Philadelphia University, is making astonishing *Cures of Cancer* at the *Philadelphia Cancer Hospital*, by a new process, a *Chemical Cancer Antidote*, that removes the largest of *Cancers* without *pain* or the use of the knife, without *caustic, eating*, or *burning Medicines*, and without the loss of a *drop of blood*.
☞For particulars call or address R. H. KLINE, M. D., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 960-4t

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.—WARRANTED TO REMOVE ALL DESIRE FOR TOBACCO. This great remedy is an excellent appetizer. It purifies the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing, and establishes robust health. *Smokers and Chewers for Fifty Years Cured.* Price Fifty Cents, post free. A treatise on the injurious effects of Tobacco, with lists of references, testimonials, &c., SENT FREE. Agents Wanted. Address
DR. T. R. ABBOTT,
960-4t Jersey City, New Jersey.

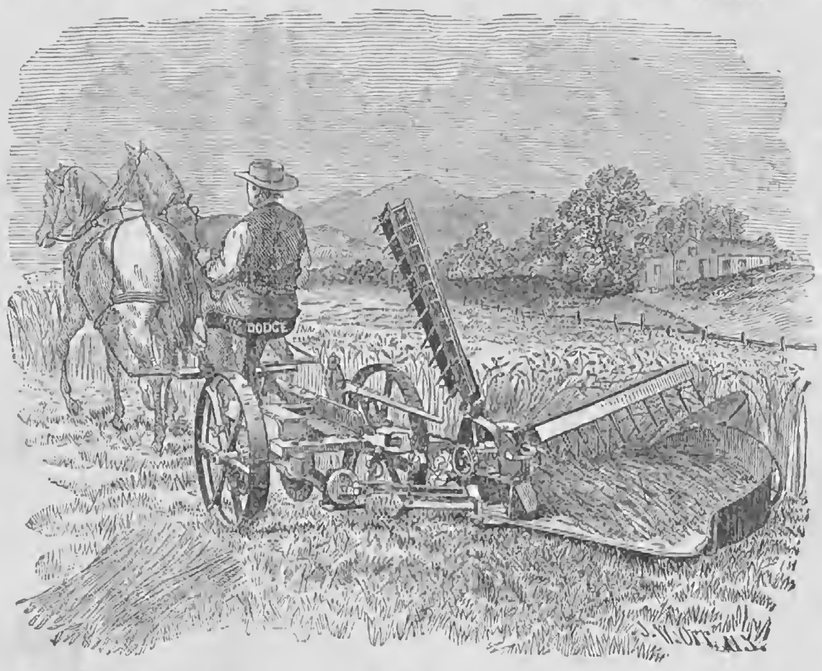
The Premium Harvester of America.

BUCKEYE Mower, Reaper, AND SELF RAKER

Awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUMS at the most important FIELD TRIALS ever held in any country.
90,000 Now in Use—20,000 Sold in a SINGLE SEASON.
☞Circulars forwarded by mail.
MANUFACTURED BY
ADRIANCE, PLATT & CO., No. 165 Greenwich St., N. Y., (Manuf'y Pokeepsie,)
HIRAM CURTIS, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
J. M. CHILDS & CO., No. 121 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y.

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT GROWER, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 956-13t

DODGE'S PATENT REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER,



MANUFACTURED BY THE DODGE AND STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., AUBURN, N. Y.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES AND DEPOTS FOR MACHINES AND REPAIRS:
SEMPLE, BIRGE & CO., No. 13 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.
GAMMON & PRINDLE, No. 46 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.
L. J. BUSH & CO., No. 136 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. A. TYRREL, 58 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
WICK, CROWDER & CO., 136 River St., Cleveland, Ohio.

—THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR, AS THE BEST
COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best"—DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or foot, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in it and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain cut was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain leaned very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from this southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also reels, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 18, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Trontman, at Bearytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra*.

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
H. G. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Pulman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nummors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Lautensleyer,
H. F. Troutman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fankluburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barbeau,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or fixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jhnerson, Daniel B. Wooden, F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey, Daniel S. Post,

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction; reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Bockover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Hull,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Gosline,	D. B. Randall,	John Dysinger,
Jacob Dislinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	R. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. Stouse,	H. C. Wright,	James Dislinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
John Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Stabler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp,	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barto,	Samuel R. Briggs,
S. B. Mundy,	Ira Stilwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. R. Vandyke,
Peter Mauzar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Williamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blanvelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hanay,	Peter Tunison,	F. M. Vaunyetwick
Jefferson Sullivan,	Sam. Ogden,	I. Tunison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rapplye,	E. Lamoreaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.
C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

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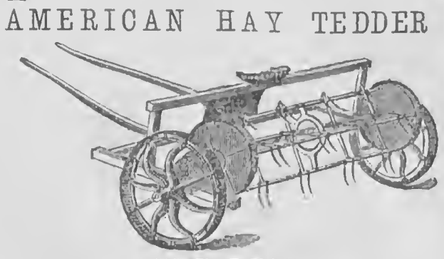

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SUMMER SNOWS.

BY MARY E. ERWIN.

Soft the summer snows are sifting,
Round my way;
And the fragrant flakes are drifting,
'Neath the trees, whose branches lifting
In the breezes, toss and play.

And each flower-flake will wither
Swift and soon;
Every leaflet wafted hither,
All this beauty blanched together,
Falls beneath the breath of June.

But behind the fallen flower,
On the shoot—
Waiting through each golden hour,
For the sunbeam and the shower,—
Ripe in Autumn, hangs the fruit,

And our life is softly strewing
Every day,
With the leaflets—thinking, doing—
Flake-like, though they fall, pursuing
Each, the other, o'er our way.

Stainless types—sweet snows so vernal—
Ye impart
Lessons from the Great Eternal;
Pointing where neath skies supernal,
Hangs the fruitage of the heart.

[*The Batavian.*

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EVIL GENIUS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

BY MRS. N. S. AVERILL.

"Fly drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away, the reason and the sense.
Consider how it soon destroys the grace
Of human shape, spoiling the beauteous face,
Puffing the cheeks, blearing the speaking eye,
Studding the face with curious heraldry.
What pearls and rubies does the wine disclose,
Making the *purse* poor to enrich the *nose*.
It racks the brain, it spoils the memory,
Hasting on age and wilful poverty;
Quite leave this vice and turn not to 't again,
Upon presumption of a stronger brain:
For he that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man."

"Take another glass, De Garm."

"'Pon my word, Sam, you're too hard on a fellow. Another glass will finish me for to-night."

"Nonsense! You're squeamish, man. It's only your third, and we must treat the fellows when they come in. Here's your health! Any man ought to stand under the liquor you have taken to-night, and you know it's no matter if we don't stand when the fun is all over."

"But every man has not your capacity for liquor, Sam. You can drink all of us poor fellows as drunk as devils, and then walk home steady and straight; while we are experimenting in the most practical manner with inclined planes and geometric circles as we endeavor to reach our lodgings."

"A pleasant circumstance for me, truly."

"Pleasant—for you—yes. But how do you manage to get in o'nights without arousing the old gentleman's supicions—eh, Sam?"

"All my good luck, De Garm. That sister of mine is a trump! I am never home so late but she glides softly down to open the door for me, exchanges my boots for slippers, admits me to my room, well warmed and lighted; and so I manage to get comfortably settled in bed, while my watchful parent never dreams that I have been abroad."

"The paragon of a sister has ready a dish of tears and reproaches for her erring brother, I s'pose?"

"Not she!" Something like self-reproach softened Sam's tone and manner as he added—"Sometimes I wish she would speak out. Her looks betray sorrow, and her manner a kind of rebuke; but never a word escapes her lips. She does in this way, it is true, often detract from the comfort of my morning nap," concluded Sam, lightly.

"Ha! ha! looks would never keep me awake a half minute. You *are* a lucky fellow, Sam, by Jove! But the old lady—she scores you sometimes, I'll warrant, or she's no true daughter of Eve."

"If you refer to my mother, De Garm, by your silly babble, you had better guard your language. Her name, at least, shall not be polluted by being dragged into this place and company."

"Ha! ha! ha! Mighty fine! 'Spose you would grow thrice eloquent, if I should venture to inquire Miss Lizzie's opinion as to her lover's capacity for liquor."

"De Garm, you are a fool! Cease your senseless chatterings, and bring the cards from yonder table; there's time for a game before the boys come in. But first tap this wine with me. There's but little of it, but it's prime, and enough for you and me."

The young man drained the proffered glass, and staggered across the room to bring the cards, when by a mishap he stumbled, and fell headlong. Too much intoxicated to rise, he lay helplessly there, pouring out foolish jests and childish ravings, until he gradually sank into a heavy slumber.

"You'll be quiet now, I think," muttered Sam, pushing him contemptuously with his foot. And he turned to greet with his captivating smile and pleasant address several young men who had entered the room.

"Hallo! De Garm's done for so quick, eh?" laughingly interrogated one of the number as he passed the prostrate form of his companion.

"Yes," replied Sam, "he grew impertinent, and you know it requires but little to quiet him lately. But never mind him, boys; come on, you are late. Fill your glasses to the brim! Ah! there's life and beauty in the sparkling wine!

——"One sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste."

"Circulate the cards! Cover my Ten! It's my treat to-night, so I'll take my chance alone, and you may divide yours among you."

And so, during all those midnight hours, the calm moon looked in upon this scene, while behind her soft rays the angels of God grieved sadly over the triumphs achieved by the spirits of evil. Brilliant talents, high hopes, proud aspirations, wealth, culture, the fond dreams of parents, the lavish tokens of God's love and forbearance,—all, all, sacrificed to drink, maddening drink, and the baneful games which paralyze and destroy the soul. Ah, why has sin this benumbing power thus to blind, then shackle and destroy the fair image of the Creator?

Sam, the Evil Genius of the University, was the only son of its learned Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. Handsome, gifted, elegant in manners, ready in polished wit and keen satire, he was the star of the circle in which he moved. The pride of his father, the object of the all-absorbing love of his mother, the idol of his sister, (to whom alone his evil ways were known with any certainty,) the young man gradually threw off all fear of detection, and became more reckless of the consequences of his wicked course. He was, in some sense, the oracle of the University, and exerted a powerful but baneful influence over his companions, too many of whom had yielded to their prospective ruin. For his father,—a stern, harsh man,—Sam neither exhibited nor felt the slightest reverence or affection. But his mother, his sister and his betrothed held his better nature in their keeping, and from these angel influences he was not yet so hardened as to turn quite away. In all his sinful revels, Sam had never allowed himself or others to manifest the slightest disrespect towards these three who, he knew, stood between himself and utter ruin. For their sakes, he attained a proud position in his classes, an easy task for one of his superior talents, and for their sakes he set some limits to his revelings, so that he never lost his self-control, or had brought, as yet, open disgrace upon his family.

But, conscious of the power he possessed over his associates, he delighted to exercise it, so that his path was marked already with the wrecks of promising youth allured to dissipation and vice through his influence. None, however, seemed so hopelessly lost as the young De Garm Spencer, over whose bloated face had this night settled the unmeaning smile of utter intoxication. The only darling child of a widowed mother, he had entered College when but a youth of sixteen years, taking an advanced rank in scholarship, although so young. Yielding, impressible and void of principle, Sam soon gained an ascendancy over his weaker mind, and, unable to resist the fascinating influence, his course had been steadily downward, until there remained one only last penalty to be inflicted by the authorities,—expulsion from the University.

"Has your brother come in yet, Charlotte?" demanded Professor Wilson of his daughter, coming suddenly upon her, just as the clock tolled the hour of twelve, as she waited as usual, to admit him from the scene of his debaucheries.

"No, Sir, I think not," replied Charlotte, in a faltering tone.

"Very well, you need wait for him no longer. Light the gas in the parlor and retire to your own room. I will admit your brother to-night."

Charlotte directed a timid, beseeching glance to her father's face. From his stern eye and compressed lip, she knew that her brother was discovered,—that no slight penalty awaited him,—and that her only course was to obey in silence the the orders she had received. From the decisions of her father, she well knew there was neither appeal nor reprieve, and that his sense of honor and justice would never retard the execution of the penalties affixed to broken laws, even upon his only son, her darling brother. As she passed her mother's door on the way to her own room, she was startled to find her standing in the passage, her face ashen white and her whole frame shaken with the intensity of her grief. Her mother knew all, then, carefully as she had striven to conceal the terrible truth from her, and Lottie felt in a moment that this was no time to indulge her own sorrow, but that it must be hers to sustain and soothe her mother, lest she should sink beneath the stroke. Taking her icy hands in hers, she led her to the couch, and by tender, persuasive words, compelled her to recline upon it, while she bathed her face and chafed her hands, and prepared a soothing draught. She trembled with fear at what might be the effect of this night upon the delicate frame of her mother as she encountered her eye, wild and burning, but unmoistened by a tear, and witnessed the marks of sudden, overwhelming sorrow upon her haggard face. Thus they awaited in agonizing suspense the arrival of the erring one.

The City bell had just rung out the hour, three o'clock, when Sam withdrew from his companions, now sleeping off their debauch, and with a step still firm and steady, sought his home. The unusual light shining brightly from the parlor, startled him for a moment, but suspecting nothing, he sprang lightly up the steps, opened the door, and was confronted by —— his father.

"Good evening, Sir! Really, this is an unexpected pleasure," said Sam, bowing politely, losing nothing of his accustomed self-control, although he could augur no good to himself from this unlooked for encounter with his parent.

"You are late in returning from your carousals, Sir," replied his father, coldly.

"Early, I should say, Sir," returned Sam, smiling blandly. "However, I have been unusually detained this evening; sorry to have troubled you. By your leave, I will retire now, and relieve you from any further anxiety on my account," and Sam moved towards the stairs leading to his own room.

"Wait, Sir," said his father, detaining him by the arm and opening the parlor door. "Step in here a moment, I have a matter of business to lay before you, which is important enough to require your personal attention," he continued with sarcastic emphasis.

"With the utmost pleasure, Sir," and Sam entered the parlor as gracefully as was his wont, and, seating himself, coolly awaited the announcement of the 'important business,' although he could easily divine its import.

"Perhaps you are aware, Sir, that the Faculty of the College held their regular quarterly meeting this evening?"

Sam bowed, and his father continued:

"On this evening, grave charges were preferred against you and certain others, members of the University, such as these,—drunkenness, gambling, neglect of the duties and disobedience of the laws of the University, and persistent contempt of its rightful authorities."

"It is but just, Sir," replied Sam, calmly, "that under such serious charges, I should be brought before my accusers and confronted by the witnesses."

"You are confronted by the chief witness," replied his father bitterly, a shade of agony crossing his face, as he spoke. "Returning from the meeting at a late hour this evening, I was arrested by your voice in a drunken song. I stopped, scarcely believing that I was not mistaken, when through the half-opened window, I saw you, as with cruel purpose you pressed the glass to the lips of your already reeling companions. I saw them seize the glass, and, stung by your sneers and heartless laugh, drain the last drop. I saw you, the leader in the games, enticing to deeper ventures, until, maddened by their losses, they cursed and drank again and yet again of the fiery draught. I saw you still unmoved and calm, inspire and direct this wild carnival, until the last of your companions had grown still in the sleep of beastly intoxication. I stood there, Sir, and saw you the fiend of the hour, and my proud heart acknowledged the justice of your sentence, and yielded assent to its stern demand."

"Doubtless you have the honor to be Chief Judge, as well as chief witness," replied Sam, bitterly. "If this is the case, I would receive my sentence from your lips."

"Public expulsion from the University which you have dishonored, and the family you have disgraced," replied Professor Wilson, with stern emphasis.

"I accept the sentence, Sir," replied Sam, apparently unmoved; "and as I may presume you have no further business with me, I shall have the honor to bid you a very pleasant good-night."

Sam bowed politely and left the apartment, ascending immediately to his own; while his father, left alone, yielded to the agony his heart had suffered, but which his pride had sternly repressed until this moment, when the father became stronger than the Judge. How fondly he recalled the hour when his first-born had lisped his name; how well he remembered his childish glee, his boyish grace and the promise of his early manhood. Mercy plead for the erring son in the tones of his grief-stricken wife and only daughter, and from the green hillocks beneath which lay the darlings taken from his love in their pure, sweet childhood. But justice, honor, his authority as head of the family and an influential member of the Faculty, demanded, he believed, that the stern sentence should be executed. The struggle was a severe one, but the father was lost in the demands of inexorable justice, and the morning dawning upon him, still alone in the parlor, found him unchanged and unchangeable.

As Sam proceeded to his room, Lottie opened their mother's apartment, and beckoned him to enter. His startled eye rested upon his mother, and for the first time his cool effrontery vanished and his firm step faltered.

"Lottie," he whispered, "have I killed my mother?"

"Would to God I had died for thee, my son, my only son," broke from the ashen lips.

Most tenderly Sam raised her head to his breast, and silently the refreshing tears flowed from her eyes for the first time. In the stillness, broken only by the sobs of those he so dearly loved, Sam heard the voice of his aroused conscience. The vortex of ruin to which he had not only dragged himself, but those who still clung to him, opened suddenly and with terrible distinctness before him, and he shrank before it. Before his naturally quick and energetic mind passed his life in review, and the Future stretched out cold, uncertain, cheerless, while his guilty soul could rest on no excuse to palliate the enormity of his conduct. With characteristic candor he acknowledged his guilt and formed the resolutions which should govern his future.

"Mother! Lottie!" he exclaimed, "weep for me no longer! You have saved me! Had you reproached me, or cursed me, or joined my father in banishing me from your door, you would have been just, but you could not thus have subdued me. Weep no more. Lift up your head, mother, you yet shall have some comfort in your son. Listen!—you know me well. My decision once made is never reversed; my word once pledged is never broken. I shall leave my home, as I have been ordered,—the University according to my sentence,—and the City, the scene of my debaucheries and disgrace. I shall leave you, dear Mother, and Lottie, and Lizzie,—Lottie, tell her all,—and you shall see my face no more until I can stand before you worthy to claim the love you have lavished upon me so long. Pray for me, mother," Sam continued in a lower tone, "for I have some faith in the God you taught me of, when a little child, and I know He will hear *your* prayers, and I will give you my word, mother,—but wait."

Sam proceeded to the escritoire, wrote out a comprehensive and stringent pledge, signed his name in full, placed it in his mother's hands, bade them a tender farewell, and left his father's house, with a step less steady and a countenance less flushed than he had often carried from his revelries.

It was not yet light, and he bent his first steps to the scene of the night's debauch. Most of the young men had aroused themselves from their drunken slumber and sought their boarding places; but young Spencer still lay in his heavy sleep. Sam experienced another severe shock to his awakened conscience by the sight presented before him. On the floor, covered with wine-stains, torn and scattered cards and broken glass, lay the once gay and brilliant youth. His hair was matted about his broad, white forehead, while his fine and beautiful features were sadly bloated and marred by his continued dissipations. His small, lithe figure, shabbily arrayed, already betrayed the disgusting marks of a drunkard, and a stupid lear had displaced the gay smile of youth. Sam felt that this was the work of his own hand, and the reflection filled him with the keenest self-reproach.

"Poor boy!" he muttered—"poor, weak, foolish boy! I'll not leave you in the mud and filth into which I have dragged you. No, no, there's enough on my soul already, I cannot add that guilt. Hard as it is to rise from my own degradation, you shall rise too, and if my efforts and influence are strong enough, you shall be saved and made as much of a man as you are capable of being. De Garm! De Garm! wake up, man, and come home. Don't let the sun find you on the floor with this rubbish. Here's my hand; rise to your feet. There, lean on my arm—steady now—I'll take you to your room."

The poor youth, muttering silly babble, and staggering heavily, was guided to his room, laid upon his bed, and Sam gave directions that he was to be undisturbed for the remainder of the day, well knowing that he would not sleep off his debauch before another night.

The sun had just risen, when Sam, muffled in his overcoat, took one of the roads leading from the City, hoping both to escape observation, and to restore to healthy action, by a brisk walk, his excited and fevered brain. After a walk of four or five miles, he rested by the wayside, and instantly became plunged in the most galling reflections. His mind seemed to be in chaos. Chagrin, remorse, the vision of wasted affection and blighted hopes, filled him with agony, while before him lay a dark and uncertain future.

"What a fool I have been!" he exclaimed. "Better for me, better for those who love me, better for the world, had I never been born! Twenty-five years of a wasted life, find me stranded on the sands, to begin again and rise,—if I can. And there are other wrecks of my own making, lying alongside of me; one, at least, must rise with me if possible. Twenty-five is the last number on that list of years, I am resolved; but how to begin on the new one?—that's the question."

"Hallo, my hearty!" shouted a rough voice, as Sam was aroused by a vigorous blow upon his shoulder, and found his hand caught in a rough but welcome grasp.

"Captain Walters! I'm glad to see you,—more glad than I can express! Whither are you bound so early this morning?"

"The very question I had prepared for you, Sam, for I mind College boys are not given to long walks and early rising for no purpose other than to hear the birds sing, even on so fine a morning as this."

"Well, if you are in no haste, Captain, sit down. You are the very man of all others that I should have chosen to encounter this morning, for I believe in you most thoroughly, and I am in trouble and need a friend."

"How now, in trouble?" ejaculated the Captain. "The last news that I ever expected to hear from Sam Wilson. Young, gifted, wealthy, in blooming health, the acknowledged leader in the College and the idol of society; pray in what shape has trouble come to you?"

"Captain Walters, twenty-five years of wasted life find me expelled in disgrace from College, driven in dishonor from my home, (deservedly, too,) with wasted talents, degrading habits,—aimless, helpless, drifting into an uncertain future, knowing full well that nothing stands between me and perdition, but my mother's love and prayers."

A long silence followed this frank avowal, during which the face of the good Captain worked with sincere grief, as over the wreck of his own son; for Sam was the child of his early and beloved friend, and from early boyhood had held a warm corner in the heart of the childless old man.

"Well," he began, at last, "what are you going to do now? Right face about on another tack, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, most assuredly; but I am stranded. I need a guide, a pilot, a plan. I know not what to do."

"Yes, Sam, you need a pilot," replied the Captain, "and your mother's God is the best possible one you could have. Seek Him, Sam. He has guided my bark well nigh on to thirty years by sea and by land, in foul weather and in fair, through dangerous breakers and in boisterous storms, ever kindly and surely. He is a strong tower to all who put their trust in Him; how true that is—how true that is," repeated the Captain with great emphasis.

"And," he resumed, "you say you have no plans for the future?"

"None, whatever. My education is nearly finished, but it is so superficial and worthless to meet my present case, that I would gladly exchange it for a good honest trade. I must get away from the City and start anew somewhere, and work up to something nobler than I now am."

"What about your habits, Sam?"

"I've made and signed a solemn pledge to my mother, Captain, that never again shall a drop of spirituous liquor enter my lips on any pretext."

"That's good! Now I've a little plan to propose, and perhaps I can help you. I've just finished my last cruise and bidden the Ocean a long adieu, determined to anchor for life, in some snug harbor. I have a fine farm out West, on which I propose to settle down. It will need young brains and vigorous arms, and we old folks often feel the need of a young, fresh life about us. We have no child; you have no home; come with us and share our home in the West."

Sam glanced at his delicate hands and elegant dress and smiled as a vision of homespun and coarse boots passed before his sight. The untried hardships of pioneer life, and seclusion from the elegant and refined circle in which he had moved so long, made him hesitate to accept the kind offer.

"It will be the safest life for you," added the Captain, after a pause in which he had divined the thoughts of his young friend, "and you will keep our hearts cheerful."

Sam still hesitated, thinking once more of De Garm, and the resolve he had made that, where he went there should the young man follow, and that as he had ruined him, so would he save him, if possible. He frankly made known the difficulty to his friend, but the kind heart, touched by the story of the widowed mother, and the hopeless condition of her only son, and animated by a holy desire to rescue him, too, extended the offer, and embraced the poor youth in his benevolent plan.

Grasping the hand of his friend with real gratitude, Sam exclaimed—"Captain Walters, I avow to you that I do believe in the power of prayer. My mother's prayers have prevailed, for I believe you have been sent to me in answer to them. I thank you most heartily for your generous offers, and most joyfully accept them. Now, by God's help, I will be a new man, and the next twenty-five years, if they are granted to me, shall tell for good as the past have told for evil."

Arrangements were speedily made by which young Spencer was brought from the City unobserved; an honest confession sent by Sam in a letter to the widowed mother, disclosed his plan to endeavor to save him from further ruin; and the western-bound train received the group destined for their new home; the hale old Captain; the brisk little wife; the handsome, elegant Sam, and De Garm, pale, trembling, and yielding with childish readiness to the stronger will of his companion.

The shades and the shadows of five years shall hide them from our view, except that an occasional rift shall disclose the family at the farm encountering the usual hardships and vicissitudes of pioneer life, but securing peace and plenty by their own honest toil. Five years of trial, during which the farm has been industriously tilled in summer and the village school as faithfully taught in the winter, find Sam a changed man. Honest, sober, faithful,—an earnest, humble Christian,—he is rapidly winning his way to honor and position. De Garm,—weak, often falling, as often rescued,—has mastered a trade at last, and steady employment aids the efforts of his friends to save him from maddening drink. These years of trial during which he has stood a man among his fellow men encourage Sam to claim the hand of Lizzie, and kind letters from his reconciled friends invite him back to his father's house; while the widowed mother of De Garm will soon join her son and make a home for him in the far West—the region which offers so safe an asylum, and so many aids to future greatness, to the scores and thousands of young men now rushing on to ruin in our crowded cities and towns.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 11, 4, 29, 4, 20, 18, 6 was Sultan of Syria and Egypt.
My 7, 10, 26, 19, 21, 13 was a Roman orator.
My 4, 5, 4, 23, 9, 31, 2, 6 was the name of an ancient Greek poet.
My 3, 31, 23, 12, 18, 32 was the eldest son of Priam king of Troy.
My 33, 22, 7, 29, 4, 17, 20, 20, 31, 26, 29, 4, 9, 19 was Earl of Pembroke.
My 1, 10, 4, 25, 15 was king of Israel.
My 16, 31, 19, 30, 13, 6 was a celebrated Archbishop of Cambry.
My 14, 24, 28, 30, 18, 14 was king of Macedon.
My 19, 25, 12, 8, 31, 9 was a queen fair and beautiful.
My 15, 19, 32, 25, 7, 27, 31, 30 was a distinguished astronomer.
My whole was a celebrated German poet and philosopher.

Pompey, N. Y. Ella A. Ellis.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Het uns nishes hirly ght wond eht elgn,
Dan hte digninw rervi melgas
Larec sa eth yujoos nogs fo dibrs,
Yb dadshe stofre teesmhr.

Het repu rai teahbres no ryeve fela,
Hitw tetwesse ceangrarf gutharf;
Keli a termoh's sinesibg no ehr hilcd,
Ro a toep's stuper hottogh.

North Chili, N. Y. W. B. Hawley.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

My first is an insect; my second is an article; my third is a measure; my fourth is a plant; my fifth is a pronoun; my sixth is a girl's nickname; my seventh is an interjection; my eighth is a verb; my ninth is a vowel. My whole is the name of a city.

Havana, Ohio. H. K. Dailey.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 960.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Elite Society of Oakwood School.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—There is no lock but a golden key will open it.

Answer to Charade:—Postage.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—Outside of the circle, 97.43382 square rods; inside, 62.56618 square rods.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—An honest man is the noblest work of God.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

JULY brings more anxiety to the farmer than any other month of the year; the great harvest of grain and hay is mostly gathered then, and it is his lot to toil severely through the long hot days. To many other classes it is the season of rest and recreation; the springs, the seaside or the mountains, are the resort of those whose business is done behind the counter or desk. Fortunate for the farmer that in this season of toil and heat his labor is not done between brick walls, but where the free, fresh breeze can fan him, and the golden-hued landscape of the harvest-month invigorate his spirits.

The Harvest Field.—Good implements will go far towards supplying a deficiency of men. It is also cheaper to use the tools than the human muscle which they balance. Therefore it is for the interest of no farmer to enter the harvest field poorly supplied with tools. Another thing: keep the tools in good order, knives sharp and bearings well oiled. Then work steadily and don't fret. It is poor calculation to risk much in the harvest field. Grain should be bound and securely shocked nearly as fast as cut. If the weather is dry and has the appearance of continuing so, it will do to cut grain when somewhat green, but if wet let it get ripe. If a farmer could have weather of his own choosing he might make his straw half as valuable as hay by cutting early and curing well, and he would lose nothing in the grain. All spring grain is likely to be of good height this year, and may be bound readily, but barley is handled, if unbound, very easily, and there is no better way of harvesting, perhaps, than to throw it in winrows as you reap, and gather with barley-forks.

Harvest Drinks.—Tea and coffee made strong and drank clear and hot are the best drinks that can be taken into the field if the weather is very warm and the labor exhausting. Home-made beer, which every housekeeper can brew, is cooling and grateful. Alcoholic drinks are full of headaches and disappointments.

The Hay Field.—Haying is the most pleasant farm work if conducted with the proper labor-saving appliances. There need be little poor hay put in the mow or stack. Do not burn up the hay by too much sunning. Clover, especially, requires but little sun if well cured in the cock; it will bear stacking in an apparently greener stage than timothy or red-top. Far more clover is injured by getting over-ripe and by too much curing, than by stacking or putting in the barn too green.

Cultivating.—There is a vast deal of small corn to be tilled in July, and it will hardly do to neglect it. Many farmers can find time between their crops to do this work. Especially will this be the case if they are strong handed, and in most cases it will pay to have one hand more than you absolutely need for the sake of getting in your crops promptly and doing the cultivating. Another way is to hire an extra hand and keep the cultivator going while the harvesting and haying are carried on. Either plan is better than neglect, and the few extra dollars paid out in the present will be returned with interest in the future.

The Summer Fallow should already be broken, and save an occasional harrowing will need no care in July. But if this is not the case, plowing will be the work for dark weather. If wheat is to follow clover the land should be plowed as soon as the hay is removed; then work the surface and top-dress with manure.

Weeds.—It is well to harrow unseeded stubble ground early and let the weed seeds start. The autumn plowing will then destroy them. Beware of letting weeds ripen and spread their seed during this month. Many varieties mature at mid-summer, and they need attention.

The Hop Yard.—Clean cultivation is the main thing here. Look after the grubs and keep the vines well to their supports. Try dusting plaster on the foliage for the insect.

Stacking Hay and Grain.—The bottoms of old clover stacks and mows also are sometimes infested with the clover worm, which eats the stems. Where such have been it is unsafe to stack again. Long and narrow hay stacks are of good form to feed out. Round ones are better for grain in bundles.

Stock and Stables.—Horses work hard in harvest time and should be liberally fed. Other stock require little care save that they have plenty of water and salt. Keep stables clean and dusted with plaster.

Minor Forage Crops.—Provide for wintering more stock by sowing turnips, planting cabbage in the corn and potato fields in the place of missing hills and sowing corn for fodder. Make every foot of land produce usefully. There is a crop suitable for each season.

LAMING HORSES.

THE horse is one of the most powerful, ambitious and sensible of domestic animal, and yet, in a certain sense, is far from being a hardy one. In this respect the horse is not equal to the rough and tumble usage which the mule or even the ox can bear without exhibiting marked signs of the severe discipline to which they have been subjected. In reviewing the many horses daily thronging the streets of the larger towns and cities, the number of defective ones can scarcely fail of being remarked. Some are ailing in the fore limbs, others in the hind ones, and not a few in both. This is not necessarily the result of age, defective blood, nor of special hard work, though in some instances it may be so, but much oftener is the consequence of careless handling or positive cruelty on the part of those to whom they are entrusted.

As has been already intimated the horse, in a certain sense, is a delicate animal, and if pounced upon in a passion while encumbered with harness, and possibly with a load too heavy for easy movement, the chances are that efforts to escape punishment will result in such an over-tension of the muscles as to produce permanent lameness. Every one, conversant with the rough and tumble work of the farm, the lumber forests, stone quarries, the docks and the like, will have encountered many difficulties in which teams and teamsters have their tempers and powers of endurance severely tried. Both become excited and fractious, and whatever the fault, if fault there be, the horse is likely to receive pretty severe treatment if not permanent damage. Not a few horses are lamed under such circumstances, while others are injured by want of proper consideration on the part of those having them in charge,—not from positive ill treatment, but by carelessness in placing the animals in such situations as to cause unwonted exertions to escape from an apprehended danger. Rough, boorish men are not suited to the care of an animal having the spirit, tenderness and susceptibility pertaining to the horse, and were such less frequently entrusted with the management of stable stock, there would be fewer limping and comparatively valueless horses in our public thoroughfares than there are at present. The greatest care, it is true, cannot prevent accidents to horses, in all cases, but with proper attention the number of the halting ones would constitute the exception, and not the rule, as is now too often the case.

GRAVEL OR CONCRETE WALL.—No. I.

BUILDING materials are becoming so expensive that every device for cheapening and improving the family dwelling is eagerly sought. Everybody wishes and expects, sometime, to build him a house, but few can face the bills on sitting down and counting the cost. The Farmers' Club, at New York, lately had this subject before them, and, as is sometimes the case, left it more dubious than before. The Chairman and Mr. BALDWIN and Prof. BERTHOLET had seen specimen houses, and thought well of this mode of building. But Mr. TODD had "no confidence in concrete blocks as made by some;" Mr. FULLER doubted their durability and Dr. PECK said "it was well known that concrete houses cost double what frame houses do." Mr. DHIEL said he had seen, in the ruins of Babylon and Ninevah, blocks of concrete, at least 4,000 years old. Curious to note, that no one gave any practical information which could be put to use by the readers of the Report. As these Reports are published for the information and guidance of farmers, and read by many with artless belief in their wisdom, would it not be well if the members of this leading Club should refrain from expressing unfavorable opinions, want of confidence and doubts on subjects of which they do not profess to have knowledge or experience, especially those who disbelieve in science and rely altogether upon practical knowledge in Agriculture?

DURABILITY.

First, let us examine the durability of the concrete wall. It is composed of sand, gravel, cobble or small irregular stones and lime. Now, if the lime is mixed in the right proportion to cement the materials together, why should not the wall be durable? The materials are all lasting, and as the lime slowly, in the process of years, changes from a hydrate to a carbonate, the wall becomes solid stone. A long time is required for this change to stone, but every year the wall becomes more solid. Its durability can be no less than stone. The Roman aqueducts show that the stones will break as easily as the mortar that cements them. But where quick lime, only, is used, the wall must be kept dry. Hydraulic or water lime cement must be used for the foundation and up eighteen inches above ground. And this foundation should become hard and strong before the wall is carried higher.

COST OF WALL.

The expense of this wall is easily ascertained. In many places, sand, gravel and cobble stones could be drawn to the place of building for fifty cents per load or yard, but we will estimate it at one dollar per yard, or $4 per hundred cubic feet. To this should be added 2½ barrels of quick lime, costing seldom more than $1.25 per barrel. The labor of mixing and putting into the boxes cannot be more than $2.87. We will call the cost of every hundred cubic feet above the foundation $10, or ten cents per cubic foot. The foundation will cost more, requiring 3½ barrels of water lime per hundred cubic feet, costing thirteen cents per cubic foot. We will suppose a house is being erected twenty-five by thirty-five feet, that the cellar wall is sunk five feet in the earth, and carried eighteen inches above the ground, fourteen inches thick, with a cross wall one foot thick. This would require 1,030 cubic feet of wall for cellar and foundation, costing $133.90 The wall for the two stories above should be one foot thick and twenty-two feet high, with one cross wall eight inches thick, making 2,890 cubic feet, costing $289.00. The same upper wall built of brick would cost 25 cts. per cubic foot, or $722.50, and stone no less. It cannot be built of wood and clapboarded for the price of the gravel wall.

Ten years ago we built a wall seven feet high, eighteen inches thick at bottom and twelve inches at top, under a barn 30 by 84 feet, containing 1,926 cubic feet, besides two brick piers inside to keep the wall from swaying sidewise, for $150, costing not more than seven cents per cubic foot. This wall has stood perfectly, except on the upper side where the earth comes against it and too little water lime was put in. A quick lime wall will not stand water.

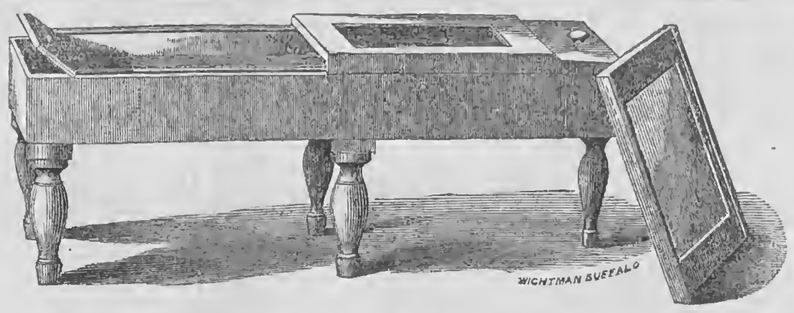
ADVANTAGES OF CONCRETE HOUSES.

First: In comparison with wood, they are cheaper, many times more desirable, warmer in winter, cooler in summer, easily built in any shape, harmonize better with the landscape, and are more imposing and picturesque in appearance.

Second: In comparison with stone, they are much drier, and consequently more healthy. This arises from the porous texture of the concrete, which has numerous minute air spaces, rendering it a poor conductor of heat, cold or moisture. And when the wall becomes thoroughly dry, neither heat, cold nor moisture is conducted through it. This renders it safe to plaster on the inside of the wall without any furring, thus lessening the expense of inside finish. All are familiar with the damp, unpleasant air of rooms in many stone houses. This cannot be avoided, except by furring and leaving an ample air space inside the wall. A brick wall is also damper than concrete, and, as has been shown, is about two and one-half times as expensive.

Third: This wall can be built almost wholly with common labor. If one knows how to mix the concrete in the proper proportions, and how to erect, plumb and brace the standards, he can build the wall as well as any mason.

Fourth: This method of building is appropriate to all classes,—the rich, because it allows the most elaborate outside finish, and is capable of as much stately grandeur as granite or marble,—the well-to-do class, because it can be finished with plain and simple elegance,—the poor, because it can be built very substantially and cheaply without any finish. In many parts of the country it is the cheapest of modes of building, except the mud hut. It is destined to be the common means of shelter for the great treeless West. In our next we shall give the mode of building this wall.—E. W. S.



JENNINGS' IMPROVED MILK PAN.

OUR illustration represents an improved implement for the butter dairy which, we think, will be examined with interest by all of our butter making readers. It has a practical, labor-saving look, and the idea is so simple and obvious withal, that we cannot help wondering why it has not been promulgated and thoroughly tested ere this. The principle is the using of a few large pans instead of many small ones. The pan is oblong in shape, with square or rounded corners, as may be preferred, and of the depth of ordinary round pans. Two feet are sufficient for the width, but the length may be according to the capacity desired. This pan for holding the milk is set in another which is large enough to contain water for bringing the milk to a proper temperature. The two are inclosed with wood and supported on legs, and form a not unsightly apparatus for the dairy room. The engraving shows also covers which may be made of glass or muslin as preferred. The raised lid on the left marks the opening for the admission of water to the second pan. At one end there is one leg only, which is made shorter than the others, but supported on a block of wood. By removing the block the pans may be tilted and the skimmed milk drained off through suitable openings.

The inventor claims the following advantages for this pan over the common round one in ordinary use:—"1. It is large enough to hold one milking of a common dairy. 2. It costs less than the old apparatus, and will last much longer. 3. It saves ¾ths of the loss of cream from adhering to the pans. 4. It saves ¾ths of the labor of straining and setting up the milk. 5. It saves ¾ths of the labor of skimming. 6. It saves ¾ths of the labor of washing pans. 7. It avoids all cream flakes by preventing the drying of the top of the cream. 8. Doors and windows may be left open and no flies or dust will get in the cream. 9. It prevents loss and injury from cold weather, by keeping the milk warm and raising the cream in due time. 10. By removing the heat from the milk as soon as it is strained, and keeping it at the right temperature for cream to rise, (about 62 deg.,) it saves loss from the milk souring in hot weather before all the cream is up. 11. By using this pan, good butter, of the right *color* as well as *quality*, can be made at all seasons, in any place where cold well or spring water can be obtained. These claims are not made on theory, but are the result of actual tests by experienced and reliable Dairymen." For further information address A. F. JENNINGS & Co., Dunkirk, N. Y.

AGRICULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Thanks for the specimens of the RURAL. Its pleasing and instructive pages need only an impartial perusal to awaken a desire to receive it regularly. I accordingly sent my subscription as soon as I could, and hope our relation as Ed. and Sub. may be protracted and mutually agreeable. I like the paper more because it not only contains much that I like and much that I lack, but is very acceptable to all the family. I trust I can do some of my friends the favor to induce them to take it. The theoretical attainments of Southern farmers are not such as the times require. The revolution in the labor system necessitates a revolution in the mode of farming. This is being discovered, but too slowly. The RURAL is a good agent to help forward the change. It contains much that commends it to every variety of good taste and to every reader imparts needed information.

The tendency in my section is hopeful, and but for the terrible scarcity of funds, farmers could be brought more rapidly to abandon the ruinous policy of tilling so much poor land and adopt the better method of few acres, made rich and kept so. I think I can see a great deal more clover than formerly, and hear more talk about the grasses. This, you know, is in the right direction. A few notes of my observation in this section of the State—near the northern center—may be of interest.

GUANO.

Our people have for years confined themselves almost exclusively to Peruvian guano as a manure. They have raised a little, and generally of poor quality, from their own premises—very little compost. The guano formerly yielded better results than it now does. It has extracted so much and given back so little, that of course the land has materially lost in power. The ax has kept a tyrannic reign, while the fork and spade have scarcely had a fair showing in even the garden square. The farmers think the guano has deteriorated in quality, while the guano, if it were rational, would more justly conclude that the farmers were wanting in intelligence. A favorite custom here is to simply roll the wheat in guano, taking up about 40 or 50 lbs. to the bushel. This often does very well. About four times the quantity—from 160 to 200 lbs. per acre—are applied to tobacco. The effect here is very palpable, and in this it is thought to be the most remunerative. On my pending crop I tried both Peruvian and the Pacific guano. I think the former is doing best, though the difference is not striking. I applied the Pacific very heavily on a field from which I harvested a fine crop of wheat last year. The one who managed the seeding broke the ground near the time of sowing, turning under the grass and weeds, then sowed down the grain with a liberal broadcasting of the guano, and simply harrowed it in. The wheat is about the poorest I have. My conjecture is that the grass made a sort of hollow bed, through which the roots could not penetrate, and the plants languished for want of the nourishment from beneath. Am I right?

CLOVER.

I sowed down clover with oats rather late last year, in two small lots. The stand was excellent, considering the quantity of seed, except where the land was too close and damp. In April I applied plaster and ashes—a little over a bushel of each to the acre—and they evidently pushed the clover rapidly. Its juicy bounty has been regaling my horses and cows for weeks, and the second growth is coming cheerily on. I sowed a lot of clover on wheat and oats about the middle of April. The stand is very good. I applied ashes and plaster some time after that, and though the wheat is forward and was then advanced, I fancy I can see the benefit of the top dressing. I see that the most exhausted spots in my poorest fields will produce clover of good size. This tells me to use it, and plaster and compost, and the land will be restored. I intend beginning the experiment and pursuing it to the test. Do you think it would be best to sow timothy with the wheat in the fall and clover in the early spring?

WHEAT.

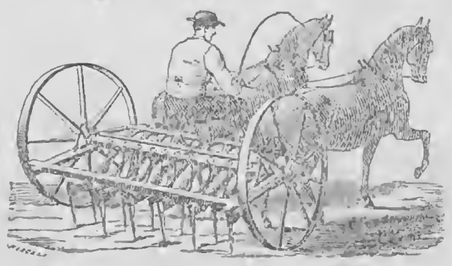
In our section but two kinds of wheat are much used—the Boughton and the "Little Red." The former is more subject to injury than the latter, requires more per acre, and is losing its good name with many. The "Bowers" was productive here, but was too sensitive to injury, and has been given up. The small red (I don't know the name) yields most and is most hardy. I tried a small quantity of Lancaster Red this year. The stock came from Pennsylvania. For the ground the straw is very good, the heads exceedingly large—much larger than the "Little Red" near it. I see, however, that the rust is worse upon it than any other that I have. For this reason I am afraid to risk much of it.

CANNING FRUITS.

I would like to know the cheapest, sure plan for bottling or canning fresh fruits. The season is at hand with us to begin. The preserving fluid, so highly recommended by some, is injurious to the flavor of the fruit. It is, I presume, an alkaline preparation that neutralizes acids which are essential to the natural taste and healthfulness of the fruits.

In conclusion, I must ask the best remedy for fistula in a horse. I have one on the shoulder of a fine horse, which has been discharging for some time. A. W. M.

Flat River, June, 1868.



BAKER & HOYT'S SULKY HARROW.

LAST week we witnessed the operation of a novel improvement in the line of harrows, on the farm of Judge GOULD of Brighton, near Rochester. The machine, a Sulky Harrow, is well represented above. It has fifteen ordinary harrow teeth, each independent of the other, so that they readily adapt themselves to the irregularities of the surface. The work was well done, and with ease to the team, the draft being much lighter than that of ordinary harrows. Several farmers who were present expressed satisfaction at the practical working of the new invention, and we think it will prove a success. An apparatus for sowing grain or fertilizers can easily be attached in front—an improvement which we believe the inventors are about perfecting—rendering it a very complete combined broadcast seed sower and harrow. By raising a portion of the teeth the machine can be used as a corn-marker; and by substituting cultivator for harrow teeth it can be readily changed to a wheel cultivator.

The Sulky Harrow is the invention of A. C. BAKER and N. O. HOYT, practical farmers of LaFayette, Onondaga Co., N. Y., and was patented by them in October last. In describing it the inventors say: "A practical harrow, combining utility with ease of operation, has long been sought for by farmers. These qualities we claim are found to a greater extent in *Baker & Hoyt's Sulky Harrow* than in any harrow before offered to the public. Among the many points of superiority are the following:—Each tooth and its connecting arm, working independently, conforms itself to the inequalities of the surface. Each tooth may be set at any angle to increase its penetrability if desired. While in his seat the driver can, by one motion of the lever, raise and fasten all the teeth, ready to pass to or from the field. It is easier for the team, easier for the driver, and its work is superior in every respect to that of any other harrow."

Those desiring further information, or machines, should address the patentees as above.

STORE AND FAT CATTLE.

A WRITER in the Mark Lane Express is of the opinion that much is lost yearly by farmers on the more rugged and light soils, in attempting to fatten their cattle for market. It would be more profitable to such farmers to rear the stock or, in other words, to develop the frames of cattle and let them be finished off at points where land is more fertile, and the manurial agencies to keep it up more easily obtained. Broken, stony and elevated land will, in many instances, produce very good feed in summer, causing neat stock to develop rapidly, but such soil is not suited to the production of the roots and grain requisite to finish off such stock for the butcher's stall. True, cattle may be fattened in the rough sections of the country, but the cost of doing it is so much more than in the regions of greater fertility as to seriously diminish the profits of stock raising. These suggestions of our contemporary are applicable to this country as well as Europe.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MR. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep should be addressed to him as above.

WOOL MERCHANTS' MODES OF SELLING.

WE suggested, last week, that the wool merchants and brokers in our cities be interrogated to ascertain whether they will disregard the "buyers' rules" or not, in their sales of wool; and we promised to publish lists of those answering in the affirmative and negative. To take on ourselves a share of this work, we addressed a circular of which the following is substantially (in most cases, literally,) a copy, to all the wool houses known to us, in New York and Boston, engaged in selling domestic wools on commission. These comprised thirty such houses in the former city, and eighteen in the latter:

CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y., June 22, 1868.

GENTLEMEN:—Will you please inform me whether you sell unwashed or other domestic wool for consignors "on its merits,"—i. e., according to the actual quality and condition of each separate lot, without having reference to a one-third or any other positive rate of deduction, in case it does not come up to the standard of *clean*, merchantable wool. An early answer will greatly oblige,

Your ob't servant,
HENRY S. RANDALL.

We have up to the date of this writing (June 26th,) received replies from the following list of persons and firms. We have not room to publish their letters, but in the subjoined notes will attempt to give as fair an analysis as practicable, in brief terms, of what is important in the purport of each.

NEW YORK.

(2.) ARMSTRONG, FOLLETT & Co., 47 Broadway.
(1.) B. P. BAKER & Co., 41 Broadway.
(3.) WALTER BROWN & Co., 53 Broadway.
(6.) HENRY A. DIKE, 45 Broadway.
(1.) GREENE & SIEBERT, 49 Broadway.
(4.) HALLOWELL & Co., 35 Broadway.
(5.) HILL & CHAPMAN, 50 Pine St.
(1.) JAMES LYNCH, 18 & 20 Broadway.
(3.) MACKINNON & LEED, 28 Broadway.
(8.) THOMAS H. MAGHEE & Co., 24 So. William St.
(1.) PATTERSON, SON & Co., 26 & 28 Barclay St.
(3.) RICHARD S. PERKINS, 60 Broadway.
(1.) PORTER & THAYER, 43 Broadway.
(2.) JOSEPH RIPLEY & SON, 68 Pine St.
(6.) STRANG, PLATT & Co., 37 Broadway.
(6.) W. K. STRONG & Co., 51 Broadway.
(7.) TELLKAMPF & KITCHING BROS., 62 Broadway.

BOSTON.

(2.) BAILY, JENKINS & GARRISON, 164 Congress St.
(7.) GEO. W. BOND & Co., 132 Federal St.
(3.) CHAMBERLAIN, BRO'S & Co., 117 Federal St.
(3.) DENNY, RICE & Co., 49 Franklin St.
(4.) J. P. FLAGG & Co., 107 Milk St.
(1.) JOHN A. FOWLE & Co., 67 Federal St.
(1.) HALLOWELL & COLBURN, 98 Federal St.
(5.) WILLIAM HILTON & Co., 167 Congress St.
(1.) THOMAS MCGRAW & Co., 136 Congress St.
(3.) GEORGE F. MOORE & Co., 5 Channing St.
(8.) NICHOLS, PARKER & DUPEE, 103 Federal St.
(3.) D. H. SPARHAWK, 87 Milk St., (64 New St., N. Y.)
(1.) DANIEL STANFORD, 167 Congress St.
(3.) JAMES VILA & Co., 51 Federal St.

(1.) These state that they uniformly sell all wool on its merits, and either state or leave it to be inferred that they thus obtain more favorable terms than would be secured under the buyers' rules.

(2.) These merely state that they uniformly sell wool on its merits.

(3.) These declare that they will (meaning, if so directed by consignors,) sell wool in any condition on its merits.

(4.) These offer to sell wool on its merits, but consider it difficult to sell unwashed or unmerchantable wool favorably.

(5.) These uniformly do or will sell unwashed or unmerchantable wool on its merits, when it composes an entire lot, or when there is enough of it in a mixed lot to sell by itself—but will not separate out a small parcel from a mixed lot to sell separately. (This probably means same as next.)

(6.) These sell unwashed, &c., lots of wool on their merits, but avow that they allow one-third discount to the buyer on such wool where it is mixed with washed.

(7.) These sell unwashed, &c., wool on its merits, but think it generally requires *more* than one-third deduction to make it salable.

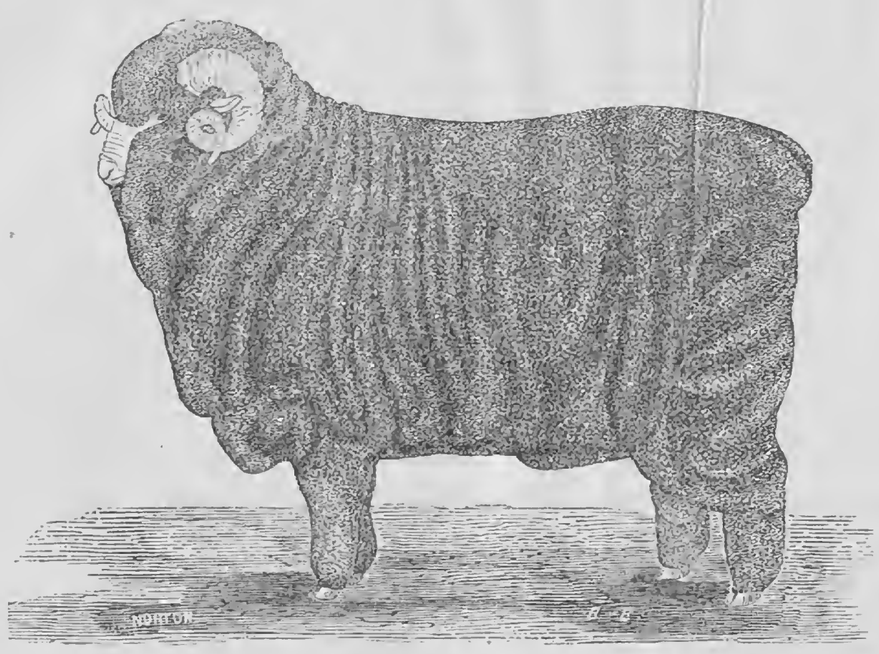
(8.) These sell unmixed lots on their merits—but do not say what they will do in cases of mixed lots.

It will be seen that not one of the above wool houses practically adopts the *buyers' rules* in form or essence, and but few adopt any portion of them. This is a striking commentary on that pretence which has been put forward by so many country buyers that the enforcement of their *rules* is made necessary by the demands of the trade!

Another point is clearly shown, viz., that the growers are not at all at the mercy of those combinations of country buyers who are seeking to coerce them into submission to their unjust and odious rules. Those whose parcels are too small to send separately to the city wool houses, can unite with their neighbors in making up proper sized lots to command attention. We sincerely hope that, rather than submit to the buyers' combinations, the great body of our wool growers will try the experiment of sending the present clip to the city wool merchant's for sale. But in doing this let every man or body of men act with their eyes open. The mere summary of the answers we have given should not, without further information, be deemed a sufficient ground for making consignments to particular houses. Prior contracts should be made, or prior stipulations obtained in every case. Every wool house of reputation will readily make these in answer to plain interrogatories, especially when based on a statement of facts. Let the grower write the wool merchant something like the following:—"I have 500 washed Merino ewes' fleeces, 500 do. unwashed, and 100 unwashed rams' fleeces. Will you sell each of these kinds of wool in the lot on its separate merits, i. e., according to its actual quantity and condition, without the least regard to the one-third or any other fixed rates of shrinkage? If so, please state your terms."

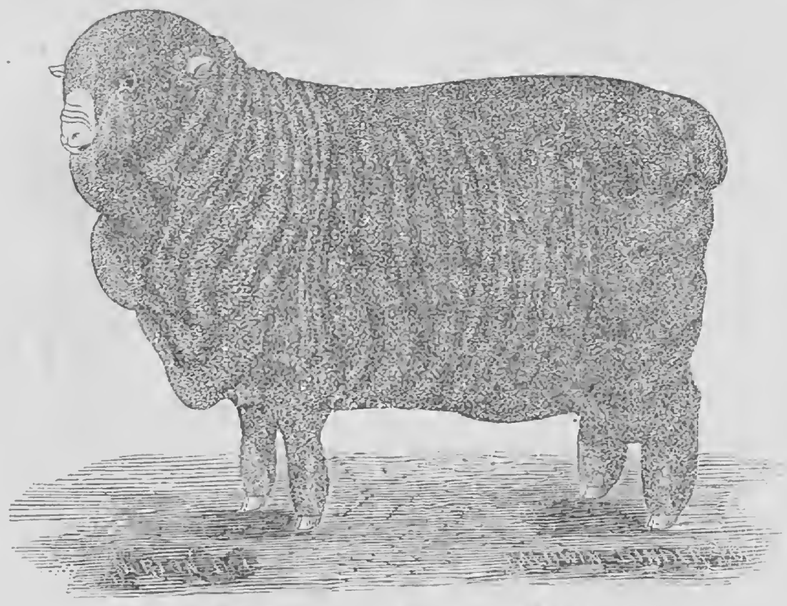
Many of the wool merchants in the above list are universally reputed to be men of the highest character. Their charges, so far as we know, are moderate. If pledged to no contrary course, and they will expressly agree to sell on specified and satisfactory conditions, it would seem to be as safe to trust them as any other class of merchants or agents who sell commodities on commission. And, in our view, it is certainly greatly preferable to submitting to the certainty of wrong as well as insult from an aggressive combination.

A PILL FOR DOGS.—AMOS BERRY, Hocking Co., Ohio, does not like sheep-killing dogs. He wipes them out thus:—Take a slice of fat meat and sprinkle it with strychnine and drop it in the way of the rambling dogs—a sure cure.



MR. ARNOLD'S RAM "YOUNG EUREKA,"

The property of A. ARNOLD, Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y. Mr. ARNOLD writes us:—"He was got by Eureka, owned by S. S. ROCKWELL of Cornwall, Vt.; he by WM. R. SANFORD's Comet. His dam was a thorough-bred Infantado ewe. Young Eureka's second fleece, of one year's growth, was 24 lbs.; carcass 110 lbs. Shorn May 6th, 1868. Purchased of J. A. WRIGHT of Middlebury, Vt., Sept., 1867."



MR. ARNOLD'S EWE "BEAUTY,"

Property of the same. "Was got by E. S. STOWELL's Golden Fleece; dam a VICTOR WRIGHT ewe. She nursed her own lamb at 2 years old—fleece, four days less than a year's growth, 15 lbs.; carcass 66 lbs. Shorn May 4th, 1868. Purchased of J. A. WRIGHT, September, 1867."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SHEARING MATCH IN GENESEE CO.—In our issue of 6th inst. appeared, under this head, the very remarkable statement that at such shearing match, May 4th, two Merino ram tegs, not far from 13½ months old, yielded fleeces respectively of 27¾ and 25½ pounds—the carcass of the last weighing 111 lbs. As the shearing purported to be *public*, we published the alleged facts—not doubting, however, that their accuracy would be called in question; and determined to make a merited exposure of any deception which should be found to have been practiced. As we anticipated, the veracity of the account was challenged, and we wrote to Mr. CROSMAN, the proprietor of the rams, for his proofs. He has answered by forwarding the following affidavits:—1. That of WILLARD SPRINGER deposing that he was present at the shearing match in question—"saw the sheep all shorn and the fleeces weighed—owns the steelyards used, and knows them to be correct." He says nothing of the weights of the fleeces. 2. RICHARD R. LOSEE, DELOS L. DODGSON, FISHER LINCOLN, J. E. VAN DE BOGART and JAMES W. WOOD testify that they were present at the shearing—"saw the sheep all shorn, and assisted in weighing the fleeces—and know the report published in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, June 6th, to be correct." 3. JAMES R. LANGWORTHY, WILLIAM SAWENS, WILLIAM WOODS, WM. D. HOWARD, WILSON BAKER, RUFUS CARTER, WARREN LINCOLN, H. D. VAN DE BOGART and WM. A. COLE testify that they were present at the shearing, and "to the correctness of the report published in the RURAL NEW-YORKER June 6th." The affidavits were taken in due form before CORTLAND CROSMAN, a justice of the peace in Genesee Co., officially certified to be such by the clerk of the county.

It would have been more satisfactory had WILLARD SPRINGER sworn *how* he "knew" his steelyards to be correct; had there been affidavits as to the *age* of the rams; and had the condition of the wool (e. g. whether it was perfectly free from water—whether any dung or other impurities besides the natural yolk were done up in it, or an unusual amount of twine used,) been clearly and minutely stated by the witnesses. But we put no questions to Mr. CROSMAN on these points. It is due to him to say that, so far, he has made out a strong case, if his witnesses are men of reliable character—a fact in regard to which we know nothing, but which, in the absence of further testimony, we are disposed to assume. It is hardly credible that a man in his senses would invite to a sheep shearing, on which he hopes to found any reputation, only men of low character; and we do not believe that in any rural neighborhood of Genesee Co., or in the whole of that county, such a number of men could be picked up who would be ready to swear falsely in regard to such a matter. On glancing back to the original published record, we find that W. SPRINGER, D. L. DODGSON and WM. SAWENS had rams of their own sheared on the same occasion, and *beaten in weight of fleece by Mr. Crosman's*. We take these to be the same persons whose names appear among Mr. CROSMAN'S witnesses.

Specimens of the two fleeces in question have been forwarded to us, and an inspection of them diminishes our surprise at the reported weights. That from the heaviest fleece is fully 8½ inches long, or including the pointed tip, 8¾ inches. The other is about ¾ inch shorter. Both have black, solid "gum" on the outer end, extending quite or a trifle over ½ of an inch into the wool; and in both, and particularly in the heaviest, the fibers are stuck together with yellow "gum" (unfluid yolk) to an extent which we think we never before saw equalled in *tegs* wool. The sweat-balls underneath such fleeces must have been enormous—and we need not tell any one that these, when not directly and visibly mixed with dung, usually go into *exhibition* fleeces, though they may weigh several pounds, and probably scarcely ten per cent. of their weight is composed of wool. We have uniformly objected to breeding these enormously "soggy" fleeces—considering them a mere monstrosity of a short lived and depraved fashion among a class of breeders, injurious alike to the buyer and grower; but the facts serve to show that the reported weights of the fleeces are possible.

If Mr. CROSMAN would silence all cavil, we would advise him to furnish the complete chain of testimony indicated above—being particularly careful in making that concerning the age full and satisfactory. The weights and condition of the wool can be still shown by the fleeces themselves—by submitting them to widely known and disinterested persons who are experienced in handling wool. The results of such an examination would probably be more convincing among *strangers* than further testimony from immediate neighbors, who, however unquestionable their integrity or skill in wool matters, are less widely known.

WOOL GROWERS' RESOLUTIONS.—At the Sixth Annual Fair of the Thorn Hill (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, held the 17th inst., the following resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That while we counsel the preparation and putting up of wool in an honest and uniform manner, washed or unwashed, we hold that the price of every lot should be fixed upon its own merits, as the prices of other products are justly determined.

Resolved, That arbitrary rules of shrinkage and one price, without discrimination as to quality tend to break down the production of the better classes of wool, and to discourage honesty in the putting up of all grades.

Resolved, That to effectually defend our interests, we will firmly refuse submission to these arbitrary, unnecessary and unjust rules of buyers in every instance.

ALLEN BROWN, *Sec'y*.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

BEES.—OVERSTOCKING.

IN reference to the limited supply of bee pasturage contended for by some and the consequent danger of over stocking, Mr. LANGSTROTH remarks: "It is difficult to repress a smile when the owner of a few hives, in a district where as many hundreds might be made to prosper, gravely imputes his ill-success to the fact, that too many bees are kept in his vicinity. If, in the spring, a colony of bees is prosperous and healthy, it will gather abundant stores, in a favorable season, even if hundreds equally strong are in its immediate vicinity; while, if it is feeble, it will be of little or no value, even if it is in 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' and there is not another stock within a dozen miles of it. There is probably *not a square mile* in this whole country which is overstocked with bees, unless it is so unsuitable for bee-keeping as to make it unprofitable to keep them at all."

REARING QUEEN BEES.

A PERSON who has visited the apiary of Mr. Clarke of Guelph, Ontario, editor of the Canada Farmer, gives in that paper an interesting account of Mr C.'s mode of rearing Italian queen bees, as follows:

He takes one of the hives into which an Italian queen has been introduced, and removes the queen from it, but before doing so he assures himself that there is plenty of brood in this hive, from which a new queen may be raised. The bees, finding themselves without a queen, immediately set about providing themselves with one. This they can easily do if there are worker eggs in the hive, because a queen is just an ordinary worker bee that has been subjected to different treatment in her development. She is nursed in a larger cell, and fed upon different food from the other young bees.

In order that the bees may not be defeated in their purpose, they will sometimes leave six or seven queen cells in one hive, and nurse queens in them all. I saw one hive in which there were seven queen cells. They must be of Scotch descent when they have so much caution about them. When the bees have succeeded in hatching one queen they allow her to put the others to death. But these queens may be secured if they are taken in time, before they are fully hatched, and cut out of the comb in which they are placed, and ingrafted into another comb, in a new hive from which the queen has been removed. I saw this done in two or three instances, and was told that there was very little danger of its failing.

The hives into which this embryo queen has been introduced had to be examined shortly after, to see that the young queen was succeeding, so that the bees may not be without a queen altogether; and if this should take place, they had only to be supplied with another in the same way.

All these operations were performed upon the bees without the least difficulty, and without ever receiving a single sting from them. These things are performed with ease, partly on account of the hives which are used, which give ready access to the hives, and partly because before proceeding to work amongst the bees, they were slightly smoked. This has the effect of subduing them, and making them more easily handled.

BEES AND FLOWERS.—The charge, that bees abstract from forage plants what belongs to farm stock, thus depreciating their value as food for animals, is pronounced unfounded by the editor of the American Bee Journal. He contends that "obviously the milk-producing qualities of a plant do not depend on the retention or abstraction of the saccharine matter secreted or excreted in the nectary of the blossom. That is the mere excess—the poison—which the plant no longer needs. Whether the sun dries it up, or the rains wash it off, or the bees carry it away, the result is all the same in the milk pan, though, in default of the latter, the difference would be considerable in the hive and the honey pot."

LATE SWARMING.—Very strong stocks, which have thrown off no early colonies or but one, sometimes divide again very late in the season, and, unless it be a very favorable one for the accumulation of stores, the colony will winter-kill for the lack of food. To prevent these late flights sufficient room for all to work should be furnished and the necessary air supplied to keep them from sweltering and becoming uneasy because of restricted space and want of adequate ventilation. They should be aided, too, if necessary, in the expulsion of their parasite enemies, thus relieving them from a species of irritation highly prejudicial to their well-being by rendering them dissatisfied with their old home.

CHLOROFORMING BEES.—It is recommended by some, when bees settle in places from which it is difficult to remove them, to place a clean cloth under them, and another saturated with chloroform over the swarm. In a short time they will become stupified and drop upon the lower cloth. They can then be gathered into a fresh and well prepared hive, and when resuscitated placed on the bee stand. Tobacco smoke or that produced from burning punk will probably answer just as well, and can be more safely used.

The Stable, &c.

TAMING WILD HORSES.

SOME men profess the ability, by the aid of certain compounds or charms, to subject the wildest and most vicious horses to a docile state in a very short time. Though doubting the efficacy of this mode of taming, we give the process for what it is worth, while the reader may try or not as faith or curiosity may prompt. The recipe is as follows:

1. Take finely grated horse castor, oils rhodium and cumin; keep these in separate bottles, well corked; put some of the oil of cumin on your hand, and approach the horse on the windy side. He will then move towards you; then rub some of the cumin on his nose, give him a little of the castor on anything he likes, and get eight or ten drops of the oil of rhodium on his tongue; you can then get him to do anything you like. Be kind and attentive to the animal, and your control is certain.

2. Give the horse a little castor on a piece of apple or potato. Put eight drops of oil of rhodium into a lady's thimble. Take the thimble between your thumb and middle finger of the right hand, with the fore-finger stopping the mouth of the thimble to prevent the oil from running out while you are opening his mouth. As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

SHYING HORSES.

A WRITER in the Scientific American, says that a horseman whose horse is given to shying ought never to permit himself to evince symptoms of nervousness nor punish the animal for exhibitions of timidity. He further counsels that whenever a horse directs the points of his ears in a certain direction as though distrustful or afraid, the reins should be pulled in another direction, thus diverting the attention of the animal from the object causing the purturbation. If, on the other hand, force or harsh means are used to compel an acquaintance with the object feared the horse will be doubly excited if not unmanageable.

We have found, in cases of shying or halting at real or fancied objects of disquiet, that stopping the horse and using soothing language, answer a very good purpose. If the object is stationary, the horse, after a short time, will most usually advance in the direction of it, approaching cautiously till satisfied that no danger is to be apprehended, when he will resume his way in a quiet mood. But if chastised for shying he will have two objects of fear instead of one, and become more confirmed in the habit of distrustfulness.

A HORSE BATH.

IN a recent number of the Turf, Field and Farm, was a communication suggesting that a bath, after the manner of the Turks, would be an excellent thing for fitting horses for hard service. Its effects on the human system have been satisfactorily tested, and as there is a good deal of the human about the horse, it is inferred that the influence of the bath may prove equally as beneficial to the quadruped as to the biped. It is possible that the bath may be made available for the cure of many diseases of the horse which are now regarded as beyond the control of ordinary medicinal agencies. At all events, while using the bath preparatory to contests of speed, it might not be amiss to subject some of the crippled or ailing of the family, to similar treatment. What is good for the health and vigor of the sporting animal can scarcely prove otherwise than useful to the roadster or farm drudge suffering from the effects of over-exertion or general harsh usage.

THE OLDEST HORSE.—A communication in the Utica Herald states that FRANCIS RUNCK, near Evans Mills, Jefferson county, has a horse or rather a mare, which will be thirty-three years old the coming September. She is frisky and coltish for her years, and recently "dragged in" eight bushels of peas in a single day. This mare, instead of dragging in peas, ought to be allowed to retire on a pension.

Rural Notes and Items.

OUR NEW HALF VOLUME.—The second half of Volume XIX. of the RURAL commences with this number, under favorable auspices. We are encouraged in many ways, and shall endeavor to furnish a better paper during the ensuing six months than ever before. Indeed, grateful for the large and increasing measure of confidence and support accorded to this journal, we shall spare no proper effort or expense to render it more acceptable and valuable. And we frankly ask all its friends who can consistently do so to aid us in extending the circulation and thereby augmenting the usefulness of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Any and every assistance in furtherance of this object will be gratefully appreciated and acknowledged.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.—In the Southern States the wheat harvest is over, and, as a whole, according to reports, the yield is below the usual average. In this State the promise is better than usual, while in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri and Kansas, an average yield is anticipated. In Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, the harvest commenced last week, with results quite as good generally as was anticipated. Much of the wheat in the Western States is of the spring variety, and promises better than that of the winter kind.

The prospects of other grains,—oats, rye and barley,—are decidedly good, while corn is generally backward. There is time enough, however, to mature the crop, and no apprehensions are entertained in regard to it.

The hay prospect was never better in the Eastern and Central States, and with a favorable time for cutting and saving, the winter provision for farm stock will be ample to carry them through in prime order.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.—At a gathering of farmers in Marion Township, Pa., with reference to the cattle disease, some parties pretended to have cures for it, but refused to explain their mode of treatment unless paid a round sum for the secret. As they generally lost two-thirds or more of the animals treated, it was suggested that they should be compelled to disclose the character of their prescriptions that others might avoid their use. This is rather hard on venders of secret nostrums, but probably not more severe than just.

ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.—At the Illinois State Fair, to be held at Quincy Sept. 21—26, cash premiums to the amount of $9,000 will be paid. In addition to this, there will be distributed two hundred and sixty-eight silver medals, valued at fifteen hundred dollars. Competition from abroad, with a few exceptions in the mechanical department, is invited. There will be, as usual, the customary awards for horses, but racing will be interdicted.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—The preparations for the Provincial exhibition at Hamilton, commencing Sept. 21st, are well advanced, according to the Canada Farmer. It will be a combined show of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and the Mechanic Associations—each department having a special day for presenting its claims to public favor.

A PROMISING WHEAT FIELD.—The editor of the Contra Costa (Cal.) Gazette, referring to the generally promising appearance of the wheat fields in that region, mentions one near San Leandro, which is put down at sixty bushels to the acre. We should be pleased to have a look at such a field—doubly so to see the yield measured.

FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' CLUB, CLAY.—At a recent meeting of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Club, Clay, Onondaga Co., the following officers were chosen: *Pres't*—John F. Mochell. *Vice-Pres'ts*—E. F. Reese, Josiah H. Young. *Sec'y*—Granville Baum. *Cor. Sec'y*—Martin H. Blynn. *Treas.*—Artemas Baum.

A HEAVY CROP OF GRASSHOPPERS.—The Gate City, (Keokuk, Iowa,) reports the grasshoppers in the Des Moines region as being without precedent in numbers. They were, at the time the notice was made, about half grown, and estimated at forty bushels to the acre, and, when fully matured, plump eighty bushels.

EDITORIAL CHANGE.—The Farmer's Chronicle, Columbus, O., announces that with the commencement of its second volume the departments of Agriculture and Horticulture in that paper will be under the supervision of S. G. INNIS, Esq., a practical man of experience and fine ability.

FAIR IN WESTERN ONTARIO,—The people of London are agitating the question of seceding from the provincial Agricultural organization, and forming one whose center shall be in London. The western section is growing ambitious with its increasing population.

A GOOD GRADE DURHAM COW.—F. FELLOWS, Chili, N. Y., informs us that he has a grade Short-Horn cow, eight years old, which in seven days, beginning June 8th, gave 418¾ pounds of milk, from which 17¼ pounds of butter were made.

MARSHALL CO. (TENN.) AG. SOCIETY.—This Society has been reorganized and the following officers chosen: *President*—Ewing A. Wilson. *Vice-President*—W. E. Stone. *Treasurer*—James V. Ewing. *Secretary*—Alvin Ewing.

TALL RYE.—CYRUS SANBORN, Londonderry, N. H., writes the Mirror and Farmer that he has a rye field of five acres, which will average six and a half feet in height. Some portions measure over seven feet.

NEW ENGLAND AG. FAIR.—The next annual Fair of the New England Agricultural Society will be held in New Haven the first week in September.

LOP-EARED RABBITS.—Some of our juvenile readers wish to know where they can buy lop-eared rabbits.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE Valley Farmer considers iron ox-bows superior to those made of wood.

THE Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel and Chronicle states that peaches were ripe in that section about the 15th of June.

THE corn crop in the South, especially in Georgia, is drooping, in consequence of the drouth prevailing there.

THE grasshoppers left most sections of Iowa some days since, without committing the depredations on crops anticipated.

THE $100,000 capital stock of the Beet Sugar Company, Sacarmento, Cal., was taken within four days after opening the books.

RECENT floods in the Sciota Valley have materially injured the corn crop there. The wheat fields being on high ground suffered but little.

THE Charleston Mercury examines the cotton question and comes to the conclusion that the South is soon to regain its ascendency in the cotton market.

THE St. Louis Democrat states that wheat was recently shipped from that city to New York, via New Orleans, for 30 cents per bushel, including insurance.

WILLIAM DREW of South East, N. Y., is supposed to be the possessor of the heaviest yoke of cattle in the country. Their weight is said to be 6,500 pounds.

A FRUIT grower near Norfolk, Va., recently sold one day's picking of strawberries—2,070 quarts—in the New York market for $1,158. A neighbor on the same day picked 2,620 quarts, and received for them $1,084.

NO rules in papers or books can enable a man to be an expert sheep-shearer. Practice alone can give facility to the hand and consequent ease to the poor sheep. The first one we clipped went forth a bleeding martyr.

IT is said potatoes may be readily grown in a China ware crate. Put straw in the bottom, then a few potatoes, then more straw till the crate is full. Wet the contents every day, and a fine yield will be the result.

PRESIDENT CLARK of the Amherst Ag'l College says that plant lice produce ten generations in a season; all females are capable of reproduction without impregnation. Only one generation in ten contains males.

THE Secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture has taken measures to test the value of some new varieties of potatoes, embracing Peterson Seedlings, Economist, Rock, Blue Kidney, Albert, Napoleon, Victoria and Scotch Blue—all foreign.

HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN NEW YORK HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

SUMMER MEETING.

THE Annual Summer Meeting of this Society was held in the City Hall, Rochester, June 24th. In the absence of the President, Vice-President JAS. VICK occupied the chair. The attendance in the forenoon was rather slim, but the afternoon session made amends in a very fair gathering of the pomological fraternity. The discussions, as is generally the case, where the utterances are impromptu, were rather rambling and mixed, but were sufficiently germane to the points under consideration to impart interest to what was said.

The show of fruit was confined to strawberries, with the exception of a tempting parcel of Coryelle grapes grown and preserved by Mr. ROWLEY, retaining nearly the freshness pertaining to them at the time of the vintage, last autumn. From their appearance we should think they would show well several weeks hence. Of strawberries there were many varieties known to the growers and the trade, with numerous seedlings, some with designations and others waiting for the christening ceremony. What was exhibited, and by whom, will be found detailed in the report of the committee.

As pertaining to horticultural affairs, E. M. CONKLING of Parma exhibited a weeding hoe of his invention, and manufactured by D. R. BARTON & Co. of this city. The Rochester Grape and Cherry Box Company presented specimens of their cheap quart berry boxes, made by H. N. PECK & Co.

Some time was spent in examining the fruits and flowers, when a business committee was appointed, on motion of E. MOODY of Lockport. The Chair named as such committee, E. MOODY, Lockport; GEORGE ELLWANGER, Rochester; E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons; E. A. FROST, Rochester; and E. W. HERENDEEN, Macedon.

On fruits and flowers, H. E. HOOKER, Rochester; C. L. HOAG, Lockport; D. W. BEADLE, St. Catharines, Ontario, Dominion of Canada.

CHARLES DOWNING sent a letter expressive of his regret at not being able to attend the meeting, and of his thanks to the Society for their interposition in preserving his grounds from the improvement invasion with which they were threatened. A letter was also read from J. J. THOMAS, pleading illness as an excuse for non-attendance.

Before the committee was ready to report on the order of business, an outside discussion took place concerning the grape slug and worm, based on an inquiry of S. W. CLARK of Parma.

Secretary WARNER had noticed the ravages of these for several years; they were destructive enemies, and the means of destroying them was a question of the utmost importance to fruit growers—especially of the grape. He presented grape leaves with specimens of the worm and slugs on them, which were subjected to microscopic scrutiny by several members.

Information with respect to fruit prospects being called for, Mr. HOOKER replied that most kinds here, large and small, would make a light yield, with the exception of strawberries, which were good. Apples and pears would be especially short.

Mr. HOAG of Lockport said the prospect in his section was not good. Apples would be quite limited in amount, but would be more abundant, even at that, than most other kinds of fruit.

J. W. CRAIG, Churchville, reported the apple prospect as very poor; that the worm, canker or army, had destroyed the foliage in many orchards in his and the surrounding towns. The same pest has operated there for several years. Grapes promised a fair crop, and strawberries were all that could be desired. Reports from Brighton, Penfield and other sections east correspond with those from the western portion of the State.

D. W. BEADLE said that a man who would suffer his orchard to be overrun with caterpillars, or other worms, ought to lose it. He said they could be destroyed by the use of a solution of potash and soap suds, which would scorch them up in short order. The gentleman seemed to think persevering work, with the proper appliances, would clear trees and bushes of their enemies, whatever they may be.

[This may be so, but not one in one hundred will probably ever verify or disprove the assumption in the only way in which it is declared the question can be solved.—REPORTER.]

The discussion was here interrupted by the business committee, who presented a series of questions for consideration, as follows:

First—What are the best varieties of fruit for canning, and what is the best manner of doing it?

Second—What is the best size of can for keeping fruit, and the best material to make cans from?

Third—Is there any method of preventing the ravages of the army worm in apple trees?

Fourth—What is the best remedy for the steel-colored grape beetle and grape worm?

Fifth—Is there any remedy for the insect that preys upon Arbor Vitæ?

Sixth—What new varieties of strawberries promise well?

Seventh—What are the three best varieties of currants?

Adjourned.

After a recess of an hour and a half, the meeting proceeded to discuss the questions embraced in the report of the committee on business. The first question being read, Mr. CURTIS, having had experience in canning and marketing fruits, was called on to open the discussion. He responded by saying that stoned fruits, of the lighter colors, canned best and were most sought for in the market. Of the strawberry family, the Wilson and Ida were the favorites. They were not hollow in the center. Raspberries were not good canning fruit, being too seedy for ready sale. Of all the varieties of small fruits, the Black Cap canned best. Did not express an opinion as to the comparative profits of canning.

H. N. LANGWORTHY—Does any one know of a process of preserving fruit by exhausting the air by means of a pump, without the application of heat? He had been informed that experiments of this kind had been made in the city, and would like to know what the prospect of success was. He had an impression that the exhausting process would be too slow to make it profitable. This point was not very clearly responded to, though exhaustion by heat seemed to have the preference.

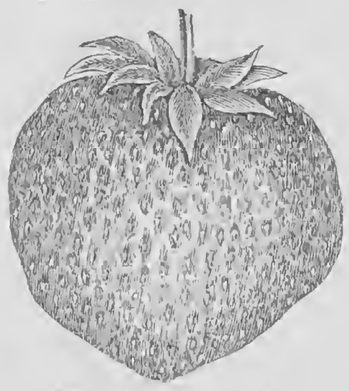
Mr. HOOKER—After fruit is cooked and fluid added, air-tight cans are not necessary.

Mr. CURTIS—Fill the cans full—use tin ones, as glass is apt to burst; acid fruits do not corrode tin cans much, if any.

Mr. VICK—It is a difficult matter to get all the air out by means of a pump.

Mr. CRAINE of Lockport had used open jars for fruit, with entire success, by the application of a preserving fluid. It did not impair the flavor of the fruit, and was much less trouble than the ordinary mode of canning.

Dr. SYLVESTER did not doubt the preservative power of the fluid in question, but, while it preserved the form, it abstracted the flavor. Thought, of blackberries, the Lawton was the best for canning; the next the Doolittle. Of large fruits, he gave the peach the post of honor. Of pears, he preferred the Bartlett and the Vicar. The Seckel was too insipid. He used a little sugar—one pound to four or six of fruit. Strawberries were difficult to preserve in form or character. The Wilson and Ida were the best.



RUSSELL'S SEEDLING NO. 1.

Mr. CRAINE—Did not recommend the fluid. Had tried it as an experiment, and was pleased with the result. Others could do as they liked with reference to its use.

MR. CLARK—Why can fruit at all? Were it deprived of an excess of oxygen it would keep without preservatives, or what he termed quack ones. If carbonic acid gas was forced into the fruit, it would eliminate the oxygen, and its preservation would be assured—retaining both form and flavor. The process by which this was to be done was not explained. He would not countenance these medicinal preservatives; thought them humbugs and mischievous in their effects.

Mr. CHADWICK of Gates thought the very small quantity of preservative fluid necessary to each can of fruit could not do much harm to anybody. He had experienced no ill effects from its use.

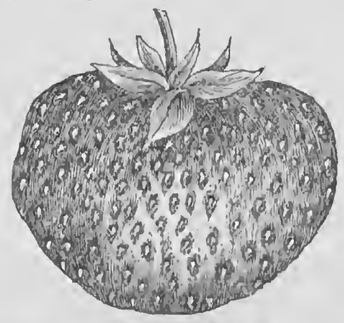
Second.—The second question—the size of cans, and the best material to make them of—came up, and was speedily disposed of. Glass cans for family use were favored by some, and tin ones when transportation was contemplated. The gallon size seemed to be the favorite, though smaller ones had friends. Glass ones, for domestic use, the most economical. Some contended that, whatever can was used, the quince was the fruit to put into it.

Mr. ELLWANGER preferred cans, or small glass jars of from one to two quarts capacity, and thought the Damson plum the best fruit to put in them.

Third.—Is there any method to prevent the army worm from injuring the apple tree?

Mr. BEADLE thought the best and only sure preventive was a vigorous warfare—a war to kill all the time, till a finish was made of the pest.

Mr. LANGWORTHY used his hands, encased in leather gloves, and crushed them wherever found. Killing the only remedy.



MOORE'S EARLY SEEDLING.

A member, name not heard, described the army worm, confounded by some with the canker one. They had dark backs, ringed, and were generally classed with the canker. They descend rapidly when a branch of the tree is shaken—spinning down in thousands. Have been known to attack elm and cherry trees, and also the hop vine.

Col. CROFT had seen the army worm on its march in a column a mile wide. Had progressed about two miles, scorching all the foliage in its range of advance.

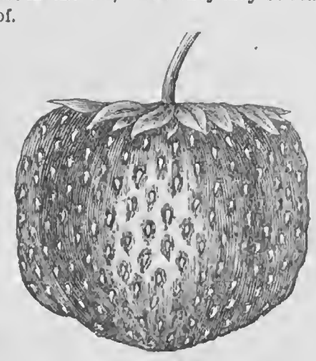
Dr. SYLVESTER asked for a practicable method of killing worms by wholesale. No particular response was made.

Mr. HODGES presented some worms, discovered for the first time this season. They attacked his black currants with much vigor. They were brought under the focus of the glass, but no particular information elicited concerning them.

Mr. DAVIS, Medina, said specimens of the tent caterpillar had been sent to Dr. FITCH—here denominated the army worm. The doctor had replied that they were twin brothers, and the proper name was the forest caterpillar.

Mr. BABCOCK said the material point was to commence the work of destruction early in the spring, destroying as many eggs or nits as possible. When the worms develop from what escaped notice in the egg form, kill them also. Approved of the hand and glove application for its rapidity and certainty. The great point was to kill, and this could be done most readily in midday when they gather in large clusters.

Dr. SYLVESTER said his method was to jar or shake the branches of the trees, when the worms will spin down to the ground. The body of the tree should then be enveloped by a strip of paper, nine or ten inches wide, coated well with tar to make it stick. Another strip of like dimensions should be placed over this, with tar on the outside. The worms, on their return from the ground, will stick fast in the tar, when they may be readily disposed of.



JUCUNDA.

A skip was made here to the fifth question,—concerning the best remedy against the steel-colored grape flea, beetle or worm.

Mr. LANGWORTHY described the flea, and explained his method of disposing of it. He looked over his vines carefully a few times and killed all he found on them. They were soon cleared of the fleas.

Mr. DOOLITTLE said the plan was good, but in his case impossible of execution, as they were so thick on his premises as to cover the vines, fences and every surrounding thing.

Mr. CODDING found his premises in the same condition. The whole vines were covered. The bug and worm were identical, and the only way to dispose of the former was to destroy the latter.

Mr. ROWLEY questioned this identity.

Mr. WARNER had been much annoyed by this pest. Had tried many things for the purpose of destroying them—among them hellebore. When sprinkled with this they stopped feeding for a time, but recommenced with undiminished vigor. Described a beetle with six legs which he thought produced the worm, which had the same number of legs as the beetle. Knew of no certain remedy, but thought jarring the vines occasionally would dislodge many of them.

Mr. CRAINE thought a small fly emanated from the worms, but what followed is not quite clear.

Mr. ROWLEY—Bugs do not grow to be worms.

Mr. QUIMBY—The opinions expressed here about bugs are not very scientific. The whole subject had better be referred to an entomologist. Grape slugs should be shaken off and killed. Thought the bugs spoken of were similar to the rose bug.

Mr. WARNER—No more like a rose bug than an elephant is like a sheep.

Mr. MILLER related his experience with the grape bug—especially the steel bug—said it laid eggs in a string along the vines.

Mr. HARRISON had found a remedy for the grape pests. He mixed copperas and water, and with a syringe saturated his vines with it. The insects were killed at once. He got four ounces of copperas, dissolved it in one quart of hot water; when dissolved, he added another gallon of water to that, and found it effective.

The committee on fruit here interposed with their report, as follows:

STRAWBERRIES.—Jacob Moore, Brighton, seven new native seedlings. No. 39 is large, earlier than Wilson, bright color, flavor very good—perfect flowers—well worthy of trial. No. 73 is very high flavored. No. 66 is large, resembling Triomphe de Gand.

J. Keech, Waterloo—Seven new native seedlings, all perfect flowers, very finely grown. Trumpet is large, brisk, pleasant flavor. Phil. Sheridan is high flavored. Goliah and Gen. Meade large, handsome and showy, worthy of trial.

Frost & Co.—Six varieties.

William Hunt, Waterloo—One variety—a new native seedling named Seneca Chief, raised from Russell.

Dr. Sylvester, Lyons—Three varieties, comprising some very fine samples of Agriculturist.

Dr. Minor—Two varieties, Hooker and Burr's Pine.

Harvey Russell, Seneca Falls—Three new seedlings, No. 1 and 2 are perfect flowers; fruit very large and showy. No. 1 very promising, of good flavor and extraordinary size. Would recommend it for trial.

Ellwanger & Barry—Collection of twenty-seven varieties, comprising Agriculturist, Jucunda, Nicanor, &c., all finely grown. Dr. Nease not sufficiently ripe to be tasted, but very large. Triomphe de Gand very large and fine.

J. W. Gray, Albion—Collection of ten varieties.

Thomas R. Peck, Waterloo—Collection of thirty-five sorts—of which thirty-three are seedlings—many of them very large and showy, but not in condition for the committee to judge of their merits.

Ellwanger & Barry—Collection of fifty-four different varieties of roses, many of them new and showy. Also a beautiful collection of eighteen varieties of peonies and a branch of *virgilia lutea* in blossom, and flowers of *Magnolia Thompsoniana*, which are very sweet.

Mr. Rowley, Rochester—Plate of grapes, well preserved in all respects except flavor, named Coryelle.

H. E. HOOKER,
C. L. HOAG,
D. W. BEADLE,
Committee.

The last question—What new varieties of strawberries promise well?

Mr. ELLWANGER mentioned the Jucunda and Green Prolific favorably. The Jucunda was not quite as prolific as the Wilson, but larger. The Prolific is a fine berry.

Mr. BABCOCK thought well of the Jucunda. As good a bearer as the Wilson. Carries better, and is superior in flavor.

Mr. CRAINE thought the Wilson was generally picked before properly ripened. In the mature state it was an excellent berry.

Mr. BEADLE mentioned the death of BENJAMIN HODGE of Buffalo, formerly an active member of the Association, and moved a Committee on Resolutions in reference thereto. Messrs. HOOKER, BEADLE and ELLWANGER were appointed such Committee, and reported a series of resolutions landatory of the deceased, which were adopted.

The meeting then adjourned.

SMALL FRUITS IN GEORGIA.

That distinguished Horticulturist, P. J. BERCKMANS, of Augusta, Ga., writes of the summer fruits as follows in the proceedings of the American Pomological Society:

Plums.—The curculio is an untiring enemy to our finer varieties of plums; but our wild varieties are comparatively free from its ravages. There are several native plums of fine quality. They combine great hardiness of growth with immense fertility; and, as before said, being in a measure free from the curculio, they should form the basis of experiments from which we may expect improved varieties, adapted to the climate. The type Chickasaw is a very suitable one to experiment upon. The fruit is large, showy, and of an agreeable and peculiar aroma. The plum-tree is free from the black gnat. The finer varieties have a tendency to throw all their vigor in one branch, causing this to outgrow the others; and when checked by cutting back, the sap takes an opposite direction, which renders it difficult to give the tree a good form.

Cherries are uncertain here. A few degrees north they thrive better. The Mahaleb stock is the most suitable. The cherry stops its growth when the July sun pours out its warm rays; towards September, the sap again becomes active, puts out new leaves and blossoms, and weakens the tree for the following year's production.

A great cause of the failure of fruit-growers is the training of trees with high naked bodies. These are impossible here; we require a low stem, which is well shaded by the foliage of the tree. This applies to every class of fruit-trees; and when this fact is heeded, success in orchard-culture is increased.

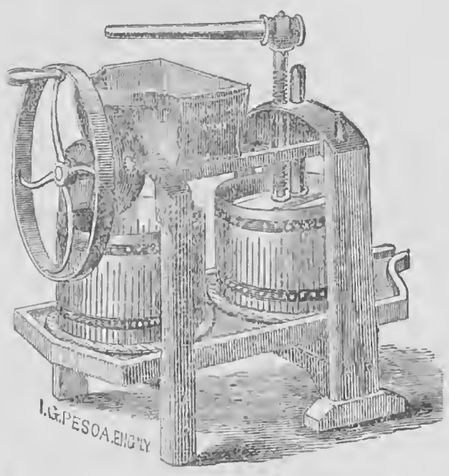
Strawberries.—After experimenting with almost every variety introduced in the past fifteen years, we have given the preference to the Wilson's Albany, as combining more qualities than any other variety. The season of maturity commences about April 15th, and is often continued until July. Some seasons, we have had occasional pickings until Aug. 20th; but these are exceptions, and the full season can only be said to last six weeks. As a consequence, we do not gather any more fruit (if as much) during this period than the same variety will yield in three weeks further north. The Wilson's Albany will often give a *winter* crop of fruit. Fine and well matured strawberries were sold in this city last December, and were purchased at one dollar per quart. These *feats* weaken the plants; and it is not good economy to allow them to fruit out of season.

Raspberries.—The varieties of European origin do not stand the summer. The varieties belonging to the American types of Purple Canes and Wild Red will stand. The most vigorous and productive are Allen's Red and Imperial Red. Doolittle's Black Cap and Philadelphia thrive well; but their fruit is hardly of second quality. As a market fruit, I do not think it will ever become remunerative, the fruit being too easily bruised; and ripening during quite warm weather, it soon ferments.

Blackberries, as a market fruit, are not cultivated. The New Rochelle produces large crops; and being later than our native varieties, it may, eventually, be made to sell in the market. Wilson's Early and Kittatinny have no intrinsic value here; their merit north is earliness; here they are not as early as the running blackberry or dewberry and not half so good.

Gooseberries and currants are of no value whatever, as they cannot stand the summer weather.

Figs, pomegranates, olives, jujube, etc., are everywhere cultivated for home consumption. The former bears in the greatest profusion; and never failing in its fertility, it should receive more attention than is bestowed upon its culture. As an article of commerce, the fig must certainly yield a good profit to those who would undertake to dry it for market; and it is to be hoped that some energetic person will inaugurate this feature of Southern fruit culture.



HUTCHINSON'S WINE AND CIDER MILL.

THE convenience of a hand or portable mill by which a small quantity of cider can be made at any time, or the juice pressed from grapes or other fruit, is appreciated by the public, and the manufacturers of them find ready sale for large numbers. This cut represents the small Hutchinson Mill, with two Curbs, so arranged that the operation of *Grinding and Pressing can both be carried on at the same time*, and thus greatly facilitate the work, and give more time for the juice to drain from the pomace. It has a heavy balance-wheel which lightens the labor of grinding and serves also for a pully for the use of other power. The mill is very well made, and the manufacturers claim for it a capacity of four or five barrels per day. The weight is one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Particulars in regard to price, &c., will be found in our advertising columns.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

OUR STRAWBERRY SEASON—ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are duly grateful to our friends for quite a prolific crop of strawberries found recently on our table.

Messrs. PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y., sent us a sample of French's Seedling, of which they say:—"We have no greater favorite on our grounds, and we doubt very much if a better *early* sort can be found."

Mr. JACOB MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., exhibited at the meeting of the Western New York Hort. Society several seedlings, and from the report of the Committee in another column it will be seen they were regarded as promising. A sample of one variety, "Moore's Early," is represented by an engraving. We have received from the originator a box of "Moore's Crossbred" or No. 66, which sprung from seed of the Wilson fertilized by Triomphe de Gand. The fruit is firm, solid, excellent, and apparently adapted to marketing.

We are indebted to Mr. W. P. LOUD, Egypt, Monroe Co., N. Y., for a very fine sample of the Agriculturist. Mr. L. is a very successful and skillful fruit grower, and has demonstrated that his locality is well adapted to vine culture, as well as to the more ordinary fruits.

A fine lot of the Triomphe de Gand was also laid on our table by IRA MCCALL, Esq., Gates, Monroe Co.

We have immensely enjoyed harvesting our crop of strawberries, and if fine appearance and flavor are proofs of skill and good culture, we are not afraid to match our strawberry patch with any other.

REMEDY FOR THE GRAPE BUG.—RUFUS KEELER of this city, an amateur fruit grower and an especial friend of the grape, informs us that a few days since his grape vines were literally swarming with bugs. He obtained from a tobacconist a quantity of pulverized leaf tobacco, and scattered broadcast upon the grape foliage. Having made applications on two successive days, he was pleased to find that his grape vines were entirely relieved of their enemies—not a bug being visible. It was his intention to have made this statement at the Fruit Growers' meeting, but circumstances prevented him from doing so. Owners of graperies will do well to test this tobacco remedy, as its cost is but a trifle and the application readily made. Mr. K. has full confidence in the effectiveness of the remedy proposed.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The report of the proceedings of the eleventh session of this Society, held at St. Louis last September, forms a volume of over two hundred pages, besides the appended catalogue of fruits. In addition to several able addresses and essays on horticultural subjects, and terse reports of the discussions and standing committees, there are several State reports incorporated in the work, which were called out by circulars addressed by the Secretary to various distinguished Pomologists. The reports of our Horticultural Societies are, perhaps, the most valuable contributions of the day to pomological knowledge, and the gift of the national society, in this respect, is not unworthy of its prominent position.

LIME AND PLASTER THE TREES AND SHRUBS.—A fruit grower lately suggested the sowing of plaster on fruit trees to invigorate the foliage and ward off disease. He had found it efficient on pear trees. We know finely powdered lime dusted on the foliage of roses and other shrubbery renders it healthy and keeps off insect depredators. Why should not lime and plaster benefit leaves as well as grass or grain? It is a wonder that these agents are not employed to a greater extent in our orchards and gardens. We suggest to fruit growers the use of these fertilizers, in a cautious but thorough manner, on the foliage of their trees and shrubs.

CAPSICUM FOR BUGS.—I have found capsicum to be an excellent remedy to destroy and prevent cucumber bugs, etc. When the vines are wet from dew or rain, sprinkle freely on the leaves and earth about the plants. Also for squash vines, cabbage, etc. When I use this the bugs leave, if indeed any live to get away.—H. W. L.

THE CHERRY CROP.—This delicious summer fruit will be in short supply all over the country. The show is bad in Western New York. Around Cleveland, which is a famous cherry region, the cold May storms, and the insects at a later season, have ruined the crop.

PLANT FOR NAME.—J. H., Waterville, sends us leaves and flowers of the English White Thorn. It may be propagated from seed sown in the spring. Our friend wants THOMAS' or DOWNING'S books to get information regarding the culture of various fruits.

LARGE ELM TREE.—A correspondent sends us the following dimensions of an elm tree standing in Col. W. HAMILTON'S yard in Nicholas Co., Ky.:—Circumference, 14 feet; height to first limb, 8 feet; first limb 6 feet in circumference; second, 7½ feet; third, 5 feet; fourth, 6 feet; fifth, 6 feet; sixth, 7 feet; four others 5 feet average. The limbs extend from 35 to 57 feet from the trunk. Full height of the tree, 45 feet.

LARGE PIE PLANT LEAF.—F. H. BETTS, Brunswick, N. Y., writes:—"I measured a pie plant leaf, June 19th, which was just eighteen feet and one inch in circumference, following the inundations. Who can beat it?"

APPLES IN WYOMING.—The Attica Atlas, while conceding a light crop of apples generally in Western New York, is of the opinion that more than an average yield is promised in that section.

Domestic Economy.

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

EDS. RURAL:—I would like to say a few words about household matters. I agree with Mrs. S. W., (RURAL of May 9th,) about having breakfast prepared over night, and where there is not too much dust let the table be set. Housekeepers who have to get the breakfast, skim and strain milk at the same time, do not know what a fine thing it is until they try it.

Let nothing go to waste, either in the pantry or out. I have been laughed at for picking up little scraps of paper or cloth, perhaps not an inch in size, and putting them in the rag bag. If a feather bed or pillow tick sheds the feathers pick them up, have a little sack to put them in, and sometime put them in with other feathers, or rip a few stitches in the tick they came from and put them back. A good sunning of feather beds for a few days will make them very light and nice.

Let us hear from others about Domestic Economy.

Wisconsin, 1868. MRS. R. W. H.

HOW TO MAKE SPRUCE BEER.

As the season is nearly here when pleasant summer drinks, free from alcoholic influence, are frequently brewed by the housewife, or the well brought up daughters, who ought to be taught a little of everything in the way of household duties—we append the following recipes, which are claimed to be excellent:

1. Take three gallons of water of blood warmth, three half pints of molasses, a table-spoonful of essence of spruce, and the like quantity of ginger; mix well together with a gill of yeast; let stand over night, and bottle in the morning. It will be in a good condition to drink in twenty-four hours. It is a palatable, wholesome beverage.

2. Those who prefer *mead* have only to substitute honey for the molasses named above, and for one-third the ginger use allspice. Half the quantity of yeast will be sufficient, and the bottling should occur the second day instead of the next morning. It will be fit to drink in four days after being bottled, and will keep for many weeks. A small quantity of alcohol is formed during the fermentation, and this prevents the acetous fermentation so common to spruce beer. The essence of spruce is of course left out in the making of mead. The alcohol formed from the fermentation of honey resembles that found in *metheglin*, while the alcohol formed from the fermentation of molasses is *rum*. Those who imagine that they can make either spruce beer or mead without entirely forming any alcohol are mistaken; but it is present in so slight a proportion as not to be sensible to the most delicate temperance nerves.—*Selected.*

ICE CREAM AND WATER-ICES.

PINE APPLE ICE-CREAM.—Pare a ripe, juicy pine apple, chop it up fine, and pound it to extract the juice. Cover it with sugar and let it lie a while in a bowl. When the sugar has entirely melted, strain the juice into a quart of good cream, and add a little less than a pound of loaf sugar. Beat up the cream and freeze it in the same manner as common ice-cream.

CURRANT ICE-CREAM.—Put one large spoonful and a half of currant jelly into a basin with half a gill of sirup, squeeze in one lemon and a half, add a pint of cream and a little cochineal, then pass it through a sieve and finish in the general way.

WATER-ICES.—Water-ices are made with the juice of the orange, lemon, raspberry or any other sort of fruit, sweetened and mixed with water. To make orange water ice, mix with one pint of water, the strained juice of three fine oranges, and that of one lemon. Rub some fine sugar on the peel of the orange, to give it the flavor. Make it very sweet and freeze it. Lemon ice is made in the same manner.

ORANGE WATER-ICE.—Take as many oranges as will be necessary, cut them in half, press the juice from them; take the pulp carefully from the rind, and put it in a bowl, pour a little boiling water on it, stir it well and strain it through a sieve; mix this with the orange juice, and stir in as much sugar as will make a rich sirup. If the oranges are fine, rub some of the sugar on the peel to extract the essence. Freeze it like ice-cream.

LEMON WATER-ICE.—Rub on sugar the clean rinds of lemons, squeeze the juice of twelve lemons, strain them; boil the sugar into a strong thick sirup, add to the juice half a pint of water, or good barley water, sweeten it with your sirup, add the white of an egg and jelly.

CURRANT FRESH WATER-ICE.—Pass through a sieve a pint of currants, then add to them four ounces of powdered sugar and one pint of water, strain and freeze it rich.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ABOUT HAIR DYE.—Somebody subscribing as "A READER," wishes to know how to color the hair without injuring it. Here is a recipe that will color it a jet black, and makes the hair soft and thick, I have used it myself and know whereof I speak. One drachm of sugar lead, one do. lac sulphur, one oz. oil glycerine, any kind of perfumery you wish, or none, as you prefer. Put it in a pint bottle, fill with soft water; wet the hair once a day for a week, shaking the bottle well before using. Then twice a day afterwards, or as often as you wish. It does not cost half as much as any patent hair dye, and is just as good, and I think better, for I have had both.—EMILY A. NEWBOLD, *Greenwood, Crawford, Co., Pa.*

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—One cup sour cream; half a teaspoon of soda; flour sufficient to make a stiff dough; roll it out enough to cover a large pie tin, and bake in a quick oven. When done, split it open and spread with butter, take a pint of strawberries, cover them with sweet cream, sweeten to your taste, spread them on the lower crust and put the upper crust over them, and you have a dish fit for a wedding.

Ladies' Department.

WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

I KISSED her in the eves of May.
As on her mother's breast she lay;
Her breath was sweet as new-mown hay;
A BABY, in whose blessed eyes
Still lingered, as in soft surprise,
Some recollections of the skies.

I saw her, as, with dancing hopes,
She lifted up the morning slopes—
Her young neck like an antelope's:
A CHILD, whose life was like the play
Of fountains, that, with sunny spray,
Make music all the livelong day.

Then, underneath the rosy noons,
I heard her murmur loving tunes,
With heart as passionate as June's;
A MAIDEN, o'er whose life's repose
The wondrous heaven of love arose,
To rule its tender ebbs and flows.

When summer's amber grain was mown
Around the golden harvest throne,
I saw her girt with virgin zone;
But, through the autumn's ruddy round,
She walked, in wifely graces bound,
With MOTHERHOOD supremely crown'd!

And in the pleasant morns of May
A babe upon her bosom lay;
Its breath was sweet as new-mown hay.
Thus Woman's holiest life she learns:
From Innocence to Love it yearns—
From Love to Innocence returns!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A MOTHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON HOME TRAINING.—NO. IV.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

DOVECOTE, June, 1868.

DEAR MARY:—How strange it is that children of the same parents, born in precisely the same circumstances, so far as we can see, will yet be so totally unlike each other! My three children are as different in every respect as though they were no kin. And I find that in food, in clothing, in government, they each require quite a separate system of management. CARRIE, the oldest, and in her eighth year, is a warm-blooded, active, restless, sunny-tempered child, whom my sister EM. calls "an incessant tornado." Every minute she must be doing something. "Ma, may I knit? Ma, may I sew? Ma, may I play with my doll?" I am often puzzled as to the best mode of directing her activity, and controlling her will, for she is extremely fond of having her own way. Sometimes I fear I am not strict enough with her, for she is always so pleasant with all her persistency that my good nature yields to her wishes in spite of my judgment.

NETTIE, the second daughter, is totally different from CARRIE. She slips about the house quietly as a kitten, is always amused with her blocks, her doll, her little toys, and a word or a look is sufficient to check her whenever she requires restraint of any kind. JAMIE, the baby, is like neither of the girls; not so restless as CARRIE, nor as quiet as NETTIE, I can already see that I shall have something to do to subject his will to mine.

I want to study my children, and understand them thoroughly, so as to give them just that training and development which will form in them the most perfect character. I shall be very thankful if you will make any suggestions that may rise to your mind as you read this letter. And I wish, too, you would give me your ideas as to punishment in families. Have you tried the sugar plumming system recommended by HENRY WARD BEECHER? Is that old Scriptural instrument SOLOMON speaks of to be reckoned obsolete—a relic of feudal barbarism like the ordeal by fire, the pillory, the whipping-post and slavery? Yours, JULIA.

HOME, June, 1868.

DEAR JULIA:—The last topic of your letter I will take up first, so as to have done with it. It is like rhubarb and quinine in the nursery, always bitter and disagreeable, but sometimes requisite, and when skillfully administered very beneficial. But the skill with which it is given has as much to do with the cures it effects as the drug itself. I like Mr. BEECHER'S plan of "sugar plumming" children into virtue, and can testify to its wonderful efficacy; yet, I think, and I presume the reverend gentleman will agree with me, that sometimes a different regimen is called for. The old dispensation is passed away. We are not come to the mount that might not be touched, and so terrible was the sight that even MOSES did exceedingly fear and quake; but we are come to the new gospel of peace, which, though it has threatenings reserved for the ungodly, relies upon love more than fear; wins by its attractive virtue and infinite mercies rather than commands by its terrors.

Though I find rewards powerful in securing the best results as to obedience and general good behavior, yet occasionally I do find it necessary to resort to SOLOMON'S corrective; and when such sad ceremony must occur, I generally preface it with the question, "What does the Bible tell children?" The answer to which is prompt, though not always cheerful, "Obey your parents." "What did SOLOMON say?" "Whip him, make him mind." And thus the correction comes as from Divine authority, and is proportionably efficacious in its effects.

Perhaps the writ of habeas corpus and the trial by jury are as great proofs of advancement in civilization as are the printing press and the locomotive. Let the mother be as modern in her ideas of discipline as she is in those of ordinary usage. No solitary confinement, no setting in the pillory of a dark closet, no inquisitorial rod hung up ever in view to terrify the child into obedience. Keep it, but have it hid away in a dark closet to be brought forth on rare and solemn occasions. The code of DRACO, which prescribed death as the penalty of every offense, was long ago abolished. Capital punishment is now reserved only for willful murder; so let corporal punishment be visited only upon willful disobedience; and *judicially* administered—not because you feel like it. Better that ten guilty persons should go unpunished than that one innocent man suffer—and better let ten faults go uncorrected than punish once unjustly. The recollection of the one undeserved castigation will neutralize the benefits of a dozen merited rebukes. And as in law, when the penalty has been reduced, the offense is never afterwards brought up, so when the correction is over let there be no reference to it again, no upbraiding, no twitting, nothing but cheerful tones and kindly words. We must discipline our children as GOD does His,—not in anger or resentment or irritation of temper, but in wisdom and love. And stripes heavily weighted with moral disapprobation and administered with judicial calmness may be otherwise light.

The other side of the question is vastly more agreeable. Let the mother hold up rewards to virtue and obedience continually, toning up the child's moral nature by daily Bible readings and family prayer, and she will have little need of the thunderbolt of retribution. Love is a far more potent motive than fear; and where love abounds all the virtues and graces will follow in its train. Weeds can be shaded down as well as pulled up by the roots, and often this is the best way to destroy them. If the tares are rooted up the wheat may come with them.

I am interested in your account of your children. For CARRIE, nothing can be better than constant employment. A set of drawing cards or a book of slate pictures will afford her infinite diversion, and she is old enough to be exceedingly useful in assisting you. Let her have thimble, needle-book, thread, and a work-basket of her own, and take entire charge of her doll's wardrobe, both as to making it up and keeping it clean. From that she can pass by degrees to the care of her own. Of course, you will teach her everything you yourself know about housekeeping, and as her capacity of learning and doing increases, you will have an assistant in your labors ever interested and reliable, relieving you in some measure of household care, and lightening your daily tasks. My oldest boy, just about the age of your CARRIE, helps me when I have no servant, and can set the table and clear it away and sweep the kitchen as well as anybody. He will be a better husband by-and-by in consequence of the familiarity he is acquiring with the homely details of domestic employment. And if our girls receive special training with a view of being good wives, why should not the boys be equally initiated into the way of becoming good husbands?

But I must draw this letter to a close. My housemaid left me unexpectedly a day or two since, and so I must put my own shoulder to the wheel until I can procure another. Training children is easy compared with training and managing servants. When you get them trained, management fails somewhere and they leave.

In haste, MARY.

A BEAUTIFUL HAND.

A DELICATE and beautiful hand is considered as the especial privilege of people of leisure. It is seldom found among those women who are obliged to work hard, though they may be endowed with fine eyes, a beautiful mouth, or all other female charms. We are told that small and delicate hands are more common in the United States than elsewhere; but perhaps we should hesitate in accepting this compliment to the good looks of our women at the expense of their industry.

A well-made hand should be delicate and somewhat long. The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent. The fingers must be long, pulpy and tapering, forming little graduated columns of perfect proportion. When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which should be slightly prominent when the hand is closed.

Each finger ought to be gently curved on the back, and somewhat flat on the palmar side. The thumb should not pass beyond the middle joint of the fore-finger, which should terminate when extended precisely at the base of the nail of the middle one. The ring-finger ought not to extend more than half-way up the nail of the same, and the little finger should be exactly of the length of the two joints of its neighbor. The palm of the hand, when open, should be somewhat deep, and bordered with a slightly curved and pulpy cushion of flesh. The skin of the whole should be delicate, smooth, mostly white, but here and there slightly tinted with rose color. The fingers must have an air of ease and flexibility. The common habit of stretching their joints with the view of making them snap is fatal to their regularity of proportion and beauty.—*Harper's.*

IRISH WOMEN.

THE most remarkable element, the richest, and certainly the most full of life, of this land, so life full, is the population itself. No European race, that of the Caucasian excepted, can compete with it in beauty. The Irish blood is of purity and distinction, especially among the females, which strikes all strangers with astonishment. The transparent whiteness of the skin, the absorbing attraction, which in France is but the attribute of one woman in a thousand, is here the general type. The daughter of the poor man as well as the fine lady, possesses an opal or milky tint, the arms of a statue, the foot and hand of a duchess, and the bearing of a queen.

In Ireland there are as many different physiognomies as individualities. Rags, misery and manual labor have no effect on those native endowments. Even beneath the thatched cabin of the poor peasant, in the midst of the potato fields, which yield the sole nourishment, those traits at times develop themselves with unmistakable vividness. In the most wretched streets of the olden quarters of Dublin, the most ideal tintings of the pencil would grow pale before the beauty of the children; and in the compact crowd which each day occupies the galleries of Merrion Square, there is certainly the most magnificent collection of human beings it is possible to meet. Blondes, with black eyes, brunettes, with blue, are by no means rare. The race is as strong as it is handsome, as vigorous as it is charming. The girls of Connemara, with their queenly shoulders and eyes of fire, would put to shame at this day those daughters of the East from whom they are said to be descended.—*French Paper.*

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

BALZAC says women at forty-five often have new and stronger affections than ever before, and their love is deeper and more disinterested than when they are young.

QUEEN ISABELLA is unable to find a Prince that will marry her eldest daughter, a young beauty with dark flashing eyes. All Courts decline respectfully to enter into the bonds of relationship with Her Castilian Majesty, although the young Princess is rather good looking, and is said to be a very amiable girl.

MR. AND MRS. HOWE of Vermont, one 90 and the other 89 years old, have lived together the remarkable period of 71 years. Of their eight living children, the oldest is 70 and the youngest 42, and they have 42 grand children and 45 great-grand children. What a family gathering they might have!

MONOGRAMS are the rage now. We see them on cards, note paper, envelopes, pocket handkerchiefs, etc. The wealthy and fashionable have monogram carpets, and a rich New York lady has recently introduced a monogram China set. To exhibit it to a circle of ardently-devoted but exceedingly serious friends, she gave what she called a "monogram party," the other day.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DYING POET.

SUGGESTED BY ONE OF GOTTSCHALK'S "MEDITATIONS."

BY OLOFFE THE DREAMER.

RESTING at last,—never more to be tasting
Water that words cannot turn into wine,—
Pillowed in quiet that seems everlasting,
Struggling no more to make human, divine.

Resting at last,—with the shadow of sadness
Soothing the eyelids to languid repose;
Calming the scorn that has robbed life of gladness,
Kissing the tears that have jeweled its woes.

Chant the *Te Deum!*—let no *miserere*
Waken the symphonied anthem of song;
What if the poor heart be wasted and weary?—
Minor-keyed closes will tone the soul wrong.

What is a poet?—ah, learning to suffer,
Dwelling with sorrow that helps to be strong—
Climbing the crags that grow sharper and rougher
Up to the star-heights where silence is song.

Only a singer, with heart-strings vibrations
Swept by some roughness or touched by a breath:
Wailing, Æolian-like, soul's desolations,
Pæaning triumphs for victory's wreath.

—Into each poem is life interwoven,
Woven with faces I never have seen—
Woven with kisses no fond lips have given—
Woven with love-tones I list for in vain.

Dying at last!—and while summer's rich blessing
Glad songs will murmur to woodland and wave,
Wasting its wealth like a lover's caressing,—
I shall know GOD, and the gift that he gave.

Thicker and closer time's night-shadows gather,
Watching for gleams from eternity's sun—
Into the valley still further and further,
Trusting and resting: life's poem is done.

POSSESSION vs. FAITH.

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

CONTENTMENT has been much written of and talked about, and times without number has been held up before the world as a virtue mankind ought earnestly to cultivate. But content is, after all, only a very conservative element in human nature. It would never build ships, and discover continents, and people wildernesses. In fact, contentment is but another name for conservatism; and conservatism, considered apart from all political significance whatever, is the enemy rather than the friend of what the RURAL has so long made its watchword—"Progress and Improvement." Conservatism clings to the old ways, and distrusts everything savoring of change. All the law it knows is comprised in possession; to all suggestions regarding conquest it replies by a firmer grasp on that which it holds, and an emphatic quotation of the old saw—"*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*"

We protest, then, against too implicit trust in this proverb, and others of a similar tenor. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," some conservative old wiseacre once declared, and descendants of his are continually echoing the declaration. What if it be true? Is it the sole purpose of a stone to gather moss? Is a moss-covered stone any better or handsomer than one bright and smooth from repeated rollings? Is not moss, in short, an outgrowth of conservatism? But it is *not* true, in the sense intended. We could name many, who are classed as "rolling stones" among mankind, who have gathered more "moss" than our conservative proverb maker and all his descendants ever dreamed of. Their success is due wholly to the fact that they let go of *possession* and cling to *faith*. A promise of splendid realizations was by them considered of more value that a certainty of holding what they had. Their faith saw the two birds in the bush and believed they could be caught; they dropped the one in hand,—and the birds *were* caught.

It is not truest wisdom to educate ourselves up to the line of proverbs like these. The rather should we seek to broaden our lives in all their outreach. Educating by faith opens new avenues for us, and enables us to grasp whatever of an improving nature they may contain. And educating by faith is a very easy thing. It is the most natural education, too, which we know anything of. The farmer who sows his grain is realizing it, for himself, and for his children. He sows in faith, and his faith in the sowing begets faith in the young minds around him. They see precious kernels committed to the earth, and know that the quickening mold will develop therein a hidden life,—that the harvest will return an hundred fold.

The supreme lesson of the harvest-time is one of faith. It demonstrates completely the fallacy of the bird-in-the-hand theory. What if the husbandman were to say "A seed in the hand is worth two in the earth?" He would live on possession until his supplies were exhausted, and would then be compelled to borrow from the granaries of his more sensible neighbors. It is barely possible that his faithless theory might survive through one season, but we imagine he would bury it the next spring, with his buried seed, and that, unlike those, it would never find a resurrection.

Our good old SOLOMONS who penned the world's proverbs were doubtless men of knowledge, but—and we would do their memories no irreverence—their conservative tendencies were far too strongly marked. Their teachings, taken literally, are not exactly what the present age and generation require. Construe them liberally,—giving an opportunity to act comparatively upon them,—and they are all well enough. Say to a man "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush—*if you can't climb*," and we will subscribe to the sentiment. But the majority of men *can* climb. A great many more could if they only had faith in themselves. What the latter need is less of such "proverbial philosophy" as they have always listened to, and more of an active, aggressive kind, born of an earnest, sincere belief in the future.

A faith in the possibilities will, in the round of years, win a large contribution from the apparently impossible. The Nineteenth Century has done more to educate this faith than any other since the world began. What man *can* do it has shown in a marvelous manner; and the vision of what man *may* do, which it opens before us, is grandly sublime. Decades are telling more wonderful stories now than centuries used to, and simply because the idea of possession is subordinated to that of faith. Lazy Content sits down with its conservative friends, and waits to see if the future will bring anything to its door; but active Ambition beckons the future on, and with ready hand wrests from its embrace the rich successes it were slow to yield!

THE greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time that we fall.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHICAGO DURING THE SÆNGERFEST.

THE under-current of enthusiasm and excitement that seems to perpetually flow through the every-day life of the residents of Chicago, was brought to the surface, and its volume greatly increased, during the celebration of the recent German singing festival. Though peculiarly German in its origin and inception, many Americans, actuated by fraternal feelings, as well as attracted by the novelty of the enterprise, gave it their heartiest sympathy and support.

The streets were thronged with strangers whose oval features (and forms,) and the earnestness with which they discussed the merits of the Sængerfest, clearly indicated their nationality. Miniature trees planted in uncongenial auger-holes, decorated the street corners, and as the gentle wind rustled their withering leaves, seemed to eloquently protest against being thus ruthlessly sacrificed; while beautiful garlands of evergreens and flowers lent an unnatural charm to dark stairways, leading to the various saloons and liquor vaults.

Innumerable flags waved their welcome to the singers of the "Fatherland," who came to exchange greetings with their countrymen, and participate in the festivities of the occasion: and substantial arches heavy with festoons, banners, and Chinese lanterns, were erected over many of the principal streets and avenues. The large skating-rink, which for the time was dedicated to the goddess of music presented a very brilliant appearance. Busts, statuary, mysterious looking emblems, and banners, striped with mottoes of undoubted significance, adorned the walls, while the roof was entirely concealed by a mass of graceful drapery, illuminated by colored lanterns.

The external features of the occasion may be methodically noticed, but the impression produced by the harmonious blending of hundreds of voices and instruments in the performance of some of BEETHOVEN'S compositions, cannot be described. The festival has elicited much kindly feeling and Chicago considers it a compliment to be chosen as the theater of such exhibitions. F. S. J.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORHOODS.

ONE'S pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant, bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy.

We like to see the glancing, cheerful lights through the windows, of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creeping from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children going in and out the door, to play, or to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful, impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert go to make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show.

Sad, indeed, some mornings, on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, had crossed that of our cheerful neighbor. Sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at nightfall borne into the house. Sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

CULTIVATE GRACEFULNESS.

THE chief distinction in society between the "attentions" of the thoroughly graceful gentleman, and one who simply knows the rules, is that the former pays them without attracting notice. A lady hardly realizes that anything is done for her—she only knows that the gentleman is agreeable.

Does the young man ask how he shall cultivate this unconscious gracefulness? Some men, the reader says, have the the gift by nature. True—but with rare exceptions, nature declines to make her gifts available without culture and care. There is but one way to cultivate the ease of which we speak. Never willingly allow an opportunity to pay a graceful attention to pass without taking advantage of it. Never, we say—not even with the sister, or mother, or most intimate cousinly friend. It is a mistake to regard these things as "too formal"—they are formal only when they are awkward. There is not a single polite attention called for in society which is not appropriate at home. If a sister drop a handkerchief, do not give her an opportunity to pick it up herself—unless you wish to be constrained and slightly awkward when you are called upon to pick up a handkerchief in the drawing-room. If a mother is getting into a carriage offer her a hand, even if it be purely a matter of form.

Nor are these attentions from young men to their near relatives valuable and called for only as matters of practice. Genuine politeness demands them at home as truly as it demands them in society.—*Evening Mail.*

SANDWICHES.

THE higher circles—The rings around the moon.

THE Lover's Revenge—Marriage.

THE hardships of the ocean—Iron-clads.

OPEN-AIR services—Police duties.

THE strength of cheese—Its mite.

THE spirit of the press—New cider.

TABLES that are always being turned over—Time-tables.

SOMETHING you're always coming to blows with—Your nose.

THE most worthless of all purses is that filled with borrowed money.

THE leaves of the forest are ill-bred. They are always whispering in company.

LIKE cures like. Sulphur comes from Vesuvius, therefore it is good for eruptions.

EVE is said to be the only woman who never threatened to go and live with her mother.

"O FOR a thousand tongues"—as an urchin remarked when inside a molasses hogshead.

THE difference between a miller and a sexton is, the one tolls for a living, and the other for a death.

WHY is the letter "n" of more value than cream to a dairymaid? Because it makes "better" "butter."

THE more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass the quicker will the sands of her life run out.

IT is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RECOMPENSE.

How oft the weary way of life
We walk with chilled endeavor,
For right seems vanquished in the strife
And wrong to triumph ever.
We turn away,—with scorn we say
"Life's weapons must be carnal;
Who in the fray, would win the day
Must tread on bands fraternal."

We see the greed for sordid gain,
We see men vanquish honor,
Till earnest truth seems, dead, in sooth,
With contumely on her!
And hearts for gold see bought and sold,
And love crushed by ambition,
And friendships old grown strange and cold,
And trust chilled by suspicion!

But O, my friends, whate'er portends,
Keep we our souls unspotted;
No brothers pain their whiteness stain,
GOD counts the wrongs allotted!
Whom men call vanquished in this life,—
Judged by warped human vision,—
GOD crowns as victors in the strife,
In realms of life elysian!

O, faith in man! O, hope and trust!
O, charities the purest!
Ye are not dead; each 'neath the dust
Of earthliness endurest!
Have faith sublime; in GOD'S good time
Will unto those be given
Who in the fight wear garments white,
The recompense of Heaven!

Van Buren Center, N. Y., June, '68. N. A. R.

THE ETERNAL WORD.

No fragment of any army ever survived so many battles as the Bible; no citadel ever withstood so many sieges; no rock was ever battered by so many storms. And yet it stands. It has seen the rise and downfall of Daniel's four empires. Assyria bequeaths a few mutilated figures to the riches of our national museum. Media and Persia, like Babylon, which they have conquered, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Greece faintly survives in its historic fame: "'Tis living Greece no more;" and iron Rome of the Cæsars is held in precarious occupation by a feeble hand. Yet the book which foretells all this survives. While nations, kings, philosophers, systems and institutions have died away, the Bible engages now men's deepest thoughts, is examined by the keenest intellects, stands revered before the highest tribunals, is more read, and sifted, and debated, more devoutly loved, and more vehemently assailed, more defended and more denied, more industriously translated, more freely given to the world, more honored and more abused than any book the world ever saw.

It survives all changes, itself unchanged—it moves all minds, yet is moved by none; it sees all things decay, itself incorruptible; it sees myriads of other books engulfed in the stream of time, yet is borne along triumphantly on the wave; and will be borne along till the mystic angel shall plant his foot upon the sea, and swear by Him who liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer. "For all flesh is as grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the Word of the Lord endureth forever."—*Christian Observer.*

A SHARER WITH CHRIST.

IT is a sweet, a joyful thing, to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein He is not, are bitter to a soul that loves Him, and all sufferings with Him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; His afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, His "reproach" more glorious than their honors, and more rich than treasures, as Moses accounted them. Love delights in likeness and communion, not only in things otherwise pleasant, but in the hardest and harshest things, which have not anything in them desirable, but only that likeness. So that this thought is very sweet to a heart possessed with this love. What does the world by its hatred and persecution, and revilings for the sake of Christ, but make me more like Him, give me a greater share with Him in that which He did so willingly undergo for me? "When He was sought for to be made a king," as St. Bernard remarks, "He escaped; but when He was brought to the cross, He freely yielded himself." And shall I shrink and creep back from what He calls me to suffer for His sake? Yea, even all my other troubles and sufferings I will desire to have stamped thus, with this conformity to the sufferings of Christ, in the humble, obedient, cheerful endurance of them, and the giving up my will to my Father's.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

WORLDLY MINDEDNESS.—It is our great unhappiness that the soul is always in the senses, and the senses are always upon the world; we converse with the world, we talk of the world, we think of the world, we project for the world, and what can this produce but a carnal frame of spirit? We must meditate on heavenly things; we must have our conversation in heaven; we must accustom ourselves to inward and heavenly pleasures, if we will have heavenly minds. We must let no day pass wherein we must draw ourselves from the body, and sequester ourselves from the world, that we may converse with God and our own souls. This will soon enable us to disdain the low and beggarly satisfaction of the outward man, and make us long to be set free from the weight of this corruptible body, to breathe in purer air, and to take our fill of refined and spiritual pleasures.

HUMILITY.—Beware of that pride which makes a parade of being humble, and avoid all occasions of showing thyself before men; feel thyself as nothing, and then wilt thou act as if self were quite put aside; speak not of thy sins; do not distinguish thyself by any unusual plainness of dress or of manner, but seek to behave in that way which will attract the least notice from others; the test of thy sincerity will be the feelings with which thou bravest, not the taunts or the scorn of others, but the neglect—the being entirely passed over by persons of whom thou thinkest with respect.—*Short Meditations, edited by Dr. Hook.*

LIVE to be useful. Live to give light. Live to accomplish the end for which you were made, and quietly and steadily shine on, trying to do your duty. For those who are enabled through grace to shine as lights here, shall shine as suns and stars for ever and ever.

WICKED men stumble over straws in the way to heaven, but climb over hills in the way to destruction.

The Reviewer.

LAKE GEORGE: Its Scenes and Characteristics, with Glimpses of the Olden Times. To which is added some Account of Ticonderoga, with a Description of the Route to Schroon Lake and the Adirondacks. With an Appendix containing Notes on Lake Champlain. With Illustrations. By B. F. DECOSTA. [16mo.—pp. 181.] New York: Anson D. F. Randolph.

TOURISTS, and readers generally, will be greatly interested in perusing this elegantly printed little volume. There is no more interesting region of country upon the Continent than that of which it treats,—none which has greater charms for the lover of nature, or about which there clusters more of the romance of history. Mr. DECOSTA has evidently written *con amore*, and yet very conscientiously. The historical chapters manifest much research, and a purpose to sift mere legends from facts and present a strictly reliable narrative. As a *brochure* of Colonial Days and Revolutionary scenes, then, the book is valuable; and as a guide-book to Lake George and the Adirondacks it will supply a need much felt by ramblers thitherward. Sold by DARROW & KEMPSHALL.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES: Critical, Doctrinal and Homiletical, with Special Reference to Ministers and Students. By JOHN PETER LANGE, D. D., in connection with a number of Eminent European Divines. Translated from the German, and Edited with Additions, by PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., in connection with American Divines of Various Evangelical Denominations. Vol. VI. of the New Testament: Containing the two Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. [8vo.—pp. 596.] New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

ANOTHER volume of the series of LANGE'S magnificent *Bibelwerk* is here given. It forms an almost invaluable addition to our scripture commentary. Dr. KLING, an eminent German scholar, wrote this portion of the *Bibelwerk*, and its translation has been accomplished by Dr. DANIEL W. POOR of Newark, N. J., and Dr. CONWAY P. WING of Carlisle, Pa. The Translators have aimed to give the spirit, rather than the phraseology, of the original, and have introduced such modifications of method and style as were required to adapt the work to American readers. Important additions have also been made. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED WOMEN. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the French by H. W. PRESTON. [16mo.—pp. 384.] Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE character and lives of the representative women of France have been long before the world in a series of celebrated essays by M. SAINTE-BEUVE. Nine of these essays have now been rendered into English by a competent Translator, and are produced in tasteful style in the book before us. They treat of Madames DE SEVIGNE, DE LAFAYETTE, DE SOUZA, ROLAND, DE STAEL, DE DURAS, DE REMUSAT, DE KRUDENER and GUIZOT,—women noted in the world of French letters and politics, and whose characteristics afford profitable study for womanhood everywhere. Our American ladies can learn much from these (once) queens of the French *salon*, who united rare social graces with still more rare mental endowments; and we hope they will peruse this book thoughtfully, and with a desire for personal improvement. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

THE COTTAGE BIBLE AND FAMILY EXPOSITOR: Containing the Old and New Testaments, with Practical Expositions and Explanatory Notes. By THOMAS WILLIAMS. To which are added the References and Marginal Readings of the Polyglott Bible, together with Original Notes, and Selections from Bagster's Comprehensive Bible, and other Standard Works, Introductory and Concluding Remarks on each Book of the Old and New Testaments, and a Valuable Chronological Index. The whole carefully Revised, and adapted to the use of Sunday Schools, Bible Classes and Christians Generally. Embellished with Maps and Engravings. Edited by Rev. WILLIAM PATTON, D. D. Complete in two Volumes. Vols. I. and II. Hartford: Brainard & Sampson.

IN two large crown octavo volumes of 1,500 pages, fairly printed, handsomely bound, and embellished with six maps and fifteen steel engravings, we here have the Holy Scriptures, with ample expository notes. The marginal references and readings are well arranged, and in every respect the edition seems to be a desirable one. Sold only by Subscription.

THE GOSPEL IN THE TREES: With Pulpit Opinions on Common Things. By ALEXANDER CLARK. [16mo.—pp. 305.] Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co.

ONE of the most attractive religious books which has appeared in a long time is this, by the Editor of that very popular juvenile magazine, "Our Schoolday Visitor." It is the embodiment of lectures delivered by the author before his congregation at Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Gospel in the Trees" traces the similitude between the life of the Christian and the Apple, Cedar, Olive, Myrtle, Willow and Palm Trees, and illustrates very happily the beauties of natural theology as seen in boughs and leaves and fruit; while "Pulpit Opinions on Common Things" treat of subjects never uninteresting because common, and to which the writer imparts a new charm.

THE COMPLETE PRACTICAL DISTILLER: Comprising the Most Perfect and Exact Theoretical and Practical Description of the Art of Distillation and Rectification; Including all of the Most Recent Improvements in Distilling Apparatus: Instructions for preparing Spirits from the Numerous Vegetables, Fruits, &c., Directions for the Distillation and Preparation of All Kinds of Brandies and Other Spirits, Spirituous and Other Compounds, etc., etc. By M. LA FAYETTE BYRN, M. D., Author of "The Complete Practical Brewer," &c. With Numerous Engravings. [12mo.—pp. 193.] Philadelphia: H. C. Baird.

THE title of this work fully explains its character. It is claimed that the directions contained in it are so simplified as to be readily acted upon by all farmers or others who may wish to engage in distilling.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT? A Manual for Housekeepers. Comprising a Bill of Fare for Breakfast, Dinner and Tea, for every day in the year. With an appendix containing recipes for pickles and sauces. [12mo.—pp. 134.] New York: Putnam & Son.

THOSE good housewives who have to provide food for discriminating stomachs, and who find the daily recurring question, "What shall we eat?" a source of considerable anxiety, will no doubt welcome the bill of fare here given. It will save them no little thought and perhaps vexation. Ample directions for the preparation of each meal are included. Sold by ADAMS & ELLIS.

THE LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT, General-in-Chief of the United States Army. Comprising a Full and Authentic Account of the Illustrious Soldier from his Earliest Boyhood to the Present Time. By JAMES GRANT WILSON. New York: Robert M. DeWitt.

THE most succinct narrative of the life of General GRANT that has yet appeared is this pamphlet of 100 well printed, double-column pages, written by a companion-in-arms. It is spirited in style, and comprehensive enough to satisfy the general reader.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELER, PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND REPRINTED PIECES. By CHARLES DICKENS. [16 mo.—pp. 300.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

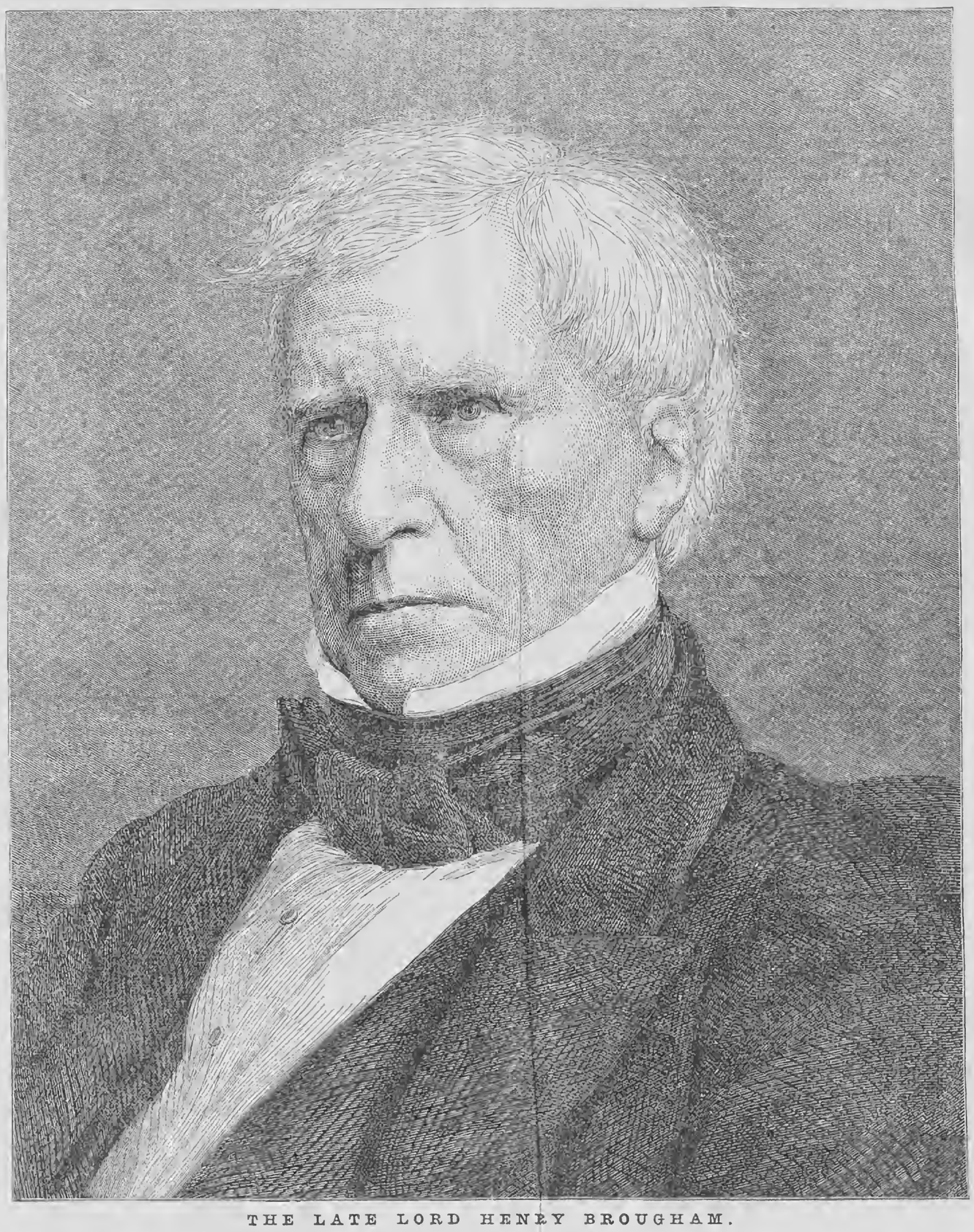
WE have here the last issue of the Popular Edition of DICKENS' Works, for which the public are much indebted to the APPLETONS. The "Reprinted Pieces" number thirty-one, and comprise the best of those short sketches which Mr. DICKENS has from time to time sandwiched between his more pretentious efforts. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

ROB ROY. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 191.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

NUMBER Six of the Waverly Novels is here presented in the best cheap form extant. ROB ROY was a unique character in Scottish history, and SCOTT'S romance of which he is the hero will always find readers. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

FLETCHER HARPER is Editor of the new Harper's Bazar.

CAPT. MAYNE REID of England, the well-known boy's story teller, has taken a house at Newport, Rhode Island.



THE LATE LORD HENRY BROUGHAM.

HENRY BROUGHAM—Baron Brougham and Vaux—who has recently died, and of whom we give an admirable portrait, was born in Edinburgh, September 19, 1778. He descended from an ancient Westmoreland family, and was, through his mother, the grand nephew of WILLIAM ROBERTSON, the historian. He was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, where he was distinguished for his devotion to mathematics and physical sciences. When under eighteen he wrote a paper on the refraction and reflection of light, which being sent to the Royal Society, obtained a place in the "Transactions," though the fact of the extreme youth of its author was unknown. He pursued the study of the Scottish law at Edinburgh, traveled on the Continent, and was admitted a member of the Edinburgh Society of Advocates in 1800.

Lord BROUGHAM had a long and remarkable career. He was noted as a scholar, lawyer and statesman, prominently before the public for over half a century, and occupied many elevated positions, including that of Lord Chancellor of England. He began his political and literary career simultaneously with PALMERSTON, JEFFREY and SYDNEY SMITH, and survived them all. Not only that, but he survived the old social and political wrongs which, in conjunction with or in opposition to those famous men, he so vigorously fought. His first practical efforts had for their object the abolition of slavery in the English colonies; he lived to see abolition accomplished in every civilized country, and the work of universal abolition fairly begun. He begin early in life a crusade against the practice of flogging in the British army, but met with little encouragement.

Lord BROUGHAM was most earnestly and usefully employed for many years of his life in the work of extending education among the working classes; and the amendment of the common law and judicial administration. He was instrumental, more than any other single man, in the formation of the present prosperous Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the origination of the schools and mechanics' institutes of the present time, the starting of the famous Penny Magazine, and the creation of the London University. BROUGHAM goes down to history remembered rather as a law and social reformer, the friend of popular education, and the enemy of slavery, than as a violent partisan politician and lawyer; and this brighter phase of his character is what posterity will best love to look upon and read about.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EMIGRATE.

I WOULD say to the young man with limited means, who has may-be a few hundred dollars to begin life with, or perhaps has nothing but a pair of strong and willing hands,—I would say to all young and poor farmers,—emigrate to the wide, unlimited West, where you can make selection from the thousands of acres yet unappropriated. Do not stay about the old homestead, waiting until the old gentleman, your father, steps out of his shoes so that you can step in. Do not be afraid of toil, but set an example to the weak, lazy, loiterer about home, by going West, and purchasing your forest and broad prairie, and putting your hand to the plow.

We know it will cost your young wife (who was never long away from her father's roof,) some pangs, to separate from friends and home; but if she is a true woman she will do it without a murmur, for the battle of life is an earnest one, and we must each sustain our part. We know, too, how pleasant the old place looks, as we are about to turn away and seek a new home, that, in after years, shall blossom and look as pleasant to children yet unborn, perhaps, as this old home of yours looks to you. Do not expect to begin your married life in the same style that your father and mother are now enjoying in their old age, with the fruits of many years of toil; but be content to begin humbly. And O, the happy pride of that first beginning. How it stands out in *our* mind's eye as the pleasantest spot in a tolerably happy life.

Plant, and sow, and reap; build your dwellings, and garnish them about with fruits and flowers; promote Agriculture, one of the great institutions of GOD; and when your sons, and daughters grow up like olive plants around your table, while you fail not to remember their physical wants, remember also to supply that intellectual food the mind craves: let them have good books and papers, and proper recreation, that they may not imbibe the false notion, that farming is drudgery, and every farmer and farmer's wife, a drudge.

As we look about us, how many sons and daughters of wealthy farmers we see who despise their surroundings, and only look on "father" as a very necessary machine to coin money for their expenditure, and "mother," who has labored for them every day since they were born, as a very useful automaton for doing cooking and general housework. Would there were fewer of these idle, frivolous young men and women!

But some of your fearless, manly, energetic ones, set us a new example; and when you are tilling your rich prairie, or woodland redeemed from nature, think how much worthier is the cause you are prosecuting than to crowd into some already over-stocked business, or profession in an Eastern home, with only one object in view—to have white hands and immaculate clothing, and to be always struggling with your limited means to keep up with those in outward seeming who are much wealthier than yourselves. It belittles one to be always making shift in one way or another, to keep up appearances. Some of the brave and ambitious ones have set an example of what should be done; let there be more to follow; let us see more of the strong, energetic, fearless ones, who alone are fit to stand as rulers in the council halls of our nation. BERRY BRIAR.

PAPER MONEY.

THE subjoined table, from official sources, shows the amount of paper money in the United States at the beginning of each year from 1834 to 1868, inclusive. The fractions of millions are omitted:

1834	$ 95,000,000	1852	$150,000,000
1835	104,000,000	1853	146,000,000
1836	140,000,000	1854	205,000,000
1837	149,000,000	1855	187,000,000
1838	116,000,000	1856	196,000,000
1839	165,000,000	1857	215,000,000
1840	107,000,000	1858	135,000,000
1841	107,000,000	1859	193,000,000
1842	84,000,000	1860	207,000,000
1843	59,000,000	1861	202,000,000
1844	75,000,000	1862	215,000,000
1845	90,000,000	1863	529,000,000
1846	105,000,000	1864	696,000,000
1847	106,000,000	1865	918,000,000
1848	129,000,000	1866	919,000,000
1850	131,000,000	1867	852,000,000
1851	155,000,000	1868	757,000,000

To this the coin ought to be added, say $200,000,000 at the beginning of the war, and now probably about $250,000,000. Including bank reserves, the total circulation of coin and paper never exceeded $400,000,000 before the war. Excluding the bank reserves, the amount was never much above $300,000,000. During the twenty-six years preceding the war, the average bank circulation was $139,000,000. It cannot be successfully controverted that the gold, silver and paper used as money in this country, at this time, amounts to $1,000,000,000. If we subtract from this amount our bank reserves—which amounted on the 1st of January last to $162,500,000, and also the cash in the National Treasury, which at that time amounted to $134,000,000—we still have left in active circulation more than $700,000,000.

BRUSSELS LACE.

A STORY is told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels which is pleasant in itself, and carries with it a lesson worth learning. A poor girl named Gertrude was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbins and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work, and married the object of her love.

Years afterward, while living in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So the next day Gertrude went forth with her cushion and her bobbin in hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she taught the art she had so mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all.

WHAT IT COST.

A GENTLEMAN in business in one of our large cities has for years made a practice which is common with many, of inviting his customers and friends out to "take a drink" or a cigar. A friend endeavored to convince him that he was spending too much in this way, aside from other and stronger objections to the practice. The gentleman insisted that the cost was a mere trifle, but to make sure of it, he adopted the following plan:—Each time he spent anything for this purpose, he deposited an equal amount in a box in his safe, keeping no account of it. At the end of three months he counted his deposit, and found there, to his astonishment, over *three hundred dollars*.

The friend who related the incident to us said he had just left the surprised man, who was still looking at the pile of bills and thinking deeply. Perhaps he was reckoning the amount of comfort and pleasure the sum would have brought to the home circle, if properly used, or how it would have helped in taking up some note when he was "short." Probably he has received some new ideas which will do him much good, and not injure his customers.

THAT is respectable which is honest and sensible.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FIRST DRINK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I SOMETIMES wonder if any of my little friends think how entirely little circumstances may rule a person's whole lifetime? A single action, though very trifling in itself, often exerts an influence that is felt till the last hour of existence. Let me tell you a story to illustrate what I mean.

BENNY GRAY was ten years old before he took his first drink of liquor. His parents were very good, respectable people, and had always taught him to shun the saloons where intoxicating drinks were sold. They told him of the evil effect of strong drink, and more than once he had the opportunity to see for himself the fearful wretch that liquor will make of a strong, healthy man, for his home was in a large village, and drunken men were often seen staggering down the streets.

One day he was walking slowly down the street in company with a boy of about his own age. ROBERT WADE was not such a boy as Mr. or Mrs. GRAY would have chosen as an associate for their son, but he had formed BENNY'S acquaintance in some way, and had gained considerable control over him. Bad boys very easily gain a strong influence over those who associate with them who are not as bad as themselves. They are willing to lead the way into mischief and wrong-doing, and in a very little while their companions will follow.

BENNY and his companion walked along that afternoon, watching those around them on the street, and talking very busily. At length they stopped before a saloon, where various kinds of sparkling wines and glittering liquors were exhibited in flashing decanters in the large windows, like shining decoys, to lure men on to temptation and, finally, ruin.

"Let's go in and have a drink," said ROBERT WADE; "I'll pay for the liquor."

"Oh—no!" answered BENNY, with a little hesitation in his manner, "I guess not."

"Oh, yes—come in," said ROBERT. "There won't be any hurt in it, you know. You needn't tell any one of it, and no one will know."

"My father wouldn't like it," said BENNY, with a glance at the tempting glitter of the liquors in the window. He had never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink in his life, but now he wondered *how* it tasted!

"Pshaw! How'll your father find it out?" said ROBERT. "Come along; you needn't ever drink again if you don't like it. Nobody can blame you for just taking *one* drink, you know, just for the fun of it."

Poor BENNY! where was his good angel then? where was the strength that would have enabled him to resist the tempter?

You see BENNY did not *try* very hard to say "*No*," firmly and manfully, as he ought to have done. He wanted to know what was to be seen and heard inside of the saloon for himself, and not trust to what others said;—he wanted to taste for himself, and see what the drink that made *brutes* of *men* was like. His curiosity was stronger than his will, or his principles of right or honor, for if he had been strictly honorable he would not have consented to deceive his parents as he did. I do not suppose he once thought of what an awful effect that first drink,—that first visit to the dram shop,—might have on his whole future life.

He yielded. He went through the open door that seemed to invite the victims of the demon Intemperance to enter. And there he drank his first drink. It was not very pleasant, he thought, as he took the first sip. But ROBERT laughed at his wry face, and seemed to enjoy *his* glass so much that BENNY thought there must be something nice about it, after all, and he kept sipping a little at a time till the glass was empty.

"How'd ye like it?" asked ROBERT, as they left the saloon.

"Pretty well," answered BENNY. "It was rather strong, though—wasn't it?"

"*Strong!* Ha, ha!" laughed ROBERT. "Not very! You'll get so, in a little while, that you can drink stronger stuff than *that*—without making up any face at it, either."

And ROBERT was right. In a little while BENNY grew to like stronger drink. His parents knew nothing about the habit of intemperance he was forming, for a long time. But one day he was brought home *dead drunk*, and then they first learned that their boy had, for a long time, been in the habit of taking a glass with his companions. He had never been completely under the influence of liquor before; but at last mind and body had succumbed to its terrible power, and he was for the time little better than a brute.

BENNY never reformed. His parents talked with him; they prayed and entreated; but the habit he had formed was too strong to be broken by prayers or tears. In an hour when he thought not, the tempter had gained possession of him, and his first drink was only the first step in a long career of misery and wretchedness. At last he died, and I think his parents saw the sods laid over his grave with thankful hearts.

Oh, children! watch well the trifles! They may make or mar your character. They may be little seed now, but they will bring forth bitter fruit in abundance by-and-by.

HONORING MOTHERS.—During a long and varied life, I have had much to do with children, more especially with boys. As a rule, I could predict the future career of a boy by noting his conduct toward his mother. Boys who were dutiful and affectionate toward their mothers, have usually turned out well. Unkind and disobedient lads I have usually found to become bad men. There seems to be the Divine blessing resting upon loving and obedient children. It is, I am sorry to say, a very common thing for school lads to ridicule a boy who consults the wishes and obeys the counsels of his mother. It requires great moral courage to resist the effects of ridicule. —*Anon.*

HAMMER OR ANVIL.

Go, boy, obey the master's stern behest,
The scales of Fortune never are at rest;
Make no delay; to Wisdom's call attend;
Rise in the balance, or you else descend;
Make your election sure; 'tis as you choose
To govern and to gain, or serve and lose;
To bear defeat, or win the victory;
Hammer or Anvil you must surely be!

[*John G. Saxe.*

HE who has never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

The Publisher's Desk.

NEW HALF VOLUME!

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

As the Second Half of Volume XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commences this week, July 4th, *now is a favorable time to subscribe or renew.* Agents, and all earnest friends of the RURAL, will please note this, bearing in mind that every new subscription will tell in enabling us to make the paper more acceptable and valuable. And now that splendid crops are being vouchsafed farmers and planters in almost every section of the Union, we trust they will not forget the RURAL and other journals which seek the best interests of producers.

—In renewing, as we trust all soon will,—either by remitting singly, or joining or forming a club,—we hope no one will neglect to invite others to give the paper a trial for six months or a year. Single or club subscriptions will be received for six months at the same proportionable rates as for a year, and free copies, etc., allowed in proportion.

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the RURAL NEW-YORKER with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the RURAL and either of the periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and N. Y. Weekly Sun for	$3.25	$4.00
Rural and Maryland Farmer "	3.50	4.50
Rural and No. Western Farmer "	3.50	4.50
Rural and Southern Cultivator "	4.00	5.00
Rural and Our Young Folks "	4.00	5.00
Rural and Riverside Magazine "	4.00	5.00
Rural and either the Atlantic, Harper's, Putnam's or Lippincott's Magazine, (or Harper's Bazar or Harper's Weekly,) "	5.50	7.00

The Price of the Rural.—If any one objects to the price of the RURAL, please ask him or her to compare the paper in Contents, Appearance, &c., with any similar journal, weekly or monthly,—or with any reprint of a daily or trashy literary paper. State the FACT that the first cost of the RURAL (for Editorial and other Contributions, &c., &c.) is far greater than that of any of its contemporaries,—and moreover that it is far cheaper now, at $3, than it was at $2 before the war. A little examination and figuring will satisfy any candid, intelligent person that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is really the cheapest paper of its class.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper.* Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

When to Begin.—Subscriptions for the RURAL can begin at any time, but this number being the commencement of a half volume, is a good time from which to date. We can still supply back numbers to those who wish the present volume complete.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed

Keep a List!—If each agent will keep a list of all the names sent us, with dates and amounts of remittances, it will greatly facilitate the correction of any errors which may be made at either end of the line.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency. Any person so disposed can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.,—but beware of *travelers.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

State Editorial Convention.

AMONG "THE BRETHREN."

OVER seventy "knights of the quill" will long cherish sunny memories of their two days' tarry in Watkins, Schuyler Co., last week, while attending the Annual Meeting of the Editors' and Publishers' Association of the State of New York. The days were perfect gems of June,—bright and beautiful, the sky still smiling over young Summer's radiant charms. It were well worth while to drop pens and forsake sanctums, and hie away with our wives to enjoy such days as these, when the invitation so to do comes from a pleasant village, coyly hiding itself on the shore of the fair Seneca.

The Convention assembled on Thursday morning, the 25th ult., in Freer's Hall. Our genial brother GANO, of the Watkins Express, the very efficient President of the Association, presided gracefully, and both in and out of the Chair aided greatly to enhance the profit and pleasure of the occasion.

The opening Address by Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER of Elmira was happily adapted to the time. It was sensible, practical, suggestive, satirical and entertaining. Many ideas which it contained, relating to editorial management, would prove of much benefit could they be carried out by the Fraternity generally. The Address at the beginning of the afternoon session, by MARCUS H. ROGERS, of the Berkshire Courier, Mass., was also one of great interest. We should like to give some extracts from each of the addresses, but space will not admit.

All the various Committees, except that on Resolutions, reported during the afternoon session. The report of the Committee on Organization, naming the Hon. JOHN H. SELKREG for President the ensuing year, and Ithaca for the place of holding the next meeting, was adopted with hearty unanimity. Other reports,—on Finance, Advertising Agents, Advertising Rates, &c.,—evoked discussion but were finally adopted with amendments, and nearly all the business of the Association properly completed.

But what shall we say of that evening gathering at brother GANO's residence, where ourselves and our wives partook of most lavish hospitality? There the "manufacturers of public opinion" forgot all such vexatious things as delinquent subscribers, cries of "more copy," leaders that must be written, &c., and devoted themselves to the fair ones, the lees and cream and strawberries and plenteous other "goodies," with a zest that would have astonished those benighted individuals who imagine editors to be a very unfortunate and pitiable class of beings. Before the evening was half over we unanimously voted that it deserved "a first-rate notice,"—a half column, at least; and at its close a column was declared insufficient, "double-leaded" at that.

And the excursion on Seneca Lake next day, when we all stepped on board the good steamer "Langdon," at precisely 8 A. M., and went skimming over one of our loveliest inland seas,—what shall we say of that? Where are all our adjectives fled to? To pronounce it very delightful, seems simple; but it was just that, and that means a good deal, after all. Three hours of delight then, during which the band played and the waters rippled in sweet melody, varied by a brief visit at the ground of a Camp Meeting, where one of the Reverend gentlemen greeted us with an appropriate address, and the entire party proceeded to explore the great natural curiosity which has made Watkins famous, and is winning it popularity as a summer resort—Freer's Glen.

The Glen is unique in its attractions. It is a rare combination of the grand, the beautiful, the picturesque and the romantic. Beetling cliffs, towering two or three hundred feet straight upward on either side; musical cascades, with the water laughing softly to itself as it trinkles down them; singular pools, hollowed out of the solid rock as smoothly as though chiselled for the baths of woodland nymphs; overhanging foliage, making a perpetual twilight;—these are some of the characteristics of the place. It was first brought into notice as a resort in 1863, and six sections are now open to the public, extending nearly two miles. Our party passed through the first section, Glen Alpha, and then lunched at the little rustic establishment known as the Glen Mountain House. Thence we proceeded through the upper sections, as far as the Glen is opened, carefully creeping under the beautiful Rainbow Falls, 160 feet in height; and on our return gathered in a sort of natural amphitheater to be photographed by the artist who has obtained so many fine Glen pictures. Returning to the Mountain House, we were the partakers of a splendid collation prepared by the citizens, after which the Committee on Resolutions reported. Among other resolves was one that President GANO deserved to have his name set in Caps throughout the remainder of his natural life and forever after, for divers and sundry reasons which were satisfactorily given. (So deserving, we say to our typos, Amen.) The resolutions being adopted and a speech or two had, we ascended Glen Mountain, from which a magnificent view opened before us,—the village at our feet, its neighbor and rival, Havana, at our right, and the Lake stretching away into dim distance at our left; descended to the village, where Mr. CHAMPLIN, of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, held open house at Capt. TUTTLE's residence, and treated those of the party who were not "total abstinence" to sparkling Catawba; and then such as were not too weary were agreeably "taken in" (to carriages) by citizens of Havana, and carried over to that pretty village, there to "do" another Glen, the People's College, and have a pleasant time generally.

And thus ended the annual business and social gathering of the Fraternity, sketched hastily and briefly, as time and space compel. There are bright spots in life—even an editor sees them, now and then. Such as the last one can never grow dim!

New York State Items.

MATTHEW VASSAR, founder of Vassar College, died suddenly in Poughkeepsie, last week, of disease of the heart. He was reading his annual address before the Board of Trustees, when he evinced difficulty in enunciation, dropped his manuscript on the floor, and settled back in his chair, dead, without a struggle or a groan. The event caused much excitement, and deep sadness, at the College and throughout the city.

A grand banquet was given at Delmonico's in New York city, on Tuesday evening of last week, to Hon. Anson Burlingame and his associates of the Chinese Embassy. Governor Fenton presided. The guests numbered over two hundred and fifty among whom were Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, Judge Nelson, General Gillmore, A. T. Stewart, Admiral Goden, and others distinguished in the legal and literary world. After the dinner, Governor Fenton introduced the guests of the evening in an appropriate speech. Minister Burlingame responded in a lengthy address, declaring that the people of China had abandoned the idea of isolation which they maintained for centuries, and were now willing to cultivate friendly relations with foreign nations.

Beardsley Van Alstyne, proprietor of Westfall's Bank, Lyons, which failed recently with heavy loss to depositors, has been arrested and is now at police headquarters in New York city on a charge of having absconded with a large amount of money after causing the failure of the bank by speculations.

By an explosion in a fire-works store in New York city, last week, one man was burned to death, and two others are supposed to be in the ruins, as they are missing.

Two boys were recently drowned at Glen's Falls, while out on the river on a raft. The raft came apart, and they were precipitated into the water.

It is estimated that twenty-six hundred vessels (not including boats without sails) and eight thousand persons, are occupied in gathering oysters for the New York market, and that eighteen thousand persons are busied in opening, preparing, assorting, and packing them.

A cartman named Edward Magner, residing in Fourth Avenue, New York, was instantly killed Thursday, by a stone falling on him.

The boiler of a stove manufactory in Stuyvesant, Columbia Co., exploded Thursday afternoon, damaging the building and machinery to the amount of about $15,000, and injuring three men quite seriously. The explosion was heard a distance of three or four miles.

By direction of the President, Major J. H. Whittlesey, U. S. A., has been detailed as Professor of Military Science at the Cornell University at Ithaca.

Several fires occurred in New York city on the night of the 26th ult. A saloon on 54th street was damaged $5,000 worth; a furniture factory, on King street, was damaged to the amount of $30,000; and a building on Fulton street, occupied by the Empire Tea Company, was partially burned. Loss about $20,000.

Twenty-two thousand dollars worth of Pacific Railway bonds, and four thousand dollars worth of U. S. bonds were stolen from Messrs. Dunscomb & Hill, bankers, New York city, on the 26th ult.

The Schutzenfest festivities were began in New York city on Saturday last, with great enthusiasm. Thousands of Germans had arrived from different parts of the country. A cable greeting was received from the celebrated Hamburg Rifles.

From Washington.

THE Bill admitting Arkansas has been passed by the Senate over the President's veto, by a vote of thirty to seven, and her representatives have been duly admitted to seats in Congress. The Omnibus Bill was vetoed by the President, upon the same grounds as former measures of a like character, but has also been promptly passed over the veto by both Houses.

The Tax Bill has finally passed the House. It adds to the direct tax on spirits a special tax of $4 per barrel of forty gallons; abolishes the bonded warehouse system; provides for collection of the tax at the distillery on all spirits for importation; fixes the tax on tobacco and snuff at 32 cents, on smoking tobacco at 16 cents per pound, and on cigars at $5 per thousand; and imposes from one-twelfth to one-quarter of one per cent. per month on bank deposits and circulation, with certain exceptions.

Thaddeus Stevens has prepared new articles of impeachment against the President, which he designs reporting soon.

The Treasurer of the United States has begun to pay out the interest on the five-twenty and '81 bonds, the entire amount of which is thirty-two millions.

The President has nominated Edward O. Perrin of New York, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah.

A bill for the discontinuance of the Freedmen's Bureau after January next, and taking away from the President the power of appointing its chief, and giving it to the General of the Army, has been introduced in the Senate.

The Reconstruction Committee has agreed to recommend that Congress order an election in Virginia to ratify the new Constitution. No date was fixed upon, but the majority of the Committee are in favor of the third of August.

Senator J. B. Henderson from Missouri, was married on the 25th inst., to Miss Mary Foot of Washington. The President, Judge Chase, members of the Cabinet, several Chinamen, and other distinguished persons attended. It was a brilliant affair.

The nomination of Collector Smythe as Minister to Austria, causes considerable talk and surprise in Congress and in political circles. It appears that Mr. Smythe has been working for the place for some time, and has assured the President that he can be confirmed.

The Senate confirmed the nomination of General Martin T. McMahon of New York, to be Minister to Paraguay.

The Secretary of the Treasury has published a circular to the effect that only Collectors and their deputies in the Internal Revenue and Customs Departments, are authorized to collect moneys in those departments in the name of the Government. District Attorneys, Inspectors, special agents, and others, are not authorized to make such collections.

From the South.

THEY have artificial ice works in full operation near New Orleans, and thousands flock to them daily to see the process, which bids fair to obviate entirely the necessity for importing northern ice. The artificial ice is sold at ¾ of a cent per pound. The manufacture is said to be peculiarly attractive, from the pumping of the water from the turbid river, near at hand, to the slipping out of the polished, glistening slabs of alabaster-looking ice from the tin moulds in which they are congealed. Artificial ice, as there produced, is a French discovery. The first works, upon a small scale, were established in Augusta, Ga., during the war.

The Georgia Legislature will assemble on the 4th of July, and it is believed that the conditions imposed by Congress will be complied with.

The military commission for the trial of the persons accused of being implicated in the Ashburn murder at Columbus, Ga., was to commence its session at Atlanta in that State this week.

The recent heavy losses in the mails distributed at Culpepper Court House have led to the arrest of Geo. W. Cook, deputy postmaster there. He confesses the crime.

The Democratic majority in Mississippi, as far as heard from is 15,000.

In obedience to an order from Gen. Grant, Gen. Buchanan has removed Gov. Baker of Lousiana, and Lieut. Gov. Voorhees.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

A RECENT meeting called by the Liberals to consider the Irish church question, which took place in Guild Hall, London, was the scene of violent disorder. The majority present were tories and their interruptions of the proceedings finally ended in a general uproar when the resolutions were read. Fights took place in various parts of the hall, and the Lord Mayor and other gentlemen were obliged to retire from the platform. The tories held it for a time, and harangued the assemblage, declaring that the bulk of the English people were opposed to the suspensory bill.

In the House of Commons the Irish Reform bill has been read a third time and passed. The Regium Donum, the Government grant annually made to the Presbyterian Church of Ireland has been voted. The new postal convention with the United States is still pending in the House. The Government is endeavoring to make uniform terms with all mail steamship companies.

A mutiny broke out recently on the American clipper ship Nereus while lying in the port of Antwerp, during which her officers were severely handled by the crew, and nearly overpowered. The police were notified and boarded the ship. The U. S. steamer Ticonderoga, which was lying near by, sent some of her crew to the assistance of the police, and after a desperate fight the mutiny was suppressed.

Prince Milan IV. has been publicly proclaimed to the militia of the fortress as the ruler of Servia. In the proclamation the government returns thanks to the army and militia for their loyalty and good conduct, and exhorts them to be firm in their support of the new prince.

The King and Queen of Belgium, accompanied by a brilliant retinue and the nobles of the kingdom, recently reviewed the United States squadron, under the command of Admiral Farragut, at Ostend.

Extensive preparations are being made at Worms for the celebration of the Reformation, and the unveiling of the statue of Martin Luther.

News from Japan is important. The Tycoon has accepted the conditions of the Mikado, viz.: to cede nearly or quite one-half his territory, disband his army, surrender his navy and himself and retire to Mito, for which place he left on the 12th of May, on foot, in token of humility. He gave orders to his admiral to surrender the fleet, but that officer left Jeddo with all the vessels, and it is not certain whither he has gone. He is probably somewhere on the nothern coast ready to cooperate with the friends of Stots Bashi. The trouble is by no means at an end. A strong coalition has been formed in the interest of the Tycoon, and all the most powerful of the northern Daimios have joined it. Aidesan attacked a body of the Mikado's troops on the 10th of May, twelve miles from Yeddo, routed them and took possession of a castle recently surrendered by the Tycoon. On the 17th he attacked another army, killed 800 and captured 300, all of whom he beheaded. A large army occupies a strong position near Jeddo and another is threatened, thereby cutting off the retreat of the Mikado's troops. On the 22d of May another engagement took place only six miles from Jeddo, also ending disastrously to the Mikado's army. Fourteen hundred were killed and 800 captured.

Henry W. Longfellow, the American poet, has been elected a member of the Reform Club, London.

The great German Sangerfest commenced at Vienna on the 26th ult. Delegations from all parts of the country were arriving and the streets were handsomely decorated with flowers, green branches, interspersed with flags and mottoes of welcome.

INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.—The Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canadas held their Annual International Convention in Detroit last week. Resolutions were adopted continuing the present Executive Committee another year, appointing the second Sabbath in November for special prayer by the Association, appointing W. E. Dodge, Jr., of New York, delegate to the European Association and the Dublin Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association, heartily approving lay preaching, and recommending associations to appoint for the work as many members as are thought necessary and competent.

NAIL WORKS BURNED.—The extensive nail works and nail plate mill belonging to the Pittstown Iron Company, at Pittstown, Pa., were totally destroyed by fire on Sunday last. The fire originated in one of the heating furnaces. The loss is estimated from outside sources to be from $100,000 to $150,000.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Sultan of Turkey has just ordered to be manufactured in Paris a silver table, the price of which will not be less than three millions of francs!

THE westward movement of our American population is very large this year. Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas will probably get the largest proportion of the emigration.

AN immense bed of solid salt, said to be five hundred feet thick, and extending no one knows how far, has been discovered in the immediate vicinity of Berlin, Prussia.

THE Faculty of Bowdoin College, Me., has been offered the sum of $30,000 for a portrait in its gallery painted by Vandyke. The subject is a Governor of Gibraltar.

MRS. LINCOLN and her son "Tad" are going to Europe. They cross the ocean under the protection of Minister Reverdy Johnson, who is going to his post of duty at the Court of St. James.

REV. HENRY STACKPOLE of Woodstock, Vt., while descending a ladder at a sawmill in that place, lost his footing, and fell astride of a large circular saw, which severed him lengthwise, and laid him out in two slices in the twinkling of an eye.

THE visitors to Bunker Hill Monument during the past year numbered 26,358. At the Annual Meeting of the Monument Association, this week, a tribute was paid to the memory of Ex-Governor Lincoln, who was an Ex-President of the Association.

WHEN Charles Dickens arrived home from America all the farmers turned out on the road to his house to greet him, and all the houses for miles away were dressed with flags. The village bell-ringers rang a merry peal of welcome home again to the great author.

FREDERIC F. PARKER, nearly eighty years old, lives a hermit life in Quidnit village, Nantucket, with a parrot and monkey for his only companions. He visited the main land, last week, for the first time in more than twenty years, and was badly scared at the locomotive as it rushed to the wharf.

A RICH farmer of Calais, Me., aged sixty-five, recently married a second wife, who is only nineteen years of age. A daughter of his first wife is forty years old, and her daughter, aged twenty, is about to be married. Thus there is a child who is twenty-one years older than her mother, and a grandmother who is a year younger than her granddaughter.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, June 30, 1868.

MONEY continues abundant at all the great commercial points in the country. As the time approaches for moving the crops more activity is anticipated in the money market. Rates of interest are very low, particularly on Government securities. In New York call loans are made as low as 3@4 per cent. The next quarterly statement of the banks is to be made about the first of July, and their easy condition will prevent any derangement of business in consequence of making preparation for it.

Foreign exchange is high, sales during the past week being at about 110. We are shipping to Europe but little just now, and our payments for goods, interest on railroad and Government bonds are to be large for the next ten or fifteen days. To meet this the Government, for interest and principal, on the first of July will disburse about $35,000,000 in gold. These large payments, so near at hand, keep down the price of gold. The sales in New York were made at 140¼. The shipments of specie to Europe were $2,651,000.

U. S. securities are firm. Sixty-Twos and Sixty-Fours are particularly firm. These are being bought up largely for shipment to Europe. The banks continue to invest in consequence of the ease of the market, and the difficulty of making satisfactory loans. New Five-Twenties and Eighty-Ones are favorites with home investors. The German U. S. stock market has recently been quite active. The Frankfort demand for U. S. securities has been steadily increasing since the failure of impeachment.

COTTON.—The supply in the country is light, and prices are firm at 31@31¼c. for middling. The receipts at southern ports have rather increased in the last ten days.

WOOL.—The sales of wool of this year's clip in Western New York have thus far been small, producers being unwilling to sell at prices offered. The price has ranged from 33 to 37c. In Michigan sales are made at 35@40c.; in Ohio mostly at 38@40c., though some sales are reported at 45c., and fancy clips of thoroughbred Saxon at 50c. A very small portion of the clip in the country generally has passed out of first hands, and the amount of new wool that has reached the seaboard is not large.

The sales in Boston last week, mostly old wool, foot up 625,000 lbs. at a range of 43@52½c. for fleece, and 42½@52c. for the various grades of pulled. Low and medium grades of the new clip are quick of sale in Boston and New York, as the market was nearly bare of these descriptions until the arrival of new wool. The market for woolen goods is quiet but firm for heavy fall styles.

THE LOCAL MARKET has the usual repose characteristic of the near approach of the harvest season. The receipt of products keeps about even pace with the demand, and prices are consequently without material change, though wheat has receded a trifle. Dairy products are firm at quotations, and may advance somewhat during the hurry of haying and harvesting.

ROCHESTER, JUNE 29—Flour, wheat, $12,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,18@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,35@2,35; Do. white, $2,50@2,65; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@0,00; Hams, 20@21cts; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 38@50c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@27c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 15@16c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 26@32c; Wool 35@52cts; Honey, box. ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $15@23. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $1@1,25.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 31@31½c. Flour, $9,55@14,50. Wheat, $2,60@2,75. Rye, $1,80@0,00. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,00@1,08. Oats, 81@82½c. Hops, 10@40c. Pork, mess, $27,75@28,00; new mess, $28,00@28,25; prime, $22,50@23,00; prime mess, $24,00@24,25. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@21,75. Beef hams, $25@35,00. Shoulders, 12½@13cts. Hams, 15@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12c; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 15½@16½c. Butter, 24@35c. Cheese, 7@15c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 27.—Flour, $9,50@15,00; Rye flour, $9,00@9,12½; Wheat, $2,10@2,75; Corn, $0,96@0,95; Oats, 74@75½c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $2,00; Pear, $1,40; Beans, $1,50@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@28,00; Lard, 15½@16c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 25@30c; Cheese, 10@15c; Eggs, 20½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 27—Flour, $8,00@14,25. Rye Flour, $9,75@10,12. Corn Meal, $2,25@2,35 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,05@2,25. Rye, $2,00. Barley, $2@2,50. Corn, $1,02@1,05. Oats, 82@83c. Pork, mess, $29@29,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $33,00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 30@35c. Cheese, 16@17c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 27.—Flour, $9,25@10,00; Wheat, $1,89@1,94; Corn, 81½@82c; Oats 56@61½cts; Rye $1,00@1,02; Barley $2,05; Pork, mess, $27,50@27,75; Lard, 15½@15¾c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 24—Flour, $6,00@12,50; Wheat, $2,00@2,30; Corn, 92@94c ear; Oats, 73@74c. Rye, $1,73@1,80; Barley, $2,00@2,10; Mess pork, $26,50@28; Lard, 17@18½c; Bacon, 18@18½c; Hams, 18@19½c; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Clover seed, 9½@10c. ℔ lb; Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, JUNE 26—Flour, $6,10@6,80; Wheat, spring, $1,38@1,40; fall, $1,40@1,40; Oats, 41@50c; Barley, $1,00; Peas, 71@76c. Pork, mess, $22,00@23; prime, $15@16,50; Bacon, 10@15½c; Hams, 12@15½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@16c; Butter, 11@15c; Cheese, 10½@11c; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24—Beeves—Receipts 5,978 head; quotations 13@17½c. Veal calves: receipts 2,812 head; quotations, 6@12½c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 17,515 head; quotations, Sheep, 3½@7½c; Lambs, 9@12c. Swine—Receipts 17,150 head; quotations, 8@10½c.

ALBANY, JUNE 25—Beeves, $3,50@10,00. Milch Cows, $40@150. Veal Calves, 8@9c. Sheep and Lambs—Stale 5½@5¾c; Western 5@9½c.; Canada, $6,20; Hogs, 7@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JUNE 25—Beeves range from 11@14½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 4@7c; extra, —@—cts; by the head, $2,00@—. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@12.

CHICAGO, JUNE 27.—Beef cattle range at from $5,00@7,00. Sheep, 5¾@7½c. Hogs, live, $7,20@8,00.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 24—Beeves, $3,50@7; Sheep, $2,50@4; Hogs, $7,00@9,00 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 22—Beef Cattle, 6@10¾cts; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 5@6c. gross; Hogs, 12½@13c.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 24—Beef Cattle, 5@10¾cts; Sheep, 3½@5½c; Lambs, $2@4; Hogs, 11½@13c.

TORONTO, JUNE 24—Beeves range at $6@7,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Calves, $2,50@3.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27.—Market is active. Sales are 670,000 lbs. at 45@53c. for Domestic Fleece, 45½@51c for tubbed, 26@43c for super and extra pulled, 26@32c. for Texas, 22c for Mexican, and 24@30c for California.

BOSTON, JUNE 25—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 42@50c; pulled, 43@53cts; medium and extra Western, 47@50c.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 24—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 37@40c; Tub Washed, 40@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JUNE 24—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 42@44c.; Medium, 38@40c.; Coarse, 37@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 45@50c.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 25.—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; hury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 3@43c; Pulled, 36@38c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

ESTABLISHED 1861.
THE
GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY

Receive their Teas by the Cargo from the best Tea districts of China and Japan, and sell them in quantities to suit customers

AT CARGO PRICES.

CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green,) best $1,50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.
ROASTED (Unground,) 20c., 25c., best 40c. per lb.
GREEN (Unroasted,) 23c., 30c., 33c., best 35c. per lb.
We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 & 33 Vesey Street,
Post-Office Box 5,643, New York City.

CABBAGE PLANTS.

	Per 100	Per 1,000	Per 10,000
Marblehead Mammoth,	75c	$5,50	$35,00
Winningstadt,	50c	3,75	25,00
Drumhead Savoy,	50c	3,75	25,00
Large Late Drumhead,	40c	3,00	22,00
Premium Flat Dutch,	40c	3,00	22,00
Bergen Drumhead,	40c	3,00	22,00
Late Solid Brunswick,	40c	3,00	22,00

Quantities larger than 10,000 at special rates.
Our Plants are stocky, well rooted, and will be packed to bear transportation with perfect safety. Orders will be filled with the utmost promptness.
EDWARD BURGESS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

LOTIO,—PROF. CHRISTY'S HAIR LOTIA IS NEAT, CLEAN, PURE, UNIFORM AND RELIABLE and Richly Perfumed for the Toilet. It contains no *Sugar of Lead* or other poisonous minerals or oils. It makes the Hair Glossy and Beautiful, removes dandruff, restores gray hair to its original color—will grow hair on bald heads, and *can be used as a hair dressing for ever without the slightest injury to the brain or optic nerve.* Do not take any thing else, but get the pure article. If your druggist will not get it for you, send direct to the manufactory. Sold by Druggists, $1 per bottle; half dozen, $5, or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Liberal deduction to the trade. Send for testimonials, &c.
A. R. CHRISTY & CO., 963-6teo 175 West Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BLAKES' ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWERS—Awarded the Silver Medal at the Michigan State Fair, 1867.—This machine gives an even surface for the horses to walk upon and is capable of doing more work than any other machine in the market. Circular, Cross-Cut and Drag Saws and Attachment, supplied with Powers if wanted.
Two-Horse Thresher and Separators, Improved Wood Splitter, Wheel Hay Rakes, Horton's Patent Hay Press,
(Warranted capable of baling one ton per hour,) manufactured and for sale by the subscribers. Responsible, live and reliable agents wanted in every County. Address SHAW & WELLS, Corner Chicago St. and Canal, Buffalo, N. Y.

VACUUM OIL IS THE GREAT SUBSTITUTE for Neatsfoot Oil as applied to Leather. It is also the very best Lubricating Oil
FOR MOWING MACHINES,
and fully equal to Castor Oil for Carriage Axles. Every Farmer should have it; and in order to introduce it, we will send ONE GALLON (package free,) to any part of the United States, by *Express, freights prepaid,* on receipt of $1.50.
Address VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—We warrant the Vacuum Oil to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded. 963-2t

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.—No excuse for being dirty when you can make your own Soap for two cents a pound, and better Soap than is often sold in the stores. Try it. Your grocer will get it for you if he is an accommodating man.
GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S
PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH.
136 & 138 CEDAR STREET, NEW YORK.

FOUR FIRST-CLASS FARMS AT BURLINGTON, N. J., for Sale, 20, 40, 60 and 105 acres, crowded with choice bearing fruits, and having superior buildings, with all modern conveniences. ALSO TWO TEN-ACRE FARMS on very easy terms. Full particulars by addressing
963-4t E. MORRIS, Burlington, N. J.

$2.00 TO $5.00 FOR EVERY HOUR'S service, pleasant and honorable employment, without risk. Desirable for all—ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody.
963-4t C. W. JACKSON & CO., 18 Broad St., New York.

TO TREE AGENTS AND LARGE PLANTERS.—The largest and finest stock of Small Fruits in the United States. Plants *exceedingly low.* Write us for terms to agents. Address PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y., or PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind. 963-3t

THE SOUTH.—A Book Containing Valuable information for those who intend going South, by one who has had experience in the South. Sent by mail for 25 cents. Address GEORGE ANSON,
962-2t Port Jervis, Orange Co., N. Y.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, &c., ARE EASILY REMOVED by the use of Stewart's Kalion. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cts. Address R. S., Box 48, Parnassus, Pa. 963-4t

SHORT-HORNS—Cows, Heifers, and Calves, for sale by J. TALCOTT, Rome, N. Y.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Great American Tea Company.
Lotto—A K Christy & Co.
To Tree Agents and Large Planters—Purdy & Hance.
Cleanliness next to Godliness—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Blake's Endless Plank Horse Powers—Shaw & Wells.
Cabbage Plants—Edward Burgess.
Freckles, Pimples, &c
The South—George Anson.
First-Class Farms for Sale—E Morris.
$2,00 to $5,00 for Every Hour's Service—C W Jackson & Co.
Vacuum Oil is the Great Substitute for Neatsfoot Oil.

The News Condenser.

— Some of the best land in Algeria sells at $1 an acre.
— Ship building is growing brisk again at Bath, Me.
— $20,000,000 worth of diamonds are owned in N. Y.
— Photo-sculpture flourishes in New York.
— Small pox is raging in Montreal, Canada.
— New Orleans is at present perfectly healthy.
— Drouth threatens the crops in Georgia.
— The Australian wheat crop is said to be a failure.
— Barber, the Virginia sculptor, died last week.
— Providence, R. I., is to have a $100,000 opera house.
— A revolving fort in New York harbor is proposed.
— The N. Y. Firemen's Library now has 2,000 volumes.
— Prince Napoleon has arrived at Constantinople.
— There were 427 deaths in New York last week.
— Ex-Gov. McRae of Miss., died lately in Honduras.
— Alfred B. Street has resigned as State Librarian.
— Sweden is sending out a polar expedition.
— Two deaths from sunstroke in St. Louis last week.
— Dartmouth College Commencement will take place July 23d.
— Watt's wrote two-fifths of the hymns in the English language.
— Shakspeare's birthplace was visited last year by over 4,500 people.
— A two mile column of army worms is marching on in Mississippi.
— The net proceeds of the Jerome Park races this year are about $17,000.
— The law prohibiting public executions has gone into effect in England.
— The Chinese rebels have evacuated the country around Tein-tsin.
— Travel on the Mississippi river was never so great as it is at present.
— Central Park, N. Y., has received a buffalo, a toucon, a caique and a lapa.
— Velvet coats are going out of favor among the young swells in New York.
— The London Telegraph has been fined £960 for the publication of a libel.
— Garibaldi thinks of visiting England and the United States the coming fall.
— Bishop Stevens, Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, receives a salary of $6,500.
— A solid salt bed, five hundred feet thick, has been found near Berlin, Prussia.
— Once happy Portugal is at last suffering from a woman's rights movement.
— Charleston is expecting to export 50,000 bushels of peaches the present season.
— A New York bride last week received $300,000 as a wedding present from papa.
— There are now about 400 Young Men's Christian Associations in this country.
— Pittsburg and Allegany City together have one hundred and thirty-four churches.
— A new mail contract, connecting France with Panama and Chili, has been approved.
— The corner-stone of the Jewish temple in Cincinnati, to cost $100,000, has been laid.
— An anti-low-neck-dress-and-embroidered-gaiter society has been Formed in Paris.
— The Rev. George Porter of London will inaugurate a midnight mission in New York.
— Over a million dollars is to be expended on the new Jewish temple in New York city.
— Two thousand men are now working on the road from Des Moines to Connell Bluffs.
— The Empress Eugenie has long devoted one day in each week to visiting poor families.
— Isabella, the famous flower girl in Paris was lately struck by lightning, but not fatally.
— The master masons of New York have conceded the terms demanded by the bricklayers.
— The "Glen" at Watkins, N. Y., is becoming one of the favorite places of summer resort.
— The Princess Dagmar received a $32,000 diamond necklace for bringing Russia an heir.
— An Indianapolis Justice fined a man $5 and costs for jumping off the cars while in motion.
— Minister Bancroft contemplates visiting the courts of the different South German States.
— A woman committed suicide with poison on a passenger train in Illinois Thursday week.
— Bowdoin College has been offered $30,000 for a portrait in its library, painted by Vandyke.
— Three new translations of Bancroft's History of the United States are preparing in Germany.
— A 22 inch vein of silver has been opened near Ripley, West Va. Great excitement about there.
— The revolution in Venezuela is gaining strength and rapidly extending throughout the country.
— Cardinal Andrea spent his last hours in writing a letter bitterly denouncing the Court of Rome.
— A serious revolution is pending in Uraguay, inaugurated by one Maximo Penez, a subaltern officer.
— A Rochester burglar named Rosen was shot and dangerously wounded at Newark, N. Y., recently.
— Mr. Hull of Winona has for gardener a man who formerly filled that office for King William of Prussia.
— Jas. Beaumont, who built the first cotton mill in Massachusetts 68 years ago, was 90 years old the 11th ult.
— Mrs. Prosser, who has been a reader for Queen Victoria, is about to open a boarding school in New York.
— Stephen Philbrick, 97 years old, who voted for Gen. Washington for President, still lives in Tamworth, N. H.
— Hereafter every commanding officer in the French army will have a corps of telegraph operators attached to his staff.
— Fort Pitt Foundry, the establishment which turned out so many big guns during the war, has been sold for $150,000.
— The people of Illinois will celebrate the semi-centennial year of their admission into the Union as a State next August.
— A girl in Chicago died last week from swallowing the point of a needle, which broke off while she was picking her teeth with it.
— The Chicago Illustrated News has collapsed after a few weeks' existence, the proprietors having expended over $100,000 upon it.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Gold Medal Threshing Machine.—Persons intending to purchase a Threshing Machine will do well to send for Circulars and Judges' Report of the Machine awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS *at the Great National Trial at Auburn, July*, 1866, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAUTION TO THE CONSUMERS OF
FRUIT JARS.

The manufacturers of the Mason Fruit Jar desire to call the attention of the public to the various inferior Jars made in imitation of their own, which are now being offered in the market, and in some cases sold as the

TRADE MARK S. M. S. Co. ALWAYS RELIABLE

GENUINE MASON JAR.

To prevent such imposition in future, each Jar of their manufacture will have the accompanying trade mark stamped upon the cover.

☞ Parties desiring a Jar which is in all cases thoroughly reliable, will find it to their interest to

LOOK AT THIS STAMP.

before purchasing. SHEET METAL SCREW CO., Manufacturers of the Mason Jar.

☞ Rochester Agency—WISNER & PALMER, 33 State St.

NORTH STREET NURSERY, GENEVA, FOR SALE—Containing 24 acres of choice land, well stocked, 4 propagating houses, storehouses, office, &c., and everything necessary for carrying on the business. Apply to C. H. BAKER, No. 49 Whitehall Street, New York City, or J. W. BAKER at the Nursery. 962-2t

WANTED—Agents.—$175 per Month to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of $20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 962-4t

TRI-WEEKLY ADVOCATE, BATON ROUGE, LA.
The best Advertising Medium in East and Middle Louisiana. Address D. C. MOUTEN, Manager, Baton Rouge, La., or PETTENGILL & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. 962-4t

PETERS'
EMIGRANT AND LAND AGENCY.

Having been in the South much of the last two years, and become familiar with its soil, climate, and agricultural resources and condition, and being also familiar with the North and the West, I have opened an office, where Emigrants, both Home and Foreign, can obtain reliable information regarding localities, &c., in either section.

Letters requiring answers must enclose $1 and a pre-paid envelop properly addressed.

The value of securities examined, and loans negotiated.

Persons having farms or other lands for sale will do well to enter them at the Agency. T. C. PETERS,
No. 100 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
THE BEST REAPER KNIFE GRINDER!

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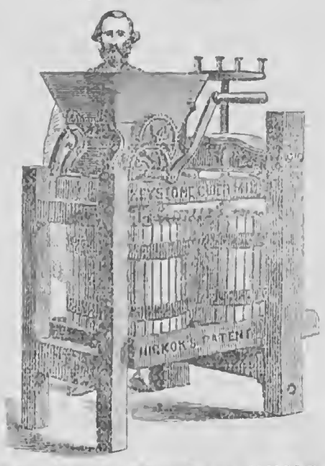

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And never a wearying sound can come,
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Go swaying all day in the summer breeze,
And the murmur of waters comes from afar,
From a lakelet that gleams like a silver star.

'Twould be sweet to rest here;—to fall asleep,
Never to waken, and never to weep;
Where the air would be full of sweet perfume
Of daisied meadows and clover bloom;
Where the days would be filled with skies of blue,
The nights with the stars, and the darkling dew,—
And never a dream to disturb that rest,
Save the dream of the flower o'er the sleeper's breast.

I think sometimes as I watch and wait
With a longing heart, by the wicket gate,
That hearts must be glad when the strife is o'er,
And the blooming and fading comes no more,—
Glad to leave all that is sad or untrue,
And come and lie down 'neath the flowers and dew,
Away from life's shadows, away from its pain,
Warmed by the sunlight, and hushed by the rain.

Penfield, N. Y., June, 1868.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW I CLEANED THE CELLAR.

BY HOWE BENNING.

"What a beautiful morning," I exclaimed, as I put aside the little plain white curtain of my window, and brushed the lilac branches with their half open blossoms away. It is the first day this spring that has had a breath of summer in it. I must finish my new calico to wear to the 'bee' to-night. I am so glad it is just that color,—lilac is so becoming to me, at least people say so."

Strange that when I said "people," I only thought of one person, of medium stature and tolerably black whiskers; but then, that is a very general word and the mind of woman particularizes, they say. I had no sister, so of course all these remarks had been only for my own benefit.

Down stairs I went, still in the lilac dress humor, only to pass into the shadow of a great cloud. Aunt Hannah was bustling around in her highest excitement and her 'cleaning dress,'—the former nothing unusual; the latter—well, I knew all that foretokened. Sometimes I believed it to be an honor to be counted the unworthy niece of the most notable housekeeper in town; but that was when at a picnic, no seed cakes were so fair and tender, no crullers of such delicate crispness. At home it was a different matter. I lost all appetite at once, noticing which Aunt Hannah said—

"Eat a hearty breakfast, niece Jane, we must clean the cellar to-day; and of all places I know that needs it the most."

So, while I swallowed my coffee in gulps, I meditated on the situation in no enviable mood. I had submitted to house cleaning as a necessary evil, a sort of spring disease; but this afterpiece, especially in my preoccupied state, was no soother.

An hour after, any one taking the trouble to look, would have seen "Niece Jane" slowly descending the cellar stairs in a short and somewhat soiled delaine, sleeves rolled to the elbow, and hair done up in anything but a becoming knot. "For what is the use of getting one's net all filled with cobwebs in that old cellar?" had been my mental query. When I had fully arrayed myself in this becoming manner, I had taken a look in my small mirror, just to see if it would break. "A pity Frank Carter could not see you," I apostrophized. And now you know all about it. Of course Frank Carter was the person of medium height and black whiskers before mentioned, and who was in some way connected with the lilac dress,—a spruce young merchant in the village, not exactly of the band-box order, and yet approaching thereto.

But I have been on the cellar stairs a long while, you will think. Aunt Hannah's voice arouses me.

"Josiah shall come in a little while and take out the heavy things. Open the outside door and bustle around, don't dream away the time. I will come as soon as I get this soap off."

Mechanically I obeyed, and opened the outside door, letting in the sweet spring breath and sunlight, and revealing only dust and ashes for beauty. In the corners there hung the great webs, filled with dust, swaying lightly in the air, and my uplifted broom dropped, while I looked through the filmy network, shining like silver in the sunlight that struck it aslant through the window; and I thought how few in our daily lives are willing to weave rare beauty in the corners, and await the time of God's opening for the world to see.

Then I saw the bins of potatoes sending out their pale shoots,—grand cathedral columns for the mice; on the shelves lay the remains of the winter's store of apples, like society in general, who find on the shelves of opinion their places very much as they deserve. A few have kept up their spirits, and stand now fresh and invitingly fair; some are dried up in all the juices and sweet affections, and no hand cares for them, while others, bloated and dark, are marks for the spoiler. The cabbage stalks are crowned with greenness—life upon death.

But I am afraid I have no right to the name of Aunt Hannah's niece, for here have I been dreaming and nothing done. So tying a handkerchief over my head in that style which makes nuns so greatly admired, I was soon raising the dust in good earnest. The long filmy cobwebs swung down from their resting places, and settled upon my face and head, until I felt like a monstrous spider myself. I had just settled down to cleaning the corner back of the door, when I heard voices and steps descending the stairs.

Conscious of my peculiar appearance, I sank as far as possible behind the potato bin and listened. Oh, mercy! could it be possible? It was Uncle Josiah and the hero of my dreams, the young merchant Frank Carter. Of what avail now the lilac dress and the impressions of the eve? Tears of vexation sprung to my eyes, and I tore off the handkerchief, unmindful of the frowzled hair beneath. My only hope was that I might escape unseen. Uncle's good-natured voice was saying—

"Here be the potatoes, Captain, I told you of; such master growers,—yield two to one of the common sort; and here is the early sort, and here back of the door those dry bakers,"—and then he stopped, for there was one article back of the door that he had not expected to see.

"Why, what are you doing here, Niece?"

"Cleaning cellar," I answered, in desperation, though the fact was evident enough unless they thought I emerged from the bin.

"Good morning, Miss Kane," said the other gentleman, lifting his hat in the most graceful manner, "are you the good genius of the place that you spring up so suddenly?"

"Josiah, Josiah," called Aunt Hannah from the kitchen door above, "I want you to come and help me get this soap off, at once."

"Coming, mother. Captain, you just wait a few minutes."

"With pleasure, sir," in a bland tone, and we were left alone.

"Don't you think you would find it pleasanter out of doors?" I suggested.

"It would be only darkness to me if deprived of the light of your presence," he answered. "Allow me to offer you a seat on this keg."

It was a funny place for it,—the surroundings not in the least romantic, not at all as I had fancied such a thing might ever come to me when I had read magazine stories,—nevertheless it did happen that the old dark cellar became all at once sunlight to me, and I forgot the lilac dress and my disappointment, and I must confess, everything else.

Uncle was gone to the soap a long time,—I believe he had an intuition that he was not needed then,—and Aunt Hannah had a call from the minister, so that when I obeyed the summons to dinner my cheeks were still holding their roses, and I suspect my eyes were not dim, for aunt said,—

"Cleaning cellar seems to agree wonderfully with you, niece."

I wore my old dress to the "bee" in the eve, but that was no matter, for Frank told me on the way home that I had never looked "half so well——in his eyes."

THE TWIN COTTAGES.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL GREYTON.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLD HOUSE.

No two families ever dwelt together under the same roof in more perfect unity and happiness than did the brothers Felton, occupying, with their wives and children, the old Felton house, in the flourishing township of Pennfield. The brothers were brothers in feeling as well as in name; their wives were like sisters, and their children were like the children of the same parents, in their kindness toward each other. Neither of the brothers ever visited the city and brought home presents to his own children, without distributing gifts equally curious and gratifying to his little nephews and nieces. The two families enjoyed everything in common, eating at the same table, riding in the same great carriage, sitting in the same pew at church, and laboring together to advance their common interest.

The Feltons lived together thus for years. But at length, when the brothers saw new and beautiful houses rising about their estate, in the fairest portion of Pennfield, they conceived a desire to build a more splendid house than the humble cottage in which their parents had lived and died.

"Why not?" asked Lionel, the elder of the two brothers, as they were walking across the fields together, one mild Sabbath afternoon. "The old house is really getting to look quite poverty-stricken, in the midst of the improvements which are going on around us."

"And as our families increase," rejoined Richard, who was no less ambitious than his brother, "we find the old house growing too small for us. We must either build an addition in the spring, or put up a new house; and, really, I am inclined to think the latter would be cheapest, in the end."

"No doubt of it, brother," said Lionel. "But even if it would not, we can afford a little extravagance, I am sure. Here we are with two hundred acres of the best land in the county, free from incumbrance; and we have money enough at interest to build as fine a house as you can see from the top of Hodge's hill.

"Well, then, supposing we put up a new cottage," added Richard, casting his fine eye, with an expression of pride, around him on the broad and beautiful fields of the Felton estate. "Where shall it stand?"

"On the North road, to be sure," replied Lionel. "There is not another such fine locality in Pennfield; and I am sure father himself would have proposed building there, had he lived. The finest orchard on the farm, you know, is on the North road; the new house shall go up directly in front of the orchard, with its front door looking towards the east."

Richard was accustomed to rely upon his elder brother's judgment, and on this occasion he coincided with him in any suggestion he made touching the new house. They walked leisurely over to the North road, and, in their imagination, constructed just such a cottage as they wished to build them in reality, and admired its imposing beauty, until it would have been a difficult thing for them to dismiss the subject from their minds, and live contented in the old house half-a-dozen years longer.

It was resolved, then, that the new house should be built; and you may be sure that the wives of Lionel and Richard showed no disposition to discourage the enterprise. It was something they had long desired, but to which they had small hopes of being able to persuade their husbands, for—if the truth must be told—the old Felton house was quite large enough and sufficiently convenient for both families for ten years to come; and it was hardly thought two such sober-minded men as Lionel and Richard would be to the expense of a new house merely for the sake of appearances.

The new house was the subject of much talk and study during the subsequent fall and winter, and after the principal points in the construction of the proposed cottage were resolved upon, an architect was employed to draw up a plan of it.

Whilst the brothers were engaged in getting choice framing-timber out of the woods, and in drawing logs to the saw-mill, their wives at home employed their time in constructing quilts, curtains and rugs, and in preparing rags for carpets, to decorate the new cottage. Long before spring, they had agreed upon the style in which each room was to be furnished, and given a thought to every article, whether for use or show, from the ornaments on the parlor mantle-piece to the stove in the kitchen. All this time their labors and discussions were conducted with great cheerfulness and commendable good feeling.

One important arrangement, however, still remained to be made. The large square bed-room, in the southeast corner of the house, would be the most desirable and pleasant apartment of all.

"I think," said Martha—Lionel's wife—referring, for the fifteenth time that day, to the plan of the new house, which lay upon the sitting-room table, "I think, Maria, you can't object to giving *that* room up to me. Lionel has spoken of it; I think he is set upon it; and, really, I think we ought to have it."

"I don't know about that," replied Maria, bending over her work, and plying her needle very rapidly. "Richard and I were thinking *we* ought to have that room; in fact, we didn't suppose there would be a word said against it."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it, of course," pursued Martha, pushing the drawing across the table in a rather abrupt manner; "but I am sure, when you come to reflect, you will allow that we have the best right to the room."

"How the best right?" asked Maria in a quiet tone.

"Why, my dear woman, you can't deny but that Lionel has done all the planning, and headed every enterprise about the new house. He first suggested the idea of building, as Richard himself allows. Now, really, every person of sense must say that *he* ought to have his choice of the rooms."

"Every person of sense?" echoed Maria, losing patience with her sister-in-law. "You appear to think *I* am not a person of sense."

"Maria—"

"Because I don't happen to think just as you do. Now, I must say that I think any person of sense must give the right of the square bed-room to me."

"Well," said Martha, with an angry gesture, "by what right do you lay claim to the room?"

"I can tell you, without getting angry," replied Maria in a significant tone. "You say Lionel has taken the lead in everything connected with the new house; and so he has, because Richard has been willing to give in to his opinions, as younger brothers generally do. Lionel has had his way about everything, but Richard has done as much hard work as your husband has; and he could have done the head work as well, if Lionel had not insisted on having it all done to please himself. Now, after giving up all to Lionel, Richard certainly ought to have his way about one trifling matter—and that is, the square bed-room."

"How unreasonable you are!" exclaimed Martha. "You haven't any sense on this subject. You know very well that Richard was glad to have my husband take all the cares of building off his mind—because Lionel is more capable of head-work than himself."

"That I deny!" said Maria with great firmness of manner. "I don't know what you can be thinking of, to make such an absurd remark. Wasn't Richard always the best scholar, and don't Lionel even now apply to him where there is any figuring to be done?"

"The best scholar has nothing to do with building a house," said Martha. "But there is no use of talking with you until you come to your senses. All I've got to say is, *we* shall have the square bed-room, at any rate! There!"

This arrogance on the part of her sister-in-law made Maria very angry, and she answered without giving her passion time to cool.

"I declare, Mrs. Felton, this is too bad! A person would think you were insane. It is not the room I care so much about—for if you had asked me kindly to give it up to you, I would have given it up without a word—as Richard and I have always given up everything to you and your husband. But if you *claim* the room it is another thing, and you'll find that people who have suffered themselves to be trampled upon can set up for their rights, when driven to it. Say what you may, *I* will never go into the new house unless we can have the square bed-room!"

"We can go into it alone then, and like it so much the better," said Martha, with a provoking laugh.

"We'll see if you can!" retorted Maria, her eyes flashing upon her sneering sister. "We'll see!"

Maria turned her back scornfully upon Martha, as if determined to have no more conversation with one so void of reason; and Martha deliberately moved her seat to the opposite corner of the room, apparently with the intention of getting as far from the insane Maria as possible.—[To be continued.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Mrs. Stowe has said the following about dressing for church in a way that applies particularly to the Episcopal service, but it ought to be equally impressive in reference to any other:—"Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women, sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes the acts of devotion in the service seem almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with hair frizzed till it stands on end in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and *piquante;* and, if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableau party, would be all in very good taste; but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips most solemn and tremulous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy."

Wit and Humor.

SURROUNDED.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Surrounded by beautiful girls,
As *you* are, Sir Thomas, at present,"
Cried Sue, with a shake of her curls,
"You must find it exceedingly pleasant."

"I own it!—my radiant star,"
Quoth Tom, brimming over with fun,
"But then it were pleasanter far
To be only surrounded by *one!*"

An Art Illustration.—A certain professor was noted for having a set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion, when lecturing his class, he said:—"Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful, or otherwise?" "It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously. "Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it will kill a dog!" The shout of laughter which followed, and Mr. Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

Sydney Smith wrote to a friend:—"Unfortunately the house is full of cousins; would they were once removed."

"Bobby, what is steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right; compare it." "Positive, boil; comparative, biler; superlative, bust."

"Pa," said a little friend of ours, "what's the use of giving our little pigs so much milk? They make hogs of themselves." Pa walked away.

A joker declared that a blind man, by taking something from the breakfast table, recovered his sight. What did he take? He took a tea cup and *saucer* (saw, sir.)

Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife in Kent, says:—"I believe I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fetch a pail of water but that he'll burst out a-crying."

During a series of wet days, a gentleman ventured to congratulate his umbrella maker. "Yes, that's all very well, sir," he replied; "but then there's nothing whatever doing in parasols."

A bald man made merry at the expense of another who covered his partial baldness with a wig, adding, as a clincher, "You see how bald I am, and I don't wear a wig." "True," was the retort, "but an empty barn requires no thatch."

A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little poodle dog, to make him follow her, "Come along, sir." A would-be witty gentleman stepped up to her one day, and accosted her with—"Is it me, Madam, you called?" "Oh, no, sir," said she, with great composure, "it was *another puppy* I spoke to."

A clergyman of indifferent character, going to read prayers at another village, found great difficulty in putting on an old-fashioned surplice. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice." The astonished clerk stared until the parson got the garment on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think as how he is, sir."

The following letters in the alphabet are more studied than others: for instance—A farmer minds his Hays; an aplarian minds his Bees; a bishop minds his Sees; a lounger minds his Ease; a draper minds his Ells; a good coachman minds his Gees; an optician minds his Eyes; a tailor minds his hems; a market gardener minds his Peas; a poulterer minds his hens; a hosier minds his hose; billiard-markers and good actors minds their cues; a grocer minds his Teas; an economist minds his X's; and idiots should always mind the Wise heads.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 24, 15, 8, 37 is a wild animal.
My 14, 25, 33, 1, 43, 26 is a kind of dress goods.
My 5, 41, 31, 13 is a musical instrument.
My 27, 2, 34, 12, 5, 36, 26, 39 is a man's name.
My 11, 23, 22, 45, 16, 9, 42, 23 are worn by ladies.
My 20, 25, 5, 43, 7, 14 is a metal.
My 4, 18, 27, 2, 21, 41, 35, 29, 19, 5, 32 is a province in Europe.
My 6, 40, 30, 38, 21, 17 children love to read.
My 10, 3, 44 is often used.
My whole is an old but true saying.

Edwardsville, Ill. Otto E. Wolf.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a city in Holland and leave a disease.
Behead a river in Russia and leave the name of an ancient king.
Behead a river in Illinois and leave an animal.
Behead a county in Missouri and leave a bird.
Behead a county in Alabama and leave a malt liquor.
Behead a cape on the coast of North Carolina and leave part of the human body.
Behead a county in New York and leave an apparatus for cooking.
Behead a town in England and leave a girl's name.

Gainesville, N. Y. J. Martin Brainerd.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

Three men agree to carry a stick of timber in the form of a right cone, 19 feet in length, and 18 inches in diameter at the base. At what distance from the base must a handspike be placed so that each man shall carry one-third of the stick?

New London, N. Y. S. G. Cagwin.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Nyam nad rasph het rensnmno sill
Vonwein thiw rou mafer!
Rome tinpood lills, ew kame volsursee
Ergert, romseer and embas!
And man showe neevah-eetdeer cafe
Het missle of vole roand,
Sam'n tinbiunmay to man
Ekmas suneostle dusnothas romnu.

C. J. Andruss.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 961.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.

Answer to Charade:—Pimento. (Pic-men-tow.)

Answer to Anagram:

There are two ways to live on earth,—
Two ways to judge, to act, to view;
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Oh! happy they who happy make—
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for other's sake,
And strive in all things for the best!

Answer to Problem:—A, 22 2-9 rods. B, 27 7-9.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

DR. DANIEL LEE, Southern Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

BUCKWHEAT.—SEASON FOR SOWING.

IT is to be presumed that on most farms there may be found portions of ground which have been already plowed, designed for winter grain. Such land, if not situated too low, will now be in fair condition for the purpose of sowing to buckwheat. Bottom lands, in the vicinity of streams or ponds, are not suitable for the production of this grain, as it grows too rank, and is liable to blast as the grain commences to make. A more elevated and airy position is best, escaping the malaria of fogs and early frosts—its two most prominent enemies. The soil should be mellow and well worked, in order that the wheat may get an early start, and shade out the weeds and grasses. Two or three acres of buckwheat, to each small farm, will be found of great value to the family as a portion of their winter bread, and equally acceptable to the poultry in the spring, when the egg and chicken season commences.

It is profitable, too, as furnishing pasturage for bees—especially late swarms, whose stores often consist mainly of contributions from this source. The honey may be less palatable to some than that derived from others not so pungent to the taste, still it is honey, and not bad to take with properly prepared cakes—particularly buckwheat cakes. As this grain reaches maturity rapidly, the ground occupied by it may be used for putting in wheat or rye, and will usually be found in excellent tilth, ready to receive and appropriate, to advantage, the manurial agencies bestowed upon it as a preliminary to the latter crops. When the soil is in good heart, properly plowed and pulverized, the buckwheat plants will develop rapidly, branching widely, consequently only a light seeding is required. If very thickly seeded, the plants will be feeble, from competition, and the yield of grain diminished. Some soils will do admirably with half a bushel of seed to the acre, but we believe it is usually safe to apply about three pecks. It is not denied that this crop is subject to more casualties than most others within the cycle of farming operations, still, as it is a desirable one, and as the expense of two or three acres is not great, it would seem to be good policy to give it a chance with the others.

IMPLEMENT TRIAL AT HERKIMER.

THE Farmers' Club, Little Falls, made arrangements some time since for a trial of farm implements at Herkimer, which they carried out quite successfully on the 5th ult. The ground selected was of a character to give the implements a severe trial, as it was proper they should have before being condemned or approved in a public manner. The number tested was not large, but they were generally of a superior character. The list comprised plows, cultivators, horse hoes, shovel plows, double and single, and self-cleaning coulters, &c. The double shovel plow, of the REMINGTONS, did not work well, but according to the Utica Herald, was a complete failure. Among the implements commended, for style and working capabilities, were JOHNSON'S cultivator, also SAYNE'S; ALDEN'S horse hoe—a thill machine very easily managed and guided, and performing excellently. In reference to this hoe the Utica Herald remarks that "it did its work in the most perfect manner, and its simple arrangement for regulating depth, is an important feature. The teeth are diamond shaped, and there is a wheel in front, and the whole construction is such that it is of light draft, and quite easy of management for the operator. Another noticeable feature of this machine is, that while the ground is thoroughly pulverized at any required depth, it does not pile up the earth on the plants." The use of thills, for cultivators, is deemed to be a marked improvement by those who have tried them, and we have no doubt that such will be the general verdict of the farming community. With thills to horse hoes and cultivators, greater steadiness, in their management, is assured, while the labor of the operator is materially lessened. The forty-tooth harrow, of Mr. MORGAN, performed admirably, leaving the ground finely broken up and pulverized. FORD & HOWE'S Excelsior cultivator proved to be a good implement, and made many friends. The trial, on the whole, was quite satisfactory, and much benefit is anticipated from the influence it is likely to exert over farming operations in the Mohawk Valley.

FOOD—ITS CONSTITUENTS AND RELATIVE VALUE.

DR. BELLOWS, in a recently published volume on the philosophy of eating, classifies the various articles of food under three general heads, thus:

First—Carbonates; that class which supplies the lungs with fuel, and thus furnishes heat to the system, and supplies fat or adipose substance.

Second—Nitrates; that class which supplies the waste of muscles.

Third—Phosphates; that class which supplies the bones, the brain and the nerves, and gives vital power—both muscular and mental.

The comparative value, in supplying heat, muscle and bone, of the several cereals, vegetables and meats, may be seen by the following analysis:

	Nitrates.	Carbonates.	Phosphates.	Water.
Wheat	15.	69.8	1.6	14.
Barley	17.	69.5	3.5	14.
Oats	17.	66.4	3.	13.6
Northern corn	12.	73.	1.	14.
Southern corn	35.	45.	4.	14.
Buckwheat	8.6	75.4	1.8	14.2
Beans	24.	57.7	3.5	14.8
Rice	6.5	79.5	.5	13.5
Potatoes	1.4	22.5	.9	75.2
Sweet potatoes	1.5	25.5	2.9	67.5
Parsnips	1.2	7.	1.	82.
Turnips	1.1	4.	.5	90.5
Cabbage	3.	5.	1.	90.
Cucumbers	1.5	1.	.5	97.
Apples	5.	10.	1.	84.
Milk of cow	5.	8.	1.	86.
Veal	16.	16.5	4.5	62.5
Beef	15.	30.	5.	50.
Mutton	12.5	40.	3.5	44.
Pork	10.	50.	1.5	38.5
Chicken	20.	35.	4.5	40.5

Animals have been fed on pure starch, or sugar, or fat alone, and they gradually pined away and died; and the nitrates in all the fine flour bread which the animals can eat will not sustain life beyond sixty days; others fed on unbolted flour bread would continue to thrive for an indefinite period. It is immaterial whether the general quantity of food be reduced too low, or whether either of the muscle-making or heat-producing principles be withdrawn while the other is fully supplied. In either case the effect will be the same. The animal will become weak, dwindle away and die, sooner or later, according to the deficiency; and if food is eaten which is deficient in either principle, the appetite will demand it in quantity till the deficient element is supplied. All the food, beyond the amount necessary to supply the principle that is not deficient, is not only wasted, but burdens the stomach with efforts to dispose of it. Food, therefore, containing the right proportion of heaters and muscle-makers is not only best, but most economical. In Boston, and probably in all American cities, a large part of the expenses of the table are for butter, superfine flour and sugar, neither of which contains enough of the muscle or brain feeding element to sustain life over fifty days, as has been proved by experiment with flour; while butter and sugar would not sustain life a single month without other food. As far as we have articles of food deficient in carbonates, we can use without loss, butter or sugar to supply the deficiency; but most of our national food, both animal and vegetable, contains a due proportion, and if with them we use butter and sugar, they cannot be appropriated by the system, and are therefore lost. All meats, fat and lean together, all grain and milk, contain all the carbonates that are needed, or can be used to furnish heat in moderate weather. All the butter or sugar, therefore, that is added to either of these common articles of food, as they are used in making cakes, custards, pies, etc., are not only lost, but by adding too much fuel increase the tendency to inflammation, embarrass the stomach, and induce dyspepsia, congestions, obstructions, etc.

With beef steak, or any other lean meats, or fish, or potatoes, or any green vegetables, or fried beans or peas, some oily substance seems to be needed, as all these articles are deficient in carbon, and in common use we have the choice between lard, sweet oil or butter, or perhaps fat pork, all of which are precisely alike in chemical construction, and that one is most wholesome which is best relished.

Sugar is needed with the acid fruits and berries, and especially with apples, which are the most valuable of all fruits, either with or without cooking, and which with sugar furnish excellent food, especially in winter and spring, when other fruits cannot be had. But to find a good use for superfine flour, out of which has been taken nine-tenths of its food for muscle or brains, is exceedingly difficult, indeed, impossible, in health; and it can only be useful in disease when the irritability of the stomach or bowels forbids the use of their natural stimulants, just as inflammation of the eye makes it necessary to exclude the light.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Notes from Virginia.

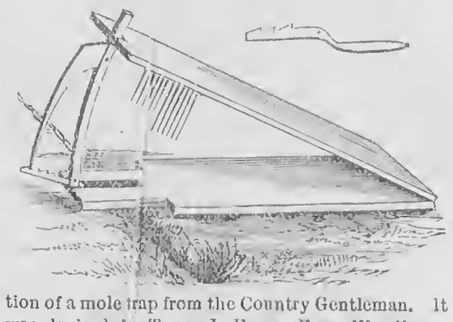
WE extract the following notes from a letter dated June 11th, and received from GEO. S. AYR, Loudon Co., Va.:—"I would be glad to be informed through the columns of your ever welcome and valuable paper the best way to get rid of what is known in this country as the ox-eye daisy. It was left here wherever the Federal army encamped, and I suppose came in the hay brought from the North or West. I am now plowing up the larger spots in the different fields and pulling up the scattering bunches. I did the same last year about the same time, when in full bloom, but I fear to but little effect, as it is yet in abundance. Our wheat promises very well if the rains do not continue too long; I see some rust on the blades of some sent me from Rochester last fall. It was a beautiful white wheat, but I fear it ripens too late for our climate. The Lancaster variety appears to do the best. If nothing happens east of the Blue Ridge the wheat will be good; but in the Valley of the Shenandoah the fly and rust, with the continued wet weather, will cause a failure. Grass is good everywhere; also oats; corn backward—many not done planting—which is a month later than usual."

CERES, THE GODDESS OF THE EARTH.

THE imagination of the ancient Greeks gave a beautiful and artistic expression to the most practical things of common life. To the deity whom they personified as CERES, the goddess of the earth, they attributed the invention of agriculture, or whatever pertains to the culture of the soil. On the art taught rested the foundation of civil society, for the nomadic tribes were fixed to the soil, their manners softened, and they learned to respect rights of property and the protection of law. Her place in Grecian Mythology was that of the sister of JUPITER, the king of gods and men, who alone wielded the terrible thunderbolt as his weapon. In their statuary CERES is represented as a matronly woman with mild aspect, adorned with agricultural productions, and bearing some of its implements of labor. Our illustration of the goddess of the fruitful earth, is taken from a statuette at the Paris Exhibition.

Trapping Ground Moles.

H. M. ASHBROOK, Johnstown, Ohio, asks how moles may be trapped, as they are a great pest in his locality. Some member of a Western Horticultural Society recently said he was successful in trapping them by simply digging holes, with straight, smooth sides down into the hard clay, under their surroundings. The moles fell into them and could be killed. If the soil is soft, board boxes might be inserted in the ground. We also transfer a cut and description of a mole trap from the Country Gentleman. It was devised by THOS. J. HAND, Esq., Woodlawn, Sing Sing, this State. It is made of two ash boards, a full inch in thickness, seven inches in width, and two feet six inches long, attached at one end by a broad butt hinge. The form given to the bottom board is shown in the cut, the central slit being made to admit the free play of the trigger, which is represented by itself in the right-hand corner of the sketch. It is of iron, ten inches long; the lower part shaped like a paddle, five inches long, one and one-eighth inches wide, and the left hand end, notched as shown, and three-quarters of an inch wide perpendicularly. The post, sixteen inches high, is curved to the circular sweep of the top board on its hinge. The teeth, six in number, on each side, are riveted seven-eighths of an inch apart, in a plate five and three-fourths inches long and one inch wide, containing four screw holes, placed zig-zag, and this is found much firmer and more secure than if the teeth were inserted directly in the upper plank. The trap is set, as shown in the cut, across a mole track, first digging a hole eight inches square and six inches deep, and returning the soil, taking care to exclude all stones and large pebbles. Press the earth down pretty firmly, and set the trap so that the trigger touches the surface of the ground exactly over the line of the track. When the mole goes along his accustomed road, and finds it obstructed, his movement in re-opening the track inevitably heaves up the surface, so as to set off the trigger, and the teeth on one side or the other will catch him. Weight the trap with a heavy flat stone.



Tappahannock Wheat.

THE Germantown Telegraph asks for further information with respect to Tappahannock wheat sent out from the Department at Washington. It was tried in Lancaster Co., Pa., and also in a few instances in Wisconsin with reputed favorable results. It was twenty days earlier than other varieties, and the yield thirty-one bushels—sixty-two pounds per bushel—per acre. The Telegraph adds:—"A neighbor who sowed one quart of seed obtained seventy-seven and three-quarter quarts of clean wheat. It stands the winter well."

Cement Water Pipe. Grasshoppers.

D. M. S., Evansburg, Pa., asks:—"Will some of the readers of the RURAL tell us whether it pays or not to make cement or water lime pipe for running spring water in? If so, how should it be made and in what kind of soil has it been laid?

"What will keep grasshoppers from young apple trees? They destroyed several for me last year, and promise to be equally as bad this season."

Steam Threshing Machines.

J. C. HODGE, Waterford, Loudon Co., Va., writes: "I would like to know about steam threshing machines; how many bushels one will thresh per day; what sized engine it requires to run the machine, and if there is any danger from sparks from the engine; how much fuel it takes per day; where and by whom they are made, and cost at the factory, &c."

Locust Tree Sprouts.

J. H. V., Belle Valley, Pa. Sprouts from the roots of locust trees that have been cut down may be killed by a free use of salt or brine, but the cheapest way is to cut them down a few times during the summer.

GRAVEL OR CONCRETE WALL.—No. II.

MODE OF BUILDING.

IF a cellar is made, it should be excavated before the wall is laid. When the wall is within two feet of the surface, it is better to lay stone from this point three feet, or one foot above the ground, to prevent the possible danger of frost. Water and frost will sometimes scale off the concrete near the surface of the ground, but when perfectly made, it will stand the action of water and the most severe frost.

The method of laying the wall is to place standards of 4 by 4 scantling perpendicularly on each side of the proposed wall, and three inches wider apart than the wall is to be thick, so that plank one and a half inches thick and fourteen inches wide may be placed inside these standards, leaving a space between just the thickness of the wall. These standards should reach above the height of the wall, may be twelve feet apart, and the plank be of that length. To hold these plank from springing out in the middle, a piece of hard wood board, with notches sawn, of the right width, may be slipped on the upper edge. When these standards are all plumbed and braced, so as to hold them firmly, around the whole building, and the plank placed so as to make a continuous box, then the next thing is to fill this box with the concrete mortar. But we will first make the mortar, noting all the ingredients and preparations.

WATER-LIME CONCRETE.

If it is water-lime or hydraulic cement for cellar or underground wall, take one part of good, strong lime and three parts of sand, and mix them well together dry; then work in the water, making a very thin mortar; after which work in three parts more of coarse gravel and pebbles, or small stone, making six of sand and gravel to one of lime. If cobble stone are used, a layer of these may be put in the boxes, and then the mortar put over them; then another layer of cobble stone and mortar, and so on. The boxes should be filled to the top with the concrete, taking care to put it in before it sets. When the boxes are filled around the building, they should stand till the concrete hardens sufficiently to bear the weight of another layer. This will occur, in dry, warm weather, in twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the thickness of the wall. When ready to put on another layer, raise up the plank one foot, leaving two inches lapping on the wall below to keep the new mortar from running out. Each layer after the first will be one foot high. This cellar wall will be thus continued till high enough to commence the first story of the house. At this point, the upper edge of the plank should be carefully leveled where the top of the cellar wall is to be. When the box is nearly filled, plank of some lasting timber, two inches thick and two inches narrower than the thickness of the wall, should be placed flat in the box against the inside plank, and bedded into the concrete, so that the upper surface be just even with the upper edge of the box, and level, leaving two inches of concrete on the outside. This plank should be extended on two sides of the building to lay the floor joists on. When this upper layer is sufficiently dried, the inside plank of the box should be taken out before the floor joists are put on, and these joists should not be gained or notched, but the under side should rest four inches on those wall plank, and be staid firmly in their places. Cut in pieces of boards between the joists on the inside of the wall to hold the concrete to the top of the joists, then raise the outside plank to the top of the floor joists; and now we are ready for the

QUICK-LIME CONCRETE.

This is made by slacking the quick-lime, and mixing three parts of sand to one of lime into a thin mortar—working well; then working in five parts of coarse gravel, pebble or cobble stones. When cobble stones are used, the best way is to mix the mortar with five parts of sand and gravel to one of lime; place a layer of this in the bottom of the box; then bed the cobble stones into it, and fill up around them with mortar; then another layer of cobble stones as before.

Quick-lime concrete should be mixed some days before using, so that the lime shall be thoroughly slacked, for the particles of lime slacking in the wall weaken it.

The wall of this story of the building may be carried up only one foot thick from the top of the floor joists, consequently, as the cellar wall is fourteen inches, there will be a set-off on the inside of two inches. The inside plank to the box will now be restored, and the wall carried up as before to the second story, when the wall will be leveled as before, and the plank bedded into the mortar to lay the second floor joists on; and when the top is reached, the ceiling joists will be put on in the same way, and on top of the wall a plank will be bedded into the mortar to rest the foot of the rafters on. The window and door frames will have jams as wide as the wall is thick, and will go inside the boxes, and thus give no trouble in laying up the wall. The concrete should be made as convenient to the wall as possible, and may be wheeled to the place in a barrow and shoveled into the boxes. It may be carried in this manner till the wall reaches the top of the first story, with a long gang plank.

ICE-HOUSE AND PRESERVATORY.

This wall is peculiarly adapted to the ice-house, being penetrated less by heat and cold than any other. To make one in the best manner it should be built with a double wall, having an air-space six

or eight inches between them. This is easily done. This outside wall may be eight inches and the inside six inches in thickness. Three standards must be used instead of two, the middle standard having a plank on each side, forming the inside of each wall. The two walls may be tied together by putting strips of boards edgeways between the walls, under the box plank, six or eight inches apart, and filling in the concrete between them, and so carrying up these tie-walls to the top. These tie-walls would not require to be nearer together than eight or ten feet. This would make a perfectly impervious wall, keeping ice without any saw-dust or straw packing inside. The doors should also be double. This is also the most approved way of building a preservatory for keeping fruit, meat, milk, or other food in summer.

The roof on this style of building should project well at the eaves, so as to protect the walls from moisture before they become hard.

FINISHING COAT OUTSIDE.

In from one to two months after the walls are built they will be dry enough to put on the finishing coat. This coat should be made of one-third water-lime and two-thirds quick-lime; but the quick-lime should be made into mortar with four parts of sharp sand to one of lime, ten days before it is used, and the water-lime mixed in a few hours before using. Coloring matter may be worked into this mortar to suit the fancy of the builder. It may be given nearly the color of granite by mixing a small quantity of coal tar or thin lampblack paste, and various shades may be given with Venetian red or the reddish earth paint. After this finishing coat is put on, and before dry, it may be worked into squares, representing blocks of stone. It is important that the materials should all be of good quality—that is, the lime strong and the sand sharp to get the best concrete.—E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

"BIG FLEECES," &c.

"A FRIEND of the Wool Growers," Chicago, writes to us:

"I observe that you frequently publish statements of Merino rams' fleeces, weighing 25 lbs. and upwards—in one recent case, 28¾ lbs.—from carcasses usually not exceeding from 110 to 115 lbs.: and also of small lots of ewes' fleeces, averaging anywhere from 12 to 16 or more lbs. each—carcass 60 or 70 lbs. Are these genuine weights, and if so, weights of what? Is it wool or is it something else? And what is the proportion of wool to the something else? If wholly extraneous matter may be introduced at the pleasure of the grower to give weight to a fleece, and this must be called wool and sold as wool, where are these adulterations to end? Why not put a five or ten or fifteen pound stone in each fleece? To the buyer or consumer the stone would be just as valuable as grease and filth (unless he should save the latter *for manure*,) and more economical: for the fleeces could be opened after purchase at the farm, the stones taken out, and a good deal of transportation thus saved. But really, if wool is wool and is to be valued as wool, and the grower seeks no illegitimate advantage, what is the use of either the filth or the stone, to give fictitious weight? Would it not be cheaper, and preserve a much better understanding between grower and buyer, and better comport with those sound principles of trade which you so often refer to, to bring wool to market without any artificial dirt in it? You speak of other growers' selling their products "on their merits." Does any other grower purposely adulterate his product, and then protest and make war on the buyer because he attempts to make rules to guard himself against paying for adulterations? What would you say if the wheat grower *put* a peck of oats into every bushel of wheat, or the butter buyer 25 per cent. of hogs' lard into every pound of butter, before marketing it, in order to get the value of wheat and butter for oats and lard? Yet, if I mistake not, you have again and again admitted, that this grease or yolk is purposely preserved in wool *in order to give it weight!* Now, I respectfully inquire if one-third is an excessive shrinkage on 15 or 16 lbs. ewes' fleeces, and one half on 25 and 28 lbs. rams' fleeces? I appeal to *you* to say whether in your judgment buyers can live by buying them at even those discounts? If you admit they cannot, then the buyers' rules sometimes operate against themselves. Who is prepared to say they do not operate as often that way as the other way? And why not let those who object to them escape their effects by thorough washing and putting up their wool clean? Seems to me the buyer has quite as much to complain of as the grower, and I confess that I am surprised that a man of your knowledge and experience so strenuously objects to rules which were only intended to compel producers to put their commodity into the market in good merchantable condition."

We answer the above questions because they appear to be put in good faith. The inferences they involve, in some cases, accord with our own convictions. Every wool grower of experience *does* know that the enormous weights of fleeces, mentioned above, are not "genuine weights" of *wool*: or even of unwashed wool containing the usual proportion of wash matter. Those weights *are* produced artificially—or what may be termed so—viz: by carefully sheltering the sheep from rain and snow the year round, to prevent any yolk or "grease" from being washed out of the wool.

We are ready to answer our correspondent squarely in regard to the proportion of wool to waste matter in ewes' fleeces weighing 16 lbs. and rams' fleeces weighing 28¾ lbs. In our judgment, about all of them will lose at least one-half in *thorough* washing. In cleansing for manufacturing purposes, such ewes' fleeces will lose at least two-thirds, and such rams' fleeces considerably more than two-thirds. There is not probably a flock of 50 Merino ewes in the country that will cleanse 5 lbs. of wool per head; and the heaviest cleansed Merino rams' fleeces on well verified record have been but a trifle over 8 lbs.

This is enough, in all conscience! It is as much as the prime Merinos of Spain yielded *in the grease*. It is more, we believe, in proportion to weight of carcass and consumption, than any other breed of sheep yield. What, then, is the object of so carefully preserving such an excessive amount of waste matter in the wool? We have answered this question over and over again. It is the fashion to fit Merinos for market with a very dark surface, which is not usually produced unless sheep are protected from the weather, and unless there is a very large amount of yolk in the wool; and secondly, it is the fashion to weigh *brag* fleeces—those the weights of which are to be published as advertisements of the flock—in the yolk.

These enormous weights prove what fleeces give the greatest aggregate amount of wool and "grease" combined, but they prove nothing else. They often yield considerably less *wool* than those of more ordinary weight. We do not now call to mind a single instance in which one of these monster fleeces has taken the lead in a public scouring test. Indeed, their owners have learned very carefully to avoid such tests. To get a brag fleece, three things are requisite: a good deal of wool, a vast deal of "grease," and exquisite care in saving the grease! And the battle very often turns on the last point.

We have said that these practices involve no fraud where they are performed above board, and are distinctly avowed to the purchaser. We have said, and still say, that the sheep breeder has as much right to fit his stock for sale, by consulting the popular notions or fashions, as the horse or cattle breeder. We don't believe that any more artificial processes are resorted to for this object by American Merino breeders, than by horse and cattle and other *sheep* breeders of this and other countries. The most eminent English sheep breeders, as well as the small fry, carry "fitting" to its extremest limits. If they don't cultivate "grease" and the rich "contraband color," it is only because they are not considered appropriate in *their* breeds, and not therefore "in fashion."*

"Why not put a 5 or 10 lb. stone in each fleece" as well? It *would* be more convenient, and save a world of staying at home and scampering, to keep any of the precious yolk from being washed out by passing showers. But a large class of buyers demand the dark-coated sheep—and will (especially the greenhorn class) pay considerably more for an animal which has produced a first-rate brag fleece.† That is the reason why the stone will not answer as well—that is the use of the "fictitious weight."

"Does any other grower purposely adulterate his product?" Whether he does so or not, he certainly would, if the buyer established a rule which made precisely the same deduction for every degree or amount of adulteration. If putting or leaving a quart of oats in a bushel of wheat caused a deduction of one-third, and leaving in eight quarts caused no greater deduction, would not everybody be likely to leave in eight quarts? Instead of the buyer making rules to "guard himself against paying for adulteration," he has made rules which palpably invite and pay a premium on adulteration. He requires the wool grower whose sheep are exposed to the weather all the year round, and whose fleeces do not often contain a fourth as much waste matter as the 16 and 28 lb. fleeces we have been talking about, to submit to the same deduction on unwashed fleeces. The grower cannot be "compelled" to wash, by such means, if he has no place to wash, or no place where his sheep would not be subjected to infectious diseases. We *have* "again and again admitted that grease and yolk is purposely preserved in wool in order to give it weight"—and are quite as ready to admit that the shrinkage rules do not operate unjustly on the monster fleeces we have mentioned. On the contrary, they do not shrink them enough. "Buyers cannot live by buying them at those discounts."

But as to the rules operating as often "one way as the other," our correspondent talks sheer nonsense. In the first place, there is nothing like the amount of unwashed wool housed the year round, that there is of that which is exposed to the weather; and, secondly, by no "sound principles of trade," or any other sound principles, is it right or expedient to establish any trade regulation which favors one class of producers, and to offset the loss, in so doing, *pillages* another class.

Suppose the buyer *has* "as much to complain of as the grower?" We admit the latter very often does not prepare his wool, washed or unwashed for market, in the best way he can: but has he been encouraged to do so by the buyers making a just discrimination in favor of clean, well put up wool? Our correspondent certainly will not venture to assert that fact. We are in favor of a healthy reform in the trade on both sides. We are willing, and have no doubt that the respectable wool growers of the country are generally willing, to meet the buyers half way in an effort towards that end. But the buyers must cast the beam out of their own eyes, before they attempt *forcibly*—by ex parte action—and especially by grossly unjust action—to pull out the mote from the growers' eyes. They must inaugurate reform either by first reforming their own practices, or by meeting the growers in council and agreeing upon a code of regulations mutually satisfactory to both interests.

* While we defend "fitting" within certain limits (when it is productive of no injury) from the charge of being a *fraud*, we by no means wish to be understood as commending it. We believe it a foolish waste of time at best—that its tendency is to establish purely imaginary tests of value—and that even when attended with the most candid avowals, it practically and inevitably results in misleading the judgment of inexperienced persons. The choicest ram unfitted, cannot be sold to one person in ten for as much as a considerably inferior ram if well fitted. And it is not to be denied that the constitution or natural hardiness of sheep may be and sometimes is impaired by confinement and non-exposure—always is, if these are accompanied by *pampering*.

† This remark may be understood to imply that sheep producing brag fleeces are much more valued by "greenhorns" than by experienced breeders—and such is the fact. The latter may consider them valuable to *sell*, but they rarely particularly prize them as stock animals. Of the most celebrated stock rams in Vermont, for example, for several years past, our impression is that not one in five has produced a remarkably heavy fleece.

INFANTADO EWES,

Property of A. ARNOLD of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y. "Three years old: bred lambs last and the present year. The one in front clipped 15¾ lbs. wool; carcass 60 lbs. The one back clipped 14 lbs.; carcass 59 lbs.;—both fleeces four days less than one year's growth."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SMUGGLING.—EBER BRADLEY, Whitehouse, Lucas Co., O., writes:—"There are men canvassing this part of the country and selling woolen fabrics of different qualities and styles, from carpeting to broadcloths, at a very low figure; and they are putting off their goods very rapidly. They claim they can sell so low because they evaded paying the tariff duties, in the case of cloths, by cutting it into suits or patterns—i. e. with enough in each piece for a coat, a pair of pantaloons, &c. Their carpeting is in bolts (whole.) They say that goods cut in patterns are free of duty. They also say that the goods are from failing firms in England, and must be sold for what they will fetch."

This is an old story, and entirely false so far as the provisions of the tariff are concerned. Under the tariff, *pieces* of cloth pay the same duties as if in *entire packages*. If goods are sold as described by Mr. BRADLEY, they probably went into Canada, and were then *smuggled* across the line. The Government has a large force on the line to guard against smuggling, but it cannot always be prevented. It would not be surprising if the Government officials sometimes slept with *Greenbacks over their eyes*. Every good citizen should contribute his efforts to the detection of the official and unofficial scoundrels engaged in these transactions. If the goods did not come from "failing firms," it is very likely they came from those engaged in making the poor but showy ones adapted to this swindling kind of trade.

SAMPLES AND WEIGHTS OF FLEECES.—J. J. BRAINARD, Attica, Wyoming Co., N. Y., writes of his shearing. One 2 yr. old ram bred by HENRY HAMMOND, got by Kearsarge. Age of fleece 1 yr.: weight, 20 lbs. 3 oz. One 5 yr. old ram bred by RAYMOND GOODHUE, Scottsville, N. Y., got by a ram owned by N. A. SAXTON, Vt.—fleece 25 lbs.—average of 3 last fleeces, 22⅔ lbs., all 1 yrs. growth. Twenty 3 yr old ewes bred by R. GOODHUE, got by a ram bred by EDWIN HAMMOND, by Gold Drop; dams bred by E. FARNUM and WM. REMELEE, Vt. Wintered in a flock of 150, and are suckling lambs. Weights of fleeces:—10 lbs. 13 oz.; 10.5; 12.8; 11.12; 10.8; 10.4; 9.8; 9.4; 9.12; 9; 10; 10.9; 9.12; 10.1; 12.2; 10.4; 10.8; 11; 10.1; 9.8. Total, 207 lbs. 2 oz; average, 10⅓ lbs.

JOHN W. WILLIAMS, Jr., Middlesex, Yates Co., N. Y., writes that nine rams of his, sheared May 15th, yielded as follows:—four tegs dropped from March 15 to April 15, respectively, 15 lbs. 4 oz.; 13; 16; 14: four 2 yr. olds, fleeces 1 yr. and 9 days old, 18.12; 19; 20; 16; one 5 yr. old (served 150 ewes,) age of fleece not given, 26 lbs. Sheep kept in ordinary condition—fed no grain or roots since January 1st.

The Dairy Department.

WHAT AILS THE COWS?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you, or some of your numerous subscribers, please inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, a remedy for a certain disease which has made its appearance in some of the dairies in this section. The cows attacked, are taken all at once, and stop eating entirely. A cow that gave a pailful of milk at night will, in the morning, be totally dry. They breathe very hard, and show signs of great distress. Some of them keep up a continual moaning while they live. Their eyes sink back in their heads, and the skin and flesh about the head seem to dry down upon the bones. What is the matter? P. E. W.

Denmark, N. Y., June 28th, 1868.

In reference to the preceding communication we would state that the disease described bears a strong resemblance to one which recently destroyed considerable dairy stock at one or two points in Northern Illinois. In those cases the prevalent opinion was that the malady was induced by local causes, and had the characteristics of an acute inflammation of the lungs. As described by our correspondent it would also seem to answer pretty closely to hydatids or worms on the brain, while the symptoms are not greatly dissimilar to inflammation of the bladder. The first rarely, if ever, permits of successful treatment; the last is less obstinate, and is relieved by injecting into the bladder a mixture of warm water and the tincture of opium. The disease may be entirely alien to both of these; therefore, if any of our readers are posted on the subject we hope the public may be enlightened upon it through the columns of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

CHEESE MAKING.

ON the subject of cheese making the Utica Herald quotes liberally from an address delivered in England recently by Mr. HARDING of Marksbury. He is recognized as good authority on the subject generally, though his opposition to the factory system, as it prevails here, is not acquiesced in. On the contrary, it is the opinion of Mr. WILLARD that the American factory mode of cheese making is steadily but surely, supplanting that of the farm dairies in England in their own markets, giving the latter but a secondary place in them. Like all other competent authorities in dairy matters, Mr. HARDING gives cleanliness a leading place in his system of management. On this point he says:—"The milk, so delicate in its nature, requires to be deposited in a place entirely free from every impurity. The floor of the room should be clean and every precaution taken to render it dry." He even goes so far as to exclude the milkers from the milk room—recommending a conductor from the outside of the building to convey the milk to the cooling vat. This milk is to be kept during the night at a temperature of from 63° to 65°, to which the morning milking may be added, raising the temperature of the whole to a point suitable for the rennet. It is considered unsafe to raise the temperature much, if any, above 80°, that being what is required for a successful coagulation of the milk.

Concerning what is termed poor or bad cheese, Mr. HARDING remarks:—"Bad cheese is sometimes made by being sour, of which there are two causes: one from the atmosphere, over which we have no control. The moment milk is drawn from the cow it commences its progress towards decomposition, and if placed in a temperature of over 65° in a close atmosphere, there is no certainty of its keeping sweet during twelve hours, and should it require to be heated at all in the morning it will increase the acidity, the presence of which in the milk does not always develop itself until too late to apply a remedy.

"Another kind of sour cheese, and which is the worst, is caused by a want of cleanliness, either in the utensils or the floors of the dairy, or it may be from effluvia arising from adjacent gutters, or heaps of manure, &c., &c., or meat hung in the neighborhood of the milk. Any of these causes will not only sour milk, but will also impart to it a bad flavor. I have occasionally detected the cause of this kind of sour cheese by the resemblance of its flavor to some adjacent stench."

In reference to a soft, soapy article, Mr. H. says: "Cheese of bad texture may generally be detected by an experienced eye as being unshapely, bulged out at the side upon which the bandages have left deep indentations, frequently sunken on the top and still soft to the touch, throwing out a thick, damp coat. There are two causes, one of which or both have contributed to the production of such a cheese, viz: weak rennet, or an insufficient quantity, or subsequent neglect. Thus, milk at 80° will require more coagulating power in a given time than milk at 90°, and if rennet too weak be employed the cheese will be cold, tender and soft, and will baffle the most skillful hand to make it into a first-class cheese. The cream will rise to the surface, and much of it pass off in the whey, injuring the quality as well as the texture, and will sooner or later acquire a rank flavor and tallowy complexion."

LITTLE FALLS CHEESE MARKET.

AT the close of last month the cheese market at Little Falls was slightly depressed as compared with that of the previous week, and prices receded a trifle. Ten factories forwarded their products to that point during the week ending the 29th ult., which sold at an average of about 14¼c. for factory and 11@13½c. for farm dairies. The receipts at New York for the week were 27,049 boxes, and the exports for the same time, 24,554. The latest advices from London and Liverpool report a rise in American factory made cheese of from 4s. to 5s. over the previous week's sales, owing to the improved quality of the article. Extra fine American from 56s. to 60s.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Ramie Plant.

A Florida correspondent of the Southern Cultivator recommends the general introduction of the ramie into the Gulf States. He says it may be propagated by seed, by subdivision of roots, by cuttings and by layers. It is very prolific, so much so that a few roots may be increased in a single season so as to afford a thousand plants. In the climate of Florida from three to four cuttings may be had in a season. The first is suitable only for coarse cordage, but the second and third afford a fiber from which the finest fabrics may be manufactured.

Avoiding the Farm.

AMONG the adverse signs of the times the Farmer's Chronicle, Columbus, Ohio, notes the growing disinclination of young men, after passing out of school, to go back to the labor of the farm. The professions are over crowded, and so is the counting house, while the older settled rural districts are steadily decreasing in population. The want of the time is more recruits to the ranks of the producing classes and a consequent diminution of the number engaged in the professional and exchanging departments; more laborers and fewer drones, more manliness and less pretension, affectation and pride.

Stopped their Braying.

FATHER HUC, a famous Catholic explorer in the interior of China, was attached to a caravan containing a large number of jacks, which kept up such a braying as to prevent him getting rest at night. Complaining of this, the master of the donkeys said he would stop their night music, which he did by tying a stone to the tail of each, saying: "That is the way we settle them. The jackass stands upon his dignity and will not bray unless he can straighten out his tail, and with a heavy stone attached he can't straighten it out, don't you see? Every time he tries it the weight on his tail pulls him down and shuts his jaw."

Ruining a Farmer.

THE Southern Cultivator for June contains a a communication about book farming, in which occurs this passage:—"In conversation with a number one slavery farmer the other day, he actually told me that if I paid any attention to agricultural papers I would be ruined." This prejudice is not confined to farmers in the South,—but one thing is pretty manifest in all sections, and that is this, that the farms which make the best show everywhere are carried on by those who do not consider the perusal of agricultural papers a ruinous practice. They may not assent to *all* they read in them, yet some things they do find beneficial to their farming operations.

Rural Notes and Items.

TRIAL OF MOWERS.—There was a trial of mowers on the farm of ORRIN SMITH, Clarkson, on Tuesday, June 30th. The field selected was a clover one of about six acres, the surface uneven, and the clover much lodged. Eight machines entered for trial, viz.: New Yorker, Johnston Mower, Seymour and Pease Mower, Kirby, Cayuga Chief, Buckeye, Wood and Dodge. The machines followed in order around the field, their operations being scrutinized by a large number of farmers from the surrounding country. According to a notice of the trial in the Brockport Republic, there was no committee appointed to supervise and report on the trial, each operator acting for the machine he represented. That paper expresses no opinion as to the relative merits of the competitors, intimating that where all did well it is useless to pass upon their individual or relative merits.

DODGE'S IMPROVED SELF-RAKER.—Last season we witnessed a trial of this self-raker, as attached to the Dodge Harvester, and were so highly pleased with its operation that we strongly commended the improvement. We are therefore gratified to learn that Dodge's Self-Raker is giving great satisfaction, evidence of which is furnished in the certificates published in our Special Notice column. Those of our readers who have not yet procured their harvesting machinery, are referred to the above testimony, and also to the general advertisement of Dodge's Reaper and Mower, and Self-Raker, on page 227.

THE FLAG HORSE COLLAR.—A few weeks since we briefly noticed the Flag Collar as furnished by the American Flag Horse Collar Manuf'g Co., referring our readers to an advertisement of said Company. We now direct attention to the advertisement upon the same subject from H. G. CHAMBERLAIN, which will explain itself, only remarking that we take no part in any controversy which may exist between the parties, leaving that for them or the Courts to settle. But, from samples we have seen and the opinions expressed by those who have dealt in the article, we infer that Messrs. DURRANT & CHAMBERLAIN are on the safe side of the question, and hope all interested will be able through the proper parties (whoever they may be) to obtain *the best flag collars*, for such, as we said before, should be commended by all merciful people.

INDIANA BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—This Board announce that they have fitted up in their building or headquarters rooms with the special purpose of receiving and preserving, in suitable cases, such specimens of soils, marls, clays, building and other useful stones, ores, coals and fossils as may be of interest to scientific farmers and others of different callings. That this collection may be rendered as full and complete as possible, contributions of any or all of these samples are urgently solicited. These should be directed to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Indianapolis.

HARVESTING WHEAT.—The Cincinnati Times is in favor of cutting wheat at the time it passes out of the milk state, as affording the plumpest berry, if securely shocked up in this state, and also increased weight to the bushel. The grain may fill and mature as stated, but are not the chances more than even against such putting up as will secure the result claimed for early cutting? Taking the chances of the weather into the account, it would seem to be the safer way to let the wheat fields assume the golden hue before introducing the reaper into them.

PROSPECTS IN WISCONSIN.—H. A. F., Gilmanton, Wisconsin, under date of June 27th, writes:—"Crops of all kinds look finely. Spring wheat is heading out, and bids fair for a good crop. Corn in the garden silking out. The potato bugs are pretty thick. We brush them off the vines into a pan or some such thing and burn them. This is probably the best way to dispose of them, though some sheep them off in the middle of the day, if very hot, and in this way destroy a great many."

MANURIAL POWER OF SALT.—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture says he finds his clay loam ground increased more in productiveness by the use of eight bushels of salt to one bushel of plaster to the acre, than from the application of animal manure. Others have been equally benefited by the application. Perhaps a judicious mixture of both would secure the best results.

"STERILITY IS LAID."—The attention of the reader is directed to an advertisement of an address by JOHN A. RIDDLE, Esq., before the Bedford (N. H.) Club, explanatory of Prof. VILLE'S New System of Agriculture. This address is published in pamphlet form, and comprises matter of high importance to every farmer.

PROGRESS SOUTH.—The News, Asheville, N. C., mentions the commencement of operations in a cheese factory there—the first one of the kind erected in the State, and probably in the South. The first cheese made at the factory sold for 35 cents per pound—just double what the article sells for at the New York factories.

SOME PIGS.—A person residing in Marshall, Oneida Co., states in the Utica Herald that E. SMALL of that town is the owner of a sow which has furnished his piggery with forty-six live pigs within the last twelve months. They came by families as follows:—thirteen, fifteen and eighteen.

ONEIDA CO. FAIR.—We have received a pamphlet copy of the Premium List of the Oneida Co. Fair, to be held in Rome, commencing September 21st and ending on the 25th. President—O. B. GRIDLEY, Marshall; Secretary—Roderick Morrison, Clinton.

CORRECTION.—In the article on "Gas Lime, &c.," by E. W. S., occurs this sentence:—"I have used it with excellent effect mixed one to three with *bone* manure." It should read "*horse* manure."

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE corn fields in all directions are getting along finely.

THE wheat crop in Pennsylvania promises well, but the harvest will be somewhat later than usual.

THE editor of the Germantown Telegraph says his cherry crop has failed this year for the first time.

THE Prairie Farmer is informed that the hop prospect in Wisconsin is highly promising. No hop aphis has appeared.

THE Germantown Telegraph says that sugar corn may yet be planted for autumn use. Soak the seed before planting.

LEVI BARTLETT says that pouring hot water over the onion bed will kill off the onion maggot and not injure the crop.

THE striped and steel blue bugs are said to have nearly disappeared from the gardens and graperies of Western Pennsylvania.

THE Rural World is of the opinion that plowing matches are not given sufficient prominence at our agricultural fairs.

AN elderly man residing at Berea, Ohio, prides himself on the management of colts. He says he does not break but trains them.

A TEXAN planter says that the cotton worm spoken of lately is not the one of former years; is a poor feeder and does little damage.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Irish Farmers' Gazette proposes the use of the microscope to determine the character of commercial fertilizers.

THE Ashville (N. C.) News reports much damage to the crops in that section caused by a hail storm. The track of the hail was not a very wide one.

A SUGAR manufactory has recently been started at Santa Clara, California. Capital, $60,000. Sugar is to be made from sorghum, imphee and the sugar beet.

THE London Field says that washing a horse when in a sweating state is grateful and beneficial to the animal. When washed, wipe dry and blanket him.

LESS than one year since a North Carolinian commenced a cheese factory. He has now 180 cows, and has made and marketed over 8,000 pounds of cheese.

THE Dixie Farmer publishes an article on the prevention of weevil in wheat. It is done by salting as the grain is put up in the bin—a half a pound to the bushel.

HORTICULTURAL.

SUMMER PRUNING.

THERE is probably no horticultural subject upon which "line upon line and precept upon precept" are so freely given as that of pruning fruit trees. Every year and in each successive season some of the readers of our horticultural journals call for information on the subject of pruning, and the question most frequently asked is: what is the best time to prune? Now as pruning at different seasons of the year is done to obtain different results, it is obvious that the query cannot be correctly answered, unless the peculiar circumstances of the case and the results which it may be desirable to reach, are known. In regard to the objects and effects of summer pruning or pinching, we will quote from some eminent and standard authorities.

THOMAS says—"The production of fruit buds may be accomplished by summer pruning, which is effected by pinching off the soft ends of the side shoots after they have made a few inches' growth. In this the sap immediately accumulates, and the young buds upon the remainder of these shoots, which otherwise would produce leaves, are gradually changed into fruit buds. To prevent the breaking of these buds into new shoots by too great an accumulation of the sap, a partial outlet is left for its escape through the leading shoot of the branch which, at the same time, is effecting the enlargement of the tree. This constitutes essentially the art of *summer pruning* dwarf and pyramidal trees, more especially the pear and apple. It may be applied with advantage to young standards to produce early fruitfulness." DOWNING says:—"There are advantages and disadvantages attending all seasons of pruning, but our own experience has led us to believe that, practically, a fortnight before mid-summer is by far the best season, on the whole, for pruning in the Northern and Middle States. Wounds made at that season heal over rapidly and freely." BARRY advises pinching the shoots during the growing season, to regulate the form of the tree and to promote early fruitfulness.

Summer pruning, or pinching, if faithfully and wisely performed, will obviate the necessity of much other cutting. In this way the cultivator may train up his tree, and direct its growth to harmonious proportions, without being compelled to use the knife or saw severely at any period of its life.

PROFITS OF FRUIT GROWING.

EDMUND MORRIS, the talented author of "Ten Acres Enough" contributes an article to the American Journal of Horticulture on the comparative profits of ordinary farming and skillful fruit and vegetable growing. As the profits of farming are practically understood by the most of our readers, we transfer to our columns a few paragraphs relative to fruit growing:

Within twenty years rye has given place to asparagus, which we plant in great fields of ten to twenty acres. Well planted, it will cost a hundred dollars to set an acre: but it will continue productive for twenty years; and, if properly cared for, will clear two hundred dollars annually. It comes gratefully into market directly after the ground is clear of frost, and is eagerly sought after in every market. There are men all around me who have made small fortunes out of this single article. Then comes the strawberry, for which there is the same ever-recurring public impatience. I have seen patches of this fruit, from which the runners have been carefully cut, and the plants covered with coarse manure in winter, from which a clear profit, over picking and marketing, of five hundred dollars per acre, has been realized. I know that there are hundreds who do not clear a fifth of this per acre; but the difference does not lie either in the soil, the berry, or the market, but exclusively in the man. It is not muscle that produces the strawberry crop which carries off the top price in market, but brains. Yet so wonderfully hardy is this plant, and so generously does it bear even under the unkindest treatment, that the veriest sluggard has been known to greatly exceed the Vermont standard of eight dollars per acre. Thus one acre of strawberries can be made to produce as much as two of asparagus.

These continue in bearing until the raspberries are ready to be picked. Now, two acres of raspberries will require no more labor to keep them in condition than one of strawberries; yet it is an every-year result to take three to four hundred dollars' worth of fruit from a single acre. The reasons for this are conclusive. The plants do not blossom until after the very latest frost has fallen: hence the crop is never blasted. The raspberry is a universal favorite; and the supply is never up to the demand, as its cultivation has been strangely neglected: hence it commands high prices. The improved varieties are enormous bearers, making the aggregate receipts from an acre so large as to be almost incredible. Even from the common purple-cane variety, I have known sixteen hundred dollars' worth to be gathered and sold from a field of three acres. From all the facts occurring around me, it would seem impossible to suggest a more advantageous investment than that of raspberry culture.

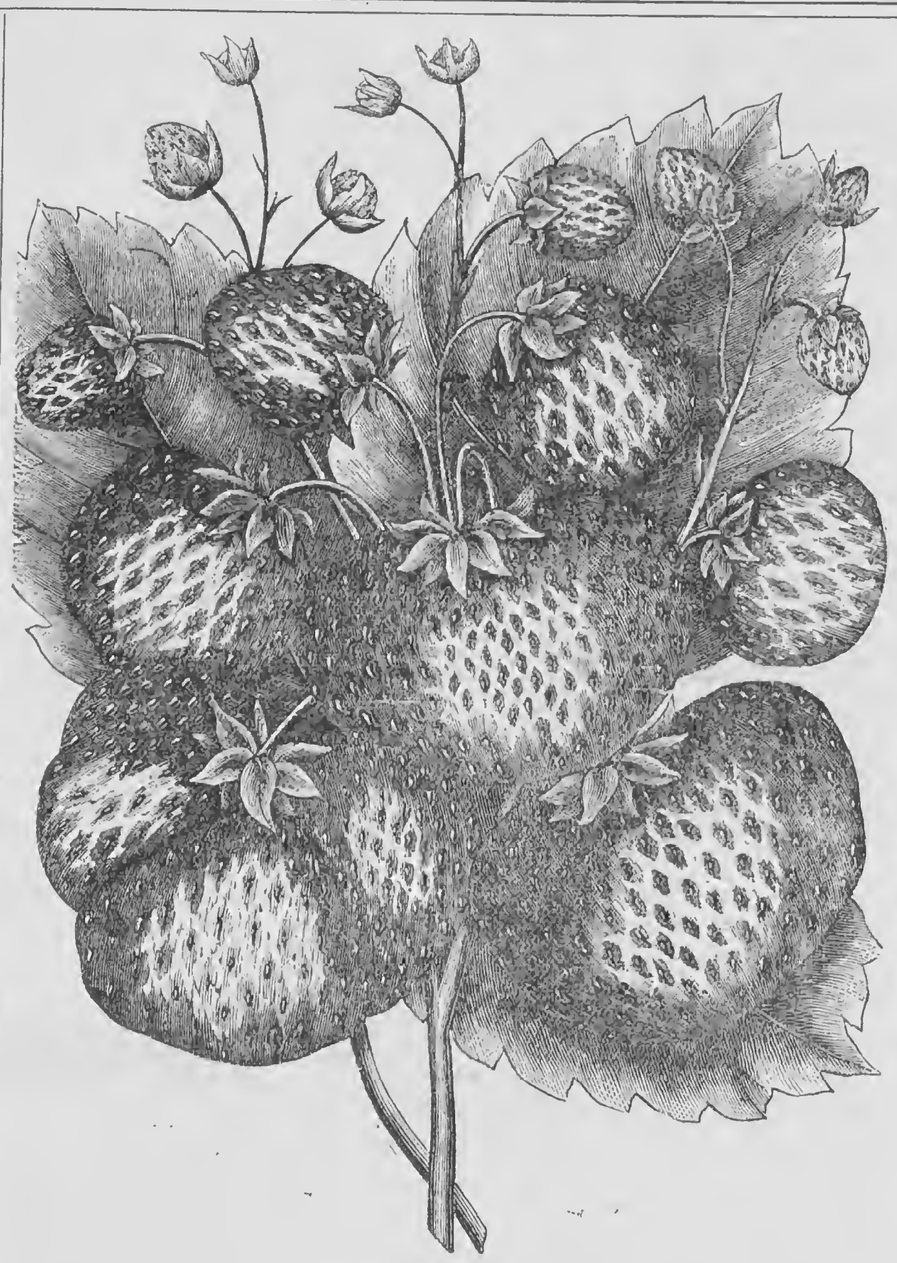
This fruit has hardly disappeared from market when the blackberry comes in to gratify with a new sensation the still-unsated appetite of the millions who reside in cities. Many varieties of this fruit are competing for public preference. The Dorchester and Lawton are most generally known, and have been longest tested. I presume no one will dispute the earliness and lusciousness of the Dorchester, nor the vast productiveness of the Lawton. Last year, one of my neighbors sold eight hundred dollars' worth of the Dorchester from the first week's picking upon two and a half acres. It ripens very early, retains its color after being picked, and is of undisputed flavor. If not bearing so profusely as the Lawton, its earliness brings up the difference in the cash result. Two acres in this fruit will require less looking after than one of strawberries. But the grower of one berry should have all three. As they ripen in succession, not interfering with each other, a continuance of cash receipts is secured until peaches and grapes come in. The same boxes answer for the three crops. If one of them should be shortened by rain or drougth, the others will be pretty sure to escape. Thus, our eggs being in different baskets, we can afford a smash-up in one of them without a ruinous result.

Here are, say, seven acres devoted to asparagus and the berries, planted and cultivated as a specialty. There will be no really hard work in properly attending to them. It is care, attention, with *brains*, that are required,—more head-work than hand-work. How astonishing the contrast between the product of such a field and that of the Vermont farmer, who toiled over a tract of a hundred and twenty-five acres to secure a return of only seven hundred and thirty-two dollars! How little that worthy and contented man can know how other people live! Eight dollars an acre! Yet I should be unwilling to disturb the perfect satisfaction which this modest return appears to have brought with it. His happy temper shows us that contentment does not consist in the number of dollars that one annually gains, and that money is far from being every thing in this world. True comfort lies in a nutshell.

"The birds singing gayly, that come at my call,—
Give me these, with sweet peace of mind dearer than all."

But, changing off for a moment from fruit to truck, let me give some items from the note-book of a small trucker. He marketed a hundred dollars' worth of tomatoes from one-third of an acre; from a quarter acre of cantelopes, fifty dollars; from another quarter acre in early cabbages, fifty dollars; from two and a quarter acres in turnips and tomatoes, four hundred and eighty-eight dollars and fifty cents; and from the fortieth of an acre of onions and peppers, twenty-five dollars; making a total of seven hundred and eleven dollars and fifty cents from less than four acres of extremely light land, or within a trifle of the gain upon thirty times the same number of acres devoted to grass and grain in Vermont. True, the Vermont farmer is not alone. Even the choicest Pennsylvania land, within thirty miles of Philadelphia, sometimes affords an equally meager return. A Pennsylvanian came here recently in search of a location among us. He owned a farm of a hundred acres, worth fifteen thousand dollars; and mentioned that the County Agricultural Society had awarded him the premium for the best cultivated farm in the county. Here was the indorsement of competent judges that he understood his business. But he admitted that his profit at the year's end had only once amounted to five hundred dollars.

Statements of similar unpromising character have been made by strangers from the North and West; so that my quiet Vermonter will find himself only one of a large company. I cannot believe, however, that such unremunerative returns for capital and labor are general; and am sure that there must be facts to temper and account for them. Farming on a large scale must unquestionably pay, or it would be quickly abandoned. These cases are cited only by way of contrast with the results of fruit growing and trucking in a region where the markets are so large, that every thing we produce commands the highest price. But it must not be supposed that all fruit growers succeed; for such is not the fact. Nor do all lawyers or doctors or storekeepers. These several occupations are intrinsically desirable, and we see that men grow rich by pursuing them. But success depends as much upon the man as upon the occupation. A careless, idle, inattentive horticulturist will fail as certainly as a shiftless storekeeper or a lazy doctor. Success comes of industry and brains. Without them, one need not hope for even eight dollars an acre.



NAPOLEON III.

OUR illustration of this foreign strawberry was drawn from fruit and foliage taken from a bed of the variety growing in Rochester, N. Y. The fruit is large, sometimes irregular and cockscomb-shaped; color, brilliant crimson; flesh, firm, white, finely and delicately flavored; seeds, small and not deeply set. The plant appears vigorous, and the foliage endures the sun well—keeping fresh until late. The flowers are hermaphrodite.

Thus far no foreign sort introduced in this country has proved equal to some native ones for general market culture. Had we nothing but foreign varieties to depend on our cities would be poorly supplied with the luscious strawberry. On the other hand some of these foreign kinds have done remarkably well in localities and achieved good reputations as profitable fruits for market and amateur use.

Of these we may mention Triomphe de Gand, Jucunda, Trollopes Victoria, La Constante and Napoleon III. For amateur culture these foreign varieties, where they succeed, are desirable on account of quality of fruit, and, with some, as the Napoleon III, in addition, lateness of season. In Pennsylvania the variety illustrated seems to find congenial elements, and it is cultivated with success in the grounds of E. J. EVANS & CO., York. Some testimonials regarding its merits will be found in the advertisement of that firm in our present issue. The Napoleon has been injured in reputation by the dissemination of spurious varieties, the Austin having been extensively substituted in its stead; we have heard favorable reports of the true variety, and where it has come under our own observation it was certainly promising.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Early Peas.—An English writer states that he sowed Sutton's Ringleader and Dan O'Rourke, on the first of February, in boxes, under glass, and transplanted them out in a south border, about the middle of March. On the 15th of May he had a good dish of Sutton's Ringleader fit for gathering. The pods were small, but well filled, while Dan O'Rourke will be fully a week behind.

Aughwick Grape.—This is another new variety, which has been offered to the public as a wine grape not equaled in America. It was found growing on an old farm in the Aughwick Valley in Pennsylvania. The bunch is about the same size as the Clinton, with larger berries; bunches shouldered; color of juice very dark red, almost black, and strong flavor, making a very dark red wine. Wine and fruit entirely free from rot or mildew. It is a strong grower, and has stood the severest winters, while others have been frozen to the ground.

Oil Cake for Cut-Worms.—An exchange says that a handful of oil meal in a hill of corn, will occupy the cut-worms till the kernel is decayed, and no longer liable to be injured by them. As a manure, it is worth about as much as guano, so that where cut-worms abound it will pay to use it freely. If this preventive is effective in saving corn from the ravages of the cut-worm, it would be of great use in preserving cabbage and sweet potatoes, of which a very large proportion is destroyed every year, after they are transplanted.

Strawberries Compared.—A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator writing from Alabama, says: "I take pleasure in noting the following varieties of the strawberry as having been tried. The numbers represent productiveness, letters quality,—commencing with 1 and "a," as representing highest qualities:—Russell's Prolific, 1, d; Wilson's Albany Seedling, 2, c; Triomphe de Gand, 3, a; Stinger's Seedling, 1, a, on trial, not certain; Jucunda, 0, 0—worthless; French's Seedling, 4, e; Downer's Prolific, 4, c; Lady Finger, 2, b; Longworth's Prolific, 2, c; Crimson Cone, 2, c; Agriculturist, 4, d; Green Prolific, 5, b; Golden Queen, 4, c.

The Curculio and Tar Water.—A fruit grower gives gas tar the credit of being an extinguisher of the curculio. He says:—"I had just emptied a barrel of gas tar. This I filled with water, which in two days was dark colored as coffee and pungent as creosote. On the first appearance of the curculio, with a small hand forcing-pump, I gave the trees an effectual drenching and repeated it every three days for two weeks, but did not find a plum stung after the first application. To my extreme satisfaction, there was such an abundance of fruit that it was necessary to place supports under the limbs to save the trees.

Mountain Vineyards, California.—J. M. B. WETHEWAX, Eldorado, writes the California Farmer concerning the vintage prospects in his vicinity. His report is that grapes look remarkably well and promise an increase over the crop of last year of from 60 to 75 per cent. The average of vines is very large about Coloma and Diamond Springs. The fruit prospects there are equally flattering. The Catawba is reported to thrive best at an elevation of from 1,200 to 2,500 feet; the Mission does best at about 1,700. Raisin grapes cannot be successfully grown at an elevation of more than about 1,000 feet. Even there they fruit very irregularly.

Cranberry Growing South.—The successful use of marshy sections of ground in the Northern States, for the production of cranberries, seems to have attracted the attention of parties in the cotton growing region. A writer in the Dixie Farmer wants to know whether the cranberry can be grown in the warm latitudes, as there is an abundance of waste land there seemingly suited to the propagation of this plant. The presumption is that the climate south is not congenial to the cranberry, else it would have been found growing there, in the wild state, as it was in the northern region when the country was first discovered. But there is an easy way of solving the question by the simple experiment of planting the vines in some promising spot in any of the Gulf States.

The Florida Air Plant.—We extract a paragraph from Hovey's Magazine:—This plant grows freely in all situations, adhering to the barks of the live oak, cypress, cedar and maple. It is occasionally found growing on the pine, but very rarely. Its most favored locality seems to be on those large live oaks which overhang our glorious river (the St. Johns.) Unlike the mistletoe it does not penetrate the bark and woody fibre, but ramifies its sparse roots into the cracks, crevices and inequalities of the bark, and may be truly said to be an "air plant," as it derives no nourishment from the bark, but wholly and solely from the air and moisture. When you pluck it from the tree, no matter where you throw it it will live. You cannot kill it save you bruise it. It seems to live alike without, as well as with, moisture, though from their abundance on the banks of our river, it would seem as though it were a favored locality. This plant is one of the kindest friends to the hunter and traveler, for no matter where found, whether on the stunted live oak in our burning almost endless sandy barren scrubs, where no water can be found for ten or even twenty miles—or by the river bank—wherever found, if you pluck it from the tree and invert it over a tin cup you will obtain from two to three ounces of the finest, purest, coldest water that ever it was the fortune of a thirsty traveler to partake of. Where this water is obtained from I cannot imagine, unless it is from the heavy dews we have here at night.

Hanging Baskets.—Of these tasteful, little bouquet holders there is an almost infinite variety. Rustic baskets, made of knot chopping bowls, ornamented with willow, bamboo and gnarled roots, fastened on with small brads, and finished with a coating of good carriage varnish; embossed terra cotta; cocoanut shells, trimmed with burrs, acorns and small nuts; sea shells, suspended by wires; woven wire baskets, and even ox muzzles and wire dish covers answer quite as well for this purpose as many of the more expensive kinds. To cultivate a basket plant is much more difficult than in any other manner, they being so exposed to the heat and wind. To prepare a wire basket, first fill in the interstices with moss, (that which grows on logs and the roofs of old houses is preferable,) then sprinkle in a little sandy loam, putting a bit of coarse sponge in the bottom to retain sufficient water to moisten the earth in very dry weather. Over that lay a piece of muslin, then fill the basket with rich soil.

For basket culture for the house or piazza, the ivies rank highest. English and Coliseum Ivy, Ivy-Leaved Geranium, Lycodedias, Climbing Ferns, Chinese Saxifrage, Strawberry Geranium, Myrtle, Monewort, Maherina, Lobelia, Maurandia, Dwarf Nasturtiums and Mignonette will all flourish if the basket be properly prepared, and they are well watered, which should be done every night when the weather is windy and very warm. A cocoanut shell filled with the common Stone crop will soon become a perfect ball of a lovely apple green. To enrich the soil in the above mode of flower growing, sprinkle a little pure bone dust on the surface, near the bottom of the plant, about once a month during the season.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

THE NICANOR STRAWBERRY.—We have inspected again this new strawberry of Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, on their grounds, where it is, and has been for years, grown to furnish fruit for market, by the side of many varieties of old and acknowledged excellence. So far as correct judgment of its value can be formed by its appearance and behavior in one locality, it is evidently without a rival, and it promises to supplant even the Wilson as the great source for supplying the markets. It is distinguished among the many and leading varieties grown in the same field by rich, strong, healthy and enduring foliage, productiveness, earliness of ripening the first fruit, great length of bearing season, berries of uniform size, and a flavor approaching more to the Triomphe de Gand than the Wilson, of which two varieties it is a cross. The color of the fruit is bright scarlet, and the berries are of a uniform conical shape, solid, and must bear transportation well. It was illustrated in our issue for August 24th, 1867.

Messrs. E. & B.'s collection of varieties of the strawberry, both native and foreign, and also of seedlings, is very large, and much valuable information concerning this fruit can be gathered by a few hours devoted to their inspection.

FROM THE LAKE ERIE ISLANDS.—E. B. SIBLEY sends us some notes from Put-in-Bay, Ohio:—"Grapes on the Islands are quite promising so far this season, especially the Delaware, Norton's Virginia Seedling and Ives' Seedling. The Delaware stands at the head of the list. Many leading German and other vineyardists say the Delaware and Norton will be the two leading wine grapes of America. The Catawba vineyards are somewhat spotted this season. Some are showing for a very full crop, and others, especially those on low grounds, are showing the effects of winter freezing, which happened in February, owing to an easterly storm of rain, that froze on the vines, followed by severe weather; but this only happened on this (South Bass) Island, so far as I have learned. On the whole, should nothing befall the vineyards for the next six weeks, there will be a large yield. We have had a good demand for all the wine made here last fall, at fair, indeed, I may say, good prices. We are having a fine growing time. Wheat, grass and fruit generally look well. We are visited by the seventeen year locust in a small way. They are not, however, doing much damage; they confine themselves to the woods chiefly."

THE OHIO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The failure of the cherry crop in Ohio caused an abandonment of the proposed summer exhibition of the Society of that State. A committee meeting for the examination of fruits will be held at Cleveland on the 8th and 9th days of July. They will visit the grounds of fruit growers in the vicinity of Cleveland, and report on what they see, and on such samples of fruit as may be forwarded for examination.

PATENTS IN HORTICULTURE.—A. S. FULLER furnishes an article to the June number of the Horticulturist, advocating protection to Horticulturists who originate new fruits and plants. Doubtless there are many cases in which adequate remuneration is not returned for value received by the people, but we think it difficult to devise a system of protection which would obviate this without inflicting greater wrong.

VARIEGATED FOLIAGE PLANTS FROM SEED.—It has been my experience that there is no reliability of reproduction from seed of any variegated foliage plant. I have sown seed of purple leaved barberry, purple leaved filbert, striped leaved corns or maize, &c., &c., and never obtained more than three per cent. of like reproduction, the other ninety-seven reverting back to the natural order.—ADDI.

BLIGHTED BLACK CAP RASPBERRIES.—We have noticed in several localities a blight on the half grown berries of the Doolittle raspberry. They turn dark colored, shrivel and dry away. May it not be owing to the flowers being imperfectly fertilized, or the pollen being washed out by heavy rains at the period of blossoming?

HORTICULTURAL BOOKS.—We refer our correspondents asking for information about Horticultural and Agricultural books, to the book list which we publish frequently in the advertising columns.

Domestic Economy.

RECIPE FOR WASHING FLUID, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am a weekly reader of the RURAL. I have become very much interested in the "Domestic Economy" column, in which I find a great many valuable recipes. May 9th contains a recipe for making Hop Yeast, which I have tried, and find it most excellent. I have several recipes which I think very valuable. Shall they receive a place in your columns?

WASHING FLUID.—Take ½ oz. gum camphor; dissolve in ½ pint alcohol; also ½ lb. borax, and the same of sal soda, and dissolve in a gallon of hot rain water. Stir all the ingredients together, then add one gallon cold rain water, and the fluid is ready. In using, add about four tablespoonsful to each pint of soap needed, and apply to the parts of clothing most soiled; soak in warm water a half hour, and then proceed with your washing as usual, not boiling over five minutes. I have used this for about a year, and *know* it is good.

CANNING LEMONS.—In answer to an inquiry, I send my way:

Cut the lemon in thin slices, the same as for pies; put in a porcelain kettle or new tin sauce pan; add ½ lb. white sugar to each lb. of lemon; place over the fire and simmer about fifteen or twenty minutes; have ready glass cans (self-sealing I prefer;) fill and close immediately. But little water is required.

BLUING FOR CLOTHES.—Take 1 oz. Prussian blue; ½ oz. oxalic acid; put in a quart bottle, and fill up with soft water; this is a very economical bluing, and far preferable to indigo. C. M. B.

Attica, Ohio, 1868.

HOUSE KEEPING—MAGGIE VS. JENNIE.—I think cousin JENNIE must have forgotten to say through the RURAL that before preparing her breakfast she had from ten to thirty chickens to feed, two or three cows to milk; that when breakfast was over she had from ten to twenty pans of milk to skim; pans to wash and scald; then prepare the churn and churn from half an hour to an hour. I think if she had done these chores she would not have found time to sit down one hour before dinner.—MAGGIE.

CURRRNT JELLY.

PICK fine red, but long, ripe currants from the stems; bruise them and strain the juice from a quart at a time through a thin muslin; wring it gently, to get all the liquid; put a pound of white sugar to each pound of juice; stir it until it is all dissolved; set it over a gentle fire; let it become hot, and boil for fifteen minutes; then try it by taking a spoonful into a saucer; when cold cover with tissue paper as directed. Glass should be tempered by keeping it in warm water for a short time before pouring any hot liquid into it, otherwise it will crack. To make currant jelly without boiling, press the juice from the currants and strain it; to every pint put a pound of fine white sugar; mix them together until the sugar is dissolved; then put it into jars, seal them, and expose them to the hot sun for two or three days. The above is said to be a correct recipe, and produces the very best of jelly, and I shall give it a trial the present season.

STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—Make and bake a light short-cake—that is, make it up with buttermilk or sour cream, with soda in it; some lard, also, of course. Then split in three pieces, put the bottom crust on a plate, strew ripe strawberries and sugar on it, then the middle or soft part of the cake and cover the same way with the berries and sugar; then put on the top crust and return it to the oven awhile.

RAISIN CAKE.—Beat one cup of sugar and one cup of butter together, add six well beaten eggs, one cup of milk or cream with half a teaspoon of soda in it, also a teaspoonful of cream tartar in the flour. Add flour sufficient for pound cake batter—about three cups full. Have ready half a pound of stoned raisins, flour them and stir them in the last thing before baking. This amount will make two medium loaves.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TIMELY HINTS.

RICH cheese feels soft under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it in a cloth, put in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as its odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

Bread and cake should be kept in a tin box or stone jar.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and should not be used till three months old.

Bar soap should be cut into pieces of a convenient size, and laid where it will become dry. It is well to keep it several weeks before using, as it spends fast when it is new.

TO PRESERVE HAMS FROM FLIES.—The best way to preserve hams from flies is, as soon as they are smoked, to wrap them in two old newspapers, first with one end and again with another, and tie the ends of the paper or paste them down. Let the string to hang them up by come through the paper, being very careful that the hole shall only be large enough to let the string through. No insect can get through paper. Woolens and furs can be kept perfectly in the same way, being careful that the egg of the moth is not previously deposited.

BONED CHICKEN.—This is nice for picnics. First take out the breast-bone; then remove the back with a sharp knife, and next the leg bones; keep the skin unbroken, and push within it the meat of the legs. Fill the body with alternate layers of parboiled tongue, veal force-meat, the liver of the fowl, thin slices of bacon, or aught else of good flavor which will give a marbled appearance to the fowl when carved, then sew up and truss as usual.

BEEF CAKES.—Pound some beef that is underdone with a little fat bacon or ham; season with pepper, salt, and a little shalot; mix them well, and make into small cakes three inches long, and half as wide and thick; fry them a little brown, and serve them in a good thick gravy.

TONGUE, after it has been boiled, cut into thick slices, and stewed in a rich, brown gravy, makes a very nice corner dish.

Ladies' Department.

THE OLD SEAT.

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON NEXT PAGE.

DEAR Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
How strange with you once more to meet,
To hold your hand, to hear your voice,
To sit beside you on this seat!
You mind the time we sat here last?—
Two little children-lovers we,
Each loving each with simple faith,
I all to you—you all to me.

Ah! Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
We sit together now as then;
I press your hand, you meet my glance,
We seem as if we loved again.
But in my heart I feel the truth,
The dear old times have passed away;
The love that once possessed our souls
We do but simulate to-day.

Since last we met, my Lady Vere,
You've grown in years and culture too,
And, putting childish things away,
Have ceased to be sincere and true.
Naught caring for a single soul,
You spare no trouble, reck no pain,
To add another name unto
The bead-roll of the hearts you've slain.

To you, my Lady Vere de Vere,
What is it that a heart may break?
You had no hazard in the game—
He should have played with equal stake.
You did but seek to while away
The slow hours of an idle night;
The fault lay with the fool who failed
To read your character aright.

But, Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You make your wares by far too cheap;
Your net claims all as fish that comes
Within the limit of its sweep.
You sit beside me here to-day,
You try to make me love again;
But I am safe the while I think
You've sat thus with a score of men.

Still, Lady Clara, Clara, dear,
Beneath your finished mask I see
The gentle heart, the honest mind,
That made you once so dear to me.
Your voice is still as sweet as then,
Your face is still as pure and good:
I see the graces of my love
All ripened in her womanhood.

If some day, Clara Vere de Vere,
You weary of the counterfeit,
And look with yearning back upon
The olden times linked with this seat—
If you would change your fleeting loves
For one true love forever more,
Then we will come and see this place,
And sit together, as of yore.

But meanwhile, Lady Vere de Vere,
Of me win all renown you may;
A plaything fresh my heart for you,
A new world for your sovereign sway.
Bring all your practiced charms in play,
Shoot all your darts, they cannot hurt;
For when we meet I clothe me in
The proved chain-armor of a flirt.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TREASURES.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

I was weary that sultry July morning. There was air enough; but it swept over me with its heated breath, bringing surges of dust until I was nearly suffocated. I touched Bell, (a gentle animal I was allowed to drive,) with the whip, and hurried on towards home. How dear home seemed to me as I thought of the cool, pleasant sitting-room.

But I was too burthened with care, just then, to think quietly: there was so much to be done, so many obligations to be met, so many ways and means devised that the press of business and hurry consequent upon the season of haying, etc., should not bring wrinkled brows, and sour faces. My help in the house must be directed, and needed oversight constantly; every man was busy, and more needed; while I, the wife and mother, was *trying* to be useful, doing little extras, taking tools and implements to town to be repaired, getting groceries, delivering messages and doing errands generally.

Soon I met an elegant establishment. The wealth of its occupants I knew was vast. They were chatting, gaily; and while their merry laughter echoed back to me, my little sigh reached them not. I fancied they knew very little about perplexity, less of the peaceful heart I carried, though to-day I was sad, and sighed as I looked back, wishing aloud that GOD would drop me down a treasure. Though vast wealth of love I had,—my heart craved no more,—of gold I had little. I thought, had I been the recipient of so much wealth, I would carry sunshine to hearts and homes where gold never glittered. I would do, O, so many great and good deeds! And, surely, I thought, GOD is the great Giver; may He not drop me down a treasure?

I fancy others than myself have looked back wistfully along life's dusty highway, and hoped somewhere amid its meanderings to find a treasure. To some of these, wealth may have seemed the very best good earth could offer;—love and a contented spirit may have looked strangely inferior compared to this. Others may have searched for it so eagerly as to sacrifice virtue, many may have struggled for it because their wants were pressing—indeed without it they must meet starvation. These, and a thousand more, may have sighed for a golden treasure to be dropped into their pathway somewhere in their journey. How many of us may feel our lives compassed by a *narrow* circle,—bound around by very limited proportions,—hedged up, with few bright openings into the outer world, few chances for feeding taste, widening talent, extending capability and giving nourishment to our craving hearts,—and yet, are not we just where GOD wished us to be? Has not *His* hand led us, and are not our surroundings, be what they may, the compass pointing daily to our duties? When in the place we occupy every obligation is met, every duty done well, and our term of discipline expired, may not the Master bid us come up higher?

We may sigh for wealth, thinking we would give never so freely, bring untold light and liberty to weary hearts,—we may ask for treasures with which to feed the mind, and lavishly scatter over earth flaming thoughts, and yet how vain! Treasures! we can let them fall about us every hour. We can scatter them like the glorious sunshine of heaven, and yet have no gold. Treasures! they are in the gentle, kindly words we speak, the patient, forgiving tones we breathe, the silent, meek forbearance we offer to those who love us, to those who tread beside us the path leading to one common goal. Treasures—they shine in the smiles that wreath our brows, like glints of gold lighting up life's dark way,—smiles that bring to burdened hearts more lasting peace than wealth, costing us nothing, yet crowning the words we speak with magic charms. Actions, too, whose unspoken language breathes of benevolent sympathy, falling silently here and there, may bless and strengthen, lift up and elevate, reach and rescue, where gold would be powerless.

O, how many of us may drop treasures by the way whose record, though not found on earth, may be registered where the angels dwell, to be remembered when gold shall have perished! We who sigh for treasures, are we filling the opportunities we have to do good with benevolent deeds? Do our words fall *pleasantly* on listening ears, and our truthful, soul-lit smiles cheer sad and sorrowful ones? Have our actions bespoken nobleness of purpose, purity of heart, and kindness of spirit? If so, then are we living for those whom we love,—living to scatter treasures among high and low, rich and poor,—living to honor GOD by faithfully filling our allotted place; and soon may He say to us—"It is enough, come up higher."

Canandaigua, N. Y., June, 1868.

MAIDEN AUNTS.

SOME of the nearest approaches to the perfection of a woman's nature have been made by maiden aunts. And they reach this high eminence without brushing off the bloom of their modesty by ostentatious display of their self-sacrifice. They pursue their high calling without noise, almost without being aware that they are moving in an exalted sphere. They ask not the acclamations of the world. Their eye is not intent upon their reward. In their work they find their motive and their wages. They live in their sympathies, and walk in the sunshine of their broadly diffused love. Perhaps this is one reason, moreover, why maiden aunts, if they have fairly cultivated their own minds, are so interesting in social life. They have generally at their command a fund of disengaged feeling which they are ready to bestow upon affairs outside their own circle.

The habit of caring for what is not specially their own prompts them to give a livelier heed to what is passing around them. They often acquire a relish for affairs which their married sisters delegate entirely to their husbands, brothers or sons. They take a more vivacious interest in what concerns the well-being of society—in books and systems, in public movements and events, in matters of art and taste, in a knowledge of persons and things beyond domestic limits. As companions, they commonly possess a much wider area over which thought and sympathy can be elicited in conversation; are less reserved, less pre-occupied, less engrossed by immediate and urgent responsibilities. Their unconcentrated affections are at liberty for present exercise and momentary enjoyment, and, like diffused warmth, can make their gentle influence felt over an extended surface. We look upon maiden-auntship as a blessed institution, and were all who enter it worthy of it, society would give pre-eminent honor and distinction.—*Exchange.*

THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE.

PRUDENT or otherwise, the fisherman will marry. Without a roof, without a rod of land or a floating timber head, he will marry like the rest of mankind. He hires a room or two, a bed, a stove, a few chairs, a clock, a table, cutlery and crockery to set it, and his home is complete. A carpet is a luxury. Said a fisherman's three months' bride to a landlord, "You needn't paint the floor, I've got a carpet to put on it." You should have heard the tone with which this was uttered. Carpet—it was a brown stone front, carriage and span, and a trip to Paris to her.

The absent fisherman may or may not be due, but the anxious wife will begin to look for him early. This looking for cannot last but a few weeks. The inevitable conclusion must be accepted if absent longer. No vessel has ever arrived after having been given up as lost by the owner.

The picture of a wife and mother sick at home drew a skipper to run from the security of a harbor homeward with a storm pending. Though the wife heard, as she thought, his accustomed rap under the window as a signal for her to open the door, he never came; but the certainty instead, that the vessel's crew perished on Cape Cod. Changes often meet him on his return. A young wife about to become a mother, said to her husband, who was loth to leave her, "Go, John, I shall do well; you know you cannot afford to lose a trip." He went; in a couple of months he returned. You don't know how many names he had selected for his boy or girl; neither do I. You do not know the hope that was in his heart as he lifted the latch. God knows. What! no welcome! The curtains down; the room cheerless and silent. Babe and mother died and were buried together,—the neighbors told him.

GOOD BREEDING.

I BELIEVE this matter of good manners and good breeding to be chiefly in the hands of mothers. It is as easy to teach a child to say "Thank you for the bread," as "Give me some bread;" as easy to accustom a family of children to bid their parents good morning upon ordinary, as guests upon extraordinary, occasions. Let there be no "company manners." Convince children by example, no less than precept, that the best they have to offer in matter and manner should be laid before those they love most earnestly. A boy taught at ten to enter the parlor and bow to his mother's friend, will do it with ease and self-possession at twenty. For what, after all, is ease of manner but politeness long practiced and incorporated as an unconscious constituent of the individual? It may be well for us to remember the original significance of gentleman, gentlewoman—terms which I fear would never have grown out of the blustering carriage of a large class of modern gallants. "Gentle blood," and "noble lineage" were synonyms in those old days. "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*" was the Latin proverb, and it has often occurred to the writer that we, of the present generation, are more in danger of forgetting the mildness of manner than the strength in deed.—*Springfield Republican.*

OUR SPICE BOX.

A REFLECTION upon the ladies:—The looking glass.

AN object of foul play:—A henpecked husband.

POPULAR diet in Utah:—Spare rib.

ANIMAL pictures:—Medal-lion portraits.

THE superstitions of earth:—Sandwiches.

A JUMPING business:—Hunting grasshoppers.

AN unpleasant sight in summer:—Anthracite.

THE butchers are economical:—They make both ends meet.

A HINDRANCE to marriage:—The government tax on matches.

CAST no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

WE suffer more from anger and grief than for the very things for which we anger and grieve.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUNSET MUSINGS.

AH, who can be sad when the days are so bright?
When Summer birds warble for each heart a song;
When blossoms pour incense from valley and height,
And zephyrs tell fairy tales all the day long?—
When sloping lands golden with life-giving grain,
And fruit trees with loaded arms gracefully bend;
When meadows and clover fields glisten with rain,
And all natures charms in sweet harmony blend?

I seek her chaste halls when the glad wooing beams
That made the day blush in their grandeur, retire,
And on her chintz carpet tread light as in dreams,
With heart full of music and soul all on fire.
And oh, I could linger at such a glad hour
Till all the guests, weary, had left me alone;
Still gathering dainties from nature's rich dower,
And soothed by the rivulet's lullaby tone.

Had GOD the great Giver made nature less fair,
Or painted the roses with one simple shade,
My soul would have blessed him in praises and prayer
For wisdom so skillful to mortals displayed;
But this tide of beauty,—this marvelous power
That robes earth and sky in such changeable grace,—
This varied adornment of bloom for each flower,—
Is rapture, unspeakable rapture, to trace!

And thus when I read of the beautiful home
He built for the blest with immortal-wrought gold,
Where sin never enters to mar its pure dome,
My spirit waits yearning its light to behold.
The glory of earth will depart in its time,
And this failing temple shall crumble to dust;
But safe with my GOD in his own starry clime
May I be found worthy to reign with the just!

L. M. D.

LITERARY WAIFS—CREDITS.

How many little waifs there are, afloat upon the sea of literature. They go drifting about, hither and thither, and of the thousands who see them none can tell from what port they first set sail. Half the "selected matter" which is found in the newspapers is made up of these waifs. They are generally short,—only two or three paragraphs, or maybe but one; sometimes are the best part of long and elaborate articles, sometimes the odd fancies of a mind accustomed to throwing off its gems of thought in this way by the dozen lines at a time. Like JAPHET in search of a father, they go about, orphaned wanderers, helped on for years by kindly hands through the whole round of the press.

It would be a curious diversion to follow one of these waifs through all its wanderings. It had its origin, perhaps, in the quiet study of some man obliged, as WILLIS once said, to coin his mind for daily bread. It may be part of a labored essay, and in this form goes out with authorship duly acknowledged, the pet child of a doting literary father. A discriminating editorial eye glances over the essay; the happily expressed thought attracts attention; the scissors come into play; all credit is forgotten or wilfully neglected,—and the paragraph goes forth, no more the pride of its parent, but a veritable waif, with never a mark of identity upon it.

We chanced upon one of these little wanderers the other day, in an exchange, that had a singularly familiar look about it. That it was indeed one of our literary children at length dawned upon us; but when and where was it called into being? The query puzzled us some time. We read it, and re-read it; one by one the recollections concerning it sprung into life; and finally we found the thing, in swaddling clothes, as it were, being in the midst of several other paragraphs which went to make up an editorial written long ago. It had come to go alone, it appeared,—carried a "side-head," and was deporting itself very independently. How far it had traveled, what strange adventures it had encountered, and when its travels would cease, we could only guess.

Of course these waifs change considerably, in going about as they do. A word is left out here, a comma forgotten there, or the phraseology of a sentence greatly altered, until the effect, if the author happens to see the foundling again, is much the same as if your child should come home with a new suit of clothes on. But the original thought is there just as the original boy is, and you know it is yours.

Poetical waifs are most subject to change. Not one compositor in ten will set up a piece of poetry *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim.* Naturally enough, then, by the time an estray has passed through a score or more of papers it is materially altered. Fortunate is it, in truth, if all rhyme and all rhythm be not entirely done away with. We have had some slight experience in this respect, sufficient, at least, to call out mild anathemas upon the blundering types. The types do not work all the changes, however. There may be a stanza too much, or one may not chance to please the fastidious scissors, and so the poor poetical waif loses its head. In course of time it is cut down still further, and passes nearly beyond recognition.

A bit of verse which we penned years since, when more given to rhyming than now, comes back to us occasionally, like a reminiscence of sentimental days. It has been a waif so long that we almost wonder, at times, if ever it did belong to us. There were seven or eight double stanzas at first, if we remember rightly, but there are only three or four now, and these are fearfully disfigured. We have thought of claiming the stray rhymes once more, and starting them anew, with our blessing, but as it would only tend to prolong their sufferings, we forbear.

—We did not design mentioning credits when we began to write of waifs, but the subjects are so closely connected that we can hardly let the opportunity go by without a word. For many years waifs without number have sailed from out the good port RURAL. Appreciating scissors have started them on their voyage, but have given them no home-bearings. We have been content, generally, to see them sailing on, uncredited, taking it as a compliment that our brethren of the quill and scissors should appropriate so freely from our columns. But, gentlemen, we are tired of finding our best things, editorial and contributed, set adrift by you, week after week, as mere foundlings, or what is worse, sailing under your colors. It may not always be possible for you to distinguish our literary editorials from the waifs we give, but generally you cannot mistake. When a communication forms the leader of any department it plainly bears the mark of ownership, and only the sheerest carelessness or the most willful mis-appropriation can let it go uncredited; yet scarcely a month ago a respectable religious journal, published not a thousand miles west of here, inserted as the leader in its editorial columns an article entitled, "Farming and Refinement," avowedly "written for MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER," and given in the same place that this occupies. If that was not plagiarism very glaring, will the Buffalo Advocate kindly inform us what it really *was?* We do not believe in editorial piracy, but aim to give the proper credit for every article selected, if that be possible. Will each of our exchanges please consider us as not wishing to be offensively personal when we say—"Go thou and do likewise?"

THE RAIL CAR—A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

WOULD you like the luxury of a new sensation? Take your stand six feet from a railroad track,—in the night, and await the passage of the express train. There is no wind stirring. Clouds close in the light of the stars. The hum of life has ceased. Blackness and silence brood together upon the surface of the earth. Afar off the listening ear catches a dawning roar. Half heard and half felt,—it grows into more distinctness,—partly revealed by the trembling of the solid earth and partly felt as a shapeless horror filling the air. Every second swells its awful volume and deepens its terror. The earth now quakes under its tread—a blazing glare as from the eyes of hell, flashes livid horror into the surrounding air,—and you see crawling along in snaky track, with fiery head crouched to the ground, and its long train swinging from side to side with a wavy motion,—a gigantic and terror breathing monster, instinct with life and power, brushing the earth with its tread, and creating a whirlwind with its blasting breath, as it sweeps along.

Is there anything in the world which impresses the mind with a profounder sense of resistless power,—than that enormous mass, with its blazing eyes and smoky breath,—rushing with the speed of a cannon ball, and startling the air and earth with the overwhelming horror of its flight? What would the savage think—seeing it for the first time? Imagine such a flight across the country fifty years ago, unheralded by any rumor of its coming, revealing its existence by its presence, and rushing suddenly into oblivion,—as it now rushes into the darkness while you gaze upon the spot where it disappeared, and hear only the faint echo of its distant tread. What rumors of it would fill the world! What tales of grandeur,—of its speed and power,—would startle the credulity of the remotest village gossip!—*N. Y. Times.*

DELIGHTFUL ITALIAN VILLAGE.

PRESENTLY we came to Anacapri, the cleanest, most picturesque and delightful of Italian villages. How those white houses, with their airy *loggias,* their pillared *pergolas,* and their trim gardens, wooed us to stay and taste the delight of rest among a simple, beautiful, ignorant and honest people! The streets were as narrow and shady as those of any Oriental city, and the houses mostly presented a blank side to them; but there were many arches, each opening on a sunny picture of slim, dark-haired beauties spinning silk, or grandmas regulating the frolics of children. The latter, seeing us, begged for *bajocchi*; and even the girls did the same, but laughingly, with a cheerful mimicry of mendicancy. The plazza of the village is about as large as the dining-room of a hotel. A bright little church occupies one side; and, as there was said to be a view from the roof, we sent for the key, which was brought by three girls. I made out the conjectured location of the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth palaces of Tiberius, whereof only a few stones remain, and then found that the best view was that of the three girls. They had the low brow, straight nose, short upper lip and rounded chin which belongs to the Caprese type of beauty, and is rather Hellenic than Roman. Their complexion was dark, sunburnt rather than olive, and there was a rich flush of blood on their cheeks; the eyes long and large, and the teeth white as the kernels of fresh filberts. Their bare feet and hands, spoiled by much tramping and hard work, were out of keeping with their graceful, statuesque beauty. A more cheerful picture of poverty (for they are all miserably poor) it would be difficult to find.—*Bayard Taylor, in the Atlantic Monthly for June.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

AUBER, whose new opera, "The First Happy Day," is now having a successful run in Paris, is in his eighty-ninth year, and is one of the few geniuses who is not impelled by his muse to create. He is essentially a man of pleasure, and of the world, and averse to application. "I have never," he not long since said to a friend, "known any other muse than *ennui.* Everybody says my music is gay. I wonder at it. There is not a single *motif* among those my admirers find the happiest which has not been written between two yawns. I could show you whole passages where my pen drew zigzags instead of bars and quaver lines, owing to sleepiness and fatigue. Often it has happened that my eyes have closed in spite of my efforts to keep them open, and my head fell upon my *partition.* The only explanation that I can give of this is that there is some truth in somnambulism."

In appearance AUBER is described as a little mummified old man, dressed with military precision and elaborately decorated. His eyes are snuff-colored and his face intersected in every possible direction with lines and wrinkles.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN is thus sketched by a London correspondent:—"A night or two ago I observed, when in the House of Commons, a tall middle-aged man, nearly bald, enter the gallery set apart for distinguished visitors, and move nervously to the end of the bench, until motioned by the attendant to take a better seat in the center. The features were familiar enough, but for a few minutes I could not recall his name. It was Prince CHRISTIAN, whose marriage two or three years ago, to one of the Queen's children gave some offence. To this day the Prince has to keep in the back ground. There is a prejudice against him. He is too old, it is thought, for his wife; and there is a story of a family which he left for a union which the church approves. Time must hang heavily on his hands, for he has eternally nothing to do. The Prince of Wales votes him "slow," and the two are rarely together."

LOVING AND HATING.—If you love, love more. If you hate, hate less. Life is too short to spend in hating any one. Why war against a mortal who is going the same road with us? Why not expand the flower of life and happiness by learning to love, by teaching those who are near and dear the beautiful lesson? Your hands may be hard, but your heart need not be. Your forms may be bent or ugly, but do you not know that the most beautiful flowers often grow in the most rugged, unsheltered places? The palace for care, the cottage for love. Not that there is no love in the mansion; but somehow, if we are not very careful, business will crowd all there is of beauty out of the heart. This is why God has given us the Sabbaths and Saturday nights, that we may leave business in the office and have a heart-cleaning.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

WE go our ways in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan:
Too often to the weak and helpless, blind;
Too often, where distress and want abide,
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.
Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide:
They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs:
Instead, we look about,—the way is wide,
And so we pass upon the other side.

O, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all
In tender accents, born of grief and tears!
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your selfishness and pride,
Pass *guiltless* by upon the other side!

INDEPENDENCE OF CHARACTER.

THE cedar lives where no other tree could live. And it grows at the expense of no other vegetation. Its shadows blight no other living thing; its roots crowd the roots of no other tree; its sap is drawn from a soil that promises nothing to any other growth. It lives in its own clear right, owing nothing to the courtesy of neighbor plants for making room; but it rises independent of all growing things beneath and around, and climbs into the atmosphere nearest to heaven, and shoves its most vigorous branches and tenderest buds the furthest through the high skies toward God, as if to lodge its brightest leaf and most beautiful cone against the windows of that eternal house not made with hands!

So if you are a true disciple of the Lord, you will be fitted to useful living here, and eternal living in heaven—not in case, not in quiet, not in sunshine, not in idleness, not in luxury, but, rather, you will be sanctified by work, by care, by antagonism, by affliction; you will be the Christian anywhere and everywhere; you will cheerfully breast the wild drift of persecution for the sake of the discipline it brings; *you will realize the dignity of personal accountability to Christ,* independent of family or sectarian prestige, as the cedar which draws and uses power in its appointed place, uncompromised with any other vegetation under the sun; you will send your highest, brightest thoughts in praise to God, and diffuse the incense of your love to heaven and earth the same; you will so grow in Christ Jesus that the winds of false doctrine will howl harmlessly by, without dislodging a thought or an affection of the soul, as the wild mountain winds pass by the cedar without detaching a leaf; you will even be stirred to sing psalms of thanksgiving by the very influences which shall blast the hopes of the ungodly forever. If converted and Christ-imaged, you will grow stronger with every added day, and be developed the more by every adversity, bereavement, loss, and sorrow, enlarging in heart and mind and soul, as you live and are tempted, standing firm on the Rock till you die. And then, being dead, your memory shall speak to succeeding generations, as the fragrance of the cedar breathes evermore when its foliage has departed, and its branches have been laid low in the dust.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by A. Clark.*

HELP THE DEGRADED.

HAD we not far better obey the law of our Father in heaven, and sacrifice something of comfort, of respectability, of ease, of luxury, and go down to them now and again, into the depths of the pits where they are laid, and lift them up, than wait for the time when they will say in fearful accents, "It is too late?" Let each now in the name of God, obey the call of duty, enable those, for whose souls no man has ever cared to rise up to honesty and happiness, and the blessing of God will follow. There are some who will say they have so many calls on their bounty. I pity the man who has few—the man to whom the needy seldom apply. Let me not live under that man's roof, or lie under that man's tomb! We have many calls, many obligations, but we are never so like our divine Master as when we are giving. God's existence is one eternity of giving. He has given heaven and earth, angels, principalities and powers; he has given glory, honor, immortality and life eternal; and last the priceless gift of his dear Son. To receive he never stoops, unless it be to receive the joy of bringing many sons to glory.—*Rev. Wm. Arthur.*

NO SCOLDING OR FRETTING IN HEAVEN.

A LITTLE girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion, when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:—"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?" The query was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock. "Why, Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?" "Why, God is good; you know you used to call him the 'Good Man' when I was little; and I should like to know if he ever scolded." "No, child, no." "Well, I'm glad he don't; for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault. I don't think that I could love God much if he scolded." The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart as she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes.

WHITFIELD once said:—"From my first awakening to the Divine Life I felt a particular hungering and thirsting after the humility of Jesus Christ. Night and day I prayed to be a partaker of that grace, imagining that the habit of humility would be instantaneously infused into my soul. But as Gideon taught the men of Succoth with thorns, *so God taught me to be humble by the exercise of strong temptation.*"

SAID Archbishop Whately, I am anxious, in common with all persons, of whatever church, who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, that his resurrection day should be more particularly set apart for religious worship and religious study and meditation. And if the day ought to be thus dedicated to such purposes, it is plain we ought to abstain from anything that may interfere with its being so observed, both by ourselves and by those we employ.

Educational.

THE PAY OF TEACHERS.

THAT teachers are too generally poorly paid for their labors will be frankly admitted. Teaching is easy work, many deluded people imagine, and is not properly entitled to more than moderate compensation. And this is why the vocation is crowded with men and women of indifferent ability. A thoroughly live man can do better, pecuniarily, in almost any other business. A preacher may feel it his duty to preach on even a paltry salary, but a teacher is not often moved by a sense of duty. He takes up the work because he is fitted for it, and has a taste for it. Because of his fitness and taste he ought to continue in it. As an inducement so to do, he should be given remuneration approximating, if not equal, to what he could command in some other calling.

In the public schools of the cities teachers' salaries are coming up to a fair standard. In some towns they are abundantly high enough. Cincinnati, as an example, pays its educators liberally. Its Superintendent receives $3,500 a year; the Principals of two High Schools each receive $2,500, their first male Assistants $2,100 each, and their first female Assistants each $1,100. Principals of Common Schools are paid $1,900 a year; first male Assistants in the same, $1,300; female Assistants generally, $700, except in cases of limited experience, when $650, $500 and $450 are paid. The lowest paid any teacher is $45 a calendar month. In Rochester, teachers' wages have been increased something like twenty per cent., of late; and we are informed that a similar increase is conceded in a few other localities.

But not many cities are so generous, or rather so just, in their dealings with teachers. And we hardly need state how teachers fare in the country. The poor schools which are there far too common are mainly the result of the poor prices paid for teaching. Pay liberal wages, secure good instructive talent thereby, and your schools will be the pride of Commissioners, and your children, as scholars, the pride of yourselves. The best country school we ever saw grew out of this wise liberality. A man of fine culture and genuine talent was secured as its teacher, at more than double the cost that the trustees of other schools were willing to incur. He taught the school for several consecutive winters, and it was a model of its kind. It won a reputation as being the best in the county, and called into it scholars from many of the surrounding districts. The new impulse which such a school gives to the cause of education in its vicinity is ample reward for the extra expense entailed by it. The enthusiasm which it awakens in the young who comprise it bears fruit longer than can be told.

On the other hand a poorly paid teacher puts little energy into his work. In the school-room he is listless and careless. His school partakes of his spirit; there is no emulation, no healthy competition, really no gratifying progress. Friends of the Common Schools, this state of things doesn't pay! Your children need something better. Do not rob your educational system through any false notions of economy. The truest economy is in good teaching, and good teaching comes from good teachers, liberally compensated. Deal generously with the instructors of the young, is the RURAL's advice.

VERY SENSIBLE.

IN his Address before the late Editorial Convention at Watkins, Rev. THOS. K. BEECHER, speaking of the newspaper in connection with schools, said:—"I would be glad to see the County newspaper run all the reading books out of the schools and furnish to the little fellows fresh reading once a week, and save them from the idiotic dullness with which they now pore over their thrice read readers."

We have before alluded to the value of the newspaper as an educational agent. By an active teacher it can be made to answer all the purposes of a reading book. A paper with a great variety of matter in its pages,—like the RURAL, for instance,—can be used in a reading class of any grade, and will prove highly entertaining as well as instructive. The teacher cannot fail to find amid its contents something adapted to every pupil; and if he is judicious in his selections the reading lessons will receive a new zest.

Arbitrary arrangements of matter for classes are rather growing into disfavor. Within a few years, doubtless, reading books will be wellnigh discarded. Some brief, pointed, practical treatise on Elocution is all that any school needs, in this line. Given that; then let the School Commissioner place a dozen or twenty copies of some excellent newspaper in each school; and the multitudinous series of "Readers" will be acknowledged of no value.

COMPUTING INTEREST.—Here is a new method of computing interest on any number of dollars at six per cent. which appears simple: Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure, and divide by six, the result is the true interest of such sum for such number of days at six per cent. This rule is so simple and so true, according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post it up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures.

MATHEMATICS IN OHIO.—The people of Ohio seem to be deeply impressed by a love of figures. The children daily attending the schools of that State pursue branches in the following proportion: Arithmetic, 61 per cent.; geography, 21 per cent.; grammar, 13 per cent.; twenty-one other studies, 5 per cent. Thus only one-twelfth as much attention is paid to twenty-one branches, which include history, algebra, physiology, natural and mental philosophy, geometry, chemistry, geology, astronomy, Latin, Greek, French and book-keeping, as to arithmetic; and it is stated that many pupils never study anything except the last named science.

THE use of the rod has been abolished in the public schools at Syracuse, and the experiment is thus far pronounced satisfactory. In a report regarding it Rev. S. J. May makes this significant statement: "I do believe that *all schools* can be governed without any kind of corporeal punishment; but I do not believe that *all teachers* are able so to govern every school."

A PROJECT is on foot to establish a "National Publishing House for the Blind." The last New York Legislature passed an act creating a body corporate for the promotion of this object. Among the Trustees of this corporation are Rev. Dr. Ferris, A. V. Stout, Nathan Bishop, Ethelbert S. Mills and others.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

AMONG the things not generally known, Dr. Tyndall informs us that sound resembles light, in being susceptible of refraction. The refraction of a luminous beam by a lens is a consequence of the retardation suffered by the light in passing through the glass. Sound may be similarly refracted by causing it to pass through a lens which retards its motion. Such a lens is formed when we fill a balloon with some gas heavier than air. As an example, the professor takes a collodion balloon filled with carbonic acid gas, the envelop being so thin as to yield readily to the pulses which strike against it, transmitting them to the gas inside. He then hangs up his watch close to the lens, and then, at a distance of four or five feet on the other side of the lens, he listens, assisting his ear with a glass funnel, which acts as an ear trumpet. By moving his head about he soon discovers a position in which the ticking of a watch is particularly loud. This, in fact, is the focus of the lens. If he moves his ear away from this focus, the intensity of the sound decreases. If, when his ear is at the focus, the balloon be removed, the ticks are enfeebled; on replacing the balloon their force is restored. The lens enables him to hear the ticks distinctly when they are perfectly inaudible to the unaided ear. The sound lens magnifies small sounds, as the glass lens magnifies minute objects. Thin India rubber balloons form excellent sound lenses.

The moderate speed of sound in air is the cause of a number of curious facts which ignorant people might take for contradictions. For instance, if a row of soldiers form a circle and discharge their pieces all at the same time, the sound will be heard as a single discharge by a person occupying the center of the circle. But if the men form a straight row, and if the observer stand at one end of the row, the simultaneous discharge of the men's pieces will be prolonged to a kind of roar. A company of soldiers marching to music along a road, cannot march to time together, for the notes do not reach those in front and those behind simultaneously.

The velocity of sound in water is more than four times its velocity in air. The velocity of sound in iron is seventeen times its velocity in air. The difference of velocity in iron and in air may be illustrated by the following instructive experiment: Choose a long bar of iron and let an assistant strike the bar at one end, while the ear of the observer is held close to the bar at a considerable distance. Two sounds will reach the ear in succession; the first being transmitted through the iron, and the second through the air. This effect was observed by M. Biot, in his experiments on the iron water pipes of Paris.—*Scientific American.*

WONDERS OF MAN.

WONDERS at home by familiarity cease to excite astonishment; but thence it happens that many know but little about the "house we live in"—the human body. We look upon a man as we look upon a house from the outside, just as a whole or unit, never thinking of the many rooms, the curious passages, and the ingenious internal arrangement of the house, or of the wonderful structure of the man; the harmony and adaptation of all parts.

In the human skeleton, about the time of maturity, are 165 bones. The muscles are about 500 in number. The length of the alimentary canal is about 33 feet. The amount of blood in an adult is near 30 pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, 36,792,000 times per year, 2,565,440,000 in threescore and ten, and at each beat two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it, 175 ounces per minute, 656 pounds per hour, seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart every three minutes. The little organ, by its ceaseless industry,

In the allotted span
The Psalmist gave to man,

lifts the enormous weight of 360,700,200 tons.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air, at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour, inhaling 600 gallons of air, or 14,400 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceed 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room 12 feet square.

The average weight of the brain of the adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or through the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number, forming a "body-guard" outnumbering by far the mightiest army ever marshaled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about 14 pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length over the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

THE SPECTROSCOPE.

ONE of the most notable things about the development of modern science is the manner in which discoveries or inventions in one branch of inquiry are of immediate and signal service in elucidating other and apparently unconnected matters. Of such inventions the *spectroscope* is one likely to be of incalculable advantage, as by means of its refracting prisms it is enabled to separate and exhibit the spectra or rays of light which different substances reflect, each in its own characteristic system of bands and lines of color. By this means several new metals have been discovered, the atmospheres of the sun and other heavenly bodies analyzed, and discoveries are opening up to its powers on every hand. It has been put to practical use in analyzing the flame of a furnace during the process of making Bessemer steel, so that the exact moment when the process is complete is instantly shown by the change in the spectrum—a most delicate point of metallurgy not otherwise determinable. The latest use to which it has been put will give it a fame in the annals of medicine and of law, as it furnishes a means of analyzing and recognizing human blood, whether in abnormal secretions of disease or in dried stains upon other material. The haematine, or coloring matter of the blood, shows a spectrum entirely different from other substances with all its general appearance and color; so that where even the microscope fails, the spectroscope will instantly detect so small a matter as the one thousandth of a grain of dried human blood. Thus all sciences gain from each one's progress.

THE OLD SEAT.

"DEAR LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 224, THIS NUMBER.

Various Topics.

THE SPANISH GYPSIES.

GYPSIES are seen in England, in America, in Germany, in Italy, indeed there is hardly a country unvexed by Gypsies. Wandering over the world, having no continuing city or abiding place, like the frogs of the land from which they get their name, they find their way into king's houses and everybody's house,—lying, cheating, stealing, peddling and meddling, a nuisance and a curse. But the Gypsies of Spain are a race by themselves, and not the ancestors nor the children of the Gypsies of the other lands I have named. They have indeed a language with many words in common, and their habits are similar all the world over, but these Gypsies of Spain are a race by themselves. Where they came from, and who they are, it is hard to say. They are usually spoken of as from Egypt, and being once called Egyptians, then Gyptians,—the name easily runs into Gypsies in the English tongue. But they are called *Gitanos* in Spanish, and the race has no relations with the wandering tribes or families that roam throughout Europe and the Western world.

They are as a people,—at least they seemed to me,—larger and stouter than the Spanish; and by no means so well-favored. Dark complexions, black eyes, long straight black hair, high cheek bones, and short noses, they resemble North American Indians more than any European race. They are not cleanly in their persons, nor their dwellings; their roaming habits lead them to eat and sleep anywhere, with their dogs and donkeys; they dwell in caves if no better houses are at their command, and the hill behind the city which we see from the towers of the Alhambra, is pierced with holes that lead into the chambers where they make their homes. They have also one-quarter of the town where they have dwellings, but the walls of a city are not agreeable to the freedom of their wills, and they prefer the hills and the country.

They have no *moral* principle. There is but one virtue known among them, and that is so rare in Spain, and so remarkable among such a people, that it must be set down to their credit at the very start. The women are chaste, and that to a degree that perhaps no other people in the world can claim. It is the one feature of their character that redeems them from the curse of utter and hopeless vagabondism, and standing out as it does like an ivory tower in the midst of a waste of moral ruin, its beauty is the more lovely and its existence the more wonderful. I cannot say what I would of the care with which mothers guard their daughters from contamination with their own race and the outside world; and I cannot add another word in their praise. They live by fraud. Known to the world as swindlers and liars and thieves, they are nevertheless tolerated, and perhaps because feared; their ill-will being dreaded, and their friendship supposed to be conciliated by complying with their demands. —*Irenæus, in New York Observer.*

A HINT TO TOURISTS.—Hall's Journal of Health has the following concerning the advantage of young blooming beauty to a traveling party:—"Take a pretty girl along; if you have not a daughter or sister, look around among your country cousins, and wherever you find her, pay her expenses, and in the long run you will find it largely remunerative in the direction we have named. We have tried it and speak from experience. We once took a really beautiful girl with our family as nurse for our youngest child, and we shall never forget the partialities shown us everywhere; the fact is, it made such an impression on our mind that we resolved that if we ever made an important journey again, we would arrange in some way to have some young, beautiful face along."

THE KING OF THE CORAL ISLANDS.

HIS Coraline majesty was a well-made man of about fifty years of age. His raiment was as simple as that worn by his ambassadors of the morning. As a mark of royalty, however, he wore a strip of a cocoanut leaf, two or three inches wide, split along the middle, which, being put on over his head, rested upon his shoulder. The upper part of his body, especially his breast, was profusely tattooed. He was very dignified in manner, not talking much, nor manifesting the great curiosity which took possession of most of his followers. Withal he was a very fine specimen of royalty in the crude state. He sat down at once upon an offered deck chair, and, stretching out his legs, surveyed the assembly with a coolness which quite took me by surprise.

The king's house only differed from the more common in being larger. The floor was made of evenly spread gravel or coral pebbles, covered with mats, for which the fiber of the cocoanut husk probably furnished the material. About the house were disposed many and various articles of use or ornament.

Fish hooks of shell and wood, nets, mats and calabashes, grass, ropes, fish lines, twine and cordage generally, were abundant. On his majesty's "what-not" was an empty sardine box and a glass bottle marked "Batty and Company's Best Pickles." But we saw no clubs, bows, nor arrows, nor weapons of any kind, excepting two or three old hatchets and sheath knives, evidently obtained from some visitors like ourselves. On one of the posts I saw a rude figure carved, which had the appearance of being an object of worship. Presently some lads came in, bringing some young cocoanuts and a string of small fish. The latter, by active wriggling and squirming, gave sufficient evidence of having been freshly caught. These were spread before the company, and we were invited to the repast. A draft of the cocoat nut water was a luxury not to be despised, but the feast of raw fish was politely declined. Our backwardness, however, was not shared by our hosts; and the sight of the party as they sat upon the ground, each with a piece of cocoanut in one hand, and a nice little fish, held by the tail, in the opposite hand, taking first a mouthful of one and then of the other, was something long to be remembered.—*Atlantic Monthly, for July.*

A FURIOUS FIGHT BETWEEN HORSES.

SOUTHEY, in his "History of the Peninsular War," relates the following:—"Two of the Spanish regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine, black, long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impossible to bring off these horses—1,100 in number—and Romano was not a man who could order them to be destroyed; he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to his beast, which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles were therefore taken off and they were turned loose upon the beach.

"A scene ensued such as was never before witnessed. They became aware that they were no longer under the restraint of any human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learned, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twelve together, then closely engaged, striking with their fore-feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those who were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on rising ground at a distance. They no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romano, in mercy, gave orders to destroy them. But it was found too dangerous to attempt this, and after the last boat had quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

A NEW method has been discovered of keeping petroleum without danger. The barrels are simply submerged in water. No injury results from this to the oil.

Reading for the Young.

THE RIVULET.

RUN, little rivulet, run!
Summer is fairly begun.
Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing to the fields of the sun
That wavers in emerald, shimmers in gold,
Where you glide from your rocky ravine crystal-cold;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers, every one,—
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue;
Of the red mountain rose-bud, all dripping with dew;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay;
Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
Stay not till summer is done!
Carry the city the mountain-birds' glee;
Carry the joy of the hills to the sea;
Run, little rivulet, run!

[*Our Young Folks.*

THE BLACKCAP WARBLER.

ARE not many young readers of the RURAL interested in Ornithology? You all know what that means, do you not? To any who are in doubt we will say that Ornithology is that branch of natural science which treats of the form, structure and habits of birds. It is a very entertaining study, indeed. Birds are in many respects the most curious, as well as the most beautiful, specie in the animal creation. Some of them seem to know almost as much as folks do,—some folks, at any rate,—and manifest a great deal of shrewdness in building their nests and protecting themselves.

For the benefit of our young friends who like to read something about birds, we give a good picture of a very merry little songster, which is thus spoken of in Wood's Illustrated Natural History:—"The Blackcap, almost a rival to the nightingale, is at once recognized by the black color of the head. Only the males, however, are thus decorated, the crown of the head of the female being dark brown. Its sweet notes are poured forth from the concealment of some thicket or tuft of trees, where it trusts to the density of the foliage to elude discovery. Like the mocking-bird of America, it can imitate the songs of other birds with such perfect inflection that it is almost impossible to detect the imposture. Among bushes and brambles it builds its nest, which is made of dried grass, moss, and hairs. The eggs are five in number,—reddish brown, marked with dark spots. The length of the bird is nearly six inches."

THE GREAT EGYPTIAN PYRAMID.

"CARLETON," the foreign correspondent of the Boston Journal, thinks that there is scarcely another place in the world where the boys and girls of the United States would throw up their hands in such wonder as upon the top of the great Pyramid of Egypt. In giving an account of a visit there he remarks:

"We ascend a steep sand-bank, one hundred feet high, and dismount from our donkeys beneath the shadow of the great Pyramid of Cheops. I almost despair of giving you an idea of its size, and height, or how it looks. It stands on solid rock. It is only when you walk around it, and when you climb to the top, that you can get an idea of its magnitude and height. A great many of the outer stones have been taken away by the Caliphs of Egypt to build their palaces, so that the pyramid is not so large as it was at the first. Formerly it was 764 feet square and 480 feet high; now it is 746 feet on each side and 450 in height. Its area now is a little more than one-fourth the size of Boston Common, or almost twelve acres.

"Just imagine a pile of masonry—great stones nine or ten feet long, three or four high, and four or five wide, filling up a good-sized field, piled up three or four times higher than the tallest trees you know of, 450 feet—as high as the steeple of Park-street Church would be if it stood atop of Bunker Hill Monument; or as high as three of the tallest pine trees to be found in the woods of Maine or New Hampshire. With two Arabs—to pull us up—to keep us from falling in case we should become light-headed, we go up, walking along the stones, picking out the easiest places, stopping once in a while for breath, reaching the top in about twenty minutes."

ROOT UP THE WEEDS.

Two boys, John and Willie, were employed by the Squire to keep his paths weeded. John contented himself with taking off the top of the weeds, so that soon his path was cleared, and having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Willie was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all weeds up by the roots, and he was well tired when he went home.

But the rain came down in the night, and when the boys' master went to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as much as ever, while Willie's was clear, and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it perfectly neat. So John was sent back to do his work properly, and very tired he would have been had not Willie good-naturedly helped him to finish his task.

Only *thorough* work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them.

A HOME VERSE.

THOUGH frosts the flowers kill,
Though birds depart, and squirrels sleep;
Though snows may gather cold and deep,
Little folk their sunshine keep,
And mother-love makes summer still.

The Publisher's Desk.

NEW HALF VOLUME!

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

As the Second Half of Volume XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced last week, July 4th, *now is a favorable time to subscribe or renew.* Agents, and all earnest friends of the RURAL, will please note this, bearing in mind that every new subscription will tell in enabling us to make the paper more acceptable and valuable. And now that splendid crops are being vouchsafed farmers and planters in almost every section of the Union, we trust they will not forget the RURAL and other journals which seek the best interests of producers.

—In renewing, as we trust all soon will,—either by remitting singly, or joining or forming a club,—we hope no one will neglect to invite others to give the paper a trial for six months or a year. Single or club subscriptions will be received for six months at the same proportionable rates as for a year, and free copies, etc., allowed in proportion.

Clubbing the Rural with other Periodicals.—We have made such arrangements for clubbing the RURAL NEW-YORKER with other first-class periodicals that we can furnish them at greatly reduced rates. For instance, we will furnish the RURAL and either of the periodicals named below, (if remitted for together,) one year, as follows:

		Full price.
Rural and N. Y. Weekly Sun for	**$3.25**	**$4.00**
Rural and Maryland Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and No. Western Farmer "	**3.50**	**4.50**
Rural and Southern Cultivator "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Our Young Folks "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and Riverside Magazine "	**4.00**	**5.00**
Rural and either the Atlantic, Harper's, Putnam's or Lippincott's Magazine, (or Harper's Bazar or Harper's Weekly,) "	**5.50**	**7.00**

The Price of the Rural.—If any one objects to the price of the RURAL, please ask him or her to compare the paper in Contents, Appearance, &c., with any similar journal, weekly or monthly,—or with any reprint of a daily or trashy literary paper. State the FACT that the first cost of the RURAL (for Editorial and other Contributions, &c., &c.) is far greater than that of any of its contemporaries,—and moreover that it is far cheaper now, at $3, than it was at $2 before the war. A little examination and figuring will satisfy any candid, intelligent person that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is really the cheapest paper of its class.

The Best Way to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show the paper.* Take a number in your pocket when you go visiting, or to the store, mill, etc.; or, if you are a merchant, mechanic or professional man, keep a number or two on hand to show those who call.

When to Begin.—Subscriptions for the RURAL can begin at any time, but this number being the commencement of a half volume, is a good time from which to date. We can still supply back numbers to those who wish the present volume complete.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so. ☞ No traveling agents employed

Keep a List!—If each agent will keep a list of all the names sent us, with dates and amounts of remittances, it will greatly facilitate the correction of any errors which may be made at either end of the line.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency. Any person so disposed can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.,—but beware of *travelers.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Schutzenfest festivities continued at Jones' Wood, New York city, last week, with great enthusiasm. A sumptuous banquet was served on Monday afternoon, at which speeches were made by Mayor Hoffman, General Siegel, Hon. N. B. Judd of Illinois, Governor Woodford and others. The shooting was in general very good. Prize shooting began on Tuesday. Among those from the State who won prizes were J. P. Wright and W. Lewis of Troy, and Paul Cooper and E. D. Brehem of Hudson. Thursday was the grand gala day. The whole first division of the National Guard was present. Fully one hundred thousand persons visited the grounds.

The will of the late Stephen Van Rensselaer has been offered for probate in Albany. The property is valued at about $1,500,000. To the widow of the patroon he leaves the manor house and grounds and $15,000 a year. The remaining estate is divided amongst the six surviving children.

Peter Tracy, keeper of a saloon in New York city, was shot on the 30th ult. by a drunken man in another saloon, and died almost instantly.

Fifteen hundred dollars were taken from the house of Capt. Hyatt, in Geneva, one night last week, by burglars.

The remains of Rear-Admiral H. H. Bell arrived at Newburg, Wednesday, on the steamer Mary Powell. The funeral ceremonies took place at St. Paul's Church, at that place, next day.

Henry Mix, Superintendent of the City Railway at Albany, fell dead in the street, Tuesday afternoon.

Gov. Fenton has commuted the sentence of Patrick Callahan of Troy, convicted of the murder of Patrick Dunn, to imprisonment for five years in the Clinton Prison.

Union College held its Commencement Anniversaries last week. It conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. Joseph Scudder, Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, N. Y.; Rev. John Bell Wakefield, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Ind.; Rev. Chas. Dewitt Bridgeman, Albany; Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, Troy. LL. D. on Hon. John Bigelow of N. Y., late U. S. Minister to France, and Prof. F. B. Upham of Rutger's College. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 25 members of the graduating class, and the degree of C. E. on nine members. The degree of A. M., in course, was conferred on 24 members of the Institution.

William Kipp, an esteemed citizen and farmer of Macedon, committed suicide last week by cutting his throat with a razor in his own barn.

Three little girls, named Margaret Doherty, Mary Sullivan and Ann Carroll, while bathing in Poplar Pond, Brooklyn, on the 2d inst., got beyond their depth and were drowned. Mrs. Doherty, the mother of one of the children, and James McGee, who endeavored to rescue the children, got beyond their depth and were also drowned.

A severe hurricane swept across a portion of Oneida county on Thursday evening of last week, partly skirting the city of Utica. It seemed to be the result of two storms, one from the east and the other from the west, and so great was its power that few buildings in its path withstood the shock. Trees of the largest size were uprooted; roofs were taken up like feathers, and scattered far and wide; and whole fields of grain were entirely destroyed by the cutting hail. The damage done in the vicinity of Utica alone is estimated at $25,000.

Ground on the Midland Railroad has been broken at Norwich. The occasion was one of great rejoicing. Speeches were made and guns were fired. At several other points along the line of the proposed road work has been commenced, and the people are very enthusiastic over the assurance of railroad facilities.

The Professors of Elmira College are taking their sixty-five young lady pupils on a trip to the South. Richmond is their "objective point."

The work on the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad is making such rapid progress that the company are now considering the matter of building the depot in Binghamton, N. Y. The depot they propose erecting is to be a union depot, in which the Erie and Syracuse and Binghamton Railroad companies will have equal interest with the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad Co.

The University Convocation will hold its fifth annual anniversary in Albany on the 4th of August next. The themes for papers and discussions are of a varied and important character, and the most practical and successful educators in the State, and several from abroad, will take part.

A man by the name of Stephen Peak was found dead on Saturday afternoon on a hay loft at Honeoye Falls. The jury agreed that he died of sunstroke.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention, to co-operate with the Democratic Convention, met at Cooper Institute, in New York city, on Saturday, and was called to order by Gen. McQuade. Gen. McClernand was chosen temporary Chairman, and Gen. Wm. B. Franklin permanent President.

New York city was crowded last week with visitors and delegates to the Democratic and Soldiers' and Sailors' Conventions, and the Schutzenfest. The heat was intense, and there were many cases of sunstroke.

The steamers City of Boston and State of New York collided on the Sound on the night of the 2d inst., and it is supposed three lives were lost. The former is damaged $75,000; the latter but slightly.

St. John's Episcopal Church in Buffalo was set on fire at a late hour Saturday evening, by a rocket, or some other pyrotechnic, which alighted on the tower. The tower was completely destroyed, but being built up on a foundation distinct from the main edifice the latter was saved, though much damaged by water.

Two men were drowned in the Erie Canal at Syracuse on Thursday of last week—one in the afternoon and the other in the evening.

From Washington.

ANOTHER Amnesty Proclamation has been issued by the President. It grants to all persons who were engaged in the late insurrection or rebellion, excepting such as may be under presentment or indictment in any court of the United States having competent jurisdiction, upon a charge of treason or other felony, a full pardon and amnesty for the offense of treason against the United States, or of adhering to their enemies during the civil war, with restoration of all rights of property, except as to slaves, and except also as to any property of which any person may have been legally divested under the laws of the United States.

By direction of the President, General Grant has issued an order relieving Brevet Major-General Irwin McDowell from the command of the Fourth District, and ordering him to report in person without delay at the War Department, and assigning Brevet Major-General A. C. Gillem to the immediate command of said District.

C. Spaids & Co. have given acceptable bonds for $335,000 for the faithful performance of their contract for carrying the overland mail between the termini of the Pacific Railroad. Their bid is one million dollars less than Wells, Fargo & Co., the present contractors. Spaids has organized an opposition company and will stock the line at once.

The new Senators and Representatives from Florida have been sworn in, and have taken their seats in the respective Houses.

A bill has been reported from the Reconstruction Committee by Mr. Stevens, to provide for the erection of no more than two additional States out of the State of Texas.

It is stated, but we think without authority, that Secretary Seward has nearly completed negotiations for the purchase of Greenland and Iceland from the Danish Government. It is said he is to give five and a half millions of gold for them, and that he has already promises of sufficient support in the Senate to secure the ratification of the measure. Mr. Seward is now having printed at the Government printing office a voluminous account of those countries, their population, great resources, climate and history, which he will send into the Senate, with a copy of his new treaty.

From the South.

THE Louisiana Legislature convened in New Orleans last week. General Grant's suggestion that only the oath prescribed by the new Constitution be required of the newly elected officers was not at first complied with, and the test oath was required. Barely a quorum took the latter, in the Senate. R. H. Isbell, a negro, was elected temporary Chairman by the House, and took the test oath. Fifty-three others took the same oath. Much excitement grew out of the test oath question, and on Wednesday, when the Legislature assembled, the military was called out. A Committee of the Senate reported in favor of sustaining the President's action in requiring the test oath, but recommended that hereafter members be allowed to qualify in accordance with the Constitution. The report was adopted, and all the members sworn in. The House was permanently organized by the election of Charles W. Lowell, (white,) Speaker, and adopted a joint-resolution ratifying the 14th amendment, by a vote of 57 yeas to three nays.

The General Assembly of North Carolina assembled at Raleigh on the 1st inst., a quorum of both Houses being present. Chief Justice Pearson, in obedience to an order from General Canby, after having taken the oath of office prescribed by the new Constitution, administered the same to his associates, and to the Governor elect, W. W. Holden. Members of the House and Senate were then sworn in. Joseph William Holden, son of the Governor, was elected Speaker of the House. Both Houses were organized on the 2d inst., and Gov. Holden sent in a brief message. In the House the Howard amendment was adopted by a vote of 78 to 20, and in the Senate by a vote of 34 to 2.

The Florida State Government has been surrendered to Gov. Reed by Gov. Walker, in compliance with an order from Gen. Meade. Military rule is, therefore, at an end in the State, and the commanders of sub-districts are ordered to abstain from interference with the civil law, on any pretext whatever. As no appointments have been made for State and County officers, the old ones will hold over till the appointments by Gov. Reed and their confirmation by the Legislature.

There has been great excitement in Nashville about the Tennessee Bonds. The State Comptroller and bankers have refused to cash them, and a call of the Legislature to repudiate the bonds and create a school fund of the railroad debt is talked of. W. B. Stokes has been re-nominated for Congress in the Third (Tenn.) District.

In compliance with telegraphic orders from Gen. Grant, Gen. Meade recently issued orders appointing Rufus Bullock Governor of Georgia, vice General Ruger, to take effect on the assembling of the Legislature; and also Wm. H. Smith to be Governor of Alabama, vice Patton, removed; and A. J. Applegate to be Lieut.-Governor, to take effect July 12th.

The Georgia Legislature assembled in Atlanta on the 4th inst., by order of Gen. Meade, and the proclamation of the Governor elect. General Meade's order, the proclamation, and the omnibus bill, were read. Benjamin Conly, of Augusta, was elected President of the Senate, and E. Marshall of Atlanta Secretary. R. S. McWhorten of Gerens county was elected Speaker of the House.

The first bills passed by the lower House of the Louisiana Legislature are one placing the New Orleans city police under the control of the Governor; and one authorizing the Governor to withhold from or deprive any officer elected heretofore or hereafter, of his commission, whom the Governor may deem disqualified by the fourteenth amendment, or by the State Constitution, and to appoint officers to such vacancies as are created.

From the West.

ONE wall of the hospital of St. Mary of the Conception, in process of erection at Chicago, Ill., fell recently, burying five workmen in the ruins, two of whom have since died.

The funeral of Heber C. Kimball, at Salt Lake, not many days since, was attended by several thousand persons. His death is considered the greatest loss the Mormons have suffered since the death of Joe Smith. It was caused by a fall from a buggy some weeks ago, whereby his head was bruised and an old hurt in his side injured. Eighteen wives and an army of children mourn his loss.

The steamer Sam Garrity, on her way from St. Louis to Omaha on the 2d inst., when opposite Arrow Rock, struck a snag and careened so that the furnaces upset, and she took fire and was burned to the water's edge. The boat and cargo are said to be a total loss.

A German named Schlotman was smothered in a privy vault in Cincinnati recently, from the effects of foul gas.

A man named Boyd, an employe of the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad, was killed by lightning on the 2d inst.

Two women were poisoned near Chask, Minn., last week, and died in convulsions, caused by getting the poison of potato bugs into sores in their hands.

The celebrated Chippewa chief, Hole in the Day, was assassinated by being shot near his residence, at Crow Wing, Minn., on the 27th ult., by three Indians of the Pillager band. The cause is presumed to be long pent-up jealousy and an old grudge.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE case of the United States vs. the Armands, the builders of the Confederate ironclads, came before the court in Paris on the first instant. M. Berriere, counsel for the United States, opened the case. He charged the Messrs. Armand with having violated their own pledges, and with acting in bad faith toward all parties. He showed that the allegations that efforts had been made to sell the vessels built for the Confederate Government to other powers, were false, and demanded that all the contractors, builders and others, concerned in this business, should be compelled to refund the money stolen from private pockets.

The Skuptchina, the National Chamber of Servia, has confirmed the succession of Milan IV. to the throne of the Principality, and has also indorsed the Regency appointed to act during the minority of the Prince. Milan made a brief speech before the Chamber, in which he declared that, though young, he would learn to make the people happy.

Gen. Sir Robert Napier has arrived in London. An immense crowd was assembled at the railroad depot to welcome him, and on his appearance he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. In the House of Lords a vote of thanks to Gen. Napier and the officers and men of the Abyssinian Expedition was moved by the Earl of Malmesbury and seconded by Earl Russell, and was unanimously adopted. A like compliment was paid by the House of Commons, amid enthusiastic cheering.

Another lengthy debate on the Irish Church Appointments Suspensory Bill was had in the House of Lords on the night of the 30th ult. The Duke of Argyle spoke in favor of the immediate passage of the bill. Lord Russell also favored it. At 3 o'clock in the morning a division took place, and the bill was rejected, the vote standing 97 for, and 192 against it.

Bavaria has ratified a treaty with the United States for the protection of naturalized citizens.

A grand banquet was given in London on the evening of the 1st inst., to Cyrus W. Field, as an acknowledgment of the eminent services rendered to the new and old world, by his devotion to the interests of the oceanic telegraphy through circumstances of protracted difficulty and doubt. The Duke of Argyle was Chairman. Over 300 gentlemen were present.

The Americans in London celebrated the Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by giving a public dinner at Langham's hotel. Mr. Moran was Chairman. A large number of prominent Englishmen were present on that occasion. Toasts were exchanged, congratulatory and patriotic speeches made, and the greatest cordiality prevailed.

The Austrian Government has initiated the work of disarmament by issuing leaves of absence to 36,000 men in the standing army.

Mr. Tuckerman, the newly appointed Minister of the United States to Greece, has arrived at Athens and presented his credentials to the King.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.—The "Glorious Fourth" was pretty generally observed as a holiday throughout the country; but celebrations, other than those of a private nature, were not extensively indulged in. Salutes, ringing of bells, &c., ushered the day in almost everywhere, and in a few cities there were fine military and civic displays. New York was enthusiastic over the Democratic Convention and the Schutzenfest, and was brimful of visitors. Rochester had a Workingmen's Picnic, and a prize drill of the military.

LONDON has an organ just set up in the new Alexandra Music Hall, that is said to be the largest in the world, though this is doubted. It has 101 stops, 87 of them speaking stops. The largest metal pipe is 40 feet in length and two feet in diameter, and is displayed in front of the instrument.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The Democratic National Convention assembled in Tammany Hall, New York city, on Saturday last, and was called to order by August Belmont. Gen. Henry S. Palmer of Wisconsin was made temporary chairman, and delivered a short speech. A resolution was adopted that during the temporary organization the rules of the House of Representatives of 1860 be the governing rules of this body; E. O. Perrin was appointed temporary Secretary; the usual committees on permanent organization and credentials were appointed; the Declaration of Independence was then read, and the Convention adjourned till Monday morning at 10 o'clock. When the Convention re-assembled the Committee on Permanent Organization reported Horatio Seymour for President, and one Vice-President and Secretary from each State. Also that the rules of the Democratic Convention of 1864 be adopted. Mr. Seymour was conducted to the chair amid great cheering, and proceeded to address the Convention. He counseled moderation, toleration and harmony; discussed the Chicago Republican platform, charging that party with violating its own declarations against repudiation and unequal taxation; expressed solicitude for soldiers, their widows and orphans; charged the dominant party with extravagance and tainting the national credit, and breaking down constitutional guarantees for liberty; and denounced military government in the South.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A TRAIN is reported to have been stopped on a French railroad in consequence of caterpillars on the track. Railway travel has been similarly obstructed in several places in the West and South by swarms of grasshoppers.

A VERY remarkable invention is that of a Saxon officer, Lieut. Miersch. By a slight alteration in the mechanism of the Prussian needle-gun, he renders it capable of firing 13 shots in the minute, instead of eight, as at present.

J. B. HALSTEAD of Rome, Ohio, has brought up a family of sixteen children, and seen them all settled in life. The curious part of the business is that not one of them was his; but all were homeless orphans taken and cared for as if they were his own.

A FACTORY, 500 feet long, and estimated to need 3,000,000 bricks in its walls, is now being built at Suncook, N. H. The iron tubes employed to carry water to its wheels are one set five feet nine inches, and the other six feet and two inches in diameter.

AN electric organ is being built for Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected at a distance behind the scenery, as usual, but the organist will, for the first time, take his place near the conductor, and in the orchestra. An electric cable of insulated wires will pass beneath the stage, connecting the keys with the instrument.

IN Connecticut recently a boy killed a spotted adder with a stick, and soon after took that part of the stick which had come in contact with the snake into his hand. He was immediately seized by severe pain in the hand and arm, and his body began to swell and was covered with red and black spots. Whisky cured him, but it was a remarkable case of poisoning.

A POWDER mill in Scitico, Conn., belonging to the Hazardville Powder Company, exploded on Tuesday morning of last week, burning the only two persons in the mill in a shocking manner, and so that their lives are despaired of. Michael Bailey, a workman for many years, and Francis Richardson, Superintendent of the Scitico department, are the sufferers.

As Jerome Austin of South Starksboro, Vt., was recently sharpening a scythe at a steam grindstone in Fiske's lathing mill, an end of the instrument got entangled in the belting, and flying around with great velocity cut Austin clear through the body, at the breast. He stood for a moment before he fell, and then clapping his hands to his sides and exclaiming, "I have terrible pains," expired.

VASSAR COLLEGE, the great ladies' school at Poughkeepsie, has now four hundred students, and among their amusements and exercises is rowing. There are no fewer than nine boat clubs, each with its captain, lieutenant, stroke oar, coxswain and crew. Thus far no attempt has been made to make "fast time," but should that institution ever make a special feature of "muscular Christianity," Yale and Harvard may have to look to their aquatic laurels.

A PROTEST signed by the four Catholic Archbishops of the United States, on the subject of raising the energetic battalion for the Pope, is published. While declaring that the men who have foisted themselves forward as the pious promoters of the scheme are not worthy of the confidence of Catholics, they contend that its success would, instead of benefiting the Holy Father, only increase the difficulties by which he is at present surrounded.

THE tide of immigration to our Eastern shores is being met by a corresponding one setting in on our Western and rolling toward the Rocky Mountains. There are 60,000 Chinamen in California, and 10,000 of these are said to be engaged in the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad. The other 50,000 are engaged in mining, agriculture and other industries. These two tides of immigration are destined ere long to roll and mingle together along the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

A GENTLEMAN on his way to Philadelphia attracted much attention in Cleveland lately by his immense beard, and the way in which he carried it. It extended as far as his waist, around which it was folded once, and thence carried across his breast and thrown over the left shoulder, the point terminating about half-way down the back, after the style in which ladies are accustomed to envelop themselves in nubias, one of which it very much resembled.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 7, 1868.

THERE has been scarcely any change in our local financial affairs in the last month or six weeks. The banks are well supplied with funds, and only moderate discounts are asked by their customers. Wool dealers are using some money, but the wool paper offered during the month of June was less than has been usual. The reason is, farmers have not been selling freely, and the amount of wool purchased has not been large. Our banks are so easy that the preparation for the quarterly statement, made this week, has occasioned no inconvenience.

In New York, toward the close of last week, there was a little improved demand for money, and a slight increase of rates. On the whole, money is uncommonly easy, not only in New York, but in all the seaboard towns.

The last weekly statement of the New York banks is a favorable one. The statement shows an increase of specie $4,201,430, caused by receipts of gold from the Treasury on account of the July interest. The legal tenders show a decrease of $1,727,364, the loans an increase of $5,441,895, and the deposits of $6,732,844. The legal reserve is increased $790,960. The statement shows the banks in strong condition to meet the drain to move the crops. Some of the New York banks have already remitted largely to the West.

The balance in the New York Sub-Treasury on Friday last was $83,425,934.

The New York Commercial Advertiser says:—"Governments are dull, speculation being held in suspense until the result of the Democratic Convention is ascertained."

Henry Clews & Co. of New York report the following quotations for United States securities on Friday last:

U. S. 6s, 1881, coupon	113¾@113⅞
U. S. 5-20s, 1862, coupon	112¾@113¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1864, coupon	110¼@110¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1865, coupon	111¼@111½
U. S. 5-20s, 1866, coupon	108¾@108⅞
U. S. 5-20s, 1867, coupon	108¾@109
U. S. 5-20s, July, 1868, coupon	108¾@109
U. S. 10-40s, coupon	106¾@107
U. S. 7-30s, July, large	108¾@109

Gold sold yesterday at 140⅝.

WOOL.—Farmers are perhaps a little more disposed to sell their wool than two week ago, but there is no great activity in the market. Dealers at all points in this vicinity decline to contract at anything above 35c. A week or two ago a cent or two more per pound was paid for extra lots, but this week 35c. is the highest offered.

In Ohio, Pennsylvania and some other States, the sales have been quite large. The Detroit Post of Saturday says: "There is quite an active market throughout the State, and prices are generally in advance of those the week previous."

At Jackson, Mich., a large amount has been purchased, and prices have ranged from 35 to 39c.

At Niles, Mich., on the 2d, wool was quoted at 33@37c.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The receipts of wheat at the Western ports are quite liberal for the season. The following shows the receipts of flour, wheat and corn at the ports of Milwaukee, Chicago, Toledo, Detroit and Cleveland, from January 1 to June 27, in 1868 and in 1867:

	1868.	1867.
Flour, bbls	569,149	1,284,274
Wheat, bu	7,520,500	4,359,289
Corn, bu	15,437,334	13,159,508
Oats, bu	4,618,234	3,112,662
Barley, bu	394,022	528,331
Rye, bu	196,000	379,467
Total bush	28,173,290	21,632,157

The tendency of prices of both wheat and flour is to a lower level. The decline in wheat at Milwaukee and Chicago in the last ten days has been large. A "ring" was formed some time since by Western dealers to keep up prices, but it failed, and one dealer, when he saw what must be the result of the operation, offered $30,000 to be let off from his share of the speculation.

Prices are gradually falling off in the New York market.

This is just now a critical time for wheat in the Northern and Northwestern States, but the present prospect is that there will be a large yield in most localities.

LOCAL MARKET.—The market is without quotable change for either flour or wheat. The quantity of the latter in first hands is quite limited, and is held firmly in the face of good harvest prospects. July is usually a dull market season and the present one does not promise to prove an exception. Corn is lower and the tendency is still downward. The wheather, for the last ten days, has been all that could have been desired for this farm crop, and the promise of a good yield is excellent. The prospects in other sections and States are generally flattering. There is nothing doing in Barley.

WOOL.—Considerable quantities of wool are being marketed in Western New York, but mainly in the outside sections contiguous to railroad stations. The receipts in the city for the past week have been comparatively light, but no change in price has occurred—35 cents being the ruling rate. In Ohio and Michigan sales are noted at better figures, but the difference is said to be in the character of the wool offered, being lighter in style and cleaner.

HOPS are in good supply and nominal at from 12½ to 50 cts. per pound.

POTATOES—Old ones are lower, new ones are in limited supply at $2@2,25.

ROCHESTER, JULY 6—Flour, wheat, $12,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,25@2,35; Do. white, $2,50@2,65; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@21cts; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@26c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@26c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box, ℔, 20@25c, Hay, ℔ ton, $15@23. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, old, 80c@$1,15; new do, $2@2,25.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 6.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 62½@63c; Flour, $6,50@12,65; Rye Flour, $8@10,10; Wheat, $1,85@2,33; Rye, $1,88; Barley, none; Corn, $1,04@1,18; Oats, 82½@83½c; Pork, mess, $27,87@28,00; Lard, 15@15½c; Butter and Cheese quiet.

BUFFALO, JULY 6.—Flour, $8,50@11,25; Rye flour, $9,00@9,25; Wheat, $1,50@2,30; Corn, $0,90@0,92; Oats, 73@74c; Rye, $1,75; Barley, $1,50; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $4,50@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do, $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@28,25; Lard, 17½@18c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 28@30c; Cheese, 10@15c; Eggs, 23c.

CHICAGO, JULY 4.—Flour, $9,25@10,00; Wheat, $1,75@1,81, Corn, 83½@85c; Oats 64@65½cts; Rye and Barley dull; Pork, mess, $27,00@27,75; Lard, 15½@15¾c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 2—Flour, $5,00@12,00; Wheat, $2,00@2,25; Corn, 78@80c ear; Oats, 75@76c; Rye, $1,65@1,68; Barley, $2,00@2,10; Mess pork, $27@27,90; Lard, 16¼@17c; Bacon, 13@16½c; Hams, 17@19½c; Shoulders, 12@15c; Clover seed, 9¾@10c. ℔ ℔: Timothy, $2,15@2,40.

TORONTO, JULY 2—Flour, $6,10@6,30; Wheat, spring, $1,38@1,40; fall, $1,40@1,40; Oats, 40@50c; Barley, $1,00; Peas, 74@79c. Pork, mess, $22,50@23; prime, $15@16,50; Bacon, 10@13½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 11@13c; Cheese, 10½@11c; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 1—Beeves—Receipts 6,910 head; quotations 11@16½c. Veal calves; receipts 2,177 head; quotations, 5@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,637 head; quotations, Sheep, 5@7½c; Lambs, 9@12½c. Swine—Receipts 19,557 head; quotations, 8½@9½c.

ALBANY, JULY 2—Beeves, $3,00@9,50. Milch Cows, $50@110. Veal Calves, 7½@8½c. Sheep and Lambs—State 5@5c.; Western 4½@5c.; Lambs 7@8½c; Hogs, 9@9½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JULY 1—Beeves range from 10½@14c. Working Oxen, $140@325 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 2@5c; extra, 4@5½cts; by the head, $2@3,75. Swine—Shoats, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts. Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔: pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf skins, 18@20c. ℔ ℔. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@12.

CHICAGO, JULY 3.—Beef cattle range at from $5,50@6,75. Sheep, 5½@6½c. Hogs, live, $8,12½@8,80.

CINCINNATI, JULY 1—Beeves, $3,50@6,75; Sheep, $1,50@3,50; Hogs, $7,00@9,00 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 1—Beef Cattle, 6@10cts; Cows and Calves, $40@70; Sheep, 5@6c. gross; Hogs, 12@13c.

BALTIMORE, JULY 2—Beef Cattle, 4½@8¾cts; Sheep, 4½@5½c; Lambs, $2@4; Hogs, 11@12½c.

TORONTO, JULY 2—Beeves range at $6@7,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Calves, $2,50@8.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, JULY 3—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@55c; pulled, 27@51cts; medium and extra Western, 18@47c; new combing fleece, 58½@63c, and Canada do, 61@65c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 1—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 40@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JULY 2.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 12@14c.; Medium, 38@40c.; Coarse, 37@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 45@50c.

BALTIMORE, JULY 2.—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; burry, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@42c; Fleece, 35@40c; Pulled, 30@36c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than **$3.**

TO NURSERYMEN.—I WISH TO MAKE AN engagement in a commercial establishment as Foreman or Propagator, in a small Nursery or in a department in a large one. For references, &c., address T. B. JENKINS, Syracuse, N. Y.

STERILITY IS LAID.—PROF. VILLE'S NEW SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE.—Pamphlet, 2d Edition, Price 25 cents. Address JOHN A. RIDDLE, Manchester, N. H. It gives a recipe for a *complete manure;* also, a *plain and simple method of analysing soils.* 664-4t

℞ THE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN SO much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. Doct. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine.

GREAT ACHES FROM LITTLE TOE CORNS GROW.—By using GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH, and making your own Soap, you will have many a dollar in your pocket-book at the end of the year that would not be there otherwise.

Try the experiment. It is as easy as an old shoe. Your grocer will get it for you at 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York. One pound makes 15 pounds best hard soap.

The News Condenser.

— Goats in the streets are a nuisance at Newark, N. J.
— Lawrence, Kansas, has 500 pining bachelors.
— Bohemian emigrants are arriving in Texas.
— The London Daily News is now a penny paper.
— The paris ballet girls all want to come to America.
— A bust of George Ticknor is to be given to Boston.
— Burying alive is still practiced in India.
— The crops in Kansas are the best ever known.
— The Pope has twelve hats to dispose of.
— There are 70,000 Chinamen in the United States.
— There are now seventy stores to rent in Omaha.
— Rust has damaged wheat somewhat in Texas.
— Births beat deaths in London two to one.
— Ristori performed 252 nights in this country.
— The Duke of Argyle's flying man can't fly.
— The females are in a majority in Chicago.
— The peach crop in Southern Illinois will be short.
— Dog drowning has commenced again in New York.
— Kansas is expecting 100,000 emigrants this year.
— The Halifaxians are broken down with debt.
— Grasshopper stories from Iowa are exaggerated.
— Montana sapphires are pronounced valueless.
— Oregon pig iron is being shipped to San Francisco.
— The seventeen year locusts are raiding Long Island.
— Pittsburg is building a $100,000 city hall.
— Mrs. Ames is modeling a bust of Gen. Grant.
— Chambers, the champion English oarsman, is dead.
— Lamartine is losing his mental faculties.
— Montreal is swarming with lawless characters of both sexes.
— Lace shirt bosoms and ruffles are being revived in Paris.
— Bull fighting is being introdnced into Northern France.
— The Cleveland ladies have been holding a mammoth tent festival.
— The Coolie trade is still encouraged in the British West Indies.
— Jersey mortgages bring ten per cent. and plenty of them for sale.
— Brigham Young wants 10,000 men to work on the Pacific railroad.
— Capital punishment has been abolished in the Kingdom of Saxony.
— Cattle stealing is the fashionable occupation along the Rio Grande.
— The copper mines in Newfoundland are being successfully worked.
— The laboring men of San Francisco have $8,000,000 in Savings Banks.
— Liszt's former mistress has gone crazy since he joined the church.
— Seventy men and boys were arrested at Toronto last Sunday for fishing.
— Berlin physicians expect neither Bismarck nor King William to live long.
— The Rothschilds have bought the monopoly of the tobacco trade in Italy.
— The latest novelty is a fan that can be used as a parasol, a veil or a bonnet.
— The increase of population in Missouri since the war is estimated at 350,000.
— Daood Pacha, an Armenian Christian, has been added to the Turkish cabinet.
— A young Indiana Japhet has just found his father after searching 18 years.
— A wild man has been discovered on the Manitoulin Islands, Lake Michigan.
— The Egyptians are caten up by ticks, taxes, and one or two other small plagues.
— A machine has been invented which turns out 200 strawberry boxes a minute.
— Edmund About is described as old and fat, with eyes like burned holes in a blanket.
— It is thought the hay crop just beginning to be gathered will be the heaviest ever cut.
— The fashionable color for ladies' bathing costumes at the sea-side will be scarlet and blue.
— A man is under arrest for bigamy in Cincinnati who is proved to have married eight wives.
— A Mrs. Kennedy has been fined $5 in Albany for kissing an ungallant youth against his will.
— A marriage was stopped lately in Rondout by an injunction served by a disappointed maiden.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

REPORTS FROM THE HARVEST OF 1868.

Dodge's Self-Raker in Missouri Wheat.

MEXICO, Mo., June 26, 1868.

DODGE & STEVENSON M'F'G CO., Auburn, N. Y.:

Yesterday we found grain ripe enough to cut on two farms where we had sold machines, put them up and they worked fine. One field of wheat was so heavy that we made a bundle with every other rake head, and all in good order. We also cut a field of rye 6½ feet high, and did perfect work with the self-rake.

The machine works splendid, cutting clean and easy. The twenty Self-Rakers sent us are all sold, and more wanted. Yours Truly, * * * *

Dodge's Self-Rake in Ohio.

DAYTON, Ohio, June, 22, 1868.

DODGE & STEVENSON M'F'G CO., Auburn, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs—To-day was the first time that I ever worked one of your machines, or saw it run in the harvest field. I put it into barley. The grain was thin and a heavy undergrowth of grass and weeds. It did its work better than any self-raker I every saw work.

It worked like a charm. I then rigged it for mowing in heavy, tangled clover, and it worked there like a charm. I have no more doubts now but your machine is the "*best in the world*," and *just as you recommend*. I never had any instructions how to set them up or adjust the rake, but father says "a blind hog will find an acorn."

There are men coming and wanting machines. The ten reapers sent me are all sold, and those wanting machines say they will wait until next year for one of yours.

Yours Truly. A. J. SHROYER.

Dodge's Self-Raker in Maryland.

SANDY SPRINGS, Md., June 24, 1868.

Messrs. DODGE & STEVENSON, Auburn, N. Y.:

Esteemed Friends—The car load of Reapers came all right and are delivered to the purchasers.

I started three of them to-day in wheat, and the self-rake worked beautifully.

No breaking or getting out of order.

Yours Truly, PHILIP T. STABLER.

Read what a Missouri Farmer writes about Dodge's Patent Self-Raking Reaper.

GLASGOW, Mo., June 25, 1868.

Messrs. DODGE & STEVENSON, Auburn, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—I am delighted with the performance of the machine bought of you. As a combined Reaper and Mower I consider it superior to all others, and the self-rake is a perfect success.

I have cut 100 acres of wheat and 20 of meadow, and nothing about the machine worn to notice. Accept my thanks, gentlemen, as one of the farmers of the West for your noble success in furnishing to wheat growers so admirable a machine.

Yours Truly. THOMAS M. LEWIS.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Improved Aluminium Bronze Hunting Cased Watches—Jules D Huguenin Vuillemin.
Notice and Caution—H G Chamberlain.
Liverpool and Great Western Steam Company—Williams & Guion.
Great Aches from Little Toe Corns Grow—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Sterility is Laid—John A Reddle.
To Nurserymen—T B Jenkins.
Dr Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Strawberry—Napoleon III—Edw'd J Evans & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Reports from the Harvest of 1868—Dodge & Stevenson Mf Co

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAWBERRY—NAPOLEON III.—Fruit very large, handsome, and of high, aromatic flavor; plant very vigorous, hardy and exceedingly productive.

"One of the most distinct fruits we know, and one of the best in many respects."—*T. Meehan, Ed. Gardeners' Monthly.*

"A strong and vigorous grower, productive; promises to be an acquisition."—*A. S. Fuller, author of "Small Fruit Culturist."*

"A good bearer, large, good fruit, quite late."—*F. R. Elliott, in Horticulturist.*

"Found that variety superior to all others in flavor, size and productiveness; I counted one hundred and forty-two berries on a single stock, that were from medium to very large."—*Prof S. B. Heiges, V. Pres., York Co., (Pa.) Horticultural Society.*

"Ripened early and continued to ripen longer than any other variety we had."—*Geo. H. Bielock, New York City.*

Descriptive Circular mailed to applicants. Price by mail, postage free, $3 per dozen.

EDW'D J. EVANS & CO., York, Pa.

LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.

The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz.:

MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA.
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.

With other first-class steamers building.

MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, July 8
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, July 22
COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12

From Pier No. 46 North River.

Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.

Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.

For steerage passage to
964-tf WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

NOTICE AND CAUTION.—IN CONSEquence of the demand for C. C. DURRANT's Flag Collar for Horses, sundry persons are engaged in the manufacturing of an imitation of said collars, and putting them on sale in various parts of the country; among them is One Wm. CHAPPELL of Rochester, N. Y., who is advertising his business as Secretary of the American Flag Horse Collar Manufacturing Co. The public are hereby notified not to purchase or use this or any other Flag Collar, unless it has stamped on the lining the following, viz., C. C. Durrant, maker, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., patented June 16th, 1863, with a [D] as a trade mark on all Collars made and sold since March 1st, 1868. The subscriber, having purchased said patent, and having the control of the same in and to the United States, hereby gives notice that every infringement on said patent will be met by a speedy prosecution to the extent of the law, whether it may be in the making, vending, or using said Collars. It is proposed to furnish said Collars in a legitimate manner, in quantities to meet the demand, and a good honest article, unlike the worthless imitations palmed off upon the public by these interlopers. For any and all information in relation to the Flag Collar business address C. C. DURRANT, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., Manufacturer, or H. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., owner of the Patent. 964-4t] H. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

WATCHES, AND ROSKOPF'S Patented People's Watch, cased in Swedish Silver. The improved Aluminium Bronze is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition.

The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price from $16 to $22.

Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent, post-paid, on demand.

A full assortment of chains. Also, Aluminium Bronze Cases for Waltham Watches. Goods sent by express C. O. D., with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN, No. 4 Nassau st., New York, P. O. Box 5355. 1964-eo

BLAKES' ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWERS—Awarded the Silver Medal at the Michigan State Fair, 1867.—This machine gives an even surface for the horses to walk upon and is capable of doing more work than any other machine in the market. Circular, Cross-Cut and Drag Saws and Attachment, supplied with Powers if wanted.

Two-Horse Thrasher and Separators, Improved Wood Splitter, Wheel Hay Rakes, Horton's Patent Hay Press,

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FOR MOWING MACHINES,

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THE REVOLUTIONS IN TRADE

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We send Descriptive Slips and a Printed Schedule of Goods we have for sale at ONE DOLLAR EACH,

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We do not require any one to send us ten cents in advance (or $10 either) and then send a printed slip stating that the person can receive for one dollar a Toy Flute valued at $3 but really worth but 10 cents, or a Perfumed Glove Box worth but 25 cents.

We use no such trash in OUR DOLLAR SALE. Our Circulars state fair and square the articles which will be sent for the money received.

☞ SEND US $5 AND GIVE US A TRIAL, OR BE SURE AND SEND FOR A CIRCULAR BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE.

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OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ ℔.
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GUNPOWDER (Green,) best $1,50 ℔ ℔.

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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CAUTION TO THE CONSUMERS OF

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The manufacturers of the Mason Fruit Jar desire to call the attention of the public to the various inferior Jars made in imitation of their own, which are now being offered in the market, and in some cases sold as the

GENUINE MASON JAR.

TRADE MARK—S. M. S. CO.—ALWAYS RELIABLE.

To prevent such imposition in future, each Jar of their manufacture will have the accompanying trade mark stamped upon the cover.

☞ Parties desiring a Jar which is in all cases thoroughly reliable, will find it to their interest to

LOOK AT THIS STAMP.

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WANTED—Agents.—$175 per Month to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of $20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 962-4t

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Letters requiring answers must enclose ¢t and a pre-paid envelop properly addressed.

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Persons having farms or other lands for sale will do well to enter them at the Agency. T. C. PETERS,

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HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE

KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL

OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tube, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.

FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.

I also make two sizes of superior

PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.

If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer, W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

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The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated slate was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of

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(the latter possessing qualities of geological and chemical affinity for the former,) and is a development of one of the simple but unalterable tendencies of nature.

AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.

A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.

FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.

The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and

PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,

it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

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Our long experience in the Commission Business enables us to sell goods without delay for the highest market prices. Cash Advanced on Consignments. Sales promptly made. Send for our Daily or Weekly Price Current.

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960-13t H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

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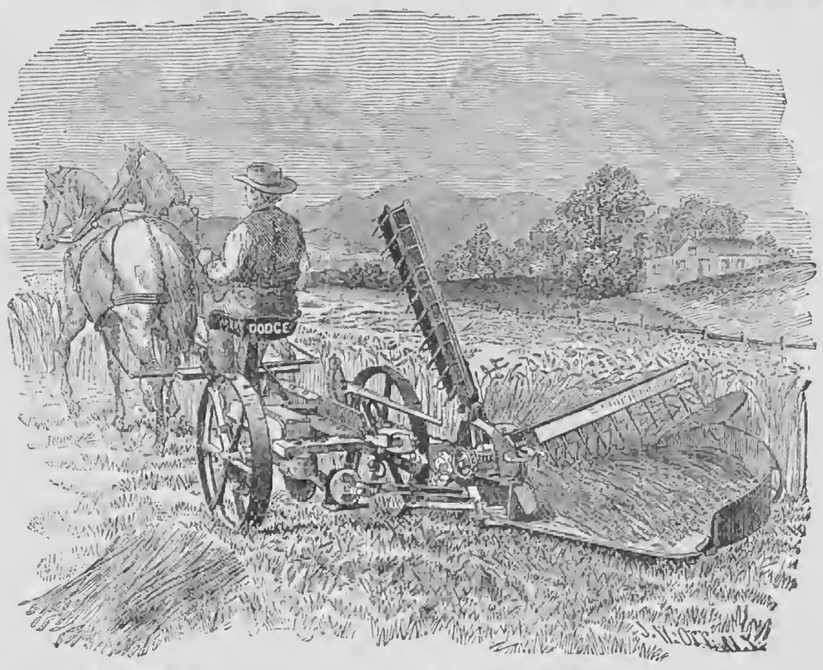
This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown*. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory No 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

DODGE'S PATENT

REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER,



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GAMMON & PRINDLE, No. 46 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.
L. J. BUSH & CO., No. 136 West Water Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
R. A. TYRREL, 58 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.
WICK, CROWDER & CO., 136 River St., Cleveland, Ohio.

THIS MACHINE embraces all those valuable features which have contributed to the great success of the Ohio and Buckeye Machines, together with a number of entirely new, novel and valuable improvements. In compactness, lightness of draft, excellence and elegance of workmanship and finish, combined with great strength and adaptation to all kinds of work, it will surpass any machine heretofore offered to the farmer. It has two Independent Driving Wheels, a double-hinged Finger-Bar and Folding Cutting Apparatus. The DODGE SELF-RAKE applied to this machine has proved a perfect success. To say that it pleases is a faint expression of the sentiments everywhere expressed. Enthusiastic encomiums pour in upon us from every quarter.

ITS GREAT STRENGTH, ITS SIMPLICITY, ITS RELIABLE WORK,

Place it out of reach of competition. It is a REVOLVING RAKE, and does its own reeling, saving the expense and trouble of a Reel. It makes a PERFECT SEPARATION, with the Rake Head, in all kinds of grain, whether tangled or lodged, long or short, by reason of the Rake revolving over forward, and striking into the uncut grain, before the sickle, and delivering it in compact gavels at the rear of the machine, entirely out of the way of the team and machine on its next round, and without any littering whatever.

THIS MACHINE WAS AWARDED THE SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR,

AS THE BEST

COMBINED MOWER, HAND-RAKING REAPER, AND SELF-RAKING REAPER,

On exhibition at the Great Fair of the SAINT LOUIS AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, Oct. 6th, 1866. At the trial of Reapers and Mowers, at Auburn, N. Y., in July, 1866, by the New York State Agricultural Society, this Machine was awarded the preference over all others in Class 5. This class was the most important of any, as it embraced a Mower and Hand and Self-Raking Reaper in the same machine. It was also

AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL AS THE BEST MOWING MACHINE!

At the Louisiana State Fair Trial of Mowers, after thorough tests in very difficult, fine Bermuda grass, and on very rough ground. Also, a GOLD MEDAL as the best Combined Machine, Hand and Self-Raker.

This Machine has been awarded GOLD and SILVER MEDALS, and *FIRST PREMIUMS*, by the Pennsylvania and Iowa State Agricultural Societies, and by hundreds of County and Local Societies in all parts of the United States. Thousands of testimonials can be shown from farmers who have used these machines, in all portions of the United States, Canadas, and also on the Pacific Coast and in South America. We have made some GREAT IMPROVEMENTS for the season of 1868, the result of our protracted and thorough trials in the field during the harvest of 1867. Pamphlets containing full description will be gladly sent, postage free, to any one requesting it, and also any information as to our Local Agencies, by addressing the

DODGE & STEVENSON MANUFACTURING CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Dodge's Improved Self-Raker for 1868.

STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM PRESS AND PEOPLE!

DODGE'S IMPROVED REAPER AND MOWER, AND SELF-RAKER, as described above, is believed to be the best Machine now or ever offered to the American Farmer. Its thorough trials and great triumphs over competing machines, during the season of 1867, have given the DODGE MACHINE unusual popularity and prestige among practical farmers, creating a demand for it with all who believe "the Best is the Cheapest," and who are determined to "Get the Best"—DODGE'S IMPROVED.

The following Testimonials, from reliable sources, show conclusively that DODGE'S SELF-RAKE fully meets every requirement of the most fastidious farmer, and it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction:

[From the Rural New-Yorker of Sept. 7, 1867.]

IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RAKE FOR DODGE'S HARVESTER.

During a recent visit to Auburn, we accepted an invitation from Col. DODGE, Pres't of the DODGE & STEVENSON Manufacturing Co., to witness a trial of their Automatic Rake for DODGE'S Harvester—they having added some very important improvements to the style of the rake hitherto used. These consist of four independent rakes, so constructed as to allow all of them to be in use for reeling on the grain, or by a slight movement of the hand or foot, causing either rake to rake off the cut grain, in any sized gavels required. These additions overcome the defects heretofore existing in it and make it perfect for its work, and will, in addition to its other good qualities, leave few if any improvements to be desired in this machine.

The trial took place on the farm of JOHN W. AIKEN, in the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., and was witnessed by many farmers and other spectators. The grain out was heavy oats, very ripe, lodged in spots, and the straw badly crinkled down and twisted together. There was also a heavy sprinkling of Canada thistles in the grain, and some spots on which, evidently, water had stood after sowing in the spring, where the straw was short and thin. On the east side of the field the grain lodged very much towards the machine, and the wind blew freshly from the southwest. The ground was in good condition for the machine to travel on, the surface being slightly rolling. Three to four acres were cut while we were in the field—the work being done in a very satisfactory manner. The rake, which also reels, worked easily and without apparent clumsiness, and delivered the gavels in fine condition for binding, clear of the track, whenever the driver slightly pulled a cord. No adjustments were made or needed in the field, and no difficulty or impediment was met with in the lodged, thin, or leaning grain. Several farmers present drove round the field by turns, and all concurred in the opinion expressed by an agent of a rival machine, who, after driving round, remarked:—"It does the best work of any self-rake I ever saw."

[From the Utica Morning Herald.]

THE DODGE MOWER AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

At a trial of Mowers at Norwich, N. Y., on Tuesday last, [July 15, 1867,] by the Chenango Agricultural Society, The DODGE Mower, was awarded the First Premium over the Young Warrior, the Buckeye, made by Adriance, Platt & Co., the Monitor, the Cayuga Chief, and Wood's Mower. The DODGE made a clean sweep, as usual. This victorious machine is for sale by E. LEE & SON, corner of John and Bleecker Streets, Utica, N. Y.

DODGE'S MOWER AHEAD IN MICHIGAN!

A Detroit paper gives the result of a Trial of Mowers under the direction of the Lapeer Co. Ag. Society, on the farm of Hon. J. M. LAMB, July 10, 1867, at which seven machines competed for the prizes offered by the Society. DODGE'S Patent performed the task assigned in less time than any other machine, and was awarded the First Premium.

THE DODGE MACHINE IN SENECA COUNTY.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operations of one of Dodge, Stevenson & Co.'s Combined Machines, with one of their new, improved Rakes, in the town of East Varick, on the farm of John Troutman, at Bearytown, Aug. 31, 1867, in oats, heavy and light, and stumpy field, would cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a Machine, as the Self-Rake is a perfect success, doing its work perfect. Anything more said in its praise would be superfluous. One only wants to see it work, to be satisfied that it is the *ne plus ultra*.

Luke Johnson,	F. Hoster,	Daniel Kuney,
D. C. Smalley,	J. L. Hoster,	John Irland,
Wm. Barnes,	Willard Pulman,	David H. Irland,
David G. Stewart,	C. J. Corwin,	John B. Robison,
P. H. Peterson,	Robert Nunniors,	Daniel Goodman,
James Cooley,	Geo. W. Randall,	I. Luntensteloyer,
H. F. Troutman,	Eli Zellnor,	James Payne,
R. Fankinburgh,	Seneca P. King,	Nelson Barbeau,
E. F. Bryant,	Jacob Peterson,	Wm. H. Waldron.
I. Brown,	J. M. Sherman,	

THE DODGE MACHINE AT FAYETTE.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of oats, on the farm of Daniel Wooden, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Sept., 1867. The Self-Rake we consider perfect; and farmers need look no further for such an implement. Simple in construction, very strong, no "traps or fixings" to get out of order; is ready for use, when it leaves the factory, in any kind of grain. Needs no adjusting for wheat of any kind or condition, oats, rye or barley. Will run from very short to long, tall grain, or through leaning or lodged places, equally well. The driver, by pulling a small lever at his side, discharges the gavel whenever enough grain has been reeled on the table.

Milton Jimerson. Daniel B. Wooden, F. H. Metzger.
Vincent M. Halsey, Daniel S. Post,

We, the undersigned, were present on the 2d Sept., 1867, at the farm of D. T. Greenleaf, in the town of Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., and witnessed the operation of the Improved Self-Rake, or Dodge's Harvester. The grain was oats, and difficult work. The Machine cut clean, and worked easy. The Self-Rake worked to our entire satisfaction, reeling on the grain, and delivering the gavels in perfect order, at the will of the driver, by slightly pulling a lever. We consider it a perfect Self-Rake, and all that can be desired.

A. Bachman,	James Turin,	Reuben Bachman,
W. H. Wolf,	G. W. Bockover,	John Anderson,
D. T. Greenleaf,	Dennis Huff,	Jacob Stahl,
John Zimmer,	L. D. Carr,	C. B. Matthews,
Wm. L. Goseline,	D. B. Randall,	John Dysinger,
Jacob Disinger,	Jefferson Hand,	John M. Odell,
Milton Matthew,	B. S. Wright,	Joseph Emmons,
A. House,	H. C. Wright,	James Disinger.
J. H. Kidd,		

THE DODGE MACHINE AT SPAFFORD.

We, the undersigned, witnessed the operation of Dodge's Harvester, with the Improved Self-Rake, in a field of heavy spring wheat, (both bearded and bald,) on the farm of Seymour Grinnell, in the town of Spafford, Onondaga Co., N. Y., on the 27th of August, 1867. The wind blew strong from the south. The Machine worked perfectly on every side, cutting clean and even. The Self-Rake required no adjustment, and reeled on the grain in good shape, delivering the gavels at the will of the driver, by a slight pull of a lever. The gavels were laid straight in every instance, and suitable for binding, without hand-rake. We consider the work done as absolutely perfect, and the best we ever saw.

Seymour Grinnell,	William Wallace,	Justin N. Knapp,
Evelyn Grinnell,	Orlando Grinnell,	Cornelius Tracy,
Joan Holmes,	Perry Grinnell,	Philip T. Stabler
David H. Cowan,	Martin A. Knapp,	of Maryland.

THE DODGE MACHINE AT COVERT.

We, the undersigned, having witnessed the operation of Dodge & Stevenson Manufacturing Co.'s Harvester, with their Improved Self-Rake, on the farm of D. C. Cole, in the town of Covert, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the 4th of September, 1867, would recommend all who want a perfect Self-Raking Harvester, to take this Machine. It certainly is the best Self-Rake we ever saw. It worked perfectly on every side of the field, delivering the gavels straight and even, whenever the driver wished, by merely pulling slightly a lever. No adjustments were made or needed while in the field.

S. V. Minor,	R. C. Barlo,	Samuel R. Briggs,
S. B. Mundy,	Ira Stilwill,	Ira S. Tunison,
William Minor,	E. S. Leggett,	Wm. R. Vandyke,
Peter Mannar,	George D. Uhl,	A. M. Williamer,
Abm. Fulkerson,	John Blauvelt,	Harrison Tunison,
Hugh Hanay,	Peter Tunison,	F. M. Vaunvetwick
Jefferson Saffeu,	Sam. Ogden,	R. Tunison,
T. S. Fulkerson,	Tunis Swick,	Azariah L. Abel,
W. V. Gould,	Hudson Rapplye,	E. Lamoreaux,
A. Walker,	Harvey Cole,	Almerian Burr.
Jno. Banta,	Minor Smith,	

We have seen the above Machine, with Self-Rake, work in a field of short oats, under very unfavorable circumstances, and it did its work admirably.

C. E. Opdyke, H. T. E. Foster.

INDELIBLE PENCILS.

For Marking Clothing, &c.,
Single, $0,50; 3 for $1; per dozen, $2,75; ⅌ grs. $23.

For Writing on Wood,
Single, $0,60; two for $1; per dozen, $4.

Sent, freight pre-paid, on receipt of price.

"More convenient than ink."—*Am. Agriculturist.*
"Invaluable for marking linen."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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PERSONS SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and other Diseases of the Lungs, Fever and Ague, Piles, and Chronic Diarrhœa, may find a cure by addressing Dr. BOARDMAN, 38 St. Mark's Place, New York. 962-2teo

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin. Why will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all practical purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "Franklin" and "Diamond" Machines can be had in any quantity. This Machine is a double thread, complete with table, constructed upon entirely new principles, and Does Not infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address, [953-6eot] J. C. UTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass.

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THE THREE LANDS.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Dancing, like leaflets
With tremulous quiver:
Glancing, like sunbeams
Crossing the river;
Full of the music
Of fountain and breeze;
Full of the fragrance
Of gardens and leas,
Thus the bright vision
Of Fortune entrancing,
Beckons our youth
To the land of Romancing.

Dimly, through deserts
Where sultriness parches
Grimly, like pilgrims
On wilderness marches,
Full of the terrors
Of warfare and spoil—
Full of the troublings
Of waiting and toil—
Thus the sad shadows
Of childhood's ideal,
Phantom-like lead
Through the Land of the Real.

Only when cheated
By Fortune's bright fancies;
Lonely and laden
With Life's weary chances;
Full of faint hopings,
That tremble and weep—
Full of strange longings
For rest and for sleep—
Thus we go down,
In our ashes so lowly,
Seeking a path
To the Land of the Holy!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RETRIBUTION.

BY HOWARD THURSTON.

How should KITTY LEWELLYN know, that balmy June evening when GRAHAM ESTON walked home with her from his own father's house, and talked so tenderly and in such a wooing tone, that he was only amusing himself in a manner peculiar to a certain class of young men, that he cherished not the first warm feeling for her, and that only a week previous he had figuratively laid his hand and his heart at the feet of a prouder beauty and the offering had been graciously accepted?

KITTY LEWELLYN was young and unsophisticated, and had many things to learn. She cherished some tender sentiments for dashing GRAHAM ESTON; many times of late had her foolish little fluttering heart betrayed to her its secret. This state of things was not at all remarkable. The young gentleman alluded to was attractive among the ladies; had just that half-familiar half-respectful air with him which so wins upon their confidence and affections. He had met KITTY often, during her calls upon his sister, BELLE ESTON; had remarked that she was extremely pretty, though rather shy; and had taken pleasure in studying her occasionally, as he termed it.

For a young gentleman of ESTON'S ability to undertake the study of a young nature like that of KITTY LEWELLYN, is always dangerous. The present instance was no exception to the general rule. ESTON'S study, though possibly not intended for that purpose, quite won the young girl's love, and during their walk home on that balmy evening the tremor in her voice, and in the arm that leaned on his, told the old, old story very loudly. GRAHAM was going away on the morrow, to be absent two years, at least, and this was to be his farewell. She hoped he would breathe his love more fully than he had yet done,—it would be so pleasant to get his letters, and to write him, during his absence. You see she believed he did love her. All the meaningless little tendernesses he had spoken and manifested had sunk very deep into her trusting heart. They were enough for her; faith and a first affection thought them capable of but one translation.

ESTON took leave of her upon the porch, where the honeysuckle blossoms gave out a dainty perfume, with neither more nor less show of affection than was usual with him. He left her to go and enjoy his last evening with his betrothed, while poor KITTY, truer of heart than she, indulged in a long crying spell out under the large apple tree, where of a summer eve, she most liked to sit.

It was many weeks before this sweet dream of love that KITTY held had its awakening. She framed a hundred excuses for his not openly declaring himself, or at least saying he should write; and considered him so true that she vowed many times to herself to remain true to him ever, until his return. She was a very foolish little KITTY, certainly, but there are others just like her.

One day KITTY was with BELLE ESTON. BELLE'S discernment was not the quickest, and she had no suspicion of KITTY'S feelings toward her brother. Much as KITTY desired to hear from GRAHAM, she would not herself turn the conversation upon him, but when BELLE mentioned some incident of his travels she asked—

"So you have heard from him recently, have you?"

"Last week, through FLORENCE PERCIVAL," was the reply.

"And does he write to her often?" queried the trembling little KITTY.

"O, yes. They're engaged, you know."

Poor KITTY! It was a hard blow for her! She shed a good many tears over it, just as an artless girl of but sixteen years naturally would. Then pride—for she was wonderfully proud, for a little thing like her—came to her aid, and she determined to forget GRAHAM ESTON utterly.

A year passed away, and her determination to forget had worked its desired cure. She thought of the handsome trifler occasionally, still, but not in the old way, and was as light-hearted as in the glad days when she believed his love all her own. Another year went by, and FLORENCE PERCIVAL grew weary of waiting longer for her accepted lover's return, or found a more congenial hand and heart at her service, and became Mrs. BLESSMER.

At the end of the fourth twelvemonth KITTY left her New England home, and went southward, to spend the winter with a friend in the Crescent city. She was an unsophisticated little KITTY no longer, but a woman well versed in the heartless forms of society, self-reliant as a queen, who could play her part in perfect security at a game of hearts, and enjoy it with a zest. Such transformations there are in womankind, between sixteen and twenty!

From the hour of KITTY'S *entree* into New Orleans society, she was an acknowledged belle, and the center always of an admiring *coterie*. Her friend was a widow lady of wealth, who took pride in KITTY'S success, and did everything in her power to add to it.

The fashionable season was at its height when GRAHAM ESTON, returning from his long tarry in half-civilized and wholly-distracted Mexico, where he had been engaged in connection with a silver mining company, arrived in town. An old college friend who ran across him at the St. Charles, kindly offered to polish him up a little by taking him to Mrs. BLANK'S party that evening, and there GRAHAM was introduced to Miss LEWELLYN. He was so changed that she failed to recognize him, at first, and he was far from imagining that the regal young lady before him was the little girl whom he studied years agone. In the introduction, too, he did not hear the name distinctly, and its familiarity did not consequently attract his attention.

When KITTY saw that her new acquaintance was indeed the GRAHAM ESTON of former memories, she wickedly or justly resolved to be just as fascinating as she could, and she succeeded admirably. He was charmed by her piquancy, her ready wit, and her rare beauty—more rounded than in her young girlhood,—and ere he wrapped her cloak about her and escorted her to her carriage, was more in love than ever in his life before. A protracted call upon her next morning was followed by others, daily, until his happiness depended on her smiles. Meanwhile she was not unmindful of his condition, and at times half regretted the course she had pursued.

He told his affection in words, at length, hurriedly, brokenly and earnestly, as a man will whose love takes hold on all his being. She pitied him, then. But the retribution was just, her proud heart said, and a cold surprise breathed through her voice as she answered—

"You will oblige me by never speaking of this again, Mr. ESTON."

He glanced at her a pained, wondering look. For the first time the thought came to him that she might have been playing at coquetry. She was thinking of the tears she shed for him, once, under the apple tree, and an expression of scorn settled on her face,—half for herself, for ever having been so weak, half for him, for ever seeking to win her young heart. Her scornful face stung him.

"You have been wickedly cruel," he said, bitterly.

"If I have been cruel," she rejoined, "have I not also been just?"

Again he gave her that pained, wondering look, that resolved itself into the words—

"Was it just to lure me on with your tempting smiles, and win my love but to cast it at my feet in disdain?"

"Have you forgotten a simple girl away in your native village, whose love you won by tender words and fond attention, but which you cared not enough for to ask it in manly honor?" she questioned, with a sudden fierceness. "KITTY LEWELLYN loved you once, but she was nothing to you, then, and now you are nothing to her!"

GRAHAM ESTON went out from her presence feeling that his punishment was deserved. But it was none the less severe, on that account. The one great passion of his life had sprung into existence, and it would not lightly be put aside. He left the Crescent city, and traveled northward, but wherever he went, the words—"KITTY LEWELLYN loved you once"—rang in his ears, like a sad echo, and her sweet face appeared ever before him, wearing the same look of scorn that it wore when the words were spoken.

THE TWIN COTTAGES.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Chapter II.—The Quarrel.

It was on a cold afternoon in midwinter that the dispute—the first serious quarrel between Martha and Maria—took place. Lionel and Richard had been at work all day, drawing logs out of the woods; and at night, unharnessing their teams together, they returned to the house, walking slowly side by side.

"I calculate we shall move into the new house early next fall," said Lionel. "Our work gets on famously. We shall have everything ready for the carpenters in two months, and the masons can build the cellar-wall as soon as the frost is out of the ground."

"The women are getting on finely, too," rejoined Richard. "Now tell me, Lionel, did you ever see two wives, under the same roof, agree so well?"

"Never. But it is no wonder. Martha would sooner give up everything to Maria, than quarrel with her."

"And Maria feels the same towards her."

With these words on his lips, Richard opened the door. The wives were sitting in the position in which we left them.

"How happens this?" said Lionel. "The table is not set."

"Maria, how have you forgotten yourself so?" asked the mild Richard. "You usually get supper, I believe?"

"I always have till to-night," said Maria, flushing very red. "For two mouths I have set the table three times a day, without a word. Now I think it is time *somebody else* should set it."

As Martha knew very well who was meant by *somebody else*, she said quickly,

"I don't know what this means, I am sure. Maria has always wanted to set the table, because she doesn't want to sew all day; and as I can sew faster than she can, I have left the duty to her."

"I don't understand this trifling," said Lionel, sternly.

"Nor I," replied Richard, biting his lips.

"Come, brother, let us set the table ourselves."

Maria had now reflected long enough on the folly of what she was doing to be heartily ashamed of her conduct. She felt that she ought to have set the table, but pride had sustained her: and now, before she could leave her chair, Martha, who knew perhaps how much a little condescension at such a time would speak in her favor, and to Maria's disadvantage, quietly arose, and put away her work.

"I am sure," said she, "I would rather set the table than not. It is much pleasanter than sitting all day, and I would have had supper all ready by this time, if I had not supposed *somebody else* preferred to do it."

"Maria, what does this mean?" demanded Richard, impatiently.

Wounded pride, anger and shame struggled in Maria's breast, until she burst into tears.

"I have been trodden upon and insulted long enough!" she sobbed.

"Trodden upon and insulted!" echoed the impetuous Lionel, with a frown. "By whom? Not by Martha, I know. Come, sisters! have done with this nonsense!

"Brother," replied Richard, in a suppressed voice, "it is not for you to judge and condemn my wife. See—she weeps—and she would not weep for nothing."

"Fudge!" said Lionel, with a gesture of irritation.

Richard turned calmly away, and followed Maria to her room.

As soon as Martha saw her husband disposed to take her part, she thought best to hold her peace, and go quietly about her work, with the peculiar air of a person very much abused, but nevertheless perfectly resigned. Lionel walked across the room, sat down and took his youngest child upon his knee.

"Now tell me what this quarrel is," said he to his wife, in his usual imperative manner, when excited. "What is the matter of Maria?"

"It is such a trifling matter, that I am ashamed to mention it," replied Martha. "I didn't think she was so silly. There was something said about the large square bed-room, in the new house, and Maria spoke up very crank, and said *she* laid claim to that. I asked her by what right, and she answered that it was time for her to lay claim to something, since she and Richard had suffered us to trample upon them, and have our own way in everything, so long."

"Did she say that?" said Lionel, angrily.

"Yes, and a great deal more like it, which I can't repeat. Of course," added Martha, with a self-approving smile, "I couldn't hear her talk so, without making some reply; and so I told her that if anybody had a right to the bed-room, it was ourselves, for the house would never have been built, if it had not been for you."

Lionel's brows gathered.

"Richard shall know of this," he muttered. "I could have borne anything rather than that she should have said *we* trample upon *them*. My blood boils at the injustice of the charge. I take the lead in business, because I have more of a business turn than Richard has; and because he knows it, and is more willing to trust to my judgment than his own. We trample upon them! So, this is the reason why Maria did not set the table?"

"I don't know of any other reason, I am sure," replied Martha.

Meanwhile Martha was telling *her* story to her sympathizing husband.

"I ought to have set the table, I know," said she. "But Martha was so unjust and tyrannical that I had to rebel. It is true we never quarreled seriously before, but it is only because I have always tamely submitted to her domineering disposition. She has had everything her own way; and so has Lionel; and she thinks that because we have submitted before, we must now. I told her, if she had asked me kindly for the bed-room, I would have given it up to her; but when she claimed it, on the plea that the house was of Lionel's building and not yours, and that you were not capable of taking the lead in business—"

"Did she say that?" muttered Richard, whose pride was touched to the quick.

"O, that is not half what she said!" exclaimed Maria.

"This is insulting!" said Richard, with much irritation. "Because Lionel is the eldest, and I have allowed him to take the lead, as elder brothers naturally do, she must doubt my capability! But Lionel himself must see the injustice of this, and he shall know of it to-night."

During this time, Richard's two eldest children—Jackson and Wolcott—together with their cousin Edward, were milking the cows, feeding and taking care of the stock, and performing other duties about the yards and barn, to which they always gave their attention after school. To see that the boys slighted none of their "chores," Lionel, as was his custom at night, left the house, directing his footsteps towards the barn, and Richard went out soon after, on the same errand. The brothers met in the door of the wagon-house, and stopped to speak with each other.

"The women," said Lionel, carelessly, "have had a foolish quarrel."

"I am very sorry for it," replied Richard.

"I hope they will soon make it up again, brother. But I must say, I think that Maria is the most to blame."

"To blame for resenting an insult to her husband?" said Richard, hastily.

"Who has insulted you?"

"Martha. She said I was not capable of doing business. If I have permitted you to take the lead, Lionel, it is not because I consider myself in any way your inferior."

"It seems to me you are getting into a passion about nothing," replied Lionel. "Martha may have said you have less business tact than I have; and that you yourself cannot deny."

"That I do deny! I acknowledge no inferiority. As Maria said, you and Martha are growing presumptuous."

"She said we trample upon you! Absurdity!"

"Ha!" ejaculated Richard, trembling with irritation. "You have never presumed too much, have you? Your wife laid claim to the bed-room, because your judgment is superior to mine!"

"Come, come, you talk like a school-boy!" muttered Lionel, with a sneer. "I think we had better drop the subject, till some time when you are cool."

"Lionel! this is unkind! this is unjust! I cannot suffer such intolerance. It is as Maria said. You presume too much on our good nature."

"Hum! yes! trample upon you!"

Richard turned angrily away. The two families sat down to the table together that evening, but not a word was spoken by the parents. The children saw that there was some trouble in the house, and conducted their conversation in whispers.

After supper, Richard sent Jackson down cellar for a pan of apples and a pitcher of cider; but instead of directing him, as heretofore, to pass the fruit first to his aunt, and fill his uncle's glass before his own, he told him to place the pitcher and pan upon the hearth, before the blazing fire, where everybody could help themselves.

Lionel cast a strange look upon his brother, and exchanged glances with his wife. Immediately after, Martha called Edward to her, and whispered something in his ear.

Although the candle Jackson had used, was still left burning, Edward lighted a fresh one, and passing through the party, went down cellar. In a few minutes he returned with another pan of apples and another pitcher of cider, which he placed upon the hearth, close beside Jackson's, selecting the nicest apple he could find, for his mother, and filling his father's glass to the brim.

"Pass it to Richard!" said Lionel.

Richard, proud, sensitive and indignant when aroused, imputed this silent rebuke as an insult, and refused the proffered glass with a look of scorn. Lionel smiled contemptuously, and quaffed the beverage in silence. For the first time in many years, the two families parted that evening without bidding each other good night.

Chapter III.—The Feud.

LIONEL arose betimes, on the following morning, lighted the kitchen fire and went out to feed the teams long before the dawn, while Martha, contrary to her custom, busied herself in preparing breakfast. This strong-minded couple, in talking over the quarrel of the previous evening, behind their bed-curtains, had arrived at the fixed conclusion, that, Richard and Maria having acted foolishly, they should be the first to make advances towards a reconciliation.

"It will be best to go about our business, and say nothing to them, until they have done pouting," said the stern Lionel.

"I think so too," said Martha.

On the other hand, Richard had said to his wife, "Lionel has not been like a brother in this, nor Martha like a sister. Their conduct has been too overbearing. They have insulted us, and I think it is their duty to ask our pardon."

"To be sure it is!" exclaimed Maria.

So there had been four hearts full of bitterness and anger beneath the peaceful roof of the old Felton house that night.

When Maria arose and found that Martha was preparing breakfast, she was more angry than ever.

"She does it to provoke me!" she exclaimed to Richard. "This is insult upon insult!"

At the breakfast table, a sullen silence was maintained by Richard and his wife, while Lionel and Martha kept up a light and careless conversation between themselves, in order to show a proper contempt for the resentment of their companions. This affected indifference rankled in the sensitive heart of Richard, and having made a light and hasty breakfast, he went to the barn and drove his team into the woods without saying a word to his brother.

Lionel followed soon after; and the brothers helped each other roll the logs upon their sleds, as usual, but it was without a kind word, or a kindly feeling. Each waited for the other to speak: and had Richard or Lionel uttered a single word of kindness, it would undoubtedly have been responded to with an outburst of brotherly love, and would have resulted in a perfect reconciliation; but as it was, they worked together thus all day, making themselves and each other as miserable as possible.

The following day being Saturday, Lionel rode into the city to make some purchases, and to conclude a contract for the disposal of a quantity of wood, which the brothers had long been anxious to send off, while the sleighing lasted.

Now Lionel, imperious and unyielding as he sometimes was, had naturally a kind and generous heart; and when he thought how wretched the family quarrel had made them all, during the past eight-and-forty hours, and remembered how happy they had been living together in peace and good fellowship, he resolved to forgive Richard's unreasonable spite, and make the first efforts towards the restoration of mutual confidence and love. Accordingly, while he was in the city, he purchased a box of figs, to be divided equally between Richard's children and his own; a silver comb for Maria, precisely similar to one he bought for Martha, and a handsome gold pencil, which he intended as a gift for Richard.

With these laudable resolutions and generous presents, Lionel returned home at night, joyfully anticipating the blessing which should follow a visible action. But, most unfortunately, Martha and Maria had been quarreling all day, and even the children had begun to imbibe the poison of ill-will, and show their spite towards each other.

When Lionel produced the figs he called all the children to him, and chose some of the nicest to give to little Lizzie, Richard's youngest child.

"Come, my dear," said he, "I have got something for you."—[To be continued.

We spend half our lives in making mistakes, and waste the poor remainder in reflecting how easily we might have avoided them.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 7, 1, 2, 5, 6 is a kind of grain.
My 40, 8, 38, 29, 37 is a very useful animal.
My 45, 43, 26 is an adjective.
My 20, 23, 14, 42, 17 is a very lazy animal.
My 11, 41, 50, 35, 49, 24 was an ancient prophet.
My 31, 32, 28, 33 is a kind of grain.
My 18, 22, 38, 14, 13 is a man's name.
My 47, 9, 3, 30 is a particular kind of door hinge.
My 10, 44, 27, 5 is a species of camel.
My 10, 18, 12, 48 is a division of water.
My 34, 16, 35, 33, 49 is an animal.
My 15, 5, 3, 49, 36 is a fluid.
My 20, 4, 38, 28, 25 is a bush.
My 21, 35, 49 is to hasten.
My 39, 35, 36, 45, 46 is breadth.
My whole is one of Dr. Franklin's maxims.

Timber Run, O., 1868. MONROE SMITH.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

With Noah's group, into the ark I passed,
But not, with Daniel, in the den was cast;
Into the fiery furnace I did go,
With Shadrach, Meshack and Abednego.

Without my help, was lofty Babel made;
Nor did the golden calf receive my aid;
But yet, of every altar I'm a part,
And every prayer that rises from the heart.

With Moses in the wilderness was I,
But not with Enoch carried to the sky;
Was in the rushes, too, where Moses lay,
And in the harp that David loved to play.

Although I ne'er had hand in making pills,
Without my aid, no doctors cure your ills;
Though part of every sermon I must be,
There is no room in any pew for me.

Norwich, N. Y. B.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Hte lod, dol esa sa nco ni rcats,
Somec rumnigmur thiw sit yamof slip,
Dan gikkmoc ta ist cavtan sirpe,
Llasc orf tsi gnol solt tultimedu fo hipss.

Clinton, N. Y. ETHEL AND CLAIRE.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 962.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Johann Christoph Frederick Schiller.

Answer to Anagram:

The sun shines brightly down the glen,
And the winding river gleams,
Clear as the joyous song of birds,
By shaded forest streams.

The pure air breathes on every leaf,
With sweetest fragrance fraught,
Like a mother's blessing on her child,
Or the poet's purest thought.

Answer to Puzzle:—Baltimore.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE HARVEST.

WITH the aid of good implements and fair weather the harvesting of grain is not the hardest nor most unpleasant work that falls to the farmer's lot. Most of our readers are now in the midst of this labor, though many in the South and Southwest are closing it up. There are some subjects connected with the harvest which suggest themselves to farmers very often and forcibly at this time of the year. One of these is harvesting machinery.

We are often asked what we consider the best reaper, and we reply that it is a question we cannot undertake to answer, and, further, we don't think a committee of the best judges in the country could decide. There are many good ones, and, perhaps, none that merit the appellation of *best*. But there is one thing which would govern us to a great extent, in choosing, and that is the quality of the work and material. Manufacturers can afford to furnish far better machines to farmers for the prices they receive than they do. Compare them, in material and workmanship, with the machinery in their shops, and see what a vast difference there is in durability, finish and capability for work.

Nothing is more vexatious or costly to the farmer than to have his machine frequently breaking down. And this need not be. No harvesting machine is worth the farmer's money, at the present day, which needs an hour spent in repairs during the entire season. We know this is a high standard, but it is easy to be reached if manufacturers will do their duty. But while the plan of the machines may be without fault, the general make-up is often miserably poor. Farmers should demand and insist on having better work and material, and patronize those who comply to the greatest extent.

If fair weather prevails, harvesting may be carried on easily and speedily. To guard against injury from rain, it is sometimes best to bestow more labor in capping the shocks of grain than would be necessary if one could be assured of sunshine. As a rule, American farmers suffer little loss from wet harvests. They have but a tithe of the trouble of English farmers in this respect, and they are so accustomed to the free-and-easy way of doing their work, that if caught by a wet time they are unprepared and suffer accordingly. Labor is sometimes saved by planning as though fair weather were certain, but in the long run it pays best to be prudent and keep snug. Wheat may be stacked and capped so that it will stand the weather unharmed for several weeks, and in the large western grain fields it might be as cheap and safe to store it thus and draw directly to the threshing machine, as to stack. Oats should be securely capped, in order to be safe, as they require considerable time to cure enough to keep in the mow or stack. Barley should be thrown off the reaper in winrows, and if it is ripe and the weather good, draw and store it without cocking.

It is safe to say that more grain is damaged in the stack than in the field, and this loss may be avoided. It is a serious one, some years, to Western grain growers. Grain in stacks may be made as secure against the weather as in barns. Plenty of help on the stack is the first requisite, and some skill and care the next. After the stack has settled, it should be re-topped with half-cured grass, put on in layers, and fastened with hay ropes attached to pins. If the slope of the stack is sufficiently steep the grass will protect the grain effectively. There is also loss of grain at the bottom as well as top of stacks, and good foundations are likewise essential. English farmers, who invariably stack their grain, never suffer loss in a climate far worse than ours. The reason why is, that they have plenty of skilled help, the grain is protected by thatch, and the foundations are often of iron framework and will endure for generations.

The harvest teaches many valuable lessons; whether we have sown too much or too little seed, what varieties are best, how well underdraining, manuring and good culture have repaid the cost. The loss which results from the growth of weeds, is also apparent. Often it is evident to the eye that the soil is tasked more to support the weeds than the grain. At this time the advantages to be derived from horse hoeing grain are very forcibly presented. These lessons should be studied by all farmers.

SHADE IN PASTURES.

THE hot days of July and the beginning of "fly time" suggest that stock may derive a great deal of comfort from an abundance of shade in their pastures—at least such is our faith, although we are aware that many practical farmers hold to the opposite belief. LEWIS F. ALLEN, in his work on American Cattle, discourses thus on the subject:

"We have heard from experienced and successful graziers and dairymen, different opinions, of both the advantages and disadvantages of shade in pastures. One advocates the presence of trees, either singly or in groups, under which the cattle can lie or stand when at rest, thus screening them from the heat of the sun, besides adding to their thrift and enjoyment, as where shade abounds, there the cattle gather and enjoy it. The other would strip every tree from his pasture grounds, contending that in the heat of the day, when the grass is dryest and most nutritious, they can feed heartily and more to their benefit, and rest at night—the proper time for it. As to flies, they trouble the cattle less in sunshine than shade; the cattle, when shade is in the field, lie there all day, and feed only at night and morning, when the grass is wet with dew; it is then "washy," and less nutritious than when dry, and only moistened by its own sap.

"Whether this last be a real or only a fanciful theory, we do not decide. The cattle themselves being judges, we should call it only a fancy, for it is certain they love the shade during excessive heats, as they do the sun in excessive cold. There is another question concerning the land, however, worthy of consideration, in stripping it altogether of shade trees. They add much to the pastoral beauty of the landscape, and, in the estimation of most men, to its value. Who of any taste in the attractions of a fine landed estate, would permit a farm to be denuded of its majestic trees, or woody clumps of shade, for the mere fancy that his herds would gain a few more pounds of flesh in their summer pasturage? Scarce one in a hundred. No; let the trees, singly and apart, or gracefully grouped in their own free luxuriance, stand a shelter to the herds, and a pleasant spectacle to their possessor—a 'most living landscape' in its summer repose."

HAY TEDDERS—VENTILATING STACKS.

HAY tedding machines have been in use in Great Britain for more than a century, and their merits and faults are pretty well understood. The Irish Farmers' Gazette, in commenting on them, says that intelligent farmers complain that the hay making machines break the culms, and when that takes place, the valuable saccharine juices run out, and if wet comes on, washes it off, and the nutritive property of the provender is reduced. This, it is true, takes place; but it only does so when the machine is used when the grass is fresh and brittle; but when allowed sufficient time after being cut to get flaccid, it is too tough to break, and then the hay tedder can be used with safety, and with great profit; it is, therefore, necessary to let the newly cut grass remain in the swath, exposed to the sun and air; and if the crop be so heavy as to demand it, to be turned over in the swath as soon as the upper portion has lost some of its superfluous water, and expose the under part to the action of the air, after which it may be tedded out by the machine, and back-stirred at intervals till fit for gathering into windrows by the horse hay rakes.

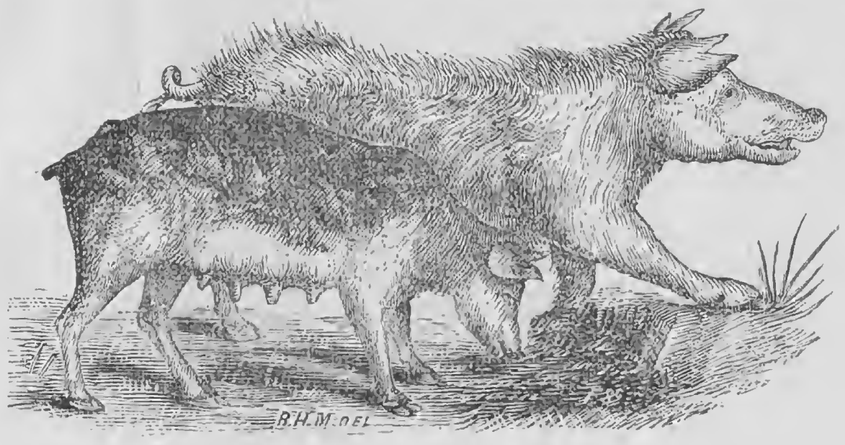
The same journal also suggests that hay stacks that are in danger of overheating may be ventilated by using an apparatus which consists of an iron perforated tube, but solid at the point, to facilitate driving it in; and to which is attached another upright tube by way of chimney, which, when driven into the heated rick or stack, allows the heated air to escape as it is generated, and saves the stack from firing; thus saving loss and an immensity of trouble in pulling down the rick and rebuilding it.

DEEP OR SHALLOW PLOWING.

IT is said that everything has, at least, two sides, and plowing does not offer an exception. One party says, "Plow deep, or reap a poor harvest," and another says, "Do it, and get no harvest at all." These parties seem to be antipodes, on the plowing question; but, in reality, mean about the same thing. The first, by deep plowing, simply intends to say, not that scarifying the soil a few inches deep will not produce a tolerable crop, when the process first commences; but that following this up will ultimate in little more than the seed, even by the aid of manure. The second, in objecting to deep plowing, because it throws to the surface for the seed bed cold, stiff and inert matter, does not really imply that at some time, not remote, this may be a beneficial proceeding. Present results are looked at by one party, and future ones by the other.

If land, plowed shallow for a series of years, is deeply broken up in the spring time, making the seed bed a subsoil one, it is pretty safe to assume that the summer crop, whatever it may be, will not show any improvement over the previous one produced by shallow plowing. But suppose the deep breaking up is done in the fall, allowing the frosts of winter and spring to act upon this sub-stratum, mollifying and pulverizing it, does any experienced farmer doubt that an added lease of fertility has been secured by the process? This is a fair statement of the question of shallow and deep plowing, and, properly understood, there is little or no antagonism between those who are regarded by some as occupying antagonistic positions.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. III.



THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S SWINE.

EAST TENNESSEE AS A STOCK RAISING COUNTRY.

THE longer I reside in East Tennessee and travel over its numerous hills, ridges and mountains, and view its magnificent timber, fertile valleys and coves, and numerous springs, brooks, creeks and rivers of the purest water, and witness the wheat, corn, grass and clover grown by even poor farming, the deeper is my conviction that this is *the land* for Northern agricultural enterprise. Cattle may be raised here cheaper than one can drive them from Western Texas here, (if obtained there for nothing,) on their way to a Northern market. Why then go a thousand miles over the best grazing lands on the Continent to raise neat cattle for two [illegible] three dollars a head, where Camanche savages [illegible] hardly less savage white men contend fiercely [illegible] possession of the soil? East Tennessee itself is too far from Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York [illegible] in place of going farther west, I should go 200 miles east or northeast into West Virginia for raising stock to save cost in putting it into the best market. But our milder winters and cheaper lands compensate for the additional expense of transportation; while our warmer climate is more favorable to fruit, longevity and general health. The writer has studied and compared the local advantages of different sections and districts south of Mason and Dixon's line for twenty years, with no bias for or against any State or community. All have some defects; but those of East Tennessee are more political than agricultural. Of politics I shall say nothing except to remark that politicians have shed so much innocent blood, and destroyed so much property, that I can never view them otherwise than with abhorrence.

It is so surprising to me that the Tennessee mind has not given more attention to grass culture that I must devote a paragraph to the subject. The primitive idea is, that all stock must subsist on the natural products of the country. This idea still rules the conduct of the masses. The "sweat of the brow" must be given for grain and bread; not for meat or wool. This assumption having maintained its force two centuries south of the Potomac, indicates very clearly how cheaply stock for meat of all kinds, and for wool as a speciality, can be raised. Northern and European farmers, reared in a colder climate, will have notions and experiences going beyond this natural subsistence theory and practice. They will deaden a part of the timber, cut out all underbrush, sow the seeds of the best European grasses and clovers, for the luxuriant grazing of the best European farm stock. It is but a few miles north of me that one may see, near Lexington, Ky., the practical results that follow this advanced idea of raising blue grass and orchard grass, herdsgrass, timothy and clover, in connection with the most profitable stock husbandry. To the grasses which I have named should be added, in this climate, the fescues and oat grasses of England.

In the country where grass culture is so generally and sadly neglected, and where the raising of wheat, corn, oats rye and tobacco, *forever*, without seeding, impoverishes the soil, it is natural that war taxes and calamities should drive a great deal of land into market at low prices. The manure of cattle, hogs and sheep being dropped and scattered in the woods, there is none to apply to worn grain fields: and the discouraged owner sees no better way for him than to sell his property for what it will fetch, buy fresh land and do as his father or grandfather did when he sold the old plantation in Va. or North Carolina, and came to settle west of the mountains and fight Indians under Gen. JACKSON or some other chief.

The bravest and most clannish of the Scotch and Irish have not a few descendants in East Tennessee. The time has come when their Southern agricultural habits and education must change. Their country is in the throes of being born again. Its transition from negro slavery policy to a system of universal free schools, a denser population, with a tenfold greater productive power, must be the work of years. Let no zealous reader suppose that it is practical to drive Northern ideas on any subject into Southern brains, and make them grow there by force of gunpowder. The ideas that invented and used thumb-screws in some of the darkest Inquisitions of the dark ages of Europe, were not more mistaken in their policy than is the notion that the South can be won, except as a thorn in the side of the North, by any other than kind and Christian treatment. Agricultural wisdom must be taught by example on Southern soil. To recuperate their thrown out old fields and cover them with nutritious herbage, sleek horses, mules, cattle and sheep, and add to the music of every waterfall the hum of manufacturing machinery, so that all may live within "the sound of the church-going bell," will make the Southern heart love and cling to its benefactors.

Any Northern man, whether farmer or mechanic, who has some faith in the New Testament idea of "beating spears into pruning hooks and swords into plowshares," will be welcomed as a brother anywhere in the South. It has more than six hundred million acres of land, and an exceedingly sparse population. Hence, human brain and muscle are needed more than anything else. If the immigrant is dissatisfied with the pure trout streams, mountain air and fresh pastures for cattle, horses and sheep, in East Tennessee, he can put his plunder into a flat boat on the Tennessee River, and float with the current down to Louisiana, where he may raise sweet oranges and make sugar at a liberal profit.

I wish I could tell the reader in a few words at what price fair land may be purchased in this region; but there is so much difference in location as to roads, markets and other advantages, to say nothing of improvements, that the price varies exceedingly. Farms that cost from ten to twenty-five dollars an acre present the best bargains, in my judgment. Such farms often have timber near a railroad or river that may be sold for more money than the sum paid for the property, leaving enough standing to support the farm. East Tennessee contains a great deal of valuable timber—oak, walnut, pine, hemlock, poplar and cherry. Lumber is generally sold at $15 per 1,000 feet at the mills. Hence, lumber, (including staves, hoop poles, and many other articles from the forest,) pays for land, fencing and setting in grass. The soil, however, varies greatly in fertility—the richest limestone land being cheaper than to take poor sandstone soil as a free gift, to make a living on and pay taxes. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

HOW SHORT SHALL FODDER BE CUT?

MY amiable friend, S. E. TODD, has the rare facility of getting rid of an argument that troubles him, by assuming that the position has been abandoned! Seeing no easy way of answering my reasons for cutting fodder short, he coolly shuts his eyes, and declares that I have abandoned it! The readers of this discussion can determine this point. But his last article shows evident signs of improvement, and that good sense is making rapid progress with him. He thinks if we advocate cutting fodder too fine, we shall frighten beginners so they will not cut at all,—"that if we can get farmers to cut their coarse feed two inches long, in a few years they will try cutting one inch long." To this, I answer that there is no good straw cutter, with four knives on a cylinder, to be run by one or two horse power, that cuts two inches long. The large machines used in straw paper mills cut that length. My friend is behind the times; the farmers have already abandoned the two inch cut, and are now purchasing machines that cut, mostly, from three-eighths to five-eighths long, and Mr. T. certainly cannot wish to dissuade them from well doing. My object is to convince them that for corn stalks the cut should be still shorter, even down to one-eighth, for the purpose of breaking the hard outside rind into shreds, and thus enabling the animal to use all the nutriment. Farmers must not suppose this to be too expensive, even for a small stock. Thirty dollars will buy an excellent machine to run by one horse power, and cut for a stock of thirty cows and horses. A larger stock requires a larger machine. Mr. WINANS of Baltimore no doubt finds that crushing, grinding and steaming hay and other fodder *pays* in feeding his three hundred cows. $2,000 may be a moderate investment for an apparatus to prepare food on so large a scale. I am happy to see that Mr. TODD is becoming so far converted to the true faith in feeding as to say that "Very coarse, second quality of hay I would cut and steam also, if I could devise an apparatus that would not cost more than all the profit of feeding." For his benefit, and all others who are inquiring on this subject, I will state that a wrought iron boiler set in a brick arch, with steam box and all complete, can be had for $125, large enough to cook for fifty head of cattle and horses, and that the profits of the operation will more than pay the cost in three months. If hay is to be cooked soft, it is not necessary to cut it shorter than one inch.

As I have advocated a machine for mashing the fiber of hay and straw, it gives me pleasure to state that a machine is now nearly completed, by a well-known manufacturer, to be attached to his power cutters, at a moderate expense, to mash and grind the fodder. If this is successful, it will be a long step in advance.—E. W. S.

"CROP AND WEATHER REPORTS."

I WAS very glad to see the remarks in the RURAL NEW-YORKER on this subject. The great need of better and more reliable information, while strongly shown, is none too much so. It could be even more forcibly presented. Take the last two wheat crops for example. Two years ago the crop was reported by the Department at Washington as some 150,000,000 bu.; and last year there was probably something more, giving farmers say 100,000,000 bu., or more, for sale each year. Now, 25 cents a bushel on this great amount would make $25,000,000; while 50 cents,—which would be much nearer, but, perhaps, still under the actual amount lost through deceptive reports, or for want of reliable information,—would amount to $50,000,000. This is an enormous sum to take out of hard-working farmers, who have fairly earned it, and put into the pockets of large dealers who never lift a finger—the little labor required being hired, and pay added to other cost before profits are ascertained. And yet this is only one of the many products that more or less money is lost on in the same way. The remedy for these great losses, it is well understood, is correct information. How to get this information is the question.

It is truly stated that the results expected from the efforts made by the Department of Agriculture are not realized. Still these reports, although calculated if not intended to place the agricultural production of the country in a favorable light, are far better for the farmer than the usual crop reports in the political and commercial journals; and would be a great benefit if received in season. But being some two months or more in reaching the farmer, in most cases the information is too late to be of much use.

That reliable reports, direct from the people, and published in leading agricultural papers, would best answer the end sought, there can be little doubt. But it is difficult to get such reports. Farmers show great indifference to such enterprises, and take but little pains to help themselves in this way. Consequently some one must go ahead—some paper must take the lead, and from all available sources furnish the best information that can be obtained. Every leading agricultural journal has a large number of correspondents that are practically observing farmers, who furnish more or less of the information required. The Prairie Farmer, for example, has some ten to twenty letters a week relating more or less to the weather and crops. Political and commercial papers also frequently have something that will help in coming to correct conclusions. True, this is second-hand and not as prompt as could be wished, but still greatly ahead of the Department reports. But a few direct correspondents in different sections, to bring reports down to the latest practical dates, may so far verify or correct previous accounts as to answer a good purpose. Not that the exact amount grown will be given; but if there is any considerable excess or deficiency of crops, the fact can be ascertained and pointed out. Or if, with only average yields, there is, as is so frequently the case, reports in other papers of "immense crops" and "enormous products," these misrepresentations may be pointed out and corrected.

True, the mass of facts thus collected from exchanges and correspondents cannot all be printed, or, if printed, would not be generally read, and correct deductions and conclusions worked out of the large amount of information thus presented. To do this well requires some ability, and more thought and consideration than most farmers are accustomed to apply to what they read in the papers. Hence, they need some clear, comprehensive mind to read and think for them—some one that has the best facilities for obtaining information in relation to whatever, at home or abroad, in the present or future, may affect their interests.

In many sections there are clear-minded men, having sufficient intelligence and judgment to sell farm products to much better advantage than average farmers. Not that by penuriousness they are able to squeeze more money out of an article, but, while dealing honorably, they so arrange their business and calculate the chances as to obtain much better prices. Such a man is needed to read and think for, and counsel with farmers. For if, with limited time and opportunities, he is able to sell to much better advantage, then, if placed where the latest and most important intelligence in relation to whatever will affect the markets, and having the ability to sift out, arrange and prepare a comprehensive summary of this information, and present it in plain, pointed, but simple language, that can be soon read and easily understood by all—I say with these advantages, managed in this way, such a man may be a help to the mass of farmers beyond anything that can be effected in any other way.

A farmer can prepare this summary to the best advantage. It should be one who, from long experience, knows how to consider himself in the place of the common farmer, and can furnish the best information adapted to the different circumstances as they occur. Not to tell when to sell, or when not to sell; but to furnish the best attainable information to enable every one to decide these

questions, according to his circumstances, for himself. I say the best attainable information, because this enterprise cannot be started with all the advantages that may be secured in time. As farmers better understand the efforts made in their behalf, and the advantages that may be thus secured, a class of correspondents will appear who will furnish all needed information, and if properly directed, as experience shall determine, will generally furnish it in good shape for immediate use. They will also labor to extend the circulation of the paper, not only for the general benefit, but to remunerate the publisher for these efforts to promote the farmers' interests, as well as furnish means for future efforts and improvements.

By thus taking the lead, and using some such means, it is believed such an enterprise must be successful. It helps the farmer where he most feels the need of assistance. It goes far to remove the uncertainty and anxiety felt by many in regard to selling produce, while in most instances it will put money in the farmer's pocket. There are few wheat sections where many farmers cannot be found who could have saved hundreds of dollars each by having correct and seasonable information. When so much can be saved by investing a few dollars, farmers must soon learn that they need such a paper—that, in fact, they cannot afford to do without it. Then the paper not only having the start, but facilities for working up this enterprise in the best manner, will have an advantage not easily over-estimated now—an advantage that will force other papers into the same course, in order to retain their circulation. They will all find that it is as necessary to furnish full information in regard to selling farm products, as it is now in regard to their growth and preparation for market.

In looking over this letter, I find a brief but rather important omission. After describing the summary, it should be stated that as this summary must be short to secure prompt attention, the more important events and circumstances, that largely effect markets and prices, may be described and explained in separate articles. F.

Orleans Co., N. Y.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

WOOL MERCHANTS' MODE OF SELLING.

We have received the following additional replies to our Circular on the above subject:—Messrs. Lewises & Brooks, 235 South Water St., Chicago, sell wool on its merits, "and do not bind themselves by any arbitrary rules." Sturges, McAllister & Co., 2, 4 and 6 Rush St., Chicago, "sell each lot on its merit." Geo. W. Beale, 169 and 170 Fulton St., New York, aims to sell wool on its merits, but in mixed lots can usually do better to include unwashed at one-third off. Coutt & Battie, 65 Pine St., New York, will sell fleece wool on its merits—but state that "it is customary in the trade to deduct one-third on bucks, unwashed and unmerchantable wool." Harding, Gray & Dewey always sell unmixed lots on their merits, but in case of mixed lots "must sell according to market rules." Wright, Goodwin & Capen, 115 Federal St., Boston, will sell each lot of wool on its merits in quantities not less than 3,000 lbs., but cannot keep smaller lots separate.

PROTECTION AGAINST WOOL BUYERS.

[We have received the following in advanced sheets from the Report of the Department of Agriculture, for June. It is from the pen of J. R. Dodge, Esq., Statistician of the Department.—Ed.]

"The isolation of farmers favors imposition by combination for the purchase of their products; and in nothing do they suffer greater injustice than in the arbitrary rules either tacitly agreed upon or adopted openly in convention by professional wool buyers. The evil has been growing, until its proportions are now monstrous and unendurable; and it becomes necessary, in the present unprofitable era in wool growing particularly, that this department should use its influence in opposition to injurious combinations."

[The buyers rules adopted by the Manufacturers Association of the North West, at Chicago, on the 19th of February, 1868, and by the State Convention of Wool Buyers', at Detroit, June 2d, 1868, are then quoted; and the rules adopted by the New York and Ohio Buyers' Associations, are referred to as similar in tenor. The report then proceeds:]

"To the first rule of the Woollen Manufacturers' Association, so far as it honestly opposes the practice of including excessive filth, dirt, and tags in fleeces, there is no objection. All attempts at cheating in putting up wool are highly reprehensible, and should be frowned upon by all honest men. There is a vast improvement, however, in this respect within a few years past, and few complaints of dishonest practices have reached the department.

Of the remaining rules it can only be said, no more palpable cover for fraud could be framed; no more direct invitation to swindling could be addressed to the dishonesty of the buyer. It is not pretended, after such deductions, that a uniform price shall be paid for all classes of wool; discriminations in price may also be added *ad libitum* to such deductions. It is proper that quality and condition should modify price in wool, as in beef, butter, or other product; but a deduction of one quarter of beef because it is grass-fed rather than corn fed, or one-third of the weight of butter because it contains too much salt or too much buttermilk, would be arbitrary and inadmissible.

All unwashed fleeces of Merino rams of pure blood may be claimed to be 'greasy,' and so subject to one half deduction, whether the oil or yolk shall weigh one pound or five; and all similar washed fleeces may be held to be 'heavy,' and, therefore, relentlessly reduced one-third, whether the loss in scouring shall be 30 per cent. or 60; an ounce too much of twine in a fleece of six pounds must be punished by confiscating two pounds; any fleece not absolutely clean may be declared 'partially washed,' and placed in the same category with the dirtiest unwashed; and the presence of 5 per cent. of cotted wool must be atoned for by the absence of 33 per cent. of net returns.

These rules apply as well to an unwashed Cotswold fleece, that shrinks in cleansing but 30 per cent., as to a Merino, that loses 70 per cent., so that the same deduction is required upon two fleeces, weighing each 14 pounds, unwashed, one of which loses 9.8 pounds, and leaves 4.2 pounds of cleansed fiber, while the other loses but 4.2 pounds, and leaves of cleansed wool 9.8 pounds. And similar if not equal disproportion exists among grade Merinos. And yet such rules are assumed by interested parties to be 'for the interest of both grower and manufacturer of wool,' and 'a protection to the honest grower;' and such arbitrary and fraudulent regulations constitute the 'uniform standard' to be adopted throughout the country.

It may be difficult to prevent altogether this injustice, but it is time that wool growers should, individually and by private understanding, unitedly, and, if necessary, by direct vote of neighborhood meetings, refuse to sell under these rules. If they will thus take the trouble to unite and act in concert, not to fix abitrary prices of wools, but to prevent gross injustice to themselves, buyers will quickly conform to their views and pay prices in proportion to quality and condition.

Harmony between buyers and sellers of wool is desirable, but not at the expense of producers. Eternal discord must result from such injustice, and eventual harmony can only come by fair and equal dealing. The buyers, like other carriers and go-betweens, may be a necessary evil, eating up the substance of producers, but proving a convenience in marketing and collecting; but farmers should neither themselves combine to do injustice nor suffer combinations to filch from them the proceeds of their industry."

BUYERS' RULES TO BE RESCINDED.

At a meeting of the Exposition Committee of the Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest, held in Chicago, June 25th, Mr. Corbett offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee recommend to the Association to at once rescind the vote passing the rules governing the buying of wool, and the President be instructed to obtain the vote of the Association thereon.

The following was offered by Mr. Morrow, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the President be instructed to immediately forward a copy of the above resolution to each member of the Association, and so soon as a majority have signified their willingness to have the rules abrogated, he shall officially announce that the rules have been rescinded.

THE PRESIDENT'S CIRCULAR TO THE MEMBERS.

"Above please find resolutions passed at a meeting of the Exposition Committee, held June 25th, in regard to the rules to be observed in purchasing wool, passed at the Convention in February last.

"As manufacturers generally buy wool on its *merit*, which makes the rules inoperative, and of no practical value, and as they prevent the co-operation of a large class of wool growers, we ask your vote on the following resolution, which you will please return to me at your early convenience, with your approval or rejection.

Very truly, George S. Bowen, President.

"*Resolved*, That the rules adopted at the Convention in February, 1868, governing the members of this Association in buying wool, are hereby rescinded, and members left free to purchase wool on its own merits."

The Western Rural of July 4th, expresses the hope that it will in its next issue "be able to announce that the Association has repealed these unjust rules." Mr. Morrow, whose name appears above, is one of the editors of that journal.

The leading wool growers of the Northwest—most justly and wisely in our judgment—refused to co-operate with a body fresh from passing those obnoxious rules. We for our part have hitherto declined to favor or even to publish the call for, the Exposition. But if the Association ceases to occupy an attitude of antagonism, by actually rescinding its rules, we think the growers will act most sensibly to let bygones be bygones, and proceed in reference to the Exposition as they would have done had the difficulty about the rules never occurred.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

Mr. Crosman's Rams.—In our issue of July 4th we published the evidence furnished by Mr. Crosman in regard to the weights of the fleeces of his rams, and we advised that he further furnish precise and definite testimony in regard to the accuracy of the steelyards used, the condition of the wool, and the age of the rams. We also suggested that, to settle the first two points, he submit the fleeces to widely known and disinterested persons, experienced in handling wool, for their examination and report. In answer to this he sends:—1. In regard to the *accuracy of the steelyards*, the affidavit of their owner, Willard Springer, that he had them thoroughly tested before purchasing and found them to be accurate—that they have never been altered or tampered with—that on the 4th of July, since weighing Mr. Crosman's fleeces, he took them to the village of Alexander, had them again thoroughly tested, and that they "in every instance proved correct." W. L. Dickinson, A. T. Mooers, Alfred Rowe and Phillip Zwetch, "dealers in the village of Alexander," testify on the same day "that they have tested by their scales for Willard Springer the steelyards that he says were used to weigh the wool in question, and find them to be correct."

2. *Condition of the Wool.*—Delos L. Dodson testifies that he examined the rams before shearing; that "the wool was dry, as far as water was concerned," that he assisted in doing up the wool: that each fleece was divided and done up in two separate parts; that no dung or other impurities were done up in it, and no excess of twine used. J. E. Van De Bogart, H. D. Van De Bogart, Wilson Baker, Wm. D. Howard, Fisher Lincoln, Warren F. Lincoln, Wm. Sawens, Richard R. Losee and William Springer testify substantially to the same facts (except as to actually assisting in doing up the fleeces;) that they were "done up in a workmanlike manner, nothing going into the fleece except what belonged there, which, as you say, included the sweat balls." The words "you say" are in allusion to our remarks on the subject, in our article of July 4th.

3. *Age of the Rams.*—Richard R. Losee testifies that the sire of the two rams arrived at his farm Oct. 10, 1866, and commenced serving ewes on the 15th; that Mr. Crosman's ewes were brought at that time, and that the dams of Mr. Crosman's two rams, Dixie and Rocky Mountain, were served on the 24th and 25th of October, 1866; that he was at Mr. Crosman's farm "on or about the 25th of March, 1867; that the lamb Dixie had the appearance of being but a few hours old, and Rocky Mountain a few days old." Warren L. Lincoln testifies that he called to see Mr. Crosman on or about the 25th of March, and found him "engaged in assisting the dam of Dixie to lamb. The lamb Rocky Mountain was in the same stable, and had the appearance of being but two or three days old." Philip Coon, James R. Langworthy, William Sawens, Asher C. Holmes and Thomas Grant testify that they were at Mr. Crosman's farm on or about the 25th of March, 1867, and that the lambs appeared in respect to age as above described by Mr. Losee.

4. Forty-three citizens of Alexander certify that they are personally acquainted with "the greater number of those men whose names were affixed to the affidavits," the substance of which was given in Rural New-Yorker July 4th, "and know them to be men of honor and veracity." Eleven citizens of Darien certify to the same. Carlos A. Hull, Clerk of Genesee Co., certifies that he is personally acquainted with Richard R. Losee, Delos L. Dodson, Fisher Lincoln, William Sawens, William D. Howard and Rufus Carter, "the persons who have heretofore made affidavits in regard to the shearing match at Cortland Crosman's," and "know them to be honest, conscientious farmers, and believe that any statement or affidavit which they have or will make in regard to said shearing match is entitled to full faith and credit." He adds:—"From the list of names who have signed the certificate as to the honor and veracity of the persons who have made affidavits, I select the following who have filled places of honor and trust in this county:—Heman Blodgett, Elbridge G. Moulton, Albert Rowe, Members of Assembly; Wm. I. Parish, Van R. Hawkins, Lyman Brown, ex-Supervisors; Henry Capple, Acting Supervisor; Richard H. Waite, Town Clerk; Anson Lewis, C. Van De Bogart, Philip Zwetch, Thomas Riddle, acting Justices of the Peace." This alludes to the 43 citizens of Alexander referred to at the commencement of this paragraph. We do not give the names of the others, deeming it wholly unnecessary further to substantiate witnesses whose veracity has not been disputed. On this point we appear to have been misunderstood. We called for *further* testimony, embracing details and specific facts not previously given, without challenging the credibility of any of the previous testimony—indeed, assuming its credibility. But we are, notwithstanding, very glad, for reasons which we have often expressed, that Mr. Crosman has seen fit to prove beyond all reasonable question the highly reputable character of his witnesses; and they are the same, it will be observed, in many instances who have now again testified in respect to the additional facts inquired for by us.

5. In reply to the closing suggestion in our article of July 4th, Mr. Crosman writes:—"In regard to sending away the fleeces for examination, as recommended by you, I will say, having sent away so many samples and the fleeces being somewhat mangled in procuring them, I could not in justice to myself take your advice in the matter, although I will forward samples to any and all who may ask it, with not only the wish but the desire that the wool may be thoroughly examined or analyzed, that the smallest doubt may be removed of my honor and veracity in the matter."

Since the above was written we have received a communication for publication, calling on Mr. Crosman to have his two fleeces *scoured*, "in order that the public may know how much of their gross weight is wool and how much of it grease." Should Mr. C. choose to take this course, the "mangled" state of his fleeces would be of no consequence; and the amount taken from them in samples would not affect the relative proportion of wool to grease.

A Shearing of Merino Rams was held in Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y., June 12th on the premises of Wm. Sawens. Of the 21 stock bucks that were shorn the average weight of fleece was nearly 17 pounds.

OWNERS.	Gross wt.	Age.	Wt. of fleec.
J. R. Langworthy,	146	2	18
Samuel Gilmore,	113	2	16¼
Elisha Winans,	158	4	19
Wm. Sawens,	139	3	22
" "	93	1	11¾
Geo. Hinsdale,	124	4	16½
Hiram Bartholf,	153	3	16½
Miner Strong,	140	3	16¾
Rufus Clark,	105	1	10¼
Winslow Sumner,	116	2	19¼
" "	68	1	9½
B. C. Simonds,	89	1	13¼
Asher C. Holmes,	110	2	14
Shadrack Harmon,	116	3	15½
" "	120	3	16¾
S. E. Ellinwood,	140	2	17
A. H. Colby, Jr.,	83	2	12½
Dan Churchill,	113	1	13
Chas. Churchill,	147	3	17½
D. L. Dodson,	139	2	19
" "	136	2	15
Doxter Ewell,	115	2	16¼
Dudley & Gyle,	124	2	18½
Edwin Durham,	151	5	16¼
J. W. Mix,	100	2	17¼
" "	124	3	15¾
" " cwc,	95	2	13

The Stable, &c.

HORSES.—TREATMENT.

There is no animal, subjected to the use of man, that has more ever-ready power, ambition to excel in the performance of imposed duty, or, that responds more affectionately to any kindness offered, than the horse. Yet, with all these good qualities, he is too often the victim of harsh usage while at work, and of neglect when suffered to enjoy a few hours of repose. This is sometimes the result of thoughtlessness of the owner, but more frequently indifference to suffering, on the part of those to whose custody the horse is temporarily confided. They hire the animal, for the day, at a stipulated price, and are bound to get the worth of their money at the least possible expense and care. The consequence is the animal suffers from over exertion, goaded to it by a free application of the lash, from a lack of proper nourishment, and especially for the want of a due supply of water at seasonable periods. But this is not all. A horse, when driven rapidly a considerable distance in extremely warm weather, requires special care at those periods when his exertions are intermitted. He should not be left broiling in the sun with the harness chafing his skin and the sweat and dust encrusting it. If the cessation of labor is to extend through several hours, the harness should be removed and the coat of the animal properly cleaned and the skin well manipulated with the comb and brush. These attentions may be distasteful, but if omitted the animal will be sure to deteriorate in effective power and value day by day. If you would have your horse in good trim, wide awake and ready every time, feed freely, groom often, shoe well and be as sparing as possible of harsh words and the whip-lash. These last may be necessary in exceptional cases, but they are too often the rule and proper treatment the exception.

BOTS AGAIN.

The question "Do Bots Kill Horses?" seems not likely to be settled this year; for while some affirm with the utmost positiveness that bots never attack the coating of the horse's stomach till he is dead, a writer in the last number of the Rural American says that he opened the stomach of a horse that died, just as soon as it was thought that the sense of feeling was gone, and the bots "were gnawing away with a hearty good will, and from the damage done, the only matter of surprise was that the horse had lived so long. They had commenced on the stomach immediately at the junction of the swallow, and had eaten off the cuticle, or inner coats entirely around the stomach, and to the width of five or six inches. * * Dozens and dozens of them were arranged in a regular row almost as thick as they could stick, and no one seemed to have progressed in advance of the others, nor were there any detached places attacked, nor was there one particle of the cuticle or inner coats of the stomach left behind them. They swept it clean all round as far as they had progressed, and to a considerable depth, though in no place was the stomach eaten entirely through. It was raw as a piece of beef, and the horse died of inflammation from it."

This writer prescribes as an almost infallible cure a copious drench of sweet milk and molasses, giving a bottle full every twenty minutes till the horse becomes easy, then a bottle of strong salt and water, and soon after a quart of castor oil. He says it is idle to think of killing the bots; they can only be coaxed off, and while there is in the stomach of the horse a good supply of juices that suit them, they will not attack its coatings. A horse fed on green or succulent food is not often attacked by bots; but when fed altogether on dry food, and occasionally left with an empty stomach, he is liable to their attack.

A Sure Cure for Fistula or Poll-Evil.—Mr. Editor:—I see in your paper of the 4th inst., the following inquiry, the best remedy for curing fistula in a horse, wanted. If the owner of the horse will procure the following recipe, and follow the directions, I will guarantee a permanent cure: Take one ounce organum, one do. spirits of turpentine, two do. oil of vitriol, eight do. of lard. Melt the lard thin, then add the oils, cover tight; when cold is ready for use. *Directions for Using.*—Use your finger for putting on the salve; fill the sore or cavity well with the ointment, let it remain 24 hours, wash and cleanse sore with strong cast steel suds, fill again with ointment; repeat this every day for several days until it is perfectly cleansed and stops discharging, and you will have a permanent cure.—Leonard Crocker, *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1868.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Cotton Crop—Estimates.

The Charleston (S. C.) News states that a practice has prevailed there for some time of designating a day for holding a meeting for the purpose of talking cotton. A meeting of this kind recently came off—some forty of the best posted in the matter being present. Each member handed in his estimate, the average range of which was from 2,200,000 to 2,300,000 bales. A few estimates placed the yield somewhat higher than this. As a general thing the negroes are working more regularly than they did last year; consequently, in the absence of worm depredations, the highest estimates ought to be more than made good.

Potatoes Mixing in the Hill.

To a question in the Farmer's Chronicle, whether, if several varieties of potatoes are planted in the same hill, the crop will be a cross partaking of the peculiarities of each of the tubers embraced in it, G. S. Innis answers in the negative. The potato is not regarded as a fruit, but a tuberous root or knob, an underground branch capable of reproducing itself, but not a hybrid. In this respect it is like the scion of an apple tree placed in another of a different variety, which will produce fruit precisely like itself, and not a cross between that of itself and the tree in which it has been inserted. Crosses are not made from tubers, but solely by the intermingling of the pollen of one variety with that of another. This does not impair the doctrine of mixing, but simply controverts the somewhat prevalent idea of the process by which the change is produced.

Women and Farming.

F. H. G. writes the Journal of Agriculture pleasantly and sensibly about the labors and perplexities of the wives of farmers. He says they do and should know a great deal about the leading principles and practices of farming. By keeping up with the improvements of the day through the medium of the Agricultural journals, and by noting the routine of home operations, women can often aid their husbands by means of suggestions which will lighten their labors and render them much more effective and profitable. This does not imply "wearing the breeches," but there can be no harm in knowing something about them should sickness or disaster suddenly throw upon the woman responsibilities previously resting upon the husband. There can be no harm in knowing how to do a thing, though no occasion should occur to render it necessary to put that knowledge to practical use.

Barley from Oats.

In one of our exchanges, recently, was an article purporting to have been taken from a late publication by Elihu Burritt relative to producing barley from oats. The experiment was made and the result accomplished by a farmer named John Ekins of Burntisham, near the river Ouse. The field which was a large one, when seen by Mr. B., had a heavy growth of barley upon it, ready for the sickle, grown from a seeding of oats. It was the result of an experiment. The oats were sown the last week in June of the preceding year, but when well up, and before coming to a head, the ground was mowed over, cutting the math within an inch and a half of the ground. It started up and was again cut, the operation being repeated till the setting in of winter. The following season the oats grew again—the straw and leaves having all the characteristics of the grain from which they sprang, but the heads and their products were barley. This may be regarded as a simple variation of the wheat and chess question and will doubtless receive a contemporaneous solution.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Heated Term—Harvest, &c.—The weather for the last two weeks has averaged a degree of heat rarely experienced so many days in succession. From all points, North, South, East and West, the range of the mercury has been very high—often going above the nineties. There have been few showers in this region during this period, and the report is the same from most points embraced in the circle of our exchanges. A Wisconsin paper gives the heat on Sunday afternoon, July 5th, at 99° in the shade. The last two weeks have afforded the farmers an excellent opportunity to cultivate their hoed crops and run the mowing machines. In the West, and also in the Middle States, where harvesting is earlier than with us, the reapers have been in full play, securing the wheat crop in a most admirable condition. There is a slight drawback to this, as some portions of vegetation begin to languish from a lack of water. Otherwise, everything is encouraging, and the promise of the latter harvest all that can be reasonably expected.

New York State Fair.—The New York State Agricultural Society has adopted a new regulation in regard to entries of stock designed for exhibition at the coming State Fair,—to be at Rochester, Sept. 29th and 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d. The books of entry for Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry and Machinery for exhibition, will be closed two weeks before the fair. This is to prevent delay and confusion on the grounds, and enable the judges to make examinations and award premiums the first day. In the departments not specified entries can be made as heretofore. It is requested that all exhibitors will send a list of their entries to the Secretary, B. P. Johnson, at Albany, on or before Monday, Sept. 14th. The entry fee of $1 may be remitted with the list, or be paid at Rochester at the opening of the Fair. Copies of the revised Premium List and Regulations mailed to order. We hope the new rule will work well, as it will greatly facilitate the labors of the Secretary, but we fear its inauguration will be very difficult.

The "Lead Encased Block Tin Pipe," advertised in this paper, is rightly denominated a great desideratum, for it evidently "fills the bill" of what has long been vainly sought by thousands who regard health and longevity as worthy of consideration. Having examined this pipe we are satisfied that it possesses great value and utility, and therefore voluntarily commend it to all who use water conveyed through pipes or faucets. Those who desire pure water for drinking and other purposes should give the matter attention.

An Ice House.—A. H. M., Monroeton, Pa., asks for a design of a cheap ice house. See plans in former volumes. We will give another ere long; meantime, blessed are they who have properly filled ice houses about these days. Our thermometer marks 91° in the shade as we write—10:30 A. M., July 13.

Crop Reports and Prospects.—W. A. Weir, Story City, Iowa, June 29th writes:—"Season opened very early and has been very favorable up to date; have had some very hot weather, such as farmers like, to forward the corn. Wheat and oats started finely, and a month ago the prospects for an enormous harvest were never better in this section. But, at the present time, we shall be glad if we secure half a crop; our wheat is badly damaged by the grasshoppers, and they are now going for our corn. I noticed yesterday stalks of corn an inch in diameter cut off near the ground by these pests. We are yet in hopes that they will soon leave, and let us have a portion of our grain. If they do not migrate soon a great many farmers will find it hard scratching to get along till another harvest. In regard to our soil, it is unsurpassed; but I can't brag quite so strong as your correspondent, who stated in a recent number of the Rural that in the western part of the State cattle could sustain themselves by grazing till in February. That beats me somewhat, and still I claim to be one of the 'oldest inhabitants.'"

From Flat River, N. C., June 30th, M. writes:—"The wheat crop here is not so good as was expected. Corn in the central part of the State is looking well. The rains which damaged the wheat gave us an extra crop of oats. The supply of old corn is nearly exhausted, and sells at a high figure. Cotton is standing and starting well, but meat and bread are so high that cotton and tobacco cannot receive the attention formerly given to them. I planted five Goodrich potatoes, and harvested to-day nearly half a bushel. Ground in poor tilth. At no previous time has there been so general a scarcity of breadstuffs and food for all kinds of stock as now. Thank God this is beginning to mend as the notes of 'Harvest Home' begin to echo around the gloomy homes of my dejected countrymen. I doubt if the people here have ever been more depressed than now."

E. D. F., Manhattan, Kansas, June 15th, says:—"Crops are looking well in this State. Corn is especially promising, and a heavy yield is anticipated." The writer adds:—"If you have any enterprising men with families in your State who intend moving westward, send them to Kansas, as we are sure they will never regret coming."

J. H. F., Medina, Ohio, July 1st, says that crops of all kinds, with the exception of corn, look well in that region.

L. L. F., Dodge Co., Wisconsin, June 29th, writes: "Wheat and other small grains are looking splendidly. Hay will be light on account of early drouth."

—The above are given as samples of many letters received during the past two or three weeks. The reports from some regions are encouraging and from others desponding,—but those of recent date, both in letters and exchanges, are generally favorable concerning both crops and weather. In this region both the wheat and grass crops are good, and the recent hot weather has greatly improved Indian corn. As the harvest advances we hope our friends, near and distant, will give us brief reports, with comparative estimates of the yield this and last year—together with the prospects of fall crops.

The Prairie Farmer—Change of Form, &c.—The Prairie Farmer celebrates the inauguration of a new volume by changing its form from a quarto of 16 to a double-quarto of 8 pages, and also by devoting a portion of space to literary and miscellaneous subjects. We regard both these changes as decided improvements. Though the 16-page form is preferred by some, the double-quarto (8-page) is far the most convenient and popular. As to combining literary and miscellaneous topics in a journal primarily devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., the remarkable success of the Rural New-Yorker (which has ever kept in view and catered for the Family, as well as the Farmer,) demonstrates its propriety and advantages. And we are only surprised that the conductors of the Farmer did not years ago make a change about which they now frankly say—"After many years of experience we have become convinced that a strictly class paper of this kind cannot be made to meet the requirements of the American farmer and his family. By this we mean a paper so near a strictly agricultural and horticultural journal as we have heretofore endeavored to publish. There is something lacking in it. While it is all the farmer individually could desire, there is less to endear it to the members of the family," etc.

—We congratulate our contemporary upon its sensible change to "a larger form and wider field," and sincerely wish it increasing prosperity.

Trial of Mowers and Rakes.—A trial of mowing machines and hay rakes took place at Jackson, Michigan, on the 24th and 25th of June, under the auspices of the Jackson Co. Agricultural Society. E. L. Mitchell, Henry N. Stetson, W. T. Foster were the committee on awards. The field of trial for the mowers was divided into half acre lots, and the machines set to work. They were the Ohio Buckeye combined, Dodge's patent, the Kirby combined, Nos. 1 & 2, the World, the McCormick Mower, the Excelsior, Cayuga Chief, Kirby Clipper, Wood's do. combined, Excelsior Junior, Buckeye Senior, Champion, the Syracuse Hubbard, Ætna, New Yorker.

The committee on awards, having subjected the machines to a dyamometrical test, reported the comparative draft of each in pounds as follows:—Cayuga Chief, 325; Excelsior Senior, 225; Excelsior Junior, 240; Kirby Clipper, 200; Kirby Combinck, 325; Champion, 280; Combined Ohio and Buckeye, 260; McCormick, 270; Wood's Mower, 225; Wood's Combined, 240; World, Front Cut, 210; World, Rear Cut, 260; Syracuse Hubbard, 250; Ætna, 300; Cleveland Hubbard, 210.

The horse hay rakes entered were the Taylor, Hawkins, Buffalo Sulky and Coates' Lock Lever. They all performed well, and so nearly alike as to make comparison difficult.

Silk in California.—The Californians are an ambitious, go-ahead people. They dig and "prospect" for gold, plant vineyards on an extensive scale, contest the palm of superiority with the Australians in the way of flocks and herds, have obtained the front rank in the production of wheat, and are now engaged in an effort to rival France in the article of silk. The last California Farmer devotes considerable space to the mulberry business—showing the progress already made in this direction, and its probable expansion in the immediate future. As an incentive to growing the mulberry, the Legislature of that State passed an act according a bounty of $250 for every 5,000 trees, and the same proportion for any number in excess of this. According to a statement of L. Prevot, in the Farmer, there are now growing in California over five millions of mulberry trees, while the number is rapidly increasing. The production of silk has already commenced, and its rapid extension is considered certain.

Portraits of Swiss Cattle.—We are indebted to Frederick Probst, Esq., Mendon, Monroe Co., N. Y., for some very fine lithographs of Swiss cattle. They represent two families, the brown and spotted, which are famous in the rich valleys of Switzerland for combining in a high degree qualities which render them superior for the dairy or the feeder's stall. A select herd of these cattle was recently purchased and transferred to the stables of the Emperor of Russia. Mr. P., who is a practical and skillful farmer, recently inspected these breeds in their native pastures, and believes valuable importations might be made from this stock.

A Walking Meadow.—A farmer named Robert Batchelder, Salisbury, kept his sheep during last winter under a loose floor, upon which hay was continually being pitched about, and the result was their backs became thickly matted with hay seed. On being turned out this spring they were exposed to excessively wet weather, causing the hay seed to vegetate and grow luxuriantly, and converting the sheep into perambulating meadows.

Associated Enterprise.—It is proposed by some of the Southern farmers to form associations for the purpose of importing improved farming implements, seeds and plants suited to the climate and soil of that section. Agents are to be employed to purchase and forward these to convenient points, and to receive back their products to pay for them and their transportation to the points designated.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE RASPBERRY.

After the Strawberry season, and standing next in importance as a berry for family and market supply, comes the Raspberry. Its culture, though simple and easy, is not as extensive as that of the former fruit, and herein farmers and others who aim to grow what fruit they need for family use, fall short of appreciating its value. In fact, none of the chief varieties of berries and small fruits should be neglected, for with proper attention they will never fail, in any locality or climate of our country, to yield generous supplies. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberies, should be placed in their fresh state upon every farmer's table each day for at least three months, and in a preserved condition for as much longer time as may be desirable.

The introduction of the Doolittle Black Cap was the greatest step made towards a general cultivation of the raspberry. It possesses to an eminent degree many popular qualities. It is adapted to a great diversity of soil and climate; it is easy to propagate, hardy, productive, invariably yields an abundance of fruit, and will bear more neglect in culture than any other raspberry. It bears the same relation to its family or tribe that the Wilson does to strawberries, or the Concord to grapes. It is the fruit for the million. But when the first strong, imperious demands of the appetite are satisfied, and the taste begins to appreciate quality it is found lacking. It may be the variety for the million, but the epicure will declare it is not the fruit for him.

The best raspberries in point of quality are found amongst that class which propagates by means of suckers from the roots, and not from the tips of the canes. They will not bear neglect in culture equal to the Black Cap varieties, nor are they so hardy or capable of transportation, but for table use they are superior. Their color is of various shades of red and orange or yellow; most of them are much larger. We mention as good varieties, the Antwerp, red and white, Fastolff, Franconia, French Naomi, red; Col. Wilder, cream-colored and Brincle's Orange.

The soil for raspberries should be rather moist than dry, and rich and deep. Loams are best, and light sands or heavy, stiff clays, are unsuitable. Three or four suckers are generally planted in a hill to form a stool, and five or six canes are left at each annual pruning for bearing; they are tied to stakes or spread out fan form and fastened to a wire stretched along the rows. In the Northern States all tender varieties need protection, which is easily given by placing a small mound of earth against the stool to bend the canes over without danger of breaking, then laying them prostrate and covering slightly with soil. The crop is always larger and surer for protection, even if there is no danger of winter killing. After five or six years it is best to renew the plantation on fresh soil.

RED ANTWERP RASPBERRY.

The Red, or Hudson River Antwerp, was brought from England, and it is cultivated for market very extensively along the Hudson River. In some towns nearly every farmer has his plantation ranging in size from one-quarter acre to five acres and more. They are cultivated in hills and tied to stakes, and are laid down and covered through the winter. The picking season generally begins about the 5th of July and continues five or six weeks, and the yield is from one thousand to four thousand quarts per acre. Antwerp's are said to do best when slightly shaded, and they are cultivated with success amongst young orchards. The most profit is made from small patches—say an acre or so—well cultivated. The fruit is usually marketed in one-third and one-half quart baskets. The berry is large in size, conical in form, and red in color. The flavor is rich, clusters large, and canes moderately strong.

MY ORCHARD—EARLY BEARING.

Five years since I set an apple orchard of about one hundred trees, embracing eight or ten varieties. A dry season followed,—the setting was rather late,—and the trees made very little growth the first year. Some varieties barely lived. A very severe winter followed, the thermometer falling on one occasion to thirty-five degrees below zero. Nearly one-half of the varieties winter killed. A row of Tompkins County King—nine in number—were all killed except one. The same happened to a like row of Maiden Blush. Lady Apple, Twenty Ounce and High Top Sweeting all killed down to snow line. Since the first setting, I have lost about fifteen by late fall growth and rabbits, which have been replaced by others. To-day nearly one-half the whole orchard is in bearing, including some only two and three years' set. A Keswick Codlin commenced bearing the second season, and has borne fruit regularly every year. Kirkbridge White commenced to bear the second year. Talman Sweet, Carolina Red June and Red Astracan bore the third season. Duchesse of Oldenburgh and Siberian Crabs began to bear the third year.

When I set this orchard my wife thought it a long way in the future when it would commence bearing, and wondered if we should "ever live to see the day." At the time I set this orchard, old Mr. Sanborn, a neighbor, had an orchard in bearing that he raised from the seed sown after he was sixty-five years old. He said some of the neighbors laughed at him and told him he was foolish to sow apple seeds at his age, as he would never live to see the fruit. But he did gather from that sowing for several years. He told me he had raised two orchards up to bearing from the seed, in Canada, before he emigrated to Wisconsin.

Mr. O. Clough of this town informs me that three year old trees from the nursery, that he set five years ago, are now heavily loaded with fruit.

Of dwarf pears set five years since, a part commenced to bear the third year. Dwarf plums had fruit the third year, but were all destroyed by curculio. Grapes, with very poor care, gave from five to twenty bunches to the vine the fourth year. From the above we would infer that a man may plant out hardy varieties of fruits in Wisconsin with a reasonable expectation of their commencing to bear in five years. Most failures in my orchard, I think, were caused by not understanding what varieties were adapted to our climate.

Rolling Prairie, Wis., July, 1868. L. L. Fairchild.

MULTIPLYING SEEDLINGS.

A correspondent of the Canada Farmer puts forth the following suggestion:—"Everybody conversant with fruit raising is aware that good fruit trees are raised from seed, in fact that our best varieties originate in no other way; but the proportion of good seedlings is so small, it is so long waiting for them to bear, and the whole expense and trouble of bringing them out so great, that any plan of lessening the expense and time will be considered important. My plan is this:—Take cuttings from such seedlings as may be considered worth testing, and graft or bud them upon the previous year's wood, of a healthy grown tree. In this way an immense number of scions could be put on one tree, and nearly every orchard has one or more suitable trees, which do but little in the way of bearing fruit. I am of opinion that the wood of a young plant grafted into a tree of mature growth, would bear as soon as a scion from the old tree. I may be wrong; the thing has not been tried yet; but if it succeeds as well as I expect, what an immense number of apple, pear and other seedlings can be put on trial at a very small outlay of time or money. I hope some of your readers who have a desire to benefit themselves and the fruit-eating community by developing new fruits, will give my plan a trial, and I would just remind them that the budding season is not very far off, and may be taken advantage of for the purpose."

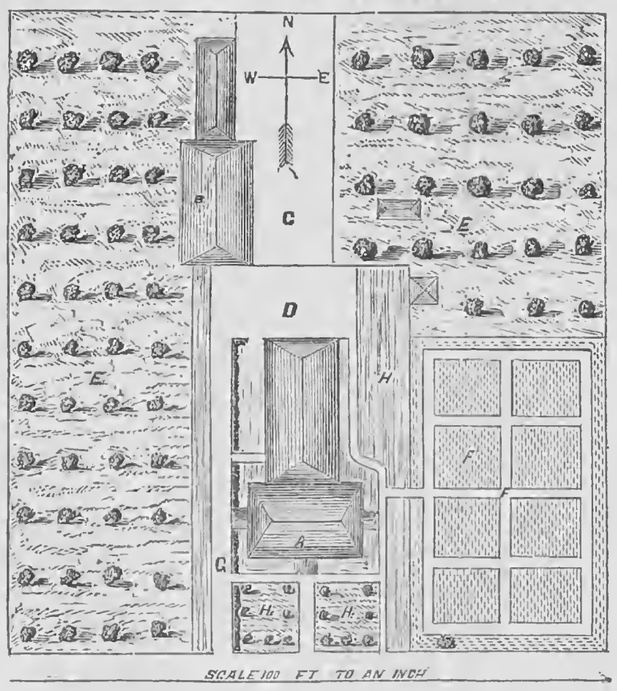
ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.—No. II.

Your correspondent Addi says he does not always keep read up—"and it is only to-day, June 8th, that I have read the Rural of May 23"—then goes on to compliment myself, to all of which I most profoundly bow—and I thank him most sincerely for his criticism of the plan which appeared in your paper of that date, but think, however, if he does not always keep read up that he is marvelously well posted in the current literature of the day, and especially that which pertains to Horticulture, and moreover finds time to write a great deal for various Horticultural papers. As he seems desirous of inviting me to discuss the subject of Landscape Gardening in an amicable way I cheerfully accept, providing it sustains that character, as I neither intend or desire to be offensive in my remarks, and with this in view will discuss the plan in question. But permit me first to state that my time this spring, and even now, is so fully occupied with the practice of Horticulture that I can scarcely find opportunity to write at all. Consequently I hope he will deal gently with any slight errors of mine.

I believe the plans which I have furnished the Rural New-Yorker lately have been intended mainly as studies, and not specially adapted to any particular place except modified; hence the dwellings have been placed in various positions, and I think many will agree with me in saying that plenty of farm houses may be found which occupy nearly the same position as the one in the plan we are now discussing, and to which the farm land is supposed to be attached on one or more sides of the ornamental ground. Addi says I dwell somewhat on the individuality necessary and often desirable to be retained in tree or shrub, and which is lost by indiscriminate planting, without taste or knowledge in the arrangement, and to which, with a slight qualification, he seems to take exception. I most assuredly do dwell on this particular subject, and intend to do so as long as I can wield a pen for the purpose; but if Addi will take the trouble to look over the files of the Rural New-Yorker for the last year he will find that I also advocate the massing or grouping of shrubs whenever necessary, or circumstances demand it; and in the plan we are now discussing there is no tree mentioned which grows larger than a Norway Spruce, while the corrections which he desires to make, include the planting of such trees as English Elm, Magnolia, Acuminata and Lombardy Poplar.

Addi says he hopes I will correct his errors. Now, what perhaps I should consider an error, he in all probability would imagine perfectly orthodox. With me it would seem entirely out of taste, where the lot is a small one and the form a parallelogram, to introduce any but symmetrical lines, as other than those cannot harmonize with the surroundings; and without desiring to find any fault with the changes he has made in the lines of my plan, I would merely suggest that the oval on the west side of the house would have corresponded better with the other improvements if the sides had been parallel with the house and road outside of it, not made to run up to the fence.

He says he is not an Old Country Gardener, never studied his subject elsewhere than in this country. That is his misfortune, for there are many things to be learned abroad that we know but little about here; and Landscape Gardening is one of the things that may profitably be studied on the other side of the Atlantic. Addi knows that the greater part of the most successful Horticulturists in the United States are, or have been, Old Country Gardeners. Let me state that in my youth *I studied* under an Old Country Gardener whose name was familiar a few years since to every Horticulturist in America, and though now deceased his memory is still cherished by every nurseryman in the land; and by none more so than myself. He was the model nurseryman of his day, and I esteemed it an honor to serve him at a time when his nursery was located on the hill where the *elite* of New York now reside. I would respectfully suggest that, if Addi were to take a few lessons from some of the Old Country Gardeners in his *immediate* neighborhood, it might assist him materially in his efforts to improve the public taste and perhaps convince him of the error of introducing such a tree as the Lombardy Poplar in connection with small shrubs on half an acre of land.



MAIN AVENUE

OLD-STYLE PLAN OF GARDEN AND LAWN.

I trust Addi will not take offense at what is said in good nature; if I thought otherwise the accompanying design would not be submitted for his inspection and improvement, as my wish is for him to get up another, showing what, in his judgment, would be the best way to improve it in accordance with the conditions which will be shortly mentioned.

In the fall of 1853 I was employed to remodel an old-fashioned place, and this is the plan as it then existed. A, is the Dwelling, a large and substantial brick building, suited to the wants of a first class family; the additions in the rear being for kitchen, servants' rooms, &c. B., Barn and Stables. C, Barn Yard. D, House Yard. E, E, Orchard for Apples, Pears, Plums, &c. F, Kitchen Garden. G, Carriage Road. H, H, parts of Lawn.

In the changes contemplated everything was required to be very plain but very neat, and I was requested to use the shrubs and trees which were growing on the place in its decoration, and to remove the barn and stables, and locate new ones elsewhere on the grounds. The place was bounded on the south by the main or public road, and on the east by another street of less importance. In remodeling the ground nothing was desired by the proprietor but lawn, trees, shrubs, the necessary roads and walks and a small flower garden to be edged with box, (there being a considerable quantity growing on the grounds.) A small orchard and vegetable garden, but no glass structure of any kind. The west side of the house was towards the city, and on that side the carriage road must be placed, and the place when completed was intended to present just such grounds as every wealthy farmer might and ought to have, though the proprietor was not a farmer as usually understood.

Now, if Addi is really desirous to advance the public taste, he will present his views in regard to the improvement of this place, supposing *himself* to be working under the same restrictions which I have mentioned, as being imposed on me. After he has done this I will then give a plan of the Place as improved by me and as it now exists.

Rochester, N. Y., June 23, 1868. William Webster.

FOREIGN FRUITS AND NUTS.

The best lemons come from Sicily and Malaga, the latter are very thick skinned, and are preferred for summer use. They are worth from $3.50 to $4 per box. Oranges come from Sicily and the West Indies. The former are worth from $4.50 to $5 per box, the latter from $9 to $11 per box. The best Dates come from Africa, though a few are brought from Arabia; these are, however, of inferior quality. The best dates are worth from 8c. to 9c. per pound. Olives come from Spain and France. Spanish olives are regarded as the best; they come in kegs, and are worth from 12c. to 13c. per pound. Prunes come from France and Turkey. The Turkish prunes are the best; they come in casks, and are worth from 13¼c. to 14c. per pound. Figs are brought from Smyrna, Malaga, and Naples. They come in drums; Smyrna figs are the best, and are worth 20c. per pound: the others are worth 15c. per pound. The citron comes from Leghorn and Genoa, and is worth from 29c. to 30c. per pound. Pine apples come from the West Indies; they are brought here in bulk, and are generally disposed of at auction, the price depending entirely on the condition they are in and the quantity in market. Yams come from South America, but they are too scarce to have a quotable market price. Pomegranates come from the West Indies; they are called a fancy fruit, and being brought here in small quantities, are rarely sold at retail. Bananas also come from the West Indies, and are worth from $1 to $5 per bunch, according to their condition and the state of the market.

In the nut line we have cocoanut, from the West Indies. They come in bulk, and are generally sold at auction. They are worth from $40 to $60 per thousand. The best pecan nuts come from Texas. They are brought here in barrels and they are worth 17c. per pound. Peanuts come from Africa, Virginia, and the Carolinas. The Virginia nuts are the largest, and are worth $3 per bushel. The others are worth from $2.62 to $2.75 per bushel. Filberts come in bags from Naples, Barcelona, and Sicily. They are worth 13c. per pound. Brazil nuts come in bags from South America. They are worth from 10c. to 12c. per pound. Italian chesunts come from Naples, and are worth 15c. to 18c. per pound. The so called English walnuts come from France and Italy. They come in bags, and are worth 15c. to 20c. per pound. Almonds come from Languedoc and Spain. The best are what are termed "Princess paper shells," and are worth 60c. per pound. The others are worth from 25c. to 35c. Italian pines are too scarce here to have a market value. The best raisins come from Malaga, and are worth $3.95 to $4 per box, quarter and half boxes in proportion. Currants are brought in barrels from the Grecian Islands. The barrels contain from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. They are worth from 12c. to 13c. per pound. These two latter articles are brought here in larger quantities than any other foreign fruits.

Dwarf Pears.—The editor of the Germantown Telegraph, in answer to inquiries as to his experience with dwarf pears, and what he has noticed of them, replies as follows:—"We think as highly of them now as we ever did, but we should not plant them promiscuously. We would not select many varieties, as some never bear at all, and others give but poor satisfaction. We shall continue to cultivate dwarfs along borders and little spare spots where a standard would be too large, and give them the same care that we would a crop of cabbages; but we shall set out only such varieties as have proved to be long-lived and productive."

Celery Cultivation.—This is the season to plant celery. The ground should be deeply worked, trenched, and freely manured with well-rotted manure from the cow stable, or something equally effective in causing plant growth. In the vicinity of markets, growing celery is not the least profitable of horticultural products.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

A Tree Protector.—L. L. Fairchild, Rolling Prairie, Wis., sends us a model of a tree protector, both against the summer sun and rabbits, which he has found effectual. It is made of lath, connected by wire, and is designed to be wrapped around the trunk of a tree. Mr. F. says; "The rabbits ruin thousands of trees in the West. So, also, does the freezing and thawing of the bark in early spring on the southwest side of the tree. These protectors, when placed around a fruit tree, ward off the rabbits and prevent the 'sun scalding.' They are cheap, costing only from one to five cents each, according to height and size of tree. They will fit either a large or small tree. Will last for years if properly stored in the summer. They are very simple and easily made, and can be straightened out and stored away very compactly."

Ontario Fruit Growers' Association.—The Summer Meeting of this Association was held in Toronto, July 8th, President W. H. Mills in the Chair. The attendance was large, the summer fruits exhibited fine—the strawberry predominating. Among the fruits on exhibition were early ripe apples, nectarines and peaches, grown in an orchard house by C. S. Gzowski. These received merited commendation. The discussions, with reference to the claims of the different varieties of fruits, evinced judgment and good taste, and were of a highly satisfactory character.

Long Sleep of a Plant.—The following remarkable case of suspended animation in a tree is recorded by Shurley Hibbard, in the Gardener's Magazine, London, as having occurred under his observation. A large bay tree having been injured by the winter of 1860-61, was cut down to the ground, but the stump was not removed. No signs of vegetation were visible until the present spring (1868,) when, after remaining dormant for seven years, new shoots appeared from the roots.

Burying Cabbage.—E. D. F., Manhattan, Kansas, asks for the best plan of burying cabbage for preservation during the winter. The customary way is to dig a trench in dry soil and put the heads into it, leaving the stump exposed. The ground should be rounded over the trench to throw the water from it. He also wants to know whether it will answer to bury onions like potatoes. We never saw the onion preserved in this way, and doubt the success of it. Who has tried it?

Maryland Peach Crop.—A Maryland peach grower says that two months since he thought his peach crop would amount to $15,000, but would now be glad to contract it for $1,500.

Peaches for Illinois.—W. C. Flagg, Alton, Illinois, recommends the following varieties for that region:—1. Hale's Early. 2. Troth's Early. 3. Large Early York. 4. Morris' Red Rareripe; Crawford's Early. 5. Yellow Rareripe. 6. Oldmixon Free. 7. Reeve's Favorite. 8. Stump the World; Columbia. 9. Late Rareripe; Crawford's late. 10. Ward's Late Free. 11. Smock; Delaware White. 12. Heath Cling.

Blight on Apple Trees.—O. L. A., Clyde, Ohio, asks: "Will you or some of the numerous readers of the Rural give the cause and cure (if there be any) of the blight on apple trees. It has troubled the fruit growers of this section for several years, but is worse this season than ever before. Some trees are entirely destroyed by it, and others much injured."

Barren Grape Vine.—(T. F. H.) The vine you describe is, doubtless, some wild, worthless, barren sort which in some way got into the nurseryman's stock. You may succeed in grafting it in the spring. Ordinary deft grafting, just at or under the surface, heaping earth around it, is often successful.

Apple Trees Dying.—J. H. F., Medina C. H., Ohio, says he planted out some apple trees last spring, which grew well till near July, when they commenced dying from the ends of the limbs, and wants to know what is the matter, and also what to do to stop their decaying.

New Shoots on blackberries and raspberries should be pinched, to make the canes more stocky and strong to withstand winds.

Watch for fire blight on the pear and black knot on the plum, and cut off and burn every shoot or branch which shows disease.

Budding may be begun first with the cherry, then the plum and pear.

The Grape may be propagated by summer layering about midsummer.

Thin fruit where the operation is needed, and rub off water sprouts from trees.

The Walter Grape, which is becoming widely known and somewhat celebrated, is advertised in this paper.

Plenty of Mulching will save cultivation.

Domestic Economy.

WESTERN RURAL MEMORANDA.

THAT BAG OF BEANS.

Well! neither the fair, unmarried, Ohio "Betsey," nor the grim, old, flabby-cheeked "Mrs. Practice Economy," from Homer, N. Y., (who egotistically assumes to talk "for the women of the country" with the same right to do so that an old hen has to do all the cackling for the fowls of the neighborhood,) have drawn on me for that bag of beans.

I've been patiently waiting to see if somebody would—if there is any woman in the land with grit enough, and practical knowledge enough, to take up the glove I was tempted to throw down for my friend, "Mrs. Household Economy" to take up. "Betsey" thought, "perhaps," she would; but the way she puts it, betrays her distrust of her own power to make a loaf of bread, or talk practically of household matters.

"Mrs. Practice Economy" says the women "are so busy *practicing* that they do not get time to write." *Practicing* what, pray? I have a malicious pleasure in answering that question for nine-tenths of our modern young ladies! *Practicing* before a mirror; *practicing* on a piano the cracked discordant tones of which add yearly to the victims who fill our insane asylums; *practicing* the angle at which a sunshade should be held over the jaunty round hat, and elaborate *coifure; practicing* keeping cool these warm days, by lolling *en dishabille* in secret chambers and drinking, *sub-rosa*, iced-drinks of a more or less spiritual character; *practicing* keeping away from the kitchen, but free at any time to *croquet* with any eligible young man who may be on the practice; *practicing* how not to economize! That's the truth of the matter.

Mrs. grim, old, "Practice Economy" need not put on airs to me! I've been behind the scenes. I've seen these dear angels *practice!* I know how their *boudoirs* look!—how their clothing is stored under the bed, on the bed, in chairs, on the floor, and in every possible condition and shape but an orderly one! I know how they take drinks on the sly and talk temperance to men whom these dear creatures eagerly desire should bind themselves by sacred vows to earn for the said angelics all the pin-money they may desire during their natural lives. There isn't a sincere sentiment in their possession. Men are "horrible creatures," "perfect tyrants," but "awful convenient." These are the modern "practice economy" creatures!—the dear darlings who are of far less use and ornament in the world than burley Bridget, who, with her red arms, can lift a wash tub full of clothes and water, can do her own washing, can keep herself clean without a "servant," can make a good, honest wife, and is sure to become the mother of healthful, hearty children, without losing her own health.

Bah! Talk to me of modern women who can practice economy! They are almost as scarce as beechnuts on a chestnut tree. Practice! Why it makes me ache to think of *what* these modern women practice—all the foolish and horrible things in the whole list, from pinching their toes and squeezing their own waists up to murdering their own children!

Practicing!

I should think so!

But I've not told, yet, all I know they practice. I've not been prying into women's affairs to no purpose, "Mrs. Practice Economy." You want more money, do you? That is not strange. I never yet saw a dozen women who did not want more in order to enable them to get through the world smoothly. It is convenient to have it. It helps in the matter of *practicing*, very much. Incog.

The American Fruit-Preserving Powders,—recently advertised in the Rural as "warranted to preserve all kinds of fruits, vegetables, cider, milk, butter, etc., without sugar, with or without cooking fruits, and without air-tighting the cans," &c.,—must be a valuable article if what it is represented; but, not having experimented, we are unable to answer inquiries on the subject. Perhaps some of our readers who have tried the powders will report through the Rural for the benefit of the public. Meantime, those wishing to decide for themselves, can procure a sample of the powders at trifling expense, as advertised.

A most excellent Liniment.—Take the whites of two eggs, beaten to a froth, a wineglass of vinegar, a wineglass of spirits of turpentine, and a wineglass of alcohol, beating it all the time. This liniment must be put together in the order mentioned above, or it will not be thoroughly incorporated. Very superior in all cases of sprains, bruises, &c., on man and beast.

Ladies' Department.

THE TWO GATES.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Two gates unto the road of life there are,
And to the happy youth both seem afar,
Both seem afar, so far the past one seems,
The gate of birth, made dim with many dreams,
Bright with remembered hopes, beset with flowers,
So far it seems he cannot count the hours
That to this midway path have led him on
Where every joy of life now seemeth won—
So far, he thinks not of the other gate
Within whose shade the ghosts of dead hopes wait
To call upon him as he draws anear,
Despoiled, alone and dull with many a fear,
"Where is thy work? how little thou hast done,
Where are thy friends, why art thou so alone?"

How shall he weigh his life? slow goes the time
The while the fresh dew-sprinkled hill we climb,
Thinking of what shall be the other side,
Slow pass perchance, the minutes we abide
On the gained summit, blinking at the sun;
But when the downward journey is begun
No more our feet may loiter, past our ears
Shrieks the harsh wind scarce noted midst our fears,
And battling with the hostile things we meet
Till, ere we know it, our weak shrinking feet
Have brought us to the end and all is done.

[*From the "Earthly Paradise.*

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

There was a time when a something holy clung about the breathing of marital vows,—when the mutual pledges which two souls chose to make were too sacred to be spoken in the midst of a curious, gaping crowd. There are yet a few quaint, old-fashioned people, who believe the holiness of those vows not all departed, and who question the appropriateness of transforming the wedding occasion into a free exhibition of fineries for the gratification of the inquisitive. These old-fashioned ones are not up to the age, perhaps, and present notions and customs may be correct and worthy.

But do not our better sensibilities cry out against fashionable marriage extravagancies? Is there aught of sacred solemnity attaching to a ceremony to which the public flock as to a criminal's trial or the opera? When bridal trousseaus are opened to popular inspection, and are elaborately described and commented upon in the public prints, and bridal parties stand before the altar arrayed in splendor wholly inconsistent with the place, are not the vows breathed robbed of their deepest and purest meaning?

In our opinion the boastful, brilliant display attendant upon a fashionable wedding is unmaidenly and indelicate. The bride who allows it may be very lovely and charming, but we fear she lacks the one crowning grace of womanhood—true modesty. She makes, at least, a very common thing of an event that should be held as the most profoundly sacred of all her life. And it will not be strange if, entering the marriage relation with so light a regard for its true import, she shall manifest no deep concern for its obligations throughout life.

An article written by Mrs. Lucia G. Calhoun, which recently appeared in the New York Ledger, contains some very pertinent remarks upon this subject. One appeal that the lady makes to her young friends is so forcible and womanly that we cannot refrain from copying it:

"Oh, girls! are you children of revolutionary mothers? Are you daughters and sisters and sweethearts of men who fought our late battles, and found life other than a joke and a sham? Are you akin to the women who upheld their hands and nursed them, living, and buried them, dead, and can you make your lives a wretched pretense from maidenhood to death?

"If you love a man with heart and soul, marry him, (provided, of course, that he loves you, and asks you.) If you don't love him, don't marry him, though you die an old maid at ninety in the Asylum for Indigent Old Maids. But let your wedding be simple, and quiet, and beautiful with love, but not with money. If you are rich, do this in the name of grace, and for the sake of example. If you are poor, do it in the name of honesty, and for the sake of a pure conscience. And in either event, do it as an offering to delicacy, and the fitness of things.

"If you have wedding presents, then most of them will come because the givers love you, and, loving, desire to give the gifts of love. Treasure them sacredly, but on the wedding day send them to the bank, or hide them in the attic, or push them under the bed, or put them in the refrigerator, or do anything but shake them in the face of the public and say, 'behold how pleased I am with my rattle—how tickled with my straw.'"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HUSBAND SEEKING.

"And with all thy getting, get"—a husband.

This seems to be life's chief aim among young ladies at the present day. One would suppose it to be a criminal offense to be an "old maid," as the story goes, from the strife in vogue among the majority to secure husbands. Must woman sink lower in the scale of being because she possesses the ability to care for herself, and independence sufficient to make use of that ability?

I cannot understand why, if a woman lives to the age of five-and-thirty without marrying, she is any less noble, any less the true, loving woman God intended she should be, than she would be if she took upon herself the fetters matrimonial at twenty. And yet the world seems to think she is, and so young ladies beautify themselves and make use of all their pretty arts, that they may captivate some "splendid catch."

Alas! how soon the cobweb delusion vanishes, for the woman who marries through fear of being an old maid, will surely not make a very loving helpmeet, or do much toward blessing others; she has gained the object sought,—what other aim has she? Girls, this should not be so. Clothe your hearts, your faces, with kindness and smiles. Be *your own true selves*, and if you win a noble, worthy love, treasure it; if you do not, then pray and labor with the same loving heart and hands. You will be far nobler thus than in seeking to win a husband by little deceptive arts.

Grace G. Slough.

THE VICTOR.

And thus they go! The brave, the tried,
Who heard unmoved war's wild alarms,
Who dared the battle's fiercest tide,
Fall easy prey to woman's charms!
Those who have braved the flashing steel,
Have heard the minie's vengeful hiss,
Have scorned the cannon's thunder peal,
At last are captured by—*a kiss.*

HISTORY OF A HYMN.

The circumstances under which the beautiful hymn—"I love to steal awhile away"—justly a general favorite, was written, may not be known to all our readers. Its author, Mrs. Phœbe H. Brown, was an intelligent, pious woman, who labored industriously to support a large family of children. She was wont, after the toils of the day were over, at the quiet twilight hour, to ramble to a neighboring grove, where, alone and unobserved, she might spend an hour in meditation and prayer.

A wealthy lady, who lived near Mrs. Brown, seeing her go often to this retreat, without knowing her object, censured her severely, in the presence of other persons, for her "rambles," and told her "she had better stay at home with her children." Mortified at being charged with neglecting her family, and deeply wounded that her retirement for communion with God had excited evil surmises, Mrs. Brown remained at home that evening, and, with her babe on her knee, wrote her "Apology for my Night Rambles." A friend found this beautiful gem among her manuscripts and sent it to Dr. Nettleton, who inserted it in a collection of hymns he was preparing. Mrs. Brown was doubtless successful in bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as one of them was the first American missionary to Japan.—*Religious Herald.*

FRIVOLITY OF IGNORANCE.

It is ignorance which renders women frivolous. When they arrive at a certain age, without habits of application, they cannot acquire a taste for it; whatever is serious appears to them sad; whatever demands continued attention fatigues them. The inclination for amusement, which is strong in youth, and the example of persons of the same age, have inspired them with the dread of an orderly and laborious life. They do not understand the importance of domestic occupations, unless their mothers have taken pains to instruct them. In this state of things a girl abandons herself to indolence, which is a languor of the soul. She accustoms herself to sleep a third more than is necessary for her health. Too much sleep enfeebles her, and renders her delicate, whereas, moderate sleep and regular exercise would produce gayety and strength. Idleness and weakness being united to ignorance, there arises from this union a taste for pernicious amusement. Girls brought up in this way have an ill-regulated imagination. Their curiosity, not being directed to substantial things, is turned towards vain and dangerous objects. They read books which nourish their vanity. Their minds become visionary, and are spoiled for common life.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

A fair correspondent sends to the Rural an article with the pungent heading—"My Onion Bed." Being, as she affirms, a truthful narrative of her experience in a new field of labor, we regret that its length forbids publication. But may not the theme be suggestive to our lady friends? Feminine hands are taking to almost every variety of labor; cannot they try gardening for profit? Would it be too much of an offense against the nostrils of public taste for young women to make a practice of raising onions and other vegetables? Why not let those now pining in close school-rooms, or wearing their lives out over the needle, take up the rake and the hoe and woo the roses into their cheeks while they coax the dollars into their pockets?

A gentleman, on a visit to the country seat of a Paris lady, noticing on the wall the picture of a beautiful woman of, say, five-and-twenty, naturally inquired if it was a family portrait. "She was my daughter," replied the hostess. "Has it been long since you lost her?" asked the gentleman. "Alas, sir," replied the lady, "she died just after her birth, and I have had the portrait painted to represent her as she would appear if she had lived till now."

The last sweet thing in bonnets is the *chaweau Cocodette;* it is composed of three bouillons of tulle, edged and divided by satin rouleaux; this forms a puff, which is posed just on the top of the head above the chignon, and does not come down at all upon the ears. In front there is a coronet of flowers; and upon the bonnet a feather, which droops down over this coronet.

Queen Victoria is an indefatigable knitter, and so all the English ladies are learning to make their lord's stockings and their own. American ladies, however, prefer French to English fashions.

Spanish Slovenliness.—The first thing that strikes an English lady in all foreign countries, is the absence of neatness, and of that domestic privacy which some of us carry to an excess. It is nothing to us that foreigners do not feel the want as we do, that there is nothing incongruous to the Spaniard in the mixture of pomp and squalor, which the English residents find so repulsive. It may seem strange to us that the court yard of the Palace at Madrid should be worse paved than any stable yard in a dilapidated house in England, and that heaps of rubbish should be left in full view of the Queen's windows. So, too, when we hear of the family wash hanging out to dry over the drawing-room balcony of the handsomest houses in Madrid, we are struck by a painful sense of the scandal such a sight would cause in London.

Whistling Girls.—Show me a girl who has the hardihood to whistle in these days when everything natural, even to the very hair of your head, is at a discount, and I'll show you a girl who can be depended upon, one who will not fail you in time of need, and will give you the true hearty grasp, the cordial hand shake, the warm, genuine welcome,—no tip of the kid glove and a cold "how do you do;" who can brave danger, look toil in the face without shrinking, "laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep," as well as whistle with those that whistle; who can, in short, take the world as she finds it, rough and rugged, and not go through life as though she were walking on eggs and afraid of cracking a shell; who deals in substance, not shadow.

A Good Daughter.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than she, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her ideal is indissolubly connected with that of his fireside. She is his morning sunlight and evening star. The grace, vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse in his sickness.

Marriage is like a silk purse, most agreeable to bear when there is plenty of money in it.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FAIRY'S SONG.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

In evening's smile
This little isle
Gleams fair among the waves,
That toss their spray,
And bound away
To hidden elfin caves.

When the sun shines bright
With a flood of light,
I weave its golden thread
In magic rays,
From wintry days
And toil to shield thy head.

The moonbeams here
Fall soft and clear,
And the stars blink with delight,
And the men in green
And golden sheen
Dance out in the silver night.

O mortal, come
To my fairy home,
I will guide you through the lake,
O'er pearly shells,
And lily bells,
And the haunt of the water-snake.

The morning dew
I will sip with you
From the cups of the tiny flowers,
You shall know no death,
Nor the blighting breath
That poisons a mortal's hours.

North Hero, Vt.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INFLUENCE.

Clouds, dark and somber, canopy the heavens; their deepening shadows cast a mournful gloom over all the fair earth; and our minds are so attuned in unison with our surroundings that, stealthily though it may be, the spirit pervading the atmosphere enters our hearts, and where erst was light and joy a sorrowful sadness now reigns. The same influence extends through all nature; for, save the wailing notes of wind-harp, and the pattering of rain-drops, earth's unwritten music is hushed. Silently the myriads of woodland songsters seek the leafy covert, and in silence the waving grass and delicate flowers, bedewed with "nature's tear-drops," bend earth-ward.

But soon the gloomy veil is sundered, displaying first a glimpse of the clear, blue sky, then a few struggling sunbeams; lastly, the majestic sun itself appears, tinging the fleeting clouds with a gorgeous coloring of gold, crimson and purple, removing by its all-pervading power and cheering presence the shadows from our brows, replacing with bright rays of hope and light the mournful sadness of the heart, lending a glow to the cheek, a light to the eye, and wreathing the lips with sunny smiles. Its golden beams not only enter our homes, and linger round our hearth-stones, but are out over all the glad earth, crowning with a halo of light the gray old hills, struggling through the dim recesses of the forest trees, drying the moisture from the quivering leaves, and kissing tear-drops from the fragile flowers. Summoned by the returning sunlight the wild-wood choir, as they bend the dewy spray, trill forth their hymns of praise and notes of joy, till the air is vocal with their merry carolings. "Welcome! welcome to the sunlight!" is the burden of the birdlings' song. "Welcome! welcome!" echoes through the woodland and over the distant hill, smiles from each dew-gemmed flower, is pencilled on every leaf, and breathes from every heart.

The breaking forth of the sun from the thick, dark clouds, reminding one, as it does, of a smile through a tear, should teach us of our duty and obligation; for every day of our lives we are exerting an influence over those with whom we come in contact,—an influence either for good or for evil. Then let the sunbeam teach us not to grope our way in darkness, which will surely cast its shadow on all around; but to replace with bright hope all sad and bitter thoughts, and dispel dark frowns with our merriest smiles. Yes, laugh—though the gloomy misanthrope, may sneer,—laugh, and your musical ha! ha! will not only lighten your own, but find an echo in every heart within its influence. "Whatever shortens our faces, lengthens our days." So, if you would live long and happy, wear only sunny smiles, breathe only kind words, scatter only thornless roses in the pathway of life.

Another lesson the sunbeam teaches. If, as we have seen, our minds, as well as our outward surroundings, are so sensibly affected by the light and sunshine in nature, how cheerful and happy ought one to be whose heart is illumined by the sun of Righteousness,—one who is basking in the light of God's reconciled countenance. The joy and thanksgiving that fill the soul should well up from the heart, radiate from the face, and encircle the whole form with a halo of light and glory, showing to the world that the religion of Jesus is purifying, ennobling, happifying; and that its possessors can take up life's duties in cheerfulness, and perform them acceptably. And as our life-mission, in whatever sphere of duty we are placed is, "To be good, and to do good," let us see that our influence and example be always worthy of imitation.

Mrs. H. O. Yale.

Willing, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"TOO LATE!"

"Too late!" These are but two simple little words, and yet they often come like a wail of despair, from lips white with untold anguish, and a heart burdened with bitterest sorrow, disappointment, and vain regret. Surely they find a sad echo in almost every heart, for no person can look back through life (be it ever so short,) without finding many errors and mistakes which, alas! it is "too late" to recall. Those hasty, unkind words, spoken in a moment of anger to the dearest friend you had on earth,—ah! you would even give years of your own life could they be recalled. But you know that cannot be, for the snows of many winters have already whitened the mound in the churchyard that hides your lost darling from your weeping, anguished eyes. So you must go on to the end of life, bearing the remorse and grief those words have cost you.

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness;" so every heart must bear its share of sorrow and regret for acts and words that it is all "too late" now to recall. And there are many different chords in the human heart, that thrill to the sad echo of the words "too late." Something pure and holy, like a dream of heaven, at last may have crossed the pathway, made dark and shadowed by long years of suffering and doubt,—it may be a sweet hope full of promise for the future, a word, a look, or even a tone, at which you tremble and sigh as you murmur, "Ah, if it had been sooner!"—but alas! it is *now* "too late." Then the weary head droops lower, the tears fall faster, as you crush back the bitterness in your heart, trying hard to murmur, in all sincerity and truth, "Thy will be done."

G. C.

ACTS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

There is something solemn and awful in the thought that there is not an act nor a thought in the life of a human being, but carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never trace. Not one but, to a certain extent, gives a color to our own life, and insensibly influences the lives of those about us. The good deed or thought will live, even though we may not see it fructify, but so will the bad; and no person is so insignificant as to be sure that his example will not do good on the one hand, nor evil on the other. There is, indeed, an essence of immortality in the life of man, even in this world.

No individual in the universe stands alone; he is a component part of a system of mutual dependencies; and by his several acts he either increases or diminishes the sum of human good now and forever. As the present is rooted in the past, and the lives and examples of our forefathers still to a great extent influence us, so are we by our daily acts contributing to form the condition and character of the future. The living man is a fruit formed and ripened by the culture of all the foregoing centuries. Generations six thousand years deep stand behind us, each laying its hands upon its successor's shoulders, and the living generation continues the magnetic current of action and example destined to bind the remotest past with the most distant future. No man's acts die utterly; and though his body may resolve into dust and air, his good or his bad deeds will still be bringing forth fruit after their kind, and influencing generations of men for all time to come. It is in this momentous and solemn fact that the great peril and responsibility of human existence lies.

PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Music communicates to the body, shocks which agitate the members to their base. In churches, the flame of a candle oscillates to the quake of the organ. A powerful orchestra near a sheet of water ruffles the surface. A learned traveler speaks of a bell which swings to and fro to the sound of Tivoli Falls. In Switzerland it excited, at will, in a poor child afflicted with a frightful nervous malady, hysterical and cataleptic crises, by playing on the minor key of E flat. The celebrated Dr. Bertier asserts that the sound of a drum gives him the colic. Certain medical men state that the sound of a trumpet quickened the pulse and induced a slight perspiration. The sound of the basson is cold; the notes of the harp are voluptuous. The flute played softly in the middle register, calms the nerves. The low notes of the piano frighten children.

I once had a dog who would generally sleep on hearing music; but the moment I played on the minor key he barked piteously. The dog of a celebrated singer whom I knew, would moan bitterly, and give signs of violent suffering the moment his mistress chanted a chromatic gamut.

A certain chord produces on my own sense of hearing the same effect as the heliotrope on my sense of smelling, and the pine apple on my sense of taste. Rachel's voice delighted the ear by its ring before one had time to seize what was said, or appreciate the purity of her diction.

We may affirm, then, that musical sound, rhythmical or not, agitates the whole physical frame, quickens the pulse, incites perspiration, and produces a pleasant momentary irritation of the nervous system.—*Exchange.*

GLORIFYING OUR LIVES.

The faculty of making the most of our blessings is a very happy one. The Spaniard of whom Southey tells that he always put on his magnifying glasses when he ate cherries, in order to make them seem larger, had the true philosophy of life. The good things that fall to the share of most men in this world are not so numerous but that they will bear a little pleasant exaggeration, and it is much wiser to make the most of them than to grumble because they are not more numerous. It is surprising how narrow means and simple pleasures may be eked out by a little invention.

Sydney Smith, that great master of human happiness, used to cry out, "Glorify the room," and, the windows being thrown open, let in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. The ancient Pompeiians, who were wise in their day and generation, seem to have well understood the art of making the most of everything. Their gardens were very diminutive, but by painting the surrounding walls with plants and landscapes, their little area became indefinitely enlarged to the eye of the observer, just as our shopkeepers enlarge their premises and multiply their goods by the aid of mirrors. It is well to glorify our lives in this way a little by throwing open the windows and taking an enlarged view of all our blessings.

TACT.

Love swings on little hinges. It keeps an active little servant to do a good deal of its fine work. The name of the little servant is tact. Tact is nimble-footed and quick-fingered; tact sees without looking; tact has always a good deal of small change on hand; tact carries no heavy weapons, but can do wonders with a sling and stone; tact never runs its head against a stone wall; tact always spies a sycamore tree up which to climb when things are becoming crowded and unmanageable on the level ground; tact has a cunning way of availing itself of a word, or a smile, or a gracious wave of the hand; tact carries a bunch of curiously fashioned keys which can turn all sorts of locks; tact plants its monosyllables wisely, for being a monosyllable itself, it arranges its own order with all the familiarity of friendship; tact—sly, versatile, diving, running, flying tact—governs the great world, yet touches the big baby under the impression that it has not been touched at all.

THE WORLD.

"It's a very good world to live in,—
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, or to borrow, or to ask for one's own,
It's the very worst world that ever was known."

So some cynical individual has written. It may be true, but it is also true that this is the best world as yet known by us. It is barely possible that the cynical souls may go further and fare worse. Let us hope not.

Keep doing, always doing. Wishing, dreaming, intending, murmuring, talking, sighing, and repining, are idle and profitless employments.

Sabbath Reading.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Thou dwellest not, O Lord of all!
In temples which Thy children raise;
Our work to Thine is mean and small,
And brief to Thy eternal days.

Forgive the weakness and the pride,
If marred thereby our gift may be;
For love, at least, has sanctified
The altar which we rear to Thee.

The heart, and not the hand, has wrought,
From sunken base to tower above,
The image of a tender thought,
The memory of a deathless love.

Though here should never sound a speech
Or organ anthem rise and fall,
Its stones would pious lessons teach,
Its shade in benedictions fall.

Here should the dove of peace be found,
And blessings free as dew-fall given,
Nor strife profane, nor hatred wound
The mingled loves of earth and heaven.

Thou who didst sooth with dying breath
The dear one watching by Thy cross,
Forgetful of the pains of death
In sorrow for her mighty loss!

In memory of her sacred claim,
O Mary's Son, our offering take,
And make it worthy of Thy name,
And bless it for a mother's sake! [*Whittier.*

UNCONSCIOUS FAITH.

The farmer does not order ten thousand buckets added to his list of agricultural implements, so that water may be carried from adjacent wells and rivers to moisten his planted fields. He depends on the invisible agencies of the natural world to lift the water from the distant ocean, to transport it in vapors, and to scatter the gladdening drops upon his furrowed corn and harrowed wheat. No man can cultivate his farm without faith in the higher power. And so it is with the man who cultivates his own heart. He feels that he must grow in grace and in knowledge. But he cannot comfort himself with the ten thousand shallow compliments dipped out of the wells and currents of society, however bright and sparkling. Such refreshings are artificial and easily dried away.

The heart intuitively expects something out of the pure regions above. It looks beyond rituals, creeds and ceremonies; beyond all sect-patented philosophies and confessions; beyond all systems of moral policy and bodily performance—up to the heavens of ampler revelation—up to the infinite sources of all growth and glory. The heart has faith that the eternal power which created, can renew and redeem; but it trusts in nothing less. It looks up beseechingly to the Will Divine, and expects that all its thirstings for the gracious rain shall and must be supplied. It meets the heavenly word with an amen and a welcome, and opens its inmost recesses to the reviving power. In such a heart, as in the heart of a tender flower withering for rain, the blessed word falls to restore and glorify; and as the greeted rain brings odor from the reviving flower-heart, so a soul that receives the word of truth is made to offer its incense of praise for the mercy.

Now, this word, which is compared to the rain, is contained in the Sacred Scriptures. The promises of the Bible are the seasonably falling rains upon thirsty souls. When rain-drops have fallen, the clouds that held them are vanished and gone. So when the spirit of God's word thrills in refreshing baptism to the heart, the page of lettered forms is unseen. The eye meets the printed words and reads them; but the soul, the keener scholar, recognizes their intensive meaning, and drinks that in revivingly, as a flower drinks in the descending drops that fall out of shadows, until shadows are rainbowed over and shined away.—*From the Gospel in the Trees, by Alex. Clark.*

GNARLED LIVES.

It is a solemn thing to grow out of youth and not be a Christian. It is a solemn thing for a young man to grow up into manhood and not be a Christian. It is a solemn thing for parents to wait for their children to get into the trough of the sea before they attempt to bring them to the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a solemn thing to abandon a child to hope, and chance, and promise, when all growth beyond youth is wrong growth. I buy an old place of a careless man, and find that the grape trellises have been neglected until the vines have gone in and out, in and out, and twisted themselves around the trellis. I look at it for awhile, and say to my gardener—"See here; which is the cheapest, to take that vine up and burn it, and plant a new vine there, or undertake to trim this up, and give it a new start, and endeavor to train it right?" He would say that it was about "six of one, and about half a dozen of the other." On the whole, it is better to plant a new root, than to seek to change the old vine. Is not this true in regard to a great many men? To undertake to untwist and unlock these gnarled branches which are twirled around their life, is it not like taking the very root out of them? How many are here who know this from experience! Conceive yourself as being again in the state of a child, and your whole life as conforming to the wish of your Father who is in heaven; what a mighty change that would be!—*Beecher.*

Now!—Now!—For time is short, and death is near and judgment threatened. Now! for in eternity it will be too late, and your very next step may land you there! The only season of which you can be sure is now. The purpose may not last till to-morrow; fulfill it now. Fresh difficulties will flood the channel to-morrow—wade it now. The chain of evil habit will bind you more tightly to-morrow; snap it now. Religion is a work for every day; begin it now. Sin exposes to present miseries; escape them now. Holiness confers present joys; seize them now. The God of love entreats; be reconciled now. The Father from his throne invites; return now. The Saviour from His cross beseeches; trust Him now. The Holy Spirit is striving in your heart; *yield now.* "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

Oh! how different is Christ's love to us from ours to Him! We have not to ask Him if He loves us. If any one should ever ask that question of Jesus, He would say, "Behold my hands and feet." He bears on His very body the marks of His love to us.—*Nevins.*

True religion shows itself in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of the living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

Literature and Art.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

BETTER known as publisher than author is Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS of the celebrated firm of TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston. He has seen forty years, perhaps; is a charming companion, frank, cordial, and a good talker,—one, evidently, whose philosophy is that cheerfulness and good humor are the best spice of life, and should be carried always. There is little of the studious air about him; he looks rather like a shrewd business man; yet he knows authors and their books as few other men do. WHITTIER, in his "Tent on the Beach," has thus happily woven him into rhyme:

One, with his beard scarce silvered, bore
A ready credence in his looks,
A lettered magnate, lording o'er
An ever-widening realm of books.
In him brain-currents, near and far,
Converged as in a Leyden jar;
The old, dead authors thronged him round about,
And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern graves looked out.

He knew each living pundit well,
Could weigh the gifts of him or her,
And well the market value tell
Of poet and philosopher:
But if he lost, the scenes behind,
Somewhat of reverence vague and blind,
Finding the actors human at the best,
No readier lips than his the good he saw confessed.

His boyhood fancies not outgrown,
He loved himself the singer's art;
Tenderly, gently, by his own
He knew and judged an author's heart.
No Rhadamanthine brow of doom
Bowed the dazed pedant from his room;
And bards, whose name is legion, if denied
Bore off alike intact their verses and their pride.

Pleasant it was to roam about
The lettered world as he had done,
And see the lords of song without
Their singing robes and garlands on.
With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,
And with the ears of Rogers, at fourscore, [more.
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit once

A CORRESPONDENT of the Standard recently wrote of N. P. WILLIS at some length, and in an allusion to the Home Journal office, as it appeared when WILLIS and his long-time associate GEO. P. MORRIS were alive, thus spoke of the latter:

"There, at a desk near the window looking down upon the narrow Warren street, sat GEO. P. MORRIS, that venerable old chieftain of New York journalism, and sweet singer of songs for the people. A small statured, stout built, rather corpulent man latterly, with a very good-humored face, illuminated by a pair of small black eyes, which were always laughing, and suffused with a glory as of claret and burgundy the best. This latter was merely an appearance however; for MORRIS was not addicted to wine-bibbing, except to a very moderate degree. His head was large—bald on the top, but otherwise covered with a profusion of gray hairs. And there he sat, with a stove-pipe hat on his head, a pair of silver spectacles on his nose, and as I said, a smile perennial on his good old face. He was the very *beau ideal* of an American country gentleman in the days of the Revolution."

THE New York Custom House seems to be a sort of home for literary characters. Among those who have desks there, are RICHARD GRANT WHITE, connected at one time with the Courier and Enquirer, and now an occasional contributor to the Galaxy; CHAS. F. BRIGGS of the editorial staff of Putnam's Monthly; RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, pretty well known as a poet and writer of reviews; "BARRY GRAY," whose "Matrimonial Infelicities" and other rather ephemeral contributions to the Home Journal have been re-produced in book form; HERMAN MELVILLE, author of that singularly fascinating romance entitled "Typee," and others of a similar character; and JOHN SAVAGE, one of the Irish Revolutionists of '48, who, driven from his country, took up journalism in New York, and has been favorably received as a poet and dramatist.

AN article in a late number of Packard's Monthly stated that the "Mount Vernon Papers" contributed by EDWARD EVERETT to the New York Ledger, led to a warm intimacy between the author and Mr. BONNER. In contact with Mr. B.'s sunny and genial nature his icy stateliness seemed to unbend; and in his personal correspondence he used to address him as "My dear ROBERT."

DAVIES' arithmetics net him $20,000 annually. A mathematician can cut a good figure on that.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

WHEN Mr. LONGFELLOW was honored by the English University of Cambridge with the degree of LL. D., the orator of the occasion made a droll mistake. He credited our American poet with the authorship of "Enoch Arden," a credit which we, with all due respect for ALFRED TENNYSON, consider scarcely a compliment. Our educated friends across the water ought to read up a little on their native literature.

WM. F. DE HAAS is painting a view of "Mount Washington from Pudding Pond." The artist has chosen an early morning for his view, when the mists are drifting from the lake and dissolving on the side of the mountain. He will spend the summer among the Alleganies.

HILL'S "Yo Semite" is to be reproduced in chromo by PRANG. HILL is a Boston artist, and the papers of "the Hub" claim that his picture of the grand California valley is superior to BIERSTADT'S because more truthful to nature.

EX-GOV. FAIRBANKS of Vermont, has just had a picture painted by BROWN of Boston, called a "View of Etna," from the ruins of the ancient theater of Termina.

BIERSTADT has a new picture which is said to form one of the most attractive exhibitions in London this season. It represents Vesuvius in eruption, and is painted with great power from careful studies.

BAYARD TAYLOR, when last at Rome, opened a studio, employed models, and went through a regular course of art instruction.

THE APPLETONS will soon issue a new periodical called "Spare Hours." Every publishing house has its magazine now-a-days.

HIRAM POWERS has carved himself out $22,000 with his chisel.

MR. BRACKETT, the sculptor, is engaged on a bust of Miss ANNA DICKENSON.

THE exhibition of the National Academy of Design, New York, has been formally closed.

EASTMAN JOHNSON has sold to Mr. PRANG his original of the "Boyhood of Lincoln."

MR. GEO. L. BROWN, the Boston artist, is having his picture, the Bay of New York, engraved.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MONTREAL AND ENVIRONS.—No. I.

CHARACTERISTICS.

MONTREAL is the great Metropolis of the Canadian Dominion. Situated very near the boundary line of what was known formerly as Canada West and Canada East, it draws most of the trade and wealth of both sections of country, and therefore wears, more than any other Canadian city, a busy, thriving aspect. It also has many advantages for commerce, being at the head of ship navigation on the St. Lawrence, and connected by steamboat communication with the great lakes of the West. Its wharves are among the finest known, built of cut stone apparently to stand for centuries, and giving great depth of anchorage.

Beside the advantage of location upon one of the noblest rivers in the world, it has splendid facilities by means of railroad communication. The Grand Trunk Railway here centers its thousand miles of gathered freight and travel. From a vast region it brings into Montreal business vitality and increased resources. The direct contact with different sections of the United States, where are energy and go-a-head-a-tiveness, by reason of this great chain of railroad connection, has done much to relieve the place from that half-dormant state in which a good portion of Canada still exists, and to infuse into it a new life. With its many advantages, and the immense resources from which it can draw, it should develop more rapidly than it ever has developed yet.

The city is laid out in the form of a parallelogram. Its streets are uniformly straight, and intersect each other at right angles, giving a beautiful appearance of regularity when viewed from an eminence. They are more narrow than those of American cities, (unless, indeed, I except Boston,) are well paved, and very cleanly kept. Nearly all the buildings are constructed of the same material—cut limestone, quarried on the island upon which the city is located. It seems to stand the wear and tear of time equal to granite, and has a rich, massive appearance, scarcely inferior to marble. There is a new block on St. Peter's street, with a front of this material which is finer than any marble front I now remember.

That Montreal is not an American city is clearly proved by the absence of boot-blacks from the streets. Newsboys are not wanting, but even they are not American. They cry their papers in French. "*Aurez vous le Herald?*" sounds very foreign to us, as a bright little fellow runs up with his bundle of news, and we wonder for a moment if we are still on our native Continent.

THE NUNNERIES.

As Montreal is half foreign, in its character, so is it half monastic. Under the shadows of two such institutions as the Black and the Gray Nunneries, Protestantism in a measure fades away. The Black Nunnery is a large, dark, stern-looking structure, enveloped in no little mystery, standing on the outskirts of the town. Years ago a book entitled "Maria Monk" ostensibly revealed some secrets of its fortress-like walls, and excited intense feeling throughout the country. Visitors are seldom admitted therein. At times an inquisitive tourist gains an audience of the Lady Superior, and is shown through a portion of the establishment, but for the most part the place is a sealed book to outsiders. They who take the black veil are supposed never to come out again among their fellow men, and exactly what their life of seclusion may be is known to—whom?

There is less of mystery about the Gray Nunnery. It stands right in the city's center,—an old, time-worn building, flanked by another of more modern date, and both inclosed by a high and massive wall. It is in reality a foundling hospital and an asylum for the indigent old. Pass into the grounds, through the iron gateway, and you will see a score or more of decrepit old men sitting about, whose only home is here. In two or three rooms of the ancient building, through which a meek-faced nun will conduct you, you will find perhaps twice as many more old women, each sitting by her comfortable cot, neat and tidy in dress, and those who are not too feeble for such light work engaged in making the little bead and other ornaments which the nuns keep for sale. One of the most skillful workers in beads is totally blind, but her sense of touch is so delicate that she distinguishes all the shades of color unerringly, and arranges her beads with rare taste. She threads her needle with her tongue. Another has attained the age of one hundred and four years, and is but a child again.

In a room by themselves, and watched over by two of the younger nuns, are the little foundlings. These are mainly girls, between the ages of four and eight years, many of them wearing a patient, almost a sad look, as though they longed for the out-door pleasures accorded to most children, but which, apparently, they seldom know. This is their school-room, or answers a similar purpose, and you will not see them elsewhere. Here they sit, ranged round three sides of the room, on low benches, each with a bit of sewing (some kind of patch-work,) in hand, and all enlivening their task by joining in a song in which one of the young nuns leads off. But you remark that there is no joy in the singing. It lacks spirit, and has none of the glad freshness of those youthful songs you are accustomed to hear at your Sabbath Schools. Will the poor little things grow up, and wear the simple garb of the gray nuns, and become kindly sisters of charity, and go through life without ever knowing any genuine childhood, or any maidenhood made holy by love? You cannot help asking the question, mentally, as you stand and look over the group. Then you look at the figure in gray, who has led you hither, and note her placid countenance, a stranger, it would seem, to care and doubt, and think perhaps this nun-life has some charm to keep the woman scarcely older than the girl, and may be not so bad a thing, after all.

If you choose you will buy some one of the pretty ornaments which a pleasant nun stands ready to sell, and will then doubtless be shown into the only other part of the nunnery visitors are permitted to enter—the Chapel. It is a small, dingy place of worship, and looks as though the good sisters might have told their beads here for a century, at least. A few paintings are scattered about, and here and there a nun kneels before a crucifix, and syllables her prayers. Wherever you meet these gray-garbed ones they are the same,—quiet, mild-mannered, gliding about with noiseless step, answering your questions frankly, and,—what may surprise you considerably,—never smiling. What a life for a woman, without laughter and without love! Always ministering to others, does the woman in gray let her own heart forever go athirst? To all outward seeming she is strictly devotional, a very model, indeed, of womanly faith and sacrifice.

A. DRIFT.

MEMORY AND SAGACITY OF A HORSE.

THE fact that the horse has memory and sagacity in a wonderful degree, is proven in the incident which the above engraving illustrates. A gentleman returning from a journey on horseback, to Oxford, Pa., last fall, met a stranger traveling in like mode, with whom he engaged in a desultory conversation. Thinking the stranger's horse looked familiar, he remarked that the animal was probably one which had been stolen from him six years ago. To settle the matter, he made the following proposition:—"When we arrive at my house, your horse shall be tied to the east post in front of my door—the horse I am on, to the west post. After standing a short time, the bridle of your horse shall be taken off, and if he does not go to a pair of bars on the west side of the house, pass over and go around to the east side of the barn and pull out a pin, open the middle stable door and enter, I will not claim him. If he does, I will furnish you conclusive evidence that he was bred by me, but never sold—that he was stolen from me about the very time you say you purchased him." The traveler assented to the trial. The horse was hitched to the post proposed—stood a few minutes—the saddle and bridle were taken off—he raised his head, pricked up his ears, looked up the street, then down the street, several times, then deliberately and slowly walked past the house and over the bars and to the stable door, as described, and with teeth and lip drew out the pin and opened the door, and entered into his old stall. We hardly need to add, he was recognized by the neighbors of his rightful owner, who fully attested to the facts stated by the claimant, and that the traveler lost his title to the horse.

Various Topics.

CHEAP FREIGHT RAILWAYS.

PERHAPS we could allude to no subject that would more interest our patrons and readers than the proposed National System of cheap freight Railways. Something over a year since Memorials and Bills were brought into Congress by LORENZO SHERWOOD, proposing a system of Arterial Trunk Railways on a new plan of management, and with a view to systemize and invigorate the present 38,000 miles of road, by the addition of Arterial Trunks, or common Railway Thoroughfares, running from the interior to the sea-board,—these trunks to be open to free competition, for all the existing roads, or other carriers, desiring to run trains over them.

The scheme readily commanded a strong approval. To facilitate a knowledge of the principles of the proposed scheme an Association was formed consisting of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and in addition thereto a Vice-President and member of the Executive Council from each of the States and Territories, and also from the District of Columbia. These persons compose the officers of the League. By the rules of the Association any person sympathizing in the objects of the movement is regarded as a member, those objects being to give the Railway its greatest power in carrying freights, and to reduce the cost of transportation to the lowest point consistent with fair and liberal income on railway property.

The utility of this movement is recognized in a letter signed by the President and Vice-President of the League and other officers, and in addition thereto some 10 Governors and ex-Governors, 29 Senators, 146 members and ex-members of Congress, besides other leading public economists from the different States.

The results and advantages claimed by the advocates of the system are embraced substantially in the following specifications:—"*First.* It is assumed that the freight capacity of the roads upon the new plan of management will be increased more than ten-fold over the double track as heretofore and now managed. *Second.* That freights can be lessened to one-third, or less, of present railway charges on the average. *Third.* As much can be saved to the people in the annual expenses of doing the business as the yearly interest on the national debt amounts to. *Fourth.* That the improved system will be attended with a new creation of taxable property of more than the national debt itself. *Fifth.* That the arterial trunk thoroughfares, to be built, among other things, for the common advantage of the 38,000 miles of road now in operation, will add to the existing lines of railway twenty-five per cent., on the average, to present value. *Sixth.* That our national production may easily be doubled, or trebled, in the course of a few years."

A contemporary, speaking of the progress of the movement, says:—"Not one year has elapsed since the first memorial on the subject of the cheap freight railway system was presented in Congress. It is now endorsed by the public economists in and out of Congress, and has obtained a foothold that will not be relinquished. It will take no step backwards. Nearly half of our population are in active sympathy with the movement; not that its details are so generally understood, but because everybody knows that the public is being imposed upon by the ignorance or covetousness of railway managers, and that this proposed change in system and management promises something of good to the public. All classes will soon be made to comprehend its vast importance to all the producing interests of the country. To all these interests, whether agricultural, mechanical, mining, manufacturing or commercial, the League addresses itself, and invites an earnest, active and significant co-operation by organized effort."

The American Railroad Journal, speaking on the subject, thus remarks:—"Few persons, at first sight, comprehend the immense effect of an improved system for the rapid and cheap handling of the agricultural, mining and manufacturing resources of the country. It was stated by an intelligent farmer of the West, a few days since, that the 'Cheap Freight Railway System,' if accomplished, would add three-fourths to the average net profits of agriculture, after deducting the cost of production, to the whole country west of Utica. It has been clearly pointed out that Pennsylvania, in consequence of expensive freights, is suffering under a yearly deficiency of production of more than one hundred millions, as compared with some other States, and that Ohio and the West generally stand in nearly the same category, while the Southern States exhibit a still more meagre production. It was well remarked by an experienced railway financier of England, lately in this country, that 'the great West is strangled by illiberal railway policy, while the South is starved,' and he concludes that 'cheap freights and very numerous trains is the remedy.'"

SWIMMING.

WE all know that breast swimming is the style commonly adopted all over the world. Beginners commence on the breast, and in nine instances out of ten, they continue to move through the water on their breast all through their lives. It is in the water what walking is on land. To the beginner it has the advantage of being the easiest to learn, and to the adept it has the attraction of having "last" about it. Long distances are mostly performed in this style, as being more steady, and consequently less fatiguing; so that here the breast frequently conquers its more dashing rival, the side. Also, when swimming for pleasure, rather than for glory, we instinctively take to the breast. The chief rules are:—1. Spread out your hands (fingers closed) widely, so as to describe as large a circle as you possibly can. If you watch good breast swimmers, you will at first be surprised to observe what a broad sweep they thus make. 2. The same rule holds good for the feet; you cannot describe too large a circle; therefore, send out your legs to their utmost length and breadth. 3. After you have described this circle, in order to complete the stroke, bring the heels together sharply and vigorously. Remember, it is this jerk and quick meeting of the heels which sends you forward. It is in this particular that Gurr especially excels, so that he can propel himself some five or six feet each stroke. A long stroke could not be made in any other way. The secret of the matter is this, that after the sharp contact of the heels, your body instantly floats along, or rather cuts through the water those five feet without any other effort on your part. The stroke made with the hands or arms is of small service, except to maintain your balance on the water.

A TOAD UNDRESSING.—Audubon relates that he once saw a toad undress himself. He commenced by pressing his elbows hard against his sides and rubbing downward. After a few smart rubs his hide began to burst along his back. He kept on rubbing until he worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would; then stripped off the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast off skin forward between his fore legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off his skin underneath, until it came to his fore legs; then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by a single motion of the head, and while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole.

VEGETABLE GROWTH FROM PAPER.—Take a sheet or piece of ordinary writing paper, say commercial note, and saturate it in a solution of bi-chromate of potassium, 1 oz., with water 3 oz., and dry it in the sun. Cut the paper into squares of about three inches, and double them back and forth until the form—a zigzag section—will stand on a table, and ignite the top of the slip. The result will be a slow combustion, the products of the combustion growing out of the edge of the paper like spears of grass, and curling over to represent very faithfully the curving and depending leaves of the palm and cane. If the process is carried on without drafts of air the final result will be a bunch of beautiful blue-green filaments, while the process of combustion itself will prove a means of pleasant recreation.—*Scientific American.*

OLDEST TREES IN THE WORLD.—The cypress of Somma in Lombardy, Italy, is perhaps the oldest tree on record. It was known to be in existence in the time of Julius Cæsar, forty-two years before Christ, and is, therefore, one thousand nine hundred years old. It is one hundred and six feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, a post on one of the Alps, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. The honor of superior antiquity, however, is claimed by some in behalf of the immense and venerable tree in Calaveras Co., California, which is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be two thousand five hundred and sixty-five years old.

Reading for the Young.

RAIN.

BY MRS. ANNA M. WELLS.

"Open the window and let me in,"
Sputters the petulant rain;
"I want to splash on the carpet, dear,
And I can't get through the pane."

"Here I've been tapping outside to you;—
Why don't you come if you're there?
Your scuttles are shut or I'd dash right in
And stream down the attic stair.

"I've washed the windows, I've spattered the blinds,
And that is not half I have done;—
I bounced on the steps and sidewalks too,
Till I made the good people run.

"I've sprinkled the plant on your window-sill,
So drooping and wan that looks;
The dusty gutters, I've filled them up
Till they flow like running brooks.

"I have been out in the country too,
For there in glory am I;
The meadows I've swelled, and watered the corn,
And floated the fields of rye.

"Out from the earth sweet odors I bring;
I fill up the tubs at the spout;
While, eager to dance in the puddles I make,
The bareheaded child runs out.

"The puddles are sweet to his naked feet
When the ground is heated through;
If only you'll open the window, dear,
I'll make such a puddle for you."

[*Our Young Folks.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHILD'S MISSION.

BY SUSIE V. STORMS.

"MAMMA," little MARY said, as she climbed up into her mother's lap, while the twilight shadows gathered in the corners of the room, "what is a '*mission?*'"

"A '*mission?*' her mother asked, somewhat at a loss to understand what her little girl meant.

"Yes, a '*mission,*'" answered MARY. You know, in that pretty story you read me this afternoon, it told about little DOT PENNY'S having a mission to do before she died. I want to know what it meant, but I can't hardly understand it, myself. Please tell me."

"The mission that little DOT, in the story, had to perform, was a work of good," answered MARY'S mother. "You know that her parents were not living together when she was taken sick. Something had separated them, and they were like strangers to each other. When little DOT grew worse, she wanted her mother to send for the father she saw so seldom, but whom she loved so well. And at last, her mother sent for him, and he came. And there on her death-bed DOT made her parents promise to forgive and forget all the trouble and disagreement of the years that had gone, and live together in peace. While the shadows of death gathered over her face, they joined hands and promised never to let anything come between them. *That* was the mission of *her* life,—to bring those two divided lives and hearts together again. It was a mission of good; a work that GOD blessed with success. Do you understand what was meant by DOT'S 'mission' *now?*"

"Yes," MARY answered thoughtfully. "Does every one have a mission?"

"Every one can do deeds that will be for good or evil. If we always work for good, our lives will be a mission of good; but if we work for evil, our lives will be a mission of evil and wrong. Our life-work is our mission."

"I wonder what *my* mission will be?" MARY said, as she looked out into the dusky shadows.

"It will be what you make it," her mother answered. "If you always work on the side of right and truth, your mission in life will not be a bad one. We have the power in our own hands to *make* or *mar* our characters, and if our characters are high and noble, our life-mission will be a constant work of noble influences on those around us, and a good example which those who see may follow."

"But does every one have a chance to do such a good work as little DOT did?" MARY asked. "I mean, you know, do we all have a chance to perform something that will make others as happy as her mission caused her parents to be?"

"We may not have the privilege of bringing two lives together from darkness into light, as *she* did, but we may make those around us, with whom we are associated, happier and better. If our lives are always on the side of right and duty, and we walk right onward in the path GOD has marked out for us to follow, we shall show to the world that we are walking in a better way than the one that leads into temptation, and struggles, and sinful wanderings to the right and to the left. And some one may see us going steadily on, and take heart and follow in our footsteps. If we are the means of leading even *one* poor wanderer into better ways, should we not feel that we were the instruments, in GOD'S hands, of effecting the change in that life and character? That would be a noble mission. It would be one to be proud of. All may not have even *that* privilege given them; but every one may show by the example they set, that there are nobler heights in life which may be attained, if they are only striven for. You can give kindly words to those who stand in need; and though your life may be humble and lowly, your mission will not be a fruitless one. Do not forget the words we read yesterday:

Go and toil in *any* vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you *want* a field of labor,
You can *find* it *anywhere!*
You can visit the afflicted;
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a *true disciple*
Sitting at the SAVIOUR'S feet!"

STARTING IN LIFE.

No young man who desires to succeed in business has any time to lose in shuffling about in experimental clerkships; and after finishing his school education the sooner he makes choice of his business for life, and sets himself at work to learn and become successfully established, the better. No young man can afford to make a mistake in his choice of occupation; the first choice should be the true one. And for this reason we would say to a young man in regard to routine clerkship, by no means accept a place of that kind, not even if the salary is large; it may seem large at first, but there can be no compensation to a young man for the loss of time. Indeed, we are sincerely of the opinion that a young man, at the start, had better work for nothing, or even pay for the privilege of going into an establishment where he can learn a good business, than to take one of these clerkships at any price.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Republican State Convention met in Syracuse on Wednesday the 8th inst., and put in nomination the following ticket:—For Governor, John A. Griswold; For Lieut. Governor, Alonzo B. Cornell; For Canal Commissioner, Alex. Barkley; For State Prison Insp'r, Henry A. Barnum; For Clerk of the Court of Appeals, Campbell H. Young. Presidential Electors at Large:—Marshall O. Roberts, Henry R. Selden. District Electors;—George W. Curtis, Jacob Worth, Edwin A. Studwell, Sam. S. Wyckoff, Moses H. Grinnell, Charles S. Spencer, A. T. Stewart, Frederick Schentz, H. C. Van Vorst, Ambrose L. Rider, Elisha P. Wheeler, George Innis, Thomas Cornell, Charles H. Adams, George W. Demers, Moses K. Platt, William C. Brown, George S. Batchellor, James H. Graham, Morris Winslow, Patrick C. Costello, Robert Stewart, Edward B. Judson, H. H. Guthrie, Samuel Jayne, Charles M. Titus, Horace Bemis, Edwin R. Reynolds, Stoughton Pittebone, M. Weidrich, Norman M. Allen.

Mr. Peter Cagger of Albany, a well-known and much respected citizen and a prominent Democratic politician for thirty years past, was instantly killed in New York city one day last week. In company with Mr. John Develin he was proceeding in a carriage to attend a reception at the Manhattan Club, when a wheel gave way, the carriage was capsized, and both gentlemen thrown out. Mr. Cagger struck head first on the curbstone and never breathed afterward, and Mr. Develin was severely injured and it is feared will not recover. The sad event has caused deep sorrow in Albany, where the deceased had all his life resided. Mr. Cagger was about fifty-six years of age, and a lawyer by profession.

The Schutzenfest closed last week with a grand distribution of prizes. John Brecker of Guttenberg, N. J., was crowned Schutzen Konig, and received as prizes five gold and eleven silver medals, a Panama hat worth $8, a meerschaum pipe worth $100, and other prizes and donations aggregating in money value to $1,000.

A man was run over by the cars at the depot in Syracuse on Thursday evening and both his legs cut entirely off.

During a late storm Mr. John R. Schenck of Springport, had four cows killed by lightning. Two of the cows were killed at noon, and two at about 4 P. M., all being under the same tree, where they had taken shelter from the storm. The Auburn News says that this is a practical, and to Mr. Schenck a somewhat expensive way of demonstrating the falsity of the adage that "lightning don't strike twice in the same place."

The New York State Teachers' Association is to hold its annual meeting at Owego, commencing July 21st, and will continue in session three days.

Five hundred Mormons, in charge of Elder Perry, arrived in the steamer Minnesota at New York city on Saturday from Liverpool. They are on their way to Utah.

The bricklayers of New York city, who have been on a strike since the 22d of June, are still confident of obtaining a concession to their demands. The strikers number about 3,000. Previous to the strike they were at work for $5 a day of ten hours. At the last meeting of the Society it was voted to work eight hours for $4.50. The employing Masons declined to accede to this, hence the stoppage of work upon buildings and the idleness of the craftsmen employed. They declare that they have funds to the amount of $250,000, which they can draw within the next thirty days, should the exigencies of the case require.

Rev. Dr. McQuaid, late President of Seaton Hall College at Orange, N. J., was on Sunday consecrated as Catholic Bishop of Rochester by Archbishop McCloskey. The ceremony, which was a most impressive one, was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city.

Within the forty-eight hours ending Sunday afternoon there were ten cases of sunstroke in Buffalo, seven of which proved fatal.

The Troy Times says that A. W. Griswold, cashier at the bank at Burlington, Vt., was robbed of $60,000 in government bonds, which he had in the inside pocket of his coat, while on his way from New York, on the Hudson River Railroad. Mr. Griswold had the money at Schodack, where the train was detained by an accident, and it is probable that there the robbery took place.

Buffalo had a Convention of Brewers last week, delegates being present from all parts of the country. Resolutions were passed consisting principally of protests against changes in the internal revenue and tariff laws, and against prohibition laws, and claiming that malt liquors are articles of necessity and aids to the temperance cause.

Two men were badly injured in Geneva on the night of the 10th inst., by the premature discharge of a cannon while firing a salute over the Democratic nominations.

A large party of cricketers recently arrived at Saratoga, from Canada. They are to play matches with clubs in New York city.

The mercury was up to 102 degrees in the shade, in Poughkepsie, on Saturday last.

D. H. Devoe, a lawyer of Lyons, committed suicide by shooting himself on Friday last.

From Washington.

REVERDY JOHNSON, the new Minister to England, has retired from the Senate. A pressure of private business to be transacted before his departure for England, caused him to hasten his resignation. Mr. Johnson was much affected as he arose to bid farewell to the body of which he has been a member for over six years, and his voice was so untrustworthy that he was obliged to call on his colleague, Senator Vickers, to read from the manuscript his written farewell address.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Mr. James Dunn, of New York, to be a Commissioner under the act of 1867 to reimburse the State of Ohio for money expended during the late war, also, R. F. Dennison, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Washington Territory. The nomination of Perry Fuller for Commissioner of Internal Revenue has been rejected.

The President has notified the Senate that the bill to continue the Freedmen's Bureau has become a law without his signature.

The Tax bill has passed the Senate. An amendment to relieve petroleum and other kindred substances from internal taxation was agreed to.

Upon his own application, Major Gen. Silas Casey has been retired. He was in the service over forty years.

The President has issued a proclamation announcing, in accordance with the act of Congress, that North Carolina, having ratified the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, is now admitted to the rights belonging to one of the States of this Union. The President states that certified copies of the action of Florida, ratifying the same amendment, have been received,—but such action having taken place before the passage of the act of Congress making it incumbent upon him to issue a proclamation to that effect, he confines his proclamation to North Carolina.

The Herald's special says: Senator Sherman is very sanguine about the success of his funding bill, but it is the general opinion among Senators and members that it cannot pass at this session. It will give rise to considerable discussion in the Senate, and meet with much opposition in the House. At this stage of the session members are averse to considering financial measures, and the general spirit to adjourn will defeat many similar projects now pending. It is the general opinion among Senators and members that as soon as the delegations from North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana have arrived here and been admitted, Congress will adjourn. The disposition is not to adjourn until all those States are admitted.

The last confirmations by the Senate are Ex-Congressional Delegate John S. Watts to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Mexico; Edward W. Willet, Receiver of Public Moneys for the District of Sacramento, Cal.; and Alex. E. Mayhew, United States for Montana.

The conference report on the Legislative, Executive and Judicial appropriation bill, which has been agreed to in the House, among other things continues the Educational Bureau, as a separate department, for another year, and then places it in charge of the Interior Department. The offices of Assistant Secretary of State and Superintendent of Statistics in the State Department are also continued for another year.

The bill to regulate and reduce the military peace establishment was on Saturday the subject of long debate in the House. Several amendments were made, and it is so much altered that it is said the object for which it was introduced has been practically defeated. Mr. Wilson, Chairman of the Senate Military Committee, is understood to be opposed to the bill in its present form, and in favor of postponing the whole subject.

The Senate was in executive session two hours, Saturday, discussion being mainly on the nomination of Mr. Evarts. Colonel Burnside was recently nominated for the position of Second Auditor, and was rejected after a protracted debate. The Maine Senators insisted that the incumbent of the office Col. French, is not responsible for the recent frauds in that department, and that the charges against him are totally unfounded. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Conkling urged the confirmation of Mr. Evarts, but, in consequence of the absence of Senators, the subject was postponed until the next executive session. Mr. Evarts was bitterly opposed by several members, but indications lead to the belief that the Senate will confirm the nomination.

From the West.

AN awful calamity occurred in San Francisco on the evening of the Fourth of July, by the giving away of the draw-bridge at the Ferry Landing, on the Oakland side of the Bay. About sixty persons were precipitated into the water. Ten bodies have been recovered. It is impossible to ascertain the number of persons drowned.

The Fourth was generally celebrated throughout California, Oregon and Nevada.

Idaho advices to June 27th reported that Gen. Crook was recently defeated by the Indians, and compelled to send to camp for teams to take in the dead. The Indians were well fortified. Gen. Crook attacked them with two companies of infantry, with the above result. Although the report comes direct it is not credited.

Idaho City lately lost $43,000 by fire.

Thermond & Co.'s tobacco factory, St. Louis, has been seized by the Government officers.

A tobacco factory was burned in St. Louis last week. Loss, $30,000.

A fire occurred at Champaign, Illinois, on the 6th inst., which destroyed property valued at $100,000; insured for $45,000.

A portion of the woolen mills of Boyd, Haskett & Co. at Decatur, Illinois, was destroyed by fire on the 8th inst. The loss is estimated at $60,000.

Thomas Owens shot and killed his wife at Aurora, Ind., on the 8th inst. He then shot and killed himself. Family difficulties were the cause.

Kansas City lost $60,000 by fire on the 8th inst.

On Friday morning, while the train was receiving wood and water at Brownstown, Indiana, five men jumped on the engine and Adams' Express car, drove off the engineer and fireman, detached the engine and express car from the train and started off. After running eight miles they stopped and forced an entrance to the express car, but were met with a volley from the pistols of the guard inside. The robbers were driven off, leaving one of their number badly wounded, who was brought to Cincinnati.

A Sioux City dispatch says that a peace treaty has been made with the Sioux Indians which ends Indian troubles on the Plains and closes the labors of the Peace Commissioners.

Advices from Sitka, Alaska, report that miners had discovered very rich gold mines in that country, and that miners were picking up gold in lumps. Great excitement was prevalent.

Mr. J. B. Woodruff, the news editor of the Cincinnati Daily Times, was sun struck on the 10th inst., and died almost immediately.

From the South.

THE Louisiana Legislature has ratified the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. It has also passed the Metropolitan Police bill, and the Police Commissioners are appointed. The two U. S. Senators have been chosen. Mr. Kellogg, for the long term, is from Illinois. Mr. Harris, for the short term, is last from Wisconsin.

In the Texas Convention, the question of the division of the State has been indefinitely postponed. The subject of the cession of El Paso to the United States will be discussed soon.

The General Assembly of North Carolina have selected a negro, named O'Hara, for engrossing clerk. A bill for separate schools for blacks and whites has been introduced. The canvass for United States Senators is very active.

A convention in session at Burkeville Va., composed of farmers representing twelve Virginia and several North Carolina counties, recently passed resolutions expressing willingness to sell lands to purchasers from any section of the United States, and also recommending the formation of companies in each county to sell lands to foreigners.

Gov. Brownlow has issued a proclamation convening the Tennessee Legislature in extra session on the 27th of July. It is understood that the chief reason for this is the necessity of doing something relative to the bonds of the State.

Ex-Gov. James L. Orr of South Carolina, has published an address to the people of the State, reviewing his administration, presenting the reasons which influenced his public conduct, and advising a future policy. He says it would have been wise for the white people to accept the Reconstruction acts, and that if the new Constitution is obnoxious, it is the fault of the intelligent white men who took no part in Convention elections. He again avows himself in favor of qualified colored suffrage.

In compliance with the Mayor's request, business was almost entirely suspended in Wheeling on the 11th inst., in order to permit the citizens generally to participate in decorating the soldiers' graves with flowers.

Col. H. M. Ashby, late of the Confederate army, was shot and instantly killed at Knoxville, Tenn., a few days since, by E. C. Camp.

Both Houses of the Legislature of Georgia received a communication from Gov. Bullock, informing them that by the orders of Gen. Meade they are not recognized as a loyal body until they have expelled members who are ineligible under the Omnibus bill. He suggested that a Committee be appointed by both Houses to purge themselves of such members.

Gov. Warmouth of Louisiana has notified the Commanding General of the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment, but no order has yet been issued turning over the State Government to the civil authorities.

The Louisiana Senate having adopted a resolution to induct Lieut.-Gov. Dunn into office, the ceremony was performed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, last week, and Senator Lynch, President *pro tem.*, introduced Mr. Dunn to the Senate as the first Lieut.-Governor of the State under the Constitution of 1868, with a few complimentary remarks, in which he alluded to the race to which Mr. Dunn belongs. In his reply, Mr. Dunn said:—"As to myself and my people, we are not seeking social equality. That is a thing no law can govern. We all have our preferences; we all wish to select our associates, and no legislation can select them for us. We ask nothing of the kind. We simply ask to be allowed an equal opportunity of supporting our families, of educating our children and of becoming worthy citizens of the Government."

From South America.

FOURTH of July was duly celebrated by the United States ships in the harbor of Panama, and by American residents on shore. The Presidential elections continue to create a little excitement in the interior, and some slight troubles had occurred.

The New Granada Congress closed its session June 3d. The President, with the consent of the Senate, has named Gen. Santa Acosta as Minister to the United States.

Dates from Lima, Peru, are to the 22d. Yellow fever was decreasing and business becoming decidedly brisk.

The news from Chili is to June 10th, and absolutely without interest. Yellow fever had broken out, and severe shocks of earthquake been felt in Ecuador.

From the Argentine Republic advices are to June 1st. The state of the country is deplorable and the Presidential election continues. There were serious disturbances throughout the country, and more especially in the northern provinces.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

ACCORDING to the details of the latest news from Japan, it appears that the Mikado still retains the supreme power. The representatives of the foreign powers have had interviews with him, at which they were well received, and negotiations were entered upon for continuing the treaties in force. The Mikado expresses the wish to maintain the best relations with the foreign nations.

Representatives of all the governments of Europe save one—that of the Pope—are now assembled at Vienna to improve the telegraphic communion which now exists among nearly all the civilized nations of the world. The convention meets in accordance with a stipulation in the telegraphic convention, signed at Paris in 1865.

General Napier has been pensioned, and has been made a peer under the title of Lord Napier of Magdala.

The Irish Reform bill has been passed by the House of Lords.

The municipal authorities of the city of Southampton recently extended an invitation to Admiral Farragut, of the American navy, to a grand complimentary dinner. The Admiral declined.

Ismail Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, has married the daughter of Abdul Medjid, the Turkish Minister.

Prince Napoleon has gone to Athens.

At a trial of the reaping-machines of the world, which took place at Berlin on the 11th inst., the English reapers were decided to be superior to those of America and took the international prize.

The Generals who were recently arrested at Madrid for political causes have been sent in banishment to the Canary Islands.

By virtue of the provisions of the naturalization treaty recently concluded between North Germany and the United States, the North German Government has stayed all prosecutions against the adopted citizens of America of German birth. Those who have been sentenced or imprisoned will be released forthwith.

MEXICAN NEWS.—There are rumors of an intended invasion of Mexico by the Imperial leaders. Tejada is reported in New Orleans urging an operation from that quarter. Santa Anna, being penniless, remains quiet. The water in the new Havana aqueduct is said to contain poisonous particles. The cholera increased during the latter days of June, but has considerably declined since. City of Mexico dates to the 4th state that a band under Esterda had entered, sacked and burned the town of Villa del Valle. A brother of Gen. Miramon was arrested and documents favoring the reactionists found on his person.

TORPEDO FACTORY EXPLODED. — A building in Reno, Pa., used for the filling of torpedos and storage of powder, was blown up on the 10th inst. Mr. T. F. Munson, who was at work in the building, was thrown through the air some 500 feet and came down a shapeless mass. The windows in the houses for a distance of a quarter of a mile away were broken. The loss is about $5,000.

A TORONTO paper is glad to be able to state that Miss Rye has been promised £100 sterling, by the Dominion Government to aid her in bringing out to Canada one hundred more young women. Free of all charge to the country she has already brought one hundred girls, whose services have been gladly received.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—This body concluded its work on Thursday, the 9th inst., by nominating Hon. Horatio Seymour for President, and Gen. Frank P. Blair for Vice-President. Gov. Seymour was nominated on the twenty-second ballot, the various delegations going over to him *en masse*. When balloting first began Mr. Pendleton was ahead, but it being evident that he could not be nominated Gen. Hancock was taken up, and led the list during the last ballots, Hendricks coming next. The Ohio delegation initiated the final rallying by casting its vote solid for Gov. S., who returned thanks for the compliment, but insisted that he could not be the candidate of the Convention. Mr. Vallandigham insisted on Mr. Seymour's yielding to the demonstration in his behalf, and Mr. Kernan, on the part of the New York delegation, urged that gentleman to allow the use of his name. The ballot was then taken, and Mr. Seymour received the entire 317 votes of the Convention. Gen. Blair was nominated on the first ballot for Vice-President. Intense enthusiasm followed the result. Just before the Convention adjourned a vote was carried tendering thanks to Chief Justice Chase for the able and impartial manner in which he presided over the Impeachment trial of President Johnson.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER. — The Commencement Exercises of this flourishing institution took place last week. Rev. Wayland Hoyt of Brooklyn, preached the annual sermon before the Young Men's Christian Association on Sunday evening. On Monday evening the Sophomore Prize Declamations were listened to in Corinthian Hall; and on the evening following Hon. J. M. Bailey of Freeport, Ill., delivered an Oration before the Society of Alumni, and Mr. Edwin R. Johnson of the Rochester Democrat, read a Poem. Twenty young gentlemen were graduated on Wednesday, and received diplomas. The graduating addresses were supplemented by the usual Alumni Dinner at Anderson Hall, and a levee at President Anderson's residence in the evening. The following degrees were conferred by the University: — A. M. in Course, A. Judson Sage, William P. Hellings, Burr Lewis, Henry L. Robinson, Hiram W. Conklin and W. Lincoln Sage. The Honorary degrees are as follows: — A. M., Charles Mc Lean, Principal of the Brockport Normal School; D. D., Rev. C. Bennet Crane, Rev. Lemuel Moss and Rev. Henry E. Robins; LL. D., Hon. E. Darwin Smith and Hon. Sanford E. Church. The degree of A. B. was conferred upon W. O. Stoddard and Samuel Porter of previous classes.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM. — The Platform adopted by the Democratic National Convention is made up, in brief, of the following planks:—Amnesty for all political offences, and right of suffrage in all the States; payment of the public debt, where the obligations do not expressly state on their face, or the law under which they were issued does not prove payment in coin, should be paid in lawful money of the United States; equal taxation of all property, including Government bonds; one currency for the Government and people, laborer and office holder, pensioner and soldier, producer and bond holder; economy in the administration; reduction in the army and navy; abolition of the Freedman's Bureau, and of the inquisitorial modes of collecting revenue, tariff for revenue, and such equal taxation under the internal revenue as will afford incidental protection to industry; subordination of military to civil power; equal rights and protection for native and adopted citizens against the doctrine of immutable allegiance; the right of each State to exclusive control of suffrage within its borders; belief that the reconstruction acts are usurpative, unconstitutional and void; the faithful payment of soldiers' and sailors' pensions; and the reservation of public lands for homesteads.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A LADY seventy years old, in Berlin, Hardin county, Iowa, recently surprised herself, her husband and the neighborhood, by giving birth to a lively nine pounds baby.

AN examination of the United States statistics of manufactures, shows a clear increase in wages in 1866, of upwards of 60 per cent as compared with the wages paid in 1860.

COM. JAS. V. MILLER, of the United States Navy, died in Charlestown on the 11th inst., after a long illness. He entered the service in 1812, and was made commander in 1861.

A LARGE amount of counterfeit money is in circulation in the Saginaw Valley, in Michigan, and recent developments show that it is manufactured in the vicinity of East Saginaw.

IT is rumored that a sixty-four gun man-of-war is now on the stocks of a private yard in New York, being built for the Spanish Government, to be used in the war against Peru and Chili.

A ROPEWALK in Trenton, N. J., has just turned out the longest wire rope ever made in one piece. It is 3,700 feet in length; its diameter is over 2½ inches, and its weight some twenty tons.

WILDCATS are plentier in Connecticut than they were fifty years ago. In the northern part of Litchfield county many of them are shot. One weighing 26 pounds, and standing 30 inches high, was recently shot in Hartford.

PROF. HITCHCOCK of Amherst College, in a lecture delivered at Concord, New Hampshire, recently asserted that there was copper enough in Gardner's Mountain, in that State, to supply the United States for two hundred years, the vein being five miles long and five hundred feet in depth.

THE Sultan's silver table is to be 148 feet long, by 16 feet broad. There is to be a fearfully elaborate center-piece, two feet six inches high, besides end pieces, triumphal arches, flower pieces, &c. It will cost about $800,000, besides which $400,000 will be expended for linen, glass-ware and accompanying furniture.

MARRIED.

ON the 4th of July, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. R. RICHARDSON, Mr. CHAS. HUMPHREY of Springwater, N. Y., and Miss NELLIE ROWLEY, of Bennington, N. Y.

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A NEW HALF VOLUME OF

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

COMMENCED JULY FOURTH,
AND THEREFORE
NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

☞ For Terms, &c., see first page.

A WHEAT CORNER IN CHICAGO.—Chicago is a fast place and given to sensations of various kinds. The most recent one attracting the particular attention of the Press, was the proceedings of its "Wheat Corner"—a combination of speculators in wheat. This grain generally means in the Chicago market No. 2 Spring, which sold in New York about the 29th ult. at $2.02 per bushel, and should have been worth in Chicago, at that time, $1.60, while in fact it commanded $2.10. The cause of this anomaly, says the Chicago Tribune, "is that the wheat market in this city has fallen into the hands of speculators. Speaking in the commercial phrase, 'there is a corner in it.' A knot of operators conceived the idea a few weeks ago of buying contracts for a million bushels of wheat, to be delivered to them on the last day of this month, and also buying up all the wheat shipped to this city before that time, so that the parties who sold to them would be obliged to buy from the ring the grain which they had agreed to deliver, and, of course, to pay for it whatever price the ring might think expedient to name. The scheme has succeeded. The price of wheat had been put up sixty cents above the legitimate figure. The consequence to many of the speculative sellers will be serious. They will pay dearly for their whistle. The great majority agreed to deliver the wheat at $1.80 to $1.90 per bushel, and are, therefore, required to pay a margin of 20 to 30 cents on every bushel sold for the future delivery. This will average $1,250 on each 5,000 bushel lot sold."

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 14, 1868.

THE money market, both local and general, continues quite easy. But little difficulty was experienced by the banks in making their quarterly returns satisfactory. Those who could not easily make a good showing for the July statement must have managed badly.

Gold has been higher for a few days. Sales were made yesterday at 140¾.

The exportation of specie continues quite large. The shipments from New York on Saturday were over $1,700,000. The shipments of coin for the week were over $4,000,000.

WOOL.—In some places in Western New York the wool market is a little more active than heretofore. In the Southern Tier counties farmers are selling quite freely. The range is 33@37c., but buyers generally decline to pay over 35c.

The Eastern wool market is tolerably active. The sales in Boston last week were 725,000 lbs., at 31@52c. for fleece. The Boston Commercial Bulletin of Saturday says:—"The receipts are now quite liberal from several of the prominent wool growing States, including Ohio and Michigan. Not much has yet been received from the Middle States, and buyers have thus far been unable to do anything of consequence in the extreme West, owing to the relatively high rates at which the clip is held in that section, which do not afford any margin for shipment to the Eastern markets. In Northern Ohio and Michigan, wool is being bought up at very reasonable prices, ranging from 35 to 40c., and invoices consigned here sell promptly as fast as received. In the Southern counties of Ohio, good extra wool is being taken by local buyers and manufacturing agents, at 38@42c., though very choice and fancy clips could not probably be obtained except at a material advance on these figures."

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The favorable crop reports in most localities have a depressing effect on the market for wheat and flour. The following from the Chicago Republican of Saturday shows about the feeling that has existed for the last week:—"The wheat market was almost lifeless, scarcely enough being done to establish a market, and prices throughout favored the buyer. New York was reported lower, and Liverpool 2d. higher on red. There was no disposition on the part of purchasers to operate in round lots, and but little on the part of holders, sales being confined almost exclusively to car-lots to the milling trade. Before 'Change there was nothing done. At the opening of the 11 o'clock Board there were several lots of 5,000 bu. for future delivery offered on the market, but there were no buyers at anything near the prices asked. After working hard for half an hour one lot was disposed of at $1.88, seller to the 15th. One car-lot changed hands about the same time at $1.82. Buyers, however, had it all their own way, and paid just about what they chose for the few car-lots offering. At the close the market was dull at $1.79@1.80.

LOCAL MARKET.—The changes in our local market since last week are but few. Red wheat has declined five cents per bushel, and white from ten to fifteen. Dairy products are without change. The same is true of meats, barrel and cut. Hops down and not saleable. They are nominal at 10@30c per pound.

WOOL remains at former quotations—35c for that generally offering. Receipts light, as some holders prefer to take their wool home again rather than accede to the terms offered. We hear of a sale of 20,000 pounds, at Dansville, at 38 cents.

ROCHESTER, July 17—Flour, wheat, $12,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,30@2,30; Do. white, $2,40@2,50; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@21cts; Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 25@26c; Cheese, 12@17c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@26c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $12@23. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, old, 50c@$1,15; new do, $2@2,25. Hops nominal at 10@30c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 11—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 32@32½c. Flour, $6,75@14,50. Wheat, $1,75@2,55. Rye, $1,35@1,37. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,08@1,15. Oats, 34@35½c. Hops, 10@40c. Pork, mess, $28,00@28,25; new mess, $28,37@28,50; prime, $22,25@22,75; prime mess, $24,00@24,50. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $25@35,00. Shoulders, 12½@13cts. Hams, 16@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½ short-clear, 12cts. Lard, 17@18½cts. Butter, 20@35c. Cheese, 11@15½c.

ALBANY, July 11—Flour, $8,00@14,25. Rye Flour, $9,75@00,00. Corn Meal, $2,20@2,30 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,05@2,75. Rye, $1,35. Barley, $0@0,00. Corn, $1,02@1,10. Oats, 34@35c. Pork, mess, $29@29,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $28,00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 32@34c. Cheese, 14@15c. Wool, 38@42c.

BUFFALO, July 11.—Flour, $9,00@11,25; Rye flour, $9,00@9,12½; Wheat, $1,89@2,10; Corn, $0,97@0,99; Oats, 73@76c; Rye, $0,89; Barley, $0,00; Peas, $1,40; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@28,25; Lard, 17½@18c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 25@30c; Cheese, 10@15c; Eggs, 25c.

CHICAGO, July 11.—Flour, $7,25@10,00; Wheat, $1,73@1,94; Corn, 90@91½c; Oats 64@65½cts; Rye, $1,25@1,40; Barley, nominal; Pork, mess, $28,50; Lard, 17½@17½c.

TORONTO, July 9—Flour, $6,10@7,00; Wheat, spring, $1,40@1,42; fall, $1,45@1,48; Oats, 48@50c; Barley, $1,00; Peas, 83@85c. Pork, mess, $22,00@23; prime, $15@16,50; Bacon, 10@13½c; Hams, 12@12½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 11@14c; Cheese, 10@11cts; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15. Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 8—Beeves—Receipts 5,962 head; quotations 12@16½c. Veal calves; receipts 2,418 head; quotations, 7@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 23,965 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@6½c; Lambs, 8@10½c. Swine—Receipts 18,790 head; quotations, 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, July 9—Beeves, $3,00@9,50. Milch Cows, $50@110. Veal Calves, 7½@8½c. Sheep and Lambs—State 5@5c.; Western 4½@6c.; Lambs 7@8½c; Hogs, 9@9½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, July 8—Beeves range from 9@13½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Barrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 3@6c; extra, 4@6½cts; by the head, $3@5,50. Swine—Shoats, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; Spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@18.

CHICAGO, July 11—Beef cattle range at from $5,15@7,25. Sheep, 5½@6½c. Hogs, live, $8,12½@8,85.

CINCINNATI, July 9—Beeves, $3,25@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@3,50; Hogs, $5,50@7,75 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9—Beef Cattle, 6@10cts; Cows and Calves, $40@70; Sheep, 4@4½c. gross; Hogs, 12@13c.

BALTIMORE, July 9—Beef Cattle, 4½@8½cts; Sheep, 4½@5½c; Lambs, $2@4; Hogs, 11@12½c.

TORONTO, July 9—Beeves range at $4@6,00; Sheep, $2,50@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $3,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 11.—Market is active. Sales are 825,000 lbs. at 42@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 30@44c for unwashed. 31c for pulled, 20@33c. for Texas, and 25@35c for California.

BOSTON, July 9—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 41@55c; pulled, 27@50cts; medium and extra Western, 43@47c; new combing fleece, 52½@55c, and Canada do, 64@65c.

CINCINNATI, July 9—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 40@42c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, July 9,—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 42@44c.; Medium, 38@40c.; Coarse, 37@41c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 45@50c.

BALTIMORE, July 9.—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@42c; Fleece, 35@40c; Pulled, 30@35c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Triumph—Root & Cady.
The American Flag Horse Collar—Wm Chappell.
The Celebrated Walter Grape—Ferris & Caywood.
Miss Pearce's French and English Boarding School.
A Drug and Grocery Business for Sale—E E Lewis.
Liverpool & Great Western Steam Co—Williams & Guion.
Wanted—J T Lloyd
Soap that will not injure Fine Clothes.
Wanted—C F Vent & Co.
Riverview Military Academy—Otis Bisbee.
The Last Sensation—W H Childester.
Osage Orange Plants—W H Mann & Bro.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
Childrens' New Silver Tip Shoes.
Inventors—Dodge & Munn.
$10 a Day—A J Fullam.
Sewing Machines—Wilcox & Co.
Fire Extinguisher Always Ready for Instant Use.
$200 a Month—Ashuelot S M Co.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Wholesale Agents for Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps.

The News Condenser.

— Americans spent $17,000,000 in gold in Paris in 1867.
— Canada has more Scotch Highlanders than Scotland.
— The locusts are killing grape vines around Sandusky.
— The St. Louis Artesian well is down 3,147 feet.
— Street railways are to be tried in Brussels.
— Mrs. Frank Leslie is seeking divorce and alimony.
— A 20-foot alligator has been seen at St. Paul, Minn.
— The Treasury Department closes at 3 o'clock P. M.
— Disastrous floods have lately prevailed in Jamaica.
— Twelve fires occurred in New York on the 4th inst.
— The Indian troubles in Idaho are not yet ended.
— Jacmel, Hayti, has been plundered by the peasantry.
— Cholera at Havana is of a mild type, and decreasing.
— A recent fire in Idaho city occasioned a loss of $40,000.
— Cold weather has hurt the crops in Arkansas.
— It is said Nashville, Tenn., has a four-legged baby.
— Buffalo hunting is lively on the plains just now.
— Paris is going to try a one-railed railway.
— College professors in Paris have to live on $1300.
— California brags of strawberries five to the pound.
— Dr. Livingstone is expected home in August next.
— Horse oil is winning its way into Parisian salads.
— Brazil wants a free school system like our own.
— Chicago has fresh peaches at $4 a box from Southern Illinois.
— Edmund Yates, the novelist, is to run a theater in London.
— Every hydrant in Brooklyn is to be made a drinking fountain.
— Several fatal cases of sunstroke have occurred in New York.
— Snow still shines on the summits of the Montana mountains.
— A porcupine was lately caught in the streets of Shawano, Wis.
— A watch manufactory has been established at Detroit, Mich.
— New York, after a lapse of twenty years, again has a rhinoceros.
— The telegraph line to Santa Fe, New Mexico, is open for business.
— One of the rinks in Chicago has been fitted up for parlor skating.
— Detroit figures $1,740,000 worth of buildings going up in that city.
— Patrick Mansfield murdered his wife at Fall River, Mass., recently.
— A portion of the river at Montreal has been set apart for free bathing.
— There were two attempts at suicide in Cleveland in one day recently.
— Famine rages in Castile, and the people are eating roots and reptiles.
— The annual trade of Boston is $900,000,000—second only to New York.
— Peter Philips, the wife murderer of Richmond, Va., has been convicted.
— The murderer Buel was executed at St. Hyacinthe, Canada, the 2d inst.
— Half the newly appointed West Point Cadets failed to pass examination.
— Arsenic for the complexion killed a young woman in New Jersey lately.
— A disgraceful riot occurred at a Fenian pic-nic in New York on the 4th.
— St. Thomas is again being troubled with violent shocks of earthquake.
— Sixteen failures are reported to have occurred at Omaha within a week.
— A nitro-glycerine factory lately exploded in Stockholm and killed fifteen.
— The Indian Chief Hole-in-the-Day left seven wives, one of them a pale-face.
— The Governor of New Hampshire has vetoed the bill repealing the usury laws.
— A saloon keeper named Tracy was shot and instantly killed in New York lately.
— It is said over three hundred western thieves and pickpockets are in new York.
— 60,000 head of Texas cattle are this side of Red River on their way north for shipment.
— About nine hundred journalists attended the Democratic Convention in New York.
— A Chicago pedestrian is attempting to walk one hundred hours without sleep or rest.
— Five colored bishops of the African M. E. Church preached in Boston Sunday week.
— Counterfeit 20s on the Consolidated National Bank of Philadelphia are in circulation.
— Dickens will give "farewell readings" in England this fall, then quit the public desk.
— Mayor Hoffman of New York has ordered a one thousand pound bell for Tammany Hall.
— A lion that broke loose from a menagerie is going about the woods in Spencer Co., Ky.
— Robbery of money letters has for sometime past been perpetrated at the Cleveland postoffice.
— A Havana dispatch says the laying of the new telegraph cable has proved a partial failure.
— Little towns are springing up like a row of potatoes all the way from Cheyenne to Salt Lake.
— The Navy Department has ordered the eight hour law to be observed in all the navy yards.
— Thomas Coates, the great thread maker, has given a $100,000 park to Paisley, his native town.
— Cordelia Wade of Cincinnati made her seventh attempt to commit suicide on Friday week.
— Gen. Scott's daughters are to erect a simple marble monument over his remains at West Point.
— The Heidelburg students lately hissed a professor who spoke disparagingly of the United States.
— Lt.-Col. Roberts of the 3d cavalry has been detailed as Professor of Military Science at Yale College.
— A firm in West Brookfield, Mass., who manufacture condensed milk, have received an order from China for 1,728,000 cans.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wholesale Agents for Lloyd's $100,000 Revolving Double Maps all over the world. A fortune can be made. See advertisement under "Agents Wanted" in another column of to-day's paper.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

INVENTORS wanting Patents, send for Circulars, to DODGE & MUNN, 482 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

CHILDREN.—ALL PARENTS SHOULD UNderstand that children's shoes, with metal tips, will wear at least three times as long as those without. The new Silver Tip is decidedly ornamental, and is being extensively used on children's first-class shoes. Sold everywhere. 965-2teo

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG,
963-2teo 94 Columbia St., New York City.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUsand, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 965-eotf

THE LAST SENSATION.—NO MORE TOBACco CHEWING.—Upon the receipt of 50c. I will send free, by mail, one package of Dr. BYRES' Tobacco Curative. It will cure the worst hankering after tobacco in any form, in from 3 to 3 days. Never known to fail. Warranted to be as represented. Try it. Address
W. H. CHIDESTER, 266 Broadway, New York.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequaled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed, A wide-awake, thorough-going School for boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. For circulars address OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Proprietor. 965-8t

SOAP THAT WILL NOT INJURE FINE CLOTHES.—You can make it at home in your own kitchen, and it will only cost you two cents per pound. No more trouble to make than a cup of tea. One pound of GEO. F. GANTZ & CO'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH will make from Twelve to Fifteen Pounds best White Hard Soap. Directions free with every Can.
☞Office, 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York.

A DRUG AND GROCERY BUSIness for sale, in Geneva, N. Y.—Stock and fixtures about $5,000; lease for five years; good location and now doing a good business, which can be greatly increased—the best of reasons given for selling. Also a stock farm of 300 acres in Johnson Co., Iowa, on Cedar River, well watered, 100 acres under cultivation. Good frame house, stable, granary and sheds, over 1,000 fruit trees, plenty of timber for the farm, good water power, three horse teams, with farm implements and machinery, stock and crops on the ground with the farm if desired. Possession given when wanted. Price of farm $25,00 per acre. A portion of the purchase can remain on bond and mortgage, or will exchange for other property in part payment. Apply to
E. E. LEWIS, Geneva, N. Y.

$18 FOR $12. C. O. D. $18 FOR $12.
SEWING MACHINES.
THE GENUINE COMMON SENSE SEWING MACHINE. Improved, perfected, and reduced from $15 to $12, retail. We, the original manufacturers of this celebrated machine, have at last adopted the same plan as the Great American Tea Co., and hereafter we propose to sell our machines directly instead of allowing them to pass through the hands of two or three wholesale agents, with as many profits added. This improved machine has the reversible motion and makes the "Lock Stitch." It will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, gather and embroider beautifully. Agents wanted everywhere, to whom machines by the dozen will be sold very low. A sample machine and terms to agents sent to any Express office in the United States, C. O. D. $12, and warranted 5 years. Send no money in advance, but pay for the machine when received. Address WILCOX & CO., Manufacturers, Providence, R. I.

MISS PEARCE'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR YOUNG LADIES,
97 Lexington Ave., Cor. Twenty-Seventh St., New York.
The utmost care taken to impart a thorough knowledge of the Elementary Branches. Especial attention given to Modern Languages, Music and Art, and every care taken to insure a useful, polite and scientific Education. PHYSICAL CULTURE attended to, with baths, exercise in the open air and in the Gymnasium. Commencement of School Year, Sept. 17th. Circulars, with full particulars, upon application. References:—Rev. H. E. MONTGOMERY, D. D., and Rev. S. H. WESTON, N. Y. 965-1teo.

WANTED—AGENTS EVERYWHERE, for the Campaign Lives of GRANT & COLFAX,
BY GEN. JAMES S. BRISBEN,
Embellished and Illustrated with fine Steel Portraits and numerous Elegant Wood Cuts, from original designs, by
BENSON J. LOSSING,
The Great Artist Historian. Complete in one handsome volume. Price, in paper covers, $1; price, bound in English Morocco cloth, $1.50. Containing more matter than books ordinarily sold at $2.50. It is just what the people want, and hence just the book for agents to sell singly or in connection with other books. Address
C. F. VENT & CO., Publishers,
965-2t 33 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE CELEBRATED WALTER GRAPE. After twenty-five years' experience with the present tender and late varieties we know the WALTER, now first offered, will restore confidence in grape raising. It never rots. Its abundant sugar raisins it in-door or on the vine; is a great grower and bearer, now contains 146 clusters of bloom; is very compact in cluster at the East, which is an advantage in marketing. We have not known the foliage to mildew. It succeeds in dry and very wet soil. Is a seedling of the Delaware, crossed with the Diana, and better than either. Ripens before the Hartford, therefore the earliest, hardiest and best variety. No. 1, one year, $5 each, in advance. Orders filled in rotation, while supply lasts. No charge for packing.
☞Send stamp for beautiful cut and opinions of many vineyardists. FERRIS & CAYWOOD,
965-2teo Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

WANTED—I WANT A MAN TO TAKE the wholesale agency for the Pacific States, and open an office in California, and supply sub-agents in every county with Lloyd's two great revolving double maps of Europe and America, and America, with the 1,000 county colored map of the United States on the back, issued to-day, and needed by every family, school, and library in the land, with Lloyd's Patent reversers, by which either map can be thrown front. Each map is 64 by 64 inches large, with ribbon binding and double-faced rollers: cost $100,000 and three years labor. Price only $4,00, worth $50. A small capital will do to start with. Also a man to open an office in New Orleans, for the Southern States, and for the New England States, Western States, South America, Cuba, Europe, &c.; $10 a copy can be got for these great maps. Send for Circular, terms, &c. Twenty new maps under way.
J. T. LLOYD, American Map Publisher,
No. 23 Courtlandt St., New York.

LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.
The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz.:
MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA.
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.
With other first-class steamers building.
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, July 22
COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12
MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19
From Pier No. 46 North River.
Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.
Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.
For steerage passage to
966-6t WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW READY,
THE TRIUMPH!
A New Book of
CHURCH MUSIC
For Choirs, Singing Schools, Conventions, etc., by
GEORGE F. ROOT.
This remarkable work is now ready, the first one of the kind by Mr. ROOT, since the DIAPASON, which was issued some seven years ago. The first edition is ordered in advance of its issue. The second edition of
10,000
Is already in press. Orders filled in the order received, the preference being given to orders for sample copies.
THE TRIUMPH
Is the largest Book of its kind, containing 400 pages. Price $1,50. $13,50 a dozen. Sample copies sent for a limited time, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of $1.
ROOT & CADY,
965-2teo 67 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

CHESTER COUNTY WHITE HOGS.—THE subscriber is breeding, and at all times prepared to furnish pigs of various ages of this celebrated breed of hogs of best quality and at reasonable rates. Pigs will be carefully boxed and shipped as ordered, to all parts of the country. Circulars and Price List furnished to all who apply and enclose a stamp to pay return postage. Address
962-4t JAMES EDGERTON, Barnesville, Ohio.

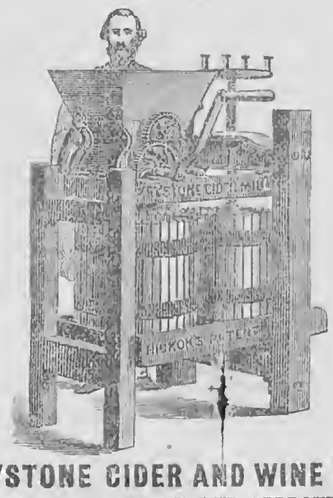
THE AMERICAN FLAG
HORSE COLLAR!
Warranted *not to gall* in any service. *Old galls cured by their use.* Cheapest and easiest collar ever offered, and the only collar that should be used on a working horse.
RETAILED AT $3 PER PAIR!
Sold by all Harness Dealers. Send for Circular.
Notice is hereby given, that one H. G. CHAMBERLIN is traveling about the country selling rights for the manufacture of Durrant's Patent Flag Horse Collars, and the public is cautioned against buying State, County, or Town Rights of said Chamberlin, as he well knows he has not the power to give exclusive control of any territory nor to exclude our collars from any part of the United States, as we have an equal right with either Durrant or Chamberlin, to manufacture and sell the said Collar in any part of the United States. Parties purchasing Collars of us will receive a written guarantee from the Company, protecting them in all their rights. If Mr. Chamberlin was satisfied of the truth whereof his card speaks, he would demand his rights before the courts, which he has refused to do.
WM. CHAPPELL, Sec'y,
37 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE AND CAUTION.—IN CONSEquence of the demand for C. C. DURRANT's Flag Collar for Horses, sundry persons are engaged in the manufacturing of an imitation of said collars, and putting them on sale in various parts of the country; among them is one WM. CHAPPELL of Rochester, N. Y., who is advertising his business as Secretary of the American Flag Horse Collar Manufacturing Co. The public are hereby notified not to purchase or use this or any other Flag Collar, unless it has stamped on the lining the following, viz., C. C. Durrant, Market, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., patented June 16th, 1863, with a [D] as a trade mark on all Collars made and sold since March 1st, 1868. The subscriber, having purchased said patent, and having the control of the same in and to the United States, hereby gives notice that every infringement on said patent will be met by a speedy prosecution to the extent of the law, whether it may be in the making, vending, or using said Collars. It is proposed to furnish said Collars in a legitimate manner, in quantities to meet the demand, and a good honest article, unlike the worthless imitations palmed off upon the public by these interlopers. For any and all information in relation to the Flag Collar business address C. C. DURRANT, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., Manufacturer, or H. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., owner of the Patent. [964-4t] H. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

FIRE EXTINGUISHER.—ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT USE. Endorsed by the Government, the entire *Insurance Companies*, and all Chiefs of Fire Departments. It has saved over 500 buildings in various parts of the country. Every house should have it. Price $15, No. 1; $50, No. 2; $55, No. 3. Send for circular.
U. S. FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO.,
8 Dey Street, New York,
or 95 Water St., Boston, Mass.

$200 A MONTH.—REMEMBER, IT IS SO. Agents can make it. Farmers' sons, any person can do it. We have a new, cheap, licensed SEWING MACHINE, the best ever made. It will sew, fell, hem, tuck, bind and embroider, and do all work done by high-priced machines. COSTS ONLY $18; think of that beside of $75. One agent wanted for every county. Sample machines at less than regular price to one agent. Sample of work, terms, &c., &c., free. This is a NEW THING. Please send and see samples. Address
ASHUELOT SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Hinsdale, N. H.

THE CHAMPION.
HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE



KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL
OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.
This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.
FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.
I also make two sizes of superior
PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.
If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer, W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

STERILITY IS LAID.—PROF. VILLE'S NEW SYSTEM OF AGRICULTURE.—Pamphlet, 2d Edition, Price 25 cents. Address JOHN A. BODLE, Manchester, N. H. It gives a recipe for a *complete manure*; also, a *plain and simple method of analysing soils.* 964-4t

FOUR FIRST-CLASS FARMS AT BURLINGTON, N. J., for Sale, 20, 40, 60 and 165 acres, crowded with choice bearing fruits, and having superior buildings, with all modern conveniences. Also Two TEN-ACRE FARMS on very easy terms. Full particulars by addressing
963-4t E. MORRIS, Burlington, N. J.

$2.00 TO $5.00 FOR EVERY HOUR'S service, pleasant and honorable employment, without risk. Desirable for all—ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody.
963-1t T. NEWELL & CO., 8 Broad St., New York.

TO TREE AGENTS AND LARGE PLANTERS.—The largest and finest stock of Small Fruits in the United States. Plants *exceedingly low.* Write us for terms to agents. Address PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y., or PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind. 963-3t

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, &c., ARE EASILY REMOVED by the use of Stewart's Kallon. Sent to any address on receipt of 50 cts. Address R. S., Box 48, Parnassus, Pa. 963-1t

GEO. A. DEITZ, THE GREAT SEED WHEAT GROWER, *Chambersburg, Pa.*, sends *free* a Descriptive List of the best Seed Wheats in the world. 956-13t

PLASTIC SLATE ROOFING
JOINT STOCK COMPANY,
OFFICE 157 [Room 19] BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.
J. M. ALLEN, *Secretary.* LICENSES GRANTED.
WM. L. ALLISON, *Treasurer.*
PLASTIC SLATE FOR
ROOFING AND OTHER PURPOSES.
The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated state was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of
Pulverized Slate and Viscous Matter,
(the latter possessing qualities of geological and chemical affinity for the former,) and is a development of one of the simple but unalterable tendencies of nature.
AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.
A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non-combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.
FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.
The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and
PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,
it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

CONSIGN YOUR GOODS TO H. P. BALLARD & CO., the old established, strictly Produce Commission House, *No. 332 Washington St., New York.* Receives all kinds of Country Produce, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Tallow, Eggs, Beans, Peas, Flour, Grain, Wool, Hops, Beef, Poultry, Tobacco and High Wines.
Our long experience in the Commission Business enables us to sell goods without delay for the highest market prices. Cash Advanced on Consignments. Sales promptly made. Send for our Daily or Weekly Price Current.

WANTED—Agents.—$175 per Month to sell the NATIONAL FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine is equal to the standard machines in every respect and is sold at the low price of $20. Address NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. 962-4t

TRI-WEEKLY ADVOCATE,
BATON ROUGE, LA.
The best Advertising Medium in East and Middle Louisiana. Address D. C. MOUTEN, Manager, Baton Rouge, La., or PETTENGILL & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. 962-4t

BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,
lately much improved—and the new
UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,
Improved with *Moore's Patent Double Cog-wheels*, and the *Patent Stop*, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will *save their cost twice a year*, by saving labor and clothes.
Those who have used them give testimony as follows:
"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position."—*Rev. Bishop Scott, M. E. Church.*
"It is worth one dollar a week in any family."—*New York Tribune.*
"In the laundry of my house there is a perpetual thanksgiving on Mondays for the invention of your excellent wringer."—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*
"Every week has given it a stronger hold upon the affections of the inmates of the laundry."—*New York Observer.*
"I heartily commend it to economists of time, money and contentment."—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*
"It really merits all the good that can be said of it.—*Rural New-Yorker.*
"FRIEND DOTY:—Your last improvement of your Washing Machine is a complete success. I assure you 'our machine,' after a year's use, is thought more of to-day than ever, and would not be parted with under any circumstances."—*Solon Robinson.*
PRICES.
Send the retail price, Washer, $14, extra Wringer, $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.
Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.
Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made. R. C. BROWNING, Gen. Agent,
32 Cortlandt St., New York.

THE
AMERICAN HAY TEDDER
THE BEST
AND ONLY PERFECT MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR
TURNING OR TEDDING HAY.
HAY CUT, CURED AND STORED IN THE BARN
IN ONE DAY!!
The Quality of the Hay Crop Very Much Increased.
Very Great Ease of Draft.
It is very LIGHT, and so SIMPLE and DURABLE that it CANNOT GET OUT OF REPAIR.
BURT'S SELF-ADJUSTING
HORSE HAY RAKE,
More Simple, More Durable, & Easier of Operation than any other Horse Rake in the Market.
MADE ONLY BY
AMES PLOW COMPANY,
QUINCY HALL, BOSTON, AND NO. 53 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.
☞Send for Illuminated Circular.

JOHN YOUNG'S
(ORIGINAL WRINGER MAN)
MONITOR CLOTHES WRINGER,
WITH OR WITHOUT COG-WHEELS, AND
ALL WHITE RUBBER ROLLERS.
The subscribers claim to have a Machine so constructed as to work as easily as Clothes Wringers without gear, which entirely obviates the great objection so universally made against all Cog-Wheel Wringers.
The Cog-Wheel Monitor
is the first and only Wringer ever constructed so as to work effectually with Cog-Wheels and self-adjusting Rubber Springs combined, and at the same time keep the cogs in gear and rollers level at both ends.
Time, experience and the public have convinced manufacturers that Clothes Wringers with cog-wheels are much more durable than those without, for the following reasons:
1st. They prevent any strain upon the clothes while being wrung.
2d. They preserve the rollers, as the labor is divided between both rollers, instead of all being done by the lower one to which the crank is attached, as is the case when no cogs are used.
3d. They wring large articles with perfect ease.
N. B.—If it be so, as some manufacturers assert, that *Black Rubber Rollers* are as good and better than White Rubber Rollers, why don't they use all Black Rubber instead of covering it with a thin coating of White Rubber to give them the appearance of All White Rubber Rollers? A liberal discount made to jobbers.
Agents wanted everywhere. Sold everywhere by Grocers and Hardware Dealers. Manufactured by
JOHN YOUNG & SON,
Amsterdam, N. Y.

BETTS' DOUBLE MOLD BRANCH BEAM PLOW cultivates corn and potatoes without hand hoeing. The only Double Mold Plow that runs steady and don't clog.
Share's Coulter Harrow, well made, saves much labor in preparing ground, and increases crops by covering seed properly.
Iona Deep Working Plows.—The only Plows in the world that will do the work of the spade in deep working and thorough mincing.
Copper Strip Feed Cutters, Gapes' Vegetable Cutter, Iron Beam Plows in great variety, *Field and Garden Rollers, Genuine Peekskill Plows and Plow Castings.*
☞Send for Descriptive Circulars.
PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS,
Peekskill, N. Y. [Established 1826.]
J. B. BROWN, General Agent.

PETERS'
EMIGRANT AND LAND AGENCY.
Having been in the South much of the last two years, and become familiar with its soil, climate, and agricultural resources and condition, and being also familiar with the North and the West, I have opened an office, where Emigrants, both Home and Foreign, can obtain reliable information regarding localities, &c., in either section.
Letters requiring answers must enclose $1 and a pre-paid envelop properly addressed.
The value of securities examined, and loans negotiated.
Persons having farms or other lands for sale will do well to enter them at the Agency. T. C. PETERS,
No. 100 Nassau St., New York.

AMERICAN (WALTHAM) WATCHES.
The Best! The Cheapest.
Recommended by Railway Conductors, Engineers and Expressmen—the most exacting class of watch-wearers—as superior to all others for strength, steadiness, accuracy and durability.
Unscrupulous dealers occasionally sell a worthless Swiss imitation. To avoid imitation, buyers should invariably demand a certificate of genuineness.
For sale by all respectable dealers.
Ask for a WALTHAM WATCH, and take no other.
It is the Best! It is the Cheapest!

$5. EMPLOYMENT. $10.
HUNDREDS OF AGENTS make from $5 to $10 per day, in selling our PATENT EXTENSION REEL AND SWIFTS, Combined. Used in every family for winding Yarn, Silks, Worsted, &c. Winds full sized skein, and weighs less than one pound. AGENTS WANTED. For terms, &c., address H. L. STORKE & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

TODD'S IMPROVEMENT IN FENCE.

Send stamp for Circular, describing the cheapest, strongest and most durable fence. See notice in RURAL of Feb. 15th. Address A. TODD, JR. & CO., Pultneyville, Wayne Co., N.Y.

STAR
AGRICULTURAL WORKS!
The Albany Cotton Gin Manufacturing Co.,
ALBANY, N. Y.,
Office and Factory on Thacher St., North End of the City.
JOHN WARD, President.
G. D. VAN VLIET, Secretary and Treasurer.
WM. B. EMERY, (Survivor of EMERY BROTHERS,) Superintendent of Manufactory.
MANUFACTURERS OF
GENERAL AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY,
Comprising the celebrated "STAR" Threshing Machines; "STAR" Railway (or Endless Chain) and Lever Horse Powers; "STAR" Cotton Gins and Condensers; Circular Cross-Cut Saw Mills; Vegetable Cutters; Horse Hay Forks; Corn and Feed Mills; Power Corn Shellers; Dog Powers, &c., &c.
For full particulars, send for our Illustrated Descriptive Circular and Price List.
AGENTS WANTED.
☞Correspondents will please address THE ALBANY COTTON GIN MANUFACTURING CO., P. O. Drawer 162, Albany, N. Y. 957-mtf

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL Complexion follow the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.
It removes black spots, pimples, moth-patches, and all eruptions of the skin.

IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER MONTHS, the system naturally undergoes a change, and HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is an assistant of the greatest value.

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE OF THE INJUrious effects of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy and youthful appearance, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the utmost value.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, lustils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF Complexion must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take NO other.

HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA ERADICATES ERUPTIVE AND ULCERATIVE DISEASES OF THE THROAT, NOSE, EYELIDS, SCALP AND SKIN, which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury, and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASE, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.
TWO TABLESPOONFULS of HELMBOLD'S Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Sirup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions as usually made.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT BUCHU is the great diuretic. HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the Great Blood Purifier. Both are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.
The best test of their purity and superiority will be a comparison with the properties as set forth in the United States Dispensatory.
My laboratory for the manufacture of Fluid Extracts has been visited by thousands of physicians and druggists from all parts of the United States, and the mode of preparation received their unanimous commendation.
HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACTS are pleasant in taste and odor, and immediate in their action.
NONE ARE GENUINE, unless done up in the steel engraved wrapper, and signed, H. T. HELMBOLD.
The proprietor was compelled to adopt such a wrapper, because of the growing popularity of his articles, and to prevent spurious and dangerous counterfeiting.
H. T. HELMBOLD, druggist, of eighteen years' experience, and manufacturer of HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.
Principal Depots—HELMBOLD'S DRUG AND CHEMICAL WAREHOUSE, No. 594 BROADWAY, New York, next Metropolitan Hotel; and HELMBOLD'S MEDICAL DEPOT, No. 104 SOUTH TENTH STREET, Philadelphia.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
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WATERS' FIRST PREMIUM PIANOS, with Iron Frame, Overstrung Bass and Agraffe Bridge. Melodeons, Parlor, Church and Cabinet Organs, the best manufactured: Warranted for Six Years.
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BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.
This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect

SEASHORE FANCIES.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

O PLEASANT waters rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What snowy little feet at girlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

O waves that foam around yon lonely rock,
Boding the distant storm with hoarser roar,
Has not some ship beneath the tempest's shock
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more?
Lost in the mighty billows' wash and sway,
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze,
Borne from the spice groves of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway—
Have ye not laved their perfect forms to-day?

O tossing billows, come ye from afar,
Where over ice-fields the aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the northern star
That through the lengthened night of winter gleams
Upon the toppling icebergs, grim and gray,
Have ye not lashed their frozen sides to-day?

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye have sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill it with the breath of icy storms;
Here on the shore we smile and weep and pray—
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

The Story Teller.

THE TWIN COTTAGES.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Chapter III.—The Feud.

[Continued from page 228, last No.]

HE held up the figs, and Lizzie, clapping her little hands with delight, started forward to receive them; but her eldest brother, Jackson, said,

"You don't want any figs, Lizzie; let Jane have them, and I will buy you a new doll, and a whole bunch of raisins, when I go to town."

Lionel scowled darkly upon his nephew, but once more offered the figs to Lizzie, who, influenced by her brother, hesitated to receive them.

"I wouldn't coax her!", exclaimed Mrs. Lionel. "Give the figs to Martha and Jane; they will be glad of them. *I* have not told *them* not to accept anything that is given them."

These emphatic words, uttered in a significant tone, were accompanied by a sneering glance at Maria.

"Mrs. Felton," said Lionel, sternly, "is it your will that your children should not accept a present from me?"

Maria answered, on the angry impulse of the moment:

"If you think your presents are going to pay us for the abuse you have heaped upon us, you had better keep them to yourself."

Lionel's eyes flashed fire, as he pushed the box of figs away from him, exclaiming,

"Here, Edward, divide them with your sisters. Take these combs, Martha. I designed only one of them for you; but since I cannot make an offer of a present without being insulted, you had better take them both."

Had Richard been present, it is probable this scene would have terminated more happily; for he only waited for the smallest manifestation of kindness on the part of his brother to forgive and forget all. But the brothers did not meet until Martha had conferred with Lionel, and Maria had told her side of the story to Richard; so that Lionel's efforts towards a reconciliation resulted in a more bitter and determined animosity between the families. Lionel's pride would not allow him then to offer Richard the pencil he designed for him, nor is it probable Richard would have received it, had it been offered.

Taking example from their parents, the children now did nothing but quarrel continually. Even on the following morning, which was the Sabbath, usually so peaceful and happy in the old Felton house, there were dissensions and strife between Richard's children and Lionel's.

Richard was somewhere about the yard, and Maria occupied the sitting-room, while Lionel and his wife remained by the kitchen fire. Lionel was shaving and preparing for church, when his attention was drawn to angry voices in the yard behind the house. Looking out of the window, he saw Lizzie, Richard's youngest child, quarreling with his daughter Martha, whom he had sent to the shed for some chips.

"Call her into the house," said he to his wife.

The latter was about to comply, when she heard Maria, in the other room, cry out,

"There is that great creature, Martha, hurting little Lizzie! It is a shame! Run out, Wolcott, and bring your sister in the house!"

"That is pretty talk," muttered Martha, turning to Lionel. "Let us see what Wolcott will do!"

They watched from the window, and saw the boy run hastily up to the children, seize Martha rudely by the shoulder, and push her aside. Unfortunately, Martha's foot slipped, and she fell to the ground.

"The little villain!" muttered Mrs. Lionel.

"I will see if he is to treat my girls in that way!" said Lionel, going towards the door.

"There is no need!" exclaimed his wife. "There is Edward."

In fact, Lionel's eldest child was already upon the spot. Seeing Martha crying, and supposing Wolcott had hurt her badly, he struck his cousin violently on the cheek. With a cry of rage, Wolcott flew at his assailant; but Edward was much the larger and stronger boy, and a moment after, he had thrown his cousin down upon the frozen ground.

"Edward! Edward!" cried Lionel, "come into the house!"

Before the boy could obey, however, Richard, coming out of the wagon-house, and seeing his favorite son beaten by his cousin, so much older than himself, ran to the spot, and taking Edward angrily by the shoulder, shook him with all his might.

"Let go of me!" shouted Edward, fiercely—"I ain't to be whipped by you, sir!"

"There's spirit for you!" cried Mrs. Lionel, delighted. "But I hope you are not going to see your son abused by his uncle, for taking his sister's part!"

"No, never!" muttered Lionel, rushing out of the house. "Take your hands from off him!" he added in an angry tone, confronting Richard.

"Do you mean to bully me?" demanded Richard, purple with rage. "You will find that I shall stand upon my rights now, if I *have* suffered your tyranny from my boyhood."

"Brother! brother!" cried Lionel, choking with wrath, "beware what you say!"

"Beware what you do!" retorted Richard, still retaining his hold of Edward.

"As I am a living man!" muttered Lionel, intensely excited, "I shall use violence if you do not release my son."

And he placed his strong hand upon the throat of Richard.

"Unhand me! unhand me, sir!" cried Richard, beside himself with passion. "I shall strike!"

"Release my son!" said Lionel.

Richard did release his son, but it was to clench his fist, and level a fierce blow at his brother's temple. Lionel staggered; but recovering himself immediately, he folded his arms, and fixing his terrible eye upon Richard, said in a hoarse voice,

"That blow shall never be forgiven!"

And he stalked into the house, leaving Richard overwhelmed with rage and shame.

Chapter IV.—The Building of the Cottage.

The awful occurrence of the morning cast a deep shadow of gloom over the Old Felton House, for the remainder of the Sabbath. Even the youngest children seemed to be aware that *sin* had been among them in an unusual form. Neither family went to church that day; nor did they eat together, or associate together in any manner. Edward made a fire in the parlor, by the direction of his parents, and thither Lionel's family retired, leaving Richard's in possession of the sitting-room.

"You needn't have anything more to say to your uncle's people," said Martha to her children.

"Did Uncle Richard strike father?" asked little Jane.

"Hush!" muttered Lionel.

The sound of his brother's name made his brow contract with wrath.

Meanwhile Richard was miserable. "I should not have struck my brother," he would say in his remorse; then in his anger and pride he would add, "But he laid his hand upon my throat! I gave him warning. *His* hand upon my throat!"

In the evening, Richard saw Lionel leaving the house. He did not return until late; and Richard, with many misgivings, asked himself where his brother could have gone. He knew in the morning.

'Squire Stone came early to the house, and inquired for Richard. As the latter had not gone to work as usual, he was easily found; and the 'Squire opened his business to him at once.

"I am very sorry to learn that there is some difficulty between you and your brother, Mr. Felton."

Richard scowled, kicked the ground with his foot, and said nothing.

"I saw Lionel last night," pursued the 'Squire. "He says he thinks a division of your property is necessary."

Richard started, and turned pale, but only murmured,

"Well."

"Are you of the same way of thinking?"

"I will agree to any thing reasonable."

"But this, Mr. Felton, I think unreasonable. I told your brother so, and tried to dissuade him from it. But he is determined."

"He!" cried Richard, trembling with excitement. "Very well. Let the property be divided. I am willing."

But you know this division will necessarily be a very difficult thing."

"Not so difficult but that it can be accomplished," said Richard, firmly.

'Squire Stone then saw Lionel, and, after a conference with him, returned again to Richard. Unfortunately, 'Squire Stone had not the faculty of reconciling enemies; and his negotiations only made matters worse. Before night, the division of the property was a settled affair, and the preliminary steps had been taken to effect the important object. Arbiters were chosen to adjust the business, so that the brothers might not come in contact; for all this time they had never spoken to each other, since the fatal affray.

The directions Richard gave to his friends, were:

"Divide the stock, the farming implements, the land—everything as you see fit. Act according to your judgment and friendship. Only one thing I insist upon—the site where we were going to build in the spring, must be included in the land which falls to my share." Now, it so happened that Lionel had set his heart upon that building-lot.

"I must and will have that," said he, "if it be at the sacrifice of ten times as much land any where else."

With the building-lot in the way, the arbiters found the greatest difficulty in settling the division of property. At length, 'Squire Stone suggested that the lot itself should be divided.

"A good idea," said one of the arbiters; "we can run the line up to the north road, and cut the lot in the centre, giving the boys half and half."

This suggestion was reported to the brothers.

"Very well," said Lionel, "divide it."

"Cut it in halves, then," were the words of Richard; "I care not, since he is not to have the whole."

The lot was accordingly divided, and the arbiters having come to a decision, a surveyor was appointed to run a line according to their directions. The necessary articles of agreement were then drawn up to which the brothers were to put their name.

Until the last moment Richard had hoped that some word of regret at the division of the property would escape his brother; nor was it without many misgivings that Lionel saw the hour arrive when the last tie between him and Richard was to be broken. The hand of the latter trembled as he took the pen to sign his name. He raised his eyes to his brother's face to find there one kind look—one of regret—of which he might take advantage, even at the last moment. But Lionel looked sternly on to see if Richard would sign without an appeal to him for a brothers' reconciliation. Pride restrained the better feelings of both, and, with a nervous hand, Richard wrote his name. How angry with himself was he afterwards, to think that his hand trembled, while Lionel's was firm; and how the latter sneered as he glanced his eye at the unsteady lines his brother had traced in his agitation. The deed was done, and henceforth the brothers possessed nothing in common. The old house had fallen to Richard's share; but Lionel was to occupy a certain portion of it, particularly designated in the articles of agreement, until he could build. The house, the cattle, the flocks of sheep, the poultry, the farming implements, the household furniture, even the timber which had been got out for the new house—every thing was divided. Even with the old house in his possession, Richard was resolved to put up as fine a cottage as his brother; in fact, having learned that Lionel proposed using the old plan, and building as close to the desirable site on the north road, as possible Richard determined to put a cottage exactly like it upon his own side of the line, in order not to be outdone by his brother.

While the Feltons were energetically making preparations to build, they lived in the old house in the most wretched manner imaginable. Maria never suffered her children to set foot in Martha's portion of the house; and the latter was quite as anxious to prevent all intercourse between the families; while Lionel and Richard avoided each other scrupulously, nor ever communicated, except through the medium of a third person.

The two families no longer sat together in church. The second Sabbath after the affray, both were present at the morning service; but the old pew was vacant. Unbeknown to each other, the brothers had hired separate pews in another part of the house. Richard cast his eye toward the old pew, to see how Lionel's family would look there alone; and Lionel, about the same time, glanced in the same direction, impelled by the same curiosity. Both were surprised to see the old pew vacant; but they were still more surprised when their eyes met, and they found that the new pews adjoined each other in the body of the house! However, as Lionel entered his pew from the right hand aisle, and Richard his from the left, and as it would require but little care on the part of the parents to keep the children from getting together, neither of the families saw fit to change their seats again.

As soon as the frost was gone out of the ground in the spring, Lionel set his men at work on the northeast corner of his farm, close to Richard's line; and Richard at the same time employed laborers to dig a cellar on the southeast corner of his land, close to the delectable site which had formed the object of dispute. Masons laid the two cellars at the same time, and worked so near each other that it was easy for them to jest about the strife between the brothers, talking across the line.

"It gives two jobs to us and the carpenter," laughed one.

"So it does," replied the other. "People never make fools of themselves without working for somebody's good. What will you bet but I will get my cellar done first?"

"A new hat for a holiday," was the answer.

"The hat was wagered, but neither won it; for the cellars were both finished on the same day, at the same hour.

Meanwhile the timbers were hewn, and the two master carpenters emulated each other in getting ready the frames. These were both finished at about the same time, and they might have been raised on the same day, but Lionel sent out his invitations to his neighbors before Richard; so that when the latter went around to his neighbors to invite them to the raising-bee, he found to his chagrin that they were all engaged to his brother. Lionel's haste, however, availed him nothing. In his anxiety to get the start of Richard in putting up his cottage, he sent out invitations prematurely, and when his neighbors were on the spot, the carpenter declared, that, do all he could, he had not been able to get ready for the raising. So Richard's house frame was put up on the following day, and Lionel's the day after.

It then became a matter of strife between the two families, to move and get settled in their new houses, before each other. The frames were clapboarded, and roofs shingled in the most hasty manner; the doors were hung, and the windows set with the greatest possible dispatch; then a few rooms were done off, to accommodate the families, until the rest could be finished. Both brothers now became strangely nervous; and Lionel, fearful of being preceded by Richard, made hasty preparations to move. Discovering these, Richard did the same; and the brothers went out into the twin cottages on the same day, almost before the paint and plastering were dry.—[To be continued.

NOT TO BE BEATEN.

FIRST YOUNG LADY (*with pride on her brow.*)—"Ah, *my* mamma has a carriage!"
SECOND YOUNG LADY (*with more pride on her brow.*)—"Oh, that's nothing; *my* mamma can take her teeth out, and put 'em back again!"

VIOLINS.

THE most celebrated makers of violins have been the Amatis, Stainers, and the two Straduarius. But few particulars have been handed down to us respecting them; nor is this surprising, considering that their celebrity is owing in a great degree to time, by which alone their works have been brought to perfection.

An Amati is a phrase often in the mouths of amateurs, without their being, perhaps, aware that there were four makers of that name, viz: Andrew, the father; Jerome and Anthony, his sons; and Nicholas, Anthony's son. The handsomest Amatis are those made by Jerome. All these individuals, as well as the two Straduarins, belonged to Cremona, and hence that other phrase, by which, in order to designate a violin of the first order, it is called a genuine Cremona. Of the visible characteristics of the works of these different artists, the most prominent are these: The Stainer violins, compared with the Amatis, are high and narrow, and the box more confined; the sound holes are cut more perpendicular, and are shorter; there is also a kind of notch at the turn. The Straduarius violins are of a larger pattern, particularly those of Antonius, the son, and have a wider box than the Amatis, and longer sound holes, which are cut at the ends very sharp and broad, with a little hollow at the end, which other makers cut flat. The varnish of the Amatis and Stainers are yellow, as well as those of Straduarius, the father; the son's varnish is red. Of the audible characteristics, surely of the most importance, though frequently a secondary consideration, generally speaking the Amatis have a mild and sweet tone; the Stainers, a sharp and piercing tone; and the Straduarius, a rich, full tone.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

IT is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

"HAS the railroad got in?" asked a gentleman of an Irishman, standing at a depot, thinking to quiz him. "One ind has, sir," was the reply.

WHY do the countrymen of Garibaldi so generally take to organ-grinding in foreign climes? It is because they are so accustomed to revolutionary movements.

A POET was reading one of his effusions to Talleyrand. "Not so loud," said he to the poet, at the same time pointing to a man yawning in the street, "he hears you."

A BOY eight years old, in one of our public schools, having been told that a reptile "is an animal that creeps," on being asked to name one, promptly and triumphantly replied, "a baby."

THE funniest incident, says an exchange, that has lately transpired, is the case of a doting mother, who, being satisfied that her child merited a flogging, first had him placed under the influence of chloroform.

AN Irishman who was illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement made the melancholy statement that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment for life, only fifteen survived it!

"THE difference is just here, youngsters," said an illiterate school teacher in Texas, "when the earth makes a revolution it turns on its *axes*, but when the people makes a revolution they turn on their *bayonets!*"

THE Boston Post thinks that the man who was brought up standing must have worn out many boots and shoes. It also imparts the equally interesting information that the man who pegged away returned home on foot.

"I WISH you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," she said, "I choose to keep it, for it is like my love for you—it has no beginning."

"CAN you do all sorts of casting here?" said a solemn looking chap at the iron works the other day. "Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order; "all sorts." "Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow." He was cast out.

DURING the war of 1812 an old gentleman who was always on the alert to obtain the latest news from the army, made his usual inquiry of a wag. "The latest news from the army," replied the wag, "is that they are in *statu quo*." "Ah, how far is that from Montreal?" asked the old gentleman.

A COUNTRYMAN took his seat at a tavern table opposite to a gentleman who was indulging in a bottle of wine. Supposing the wine to be common property, our unsophisticated country friend helped himself to it with the gentleman's glass. "That's cool," exclaimed the owner of the wine, indignantly. "Yes," replied the other, "I should think there was ice in it."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 76 letters.
My 9 is the letter V.
My 20, 70, 10 is a bird.
My 44, 74, 60, 46, 69 is a kind of oil.
My 21, 23, 36, 8, 75 is a kind of fish.
My 67, 73, 67, 20, 66, 74, 51 is a name given to beggars.
My 31, 45, 43, 14, 3 is a song.
My 75, 5, 29, 47, 71, 27 is a kind of wood.
My 67, 33, 6, 74, 22, 14 is a name given to a married lady.
My 1, 8, 2 means haste.
My 24, 4, 68, 35, 16 is a military cap.
My 61, 64, 13, 7, 12 is something we all do.
My 65, 52, 71 means by the way.
My 11, 18, 30, 32, 10 is a pin or peg.
My 58, 59, 55 is what some young men are.
My 47, 48, 68, 15, 25 is what we must all come to.
My 49, 50, 76, 38, 43 is a letter of the Greek Alphabet.
My 42, 40, 41, 8, 19 is a girl's name.
My 63, 66, 62, 28 is something sure.
My 72, 37, 74, 53, 56 is something wicked.
My 17, 39, 19 is an article.
My 27 is the letter L.
My whole is a proverb. S. E. U. Y.

South Williamstown, Mass.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

IF from my first one-half you take away,
Five hundred will remain as plain as day,
And in my next, judiciously combined,
One hundred fifty-six you'll surely find.
From nine, ten now, my third with care you take,
And what remains, a full round score will make.
My fourth (and last) from just three score and ten
If now you take, but seven will remain;
Now, if to find my whole you have a will,
Tis easily done when riding down a hill.

Williamsville. H. M. M.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

WHAT must be the inclination of the roof of a house, 24 feet by 36 feet, that the water will run off in the least possible time? S. G. CAGWIN.

New London, N Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 963.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

Answer to Geographical Decapitations:—Hague, Bog, Fox, Clark, Dale, Fear, Orange, Chester.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—2.375 feet from the base.

Answer to Anagram:

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

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American Pomology (280 Illustrations).....3,00
Am. Sharp Shooter (Telescopic Rifle)..... 50
American Rose Culturist..... 30
Am Weeds and Useful Plants.....1,75
Annual Register of Rural Affairs (130 Engravings)..... 30
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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

POTATOES IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

SOME portions of Western New York, especially the vicinity of Rochester, are noted for the extent to which the growing of potatoes is carried on, it being made one of the chief and most profitable branches of farming. The business has not grown up like a mushroom, in a night, but has increased in a long course of years, from small patches furnishing an amount just sufficient for home consumption, until now the eye of the traveler may behold in every direction where the soil is suitable and other circumstances favorable, fields ranging in size from five to forty acres, devoted to the culture of the potato. Although there are occasional years of partial failure, caused by disease and drouths, yet in general the yield and prices obtained for the crop are sufficiently remunerative. Those farmers who have steadily adhered to the business have made money, but many who planted occasional crops, under the stimulus of exceptional high prices, have not always hit the mark at which they aimed.

Potato growing is extending all over the country as fast as any other branch of farming. There is always a large quantity of the crop needed for home use, and the great seaboard cities and the South demand immense supplies. Of late years some old sorts have seemed to deteriorate in this region, and new ones are taking their places. The Mercer is one of the most tender varieties, and is not safe to plant except on dry, sandy land. It is not a prolific potato, but its quality for fall and winter use makes it a favorite in the Eastern markets. The Peachblow is a standard sort, usually free from rot, although subject of late years to a blight on the vines, which very singularly affects solitary hills all over a field, while those in their immediate proximity are untouched. It is a rank grower, late in its time of ripening, good yielder, adapted to a variety of soils, and is noted for its good keeping qualities. Late in the season it usually leads in the Eastern markets. A sub-variety, called the White Peachblow, has lately been introduced, but is not generally regarded as a great acquisition. The rank, strong vines of the Peachblow, keeping green until hard frosts come, render the harvesting more laborious than that of some other varieties. Another prominent sort extensively raised here and widely known in the Eastern markets, is the Prince Albert, under which brand the Clinton and Fluke varieties are sold. They are hardy and generally prolific, but of inferior quality to the preceding kinds. Round Pink Eyes are grown to a limited extent; they are mostly shipped South. The Dykeman is grown for its earliness, and the demand for it in the Eastern markets comes principally from the growers of early potatoes who have depended on this variety chiefly, and who prefer buying their seed.

Of late years some new varieties have been introduced which promise exceedingly well on account of quality, hardiness and yield. These are mostly seedlings, originated by the late Rev. CHAUNCEY GOODRICH of Utica, N. Y., to whose indefatigable and skillful labor in this direction the public are greatly indebted. The Early Goodrich is the one as yet most widely tested, and it is growing rapidly in favor and promises to supplant the old early varieties. It is hardy, early, prolific and of good quality. The Harison is not as extensively introduced, but its reputation and promise are great and we have no doubt that it will soon become a leading variety. These, with the Garnet Chill, seem to take the lead among the new sorts in this region, and in a short time will undoubtedly become as familiar in the markets as the now standard varieties, and, we think, will prove more profitable to the growers from their superior qualities.

SHOULD COLLEGE FARMS BE EXPECTED TO PAY?

THE writer of "Walks and Talks," in the American Agriculturist for April, says:—"It will not be long before every State has its Agricultural College. We ought not to expect too much of them, or we shall be disappointed. The farms connected with them cannot and will not pay."

This article was referred to by a writer in the RURAL a few weeks ago, very properly dissenting from such a broad statement, by one who is soon to assume the most important chair in the Agricultural department of the Cornell University. We might suppose that he referred to single costly experiments, did not other statements in the same article preclude such interpretation. It may be of very little consequence to the exchequer of a college, magnificently endowed, whether its experimental farm pays or not; but to the farmers who hope to derive lasting benefit from the improvements thus introduced, it is of the first importance that they shall be shown to pay. The object of these farms is to teach a better system of agriculture; but if it is to be understood beforehand, that the system of culture is to be such, on these farms, that they "cannot and will not pay," then farmers will not pay any attention to these experiments. There will be many items of expense in the preparation for trying single experiments, which no one will expect to be repaid on the first trial; but it will be easy to determine whether these will pay or not, and if they will not pay, they are not improvements.

All sensible farmers will be liberal in judging an institution established to promote a higher system of culture, to teach by example the best method of breeding animals, the greatest economy in rearing and fattening them, giving a clear insight into the composition and feeding value of the different foods of animals, showing how these should be prepared to produce the greatest result, and illustrating all the best methods of farm management.

We can see how experiments, which, economically, prove failures, may yet be beneficial to agriculture, in showing what to shun as well as what to adopt. Farmers will be grateful for all such efforts in their behalf, and they will not be unreasonable or "expect too much." Will it be "expecting too much," that this college farm, under the management of a scientific and practical man, with practical assistants and adequate means, should make general farming as profitable as a mere practical man without scientific knowledge? Is agricultural science worse than useless that it should render farming unprofitable? If such be the fact, what is this college established for? What does Mr. HARRIS mean?

Shall we lay it to some blunder of the compositor of his article? No, for he says young men should not engage in farming "with a determination to make it pay," but determine to "adopt it as the business of their lives," and to "follow it with all the skill and science and energy they can command,"—clearly intimating that the more educated, intelligent, energetic, scientific and honest they are, the less likely are they to make farming pay. This is a bad lookout for the young men who propose to learn agriculture in this college! What abstract utopian revery was floating through the Professor's brain during this "Walk and Talk?"

He seems to have imagined the earth suddenly peopled with noble young men, who, without any motive of feeding or clothing their precious bodies, or furnishing the necessaries and comforts of existence to their wives and children, should study with the eye of the philosopher and the unflagging energy of the enthusiast into the secrets of the earth, laying bare her mysteries of germ, growth, plant, flower and fruit, and all her infinite series of vegetable and animal production, holding themselves superior to all mere questions of utility and human wants! The poetical side of agriculture is too seldom dwelt upon, and the Professor, filled with that glowing picture of its future glory, must be pardoned for having forgotten the present with its vulgar wants and necessities. But we trust that, in starting this college farm, he will deem it necessary to commence on the present plan of thought and knowledge, and, however unpleasant it may be, give us practical demonstrations of the utility, money value, or food value of his experiments.

And now, as our population is increasing so rapidly, and our animals decreasing relatively to population,—perhaps the most important problem, at present, in the older States, is, how to increase and economize the food of our animals. As Mr. GEO. GEDDES suggested in the discussion at our State Fair last year, this college farm will be the place to try a series of exact experiments in cooking the winter food of animals, showing the gain in each kind of food used by feeding it to the same animals, cooked and uncooked, with a careful weighing of food and animals. And who does not see that it will be easy to determine whether cooking food will pay?

Then in the summer management of animals—a comparative trial of soiling and pasturing cows and other animals can be made with such accurate observations as will render it easy to determine the comparative economy of the two systems. Draining, deep and shallow plowing, sub-soiling, the various kinds of manures, will all be tested in due time, and the method of culture then adopted and recommended must be shown to pay.

The Professor must explain himself. The farmers of this State look forward with strong hope to this great Agricultural College, which they expect to be the model institution of its kind in America. They do not like to be told, in advance, that it "cannot and will not pay." They are astonished to hear from its first Professor, that a "scientific man" is not likely to make farming pay. Why then send our sons to college to learn this science which will make paupers of them?—E. W. S.

VARIETIES OF FESCUE GRASS.

SHEEP'S FESCUE. RED FESCUE. TALL FESCUE. MEADOW FESCUE.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Fescue Grass.

"A SUBSCRIBER," Cortlandville, N. Y., sends us a sample of grass, of which he remarks:—"It has made its appearance in this vicinity; none of us are able to tell what it is. It appears to be running out other grasses; what are its qualities and name?"

The sample sent is the Tall Fescue Grass of which we give an illustration together with some other varieties of this genus. None of them are harmful; that is, take on the character of weeds, but are valuable in the pasture and meadow. Of the one in question (Tall Fescue) FLINT says it is found commonly in moist meadows and around farm houses. It is a nutritive and productive grass, growing naturally in shady woods and moist, stiff soils. Cattle are fond of it.

Meadow Fescue is one of the most common of the species. It is said to be the Randall grass of Virginia. It flowers in June and July in moist pastures and near farm houses. It is excellent pasture grass, forming a very considerable portion of the turf of old pastures and fields where introduced, and is more extensively propagated and diffused from the fact that it ripens its seed before most other grasses are cut and sheds them to spring up and cover the ground. If sown it should be mixed with other varieties.

Sheeps' Fescue is known by its narrow panicle, short, tufted, bristle-shaped leaves, of a grayish color. It grows from six to ten inches high in dense perennial rooted tufts. It forms excellent pasturage for sheep. Flowers in June and July.

Red Fescue is one of the largest of the varieties. Its leaves are broadish, flat, root extensively creeping and throwing out lateral shoots. Found in dry pastures and near the sea shore in sandy soils. There are several other varieties, all of which are harmless to the farmer so far as they may be considered as weeds, and of value in the pasture.

Destroying Wire Worms.

H. L. J., Wellsville, N. Y., closes a business note by propounding the following question:—"How shall I destroy wire worms?" This is the name given to the larvæ of a numerous family of beetles, each of which, in the original state, has a propensity to feed on succulent vegetation, till their final transformation to a perfect state. Considering their size, their ability for mischief is surprising, and, to the gardener and farmer, most annoying. A plant falls before them as cleanly cut as though severed by a knife—some operating just below the surface of the ground and others above it. The varieties are about equally voracious and destructive. As to destroying them over the surface of a large field the task is almost hopeless—especially by hand picking. On small sections of ground patient watching and a nimble hand will greatly restrict their ravages if they are not arrested altogether. Trenching the ground, between the hills or rows of vegetables, will cause many of them to fall into the pit, from which few, if any, can extricate themselves before insectiverous birds will pounce upon and destroy them. Aside from these methods of extermination we are not aware of any protection against the ravages of the family of which the wire worm is a member.

Cultivation of Broom Corn.

AN experienced cultivator of broom corn, Schenectady, N. Y., furnishes the following summary on this subject to the Agricultural Department, Washington:—"The ground is carefully plowed, harrowed and rolled, and between the first day of May and the middle of June planted in rows by a horse-power seed-planter. When the plant is about two inches high, it is thoroughly weeded; when about six inches up the earth is removed from the sides of the rows with a scarifier, and the space between the rows made friable; and when the plant is about two feet high, the earth is thrown to the rows with a double mould board plow, and it is then left for the brush to develop."

This development occurs in about sixty days after planting. When the brush is fully out it is broken over, about two foot below the base of the brush for the purpose of preventing it from falling down and getting crooked. Some let it remain several days after bushing over, others cut it directly after, as green brooms are of more ready sale than those of the refined brush.

Hen Lice—Remedy.

J. C. MUNN, Ottawa, Ill., writes:—"In the RURAL of June 20th some one inquires for a remedy for lice on chickens. For his benefit and others I give my experience and plan of action. I dipped a feather in kerosene and applied it several times under each wing of the fowls, and they have been free from lice since."

"Amateur," Geneva, N. Y., referring to the same subject, writes:—"When I commenced keeping poultry I was very much troubled with hen lice,—in fact I lost many valuable fowls, they having been literally eaten up by lice. I consulted standard works and conversed with poulterers, considered authority about it, and they advised me to securely fasten up my hen house and burn sulphur therein. This I did, greasing my fowls under their wings and about the head. I have tried these remedies with unvarying success for the past three years."

Milk and Cheese.

M. E. A., New Liberty, Iowa, writes:—"I am anxious to know how much milk it takes, by measure, to make a pound of cheese. Some say a gallon. Will it do it if the cow is in a good clover pasture?"

In the cheese or dairy districts of England, where the pasturage is usually good, it is a rule to estimate a pound of cheese to a gallon of milk. With a good cow and the pasturage mentioned, we do not see why the same result may not be produced in Iowa also. There is a ready way of testing the matter, and that is by converting a few gallons of milk into cheese and weighing the latter. This will determine whether a gallon of milk will, or will not, make a pound of cheese.

CUT CANADA THISTLES.—Cut Canada thistles when as near full grown as possible and not have the seed mature. The vital powers of the plant then receive the greatest shock, and the hollow stalks are rotted by water.

CHEAP PAINTS FOR OUTDOOR WORK.

WE transfer, from "The Painter, Gilder and Varnisher's Companion," a book heretofore noticed in the RURAL, and published by HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia, directions for preparing various coarse paints of great cheapness and durability. Fish oil is used as the base, and the following is the process:

TO PREPARE THE OIL.

Into a cask which will contain about forty gallons, put thirty-two gallons of good common vinegar; add to this twelve pounds of litharge, and twelve pounds of white copperas in powder; bung up the vessel, and shake and roll it well twice a-day for a week, when it will be fit to put into a ton of whale, cod or seal oil, (but the Southern whale oil is to be preferred, on account of its good color and little or no smell:) shake and mix all together, when it may settle until the next day; then pour off the clear, which will be about seven-eighths of the whole. To clear this part, add twelve gallons of linseed oil, and two gallons of spirits of turpentine; shake them well together, and, after the whole has settled two or three days, it will be fit to grind white lead and all fine colors in; and, when ground, cannot be distinguished from those ground in linseed oil, unless by the superiority of color.

If the oil be wanted only for coarse purposes, the linseed oil and oil of turpentine may be added at the same time that the prepared vinegar is put in; and, after being well shaken up, is fit for immediate use, without being suffered to settle. The residue or bottom, when settled by the addition of half its quantity of fresh lime-water, forms an excellent oil for mixing with all the coarse paints for preserving outside work. All colors ground in the above oil, and used for inside work, must be thinned with linseed oil and oil of turpentine.

GAIN BY THE ABOVE PROCESS.

One ton of fish oil, or 252 gallons	$151 20
32 gallons of vinegar, at 12½ cents per gallon	4 00
12 lbs. litharge, at 7 cts. per lb.	84
12 lbs. white copperas, at 8 cts. ditto	96
12 gallons of linseed oil, at 90 cts. per gallon	10 80
2 gallons of spirit of turpentine, at 40 cts	80
	$168 60

252 gallons of fish oil.
12 ditto linseed oil.
2 ditto spirit of turpentine.
32 ditto vinegar.

298 gallons, at 90 cts. per gallon	$268 20
Deduct the expence	168 60
	$99 60

PREPARATION AND COST OF PARTICULAR COLORS.

I.—*Subdued Green.*

Fresh lime-water, 6 gallons	$ 06
Road dirt, finely sifted, 112 pounds	10
Whiting, 112 ditto	1 12
Blue-black, 30 ditto	1 50
Wet blue, 20 ditto	4 00
Residue of the oil, 3 gallons	1 50
Yellow ochre in powder, 24 pounds	1 20
	$9 48

This composition will weigh three hundred and sixty-eight pounds, which is a little more than two and a half cents per pound. To render the above paint fit for use, to every eight pounds add one quart of the incorporated oil, and one quart of linseed oil, and it will be found a paint with every requisite quality, as well of beauty as of durability and cheapness, and in this state of preparation does not cost five cents per pound.

The following is the mode of mixing the ingredients:—First pour six gallons of lime-water into a large tub, then throw in one hundred and twelve pounds of whiting; stir it round well with a stirrer, let it settle for about an hour, and stir it again. The painter may then put in the one hundred and twelve pounds of road dirt, mix it well, and add the blue-black, after which the yellow ochre; and when all is tolerably blended, take it out of the tub, and put it on a large board or platform, and, with a laborer's shovel, mix and work it about as they do mortar. Now add the wet blue, which must be previously ground in the incorporated oil, (as it will not grind or mix with any other oil.) When this is added to the mass, you may begin to thin it with the incorporated oil, in the proportion of one quart to every eight pounds, and then the linseed oil in the same proportion, and it is ready to be put into casks for use.

II.—*Lead Color.*

Whiting, 112 pounds	$1 12
Blue-black, 5 ditto	25
Lead ground in oil, 28 ditto	2 25
Road dirt, 56 ditto	10
Lime-water, 5 gallons	05
Residue of the oil, 2½ ditto	1 25
Weighs 256 lbs	$5 02

To the above add two gallons of the incorporated oil, and two gallons of linseed oil to thin it for use, and it will not exceed two cents and a quarter. The lime-water, whiting, road dirt and blue-black must be first mixed together; then add the ground lead, first blending it with two gallons and a half of the prepared fish oil; after which, thin the whole with the two gallons of linseed oil and two gallons of incorporated oil, and it will be fit for use. For garden doors and other work liable to be in constant use, a little spirits of turpentine may be added to the paint whilst laying on, which will have the desired effect.

III.—*Bright Green.*

112 pounds yellow ochre in powder, at 5 cents per pound	$ 5 60
168 ditto road dust	25
112 ditto wet blue, at 20 cts. per pound	22 40
10 ditto blue-black, at 5 cts. ditto	50
6 gallons of lime-water	6
4 ditto fish oil, prepared	2 40
7½ ditto incorporated oil	4 28
7½ ditto linseed oil, at 90 cts. per gallon	6 75
592 pounds weight	$42 24

It will be seen that the bright green costs but about seven cents per pound, ready to lay on; and

the inventor challenges any colorman or painter to produce a green equal to it for five times the price. After painting, the color left in the pot may be covered with water to prevent it from skinning, and the brushes, as usual, should be cleaned with the painting-knife and kept under water. A brighter green may be formed by omitting the blue-black. A lighter green may be made by the addition of ten pounds of ground white lead. A variety of greens may be obtained by varying the proportions of the blue and yellow. Observe that the wet blue must be ground with the incorporated oil, preparatory to its being mixed with the mass.

IV.—*Stone Color.*

Lime-water, 4 gallons	$ 04
Whiting, 112 pounds	1 12
White lead, ground, 28 pounds	2 24
Road dust, 56 pounds	10
Prepared fish oil, 2 gallons	1 20
Incorporated oil, 3¾ gallons	2 00
Linseed oil, 3½ ditto	3 15
Weighs 293 pounds	$9 85

The above stone color, fit for use, is not three and a half cents per pound.

V.—*Brown Red.*

Lime-water, 8 gallons	$ 08
Spanish brown, 112 pounds	3 36
Road dust, 224 pounds	40
4 gallons of fish oil	2 40
4 ditto incorporated oil	2 28
4 ditto linseed oil	3 60
Weighs 501 pounds	$12 12

This paint is scarcely two and a half cents per pound. The Spanish brown must be in powder.

VI.—*A good Chocolate Color* is made by the addition of blue-black, in powder, or lamp-black, till the color is to the painter's mind; and a lighter brown may be formed by adding ground white lead. By ground lead, is meant white lead ground in oil.

VII.—*Yellow* is prepared with yellow ochre in powder, in the same proportion as Spanish brown.

VIII.—*Black* is also prepared in the same proportion, using lamp-black or blue-black.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

IMPORTS OF WOOL.

THE following amounts of wool were imported at New York, during the first six months of 1866, 1867 and 1868. In 1866, $4,143,173.

	1867		
	Bales.	Weight. lbs.	Entered Value.
England	7,436	3,086,365	$767,012
Argentine Republic	6,220	4,412,991	679,152
France	3,346	1,251,311	161,569
Africa	221	98,820	17,018
Brazil	1,129	728,639	118,083
New Grenada	14	2,181	279
Dutch West Indies	6	2,270	217
Mexico	1,717	1,390,107	229,653
Cisplatine Republic	....	....	....
Russia	4,135	1,515,959	309,137
British East Indies	100	33,600	5,475
British Australia	1,198	467,025	101,872
British West Indies	....	....	....
Turkey	....	....	....
Total	25,522	12,998,681	$2,233,907

	1868		
	Bales.	Weight. lbs.	Entered Value.
England	680	287,950	$65,165
Argentine Republic	2,869	1,803,378	248,409
France	149	42,457	7,920
Africa	1,142	493,661	70,248
Brazil	1,053	754,082	96,163
New Grenada	....	....	....
Dutch West Indies	44	8,980	802
Mexico	5	1,050	131
Cisplatine Republic	317	63,165	31,739
Russia	8,377	3,122,013	570,765
British East Indies	....	....	....
British Australia	....	....	....
British West Indies	10	435	39
Turkey	429	210,963	20,961
Total	15,075	6,790,564	$1,105,945

The imports of wool at Boston, during the first six months of the same years, were from—

	1866	1867	1868
England	814,183	537,491	373,445
Buenos Ayres	11,168,176	4,989,611	1,828,543
France	3,201	86,233	49,335
Turkey	537,896	898,719	678,883
Cape of Good Hope	1,559,982	479,192	519,481
Malta	....	....	....
Chili and Peru	806,791	1,608,325	1,401,676
Russia	....	....	397,086
East Indies	....	....	....
Sundries	417,203	43,030	71,035
New Zealand	438,251	....	....
Total	15,745,696	8,642,601	5,331,887

In view of the imports into New York, the N. Y. Economist, a free trade journal, asks "how far the home growers have been benefited by the large increase in the duties on wool?"

We will attempt to answer this question very briefly. Clothing wools have not advanced, under the operation of the tariff, as expected by most, and as they would have done in anything like a normal condition of that branch of manufacture. The causes which have temporarily destroyed the markets for woolen clothing goods, and disorganized the trade, have been repeatedly pointed out in these columns, and we have never, to our recollection, seen one of the facts denied which have been adduced in describing and explaining those causes. The tariff has had the principal effect aimed at in all protective tariffs, viz: the practical exclusion of the foreign competing article to the utmost proper limit,—to the utmost limit short of actual prohibition. In this regard, great as the above tables show the falling off of imports to be since the tariff went into effect, they by no means show the actual extent of the exclusion of competing wools. This is because a very large proportion of the foreign clothing wools brought into our ports and which appear in the tables are re-exported to other countries and do not enter into domestic consumption. And even by the tables, the imports into Boston from Buenos Ayres, our great competitor in clothing wools before the present tariff, have sunk from 11,168,176 in the first six months of 1866, to but 1,828,543 in the first six months in 1868.

In view of such facts, all reasonable men will admit that the tariff has done all that was expected or asked from it by the wool growers of the United States. It could no more cure or prevent those internal difficulties which have so injuriously depressed the price of wool and prostrated trade, than it could cure the scab and hoof rot in flocks, or prevent dogs from killing sheep. It had nothing to do with producing those difficulties; it can have nothing to do with their removal.

But we can tell the N. Y. Economist wherein the home grower has benefited by the increase of duties on wool. But for this increase, the limited demand for the clothing wools in our prostrated markets would have been nearly all supplied by the cheap fine wools of South America, now worth in our markets, *with present duties and all other expenses paid*, from about 27c. to 38c. a pound—*the higher qualities fine enough for broadcloth!* Owing to the numerous unfavorable circumstances which have affected our wool markets since the close of the war, there is no doubt that the wool tariff alone has averted an overthrow in this industry, if not equal to that of 1815, at least approaching it in its calamities. But for the tariff, American clothing wool would not, in our judgment, have averaged over 25 to 30 cents a pound in 1867 and 1868.

Having answered the N. Y. Economist's question, let us add a few words. Under existing prices, American growers are greatly discouraged. Nor is it wonderful they should be. The anticipated "good time" is long in "coming." But those anticipations have been thus far defeated by natural and political causes, which are clearly traceable and explainable. These must, in the nature of things, gradually cease to operate. It is only a question of time. According to the immutable laws of trade—the laws of demand and supply—no industry connected with the production of a great and indispensable agricultural necessary of life, ever did or ever can, in a free government, remain permanently depressed below other branches of production. Each such industry has its "ups and downs"—one about as often as another. Reaction and prosperity always follow the latter. In such periods of depression, the weak-kneed brethren desert the cause; and there are always croakers, as wise as owls, especially buying croakers, who can give a thousand good reasons why the existing state of things must be permanent.

We have been a practical wool grower over a third of a century. We have seen a good many ups and downs in wool production. The present depression is a long and severe one. It is as certain that it will pass away when the normal conditions of successful trade are restored, as that all such preceding depressions have passed away. And when that occurs, if the present tariff can be retained, there is every reason to believe that the wool grower will have a long, and probably uninterrupted career of prosperity. The man who has spent any considerable portion of his life or capital in establishing choice flocks, is exceedingly unwise to abandon or sacrifice them now, when depression has reached its climax, and when every change must be for the better.

"LOOKING ONE WAY AND ROWING ANOTHER."

A CHICAGO Correspondent writes us:

"You state in the RURAL of July 4th that THOMAS McGRAW & Co., wool merchants, 136 Congress St., Boston, sell wool on its merits, disregarding the buyers' rules. The senior partner in that firm, THOMAS McGRAW, Esq., of Detroit, was the President of the late Michigan Wool Buyers' Convention at Detroit, June 2d, which not only re-affirmed the rules, but pledged its members to buy wool "only on these conditions," and to discharge all buying agents who in "any case" deviated from them. It has, therefore, been conjectured by some, that you accidentally fell into an error on the subject, for Mr. McGRAW is not supposed to be a man who would look one way and row another in such a matter. Will you be good enough to turn to the letter of the Boston partners and see whether you were correct or not."

On addressing the Boston house our circular of June 22d, we received the following reply, which we give verbatim:

BOSTON, June 24, 1868.

HENRY S. RANDALL, ESQ.:
DEAR SIR: Yours of the 22d at hand. Contents noted, and in reply would say that we sell our wool principally on its merits, without reference to ⅛ or anything of the kind. Quality and condition are our standards; we sell little at a discount of ⅛. But generally it (is) at the best rates we can obtain.

Yours truly, THOS. WHITAKER,
for THOMAS McGRAW & Co.

We know nothing of the connection of Mr. McGRAW of Detroit, with the above firm, but if, as asserted by our correspondent, he is its senior partner, he is evidently *very* capable of "looking one way and rowing another." But we dislike to characterize such conduct properly, without being sure of our man. If the President of the Michigan Wool Buyers' Convention is not a partner in the Boston firm, we proffer him the use of our columns to relieve himself from a supposed position, in the premises, which no business man of integrity would willingly occupy.

ONTARIO AND LIVINGSTON CO. (N. Y.) WOOL SCOURING.

HEMLOCK LAKE, N. Y., July 9, 1868.

HON. H. S. RANDALL:

Dear Sir:—The following is the scouring record of the fleeces scoured by N. W. MATHER & SONS, woolen manufacturers of Livonia, N. Y., scoured under the auspices of the Union Wool Growers' Association of Ontario and Livingston Co's, and are the fleeces marked for scouring in the shearing record published in RURAL June 6th.

JOHN P. RAY, *Sec'y.*

Owners.	Sex.	Age of sheep. y.	m.	d.	Age of fleece. y.	m.	d.	Wt. of carc'ss. lbs.	oz.	Wt. of fleece. lbs.	oz.	Wt. Sc'd Wool. lbs.	oz.
J. C. Short	Ewe	1	2	21	1	1	21	51	8	13	2	4	13½
John P. Ray	Ewe	1	1	3	1	1	3	51		10	2½	4	11½
H. M. Boardman	Ewe	1	2	3	1	2	3	75		16	13	5	8¼
Brons'n & Mar'nr	Ewe	3			11	20		87		16	15	6	9
Levi Noble	Ram	3			11	21		108		24	2	9	3

CERTIFICATE OF SCOURERS.

On 23d day of May, 1868, J. C. Short left at our factory five fleeces of wool to be cleansed separate and weighed.

	Weight when brought.	Weight after cleansing.
One fleece for J. C. Short	13 lbs.	4 lbs. 13½ oz.
One fleece for J. P. Ray	10 lbs. 4 oz.	4 lbs. 11½ oz.
One fleece for H. M. Boardman	16 lbs. 8 oz.	5 lbs. 8¼ oz.
One fleece for Brons'n & Marr'nr	16 lbs. 12 oz.	6 lbs. 9 oz.
One fleece for L. Noble	24 lbs.	9 lbs. 3 oz.

We certify the above to be correct, to the best of our knowledge and belief. N. W. MATHER & SONS.
Hemlock Lake, July 1st, 1868.

By a note from the Secretary, we learn that J. C. SHORT of Livonia was appointed by the Association to superintend the scouring.

The fleece of Mr. NOBLE'S ram is, we think, considerably the largest scoured Merino fleece on record. Under these circumstances, we have thought it would be more satisfactory to the public, as well as the owner of the ram, to have the scouring process more fully detailed than is done in the above certificate of Messrs. N. W. MATHER & SONS; and we have accordingly written to the Secretary, requesting him to obtain a more detailed certificate. Up to the time of this writing (July 17) we have not received his answer, but shall doubtless do so in time for our next issue.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SAMPLES AND WEIGHTS.—D. H. NORTON, Friendship, N. Y., sends samples from a ram and six ewes, all two years old—fleeces 13 mo. 20 days growth. Ram's fleece, 20¾ lbs.; ewes fleeces, 12¾ lbs.; 12½; 11½; 11; 10½; 10½. Flock of 51 averaged 9 lbs. 13½ ozs. Rams fleece about 3 in. long, not much inside yolk. Ewe's fleeces from 2 to 2¾ in. All of good quality.

We learn from LOAN J. BURGESS that at his public sheep shearing, North Hoosick, N. Y., May 7th, his ewe teg, Queen Irene, fifteen months and seven days old, produced a fleece of 21¼ lbs.,—carcass 76 lbs. Arcola, a ram teg, twin of preceding, shorn May 1st, produced 20¾ lbs.,—carcass 84 lbs. Cashier, three years old, fleece "less than one year's growth," 24 lbs. 12 oz.,—carcass 120 lbs. (His first fleece was 17 lbs. 14 oz., his second 23 lbs. 12 oz.) All these were got by Gold Mine out of Queen, cuts and pedigrees of both of which have been heretofore given in this paper. The samples of Queen Irene's wool forwarded measure 3¾ inches in length; Arcola's, 3 inches. The quality and style are good for such heavy fleeces. Irene and Arcola have been sold since shearing to S. W. JEWETT of California for $1,000.

MANAGEMENT OF WOOL IN AUSTRALIA.—The Gardeners' Chronicle comments on the inferiority of our management of wool, as compared with the treatment in Australia:—"Why is it that we are afraid to try a little warm water and a few chemicals in whitening the fleece, before we clip it? Last season, no fewer than 200,000 sheep on one station alone were cleansed by the process of Mr. B. Downing of Victoria; and wool thus treated took the prize at the exhibition held in honor of the Duke of Edinburgh. In an oblong-shaped wooden bath, of about 1,500 gallons content, is a quantity of liquid, composed of a strong lye taken from a boiler, and reduced by cold water to a temperature of 110. The lye is composed of 2 lbs. of soda and 1 lb. of soap to 100 gallons of water, more soap and less soda being used when there is little yolk in the wool. In this diluted warm bath, half a dozen sheep are made to swim for six minutes; then walked up an incline, and let stand to drip before being driven to a cold-water bath. This is a similar, but smaller wooden vat, and here the sheep are placed under a douche of cold water, pouring from a spout with a fall of seven feet, two men standing in the water and holding and turning each sheep under the pouring stream for about a couple of minutes. We are told that, in this way, the very dirtiest fleeces become in a few minutes as clean as they can be made, and that the vats of the size mentioned, with two spouts of water, are sufficient for washing 800 sheep in a day. Hot-water washing and spouting the skin are said to throw out more yolk, to kill most of the ticks, and to raise the value of the wool very materially indeed.

"Mr. John Falconer of Tarong, Queensland, purifies his sheep's coats as follows:—About 200 or more sheep are tightly jammed in an octagonal shed of 38 feet diameter, and their fleeces saturated with cold water from a jet attached to an India-rubber hose. They are then marched up a lane, of one hurdle breadth, to the hot-water tank—a wooden vat, about 11 feet square by 4 feet deep, with a 'dry box' in the middle, in which stand two men to wash the sheep with wooden crutches. Four sheep at a time are washed in the hot, soapy liquid for two minutes, then they walk out by an incline, and stand to drip for two minutes on a stage floored with galvanized iron. The vat is supplied by a tube from a smaller tank, in which the liquid is mixed; 20 lbs. of soap (not soft soap) and 20 lbs. of soda lasting for a day's work. The water is heated by passing through a series of 12 horizontal tubes, of 2-inch bore, connected together by bends or elbows, and set in a furnace level with the ground. Boiling water can be got in about ten minutes, and the proper temperature for the hot bath is 110° [?100°.] After dripping, the sheep are placed one at a time under a spout, having an opening of 24 inches by one-half an inch, with a head pressure of 8 or 9 feet. The sheep are finished under the three spouts, at the rate of 130 to 160 per hour, with six men to spout them. Three horses work the centrifugal pump, which supplies all the water. With a portable engine, boiler and pump at any flockmaster's command, with vats easily made, no scarcity of water, soap and soda cheap enough, and a good prospect of obtaining several shillings per tod extra for white wool, is it not worth somebody's while to try what a little warm water will do for clay-stained or gritty fleeces in this country?"

NEW DISEASE IN LAMBS.—The Gardeners' Chronicle records the appearance of a mysterious and fatal disease in lambs in one of the eastern counties of England:—"There is a large tract of fine alluvial land in one of our eastern counties, well drained, and lying under a dry climate, where sheep breeding has been followed for very many years. The ewes are tupped and lambed upon old pasture, and the lambs suckled—and to a large extent also weaned—upon old pasture, the proportion of clover or two years' seeds being very small. Undoubtedly, lambs were a better business there at one time than they seem to be now. The losses are often excessively heavy, and the flockmasters can scarcely believe some of the hill-countrymen, who boast their large falls of lambs, carried through a summer without any serious difficulty from the all-prevalent 'scouring.' Of late years ill-luck has visited particular neighborhoods, with what the shepherds, seeing it for the first time, suppose to be a new malady. Lambs at ten weeks to three months old begin to do badly; their fleeces look dry and 'penny,' and abound with ticks; they 'nab' or bite their wool; they suffer from obstinate diarrhœa; they die suddenly. In their stomachs are found large pellets of wool; in their small intestines are quantities of tape-worms. Last Monday, on a farm well known to us, a lamb died suddenly—so suddenly that it was found with its mouth full of fresh grass just as munched off the sward; the bowels were highly distended with gas; a large clot of wool had passed the first stomach, and the smaller intestines were full of tape worms. Last year the same farmer lost more than twenty, and a neighbor of his lost more than fifty lambs, affected in this way."

The Dairy Department.

BUTTER MAKING.

WHEN it is desirable to keep cream a few days, during warm weather, the application of a teaspoonful of salt to a gallon of cream is recommended. The salt may be placed in the crock first, or added after the first gallon is put in. As the quantity accumulates add salt and agitate the mass several times a day till ready for churning. Cream, treated in this way, will obviate the necessity of using much salt when the butter is made, if designed for immediate use. If it is to be kept any considerable time, an additional ounce or so to the pound, may not be amiss. The quantity, however, will depend somewhat on the faithfulness with which the buttermilk is washed out. In this, there is a marked deficiency in a large portion of the butter offered in the market. It is streaky and traversed by rivulets of brine making it repulsive to the sight as well as offensive to the palate. Work well and carefully, or go without the reputation of a good butter maker.

DAIRY ITEMS.

Salt for Cows.—Some persons contend that feeding salt to stock is not necessary to their health or comfort, consequently a useless expense. This conclusion is in opposition to the opinions of many eminent dairymen and stock growers, and ignored by the cattle themselves when salt is supplied them—especially during the season of green feed. Other animals, in the wild state, evince an appetite for salt, showing that it is a natural and not an acquired habit. It is believed that salting cattle occasionally during the summer months is beneficial to them, and we know it is grateful to their palates, by the regularity with which they will seek it at the stated places of feeding, and the avidity with which it is devoured.

The Daily Average of Cheese in a Dairy.—H. Murray, Aurora, Kane Co., Illinois, informs the Utica Herald, that during the week preceding the 15th of June, he experimented with the milk from his dairy stock for the purpose of determining how many pounds of milk it required to make a pound of cheese. Unexpectedly he found that 8¼ pounds of milk made a pound of cheese, as an average for a week. The Herald is of the opinion that a pound of cheese from 9¼ pounds of milk is doing very well if the cheese is made solid and firm by expelling any extra moisture from it. Examples from several factories are given, showing a somewhat higher rate than this.

Curing Rennets.—Orrin Johnson writes the New Hampshire Farmers' Record, about curing rennets. He says they ought never to be dried inside out. He adds:—"When taken from the calf put a handful of fine salt into it, lay it aside for a week or six months—they will not hurt—then stretch them on sticks, not turned inside out. When taken off the stick, see that both ends are tied or closed up tight. Keep a year's stock beforehand. I think one cured in this way worth two dried inside out.

Cheese Statistics.—B. W. Rugstead, Kenosha, Wisconsin, supplies the Telegraph of that place with the cheese factory statistics for Kenosha county. The number of cows supplying milk to the several factories in the county, last year, was 2,434, and the number of pounds of cheese made 1,032,321. The amount of cheese and butter made in the same county at private dairies is quite large, and is not included in the preceding figures.

What Four Cows Did.—J. W. CHASE, Bridgewater, informs the Utica Herald that four cows in one year supplied a family of three persons with milk and butter, and furnished for market besides cheese amounting to $280.40; butter, $222.78; calves, $29.31; total, $532.49. This season he milks three cows, whose daily yield of milk in the early part of June was 164 pounds.

The Milk Fever—Cold Water.—It is said that cows suffering from febrile attacks may often be relieved by dashing cold water freely over them. If the animal is in a state so critical as to render the chances of recovery by ordinary means doubtful, a resort to this assumed remedy can scarcely make matters worse, if it should fail of doing any good.

THE CHEESE MARKETS.

New York Cheese Market.—The demand for cheese in the New York city market was very active last week, and prices a shade higher, 15¾c. for occasional fancy lots. The receipts aggregated 40,000 boxes. Factories ranged from 13@16c.

Little Falls Cheese Market.—The Utica Herald gives a summary of cheese sales at Little Falls and vicinity, up to July 13th. These comprised the products of some thirty factories at an average of about 14½c the highest being 15 cents. The general aggregate, which must have been quite large, is not given. One factory sold for the week ending July 7th, two sales, 10,885 pounds.

The Foreign Market.—The Herald has advices from London and Liverpool to June 27th. It says:—"In Liverpool sales are reported steady during the week, at 45@52s. for medium to fine old factories, and 48@56s. for good to finest new-make. Imports for the week, 4,641 boxes.

Our London correspondents say that all the fine old cheese being closed off the market, the best description of new are in good request at advanced quotations, say 56@60s. for best, and 48@54s. for good. Another London correspondent gives us the following quotations:—English, Cheddar, 66@80s.; New Wiltshire, double, 46@62s.; Cheshire, 40@76s.; American, extra fine, 56@64s.; good, 50@54s.; secondary, 44@48s.; new, 52@58s. Edams, 40@48s.; 'Goudas,' 30@40s.; Derby shape, 40@44s."

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Oat Meal as Food.

A COMMUNICATION recently appeared in the Syracuse Journal recommending oat meal as one of the prominent articles of food, especially for children. "If," says the writer, "mothers would have their children grow up clear-eyed and comely, with frames of bone and not of cartilage, with transparent complexions instead of muddy ones, with full and well-rounded limbs instead of thin and scrawny ones, do not *always* set before them bread of fine flour and highly-seasoned meats, but give them four or five times a week a breakfast of oat meal mush. Do you say they don't like it? Perhaps you don't know how to prepare it properly. The Scotch method of preparing oat meal (or rather one of the methods,) is to make a *very thin* mush, a little thicker than gruel, and well salted. The water should be salted when the meal is stirred in, and the boiling should continue three to five minutes (not more) after the thickening is finished. This, eaten with sugar and milk, with milk alone, or with syrup, is highly palatable, and is generally liked by children whose tastes are not vitiated by indulgence. Often bannocks are made by mixing the meal with water and a little salt, and baking in little patty-pans about twenty minutes, or they may be baked on a griddle."

Society of the Agriculturists of France.

THIS Society held its first meeting at Salle Herz on the 12th of May. Four departments were represented by eight hundred and sixty-seven delegates, M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS presiding. The proceedings were published in the Journal D' Agriculture Practique, Paris, and translated for the Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis, Mo. This Society owes its existence mainly to the efforts of M. LECONTEUX, to whom a vote of thanks was tendered. In his response to the compliment paid to him, he said for the first time in seventeen years a grand Agricultural Association was represented in Paris, the result of individual exertion, to which industrial pursuits must chiefly look for successful progress. The Society aimed to bring together farmers, men of learning, economists, legislators, writers, and, indeed, all who hope to bring about a state of things to which French Agriculture aspires to arrive. The meeting appears to have been one of great interest and much promise for the future.

The Cotton Worm.

P. R. S., Columbia, La., writes the Dixie Farmer about the cotton worm, and the probable cause of its rapid multiplication of late years. This he suggests results from the modern system of threshing the cotton stalks instead of burning them, as was the old practice. In proof of this, he says that if the cotton stalks, where the ravages of the cotton worm prevail, are examined, they will be found punctured in many places, as though a small shot had been thrown into them. In the stalk, near this wound, will be found a maggot or egg imbedded in the pith. This is considered the larva of the fly, which would be measurably destroyed if the old plan of burning were adopted. The suggestion is worthy of consideration.

How Things Look in Ohio.

WE learn from the Ohio Farmer that its editor recently took an angular run across that State from Cleveland to Cincinnati, and a similar one in another direction on his return. He adds:—"This afforded a good view of the State from corner to corner, and from what we saw we should say there is a healthy condition of the agricultural affairs in Ohio." The corn crop in the Muskingum is of high promise, but in some other sections the prospect is less flattering. But, taken as a whole, the prospect is quite satisfactory.

Canada Thistles.—When to Cut.

THE New York Agricultural Society has received a communication from JOHN FURGESON of Caldwell, giving his experience in fighting Canada thistles. He ascertained that cutting them, as he did, August 17th, 18th, 20th and 24th, was sure to kill them. He cleared his farm entirely by pursuing this course of cutting. There is a general concurrence in the opinion that August is the right time to mow thistles for the purpose of killing them.

Rural Notes and Items.

STILL HOT AND DRY.—The past week has been a continuation of the heated term, making the third successive one of intensely warm weather. So many hot days in succession have not been witnessed here in the last twenty years. It has been an excellent time for cutting hay and for harvesting wheat, which is now being prosecuted with great vigor. A few more days of dry weather will see the wheat harvest over and the crops secured in admirable order. Corn stands the drouth better than most crops, and is advancing rapidly. It is now fully up with the season, though planting was later by two weeks than is ordinarily the case in this section. Pastures are parching badly, and the consequence is a considerable decrease in dairy products. Potatoes, too, require rain, as do the wells and cisterns; but there are no signs that the dry term is near its ending. The heavens are brazen and the air siroccoish.

—Our reports from other sections concerning the crops and harvest are generally favorable.

THE PERCHERON HORSE.—The above is the title of a 12mo. work of a hundred pages, written by CHARLES DU HUYS, a distinguished French author, and published in English by ORANGE JUDD & Co. The Percheron horse is one of the best in the world for draft, and he also possesses an attractive style, free action and considerable speed. He takes his name from the Department of Perche, in the interior of France, where the breed originated, and has been carefully improved and kept pure for centuries. Our author believes the Percheron sprung from Arabian ancestry, introduced by the hosts of the Saracen chief, ABDERAME, who was defeated by CHARLES MARTEL, on the plains of Vouille, where more than 300,000 infidels were slaughtered, and the progress of Saracen conquest in Europe checked forever. The horses they rode were from the East, and as spoils of the combat many were assigned to the men of La Perche, and became the progenitors of the present famous race. The original type has been modified by mixture with neighboring races, by climate, soil, the temper of the people, and continual efforts made to mould the breed to meet their requirements. The present Percheron is generally from 14 to 16 hands high, and his original color is gray; skin fine; mane silky and abundant; eye large and expressive; ear fine; neck rather short and well filled out; forehead broad; nostrils open and dilated; shoulder pretty long and sloping; body well rounded, and foot rather flat, but excellent. The book is embellished with fine portraits of animals of the Percheron breed, owned by W. T. WALTERS of Baltimore.

GAPES IN CHICKENS—RECIPE.—In the RURAL of April 25th we published an article entitled "Hints to Poultrerers," in which our correspondent, LOMAS, gave a receipt for curing gapes in chickens. Subsequently, June 21st, we received a communication from H. S., Auburn, denouncing the prescription as fatal to a brood of chickens to which it was administered. This was enclosed to the author of the recipe, who returned it with the following reply:

ALBANY, July 12, 1868.

EDITORS RURAL:—My only object in writing "Hints to Poultrerers" was to diffuse the experience of many years among poultry, thereby desirous of doing good to my fellow-poultrerers. I have been a very large loser by the disease known as gapes. Experiments resulted in the "well tried recipe," which, having been used in my yard and all neighboring yards, has never failed in a single instance in seven years. I have reared several thousands of chicks, which passed this ordeal with only the best results. I declare the mixture *harmless* in its largest use; and think if any harm has come from baptism it must have been from materials other than those named in the recipe. Desirous of your continued good confidence, I remain, LOMAS.

CORN IN KANSAS.—The Kansas Farmer says that roasting ears were in order at Fort Scott on the 25th of June—an exceptional case—but adds that the corn prospect was never better, and predicts that the price there this autumn and winter will not go above twenty cents per bushel. Immigrants are invited to go in for farms there, as they will be sure to have the advantage of cheap food to commence with. Wheat is put down prospectively at $1 to $1.50 per bushel, according to locality.

CANADA THISTLES.—The Illinois Legislature has passed a law providing that any person bringing into the State seed of the Canada thistle, in the packing of goods, grain or grass seeds, or otherwise, and permitting the same to be disseminated and vegetate, shall be liable to a fine of $400; and any person allowing this thistle to mature and disseminate its seed upon his lands shall be subject to a penalty of $75.

SUBSTANTIAL RECOGNITION OF SERVICES.—An appropriation of $2,000 was made at the last session of the N. Y. Legislature for the benefit of the heirs of the Rev. CHAUNCEY GOODRICH, the producer of the Goodrich seedling potatoes. The heirs of JETHRO WOOD, the inventor of the cast iron plow, have received an appropriation from the Legislature of $2,000, in consideration of the services of their father.

WHEAT RAISING IN GEORGIA.—An association of gentlemen, Milledgeville, Ga., offered a prize of a silver pitcher to the one who should raise the greatest number of bushels of wheat to the acre. Eight persons competed, with the following result:—43¾, 43½, 40¼, 39, 36, 27, 21, 20¼ bushels. All the lots were affected some by rust, hence the yield, as a whole, must be regarded as quite noteworthy for that section of the country.

A DITCHING MACHINE CHALLENGE.—It will be seen by reference to our Special Notice column that the Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine Co. offer to test the speed and capacity of their ditcher, in competition with another, in the vicinity of Rochester. If the challenge is accepted we will announce the time and place of trial, and also note and report the result.

HOG CHOLERA—LOSSES.—It is estimated in the report of the Department of Agriculture that the annual average loss to the farmers of the United States by the hog cholera is not less than $15,000,000—a loss greater than results from all other diseases which afflict farm stock. Calls for a remedy for this disease have frequently been made, but hitherto without avail.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE sugar crop of Louisiana the present year is expected to be about 100,000 hogsheads.

A CORD of highly concentrated manure will fertilize an acre of ground if evenly spread over it.

COMMENCE work early in the morning in summer, and thus earn the right to a good long noonling.

A GOOD dog is often a pleasant companion, but during dog days rather an unsafe one without a muzzle.

SEE to it that your stock, especially the dairy portion, do not suffer and pine because of a lack of water.

Do not make your cows hurry to and from the pasture. It lessens the quantity and affects the quality of milk.

Do not kick even a hog when he does not deserve it. Beasts are affected by ill treatment as well as the "genus homo."

WHEN cows are sick with the milk fever give them laudanum freely—an ounce or more, according to circumstances.

IT is ascertained by weighing hay into the mow in July and out in February that the shrinkage amounts to about 28 per cent.

THE cheapest food, as well as the most invigorating, for family consumption, is pork and beans—we mean at the old prices.

IN stacking hay and grain, mind and keep the center considerably higher than the circumference. The pressure is central.

IF you want early turnips, sow the seed now or as soon as possible after a shower. A small patch will do. For winter use sow later.

THE present hot weather is splendid for hay making. Be sure and not dry the grass too much, and thus evaporate the best portion of it.

YOU that have Canada thistles on your premises prepare to kill them now—by mowing. Do the same next year and the worst will be over.

WHEN you have done tilling your corn and find vacant spaces in the rows, sow them to turnips. If some of the seed falls between the rows, no matter.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE STRAWBERRY TRADE IN NEW YORK CITY.

First Arrivals—From Charleston—From Norfolk and Baltimore—Prices—Heavy Arrivals—Packages—Ventilated Packages vs. Tight Chests.

THE first indications of this year's crop were very favorable; the plants looking very healthy and flourishing, and the blossoms very abundant; but owing to the constant heavy rains, the fruit was not so plenty, or of as good quality, as anticipated in New Jersey. The Delaware crop proved to be better; also that of Norfolk, Va.

The first berries were received May 11th. A small lot from Charleston, S. C., sold for $1.25, and another from Norfolk, Va., for $2.50 per quart. Both lots were about the same quality, but the first was sold by the Purser of the ship that brought them, who knew nothing about the value of the berries, and the second was sold by a fruit dealer. The next steamer brought quite a large quantity, and they sold from $1.00 to $1.50 per quart. The next arrival sold from 50 to 75 cents per quart. The next was still more plenty, and they sold from 30 to 40 cents per quart. From this date Norfolk berries sold down to 20 cents per quart. On June 3d the Norfolk steamer, with a large cargo, arrived very late; in fact after the Baltimore berries had arrived, causing a great variation in prices, the Baltimore fruit selling for 30 cents, and the Norfolk from 30 to 12 cents for those not in prime condition; the wagoners dealing in them largely for the first time. This was also the case on June 4th, when the Baltimore fruit, arriving first, led off for the same prices, and the Delaware fruit coming in also, that sold from 30 to 40 cents per quart. The Norfolk line per cars failing to make a connection at West Philadelphia with the regular line, was compelled to lay off, and did not arrive until afternoon, when the fruit, being in bad order, sold mostly to the wagoners at very low prices. A few berries from New Jersey in one-fourth baskets now arrived, and sold for 13 cents per basket.

June 9th was one of those remarkably trying days to dealers. The berries came in such quantities that there seemed to be no end to the arrivals, and to add to their trouble, the Southern trains were behind time, and the city dealers had purchased their stock and gone home, leaving the dealers to the tender mercies of the shippers and peddlers; the former paying 25 cents per quart for hard fruit, and the latter 10 to 15 cents for the soft.

June 11th was very stormy, and large quantities arriving, good Jersey berries sold from 20 to 25 cents per quart, and the small baskets 6 to 7 cents. Prime Delawares brought 25 cents for an Eastern market. Saturday, June 15th, the market became more brisk, and berries sold lively. The morning being dull, the dealers feared the market would fail before all the stock could be disposed of, but their fears were not well grounded, as it all sold at fair prices, and in the afternoon there was quite a demand for choice fruit, but there was none to be had.

On Sunday morning, June 16th, the fruit arriving from Delaware was delivered on the stands. The dealers cared for it, and did all they could to preserve it, but in vain, for on Monday most of it was ruined, and it was sold at any price that the dealers were offered; many crates of 32 quarts capacity being sold for $1.00. On the following Tuesday we had the largest arrivals of berries ever known in our market. Norfolk and Delaware made their last mighty effort. The State of New Jersey trembled under the mighty load of cars that brought in her portion, and yet, good hard fruit sold from 12 to 15 cents per quart, and the common and damaged fruit sold to the wagoners for about 8 cents per quart. To help depress the trade, about noon a heavy shower came up, which stopped all sales, and a large amount of fruit was kept over to be given to the wagoners in the morning. The next morning still being cloudy, the dealers eased up in prices, but on the sun making its appearance about 10 o'clock, trade sprang up, and fruit sold well, leaving a good demand for shipping. Thursday and Friday the demand was good, and fruit sold well. Friday is the day that the shippers buy the heaviest, and on Saturday, the arrivals being very heavy, and there being no demand from shippers, the whole amount must be sold for home consumption. At 3 o'clock A. M. fruit sold readily at 18 cents per quart, and from 10 to 12 cents per pint, the Jersey one-fourth baskets from 4 to 5 cents, and at 8 A. M. prices had fallen full 50 per cent.

The week beginning June 22d was very dull and prices low. Most of the fruit that arrived was in such miserable condition that it was not fit to eat; even good fruit would not bring over 12 cents per quart, and common from 8 to 10 cents; baskets from 2 to 3 cents, giving no satisfaction to either dealers or growers; and this state of the market continued until the close of the season for ordinary fruit. There were some fine varieties received from particular sections which sold for much higher prices, but on the whole, I think it may be considered that the strawberry crop this season in New Jersey has not given satisfaction to either growers or dealers. During the last week of the trade all demand from the Eastern cities ceased, as their own crop ripened, and Connecticut sent us some very fine fruit.

In the way of packages, Beecher's baskets stand pre-eminently ahead of all others; and such has been the demand for them, that they could not be procured in time for the crops. Thousands have been disappointed, and were obliged to procure such stock as they could. The owner of Cook's patent has made one similar in size and shape to the Beecher, with the tin band. They are fine looking and substantial baskets, but cost $10.00 per thousand more than Beecher's, and he is such a slow coach that very few of them could be procured, as he had them all to make after the season commenced, and the half-pints were not made until after the close of the season.

The American basket has given good satisfaction this season, particularly when packed in their own style of crates. When sent in tight chests they are no better than any others. They are making a third-quart basket that is very neat, and well adapted for marketing raspberries. These are the leading baskets in our market, and about the only ones worth having, as the shippers to the Eastern markets refuse to buy any of the tight chests, or gift box arrangements. The gift boxes are a nuisance in our market. The owners of the patents claim that the dealers can afford to sell them at 5 per cent. on account of not having to return them, when the fact is, that no first class dealer wishes to sell them at all, and some refuse to sell for any grower who uses them, as they carry the fruit so badly that the dealers cannot get as much for it by 5 cents per quart at the least, and often 10 cents, as they can for the other kind of baskets. This dissatisfies the dealers as well as the growers.

The Jersey growers in the neighborhood of Burlington still adhere to the tight chests; they are very much *set in their ways*, as the old lady said. Well, if they can stand the loss I guess the dealers can. I will venture this assertion in regard to these tight chests and gift boxes, and challenge any grower to prove to the contrary, that there has been more money lost on the berries sent in them, than would buy enough good packages for the same parties to send all of their fruit to market for the next three years. I know if they would come and see for themselves they would reject them immediately, but they think they cannot leave. They are too busy. They had better lose one day than so much money. One of my New Jersey customers who was using these tight packages came in to see for himself, as I had written to him that his fruit was all spoiled. His fruit being sold, I directed him to those parties who were dealing largely in his style of boxes and off he went. In about an hour he returned. I inquired what he thought of tight packages by this time. "Think!" said he, "why, CHARLES, I will never send another quart of berries to this market again; I will go right home and sell every one that I have. I thought thee was rather severe on them, but I found some of the dealers were worse than thee. One dealer swore right out at me, and said we were a set of —— fools down in Jersey to use such a box."

I will give you a sample of the difference in sales between tight chests from Norfolk and the Beecher or American baskets. On the steamer that arrived on the morning of May 28th, one grower sent 23 crates, each containing 60 quarts, which averaged 10 cents per quart. Another 30 chests, which averaged 25 cents per quart; and those who sent in the Beecher or American baskets received from 35 to 40 cents per quart. Now let us count the loss on the first lot of berries. The 23 crates contained 1380 quarts; at 35 cents it would amount to $483.00; at 10 cents per quart, to $138.00; nett loss, $345.00. At 40 cents per quart the loss would have been $414.00. This ought to be enough to convince any reasonable man, but I presume the same man will send his tight chests again next season, hoping he may be more fortunate, and feeling so poor that he cannot afford to buy any new packages. NOW AND THEN.

New York City, July 14, 1868.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Horticultural Questions.—A correspondent writing us from Holmes Co., Miss., asks the following questions, which we place before our readers for the purpose of eliciting experience:

We have the promise of the most abundant crop of forest grapes in this section I have ever seen; almost every tree and hedge and bush being covered with vines, from which are thickly pendant countless clusters of young grapes. These are what the people have been styling, here, Summer and Winter or Fox Grapes and Muscadines. Some of the summer grapes grow to the size of an ordinary cherry, and are very sweet. The Muscadines ripen in September, and are as large as the Scuppernong grape, being tough and hard, but of delicious sweetness. All of these grapes comprise several distinct varieties, but undistinguished here by any names, so far as I know. Can you tell me if any of these grapes will make a tolerable wine, and without sugar? and also refer me to the most feasible modes for its domestic manufacture? These will not do for raisins, will they? I observe dried plums quoted in your fruit price current; can you tell me the mode of drying them for market? as also of blackberries. How How long will the latter keep thus preserved? and is that form as profitable and readily salable as the canning of them? I will have a great abundance of apples and peaches, but with no market facilities in their fresh state. Will it pay me to dry these for Northern markets? and what are the most approved processes of drying them? I have also a great abundance of figs. Can you tell me how they are best preserved for market? Has the Southern fig ever been dried and boxed for market as the Smyrna fig? If so, where could I get the boxes? Would pears and nectarines pay transportation from here to Northern markets? What are the best varieties of grape for cultivation in this latitude? Is it best to grow the corn field pea alone or with the corn? In the latter way, how do your farmers gather and shell them? Which is the best variety for market? How do they compare for profit with the bean? What are the best kinds of the latter? PELZHOLDT'S theory, which I believe is LIEBIG'S also, makes all the fertilizing properties of organic matters lie in their ashes, and contends that no crop raised on a soil can restore to it more than it has taken from it. Has this been established? And if it be true, what's the use of sowing fallow crops, or of turning under green manures? And why may not all manures be dried and burned unless they be dissolved, whenever that process be more convenient, or of more perfect application to the soils?"

The Currant Worm.—This worm is pronounced by the Germantown Telegraph to be quite a harmless parasite, which lives and thrives despite of all the "remedies" propounded for its especial benefit. That paper very confidently adds:—"It lives and thrives with joy, notwithstanding soap-water, tar-water, and any other kind of abominable mixture that can be thought of. But we would like to ask in all seriousness, Is this worm really damaging to the currant crop? We have cultivated currants for thirty years with the greatest success; the worm has always been undisturbed, and it has struck us that the thinning out of the wood by it was just about enough, certainly not more, than was desired. Hence we pay no attention to the currant worm, and will not so long as it behaves itself."

Insect Ravages.—E. R. WYTHE, Vigo county (Ind.) writes the Northwestern Farmer thus:—"A most useful and simple method of preventing the ravages of insects upon plants and trees has come under my observation. It seems that most of the insects that infest plants have a horror of vinegar, and this is the substance to be employed. The mixture to be used consists of one part of French vinegar to nine parts of water. I have used good apple vinegar, and find it effectual to insects on flowers which were badly effected. It is to be applied by means of a garden syringe or a watering pot with a fine nose." The same article says that the result of last year's experiments were that the fruit trees sprinkled with the vinegar solution bore fruit abundantly, while those not so treated produced scarcely any.

Ants about Trees.—Rev. W. P. SMITH, M. D., of Fayetteville, Texas, communicates the following successful mode of dealing with ants at the roots of fruit trees, which are very troublesome and destructive, particularly in warm climates:—"I was raising some tobacco, and operated with the green leaves in the following manner: I removed the earth from around the trees or vines as much as I could without injuring the roots; then I put a handful of tobacco leaves around the tree, or vine, where the ants worked, covered them nicely with the earth, and pressed it well. In a few cases I had to repeat the dose, but I have tried it often, with uniform success in driving off the ants and saving the tree or vine."

THE LATE DR. JOHN LINDLEY.

As an appropriate illustration for our Horticultural page, we present a portrait of the late Dr. JOHN LINDLEY, who was born at Catton, near Norwich, England, February, 1799, and died in London in November, 1865, at the age of sixty-six years. He commenced the study of Botany at quite an early age, while engaged in the extensive nursery garden of his father, and pursued it with the ardor of a first love, during his life. His first considerable effort, in the line of his favorite pursuit, was the translation, from the French, of RICHARD'S *Analyse du Fruit*, which was followed by some papers furnished to the Transactions of the Linnean Society. He was next engaged in London assisting in bringing out the Encyclopedia of Plants. In 1832, he published his "Introduction to Systematic and Physiological Botany," but his greatest work was entitled the "Vegetable Kingdom," giving a comprehensive view of the structure and uses of all the plants then known to the science of Botany. For more than a quarter of a century he filled the Botanical Chair at University College, and, in 1860, was appointed Examiner in the University of London. He was the author of several other botanical works, as also of one of high reputation entitled "*Pomologia Britannica*." He was, for a long series of years, connected with the Gardeners' Chronicle, his contributions to which greatly enhanced his reputation as a Horticulturist, and gave wider fame to that standard journal. He lectured frequently on his favorite themes in London and other places, and was deservedly ranked among the ablest of those who have made the science, to which most of his labors were devoted, their peculiar study.

The Cuttings of Vines for Manure.—The California Farmer says:—"Some two years since we spoke of a system practiced by some scientific growers, of enriching their vineyards by cutting into fine bits the spring prunings, and plowing in the same, thus returning the needed material for manuring the vine. We have seen this experiment carefully and successfully tried, and have seen its good results, which is the keeping the soil light and porous, and giving to the vineyard a wholesome look and a heavy crop. We hope those vine growers that have been in the habit of burning up their grape wood, or carting it off, will hereafter chop up the wood finely and plow it in deeply, and they will find their vineyards very greatly benefited thereby."

Tree Invigorators.—Tree invigorators are among the patented articles offered to the acceptance of Horticulturists. A box of one of these was sent by the editor of the Northwestern Farmer to a friend and prominent fruit grower, with a request that he would test its claims to public favor. The reply was made that no test had been made nor would be by him, as he already had an invigorator which was entirely satisfactory. This was simply soap suds. We have great faith in the effectiveness of this application. It has this advantage, also, in not laboring under the drag of an exclusive right to sell and apply, besides being cheap and of easy application.

Plum Curculio.—J. F. BROWNE writes the Canada Farmer that he has tested several reputed remedies for the destruction of the curculio, and found them of no use. Binding rags saturated with oil around the trees was unavailing, and so were sulphuric acid and chloride of lime, but concedes that hellebore will wipe out the gooseberry caterpillar. The plum curculio must be caught and killed else he will elude the traps set for him and keep on with his depredations.

Alton (Ill.) Horticultural Society.—This society held a meeting on the second of July at the residence of D. Stewart, near Monticello. Some two hundred persons of both sexes were in attendance, and the day was passed in an agreeable manner. The Cicada or Locust was discussed and its habits remarked upon, but no satisfactory proof adduced that its sting is poisonously fatal. Fruits were discussed orally and by tasting—the whole winding up with an excellent repast.

Pasturing Peach Orchards.—It is the opinion of the more successful peach growers of the West that keeping swine and fowls in the peach and other orchards tends to preserve them from the depredations of the curculio and coddling moth. Mr. JOHNSON, near Alton, has practiced such pasturing for some time, and has had good returns of fruit, while his neighbors who omitted this precaution have little or none.

Strawberry Beds.—The Germantown Telegraph says:—"In planting new strawberry beds, it is much better to delay the planting until September than to use small or feeble plants. Strong, vigorous plants will soon catch up to and pass the weaker ones, and give a fuller crop the following season. This should be remembered.

Grapes.—Summer Pruning.—The editor of the Attica Atlas says:—"The mad theory of stripping off leaves to hurry the ripening of grapes, has had its day. The confessed result is inferior fruit and later ripening." He is of the opinion, too, that the pinching back process has been carried to excess, resulting in blight, mildew and weak plants.

Davison's Thornless Raspberry.—We are indebted to Mr. O. WEEKS, West Webster, N. Y., for a box of the above variety on the fruit stems with samples of cane. The fruit compares well in flavor, productiveness and size with the well known Doolittle, and there is but slight appearance of thorns.

AN INSECT POWDER.

A WELL-KNOWN German traveler, F. JAGER, in his "Sketches of Travel in Singapore, Malacca, Java," (Berlin, 1866,) describes the powder of the *Pyrethrum roseum* as a specific against all noxious insects, including the troublesome musquitoes and those which attack collections. He says:—"A tincture prepared by macerating one part of the *Pyrethrum roseum* in four parts of dilute alcohol, and, when diluted with ten times its bulk of water, applied to any part of the body, gives perfect security against all vermin. I often passed the night in my boat on the ill-reputed rivers of Siam without any other cover, even without the netting, and experienced not the slightest inconvenience. The 'buzzing,' at other times so great a disturber of sleep, becomes a harmless tune, and, in the feeling of security, a real cradle song. In the chase, moistening the beard and hands, protects the hunter against flies for at least twelve hours, even in spite of the largely increased transpiration due to the climate. Especially interesting is its action on that plague of all tropical countries, the countless ants. Before the windows and surrounding the whole house where I lived at Albay, on Luzon, was fastened a board six inches in width, on which long caravans of ants were constantly moving in all directions, making it appear an almost uniformly black surface. A track of the powder, several inches in width, strewed across the board, or some tincture sprinkled over it, proved an unsurmountable barrier to these processions. The first who halted before it were pushed on by the crowds behind them; but, immediately on passing over, showed symptoms of narcosis, and died in a minute or two, and within a short time the rest left the house altogether."

ORNAMENTAL FRUIT PLANTATIONS.

THE following paper was read by W. C. FLAGG, at a recent meeting of the Alton, Ill., Horticultural Society. It is a subject worthy of attention.

One of the subjects that commends itself to the practical horticulturist who finds it necessary to make the beautiful subserve to the good, is the arrangement of his orchards and other fruit plantations so as to at once please the eye and at the same time admit of facility of cultivation and the proper production of fruits.

Upon this topic I beg leave to submit a few extracts from a letter of Mr. SAUNDERS, of the Experimental Gardens at Washington. "I have long endeavored," he says, "to show how fruit trees may be arranged to take the place of purely ornamental trees in pleasure grounds. I regret that just at present my daily duties prevent me from entering upon the details of this matter; but I have rapidly dotted a mode on the inclosed sheet which indicates such an arrangement as I would adopt. That is grouping the trees, making the outline of the groups irregular, while the trees may be placed in a formal manner in the interior of such groups. Each group may contain a certain class, or variety of class. Occupying the center of such groups, upright growing kinds, such as the Buffum, among pears. The Lady apple, among apples, may be planted in the extreme outlines, set with pendant varieties. Avenues (straight) planted with the cherries, will be suitable. Dwarf apples and pears will make a fine effective outline, surrounding the larger trees. For shrubbery, currants and gooseberries will answer. Raspberries should be placed in an arrangement by themselves. These and strawberries cannot be made to produce much effect in landscape. Many of the fruit trees are of beautiful habit of growth, as fine as any other deciduous trees, but the mode of planting an orchard would make any tree look commonplace. An acre of Norway spruce or sugar maple planted 25 feet apart would look as formal as any apple orchard." Mr. SAUNDERS, in the plan alluded to, places winter apples in one group, summer apples in another, winter pears in a third, etc.

This idea of Mr. SAUNDERS followed out will afford an interesting study for our fruit growers, and can be used to produce a profitable ornamentation. Many varieties of greater or less value suggest themselves as aids in so doing. Thus among apples we have the Lady Benoni and other fastigiate forms suitable for planting the inner lanes of a farm or even the public highways, after the German custom. We have such beautiful masses of foliage as are presented by the Siberian crab in its varieties. The Early Strawberry, Northern Spy and Red Astracan, are suggested as apple trees of good shape, as well as the Tyson, Onondaga and Pinneo pears, and the Black Tartarian, Belle de Choisey and Coe's Transparent cherries. The Domini, Carolina Red June, Summer Queen and other sorts suggest themselves as having value in their several ways for ornamental purposes.

In the interior arrangement of orchards, planting on the corners of equilateral triangles affords probably the greatest variety to the eye, with the greatest regularity for cultivation. Irregularity of outline favors the desirable practice, in grounds of uneven surface, of planting on the top of ridges or hills, and avoiding the lower slopes and hollows, and leaving them for other purposes of cultivation, in which the necessity of avoiding cold air, frosts, etc., is less essential.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

To make root beer, take a quantity of sarsaparilla roots and sassafras bark and some hops, and boil till the strength is extracted. To three gallons of the liquor, after it is strained, add one quart of molasses and a cup of yeast. After standing in a warm place eight or ten hours, strain again and bottle. It will be fit for use the following day.

For ginger beer, take one pint of molasses and two spoonfuls of ginger, put into a pail to be half filled with boiling water; when well stirred together, fill the pail with cold water, leaving room for one pint of yeast, which must not be put in till luke-warm. Place it on the warm hearth for the night, and bottle it in the morning.

For spruce beer, take three pounds of sugar, four gallons of water, one ounce of ginger, a little lemon peel, or essence of lemon, and a little essence of spruce to give it a flavor. Stir all together, warm it a trifle; add a cupful of good yeast. When fermented, bottle up close.

Mead is made by dissolving one part of honey in three of boiling water, flavoring it with spices, and adding a portion of ground malt, and a piece of toast steeped in yeast, allowing the whole to ferment.

TO FRESHEN SALT FISH.—Many persons who are in the habit of freshening mackerel, or other salt fish, never dream that there is a right and wrong way to do it. Any person who has seen the process of evaporating going on at the salt works, knows that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the pan where your mackerel or white fish lies soaking; and, as it lies with the skin side down, the salt will fall to the skin, and there remain; when if placed with the flesh side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the pan, and the fish comes out freshened as it should be. In the other case it is nearly as salt as when put in.

PRESERVING TOMATOES FOR WINTER USE.—Ripe sound tomatoes, cut and stewed until they can be put through a cullender to take the skins off; then, in a boiling state, put them in dry hot bottles or jars, which may be prepared by setting them in hot water and gradually increasing the heat till the water boils. Fill the bottles and let them boil a few minutes, cork and seal while hot, cutting the cork even with the top of the bottle; keep them in a dry cool place. For sealing-wax, take two parts of rosin, one of beeswax, and one of shellac, melted together.

FRIED LIVER AND BACON.—Cut the liver rather thin, say about half an inch thick, but first soak it in warm water about one hour; chop a quantity of parsley, season it with pepper, and lay thick upon the liver; cut slices of bacon and fry both together, but put the bacon first into the pan; add a little lemon pickle to the gravy made by pouring the fat out of the pan, flouring and adding boiling water.

HOME-MADE VINEGAR.—We tasted some vinegar made by a lady acquaintance. She took the parings and cores of apples, poured on boiling water, with a little molasses and yeast, all put into a large stone jar and kept where it will be moderately warm. In three weeks it will form good, sharp vinegar.

PRESERVED PINE APPLE.—A pound of sugar to a pound of pine apple; put the slices in water and boil a quarter of an hour; then remove them and add the sugar to the water; put in the apple and boil fifteen minutes. Boil the sirup till thick.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FARMERS' AND GRAIN DEALERS' FRIEND.—THE NEW BAG HOLDER, Patented March 12, 1867, is the only one which receives the unlimited approbation of the farmers. It is made of wood; easily folded to put away or for transportation, and when folded occupies no room, as it can be hung up on a nail out of the way. It is not liable to get out of order, and in case any accident should befall it the farmer can easily repair it without taking it to a blacksmith or machine shop. It is so simple that all who see it wonder the idea was never thought of before. In the few places in the West where they have been introduced they are purchased by every farmer who sees them.

Bag Holder in Use.

We are aware that there are other bag holders, but there has never been one worth one cent for the farmer's use until this one. It does the work of two boys in holding a bag open, and is easily adjustable to any size or length of bag or sack. No one knows the real practical value of this invention until they use it. To be sure many have boys to hold bags, but, when having an article that will hold a bag better than two boys or men can do it, they can readily find other work for the boys somewhere else. One man will put up more grain in the same length of time with this machine than two men with boys can do the same without it, saying nothing about tying the bag, provided the grain is measured in a half-bushel measure. It can be set up out doors by the side of the threshing machine, or in the orchard or potatoe field. When a farmer can put up a load of grain while his boy is harnessing the team, and do it quicker than with the boy, then, of course, we must all admit the great value of this Bag Holder, which the farming community have long been desiring.

These Bag Holders will more than pay for themselves in one harvesting. The undersigned are prepared to fill all orders for the same at wholesale or retail. Retail price, $5.

☞ Town or County rights for sale in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, or Michigan. BENNETT, JOHNSON & CO.,
966-4t No. 412 Broadway, New York.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUSAND, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO.,
Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 965-eotf

Ladies' Department.

KISSING HER FEMALE COUSIN.

BY ALDRICH.

Your coming in last night, my lady love,
  Was somewhat sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbon of her rigolette:
  She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
  Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
  Drive frightened clouds across the darkening skies;
I like the sea, and when it's easily had,
A pretty woman—very, very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
  (You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are,)
With which you donned your Thibet opera cloak,
  And clasped it with a diamond like a star,
'Twas charming in my mistress—but, my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
  I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes or loose hurricanes,
  Or comets plunging in celestial seas?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give me a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
  Brood in your eyes, with every nod, and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
  Your March and April; now be June again,
And let your fine cut eyebrows' silken span
Be bows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
  (You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands, that I may say, "Good Bess,
  The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart, and mind, and face,
Teach me to love ALL women—as a race!

So, when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
  I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
  But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

AN AMAZONIAN ARMY.

SINGLE and solitary instances of woman's prowess at the head of armies, have been known, and shine out brilliantly in the world's history. JOAN D'ARC was an epic poem of the feminine gender,—an embodiment of magnificent heroism and sublime faith. But while there is something grandly beautiful in the picture of woman as a leader, actuated by the impulse of a holy and righteous principle, we fail to appreciate the beauty and grandeur of that other picture, showing her at work in the trenches, a mere private in the ranks.

The latter picture is seldom seen. For the first time on this Continent it is now attracting attention, in South America. A war which has taxed every resource of the country for several years, is still maintained by Paraguay against Brazil and some minor powers. To aid in its prosecution the Paraguayan women have been called upon, and their labors have long-time been of the utmost importance. The sacrifices of mothers and sisters during our late war were truly great, and are entitled to honorable mention and a grateful memory always. But what were they, RURAL reader, to those of your South American sisters?

We are told that, for years past, a large part of the heavy work attendant on camp life has been performed in Paraguay by the women. Even in the trenches around Humaita the weak arm of woman has shoveled out the earth to make a grave for the allied invaders! Female chasques have gone from point to point over the country with dispatches; the steamers and vessels in the port of Asuncion have been alternately discharged and laden by the trembling hands of the women in the capital. Everything of worth and value that these poor women possessed has been snatched from them to assist in the defense of their country! They have toiled in the field for the last three years; they have sowed, raised, and harvested the crops; they have made clothes for the soldiers from the fibers of plants; they have maintained the hospitals, cared for the wounded and sick; they have supplied the army; and now, they are dragged to the front, and placed in the breach to fight the whole Allied army.

The Amazonian army is a regularly organized Corps, but it is impossible to say how great are its numbers. One portion, under command of Lieut.-Col. MARGARET FERREIRA and Capt. ANITA GILL, is at the pass of the river Tebicuari, to dispute its passage by the Allies. It is represented as a very respectable force of girls and women. The main body of the army is encamped midway between the pass of the river and a small inland town, and is commanded by Brig. Gen. ELIZA LYNCH. Her right wing, under command of the mother of Captain HERRERO, has deployed slightly to the left, so as to hang on the invaders, should they effect a crossing of the river, and cut up Mrs. Colonel MARGARET FERREIRA and her heroic girls. Relays of girls and women keep constantly arriving at the headquarters of the feminine Commander-in-Chief, and the spectacle is one to make a world wonder.

A cause thus aided by womanly courage should receive the sympathy of all. Or rather, the women who are thus aiding a cause are entitled to sympathy. The cause itself may be so infamous as to *force* the weaker sex into its service, which we are led to infer is the case in the present instance. All Christendom must look on this saddening picture,—saddening, albeit there are elements of grand heroism in it,—with no little anxiety, and the prayers of womanhood everywhere ought to go up for the brave hearts compelled by bitter circumstances to assume a character so unusual and so lamentable.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

THE following is from an English journal, but does not lose all its point by coming across the water:

Must a minister never lose his heart to a bright-eyed woman whose goodness, and sense, and humor, and grace take his fancy? Must he always inquire, first, whether she is clever at managing a Dorcas society and can hold her own in a committee? Must he ask her to spend a month on trial among his people, and get "a majority of two-thirds" of the ladies in her favor, before he ventures to propose? He may cordially admire and honor women who have the especial faculty, as well as the religious earnestness, for taking the lead in every kind of Christian work; but is he unfaithful to the church and to his Master if he thinks good to take for a wife a woman of a shy and timid spirit, who would be ill for a month if she had to "take the chair" at a ladies' meeting, but who knows how to charm him into oblivion of his anxieties, can win his wearied mind away from incessant thought about his work, and can wander with him in the pleasant paths of reading and speculation, which refresh and regenerate the exhausted strength?

A doctor's wife owes no duties to her husband's patients; a lawyer's wife owes no duties to her husband's clients; but a minister's wife is regarded as a kind of lady-bishop, or, at least, an unordained curate, who, by virtue of her position, is bound to discharge innumerable services to the congregation. She may be a young girl, with no experience of human life and church business; but is expected to become the active president of all the benevolent institutions supported by the ladies of her husband's charge. She may have three or four little children, whom she has to teach herself, and whose dresses must be made and mended by her own hands; but she is expected to visit all the sick and the poor. She has her natural sympathies, and, however warm her heart may be toward every one who likes her husband's preaching, she cannot be the intimate and confidential friend of every lady that belongs to the church; but people who themselves are far from being distinguished for a universal charity are indignant if she finds one house pleasanter than another, and if she naturally associates with ladies of her own age and with kindred tastes.

MARRIAGE MAXIMS.

A GOOD wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-obligation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed: and even then prelude it with a kiss and lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world besides, rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; beside it may be that you will not meet again in life.

STYLE IN HATS.

AMONG round hats the Marie Antoinette is selected for the sea-side and watering-places. This has already been made familiar to many of our readers by Ristori's faithful copy of the costumes of that faithful queen. It has a high flat crown, with broad rim gracefully curved. A very stylish one is of chip. A long blue ostrich feather fastened in front by a jet agrafe extends over the top of the hat, hanging down on the rim. Inside the rim is a quilling of blue ribbon. Another of black lace has a wreath of roses and moss clambering over it. A hat of rich Tuscan straw has the rim covered with black lace. A spray of sweet-brier clambers over the crown. Another of modest elegance is of brown Dunstable straw bound with satin, of the dull dead-leaf brown shade, not the reddish Bismarck. A rosette of quilled satin in front forms the agrafe for a long ostrich feather that curves over the crown to the rim.

Another sea-side and garden hat is appropriately called the "Mandarin." It is broad and flat like the Chinese umbrellas, and serves at once for bonnet and parasol. It approaches almost to a point in the center. The only trimming is a cluster of lace, ribbon and wheat ears directly on the top. A veil of spotted tulle is fixed permanently to the hat beneath the trimming on the top, and falls below the rim all round. A row of black lace trims the rim inside.—*N. Y. Mail.*

HOW TO LOOK AT THINGS.—A great deal depends upon our way of looking at things. Here is a fable in illustration:—"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well. "Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away ever so full, we always come back empty." "Dear me! how strange to look at it in that way!" said the bucket. "Now I enjoy the thought, that, however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am."

SANDWICHES.

A SMALL cause has often great consequences.

THERE are graves no time can close.

THE eyes are the hands of curiosity.

A LITTLE time will serve to do ill.

A FAIR promise catches the fool.

THE foot of the owner is the best manure for his land.

A WISE man does that at first which a fool must do at last.

A WISE man never sets heart upon what he cannot have.

THE remembrances of past happiness are the wrinkles of the soul.

To give pain is the tyranny, to make happy the true empire of beauty.

A GREAT deal of pride obscures or blemishes a thousand good qualities.

A CIVIL answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

AVOID carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed a hundred more.

WHEN the hand hath done a good act, ask the heart whether it was well done.

A FIN has as much head as a great many authors, and a great deal more point.

THE individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty, is still very low.

FIRST worship God; he that forgets to pray
Bids not himself good-morrow nor good-day.

THE minister who boasted of preaching without notes don't wish to be understood to refer to greenbacks.

CONTENTMENT is more satisfying than exhilaration; and contentment means simply the sum of small and quiet pleasures.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A DAY FROM LIFE.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

A SUMMER-MORN, filled with blue skies,
  Sunshine, and tender trills
Of loving birds, and laugh of brooks
  That danced adown the hills.
Dew trembled in the lily's cup,
  And kissed the tiny flowers
That clasp each other tenderly,
  All day in wildwood bowers.

The hours went by; 'twas sultry noon;
  Dark clouds came hurrying o'er
The sky so blue; deep shadows fell
  Where sunlight dwelt before.
On came the tempest, forests bent
  Beneath the lightning's scath,
And earth, all weeping, bowed her head
  Before JEHOVAH'S wrath.

Look, it is past; far fly the clouds;
  And in the crimsoned west
White barques float soft o'er sunset-seas,
  Like missions from the Blest;
And trembling leaves, and pure sweet flowers
  Where'er the rain-drops lay,
Smiling thro' all their tears, receive
  The kiss of dying day.

Thus with our years. And one by one,
  The clouds are passing by,
And in the east the storm has left
  A promise on the sky.
The heart finds peace,—each drop of rain
  Has left its blessing there;
One thrill, and thro' the sunset gates,
  Life's day goes out in prayer.

On the Beach, June 27th, 1868.

RECREATION.

FASHION and the weather are forcing city people to seek country shades or sea-shore breezes. The annual hegira is fairly begun; and Saratoga, and Sharon, and Newport, *et al.*, are become the abiding places of thousands of recreation or pleasure seekers. "All work and no play" is just as bad for the man as for the boy JACK, of the old rhyme. Nature needs its recuperative seasons,—hence the Sabbaths; and our driving American nature finds not a sufficiency of rest in one day out of seven.

In the midst of summer heat, the longing for mountain air and quiet, or for cooling draughts of health-giving springs, or baths in ocean waters, is but the reasonable demand of our physical system. A change from the daily routine of duty is a necessity, if the system is to be kept in proper healthy tone. Absolute recreation is required. And recreation is not to be gained according to any rule. Generally, in this respect, what the system wants it will call for. It never calls for fashionable watering place extravagancies and absurdities. If it be a sensible system it will cry out against these, most eloquently.

Some over-scrupulous persons consider any restful indulgencies positive waste of time. They work steadily on, year in and year out, with no respite. They are generally successful in their labors; but they wear life out, literally, and the end comes long before its time. Now, where is the greatest waste? Do not the years lost from the latter end of existence more than over-balance the days gained before? Time spent in proper recreation is not wasted. It is worth while to inquire, then, what proper recreation consists in. Touching upon this point, the American Presbyterian discourses very wisely, as follows:

"Our ideal of recreation is, first, peace—a pause in the ceaseless pressure upon nerve and brain—a break in the endless series of duties, lapping over and crowding on each other and trying, half a dozen at a time, to pre-empt the same day or hour. Can anything be more soothing or delicious to an overworked man, than to have hour after hour of absolute leisure roll by, which he may fill up according to the fancies of the moment, or in indulging some pet disposition long crossed and deferred, or in turning *lotus-eater* for a time if he has a mind to?

With half-dropt eyelids still
  To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill.
  To hear the dewy echoes calling;
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

"Again, recreation to us, is largely the restful flow of thought either in reading or re-reading uninterruptedly and at length some congenial author, inspired or uninspired, upon closer acquaintance with whom we have long set our heart. Now we fly eagerly to that fine review article, a few appetizing glances at which were all we could snatch before. Now we take deep draughts at the Pierian springs. Isaiah and Job and Paul divide the untasked hours perhaps with Shakspeare, or Macaulay, or Bancroft, or Froude, or with Mrs. Ollphant, or Owen Meredith, or with some author clothed in foreign garb of ancient or modern texture. Or, if there is any better entertainment than book company, it is that of friends in careless, happy intercourse, following out with them some train of thought and argument rudely broken off by more serious duties weeks ago; or perhaps even in actually becoming acquainted with those strangers in a busy man's household,—his wife and children.

"Again, recreation is novelty—new sights and scenes replacing the too familiar and commonplace objects of life. More than all, perhaps, it is acquaintance with nature in some hitherto unknown, attractive and inspiring form. But nothing can be more false or absurd than the notion that recreation is got by a simple reiteration of the stale round of worldly gayeties and excesses. That is little better than going on a tread-mill and paying heavily for the privilege. A thousand pities that so many utterly waste what, well used, would repair waste, and so turn a jubilee of rest with God and nature into a carnival of dissipation and worldliness."

SUCCESS.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constantly, steadily filling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes he may be equal to it. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about what the world says of us; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

THOSE WE LOVE.—At all times, in this wintry life the presence of those we love is like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds, lighting up one particular spot amid the shadows, and giving luster and warmth and loveliness to all beneath the ray. The passing gleam still seems brighter than the full sunshine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SO TIRED."

ALL day the busy feet have trod the oaken hall; all day the merry voice has echoed through the rooms; but now, when twilight is deepening into night, and the lamps of heaven are being lighted, the noisy feet grow still, the childish voice is hushed to the low breathing of the evening prayer, and as the brown head sinks wearily to rest upon its pillow, the red lips murmur faintly, "So tired!"

Ah, tired one, ofttimes thy feet will falter and grow weary ere they reach the prime of manhood; and to thee will come hours when not as now the innocent sleep of childhood will bring thee rest.

Often from other lips than childish ones has escaped a sigh, the burden of which has been, "So tired!" Eagerly we toil for an independence which some day in the far-off future is to bring us rest; but as night after night we lay our weary heads upon our pillows, we are still looking forward, still unsatified; and thus it will ever be with us till the Master calls. Sometimes ambition is the guiding star luring onward to the temple of Fame. But the path is a thorny one; the footsteps falter; the brain grows dizzy; and from the heart goes forth the cry, "So tired!" Yet temptingly a siren voice whispers of glory and of rest, and again the feet press forward, till the goal is reached; but alas for the rest which ambition brings! Too often with the cup of glory is mingled the poison of envy, and again is heard the bitter cry, "So tired!"

'Tis thus we all weary. And yet we would not fold our hands in idleness, because, perchance, we may sometimes grow "faint with the burden and heat of the day." To us has been given the glorious privilege to press onward in the battle of life, and if our chosen path be that of truth and right the assurance of well-doing will be our sweet reward, when, by-and-by, we shall partake of that joy and peace of which the blessed never tire. S. E. W.

Maple Hill, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1868.

AUTHORS AS CRITICS.

LITERARY biography abounds with examples showing that it is not to the few authors of rare creative genius, any more than to the illiterate, that we are to look for sound critical opinions. Everybody recollects the remark of Waller about Milton, that he was an old blind schoolmaster, who had written a dull poem, remarkable for nothing but its length; but it seems hardly credible that Milton himself could have preferred the wretched conceits of Cowley to Dryden's energy and "full, resounding line." Ben Jonson had no relish for Spenser, and thought even Shakspeare "wanting in art;" while Pope pronounced "Rare Ben's" productions poor trash.

Of Collins, the author of the *Ode to Evening*—a poem which seems dropping with dew, and which floats into the reader's mind like a stream of celestial music—even so acute and learned a judge as Gray could say that he was deficient in imagery; while in Gray's inimitable Elegy, Coleridge, who could extol Bowles's sickly-sentimental effusions for their *manliest melancholy*, saw nothing but deformities. Dr. Johnson could justly appreciate the classic poets of England, in whom the intellectual predominates over the passionate and sensuous; but the moment he treads the enchanted ground of romantic poetry, he is like a deaf man sitting at a symphony of Beethoven. On the poetry of Pope and Dryden he lavishes the highest encomiums; but he is proof against the enchanting ravishment of Gray and Collins, and even in the sublime strains of Milton finds nothing to take the prisoned soul, and "lap it in elysium." Of *Paradise Lost* he says that the reading of it is an up-hill task—a duty rather than a pleasure; and of the exquisite *Lycidas*, so full of the divinest music, he declared to Anna Seward that he "would hang a dog that read that poem twice."

Byron considered Spenser as "a dull fellow;" Chaucer as "contemptible;" Cowper as "no poet;" and looked upon Southey and Wordsworth with utter scorn. Wordsworth stigmatized Dryden's celebrated music-ode as "a drunken song," and professed a profound contempt for some of the finest poetry of Burns. The famous ode which stirs every Scotchman's heart like the sound of a trumpet, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," he ridiculed as "*trash, stuff—wretched stuff*;" and even in the mournful music of Gray's elegy he could discover no beauty or merit. These examples will suffice to show that, however superior in sensibility poets may be to other men, and hence likely to be acuter critics, yet, owing to their prejudices, idiosyncrasies, etc., we must regard them as anything but infallible judges in their own department of art.—*The Standard.*

INFLUENCE OF HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

THE memory of early happiness is a treasure-house of sweet comforts and consultations. Its pure, simple, earnest joys become wells to draw from whenever we sit down in thirst and weariness by the dusty highway of life. Of this one good the world can never defraud us. The sunshine in those days reaches across our little stretch of life, and mingles its rays with those that beam from the heaven of our hope. The actual present of the adult life, and the materials which enter into it, are made up, more than we generally suppose, of reminiscence. We ruminate like the kine. We lay up in the receptacles of memory abundance of undigested material, that we recall and appropriate to our refreshment and nourishment; and this process of reminiscence—of living over again—grows upon us as we grow into years, till at last it becomes our all. Exhausted power has no resource but to dwell upon its old play and its old achievements. How sad he is who can never go back to his childhood without a shudder! Who can never recall a period when his life was filled with sweet and simple satisfaction!

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything to some.

WE are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when we are painfully conscious that we need it ourselves.

WHAT a pity it is that time cannot be bought and sold like commodities in general, since some persons have such an overplus and others such a deficiency.

WHY is the letter R very unfortunate? Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery, is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence, or love.

THE true manner of judging of the worth of amusements is to try them by their effect on the nerves and spirits the day after. True amusement ought to be, as the word indicates, recreation—something that refreshes, turns us out anew, rests the body and the mind by change, and gives cheerfulness and alacrity to our return to duty.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MORNING.

IT is morning, hushed and solemn,
  And the daybreak soon will beam;
Soon the sun's unclouded brightness
  Over hill and vale will stream.

I can see the last faint glimmer
  Of the pale stars, through the leaves;
I can hear the swallows twittering
  In their nests beneath the eaves.

All the bright day has no beauty
  Like this beauty of the morn,
When the soft wind gently rustles
  Through the dewy leaves of corn,—

When the fragrance of the flowers
  Breathes a cloud of incense rare,
And the mind is still unclouded
  By the weight of toil and care.

Then our grateful hearts soar upward,
  All unstained by taint of earth;
As we think of that glad morning
  Of our soul's celestial birth,—

Far across death's gloomy river
  Where the winds and waves shall cease,
And a morn of heavenly beauty
  Crown our souls with perfect peace.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

IT was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills, as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's lamp burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber. But a moral darkness involved the nations in its enlightened shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and insufficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations unto heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery. It was at this period that the two forms of ethereal mould hovered about the land of God's chosen people. They came like sister angels, sent to earth on some embassy of love. The one of majestic stature and well formed limb, which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing and steady eye, exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an impressive gesture upward where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion; while on her left reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other. She was drooping like a flower moistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eyes scanned them with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the heavens, and Faith and Hope hailed with exciting songs the ascending star of Bethlehem. Years rolled away, and the Stranger was seen at Jerusalem. He was a meek, unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on His countenance, though no one knew why He grieved, for He lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the good and wise.

By-and-by it was rumored that the Stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, that the dumb spake, the dead arose, the ocean moderated its chafing tide; the very thunder articulated. He was the Son of God. Envy assailed Him to death.

Thickly guarded, he slowly ascended the Hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent Him to the earth. But Faith leaned on His arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in His blood, mounted to the skies.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH SCENE.

WHEN one of Martin Luther's children lay on her death-bed, the great man approached her and said to her:—"My dear little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly parents; but if God calls you, you will go with your heavenly father?"

"Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases."

"Dear little girl!" he exclaimed, "Oh, how I love you! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

He then took the Bible and read to her the passage, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." He then said:—"My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace." She turned her eyes toward him and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

MORE BLESSINGS THAN CROSSES.—Consider, that our good days are generally more in number than our evil days, our days of prosperity (such, I mean, as are suitable to our condition and circumstances) than our days of adversity. This is most certain; though most of us are apt to cast up our accounts otherwise. How many days of (at least competent) health have we enjoyed for one day of grievous sickness! How many days of ease, for one of pain! How many blessings for a few curses! For one danger that hath surprised us, how many scores of dangers have we escaped, and some of them very narrowly! But, alas! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former. And this is the greatest cause of our unthankfulness, discontent and murmuring.—*Bishop Bull.*

EDEN LOST AND FOUND.—The thunders of the Sinai mount did not drown the whispers of the Eden willows. The promise in Paradise has been fulfilled; and that is far better than if its literal boundaries had been kept unbroken. The old Eden is lost, that the heavenly Paradise may henceforth be the only attraction for all earth's toiling and troubled people. If we cannot find the garden where Adam sinned, we can find the garden where Jesus suffered; if we cannot trace the borders of the earthly Eden to the mystic Eastward, we can point to Calvary and the Cross; and beyond, to the Eden of Immortality in Heaven, which is far nearer and far better.—*The Gospel in the Trees.*

LEARN TO WAIT.—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to *learn to wait.* Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, *not* to loose hold, or to relax effort, *this* is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

The Reviewer.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUTHFUL OF BREAD: And its Effect on the Organization of Men and Animals. By JEAN MACE. Translated from the Eighth French Edition, by Mrs. ALFRED GATTY. First American Edition, reprinted from the above, carefully revised and compared with the Seventeenth French Edition. [12mo.—pp. 338.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

YOUTHFUL readers are not generally interested in histories, but we would say to them that this is one which can hardly fail to please them. JEAN MACE has, perhaps more than any other writer for children, the faculty of instructing and entertaining at the same time. In this book, already very popular in France, he has brought out some of the great leading facts of anatomy and physiology with singular ingenuity and skill, and made them entirely comprehensible to a child. Even mature minds will find many scientific truths made more clear to their understanding in the author's plain, familiar method of treatment. The History is divided in two parts, the first devoted to Man, and the second to Animals. Both go very far to explain the strange mysteries of life, and together comprise a work which should be placed in the hands of every young scholar. Sold by DEWEY.

BEAUMARCHAIS. An Historical Novel. By A. E. BRACHVOGEL, Author of "Narcissus," "Benoni," "A New Falstaff," "A Story of the Middle Ages," etc., etc. Translated from the German by THERESA J. RADFORD. Complete in One Volume. Illustrated by GASTON FAY. [8vo.—pp. 295.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MRS. MUHLBACH is not alone in the field of Historical Romance. She will have to look to her laurels. The present volume proves that she has a rival. "Beaumarchais" is full of the intrigue of French love and French history, and is necessarily interesting. Its hero flourished in the days of pamphlets and memorials, and wrote many. He was also a poet and a dramatist, and the subject of many strange adventures. In History his character is presented as many-sided and brilliant. His genius was unquestionably one of the most versatile ever known, even among versatile Frenchmen, and furnishes a fine theme for the romancer.

THE LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev. A. Y. MOORE of South Bend, Indiana. With a Portrait. [16mo.—pp. 394.] Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THE author of this work was for twelve years the pastor and friend of Mr. COLFAX, and enjoyed his entire confidence. His fitness, therefore, for making an accurate biography cannot be doubted. Having access to the Congressional Globe, and files of the paper published by Mr. C., he has quoted freely from the speeches and editorials there given, and has thus presented a full and connected record of the popular Speaker's public career. Any young man, whatever his political predilections may be, cannot peruse the volume thoughtfully without profit. The portrait on steel, which forms the frontispiece, is very life-like, and represents the smiling face of the original faithfully.

DOUBLE REVOLVING MAP OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. L. R. P. THOMPSON, New Brunswick, N. J., is General Agent for vending a map of Europe and America, recently published by J. T. LLOYD, 23 Cortlandt St., New York. The map is of the largest size, having a delineation of the American Continent on one side and one of the European Continent on the other. It is suspended from an iron pulley, over which a cord passes, the pulling of which easily reverses the sides, bringing the map desired under inspection at once. This map comprises all the modern changes in both hemispheres, while its double form and reversible action serve greatly to economize room and facilitate an examination of the country or section desired. The map is well executed, and will be found a great convenience in counting-rooms, hotels and public buildings generally. For Sub-Agencies, &c., address the General Agent, as above.

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THE APPLETONS have sent this book forth in their handsomest style,—have showed as much taste, in their way, in fact, as the author desires people generally to show in their homes. Mr. MASURY's venture amid "the making of many books" is a novelty, but it is worth reading. Some portions of it are worth studying, too. Even our lady readers might peruse with profit the chapter on "Harmony and Discord of Colors." Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

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THE movements here so fully illustrated and explained have appeared from time to time in the American Artisan. As presented in convenient book form they will be of great utility to engineers, machinists, draughtsmen, inventors, manufacturers and artisans generally.

DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES. What it has Done, What it is doing, and What it will Do. By RANSOM H. GILLETT, formerly Member of Congress from St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.; more recently Registrar and Solicitor of the U. S. Treasury Department, and Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, Counsellor-at-law, etc. [12mo.—pp. 414.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work is really made up of biographies of men who have been most prominent as expounders of Democratic faith, during our national history, between which are sandwiched essays touching upon different points in that faith. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., Containing Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Don Roderick, Rokeby, Ballads, Lyrics and Songs. With a Life of the Author. [12mo.—pp. 647.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE demand for cheap editions of standard works must be very large indeed. Hardly are DICKENS' and SCOTT's romances out of press in form to be placed in every household, when the enterprising publishers project a Popular Edition of the Standard Poets, giving the works of each complete in one volume for the very low price of fifty cents. SCOTT leads the series, and MILTON and BURNS will soon follow. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

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THE plates here shown must be well worth their price—three dollars—to those desirous of getting up tasty gothic furniture. They are clearly engraved, and printed on heavy paper. The designs include a variety of sofas, chairs, tables, bedsteads, secretaries, book-cases, etc.

THE PATRIARCHS, KINGS AND PROPHETS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THIS little volume of 142 pages is composed of questions on select portions of the Old Testament, embracing the whole period of Jewish history from the Creation to the re-establishment of the Jews in their own land, after the Babylonish captivity. The difficult questions are unanswered, the more to stimulate inquiry and thoughtful study.

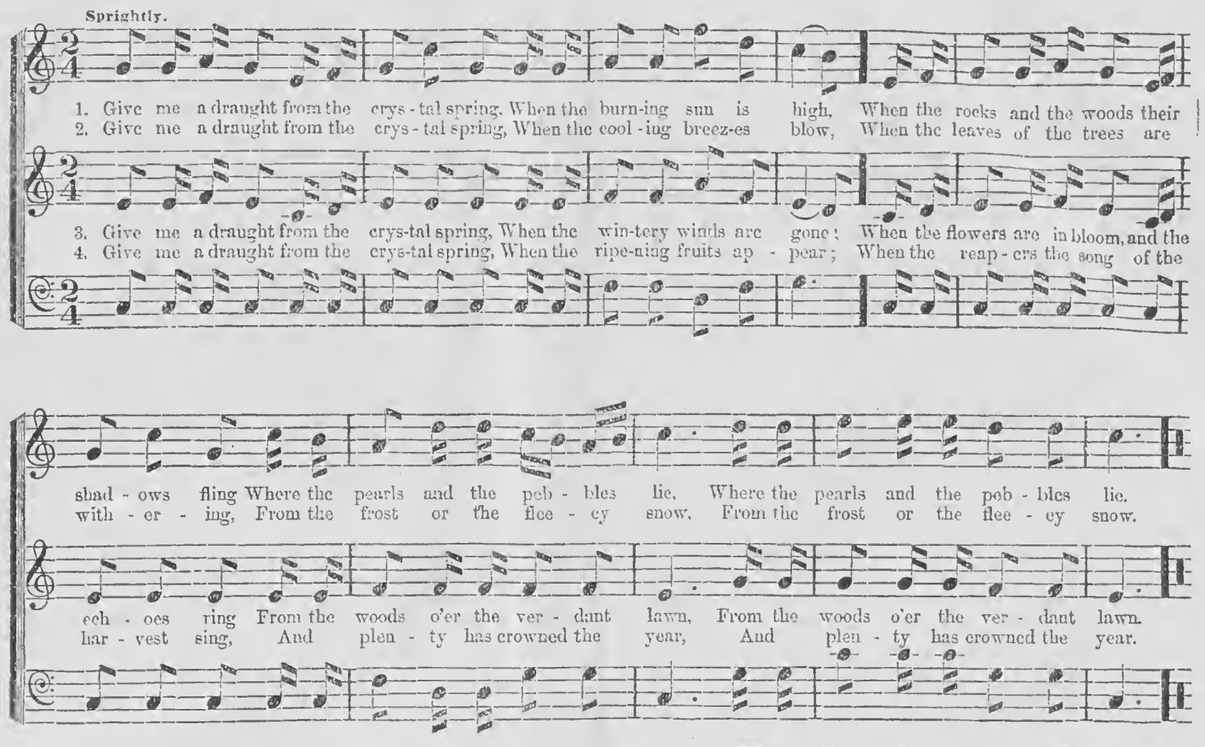
DEAD SEA FRUIT. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDON, Author of "Birds of Prey," "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," etc., etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A NOVEL with a doubtful name and a doubtful character. There can be no benefit to one's moral sensitiveness in the perusal of such. Sold by DEWEY.

THREE CHRISTMAS DAYS. A Story for Girls. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

ANOTHER pretty volume of the Hillside Library. It numbers 74 pages, and will please the young readers for whom it is intended.

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.



[*From the Young Shawm, published by Mason Brothers.*

Various Topics.

TELEGRAMMATIC WRITING.

THE Telegraph has done more for us than to transmit our messages with lightning speed. It has taught us to condense much meaning into few words. Extremes meet, and the long march of civilization here lands us in a simplicity of language akin to that which prevailed in the infancy of the world. In the Telegram, grammar, the growth of ages, is set aside, and a few nouns with a verb or two are sufficient to reproduce an idea, in a moment, on the further side of the Atlantic Ocean, without much aid from prepositions and other accessories that round off its meaning and give to it finish and beauty.

Now in our written style we sadly need a nearer approach to the telegraphic or compact mode of expression, instead of the verbose and less definite one. Turn where we will—to the bound volume—the magazine—the newspaper—the same fault continually strikes us; the fault of having little matter, and many words to say it in; a sparse yield of grain, but abundant straw to thresh in order to secure it. There is such a thing as *too close* a style; one which condenses thought as a micro-photograph does a landscape, until great effort is required to master its details; but this is the rare exception. The rule is the reverse—a diffuse, and therefore weak way of setting forth that which is to be said. We say *therefore* weak, because force is not compatible with the employment of needless phrases. The sentences that tell—that hit home like the blow of a hammer, are made up of few words. Look at such a description as this of "Manhattan's," in one of his letters to the Standard. He says of a New York citizen, deceased:—"He was rich, and eighty years old." A writer of the penny-a-line school would have made a long paragraph of this; with the striking difference of leaving on the mind of the reader a cloudy impression of the facts, instead of a picture as vivid and sharp as the flash of a diamond. Until an author has attained to somewhat of this brevity, he should sift his matter, again and again, striking out of his sentence every adverb and adjective which does not add to it real significance, but merely sound.

It is true that there is such a thing as a style gaining in beauty by amplification; but this it is not within the power of the majority of writers to effect. It requires so much skill, that as a rule it is better let alone. There are painters who have a talent for using masses of bright color harmoniously; but let a tyro attempt to do the same thing, and he will be rewarded for his pains with utter failure. The great watchword should be "Simplicity." Study to be simple. Fling fine writing to the winds. *Say* that which needs to be said, by all means; but let it be short and pithy. Take the solid golden words of the Saxon tongue, rather than the silvery Latin ones; and the style that is formed with them will be of the best English that can be written. Of course we do not mean that all long words should be rejected; they are sometimes indispensable. But long sentences seldom are so; and we would urge those who inflict them upon us, to aim at writing not merely grammatically, but *telegrammatically.—Printers' Register.*

EATING FRUIT.

FRUIT should be eaten alive, like oysters. There is an edge to the taste of a fresh opened oyster, which comes, I suppose, from the surprise he feels at being suddenly scooped out of his shell. In a few minutes this gives place to a feeling of alarm; and then, in an hour or two, to one of despair. When he is laid out with his brethren in a dish, the whole brood is hopeless and sad. They may still taste of life, but it is of life disappointed. But the fresh-opened oyster has no time to grow feverish or melancholy. He is caught in a state of serene unconsciousness of sorrow. He has a sound mind in a sound body, and is therefore wholesome and nice. Allow him to reflect before his dissolution, and the brightness of his spirit is gone. But the quick operation of detaching him from his shell sends a spasm through his being, which startles all the latent excellence he may possess into sudden and unique perfection. If eaten at this crisis of his healthful powers, he conveys all the gratification which an oyster is capable of giving to the superior animal man.

So analogously, I believe, is it in eating fruit. It must be eaten alive, before the reaction begins to set in from its severance from the life-carrying stem. While a plum, for example, hangs upon its stalk, it is in some kind of magnetic correspondence with all the powers of nature; it shares the life of the earth and the sky; it has sunshine in its veins, and dew in its cells. Cut it off, and in time it dies, corrupt, unwholesome; and every moment in its progress from life to death is marked by a decadence of that essence which makes fruit delicious. Therefore, supposing that you pluck it ripe, the sooner a plum is eaten the better for you. This of course applies most to tender, thin-skinned fruit. A firm apple dies slowly. A nut holds out long against the debasing influence of separation from its source of life. But plums, figs, peaches, apricots and strawberries begin to suffer directly they are gathered. This is the case even with pines, which are susceptible of bruises, but they contain such an apparent surplusage of flavor, that the first stages of their decay are not perceived, except by a cunning palate. —*Chambers' Journal.*

MAXIMUM GROWTH OF CITIES.

THE Builder asks a curious question: How long will London be habitable? The enormous town is increasing so rapidly as to threaten to seriously interfere with the comforts of its inhabitants. Already the prevalence of a southeast wind bears to the vicinity of the parks the dense canopy of smoke and the vitiated atmosphere of nine miles of buildings. As the circumference of the vast city is extended this evil is exaggerated with each annual addition to the space built over. The slight remains of vegetation are daily diminishing. More than 600,000,000 cubic ft. of carbonic acid gas are expired in London in the course of twenty-four hours, by human beings alone. This is irrespective of smoke, of the gaseous products of combustion, and of all other sources whereby the air is vitiated. This quantity of carbonic acid renders twenty times its weight of atmospheric air unfit for the support of life.

On a perfectly calm day, when the respiration of London hangs within the limits of the metropolitan districts, the polluted atmosphere, were it possible to press it down upon the streets, would fill the whole roadway to a depth of between eight and nine feet. This startling quantity of poisoned air London must exchange for fresh. As to smoke it may be mentioned that on an average 14,000 tons of coal are daily consumed in the capital, a great portion of which is cast into the atmosphere in the partially volatilized form of smoke. The increasing difficulty of living in London during the summer becomes every year more oppressive, and there can be no question that the actual experiment of how large a city can be made, will not require many more years to solve.

THE MIRAGE.

THE rare optical phenomenon known as mirage consists in the apparent displacement of objects in the vicinity of broad sheets of water or over sandy plains, and is due to the refraction of light. Air in contact with a heated portion of the earth's surface becomes dilated; therefore in sustaining the weight of the incumbent atmosphere its elasticity is increased while its density is diminished. Adjacent layers of air of different densities have different refracting powers, and rays of light coming with great obliquity from a distant object before reaching the earth are thus bent upward, and present to the observer the impression of light reflected from the surface of water, and where such object is over water, both the light directly from it and that of its reflection reach the eye at the same instant, by which two images are seen opposite one to the other, and joined at their bases. This class of phenomena must not be confounded with that due to the reflection of terrestrial objects on the clouds, distinguished as spectral. Mirage is visible near the horizon, and when the object is not far off is seen more distinctly as the eye approaches the ground. Many details of mirage which escape the naked eye may be revealed by the telescope. The contrasts of temperature producing mirage occur frequently in the Arctic regions when the summer sun acts powerfully on the ice; in milder climates such contrasts are more rare. When strata of air of different density extend vertically, instead of horizontally, by means of strong currents, it would be inferred that the object will appear at right angles to its true position, and such has been proved by observation to be the fact.

TELEGRAPHS.

SOME interesting facts in the history of telegraphic communications are given by Herr Neumann in an official report recently published at Vienna. It appears from this report that a line of telegraph was opened between Persia and Russia by way of the Caucasus so early as 1859. Telegraphic communication between Europe and Northern Asia was also first established by the Russian Government, which laid down a line between Moscow and Omsk in 1862, and extended it to the Sea of Japan, by way of Irkutsk and Kiacta in 1864.

A Russian telegraphic agency exists at Pekin, through which messages are transmitted from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The line is now carried to Behring's Straits by Okhotsk. The total length of the European telegraphs is 53,340 geographical miles; of those in America, 14,239; of those in Asia, 4,736; of those in Australia, 1,842; of those in Africa, 1,504—exclusive of submarine lines. There are in all 1,200 telegraph stations, and the number of persons employed in them is about 38,000. The total weight of the wires is calculated at 1,300,000 cwt., and there are about 7,500,000 posts which it costs $1,000,000 to keep up. The capital expended in the construction of the various telegraphs is $82,500,000.

HOW A MINING AGENT GOT RICH.

MARK TWAIN, in a letter to the Chicago Tribune, from Nevada, relates the following:

An acquaintance of mine shook hands with me in such a very patronizing manner, yesterday, that I am moved to make him the text of a paragraph that will serve to illustrate what one may term "a state of things." When I first knew this man he hadn't a cent. He did not put on airs then. Now he is a superintendent of one of the great silver mines, and he has grown rich. You may not believe that a superintendent can grow absolutely rich in four years on a salary of from ten to twenty thousand dollars a year, but such is really the case. Ordinary superintendents are content to covertly receive a present of a dollar or so for each ton of ore they sell to a mill-man; but my man's ambition soared higher than that. He took lumber belonging to the great corporation that employed him, and built a little mill of his own with it. He built that mill below the company's mill, too, which was wise. Then he took other of the company's lumber, and built a string of sluice-boxes that reached clear from the company's mill to his own. After that he worked the company's rock in the company's mill and got sixteen dollars a ton out of it—and turned the money over to the company—which didn't declare a dividend. Then he took the tailings from that same rock, carried them through his sluices to his little private mill, worked them over again and out of every ton he got thirty dollars! Which money was his own, of course, and he never gave any of it to the company. Now you can understand how a man can get rich in four years, on twelve thousand dollars a year, when the company furnishes him a dwelling house and horses and carriages free.

HOW SPIDERS BEGIN THEIR WEBS.

EARLY in the spring of 1866, while arrangements were making for photographing a live male of the *Nephila plumipes* (the so-called "Silk Spider of South Carolina,") the spider, after several times traversing the circle of wire on which it was, suddenly stopped, took a firm position at the top of the frame and lifting the abdomen, pointing it towards a large skylight which occupied the middle of the ceiling, a slender, shining thread was seen to shoot forth from the spinnerets which occupy the end of the abdomen; it seemed to have a blunt, rounded extremity, which advanced through the air rather quickly for a few inches, but afterwards more slowly and steadily, and with an upward tendency, but always in the direction of the skylight.

When it had reached the length of five or six feet, I allowed it to become attached to my coat; the issue ceased at once, and the spider, having attached the end of the line, turned about and began to pull upon it. I now broke it off near the wire, and, believing that there was a current of air towards the skylight, I blew gently upon the spider from various directions, and found that it always pointed its abdomen in the direction in which I blew, and that the thread was emitted in the same direction. So that while it seemed to have the power of projecting a thread for a short distance, yet it always availed itself of the prevailing current of air.

This single instance by no means proves that all spiders do or can employ this method of bridging over spaces, and it may be that on ordinary occasions they do, as every one has seen them, descend to the ground, emitting the thread as they advance, and pulling in the slack before attaching it to the desired point. But the former method enables them to cross water and to pass from tree to tree; while the well known buoyancy of the silk permits them (or at least the smaller species) to sail along on water, hanging at the lower end of a line whose upper end is invisible.—*American Naturalist.*

VELOCIPEDES.

IN Paris, a correspondent reports, the great subject of conversation is of inventions to increase the rapidity of travel. In England, as well as in France, aeronautics are attracting more and more attention, and at least a dozen flying machines are now exhibiting in the two countries. In Paris, one of the fashionable diversions now is, to pass an hour in the air in a balloon which is held down by a stout cable; and elegant ladies and gentlemen take their afternoon airing thus instead of on wheels.

Paris also indulges itself in the velocipede, a machine which will some day come into general use among country gentlemen not averse to light exercise. At present it is given over to little boys, in this country, and used chiefly on the smooth city sidewalks.

But the Parisian velocipede, arranged with large and nicely-balanced wheels, with a powerful crank and easily-working levers, is an instrument of locomotion fit for the use of men, and can be driven by its occupant, without distress to himself, as fast as a moderately fast horse goes. They have velocipede clubs in Paris, and velocipede races. Perhaps this fashion also will some day come over to us. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

FABLE is a torch borne in the hand of truth.

Reading for the Young.

"ONE LITTLE INDIAN."

SOME of our young friends have doubtless many times sung the verse beginning "One little, two little, three little Indian." You do not need to be told, though, that the little Indians and the big Indians are almost all gone from this part of the country, and that they are seen very seldom.

In New York State, where the different tribes of the Five Nations used to roam about and hold their councils, there are now only three places where any portion of those tribes remain. A few of the Tuscaroras may be found on lands which the State has reserved for them in Niagara county; two or three hundred Senecas have a settlement in Cattaraugus county; and a mere remnant of the once great and powerful Oneidas still make baskets and bead-work and canes, in the county which bears their name. The latter live not far from the New York Central Railroad, and frequently go on board trains to sell the articles mentioned.

Not very long ago an Indian boy came into the RURAL office, begging. He belonged to one of the tribes named, and was a bright-eyed little fellow, but not able to talk English much. He carried a paper to show who he was. It was plainly written, but so oddly put together that we copied it on purpose to show it to you. Evidently it was the work of some Indian who had learned to write English, but had not fully mastered the mysteries of English grammar. Here we give it, word for word, as it read, neither adding nor taking away any capital letters or punctuation marks. Of course you will not consider it a model to write compositions by:

LO THE POOR MAN

This poor American boy was once owned this Continent he was a numerous as a leaves in the forest but now is nearly all faded away before the art of civilization few years will all be gone So I hope this Young American boy every man or woman who loves the Indian you must give something to help while he is not able to take care of himself you must give little provision for old clothes or money so I hope this boy when he become a man he will love everybody and love our service his brother was bravely fought while in the great rebellion but he got kill in the second Bull run fight this young boy he had the only brother to support him but now he has no more to help him. So I hope this young STEPHEN OBEDIAH when you see him you must give something away way he will be a great thankfull because he is so good boy So I give myself one dollar for him to help. I hope some the good folks will do the same.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

LITTLE BESSIE had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are just sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh, no, father, I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said:

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."

THE DEAREST FRIEND.

"I do think," said Susie Corle to her cousin Cora, as they went from school one afternoon, "that, without any exception, Kate Seldon is the most disagreeable girl I ever knew!"

"O, Susie, don't say that!" cried Cora, with her blue eyes full of tears. "Kate is my dearest friend." And she pleaded so lovingly for her, that Susie was ashamed of her hasty words, and eager to ask Kate's pardon.

Turning a corner, they espied Kate waiting for them at the gate. Susie ran at once to greet her, and presently the three were walking up the garden path, with their arms about each other.

It was a pleasant picture; and, watching them, I wondered if there were not those at discord with the dearest Friend of all, who, through the influence of a loving word, might be led to seek pardon and reconciliation? — *Little Corporal.*

TO BOYS.—Horace Mann talked to the boys in this way:—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous. If there's a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there's a boy in school with ragged clothes, don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there's a dull one, help him to get his lessons.

THE PROOF OF LOVE.—A very little girl said to her mother one day, "Mamma, I love you!" The mother was busy and did not reply, and so she repeated her words, "Mamma, I love you!" Still the mother made but slight answer, and little Ella said again very earnestly—"Mamma, I do love you!" "But why do you think so, my child?" said the mother. "Because," said Ella, "I love to do all I can to please you."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE number of persons reported as having been prostrated by the heat during twenty-four hours of last week in New York city, Brooklyn, and Jersey city, exceeds 1,000. Over fifty per cent. of these proved fatal. Dr. Harris, Registrar of Vital Statistics of the New York Board of Health, makes the startling announcement that 250 deaths are known to have resulted from the excessive heat of four days of the heated term within the Metropolitan district.

On Monday evening of last week, as a boat having a picnic party on board was landing at 152d street, New York, a young girl, name unknown, fell overboard. Officer Corbett sprang into the river to rescue her, but drowned with her. The crowd pressed against the guard so heavily that it gave away, and a number of other passengers were precipitated into the water, several of whom it is supposed were drowned.

A destructive fire occurred at Schoharie on the 14th inst., in the stables attached to the Schoharie Hotel. The hotel was saved, although considerably damaged. A large number of buildings in the business center of the place were destroyed, involving a loss of about $40,000. The office of the Schoharie Republican was totally destroyed, together with all its contents. Nothing but the books and a portion of the files were saved.

Hamilton College graduated thirty-five young men at its Commencement last week, the class being a very able one. Honorary degrees were conferred as follows:—A. B., Frederick Dwight Alling, Rochester. A. M., Rev. James Gardner, Hammond; Andrew William Madison, Whitestown; Dr. Walter Scott Kimball, Eatontown, N. J.; George Henry Jerome, Niles, Mich. Ph. D., Prof. Wm. A. Packard, Hanover, N. H. D. D., Rev. Wm. A. Niles, Corning; Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, Harrisburg, Penn.; Rev. Milton Waldo, Hornelsville; Rev. Francis B. Wheeler, Poughkeepsie. LL. D., Edwin Clark Litchfield, Brooklyn.

Rt. Rev. J. B. McQuade, Bishop of the new Diocese of Rochester, arrived here on the 16th inst. A long procession escorted him to St. Patrick's Church, and suitable exercises of welcome were made by a hundred clergymen.

Margaret Welsch, who was sentenced to imprisonment for life, for the murder of policeman McChesney in October last, has been admitted to bail in the sum of $2,000. On appeal to the General Term of the Supreme Court in June last, the judgment against her was reversed and a new trial ordered, pending which she was returned from Sing Sing and confined in the Tombs.

There are now 1,253 Mormons at Castle Garden, in New York city, awaiting transportation to Utah, and 2,100 more are expected from Europe soon.

Thursbey & Brown's rope-walk in Brooklyn was burned last week. Loss $30,000; insured $19,000.

A party of rowdies stopped a street car, in New York city, Wednesday night, and attempted to set fire to the dresses of the ladies, who were present in force, returning from a picnic. Two policemen appeared, and the ruffians fled.

A boy ten years of age, named James O'Shea, was drowned in the Erie Canal at Rochester on Friday evening last.

At a meeting of mastermasons a list of unfinished buildings in New York city which are to remain at a standstill until the journeymen come to terms was read. It shows the number of such buildings to be 125, among which are the Hudson River Railroad depot and numerous churches.

John W. McQuade, of Utica, was killed by the cars on Thursday night, near Whitestown. His remains were found in the morning. His injuries were of a fearful nature, the bones of the skull and face being all fractured, both hands and the right foot cut entirely off, nearly every bone of the body and limbs shattered. He leaves a wife and two children.

A chime of bells, forty-three in number, for St. Joseph's Cathedral, Buffalo, have arrived in that city. The bells were exhibited at the Paris Exposition, and were purchased by the late Bishop Timon.

There were 1,142 deaths in New York city last week, a great increase over the total deaths of the week previous. Over fifty per cent were from sunstroke and other causes incidental to extreme heat.

About a hundred convicts in Sing Sing prison conspired to seize the propeller Eureka, last week, and escape. Information given by one of the conspirators, however, frustrated the plot, and the ringleaders were placed in irons. An attempt to fire the prison, only partially successful, is supposed to have been made by them.

Rev. Jas. Kent Stone, late President of Kenyon College, Ohio, has been chosen President of Hobart College, Geneva.

Commodore Guert Gansvoort of the United States Navy, died suddenly of congestion of the brain in Schenectady on the 15th inst., in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He entered the service in 1823; was actively engaged during the Mexican war, and distinguished himself as commander of the John Adams. He also distinguished himself during our late civil war, in which he bore a prominent part. He was last in active service as commander of the ironclad Roanoke.

Over forty horses have arrived at Saratoga and commenced training for the races, to begin August 5th. A number of owners and trainers have written for stable room, so that the Directors have been obliged to put up additional stalls.

John H. Tripp, sentenced to Sing Sing for five years for defrauding the Government, has been pardoned by the President.

A man named Dunne, who was robbed of quite a sum of money in a house of ill-repute in Albany last week, disappeared on Wednesday, on Friday morning his dead and greatly decomposed body was found in a chamber of the American Hotel at Albany. No physician could be found who would consent to make a post mortem investigation, the remains had become so offensive. The impression is that he died of delirium tremens or from poison.

An Englishman named Arthur F. Gilby, 26 years old, who came to this country for the benefit of his health, upon the advice of a clairvoyant, retired to his room at Tucker's Hotel, Buffalo, on Saturday night, and was found dead in bed the following morning.

T. C. Callicott, the revenue defrauder, who is now serving his term at the Albany Penitentiary, has been suspended by the Senate from his office, which he has continued to hold since his arrest, trial and confinement.

From Washington.

THE treaty with China, which has been under consideration since the arrival of Minister Burlingame, has at last been completed and laid before the Senate. It is essentially commercial in its character, but at the same time contains provisions calculated to bring about and secure lasting harmony and friendship between the two countries. It is said that the Chinese are more anxious to cultivate international relations with the United States than with any other nation, and that the present treaty is much more liberal than will probably be made with any of the other countries to which the Embassy is accredited. The Chinese Ministers are anxious that it should be sent back to their Emperor as soon as possible, as a mark of the success of their mission. The ports of that Empire are to be thrown open free to commercial intercourse, and no unnecessary or vexatious restrictions will be placed on trade in the future, so far as China is concerned.

Delegations from Mississippi and Georgia were before the Reconstruction Committee last week, urging the adoption of legislation that may enable them to have fair elections in those States, and put an end to the intimidation and persecution of the colored people. The Committee intimated that it was too late in the session to introduce any new measure.

A delegation from Virginia also called on the Committee, requesting that such action may be taken as will enable them to vote at the next Presidential election. They are opposed to any new registration, and prefer that the election be held under the old one.

Mr. Evarts' nomination as Attorney-General has finally been confirmed by a vote of 29 for, to 5 against. The closing debate upon it lasted over two hours, in which Mr. Evarts was sustained by Messrs. Trumbull, Conkling, Ferry, Fessenden, Frelinghuysen, and many other Senators.

A Senate bill for the reduction of the army has been referred to the Senate Military Committee. It consolidates the present force into 30 regiments of infantry, 8 of cavalry and 4 of artillery, with an aggregate of 26,000 men. The Secretary of War is to appoint a board of officers to prepare a plan for the consolidation and to designate those officers to be retained on duty with their commands, those to be wholly discharged, and those who ought to be retained in the service to report to Congress at its next session. All vacancies meanwhile will remain unfilled.

Among the recent nominations to the Senate by the President are A. F. Campbell, to be Postmaster at Brooklyn, Mr. Sherman Day, to be Surveyor-General of California, Thomas J. Barnes, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Idaho, and William M. Stafford and Hiram Knowles, to be Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Montana Territory.

The War Department has ordered the immediate removal of the bodies of 200 Confederate officers who died and were buried on Johnson's Island while prisoners of war, to the Catholic Cemetery. The removal will be done under direction of a Government agent.

A Proclamation has been issued by the President announcing that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution has been ratified by South Carolina.

The President has transmitted an extra message to the House suggesting certain defects in the Constitution which appear to require correction. The first is the clause for the election of President and Vice President through the intervention of electors of the several States instead of directly by the people. The dangers of a defeat of the popular choice would be greatly increased, he argues, if the House of Representatives should undertake arbitrarily to reject the votes of a State on the ground that it had not complied with some condition. He therefore reviews and urges the considerations made by President Jackson on that subject, and suggests a form of amendment to the Constitution. He also suggests a change in the provision for filling a vacancy in the Presidency, taking the ground that an officer of the Executive Department should be designated rather than an officer of the Legislative or the Judicial Departments; and recommends a change in the mode of the election of United States Senators, that they should be elected by the people instead of by the Legislatures of the several States; also, that the term of Judges of the United States should be limited to a number of years.

Minister Burlingame gave a banquet to the members of the Press in Washington on Saturday evening, at the Metropolitan Hotel. It was intended as a mark of his appreciation of the kind terms in which they have heretofore spoken of him in connection with his great mission.

The Representatives from Louisiana and South Carolina have been duly sworn in, and have taken their seats in the House.

The Mexican government, through Senor Romero, has entered into two important treaties, which were sent to the Senate on Friday for ratification. One of them is in relation to citizenship, and is similar in general scope to those negotiated by Bancroft with Prussia and Bavaria. The other is for the appointment of a Commissioner to settle private claims growing out of the late struggle in Mexico.

Messrs. Stevens and Williams of Pennsylvania have resolved not to call up the new articles presented a few weeks ago, on the ground that the business of the House would hardly enable them to be properly considered sooner than the day of adjournment.

H. A. Smythe, nominee for Minister to Austria, and W. H. Parker, for Secretaty of Idaho, have been rejected by the Senate.

It is said that the hitch on Banks' American Citizenship bill is caused by Republicans and Democrats alike, who are opposed to any declaration of principle calculated to wound the honor of Great Britain, or which could be construed into anything like a threat or an imputation of her sense of justice and fair dealing. It is also said that the State Department is making a treaty with England which will substantially cover the ground.

An agent of the Dominican government has been here several days, and it is understood he has completed with Secretary Seward the negotiation for the sale of the Bay of Samana to the United States. The price to be paid is somewhere between one and two million dollars.

The Committee on Contingent Expenses of the two Houses is to make an investigation in regard to the payment of mileage to witnesses in the impeachment trial. It is charged that the majority of the witnesses were paid double, owing to a misunderstanding. It seems that mileage was paid at the sittings of the Managers, and again when in attendance at the Senate.

From the West.

THE machine shops of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, at Portage, Wis., were burned on Sunday week. Loss $50,000.

From May 1st, 1867, to June 10th, 1868, seventy-four raids were made on gambling houses in St. Louis. The amount of property seized and destroyed amounted to $32,000.

Advices from Crescent City, California, state that the Klammath Indians attacked a party at Klammath Bluffs, killing one man and wounding another. The remainder of the whites are besieged in a block house. The same tribe has been stealing cattle for months past and preparing for this raid. The military authorities were urged to station troops in that vicinity, but failed to do so. Unless active measures are immediately taken to put down the Indians, a bloody war is anticipated.

Arizona advices to June 27, state that the Indians set fire to the woods near Prescott, and great damage is done to cabins, fences, &c. Signs of Indian hostilities are plentiful. The Indians have kindled signal fires on nearly every mountain top. Camp McPherson is filled with Indians.

The engineers on the Missouri Pacific Railroad recently struck, and indulged in riotous demonstrations towards the employes filling their places. The police quelled the disturbance.

A German named Matthew Andresner shot his wife and attempted to kill his mother-in-law, at Peoria, Ill., on the 16th inst. He afterwards committed suicide. Mrs. Andresner is still alive, but is not expected to recover.

An Omaha dispatch says Brigham Young's agent is there making preparations for several thousand emigrants to the end of the Pacific Railway, where all able bodied men can be employed in grading and track-laying. About 200 are expected next week.

A pedestrian at La Crosse, named Simons, has accomplished a walk of 1,000 miles in twelve and a half days.

During a late storm a building in Chicago was struck by lightning, and two persons in it instantly killed, while another is thought to be fatally injured.

Omaha seems to be under a cloud. Disastrous failures have recently occurred there, and more are threatened. A correspondent writes: "Our streets look as if the place was being deserted. Omaha can never get up the same excitement she did this spring. In my opinion, she is dead for years to come, and if the truth was told by all they would coincide with me. Two months ago there was not a store to be rented in the place. To-day there are sixty-one stores to rent."

From the South.

MR. WARMOUTH, the Governor elect of Louisiana, was inaugurated on the 13th inst., in the hall of the House. The oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. Gov. Warmouth's inaugural address was very brief, and not very explicit as to the future course of his administration. He says that he refrains at this time from entering into any discussion of measures deemed of importance. He urges, however, immediate measures for the repression of lawlessness and disorder now existing in that district. He says: "We want peace and order, without which we can have no prosperity."

A party of twelve or fourteen men went to the house of James S. Francis, Register in Overton Co., Tenn., recently, and after capturing him, took him a mile and a half from his home and shot him about twenty times. It is not known who they were, where they came from, or why they acted thus.

On Tuesday of last week the General Assembly of North Carolina elected John Poole, of Pasquetank, U. S. Senator for the long term until 1873, and General J. C. Abbott, formerly of New Hampshire, and now of New Hanover, for the short term, which expires March 4th, 1871. The contest in the caucus between Abbott and Dockery, made the matter for some time doubtful. Both Senators are from the East.

The jail in Irwinton, Ga., was set on fire and burned a few nights since, and a negro named Joshua Williams, who was committed on the charge of murdering two brothers, Daniel and James Luke, perished in the flames.

A storm of hail occurred in Wyoming Co., Va., lately, so severe that the hail remained in the roads up to the horses' bodies three days afterwards. An immense waterspout fell near the Court House, and a woman who lived in the track of the flood and saw it approaching, attempted to save her children, when she was struck by a falling tree and crushed to death. The house was carried down with the current, and the bodies of the woman and child were afterwards found one mile below. The woods in the track of the storm presented the appearance of mid-winter.

The Alabama Legislature, which met on the 13th inst., contains about thirty colored members. The Senate doorkeeper is a colored man, and the doorkeeper, sergeant-at-arms and chaplain of the House are also colored. On Tuesday Governor Smith was inaugurated, in the presence of the two Houses. He sent in a message, which is in the main more conservative than was expected. He recommends in strong language the removal of all disabilities from the people of Alabama, and bitterly opposes any disfranchisement except for crime.

Fred A. Sawyer, Collector of Internal Revenue at Charleston, has been elected United States Senator from South Carolina, for the long term.

All the Freedmen's Bureau agencies in Kentucky, except the general agencies in Louisville, Lexington and Paducah, have been discontinued. The Educational Department will be continued until the State provides for the education of the colored people.

The Committee on Investigation in the Georgia Senate have reported that none of the members of that body are ineligible.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburg, visited the United States fleet, anchored at Cowes, under the command of Admiral Farragut, on the 14th inst., and were received with the honors due their station and rank. On the ensuing day Admiral Farragut left his flag-ship, and boarded the British frigate Galatea, and after a round of inspection of the vessel, lunched with the Duke of Edinburg, her commander. Taking leave of the Galatea officers and men, the American Admiral proceeded, by request, to Osborne House, and paid a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

The Duke de Montpensier has arrived at Cintra, in Portugal. It is reported that the exile of the Duke was caused by his refusal to obey any orders unless received directly from the Queen, and that the Liberal Generals was decided in consequence of their alleged sympathy with the Duke.

Dispatches from Madrid state that at a review of troops in and around that city, the commanding general made a speech to the soldiers, warning them against making any demonstration of sympathy with the late movement against the Queen. The country is reported to be tranquil. The Spanish Government has declared martial law in the province of Catelonia.

In the English House of Lords last week it was announced that the royal assent had been given to the Irish and Scotch reform bills and to the boundary bill.

The son of the late King Theodore of Abyssinia has arrived in England, and has gone to Osborne House on a visit to the Queen.

An Austrian naval expedition will sail from Trieste about the middle of August to effect treaties of commerce and navigation with China, Japan, Siam and other Oriental countries, and afterwards to visit for the same purpose Peru, Chili and the Argentine Confederation. The expedition will also establish consular agencies, obtain facts regarding the exports and imports of each country, and ascertain what prospects open there for Austrian products.

In England an earnest movement is now making to return Mr. Gladstone to Parliament from Greenwich. This is one of the largest and strongest liberal boroughs, and Mr. Gladstone can be elected without difficulty if he will stand. A great effort will be made to oust him from his present seat for Lancashire, and should it be successful, Mr. G. may then accept a seat at the hands of Greenwich.

In the case of the United States against the Messrs. Armand, the builders of the iron-clads for the Confederate government, the arguments for the prosecution and defence have been concluded at Paris. The court will render its decision within a fortnight.

A popular demonstration, consisting of a procession carrying banners and wearing green ribbons, recently took place in London, in favor of the Parliamentary measures for the abolition of the Irish Church establishment. A mass meeting was organized in Hyde Park, and resolutions strongly protesting against the rejection by the House of Lords of the Irish Church Appointments Suspensory bill were adopted.

The American Minister, Mr. Bancroft, has concluded his negotiation with the Grand Ducal Government for a treaty for the mutual protection of the rights of naturalized citizens, and the document has been signed by the high contracting parties on both sides. The treaty is identical with those recently concluded by the United States with the kingdoms of Prussia, Bavaria and Wurtemburg.

THE HEATED TERM.—The late heated term was longer and hotter than any other within the memory of the present generation. From nearly all parts of the Union the reports were the same: it was scorching. Cases of sunstroke were alarmingly frequent. Fifty persons died in New York on Thursday of last week, from the effects of the heat. In Cincinnati, the day previous, twenty were sunstruck, and thirteen died. Eight head of fine cattle dropped dead in the Covington stock yards, the same day, and several valuable horses also perished in Covington and Cincinnati. At Montreal the highest temperature at the Observatory during the hot spell was ninety-eight and seven-tenths degrees. At Minneapolis, the mercury ranged from 99° to 105° in the shade, and at Montgomery, Ala., it run up to 104°. A fair test in Rochester, on Wednesday, indicated 103° in the shade.

BRAZILIAN NEWS.—Latest advices from Rio Janeiro are to June 27th. Brazil was still sending troops to Paragnay. The total number since the commencement of hostilities was 84,241. The force at Humaita was 43,000. Some sporadic cases of cholera had broken out at Nitheroy. Measures were taken to prevent the spread. A British ship had arrived from England with twelve iron steam launches, ordered by the Government for Amazon. The coffee crop was large, but the most part was damaged by rains. A diplomatic conflict had occurred between Caxias and Washburne, American Minister, because the former refused to allow the gunboat Wasp to pass up. The dispute was transferred to Rio for adjustment.

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Honolulu advices to June 25th, say the King prorogned the Hawaiian Legislature on the 24th of June, after a session of 58 days. The general appropriation bill grants $1,060,000 for carrying on the Government for two years ending March, 1870. The sum of $30,000 is appropriated to encourage immigration, and $30,000 to promote inter-islandic steam communication. The American Charge de Affairs had an interview with the King and presented Capt. Simpson of the United States steamer Mohongue. The Honolulu Gazette, official organ of the Government, speaks in complimentary terms of the officers and crew of the Mohongue.

A NEW ASTEROID.—Prof. Peters, of the Hamilton College Observatory, announces that a new planet, the *hundredth* of the asteroids, was discovered at the Observatory on the night of the 14th inst., its position being 21 hours, 9 minutes, 10 seconds in right ascension, and 16 degrees, minutes south declination, with a retrograde southern daily motion of about 36 seconds of time and 6 minutes in arc respectively. It has the brightness of a star of the eleventh magnitude, and will increase still considerably in brightness, being yet far from opposition.

ANDREWS, THE MURDERER.—The neighborhood of Kingston, Mass., where Deacon Andrews murdered and robbed Cornelius Holmes some weeks ago, has another sensation over what is alleged and very generally believed to be another murder committed by the same. A skeleton has been found, supposed to be that of a man who disappeared from the neighborhood several years ago, and suspicion points very strongly to Andrews as the perpetrator of two crimes instead of one.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Official dispatches from the scene of war on the Parana report that the Allied forces again commenced the vigorous bombardment of the fortress of Humaita by land and water. The Paraguayans made a desperate sortie for the purpose of dislodging a detachment of Allied troops from the Gran Chaco, but the attack was repulsed and the enemy were compelled to retreat to their entrenchments with considerable loss in killed and wounded.

POLITICAL NOMINATIONS.—The Vermont State Democratic Convention met at Montpelier last week, and named its candidates as follows:—For Governor, John L. Edwards; Lieut. Governor, Morrill Noyes; Treasurer, S. H. Williams. In Michigan both parties have nominated their State ticket. Henry P. Baldwin is the Republicans' choice for Governor, and John Moore the choice of the Democracy.

GAS WORKERS' STRIKE.—The gas workers of Philadelphia have struck, and the city is in gloom now-a-nights. All that portion depending on the city gas works is totally deprived of light, with the exception of a few candles and lamps in store windows.

SALNAVE has proclaimed himself Emperor of Hayti, and has banished all seeking refuge in the foreign consulates. Desultory fighting with the rebels continues there.

RESCUED INDIAN CAPTIVES.—It will be remembered that several months ago the Kiowas, at that time a hostile tribe of Indians in Texas, took captive a whole family in Cook county, consisting of six persons, namely, father, mother, uncle, and three children. The father, mother and uncle were subsequently massacred. One baby was frozen to death, and another killed on account of the trouble it made. There remained two little girls, aged four and six years, about which there has been the greatest anxiety throughout the country. Col. Leavenworth, government agent for the Kiowas, recently retook the two children, and he is now in Washington with them. They are alone in the world, having no longer kith or kindred, and Col. Leavenworth urges upon Congress the justice of setting aside $2,000 out of the Kiowas' annuity in order to provide for the orphans and educate them. The Indian Committee in both Houses are said to be in favor of this course.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 21, 1868.

MONEY is easy and abundant at all the great commercial centers. Rates of interest are very low in New York. As yet there is but little money going West to move the crops. The banks are expecting large calls soon. The drain upon New York will not be large while the Western banks are as easy as at present.

The gold premium for some time, until the last six days, has been very steady, with little variation from day to day. For some days it has been steadily going up. On Saturday the price was 143¾. A day or two previous it was sold as high as 144. Yesterday sales were made at the New York Board at 142¾. The exports of specie continue large.

Government Securities have been excited and firm for some days. The advance abroad, with the firmness in gold, has created a rise in most descriptions.

Railroad and miscellaneous stocks are generally dull.

The New York Commercial Bulletin of Monday says:—"In the general markets the heat has materially checked business. Cotton has declined ⅛c. Breadstuffs have declined. Provisions without any animation. Groceries all dull except Sugars on Friday, and the Dry Goods market only showing a small trade either with jobbers or commission merchants.

Sterling Exchange continues firm and high.

The banks learned last week, with considerable satisfaction, that their taxes are not to be raised. The Senate proved to be strong in their opposition to the scheme to put up the rates. The bill as first reported just doubled the bank taxes.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Transactions in the general markets are light, and there is considerable uncertainty in regard to future prices. The Detroit Post says:—"Wheat is held by most farmers of Michigan at $2.00, but considerable sales for future delivery have been made at $1.75. Contrary to the usual run of things wheat opened well last year, but ran up still higher afterwards in consequence of good foreign demand, and lightness of our own crop. This year we shall have abundance, the European crops are three weeks earlier than usual, and promise abundantly, so that prices may be expected to open better than can be sustained longer than September, when spring wheat will appear in competition. $2.25 was offered for eight car-loads of No. 1 white."

There is little change in Flour. The supply is low at the East.

WOOL.—Farmers are selling more freely than any time before since the season opened. Buyers are paying in this vicinity 34@36c. We hear of no transactions higher than the outside figure, though doubtless extra and large lots would command something better.

Sales in Boston last week reached 860,000 lbs., at a range of 42½@51c. for fleece, and 20@50c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Bulletin of Saturday says, in reference to the low price of wool in the Eastern market:—"Some of our commission merchants are disposed to take a firm stand against the indiscriminate slaughter of wool, with a view to protect their Western shippers from serious loss. They are looking for an improvement in wool prices as soon as manufactured products begin to move off into distributing channels, and wool buyers are forced in to supply their consumptive wants. Hence, they are not disposed to meet the present views of manufacturers, and are not making any sales of consequence; while others seem to be a little panic stricken, and ready to accept any offer made to them."

Fall Woolens are selling more freely.

PORK is firm, and has advanced in the New York market. Stocks are much reduced.

BOOTS AND SHOES are firm, with an increasing demand.

ROCHESTER, JULY 20—Flour, wheat, $11,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,00@2,10; Do. white, $2,00@2,50; Rye, $1,75@1,80; Oats, 70@75c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Pork, mess, $20,00@20,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,00@0,00; Hams, 20@21cts; Shoulders, 15@15½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 28@28c; Cheese, 12@10c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@26c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $12@17. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, old, 80c@$1,00; new do, $2@2,25. Hops nominal at 10@30c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 18—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8.37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 31½@32c. Flour, $8,30@11,50. Wheat, $2,30@2,50. Rye, $1,80@1,87. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,00@1,09. Oats, 81@83½c. Hops, 10@20c. Pork, mess, $29,00@29,25; new mess, $28,00@28,37; prime, $22,25@22,75; prime mess, $24,00@24,50. Beef, new plain mess, $19,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $28@30,00. Shoulders, 12½@13½c. Hams, 16@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 16@18½cts. Butter, 20@35c. Cheese, 11@15½c.

ALBANY, JULY 18—Flour, $6,50@13,75. Rye Flour, $9,62@00,00. Corn Meal, $3,20@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,30@2,50. Rye, $1,75. Barley, $0@1,55. Corn, $1,07@1,08. Oats, 81@83c. Pork, mess, $29@29,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $33,00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 30@31c. Cheese, 5@15c. Wool, 38@40c.

BUFFALO, JULY 18.—Flour, $9,00@11,50; Rye flour, $9,00@9,25; Wheat, $1,77@2,30; Corn, $0,95@0,97; Oats, 73@73c; Rye, $0,00; Barley, $0,00; Peas, $1,40; Beans, $5,00@5,50; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Peavine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@29,00; Lard, 18@18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 28@30c; Cheese, 12@15c; Eggs, 25c.

CHICAGO, JULY 18.—Flour, $7,25@11,00; Wheat, $1,71@1,80; Corn, 82@89½c; Oats 64@65½c18; Rye, $1,30@1,32; Barley, $1,20. Pork, mess, $28,25@28,50; Lard, 18@18½c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 17—Flour, $5,00@11,50; Wheat, $1,75@2,05; Corn, 81@86c ear; Oats, 72@74c; Rye, $1,50@1,53; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Mess pork, $28@28,50; Lard, 16½@18c; Bacon, 14½@17½c; Hams, 17½@20c; Shoulders, 13½@½13c; Butter, 20@30c; Cheese, 12@15c.

TORONTO, JULY 17—Flour, $6,10@6,60; Wheat, spring, $1,46@1,48; fall, $1,45@1,50; Oats, 50@53c; Barley, $0,00; Peas, 88@85c. Pork, mess, $22,00@23; prime, $18@17,00; Bacon, 10@13½c; Hams, 12@12½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 11@14c; Cheese, 10@11cts; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15. Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 15—Beeves—Receipts 4,950 head; quotations 11@17c. Milch Cows—Receipts 85 head; $40@100; Veal calves—Receipts 1,800 head; quotations, 5@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 22,691 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@6c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 6@10c. Swine—Receipts 15,391 head, quotations, 9@12½c.

ALBANY, JULY 16—Beeves, $4,00@10,25. Milch Cows, $50@100. Veal Calves, 8@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 3½@5c.; Western 3½@5c.; Lambs, 7@8½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JULY 16—Beeves range from 9@13½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, $45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 8@6c; extra, 4@½cts; by the head, $2@5,50. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@9c. Veal Calves, $3@13.

CHICAGO, JULY 19—Beef cattle range at from $5,50@7,70. Sheep, 3½@5½c. Hogs, live, $8,62½@9,25.

CINCINNATI, JULY 16—Beeves, $3,25@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,50; Hogs, $6,65@9,25 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 16—Beef Cattle, 6@10½c; Cows and Calves, $40@70; Sheep, 4@4½c. gross; Hogs, 12@13c.

TORONTO, JULY 16—Beeves range at $4@6,00; Sheep, $2,50@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $3,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 18.—Market is active. Sales are 750,000 lbs. at 42@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 30@44c for unwashed, 31c for pulled, 20@38c. for Texas, and 25@35c for California.

BOSTON, JULY 18—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@50c; pulled, 27½@50c; medium and extra Western, 42½@47c; new combing fleece, 50@55c, and Canada do, 64@65c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 16—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 38@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, JULY 16.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@42c.; Medium, 37@38c.; Coarse, 35@38c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 44@48c.

BALTIMORE, JULY 16—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@42c; Fleece, 35@40c; Pulled, 30@38c.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

BY his fall from a stairway the other day, Jefferson Davis was much injured, three of his ribs being broken. He is doing well now.

THE steamer Grecian struck a rock in Cedar Rapids near Montreal, Thursday night, and was beached to prevent sinking. Fortunately the passengers were all saved.

ANOTHER destructive fire visited Rutland, Vt., on the morning of the 1st inst. All the buildings in one of the best blocks were destroyed. Total loss about $75,000.

THE overland mail is said to carry about thirty-five thousand letters weekly. The time is now sixteen days from sea to sea, and two months hence will be two days less.

JOHN CONOLLY was struck by lightning a few days since at South Bend, Ind., and his boots were torn from his feet, but it is believed he will recover. His wife was badly stunned.

MIDDLETOWN, Rhode Island, is a model township. It has no lawyer, no doctor, no grog shop, no debt, virtually no poor, less taxes and more wealth per capita than any other town within our knowledge.

THE Council of the Dominion Rifle Association is in session at Ottawa, Ontario, arranging the prize list for the meeting in Montreal next September. Prizes amounting to $10,000 are to be competed for.

ADVICES from Mazatlan, Mexico, to the fifth of July, state that the British steamer Chanticleer is still blockading that port against Mexican commerce, but is not interfering with American vessels.

A WOODEN block of stores in Toronto, on Young street, near Second, and several houses on Victoria street, together with Drummond's lumber yard, were destroyed by fire on Thursday. Loss about $50,000.

IT is stated that over three hundred Western thieves and pickpockets are in New York. A gang of them attacked a Cincinnati detective last Saturday night, and threatened to kill him unless he left the city.

CHARLES TELLER of Williamsburg, accidentally shot a friend named Sterns, on Saturday evening, killing him instantly, and on seeing what he had done went to the foot of Grand Street and drowned himself.

A YOUNG man named Jacob Gamm, while lying asleep on the bank of the Niagara river below the Falls, rolled over the brink, and falling a distance of two hundred feet upon the rocks below, was crushed to pieces.

A FIRE Saturday night in Camden, N. J., originated in the large planing mill and box factory of Goldy & Johnson, which defied the men of the fire department of the town, and destroyed from twelve to fourteen buildings.

JUDGE SUTHERLAND of the Supreme Court has set aside, with costs, the enormous judgment of $4,000,000, recently obtained by Ross, Steele & Co., contractors, for an alleged claim of $25,000 damages the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

THREE girls, from twelve to fourteen years of age, were drowned in the Pawlet river at Middle Granville, Vermont, on the afternoon of the 4th inst. They were in bathing, and got beyond their depth and drowned before assistance arrived.

ONE thousand German immigrants went West recently over the Baltimore and Ohio and Cincinnati and Marietta railroads. Four hundred were expected to remain in Cincinnati. They came direct from Bremen by the new line of vessels to Baltimore.

MRS. KEYES was murdered at Stewartsville, N. J., last year, and a few days ago Mr. Keyes had his legs and an arm cut of by the cars, and has since, believing he could never get well, confessed to killing his wife. They ought to hang what there is left of him.

A PUBLISHED list of our naval squadron shows that the greater portion of our navy having been built during the last six years, are supplied with armaments and appliances which render them superior in all respects to the war ships of any other nation in existence.

MR. AND MISS HOLLIS, of the first families of Charlestown, Mass., were arrested in a Boston dry goods store on Friday, while stealing some valuable dress goods, and their house being overhauled, four trunks full of costly goods, all probably stolen, were discovered.

H. J. SMITH, the famous "Hod Annis," who managed to escape punishment for his share in the Lord bond robbery at New York, a year or two since, has just been sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment at Cornwall, Ont., for the robbery of a safe at that place, last April.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT is said to be a millionaire. He owes a number of houses, some unoccupied lots, and twenty acres now in wheat, within the city limits of Vallejo, California. As that city is to be the western terminus of the Central Pacific Railroad, this property is destined to become a mine of wealth, and within a year has been trebled in price.

A FIRE broke out in the blacksmith shop of the New Jersey State prison at Trenton lately which communicated to the south wing and burned off two-thirds of the roof in the direction of the main building. There was great excitement among the prisoners, three of whom are said to have escaped. The fire was extinguished with but $10,000 loss.

A LITTLE child fell into a cistern at Rochester, a few days ago, and after five or six minutes was drawn out, to all appearances dead. A physician being sent for, wrapped the body up in warm flannels, and after three hours' labor in inflating and compressing its lungs, during all of which time no life appeared, succeeded in restoring animation, and the child has recovered.

THE official Gazette of the Dominion announces the appointment of Hon. W. P. Howland, C. B., as Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, and of Hon. S. A Wilmot, as Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick. A proclamation from the Queen appears in the Gazette, imposing punishment by fine and imprisonment upon any subjects who may take part in hostilities against Italy.

NEW rolls are being used in the organization of the new Volunteer Companies, in the Dominion of Canada, by which volunteers are required to enlist for three years. The volunteer force now in existence will be asked to re-enlist after October 1st, when the new milita organization goes into operation. If a sufficient force is not obtained by volunteering, recourse will be had to drafting.

ONE-HALF of the land under cultivation in Utah is sown in wheat. In Salt Lake valley the average yield is estimated at twenty-three bushels per acre, in San Pete valley about the same, and in Bear Lake valley the yield has been as high as forty bushels. In 1865 there were 426 acres of fruit orchards in cultivation, of which apples were the principal and finest variety, peaches lacking the fine, delicate flavor of State fruit.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Seed Wheat Experimental Farm—G A Deitz.
Farmers and Grain Dealers Friend—Bennett, Johnson & Co.
Autobiography of Horace Greeley—J B Ford & Co.
An Antidote for Tobacco—Dr T R Abbott.
Agents Wanted Everywhere—Richardson & Co.
Linnæan Nurseries—Wm R Prince.
Important to Farmers' Wives—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
A Bargain—G R Sykes.
Applewood Stocks—J H & N A Williams.
Roofing Slate—John Galt.
Communion Wine—W H H Barton.
Campaign Pins, &c—Stone, Hall & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ditching Machines—A Challenge—G H Beardsley.

The News Condenser.

— Gen. Sherman has adopted one of Kit Carson's sons.
— Some cases of cholera have occurred in Vicksburg.
— Colorado shipped $200,000 in gold in June.
— Croquet umbrellas are made of white muslin.
— Iron ore is found at Eddyville, Iowa.
— Boston will have seven theaters next season.
— Libby prison has been sold at auction.
— Paper hats are a late novelty.
— Troy has had a genuine case of cholera.
— Barnum's Circassian girl is married.
— A Yankee is bull-fighting in Havana.
— Connecticut has abolished school rates.
— Female barbers are an invention in New York.
— Two of the minor Bonapartes are in New York.
— Yale College has $1,021,237 in productive property.
— Somebody has discovered that Whittier is to marry.
— Lola Montez's letters are to be published.
— Ole Bull made $13,000 on his late trip in this country.
— Worcester, Mass., is to have a new theater.
— Bonner's father was an Irish inn-keeper.
— Ex-Gov. Grayson of Maryland is dead.
— The Bishop of London is a centenarian.
— The hay crop about Philadelphia is abundant.
— Potatoes are selling for a penny a pound in Ireland.
— Iowa contains 50,000 square miles of land.
— There are 300,000 Lutherans in the United States.
— Lord Brougham left only $10,000 personal property.
— Immigration into Iowa is unexampled this year.
— Grasshoppers are grazing in the pastures of Central Iowa.
— A Siam Princess has ordered a stove of a Troy merchant.
— Bismarck has bought Lord Brougham's house at Cannes.
— The Methodists have over fifteen thousand Sunday schools.
— You can get a nice suit of rooms in Saratoga for $300 a week.
— An amber mouth-piece for a pipe sold in Paris lately for $704.
— Dumas, Jr., and Edmund About are to try banking in Paris.
— Congress Hall, Saratoga, has one hundred miles of bell wire.
— It costs England ten thousand dollars each to test her guns.
— The latest statistics in France show a population of 38,067,074.
— Only two daily papers are published in the city of Stockholm.
— American belles, with fortunes, are in demand with titled Paris.
— Philapelphia is to spend four million dollars on Fairmount Park.
— An Italian Bible is being printed at the New York Bible House.
— Chicago sends fifteen million letters a year more than she receives.
— Brigham Young is having seven costly carriages built in New York.
— The Central Railroad conductors have cut off their brass buttons.
— Illinois is receiving Texas cattle at the rate of fifty car loads a day.
— $20,000,000 worth of blooded horses are owned in New York city.
— A valuable sulphur spring has been discovered in Agawam, Mass.
— Fresh meat is now taken from Chicago to Boston in refrigerator cars.
— The midge has ravaged the wheat crop alarmingly at Kalamazoo, Mich.
— Over two-thirds of the public offices in St. Louis are held by Germans.
— Fashionable ladies are required to have shoes to match each toilet.
— The corner stone for the Wooster (Ohio) University has just been laid.
— The North German Union has adopted the metric system of coinage.
— It now takes thirteen days to go from New York to California overland.
— The lamplighters in San Francisco perform their work on horseback.
— The sales of bread-stuffs in this country are estimated at $3,000,000,000.
— Sweden is contracting a loan of six million dollars for railroad building.
— The caterpillars have stripped the trees of Louisville, Ky., of their foliage.
— Grace Greenwood and Mrs. Ames are to give readings in Washington.
— There are four homeopathic life insurance companies in the United States.
— Out of a car load of swine recently sent to Chicago, fifty died on the way.
— The new press law will rob the Paris Moniteur of its official privileges.
— Baltimore orders that no colored teachers shall educate colored children.
— The Toronto Globe is not satisfied with the first year of the Dominion.
— The pear crop in New Hampshire will be almost a total failure this year.
— North Germany has set free all persons in prison for debt within its limits.
— More than 30,000 hands are employed in France in making silk trimming.
— European tourists are flocking in large numbers to the Catskill Mountains.
— A rich farmer in France, with a grand daughter of 20 has married a wife of 19.
— The Emperor of Brazil pays 23 per cent, of his income to help on the war.
— A farmer in Derbyshire, England, has a cabbage head weighing seventy pounds.
— The St. Louis pork-packers offer $1,500 in prizes for fat hogs at the October fair.
— The seventeen year locusts are eating all green things before them on Long Island.
— The corner-stone of a new Baptist Seminary was recently laid at Fenton, Mich.
— Two persons were struck by lighting in Chicago, Saturday, and instantly killed.
— Pennsylvania makes two-thirds of all the glass manufactured in the United States.
— A Londoner wants to bet $10,000 that omnibuses will run with balloons within a year.
— Thirty car loads of live stock come eastward over the Kansas Pacific Railroad daily.
— The canker worms are making sad havoc with the apple trees in Eastern New Hampshire.
— An English bulls-eye watch was found in the stomach of a recently captured catfish at Monroe, Ind.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DITCHING MACHINES.—A CHALLENGE.

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO DITCHING AND SPADING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, July 15th, 1868.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have noticed a circular from the Waterloo Iron Works, speaking of LA TOURETTE'S Ditching Machine of Waterloo, N. Y., in which is said,—"I *challenge the inventor or owner of any Ditching Machine to dig from ten to one hundred rods of ditch with the same soil in the same length of time, the same depth, and do it as well, the Chicago Machine not excepted.*"

I can only say that one of the Chicago Machines was in Waterloo, N. Y., or vicinity, (and is now there,) long after we challenged "him or any other man" to produce a machine to dig *ten rods* while we will dig with one of ours ONE HUNDRED; and since his MANIFESTO we challenge him to meet us with one of his machines in the vicinity of Rochester, within the next forty days, in competition with one of ours, to dig TWO RODS while we dig FORTY, with the soil in proper condition for ditching, either in clay, where it is not extremely dry, or muck, gravel, sand or stony land. We are glad to see that Mr. LA TOURETTE is disposed to interest himself at this late day, and in case we have an exhibition I desire it to be publicly announced through your paper, which is read by as many as any Agricultural paper in the country.

We do not profess to dig with our machine stone of large size, neither do we *shave* the bottom of the ditch out. On our principle there is some loose earth left in the bottom of the ditch, unless it is obviated by the running of the forward wheel over subsequently to the ditching, which will graduate it as near as can be done by the eye while horses are walking. We wish it understood that our machine is not worked by a windlass, as is the case with the LA TOURETTE machine, where one horse performs the power of forty. We work four horses abreast, and a ditch can be dug under favorable circumstances at the rate of *one rod per minute.*

Our machines are for sale to be used within a given territory. Address G. H. BEARDSLEY, SEC'Y, 905 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

COMMUNION WINE—MADE FROM THE Isabella and Clinton Grapes mixed. Superior to the best imported. Price $3 per gallon, sent everywhere. Send for Circular to W. H. H. BARTON, Grape Grower, Rochester, N.Y

APPLEWOOD STOCKS.—PARTIES WHO got out blocks per our advertisement in this paper a year ago, please correspond with
966-3t J. H. & N. A. WILLIAMS, Utica, N. Y.

ROOFING SLATE.—JOHN GALT, Wholesale DEALER IN RED, PURPLE, GREEN AND BLACK ROOFING SLATES, 21 and 23 Tenth Avenue, New York, and 56 Terrace, Buffalo, N. Y. ☞ Send for Circular before purchasing elsewhere. 966-3teo

℞ NEVER WEAR A COUGH, or irritation on the lungs, when you can buy AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, the world's great remedy that cures it.

CAMPAIGN PINS, IVORY CHARMS, G. A. R. BADGES. 200 Different Styles for Republicans and Democrats *now ready.* Also, Engravings, Song Books, &c. Specimens, 25 cents; lots, $1, $2, $3. Send for Circular, to STONE, HALL, & CO., Headquarters Campaign Goods, Boston, Mass., P. O. Box, 3844.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS' WIVES.

By using GEO. F. GANTZ & CO'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH, you can make the best of Soap, and only cost two cents per pound.
It is made as easily as a loaf of bread.
The saving in one year would buy you a new dress.
One pound of White Rock Potash will make fifteen pounds of Hard Soap and the very best.

WM. R. PRINCE, Flushing, New York, for 60 years Proprietor of the Linnæan Nurseries, announces his Sovereign and never failing remedy for Scrofula of every phase. Of 7,000 patients there has never been one failure. Also his Remedials for Catarrh and Bronchitis. All Snuffs and Inhalations have proven deceptive. Chronic Liver and Kidney Diseases, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Heartburn, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Scrofulous Opthalmia, Nervous Debility, Skin and Mercurial and other External and Internal Eruptive Maladies, are permanently eradicated. Medical Circulars 3 stamps. Treatise 25 cents.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO sell the authorized Democratic Campaign Book.
SEYMOUR AND BLAIR;
THEIR LIVES AND SERVICES.
By D. G. CROLY, Editor of the New York World.

This is a handsome 12mo. volume, with elegant full page steel portraits of Gov. Seymour and Gen. Blair, published under the sanction of these distinguished gentlemen, from materials *furnished in large part by themselves*, and is, therefore, official, accurate, and complete, and the AUTHORIZED CAMPAIGN BOOK of the party. The distinguished position of the Author in the Party and the Press, is of itself a sufficient guarrantee of the work. The announcement of the book has been received with the utmost enthusiasm everywhere throughout the country, and its sale promises to be unprecedentedly great. An active Agent can sell hundreds in every town. We give large commissions to energetic men. As applications for agencies are pouring in upon us, an immediate application is necessary to secure your choice of territory. For full particulars, address RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers, 4 Bond Street, New York. ☞ The canvassing outfit costs $1, and will be sent immediately on receipt of price, and the agent can commence work at once. 966-2t

An Antidote for Tobacco.

This great remedy invariably *removes all desire for Tobacco* and is *entirely vegetable and harmless.* It is also an excellent appetizer. It purifies the blood, invigorates the system, possesses great nourishing and strengthening power, enables the stomach to digest the heartiest food, makes sleep refreshing and establishes robust health. *Smokers and Chewers for Fifty Years Cured.* Price Fifty Cents, post free. A Treatise on the Injurious Effects of Tobacco, with lists of testimonials, references, etc., SENT FREE.

Agents wanted. Address Dr. T. R. ABBOTT, Jersey City, N. J.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.—ONE BOX OF ANTIDOTE cured my brother and myself. IT NEVER FAILS.
Rev. I. W. SHOEMAKER, Kelley's Station, Pa.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH GAINED.—I gained eleven lbs. of flesh and am restored to sound health by using the ANTIDOTE. S. D. BOWLES, Prospect Hill, Mo.

FROM THE U. S. TREASURY, *Secretary's Office.*—Please send a supply of ANTIDOTE. The one received has done its work SURELY. O. T. EDGAR.

[*Copyrighted.*]

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HORACE GREELEY.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned have nearly ready, and are about to issue by subscription,

HORACE GREELEY'S
"RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE,"

In a handsome octavo volume, of over 600 pages, well printed, on fine paper, illustrated with an admirable steel portrait of Mr. GREELEY, and with pictures of his various homes, in early and later life together with a beautiful portrait of MARGARET FULLER, engraved by LINTON. Originally published in the New York Ledger, these interesting papers have been revised, and in part re-written, by the author, with much additional matter, concerning Politics, Reconstruction, Jefferson Davis, &c., which make it one of the raciest and most readable books of the day.

Mr. GREELEY has said of it:—"I shall never write anything else into which I shall put so much of *myself*, my experiences, notions, convictions, and modes of thought, as these *Recollections.* I give, with small reserve, my mental history."

The book embraces views of early New England settlement, the author's own youthful life, education, apprenticeship, adventures, professional and political reminiscences, experience in Congress, newspaper life in New York, and much useful talk about farms and farming. It is a peculiarly entertaining and valuable work; a look behind the scenes during an important period of the country's history. Price, in cx. cloth, $3.50; in sheep, $4.50; in half morocco, $5. Applications for Agencies received. Exclusive territory given.
J. B. FORD & CO., 164 Nassau Street, Printing-house Square, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR OF THE BEST SEED WHEAT IN THE WORLD!

SEED WHEAT EXPERIMENTAL FARM, CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

I will now fill orders for the following varieties of Winter Seed Wheat:

	Per peck.	Per bush.
Ancona Red, imported from Russia, 1868,	$2,75	$10,00
Saudonica white, imported from Poland, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Berdenska red, imported from Russia, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Sakonka red, imported from Poland, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Salla red, imported from Saxony, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Saxony white, imported from Saxony, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Bohemian red, imported from Bohemia, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Bohemian white, do. do. do. 1868,	2,75	10,00
French white Chaff Mediterranean,	2,00	7,50
French red do. do.	2,00	7,50
German amber,	2,00	7,50
Hungarian red,	2,00	7,50
Italian red, acclimated one year,	2,00	7,50
Do. do. do. three years,	2,00	7,50
Do. white, do. do. do.	2,00	7,50
Red Chaff Mediterranean,	1,50	5,00
White do. do.	1,50	5,00
Lancaster red,	1,50	5,00
Rochester red,	1,50	5,00
Egyptian red,	1,50	5,00
Diehl's white,	1,50	5,00
Week's white,	1,75	6,00
Blue Stem,	1,50	5,00
Boulon white,	1,50	5,00
American white,	1,50	5,00
California white,	1,50	5,00
Six-rowed Winter Barley,	1,00	3,00
Oats, Surprise,	1,50	5,00
Do. Swedish,	1,00	3,50
Do. New Brunswick,	1,00	3,50
Do. Black Norway,	1,00	3,50

I will send, post-paid, four pounds of any of the above varieties for One Dollar. One head, post-paid, 10 cents, or 20 heads of different varieties, post-paid, for One Dollar.

Send money by Money Orders or Registered Letters, or by Express, to **GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.**, and your orders will be promptly filled.

☞ This is the only Seed Wheat Experimental Farm in the United States, where Seed Wheat is acclimated and grown for sale. ☞ Send for a Circular. 966 6t

A BARGAIN!—A FRUIT FARM FOR SALE of 15½ acres, set in Peaches, Pears, Apples, Quinces, Grapes, Strawberries, &c.; new, large and splendid House, Barn, &c., on main avenue, and close to Railroad Depot. Letters answered. G. R. SYKES, Lincoln, Sussex Co., Del.

LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.

The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz.:
MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA,
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.
With other first-class steamers building.
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, July 22
COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12
MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19
From Pier No. 16 North River.
Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.
Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.
For steerage passage to
966-6t WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN FLAG HORSE COLLAR!

Warranted *not to gall* in any service. *Old galls cured by their use.* Cheapest and easiest collar ever offered, and the only collar that should be used on a working horse.

RETAILED AT $3 PER PAIR!

Sold by all Harness Dealers. Send for Circular.

Notice is hereby given, that one H. G. CHAMBERLAIN is traveling about the country selling rights for the manufacture of Durrant's Patent Flag Horse Collars, and the public is cautioned against buying State, County, or Town Rights of said Chamberlin, as he well knows he has not the power to give exclusive control of any territory nor to exclude our collars from any part of the United States, as we have an equal right with either Durrant or Chamberlin, to manufacture and sell the said Collar in any part of the United States. Parties purchasing Collars of us will receive a written guarantee from the Company, protecting them in all their rights. If Mr. Chamberlin was satisfied of the truth whereof his card speaks, he would demand his rights before the courts, which he has refused to do.
WM. CHAPPELL, SEC'Y,
37 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE AND CAUTION.—IN CONSEquence of the demand for C. C. DURRANT'S Flag Collar for Horses, sundry persons are engaged in the manufacturing of an imitation of said collars, and putting them on sale in various parts of the country; among them is one WM. CHAPPELL of Rochester, N. Y., who is advertising his business as Secretary of the American Flag Horse Collar Manufacturing Co. The public are hereby notified not to purchase or use this or any other Flag Collar, unless it has stamped on the lining the following, viz., C. C. Durrant, maker, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., patented June 16th, 1863, with a [D] as a trade mark on all Collars made and sold since March 1st, 1868. The subscriber, having purchased said patent, and having the control of the same in and to the United States, hereby gives notice that every infringement on said patent will be met by a speedy prosecution to the extent of the law, whether it may be in the making, vending, or using said Collars. It is proposed to furnish said Collars in a legitimate manner, in quantities to meet the demand, and a good honest article, unlike the worthless imitations palmed off upon the public by these interlopers. For any and all information in relation to the Flag Collar business address C. C. DURRANT, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., Manufacturer, or H. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., owner of the Patent. [964-4t] H. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequaled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake, thorough-going School for boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point, or the Naval Academy. For circulars address OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Proprietor. 965-8t

TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

THE LODI MANUFACTURING COMPANY, the oldest and largest concern of the kind in the United States, possessing extraordinary facilities for the manufacture of Fertilizers, *controlling exclusively* the night soil, offal, bones and dead animals of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey cities, as also the great Communipaw abbatoirs, offer for sale, in lots to suit customers,

8,000 TONS OF DOUBLE-REFINED POUDRETTE

Made from night-soil, blood, bones and offal, ground to a powder. Its effects have been most astonishing, doubling the crops and maturing them ten days or two weeks earlier. Equal to the best brands of Superphosphate for *present crop*, although sold for **$25 per Ton** with freight from New York added. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each.

BONE DUST.

1—COARSE and FINE MIXED. 2—FINE, suitable for Drilling. And 3—FLOURED BONE.

☞ WE WARRANT OUR BONE TO ANALYZE PURE. Packed in bbls. of 250 lbs. each. For Winter grain, Double-Refined Poudrette and Fine Bone, mixed in equal proportions and *drilled in* with the seed, have produced most remarkable effects. Sold as low as any article of same purity and fineness in the market.

NITRO-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

We offer this Phosphate confidently as being as good, if not superior, to any *ever* made or sold in this market, containing a larger amount of soluble Phosphate and Ammonia than usual in Superphosphates. For PERMANENT, as well as for immediate powerful effect upon land, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

Price in New York, **$55.00 per Ton** of 2,000 lbs. For Price Lists, Circulars, &c., apply to THE LODI MANUFACTURING CO., 66 Cortlandt St., P. O. Box 3139, New York, or C. G. STARKWEATHER & SONS, Agts., Rochester, N. Y. [959-6tm

WANTED—AGENTS EVERYWHERE, for the Campaign Lives of GRANT & COLFAX,
BY GEN. JAMES S. BRISBEN,

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXPECTATION.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Sweet birds, sing in the locust boughs,
Drown all the swift winds in your song,
Flit up and down, amid the leaves,
For soon I leave you, happy throng!

Oh, winds, from off the silent lake,
Go back and stir the sleeping waves,
And wake sweet fragrance from the flowers
That blossom on remembered graves!

Bring some sweet story to each heart
That mourns o'er unforgotten days,
But as for me,—I have no need
To hear your soft, alluring lays.

Oh, happy stars within the blue,
Sing, as ye float above us, there,
And tell the story of a dawn
That soon will break, serene and fair!

Oh, sweet flowers, shed thro' all the world
Your fragrance, and ye leafy trees
Clap hands and shout, and let my joy
Break forth in each awakening breeze!

For she is coming! From afar
I hear her gentle, evening song,
And now, to cross the shadowy plain,
I know her steps will not be long!

The heavy night will shut me in,
But fair, on yonder mountain-brow,
The gentle, loving angel, Death,
Is waiting for me, even now.

And there the Paradisal light
Falls on a day, so sweet and fair,
That only angels, white-robed, breathe
The sacred, life-bestowing air!

The Story Teller.

THE TWIN COTTAGES.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Chapter V.—Pleasant Neighbors.

Ill-luck now appears to attend all the undertakings of the two brothers, who had formerly been noted for their good fortune. Richard, unaccustomed to take the lead in business, missed Lionel's cool head and practiced judgment; and the latter began to see the inconvenience of having no one to second his efforts. When they worked together, success had always appeared easy and natural; and many a time both had reason to recall the old fable of the bundle of sticks.

It was not in the farming business alone that the brothers were not so prosperous as formerly. From the day they moved into the twin cottages everything went wrong. The children took cold from the dampness of the freshly plastered rooms, and there was sickness in both families. Owing to the division of the household furniture, both found themselves crippled for the want of useful articles which it was difficult to procure. A horse which nobody but Lionel could ever manage, but which had fallen to Richard's portion, kicked Jackson in the side, and laid him up all summer with broken ribs. Then Edward fell into the well Lionel was digging and broke his arm, and Lionel himself got his fingers smashed beneath a beam, at the raising of his barn. Richard, overcome by anxiety of mind, had a fever, which left him a mere wreck, and from which he was long recovering. Both Martha and Maria, worn out by hard work in their new homes, were obliged to employ girls to help them; and girls are always a great trial to people who have been accustomed to do their own work.

The expenses of building were so much greater than Richard had anticipated, and he had to employ so much extra help on the farm during the summer, that long before fall he bitterly regretted not having remained in the old house five or six years longer. But having commenced, he would not be outdone by his brother, so he borrowed money to build exactly such a barn as Lionel was building, and to make everything else correspond.

Richard had been in his new cottage a year before the last of the carpenter's work was done; and even then, in consequence of the haste in which the frame had been put together and covered, it was necessary to call in a joiner to make some little repairs. All this time Lionel's house was in nearly the same condition; but at length both cottages were, as you may say, completed; and there they stood, side by side, on the North road, looking so exactly alike in outward form and arrangements that they attracted general attention, and obtained the appellation of "The Twin Cottages."

Now all the satisfaction the two rival families had gained by building separately, was in the possession of *two* large square bed-rooms, instead of one; although, singular to relate, Richard did not occupy his within two years after his removal into the new house,—and it is currently reported that Lionel's was never "done off" for a sleeping apartment, but left as a sort of play-room for the children, and a convenient place to shell corn in or crack butternuts in rainy days. Thus, the square bed-room, which was the origin of all the unfortunate difficulties between the two families, became an object of very small importance in their eyes, long before they had experienced half the inconvenience of the separation.

The cousins were brought up to hate each other, and to do each other all possible mischief. They formed their school-fellows into distinct clans, that waged perpetual war, and gave their teachers, as well as themselves, a great deal of trouble and unhappiness, until all respectable and well-meaning boys shunned the Feltons as if their influence had been contaminating.

Not many months had elapsed before both families saw the inconvenience of living so near together, the proximity of their houses affording every inducement and facility to quarrel. The cousins threw stones at each other over the board fence which had been built on the dividing line of the two estates; they got each other's balls, when knocked over by accident, and refused to give them up; and once, when an unconscious chicken of Lionel's stole tamely through the fence to pick a grain of corn out of Richard's yard, Wolcott set the dog upon it, and afterwards threw its dead carcass insultingly into his uncle's garden. By way of retaliation, Edward, who at that time had no dog, loaded his father's gun, and peppered the first one of Richard's geese that put its unlucky head through the fence. After this, as if impelled by some fatality, turkeys, ducks, geese and hens showed an extraordinary tendency to rush blindly upon the destruction that awaited them at the mouth of the dog and the muzzle of the gun; so that numbers of the inoffensive poultry fell miserable victims to the animosity existing between the two families.

Things progressed in this happy manner until a fat calf belonging to Lionel had the misfortune to take a fancy to some nice grass which grew on the wrong side of the fence. For many days the fated animal might have been seen casting anxious glances at the appetising herb, which, perhaps, looked ten times more delectable in perspective than the most epicurean calf would have proved it to be in reality; so that when the fence was broken by a gale of wind, the devoted animal leaped gaily through the nearest break, and commenced cropping the grass with great voracity, without alloying the pure pleasure of the stolen repast with a single thought of Richard's merciless big dog. In five minutes, however, he was aroused from his delicious revery by a terrible growl, and in an instant the fangs of Nero were fastened upon his throat. Jackson and Wolcott set Nero on, while Martha, from the door of her own house, watched the sport with a heart boiling over with rage. Edward ran to the rescue, but two boys and a dog being too much for him and a calf—or for *two calves*, as Jackson facetiously remarked—he was forced to retreat. The calf was horribly mangled, so that it died the day after, to the grief of Richard, and the infinite wrath of Lionel.

Edward, more incensed than even his parents, felt bound to retaliate. Accordingly, when Richard's best horse jumped into his father's cornfield a few weeks after, the determined youth deliberately loaded his gun, and walking close up to old Bay, shot him in the right knee. The animal was ruined, and Richard enraged. A lawsuit followed, which proved to be of endless duration, owing to the obstinacy of the contending parties, and which involved both brothers in debt, giving the lawyers of Pennfield more lucrative employment than three generations of Feltons had ever done before.

In connection with the cold-blooded maiming of old Bay, an incident occurred which, as an instance of the manner in which the brothers now annoyed each other, will bear relating. It became necessary for Richard to purchase another horse; he attended an auction for the purpose, and bid high upon a fine chestnut mare which he thought just suited for his business. His bid was eighty dollars. Somebody else bid eighty-five. "Ninety," said Richard. "Two and a half," came from another part of the room. "Five," pursued Richard. "Eight," was bid by the same individual.

"It's your brother bidding against you," whispered a friend in Richard's ear.

True enough, Lionel was bidding for the horse. Resenting this interference—for he knew his brother had no use for another horse at that time—Richard was determined to outbid him. But when the horse had gone up to one hundred and twenty-five, the thought struck him that he did not want her at that price, and that Lionel wanted her still less. So he let Lionel have her; and Lionel sold her a week afterwards for eighty-seven.

In the following spring there was a freshet, and the brook which, in its southwesterly course, watered first Richard's farm and afterward Lionel's, became swollen to an unusual degree. One afternoon, Jackson and Wolcott, having been down the stream to repair some fences, discovered a spot where, with a little assistance, the water would overflow its banks and, turning into a deep ravine, find its way to the river without flowing through Lionel's land. No sooner was this discovery made than the advantages of a brook were considered, and concluding that a diversion of the course of the stream would be of lasting injury to their uncle, the boys began to work with their shovels in right good earnest. In a short time a narrow, turbid channel crept sluggishly across the softened earth; then it came with greater force, carrying the mud and gravel with it; and finally it went rushing down into the ravine a perfect torrent, to the great delight of the boys, who ran away, that their share of the work might not be discovered.

On the following morning Lionel went over his farm to see if the west meadow still lay under water in consequence of the overflowing of the stream, and was astonished at the sudden and mysterious manner in which the waters had subsided. The meadow was dry, and the stream had shrunk into a mere thread of water. He followed it up until he discovered the cause. In his wrath he sent 'Squire Stone to Richard, charging him with diverting the course of the stream, and threatening a lawsuit if the bank was not repaired. Richard knew nothing of the change in the course of the brook, and he sent back a scornful defiance to Lionel. A lawsuit followed, even more difficult and expensive than the other; it being alleged by the defendant that the stream had now found its original course, from which it had been diverted by his father forty years before, in order to water the south part of the farm; and by the plaintiff, that the defendant had turned the water into the ravine to do him an injury. Thus, aside from their other misfortunes, the brothers had two endless lawsuits to plunge them into debt.—[Concluded next week.

ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

I heard a few years ago an amusing anecdote of an English nobleman, who was great or eccentric enough quietly to ignore on one occasion the regulations of English social quarantine, and to out-do the Indian and the Arab in generous, trusting hospitality.

Two young Americans, of refinement and culture, while traveling together on the Continent, became acquainted, during a protracted diligence journey, with an English gentleman, with whom they were greatly pleased—even charmed. He was a man scarcely yet in the prime of life, yet, who had evidently seen much of the world—having been a great traveler—hailing last from Australia—from which golden land he had not, he frankly acknowledged, come home a poor man. He was a brilliant talker—full of wit and anecdotes and out-of-the-way information—with a genial freedom of manner quite un-English; and he was a remarkably handsome fellow, withal.

Ascertaining that the travelers proposed visiting in England, among the show houses of the nobility, a certain fine old Yorkshire castle, this courteous companion informed them that at that season they would unluckily find the flag flying from the turret, denoting that the noble family were at home, and the castle closed to sight seers. "But stay," he added, "If you will allow me, I will give you a letter to the Earl. I was born in that part of the country, and knew him well in my youth. I flatter myself that my name will ensure you at least an inside view of the castle, and if the Earl should invite you to stay a week or so with him, I advise you to accept the courtesy. You will like him, I am sure: he is a noble specimen of our English nobility."

The kind stranger then proceeded to open an elegant little writing case, and to pen a letter, which, when finished, he handed to the eldest of the tourists. This letter, graceful and familiar in its style, warmly commended to the kindly attention of the Earl of A——, Mr. B—— and Mr. C——, fellow travelers of his own, as American gentlemen of rare intelligence and refinement. It was signed, in a free, bold hand—*John Cathcart.*

Shortly after, the tourists parted from their agreeable acquaintance, and a few weeks later, the two young Americans presented themselves at the entrance of the great avenue leading up to that famous old castle in Yorkshire. Giving their letter to the porter to take to the Earl, they stopped at the Lodge to await the result, hoping for nothing more than the permission to walk through the apartments usually shown to visitors in show time. They had not long to wait. The porter soon returned, and with him came—to the astonishment of the porter's wife and children, and the greater astonishment of the tourists—the Earl himself. He was an elderly man, with a genial but shrewd face, and that perfect simplicity of dress and manner that marks the strict gentleman, of whatever rank he may be. He seemed somewhat excited, walked hurriedly, and held in his hand the letter of Mr. Cathcart, still open, as he read it. While exchanging greetings with the strangers, he seemed to measure them physically, morally and socially, with cool, clear, sliding glances. They stood it well. This was their first encounter with a live Earl, but they had had to do with college magnates, had looked on militia generals and Virginia planters, and were not overcome. And the estimate his Lordship formed of them was apparently satisfactory, for he not only accorded them permission to see the castle, but actually fulfilled their traveling companion's prediction by inviting them to spend a week in it as his guests.

"I can offer you some good sport, if you are fond of shooting," he said; "and we have some charming people staying with us now, to whom I shall be happy to introduce you,—no other Americans, unfortunately, but we will show you the country, which, though rather wild and moorish, is not without fine points of scenery."

Our young countrymen modestly hung back at first, but the Earl insisted with a cordiality quite irresistible—ordered their luggage brought from the little village inn, and did not leave them till he had seen them charmingly fixed in adjoining rooms, looking out on the ancient pleasance of the castle.

While separating for the night, after a delightful dinner party, followed by a dainty tea drinking, music and dancing in the drawing-room,—"I say, Fred," said the younger of the tourists—"this is jolly—the oddest adventure yet. The Earl must be uncommonly fond of our Australian friend,—but it's strange he don't say anything about him—not a word."

The first was a sample of all the days of that pleasant week. All the amusements and hospitalities of a grand English country residence were at the command of the fortunate young Americans. The Earl, his family and guests, were ever most courteous and considerate to them, yet still they noticed that not a word was spoken of the valued old friend who had introduced them.

The morning of departure had arrived. The baggage of the American cousins was brought down to the hall, the carriage was waiting to take them to the station, they had taken leave of the family and guests of the Earl, and were about bidding adieu to their noble host himself when he begged of them a brief private interview in his library. Then, after some kind and flattering expressions of personal regard, he said, with a slight shade of embarrassment, "Gentlemen, before you leave, will you be kind enough to tell me all you know of the *person* who gave you that letter to me?"

Somewhat astonished, they frankly told the story of their stage coach acquaintance with Cathcart. As they spoke of his charming conversation and manners, his knowledge of the world, his elegance and apparent wealth and worth, the Earl burst into a hearty laugh, which he seemed to enjoy immensely. "Pardon me, gentleman," he said, at length, "but this is really too good a joke to keep to myself. *Some ten years ago I transported that man for forgery!* It is true he knew me; he was the son of an old tenant and born on the estate. I fancied him as a boy, gave him all the education he would take, and finally made him my confidential servant—my *valet.* He was a dashing, lawless fellow, with the airs of a crown prince, yet I always had a liking for him, for he was exceedingly clever and not bad hearted. He was a sad scamp—always getting into scrapes and trusting to his luck and my good favor to get him out. At last, I was obliged to send him over the sea for that crowning piece of rascality, and I believe it was the greatest kindness I ever did him, though it seems it did not cure him of taking liberties with my name.

"It appears he has done well in Australia, since his penal term expired, and I am not sorry. But what an impudent dog he is, though!"

"Pray why did your Lordship heed a letter coming from such a source?" asked one of the amazed Americans.

"Oh, I thought at once that he was up to one of his old tricks of impudence and mischief, and that he had deceived you. I resolved that if you were indeed worthy the commendation of so clever a rascal, you should not suffer for your good faith. I flatter myself that I can tell a gentleman at sight—so I saw you before deciding on your reception. And allow me to say that I have derived so much pleasure from the acquaintance apparently so inauspiciously begun, that I heartily forgive Cathcart,—indeed, I am rather grateful to him, but if you ever chance to meet him, be kind enough to tell him not to do it again. Such jokes don't bear repeating."

And so they parted,—the Earl jolly in the possession of a new and capital after-dinner story,—the Americans with feelings to say the least a little "mixed." They marveled at the *sang froid* of noble lords; they blushed at their own simplicity; they anathematized "that rascally *valet*" a little, only a little, for they were Boston bred, Harvard boys, and they laughed a great deal as they left the turrets of the old castle behind them, and journeyed rapidly southward—

"Over the mountain and over the moor."

[*Grace Greenwood, in the Advance.*

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

We all of us have two educations, one of which we receive from others; the other, which is the most valuable, we give ourselves.

To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is luck; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon.

As the magnetic needle points always toward the Pole, so does pure love evermore point its possessor toward that God whose nature and whose name is Love.

If you want to keep poor, buy two glasses of ale every day at five cents each, amounting in one year to $36.50; smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of the year to $94.45; and keep a big dog.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The codfish," replied the little original.

A wit says:—"In Germany, when a paper says anything witty, they kill the editor; and not one editor has been killed there for two hundred years."

"Why do you make such wry faces?" asked a man of a tippler. "I don't know," was the answer, "unless it's because I drink so much rye whisky."

We heard the other day of a gentleman who "died without a will." "Died without a will," forsooth! Who ever heard of a person who died "with a will?"

"What made you marry that old woman?" said a mother to her son. "You were always telling me to choose a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

"What is de difference 'twixt a watch and a fedder bed, Sam?" "Dunno—gin it up." "Because de ticken of de watch is on the inside, and de ticken' of de bed is on de outside.

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun." "I know I have; but, you see, when I get a good sight at one, two or three others swim right 'twixt him and me."

A stupid fellow tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the fatted calf was male or female. "Female, to be sure," was the reply, "for I see the male," looking his questioner full in the face, "yet alive in the flesh before me."

A little Berkshire five year old, who was hungry one night recently, just at bed-time, but didn't wish to ask directly for something more to eat, put it in this way: "Mother, are little children who starve to death happy after they die?" A good big slice of bread and butter was the answer.

At a large party, the other evening, while a young lady was playing the piano with peculiar touch, a bystander remarked:—"I'd give the world for her fingers." He was greatly taken aback by her prompt reply that he might have the whole hand—for his own. But then it's leap year, you know.

A gentleman of Boston, says the Advertiser of that city, whose Christian name was the same as that of the younger Weller, while recovering from an attack of sickness, received a note from a friend couched in the following laconic terms:—"Sam-u-el?" The reply came promptly in the same brief style—"Sam Weller."

CUTTING.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands and were as good friends as before.
"Zounds!" said the losing client, "how come you
To be such friends, who were such foes just now?"
"Thou fool!" says one, "we lawyers, though so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves—but what's between!"

A young man sent his father in the country his photograph, accompanied with a request for aid, as he was poor and required money for the necessaries of life. The old man looked over the photograph and then responded, "You can't cheat *me*, you young dog. You can't be very poor to be living among marble vases, and statues, and flowers, and nice furniture, *such as your pickter shows!*"

THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

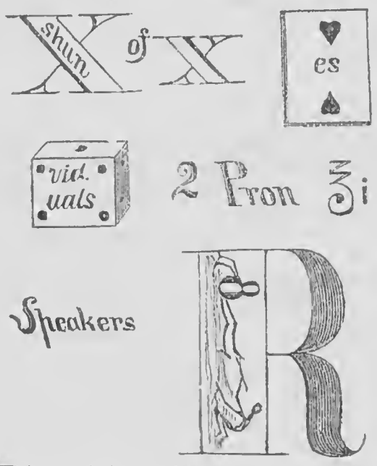
A deer with a neck that was longer by half
Than the rest of his family (try not to laugh,)
By stretching and stretching became a giraffe,
Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig with a very long nose,
Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes,
And he then by the name of an elephant goes,
Which nobody can deny.

An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
Which nobody can deny.

The Youth's Puzzler.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 40, 34, 22, 23, 19 is a musical instrument.
My 30, 26, 36, 14, 18, 16 is a portion of time.
My 6, 7, 25 is a nick-name.
My 28, 35, 37 is a species of tree.
My 24, 2, 1, 12 is used as a covering.
My 21, 11, 20, 4, 5 is transparent.
My 3, 32, 18, 31 bears fruit.
My 5, 15, 6, 8 is a precious stone.
My 36, 5, 39, 9 is a species of fish.
My 16, 11, 33, 38 is a kind of fruit.
My 13, 17, 29 is a pronoun.
My 10, 17, 5, 30, 26 is an animal.
My whole is a proverb.

Dayton, Ohio. Ettie & Lucy.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first in foreign churches you may greet,
At home 'tis seldom found in church or street;
My second oft is used by household care,
To make old clothing suitable to wear;
My whole may well describe ill-humored folks,
Who knit their brows at puns, charades and jokes.

Cape Vincent, N. Y. N. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

John and James, men of equal veracity, disagree: three men, A, B & C, who have no personal interest in the case are called as witnesses. A gives his testimony in favor of John; B and C give theirs in favor of James. On inquiry it is found that these witnesses do not at all times speak the truth, even when under oath; but that A falsifies once in three times; B twice in five times; and C three times in seven. Can the case be decided from the testimony of these witnesses?

Lockport, N. Y. A. B. Evans.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

A sbelrenda letf a tsnerpe tbei ish eids.
Atwh woedlofl mfro het eitb? Teh tsnepre ided.

Carey, Ohio. Oscar Perry.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 964.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—He that would know what shall be, must consider what hath been.

Answer to Riddle:—The letter R.

Answer to Anagram:

The old, old sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with its foamy lips
And knocking at its vacant piers,
Calls for its long lost multitude of ships.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.)

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST shifts the farmers' work, in the main, from the harvesting of grain to the labor of preparing for another crop. In one sense the year is ended and a new one begins. The click of the mowers and reapers is stilled, and the plowman drives afield in the dewy morning and turns the brown furrow over the golden stubble. The plowing of stubble ground that is intended for winter grain, should be done early in August. Time is needed before the final working and seeding for weeds to start, that they may be killed, and it is beneficial for the soil to be exposed to the air and rain which pulverize and lighten it. One thorough plowing of stubble ground, with sufficient working on the surface, is good preparation for fall seeding. Plow deep. Of all ordinary farm crops wheat stands deep plowing best. It is also the most favorable season of the year, if the condition of the soil is considered, for deep working. Manure on the surface. Observation will teach any farmer that manure brings in the most money if applied on or very near the surface. Plow it in deep and you cannot always tell just when the profit comes, and many good judges aver that it never appears. No crop pays better for liberal manuring than wheat, and the fertilizer should be applied where and when it will produce the best result to the immediate crop. Without doubt the position is on the surface, and the time near the period of sowing.

Seed.—Varieties of wheat have become numerous of late, many are tried and discarded when found not to succeed, and others substituted. One result of this practice is a mixture of seed, so that it is very difficult to obtain a sort quite unmixed. This should be guarded against. Sow only clean, plump seed, whatever the variety may be. So far as we can learn the Diehl wheat is growing in favor; the millers like it; it is early, and mostly escapes the midge; the straw is stiff and stands well, and it yields famously. It wants fertile soil, and perhaps is rather averse to low, wet spots. The Treadwell wheat is a very fine and reliable variety, although the quality of the berry is behind that of the Diehl. It sells as a red wheat; it is of a ranker growth and perhaps hardier. It is a bearded variety, although many heads are almost destitute of spikes. The straw and chaff are white. It is probably preferable to the Diehl for low or exposed fields on thin soil. Ripens about the same. These are both promising, and comparatively new varieties, and will be extensively cultivated.

Clean Up.—A few days are needed after the harvest to finish many small jobs of work, and put things to rights generally about the farm. Weeds of all descriptions should be mowed, and fence corners and swales cleaned out. Many a cow might be wintered with fodder gleaned from the by places of the farm. The harvest tools are to be housed, stubbles raked, and various little improvements completed. Western farmers are sometimes guilty of leaving their machinery unsheltered in the fields from one summer to another when a straw roof would cost them but a trifle.

Stock require plenty of water. Sown corn for soiling is appreciated this month when the pastures are short and burnt. Working teams are most comfortable in cool, roomy stables. Use plaster freely in the stalls. Push along the hogs, as a pound of pork costs less than it will in cold weather.

Underdrains may be cut through wet lands, and muck gathered for manure.

Stacks of grain are usually threshed early, but if their tops are flat and there is danger of injury from rain, they may be readily secured, after having settled, by placing hay or straw on them. They are then safe until winter.

Hoed Crops.—It is not too late to cultivate corn and potatoes. Great benefit is often the result of late cultivation; it kills weeds, and it seems to be the farmer's lot to wage continual warfare with these.

Old Meadows should be manured if possible, and the chances of irrigation looked after.

Special Crops, as tobacco, hops, flax, &c., require much labor and attention during this month. Preparations for securing them promptly and in good order should be made in time.

OUR LAND POLICY:

ITS EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY.

THIS matter comes home to every pioneer tiller of the soil, and affects the future prospects and condition of our farming population far more vitally than most imagine; therefore it is especially fit for consideration in the RURAL. It is not a party question, and should be looked at free of partizan feeling or prejudice.

On the 6th of March, Hon. G. W. JULIAN, M. C. of Indiana, made an able and valuable speech in Congress in favor of a bill introduced by him from the Committe on Public Lands, "To prevent the further sale of the public lands of the United States except as provided for in the Pre-emption and Homestead laws, and the laws for the disposal of town sites and mineral lands." Such facts and arguments, and such statements of greatly needed reform as our space allows, we give from that speech.

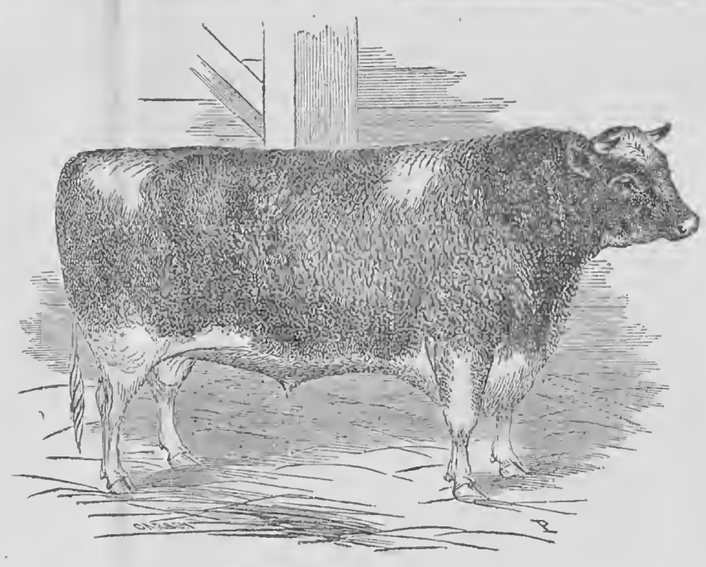
At present, the great evil and danger is in the growth of gigantic "land grants," by which our public domain, the people's heritage, is passing into the hands of corporators and speculators. Doubtless there are cases in which these grants are wisely made, and help develop the resources of a new country, but the practice has grown to an abuse, threatening to rob our pioneers of the fruits of their toil, and deprive them of fair scope for their future labors, and to become (as it is already) a fearful source of corruption among our public men. The aim of this bill is to make the sale of lands to settlers, in tracts of 160 acres and at fixed and fair rates, the *rule*, and grants of land to railroads, &c., the *exceptions*, and carefully guarded. The selection of lands only within a fixed distance of the roads is urged, and the abolition of all *scrip* for selection without limit, and that the odd sections shall only be sold to actual settlers at not over $2.50 per acre, while the even sections, if not sold in ten years, shall be subject to entry like other lands.

In opening, Mr. JULIAN earnestly says:—"Perhaps there is no question affecting the civil administration of the Government which more deeply concerns the people of the United States than that which is submitted in the bill I have had the honor to report from the Committee on Public Lands. It touches all the springs of our national life and well-being. It makes its appeal to every landless citizen of the Republic, and to every foreigner who comes to our shores in search of a home. It reaches down to the very foundations of democratic equality, and takes hold on the coming ages of industrial development and Christian civilization in the rapidly multiplying States of our Union. Had the policy now proposed been accepted by the nation a generation ago, before its magnificent patrimony had been so grievously marred and wasted by legislative profligacy and plunder, the gratitude of millions would have attested the blessed results, the failure of which millions must deplore. Not a single hour of further delay should stay the friendly hand of Congress in rescuing the remaining heritage of a thousand million acres from the improvident administration of the past."

The public lands are, as he holds, a sacred trust for the benefit of the people, and that is best subserved by their occupancy by actual settlers on moderate tracts while their monopoly in vast domains must and does tend, not only to corrupt speculation, but to the degradation of the pioneers and their descendants. Thirty million acres have been sold to speculators, fifty-seven millions to railroads, West and South, seventeen millions to canals, one hundred and twenty-four millions to the Pacific Railroad and its branches,—in all some two hundred millions of acres. "The quantity of lands conveyed by these grants," says the Commissioner of the General Land Office, "is of empire extent, exceeding in the aggregate, by more than five millions of acres, the entire areas of the six New England States added to the surface of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia." He says the grants for the Pacific railway lines alone "are within about a fourth of being twice the united area of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey, and the Isle of Man, and the islands of the British seas, and less than a tenth of being equal to the French empire proper."

While great public benefits may result from some of these roads, it is full time the growth of such great monopolies, holding full control over future empires was stopped, and a radical change made in the policy of our Government. While of course land scrip already given out for Agricultural Colleges, bounties, &c., must be respected, the abuses of the system are strongly shown, as well as of the swamp land system by which millions of acres of the best lands are grasped by speculators. In Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Florida, a large share of their 28,000,000 acres of "swamp land" was high, dry and valuable, and in the five land States of the South there are 52,000,000 acres of lands held by speculators, while fourteen-fifteenths of the people outside the towns are landless.

The facts touching Indian reservations and treaties are startling indeed. Some tribe, Osage or Cherokee for instance, will convey millions of acres by treaty to our Government. This land does not pass under the pre-emption or homestead laws, but is sold to the highest bidders, or to some railroad company, or to speculators, in vast tracts sometimes of nearly a million acres. These things are done in secret session of the Senate, and the sad results of acts thus privately done are already felt in the fairest parts of the West. The system is *all wrong*, and every acre of Indian land, fairly bought, should be made as open as the day, for the occupancy of any settler under the shield of our impartial laws, and all other claims or titles in future be null and void.



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In view of these facts the earnest language of Mr. J.'s closing sentences (quoted below,) need not be held too severe or distempered, and the whole subject surely needs discussion and speedy and wise action:—"The system of legalized landlordism in these States, this practical inauguration among us of the feudalism of the Old World, is the very climax of legislative madness. It cheats the poor settler, and by dooming vast tracts of fertile lands to barrenness becomes a fatal hindrance to agricultural wealth, and to commerce and manufactures, which draw their life from the soil. Instead of flourishing towns and villages, small homesteads, and an independent yeomanry, with the attendant blessings of churches and free schools, it consigns the fertile plains of the West to the tender mercies of the monopolist, whose greed alone is his law. Instead of opening our vacant lands to the stream of emigration which would pour in from the old States, and thus augment our imports and exports through increased production, it leaves the country a wilderness, or inhabited only by a miserable tenantry under the control of absentee landlords. Instead of settling the frontier of our country and extending the march of civilization, it subjects the Government to the expenditure of millions of dollars in sustaining military posts which else might be wholly dispensed with. Instead of taking the pioneer into the fatherly keeping of the Government, and stimulating the spirit of adventure by the offer of a free home in the wilderness, it treats him as a virtual outcast by driving him beyond the possessions of the speculator, for whose interest he is compelled to toil.

"Mr. Speaker, the facts I have submitted should alarm every real friend of our country. The wholesale prostitution of the people's heritage, this merciless crusade against the rights of coming generations, ought to cease instantly. It will tax all the wisdom of our rulers to heal the wounds already inflicted upon our country. In the early period of the Government settlements on the public domain were forbidden by law. In the year 1807, Congress even provided for the removal of persons who should attempt settlements without authority of law. This illiberal treatment of our pioneers was of short duration, but the policy of pre-emption was of slow growth, and was only finally perfected in the year 1841. Twenty one years later the homestead law was enacted, recognizing still further the just claims of settlers; but it allowed the speculator to cripple and harrass them at every step, and thus seriously to frustrate the great and beneficent ends which otherwise it would have perfectly accomplished. It was a half-way measure of relief, pointing as naturally to the complete remedy now proposed as did the pre-emption laws point to the far broader policy of the homestead act. Let us now apply it, and thus extend the borders of our civilization, increase our national wealth, curb the ravages of monopolists, satisfy the earth-hunger of the multitudes who are striving for homes on our soil, and thus practically re-assert the right of people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"THE LIVING ESSENCE OF FERTILITY."

IN a recent letter I wrote that "corn is not more reproductive in its nature than good stable manure; but as it is not necessary to plant a whole cornstalk, cob and leaves, to get the living germ of this plant, so it is needless to plant 96 pounds of carbon and the elements of water in manure, to obtain four pounds of the living essence of fertility."

What is meant by the words "living essence of fertility," in the connection in which they are used, it is proper to explain.

A large share of the conditions necessary to the fruitfulness of common land exist very nearly alike in both rich and poor soils. Both have the benefit of solar light and heat by day, of shade by night, of equal rains, dews, frosts, and of whatever plant food the atmosphere may contain: yet they differ widely in fertility. A few pounds of highly concentrated manure often completely remove this difference, and sometimes make the poor field more productive than the other. This *power* over the growth of agricultural plants, in manure, is very near the "essence of fertility." It appears to reside in a more active and living form, in assimilable nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur and potash, than in other constituents of soils and crops, which are more abundant in nature. A small particle of phosphorus on a pine splinter may kindle a conflagration, by a little friction, that will burn down, without further aid from man, a whole city. In agriculture, and in nature generally, one often sees grand and stupendous results follow small, and apparently inadequate causes. Strictly speaking, it is the condition of surrounding things that gives to a few grains of gunpowder their power for good or evil, although the physical force latent in the explosive substance is essentially the same, however used. The force condensed in saltpeter is available in developing wheat and other plants as in splitting rocks or throwing heavy shot from a cannon.

Great force, rightly applied, is what the farmer wants in manure; and to get this, he must eliminate all elements whose force is either weak or unnecessary to attain the desired result. Power over plant growth is what he needs to obtain crops at the lowest possible cost. By increasing and concentrating this power in manure, and thereby diminishing the cost of raising cotton, some planters have made a great deal of money, and improved their plantations. *Why* phosphorus has so much power in the brain, muscles and bones of man, and in the organization of the plants that feed and clothe him, of course no one pretends to know; but if we may speak of the essence of anything, then this highly combustible and wonderfully vitalizing phosphorus has, in a remarkable degree, the essence of fertility. It is some years since the writer has had occasion to purchase phosphorus by the pound or ounce; but its very high price in the market attests its scarcity and value.

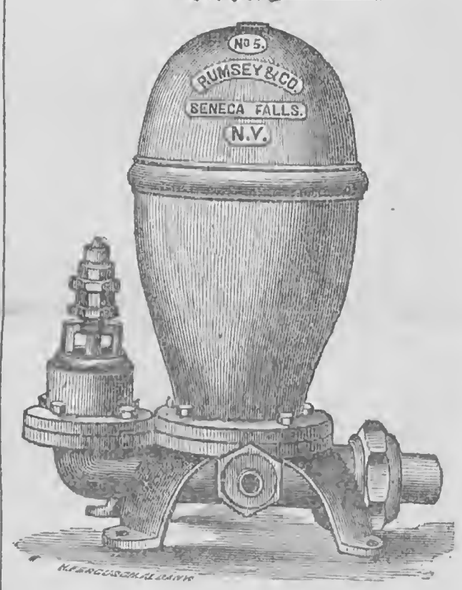
Substances that contain neither phosphorus, sulphur, potash nor nitrogen, are not likely to improve poor land. Soils in good heart are sometimes much benefited by the application of common salt, from which all the substances named are absent; but salt put on very poor land is likely to increase its sterility. It, however, augments the solvent power of water, and may be advantageous in many cases. While fruitfulness depends on the concurrence of many favoring conditions, on most farms, ninety-nine hundredths of these are met by nature and proper culture, so that a little plant food of the right kind, added to the soil, secures a good crop, which would fail without such aid. There is carbon enough in the atmosphere to cover our planet several hundred feet in thickness with coal or peat; and it is not much needed by the farmer from any other source. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

SPECIALTIES IN FARMING.

AN exchange says that an extensive wool grower in Vermont has become disgusted with his business, owing to the low price of wool, and has determined to get rid of his sheep and commence operations in a new line by building a cheese factory. This is but one of the many instances of that impatience which characterizes, to a great extent, American farming. At one time, the current sets in the direction of hops, owing to the high ruling of that article in the market. Every body is hop mad, and unnumbered acres are speedily added to the area devoted to the production of this commodity. If the seasons prove propitious, production soon largely exceeds consumption, prices fall, producers get disgusted, throw up the business and rush into something else which, for the time being, promises more remunerative results. This becomes overdone in its turn, and so on till the cycle of change brings the parties back to the point whence they started, be it wool or hops. The manufacture of cheese, by the factory system, is now one of the predominant hobbies at many new points, especially in the north and west, and is bound to be put through, till, like the Vermont wool grower, many get "disgusted at low rates, and turn to something that has a more promising look.

It is this impatience, under adverse circumstances, causing frequent changes of farm production, which keeps the market in a fluctuating state—causing a scarcity of a particular product at one time, and a superabundance at another. What is true of sheep husbandry, dairying and hop growing, is so, also, with respect to many other commercial commodities, and will remain so till a more equable temper guides the operations of the agricultural community. If a man has gone largely into the production of any particular thing, and competition in it has become extensive, he should not get disgusted and, like a child in a pet, cast away or dispose at wholesale of what he has. On the contrary, he should keep cool, diminish gradually the production of that of which the market shows a superabundance; diversify the crops on his farm till he has a surplus of all kinds ready for market when the season for selling comes around. By pursuing this course farmers would rarely have just occasion to get "disgusted" with the price of their commodities, and would avoid the losses which too often follow from devoting all their capital and labor to a single farm product.



THE HYDRAULIC RAM.

OUR illustration represents the Hydraulic Ram as manufactured by Messrs. RUMSEY & CO., of Seneca Falls, N. Y. The operation of this machine has been fully described in former volumes of the RURAL. In their circular R. & Co. say—"The various uses of the Ram are at once obvious, viz: For the purpose of irrigating lands and supplying dwellings, gardens, factories, villages, engines, railroad stations, barnyards, etc., with *running water*. The simplicity of the operation of this machine, together with its effectiveness, and very apparent durability, render it decidedly the most important and valuable apparatus yet developed in Hydraulics, for forcing a portion of a running stream of water to any elevation, proportionate to the fall obtained. It is perfectly applicable where not more than 18 inches fall can be had; yet the greater the fall applied, the more powerful the operation of the machine, and the higher the water may be conveyed." For circular containing prices, etc., address the manufacturers as above.

A MODEL FARMER.

IN my rambles West I visited an old friend, formerly an itinerant, now a local preacher, residing thirty miles from Chicago. Hearing of his fame as a farmer, I went out of my way to make him a call. After the customary greetings, I told him I intended to stop a day and look around, and that I might report him for the papers. Accordingly we had a *walk* and a *talk*, instructive and agreeable, over his fine and beautiful place. My friend, who went West thirteen years ago, took with him a chest of carpenter's tools, and as he stood in his door, he pointed across the plain to many elegant houses and substantial barns erected by his hand. His plan was to pursue his trade and carry on his farm at the same time. While with him nothing attracted my attention so much as his wood stacks. Of these he had three, containing from six to eight cords each, fitted for the stove, and all piled and topped out with the utmost care and art. As this was more firewood than I expected to see at any man's door in Illinois, I asked him how it came about. "Oh," said he, "I hire by the year, and the men cut the wood before breakfast and in the odds and ends of time." As he had every building except a wood-shed, I suspected that he kept these wood stacks for show, and so I told him, at which he smiled, and said he had a regular system of building and fencing, and had not got around to the wood-shed yet, but hoped to by-and-by.

His farm, of one hundred and sixty acres, is laid out in fields of nearly equal size and inclosed by board fences. Though now a stock farmer, he aims to have a good supply of grain. His favorite crop, he told me, is corn. He said he took great pleasure

in raising and feeding it, giving a little every day to all his stock the year round. As we walked and talked, he said he considered farming the best paying business in the world. My friend began life a carpenter, serving his time at his trade. He then preached, or as he modestly said, *talked*, several years. His health failing, he embraced farming, and we see the result. His itinerant life gave him a chance to observe, and I remember that he was very sociable, popular with farmers, and took great interest in rural affairs. His farm shows his mechanism and methodism in all its arrangements. Besides his attention to other matters, he devotes much of his time to bees, gardening and fruit culture, succeeding in all these departments. Then, take him all in all, in skill, in mind or name, he is a model farmer and worthy of his fame. H. K. F.

North Chili, N. Y., 1868.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

LARGEST MERINO SCOURED FLEECE ON RECORD.

We published, last week, an account of the Ontario and Livingston Co. (N. Y.) wool scouring, by which it appeared that the fleece of a three year old Merino ram owned by LEVI NOBLE—said fleece being of eleven months and twenty-one days' growth, and its unwashed weight twenty-four pounds and two ounces—weighed, after scouring, nine pounds and three ounces. The weight of the ram, after shearing, was one hundred and eight pounds. As the weight of scoured wool was so extraordinary, and as the process or extent of scouring was not stated, we judged it expedient to write to the Secretary of the Ontario and Livingston Association to obtain from Messrs. N. W. MATHER & SONS, who scoured the wool, a detailed account of the manner in which it was done. And we hope we shall give no offence when we state that we pushed our investigations still further, by writing to persons of the vicinity in whom we believed we could fully rely, to ascertain whether, in the judgment of those conversant with all the parties and facts, the whole transaction had been conducted in good faith, and whether the account of it published by us last week was entirely trustworthy.

As this case is likely to become historic in the annals of sheep husbandry, we shall subjoin, with great minuteness, the result of our inquiries. The integrity of LEVI NOBLE is declared on all hands to be above suspicion. That the ram is a three-year old is known to all Mr. NOBLE's neighbors. We are informed that he was sheared at a public shearing in 1867, which puts the age of the present fleece beyond dispute. (We suppose this public shearing in 1867 referred to, took place at Honeoye, Ontario Co., May 17th of that year. By the account of it published in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, 1867, p. 174, it appears that LEVI NOBLE, JR., entered a two year old ram for competition.*) The present fleece was sheared and weighed in the presence of the members of the Ontario and Livingston Co. Association, and therefore its published weight requires no further proof. The superintendent of the scouring, J. C. SHORT, who delivered the wool at the mill for scouring, is pronounced by his neighbors to be a man of entire probity. We know him personally, and believe such to be the fact. The fleece, when delivered by him, weighed but 24 lbs., according to the certificate of the scourers, having lost the other 2 ozs. in drying. The more detailed certificate of the scourers, which we called for, has been furnished, and is as follows:

"This is to certify that we, N. W. MATHER & SONS of Livonia, Livingston Co., N. Y., are engaged in the manufacture of woolen goods of various kinds,—heavy cassimeres, some fine cloth, flannels and stocking yarn,—mostly for customers. Have been engaged in the business over twenty years formerly under the name of N. W. MATHER & Co., but recently as N. W. MATHER & SONS.

"For scouring wool we use soap and urine; bring the liquor to nearly a boiling heat; let the wool remain in for twenty or thirty minutes; then rinse thoroughly with cold water. (Here follows the same statement of the delivery of the wool by Mr. SHORT, of its weight when brought, and its weight after cleansing, published last week.) The fleeces were subjected to the above process of scouring, taking particular pains with each fleece to have it well scoured for our manufacturing purposes.

"N. W. MATHER & SONS."

It is the concurrent testimony of our correspondents that the Messrs. MATHER enjoy the entire confidence of the community about them, as honest and reliable men. We learn further that, by the consent of the owner, the fleece of Mr. NOBLE's ram is and will be preserved by itself, for a considerable period, so that it can be examined by all who feel an interest in the matter.

There can be no reasonable doubt, under the above showing, that all the parties connected with this scouring have acted in good faith throughout. The only possible loop-hole we can see for an error, is in respect to the perfectness of the scouring. That MATHER & SONS scoured the wool as well as they usually do for their "manufacturing purposes," we entertain no doubt, and probably of the two, better, as they say they took "particular pains." We are not familiar with their mode of scouring or its results. But we do not know why it is not a thorough one. If it is not, the fact can and ought to be shown. If any expert questions the proper cleanliness of the wool, he, as we have already said, can have the opportunity of examining it. We use the qualifying word "proper" advisedly. No wool is scoured absolutely clean by manufacturers. It is scoured only as clean as utility requires in the manufactures to which it is applied,—and this in the case of "fine cloths," &c., is approximately clean. Wool scoured clean enough for such fabrics—as clean as the skillful manufacturers of such fabrics usually scour their wools—is the standard aimed at in all these scouring tests.

A specimen of the scoured fleece of the NOBLE's ram has been sent to us. It is coarse for Merino wool, and is obviously of unusual length. The actual length cannot be determined in its present situation. We have obtained no uncleansed sample. One correspondent, who saw the ram at the public shearing, but did not measure the wool, puts it at 3½ inches long, and says it was very thick. Another says it was nearly four inches long, and concurs in respect to thickness. It is agreed by all that the ram was in good condition when sheared.

As we have usually given pedigrees in case of rams producing extraordinary scoured fleeces, we will give that of the NOBLE's ram as it has been furnished to us:—"He was got by Tiger, bred by WM. R. PITTS of Honeoye, N. Y., and owned by J. C. & S. T. SHORT of Hemlock Lake, Livingston Co., N. Y. Tiger was got by Cub, by Old Dick, by Old Robinson of Vt. Dam of Cub by the PECK & LEACH ram, bred by Mr. CUTTING of Vt. Dam of Tiger, bred by J. C. TAFFT of West Bloomfield, N. Y., and got by his GARDNER ram, by Young Matchless, by Wooster. The dam of the NOBLE's ram was got by D. L. HAMILTON's Old Ram, bred by TYLER STICKNEY of Vt., by Old Robinson, out of a Robinson ewe—grand dame a ewe of NOBLE's old flock. LEVI NOBLE, senior, now deceased, founded the flock over forty years ago. They were Merinos, and GIDEON PITTS, who was his near neighbor, and familiar with the history of his flock during the whole time, says he knows that NOBLE neither crossed with Mutton sheep nor French Merinos; thinks he took a dip of Saxon blood, but is not positive. For a great many years he bred from rams he raised by taking ewes away to Merino rams, and occasionally buying a ram. But he did not buy more than two or three ewes during the whole time."

We have given unusual attention to, and bestowed unusual space on, this case, because the facts, if strictly true, are very interesting and important. We remember no preceding instance on well authenticated record, in this or any other country, of a Merino fleece producing within nearly or quite a pound so much of scoured wool. The Spanish Merino ram at the beginning of this century produced, on the average, but 8 to 8½ lbs. of unwashed wool. It is not a great many years since, that an American Merino ram which yielded 9 lbs. of well washed wool, was considered a good one. Recently a few American Merino rams have yielded 8 lbs., or a little over, of scoured wool; and more might have done so, or perhaps considerably exceeded this amount, if their owners would have consented to subject their fleeces to this test. But the truth is, the owners of Merino rams most celebrated for weight of unwashed fleeces have almost universally been unwilling to have their fleeces scoured, fearing that they thus might loose the pre-eminence gained by them in weight of wool in the yolk. The same is true of ewes. We scarce remember an exception to this remark.

If Mr. NOBLE's ram has beaten the field, among Merinos, we believe he has still further beaten all other breeds, the proportion of wool to carcass being taken into account. We have heard much of late of the "enormous" shrinkage of "greasy Merino wool." We have been told that while the wool of certain other breeds shrink only 15 to 25 per cent. in cleansing, that of the Merino shrinks 60 or 70 per cent. Well, what of that, providing the Merino yet carries the greatest proportion of wool (*cleansed* wool) to meat? The scouring tests of the past have sufficiently demonstrated this fact.

In these remarks we offer no disparagement to the Mutton breeds. We regard them as the best sheep *in their place*. We are heartily rejoiced to see them increase and flourish in our country. We have uniformly encouraged their propagation, and shall continue to do so. But when it is claimed that they yield more wool than the Merino in proportion to size, or an equal amount, the claim is made by those who are totally unacquainted with the facts.

* He then weighed 95 lbs., and produced 15 lbs. 2 oz. of wool.

COTSWOLDS FOR CALIFORNIA.

Some of our readers will remember that in May last, H. F. BUCKLEY of California purchased and took home with him twelve sheep drawn from the celebrated Cotswold flock of JOHN D. WING of Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y. The price did not transpire, but it was understood to be a good one. They reached their destination in good order, and were so well liked that Mr. BUCKLEY immediately returned for more. He purchased twenty-five head of Mr. WING, including a number of lambs. The lot embraced several of Mr. W.'s prize sheep.

Mr. WING has quite a number of Cotswolds now in England, or on the ocean, selected from the best flocks. Two of the rams are considered of particularly choice blood. He is resolved to keep up his flock in numbers, and to the highest point of quality. His clip of wool this year averaged over twelve pounds per head in his flock of breeding ewes. He is resolved to carry up the average to fourteen or fifteen pounds.

We are glad to see these valuable sheep spreading throughout the country. They are a highly profitable mutton variety, and their wool supplies one of the important desiderata of manufactures and trade.

THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE NORTHWEST.

THE following card is published in the Chicago papers:

The objects which this association proposes to accomplish are, an organization that shall embrace every manufacturer in the Northwest; the collection and dissemination of theoretical, practical and statistical information relating to the production and preparation of the staple and the manufacture of woolen goods; to excite the pride of manufacturers, and stimulate them to increased excellence in their productions; to call the attention of consumers to the importance of encouraging domestic manufactures by a more liberal patronage, and to give an annual Exposition of wool and woolen goods.

Nearly one hundred woolen manufacturers have joined this organization up to the present date. An Exposition will be held on the 4th, 5th and 6th of August, in the new, commodious and eligible building now being erected by Hon. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, on Randolph street, near Dearborn Park. This building will afford an area of 40,000 square feet of space. Up to the present date, July 18, thirty-nine manufacturers have registered about 1,200 lots of Western-made goods for exhibition, and it is probable that this amount will be more than doubled, exclusive of Eastern offerings. The officers are confident the Exposition will prove entirely successful. Manufactures who have not already shipped the goods they intend to exhibit, should do so at once. A trade sale of specimens exhibited, and duplicates of the same, will be held on the last day of the Exposition, Aug. 6, to which the merchants of the Northwest are invited. During the progress of the Exposition addresses on topics connected with wool growing and woolen manufacturing will be delivered. The complete programme will be published during the coming week, announcing speakers and the order of exercises. GEO. S. BOWEN, *President*.
JESSE MCALLISTER, *Secretary*.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

FACTS ABOUT BEES.

D. L. ADAIR, Hawesville, Ky., in his new system of Bee-Keeping, devotes the initial chapter to the prominent characteristics of a bee colony. We give a summary of this chapter. A colony of bees consists of three classes—queen, workers and drones. The queen is a perfectly developed female, the workers imperfect females, laying eggs but rarely, and these produce only drones or male bees. The queen lives from four to five years, but loses her vigor after about three years, and, if not replaced by a young one, the colony will run out or become a very weak one on the score of workers.

Some destroy the queen when supposed to be old, compelling the production of another one. Workers live from two to nine months, and the drones as long as the workers permit. Where a regular queen is in the hive, she produces all the eggs; in default of one it is supposed a common worker is selected for the purpose, whose eggs produce only drones. The queen lays two kinds of eggs, male and female—the latter producing workers, the former drones. Female eggs are laid in small cells, male in large ones. A healthy queen can produce three thousand eggs a day. She is armed with a sting, but only uses it when disputing supremacy with a rival. Fecundation, by a drone, is essential to the production of female eggs, and is usually accomplished on the wing, and is ample for a lifetime. But one queen to a colony is tolerated for any considerable time, and these exceptions are when an old queen is about to die or to lead off a colony. Drones are stingless, do not accumulate stores, and are useful only for fertilization of the queens. The workers determine the number of drone cells, and hasten to kill off the gentleman bees as soon as the honey harvest is gathered and the swarming season is over.

The workers perform all the labor of the hive, make wax, build the combs, fill them, hatch and feed the young, raise queens, keep the domicile clean, and provide for the general welfare. It requires generally sixteen days to develop a queen to maturity, twenty-one for workers, and twenty-four for drones. Each strong colony rears one or more young queens, and when about to emerge the old queen leads off with a swarm composed of workers and drones. The first queen that emerges, after the swarm has left, takes the place of the old one, and if the stores are plentiful and the colony strong this one also leads out a swarm as the second young one is about to come forth. Sometimes four swarms emerge from one hive in a season—in extreme cases five. Thumping pans, ringing cow bells, blowing horns and firing off guns, though practiced by some, are deemed entirely useless. If the swarm has determined to cluster near the old hive, they will do it without noise or commotion, but if bound for the woods, they are pretty sure to get there despite of all the noise made to prevent them. The first swarm out is called a *prime*, the second a *cast*, the third a *colt*, the fourth a *filly*.

A swarm from a swarm, the same season, is called a *maiden*, and is accompanied by the same queen that led out the "prime." Those emerging in August or later are called *buckwheats*, are usually very weak, and it is recommended to destroy the queen and return the swarm to the parent hive or add to some weak colony. No eggs are laid in the old stock after a swarm leaves until a young queen comes out and is fertilized, which is from two to three weeks. Some hours before a swarm is to leave a "piping" sound is heard in the hive, made by the old queen, resembling "*peep*," "*peep*," which seems to be answered by another resembling "*quank*," "*quank*." By applying the ear close to the hive these preparatory sounds may be heard, as they sometimes are at quite a distance from it. The same piping precedes the flight of each swarm, which usually succeed each other from eight, fifteen or twenty days. Usually, if no piping is heard after fifteen days, it is a sign that no more swarms are to be thrown off that season.

By attending to these preliminary signs of swarming, preparations may be made to meet each case, and much confusion, and sometimes loss, be prevented. A pound of bees contains about five thousand, and good swarms should contain at least three pounds. Occasionally swarms are said to weigh fifteen pounds, numbering seventy-five thousand, which is nearly as many as a queen can produce at one time before the bees alive at the time she commenced laying will have nearly all died off. A stock like this, with plenty of room, it is said never throws off a swarm, because the dying bees make room for the young brood and they in turn for another. This is called a "non-swarmer," and by some deemed the most profitable, as it produces much more honey than the swarming ones.

A BEE STORY.—Here is a bee story which the reader can credit or not, as his apiarian experience and credulity may dictate:—"There is a farmer at Mentz who keeps many swarms of bees which come into his room every morning when he opens the window. They buzz and fly about his head until he bids them alight. They then settle down on his arms and he looks as if he wore a pair of immense muffs. When the servant announces breakfast they immediately, without being told, proceed to the table and cover the space not occupied by the dishes. Before commencing to eat the farmer orders his honey-makers to their hives, whither they go after having in turn touched his face as if to kiss him."

SINGULAR FREAK IN BEES.—A New Brunswick correspondent of the Country Gentleman furnishes the following account of a strange freak of a swarm of bees:—"Last fall one of my neighbors discovered, while mowing his oats, a colony of bees which had taken up a lodgment on two thistle stalks, and built comb, and bred there till they had a somewhat globular dwelling containing about a cubic foot of comb. They had no shelter whatever except the thistles and standing grain. Such an occurrence I have never heard of elsewhere."

The Poultry-Yard.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

FOWLS are gross feeders, and one would infer, from the readiness with which they partake of all kinds of garbage, that their constitutions were proof against ailments of every description. But such is not the case; on the contrary, like the human biped, they are subject, both in the incipient and perfected stages of existence, to a variety of diseases, which it is desirable to remove, both as a matter of economy and duty.

The character of the diseases most conspicuously developed in the poultry yard, and their manner of treatment, was dwelt upon at length in an essay read before the American Poultry Society at its late meeting in New York, by S. M. SAUNDERS. Some of the most important features in that address are subjoined:

The diseases of poultry, being taken in time, may not result in a serious malady, too often resulting in death; but procrastination is generally as fatal in poultry keeping as in anything else.

The ailments of fowls may generally be traced to a variable temperature, to irregular, injudicious feeding, or to their being kept on ground that has become impure with their use of it. Judicious feeding, perfect cleanliness, and occasional removal to new ground, will, to a great extent, keep fowls healthy.

The following are the principal diseases among them:

Apoplexy, evinced by inflammation of the brain.

Tracheal Inflammation, (*or gapes*,) with parasitic worms in the windpipe.

Roup, which is highly infectious, and a very deadly disease, but if taken in time can be cured. The premonitory symptoms are a slight hoarseness and catching in the breath as if from cold.

Moulting, with old fowls is often so severe that it carries them off. The young are also victims of leg weariness and bad feathering.

Sickly fowls should always be removed from the fowl-house on the first symptom of illness, as they are generally ill-used by their companions,—pecked at, and evidently become objects of dislike.

Apoplexy with fowls, as in human beings, is difficult to cure. It is generally the result of high feeding, and is most common among laying hens, which are sometimes found dead on the nest—the expulsive efforts required in laying being the immediate cause of the attack.

The only hope for a cure consists in an instant and copious bleeding, by opening a vein with a sharp pointed knife or lancet. The largest of the veins seen on the underside of the wing should be selected and opened in a longitudinal direction, not cut across, and so long as the thumb is pressed on the vein at any point between the opening and the body the blood will be found to flow freely. Light food and rest should be given the bird after bleeding.

Gapes, in nine cases out of ten, are obtained from rain or impure water, and if a certain preventive (not cure) is desired, the use of camphor will be found proficient. A small lump about the size of a peanut, kept constantly in the vessel from which the fowls drink, will make the gapes unknown in your yard. Having raised over two hundred chickens without one case of gapes, I can testify that camphor is the only certain remedy. My neighbor, Mr. T——, who is also a member of the American Poultry Society, and who has equal if not superior advantages to mine for rearing poultry, has lost three-fourths of his chickens by gapes, which I attribute to his use of rain water and non-use of camphor.

Rain water will, after having stood some time, be found, by examination under a microscope, to contain worms identical with those taken from the throat of a chicken suffering from gapes.

Roup, if treated at the outset, may be cured by feeding twice a day with stale crusts of bread soaked in strong ale. Dry housing and cleaning are indispensable.

Fowls sometimes waste away without any apparent disorder. In such cases a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil per day will often be found a most efficacious remedy.

Scouring, or diarrhœa, is caused by the too abundant use of relaxing food. Cayenne pepper or chalk, or both, mixed with meal or boiled rice, check the complaint.

Leg weariness is generally caused by the size and weight of the body, being more than the legs can carry. It is showed by the bird resting on the first joint. Being entirely the result of weakness, the best treatment is that which gives general strength and stamina to the sufferer. Tincture of iron, say five drops to a saucer of water, should be given.

FORGOT THE ROOSTER.—The Berkshire (Mass.) Eagle relates that the family of a clergyman in that region thought it would be a good plan to do a little poultry business for domestic consumption. Accordingly a number of hens were purchased, and the egg yield satisfactory. A look ahead indicated the propriety of having some chickens, and a hen was set accordingly. The prescribed three weeks ran by, but never a chick appeared. Another week, and still no chicken music. Inquiry was made of those versed in poultry matters, when the discovery was made that the poultry yard was minus the male bird. Not being a layer, his presence was deemed superfluous.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Plowing by Steam.

A TRIAL of a steam plow has been had near San Francisco with a very satisfactory result according to a statement in the California Farmer. It was put to work upon a road, which was as compact as long travel could make it, and cut it up in excellent style. It is equal to the task of plowing and seeding fifty acres per day in the most acceptable manner. A heading attachment will enable the machine to thrash and clean fifty acres of wheat in a day.

Holding On.

As a general rule it is the safest way for the farmer, who has surplus commodities for sale, to dispose of them when remunerative prices are offered. Last fall hops ruled quite high in the market, a fair article being worth fifty cents per pound, but as higher rates had obtained during the war holders were generally indisposed to sell, and the result is a considerable loss if present rates are accepted. Should the incoming crop equal that of the preceding year the indications are that prices will rule comparatively low for some time to come. It is not likely that the depression of ten or twelve years ago will be reached, and equally improbable is it that the elevation of the war period will be attained during the present generation. The general tendency of prices is towards a medium rather than to extremes in either direction.

New Variety of Barley.

THE editor of the California Farmer lately went out on a prospecting tour, among the fields which environ the Queen City of the Pacific, and was so fortunate as to discover a new variety of barley, which is expected to take high rank in the commercial world. The Farmer says:—"Noticing in a grain field some remarkably large and peculiar heads of barley, an examination was had which left no doubt as to its being an entirely new variety." The heads have a peculiar saffron or golden tint, are very large and long, the berry of corresponding size, making it distinct from any other variety now grown in the State. The samples were gathered, and will be sown at the proper season, by way of experiment, though no doubt exists as to its superiority over any kindred variety.

Wheat on Prairie Sod.

IN a recent number of Colman's Rural World was an account concerning the preparation of raw prairie ground for seeding to wheat. Several parties broke up prairie sod at the usual time last year, which was left till harvest was over when some of them harrowed the sod thoroughly and then cross-plowed the ground. As the season was very dry two of the number concluded that plowing a second time would allow the moisture, produced by the decaying sod to escape, and thus diminish the chances of a proper germination of the wheat when sown. The result justified this conclusion. The fields that were cross-plowed, and seeded with one and a half bushels to the acre, gave a yield of about ten bushels, while those that were not plowed again and seeded with two bushels produced over twenty bushels to the acre. The seed was sown on these last fallows precisely as they were left by the plow, and then thoroughly harrowed with the furrows. They were then cross-harrowed with equal effectiveness, with the result already stated. It is possible that, with a very wet season, a second plowing would prove advantageous, but with a very dry one the extra preparation was positively injurious if the results are to be accepted as proof in the case.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON, CROPS, &c.—The dangerous "heated term," so unprecedently fatal this year to man and beast, is succeeded by cooler weather, which is greatly to the benefit of farmers who have got much harvest work before them. The thermometer marks as low as 62° in the morning, and scarcely gets above 80° at midday. This temperature is agreeable and safe. There is yet some wheat to be cut in this region, and a quantity to be housed. There is considerable rust, which is unusual, and farmers anticipate a poorer quality of grain and a less yield than was promised by the appearance of the fields early in the summer. The hot weather deadened a great deal of grain and caused it to dry and shrink. Barley is heavy in straw, but the berry will be light and probably stained. Oats are heavy, and considerably lodged. The excessive hot weather injured all grain and diminished the weight. Corn has run a rollicking race, beating time by coming in tassel fully two weeks before anticipated. The crop is quite promising. Potatoes suffered from dry weather and a variety of insect depredators, but the recent showers and cool air are giving them better looks. The pastures are dry, and more rain is needed for grass, especially young seeding.

BURNING STUBBLE GROUND, &c.—A commission was appointed in South Australia to examine into the subject of rust in wheat, to present, if practicable a preventive. Suitable burning where ground is continuously sown to wheat was recommended by many as a means of destroying the fungus spores which are supposed to have the power of self-perpetuation. Pickling seed wheat as tending to prevent rust found some advocates, but the general conclusion was that it did no good. Soaking the seed in a solution of sulphuric acid—4 oz. to the bushel, with as much water as the wheat will take up—was approved by many; as was also a decoction of one pound of the flower of sulphur to ten gallons of water, with twice its weight of fresh slaked, hot lime.

WEATHER AND CROPS AT THE WEST.—By a gentleman just returned from the West, where he has been visiting for some weeks, we learn that the drouth all through the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin is very severe, endangering the potato crop through all that region, as well as here and at the East. It is clear that the drouth extends across the Continent. There is some recompense in the fact that the hay and wheat crops—heavy ones, especially the latter—have been gathered in excellent order. Corn is suffering some, but can stand long continued dry weather much better than the potato, which requires seasonable moisture to perfect the tubers.

—Later advices tell of copious rains. A letter from J. W. HOLCOMB of Juneau Co., Wis., dated July 23, says: "The drouth which has been raging is now over. For five long weeks we have had no rain until the 21st, when a copious shower put an end to the anxiety of farmers. Crops look well. In spite of the dry weather wheat promises to be a splendid crop, as do oats, corn, and nearly all sorts of grain. The hay crop is very light. Hops never looked better. The potato bug is doing some damage, yet there will be plenty of potatoes in spite of bugs. Fruit is nearly a failure; there will be a few apples, however. Small fruits of all kinds were injured by the drouth. I have not heard of the hop louse being seen yet this year. Hop growers are expecting a large yield in this county, and also in Sauk."

"HIGHLAND STOCK FARM," BELMONT, MASS.—WINTHROP W. CHENERY, Esq., has on this farm, in Middlesex Co., Mass., a choice lot of farm stock, consisting of thorough bred horses, Holstein bulls, cows and heifers, and Long Wooled sheep of the Texel breed. The Holstein stock has been awarded silver medals—sweepstakes—by the New England Agricultural Society, and flatteringly mentioned in the Report of the Department of Agriculture, as well as by several influential journals. A portrait of one of his Holstein bulls, "Van Tromp," will be found on our first page.

CATALOGUE OF SHORT-HORN CATTLE.—We have received a catalogue—the fourth of the series—of the Short-Horn cattle, the property of EZRA CORNELL, Esq., Forest Park, Ithaca, New York. The stock comprises four bulls and thirty-three cows and heifers, all of whose pedigrees are fully traced. Mr. C. says:—"A prominent feature of my herd is Lucy Ann and her ten daughters and grand-daughters, a family of remarkable excellence. For their uniform superiority in the valuable qualities of hardiness, of flesh carriers, and good milkers, I have never known their equals."

INSECTS INJURIOUS AND BENEFICIAL.—There has just issued from the Press of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., part one of "A guide to the study of insects," by A. S. PACKARD, Jr., M. D. It opens with that branch of the animal kingdom denominated articulate, profusely illustrated, and accompanied by carefully prepared letter press descriptions of the several insects illustrated in the number. It is printed on fine paper, in convenient form to bind, and must prove instructive to all the lovers of natural history. Price 50 cents per number.

KANSAS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—This institution is located near Manhattan, some hundred miles west of Leavenworth City, and is beginning to get into working order. The Kansas Farmer notices the institution at considerable length, and closes by saying:—"In our humble judgment, the school will never give its full blessings to the world until manual labor forms part of the system of education, and children are trained to do as well as think, to apply as well as master the rules and theories taught them."

KILLING CANADA THISTLES.—J. PIERCE BELL, Blair Co., Pa., writes the Cultivator and Country Gentleman concerning his treatment of the Canada thistle. When well up he cut them off, stopping their seeding, but they still lived on. Last fall after they were cut off and sprouted again, they were treated to a dose of salt, and where well treated they blackened and died. The application is not a costly one, and has been pronounced effective in other cases besides the one here mentioned.

NEW POTATO FLY.—A short time since the Troy Times mentioned the appearance in that vicinity of a potato fly, different from any before seen there. It has appeared in the town of Argyle, Washington Co., N. Y., and is very destructive. It has a small, black head, large, yellowish body, and is from a quarter to half an inch long. Those acquainted with the Western bug think this is the same, but not fully developed yet.

COMPETING TRIAL OF DITCHING MACHINES.—Those interested are referred to the Special Notice of Mr. A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., who accepts the challenge of the Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine Co., to test ditchers, the trial to take place near Rochester, Sept. 8th, or thereabouts. Let us have a fair *dig*, and may the best machine win!

PROPAGATING TROUT.—Mr. BRIDGMAN, Bellows Falls, is experimenting in the fish breeding line quite successfully. He has constructed a pond of considerable capacity, and has got about 50,000 young trout floating about in it. He intends to add a half a million more to the family at no distant day, when a five acre lot will be stocked.

GREAT YIELD OF BARLEY.—A California farmer by the name of GRIDLEY, who cultivates some 3,000 acres of land, recently harvested fifty acres of barley, which averaged eighty bushels to the acre. This is a pretty tall figure, and its correctness might be doubted without subjecting one to the charge of stubborn incredulity.

PAPERS INSTEAD OF DIPLOMAS.—The officers of the Vernon Co. (Mo.) Agricultural Society have resolved to substitute Agricultural papers for Diplomas when making their awards at the Fair the coming autumn.

HORTICULTURAL.

NOTES ON FRUITS IN NORTHERN OHIO.

In writing of the present year's crop of fruits in Northern Ohio, I have, as a rule, to write the stereotype record of the whole section of country which was last year visited by a long and severe drouth. And this is, that while all varieties of fruits blossomed freely in the spring, the crop reaching maturity is about two-thirds with strawberries, a full one of raspberries, currants and gooseberries, about one-third of a crop of apples, one-fourth of pears, dwarfs producing less in proportion than standards, and about one-half a crop of peaches, plums and cherries.

When early in spring I said to a friend that we need not look for a great crop of fruit this year, he scorned the remark, replying that "the trees were all full of buds and they never ripened their wood more perfectly or went through the winter with less injury." My reply was simply as I had read it in observation, viz., that there was not a continuously lengthened season of moisture for the pear, apple, plum, &c., to fully lay up and develop in the fruit bud sufficient material according to the order of nature, to enable it to form and continue its growth until the annual action of leaves and roots came in regular course to the support, and that those trees that bloomed most abundantly would set the least quantity of fruit, and that young trees uncultivated would show, perhaps, more blossoms, but have far less of fruits mature than trees which last season were well and continuously kept stirred around with hoe or cultivator. That the varieties, as currants, gooseberries, &c., which prepare their buds and naturally mature their wood early in the season, would be little affected, but that strawberries would, because, although an early maturing fruit, yet the gathering of material in the crown for next year's crop is of almost as long duration as the filling a pear or apple bud; but that as its rapid action of root commences with its first growth in spring, and the development of the blossoms and fruit do not come until after such action, it would not be as materially affected.

The season so far has shown my observation correct. Trees have blossomed freely, and where they were well cultivated and mulched last season during the long, hot, dry period, they have set and are now swelling a fair one-third to one-half crop. But trees, like dwarf pears, the roots of which are mainly surface, and last year were left uncultivated, have bloomed freely, but have set very little fruit. Strawberries have given about a two-thirds crop. Such varieties as Downer's Prolific, Ida and Wilson producing more in proportion to their general average than Triomphe de Gand, Jucunda, La Constante, etc.

Currants and gooseberries set and swelled abundantly, but the drouth since the 25th of June and the very hot sun, which has daily been our lot, have caused them to ripen prematurely, and so scalded that if gathered in the middle of the day they have not kept well unless packed in very shallow cases. I have lately seen gooseberries gathered at midday, and only exposed fifteen minutes to the sun, become browned or whitened, and in twenty-four hours sour. Raspberries set full, and had it not been for the very great heat would have matured an extra crop, but as it is, even under good cultivation, only the first and second fruits matured well, the third only half size and the last a failure. The Black Cap is here as in other sections a favorite for shipment, selling at six dollars a bushel. But the red varieties, if good, have sold steadily at twenty cents a quart to dealers and retailed at twenty-five. I shall send you some drawings and special notes on varieties.

Cherries—oh! what can I say—well, I must say it, however much I may be chagrined at the result. They have, as a whole, proved a failure. Early Purple Guigne did not set well, but what did sold readily at good prices. Rockport did nobly, and many trees netted the owners good round sums—more than paying for two or more years' loss. Governor Wood, Cleveland, Ohio, Bigarreau, &c., almost universally rotted just as they were grown. Red Jacket did not rot; Elton only partially rotted; Louis Phillippe did not set well; Black Heart, in one case, proved a paying sort. Black Tartarian I have not seen ripe. All as soon as they became red, rotted; but some money was made selling them when only reddened; Belle de Choisy only produced a few; Arch Duke had good crops and perfected; but I only visited a half dozen trees, and those all young, say six to eight years out.

Another great trouble here is the curculio, which seems to puncture every fruit. All the peaches I have yet seen in a dozen or more orchards seem dropping gum, and how many will mature and beat the worm is a question. I have in my grounds two seedling light colored cherries that for three seasons have set and matured their fruit free from decay, but they are very late, and now, as I write, July 16, one, almost a fact simile in flesh and color, but more round, to old Bigarreau, is just ripe. They may prove valuable, but the trees are too young yet for any real decision as to their exception from rot.

F. R. ELLIOTT.

THE HOWELL PEAR.

F. R. ELLIOTT thus describes the Howell Pear: This fruit originated in 1829, in the garden of THOMAS HOWELL, deceased, of New Haven, Connecticut, from seed of a hard winter pear, which had, growing on one side of it, a summer Bon Chretien, and on the other a White Doyenne.

Tree.—An upright, vigorous grower, with roundish, broad, oval foliage, an early bearer on the pear stock, and succeeding among the best when worked on quince.

Fruit.—Size, medium to large; form, obovate, pyramidal, very regular; color, greenish, becoming pale, lemon-yellow or straw-color at maturity, many small russet dots, and on the sunny side a faint blush, sometimes deepening into a clear red cheek; stem, about one and one-quarter inch long, curved, moderately stout and inverted without depression; core, small; seeds, round, oval, plump; flesh, white, fine grained, juicy, melting, sweet, and pleasantly perfumed; season, September.

THE STRAWBERRY TRADE IN NEW YORK CITY.—No. II.

South Jersey Growers—Cheap Gift Boxes—Agents and Commission Men—Transporting Berries to Market—Railroad Companies Competing for the Business—Will the Business be Overdone?—Statistics of a Single Crop.

OUR South Jersey Yankees think themselves smart, and profess to know all about the berry business. "They do things up brown." Last season they were not going to be swindled out of any of the productions of their sand beds, so they selected a few dealers to handle the bulk of their fruit. They soon found they had made a mistake, because those dealers had more to sell than they could do justice by, and the consequence was the fruit had to be slaughtered to jobbers and peddlers for about the cost of picking and transportation. This season they have published the names of three of our respectable firms, as failing to pay their debts, and not returning the empty crates. In conversation with one of these dealers, he stated that he had not only returned all the crates, but held the receipts for them. I presume they thought publishing their names would be the death of them, but like the great WEBSTER, "they still live," and have all the trade they want. This year they are doing things right, having learned how last year, and now they have an agent who sends the fruit to whom he pleases, and as many as he pleases. One morning a dealer may get fifty cases of as many different marks, and the next morning fifty cases of entirely different marks, and so on. What a nice time the said agent will have in settling, and the dealers in redeeming crates. Some of our dealers liked it so well that after two or three shipments they positively refused to receive any more, and so ought every respectable dealer. How can a grower expect a dealer to do him justice under this system? He cannot keep a customer for his mark, because he may have it but once in a season; then another dealer. Any one having any knowledge of selling fruit in our city, knows how easy it is to sell a good mark of fruit when they have it regularly, and how difficult it is to do justice to a good mark when it comes irregularly.

This district is the very paradise of gift box agents, and all other kinds of trash in the way of packages. A stranger seeing a load of their packages passing on a cart would be apt to think there was a general stampede among the *pine hawkers.* Occasionally a decent crate is to be seen, but more frequently packages made of sheep-skin boards, their surface having never been brightened by the face of a plane. It is about time for them to learn this one simple fact, that every man's fruit should stand on its own merit, and be sold for its own value. Then each man would compete in sending the best fruit, and, selecting his own dealer, send him his entire crop, and send it in the best packages and condition possible. As it is now, some choice marks of fruit are sold with a lot of gift-box trash in order to get rid of it, and the owner of the good fruit receives neither credit or benefit for the benevolence of his agent's commission dealer. There is another feature in this system that the grower ought to understand. The dealer coming in contact only with the agent, cannot easily correct any wrong in the picking or handling of the fruit. He can write to the agent, but that agent does not feel the same interest as the owner, and besides he has too much to do to always think to remind the grower. But the worst feature in it is that the dealer does not come in contact with the owner of the fruit, and consequently does not feel the same interest in getting high prices as if he was personally acquainted with the owner, and that owner had selected him in preference to other dealers.

The mode of transporting the berries from Norfolk, Va., was by a line of steamers which ran every other day, transporting the fruit very carefully, and delivering it in good condition, at the rate of about one and a half cents per quart. There was also another line, called the Anamessock line, which made a connection at Cressfield, Del., with the Delaware R. R., for about the same rates, delivering it at the same hour in New York.

The fruit trade of our country is fast becoming a very important item; so much so that those transportation companies who formerly treated it with contempt are now competing for it, reducing freight and giving more care and better accommodations, and running trains expressly for it, in order that it may arrive at such times as may be for the benefit of the growers. For instance, the Camden & Amboy R. R. was formerly one of the most independent and destructive lines that carried fruit. This season they ran a train expressly for fruit, delivering it at Jersey City before four o'clock A. M., which was one of the first arrivals in the market, thus affording the dealers in this fruit every facility they needed to get the highest market price. The Delaware fruit was delivered at Jersey City by Adams Express Co., but not until after the arrival of the C. & A. train, which was a cause of loss to the owners; besides, they charged four cents per quart freight, with the agreement that the empty packages should be returned free of cost.

Every season we hear the wailings of the doubtful ones—"The fruit business will be overdone." Well, when is the time to come? "Oh," says one, "it is now, for my berries cost me 16 cents per quart to cultivate and get to market." If that is so, you ought to be ashamed of it, for you could do it for eight cents if you are within thirty miles of New York. It is true there are days when fruit sells below the price that pays the grower, but what of that? It is one of the great blessings of the business. The poor can have a feast, and the extreme low prices induce the shippers to send it still further in the country, creating a new market, and greater demand for the next season. Look at the vast difference in the fruit trade between this year and ten years ago; then the growers were troubled with the same apprehension, but many of them have died without the sight, and many more will. There are many growers who are not well paid for their trouble, but that is their fault. They do not produce a berry that is good enough to pay; they should remember that where we are receiving such large quantities of choice fruit, poor fruit will be neglected, and if any is sold at unprofitable prices, that is the kind. The great difficulty with growers is that they do not consider the cost of the fruit to the consumer. Said one grower to me, "If you could only get forty cents per quart for my berries, then I could make it pay." But, my friend, how many consumers could afford to pay forty cents per quart for your berries? You would not do it yourself if you had them to buy, and remember in every quart of your berries one-fourth is hulls, which must be thrown away.

Talk about the fruit business being overdone! As a people we have not yet begun to eat fruit. The poorer classes of our country do not eat it; they cannot afford it. It would cost a poor man too much money to buy even a moderate quantity to treat his family; he cannot afford to do it. If you want large prices, produce large fruit, send it to market in good season and in fine order, and you will get it.

In connection with this article I send you the result of the strawberry crop of JOHNSON & STOCKTON, Norfolk, Va., to show to what extent they can grow this fruit in that State. Five acres of their berries were good, and yielded 24,240 quarts. One acre beside these was called poor, and that yielded 3,438 quarts. Total amount on the six acres, 27,678 quarts. Their largest picking was on June 1st, which amounted to 4,600 quarts. Of this amount all but 500 quarts were sent to this city, the remainder being sold in Norfolk, they not having packages enough to market them. These berries were sold at an average of 24 cents per quart. The next largest picking was on May 25th, when the amount was 3,100 quarts, and the sales averaged 40 cents per quart. The whole amount received for their crop did not fall much short of $6,000.

NOW AND THEN.

New York City, July 14, 1868.

NOTES FROM THE ALTON HORT. SOC'Y.

AT the meeting of the Alton (Ill.) Horticulture Society, July 2d, information in regard to the apple crop was called for. It was the general opinion of members that the apple crop was almost an entire failure; what few were left would be very inferior. Failure attributed to frosts in April.

Messrs. HUGGINS and HILLIARD find "Saps of Wine" to hang best, and give the best show of fruit.

Messrs. FROST and LYON find "Red Astrachan" to hang the best of the early apples.

Query by Mr. MURTFELT—Will frost injure fruit after it is set, so as to cause it to grow gnarly and deformed?

D. E. BROWN—Thinks most of the injury to apples is done by frost after the fruit is set; believes one great cause of the failure this year is a want of sufficient vitality in the trees; trees that bore last year are too much exhausted to carry the crop through this year. Trees that bore none last year will have a crop this, as far as he has seen. Last year he had a good crop; his neighbor Curtis a very poor one. This year I have none, and Curtis has a very good show.

Dr. LONG—I am well satisfied that a moderate frost, when in blossom, will kill; the fruit may set, but nine-tenths will drop. Last year blossoms were abundant, but perhaps nineteen-twentieths had no germ or signs of fruit; can tell barren blossoms on an apple tree as quick as on melons; don't think frost will affect fruit after it is set.

Mr. HILLIARD—Have no doubt frost will affect apples and they will still hang.

Mr. PEARSON—It is usual now-a-days to attribute scab on apples—as well as most of the diseases that fruit is heir to—to "*fungus.*" Why not attribute these deformities in the apple to fungus, instead of frost? I simply offer this as a suggestion.

The subject of pasturing orchards with hogs was called up.

Mr. CAUGHLIN—Gave favorable experience in regard to hogs eating fallen peaches; peaches very free from worms this year; attribute to the fact that the hogs destroyed so many of the larvæ last year.

D. E. BROWN—Find the destruction twice as great in orchards where there are no hogs; find it a matter of economy, also, as my hogs keep in good condition on the fallen fruit.

S. B. JOHNSON—I have a good crop of peaches; believe we can protect our peaches from frost by building fires in the orchard when there is danger of heavy frost. I kept fire in my orchard for five nights, and during two or three of the cold sleety days; build fires on the windward side every two or three rods. I have the largest crop of any one in this section, and think I can attribute my success to the fires; build the fires of old logs or any thing that will make a heavy smoke.

Mr. STEWART—Think sawdust to be the best to raise a smoke; have no doubt of the efficacy of smoke to keep off frost.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

KILLING CHERRY SPROUTS.—Can any of the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER give information of the proper season for cutting the sprouts from the roots of the common garden cherry to prevent their growing again, and oblige a "Young Farmer?"

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY.—We are indebted to Messrs. PURDY & JOHNSTON of Palmyra, N. Y., for specimens of this black raspberry, on the bush. Judging from the samples received we think the "Mammoth Cluster" the largest and most productive black raspberry we have ever seen, and of superior flavor. We hope to visit the plantation soon and will then be able to speak advisedly as to both plant and fruit.

GRAPES ALONG THE LAKE SHORE.—M. B. B. writes the Ohio Farmer that grape prospects all along the Lake Shore region continue very good, though considerable damage was done to the vines around Sandusky by the storms last month. The dry, warm weather for some time past has been favorable to the growth of the vines and fruit. It is added that the prospects for peaches and apples in Lake and Ashtabula counties are quite fair.

LAKE SHORE GRAPE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—The summer meeting of the above named Association of grape growers will convene at Cleveland, August 25th. Arrangements are made to visit points of interest along the Lake Shore, and an excursion to the Islands will form part of the programme. Persons interested in grape culture will find this a favorable season for visiting the Lake Shore region.

EVER-BEARING RASPBERRIES.—M. L. DUNLAP says he has traveled much in his time, and sat at the tables of a good many prominent horticulturists, but never was so fortunate as to find these autumn berries on any of them. He adds:—"I don't want to prevent gentlemen who can from furnishing us with such fruit; but I do want to prevent the expectations of the public being raised too high by them."

MULCHING TREES.—Newly set trees should, if possible, be mulched, unless on quite moist land. Though the early part of the season be wet, yet, when the dry, hot weather comes on, the trees will be quite likely to suffer. Hay, leaves, straw,—almost anything that will keep the ground moist,—can be used to advantage. Where nothing else can conveniently be had, stones may be used. If leaves are used, it is better to cover with some earth to prevent them from blowing off.

GARDEN TRUCK IN FLORIDA.—A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier residing in Hibernia, Florida, gives the results of the labor of six Northern men in producing garden stuffs for the New York market. The fore part of the season was too hot for a good crop, a portion of it spoiled in transit, and the result of nine months labor was 800 bushels of tomatoes, 750 of cucumbers, and 4,000 watermelons. Receipts, $1,400; expenses, $1,150; leaving $250 to divide between the six operators.

THE EARLY ROSE POTATO.—About the 12th ultimo we received from Mr. GEO. W. BEST of Utica, N. Y., samples of the Early Rose Potato, of this season's growth, which were nearly or quite double the size of any new potatoes which we had seen in this market. On cooking, they proved decidedly palatable, and were pronounced superior in flavor. We are inclined to believe the Early Rose will prove the earliest potato in cultivation, and certainly congratulate friend BEST upon the indications to that effect.

VINEYARDS IN CALIFORNIA.—According to a statement in a recently published volume by TITUS FEY CRONISE on "The Natural Wealth of California," there are thirty-one vineyards in the Sonoma Valley, covering 28,780 acres of land, and numbering 2,564,350 vines. In Napa county there are twenty-nine vineyards, covering about 1,000 acres, containing 730,000 vines. There are other vineyards of small dimensions, but the above are the principal ones now being cultivated. The product of wine is quite an item in the general aggregate of the agricultural wealth of the State.

NEW GRAPES.—E. W. BULL of Concord has produced two new grapes. "They are the 'Una,' a pure white grape, changing to a golden amber, a sweet table grape, ripening one week before the Concord, and the 'Cottage,' a black grape, ripening two weeks before the Concord, and combining the qualities of both a table and wine grape. These grapes have been produced from the Concord, and are said to inherit those qualities of hardiness and fruitfulness which render the parent vine so valuable, while they surpass it in sweetness and delicacy, and ripen so much earlier that their fruit enjoys an almost perfect immunity from frost."

Domestic Economy.

CANNING FRUIT.—BEST MODE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In reply to inquiries by your correspondent, it may be observed that there are several points which it is important to observe. 1st. The fruit should be sound and not over ripe; rather *under* than *over* the point of full maturity. 2d. It should be scalded in a quarter of its weight of sugar, if not more, a very little water having been placed in the preserving kettle before the sugar is put in it. 3d. The jars, having been made hot by means of a rinsing in warm water followed by hot, should be carefully closed when filled. The tin cans, (closed by solder while the contents are hot,) are the most reliable. Some, using metallic or glass jars, close the covers by plaster of Paris. Resin mixed with beeswax will be found useful when it can be applied. Some prefer wide-mouthed bottles of glass or earthen ware, hermetically sealed by some resinous compound. The cork having been inserted, invert the bottle into the hot wax. Any reliance placed in sealing close by means of clamps or screws and rubber rings, will, we fear, prove unsatisfactory.

P. S.—If sound, fruit placed in a jar which has been corked and sealed by wax, may be preserved, it is said, by means of an air-pump. Puncture a hole through the cork; exhaust the air from the jar, which must be placed under a glass receiver; then by a sun glass melt a piece of sealing wax previously placed near the puncture. When the hole is filled and the wax has become cold, the jar may be removed. This method deserves to be tried by those who conveniently can do so. Their report in the RURAL as to the success of the experiment is desired. X. Y.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—It is considered more blessed to give than to receive, I believe, but be that as it may, you bring me so many excellent recipes every week that I am prompted to send you two, which for simplicity and goodness, cannot be beaten. Will you please accept them for the benefit of others?

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—One and a half cups molasses; half cup shortening, butter or otherwise; one cup boiling water; one teaspoonful saleratus, dissolved in the water; one teaspoonful ginger. Beat the flour in well to the consistency of griddle cakes; bake in a quick oven. When taken out hot, dip a knife in molasses and moisten the top and it will keep fresh several days.

QUICK INDIAN BREAD.—One quart buttermilk; one do. flour; one do. Indian meal; two small teaspoonfuls saleratus; one cupful molasses. Stir well together, as many times good things are spoiled by not being sufficiently beaten. This bread is good either hot or cold.—H. M. GRAY, *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1868.

EDS. RURAL:—As I agree with the fair friends who have contributed to this department of the RURAL, that economy of time is greatly to be desired in the management of domestic affairs, I send a recipe, which was given me by a friend, and which I find a great saving of time. I advise all who are fond of salt-rising bread to try it, as it will enable them to bake their bread twice as quick as by the ordinary method:

RAILROAD YEAST.—One teaspoon saleratus; one of ginger; one of sugar; one of salt. Pour on the above articles one pint of *hot*, not *boiling* water. Stir the whole thick with coarse flour. Let it rise. Keep in a cool place. Set your yeast for salt-rising as usual. Put in three tablespoonfuls of the above, and by the time breakfast is over your bread will be ready to sponge.—A. E. H., *Porter, N. Y.*, 1868.

COLORING MADDER RED.—Take one pound of madder for every two pounds of yarn or cloth; soak the madder in a brass or copper kettle over night in enough warm water to cover the yarn or goods you wish to color; next morning put in two ounces of madder compound for every pound of madder you have soaked; then wet your yarn or cloth in clear water, and wring it out; after which put it in the dye; now put the kettle on the fire, and bring it slowly to a scalding heat, which will take half an hour; keep it at this heat about half an hour, if a light red is wanted, and longer if a dark one—the color depending upon the time it remains in the dye. When the color is made, rinse the cloth immediately in cold water, and it will then be finished.—L. S. B., *Waupaca, Wis.*

A COOLING DRINK.—As nearly every person is inquiring for some cooling drink during this hot weather, we publish the following recipe for a refreshing and invigorating beverage, which has been handed us by a physician of this city. It is an effervescing drink, but far better than soda water, as the effervescence is much more slow:—Two ounces of tartaric acid, two pounds of white sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and three pints of water. Boil them together five minutes, and when nearly cold add the whites of three eggs, well beaten, with half a cup of flour, and half an ounce of essence of wintergreen or other flavoring. Bottle and keep it in a cold place. Take two tablespoonsful of this syrup for a tumbler of water, and add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, stir it and then drink.—*Syracuse Journal.*

CHLORIDE OF LIME FOR VERMIN.—A correspondent says:—"Four years since I took an old country-house infested with rats, mice and flies. I stuffed every rat and mouse-hole with the chloride. I threw it on the quarry-floors of the dairy and cellars. I kept saucers of it under the chests of drawers, or some other convenient piece of furniture, in every nursery, bed-room, or drawing-room. An ornamental glass vase held a quantity at the foot of each staircase. Stables, cow-sheds, pig-sties, all had their dose, and the result was that I thoroughly routed my enemies. Last year was a great one for wasps; they wouldn't face the chloride; though in the dining-room, in which we had none—as its smell, to me most refreshing and wholesome, is not approved by all persons—we had a perpetual warfare."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

UPLAND CRANBERRY CULTURE.—Sample of fruit sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular on culture sent free to any address.
967-2t ORRIN C. COOK, South Milford, Mass.

FARMERS' AND GRAIN DEALERS' FRIEND.—THE NEW BAG HOLDER, Patented March 12, 1867, is the only one which receives the unlimited approbation of the farmers. It is made of wood; easily folded to put away or for transportation, and when folded occupies no room, as it can be hung up on a nail out of the way. It is not liable to get out of order, and in case any accident should befall it the farmer can easily repair it without taking it to a blacksmith or machine shop. It is so simple that all who see it wonder the idea was never thought of before. In the few places in the West where they have been introduced they are purchased by every farmer who sees them.

Bag Holder in Use.

We are aware that there are other bag holders, but there has never been one worth one cent for the farmer's use until this one. It does the work of two boys in holding a bag open, and is easily adjustable to any size or length of bag or sack. No one knows the real practical value of this invention until they use it. To be sure many have boys to hold bags, but, when having an article that will hold a bag better than two boys or men can do it, they can readily find other work for the boys somewhere else. One man will put up more grain in the same length of time with this machine than two men with boys can do the same without it, saying nothing about tying the bag, provided the grain is measured in a half-bushel measure. It can be set up out doors by the side of the threshing machine, or in the orchard or potatoe field. When a farmer can put up a load of grain while his boy is harnessing the team, and do it quicker than with the boy, then, of course, we must all admit the great value of this Bag Holder, which the farming community have long been desiring.

These Bag Holders will more than pay for themselves in one harvesting. The undersigned are prepared to fill all orders for the same at wholesale or retail. Retail price, $3.

☞ Town or County rights for sale in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, or Michigan. BENNETT, JOHNSON & CO.,
966-4t No. 612 Broadway, New York.

THE CELEBRATED WALTER GRAPE. After twenty-five years' experience with the present tender and late varieties we know the WALTER, now first offered, will restore confidence in grape raising. It never rots. Its abundant sugar raisins it in-door or on the vine; is a great grower and bearer, now contains 146 clusters of bloom; is very compact in cluster at the East, which is an advantage in marketing. We have not known the foliage to mildew. It succeeds in dry and very wet soil. Is a seedling of the Delaware, crossed with the Diana, and better than either. Ripens before the Hartford, therefore the earliest, hardiest and best variety. No. 1, one year, $5 each, in advance. Orders filled in rotation, while supply lasts. No charge for packing.

☞ Send stamp for beautiful cut and opinions of many vineyardists. FERRIS & CAYWOOD,
965-2t*o Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A BARGAIN!—A FRUIT FARM FOR SALE of 16½ acres, set in Peaches, Pears, Apples, Quinces, Grapes, Strawberries, &c.; new, large and splendid House, Barn, &c., on main avenue, and close to Railroad Depot. Letters answered. C. R. SYKES, Lincoln, Sussex Co., Del.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUSAND, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 965-eoltf

Ladies' Department.

MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. PRENTICE.

THE trembling dew-drops fall
  Upon the shutting flowers like souls at rest;
The stars shine gloriously, and all
  Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
  The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head. When will it wave
  Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
  Its bright leaves to the morning's tempest bow.
Dear mother 'tis thine emblem—Dust
  Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—
  To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
  And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here
  To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
  With bitter tears.

Aye, I must linger here,
  A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf untimely sere,
  Went down with thee.

Oft from life's withered bower,
  In still communion with the past, I turn
And muse on thee, the only flower
  In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale
  Bows like a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds' wail
  Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
  I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen, and thy gentle tone
  Is on the air.

O, come while here I press
  My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
  Bless, bless thy child.

MENTAL OUTREACH OF WOMAN.

IT is the misfortune of woman that her mental outreach is in a great degree circumscribed. If she be a faithful wife and mother, the discharge of domestic duties tends to narrow down her field of thought, and turn her mind too exclusively in upon herself and those immediately around her. The daily habit of thinking and talking solely in the interest of the little circle of which she is the maternal head, ultimately dwarfs her capacity for thought and conversation. She comes to dwell upon molehills that are magnified into mountains, and to be exceedingly prolix about common details in which few feel little interest.

Because of this, she loses ground, in a measure, as a companion. Her husband and her sons go out and mingle with the world from day to day, and come back to the fireside with their thought quickened by manifold suggestions. To be really entertaining to them, conversation must take a wider range than the kitchen and the nursery. It must not be purely local in character, derived from neighborhood supplies. Their mental outreach goes beyond that, and hers must, likewise, or her talk grows wearisome and is estimated as unmeaning garrulousness.

The good wife and mother suffers too often in the estimation of the sterner sex. For the simple reason that domestic routine has not given opportunities for its expansion, her mind is believed by them to be absolutely narrower than theirs. A very mistaken idea is this, and the more to be deplored because it operates so greatly to woman's disadvantage. She would not so generally be treated as "the weaker vessel," if in her home-life she manifested greater mental scope. If she did not so hamper her thought in the domestic circle, her privileges would not be so hampered by the public at large. For what is the public composed of but her husband, her brothers, her sons? What is public opinion but the opinion of those who see her as she appears under the home-roof?

This subject demands the gravest consideration of womankind. It is one which cannot pleasantly be broached by the husband or son. He shrinks from saying—"Wife, (or mother,) I am growing away from you. All these petty trials and details that absorb your thought I tire of. Step out of the mental groove in which you are running, and keep pace with me." He would not wound her sensitiveness, and so he can only use his utmost endeavor to draw her out of her circumscribed limits, with no word said. To succeed in this course requires patience and tact, and these he frequently lacks. And because the subject goes unmentioned, we have called attention to it now. Because we desire to see woman everywhere not merely *occupying*, but *filling* her true place, we are speaking to all RURAL readers as to a sister, feeling that we shall not be misjudged.

Oh, domestic toilers! there is no need to thus do yourselves wrong! You are not of necessity MARTHAS, forever "troubled about many things" of a dwarfing, circumscribing nature. The "many things" come in the line of your duties, it is true, but they are not rightfully your masters. They have no business to claim every hour of your thought. You have no business to think upon them always. Even in the grooves of household care you may meditate upon nobler things. And it is your privilege to get out of the grooves oftener than you do, and walk by the side of your husband and brothers, surrounded by broadening influences. All habits are strong, and habits of thought are indeed powerful, but we entreat you not to let this narrow habit bind you evermore as its willing slave.

It is your ambition to prove good and agreeable companions to those with whom your paths in life are blended. There is no earthly ambition purer,—none which GOD and angels more delight to look upon. How to be truly companionable, is the vexed question. The young girl has her answer for it, and it is not your answer. You define companionship more correctly than she, because as wives and mothers you have learned somewhat of its deeper meaning. But have you answered the question entirely to your satisfaction? Are you confident that, as companions, you are as companionable as you are capable of being? Some of you, we doubt not, have felt the lives nearest yours growing daily afar off, and may have wondered and perhaps sorrowed over the separation. Hemmed in by burdensome cares, your thought has yearly turned in upon itself, while you have been sinking the companion more and more in the uncongenial drudge. Such is the painful fact. Will you ignore it, because it is painful? Will you not the rather seek to rise above circumstances which would enslave you, and in thought and conversation attain to a higher level? Our mental outreach marks the boundaries of being, and if we will our lives may be broadened until they reach very near the Infinite.

FEMALE EDUCATION IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese women have more attention paid to their education than is usually bestowed upon the instruction of the female sex in other Eastern countries. For the lower classes of society there exist what may be termed primary schools, where both boys and girls are taught together. At a proper age the boys are drafted off to separate schools to pass through a definite course of study, and the girls are instructed in domestic matters. The accomplishments of painting and music and poetry are taught to women of the higher classes, as well as to those whose only object is to attract attention. There are dramatic, historical and poetic works written by women, which command as much attention as those produced by men. This, of course, evidences an amount of mental culture in Japanese women, nearly if not equal to that of the other sex. The possession of the power of literary composition amongst Japanese women is of very ancient date; for we find poems written by them amongst popular collections which go back to very ancient times. For instance, Jito wrote the second Ode in a number gathered together by Teika, who died A. D. 1241. Her mother was the daughter of a nobleman. Jito married the Emperor Ten Mu, and after his death assumed the Government in the year A. D. 702.

So, again, we hear of a mother and daughter, high in rank, who both possessed so much poetic talent that, on some verses composed by the daughter being read at court, the audience refused to believe they were not the mother's production, until she disavowed having in any way assisted her daughter in writing them.

These facts, which can be relied on as authentic, show the great age of these Eastern civilizations compared with our own; for at a time when England was divided into numerous small districts, and its inhabitants engaged in constant petty warfare, when letters were preserved only in the monasteries, and the chieftains knew no arts but those of the sword, Japanese princesses were composing poems which, repeated from mouth to mouth, and multiplied by the process of printing, have been handed down to the present day.—*Leisure Hour.*

AUGUST COSTUMES.

COLORS in costumes are more gay and altogether more diversified than formerly; but there is still a preference for black and white, and also for the buff, which looks like dead gold. Black has survived even to the heat of the summer weather, and appears in all the thin materials—grenadine, crape, barege—with a persistence that shows how an idea sticks in the mind, even in fashions, when it once obtains a hold. It is not, however, so fashionably trimmed with colors as last season. The ruffles of the material are edged with narrow fringe, or they are made of silk into ruchings, notched out upon the edge.

Straw trimming, straw fringe, or straw braids are not a novelty upon thin black suits, but they are considered very distinguished. Straw fringe is used as a border to the upper skirts and paletots. If it is very narrow it may also be employed for edging ruffles. The braid forms a heading, or it is very effectively run through the center of ruches made of silk or of the same material as the dress.

Almost all the fashionable summer costumes are made with ruffles and puffed out behind, the sash or ends of the Marie Antoinette *fichu* passing under the *pouf*, and sustaining it in its place. Magnificent white dresses, one mass of puffing and tucking, are tied up in this way, with wide ends of the material edged with ruffles of the same without lace or colors, with exceedingly good effect.

So entirely has the short dress for walking wear met the common sense and best judgment of the ladies abroad, as well as at home, that we hope there will be no difficulty in erecting it into a permanent institution.

Cloaks are a superfluity; suits have almost altogether taken their place, and all that is necessary is to devise a method of making them warm enough for winter to render them the popular street style all the year round.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

"To despise men as they deserve, one must be a woman, and know them as women know them," said Madame N. "And women?" replied Monsieur B., "to esteem women at their proper value?" "Still," says Madame, "you must be a woman."

SOME American ladies at Copenhagen, who recently called on the Queen of Denmark, were not a little astonished to see that she wore a cheap dress, and that, on rising to receive them, she laid on her working table a cotton stocking, on which she had been knitting.

BRIGHAM YOUNG advises the ladies of Utah concerning their bonnets. He says:—"Ask your husbands to furnish you some straw for hats and bonnets; and when you get it, put more than three straws over your head, and make a hat that will shade you from the scorching sun."

THE married woman is her husband's domestic faith, in her hands he must be able to confide house and family, be able to intrust to her the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well being is in her hands. Think of this, O wife!

IN a class of little girls in one of the schools of Boston the question was asked, "What is a fort?" "A place to put men in," was the ready answer. "What is a fortress, then?" asked the teacher. This seemed a puzzler, until one little girl of eight summers answered. "A place to put the women."

"How fortunate I am in getting a 'rain-beau' in this storm," said a young lady who was caught in a shower the other day, to her beau of promise who happened to come along with an umbrella. "And I," said he, gallantly, "am as much rejoiced as the poor Laplander when he has caught a 'reindeer'"

THE Le Claire (Iowa) Register tells of a couple of blooming girls there, who row across to Port Byron, Ill., every morning in a skiff, handling the oars in the most approved style, teach a school of ninety scholars all day, and row back again in the evening. There's grit for you. The girls make excellent schoolma'ams, and will make better wives.

A LITTLE three-year-old was in the habit of helping himself to crackers in the pantry—lifting the tin lid and plunging his hand into the stone jar for them. One day, after listening to stories about rats, he went after a cracker, and, hearing some noise that he imagined was rats, he rushed back to the parlor, and, with a flushed face, said, "Muzzer, I ain't afraid of wats, but I'se so tired I couldn't lift the lid."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ENDLESS SUMMER LAND.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Is there, somewhere beneath the sun,
Where crystal waters ever run,
Where hope and love are just begun,
  An endless summer land?
A land where only Junes abide,
Where waving branches ever hide
Their forms who walk the streams beside,
  By balmy breezes fanned?

Here hope and love are on the wane:
We look for crystal streams in vain
Amid our burning thirst and pain.
  Dry wastes or gleaming snows
Are round about us everywhere;
And in the dreary fields of Care
We long for valleys green and fair
  Where joy unceasing flows.

There is an endless summer time
Where hope is always in its prime
And love becomes a thing sublime,
  Beyond the fleeting years;
Its blooms shall gladden us erewhile;
Our lives shall be as one long smile
Undimmed by any thought of guile
  Or aught of bitter tears.

Sweet summer time! bright summer land!
To be by thy soft breezes fanned,
With glad content on every hand,
  Who would not long and pray?—
To lose desires in pure delight?—
To see no dark Decembers' night
Fall on the years with chilling blight,
  But June's eternal day?

O, ye who work, and, fainting, wait
For brighter skies and kinder fate,
God's tender love may ante-date
  The blessings looked for long!
For you to-morrow's sun may rise
In the unending summer's skies,
And out of sorrow's pleased surprise
  Well up a joyous song!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. VII.—AT SCHAIRONE.

I HAD hard work to persuade Aunt JERUSHA that we stood in need of sulphur and magnesia, and one or two other minerals, diluted. Her only answer when I first proposed a trip to Schairone cannot be transferred to paper. It was a look of the most withering contempt. It had the quintessence of all severe verbal replies in it. I was annihilated, or, my plan was,—for a week.

When I next broached the subject I was more diplomatic. I didn't even hint that she was a shade paler than usual. Not a word said I of diluted sulphur. But I casually alluded to the brilliant company gathered at Schairone, and enlarged a trifle upon thirsty human nature in satins and laces. Next day I enlarged still more. And the next I repeated my proposition to visit Schairone.

She put in a slight demurrer. It was so slight I took heart, and, knowing better than to argue with a woman let it pass without comment. A half hour later I left the room, but turned back to say "Get your things ready, then, aunt. We will start on Tuesday."

This was on Saturday. On Tuesday we started.

We have now been at Schairone two weeks. We stop at the Tacumin House. It took us in without apparent effort, and there has been no apparent effort to keep us since. I have long had it in my mind to write a lecture on Indifference. Have hesitated only from want of a climacteric illustration of the subject. Now I shall hesitate no longer. The proprietor of the Tacumin House is sublimely indifferent to the wishes of all the unfortunate mortals took in. He shall illustrate my next lecture, in the superlative degree.

Room is the main object here. Everybody wants a room. The aforesaid proprietor wants rooms most of all. They rent. He hadn't rooms enough last year. Last winter he read reports of a debate in the English House of Commons which (the reports and the debate) closed with "a division of the House." It was a lucky suggestion. He straightway called for "a division of the House." It has been divided,—every room in it. The Tacumin House can take in just as many again as it could one year ago. Its capacity is marvelous.

My room is seven feet and two inches long, and four feet six inches wide. I am allowed one camp stool for a chair. My trunk I put under the bed when I sleep, and on top of it when I dress. By some mischance the looking glass fell into it once, and I looked for it zealously almost an hour before I found it. (This statement is not made without reflection.) The bell-pull was thoroughly tested on the morning after my arrival. Being in want of shaving water I essayed to call a waiter. Jerk—jerk. Jerk—jerk—jerk. Then I waited five minutes. The waiter waited longer. Jerk—jerk—jerk, jerk—jerk, jerk, jerk. Verily, he was a patient waiter: he could wait all day. I couldn't. Was not inclined to tarry in this Jericho till my beard had grown. So I stalked down to the office. The condescending clerk was picking his teeth behind his desk. Looking suggestively up at the bell wires I suggestively remarked—

"I rang, sir."

"Ah! your number?"

"Six hundred and ninety."

"And you were not answered?"

"I was not answered."

The condescending clerk picked his teeth thoughtfully a moment, and then looked very wise as he solved the matter by saying,—

"Oh! I understand. Six hundred and ninety was occupied last week by a New York politician—a notorious wire-puller. He pulled the wire entirely down, and we haven't had it repaired yet."

Aunt JERUSHA tells me she has vainly endeavored to summon the waiters to her bidding, and I conclude a New York politician must have recently occupied her room also.

It is astonishing how many invalids there are in the world. Furthermore, it is very astonishing how much fatigue the invalids can undergo. If it is only fashionable. Between the drinking, the dressing, and the dancing, the ailing fair ones here keep pretty thoroughly occupied. They are all charming creatures, and have such a languishing air! My sympathies always go quickly out towards any who are suffering, and some one of these delicate languishers may succeed in turning those sympathies in her favor. If such should be the case, will you not write my epitaph? Make it brief, and add just a word of warning to all other sympathetic bachelor souls.

Last evening I prevailed upon Aunt JERUSHA to spend an hour with me in the grand saloon, just to see the hop in progress. The grand saloon makes up in size, magnificence, and amplitude of mirrors, what six hundred and ninety and nearly a thousand other rooms lack. It presented a dazzling scene. The invalids were out in force—and low-necked dresses. They danced with a good deal of energy, for invalids, but probably their physicians have recommended vigorous exercise. Round dances were introduced and entered upon with much zest. The strains of STRAUSS' voluptuous waltzes echoed through the saloon, and the dancers' faces were aflame as they circled about. Aunt JERUSHA's countenance flushed up with a sudden heat, and she looked entreatingly towards the door. I led her away. Out on the balcony she indignantly said,—

"I am ashamed of my kind! Those women in there," and she pointed back to the brilliant apartment, "should be taught what true modesty is, and then be made to conform to it, as well in a grand hop as in the quieter social circles. Let one of them wheel across a parlor floor before a half dozen, as they do yonder before a crowd, and how would she be regarded? That woman who indulges in round dances in such a gathering—I may almost say in any gathering—has very little respect for herself. She manifests small concern for the common decencies of life."

My good aunt don't dance. She was unnecessarily bitter, I thought. But, after all, was she not about right? I never reflected on it before; yet I think, now, I shouldn't want a sister, or one dearer, to do as "those women" were doing.

We shall leave Schairone to-morrow. Diluted sulphur, diluted aristocracy, diluted good breeding, and diluted pleasure, have done their work. The fashionable watering place is not quite to our taste.

THE HOMELESS AND HIS SONG.

IN a late issue of the Independent, Mr. C. H. BRAINARD gave some interesting reminiscences of JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, of whose character and career little is commonly known, except that he wrote "Home, Sweet Home," and was himself homeless and a wanderer for many years. We extract the following:

"During his residence in Washington, Mr. Payne occupied rooms in Fourteenth street, opposite Willard's Hotel, where he passed much of his time. He was an indefatigable worker, and was rarely idle. His correspondence was extensive, and he was in the habit of carefully copying every letter he wrote, on paper ruled for his own use surrounded by a wide and uniform margin, which was defined by a heavy red line. His chirography was elegant, yet somewhat effeminate, and he wrote with wonderful rapidity. In his early years he was on intimate terms with the most noted actors, authors and artists of his time, by whom he seemed to have been much beloved. His correspondence with them was carefully preserved, and in the volume containing it were letters from Byron, Shelly, Moore, Leslie, Campbell, Crosby, Hazlitt, Daniel O'Connell, Talma, and many other brilliant lights in the literary and dramatic worlds. With those gentle spirits, Charles and Mary Lamb, he was on terms of affectionate familiarity, and their numerous letters to him were models of epistolary composition.

"On the 1st day of April, 1852, after a long and painful illness, his weary spirit passed to its eternal rest. He was sixty years of age at the time of death. If the portraits taken of him in early manhood by Leslie and King were correct likenesses, he was as remarkable for his personal beauty as for his dramatic and poetic powers. He was under the middle stature; yet late in years his strongly marked features, intellectual expression and reserved manners indicated a man of no ordinary character. He had a high forehead, remarkable for great development in the reflective regions, prominent eyebrows, dark and mild blue eyes, long nose and high cheek bones. He was nearly bald, but wore heavy side whiskers and moustache. Although his wardrobe was scanty, he was scrupulously neat in his appearance, and evidently spent much time in the arrangement of his toilet.

"The song of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was written for an operatic drama, entitled 'Clarie, the Maid of Milan,' which in 1825 Mr. Payne sold to Charles Kemble of Covent Garden theater, in London, for the sum of thirty pounds. It was at once produced at the theater, where it was sung with a brilliant success. The song was first sung by Miss Tree, the eldest sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, who so fascinated a wealthy gentleman of London that he made her the offer of his hand and fortune, which were accepted. One million copies of the song were sold by the publishers, whose profits within two years after it was first issued are said to have amounted to two thousand guineas. But poor Payne was cheated out of the twenty-five pounds he was to have received on the twentieth night of performance, and was not even complimented by his publishers with a co py o the song."

OLD FOLKS.

A HOMESTEAD without a pair of old folks—"Time's doting chronicles"—seated contentedly in the chimney corner, would hardly be a homestead at all. If they are in the picture, it is complete. There you may find them, day in and day out, in all sorts of weather, steadfast to their places and to one another. When the eaves drip, in the middle of the winter forenoons, the old man with the head of silver abandons his post and last Saturday's newspaper, to make the accustomed tour of the kitchen offices, the sheds, or the barn, lingering by the way to throw down a handful of grain for the pinched poultry. With what minuteness he is cautioned by grandmother not to go out insufficiently clad; and with what a single-hearted joy she welcomes him when he comes back to her again! He would hardly get a warmer reception if he was just come home from a genuine polar expedition. And as soon as he has nestled down snugly in his cushioned chair once more, and dealt out on the glowing forestick a few vigorous raps with the tongs, he will launch forth into such voluble details of the keen air out-doors—suggesting Arctic reminiscences which no listener could very well call in question—as will find the white-haired old couple topic of earnest talk till dinner is brought on the table.—*Homespun.*

LOOKING GLASSES.—What if there should be a resurrection of that which has been buried in looking glasses? Little children's faces, anxious mothers, budding girls beginning to suspect their own beauty, vain and giggling looks, grave and sad looks of those who hate to grow old, vexed looks of those who have cut themselves in shaving, timid and anxious looks of those who have been sick, double images of lovers glancing upon the sweet picture of their embrace, prim and prig pedants touching up their gray whiskers, and covering their baldness with the few stray locks yet left, simple and wonderful looks of curly and woolly Phillis, whose honest, homely face is just as dear to her as if it were Cleopatra's.—*Norwood.*

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HARVEST TIME.

BY GRACE G. SLOUGH.

OVER the fields the bearded grain
  Is waving its golden hair,
And the sound of the reaping comes to me,
  On wafts of the summer air.
I remember how in the sweet June time,
  The emerald stretched away,
And I think how it ripened 'neath sun and dew
  Ere reapers could reap it to-day.

Just as our hearts can only mature
  'Neath sunlight, and dew, and rain,
And it matters but little how it falls,
  So it does not fall in vain.
For there is a harvest in other fields,
  Where the reapers are reaping, all,
A harvest of good, and a harvest of ill,
  And the wheat and the tares must fall.

Reaping for what, and for what do they glean,
  All these golden summer days,
Treading so often a thorny road,
  And sometimes in pleasant ways?
Not for this life with its little span
  Of toilsome and wasted years,
O no! gleaning all for eternity,
  The sheaves, the crosses, the tears.

Then gleaners, gather your golden grain,
  Hearts, gather your sheaves of love,
The one for an earthly granary,
  The other, GOD's garner above.
The day is fast fading, and over the fields,
  The twilight begins to gloam,
And life's reapers and gleaners soon will sing
  An eternal "harvest-home."

Rochester, July 20th, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GREAT LESSON.

DEAR HANNAH:—You say "this is a wide, wide world." Not only so, but it is at times a very dark and dreary one. And you ask if I find any thorns along life's pathway. Yes, dear friend, thorns and brambles too; yet these we can, through prayer and faith, tear down and scatter. But this forest is so dense and dark, I think I *cannot* go forward. I put out my poor weak hands against the will of a just and wise Father, and my soul in its agony cries, "enough, and too much."

There is a lesson I have been trying to learn,—but oh, what a dull scholar I am. I think 'tis *the* great lesson of life. It is to "learn how to live." You will perhaps say 'tis the greater lesson to learn how to die. If we learn how to live, do we not learn how to die? I think could I learn to live so as to be at all times ready and willing to say "Thy will, oh GOD, be done," I would also be ready and willing to go with the, to me, welcome messenger, death, even though he came as a "thief in the night."

But *can* I learn this lesson? How sinful is this human nature! Does not my heavenly Father know, at all times, what is best for me? Oh! so much better does he know what to give, than I what to ask of him! Then why can I not learn entire submission to his will? The burden may be heavy, the chastening great and hard to bear; but is not the love greater? Comforting thought,—"Whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth." But oh, how weak I am. Think you I will ever learn this lesson, and cease the rebellious cry, "Why, oh! my father, why?" Your friend, NELL.

CHRIST.

CHRIST, of all the persons in the world, is only fit to be my Redeemer, Mediator and Surety, because He alone is both God and man in one person. If He was not man, He could not undertake that office; if He was not God, He could not perform it. If He was not man, He could not be capable of being bound for me; if He was not God, He would not be able to pay my debt. It was man by whom the covenant was broken, and therefore man must have suitable punishment laid upon him. It was God with whom it was broken, and therefore God must have satisfaction made unto Him; and as for that satisfaction, it was man that had offended, and therefore man alone could make it suitable. It was God that was offended, and therefore God alone could make it sufficient. The sum of all this is, that man can suffer, but he cannot satisfy. God can satisfy, but He cannot suffer; but Christ, being both God and man, can both suffer and satisfy too, and so is perfectly fitted both to suffer for man and to make satisfaction to God—to reconcile God to man, and man to God. And thus Christ, having assumed my nature into His person, and so satisfied Divine justice for my sins, I am received into grace and favor again with the Most High God.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

EQUALITY.

IN the Church of Christ there is no one branch appointed to bear royal sap for the development of ecclesiastics only,—no peculiar virtue running into the religion of preachers by which they receive authority to rule the consciences of the people. The symmetry of an olive tree permits an infinite variety of curve, and turn, and cross-linking of branches, but never an abrupt, morbid superfluity; it hides even the symptoms of such a thing by an extra covering of leaves.

Neither does the Church of Christ, if healthful in growth, permit such an excrescence as clerical lordship over the laity. That is an ecclesiastical deformity, unsightly, and injurious, and destroys the healthful proportions of the Divine Olive Tree, where every immortal bud and blossom and fruit is fashioned as a distinct original, to develop in the free air and sunlight of heaven as the Almighty wills, and not a man!—*The Gospel in the Trees.*

THE CLOSED BOOK.

I HAD a hunting case watch which was very hard to open. Having finally succeeded, I couldn't see the time on account of the darkness. Taking it to a street lamp, I had no difficulty. I had a Bible which I found very hard to open. (I suppose I didn't try enough.) After a while I got it open, and read, and read, and read, but I couldn't, for many years, make it out. I knew the words by heart. I taught them in Sabbath School, in Bible class and prayer-meeting. At last, in despair I took it to Him who is the light of the world and said: "I can't make out this word. Help me!" And forthwith such light was thrown on the page that the letter entirely disappeared and the spirit and teaching of the book came out. I have found out its "time." It is "Now."—*Advance.*

THERE is no art or science, no practice or faculty of which the human mind is capable, that demands for its acquirement so much time as a habit of prayer.

Educational.

SPECIALTIES IN EDUCATION.

It will be readily conceded that there are certain branches of study which every boy and girl ought to pursue. A fair knowledge of arithmetic, grammar, geography and orthography is really indispensable; and this any scholar, even the dullest, may acquire. This every one should be *made* to acquire, however much the acquiring may go against his or her inclination, or however little his or her taste may harmonize with it. For a grown-up, active life must have a fair allowance of these fundamentals of education, in order to keep pace in any successful degree with those around it. A boy sadly dull in figures may have splendid business capacities within him, which in time will compel him to master addition and subtraction; and you will be doing him a favor by beating somewhat of the science of numbers into his head while young, inasmuch as time is more precious in later years.

But allow us to protest against the very common practice of forcing the young to learn, or to attempt to learn, something in no wise practical, for which they have no taste whatever. It is sheer waste of brain-work,—a positive damage, in many instances,—and the hours devoted thereto might be more profitably employed, in every case. A boy with an absolute dislike for mathematics is little the wiser for being pushed or dragged through geometry and trigonometry. The rather is it showing proper mercy to cease the forcing process, with him, when a tolerable understanding of elementary arithmetic is obtained. Very likely there is some other branch toward which his taste inclines, and in which he would show marked proficiency. If you will discover just what that is, before sowing your seeds of knowledge, they may bear splendid fruit.

Teachers and parents, as a rule, do not show the best of judgment in regard to this matter. To be plain, we may as well say that the parents are oftenest at fault. It is natural to wish your child "accomplished," even as those of your neighbors are. Whatever is fashionable in education, as well as in other matters, you wish her to possess. So you send her to Madame Francais' boarding school. She is to learn French and German, and drawing and music; to learn them because, forsooth, they are fashionable. Not because you have discovered in her any particular talent for either, but merely for the reason that in some way or other they are comprised in the meaning of that little, yet very potent word—"accomplished." If you happen to be posted in them yourself, and find she is not making rapid progress, directly you begin charging her teacher with incompetency, rarely stopping to consider that possibly your child may be the reverse of gifted in these particulars.

We remember a case in point. A gentleman of our acquaintance had a daughter, lovely and beloved, whom he intended giving every advantage that money could secure. Music was of course included. He bought her a fine piano, and engaged a teacher to instruct her in fingering the ivories. One term passed, and another, and proficiency seemed afar off. The teacher was not a good one. Another was tried, with a like result. Then a third was engaged, a frank, blunt man, whom the father earnestly besought to make of his daughter a first-rate musician. After two or three lessons had been given, the question was asked—"Can you make a player of her?" The answer of the blunt teacher was a suggestive one—"What her Creator failed to do for her *I* can't." Such is ever the case. No instructor can impart talent; that is the gift of a higher power.

As specialties in education generally require most time devoted to them, those ought by all means to be chosen for which the scholar evinces the most taste, taste and talent being very nearly synonymous. It will not do to judge your child by yourself in this respect. There is no certainty that she will learn any of the fashionable boarding school "accomplishments" readily because you did. The fact that you took to French like a Parisian baby is no proof that she will conquer the difficult pronunciation.

We believe in cultivating talent. Nearly or quite every one has a specific talent for something, the culture of which may develop grand results. It is very probable that our young friend, the doctor's boy, yonder, whom the doctor fully intends shall follow in his medical footsteps, might make a brilliant lawyer, while you and I are certain that as a physician he will be ever a stupid blunderer. Quick discernment of a child's gifts is generally supposed to be characteristic of parents, but we cannot help thinking that the parents are often egregiously blinded to the truth. Many a time have we seen doting ones exhibit artistic or musical efforts of their offspring, when the conscious pride displayed was founded on no manifestation of genius whatever, when, in fact, we felt pained that time and patience and money should be so misapplied. We ask, therefore, that more care be exercised in regard to these specialties, that attention may be given to such as will return an ample reward.

Cornell University.—The Hon. Ezra Cornell has received from the Hon. Andrew D. White, President of the Cornell University, now in London, advice of the engagement of Goldwin Smith, late Professor of Oxford University, as Professor of English and General Constitutional History at Cornell University; also of James Law of Belfast, Ireland, as Professor of Veterinary Medicine and Surgery. Goldwin Smith's literary ability is of the highest order, and must prove immensely beneficial to the new institution, while the professional reputation of Professor Law is of the highest character. These gentlemen are both to become residents of Ithaca immediately, and will devote themselves to the service of the University from its commencement. President White's purchases in London also make large and valuable additions to the library and apparatus of the University.

National Education.—The National Association of School Superintendents will meet in annual session August 17; the American Normal School Association, August 18; the American Teachers' Association, August 19, 20, 21, all at Nashville, Tenn. Tickets for the round trip, good from August 1 to September 1, from New York to Cincinnati, via Erie, Atlantic and Great Western railways, thence to Louisville by steamer, thence to Nashville by rail—may be obtained for $34.00, on application, in person or by letter, to the office of the Erie railway, 241 Broadway, New York. Mammoth Cave is on the route from Louisville to Nashville. The occasion promises to be one of more than ordinary interest.

A Committee of New York teachers have petitioned the trustees of Cornell University to open the doors of that institution to women. Why not?

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MONTREAL AND ENVIRONS.—No. II.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.

There is a kind of connection between nunneries and churches, (in Canada,) and you will therefore naturally proceed next to this extensive edifice, ranking as the largest of its character in America, and very celebrated as the Great Cathedral. It stands on Notre Dame Street, (the Broadway of Montreal,) fronting an open square embellished by a fountain. It has no architectural beauty whatever, either without or within. Its exterior is simply massive in appearance, while its interior is plain, sombre, and surprisingly roomy. A tower about twenty feet square rises from each corner of the front, and with no perceptible variation in size reaches upward about two hundred and twenty feet. The sole ornaments of the front are three colossal statues, standing in niches, one representing St. Joseph, another St. John the Baptist, and the third the Virgin Mary.

Before entering the enormous pile, and traversing its aisles, going about the Great Altar, and counting the pillars which support the central arch, you will be sure to think the stated dimensions—two hundred fifty-five feet and a half in length by one hundred thirty-four and a half feet in breadth—are pure exaggerations. After measuring it fully with your eye you may still claim the benefit of a doubt. You may even discredit the assertion of a friend of mine, that he once saw a funeral service in progress at one end of the Cathedral at the same time that a marriage service was being solemnized at the other end. But it is certain the two would not materially interfere with each other. Seating capacity is claimed for seven or eight thousand persons, and I should say as many more could stand in the open spaces.

Visitors are permitted to ascend one of the towers. The stout woman sitting at the entrance will admit you for a silver "quarter," and you will begin your winding way upward. There are three hundred steps in the ascent,—just four more than Bunker Hill Monument numbers. Half way up you come to the Great Bell—positively the largest on the Continent—nine feet in diameter, as many feet high inside, and weighing 24,780 pounds. It has a deep, rich, sonorous tone. Owing to its great weight it is seldom rung by means of the wheel attached, but is struck by a hammer at the end of a lever. The tower opposite contains a fine set of chimes.

The view from the top of the tower is not surpassed for extent and magnificence, comprehending the entire city, a wide range of country on every hand, and a long reach of the noble St. Lawrence. The regularity of the city appears to fine advantage, spread out beneath you, with its numerous conspicuous convents, churches, etc., standing out so plainly in relief; Mount Royal rises gracefully to the westward, forming a pleasant contrast to the otherwise uniform level of the island, and disclosing at intervals elegant residences half hidden in the rich verdure that beautifies the mountain side; and midway in the river, opposite the town, sleeps the lovely island of St. Helens, where the British Lion crouches among dense foliage in the guise of strong fortifications.

THE JESUIT CATHEDRAL.

The French Catholics have erected a new Cathedral, up by the Jesuit College, which is well worth visiting on account of its fine frescoes. Though not as large as the one before spoken of, it is an immense structure, and will be the most conspicuous in the city when its two towers are completed, being located on high ground. The frescoing is elaborate in the extreme, and is probably not equaled elsewhere in the country. All the groupings are very beautiful, and full of rich color and effects. I have found in each new study of them, a new interest. Once, while sitting near the Great Altar, looking at the painter's representation of the Ascension, two friars came in, from the College close at hand, with a band of about one hundred boys, and I was a witness to their devotions. Never did I see more meaningless worship. The only zeal of the little fellows seemed to be to get through the forms as soon as possible, and the good friars' appearance was not indicative of the most earnest piety.

BONSECOUR'S CHURCH.

While speaking of churches I would not overlook one which is doubtless the smallest, and certainly the oldest, in Montreal. The Bonsecour's Church stands in the oldest portion of the town, not far from the river. It is an unpretentious little edifice, with a very peaked tin roof and the merest apology for a tower, and strikes one as being very small for its age. Two hundred years is something to boast of.

The antique land-mark holds its own remarkably well, and looks likely to see a couple of centuries more before succumbing to time. Within it are several paintings, very old and very small also,—indeed, the memory of man runneth not back to the day of their creation. You can live a hundred years or so very readily, by sitting down for a few moments in the chapel's dreamy twilight, and thinking of the forms that have knelt here, and the generations of hearts to which this has been a confessional. The dingy paintings, the worn benches and the smoothly trodden floor are like an inspiration from History.

BONSECOUR'S MARKET.

Scarce a stone's throw from the suggestive little church, is an imposing building, bearing, in part, the same name, which is decidedly the most curious institution the Dominion or any other civilized nation can lay claim to. It is a veritable *omnium gatherum*. Of all the articles manufactured, or grown, or picked up by any means, under the sun or on any of the planets, I should judge a specimen could be found here. It is not only a market, where you can procure all kinds of eatables, but is an enormous huckstering establishment, having on sale everything mentionable, from a skein of silk to a ship's cable,—from a bit of jewelry to an anchor. And in addition the municipal government has all its offices in the same building, and by getting admission to the Council Chamber you can see the almost regal chair in which His Honor, the Lord Mayor, presides over the deliberations of the "City Fathers." A. Drift.

A French journalist writes the following geographical paragraph:—Paris chatters, Marseilles sings, Munich drinks, Rome prays, Lyons works, Leipzig reads, Madrid smokes, Manchester packs, Hanover sleeps, Edinburgh dreams and Constantinople bathes.

PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT MUSICIANS.

Various Topics.

THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC.

Who can tell what an influence the compositions of that galaxy of Great Musicians presented above have had upon the world? Those eight apostles of Music—grand old Handel the central figure—have been going up and down among mankind for generations, through their undying works, moving all the nobler impulses of men's natures, drawing them with a power at once tender and strong nearer to the good and the beautiful, awakening holier desires, calming the troubled passions, and adding to life a wonderful sweetness which can never grow old,—a something that keeps us not far from our childhood and heaven. "Giant Handel," cheerful Haydn, sublime Mozart, pathetic Beethoven, earnest Bach, tender Mendelssohn, spirited Rossini and lively Auber,—the world owes them all a debt which it can never pay. Only the last two still live to hear somewhat of the gratitude expressed towards all; and they are singing on, at an age when other men are generally sighing over the past,—singing on in the voices of the many thousands who perform their sprightly operas, and in the hearts of those who listen to their happifying strains.

George Frederick Handel was born at Halle, Prussian Saxony, February 23, 1685. When thirteen years of age he had learned to play on nearly all instruments, and was a proficient on the organ. At eighteen, while engaged in playing a violin in the orchestra of the opera at Hamburg, he composed his first opera, *Almira*. *Nero*, *Florinda* and *Daphne* rapidly followed. From Hamburg he went to Italy, and in Florence composed his first Italian opera,—*Rodrigo*,—which was a brilliant success. His *Agrippa*, produced in Venice, was alike successful. In 1710 he returned to Germany, but soon removed to England, where he was patronized by Queen Anne and the nobility, and where he spent much of the remainder of his life. In 1733 he began the composition of his oratorios, *Esther* being the first. *Samson* and the *Messiah* were composed for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital in London. The composer's sight began to fail while he was at work upon *Jeptha*, and he became entirely blind, so that when the work was produced he had to be led into the orchestra. On the seventeenth anniversary of his first performance of the *Messiah*, the grandest of his oratorios, (April 13, 1759,) he breathed his last. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. His compositions were majestic and sublime, their predominant character being massiveness.

Joseph Haydn, born in Rohrau, Lower Austria, March 31, 1732, the eldest of twenty children of a poor wheelwright, conquered poverty, and won a fame second only to Handel, if not, indeed, coequal with his. In the composition of symphonies he was without a rival. In 1760 Prince Nicholas Esterhazy placed him at the head of his private chapel, which position he held for nearly thirty years. Esterhazy once meditated dismissing his band, and Haydn composed the famous symphony known as "Haydn's Farewell," for the separating occasion, in which one instrument after another becomes mute, and each musician, as soon as he has ceased to play, rolls up his music and leaves the stage. There was no dismissal. Haydn spent some years in England, and was made Doctor of Music by Oxford. His last public appearance was on March 27, 1808, when his master-piece, the *Creation*, was performed at the University in Vienna. He died a few weeks later, aged seventy-eight years, leaving a long catalogue of works to perpetuate his memory.

Johannes Chrysostomus Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, (what a name for genius!) born at Salzburg, at the age of sixteen had produced two requiems, a stabat mater, numerous offertoires, hymns, four operas, two cantatas, thirteen symphonies, twenty-four piano-forte sonatas, besides a large number of concertos for different instruments, trios, quartettes, marches, and other minor pieces. He was then a consummate violinist, a grand organist, and the first pianist in the world. His celebrated *Requiem* was completed but a short time before his death, which occurred in his thirty-fifth year.

Ludwig Van Berthoven was a pupil of Haydn and Mozart. While they perfected instrumental music as to form, he inspired it with new life. His warm nature breathed out in all his compositions, and the feeling and sentiment he put into them attracted general attention, and never ceases to fascinate. An unfortunate deafness strongly affected his acute mental organization during the latter years of his life, and greatly interfered with composition.

As a performer on the organ, Johann Sebastian Bach had no equal except Handel, and his works for that instrument are held in the highest esteem. He was born at Eisenbach, Upper Saxony, in 1685, and died in 1750, like his illustrious rival, totally blind.

Unlike the preceding, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy had no struggles with poverty, the while he cultivated his taste for harmony. He, too, was a prodigy. At six years of age he wrote music that is considered standard, and was a skillful performer. The oratorio of *Elijah* will always entitle him to fame, while his *Songs Without Words* will never fail to find a place in piano forte repertoires the world over.

Of Gioacchino Rossini, the greatest of Italian musicians, and Daniel Francois Esprit Auber, his French contemporary, we need say little. The former was born at Pesaro, Italy, in 1792, and now lives at Paris; the latter's birth place was at Normandy, in 1784, and France has always been his country. The two stand at the head of the Italian and French schools of music, and have their admirers wherever the opera is known.

The Monument to Luther.—The Luther Monument at Worms is described as a magnificent work of art, combining great size with rich variety of design. It consists of eleven statues grouped round the gigantic likeness of Luther. Wickliffe, Petrus Waldus, Savonarola and Huss are seated on four pillars at the corners of the pedastal of the principal figure, and seven other statues are distributed around a granite vase forty feet square. Around this square is a battlemented balustrade, and seated in the center of each of three sides of this are three majestic women, representing Magdeburg, Augsburg and Spires. The balustrade is decorated with escutcheons of 24 other German cities, and the pedestal with scenes from Luther's life. It is estimated that 100,000 strangers, including many clergymen, were present at the opening ceremony.

The Moon.—Mr. W. R. Birt has called the attention of astronomers to a spot now visible on the surface of the moon, and presenting the same phenomena as those latterly observed in the crater Linnæus, and the true nature of which might be investigated by means of photography. The spot in question is situated under two degrees W. longitude and five degrees S. latitude, and presents variations of appearance which can hardly be explained otherwise than by volcanic action, exactly as in the case of Linnæus. Now, in Mr. Birt's opinion, these apparent changes of shape can only be explained by supposing that these two craters are provided with a sort of lid, which from time to time conceals the orifices.

Napoleon is historic in his associations. His sleeping apartment at Fontainebleau is that once occupied by his great uncle; in this bed have slept Louis Phillippe, Charles X., Louis XVIII. and Napoleon I.; his study is furnished with articles used by the first Napoleon, and he writes at the desk on which that Emperor signed his abdication.

Reading for the Young.

TRUST YOUR MOTHER.

Trust your mother, little one;
In Life's morning just begun,
You will find some grief some fears,
Which perhaps may cause you tears;
But a mother's kiss can heal
Many griefs that children feel;
Trust your mother—seek to prove
Grateful for her thoughful love.

Trust your mother, noble youth,
Turn not from the paths of truth
In Temptation's evil hour
Seek her, ere it gains new power.
She will never guide you wrong;
Faith in her will make you strong;
Trust your mother, aim to prove
Worthy of her fondest love.

Trust your mother, maiden fair;
Love will guide your steps with care;
Let no cloud e'er come between—
Let no shadow e'er be seen
Hiding from your mother's heart
What may prove a poisoned dart;
Trust your mother, seek to prove
Worthy of her faithful love.

Trust your mother to the end,
She will prove your constant friend;
If 'tis gladness wings the hour,
Share with her the joyful shower;
Or if sorrow should oppress,
She will smile and she will bless.
O, be trustful, loving, true,
That she may confide in you!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FANNY AND THE CHESTNUTS.

BY H. M. L.

One cold day in winter the fire blazed and crackled with a good deal of noise, and the tea kettle hummed the old-fashion tune of long ago, while little Fanny Floyd sat by the window, watching for her papa to come home.

He left very early that morning, saying he should be home to a late dinner. Mr. Floyd was a kind man, and a loving father had little Fanny always found him. From the time she could first remember he always brought her something when he came from town,—an orange or cocoa-nut, maybe, and often something useful, such as new shoes, warm flannel for dresses, and such things.

Like some children, Fanny did not merely watch her papa's coming for the sake of the bon-bons; his smiling face and fond kiss were better than all else; then, to climb upon his knee, nestle down in his strong arms, and hear him tell of what he had seen, was her delight.

So this day, she watched and soon saw her father's team turn the corner, and in a moment after in came her papa. He looked very happy, and his eyes shone merrily as he caught up Fanny and kissed her rosy lips. Mrs. Floyd stirred the slow fire, that sputtered out a welcome; the tea kettle bubbled forth a gurgling chorus as Mrs. Floyd poured the water over the tea; and all gathered round the table. Fanny covered her eyes reverently as her papa asked God to bless them. I think He must have blessed them, they seemed so happy.

When the meal was over, Mr. Floyd treated his wife and Fanny to a dessert of chestnuts. These Fanny loved dearly, and she thought, as her papa rose from the table, he must have a great many, his pocket looked so large and heavy. She knew he did not always give her *all* at one time: but never before had she thought so much about it as now. Soon Mr. Floyd went out, and while Fanny's mamma was busy Fanny went softly into the room where her papa's coat hung. Oh, how full the pocket looked, and how tempting! With her little hand she could only touch the pocket, so she brought a chair, thinking she would just see if there *was* anything there. In her chubby hand went, even to her elbow, among the chestnuts. "How I want some more," she whispered, while a low voice said—"You haven't asked for them," and another replied—"What of that?—your papa wouldn't care."

Fanny hesitated, then drew out her hand, stood thinking a moment, put it back again, and took out a handful of nuts. She crept down quietly, while a guilty look stole into her face, and instead of going out to meet her mother she crawled away out of sight under a bed, growing more chilly and miserable every moment.

It was not long before her mother missed her. She called her name repeatedly, and, growing alarmed, looked in every nook and corner, still calling "Fanny." Fanny at last crept out of her hiding place, and with downcast eyes met her mother.

Mrs. Floyd was surprised to see her daughter. Never before had anything but frankness looked out of those trusting, truthful eyes. She sat down, took the child in her arms, and kissed many times the fair, sweet face pressed to her own. The tears fell like rain drops over Fanny's face, while she sobbed out—

"Oh, mamma! I stole some chestnuts from papa's pocket. Will he ever love me again?"

Her father had come in quietly and heard the last sentence. The happy look left his face as he sat down by his child. He, too, kissed the wet cheeks, while sobs shook her little body.

"Poor child," said he, "you never thought how wretched one wrong act would make you. Did you not know papa would gladly have given you the chestnuts had you asked for them? By taking them without asking, you have grieved both your parents and made yourself miserable. Besides, you cannot look up to God and feel He is pleased. Dear Fanny, always come to me and tell me your wishes, and never again *dare* to take anything, however trifling, without asking permission."

"Oh, papa," sobbed Fanny, "forgive me; I never will do so again, never!"

And Fanny remembered this lesson all her life. She never again yielded to the tempting voice calling her away from the right path. She never could forget the kisses pressed upon her cheeks when burning with shame. She felt, as never before, how the parents she had grieved loved her, and never after desired to take anything that did not belong to her.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1868.

He Sees, and I See.—A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; but I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are carelessly puffed away in smoke.

Little Daisy's mother was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes, I know," said the child, "it is the whisper of a laugh."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, AUG. 1, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

JACOB LAGRANGE, a State prison convict, who was arrested for setting fire to the stables of Mr. Wood, at Schoharie village, thereby causing the late disastrous fire, has confessed the crime. He states that he started the fire with a match in the hayrick, and then left the premises. He had just been discharged from employment by Mr. Wood.

A fire occured at Millport recently, destroying the vinegar factory of Thomas & Seaman, and Botsford's Hall tobacco house. Loss, $40,000.

At a meeting of the bricklayers Tuesday night, $12,000 was received in aid of the strike, $5,000 of which was sent by Bricklayers Union No. 7 of Poughkeepsie, $5,000 from three societies in Boston, and $2,000 from a Hartford Union. Three contracts, amounting to $40,000, were closed.

There were thirty-six cases of sunstroke in Rochester, N. Y., during the heated term, five of which proved fatal.

James Halroyd's knitting factory, Oswego, was burned on the 19th ult. Loss, $70,000.

A call has been issued by the Executive Committee appointed by the New York State Canal Convention, held at Albany in February last, for the assembling of a convention at Albany on the twelfth prox., for the purpose of taking measures to secure a reform in the canal management. Each Senatorial district is requested to send ten delagates.

Capt. Andrew J. Bloodgood, of the steamer Seth Low, has been held for trial in the sum of $10,000 on a charge of criminal negligence in the case of the recent disaster in the North river.

A German had his watch and $8,000 in money taken from him by pickpockets on the Broadway bridge at midday.

A man by the name of Malony has been arrested in New York on a cable dispatch charging him with the commission of a murder in Ireland.

Bridget McDermott, aged sixty years, was killed in Buffalo last week by Kate Johnson, a disreputable woman of that city. The body was horribly mangled with an ax. The murderess, who was drunk, alleges that her victim threw sand in her eyes.

An injunction has been issued restraining the executors of the late Gen. C. T. Chamberlain of Allegany Co. from paying any of the bequests named in the will to the Methodist societies claiming them. The property in dispute aggregates some $300,000.

Two cases were recently before the Superior Court of Buffalo, in which unstamped papers were offered as evidence and objected to on the ground of invalidity—being in conflict with the act of Congress prescribing stamps for certain papers to render them valid. Judge Masten overruled the objection in both cases.

The people of Cohoes are excited by the discovery of a huge skull, supposed to be that of another mastodon, lodged on the center rock of the Falls. Though the water pours down on every side of it, it is to all appearances as firm as the rock itself. It will be released as soon as the river falls.

Prof. C. H. F. Peters of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, Clinton, discovered another asteroid, which makes one hundred now discovered. It had the appearance of a star of the eleventh magnitude.

A severe storm visited Buffalo at half-past two o'clock P. M., Wednesday, 22d. The thermometer fell twenty degrees. Houses were struck by lightning, trees uprooted, and several small dwellings blown down. The rain fell in torrents.

In the Leslie divorce case before the Common Pleas, New York city, the jury rendered a decision allowing Mrs. Leslie $50 per week alimony, and $500 for counsel fees.

A man named Richard Barney, at work in a sewer in Rochester, was killed by the caving in of the bank. A boy named Weaver was killed on the same day in a trunk factory by being caught in the belt of the machinery.

Ensign Reynolds, Antwerp, Jefferson Co., shot his wife a few days since, killing her instantly. Two charges from a double-barreled gun were fired into her body. They had lived apart for some time, he frequently threatening her life. When they met on this occasion she saw that his purpose was to kill her, and asked for a moment's time to say her prayers, when the response was, "Not by a d—d sight," and then shot her. Being pursued, he shot himself, surviving about an hour.

Sheriff Charles Darcey left Buffalo on the 25th ult. with the three noted incendiaries—Smith, Reeb and Feiss—for Auburn State Prison.

The body of John Peterkin, one of the two men who went over Niagara Falls on the night of the 12th ult., was found in the whirlpool below Suspension Bridge, a few days since, and was recovered. Seneca Devine, the comrade of Peterkin, has not yet been found.

The Wells Seminary, Aurora, Cayuga county, for the education of young ladies, was dedicated last week with suitable ceremonies. The building cost $150,000, the entire amount being given by Henry Wells, well known as a pioneer in the Express business.

From Washington.

HON. WM. M. Evarts, Attorney General of the United States, took the oath of office on the 24th ult., in the Supreme Court, and shortly after entered upon the duties of his new office.

Secretary Seward has issued, in accordance with law, formal announcement that if the resolutions of the Legislatures of New Jersey and Ohio are to be deemed as remaining in full force and effect, the fourteenth amendment has by votes of legislatures of three-fourths of the States become valid as part of the Constitution of the United States.

Between now and the first of September next over two hundred male and female employes will be dismissed from the various bureaus of the Treasury Department. The appropriation for the pay of temporary clerks has been cut down from $275,000 to $100,000 for the present fiscal year.

The joint library committee has been discharged from the further consideration of the international copyright law.

The concurrent resolution declaring the ratification of the 14th amendment has been adopted.

A bill giving pay to the representatives from the late rebel States from the date of their election, and admitting the five members from Alabama, has been passed.

The Senators elect from Alabama, Messrs. Tipton and Sawyer, have been admitted to seats in the Senate.

The course pursued by Thaddeus Stevens on the greenback question continues the theme of remark in Washington and of comment on the part of the press.

Gen. Gillem has submitted to Gen. Grant the report of his action in regard to the condition of Mississippi under the Reconstruction Acts. He states the result of the late election:—For the Constitution, 56,231; against it, 63,860; being a majority against the Constitution of 6,629. Gen. Gillem says, as is generally the case in elections, fraud is charged by both parties.

In the Washington Criminal Court, on the 22d inst., Judge Wylie overruled the motion to quash the indictment against Surratt.

A bill has passed relieving Simeon Carley, Member of Congress elect from South Carolina—also, Michael Bahn of Louisiana and John Milledge of Georgia—of political disabilities.

Mr. Hamilton of Florida has announced his intention of presenting a preamble and resolutions reviving the impeachment scheme against the President. The old Board of Managers are to notify the Senate, so that the machinery may be set in motion. The new Senators from the South are anxious to have the matter tried over again, but there is no absolute certainty of the success of the movement.

The Alaska appropriation bill, which has been vibrating some time between the two Houses, has finally been agreed to by both and its success assured.

A bill has passed the House abridging the time when honorably discharged soldiers can secure land under the homestead law from five years to one.

Mr. Bingham reported in the House a bill for the more speedy reorganization of the States of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas, which was amended, on motion of Mr. Lawrence of Ohio, making it an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment for any person in said States to vote or act as an officer of election at the ensuing Presidential election, and making it the duty of the President to prohibit such voting. It passed by a party vote.

A bill has passed the Senate giving permission to the Alexandria Canal Company to construct a railroad bridge across the Potomac, but the exclusive right to do so was denied.

A bill for a temporary loan to redeem compound interest notes has passed.

The Senate joint-resoution granting permission to officers and soldiers to wear army badges was passed.

A bill has been reported in the House requiring lands granted to aid in the construction of railroads to be sold to actual settlers in quantities not exceeding a quarter of a section, nor at more than $2.50 per acre.

A reorganization of the military districts of the South is soon to take place.

Captain J. C. Queen was found on the capitol grounds, on the morning of the 25th ult., with a deep cut in his throat. A razor was lying near him. He was able to converse, and said that two whites and a negro robbed and attempted to kill him. It is believed he intended to commit suicide.

The Senate has confirmed Lieut.-Gov. C. C. Cox of Maryland to be Commissioner of Pensions; Elisha Foote of New York Commissioner of Pateuts; Samuel Milligan of Tennessee Judge of the Court of Claims; Henry M. Watts of Pennsylvania Minister to Austria; John B. Storms of New York Consul at Leeds; R. A. Crawford Collector of Customs at Brazos de Santiago, Texas; E. D. Webster, Assessor of Internal Revenue, 32d district, New York; H. P. Hay of Tennessee Secretary of Legation at Florence; J. B. Blair of West Virginia Minister at Costa Rica; R. P. Horner of Ohio Consul at Trinidad; J. B. Ashton Assistant Attorney-General of the United States; Thomas Parsons of Rochester Collector of the Port of Genesee.

Congress has taken a recess till the 21st of Sept.

From the West.

REPORTS from Omaha, July 21, announce that trains are now running seven hundred miles over the Union Pacific Railroad. Six hundred and eighty miles have already been examined by the United States Commissioner, and pronounced a first-class road in every respect.

Twenty thousand men are at work, and it is expected that not less than nine hundred miles will be finished this year, and that the whole line to the Pacific may be opened in 1869.

The Secretary of War, apprehensive as to the effect the removal of the Confederate dead during the warm weather may have on the city of Sandusky, has ordered an indefinite postponement of the ceremony.

Leading citizens of Cincinnati, and other portions of Ohio, met together in that city on Friday night to take steps to secure the erection of a monument over the remains of the late President William Henry Harrison at North Bend. Gov. Hayes presided, and it was decided that he should bring the matter before the people of the State in his next Message to the Legislature.

The difficulty with the engineers on the Pacific Railroad remains unsettled. Monday night a freight train was thrown from the track near St. Louis, by the misplacement of a switch. The accident is attributed to the engineers, but they deny it, and say that this and other trouble is owing to the intemperance of the new employes. The trains run irregular, owing to accidents.

The three men who attempted the robbery of Adams' Express at Brownstown, Ind., on the night of the 19th ult., were started, under strong guard, for Brownsville jail. When the train reached Seymour, it was stopped by a mob, the guard overpowered and the prisoners hung. They made a full confession of their connection with many robberies and murders in that vicinity.

Nathan Falk's office in St. Louis was entered on Saturday morning by burglars, who cut through two floors and a staircase to reach the safe. This they drilled from the back, removing the iron casing, and abstracted the contents, consisting of 11 gold and 63 silver watches, 30 gold chains, diamond rings, pins, &c., and $250, valued in all at over $17,000. They escaped.

U. L. Sanderson, Mayor of New Albany, Ind., died on the 20th ult.

More than one hundred persons were poisoned at the hotels, Owensburg, (Ky.,) by eating milk on the evening of July 19th. They are all recovering.

The tug boat G. W. Notter capsized and sunk at the mouth of the Cuyahoga on the 22d ult. A fireman named Walgeneitz was drowned, and John Wetsel badly scalded.

The Democrats of the Seventh Congressional District, Ind., have nominated Daniel W. Voorhees for Congress.

Full official returns from the Arizona election give Governor McCormic, for Delegate to Congress, 620 majority over both his opponents.

There was a severe storm in Kansas on the 23d ult., doing considerable damage. Ten houses were blown down in Junction City.

The Indians encamped at Fort Larnard, on the Arkansas river, are moving on the war path because Col. Wynkoop refused to give them arms and ammunition. They say the treaty accords them these, and if not forthcoming they will fight for them. Being still refused, the Indians departed in anger, and, meeting two trains, pillaged them both and beat the teamsters. They also killed a lieutenant and five soldiers belonging to Fort Larnard, and drove off a large number of mules and cattle. A regular resumption of hostilities is apprehended.

Robert Powell, engaged in the mines at Gold Hill, Nevada, while coming to the surface in a "cage," rolled out, when nearly up, and was precipitated to the bottom, a distance of 800 feet. His body was crushed to a jelly.

Allen S. Curtis, a reporter for the New York Sun, committed suicide in Chicago on Wednesday, by shooting himself through the head while in a fit of mental aberration, superinduced by the use of alcoholic liquors. He was 27 years of age.

Last Sunday a Mr. Peters was to be buried in Sandusky; and upon reaching the grave, the mourners found it already occupied by the sexton, Matthew Burns, who, after digging it, had fallen dead therein.

Mr. Zuck having made improper remarks to the daughter of Mr. Pease of Savannah, Ill., Mr. Pease whipped him to death.

Two burglars in a town in Ohio, recently, worked four hours to open a safe, and found only thirty cents therein, besides papers, which were not available. Honest labor would have been much more profitable.

From the South.

BOTH Houses of the Georgia Legislature having complied with Gen. Meade's requirement by deciding on the eligibility of members under the 14th article, he has withdrawn his opposition to their proceeding to business. The Senate ratified the 14th amendment by a vote of 27 to 14, and the House by 89 to 70.

A rumor prevailed on the 18th inst. in Franklin, Tenn., that the negroes intended to burn the town at night. Ezell and others patroled the streets on horseback, and rode out some distance from the town to reconnoitre, but discovering no signs of hostility they returned to town and made a report which quieted all fears. A short time after Ezell and three others rode past outside the town and were fired on by eighteen negroes in ambush. Ezell received a wound, from which he died on Sunday. Mr. Beazley was wounded in the heel.

Later advices from Millican, Texas, confirm the reports of the serious disturbances there, and it is not known whether they have been quelled.

There is trouble on the Nashville & Northwestern Railroad, the Secretary refusing to sign bonds on which the money to pay the employes was to be raised. They refused to let the work proceed until their claims were adjusted.

Gen. Meade has ordered Gen. Sibley to suspend proceedings in the case of the prisoners implicated in the Ashburn murder, as it is supposed military rule will soon cease in Georgia.

R. B. Bullock was inaugurated Governor of Georgia on the 22d ult. He lauded the Republican party and condemned President Johnson.

Wm. R. Hopkins, tax receiver, and Isaac Burrell, deputy sheriff, Savannah, Ga., had a quarrel on the night of the 22d ult., when the former was shot dead. Burrell was taken to jail, when a lot of negroes attempted to lynch him, but were repulsed.

The new sheriff of Wilmington, N. C., has appointed two negro deputies and a jailor of the same color; also one white deputy.

A meeting of "Southern Loyalists" was held in Washington on the 23d ult., which was addressed by Gen. Fremont and others. Resolutions in favor of Congress remaining in session till after the Presidential election and of impeaching the President because of his late veto message, were passed.

On the 22d of July a negro named J. Moore made a foul assault upon a lady near Bellair, Hartford county, Md., and while being taken before a magistrate a mob took him from the officer and hanged him.

A Memphis (Tenn.) dispatch July 23d says Bill Nelson and Howell Cobb, two negroes, got into a dispute on Pigeon Road. The latter drew a razor and the former shot him in the breast, inflicting a severe wound.

On Monday night Samuel McSwain, living near Grenada, Miss., was shot and mortally wounded by a negro named McLean, who was pursued by some citizens and a party of soldiers. No cause for the assassination is known.

Lieut. Wm. Mackay of the 29th infantry, has fled from Lynchburgh with a considerable amount of money obtained by fraud. Dispatches have been sent to all the military departments to effect his arrest.

Willard Warner has been elected U. S. Senator for Alabama for the term ending in 1871. He is from Ohio and was a member of General Sherman's staff.

Gen. Meade has issued an order terminating military rule in Georgia.

A great flood occurred in Baltimore on the 24th ult., flooding the city adjacent to Jones' Falls, also Frederick and Harrison streets. Center Market and the Maryland Institute were completely surrounded by rushing water, sweeping away barrels, hogsheads, boxes, bales, of hay,—in fact everything that was loose and floatable. After the rain commenced falling in the morning the streams rose at the rate of two inches per minute till the streets were flooded to within a short distance of Monument Square. North street was flooded to the depth of five to six feet, as were also Holliday, Gay, Frederick and Hanson streets. A city passenger car was swept from the track. Several persons were supposed to have been drowned, but this is not certain. The flood subsided as rapidly as it rose. The damage done is variously estimated, but the lowest figures make it $3,000,000. On the Northern Central Railroad the damage is reported to be very heavy. It is stated that the Granite Mills were carried away and sixty lives lost, among them the family of Dr. Owen, with the exception of himself. Among the losses are the following:—Heald & Co.'s tannery, $20,000; Denmead & Son's machine shop, $5,000; Armstrong & Co.'s soap and candle manufactory, partial; Woods, Weeks & Co., sugar refinery, $30,000; Fisher & Bros., importers, loss about $10,000 in sugar and molasses; Bentley, Larrabee & Co.'s iron foundry gave way, and the west part of the building also, causing a heavy loss.

The number of persons missing and drowned from Elliott city, reaches thirty-seven. The number of drowned and missing in Baltimore city is six. The long bridge spanning the Patapsco, from the foot of Light street to the Anne Arundel shore, is blocked up with the debris of the flood. The river surface for several acres is jammed with the wrecks of over thirty houses, all kinds of movables, factory fixtures, boilers, parts of engines, and every species of property. Nearly two hundred bales of cotton have been taken out of the mass.

THROUGH CANADA TO DETROIT.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

DETROIT, Mich., July 24, 1868.

DEAR RURAL:—You know it was night when we came railing away from the sanctum. Know further, then, that we had occasion to feel somewhat grateful for the shadows which hung around us. They were a source of comfort, so to speak; they prevented us from seeing the dust. It filled the air like a cloud; we breathed it into our nostrils until we could breathe little beside; it threatened to permeate our whole being. If 'twas a blessing in disguise, it could hardly have looked prepossessing, and we were glad 'twas invisible. Would that all inflictions were alike invisible!

We came hither via the Grand Trunk Railway from Buffalo, and were, therefore, several hours under crinoline government. The Grand Trunk has the reputation of being rather a rough road, and our experience upon it was an agreeable surprise. It is very little, if any, rougher, than our own Central. It runs through a section of country evidently not long redeemed from the wilderness, but fairly productive, and capable of well repaying good husbandry. Crops there present a good appearance. A large yield of hay has been cut, and the harvest of oats, peas, barley and winter wheat is just begun. The last named is in fine condition, having escaped the ravages of insects. Spring wheat is considerably affected by the midge, and will harvest light.

Canada is Canada still, though they attempted a metamorphose by calling it the Dominion. And it will always be Canada so long as it is not a part of the United States. Union with the blue noses of Nova Scotia will never work miracles for it, especially as Nova Scotia is an unwilling party to the alliance, and already prays Parliament for a divorce. The Grand Trunk has done much for the Canadians, but as yet the thoroughfare is a main artery with fingers compressing it, and does not send a full and hearty vital current through the system. The customs officers are the compressing agencies; Canada would breathe freer with unrestrained communication with our folks. But a main artery hampered is better than none at all. What will Canada do then if the G. T. be taken away? Those English capitalists who furnished money to build the road have waited long for dividends, and their patience is almost exhausted. Sitting far away in their London counting rooms they threaten to deprive the Dominion of its railroad. "We built the road," they say, "and Canada must pay us for it." Perhaps they mean it. Why don't Commodore VANDERBILT buy them out? He could do it at a liberal discount now, and might make quite a speck. (*Ad Interim.* Send a copy of this down to the Commodore. The suggestion may strike him favorably, and we thereby become a recipient of a corner lot or two.)

At Sarnia we leave the Dominion, by ferry, across the lower end of Lake Huron, and—presto! we are in another country. Everything betokens the change. Cultivation is better. Things look more thrifty. The Peninsular State is richer for having an Uncle SAM; Canada is poorer for her Queen and her Parliament. (Understand that this is not to go into the Ladies' Department. We shouldn't want our fairer readers to see that little bit of ungallantry.)

The Detroit River is the busiest street this pleasant city has. Detroit must be in one of its dull times. The streets seem strangely quiet. Here upon Jefferson Avenue, we can see the grass growing profusely along the curb stones. Fortunes surely cannot be made where the sward thrives upon the pavement. The broad river is more lively. Boating is brisk this season. Both freight and passenger lines are well patronized, and must be doing a good business. Just now there is a rush of tourists for the Lake Superior region, and to this fact we are indebted for a disappointment. It was our purpose to make the round of Superior, you know, but on arriving here yesterday we found that the boat which was to sail thither in a few hours was already over-crowded. No state-rooms were to be had. No other boat making the round trip sails in a week, and so we start to-night for Mackinac.

Rain is greatly needed throughout the State. None has fallen in a month. Here in the city it is so dusty that it takes two youths to drive one small street sprinkler.

Our genial friend Mr. G. B. STEBBINS, whilom one of your number, did a kindly thing yesterday by showing us through the extensive graperies of Capt. WARD. The Captain is a gentleman of wealth, and has a passion for grapes. On his plot of three acres he has ten graperies under glass, seven of which are respectively one hundred and fifty feet in length. The finest varieties are here grown. Brother WILCOX ought to come up and see them two months hence. The vines suffered much last winter, and are hardly in good condition now.

We have intimated that Detroit is quiet. It is growing moderately, though, stretching out. The death of Gen. CASS threw much land adjacent into the market, and this is being built upon, and new streets opened that prove to be agreeable for residences.—A. A. H.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

NEWS from St. Domingo is to the effect that a revolution has broken out in the northern portion of the country headed by ex-President Cabral and Gen. Luperon. President Baez has reinforced Gen. Salnave. The refusal of Mr. Hollister, American Minister at Port au Prince to afford the protection of the American flag to Haytien refugees caused much feeling there.

A despatch from Havana states that the Revolutionists have captured the city of Carraccas under Gen. Monagas who entered the place on the 25th ult. A government was established with the General at its head. Porto Cabelle remained true to the Government, but was to be assailed by Monagas who was on the march for that place.

The news from Japan is to the effect that the Mikado has proclaimed a new edict against native Christians. The civil war continues with the advantage in favor of the Tycoon. Yeddo is menaced by an army of 200,000 men, assisted by seven war vessels. The natives around Osaco are using every means in their power to prevent foreigners from buying lands according to treaty stipulations.

Mr. Bancroft having concluded his negotiations at Carlsrhue has gone to Baden-Baden.

Accounts from Paris state that while the revenue bill was under consideration in the Corps legislatif a proposition was made by way of amendment to the bill to restore the duties which were formerly imposed on all American resinous products imported into France. The proposition gave rise to a lively debate. It was supported on the ground that the restoration of the duties on imports from America was justified by the excessively high tariff now imposed by the United States on articles of French production. The discussion was an animated one and resulted in the defeat of the measure.

In the British House of Lords during a recent sitting the Earl of Malmesbury stated that a circular had been received from the Government of the Czar, making the suggestion that all the great powers unite in an agreement to abandon the use of explosive bullets in time of war. He added that his government had reason to believe that Prussia had already given her consent to the proposal, and steps were now being taken for the meeting of an international military commission at an early day at St. Petersburg, to consider the question and settle the details of a definite agreement.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, July 28, 1868.

THE money market continues easy in this locality and throughout the country generally. Rates in New York continue steady at 3@4 per cent. on call loans, with exceptions at 5 per cent. The New York Commercial Advertiser says:—"The July quarterly statement of the banks of the United States is calculated to foster a conservative feeling among the banks. It is not easy to account for the large increase of $56,000,000 (upon July, 1867) in the loans and discounts, otherwise than upon the supposition that the recent large watering of stock corporations has largely augmented the loans upon that class of collaterals. It is notorious that business is everywhere dull, and that merchants have not been requiring the average amount of discounts; so that the increase must have occurred upon demand loans."

Gold continues firm. Sales yesterday were made at 144. The exciting talk in Congress relative to arming the Southern Governments has a tendency to strengthen the premium, and is producing among foreign bankers especially an uneasy feeling. The bills against the Erie loan of £200,000 sterling are on the market, and will so far limit the shipment of specie.

WOOL.—Sales are more freely made, but at about former rates. The Eastern market is dull and unsatisfactory, and buyers in this region are not disposed to pay over 36c. for best clips.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Wheat and Flour are without decided change. There is a general feeling that the large crop of wheat just harvested will have the effect soon to bring down prices. The Detroit Post of Saturday says:—"The first wagon load of new wheat sold in this market for this season was purchased at the City Elevator this afternoon by F. Lamble, Esq., and $2 per bushel was the price paid. It was of the variety known as the "Treadwell," a light amber sort, and which has become quite a favorite seed on account of its ability to resist the fly."

LOCAL MARKET.—A few small lots of new white wheat were received in the city last week, and were taken at $2.60—an extreme price. The Wool market is inert, with very light receipts. Small parcels of fine are taken at from 33 to 35 cents. Combing wools are offering occasionally in small lots, and bring from 40 to 45 cents—the last an extreme figure. Considerable outside sales are reportrd at about the figures above.

ROCHESTER, JULY 27—Flour, wheat, $11.50@15.00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4.50@5.50; Corn, per bushel, $1.10@1.15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2.00@2.10; Do. white, $2.40@2.50; Rye, $1.75@1.80; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0.00@0.00; Beans, $0.00@5.00; Pork, mess, $30.00@30.00; Beef, cwt., $10.00@14.00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00.00@00.00; Hams, 20@21cts. Shoulders, 13@13½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 28@30c; Cheese, 12@16c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@26c; Wool 33@35cts; Honey, box, ℔ ℔., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $12@18. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, old, $1.25@1.75; new do. $2@2.25. Hops nominal at 10@30c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 25—Ashes, pots, $8.25@8.37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 30½@31c. Flour, $6.40@14.00. Wheat, $1.80@2.75. Rye, $1.80@1.87. Barley, $0.00. Corn, $1.08@1.15. Oats, 83@84½c. Hops, 10@30c. Pork, mess, $28.00@28.20; new mess, $28.12@28.30; prime, $22.25@23.25; prime mess, $23.87@24.37. Beef, new plain mess, $15.00@20.50; new extra mess, $20.50@21.75. Beef Hams, $26@33.00. Shoulders, 12½@13½c. Hams, 16@17½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 16½@18½c. Butter, 28@40c. Cheese, 11@16c.

ALBANY, JULY 25—Flour, $6.50@13.75. Rye Flour, $9.63@09.00. Corn Meal, $2.25@2.37 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2.00@2.50. Rye, $1.50. Barley, $0@2.25. Corn, $1.07@1.11. Oats, 82@83c. Pork, mess, $29.00@29.50; clear, $31.00@32; shear clear, $33.00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 20@31c. Cheese, 5@13c. Wool, 37@40c.

BUFFALO, JULY 25.—Flour, $9.00@11.50; Rye flour, $9.00@9.25; Wheat, $1.77@2.20; Corn, $0.97@0.98; Oats, 73@74c; Rye, $0.00; Barley, $0.00; Peas, $1.10; Beans, $5.00@5.50; Clover seed, medium, $6.50@6.50; Pea-vine do. $7.50@00.00; Timothy, $2.25@2.35; Flax, $2.50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $27@28.75; Lard, 18@18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 11c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 28@31c; Cheese, 12@15c; Eggs, 25c.

CHICAGO, JULY 25.—Flour, $8.50@10.00; Wheat, $1.72@1.75, Corn, 82@82½c; Oats 60@55½cts; Rye, $1.50@1.52; Barley, $2.25; Pork, mess, $22.25@22.35; Lard, 17@17½c.

TORONTO, JULY 24—Flour, $6.10@6.60; Wheat, spring, $1.45@1.48; fall, $1.45@1.50; Oats, 50@53c; Barley, $0.00; Peas, 83@85c. Pork, mess, $22.00@23; prime, $18@17.00; Bacon, 10@13½c; Hams, 12@12½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 11@21c; Cheese, 10@11cts; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15. Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 22—Beeves—Receipts 6,276 head; quotations 12@17c. Milch Cows—Receipts 117 head; $40@100; Veal calves—Receipts 1,359 head; quotations, 7@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,055 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@7c; by lot, $1.50@4 ⅊ head. Lambs, 6@10c. Swine—Receipts 11,215 head; quotations, 9½@10½c.

ALBANY, JULY 23—Beeves, $1.00@10.25. Milch Cows, $50@100. Veal Calves, 8@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 5½@6c.; Western 5½@6c.; Lambs, 7@8½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JULY 23—Beeves range from 9@13½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ⅊ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 8@6c; extra, 7@6½cts; by the head, $4@5.50. Swine—Shoats, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@8cts; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; pelts, 75c@$2.50 each. Calf Skins, 16@20c. ℔ ℔. Tallow, 7½@9c. Veal Calves, $@13.

CHICAGO, JULY 25—Beef cattle range at from $4.75@5.50, Sheep, 3½@5½c. Hogs, live, $8.50@9.15.

TORONTO, JULY 23—Beeves range at $4@6.00; Sheep, $2.50@4.00; Lambs, $1.50@2.50; Calves, $3.00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 25.—Market is active. Sales are 935,000 lbs. at 41@52c. for Domestic Fleece, 48@50 for tubbed, 42@44c for pulled, 25@31c. for Texas, 28c for Mexican, and 22@34c for California.

BOSTON, JULY 24—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@51c; pulled, 31@50cts; medium and extra Western, 41½@47c; new combing fleece, 40@50c, and Canada do, 62@62c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 23—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Fulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 38@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 36@42c.

CHICAGO, JULY 23.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 35@42c.; Medium, 37@38c.; Coarse, 35@38c.; Heavy Unwashed, 22@25c.; Tub-washed, 44@48c.

BALTIMORE, JULY 23—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@42c; Fleece, 35@40c; Pulled, 30@36c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE.—ONE OF THE oldest Female Seminaries in the country, widely known for its superior facilities and location. Address REV. C. V. SPEAR, Principal, Pittsfield, Mass. 967-6t

FARMS.—FERTILE; HEALTHFUL; Best markets; mild winters; cool summers; great bargains and land advancing; immense immigration! Send stamp for Catalogue.
MANCHA & CO., Ridgely, Caroline Co., Md.

MEDINA IRON WORKS.—J. W. MOUNT, Manufacturer of Screws of all kinds, Apple Grinders and Presses, Patent Potato Diggers, Horse Powers, Circular and Cross-Cut Saw Mills, &c., &c. For full particulars send for illustrated circulars and price list. Address
967-eoti J. W. MOUNT, Medina, N. Y.

FARMERS WHO WANT TO BE RICH should save every penny they can. Enough can be saved in one year to buy a cow by making your own soap. It will only cost two cents a pound, and is easily made. Use
Geo. F. Gantz & Co.'s White Rock Potash.
Full directions with every Can. Office, 136 and 138 Cedar St., New York. Press your storekeeper to get it for you.

HARVARD LAW SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Two Terms, beginning SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1868, and FEBRUARY 22D, 1869. The resident Professors are, THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL. D., EMORY WASHBURN, LL. D., and NATHANIEL HOLMES, A. M. Gentlemen of distinction in the Profession lecture from time to time on special topics. Application may be made for further information to either of the Resident Professors. 967-3t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lloyd's Double Revolving Maps—L R P Thompson, Agent.
Superior Imitation Gold Watches—C E Collins & Co.
Dr J W Poland's White Pine Compound.
American School Institute—J W Schermerhorn, Actuary.
Agents Wanted—E B Treat & Co.
Great Nervous Debility Cured—Mrs M Merritt.
Consumption Curable—A E Bagole.
Colgate & Co's Toilet Soap.
Blake's Endless Plank Horse-Powers—Shaw & Wells.
A Money Making Book for Agents—Richardson & Co.
To Consumptives—G P Brown.
To Farmers—Rare Opportunity—T P French.
Falley Seminary—J P Griffin.
Why will you Work for $1.50 a Day?—W H Dailey & Co.
$500 a Month Made Easily—E Prince & Co.
Attention! all Wanting Farms—Robert Campbell.
Flaxseed Cranberry Culture—Orin C Cook.
Farmers who want to be Rich—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Harvard Law School, Cambridge, Mass.
Maplewood Institute—Rev C V Spear.
Farms—Mancha & Co.
Medina Iron Works—J W Mount.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Ditching—Challenge Accepted—A La Tourrette, Jr.

The News Condenser.

— Amherst College is free of debt and worth a million.
— The widow of John Leach the artist is dead.
— Encke's comet is daily expected by astronomers.
— More steam men are being built at Newark, N. J.
— Louisiana promises 10,000 hhds. of sugar this year.
— Wisconsin claims to have the champion potato bugs.
— 20,000 people attended Peter Cagger's funeral.
— The English iron trade is much depressed.
— Twelve new operas are being produced in Italy.
— Half the cultivated land in Utah is sowed to wheat.
— Elmira claims to have a population of 20,000.
— Another new Catholic church is to be erected in Troy.
— Horses sell at about two and a half dollars each at Hawaii.
— A large band of gipsies are encamped near Poughkeepsie.
— A panther six feet long was recently killed near St. Marys, Pa.
— Japanese laborers are being imported to the Sandwich Islands.
— The best quality of hay is selling in Western Mass. at $10 per ton.
— Augustin Daly has put ten plays on the stage the past six years.
— South America is grievously afflicted in seaport cities by yellow fever.
— Ristori gave to her New York lawyer a magnificent set of diamonds.
— The Virginia Springs are filling up again with Southern fashionables.
— A coroner's jury at Dayton has found that a man died of "alcoholism."
— Germany consumes 3.19 pounds of tobacco per inhabitant per year.
— Earthquakes are still rumbling and grumbling around in Central America.
— More than 100 animals were killed by heat in New York Tuesday week.
— The Methodists and Spiritualists in Chicago are having public discussions.
— Canadian laborers refuse to take their wages in American silver unless at a discount of ten per cent.
— Bishop Quintard of Tennessee collected $40,000 in England for the Southern Episcopal University.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DITCHING.—CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

OFFICE OF WATERLOO IRON WORKS, WATERLOO, N. Y., July 27, 1868.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—*Sirs:* I notice a challenge in your issue of July 25th, from Mr. G. H. BEARDSLEY, Sec'y of the Chicago Ditching Machine Co., to meet him in Rochester to try our ditchers, and that he will dig forty to my two rods. I will accept that challenge, and meet him Sept. 8th, or within a few days of that time. He reserves the privilege of declining on account of ground not being in suitable condition; I insist it shall take place (the weather permitting,) on such soils as he mentions. He says one of their machines was in Waterloo long after they gave me a challenge to meet him, and they would dig one hundred rods to our ten. In answer to that I will say, one of their machines was here and made two trials on the farm of JOSEPH WRIGHT. After the first trial Mr. BEARDSLEY called and presented a certificate of its performance, and asked me to sign it. I declined, stating I had not seen it do it, as I only saw it pass once over and start to return the second time. He replied I undoubtedly heard it had done it, as it was a common report about town, and it was only a matter of formality. I still declined to certify to seeing a thing I had not seen, and refused to endorse the statement. He then asked me if I would manufacture their machines, as they had advertised to have machines manufactured, and try and make sales for them in company with my tile machine, as that had a great reputation. I answered I would build all they wanted, but they must find their own customers. He then asked me if, in case they would employ me to build their machines, I would abandon the Ditcher I was then completing, and had nearly ready to give a thorough trial and test, and advocate theirs and say it was the best one I ever saw. I replied I would not, as I thought I had the most practical machine, and when I got it thoroughly tested I should put it before the public upon its merits, and they must do the same with theirs.

As to his statement that their machine was in this place and vicinity long after they made me a challenge to dig ten rods to their one hundred, I will say I knew of no challenge until after they had made all three of the trials they made here,—two on J. WRIGHT's farm and one on SAM'L THOMAS',—at which time their machine broke down and they left town with it; *and, as the remark was made, in disgust* from the little encouragement they received from the large number of visitors they got out to see its performance. And after they had left town I heard they had given a big challenge and intended it for me; so I commenced to look it up, and found their circular,—one copy left at the Observer office,—with the challenge to any person; also the certificate he presented to me to sign with a few names attached, and notice of the second trial on J. WRIGHT's farm, with the names of every person who was in the lot at the time as references, but no mention made of the trial on S. THOMAS' farm. I learn they have since made a trial at or near Geneva, and the machine still stands in a lot near there, like many other useless inventions that have absorbed a large amount of funds, and no persons wishing to purchase.

I wish it distinctly understood that the Chicago machine has been experimented upon for ten years or more, and many thousand dollars expended upon it, while my machine is a new thing, and it had not had more than one day's trial, at all the different trials it had had to the time they left with their machine, but since then it has been thoroughly tested. I feel highly complimented by Mr. BEARDSLEY on my application, and think every farmer will approve of my manner of applying power; and I really feel pleased with the prospect of appearing before a discerning public, to let all judge of the merits or demerits of our machines. Yours truly,

A. LA TOURRETTE, JR., *Agent.*

Gold Medal Threshing Machine.—PERSONS intending to purchase a Threshing Machine will do well to send for Circulars and Judges' Report of the Machine awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS *at the Great National Trial at Auburn, July*, 1866, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$500 A MONTH MADE EASILY—EVERY family wants one. Recommends itself. Send for circulars. E. PRICE & CO.,
967-3t 915 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FALLEY SEMINARY, FULTON, N. Y.—Fall Term opens Aug. 20th; Board, washing, fuel, and room furnished, except sheets, pillow cases and bed spread, $56,00. Tuition in Common English, $9,00. Prof. J. J. BROWN remains with us. For Catalogues address J. P. GRIFFIN.

WHY WILL YOU WORK FOR $1.50 A DAY when you can make **$200 a week** in our new business. Can be done in doors, by both sexes. No swindling Gift Enterprise. Samples sent on receipt of 10 cents.
Address W. H. DAILEY & CO.,
967-2t 148 Fulton Street, New York.

A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED of GREAT nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 363, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. 967-8t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NATIONAL Hand-Book of Facts and Figures. The best selling book of the campaign. Sent post-paid for $1,50. Now ready, the 51th thousand of "THE LOST CAUSE," the only complete Democratic History of the War; patronized by tens of thousands eager to hear "the other side." Campaign Books, Engravings, and Badges in great variety.
967 4t E. B. TREAT & CO., 654 Broadway, N. Y.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—A GRATEFUL Father is desirous of sending by mail, free of charge, to all who wish it, a copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed Consumption, after having been given up by her physicians and despaired of by her father, a well-known physician, who has now discontinued practice. Sent to any person on receipt of stamp to pre-pay postage.
Address O. P. BROWN, Secretary,
19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

ATTENTION! ALL WANTING FARMS! Cheap Farm and Fruit Lands, Village Lots, Water Powers for manufacturing, for sale, at Bricksburg, Ocean Co., New Jersey, 44 miles from New York on railroad at Phillidelphia; Soil, fine loam superior for all crops. Country just rolling enough for beauty and utility. Climate mild and proverbially healthy. Water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Sold only to actual settlers, on easy terms. Price per acre $25 and upward. For circulars and maps, address as above, ROBT. CAMPBELL, No. 153 Broadway, N. Y., V. S. HOLT, Agent, Bricksburg, N. J. 967-13t

TO FARMERS—RARE OPPORTUNITY—Farm for sale in the best wheat and corn district of Michigan, within easy access of Chicago and close by a rising town on the Michigan Central Railway. The farm comprises 108 acres of splendid land, 74 acres cleared, fenced and in excellent condition, the remainder under valuable oak and hickory. Fine new house, barn, &c., &c., and water at the door. Orchard well stocked with choicest fruits. Farm will pay for itself in three years by potatoes alone. Price *very low* and terms of payment easy. Such a chance seldom offers. Apply to T. P. FRENCH, Real Estate Agent, Rotunda Buildings, Detroit, Mich. 967-3t

COLGATE & Co's TOILET SOAPS

BLAKES' ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWERS—Awarded the Silver Medal at the Michigan State Fair, 1867.—This machine gives an even surface for the horses to walk upon and is capable of doing more work than any other machine in the market. Circular, Cross-Cut and Drag Saws and Attachment, supplied with Powers if wanted.

Two-Horse Thresher and Separators, Improved Wood Splitter, Wheel Hay Rakes, Horton's Patent Hay Press,

(Warranted capable of baling one ton per hour,) manufactured and for sale by the subscribers. Responsible, live and reliable agents wanted in every County. Address SHAW & WELLS, Corner Chicago St. and Canal, Buffalo, N. Y. 967-2t

A MONEY MAKING BOOK FOR AGENTS.

COPPEE'S LIFE OF GEN. GRANT,

WITH

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF COLFAX.

468 Pages, with 2 Portraits, and 19 Maps and Plans furnished by Gen. Grant himself.

Price, in fine cloth binding, Only $1.50.

This book is so cheap and so good—being *the only one published under Gen. Grant's sanction*—that everybody buys it, and agents are doing splendidly everywhere. No high-priced book can compare with it in popularity. The 22d edition is now ready. We want an Agent in every town; and pay large commissions. Write to us for full particulars, or save time by sending us $1.50 for the canvassing outfit at once, naming the town you wish to canvass, and we will forward it, postpaid, by return mail. No other occupation can pay you so well during the campaign. Address RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers, 1 Bond Street, New York. 967-2t

SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are to hunting cases, made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price, $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

☞ **Caution.**—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches. In some instances stating that they are our agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or CAN make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)

☞ **To Clubs.**—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS. 967-tf

GENERAL AGENCY FOR
J. T. LLOYD'S DOUBLE REVOLVING
Express, Railroad and Telegraphic Map,
IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Double Revolving Maps of Europe and America,
For the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.
Price, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the United States County Map, on a scale eight times as large, printed on the reverse side, and colored in 4,000 Counties, with Enlarged Plans, surrounding the County Map of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Montreal, Toronto, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, and Richmond, &c., &c.; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the Fifteen Southern States County Map, on a scale eight times as large, printed on the reverse side, and colored in 3,000 Counties, with Enlarged Plans, surrounding the County map of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Montreal, Toronto, New Orleans, Mobile, Memphis, Atlanta, Montgomery, Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, &c.; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with Great Britain and Ireland on the back, on an immense scale; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the Continent of Europe, with the British Isles on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the Hudson River on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of Virginia, (used by General Grant,) with a gazetteer of the State by Counties, giving the population of each County and of the State, with enlarged plans of all leading cities of the United States surrounding it on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of Tennessee on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of the Mississippi River on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of Kentucky on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of Georgia on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Railroad, Telegraph and Express Map on the back; PRICE, $4.00.

Lloyd's Revolving Double Maps of the North American Continent, with the great Map of Missouri in Counties on the back, with a gazetteer of the State by Counties, giving the population of each County and of the State, with enlarged plans of all the leading cities of the United States surrounding it; PRICE, $4.00.

☞ All these Double Maps are 20 square feet large, with Lloyd's Patent Reverser, and any two maps on this list will be mounted double for the price of but one map. Intelligent and energetic agents wanted to canvass in every County and City. Commissions paid. Address

L. R. P. THOMPSON,
General Agent for New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey,
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR OF THE

BEST SEED WHEAT IN THE WORLD!

SEED WHEAT EXPERIMENTAL FARM,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

I will now fill orders for the following varieties of Winter Seed Wheat:

	Per peck.	Per bush.
Ancona Red, imported from Russia, 1868,	$3,75	$10,00
Sandonica white, imported from Poland, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Berdenska red, imported from Russia, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Sakonka red, imported from Poland, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Salla red, imported from Saxony, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Saxony white, imported from Saxony, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Bohemian red, imported from Bohemia, 1868,	2,75	10,00
Bohemian white, do. do. do. 1868,	2,75	10,00
French white Chaff Mediterranean,	2,00	7,50
French red do. do.	2,00	7,50
German amber,	2,00	7,50
Hungarian red,	2,00	7,50
Italian red, acclimated one year,	2,00	7,50
Do. do. do. three years,	2,00	7,50
Do. white, do. do. do.	2,00	7,50
Red Chaff Mediterranean,	1,50	5,00
White do. do.	1,50	5,00
Lancaster red,	1,50	5,00
Rochester red,	1,50	5,00
Egyptian red,	1,50	5,00
Diehl's white,	1,50	5,00
Week's white,	1,75	6,00
Blue Stem,	1,50	5,00
Bouton white,	1,50	5,00
American white,	1,50	5,00
California white,	1,50	5,00
Six-rowed Winter Barley,	1,00	3,00
Oats, Surprise,	1,50	5,00
Do. Swedish,	1,00	3,50
Do. New Brunswick,	1,00	3,50
Do. Black Norway,	1,00	3,50

I will send, post-paid, four pounds of any of the above varieties for One Dollar. One head, post-paid, 10 cents, or 20 heads of different varieties, post-paid, for One Dollar.

Send money by Money Orders or Registered Letters, or by Express, to **GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.**, and your orders will be promptly filled.

☞ This is the only Seed Wheat Experimental Farm in the United States, where Seed Wheat is acclimated and grown for sale. ☞ Send for a Circular. 966-6t

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND!

Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints.

This medicine is FREE FROM ANYTHING DELETERIOUS, pleasant to the taste, safe, yet sure and effective in its action.

AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE FOR THE PURIFYING OF THE BLOOD.

DR. J. W. POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR,

A Positive Remedy for all kinds of Humors,—Scrofula, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Nettle Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; Dyspepsia, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.:—Billious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. 967-10t

AMER. SCHOOL INST., FOUNDED 1855,
Is a reliable Educational Bureau.
To aid all who seek well-qualified Teachers;
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange School properties.
Thirteen years' trial has proved the AMER. SCHOOL INST. a useful and efficient auxiliary in securing
"The Right Teacher for the Right Place."
Those who want Teachers should have the "Teachers Bulletin," published in the AMER. EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.
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Circulars explaining plan, and giving *Testimony* from first class educational and business men, sent when asked for.
J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A. M., Actuary,
14 Bond Street, New York.
Branch Offices in San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.—A RECEIPT for a powerful remedy for Consumption will be sent to any address on receipt of fifty cents and stamp. Ingredients can be purchased at any drug store in the country. Send for it and it will certainly do you good.
967-4t A. K. BAGOLE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.

The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz.:

MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA.
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.

With other first-class steamers building.

COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12
MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2

From Pier No. 46 North River.

Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.

Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.

For steerage passage to
966-6t WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN FLAG
HORSE COLLAR!

Warranted *not to gall* in any service. *Old galls cured by their use.* Cheapest and easiest collar ever offered, and the only collar that should be used on a working horse.

RETAILED AT $3 PER PAIR!

Sold by all Harness Dealers. Send for Circular.

Notice is hereby given, that one H. G. CHAMBERLIN is travelling about the country selling rights for the manufacture of Durrant's Patent Flag Horse Collars, and the public is cautioned against buying State, County, or Town Rights of said Chamberlin, as he well knows he has not the power to give exclusive control of any territory nor to exclude our collars from any part of the United States, as we have an equal right with either Durrant or Chamberlin, to manufacture and sell the said Collar in any part of the United States. Parties purchasing Collars of us will receive a written guarrantee from the Company, protecting them in all their rights. If Mr. Chamberlin was satisfied of the truth whereof his card speaks, he would demand his rights before the courts, which he has refused to do. WM. CHAPPELL, SEC'Y,
87 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE AND CAUTION.—IN CONSE-quence of the demand for C. C. DURRANT'S Flag Collar for Horses, sundry persons are engaged in the manufacturing of an imitation of said collars, and putting them on sale in various parts of the country; among them is one WM. CHAPPELL of Rochester, N. Y., who is advertising his business as Secretary of the American Flag Horse Collar Manufacturing Co. The public are hereby notified not to purchase or use this or any other Flag Collar, unless it has stamped on the lining the following, viz., C. C. Durrant, maker, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., patented June 16th, 1863, with a [D] as a trade mark on all Collars made and sold since March 1st, 1868. The subscriber, having purchased said patent, and having the control of the same in and to the United States, hereby gives notice that every infringement on said patent will be met by a speedy prosecution to the extent of the law, whether it may be in the making, vending, or using said Collars. It is proposed to furnish said Collars in a legitimate manner, in quantities to meet the demand, and a good honest article, unlike the worthless imitations palmed off upon the public by these interlopers. For any and all information in relation to the Flag Collar business address C. C. DURRANT, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y., Manufacturer, or H. G. CHAMBERLAIN, Yates, Orleans Co., N. Y., owner of the Patent. [964-4t] H. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

APPLEWOOD STOCKS.—PARTIES WHO got out blocks per our advertisement in this paper a year ago, please correspond with
966-3t J. H. & N. A. WILLIAMS, Utica, N. Y.

NOW READY,
THE TRIUMPH!
A New Book of
CHURCH MUSIC
For Choirs, Singing Schools, Conventions, etc., by
GEORGE F. ROOT

This remarkable work is now ready, the first one of the kind by Mr. ROOT, since the DIAPASON, which was issued some seven years ago. The first edition is ordered in advance of its issue. The second edition of

10,000

is already in press. Orders filled in the order received, the preference being given to orders for sample copies.

THE TRIUMPH

is the largest Book of its kind, containing 100 pages. Price $1.50. $13.50 a dozen. Sample copies sent for a limited time, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of $1.

ROOT & CADY,
965-2teo 67 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE TO sell the authorized Democratic Campaign Book.
SEYMOUR AND BLAIR;
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It leads in many a tangled curve,
Through reedy fen and yielding mosses,
To where, through rushes rank and green,
On stepping stones the brook it crosses;
It circles in and circles out,
By ferny fell and wooded passes,
And hides away in sudden sport.
Beneath the bush and tangled grasses.

It skirts the upland's shallow pool
With many a graceful scoop and hollow,
And runs away, on bare brown feet,
The faster, as you faster follow!
It sweeps along the fallow ridge,
In countless eddying curves and narrows,
And, swooping in and swooping out,
It frights the wee brown-breasted sparrows.

It flits away with dainty grace,
Through spongy marsh and sandy shallows,
And dons the cardinal's gay hood,
To brighten up its barren fallows;
It braids the king-cup's golden bells,
Like stars, amid its floating tresses,
And, circling in and circling out,
It dies at last among its cresses.

The Story Teller.

THE TWIN COTTAGES.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

[Concluded from page 244, last number.]

Chapter VI.—The Conflagration.

The quarrels of Lionel and Richard proved injurious not only to themselves, their families, and their immediate friends, but in a certain measure to both Church and State. They belonged to the same political party; but when Lionel received the nomination for Sheriff, Richard's friends refused to vote for him, and for the first time in ten years the opposite party carried the day. Afterwards Richard was nominated for State Representative, and by way of retaliation Lionel's clique went against him unanimously, throwing their influence in favor of another candidate. Owing to this split in the party, their political opponents triumphed again, and sent to the Legislature a fellow who proved a traitor to the best interests of his district. The quarrel of the brothers created a division in the Church, too; the devil taking that opportunity to sow dissensions and hatred in the hearts of two-thirds of the members.

Meanwhile Martha and Maria cherished as bitter animosity against each other as their husbands did. They never visited the same neighbors, nor met each other at the same sewing circles, if they could help it. If Maria received an invitation to visit a friend, she was sure to ascertain if Martha was to be there, before accepting it; and Martha was no less scrupulous in avoiding her sister-in-law. On one occasion, when Maria arrived at a tea-party and found Martha there, she turned abruptly about and went home in high dudgeon; in return for which demonstration Martha, a few weeks afterwards, suddenly took her departure from a quilting-bee, when Maria, unconscious of her presence, made her appearance. These quarrels and petty spites created a great deal of scandal and ill-will in the neighborhood, until the good ladies of Pennfield, tired of strife and dissensions, resolved with one accord to drop the acquaintance of the Feltons altogether. So Martha and Maria received no more invitations to any place; and you may judge how miserable they were, living by themselves.

On the last occasion of a tea-party at Maria's house, an incident happened which particularly had something to do with the subsequent coldness of the Pennfield ladies towards the two sisters-in-law. Of course Martha was horribly jealous to see so many famous tea-drinkers visiting her rival; and she fretted and scolded about it all the afternoon. Edward took the hint to invent some method of annoying Maria, and please his mother.

In the field in the rear of Lionel's house was a brush heap, the result of trimming the orchard the previous season.

"The brush is dry, and the wind in the southeast," said Edward.

"And the smoke?"

"Will hide Dick's house in a beautiful manner."

"Burn the heap then!" cried Martha, with a malicious laugh.

Accordingly the heap was fired, and Richard's house smoked. It was a warm day, but Maria was compelled to close all the doors and windows, to keep out the suffocating cloud which rolled down upon them before the southwest wind. In spite of all her efforts, however, the smoke got into the house, and into the eyes and into the tempers of both her and her guests. Even the tea failed to soothe them, and the party separated in the worst humor in the world. Martha watched the discomfited ladies as they went away all enveloped in smoke, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. Edward laughed, too, until the wind changed and blew the fire into the fence, which he was obliged to sit up all night to watch, with a couple of buckets of water for his companions. After this, Richard's boys burned a brush-heap, when the wind was in the northwest, and smoked a juvenile party which their cousin Martha gave, to the great distress of the poor children, who went home with tears in their eyes.

But the rival families were destined to have enough of fire and smoke as we shall show.

After watching many months for an opportunity to shoot Richard's dog—which manifested a great deal of canine sagacity in avoiding Lionel's premises, and in scrupulously keeping on the right side of the board fence—Edward determined to have a dog, too, as large as his uncle's. He accordingly purchased a pup, of a breed famous for size and fierceness, and kept him chained to his kennel until he had attained to formidable proportions. In the pride and ambition of his youth, Cæsar took early advantage of his freedom from the chain to invade the territory beyond the board fence, and declare hostilities against the unknown dog, whose hated bark he had heard so often. Nero, feeling, as a matter of course, a bitter enmity towards everything that made its appearance from the other side of the fence, marched up to Cæsar in true Roman fashion, and with a growl challenged him to a personal combat. The ambitious Cæsar desired nothing better; but Nero's maturity and knowledge of the world were altogether too much for his youth and inexperience. Cæsar was discomfited, and returned to his rightful dominions in a frightfully mutilated condition.

Cæsar for a long time did not cross the board fence again, but contented himself with growling on his own territory, at his formidable enemy, who regarded him with lofty disdain. One evening, however, four years after the removal of the brothers into their new cottages, Cæsar had the audacity to chase one of Richard's cats over the line. Richard, who happened to be in the yard at the time, whistled for Nero, whose rage was unbounded on seeing his rival within his domains. A skirmish ensued and Cæsar retreated over the board fence, but Nero, too much excited to use his ordinary discretion, followed him, and fought him upon his own territory, reckless of consequences.

Lionel heard the affray, and, it being late in the evening, and quite dark, he came out with a lantern to see what was the matter. Perceiving that Nero had Cæsar by the throat, and was shaking the life out of him with considerable dispatch, he placed his lantern upon the ground and ran for a pitchfork.

Observing that his brother was about to make use of that formidable weapon to terminate the quarrel in favor of Cæsar, Richard ran hastily to the fence and was on the point of shouting a fierce remonstrance, when a striking accident attracted his attention. Nero had thrown Cæsar against the lantern and upset it; the candle had fallen out, and now the flames were creeping languidly into the straw scattered before Lionel's barn. The pressure of a foot would have extinguished the fire, and Richard's first impulse was to warn Lionel of the danger, but when he saw his brother set upon Nero with the fork, he thought, in his anger, "the wind is north, *my* barn will not be in danger," and held his peace, shrinking away into the darkness to witness the result.

Pierced with the sharp tines, Nero fled howling over the fence, pursued by Lionel until beyond his reach. Then Lionel turned back, and to his consternation saw the straw all in a blaze.

"Fire! fire! fire!" he shouted, trampling upon the flames. "Fire! fire! fire!"

His shouts filled the night with echoes. A moment before Richard had been laughing in malicious triumph; but the wild, startling cries of fire smote heavily upon his conscience. Much as he felt that Lionel had wronged him, the sight of the flames, which he might have extinguished, oppressed him with a sense of remorse.

"I am no better than an incendiary!" he muttered, in his wild excitement. "But it may not yet be too late!"

Lionel trampled upon the flames with furious energy. But the straw was dry and he saw the fire gaining upon him, and darting its forked tongue towards the barn threatening destruction. In despair he cast his eyes towards the house and shouted again for help. Nobody appeared. The fire was within three yards of a large pile of straw, heaped before the barn door. Suddenly Lionel was conscious that there was somebody working by his side. He did not pause to see who it was, until the pile of straw burst forth one sheet of flames. He turned, and in the glare of light saw his brother Richard!

The latter was laboring with desperate energy to smother the flames beneath his coat; and as his resentment gave way to gratitude for that one act of generosity,

"Brother," said he, in a trembling voice, "I thank you; but it is too late. The barn must go."

Richard raised his eyes to his brother's face, and slowly withdrawing from the heat of the flames, murmured,

"I am sorry! I am sorry!"

"God bless you, brother! I did not expect this kindness!" exclaimed the agitated Lionel.

"This is no time to talk," said Richard. "The wind is getting into the west. I am afraid your house will go too, brother!"

As he spoke, the dry straw and hay within the barn having taken fire, the flames burst forth through the cracks and crevices, and through the thin roof, throwing a wild glare of light around.

Chapter VII.—The Last of the Twin Cottages.

The brothers rushed to the stables adjoining the barn, and made haste to save the horses, the carriage, and all articles of value which could be got away with dispatch. Meanwhile, Edward, who had gone to bed, was aroused by the alarm and rushed half-dressed to the scene of destruction. Jackson and Wolcott came next, and taking example from their father, exerted themselves to save their uncle's property; then several of the neighbors, aroused by the shouts of fire, and alarmed by the fearful glare of light, came hurrying to the spot.

The barn burnt like kindling wood. The stables were on fire in an astonishingly brief space of time, and the flames went surging on toward the house.

"Leave everything!" shouted Richard, "and remove this wood! It is the only way to save the house."

The wood was corded in long rows between the stables and the cottage; and following Richard's example all hands went to work tearing it away. But as the fire increased the heat became insufferable. The smoke and flames rolled across the woodpiles, blinding and suffocating, and conspiring with the heat to drive the fire-fighters backward. The most they could do was to remove a few cords of wood nearest the house; then, while some began to carry the furniture out of the cottage others brought water from the well and cistern, and with the aid of ladders drenched the clapboards and roof. All efforts were vain, however.

"The house must go!" said Lionel.

The wind had increased and the advancing flames had driven the inexperienced fire-fighters from their position on the roof.

"I will mount the ladder!" cried Richard.

He went up and received the buckets from Lionel's hands, working with the energy and courage of desperation, until both cistern and well failed.

"It is useless to work longer," said Lionel. "There is no water."

"Then the house must burn!" said Richard.

"And my family!" murmured Lionel, as he saw his wife and child carrying goods out of the house, or standing in the fierce light, looking up with terror and dismay at the increasing flames. "They will be houseless!"

"Not so," replied Richard. "The old house is at your disposal. I was going to tear it down last fall, but I am glad I did not. It is yours, brother!"

Lionel was too much affected to utter his thanks.

At that moment a wild shout rang out upon their ears. Richard's barn was on fire!

"I am ruined by my own folly and guilt!" he muttered, as he descended to the ground.

The brothers rushed together to the new scene of excitement. It was too late. The fire, left to itself, had crept from barn to barn, through the straw, and now Richard's stables were in a blaze. The wind had increased and was blowing strongly from the west. Lionel neglected his property to save that of his brother, and while the cottage of the former was left to inevitable destruction, everybody ran to the rescue of Richard's. But his cistern was dry, his well shallow, and between his house and barn there was a haystack in a most dangerous position. This was sure to burn; for the sparks from the barn were already falling upon it, and nothing, it was thought, could then save the cottage.

Maria had experienced a sort of fearful joy when told that Lionel's buildings were on fire; but when she saw Richard at work to save them, she also began to feel an anxiety to see the flames extinguished. This kindness toward her neighbors was followed by many unpleasant reflections touching the past, and the sight of Martha in distress made her conscious that she had wronged her sister-in-law more than she had ever acknowledged to herself before. So when she saw Martha retire to the fatal fence, and weep bitterly over her misfortunes, she went to her and asked her to come into her own house. Martha felt this kindness and thanked her; but she could not go in. She must see her own cottage burn.

Then when the alarm was spread on Richard's side of the fence, all Maria's pity and anxiety for others was changed to fear for the safety of her own home. Martha saw the danger, and although a moment before she might have felt a vindictive joy at beholding Maria as unfortunate as herself, it was not so now; for even Richard's exertions in her behalf had not touched her heart like Maria's single word of kindness. Women are more impulsive than men, and nothing knits together hearts at enmity like mutual distress; Martha and Maria fell into each other's arms, and embraced, mingling their tears together!

Richard's fears for his cottage were but too well founded. The flames blew upon it from the stack, the shingles caught and all exertions to save it were in vain. Soon its light added to the general conflagration, and billows of fire surged upward from the roaring roof, illuminating the country for miles around.

Richard had been even more successful than his brother in saving his portable property, which was all conveyed to a safe distance from the fire.

When everything was done the brothers stood together in the glare of the fierce light which shone from Richard's house, and their families gathered around them.

"You see," said Richard, "I shall have to go with you into the old house."

"Pardon me," replied Lionel, "I am afraid you will want it alone with your own family."

"There is room for all of us," said Richard. "There was once—there is now."

"Will you give me your hand, brother?" asked Lionel.

Richard made no reply, but extended his hand, while the dazzling light from the house betrayed the emotion visible on his features.

"We have not thriven since our separation," pursued Lionel. "Ours has been an ungodly quarrel, brother. Shall it end here?"

"There can be no better time," replied Richard. "After the awful chastisement with which Heaven has punished our folly, we should be reconciled. I acknowledge myself to blame, brother. I ask your forgiveness."

"With all my heart, I forgive you, Richard," exclaimed Lionel through his quivering lips. "And you will forgive me, although I have been more to blame than you. As I was the oldest, I should have come to you first to offer you my hand, when we quarreled."

"Say no more!" murmured Richard. I forgive everything. Here is my hand again, brother! And our wives—"

Martha and Maria were weeping again in each other's arms.

"This is well," said Lionel. "Let this end all differences, law-suits and strife, which have proved so ruinous. We will tear up the papers, brother, which divide our land."

"And the old house," added Richard, smiling through his tears, "will be large enough and good enough for our families, for ten years to come."

"We will never leave it till it falls down," cried Lionel. "We were happy in it before the new house was thought of; and we can be happy in it still. And, oh, brother—sister—wife—children! let these four terrible years of unhappiness and strife be a warning to us in future!"

They stopped not for the congratulation of friends, but by the light of the burning cottages took their way together across the fields toward the old house, which was henceforth to be the happy home of the reunited families.

A FIGHT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

After walking about two miles we noticed a herd of Hippopotami in a pool below a rapid; this was surrounded by rocks, except upon one side where the rush of water had thrown up a bank of pebbles and sand. Our old Neptune did not condescend to bestow the slightest attention when I pointed out these animals; they were too wide awake; but he immediately quitted the river's bed, and we followed him quietly behind the fringe of bushes upon the border, from which we carefully examined the water. About half a mile below this spot, as we clambered over the intervening rocks through a gorge which formed a powerful rapid, I observed in a small pool just below the rapid, an immense head of a hippopotamus close to a perpendicular rock that formed a wall to the river, about six feet above the surface. I pointed out the hippo to old Abou Dou, who had not seen it. At once the gravity of the old man disappeared, and the energy of the hunter was exhibited as he motioned us to remain, while he ran nimbly behind the thick screen of bushes for about a hundred and fifty yards below the spot where the hippo was unconsciously basking, with his ugly head above the surface. Plunging into the rapid torrent, the veteran hunter was carried some distance down the stream, but breasting the powerful current, he landed upon the rocks on the opposite side, and retiring to some distance from the river, he quickly advanced toward the spot beneath which the hippopotamus was lying. I had a fine view of the scene, as I was lying concealed exactly opposite the hippo, which had now disappeared beneath the water.

Abou Dou stealthily approached the edge of rock beneath which he had expected to see the head of the animal; his long, sinewy arm was raised, with the harpoon ready to strike, as he carefully advanced. At length he reached the edge of the perpendicular rock; the hippo had vanished, but far from exhibiting surprise, the old Arab remained standing on the sharp ledge, unchanged in attitude. No figure of bronze could have been more rigid than that of the old river-king, as he stood erect upon the rock with the left foot advanced, and the harpoon poised in his ready right hand above his head, while in the left hand he held the loose coils of rope attached to the ambatch buoy. For about three minutes he stood like a statue, gazing intently into the clear and deep water beneath his feet. I watched eagerly for the reappearance of the hippo; the surface of the water was still barren, when suddenly the right arm of the statue descended like lightning, and the harpoon shot perpendicularly into the pool with the speed of an arrow. What river-fiend answered to the summons? In an instant an open pair of jaws appeared, followed by the ungainly head and form of the furious hippopotamus, that, springing half out of the water, lashed the river into foam, and disdaining the concealment of the deep pool, charged straight up the violent rapids. With extraordinary power he breasted the descending stream, plowed his way against the broken waves, sending them in showers of spray upon all sides, and upon gaining broader shallows he tore along through the water with the buoyant float hopping behind him along the surface, until he landed from the river, started at a full gallop along the dry, shingly bed, and at length disappeared in the thorny nabbuk jungle.

I never could have imagined that so unwieldy an animal could have exhibited such speed; no man would have had a chance of escape, and it was fortunate for our old Neptune that he was secure upon the high ledge of rock, for if he had been in the path of the infuriated beast there would have been an end of Abou Dou. The old man plunged into the deep pool just quitted by the hippo and landed upon our side; while in the enthusiasm of the moment I waved my cap above my head, and gave him a British cheer as he reached the shore. His usually stern features relaxed into a grim smile of delight; this was one of those moments when the gratified pride of the hunter rewards him for any risks. I congratulated him upon his dexterity; but much remained to be done. I proposed to cross the river and follow upon the tracks of the hippopotamus, as I imagined that the buoy and rope would catch in the thick bush; but the old hunter gently laid his hand upon my arm and pointed up the bed of the river, explaining that the hippo would certainly return to the water after a short interval.

In a few minutes later, at a distance of nearly half a mile, we observed the hippo emerge from the jungle and ascend at full trot to the bed of the river, making direct for the first rocky pool in which we had noticed the hippopotami. Accompanied by the old Howarti (hippo hunter) we walked quickly toward the spot. He explained to me that I must shoot the harpooned hippo, for we should not be able to secure him in the usual manner by ropes, as nearly all our men were absent from camp, disposing of the dead elephants.

Upon reaching the pool, which was about a hundred and thirty yards in diameter, we were immediately greeted by the hippo, which snorted and roared as we approached, but quickly dived, and the buoyant float ran along the surface, directing his course in the same manner as the cork of a trimmer with a pike upon the hook. Several times he appeared, but as he invariably faced us I could not obtain a favorable shot; I therefore sent the old hunter round the pool, and he, swimming the river, advanced to the opposite side and attracted the attention of the hippo, causing him to immediately turn toward him. This afforded me a good chance, and I fired a steady shot behind the ear, at about seventy yards, with a single barreled rifle. As usual with hippopotami, whether dead or alive, he disappeared beneath the water at the shot. The crack of the ball and the absence of any splash from the bullet told me that he was hit; the ambatch float remained perfectly stationary upon the surface. I watched it for some minutes; it never moved. Several heads of hippopotami appeared and vanished in different directions, but the float was still; it marked the spot where the grand old bull lay dead beneath.

I shot another hippo, that I thought must be likewise dead; and, taking the time by my watch, I retired to the shade of a tree with Hassan, while Hadjii Ali and the old hunter returned to camp for assistance in men and knives, etc.

In a little more than an hour and a half two objects like the backs of turtles appeared above the surface; these were the flanks of the two hippos. A short time afterward the men arrived, and regardless of crocodiles they swam toward the bodies. One was towed directly to the shore by the rope attached to the harpoon, the other was secured by a long line and dragged to the bank of clean pebbles.

I measured the bull that was harpooned; it was fourteen feet two inches from the upper lip to the extremity of the tail; the head was three feet one inch from the front of the ear to the edge of the lip in a straight line. The harpoon was sticking in the nape of the neck, having penetrated about two and a half inches beneath the hide; this is about an inch and three quarters thick upon the neck of a bull hippopotamus. It was a magnificent specimen, with the largest tusks I have ever seen; the skull is now in my hall in England.—*Sir W. Baker's new book on Abyssinia.*

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 8, 14, 15, 10, 17, 32, 14, 22 was an Astronomer.
My 25, 28, 30, 26, 24 is a Governor of one of the U. S.
My 25, 15, 3, 4, 7 is a General in the U. S. Army.
My 22, 23, 29, 18, 6, 22, 34 was a President of the U. S.
My 22, 33, 13, 1, 15, 35, 24, 31, 19, 11 was a signer of the declaration of independence.
My 8, 9, 20, 22, 23, 29 was a Vice-President of the U. S.
My 21, 19, 21, 12 was a Poet.
My 2, 22, 16, 30 was a Statesman.
My whole is a true saying.

Havana, Ohio. H. K. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

If my first you wish to see,
Look at the foot of some forest tree.

My second, as in days of yore,
Turns the bolt in many a door.

My third, guess it if you can,
Every person has just ten.

When you a little rest would take,
My whole a constant noise doth make.

WANNIE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Het boltens enm I owkn no tarch,
Era nem sehow dansh rae nrobw tihw olit;
How kabede yb on sartacine vregsa
Whe wond teh owosd dna litl eth olis;
Dan niw breybet a urpored mafe
Hant lowfosl igkn's or rarorwi's mane.

Harrisburg, N. Y. HATTIE DENISON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 965.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—He that giveth to the poor shall not lack, but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse.

Answer to Riddle:—Declivity.

Answer to Problem:—45 degrees.

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American Rose Culturist 30
Am Weeds and Useful Plants 1,75
Annual Register of Rural Affairs (150 Engravings) 30
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Barry's Fruit Garden 1,50
Beautiful Leaved Plants (London Edition), 100 colored ills 9,00
Bement's Poultrer's Companion 130 Illustrations 2,00
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Cole's American Fruit Book 75
Cole's American Veterinarian 75
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Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor 1,50
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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.)

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AGRICULTURAL.

SOME VARIETIES OF WHEAT.

IN looking among the wheat fields of Western New York, this harvest, we have found the Diehl variety behaving remarkably well. It is gaining friends and sustaining its already fair reputation; and in a little while we predict it will become as famous and as generally cultivated as the once unrivalled Soules or Genesee white wheat. It is a bald, white wheat, with red chaff, and kernels set compact on the head. The straw grows stiff, hence is not liable to be laid either on rich land or by heavy rains. It is a variety eminently adapted to heavy, rich soil, and repays good culture and the application of an abundance of manure. Its period of ripening is early, so that it may be considered midge proof. It is hardy, coming well through the winter, but it may not quite equal some of the bearded varieties in this respect. It is a favorite wheat with the millers. We can confidently advise farmers to sow this variety on good wheat land, but caution them to examine the seed closely, as it is pretty generally mixed, to some extent, with inferior varieties. Those who yet cling to the Soules will gain by changing to the Diehl, if this year's lesson is a safe criterion to judge by. We have several fields in mind in which both of the last named varieties were grown side by side, and the Diehl is far superior both in quality and yield.

The Treadwell (see illustration) is a prominent variety of bearded wheat, although it has the habit of producing a great many heads without awns, or nearly so. Many farmers mistrust that the variety is not pure when they discover the bearded and bald heads in the same field, but it is doubtless a habit of the wheat, as in all other respects no difference can be detected. The Treadwell originated in Michigan, and is probably a hybrid, and sometimes takes after one parent and then the other in the matter of producing awns. As compared with the Diehl it produces more straw which is whiter in color with white chaff. The straw is tough and soft and of beautiful appearance. It also grows taller, and is more liable to fall down. The straw does not show the ripening process as soon as that of the Diehl, but the berry is equally forward, and it is considered a midge proof variety. The heads are longer but not so compact, and the quality of the grain is decidedly inferior. It is probably better adapted to low, or poor land, and is a safe, hardy kind of wheat.

We take the illustrations and descriptions of the two following varieties from TODD'S Wheat Culturist. The Red Blue-stem Wheat is an old and very popular variety of wheat, which originated in Pennsylvania. It is one of the finest and most profitable varieties of red wheat. The growing grain withstands the ravages of the wheat midge better than many varieties, but not so well as some others. The chaff fits rather close to the kernels, but not so tight as the chaff of some other varieties. The Red Blue-stem Wheat is one of the most prolific varieties that has ever been cultivated; and the young plants endure the cold of winter with less injury than many other kinds of wheat. J. H. KLIPPART says, in the Transactions of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, that this variety makes as good a quality of flour as does any red wheat; the grain ripens three to six days later than the Mediterranean wheat; but no variety repays good cultivation so well, or yields so little when indifferently cultivated, as does this variety. Many of the more recent varieties of smooth, red wheats were derived from this old standard variety, which has been cultivated in many counties in Ohio for more than fifty years. The regularity of the rows of grain and the tightness of the chaff to the kernels show this to be a very desirable variety to cultivate. With proper selection of seed, and superior cultivation, the yield and quality may be wonderfully improved.

The Four Rowed Andriolo Wheat is of Italian origin, and has been but little disseminated and tested. It was grown to some extent by the late Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington. Mr. TODD says of it:—"This is a beautiful variety, prolific, stands the winters tolerably well, and early. The long awns, or rough beards, are an objection to it, as they are unpleasant to handle, and make so much chaff, which is a nuisance, when the straw is employed for feeding and littering sheep and horses. This variety has all the external characteristics of a perfect variety of grain; and were it properly cultivated, no doubt this would be one of the best varieties ever raised in America. The kernels of this variety are very uniform in appearance; and the variety is prolific."

AGRICULTURE IN COMMON SCHOOLS.

As thoughtful men survey the present state of Agriculture and discovering the necessity for improvement, cast about for the means of establishing some permanent system which shall lead forward the whole agricultural community to higher and grander results—they turn unerringly to our common schools. If farmers' sons are to be elevated above the mere traditional system of their fathers, they must be interested, intellectually, in the processes of agriculture, and the common school furnishes the only means of reaching this great mass of mind.

The RURAL was the early advocate of the introduction of agricultural science into common schools, and we are pleased to see that our new Commissioner of Agriculture is impressed with the same views. He says:—"Colleges are everywhere springing up, and the right men will, eventually, be found to fill professorships, and great good will finally result, while comparative successes will, for many years, be mingled with failures, in the numerous experiments growing out of these great educational enterprises. But the facilities to be furnished by these schools will never reach directly the great mass of the children in common public schools. Would it not be well to introduce into every district school in the country some primary works inculcating elementary principals of science in their application to the practice of agriculture? An interest in agricultural education would thus arise among the youth in common schools, from whose ranks our new industrial colleges would be filled." He then goes on to say that a series of manuals of foreign origin, upon Agricultural geology, chemistry, farm accounts, farm practice and domestic economy, have been submitted, as the basis of such instruction in common schools; but he comes to the rational conclusion that these works should be supplied by American writers. He says:—"The peculiar circumstances of American agriculture render necessary works expressly prepared to meet such conditions. Who is able to prepare one or more such manuals, in a manner worthy of the subject and of this progressive era? He who could worthily accomplish it would be a great public benefactor. There are good farmers who know little of science, and men of science with less knowledge of agriculture; but it is difficult to find a thoroughly scientific writer who is also thoroughly acquainted with agricultural practice, and is thus able to apply correctly the principles of abstract science to the processes of agriculture. A clear thinker, and a lucid writer, who could thus write truth with action, and marry thought to labor, would be worthy of higher honors than the greatest savans of the time."

Here the Commissioner has, no doubt, gone to the bottom foundation stone of what must be the basis of our future agricultural education—the common school. But American mind has already begun to develop these manuals. We have a better elementary treatise for primary schools, in "Waring's Elements of Agriculture," than can be found in any similar European production. Let there be a demand for these simple elementary works, and they will be produced suited to the purpose. The first thing to be done is to educate the public mind to the necessity of introducing this most important branch into our common schools.—E. W. S.

UNEQUAL YOKING.

FARMERS sometimes make what we regard as a great mistake in mating their working cattle, not heeding the injunction concerning unequal yoking. True, the advice has special reference to coupling men and women, still it is not the less applicable to the junction of animals of a lower grade. A large and small ox yoked together present anything but a pleasing sight. The incongruity is too glaring to give pleasure. In such cases it is customary to attempt an adjustment of the balance by giving the small ox an increased amount of leverage in the yoke, but the success of such a proceeding is rarely very conspicuous. There is an unequal coupling, too, with regard to temper, which it were better to avoid. A really vicious animal is rarely benefited by contact with one of an opposite character, while the latter is almost certain to deteriorate by the association. The better plan is, if you cannot match or mate properly from your own herd, to exchange with your neighbor. Failing in this, turn the animals over to the butcher where they can be prepared for the block.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Notes from Muskegon, Michigan.

DANIEL FINLEY gives some practical information about Northwestern Michigan. He writes:—"Our sandy soil, after being once well mixed, is very productive. First, it must needs be plowed, two teams being sufficient for first breaking. There is a heavy growth of vegetation, consisting of upland brakes, buffalo grass, besides several other kinds of grass that I do not know the name of. The ground in the state of nature, is covered with a heavy sward, and it takes a whole year to rot so as to plow comfortably. At the first plowing the ground is only fit for potatoes, rye, buckwheat, beans, sorghum, turnips, &c. No winter wheat, or corn, or oats, can be raised on the first plowing. The second plowing adapts it to wheat, corn, oats, &c., but the third is still better. We have one of the best fruit growing countries in the Western States; for peaches, apples, pears, plums and all small fruits. Grapes

DIEHL. TREADWELL. RED BLUE STEM. FOUR-ROWED ANDRIOLO.

especially do well, the lake breeze protecting our fruit. The farms are mostly homesteads entered, but many have now their deeds. Some of the first settlers bought and paid one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, and now have farms worth from eight to twenty-five dollars and upwards per acre. We have splendid sleighing in winter, which makes business lively, and nice steady summers. We are just beginning to raise produce to sell, and our market the very best. Good homes, good lands, good locations, can be got from five hundred to twelve hundred dollars, and some are worth still more; there is a chance for some to locate wild land, of 40 and 80 acres, though it is nearly all taken up."

How to Form a Farmers' Club.

H. A., Lexington, Mich., writes:—"We wish to organize a Farmers' Club in this county, and are at a loss for a constitution and laws for the same. Would you be kind enough, if you have any forms that would suit, to send one along?"

The less you have to do with laws and constitutions in organizing a Farmers' Club the better you will succeed. Form the Club first and make the laws when you need them. Let the farmers who are interested meet and appoint a Chairman and a Secretary. You are then ready to talk. Some one will propose a subject upon which the information and experience of the members are desired. The Secretary's pen should record the gist of what is said. Before the meeting closes it will fix the time of another. If expenses are incurred some members will "circulate the hat" and funds will be forthcoming to meet them. Subjects will be proposed for consideration at the next meeting, and some will write essays and collect special facts concerning them. By-and-by materials will accumulate and the Secretary will send the best of them to the Agricultural papers for publication. Your Club may get to be as famous as the one in Gotham, and after all you will never have or need a constitution or code of by-laws. We advise our friends to go ahead, get together and talk, and not stick and stumble over the organization.

How Came the Chess Here?

L. A. BEBEE, Wolcott, N. Y., writes:—"One year ago I purchased ten acres of land near this village. The year before, it was plowed and planted to corn. It had lain in meadow for several years previous. The next year after purchasing I sowed the same with oats and clean clover and timothy, on three acres of the same. I had a fair crop of oats, with no chess, and on the whole appeared a vigorous growth of chess last spring, and on that part seeded with grass matured finely. That part not seeded was well stocked with chess which I plowed in for corn. Now the question is, how came the chess? This is what puzzles me. Will you, or some of your intelligent readers give the desired information and oblige your humble correspondent."

The Seasons Repeating Themselves.

THE seasons like the members of a common family, possess, or carry with them, a general resemblance, still there are exceptional cases in which extremes destroy the general continuity. These are restricted to periods, so the observant say, of from seven to fourteen years. The present season is classed with the exceptional ones, a series of which are enumerated by B. F. J. in the Cultivator and Country Gentleman, in which the year 1854 is given much prominence as connected with the present one. This periodical recurrence of hot, dry seasons, is thought to establish the fact that they repeat themselves, with much regularity, once in seven years, but the most pronounced resemblance is found in those fourteen years apart. If this resemblance and repetition of the seasons, at stated periods is fully established, the farmer is supposed to be supplied with pretty certain data for the guidance of his farm operations on their periodical recurrence. He, having faith in the theory of a periodic recurrence of seasons will so diversify his crops as to leave the least possible margin for damage by drouth when the prescribed cycle is completed. How much may be gained or lost by acting on the assumption here noticed is left to the decision of those who, believing it true, make their farming operations conform to it.

From the Shenandoah Valley.

G. S. H., Harrisonburg, Va., writes:—"I formerly resided in Yates Co., N. Y., and having heard of the great chances South, for Northern men, started. Well, the consequence was I purchased a farm near Harrisonburg, Shenandoah Valley, and as far as I know of the climate, I think it far superior to Yates county. The wheat crop is rather light here this year, as it was injured very much by the fly. But corn and other spring grain look fine, and bid fair to be good crops. Potatoes of all varieties are doing well; I dug one hill of the Flukes on the first day of July, which is considered a very early variety, which contained fourteen good sized potatoes, one of these measured ten inches around it. Fruit is not so plenty as it is commonly; still, we have enough of all kinds. I will say there is plenty of land for sale in the Shenandoah Valley yet, and if you know of any good energetic men who want land, and are willing to work for a living, send them here; and all those who wish to make money without work, I would advise to stay away as we have enough of such here already. But men of energy can purchase land cheap and do well, for we are blest with a healthful climate, good churches and schools."

Early Corn.

S. N. HOLMES, Syracuse, N. Y., writes:—"Desirous of having some early corn this year *of my own*, I cut a quantity of sods six inches square, turned them over and scatched their backs, and then planted on each sod sweet corn enough for a hill and laid them along in my hot-bed under glass, about the middle of April last. On the 15th of May I set out a row of them without their knowledge or consent. The result is, now, July 4th, that row of corn is well tasseled out, with ears set for corn, making nearly a month's advance towards maturity earlier than by out-door planting."

Texas Cattle and Disease.

THE people of Texas are indignant at an act of Missouri by which cattle, from the former State, are denied the privilege of transit to market through the latter on the score of being diseased. This is denied by the Texas Farmer, which asserts that the prohibition is solely for the purpose of favoring the cattle growers of South Western Missouri, by excluding competition from the adjoining State. The charge of disease preferred against the cattle of Texas would seem to be discredited by the action of the St. Louis Board of Trade, which recommended a repeal of the law of exclusion.

MORE ABOUT CUTTING FODDER.

HOWEVER much repartee may please readers for the moment, plain, every-day facts and knock-down arguments are the desideratum in all our agricultural literature. If points cannot be maintained by unanswerable and ungetroundable arguments, then let all the puerile defections be fully unfolded to the scrutiny of the readers of the ubiquitous RURAL.

The chief point to which I shall direct my artillery in the lucubrations of E. W. S. in the RURAL of July 18th, on "Cutting Fodder," is what is said about fodder cutters. Why! my eyes stare as if I had seen a ghost in a dark night, at the suggestion that there are no fodder cutters with four knives that will cut fodder two inches long! I have read that part of E. W. S.'s letter over three times to see if he did really say so. Why, my dear sir, if you will go with me to Boston, New Haven, New York, Baltimore, Chicago, and numerous other cities, I will point out fodder cutters enough that will cut two inches long, to form one unbroken line of implements from New York to Philadelphia. Surely, some old fogy farmer in his dotage must have suggested to E. W. S. that I "am not posted" as to the merits and operations of fodder cutters. If there were a fodder cutter within five hundred miles of my residence that I am not perfectly familiar with, I would make an especial journey, at my own expense, to examine it. It is a great reproach to American mechanics, to have it proclaimed to the world that with all their inventive genius and boasted mechanical skill, they have not been able to bring out a cutter that will cut fodder two inches long. Why, the machines can be adjusted to cut fodder six inches long, with perfect ease, if desirable.

E. W. S. affirms that farmers are now purchasing machines to cut their fodder three-eighths or five-eighths long, and that he desires to have fodder cut one-eighth long. I do not *object* to cutting fodder into fine mince meat, and afterwards grinding it into pulp. The point that I have argued still continues to be the same as stated in the Agricultural Report for 1866, which "E. W. S." takes some exceptions to. I say to farmers who think they can make it pay to cut their fodder fine and then to grind and steam it, to continue the practice. But, I do not retract one whit from my position in the Agricultural Report, as nearly all practical feeders will coincide perfectly with what I there recorded.

I could always make it pay a satisfactory profit to cut everything but *prime* hay; and I did cut much of that for the sake of mingling it with other fodder. But, taking the country through, I think it is safe to affirm that not one-fourth part of the farmers can be induced to try the experiment of chaffing most of their coarse fodder, simply on account of *the expense* of the necessary fixtures and conveniences for cutting fodder. A $30 straw-cutter is a very small part of the apparatus required when a farmer contemplates feeding cut fodder to a few animals. One cannot engineer all his cutting apparatus in a seven-by-nine barn. Besides this, hardly one farmer in ten can be persuaded to believe that it will be for his interest to hire the money, pay interest on it from year to year, relying on the assurance that by cutting his fodder, enough will certainly be saved to pay the interest on the machinery, and on the cost of other fixtures. The great mass of farmers are in straightened circumstances. They have a place for every dollar before it is received for their labor and crops. Besides this, many of them are excellent financiers. They can count the cost of enlarging a building to a sufficient size to enable them to operate advantageously. They can compute the cash expense of machines. Then, if they have but a few animals, and are required to hire a man or two, at great wages, to cut every pound of fodder and to mingle every bushel of feed, they perceive, at a glance, that they cannot make the enterprise pay on such a limited scale of operation; and we may better save our breath to blow our hot pudding with, than to attempt to convince such farmers that they can, after all, make it pay to purchase machinery to cut their fodder for only a few animals. It will not pay to purchase a horse-power and large cutter simply to cut the feed of a single cow and one horse. We all agree on this point. Now then, as the number of animals is increased, we approximate the point where it *will* pay. Then, as we still go on beyond that paying point, the profits continue to be more and more satisfactory. In order to make everything pay, it *must do* something. A farmer could not make it pay to purchase a mower and reaper to cut three or four acres only of grass and grain. And yet, the next door neighbor who has fifty or more acres, *knows*—there is no guess work about it—that it *does* pay a satisfactory interest to employ a mower and reaper to aid in securing his crops.

The *cost* of every operation and all the circumstances which affect the expense, must be computed, when we advocate cutting, grinding and steaming fodder. A judicious manager must always be governed by his circumstances. If a man has money in advance of debts, better invest it in such labor-saving machinery as he needs, even if he cannot see that the operation is likely to pay equal to a bond and mortgage, than to *not* cut his fodder.

I am pleased to hear that E. W. S. is able to announce a machine for *grinding* fodder at a satisfactory profit. I hope it will soon appear; and that it will prove a triumphant success. What I pen today is often read by a million or more of people to-morrow; and it would afford me transcendent satisfaction to be able to make the announcement of such a valuable labor-saving machine as he alludes to. Yet, we must bear in mind, that it will require the expenditure of a large amount of steam

power, or horse power, to grind a ton of any kind of fodder. On a large scale, the operation can be made to pay with such machinery as is now in use.

New York July 25, 1868. S. EDWARDS TODD.

REMARKS.—We give the above with some reluctance, the subject having been already amply discussed. However, as his opponent "opened the ball," we give Mr. TODD the last word, and think E. W. S. can afford to allow the matter to rest without reply.—EDS.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

SHALL WE KEEP OUR SHEEP?

A WISCONSIN acquaintance writes us, under date of July 11th:

"Is it best to hang on to our sheep? The produce of the ram I bought of ——— average five and a half pounds of wool per head, and I can barely get 40 cents a pound for it. My luck with lambs last spring was good. I raised 102 per cent. My land is worth ten dollars an acre—but my sheep run most of the summer on uninclosed land belonging to non-residents; and in the winter I feed corn stalks, which count me but little. But it is slow business compared with what dairying used to be in Old Herkimer [N. Y.] I gave six dollars a head for my sheep, and the best offer I can now get for them, old and young, is three. When will this long lane of low wool prices find its turning? I have been a full believer in the tariff, but why don't it work? When *will* it work? I would like to stick to the sheep if I can, for I am past hard work. JOHN and EDWARD went to California two years ago. MARY is married and keeps house eight miles from here—and I don't want to go into grain raising again with hired help. I, like a fool, dropped off the RURAL about a year since, but shall write MOORE for it immediately. Do you see any signs of better times for sheep and wool?"

This letter, not intended for publication, represents the feelings, and, approximately the circumstances, of many persons in the West,—and we shall therefore reply to it here. We have not a doubt that it *is* best for the owners of such sheep "to hang on" to them—especially where, as in the above case, circumstances do not render a change of business convenient or at all necessary.

Is it really a starving business now to grow sheep as our correspondent is growing there? Each fleece, it appears, sells for $2.20. Each ewe raises a lamb, and each lamb after weaning is worth $3.00. The cost of keeping as described is small—certainly less than a dollar a year per head. Putting the expense of keep at $1.00 per head, and charging seven per cent. interest on present value of dams, we have, saying nothing of manure, within a cent of $4.00 a head—over 100 per cent.—annual net profit on the breeding flock. Two or three hundred sheep netting $800 or $1,200, without any material additional labor on the farm, except shearing and foddering in winter, is a pretty good investment! We doubt whether in "Old Herkimer," taking one farm with another, and one year with another, as much clear profit on money and labor invested, is realized in dairying. We wish the flock masters of the East could do half as well. But Eastern farmers have no ten dollar an acre sheep lands—and free summer pasturage: nor have they cornstalks, paid for by the crop, and worth but a trifle to sell.

Then, friend ———, is there not another quite an essential difference between your present and your Herkimer Co. experience? There you, your wife, your two then young sons and your daughter, were the slaves of a dairy. Twice every day, from early spring to late autumn, Sundays and week days, rain or shine, the household must be on hand to milk. The churning and butter working were everlastingly going on. Not for a day could you or your wife be absent. For about nine months in the year your cows and your butter held you "prisoners at hard labor." And what a time you had with your great gang of hands in haying—mowing over scores and scores of acres of grass—to be entirely consumed by your cows in winter—not like your sheep feed now, first paid for by a crop. But I need not describe to *you* the moil and the turmoil, the constant hurry and scurry of a large dairy farm.

How differently are you situated now! You have a little extra care at lambing time—a little extra labor at shearing—and the sheep, like the cows, must be foddered in winter. But during a great portion of the season, your flock costs you no trouble or labor worth mentioning. You can attend to other matters, or *play* all summer. The female members of your family have no additional labor growing out of your ownership of sheep. They can cook, sew, knit,

"Gar auld clothes look almaist as well as new,"

read, and go a visiting, at their option—finding time to enjoy the pleasures as well as to discharge the duties of life. To make butter requires constant milking, constant churning and constant working over. Wool makes itself. It grows whether you are asleep or awake, whether you are at home or abroad, whether you are at work or at rest. We don't believe in laziness—but we do believe in products which give the best returns for the least labor. If the sheep farmer *wants* to work every "week day" in the year and do chores Sundays, he can combine other objects with wool growing; and the latter does not either by its cares or its labors preclude him from so doing. It is the most convenient and suitable adjunct of tillage husbandry.

When will this long lane of low wool prices find its turning? When will the tariff work? We will answer the last question first; and you would have needed no answer to it had you not "dropped off the RURAL." The tariff works, and works most effectually, now. In our issue, two weeks since, we showed that the imports of wool, at New York, for the first six months of the respective years, fell off from $4,143,173 in 1866, to $1,105,945 in 1868: and in Boston, from 15,745,696 lbs. in 1866, to 5,331,887 lbs. in 1868. No sensible man asks for absolute prohibition, for that would beget absolute monopoly: and no free people will endure, or ought to endure, monopoly. The tariff lessens the foreign competition far enough—as far as our interests require, or prudence dictates.

And what can any protective tariff possibly do to benefit the protected parties, except to reduce foreign competition to such limits? Can it enact that the people shall consume more? Can it compel the manufacturer to buy more of the raw material than the consumption requires—or pay a higher price for it than it will sell at in its manufactured state?

It used to be the adopted theory of explanation when wool prices were depressed, that it was because woolens were better protected than wool. This traditional cry is occasionally revived now under the present tariff by a few very ignorant or very shallow persons. It is certain that without a protective tariff, wool must be low—for we cannot grow it as cheaply as it is grown in some other countries; but when wool is *sufficiently* protected, it is decidedly for the interest of the grower that the manufacturer should also be *sufficiently* protected. Otherwise he cannot possibly compete with the foreign manufacturer who works the cheaper wools of other countries. And when he cannot thus compete, not only his mills must stop but domestic wool growing must stop. We cannot export wool for sale. If the domestic grower cannot compete with cheap foreign wools in our own market, he certainly cannot compete with the same wools in the markets of Europe where his own pay equal duties.

So long as the tariff compels the manufacturer to buy domestic in preference to foreign wool, the more protection he receives the better it is for the immediate interests of the grower. If he got twice as high a per centage of protection as the grower, it would not only enable him to buy more wool, but compel him to buy more domestic wool. And the larger his demand the better of course would be prices. But this would not serve the ultimate interests of the grower, because a tariff giving enormous and unreasonable protection,—protection which confers monopoly,—to any special interest, never will be, and never ought to be, long tolerated by the American people: and the reaction against excessive protection, almost invariably proceeds to the opposite extreme, and sweeps away all protection. To be stable, a tariff must be reasonable—that is, it must be just to the consumer. The consumers are always the vast majority compared with the persons engaged in any one or two special industrial pursuits—and in democratic governments majorities control legislation.

Therefore it was that framers of the present tariff who represented the wool growing interest, first sought to establish a proper and just tariff on wool—a tariff which might reasonably be expected to stand: and then they sought to limit the tariff on woolens as near as practicable by the same boundaries. That the manufacturer obtained no exclusive advantage, and no greater advantage in any respect, than the grower, the result has demonstrated. The depression which has reigned so long in the wool market, has reigned equally in the woolen market. The manufacturers have suffered equally with the growers throughout. Nearly all of the mills have run short time, and many have run at an actual loss. Some substantial firms have broken down—and others have been crippled. Without that basis of experience, skill and solid capital on which these establishments generally rest, nearly all of them would have failed.

When is this "long lane" of depression and disaster to the two interests to find its "turning"—when is this prostration of those interests to cease? Not until its *causes* cease. What are those causes? On this subject we will quote a resolution passed by the N. Y. State Wool Growers' Association, December, 1867:

"That prominent among these disturbing causes has been the vast over-supply of woolens in our markets on the passage of said tariff, occasioned in part by the extraordinary stimulus given to domestic manufactures by the war, and still more by enormous and disproportioned importations of foreign goods made in anticipation of an increase of duties, while the subject was pending in Congress. That this over-supply has been slowly reduced by consumption, owing to the necessity of the American manufacturer constantly to make additions to it, or stop his mills and throw his laborers out of employ; owing to short crops in the West and famine crops in the South in 1866, and the comparative failure of the cotton crop in 1867, which vastly diminished the usual means of purchase and consequently the amount of consumption; owing to other obvious circumstances which have depressed and are severely depressing trade in some of the States; and owing to the high taxation, and general condition of monetary affairs which have enjoined on the prudent portion of the rural population, at least, of our whole country, the necessity of reducing their expenses in this and all other practicable directions."

And this resolution might have added that the Government itself was for a considerable period, subsequent to the war, a serious competitor with both the growing and manufacturing interest, by flooding the market with its surplus army woolen goods vastly below their cost and far below their value.

We do not choose to hazard any predictions as to the precise period when all these disturbing causes will have ceased to operate, and given place to a sound and healthy condition of things. It is obviously impossible to foretell a fact dependent upon both natural and political circumstances which have not yet occurred. But the soundest men in both industries believe they have undoubtedly touched bottom, and will henceforth improve. Reasoning from all the analogies of the past, and from all the natural laws and principles of trade, the period is approaching and is not far distant, when, if the present tariff is preserved, the wool and woolen interests of the country will again be prosperous, and doubtless enter upon a long career of success. And the growers who cling to their valuable improved sheep will then be in the best condition to reap the rich harvest.

IMPORTS OF WOOL.

IN our statement of the imports of wool at New York, in the RURAL of July 25th, instead of obtaining all of our statistics from the officers of the Custom House, as we usually do and should have done in this instance, we were foolish enough, in order to save ourselves a little trouble, to cut the imports of 1867 and 1868 from the New York Economist; and they contained an error which is thus corrected by the U. S. Assistant Appraiser, having wools in charge, at New York:

OFFICE OF THE APPRAISER, PORT OF NEW YORK, NEW YORK, July 30th, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of 25th inst., I notice a statement of the importation of wool at this port for the first six months of 1867 and 1868.

In that statement it states, for 1867, 1,717 bales, 1,390,107 lbs. wool imported from Mexico. This is evidently an error, as I did not have one pound of wool from Mexico during that year. My impression is the printer has intended it for the "Cisplatine Republic," instead of Mexico. And, by the way, this "Cisplatine Republic," I presume, means "Uruguay," of which the port of "Montevideo" is the shipping point, "Cisplatine Republic" being obsolete.

The statement for 1868 is correct (1,050 lbs. from Mexico.) The Committee saw the sample of that wool. You, no doubt, will recollect it, as the importer entered it at 3 cts. duty, and it was returned by me at 10 cts. per lb., and 11 per cent. *ad valorem*.

I have thought best to call your attention to this error, as exception might be made to it.

Very truly yours, J. A. BAUSH.

Hon. H. S. RANDALL, Cortland Village.

SAMPLES.—P. B., St. Louis, Mo. The sample of wool sent is fine enough, but has a frothy, light look, and a well defined joint a little below the middle, so that it is easily drawn apart. This was produced by disease, or a period of very low condition. This wool is a poor article.

The sample forwarded by a "Penn. Subscriber" is very long for time of growth, but must be thin or the fleece would have weighed more. The fineness and style are quite too deficient for a ram to breed up a grade flock with. To grade up a flock from coarse ewes, rapidly and well, requires both of those points decidedly exhibited. A ram of the highest blood and quality—of qualities thoroughly *established* in his individual family, is the proper one, and in the end the cheapest one, to grade up with. The sample sent may be from a *pure blood* animal, but it is not superior to and has much the appearance of wool having a not very remote cross of common blood.

Dairy Department.

CHEESE MAKING.

T. B. S., Columbus, Miss., writes:—"Please give us a plain, detailed recipe for making cheese for family use. It would be much appreciated by your Southern subscribers, who know very little of the process."

It is difficult to present in a satisfactory form, without illustrations, the process of cheese making, even though familiar with it. It is assumed that the necessity of having pure or clean milk is an indispensable pre-requisite for making good cheese, also that the rennet, for curding, shall have been properly prepared. This is an important preliminary to cheese making. The second stomach of a calf six weeks old, brought up on the cow, is said to make the best,—though the last condition is not indispensable. Some salt and preserve the stomach whole,—but the general practice is to empty it, retaining the skin only for use. This should lie in the pickle for a year, or at least for several months, before being used. Farmers' wives, accustomed to cheese making, always keep a stock of rennets on hand, preserving one or more each year. After remaining in pickle till well salted, the rennets are taken out and stretched over a board or hoop and thoroughly dried. They are then packed away in a jar for use. When needed, a small portion is cut off over night and soaked in salt and water for use the following day. Trial alone can determine the proper quantity. If too little is used the fact will be disclosed by the tardiness of the milk in curding, or by the imperfect manner in which the process is accomplished. The remedy, in this case, is more rennet. An excessive quantity will tend to give a strong tinge to the cheese it would not otherwise have, though much of the excess will pass off in the whey.

Where farmers have but a few cows it is good policy for several to club their milk, as a good sized cheese can thus be made by each in succession. All that is required is to use pure milk and weigh it to the party using it till the cycle of contributors is completed, and then repeat as long as it is desirable to continue the manufacture. This is called "changing milk," which, among honest parties, works well. But if resort be had to the spring, pump, or well, for the purpose of augmenting the pounds of milk, the chances are that the fraud will be detected without the aid of a lactometer, then good-bye to the harmony of that neighborhood. Whether cheese is to be made from single or double milkings, it is important to have it of the proper temperature before adding the rennet. This can be ascertained when the milk is all in the tub and well mingled. If much below 85° the temperature should be raised to it by heating all, or a portion, to mix with the mass, till this point is reached. The rennet, say half a pint or so for a medium cheese, is then added, a cloth thrown over the tub and left undisturbed for about an hour. The process of curding will then have been completed, when it is customary to break the mass up finely in the whey and leave it for about half an hour. By this time the curd will have settled to the bottom, when the whey may be dipped out and the curd broken up and gathered into a mass on one side of the cheese tub, which should be tilted on one edge for that purpose. Here it is allowed to remain for a further draining. When the whey ceases to flow the curd is broken a second time into fine sections and left to settle a little. When the whey is mainly out the curd may be placed in a sieve to prevent the escape of any of the smaller particles, and allowed to drain still more. After the whey ceases to flow, the mass should be placed in a cheese cloth and put into the hoop and subjected to a light pressure for half an hour, when it is taken out, cut into slices and broken up finely. It is then put into a dry cheese cloth, spread evenly over the surface to prevent ridging, placed in the press and subjected to the necessary pressure to make it into a compact mass. The board on the top of the cheese, upon which the power is to act, should fit nicely into the hoops, so as to make as even a surface as possible. After an interval of two or three hours the cheese should be taken out, and if ridges on the upper edge have formed, they should be pared off smoothly, the cheese inverted on a clean, dry cloth, and replaced in the press, where it should remain under pressure for twenty-four or thirty-six hours. It should then be removed and fine salt rubbed in by the hand over the entire surface, as long as the mass will absorb it, after which it is placed in a dry cloth and returned to the press. The following day salt is again rubbed over the cheese and the pressing continued for another day. A third salting and pressing is sometimes given to the cheese, when it is deemed sufficiently manipulated for removal to the cheese room, where it is turned daily for three or four weeks. It is then supposed to be sufficiently cured for use. If designed for market, it is customary, with some, to scrape and paint the surface, while others, we believe, omit this part of the performance. It requires practice to make good cheese, a lack of which no written directions, however minute, can supply.

AIRING MILK—A DESIDERATUM.

ALLUDING to the newly invented milk agitators now used in many of the cheese factories, the Utica Herald adds:—"What really is needed, and it is what we have urged from time to time, is some simple apparatus for airing the milk as well as cooling it before it goes into the can at the milk barn. When such an invention shall have been made and put into general use, we shall begin to manufacture cheese of that pure, delicate flavor which obtains among some of the Cheddar dairies of England."

Does not this imply that these dairies are in possession of the precise "invention" needed, and if so, is it not possible to obtain it by asking, or for a consideration? The writer in the Herald has been among the Cheddar dairies of England, and if they had in use any invention by which milk can be improved before undergoing the process of manufacture, it is natural to suppose, from the consideration accorded him, that this invention, did they possess one, would have been explained and its free use proffered for the benefit of transatlantic dairymen.

MILK COOLERS.

EVER since the extension of the dairy system, consequent on the introduction of cheese and butter factories, efforts have been made to improve the methods of cooling the milk and of eliminating the animal odor pertaining to it while imparting an equable temperature. Dr. JENNINGS of Dunkirk, recently advertised a cooling apparatus in the RURAL, which promised well, and which a recent trial at Mina, N. Y., has made good, according to a certificate of the experiments published in the Utica Herald. Forty-nine pounds of milk were put into the JENNINGS refrigerator, and an equal quantity into the Orange county pans, with a common temperature, when the cream was rising and when cleansed, which was at the expiration of thirty-six hours. The milk in the refrigerator produced two pounds of butter, and that in the pans one pound and fourteen ounces. The difference is not very great, a single trial being considered,—but, running through the season, the gain would be an item worthy of consideration. The milk in the cans was a foot deep, and in the refrigerator two and a-half inches, which probably accounts for the difference in quantity of butter made. A new cooler has recently been introduced among the dairymen of Illinois, which is said to combine many desirable features, cooling the milk almost instantaneously. It is thought the system of milk cooling has nearly reached perfection. In cooling milk, whatever the apparatus used, it is thought a room of the temperature of 75° and the water 40°, is deemed about right for butter. When the cream is churned, a temperature of 62° is deemed about the right thing.

THE DAIRY INTEREST.

THE farmers in Northern Illinois, like those in Central New York, pay much attention to the dairy branch of farming. Like the latter, too, they have their "Dairy Clubs," at the meetings of which particular attention is paid to meadows and and pastures, these being essential to dairy products. At a recent meeting of the Fox River Club, surface stimulants, for renovating exhausted meadows and pastures, found special favor. Twelve loads of manure spread on an acre of worn out, gravelly meadow, produced two tons of hay. Leached ashes, which had been undisturbed for twenty years, were applied by one member, when one load was found equal, in invigorating power, to four loads of barnyard manure. The old method of spreading manure and plowing it under was deemed unwise, especially if followed by a crop of corn, as the grubs were almost certain to destroy it. If worn lands are manured before plowing, it is safer to crop with oats than with corn. Top dressing exhausted low land, and was not less beneficial than on the more elevated ones. In re-seeding such lands without backing them up, it was important to give them a thorough harrowing, enabling the seed to germinate readily and the plants to appropriate the invigorating forces contained in the top dressing.

The Stable, &c.

HORSES.—POWER OF SCENT.

A WRITER in Tait's Magazine passes a high encomium on the acuteness of scent possessed by the horse by which the animal is enabled to make his way over the roughest road during the profoundest darkness of night. In view of this fact he says: "Never check your horse at night, but give him free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safe." The "scent" part is all right, but the expeditious progress depends upon circumstances. As an instance: An eccentric man residing in the backwoods some miles south of Erie, Pa., left that village, now city, on horseback at about ten o'clock of a very dark night. Getting fairly upon the road, the horse was given his head, and, to make the time seem as short as possible, the party thought he would close his eyes and recite the "Bride of Abydos," as a means of whiling away the time, which, with many other pieces, he knew perfectly well. It was his impression that the piece would occupy most of the time necessary to reach home. He closed his eyes accordingly and commenced aloud the recitation. He felt the motion of the horse for a time, but, warming with his subject, all else was forgotten till the piece was concluded. He then opened his eyes, which were not of much use owing to the profound darkness; nevertheless, by the aid of these and his other organs, he discovered that the horse had come to a halt by the road side and was quietly feeding from a cock of hay which lay within reach over a low fence! Instead of the keen scent of the horse serving to aid in his homeward course, it detected the hay as well as the road, and, as appetite preferred the former, the consequence was that not a mile had been gained towards home while the "Bride of Abydos" was being expended on the desert air! In this case a "free head" to the horse was not synonymous with progress because the scent of the hay was more inviting than that of the road homeward.

HORSES IN FLY TIME.

THE fly, insignificant as it is in size and devoid of the power of doing any great harm, is one of the most annoying of the insect tribe. A nuisance to man, the fly is the terror of the horse, whose flesh is made to quiver whenever the foot of one touches him. It is, therefore, an act of humanity to come to the aid of the horse, powerful as he is, against his nimble assailant, the fly. Here is a recipe which is said to be an excellent defense against it. At all events a trial of it will not involve much expense, nor will it do harm should it prove unavailing as a defense to the horse:—"Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; when cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz: between and upon the ears, the neck, flank, etc. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive benefit from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months."

DISEASE IN THE STABLE.—The North British Agriculturist attributes much of the disease in stables to the exclusion of the necessary quantity of light, a fair share of which is deemed as essential to animal growth as to vegetable. When stables or other inclosures, are kept in comparative darkness, filth is apt to be overlooked, from which unwholesome gases are continually exhaling, rendering the air unsuited to the demands of animal life. This conclusion is, in every aspect, a reasonable one, and should challenge the attention of every stock grower. Extreme darkness or garishness—especially in the case of fattening animals—is to be avoided, as along this medium line runs the pathway of healthfulness to stable stock and of profitableness to the owner.

FRENCH DRAFT HORSES.—Several parties in Ohio and Illinois are making purchases of draft horses in France for the purpose of introducing the breed into those sections. Several have already arrived, others are on the way with more to follow soon. This style of horse is regarded with much favor by the dealers in horse stock.

Rural Notes and Items.

A GOOD HARVEST SEASON.—The memory of that universal witness, the oldest inhabitant, would be severely taxed to recall from the annals of the past a season more favorable for the gathering in of the summer harvest than the present one has been. Both hay and wheat, in nearly all sections of the country, have been secured in admirable order, while the quantity of each compares favorably with that of the most productive seasons. Most harvest seasons are characterized by considerable falls of rain, retarding work and, not infrequently, doing considerable damage both to the hay and wheat crops. The present one, over a wide section of country, has proved an exception, and, be the yield what it may, it is a satisfaction to know that the crop has been garnered in good order.

COMBINED REAPER AND BINDER.—The reaper has been an institution in the land for a series of years, and though uniting all the requirements of a grain cutter, still something was lacking to complete the business, and that was an attachment which should make the cutting and binding of the grain a simultaneous operation. Several attempts to combine these movements have been made by different parties, but hitherto without success. Within the past year, however, J. F. GORDON, formerly a resident of this county, but latterly of Michigan, has made the combination desired. The Reaper and Binder was manufactured in this city, and tested on several occasions last week on the farm of WILLIAM OTIS, in the town of Gates, in the presence of a number of practical farmers and mechanics, whose united expression was *Eureka*. Suffice it to say that the grain falls upon a platform in the usual way, when a rake, at stated intervals, carries it across to an iron arm, which clasps and compresses it, simultaneously investing it with a wire band, which is twisted into a knot and severed. The arm then releases the sheaf, as it rises for another one, and the bound bundle falls, longitudinally in the swarth, to the ground. As an experiment the trial was all that could have been reasonably expected, as it is always difficult to combine by a first effort all the points of a complicated machine so perfectly that use will not disclose more or less defects. In this case there is nothing lacking in the machine itself, but to render its action what it should be, an enlargement of the platform and a greater elevation of it from the ground are desirable;—the first to increase the size of the bundles, and the latter to permit their free and easy discharge from the Reaper. With these amendments, which are easily made when the manufacture of the machines is commenced, the farming community will be presented with a reaper which will do its own binding, and thus dispense with the labor, hard to be got, of five or six men, which a common reaper requires. It may be added that the cost of wire per acre is about twenty cents. The manufacture of these machines is to be commenced at once, as full faith is entertained that the demand for them will be ample for an extended outlay.

CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.—The yards of the Union Stock Company, Chicago, have involved a heavy expense. The yards embrace 346 acres. Occupied by pens, 100; hotel and other business, 45; land for new pens, 200; cattle accommodated, 21,000; hogs, 75,000; sheep, 22,000; horse stalls, 200. Total animals accommodated, 118,000. Underdrainage, 31 miles; streets and alleys, 7; water troughs, 10. Number of gates, 2,300; open pens, 1,500; covered pens, 1,500; tanks, 342,000 gallons; lumber used, 22,000,000 feet; nails, 500,000 lbs. Cost of the whole, $685,000.

DROUTH IN CANADA.—The Cayuga Sentinel reports the wheat crop harvested, and the yield above the average; but barley, oats and peas have suffered severely by the drouth. As for potatoes, the Sentinel says if it does not rain soon there will not be ten bushels dug within a radius of five miles of that place. The Expositor, Perth, reports the drouth equally severe in that region, and that rain had been publicly invoked in the Churches of that place on a recent occasion.

DITCHING MACHINES.—A correspondent from Essex Co., Va., asks for information about "Choate's Ditcher." We know nothing about it, and do not think it is advertised, which accounts for the ignorance of the public regarding its merits, if, indeed, it has any. Persons wishing to buy ditching machines, or, indeed, any farm implements, will do best to examine those which are well advertised, as their proprietors are men of energy, and are apt to have the best and latest improvements.

FIRE IN OR ON THE MOUNTAINS.—The Denver News mentions the occurrence of a devastating fire, which commenced near Equator lode, consuming everything combustible in its course. The heat was so intense as to be sensibly felt at a distance of a mile and a half. At one point eight yoke of oxen were consumed, together with five thousand cords of wood. The face of the mountain presents a blackened and ghastly appearance.

REGULATIONS AT STATE FAIRS.—We have received the Regulations and List of Premiums of the Agricultural Societies of New York and Wisconsin, whose annual Fairs will be held, the former at Rochester, commencing Sept. 29th, and the latter at Madison, opening on the 28th of the same month. The aggregate of premiums offered in each case is fully $10,000.

NORMAL SCHOOL, EDENBORO, PA.—We have received the annual catalogue of this school for 1867-8, and infer from it that the school is in a highly prosperous condition. The attendance is two hundred females and one hundred and ninety-six males. The school year is divided into three terms, the cost for each varying from $30 to $60.

SEASON AND CROPS IN ALABAMA.—F. A. D., Camden, Alabama, under date of July 20th, writes:—"The immense rains have been late and partial. The corn crop has been more or less injured—in some sections very materially—by the drouth. The cotton crop promises well; it will be, perhaps, more than an average one if the caterpillar does not appear."

MOWERS AND REAPERS.—According to manufacturing statistics, it appears that the farmers of the United States invest fifteen millions annually in mowing and reaping machines. One hundred thousand of these machines are required each year to meet the increased expansion of farming operations.

HATCHED BY THE SUN.—The Concord (N. H.) Patriot notes two instances in which eggs were hatched by the heat of the sun during the recent warm term. In both instances the nests had been prematurely abandoned by the hen.

FARMING ON THE PRAIRIES.—A farmer in Illinois is breaking up ten thousand acres of prairie land, which will be sown to wheat for the first time the coming fall. He has also planted out three hundred and twenty miles of hedge fence.

A GOOD BAG HOLDER.—We are assured by a friend who has examined it that the new, patent Bag Holder, advertised in this paper, is a very good thing, and therefore commend it to the attention of farmers and others.

A FARMER GOVERNOR.—The Governor of Kansas is reputed to be one of the most successful agriculturists in that State. His wheat yield the present season was ten thousand bushels.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—Governor ENGLISH of Connecticut has accepted the invitation to deliver the annual address at the New England Fair, to be held in New Haven the first week in September.

THE wheat crop is harvested in nearly all parts of Indiana, and is the best grown there for a long time.

HORTICULTURAL.

AUGUST CULTIVATION.

THE garden should be throughly cultivated and cleared from weeds in August. At this time many of its products are maturing and further cultivation evidently will not improve them. So it is apt to be neglected. But the weeds grow, and the garden that was a model of order and neatness early in the season, becomes at the end unsightly and given over to the occupancy of weeds. These mature seed and the battle must be fought over the next season, and the enemy has the advantage of heavy reinforcements. Clean culture in August will put a stop to the seeding of weeds, for except chickweed, no common one infesting our garden will mature its seed if its growth date from this month. Cultivation this month also facilitates the harvesting of the crops and lessens the labor of preparing the soil for future ones.

Hoed crops on the farm are materially benefited by cultivation in August. Running the shovel plow lightly among potatoes freshens the earth and destroys many weeds, rendering the harvesting more expeditious. If weeds and grass are removed from the corn they will not start again this year. The labor of removing them might be made profitable if turnip seed were scattered on the stirred earth. If the corn be cut early the turnips will have time ere winter for considerable growth, and a short fodder crop, or supply of fall feed be materially helped.

As a general rule the orchard, vineyard and fruit garden should receive its final cultivation for the season in August. It is not further growth of wood which is desirable, but the maturity of that already produced, and this end is best attained by letting the soil rest.

A VINEYARD ON EVERY FARM.

SOME day in the future the art and practice of wine making will be as familiar and universal amongst us as the manufacture of cider is now. And the juice of the grape, properly prepared, is greatly superior to that of the apple in strength and health-giving elements. It is an easy matter for the majority of farmers to provide ample supplies of wine for their household use at a comparatively trifling cost. A half acre in each hundred of cultivated land, set with vines of hardy varieties, would be sufficient, if well cared for, to furnish both fruit and wine for the number of people occupying, on the average, that area. Doubtless there are limited regions in our country where grapes would not succeed,—but the area is vast where they would thrive to a sufficient degree to make the growing of them for family use satisfactory, although it might be far from profitable to raise them for market. In any neighborhood or locality where a solitary vine does well, it is certain that enough others will thrive to supply the wants of the population. By such universal planting only can we hope to see the rural population of our land supplied with fruit and wine, for the products of the favored grape regions, where the culture is carried on extensively, will be mostly absorbed by cities.

Let every farmer have his vineyard, as well as his orchard; not planted with a view to selling its products, but to consuming them in his own family. It is pretty safe to assert that where apple trees will flourish, some varieties of grapes will do tolerably well alongside of them. The manufacture of wine for home use should be conducted almost precisely like that of cider. Have the fruit ripe and clean; mash it and press out the juice with care. Let it ferment a few days, like good cider, then rack it, cleanse the casks and refill them. Bung tight and rack again early in the spring, and the third time on the approach of hot weather. Have sound, sweet casks; keep them full, and store in a clean, cool cellar, and your beverage will excel in grateful flavor and healthful, exhilerating effects, when the hard labor and hot suns of summer tempt its trial. It is as easy and simple to make good wine as good cider. The yield of wine would probably average four hundred gallons per acre, from well cultivated vineyards of strong, hardy varieties like the Concord, Ives and Clinton.

CULTIVATION OF THE PEACH.

WE extract some paragraphs on the above subject from a pamphlet on the capabilities of Delaware as a fruit growing state, by H. T. WILLIAMS, Agricultural Editor of the N. Y. Independent. The remarks will apply to all the peach growing region of Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey. In commenting on the management of a peach orchard, the writer says:

The peach, in this climate, is naturally a great bearer, and this fact has led many unreflecting persons to believe that an orchard required but very little attention, hence the surprisingly short life of many trees. They bear abundantly for a few years, when the tree and fruit rapidly deteriorate. *The fertility of the soil is exhausted.* This is especially the case in the thin, light, sandy soil where, by many, peach trees are supposed to do the best. This is a mistake. A deep loam with a clay subsoil is much better for the peach, and an orchard will live and bear longer in such than in a light, sandy soil. The particular cultivation an orchard should receive will, therefore, be determined by the nature of the soil.

An almost total neglect of pruning has characterized the culture of most orchards with which I am acquainted. The tree is allowed to have its *natural* way. This might do in its native climate, but we should reflect that the peach is indigenous to another and warmer climate, and the whole system of cultivation here is in a great measure artificial. A tree under proper management will commence to bear at three years and produce a very considerable crop at four. Up to this time the growth of branches has been tolerably uniform, and the head starting out about two and a half or three feet from the ground presents a rounded, well-shaped appearance. The fruit is borne upon the shoots of the previous year's growth, which are found uniformly distributed over the head of the tree. But in a year or two the principal outside branches, growing rapidly, become long, slim and awkward looking, while the growth in the center of the head is dwarfed or killed out. The growth of the fruit occurs at the end of the long slim branches, and besides being imperfect from the feeble supply of sap, are likely to split off at the body of the tree or break somewhere in its length. Now, a judicious system of pruning will obviate this, and besides producing a more handsome tree and better fruit, will keep an orchard in good bearing condition for twenty years or more while under the ordinary careless management three or four good crops are as many as most orchards furnish. The following, from DOWNING's work on "Fruits and Fruit Trees," embodies the enlightened experience of the most successful pomologist of this country:—"At the end of February, or as early in the spring as may be, we commence pruning. This consists only of *shortening-in*, that is, cutting half the last year's growth over the whole outside of the head of the tree, and also of the inner branches. As the usual average growth is from one to two feet, we shall take off from six to twelve inches. It need not be done with precise measurement; indeed the strongest shoots should be shortened back most in order to bring up the others, and any long or projecting limbs that destroy the balance of the head should be cut back to a uniform length. This brings the tree into a well-rounded shape. By reducing the wood one-half, we at the same time reduce the coming crop one-half in number. The remaining half, receiving all the sustenance of the tree, are of double the size. The young shoots which start out abundantly from every part of the tree keep it well supplied with bearing wood for the next year, while the great luxuriance and size of the foliage, as a necessary consequence, produce larger and higher flavored fruit. Thus, while we have secured against the prevalent evil of an over crop, we have provided for the full nourishment of the present year's fruit, and induced a supply of fruit-bearing shoots for the next season. This course of pruning is followed regularly every year, for the whole life of the tree. It is done much more rapidly than one would suppose; the pruned wounds are too small to cause any gum to flow. The appearance of a tree pruned in this way, after a few years' bearing, is a very striking contrast to that of the poor skeletons usually seen. It is, in fact, a fine object, with a thick, low, bushy head, filled with healthy young wood, and in the summer with an abundance of dark, green, healthy foliage, and handsome fruit."

The worst and principal enemies to which the peach is subject, are the *yellows* and the *grub* or *peach-borer*. The first, I believe, has not yet made any considerable inroads upon the orchards in this State, but a few words in regard to it may not be amiss in this article. The disease in constitutional. It is said to have first made its appearance about forty or fifty years ago in the vicinity of Philadelphia, spreading into New Jersey, thence northward into New England, and now gradually West, where it is strongly resisted by the vigorous and healthy growth produced by the rich, loamy soil of that section. The disease is contagious, and if it attacks a single tree in an orchard it will, unless arrested by the immediate destruction of the diseased tree, gradually but surely extend until the whole orchard is contaminated. The disease resulted in the beginning, most likely, from improper cultivation. There are several symptoms by which this disease may be recognized, but the most prominent are the pale, *yellowish* and dwarfed appearance of the foliage—a slender, wiry growth of shoots—a premature ripening of the fruit, which last is poor in quality and inferior in size.

Remedy.—Exterminate, root and branch, every tree known to be affected. *Preventive.*—Be sure, in getting seed or trees for planting, that they are from perfectly healthy sources. When your stock of healthy trees is secured, keep them so by good cultivation.

The *Borer* is a grub or worm, from half an inch to an inch in length, which is developed from an egg deposited in the soft bark at the base of the tree, by a dark, four-winged insect, resembling somewhat the common wasp. The eggs, deposited in summer and autumn, are hatched into the grub, which does the mischief by boring itself into the inner bark, completely encircling the tree and causing it gradually to languish and die. The insect may be readily found by removing the dirt from the base of the tree. An exude of gum indicates its presence, and the knife will eradicate it. Many large growers *worm* their orchards in this manner once or twice each season. This is a tedious process, and if there is any means of preventing the evil it is very desirable that it should be applied. A shovelful of slaked lime or leached ashes applied in a heap around the base of the tree in the spring, and allowed to remain until late in the fall and then scattered away, will, it is claimed, effectually prevent the ravages of the borer, and is a much better means than removing it by manual search.

Varieties.—There are a great variety of peaches cultivated in this country. I think I have seen as many as a hundred enumerated in nursery catalogues. A large proportion of these are seedlings newly produced and differing just enough from old, well-known varieties to justify their propagators in giving them a new name. Such a multitude are advertised, each with its special claim to popular favor, that many are puzzled in making their selection for an orchard. The fact is, there are but very few varieties adapted to the ordinary fruit grower. About a dozen kinds, now well known, represent all of the excellences yet attained in the peach—in flavor, color, size, hardihood or prolificness. In the selection of a line of trees for an orchard, large or small, care should be taken to get a proper proportion of early, late and medium, so as to have a regular succession through the season. I will now name the varieties in their order of ripening, recommended by several of the largest and most successful growers with whose experience I am acquainted: Hale's Early, Early York, Cole's Early Red, Troth's Early, Large Early York, (Honest John,) George the Fourth, Crawford's Early, Morris White, Oldmixon Free, Stump the World, Smock, Ward's Late Free. This list could be varied, and doubtless improved, but as these are all known to be good varieties, and will give a succession through the season, I do not hesitate to recommend them.

Picking and Marketing.—So far as I have observed, I think as much fruit is shipped *under* as over-ripe. Peaches should never be taken from the tree until they have attained their full growth and color. At the proper time it requires no forcible pulling to sever them from the stem, but a slight twist will easily detach them. Any rule in regard to the precise time for picking the peach for market must be arbitrary, and will be learned by each grower by practical experience. Pains is required in picking not to injure the trees by climbing into the body. Ladders of the proper length should be made and kept from year to year by every orchardist, so that the fruit can all be reached without standing in the tree. And then, in *handling* the fruit, each peach should be handled like an egg. Never *throw* them into the basket, but lay them in easily, so as to avoid bruising. Assort out all the inferior fruit, and if you *will* send it to market, don't mix it with the good. My advice is, do not send any poor fruit to market. If but half your crop is good, sound, well-developed fruit, you will clear more money by throwing away the other half than by shipping it to market.

THE PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY.

THIS variety has gained a good reputation, chiefly on account of its qualities for market purposes. The canes are generally hardy and productive, and the fruit firm enough to carry well. In size it is medium, and dark-red in color. The grains of the berry are large and coarse. In point of quality it is inferior to either the Clarke, Naomi or Antwerp, the two former being preferable for amateur cultivators. We mistrust the Philadelphia has been over-praised, its productiveness and hardiness having covered its lack of quality, but it is quite prolific, and will find a ready sale.

FRUIT IN VIRGINIA—THE RAPPAHANNOCK VALLEY.

THE Southern Planter and Farmer, published at Richmond, Va., thus speaks of the capacity of the Rappahannock Valley for fruit growing:

"There has been but little attention bestowed upon the growth of choice fruits, notwithstanding climate and soil are both so propitious for the development of this rapidly increasing source of wealth. There is not, probably, an orchard in this whole vicinity planted and attended for the purpose of supplying the demand either at home or abroad. That which is afforded is the surplus, and comes not from well-directed effort, but almost as nature sends it. Grafting and improving fruits is the exception. Among the varieties of fruits particularly adapted to the Valley of the Rappahannock, may be named the apple, pear, peach, quince, grape, fig, plum and apricot. Melons and berries of every variety and in full perfection. The strawberry grows in its highest perfection in this section of Virginia. There are no vineyards in the lower Valley, but the graperies of those who cultivate this delicious fruit give the strongest evidence of the adaptation of this country for that purpose. Large vineyards are being planted in the upper Rappahannock country with the most encouraging prospects. Indeed, they cannot fail to be eminently successful with a soil and climate like ours, in which graperies planted twenty years ago appear now just in their prime—the fruit increasing in quantity and improving in quality from year to year. Maturing in August and September, they furnish fruit for the Northern market several weeks in advance of that grown there.

All the varieties of the berry are prolific, and it may not be amiss to say that a farm was recently purchased along the river, at a cost of $15,000, which is to be devoted exclusively to the production of the blackberry."

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Currant-Culture.—Currant culture is as profitable as the culture of any of the small fruits. The currant is a most healthful fruit, and comes into market when it is most needed. If properly managed, people have no idea of its lusciousness. I get fifteen cents per pound for my crop. They weigh one and a half pounds to the quart. The merits of this fruit had been strangely overlooked. It comes at a season when the system seemed to require the acid peculiar to them. They were healthful and exhilarating. Those who had only been accustomed to our common varieties as commonly grown had no conception of the beauty of the Cherry, or the quality of the Versaillaise, White Grape, or Imperial Yellow, when well grown. It is one of our most profitable fruits.

The Onondaga Grape.—W. Brown Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., writes of this as follows:—"The Onondaga Grape is a seedling grown in Fayetteville, in this county. A cross between Diana and Delaware. It appears to be entirely hardy, quite as much so as the Delaware; and the fruit ripens at the same time with it. It is of amber color, good size, nearly as large as the Diana. We think it combines, in some degree, the flavor of both varieties, Diana and Delaware. It has a thick skin, and is a good keeper. The amount of wood it makes is not large; but what there is is strong, similar to the Diana."

Preparing New Barrels for Wine or Cider.—Pres. Starr of the Alton Horticultural Society say:—"To prepare new oak barrels for wine or cider, use one pound of alum and four or five pounds of salt, to four bucketfuls of water; heat boiling hot, and put one bucket at a time in the barrel; rinse thoroughly; let it stand an hour, turn it out and repeat the operation with another bucketful. Finally rinse with cold water and fumigate with sulphur, and it will be all right.

Fruit in Kansas.—A correspondent of the Kansas Farmer, writing from Iron Mound, says:—"The peach trees are already bending under the load of fruit; but few apple orchards are in bearing yet; those that are, are full of fruit. Wild fruit of all kinds promises to be abundant."

Another correspondent of the same paper writes: "Wherever a peach or apple tree has been planted a few years, it is laden with fruit. Good one year old grape roots from layers, set this spring, are fruiting the present season."

Another says:—"Fruit trees and all sorts of vines are doing well, and are full of fruit.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

THE MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY—PURDY'S FRUIT FARM.—We received an invitation to visit, on the 23d of July, "Purdy's Fruit Farm," located at Palmyra, N. Y., to meet some distinguished Pomologists and inspect, among other things, a new and promising variety of the Black Cap Raspberry, named the "Mammoth Cluster." Business prevented our making the visit at that date, but receiving samples of the fruit later, its size and other good qualities induced us to take a look at the bushes whereon it grew, on July 28th. "We only expect," we said to Mr. P. at the entrance of his grounds, "to see the bushes at this late day, but we know the berry by sample, and the fruit stems will yet tell of its productiveness." But Mr. P. led the way to a plantation of rank growing, stocky bushes, where the pickers were gathering the berries for market, and showed us a patch which was then darkened and bending from the profusion of "mammoth clusters." Near by were acres of the Doolittle, but the pickers had ceased work among them for more than a week, beginning next on the Mammoth Cluster. The Miami had also failed, though later than the Doolittle, but the Mammoth Cluster still yielded fruit, and there was a fair showing of green berries yet to ripen. And Mr. P. has written us since, under date of July 29th, that "we shall make a fair picking from it to-morrow, and probably next Monday, which will be just two weeks lacking one day from the last picking we made of the Doolittle." So much for its period of ripening. The canes are of stockier and more erect growth than those of the Doolittle or Miami; and the color of the foliage a shade darker. The difference in the varieties could be plainly seen from a spot which overlooked the entire plantation. The fruit stalks are long, and the fruit is chiefly borne on the ends in magnificent, heavy clusters. The berry is larger, and therefore juicier and more acceptable to the taste than the Doolittle. These qualities, and its prolific habit and late period of ripening, render it a valuable acquisition. It also has indications of the habit of throwing out fruit stalks to quite an extent for some time after the main season has passed.

The "Purdy Fruit Farm" embraces over one hundred acres, of which sixty or more are already set with small fruits. It is a great enterprise in the fruit line, and the production, when the plants come in full bearing, will be enormous. The varieties are numerous, and the growing of plants for market is one of the main features of the business. Among the Strawberries is a new seedling, which has been named the "Colfax," which is considered valuable where more than sixty leading varieties are grown. Our readers will learn more of it in the future through our advertising columns.

LARGE GRAPE VINE.—A correspondent of the English Journal of Horticulture mentions an enormous grape vine which he found covering the mulberry trees on the coast between Tyre and Sidon. At first the stems of these vines were mistaken for those of trees, coated with very rough bark. The writer adds:—"It rose by two main stems, and fairly rested upon six or eight of the large mulberry trees around. I measured the two stems a few inches above the ground; the larger one was fifty and three-quarters inches in circumference; the smaller, forty inches. I endeavored to trace out the area covered by its branches, but could not obtain an exact measurement; for the branches had rambled most irregularly. It had a splendid crop of very large bunches of grapes then, but in an early stage of growth; and I was told that it is a black variety. My impression is that it is one of the largest vines in the world, and it would well repay a visit to 'Ein-el-Kanterah,' for that is the name of the spot, if it be sought for by any of your readers whose rambling propensities may carry them along that shore."

WILD BERRY BUSHES.—W. B. S. writes that he owns a small farm in Franklin Co., N. Y., and wanting raspberries and blackberries, designs to dig up wild bushes and transplant them. To which, as he asks for advice, we reply that unless he has in view some bushes of what may prove superior varieties, wild seedlings, it will not pay. It is far better to buy of some reliable nurseryman the stock he wants. Of raspberries, select the Doolittle, Clark, Naomi, and of blackberries the Kittatinny and Lawton.

SALT FOR THE CUT WORM.—At a late meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, President ANDERSON, in speaking of the cut worm, stated that he had found a remedy in sprinkling salt over his strawberry bed. He used it in the proportion of four bushels to the acre.

STRAWBERRY SHIPMENTS.—There were shipped the present season from Aurora, Ill., to various points, 1,440 bushels of strawberries, and from Cobden 5,406¼ bushels, or 190 tons from both points.

Domestic Economy.

AFTER "INCOG."—A communication signed "Incog," published in the RURAL some weeks since, has drawn the fire from several batteries, whose missiles are now before us. They are all good, of their kind, and, with a slight exception, their authors fight back with much heartiness of spirit. We should be pleased to give all a hearing, but can hardly do so without trenching on space claimed for other matters. As a sample, we give one, the first received, returning the fire of "Incog," and follow it with another, giving him a little "aid and comfort" amid the storm he has invoked. Some of the others may follow if circumstances will permit.—EDS.

THE POOR DYSPEPTIC!

EDS. RURAL:—Mr. "INCOG" having relieved his mind, it is to be hoped he feels better. What a poor, worthless set we women are, to be sure! And how greatly to be pitied are the noble lords of creation, who are obliged to eat food of our preparing, wear clothes of our making, and marry us for wives if they marry anybody! Poor things! their lot in life is a hard one—it makes one's heart bleed to think of it—but until they strike for their rights, and so change the order of things, I am afraid they will have to endure it with what patience and fortitude they can.

But poor Mr. "INCOG!" I feel my sympathies long drawn out for him, individually. I know he must live on sour bread, rancid butter, watery potatoes, fried pork, etc., etc.; and that's how he has come to have the dyspepsia so badly. He is bilious, too—that is plainly to be seen even in his first paragraph. My serious advice to him is, to consult a physician, get his stomach and liver put to rights, and then, my word for it, things won't look quite so blue to him as they do now.

But, seriously now, what is the use of all this modern talk about girls not knowing how to work? It is just a fashion, a habit, or rather an epidemic which sweeps over the country once in a while, like cholera and small pox. But while it lasts, the poor girls are scolded and lectured to death. Sometimes it assumes a chronic form, as in Mr. "INCOG'S" case, and then I suppose it is incurable.

But, in truth, all this talk is the very sheerest nonsense. Girls, now-a days, *do* know how to work—and they not only know how, but they *work*. For every girl who does not work I will bring you twenty who do—intelligent, modest, self-respecting girls, too. The question does not admit of argument, it is simply one of fact; and a somewhat extended observation of girls has convinced me that all this hue-and-cry about fine ladyism is simply a safety-valve through which to let off the hue-and-crier's bad feelings. I do not see but that the houses are as well kept, the mistresses thereof as deft in all housewifely ways, the food as well cooked, and matters generally as well attended to as they were in our grandmothers' days. At any rate, if our grandfathers were any harder eaters than the present generation, I am sorry for them.

To all rules there are exceptions, and not every girl is a good housekeeper, neither is every farmer a good one. From Mr. "INCOG'S" lamentations, and from his writing from "behind the scenes," it is evident that *his* wife and daughters come under the head of "exceptions:" therefore he is to be commiserated,—and we shall not get angry even if he does lay the blame of his own personal, domestic trials upon the whole feminine creation, but shall go on our way as serenely as if he had never touched pen to paper. We have not gone, and are not going, to wreck and ruin yet. Meanwhile, if it pleases Mr. "INCOG" and his dear brother croakers to croak at us, why, let them. It is good amusement for them, and doesn't hurt us. We will keep on, quietly practising our domestic economy, and discussing it whenever we see fit. RUSTICA.

HOUSEKEEPING.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of July 18th, Mr. "INCOG" reminds me of the quarrels of school children—when he can't think of anything else to say he calls names. I've no doubt but if he could see "Mrs. Household Economy" he would make mouths at her. I think he must be in the habit of what they call stretching the blanket.

Talk about "BRIDGET" lifting a tub full of clothes and water. Why! my father or brothers can't do that. I should like to see Mr. "INCOG" try lifting such loads; think likely he would put his hand on his back when he straightened up. I am a farmer's daughter, and flatter myself I can do about as much work as common people at least. My mother and I do the baking, washing, ironing, cooking, making and mending for a family of seven; yes, and have a kitchen sixteen by thirteen and three porches to scrub every day, and the milk of five cows to take care of, and I believe we keep ourselves decently "clean." Mr. "INCOG" says he is fortunately married. Well! I don't know about that, but am inclined to think, from the way he rails at the women, his "women folks" are of the class described, else how would he have such an extensive and accurate knowledge of how things go "behind the scenes?" I am not in the habit of using epithets, but I do think Mr. "INCOG" is a meddlesome, prying, disagreeable henhussy! and I am glad only one person in a thousand is like him. ALMIRA.

Licking Co., Ohio.

HOUSEKEEPING SYSTEM.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to write a few lines for the RURAL, as I am one of the number who read it with great interest. I devote part of a day to its perusal—Saturday usually.

I arrange my household affairs myself. Monday is washing day. One can rise early on Monday morning, and get the washing half out before breakfast time, if the clothes are all picked up over night. If things are not kept in their proper places everything is "helter skelter" all over the house. Tuesday is baking day. I sift the quantity of flour I wish to mix, which leaves no hard, dry lumps in it. Wednesday the ironing and patchwork and done, and on Thursday cutting out and making garments for the family. As every day brings its work, it should be done in a practical way. It is necessary for every wife and mother to oversee her household affairs herself. Teach your daughters to be saving and economical. Practice makes perfect. I not only teach my daughters to practice economy, but my boys also.

Finally, I think Mr. "INCOG" has written practical economy more perfectly than any one yet, and is entitled to the "bag of beans" himself.

East Otto, N. Y. S. W.

ANTS, RED AND OTHERWISE.—A. B. M., Waterloo, Iowa, wants to know how to expel red ants from his premises. These pests are said to have a great disrelish for snuff, and will leave the place where this is freely sprinkled about. We have never tested the matter, therefore cannot vouch for the efficacy of this prescription. Will some one who has been "death on ants" give the mode of doing them up?

GOOSEBERRY PICKLES.—"Addi" sends us a recipe for making gooseberry pickles, which are pronounced to be firstrate:—Ten lbs. gooseberries, nearly but not quite ripe; 7 lbs. sugar; not quite a pint of vinegar; cloves and cinnamon to the taste. Boil half an hour.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

UPLAND CRANBERRY CULTURE.—Sample of fruit sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular on culture sent free to any address.
907-2t ORRIN C. COOK, South Milford, Mass.

FARMERS' AND GRAIN DEALERS' FRIEND.—THE NEW BAG HOLDER, Patented March 12, 1867, is the only one which receives the unlimited approbation of the farmers. It is made of wood; easily folded to put away or for transportation, and when folded occupies no room, as it can be hung up on a nail out of the way. It is not liable to get out of order, and in case any accident should befall it the farmer can easily repair it without taking it to a blacksmith or machine shop. It is so simple that all who see it wonder the idea was never thought of before. In the few places in the West where they have been introduced they are purchased by every farmer who sees them.

Bag Holder in Use.

We are aware that there are other bag holders, but there has never been one worth one cent for the farmer's use until this one. It does the work of two boys in holding a bag open, and is easily adjustable to any size or length of bag or sack. No one knows the real practical value of this invention until they use it. To be sure many have boys to hold bags, but, when having an article that will hold a bag better than two boys or men can do it, they can readily find other work for the boys somewhere else. One man will put up more grain in the same length of time with this machine than two men with boys can do the same without it, saying nothing about tying the bag, provided the grain is measured in a half-bushel measure. It can be set up out doors by the side of the threshing machine, or in the orchard or potatoe field. When a farmer can put up a load of grain while his boy is harnessing the team, and do it quicker than with the boy, then, of course, we must all admit the great value of this Bag Holder, which the farming community have long been desiring.

These Bag Holders will more than pay for themselves in one harvesting. The undersigned are prepared to fill all orders for the same at wholesale or retail. Retail price, $2.

☞ Town or County rights for sale in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, or Michigan. BENNETT, JOHNSON & CO.,
966-4t No. 612 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' Department.

GRANNIE'S TRUST.

Dear Grannie is with us no longer!
Her hair, that was white as the snow,
Was parted one morning forever,
On her head lying softly and low;
Her hands left the Bible wide open,
To tell us the road she had trod,
With waymarks like footsteps to tell us
The way she had gone up to God.

No wonderful learning had Grannie,
She knew not the path of the stars,
Nor aught of the comet's wide cycle,
Nor of Nebula's dim cloudy bars;
But she knew how the wise men adoring
Saw a star in the East long ago;
She knew how the first Christmas anthem
Came down to the shepherds below.

She had her own test, I remember,
For people—whoe'er they might be—
When we spoke of the strangers about us,
But lately come over the sea;
Of "Laura," and "Lizzie," and "Jamie,"
And stately old "Esselby Oakes,"
She listened, and whispered it softly—
"My dear, are these friends meetin'-folks?"

When our John went away to the city
With patrons, whom all the world knew
To be sober and honest great merchants,
For Grannie this all would not do
Till she pulled at John's sleeve in the twilight
To be certain before he had gone;
And he smiled as he heard the old question—
"Are you sure they are meetin'-folks, John?"

When Minnie came home from the city,
And left heart and happiness there,
I saw her close kneeling by Grannie,
With the dear wrinkled hands on her hair;
And amid the low sobs of the maiden
Came softly the tremulous tone—
"He wasn't like meetin'-folks, Minnie;
Dear child, you are better alone."

And now from the corner we miss her;
We hear that reminder no more;
But still, unforgotten, the echo
Comes back from that far-away shore;
Till Sophistry slinks in the corner,
Though Charity sweet has her due,
Yet we feel, if we want to meet Grannie,
'Twere best to be meetin'-folks, too.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A MOTHER.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON HOME TRAINING.—NO. V.

BY MRS. LAURA E. LYMAN.

Home, July, 1868.

My Dear Julia:—A house full of visitors and no help but that of my children, which is a good deal, for they save me so many steps, must be my apology for delaying this letter so long.

I have been looking over the diary I kept when Eddie, my oldest, was a little boy, and have copied some extracts from it for you. They embody ideas I have on the topics we have been discussing that may be of some value to you:

"*Nov.*, 1864.—Eddie is some months over four years old, and his father and I have been talking about sending him to school. We decided not to do it for several reasons. In the first place to confine the little fellow in a close room with twenty or thirty others for five or six hours every day, where he will be obliged to keep still, is bad for his body.

"'You run about my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive.'

"Let him play at home and read to his mamma in his primer every day. He will learn fast enough. In the next place no teacher can possibly feel the interest in my boy that I do, or can understand as I can how to govern and direct his will and mental powers. The judicious mother is the best possible teacher, and no duty, no pleasure compares with that of training her offspring in the best manner.

"In the third place, it may be all very well to invent machinery to spin fifty or five hundred threads just alike, but in the large schools, where five hundred little minds must spin along the same grooves and submit to the same discipline, the individuality of each is sunk, and a dead, monotonous, though, in some respects, beautiful regularity is produced. As though in a park, oak and chestnut, willow and elm, should all be trimmed to the same uniform shape. We will cultivate the young olive plants around our table, we believe in "thorough, deep, and scientific tillage," but each one shall be permitted to develop in accordance with the laws of its peculiar organization. The vine shall have a trellis to clamber upon; the willow shall hang out its long pendants, the oak shall throw out its sturdy branches, and each develop the beauty or strength with which it is endowed by nature. So Eddie will not go to school for three or four years yet. He has slate and pencil, drawing cards, a globe, and toys. From them and his books he can learn faster and better under the instruction of his mother than at any possible school."

"*Feb. 23d*, 1865.—Two funerals from our family in less than a week. To-day 'Grandma' was laid in the tomb. She was nearly eighty, and we have long looked for her departure to that better world, for which she was so fully ripe. But my Hattie, my baby, I did not think *she* would go before grandma—and as the door of the tomb turned on its rusty hinges my eyes instinctively sought out the silver stars gleaming on her little coffin, and I could see the frozen form within that but a few days before nestled warm and healthful in my bosom. It brings us all nearer to heaven to know that we have there an angel child, and how careful shall we be to train these two boys left us so that, if possible, their little sister, though under the tuition of the angels, shall not be far in advance of them when they meet by-and-by. I would not call her back, but, oh, these empty arms, this bleeding heart. She will wait for me and watch for my coming, and know me, her mother, *there!*"

"*April 8th*, 1865.—This is Eddie's birthday, and as our custom is we celebrated it. I made him a cake, frosted it, and with the yolk I made some gold frosting, and painted his name and his age with it on the cake. We had raisins and apples and candies. A picture was duly inscribed on the back with his name and age, presented in form by his father and hung on the parlor wall. We always keep birthdays, the anniversary of our marriage, the 22d of February and the 4th of July, besides Thanksgiving, New Years and Christmas. These recurring festivals properly celebrated aid to make home the most charming of all places, as indeed God designed it to be."

"*Sept*, 1865.—My summer visitors are gone, and while fresh in my mind I will note down some things with regard to training daughters, which may be of use to me in coming years. Mrs. Truman, an old friend of my father's family, passed several weeks with me in June and July. She brought her daughter with her, a sweet girl of fifteen named Gertrude. Her two elder sisters remained at home in charge of the family during their mother's absence. I was surprised to find Gertrude so expert in all manner of housewifely accomplishments. Mrs. Truman has instructed her daughters in every department of housekeeping. They take turns by weeks in cooking, sewing and general management of the family. One week the oldest has charge of the washing, ironing and mending; the next week she is responsible for the cooking and preparation of meals, while one of her sisters succeeds her in the laundry. The next week she presides at the sewing machine, does the sweeping and dusting, chamber work, and sees that everything about the premises is kept in order. The three older daughters, under the constant direction and superintendence of their mother, have thus been initiated into all the mysteries of housekeeping, and trained into habits of industry, order and domestic economy.

"In conversing with Mrs. Truman about her daughters, I learned that respecting all subjects of delicate and yet vital importance to young ladies, they had learned from their mother whatever it was for their interest to know, rather than picked up bits of knowledge here and there from schoolmates and girlish associates. The intimacy and confidence between mothers and daughters cannot be too intense. This is the strongest safeguard of virgin modesty and purity, and the greatest security a mother can have for the future happiness of her daughter. Very different from Gerty Truman did I find my poor little cousin, Katy, who was with me all the month of August. Ignorant of everything that is most important for a young woman to know. She can dance, she can sing, she can play the piano, embroider and crochet; but she knows nothing of plain sewing, of cooking, or indeed of anything that fits woman for womanly duty. Let Fortune's wheel be reversed, or let Katy marry a poor man, and I know not what she could do to take care of herself or aid her husband. Her mother, under what seems to me a totally wrong conception of her own obligations and of Katy's real interest, has brought her up to a life of indolent ease and careless happiness, from which I fear her awaking to life's realities and its often stern requirements will be bitter and sad indeed."

"*March*, 1866.—I am delighted with the knowledge my children are getting of the Bible. We read it every morning at family prayers, and translate it into child language. Instead of looking upon devotions as tiresome, they often beg me to read a little more, or to sing another verse, for we always sing at prayers. We have accustomed them to pray aloud, and now they often surprise me with the propriety and force of their utterances, showing as they do that the very depth and power of Christ's teachings have taken hold of their moral and religious natures. Of all things I would dislike to see religion made a bore to my children. Rather let it be, as it now seems, a subject of transcendent interest, and of daily practical value and happiness. Puritanism and piety are widely different—we cannot have too much of the latter—too little of the former. True religion, thus we teach our children, is conformity to the laws of God, moral, physical, social, and from it springs beauty, harmony, joy, delight, happiness and peace. Reverence for the Sabbath, reverence for truth, obedience to parents, faith in Jesus Christ and the evangelism of St. John constitute our family religion, and its fruits we find to be indeed those of the tree of life."

I have copied these extracts for you, my dear Julia, at odd intervals, and hope you may find some kernels of wheat among them. When the long summer days are over, and the evenings begin to lengthen, I may find leisure to give you some more. Till then, Good bye. Mary.

OUR SPICE BOX.

The most effective eye-water—Woman's tears.

The oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

The first snake-charmer—Eve.

A shadow without a substance—The shadow of a doubt.

All ready cut and dried—Sandwiches at a railway station.

A grocer is like a highwayman when he lies in weight.

The usual leap year advice to young ladies is "to act like men."

Fascination is described as the art of nailing an admirer to his seat.

Married Life often begins with rosewood and mahogany and ends with pine.

Modesty in woman is like color on her cheek—decidedly becoming if not put on.

A young lady desires to know if "Eight-Hour Bills" are the same as Sweet Williams.

Adam was the only man that never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

Douglas Jerrold said Eve ate the forbidden fruit that she might have the pleasure of dressing.

A young lady gives her reasons for using a parasol in these words:—"I raise my parasol to parry Sol's rays."

The prettiest red that ever ornaments a lady's cheek is that which is seen when a compliment is paid her. Of course the latter is to be merited.

The Wife.—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on sixteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good a style as her neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would not be changed. No Nicholas, the Diver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion!

German Loving and Kissing.—"No kissing!" said Goethe's first love, little milliner, Gretchen; "no kissing, that is so vulgar; but let us love if we can!" No doubt the girl, two years the senior, was laughing at the impassioned boy, yet there was a rare refinement in her distaste. Wieland, the German novelist, must have been a sublime lover. He was perfectly convinced that love is born with the first kiss. Zimmerman asked the young lady, to whom he was attached, when it was that Wieland saluted her for the first time. "Wieland," replied the amiable girl, "did not kiss my hand for the first four years of our acquaintance!"

Choice Miscellany.

THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

He droops his plumy, snow-soft wings,
He waves his balmy hand,
And wide the gate of silence swings
That guards the shadowy land.
Forgot is Time, the sentinel
That stands outside the door;
The gloomy train of cares as well
That clogged our steps before;
O, river of oblivion!
Thy draughts are sweet and deep,
For memory slumbers on her throne,
Rocked by the Angel, Sleep.

There is a face whose loveliness
Is marred by hues of care;
But Sleep hath swept it with his kiss
And made it smooth and fair.
There is a worn and weary brain,
That rests until the morn;
There is a heart that beats with pain,
That feels no more forlorn.
Oh, Death's fair brother! how divine
Must be that slumber deep,
More sweet, more calm, more free than thine,
When His beloved sleep.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LAURANCE.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

"Laurance" is the title of a poem written by Jean Ingelow. It is inset in a daintily colored, and gilt-topped volume issued by Roberts Bros., Boston, under the name of "A Story of Doom and Other Poems." The book is full of beauty. Truly if any one desires to read the most enchanting love stories, told in the most fascinating manner, they have but to peruse some of the longer poems of our day. Dr. Holland's "Kathrina," though detailing the uneasy phasis of a religiously skeptical mind, is also a fair picture of Love, and Love's long life. "Laurance,"—widely different in plot, progress and termination,—treats of the same *grande* passion, concerning whose varied manifestations neither readers nor writers appear to weary. The hero is mostly of "The Heir of Redcliffe" type,—a purely English creation. He loves profoundly and hopelessly, but without any thought of relinquishment. He also marries the charming heroine, but does not succeed in winning her affections until long after they are united. This formula being rather *fantastique*, is very interesting, and the difficult story is adorned with many beautiful passages. It opens with a description of Laurance, who is entirely English throughout:

"He knew she did not love him; but so long
As rivals were unknown to him, he dwelt
At ease, and did not find his love a pain.
* * * He was frank,
Fresh, hardy, of a joyous mind, and strong,—
Looked all things straight in the face. So when she came
Before him first, he looked at her, and looked
No more, but colored to his healthful brow,
And wished himself a better man, and thought
On certain things, and wished they were undone,
Because her girlish innocence, the grace
Of her unblemished pureness, wrought in him
A longing, and aspiring, and a shame
To think how wicked was the world,—that world
Which he must walk in,—while from her (and such
As she was) it was hidden."

And henceforth his love uplifted him from gross acts and thoughts.

"In his young heart
She reigned, with all the beauties that she had,
And all the virtues that he rightly took
For granted; there he set her with her crown,
And at her first enthronement, he turned out
Much that was best away, for unaware
His thoughts grew noble."

The poetess proceeds to give a description of the pleasant home of Laurance. She pictures his childhood, passed with those who tenderly regarded him, and the dawning of his youth, up to the hour of his first love, which gleams upon him suddenly, like the rising of a tropical sun. He reached that mystic point in life when he felt—

"A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen
Of sight and hearing to the delicate
Beauty and music of an altered world:
Began to walk in that mysterious light
Which doth reveal and yet transform; which gives
Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death and life
Intenser meaning; in disquieting
Lifts up; a shining light: men call it Love."

The charming Muriel and her indifference are thus portrayed:

"Fair, modest eyes had she, the girl he loved;
A silent creature, thoughtful, grave, sincere.
She never turned from him with sweet caprice,
Nor changing moved his soul to troublous hope,
Nor dropped for him her heavy lashes low,
But excellent in youthful grace came up;
And ere his words were ready, passing on,
Had left him all a-tremble; yet made sure
That by her own true will, and fixed intent,
She held him thus remote."

Ere long, to the unspeaking youth came the "ruthless fate"—the sad discovery that she loved elsewhere. He beheld her in the presence of the man of her selected thought—

"And all her face was fair with rosy bloom,
The blush of happiness. * * O, her eyes
Were full of peace and tender light: they looked
One moment in the ungraced lover's face
While he was passing."

Here we reach the best part of the poem—the hero's noble struggle with despondency. His pure unselfishness is broadly drawn. He carefully covered his wound that he might not bring gloom into the home where his presence had ever been the chief joy. They who loved him should never know

"—— how that same day
Hope with her tender colors and delight
* * were dead.
* * And his greater self
Arose in him and fought. 'It matters much,
It matters all to these, that not to-day
Nor ever they should know it. I will hide
The wound; ay, hide it with a sleepless care.
What! shall I make these three to drink of me,
Because my cup is bitter?'"

But there came an hour in which he met Muriel, and told his hopeless love. As he gazed upon her

"Submiss, and yet not his, a passionate,
A quickened sense of his great impotence
To drive away the doom got hold of him;
He set his teeth to force the unbearable
Misery back, his wide-awakened eye
Flashed as with flame. And she, all overawed
And mastered by his manhood, waited yet,
And trembled at the deep she could not sound;
A passionate nature in a storm; a heart
Wild with a mortal pain, and in the grasp
Of an immortal love."

Miss Ingelow tells us that—

"—— Some narrow hearts there are
That suffer blight when that they fed upon
As something to complete there being fails,
And they retire into their holds and pine,
And long restrained, grow stern. But some there are
That in a sacred want and hunger rise,
And draw the misery home and live with it,
And excellent in honor wait, and will
That somewhat good should yet be found in it;
Else wherefore were they born?"

The youth still firmly reserved his apparent cheeriness, because per force—

"—— His peace and welfare made
The sunshine of three lives. The cheerful grange
Threw open wide its hospitable doors
And drew in guests for him.
In him the eyes at home were satisfied,
And if he did but laugh the ear approved.
What then? He dwelt among them as of old,
And taught his mouth to smile."

Anon, a fateful day dawns. A day outwardly of blossom, and sunshine, and song of birds. Laurance finds the fair girl sitting in a wood, "near the little station," awaiting the train which is to bring her beloved. He comes, but just before him a woman arrives, who reveals the fact that she is his wife, and shows Muriel their child.

"And down her face the large tears ran,
And Muriel's wild, dilated eyes looked up,
Taking a terrible meaning from her words
Ere they were half spoken."

Miss Ingelow paints in a few artist words one of those vivid contrasts between the peace of nature and the anguish of humanity, for which her genius is so noticeable.

"And Laurance stared about him half in doubt
If this were real, for all things were so blithe...
The soft air tossed the little flowers about;
The child was singing, and the blackbirds piped,
Glad in fair sunshine. And the women both
Were quiet, gazing in each other's eyes."

After this *denoument*, through long, long months of suffering, Muriel "lay and faded with the year." But she could not die. In the spring-time—

"—— When the violet opened, she rose up
And walked, but she was white and wan.
* * * * * * *
Empurpled seas began to blush and bloom,
Doves made sweet moaning, and the guelder-rose
In a great stillness dropped, and ever dropped,
Her wreath about her feet, and there it lay
And drifted not at all. The lilac spread
Odorous essence around her; and full oft,
When Muriel felt the warmth her pulses cheer,
She, faded, sat among the Maytide bloom,
And with a reverent quiet in her soul,
Took back—it was His will—her time, and sat
Learning again to live."

The beautiful idyl winds its way slowly through many an intricacy, to a happy close. "Most patient Muriel," won at last to grant the love of Laurance, "its choice of griefs," becomes his wife. Yet, Alas! after months of marriage, she could but think—

"What have I done? how shall I do the rest?
Ah! so contented, Laurance, with this wife
That loves you not, for all the stateliness
And grandeur of your manhood, and the deeps
In your blue eyes."

Her earliest abashed consciousness of awakened love; her husband's prior but silent observence of it; his

"Hidden reserves of measureless content;"

the sweetly quiet woman-talks between the fair young mother and Laurance's grandame—all are told in the most simple and unaffected style, and with the most subtile delicacy of feeling.

"Love—such a slender moon, going up and up,
Waying so fast from night to night,
And swelling, like an orange flower-bud, bright.
* * * Most beautiful crescent moon,
Ship of the sky!'

Here, at Muriel's first self-recognition of love for her husband, the music-words pulse out, leaving the reader to finish the golden song—to infill it with all the—

"Majesties of human life,
All its fairest possible sum,
And the grace of its to come."

Montview, (Pekin,) Niagara Co., N. Y.

DIFFIDENT MEN.

When the world was younger, diffident people had a much better chance of success in it than they have now. Their modesty found favor with the wise and good, and they were helped along. Pliny, the greatest lawyer of his age, recommended quite young men of his own profession to the public, and sometimes refused to undertake a cause unless some modest junior counsel was associated with him as a pleader. Lawyers don't do that sort of thing now. It does not answer to implore the favorable opinion of courts and juries; the advocate who expects to obtain their assent to his views must demand it. We have popular speakers who simply "make a noise in the world." Their heads are empty, but their lungs are strong and their tongues glib. An ancient writer on oratory says that a flushed face and an expression dashed with modesty should secure the attention of an audience. Alas! these evidences of diffidence are death to the prospects of a speaker in this age. A man who overcrows his betters is pretty sure to take the lead. In law, in business, in politics—and sometimes even in church—this rule holds good.

SANDWICHES.

Insensibility is the companion of drunkenness.

Man's inevitable lot—In the graveyard.

Death is certain; time uncertain.

Let your apparel be modest, neat, comely.

A pointed reporter:—Needle gun.

When is a window like a star? When it is a skylight.

Canine economy—Buying anything that is "dog cheap."

Society, like faded silk, must be viewed in all situations.

Relatives take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance.

He who pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

When coin is largely alloyed, can it be considered to have a metallic base?

It it best not to be angry; and best in the next place to be quickly reconciled.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

The latest novelty in sewing machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

What word is there of five letters from which you can take two and have only one left?, Money.

What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news?—Wait for details, of course.

Sabbath Reading.

BE MERCIFUL IN JUDGMENT.

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward wayward life we see,
The hidden spring we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sister spun;
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born;
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute;
What mingled madness in the blood,
A life-long discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flour and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and providence
Divide the circle of events;
But he who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

[Whittier's Snow Bound.

THE SOUL DRESS.

What shall the soul put on? What will hide its nakedness, and shield it from the heat of youthful passion, and from the frost of declining years? Outward adornment may bring reputation to the body; but the soul must have something more enduring than reputation. It must have character. Character is not a fashionable commodity. It is not issued from any social or ecclesiastical metropolis; it is not cut out of broadcloth or silk, nor surplliced with ribbons, as a dress for the sake of effect on *others* than the wearer thereof! Reputation, the body's garniture, is the product of tailors' and milliners' skill; but they cannot measure nor fit an immortal soul! Silk, linen, worsted, cotton, bones, brass, dust, straw, hair and paper—these are the elements of reputation; and for these, in their several combinations, the people struggle as if for very life.

But character is composed of principle, thought, feeling, desire, emotion, ambition, and purpose, and these are threaded and blended day by day to the Christly model which shall adorn the soul forever. Every good man's character is a pure and beautiful dress. It is a seamless robe. It is not lapped and whipped together by any seet-patented sewing machine, but woven—*woven* by every pulse-beat of life out of such things as love, patience, meekness, gentleness and hope; and smiles and tears are wrought into wondrous and beautiful adornment through every part. It is not a fashionable garment, because it is not a mere imitation of any thing. Every thing fashionable must necessarily be shaped and textured like something else, unoriginal, unsatisfying, and imperfect. Fashionists are like young pupils in school, writing lines of leaning letters across the pages of a copy book: "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds;"—but not a man or a bird of the many ever interests the mind of a writer of such copies!

The soul-garment is gracefully adapted to its wearer, and is always appropriate, chaste and becoming. Clothed in this, apologies and embarrassments are covered thenceforth; and its possessor needs never to say, "Please excuse me this morning; I didn't expect to be caught in such a dress." The soul-dress does for working before breakfast, just as well as for entertaining company after tea. It is as appropriate in the kitchen as in the parlor; for Marthas as well as Marys may wear it and be beloved sisters still. It is the same in the pew as in the pulpit, and at a wedding as at a funeral. It never trails in the mud, at a father's expense, to trip strangers in the streets. It is always neat and clean, and everywhere radiant in its every thread, needless of artificial ornaments, which are but acknowledged envies as often as admirations, of the beauties they burlesque.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by Alexander Clark.*

THE POWER OF GRACE.

Look at Paul. The old bed of the sea laid bare for the foot of Israel, the dry rock changed into a gushing fountain, the rotten tenant of the tomb rising at Christ's word, to appear, once divested of his grave clothes, with life sparkling in his eye and health blooming on his rosy cheek, did not show God's power over dead matter more plainly than Paul's conversion attested His power over a depraved heart. What more incredible than yonder man, who, with a fierceness, a firmness of purpose, and an intensity of youth, standing glutting his eyes with Stephen's blood, would ere long be Christ's greatest and most devoted apostle; and should die, after a life of unparalleled sufferings, a martyr in the very cause of which he shed the first martyr's blood. Yet so it was.

Is there anything too hard for me? saith the Lord; in other and fuller words—is any heart too hard for me to break; any sin too great for me to bind; any habits too old for me to change; any prayer too great for me to answer; or wants too many for me to supply? The blessed lesson such cases teaches us is this:—That however great the difficulties, or deep the sorrows, or strong the temptations, or arduous the duties of His people, His grace, as He promises, shall be sufficient for them. And so they may use the highest, and yet the humblest, the bravest, though by no means boastful, saying that ever fell from mortal lips,—"I can do all things through Christ which strengthneth me."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

PROVERBS FROM THE TALMUD.

He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots, and fewer branches, but which all of the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

The house that does not open to the poor shall open to a physician.

When the thief has no opportunity for stealing, he considers himself an honest man.

While thy foot is well shod, smash the thorn.

There is a great difference between him who is ashamed before himself and him who is only ashamed before others.

Teach thine own tongue to say, I do not know.

Not the place honors the man, but the man the place.

Commit a sin twice, and you will then think it perfectly allowable.

Literature and Art.

FELICITIES OF PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A WRITER in the Watchman and Reflector is giving some pleasant pen sketches of the oldest American painter now living—GEORGE L. BROWN. Having told us of Mr. BROWN's early experience abroad, we are further informed of his return to Boston in 1834, and his success there as a landscape painter. At that time DOUGHTY and FISHER, regarded as the best landscapists in America, (COLE alone excepted, who was justly looked upon as without a peer,) were the only painters of any note in Boston. Good pictures therefore sold rapidly, and brought good prices.

For some reason not stated BROWN went from Boston to Worcester, where he spent two years, dividing his time between landscapes and portraits. The latter department of his art much annoyed him, however. The displays of variety and ignorance it brought out contrasted strongly with the truth and modesty of nature, which he so loved. One incident disgusted him so that he determined to leave portrait painting entirely,—which he did at once and finally. The incident is thus related:

A well-to-do-farmer engaged him to paint portraits of his family. *Paterfamilias*, a choir-singer of some note in his neighborhood, insisted on being depicted with his mouth open and a psalm book in his hand; *materfamilias* decided on an exhibition of all her jewelry in union with a knife in one hand and in the other a plate of apples, of which, as she carefully announced, she was uncommon fond; the grandmother, with better instincts, preferred to go down to posterity in company with her knitting-needles; whereas, the "old man," who had defective sight, and wore huge goggles, suggested that although these aids to his vision must be preserved, it might be better to paint him first with blue eyes "like my darter's" and then to put on the specs. This was too much for the nervous and perhaps somewhat irascible young artist; he sullenly executed his commission, but could never be coaxed to take another order for portraits.

BROUGHAM'S LAST DAYS.

LORD BROUGHAM was identified with England's literature for more than half a century. His career in letters began with that of SIDNEY SMITH, JEFFREY and PALMERSTON, and continued long after theirs had closed. But his later years were almost valueless to himself and the world. Indeed, the last few months of a life longer and more active than falls to the lot of most men were spent in utter impotence. The picture given of him is a very painful one:—"An English gentleman called to see him, not long before his death, at Cannes. 'I am Mr. B.,' said the visitor. 'But Mr. B. is dead,' was the reply of Lord Brougham. 'Indeed I am he.' 'I am not used to be contradicted,' was the rejoinder; 'it is only on the basis of Mr. B.'s death that I will converse.' And then on this extraordinary 'basis,' the conversation went on. But with the exception of some such flashes as this, there was an entire vacuity in that mind once so actively peopled, and an entire vacuity around. Wife was gone; children gone; contemporaries gone. He was the last survivor of those who entered the race with him; and those who followed him heeded him not."

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

MR. LONGFELLOW's tour through England has been a continued scene of triumph. At the railway stations crowds have collected to cheer his approach. In the metropolis, the literary and fashionable world is awaiting his coming with the most hospitable anxiety; and though these ovations may be attended with inconvenience to their object, the spirit that actuates cannot be other than gratifying in the extreme to the recipient. The feeling is certainly unanimous. Every person in England and Scotland, of the slightest pretension to education, is ready to receive LONGFELLOW with open arms.

PERHAPS many readers do not know that the oft-quoted lines

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,"

are from TENNYSON's sad, sweet, elegiac "In Memoriam," the subject of which was ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, a young man of great promise, the son of the author of "Middle Ages."

HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Reminiscences of European Travel," by Rev. Dr. A. P. PEABODY of Cambridge; "Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil," by F. O. C. DARLEY, the artist; and "Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants," from the Spanish of D. F. SARMIENTO, with a biographical sketch by Mrs. HORACE MANN."

SAMUEL LOVER, the Irish wit and novelist, died recently at the age of seventy-one years. He visited this country in 1847, and was received with great cordiality. In 1856 the government gave him a pension of $500 a year, since which he has lived in retirement.

MR. BURLINGAME says the Chinese have more books, encyclopedias, pamphlets, magazines, etc., than any other people. Their principal encyclopedia embraces five thousand volumes. Good place for celestial printers.

THERE is a renewed interest in the writings of the old divines; Rev. JOHN SPENCER'S "Things, Old and New, a Storehouse of Similes," etc., has been re-printed in England, and a translation of POOLE'S "Synopsis Criticorum" is announced in Edinburgh.

ROBERT BROWNING is writing an epic poem of great length (and depth?) on an Italian subject. It promises to be the longest poem in the English language.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN'S "Criterion" is reprinted in London with the title of "The Collector," and the sub-title is also changed. It is a wise father that knows his own (literary) children.

THE authoress of a novel—"Hood and Glove"—published in England, says that "all day long Claude paces backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT is summering at his farm on the mountains of Cummington.

MRS. H. B. STOWE thinks GEORGE ELIOT, (MRS. LEWES,) is the author of Ecce Homo.

THE Emperor NAPOLEON is said to be engaged on another volume of "Julius Cæsar."

MRS. STOWE is busily engaged in literary matters at her home in Hartford.

MR. PARTON and FANNY FERN are summering in Stockbridge, Mass.

LISBON, Portugal, has a Women's Rights paper—A *Vox Feminina*.

THE Sorosis threaten to publish a monthly journal next autumn.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

RAPIDITY OF SENSATION.

IF a needle be stuck into one of the fingers, the sensory fibers take the impression through the nerve and the posterior root to the spinal cord and thence to the brain. The command goes out to "draw the finger away." The mandate travels down the spinal cord to the anterior root, and thence through the motor fibers of the nerve to the muscles, which immediately act, and the finger is at once removed. All this takes place with great rapidity, but yet with nothing like the celerity once imagined. The researches of Helmholtz, a distinguished German physiologist, have shown with great exactitude the rate of speed with which the nervous fluid travels; and other observers, among whom Schelske deserves mention, have given a great deal of time and patience to this and kindred questions. As the result of many deliberations, it was ascertained that the nervous fluid moves at the rate of about 971 feet in a second. Now electricity travels with a speed exceeding 1,200,000,000 feet in a second, and light over 900,000,000. A shooting star moves with a velocity of 200,000 feet in a second, and the earth, in its orbit around the sun, 100,000. A cannon ball has a mean velocity of 1,800 feet in a second; an eagle, 130; a locomotive, 95; and a race horse 80. We thus perceive that the nervous fluid has no very remarkable rate of speed. A fact which, among many others, serves to indicate its non-identity with electricity.

Professor Donders of Utrecht has recently been making some interesting experiments in regard to the rapidity of thought, which are likewise interesting. By means of two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noematachometer, he promises some important details. For the present, he announces that a simple idea requires the brain to act for .067 of a second for its elaboration. Doubtless the time required is not the same for all brains, and that by means of these instruments we may obtain definite indications relative to the mental caliber of our friends. What invaluable instruments they would be for nominating caucuses for vestries, for trustees of colleges, for merchants in want of bookkeepers; in short, for all having appointments of any kind to make!

For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and for the ear to appreciate a sound, .149 of a second are necessary. The eye, therefore, acts with nearly twice the rapidity of the ear.—*William A. Hammond, M. D., in Galaxy.*

JAPANESE PAPER.

THE Japanese are emphatically a race of paper-makers and paper-users. It enters into all their trade calculations, and is exhaustive of more of their ingenious art than any other one article. When a collection of the different kinds of paper was made to be sent to the London Exhibition of 1862, no less than sixty-seven kinds were forwarded. It is made to subserve the purposes of the useful as well as the ornamental. Everywhere may be seen paper fans, paper umbrellas, paper ponchos, paper lanterns, paper pocket-handkerchiefs, cloaks and windows. The paper strings used by storekeepers, so lately introduced here, have been used by the Chinese for centuries. A short time ago an inventor applied for a patent on a paper hat, and a revolution in *tiles* was promised. But the invention was little more than a theft from our antipodes, for the Japanese wore hats of paper before Columbus saw the West Indies. We now hear every day of the paper lath or ceiling; but in Japan they have used paper walls from time immemorial. Paper among the Japanese is not only an article of trade, but a medium of exchange. Among the wealthy a certain quantity of paper is required to constitute a marriage portion. They manufacture paper from the bark of a certain tree, but not like us from rags. The preparation of it is a curious process, and requires a much longer time than we employ in its manufacture.

TALLOW FOR ROYALTY.—Tallow is a useful, if not a choice, article of commerce. The Imperial House of Russia have an amusing recollection on the subject. One day the Empress Catherine had a very bad cold in her head, and was advised by her physician to rub her nose with melted tallow. She did so, and her cold was relieved. This incident took place in 1799. In 1850 the Emperor Nicholas, while carelessly glancing over the accounts of his household manager, noticed the item:—"To curing His Majesty's cold—tallow, 10." As the Emperor did not remember having had any cold of recent date, he suspected some roguery, and determined to go through all the accounts with care. What was his astonishment when he found the same entry on every day's list, and upon inquiring the reason was told that for more than half a century, that is to say, during the reign of the three Emperors, and ever since the famous cold of the Empress Catherine, the like charge of ten roubles for tallow had been daily made.

ELECTRICITY APPLIED TO ORGANS.—Mr. Barker, organ builder, Paris, (inventor of the pneumatic lever,) has just patented in France and England a complete system for applying electricity to supersede the ordinary mechanical key and drawstop action in large organs. The patentee has already built a grand electric organ of 42 sounding stops and 8 couplers for St. Augustin's, Paris, and another for Salon, near Marseilles, both of which are pronounced a complete success. As the largest organs may now be played through a cable of insulated wires, positions hitherto impracticable can be turned to account. The organist, with his various claviers, can play in any direction, and at any distance away from the organ, the touch being equally delicate and rapid on every manual, whether used separately or coupled.

MENTAL AND MANUAL LABOR.—Prof. Houghton of Trinity College, Dublin, has published some curious chemical computations respecting the relative amounts of physical exhaustion produced by mental and manual labor. According to these chemical estimates, two hours of severe mental study abstract from the human system as much vital strength as is taken from it by an entire day of mere hand-work. This fact, which seems to rest upon strictly scientific laws, shows that the men who do brain work should be careful, first, not to overtask themselves by continuous exertion; and secondly, that they should not omit to take physical exertion on a portion of each day, sufficient to restore the equilibrium between the nervous and the muscular system.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

QUILP suggests hair-pins as the only sure preventive of the hair falling off.

"PURIFICATION."—THE GRIFFON VULTURE.

M. MICHELET, a well known French Historian and political Philosopher, recently gave to the public a volume, composed during a period of relaxation from more severe studies, denominated "The Bird." Reposing amid the fields and forests of Brittany he had an opportunity to study the many living illustrations of the ornithological family, to which he seems to have been devoted with the ardor of a first love. He does not attempt a regular classification of birds, but treats generally of the habits and prominent characteristics of the bird family and their relative value to man. With most of them he is on terms of friendship, the exceptions being the birds of prey, to which but a cold recognition is accorded. Especially is this the case with the Eagle, which he denominates "The Minister of Death," and to be admired only for the loftiness of his flight and great endurance of wing. Singularly enough, among the birds specially commended is the one depicted in the preceding illustration—"The Griffon Vulture." Allied to this bird in character, and sharing in the honors accorded it, are the ibis, the crow and its near relative, the raven, whose nature is to seek out and consume the offal which would otherwise load the air with offensive odors generating disease and death. This part of his subject the author denominates "Purification;" and by implication the bird here illustrated must be a purificator. This class of birds have generally been conceded the merit of occasional usefulness, in many respects, but this credit has been rather grudgingly given. In M. MICHELET, however, they have found an admirer who is not ashamed of their company nor afraid to exalt them above the more generally popular and aspiring eagle. The illustration is a good one, whatever may be the estimate of the bird it portrays.

Various Topics.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

ESSAYS almost without number have been written on the power of music, but none of them have so touchingly and so powerfully shown its wonderful effectiveness as the following narrative, which we find in the New York Journal of Music:

One evening some time since, as Mr. Theodore E. Perkins was sitting in the room of the Howard Mission, New York, conversing with the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, they were interrupted by the entrance of a wild looking man, who exclaimed:

"Is Awful Gardner here?"

"No," replied Mr. Van Meter.

"Then," exclaimed the man in accents of despair, "I am lost. If Awful Gardner was here *he* could save me. *He'd* know how because *he's* been the same road; but now I'm lost!" and drawing a bowie knife from under his vest, he was about to plunge it into his bosom, when Mr. Van Meter sprang forward and caught his arm. Seeing that it would be useless to attempt to wrest the knife from his grasp, Mr. Van Meter sought to distract the man's attention from his suicidal purpose; but the unfortunate creature was seized with a fit of delirium tremens and became unmanageable.

Mr. Perkins not knowing what else to do, sat down to the melodeon and began to play and sing, "Come ye disconsolate." The effect was magical. The man became sufficiently calm for Mr. Van Meter to march him up and down the room, while Mr. Perkins continued to play and sing. From "Come ye disconsolate," he struck into "Jesus, to Thy dear arms I flee." The effect was still more marked. After singing that beautiful hymn, Mr. Perkins commenced "Flee as a bird to your mountain." As the strains of this exquisite composition filled the room, the maniac paused, sat down, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child—or rather like a broken-hearted, remorseless man. By this time, Mrs. Van Meter, who was present when the man first burst into the room, came in with a bowl of strong coffee which she had thoughtfully made, and as soon as the weeping stranger became sufficiently composed, she gave it to him. That quieted his nerves and renewed his strength, and in a little while he became completely restored to the possession of his faculties.

"Who is this man?" was the question which rose spontaneously to the lips of his deliverers. But all efforts to ascertain who he was proved fruitless. He persistently refused to give his name, or to furnish any clue to his residence or identity. Mr. Perkins accompanied him to the St. Nicholas hotel, where he took a room under an assumed name. But in his conversation he had chanced to mention a clergyman living in Newport, R. I., whom Mr. Van Meter knew. The latter immediately wrote to the clergyman, stating the case, and asking him to come to the city. The clergyman came by the first boat, and was taken at once to the hotel, where they fortunately found the poor man. The clergyman knew him well. He was a rich resident of the city of Hartford, Connecticut, highly connected, a married man, and the father of several children. On coming into his patrimony, he had taken to dissipation, and the result is indicated in the foregoing sketch. But his day of salvation had come. The clergyman took him back to Hartford. He threw off the thraldom to rum which had degraded him. He took his former position in society; and he is now living in Hartford, a respected Christian man, and affording in his own person and history the most remarkable instance of the triumph of music over delirium that has ever come to our knowledge.

BUYING DIPLOMAS.

THE New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in one of his late letters, spoke of an advertisement in the Herald offering to purchase a medical diploma from any of the Scottish Universities, bearing date ten or fifteen years ago, and adds: "This business, though not generally followed in America, is common enough in England, where any man, with little or no medical knowledge, will buy a diploma from anybody who has it to sell; and then, assuming the name written upon it, will set up in business. In this country, most of the quacks who advertise largely in the papers, with a declaration that they learned their business in London, Paris, Vienna, or other European cities, are of this school. One in Boston, with an income of $15,000, was a journeyman printer, who knew no more of medicine than a dog does of astronomy. Disliking his trade, he bought a diploma from the widow of a physician, and then hung out his shingle as Dr. ——. One, in St. Louis, announces that his diploma hangs in his office; and as he has three rooms, and a diploma in each of them, there is no reason to doubt his veracity. Possibly the advertisement in the Herald may be the precursor of many others of the same kind, so that we may, ere long, see the purchase and sale of credentials fairly established among us."

MONEY.

PRECIOUS metals are older than history. Two thousand years before Christ, Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, whose children have never lost their faith, nor his thrift, through a hundred and fourteen generations, returned from Egypt, "very rich in cattle, in silver and gold." Afterwards, says the Biblical record, he bought the cave of Machphelah—where his bones were to rest beside those of Sarah, the wife of his youth—for "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." The Catholic version has it "common current money." Herodotus asserts that coinage originated with the Lydians. The world's coins since have been like leaves of autumn. Most are extinct, but the British Museum preserves more than one hundred and twenty thousand varieties. The Paris collection is still greater, and is increased by two or three thousand every year. The cabinet of the Philadelphia mint contains many antique specimens. Here are the self-same coins which pious ancients placed between the cold lips of their dead to pay old Charon the ferriage over the Styx. Here are faces of rulers and captains down to our own day from Alexander of Macedon, and the mightiest Julius who bestrode the narrow world like a Colossus.

A CURIOUS CANE.—Alexander Dumas, the inexhaustible French novelist, has a very curious cane. This cane, which M. Dumas uses constantly, is made of paper. It is not blank paper, however, but contains, in fine type, the entire novel of the "Three Musketeers," M. Dumas' greatest work. The paper on which the novel is printed is rolled tightly, gummed, and hardened by some process into a strong and shapely cane, with a gold head, upon unscrewing which the first few lines of the story are distinctly visible. This singular cane was manufactured by an enthusiastic provincial admirer of M. Dumas, and sent to the great romancest a few months ago.

IT is said the "jar" caused by the frequent passage to and fro of the heavy engines and trains on the underground railroads in London is gradually but surely loosening and making unsound the foundations of the superstructures in the vicinity.

Reading for the Young.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"WELL," said Bessie, very emphatically, "*I* think Russell Morton is the best boy there is, anyhow."

"Why so, pet?" I asked, settling myself in the midst of the busy group gathered around in the firelight.

"I can tell," interrupted Wilfred, mockingly. "Bessie likes Rus. because he always touches his hat to her."

"I don't care, you may laugh," said frank little Bess; "that *is* the reason—at least, one of 'em. He's nice; he don't stamp and hoot in the house—and he never says, 'Hallo Bess,' or laughs when I fall on the ice."

"Bessie wants company manners all the time," said Wilfred. And Bel added:—"We should all act grown up, if she had her fastidiousness suited."

Bel, be it said in passing, is very fond of long words, and has asked for a dictionary for her next birthday present.

Dauntless Bessie made haste to retort. "Well, if growing up would make some folks more agreeable, it's a pity we can't hurry about it."

"Wilfred what are company manners?" interposed I from the depths of my easy chair.

"Why—why—they're—it's *behaving*, you know when folks are here, or we go a visiting."

"Company manners are good manners;" said Horace, sententiously.

"Oh yes," answered I, meditating on it. "I see; manners that are *too* good—for mamma—but just right for Mrs. Jones."

"That's it," cried Bess. "Give it to 'em, cousin dear."

"Not at all," I replied. "But let us talk it over a bit. Seriously, why should you be more polite to Mrs. Jones than to mamma? You don't love her better?"

"Oh my! no, indeed," chorused the voices.

"Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Jones should have all that's agreeable; why the hats should come off and the tones soften, and 'please,' and 'thank you,' and 'excuse me' should abound in her house, and not in mamma's."

"Oh! that's different."

"And mamma knows we mean all right. Besides, you are not fair, cousin; we were talking about boys and girls—not grown people."

Thus my little audience assailed me, and I was forced to a change of base.

"Well, about boys and girls, then. Cannot a boy be just as jolly, if, like our friend Russell, he touches his cap to little girls, doesn't pitch his brother in the snow, and respects the rights of his cousins and intimate friends? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable to the playground as the parlor."

"Oh, of course; if you'd have a fellow give up all fun, and keep forever bowing and scraping like a Frenchman!" grumbled Wilfred.

"My dear boy," said I, "that isn't what I want. Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please; skate, and slide, and snowball; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes accuse me of undue love for Burke Holland, whom you say I pet more than any of my child-friends. Can I help it? For though he gets into scrapes in plenty, and is thoroughly frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get first out of the room. If you are going out, he holds open the door; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan, springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or interfering with his own gayety in the least. Moreover, this attention isn't given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but to mamma, aunt Jenny, and little sister, just as carefully; at home, in school, or at play, there is always just so much guard against rudeness. *His* courtesy is not merely for state occasions, but a well fitting garment worn constantly."

"Why, I understand; he treats everybody just as Bernard does Cousin Zilpha," explained little Daisy.

"Ahem—yes," I assented. "I think his good-breeding, or gentlemanliness is, after all, genuine *loving kindness*. In fact, that is exactly what real politeness is; carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our angles shall interfere with their comfort. I am sure I think we all ought to cultivate it. The apostle Peter must have deemed it important, when among other charges he bade the brethren 'be pitiful, be *courteous*.'"

"I knew you wouldn't let us off without a sermon," said Wilfred, half sulkily.

"Hush up, you grumbler!" said Horace. "Cousin is right. We all will begin to be polite at once. We'll be as polite as the man I read about the other day—somebody great, too—but I can't remember his name—any way, somebody, who when he tumbled over an old cow lying across the sidewalk one dark evening, took off his hat and said, 'Excuse me, Madam!'"

How the children laughed! So our "talk" ended in a frolic which lasted till the children's bedtime.—*Congregationalist.*

THE ECHO.

STEPHEN had never heard anything of the echo, and accordingly one day when he was out in the meadow he cried out "Hurrah, hurrah!" Immediately, in the nearest woods, he heard a voice sound out "Hurrah, hurrah!" He was very much astonished. At last he shouted, "Where are you?" The voice cried, "Where are you?" He answered back, "You are a foolish boy!" "Foolish boy!" echoed back from the woods.

Now little Stephen became very angry, and still harder he began to shout nicknames into the wood, all of which were echoed very faithfully back again. Then he ran into the wood, and sought all though it for the supposed boy, but he could find nobody. Stephen ran home, and complained to his mother how a bad boy had concealed himself in the wood, and had called him names.

The mother answered, "This time, my dear little boy, you have betrayed yourself, for it is yourself whom you accuse as the 'bad boy;' you have heard nothing but your own words, for as you have often before seen your face in the water, so now you have heard your voice in the wood. Had you spoken in friendly words, then, my little Stephen, friendly words would have echoed back to you again."

So it is always; what we suppose wrong in the conduct of another is mostly only the echo of our own. If we treat every one kindly we will be treated kindly; but if we are rude and uncivil, we are entitled to expect no better in return.

LET your works be holy, profitable, charitable.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

THE masons of New York recently on a strike are resuming work under the ten hour rule.

The steamer Colorado from Liverpool on the 28th inst. brought out six hundred Mormons from England and Wales.

At the Buffalo races Fearnought, entered by Dan Mace, won the $10,000 purse.

Three hundred and sixty-three persons were arrested for various offences during last week by the Brooklyn police.

The immense rain Friday flooded the roads, overflowed the banks of the creeks, and in some places removed planks and bridges on Staten Island.

As Patrick Ronan was blasting rocks at the corner of Fifty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, on Saturday, a premature explosion took place, blowing off both arms, destroying both eyes, and otherwise severely injuring him.

The receipts of the various places of amusement for the month of June are as follows:—The Olympic is placed at $25,078; Wallack's, $25,773; Broadway, $12, 373; Theatre Comique, $3,875; Tony Pastor's, $6,502; Niblo's, $19,120; Worrell Sisters, $9,193; Old Bowery, $8,727.

Two new steamboats have been launched on Silver Lake.

The canal authorities at Cuba have decided to raise the reservoir at North Cuba five feet.

Lieut. Ernest H. Ruffner of the Engineer corps arrived in Buffalo Friday with a party to make a survey of Lakes Erie and Ontario. His observatory will be located in that city.

Quite a sensation was created in Auburn Monday by the appearance on the streets of Charles Decker, twenty years old, thirty-one inches in hight, and weighing forty-five pounds.

Lockport, N. Y., is growing. The Journal states that twenty-six brick and one hundred and seventy-one wooden buildings are just completed or now erecting in that city.

The Syracuse Courier mentions the fact that two farmers in the town of Camillus, N. Y., have sold two thousand bushels of wheat for $2.20 per bushel. The offer of $2.87 was refused last spring, when prices were going the other way.

The New York Central Railroad Company have declared a semi-annual dividend of four per cent., payable on the 20th of August.

It is claimed that Dr. Silas Spencer of Westfield has made a decided and valuable improvement in the Surveyor's compass.

Elder Peter H. Long of the Shaker Society of Groveland was insensible for two hours in consequence of being stung in the face by a honey bee. But for the timely aid of a physician it is supposed the sting would have been fatal.

John Leach of Ellington, Chautauqua Co., aged 78 years, while fishing in Conewango Creek, was sunstruck and died in a short time after.

The Erie Dispatch reports the oil wells as continuing to yield very satisfactorily.

Six cows were killed by lightning near Canandaigua during the recent thunder storm.

In Geneseo during a thunder storm a bolt fell into an apiary, destroying one hive of bees and wrecking four others.

A gentleman was driving along the road near Victor, during a recent very heavy thunder storm, when his team was struck by lightning and instantly killed, without injury to himself.

The Frontier House of Lewiston was struck by lightning on Friday morning last. Considerable damage was done, but fortunately no person was hurt.

The number of deaths in Brooklyn last week was 286, of which 173 were from zymotic diseases.

A New York correspondent says the President contemplates spending a few days at Newport soon after the adjournment of Congress.

The Evening Post says several cases of cholera have occurred in New York.

It is stated that the men employed in Mr. Griswold's foundry in Troy are now on a strike for higher wages.

Mr. White of Williamson, Wayne Co., cut one of his hands off while engaged in cleaning a straw-cutting machine, a few days ago.

Mr. H. N. Earll, a farmer residing about a mile east of Fulton, was tossed by a bull Sunday morning last. Falling, he struck upon his head and shoulders, and was conveyed to his house in a helpless condition.

Mr. John Bonter, a farmer residing about three-quarters of a mile east of Rushville, Ontario Co., while laboring under a derangement of the mind last Wednesday, cut his throat, nearly severing his windpipe. He is expected to recover.

Charles Mason, Lockport, sentenced to be hung on the 6th inst., has been respited till the second week in October.

A canal boat on a new principle has just been started in the Erie canal. The propelling power is a wheel in the center, whose circumference is ridged like the driving wheel of a mowing machine. The wheel is adjustable, and rests on the bottom of the canal, rising and falling according to the surface. Its speed is about twice that of horse power, and creates no swell.

From Washington.

THE President has issued a proclamation announcing the ratification of the 14th amendment by the Legislature of Georgia. Accompanying it is a promulgation from the Secretary of State to the effect that said amendment has been ratified by three-fourths of the States and become valid as part of the Constitution of the United States.

Among the recent confirmations by the Senate was the nomination by the President of Brig.-Gen. Chas. E. Hovey of Illinois, to be Brevet Major General for gallant and meritorious services rendered during the war.

Gen. Howard, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, has ordered that institution to cease operations in Maryland, except as respects education, after the 10th inst.

The U. S. Treasurer has issued a circular, in which he says:—"Holders of seven-thirty Treasury notes falling due July 15, 1868, are notified that the time for the conversion of these notes into five-twenty bonds ceases on the first day of August next. Those desiring to have these notes converted should address them to the Secretary of the Treasury, and deliver them to the express, or place them in the mail on or before that day."

The Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Arkansas, in obedience to orders from Washington, has discharged a large portion of the civil agents of the Bureau in that State.

Over $3,000,000 of seven-thirties, payable in August, 1867, and June, 1868, have never been presented. These are not exchangeable for five-twenties, but are redeemable in currency and no longer draw interest.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has given notice, by telegraph, to collectors, that liquor may be withdrawn by the payment of 50 cents per gallon, and $4 per barrel of 40 gallons, equal to 60 cents a proof gallon. All distilleries must be closed till distillers have given new bonds and complied with the recently passed law in all particulars.

The Turkish Minister, Blacque Bey, at Washington, takes strong exceptions to the late resolution of sympathy with the Cretans adopted by Congress. He claims that the insurrection is ended, and that the resolutions referred to are wholly inopportune and disrespectful to the Turkish government.

The Senate confirmed James L. Shelby, Indian Agent for New Mexico; Chas. M. Alexander, Postmaster of Washington, D. C.; Fletcher P. Cuppy, Register of Deeds at Washington, D. C.

The following bills were left over in the House: Relating to the ocean mail steamship service between the United States and China; in relation to bridges across the Ohio river; in relation to coast defence; to amend the charter of the National Capitol Insurance Company; respecting the provisional governments of Virginia and Texas; granting the right of way over public lands to the Denver Pacific Railroad Company; to regulate the carriage of passengers in steamships and other vessels; authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue an American register to the bark Aug. Guardien; extending the Agricultural College bill to States lately in rebellion; to regulate the foreign and coasting trade on the Northern, Northeastern and Northwestern frontiers of the United States.

The quarterly report of the Acting Comptroller in reference to the National banks, shows the resources in the aggregate at $1,317,136, including the following items: U. S. bonds, to secure circulation, about $339,333,000; U. S. bonds and securities, deposited to secure deposits, $38,000,000; U. S. bonds and securities on hand, $20,000,000; specie, upwards of $21,000,000; compound interest notes, $19,741,000; three per cent. certificates, $45,000,000.

From the West.

FRANK BURNS, son of William Burns, near Cainsville, Mo., while in Grand River bathing with several other boys on the 4th of July was drowned.

Seneca is the name of a new town just started, seventeen miles west of Neosho, in Newton Co., on the Southwest Pacific Railroad.

Bismarck is the name of a station on the Iron Mountain Railroad, Mo. It is expected to grow rapidly.

The Chillicothe Spectator says:—"We are informed that everything is progressing finely with the St. Louis, Chillicothe and Omaha Railroad."

Over six hundred thousand acres of land along the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad have been sold to immigrants during the past six months.

The Paris (Mo.) Mercury of the 7th inst. has the following:—"On Monday morning the largest drove of sheep that we ever saw passed through this place on their way to Southwest Missouri—numbering about 3,500. In the afternoon of the same day, a drove of some 600 head passed through town from the West, on their way to Illinois."

W. H. Arnold of Platte Co., Mo., recently harvested 175½ bushels of wheat from five acres of ground—a fraction over 35 bushels to the acre.

For a debt of $480, the Sheriff of Clapp Co., Ind., levied upon the through freight train to St. Louis, on Tuesday night, and kept $50,000 worth of goods for twenty-four hours.

A desperado named John Jones attempted to kill and rob Capt. Minisking, of the schooner Two Charlies, in Chicago lately. The Captain fired upon the knave with a revolver, inflicting a serious if not a fatal wound.

A letter dated Fort Buford, July 17, says the Indian Commissioners made a treaty at Fort Hawley with the Grosventre Indians, and were waiting the arrival of the Yellow Stone Sioux for a like purpose. The Grosventres have agreed to make a settlement and accept a reservation in the Milk River country, to keep peace with the white and all the Indian tribes, save with the Pagans and Blackfeet, with which tribes they are determined to make their own terms.

The Missouri Times states that a fight recently took place at a Democratic meeting at Elk Lick, Saline Co., Mo., during which three Radicals were killed outright, and seven others badly wounded. Five or six Democrats were also wounded. The affray, which grew out of an interruption of the meeting, called pistols into requisition quite freely.

Gen. Grant and party have returned from their Western tour.

The editor of the St. Louis Republican has been prosecuted for a libel on Francis Rodman, Secretary of State, damages laid at $50,000. The article complained of alleged that Rodman went through with a mock ceremony of the Lord's supper at a beer saloon.

The saw mill of Messrs. Hill, Lemmon & Co., St. Louis, was burned last week. Loss, $45,000.

Gen. C. H. Smith, Assistant Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau for the State of Arkansas, has in obedience to orders received from headquarters at Washington, discharged a considerable number of civil agents who have been on duty in the freedmen's service in that State.

Hiram Morris, contractor for building the new Baptist Church at Belvidere, Illinois, fell Wednesday afternoon from the steeple, a distance of 120 feet, killing himself instantly.

Several of the Western National banks have recently been called upon for an increase of their securities, which has become requisite on account of an increased amount of public deposits. In all instances these banks have complied with the order. The First National Bank of Charleston, Ill., has voluntarily ceased to be a government depository.

From the South.

CAPT. PLUMACHER of Switzerland, has purchased 40,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Tullahoma and McMinville, in Tennessee. The first installment of immigrants, designing to establish themselves upon this tract, passed through Lynchburg, Friday, *en route* for their new homes.

The Northeast and Southwest Alabama Railroad, with all its appurtenances, is to be sold at Montgomery, September 10th.

A Baltimore special to the Daily News says:—Col. Wooley of Cincinnati, lately imprisoned by the impeachment managers, has sued General Butler for imprisoning him without the authority of Congress, and also for seizing his private telegrams. He lays his damages at $100,000.

Kimberly Brothers of Baltimore, have also sued Butler for $13,000, alleged to have been extorted from them while in command at Fortress Monroe.

Governor Brownlow sent his message to the Legislature of Tennessee on the 28th ult. He says the rebels are banding together, preparatory to the Presidential election, and asks the Legislature to declare them "outlaws and punishable unto death whenever found." He is opposed to removing political disabilities.

The first bale of new cotton arrived in Houston, Texas, on the 28th ult.

In the Senate of Alabama a majority of the committee on disabilities reported in favor of their entire removal.

The Governor of Louisiana vetoed the joint resolution of the Senate and Assembly requesting Gen. Grant to furnish troops to the civil authorities. He says the application should be made to the President and not to Gen. Grant.

The citizens of Baltimore are now talking of changing the channel of Jones' Falls and turn it outside of the city, which would cost $7,000,000 to $10,000,000.

The City Council of Baltimore have voted $50,000 for the relief of the sufferers by flood, $150,000 to repair the streets and bridges, and $20,000 for clearing away the sand and rubbish. Many families are entirely destitute and homeless, and are living temporarily in the engine houses of the fire department.

Rev. Reuben J. Herndon, who was in jail at Orange Court House, Va., charged with the seduction and murder of Miss Mary Lumsden, escaped from prison. He left a confession of seduction, but denied the murder. A reward of $500 has been offered by the Governor for his capture.

Joshua Hill and H. V. M. Miller have been elected United States Senators from Georgia on joint ballot of the Senate and House. For long term Hill received 110 votes; Brown received 94 votes. For short term Miller received 119 votes; Blodgett received 73 votes; scattering 20. Both Democrats.

The Republicans of the Southern States propose to choose Presidential electors by the Legislatures of the several reconstructed States. The proposition creates much feeling.

A fight occurred in Augusta, Ga., on the night of the 27th ult., in which pistols were used. Alexr. Phillips, who attempted to prevent the difficulty, was shot in the breast and seriously, though not dangerously, injured. Cornelius Reid was mortally wounded; William Dillon, Chief of Police, was shot in the abdomen. Charles Evans, Lieutenant of Police, was slightly wounded.

The police of Augusta, Fla., killed Col. Reed on the night of the 28th ult. The coroner's jury who examined the case brought in a verdict of willful murder against the policemen.

Franklin J. Moses has been elected Chief Justice of South Carolina, and D. F. Corbin U. S. District Attorney at Charleston.

Young Men's Christian Association.

THE report of the condition of the Young Men's Christian Associations in this country and throughout the world, which was made at the Detroit Convention, enumerates 270 associations in direct communication with the committee, and 513 existing in the United States and British Provinces, against 245 last year. The total membership reported by 257 associations is 52,774; the total, including those not reporting, is estimated at not less than 70,000 young men of all grades. There are buildings (for association purposes) owned and occupied by the associations in Philadelphia, Newtown, Bethlehem, Meriden, worth $77,000; Chicago, rebuilding; in progress, Washington, New York, Omaha, Plantsville; funds raising for Boston, Montreal, Poughkeepsie, Bristol, R. I., North Shore, Staten Island, Ohio, $625,000. Others already planned will raise the total funds to $700,000.

Libraries worth $100,601, of 61,825 volumes, are reported from 90 associations. Winter courses of sermons, 92; over five prayer meetings weekly in 17 associations; 126 have one each week. The day of prayer, first Sabbath in November, was insufficiently observed last year; the committee recommend that it be appointed again this year. A table of foreign associations is given, showing 757 associations in Europe, of which North Germany has the largest number, 231; the British Isles 189, and Holland 104.

From New England.

THOMAS HOOPER, the oldest Free Mason in Massachusetts, died at his home in Charlestown, on Friday, aged eighty-nine years. He was Master of King Solomon's Lodge, 1812, and as a citizen was much esteemed and respected.

The whip factory of Thomas Lewis & Co., at Cotton Hollow, near Naugatuck, Ct., was burned on Friday night; loss $25,000; insurance $12,000.

A woman in Putnam, Ct., committed accidental suicide recently, by a draught of bed-bug poison, which she thought was a simple intoxicator.

A gold brick, worth $500, has been taken from the Lisbon mine, New Hampshire.

A vote on prohibition was recently taken in the Maine State Prison, and resulted unanimously in favor of a prohibitory law.

A fire occurred in the marble front building, 42, Sumner St., Boston, on the 29th ult. Loss $90,000. The principal sufferers were Lewis Brown & Co.

Three railroad bridges were burned on the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, on the night of the 28th. This is supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

ALLUDING to the recent act of Congress for the protection of American citizens abroad, especially naturalized ones, the London Morning Post says: "The adoption of this bill by Congress anticipates, and consequently delays, the settlement of the question of rights of naturalized citizens between the United States and European powers. The latter may justly resent such action, even while making allowances for the exigencies of the approaching Presidential election."

The News further adds, with seeming inconsistency:—"There is nothing in the general principle of the bill for England to deny or oppose. Irishmen who have taken out their naturalization papers in the United States, may properly use American passports while traveling in Europe, or serve in armies of the United States even against Great Britain. So long as their new citizenship is a *bona fide* qualification made in accordance with American naturalization laws, nothing can be said."

The Times even accepts the rule that a naturalized citizen of the United States may come to England with impunity, after plotting against the Queen in America, if he comes peaceably.

The British Consul in Finland reports the prevalence of a severe famine in that country, owing to successive failures of the crops over a large section of it.

Advices from Spain report that the government has distributed troops throughout the province of Catalonia, and that under the operation of martial law and through the efficiency of flying columns of military, all attempts at a rising have been speedily repressed.

Dispatches from Belgrade report that the Court pronounced a sentence of death against one of the accomplices in the murder of Prince Michael. The execution of the murderers and their accomplices will take place forthwith.

The reports are confirmed that peace has been concluded by Russia with Bokhara. It is said that the Russian commander in Bokhara has prohibited the trade between Bokhara and India.

Mr. Reardon failed in the Commons to get a committee to report on the imprisonment of George Francis Train.

In the House of Lords the bribery bill was passed in committee, and the Government bill for the purchase of the telegraph wires received its final passage.

Italians are emigrating in large numbers to South America.

Bismarck's pay as minister is only nine thousand dollars per annum.

It is now definitely arranged that a new direct cable between Malta and Alexandria is to be submerged this autumn.

A great fire has destroyed the velvet ribbon manufactory belonging to MM. Descours & Co. at St. Paul-en Cornillon, France. The loss is estimated at 500,000f., besides 300 hands being thrown out of employment.

The Court Circular announces that Her Majesty Victoria will leave England on the 5th of August, going first to Paris, whence she will make a tour through France, Switzerland, and Germany. It is expected the Queen will return to England about the first of September.

Dispatches had reached Rio Janeiro from Buenos Ayres, via Montevideo, announcing that Senor Donirogo F. Sarmiento, formerly ambassador to the United States, has been elected President of the Argentine Confederation.

A bill has passed the Commons providing for the purchase of all the telegraph lines in the kingdom by the government.

Reports of the harvest from all parts of England show that the yield of the grain crops will be quite equal to the annual average. The harvest reports from Russia are unfavorable. The grain crops in the northern and middle section of the empire have turned out badly, the yield being unusually small and poor.

The proprietor of the International, a weekly journal published in London, has just been tried before one of the courts of Paris for libel, and sentenced to pay a fine of 3,000 francs and to four months' imprisonment.

The Queen has approved the Irish and Scotch Reform bills. The son of King Theodorus is on a visit to the Queen at Osborne.

The General commanding the troops at Madrid, at a review on Monday, in a speech, warned them against making any demonstrations of sympathy with the late movement against the Government. It is rumored that martial law has been proclaimed in the Province of Catalonia.

The rebels in China are reported to have raised the siege of Tien-tsin, their efforts to take the place having failed.

The Grand Ducal Government of Hesse has signified its desire to join the other German States in concluding a naturalization treaty with the United States, and Mr. Bancroft is expected at Darmstadt to make the necessary arrangements.

There have been political riots in Pragne, but have been put down by the military.

The annual encampment at Wimbledon Common, England, closed on the 25th ult. The prizes for skill in marksmanship were awarded by Lord Napier of Magdala, who also reviewed the volunteers. The Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred and Mr. Longfellow were among the distinguished persons present, while immense crowds of the nobility and people generally were in attendance. About 10,000 men were in line of review, and presented a fine appearance.

Dispatches from Belgrade report that the secretary and servants of Prince Alexander Kara Georgewich are now on trial on the charge of complicity in the plot for the murder of Prince Michael.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE new mill of the Oriental Powder Company, Gorham, Me., blew up on the 23d ult., killing a man named Benjamin Hawks.

THE Hallowell (Me.) Gazette says the indications are that the apple crop this season will be much larger than for many years past.

G. G. WRIGHT, an extensive lumber dealer, Northampton, Mass., recently absconded, having failed for $30,000 and forged notes on his brother-in-law.

FIVE Japanese youths are to be admitted to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md., on condition that no expense will be made the United States.

THE widow of ex-President Tyler, with her daughter, is in Washington, this being her first visit to that city since she presided at the White House.

THE Boston Directory for the present year contains 80,251 names, an increase of 11,130 over last year, caused mainly by the addition of Roxbury to the city.

IT is said there is a man in Connecticut who has reached the age of seventy years, and has lived all his life within fifteen miles of Hartford, yet has never seen that city.

THE house of John Black, Farmington, Clarion Co., Pa., was burned last week, their little child perishing in the flames. He and his wife were badly burned trying to save it.

A REVEREND gentleman of Toronto has been fined $100 and damages, for marrying a youth of sixteen years to a widow of forty-nine, without due inquiry. The marriage has been annulled.

MOSES YALE BEACH, formerly so well known in New York as the proprietor of the Sun newspaper, died Sunday at his residence in Wallingford, Ct. Mr. Beach was born in Wallingford in the year 1800.

UNDER the new naturalization treaty North Germany has stayed all prosecutions against the adopted citizens of America of German birth. Those who have been sentenced or imprisoned will be released forthwith.

EGGS can be purchased in Canada and brought to Massachusetts for about fifteen cents per dozen. One firm will pack some 30,000 dozen at this figure, which will bring them about four times the price in Boston next winter.

MISS IDA HOWARD, seventeen years of age, a pupil in the Putnam School of Newburyport, Mass., committed suicide on Friday, with arsenic, in consequence of failing to receive an expected diploma at the examination exercises.

CLEVELAND papers state that the graves of the victims of the Griffith steamboat disaster, which occurred on Lake Erie eighteen years ago, have been washed out by the waves of that lake, and the human bones are strewn along the beach.

THE New Orleans Times says the indications are very favorable for a great revival of business in that city in the approaching autumn and winter. The chances are in favor of a large yield of cotton and corn, and cane promises unusually well.

THE practice of registering names for the privilege of speaking has been abolished in the North German Parliament, and hereafter the member "must catch the Speaker's eye," as in the House of Commons and universally in American legislative bodies.

THE last survivor of the party of young ladies who strewed flowers in the path of Washington, as he passed through Trenton in 1789, on his way to New York to assume the Presidency, is Mrs. Sarah Hand, now ninety years of age, and a resident of Cape May county, New Jersey.

A POOR Vermont widow decorated a whole graveyard herself. The little cemetery is near Washington, and contains the remains of forty Union soldiers, including those of her own son. Assisted only by her children, she wove forty wreaths of flowers, and laid one on each mound.

ACCORDING to the report of the Revenue Office, Milwaukee is the eleventh city in the Union in the extent of its trade—leading Buffalo, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cleveland and other ambitious cities. The total returns from wholesale-houses for the year ending April 30, 1868, foot up about $70,000,000.

MR. L. D. SINCLAIR has been driving a stage between Dover and Conway, N. H., for forty-two years, having entered the profession at the age of sixteen. He claims to have traveled 854,490 miles, or thirty-four times round the world. He is still at the business and bids fair to make good many more trips.

THE sums paid for cable messages by the English Press for a year amount to a total of $7,000, against $70,000 paid by the American Press. The London papers only give the briefest telegraphic items, and never publish the long cable dispatches on public affairs that are common with the leading journals of this country.

THE Cheyenne Ledger states that the Union Pacific RR. Co. is about to erect hotels, ranging in cost from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars at Cheyenne, Laramie, North Platte, and Green River, for the accommodation and comfort of passengers, in the event of being delayed or desiring to rest at any time while making the journey across the Plains.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, AUGUST 4, 1868.

THERE is nothing worthy of note in our local financial affairs. With money abundant and easy, both at the West and the East, dullness prevail in the interior. The New York papers of Saturday evening, say that last week closed with an abundance of money offering at 3@4 per cent. on call. Prime paper is discounted at 6@7 ⅌ cent. Foreign exchange is less firm.

The last Chicago Republican says the demand for money is tight at that point, and "the supply of unemployed capital continues as large as ever." The Cincinnati Gazette of Saturday, notices thus:—"A large amount of currency is still laying idle, although there is some improvement in the demand for money, for legitimate commercial purposes."

Gold sold yesterday at 115¾. It steadily though slowly advanced last week.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The Eastern wheat and flour market is unsettled. Toward the close of the week prices in New York and Boston rather advanced. The reports in regard to the crop of wheat are on the whole quite favorable. The wheat of the new crop sent to market, from the Southwestern States thus far is not reported as first quality. It will be two or three weeks yet before the market will become settled.

WOOL.—The Eastern market is quite active. The sales in Boston last week foot up 1,700,000 lbs. at a range of 40@48½c. for fleece, and 35@52½c. for the various grades of pulled. The receipts at Boston have recently been quite large.

LOCAL MARKET.—Flour of the higher grades has receded fifty cents on the barrel since last week. Other grades unchanged. Wheat, corn and oats are without quotable change. Rye is lower, a decline of twenty-five cents on the bushel. There are no sales of barley or hops, which are nominal at quotations. Old potatoes are pretty much out of the market; new ones are lower and in fair supply. Onions have appeared in market again and are declining in price. Dairy products are without quotable change.

WOOL.—The receipts of wool are remarkably small and the market still dull. There is more doing in the country towns, but even there transactions are comparatively small. At the West, especially in Michigan, there is more doing, though sales are quite limited. They are paying generally at the West a trifle more per pound than in this section.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 3.—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,50; Buckwheat, ⅌ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,00@2,10; Do. white, $2,30@2,50; Rye, $1,05@1,00; Oats, 75@75c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@30,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@21cts; Shoulders, 18@18½c; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 28@32c; Cheese, 12@16c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@26c; Wool 35@35cts; Honey, box, ⅌ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ⅌ ton, $12@17. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts; Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $1,50@1,75; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@30c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 1.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8,37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 30@30½c. Flour, $6,20@14,00. Wheat, $1,96@2,70. Rye, $1,30@1,31. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,05@1,13. Oats, 81½@82c. Hops, 10@30c. Pork, mess, $28,00@28,50; new mess, $28,37@28,50; prime, $23,50@23,25; prime mess, $24,00@24,25. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,25. Beef Hams, $26,00@33,50. Shoulders, 12@14cts. Hams, 17@19½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 17½@18½c. Butter, 25@40c. Cheese, 11@16c.

ALBANY, AUG. 1.—Flour, $6,50@12,75. Rye Flour, $9,75@00,00. Corn Meal, $2,25@2,35 ⅌ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,10@2,65. Rye, $0,00. Barley, $0@0,00. Corn, $1,07@1,13. Oats, 82@84c. Pork, mess, $29@29,50; clear, $31,00@32; shear clear, $33,00. Smoked hams 19@20c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 30@34c. Cheese, 5@15c. Wool, 37@40c.

BUFFALO, AUG. 1.—Flour, $9,25@11,00; Rye flour, $9,00@9,25; Wheat, $1,88@2,25; Corn, $1,00@1,02; Oats, 76@77c; Rye, $1,50; Barley, $1,30; Peas, $1,30; Beans, $5,00@5,00; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Peavine do. $7,50@0,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,85; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $28@29,50; Lard, 18@18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 28@35c; Cheese, 12@11½c; Eggs, 25@27c.

CHICAGO, JULY 31.—Flour, $8,50@10,00; Wheat, $1,69@1,82; Corn, 89@91½c; Oats 58@61½cts; Rye, $1,10@1,32; Barley, $2,25; Pork, mess, $28,75@29,50; Lard, 17@18c.

TORONTO, JULY 30—Flour, $6,50@6,75; Wheat, spring, $1,45@1,50; fall, $1,35@1,50; Oats, 50@55c; Barley, $0,00; Peas, 83@85c. Pork, mess, $22@23,50; prime, $19@19,00; Bacon, 11@11½c; Hams, 14@14½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 12@16c; Cheese, 9½@10cts; Hay, $12@21; Straw, $12@15. Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 29—Beeves—Receipts 5,219 head; quotations 10@17½c. Milch Cows—Receipts 155 head; $30@118; Veal calves—Receipts 1,172 head; quotations, 8@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 20,458 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@7c; by lot, $1,50@1 ⅌ head. Lambs, 5@10c. Swine—Receipts 14,150 head; quotations, 10@12c.

ALBANY, JULY 30—Beeves, $4,00@10,25. Milch Cows, $50@100. Veal Calves, 8@9c. Sheep and Lambs—State 3½@5c.; Western 3½@6c.; Lambs, 7@8½c; Hogs, 9½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, JULY 30—Beeves range from 9@13½c. Working Oxen, $225@315 ⅌ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Barrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 3@6c; extra, 4@6½cts; by the head, $2@5,50. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; spring pigs, —@—c; Fat hogs, 10@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ⅌ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ⅌ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@13.

CHICAGO, JULY 31—Beef cattle range at from $4,50@6,90. Sheep, 2½@4c. Hogs, live, $9,25@10,10.

TORONTO, JULY 30—Beeves range at $4@6,00; Sheep, $2,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $2,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 1.—Market is quiet. Sales are 510,000 lbs. at 41@50c. for Domestic Fleece, 40@50, for tubbed, 32@44c for pulled, 23@35c. for Texas, 23c for Mexican, and 30@35c for California.

BOSTON, JULY 31—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@45c; pulled, 31@50cts; medium and extra Western, 41½@41c; new combing fleece, 50@52c, and Canada do, 62@62c.

CINCINNATI, JULY 30—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 38@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

BALTIMORE, JULY 31—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@42c; Fleece, 35@40c; Pulled, 30@36c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Romeyn's Strawberry Seedling—Wm H Romeyn.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees—Ellwanger & Barry.
The Standard Sorgo Machines—Blymeyr, Norton & Co.
Chicago Ditching Machine—G H Beardsley.
Cider Press Screws—Rumsey & Co.
Wanted, Agents—Secomb & Co.
The North Granville Ladies' Seminary—W W Dowd.
Hot Air Furnaces—J C Cochrane.
Sorghum—Clough Refining Co.
Hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting—James Vick.
Gloede's New Perpetual Strawberry—D C Ryder & Co.
Houses—Cheap Farms—Mancha & Co.
For the Ladies—W T Horner.
Premium Chester White Pigs—Thos Wood.
Directions for Making White Hard Soap.
Wanted—Agents—J Ahearn & Co.
Multitudes of People—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Curl Your Hair—Prof B H Robb.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Trial of Ditching Machines—G H Beardsley.

The News Condenser.

— Jersey City is to have public baths.
— Cholera is fast disappearing from Havana.
— Cotton fiber is now hardened into a solid like ivory.
— Brick Pomeroy is to build a hotel in Omaha.
— Portland has built 2,000 new houses since the fire.
— The London Times last year cleared $500,000.
— A Cuban agent has gone to India to get more coolies.
— Waterbury, Conn., makes all the campaign medals.
— The Sing Sing cut of hair is fashionable just now.
— A case of trichina lately occurred in Omaha.
— A large aerolite lately fell at Salina, Kansas.
— Mobile wants the Nicholson pavement.
— New Orleans is soon to have a new charter.
— Jefferson Davis has gone to Richmond again.
— The Mississippi river is very low just now.
— San Francisco had an earthquake Tuesday week.
— Yellow fever has broken out in Nicaragua.
— The fruit crop of Maryland does not promise well.
— Hog cholera prevails extensively in Missouri.
— Canary birds are dying off fast in New York.
— Land sells in Virginia at $5 an acre.
— Potatoes are 50 cents a bushel in Belfast, Me.
— Baltimore has appropriated $1,500,000 for a city hall.
— The army worm has appeared in the Alabama cotton fields.
— The ablest contributor to the Memphis Avalanche is a negro.
— Michigan is receiving a call from the seventeen-year locusts.
— Ruskin spends the income of his three millions in charity.
— Some of the rascals in the trade stuff plugs of tobacco with lead.
— Fish in Rock River, Wis., have been sunstruck by millions.
— There is talk of stocking the Susquehanna river with black bass.
— Ira Aldrich, the black tragedian, left $80,000 worth of property.
— Dried oysters have become an article of commerce in California.
— Only seven of the fifty-eight oil refineries in Pittsburg are idle.
— The Costa Rica Congress has abolished the export duty on coffee.
— Retail trade of all kinds is duller than usual in Boston this summer.
— The house where Aaron Burr died is still pointed out on Staten Island.
— New York allows no wooden buildings to be erected below 150th street.
— Pere Hyacinth, the famous French preacher, is coming to this country.
— Artificial shoe binding has been introduced into several places in Maine.
— There are 38,721 persons living in 1,410 tenement houses in Cincinnati.
— Brigham Young personally supervises his contract on the Pacific Railroad.
— A little girl eight years old committed suicide in Indianapolis last week.
— A new comic paper, called Nip and Tuck, has been started in Schenectady.
— Radishes 18 inches long and 16 inches thick are delighting New Orleans.
— A New Yorker is putting 2,000 acres of Minnesota prairie under the plow.
— Apples from this country sell for two dollars in gold a dozen in Hong Kong.
— A thief in Nashville has trained a rat to steal greenbacks from bank offices.
— More cottages have been rented at Newport this season than ever before.
— English basket carriages, with pongee tops, are much in vogue at the sea-side.
— Crimped chignons in large plaits and puffs are in favor for dressy occasions.
— A ton of collar paper, it is stated, is made daily at one mill in Pittsfield, Mass.
— One of the Troy stove men is sending out a cook stove to a Siamese Princess.
— The late King Theodore's son is an intelligent youngster of seven or eight years.
— Over 1,300 steamship voyages a year are made between England and America.
— A lad was killed in Toledo last week by a wagon load of earth upsetting upon him.
— Only 158 persons died in Boston last week, and 107 of them were under five years.
— A Philadelphia merchant named Samuel Nicholson has mysteriously disappeared.
— One-third of all the railroad spikes made in the U. S. are turned out at Pittsburg, Pa.
— Pike, the Chicago Opera House man, is reputed to be worth twelve million dollars.
— A sulphur spring containing magnesia has been discovered near Springfield, Mass.
— Only two deaths from yellow fever have occurred in New Orleans during the season.
— The N. Y. city horse railroad companies lost over 100 horses in one week by the heat.
— An India-rubber buggy has been made at Bridgeport, Conn., and $2,000 refused for it.
— More than 20,000 clergy and laymen have signed a declaration denouncing Colenso.
— A Chinese magazine, photographically illustrated, has been started at Hong Kong.
— Oscar Dalrymple of Minn., last year cultivated 1,700 acres of wheat, and made $3,000.
— Alton, Ill., has shipped more than eleven hundred bushels of strawberries this year.
— Fifty buildings were burned at Coburn's Station, on the Central Pacific R. R., last week.
— Last quarter 1,139,475 foreign letters were received at New York city, and 1,164,175 sent.
— Seba Smith, the "Major Jack Downing" of a former generation, is at the point of death.
— The stamps furnished the Post-office Department the past year amount to $380,000,000.
— Cleveland is infested by hand-organs, harps and violins that make most villainous music.
— Congress has authorized the admission of six Japanese students to the Naval Academy.
— The N. Y. Times has obtained a judgment against the city for $25,000—an advertising bill.
— The house at Yonkers, which was Washington's headquarters, is being turned into a hotel.
— A little girl in Liverpool was lately attacked by a cock and pecked so severely that she died.
— Another still exploded in a Cleveland oil refinery lately, scalding a man and spoiling $10,000.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TRIAL OF DITCHING MACHINES.

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO DITCHING AND SPADING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, Ill., August 3d, 1868.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—*Gents:* I see that our Challenge in your issue of July 25th, to A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., of Waterloo, N. Y., to try the respective merits of our Ditching Machines in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., is partially accepted, to wit:—"I will accept that challenge and meet him Sept. 8th, *or within a few days of that time.*" If he will *designate Sept. 8th*, it will suit us, but do not wish to have it qualified by the words "within a few days of that time" *We wish to know the precise day at once*, so that parties who feel interested in the subject of *Tile Drainage* can be present if they desire. Our challenge was for him to dig with one of his Machines *two* (2) rods, while we would with one of ours Forty (40.) So far as the ground or weather is concerned he need give himself no uneasiness, as he will find us there ready for action. A portion of what he says in his *acceptance*, purporting to be conversation between us in relation to the manufacture, disposition, &c., of our Machines is *untrue*, though I hope unintentionally misstated. He calls attention to several trials in Waterloo, and elsewhere, of our Machines, which "has been experimented upon for ten years or more, and many thousand dollars expended upon it," and seems surprised that we did not include in one of our circulars, which contained a challenge for any one to produce a machine to dig *ten* (10) rods while we would with one of ours *One Hundred* (100,) exhibitions some time subsequent to its issue as he well knows.

It is true that our Machines have been experimented on for the last ten years, though the principal features were covered by letters patent in 1866. and Mr. STEVENS, the inventor, thinks it will not take him long to find out that if his "*Machine is a new* THING," he has yet something to learn, and that "ten years' experiment, &c.," may be useful. To make it interesting, we invite the owners of any other kind of Ditching Machines to be present on the same basis that Mr. LA TOURRETTE has *partially* accepted, and as he thinks ours a "useless invention," and wishes "a discriminating public to judge of the merits or demerits of our Machines," we cordially invite ALL who have any interest in such matters to be present.

It is probable Mr. LA TOURRETTE would have named an earlier day for a trial, but for the reason that he had an *order* for his Machine from *Ohio the day following the receipt of our challenge*, in your issue of 25th ult., which was rather a *remarkable coincidence*. He is now constructing one, strengthened in various parts, and seems quite confident of success, as I judge from a late interview. Respectfully, G. H. BEARDSLEY, SEC'Y.
905 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

P. S.—Mr. LA TOURRETTE told me personally that he would meet us for a test as proposed Sept. 8th.
G. H. BEARDSLEY.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

FOR THE LADIES'.—THE EXCELSIOR—A Premium of $60 offered—other magnificent premiums. Subscription $1 per annum. Specimen, 10 cents. Address
968-2t W. T. HORNER, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOT AIR FURNACES—PERPETUAL BURNING wood stoves; Smokeless soft and hard coal stoves; wood furnaces. The celebrated SOLARTYPE patents. ☞ Send for circulars to the manufacturer.
968-6t J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

HOMES. CHEAP FARMS in THE MOST favored section in the United States. Over 100 families a month settling here. Come and see it, it is all we ask. Send stamp for catalogue.
MANCHA & CO., Ridgely, Caroline Co., Md.

PREMIUM CHESTER WHITE PIGS—BRED and shipped to order by the original shipper of this popular breed. Send for a circular on the Breeding and Management of Swine. Also SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP and FANCY POULTRY for sale. THOS. WOOD, Doe Run, Chester Co., Pa.

WE HAVE THE PLEASURE OF OFFERING to the public Gloede's new Perpetual Strawberry. Gloede bears freely delicious fruit during the whole Summer and Autumn; decided flavor of the pine apple. Price, each, 50c; 12 for $5, post-paid. Address
D. C. RYDER & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

HARDY BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS, LILIES, CROCUSES, and other Hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting is just published. Sent free to all who desire. Those who wish to make a display of Flowers in the early Spring must plant Bulbs in the Autumn. Address
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS.—$200 PER MONTH the year round, or a certainty of $500 to $1,000 per month to those having a little capital. We guarantee the above monthly salary to good active agents at their own homes. Every agent, farmer, gardener, planter and fruit grower, North and South, *should send at once for particulars.* Please call on or address J. AHEARN & CO., 63 Second Street, Baltimore, Md. 963-2teo

CURL YOUR HAIR!
A sample of Prof. ROBB'S MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent free. It curls straight hair (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls, on the first application. Address, with Stamp, PROF. B. H. ROBB,
956-4t Parkman, Ohio.

MULTITUDES OF PEOPLE require an alterative, to restore the healthy action of their systems and correct the derangements that creep into it. Sarsaparillas were used and valued, until several impositions were palmed off upon the public under this name. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is no imposition.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE VERY best WHITE HARD SOAP are sent free with every can of
GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH.
One pound makes fifteen pounds of Soap, and is easy and simply made at a cost of two cents a pound. If your storekeeper is accommodating he will get it for you.
☞ Office, 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York.

CIDER PRESS SCREWS.

We are making the cheapest and best Cider Press Screws in market. Send for Circular and Prices.
RUMSEY & CO., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

THE NORTH GRANVILLE LADIES' SEMINARY
Will Commence its Fourteenth Annual Session, on Tuesday, Sept. 8th.
With the Green Mountains on the East, and the Adirondack on the West, the situation is unsurpassed either in beauty of scenery or healthiness of climate. A regular Graduating Course is laid out in the solid branches, and an Optional Course in Art, Music and Languages. Teachers of long experience and known ability are employed in each of the Departments. For Catalogue or further particulars, address
W. W. DOWD, A. B., Principal,
968-2teo North Granville, N. Y.

KENNEDY'S
SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.
The only Ointment for the cure of all eruptions and cutaneous affections. It is wholly
A VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
IT WILL CURE
Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scald Head, Piles, Felons, Ulcers, Sore Eyes, Chilblains, Shingles, Boils, Cuts, Wounds, Blisters, Ring-worms, Pimples, Burns, Chapped Hands, Scalds.
☞ Price, 50c per Bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
FOR FALL OF 1868.
We have the pleasure of announcing that we are prepared for the Fall Trade with an unusually large and well grown stock, embracing
Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees.
Grape Vines, new and old sorts, strong open ground plants.
Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, and all the Small Fruits.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
Roses and Flowering Plants of every description.
Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, purchasing largely, will be dealt with liberally and all orders, however small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Parties interested will do well to consult the following Catalogues, which are just issued, and will be sent prepaid on the receipt of 10 cts. each, for Nos. 1 and 2, and 50 cts. for No. 3.
☞ No. 1, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, &c. No. 3, Descriptive Green House Plants. No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue *free.*
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

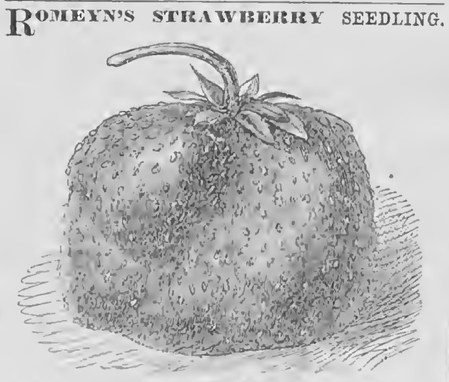
SORGHUM.—CLOUGH'S PROCESS OF DEODERIZING AND REFINING SORGHUM removes all offensive odor and taste. It is simple, inexpensive and a truly valuable discovery. ☞ *No irresponsible traveling agents employed.* Experienced operators who use the process may become local agents. Descriptive circulars free. Address CLOUGH REFINING CO.,
114 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

CHICAGO DITCHING MACHINE.—IT will be seen by reference to *Special Notice* in this paper August 8th, that there is to be a trial of DITCHING MACHINES in Rochester, Sept. 8th. We desire parties interested in such matters to be present, and if any thing of the kind is needed, which we know *is* the case, we shall offer for sale the rights to use or manufacture by States, Counties or Towns—the larger the territory the less the price in proportion. Capitalists, farmers or others, are desired to witness the exhibition. Under favorable circumstances we can, with one of these Machines, dig one rod per minute, two and one-half feet deep.
We have numerous certificates from such as the State Agricultural Society of Illinois, and sundry individuals whose standing is high in community. For further information address the undersigned. G. H. BEARDSLEY, *Sec'y.*
968-5t 905 Mich'n Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, felt, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.
PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address, SECOMB & CO., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 968-1t

THE STANDARD SORGO MACHINES!
COOK'S SORGO EVAPORATOR,
AND
VICTOR CANE MILL.
The old, *reliable* and *only successful* Sorgo Evaporator. In its *tenth* year—has outlived over 200 competitors—is yet *unrivaled. Awarded first Premiums at 8 State Fairs!* All State Fairs attended in 1867! New Orleans Fair, Jan. 1868, for successful work on *Southern Cane!* Over 15,000 in use!
VICTOR CANE MILL (introduced in 1868) has been equally successful—the fitting reward of 12 *years experience in building* Cane Mills. 10,000 Victors in use! Awarded *first premiums* at 31 *State Fairs*, and New Orleans Fair, Jan., 1868, for *Pressing Southern Cane!*
All attempts to equal these celebrated machines have
SIGNALLY FAILED ON TRIALS!
"Successful trial for years has given their apparatus a deserved reputation for superior excellence; we can heartily recommend them."—*American Agriculturist.*
For full descriptive circulars and prices, apply to our Agents, or the manufacturers,
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Railway Powers and Threshers, Grain Drills, Sulky Revolving Rakes, Drag Saws, Cider Mills, Etc.

ROMEYN'S STRAWBERRY SEEDLING.



THE VERY BEST PLANT FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.
The great features of this new Strawberry are:—The vigor and hardiness of the plant; the unequaled abundance of the yield; the large size, fine flavor, and solidity of the fruit; and the lateness of the time of maturing—BEING TWO WEEKS LATER THAN THE WILSON.
TO PRODUCERS.—This berry for market purposes is unsurpassed. In early July, it commanded from 45 to 50 cents a quart, in the New York market, through our consignees, Young & Smith, 101 Barclay street.
PRICES.—$3 for 12; $6 for 50; $10 for 100; $75 for 1,000. Orders for runners for Fall setting, (deliverable August 20th,) or Spring planting, filled in the order of their reception. A liberal deduction from these prices made to Nurserymen and Dealers generally.
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BY GEO. E. LELAND.

How beauteous the morn, when the sunbeams are shining,
And high on the crown of the old hill-tops lay
Like grand rims of gold, with an ever-green lining,
When white, heavy night fogs are rolling away!

Away in the meadow long grasses are swaying:
Far out, on the lake, are the lilies asleep;
Down by the river, in cool shadows playing,
Rushes, reflected, are seen in the deep.

Sweet is the song that the wild-bird is singing;
Pleasant the road that winds over the hill;
Crimson the clover, where dews are now clinging,
And silvery the mist that o'ershadows the rill.

Where the woodbine clings, and the sweetbriar's growing,
Near the hawthorn hedge and the hemlock trees,
The old house stands, near the dark river flowing
Through its willowy way to the far-off seas.

So refreshing the air, and so fragrant the flowers,—
Clear as crystal the creek, so melodeous the bird,
When the soft, dripping sounds, after warm, summer showers,
In the wind-shaken fields or the forests are heard.

How sweet on the hills, where the wild bees are humming,
Where heath-bells now glow and the wild-roses are
To list to harmonious sounds ever coming,
And catch the rich odors that float everywhere!

So fresh is the smell of the fields in the haying,
And joyous the shouts from the leas far below!
The cattle all stand in the woods, or are straying
In slough-grassy fens, or where green hazels grow.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HASTY JUDGMENT.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

"SELFISH and heartless!"

LISLE HARTLEY said the words over and over, as if he would compel himself to believe them, in spite of a queer little feeling, down in his heart, that they were veriest falsehood.

Thinking so constantly, as he had done for the last six months, of MAY CLINTON, it was no wonder that her name should find its way to his lips just now, but it certainly *was* a strange thing to hear those two significant words follow it,—for every one who knew MAY praised her as most unselfish and sincere, and *for once*, at least, what every one said was true.

At eighteen MAY CLINTON was left without father or mother, and would have been alone in the world but for her mother's step-sister, MRS. GUERNSEY, who took the orphan not only to her home but to her heart; she had never been blessed with a child of her own, and upon MAY she poured out all the yearning affection of her nature; MAY, herself, returned it fully, and for more than two years had been the light and joy of their little household.

It was at a party, given for her on her twentieth birthday, that LISLE HARTLEY had made her acquaintance, and that acquaintance had been followed by so warm a friendship that he was already considered, by outsiders, as MAY CLINTON'S lover. What MAY herself thought will be seen before long.

MAY was young in years, but the whole strength of an ardent, passionate nature was, in all its intensity, guarded by a simple love for truth and a hearty appreciation for it, that few could recognize without admiration, and which had been her chief attraction in LISLE HARTLEY'S eyes. She was usually patient and womanly under all trials, so that when she came into the library that night and, as the great hall door swung to, threw herself down with childish abandon at her aunt's feet and burst into tears, MRS. GUERNSEY was for a moment kept silent from utter surprise, but she moved her hand caressingly over the sunny curls that rested on her knee.

"Tell me, MAY, my darling, what it is that wins such bitter tears from your bright eyes? Has LISLE said anything to wound you?"

"Oh, Auntie KATE," she said, "it isn't so much what he *said*, but I thought his was a soul of truth and honor, and now, when the scales have fallen from my eyes, to know him as he is, is grief enough—almost more than I can bear."

"But MAY, have you not been mistaken? Upon what have you based your judgment?"

"I do not believe—I *know* I am not mistaken."

"Well, child, do not risk your happiness on a peradventure."

"I will tell you all, auntie," and she wiped away her tears, and sat up with a look of courage on her sorrowful face.

"Only the last night LISLE was here we were both speaking of the evil of drinking wines and other intoxicating beverages, and LISLE said, very earnestly,—more earnestly than I ever knew him to speak before, on any subject,—'Well, I have my own sins and shortcomings for which to answer, but I have not touched a drop of any liquor for more than seven years, and GOD helping me will not again as long as I live.' I rejoiced at what he said, for it just met and answered my hopes for him."

MAY paused a moment, and then went on more slowly. "The worst is to come, dearest auntie: last night, when Cousin NENIE and I were coming home from old MRS. BOYLAN'S, we met LISLE at the corner of B—— street, too intoxicated to walk straight, or even to know us; when I half stopped and said 'O, LISLE,' he laughed in my face and went on without a look of recognition."

"Are you sure you were not mistaken, dear? It was almost dark when you reached home; may you not have mistaken some one else for him?"

MAY opened her eyes a little wider, as if surprised that any one could imagine she would not know LISLE HARTLEY, even in the dark, and said, "No, indeed; I was only too sure, and NENIE will tell you the same."

"Well, darling, do not blame him yet; we do not know what his temptation has been."

"I could have forgiven him the folly, dear auntie, for I know that *I* need forgiveness very often; but when he came in to-night, looking as if he had been through a long illness, and I spoke of it as gently as I could, he denied it outright, even going so far as to say he had not left his rooms all day yesterday, nor, indeed, until noon to-day."

MRS. GUERNSEY looked surprised and pained, for nothing could have seemed more improbable to her than that LISLE HARTLEY could be so different from the man she had believed him to be.

MAY looked up to her face as if to read there confirmation of her own decision, and then her lids dropped softly over the blue eyes, as she continued: "So, auntie, I walked out of the room without even a farewell, which would be more bitter for me to utter, no doubt, than for him to hear."

There were few more words said, but they sat together a long time, silently, until the little French clock on the mantel struck eleven, and then MAY was the first to rise and, leaving a kiss on her adopted mother's lips, hasten to her own room.

What battle she fought there, with her own heart, no one can know, for the silence that hides such grief is sacred.

Two days passed away sadly enough for MAY, who went about the house, where her footsteps had hitherto echoed so joyously, with silent voice and downcast eyes, where tears seemed to be wearing away half the old brightness. MRS. GUERNSEY and her husband both watched her with grief at their hearts, for her lightest pain always moved them, and now they did not know how to comfort her. To speak of her absent friend seemed but to wound her loving heart anew, and so they left her to her own sad silence.

The third day, when Mr. GUERNSEY came home, MAY sat in the deep, curtained window, reading a tiny note which the servant had just brought in, and he did not see her as she drew back and half smiled to herself.

"God forgive me if I have misjudged him," she was saying softly, for the note which her trembling hands held so tightly to her heart, ran thus:

"MAY:—Shall I come to you a few moments to-night? Forgive the hasty temper the other night and forget the worse than idle words I spoke. Believe, until the happy hour when I can come to you, that I can and will explain everything to your content. I should have come to you last night, but a puzzling case was on hand, and I could not get away from the office until half-past eleven, and then your light was out. Yours, LISLE."

That was all, but the words came to her aching heart like returning sunshine to the dark earth. She had just started up to drop the curtain, when she heard Mr. GUERNSEY saying:

"Yes, I understand. It will but add to her grief to know it, and I am not sure I could keep my temper should I meet him face to face."

"What *can* have changed him so?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps we have all been deceived in him. There were some gay, young fellows about the door, and one of them said as I passed out, 'Well, I wouldn't believe it before, but HARTLEY is done for, sure enough! The little 'belle EMILIE' has gained him over.'"

A quick gasp and a heavy fall arrested the reply on Mrs. GUERNSEY'S lips, and they both turned hastily to see MAY lying senseless on the floor. Every drop of color had fled from her face, and for a moment the fear was uppermost in their hearts that MAY was indeed dead; but as they lifted her gently to the sofa, she opened her eyes, and said, faintly, "Did I dream, or is it all true? Where did you see him last night, uncle?"

He half turned away as he replied, "At the Opera, darling, but do not look so sad, MAY. Forget one so unworthy your brave little heart, and be your old self again."

"Wait a little, and be patient with me. I must have time;" and so speaking softly and tearfully, as one speaks over the grave of a friend, she glided from the room.

A half hour after, and LISLE HARTLEY had received a note at Mr. GUERNSEY'S door, from the hand of that gentleman. He paused under the street lamp to read the few words it contained:

"Forget MAY CLINTON; or, if you remember her at all, remember how you have wronged her. I will endeavor to forget your disgrace, but I cannot see you again."

"So the words are said and we are worse than strangers; probably she knows all I could have told her, and her pride is greater than her love,"—and then followed those bitter words with which our story opens.

So LISLE HARTLEY met his fate, and went to his home at the hotel, thinking, as he went, that all hope of any other home was now at an end, and ensnsing himself for his blind trust in one whom he had believed to be full of all gentleness and charity. Yet, as he sat alone by his fire that night, he found the old love stronger than ever in his heart; he remembered each look and word she had bestowed upon him, and all the bright hopes he had cherished, until now, as he saw them vanishing one by one, the future seemed very dark and he felt brooding over him the utter desolation of a disappointed heart.

With such feelings it is not strange that he came to the determination to leave the place where everything would serve to remind him of his grief; and two weeks had not elapsed before the little coterie of friends and acquaintances, who had numbered him among themselves, were astonished at missing him one day and reading his name in the list of passengers for Europe, by the steamer Glendinning which sailed the twenty-fifth.

How MAY felt no one knew, for she hugged her thoughts to herself in tearless agony, and showed a calm, quiet face to all those who watched her with curious eyes. But a yet heavier trial was in store for her. The month had not gone by ere she learned, from one and another, that LISLE HARTLEY'S twin brother, who had been wild and wicked in his youth, and had spent his later years on the continent, no one could tell how, had returned, and was in his old career of drunkenness and folly; worse than all, that he had flirted with the little French lady, staying at Mrs. DUPONT'S, until her husband turned him out of the house; and EMILIE VERRIS, in her mad infatuation, had followed him to parts unknown. People who had known him formerly spoke of his wonderful likeness to LISLE, so great that even their nearest friends had mistaken one for the other.

Thus the hard lesson came home to MAY. Unforgiving and uncharitable—wanting in all real womanly tenderness and Christ-like spirit—here was the reward, measured out for her. She had taken up the cross, of her own free-will:—Could she bear it to the bitter end?

Month after month passed away, and MAY'S face grew paler and her step slower, until at length her friends declared her ill, and, in spite of her plea to be left quietly at home, carried her with them to the White Mountains to spend the summer months. There, after a few weeks of walking and riding, she gained some of her roses again in the mountain air, and must have been very lovely even in her grief; for the gentlemen voted her the Queen of the Roses, and the women had no word of criticism or disapproval—though this might have been owing partly to the fact that MAY did nothing to provoke it, for she seldom graced their evening sociables, and when present was shy of all new acquaintances. She loved best to sit in one of the broad window seats, overlooking the winding road that led down the mountain. There she would sit for hours, her hands folded idly in her lap, looking out, half-dreamily, on the trees which were just donning their crimson and gold attire for the autumn carnival; for it was already drawing near to the last days of September, and the Year was decking herself in all her mountain splendors.

Among the most pleasant acquaintances which MAY had made while there was Col. DUGANNE, a gentleman in every sense of the word; kind and courteous to all with whom he came in contact, warm in his avowed friendships, and energetic in all his purposes. He had sought out MAY CLINTON evening after evening, in her secluded window-seat, talked to her of other views and bits of landscape in far-off countries, and comparing them in eloquent words with that before them. He had spoken to her of life, too, in its many phases, social and distinctive; of pleasures hidden from the knowledge of the busy crowd, and of griefs too bitter for perusal, but which were, still, as availing as the quaffs from joy's brimming goblet, in moulding the life and character of the earnest man or woman. So he had spoken, and, in all these many interviews, had been watching MAY with eager eyes, quick to note her share in the hidden griefs of the world, and just as eager to do what he might to make life a sunny and bright page for her to read.

And MAY—had listened. Listened and learned to admire the nobleness of mind and truthful utterance of the man, but with no thought of him as a lover. No! her pure heart was too full of an earlier love to yield to any new claim, and it was with as much surprise as regret that she listened to the words of passionate pleading, spoken one evening, as they were resting after a long stroll over the mountain. The rest of their party were far behind, and long before they had reached them, MAY had, in her own gentle yet decisive manner, answered his question by telling her own story; and he had borne it as only a noble nature could, striving in his unselfishness to speak some word of comfort to the fair woman whom he felt he loved at that moment better than ever.

Others about them saw no change in their relations: there was, in fact, only an added gentleness and deference on the part of Col. DUGANNE, and a shy anxiety on MAY'S part to save him all the little troubles he took upon himself to render her share, in the jaunts their party made, as pleasant as possible.

This was all that MAY, herself, knew; but speeding over the water, hastened by the willing winds and waves, went a long missive from Col. DUGANNE to his friend and whilom class-mate, LISLE HARTLEY; a letter which he had long ago determined to write on his own account, and which he felt now a sober joy in doing, as he had learned, from some chance gossip of one or two of the party, that it was his friend who had been MAY CLINTON'S lover. But no glimmer of all this came to MAY'S knowledge. She went back to the busy city again, with her friends, took up once more her round of womanly duties, and strove—not to *forget* her old lover, but to make his dear memory the incentive to more useful deeds of charity and loving kindness.

Meanwhile the letter reached its destination, and the next steamer brought LISLE HARTLEY homewards. Penitent for his own pride, remorseful for the pain he had left MAY to suffer, yet stronger than ever in his love and fidelity, LISLE had returned, and rang the bell at Mr. GUERNSEY'S one evening, two months after their return from the mountains. What was said and done at that interview, I shall not stop to tell; only, it was more than half past eleven ere MAY'S light was out *that* night, and the happiest of dreams, I am sure, visited her pillow.

A bright June night of the next year saw a merry wedding at Mrs. GUERNSEY'S. Bright faces and noble, manly forms filled the rooms, for all were anxious to see MAY CLINTON give her hand, as she had long ago given her brave little heart, into LISLE HARTLEY'S keeping; and with a fond, proud smile on his lips, Col. MAYNE DUGANNE greeted the fair bride; fond, because he still claimed her friendship, and proud inasmuch as he felt that it ennobled him to receive it.

MAY'S uncle and aunt bade her a loving farewell as she left them for her new home, at which they were ever welcome guests.

MAYNE DUGANNE comes and goes, like a brother, and has playfully adopted MAY'S youngest pet, as she has not only her mother's name, but the same sweet face. He has never found any woman to fill the place MAY once held in his heart, but he sits, content and happy, at their fireside, with little MAY HARTLEY'S sunny head pillowed on his broad breast.

A NEW USE FOR INFANTS IN ARMS.

CLARA.—"Why, SUSIE, you'll never get a seat; the cars are crowded."
SUSIE.—"O yes, I shall. Don't you see I've got my Ticket!"

UNIVERSAL LIFE.

WHERE is there to be found a finer specimen of word-painting than this upon Life, by that rare artist, FRANK TAYLOR! We copy it from his inimitable "January and June:"

"The pulses of Nature never beat more audibly and musically than just about 'the leafy month of June,' life, everywhere life, in field and flood, in earth and air, and sky. Life in all forms; life with a sweet breath in it, life with a song in it, life with a *light* in it. Life tied up in little bags of most Quakerish-looking silk, by that sly spinner, the spider; life done up in gray bundles, and hung upon apple trees; deposited in little brown paper caps, or packed away in little clay cells, by gentry in yellow jackets, and gentry with delicate waists; life hidden in the hearts of ripening plums and reddening cherries—find a sweeter cradle anywhere, if you can; life rocked in shells, put up in mother-of-pearl, set in ivory, chased with gold, consigned to little graves everywhere; laid away in patent burial cases, and fastened to rails and fence posts; life, that, by-and-by, shall spread wings damp with the imprint of this great stereotyping establishment of the Almighty; life standing on end, in little boats, and rising into the air, and taking to bugle-ing as soon as it is born, and evincing by the presentation of 'bills' at most unseasonable and unreasonable hours, a dreaded talent for ledger literature; life sheltering itself beneath the leathern umbrella of the mushroom, reveling in the rose's red heart, drilled into the solid rock, domiciled in mud hovels, along rafters and beneath eaves, playing the plighted clouds, laid in the manger, peeping from holes, floating in the air, swinging in the wind, skulking under the chips, burrowing in the earth, darting along rail fences, opening nankeen throats from little brooklets of twigs, floating in tatters of green baize on the ponds; life in bags and boxes, bundles and blankets; in silks, satins and shells; in lights, and flowers and feathers and flannels; life knocking from the center of fallen logs; knocking from the other side of shells, white and blue, and mottled and dappled; and June is

'The delegated voice of God,'

to bid them come in, come up, come down, come out, and *be*, and do, and suffer; conjugating and inflecting the great active verb, 'LIVE.'"

MANY a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor to always please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 62 letters.
My 28, 11, 15, 12, 16, 18 was a distinguished astronomer.
My 62, 37, 47, 56, 42, 8, 45 was one of earth's noblest men.
My 56, 34, 2, 17, 56, 57, 10 was an early English author.
My 9, 52, 18, 21, 8, 19 was a traitor to his country.
My 56, 21, 62, 3, 38, 40, 7, 49 was the largest ampitheater of Rome.
My 44, 25, 58, 39, 4, 58, 54, 14, 39 was a heathen who obtained the title of just.
My 1, 52, 23, 47, 36, 62, 3, 18 was a great American philosopher.
My 8, 44, 24, 51, 50, 27, 59, 32, 46 was a celebrated general.
My 6, 51, 31, 38, 33, 61, 41 was one of the inventors of the art of printing.
My 30, 7, 22, 43, 42, 28 was a celebrated naturalist.
My 60, 8, 53, 4, 56, 13, 35, 25 was an early governor of New York.
My 5, 48, 2, 29, 8, 55, 50 is a celebrated historian.
My whole is a proverb.

Crystal Lake, Wis. S. & J.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 24, 5, 17, 6, 28 is a river in Europe.
My 20, 26, 10, 33, 14, 8 is a kind of cloth.
My 34, 31, 18, 23, 2 is a number.
My 9, 1, 25, 15 is to bind.
My 30, 27, 19, 16, 6, 29 was once called king.
My 7, 3, 30, 11 is a kind of grain.
My 30, 23, 21, 4, 22, 32, 7 is a boy's name.
My 5, 24, 12, 13 is a form of worship.
My whole is what many believe. H. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

GINNDAC kiel eetllsfa whit lousetrum viquer,
Nigclang liek bunssame cringsos het vrier,
Luil fo het iscum of otunafin dan eeerzb,
Flul of eht rraafcgen fo ragends nad sale;
Shut eht ghirbt novisi of rotefun nnrategnic,
Secknob uro toyhu ot the nald fo groanminc.

Eatons Ville, N. Y. S. A. A.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

IF three cats catch three mice in three minutes, how many cats will it take to catch 100 mice in 100 minutes?

North Cohocton, N. Y. L. ADAMS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 966.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap."

Answer to Charade:—Cross-patch.

Answer to Problem:—It cannot.

Answer to Anagram:

A slanderer felt a serpent bite his side
What followed from the bite? The serpent died.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Inattention often induces individuals to pronounce speakers inarticulate.

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AGRICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF POTATOES IN AUGUST.

THE potato crop has risen to such importance that all facts and suggestions tending to increase the yield thereof, will receive wide attention. It is the custom generally to cultivate and hoe them more or less thoroughly before harvest, finishing by hilling, when, if the ground is free from other plants, the cultivation is considered finished. But our fields, unfortunately, are full of weeds, and July showers bring to life and vigorous growth a bountiful crop of pig weeds, barn grass, wild buckwheat, &c. Before the crop is harvested, and, indeed, in the month of August, the potato field assumes an appearance that annoys the tidy farmer, and the weeds appropriate a large share of the fertility of the soil, diminishing the legitimate crop both in size and quantity, and rendering the harvesting more laborious and costly. An abundance of weeds in the potato field in August is indeed a serious drawback on the crop; they abstract moisture as well as fertility, and the tubers suffer accordingly. There is no doubt that many crops would yield quite remuneratively if clean, which, being weedy, promise a large proportion of small potatoes.

It is well to consider the feasibility of cultivating and cleaning potato fields in August. With most varieties, especially the late kinds, this operation can be readily performed. The shovel plow will loosen and roll the dirt to the vines, and the laborer, following with a hoe can clear out weeds with rapidity. It is a work that pays in more respects than one. First, it is good cultivation which is always pleasing; second, it renders the harvesting of the crop easier, and, to quite an extent, less costly; third, the size of the potatoes will certainly be increased, and to an extent, without doubt, to amply repay the expenditure.

Late planted crops, especially of late varieties, like the peach blow, often do not set, if the summer is dry, until about the first of August. To such it is vitally important that the soil is freed from weeds at this time of year. We once harvested a very large yield of this variety—the tubers being of extra large size—which were very weedy on the first of August. The tops were stocky and large, but not a potato was formed at that date. We gave them a thorough cultivating and hoeing and felt well repaid in more ways than one for the expense.

WORK IN THE TOBACCO FIELD.

THE season has been quite favorable for the crop in the localities where it is made a product of importance. At this time cultivation of the plants must cease, as the leaves have grown so large and interlocked that great damage would result from the use of the cultivator. If weeds abound, use the hoe and hand,—but the skillful and experienced worker will have made his field clean ere this, and henceforth the tobacco will occupy the soil and shade its surface so that little chance will be left for intruders.

The topping of the crop will be in season when a quantity of plants show the flower buds, and as often as a like amount reaches the same stage of growth the process ought to be repeated. Enough of the plant is generally taken off by experienced growers so as to leave a uniform length of leaf of some six inches or more. After topping, the suckers will afford plenty of work for all spare or idle hands. They spring from the base of each leaf and grow with remarkable rapidity; and they should be broken out early, when but few inches in length or the weight and quality of the leaf will be seriously diminished by reason of the suckers absorbing the juices which otherwise would become their nourishment.

The last work to be performed before cutting is suckering, as the shoots, if left, would continue to grow after the plant was housed, and thus retard the curing, and stain the best and most valuable leaves. Worming is another operation which requires assiduous attention, and the pests sometimes become so plenty that all the force the plants can employ, including the turkies, hardly saves the crop. Close watch ought to be kept for the first appearance of their work, which is denoted by small holes or specks, appearing on the leaves. Grasshoppers are sometimes as destructive as the worms,—but they may be frightened and driven from the field if too numerous.

The tobacco planter's labor, in his field, is far more important at this time than previous. If he neglects the topping, suckering or worming, the crop will deteriorate in value to exactly the extent of such neglect, and no operation in the future can repair the loss. He needs, then, to be watchful, active and prompt.

A few of the finest and earliest plants are usually reserved for seed. It is customary to strip the leaves from such and tie them up to cure, leaving the bare stalk and branches to mature the seed. In theory this is not a good practice, as the leaves of a plant are vitally important to the perfect development of its fruit or seed.

RUST IN WHEAT.

THE Governor of South Australia appointed a Commission to inquire into the nature and causes of red rust on the wheat plant. Much labor and care were expended in the examination of the subject, and statements were obtained from more than eight hundred agriculturists. Although they were in some respects contradictory, the Committee were able to obtain general results which established the fact that no condition of soil or climate is free from its ravages, nor will any precautions taken by the farmer prevent these. The Mark Lane Express has some notice of the report, with comments, which we give our readers:

"The rust-spores," says Dr. Muecke, "are located and spread over the whole world; neither oceans nor mountains will stop them. They do not commence to grow and multiply until they meet the circumstances favorable to their existence and nourishment." The following statement is given in the report as the evidence collected by a member of the Legislative Council:—The red rust is caused—1. By the exhaustion of the soil. 2. By late sowing. 3. By manuring. 4. White straw is the best. Red rust also prevails—1. On newly cultivated lands. 2. By early sowing. 3. Manure prevented. 4. Purple straw is the best.

Such are the contrary opinions—doubtless all adopted from observation and experience; but only proving that other influences than those adduced have operated, and will constantly operate, to neutralize general theories on this and many other subjects of Natural history; more especially those relating to endemic and epidemic disease, in either the animal or vegetable economy. There is not a doubt that climatic conditions have the greatest share in the production of the red rust. A moist, warm season causes a florid development of vegetation, and opens the breathing pores of the plant, and so gives passages to the spores of the parasites which are continually held suspended in the air. These, entering the openings thus left, throw out their rootlets, (*mycelia*,) and, by intercepting the sap between the stem and the ear, impoverish the grain and destroy the crop. Dr. Muecke is of the opinion that the red rust never attacks the wheat plant unless it is otherwise diseased—in fact, that it is *an effect*, and not *a cause*, or at least, a second, rather than a first cause; being itself superinduced by the corrupted state of the juices of the plant. "Where the rust destroys," he says, "we may safely infer that the plants were in a suffering state before they were attacked. Nature does not allow morbidness to exist. * * * The red rust has not destroyed our crops; it has merely furnished the eruption thereto." But, "on the other hand," he says further, "it is equally true that on vast surfaces the red rust has been the main cause of the destruction of plants in regard to the formation of the grain." A remarkable case in proof of this theory is stated in his letter. Part of a field of wheat, in which wild oats had prevented the wheat from growing, was cut for hay. Immediately the wheat sprung up healthy and vigorous, and developed full ears and fully grown grains; not a particle of rust was perceptible on these parts of the field, whilst the surrounding thick and high wheat was completely covered with it. The cause assigned is, that the wheat, in the one instance, did not grow till the time was passed in which the influences supervened that predisposed the plants; consequently, they became strong and healthy. While the red rust spores passed over them they were not infected, because the spores did not find the conditions of their existence—that is, diseased sap and weak cells—upon them. This is clear enough; because, surrounded as these mown spots must have been by the wheat on which the rust prevailed, the former could not have escaped if the same conditions had prevailed in them as in the other.

EARLY EDUCATION OF CATTLE.

SOME stock raisers, believing in the practical application of the axiom, that "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," commence breaking in their dairy and working stock at an early age. It is a good plan, as it makes better cows, more tractable and obedient oxen, and prevents a vast amount of pounding, and some rather hasty if not rough language. By commencing with heifers when quite young, the disposition of each is ascertained and the chances of attaining a reputation in the dairy defined with almost entire accuracy. In this way the stock raiser can determine what animals it will pay to keep and what should be fed for the shambles. The same is true as respects working cattle. Many animals, with good working properties, are rendered comparatively useless for farming purposes by being allowed to have their head till three or four years old. They are skittish, distrustful, obstinate, and, when compelled to work, do it so morosely as to keep the driver constantly on the alert to prevent an escape from the task imposed.

There are some few cattle so inherently vicious that even kindness and early training fail to make them good for much on a farm. These exceptions are rare, and would be less were the education of the animals not postponed till settled habits are formed. We have a vivid recollection of a winter season when six pairs of four-year old steers were to be converted into plodding oxen. It was a hard conflict, and though the spring found them all under control, it was a sullen obedience which required constant watching over to prevent a revolt and a dash for freedom. If we would have gentle cows, kind and obedient oxen, their training must commence early and be kept up till a good understanding is established and proper habits formed. It is labor well spent to match calves, designed for work, as soon as developed enough to determine, with sufficient precision, their probable future characteristics. They should grow up together and become accustomed to the yoke as soon as one year old. Of course they are not expected to labor, at this age, but only to gain a habit of concerted movement and submission to the orders of those having them in charge.

PORTABLE STEAM POWER FOR THRESHING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of July 11th, I notice this inquiry:—"I would like to know about Steam Threshing Machines; how many bushels one will thresh per day; what size engine it requires to run the machine, and if there is any danger from sparks from the engine; how much fuel it takes per day; where and by whom they are made, and cost at the factory."

I will give you information I have in this matter, which you may use if you choose and as you choose. Steam engines for threshing or other farm work, may be made plain, that is, without extra finish, but they must be made of as good materials, and with as much perfection of workmanship, as for any other business. They should be made entirely of metal, and it is very important that they should be simple in construction.

In order to better give the desired information as to the necessary qualifications of a steam threshing machine, I will describe more fully a *Portable Steam Engine* which I have had experience with, and have obtained a cut of the same which I send you. This machine seems to me to meet the wants of the farmer without being encumbered with superfluous attachments, which only present difficulties to one inexperienced with machinery.

The boiler is of the locomotive style, with fire box and grate suitable for using either wood or coal for fuel, the smoke passing through 3-inch flues 6 feet in length, thence up a heavy sheet iron smoke pipe, at the top of which is a screen to prevent sparks escaping. The smoke pipe has a hinge for lowering when moving from place to place; the fire box and ash pan are arranged to shut up so that no fire can drop to the floor.

The engine is securely attached to the boiler and complete in all its parts, yet simple and easy to understand and take care of. A governor perfectly regulates the speed, and a pump connected supplies water to the boiler. The whole is mounted on four strong, yet light wheels, having cast iron hubs and rims four inches wide, with double wrought iron spokes, lifting the boiler about sixteen inches from the ground. A pole is attached for team. This machine recommends itself for the ease with which it is moved from field to field, without removing any of the parts; the little time required, only one-half hour, to get up steam ready for use; the requisite strength of all its parts; the construction for durability, together with the graceful design of the whole.

The machine here described is manufactured by Messrs. A. N. WOOD & Co. of Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., who have made this class of engines a specialty, and are entitled to much credit for perfecting a machine so finely adapated to the wants of the farmer. Their engines are threshing grain in more than fifteen States the present season, extending from New York to Minnesota and California. The engines principally used are capable of doing the work of 10 or 12 horses, and cost about one thousand dollars at the works. These machines will thresh 100 bushels of wheat per hour, or drive any separator—having a cylinder 18 inches in diameter by 36 inches in length—to its utmost capacity, so that the only limit to the work done is the amount that can be got to and from the separator. One-half cord of wood or 300 to 400 lbs. of coal is the fuel required per 10 hours. About 12 barrels of water is necessary to supply the boiler for same time. MOSES H. LEE of Edwardsburg, Cass Co., Mich., says that with one of these engines he threshed and cleaned 21 bushels of wheat in eight minutes; also 140 bushels of wheat in one hour; also 640 bushels of wheat and 376 bushels of oats in 10 hours; and in five consecutive weeks working five and one-half days each week, he threshed 14,250 bushels of wheat.

With these items of cost, expenses and amount of work which can be accomplished, any person can estimate that the application of a good steam engine to threshing is more economical than the use of horses—beside it puts the wheat harvest so much into the power of the farmer, enabling him to take advantage of the first good weather to clean the crop, and avail himself of the best prices of an early market. W. M.

GRASS-CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER ONE.

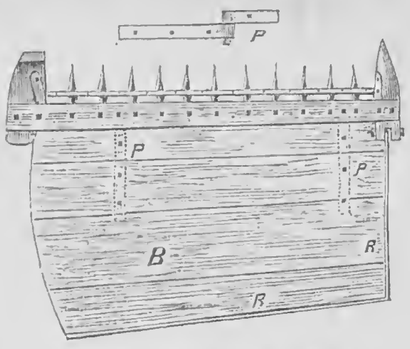
An Englishmen of large experience as a farmer both in England and this country, writes in a late number of the Country Gentleman:—"There is as fine land in America as in England, and if managed the same, and sowed with the varieties which constitute a century-old meadow, or a five-century-old deer-park, what should prevent as fine a set of grass here? Certainly not the slightly increased heat in summer or the severer cold in winter. It is the habitual annual mowing, and not cutting the grass till the roots are weakened by the overshadowing of the coarser kinds, which stand till they seed, and thus destroy all the finest and best herbage."

That American farming is more defective in the management of meadows and pastures than in any other branch of agriculture has long been the opinion of the writer after pretty close observation in many States, continued for nearly half a century. Four years ago, while spending the summer months in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, I was strongly impressed by the amount of moss and weeds growing in meadows and pastures, and the general neglect of all the finer grasses which give to the grass lands of England their great value and remarkable beauty. It will hardly be denied as a general fact that the American farmer's catalogue of grasses cultivated, is very limited. Timothy, herdsgrass or red-top, June grass or blue grass, and orchard grass cover the whole length and breadth of the common list; leaving out all the valuable fescues, meadow foxtail, oat grasses, rye grasses, and many others. We attempt to make a third of a thing equal to the whole; we fail, and blame our climate instead of correcting our logic and practice. A general reform is needed, and it will be the aim of the letters written under the heading "Grass Culture in the Southwest" to promote this object while pointing out the natural advantages of this vast region for the most successful grazing on the continent.

It is a common error, especially in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, to raise grass-seed and hay in one crop; tramping off the seed and keeping the straw for hay. This practice is objectionable: 1st. Because the roots of all perennial grasses are weakened in vitality by maturing seed. 2d. This injury to perennial grasses in a meadow or pasture favors the introduction and growth of sedges, rushes, weeds, moss, briars, thistles and bushes. 3d. It makes poor hay for stock. 4th. It injures meadows (the soil) far more to mature seed from year to year than to cut grass when it first begins to blossom. It is proper to raise a plenty of grass seed, but it should be on good land, set apart for the purpose. By raising one's seed the danger of introducing very undesirable plants, like garlic, daisies, wild carrot, red root, and Canada thistles, may be avoided; and one may be pretty sure of seed true to name as well as fresh. Recently a farmer in a neighboring county took me to see his field of orchard grass, as he believed, from which he expected much valuable seed. It was tall oat grass, with not a head of orchard grass in the field that I could find. Like many farmers and seed dealers, he was wholly unacquainted with both kinds of grass, although both ought to be as common as corn and wheat. A writer on grasses in Georgia of no inconsiderable agricultural learning and experience uniformly confounds the meadow oat-grass and the tall oat-grass (*avena pratensis* and *avena elatior*.) I hope that all agricultural colleges and schools will see that every pupil has access to plots of all the best English, European and American grasses, that they may be known at sight, as well as by botanical analysis. Pure seeds, and those true to name, may be had to a limited extent from the farms devoted to experiments and educational purposes, in connection with these institutions. Had not the war suspended and defeated my arrangements in connection with the Professorship of Agriculture in the University of Georgia, I should now have about sixty species of grass fairly tested in the South, and be able to write confidently of their several merits in our climate. Although grass-culture will pay handsomely in Georgia, it pays better here, especially on good limestone soils.

In nearly all the Southern States several species of sedge, (all known in the country by the name of "broom sedge,") are the greatest impediments in the way of making good, permanent meadows and pastures. The seeds of these sedges are light and blown by the wind everywhere, and are sure to germinate in damp grass land. The labor of cutting or digging up this pest is considerable to keep cultivated grass free from it. The thicker and firmer the turf of English grass the less able is the sedge to get hold as an interloper. Hence the importance of preparing ground thoroughly, and seeding pretty heavily to obtain a close set of grass as soon as possible. One should improve every wet spell to pull up the sedge that appears. This done, I have a pocket full of grass seed, and if needed, drop some in the place where the sedge grew, and press the ground with my foot. I have ceased to harrow or brush in grass seed or clover seed. Details will be described in future letters. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., July, 1868.



A CLOVER SEED HARVESTER.

MANY Farmers who raise clover seed have in their possession a mowing machine, but have no reaping arrangement either separate or attached thereto, consequently the wasteful and laborious process of gathering with a grain cradle and hand rake, or mowing with machine and gathering with horse rake, is resorted to. The only object of either process is to get it in bunches or winrows convenient for loading. There is a mode practiced whereby the loss and labor attending upon the gathering of the crop will be not only greatly reduced but they can be secured in a better condition and the profits derived therefrom considerably increased. The construction of this apparatus, whereby the above named effect may be produced, consists in bringing to the finger bar of a common mowing machine a light platform or gathering apron, B, which is made from half-inch pine boards, the length of the finger bar, and three feet wide, and being a trifle wider at the outer end as shown in the illustration. At the end and rear is nailed, or otherwise firmly secured to the bottom, strips of boards eight inches wide. P, P, P, are common, iron strap hinges, the longer portion is firmly riveted to the platform and the shorter is bolted to the finger bar through holes made for the purpose. A few inches from either end cleats of hard wood are screwed to the lower or under side of the platform.

It is obvious that the grain when cut by the action of the knives, will fall upon the platform, B, from whence it can be raked off by an assistant, and deposited in good shape for loading in any desired size of gavels. By hauling off the gavels directly opposite at each circuit of the field, they will be left in winrows, in a better condition than can be done with a horse rake. Grain should be ripe when cut by this process. The cost of the platform, including hinges, is not far from $2.50, and cheaper if you make your own platform. The value of this arrangement will readily suggest itself to the practical farmer. The platform can be constructed of any material; the first one that I ever saw was made of sheet iron, which is lightest, and would undoubtedly be cheapest if much used. This is an excellent substitute for the reaper in gathering grain of short growth, it is indeed a labor-saving apparatus. L. D. SNOOK.

Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y., 1868.

HORSES FROM BRITTANY.—The N. Y. Sun mentions the arrival at that port, bound for Marion Co., Ohio, of several thoroughbred draft horses, comprising both sexes. By the same arrival came several consigned to Baltimore. A succeeding steamer was to land several more for various points, showing that quite an interest is awakened among stock raisers in this breed of horses. The animals are noted for their compact build, endurance and great strength. In color they are generally a clean, handsome, dapple iron gray.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.—THE ONE-THIRD RULE RESCINDED.

We cut the following from the New York World:

"CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—The first Exposition of the woolen goods manufactures of the Northwest opened to-day at the rooms of the Association, in this city. The President of the Association made a few introductory remarks, and was followed by Mayor Rice, who made a welcoming address. Speeches were made by Hon. E. B. Ward, of Detroit; Hon. J. B. Grinnell, of Iowa; Colonel Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture; Hon. N. Judd, of Chicago; N. S. Townsend, President of the Wool Growers' Association of Ohio, and others. Samples of goods are on exhibition from all the Western States and several Eastern States, numbering about 1,500 lots, representing eighty mills. This afternoon the Association visited the Union stock yards. At the meeting this evening addresses were delivered by W. G. Cutler, of Milwaukee, and George B. Stebbins, of Detroit. At a business meeting of the Manufacturers' Association this evening, the rule as to buying wool, which has occasioned much discussion, was rescinded. To-morrow will be mainly occupied in the exposition and examination of goods. On Thursday the trade sale occurs."

We are glad the Exposition opens so auspiciously, and only regret that the "Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest" had not sooner rescinded the Buyers' Rules, which it unfortunately adopted on the 19th of February last, in time for all the wool growers of the country to take part in the exhibition. It will be remembered that a few weeks since a resolution in favor of abolishing these odious rules, was submitted to the Association by its executive committee—its President being instructed to obtain the vote of each member by mail. Without such abolition the leading wool growers of the Northwest, almost to a man, had most wisely and consistently determined to have nothing to do with the exhibition. They justly felt that it would be a degradation of themselves, to coalesce with an organization which held so antagonistical and offensive an attitude towards the wool-producing interest. The vote on repealing the rules came in slowly—but the good faith of the President and executive committee, substantially pledged to repeal, were so well known among the growers of the Northwest—the vote in favor of repeal, so far as the vote was received, was so unanimous—and the assurance of the Committee was so positive that the repeal would undoubtedly be carried at a meeting of the Association on the evening preceding the opening of the exhibition, that the growers of the Northwest, we are disposed to infer from the facts already received, were not hindered from attending by the action of the Association last February. The facts were not so well understood in the East, and we conclude the attendance of Eastern growers was light. If the repeal of the rules could have been officially proclaimed a month earlier, probably two thousand Eastern growers and breeders would have been present.

The formal repeal of the Buyers' Rules, by this or any other Association, is not necessary to their overthrow. On the whole, the defiant resolutions passed and pledges adopted by these buyers' organizations have been productive of actual good. Before, the growers were attacked and surrendered in detail. The evil stole along insidiously, and gradually increased. But when it was audaciously avowed, and combinations openly pledged themselves to enforce it at all hazards, the dose proved too strong—the growers became aroused to their danger and their duty. We have made numerous inquiries on the subject, and are yet to hear of the first region of country or neighborhood where the Buyers' Rules have been submitted to in the sale of this year's clip. In our own immediate region, we have not heard of a buyer who has even *attempted* to enforce the rules—and we know that some who have *practiced* those rules in years past, have been very careful not to mention them this year; and when required either to avow or disavow them, have explicitly done the latter. And we know a multitude of growers in this State, who have made it a point at once to interrogate all persons wishing to buy their wools, whether or not they adhered to the rules—ready to refuse even to show their clips to combination buyers. We saw last week a couple of gentlemen from Western Pennsylvania who reported the same state of things in their neighborhoods. We may have some "empty bags which cannot stand." But we are now inclined to think the main body of the wool growers throughout the country who have sold this season, have sold irrespective of the rules. The discount on lots of unwashed fleeces has avowedly been made "on the merits," and has not probably averaged over 25 per cent, or one quarter off. The general repudiation of the rules by leading wool merchants of New York and Boston, we have already published. The combination once grappled with proved but a rope of sand—(not even binding the *partners* of some of its prominent getters up!)

But the formal repeal of the rules by the "Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest" is nevertheless an important measure. It places the great body of the manufacturers of the country in accord on the question—for we chance to *know* that the manufacturers of the East, represented in the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers," do not as a body approve of the rules. And when the manufacturers repudiate them, the dealers or middle men have no excuse whatever to cling to them for a moment—for their only excuse heretofore has been that they must buy on the same rules on which they are obliged to sell. To claim that they are authorized by any commercial or equitable principles to buy on a shrinkage which they are not compelled to make in selling, would be too revolting a pretence for any decent man to make.

We honor the "Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest" for the step it has taken. It is always right and manly to retract an error. And where an Association or individual *does right*, it is ungracious and unnecessary to seek for an alloy of interestedness in the motive. As one member of the agricultural press, we hold out to that Association the right hand of fellowship, and we will do the same to all other organizations which rescind the buyers' rules. And we will join all such in every practicable and legitimate effort to correct *improper* practices on the part of the grower in putting up wool for market.

EMINENT MEN'S OPINION OF THE WOOL TARIFF.

We have received a pamphlet containing a "Correspondence between PETER COOPER, of the city of New York, a manufacturer and President of the American Industrial League, and HEMAN J. REDFIELD, of the county of Genesee, N. Y., farmer, upon the subject of a protective tariff and indirect taxation."

It is not necessary to give much account of either gentleman. Mr. COOPER is an extensive iron manufacturer, and is one of the best business men and eminent philanthropists of our country. Mr REDFIELD was brought up a farmer, and has returned entirely to that pursuit; but his meridian of life was also passed in the practice of the law and in official positions. He was a State Senator during 1823-1825, was appointed Naval Officer of the Port of New York in 1853, and subsequently Collector, in which place he remained until his resignation, in 1857. He has held various other important appointments, and declined twice as many as he has accepted.

Both of the above are old men (Mr. REDFIELD is in his eightieth year), and belong to the old-fashioned school of gentlemen in manners and morals. Mr. REDFIELD's account as Collector, involving nearly one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, was found correct to a cent. Mr. COOPER was never charged with taking a cent from any man unjustly. Able, sound, wise, and thoroughly good men, they are noble land marks of a generation that is passing away.

Mr. COOPER is a protectionist—Mr. REDFIELD a non-protectionist. The latter addressed a published letter to the former, in December, 1867, in respect to our various tariffs, in which he advanced his particular views. Mr. COOPER replied in January, 1868. Mr. REDFIELD rejoined soon afterwards; and the three letters comprise the pamphlet under consideration.

We do not propose to discuss their conflicting views here. But the wool growers of the country will read with special interest their respective opinions of the present wool tariff. Mr. COOPER says:

"That the farmers sought, and rightfully sought, protection when their interests demanded it, the experience of the sugar planters of the South and the wool growers of the North abundantly testifies; and I must confess my surprise at the representation you make of the recent legislation in favor of the growers of wool. You say, 'it is believed by many that the wool grower is at length, under recent acts of Congress, equally protected with the manufacturer. It may be so. The stable door may be locked after the horse is stolen. But in the meantime the manufacturer has been made rich—has doubled and quadrupled his capital, while the wool grower has grown poor, and in many cases lost his capital.'

You remember, sir, that at the close of the last session of the last Congress, after a bill designed to amend the present tariff law had been rejected in the Senate, chiefly through the influence of the Western States, a wool tariff was suddenly enacted, having for its special object the interest of the wool growers of the country. For this tariff, I rejoice to know, the true friends of domestic industry in Congress, with a noble consistency, voted, albeit their own plan of legislation had but just been defeated by the representatives in the Senate of these very wool growers. I regret, sir, that you do not appreciate the benefits thus accorded to this branch of agricultural industry—that you do not, I think, is attributable to your failure to examine the facts—for the very objection that you make, that the recent law has not benefited wool production, has been thus well answered in the monthly report for December, 1867, of the Department of Agriculture, in which, on this subject, are the following words:

'The close of the war found full supplies of woolen goods, and immense stores of unused army clothing; and in anticipation of legislation affecting importation, nearly as many woolens were introduced in a single year as were imported during the entire period of the war. In this state of facts, utter annihilation of wool growing and manufacturing was only prevented by the operation of the law in repressing further importation, and inspiring confidence in the future, when the immense surplus should be exhausted. It has produced all the advantages that its most sanguine friends could claim for it, in preventing, in a large degree, ruinous depression and the sacrifice of flocks, and in paving the way for entire success for the future, which shall benefit every interest of agriculture and every branch of industry.'"

Mr. REDFIELD answers:

"You are mistaken, sir, in regard to my position on the wool tariff. Ever since the passage of the acts of 1828 and 1832, I have taken an active part in denouncing the infamous schemes and fraudulent devices of the woolen manufacturers to procure foreign wool duty free, to the exclusion of American wool. I have often quoted from the speech of Silas Wright, who was a member of the House of Representatives when those acts were passed, the sentence that 'Congress ought not so to legislate as to turn the manufacturing capital of this country to the manufacture of a raw material of a foreign country, when we do or can produce the same raw material in sufficient quantities ourselves.' I took the same position on the passage of the free wool bill in 1857, which, by abolishing the duty of 30 per cent. on wool and retaining the same duty on woolen cloths, amounted to an unjust discrimination of 60 per cent. in favor of the manufacturer and against the wool grower. I contributed all the aid in my power to procure the passage of the recent wool tariff to which you refer. Had the provisions of this wool tariff been incorporated in the Morrill tariff in 1861, the wool growers would not have been defrauded as they have been. But it was the provisions of this wool tariff bill, which gives *equal* proportion to the manufacturers and wool growers, that the designing men who procured the passage of Morrill tariff wished to avoid. The grand scheme was to obtain foreign wool and foreign woolen rags (shoddy) free of duty, as they did under the acts of 1828 and 1832. The extent to which they succeeded in obtaining these raw material, I exposed in my letter by extracts from the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury. I hope, *if protection is to be the settled policy of the government*, that the wool growers will be benefited by the passage of this act—that they have not as yet reaped any benefit from it is evident, the opinion of Mr. Wells, whom you cite, to the contrary notwithstanding."

Thus both fully endorse the wool tariff—Mr. REDFIELD only complaining it was not enacted soon enough.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

TEXAS FLOCKS.—A friend residing near Boerne, Texas, writes us, under date of July 15th:—"Our flocks are doing very well. We were very fortunate with the lambs this year—we raised fifteen hundred. I sold my wool in San Antonio for 20 cents specie. The sheep suffered very much last winter. We had some severe storms. At one time the ground was covered with snow for several days. We lost, like all others, a good many sheep. The scab is still our great trouble. Our flocks were cleaned, as Mr. ——, the head shepherd, says, but a few months ago one of our neighbors who has 800 scabby sheep let them wander on our range, and some of them mixed with our sheep. They do not show any signs of scab, but the head shepherd thinks the diseased sheep must have communicated it, and that it will be best to dip our flocks in September."

SAMPLES.—"Old Breeder," Washington, Pa., encloses three samples, and asks our opinion of their quality and uses. The wool is less than an inch and a half long, exquisitely fine and glossy, and the extreme minuteness of the crimp indicates the best felting properties. It is Saxon wool of the highest quality (pick lock,) and adapted to the manufacture of the choicest broadcloths.

"M," Chicago, asks if an enclosed sample is "a fair specimen of American Merino?" It is not. The yolk is too tawney in color. The general style and quality are otherwise quite passable, with one fatal exception. We counted no less than five hairs, or pieces of jar, in a mass of wool not exceeding in weight a quarter of an ounce!

SHEEP FARMING IN TURKEY.—The British Consul at Adrianople gives some interesting details of the sheep and goat farming in that villayet. He gives the number of sheep at 4,512,000, and of goats at 778,000, the tax on which, at the rate of four piasters each, yielded £171,297 in 1867. Nevertheless it is estimated that 20 per cent. profit is obtained by sheep husbandry. The tax produced £10,596 more in the year 1867 than in the previous year, and for the last ten years there appears to have been a steady increase in the number of sheep.

The peculiarity of the shepherd's work in this district is the process of milking the sheep and the goats, large quantities of butter and cheese being made from the milk of these animals and sent into Constantinople, whence also the sheep and lambs are sent from the district or villayet of Adrianople for local consumption. The total cost of a flock consisting of 1,800 ewes, 150 rams and 50 goats, is stated to be 90,500 piasters, the cost of keep, &c., being 31,000 piasters, and the total value of produce, exclusive of the skins, 56,910 piasters—112 piasters being equal to the £. sterling. There is an active market for the skins of the lambs and goats, which are salted and packed for the French and English market.

The two prominent breeds, which are considered by the natives as distinctly local, are the Kavinjik, which bear some affinity to the demi-Merinos, and the Karabash, which are black-faced, and not unlike the sheep in Macedonia and Thessaly. The wool of the former is most esteemed, being long, soft and elastic, and twisted in ringlets, which gives the name to the breed.—*London Field.*

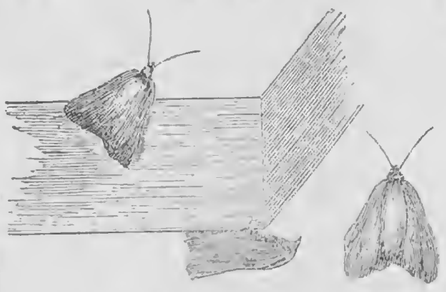
Bee-Keeper's Department.

ENEMIES OF BEES.

F. A. DULANY, Camden, Alabama, July 20, writes:

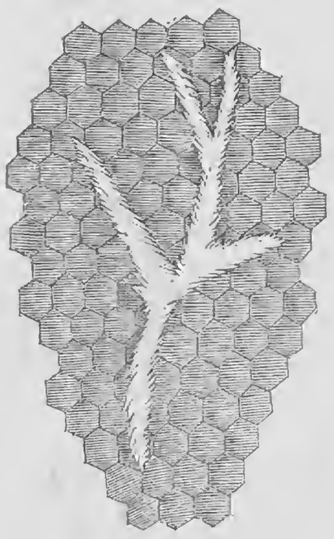
"I send you a specimen of the insect or worm, which, in this country, is very destructive to our bees. The hive from which they are taken is a new one, and was first occupied by the swarm in the second week of June last. The hive was of a hollow sweet gum. I send you specimens of the fly and the worms in the webs. Please name the insect for me; give his nature and habits, and how to guard against its ravages."

The worms mentioned, came to hand "alive and kicking," but the moths or millers died on the way. From the appearance of them and the larvæ, we have no doubt this pest is the Bee Moth, (Tinea Mellonella,) and one of the most destructive known to the apiarian. For the benefit of those not familiar with the moth and its progeny, the worms, we give illustrations of each and their operations in the bee hive to which they gain access. These are copied from a recently published volume entitled, "The Mysteries of Bee-Keeping Explained," by M. QUIMBY. From the bee moth he says, "we should have nothing to fear were it not for her progeny; a hundred or a thousand vile worms, whose food is principally wax or comb." To this he adds:—"As the instincts of the flesh-fly direct her to a putrid carcass to deposit her eggs, that her offspring may have their proper food, so the moth seeks the hive containing combs, where the natural food of her progeny is at hand. During the day a rusty brown miller, with wings close to the body, may be often seen lying perfectly motionless, on the corner of a hive, or on the under edge of the top, where it projects over. They are more frequent at the corners than anywhere else, one-third of their length projecting beyond it, appearing much like a sliver on the edge of a board that is somewhat weather-beaten."



BEE MOTH—TWO MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

Their color is a kind of dusty-brown resembling old wood, and as they lie flat on the boards of the hive during the day, it is thus they often escape the vigilance of the bees, active as they are. As soon as it is dark the moths are up and actively engaged in trying to slip into the hives for the purpose of depositing their eggs. These soon produce worms, and then commences the destruction of the honey stores. The worm has a skin generally invulnerable to the sting of the bee, hence they are powerless to expel this enemy, but the moth is not so guarded. Seemingly aware of this the bees are always on the alert to prevent the moths from entering the hive, and assail them whenever found. But, with all their vigilance, they cannot exclude them all. "They enter the hive and dodge out in a moment either from fear of the bees, or from having actually encountered them. If stocks are strong there is a poor chance for depositing eggs within the hive and on the combs, and as they must drop them somewhere they seek the cracks and flaws about the hive where they become mingled with the dust and chips which fall upon the bottom board,—a species of wax, in which the worms hatch; ascend among the bee combs and commence their depredations as seen in the illustration below."



WORM GALLERY IN THE COMBS.

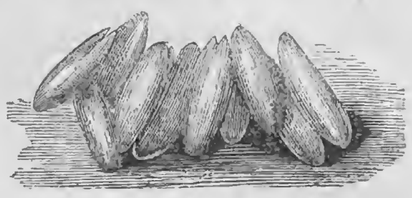
To prevent the eggs from hatching in this debris on the bottom board, it is recommended to keep it cleanly brushed, as the eggs will be thus deprived of a chance to perfect the worm which they would soon do if undisturbed. It will also prevent the bees from getting eggs stuck to their feet, as it is supposed is sometimes the case, when they are carried up and dropped upon the combs and there hatched. "A worm," says M. QUIMBY, "lodged in the comb, makes his way either to the center, or between the heads of the young bees in the cells and the sealing, as he proceeds, cats a passage, lining it with a shroud of silk, and gradually enlarging it, as he increases in size. When the combs are filled with honey they work on the surface, eating only the sealing."

WORM GALLERY REMOVED FROM THE COMBS.

When any considerable number of immature bees are found on the floor board in the morning it is evidence of the worm being in the hive, and that the colony is laboring to expel the enemy. Sometimes a number of young bees, nearly mature, will "be removed alive, in the operation, all webbed together and fastened by the legs and wings. Others will be seen running about with their wings mutilated, part of their legs eaten off, or tied together." These are certain indications of worms in the hive, and that the colony is laboring for their expulsion. In such cases it is recommended to raise the hive frequently and brush everything within reach clean. If a new swarm, with a hive partly full, give these indications of the worm, the hive "should be turned over once a week, till the worms are mastered and the corners inside examined for cocoons, which may be easily detached and destroyed." Where the ravages of the worm are severe and the stock of bees weak, it is said the colony may be saved by breaking out most of the combs, leaving just enough to be covered by the bees, when the moth will have no chance of depositing eggs. In extreme cases M. QUIMBY recommends driving out the bees and securing the honey and wax. If put into a new hive they may do something, but, if they do not, they will be no worse off, while their remaining stocks will be saved. If a stock is placed in a new hive its previous fumigation with sulphur should not be forgotten, else it will soon be infested with worms as before. A well developed worm is here given. When emerging from the cocoons they are very small, but grow rapidly under favoring circumstances.

MOTH WORM.

"When first hatched from the egg it is difficult to discern them with the naked eye. Their rapidity of growth depends as much or more on the temperature in which they are than upon their good living. Here is a cluster of cocoons as they appear before the insects emerge from them."



COCOONS OF THE MOTH WORM.

"The worm, after spinning its cocoon, soon changes into a chrysalis, and remains inactive for several days, when it makes an opening in one end and crawls out. The time necessary for this transformation is also governed by the temperature, although few are supposed to pass the winter in this state. The moth rarely appears before about the first of June."

It is said that an exposure of the moth, its eggs and larvæ, to a very low temperature—say 18° below zero—will destroy the whole. But this is impracticable in the more Southern States, as the mercury never falls so low as this in that region. Where it does so M. QUIMBY recommends taking the hives affected to a dark room, using artificial light to keep the bees from flying. Take out comb enough to last for several days and put it in an empty hive. Set another empty one of the same size, without top or bottom, upon it. Take out the next frame and hold it down in the top hive and shake or brush the bees into the lower one. As the frames should be put back into the hive in the same relative position, it is well to number them before they are removed. When the bees have been taken from all the combs in turn, the latter may be put away to freeze—separating them several inches for this purpose. When the eggs of the parasites are killed by the frost the combs should be warmed several hours before being replaced in the hive. When two or three combs have been returned to the hive the bees may be transferred to it, and the comb left with them upon their first removal be frozen like the other portions. When all the combs have been subjected to the freezing process and replaced, it is presumed that the bee moth and its progeny have been destroyed for that time. It is supposed that were all bee keepers, in a given section, to act in concert in this way the moth would be expelled from it in a short time.

It may not be amiss to add that the opinion is generally prevalent that by Italianizing our bees the colonies will become so strong as to bid defiance to the moth and all other insect enemies of the apiary.

Rural Notes and Items.

CHANGING SEED WHEAT.—The Minnesota Agricultural Society has asked the aid of the Agricultural Department at Washington in procuring new varieties of spring wheat. It appears that the yield rapidly diminishes under their system of continuous cropping from twenty-five to thirty bushels on new land to twenty, fifteen, and even ten bushels per acre. This result is attributed to a "degeneracy in the vitality of the seed," rather than to an exhaustion of fertility in the soil, and it is thought that if new, good seed of suitable varieties could be introduced the State would be benefited to the extent of several millions of dollars yearly. The variety now relied upon for the main crop is the Fife, and has been used for a number of years. The Canada Club was formerly cultivated, but has now completely disappeared. The Commissioner in his reply recognizes the importance of the subject, and promises to make special efforts to procure new varieties of spring and winter wheat.

CATTLE DISEASE IN THE WEST.—A contagious cattle disease has broken out in some localities in the Western States. It is thought to have been introduced by the droves of Texas cattle which, within a few years, have been driven in great numbers into the Prairie States. Yet these cattle are said to be healthy in Texas, and if such be the case, the disease is probably contracted on the route and through some cause incident to their transference. State laws have been enacted in some instances to limit their admission, and there is some danger of conflict between the drovers and the authorities. The General Government may be called on to interfere, and it should put itself in possession of such facts as will enable it to render justice.

SALT ON PASTURES.—At this season pastures present a very uneven appearance if they have not been heavily stocked, and the scattering patches of rank herbage which the animals neglect are suggestive of waste. If the farmer could tempt his stock to eat this rank herbage it would be so much gained, for the soil is usually rich where it grows, and does not need it for fertilizing purposes. It is a good plan to change the stock in such a pasture, letting sheep and young horses follow cattle, and then sow salt on the rank feed. This will tempt the stock to it, and little by little the whole will be devoured.

SHEEP, POTATOES AND BUGS.—A correspondent of the Western Rural writes from Illinois that the bugs attacked his vines last year after he had finished working in them, and he turned in a flock of one hundred sheep and the bugs were driven off by them. A flock of sheep will not injure a potato field if turned in at this season, but will browse the grass, clean out the fence corners, and improve the appearance of the crop.

FARMING IN MINNESOTA.—From the Press, St. Paul, we learn something of the magnitude of farming operations along the line of the Pacific Railroad in Minnesota. E. B. LITCHFIELD is turning over 2,000 acres of prairie, which is to be put in wheat this fall. Mr. DALRYMPLE has an equal quantity; so has a Mr. DONALDSON; while Mr. PAXTON of St. Paul is putting 12,000 acres under the plow, which he intends soon to increase to 30,000.

LENOX FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION.—This Association will hold its annual Fair at Canastota, commencing Sept. 30th, continuing three days. Hon. A. M. CLAPP of Buffalo will deliver an address on the occasion.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1868.

NATIONAL, STATE, PROVINCIAL, &c.

American Wine Growers' Ass'n, Cincinnati	Sept. 22
Colorado, Denver City	Sept. 29—Oct. 3
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 28—Oct. 4
Illinois, Quincy	Sept. 21—26
Iowa, Clinton and Lyons	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kansas, Leavenworth	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kentucky, Louisville	Sept. 15—19
Maine, Portland	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Michigan, Detroit	Sept. 15—18
Minnesota, Minneapolis	Sept. 8—11
National Horse Show, Providence, R. I.	Oct. 6—9
Nebraska, Nebraska City	Oct. 7—9
New York, Rochester	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
New Hampshire, Manchester	Sept. 15—17
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
New England, New Haven	Sept. 1—4
Nova Scotia, Halifax	Oct. 5—10
Ohio, Toledo	Oct. 21—25
Ontario, Hamilton	Sept. 21—25
Pennsylvania, Harrisburg	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Quebec, Montreal	Sept. 17—19
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 8—11
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 28—Oct. 2

COUNTY AND TOWN—NEW YORK.

Brookfield Ag. Association, Clarksville	Sept. 24—26
Cattaraugus, (District,) Gowanda	Sept. 24—26
Cattaraugus, (County,) Little Valley	Sept. 15—17
Chemung, Elmira	Oct. 7—9
Columbia, Chatham Four Corners	Sept. 15—18
Grape Growers', Canandaigua	Oct. 7—8
Madison, Farmers & Mech's, Canastota	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Oneida, Rome	Sept. 24—25
Oswego, Oswego Falls	Sept. 22—24
Washington, ——	Oct. 4—7
Yates, Penn Yan	Oct. 7—9

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bristol, Taunton	Oct. 6—8
Bristol, Central, Myricks	Sept. 17—18
Berkshire, Pittsfield	Oct. 6—8
Berkshire, (Dist.,) Great Barrington	Sept. 28—Oct. 2
Berkshire, (Hoosic Valley,) North Adams	Sept. 22—24
Barnstable, Barnstable	Oct. 13—14
Dukes, (Martha's Vineyard,) West Tisbury	Oct. 20—21
Essex, Newburyport	Sept. 29—30
Franklin (Ag'l Soc.,) Greenfield	Sept. 24—25
Hampshire, Amherst	Sept. 29—30
Hampshire, (District,) Northampton	Oct. 1—2
Hampden, East, Palmer	Oct. 13—14
Hampshire, Middlefield	Sept. 10—11
Middlesex, Concord	Oct. 1—3
Middlesex, South, Farmingham	Sept. 22—23
Middlesex, North, Lowell	Sept. 23—24
Nantucket, Nantucket	Sept. 30—Oct. 1
Norfolk, Dedham	Sept. 17—18
Plymouth, Bridgewater	Sept. 24—25
Plymouth, (Hingham Assoc.,) Hingham	Sept. 29—30
Plymouth, Marshfield	Oct. 1—2
Worcester, N. West, (Ag'l Soc.,) Athol	Sept. 15
Worcester, South, Milford	Sept. 29—30
Worcester, North, Fitchburg	Sept. 29—30
Worcester, West, Barre	Sept. 24—25
Worcester, Worcester	Sept. 17—18

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cantoocook Valley, Hillsboro Bridge	Sept. 22—23
Merrimac, Concord	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Mechanics' & Art. Association, Concord	Oct. 6—20
Piscataqua (River Assoc.,) Portsmouth	Sept. 10—11
Piscataqua (County,) Portsmouth	Sept. 8—10
Rockingham, ——	Sept. 23—25
Stafford, Dover	Sept. 23—25

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alleghany, Alleghany City	Oct. 6—9
Columbia, Bloomsburg	Oct. 14—16
Columbia, Columbia	Oct. 14—16
Washington, Burgettstown	Sept. 1—3
York, York	Oct. 6—9

OHIO.

Allen, Lima	Sept. 16—19
Ashtabula, Jefferson	Sept. 15—17
Ashland, Ashland	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Belmont, St. Clairsville	Sept. 23—25
Belmont, (Town,) Belmont	Sept. 15—17
Butler, Hamilton	Oct. 6—9
Champaign, Urbanna	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Clark, Springfield	Sept. 8—11
Clermont, Boston	Sept. 15—18
Columbiana, New Lisbon	Sept. 23—25
Coshocton, Coshocton	Oct. 7—9
Delaware, Delaware	Oct. 6—9
Erie, Sandusky	Sept. 30—Oct. 3
Fayette, Washington	Sept. 1
Franklin, Columbus	Sept. 15—18
Gallia, Gallipolis	Sept. 16—18
Garretteville, (Town)	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Geauga, Burton	Sept. 16—18
Green, Jamestown	Aug. 26—29
Hancock, Findlay	Oct. [illegible]—3
Hamilton, Carthage	Sept. [illegible]—5
Highland Union, Garrettsville	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Hayesville, (Town,)	Oct. 6—9
Huron, Norwalk	Sept. 16—18
Jackson, Jackson C. H.	Oct. 1—2
Jamestown, (Town,)	Aug. 25—28
Lake, Painesville	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 6—9
Lorain, Elyria	Sept. 15—18
Mahoning, Canfield	Oct. 6—8
Madison, (Town,)	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Meigs, Middleport	Oct. 1—2
Miami, Troy	Sept. 23—26
Medina, Medina	Oct. 6—8
Mercer, Celina	Oct. 7—9
Morrow, Mt. Gilead	Sept. 15—18
Orrville, (Town,)	Oct. 14—16
Orwell, (Town,)	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Ottawa, Port Clinton	Oct. 7—9
Pickaway, Circleville	Sept. 9—11
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 15—17
Richfield, (Town,)	Sept. 16—18
Shelby, Sidney	Sept. 1—3
Sandusky, Fremont	Sept. 17—19
Summit, Akron	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Seneca, Tiffin	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Stark, Canton	Oct. 7—9
Tuscarawas, New Philadelphia	Sept. 16—18
Thompson, (Town,)	Oct. 1—2
Twinsburg, (Town,)	Sept. 1—3
Union, Marysville	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Wayne, Wooster	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Wellington, (Town,)	Oct. 7—9

ILLINOIS.

Bureau, Princeton	Sept. 15—17
Cass, Virginia	Sept. 1—3
Coles, Charleston	Sept. 9—12
DeKalb, Mt. Carroll	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
DeWitt, Clinton	Sept. 22—25
Douglas, Tuscola	Oct. 6—9
DuPage, Wheaton	Sept. 15—17
Greene, Carrollton	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Grundy, Morris	Sept. 15—18
Henderson, Biggsville	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Henry, Cambridge	Sept. 1—4
Jo Daviess, Galena	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kankakee, Kankakee	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kane, Geneva	Sept. 30—Oct. 3
Lake, Libertyville	Sept. 28—30
LaSalle, Ottawa	Sept. 22—25
Logan, Lincoln	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Macon, Decatur	Sept. 14—17
Macoupin, Carlinville	Oct. 13—16
Marion, Salem	Oct. 6—9
McLean, Bloomington	Sept. 8—11
Mercer, Millersburg	Oct. 6—8
Morgan, Jacksonville	Sept. 18—19
Ogle, Oregon	Oct. 7—9
Peoria, Peoria	Oct. 6—9
Rock Island, Rock Island	Sept. 14—18
Sangamon, Springfield	Oct.
St. Clair, Belleville	Sept. 8—11
Stephenson, Freeport	Oct. 6—9
Tazewell, Tremont	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Union, Jonesboro	Sept. 16—18
Union Central, Atlanta	Sept. 15—19
Vermillion, Catlin	Oct. 6—9
Warren, Monmouth	Oct. 6—9
Woodford, Eureka	Sept. 15
Whiteside, Sterling	Sept. 15—18

IOWA.

Bremer, Waverly	Oct. 6—8
Central (District,) Des Moines	Sept. 22—24
Cedar, Tipton	Sept. 2—5
Crawford, Dennison	Oct. 8—9
DesMoines, Burlington	Oct. 6—9
Floyd, Charles City	Sept. 15—18
Henry, Mt. Pleasant	Sept. 23—25
Page, Clarinda	Sept. 22—26
Scott, Davenport	Sept. 7—11
Tama, Tama	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Wapello, Ottumwa	Oct. 13—14

MISSOURI.

Audrain, Mexico	Oct. 12—16
Clinton, ——	Sept. 8—10
La Fayette, Lexington	Oct. 20—25
Montgomery, ——	Sept. 29—Oct. 3
Northern Missouri, Paris	Sept. 7—12
Platt, Platt City	Sept. 1—3
Randolph, Huntsville	Sept. 15—19
St. Louis, St. Louis	Oct. 5—10
Sturgeon, Sturgeon	Sept. 1—5
Union, Newark	Sept. 14—19
Warren	Oct. 4—7

WISCONSIN.

Crawford, Denison	Oct. 8—9
La Fayette, Darlington	Oct. 6—8
Ripon, Ripon	Sept. 23—25
Rock, Janesville	Sept. 14—17
Rochester, Janesville	Sept. 15—17
Walworth, Elkhorn	Oct. 6—8

INDIANA.

Hendricks, ——	Sept. 1—4
Vermillion, Newport	Sept. 1—4

MINNESOTA.

Goodhue County, Red Wing	Oct. 14—16
Goodhue Township, Goodhue	Oct. 1

MICHIGAN.

Genesee, Flint	Sept. 29—Oct. 1

HORTICULTURAL.

CULTURE OF BLACKBERRIES.

THE following article was read by Mr. WM. PARRY, of Cinnaminson, N. J., before the Fruit Growers' Club of New York city. He said:

The cultivation of this fruit for market was greatly stimulated by the introduction of the New Rochelle berry about a third of a century since, and perhaps no person has contributed more than WILLIAM LAWTON, whose name it mostly bears, toward calling public attention to the importance of the extensive culture of this fruit. Its large size, great productiveness and other good qualities, surpassing any other variety then known, made it very popular among fruit growers, and its culture extended widely, so that many farmers raised more bushels of blackberries than of corn or wheat. The blackberry occupies an important position in the list of small fruits, commencing to ripen close upon the season of the raspberry, and before peaches and grapes. Its easy culture, hardiness, and the high price at which the fruit sells, make it one of the most profitable crops to grow. It is not particular as to soil and location, but yields yet as well where other crops will grow. There is no advantage in selecting the best land for a plantation, as the canes would there grow so large and tall as to require much time and expense to prune, trim and keep them within bounds. They need but once planting, as the bushes renew themselves annually thereafter by sending up spontaneous growth of young suckers to bear fruit the following year; and with an occasional dressing of manure, they will continue to give large returns for many years. I have ten acres of them, on thin sandy land, that have been planted about thirteen years, and still produce fine crops, yielding several times 650, 700, and once 800 bushels of fruit, while land adjoining, equally good, planted with corn, did not produce more than half the number of bushels per acre. When the corn was removed, all was gone.

To get another crop we had to manure and plant again. But not so with the blackberries, for we only pick the ripe fruit, and leave the foliage to fall on the ground and add to its fertility. The plants being permanently established, the annual crop of fruit taken off may be compared to the coupons taken from Government bonds, the principal remaining to produce more.

YIELD OF BERRIES PER ACRE.

At the average price at which blackberries have sold in market for ten years past, a field with ordinary treatment will yield from $300 to $400 per acre, and in some cases $600 per acre have been realized. And as it is from the net annual dividend received that the real worth of any investment is to be ascertained, we can readily arrive at the true value of a plantation of the best selected blackberries. Having experimented on several kinds of land, from a firm clay to a light-blowing sand, I prefer as the most favorable location for blackberries a light, moist, sandy loam, well underdrained, if water would otherwise stand near the surface. Formerly we thought that low, rich land would be best, judging from the large growth of briars along ditches and swampy places. Accordingly one of my neighbors planted ten acres of low, dark, rich land that had produced heavy crops of corn and timothy, expecting to get a corresponding one of the blackberry; but in this he was disappointed, except in the growth of canes, which was very large and strong, but not well ripened before winter set in, and consequently were greatly injured and sometimes entirely killed before Spring, yielding but little or no fruit; while blackberries planted on his higher land, not worth near so much for agricultural purposes, producing small canes, with buds well developed and wood mature before the approach of winter, would yield heavy crops of fine fruit. In walking through my patch when loaded with berries, he remarked that he 'could not understand why those small bushes had so much more fruit on them than his large ones.' I attributed it to the fact that the canes and fruit-buds were better ripened the fall previous, and had stood the cold of winter with less injury.

MODEL BLACKBERRY BUSHES.

Another farmer near by having about forty acres devoted to the culture of blackberries, purchased a tract of light sandy land at $13 per acre and planted it with them. But desiring to have a model patch, he purchased a few acres of the richest and best land for ordinary agricultural purposes in the vicinity, at $300 per acre, and planted it with the same kind of blackberries, giving the best treatment and special attention, which produced an enormous growth of canes; but which never yielded as much fruit per acre as the $13 land. He remarked to me while looking at them, that—"We have learned something since commencing this business; to begin now, with the knowledge we have, the error of planting our best land with blackberries might be avoided."

PREPARATION OF THE GROUND.

The land should be plowed and harrowed smooth; then open furrows in the fall eight feet apart, and if muck can be had conveniently, it is valuable to spread along them during winter, leaving it exposed to the action of the frost. Early in spring set the plants about four feet apart on the muck, which will require 1,360 plants to the acre. The intervening space, while the plants are small, need not be lost, but corn, potatoes or other vegetables may be grown midway between the rows for the first year or two. The roots will mostly follow along the row to feed on the muck, and grow more vigorously than lateral or side roots. Hence the strongest and best plants will come up nearly where they are wanted to produce fruit the following year. But they should not be left to stand along the rows closer together than an average of one plant to a foot in length, in the rows. The plantation should be gone over several times during summer, and the tops of the young canes, as they appear above the bearing bushes, should be shortened in, so as to keep them at a uniform height of about three to five feet, according to the strength of the soil. This will induce the side branches to grow vigorously, and develop fruit-buds near the ground, and, interlocking with each other, the bushes will support themselves, and thus avoid the necessity of stakes and wires to prevent high winds from injuring the tender canes. The side branches should be shortened in the following winter or spring to a pyramidal form, somewhat resembling a dwarf pear-tree when properly trimmed. Plants thus properly treated will yield more fruit, and of better quality, than if left to grow tall and slender, as by nature they are inclined to do.

PRICE OF BERRIES.

Blackberries have sold readily for several years past at from three and a-half to five dollars a bushel; and this year, owing to the scarcity of fruits, they bring double that price. They will be likely to sell well for many years to come, as they can be used in so many ways; the demand will be greater than the supply. Some patches will be planted on unsuitable soil, and will not pay cost; others in the most favorable locations will be suffered to grow at random, becoming large and rank, and producing but little fruit.

HOW TO RAISE BOUNTIFUL CROPS.

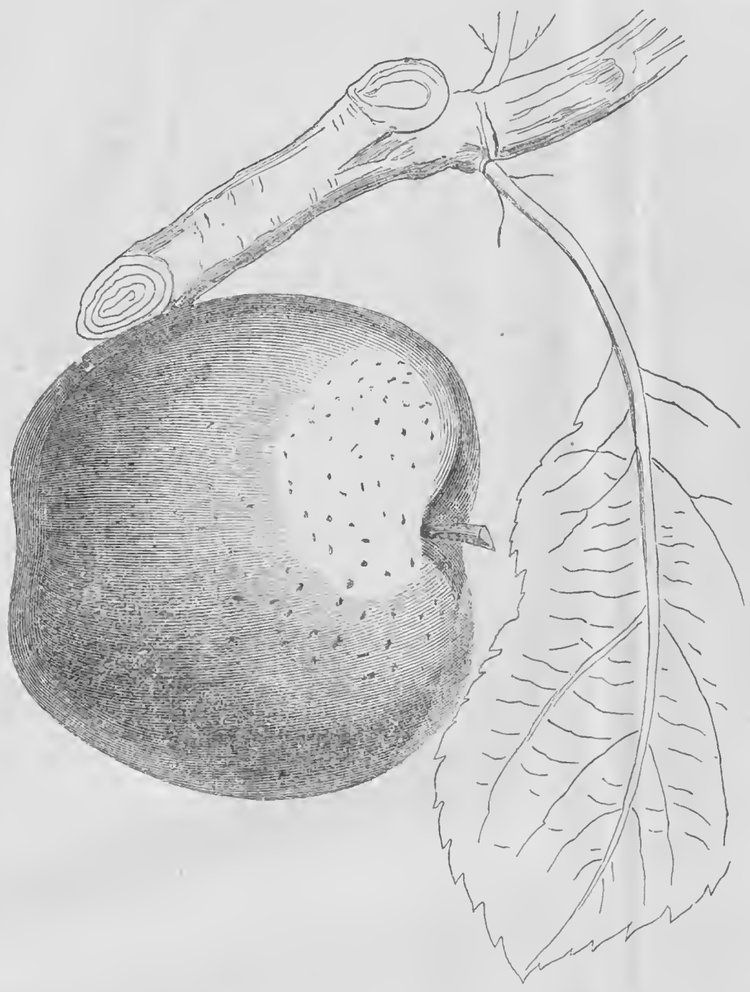
To insure good crops requires close attention; the canes should be kept thin and well headed back; and on poor land, an occasional dressing of manure, muck, or fertilizers of some kind, adds to the quantity and quality of the fruit. There is no likelihood of the market being overstocked with the fruit, as it pays well to make it into wine. Three quarts of blackberries and three pounds of sugar, with the addition of a little water, will make a gallon of wine, highly recommended for its medicinal properties, worth $2 per gallon, while new; and its value increases with age. All the poorer berries, those that are too ripe to ship to market, may be properly converted into wine at home; and only the finest and most perfect fruit sent to market, which will always command a fair price.

LIST OF VARIETIES.

Being extensively engaged in the cultivation of blackberries myself—having grown thousands of bushels of them within the last few years, and tested many varieties, such as the New Rochelle, Dorchester, Cutleaf, Newman's, Thornless, Cape May, Cumberland, Sinclair, Mason's Mountain, Missouri, Mammoth, Idaho Climbing, Parker's Early, Felton, Brandenburg, Holcomb, Needham's White, Col. Wilder, and Dr. Warder, also the Dewberries sent out by Dr. MINER, of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., and have growing now ten acres of the Kittatinny and thirty of the Wilson Early Blackberry. I consider the latter the most profitable for market, and therefore have planted more largely of it than of any other variety. The fruit is large, luscious and sweet as soon as black, holds its bright color and bears carriage well. The plants are hardy and productive. The Wilson will become a general favorite when its merits become more widely known. The berries sold readily in New York and Philadelphia markets last year, and this also, at 50 cents a quart wholesale, when no other variety, that I am aware of, brought as much.

ORIGIN OF THE MOST VALUABLE VARIETIES.

It is somewhat remarkable that all the valuable varieties in cultivation have been found growing wild, and were selected and saved on account of their supposed merit over others, and from the thousands of seedlings raised, none have yet proved superior to their parents. May it not be attributed to the fact that sufficient care has not been taken to mix the pollen of different varieties? Having grown seedlings for many years without favorable results, I have now adopted the plan of planting some of the best varieties near each other, so as to insure the admixture of the pollen of many flowers, thereby combining qualities in their seedlings which could in no other way be found in the same fruit. If as much care and attention were bestowed in selecting and propagating new seedling blackberries as have been with the strawberry and grape, we might yet obtain varieties even superior to those that are now cultivated.



GRIMES' GOLDEN PIPPIN.

THIS apple originated, it is said, in an orchard of seedlings in Brooke Co., Virginia. It has borne fruit well and regularly, and the tree is of strong growth, upright and spreading in form, with dark shoots. The fruit is evenly distributed, and is of a rich golden color dotted with yellow and occasional traces of russet. The flesh is crisp and yellow, fine grained and juicy, sub-acid, and has a sprightly, aromatic, pleasant flavor. Its season is from December to March.

POMOLOGICAL RULES.

THE Committee on Pomological rules, of which Mr. P. BARRY was Chairman, reported as follows to the American Pomological Society:

1. No new seedling-fruit shall be entitled to the recommendation of this Society until its qualities shall be ascertained by at least five years' experience in more than one locality, and which is not at least equal to any similar variety of the first rank already known; or which, if only of second-rate flavor, is superior in vigor, hardiness, productiveness, or other important quality or characteristics.

2. No new fruit shall be considered as named until it has been accurately described by some person or committee known to be conversant with existing varieties, and such description shall have been published in at least one horticultural or agricultural journal or some pomological work of acknowledged standard character.

3. The originator, or he who first makes known a new variety, shall be entitled to name it; and such name, if suitable, shall be adopted by the writer describing the fruit for the first time. But if the name proposed is inappropriate, or does not come within the rules of nomenclature, the describer shall be at liberty to give a name.

When two persons have named or described a fruit, the name and description first published, if according to the rules, shall have the priority.

4. In giving names to new varieties, all harsh, vulgar, or inelegant names, such as "sheep's-nose" and "hog-pen," should be avoided; and no name should consist of more than two words, excepting only when the originator's name is added. Characteristic names, or those in some way descriptive of the qualities, origin, or habit of fruit or tree, shall be preferred. They may either be of intrinsic properties, as Golden Sweeting, Downer's Late; or of local origin, as Newtown Pippin, Hudson Gage; of the season of ripening, as Early Scarlet, Frost Gage; of the form and color, as Golden Drop, Blue Pearmain; or which commemorates a particular place or person, as Tippecanoe, La Grange, Baldwin; or any other titles which may be significantly applied.

5. The descriptions of new varieties of fruits shall embrace the following particulars:

1st, An account of their origin.

2d, The fruit, its size, form, and exterior color, texture, and color of the flesh, flavor, and time of ripening; with the addition, on stone-fruits, of the size of the stone, adherence or non-adherence of the flesh, form of the suture, and the hollow at the stem; and in kernel-fruit, of the size of the core and seeds, the length, position, and insertion of the stalk, and form of the eye.

3d, The tree, its marked characters of growth, young and bearing wood, foliage, and blossoms. In peaches, the form of leaf, glands, and size of blossoms; in strawberries, the character of the blossoms, whether staminate or pistillate; in grapes, the form of bunch or berry.

HOW MUCH FRUIT IS ENOUGH.

"I THINK my family canned enough fruit last season to enable me to have it on my table every day in the year."

Such was the remark made to me a few days ago by my neighbor L——. It certainly was what very few, even of our most enthusiastic fruit growers are able to say; and the facts led to some reflections which will bear stating here.

Neighbor L——, we admit, has as much fruit as he and his family will be likely to consume the year round. I supposed that my own family was pretty liberally supplied also; but his far exceeds mine, and I am quite as certain that mine as far exceeds that of one-half—yea, of nineteen-twentieths—of my neighbors. I might put it in a still stronger light, and say that while one family in a community has as much fruit as it will need or consume, with a moderate daily use, there are not less than one hundred families who do not consume over one quart weekly.

What utter nonsense, then, for men to be croaking about the superabundance of fruit, the prospects of overstocking the market, and all such forebodings of evil to fruit growers. And yet every community has one or more of this class of old fogies. I remember just such in my boyhood; and yet people have continued to plant, till the quantity is tenfold greater everywhere, and the price has continued to advance; and even now, a large portion of the people have yet to learn that the small fruits—to say nothing of apples—can be made a part of their legitimate daily food.

How long before all the people will be as well educated up to the use of fruit as is my neighbor L——, and how much will be enough to supply the country when that time shall arrive?—*Horticulturist.*

INSECTS IN CALIFORNIA.

THE fruit growers of California have hitherto claimed complete immunity from the assaults of insects on their products. This condition of things is incident to new countries in general, and is only a favorable circumstance thrown in by Dame Nature to aid the pioneers in obtaining a firm foothold. With culture and the production of fruit and cereals, come their natural enemies, and no country is long exempt from these foes. We predicted, years ago, that California would, in due time, have some cause to cease her everlasting bragging respecting her advantages over the rest of the Union in the matter of insect depredators. In a work on "The Natural Wealth of California," recently published by H. H. BANCROFT & Co., San Francisco, is the following paragraph on insects:

"Until very lately California claimed immunity from nearly every disease, and every insect which afflicted the farms and orchards of other countries, but we are beginning to find that these evils are coming. The grape fly has taken possession of the vines in several localities. It is a species of microscopic grasshopper which has always fed on the alfilerilla grass, and now shows preference for the grape leaf. By day it lies concealed and sheltered from the sun on the under side of the leaf. At night it feeds on the upper part of the leaf. * * * The apple borer and one species of curculio have been found in a few places. Grasshoppers and crickets, and the army worm, have at times been destructive, but not over any extended area. The wheat fly will not probably give trouble so long as foreign grain is not imported, though some new parasite may be looked for, following the vegetable laws elsewhere universally revealed. Vegetables are as yet but little affected by diseases or insect parasites, but the forced cultivation by market gardeners must lead to their production."

THE CLARKE RASPBERRY.

THE editor of the Practical Farmer makes the following notes of that variety, after having visited a large plantation of small fruits in New Jersey: "It was probably a little after the height of the raspberry picking—the Philadelphia raspberry, of which alone there are 30 acres, having been mostly marketed. The Clarke raspberry, however, appeared to be in its prime. This variety is rapidly gaining in public favor, and, as there were about five acres of it, its productiveness, habit of growth, size, quality, etc, were very fully examined by the company present, among them being CHARLES DOWNING and A. M. FULLER of New York. The Clarke is a seedling raised by E. E. CLARKE of New Haven, in 1856, from the Falstaff. While not quite so heavy a bearer as the Philadelphia, we should call it an excellent bearer, some of the canes being heavily loaded, while the flavor, color and appearance were decidedly in its favor, and superior to anything we saw among many other varieties in fruit. The color is a light crimson—the most popular color for a raspberry; and on account of this, and also its superior quality, we are told they sold the present season in market at 75 cents per quart—the Philadelphia and other varieties bringing 30 to 40 cents. The Clarke does not appear to ripen all at once, and on this account would suit well for the family garden. Its leaves are rather peculiar, being of a deep green color, thick, coarse and unevenly serrate, and are so tough as to endure the hot weather in summer without injury. Connecting these points with its perfect hardiness—having stood 10 to 15 degrees below zero without protection—it will be seen that the Clarke has the elements of a first class fruit and one desirable for general cultivation."

THE RESURRECTION PLANT.

THIS is one of the latest curiosities in the plant line. We obtained one of Mr. VICK of Rochester, last spring, and it then resembled a bunch four or five inches in diameter of curled up shoots of young cedar, with a small cluster of thread-like roots depending from the bottom. Placing it in a saucer of water the bunch unrolled in a few hours, spreading out quite flat, and presented somewhat the appearance of a heavy patch of moss. In this state it remained two or three weeks. If the supply of moisture failed for a time the plant gave warning by assuming its regular ball-like form. At the end of that time we transplanted it to the ground, and it looked fine and green under the influence of genial showers. But the weather grew dry and the Resurrection Plant rolled itself into a ball and rolled away before the wind, the roots not having much grasp on the soil. It lay in the sun on the ground for a month, when we gave it to a friend who placed it in a saucer of water, and lo, it spread out its arms again and showed the green color of vegetable life. An exchange thus speaks of this singular plant:

"These plants are brought from the southern part of Mexico. During the rainy season they flourish luxuriantly, but when the dry weather and hot sun scorch the earth, they, too, dry and curl up, and blow about at the mercy of the wind. To all appearances they are as dead as the 'brown and sere leaf,' but as soon as the rain comes again, the roots suck up the water, the leaves unfold and assume a beautiful emerald-green appearance. No matter where the plant may be, on a rock, a tree, or a house-top, wherever the winds have blown it, there it rests, and being a true temperance plant, it only asks for water, and at once bursts into new life. Having purchased one of these tufts, and placed it in a soup plate filled with water, the reader will be surprised to see it gradually unfold and take on a deep green. The leaves are arranged spirally, and altogether, the resurrection plant is the latest curiosity."

THE CREVELING FOR WINE.—G. Hussman says in the Journal of Horticulture, that the great merits of the Creveling for wine seem to have been strangely overlooked, and yet it is one of the few of which good wine can be made at the North. It ripens a week later than the Hartford Prolific and makes an excellent red wine, resembling the choice brands of claret.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

DWARF MOUNTAIN CHERRY.—This novelty is described as follows by a grower in Brookfield, Mo.:—"A miniature cherry tree, growing from eighteen inches to three feet high, with round globular head; as hardy as an oak tree; bearing large crops of very sweet cherries, of a dark brown or brownish purple color. Fruit size of a black-heart cherry, three, six, nine and twelve in a cluster; ripe from August 10th to Sept. 1st. This cherry is a native of Utah Territory, and after four years' trial here, seems to succeed as well as in its native soil; adapted to dry climate and soils, yet our plants are now loaded with fruit."

DRYING HERBS.—Herbs for drying for future use should be cut just about the time they are coming into flower. Dry them in the shade, and after sufficiently dry to put away, tie them in bunches and hang in a cool shed, or place them loosely between paper, and stow away in cupboards or drawers—the last mode is by far the the cleanest and most approved plan with the best housekeepers. Some, indeed, powder the leaves at once after drying, and put away in bags ready for use.

CYLINDER VINERY.—The newest theory on horticultural architecture is the cylinder vinery, which is described as a hexagonal case, like a sentry box, without a roof of any kind. The vinery is built by fixing six posts firmly in the ground, two feet apart, each post is grooved so as to admit of panes of glass. In each of the five spaces between the posts a vine is planted; the sixth space is occupied by a door.

LIME AROUND FRUIT TREES.—D. W. P., Hamilton, Ill., asks if "air slaked lime is good to put around fruit trees. Is it as good as wood ashes?" Lime is sparingly soluble in water, and if deposited under the tree will be gradually communicated to the soil by water. It also serves some purpose in arresting the operations of insect enemies of the tree. It is not equal to wood ashes, but will pay for using.

ROUND GRAPE BOXES, advertised in this paper, are highly complimented by several prominent grape growers.

Domestic Economy.

HOUSEHOLD REFORMATIONS.

EDS. RURAL:—I do not care anything for Mr. "Incog's" bag of beans, but I must confess I felt quite indignant at the torrent of abuse showered upon "our devoted heads" in the RURAL of July 18. I think I shall not plead guilty to any of the charges made against us, not even that of murdering our own children,—the fact that I have seven, hale and robust, being of itself sufficient evidence to the contrary in my case. But let the coat be worn by whoever it fits. There are many it would fit nicely, but they are not the salt of the earth. Mr. "Incog" says he is married fortunately. I should say *un*fortunately, if such is his experience.

I agree with Mrs. "Practice Economy" that those who have the best practical knowledge of household economy,—who are toiling with woman's devotion to make home tidy and cheerful for their families, with the least possible expense,—have little or no time for discussions through the columns of the press. I am always interested in anything pertaining to woman's field of labor, and would like to add my mite.

Graham bread, beef and mutton are the most nutritious of all the food we eat. Then why are they not more generally on the farmer's table, to the exclusion of rich cake and pastry. "Oh," the farmers' say, "pork is so much cheaper." Yes, and disease dearer than them all. Verily, we are a hoggish class. Another says, "I do not like Graham bread;" but how many boxes of pills, think you, that person swallows annually, making a sort of drug shop of the stomach? Some women seem to think a greasy, tattered dress a necessary equipage for the kitchen. How shameful! As though a neatly patched, tidy garment did no credit to its wearer. And here let me say, the mending should be weekly attended to, immediately after the ironing, which of course we do as early in the week as possible. Woe to that family where this item of work is neglected. Beds should be thoroughly aired before making, (by this I do not mean letting them lie, as some do, until bedtime before making,) and a current of pure air constantly passing through our sleeping rooms during the night,—as air, as well as water, must necessarily be in motion to purify itself. American mothers! if our daughters are not skilled in all the arts of household economy, who but ourselves are culpable? In Germany no young lady is deemed qualified for matrimony until she has served an apprenticeship in the kitchen. Let us go and do likewise! MRS. PRUDENCE.

SATURDAY'S WORK.

EDS. RURAL:—I have been very much interested in the items on Domestic Economy, and have been quite anxious that some farmer's wife should answer our friend JENNIE. I think she cannot be a farmer's wife, as she entirely omitted to mention Saturday's work in her list—the feeding chickens, skimming milk, churning, &c., mentioned by our friend MAGGIE. I am a young housekeeper, and am trying to economize my time, but have never succeeded as yet in finding any time to sew during an ordinary forenoon. Now, I want some farmer's wife, of greater experience than myself, to explain *how* she gets the whole routine of Saturday's work in one forenoon, and sews beside—if she does. I want to learn to be as smart as anybody. If all farmers' wives usually use up the whole forenoon with their housework, all right. I am not dissatisfied if I do just as well as any one else, but I do not wish to be beaten.

Reading, Schuyler Co., N. Y. NELLIE.

A CHEAP AND EXCELLENT WAY OF PICKLING TOMATOES BY THE QUANTITY.—Select ripe tomatoes with unbroken skins. Smooth ones are preferable. Put them into a weak brine, and let them remain in it for 36 or 48 hours. Then put them into a pickle composed of one part of vinegar and two parts of soft water. These proportions are for good, strong vinegar. Keep them pressed under the liquor. A bad smelling scum frequently collects on the surface, but it will not taint or hurt the fruit. *To prepare for use*—Wash, skin and sweeten to taste.

This has been tried for years, and has been found reliable and satisfactory. The testimony of all who eat of the fruit so prepared is, "They taste so much like fresh tomatoes."—GLEN.

TOMATO JAM.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel them and take out all the seeds; put them into a preserving kettle, with half a pound of sugar to each pound of tomatoes; boil one or two lemons soft, then pound them fine, take out the pits, add the lemon to the tomato, and boil slowly; mash to a smooth mass; continue to stir until smooth and thick, then put in jars or tumblers.

TO STEW PEACHES.—Take small, unripe peaches, pare them neatly, put them into a kettle with water nearly to cover, and set over a gentle fire; to each quart of peaches add half a pound of sugar; let them stew until the sirup is rich. Serve cold for tea or dessert.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

UPLAND CRANBERRY CULTURE.—Sample of fruit sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular on culture sent free to any address.
967-2t ORRIN C. COOK, South Milford, Mass.

FARMERS' AND GRAIN DEALERS' FRIEND.—THE NEW BAG HOLDER, Patented March 12, 1867, is the only one which receives the unlimited approbation of the farmers. It is made of wood; easily folded to put away or for transportation, and when folded occupies no room, as it can be hung up on a nail out of the way. It is not liable to get out of order, and in case any accident should befall it the farmer can easily repair it without taking it to a blacksmith or machine shop. It is so simple that all who see it wonder the idea was never thought of before. In the few places in the West where they have been introduced they are purchased by every farmer who sees them.

Bag Holder in Use.

We are aware that there are other bag holders, but there has never been one worth one cent for the farmer's use until this one. It does the work of two boys in holding a bag open, and is easily adjustable to any size or length of bag or sack. No one knows the real practical value of this invention until they use it. To be sure many have boys to hold bags, but, when having an article that will hold a bag better than two boys or men can do it, they can readily find other work for the boys somewhere else. One man will put up more grain in the same length of time with this machine than two men with boys can do the same without it, saying nothing about tying the bag, provided the grain is measured in a half-bushel measure. It can be set up out doors by the side of the threshing machine, or in the orchard or potatoe field. When a farmer can put up a load of grain while his boy is harnessing the team, and do it quicker than with the boy, then, of course, we must all admit the great value of this Bag Holder, which the farming community have long been desiring.

These Bag Holders will more than pay for themselves in one harvesting. The undersigned are prepared to fill all orders for the same at wholesale or retail. Retail price, $3.

☞ Town or County rights for sale in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, or Michigan. BENNETT, JOHNSON & CO.,
966-4t No. 612 Broadway, New York.

Ladies' Department.

EXPRESSION.

It is not much that heart to heart
  Can tell in words of human speech;
Its deep recesses lie apart
  Where only thought to thought can reach.

That is not friendship which can ask
  And tell the best it seeks and gives;
That is not love which can unmask
  Itself to anything that lives.

The deeper motions of the soul
  Are never heard by human ear;
That which we can not speak is all
  That we most truly hope or fear.

[*Springfield Republican.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUMMER VISITORS.

This article is written with the hope that all who expect to entertain visitors during the present season, and all who anticipate the felicity of being entertained, will give it a perusal.

It is a really pleasant thing, as we housekeepers know very well, when the toils and trials of house-cleaning are over and every room has been thoroughly put to rights from cellar to garret,—when one's neck no longer aches from whitewashing ceilings or one's arms from washing quilts and blankets in Dott's Washer and running them through the Universal Wringer, an excellent easy way of cleansing them,—when all the winter clothing is packed away in chests of fragrant cedar and all the rags collected for rugs and the paper-rag man,—when you aint afraid to have any closet door in the house left carelessly open lest untidy bundles come into view,—it is a very pleasant thing to have company come and stay two or three days, and admire the order and perfection of your domestic arrangements, praise the taste you displayed in the selection of your new parlor paper, sip your coffee and extol its flavor, inquire *how* you made this cake, and what is your mode of cooking steak so nicely. Truly, the pleasure of dispensing hospitality, of seeing guests enjoying themselves in the atmosphere of comfort, cheer and domestic felicity thrown around them by *your* efforts, is indeed very great. We are never purely happy except in the reflected happiness of those around us, and a table full of beaming faces is as pleasant a sight as a housekeeper may wish to see.

But right in the midst of it all your girl leaves you, and you don't succeed in getting another one. Nevertheless, cooking and dishwashing and sweeping and dusting must go on with cruel regularity. The baby left to herself more than is usual gets into all sorts of mischief. You catch sight of her dancing up and down in a mud puddle left by the last shower, her fresh clothes all bespattered and bedaubed, and you hurry out, with sleeves rolled up and hands in dough and dishwater, to the rescue. By-and-by the dinner hour comes, and all flushed and weary you sit down—a cooked lady at the head of the table, probably as thoroughly done for as any dish you have provided. Your guests leisurely descend to the dining-room, cool, calm, unconscious of fatigue. Ice jingles in the glasses, savory steams the stew or roast, the vegetables are done to a nicety, the pie is excellent, the fruit deliciously flavored, and the dinner a success. Towards its close, refreshed by food, by pleasant conversation, by the rest of sitting still for an hour, your spirits begin to rally and you are happy in the consciousness of making others so. But the trial of your faith is in store for you. Hitherto the excitement of hope has kept you up. Now that is vanished, or rather has had its fruition, and there remain two tables full of dishes to be gathered up, washed and put away, the floors to be swept, and nobody knows how many pots and kettles and spiders and broiling irons to be cleaned and hung up in place.

As the last rustle of dainty skirts dies away from the dining-room, and your lady guests betake themselves to the cool parlor or the breezy gallery, and in easy chairs with fans and story books or chatty talk pass the warm hours till it is cool enough to walk or ride abroad, don't you half envy them? Saintly and angelic, entirely *super woman*, is she who can lovingly and caressingly toy with her dish-cloth in hot water, and sport with her cup-towel over long rows of steaming plates, and not feel that this wearisome drudgery is not a heavy penalty attached to the delights of hospitality. Where is the woman that under such circumstances would not be quite willing to lend her guests aprons and permit them to bear a part in clearing away and putting things to rights again? Would she not feel, when, by their aid her work was quickly and easily done, that she was entertaining angels unawares?

My dear lady visitor, instead of weeping after dinner over the fancied woes of imaginary heroines, go down into the kitchen and alleviate the real woes of your sister hostess. Share the toil your presence imposes. The odor of dishwater on your hands will be more to your credit than that of Phalon's Night Blooming Cereus, though you needn't retain it there; should some unlucky drops bespatter your frock they will be an honor to you rather than a reproach. Have compassion on her who is so solicitous for your enjoyment, and do not leave her to serve alone except it be to sit at the feet of the Great Master himself. Your assistance, slight though it may be, will be gratefully appreciated, and you will feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive. *

BEAUTY.

What is beauty after all? Each eye makes it for itself. You think Smith's lady-love raw-boned and hard-featured. He calls her a "magnificent woman," and wonders what you see in your little angel with her baby face and stature. So it is the world over; and yet, we would each give something to be beautiful after our own fashion. How the powders and lotions which are to bestow upon poor billious mortals skins of satin and snow, and the hair-dyes and pomades, and cosmetics of all sorts, sell, we need not mention to prove the facts. In France, old ladies are being made over, at the cost of half their fortunes. Yes, we all want to be beautiful; and, if only our ideas of beauty were what they should be, we might accomplish our desire easily. Meekness and love make all faces pleasant. Were we good we should be beautiful. We all feel this. There are plain features so charming with the sparkle of good humor, that we love them. There are blemished faces so sweet that they are pleasanter to look upon than the most perfect. After all, it is in the expression that the actual charm lies. So that were some one to promise the secret of beauty for twenty-five cents and a post-paid envelope, he would scarcely be an impostor should he return the golden rule with instructions to learn and practice it. If we only could do this earnestly and truly for one generation, the next might wonder whether it were not a fable that such a thing as ugliness was ever known upon earth.

THE RIVER.

Choose her fairer face, I do not reckon
  Man's love such an estimable prize;
Others are there who, did I but beckon,
  Would see all earth's pleasure in mine eyes.
    Choose her, an thou carest,
    If her face be fairest,
  Lo! my hatred groweth, and love dies.

Yet remembrance one day like a painter
  May limn for thee such a scene as this;
Were the odors of that May-time fainter;
  Was there less of passion in my kiss?
    On the stream reclining,
    See the lilies shining,
  As they shone through all those hours of bliss.

Can I pity her? A fate scarce brighter
  Than my fate awaits her in the years:
Now she deems thee true, when no heart lighter
  Ever played upon a maiden's fears.
    Ere her doom be certain,
    Shall I draw the curtain,
  Show her all the future's endless tears?

Rather would I have her never know it;
  Love, while love is lasting, is divine:
I have lived and loved, as sings the poet;
  I can see thee change and make no sign.
    Hold the spring-flow'rs o'er her,
    In the years before her
  May she taste no bitter cup like mine!

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

Why have we, now-a-days, so many simpering, silly girls about, who know nothing, can do nothing, and are nothing? They have been at school long enough to get a little knowledge, and they do not appear to be wanting in natural capacity; and yet, so empty are they of sense and reflection, that, often when I look into their expressionless countenances, I find it difficult to believe in the immortality of their souls. It seems more reasonable to think that such abortive efforts of Nature would be quietly absorbed or dissipated, like the leaves which flutter to the ground, and are seen no more.

What is the matter with these poor creatures? The matter is, they never have boiled potatoes, ironed clothes, made puddings, cleaned paint, made beds, nor in any other way seriously applied their minds and hands to the exact and skillful performance of homely tasks. They have missed the precious education which comes of carefully done work. If any good soul would take half a dozen of these unfortunate beings and give them a good three years' drill in the work of a well-ordered house, the educating effect would astonish every one who knew them. You cannot boil an egg precisely right without getting a little education out of it.—*James Parton.*

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

It is said a young heiress is working *incognito* in one of the Meriden manufactories in Connecticut, in order to escape from fortune hunters, and be wooed and won for herself alone.

A marriage between the eldest daughter of the King of Sweden and the heir presumptive of the throne of Denmark, which has been repeatedly spoken of, is at last definitely arranged.

Mrs. Stowe, in her Chimney Corner papers, quotes the story of a young Methodist who felt that he had a call to preach, and who was crushed by the question of an elder, who asked, "Hast thou noticed whether people seem to have a call to hear thee?"

A young lady—a sensible girl—gives the following catalogue of different kinds of love:—"The sweetest, a mother's love; the longest, a brother's love; the strongest, a woman's love; the dearest, a man's love; and the sweetest, longest, strongest, dearest love—a 'love of a bonnet.'"

Woman is asserting her rights in France as well as in this country. The ladies have appeared on the French Bourse in great numbers, and buy and sell stock with a vigor and earnestness completely unknown to the less favored sex. In England they are subscribing liberally toward the election expenses of their special champions, and so will go to Parliament by proxy, if not in person. If our own ladies are not active, they will be completely outstripped by their transatlantic sisters.

Dr. Holland, writing of his late voyage to Europe, alludes to some fellow passengers, one of whom was "a maiden lady on her way to Paris with a lap dog in order to consult a physician there touching her pet's health." He says:—"The dog is sixteen years old. The lady desires that he may live until he is twenty-five. He has bronchitis and a cough. He is ugly. He looks like a dirty mop, but he is tenderly beloved by a woman who ought to be married and to have children to absorb her affections. The affections of a spotless maid, the powers of the immortal soul surrendered to a pup!" The ladies will scarcely forgive the Doctor for adding—"After all, a woman may as well worship a dog as worship herself."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE HAPPY.

Go out under the bright, glad sky; listen to the songs of the happy birds, the shout of dancing brooks; see how the sunlight glorifies hill and meadowland, and comes shimmering down through uncounted forest-leaves, these mellow, golden summer-days. Turn your faces from the thronged city, forget a little while busy care, and let your soul thrill and glow under the wondrous touch of divine harmony that fills all nature.

Ah, we love to think, as we look at the beautiful earth, that *our* Father made it all,—the same dear God who sends the clouds shifting over our paths sometimes, only to teach us how precious the sunlight is. These souls of ours were never made to be prisoned by high brick walls, to be shut in from the free glorious earth by plodding business cares. They cannot be happy thus; they must have space for development—they must have food; and by so much as they are higher, more God-like than our bodies, so much greater are their demands for culture—a pure holy culture, befitting a being whom the Almighty has created. They need associations that will call into full play all their infinite powers of comprehension, all that ardent devotion which a God of love has implanted deep within the spirit's holy of holies.

The glad earth seems ever calling to an enjoyment of the all-true, and the all-beautiful. Morning after morning we know the rills clap their hands for joy, away off in the greenwood, and the hearts of the tiny birds thrill and thrill, again and again, because they are glad. And we have so much more to make us happy, than they have,—so many hopes and loves that bird-hearts never know. How can we go up and down the highways with sad countenances, when the whole earth seems so happy! It seems like ingratitude to God to do so. And our smiles and pleasant faces will bring such sunlight to other hearts, too: *that* alone can satisfy the true, loving soul. Grace G. Slough.

Rochester, N. Y., July, 1868.

SILENT TEACHERS.

"What! another flower, Tom; is not your window-sill full already?"

"They don't eat nor drink, bless 'em, and it does me and my wife good to look at 'em."

It was but a passing bit of conversation that I heard, and yet it set me thinking. The man with the flower-pot in his arm was a rough—no, I shall not say "rough"—he was a sturdy son of toil, and I was amused to hear his fervent blessing on his flowers. His acquaintance, who had expressed surprise at another flower in Tom's possession, had pulled a short pipe out of his mouth when he spoke; and no doubt his love for tobacco cost him much more than Tom's love of flowers. Then as to the gain. The smoker would gain a dry, hot mouth, a foul breath, yellow teeth, sallow skin, dull eyes, drowsiness, and headache—that's what his pipe would do for him, even if he did not drink. But Tom with the flower would refresh his eyes with its bloom, and his smell with its sweetness, and he would adorn his window with its beauty, and gladden his wife and his children by bringing them such a pretty gift. What innocent delight would they all feel in looking at it! And more than all that, they would learn something from the flower. It would tell them of the wisdom and love of God; how he sent these beautiful flowers into the world to please the eye of man:

"To comfort man, to whisper hope
  Whene'er his faith grows dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
  Will much more care for him."

I think flowers teach neatness and order. The wife and children like to have a clean room, so that the flower, in its purity and grace, may not shame them. And then, too, a poor man likes to feel that he has an ornament in his dwelling similar to that which a rich man chooses as the best embellishment of his drawing-room. The cottage and the mansion differ very much in structure and in furniture; not one article of furniture may at all resemble the other, but a pretty flower, carefully watered and tended, often blooms as well in a cottage as in a palace window.—*British Workman.*

THE FLAW HUNTERS.

There are people who have a preternatural faculty for detecting evil, or the appearance of evil, in every man's character. They have a fatal scent for carrion. Their memory is like a museum I once saw at a medical college, and illustrates all the hideous distortions, and monstrous growths, and revolting diseases by which humanity can be troubled and afflicted. They think they have a wonderful knowledge of human nature. But it is a blunder to mistake the Newgate Calendar for a biographical dictionary.

A less offensive type of the same tendency leads some people to find apparent satisfaction in the discovery and proclamation of the slightest defects in the habits of good men, and the conduct of public institutions. They cannot talk about the benefits conferred by a great hospital without lamenting some insignificant blot in its laws, and some trifling want of prudence in its management. Speak to them about a man whose good works everybody is admiring, and they cool your ardor by regretting that he is so rough in his manner or so smooth—that his temper is so hasty, or that he is so fond of applause. They seem to hold a brief, requiring them to prove the impossibility of human perfection. They detect the slightest alloy in the pure gold of human goodness. That there are spots in the sun is, with them, something more than an observed fact—it takes rank with *a priori* and necessary truths.

There are people who, if they hear an organ, find out at once which are the poorest stops. If they listen to a great speaker, they remember nothing but some slip in the construction of a sentence, the consistency of a metaphor, or the evolutions of an argument. While their friends are admiring the wealth and beauty of a tree whose branches are weighed down with fruit, they have discovered a solitary bough, lost in the golden affluence, on which nothing is hanging.

Poor Hazlitt was sorely troubled with them in his time. "Littleness," he said, "is their element, and they give a character of meaning to whatever they touch. They creep, buzz and fly-blow. It is much easier to crush than to catch these troublesome insects; and when they are in your power, your self-respect spares them."—*Good Words.*

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE.

The writer of an article in the Galaxy on the New York Millionaires thus sums up what is to be done by a man who would join the order:

You must be a very able man, as nearly all millionaires are.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must eat the bread of carefulness and you must rise early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about other men's wants, or sufferings or disappointments.

You must not mind it that your great wealth involves many other's poverty.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky and water; for there is no money in it.

You must not distract your thought from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during this secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time or thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

You must abandon all other ambitions or purposes; and, finally—

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes, and luxuries, and enjoyments, during most, if not all of your natural life.

If you think the game is worth the candle, you can die rich—some of you can.

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.

When God means to punish a nation he deprives the rulers of wisdom.

Time marks the title page of our lives, death the finis, and the grave becomes the binding.

Glory is well enough for a rich man, but is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

Law has been called a bottomless pit, not so much because of its depth, as that its windings are so obscure nobody can see the end.

Over all movements of life religion scatters her favors, but reserves the choicest, her divine blessings, for the last hour.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

Small minds easily find objects, trifles amuse them; but a high soul covers things beyond its daily reach; trifles occupy its aim mechanically; the thought still wanders restless.—*Bulwer.*

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and wisest acquisition. It is a ray of divinity that dignifies humanity, attracts admiration, and assimilates him to his Creator, but, like pure gold, is liable to be counterfeited.

When I see leaves drop from their trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

Sabbath Reading.

TRUST.

And when we meet *true* friends. Oh! must we darken
  Their hearts and ours by doubting and distrust?
To cold suspicion's whispers ever hearken,
  Too timid to be generous and just?

No, never;—we would say *trust, but trust slowly;*
  Clasp not each hand; believe not every smile;
Be sure the offering is sincere and holy,
  Undimmed by selfishness, unstained by guile.

Then *trust.* Believe no more the mocking story,
  Which says all love deceives and then departs,
For there are riches and exceeding glory
  In the affections of pure, earnest hearts.

Forget them not—the loving and true-hearted
  Who, all too early, left the friendly band;
Forget them not, be sure the dear departed
  Do not forget *you* in the spirit-land.

Fear not to leave their future in the keeping
  Of that best Friend "who doeth all things well;"
Trust Him, trust them; and still the voice of weeping
  By thinking of the country where they dwell.

Virginia.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

"You are now at the foot of the hill, old man,
  At last at the foot of the hill."

So sings the poet. Why is it, I wonder, that the aged are thus spoken of? At the foot of the hill?

"I love the man of early years
  Who turns with reverence above,
  Acknowledging the 'God of love.'"

Such an one, we feel, is surely trying to "climb up Zion's Hill." He feels that to reach those bright mansions he must look up; and not only look up, but his course must be upward. He must be steadily ascending. The darker and more rugged the path, with the more fervent zeal will he press on, until we see him

"The man of riper years,
  With love supreme, and faith in God,
  Who sinks not 'neath the chastening rod."

Then his way is certainly up, and upward still. I fancy him up so near to the "Celestial City" that he can now and then catch a glimpse of the "light in the window." He feels his Father's house is still up and ahead. Shall we call him now at the top of the hill, and start him down on the other side, where this hill he has been all his life climbing must rise up betwixt him and all those pleasant memories of his childhood days that the aged are so fond of recalling, and forever hide from his sight those great and fiery trials that it seemed at the time *must* bow him to the earth, each one of which he now feels to be a brighter star in his crown of rejoicing? Oh no! for

"I love the man of hoary hair,
  Who feels his race is almost run,
  And sees by faith the vict'ry won."

I love to still fancy him toiling upward. Though his steps be weary and slow, call him not back to earth. Give him a "cup of cold water," and send him on refreshed. Even now he may hear faint echos from the songs of the redeemed. Those mansions shine bright, right before him. A few more days of upward toiling and you will be there, oh, weary traveler! There is a robe of righteousness awaiting you. "And they shall walk with me in white,—for they are worthy." So says our Priest and King. Nell.

THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

If the block of marble that lies before the sculptor was capable of feeling, how it would deplore and bemoan every stroke of the hammer, chipping off piece after piece of substance. It would deem its lot a pitiable one indeed. Yet that hammer and chisel are transforming the rough and shapeless stone into a form of life, grace and beauty fit to adorn the palace of a king.

So it is with us. Our characters are like unhewn blocks of marble, rude, misshapen, comparatively worthless. And God is sculpturing them into forms of divine symmetry and beauty, that may forever illustrate to the Universe the power of His grace. The heavy block of adversity and the rasping cares and petty annoyances of our daily life are but different parts of the same divine and loving process.

And shall we look simply at the hammer and chisel, and doubt the glorifying work for which God is using them? Shall we think only of the chips which the blows of His presence strike from us, and overlook the immortal characters which the Great Sculptor is seeking thus to perfect for His celestial temple?

WHAT GOD DOES IS BEST.

A Rabbi reached a city late in the evening; the gates were shut, and he must sleep outside in the open air. What God does is the best for me, said the Rabbi, and laid himself down to rest.

In the night a storm arose which extinguished the light of his lantern, and a lion came and devoured the ass on which he rode. Still the Rabbi said, What God does is best for me.

At daylight he found that a band of robbers had plundered the city in the night and murdered the inhabitants. Said I not, continued the Rabbi, what God does is best for me?

We sometimes learn in the morning why God put us to inconvenience the night before.—*The Talmud.*

The Way to Listen to the Gospel.—A gentleman once said to Rowland Hill, "It is sixty-five years since I first heard you preach, and the sermon was well worth remembering. You remarked that some people are very squeamish about the manner of a clergyman in preaching, but you then added: 'Suppose one was hearing a will read, expecting to receive a legacy, would you employ the time in criticising the lawyer's manner while reading it? No; you would give all your interest to ascertain if anything were left to yourself, and how much. Let that, then, be the way in which you listen to the Gospel.'"

Perfection.—Christian perfection is the perfection of love, of desire, of effort,—*not the climax of attainment.* A man can never be too righteous to grow,—not until a cedar can be too healthy and strong to grow,—too full of sap to put forth a new bud, expand a new leaf, start out a new bough, fashion a new cone, and enlarge its own trunk.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by Alex. Clark.*

Don't be Idle!—Rather do nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits is easily shot, when flyers escape the fowler. Idleness is the dead sea that swallows virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

The Reviewer.

A RUN THROUGH EUROPE. By ERASTUS C. BENEDICT. Third Edition. [12mo.—pp. 552.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

"O THAT mine enemy would write a book!" might now almost as pithily be rendered "O that mine enemy would go abroad!" The writing of the book would follow as a very natural consequence, and thus the heart's prayer be fully answered. Indeed, the only sure way now to get your enemy, or any other unfortunate individual, to become a maker of books, is to persuade him to travel. To see one's ramblings and one's self reproduced between the staid looking covers of a twelve mo., we suspect must be pleasant. And it doesn't lessen the pleasure to know that you went away with no thought of this—came back with no thought of it—and only succumbed to the desire of your very appreciative publisher and of the interested public; the latter most anxious to know, of course, whether your appetite was good during your absence, how many *backsheesh* you gave to the Arab guides at the pyramids, and what your infallibly correct opinion was concerning that much disputed point, viz.—the hour the Pope dines.

The title of the present volume suggests its character. It is a desultory account of hasty journeying, wherein much ground is gone over and much of interest seen. Its glimpses of noteworthy places are tolerably vivid, but for the most part they are only glimpses, and therefore not calculated to greatly benefit those who read travels because they themselves must stay at home. The book would be quite as entertaining to persons who have seen what it alludes to, as to the less fortunate reader, serving the former as a faint photograph of things once looked upon. A fault common to most sketches of travel is the prominence of the author's self. *Ego* creeps too often into what *Ego* has seen. The fault is not as marked in this instance, but in a measure it exists. Less space devoted to telling just how and why the writer did certain things, and more devoted to graphic description, would add new interest to all such volumes. Sold by DARROW.

THE NATURAL WEALTH OF CALIFORNIA. By TITUS FEY CRONISE. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co. 1868.

THIS is the general title of an imposing looking volume of nearly seven hundred pages, detailing the history and enumerating the resources of the Golden State. It is divided into thirteen sections, comprising the early history, geography, topography, scenery, climate, agricultural and commercial products, geology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, mines, mining processes, manufactures, steamship lines, railroads, commerce, immigration, population, society, educational institutions and literature, together with a detailed description of each county, its cities, towns, agricultural advantages, mineral resources and varied productions. The work is the result of the combined labors of several gentlemen during many months, and is believed to be one of the most complete works of the kind ever issued from the American press. The great extent of territory embraced in California, its varied productions and present and prospective greatness, commercially and otherwise, make it one of the most interesting States in the American Union, rendering the present volume one of great value to the general public. It is printed on clear white paper, and in a style of typography rarely excelled.

THE SERVANTS OF THE STOMACH. By JEAN MACE, Author of "The History of a Mouthful of Bread," "Home Fairy Tales," etc., etc. Reprinted from the London Translation, Revised and Corrected. [12mo.—pp. 311.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THOUGH complete in themselves, "The History of a Mouthful of Bread" and the present volume form part of a "Series of Letters to a Child on the Life of Man and Animals," each of which in its turn embraces a higher and more extended range of natural history. The one first mentioned begins the series. The present continues it, and traces man's exquisite structure by taking the stomach as the center of the vital system and carefully reviewing the greater number of its band of servants and learning the various duties assigned to each. "The proper study of mankind is man," and that study cannot be commenced too early. These books of M. MACE enable the youngest reader to take up the study understandingly. Sold by DEWEY.

LINDA TRESSEL. A Tale. By the Author of "Nina Balatka, the Story of a Maiden of Prague." First issued in America in Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

ALL FOR GREED. A Novel. By the Baroness BLAZE DE BURY. First issued in America in Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

HERE are two of the "Tales of the Living Age," reproduced in pamphlets of 86 and 93 pages, respectively. "Linda Tressel" is an interesting though almost painful little story, the scene of which is in the quaint old city of Nuremburg. The heroine would not wed as a vigorous minded aunt desired, and therefore suffered persecution until nature gave way under it. "All for Greed" is a bit of French narrative, pleasantly told.

THE CORNER HOUSES; Or, Kindness Wins. And Other Tales. [16mo.—pp. 308.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THREE stories for children make up this showy volume,—"The Corner Houses;" "Humphrey Pace and his wife Hannah;" and "'Mancipation Book." The first is German in its location and character, the town where the corner houses were being on the bank of the Rhine; the second is English; and the third tells of life upon one of the West Indian Islands. All are interestingly narrated. Mr. HOYT deserves commendation for his efforts to gratify the young readers.

THE PRODIGAL SON. By the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A. With a Preface to the American Edition, by Rev. GILBERT HAVEN, Editor of Zion's Herald. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

FOUR sermons on one of our SAVIOUR'S most suggestive parables comprise this well printed pamphlet of 96 pages. They appeal earnestly to the consciousness of men, their language being direct, simple, searching. Their story is the old, old story of the sinner's return, but brought out with a new fervor, and its lessons enforced with a vehemence that should compel the attention of all hearts.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS; with Explanatory and Glossarial Notes, and A Life of the Author. By JAMES CURRIE, M. D. [12mo.—pp. 612.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

NUMBER three of the Popular Edition of the Standard Poets is here given, in illuminated paper cover, from which quite a fair portrait of BURNS looks out. The foot-notes, explanatory of Scottish dialect and allusions are a valuable feature; and the Poet's life, though somewhat abridged from DR. CURRIE, is complete and full of interest. For sale by SCRANTON & WETMORE.

THE BLACK DWARF AND A LEGEND OF MONTROSE. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 151.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 184.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

NUMBERS eight and nine of the Waverley Novels in the best cheap edition ever published in this country are here given. Sold by SCRANTON & WETMORE.

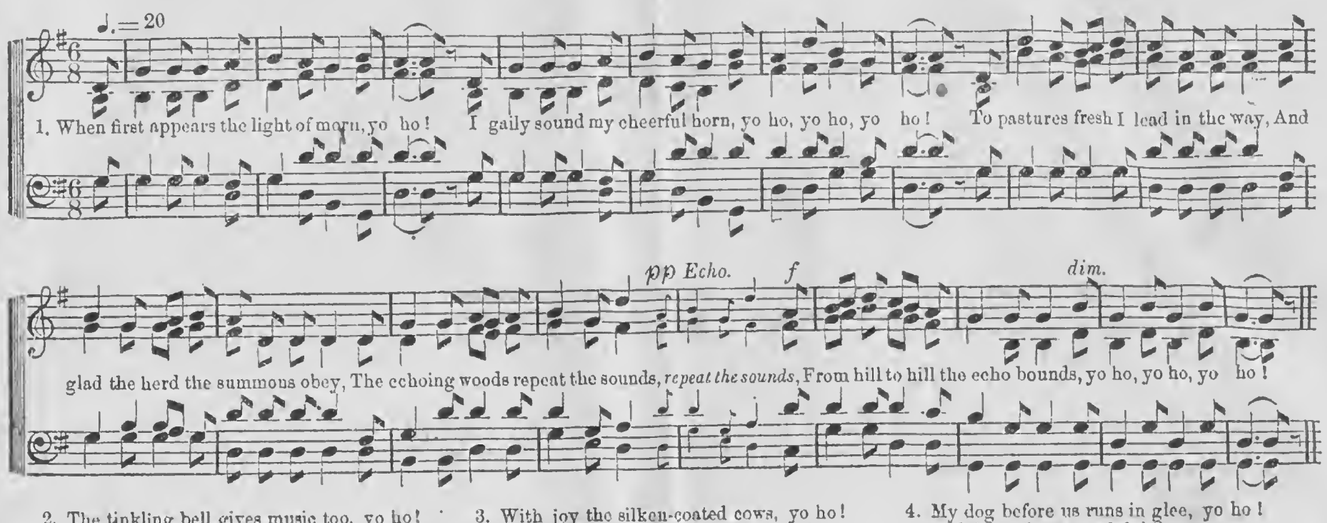
THE FARMER HE MUST FEED THEM ALL. Written by C. G. LELAND. Composed by BERNARD COVERT, Author of "The Sword of Bunker Hill," etc. Marshall, Mich.: J. S. White & Co.

THIS ballad is a fit one for farmers' daughters to sing. Though not as good as some other of Mr. COVERT'S compositions, it is quite pleasing.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 231.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ONE of SCOTT'S best known romances this is, produced in the very excellent cheap edition of the APPLETONS. It is well printed, on good paper. Sold by SCRANTON & WETMORE.

THE HERDSMAN'S SONG.



2. The tinkling bell gives music too, yo ho!
As up the mountain side we go,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
And singing, shouting, free from all care,
We revel in the morning's cool air;
The echoing woods repeat the sounds,
From hill to hill the echo bounds,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

3. With joy the silken-coated cows, yo ho!
The leaflets crop from wayside boughs,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
And up and onward then as we go,
In cheerful tones they merrily low;
The echoing woods repeat the sounds,
From hill to hill the echo bounds,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

4. My dog before us runs in glee, yo ho!
And joins the general jubilee,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!
And while he wanders far and then near,
His merry bark rings loudly and clear;
The echoing woods repeat the sounds,
From hill to hill the echo bounds,
Yo ho, yo ho, yo ho!

[*From the Song Garden, Second Book, published by Mason Brothers.*

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MONTREAL AND ENVIRONS.—No. 3.

AROUND THE MOUNTAIN.

MONTREAL is not only indebted to the acclivity rising like a beautiful back-ground behind it, for its name, but also for one of the finest drives in the world. A carriage road splendidly macadamized runs around the base of Mount Royal, affording a drive of nine miles, and opens up to view as lovely landscape scenery as the sun ever shines upon. Going around the Mountain to the northward of it, the fertile valley of the Ottawa reaches away on your right, a picture of pastoral beauty which cannot fail to charm the eye of the most indifferent beholder. Far as you can see it stretches away, miles in width, with the river marking its center like a silver thread, and its highly cultivated farms making a very garden of it all.

The return portion of the drive is even more beautiful; because the scenery is more diversified. Then off at your right the broad St. Lawrence flows majestically along, save where, only a few miles above, you see it dashing madly over the rocks past the Indian village of Lachine; and the distance between you and the river is dotted with tasty residences, suburban out-growths, and now and then the pretentious structure of some Catholic school. Looking from this point like a dark, narrow pathway, the celebrated Victoria Bridge is seen spanning the waters scarcely quieted after their fearful plunges at Lachine, and claiming your attention as the next, and perhaps the greatest, place of interest to be visited.

I do not know that Montreal hackmen are more given to extortion than those of other cities,—but they have an ingenious way of swindling the inexperienced visitor on this drive. The city regulations explicitly state what they shall receive for going around the Mountain, the sum varying according to the kind of conveyance you have. "Around the Mountain" means the entire nine miles' drive. Now the Mountain is in a manner divided in two parts, with a road between, and of this circumstance your JEHU makes good use. Arrived where the "short cut" branches off, which is just a trifle over half way around, he turns his horses' heads that way; but gravely informs you that the finest views are to be obtained by going around *the other mountain*, and he will take you thither for so much extra. If you are not posted, you submit to the exaction. If you are, you firmly declare that when you engaged him to take you "around the Mountain" you meant the entire thing, and he knew it, and unless he fills the contract you will not pay him a shilling. When he finds you read up in hack restrictions he will subside, with a bad grace, all the while protesting that you are too bad to make him suffer for your misunderstanding!

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

To reach it you drive down alongside the docks, past much of the shipping lying thereat, to Point St. Charles. This is the northern terminus of the Bridge, and near here are located the very extensive workshops of the Grand Trunk Railway. From the Point a broad and substantial embankment makes out into the river to the distance of several hundred feet, faced with copings of stone, and terminating in a massive abutment of great length, which supports two arches composed of enormous blocks of cut limestone. Here commences the Bridge proper—an iron tube that is the engineering wonder of the age.

The tube is 6,544 feet in length, and is supported by 24 piers of heaviest masonry. Its central span is 352 feet long, the others but 258 feet; while the former is 23 and the end spans 19 feet in height. The width is 16 feet; the central span 62 feet above low water mark. ROBERT STEPHENSON'S genius planned the work, and as one of the building engineers he supervised its construction for the contractors, Messrs. PETO, BRASSEY & BETTS.

Being furnished with the necessary permit from Mr. BRYDGES, the obliging Managing Director of the G. T. Railway, you may walk half way through the wonderful tube, to the breathing place midway between the two central piers. In such a measurement by one's limbs the length of the structure will be duly appreciated. A single railway track runs through, which is supplied with a third rail in order to accommodate both the broad and narrow guage cars which traverse it; and a plank walk is laid alongside, with plenty of leeway in case a train be met. The Bridge Keeper will accompany you, and will give many interesting data relative to construction, principles thereof, &c. He will show you the identical rivet which was driven home by the Prince of Wales, and called the finishing stroke of the whole fabric, but will add that nearly ten thousand bolts have been driven since. Should you wish to know just the number required to fasten together the ponderous mass of iron plates which make up the tube, you have only to multiply 78,000 by 24, and add 190,000, the number in the central span. There you have it.

From a merely cursory glance at the construction of the Bridge, you wonder how the long spans sustain their own weight. There is an utter lack of all the manifold contrivances for bracing; why, then, does not the center of each span sink at once, as any other we are accustomed to would, thus seemingly unsupported? The philosophy is simple. These iron cross pieces to which the side plates are bolted, and which in turn are bolted to those of the top, act as braces, and the plates serve to brace one another. The side plates are half an inch thick at the ends of each span, and lessen to a quarter at the center; while the top, or roof plates, are thinnest at the ends, and increase in thickness as they approach the center. The roof is not arched, and the tube is therefore nearly square. Its strength consists in the firmness of jointing and bolting the different pieces of iron, and in the exact parallel relations of the sides. Whenever the sides become so strained that they are not perfectly parallel, the immense mass will be unsafe, and unless speedily remedied must soon go down.

If you are a privileged visitor you can ascend to the roof, and from that airy platform obtain a view surpassingly beautiful. Nearly ninety feet beneath you roll the swift waters of the St. Lawrence, gliding down to kiss the tempting banks of the lovely St. Helens, a mile below; a few miles above foam the well remembered rapids of Lachine, with the village bearing the same musical appellation sleeping at their foot; and stretching away on the left hand shore is the great city, its many glistening spires and fine-looking buildings presenting a magnificent panorama. A. DRIFT.

Various Topics.

RAILROAD PROFITS.

IN the June number of Hours at Home some valuable facts and figures in regard to railroads were stated. In them it is clearly shown that whatever in special cases may have been the loss arising to individuals from railroads, their aggregate value to the whole country immensely exceeds their cost.

In 1829 but three miles of railway existed in the United States. To-day there are 38,500 miles, which, with their equipment and rolling stock, have absorbed, in cost, $1,700,000,000. These roads, which, if extended in a straight line, would go round the globe more than one and a half times, employ 8,000 engines, 135,000 cars—enough if placed in a row to reach from New York to Chicago; carry annually about 145,000,000 passengers, or more than four times the entire population of the country, men, women and children; move yearly over 54,000,000 tons freight, and give subsistence to a number of people greater than the aggregate of all the soldiers in the Confederate service during the great insurrection.

On a common road, wheat would consume its own value if carried three hundred and fifty miles. In other words, it would be worthless at that distance from market, while by rail it can be carried three thousand miles at a profit. To state the matter differently, railroads multiply by ten the distance from any grain market at which its wheat may be raised. The same remarks apply with evident variations to other productions.

In this state the original builders of the railroads seem on the whole to have made little by them.

The returns of railways in the State of New York for the years 1864, 1865 and 1866, are instructive in this as well as in other respects. In 1864 the gross receipts were $39,597,520, from which $5,443,384 were paid to the stockholders in dividends, being about three and a half per cent. on $154,500,000, the amount of capital invested. In 1865, while the gross receipts increased to $46,568,411, nearly seven millions, the dividends paid, decreased to $4,524,786—about $800,000, or nearly 15 per cent. on the preceding year, yielding to the stockholders only about three per cent. on the capital stock.

In 1866, the gross receipts went up to $49,229,228, and the dividends paid sank to $4,093,618.

A very remarkable change in the profits of English railroads is sketched as follows:

Before the consolidations the English roads divided from eight to twelve per cent.—some even more—upon their capital stock. Last year the nine colossal companies which have parcelled out all England among themselves, * * * having an aggregate length of railway line of 7,456 miles—enough to traverse the whole length of the little island eighteen times—with a capital reaching the enormous sum of $1,158,000,000, out of their largely increased gross receipts only distributed to their victimized stockholders an average of one and a quarter per cent.

SCIENCE IN WAR.—Science is constantly bringing new powers to aid the work of slaughter. General Napier had in Abyssinia an apparatus for employing the magnesium light on a grand scale. If the Abyssinians had made a night attack on the British, as it is stated King Theodore advised his captains to do, a bewildering blaze of light would have been thrown into their eyes at the distance of six hundred yards, and the British, being in shadow, would have shot down their enemies as easily as a hunter shoots the deer whose eyes are made lustrous by the flaming torch. "It is," says the Spectator, "hardly war, such a contest; but it is better that civilization should be armed than that barbarism should be."

LEARN A TRADE.

THE value of learning a trade becomes more and more certain every day. Scarcely a week passes but some young man is asking us to point out a field of labor for him. With good attainments, perhaps, or an insatiable desire to be at work at something whereby an honest penny may be turned, he finds himself landed as it were at the first ebb of the tide. The slightest recession of the waters deposits him on the shore among the weeds of idleness, and unwholesome vapors become his mind. There is scarcely a man in business but has an experience like ours; his young friends continually envying him the privilege of working in a well-defined field, and wishing that like him they had something to strike at.

These young men are generally afflicted with the disease of ambition. They want to be something more than common, and mistaking often their desires for the ability to satisfy them, they flatter themselves that they are fit for something better than the common run of humanity. Their great fault is in trying to achieve manhood without serving an apprenticeship to it, and they find themselves, when they should be prepared for their life-work, wondering what it will be, and fretting because it doesn't declare itself, and nine cases out of ten waiting in vain for such a call, go into politics, agencies, &c.

The great remedy for all this is a trade thoroughly learned. The time between school and twenty-one should be spent at the carpenter's bench, in a machine shop or at an anvil, so that when the young man commences his battle with life in any vocation he can, if worsted at his first attempt, turn to his trade with confidence that his skilled labor will at least procure him a living, and perhaps a competence. Time frittered away in trying to discover desirable roads to success, foots up a considerable total on the loss side of the balance sheet.

NECESSARY SLEEP.

THERE is no fact more clearly established in the physiology than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is, that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who do most brain work, those who think most, require most sleep.

2. That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

3. Give yourself, your children, your servants—give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, compelling them to retire at some regular hour, and to rise the moment they wake; and within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the sun, will unloose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule to himself. Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

A USEFUL TREE.

IN China there grows a tree known as the grease tree. It is said that large forests of this vegetable lubricant are to be found there, and they form the source of a considerable local traffic. This tree not very long ago was imported into India, and it is said that the experiment of cultivating it there has proved quite successful. In the Punjaub and northwestern provinces generally it grows as rapidly and as vigorously as in its native soil, and there are already thousands of trees on the government plantations, yielding tons of seed, admirably adapted to a variety of commercial purposes.

Dr. Jameson, a chemist in the Punjaub, has prepared hundred weights of grease from this particular tree, and has forwarded on trial a portion of it to the Punjaub railway, to have its qualities tested in a practical manner, as lubricating material for those parts of the machinery constantly exposed to friction. The grease thus obtained forms an excellent tallow, burning with a clear, brilliant, and, what is infinitely more to the purpose, a white light, and at the same time emitting not a trace of any unpleasant odor, or of the ordinary disagreeable accompaniments of combustion—smoke.

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNIA.—An interesting scientific discovery is mentioned in one of the Paris journals. The Calabar bean is found to be an antidote to strychnia. The latter destroys by spasmodic contraction. The first taken alone paralyzes, and thus directly neutralizes the action of strychnia, if given after that poison. The bean has been found useful in cases of lockjaw.

HERR BAUER, a German engineer, has invented a new machine for submarine locomotion. The Admiralty of the Bund has appointed a committee for examing and reporting on its merits. It has long been a favorite idea with the Germans that they would one day be able to compensate for their weakness on the surface of the water by the aid of a fleet that is to not exactly sail but steam below it.

Reading for the Young.

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

OUT among the sunny meadows
With the sunshine in her hair,
Binding into sheaves the shadows
That are falling here and there—
Singing through the dusky valleys,
Chasing echoes up and down,
Goes the little maiden Lucy,
With her locks of shadowy brown.

Four sweet Summer-times have risen
From the green lap of the Spring,
And the beauty of their garments
Has been over everything;
Four times have the Autumn meadows
Been with golden fruitage rife,
Since the angels left her lying
'Neath the pearly gate of life.

Down and down the sunny future
Lies the way that she must tread,
Very fair it is and pleasant,
With the sunshine over head;
May the white hands of the angels
Guide her gently where the light
Reaches to the far-off glory
That is never dim with night!

ONLY ONE STITCH AT A TIME.

"OH dear, I shall never get this ruffle done," said Martha to her mother, as she sat by her side doing her "stint," as it was called. The child kept leaving off her work to look out of the window down into the orchard, where she wished to be at play. Thus she used up her time, and then fretted because she was so long at her work, and said it would never be done.

"Only one stitch at a time, Martha," said her mother; "one stitch at a time, without leaving off, and your stint will be done, for it is not a long one. Remember, it was by one step at a time that you learned to walk; by one letter at a time that you learned to read; by one stroke at a time that you learned to write."

The words had power over the child's mind, and the lesson which she learned that day by her mother's side she never forgot. The words still have weight with her, although very many years have passed since then.

"One stitch at a time, one step at a time, one letter at a time, one stroke at a time! O, mother, how funny!" said Martha. "And it is by one stone at a time that man builds the wall, and by one weed at a time the boy weeds the garden." And the little fingers now passed nimbly over the ruffle she was hemming, and before she was aware, the work was done.

I once saw two little girls sent into the garden by their mother to pick strawberries. The one kept fretting and leaving off to look into the field where the children were playing, whom she wished to join. The other kept on picking, and before her sister's basket was half full, hers was full of the ripe, red berries.

One berry at a time, without leaving off, and she was ready to carry her well-filled basket into the house, receive her mother's smile, and join the other children at their play; while her sister not only lost half her playtime, but made herself unhappy by her idleness and discontent.

It is by carrying one straw at a time that the bird builds her nest, by one tiny drop of honey at a time the bee fills her hive, by one grain at a time the ants build their houses, and as the wise man says, Prov. xxx., 25, "prepare their meat," or food, "in the summer."

Will you be less wise, my young friends, and neglect to lay up in childhood, one at a time, gems of knowledge and truth to brighten your riper days?—*Child's Paper.*

GOOD FOR ONE POUND.

IT is said that in a dockyard of England a ship of many thousand tons was once built, and a large multitude had assembled to witness the launching. The wedges were knocked away but the immense mass remained motionless. Before a feeling of disappointment began to manifest itself a little boy ran forward and commenced pushing against the side of the vessel. His efforts excited the ridicule of the spectators; but he turned indignantly towards them, saying, "I can push a pound," and continued his exertions. They were all that was needed to overcome the friction; and soon the huge ship yielded to the pressure, gracefully gliding into the waves. So many a great and noble cause stands motionless, when perhaps the efforts of a child would have overcome the obstacles that hinder its progress. A single grain will turn a nicely-balanced scale. A single word or action, or glance of the eye, may be fraught with inestimable consequences. We cannot be the judges of the amount of our influence. We know not how much it accomplishes. We cannot be aware through what a wide circle it may spread.

THE LITTLE DRAWER.

"WHERE did you get your orderly habits?" I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things out of their place.

"When I was four years old," she answered, "mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. '*Make it your business*, my dear child,' said she, 'to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.'"

"Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls, in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four years old."

You see how early habits are formed. It is never too soon to begin a good one.—*Child's Paper.*

"PLAYING LIKE A CHRISTIAN."—I heard of two little children, a boy and a girl, who used to play a great deal together. They both became converted. One day the boy came to his mother, and said, "Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother; the expression sounded a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child, "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before, she was selfish; and if she didn't have everything her own way, she would say, 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"

CHILDREN should strive more earnestly to cultivate thoughtfulness. "I didn't think," is the excuse we often hear for wrong doing. It is never a very good excuse. You can avoid many careless actions by a little thought. Do nothing without the mental question, "Is this right?"

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, AUG. 15, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE State University Convocation assembled at the Capitol in Albany last week Tuesday. The attendance of Presidents and Professors of Universities and Colleges, Principles of Academies and Schools, and friends of popular education, was large. Prof. John N. Pomeroy read a paper on the study of Constitutional law in our schools; President John H. Raymond, of Vassar College, read a very able and interesting paper on "Liberal Education for Women;" Prof. O. H. Robinson, of the University of Rochester, read a paper entitled the method of studying and teaching mathematics; and President M. B. Anderson, LL. D., of Rochester University, read a eulogy on the late Chester Dewey, LL. D., which was followed by commemorative remarks by others. The various essays, reports and discussions were interesting and profitable.

Gen. Charles G. Halpine, well known as a humorous writer under the name of Miles O'Reilly, died suddenly, in New York city, on the 3d instant from the effects of chloroform taken to allay neuralgic pains. He was editor and proprietor of the New York Citizen, and held the office of City Register. The Common Council adopted resolutions of respect to his memory, and attended his funeral in a body.

A dreadful case of child torturing has transpired at Rochester. A little girl eight years old was beaten in a most inhuman manner, and held over a fire until the skin and flesh were literally roasted. The little one's hands were uncovered in court, and presented a dreadful appearance. The woman has been bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Fourteen convicts passed New York one day last week, en route to the Albany Penitentiary. Four are white and the others are colored. Their sentences range from one to eight years. Levi Turpin, convicted of manslaughter in the shooting of Frank Klickn, and sentenced to eight years in Albany, is retained, as strenuous efforts are being made to obtain his pardon.

A dwelling house was burned in Rochester on the night of the 3d inst., and a little boy of six years perished in the flames.

The ground known as the Quarantine, at Staten Island, has been sold by the Quarantine Commissioners, at private sale, for the sum of $220,000. It comprises about eighteen acres, having a valuable water front. A reservation of four acres was made for the use of the health officer, as a boarding station, until 1870.

The Star Fire Insurance Company of New York city was robbed last week of $40,000 in United States 5-20 bonds.

A boy five years of age was burned to death near Marion, Wayne Co., a few days since. His parents were absent on a visit, and the young sister who was left in charge of the house went out to a neighbor's. Being left alone, the little fellow got hold of some matches, set his clothes on fire, and when found, was a charred and blackened mass.

The Saratoga races, Thursday, were a hurdle race for all ages, two miles, over eight hurdles, three and a half feet high, trotter weights, $400 to the winner and $100 to the second horse, if three or more start. The three favorites were beaten, and immense sums were lost. Harry Booth won the hurdle — time, 4.14¼.

The Chinese Embassy visited Secretary Seward at his residence in Auburn last week. They created no little excitement in that quiet city. On Wednesday they made the round of the town in carriages, and visited all the places of interest, among them the State Prison. The operations in the last were witnessed by them with much interest. On Saturday they took their departure for Niagara Falls.

The adjourned Special Term of the Supreme Court to hear the argument on the application to admit to bail Geo. W. Cole, now confined in the jail at Albany, charged with the murder of L. Harris Hiscock, was held in Hudson on Saturday, Judge Hogoboom presiding. District Attorney Henry Smith, of Albany Co., appeared on behalf of the people, and Hon. Amasa J. Parker and Wm. J. Hadley, of Albany, appeared for the prisoner. The application for admission to bail was founded upon a petition of the prisoner and affidavits of jurymen who favored his acquittal on the trial. The decision of the Judge was reserved.

The Board of health of New York city on Saturday had under consideration the fact of a large number of deceased cattle being on the way thither from the West. An inspection was ordered on drove yards, and Governors Fenton, Ward and Geary were requested by telegraph to have inspections of stock trains made at the principal stations along the railroad routes.

The deaths in New York city last week numbered seven hundred and fifty-one.

The body of a respectable appearing man was recently found floating in the East River, near Navy street, Brooklyn, with his pockets turned inside out. He had been robbed, murdered, and thrown into the river.

The gunboat Kenosha was successfully launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard Saturday noon.

A wealthy stock broker of New York city is about to erect a mammoth art gallery for the use of the public at an expense of nearly $2,000,000.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made its second annual report of operations in New York city. From this it appears that dog and cock fights have been almost entirely suppressed, ten drinking fountains erected for the use of dogs, horses, &c., great relief furnished to car horses during the hot weather, and 250 persons prosecuted for cruelty to animals.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., preached an open air sermon in a disorderly portion of the Metropolis last Sunday. A large crowd of listeners assembled.

A camp meeting is being held at Sing Sing. Four hundred tents are erected on the grounds. Eminent preachers are in attendance.

From Washington.

HON. HENRY M. WATTS of Philadelphia, the new Minister to Austria, has been formally notified by the State Department of his appointment and confirmation. He has notified the Department of his acceptance, and that he will be ready to start for Vienna by the last of this month. His instructions are being prepared by the State Department.

Previous to the recess the Senate ratified three treaties with Mexico and one with Russia. The treaty with Russia is an additional article to the old commercial treaty, and provides for the punishment of counterfeiters of trade marks in either country. The Mexican treaties relate to the rights of naturalized citizens, to the powers and duties of consuls, and the settlement of claims of American citizens on the Mexican Government.

The President has approved and accepted the twenty miles of the Pacific Central Railroad just completed east of Sacramento.

Gen. Howard has left for the South. He is to visit the principal stations of the Freedmen's Bureau and arrange for the winding-up of Bureau affairs by the 1st of January next.

Two hundred and ninety-three patents were issued from the Patent Office, for the week ending the 7th. In the same period, three hundred and eighty-five applications have been made, and seventy-two caveats entered.

A gas main in the Capitol under the center of the dome in what is known as the Washington crypt, exploded on Friday night with very great force, blowing out all the heavy frame-work surrounding, and tearing all the doors, frames and windows to splinters and scattering the fragments through the basement passages in all directions. The effect of the explosion was such as to create alarm for a time for the safety of the building. A part of the funeral paraphernalia of the late President Lincoln, which had been placed for safe-keeping in the crypt, was ignited by the flames and partially destroyed. Fortunately no one was in the immediate vicinity at the time of the accident, or the result might have been much more serious. As it was no one was injured.

The Director of the Statistical Bureau has completed the annual statistics of domestic exports for the last fiscal year, the total returns being shown in specie value to amount to $315,616,006; an increase of exports over the previous year of $18,141,890. The net imports for 1868 reached $349,903,819, being a decrease since the previous year of $41,215,777. Amount of customs duties received, $163,287,925; being 50 per cent of the value of the dutiable imports. The returns embrace the entire country from Maine to Alaska, and include all the river and lake districts from the mouth of the Mississippi to Canada.

By a comparison of the Public Debt statement just issued with that of the first of June, it is shown that the debt bearing compound interest has increased $67,543,958; the debt bearing currency interest has decreased $118,512,650; the matured debt not presented for payment shows an increase of $7,204,972 the debt bearing no interest has increased $1,328,909; the total debt has decreased $10,168,809; the amount of coin in the Treasury has decreased $6,818,641; the currency has decreased $16,634,762; while the total debt, less the cash in the Treasury, shows an increase of $13,288,593.93.

The final instructions of the Administration to Gen. Rosecrans, the newly appointed Minister to Mexico, in reference to that country, will not be given until the return of Mr. Seward from Auburn. Gen. Rosecrans will take the oath of office in a few days, but will not leave for his new field of duty before the middle of September.

From the South.

Two more Democratic members of the Louisiana House have been unseated, and their Radical opponents installed in their places, by a vote of 43 to 25. The seats of these ousted members were originally contested on the ground of ineligibility, but that ground was abandoned and charges of fraud substituted.

The Alabama Senate, with but one dissenting vote, has passed a bill providing that all political disabilities resting upon a citizen shall be removed upon his filing an application with the Probate Judge.

The Florida Legislature has passed a bill authorizing the Governor to appoint a secret police throughout the State, the number and pay to be at the discretion of the government.

Nearly three thousand operatives in and around Ellicott city, Md., are out of employment, owing to the factories and mills being destroyed.

Gov. Warmouth of Louisiana, has made an official requisition upon the President for troops. His requisition sets forth that horrible outrages are daily perpetrated in different parts of the State; that in many of the parishes there is no protection for the citizens in the courts; that men are shot down on the roads, and at their homes, and no steps are taken to bring the offenders to justice. He has no doubt that one hundred and fifty men have been murdered in Louisiana the last month and a half. In conclusion, the Governor says he believes a bloody revolution is meditated, and he asks for two regiments of cavalry, a regiment of infantry, and a battery of artillery to enable him to repress violence, arrest criminals and protect the officers of the law.

A colored jury has been impanelled in Nashville in the Criminal Court for the trial of a colored man for larceny.

The 15th U. S. Infantry, commanded by General Shepherd, has been assigned by Gen. Meade to the Military District of Texas.

A locomotive exploded recently on the Alexandria, Washington & Georgetown Railroad, knocking away portions of two houses in the vicinity and scattering the fragments in every direction. A number of persons were seriously injured.

The Democratic net gain in 58 counties of Kentucky at the late election, officially reported, is 40,363. The estimated Democratic gains in the remaining counties, added to the above, will show Governor Stevenson's actual majority to be but little short of 90,000.

The Legislature of Florida on Saturday, passed over the Governor's veto the bill to give to members one year's pay for services from June to December, and adjourned at midnight until November 3d, when they will choose Presidential Electors.

The Louisiana Legislature has adopted a law which forbids the formation of organizations for the purpose of drilling, exercising in the manual of arms or any military manœuvres, unless organized according to law. All organizations now existing coming under the provisions of this act, shall be at once disbanded.

From the West.

NEAR Lafayette, Ind., a boy was drowned on Saturday by two other boys, who carried him into deep water and left him to sink, he being apparently unable to swim. The guilty boys were two brothers named Hayes.

Harvest work has begun in Minnesota in earnest, as a number of persons who had Norwegians girls working for them discovered when the latter left to work in the harvest field, where they can earn nearly the same wages as men.

It is stated that Lieut. Gen. Sherman is about to assemble the members of the Indian Peace Commission for the purpose of making another official visit to the Indians, to prevent further trouble between them and the whites.

A fire broke out Thursday morning in the engine room of the steamer Delaware, at Cincinnati, and soon communicated to the steamer Potomac, which was lying alongside. The flames spread thence to the steamers Pine Grove and Ezra Porter and a barge. The total loss is estimated at $100,000.

A race came off lately between the pony express lines of Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Pacific Union Express Co. from Virginia City to Reno, distance twenty-two miles. Each company had five changes of horses stationed on the route, the changes being about four miles apart. When the cars arrived at Reno both riders were mounted and ready, and received their packages of letters before the cars had fully stopped. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s rider won the race by six minutes, making the distance in one hour and ten minutes.

The Central Pacific Railroad is now built to the Humboldt River, 250 miles east of Sacramento. The earnings for July were $260,000 in gold, the road being operated from 156 to 190 miles during that period.

Late advices from Arizona report that the Indian outrages are numerous. It is confidently asserted that the depredations were committed by savages drawing rations at Fort Goodwin. The Indians had made a raid on the corral at Fort Grant, and killed one man and captured a woman and two children near Tucson. Troops from the different forts were out in pursuit of the raiders.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

DURING the regular performance Sunday evening at Lang's Music Hall, Manchester, England, a false alarm of fire was raised, and with such fury did the multitude rush for the door that twenty-three persons were crushed to death and many others badly injured.

The cable of 1866 ceased to work at 12:30 Monday, August 3d. The fault is at the Newfoundland side. It is supposed to have been injured by an iceberg.

A skirmish has taken place between the Turkish troops and a band of insurgents, near Bucharest, in which the latter were vanquished and dispersed.

It is reported at Rome that two new Cardinals will be appointed next month.

The University of Bonn has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, Hon. George Bancroft, Minister of the United States, Prof. Darwill and John Stuart Mill of England.

Paris dispatches received from various parts of Spain represent that the whole country is in a state of disquiet. The utmost efforts of the government are required to prevent an outbreak.

Jefferson Davis arrived in Liverpool on the 5th inst.

The Spanish Government has decided to assume the protectorate of St. Domingo, proffered by one of the political parties in that Republic.

Advices from Russia indicate that the harvests of the year will be below the average, while labor will be scarce and the cost of living high. It is probable, however, that with the present year Russia emerges entirely from the considerable temporary derangement of her industry, occasioned by the abolition of serfdom, and that henceforth the material prosperity of the Empire will keep pace with the advancement in the political condition of its laboring classes.

A French trading station near the frontier line of Cochin China was attacked on the 16th of June last by a band of Anam rebels. The post contained twenty-five men, all told, who made a gallant resistance. After a desperate fight, however, they were overpowered, captured and massacred. A strong French force was subsequently sent against the band. On the 21st of June, after a sharp fight, the French succeeded in recapturing the position and dispersing the rebels.

The Sublime Porte has formally proclaimed the eldest son of the Viceroy of Egypt the rightful and legitimate successor to the vice regal throne in the event of the death of Ismael Pasha.

NEW POSTAL LAW.—Both Houses of Congress have just passed a new postal law. It provides for the return of all letters on which the name of the sender is endorsed, if not called for in thirty days; returns the fees on money orders; doubles the compensation of Postmasters for the payment of money orders; allows weekly newspapers sent to regular subscribers in the county where published to be delivered free of postage from the Post Office nearest the place of publication; authorizes the issue of duplicate money orders for such as have been lost; makes it felony to counterfeit money orders; makes it felony of a high character to use postage stamps a second time knowingly; declares it shall be unlawful to circulate through the Postoffice any letters or circulars advertising lotteries or gift enterprises of any kind, on any pretext whatever; establishes a bank agency in the Post Office Department at an expense of nine thousand five hundred dollars annually, and abolishes all other bank agencies; empowers the Postmaster-General to negotiate and conclude an international money order arrangement; provides that the sureties on the bonds of defaulting Postmasters shall not be liable, unless the government institutes suit within three years after final settlement of accounts; allows certified copies of Postmasters' returns to be used as evidence in court in criminal prosecutions; authorizes the Postmaster-General to prescribe a uniform for letter carriers, and makes it a misdemeanor for any one else to wear the same.

COMMERCIAL CONVENTION. — An International Commercial Convention met at Portland, Me., on the 4th inst. Hon. Erastus Brooks delivered an address. Mr. Pringle, of Michigan, from the Committee on Reciprocal Commercial Relations between the United States and the Provinces, made a report setting forth the advantages of Reciprocity, politically. The Committee presented resolutions which were adopted, calling the early attention of Congress to the subject of free intercourse with the Dominion of Canada. Congress is strongly urged to appoint a special commission to frame a commercial alliance or Zollverein. Senator Corbett, from Committee on Railroads across the Continent, reported resolutions urging the early completion of the great western continental railways, and declared as the judgment of the Convention that two great continental railways are needed, one north and one south of the great central route. Among the resolutions adopted were those favoring a co-operation of the United States with those States and Provinces interested in the enlargement of the existing canals, channels and other improvements of the St. Lawrence, such as will admit vessels of a thousand tons from Lakes Michigan and Superior to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the harbor of New York.

LARGE orders for hay have come from England by cable, and constitute an important feature in trade. Hay and all feed for animals has risen in price in England, but wheat has not, as sufficient supplies are expected, and their harvest being earlier than usual the slight demand is easily met.

NORTHWARD, TO MACKINAW.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

MACKINAW, Mich., August, 1868.

DEAR RURAL:— Was it not Lo, "the poor Injun," who ingenuously remarked—"White man very uncertain?" We lately had reason to think the remark true. At 11 P. M., of the day our last was penciled, according to "white man's" declarations a steamboat was to arrive at Detroit, bound up the lakes. Our purpose was to take passage thereon. To that end we paid our hotel bill, gave up our rooms, and awaited in patience (and the hotel parlor) the boat's arrival. For the nonce we were indeed waiters in a hotel. Eleven—twelve—one—two—three—t-o-o-r,—what a slow town clock Detroit keeps! And—to make an Irishism—how very long the nights are, now-a-days! Daylight, breakfast, and no boat. "White man" said she was lost in the fog and smoke. Very likely, to be sure. Six hours further waiting, and a boat came. Not *the* boat, but *a* boat. And we glided off up the Detroit river, leaving the city that bears its name half shut in by the thick, smoky haze.

Among the shipping that we passed was a trim schooner, of beautiful model, whose history possesses a sad interest. While she was yet on the stocks her builder and owner dreamed that she was completed, he and his family were on board, she sank, and all were drowned. She was launched, finally, and christened the "Dream," in token of what proved to be a true and mournful prophecy. The "Dream" carried her builder and all his family out on the treacherous water; capsized, in a storm; and the dream-prophecy was fulfilled.

We expected to write of the beauties of lake St. Clair, and the river of the same name, but failed to see any. At present we are not dealing in fiction, therefore our imagination will not serve us. The dense smoke which clouded everything, veiled the shores from sight almost entirely, even on the river; and on the lake we could catch no glimpse of land, for a similar reason. Our sail up lake Huron was like a twilight reverie. A quiet sea,—a hazy atmosphere,—a sky but just remembered, vague and dim above us,—here and there a vessel, stealing away in the near distance like a phantom ship—this was the picture. At evening the sun went down behind the waters, ripe for an eclipse,—no smoked glass being necessary for scanning it.

Next day, at noon, we sighted this queer little town, its whitewashed fort rising boldly up on the bluff against the blue, visible a long distance. Here we are recuperating. The place is quite a resort for Chicago and Detroit people, and is now overflowing with visitors. There are two good-sized hotels—the Mission and the Island House—and three small ones. All these are full; and every private family that will receive boarders has as many as it can accommodate. We stop at the Island House. Our first experience here was on a par with that of our friend T. RAVELER, at the Tacumin House, which he graphically portrayed for you a short time since. But the rush for rooms was so great we were thankful for any accommodations. Luckily we were soon given ampler quarters, and can now sympathize with less favored individuals.

Need we say that Mackinaw (Mackinac, sometimes spelled,) is on the island of Michilimackinac, in the straits between lakes Huron and Michigan? It was one of the earliest mission and fur stations of the French, in the Northwest, and has many historic associations. (These you cannot expect we shall trace out, at present. This is to be merely a restful letter,—restful for the writer, at any rate, though it may be exceedingly tiresome for you. Legends, and chapters of history, cannot be entertained.) It numbers a few hundred inhabitants,—the village stretching along the shore at the foot of the bluff,—who are mainly fishermen, or shopkeepers. Its staple production is Mackinaw trout, famous among lovers of good fishes. The *tout ensemble* of the place is that of Quebec, on a scale very much reduced.

Some time or other the island was under water. Of this there is no question. The rock formation of the bluffs clearly proves it. These are about two hundred feet high, and afford a magnificent outlook when the air is free from smoke. They are covered with a low growth of trees, generally,—spruce, pine, larch, arbor vitæ, birch and soft maple,—and wear a beautiful appearance as viewed from the water, when coasting around. Sailing is prime sport here. It takes only three or four hours to circumnavigate the island, and the water which bonys you up is wonderfully transparent. You can see the fish sporting about, twenty feet below, very readily.

There are several points of interest on the island, some of which we have already visited. The remainder will claim our early attention, and all will be alluded to at another time. We find the days comfortably cool, and the nights such as the weary man needs, making sleep not only a possibility, but a luxury. A fine breeze always sweeps down through the straits, and to us it seems truly invigorating. You should be with us now, good RURAL, and assist in doing nothing. You've no idea how pleasant it is,—to be untroubled by those devouring printers who feed on "copy" and are always crying for mo(o)re. Then, nobody talks politics, here; that's another pleasing feature. In Mackinaw the country is safe. The stars and stripes float proudly above the little fort,—we see them, and are content.

A. A. H.

THE FORESTS ON FIRE.— Fires are raging in the woods all along the St. Lawrence River, on the Canada side, and the smoke is so dense on the river and on Lake Champlain and Lake George, as almost to prevent navigation, and hide from the tourist all the charms of the natural scenery. It is estimated that in the Ottawa district alone, standing pine lumber to the value of $5,000,000, has been burned. In the Michigan pineries, also, the fires are doing immense damage. At Mackinaw the days are like a perpetual twilight, on account of the smoke. Conflagrations are raging on the main land on each side of the island, and thousands of acres of valuable timber have been destroyed. The Lake Superior country is overhung with a dense cloud of smoke, arising from fires on the north shore of the lake, and navigation up the Sault is precarious in the extreme.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—By the last advices from Hayti we are informed that a battle took place near Jacmel on the 4th of July, between the revolutionists and the forces of Salnave, which ended in a victory for the former. The revolutionists have concentrated four thousand men, well provided with provisions and ammunition, around the city of Port-au Prince, and are pressing the siege with renewed vigor. Gen. Lynch one of the revolutionary commanders, has issued a manifesto protesting against the cession of any Haytien territory to the United States. The Dominican troops have crossed the frontier and commenced the invasion of Hayti. General Berce and his son have been murdered. Robberies and depredations are reported in various parts of the country.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.— The news from South America is important. The fortress of Humaita, so long defended by the Paragnayans, has been captured by the Allies, and Colonel Sarmiento has been chosen President of the Argentine Republic. With the power of the Paraguayan despotism broken, and with such enlightened governments as those of Brazil under her Emperor, and the Argentine Republic under Sarmiento, the Eastern coast of South America is likely to be in better condition than ever before, and more attractive to European immigrants and American trade.

DOMINICAN NEWS.—Advices from St. Domingo represent that the revolutionary movement against Baez was steadily progressing under the leadership of Gen. Luperon. A decisive victory over the forces sent out against him had been gained by Ogando, one of his Generals. The speedy fall of President Baez and the expulsion of his government was anticipated.

DOMINION MATTERS.—The official Gazette contains a proclamation giving the Queen's assent to the Extradition act between Canada and the United States. The Divorce act is sanctioned by Her Majesty. A discount on American loans of thirty-two per cent. is also authorized. The Parliament of Canada is further prorogued until the 19th of September.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, AUGUST 11, 1868.

THERE is no change to notice in the general money market. The supply of money is abundant in all the commercial cities. Gold has been excited during the past week, selling a part of the time at something above 150. Sales were made yesterday at 147¼.

United States bonds continue dull. The forties and sixes of sixty-one stand almost as well as any of the gold bearings. Our five-twenties are lower in Europe, yet the decline there is not so far equal to the advance in gold here. Few bonds are being shipped at the present time. The demand for governments from home investors is small. The leading dealers in governments seem fully convinced that we have entered upon a period of prolonged heaviness in the market for United States stocks, and they are resting on their oars.

WOOL.—Dealers in the interior and at the West have been sending wool very freely to Eastern Commission houses. The Boston Bulletin says:—"The receipts thus far, since the opening, have been immense, and far in excess of the corresponding period in any previous year. The sales at the East continue large. In Boston last week the sales foot up 1,225,000 lbs. at a range of 31@32c. for fleece, and 30@18c. for the various grades of pulled.

COTTON is without material change. A short time since there was considerable speculative feeling induced by reports of injury to the growing crop, but the excitement seems to be over for the present. The price now is about 27@27½c. for low middling, and 29@29½c. for middling uplands. The demand is rather light.

PORK in New York and Boston has been somewhat excited, and prices have advanced from 50c. to $1.00 per bbl. the last week.

WHEAT AND FLOUR. — The supply of wheat and flour at the east is not large, and prices have rather advanced the past week. There is an advance in wheat at the west. Prices will hardly become settled before about the first of September.

LOCAL MARKET.— FLOUR AND GRAIN.— Our local market presents some changes since last week. Flour is without variation, but wheat of both kinds is a shade higher owing to an advance in New York and the feverish state of the market there. There is no movement in barley yet. Rye is a little lower. Corn and oats unchanged.

PROVISIONS.— Pork has advanced one dollar per barrel while cut meats remain about the same as at last quotations. Butter and cheese the same.

WOOL—Dull sale and next to nothing offering. Some ten thousand pounds changed hands last week at from 35@35 cts. Western New York wool is in bad odor at the East owing to the manner in which it is put up. It is so dirty that the one-third shrinkage rule does not meet the loss on cleansing. A considerable lot, sent from here last season, remains in store East in consequence of the poor condition in which it was forwarded. Western wools, especially Ohio and Michigan, have the preference in the market solely on account of superior condition. We notice sales of 210,000 lbs. at Flint, Michigan, at 34@36½c. which is about the ruling rate in the markets in that region.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 10—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,00@2,10; Do. white, $2,40@2,60; Rye, $1,50@1,50; Oats, 75@78c; Barley, $0,00@0,00; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 18@20cts; Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 23@25c; Butter, 28@32c; Cheese, 12@16c; Lard, 18@19c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 25@25c; Wool 35@30cts; Honey, box. ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $10@20. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $1,50@1,75; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@50c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 8.—Ashes, pots, $8,25@8.37½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 29@29½c. Flour, $7,60@14,50. Wheat, $2,45@2,90. Rye, $1,50@1,57. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,10@1,19. Oats, 80@83½c. Hops, 10@30c. Pork, mess, $28,50@28,75; new mess, $28,85@28,87; prime, $22,75@23,50; prime mess, $24,00@24,25. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@21,75. Beef Hams, $26,00@32,50. Shoulders, 12@13½c. Hams, 16@19½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 18@18½cts. Butter, 25@39c. Cheese, 12@17c.

ALBANY, AUG. 8.—Flour, $6,50@13,75. Rye Flour, $9,75@10,00. Corn Meal, $2,10@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,90. Rye, $1,75. Barley, $0@0,00. Corn, $1,07@1,20. Oats, 82@83c. Pork, mess, $29@30,00; clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $34,00. Smoked hams 19@20c. and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 18@19½c. Butter, 30@34c. Cheese, 5@15c. Wool, 37@40c.

BUFFALO, AUG. 8. — Flour, $9,50@11,00; Rye flour, $9,00@9,25; Wheat, $1,88@2,25; Corn, $1,00@1,10; Oats, 76@77c; Rye, $1,50; Barley, $1,30; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $5,00@5,00; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $7,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,25@2,35; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $25@30,00; Lard, 18@18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 25@35c; Cheese, 12@14½c; Eggs, 25@27c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 8.—Flour, $9.50@12.00; Wheat, $1.80@1.83; Corn, 92c@$1,00; Oats 58@58½cts; Rye, $1,10@1,43; Barley, $1,60; Pork, mess, $28,75@29,50; Lard, 17@18½c.

TORONTO, AUG. 7.—Flour, $6,50@7,00; Wheat, spring, $1,59@1,59; fall, $1,40@1,50; Oats, 30@35c; Barley, $0,00; Peas, 83@85c. Pork, mess, $23@21,00; prime, $17@17,00; Bacon, 10@11½c; Hams, 13@14½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 15@20c; Cheese, 10@12cts; Hay, $10@14; Straw, $12@15. Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 3.—Beeves—Receipts 7,078 head; quotations 12@17cts. Milch Cows—Receipts 89 head; $40@100; Veal calves—Receipts 1,188 head; quotations, 7@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 24,933 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@7c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 5@10c. Swine—Receipts 13,550 head; quotations, 10½@11c.

ALBANY, AUG. 6.—Beeves, $3,25@9,50. Milch Cows, $60@100. Veal Calves, 7@8c. Sheep and Lambs—State 3½@5c.; Western 3½@6c.; Lambs, 7@8½c; Hogs, 10½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, AUG. 5.—Beeves range from 8@14½c. Working Oxen, $225@300 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Farrow, $37@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, 3@6c; extra, 4@6½cts; by the head, $2@5,50. Swine—Shotes, wholesale, 7@8cts; retail, 7@9cts; spring pigs,—@—c; Fat hogs, 10½@10½cts; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; pelts, 75c@$2,50 each. Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c. Veal Calves, $3@18.

CHICAGO, AUG. 8.—Beef cattle range at from $4,50@6,90. Sheep, 2½@4c. Hogs, live, $9,85@10,00.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 5.—Beeves, $3,00@6,00; Sheep, $1,50@3,50; Hogs, $8,00@9,75 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 5.—Beef Cattle, 6@10½c; Cows and Calves, $40@70; Sheep, 4@4½c. gross; Hogs, 12@13c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 8.—Beef Cattle, 4@8½c; Milch Cows, $45@75; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 4@5½c; Hogs, 13½@14½c.

TORONTO, AUG. 8.—Beeves range at $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $3,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $2,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 8.—Market is firm. Sales are 450,000 lbs. at 41@51c. for Domestic Fleece, 49@52 for tubbed, 42@47c for pulled, 21@29c. for Texas, 23c for Mexican, and 25@33c for California.

BOSTON, AUG. 5.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@52c; pulled, 31@50cts; medium and extra Western, 44½@50c; new combing fleece, 48@53½c, and Canada do, 62@62c.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 5.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 38@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 8.—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; bury, 18@24c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 39@43c; Pulled, 30@38c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The American Entomologist—R G Studley & Co.
Westcott's Patent Butter Pail—Cady Silsby.
Buy the Best—R & M Harder.
Imported Dutch Bulbous Roots, &c—J M Thorburn & Co.
Communion Wine—W H H Barton.
The Little Giant Horse-Power—John W Quincy.
Wanted, Agents—C F Vent & Co.
Keech's New Seedlings—J Keech.
Seed Wheat for Sale—John Johnston.
The Willis' Stump Machine—W W Willis.
Pure White Rock Potash—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Potato Diggers—R H Allen & Co.
Seed Wheat—R S Battles.
Liverpool and Great Western Steam Co—Williams & Guion.
A New and Charming Song—Joseph P Shaw.
Stamford Institute—W C Willcox.
$200 per Month—American Wire Co.
$2 to $5 for Every Hour's Service—T Newell & Co.
$100 per Month—G L Van Allen.
The Court and Camp of David—Henry Hoyt.
Cider Mill Presses—Buell & Brother.
Grape Boxes—C S Brace.
Election Notice—H A Nelson.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Ditching Machines—A La Tourrette.

The News Condenser.

— A Cuban lady at Saratoga has $100,000 in diamonds.
— Baltimore is to have a $1,600,000 city hall.
— A herring factory is being built on Martha's Vineyard.
— The Chicago Sengerfest cleared $2,000.
— Connecticut doesn't know what to do with her hay.
— The strikes in the Pennsylvania mines are ended.
— The London Times uses 70 tons of paper weekly.
— Paris ladies are trying to fashionize snuff.
— New York is to have a skating rink 366 by 168 feet.
— The crops in Barbadoes are looking finely.
— The Venezuelan revolution is a success.
— Toledo has cotracted for the Nicholson pavement.
— Two horse thieves were lynched near Memphis lately.
— Albany county will have no county fair this year.
— Milwaukee now claims a valuation of $40,000,000.
— A lad named Hughes was murdered in New York.
— Beavers are injuring the corn crop of Alabama.
— Ten thousand Philadelphians are at Cape May.
— The Mammoth Cave is making money this season.
— New Jersey will yield a great crop of melons this year.
— Montana farmers are yoking and working buffalo calves.
— Mt. Desert Island, Maine, is crowded with summer visitors.
— A boy of sixteen is in prison at Chicago for highway robbery.
— Chicken thieves are doing a brisk business about Chicago.
— The Illinois Central Railroad employs 1,200 men in its shops.
— All the prisoners in the jail at Alton, Ill., escaped last week.
— Grasshoppers are called "graceful little birds" at the West.
— Tan colored shoes are more popular than ever among the ladies.
— The musquitoes are holding a Sengerfest in New York city.
— Business is exceedingly dull at the Madoc (Canada) gold mines.
— North Bridgewater, Mass., wants to change its name to Norwood.
— It is said dead locusts lie a foot deep on the shores of Salt Lake.
— Providence, R. I., keeps a free school open during the vacation.
— The new fifteen cent fractional currency has made its appearance.
— A little girl was killed by lightning at Belleville, Canada, last week.
— A Miss Matthews was killed by the cars at Elmira Saturday week.
— Tea cultivation is becoming an important matter in Southern India.
— Florida has sold its large orange crop at twenty dollars a thousand.
— We shall get a third more rice this year than last from the South.
— The Hon. Reverdy Johnson sailed for England Saturday afternoon.
— Maryland and Virginia wheat does not thresh as well as was expected.
— A large porpoise was recently shot at Belfast, Me., by some Indians.
— New England is filled with smoke from the burning woods of Canada.
— The usual summer raids of the Hudson River thieves have commenced.
— Somerset county, Me., has purchased 230 mowing machines this year.
— One Carson Sethman was found murdered in a canal boat at Jersey City.
— The prisoners in the Cleveland jail have organized a temperance Society.
— $5,000 worth of human hair was stolen from a store in New York last week.
— Oyster Island, near Newark, N. J., is to be turned into a powder magazine.
— A Brooklyn street car conductor was recently shot by a drunken passenger.
— Receipts on Western railroads average twenty per cent more than last year.
— But two deaths from yellow fever have occurred in New Orleans this season.
— The total number of graduates from Yale, in all departments, is near 10,000.
— A man named Sena fell from a fourth story window in Detroit and was killed.
— The 47th British regiment, stationed at Halifax, has been ordered to Barbadoes.
— A large number of Minnesota farmers talk of sending to Texas for their cattle.
— Two lads aged 16 and 17 years committed a $37,000 bond robbery at Philadelphia.
— The New York Times has won its suit against the city for $25,000 for advertising.
— France has fined an omnibus driver for calling Imperial troops "paper soldiers."
— Mr. J. P. Alexander, called the "Cattle King" of Illinois, owns 75,000 head of cattle.
— Three dry goods clerks employed by one firm in New York are paid $10,000 a year each.
— A Cadiz audience smashed the amphitheater, because the bulls were too mild mannered.
— Chicago fears that her meat markets may be supplied with the carcasses of infected cattle.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 8, 1868.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—*Sirs:*—I see in your issue of this date a denial by Mr. G. H. BEARDSLEY of the truth of my statement of manufacturing, disposition, &c. I will say there is as much truth in his denial as there was in his statement that their machine was now in Waterloo,—as many know to be untrue, *as it then stood near Geneva*,—as well as some other statements therein mentioned. I will endeavor to be on hand Sept. 8th, as he admits he knew to be the time agreed upon before he wrote his long lingo. Yours truly,

A. LA. TOURRETTE, JR., *Agent.*

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it.
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

POTATO DIGGERS.—Wrought Iron Prongs, $15; Cast Iron Prongs, $10. See Page 51, our Catalogue. R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 576, New York.

STAMFORD INSTITUTE—For Boys. Intelligent instruction, Christian training, gymnastics, military drill and boating. 19th year begins Sept 7. Send for circular. W. C. WILLCOX, A. M., Stamford, Conn.

KEECH'S NEW SEEDLINGS.—Keech's Favorite and Goliah, $5 ₱ doz.; Phil. Sheridan and Gen. Meade, $4 ₱ 100, $12 ₱ 1,000. All kinds of choice Grape Vines, *open air culture*, very low. J. KEECH, Waterloo, N.Y.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—The Tredwill, the Wicks, and Mediterranean, clean and delivered at Railroad for three dollars per bushel. Orders promptly filled. JOHN JOHNSTON, farm near Geneva, N. Y. 1969-2t

GRAPE BOXES—1, 2, 3 AND 5 LB. ROUND Boxes, made of wood. Price list sent on application. Address C. S. BRACE, North Ridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.

CIDER MILL PRESSES, OPERATED BY ANY Machine Power. Cheap and effective. Also, all kinds of Cider Mill Machinery furnished. For particulars, address BUELL & BROTHER, Manlius, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

COMMUNION WINE—MADE FROM THE Isabella and Clinton Grapes mixed. Superior to the best imported. Price $3 per gallon, sent everywhere. Send for Circular to W. H. H. BARTON, Grape Grower, Rochester, N.Y

$2 TO $5 for every hour's service, pleasant and honorable employment, without risk. Desirable for all—ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, everybody. T. NEWELL & CO., 13 Broad St., New York.

$200 Per Month sure and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* "Every household should have this article."—*N.Y. Tribune.* Address AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 969-2teo

THE LITTLE GIANT HORSE-POWER HAS been in use and highly approved for over three years. It is simple, durable, compact, cheap, easily loaded and moved about by two men; weight, 650 lbs.; is valuable for Threshing, Sawing Wood, Churning, Ginning Cotton, or where power is wanted from one to four horses. Send for circular. 969-23teo] JOHN W. QUINCY, 98 William St., New York.

SEED WHEAT.—I HAVE FOR SALE, Diehl Seed Wheat, of my own raising. See RURAL of Aug. 3, 1867, and Aug. 8th, 1868, for description. I will deliver either at RR. Depot or Express Office, two bushels in a *good new bag* for $7. No smaller orders will receive attention. Either money or draft must accompany the order. 969-2t R. S. BATTLES, Girard, Erie Co., Pa.

IMPORTED
Dutch Bulbous Roots and Japan Lilies.
FOR THE TRADE!
Our WHOLESALE LIST as above, for the Autumn of 1868, is now ready for mailing to DEALERS ONLY.
J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John St., New York.

NO EXCUSE FOR BEING DIRTY when SOAP can be made for Two Cents a pound, and as easy as cooking a beef steak. One can of
G. F. Gantz & Co.'s Pure White Rock Potash,
will make fifteen pounds of best White Hard Soap, fit for washing fine goods as well as coarse stuffs. It will not injure the finest fabric.
☞ Office, 136 and 138 Cedar St., New York.

WANTED—AGENTS EVERYWHERE, for the Campaign Lives of GRANT and COLFAX,
BY GEN. JAMES S. BRISBEN,
Embellished and illustrated with fine Steel Portraits and numerous Elegant Wood Cuts, from original designs, by
BENSON J. LOSSING,
The Great Artist Historian. Complete in one handsome volume. Price, in paper covers, $1; price, bound in English Morocco cloth, $1,50. Containing more matter than books ordinarily sold at $2,50. It is just what the people want, and hence just the book for agents to sell singly or in connection with other books. Address C. F. VENT & CO., Publishers, 38 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O., or J. S. GOODMAN & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

THE WILLIS STUMP MACHINE—AGAIN.
MR. WILLIS has just returned from his challenge at Dundee, Yates Co., N. Y., on the premises of D. J. SUNDERLAND, Esq., offering $100 for any two machines that would equal his in the same time; no one offered for the prize though the owners were present.
In this trial stumps were so large and so firmly imbedded that they required double teams, completely testing the immense power of the machine to the satisfaction of the purchaser and all persons present. Several machines are now complete and ready for sale. Price, **$350.** This machine will pull an acre of stumps without being moved—ten stumps an hour. Apply for machine or pamphlet, with full description, to the subscriber,
W. W. WILLIS, No. 29 Oak St., Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Since the above exhibition another machine was taken into the forest at Arnot, Pa., for clearing a position for a village, at a new coal mine, and tested on four of the largest green hemlock stumps on the premises, to the entire satisfaction of all, and was immediately purchased by the President of the Company, F. N. DRAKE, Esq. 969-2t

THE COURT AND CAMP OF DAVID, a royal octavo volume, full gilt, finished with great elegance, and illustrated with SIXTEEN new and splendid engravings, is destined to be one of the most popular, as it is really one of the most valuable works of modern times: and I am prepared to commission at least ONE THOUSAND persons to procure subscribers for it in all parts of the United States. The work will interest all who see it, while the elegant engravings with which it is embellished, add immeasurably to its value, and will minister a wealth of pleasure to all lovers of the beautiful.
To ministers with limited salaries, to energetic ladies, to students and men of every class, I offer the most liberal inducements to canvass for its sale. The work will sell freely, and any efficient man or woman can make from ten to twenty dollars per day in canvassing. Please send at once for a circular and terms. PRICE, $3.75.
HENRY HOYT, ...Publisher,
No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

BUY THE BEST!

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.
TWO GOLD MEDALS AWARDED ONE MACHINE.
Harder's Premium Railway Horse Power and COMBINED THRESHER AND CLEANER, at the Great National Trial, Auburn, July, 1866, for "Slow and easy movement of horses—15 rods less than 1¼ miles an hour. Mechanical construction of the very best kind, deserving of high commendation. Thorough and conscientious workmanship and material in every place, nothing slighted, excellent work, &c.," as shown by Official Report of Judges. Threshers, Separators, Fanning Mills, Wood Saws, Seed Sowers and Planters, &c., all of the best in market. Circulars with price, full information, and Judges' Report of Auburn Trial, sent free. Address R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

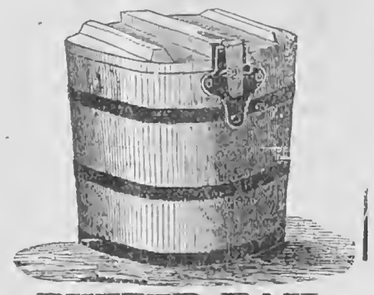
STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST.
THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST, edited by BENJ. D. WALSH and C. V. RILEY, State Entomologists respectively of Illinois and Missouri, and copiously illustrated, treats of all kinds of Noxious and Beneficial Insects. It will be found invaluable to every Farmer, Gardener, and Fruit Grower, and to every one taking an interest in the fascinating study of Entomology. Terms, $1.00 per annum. The first number will appear Sept. 1st. Sample copies and prospectus sent on application. Send in your subscriptions to
968-2t R. P. STUDLEY & CO., Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.

H. P. WESTCOTT'S PATENT



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OVER FIVE THOUSAND ALREADY IN USE!
This Pail is superior to any in market, being made of the BEST KILN-DRIED WHITE OAK matched and turned perfectly smooth inside and outside, oiled and varnished or painted, with heavy painted iron hoops, nicely fitted and perfectly secured cover, by means of our Patent Ears and Clasp, fastened with a STEEL WIRE SPRING KEY, making the most *substantial, secure and desirable* article of the kind now before the public; and meeting a want long felt by Dairymen and Butter Dealers. They are a substitute for stone ware in packing butter for private families, not being liable to breakage, and keeping the butter *sweeter.* Also very useful as SAFES FOR FLOUR, MEAL AND SUGAR. Good butter sent to market in these Pails readily brings from 2 to 5 cents more per pound, (see New York quotations,) than in ordinary packages. One size only manufactured, calculated to hold 50 pounds.
REFERENCES.—L. F. Spear & Co., 189 Reade St., New York: Loughran & Egbert, 318 Washington St., N. Y.; Corbett, Slater & Co., 165 Reade St., N. Y.; J. R. Helfrich, 92 Barclay St., N. Y.; Geo. H. Lapham, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Joseph Wright, Waterloo, N. Y.; Moore & Chesley, Buffalo, N. Y.
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CADY SILSBY, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

A NEW AND CHARMING SONG.
SEND FOR IT.
"Under the Beautiful Moon To-Night;"
Song, or Duet and Quartette. With Accompaniment arranged for Piano or Melodeon. Words and Music by Prof. A. A. HOPKINS. This is the latest composition of the popular author of "Roses Will Bloom Again," "Flitting Away," "Singing the Same Old Song," etc., etc., and is but just published. As a ballad it is one of the very best out, and for two or four voices it is even more pleasing. Price 30 cents. Sent postpaid. Address J. P. SHAW, 42 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

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LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.
The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz.:
MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA,
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.
With other first-class steamers building.
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12
MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2
COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16
From Pier No. 46 North River.
Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.
Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.
For steerage passage to
966-6t WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR OF THE

BEST SEED WHEAT IN THE WORLD!
SEED WHEAT EXPERIMENTAL FARM,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.
I will now fill orders for the following varieties of Winter Seed Wheat:

	Per peck.	Per bush.
Ancona Red, imported from Russia, 1868	$2,75	$10,00
Sandomica white, imported from Poland, 1868	2,75	10,00
Berdenska red, imported from Russia, 1868	2,75	10,00
Sakonka red, imported from Poland, 1868	2,75	10,00
Salla red, imported from Saxony, 1868	2,75	10,00
Saxony white, imported from Saxony, 1868	2,75	10,00
Bohemian red, imported from Bohemia, 1868	2,75	10,00
Bohemian white, do. do. do. 1868	2,75	10,00
French white Chaff Mediterranean	2,00	7,50
French red do. do.	2,00	7,50
German amber	2,00	7,50
Hungarian red	2,00	7,50
Italian red, acclimated one year	2,00	7,50
Do. do. do. three years	2,00	7,50
Do. white, do. do. do.	2,00	7,50
Red Chaff Mediterranean	1,50	5,00
White do. do.	1,50	5,00
Lancaster red	1,50	5,00
Rochester red	1,50	5,00
Egyptian red	1,50	5,00
Diehl's white	1,50	5,00
Week's white	1,75	6,00
Blue Stem	1,50	5,00
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American white	1,50	5,00
California white	1,50	5,00
Six-rowed Winter Barley	1,00	3,00
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Do. Black Norway	1,00	3,50

I will send, post-paid, four pounds of any of the above varieties for One Dollar. One head, post-paid, 10 cents, or 20 heads of different varieties, post-paid, for One Dollar.
Send money by Money Orders or Registered Letters, or by Express, to GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa., and your orders will be promptly filled.
☞ This is the Only Seed Wheat Experimental Farm in the United States, where Seed Wheat is acclimated and grown for sale. ☞ Send for a Circular. 966-6t

TO FARMERS—RARE OPPORTUNITY—Farm for sale in the best wheat and corn district of Michigan, within easy access of Chicago and close by a rising town on the Michigan Central Railway. The farm comprises 103 acres of splendid land, 74 acres cleared, fenced and in excellent condition, the remainder under valuable oak and hickory. Fine new house, barn, &c., &c., and water at the door; Orchard well stocked with choicest fruits. Farm will pay for itself in three years by potatoes alone. Price *very low* and terms of payment easy. Such a chance seldom offers. Apply to T. P. FRENCH, Real Estate Agent, Rotunda Buildings, Detroit, Mich. 967-3t

THE STANDARD SORGO MACHINES!
COOK'S SORGO EVAPORATOR,
AND
VICTOR CANE MILL.
The old, *reliable* and *only successful* Sorgo Evaporator. In its *tenth* year—has outlived over 200 competitors—is yet *unrivaled. Awarded first Premiums at 58 State Fairs!* All State Fairs attended in 1867! New Orleans Fair, Jan. 1868, for successful work on *Southern Cane!* Over 16,000 in use!
VICTOR CANE MILL (introduced in 1863) has been equally successful—the fitting reward of 12 *years' experience in building* Cane Mills. 10,000 Victors in use! Awarded *first premiums* at 31 *State Fairs*, and New Orleans Fair, Jan., 1868, for *Pressing Southern Cane!*
All attempts to equal these celebrated machines have
SIGNALLY FAILED ON TRIALS!
"Successful trial for years has given their apparatus a deserved reputation for superior excellence; we can heartily recommend them."—*American Agriculturist.*
For full descriptive circulars and prices, apply to our Agents, or the manufacturers,
BLYMYER, NORTON & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Railway Powers and Threshers, Grain Drills, Sulky Revolving Rakes, Drag Saws, Cider Mills, Etc.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
WHITE PINE COMPOUND!
Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints.
This medicine IS FREE FROM ANYTHING DELETERIOUS, pleasant to the taste, safe, yet sure and effective in its action.
AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE FOR THE PURIFYING OF THE BLOOD.
DR. J. W. POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR,
A Positive Remedy for all kinds of Humors,—Scrofula, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Nettle Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; Dyspepsia, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.:—Bilious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. 967-10t

HARDY BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS, LILIES, CROCUSES, and other Hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting is just published. Sent free to all who desire. Those who wish to make a display of Flowers in the early Spring must plant Bulbs in the Autumn. Address
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

ATTENTION! ALL WANTING FARMS! Cheap Farm and Fruit Lands, Village Lots, Water Powers for manufacturing, for sale, at Bricksburg, Ocean Co., New Jersey, 44 miles from New York on railroad at Philadelphia; Soil, fine loam superior for all crops. Country just rolling enough for beauty and utility. Climate mild and proverbially healthy. Water soft and pure. No fever and ague. Sold only to actual settlers, on easy terms. Price per acre $25 and upward. For circulars and maps, address as above, ROBT. CAMPBELL, No. 133 Broadway, N. Y., V. B. HOLT, Agent, Bricksburg, N. J. 967-13t

CHICAGO DITCHING MACHINE.—IT will be seen by reference to *Special Notice* in this paper August 8th, that there is to be a trial of DITCHING MACHINES in Rochester, Sept. 8th. We desire parties interested in such matters to be present, and if any thing of the kind is needed, which we know *is* the case, we shall offer for sale the rights to use or manufacture by States, Counties or Towns—the larger the territory the less the price in proportion. Capitalists, farmers or others, are desired to witness the exhibition. Under favorable circumstances we can, with one of these Machines, dig one rod per minute, two and one-half feet deep.
We have numerous certificates from such as the State Agricultural Society of Illinois, and sundry individuals whose standing is high in community. For further information address the undersigned. G. H. BEARDSLEY, *Secy.*
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AMER. SCHOOL INST., FOUNDED 1855, Is a reliable Educational Bureau,
To aid all who seek well-qualified Teachers;
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CIDER AND WINE MILLS,
(HUTCHINSON'S PATENT.)

Three sizes; exceeding low price. Grinds fine, fast and easy. Makes pure Wine and Sweet Cider. SAVES ALL THE FRUIT.
MORE THAN 15,000 IN USE
CIDER PRESS SCREWS,
Fine thread, very powerful.
COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER,
The best and cheapest self-feeding Feed Cutter in the world.
☞ Send for Illustrated Circulars to PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS, 33 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio, or Peekskill, N. Y.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by
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JOINT STOCK COMPANY,
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PLASTIC SLATE FOR
ROOFING AND OTHER PURPOSES.
The process of reconstructing Slate Stone from a disintegrated state was Patented February 21st, 1865. It is a combination of
Pulverized Slate and Viscous Matter,
(the latter possessing qualities of geological and chemical affinity for the former,) and is a development of one of the simple but unalterable tendencies of nature.
AS A ROOFING MATERIAL IT STANDS UNRIVALLED.
A mastic—it adapts itself to every shape and slope. Non combustible, impervious, non-expansive and undecaying.
FROST DOES NOT CRACK NOR HEAT DISSOLVE IT.
The only roofing material ever discovered that will resist the action of the elements as long as the structure it protects. Being susceptible of little if any wear from exposure, and
PERFECTLY FIRE-PROOF,
it is unequalled as a coating for Railroad and Farm Buildings, Fences, Bridges, bottoms of Vessels, Vaults, &c.

CONSIGN YOUR GOODS TO H. P. BALLARD & CO., the old established, strictly Produce Commission House, No. 332 *Washington St., New York.* Receives all kinds of Country Produce, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Tallow, Eggs, Beans, Peas, Flour, Grain, Wool, Hops, Beef, Poultry, Tobacco and High Wines.
Our long experience in the Commission Business enables us to sell goods without delay for the highest market prices. Cash Advanced on Consignments. Sales promptly made. Send for our Daily or Weekly Price Current.

KEDZIE'S PATENT WATER FILTER—Scientific, Practical and Reliable. Every family should use them to insure health. KEDZIE & BUNNEL,
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PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, combining the maximum of efficiency, durability and economy with the minimum of weight and price. They are widely and favorably known, more than 600 being in use. All warranted satisfactory, or no sale. Descriptive Circulars sent on application. Address
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PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.—Send for List. PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

$325 A MONTH, AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—28 new, useful and curious articles for agents. Full particulars sent FREE. Address
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BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

$10 TO $20 A DAY GUARANTEED.—Good Agents wanted to introduce our NEW STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first-class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties and EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.
This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown.* Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory No 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

SUPERIOR IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases, made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price, $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.
☞ **Caution.**—Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or CAN make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)
☞ **To Clubs.**—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS. 967-tf

FALLEY SEMINARY, FULTON, N. Y.—Fall Term opens Aug. 20th; Board, washing, fuel, and room furnished, except sheets, pillow cases and bed spread, $56,00. Tuition in Common English, $9,00. Prof. J. J. Brown remains with us. For Catalogues address J. P. GRIFFIN.

HARVARD LAW SCHOOL,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Two Terms, beginning SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1868, and FEBRUARY 22D, 1869. The resident Professors are, THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL. D., EMORY WASHBURN, LL. D., and NATHANIEL HOLMES, A. M. Gentlemen of distinction in the Profession lecture from time to time on special topics. Application may be made for further information to either of the Resident Professors. 967-3t

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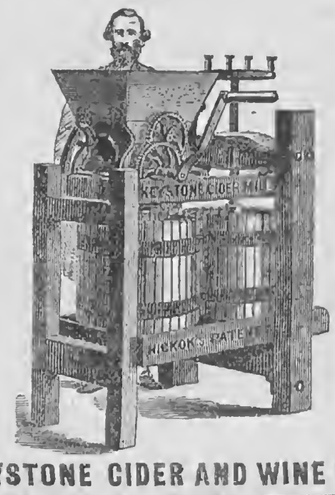
HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE



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OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.
This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.
FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.
I also make two sizes of superior
PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.
If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
FOR FALL OF 1868.
We have the pleasure of announcing that we are prepared for the Fall Trade with an unusually large and well grown stock, embracing
Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees.
Grape Vines, new and old sorts, strong open ground plants.
Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, and all the Small Fruits.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
Roses and Flowering Plants of every description.
Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, purchasing largely, will be dealt with liberally and all orders, however small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Parties interested will do well to consult the following Catalogues, which are just issued, and will be sent pre-paid on the receipt of 10 cts. each, for Nos. 1 and 2, and 5c for No. 3.
☞ No. 1, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, &c. No. 3, Descriptive Green House Plants. No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue *free.*
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FOR THE LADIES'.—THE EXCELSIOR—A Premium of $60 offered—other magnificent premiums. Subscription $1 per annum. Specimen,

UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL MOON.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

As the following verses were written expressly for the RURAL we do not feel disposed to withhold them from publication in it, albeit they are now copyrighted, and therefore private property. Finding them well adapted thereto we wedded them to melody, and they are issued in sheet form, as a Song, or a Duet and Quartette. See Publisher's advertisement on page 267.

UNDER the beautiful moon to-night,
Silently sleeps the crowded town,
Tenderly, dreamily floats the light,
Over the wanderers up and down;
Echoing faintly along the street,
Ever are heard the restless feet
Plodding so wearily,
Sadly and drearily,
Onward the last of a hope to meet.

Under the beautiful moon there sleeps
Many and many a fair young face,
Many and many a mother weeps
Bitterly over her child's disgrace;
Smiles, be they false, till the sun is set,
Under the moon may the cheeks be wet,—
Sighingly, tearfully,
Sadly and fearfully,
Many a heart that would fain forget.

Under the beautiful moon there go,
Flaunting their shame in its holy light,
Faces of loveliness to and fro,
Straying from purity far by night.
Goodness and truth for the light of day,
Under the moon may the bad have sway;
O! could the beautiful
Ever be dutiful,
Loving might gladden their hearts alway!

Under the beautiful moon there rest
Vicious and pure as the hours go on,
Souls that in love and in life are blest,
Faces of wretchedness pale and wan;
Happiness under the moon may sleep,
Misery under the moon may weep;
Grievingly, sobbingly,
Painfully, throbbingly,
Hearts may make moan over sorrows deep!

Under the beautiful moon, to-night,
Many will dream of the loved and lost;
Many live over with sad delight
Hours when they suffered and sorrowed most.
Tears for the lost when the day is fled,
Under the moon may their names be said
Fondly, endearingly,
Never so cheeringly
Memory breathes of the loved and dead.

The Story Teller.

THE SILVER TOKEN.

"THERE, Tina!"

Mr. Bruce Medway triumphantly held up two semi-circles of silver in the air, so that they might be sure to make a sufficient impression on Ernestine Cady's blue eyes, and smiled with the exultant satisfaction of one who feels that he has accomplished his mission.

He was a bright, earnest looking young fellow, with gray-brown eyes and a square, firm mouth—not handsome, but very manly; and as he sat there on the green woodland bank, with the hair thrown back from his broad forehead, and the sunshine mirrored in his eyes, you felt instinctively that he was one who would make his way in the world, no matter what obstacles might intervene.

Ernestine Cady stood leaning against the gnarled, mossy trunk of an immense chestnut tree, with her little feet half buried in plumes of nodding, fragrant ferns—a rural picture in blue muslin and fluttering azure ribbons. She was very pretty, with the delicate bloom and freshness of a flower—a flower that winds and frosts have never touched.

"Didn't I tell you I should do it, Tina?"

Ernestine took up the little file that lay on the bank.

"I thought it an impossible task with such an implement as *that!*"

"Nothing is impossible," returned Bruce, sententiously, as he passed a bit of narrow blue ribbon through a hole in the broken piece of silver. "Will you let me tie it round your neck, Tina?"

"What for?" But she stooped her pretty head as she spoke, and let him tie the knot beneath a cataract of pale gold curls.

"And I shall wear the other next my heart. They are amulets, Tina—charms, if you choose so to phrase it! That silver piece carries my allegiance with it. Tina, if ever any cloud comes between us—if ever we are separated—"

"Bruce!"

"Such things *have* happened, dearest; but, nevertheless, in any event, this broken coin shall be a token and a summons to me, wherever I may be—whatever Fate may have in store. Don't look so grave, my little blue-bird. Is it so very wrong to mingle a bit of romance in our everyday life? Where are your flowers?—it is time we were returning."

Through the green shifting shadows of the woods, with blood-red streams of sunset light rippling along at their feet, and delicious odors of moss and fern and hidden flowers rising up around, the two lovers walked homeward. Bruce Medway never forgot the brightness of that drowsy August afternoon.

"She will come—I am sure she will come!"

The dew lay like a ray of diamonds on grass and shrub as Bruce walked up and down the little pathway by the hidden spring, watching the round red shield of the rising sun hanging above the eastern horizon. And then he looked at his watch.

"The train will be due in nine minutes. Surely Tina will not let me leave her without one reconciling word! If we could but live the last week over again! Hush! that must be her footstep on the moss."

He stepped forward, with a glad, flushed face, and then the chill whiteness of despair blanched every feature as the bright-eyed squirrel, whose tiny tread over leaves and acorn-cups had deceived him, glided swiftly across the belt of sunshine into emerald shadow. Bruce Medway stood an instant with his brow contracted, and his arms folded on his breast. Was he bidding farewell to the bright summer that was past?

And the shriek of the coming train sounded through the blue purity of the air, and the last, little faint sparkle of hope in the lover's breast died out.

Tina had not come—Tina had forgotten him. Well, so let it be!

And what was Tina Cady doing in the fresh morning brightness?

She was very rosy and pretty in her trim calico dress, with pink ribbons at her throat, and a pink verbena hanging low in her golden coils of hair—very picturesque as she reached up her hand to break off a spray of spicy honeysuckle.

"I wonder if Mr. Bruce Medway has come to his senses yet," thought Tina, with a toss of her head. "*I* shan't measure my actions by the rule and plummet of his lordly will, I can assure him. If I want to flirt with Pierce Marbury, I shall do it?"

"So you're up, eh, Tina? And as fresh as a rose, I declare!"

Tina put her red lips up to kiss her bluff old father in an abstracted sort of way. She hardly saw him as he stood there.

"Oh, by the way, Tina, I forgot to give you this note last night—it was left by the hotel porter. Really, I believe my memory isn't quite as good as it was."

Tina caught the note from her father's hand, and broke it open in fevered haste.

"The train leaves at seven!" She saw the words as vividly as if they had been written in characters of jagged fire, and as she read them the old clock half-way up the wide, old-fashioned staircase struck eight.

It was too late—too late!

The sharp thrill of agony at her heart was succeeded by a passionate feeling of resentment.

"Let him go!" she said to herself, while the red pennons fluttered on her cheek. "I would not lift a finger to keep him here!"

So, when Bruce Medway's earnest appealing letter came a day or two afterward, Ernestine folded it quietly within a blank envelope, without breaking the seal, and sent it back.

Verily women are strange enigmas, even to themselves! Ernestine herself could scarcely have told why she kept the broken silver coin—but she kept it.

The short, threatening October day was drawing to a close; the fiery belt across the western sky was flaming sullenly athwart the skeleton woods, and shedding a sort of aureola round Ernestine Cady's slender figure as she hurried on through the yellow, rustling drifts of fallen leaves, carrying the heavy basket on her arm.

Just as pretty as the rosy Tina of two years since, but paler, graver and more sedate. Trouble had besieged the family since their migration to the grand domains of the far West. Tina had learned the serious part of life's lesson, and she had learned it well. She lifted the latch of the rudely constructed log house and entered, with assumed cheerfulness on her face.

"How are you now, father?"

"Better, I think. Come to the fire, Tina—you must be cold."

"Not a bit. Has mother come back?"

"No; it's very strange she stays so long. I suppose that Mrs. Ebbetts has a great deal to say, though. I don't wonder your mother is glad to get away from a sick-room for a while."

He spoke a little bitterly, and Tina winced as she listened, knowing that her mother had made an excuse of some neighborly errand to dispose in the nearest village of such poor little odds and ends of gold chains, pins and rings as yet remained to their diminished estate. Was there anything wrong in this pious fraud? Tina almost felt as if there was!

It was not pleasant to be poor!

"She will be home soon, father," said Tina. "Only see what a basketful of cranberries I have gathered in the swamps! This will make the barrelful, and Mr. Signet has promised to send it to New York with his. Don't they look like red jewels, father? And the money will buy you a new coat."

He smiled faintly.

"I think it had better buy my little girl a new dress. Shall I help you to pick them over?"

"I had rather do it by myself, father, and you must try to sleep a while."

Half an hour later Tina came through the room, with a scarlet shawl thrown over her head, and a wistful, scared look in her eyes.

"You are not going out again, my child?"

"Only up to the cranberry swamp, father; it isn't dark yet; I—I have lost something."

"A ribbon or a collar, I suppose," said Mr. Cady to himself, as he lay watching the crimson glare of the October sunset; while Tina, putting aside low, tangled bushes, and searching bits of rank, swampy grass, was repeating to herself in quick, nervous words:—"How could I lose it? Oh, how could I be so careless?"

But the search was all in vain; and the chill twilight sent her home, dispirited and unsuccessful. And Ernestine Cady cried herself to sleep that night, just because she had lost the broken silver coin!

"You'll be sure to come, Mr. Medway? I want to introduce the successful author to my friends. You are to be my lion. You will come?"

"Yes, I will come, if you wish it!"

Bruce Medway went dreamily on his way, and Mrs. Lyman whispered to one of her fashionable friends that she was "quite sure Mr. Medway had been crossed in love—he was so deliciously melancholy!"

The table was superbly spread—Mrs. Lyman's dinners were always *comme il faut*—and, through the sparkle of cut glass and translucent glow of painted china, you saw baskets and epergnes and pyramidal bouquets of magnificent hot-house flowers. As one of the Beau Brummels of the day had said:—"It was like looking at a beautiful picture to dine with Mrs. Lyman."

The dessert was in its first stages, when the pretty hostess leaned coaxingly across to Mr. Medway.

"Do try some of these little cranberry *pates*, Mr. Medway; I have just received a barrel of the most delightful cranberries from my dear old Uncle Signet, in Iowa."

Bruce was idly striking his fork into the little crimson circlets, quite unconscious of what he was eating.

"Yes, they are very nice," he said, mechanically. And then he bent down to see what bit of extraneous white element was glimmering through the ruby translucency.

Only a broken silver coin!

He took it out and looked at it, the familiar date and die, all unconscious of the buzz of voices and ring of idle laughter all round him—looked at it with a vague, superstitious thrill stealing over all his nature—and he could almost hear his pulse beat under the soft pressure of the other half of this silver piece, for he still wore it next his heart!

"From Iowa, did you say, Mrs. Lyman?"

"From my uncle, 'Squire Signet, who lives in the Far West."

"What part of Iowa is it that—that produces such a harvest of cranberries?"

"Datersville, I believe, near the Owasca River." And then the conversation branched off into some different channels. Bruce Medway had found out all that he wished to ascertain on that one occasion.

"A token and a summons to him, wherever he might be!" Bruce remembered the words he had spoken two years ago, and his loyal heart gave a great leap as the memory flooded it with warmth and brightness.

"Cranberries?—yes—*I* remember 'em," said old 'Squire Signet, biting the end of his cedar pencil. "Crop was uncommon good last fall; old Cady's darter brought 'em here to sell by the peck."

To sell! Bruce began for the first time to appreciate the tides of trouble that had eddied round the serene little islet of Ernestine's heart.

"Where do they live—Mr. Cady's family, I mean?"

"See that ar' old blasted pine down in the holler? Well, just beyond there a road leads down past Cady's. Won't stop a little longer? Well, good evenin', 'Squire!"

And Bruce Medway walked down through the orange twilight to where the skeleton arm of the blasted pine seemed to point to the light in a far-off window—walked to meet the dearest treasure of his heart!

Through the unentertained panes he could see the tiny room all bright and ruddy with cheery firelight; the slender, drooping figure sitting alone on the hearth-stone with its golden shine of hair, and the thoughtful bend of its neck. And he opened the door softly and went in.

"Tina!"

She put back her hair with both hands, and looked at him as if she fancied herself under the delusion of some spell.

"You summoned me, and I have come. Tina, my love, shall the old times return to us once more? Shall we be all the world to each other once again?"

It was full nine o'clock by the silver-studded time-piece of the stars before Bruce Medway rose to take his departure.

"But tell me one thing, Bruce," said Ernestine, laying her hand lightly on his, as they stood protracting their lover-like adieux on the door-stone in the frigid moonlight, "What did you mean when you said I had summoned you?"

He drew a little box from his breast pocket, and smilingly held up a bit of silver.

"And I wear its mate close to my heart, Tina."

"Bruce—surely that is not *my* half of the coin?"

"It *was* your half, Tina."

"And where did you find it?"

"One of these days I will tell you, dear—not in a very romantic juxtaposition, however. You remember what I said to you when we divided the silver piece between us?"

As if Tina had forgotten one word or syllable of those old days!

The iron hand of time has swept away all those tokens of long syne now. Mr. Medway is a middle-aged, bald-headed member of society, and Mrs. Medway has white hairs mixed in the golden brightness of her braids; but she keeps the worn bit of silver and its sweet associations still, and believes most firmly in true-love and romance.

A WOMANLY DEED.

A GENTLEMAN who styles himself "THE WANDERER," recently furnished the following to the Saratogian. It touchingly narrates an act through which a woman's noble-heartedness beautifully shone:

When the train halted at Saratoga, among the passengers from the west came a man of about thirty years of age, elbowing his way through the crowd and bearing in his arms a child. He was a poor man; his clothes were poor, he looked poor. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled, worn crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means would permit, for the mother of the child was dead. This man was rough in his exterior, yet his face was an honest one. He handled the baby awkwardly, yet there was a tenderness in his sad look that showed the purity of a father's love. The little fellow lay asleep on his coarsely clad knee; a stray sunbeam glanced across its tired face. They were both tired, the father and the child; for they had come from the far west; and as he placed his hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the golden rays, there was in his look a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner cells of his heart that even tears could have been no relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery.

The poor child cried; it might be the little thing was tired, it might be it missed its mother; perhaps it was hungry; perhaps it was sick, and it cried. The tears rolled down its cheeks; the father wiped away the dew drops as they fell, and then tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle—his had been a life of toil and hardship, and he knew not how to give his darling its nourishment. As he made effort after effort to stifle the cries and check the tears of his motherless babe, how he must have missed her who in his life of labor and privation had been his solace and comfort. An unbidden tear started to his eye, but he brushed it quickly away. All who saw him pitied him. At length a woman, richly apareled, with an infant resting on the lap of its nurse beside her,—she had been watching the man,—said in a gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor fellow looked at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as though it were pain to part with him, even for a moment, he gave her his boy. The woman took it; its soiled clothes rested on her costly silk; its tiny head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment all was still. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars fed her starving father, so did this high-born lady from her breast feed the hungry child, and when, on her gentle bosom the little one lay in calm and unvexed sleep, she put aside the shawl.

The father's heart swelled with gratitude. He said, as a tear welled in his eye, and his voice was thick with emotion, "Thank you; I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke forth, as she gently answered, "Not yet; you will wake him," and for mile after mile that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not until her own babe required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy with its father.

If that man never prayed before, if no aspiration from him went upward before this, one honest, truthful supplication rose from his soul; angels bore it through the upper air, and if ever truth found its way to Heaven, the Almighty heard that poor man's prayer, that He would bless that woman. And if the spirits of the dead can look back; if they can pierce the dark cloud which hides their world from our world; if from eternity they still gaze on time, how must the mother of that child have rejoiced at the stranger's kindness to her poor orphan; and if she could speak, her words would have been "God bless you, sister."

May the child, with the nourishment it drew from that noble breast, grow up with the kindly nature which prompted the generous offering; and may the woman be long spared to adorn a world which has but few such ornaments; and the world, cold as it is, will not refuse the tribute which is justly hers, and many will yet pray, "May God bless her."

THE SKY.

WHAT is the blue sky, so grandly arched above our heads? The ancient Greeks supposed it to be a solid substance, spread above the earth at an immense height, in which the sun, moon and stars were set like diamonds in a ring. The upper surface was laid with gold—the pavement of the gods.

In pagan countries, somewhat similar notions still prevail. A converted heathen said to his missionary teacher that he thought the sun, moon and stars were holes in the solid sky, through which came streaming down to the earth the brightness and glory of the heavenly world.

But, in reality, the sky is nothing more than the air we breathe. Instead of the solid arch, towering so many thousands of miles above us, where our childish fancy placed it, the blue sky is nothing more than the ocean of air in which we live and move. And, as to its distance from us, it is all within three or four miles. For travelers, who go upon high mountain tops, tell us that they no longer see any blue sky above them there, where the air is so thin that they pant for breath, but only the blackness of empty space.

THE shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot, and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us. Are not, then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes, but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into night. — *Longfellow's "Hyperion."*

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

"I'M not myself at all to-day," said a bore to the artist Inman. "No matter for that," was the reply; "whoever else you may be, you are a gainer by the change."

AN impertinent fellow asked a gentleman at a public gathering why he had shaved off his side whiskers, and was answered that to meet some men it required more cheek.

A MAN in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor, and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with attention.

A FOPPISH nobleman, who saw Descartes enjoying himself at the table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness for good cheer, got this answer for his pains:—"And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

A GENTLEMAN was about completing the sale of a horse he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared and innocently inquired:—"Grandpa, which horse are you going to sell—that one you built the fire under, yesterday, to make him draw?" The bargain was at an end.

BROUGHAM, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment to a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "May be so, Harry; but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

A GOOD story is told of the Chicago millionaire, Potter Palmer, who personally drives a splendid four-in-hand team of black horses, two colored servants occupying seats at the rear. A visitor from the rural districts observed the equipage go by, and told a friend afterwards, with great indignation, that he saw niggers riding out in great style, with a white man for their driver.

A CHARACTERISTIC anecdote is recalated of an out-the-elbow poet, who, by some freak of Fortune, came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called a lad and said, "Johnny, my boy, take this William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it bill."

THE story is told in "College Days" that at one of the rhetorical classes in Ripon College a preparatory student had written an essay on the subject of the habit which some people have of bestowing too much attention on the affairs of others. He had enunciated his topic in a very modest way, when the professor, who had failed to catch the words, interrupted him with a question calculated to throw light on his subject. Turning to him, the young man responded, innocently, but firmly, "*Mind your own Business.*" The greatest confusion ensued.

JONES was, or believed he was, near his death; and, the doctor calling, he held a long and earnest conversation with him about his chances of life. "Why, man," said the physician, "you are likely to die any hour. You have been living for the last fifteen years without a constitution—lungs gone, liver diseased, and all that sort of thing." "You don't mean to say," replied Jones, questioningly, "that a man can live for fifteen years without a constitution?" "Yes, I do," retorted the doctor; "and you are an example." "Then, Doctor," and a bright smile illuminated the pallid face of the doomed man—"then, Doctor, I'll go it ten years more on the by-laws." And he did.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 41 letters.
My 18, 4, 22, 30, 7, 32 is an eminent Statesman.
My 37, 27, 20, 23, 16, 38, 6, 2, 21 is a city in New York.
My 10, 35, 1, 31, 39, 17 is an editor of a New York paper.
My 19, 11, 34 is an insect.
My 26, 33, 9 is a pronoun.
My 8, 24, 28, 40, 25 is a place for the dead.
My 15, 8, 36, 5 is a part of duration.
My 41, 13, 20, 14, 12 is an Admiral in the U. S. service.
My whole is a rule that all should practice.

Auburn, N. Y. J. L. THURBER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

I WISH to fence in a certain square lot of ground with a post and rail fence, each panel to be 11 feet in length. How large must this lot be to contain as many acres as it requires panels to inclose it?

Allensville, Ind. U. H. STOWE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

ETH ymreom fo hyt eamn, ared noe
Silve ni ym omntsi trhae,
Deklni hwti a deohutna sophe nad rafes,
Hatt ilwl ont hcente rapedt.

Auburn, N. Y. L. B. MOORE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first is sometimes but a noise,
Sometimes a bird that oft destroys;
My last is bettered by a gate,
My whole will raise a heavy weight. T.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 967.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—I cannot has never accomplished anything.

Answer to Charade:—Musketo.

Answer to Anagram:

The noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who backed by no ancestral graves
Hew down the woods and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder fame
Than follows king's or warrior's name.

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Ralph Evan[illegible]

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THAT PATCH OF THISTLES.

"IF you can tell me," writes an "Anxious Farmer," from Wisconsin, "how to kill (exterminate) that patch of Canada thistles, an acre or thereabout in extent, which I can see now through the window down on the rich bottom, I will be a constant friend (subscriber) through all the years that I am permitted to see grass again where the thistles now hold possession. Your Eastern farmers have but a faint idea of the tenacity and vigor which weeds possess when growing in our rich bottom or prairie soil. Talk of mowing them! Why, sir, the woody, tree-like stalks of that dense patch of thistles would turn aside the sharpest scythes and clog any mower, and as for cutting them enough or plowing to exterminate them, I think they will grow in the night as fast as you can cut down in the day. Once an emigrant trail led across the bottom, and the shade of a small cluster of trees made the spot a favorite camping ground, and I suppose the seed was brought by the emigrant trains."

That patch of thistles, or couch grass, or other pestiferous weeds which as yet has only made its presence known, and but little of its real power for harm, is what our Western farmers should look to sharply. On the rich soil of the West weeds, in the future, will possess a power for evil ten fold stronger than in more sterile lands. But Western communities realize the facts, and public effort is not lacking to keep the land free from the costly intruders. How shall scattering patches of weeds, such as the one our correspondent describes, be eradicated? We know of but two methods which promise success, and, on second thought, both are practically alike. The one is to cut the weeds or plow the land so often as to prevent all top-growth; this, in time, will certainly kill the plants subjected to such treatment. To facilitate the work the first plowing should be deep, using the Michigan double plow, in order to bury the top soil as far as possible. The second method is to smother the weeds by mulching the patch heavily enough to prevent all growth, and this, in a country where straw and coarse grass or hay is plenty, is not a difficult labor. In many localities the application of gas lime would be feasible, and it would certainly destroy all vegetable growth for two or three years—long enough to kill any weeds—if applied in sufficient quantities. We have no doubt that this material is destined to render important services to farmers, as a weed destroyer, when its value becomes more generally understood. Experiments have recently been made in England with gas lime, to test its qualities and value for agricultural purposes, and the following facts and suggestions are offered:

1. A dressing of from three to four tons of gas lime to the acre, if applied in the winter or before the spring rains, proves a powerful stimulant to grass, increasing the crop of hay for that season and the next; and it imparts great vigor to the grass on old pastures, and the cattle show no signs of dislike on account of the gas lime.

2. If gas lime be applied at the rate of eight tons per acre, it will destroy all vegetation for three years.

3. A piece of ground thoroughly infested with weeds that are hard to be extirpated, may, in certain cases, where the cost of hauling is not too great, be more economically cleansed by a heavy coating of gas lime than by any other method.

This substance seems to answer an excellent purpose in preventing the growth of grass and weeds, which are so liable to infest carriage drives and walks.

WHY HOPS ARE LOW.

THE sudden and very large decline in the price of hops, during the last few months, has been a subject of surprise to many, for the reason that no evidence of over-production last year has been afforded. SMITH, WIMPLE & Co., after showing that the surplus hops in market last fall aggregated much less than for the previous year, add:—"The mistake then, was not so much of a mistake after all, taking only the American growth into consideration; but the miscalculation was in the foreign crops, and the fatal mistake made by most or very many of our hop-growers, dealers and brewers (not excepting S. W. & Co.,) was the starting and holding our own growth so high that we invited a foreign article, much better than a large portion of our own, to supplant and take the place the native commodity should occupy. We now see the error made in the past, and ask the question, 'Will we be caught in the same trap this year, even should the crop prove to be a light one?' We hope not. The stock of hops on hand and unsold, including the Bavarian, is probably 20,000 bales; and we will suppose the brewers hold 15,000 bales, which will foot up 35,000 bales, or one-third of all that will be required for the coming year; and with a present prospect of growing double the amount of last year, we ask again, will our growers hold for a high price, or will they fix the price so low that dealers can ship our surplus out of the country, thereby turning the tables upon our foreign friends by placing our hops in their market to compete with their own growth? We place these facts squarely before the hop-growers of the United States, and ask a careful consideration of them."

HOW MUCH SEED TO THE ACRE?

J. J. MECHI wrote to the Mark Lane Express, in April last, concerning his experiments in sowing wheat. He sowed a portion of land in November, at the rate of a peck to the acre, and it looked like a fallow all winter. After being hoed, in the spring, it branched out abundantly, and promised a yield fully equal to that where a bushel to the acre was sown. He adds:—"Every year I sow half an acre with half a peck of wheat, in the midst of a thicker sown crop, putting it in the same day and under the same circumstances in the various fields, as they come in rotation. By this means I arrive at safe conclusions, and would strongly recommend my agricultural friends to follow my example, by thus experimenting on a small and uninjurious scale. It would abolish many prejudices, and they are bound for their own interests to ascertain the most profitable quantity of seed. My four years' trials have resulted in 58, 57, 36, 36 bushels of wheat per acre, the first two good wheat years, the two latter unfavorable. I still continue to drill 4 pecks of wheat, 6 pecks of barley, 8 pecks of oats, as my general sowing—a trifle more on the light land; but I am getting more and more convinced that, with high, clean farming, and the drill, we may, in Essex, reduce our wheat to 2 pecks."

MANURES.—NO. I.

THE time for sowing winter wheat approaches, and the farmer needs to draw on every resource to supply his fertilizers for a maximum crop of this staff of life. The first and grand supply of every farm should be that from our domestic animals, well composted, when practicable, with muck or mellow earth. To render this most effective and utilize all its ammonia, the fresh manure should be mixed with earth under cover, provided with a cistern near, from which water may be pumped upon the heap to saturate all its contents and make it uniform in quality.

The manure pile should be slightly elevated, with a channel running from it to the cistern, so that the surplus water will run to the reservoir to be repumped upon the heap. This cistern may be so situated that the urine from the stable will run into it if not effectually absorbed by the litter used for the animals. Two loads of muck or earth mixed with one of manure, after this manner, the urine being all saved, will be as valuable as three loads of manure with the usual care,—thus the manure pile is multiplied by three, and farmers will find the *study of this rule of three* to pay.

When farmers have no rude arrangement for saving and utilizing all their manure, to prevent the escape of ammonia from their heaps, we would recommend applying a thin coating of plaster over their manure piles every few days. The sulphur of the plaster will unite with the ammonia, forming sulphate of ammonia, which is not volatile. This will save much of the value of the manure, besides adding the qualities of plaster. A few barrels of gypsum may be used by the farmer every year, in this way, with great profit. The volatile parts of the manure may be saved by dusting the stable every day with gypsum. This will absorb all the bad odor and render the stable more wholesome for man and animals, especially in warm weather. The salt and lime mixture, made by slaking lime with very strong brine, is also excellent to preserve the volatile parts of manure. It is a good disinfectant to be used about the stables, and when mixed with barn-yard manure will preserve the ammonia when used as top dressing for crops.

TOP DRESSING.

When barn-yard manure is used for winter wheat upon clay soil, it should be as a top dressing, that it may operate as a mulch and prevent winter killing, as well as fertilizing the crop. If nothing has been mixed with the manure to absorb its volatile gases, it should still be used as a top dressing upon a heavy soil, and simply harrowed or cultivated in; as clay has a strong affinity for ammonia and will absorb a heavy dressing in ten inches of soil. But it is quite different with a light, sandy soil, and on this manure should not be used as a top dressing unless mixed with some good absorbent of its gases. If it has been mixed with muck, or plaster, or salt and lime, as recommended, no loss will occur from top dressing even a light soil. But lime alone should never be mixed with barn-yard manure, as it will dissipate the ammonia and greatly lessen its value.

MINERAL RESOURCES.

After the farmer has saved and applied all his barn-yard manure and still finds himself short in covering his fields, he must resort to other manures to supply the deficiency. Barn-yard manure contains all the qualities requisite for our various crops. But when we resort to special fertilizers we must first inquire what the crop needs that we propose to raise. And for this purpose we should look, primarily, to the mineral constituents of the grain and straw. The organic constituents are mainly supplied from the atmosphere. Professors WAY and OGDEN made numerous analyses of the ash of the grain and straw of wheat, and found that a crop of thirty-five bushels of grain and 4,200 lbs. of straw took from the soil the following proportions of mineral constituents:

	Grain. lbs.	Straw. lbs.	Total. lbs.
Silica (soluble sand)	1.18	142.55	143.73
Potash	10.50	25.50	36.00
Phosphoric acid	16.00	11.55	27.55
Lime	1.19	13.00	14.19
Magnesia	4.25	5.70	9.95
Sulphuric acid	0.112	8.10	8.212
Soda	1.35	1.26	2.61
Common salt	0.042	0.46	0.502
Peroxyd of iron and loss	0.28	1.85	2.13
	34.904	209.97	244.874

It will be noted that the quantity of mineral matter is small, only 244 pounds from 6,300 pounds of straw and grain. The principal ingredients taken from the soil by the grain are potash, phosphoric acid, magnesia, soda and lime, the two latter in very small quantity. And in the straw we see that silica is the main ingredient, and then potash, lime, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid and magnesia. The silica is generally readily supplied from the soil. Thus we see that our principal effort, where the soil fails to raise remunerative crops, should be to supply potash, phosphoric acid, magnesia and lime. The ash of the grain contains about 47 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and thirty per cent of potash.

BONES.

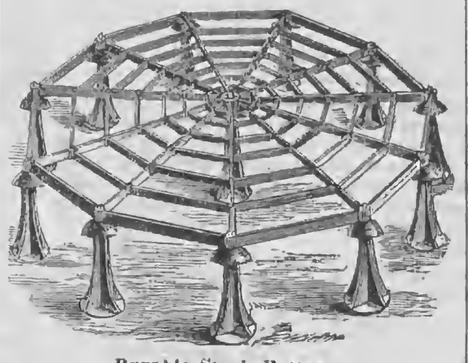
Raw bones will supply the phosphoric acid, lime and magnesia, besides ammonia and carbon. LIEBIG estimates 20 lbs. of bones as sufficient to supply the phosphates for 1,000 lbs. of wheat and eight lbs. of bones as sufficient for 1,000 lbs. of straw. He estimates 60 lbs. of fresh bones as sufficient to supply an acre with phosphates for three crops (mangel wurzel, wheat and rye.) This does not differ materially from the foregoing analysis. It will therefore be seen that it does not require a large amount to supply the principal mineral constituents of wheat. But it must be borne in mind that this estimate is for bones in a soluble state, or in a condition to be taken up by the roots of plants. It will require many times this amount of coarse ground bones, which slowly dissolve by the action of water, frost and air. The most economical method of using bones is to dissolve them in sulphuric acid when this is not too dear. Sulphuric acid during the war was too expensive to be used in agriculture, but is now reduced in price to 3½ cents per pound. At this figure it may be used with profit. The method of dissolving bones is very simple. But the finer the bones are ground the less acid it takes. In preparing bones for sugar refining, they are ground about the size of a rice kernel and sifted to take out all the fine dust. This fine black is sold to be made into manure by dissolving in acid. There is also a large quantity of refuse bone black at sugar refineries to be had for this purpose. Any farmer may prepare bones with acid, for his own use, with the pleasant satisfaction that he has a pure super-phosphate, not adulterated with refuse lime, plaster and dirt. In our next we will give the mode of dissolving bones—the composition of a special manure for wheat, other grain or grass, and the composition and action of ashes, leached and unleached, gypsum, &c.—E. W. S.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Threshing with Steam Engines.

WE published an illustrated article last week on the above subject, but as we are in receipt of several inquiries, indicating that the attention of farmers is widely directed towards it at this time, we give in addition the following interesting letter from C. C. M., Harrisburg, Fayette Co., Ind. He writes:—"I have several times seen inquiries in your paper in regard to 'Steam Threshing Machines.' I infer from the inquiries made, that the steam thresher is not so generally used as I supposed it was. In this vicinity they have been in use about eight years; they are preferred here to any other machine, on account of doing away with so many horses; and in having more and steadier power than can be had by horses. The expense of running the machine is no more than that of horse power. They usually consume about one cord and a half of wood in a day. They carry with them a circular saw, and saw the wood, if the man wants to do so. They generally use old rails for fuel. The engine is moved about the country with two pair of cattle; its weight is from forty-five to fifty hundred pounds. They can thresh, in good wheat, from five to six hundred bushels per day, but in light wheat the average is generally from three to five hundred per day. As regards the danger from fire, I would say that in the eight years they have been in use in this vicinity, I have heard of only three accidents by fire, and one of them was the result of carelessness, by leaving the screen off the top of the smoke-stack. They were all stacks of wheat,—have never heard of their burning a barn.

The cost of the engine and separator, at the shop, is about fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars. The best machines we have in this country are made at Richmond, Indiana. There is also another very good machine made at Hamilton, Butler Co., Ohio. Those who have engines for threshing, generally use them in the winter season in sawing wood, the farmer hauls the bodies of the trees in some convenient place, and they saw for ten dollars per day. They usually saw from thirty to forty cords per day. The wheat threshed in this vicinity, so far, averages about ten bushels to the acre."



Durable Stack Bottoms.

A. P. DONNELLY, Dodge Co., Wis., writes:—"Will you give me the plan of a durable stack bottom, one that will save the grain or hay from hurting, and keep rats or other vermin from the stack?"

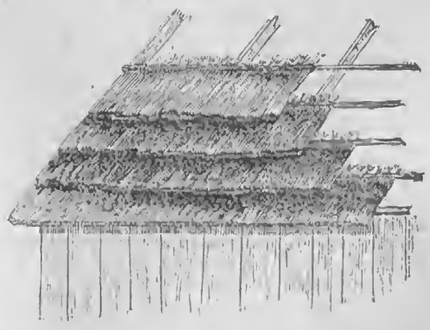
We reply by giving an engraving taken from the advertising columns of a foreign Agricultural journal. In the British Islands stack bottoms are manufactured largely and enter into trade to quite an extent, but we are not aware that any are made and sold in this country. The kind we illustrate is made of cast iron, and the cut explains its construction. Durability and strength considered, this is probably the cheapest material, though they might be formed of timber, or stone pillars could be substituted for iron or wooden ones.

The Norway Oat.

THREE new varieties of oats, the Norway, New Brunswick and Surprise, have recently been pressed on the attention of farmers, and sold at high prices for seed. And we believe all of them have generally been considered of value where fairly tried. A correspondent sends a letter from which we extract some notice of the Norway. He says:—"A party of gentlemen, interested in agriculture, lately went to Vermont to investigate the claims of the Norway oat, visiting the farms of Mr. D. W. RAMSDELL, the originator; also, that of Gov. MARTIN, R. W. HYDE, President of the Orange Co. Agricultural Society, and others. Their report seems to fully sustain the high praise accorded to those oats last season. They say that the large fields of Norway oats then growing, were a wonder to behold, the grain standing over six feet high, with well filled heads, averaging from 14 to 18 inches in length, and estimated the yield at fully 100 bushels to the acre. Mr. RAMSDELL had one head standing in his garden, which it is presumed had had extra culture, which measured twenty-one inches in length, and stood seven feet high. A remarkable feature of this grain is the large number of stalks which shoot from a single kernel,—those sown broadcast averaging from twenty to forty, while in some instances they have reached as high as sixty. These oats have been tested in the West and South, and are found to yield equally as well in those sections as in the New England States. They all spring from a single kernel found in a package of peas supposed to have come from Norway."

How to Thatch Roofs.

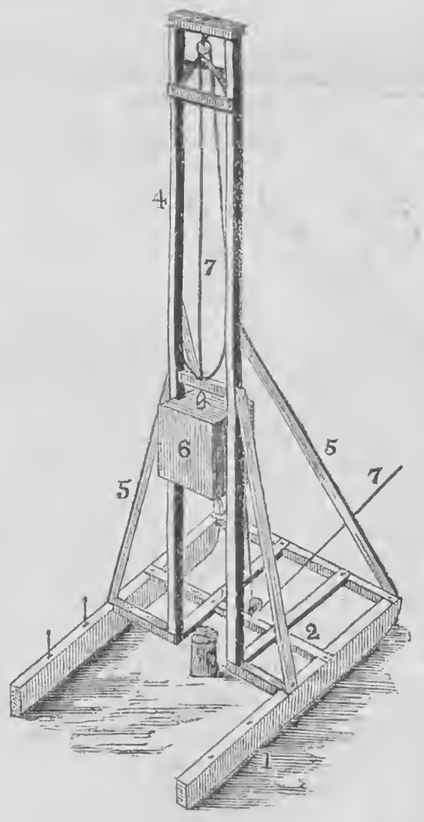
J. D., Hamburg, Pa., writes:—"Seeing some remarks in the RURAL on thatching, led me to think it a subject of some importance to many of your readers, especially those in the West where straw is plenty and common roofing material costly. I have had experience in thatching roofs, and will offer some hints, which, with the inclosed sketch, (if you choose to put it in shape and use,) will give a tolerable idea how the work ought to be done.



"Rye straw threshed with a flail, and kept straight, with the short or broken straw raked out, is the best material I have used; but good wheat or even oat straw will make a safe roof. I suppose timothy, or any tall, straight grass, might be used to good purpose, though I have tried nothing but straw. The roof is made ready for thatching by nailing strips of board, say one by two inches, across the rafters, putting them a foot apart. The pitch should be steep, say a third pitch, in builders' terms, to ensure a water-proof and durable roof. The straw should be cut to a uniform length and care taken to have it straight and all right. The sketch shows how the roof is prepared for the straw and the manner the courses are laid. For convenience in handling I prefer tying the straw in bundles that will average about six inches in thickness. The band should be quite close to the upper end, the one which is fastened to the cross strip. There are different ways of fastening; some use twine, passing it round the band end of the bundle and under the pole, then around another bundle and so on, but I prefer to use the straw itself to fasten the bundles on. This is done by taking a few straws from the side of each bundle after it is laid on the cross strips, and pass them over the next one laid and under the strip, and over again, then adding more straw from the bundle just tied. In this way a continuous rope is made until the end of the course is reached. The courses should overlap so as to make the roof the thickness of three bundles, or about eighteen inches, and if the pitch is one-third, the material good and well laid, I will warrant no water to go through, and that it will be a warm, serviceable roof for twenty years."

Time for Sowing Wheat.

DURING a recent meeting of the Douglas Co. Agricultural Society, Kansas, the subject of wheat raising was pretty thoroughly discussed. The proper time for sowing was one of the points considered. September found the most friends. One member asked why earlier sowing was not preferable, to which another replied by saying that he sowed sixty acres one year, completing the work the last day of August. It grew so as to joint before the setting in of winter, and the whole crop was lost in consequence. Feeding down might have saved it, he thought, but the stock for doing it was wanting. Another member said the best wheat he ever raised in Kansas was sown the first week in September on oat stubble ground. The wheat and oats came up together, and the latter acted as a mulch to the former. The product was thirty-five bushels to the acre. A member stated that he had seen in England seventy-five bushels of wheat from an acre where the seed was dibbled in, and another seventy-two bushels where hoed in.



A Post Driver.

THE editor of the Journal of Agriculture describes and illustrates in "Notes of Travel" on the prairies, a post driver. We transfer the matter to our columns believing it will be of use to many readers.

This machine is of quite simple construction, and with the exception of a little iron work—the pulleys and rope—may be made by any farmer who is handy with tools. The pair of runners (1) are 9 feet long, made of oak, 7 inches wide and 4 inches thick. The cross pieces (2) are of 4 by 4-inch scantling. The distance from the rear cross piece to the next one is 10 inches, and from that to the front one is 2½ feet. The rear one is left open in the middle, as represented, for the post. Two pieces of 2 by 4-inch scantling are bolted across the top of the cross pieces near the middle, as seen in the cut. The two upright pieces (4) are 20 feet long, 2 by 6-inch scantling, stiffened by a 2 by 4-inch piece spiked on the outsides, edgewise. They would be better made of 4 by 6-inch stuff, or even 6-inch square, as they are required to be stiff. The braces (5) are 2 by 4-inch, the front ones a foot the longest. The weight, or block (6) may be round or square, 20 inches in diameter, and 2 feet or 2½ long, of solid, heavy oak, and grooved on the sides next to the uprights. In the top of this is a strong staple, to which the shears, which are fastened in the sliding block above, catch. The grooves in the weight are 6 inches wide, to take in the whole width of the uprights. (Four pins on each side would answer the purpose of the grooves.) Two 2-inch auger holes are bored through the rear portion of each runner, in order to drive in stakes or a crowbar to keep the machine from being drawn forward while driving the post. The working will be readily understood. A chain is fastened to the front cross piece at the points where the top pieces are joined, to which the whiffletrees are hooked. It is then drawn forward by the team (a span of horses or mules) until the weight is over the mark for the post. The post being placed, the whiffletrees are then unhooked from the chain and hooked to the rope which pulls up the weight. One to three blows will drive the post in to the required depth. It is then drawn forward to the next post.

Two men and a span of mules will drive three-fourths of a mile of posts in a day, and one man will mark for the posts and face them ready for the boards in the same time. The posts are slightly pointed, and thus driven, set very firm. The whole cost of such an implement is about $25, and it will pay for itself in a few days.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

THE following account of the Chicago Woolen Exposition is from a former member of the editorial staff of this paper. Contrary to the hopes expressed by us last week, the exhibition of *wool* proved a failure. It would appear from the remarks we append from the *Prairie Farmer*, that in the West, as we knew would be the case in the East, the action of the Association towards rescinding the "Buyers' Rules" was not early enough to call out the co-operation of the wool growers. Whether there was anything else dissatisfactory to the Western growers in the organization or preliminary arrangements of the exhibition, we are not informed. But we have no doubt that if the manufacturers desired a *joint* exposition with the growers, they would have found it far more expedient to invite the latter at the outset, to an equal representation and vote in all the arrangements—or else to take the entire control of the wool branch of the exposition. This basis of entire equality, was the only one ever contemplated on either side in the proposed joint exposition of the National Growers' and Manufacturers' Associations last spring. We do not make these statements reproachfully—for the intentions of the manufacturers at the recent exposition may have been equally good. But we regard their action, or omission, in the above particular, as an oversight which it will be expedient to avoid in future. We do not believe that a really successful *joint* exposition of both industries will ever take place on any other terms than those of strict equality in the management. The resolutions which we append below are excellent.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6, 1868.

EDITOR RURAL:—I will give you a brief description of the first Exposition of Wool and Woolens of the Northwestern Wool Manufacturers' Association.

Near the foot of Randolph street, with the blue lake in sight, is a five-story building, just finished, *and only begun last May!* Enter its solid walls, and you are in a great room 80 by 100 feet, with a speaker's stand, chairs, &c., and men hoisting boxes up stairs in one corner. Here are held the meetings for speeches and discussion. Go up a broad, open stairway in a corner of this room and you reach another of like size. The Secretary's table is at the head of the stairs, and the whole broad space is filled with tables, covered with woolen goods of great variety—from stout, coarse jeans and cloths, to the most beautiful flannels and cassimeres of finest wool and most perfect finish—a display wonderful indeed, and surprising all by the quality of the goods, which show an advancement in style and perfectness that may challenge competition. Go up another stairway and a room of the same size is filled in the same way, save that here we have not only cloths, but yarns, wool and looms.

The quantity and variety is far greater than was expected for this first exhibition,—over 100 mills having sent more than 1,500 samples of their goods. The display of wool is not equal, being from only about thirty flocks. It is beautiful in quality.

Excessive heat, the busy season, the short notice and want of understanding of the exact nature of the exhibition, made growers a little slow; and especially some rules of the Association, for buying wool, created a feeling that kept back many. The rules are rescinded, and resolutions adopted, for buying wool *on its merits*, and urging its being put up in the best order as for the common interest, and last evening one of the wool growers said:—"Gentlemen, when your next exposition comes we'll crowd you out of one of these big rooms with our fleeces!"

The opening speeches the first day were appropriate and interesting—Gov. OGLESBY, Hon. J. B. GRINNELL of Iowa, and others, taking part. Yesterday was really exhibition day, and the rooms were thronged by visitors, greatly interested and equally surprised. A visit to the wonderful stock yards, the greatest mart in the world of the kind, and kept in most admirable order, and a ride on the lake out to the crib of the lake end of the tunnel that supplies the city with water, varied the entertainment. Last night an interesting discussion was held, in which Mr. NEEDHAM, a New England wool-grower, Mr. J. L. HAYES, Secretary of National Manufacturers' Association, Hon. J. B. GRINNELL, a large sheep owner, Mr. TOWNSHEND, President of Ohio Wool Growers' Association, Mr. BOARDMAN, Secretary of the Illinois Association, and others, took part. These secured a mutual recognition of their common interest, and a sense of the benefit of such a conference to learn each other's wants and feelings, and thus have kind and quality of wool and cloths best fitted to forward their ends.

To-day is an auction sale of the cloths, which will help to bring them into the market, and test the prices they will bring. Here you have a glimpse of this exposition, which is a great and encouraging success for a beginning. It has demonstrated to a degree that surprises the manufacturers even, the great progress in quality and style of goods made in the West; it has opened the way for farmer and manufacturer to confer more thoroughly together; it has shown the benefit of our home-industry, and all will go homeward to-morrow glad to have been here.

The officers of the Association have done much and well to make it successful and pleasant. I send you the resolves offered by Mr. MORROW of the Western Rural from a Joint Committee of Growers and Manufacturers, and adopted *unanimously*. G. B. S.

RESOLUTIONS.

Mr. G. B. MORROW presented the following from the Committee on Resolutions:

Resolved, That wool growing is an important and should remain an essential feature of Western agriculture; that the present depression of this interest is owing to causes temporary in their nature, and furnishes no good reason for the sacrifice of their flocks and the abandonment of their business by those who have for years been profitably engaged therein.

Resolved, That the interest of wool growers and of wool manufacturers are so identified that the prosperity of both classes is essential to the permanent prosperity of either.

Resolved, That as Western woolen manufactories furnish a home market for Western wools, saving to the producer the cost of transportation and handling; as they increase the home demand for other products of the farm, and as they furnish a bare supply of products needed in every family, they should be encouraged in practicable ways by every Western farmer and wool grower.

Resolved, That the interests of both growers and manufacturers would be subserved by the production of a greater variety of wool and wool products, in order that every demand may be supplied, and the market for no class be overstocked.

Resolved, That every effort should be made to improve the quality and condition of Western wool; that growers should produce such wools as are most needed by the manufacturers, and in all cases should put up their wool in the best condition possible.

Resolved, That all wool should be bought strictly on its merits, the buyer discriminating in favor of wool in good condition and well put up for market, and making such deduction in price on wool unmerchantable from any cause as the condition of each lot requires, and that this may be done, all wool should be bought by men thoroughly competent to judge as to its quality and condition.

Resolved, That in joint conventions of wool manufacturers and wool growers, and in joint expositions of their products, we recognize important means of developing and harmonizing the great industries in which these two classes are engaged.

Resolved, That while the encouragement of Western wool manufacturing and Western wool growing is most obviously the duty of Western men, there need be and is no ground for any except the kindest feelings between the wool growers and manufacturers of the West and their fellow-laborers of the East, and the only contest that should ever exist between them is a generous rivalry as to which shall excel.

The Prairie Farmer says:—"The exhibition of wools, as was to be expected, is pretty much a failure. With the obnoxious rules governing the buying of wool, standing, wool growers would not join heartily in this exhibition. In consequence, there were but three or four lots of wool direct from growers. Finding that this department was to be so poorly filled, some of the wool houses here came to the rescue, by putting in several lots from our prominent growers, labeled with the growers' names. Had it not been for the rules the wool show would, without doubt, have been equal to the show of manufactured goods, and the whole thus have proved a grand success. The manufacturers, however, we are glad to say, have discovered their error and at their business meeting rescinded these rules and have thus restored the former harmony between the two interests."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

J. D., Augusta, Ga., asks questions which we will answer under separate heads:

NUMBER OF RAMS IN FLOCK.—To run constantly with the ewes and be fed no grain during the coupling season, young rams (say 2 yrs. old) should not be relied on for more than fifty ewes each; and it is much better to have the flock so divided that but one, or at most two, rams run with same lot of ewes. A previously high kept young ram will soon break down if worked without extra feed.

INCREASE OF FLOCK.—It is proper, even here, to breed from strong, well developed, two-year old ewes (i. e. have them lamb the spring they are two years old:) and I have learned in the case of all of the Merino sheep I have sent to the South, that with a fair ordinary chance, they acquire an earlier maturity than in the North. You should be able, in your mild climate and with almost constant green feed, under fair management, to reckon on raising on the average in good sized flocks from eighty to ninety per cent. of lambs. Ninety per cent. should not be regarded an extraordinary increase in smallish flocks; and this rate of increase is often exceeded. One year with another, the number of ram and ewe lambs about equal each other; so above you have the necessary data to estimate the increase of a flock for a term of years.

SHEPHERDS AND DOGS.—You ask if a flock of 300 should have a shepherd and dogs placed over it? It would not be good economy to give one man's time to so small a flock. A competent shepherd with his dogs can give all the necessary attention to a thousand sheep on open, unenclosed range—indeed, one skilled shepherd can, as head shepherd, manage a number of thousands, by employing merely active, handy assistants who have had a little previous experience, or who are docile to learn. In regard to obtaining shepherds and dogs, you have all the answer I can now give in another article. The Scotch dog prevails most in the North. Mongrels are often broken into good working dogs—but we regard them as predisposed to be treacherous scoundrels. They are frequently sheep-killers, and when they are so, their sagacity, activity and rapid, sharp bite render them more destructive than other dogs. We hardly think, however, this propensity would be developed in those of them brought up on sheep farms and among sheep. But very large sheep farmers should breed their own dogs, and breed them pure.

THE BIG SCOURED FLEECE.—A distinguished breeder of this State challenges the thoroughness of the scouring to which the fleece of Mr. LEVI NOBLE's Merino ram was submitted—which fleece we recently recorded in these columns as yielding 9 lbs. 3 oz. of scoured wool. Our correspondent does not impeach the integrity of the manufacturers who scoured it—but he says they do not assert in their certificate, and there is nothing in it which shows that they scoured the fleeces submitted to them as thoroughly as this process is usually performed in the larger woolen mills. And he adds:—"I propose, to set all cavil on the subject at rest, to have the fleece submitted to a committee of manufacturers, say HAYDEN (of Auburn) and the Syracuse man, Mr. DUNOAN,) or others, to say whether it has received a fair 'commercial scouring,' and if not, to give it one and see what it loses. I am informed the parties are willing to send you the fleece for that purpose, if you request it."

We feel bound to give both sides a hearing on the question; and it is for the owner of the ram to make such an answer to the above proposition as he sees fit. If he elects to accept it, we think the officers of the Ontario and Livingston Co. Association, or persons of their designation, more appropriate parties than ourselves to take charge of the matter, and we do not feel that we have time to attend to it. We believe that either of the manufacturers named, instructed again to scour the wool, if judged necessary, exactly as he scours wool for manufacturing purposes—exactly as he has heretofore scoured wool for the State Wool Growers' Association—would carefully aim to do exact justice in the premises. And there are enough other manufacturers in the State who would do the same.

SHEPHERDS AND DOGS.—A. D. WARWICK, Lynchburg, Ark., asks:—"Will you inform me what nation makes the best shepherds, and how I could best get supplied with first-class shepherds and dogs?" Of foreign shepherds, Scotland has perhaps sent the most professional ones to this country. They are usually very well informed in their duties, industrious and careful. We have known many equally good shepherds from Germany, England and France. There are multitudes of admirable American shepherds—but most of them have charge of flocks of their own, and cannot often be hired. We know this, because we have often made attempts to engage their services for friends, and have generally failed. Shepherd dogs are scattered over all the wool growing States—but thinly, however, as not one sheep owner in ten, who keeps his sheep in enclosed fields, makes use of them. We know of no place where they are bred in large numbers and kept for sale. Breeding them for sale, and keeping well broken dogs ready to meet orders, and *well advertised*, would be a very profitable business.

Advertising in agricultural journals is the only mode we know of for persons residing in regions where sheep do not abound, to find shepherds and dogs. The nationality of the former is of no consequence. Skill and fidelity are the requisites to look for.

LUSTER WOOL.—"A Grower," Liberty, ——, asks: "What is luster wool, and what breeds does it come from?" This term is applied to English combing wool which has a peculiar luster or gloss. We have seen it almost equal raw silk in this particular. Its advantage is that it retains this brilliancy after dying and manufacturing—giving braids and other fabrics manufactured from it the appearance of silk, and thus enhancing their beauty and value. High qualities of it are not common among even our full blood English sheep. We have seen excellent samples from the Leicester sheep of Dr. N. S. TOWNSHEND of Avon, Ohio, and it highly characterizes the imported Lincolns of Hon. S. CAMPBELL of Oneida Mills, N. Y. These are marked cases which now occur to us; many others are to be found in the country.

BREEDING, &c.—From a lively series of articles in the Dixie Farmer, written by those enterprising sheep breeders, GLENN & BROTHER, of Noblestown, Pa., we cut the following sensible paragraph:—"The American that imports from a foreign country better stock into his own State or neighborhood, or purchases in the United States such stock and removes it into his own State, is a philanthropist in no small degree. Such public spirited men are of use in their day and generation. Enterprising citizens of this description are needed in every State. Let such, for instance, purchase a small flock of male and female of the very best improved variety of sheep of any family, he then introduces into his neighborhood the brains or intellect of the breeder from whom he made the purchase, in the sheep purchased. The benefactor stands equal in blood and improvement with the breeder from whom he made the purchase. It will then be for the new purchaser to demonstrate (the climate and other things being equal with those of the breeder from whom he purchased,) whether he or the person from whom he purchased shall excel. There can be, there is, no doubt but that Mr. HAMMOND excelled Mr. ATWOOD as a breeder ever after he had made his first purchase from ATWOOD. What has been once done can certainly be repeated. It is only a matter of intelligence that makes the success or the want of it a failure in degree. It is not every man that can or will make an A No. 1 breeder, no more than that there is a certainty that every young man that studies a profession will become an A No. 1 professional man. There certainly is as much study required to make a good intelligent A. No. 1 breeder of any kind of domestic animals as in anything that man can engage in. 'Very difficult problems present themselves quite frequently, nay, continuously, in breeding, and the way in which they are worked out will tell in the flock, must influence it for 'weal or woe' for years. The proper rule to work out the problem being certainly known, the question will be easily solved. The rule for working out difficult questions or considerations in breeding is to be found in the best extant printed authority; such is better than oral authority. The whole system of master minds is obtainable in works. 'The reason, the why and wherefore' is given, and if the author is not comprehended in anything in his work, other minds, perhaps, can explain or simplify it to the reader's comprehension. Oral information may appear very simple when being communicated, and quite well (then) understood, but it slips the mind. The printed authority is always at hand for reference and instruction, and saves time, and is less liable to give an incorrect opinion, than an oral authority."

WOOL CONVENTION IN TEXAS.—The next meeting of the Texas Wool Growers' Convention takes place in Austin on the first Wednesday of September next. We believe this Convention to be a permanent institution, and have every reason to believe that it will accomplish a great amount of good. The officers are:—H. J. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., President; W. D. PARISH and H. LANGSTON, Esqs., Vice-Presidents; and W. V. HENDERSON, Secretary.

At the late meeting in Austin, PARISH, CROUCH, HENDERSON and CHAMBERLAIN were appointed a committee to prepare an address to the wool-growers of the State, urging the formation of county associations to co-operate with the General Association; and also to memorialize the Legislature on the subject of further legislative protection to the stock interest.

By an article of the Constitution, persons can become members of the Association by authorizing the Secretary to sign their names to the constitution and by-laws, and paying to the Treasurer the sum of one dollar specie at any time before the next meeting.

The postoffice of the Secretary is Boerne, Kendall Co.

Dairy Department.

DAIRYMENS' ASSOCIATION.

GARDNER B. WEEKS, Verona, Oneida Co., Secretary of the State Dairymens' Association, calls the attention of dairymen to the next meeting of the Association in January ensuing. He suggests that the dairy season is a good one for making certain tests in the matter of cheese making; "for proving or disproving the various theories relating to the business; for searching for the causes of the difficulties which the practical cheese maker so often encounters. For instance, there is an almost universal complaint this season of the *floating curd*. Careful observation on the part of many dairymen in various sections, when brought together and compared at the convention, may lead to a solution of this difficulty by pointing out the cause and thus indicating the remedy. And so respecting other troubles. Besides, the subjects under discussion at the meeting last January were by no means exhausted, and it is known that scores of factories are testing the value of the suggestions then made regarding curd, milk, two days' pressure, &c. Let us have the result of these tests.

"It would add greatly to the interest of the convention if members, practical dairymen, would take more prominent part in the meetings, coming with short and carefully prepared papers on subjects connected with milk and cheese—giving results of experiments and the conclusions drawn from them, of new theories and practices respecting cheese making, or any of the details of the process, and the reasons and observations which have induced the change.

"Another valuable feature might be added in the introduction to the notice of the convention of samples of cheese shown for their style, manner of manufacture, or for other reason, *not* with a view to competition, but that this demonstration may be made of the value of the experiments of which the cheese shown are the result."

Would it not be well to extend these hints to the article of butter also? Cheese is good, and so is butter,—both alike worthy of the attention of dairymen, whether managing their herds or relating their experience in convention with their co-laborers.

ABORTION IN COWS.

Two years since an appropriation of five thousand dollars was made by the Legislature, for the purpose of enabling a Commission to examine into the cause of abortion in cows, and, if possible, suggest a remedy. The appropriation was exhausted without appreciable results, and another five thousand voted for the same purpose. Farmers in the dairy regions most affected by the prevalence of abortion among their stock, seem anxious to know what progress, if any, has been made in elucidating the subject. Some express surprise that the Commission, in prosecuting their inquiries, pay so little attention to the dairy districts along the Mohawk Valley where the severest losses have been sustained. We have no means of knowing how the investigation is progressing, nor in what manner it is conducted, but presume a report will be forthcoming on the assembling of the Legislature, making public the manner of conducting the examination and results of it.

WHITE CHEESE IN ENGLAND.—The Utica Herald publishes a letter from a firm in Liverpool, stating that the practice of coloring cheese for the markets of Lancashire and Yorkshire, materially affects its value there. The best kinds, for these markets, are those without coloring, approximating the Cheshire in quality and resembling the Cheddar in form. Such cheese, without coloring, bring from one to two dollars per hundred more than that with it.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

MUCH excitement has recently been raised by the appearance, at various points along the railroad routes, of a fatal disease among the cattle transported over them. In some places in Illinois, Indiana, Western and Eastern Pennsylvania, New York, Albany and Buffalo, numbers of cattle in transit have been attacked with what is denominated "The Texas Fever," causing considerable mortality at each of these points. The authorities at each of these places took prompt measures to have all the diseased stock dispatched at once and the further importation of affected animals stopped as far as possible. This new outbreak has materially affected the principal meat markets, the consumers of beef changing to mutton, pork and other substitutes. It is to be hoped that the disease and the excitement consequent upon it will be of short duration.

DISEASED COWS.—TREATMENT.

SEARS MORFORD, Mercer county, Pa., writes: "An article in your paper headed "What ails the Cows?" reminds me of one I had similarly attacked about a year since. We could neither characterize the disease nor determine what treatment was best under the circumstances. In this case the milk left the cow in the manner described by your correspondent. The macerations were black and shining with a very fetid smell. We gave her, by way of experiment, four large slices of fat smoked bacon, which she ate with avidity—the only thing she would eat—and in twenty-four hours she purged finely, discharging a large quantity of bloody slime, after which she began to recover. A neighbor afterwards told us that his cows had the same disease, which he treated with hop yeast, made as for bread, well mixed with salt, and they recovered."

THE BATH FOR STOCK.—It is believed by some, that when dairy or other farm stock is attacked by any of the more virulent diseases, a cure may be effected in most cases by the use of the Turkish bath. It is said to be of great benefit to stock even in a healthy state, making them more active and aiding in the process of taking on fat. At all events when cows are assailed by any of the diseases incident to the dairy, it would not be amiss to try the experiment of the bath, as it could hardly do any harm if it failed of doing any good. Will some of our readers so unfortunate as to have sick dairy or other stock, try the experiment of the bath and report progress? Now, when the Texas fever is prevailing, is a good time to test the matter in the way proposed.

TEMPERATURE OF CREAM.—The Iowa Homestead, in answer to an inquiry as to the proper temperature of cream for churning, says:—"Careful experiments have demonstrated that while the cream should never be lower than fifty degrees, it should never be higher than fifty-five degrees, for the operation of churning will raise it from five to ten degrees. In a long series of experiments conducted in an English dairy, the best temperature was found to be fifty-three degrees when the cream goes into the churn. By far too many keep the milk and cream at the same temperature, or at least in the same cellar or vault. Either the cream or the milk will suffer, one being too warm or the other too cold."

CHEESE MARKET AND PROSPECTS.—There was, says the Utica Herald, considerable excitement at Little Falls on the 10th inst., and a brisk trade at advanced prices. Private dairies sold at from 14 to 16½ cts. Oneida factories sold as high as 17 cts. during the preceding week. The range at the Falls on the 10th was from 16 to 16¾ cts., while considerable sales were made as low as 15 cts., which was about as high as the general range in New York city. Sales of American factory were made in Liverpool, July 25th, at from 46 to 58s. Imports for the week ending at date were 29,371. English Cheddar quoted at 66 to 80s.

Rural Notes and Items.

PERSONAL.—For the information of personal friends and correspondents, it is proper to state that the Editor-in-Chief of the RURAL is absent and will not probably return to Rochester—except, perhaps, on a flying visit—for several months. Suffering from a malady produced by years of almost incessant labor and care, Mr. M., by the direction of his medical advisers, has resolved upon a change of base to the Sea Shore and New York City, in the hope that rest, recreation and a somewhat different climate will prove beneficial. He, however, expects in a few weeks to be able to spend a portion of each day at our New York office—No. 41 Park Row, Times' Building—and devote more or less attention to the matter and manner of the RURAL, neither of which will be forgotten or neglected during his temporary sojourn at the spas and sea-side. His address is New York, but all letters pertaining to the business department of the paper should be directed to Rochester.

—On account of the state of his health, Mr. M. has been constrained to decline all invitations thus far received to deliver addresses at Agricultural Fairs the present season, and cannot consistently make any engagements—which latter fact is only mentioned to save parties interested the delay that would attend correspondence.

PROSPECTS IN THE SOUTH.—W. O. V., Lexington, Miss., closes a business letter, dated Aug. 3d, by saying: "We have had three weeks of rain every day, giving us in the aggregate an injurious excess which I fear will tell upon the cotton, more especially as there seems no indication of dry weather at the date of this. As yet the cotton looks fine. If it should escape the blight of the worm, and our State Treasury, and finally elude the clutches of the ——, we shall be blessed indeed."

W. P. D., Brenham, Washington Co., Texas, Aug. 4th, writes:—"Our cotton crop in this State is one of the best ever raised. Corn ditto. The fright about the cotton worm is all moonshine—being nothing more than the army grass worm, which resembles the genuine cotton worm in many respects. Our prospects for the future are bright indeed, and if rainy weather does not set in within the next three weeks we will average a bale of five hundred pounds to the acre. The whole country, North as well as South, will feel the good effects of a heavy cotton crop. All we need now is PEACE to make the South the greatest agricultural country in the world. * * * Many people fear yellow fever which visits all the tropical countries. As soon as physicians learn how to doctor this complaint, it will be found no more dangerous than two-thirds of the complaints which afflict humanity. * * * I have had this disease and seen hundreds of cases of it, and I will say that it is no worse, when properly treated, than common ague and fever."

OHIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The Ohio Farmer says the "question of an agricultural college in Ohio is becoming a chronic bore." The trouble seems to be that the managers of the enterprise cannot agree upon a plan. Some want an immense affair to start with, while others more modest think it better to commence with such buildings as are essential for a start, and add others as experience shall demonstrate their necessity. Five years have been spent in making a start, but as yet without success.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—The Report of the Department of Agriculture for the month of July assumes, from the information supplied from all sections of the country, that the wheat crop will be fully an average one taken altogether. In the Southern States there is a considerable deficiency, but this is supposed to be fully made up by an increase in the Western States. The reports respecting the corn crop show an increased average over last year of fully 3,000,000 bushels in thirty-four States. In eight of these there is a slight decrease in average from last year, while in the South and West there is a large one, equal to nine per cent. on the whole. Generally the crop promises well. The average in cotton is reported at about ten per cent. below last year, but the tillage has been more thorough and the stand generally more promising. The potato yield is expected to be considerably in excess of that of last year, owing to largely increased acreage, though in some sections the drouth will materially diminish the yield. The fruit promise, with the exception of grapes, is very poor in almost every section. Tobacco is somewhat below the average, and wool about seven per cent., or eight millions of pounds.

DECREASE OF SHEEP IN OHIO.—According to a communication in the Farmers' Chronicle (Ohio) the assessors' returns from twenty-three counties in that State, show a decrease in the number of sheep in them, as compared with last year, of 37,706 head. A like proportionate reduction for the rest of the State would give a total of about 150,000, and in wool about half a million of pounds. This decrease is considerable less than was expected, showing that farmers are not as ready to abandon an established division of farming because of a depressed market as they formerly were. It is poor policy to enter hastily into a new branch of business, without counting the cost or possessing the requisite means and information for carrying it forward; equally so is it to abandon a business which has proved generally remunerative, because, for the time being, prospects are less promising than were anticipated. It is better to wait awhile, even at a loss, than to rush from one thing to another, as though in change alone success is to be attained. Mutation is not always improvement, nor does a partial failure in a certain line of business, prove that it is bad policy to give it a more extended trial.

EXPERIMENT IN WHEAT.—WM. OTIS, a prominent farmer residing in Gates, about two miles west of Rochester, set apart last season a patch of ground containing seven square rods for an experiment in wheat growing. The wheat embraced four varieties,—California, Diehl, Soules, and a bearded one, name not known. It was planted by hand in drills, and as it came up the plants were from two to six inches apart. The winter killed the California clean out, but the other varieties grew and ripened very well. The yield from these seven rods of ground was two bushels, or at the rate of nearly forty-six bushels to the acre. Where wheat is generally drilled in as carefully as this was, it would require but about five quarts of seed to the acre, instead of from sixty to eighty as is sometimes the case in ordinary sowing.

THE COTTON STATES.—Concurrent reports from the cotton growing States indicate that the damage to the cotton crop from the ravages of the worm will prove much less serious than was apprehended earlier in the season. A good crop this year will be a great blessing to a people so exhausted as are those of the cotton planting States. If, in connection with this, the corn crop turns out well, a great stride in the way of reconstruction will have been taken.

THE BARBERRY BLIGHTING GRAIN.—The opinion is somewhat prevalent in the Eastern States that the barberry bush and the wild cherry have a tendency to cause grain growing in the vicinity to blast. This result is supposed to be produced by an aroma exhaled from these shrubs and trees, but their real influence, if they exert any, is derived from the moisture they attract and the shade they supply. This causes dampness to the grain in the vicinity, and this, in turn, induces rust and consequent blight.

HEN LICE.—"Wheatland" says his hen roost is so infested with hen lice that the chickens refuse to occupy it, and wants to know how to dislodge the vermin. A correspondent, last winter, said he destroyed the lice on his premises and fowls in this way:—Mixed one-fourth of a pound of sulphur in Indian meal, and fed it to the fowls three days in succession. Then mixed one pound in grease and daubed the hen roost. The lice left.

SELF REGULATING WIND MILL.—A correspondent from Illinois writes:—"I am in want of a good, self-regulating wind mill. Can you inform me where the same can be procured?" We answer, probably of the Empire Wind Mill Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

PROFITABLE LAMBS.—ABRAHAM STATTS of Red Hook sent to New York, on the 20th of July, fifty-five March lambs, which weighed, in the aggregate, 3,763 pounds, for which he received $415.87—or nearly $8 per head, at about four months old.

CORN IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The Ashville News says that the corn fields which awhile looked pale and sickly, have taken a new start—have a green hue and promise fully an average.

OIL MEAL FOR STOCK.—A subscriber from Pennsylvania says he has looked in vain to see the above food for stock advertised. He and others wish to use, but do not know where to procure it.

MAINE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The Maine State Times says this college is getting along quite satisfactorily. SAMUEL JOHNSON, correspondent of the Bangor Whig, has been appointed Superintendent.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A FARMER who rises early in the morning will find plenty to do and time to accomplish what is needful.

AN English dairyman says that the material for butter tubs should be well soaked in boiling water before being manufactured.

A FARMER in Huntington, Ind., aged 66, is the father of 33 children, and it is intimated that the shadows of others are being "cast before."

A MAINE farmer fattened a cow, mainly on turnips, and the result surpassed expectation. The beef was good and the tallow unexpectedly abundant.

THE way to accomplish the most on a farm is to know precisely beforehand what you want to do and the ratio of means in possession to accomplish it.

THEY have got an improved mole trap down in New Jersey. A mole works along in his burrow, when down darts a spear and impales the digger upon it.

ONE of the reasons assigned for the fertility of soils under stone walls is the gradual wasting away of the stone composing them by the action of the elements.

DR. ANDERSON has found by practical analysis, one test being made, that the last cup of milk drawn from a cow's udder, contains 16 times as much cream as the first one.

THE frequent forking over of barn-yard manure is essential to a uniform and proper preparation of it for the soil. Left undisturbed, decomposition proceeds very slowly.

A DAIRYMANS' club, in Illinois, recently decided unanimously that milk designed for butter making should be immediately cooled to 62 degrees after being drawn from the cows.

HEMP seems to pay well in Kentucky. Two cases are mentioned by a paper there as evidence of the profitableness of the crop—$163 per acre in one instance and $140 in another, last year.

A MR. BUTLER, Franklin Co., (O.) has grown potatoes extensively, and goes in for the single eye system. By adopting this, eight bushels will go as far as forty planted whole, and prove equally productive.

J. R. DODGE, statistician of the Agricultural Department, notes a considerable decline in the price of farm stock in the West from last year. If this be so, how is it that beef here is higher than last season?

A POULTERER in Iowa, of five years experience, has become a firm convert to the Brahma. They are superior winter layers; eggs larger, more domestic, better for table, and chicks the hardiest of all known varieties.

IN 1770 appeared the army worm in New England. So numerous were the invaders that ditches, dug around fields two feet wide and as many deep, were filled in a single night. The destruction of vegetation was fearful

HORTICULTURAL.

AMONG THE VINEYARDS.

On the 12th of August we visited the grape region in the vicinity of Naples, Ontario county, N. Y., and along the shores of Canandaigna Lake. The promise of the grape crop was very satisfactory, as the vines were generally in good condition and well set with fruit. The foliage and fruit were perfectly healthy, no disease having manifested itself, and the fruit in an advanced stage of growth that assures perfect development and early ripening. Under the guidance of the Hon. E. B. Pottle, to whom we are indebted for many courteous favors, we spent a few hours among the vineyards. These are chiefly in and close around the village of Naples, which is situated four miles up the valley, rising from the head of Canandalgua Lake, and extending in a southwest direction. The bottom lands are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and are devoted chiefly to grass and corn, but about one hundred acres near the village are made of stone debris swept down from the highland by torrents, and on these the vine flourishes. Most of the vineyards, however, are on the hillsides west of the valley, — one thousand acres, it is estimated, being already under fruit. Several thousand acres of equally choice land remain to be planted. The depression of this valley is some two hundred feet more than that at Hammondsport, and the hills rise above it to an altitude of a thousand feet. The soil is clay well mixed with slate or shale. Some of the vineyards are so covered with small stone that the foot can scarcely touch the soil. South of the village there is more sand and less stone.

Naples is famous for the perfection which the Isabella grape attains in its vineyards. This variety was the one first cultivated here, and it has since been a favorite. Other kinds succeed well, and are being planted relatively to a greater extent than formerly. The Diana is one of the most promising; the Delaware also succeds finely. Other kinds are cultivated, but it is doubtful if any will pay as well as the ones mentioned. Some features in the system of culture are peculiar to this valley, and we doubt if they are as prominent in any other grape growing locality in our country. The vines are trained on high trellises and the rows are wide apart, sixteen feet in many instances. In order to obtain a good yield per acre a great deal of bearing wood must be left on the vines. They are trained fan-form, and the trellis is loaded with clusters nearly to the topmost wire. It is like the old-fashioned single vine system of our gardens. The vine has plenty of room on the trellis, and the wide space for the expansion of the roots enables it to ripen its load of fruit. We believe this system of training is not much in vogue with vineyardists at the present day, but if one finds fault with it at Naples they point to the results in quantity and quality of fruit and healthiness of vine, and it is an answer not easy to put aside.

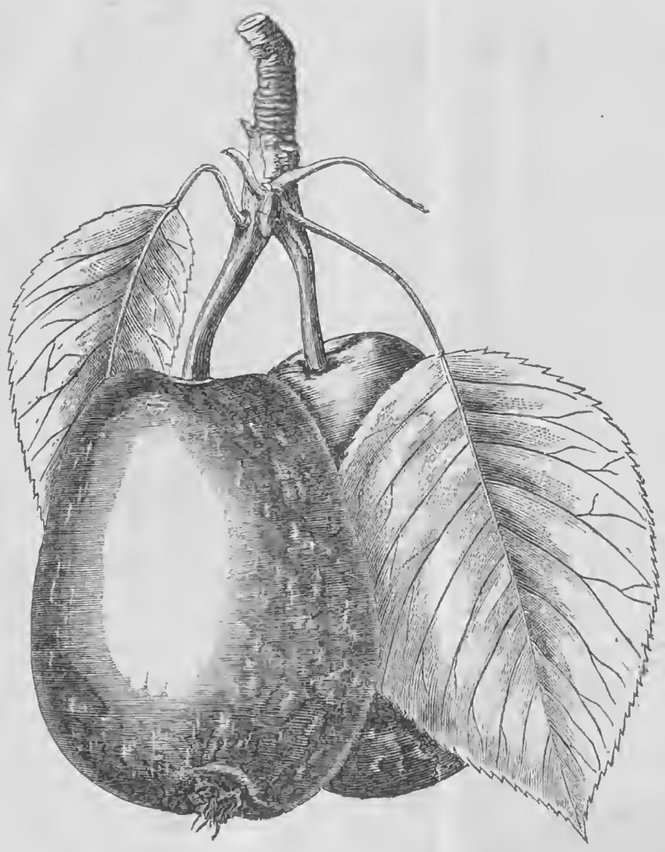
Mr. Pottle is one of the pioneers of grape culture in this valley, being the first to plant a vineyard on the steep hillside. His main vineyard is situated about half way between Naples and the head of the lake. It is noted for fine Isabellas and exemption from frost. It has also Catawbas, Concords, Dianas, &c. Mr. P. expressed himself highly in favor of the Diana, and thought he should replace some of his Isabellas with that variety. The vineyard is slightly terraced, and the rows run along the side of the hill instead of up and down. The crop was very large and evenly distributed on the trellises, the clusters magnificent and forward. The Isabellas had begun to darken, and, indeed, it was noticed in several vineyards that the grapes showed color on the 10th inst. The vineyard belonging to Mr. Reese, a German vintner, was remarkable for its fine Dianas. Of the vineyards on the stony bottom land we have alluded to, we visited Mr. Reed's, which was kept in fine condition, and showed excellent fruit. In Mr. Byington's yard we saw the finest show of Delaware grapes that we ever laid eyes on. The trellises were tall, wide apart and well. and evenly loaded throughout their whole extent. But the most remarkable feature was the great number of perfect or characteristic clusters. At the present date we think Mr. B. might safely challenge any locality to exhibit as fine a show of Delaware grapes. Mr. J. W. Clarke's vineyard was the last visited. It is one of the largest in Naples. The bearing portion was in a state of perfect culture, and quality and quantity of fruit perfectly satisfactory. Mr. C. prunes and trains his vines in such manner as to keep the fruit mostly on the lower half of the trellis. Adjacent to the vineyard was a peach orchard of a hundred and twenty or thirty trees heavily loaded with fruit. Numerous plum trees of different varieties were scattered about the grounds, and the branches were bending under the load of fruit.

Vine growing along the immediate shores of Canandaigua Lake has not increased to that extent which the promise of favoring circumstances would seem to warrant, but one or two crops gathered from the young vineyards which already stud the western shore will, no doubt, give an impetus to the work of planting. We had only time to inspect one vineyard, located at Seneca Point and belonging to Messrs. E. M. Morse and M. C. Wells of Canandaigua. They wisely chose the rich Point land for growing Delawares, and the vines, in their third season of growth, were so laden with fine fruit, and the foliage was so healthy, vigorous and abundant, that it seemed as if they, like the people, were having a grand recruiting season on the Point, and turning ordinary work into rollicking, health-giving sport. Back of the Point rise steep, sunny slopes of choicest grape land, much already planted to the vine, and all destined by its owners, Messrs. M. & W., to be quickly turned into vine-clad hills.

CONDITION OF THE GRAPE CROP.

"A Grower," who, by the way, is perfectly competent to write of the vine, sends us the following notes, under date of August 8th, on the condition of the grapes in Pleasant Valley, Steuben Co., N. Y. He writes:—"Grapes never looked better here at this season of the year than now. Vines of all varieties and ages wintered without injury by severe cold, and, though late in starting in the spring, have made an unusually fine growth; and those of bearing age and strength are heavily loaded with fruit. Never since grape culture commenced here, have all varieties fruited as well the same season as they have this. And, what is equally flattering, not the slightest indication of disease of any kind on fruit and foliage has made its appearance. Judging from the size of the berries, and the degree of ripening of the wood of the vines, the vintage will be unusually early this fall. These broad statements of growth and fruitfulness are intended to cover what might be included in classes good, better and best; but not that other division below these, in which comparatively few are found—enough, however, to attract the notice of the passerby, and to affect the aggregate result of profit in the business. In no department of agriculture or horticulture is good cultivation better rewarded than in the vineyard, a fact generally admitted, but not so often acted upon."

C. L. Hoag writes us from Lockport, Niagara Co., Aug. 11th, as follows, concerning fruit prospects: "A light crop of fruit in Niagara County this season. All kinds of berries a short crop; apples and pears about one-fourth the usual quantity; grapes a good crop, and promises to be our most reliable fruit in this part of Western New York, not having missed of ripening a good crop of the earlier sorts every year for the past fifteen years. So you see we are sure every year of an abundance of the kind of fruit that suits the million. Saw berries to-day in our grounds that were fully colored, of Adirondac, Hartford, Prolific and Israella."



THE MARGARET PEAR.

The Margaret Pear was first described in the Horticulturist for June, 1866. It originated with Christopher Weigel of Cleveland, Ohio, from seed of the Seckel. The tree is a very vigorous upright grower with dark, reddish wood, and rich, dark-green, oblong, oval pointed foliage. It is an early bearer, as a standard, often fruiting at two years from the bud, and is very productive; the fruit generally borne in clusters of two, three, or more.

In size the fruit is medium or rather below; globular, obtuse, pyriform; in color a lemon-yellow ground, when fully ripe, mostly overspread with deep, dull red, with small russet dots and occasional faint russet marblings and patches; where the surface is not reddened the dots appear green underneath the skin. Stem, generally about one inch long, slightly curved, and often, but not always, set in a round, open, moderately deep basin. Calyx, large, with long-pointed, partially reflexed segments. Flesh, white, finely granulated, juicy, vinous, sweet and free from astringency. Core, very small. Seeds, dark-brown. Season, 10th to the 20th of August.

This variety promises to be valuable as a market sort, on account of the very fine form and vigor of the tree, its great productiveness while young, and regular, even size of the fruit.

HORT'L QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

As the questions asked by the Holmes Co., Miss., correspondent of the Rural refer to subjects of much interest in the South, it may not be amiss for one who has made the matters referred to a professional study, to attempt an answer.

1. The wild native grapes of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi make fair wine; but, like the Scuppernong, Catawba and Isabella, their juice needs sugar to produce the best wine they are capable of making. At the Longworth (Cincinnati) wine factory rock candy is used as the best form of sugar to increase the alcohol, strength and keeping qualities of the fermented juice of American grapes. To affirm that alcohol made from candy is better than that derived from sugar without first transforming it into candy, is to assert what is not true. In this age of chemical exact science, it is folly to attempt anything like humbug in the manufacture of wine from grapes or other fruit. Use instruments to measure the amount of saccharine matter and of acids present in the must, and be governed by the results. The useful art of wine making is acquired, like all others, by practice and study.

2. Wild grapes dried will sell as fruit, not as "raisins."

3. It will pay handsomely to take the pits out of our Southern plums, dry them in houses built for the purpose, and send them to Northern markets. Plums are scarce at the North; and they may be raised in any quantity in the South, by keeping hogs and poultry in plum orchards. The same remarks apply to peaches and cherries. Movable shelves, made of frames with open work, like a cane-seat chair, of basket splints, willow or twine, are best to spread fruit on in a proper kiln. The furnace is made of stone or brick. Where delicious blackberries can be bought at a dollar a bushel, and for less money, it will pay to dry them for market.

4. Of figs, one can raise from one to three hundred bushels per acre in the cotton States. They contain much fruit sugar; and it will pay to grow them for hogs, as the writer knows from experience, and still better to dry them for human consumption. There is art in the business of making the best boxes for putting up figs and other fruit. Southern fruit growers must find their mechanics, with sample boxes, and set them at work. The whole trade has yet to be developed in the South.

5. It will pay to ship pears and nectarines from Mississippi to New York and Boston.

6. Southern peas grown with corn had, as a general thing, better be eaten by hogs and other stock where they stand in the field. If wanted for seed or hay, cultivate them separately. If for hay, mow before the seed is ripe, and cure carefully to save the leaves of the plant. Clover is much easier cured, and makes rather better hay. Northern farmers never raise our Southern pea—the climate forbids.

7. At present prices it will pay better to raise the Northern navy bean South, than any other legume. The Lima bean also pays handsomely in the South to send North.

8. The mineral theory of Liebig and Pelkholt is not sustained by experience. D. Lee.

Knox Co., Tenn.

Tar Water for Plums.—A correspondent of the American Institute Farmers' Club says, that he succeeded in raising a large crop of plums last year, by applying to his trees, with a small hand forcing pump, water that stood in an emptied gas tar barrel until it was as dark colored as coffee and pungent as creosote. He applied the water once in three days, and did not find a plum stung after the first day.

ANCIENT ROMAN GARDENING.

The custom of forcing flowers and cucumbers by artificial means was first practiced by the Romans. They had in the Augustine age a stone called *specularia*, susceptible of being split into transparent scales, corresponding somewhat with the glass of the present day, not so thin or translucent, yet sufficiently so to afford transmission of heat and light. Of this stone they made coverings to pits in which they raised in the depth of winter the finest flowers. The table of Julius Cæsar was laden throughout the year with every delicacy of the tropics, all of which were the green-house products of his garden over the Tiber, of which the historian, —the great Antony said,—"and his garden over the Tiber had he bequeathed to ye all." Seneca and Pliny inform us that the "*lapis specularia*" could be split in pieces the 16th of an inch in thickness, and ten and twelve feet in length, and that they gave passage to both light and heat.

In subsequent years when machinery was introduced to split the "*lapis specularia*," peach houses and vineyards were erected covering vast extents of territory, and protecting the orchards as carefully and successfully as the soft airs of the tropics. I have seen it stated by some ancient authority, but cannot recall by whom, that the peach and apricot were exported in large quantities from Rome, during the winter season, to Asia, their native soil, but where, as yet, art had not controlled the seasons, and consequently the fruit could only be found in the summer, unless brought there from the greenhouses of the capitolan city. Sir Joseph Banks states that the custom of forcing plants and of cooling liquors with ice was introduced into England by the Romans whilst Sertorius was ruler of Britton and immediately succeeding the reign of Bodecia.—*American Farmers' Magazine.*

LIQUID MANURE.

We believe there is no system of enriching the land for small gardens, with a view to perfection of crops, so truly economical and so easily available as that of using liquid manure. We occasionally hear of a gardener, or an amateur grower of some special plant or crop, that has practiced enriching with liquids, but it is only occasionally; yet the result of every record is in its favor, and a searching inquiry into any extra production of fruit, flower, or plant almost invariably gives watering with liquid manure as the cause. There is in almost every family waste of liquids, which usually go into the sewer or drain, or possibly upon the road, where they are of no avail, but if saved, by being conducted to a tank, would enrich the entire garden spot of vegetables, small fruits, furnish stimulus to the rose and other flower borders, and keep the grass plat green and fresh even in the hottest and driest weather of midsummer. The use of a little plaster (gypsum) occasionally, thrown in and around the tank, would always keep it sweet and clean. By the use and practice of liquid manuring no delay need ever occur in planting-time because of the manure not being on hand, or not being in a sufficiently rotted condition; but planting could proceed, and the application of manure be made at leisure.—*Hort.*

THE ENGLISH WALNUT.

The following is from the Southern Farmer. We endorse it.

We no where recollect to have seen a tree of the English Walnut growing in the South. This is a great oversight, and we recommend that the error be corrected as soon as possible. Downing says that it is "better known here as the *Madeira Nut*, is a fine lofty growing tree, with a handsome spreading head, and bearing crops of large and excellent nuts, inclosed like that of our native black walnuts in a simple husk. It stands the winter very well here, (New York,) and to the south of this it would undoubtedly be a profitable fruit to plant for market. The fruit in a green state is very highly esteemed for pickling, and the great quantities of the ripe nuts annually imported and sold here prove the estimation in which they are held for the table. * * * This tree is usually propagated by the seed and transplanted from the nurseries when from three to six feet high. But it may also be grafted with due care on the common hickory nut.

In our opinion there is no tree we could plant which would pay better than the English walnut. There would be no end to the market. In Chili they are exported by the ship load. In California, immense orchards are now coming on. We must not be behind. Plant English walnuts then say we.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Kittatinny Blackberries.—We are indebted to O. J. Weeks, West Webster, N. Y., for half a dozen quarts of very fine Kittatinnys. In the box was a quantity of fruit stems, with berries attached, and the clusters were a beautiful sight. Mr. W. says this variety has proved hardy in his grounds this year, and where the Lawton failed to bear one quarter of a crop the Kittatinny yielded abundantly. The quality of the fruit is enough superior to that of the Lawton to warrant the assertion that it will drive the latter from our markets when the supply becomes sufficient.

The Seneca and Miami Black Cap Raspberries.—*Eds. Rural:* It will be remembered by the readers of the Rural that I offered, last fall, to pay H. H. Doolittle $200 if a committee should decide that the Seneca Black Cap was superior in *any* of the valuable qualifications claimed for it to the Miami Black Cap. No committee could be got together to decide on it. I, however, must admit that the Seneca is much the latest bearer of the two and has the highest flavor; and as these were two of the qualifications claimed for the Seneca, I feel in honor bound to pay the $200. A. M. Purdy.

Palmyra, Aug. 11, 1868.

The Kramer Strawberry.—This new strawberry of Western origin, Mr. W. W. Beebee of Dubuque, Iowa, writes us, has with him proved superior to any other variety which he has ever grown. He says the Jucunda, and most others of its class, do not succeed in Iowa or Wisconsin, and the Wilson compared with Kramer holds only a secondary place. He writes that the fruit grown on *twenty-six* square rods of ground this year sold for *two hundred dollars.*

Pear Scions.—H. P. T., San Jose, California. You can obtain scions of Clapp's Favorite, or other varieties, by addressing some of the nurserymen who advertise in the Rural.

Correction.—In our notice of the "Mammoth Cluster" raspberry, we wrote of "Purdy's Fruit Farm." Changes in the firm have caused the form "Palmyra Fruit Nurseries" to be substituted.

Grass Lawns are often injured by close mowing in August. Drouth and a hot sun cause uneven growth, and makes them spotted.

Strawberries may be planted now, but it is not advisable to undertake the work on a large scale. If the question is fruit or no fruit next year plant in August otherwise delay till spring.

Layered Roses are benefited by a mulch at this season.

Currant and Gooseberry Bushes should be well cultivated after the fruit is removed, to forward the growth of young wood and mature the germs of another year's fruit.

Suckers and Bushes should be removed this month. They will rarely sprout again.

Cuttings may be readily struck now, taken from the ends of young shoots. Place a cold frame over a sandy soil, water it and shade the grass.

Bulbs should be taken up, dried and laid in the shade.

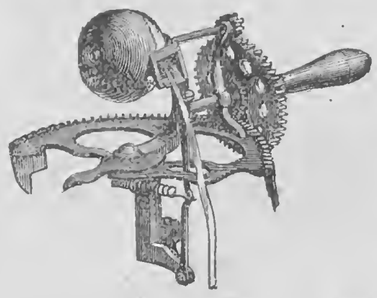
Evergreen Hedges should receive their final pruning for the season towards the end of the month.

Seeds will require gathering.

Celery requires earthing up as it grows.

Cultivation among growing garden crops is highly beneficial, and weeds should be destroyed in time to prevent their seeding.

Domestic Economy.



THE LIGHTNING APPLE PARER.

This effective implement does its work with remarkable quietness, ease and certainty. With one horizontal motion of the hand the skin is taken from an apple in much less time than it takes to tell of it. It is a great improvement over the ordinary styles, requiring circular motion, and the knife is so adjusted that it works well on knotty or uneven fruit. Having taken the first premium at the Paris Exposition, at the American Institute Fair, and received the highest commendation whenever used, we are warranted in giving it this favorable introduction to our readers. Sargent & Co., 80 Beekman St., New York, are the general agents.

AFTER "INCOG."—CLOSE OF THE WAR.

The communications of "Incog," published a few weeks since, have resulted in a shower of responsive missives. To publish all of them entire is more than our available space is equal to, consequently we have made a species of summary of the whole, giving a paragraph of each, by way of closing the war.

We will let Lu, Le Roy, N. Y., open the ball. Thus:—"I wonder how many times a day poor Mrs. 'Incog' hears the word *economy* used by that conglomerate mass of hair, tobacco smoke, confusion, conceit and boots, as I imagine 'Incog' to be. I thank my stars that I have not a right to the title of Mrs. I. If I had, I would practice economy with a vengeance, though he would find it to be something besides talk!"

Gretchen, Charlotte, N. C., adopts rather an excusatory strain, and asks Mr. "Incog" why he talks so bitterly of the ladies, and adds:—"We are almost tempted to doubt your assertion of being happily married. I think your last must have been written after an unsavory breakfast—smoked coffee, scorched beefsteak and stale bread."

Mrs. Condiment indulges in the interrogative vein:—"You've been behind the scenes, have you? Did you ever take the pains to peep into my lord's bedroom Monday morning, while his wife was out doing the chores? Did you ever observe any bootjacks or slippers lying in the middle of the floor, where they were thrown the previous night, in place of being hung on a nail? Did you ever see his best hat hung off the bed-post, or his Sunday pants lying on the floor as a receptacle for any spittle that might fly that way? * * Meantime, if 'Incog' is still skeptical as to modern women practicing economy, let him travel in this section of country, and he'll perhaps see some things that will make him open his eyes, and, I might add, close his mouth!"

Mrs. Practice Economy closes in the admonitory strain:—"Now, Mr. 'Incog,' I would give you a little piece of advice. This is a wide world, and there are all sorts of folks in it. One can have just such society as he has a mind to choose. If you are disgusted with your present associates, my advice is to break away from them and seek a higher, better, nobler class."

Helena, Addison Co., Vermont, asks for a rehearing of the case. Thus:—"Of course I have no means of knowing with what class of women your correspondent associates, but should presume, from his description, that their sense of order and decency might not be very acute, nor that they would object to drink with him in public as well as private. Would it not be well, Mr. 'Incog,' before attempting another criticism on our sex, to extend the circle of your acquaintance a little? Come up here to Vermont, and you will find hundreds of educated, refined women, whose practical housekeeping and habits of industry and economy ought to make you blush that so vile a slander bears your signature."

L. M. R., Cleveland, Ohio, strikes back in this style:—"I am glad you are fortunately married,—would that Mrs. I. could say the same. It must be very consoling to a gentleman of your sensitive temperament, that, in this age of female degeneracy, you have secured a helpmeet who can wash, bake, brew, mop and iron for you without help and money. Some men growl when money is mentioned; you yelp."

May Maple, Michigan, puts in a justification or set off on this wise:—"As for those girls who really do nothing but practice the arts he ('Incog') mentions, they have plenty to keep them company * * in the soft handed, softer headed mortals who call themselves *gentlemen*, who have nothing better to occupy their time than twirling a fancy cane at some particular angle, or twisting that beautiful mustache that they have tried to coax into a more rapid growth by using all the elixirs advertised. It is much easier for said gentlemen to analyze a young lady's heart, than to saw and split a cord of wood or carry a pail of swill to the thriving pigs in the pen."

W. H. W., Pierpont, N. Y., enters the lists in defense of a certain class of young men, by saying: "If 'Incog' has not sufficient brains to fill either of the *genteel pursuits*, he should be satisfied to *delve*, and not make cruel thrusts at honest young men who fill positions he is not able to attain."

A Farmer's Daughter is rather disposed to acquiesce in the justness of "Incog's" strictures, with a few exceptions. Alluding to a certain class of women, she says:—"The majority seem to look upon the time they are forced to spend in the kitchen as thrown away. To them it is more agreeable to spend the afternoon in gossiping with a neighbor than to stay at home. Indeed, to too many home is merely a place to stay in when necessity compels it."

Cucumbers for Winter Use.—Cut your cucumbers; then add one third onions, sliced very thin; salt them plentifully, and mix them well. Let them lay six hours; then put them in a cullender and drain four hours. Spice them to the taste, and cover with cold vinegar. To every two gallons put two tablespoonfuls of ground pepper, quarter pound of mustard, cloves and allspice to suit your taste, half pint of good salad oil, and as much vinegar as will cover them.

Preserved Apple.—Core and pare a dozen good-sized apples and cut into eighths; make a syrup of a pound of sugar to half a pint of water; let it boil, and put in as much apple as can be boiled without breaking; remove them carefully when tender; after all are done add a little more sugar, boil up, and flavor with vanilla or lemon, and turn over the apple.

To Make Chocolate.—Two small squares of chocolate, cut up fine, and put into the chocolate pot; turn on two cups of boiling water, stir it up, and set it to boil; then add two cups of milk, and sugar to taste. Let it boil up once.

For a Cordial.—Three pounds ripe blackberries; one pound white sugar; let them stand twelve hours, press the juice and strain it. Add one-third of good spirits; to every quart one tea-spoonful of finely powdered allspice. It is at once fit for use.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERIES.—17th YEAR—400 Acres—10 Greenhouses.—Large, choice stock of best shipping sizes—Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Osage Orange Hedge, Small Fruits, Kittatinny and Wilson's Early Blackberry, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, &c., very low for cash. ☞ Send 2 red stamps, for two Fall Catalogues.
970-6t F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

THE STEVENS PATENT FRUIT PICKER.—The best and only Fruit Picker in the United States worth having. This is a new invention, patented June 2d, 1868. After thoroughly testing all other pickers, I threw them aside as useless to me, and invented this; and after trying it during the last and present season, pronounced it *the* picker, and the best picker I have ever used. Please send for a circular containing description, &c. State, county and town rights and the manufactured article for sale. Good agents wanted. A. S. STEVENS, Attica, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR FALL OF 1868.

We have the pleasure of announcing that we are prepared for the Fall Trade with an unusually large and well grown stock, embracing

Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees.

Grape Vines, new and old sorts, strong open ground plants.
Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, and all the Small Fruits.

Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.

Roses and Flowering Plants of every description.

Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, purchasing largely, will be dealt with liberally and all orders, however small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Parties interested will do well to consult the following Catalogues, which are just issued, and will be sent pre-paid on the receipt of 10 cts. each, for Nos. 1 and 2, and 5c. for No. 3.
☞ No. 1, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, &c. No. 3, Descriptive Green House Plants. No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue *free.*
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

HARDY BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF TULIPS, HYACINTHS, LILIES, CROCUSES, and other Hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting is just published. Sent free to all who desire. Those who wish to make a display of Flowers in the early Spring must plant Bulbs in the Autumn. Address
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

KEECH'S NEW SEEDLINGS.—Keech's Favorite and Goliah, $5 ₱ doz.; Phil. Sheridan and Gen. Meade, $2 ₱ 100, $12 ₱ 1,000. All kinds of choice Grape Vines, *open air culture*, very low. J. KEECH, Waterloo, N.Y.

THE CHAMPION,
HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE
KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL
OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.
FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS,
I also make two sizes of superior
PRESSES FOR BERRIES, &c., &c.
If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write for one yourself. Order early—address the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, Harrisburg, Pa.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—The Tredwill, the Wicks, and Mediterranean, clean and delivered at Railroad for three dollars per bushel. Orders promptly filled. Address N. H. NOYES,
John Johnston, farm near Geneva, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

PYGMALION AND THE IMAGE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

A SCULPTOR named PYGMALION has made an image of a woman, and, for its perfect beauty, given it all his love. whereupon the daughter of JOVE, Goddess of Love, has changed the image into a living woman, and gave her to be the sculptor's wife:

THUS to his chamber at the last he came,
And, pushing through the still half-open door,
He stood within: but there, for very shame
Of all the things that he had done before,
Still kept his eyes bent down upon the floor,
Thinking of all that he had done or said
Since he had wrought that luckless marble maid.

Yet soft his thoughts were, and the very place
Seemed perfumed with some nameless heavenly air,
So gaining courage, did he raise his face
Unto the work his hands had made so fair,
And cried aloud to see the niche all bare
Of that sweet form, while through his heart again
There shot a pang of his old yearning pain.

Yet while he stood, and knew not what to do
With yearning, a strange thrill of hope there came,
A shaft of new desire pierced him through,
And therewithal a soft voice called his name,
And when he turned, with eager eyes aflame,
He saw betwixt him and the setting sun
The lively image of his loved one.

He trembled at the sight, for though her eyes,
Her very lips, were such as he had made,
And though her tresses fell but in such guise
As he had wrought them, now was she arrayed
In that fair garment that the priests had laid
Upon the goddess on that very morn,
Dyed like the setting sun upon the corn.

Speechless he stood, but she now drew anear,
Simple and sweet as she was wont to be,
And once again her silver voice rang clear,
Filling his soul with great felicity,
And thus she spoke:—"Wilt thou not come to me,
O, dear companion of my new-found life,
For I am called thy lover and thy wife?"

* * * * * * *

She reached her hand to him, and with kind eyes
Gazed into his; but he the fingers caught
And drew her to him, and midst ecstacies
Passing all words, yea, well nigh passing thought,
Felt that sweet breath that he so long had sought,
Felt the warm life within her heaving breast
As in his arms his living love he pressed.

[*The Earthly Paradise.*

LITERARY AMBITIONS.

THE RURAL is in frequent receipt of letters from young ladies, asking information in regard to prospects in the way of authorship. We have answered many such, and yet we presume our answers have seldom given satisfaction. School girls, with a knack of easily dashing off compositions, and a ready faith in themselves as writers, are hardly willing to believe the statement that authorship, as a profession, offers to them no inducements whatever. They think of Mrs. HOLMES and Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, each with their million readers, and are possessed with a perhaps laudable desire to win popularity equal to theirs. "Why may I not?" is the individual query. It seems not so difficult a task. But they forget that where Mrs. HOLMES succeeded a thousand others failed. They never are reminded of the hundreds of aspirants like themselves, who scribble away all their lives without finding readers.

And if our ambitious girl-friends, as a class, are not satisfied with the replies we give to their questionings, we fear there are some particular ones who may deem us almost unkind. These desire our opinion on their individual cases, and solicit specific advice, sometimes without submitting any specimens of their writing. But they petition so hard for an answer that we must write something, and then, what can we say? Many thanks, girls, for the implication that we are a genuine oracle. If we only had a seer's gift at divining it should be gladly used in your favor. As the gift is not ours, we can do no more than give opinions and advice on general principles. Should these fail to meet your case, please do not consider us unpardonably at fault.

As a means of mental improvement, we advise all young ladies to practice writing. A careful study of composition will enlarge your power of thought, give you facility of expression, and cultivate your taste. But you need to *study*. Merely gratifying a propensity for biting the end of your pen-holder, conjuring up a few flighty ideas, and then jotting them down in the most hurried and crude manner, will not answer the purpose, will not, in fact, benefit you one particle. It is study of style and expression (always, of course, in connection with a capacity for ideas) that makes authors. The lack of it develops only inveterate scribblers. Then study. Write and re-write. Make improvement the one great object; let not your pride be in the number of written pages. Be more mindful of this point in your correspondence, even. Epistolary composition, rightly considered, is extremely difficult, and comparatively few ever become masters of it. A graceful, genuinely well written letter is a rare literary gem, and worth preserving.

Publication is undoubtedly an incentive to composition, and so we would say, further, send an occasional article to your favorite journal. Let such always be plainly penned, correct in orthography, and punctuated as seems to make the sense perfect. Never send with them, half apologetically, a request that the editor will excuse mistakes because you have written in haste. It will surely tell against your production. He properly considers that you have no business to write in haste,—that when you sit down to instruct the public you should take plenty of time. Besides, he feels, often, that you are not sincere; that you have labored long over the article—are conscious it is not up to the standard—and wish to deceive by making him think you can do a great deal better if you only try.

But, girls, do not indulge in wild dreams of authorship, while your essays or rhymes are complimented in print. Do not begin to think of romances well nigh endless, with readers more numerous than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" ever had, or dainty volumes of poems in blue and gold, bearing your name. For if you do, very likely you may forget the sweetness of your girlhood, and become ambitious young ladies, fond of being called intellectual. We know this advice is scarcely orthodox,—that intellectuality is put forth as your proper aim,—that many will think we should not discourage you in any efforts to attain it. Nor would we discourage you, so long as in becoming more intellectual you become none the less womanly. We would have you neglect no culture of the mind, but would see you improving every opportunity for mental advancement which does not engender cold ambition.

Praise of the world is sweet, but love is sweeter. Therefore do not resolve to become authoresses when you may make good wives and mothers. It is a rare thing to unite the two in a satisfactory manner. It very possibly might be more than you could do. And to be but one—which would you choose? As authoresses you might win fame, but you have not more than one chance in ten thousand. Having won it, your books might be read for a time, and then they and you forgotten. As wives, as mothers, there would be all the sweetness of homes made glad by you,—all the joy of a love no loud applause can take the place of,—all the steady, unchanging affection no fickle liking of a fickle public can ever supply. Which is better?—books read and thrown aside—a transient fame; or the home-light and the home love—the children that make your life a long draught of pride and pleasure, and whose lives shall reach on down through the years, long after yours are ended, adding a blessing to the world, echoing the pure principles you teach them, and benefiting the generations by their noble sentiments of honor as no dead letters could,—themselves, in fact living, breathing books, known and read, and to be known and read, and patterned after forevermore?

SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD MARRY.

IN the August number of the Galaxy RICHARD GRANT WHITE continues his excellent series of articles upon "Words and their Uses," and writes thus of the much-used dissyllable marry:

There has been not a little discussion as to the use of this word, chiefly in regard to public announcements of marriage. The usual mode of making the announcement is—Married, John Smith to Mary Jones. Some people being dissatisfied with this form, of late years we have seen in certain quarters—Married, John Smith *with* Mary Jones, and in others—John Smith *and* Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. We know, indeed, what is meant by any one of them; but the same is true of hundreds and thousands of erroneous uses of language. Properly speaking, a man is not married to a woman, or married with her; nor are a man and a woman married with each other. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, or supposed to be merged, in his, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship. And as long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—still more should she not bear his name—it is the woman who is married to the man. In speaking of the ceremony it is proper to say that he married her (*duxit in matrimoniam*) and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is—Married, Mary Jones to John Smith.

HOW LADIES TALK.

A WRITER in an English magazine says on the subject of ladies' conversation:—They have a readiness of resource which enables them to say the very thing which is most right, at the very moment when it is most wanted, to rectify the blunders of other people—of their stupid male relatives notable—to anticipate and prevent some threatening contretemps or to counteract its effect a moment after its occurrence. It enables them to set the talk going at critical moments, and to keep it alive with bright answers and lively repartee always. It gives them the power of keeping people in good humor, or of restoring their equanimity when it is gone. This abundance of ideas and quickness of fancy with which women are for the most part so well endowed, lead, then, in certain cases, to all sorts of good and wholesome results. In other cases, however, where the capacity is lower, these same qualities have a different issue, and are shown chiefly in the development of an extraordinary power of "running on" with talk of a certain sort, not very exalted in quality, but quite unlimited in amount. This running on faculty, as enjoyed by the ladies of creation, is certainly worthy of note. They seldom leave off or make pauses in their talk, but rather link together the different sections of their monologue with words of uncertain meaning, or repetitious of something already spoken, apparently with the object of getting time in which to collect new ideas, or else of preventing any one else from taking advantage of a pause to cut in.

FORMOSA LADIES.

THE women of the better class in this part of Formosa dress in the most brilliant colors, and numerous parties which we met walking out in the cool of the evening were amusing impersonations of the Chinese pictures and figures long familiar to us; the ladies of whom, with children, these parties usually consisted, were, like all the females of Formosa, small-footed, and supported their difficult and tottering steps with a long walking stick. Their dresses, consisting of a wide-sleeved tunic, cut in the formal style universal among Chinese ladies, were of the brightest scarlet, blue or orange, embroidered with black, which contrasted well with the color; and their full trousers were of some other equally showy material. In their hair, dressed in the elaborate Chinese teapot fashion, they wore artificial flowers made of pith of the rice paper plant, of Amoy manufacture; and as they walked painfully along, with the hobbling gait peculiar to their hoof-like feet, their figures swaying to and fro, and their arms more or less outstretched to balance themselves, they had, to us, a most grotesque appearance; but in Chinese eyes the acme of grace and loveliness which they figuratively liken to the waving of the willows agitated by the breeze.—*Rambles of a Naturalist, by Collingwood.*

HIT AT AMERICAN WOMEN.—A celebrated author once wrote:—"A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman if he wreaks terrible vengeance on those who fall under her displeasure; an Italian woman if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman if he thinks her native country the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman if he holds all westerners to be miserable barbarians; an English woman if he is of the nobility; an American woman if—he has plenty of money."

As a looking glass, if a true one, faithfully represents the face that looks in it, so a wife ought to fashion herself to the affection of her husband, not to be cheerful when he is sad, nor sad when he is cheerful.—*Erasmus.*

FASHIONABLE young lady, detaching her hair before retiring:—"What dreams may come when we shuffle off this mortal coil!"

Choice Miscellany.

"GOOD-NIGHT."

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

BEYOND the press of loss and gain,
How sweet, at eve, to creep,
And fold about my weary brain
The lotus-leaves of sleep,
And all the throbs of daily pain
In opiate fancies steep.

No lotus-leaf—no Indian wine—
Like evening's mystic calms,
Descending under dusk divine,
And dropping tender balms
Into this lowly heart of mine,
That asketh God for alms.

O! blessed Sleep! anointing me
With chrism of holy Night,
And blinding me, that I may see
Beyond all earthly sight,
And binding me, that I may be
Released for viewless flight.

Upborne from dust of daily things,
And freed from curb of clay,
To mount upon ethereal wings—
Through boundless worlds to stray—
And drink at Life's eternal springs
Beyond the founts of Day.

O! loving Sleep! that bringeth Dreams
To woo, with waving hands,
And call us back, by pleasant streams,
And over silvery strands,
Where Memory—like moonlight—gleams
Across the shining sands.

O! tide of Sleep! that softly flows
Through Pleasure's garden blooms,
And ebbs in sorrowful repose,
Beneath our Sorrow's glooms,
Where Memory, like moonlight shows
The names on all our tombs.

O! gentle Sleep! O! solemn Death!
Twin angels, darkly bright,
That kiss our eyes, and seal our breath,
And softly veil the light—
I know not which it be that saith
The tenderest "GOOD-NIGHT!"

PUT TO THE TORTURE.

IF we may credit certain authorities, there are boarding schools where a so-called symmetrical body is considered as high an attainment as a really symmetrical mind. The Newark Daily Advertiser tells of one, which it says is "in a progressive town of the progressive State of Ohio." At this school the size of the young ladies' waists, and the form of their shoes, are especially cared for. Each girl, upon entering, is encased in a corset. The size of these may be inferred from the fact that the largest ever used in the establishment measured only seventeen inches around, and this was put upon a very fleshy girl, "brought together three days after her entrance, and kept upon her night and day for four weeks." We are informed that she fainted away every little while at first, but "her health was not permanently impaired."

Then the shoes in this model institution are of the highest educational type. They have heels four inches in height, and no broader than a shilling. "It is with the greatest difficulty that girls can stand upright in these shoes at first, but they are compelled to walk two miles in them every day, in a lane near the house, until they have acquired the faculty of walking in them with ease. After this frightful exaggeration, the French heel, which is two and a half or three inches high, seems moderate by comparison, and the pressure being forced wholly upon the front part of the foot, the young ladies are compelled to walk in the acknowledged style of elegance—upon their toes."

It hardly seems possible that such a modern inquisition, calling itself a school, can exist. We have not the slightest idea where the one referred to is located, and perhaps it is as well that we have not. For we should surely be tempted to give it a little free advertising. An establishment whose ruling idea of refinement is so painfully exquisite, or, to put it more truly, so exquisitely painful, ought to be publicly posted, and placed under ban by all sensible people. Do you send your daughters from home to undergo any such physical torture? Do you hold that mental improvement is aided by bodily penance?

The fashionable inflictions of corsets and high-heeled shoes have been bad enough heretofore, as controlled by foolish mammas. If they are to be administered as part of a boarding school curriculum, then in the name of all that is healthful and humane and wise we say—Abolish boarding schools utterly. A Principal or Preceptress with ideas so perverted as to set in vogue hurtful practices like these, is not fit to instruct those who are to be wives and mothers. He or she should be left without patrons, and so compelled to seek some other avocation. We have long deemed certain customs in schools of the kind mentioned pernicious, but this latest exhibit is an hundred fold worse than anything that ever came under our observation, or that was ever before brought to our attention. It cannot be too strongly condemned. Its heinousness cannot be too earnestly impressed upon the minds of parents and guardians everywhere. Refined systems of torture, set in motion by refined hands, are as much to be desecrated as the coarsest and rudest ever known in civilized or uncivilized society. Discipline for crime may be necessary; but until there are no more materials for building prisons we shall protest against converting schools into institutions closely allied thereto in character.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MONEY.

RURAL reader, do you believe that "the love of money is the root of all evil?" Do you not think that had the wise man lived in these days he would have said, "With all thy gettings get not understanding but get money, all of it you can, for it gives wisdom to the fool and understanding to him that hath it not?" Now no one need lift his eyebrows or exalt his nose at this assertion, for we all know that socially, morally and politically we are the slaves of this same exacting ruler, Money.

Who are the leaders in our best society, generally speaking? Why, a man may carry a whole library in his head, and if his coat be seedy and his pocket empty he is nowhere; while a brainless fop whose attire is faultless, and who carries a full purse, is a first rate, smart fellow. What chance has a young lady a little out of style, who has to earn her own living, to shine in society by the side of one of our fashionable ladies whose papa is a millionaire? I tell you that socially we are the slaves of gold. The one that has the most "shiners," shines the most.

This same money, too, is a great purifier: it covers such a multitude of sins. We all know how much wickedness in high places is screened by the yellow dust. Old-fashioned people look at it in the old-fashioned way, and say it is all wrong. And so it is; but it is a fact that stares us in the face that those who are worth the most are considered as of the most worth. Politically speaking, Money rules our nation. Our officers are bought, the people are bought. The men that have the most money exert the most influence. The party that can command the most dollars carries the most votes. Is not this so? Are we not becoming as a nation more and more the slaves of greed?

After all, perhaps the wisest man was right when he said "The love of money is the root of all evil." I know money is a very convenient article to have,—any one feels a great deal more independent when he has plenty of change. And used properly, they will tell us, it is one of the mainsprings that moves the whole machinery of life. The old saying is certainly true,—"It is no disgrace, but very inconvenient, to be poor." AMELIA.

LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.

THERE are some people always looking out for slights. They cannot pay a visit, they cannot even receive a friend, they cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family, without suspecting some offense is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offense, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow beings, and not suppose a slight is intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its hue, in a great degree, from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get the reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offense are vastly increased. People who fire up easily miss a deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort, as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many a kiss has been given—how many a curse—how many a caress—how many a look of hate—how many a kind word—how many a promise has been broken—how many a soul lost—how many a loved one lowered into the narrow chamber—how many a babe has gone from earth to heaven—how many a little crib or cradle stands silent now, which last Saturday night held the rarest of the treasures of the heart!

A week is a life. A week is a history. A week marks events of sorrow and gladness, which people never heard. Go home to your family, man of business! Go home, you heart-erring wanderer! Go home to the chair that awaits you, wronged waif on life's breakers! Go home to those you love, man of toil, and give one night to the joys and comforts fast flying by!

Leave your book with complex figures—your dirty shop—your busy store! Rest with those you love; for God only knows what the next Saturday night will bring you! Forget the world of care and the battles of life which have furrowed the week! Draw close around the family hearth! Saturday night has awaited your coming in sadness, in tears and silence. Go home to those you love, and as you bask in the loved presence, and meet to return the loved embrace of your heart's pets, strive to be a better man, and bless God for giving his weary children so dear a stepping-stone in the river to the eternal, as Saturday night.

SANDWICHES.

THE best stimulant for the hare—The greyhound.

THE fruits of electricity—Magnetic currents.

DRAWING-ROOMS—Apartments of a dentist.

A QUACK doctor—A duck of a physician.

WINGED Time—Fly time.

A DESIRABLE machine in this weather—A fanning mill.

OUR nearest of kin—Mosquitoes. They are our blood relations.

GOOD men to attend auctions—Men whose faces are forbidding.

FARMERS are like fowls; neither will get full crops without industry.

AN aching void—The socket from which a tooth has just been drawn.

AN early spring—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

IT makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

THE man who feathered his nest is supposed to have been a dealer in poultry.

KEEP a sharp dog, and the midnight angler who seeks to hook your goods, will be sure to get a bite.

ISN'T it remarkable that railway trains can run over so many sleepers without waking any of them?

WHEN a man loses a building lot, is he blind? Don't know; but he has certainly been deprived of his site.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

HE that sees ever so accurately, ever so finely into the motives of other people's acting, may possibly be entirely ignorant as to his own. It is to the mental as to the corporeal eye—the objects may be placed too near the sight to be seen truly as well as too far off; nay, too near to be seen at all.

HOW TO PREVENT DIVORCES.—That was a very shrewd way that was adopted in the olden time, in Zurich, to test the truth in divorce cases. When a couple asked to be divorced on account of incompatibility of temper, they were first ordered to be shut up for a fortnight in a single room, and condemned to endure each other's society continually. They had but one room, but one bed, but one chair, one plate, one knife and one fork. In every act each was dependent upon the courtesy of the other. At the end of the time, if they still desired to be divorced, the request was granted; but it usually happened that before the time came, sympathy in misfortune had reconciled them to each other.

Sabbath Reading.

THE SONG OF JOY.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"BECAUSE Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

DARK was the night, and the way was long:
I had no heart for the pilgrim song.
Lone was the journey o'er moor and wild,
And I was a timid, startled child;
But the lights of my home threw a welcome out,
And I heard the hopeful and merry shout,
And I turned my heart to my tender guide,—
O, nevermore will I leave Thy side,
Because Thou hast been my help.

Mournfully sitting beneath the trees,
Hearing the autumn's sad-voiced breeze,
Watching the faded leaves that fell,
"This," said I, "is my summer's knell,—
It is dying away, and the winter's cold
Shall freeze the life that I fain would hold."
But lo! to my grateful heart is sent
The Indian summer of glad content,
Because Thou hast been my help.

Trembling I stood on the tide-washed shore,
Gazing the desolate waters o'er,
While one was battling with wind and wave,
So near to life is the silent grave.
The current is strong and the ocean deep,
And the weary swimmer will fall asleep.
Not so—he is rescued and brought to land,
For Thou hast stood on the shelving sand,
Because Thou hast been my help.

And evermore I will sing this hymn,
In the summer bright and the winter dim,
In joy or sorrow, in gain or loss,
Wearing the crown, or beneath the cross:
"Spread Thy shadow above me still,
Gladly I live but to do Thy will;
Nor shall a doubt of my safety come
Till I rest me safe in my Father's home,
Because Thou hast been my help."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EARTH'S TIRED CHILDREN.

How often, on the long summer day, the little child grows weary of its toys, weary of its sports, and turns to its mother for rest. Sometimes the shadows are lengthening; oftentimes the sun has not reached its noonday splendor. But it matters not: the tired child wants rest. And what are we all, but children of a larger growth? Who is there that at some time does not weary of the way, and long for rest? The aged one, who has traveled over Life's stony and thorn-strewed pathway until the shadows have grown so long that they extend almost beyond the reach of his dimmed vision,—how like a tired child he sinks down, wishing for rest, weary of earth and all its pleasures, which, to his old age, seem only as the child's toys to the maturer man.

Often, too, those whose lives have been saddened and embittered by the trials of earth, grow weary, even before they reach the meridian of life, and long for a better, a more abiding rest. Earthly pleasures have palled upon their senses, and like the fruit of the region of the Dead Sea, have turned to ashes on their lips; and as the child, grown weary of his sports, throws himself down to rest wishing he were a man, so they turn their hearts from earth with a longing for something beyond, something which will not perish with the using. Too often, alas! they know not how to satisfy these cravings of their immortal natures. They turn to feed again on husks, regardless of the bread of Heaven, which alone will quell these hungerings, and awaken a hope of rest above,—a rest whose blessedness is unbroken by sorrow or pain.

The weary Christian is in truth GOD'S own tired child, and for rest and comfort he may turn to One whose love exceeds the mother's love. Even though she may forget her offspring, GOD will not forget His weary ones, but in His own good time will give them rest. What sweeter word is there than that,—rest! How full of meaning! And yet one must grow weary before he can realize all its fullness! If there are sweeter words they must be JESUS and Heaven; but, are these not synonymous to the child of GOD, who looks forward with deep and heartfelt longing to the rest that "remaineth?" It is indeed meet that we should grown beyond these earthly toys, and weary of them,—that we should seek and realize the comfort in the words "I will give you rest." EDITH MELBOURNE.

HOW IS IT WITH THE SOUL.

IT may be that you hold a "policy" from some reliable corporation, by virtue of which, after your decease, if they survive you, your widow and children will receive a sum of money that will serve for their maintenance, when deprived of your presence, support and services. You own a house, a tenement of clay, and you have it insured against fire—that is, if it accidentally burns, the loss will be made up to you. Or, you have ships at sea, laden with merchandise, which, if unhappily wrecked, you have made provision that some wealthy insurance company, and not you, sustains the loss. These "policies" as they are termed, have cost you a handsome sum in the shape of premiums. All this is wise and proper, and indicates a commendable degree of worldly prudence. But how stands it with your immortal soul? This is of incalculably higher value than houses and barns, wares and merchandise, or any mere temporal possession. Once lost, the soul can never be replaced. Have you *this* insured? Jesus Christ, your Saviour, grants you a *policy*, which will protect you against the possibility of loss, and that, too, "without money and without price." There is no "premium" to be paid. All that is required is to accept the salvation, the cost of which He Himself has paid, not with silver and gold, but with His own precious blood. Fail not, therefore, if you have not already done so, without delay to effect an insurance against the possible loss of your soul, for "what would it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Lutheran Observer.*

A PURGED CONSCIENCE.—You ask me, "What keeps you from the purged conscience? I answer, Your own evil heart of unbelief. You go to the High Priest, and say, "Purge me;" but you don't believe that he will do it. If an infidel had gone up to Aaron, and said, "Purge me with your hyssop," would he have done it? No; that would have been mockery. If an Israelite had gone to him for the same thing, but saying, "Though I ask this, I don't believe that you will do it," would he have done it? No; the honor of his priesthood demanded a refusal. So with God, when we go to him, saying, "Purge me," let us believe that he does it. Then is the conscience purged. We are clean, and we know that we are so.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.—No. III.

CHILDREN have feelings, which are susceptible of injury. The smallest scholar recognizes kindness or harshness as readily as one of maturer years. It is, then, your duty to *be kind*. Kindness!—there is a power even in the word, but a greater power in the person who possesses the virtue and exercises it. If it can create a stream of warm, genial sympathy in the breast of the profligate, what may not be its action upon the plastic mind of youth? If it can fathom the depths of the lowest degradation and secure the victims of crime, licentiousness and dissipation, who can measure its power in moulding the future destiny and character of the young?

Herein lies very much of the success of the moral teacher. The instances where kindness cannot reach some cord of love are very rare. It may lie deep,—covered by the hard and almost impenetrable coatings of ill-usage,—possibly never strengthened by moral action or example,—yet it is there. If you can reach it, you are a conqueror, and your pupil is vanquished. In seeking for it, you need the skill of a physician, as he searches for the minutest nerve. Apply the instrument with care, observing that one false movement may sever the cord; and once severed, it is never to be joined.

As we peruse the biography of the famous author of CHILDE HAROLD, and trace out the causes of his dissipation and vice,—of the employment of his pen in assaults upon the virtue of woman,—we are obliged to attribute it to unkindness. The disfigured form of BYRON could have been seen reeling under a blow dealt by an infuriated mother. Egyptian bondage was done away long years ago. The nineteenth century chronicles the abolition of American slavery, and a break in Russian serfdom; but what century will record the abrogation of these modern task-masters in the guise of school teachers, who, disregarding the saying of the wise king—"A harsh word stirreth up anger"—expel their scholars from their presence with harshness and stern severity? This is nothing more nor less than tyrannical school-room dignity.

That there is a power in kindness has been fully tested in the management of animals. RAREY, who has astonished the people of two worlds with his skill in training the horse, subdues the most vicious animal by a combination of these qualities—firmness and kindness. Since RAREY, nearly all of the numerous trainers have adopted his system. If it is so effectual with animals governed by instinct only, why will it not prove much more effectual with beings possessing reason? O. K.

Honeoye, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TEACHER'S OPINIONS.—No. I.

THERE is no calling among men that demands more moral courage and self-discipline than that of the teacher. Every day the ever-varying, ever-scheming minds of the juveniles bring forward new trials, and old trials in new forms; and wise are they who can coolly, calmly meet them without moroseness or trepidation. Children make it their first labor to test the metal of their teacher; and very many are the failures on the part of teachers who permit things to move cosily for a time, and then become extremely stringent. Seem to be what you would be at the start, and be what you seem to be continuously. This should be a part of every teacher's education—to learn to govern. Very many, otherwise excellent instructors, are *non compos* in the line of government; and where government is wanting, talent and skill in imparting knowledge are of very minor importance. All trouble rises from ignorance, and this peculiar trouble rises more from an ignorance of ourselves than any other. The teacher who has learned to govern has a presence that is respected, even more than the teacher who ferules and harangues loudly.

The *idea* is obtained by comparison. One teacher enters the school-room, where noise and bustle are triumphant; and triumphant they remain, regardless of bell-ringing, or the slapping of the ruler on the desk,—regardless of the stentorian voice of him who would have silence, even at the expense of drowning all other noise by his own; and here he fails, for as he shouts, they scream. But here comes No. 2. Bedlam may be fairly imitated; but just as soon as he enters the room, "hush, hush," goes the rounds, and they feel superiority present, though no word is spoken. Let No. 2 enter the room where No. 1 is trying to officiate, and though an entire stranger, something demands respect while our visitor remains.

Phrenologists place this want and supply in the "crown of the hat;" and there is no doubt but it is there indicated. But I have no doubt that all have a halo radiating from their very souls, some in a greater, others in a lesser degree. Where this is weak and wanting in extension, a No. 1 teacher is the consequence; and *vice versa*. However severe it may seem, I candidly declare that no person should assume the responsibilities of a teacher who finds himself or herself *non compos* in the line of discipline. No more disagreeable condition can be imagined, than that a person finds in teaching where control is called for but comes not. I pity, from the depths of my heart, those necessitated to obtain a living by this species of martyrdom; for it is a crucifixion which causes exhilaration in the pupils, who, when they observe themselves the masters, know little mercy, and show less. To feel temper rise at a failure to command is very probable; but to show it is a most palpable blunder.

Where government is not, good success is never found in the school-room. It is useless to mourn over what cannot be helped; but this difficulty *can* be overcome, and the halo increased and extended, by earnest self-discipline, with honesty of purpose in whatever is undertaken. Let this fact be well pondered. Whoever fails of self-control is unfit to be the guardian or instructor of another. SAMOL.

EDUCATING THE CONSCIENCE.

THE Camden Democrat, in an article on the subject of education, makes some practical suggestions looking to an improvement in the present system of education, and recommends the suspension, for a while at least, of some of the "higher branches," and the substitution of a new department—one that shall engross at least a full third part of the time usually devoted to college studies, recitations, &c. Let it be a course of daily instruction which shall especially aim to educate the heart and the conscience, instead of permitting the pride of intellect to usurp all right and control. Add a department with competent, honest and sincere professors to aim at one especial object, namely, to make sure of a course of sound moral instruction, that shall regulate and control the passions, prejudices and evil propensities—to elevate and ennoble. Instead of the intellectual monopolizing all, as is now uniformly done, let one professorship be devoted exclusively to "moral improvement," and see what will come of it. Call the new department by a name that will clearly express its meaning. Something, for instance, like this:—"The department of right teaching to do right." Let there be professors of right, who will teach right precepts so thoroughly that no student shall ever leave the institution without having his whole heart and conscience imbued and saturated with the daily repetition of right, so that right principles shall become in that student a permanent habit.

PUBLIC education in the State of New York last year cost $7,683,201, of which $4,826,471 went to pay teachers' salaries. There are 11,556 school houses in the State, having 26,489 teachers, and 946,208 pupils. The value of the school property is $16,180,596, and of the libraries, $628,702.

THE Monthly Religious Magazine calls attention to the great number of American students now in attendance at European colleges and schools. There are forty-three in Berlin, and as many more in proportion in other cities

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RUSH FOR CLERKSHIPS.

BY A SCRIBBLER.

THE sacrifices that so many of our young men are willing to make, to secure a position in a store, are really amusing. In almost all parts of the country let any store-keeper proclaim that he has, or is likely to have, a vacancy, and he is forthwith overrun with applications. I know of young men working for from one hundred and fifty dollars to three hundred dollars per annum, and boarding themselves, who can command, as mechanics, twice or three times that sum. Why is it that good mechanics of almost every kind are so scarce, and are commanding their own prices, while so many young men are turning their backs upon their fathers' calling, and lying in wait for opportunities to measure calico between dingy walls, fourteen hours a day, for a mere pittance?

Do not flatter yourself, young man, that your fortune is made,—that you are a gentleman,—when once you have secured a place behind Messrs. YARDSTICKS & Co.'s counter. You have an exceedingly hard road to travel to achieve anything like success. You may as well understand it first as last. Unless you have a large amount of energy, and are willing to work hard and long, and wait patiently, and have some natural adaptation to the business, the chances are that you will fail. Don't take on any airs the first year. The most detestable sight imaginable is a youth with half an intellect, half developed, puffed up with an exalted idea of his own importance because of his good clothes and six month's experience in a second rate retail shop. Over in Japan the tanners are the lowest class of people, because they work the offal; and the Japanese rank the trader next, because he is a non-producer.

Only one in a great many of our merchants succeeds in making a fortune. Very many of them fail; and most of those who do not, only succeed by a lifetime of weary labor, in sustaining themselves in a comfortable and respectable position. No business is more confining. The writer of this knows whereof he speaks, and he knows right well the value of a little respite, and a little snuff of pure air, and the pleasure of an occasional touch of bright, warm sunshine on the pallid cheek. But, boys, if you think there is no other road to happiness, wealth and renown but to sell dry goods, try it. Let me assure you, however, that so long as there are so few learning to make boots and shoes and harnesses and hoes and pitchforks and brick walls, and people continue to need them so much, the chances in that direction are better for building a fortune, and establishing yourselves as useful, honored and influential members of society. If you are established in any business, I counsel you not to leave it. It is a question which requires consideration, and may, or may not, be advisable. But if you are about to enter some field of life labor, be not influenced by any false considerations of ease or respectability. You will succeed in nothing without continued effort; and if you have ability and are willing to work to that end, you will be successful, and success will command respect.

MANAGEMENT OF GOLD FISH.

GOLD fish may be kept ten or twelve years in vessels (their average period of existence,) by the following precautions:

1. Allow not more than one fish to a quart of water.
2. Use the same kind of water, whether spring or river water, and change it daily in summer; every other day in winter.
3. Use deep rather than shallow vessels with small pebbles at the bottom (to be kept clean,) and keep them in the shade and in a cool part of the room.
4. Use a small net rather than the hand, while changing the water.
5. Feed them with cracker, yolk of egg, lettuce, flies, &c.; rather than with bread, and then only every third or fourth day, and but little at a time.
6. Do not feed them at all from November to the end of February, and but little during the three following months.

EATING PORK.—Brigham Young, in a late address to the faithful, made pork the theme of remark. He dissuaded the brethren from the use of swine's flesh, saying that he fully agreed with the Jewish lawgiver on this subject and would be pleased to see the hog banished from Utah. Beef, mutton, wild game, fish, fruits and vegetables, supplied an ample variety of food for the human family, without the aid of the dirty hog. This animal was banned, centuries ago, still it holds its way in most countries. The family in the United States at the present scarcely numbers less than forty millions.

TREATMENT FOR SUN-STROKE.—A Philadelphia physician writes to the Ledger of that city to let the public know the following manner of successfully treating cases of sun-stroke:—"Let the person thus affected be removed to a cool and private place, his clothing taken off, and the body rubbed from head to foot with large pieces of ice, at the same time that pieces of ice are kept in the armpits. This simple treatment, if steadily persevered in, will save cases which seem almost desperate, and, there is reason to believe under any other treatment, would certainly prove fatal."

THE OLD FARMER SALUTING HIS BEAST.

READERS familiar with the poems of BURNS, will doubtless remember the one entitled, "The Auld Farmer's New-Year Morning Salutation to his Auld Mare Maggie." In the above engraving the artist has illustrated that very homely effort of the bard, quite effectively. It may be considered a common-place topic, but the feelings of all who properly appreciate the faithful beasts that long do good service for them will be in sympathy with it, and with the spirit in which the old farmer sings, as he gives the animal a mouthful of hay,—

"We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither;
We tentie care I'll flit thy tether
To some hain'd rig,
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi sma' fatigue."

The drawing was made by an English artist, to illustrate a new and superb edition of BURNS' works.

AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

FREE from the smoke of a modern engagement, a Hellenic battle must have been a gallant sight. In purple tunics and burnished armor, the men stood ten, fifteen and twenty deep, beneath a glittering forest of spear heads. Those who were well to do had no lack of gold about their greaves and breast-plates, and were dandified in plumes and sword-belts; while even the poorest citizen wore a helmet fashioned by the exquisite taste of a Greek artificer. It must have been a trial of the nerves of the bravest to stand biting his moustache; humming a bar of the pæan which he was to sing within the next quarter of an hour; wondering whether his widow would marry again; hoping that the cobbler on his right might not turn tail, or the teacher of gymnastics on his left shove him out of line; dimly conscious meanwhile that his Colonel was exhorting him in a series of well-turned periods to bethink himself of the tomb which covered those who died in Thermopylæ, and the trophy which stood on the beach at Artemisium.

And then the signal trumpet sounded, and the music struck up, and the whole army moved forward, steadily at first, but breaking into a run when only a few hundred yards separated the approaching lines. And as the distance between grew shorter, and the tramp of the enemy mingled with their own, the front rank men had just time to try and imagine that the countenance of the people opposite looked like flinching, and that the notes of their war chant had begun to falter, and the next second there would be a crash of pikes, and a grating of bucklers, and a clutching of beards; and those who would fain be home again were pushed on by the mass behind, excited at hearing others fighting, and with no steel at his own throat; and after five minutes of thrusting, and shouting, and fierce straining of foot and knee and shoulder, the less determined or the worse disciplined of the two hosts would learn, by more cruel experience, the old lesson that life as well as honor is for those who retain their self-respect and shields.

INTERESTING FACTS.

A LEGAL stone is 14 lbs. in England, and 16 lbs. in Holland. A fathom, 6 feet, derived from the height of a full-grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is 4 inches. An Irish mile is 2,240 yds.; a Scotch mile is 1,984; a German, 1,806; a Turkish, 1,626. An acre is 1,840 square yards, 1 foot and 3½ inches each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres. The human body consists of 240 bones, 9 kinds of articulation or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 muscles or tendons, and 100 nerves, besides blood, arteries, veins, &c. Potatoes planted below three feet do not vegetate; at one foot they grow thickest, and at two feet they are retarded two or three months. There are no solid rocks in the Arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts. The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 190,000,000 square miles. Its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to the height of the highest mountain, or four miles.

TOBACCO AND MADNESS.

IF anything can refrain our young men from the pernicious habit of tobacco-smoking and chewing, it may be such warnings as are contained in the reports of their terrible results in France. From 1813 to 1832 the tobacco tax in France produced 28,000,000 francs, and lunatic asylums contained 8,000 patients. The tobacco revenue has now reached 180,000,000, while there are 44,000 paralytic and lunatic patients in the hospitals; showing that the increase of lunacy has kept pace with the increase of the revenue of tobacco. These statistics, presented by M. Jolly to the Academy of Science, in connection with the closing words of his speech, contain a frightful warning to those forming the pernicious habit of smoking, now increasing so rapidly:—"The immoderate use of tobacco, and more especially of the pipe, produces a weakness of the brain and in the spinal marrow, which causes madness."

GOLD is used more extensively in the arts than is generally imagined. It is stated that nearly $50,000 worth of this metal is consumed every year in the decoration of china-ware, in England, principally at the Staffordshire potteries. The total amount used in gilding generally in England and France, is estimated at $800,000 per annum.

THE CLOVE IN HISTORY.

IN the multitude of islands which make up the Eastern Archipelago there were but five in that period where grew the clove—Ternate, Tyder, Motiel, Makian and Bacia. Pepper and ginger, even nutmegs, cassia and mace, were but vulgar drugs, precious as they were to the world's commerce, compared with this most magnificent spice.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the strong composition of man. The world had lived in former ages very comfortably without cloves. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century that odoriferous pistil had been the cause of so many pitched battles and obstinate woes, of so much vituperation, negotiation and intrigue, that the world's destiny seemed to have almost become dependent upon the growth of a particular gilly flower. Out of its sweetness had grown such bitterness among great nations as no torrents of blood could wash away. A common-place condition enough seems to us now easily to be dispensed with, and not worth purchasing at a thousand human lives or so the cargo, but it was once the great prize to be struggled for by civilized nations. From that fervid earth, warmed from within by volcanic heat, and basking ever beneath the equatorial sun, arose vapors as deadly to human life as the fruits were exciting and delicious to human senses. Yet the atmosphere of pestiferous fragrance had attracted rather than repelled. The poisonous delights of the climate, added to the perpetual and various warfare for its productions, spread a strange fascination around those fatal isles.—*Motley's United Netherlands.*

RICHES AND CONTENTMENT.

WE heard a queer opinion, the other day of one of our distinguished citizens. An acquaintance of ours, a close observer and a student of human nature, lives at the upper part of Broadway, and, going up and down town, he frequently met, in a carriage or on foot, an elderly person that attracted his attention. He speculated on the face and figure a great deal, and came to the conclusion that the "peculiar looking old fellow," as he styled him, must have some sad history. "He is the most melancholy person I see on Broadway," he added, "and I have a curiosity to know who he is."

One day when we were walking up to dinner, my companion said:—"There's the old fellow now. Don't you think he's had some painful experience? Who is he, I wonder? Did you ever see him?"

"A thousand times. Don't you know who he is?"

"No; I've been trying to find out for three weeks. What is his name?"

"William B. Astor."

"What! the richest man in New York?"

"The same."

"Well, I'll never believe hereafter that wealth brings contentment. I wouldn't seem as unhappy as Astor does for ten times his fortune."—*Exchange.*

USE OF LEMONS.

WHEN persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greater part of the surface of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf sugar, working it downward into the lemon with the spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at "tea-time," as an entire substitute for the ordinary "supper" of summer, would give many a man a comfortable night's sleep and an awaking of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea or supper of "relish" and "cake," and berries or peaches and cream.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

PENNSYLVANIA makes two-thirds of all the glass manufactured in the United States. In Pittsburg there are 68 glass-works, devoted in about equal proportions to bottle, window-glass and flint-glass work. Their annual products comprise 70,000,000 bottles, 600,000 boxes of window-glass, and 3,800 tons of glass-ware—total worth nearly $7,000,000.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE TRUE.

YE youthful aspirants to honor and fame,
Naught is so great as an unsullied name;
And whatever course you may choose to pursue,
Remember 'tis wise, to be honest and true.

Your friend's brightest hopes, then, O never dispel;
Your soul's pure aspiring strive never to quell;
And whatever station you may have in view,
Remember the great are the honest and true.

Be true to yourselves, to your country and GOD,
Be your toil at the desk or in turning the sod;
No matter what others may counsel, or do,
Remember *'tis right* to be honest and true.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"PLEASE, grandpa, tell us another story about the adventures you used to have in the woods."

The children gathered about the old man's chair, eager for another of his stories, so much more interesting to them because they knew they were true ones.

"I believe I never have told you about the cubs I found one time, that we kept and tamed; have I?"

"No, no! Please tell us all about them." The voices were very eager ones that made reply to the old man's question.

"One day I took my gun and started off in search of the cows. In those days we had no pastures cleared, and the cattle had to get their living in the woods. As I was going along in the direction of the sound of the cow-bell, I heard the step of some heavy animal behind me. I turned, and saw a large bear. She was coming toward me. I raised my gun and was about to shoot, when she turned and ran around through the thick undergrowth of bushes, till she reached a point directly ahead of me in the direction I had been going. There she stopped and sat down on her hind feet and watched me. I thought there was something singular in her actions, and did not fire at once as I had intended to; but took a few steps toward her, and she stepped toward me, growling in much the same way a dog does.

"I stepped back, and the bear kept her position. I was sure from her actions that she had cubs somewhere around, and made up my mind to find them. I took careful aim and fired, and the animal fell, with a sharp snarl, and after a moment or two lay perfectly still and motionless. I went up to her and saw that she was dead. Then I began to search around for signs of a trail that would lead me to the place where the cubs were concealed. I had noticed the actions of the bear well enough to know that they were not far off.

"At last I found a little path among the bushes, and on following it came to an old root; under this there was quite a cave, formed by the earth that had been turned up when the tree fell. In the cave, as I suspected, were two cubs,—sleek, fat things, looking like puppies. They were afraid of me, and curled themselves up in the furthest corner of their nest; when I touched them they growled as a puppy will when he wants to be let alone.

"I marked the place by breaking down some bushes, and then went on after the cows. I found them only a little distance away, and as I came back with them I stopped and got the cubs. They did not like the idea of being carried away very well, but I managed to get them home. We shut them up in a little box, and gave them some milk to drink. At first they would not eat in that way, but as they got hungry they were glad to.

"In a few days they got to be as tame as puppies. We let them run about the yard and house, and they followed us everywhere we went, seeming to consider us in the same light that a dog does his master. They acted like dogs in a great many ways. They would whine when they were hungry and beg for something to eat as well as a puppy could. If they got into mischief (and they were very mischievous animals,) your grandmother would cuff their ears. Then they would set up and put their paws over their ears, whining very piteously. They used to make me think of children when they were punished.

"They found out where the sugar-tub was kept, and if they could manage to get into the pantry unseen, off would come the cover, and Jim and Joe (that was what we called them) feasted themselves grandly on sugar. They liked anything sweet. I think they would have liked candy as much as little MAY, here, if they could have got any.

"They would accompany me into the field where I went to work, and would play around for a long time; then, getting tired, lay down and take a nap. If I was out of sight when they woke, they would climb a stump and stand up on their hind feet and look all around for me. If they could not see me then they would climb a tree. When they did spy me they would act as pleased as a dog that had been lost, and come running up to me, and leap up against me and lick my hands.

"When fall came they used to go off to the woods and eat nuts. After they had eaten all they wanted they would come back to the house, and nothing was secure from their mischievous paws. They were like children, out of one thing into another; your grandmother used to wish they would go away and not come back, for though they were cunning things, they were a great deal of trouble to have about the house. And she got her wish, for when winter was coming on they went off. I suppose they found a den somewhere in the woods, and, like all other bears, shut themselves up in it for the winter."

"Did they come back again when spring came?" asked little MAY.

"No, they never came back again," answered grandpa. "We never saw them after that."

A LIE STICKS.—A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath-school. "Would *you* tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys? "No, ma'am," answered Dick very decidedly. "For ten cents?" "No, ma'am." "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand dollars?" Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things? While he was thinking, another boy roared out, "No, *ma'am*," behind him. "Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand dollars is all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so. A lie *sticks*. Every thing else may be gone, but that is left, and you will have to carry it round with you, whether you will or not:—a hard, heavy load it is.—*Child's Paper.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, AUG. 22, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

AT the recent Commencement of Madison University nine young men were graduated, and the degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. James Cooper of London, Ont., Rev. Wm. R. Webb of Canton, Ill., and upon Rev. Joseph Freeman of Cavendish, Vt. President Eaton retires from the office of President this year, and his successor is Dr. Ebenezer Dodge, a graduate of Brown University, a student at the German Universities of Berlin and Halle, and for fifteen years a professor of the institution of which he is now President. During President Eaton's administration, the endowment of the college has been increased from $60,000 to $200,000.

The ship Emerald Isle, from Liverpool via Queenstown, with 871 passengers, all Mormons, and a crew of 47 men, arrived at New York Tuesday week, at quarantine, with a number of cases of typhoid and typhus fever on board. Thirty-seven deaths and three births occurred on the passage.

LeRoy Faxon of Greenwich, Washington Co., was drowned in Lake Cossayuna a few days since, while on a picnic excursion. His father, two sisters and affianced witnessed his sad death from the shore unable to render him the least assistance.

Douglas Stickles of Taghkanic, Columbia Co., aged 20 years, son of John Stickles, was on the 3d inst., while at work in the field, stung by a bee over his right eye, from the effects of which he died on the 10th inst. Before death took place he was completely paralyzed.

The experiments on the elevated railway in Greenwich street, New York city, having proved satisfactory to the engineers appointed to test it, the directors have issued $750,000 on the first mortgage of convertible bonds of $500 each. The bonds were liberally subscribed for and it is expected that the road will be finished to 30th street by the first of January next.

The fourth floor of a paper box manufactory in New York city fell on Friday, in consequence of being overweighted. There were about forty girls employed in the building at the time, and their consternation was great, but only two of them were injured.

A man named Isaac Jarvis, long time an employee of the Central Railroad, was killed in Rochester on the 10th inst., by being crushed between two cars which he was coupling together.

Rev. Frederick S. Jewell has resigned the Professorship of the English Language and Literature in the New York State Normal School, and accepted the principalship of the Delaware Literary Institute at Frankfort, N. Y. Dr. Jewell has been connected with the Normal School about fourteen years.

Gov. Fenton has appointed Gen. Patrick H. Jones, the present Clerk of the Court of Appeals, Register of the City of New York, in place of Gen. Charles G. Halpine, deceased. It is understood that the fees of the office until the 1st of January will be passed over to Mrs. Halpine by Gen. Jones.

The body of an unknown man was found floating in the canal near Rochester Thursday morning. He is supposed to have fallen into the canal Tuesday night.

On the 11th inst. a stock train on the Erie Railroad, westward bound, had seven car loads of dead cattle, sheep and hogs, from the wreck that occurred on the Sunday afternoon previous, near Hancock, destined to Campville, to the charge of R. C. McNeil, General Stock Agent. Mr. McNeil was absent from Campville, and his men refused to handle the carcases, which were in a state of decomposition, and produced a horrible stench.

The camp meeting at Sing Sing closed on the 14th with a grand love feast and a final grand march around the ground at midnight. During the services a subscription of $200 was taken up to defray the legal expenses necessary to obtain the release of a young girl who is said to be confined in a Catholic institution because of her conversion to Methodism.

The body of an unknown man, judged to be about 40 years of age, was recently found on the beach of the lake, near the residence of James Thompson, in the town of Carlton, Orleans county.

Mr. Leroy Bowen of Marietta, in the town of Marcellus, was drowned in the pond above Jones' paper mill in that place, a few evenings ago.

Five human skeletons were found under Center Market in Albany last week, while workmen were excavating for another building. There was considerable excitement for a while, but some one finally remembered that the ground was the site of an old church, and had formerly been occupied as a burial place. The bodies were enclosed in coffins, and some were in a tolerably good state of preservation. One of the coffins was entirely empty, the remains having long since mouldered into dust and disappeared. The bodies must have been buried more than a century ago. The church was the second in Albany, and was built about the year 1680.

A mother, and her child about four years old, were killed on the Erie Railroad near Springwater, Saturday afternoon. The little one was on the track when a train came along, and the mother, attempting to rescue it, was struck by the engine, and both killed.

The Chinese Embassy paid an informal visit to Buffalo on Saturday. They were received by prominent citizens and escorted about the city, treated to a fine collation, and a sail upon the harbor and river on a steamer placed at their service by the Erie Railway Line. At the wharf at Tonawanda, Sun Tajen fell into the water, but was rescued without injury.

Mrs. Commodore Vanderbilt died in New York city on Monday morning.

The first steam elevator ever built in the United States was built in Buffalo in the year 1843. At present the city can boast of thirty large elevators, with a storage capacity of six millions of bushels, and unlimited transfer capacity, so that there are five grain driers connected with the elevators.

From Washington.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, Representative in Congress from the Lancaster District of Pennsylvania for a long term of years, died at his residence on Capitol Hill on the night of the 11th inst., aged seventy-six years. His body was laid in state in the Rotunda of the Capitol, after being embalmed, and thence taken to Lancaster by special train, escorted by a company of colored Zouaves.

The north wing of the Treasury building is rapidly approaching completion. Nearly the whole of that addition will be occupied by the Internal Revenue Department, which will be removed thither in the early part of September. The building occupied by the Revenue Department will then be occupied by the Quartermaster General and his clerks, and the Fine Art building, owned by Mr. Corcoran, and designed by him as a present to the city, will be surrendered to him. The Government took possession of this Art building in the early part of the war, notwithstanding Mr. Corcoran's earnest protest.

The new Commissioner of Pensions has intimated his intention to reorganize the clerical force of his bureau, by discharging the incompetent clerks therein and giving their places to new men. The result is that he is overwhelmed with applications for appointments.

Major Gen. Irwin McDowell has been assigned to the command of the Military Department of the East, with his headquarters in New York city. The principal officers of the General's staff are: Brevet Brig. Gen. James Totten, Inspector General; Brevet Major Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster; Brevet Brig. Gen. Kilburn, Commissary of Subsistence; Brevet Brig. Gen. Cuyler, Medical Director; Brevet Major Robt. C. Perry, Judge Advocate and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Brevet Captain Costa, Aid-de-Camp.

Gen. Schofield, Secretary of War, decides in regard to the eight-hour law, that till Congress explains its enactment, men who work the reduced number of hours shall receive reduced pay. Masons who were receiving $4.50 for a day of ten hours, will hereafter get only $3.60, and carpenters and machinists' pay will be $2.40 instead of $3 a day.

Mr. Evarts' opinion in the Internal Revenue Commissionership matter has been sent to Secretary McCulloch. He decides that inasmuch as Commissioner Rollins' tender to resign was not a resignation, but merely an intimation that he desired to have some one appointed to succeed him, no vacancy has occurred through its acceptance by the President. Mr. Rollins therefore remains Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and his resignation amounts to nothing until his successor is confirmed by the Senate.

The Times' Washington special says:—The letter of instructions from Secretary Schofield to General Buchanan is intended to be applicable to all of the military commanders in the recently admitted States, and settles at once and for all time the doubt regarding the course of the administration in recognizing the governments of these States. In fact, by this act, the President has virtually given the control of these States into the hands of Secretary Schofield, who is a pronounced supporter of the Congressional reconstruction policy of Grant and Colfax. The letter was written by Secretary Schofield, approved by the President and forwarded through army headquarters without Cabinet consultation on it.

A circular has been issued by Secretary McCulloch to the heads of departments and divisions, &c., of the Treasury Department, requiring them to prepare for him complete lists of the clerical force, their capabilities, &c., preparatory to a general reduction of the force on the 1st of September. It is estimated that at least five hundred clerks will be discharged at that time, and a thorough investigation of the affairs of the appointing Bureau of the Treasury Department made.

A statement of the facts concerning the Texas cattle disease, made by S. R. Dodge, statistician of the Department of Agriculture, as the result of an extended investigation, makes the following points: 1st. That the disease is communicated by cattle from Texas, Florida and other portions of the Gulf coast. 2d. That such disease is in itself unknown in Texas or the Gulf coast. 3d. That the cattle communicating it are not only apparently healthy, but improving in condition. 4th. That while local herds receiving the infection nearly all die, they never communicate the disease to others. 5th. That either a considerable increase in elevation, or a distance of two or three degrees of latitude from the starting point, is necessary to develope the virus in activity and virulency, and a further progress of two degrees of latitude and a few weeks in time is sufficient to eliminate the poison from the system. 6th. That Texas cattle removed to other miasmatic sections, as the Mississippi bottoms up to the 30th parallel, communicate no infection to local herds. 7th. Mediation thus far has been of no avail. It concludes that the disease cannot become general; that it can exist only with the movement of Texas cattle, which should be regulated or suppressed, and that it does not result from travel, but from climatic causes.

Gen. Rosecrans has taken the oath of office, and received his commission as Minister to Mexico. He will start for his new post of duty in a few days.

Gen. Schofield, Secretary of War, has been called to West Point by the death of his son there.

S. M. Clarke, Chief of the Printing Division of the Treasury Department, feeling aggrieved at charges made against his management, has prevailed upon the Secretary of the Treasury to appoint a committee of three to examine into the workings of his Bureau. The committee consists of three members, representing the Treasurer's, Register's, and Comptroller's Departments. It is understood that they have found affairs in proper condition.

The Times special says:—No doubt now exists that the future policy of this government towards Mexico will be the establishment, at no distant day, of a protectorate over that republic. It is probable that the Mexican government will very soon take the initiatory in this matter by legislative action, and that the departure of Minister Rosecrans will be delayed until further information is received on the subject. It is not improbable that, as a remuneration for the protectorateship, several of the Northern Mexican States, the real estate of which is now owned by citizens of the United States, will be ceded to us, including the peninsula of Lower California.

The President, in consequence of the shooting affray of the negro Zouaves in Washington on Thursday, has reiterated his order for the disbandment of the militia in the District. The order was given to Gen. Grant last November, but he has not obeyed it, and the President has notified the Secretary of War of the fact. Instructions will accordingly be given immediately to Gen. Canby. Several of the Zouaves were arrested on Saturday and required to give bail in $200 to answer.

From the South.

GOV. SMITH of Alabama, has sent to the State Senate a veto of the bill authorizing the Legislature to cast the electoral vote of the State. Gov. S. says: "After the most mature reflection, I am forced to the conclusion that the bill is wrong in principle, and that it would be a dangerous precedent in a Republican Government. As my judgment does not approve the bill, it is my constitutional duty to return it to the Senate with my objections. It cannot but be regarded as remarkable that the first Republican Legislature convened in Alabama, shall, in the face of the principles of its organization, which every Republican professes to hold dear, deny not only to the colored, but the white man, the right by his vote to indicate his choice for President and Vice-President of the United States, and take the matter in his own hands.

Mr. Bradley, the colored State Senator from the First District of Georgia, has resigned, and his resignation is accepted by the Governor, who has caused writs to be issued for a new election to fill the vacancy. The Senate declared Mr. Bradley ineligible.

Gen. Buchanan has issued a circular informing the planters who have received supplies from the Freedmen's Bureau that they must fulfill the letter of their bonds and ship their entire crops to the factors in New Orleans, designated in a previous order. Any agent of the Bureau, he says, assisting or attempting to assist a planter to evade his obligation in this matter, or who, suspecting that a planter is attempting to evade them, does not take all proper measure in his power to prevent the same, will be dismissed.

The Freedmen's Bureaus for the States of Maryland and Delaware have been consolidated with the departments of the District of Columbia, with headquarters at Washington, and Gen. Charles Howard in charge.

Governor Scott of South Carolina, has received notice that $25,000 has been deposited to his credit in the office of the United States Treasurer at Charleston, as part of the educational fund. It will be expended in building school houses, and will be that much saved in taxation to the people.

The Militia bill of the Louisiana Legislature, giving the Governor discretionary power to accept, arm and commission officers of the volunteer militia whose organization meets his approval, passed both Houses of the Legislature. The bill empowers the Governor to call out and disperse the militia at his pleasure.

An informal meeting between prominent members of both political parties in Louisiana has been held. The danger of a collision was acknowledged imminent. Both parties manifested a willingness to concede anything in reason to avert the impending trouble.

A riot occurred in Richmond on the night of the 10th inst. A Democratic mass meeting in progress was interrupted several times by a negro seated in a window near at hand. The crowd at last made a rush for him, resulting in a general panic, in which several persons were injured by brick bats.

On Saturday, at 12 o'clock, a party of about fifteen masked persons rode into Franklin, Williamson Co., Tenn., and broke open the store of a Jew named Bierfield. The latter attempted flight, but was fired upon, when he fell, pierced by five bullets. A colored clerk of Bierfield's was shot, but he ran off and was found during the night, mortally wounded, in a lot where he had taken refuge. He died on the 17th inst. Bierfield's body was brought to Nashville for burial. The men are unknown. The affair occurred just after a circus exhibition, and many people were in the streets, some of whom interfered but could not prevent the assassination, which has caused intense feeling in Franklin.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Chancellor of the North German Confederation has been authorized to enter into negotiations with the United States and other foreign powers for the purpose of establishing a new international law providing for the protection and proper treatment of emigrants on the high seas. The Federal Government proposes to appoint an agent whose duties shall be to watch over the embarkation of emigrants from German ports, and report all abuses.

A battle took place between the Cretans and the Turkish troops on the 27th of July, in which the Turks were badly beaten.

Another dreadful colliery explosion lately occurred at Jemmapes, in the Province of Haynault, Belgium. Fifty-one persons were killed, and a great number injured.

Thomas Carlyle has been elected President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Association in the place of Lord Brougham.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is to be made Duke of Ulster.

The London cabmen are on a strike.

The insurrectionary movement in Bulgaria has been entirely suppressed by the Turkish troops, and the proclamation establishing a state of siege in the province has been revoked.

The first private execution which has taken place under the new law concerning capital punishment in England, took place one day last week, in London, the criminal being a young man charged with the murder of a station master.

There was a magnificent military display in Paris on the 14th inst. The national and imperial guard were received by the Emperor. The Empress, the Prince Imperial and a large number of notables were also present. Fifty-two battalions of troops passed in review. The city was gaily dressed with flags. Vast multitudes thronged the streets and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The royal family were loudly cheered.

A rent agent at Tipperary, Ireland, while attempting to serve ejectment notices, was beset upon by a number of tenants and compelled to flee for his life. The next day he went again upon the same errand, accompanied by a body of police, when a fierce fight took place. Many were seriously wounded, and the police retired.

The fete-day in honor of the inauguration of the first Emperor Napoleon, was celebrated on the 15th inst. at Paris with great pomp. All the officials of the court, together with the Emperor Napoleon and family, attended the grand Te Deum at Notre Dame.

A collision recently took place near Constantinople between the Greek residents and the Turks, in consequence of the violation of the grave of Prince Meredites. The troops of the Sultan were called out to suppress the riot, and fired upon the Greeks, killing and wounding a large a number.

The war in Japan is being vigorously prosecuted, according to late accounts. On the afternoon of July 4th an attack was made by 2,000 Southerners on the Takugawas at Yeddo, who were only about 1,500 strong. The Southerners were repulsed, the attack was renewed the next day, and the Takugawas were entirely routed. Half of Yeddo, including two large temples, one of them the residence of the Mikado, were burned. At Tyehno, about eighteen miles south of Osaca, a terrible battle was fought between the forces of Aidesu and Satsuma, in which the latter were defeated with great loss. Satsuma and Choisu were deserted by several other Daimios, and subsequently Choisu himself declared his intention of withdrawing from the combat, and ordered his generals to return home and remain neutral. Satsuma's party had issued a proclamation in the name of the Mikado, condemning all native Christians to death. Several executions had taken place at Nagasaki and Sendai, within sixteen miles of Yeddo. It is stated that 150 Christian Japan natives had been taken out from Nagusaki in a steamer and drowned, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the consuls at that port. It is stated that the northern princes of Japan have made a proposition to refer all difference for settlement to the arbitration of England, France and the United States, and in case the latter powers accept the responsibility, they, the princes, will bind themselves for the faithful execution of the arbitration, both on their part and on the part of the Mikado.

AN ABANDONED SCHOONER.—On Thursday morning the Captain of the schooner Maria Annette, picked up an abandoned schooner about 15 miles below Pasque Isle on Lake Ontario. She had a full load of cord wood, and Red Rover painted on her stern. No tidings of her crew or ownership can be ascertained. A crew from the Maria Annette was put on board and sailed her into Port Hope, where she now lies.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—The Rio Janeiro newspapers print an account of a Paraguayan expedition against a couple of Brazilian iron-clads. The boats of the Paraguayans were beaten off, and the project was abandoned. A ministerial crisis has taken place in Brazil. All the members of the Cabinet have tendered their resignation to the Emperor Don Pedro.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A collision occurred recently on the Oil Creek & Allegany River Railroad, near Rouseville between a freight and a construction train, which resulted in the death of five men and in severely injuring some twelve or fifteen others.

MEXICAN NEWS.—By the latest advices from Mexico we are informed that the whole State of Vera Cruz was in rebellion and the leaders being men of influence, the rebellion was rapidly extending, and it was thought the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa would be attacked. Alatorre had been defeated by Negrete.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN in Massachusetts has invented a combination lock which is, he says, remarkable for its simplicity. We should think so. It has only 1,000,000 combinations.

THE great crater of Kilauea, Sandwich Islands, for many years inactive, has again become a thing of life. The glare of its fires can be distinctly seen from Hilo, a distance of forty miles. No damage is yet reported.

DURING the month of July twenty-five hundred cases of cholera and nearly fourteen hundred deaths occurred in Havana. The yellow fever has not increased in violence, but the cases, though few in number, are unusually fatal.

ONE of the largest and finest boot and shoe factories outside of New England is at Rochester. About five years ago the proprietor began business with a force of ten hands; he now employs 300, and will soon increase the number to 400.

A NOVEL "golden" celebration took place a few days ago at Mansfield Center, Conn. Betsey Huntington, who had been a servant in one family for fifty years, was the subject of a "golden" and congratulatory visit by the numerous friends of the family.

AT Cornish Flat, N. Y., recently, a streak of lightning ran down a tree and went into the earth, tearing open a hole from which a stream of crystal water has continually bubbled since. The stream runs from a place hitherto dry and near which no water was supposed to exist.

GERMANY abounds in retreats for single women who need repose and shelter from poverty and declinedependence upon cold-hearted relatives. These retreats are somewhat conventual in arrangement and regulation, but impose no restriction upon the religious worship of the inmates.

THE great water snake at Willoughby lake, N. H., the existence of which has been recently denied, was killed lately by Stephen Edmonds, of Newport, a lad of 12 years. Rushing boldly upon the monster, he severed its body with a sickle. On actual measurement, the two pieces were found to be 23 feet in length.

WM. FORSYTHE was stung to death by bees, Saturday, Aug. 1st., near Zanesville, Ohio. Some horses broke into his yard, and in turning them out, he drove near a lot of bee hives. The bees swarmed out and covered the horses, and on Mr. Frosythe attempting to brush them off, they attacked and stung him severely. He lay down and soon after was discovered to be dead.

MRS. FRANCES J. MORTON was married to Col. H. D. Merritt, at Hudson city, New Jersey, on the 4th of July. On the 9th her brother Edward L. Price went to her home, and she leaving her husband in an upper room, met her brother, who prevailed upon her to take a ride with him. She was conveyed to the Bergen County poor-house, and locked up as an insane woman. Her husband had been unable to ascertain her whereabouts until the 17th, when he applied for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the matter is now being investigated.

ON the 9th day of last April the beautiful and favorite steamer Sea Bird was burned and sunk in Lake Michigan, near Waukegan. It is believed that nearly one hundred lives were lost by the fearful calamity, and the painful uncertainty as to the exact number, will never be dispelled, for it is now ascertained that the passenger list was destroyed in the iron safe. This safe was recovered on Sunday last, but no bodies were found. The safe was empty, all its contents having been consumed by the terrible heat of the burning boat.

SIX of the robbers who stole $225,000 from old Mr. Benninghoff's house in Venango county, Pa., some months ago, have been arrested. George Miller was nabbed at Saegertown, Pa., Louis Welde and Jake Shopbitt at Akron, O., two others in Philadelphia, and one quite recently in Montreal. The principal one—Jim Saeger—has not yet been captured, and it is supposed that he is in Europe. Some of the stolen funds have been recovered, and certificates of deposit secured. The robbers had invested a great deal of the money in real estate and other property. Welde had purchased a hotel at Akron, paying $24,000 for it, and another had purchased a large farm. The reward offered for the arrest of these fellows was $50,000, and the Benninghoff boys say they will be satisfied if there is enough recovered to pay the reward.

ADDITIONAL reports of the Indian troubles in Kansas state that the Indians and settlers are still fighting on Asher creek, and that many men have been killed. The Indians are coming down Solomon creek in large numbers, and the people in Asher creek and vicinity are nearly all cut off. They are out of provisions and ammunition and are nearly exhausted. The Indians are also murdering the settlers on Johnson creek. Governor Crawford has gone to Solomon and Shotina, and is arming the settlers for defense.

HOT WEATHER IN RUSSIA.—Blazing hot as our weather has been all over the country for weeks and almost months past, we have thus far been spared the troubles which the Russians are undergoing from the same cause. So long-continued and excessive has their heated term been, that spontaneous combustion has taken place in some of the large peat-beds around Tsarskoe-Selo and Peterhof, and vast subterranean fires are in progress. And so dry are the woods and herbage, that in the Pargelara district the forests surrounding the lakes have been on fire for weeks. In Belgium the grass has several times caught fire from engine sparks along the railroad, and spread with great rapidity, corn and other cereals being largely damaged.

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.—Advices from Australia to July 2d have been received. Four shocks of earthquake were experienced on the night of June 28th on the eastern coast. The harvest is anticipated to be abundant owing to plentiful rains during the present winter. The Australian joint stock company has made an arrangement with the King of the Fejee Islands involving a settlement of the claims of the American Government and the probable establishment of a British protectorate over the Fejee group. The company's agents have taken up 100,000 acres of land. The political crisis in Victoria is increasing in importance and is likely to produce great distress in consequence of the Ministry refusing to resign.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE DOMINION.—The Legislature of Nova Scotia has assembled. The Attorney General said the Government would announce its policy in a few days. In the meantime he moved resolutions protesting against the union. Members in favor of seceding from the Dominion have agreed to use every constitutional means which they can command, but constitutional means only, in order to remove Nova Scotia from the Canadian Confederation. They deprecate rebellion against the crown and annexation to the United States.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, AUGUST 18, 1868.

THE latest New York reports assign slightly increased activity to the money market. Call loans 3 to 5 per cent. Sterling exchange dull at 109@109¼. American Gold is more settled since the excited spasm of ten days ago. The latest quotations are 146⅛@146⅜. Stocks generally are reported somewhat weaker.

At the West an increased demand for money is noticeable, at the more prominent points, but the supply is in excess of the demand, and rates show no quotable appreciation. More activity may be expected as the new wheat crop is thrown upon the market.

WOOL.—The Boston wool market during the last week exhibited no marked features. The demand at current prices was good, and some manufacturers were supplying themselves liberally beyond immediate wants, encouraged by the more active demand for goods for the fall trade. The receipts of wool the present season have been largely in excess of those of the same period last year, showing that the bulk of the clip has not been held back as formerly, but has been thrown upon the market for what it would bring. If from any cause there should be any considerable increase in the demand for woolen goods the present year over the last, it is safe to infer that wool has touched bottom, and that whatever change occurs must be in favor of those who have the article for sale. The transactions of last week aggregate 1,225,000 pounds, mainly in the low and medium grades, at 40@43c.; extra Michigan and Ohio, 43@45c.; double extra, 47@50c. Combing wool is in good demand at 48@53c. for good washed native fleeces.

In Western New York the wool business is not very active, especially in this city—not over 1,000 pounds having been received here during the past week. In the country more is doing, and prices range from 35 to 38c.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The advance in New York a few days since does not seem to have been sustained. The latest news shows a decline. In our local market flour, best grade, advanced 50c. per barrel and red wheat 15c. per bushel. Barley is again quotable at $1.12@$1.25. Corn and Oats without change. Little of either offering.

CLOVER SEED—Is again moving slowly at $9.00 for large and $7.50 for small. Timothy is in fair demand at $3.00.

VEGETABLES are lower. Potatoes in good supply at 80c.@$1.00, and Onions at $1.25@$1.50.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 10—Flour, wheat, $11,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,10@1,15; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,10@2,25; Do. white, $2,40@2,40; Rye, $1,50@1,50; Oats, 55@56c; Barley, $1,12@1,25; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 18@20cts Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 12@16c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 20@20c; Wool 35@36cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@20. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,80@1,00; Onions, $1,25@1,50; Hops nominal at 10@30c; Clover seed, $7,50@9; Timothy, $3.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 15—Ashes, pots, $8.37½@8,50; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 29@29½c. Flour, $7,50@14,75, Wheat, $2,[illegible]@2,50. Rye, $1,51@1,82. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,18@1,20. Oats, 82@83cts. Hops, 10@30c. Pork, mess, $23,25@23,75; new mess, $25,50@25,62; prime, $23,25@23,75; prime mess, $24,25@24,50. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $25,00@32,50. Shoulders, 13@13½c. Hams, 16@19½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 12@13c.; long-ribbed, 12½; short-clear, 15cts. Lard, 19@19½cts. Butter, 30@40c. Cheese, 18@17½c.

ALBANY, AUG. 15.—Flour, $7,00@14,00. Rye Flour, $9,75@10,37. Corn Meal, $2,40@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,90. Rye, $1,75@1,80. Barley, $0. Corn, $1,18@1,20. Oats, 82@83c. Pork, mess, $29,00@20,00; clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $31,00. Smoked hams 19@21c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 35@38c. Cheese, 15@16c. Wool, 40@80.

BUFFALO, AUG. 17—Flour, $9,00@12,00; Rye flour, $9,25@9,25; Wheat, $1,8@2,10; Corn, $1,08@1,09; Oats, 65@65c; Rye, $1,50; Barley, $1,75; Peas, $1,25; Beans, $5,00@5,00; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $3,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,75@2,75; Flax, $3,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $29@30,00; Lard, 18@18½c; Hams, 20c; Shoulders, 16c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 12@16c; Eggs, 23@24c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 15—Flour, $9.75@11.75; Wheat, $1.39@1.53; Corn, 98@99cts; Oats 53@55½cts; Rye, $1,32@1,35; Barley, $1,50; Pork, mess, $28,75@29,25; Lard, 17½@18c.

TORONTO, AUG. 14—Flour, $7,00@7,25; Wheat, spring, $1,50@1,50; fall, $1,48@1,50; Oats, 70c; Barley, $0,88@90; Peas, 85@85c. Pork, mess, $22@23,50; prime, $17@17; Bacon, 10½@11cts; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 14@18c; Cheese, 9@10cts; Hay, $10@14; Straw, $12@13. Wool, 27@30c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 13—Beeves—Receipts 6,490 head; quotations at 9@16½c. Cows—Receipts 112 head; quotations at $30@115. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,570 head; quotations 4@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 30,056 head; quotations 3@8c. Swine—Receipts 11,851 head; quotations 10@13½c.

ALBANY, AUG. 13—Beef Cattle sell at 3½@9½c; Milch Cows, $40@100; Veal Calves, 7@8c; Sheep, 1@5½c; Lambs, 6½@7½c; Hogs, 9½@11c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, AUG. 12—Beeves range from 6@13½c; Working Oxen, $225@335 ℔ pair; Handy Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@200; Milch cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@50; Sheep and Lambs, $1,62@4,50 ℔ head; Fat Hogs—11@11c; Young Pigs, 10@13c; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7½@9c; Calf skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 25@62c.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 12—Beef Cattle, $4,50@7,00; Sheep, 2½@4c; Lambs, $1,50@2,75; Hogs, 7½@10½c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 15—Beef cattle range at from $2,50@7,00. Sheep, 2½@5½c. Hogs, live, $8,75@10,15.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 11.—Beef Cattle, 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 4½@6½c. gross; Hogs, 14@14½c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 12—Beef Cattle, 4@8½c; Milch Cows, $45@75; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 4@5½c; Hogs, 13½@14½c.

TORONTO, AUG. 14—Beeves range at $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $2,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 15.—Market is firm. Sales are 1,000,000 lbs. at 41@52c. for Domestic Fleece, 48@49c for tubbed, 40@43c for pulled, 62@68c for picklocks, 50@58c for Canada combings, 28@31c, for Texas, 28@31c for Mexican, and 24@32c for California.

BOSTON, AUG. 13—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 40@50c; pulled, 31@55cts; medium and extra Western, 44@50c; new combing fleece, 50@53c, and Canada do, 62@62c.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 12—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 38@40c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 13.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 40@43c; medium and coarse, 38@40c; unwashed, 26@28c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 14—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 39@43c; Pulled, 50@56c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Clover Machines, &c—G Westinghouse & Co.
Hay and Cotton Press, &c—Shaw & Wells.
Table Cutlery—Meriden Cutlery Company.
The Stevens Patent Fruit Picker—A S Stevens.
Holloway's Pills.
Smith's American Organs, &c—Philip Phillips & Co.
Wanted, Agents—B B Russell.
Burnett's Cocoaine, a Perfect Hair-Dressing.
Wanted, Agents—S C Thompson & Co.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
$10 a Day for All—A J Fullam.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
Your Savings will make you Rich.
Ladies, here we are Again—Cutter & Co.
Cottage Hill Seminary—Rev Geo T Rider.
What Every Farmer Wants—F Bartow.
Bloomington Nurseries—F K Phoenix
Great On Dollar Sale—S C Thompson & Co.
Peerless—Pratt & Wentworth.
Prof. Christy's Hair Lotio—A R Christy & Co.
Agents Wanted—Austin & Co.
Over Seven Hundred Pages—Jos H Allen.
Wanted, Agents—Secomb & Co.
50 per Cent. Saved—Geo Dryden & Co.
Agents Wanted—Oroide Watch Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine—G H Beardsley.
Gold Medal Threshing Machines—R & M Harder.

The News Condenser.

— Northern Europe is roasting under unexampled heat.
— The Oneida Community have harvested 300 tons hay.
— New York smokes 75,000,000 cigars a year.
— The fat men of Cleveland are to have a picnic.
— Connecticut had 2,910 divorces during the last year.
— A molasses candy wedding is the latest novelty.
— White leather harness is the fashion at Newport.
— Last week's whisky revenue was $1,750,000.
— The butter famine still prevails in Philadelphia.
— Small pox has appeared at North Adams, Mass.
— The grape crop along Lake Erie never looked better.
— Tennessee wants an inebriate asylum.
— It is said France will import no grains this year.
— Detroit has laid the corner stone of a new city hall.
— Vermont has this year 10,931 taxable dogs.
— Gen. Beauregard is to marry a New York heiress.
— Robberies and defalcations in Hayti are numerous.
— Gen. Halpine had a life insurance of $10,000.
— Kossuth is writing a history of Hungary.
— There are five hundred newspapers in N. Y. State.
— Savings banks have been established in Valparaiso.
— The Siamese twins now have nine children each.
— A Japanese newspaper has been started in London.
— A sculptor took a cast of Gen. Halpine's head after death.
— Memphis has enjoyed excellent health thus far this season.
— New York theaters are going to abolish the bonquet business.
— A telegraph cable from Port Clinton to Put-in-Bay is talked of.
— The total loss by fire in New York last month was $206,765.
— The Nicholson pavement is said to be a failure in New York.
— The Chinese Embassy spent $1,700 for hack hire in Washington.
— The cattle disease has broken out in the yards at West Albany.
— Four thousand more Norwegians are about to settle in Wisconsin.
— Counterfeit tens on the Saratoga National Bank are in circulation.
— A woman has been arrested in London for begging with a straw baby.
— A schooner is at the New York quarantine with yellow fever on board.
— A lady at Long Branch succeeded in appearing in 14 different toilets in one day.
— There are complaints of the failure of the salmon fishing in Ireland this year.
— The Tioga county jail is so dilapidated that prisoners are continually escaping.
— The Spicer supposed poisoning case is still exciting public interest in New York.
— A Brooklyn grocery clerk, named Elsler, has been arrested for embezzling $2,000.
— Fourteen persons were killed by lightning in Orange county during the month of July.
— An earthquake shock is said to have been felt at Randolph, N. Y., Friday night, week.
— Last week there were sent from Sandwich to Boston sixty bushels of blueberries daily.
— Overland mail time from San Francisco has been shortened two days within a month.
— Philadelphia annually refines 90,000 hogsheads of molasses, and 10,000 hogsheads of raw sugar.
— The apple crop in Northern Ohio promises to be fully an average one, especially for winter fruit.
— The freshman class at Yale College already numbers 440, with more to come at the next examination.
— The members of the Chicago Common Council have started on an excursion to the Rocky Mountains.
— A lady at Bologne, France, has challenged the editor of a humoristic journal for meddling with her affairs.
— Much of the water obtained along the line of the Pacific Railroad is strongly impregnated with alkalies.
— The heirs of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson have won a suit which gives them thirty leagues of land in Texas.
— Wheat in the south of England promises better than ever before. Sunlight has been unusually plenty on the foggy isle this year.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO DITCHING AND SPADING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, August 11th, 1868.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—*Gents:* In your issue of 15th inst., amongst your *Special Notices* Mr. A. LA TOURRETTE of Waterloo, N. Y., speaks!

He says there is as much truth in what I stated in your issue of 8th inst. (relating to our DITCHING MACHINE, or matters pertaining thereto,) as there was when I stated in your columns July 25th "that one of our machines was in *Waterloo* or *vicinity*, (and is now there) long after we challenged 'him or any other man' to produce a machine to dig *ten* (10) *rods*, while we would with one of ours *One Hundred*," (100,) and as by *his own showing* one WAS IN THE VICINITY OF WATERLOO, viz., village of Geneva, perhaps a half mile distant from the line, your readers will, I trust, take it for granted that what I then stated WAS true.

When Mr. L. talks about "LINGO," as will be seen by your last issue, and his "NEW THING" as announced in your publication of August 1st., I will say as he suggests to leave all to a "discerning public" to judge.

We now announce that one of our machines will be exhibited in the vicinity of ROCHESTER, SEPT. 8TH, *and we not only wish to have the competition of* Mr. LA TOURRETTE'S *machine, but* ANY *others to dig a ditch for tile two and one-half feet deep and two (2) rods long, while we will with one of ours forty* (40.)

For information as to grounds for trial, &c., apply to the Brackett House, Rochester. Respectfully,

G. H. BEARDSLEY, SEC'Y,
905 Michigan AV., Chicago, Ill.

Gold Medal Threshing Machine.—PERSONS intending to purchase a Threshing Machine will do well to send for Circulars and Judges' Report of the Machine awarded TWO GOLD MEDALS *at the great National Trial at Auburn, July*, 1866, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 923

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868 the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

COTTAGE HILL SEMINARY.—For Young Ladies, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Re-opens Sept. 16. The best features of European and home schools. For prospectus, address Rev. GEO. T. RIDER, Rector 970-5t

WANTED!—Agents to Sell Abbott's very popular "LIFE OF GRANT," the only work containing accurate likenesses of the General's father and mother. Also, for our charming engraving entitled "FROM SHORE TO SHORE." [970-2teo] B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED,—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 20 cents, twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG,
970-2teo 94 Columbia St., New York City.

WHAT EVERY FARMER WANTS.—I have just published a book called Every Man his Own Horse Doctor. The above work is published in plain English, so every farmer can read and understand it. It gives a full description how to proceed in all cases. Retail price, $1. Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price. Agents wanted in every town. Address
F. BARTOW, Washington, Macomb Co., Mich.

WANTED! WANTED!—AGENTS OF either sex in every town and village, for the **Largest Dollar Sale** in the country. The smallest Article Sold for One Dollar, if not wanted, will be Exchanged for a Silver-Plated Five-Bottled Revolving Castor, or anything else upon Exchange List. Send for Circulars.
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
970 2teo 136 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—A Word to Ladies IN DELICATE HEALTH.—The combination of aperient, tonic and alterative properties in HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, renders them a particularly desirable medicine for ladies of delicate habit. Their operation is mild and gentle, and in all functional difficulties their regulating and invigorating operation will be found in the highest degree beneficial. When nature deviates in any way from her healthful course, they act as a swift corrective. Sold by all Druggists.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL,
The world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs and Consumption.

YOUR SAVINGS WILL MAKE YOU RICH. What is the use of paying Ten to Twenty Cents per pound for poor Soap, when you can have the best of White Hard Soap, and only cost you Two Cents a pound? Make it yourself with
GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH.
One pound makes fifteen pounds of Soap. It is as easily made as a cup of coffee.
☞ Office, 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE,
A PERFECT HAIR-DRESSING!
For Preserving and Beautifying the Hair,—and rendering it Dark and Glossy.
No other compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair. It is the best and cheapest HAIR-DRESSING in the world.
☞ For sale by all Druggists. 970-4teo

PHILIP PHILLIPS & CO.,
37 Union Square, Broadway, New York,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
SMITH'S UNRIVALED AMERICAN ORGANS,
Also, SUPERIOR PIANOS, MELODEONS; and Publishers of SUNDAY-SCHOOL MUSIC. We will rent our Organs by the month, letting the rent pay for them. 970-6teo
SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

HORTON'S HORIZONTAL HAY AND COTTON PRESS—Warranted to bale one ton of Hay per hour; it has no equal for Cotton. Being portable it can be set up at stack or in barn, in an hour's time.
BLAKE'S ENDLESS PLANK HORSE-POWER
Will transmit more power than any other machine made, apron runs on large drums and horses have an even surface to walk on.
Wood-Sawing Attachments, Wood Splitters, Threshers and Separators, Feed Cutters, Seed Sowers, Cider Mills, Wheel Hay Rakes.
☞ Send for Illustrated Circular. Responsible Agents wanted in every County. SHAW & WELLS, Buffalo, N. Y.

LADIES, HERE WE ARE AGAIN—With New Circulars, having doubled and trebled our rates of Premiums. We are doing as well, or better, by our Agents than any other house in Boston. See our new circular of rate, for 30, 60 and 100 Clubs. We still continue to send to persons sending clubs, in our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE, Pieces of Sheeting, Watches, Silk Dresses, &c.—Agents wanted everywhere—(Lady Agents preferred.) Send 50 cents and receive 4 slips, with new circular.
Address CUTTER & CO.,
970-4t 31 Exchange St., Boston, Mass., P. O. Box 1,400.

MERIDEN CUTLERY COMPANY.
Manufacturers of Superior
TABLE CUTLERY,
Of Pearl, Ivory, Horn, Bone, Ebony and Cocoa Handles. Also, exclusive Manufacturers of the Patent
HARD RUBBER HANDLE,
Which is THE MOST DURABLE HANDLE EVER KNOWN.
It is much less expensive than Ivory.
It always retains its polish when in use.
It is warranted NOT TO BECOME LOOSE in the Handle.
It is not affected by HOT WATER.
Also, a Silver Plated Solid Cast Steel Table Knife—a new thing.
For sale by all the principal dealers in Cutlery throughout the United States, and by the
MERIDEN CUTLERY COMPANY,
970-2teo No. 45 Beekman St., New York.

CLOVER MACHINES, &c.
G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
HORSE-POWERS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c.,
Respectfully invite attention to their Improved Clover Machines, and especially to their Combined Thresher, Huller and Cleaner, which has given excellent satisfaction, and we believe is not surpassed, if equaled, by any. The following extract from a letter in regard to the operation of a machine sold to ADAM RUSS of Dewitt, N. Y., is in substance same as received from others who have purchased and used these machines:
MESSRS. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.:—In regard to the Clover Machine I purchased of you will say, that on Mr. Cotts' farm I rubbed 14 bushels of seed in *three hours*—this being my second job with the machine. There were several men present to see it work, and some of them thought it would rub from 50 to 75 bushels per day. Mr. Cott thought, on good seed, it would get out 100 bushels. I think they have rated it pretty high, but with Clover that will give five bushels to the acre, I believe I can get out 50 bushels per day easily. The average of seed since I have had the machine has been 1½ or 2½ bushels per acre. One reason for people thinking so much of it, is that it gets the seed all out without cracking it. ADAM RUSS, Dewitt, N. Y.
☞ Circulars containing description, price list, &c., will be furnished upon application. Address
970 2eo] G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY.
The following FIRST-CLASS IRON STEAMSHIPS, built expressly for the New York trade, are intended to sail regularly between NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, calling at QUEENSTOWN, viz:
MANHATTAN, NEBRASKA.
MINNESOTA, COLORADO.
With other first-class steamers building.
MANHATTAN.....WEDNESDAY, Aug. 19
MINNESOTA.....WEDNESDAY, Sept. 2
COLORADO.....WEDNESDAY, Sept. 16
NEBRASKA.....WEDNESDAY Sept. 23
From Pier No. 46 North River.
Cabin, (the accommodations being equal to any Atlantic steamer,) $80, gold; return tickets, $160, gold; in steerage, $30, currency.
Tickets to bring out passengers from Europe can be obtained on reasonable terms. For freight or passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 71 Wall street.
For steerage passage to
966-6t WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 29 Broadway, N. Y.

THE COURT AND CAMP OF DAVID, a royal octavo volume, full gilt, finished with great elegance, and illustrated with SIXTEEN new and splendid engravings, is destined to be one of the most popular, as it is really one of the most valuable works of modern times: and I am prepared to commission at least ONE THOUSAND persons to procure subscribers for it in all parts of the United States. The work will interest all who see it, while the elegant engravings with which it is embellished, add immeasurably to its value, and will minister a wealth of pleasure to all lovers of the beautiful.
To ministers with limited salaries, to energetic ladies, to students and men of every class, I offer the most liberal inducements to canvass for its sale. The work will sell freely, and any efficient man or woman can make from ten to twenty dollars per day in canvassing. Please send at once for a circular and terms. PRICE, $3.75.
HENRY HOYT,.....Publisher,
No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST.
THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST, edited by BENJ. D. WALSH and C. V. RILEY, State Entomologists respectively of Illinois and Missouri, and copiously illustrated, treats of all kinds of Noxious and Beneficial Insects. It will be found invaluable to every Farmer, Gardener, and Fruit Grower, and to every one taking an interest in the fascinating study of Entomology. Terms, $1.00 per annum. The first number will appear Sept. 1st. Sample copies and prospectus sent on application. Send in your subscriptions to
969-2t R. P. STUDLEY & CO., Publishers, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS.—$75 to $200 per Month to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $18.
Address, SECOMB & CO.,
970-4t PITTSBURGH, PA., or BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS WANTED.—$175 PER MONTH to sell the GENUINE OROIDE HUNTING CASED WATCHES, the best imitation Gold Watches in the market. Price $15. Great inducements to agents.
Address, OROIDE WATCH & CO.,
970-4t Box 5093, BOSTON, MASS.

OVER SEVEN HUNDRED PAGES
FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS,
To those who subscribe for
THE SCHOOLMATE, FOR 1869,
And send payment before Sept. 30th, as they will receive *free* the numbers for October, November and December, of the present year, MAKING FIFTEEN NUMBERS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE YEAR.
HORATIO ALGER, Jr., author of RAGGED DICK, will give a connected story.
Other writers of ability unite in making this, with its Dialogues, Declamations, Music, Rebusses, &c., the CHEAPEST work for the young published anywhere.
970-2teo JOSEPH H. ALLEN, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS! AGENTS!! AGENTS!!!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WANTED IN EVERY City and Town in the United States to act as Agents for
AUSTIN & CO.
GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE
Of rich and valuable goods. Send for Circulars at once and see the extra inducements offered.
AUSTIN & CO.,
970-2teo 106 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

LOTIO.—PROF. CHRISTY'S HAIR LOTIO IS NEAT, CLEAN, PURE, UNIFORM AND RELIABLE and richly perfumed for the toilet. It contains no SUGAR OF LEAD or other poisonous minerals or oils. It makes the hair glossy and beautiful, removes dandruff, restores gray hair to its original color—will grow hair on bald heads and CAN BE USED AS A HAIR DRESSING FOREVER WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY TO THE BRAIN OR OPTIC NERVE. Do not take anything else, but get the pure article. If your druggist will not get it for you send direct to the manufactory. Sold by druggists, $1 per bottle; half dozen $5, or sent to any address on receipt of the money. Liberal deduction to the trade. Send for testimonials, &c. Trade supplied by DEMAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents, New York City. (Hand this advertisement to your Druggist.) A. R. CHRISTY & CO.,
970-6teo 175 West Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

LICENSED BY THE
UNITED STATES AUTHORITY,
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.'S
GREAT
ONE DOLLAR SALE
Of Silks, Shawls, Dress Goods, Linen Goods, Linens, Dry Goods, Cottons, FANCY GOODS, Albums, Bibles, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Sewing Machines, &c.
These articles to be sold at the uniform price of
ONE DOLLAR EACH,
and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.
The Most Popular and Economical Method of Doing Business in the Country.
BY PATRONIZING THIS SALE you have a chance to exchange your goods.
The Smallest Article sold for ONE DOLLAR can be exchanged for a Silver Plated, Five Bottled Revolving Castor, or your Choice of a large variety of other Articles upon Exchange List.

TERMS TO AGENTS.

Certificates giving a complete description of articles to be sold for One Dollar, will be sold at the rate of TEN CENTS EACH.

For a Club of Thirty, and $3.00,

The person sending it can have their choice of the following articles as their commission:—20 *yards Cotton Cloth*, Harris Cloth Pants Pattern, Splendid Bowie Knife, Lancaster Quilt, Engraved Silver Spoon Holder, Pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots, Printed Dress Pattern, Worsted Breakfast Shawl, White Linen Table Cloth, Set of Steel Bladed Knives and Forks, Set of Silver Plated Forks, Embossed Table Spread, Elegant Engraved Silver Plated Gold Lined Goblet, Violin and Bow, Fancy Dress Pattern, Elegant Beaded Silk Parasol, 100-picture Morocco Photograph Album, Elegant Ivory Handled Spangled Silk Fan, One Dozen Large Size Linen Towels, Fancy Balmoral Skirt, Ladies Morocco Shopping Bag, Honeycomb Quilt, Alhambra Quilt, Ladies' Solid Gold California Diamond Ring, Gents' Plain or Engraved Gold Ring, (16 carats fine,) Ladies' Solid Black Walnut Writing Desk, Ladies' Fancy Black Walnut Work Box, Cottage Clock, One Dozen Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, extra quality, or One Dozen Gents' Linen Handkerchiefs.

For a Club of Sixty and $6.00,

One of the following articles:—40 *yards Sheeting*, Harris Cloth Pants and Vest Pattern, Pair Honeycomb Quilts, Cylinder Watch, Double Barrel Rifle Pistol, Fancy Cashmere Dress Pattern, Thibet Shawl, Three Yards Double Width Waterproof Cloaking, Four Yards Wool Frocking, Set of Lace Curtains, Ladies' Double Wool Shawl, Silver Plated Card Basket, Splendid Engraved Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, Engraved Silver Plated Teapot, 100-picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album, Lancaster Quilt, Alpacca Dress Pattern, Engraved Silver, Plated six-bottled Revolving Castor, Pair Gents' Calf Boots, Splendid Balmoral Skirt, Set of Ivory Handled Knives, with Silver Plated Forks, Rosewood Frame Brass Alarm Clock, Pair of All-Wool Blankets, Splendid Beaded and Lined Silk Parasol, Ladies' Splendid Morocco Travelling Bag, Pair of Alhambra Quilts, Thirty Yards Print or a Marseilles Quilt.

For a Club of One Hundred, and $10,00,

60 *yards Sheeting*, Fancy Cashmere Coat, Pants and Vest Pattern, extra quality, Engraved Silver Plated Six Bottled Revolving Castor, with Cut Glass Bottles, Pair Splendid Rose Blankets, Splendid Engraved Silver Plated Tea Set, (three pieces—Sugar Bowl, Tea Pot and Creamer,) Silver Plated Cake Basket, Fancy Plaid Wool Long Shawl, Twenty-five Yards Hemp Carpeting, Splendid Violin and Bow, English Barege Shawl, Splendid Alpacca Dress Pattern, Silver Hunting Cased Watch, Splendid Family Bible with Elegant Steel Engravings, Family Record and Photograph Page, Poplin Dress Pattern, Engraved Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, Splendid Beaver Cloak Pattern, Sharpe's Revolver, Splendid Accordeon, Music Box, One Pair Fine Damask Table Covers with One Dozen Dinner Napkins to match.

COMMISSIONS FOR LARGER CLUBS IN PROPORTION.

Agents will please take notice of this. Do not send names, but number your clubs from one upwards. Make your letters short and plain as possible.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE OF THIS!
Be SURE and send Money in ALL CASES by REGISTERED LETTER, which can be sent from any Post Office.
We cannot be responsible for money lost, unless some precautions are taken to ensure its safety.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
Send your address in full, Town, County and State.
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
136 FEDERAL STREET,
970-2teo BOSTON, MASS.

"PEERLESS."
THE GREAT PRIZE STOVE OF THE WORLD!
IT STANDS UNEQUALED FOR
ECONOMY, DURABILITY, CLEANLINESS, CAPACITY, SIMPLICITY And FINISH.
IT TOOK THE FIRST GRAND PRIZE
At the PARIS EXPOSITION, and has taken Fifteen other GRAND PRIZES during the last year.
☞ Send for Pamphlet and Circular.
PRATT & WENTWORTH,
MANUFACTURERS,
89 North Street, Boston.
☞ For sale by our Agents throughout the Country.

50 PER CENT. SAVED TO HOUSEKEEPERS and others who order their goods from our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE of Dry Goods, Fancy Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c. We send Circular free of expense to any part of the United States; send for one, and see our terms. You will save money by addressing
GEO. DRYDEN & CO.,
970-13t 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
Agents wanted in every County in the United States.

SEED WHEAT.—I HAVE FOR SALE, DIEHL SEED WHEAT, of my own raising. See RURAL of Aug. 3, 1867, and Aug. 8th, 1868, for description. I will deliver either at RR. Depot or Express Office, two bushels in a *good new bag* for $7. No smaller orders will receive attention. Either money or draft must accompany the order.
969-2t R. S. BATTLES, Girard, Erie Co., Pa.

HOT AIR FURNACES—PERPETUAL BURNING wood stoves; Smokeless soft and hard coal stoves; wood furnaces. The celebrated SOLARTYPE patents.
☞ Send for circulars to the manufacturer.
968-6t J. C. COCHRANE, Rochester, N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE. COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. } ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

H. P. WESTCOTT'S PATENT

BUTTER PAIL.
OVER FIVE THOUSAND ALREADY IN USE!
—This Pail is superior to any in market, being made of the BEST KILN-DRIED WHITE OAK matched and turned perfectly smooth inside and outside, oiled and varnished or painted, with heavy painted iron hoops, nicely fitted and perfectly secured cover, by means of our Patent Ears and Clasp, fastened with a STEEL WIRE SPRING KEY, making the most *substantial, secure and desirable* article of the kind now before the public; and meeting a want long felt by Dairymen and Butter Dealers. They are a substitute for stone ware in packing butter for private families, not being liable to breakage, and keeping the butter *sweeter*. Also very useful as SAFES FOR FLOUR, MEAL AND SUGAR. Good butter sent to market in these Pails readily brings from 2 to 5 cents more per pound, (see New York quotations,) than in ordinary packages. One size only manufactured, calculated to hold 50 pounds.
REFERENCES.—L. F. Spear & Co., 189 Reade St., New York; Longhran & Egbert, 318 Washington St., N. Y.; Corbett, Slater & Co., 165 Reade St., N. Y.; J. R. Hellrich, 92 Barclay St., N. Y.; Geo. H. Lapham, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Joseph Wright, Waterloo, N. Y.; Moore & Chesley, Buffalo, N. Y.
Parties residing near New York can order Pails through the above named firms. Address
969-5t CADY SILSBY, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

THE WILLIS STUMP MACHINE—AGAIN.
MR. WILLIS has just returned from his challenge at Dundee, Yates Co., N. Y., on the premises of D. J. SUNDERLAND, Esq., offering $100 for any two machines that would equal his in the same time; no one offered for the prize though the owners were present.
In this trial stumps were so large and so firmly imbedded that they required double teams, completely testing the immense power of the machine to the satisfaction of the purchaser and all persons present. Several machines are now complete and ready for sale. PRICE, $350. This machine will pull an acre of stumps without being moved—ten stumps an hour. Apply for machine or pamphlet, with full description, to the subscriber,
W. W. WILLIS, No. 29 Oak St., Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Since the above exhibition another machine was taken into the forest at Arnot, Pa., for clearing a position for a village, at a new coal mine, and tested on four of the largest green hemlock stumps on the premises, to the entire satisfaction of all, and was immediately purchased by the President of the Company, F. N. DRAKE, Esq. 969-2t

POTATO DIGGERS.—Wrought Iron Prongs, $15; Cast Iron Prongs, **$10.** See Page 57, our Catalogue. B. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 370, New York.

BEST SEED WHEAT IN THE WORLD!

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR OF THE

SEED WHEAT EXPERIMENTAL FARM,
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.
I will now fill orders for the following varieties of Winter Seed Wheat:

	Per peck.	Per bush.
Aucona Red, imported from Russia, 1868	$2,75	$10,00
Sandonica white, imported from Poland, 1868	2,75	10,00
Berdenska red, imported from Russia, 1868	2,75	10,00
Sakonka red, imported from Poland, 1868	2,75	10,00
Salla red, imported from Saxony, 1868	2,75	10,00
Saxony white, imported from Saxony, 1868	2,75	10,00
Bohemian red, imported from Bohemia, 1868	2,75	10,00
Bohemian white, do. do. do. 1868	2,75	10,00
French white Chaff Mediterranean	2,00	7,50
French red do. do.	2,00	7,50
German amber	2,00	7,50
Hungarian red	2,00	7,50
Italian red, acclimated one year	2,00	7,50
Do. do. do. three years	2,00	7,50
Do. white, do. do. do.	2,00	7,50
Red Chaff Mediterranean	1,50	5,00
White do. do.	1,50	5,00
Lancaster red	1,50	5,00
Rochester red	1,50	5,00
Egyptian red	1,50	5,00
Diehl's white	1,50	5,00
Week's white	1,75	6,00
Blue Stem	1,50	5,00
Bouton white	1,50	5,00
American white	1,50	5,00
California white	1,50	5,00
Six-rowed Winter Barley	1,00	3,00
Oats, Surprise	1,50	5,00
Do. Swedish	1,00	3,50
Do. New Brunswick	1,00	3,50
Do. Black Norway	1,00	3,50

I will send, post-paid, four pounds of any of the above varieties for One Dollar. One head, post-paid, 10 cents, or 20 heads of different varieties, post-paid, for One Dollar.
Send money by Money Orders or Registered Letters, or by Express, to **GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.,** and your orders will be promptly filled.
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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SONGS UNSUNG.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

O, THE singers sing on, and their songs are sweet,
And we listen their tones to hear,
For their harmonies all are as full, complete,
As the days of the dying year.
And we fancy there speaks in the strains so glad
All the thrill of a master tongue,
But the songs that are sweetest the world e'er had,
Are the beautiful songs unsung.

There's a glow in the words that the lips shape not,
And a thrill in the tones unheard,
As of tenderest memories half forgot,
Or the trill of a long lost bird;
And the hopes of our being are set in tune
With the songs on the winds outflung,
But they fade like the glow of a day in June,
And are lost in the songs unsung.

There is never a wish or a prayer breathed out
By the sorrowful ones of earth,
But is wreathed in a circlet of rhythm about,
And in melody finds its birth!
There is never a deed that is grand or true,
Or a word for the Right outrung,
But is added, up yonder beyond the Blue,
To the beautiful songs unsung!

O, the air is all flooded with songs unsung
That are borne on the wind's soft wing!
From the boughs in the wood they have quivering hung
Since the life-giving breath of Spring!
In the heart of the flowers they sweetly wait
Till the Angel of Song goes by,
And the Angel will tenderly them translate
As the flowers shall fade and die!

May the singers sing on, for their songs are sweet,
And the world it is glad to hear:
And our hearts will respond with a quicker beat,
And an echo of gay good cheer!
But the strains that can move as with most control,
That have closest our being clung,
That are part of the life of our inmost soul,
Are the beautiful songs unsung!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY HELEN L. S.

"A LETTER for you, JESSIE."

My husband's voice awoke me from the dream-like reverie in which I had been for an hour indulging, and I started up suddenly, exclaiming,—

"Why, HARRY, home so soon? I did not expect you for an hour yet."

"I hardly hoped to come now, but the business at camp was arranged sooner than I supposed it could be, and every moment at home with you seems precious."

There was a sadness in his voice which I had seldom heard before, and I said, hurriedly,

"What is it, HARRY, tell me?—is there any—why did you speak so?"

"The regiment moves to-morrow, JESSIE."

"Oh, HARRY! so soon as that?" I exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"Capt. WILLARD's little wife must be a brave woman now, in the hour of trial. You knew we were to go soon."

"Yes, but I supposed not for a week yet. Oh, HARRY! I can't have it so."

"But it is just so. To-morrow we are ordered to the field. But come, JESSIE, don't cry any more. Get your hat and let's go down to the river once more, and—and to the graveyard."

Mechanically I followed my husband down the graveled walk that wound so curiously by beds of roses and tulips, thinking of the time, three years before, when HARRY first brought me, his "child-wife," to this dear little home-nest. That was a joyous day to me; but now the feeling of desolation that came over me was terrible. Without a word we stood by the river, watching its clear waters as they rushed on—on—not stopping to rest for a moment. Oh, how they mocked my sorrow! and I strove to shut out the sound of their noisy dashing.

A moment more, and we stood with bowed heads and tearful eyes by the grave of EDITH, our only child. How my mother-heart cried out to hold my baby treasure again to my breast, to soothe the anguish there. But no, GOD had called, and my angel had flown to the skies.

"JESSIE, darling," said HARRY, as he twined a tiny wreath around the little monument, "one thing I wish to say to you. If ever there is *another* grave away down South don't *mourn* because of it as you have for this. GOD's ways are right and just, and the re-union above is *worth* the anguish of parting here."

"Oh, HARRY, I will try. GOD help me."

The next morning I stood a little apart from the weeping crowd that had gathered to see the "boys in blue" depart, praying very earnestly for strength to be strong. How noble he looked to me,—my young husband,—standing in the midst of his men, with a kind word for one and a pressure of the hand for another, seeming fully to realize the preciousness of the charge committed to his keeping, even the idols of loving hearts. How I clung to the arm that was for a moment thrown protectingly around me. Very tender were the few whispered words of parting.

"Good-by, JESSIE, dear little wife. Try to be very brave."

That was all. Another moment and they were gone, some of them never to return.

The next day, on entering the parlor, my eye fell on the still unopened letter which HARRY had brought me. "How strange of me to forget it," I thought, as I opened the envelope. It was from mother, and read thus:

"JESSIE, MY DEAR GIRL:—Your cousin, LENA SPENCER, is here, and wishes to go to you. She has just lost her only brother in the army, and is nearly frantic with grief. Be very tender of her. She will start from here Wednesday the 25th, and will reach your place at six o'clock. All are well.

"MOTHER."

Poor LENA! Fatherless, motherless and brotherless,—yes, I *will* be very tender of her, I said to myself. And I wept at the thought of my noble cousin, FRANK,—so "handsome, brave and grand" I always thought him,—lying so far from us "away down South."

That night she came. I could hardly recognize in that pale-faced, sad looking girl my queenly cousin LENA. Her clear, ringing voice was low and sad, and the tears stood in her eyes continually, ready to overflow at the mere mention of *his* name. She wept piteously when I spoke of FRANK, but finally told me how bravely he had enlisted, and left all for his country; had been twice wounded, but refused to leave his post; and finally in the last great battle had been sent with a detachment of men to recover a battery which had been lost, was repulsed, and fell while his men were retreating,—and that his body had been found by his comrades and buried in the night.

"I hoped it was all a delusion," she said to me that night, as I sat by her bedside holding her hand. "I thought it *could not* be so; but now I am convinced that it is all true. Oh, JESSIE, pity me, for this has left me very desolate."

I did all in my power to soothe the stricken girl, tried to speak cheerfully of things which were happening around us; but she seemed to forget everything but her one great sorrow.

Days and weeks glided by; autumn came with all its golden beauty; and still LENA SPENCER grew paler and thinner every day. Night after night she would sob herself to sleep in my arms, and during her troubled dreams would call piteously for FRANK to come to her. At length winter came to us, cold and cheerless,—dreary as were all things around us. We forgot everything about us; only our dear ones away in the Southern land we remembered,—one, living as yet, thank GOD!—the other sleeping on the battle-field.

One morning in midwinter I persuaded LENA to go on an errand down town for me, merely to get her out to breathe the fresh, bracing air, for I feared before spring came she would go to meet the dear one whose absence she so continually mourned. So, wrapping her well in warm furs, I kissed her gaily, and told her not to return until she could bring some roses back in her cheeks. Almost for the first time she smiled at my mirthfulness, and then went quietly out, while I, with a whispered prayer for her, returned to my sewing.

In a few moments KATE, my kitchen girl, put her head in at the door, saying:

"Sure, Mrs. WILLARD, and there's a man wants to see you,—a soger boy, wid a crutch. He's awful pretty, though, wid just the blackest eyes! Don't yer wish 'twas the Capt'n widout the crutch?"

"Ask him to come in, KATIE."

In another moment a tall, manly form came through the door, and a voice that I knew so well said, in a low tone:

"Thank GOD, cousin JESSIE, that I see *you* once more. Where is my sister?"

It was the long lost FRANK, whose grave had been in our hearts all these long, weary months.

"Have you risen from the dead?" was all I could say.

"No, only risen from a rebel prison."

I led him to the parlor sofa, and in a few hurried words he told me how he was found by a rebel ambulance driver, and carried by him to the hospital, from thence to prison. A few days before he had been exchanged, and went on the first train to his home in C——. Not finding LENA there he had learned of her whereabouts and came in quest of her.

"She will be here soon," I said, "and this will be too much for her. We must deal very carefully with her, for she cannot stand too great a surprise."

He wept when I told him how pale and thin she had grown, mourning for him. A moment more and I heard her slow, weary footfall along the hall; and closing the door securely I passed out as though nothing unusual had occurred.

"Dear JESSIE," she said, "this walk has done me so much good, I must go every day."

She was standing in her own room, removing her gloves as I entered. She did not look up, but said:

"I have letters from Capt. WILLARD, and a number of others, I believe. Here they are. But, JESSIE, why do you tremble so? Is anything the matter?"

"I am afraid you cannot bear it if I tell you."

"What is it? I can bear anything *now*."

"LENA, FRANK is *not* dead, as we supposed, but has been a prisoner, and has come back to us again."

"I thought you spoke of FRANK," she said, absently, putting her hand to her head and looking very pale; "did you say FRANK?—what about him, JESSIE?"

"Down stairs," was all I could say. In a moment the faint foreshadowings of the truth burst upon her; she sprang down the stairs; and fell half fainting upon his bosom.

Dear reader, far away on a Southern battle-field is a lowly grave, and at its head a wooden slab, on which is inscribed:—"Capt. HARRY WILLARD, 8th Reg't, ——, fell at ——." And although I mourn for that lost love, I thankfully remember that "Weeping may endure for a moment, but joy cometh in the morning."

Wheaton, Ill., 1868.

COULDN'T AFFORD TO MARRY.

A STORY FOR MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG WOMEN.

IT was noticed among the friends of Mr. George Lane that, for some cause unknown to them, a sober hue had recently fallen on his thoughts.

The reason was inferred, and correctly. Arrows from a pair of bright eyes had wounded him, and the pain found no abatement night or day. Was the maiden coy or unkind? No—the maiden was familiar and tender. There was healing in the eyes that shot forth arrows.

And the pain found no abatement night nor day? None! George Lane was no blind lover, ready to risk all consequences in pursuit of any object—but a sensible young man who counted the cost. This was the reason of his trouble. Love is sweet, but life is a thing of sober earnest; and as George put the love and life together, taking things as they were, he could not see how love was to leave any permanent sweetness.

An intimate friend, holding him by the hand one day, said:

"George, my dear fellow, what has come over you? I don't believe you have smiled for a month. Are you in love?"

"Yes," was the frank reply.

"Aha! a sickness of the mind. Well, I am glad to know that it is nothing more serious. Love wounds to heal. If, as the poet says,

'Keen transport throbs through every vein,'

it is also true that we never knew

'so sweet a pain.'"

"There is no sweetness in my case," said the young man. "The pain is very sharp, and there was no soothing medicine on the arrow point."

"Then the maiden is unkind?"

"No."

"She loves you in return?"

"If I have any skill in reading eyes."

"What then? Are her parents unwilling?"

"I have never asked them."

"You are a strange lover to look so woe-begone. Where rests the trouble?"

"There is much beyond love," said Lane.

"Yes."

"Marriage and cost of living."

"True, but you have a good salary. Has the young lady nothing?"

"She has a father who is doing an excellent business; but the family live at an expense which must cover, if not more than exhaust, all the profits."

"Who is the young lady? I will not betray your confidence."

"The youngest daughter of Abraham West."

"Hardware merchant?"

"The same."

"I know her, and a sweet girl is Nellie West. Why, George, she's the very one for you. And you have found favor in her eyes? I congratulate you."

"You needn't then," was the somber-faced reply of Lane, "for I am not witless enough to bare my neck to the halter of matrimony, if the act is to bind me to a perpetual serfdom."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply, that the manner in which Mr. West has raised his daughters unfits them for the position of wives of young men in my condition. They have the education, the tastes, and the accomplishments we desire and must have; but their habits and expectations are fatal dowries for any poor young man to accept. They have no fortune to bring their husbands, and yet must be supported in comparative elegance. The idea of useful employment does not seem to have entered their minds. Work, in their view, involves something of degradation. Ah, well! I must dismiss a fond illusion, that was sweet while it lasted. I shall go no further in this unsafe direction. Some other man, bolder, or less inclined to count the cost, must win consent from a heart it would be a life-long happiness to call my own."

"Nonsense, George," replied his friend. "If the young lady really loves you, she will adapt herself to your circumstances. Nellie is a charming girl. Press your suit, and after gaining her consent, talk over life's sober realities with her. She has sense and right feeling, and will readily comprehend how much of happiness is involved in your prudential ideas. A woman who loves a man well enough to marry him, will cheerfully accommodate herself to his circumstances."

"Accommodate!" exclaimed the young man, curling his lips. "I don't like the word. It hurts my pride."

"Pride is never a good counselor, friend George."

"My manhood, then. It hurts my manhood. A young woman without a dollar in the world, 'accommodate' herself to the circumstances of a young man whose income is twelve hundred a year! You can't reconcile me to the case under that plea. My pride, manliness, self-love, or self-esteem—as you will—revolts against the humiliation. No, no—George Lane has independence as well as prudence, and thinks their counsels worth heeding."

"While I think," answered the friend, "that George Lane is a little too high-strung for the case under consideration, I know Nellie very well, and think her a sensible girl. True, the way her parents have conducted her home education is not favorable to just views in life. But love is clear-sighted and strong-hearted. Take her out of her present false relation to society, and she will make you, I am sure, a good wife in every respect."

"No, sir," was firmly answered. "Even as I talk with you, and listen to what you say, I grow more resolute in purpose to recede from a dangerous position. If Nellie was alone in the world, I might act differently. But look at the case as it stands and see what risks are involved. There are two older sisters, both married; and their husband's noses, to use a homely phrase, are well down upon the grindstone and likely to remain there. Already both have gone through the ordeal of a fall in business—and no wonder."

"Not being able as clerks to maintain their domestic establishments, they were foolish enough to set up in imitation of other people as silly as themselves; they must have stores of their own, from the income of which they drew with such unscrupulous hands that more than all the profits were consumed in costly living."

"Somehow or other, in their break-down they have managed to keep their fine furniture and houses, and still live before the world in what to me is shameless extravagance. Both are clerks again; but how they manage to keep up appearances as they do passes my comprehension. I have met their wives a few times at Mr. West's, and they hold their heads as high as queens. I am nobody in their estimation! Why, the jewelry, lace and other showy things they flaunt in people's eyes so shamelessly—seeing that somebody besides their husbands have paid for them—cost more than a third of my year's salary——"

"But you have nothing to do with these ladies," interrupted his friend.

"True, and I don't mean to have anything to do with them. But the case would have another bearing were I a brother-in-law. I would have their bad influences operating on my wife. She must have as costly outfitting as they. She must have as fine a house to live in, and as fine furniture to display to her friends; and my nose must come down to a grindstone, like the noses of their unfortunate husbands. I've gone over the matter twenty times or more, and can see it no different. It won't do, and there is no use in trying to harmonize things that are utterly incongruous.

"Take another view. Suppose Nellie came into my views of these things, and turned herself away from these allurements. Suppose we, like sensible people, live below our income, and set ourselves to make provision for a time when expenses would be greater. I would gradually accumulate; set up business, perhaps, and rise into a position of some influence in the way of money matters. Then I must consent to be ruined, or written down as a miser or a churl by the whole family. Papa lives on the extension principle, just making both ends meet, as I infer. Well, tight times come every now and then. He has failed once in life and may fail again. When the strain equals the resistance, a slight increase of force snaps shafts of timber. If papa gets in trouble and son-in-law is all right, son-in-law must go to the rescue, sink or swim. It won't answer, you see. I've counted the cost, and think it too great, have looked over the hedge before leaping, and am afraid of the ditch on the other side."

"I see how it is," answered the friend, "you have large caution."

"Am I not right?"

"Perhaps so. But lovers, whose hearts are as much interested as yours seems to be, are not apt to throw prudential reasons of this character in the way of their happiness. They are usually inclined to take counsel of love alone."

"I have seen pictures of love blindfolded, but I think love a false god."

"As you will," said the friend. "But this I know; if my heart was interested in Nellie, I would never abandon her on the plea that you have advanced; at least not before I was well assured that the false life, which, by a kind of domestic necessity, she has thus far led, had so far fostered pride and vanity as to deprave her understanding. Be assured, my dear George, that in this you sin not against your own heart, but the maiden's."

"I spent an evening with her last week," he replied. "I went with my mind more than half made up to let my lips betray my feelings. It so happened that she was not alone. A young lady was her guest; a very sprightly, outspoken, critical, rather sharp-tongued girl of eighteen or twenty—smart enough for twenty, and thoughtless enough for sixteen. People and things were talked about with a flippancy and freedom neither charitable nor delicate. Among other subjects, the marriage of a friend came under discussion, and the well or ill chances of the case were settled in a manner that made my cheek burn.

"'I never thought Amy the simpleton to get married in that mean sort of way,' remarked the young lady. 'She must have wanted a husband! If a man cannot do better by me than that, I'd advise him to give my door a wide berth.'

"Nellie laughed at her friend, and returned a few assenting remarks that stung me to the quick. The present of a ring by the young husband was remarked upon. Nellie said it was an emerald, but her friend pronounced it green glass, adding that nothing but a diamond would have suited her ideas. I waited in uncomfortable suspense for Nellie's response. It came in these words:—'Nothing but diamonds for me!'"

"Thoughtlessly said, George," remarked his friend. "You take too seriously the light speeches of girls, who often talk without thinking."

"If it was jesting," answered Lane, "the subject was unfortunate at the time. But this was not all. My ears were quick; and I took in every inflection of voice. Nellie said many other things connected with the subject of their young friend's marriage to a poor young man who could not afford her a respectable place in society, that it would be folly for me to forget. When I left her house that evening, I drew a veil over her image in my heart, and I have tried not to lift that veil since. The pain it is costing me I have not been entirely able to conceal, as witness your observation of a change in my appearance. But I am strong enough to do what reason tells me is right. No word or intimation of what was in my heart have I passed to the young lady, so that I can turn from her without dishonor. Heaven send her a happy lot in life."

The voice of George Lane faltered a little on the closing sentence. He was fully in earnest, as shown by his subsequent conduct. More deeply than he had imagined was the heart of Nellie interested, as her pale face, dreamy eyes, and quiet manner long afterwards witnessed. But he did not return. Two years afterward she married, beginning life with a young husband just in business, who drew from his light capital two thousand dollars to furnish his house in style suited to the social grade in which she had been moving. In three years, extravagant living had consumed more than all he was worth, and under the pressure of a "tight money market" he failed and was sold out by the sheriff, Nellie being forced to go back with her two children to her father's house. The husband, in a fit of desperation, went off to California, and died from sickness and exposure among the mines.

In the meantime, George Lane, who could never obliterate Nellie's image from his heart, continued to live a single life. He was now in business, and gradually accumulated property. The death of her husband, and in a few months afterward the death of her father, awakened anew his interest. He knew she was poor and dependent; and he learned incidentally, with pain, that since her father's death she was living at the house of a brother-in-law, who was not able to support his family. That one still dear to him should be thus dependent, and, as he felt, humiliated, hurt the young man. He could not bear the thought, and began turning over in his mind one suggestion after another, looking to her relief. But her considerations of delicacy and propriety were in the way. He felt he could do nothing.

One morning he met her in the street. He was walking with his eyes on the pavement, thinking of Nellie, when, looking up suddenly, he saw her at a distance approaching. She was poorly clad, and had a bundle on her arm, which Lane recognized at a glance as work from a clothing store.

Their eyes met and rested on each other. Lane made a motion as if about to speak; Nellie dropped her veil over her face and moved on with a quicker pace. Ere the veil fell he saw an expression in her eyes, and on her changed and wasted countenance, that filled his heart with the tenderest and saddest feelings. What a history of suffering was revealed!

The rest need not be told. If Nellie lost her lover when the skies were bright, she found him when the rain was falling into the dark days of her life, and when painful experience had made her vision clear.

On the lover's conduct in turning from Nellie in her sunny days we give no opinion. We only record the fact, and give the reason. Inferences and opinions are with the reader—and the lesson also.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 45 letters.
My 14, 27, 7, 8, 20, 14, 34, 3 is a county in Maine.
My 1, 11, 4, 24, 43, 35, 14, 42, 28 is a county in Vermont.
My 44, 39, 25, 33, 14, 10, 26 is a county in Vermont.
My 37, 2, 16, 5, 18, 5, 17, 3, 27, 5 is a city in Vermont.
My 18, 12, 33, 2 is a county in New York.
My 40, 41, 37, 23, 5, 31 is a county in New York.
My 14, 19, 32, 2, 29 is a county in New Jersey.
My 28, 5, 35, 10, 5 is a county in New Jersey.
My 9, 28, 21, 3, 10, 5 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 37, 20, 45, 30, 5 is a county in Georgia.
My 43, 26, 12 is a county in Tennessee.
My 12, 6, 22 is a county in Missouri.
My whole is one of Dr. Franklin's Maxims.

Timber Run, Ohio. MONROE SMITH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

EWNH soeth ew vloe rea rfa omfr su,
Fo lal eht ddtsaes fo rno hosgith
Seerth' ccreas a drdesa oen hnat ihst:
Tha hated yma oemc ewneeth rno taresh,
Dan lichl het plsi ew glon ot kssi.

Nelson, N. H. CLARA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

ON four feet I stand, though with but two
I wade the marsh as daylight dies,
And travelers through the lonesome wood
Are startled by my strange, wild cries.
Change my first foot, and in the blue
Of the sky above, I smile on you. DENIO.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 968.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—It is more blessed to give than to receive.

Answer to Anagram:

Dancing like leaflets with tremulous quiver,
Glancing like sunbeams crossing the river,
Full of the music of fountain and breeze,
Full of the fragrance of gardens and leas;
Thus the bright vision of fortune entrancing,
Beckons our youth to the land of romancing.

Answer to Problem:—Three cats.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE CROPS AND WEATHER, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

LATE English journals remark at great length on the severity of the drouth in Great Britain and portions of the Continent, and its influence on the farm productions of those countries. The dry term commenced in England on the 30th of May, and has prevailed without any effective amelioration for a period of more than two months. As a consequence, pasturage is dried up to a great extent, the growth of grass in the meadows stinted, root crops are cut short fully one-half, while the wheat harvest was precipitated fully two weeks as compared with ordinary years. Among the results adverse already produced is the premature transfer of cattle and sheep from the farms where they were being fattened to the shambles in a lean state, involving a serious loss to the owners, whose principal profits result from feeding after the animals have attained a suitable age for being slaughtered. The amount of stock which farms ordinarily carry must necessarily be diminished. A partial set-off to this gloomy state of affairs is the early harvest and the generally fine condition in which the grain has been secured. As to the character and commercial value of the wheat, barley, oats and hay crops, the London papers present somewhat variant views.

The Mark Lane Express takes rather a gloomy view of the matter—conceding about an average crop of wheat on the best soils, but one much below this on the lighter ones—making an uncomfortable diminution on the aggregate yield. As a result it predicts a higher ruling rate during the present than the past season. Advices from France to the same paper say that "the French wheat crop is very variable. In the southern, and some of the central and western departments, they do not calculate on more than two-thirds of an average, while on the well-cultivated lands of the north they have a full one. But it will be still necessary to import a considerable amount to meet the French consumption."

Taking a somewhat different view, the London Daily News says:—"Mark Lane is always very ready to sympathize with the gloomy anticipations of the farmers, though now and then it gets a sudden panic when it finds the prospects to be better than it had speculated upon. But there is something better to judge by now than speculations. The corn is everywhere being carried three weeks earlier than usual from the fields, and though farmers are too busy, with all their crops ripened at once, to send much corn to market, the new wheat has made its appearance there and has produced another panic. It is spoken of as magnificently ripened, as remarkably heavy—62 to 66 lbs. to the bushel—hard, dry, and with but little bran, everything that the miller, the baker and the housewife can desire. Nor can there be any reason to believe that any great deficiency in quantity accompanies this unusual quality." A fall in price in one week of from four to six shillings per quarter is cited in justification of this hopeful view.

If the anticipated deficit here predicted is sustained by the results of the harvest, it is safe to assume that the United States will be called upon to make a portion of it good. But the most singular result of the drouth in England is the draft it is already making on this country for hay. The New York Tribune of the 11th states that five steamers had departed for England, within a week, laden with hay, an article rarely sent abroad from this country, except occasionally to the Islands. It is added that the steamers for a fortnight ahead are engaged for all they can carry out, and it is assumed that large fleets of sailing vessels will follow, freighted with the same commodity. Should this demand continue for any considerable time it can hardly fail to appreciate the price of hay here, and in the Dominions of Ontario and Quebec also. Advices from England also state that hay brought from fifty to sixty dollars per ton in the interior towards the last of July. The potato crop is seriously injured, and the root crop is reduced two-thirds. Oats, barley and beans are below an average. This condition of things will have some effect on the prices of our own products. Although the adverse effects of a drouth are generally over estimated while it is prevailing, yet it cannot be doubted that the fodder crops of the British Islands are very much reduced below the average, and this is a more serious matter than a lack of wheat.

When we survey the facts which will determine the value of farm produce in our own country, we cannot perceive a prospect of much if any depression from the prices of the past year. Grant that we have gathered a larger harvest of wheat this year than ever before (which is by no means certain,) and we have as an off-set, first, that we need a great many millions of bushels more in the aggregate to give the same amount per head as formerly to our increased population; second, there is little surplus in the country, and the new stock must be broached at once; and, third, a larger proportion than usual will be of inferior quality, owing to the shrinkage caused by premature ripening. In view of these facts we can see no reason for much if any depression of prices for first-class wheat. The market for the current crop of barley and oats opens with fair prices. The maltsters are anxious to secure an early supply, as their present stock is short, and are disposed to pay liberally. Oats and corn, as well as hay, will be favorably affected by a foreign demand for fodder.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

PROFESSOR GAMGEE'S REPORT.

PROF. GAMGEE has investigated the Texas cattle disease now causing so much trouble and loss, and made a report, of which we give a summary. Of the symptoms manifested by the diseased animals, Prof. G. says:—"The general aspect of the sick ox or cow is peculiar. With drooping head, arched back, hollow flanks, dull looking or staring coat, there is an appearance of great dejection. The pulse is frequent, sometimes full, and at others thready; during the latter stages of the disease it is so frequent and small as not to be easily taken at the jaw. The secretions are checked with the exceptions of some glary mucous from the nose; and very high colored urine, which is often retained in great abundance and for some length of time in the over-distended bladder. The secretion of milk is suspended in cows from the earliest stages. There is costiveness, but this is readily overcome by medicine, and even by special diet. The breathing is usually frequent and sometimes panting. The temperature of the body rises to 107 degrees, 108 degrees and 109 degrees Fahrenheit, and nothing is more remarkable than the early and very marked elevation of animal heat. Of all the symptoms none are more remarkable than the trembling and twitchings of muscles and the unsteady gait of the affected animals. In the advanced stages of the disease, when the ox or cow lies down, there is difficulty in rising from partial paralysis of the hind quarters; and the first indication of this interference with the functions of the hind limbs is their being drawn slightly under the belly, and the fetlock joints slightly bent as in other acute diseases of cattle. But the partial paralysis sometimes involves the fore-legs, and we have noticed what physiologists would call defective co-ordination of movement from implication of the lesser brain in the disease. We have been told of some patients manifesting signs of delirium. The animals die usually in from three days to a week. There may be exceptions to this rule, as we have heard of animals which appeared well on the one day and died on the next; but such cases are rare, and the early symptoms of the disease had been probably overlooked."

The pathological appearances after death show no disease of the lungs, but the heart and its covering indicate decided blood changes. The action of an irritant poison is apparent in the signs presented by the stomach and intestines. The spleen is twice its natural size and otherwise changed from a healthy appearance. The kidneys sometimes contain in their cavities bloody urine, and the bladder is distended with the same bloody fluid. The malady follows the track of the Texan cattle, yet they are not subject to it; nor is the disease communicated from one animal to another by proximity and actual contact.

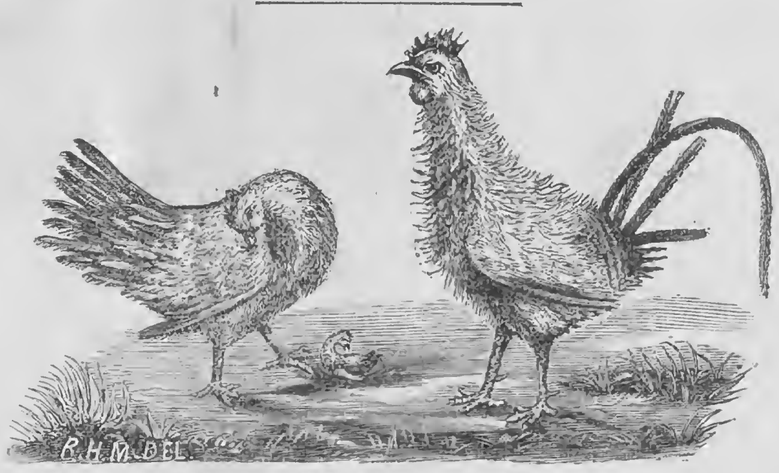
The Professor's theory of the origin of the disease is, that "about spring time and early summer, in all probability, the Texan cattle eat, as our own do in some parts of Scotland, the young, succulent shoots of peculiar trees, highly charged with astringent principles. On unbroken ground, highly charged with moisture, and adjoining wood lands, there are, as the hot weather sets in, many things sprouting, which animals will not touch later in the season; and in the motts of Texas there is the live oak which grows in the Gulf States, where indeed cattle are reared which have been known in times past to disseminate this disorder, for the cattle of Florida are as dangerous north of a certain line, as the steers of Texas. From this peculiar feed, therefore, the animals get their systems impregnated with materials which do not destroy the stock accustomed to a special living in a given latitude, but which being thrown off in the urine and the excrement, induce the "black water," or peculiar form of "enzootic hæmaturia," which is now killing the cattle of this and adjoining States."

As a means for arresting the epidemic he suggests that Texan cattle be kept for a time on the frontier and through the action of special food and medicines the excreta which they deposit be disinfected. He does not deem the flesh or milk of the Texan cattle affected by the malady or in any degree rendered unwholesome for human use.

ACTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE COMMISSION.

The New York State Commissioners appointed in pursuance of Chapter 740, Laws of 1866, with reference to the Rinderpest or cattle disease, which then threatened to invade this and the adjoining States, met at Albany on a summons from the Governor, on the 17th inst., and proceeded to adopt sanitary measures with reference to diseased stock whether stationary or in transit. The Commission is composed of M. M. PATRICK, J. STANTON GOULD and LEWIS F. ALLEN. The measures agreed upon comprise the stoppage of all vehicles, on which stock is transported, at the most convenient points, without the State, or immediately after entering it, for the purpose of inspection. If diseased cattle are found or have been on such vehicles, the animals are to be removed and a thorough process of disinfection performed, diseased stock separated from the healthy, and, if past cure, to be killed and tried up or deeply buried. The Assistant Commissioners are to traverse the State in pursuance of the purpose of their appointment and act wherever the development of the cattle disease shall render their presence necessary. The powers of the Assistant Commissioners are ample for the purpose of inspecting stock and stockyards anywhere in the State; to cause the destruction of stock after due proof of disease, and a reasonable certainty that a cure is impracticable. Also, to cause all infected places to be thoroughly purified as well as the garments of persons having the charge of such infected stock. The disinfectants, mainly relied upon, are carbolic acid, the various preparations of chlorine, and the sulphates. Dr. JOHN SWINBURNE, Health Officer of the Port of New York, has been intrusted with a general sanitary supervision of the State, and will traverse it in pursuance of his appointment.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. IV.



THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S POULTRY.

GRASS CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER TWO.

THE writer has generally been successful in seeding corn land to grass and clover by sowing seed in June or July, immediately after the last working of the crop. The soil is fresh and loose from the use of the harrow, plow or horse hoe, and the small seeds need no covering—the first rain moving earth enough to cover them. The shade of large corn protects the young grass or clover from the heat of a summer sun. Last year, however, a severe drouth in autumn killed some forty or fifty acres of grass put in as described, and I shall this year delay seeding till fall, plow and harrow after the corn is harvested and before sowing grass seed. We are so much in the habit of raising corn in this section that it is hard to leave off before a field is badly washed and worn, and made too poor to grow timothy or meadow foxtail (*Alopecurus pratensis*) to any profit.

The mistake of having too large a part of one's farm in tillage is by no means limited to the Southern and Southwestern States. The Western, Middle and Northern furnish many instances of this error. In place of depleting a new farm by raising corn and other grain for years before seeding, it is better to start with grass and clover, and give them the full strength of the virgin soil. You can make a much better sod in this way, and, in the long run, obtain a better return on the investment. Cultivated in corn nearly all the farming lands south and west of Baltimore wash badly; and as they are generally cheap, it is best to put them in grass when the timber is first removed. In a few years the roots of trees will be partly rotten and break easily, (comparatively speaking,) while the turf will at once check washing and fertilize the ground for corn or wheat, in after tillage.

Grass may be converted into farm stock, or sold as hay, and in either bring more money than the land will produce in grain, and with far less labor. The South has thus far found no substitute for slave labor; and the owners of the soil must raise plants, like the perennial grasses, that will yield them a living with very little human toil. Five hundred acres in grass will demand no more work than fifty acres in cotton, and will give a surer return in horses, mules, wool, butter, cheese or beef. Any land that will produce corn or oats will pay quite as well set in grass anywhere in the South. Let this fact be generally known, and many a ruined and discouraged planter will begin to have some hope in the future, and try to make a green, fruitful and happy home where now all is gloom, poverty and desolation. The European perennial grasses are perhaps the only remedies which can cure the deep wound inflicted on Southern interests by the extinction of the "peculiar institution." In their progress westward, European ideas have destroyed slavery in the Southern States. With a plenty of grass and little planting, Europe has small use for slaves, black or white. Cover the Planting States with the same grass, and negro labor will not be worth ten cents a day, for there will be white people enough to do all the work of reseeding, fencing and taking care of stock.

A sure income from land, and that steadily improving in all the elements of human food, is what we need. The natural forces that form a good, firm sod where none existed before, are adequate to give us richer land than we now have, and a satisfactory income. In one sense a growing turf may be said to create manure; for it fixes in the soil elements of fertility that would otherwise flow in water down to the sea, or float off in gas into the deeper ocean, the atmosphere. We greatly need some power that will not *denude* our fields, but *accumulate* in them, for our benefit, the precise things which, when organized, make our daily bread. Of all known plants, the European grasses do this most efficiently for the taste, habits and convenience of the white race. In a word, if this race is to live in the sunny South, and not abandon the country to the African race, it must cultivate the white man's grasses, and profit by their peculiar and indispensable advantages.

This is no new doctrine with the writer. He taught it for years before slavery was abolished, both in the University, and out of it through the Southern press. Truth cannot change; and if "all flesh is grass," why not inquire carefully into the best ways and means of covering several hundred million acres of our now unproductive lands with the most profitable herbage?

There is a great deal of land in the United States that has been more or less impoverished, which is not likely to recover what it has lost by manure applied directly to the soil. Restitution must be made indirectly or not at all. My way is to take the water that comes from limestone springs at the base of Bay's Mountain and with it irrigate a pasture and meadow, and make at least two blades of grass grow where one grew before. This is a small matter, but it illustrates a principle of wide application. It converts into milk, wool, the flesh of horses, mules, cattle, hogs, and man himself, elements in running water that would otherwise fall into the ocean. This practice is as available in New York, New England and Illinois as on the French Broad River in Tennessee. It makes not only grass but rich manure where none existed before. Is not this one way to recuperate a worn-out farm?

Knox Co., Tenn. D. LEE.

DEEP OR SHALLOW?

THE subject of plowing is still under discussion in some of our exchanges—the majority siding with the deep furrow, an occasional one with the shallow. There is, however, a pretty general acquiescence in the assumption that, with underdrainage, deep plowing is beneficial. Now the fact is that a deep stirring of the soil is a species of underdraining as it affords the surplus water a chance to recede further from the surface and the roots of the plants than shallow plowing would do. But, where the subsoil is of a tenacious character, arresting the water in its downward course, underdraining and deep plowing should go together. The immediate results may not meet expectation, but a second crop will furnish proof of improvement, and succeeding ones much more striking attestations of the wisdom which combined under drainage and deep tillage. Ample stores of vegetable life are hid away in the earth, but to awaken them to energetic and prolonged action, the scratching process must give place to a more profound and invigorating one.

By way of corroboration of this, if any is needed, we quote a remark recently made by A. S. FULLER, at a meeting of the New York Farmers' Club. He said:—"I will report a little experiment I have made since we have discussed the depth to which the ground should be stirred. I have broken up a gravelly hill of moderate fertility, and put corn on it. I told my men to take a narrow belt and spade it twenty inches or two feet deep. They did so, but put on no more manure than on the rest. Now what is the difference? You can see that belt for half a mile; the corn is twice as big."

DOWN IN THE JERSEYS.

THE wise men who concentrate the rays of agricultural knowledge at the Farmers' Club, and those who radiate them through the pages of the ponderous weekly press, took it into their heads to lay down a general rule in regard to deep or shallow plowing. Some of them went so far in their benevolent hearts as to invent a plow which would revolutionize the agriculture of the world by enabling the farmers to stir the earth to fabulous depths. Even that excellent farmer, "philosopher and friend," GREELEY, grew enthusiastic over it, and proclaimed that with this plow a man could double his acres, without increasing the area of his farm, simply by reaching down into his subsoil. Some Friends down in Southwestern Jersey, who thought they knew something about farming by practical operation, took issue with the wisdom of the Club, and insisted that a state of facts might exist whereby a system of deep tillage would be both unremunerative and improper. The controversy ended by the Friends asking the Club to send down a committee and they would take them about that section of the country, and submit to their judgment. I think the shrewd Friends wanted to do a quiet little bragging without seeming to exalt the horn of their worldly mindedness.

Dr. TRIMBLE and Dr. SMITH were made the skeletons of a committee, with power to fill it up to comely proportions, and go down to see the country and make a report. At the last moment Mr. TODD, the Ag'l Reporter of the Times, was prevented from going by sickness in his family, and to oblige him I was substituted, and that is how I came to be in the Jerseys.

We passed through the State to Philadelphia, and thence on the east side of the Delaware River down to Salem, in Salem Co., and in the S. W. angle of the State. The country along the route between the two cities is little else than a suburb, either to the one or the other, and a succession of villages, large towns and villas, and generally highly cultivated farms. The general characteristics of the soil—a sandy loam—make it very desirable for gardening purposes, and hence Jersey may be considered a sort of truck patch and fruit garden for the supply of the population on each side and in its territory.

With such advantages for profitable culture, it is marvelous that there is yet so large a breadth of land in a wild state; and that people should be constantly wandering off to the Rocky Mountains when cheap lands can be bought so near a never-failing market. There are some ridges of fair timber, but generally the lands, though sandy, are more or less marshy, but excellent for cranberries, and covered with a dense growth of scrub oak and pine. It usually costs about $15 per acre over the value of the timber to get the land into condition for the first crop, if of grain or grass, less when planted to small fruits, if the timber or scrub be cut when in full foliage.

We were met at the depot by some Friends who bestowed us among the families of the burgh. I fell to the share of Mr. J. INGHAM, and have to thank him and his excellent family for the most courteous attentions while under their roof.

The next day we were taken into carriages and driven over the surrounding country, and to several farms where shallow plowing had been practiced for many years. They call from four to six inches shallow—their average is about four. Though the season was both backward and dry they had made good harvests, and I was much astonished to see the evidences, in large and numerous stacks and a heavy stubble, of crops of wheat, oats and rye that would have done no discredit to the wheat lands of Western New York. The clover would compare favorably with the best I have seen in that favored region. The soil is a loamy alluvion resting on an ocean drift; the surface slightly undulating, and requiring draining only in the bottoms bordering streams.

On the bottoms where the tide overflows are some fine red-top or herds-grass meadows, which are protected by embankments. These meadows are a great source of profit to the owners, as more than one-half of all the red-top seed raised in the Union is grown here. Those who have these meadows generally keep cattle.

The course of farming now usually adopted, after more than one hundred years' experience, is wheat, clover, corn, oats, rye or wheat, followed by clover again. The first crop of clover is cut for hay, followed by a crop for seed, then pastured by sheep. Sheep are usually bought in October, the ewes then stinted to the ram, and kept in good condition; lambs sold as soon as the butcher will take them, and the ewes follow as soon as fed up to marketable condition. This is their favorite course, and on this they increase the fertility of their soil and grow rich. I saw a portable steam engine driving a threshing machine at a group of stacks, and understood that it is generally used.

My impression is that I have seen no portion of the country where a system of farming, based upon clover, can be so profitably studied as in Salem Co., and around Salem City. It has been longer and more persistently practiced than in the winter wheat region of Western New York, and presents much the same results—highly cultivated farms, elegant buildings, and a refined and intelligent society. In such a soil as theirs deep plowing is not desirable, because they get the immediate advantages of their clover sod, and the soil does not require the ameliorating influences of deeper culture.

I will leave my visit to the dairy region around Philadelphia, in Delaware Co., for another paper.

August, 1868. T. C. P.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

AN OLD ENGLISH SHEEP SHEARING.

We find, in Household Words, the following description of an old-fashioned sheep-shearing in one of the dales in the neighborhood of Keswick, Cumberland, England. We wish we could give the entire article, embracing some quaint pictures of in-door manners, and a love episode sparkling like a thread of gold in the woof of the narrative, after the manner of the author of Bracebridge Hall. But it would consume too much space; and we suppose such matters do not belong to this utilitarian Department! Our old-world ancestors made the sheep-shearing, the harvest-home and many other like rural occasions, scenes of delightful festivity, as unlike our modern prosaic proceedings as is the multiplication table to an idyl of Theocritus. We have made some little returns, of late years, to the merry neighborhood shearings of the olden time. Our wives and daughters consent to assemble and make the dinner table brilliant and gay. But they are too *nice* to carry their condescension further! Now let us gaze at a picture of the good old times:

"While the tea was preparing, and it took six comely matrons to do it justice, we proposed to Mrs. C., (our real hostess,) that we should go and see the sheep-shearing. She accordingly led us away into a back yard, where the process was going on. By a back yard I mean a far different place from what a Londoner would so designate; our back yard, high up on the mountain side, was a space about forty yards by twenty, over-shadowed by the noble sycamore, which might have been the very one that suggested to Coleridge—

"This sycamore (oft musical with bees—
Such tonts the Patriarchs loved,)" &c., &c.

And in this deep, cool, green shadow sate two or three gray-haired sires, smoking their pipes, and regarding the proceedings with a placid complacency, which had a savour of contempt in it for the degeneracy of the present times,—a sort of "Ah! they don't know what good shearing is now-a-days" look in it. That round shadow of the sycamore tree, and the elders who sat there looking on, were the only things not full of motion and life in the yard. The yard itself was bounded by a gray stone wall, and the moors rose above it to the mountain top; we looked over the low walls on to the spaces bright with the yellow asphodel, and the first flush of the purple heather. The shadow of the farm-house fell over this yard, so that it was cool in aspect, save for the ruddy faces of the eager shearers, and the gay-colored linsey petticoats of the women, folding the fleeces with tucked-up gowns.

"When we first went into the yard, every corner of it seemed as full of motion as an antique frieze, and, like that, had to be studied before I could ascertain the different actions and purposes involved. On the left hand was a walled-in field of small extent, full of sunshine and light, with the heated air quivering over the flocks of panting bewildered sheep, who were penned up therein, awaiting their turn to be shorn. At the gate by which this field was entered from the yard stood a group of eager-eyed boys, panting like the sheep, but not like them from fear, but from excitement and joyous exertion. Their faces were flushed with brown-crimson, their scarlet lips were parted into smiles, and their eyes had that peculiar blue luster in them, which is only gained by a free life in the pure and blithesome air. As soon as these lads saw that a sheep was wanted by the shearers within, they sprang towards one in the field—the more boisterous and stubborn an old ram the better—and tugging, and pulling, and pushing, and shouting—sometimes mounting astride of the poor obstreperous brute, and holding his horns like a bridle—they gained their point and dragged their captive up to the shearer, like little victors as they were, all glowing and ruddy with conquest. The shearers sat each astride on a long bench, grave and important—the heroes of the day. The flock of sheep to be shorn on this occasion consisted of more than a thousand, and eleven famous shearers had come, walking in from many miles' distance to try their skill one against the other; for sheep-shearings are a sort of rural Olympics. They were all young men in their prime, strong, and well-made; without coat or waistcoat, and with upturned shirt-sleeves. They sat each across a long bench or narrow table, and caught up the sheep from the attendant boys, who had dragged it in; they lifted it on to the bench, and placing it by a dexterous knack on its back, they began to shear the wool off the tail and under parts; then they tied the two hind-legs and the two fore-legs together, and laid it first on one side and then on the other, till the fleece came off in one whole piece; the art was to shear all the wool off, and yet not to injure the sheep by any awkward cut: if such an accident did occur, a mixture of tar and butter was immediately applied; but every wound was a blemish on the shearer's fame. To shear well and completely, and yet do it quickly, shows the perfection of the clippers. Some can finish off as many a six-score sheep in a summer's day; and if you consider the weight and uncouthness of the animal, and the general heat of the weather, you will see that, with justice, clipping or shearing is regarded as harder work than mowing. But most good shearers are content with despatching four or five-score; it is only on unusual occasions, or when Greek meets Greek, that six-score are attempted or accomplished.

When the sheep is divided into its fleece and itself, it becomes the property of two persons. The women seize the fleece, and, standing by the side of a temporary dresser (in this case made of planks laid across barrels, beneath what sharp, scant shadow could be obtained from the eves of the house,) they fold it up. This again is an art, simple as it may seem; and the farmer's wives and daughters about Langdale Head are famous for it. They begin with folding up the legs, and then roll the whole fleece up, tying it with the neck; and the skill consists, not merely in doing this quickly and firmly, but in certain artistic pulls of the wool so as to display the finer parts, and not, by crushing up the fiber, to make it appear coarse to the buyer. Six comely women were thus employed; they laughed, and talked, and sent shafts of merry satire at the grave and busy shearers, who were too earnest in their work to reply, although an occasional deepening of color, or twinkle of the eye, would tell that the remark had hit. But they reserved their retorts, if they had any, until the evening, when the day's labor would be over, and when, in the license of country humor, I imagine some of the saucy speakers would meet with their match. As yet, the applause came from their own party of women; though now and then one of the old men, sitting under the shade of a sycamore, would take his pipe out of his mouth to spit, and before beginning again to send up the soft curling wreaths of smoke, he would condescend on a short, deep laugh, and a "Well done, Maggie!" "Give it him, lass!" for with the not unkindly jealousy of age towards youth, the old grandfathers invariably took part with the women against the young men. These sheared on, throwing the fleeces to the folders, and casting the sheep down on the ground with gentle strength, ready for another troop of boys to haul it to the right hand side of the farm yard, where the great out-buildings were placed; where all sorts of country vehicles were crammed and piled, and seemed to throw up their scarlet shafts into the air, as if imploring relief from the crowd of shandries and market carts that pressed upon them. Out of the sun, in the dark shadow of the cart-house, a pan of red-hot coals glowed in a trivet; and upon them was placed an iron basin holding tar and raddle, or ruddle. Hither the right hand troop of boys dragged the poor naked sheep to be "smitten"—that is to say, marked with the initials or cypher of the owner. In this case, the sign of the possessor was a circle or spot on one side, and a straight line on the other; and after the sheep were thus marked, they were turned out to the moor, and the crowd of bleating lambs that sent up an incessant moan for their lost mothers; each found out the ewe to which it belonged the moment she was turned out of the yard, and the placid contentment of the sheep that wandered away up the hill side, with their little lambs trotting by them, gave just the necessary touch of peace and repose to the scene. There were all the classical elements for the representation of life; there were the 'Old men and maidens, young men and children' of the Psalmist; there were all the stages and conditions of being that sing forth their farewell to the departing crusaders in the 'Saint's Tragedy."

[Tea and other incidents being dispatched, the account of the shearing, &c., proceeds:]

"I strolled into the busy yard once more, and by watching my opportunity, I crossed between men, women, boys, sheep and barking dogs, and got to an old man, sitting under the sycamore, who had been pointed out to me as the owner of the sheep and the farm. For a few minutes he went on, doggedly puffing away; but I knew that this reserve on his part arose from no want of friendliness, but from the shy reserve which is the characteristic of most Westmoreland and Cumberland people. By-and-by he began to talk, and he gave me much information about his sheep. He took a 'walk' from a landowner with so many sheep upon it; in his case one thousand and fifty, which was a large number, about six hundred being the average. Before taking the 'walk,' he and his landlord each appointed two 'knowledgeable people' to value the stock. The 'walk' was taken on lease of five or seven years, and extended ten miles over the Fells in one direction—he could not exactly say how far in another, but more; yes! certainly more. At the expiration of the lease, the stock are again numbered, and valued in the same way. If the sheep are poorer, and gone off, the tenant has to pay for their depreciation in money; if they have improved in quality, the landlord pays him; but one way or another the same number must be restored, while the increase of each year and the annual fleeces form the tenant's profit. Of course they were all of the black-faced or mountain breed, fit for scrambling and endurance, and capable of being nourished by the sweet but scanty grass that grew on the Fells. To take charge of his flock he employed three shepherds, one of whom was my friend Tom. They had other work down on the farm, for the farm was 'down' compared with the airy heights to which these sheep will scramble. The shepherd's year begins before the twentieth of March, by which time ewes must be all safely down in the home pastures, at hand in case they or their lambs require extra care at yeaning time. About the sixteenth of June the sheep washing begins. Formerly, said my old man, men stood bare-legged in a running stream, dammed up so as to make a pool, which was more cleansing than any still water, with its continual foam, and fret, and struggle to overcome the obstacle that impeded its progress; and these men caught the sheep, which were hurled to them by the people on the banks, and rubbed it and soused it well; but now (alas! for these degenerate days) folk were content to throw them in head downwards, and thought that they were washed enough with swimming to the bank. However, this proceeding was managed in a fortnight after the shearing or clipping came on; and people were bidden to it from twenty miles off or better; but not as they had been fifty years ago. Still, if a family possessed a skillful shearer in the person of a son, or if the good wife could fold fleeces well and deftly, they were sure of a gay week in clipping time, passing from farm to farm in merry succession, giving their aid, feasting on the fat of the land ('sweet butter' amongst other things, and much good may it do them!) until they in their turn called upon their neighbors for help. In short, good old-fashioned sheep-shearings are carried on much in the same sort of way as an American Bee.

"As soon as the clipping is over, the sheep are turned out upon the Fells, where their greatest enemy is the fly. The ravens do harm to the young lambs in May and June, and the shepherds scale the steep gray rocks to take a raven's nest with infinite zest and delight; but no shepherd can save his sheep from the terrible fly—the common flesh fly—which burrows in the poor animal, and lays its obscene eggs, and the maggots eat it up alive. To obviate this as much as ever they can, the shepherds go up on the Fells about twice a week in summer time, and, sending out their faithful dogs, collect the sheep into great circles, the dogs running on the outside and keeping them in. The quick-eyed shepherd stands in the midst, and, if a sheep make an effort to scratch herself, the dog is summoned, and the infected sheep brought up to be examined, the place cut out, and salved. But, notwithstanding this, in some summers scores of sheep are killed in this way: thundery and close weather is peculiarly productive of this plague. The next operation which the shepherd has to attend to is about the middle or end of October, when the sheep are brought down to be salved, and an extra man is usually hired on the farm for this week. But it is no feasting or merry-making time like a clipping. Sober business reigns. The men sit astride on their benches and besmear the poor helpless beast with a mixture of tar and bad butter, or coarse grease, which is supposed to promote the growth and fineness of the wool, by preventing skin diseases of all kinds, such as would leave a patch bare. The mark of ownership is renewed with additional tar and raddle, and they are sent up once more to their breezy 'walk,' where the winter winds begin to pipe and to blow, and to call away their brethren from the icy North. Once a week the shepherds go up and scour the Fells, looking over the sheep, and seeing how the herbage lasts. And this is the dangerous and wild time for the shepherds. The snows and the mists (more to be dreaded even than snow) may come on; and there is no lack of tales, about the Christmas hearth, of men who have gone up to the wild and desolate Fells and have never been seen more, but whose voices are yet heard calling on their dogs, or uttering fierce despairing cries for help; and so they will call till the end of time, till their whitened bones have risen again.

"Towards the middle of January, great care is necessary, as by this time the sheep have grown weak and lean with lack of food, and the excess of cold. Yet as the mountain sheep will not eat turnips, but must be fed with hay, it is a piece of economy to delay beginning to feed them as long as possible; and to know the exact nick of time, requires as much skill as must have been possessed by Eunice's father in Miss Austen's delightful novel, who required his gruel 'thin, but not too thin—thick, but not too thick.' And so the Shepherd's Calendar works round to yeaning time again! It must be a pleasant employment; reminding one of Wordsworth's lines—

'In that fair clime, the lonely herdsmen stretched
On the soft grass, through half the summer's day,' &c.,

and of shepherd boys with their reedy pipes, taught by Pan, and of the Chaldean shepherds studying the stars; of Poussin's picture of the Good Shepherd, of the 'Shepherd's keeping watch by night!' and I don't know how many other things, not forgetting some of Cooper's delightful pieces."

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SAMPLES.—The card of samples forwarded us by "D." of Philadelphia, Pa., rank as follows:—First row, with the exception of No. 5, from fair to prime broadcloth wool. No. 5 is fine and short enough, but it lacks felting properties. It is too straight and wiry. The second row is good Delaine and Cassimere wool. The samples in third row are with two exceptions good combing wool, but none of them are, properly speaking, "luster wool."

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.—We learn from the Western Rural that the sale at the close of the exhibition of manufactured articles exhibited was a highly successful one. Diplomas were awarded to the following persons for wool:

To Ebenezer Ware, Waukegan, Ill., for fleeces and samples of Merino wool.
To Ex-Gov. Blair of Michigan for samples of Cashmere wool.
To Thomas Smith, Dement, Ill., for combing wool.
To Towne Bros., Geneva, Ill., for Merino fleeces.
To Israel S. Dethl, for most beautiful specimens of Angora, both in the raw and manufactured state.
To Gen. Leggett, for specimens of Angora wool.
To S. H. Jennings, East Cambridge, Ill., for specimens of Merino wool.
To C. Hills, Delaware, O., for specimens of combing wool.
To E. H. Clapp, Romo, Ill., for sample of combing wool.
To James Pierce, Rock Co., Wis., for samples of combing wool.
To G. W. Dette, Woodstock, Ill., for specimens of grade wool.
To P. G. Bauder, New Milford, Ill., for combing and grade wool.
To Samuel P. Boardman, Lincoln, Ill., for specimens of fine wool.
To Allen Fairbanks, Wheaton, Ill., for specimens of grade wool.
To James Harrington, Geneva, Ill., for specimens of combing wool.
To David Kelley, Wheaton, Ill., for specimens of fine wool.
To E. G. Iles, Springfield, Ill., for specimens of combing wool.
To Binby & Parson, Kalamazoo, Mich., for specimens of fine wool.
To Moore Bros., for specimens of Nebraska fleeces grown at Sydney, four hundred and fifty miles beyond Omaha.
To Lewis Wiley, Pewana, Mich., for fine wool specimens.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Time of Feeding

AN OX, turned into a luxuriant pasture, will fill himself "chock-a-block" in about twenty minutes. A horse would require an hour to reach the same result. The ox merely accumulates fodder for after mastication or grinding; the last finishes the process as he goes along. The ox wants the most time and the horse the greatest amount of daily food.

Prolificacy of Weeds.

REMARKING on the productive power of weeds, Dr. LINDLEY assumes, as a low average, the following number of seeds from each of the following plants:

1 plant of	Groundsel produces	2,080	seeds.
1 "	Dandelion "	2,740	"
1 "	Sow Thistle "	11,040	"
1 "	Spurge "	540	"

Here then is a good chance for the growth of 16,400 plants, or enough to cover three acres and a half at three feet apart!

Assailed by Bees.

THE Port Byron N. Y. Times states that ABRAHAM GRETCHESS of that place, while hiving a swarm of bees recently, was severely stung by them. From some cause, not explainable, the bees, while being housed, got exasperated and assailed the party with great venom. They got under the head-screen and covered the operative's face stinging him severely. But for the interposition of the man's son it is supposed the assault would have proved fatal. These freaks are rare but their occasional occurrence should dissuade those to whom bees do not take kindly, from attempting to handle them without previously fumigating the swarms sufficiently to keep them quiet during the operation.

A Plea for Snakes.

A WRITER in the Dixie Farmer enters a plea for the snakes, based on the assumption that most of them are harmless—not being poisonous—and desirable aids in the destruction of various insects and reptiles which prey on the farmer's labors. The snake is especially commended for his skill in nabbing grasshoppers and swallowing the loathsome toad, but nothing is said of the birds he bolts. A toad is not an agreeable object to the sight, we admit, yet, uncouth and ugly as he is, we prefer his company to the gliding form and glistening eye of the most harmless of the snake family. Harmless or not, we rarely see a snake without thinking about a head smashing, and not unfrequently the thought is father to the act. Get away, snakes!

A Word for Young Folks.

TAKING for a text that, "All work and no play makes JACK a dull boy," the editor of the Rural World makes a plea in behalf of the young folks on the farm. He thinks it would tend to their improvement, physically and mentally, if specified portions of the week were set apart for recreation, but, if this is deemed "too much of a good thing" they should at least have a week during Fair times for ranging among the commodities exhibited, and for repose after the excitement of the show is over. Regulated exemptions, at suitable periods, from the toils of the farm, are no doubt of a beneficial tendency and, to embrace in these such Fairs as are readily accessible, would seem to be a judicious arrangement. In this way the young people would be enabled to combine pleasure with profit—profit, in examining the improvements in stock, in farm and household implements, and pleasure in exchanging greetings with old acquaintances and in forming new ones. It is this occasional social attention which gives a zest to farm life and imparts new vigor for the performance of its duties.

Harvesting Peas.

THE Cayuga Sentinel, Canada, publishes a communication on harvesting peas, by ALEX. WINRAM, which may be worthy the attention of farmers on this side of the lake who grow this crop largely, and harvest in the old way. Instead of mowing with the scythe he uses a mower, the same as for grass, raking the bunches to one side as they are dropped, to prevent the team from treading on them, as the machine circles around the field. The operation was entirely successful, the peas being cut clean and expeditiously. If the ground is rolled, at the time of sowing, the easier will the crop be removed. There may be nothing new in this way of harvesting peas, but we do not recollect having seen this method recommended before. Cutting with the scythe we know to be a slow and annoying process, and if the mower will do the work better, as is claimed it will, the celerity of the operation should induce its use.

Skunks as Farm Aids.

IN some of our exchanges we observe allusions to the skunk family, giving its members credit for aiding the farmer by destroying several small pests, which prey upon a portion of his crops. This, we believe, is true. The skunk will dig up mice and moles and feast upon them. Is not averse to crickets and grasshoppers, provided nothing more tempting offers for a supper. The skunk has a "sweet tooth" too, and will hunt out and rob humble bees nests of their stores, and some assert, eat the bees also, but this we doubt, though the honey part is beyond question. So much skunks do for the farmer, but the trouble is they do not let "well enough" alone. They have a penchant for fresh laid eggs and do not object to a small chicken, occasionally, and some assert they will assail the mother hen in certain exigencies. Be this as it may we do not believe the skunk a profitable farm aid. Besides, he is a frisky animal, a Parthian in action, the moment he is stirred up a little, leaving behind him an aroma anything but agreeable to such as are so unfortunate as to be made partakers of his compliments. The skunk is in the best position when bottled up in the shape of oil.

Rural Notes and Items.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE STATE FAIR.—The business of preparing the buildings and grounds for the next N. Y. State Fair, commencing Sept. 29th, is progressing favorably,—giving assurance that both will be in order for the occasion. The President of the State Society, THOMAS H. FAILE, Esq., of New York, was on a visit to the grounds last week, and expressed satisfaction at the progress making in the way of preparation.

The Premium List with Regulations may be obtained by addressing the Corresponding Secretary, Col. B. P. JOHNSON, Albany, N. Y. In the line of Special Premiums we notice one offered by ORANGE JUDD of New York as follows:—For the best two barrels of white winter wheat, one hundred dollars; for the best two barrels of red winter wheat, one hundred; and a like sum for the best two barrels of spring wheat.

A member of the Society also offers a Special Premium of two hundred dollars for the best stallion for general purposes, over four years old, and not less than fifteen hands three inches tall.

POTATO BUGS.—C., Illinois, closes a business note by an allusion to potato flies and bugs. He writes:—"I dissent from an opinion recently expressed in the RURAL that the potato fly mentioned in it and the Vastus bug are identical. The old or former bug was nearly round. A bug or fly has made its appearance this year which answers to your description. They not only eat potato vines, but nearly everything in their range. They have proved destructive to many acres of potatoes."

D. D. VOSBURGH, Columbus, Wis., sends us a box containing the Colorado potato bug in various stages of development. The scamps were alive and crawling when we opened it, and no doubt would have been much pleased had they been introduced to a potato field. There is some danger in thus sending these bugs into regions hitherto unvisited by them. We are about as familiar with them as we wish to be. Mr. V. says:—"If you or any scientific man wants to propagate them I can send you a bushel." Thank you, but we decline. We have been very careful that none of the few rascals in the box escaped, and we should not like to be responsible for a bushel.

FROM VERMONT.—J. W. SANBORN, Lyndon, Vt., writes us that the hay crop in that State is regarded as one of the best made in years. It was secured in good order. During the hot term in July the thermometer ranged in the shade from 100° to 110°, and in the sun as high as 130°, it being the hottest weather ever known in that State. Many deaths resulted from sun stroke. This hot term was followed by showers with intense lightning, heavy hail and a tornado, which in some instances demolished barns and fences and damaged the growing crops. Luckily, these storms were quite limited in their range.

TODD'S COUNTRY HOMES.—This is the title of a 12mo. work of over five hundred pages, written and published by S. EDWARDS TODD of New York city. It professes also to teach how to save money to buy a home, how to build neat and cheap cottages, and how to gain an independent fortune before old age comes on. In addition it contains a description of the agricultural and horticultural advantages of New Jersey, and quite an extensive business directory. It is illustrated, and the practical information thus conveyed can hardly fail, in any case, to make the book a profitable investment to farmers and mechanics.

PRODUCTION EXTRAORDINARY.—The editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel mentions having seen an oat plant, from a single seed, which produced eleven heads of oats, with an aggregate of 700 grains. These oats were from the field of G. H. LAMBERTON, a conspicuous farmer in that region. The seed was from Norway, a peck of which was sown, with a yield at the rate of 150 bushels to the acre. This statement may be all right, but the ratio of product to ground and seed is so in excess of anything in our experience in the oat line that we confess to a feeling of incredulity in regard to it.

WHEAT IN VIRGINIA.—W. R. G., Cleek's Mills, Bath Co., Va., Aug. 10th, writes:—"The wheat crop in this section is very good, and gathered in excellent condition. Oats and rye are an average crop, and grass, our most important crop in this stock raising country, is rather above an average. The fruit crop is a small one."

CURIOUS HOP LEAF.—A. H., Siloam, Madison Co., N. Y., is informed that his hop sample, a curiosity in its way, has been submitted to the inspection of a competent botanist, who says it is nothing but an uncommonly well developed male hop.

GRASS SAMPLE.—L. C. WATERS, Garretteville, O., sends a sample of grass found on his premises not before seen in that section. It is the Pungent meadow grass, (*Eragrastis Poeoides, var Megastachyae,*) and of questionable value as a forage plant.

EARLY ROSE POTATO.—We are indebted to Mr. J. C. DORSEY, Geneva, for fine samples of the above variety. We have found the "Early Rose" of fine quality for eating, and in other respects it is certainly very promising.

INSECTS.—We have received Part II. of Dr. PACKARD'S Guide to the Study of Insects, printed at Salem, Mass. It is liberally illustrated, and is a valuable contribution to entomological science.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST.—By a specimen or explanatory sheet from the publishers, R. P. STUDLEY & Co., St. Louis, Mo., we learn that a new monthly journal with the above title will be commenced at that place September 1st, 1868, at one dollar per annum, in advance. The editorial supervision of the journal is assigned to BENJAMIN D. WALSH, Rock Island, Ill, and CHARLES V. RILEY, St. Louis, Mo.,—gentlemen already widely and favorably known to the scientific and reading public. Letters containing specimens of noxious, or other insects, will receive proper attention, addressed as above.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1868.

Two weeks since we published a list of the several State, County and District Fairs as far as ascertained. We this week re-publish the State Fairs, the County and District ones for New York, and the additional ones in the other States. This includes all that have been heard from, and will close the list for the present season.

NATIONAL, STATE, PROVINCIAL, &C.

American Wine Growers' Ass'n, Cincinnati	Sept. 22
Arkansas, Little Rock	Nov. — —
California, Sacramento	Sept. 15—24
Colorado, Denver City	Sept. 29—Oct. 3
Indiana, Indianapolis	Sept. 28—Oct. 4
Illinois, Quincy	Sept. 21—26
Iowa, Clinton and Lyons	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kansas, Leavenworth	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kentucky, Louisville	Sept. 15—19
Maine, Portland	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Maryland, Baltimore	— — —
Michigan, Detroit	Sept. 15—18
Minnesota, Minneapolis	Sept. 8—11
National Horse Show, Providence, R. I.	Oct. 6— 9
Nebraska, Nebraska City	Oct. 7— 9
New York, Rochester	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
New Hampshire, Manchester	Sept. 15—17
New Jersey, Waverly	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
New England, New Haven	Sept. 1— 4
Nova Scotia, Halifax	Oct. 5—10
Ohio, Toledo	Oct. 21—25
Ontario, Hamilton	Sept. 21—25
Pennsylvania, Harrisburg	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Quebec, Montreal	Sept. 17—19
Tennessee, Clarksville	— — —
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 8—11
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 28—Oct. 2

COUNTY AND TOWN—NEW YORK.

Afton, (Town,)	Sept. 18
Brookfield Ag. Association, Clarksville	Sept. 24—26
Cattaraugus, (District,) Gowanda	Sept. 24—26
Cattaraugus, (County,) Little Valley	Sept. 15—17
Chemung, Elmira	Oct. 7— 9
Columbia, Chatham Four Corners	Sept. 15—18
Canastota, (Town,) Canastota	Sept. 30
Cat-kill, (Town,) Catskill	Sept. 15—17
Chenango, Norwich	Sept. 15—17
Clinton, Plattsburg	Sept. 22—24
Cayuga, Auburn	Sept. 15—17
Cortland, Cortland Village	Sept. 15—17
Covert (Town,) Trumansburg	Sept. 22—25
Delaware, Walton	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Dutchess, Washington Hollow	Sept. 22—25
Delhi, (Town,) Delhi	Sept. 24—25
Grape Growers', Canandaigua	Oct. 7— 8
Livingston, Genesco	Sept. 23—24
Madison, Farmers & Mech's, Canastota	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Oneida, Rome	Sept. 24—25
Oswego, Oswego Falls	Sept. 22—24
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Putnam, Carmel	Sept. 24—25
Pleasant Valley, (Grape, &c.) Hammondsport	Sept. 23—25
Queens, Mineola	Sept. 22—24
Schenevus Valley, (Town,) Schenevus	Sept. 22—24
Schenectady, Schenectady	Sept. 15—17
Schoharie, Schoharie	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Saratoga, Saratoga	Sept. 8—11
Washington, Salem	Oct. 4— 7
Wayne, (Union,) Palmyra	Sept. 24—26
Westchester, White Plains	Sept. 22—25
Winfield, (Town,) Winfield	Sept. 30—Oct. 1
Yates, Penn Yan	Oct. 7— 9

MAINE.

Waldo, ——	Oct. 13—15

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Connecticut River, Keen	Sept. 17—19

VERMONT.

Bennington, Bennington	Sept. 3— 4
Beechshire, Richford	Sept. 9—10
Lamoile, Morrisville	Sept. 15—17
Orleans, Barton	Sept. 15—16
Wilmington, (Town,) Wilmington	Sept. 15
Windham, Newfane	Sept. 30—Oct. 1

CONNECTICUT.

Hartford, Hartford	— —
Middlesex, Middletown	Oct. 6— 9
Milford and Orange, West Haven	Sept. 30—Oct. 1
New London, Norwich	— —
Ridgefield, Ridgefield	Sept. 29—Oct. 2

NEW JERSEY.

Central, Trenton	Sept. 22—24
Warren, ——	Oct. 6— 8

MARYLAND.

Frederick, Frederick	Oct. 20—23

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, Pittsburg	Oct. 6— 9
Bucks, Newtown	Sept. 22—24
Butler, Butler	Sept. 23—25
Columbia, Bloomsburg	Oct. 14—16
Chester, Westchester	Sept. 24—26
East Pound, Norristown	Sept. 17—19
Lycoming, Williamsport	Sept. 22—24
Monongahela Valley, Monongahela City	Sept. 30—Oct. 1
Northumberland, Turbuttville	Sept. 23—25

OHIO.

Ashtabula (Dist.) Conneaut	Sept. 23—25
Cuyahoga, Cleveland	Sept. 8—11
Union, Blanchester	Sept. 1— 4

ILLINOIS.

Champaign, Champaign	Sept. 8—11
Carroll, Mount Sterling	Sept. 16—18
Fulton, Canton	Oct. 13—16
Iroquois, Watseka	Sept. 23—26
Knox, Knoxville	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Kane, Geneva	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Marshall, Henry	Sept. 8—10
McHenry, Woodstock	Sept. 22—24
Putnam, Hennepin	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Stark, Toulon	Sept. 15—18
Schuyler, Rushville	Oct. 6— 9
Union, Warren	Sept. 15—18
Winnebago, Rockford	Sept. 15—18

MISSOURI.

Cass, Pleasant Hill	Sept. 22—25
Carroll, Carrollton	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Clinton, Plattsburg	Sept. 8—11
Galloway, Fulton	Sept. 22—26
Linn, Linn	Sept. 30—Oct. 3
Lewis, Canton	Sept. 28—Oct. 2
Marshall, Lowisburg	Sept. 22
Montgomery, New Florence	Oct. 20—25
Jefferson, De Soto	Sept. 23—25
Knox, Union	Sept. 14—18
Roanoke, Roanoke	Sept. 21—27
Schuyler, Grass Top	Sept. 24—26
St. Louis, (Mech. & Ag.) St. Louis	Oct. 5—10
Washington, Potosi	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Warren, Warrenton	Oct. 4— 7

WISCONSIN.

Fond du Lac, Fond du Lac	Oct. 6— 8
Green Lake, Princeton	Sept. 22—26
Green, Monroe	Sept. 24—26
Juneau, Manston	Oct. 6— 8
Platte, Platteville	Oct. 7— 9

IOWA.

Jones, Anamosa	Oct. 6— 9

INDIANA.

Dearborn, Aurora	Sept. 8—11
Union, Bridgeton	Aug. 24—28

KENTUCKY.

Barren, Glasgow	Oct. 6— 9
Boyle, Danville	Sept. 8—11
Boone, (North Soc.,) Florence	Aug. 26—31
Bourbon, Paris	Sept. 1— 4
Carroll, Carrollton	Sept. 30—Oct. 4
Clark, Winchester	Aug. 26—28
Fayette, Lexington	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Henderson, Henderson	Oct. 6—10
Harrison	Sept. 9—11
Madison	Aug. 11—14
Mason and Bracken, Germantown	Sept. 5— 7
Nelson, Bardstown	Sept. 1— 5
Northern Kentucky, Florence	Aug. 26—30
Owen, New Liberty	Oct. 6— 9
Salvisa, Salvisa	Sept. 1— 4
Simpson, Franklin	Sept. 15—19
Scott, Georgetown	Sept. 15—18
Shelby	Aug. 25—26
Warren, Bowling Green	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Washington, Springfield	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Woodford, Versailles	Aug. 18

TENNESSEE.

Marshall, Lewisburg	Sept. 22—24
Robertson, Springfield	Oct. 13—17
Warrell, ——	Oct. 1— 3

CALIFORNIA.

Northern District	Sept. 7—12
Santa Clara, San Jose	Sept. 20—24
Sonoma, Petaluma	Aug. 31—Sept. 4

VIRGINIA.

Augusta, near Staunton	Oct. 27—30
Border Ag'l Society, Danville	Oct. 20—23

NORTH CAROLINA.

Central Ag'l Society, Henderson	Oct. 14—17

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska, Brownville	Sept. 23—25

GEORGIA.

Putnam, Edenton	Oct. 16—18

HORTICULTURAL.

BERRIES IN THE N. Y. MARKET.

I PRESUME your readers are aware that the raspberry immediately succeeds the strawberry, and for once the crop was not marketable until the strawberries were all out of the way. When they did come there was a strong demand for them, and the first arrivals of Antwerps sold at 75 cts. per quart. This variety has been very scarce the entire season; in fact, as a crop, it has been considered a failure, and consequently it has sold very high. I think the price will average 45 cts. per quart during the entire season.

Some Doolittles were received rather earlier than the Antwerps, from Southern New Jersey, but there proved to be but little demand for them at any price, as strawberries were still plenty and cheap. After the Antwerp were out of the market, the Doolittles arrived in large quantities from Central New York, and the preservers not being able to purchase sufficient quantities of the former at prices that were profitable to them, purchased heavily of this variety, paying 25 cts. per quart for all they could get, for about one week, when the arrivals increased so largely they gradually lowered their prices until 10 cts. per quart was all they would give. Even at this price there was more offered than they could make use of, and some were sold to the peddlers. As was stated in a former article, this berry is not popular with our citizens, and very few of them are consumed in our city.

Some very fine Clark Raspberries were received and sold readily at 68 cts. per quart. They carried well. The Philadelphia was more plenty, but sold for about 25 cts. per quart. These berries do not bear transportation as well as either of the above, and the fruit being irregular in shape does not look as fine on arrival as it really is. This variety is valued by the sirup dealers on account of its richness, the size or shape being no objections to them.

Gooseberries have also been very scarce and high; beginning at $4, the prices ran up to $6 per bushel, where they remained until the close of the season. This berry is used in large quantities by the pie bakers.

Currants were not an exception to the general rule of light crops; in fact, there never has been such a small quantity of them received in our market. The price at the start was 12 cts., and they reached the enormous price of 25 cts. per pound, although 18 and 20 cts. was the general price at which they were sold. The preservers purchased all they could procure at 18 cts. As a general thing our city ladies went without currant jelly this season, waiting for the price to lower. They waited too long. Cherry currants were sold from 18 to 25 cts. per pound. They were also very scarce. The demand for this fruit increases every season, and a full crop would be hailed with pleasure by thousands of invalids, who will necessarily be deprived of it this year. Let me again remind farmers living at a distance from our city that this fruit can be sent in good order by using grape boxes, packed in skeleton cases.

Blackberries, for quantity, compare very favorably with currants; even the Delaware crop was not larger than the New Jersey, which was very light, for some growers consume their entire crop. The Dewberry, or wild, low bush, began to arrive about the first of July from Delaware, and sold from 25 to to 30 cts. per quart. The cultivated varieties arrived about the middle of the month, and sold from 40 to 45 cts. per quart. On the 21st some Dorchesters from E. H. BANCROFT, Del., arrived in fair condition and sold readily at 45 cts. This fruit was well ripened, and though not large was greatly admired by consumers for their sweetness. The Lawtons from Delaware were not large, but sold on an average at 40 cts. per quart. July 24th received some very fine Wilson's Early from WM. PARY'S, Cinnaminson, N. J., which sold readily at 50 cts. per quart, and continued to sell at that price the entire season. This fruit was large and fine and attracted a great deal of attention from all parties. In size compared with the Lawtons from the same farm, I would state that it was two-thirds larger and carried better than the former. (?) I think growers can rely upon this fruit as a superior berry. New Jersey Lawtons were rather common,—that is small and soft,—yet they will average not far from 35 cts. per quart. The Staten Island crop was larger and fruit better, and sold higher. Of the Kittatinny I can say nothing, for I sold none of them, nor has the sale of them come under my personal observation.

New York, Aug. 20th, 1868. NOW AND THEN.

STRIPED BUGS—CUCUMBER VINES.

H. CAPRON, Paris, Province of Ontario, appends to a business note the following:—"I read in the June RURAL great complaints about the striped cucumber bug being very troublesome and destructive to the young vines. The New York Sun recommended feeding them by planting radishes or something they liked better than vines. A much better way is to destroy them root and branch, which is easily done. As soon as the crop is gathered from the vines, pull them up and burn them all up clean and you will destroy the incoming crop of bugs. When I first tried this a few years ago, there was not a bug in my garden the following spring. A neighbor called on me at that time, stating that his vines were wholly destroyed by these bugs. I told him I had not one in my garden. He would not believe it. I offered him ten cents a bug for all he could catch in an hour. He started for the garden, thinking he would make a good job of it, and looked over all the vines, but found none. I then told him of my plan of prevention, which was a complete success. Tell the gardeners to try it. It would be well, at the same time, to burn all the weeds in order to destroy the seeds."

A THORNLESS BLACKBERRY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I send you by express a specimen of a thornless blackberry found growing upon the farm of Mr. CHAS. HENRY, some four miles from this village, last season, at so late a period that we did not have time to do anything in the way of sending out samples. We have been watching its habits this season, hoping to be able to get a good crop and have some nice samples, but owing to the excessive drouth the crop is very slim and the berries quite diminutive in size to some found last season, so much so, that we hardly thought it best to send out any this year. I was at your office last spring at which time I made mention of this berry to you, therefore I came to the conclusion to send you a sample, that you might see what they were in a dry season. The first berries ripe were picked some two weeks since. I think this is a berry, as far as I am able to judge, (taking into consideration the drouth, &c.,) that is not to be beat as to size, quality, and productiveness by any other berry yet discovered.

The bush is a strong and healthy grower, perfectly hardy, withstanding the severe cold of last winter without killing, though standing in open ground, without any protection. The whole bush from the ground to the tip is as destitute of thorns as the sample sent to you. It must be a great acquisition to those who wish to cultivate small fruits. The common blackberry has been nearly destroyed by the drouth; they seem to be much more injured in the same field than the thornless, which would go to show that the thornless is decidedly hardy.

We have had but little rain here for the last six or seven weeks, and if we do not get some soon the crop of corn and potatoes will be a total failure.

Gowanda, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1868. J. M. J.

REMARKS.—The sample received is a branch about three feet long, and is entirely destitute of thorns. The fruit is in quantity enough to indicate fair productiveness, but is small and so dried that no correct judgment can be formed of its flavor.

THE KIRTLAND RASPBERRY.

THIS variety was first disseminated from a patch of plants found in a fence corner on the grounds of Prof. J. P. KIRTLAND, Cleveland, Ohio. It is not known precisely how this patch originated, but it is supposed from seed. The fruit is medium to large in size, round in form and bright red in color. The quality is above medium, all judges placing it above the Philadelphia, but some below the Clark, Antwerp and Naomi. The canes are moderately strong, and it is perfectly hardy. Geo. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio, says he has never given it winter protection in the course of twelve years' culture, and it has never failed to give a full crop. He also states that it is a week earlier than any other raspberry he has.

ORIGIN OF THE SHELDON PEAR.

The following extract from a lecture given by E. N. PLANK, Esq., of Wolcott, N. Y., on the "Early Settlement of Wolcott and Vicinity," is the fullest and most correct history of the "Sheldon" Pear yet given to the public:

"The late Mr. ROGER SHELDON moved from Connecticut and settled in the town of Huron (adjoining Wolcott) in the year 1809. On their way here they stopped over night in Dutchess Co., N. Y., at the house of a Judge JOHNSON, some fifteen miles east of Poughkeepsie, where the oldest son of the family was living. While there, the Judge brought in a basket of pears, probably Virgalieus, for the family to eat; and while eating them, old Mr. SHELDON remarked that, as they were going to a new country, they had better take the pear seeds along and plant them.

"The father's foresight gave the Sheldon Pear to the world. The seeds were carefully saved, carried to their new home in the Western wilderness and planted. From them sprung a little nursery. As the trees grew, they were sold and scattered about the settlement, and though all sprung from pears taken from the same tree, some produced pears only passably good, others fruit scarcely fit for the swine to eat. Six trees bore fruit very nearly alike, and so good as to be the admiration and delight of all who ate them. These six are the original Sheldon Pear trees, and five of them are still standing in healthfulness and vigor. From a careful examination of these old trees, I can find no evidence whatever that any of them were ever "worked," and the fact that they were severed when quite young and planted out in different farms, repels the opinion advanced by some that five of the trees were unworked suckers of the other. And I think that I have been able to detect a slight varying in the taste of the fruit of the different trees, as well as in their coloring. I therefore conclude that the origin of six trees bearing pears so good and so nearly alike was a happy freak of nature, similar to that frequently seen in the unworked apple orchards of that time, where we frequently meet with from two to a dozen trees bearing fruit alike or very similar."

RAISINS AND CURRANTS.

THE numerous varieties of grapes which produce the various wines of commerce are the effects simply of different degrees of climate and soil. Thus we find that different districts produce fruit more or less valued for the abundance or richness of their juice. The smaller berries are generally the most esteemed for this purpose. In some districts, however, the produce is quite unfit for wine making, and the fruits are then dried and form the raisins of our shops. All raisins, then, whether they be Muscatels, Valencias, or whatever variety, are in reality true grapes, differing from the wine grapes only in size, or the absence of the juicy principle, which, to a considerable extent, developes into flesh or pulp. The best raisins are grown on the Spanish shores of the Mediterranean, the climate about Valencia and Malaga apparently suiting them better than anywhere else. But raisins are also extensively cultivated in the lower parts of Greece, as well as in other parts of the continent. The Muscatel is the finest kind of raisin imported. The preparation of drying, upon which the value of the fruit to a great extent depends, is in its case conducted differently from that of the more common kinds. Usually the grapes are gathered in bunches when fully ripe, and hung up or spread out to dry. These are afterward placed in vessels full of holes and dipped in a lye made of wood ashes and vanilla, with the addition of a little salt and oil. This brings the saccharine juice to the surface and causes the dark brown color as well as the crystalization of sugar, which is so characteristic of the cheaper fruit. The best varieties are simply dried in the sun before removal from the tree. The fruit is carefully watched, and when at the proper stage of ripeness the stalks of the bunches are partly cut through and allowed to hang till dry, the fruit by this means retaining its bloom and being a light color when dry. Among the many varieties of raisins known in commerce are Valencias, Denias, and Lexias from Spain, and Malagas from Malaga in Granada. All these varieties of fruit are imported into this country in what are commercially called boxes and half boxes of half a hundred weight gross. The small, light colored raisins, known as Sultanas, we receive from Smyrna, and, as everybody knows, these are devoid of stones, or more properly, seeds. This seedless form has been brought about by a higher state of cultivation, and usually fetches a higher price in the market. A common, cheap fruit is also imported from Smyrna, quite the reverse of the little Sultana, being of a very dark color, and having very large seeds. The little, black fruits, which in a culinary sense are of so much value, and which common usage and the corruption of a word has taught us to call currants, are likewise a small, seedless variety of grape. The word currant is derived from Corinth, which was originally the principal place of its cultivation. If the ancient Corinth no longer supplies us with the bulk of this most useful fruit, the whole of our imports are still brought from the numerous islands of the Archipelago and the neighboring shores of Asia Minor.—*Good Words.*

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Strawberries in Massachusetts.—The State Committee of the American Pomological Society for Massachusetts make the following Report upon Strawberries:—In strawberry culture we make Hovey's Seedling the standard variety by which we test other varieties. Brighton Pine fully sustains its previous good reputation. Boston Pine, as good as ever Hovey's Seedling, as fine as formerly, and the standard sort. Jenny Lind, not extensively raised, but when grown is as satisfactory as formerly. La Constante, the most beautiful in form and color; the finest foreign variety ever introduced. Scott's Seedling is undoubtedly a fine variety, but is not extensively cultivated. Triomphe de Gand, large and handsome, but not of first quality. Wilson's Albany, poor quality, poor color, very acid, and good bearer. Buffalo is identical with McAvoy's Superior, which was discarded by us years ago. Frogmore Late Pine is a new variety, that promises well; large size, and quite late. Russell's Prolific is a fair bearer, but of poor quality. The berry is wrinkled and ill shapen; not worthy of cultivation. The Agriculturist is a strong grower, a good bearer, tolerable flavor when nearly ripe, and of a scarlet color, and when fully ripe of a dark dirty color, and of decidedly poor flavor. French's Seedling is a scarlet soft berry, of poor flavor, lacking nearly all the qualities that go to make up a good strawberry. Lennig's White, Monitor, Brooklyn Scarlet, Green Prolific, Depford White, Progress, Lucinda perfecta, and Exposition de Chalons are all poor varieties. The Report is signed by J. F. C. Hyde, President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Eben Wight and W. C. Strong.

Estimate of Pears.—An English writer, who appears quite fastidious in his taste, thus speaks of two of our best known and most popular pears:

Louise Bonne is very good, as again and again I admit; but never yet was it quite first-rate to a very critical palate, nor will it ever be so. The texture of Louise Bonne (grow it where you will) is not close and velvety. Without this perfection pears may be refreshing, delicious, and all that, but they cannot be the cream of cream. As for Williams' Bon Chretien (Bartlett) ever being a most exquisite pear, I must dare to suggest that "Observer's" palate is gratified with a coarse aroma, if he finds it even tolerable. The texture is often decent, though with grit towards the centre, and the juice is pretty copious, (if you gather the fruit unripe,) yet it is a penalty to eat more than a slice. The pear has a "yellar" taste. I cannot express my meaning more clearly. *De gustibus*, &c. Winter Nelis is sometimes good, but never quite first-rate. Josephine de Malines always beats it in size, appearance and quality. Never yet have I tasted Beurre Rance above the rank of a second class pear.

Chestnut Grafted on Oak.—The Revue Horticole gives an account of an instance of grafting a chestnut upon an oak, that would seem incredible were it not so well authenticated. The seeds of the European white oak (*Quercus pedunculata*) were sown in place, and when the young oaks were four years old, two of them were cut off at about fifteen inches from the ground and grafted with the chestnut by the ordinary cleft method, and three others were budded the same year with chestnut. The budded ones failed, but the grafted ones succeeded. One of these was broken off by the winds, but the other grew, and now stands in the botanical garden of Dijon, being over thirty years old. The chestnut at first outgrew the stock very rapidly, and made an enlargement at the point of union. This tendency was in good part overcome by making longitudinal incisions in the enlargement of the stock. The stock each year proves its identity by throwing out a number of oak sprouts. The fruit does not perfect itself, though it sets abundantly. This is attributed to the use of a graft from an unproductive tree, rather than to any unfavorable influence of the stock.

How to Raise Plums.—The Rural World says:—"There is a secret about plum raising. We have discovered it in traveling over the country. We never visited a large plum orchard in our life that we did not find plenty of the fruit. And we never visited any place with eight or ten trees and found a good crop of this fruit. Now these facts set us to thinking; and the result of our thoughts is this:—that it is very easy to have all the plums you want to eat and sell. The secret connected with plum raising is to plant plenty of trees, so as to give fruit to the curculio and to yourself also. If you will plant fifty or a hundred trees, you will have fruit enough for everybody. Every such orchard that we ever visited had plenty of ripe fruit. Some even complained that the curculio did not thin out the fruit enough—that the trees were overloaded. So we say to our readers, if you plant plums at all, plant fifty or one hundred trees—then you will be sure to have all the fruit you want. It sells for five to ten dollars a bushel in the St. Louis market, and is one of the most profitable crops raised."

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

FINE CUCUMBERS.—We have received from Mr. JOHN GRANT STANHOPE, Kenka, Steuben Co., three varieties cucumbers, viz: Sion House Improved, Cuthill's Highland Mary, and Lord Kenyon's Favorite. They were all straight, smooth, fine specimens and good quality for the table. The first named measured eighteen inches in length and eight in circumference; the second twelve in length and six and one-half around, and the third eleven by six and a half. The seeds were obtained of JAS. VICK.

THE BEAN CROP.—The Brockport Republic states that the bean crop, which is now in all the stages of blossoming to ripening, promises to be poor. It ripens so unevenly that it will be impossible to secure a good crop even if there should be a good yield. We have heard complaints from other sources about the unevenness of the ripening, but aside from this the prospect is good.

READ PURDY & JOHNSTON'S advertisement of the Mammoth Cluster Raspberry, Colfax & Peak's Emperor Strawberry, and their unexcelled assortment of all kinds of Small Fruits, in next week's issue. It will well pay for careful perusal.

THE LIGHTNING APPLE PARER.—An illustration of this new apple parer will be found in our advertising columns. We have tried it and can vouch for its good working properties.

THE MICHIGAN SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—The advertisement of this new sort will be found in another column. Read it.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKET.—The following were the prices of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., in the New York market for the week ending August 22d:

FRUITS.—Apples, Common, ₩ bbl., $3@4; Prime, $5,50@6. Pears, Common, ₩ bbl., $5@6; Medium to good, $7@8; Bartlett, $15@20; Duchess, ₩ crate, $5@7. Peaches, good, ₩ crate, $5@6; Common, $1@3; Delaware, $6@7,50. Plums, Gage, ₩ bu., $1,50@5; Southern Damson, ⅓ bush, $2,25@2,50. Grapes, Charleston Catawbas, ₩ ℔, 20@25c. Blackberries, Lawton, ₩ quart, 20@25c; Common, 15@20c. Whortleberries, ₩ bu., $5,50@6; ₩ box, 18@20c.

VEGETABLES.—Garlick, ₩ 100 b'nchs, $10@12. Onions, ₩ 100 strings, $7@8; Red, ₩ bbl., $6@6,50; Potato, $5,50@6,50.—Corn, sweet, ₩ 100 75c@$1; Potatoes, ₩ bbl., $1,75@3,50. Delaware sweet, $10. Squashes, marrow, ₩ bbl., $1,50@1,62. Tomatoes, ₩ bu., $1,25@1,50. Turnips, ₩ bbl., $1,75@3. Watermelons, ₩ 100, $20@50; Nutmeg Melons, ₩ bbl., $3,50@4,50.

Domestic Economy.

ECONOMY OF TIME IN HOUSEKEEPING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being on the invalid list for a few days, on account of overwork, I indulge myself in looking over the papers a little more than I have time for, when "on duty." To-day I picked up an old RURAL (June 13th,) and an article headed "Economy of Time in Housekeeping," very naturally attracted my attention. It is signed JENNIE, and dated Dundee, Mich. Now I have never appeared in the columns of the RURAL, nor indeed any other paper since my school days, but I am always glad to see articles from the wives and daughters of farmers, and I think much good may be done by exchange of views. I was particularly interested in this one. A thrifty housewife, with no help except her own hands, accomplishes all her Saturday's work in five hours, and sits down to her sewing at ten in the morning. Her family numbers five; two men, two children and herself. She rises at five, sponges bread, prepares breakfast, washes dishes, washes, dresses, and combs the children, and gives them their breakfast, stews peaches, makes yeast, sweeps, makes beds, and puts the house in order, bakes a batch of cookies, moulds her bread and bakes it, bakes pies and sponge cake, washes the floors, cleans the lamps, scours the tea kettle, washes and dresses herself, and looking at the clock, discovers that she has finished her morning's work at ten. There is a full hour to rest and sew, before getting dinner! Now that is "right smart"—but allow a Vermont woman with ten men and ten cows, to ask how *she* is to stop work at ten? I conclude JENNIE has no dairy, as she mentions no skimming of milk, churning of butter, or making of cheese, among her morning's employments. If bad management keeps me around till 3 P. M. I want to know how to avoid it. We rise at five, and breakfast at six. I have two "hired girls" and our regular family, in summer, is fifteen. Sometimes it is over twenty during the grain harvest, and with the influx of summer visitors.

There is butter and cheese to make and care for, washing, ironing and cooking to be done, for us all. Eight sleeping rooms, (more, of course, if there are visitors, or extra help,) two dining-rooms, cheese-room, milk-room, pantries and store-room, kitchen, back-room, the common parlor, halls and verandas, are to be "put to rights" each day we live. Through haying and harvesting the men have lunch in the forenoon, and drink of some kind mixed at intervals all day. Whether cold coffee, ginger beer, or iced milk and water, it is better for the housemother to look after it. Now I do not complain—and when housekeepers with small families and small dairies, write of the benefit of *system*, I heartily endorse every line, for I could not get on without it for a day. But my duties are many, and my cares legion; the care of *five*, three of whom were her husband and children, looks almost like play-work to me, and JENNIE will pardon my tired brain for thinking so, I know.

The problem I wish solved, is this:—If one pair of hands can do the work for five, in five hours, ought not *three* pairs to do it for fifteen in just the same time? How shall we be ready to sit down at ten? The milk must be taken care of, and baking done every day, the washing and ironing gotten out of the way, as early in the week as can be to make way for cleaning days and other extras; moreover, inexperienced hands cannot expedite work like your own, when you plan the best you can. If there is green sauce to be gotten from the garden, and peas or beans to shell, meat to roast or broil, &c., dinner cannot be prepared and cooked in an hour. I scarcely expect my girls to sit down in the morning. It needs good planning for them to be able to do so in the afternoon; but I *am* anxious to save more time for myself if possible; it is an absolute necessity—physical, mental, and social. Will JENNIE please plan for *me?* A HOUSEKEEPER.

August 8, 1868.

INFALLIBLE CURE FOR DYSENTERY.—Dr. Page, of Washington, communicates to the Republican of that city the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York 22d regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily, and with rapid cures in every case:

Recipe.—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose.—Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved.

The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist, and in many hundred cases I have never known it to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhœa.

WORTH TRYING.—Roaches, it is said, can be exterminated by scattering fresh cucumber parings about the house. Pulverized borax is also said to drive them away, if scattered in cracks, corners, &c., where they are prone to harbor. A *sure* preventive of their encroachments, *I know* to be the presence of leaves, twigs, or blossoms of the sweet elder bush, scattered wherever they are found.

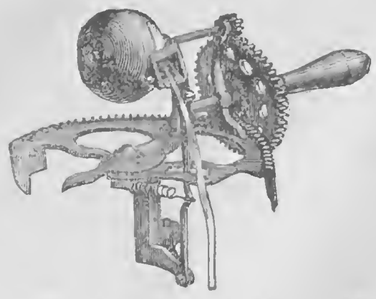
No fly will alight on a window which has been washed with water in which a little garlic has been boiled.

EXPULSION OF RED ANTS.—Mrs. E. B. R., Westfield, N. Y., writes that she was much troubled with red aunts about her premises when a friend recommended a dose of tartar emetic. She adds:—"I got three cents worth and put about one-half of it in two spoonfuls of tepid water sweetened to the consistency of molasses, and placed it in the ant trail. They seemed to come with a re-inforcement and I thought it was going to do no good at all. But they left, possibly with the stomach-ache, as they did not come back."

GRAHAM BREAD.—"A Young Housekeeper" is informed that the process of making Graham bread is similar to that relating to other kinds. As the flour ferments easily, especially if unbolted, it will require less yeast, but more water, as its power of absorption is greater than that of fine flour. "The loaves should be *well soaked* in the oven, but not overdried." A portion of rye flour is said to improve the quality of the bread.

TO PURIFY A SINK.—In hot weather it is almost impossible to prevent sinks becoming foul, unless some chemical preparation is used. One pound of copperas dissolved in four gallons of water, poured over a sink three or four times, will completely destroy the offensive odor. As a disinfecting agent to scatter around premises affected with any unpleasant odor, nothing is better than a mixture of four parts ground plaster of Paris to one part of fine charcoal by weight.

TO REMOVE GREASE.—Grease may be removed from a coat collar by washing it with a sponge moistened with hartshorn and water.



THE LIGHTNING APPLE PARER.

THIS effective implement does its work with remarkable quietness, ease and certainty. With one horizontal motion of the hand the skin is taken from an apple in much less time than it takes to tell of it. It is a great improvement over the ordinary styles, requiring circular motion, and the knife is so adjusted that it works well on knotty or uneven fruit. Having taken the first premium at the Paris Exposition, at the American Institute Fair, and received the highest commendation whenever used, we are warranted in giving it this favorable introduction to our readers. SARGENT & CO., 80 Beekman St., New York, are the general agents.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN THE SUN.

What! fearful that the sun's bright rays shall kiss
My cheek too ardently?

Too oft before,
In childhood's happy time, has its bright beams
Shone on my head, darkened my brow, and waked
My heart to keener happiness; and that
Which caused such pleasure then cannot but cheer
The woman's soberer mood.

O but to know
Again the freshness and the pleasure keen
I knew when first its rays unbound the chains
Of winter's icy reign, and brought to view
The early flowers, and leafy charms of spring,
And I with spirit light revelled in it!

Shine on me now fair sun! and O, bring back,
Life's early freshness to this careworn heart,
And melt away the frosts of worldliness,
And let me feel once more, as then I felt
In childhood's guileless, care-free, happy hour!

Aug. 7th, 1868. B. C. D.

A WOMAN'S OPINION OF MATTERS.

Mrs. Monel threw down the Rural of Aug. 1st in a pet. She had just been reading the piece entitled, "Mental Outreach of Woman."

"Humph!" she exclaimed, "I'd like to hear Isaac Monel,—my respected husband,—tell *me* that he was growing away from me mentally, when we both went to the district school together, studied the same books, and since we've been married,—now going on twenty years,—have always read the same papers, and been equally interested in them! I'm sick of hearing so much about what Mrs. Partington calls 'the narrow *spere* of woman.' If a woman is a fool, in respect to general information, it is most generally because she's got a natural taste for it, and not at all owing to her place in life.

"I couldn't count the young men that I've known whom Isaac's had to work for him in the last fifteen years, who would work the season through without taking up a newspaper or showing the least interest in public affairs. Many of them would read a dime novel, or a stirring story, to be sure; but when I looked at the materials to make voters I have not been proud of my country. What men and women both need, in *my* humble opinion, is not so much a mental *out*reach, as a spiritual *in*reach, to grasp at the vices and follies that grow so rankly in their souls. Better hearts are in far greater demand than anything else.

"Then as to men having so much more expansion of mind,—I've seen not a few 'big men' who set up for an uncommon share of cultivation; and in spite of greater confidence and flow of language, they seemed to have just as many narrow prejudices (more, too, many times,) as my hard-working husband; and I've heard many of them use arguments in a discussion that a boy a dozen years old ought to be ashamed of. After men learn to be really and truly men, in manly independence of thought and action, it will be quite time enough for them to talk about the narrow minds of their benighted wives and daughters." Aunt Rachel.

Aunt Rachel deserves our most grateful thanks for so faithfully reporting Mrs. Monel's remarks. When we wrote the article which moved that lady's indignation, we had a vague fear that we might be misconstrued by some good wives and mothers for whom it was by no means intended. It seems the fear was not without foundation, and Mrs. Monel's eloquent rejoinder rather amuses than amazes us. Our only wonder is that, with the comprehensive mind which she manifests, aided by much breadth of reading, and, we should judge, no little close observation, she should never have observed that there are some women with minds less comprehensive, who read less, who think less, solely because domestic details have circumscribed their mental outreach!

We have re-perused the offending article, and really, Aunt Rachel, we do not see why sensible women like yourself and Mrs. Monel should take umbrage at it. It does not belittle the sphere of your sex. It does not complain that woman is of a truth narrow minded, and therefore not man's equal. It does not argue to deprive her of one single prerogative to which she may lay claim. As to whether she be naturally the inferior or superior of man it ventures no word of belief. It merely asserts that woman's surroundings have a tendency to dwarf her capacity for thought and to work her an injury. So asserting, it earnestly desires her not to yield a willing slave to circumstances, but to guard against their baleful influence by every means within her power.

If the same daily routine of domestic duties, continued year in and year out, does not have a tendency to limit thought, then we are at fault concerning the proper relation of cause and effect. If woman can give almost constant attention to the perplexing details which fill up her days, with her mind ranging unfettered and free over the wide domain of meditation, then those details are more purely mechanical than we have all our life long supposed, and being a wife and mother is a matter of trifling moment. We do not yet believe that such is the case. We know that any duty makes its levy on the mind, and enforces the demand if it be faithfully performed. If duties of any kind are continuous, they are all-absorbing. Man gives to his work all his mental force, while engaged upon it, but he leaves it at more frequent intervals than woman leaves hers, and then his mind reaches out into other and broader paths.

"Better hearts are in far greater demand than anything else," our feminine friend declares. But is that quite relevant to the point under discussion? Does the goodness of a person's heart operate in any known ratio to increase the mental scope of that person? Not in the least would we decry heart improvement. Yet the heart does not think. The best-hearted individual whom we now remember, in the common acceptance of the term, was but one degree removed from idiocy. Benefit the heart as much as you will,—and the good work cannot be carried too far,—the surroundings of the person are unchanged, and their influences remain to work out their own natural results unless striven against. Will a woman with a heart tender and loving as Mary's of old-time, find the petty trials of house and home keeping less hampering than another like Martha? Will not their tendencies be to narrow her mind, though her heart remain as large and loving as ever?

Please remember, dear Aunt Rachel and indignant Mrs. Monel, that we are not discussing the question of Woman's Rights,—that we have not taken ground against your kind in anything we have said. The rather have we sought to elevate womanhood, as we always shall. In the article complained of we grant her all we grant to man, and only deprecate the conditions which work to her detriment. Read it again, good friends, and if you then throw the paper down "in a pet" we will simply confess that you ought to be petted!

It has been ascertained that some ladies use paint as fiddlers do resin—To aid them in drawing a bean.

A WISE CREED.

The mother of Goethe, the celebrated German poet, said of herself, "Order and quiet are my characteristics. I despatch at once what I have to do, the most disagreeable always first. I always seek out what is good in people, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind and knows how to round off the angles." The saying has in it the very best philosophy of life. Performing disagreeable tasks always first and quickly, will take away more than half the unpleasantness the days contain. Hunting for what is good in those around us will not fail to repay with blessing.

How much to be commended is the trait of character which Goethe's mother manifested in this expression. We can readily believe she was a sunny-hearted woman. Goethe himself bore testimony in this regard. "From my dear little mother," he wrote, "I derive my happy disposition and my love of story-telling." Her sunny-heartedness was due in a great measure to her wise creed of life and thought. It is erroneous to think that the natural disposition is wholly responsible for habits of doing and thinking. Natural dispositions may be overcome by steady persistence; and habits naturally enough formed, may be broken up. We ought not to be willing slaves to our innate propensities. A creed like that cited may be our deliverer.

A NESTORIAN CUSTOM.

The following curious custom of the Nestorian Christians, as related by Rev. Arthur Boglan, is commended to the serious attention of the young gentlemen and young ladies of our own country who propose to commit matrimony. After the marriage ceremony has been performed the wedding party is taken in wagons from the church to the house of the bridegroom's parents. When the second wagon, in which the bride is seated alone, reaches the gate opening into the yard in which the house is situated, it is halted, and the bridegroom's mother comes to meet it with a baby and three suits of baby clothes in her arms. She throws the child and the clothes into the arms of the bride, who is required to undress and dress the baby three times in the presence of her mother-in-law, who watches every movement as only a mother-in-law can watch a daughter-in-law. If the newly-made bride does not perform the operation to the satisfaction of her severe judge, she is considered unfit for her new position, the wagon is turned around and she is taken back home for further instruction, and the poor bridegroom is compelled to live in single blessedness until his wife is educated up to the proper standard.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Those who think that prima donnas and actresses sometimes receive ovations in this country, should read the following account given by the *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna, of the farewell performance of the cantatrice Helene Magnus, at Klagenfurth, in phlegmatic Austria:—"After having literally covered her with bouquets and flowers, the audience with one voice begged her to crush a rose with her foot, and the petals were distributed to the spectators, who disputed for them at the peril of their persons and clothing. A young and beautiful baroness, transported by her inexpressible admiration, cast herself at the feet of the *diva* and feverishly kissed her hand. Several ladies of riper age were so agitated by the bravos and acclamations that they fell into a swoon." Which we think was rather overdoing the thing.

A young Russian Princess has a wonderful house in Paris. In the bath-room the walls and ceiling are hung with white muslin on a ground of rose-colored satin, and the floor is covered with white velvet cloth. The water falls into the marble bath from chased silver taps, and above is suspended a dais, from which filters scented water. The dressing-room is lined with gold shot with pink, grey and silver; two columns of pink and white marble support a tablet upon which rests a mirror framed in gold and silver foliage; a few choice objects of art stand about; and in the mirror-room sky-blue hangings of velvet drape the numerous looking-glasses.

Patti, who charmed so many thousands by her melodies before she went abroad, and who has since nearly turned the heads of our friends over the water, has at last been married to the Marquis de Caux. The ceremony took place in a Roman Catholic chapel in London, before a distinguished assembly, among whom were Mario, Grisi, and many other musical celebrities. It is said by correspondents that the beautiful prima donna has sold herself for a title. The Marquis is represented as old, deeply in debt, and a roue. For the purpose of paying his indebtedness the Marchioness will remain on the stage five years longer.

In New Zealand, as the story goes, there exists a very old custom,—part of the established marriage ceremony,—of knocking the heads of the bride and bridegroom together just before the union is completed. Whereupon some rhymester who must be unhappily wed, says:

In Christian lands it isn't so:
The bridegroom and the bride
To loggerheads but seldom go
Until the knot is tied.

Mrs. Stanton, writing from Peterboro, Madison Co., says there is a base ball club of girls in that village. Miss Nannie Miller, a grand-daughter of Gerrit Smith, is the Captain, and handles the bat with much grace and vigor. And Mrs. S. adds:—"It was a pretty sight to see the girls with their white dresses and blue ribbons flying, in full possession of the public square, last Saturday afternoon, while the boys were quiet spectators of the scene."

Russia leads the world on the woman question. There the husband and wife are two persons entirely independent of each other in the eyes of the civil law. There is a complete political equality between the two. If the wife possesses the necessary property qualification, she can vote for members to the provincial general councils, her sex being no obstacle to the exercise of the right.

We don't know to whose credit or discredit the following should be given. The last sentence is not without merit in these warm days,—it is so decidedly cool:—"Women are not naturally funny. They range above, or below it. They may be keen and witty, but not apt to be humorous. Nevertheless they are good creatures—many of them."

A little girl, excited over the beauty of her aunt's teeth, as she sat busily engaged in conversation, her face all smiles, and the gold glittering from her upper jaw, exclaimed, "Oh! Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"

Five young ladies, in Salem, Ill., having been offered $100 if they could and would saw a load of wood, twice in two, in one day, they accepted the task and accomplished it triumphantly.

A celebrated Irish physician, speaking of the physical degeneracy of modern women, says we must take good care of our grandmothers, for we never shall get any more.

Choice Miscellany.

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENSON.

When the tasks and the lessons are ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me
To bid me good-night and be kissed;
Oh! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace;
Oh! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

Oh! my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fount of my feelings will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—
Of the tempests of Fate blowing wild,
For there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayers would bound back to myself,—
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule,
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their pattering feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LONGFELLOW'S CHARACTERISTICS.

The best writers have a current in their style. This gives it life. Perhaps no one in literature,—certainly not in American literature,—has this more eminently than Mr. Longfellow. It is the success of the man—of the poet rather, as Mr. Longfellow's prose is not distinguished for this quality. But his poetry has it, all of it. It matters not whether in a spirited, didactic or other vein; it is all the same; there is the motion, the activity. Even in describing the Sabbath, quiet as it is, this characteristic is present; everything lives and moves: the hymn book is fluttering in the church window; there is a sound of worship—not only a word expressive—but the true sense of the sound. The branches of the trees are in motion; even the grass is springing up to "kiss feet" that are walking.

But when he reaches the martial element, then it is that his genius,—the genius of true stirring motion, as though armies were marching, trumpets were sounding, and not words saying it,—shines forth. This is more specially seen in his "Arsenal at Springfield," a poem that became popular directly, and has since held its own, nor will it soon be forgotten. So his lines on the death of Wellington, published first in the Atlantic Monthly in its first issue, without signature, but recognized at once. Here the "war steamers" are as true war steamers as ever floated on the water. You can see and *feel* them "speeding over" from the French shore. In describing the "panels" and furniture of the ships, the same activity prevails. The air is brisk; there is a morning for you, such as you seldom get on the "channel." Still is the entrance of "the warrior," but you find it the "Destroyer," ever busy. And so it is from beginning to end—activity throughout.

Note his "Resignation." Also his evening piece,—"When the Hours of Day are Numbered,—and, most of all perhaps, his little lyric, "The Psalm of Life."

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;"

and so on, with the regularity of a stream. This poem has nothing to recommend it but its moral and its motion. There is not a new thought in it; all is threadbare: yet it lives, and stands a chance to live. Why? Because it is alive—alive with motion—and that motion is the characteristic of the poet, a part of his life; he but lets it out in numbers,—and it is not all mechanical, as has so unjustly been charged of the poetry of Mr. Longfellow. F. G.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STANDARD OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is much talk among Art critics about the true standard of the Beautiful, though the old Italian masters in painting, and the old Greek sculptors, are universally regarded as the highest tribunal, from which there is no appeal. But there is a higher light towering above the ancient; there are galleries of paintings in every land, free to every rambler. Sometimes a whole collection is hung along the bank of a river. Sometimes they are suspended from the mountain side. Some more choice and exquisite than any that decorate a saintly shrine in fair Italy, are hid away in woodland dells. Others hang against the sunset sky, or the purple morning clouds. Before these pictures critics are dumb; here they find no fault,—for the artist is the great God, the All-Perfect.

Nor did the ancients monopolize all the manly beauty, queenly grace and maiden loveliness of all ages. There are, even now, in these sordid times, men's faces, calm, pure and perfect in form and expression as the sculptured faces of the demi-gods; infants that Raphael would have copied without change of tint or expression; maidens more beautiful than pictured Madonnas. True, such beauties are rare as diamonds of the first water, and perfect pearls, and all the best things of earth are rare. Still, there are enough to serve as models, without going on from age to age, copying what becomes at last but the shadow of a shade. Amelie Pettit.

LISZT AND HIS PLAYING.

A writer in the Chicago Tribune remarks thus of an hour with one in whom is the rare combination of an Abbe and a pianist of marvelous power:

Everything conspired to brighten the effect produced upon us all, but I had the advantage of others, for it was the first time I had ever heard the great pianist, and "all first things are voted best." To begin with:—The time was favorable. It was getting towards twilight—just that hour when music most enthralls. All was quiet within—without there were only four of us to listen—and we could all look out through the great window beyond the piano—over the lonely Campo Vaccino—toward the west where the ruins of an ancient imperial palace outlined themselves against a sky of fading gold and purple—a picture lovely at any time, but doubly so when seen under the influence of such a spell as only music can produce.

When Liszt began to play he looked like another being. His self-consciousness gradually vanished, and the complacency left his mouth. His face spoke music no less than the instrument beneath his wonderful hands. It was as eloquent as that of the most impassioned orator. He was no longer the man, but the master. I sat where I could see his profile, and while he was thundering over the bass notes, bracing himself, as it were, against his hands, I thought, as I have before said, of our Gen. Washington, whose bust I had seen the day before in the villa of Prince Doria. Even in repose his features bear a likeness, but when they are in action the resemblance is more positive. Some have likened him to Dante, but his face lacks the severity and solemnity of the poet's.

I had heard of the peculiarity of his touch, and now I particularly remarked it. He does not strike the instrument. The tones seem to follow his finger ends as if the keys had been magnetized. Even his *tours de force* are made rather by up than down strokes. He seems literally to draw the sounds from the instrument. He gave us first a little caprice in the waltz time by his son-in-law Bulow; then, something of his own—a composition illustrating certain phases in the life of St. Francis—his hopes, his fears, his mortal agony, his final release and transport—a work requiring great feeling and great energy of execution; a favorite theme, but one that he never renders, he told my German friend, unless he feels that he has sympathetic listeners. This work has been illustrated for him by Gustave Dore. One of the pictures we saw. It was treated with the same vigor and imaginative power that originated the designs for Dante's Inferno. But this idea of putting the life of a Catholic priest into the Chiaro 'scuro of music and painting, reminds me of the experiences of Gottschalk, who averred that he perceived music through every sense; "the chord of the diminished seventh, the perfume of the heliotrope, the color blue and the taste of pine-apple all producing the same sensation."

OLD AGE.

That men, generally, should dislike old age is after all but natural, as it diminishes physical strength, deteriorates personal appearance, and blunts the edge of many of our enjoyments. But the thinking, reflecting Christian man, who knows that life here can only be temporary, and that, however favorably circumstanced, it will always be burthened with cares, anxieties and disappointments, and who believes that it is but the precursor of another one, higher and more perfect, which shall last forever, should meet it cheerfully, as it brings to him the certainty that the time is approaching when he will be released forever from all the disabilities to which flesh is heir to.

Happy is the man whose heart retains its youth even under the pressure of years, who, though grave, can still be cheerful, whose hopes are as strong as ever, though the objects are changed, who has lost nothing of the finer tastes and sentiments of his earlier years, who can still admire the beauties of nature, in whose ear the voice of youth sounds pleasantly, and the laugh of children is as music, who can enter into their pleasure and share in their enjoyments with a keener relish, perhaps, because they recall the memory of by-gone days, and who can travel the down-hill road of life with more of hope for the future than regret for the past. For such a man even old age has its pleasures—for though at times the shadows of the past may darken his spirits, he has but to turn his thoughts to the future to dispel them. How vain and empty appear to him all these honors and distinctions gained by trafficking with truth, justice or religion; how worthless that accumulation which, while it corrupts and enervates the soul, cannot satisfy the heart, and which he who has wasted his life in gathering must leave behind; and how idle and hollow that popular applause in which the weak fanatic fancies he hears the voice of God.

Blessed are they who die young, without knowing sin or tasting the bitterness of life; and next blessed are they who, having grown old in years, have lived long enough to realize the utter worthlessness of early promises and to appreciate with all their hearts the hopes that lie beyond.

ONLY.

Only one drop of water at a time that had found its way from the mighty ocean through the dike, and was slowly wearing a little channel. Only one drop! Yet if that little child in his morning ramble had not noticed it, who can tell what the terrible results might have been?

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it hath pierced some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light found its way through the leafy branches of some wild wood, kissed the moss-covered bank where the tiny violet grew, and caused shades of beauty to adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hath it fanned, how many hearts cheered by its gentle touch!

Only one stray bullet that pierced the noble soldier-boy as he trod the lonely midnight round, faithfully guarding the precious lives intrusted to his keeping, and the life blood slowly ebbed out, and the sunbeams fell on the cold face of the dead.

Only a sentinel! And yet one soul more had passed from its earthly tenement to meet its reward at the hands of a merciful God.

Only a drop of ink! And yet it carried the news of death to anxious ones at home, and caused the tear of anguish to trickle down the furrowed cheek of a widowed mother.

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary ache in that child's heart, and the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But ah! how it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy present; made the bed-ridden one forget its present agony for a moment as it dwelt in sunshine of joy, lived in the warmth of that smile.—*New York Presbyterian.*

Sabbath Reading.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SILENT CITY.

Only a little way from the busy streets, thronged with glad and sorrowing hearts, where tired hands so long for rest, where brows grow so weary, as the restless tide of life ever sweeps on, always the same, yet not the *same*,—only over the river, and there is rest. Life has some resting-places; there are cool, grateful shades where we may lie down and sleep softly, with only God and the angels to watch over us,—where we shall never think, as the sweet flowers bloom, that the world has ever garnered mockery, for all will be pure and true around us.

Yes, one of *life*'s resting-places. Death is not here, amid these cool, deep shades, where we only hear the whispers of the trembling leaves, and the soft trill of birds. Even these seem to know there are sleepers here, for their songs are low and sweet. Over yonder, through the trees, I can just see a marble statue, with one finger pointing upward,—upward from the earthly to the life of the heavenly beyond. Not *death*,—oh no!—they only forget sorrow,—only rest from toil, and then awake to the blissful meed He giveth His own.

These quiet avenues never echo the tread of hurrying feet; the dwellers in this city never weep—their hearts never know pain,—kind hands have brought them here, oh, so tenderly, and pillowed the dear heads in slumber, then strewn their couches with flowers. Here, love, like some sweet priestess, has chiseled her most precious thoughts in marble, wreathed crosses with flowers, and plaited beautiful crowns, white and pure as the angel-hands that hold them. Love lives forever, and who can tell what crowns of unfading beauty infinite love hath given the glad, free spirits that wander over the mountains of Hope on the other shore?

Close by Indian Trail Avenue, on a plain stone, I read the one word "Mother." Some home is lonely now; there's a vacant chair by the hearthstone since *she* is gone away. Hush! tread softly—she's sleeping. Poor heart; you say her arms do not reach for you as they used to,—that her lips have grown cold. Look: the angel says "up yonder"—the mother-heart is up there—tender, loving, as when it folded you so warmly in sweet childhood. Here I read "Father," there "My Husband," there "Our Child." Ah, I almost hear the silvery laughter that went rippling through the old home, ere the sweet blue eyes and golden hair were folded here.

And there is a lonely mound where the bending branches can sweep it caressingly. See, loving hands have strewn it all over with sweet geraniums and pale forget-me-nots. Some one is wandering up and down the world very lonely to-day. There are hands that reach for the warm clasp of those that lie folded so calmly away under those blossoms; there are eyes all filled with tears, because a dear brow is so white and still,—and a heart that waits and longs to come here and be hushed to rest forever under the whispering leaves.

And whole homes are here,—all the dear ones that knelt by the old fireside are sleeping now, and the angels are watching very lovingly, and far above the glad summer sky bends down in blessed benediction, for God is love. Softly the birds sing all through the long, golden days, and at night the dews fall gently, and autumn mornings will come when the leaves will rustle down over gleaming marble and tiny mound, but the slumberers will not waken, for they are at rest. Grace G. Slough.

Mount Hope, Rochester, July, 1868.

JARGON WITHOUT LANGUAGE.

I heard two persons on the Wengern Alp talking by the hour together of the names of ferns; not a word about their characteristics, uses or habits, but a medley of crack-jaw titles, and nothing more. They evidently felt that they were ventilating their botany, and kept each other in countenance by alternate volleys of nonsense. Well, friend, they were about as sensible as those doctrinists who forever talk over the technicalities of religion, but know nothing by experience of its spirit and power. Are we not all too apt to amuse ourselves after the same fashion? He who knows mere Linnæan names, but has never seen a flower, is as reliable in botany, as he is in theology, who can descant upon supralapsarianism, but has never known the love of Christ in his heart.

True religion's more than doctrine,
Something must be known and felt.

[*Spurgeon's Note Book.*

OUR CONVERSATION.

Bishop Latimer, when examined before Bonner, at first answered without much thought or care; but, hearing the movement of a pen behind the curtain, he perceived that a writer was taking down his words, and the effect was to make him considerate and wary. He said he then realized as never before the force of his Lord's premonition—"By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

How changed would be much of our conversation if we were suitably aware that an invisible hand is recording our utterances! As there is an eye that sees our actions, however hidden from human observation, so there is an ear that hears whatever we speak. Every word is registered, and we shall have to meet it in our final trial at the great day.

Jesus.—Talk of eradicating the name and the religion of Jesus, from the world and the hearts of men! Go and pluck down the stars from their courses, and tell them no more to illumine with their far-reaching splendors the dome of night. Quench all the glory of God in his handiwork. Bid day unto day no more to utter speech, and night unto night no more to declare knowledge. Stop the sun in the glory of his coming, and bid it rejoice no more as a strong man to run a race; and you shall succeed as well and labor as successfully as to try to take Jesus and his teachings out of the human heart, or out of the soul's great wants and aspirations.—*Rev. E. Case.*

The Reviewer.

THE MOONSTONE. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS. [16-mo., pp. 223.] Double columns; illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE peculiar talent of Mr. COLLINS for making an intricate plot, and exciting and maintaining the interest of the reader in his story, has never been better displayed than in this, his last novel. The title refers to an Indian diamond, famous in the native annals of the East, and devoted for centuries to the service of the moon-god, in whose forehead it blazed, watched and guarded by three Brahmin priests. Its history runs through several centuries, and is linked with that of different Eastern conquerors. At last it fell into the hands of an English officer during the pillage of a city, and was conveyed to his own country. From generation to generation three Brahmin priests had watched over the varying fortunes of their gem, and never despaired of restoring it to their idol. They followed it to England, and at this period of its history our author fairly opens his story. In course of time it was made a birth-day present to a daughter of a wealthy English family, but it quickly disappears in a mysterious manner. How it affects the fortunes of herself and lover; how it is constantly "shadowed" by the three Indians; how the Bow Street detective tracks it with keen but false scent; how it leads to robbery, suicide and murder; how the lovers are estranged but finally reconciled; and how the three Indians gain possession of their holy gem, sail to their native land, eluding all efforts made for their capture, and place it, finally, in the forehead of the moon-god in their sacred city of Somnanth, our author tells in a direct and appropriate style, which adds additional charms to the narrative. For sale by DEWEY.

THE COURT AND CAMP OF DAVID. By Rev. P. C. HEADLEY, Author of "Women of the Bible," "Josephine," "Lafayette," etc. [16mo.—pp. 368.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

IN all the richness of green and gold binding, beautiful typography, heavy, tinted paper with broad margins, we have here the most intensely interesting history of Old Testament times, narrated by a writer of fine ability, well versed in sacred and profane lore. The story of DAVID must ever remain a grand epic poem, whosoever may tell it, or howsoever it may be presented. But the Scripture narrative is often broken and disconnected, and another, with the continuity faithfully preserved, is very desirable. The career of "the sweet singer of Israel" abounds in striking lessons, which cannot fail to interest and benefit all who study them, particularly the young. These lessons are brought out clearly, though briefly, in the present volume, while the various phases of the old Hebrew monarchy which had DAVID for their central figure are distinctly drawn. We regard the work as a valuable addition to the religious literature of the home and Sabbath School. It is embellished with numerous illustrations, and is a rare specimen of mechanical excellence.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. With an Introduction, connecting the History of the Old and New Testaments. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D., Classical Examiner in the University of London. With Maps and Wood Cuts. [12mo.—pp. 780.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE HARPERS have here made another and very valuable addition to their series of Student's Histories. It and the Old Testament History, now in press, will comprise a full historical account of the Scriptures, compiled from the very best authorities known. The volume in hand consists of three parts, the first giving the connection between Old and New Testament History, with the relations of the Holy Land to Persia, Egypt and Syria, and setting forth the main facts in the general history of the East during what is called the "Hellenistic" age; the second containing the Gospel History, and presenting a clear, harmonized narrative of the SAVIOUR'S ministry, as related by the four Evangelists; and the third embracing the Apostolic History, which is more complete than in any previous work. Appendixes to each part are given, and contain much interesting matter. For sale by DEWEY.

OUR STANDARD BEARER; Or, The Life of Gen. ULYSSES S. GRANT: His Youth, his Manhood, his Campaigns, and his Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword has Redeemed: As Seen and Related by Captain BERNARD GALLIGASKEN, Cosmopolitan, and written out by OLIVER OPTIC. Illustrated by THOMAS NAST. [16mo.—pp. 348.] Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

FEW writers of story books for the young are more widely known than OLIVER OPTIC. In this, his latest literary venture, he tries a new field of story telling, choosing for his subject a veritable personage whose life is certainly much be-written. Through the mythical Captain GALLIGASKEN, the writer declares he is an enthusiast, and in respect to the man of whom he writes he surely proves the assertion true. Of the many biographies of General GRANT which have appeared, this is doubtless the most readable. It is eulogistic in the highest degree, and will therefore be especially gratifying to partisans. Sold by DARROW.

ALICE; Or, THE MYSTERIES. A Sequel to Ernest Maltravers. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Complete in one Volume. [16mo.—pp. 218.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THOUGH passing under a separate title, this is really Part Second of "Ernest Maltravers," the two being united in the same plot, and forming a work which for harmony of conception and details is perhaps not equaled by any other from BULWER'S pen. A peculiar feature in the conception is that MALTRAVERS typifies Genius or Intellectual Ambition, while ALICE typifies Nature, to which Genius devotes itself. In the working out of this philosophical design Genius becomes separated from Nature, by various influences, but is reunited to it again when the latter has become elevated and spiritualized. The volume is one of the beautiful Globe Edition. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

NOTES, CRITICAL, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE BOOK OF PSALMS. By ALBERT BARNES, Author of "Notes on the New Testament," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc., etc. In three Volumes. Vol. I. [8vo.—pp. 374.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

BARNES' Commentaries are so well known, and their peculiar excellencies so universally acknowledged, that we need only call attention to the latest addition thereto. The author announces this work to be the last he shall undertake. Failing sight, and the natural effects of age, will prevent further labors of the kind. Upon this he has been engaged for twelve years, giving to it the early morning hours, when free from pastoral duties. The present volume contains the first forty-one Psalms, and the accompanying notes are very full. Sold by DEWEY.

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, From his Boyhood to the Present Time. And a Biographical Sketch of Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX. By CHARLES A. PHELPS, Late Speaker of the Mass. House of Representatives, and President of the Mass. Senate. Embellished with Two Steel Portraits, and Four Illustrations from Designs by HAMMATT BILLINGS. [16mo.—pp. 344.] Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

THOUGH evidently a campaign document, this is written with apparent candor and impartiality, and has the merit of being comprehensive yet succinct. It is, on this account, more justly called the People's Edition than any other which we have seen. Gen. GRANT'S course in the war is graphically sketched. The biography of Speaker COLFAX is very brief. For sale by S. A. ELLIS & Co., successors to ADAMS & ELLIS.

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE: Stories. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. [16mo.—pp. 235.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THESE seven stories are very good of their kind,—lively, gossipy in style, with a sprinkling of dry humor thrown in. Six of them were originally printed in Harper's Magazine, and the other in the Atlantic. They present, at times, too much flippancy of expression, which occasionally borders on irreverence toward serious things. The writer seems to be thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of Cape Cod fishermen, and perfectly at home "along shore." For sale by DEWEY.

The Traveler.

CHIMBORAZO.

ON our left is the most sublime spectacle in the New World. It is a majestic pile of snow—its clear outline on the deep blue sky describing the profile of a lion in repose. At noon the vertical sun and the profusion of light reflected from the glittering surface will not allow a shadow to be cast on any part, so that you can easily fancy the figure is cut out of a mountain of spotless marble. This is Chimborazo—yet not the whole of it—you see but a third of the great giant. His feet are as eternally green as his head is everlastingly white; but they are far away beneath bananas and cocoa-palms of the Pacific coast.

Rousseau was disappointed when he first saw the sea; and the first glimpse of Niagara often fails to meet one's expectations. But Chimborazo is sure of a worshiper the moment its overwhelming grandeur breaks upon the traveler. You feel that you are in the presence-chamber of the monarch of the Andes. There is sublimity in his kingly look, of which the ocean might be proud.

It looks lofty from the very first. Now and then an expanse of thin, sky-like vapor would cut the mountain in twain, and the dome, islanded in the deep blue of the upper regions, seemed to belong more to Heaven than to earth. We knew that Chimborazo was more than twice the altitude of Etna. We could almost see the great Humboldt struggling up the mountain side till he looked like a black speck moving over the mighty white, but giving up in despair four thousand feet below the summit. We see the intrepid Bolivar mounting still higher; but the hero of Spanish-American independence returns a defeated man. Last of all comes the philosophic Boussingault, and attains the prodigious elevation of 19,600 feet — the highest point reached by man without the aid of a balloon; but the dome remains unsullied by his foot. Yet none of these facts increase our admiration. The mountain has a tongue which speaks louder than all mathematical calculations.

There must be something singulary sublime about Chimborazo, for the spectator at Riobamba is already about nine thousand feet high, and the mountain is not so elevated above him as Mont Blanc above the vale of Chamouni, when in reality that culminating point of Europe would not reach up even to the snow-limit of Chimborazo by two thousand feet. It is only while sailing on the Pacific that one sees Chimborazo in its complete proportions. Its very magnitude diminishes the impression of awe and wonder, for the Andes on which it rests are heaved to such a vast altitude above the sea that the relative elevation of its summit becomes reduced by comparison with the surrounding mountains. Its altitude is 21,420 feet. One-fourth of this is perpetually covered with snow, so that its ancient name, Chimpurazu—the mountain of snow—is very appropriate.

Chimborazo was long supposed to be the tallest mountain on the globe; but its supremacy has been supplanted by Mt. Everest in Asia and Aconcagua in Chili. In mountain gloom and glory, however, it still stands unrivaled. The Alps have the avalanche—"the thunderbolt of snow," and the glaciers—those icy Niagaras, so beautiful and grand. Here they are wanting. The monarch of the Andes sits motionless in calm serenity and unbroken silence. The silence is absolute and actually oppressive. The road from Guyaquil to Quito crosses Chimborazo at the elevation of fourteen thousand feet. Save the rush of the trade wind in the afternoon, as it sweeps over the Andes, not a sound is audible; not the hum of an insect, nor the chirp of a bird, nor the roar of the puma, nor the music of running waters. Mid-ocean is never so silent. You can almost hear the globe turning on its axis. There was a time when the monarch deigned to speak, and spoke with a voice of thunder; for the lava on its sides is an evidence of volcanic activity. But ever since the morning stars sang together over man's creation, Chimborazo has sat in sullen silence, satisfied to look "from his throne of clouds o'er half the world." There is something very suggestive in this silence of Chimborazo. It was once full of noise and fury; it is now a *completed* mountain, and thunders no more.—*Prof. James Orton.*

THE WATERFALLS OF NORWAY.

NORWAY is famous for its waterfalls. "The mountains," to use the expressive language of a Belgian tourist whom I met at Utne, "are peopled with them. They lend animation to every scene, and hang from every cliff the scarf of liquid drapery." Hundreds of cascades unknown to fame, though far higher and grander than the two celebrated Staubbach, may be seen in the course of a single day's journey in the valleys of the interior. During a drive of ten miles through the wonderful scenery of Romsdal, I counted no less than fifty waterfalls, most of which were between 1,000 and 2,000 feet high, varying in size from a thin silver thread—scarcely distinguishable from the glittering mica rock, but for the brighter sparkle of the sun upon it — to a magnificent, full-bodied torrent, wreathed with rainbows, pouring its white fury far down into some unexplored abyss, with a noise like thunder. And who that has once seen can ever forget the sublimity of the waterfalls of the Naerodel, a narrow gorge at the head of the Sogno Fjord, shut in by perpendicular precipices from 2,000 to 5,000 feet high. Every ten yards or so, some torrent from the wide snow fields above hurls itself down; and the white gleam of its foaming waters has a peculiarly wild, unearthly look when seen at evening, as I chanced to see it, amid the gloomy shadows of this tremendous defile.

Of the waterfalls of Norway the most numerous as well as the finest are to be seen in the Hardanger district. In this region are the Rembiedals-fos and the Skyttie-fos, both very magnificent falls, though situated in remote, out-of-the-way glens, and therefore visited by few travelers. Here, too, is the better known Ostend-fos, formed by an enormous body falling down perpendicularly for nearly 700 feet into the depths of the Steindal valley,—not far from the station-house of Vikor. But by far the most celebrated of the waterfalls of the Hardanger is the Voring-fos, said indeed to be the grandest cataract in Europe, and the lion of Norway. Its height is upwards of 900 feet, and its volume of water fully larger than that of the Handek in Switzerland. A Frenchman on one occasion was so excited at the thought of visiting it, that even when his steamer entered the Hardanger Fjord, nearly a hundred miles distant, he broke out in a transport of enthusiasm:—"I am coming near it; I am coming near it; for thirty years I have dreamed of Voring-fos." The spectacle is indeed grand beyond description; but it labors under the great disadvantage that it cannot be seen from below. I believe that one or two daring cragsmen succeeded in getting very near the foot of it; but their view was greatly obstructed by a projecting rock. The ordinary tourist sees it from the edge of a great precipice, at a considerable height above the top of the fall. Keeping a firm hold of the guide's hand—if you have sufficient nerve and are not oppressed with giddiness—you can bend your body half over and look down into the awful abyss, filled with seething waters and blinding mist. A vision of a great white mass of foam falling, minute after minute, pausing as it were at intervals in mid-air, but still falling down, down far out of sight into the bowels of the earth, with a roar that seems to shake the rocks to their foundations, is caught during the frenzied gaze, and photographed upon the memory forever. Woe betide the unhappy tourist who is seized by nightmare the first time he goes to sleep after having stood on this giddy height.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE REV. PATRICK BELL, LL. D.

THE gentleman whose portrait we present above, enjoys the reputation in Scotland of being the original inventor of the reaping machine. The claim there is that Mr. BELL produced a machine in 1826–27, and that the earliest of American machines were only copies from his, a picture of which, in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture in the year 1828, is said to have crossed the Atlantic. This machine was worked continuously up to last year, and is now preserved as a trophy. Feeling that Mr. BELL had labored and other men (shrewd Yankees, particularly,) had entered into his labors, certain Scottish Agricultural Societies took the matter in hand, and set about raising a testimonial of £1,000 for the unfortunate inventor, which is now mainly subscribed.

Mr. BELL was born in 1800, and has been for many years minister of the parish of Carmylie, in Forfarshire, Scotland, with a very meager living. He worked very secretly upon his machine, and made his first practical attempt with it one moonlight night, to avoid all observation. In consideration of his invention the degree of LL. D. has been conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

GENERAL H. CARVER, "the father of the Pacific Railroad," as he offers to prove, writes to an Omaha paper of his future intentions:

I mean to go right on, propose and establish, if I live, as nearly as possible, an air-line route between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans (on the surfaces of which float nine-tenths of all the commerce of the world) for a railroad, with a track eight or ten feet wide. The passenger cars on this road will be traveling hotels, whereas Pullman's cars are only substitutes, and I first described them in my pamphlet written and published at Washington twenty-one years ago last January. These passenger cars will be large and splendid, accommodating from three to four and even five hundred passengers with all the comforts of any hotel of this or any other country. I will say to the public, call this Utopian, vain, visionary, if you please. My first plan of the present Pacific Railroad was called so and laughed at for five years after I had begun to recommend it, write articles for it, and in all ways to labor hard in its favor. Further, I mean, if alive when the road is completed and all things in order, to travel from the city of San Francisco to the city of New York inside of forty-eight hours. We have got a model car in New Jersey, built of cedar, with each wheel running by itself, like a wheelbarrow, and a small engine, about as large as a barrel, in the bow of the car, and have run it at the rate of over two miles a minute with perfect safety and ease.

Various Topics.

WHAT A BLIND MAN MAY DO.

THE biography of James Gale, inventor of the non-explosive gun powder process and other devices, which has just appeared in England, shows that a blind man may accomplish some apparently impossible things. Mr. Gale, who is a blind man, was not trained in the ordinary way, at a school especially for the blind, but by dictation of the knowledge to be imparted, and without being made to feel all the time that he belonged to a separate class; and his biographer contends that there is no insuperable difficulty in a blind boy being educated in an ordinary school—that he can read, cipher and even write from dictation with his class. Of the many blind men who have distinguished themselves scarcely one is known to have been educated at an institution designed exclusively for the sightless, and not one in twenty of those so educated in Paris is able to earn a living.

As the result of the independent mode of training, by which the students' powers are greatly stimulated, Mr. Gale has ridden a horse race and won it. Returning once in a carriers' van from Plymouth to Tavistock, when the driver lost his way through the darkness of the night, his acute sense of hearing enabled him to detect the fact that they were on the wrong road and to lead them into the right one. He has succeeded in concealing his blindness so effectually that he has actually acted as guide to more than one person who happened to be unacquainted with the locality, and concealed the fact of his blindness until the journey had been concluded. He has ridden a blind horse in perfect safety over several miles of ground, and he has even shot pigeons at a shooting match. He possesses remarkable shrewdness and energy in business matters, and is widely known in England as a very active philanthropist. He takes great interest in the poor, and founded the South Devon and Cornwall Institution for the instruction and employment of the blind.

In 1864 he began to experiment with gunpowder, and the next year announced that this dangerous material when mixed with a fine powder made from glass, could be carried about like ordinary merchandise and not explode. He showed this by a series of completely successful experiments. He has also invented an ammunition slide and a rudder ball cartridge, by which a very great rapidity in firing may be attained; a fog-shell, which, when thrown upon the upper deck of a ship, generates a vapor so impenetrable that the sailors and marines on board are utterly unable to see any object not immediately close to them; and a balloon shell, which, when thrown from a hight, clears a space of a hundred feet from all except very ponderous objects.

IT is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

DR. FRANKLIN remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats a pound of sugar and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended, but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up to be enjoyed anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination call for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always a year behind the times in general information; besides they can never think much nor find much to talk about. And then there are the little ones growing up without any taste for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper—and who would read one regularly without paying for it?

SUICIDES IN PARIS.—Paris has two suicides a day, or seven hundred and thirty a year. The favorite month for shuffling off this mortal coil is in April, but November is avoided by suicides. Ten times more men than women commit suicide, a fact which indicates that the stronger sex has less fortitude for enduring the ills of life than the feebler. Half of the suicides are unmarried men; only 79 married men and 22 widowers having murdered themselves. Of single women there were but 39 — 39 women against 418 men — and of married women 38. The number of suicides equals the number of deaths by accident.

TARGETS AND MARKSMEN.—It has been found, while firing at the running-man target at Wimbledon, which is scarlet on one side and gray on the other, that the scarlet dazzles the eye, and is hence the most difficult to hit, from leaving a red streak behind it, in its advance, which unsettles the aim. The gray side was struck 74 times, and the red only 42 times. It is a curious fact, too, it seems, that those with grey eyes hit fairer than those with red.

SUMMER DRINKS.—The best summer beverage is cold water, ice-cold if you will; but by all means grasp the glass by the hand, take a swallow at a time, remove the glass from the lips for a few seconds, then take another swallow; in this way it will be found that the thirst will be thoroughly satiated before half the water has been taken; whereas, if it had been swallowed continuously, the whole contents would not have satisfied the thirst.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.—NO. I.

BY COLY.

Boys, let us be men. Let us be honest, earnest, working men, and we shall be noble men. Nobleness and greatness are not one, and rarely do we find them living in peace with each other. We may never be what the world calls great,—but we can be noble men, and our nobleness can commence this very hour and just where we are. A young man's first and truest act of nobility is to love, honor and protect his parents. When he becomes too proud to be seen walking as the staff of a tottering, helpless father, or to stand by the bedside of her who is waiting a moment this side the river to catch one more gaze, through the fading shadow of the past, of her little boy lost in manhood, he is surely fast going down the eminence of manliness.

When we launch our ships on the morning waves of the great Sea of Life, let us guide them by the light of home, with the helm of the cradle-words of our mother. Not until we have left home and are wanderers in the curious strangeness of a strange land, unnoticed, unheeded, lonely and weary, will we know, of a truth, what a mother is. Then we feel that she is good, and we bless her. Never can I repay my mother's kindness. Her wearied form and her silvering braids shall be defended till that day cometh when He shall make up His jewels,—and then, I ween, Heaven will know no kinder, no purer, no brighter angel than she. When the ever-shining stars shall wane in the fading of my vision, and the noisy world grow still in my sleep of death, will I forget her; not till then.

Our next duty we owe to our country. In prosperity she looks with a mother's hope and a mother's care upon us, and in the night time of adversity she leans upon us as her staff. Her glory is our glory, and her shame is ours also. What we do for our country we do for GOD and generations to come. But, boys, would you live a peaceful, an honest, and a happy life, be not mere politicians. Stand by your principles, if you believe them to be just. When you barter them for place you sell all you are and all you hope to be. It is treason to self,—treason that all eternity cannot wipe out. Let your deeds do the talking; they are the *ne plus ultra* of eloquence. WELLINGTON'S speech of acts won Waterloo. He knew BLUCHER was coming, and, riding amid the ranks, commanded, "Soldiers, listen!" Snatching his sword from its scabbard he cut his belt and flung the empty sheath away; then, lifting his blade, he pointed it toward Heaven, clasped it to his heart, and shouted "Forward!" NAPOLEON'S "star" went down, and he mourned over lost Waterloo. Would you be ignorant, talk incessantly; would you get knowledge, listen.

Never in the history of any country, in any age, has there been such a mighty work before youth as that before the American boys to-day; and I might say never were young men so ignorant of, and unfitted for, their work. Each one wants the other to row the boat while he catches the fish. And all believe in luck; but I tell you, boys, pluck wins more battles than luck. Wishing is the easiest way in the world to get a poor living. Looking for the fortunate star to rise is like standing on the ocean's strand, waiting and watching for wealth-laden ships to come over the sea that never "put out." Wishing brings a small income, and the taxes on it are enormous. Don't say the world owes you a living, until you have earned one. Idleness in boys and girls is any nation's blackest curse.

And there is just as great a work, and just as noble an one, for the young woman as for the young man. When the girls, in earnestness, cast aside the loose cloak of vain fickleness, and, donning the beautiful garments of laboring purity, come forth from the sickly chamber of the "accomplished," asking "What shall we do?" and bearing the motto "Woman's ability shall see light," then the boys will become more earnest, more temperate, more like men. But long ago I promised the girls at least one chat through the RURAL;—some time, not now.

Then, boys, be not afraid or ashamed of labor. Hard hands, brown, strong arms and sun-burned faces, (like mine,) and healthy, manly forms, are honorable. Take "Excelsior" for your motto, and if you are patient, in a few years you can surely write under it that other good word, "Eureka."

WHAT TRYING DID.

"CHILDREN, I want each of you to bring a new scholar to school with you next Sunday," said the Superintendent of a Sunday School to his scholars.

"I *can't* get any new scholars," said several of the children to themselves.

"Ill *try* what I can do," was the whispered response of a few others.

One of the latter went home and said, "Father, will you go to the Sunday School with me?"

"I can't read, my son," replied the father, with a look of shame.

"Our teachers will teach you, dear father," answered the boy, with respect and feeling in his tones.

"Well, I'll go," said the father.

He went, learned to read, sought and found the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on, and that man established *four hundred Sunday Schools*, into which *thirty-five thousand* children were gathered!

Thus you see what trying did. That boy's effort was like a tiny rill, which soon swells into a brook and at length becomes a river. His efforts, by God's grace, saved his father, and his father, being saved, led *thirty-five thousand* children to the Sunday School!—*Rev. P. B. Power.*

ANECDOTES OF WEBSTER'S BOYHOOD.

WHEN Daniel Webster was a little fellow at school, the master, one Saturday, held up a new jack-knife, and told the scholars that the boy who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses from the Bible, and recite them on Monday morning, should have that knife. Many of the boys did well, but when it came Daniel's turn he recited sixty or seventy verses, and said he had several chapters more. The master gave it up. Daniel got the knife.

When he entered school he was behind the other boys in his class; all was new and strange, and he was much depressed. "New boys" often feel the same difficulties. But his teacher encouraged him gently, urged him to think of nothing but his books, and soon all would come out right. Before long he was promoted, and at the close of the second quarter he was thus addressed:—"Get your cap and books!" He did this with some surprise, and the tutor continued, "Now report yourself to the teacher of the *first class*, and you, young gentlemen, will take an affectionate leave of your classmate, for you will never see him again."—*Sunday School Advocate.*

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, AUG. 29, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

JOHN KENNEDY was executed at Canton on the 20th inst., for the murder of Thomas Hand, in February 1867. He met death with apparent indifference. He was condemed to be hung in November last, but on the morning of the day a stay of proceedings was served upon the sheriff, and he was further respited.

A barn containing four horses, nine yokes of oxen with harnesses, hay and farming tools, belonging to J. E. & E. L. Willis of Williston, Erie county, was burned recently. The building and horses were insured.

At about nine o'clock Wednesday night, Mr. Cuff was attacked while walking in Sixth avenue, New York city near the reservoir, by two ruffians who attempted to rob him. In the scuffle he was shot at twice, one ball striking his head, which is cut badly; he was also stabbed in the side. The robbers escaped.

About eight o'clock Wednesday evening, an unknown woman about forty years of age, wearing a long black silk mantilla, jumped in the river from the stern of the Houston street (New York) ferry-boat, and was not afterwards seen by the officers of the boat, although proper exertions were made to rescue her.

One day last week the fires of the blast furnace in the lower part of Troy were carelessly permitted to go out. The starting of new fires necessitated the expenditure of thousands of dollars.

The work of grading for the new Rondout and Oswego railroad is being pushed with vigor, and it is expected that before many months the eastern division of the road will be in operation.

A severe storm passed over Baldwinsville, Onondaga county, lately, and a young man named Eugene Haswell, a lumber merchant, was stuck by lightning and instantly killed.

A young man named Frank Hebbard was killed in Rochester on Friday last by the falling of a wall.

An old hulk which has been submerged near Hurl Gate for many years, was recently blown up by the new explosive powder. Immediately after the explosion, over two thousand fish, of all descriptions, floated to the surface, some of which weighed twelve pounds.

Miss Blandina Conant of Brooklyn, daughter of a well-known Biblical translator, has been appointed Professor of English Literature in Rutger College.

Twenty-five persons, nearly equally divided as to sex, started for Kansas on the 18th inst., from Newark. They intend to settle under the Homestead act.

D. D. Townsend of Niagara Falls, had his house entered Wednesday night, and $1,600 worth of silver-ware taken from a bureau.

The lady cutters in the Messrs. Churchill's shoe manufacturing establishment, at Rochester, had a leap year pic-nic, "all by themselves," at Charlotte, Wednesday, and "paddled their own canoe."

Wm. W. Furman of Newburgh, dropped dead at his shoe bench, Wednesday afternoon.

William J. Grozier of Elmira, a prominent witness in the trial of some Elmira incendiaries, was waylaid and nearly murdered on Wednesday evening. The man who committed the assault was a farmer by the name of Bruce.

Three dashy young lawyers of Rochester went to Buffalo on a pleasure trip, and while mixing with a crowd at a circus, were arrested as pickpockets.

Track laying on the Plattsburgh and Whitehall railroad has commenced at Plattsburgh, and is progressing rapidly.

Peter Wilson and James Colligan, two men employed as divers in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, were suffocated on Thursday of last week. They were in a very large diving bell, and the air valve became choked up and failed to furnish air.

Peter J. Williams, a youth of 16 years, in jumping from a train on the H. R. R. R., at the corner of 54th street and Eleventh avenue, New York city, one evening last week, fell across the track, when the cars passed over his body, mangling him in a shocking manner.

The trotting horse Dexter made a mile in two minutes and fourteen seconds one day last week, at a private trial.

The State Sunday School Convention assembled at Elmira on the 18th inst. A large number of delegates were in attendance. The Secretary reported statistics received from forty-two counties, the following being a summary:—Number of towns, 631; number of reports, 486; number of schools, 3,589; number of officers and teachers, 49,165; number of scholars, 342,540; number of conversions, 8,261. The increase in Sunday School attendance for the year in the State is given at 58,249.

Eighteen infected cattle reached New York on the 20th inst. by the Harlem road. Four of the same drove died at Milleston, N. Y., and twenty-three more are in quarantine there, while still others are at Copake. All came from Albany. Deaths of Western cattle have occurred at Sing Sing.

On Friday morning two freight trains collided on the Hudson River Railroad. One locomotive was totally wrecked, and three cars demolished.

There were 731 deaths in New York city last week, an increase of nearly 100 over the previous week, owing mainly to diseases brought about by eating diseased beef.

Roork's planing mill, together with a large amount of lumber, was burned at Albany on Saturday. Loss $50,000.

The colored people of New York city and vicinity, and of all the towns along the Hudson, are going to have a joyous occasion on the 16th of September, at Poughkeepsie, when the anniversary of the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation will be duly celebrated.

Gen. M. R. Patrick, J. Stanton Gould and Lewis F. Allen, Commissioners to inquire into the cattle disease, met in Buffalo on Saturday, and held consultation with the municipal and railroad authorities. Sub-Commissioners are to be appointed in various parts of the State.

A barn belonging to Mr. Gascoign, in West Kendall, Orleans Co., was burned on Sunday, and a son of Mr. G. perished while attempting to get a horse out of the burning building.

The Susquehanna Independent is informed that a panther inhabits the dense woods along the line of the Albany & Susquehannah Railroad, between the village of Osborn Hollow and tunnel, in the town of Colesville. It has been seen several times by the men employed on the railroad. One of the farmers residing in the neighborhood has lost several sheep recently, and the panther has been charged with the theft. The animal is described as being very large.

From Washington.

THE Indian Bureau believe that the telegraphic reports from the West relative to Indian hostilities are either greatly exaggerated or wholly untrue, as the official information leads to a very different conclusion. There are certain speculative interests to be served by getting up and circulating reports of Indian outrages, and the Department has ceased to credit any reports of hostilities unless received officially.

The work of removing the office of the Agricultural Department to the new building in South Washington is progressing quite rapidly. The library and laboratory have already been removed and by next week the commissions and most of the offices of the Department will have become located in their new quarters.

Upon the legal advice of the Attorney General as to the power of the President in the premises, Joseph S. S. Rowland has been appointed United States Marshal for the Western District of Arkansas vice Luther C. White, suspended for misconduct in office.

There is said to be no reasonable prospect whatever of a session of Congress in September. Its only advocates are a few over-zealous Southern men, who imagine it would tend to ameliorate the condition of that section.

No appointments of Supervisors have yet been made under the new Internal Revenue law. Mr. Rollins has submitted the names of sundry applicants to the Secretary of the Treasury, but the latter has disapproved of at least a portion of them, and there is a discord of views with these gentlemen.

The Postmaster General has, in conformity with the recent act of Congress, issued orders to his subordinates to send to the dead letter office all letters, circulars, &c., concerning lotteries, gift concerts and similar swindles.

The President has officially announced by proclamation the ratification of the fourteenth article of the Constitution of the United States by the State of Georgia.

A General Order has been issued from the War Department, intended as an explanation of the refusal of Secretary Schofield to furnish arms to the militia of the Southern States on the application of the Governors, and for the information of the officers of the army now on duty in the South. It contains an extract from the army appropriation bill passed by the Thirty-ninth Congress, disbanding all militia organizations in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas, and prohibiting new ones, under any circumstances whatever, to be formed till the same shall be authorized by Congress.

Secretary Schofield has received a dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated Omaha, Aug. 20th, in which he announces receipt of a dispatch from Gen. Sheridan confirming the press dispatches about the Indian outrages. The outrages are declared too horrible for detail. Gen. Sherman ordered Gen. Sheridan to continue the pursuit and drive the savages from that part of the country, and when captured to give them punishment. The Secretary of War communicated the intelligence to the President, who acquiesced in the measures being taken in the matter.

It is said that Gen. McMahon, the new Minister to Paraguay, will be instructed to use his best efforts to restore peace between that Republic and the Allies now waging war against her, the United States Government having heretofore proffered its mediation to that end.

The decision of Secretary Schofield regarding the eight hour law passed at the last session of Congress that employes should receive but eight hours' pay has been referred to the Attorney General for his opinion. A number of Government employes here have presented a petition to the President on the subject, in which they set forth in extracts from the Senate debates when the law was pending in that body the fact that several propositions, particularly one offered by Senator Sherman, intending to restrict the pay of workmen to eight hours were voted down.

The suit brought by Geo. W. Alexander, late assessor of the eighth Pennsylvania district, against J. T. Lawrence Getz, M. C., E. A. Rollins, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and others, charging them with conspiracy to defame his character and obtain his removal from office, is likely to prove important as a check to further removals based on statements of parties interested in them for political purposes.

Nothing is positively known of the instructions to Gen. Rosecrans relative to Mexican affairs, but there is very good reason to suppose that we are on the eve of important changes, so far as the policy of the United States toward Mexico is concerned. It is asserted by usually well informed diplomats and others, that Gen. Rosecrans is empowered by the Executive to tender all the naval aid possible to the Juarez Government, and that material support will not be withheld if it should be found necessary to enable the Mexican authorities to crush the various factions there, and to establish a stable Government.

Brevet. Lieutenant Col. E. F. Townsend, Major of the 25th U. S. Infantry, has been ordered to report to the commanding General of the Department of the Platte and relieve Brevet Col. Samuel Ross, Major of the 28th U. S. Infantry, relieved from recruiting service and ordered to report at New Orleans.

The efforts to obtain a pardon for Dr. Mudd, the assassination conspirator, have been revived. The Medical Society of Howard county, Maryland, have sent a petition to the President for his release, in which they will be joined by other associations of that State. All the petitions presented assert that Dr. Mudd has served three years' imprisonment for alleged but unproved complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln.

The list of registered bonds of the United States originally comprised about 1,500 names, and the aggregate amount of interest due on the various bonds owned by the parties was over $65,000 in gold. Recently several of the parties have been paid from the office of the Treasurer, but there is still owing nearly, if not quite, $60,000.

From the West.

BEDS of coal have been discovered in Southern Illinois, near McLeansboro. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says:—"Two new shafts are sinking, one of which has just reached the deposit, and the mines are bringing up coal in abundance, and of excellent quality. It is found at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet, and the bed of coal itself, where it was first struck, was six feet thick, and it is thought to be thicker in other places. The indications at present are that this entire region is one vast bed of coal, as all the wells that have been sunk in the vicinity have invariably stopped in the same kind of slate as that beneath which the coal is found.

More shocking Indian atrocities are reported. On the 12th inst. a band of 200 red fiends visited Spellman's Creek, Kansas, beat several of the settlers unmercifully, outraged their wives and left them for dead, destroyed all the property within their reach, and left for the north. Detachments of soldiers have gone to the scene of the outrages.

The town of La Porte, in California, was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst. The loss is estimated at $500,000.

Bill Comstock, the distinguished scout, has been found murdered by the Indians in Kansas, near Hayes City. A party of Cheyennes drove off 110 mules on the 19th, from within a mile of Fort Hayes. The Indians are retreating, with the military and volunteers in vigorous pursuit. Gen. Sheridan is on hand with an ample force.

Professor Watson of the observatory at Detroit, Mich., reports having discovered an entirely new planet, never exhibited before. This is the second one discovered by Michigan astronomers within the past two months.

An Omaha dispatch says that the chief of the department of the Platte has received orders for the immediate construction of extensive military barracks upon the government reservation, three miles north of the city.

The cattle plague has made its appearance in Cincinnati. Seventeen cows belonging to one dairy have been stricken with the disease and are dying off rapidly. It is supposed the plague was brought thither by Texas cattle.

The Chicago & North Western Railroad bridge at Stirling, Illinois, which was three hundred feet in length, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. It will be re-built at once.

From the South.

GEN. STONEMAN has issued an order directing the Auditor of Virginia to receive from railroads indebted to the State the whole or any part of their dues, to be paid in current funds or in State bonds at par. The whole amount due from the roads is about $300,000.

The rotunda of the University of Virginia took fire accidentally on Wednesday of last week, and the building and library were considerably damaged. The amount of loss is unknown.

The office effects, cars, engines, &c., of the Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown Railroad Company, at Alexandria, have been taken possession of, under an order of the Circuit Court of Alexandria, by William H. Harbury, appointed in the said order receiver of that part of the road lying in the State of Virginia.

Gen. Reynolds, commanding the sub-military district of Texas, in view of the repeated outrages of the Kuklux organization on the loyal citizens of the State, has ordered a military commission, under the reconstruction laws, for the purpose if possible of preventing future acts of lawlessness and murder, and of punishing the offenders.

A telegram from White Sulphur Springs, Va., says Gen. Rosecrans was there, for the purpose of consulting with Gen. Lee and other Southern Generals in regard to a plan for a general reconciliation of the people of both sections of the country. In accordance with this programme, a private meeting was held, at which Generals Lee, Longstreet, Beauregard, Ewell, Echols, Anderson and Hunter, and A. H. Stephens, A. H. H. Stuart, John B. Baldwin, Govs. Stockdale of Texas, Pickens of South Carolina and Walker of Alabama, were present with Gen. Rosecrans. A long consultation took place, and a plan of action was agreed upon, but nothing further has transpired of the proposed movement. It is believed that an address will be issued to the Southern people by their former leaders.

It is feared that serious trouble impends in Tennessee and Kentucky. Gen. George H. Thomas, it is reported, has commenced to forward additional U. S. troops into the State, and Gov. Brownlow has prepared a call for 30,000 of the militia.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

A FEARFUL railroad calamity occurred in North Wales on Thursday of last week. At the little town of Abergele, in the county of Denbigh, a train loaded with passengers ran off a switch into a long train of loaded petroleum trucks. Seven persons, all passengers in the Irish mail train, were killed outright, and many others badly injured. The cars on both trains were reduced to a shapeless mass. The concussion produced an explosion of the petroleum, which instantly enveloped both trains in flames. Before the fire could be subdued, eighteen persons had been literally burnt to ashes.

It has transpired that a plot existed to assassinate Queen Victoria during her recent sojourn at Lucerne, Switzerland. A man has been arrested who is supposed to have been at the head of it.

The attention of the Austrian Government has been called to the threatening state of affairs in Bulgaria by an unusual demand for firearms from the other side of the Danube, and an order has been issued prohibiting the exportation of arms or ammunition from the Austrian territory into the Danubian principalities.

Dispatches from Madrid state that a crisis has taken place in the Spanish Government. The Minister of War has withdrawn from the Cabinet, and the Captain-General of Madrid and Barcelona have resigned.

Admiral Farragut, accompanied by Mr. Morris, the Minister of the United States, has had an interview with the Sultan. After the interchange of compliments and good wishes, the Sultan informed the Admiral that the flagship Franklin would be permitted to pass through the Dardanelles to Constantinople, should the Admiral so desire.

It is officially announced that the Government of Switzerland will summarily reject any proposal of France looking to an alliance with that power.

Ricasoli, who wanted to permanently succeed Count Cavour in Italian politics, and now a member of the Italian Parliament, is said to be a *bon vivant*, with the finest cellar of wines in the kingdom. He lives in a castle, (relic of the feudal times,) with tower, loop-holes, dikes, draw-bridges, prisons, cells, &c., complete, and has, in one of the apartments, as a subject for pleasant contemplation, the skeleton of one of his ancestors.

Stockholm has had more fires recently than were ever before known there. It is thought that an organized band of incendiaries are in the city.

Cholera is raging fiercely on the Barbary coast. In the little town of Casabianca more than one-fifth of the population have died from it.

An attempt to resume the publication of the *Lanterne*, the Paris paper whose editor was recently fined 10,000 francs for too great freedom of expression, was recently stopped by the police, who confiscated the whole edition.

Active preparations for the forthcoming Parliamentary elections are in progress throughout Great Britain. The test question is the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and Liberals and Tories are obliged to declare for or against that measure before their constituents. W. E. Forster, M. P. for Bradford, recently made a speech, in which he condemned Disraeli and his policy, but praised Lord Stanley's course with regard to the Alabama claims and the naturalization question.

The *Patrie*, a French paper, advises that the dispute between the United States and Great Britain, concerning the Alabama claims, be referred to the arbitration of one of the great Powers, as the only means of arriving at a definite and final settlement.

Admiral Farragut still remains in Constantinople. Last week he had an interview with Gen. Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, and subsequently the Admiral, in company with Gen. Ignatieff, visited the Turkish Ministers Fand Pasha and Ali Pasha.

The Messrs. Armands of Bordeaux, who constructed certain iron-clads for the Confederate Government, and against whom the U. S. Government recently obtained judgment in the French Court of Appeal, have been adjudged bankrupts.

Soon after the arrival of the American yacht Sappho at Cowes, Mr. P. P. Baldwin, the Captain, issued a general challenge to the yachtmen of England for a race. The challenge was immediately accepted by the yachts Aline, Cambria, Ournara and Condor, and details of a friendly contest agreed upon.

PORTO RICO NEWS.—At last accounts the Island was in such a state that a rebellion or a revolution against the Spanish Government was probable at any moment. The taxes were enormous and their collection was rigidly enforced. The Governor General, in the meantime, was alleviating the suffering as much as possible by a series of amusements and bull fights which had been introduced. Many atrocities, however, were committed by the authorities.

VENEZUELAN NEWS.—Mail advices from Venezuela state that a mission to Puerto Cabello to summon Brusual to surrender was spoken of in Monaga's command. The Falconists number 800 men in that town, and the place has been strongly fortified. The Bolivar and the Marisari were blockading Loguayra, and the affairs of Falcon generally looked much more promising.

SECOND ADVENTISTS IN COUNCIL.—The National Convention of Second Adventists assembled in Springfield, Mass., on Monday. The grove where the services were held was dedicated with impressive services on Sunday, in the presence of a vast assemblage.

GAS EXPLOSION.—The gas works at Smith Bridge, Mass., were blown up last Saturday night and seven men are reported killed and four severely injured.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

AN old lady, a native of the Isle of Skye, is living at Dunvegan at the age of one hundred and seventeen years, as proved by the parish register. She does her share of the housework.

A WOMAN and five children were poisoned in Springfield, Ill., recently, by eating a pie baked in a new sheet-iron pan. Arsenic was supposed to have been used to give the pan its gloss.

THERE are six refineries in Philadelphia, which refine about 190,000,000 pounds per year of raw sugar, costing at present prices $22,000,000 in gold. After being refined, it sells for $26,500,000.

PRESIDENT HOPKINS of Williams College, Mass., is now the oldest in the service of any College President in the country, and his elder pupils, numbering now more than 30 classes, are sending their sons to sit at his feet and listen to his teachings.

A NEWPORT fisherman, a few days since, hooked a fine striped bass weighing about forty pounds, and was in the act of bringing it to land, when a shark seized it and severed it in the middle, carrying off the largest part for his dinner.

IN the Cole-Hiscock case lately argued before Judge Hogoboom, on a motion to admit the prisoner to bail, the Judge has rendered his decision denying the application, and the prisoner is remanded to the custody of the Sheriff of Albany county.

THE Chinese embassy arrived at Boston Aug. 20th, and had a magnificent reception by the citizens and city authorities. Mayor Shurtleff delivered an appropriate speech of welcome, to which Mr. Burlingame responded in behalf of the embassy.

MARRIED in Salt Lake City, 16th inst., in the presence of the Saints, Brigham Young to Mrs. J. R. Martin, Miss Emily P. Martin, Miss L. M. Pendergast, Mrs. R. M. Jenickson, Miss Susie P. Cleveland, all of the County of Berks, England. No cards.

AN enterprising individual in Cincinnati has been selling old potatoes for new. The old stock of potatoes left over was manipulated by a chemical process, and the tough jackets of the nesshannocks and peachblows were made to resemble the tender skin of the early potato.

THE Newark Courier reports a new cattle disease in Union Co., N. J., which terminates fatally in a short time. The disease is mainly confined to the head, and is pronounced by some to be brain fever. A large number of cattle are sick, and at least a dozen deaths have occurred.

THE roof of a new railway station in London—that of the Midland Railway at King's Cross—is to ordinary roofs what the Great Eastern is to ordinary vessels. Its span is 240 feet, and it is 99 feet from the level of the rails to the center. It covers eleven lines of rails and four acres of cellars.

MR. CABOT, connected with an iron establishment in Philadelphia, has proved a defaulter to the amount of $60,000. It appears that a statement of the working of the company had been ordered to be made at a meeting for that purpose, but owing to the absence of Cabot, it was prevented. The books of the establishment were then examined, when the deficit was discovered.

THE Hartford, Conn., Live Stock Insurance Company has been suspended, having lost $410,000 within the last twenty-two months. The Treasurer of Connecticut holds $100,000 of the capital of the company, which will be used in paying losses, &c. The Superintendent of the Insurance Department at Albany has notified the agents of the company in this State to take no more policies.

LANCASTER, Pa., was draped in mourning on the occasion of the last obsequies to the memory of Thaddens Stevens. The flags on the newspaper offices, the post-office, the Shiffler Fire Company, of which the deceased had long been a member and officer, were all at half-mast. The event seems to have made a deeper impression upon the community than any other for years.

THE Toronto Board of Agriculture has held a meeting and appointed a committee to examine into the cattle disease. The committee will proceed to Illinois and make the necessary inquiries. The disease has appeared at Paris and London, and is supposed to have been communicated through diseased cattle being conveyed over the Great Western Railroad from Western States to New York.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—Mail advices from Hayti state that Cape Haytien was surrendered by the revolutionists, and communication with the interior was cut off. The insurgents probably intended to blockade Port au Prince with the captured corvette Sylvian. The town is already closed in on the land side. Gen. John Lynch had taken supreme command of the revolutionary forces. Minister Hollister, on his cruise along the coast in the U. S. steamer Penobscot, had been received with unusual honors by Salnave's representatives. His conduct was much condemned. Salnave had imprisoned the Prussian Consul, and threatened the life of the British Minister, for which insolence the British man-of-war Favorite was preparing to bombard Port au Prince. Special dispatches state that the insurgents have captured one of Salnave's war vessels, on board of which were his mother and minister of war.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—By latest advices from the Argentine Republic we are informed that Sarmiento had been elected President by 89 of the 156 electoral votes. He is understood to favor peace with Paraguay, and a policy to that effect will probably provoke a war with Brazil. Congress was still in session, and a bill to abolish all Argentine legations abroad had been introduced and was likely to become a law. The financial troubles in Montevideo still prevailed. The proposed impeachment of President Mitre had been given up. The women in Paraguay, it is reported, in addition to becoming soldiers, are also performing civil functions, such as Justices, Alcaldes, recruiting officers, &c.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—The Allies made another attack on Humaita, July 16th, and were repulsed with a loss of 3,000 killed and wounded. The army and fleet coöperated. The fighting was desperate and prolonged, but unavailing. The Allied forces in the Grand Chaco also advanced to cut off Lopez from the forest and were repulsed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, AUGUST 25, 1868.

GOLD.—Gold has been weak and tending downward for the last eight or ten days. The price would go still lower were it not for the operations of the "ring" in New York. A recent paper there denounces the speculators and the gold room. It says:—"There is no reason why such an incubus should be permitted to exist here, and the sooner the disreputable den is broken up the better." Gold sold in New York yesterday at 140¾.

For the last week United States securities have been dull, and prices have been lower. The foreign market for the time being seems to be overstocked. Within the past few weeks some $20,000,000 of these securities have been sent abroad.

Dullness still characterizes our local money market. Our banks are in good condition, and have a supply of currency for the legitimate wants of their customers.

There is a little more active call for money in New York, but rates are still low. Call loans are made at 4@5 per cent. Considerable money is going West to assist in moving the crops. It is supposed that about $2,000,000 have been sent in the last two weeks.

The general trade of the country is dull. The New York Daily Bulletin of Saturday says:—"Trade continues in an unsatisfactory state, although the jobbing demand is on a slightly increased scale. Prices are so unsettled in some domestic goods that buyers are frightened to place an order, and restrict their purchases to the lowest point."

Forged National Bank notes, of the denomination of $50, on the First National Bank of New Jersey, are in circulation. The plate is said to be genuine, and it bears the Treasury stamp. The signatures of the bank officers are forged. It is thought the plates were stolen. The Comptroller of the Currency writes:—"The fact is established that this impression of $50 was surreptitiously taken from this office."

WOOL.—Prices of wool have slightly improved in Boston, though not as high relatively as in the interior and at the West. Receipts are falling off; sales, however, by Eastern commission houses continue large. Sales in Boston last week foot up 1,750,000 lbs., at a range of 12@73c. for fleece, and 30@50c. for the various grades of pulled.

LOCAL MARKET.—Our local market shows some changes since last week. Wheat and flour remain at former quotations, but rye, barley and corn show a considerable advance, with an active demand. Oats are lower.

Hops are more active, but prices rule low compared with those of a year or two ago. We notice a sale of 10,000 lbs. strictly prime at 25c. The general range is from 20 to 25c.

In wool there is a better feeling, though nothing is doing here—the sales being mainly made at outside points. Quotations are 30@38c. for clothing wools and 41@43c. for combing. An occasional blanket full of wool is offered here, but it is the refuse of lots sold in the country, and declined by purchasers there.

ROCHESTER, AUG. 24—Flour, wheat, $11,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,10@2,25; Do. white, $2,40@2,50; Rye, $1,00@1,05; Oats, 65@68c; Barley, $1,50@1,60; Beans, $0,-00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $10,00@14,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 18@20cts; Shoulders, 15@16cts; Chickens, 12@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 18@20c; Wool 35@66cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $10@20. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@8¾c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,90@1,00; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 10@30c; Clover seed, $7,50@9; Timothy, $3.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 21—Ashes, pots, $8,75@8,37½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 29½@30c; Flour, $6,50@14,00; Rye Flour, $7,50@9,75; Wheat, $2,25@2,50; Rye, $1,40@1,75; Barley, 1,14@1,41; Corn, $1,14@1,19; Oats, 74@79c; Pork, mess, $28,75@28,75; Lard, 18@19½c; Butter, 31@41c; Cheese, 14@18c.

ALBANY, AUG. 22—Flour, $7,00@14,00; Rye flour, $10,25; Corn meal, $2,40@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,00@2,55; Rye, $1,70; Corn, $1,20@1,22; Barley, $2,35; Oats, 38@40c; Pork, mess, $29-50@30; clear, $32@33; boneless, $34,00; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 16c; Smoked beef, 22c; Lard, 20½@22c; Butter, 38@40c. Cheese, 16@17c; Beans, $3,35@6; Dried apples, 8@10c.

BUFFALO, AUG. 22.—Flour, $9,50@12,50; Rye flour, $9,25; Wheat, $1,90@2,25; Corn, $1,10@1,12; Oats, 65@67c; Rye, $1,60; Barley, $0,00@1,75; Peas, $1,50@1,50; Beans, $5,00@5,00; Pork mess, $29,00@30,00; Lard, 18@19c; Shoulders, 14@14c; Hams, 21@21c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 30@39c; Cheese, 12@16c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 22.—Flour, $8@9,00; Wheat, $1,60@1,63; Corn, 90@90½c; Oats, 52½@53c; Rye, $1,20@1,30; Barley, $1,58@1,60 Pork, mess, $29,50; Lard, 17½@18½c.

TORONTO, AUG. 20—Flour, $6,75@7,25; Wheat, fall, $1,-38@1,50; Spring, $1,50@1,50; Oats, 50@55c; Barley, $1,05@1,07; Pork, mess, $28@23,50; prime, $17; Bacon, 10½@13½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Eggs, 10@12c; Butter, 16@20c; Cheese, 10@10½c; Hops, 10@30c; Hay, $12@15; Straw, $8@12; Wool, 25@26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 19—Beeves—Receipts 6,605 head; quotations 10@17cts. Milch Cows—Receipts 110 head; $30@115; Veal calves—Receipts 2,070 head; quotations, 4@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 35,780 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@6c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 6@9c. Swine—Receipts 18,-345 head; quotations, 9@13½c.

ALBANY, AUG. 20.—Beeves, $3,00@9,50. Milch Cows, $30@70. Veal Calves, 8@9c. Sheep and Lambs—Slate 4@5½c.; Western 4@6c.; Lambs, 5½@7½c; Hogs, 9@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, AUG. 19—Beeves range from 8¾@13½c. Working Oxen, $225@335 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and furrow, $35@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, per head, in lots, $1,25@4,50; Fat hogs, ℔ lb., 11@11c; young pigs, 10@14c; Hides, 9½@10c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7½@9c.; Pelts, 25@50c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 22.—Beef Cattle, sales range at 2¾@7c; Sheep range at $2,00@5,00; Hogs, $8,50@8,75.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 19—Beeves, $3,00@5,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,50; Lambs, $1 50@2,50; Hogs, $8,00@10,50 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 19.—Cattle steady; sales at 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@75; Sheep, 4@5½c. Hogs, 14½@15c.

TORONTO, AUG. 19.—Beef ranges at $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $3,00@5,00; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Calves, $3@5 each.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 22.—Wool market is firm; sales 112,300 lbs., at 40@55c. for domestic fleece, 23@25c for shearings, 54@57c. for combings, 25@38c for Texas, 28@42c. for California.

BOSTON, AUG. 20.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 40@77c for common to choice Western; Combing fleece 50@55c; Canada, 68@68c.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 19—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@36c.; Tub Washed, 38@40c.; Unwashed, 25@27c.: Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 22.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 37@40c; Medium, 23@38c; Coarse, 33@37c; Heavy Unwashed, 24@27c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 21—Unwashed wool, 28@30c; bury, 19@24c; tub-washed, 38@40c; Fleece, 39@48c; Pulled, 30@36c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Genuine Waltham Watches—M E Chapman & Co.
Portable Steam Engine—A N Wood & Co.
Farm for Sale—Wm Dorsheimer & Co.
$1,200 per Year—W G Wilson & Co.
Boynton's Celebrated Furnaces—Richardson, Boynton & Co.
Holloway's Ointment and Pills.
Flower, Tree and Garden Seeds—Fr R Schroeder.
Make Your Own Soap—G F Gantz & Co.
Do not Spend any more Money—M A Terhune.
The Michigan Seedling Strawberry—B Hathaway.
Two Good Stock Farms for Sale—Robinson & Patterson.
Bulbs for Fall Planting—Henry Ferre.
Money is Made by All—Moore & Co.
Important to Cider Makers—Robt Butterworth.
Apple, Pear, Plum, &c Stocks—J H Platman.
Keech's New Catalogue—J Keech.
Wanted—Lands and Real Estate.
Wanted, Salesmen—Bliss & McEathron.
Wanted, Agents—E F Mallory.
American School Institute—J W Schermerhorn.

The News Condenser.

— The Australian pearl fisheries extend 1,000 miles.
— Spices are rotting in Jamaica warehouses.
— Salt Lake City claims twenty thousand population.
— There is a Swiss colony settling in Tennessee.
— Boston is to have a hall with seats for ten thousand.
— The cabmen of London are again on a strike.
— California grows and sells figs of a pound weight.
— Mount Hood, Oregon, shows signs of erupting.
— Bishops Janes and Simpson are at Long Branch.
— New York Bay is full of sharks; so is the city.
— Dartmouth College is to have a thirty acre park.
— The grape vines of Madeira are regaining their vigor.
— Louis Napoleon's wages are $14,240 a day.
— Cuyahoga Co., O., has one thousand acres of grapes.
— Boston is being overrun with street beggars.
— St. Louis has just finished a million dollar market.
— Beavers are injuring the corn crop of Alabama.
— The grass crop of Northern Ohio is excellent.
— The Ohio peach crop will be very large this year.
— Sweet clover grows eight feet high in St Paul.
— Blue-berries are twenty-five cents a quart in Boston.
— Turkey has lost 40,000 men in Creto.
— Hong Kong printers earn $15 a month.
— Morocco has a worse famine than Algeria.
— France now gets ice from the glaciers of the Alps.
— The railroad fare from Paris to Constantinople is $80.
— Barritz is now the fashionable Continental watering place.
— Lord Napier has sent an Abyssinian Bible to General Grant.
— The King of the Sandwich Islands receives $15,000 salary.
— Board at Saratoga has gone up to $6 per day for sky parlors.
— Prince Humbert and wife are now making a tour of Europe.
— Thirty thousand Alaska codfish have arrived at San Francisco.
— The cattle disease is killing men and women in New York State.
— The potato worm has appeared in Monmouth Co., New Jersey.
— Dickens came near being arrested lately in England for a Fenian.
— The Embassadorial Celestials are in love with American women.
— July 16 was the hottest day experienced in England for fifty years.
— Baptist Noel has preached his last sermon and retired to private life.
— There has lately been a three million dollar failure in Wall Street.
— Wisconsin expects to grow sixty thousand bales of hops this year.
— The Florida orange crop is heavy and mostly engaged at $20 per 1000.
— The South will more than supply itself with breadstuffs this year.
— Tea cultivation is becoming an important matter in Southern India.
— A number of Swedish farmers are about to emigrate to this country.
— The sweeps in the British Parliament houses cost $8,000 per year.
— The Sisters of Charity ride free on all the street cars in New Orleans.
— The Madison, Wis., ladies indignantly deny that they drink lager beer.
— It is said that $200,000 were spent in Saratoga during the racing week.
— The oil trade has increased since the specific tax was removed last month.
— The King of Sweden is exhibiting four pictures painted by his royal hand.
— Milton White of Fabius, N. Y., committed suicide by taking strychnine.
— The Union Pacific Railroad has 90 locomotives, and has ordered 107 more.
— Fifth Avenue, New York, boasts $1,000,000 worth of paintings and statuary.
— Women in China are prohibited by the mandarins from wearing chignons.
— The flies are dying at Nashville, and a pestilence is thought to be foreboded.
— A negro in Paris plays Sivori's nightingale piece better than Sivori himself.
— The Queen of Prussia is having young women taught to nurse wounded soldiers.
— Watermelons weighing sixty-nine pounds have been raised in Galveston, Texas.
— There are wild stories of gold discovery in South Africa, eclipsing California.
— Prince Napoleon employs six cooks, and spends $20,000 a year on his table.
— One Texas cattle ranch is fifty miles in extent and holds one hundred thousand.
— One thousand cattle pass through the Seminole agency daily, bound eastward.
— Switzerland added 15,000 breech-loading rifles to its stock during the month of June.
— The cotton and sugar crops in Louisiana have been more or less injured by the heavy rains.
— Eight thousand tons of steel rail have been ordered by the New York and Erie Railroad Co.
— People are forbidden by notices in the Prussian papers to write letters to Count Bismarck.
— A noted Montreal gambler named Charbonneau committed suicide by jumping into the river.
— A lot of eight acres has been purchased in Toledo for $25,000 as a site for iron smelting works.
— Cincinnati had 1,552 births and 1,500 deaths from the 1st of May, 1867, to the 10th of July, 1868.
— A Norwich, Conn., man was so badly stung by his bees last week that his life is despaired of.
— The Paris velocipede has been introduced into New York, and is used to show advertisements.
— It is estimated that over 10,000 acres of standing pine timber have been burned in Michigan.
— Irish settlers at the West are not pleased by the influx of Norwegian and Swedish immigrants.
— The Sultan of Turkey has confirmed the succession of Prince Milan to the sovereignty of Servia.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 952

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $2.

SEND FOR KEECH'S CATALOGUE OF NEW Seedling Strawberry and Small Fruits generally. J. KEECH, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

WANTED.—Salesmen Everywhere, Farmers and others, to sell an article in great demand. $400 made by one agent his first month. Address immediately 971-4t BLISS & McEATHRON, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED.—AGENTS TO SELL MY PATENT Burglar Alarm—it is a nice thing, will sell like hot cakes. Now is the time to order for the Fairs. Sample by mail, 75c. Address E. F. MALLORY, West Springfield, Erie Co., Pa.

WANTED
LANDS AND REAL ESTATE
In exchange for LIQUORS IN BOND. Address IMPORTER, Box 2196 P. O., Philadelphia, Pa.

MONEY IS MADE BY ALL WHO ARE selling our 8x10 Oval Engravings of the Presidential Candidates, any person can sell them and make 100 per cent. profit. Samples sent by mail on receipt of 60 cts. Circulars *free*. Now is the time to work. Address MOORE & CO., Publishers, 111 Nassau Street, New York. 971-2t

I OFFER TO THE TRADE THIS FALL 200,000 Seedlings of the Apple, Pear, Plum and Cherry; also, 10,000 2 year old Cherry Trees, Peach, Pear, Plum and Apricot, and Orange Quince; Gooseberry and Currants, and Strawberry Plants of all the new sorts. Also a new Seedling Potato, the earliest and best table potato in use. 971-2t J. H. PLATMAN, Bellona, Yates Co., N. Y.

TWO GOOD STOCK FARMS IN JOHNSON Co., Iowa, for sale cheap,—one of 160 acres, and one of 240 acres, both partly improved; well watered; with comfortable buildings, &c.; both in well settled neighborhoods, and will be divided if desired. This property belongs to a non-resident, and must be sold. Apply to ROBINSON & PATTERSON, Attorneys, Iowa City, Iowa.

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING.
HENRY FERRE, (OLD STAND OF B. K. BLISS,)
231 Main St., Springfield, Mass.
Our Autumn Catalogue, containing a complete list of *Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, Narcissus, Crocus, &c.*, is now ready, and will be forwarded to all applicants. Address 971 3t HENRY FERRE, 231 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

F. W. WENDEL, ERFURT, (PRUSSIA,) Seed Establishment and Nursery, (established 1832,) offers through his sole Agent in the United States, Mr. Fredrick R. Schroeder of New York, at lowest rates,
FLOWER, TREE AND GARDEN SEEDS.
☞ Send for Trade Catalogue to FR. R. SCHROEDER, 17 Broad street, New York, P. O. Box 3197. All orders will be executed immediately upon receipt by him.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP AT TWO *CENTS A POUND, WITH*
G. F. Gantz & Co.'s Pure White Rock Potash.
It makes pure Soap that will not injure the finest fabric, and beside saving money in Soap will save a great deal more in wear of clothes. Send for some and try it. Office, No. 136 and 138 Cedar St., New York.
☞ One Can makes fifteen pounds of SOAP.

THE MICHIGAN SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—The result of fifteen years experimenting!—This new Strawberry more than sustains its first promise, as the best standard variety to succeed the Wilson—a week or ten days later, keeps better, more even size, and to say the least, equally productive, and a finer fruit. Average product four quarts to 3 hills: First picking, June 24th. Hills hold until July 4th; yielded 3 quarts to 3 hills, sound berries!
"Very good, very vigorous, and very productive. Its color and productiveness will make it a good market sort."—*Charles Downing, Newburg, N. Y.*
"Stood the winter well without protection, made a vigorous growth—foliage not injured by the sun. Berries firm, flavor very good, and remarkably productive.—*Wm. Adair, Detroit, Mich.*
Price, $5 ₱ dozen; $25 ₱ 100, sent in pots by Express. Address B. HATHAWAY, Little Prairie Ronde, Mich.

AMER. SCHOOL INST., FOUNDED 1855, IS A RELIABLE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU,
To aid all who seek well-qualified Teachers;
To represent Teachers who seek positions;
To give parents information of good schools;
To sell, rent, and exchange school properties.
Thirteen years' trial has proved the AMER. SCHOOL INST. a useful and efficient auxiliary in securing
"The Right Teacher for the Right Place."
Those who want Teachers should have the "Teachers Bulletin," published in the AMER. EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.
Those who want positions should have the "Application Form."
Circulars explaining plan, and giving *Testimony* from first class educational and business men, sent when asked for.
J. W. SCHERMERHORN, A. M., Actuary,
14 Bond Street, New York.
Branch Offices in San Francisco, Chicago, and Boston.

IMPORTANT TO CIDER MAKERS.
THE JERSEY
POWER APPLE GRINDER,
(BUTTERWORTH'S PATENT,)
For grinding Apples, Peaches, Sugar Beets, and other kinds of Fruit and Vegetables. This greatly superior machine is rapidly growing in favor among the cider makers and farmers of our country, and is destined soon to supersede all other mills used in the manufacture of cider. With an ordinary two-horse power it will grind fine and uniform one hundred bushels and upwards of Apples per hour; is so constructed that it cannot be injured by the stones; needs very little, if any, repairs, and by the superior manner in which it does its work one month's use will pay for the mill. For Illustrated Pamphlet giving full description, and containing also testimonials from many of the most extensive cider makers in the country, with much other valuable information, address ROBT. BUTTERWORTH, Trenton, N. J., Patentee and Sole Manufacturer. JAS. B. MURRAY & SONS, Canandaigua, N. Y.; J. R. DECATUR & Co., 197 Water Street, New York, Agents. 971

DO NOT SPEND ANY MORE MONEY for PATENT MEDICINES, which are sold at an enormous profit, but make your own preparations AT ONE-FIFTH THE COST. I will send either of the following WARRANTED recipes, to any address, on receipt of 50 cents, or any three for $1, or all for $1.50.
1. Recipe for Growing Hair on Bald Heads—Cleansing the Scalp, Removing Dandruff, and making the Hair LONG, BEAUTIFUL, SOFT and GLOSSY. This compound is pure, and better than any Hair Restorative in use. 15 cents will make more than what is sold for $1 by druggists.
2. Recipe for the Cure of Rheumatism.—A SURE REMEDY AND CHEAP. Has cured the worst cases ever known.
3. Recipe for Coughs, Colds, &c.—SURE PREVENTIVE AGAINST CONSUMPTION. Has been known to cure that disease in its first stages.
4. Recipe for Beautifying the Complexion, Removing Freckles, Pimples, &c., better than any cosmetic in use.
5. Recipe for the Best Hair Oil.—Beautifies the Hair, makes it SOFT and GLOSSY, and will not injure the Hair like most patented articles do. These recipes are for family use only. They are all copyrighted and must not be manufactured to SELL without permit. I will sell County or State Rights for any or all of them, at reasonable price. Agents Wanted.
M. A. TERHUNE, Philadelphia, Pa.

POTATO DIGGERS.—Wrought Iron Prongs, $15; Cast Iron Prongs, $10. See Page 57, our Catalogue. R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 376, New York.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERIES.—17th YEAR—400 ACRES—10 GREENHOUSES.—Large, choice stock of best shipping sizes—Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Osage Orange Hedge, Small Fruits, Kittatinny and Wilson's Early Blackberry, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, &c., very low for cash.
☞ Send 2 red stamps, for two Fall Catalogues.
970-6t F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
FOR FALL OF 1868.
We have the pleasure of announcing that we are prepared for the Fall Trade with an unusually large and well grown stock, embracing
Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees.
Grape Vines, new and old sorts, strong open ground plants.
Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, and all the Small Fruits.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
Roses and Flowering Plants of every description.
Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, purchasing largely, will be dealt with liberally and all orders, however small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Parties interested will do well to consult the following Catalogues, which are just issued, and will be sent pre-paid on the receipt of 10 cts. each, for Nos. 1 and 2, and 50 for No. 3.
☞ No. 1, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, &c. No. 3, Descriptive Green House Plants. No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue *free*.
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—The Tredwill, the Wicks, and Mediterranean, clean and delivered at Railroad for three dollars per bushel. Orders promptly filled. Address N. H. NOYES, John Johnston, farm near Geneva, N. Y.

A NEW AND CHARMING SONG. SEND FOR IT.
"Under the Beautiful Moon To-Night;"
Song, or Duet and Quartette. With Accompaniment arranged for Piano or Melodeon. Words and Music by Prof. A. A. HOPKINS. This is the latest composition of the popular author of "Roses Will Bloom Again," "Flitting Away," "Singing the Same Old Song," etc., etc., and is but just published. As a ballad it is one of the very best out, and for two or four voices it is even more pleasing. Price 30 cents. Sent post-paid. Address J. P. SHAW, 43 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

BOYNTON'S CELEBRATED
FURNACES,
FOR WARMING DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, STORES, Etc.
Sixty Sizes and Patterns, Brick and Portable, for Anthracite, Bituminous Coal and Wood. Also, Fire-Place Heaters' Ranges and Stoves. Send for Circulars.
971-6teo] RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO., New York.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS. When a sore, or ulcer, or abscess, has become chronically seated in the leg, it is considered very difficult to eradicate. Hospital treatment rarely accomplishes a cure in these cases; yet there never was a case discharged as "incurable" from a public institution, which HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT might not have healed if applied according to the directions. As chronic ulceration implies a taint in the blood, it may be as well to take a dose of Holloway's Pills now and then to purify that fluid. Sold by all Druggists.

H. P. WESTCOTT'S PATENT

BUTTER PAIL.
OVER FIVE THOUSAND ALREADY IN USE!
This Pail is superior to any in market, being made of the BEST KILN-DRIED WHITE OAK matched and turned perfectly smooth inside and outside, oiled and varnished or painted, with heavy painted iron hoops, nicely fitted and perfectly secured cover, by means of our Patent Ears and Clasp, fastened with a STEEL WIRE SPRING KEY, making the most *substantial, secure and desirable* article of the kind now before the public; and meeting a want long felt by Dairymen and Butter Dealers. They are a substitute for stone ware in packing butter for private families, not being liable to breakage, and keeping the butter *sweeter*. Also very useful as SAFES FOR FLOUR, MEAL AND SUGAR. Good butter sent to market in these Pails readily brings from 2 to 5 cents more per pound, (see New York quotations,) than in ordinary packages. One size only manufactured, calculated to hold 50 pounds.
REFERENCES.—L. F. Spear & Co., 189 Reade St., New York; Loughran & Egbert, 318 Washington St., N. Y.; Corbett, Slater & Co., 165 Reade St., N. Y.; J. R. Helfrich, 92 Barclay St., N. Y.; Geo. H. Lapham, Penn Yan, N. Y.; Joseph Wright, Waterloo, N. Y.; Moore & Chesley, Buffalo, N. Y.
Parties residing near New York can order Pails through the above named firms. Address
969-5t CADY SILSBY, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. }
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.
To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe.—SIR: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.
COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

AGENTS WANTED.—$175 PER MONTH to sell the GENUINE OROIDE HUNTING CASED WATCHES, the best imitation Gold Watches in the market. Price $15. Great inducements to agents.
Address, OROIDE WATCH & CO.,
970-4t Box 3000, BOSTON, MASS.

50 PER CENT. SAVED TO HOUSEkeepers and others who order their dry goods from our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE of Dry Goods, Fancy Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c. We send Circulars free of expense to any part of the United States; send for one, and see our terms. You will save money by address[illegible]
GEO. DRYDEN & CO.,
970-13t 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
Agents wanted in every County in the United States.

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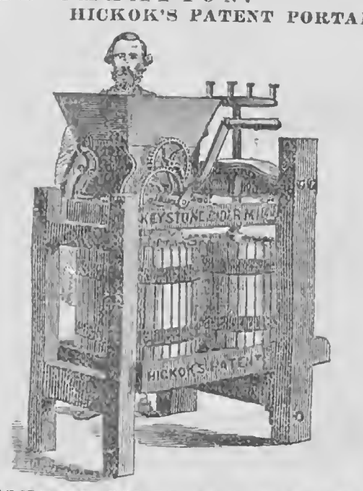

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY E. B. A.

A LITTLE child by the wayside sat,
In weariness and gloom,
Clasping close in her tiny hand
What once was a mass of bloom;
But the flowers were withered and faded now,
And yielded no perfume.

From either side the sweet breath came,
Of many a lovely flower.
And the sunshine lay in golden flakes
In many a fairy bower;
While the bow of hope hung bright above,
To cheer each passing hour.

But the little maiden sat and wept,
In silence and despair,
And drew around her in sullen pride
Thick clouds of doubt and care,
And would not look where the rainbow hung
Its folds in the perfumed air.

O, friend, who along the pathway goes
Of cares like burning sand,
Look where the River of Life still flows
Refreshing the thirsty land;
Look where the blessed sunshine glows,
And strengthens heart and hand.

Drop tender tears upon the blooms
That wither though you love,
But make the grave of your buried hopes
In some fair and fragrant grove,
Where the dews of heaven shall reach the spot,
And the sun shine warm above.

Then, out of that grave of dark despair
Shall bloom eternal flowers,
And GOD shall lead, with clasping hand,
To His never fading bowers,
Where gently falls the Infinite love
In soft, refreshing showers.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PARTY AND A SURPRISE.

A BACKWOODS SKETCH.

BY AN EX-WOODCHOPPER.

AT the commencement of the present century the country bordering upon the southern shore of Lake —— was but sparsely settled. The amenities of life, common to a dense population, were rarely exchanged by the pioneers. Remote from each other, destitute of even passable roads; but poorly supplied with the means of transit; compelled to improve the warm season in clearing land, planting seed and harvesting the proceeds, little opportunity for social communion was afforded till the winter months set in. Then the scene was somewhat changed. Invitations were given out for a house warming, pure and simple, or, perhaps, conjoined with a quilting party, or something kindred to it. On these occasions reliance was usually placed upon the plodding ox, a yoke of which, attached to a rudely constructed sled with a box to match, would convey a score or more to the indicated scene of rural festivity.

Such a party—thus conveyed—was the one with which we have now to do. It consisted of some twenty persons, more or less, and about equally divided as to sex. There was neither bench nor chair on the conveyance, consequently the passengers were compelled to seat themselves upon the straw and blankets which covered its bottom. All being in readiness the excursionists tumbled in without "standing upon the order of their going"—observing, the while, a due blending of the sexes. When the party was properly adjusted the person in charge gave the cattle an admonitory tickle with the whip and ejaculated "ge'lang," and off moved the jabbering mass over the deep but yielding snow.

Now, if it were plain sailing—in other words, if the road were good, or even passably so—a safe arrival at the place designated would be deemed a matter of course; but such was not the case. The highway surveyor or path master was a personage yet to be revealed; consequently there were "pitch holes" in one place and concealed pools in another. It was up here and down there—hence, to keep quietly seated, in a vertical position, was out of the question. One moment, all is going on cosily enough. HORACE is passing his arm lovingly around the waist of PHEBE; JOHN, ROBERT and IKE are following suit with CIMANTHE, DIANTHE and CLEMINTINA, when down plunges the sled into a preparation of snow, water and mud six feet, more or less, below the grade of the preceding moment! Complying with the laws of gravitation, the whole mass makes a sudden downward surge, bringing up in a heap against the forward fastenings of the vehicle. One laughs, another screeches, a third ejaculates "O mercy!" while a fourth queries, "Did you ever?"

But before these exclamations are well over, the sled makes an ascent, nearly as abrupt as the downward plunge, throwing the struggling company into a heap in an opposite direction.

Thus moved the pleasure seekers onward till a gleam of light, shimmering along the surface of the snow, gave assurance that the place sought for was found; that the excitement of the ride was to give place to that of the backwoods dance.

The house, of course, is a log one, but recently erected and possessed of but an apology for a floor in the shape of "puncheons," or split logs, roughly hewn upon their upper sides. But, however much there may be lacking in fixtures or in arrangement, there is nothing wanting in warmth of reception and welcome. The hostess and host are "so glad" the party has come, and so are JANE, ELIZA and JOHN and the rest, if more there are in the household. The house boasts of but one room below, but this will do. In one corner, snugly pressed against the wall, is a bed, now groaning under the pressure of hoods, caps and outer clothing deposited upon it. At the opposite end, extending nearly across it, a large opening has been made by cutting out the logs, and their place supplied by a wall of stone. Against this the fire is made—an opening in the roof affording egress to the smoke till such time as the owner of the cabin can supply a chimney. A half a cord of wood, piled up against the stone back where the chimney is to be, is now all aglow, throwing light, heat and cheerfulness over the rustic apartment and those assembled in it.

Some are seated in groups on rude stools; others wedged together on basswood benches not remarkable for uniformity in the length of the legs supporting them,—an inequality provocative of no little amusement from the ups and downs necessarily resulting from it. As per example: POLLY would like to sway forward while her partner, IKE, not keeping time, makes an effort in an opposite direction—thus rendering nugatory the efforts of both. POLLY nudges IKE and asks why he cannot sit still or keep time? This makes him worse than before. He essays a nibble at his knuckles,—casts a furtive glance at POLLY; is caught at it; blushes up to his ears and subsides into silence behind his handkerchief. He evidently had something to say of a delicate nature, but postponed the communication of it till a more favorable opportunity should present itself.

These side scenes were but incidental to the business of the evening, and gave place to it when the man with the fiddle made his appearance. All was now bustle and excitement. Benches and stools were packed away and the first set was up for a dance. It was an old-fashioned affair, having little or no affinity to those which modern refinement has brought into vogue. Some there were who acquitted themselves quite well, while others were as uncouth in make-up and movement as it was possible for the rawest tyro to be. The scene was rich in ludicrous features; but what matter for that, so long as the participants were oblivions to their terpsichorean deficiencies, and cared only to work off a surplus of animal spirits through the means offered them?

Reels, French-Fours and Hunt-the-Squirrel succeeded each other till the long hours of the night were nearly exhausted. Then came a pause. Edibles, of no great variety, were produced and demolished with great celerity—washed down with liberal libations from a demijohn which had been reposing for several days under the bed in anticipation of this sylvan frolic. This matter disposed of, the fiddler again mounts upon an empty barrel, one foot resting upon a sap bucket, and proceeds to put his instrument in tune—chuckling the while, at the efforts made to get some of the awkward squad in order for a resumption of the sport. Belonging to this class was a tall, loose-jointed fellow with hands, when clenched, like small hams and of about the same color; feet fourteen inches long, with stogy boots "according." Rising from a seat, it was some time before his whole altitude became apparent—coming to view, as it did, in successive instalments not unlike the extension of the various sections of a carpenter's pocket rule. When fairly up it was easy to see that it would require but a few additional inches to bring him up to seven feet. Clumsily put together it was a sight to see him walk even, but his feats on "the light fantastic toe" were overpowering.

It chanced, in the course of the night, that this bipedal specimen obtained, as a partner, the handsomest woman and the best dancer in the party—running over with animal spirits and dry humor, but rather coarse in her manner of giving expression to them in words. All being in readiness the musician lead off and at it went BILL STILES, for so was this long specimen called. Not being able to use both feet with equal facility, his movements consisted of a kind of spasmodic gyration—his body revolving upon the left foot, while his right played around a circle in a series of motions intended to keep time to the music. It was a kind of monotonous "clapper, clap, click; clicker, clap, clung," and could not fail, as the phrase is, "to bring down the house!" It was so ludicrous that BILL's partner ceased footing it, threw herself upon a bench, and with tears in her eyes exclaimed,

"I shall die, I know I shall!"

This put a quietus upon the "foot," and it was not long before that foot and the mate to it bore away the body of the discomfited STILES, who was heard to vow that the next time he tried it on it would be with some one who could appreciate good dancing!

This episode over, a call was made for another set, in the making up of which, another uncouth specimen by the name of JEWETT was forced upon the floor—he being very backward in coming forward. Once up he resolved to "pass the Rubicon," and he did it. The music seemed to operate upon him like galvanism, imparting life to what before appeared inert and dead—though the motions were spasmodic rather than the result of purpose or well-defined object. He was elbowed on this side, and pulled on that; pushed to the right and twirled to the left; but he held on, nevertheless, and, after a while, by his manner, afforded indubitable evidence that he rather liked it than otherwise. In fact, it was not long before he fairly took the bit in his teeth and went in regardless alike of time, figure or partner. He had become a kind of vauiting monomaniac. The fiddler, upon his pedestal, swayed to and fro in sympathy with the bounding figure before him, and, ceasing to use the bow, substituted a kind of monotonous vocal chant, iterating, with streaming eyes, "Well done, JEWETT! that will do it," amid the uncontrolled laughter of the company. How long this contest would have lasted—whether the fiddler would have beaten JEWETT, or JEWETT the fiddler, was left undecided, owing to a circumstance which brought the trial to an abrupt termination.

It will be recollected that BILL STILES left the party in no amiable mood, owing to the strictures passed upon his performance upon the floor, and, when clear of the house, he drew his ample bearskin robe tightly about his person, shouldered his rifle and disappeared in the forest. His purpose was to take a short cut to his own cabin, but, changing his mind, turned abruptly from his course, and held his way along a bluff which overhung a considerable creek whose waters were heard dashing down a ledge of rocks into a pool below. Cautiously steadying himself, by grasping the saplings which lined the declivity, he succeeded in safely reaching the base of the barrier of rocks forming this secluded waterfall. A few rods distant, and resting against the wooded bank of the stream, was seen a dark object surmounted with a plentiful coating of snow, towards which BILL held his way. On reaching it the outlines of a small cabin were distinguishable, but no friendly ray issued from the crevices of the logs composing it. All was silent. "Asleep," muttered BILL; and, approaching the rude door gave the latch string a pull and ejaculated "BRUM!"—being short for ABRAHAM.

No response followed. While dubitating about a forcible entry he saw cautiously peering round the boll of a large sycamore, the capped head of a man. His actions denoted great perturbation and distrust. Again the word "BRUM" was heard, immediately followed by that of "BILL" in response. The parties were soon together seated in the before solitary cabin, whose interior was now lit up by the flickering flame of a rude dip consisting of a rag immersed in a cup of tallow. BRUM, though evincing no want of hospitality, was evidently too much troubled to open readily the colloquy which it was plain to see he so much desired. After a few moments of silence BILL commenced with—

Well, BRUM, what is it?"

"The Gang is back again."

"The —— it is! Where are the beauties?"

"At the old den above the Falls."

"Are you sure of this, and, if so, how?"

"Sure of it? In course I am. I was there myself when they came, and slipped out as they were rummaging round the upper crib. There are at least twenty of them."

"What are they up to?—do you know?"

"Yes; they are going to surprise the party up at the dance and steal what they can!"

At this announcement BILL gave a prolonged whistle, and, rising to his feet, said to BRUM,

"Come—it is time to be going."

And they went.

As will be readily inferred, the two friends did not loiter by the way but, as rapidly as the snow would permit, hastened to the scene of festivity which one of them had left shortly before in no very amiable mood. As they neared the cabin, the voice of the fiddler came floating out upon the breeze, showing that the short hours of the morning found the company still absorbed in the pleasures of the occasion. JEWETT was still "doing it" when the door was thrown open, presenting to view the flushed features of BILL and BRUM—the former exclaiming, "Hold up, long legs—a word in your ear."

The word was spoken, it was simply "Gang," but it acted like a charm. All was silence for a moment, and then the ominous word went round, in accents denoting how unwelcome it was to such as apprehended its full import. It was the synonym for an association of thieves, robbers and murderers, who formerly infested that region, but who had disappeared for many months, to return suddenly and unheralded, as has been seen.

It was well understood that the news just heard implied a speedy visit, to that scene of recent festivity, by the outlaws left so recently at one of their old haunts,—the "Den," and the question arose as to what should be done to divest it of the danger it threatened. To separate, was to leave their entertainers to spoliation, outrage and possibly death, while, should the retiring party be met upon the road, they would be taken at disadvantage, encumbered as they would be by the non-combatants—the females. Obviously their true policy was unity in the position they then occupied, and so it was determined. The cattle belonging to the visitors as well as the host were turned loose and hurried off into the woods—scattering as they fled from the lash, vigorously plied by those thus endeavoring to render more difficult their capture by the gang by which they were menaced.

Affairs outside being thus arranged, the defense of the cabin and those it contained next claimed attention. By common consent the leadership was accorded to BILL STILES, specially aided by JEWETT and BRUM. As a preliminary, the huge log fire, which had been kept up by frequent contributions of wood, was dampened down by the application of water and snow, the lights partially extinguished, and means provided for barricading the doorway as effectually as possible. The women were mostly sent up the ladder to the loft with such clothing, bedding and the like as would render them comfortable should their seclusion prove protracted.

Some two or three, however, demurred to being thus sent to Coventry, and among them the late partner of BILL STILES, whose jeers had caused him so abruptly to close his performance in the evening. She insisted upon staying below,—the initial point of danger,—averring that she could use an axe or a gun, offensively or defensively, should circumstances require it, and was bound to bear a hand in the expected collision. Everything being arranged as well as circumstances would permit, the leaders announced their intention of taking their chances outside, to create a diversion, should an effort be made to force an entrance into the cabin. They then quietly passed from the house to the cover of a grove of evergreens, and other trees within rifle distance of the impromptu fortification they had just left.

For the space of half an hour, perhaps, all was quiet, within and without, giving rise to the hope that the alarm was a false one, and that the night would wear away without the appearance of the dreaded marauders. But this feeling of returning confidence was evanescent as, peering from out their covert, the outlying trio saw a number of armed men stealthily approaching the silent cabin. Arrived near the door, the party halted: a whispered consultation ensued, when the leader gave it a kick, calling out,—"Open the door in there, will you?"

There was a pause, but no response being made a second assault followed with hand and foot, coupled with another order to "open." Then came from within the customary "Who is there?"

"Friends," was the response.

"Friends to whom?" was queried from within.

"Oh, is it there you are? Standing upon ceremony are you, clodhopper? Now mark me, you have that in your chest which I want and am bound to have, besides a goodly company, as I have learned, whose acquaintance I am desirous to make. So, open at once, or down goes your shanty door, and up goes your carcass to a limb of the nearest tree. Do your hear?"

No reply being vouchsafed, a muttered anathema was bestowed, followed by a vigorous assault upon the entrance to the beleaguered forces by a kind of catapult borne forward by the united powers of four men. The blow was a hard one, and, though the door fell not, it was manifest that but few applications would be required to drive it from its fastenings. To delay was to hazard all, and quietly leaning toward his companions BILL STILES whispered,

"Now then—let them have it."

Almost simultaneously three rifles cracked, and down sank as many of the assailants of the cabin. Prompt in response, those from within, thrusting their weapons through the openings between the logs composing the building, delivered a tolerably well directed fire, still further diminishing the ranks of the assailants. Amid cursings and threats of vengeance, the attacking party fell back, forgetful, in the confusion of the moment, of the contiguity of their first assailants in the woods. This oblivionsness caused the fall of three more, when, finding the game a losing one they broke and fled singly in the direction of the "Den" whence they emerged, with the loss of the most available portion of the "Gang" participating in the adventure.

Though quite as much exposed as any of his companions, the leader escaped without a scratch, bringing up the rear, with a dogged sullenness which evinced a half formed purpose to return and fight it out alone. While thus making his way to the general rendezvous of his company, he was oblivious to the fact that a man, with stealthy step, had obliquely approached his line of retreat, and was then seated at the very point where the descent to the "Den" commenced. Arrived here, the leader paused a moment and, clenching his hand nervously, muttered, "I'll do it!"

At this moment a grip of iron was upon his throat, and the voice of BILL STILES said,

"MARK RANDON, you're wanted!"

Convulsive was the start which these words caused, and desperate was the effort made for liberation from the grasp of his unexpected foe. Linked in an embrace, rendered iron-like by long indulged hatred on the one side, and the conviction of great wrong suffered upon the other, their efforts at mastery were appalling to behold. Not a word was spoken, and naught but the quick revolving bodies and the suppressed breathings of the combatants betrayed the struggle that was going on in that lonely forest. Now they were down, and anon up again, but not for a moment severed. Tugging at each other's throats, with the endurance and ferocity of tigers, they went down again in the yielding snow. A choking sound came up from the clasped bodies, and anon ceased when one of the forms slowly rose, throwing upon the snow the prolonged shadow of BILL STILES. Viewing for a moment the recumbent figure before him, he murmured sadly,

"At last, CAROLINE, I have him."

Then stooping over his foe, he pressed his hand upon his breast, and, detecting the gradually increasing throbbings of the heart beneath, proceeded, in a business-like manner, to fasten the hands and feet together, and, throwing the body across his shoulder, retraced his steps to the cabin from which he had so recently departed.

Meantime let us glance at what was going forward there. The house was alight again. Figures were flitting to and fro, while ever and anon the query was propounded as to what had become of BILL STILES, and it was observable that among the most nervous was the woman who had driven that particular individual from the festivities of the earlier portion of the evening. But a shout was heard, coupled with the gratulatory exclamation of "Here he comes, and a captive with him!"

Daylight was now advancing apace, disclosing the results of the nightly conflict, comprising four dead bodies, five severely wounded prisoners, exclusive of the captive held by STILES. This desperado had sufficiently recovered to be conscious of his position and, with a hardihood partaking of insensibility, appeared to defy the fate which murder, and a long career of aggression upon society, seemed now to render inevitable.

It is not necessary to prolong this relation. Suffice it to say that years before, RANDON had married the only sister of STILES and, becoming debased by fraud, sought to make his wife a participant in his crimes. This she refused, and the consequence was a blow with a dagger which pierced her heart. This done RANDON fled westward, where he became associated with a gang of desperadoes, and finally their leader. Of his whereabouts STILES had no knowledge till the assault upon the cabin, as already related. His quick ear detected his voice at once, and no sooner was the discovery made than the resolution to take him alive, should he survive the conflict then going on, was formed. His purpose was accomplished. The criminal was remanded back whence he fled, tried, convicted and executed, betraying to the last the dogged indifference to danger characteristic of his previous life.

The blow, thus dealt, caused the disruption of the association of villains headed by RANDON, for on visiting their rendezvous not one of them was to be seen, nor was anything heard of them again in that region. As might have been expected, the party and the incidents attending it gained a wide notoriety among the people of the section in which they occurred, and to none was awarded warmer praise than to BILL STILES, whose feats in the dance had caused so much remark and jollity.

It is but paying a proper tribute to the truth of history to add that his partner did not die as she affirmed she should in consequence of BILL's performance. On the contrary, she came to regard him as quite a passable man,—a change of opinion which, by some means, came to his knowledge, causing a corresponding revolution in his also. Thus situated, it was but natural that sympathetic bodies should approximate and that, once in junction, they should cohere, and so they did. In after times, when age had silvered his locks, WILLIAM STILES, Esq. was not chary of his earlier reminiscences, and upon none did he linger with greater zest than the night when he fairly "put his foot in it!"

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FLORAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 12, 28, 10, 7, 17 is an early blooming flower.
My 8, 16, 25, 21, 9 is noted for its numerous varieties.
My 13, 2, 27, 14, 6 is a very humble appearing flower.
My 29, 12, 27, 2, 19 is an early flower growing in clusters.
My 22, 19, 10, 12, 24 is a noted bulbous flower.
My 16, 8, 10, 1, 12, 19 is an ornamental flowering plant.
My 31, 15, 20, 28, 3, 26 is a hardy annual flower.
My 14, 2, 27, 8, 3 is noted for its sweet flavor.
My 22, 8, 2, 5, 11 is a very modest appearing flower.
My 5, 25, 28, 23, 4 will blossom during the whole season.
My 7, 15, 20, 28, 23, 26 is a showy annual flower.
My 22, 24, 17, 30, 9, 8 is a class of plants not much in favor.
My 9, 28, 16, 31 is called the queen of flowers.
My whole will give you much botanical information, and should be in the hands of all who cultivate flowers.

Laytonsville, Md. MARY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL PROBLEM.

IF twenty sheep eat seven tons
And half a ton of hay,
Ten lambs consume one-seventh as much
And twenty pounds *each day*;
How much will ninety sheep and lambs
Eat in a winter's time,
If half the lambs exceed the sheep
By twenty-four less nine?

Kalamo, Mich. TEMPLAR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first is a king for resplendency noted,
While my second is that which he rules;
My whole to my first long ago was devoted,
But is now desecrated by fools.

Sterling, N. Y. W. H. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

AT what rate per cent. per annum must the population of a city increase in order to double every 20 years?

New London, N. Y. S. G. CAGWIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 969.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—3 miles square, or 5,760 acres.

Answer to Anagram:

The memory of thy name, dear one,
Lives in my inmost heart,
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears
That will not thence depart.

Answer to Charade:—Crow-bar.

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Ralph Evans agt

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

WHEAT sowing is the most important farm labor which the month of September brings, Profitable as good crops of wheat have been for some years past, and as in prospect they will so continue, it is not a work to be slighted. It is important to select a good variety, one that is adapted to the soil and climate, and has shown itself to be good by past performance. It is always well to try new varieties, but if they are very new it is best, usually, to experiment with them on a limited scale. Farming is not a business in which great risks are to be taken. In localities where winter wheat succeeds we can recommend the Diehl as a white, bald wheat, adapted to dry, rich, genuine wheat soils; the Treadwell (bearded) as somewhat hardies and good for lower grounds, the Week's (bearded) for like situations, and in places where care has been taken to cultivate well and improve the seed the Mediterranean gives good satisfaction. Nothing pays the wheat grower better than care and painstaking in the selection of varieties; it often makes a difference of several bushels per acre in his yield and hundreds of dollars in his sales. There is a difference of opinion among practical farmers with regard to the amount of seed, but the balance of facts indicates that with pure, plump seed two bushels per acre is an ample quantity. If the drill, or any other sowing machine is used which ensures perfect covering, we should advise a less rather than a greater quantity. It is large, well developed heads of grain which give the largest crops of the best quality.

We suggest to wheat growers the trial of the plan of drilling the rows wide enough apart to admit of cultivation next spring. In the absence of a better implement, the drill itself may be used for this purpose by raising the tube which previously deposited the grain. Try it on a small scale, if you choose, and let us have the results.

The Fairs.—It is profitable recreation to the farmer to attend these; they afford him opportunities for comparing products of different localities, for learning what machinery is best for his purpose, for an exchange of opinions and facts, and for noting what progress has been made in breeding farm stock. By all means attend the fairs—take part in them—and you may gather material for much useful subsequent reflection.

Threshing Grain.—The machines will be worked to their full capacity this month. Do not let haste make waste. If the early market is good it is a promise that the late one will not be worse. Take care of the straw, it is of value to the paper-makers, but if hay is dear, as it probably will be, straw is worth more to cut and feed with bran or ground corn and oats than it will bring at the paper mill. Horses can be wintered cheaper with bright straw, cut and fed with mill feed, than any other way. Store some in the barn for that purpose.

Cutting Corn.—Better do this work too early than too late. We never saw a corn crop put in the shock too early. The abundant juices of the stalk will mature the grain after being cut, if the "glazing" stage is only just reached when it is shocked. The fodder of the corn crop is worth a great deal, and to make it best one must cut it early and shock firm and rather large than otherwise.

Early Potatoes may be dug and the ground sowed to wheat. If not sold at once, store the tubers in medium sized heaps, covered to exclude rain and sun, and ventilated by wisps of straw at the apex of the heap, and others along the base to admit air.

Clover Seed is usually harvested this month. There is no better way than to cut with the reaper, throw off in gavels and when well dried handle with barley forks and draw to the barn.

Rye in the Cornfields.—Sowing rye in cornfields is practiced with success. Sow the grain and then use the cultivator. This can be done where the rows are wide and the corn stands well, or if the corn is cut early it may be done afterwards. It makes feed or vegetable matter to plow under.

Top Dress with manure for wheat, the wet lowlands and the summits of the knolls.

Grass Lands—See article on the autumnal management of them. The machines may have upturned some stone that will be in the way next year.

Sowing Grass Seed.—Timothy seed does best if sown with winter grain early in autumn, but often it gets so rank a growth as to injure the wheat crop. For this reason it is best to defer the grass-seeding until October, or next spring on rich land.

Tools that have done duty through the summer should be housed from the rains and heavy dews of autumn.

Stock.—Push along the fattening hogs. Stable work horses, cool nights at least, if not all the time when out of the harness. Renovate the poultry house. Feed milch cows liberally, even meal or oil cake, and they will pay liberally.

GRASS LANDS IN AUTUMN.

MANY farmers are remiss sometimes in the management of their meadow lands. They often feed down these late in the spring, mow them when the grass is quite ripe, and, when it starts again, cut a second crop, or feed down to the roots or till the snow prevents a further skinning. This is asking too much, even of the best soils, while it is ruinous to those comparatively lean or deficient in the means of fertility. Meadows stripped of their covering during the scorching days of August re-clothe themselves but slowly at the best, and it is manifestly unwise to strip them bare of the protection which the aftermath is intended to give them during the severity of winter and the equally trying period of early spring. The after-growth of meadows should be fed off in autumn but sparingly, and, indeed, not at all if other means have been supplied for furnishing stock with fodder during the fall months. Meadows, like cultivated fields, require in some form a return of that which they supply, and it is the opinion of many practical men that to leave a fair share of the after-growth of grass upon them in the fall is an easy and effective way of repaying what has been borrowed, while protecting the meadows from the rigors of the season. If, in addition to this, when the fall rains are about to set in, meadows were mulched with refuse straw, muck or scrapings of the door and barn yards, the effect would be conspicuous the succeeding season.

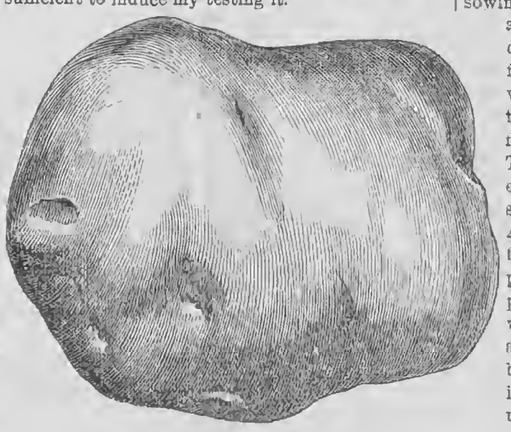
In some cases meadows have been so hardly worked and ill-treated that much of the grass has died out, leaving the surface spotted, caked and unproductive. It may not be desirable or practicable to break up, cultivate and re-seed these at once, nor is this absolutely essential to bring them back to a productive condition. This end is often attained by a generous use of the harrow and the application of grass seed in the deficient places, followed by a liberal application of fertilizing agents. It often happens that meadow grounds are so situated that irrigation is practicable from the roadways or other sources by which much invigorating matter, which would be otherwise wasted, can be distributed over the surface, causing the ensuing season a vigorous growth of grass for hay, and an after crop scarcely less valuable. To secure these results in favorable locations requires but little labor, but this should be seasonably done so as not to interfere with the cropping season. Formerly the opinion prevailed very generally that grass seed should be sown early in the spring, and at no other time. Experiments made at various times by parties widely asunder exploded this theory and established its opposite that late summer or early fall seeding was the best. It has another advantage in the fact that the farmer is usually less hurried with other work soon after the close of haying and harvesting than in the early spring season. Therefore if any portions of the meadow or pasture require to be re-seeded, now or during the month of September is the time to do it. Scarify the surface well with the harrow, remove obstructions to the free play of the scythe or mower, and re-seed and top dress liberally, and a great improvement in production will be the consequence.

There is another point in managing meadows which is too frequently overlooked by their owners. Many of these have a soft, yielding soil under the carpet of turf, which in autumn and spring, when the ground becomes saturated with water, gives way beneath the pressure of the hoofs of cattle and horses, leaving holes in the ground which it lacks the elasticity to replace with the covering essential to vegetation. The consequence is that the surface is left in a rough state, and the power of production diminished by the amount or quantity of the perforations thus rendered for the time being unproductive. We have seen meadows sadly abused in this way, where numerous cattle and horses have been allowed to range over them at unseasonable portions of the year.

Farming lands, and especially those devoted to grass, have found a strong competitor—may we not say an enemy?—in the numerous paper mills which dot the country. Before it was discovered that straw would make paper, the farmer used his straw as food for stock or as a mulch for his fields, thus returning to the soil a portion of what was taken from it; but now the paper mills compete for and get no inconsiderable portion of it. This diversion of a considerable fertilizing agent to a new purpose necessitates greater carefulness in the preservation and application of those which formerly were suffered to run to waste because deemed unnecessary. But a small portion of the farming land of the country will bear cropping several successive years without losing much of its productive power, unless invigorated by manurial agencies; and especially is this true of meadow land. Autumn is regarded as the most fitting season to make these applications, which are too often deferred to another time, or not made at all.

CHOICE POTATOES.—NEW SEEDLING.

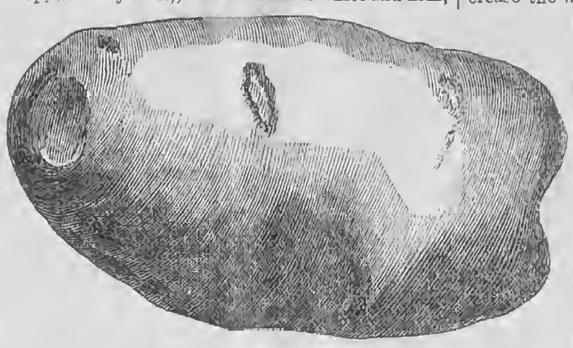
THE potato being almost, like wheat, an absolute necessity in every family, I have for many years given it considerable thought, and have personally grown and compared many varieties—from the Rohan in 1836 to the Early Rose of 1868—and each succeeding year find something new and of promise sufficient to induce my testing it.



LOTTRIDGE'S SEEDLING.

This last spring, hearing, through the Ohio Farmer, of some choice potatoes grown by J. B. LOTTRIDGE of Rockport, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio, I procured and tried some of them with great satisfaction; so much so that I have lately been giving his products a careful examination. Mr. LOTTRIDGE has a fancy for the potato, and having a tract of good sandy loam, to which he gives good cultivation, he grows the tuber just about perfect. He has tried a great many varieties with a special view to one for early marketing, one that while it grew and matured early would yet produce a crop in quantity to be profitable even at a low price, he, some years since, set about growing seedlings, from among which he now, after three years' trial, selects the one of which I send a drawing and description.

In productiveness it exceeds the Goodrich—hills frequently yielding forty or more good, marketable, medium sized potatoes, three by two and a half inches, and from one of which our drawing was made. The skin is smooth, clear and white, the eyes quite deep, (its only fault,) and the flesh is white and firm,



THE SHAW.

like the Mexican or Shaw; of which latter I also send you a drawing. Mr. LOTTRIDGE considers it the best of all the old named sorts, he having, like myself, tried the whole bill. For a family potato, the Shaw is a moderately productive sort, of good fair size, maturing early, clear, smooth, white outside and in, and has the eyes almost upon the surface. This Mr. L. counts best as a family sort, but for profitable marketing not equal to his seedling, or even to one he has under name of Massachusetts White, a drawing of the product of one hill of which I send you, as dug this 15th August.

MASSACHUSETTS WHITE.

In form this potato is much like the seedling, but the skin is not clear or smooth, nor the flesh as white; but for productiveness, early market profit and eating qualities, it stands at the head, or only second to the seedling. From the seedling, planted first week in April, I this year had good sized tubers fit for the table June 10th, and Mr. L. says that is the general character. I have cooked and eaten of the three at the same time, and the seedling is best of all in mealy richness. ADDI.

TREATMENT OF FOUNDER.—A remedy for founder in horses is communicated to the Iowa Homestead. There are two veins in the head of a horse, which run down on each side of the eye, coming together an inch and a half or two inches below it—some quite prominent and others less distinct. When founder takes place the main vein below the eye is to be punctured with the point of a sharp knife or other instrument—operating on the veins under both eyes alike. This treatment is said to effect a certain cure in the course of twenty-four hours Blood should be drawn quite freely.

PUTTING IN THE WHEAT CROP.

DEEP plowing is always to be recommended for wheat, and next in importance in mere cultivation, are the operations of harrowing and rolling to thoroughly pulverize the top soil in which the seed is to be deposited. In dry seasons on clay land, the wheat field is often left in a lumpy condition at sowing, and if dry weather continues long afterwards a great deal of the seed will not sprout, or if it does start, will make but a feeble growth, and finally die out or winter-kill. Many farmers who complain of bad seed or the effect of winter on their wheat fields, would be surprised to find a preventive in a well pulverized seed-bed. The grain sprouts quicker and surer when the earth is so fine that, like sand, it will retain some moisture under the most burning sun. Another reason for making the top layer of soil fine is, that the first feeble roots of the wheat plant can then readily find nutriment, and it will push forward rapidly and become strong before winter. Some soils require the use of the roller as well as the harrow, to finely pulverize them, but the best effects usually follow early plowing and the subsequent action of air and moisture on the clods. It may be laid down as a rule that manure brings more money properly applied to the wheat crop, than to any other ordinary farm product. The best time is just previous to sowing, and the best method is the mixing of fine manure with the two or three inches of surface soil. As it is pretty laborious to haul and spread manure on plowed ground, many farmers haul first and plow afterwards, turning the fertilizer under quite deep. We have seen this tried many times, and no accurate observer could detect in the crop at any subsequent stage of its growth the action of the manure; and we further believe that in nine cases out of ten when manure of any sort is plowed under deep the farmer receives but a very small ratio of its actual value.

But few farmers make barnyard manure enough to top dress the whole of their wheat fields: so the poorer portions get what there is, and the others must take their chances. It would probably pay well to use on the latter some more concentrated fertilizers as ashes, plaster, lime, salt, bone dust, guano, &c. Such substances tend to develop the first growth vigorously, stiffen the straw and increase the weight and yield of berry in proportion to the straw. As a general thing our manures contain more straw elements than grain, because more straw than grain goes into the barnyard, and our special fertilizers should be chosen with the view of aiding the development of the berry rather than the straw. Guano, bone dust, ashes and lime will do this.

An old maxim says "manure the upland for corn and the lowland for wheat." Thus, if there are low places in the field and rather wet, where the grain stands the winter badly, manure will give the plants such vigorous growth and health as to almost ensure a good crop. Such spots are generally made of rich soil, and underdraining would take the place of manure. Next to the low land the summits of knolls need fertilizers most.

With the introduction of the reaper comes a tendency towards leaving the surface of the wheat field as smooth as possible after sowing. But rolling in the autumn is a questionable operation, and the omission of surface water furrows is ruinous to acres of winter wheat. Cut the furrows where they will be needed, if, at next harvest you are compelled to cradle a swath along them and fill with the plow before reaping; but defer rolling until spring, when, if the ground gets in a suitable condition before the wheat grows too much, use both harrow and roller.

MANURES.—NO. II.

DISSOLVING BONES.

WHEN the farmer wishes to prepare bones with acid for his own use, the only apparatus he needs is a large linseed oil cask, holding about 200 gallons, sawn into two parts at the bung. Place these two half casks under a shed, or in some convenient place for working; put fifteen gallons of water into each, then it is ready for the acid. A carboy of sulphuric acid holds about ten gallons and weighs from 140 to 160 lbs. Pour one-half of a carboy of acid into each tub and stir it with the water a few minutes, when it will produce much heat and effervescence; then stir into each tub, while the heat is up, double the weight of fine bone black that you have for acid, say 140 to 150 lbs., or three bushels of bone. As the bone is put in it must be well stirred, and when it becomes too stiff to work easily, more water may be added, gradually, till the bone is all in and all worked up; then cover the tubs and let them stand a few hours or over night, when it may be turned out upon the floor and left to dry. But if it be necessary to use it before it has time to dry by the air, the drying may be accomplished very soon by mixing it with dry ashes, lime, plaster, charcoal dust, or dry, pulverized clay. It should be mixed evenly and well worked together, so that it may be sown from a drill with the seed grain. But it is better, where time will permit, to let the bone remain undisturbed in a compact heap for a few days, before mixing with any drier, that it may get the full benefit of the acid.

If the bones to be dissolved are raw and ground coarse, or only broken with a hammer, then put into the tub five times as much water as acid, fill with bones and cover up; let them remain several days, stirring them every day; then pour off into another tub the acid liquor, leaving the coarse and fine bone in the bottom, when the coarse bone should be separated from the fine and put again into the tub with a little fresh acid added and left to dissolve with occasional stirring as before. The tub should be kept covered as much as possible from the air, so as not to dissipate the acid.

DISSOLVING BONES WITH LYE.

Where ashes are easily obtained, coarse bones may be reduced to powder by boiling them in lye. Let the ashes be leached and the lye placed in a large kettle filled with bones and boiled briskly, adding more lye as it boils down, till the bones are eaten up. The fine bone should be frequently separated from the coarse, by taking it from the kettle, letting the lye run back, and then working it through a coarse three-mesh sieve, placing the coarse bone back in the kettle. The lye from a bushel of ashes will dissolve from 15 to 20 lbs. of bone. This bone, when thus reduced, is very superior to ground bone, as it is much finer and has the potash from the lye in addition. The grease and gelatine of the bone forms, with the lye, an imperfect soap, which is soluble in water and becomes an immediate fertilizer. But the phosphate of lime is not soluble as when reduced by sulphuric acid, and has still to await the slow action of air, water and frost before it can become food for plants. Yet, being in a much finer state of division, it becomes soluble sooner than coarse ground bone. We have found bone, reduced with lye, in this manner, an excellent manure for potatoes, the potash being very beneficial to that crop.

It will be seen also, by the analysis of wheat and straw, which was given in No. 1, that the bone and the potash would furnish all the elements required for wheat. And this leads us to speak of a

SPECIAL MANURE,

which we have found the best combination for wheat and other grain and grass. This consists of fine, black (animal) charcoal dissolved in sulphuric acid as above directed, and then mixed with unleached ashes and hen manure, in the proportion of one of dissolved bone to four bushels of ashes and two of hen manure. These ashes and hen manure (sifted) will dry up the wet bone and make it fit for immediate use. We drilled in with the seed 14 bushels of this mixture upon an acre,—that is, two bushels of dissolved bone, eight bushels of ashes and four of hen manure. This produced fifty per cent. more of wheat than an unmanured portion of the same field, and five bushels more per acre than another portion of the field manured with ten large loads of barn-yard manure made from fattening cattle. The yield was 20 bushels without manure, 25 with barn-yard and 30 with this special manure. We tried it upon grass alongside a strip with the above amount of yard manure, and found the grass better the first, second and third years, showing it to be lasting in its effects. The barn-yard manure was put on in March, while a light snow was on the ground, and the special manure, sifted on with a machine, a month later. My land is a stiff clay, but it operates equally well on a light soil,—for the sulphuric acid fixes the ammonia, so that none is lost by evaporation. We were inclined, at first, to place too great reliance upon the hen manure; but, on many trials, we found that it depended greatly upon the season, whether the crop was increased much by it. In a wet season it made a much greater comparative show, or when applied to grass early in the spring so as to be carried to the roots by the early rains. When applied later in the season, with little rain after application, scarcely a difference could be discovered between the portion with hen manure and that with only dissolved bones and ashes.

The principal effect of the hen manure over the bones and ashes is caused by the ammonia which it contains, and probably this does not exceed the amount contained in fresh bones. Hen manure should be used, when readily obtained, but the dissolved bones and ashes make a manure of great value. The amount which we applied to an acre by the side of ten loads of the best yard manure, did not cost more than $5.

We have found the raw bone reduced with acid and afterwards diluted with more water, applied in a liquid state, the best fertilizer for cabbage, turnips, beets and carrots. Its dilute acid effectually destroys the fly, which is so great an obstacle to raising turnips, and operates as a powerful stimulant to the young plants, without injuring them. Its effect upon cabbage is greater than the most liberal application of barn-yard manure. It is best applied with a watering pot, running a small stream directly on the young plants in the drill. This is done quite rapidly by walking along each row. Raw bone thus prepared is better than animal charcoal, because it contains about thirty per cent. of cartilage and gelatine.

All our cultivated plants contain phosphate of lime. Bones are a most efficient manure for any soil, as all their component parts are food for plants. The bones of our animals are all grown from the vegetables upon which they feed, and these bones returned to the soil, will produce again the same amount of vegetable food which was consumed in their growth. Vegetable produces animal, decaying animal reproduces vegetable.

Our next will be devoted to ashes, lime, &c.—E. W. S.

IN Canada most of their pork is fatted on peas, six bushels of which are equal to ten bushels of corn, and more can be grown from an acre.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

WOOL AND MUTTON SHEEP IN THE SOUTH.

WE give up our entire space this week to the subjoined communication, not without reluctance, for we are sensible that many readers would prefer a more varied bill of fare. But the topic is one of great and immediate importance to a large portion of our country, and is therefore entitled to what may be termed exhaustive treatment. We think reflecting and especially *interested* readers would choose to see all the principal facts and arguments, on each side of the question, submitted "in a lump"—so they can be weighed at the same time, and in their relative bearings on each other. For these reasons we give our correspondent's letter undivided, and entire with the exception of a few passages which have a political bearing. For the latter there is room enough in the political journals: we never introduce them or permit others to introduce them into this Department. Those desirous to impugn "Georgian's" statements or conclusions will, of course, be welcome to an equally full hearing.

ATLANTA, Ga., Aug. 15, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—*Sir:* I have observed lately, copied from Northern agricultural journals, the results of two experiments—one made by a Mr. WINNE (I think his name was) of your State, and the other by Professor MILES of the Michigan Agricultural College—which go to show that improved English sheep are more profitable for artificial fattening than Merinos. These exhibits struck me very much in the light of carrying coals to Newcastle. Who has ever contended that on high, fattening feed, (such as grain, roots, &c., in addition to grass or hay,) the Merino will acquire flesh and fat as rapidly as the Down, Leicester, Cotswold, &c.; or that it is as profitable a mutton sheep as these, where mutton is the primary object of production, and where the climate and other circumstances are adapted to the latter? I supposed the contrary was as universally conceded as is the fact that the Merino will yield the most wool and the greatest value of wool, *from* the same amount of feed.

Such experiments, however, may possess a certain degree of value, as going to show the *precise* difference between the breeds, in profitable mutton production, under a regular system of fattening on artificial food—though justice requires me to say that it will take far more than *two* experiments to demonstrate, even approximately, the average difference. Every breeder of Merinos knows that different stocks or flocks of them vary in this particular—a fact due to their having been bred with more or less reference to fattening properties. Professor MILES' experiment was limited to two sheep on a side—lambs bred by crossing full blood Merino and Cotswold rams with the "ordinary kind of sheep in that section—such sheep as could have been bought there last fall for 75c. to $1 a head." Who can say that the full bloods were affected, or modified equally for the purposes of mutton production, by such cross? And under any circumstances, a test between *lambs* is rather a test of early maturity, than a general test of mutton production. Here, in the interior of the South, we could market but a small proportion of our sheep when lambs, even if we had the means for thus forcing them. As you have published the results, I need not further allude to them.* Mr. WINNE'S experiment was conducted on a larger scale, but I did not cut his statements out of the paper where I saw them. My impression is that he matched full blood Cotswold, or other English sheep, against grade Merinos.

I do not object to such half-way experiments, where all the attending facts are stated, as appears to have been done by Professor MILES; but I do most seriously object to the use which such interested parties as —— and —— are seeking to make of them, in connection with positive misstatements in regard to the other qualities of the Merino, among the people of the South. We want sheep. All parts of the South sorely need a broadly extended system of sheep husbandry, to bring into profitable use millions of acres which are now nearly or wholly unproductive; and in our present situation, and on the present basis of labor, * * * a remunerative husbandry on these lands, requiring but a small proportionable amount of human labor, would be an inestimable blessing to us. * * * But let us start right. Let us obtain definite ideas of what we want, and to what our climate, herbage, situation to markets, and other circumstances are best adapted. I have had some experience formerly with both Merinos and English sheep, and I have had rather extended opportunities for observing their relative success in various parts of the South. I own neither now, and can therefore express my opinions disinterestedly.

In Georgia, the large mutton breeds, except when kept in small numbers, and fed entirely out of the usual way of feeding sheep in the South, have proved an undeniable failure. I will not cite my own former experience. You doubtless know by reputation Mr. RICHARD PETERS of this place. He began with South Downs in about 1850, and subsequently procured the other most celebrated English breeds. He gave them a full trial, but was eventually forced to abandon them and resort to the Merinos. His fixed conclusion is that the latter is the only breed which can be relied on in this climate, when kept in large flocks, both for wool and mutton. This is the common experience, and I know of no exception to it.

I believe our long continued warm weather is, of itself, unfavorable to the large mutton sheep, but at all events it is attended by circumstances which render it unfavorable to them. It makes good bite comparatively scanty, especially on our natural grass ranges—where we can find the greatest profit in keeping sheep. Any kind of them, if the flock is large, must travel far to obtain their fill; and as sheep consume food in proportion to their size, the Cotswold or Leicester must travel nearly twice as far as the Merino. This, in hot weather, is peculiarly oppressive on great, fat, naturally sluggish animals. Such sheep cannot acquire fat under these circumstances, and if they have it they must speedily lose it. They cannot be fattened off grass, and thus they reach winter thin. Our winters are short and mild, but even to *sustain* large flocks of English sheep through them, requires better keep than occasional feedings of corn blades. They demand what they receive in the mild climate of England,—turnips, vetches or other green crops, or grain,—and this is precisely what we cannot give them without introducing a new, expensive, and what would prove to *us* an unprofitable system of husbandry.

Kept in our common way and according to our present available means, the English sheep, even in not very large sized flocks, remains comparatively lean; and it *dwindles* in size and loses its improved characteristics in each successive generation, until it "runs out." And this process is a pretty brief one. On the other hand, the small, active Merino will subsist throughout the year, and annually become fat on natural grasses, as I shall presently more particularly show. It is every way the hardier animal, bears exposures better, and is noticeably less subject to colds and their resulting diseases. The English sheep require abundance of feed the year round, with little work, and good care to develop their characteristic qualities. Then they are doubtless highly profitable, where mutton production is profitable. We have abundance of land and abundance of pasturage, such as it is. We must avail ourselves of the latter in its present condition, or suffer it to continue to run to waste. As a people we have no money to invest in expensive "improvements."

There is another insuperable objection to the mutton sheep for our purposes. Our object should not be to keep a handful of sheep each, for domestic purposes, or to bring in annually a mere driblet of money. Our object is to render a vast area of the South—millions of acres in each State—productive, which are now essentially unproductive. Having facilities for the cheap production of wool which are probably not excelled in the world, and which are not even approached in those portions of the United States where it is now principally grown, we want to enter *largely* on the production of a staple which will promptly replenish our pockets, * * * and, most fortunately, at the same time improve instead of impoverishing our soils. On a good sized plantation it is vastly cheaper in proportion, and nearly as easy to care for five hundred as one hundred sheep. On *uninclosed* ranges they must be managed by shepherds, and to do this most economically one shepherd and his dogs should take all the care of at least one thousand—and the sheep must necessarily run together in the same flock. The mutton breeds do not herd well in large numbers. Even a few hundred kept *together* the year round become unthrifty and sickly. It is generally conceded that not more than about a hundred of them should be kept in the same flock. Our plantations are not prepared to maintain such small divisions summer and winter; and those divisions are of course wholly impracticable on uninclosed lands.

I have never seen a thousand Merinos running together in Georgia, but I have repeatedly seen that and a larger number in Texas, kept together every day and guarded in the same pen every night, throughout the year, which kept perfectly thrifty and healthy. They are habitually herded in flocks of that size in Texas, South America and Australia—and it is not considered objectionable in those countries. These great Texas flocks go through scarcities of feed during drouths which would kill English sheep outright, and yet they rapidly recover condition when the rain gives a start to the wild grasses. They always get fat during summer. KENDALL used to make it his humorous complaint, when carving a saddle of Merino mutton at his hospitable table, that his great difficulty was to find wethers in his flock *poor* enough to kill! Hence it was that he and the other experienced sheep growers of the South with whom I have conversed have insisted that when kept together in large flocks, or on scant feed, Merinos are more profitable *for mutton* than English sheep. He cited another important fact, namely, that if the Merino wether does not find a good sale for mutton, he can be kept along profitably for years for his wool alone. His fleece and strength hold out without any great diminution for about a dozen years; and if he dies on the ranch, and his carcass is thus lost, he has already paid for himself several times over. The English sheep begins rapidly to fail in fleece and constitution at two-thirds of that age. This superiority in longevity is a still greater advantage in the Merino breeding ewe.

Finally, waiving the preceding considerations—granting to the English breeds the same superiority as mutton sheep *here*, which they seem justly to hold in the North,—where would we find a market for our mutton, if Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, &c., should go to producing sheep anywhere nearly as largely *as their interest demands*, and should make mutton the primary object in the selection of the prevailing breed? I am told that dairying is now generally held to be more profitable in your State—within a day's transportation of New York, the greatest mutton market of the Union. I am told that mutton production is not more profitable than that of various other Northern staples. This does not show a demand greatly in excess of the supply. What then would be our chance if we annually threw five millions more of fat sheep, or over five hundred millions pounds more of mutton on the markets of the country?

And there is another equally pertinent question. What would we do with an annual clip of say eighty or a hundred million pounds of *combing* wool? What would it then be worth per pound? Am I incorrect in supposing that not a tenth or twentieth part so much of it is used in the United States as of *clothing* wools? Am I incorrect in supposing that its superiority in price over the latter is due to the fact that the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the enactment of the tariff shut out foreign competition, when but a trifling amount of *combing* wool was grown in the country—while it (the tariff) was enacted at a moment when an enormous over supply of foreign cloths had been thrown on our markets; and that the glut has since been kept up, and the woolen and *clothing* wool trade prostrated by the various causes so distinctly set forth in various editorial articles in the RURAL NEW-YORKER?

Wool cannot probably be profitably exported; mutton certainly cannot. It is the obvious policy of the South, then, to cultivate those products of sheep husbandry which meet the largest domestic demand. This is unquestionably found in *clothing* wool. True, Northern competition is now greatest in that wool. But adopt the growing of which we will, we must soon encounter all the competition which you can make it profitable to maintain with us. Your nearness to markets, your convertible husbandry, your root tillage, the comparatively small size of your farms, your abundance of skilled labor, the habits of your people, and finally your climate, give you advantages in mutton production, and combing wool as its adjunct, which it would be difficult or impossible for us to overcome—notwithstanding the greatly higher price of your lambs. But I believe I speak entirely within bounds when I say that we can grow Merino wool, with additional cost of transportation to market included, at considerably less than half the cost you can. And to this production all our circumstances are fitted. We need nothing but the sheep, shepherd's and dogs. If we cannot find shepherds in the North we can get them in Scotland and France, as KENDALL did—and he found admirable ones at reasonable prices.

With our overwhelming advantages, your competition in Merino wool would be merely nominal—giving way without resistance just as fast as we can increase our supply. You first taught our people this fact in your "Sheep Husbandry in the South." And the broad, liberal, cosmopolitan spirit you exhibited throughout that work has emboldened me to address you this communication. My heart is in this matter. I want to see our impoverished people embark in sheep husbandry, as I intend to do myself; but I do not want them to begin with a mistake which will end in disappointment—and in half a dozen years compel them to begin over again.

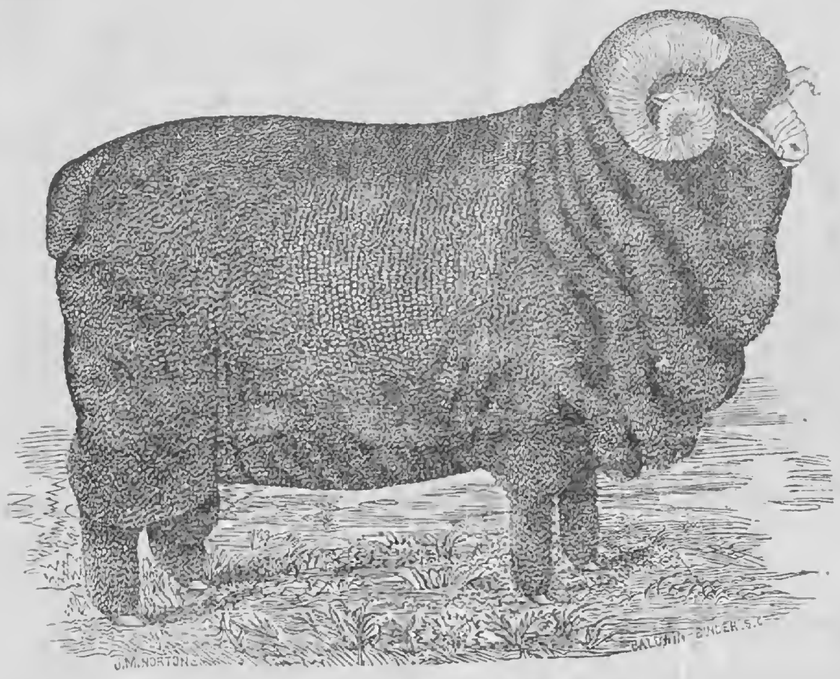
Respectfully yours, GEORGIAN.

* Our correspondent is mistaken. We have intended to publish the results, but have not yet done so. They are thus stated by J. HARRIS, in American Agriculturist:

"The lambs were shut up in pens Dec. 13, and were fed corn and clover hay for twenty-three weeks, or till the 15th of May. At the commencement of the experiment the two grade Merino lambs weighed 125½ pounds, (one 70 pounds, the other 55½ pounds.) The two grade Cotswolds weighed 158 pounds, (one 86 pounds, the other 72 pounds.)

"The Merinos eat 325 pounds of hay, and 249 pounds of corn, and gained 56½ pounds. The Cotswolds eat 388 pounds of hay, and 389 pounds of corn, and gained 67½ pounds. A little figuring will show that it took 1,572 pounds of hay and corn to produce 100 pounds of increase with the Merinos, and only 1,196 pounds with the Cotswolds.

"Professor MILES has figured up the amount of food consumed for each 100 pounds of live weight. In the twenty-three weeks, the grade Merinos, for 100 pounds of live weight, eat 231.81 pounds of hay, and 168.13 pounds of corn, and the grade Cotswolds, 212.82 pounds of hay, and 186.43 pounds of corn. The Cotswolds eat more corn and less hay in proportion to live weight than the Merinos; but the total amount of food consumed in proportion to live weight is almost identical. Thus the Merinos consumed 399.96 pounds, and the Cotswolds 399.25 pounds, or a little over 2¼ pounds of food per day for each 100 pounds of live weight."



YOUNG GOLD DROP,

OWNED by S. B. LUSK of Batavia, N. Y., and MARCUS LUSK of Newstead, N. Y. The proprietors write us:—"He was bred by HARRY DEAN of West Cornwall, Vermont, by HAMMOND'S Gold Drop out of a choice ewe bred by EDWIN HAMMOND, by his Sweepstakes. Young Gold Drop was awarded the first premium at the Addison Co. Fair, Middlebury, Vt., when a lamb, at the Niagara Co. Fair, Lockport, N. Y., 1867; and at the N. Y. State Fair, Buffalo, in 1867. Weight of fleece, May 10th, 1867, just one year's growth, 25 lbs. 10 oz. Sheared May 9th, 1868, 25 lbs., 8 oz."

Bee-Keeper's Department.

BEES—SCENT AND SIGHT.

A QUESTION is raised, among apiarians, as to whether bees trace out honey fields by scent or by sight. Dr. ALEFELD, in "The Bee Flora of Germany and Switzerland," adduces some plausible reasons in support of the assumption that bees discover the places where honey may be obtained by the sense of sight and not of smell. Is it not quite as reasonable to infer that their discoveries are not confined to either, but result indifferently from both? Having had some experience in tracing bees, in their wild state, this has been our conclusion from the results of several experiments made in hunting them to their homes.

If a hunter will go into the forest and uncover his bee box, without any other preparation, he will probably find a bee lured to the exposed store, after awhile, if he has the patience to wait. Having succeeded in this and permitted the laden bee to depart, let the hunter move to another point remote from the first position, open his box and ignite some honey-comb and see if his last vigil is not much more abbreviated than the first one.

Such has been our experience, at all events, and the difference was attributed to the fact that the bees were guided to the place by the scent of the burning honey-comb rather than by the sight of the stores in the box. That other bees, observing one to have been speedily lucky in obtaining a load, watch its backward flight and follow in the same direction, using sight rather than smell, we believe to be also true. It is in this way we account for the rapid increase in the number of bees around the honey-box after the first one has carried home one load and returned for another. That they do thus increase in force we know, betraying a wild eagerness to share in the spoil which the pioneer bee, attracted by the aroma of the burning comb, has discovered.

LOVE FOR BEES.

EDS. RURAL:—I am a lover of bees and like to keep them. A swarm of bees is a perfect picture of what a family should be; where no drones are unreasonably tolerated around the domestic hearths, there peace and plenty reign. While the hog, horse and cow make men the *veriest* slaves the bees take care of themselves. I take genuine pleasure in sitting in the shade and watching my bees at their labor. There is true enjoyment in looking on while work is being done, whether you lend a hand or not. To me there is no music more delightful than the hum of bees. It reminds one of the glad sunshine, of flowers and the most delicious sweets in existence. How different from that abominable noise made by the mosquito. I remember passing a night in the city of New York a prey to mosquitoes. I doubt if Dives had a worse place of *torment*.

While I *hate* mosquitoes and fight them to the death, I practice the non-resistant policy as regards bees; that is to say, I go right in among them in the most free and friendly way. I believe the bee knows his owner as well as the ox, and practice accordingly. Last winter I bought at auction a hive of bees that no one seemed to want. The middle of June it sent forth a large and powerful colony which has worked with such unexampled industry as to nearly fill two boxes and the main body of a good sized hive in four weeks. In all my experience I never saw better work than this. The old swarm has also done well. Who says bee keeping wont pay? In justice to the bee I ought not to use the term *bee keeping*. The truth is they *keep* themselves, the owner having no trouble about fence, water or pasture. What a lesson on the importance of industry they teach humanity. H. K. F.

North Chili, N. Y., 1868.

MOTH PROOF HIVES.

THE Iowa Homestead recently published from the Dixie Farmer a communication from an apiarist, claiming that a certain bee hive had been fully tested in the South and found to be moth proof. To this claim Mrs. ELLEN S. TUPPER, conductress of the Bee Department of the Homestead, responds by emphatically denying the claim thus set up. She says:—"We publish the above to show our patent bee hive agents at the North that they must be awake with their business at the South, or a 'Dixie man' will head them off on 'humbugs.' We sincerely sympathize with the 'several hundred' who are using such an exploded trap as this Finley hive is. We wish to see good improved hives introduced into every section of the South, and every one sold of this pattern will tend to disgust bee keepers with any improvement in hives. If this meets the eye of any Southern bee keeper, we beg to assure him (and we do it after long experience and many trials of bee hives with moth traps,) that no hive has ever been invented, or ever can be, that is moth proof. The tubes and traps intended for this purpose serve only to annoy and hinder the bees. The only way to be secure against the moth, is to have hives which give you in a simple way the control of every comb, and by their aid you can keep colonies always so strong and vigorous as to be independent of the moth, of all other enemies, and even of adverse seasons and hard winters."

FERTILE WORKERS.

MRS. ELLEN S. TUPPER, editor of the bee department of the Iowa Homestead, having been asked how to treat colonies having fertile workers, responds by saying:—"A hive seldom has fertile workers until it has been some time queenless. The reason such colonies refuse to build queen cells probably is that they have become satisfied with their state. If a frame containing many hatching bees, and also young larvæ be given them, the young bees as they hatch will rear queens, and when one is hatched, she will make short work with the usurpers of her throne. They seldom, however, accept a queen that is given them, acting in the premises precisely as bees with a queen will do if a strange queen is introduced into the hive.

"We find the easiest way to dispose of such cases is to put another colony in with them. Use a swarm for the purpose. There will be no trouble after this from the fertile workers. We have also given them a frame of eggs and brood, and then immediately changed their place with a good strong colony. The strange bees thus introduced will rear queens, and there will be no more trouble."

Rural Notes and Items.

THE CROPS AND WEATHER.—A large portion of Western New York is suffering from the severest drouth of many years. The pastures are white, and it is about as hard to walk up a turf-covered hill as it would be up one of ice. Many farmers are feeding hay. Water is scarce, and springs have failed that for thirty years before have never ceased flowing. There was not rain enough last spring and early summer to restore the moisture abstracted by last year's drouth. The trees are turning brown, as if singed with fire, and corn leaves rattle in the wind, and are white as if frost had struck them. The greatest damage will be done to the potato crop, for with the hot sunshine and dry winds the tops are dying fast. A soaking rain within a day or two would benefit late varieties and make a medium crop. But there is little prospect of rain; every day holds out a promise of showers, but the clouds fly away before a stiff breeze, and tauntingly give only a few dry-weather sprinkles. However, we cannot think it will be so protracted as last year, for all around us there has been rain, and the storm currents must soon set this way. In the meantime we comfort ourselves with the thought that too little rain for a season works less harm than too much.

MICHIGAN WHITE WHEAT.—Messrs. MOORE, FOOTE & Co., Detroit, have placed at the disposal of the Michigan State Agricultural Society the sum of $400, to be divided into three grand prizes, for the best five acres of white wheat sown in 1868 and harvested in 1869. The prizes are:—1st, for the best five acres of wheat harvested in 1869, of the crop of which not less than five bushels shall be shown at the State Fair of that year, $250; 2d, for the second best five bushels of white wheat, of which not less than five bushels shall be shown at the State Fair of that year, $100; 3d, for the third best five acres of white wheat, of which not less than five bushels shall be shown at the State Fair of that year, $50.

CROPS IN MISSOURI.—JAMES H. HOYT, Greenfield, Dade Co., Mo., August 24th, writes:—"Crops are fair in this vicinity considering the drouth. The week just past was one of fine rains, wetting the ground completely, making it for the first time since a year ago last June too wet to plow. The peach and apple crop is abundant, though small in size, owing to the dry weather. This, I think, is the finest fruit country in the West, producing an abundance of all kinds planted." An eminent future is predicted for that section of the country, so rich in soil and natural advantages.

STATE FAIR—COMMITTEES ON DEPARTMENTS.—The following members of the Board are assigned to the charge of the several departments at the New York State Fair at Rochester: *Cattle*—Messrs. Hoven and Church. *Horses*—Messrs. Burr and Thorne. *Sheep, Swine and Poultry*—Mr. Foster. *Machinery*—Messrs. Geddes and Thayer. *Farm Produce*—Messrs. Ely, Lewis and Inglesbe. *Fruit and Flowers*—Messrs. Taker and Angel. *Miscellaneous*—Messrs. Wing and Cornell. SUPERINTENDENTS.—*General Superintendent*—Col. H. Bowen. *Sup't of Cattle*—J. S. McDonald. *Do. of Horses*—John F. Quick. *Do. of Sheep and Swine*—T. V. Maxon. *Do. of Poultry*—E. P. Cheever. *Do. of Implements and Machinery*—Julius W. Smith. *Do. of Grain, Vegetables, Butter, Cheese, &c.*—H. H. Inglesbe. *Do. of Domestic Department*—C. M. Tyler. *Do. of Fruit and Flowers*—James Vick. JUDGES.—*Short Horns*—Lewis G. Morris, Thomas Ball. *Devons and Herefords*—B. H. Andrews. *Ayreshires and Jerseys*—Otis Dillingham. Benj. L. Swan, Jr. *Grades, &c.*—Benj. Long. Geo. W. Root. *Breeding and Growing Stock*—Charles W. Bathgate, John McGraw. *Harness and Saddle Horses, Jacks, &c.*—Dr. A. L. Elwyn, Ardell B. Raymond. *Fat Sheep, Long and Middle Wools*—Carroll Fitzhugh, J. McD. McIntyre. *Fine Wooled Sheep*—Parsell H. Peterson, C. F. Marshall. *Swine*—S. S. Whitman. Levi S. Fulton. *Poultry*—Abram Vought, D. S. Heffron. *Implements and Machinery*—Dyer Williams, Avery A. Sweet. *Grains, Vegetables and Flour*—Judd Premiums—O. K. Rice, C. B. Way, Charles J. Hill. *Butter and Cheese*—Jacob Ellison, J. B. Harris. *Wines*—Lewis F. Allen, Alexander Thompson. Joseph Park. *Flowers*—J. A. Eastman, Nicholas Hallock. *Fruits*—A. B. James, Amos A. Hendee.

THE NORWAY OAT.—This new variety is attracting much attention, and those fortunate enough to obtain the seed last year have gathered very large yields from it. We have received a package of heads, with stems attached, from Messrs. JONES & CLARK, New York, and are much pleased with the appearance of this grain. The heads will average about twelve inches in length, and the berry is plump, dark in color, and heavy. We should judge the straw to be sufficiently stiff to support the head. The arms springing from the head, to which the grains are attached, are very long and thick set with grains, and in this habit may be found the secret of the large yield. Messrs. J. & C. write:—"The specimens sent are from a common field, sowed broadcast, which harvested a little over one hundred bushels per acre. We have specimens here, the heads of which measure twenty-seven inches in length, but they had extra culture. We prefer to send you samples of field oats, and we have more than fifty lots from different farmers equal to those we send you." Our readers will find further information in the advertising columns.

HOPS.—The dry weather at the West has affected the hop crop adversely in some sections, especially in Wisconsin, inducing the belief that the yield in that State will not exceed that of last year. The aspects in Michigan are more favorable, while in this and the Eastern States a large yield is anticipated. The picking season, it is supposed, will be two weeks earlier this year than it was the last.

A NEBRASKA COLONY.—E. J. HUSE, Nebraska City, states that he has been prospecting in Nebraska, and finds it one of the finest farming States in the Union. He is of the opinion that those in the East, having the spirit of moving strong upon them, would do well to join a colony now forming for settlement in that country. Mutual aid and protection are the points aimed at.

CROPS IN OHIO.—From a private letter received from Wauseon, Ohio, we make the following extract relative to the crops:—"We are having fine weather, and shall have a good crop of corn and potatoes, and the buckwheat bids fair to be a good crop. Fruit, however, is scarce this season—but few apples and no peaches to speak of."

SILK IN ARKANSAS.—The St. Louis Republican states that a sample of white sewing silk made from cocoons produced in Phelps Co., Arkansas, has been received at that office. It had a brilliant gloss, was soft to the touch and of a strong fiber. The silk business promises to assume a commanding position in that section of the country.

POTATO YIELD.—I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., planted six and three-fourths pounds of the Early Rose variety of potato. Each pound of seed produced 167 pounds of potatoes. They ripened considerably ahead of the other varieties. The yield is certainly promising.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1868.

COUNTY AND TOWN—NEW YORK.

Columbia Association, Hudson	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Ellisburg, Adams, &c., Belleville	Sept. 10—11
Galen, Clyde	Sept. 26
Lewis, Turin	Sept. 15—17
New Berlin (Town.) New Berlin	Sept. 9—11
Orange Co. Horse Show, Goshen	Sept. 2—3
Sangerfield and Marshall, (Oneida Co.,) Sangerfield	Sept. 16—17
Ulster, Kingston	Sept. 22—24
Westmoreland, Hampton	Oct. 7—9

MAINE.

Oxford, South Paris	Oct. 6—8
West Oxford, Fryburg	Oct. 13—15

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hillsborough, Milford	Sept. 29—30
Manchester, Manchester	Sept. 18—20

VERMONT.

Caledonia, St. Johnsbury	Sept. 29—Oct. 1

CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield, Norwalk	Sept. 22—25
Housatonic, New Milford	Oct. 8—10
Litchfield, Litchfield	Sept. 30—Oct. 1
Pequabuck, Bristol	Sept. 30
Union, Falls Village	Sept. 8—10
Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 22—24
Woodbury, Woodbury	Sept. 23—24

PENNSYLVANIA.

Northampton, Easton	Sept. 22—24

OHIO.

Andover, Andover	Sept. 8—10
Augusta, Augusta	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Brookfield, Brookfield	Sept. 9—11
Hancock, New Manchester	Oct. 14—16
Knox, Mt. Vernon	Sept. 15—17
Muskingum, Zanesville	Sept. 16—18
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Warren, Lebanon	Sept. 16—18

ILLINOIS.

Edwards, Albion	Sept. 18—20
Franklin, Benton	Oct. 7—10
Livingston, Pontiac	Sept. 24
Montgomery, Hillsboro	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Shelby, Shelbyville	Oct. 7—10
Union, Jonesboro	Sept. 16—18
Union, Sandwich	Sept. 29—Oct. 2
Wabash Valley, Paris	Sept. 15—18

IOWA.

Allamakee, Waukon	Oct. 8—9
Clayton, Farmersburg	Oct. 7—9
Central Iowa, DesMoines	Sept. 22—24
Dubuque, Dubuque	Sept. 22—24
Jefferson, Fairfield	Oct. 7—9
Lee, West Point	Sept. 23—25
Louisa, Wadello	Sept. 15—18
Union, Wheatland	Sept. 15—17
Van Buren, Keosauqua	Sept. 23—25
Wayne, Corydon	Oct. 8—10

WISCONSIN.

Grant, Lancaster	Sept. 23—25
Green, Monroe	Sept. 24—26
Marquette, Montello	Oct. 7
Platteville, Platteville	Oct. 7—9

MICHIGAN.

Bay, Bay City	Oct. 6—8
Central, Lansing	Sept. 29—Oct. 1
Hillsdale, Hillsdale	Sept. 30—Oct. 2
Macomb, Romeo	Oct. 7—9

MINNESOTA.

Northfield, Northfield	Sept. 18—19

TENNESSEE.

Nashville Horse, Nashville	Oct. 20—24
Sumner, Gallatin	Sept. 21—26

MISSOURI.

Clark, Waterloo	Sept. 17—19
Cole, Jefferson City	Oct. 13—18
Jefferson, De Soto	Sept. 23—25
Lafayette, Lexington	Oct. 20—25
New Florence, New Florence	Sept. 29—Oct. 3
Salina, Miami	Oct. 13—16

HORTICULTURAL.

NEW YORK STATE GRAPE FAIR.

THE New York State Grape Growers' Association, which was organized last winter, and includes in its list of members all the leading cultivators of the vine and manufacturers of native wines and brandies in the State, will hold its first Annual Fair, as previously announced, at Canandaigua, on the 7th and 8th of next October. The Exhibition has been wisely located, we think, in a town easy of access from all directions, containing commodious hotels and noted for its beautiful environs. Visitors desiring to examine the more prominent grape growing localities of the State will find it but a pleasant journey of a day's duration, by rail and steamboat, to visit either the vineyards at Hammondsport, Naples or Lockport. The buildings and grounds of the Ontario Co. Agricultural Society have generously been put at the disposal of the Association, and there is sufficient room under cover to display a larger collection of grapes than has yet been seen in this country, with seats for thousands of visitors and spacious galleries and committee rooms. From all reports we judge the grape crop very promising throughout the country, and especially so in this State, and strong effort will be made to bring together such a collection of the products of the vineyard as has not been equaled.

The Circular of the Association, (which may be obtained by addressing the Recording Secretary, G. F. WILCOX, Fairport, N. Y.,) contains the list of Committees and Classes, with Regulations for the Fair. We quote a few paragraphs:

"The Exhibition will comprehend the Grape, its product and the implements which pertain to its culture, gathering, preparation for market and manufacture into wine or brandy. Grape growers and manufacturers of wines, brandies and implements from all parts of the Union and the British Provinces, are cordially invited to become exhibitors and competitors.

"Three premiums, 1st, 2d and 3d, are offered to each standard or well-known variety of grapes, and to each sort of wine and brandy. Not less than six clusters of the first five classes of fruit can compete for a premium. Discretionary premiums will be awarded. No premium will consist of money, as it is deemed wiser to apply the funds of the Association to the collection and publication of matter of interest and use to the grape growers. Competitors for premiums must become members of the Association by payment of one dollar to the Treasurer.

"All entries should be completed by noon of October 7th. Articles for exhibition may be consigned to M. Dwight Munger, Esq., Canandaigua, N. Y.

"Facilities will be afforded for the sale of fruit, implements, &c., and it will be an excellent opportunity for visitors to procure ample supplies from the hands of the producers.

"There will be a meeting on the evening of the first day of the Fair, during which the following subjects will be discussed:—1. Soils, and their preparation for planting. 2. Varieties, and their adaptation to soils and localities. 3. Pruning, and the season in which it should be done. 4. Best mode of trellising. 5. Overcropping, and its consequences. 6. Renovation of worn-out vineyards. 7. Marketing. 8. The benefits of the grape and its products on the health of the people. Papers written on the above topics, or others pertaining to the objects of the Association, are desired for publication in the Annual Report. They may be forwarded to the Recording Secretary."

GRAPES RIPENING.

I HAVE during the past week been through many acres of vineyard and examined many varieties of grapes. As others are recording the time of ripening I will give my observations. The Sherman is the first to color and the first that is fit to gather. The Miles is next, but they are both too small in size of fruit and too inferior in quality as table grapes to make them desirable to any extent. The Mary Ann, Logan, Hartford and Creveling are next in order both as to ripening and quality, and without doubt the Hartford is the only one among them of any profitable value as a market sort. Adirondac is the next to ripen, and as the vines become more and more mature it proves to be hardy and of promise to fully sustain the character given it by its disseminator. Lydia, as a white grape, by pruning I find gives a good crop, although unless in rich soil and high culture the bunches are small, but like the Delaware it requires rich and abundant food, and then with long pruning it will be found one of the most profitable as well as best. It is now coloring, Aug. 20, and by 1st of September will be ripe and sweet. Israella does not color as early as Adirondac. Maxatawney, like the Lydia, colors early, but does not always ripen early, besides the vine is yet untested as to hardihood. With me it has stood well, but with others it has not. Telegraph is another grape of good quality, and colors as early as Hartford, and from seeing it in half a dozen places only, I am disposed to think it will be a profitable market sort, but my observation is not yet of sufficient time to speak of it other than as one of promise. More anon. ADDI.

IS STAWBERRY GROWING PROFITABLE?

I ASSUME that, with the prevailing prices and modes of culture, strawberry growing has ceased to be, *generally*, profitable in the State of New York. In States further South, where they can ship their crop to New York city before the crop in that latitude ripens, there may be a profit in strawberry culture. So there is, here and there, a grower in this State—even in the vicinity of Rochester—who reaps a profit from raising strawberries; but I think the facts warrant the statement, that the majority find strawberries a less profitable crop than potatoes.

Now the question recurs, can it be made profitable? The introduction of the Wilson, a variety succeeding in such a diversity of soils and climates, and requiring so little skill and experience to produce something of a crop, has reduced the price of the fruit to so low a point as to be hardly remunerative, unless a large yield per acre can be obtained. I think the Wilson did not average the season through in Rochester, more than eight cents a quart; and that was not far from the average throughout the State. It would require nearly 200 bushels at eight cents a quart, to amount to $500, about as small a sum as would pay a fair profit over the cost of setting, and cultivating an acre in strawberries for two years, deducting a fair rent for the land.

To make the Wilson pay, then, the soil and culture must be such as to insure a yield of 200 bushels per acre. On sandy soils, the Wilson is about the only berry that can be relied upon to yield a large crop. I am inclined to think that the Green Prolific is another, but am not certain, as my experience has been too limited to decide, positively. On strong, heavy soils, varieties can be grown that will command prices which will make the crop remunerative at much lower yield per acre. Triomphs have sold in our market the past season at about 15 cents per quart, and double that price in New York. A hundred bushels of Triomphs, at 15 cents per quart, amount to $480, which yields a better profit than 200 bushels at eight cents, as the cost of picking and handling would be much less.

The Jucunda on heavy soils is, I think, more productive than the Triomph, rather larger, of as good quality, and as handsome. Those cultivators who possess soil adapted to these two varieties, can still grow strawberries at a good profit—even without producing enormous crops.

But we should not be satisfied with moderate yields, but should so cultivate our strawberries as to insure a rich reward, and yet enable the masses to enjoy the luxury of strawberries. How to do it, I will, with your permission, Messrs. Editors, point out in a future number. P. C. REYNOLDS.

Rochester, N. Y., 1868.

OLD AND NEW RASPBERRIES.

THE Doolittle Raspberry has had its day, and served a useful purpose, too,—but I believe its glory is departing, and although it must be the main dependence for marketing for some years to come,—yet when plants of some new varieties can be obtained sufficiently cheap, they will, and I wish to say they *ought*, to take its place.

These new varieties, possessing all of its good qualities and without some of its serious defects and objections, and coming into bearing some earlier and others later, cover the whole ground of the Doolittle and two weeks more. Hundreds have expressed to me the belief that nothing could ever supplant the Doolittle, and many seem to think that it is my duty to oppose anything that tends to eclipse its popularity,—but I wish here to give my public and most hearty testimony. 1st. To Davison's Thornless. I have seen it in fruit in various places this season. It is thornless, from four to six days earlier than the Doolittle, and the berry of good size, good quality, and the plant is abundantly prolific. I say to all, plant it, and it will be in fruit till the Seneca Black Cap or the Mammoth Cluster begins to ripen.

Concerning the Seneca others will testify,—but I may be permitted to say it will meet all reasonable expectations of a late, large, rich, prolific berry.

I have also visited the PURDY & JOHNSON fruit farm, near Palmyra, twice during the fruiting of the Mammoth Cluster. I first saw them before any were picked, and the mass of ripe berries of uniform large size were compacted so closely in the clusters, and the clusters shaped like a goose egg, as to give the appearance of a solid fruit of that size. The bushes were absolutely crowded to the ground with the load of fruit of such a peculiar luster as to make a showy appearance. These three things were noticeable—the uniform large size of berry, uniform large cluster, and great yield. As to carrying to distant market, I know nothing. As to quality, I should give a decided preference to the Seneca, the Thornless, or even the Doolittle; but others differ from me.

I am so often asked my opinion of the Red Raspberries that I wish to say thus publicly that I do not grow them sufficiently to be informed,—but have tested a good many varieties on the grounds of others this season, and this is the result:—Philadelphia, flavor poor; Clark, flavor very good and every way promising,—but of all varieties seen the Naomi excels in flavor, size and promise of fruit, fullness and solidity. But if confined to one berry for family use, I should choose my Garden Raspberry as combining the qualities of both the Black Cap and Red.

I wish to say, in closing, to those that are looking for a public record of the yield, &c., of the Seneca, Black Cap and Garden Raspberries, that the drouth and then the severe heat wiped out the record, and for various reasons the Fruit Committee could not be got together at that distance from their homes; but good and sufficient testimony will be forthcoming at the proper time concerning the public challenge of merits of Seneca and Miami.

Oaks Corners, N. Y. H. H. DOOLITTLE.

SEEDS OF TREES.—TRANSPORTING.

L. C. W., Garrettsville, (O.,) asks:—"How shall I prepare maple, chestnut, and other forest seeds for transportation, and how treat them afterwards?"

Perhaps we cannot better answer this than by quoting from "Fuller's Forest Tree Culturist," as follows:—"Seeds should always be gathered in dry weather, and those kinds which are inclosed in an outer covering, like the Butternut, should be spread out in airy situations until they are quite dry before being packed for transportation. It is also admirable to dry all tree seeds a little, but it must be varied according to the size and natural amount of moisture they contain. Those that possess a large amount, either in their covering or in the seed proper, are liable to heat if packed in close, air-tight boxes. Baskets and bags, or boxes with small holes bored in them, should be used for the purpose, especially if the seeds are to remain in them for several days. Sheets of paper, or layers of dry moss, may be placed between the layers of seeds, to absorb the moisture, when necessary to pack the seeds before they are sufficiently dry. This applies only to the larger seeds and those that contain considerable moisture at the time of gathering. The smaller seeds, as well as the larger ones, that are inclosed in a dry covering, such as the Alder, Spruce and Pine among the smaller, and the Beech and Hickory among the larger, may be transported in bags, barrels or tight boxes; all that is necessary being to keep them dry while on transit."

THE CHICKASAW PLUM—(Prunus chicasa.)

THERE are three species of wild plum indigenous to this country, of which the one we illustrate is, perhaps, the most valuable. Its habit of growth is that of a shrub rather than tree, although in favorable situations it attains the height of twenty feet or more. Its usual height is twelve or fourteen feet, but in the Southwestern States it generally presents the appearance of a thorny shrub from three to six feet in height. The head is compact, branches thorny, and the leaves at a little distance resemble those of a peach tree. It is quite ornamental. It is supposed to have been introduced into the Southern Atlantic States and there cultivated by the Chickasaw Indians; hence its name. There are several varieties of the species.

The fruit is from half an inch to an inch in diameter, round and of a reddish color; skin thin; pulp tender, and generally of an agreeable sub-acid flavor, though it varies in quality on different trees, being sometimes quite sour and astringent. It is said to escape the curculio and to be very prolific in fruit. The branch from which our illustration was made grew in South Carolina, and produced forty-six plums to the foot. It is doubtless worthy of more attention than it has received. It is a native, and our Pomology has made the best progress with indigenous fruit as a basis for improvement.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Grapes in Missouri.—A communication, in the Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis, mentions the operations of the Missouri Smelting and Mineral Land Company in the culture of the grape. These lands, comprising 75,000 acres, were selected for their mineral deposites, but are being made profitable for vineyard purposes also. The Company, this year, planted seventy acres to grape vines, Concord, Norton and Ives, all of which are represented as growing finely. Buildings are being erected for lessees of the vineyards already started, while planting is to be continued on a large scale for the purpose of leasing to practical vine dressers. An extensive wine cellar is in process of construction in the town of Sullivan for storing the wine from the vine in the vicinity. The region selected is deemed one of the best grape growing sections in the country, and it is the purpose of the proprietors to make it the great wine emporium of the West. Both climate and soil conspire to make the enterprise a most promising one for the projectors of it.

Tomatoes Dying Prematurely.—A correspondent of the Southern Cultivator writes from Valdosta, Ga., as follows:—Can any of your contributors inform me why it is that tomato vines die in this locality? For several years past my vines have died when the fruit was about two-thirds grown. It has been with difficulty that I could raise enough for the use of my own table. Many of my neighbors experience the same trouble. I know one gentleman who cannot raise any in his garden. There is no indication of disease, either in the vine or root, and strange to say, they commence dying at the extremities—one limb at a time. This is pine land—clay near the surface. I have tried several modes of cultivation and manuring, without success. It is a matter of serious regret with us that we cannot succeed in the cultivation of this highly and universally esteemed vegetable, and we will be exceedingly thankful for *any* information upon the subject.

Pears for General Cultivation.—The President of the American Pomological Society presented to the meeting the following List of Pears, recommended for general cultivation by the Massachusetts Agricultural Club, in the order of their ripening:

Standards.—First Series:—Bartlett, Seckel, Urbaniste, Merriam, Sheldon, Beurre d'Anjou.

Second Series:—Brandywine, Doyenne Boussock, Beurre Bosc, Swan's Orange, Howell, Lawrence.

Third Series:—Bell Lucrative, Paradise of Autumn, Beurre Superfin, Marie Louise, Beurre Clairgeau, Vicar of Winkfield.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

GRAPES IN CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY.—The Fairbault Republican estimates the value of the grape crop the present season in the six Lake shore towns of Chautauqua Co. at $360,000.

FORCING CELERY.—(H. B., Lynchburg, Va.) One bushel pure cow or hen manure, with forty gallons of water, makes a liquid fertilizer sufficiently strong to apply to celery or other garden vegetables. The mixture should not be used until it has fermented, which will require some days after mixing. If the soil is suffering from drouth use more water; if too wet a less quantity will suffice.

A NEW INSECT.—The Hartford (Ct.) Times mentions the appearance in that city and vicinity of an insect which is defoliating the horse chestnuts. A large white caterpillar eats a cavity into the bark of the trees and builds a tunnel-shaped tenement, from which in a few days emerges a wooly insect with a snout resembling that of a pig, which passes to the foliage of the trees and rapidly devours it, leaving the branches bare as though stripped by the frost.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

WHITLOCK'S HORTICULTURAL RECORDER, issued monthly. Price $1.50 per annum. Published at 245 Broadway, New York; edited by A. S. FULLER.

DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST of Vineyard and Small Fruit Farm. THOMPSON & MYERS, Brookfield, Mo.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Bulbs for the Autumn of 1868. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

CATALOGUE of New Seedling Strawberries, and a General Assortment of Small Fruit Stock. Address JOSEPH KEECH, Waterloo, N. Y.

WHOLESALE PRICE LIST of Grape Vines and Small Fruit Stock. Address Dr. H. SCHROEDER, Bloomington, Illinois.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKET.—The following were the prices of Fruits, Vegetables, &c., in the New York market for the week ending August 29th:

FRUITS.—Apples, Common, ₱ bbl., $3@4; Prime, $4.75@5.-50. Pears, Common, ₱ bbl., $6@8; Medium to good, $8@10, Bartlett, $15@20; Duchess, ₱ crate, $5@7. Peaches, good, ₱ crate, $4@5; Common, $1@2,50; Delaware, $5@7,50. Plums, Gage, ₱ bu., $4,50@5; Southern Damson, ℔ bush, $2,25@2,50. Grapes, Charleston Catawbas, ₱ ℔, 18@20c. Blackberries, Lawton, ₱ quart, 20@21c; Common, 15@20c. Whortleberries, ₱ bu., $5,50@6,50; ₱ box, 18@20c.

VEGETABLES.—Garlick, ₱ 100 b'nchs, $8@10. Onions, ₱ 100 strings, $3@9; Red, ₱ bbl., $5@5,50; Potato, $5,50@6,50.—Corn, sweet, ₱ 100 75@$1; Potatoes, ₱ bbl., $1,50@2,75. Delaware sweet, $2. Squashes, marrow, ₱ bbl., $0,75@1,00. Tomatoes, ₱ bu., $0,25@0,40. Turnips, ₱ bbl., 75c@1,50. Watermelons, ₱ 100, $15@50; Nutmeg Melons, ₱ bbl., $3,00@4,00.

Domestic Economy.

HOUSE KEEPING—HOW TO DO IT.

EDS. RURAL:—I wish to say to NELLIE that I cannot agree with her, that JENNIE cannot be a farmer's wife because she omitted to mention Saturday's work. I am a farmer's wife. I had all of my Saturday's work done this morning by nine o'clock. There is no day, even Saturdays, that my work (house work I mean) is not all done by ten o'clock. There are five in our family,—husband, three children and myself. I do all of our own sewing, knitting and house work, and am never in a hurry. A housekeeper's success depends on system. Be systematic in all you do, and you will prove how easily you can do a good deal of work. I love to keep house. My work is a pleasure. There is no day but I spend two or three hours in reading, unless something uncommon happens. Give the mind a little recreation from domestic care, and also the baby. If your baby is restless and keeps you awake most of the night, don't think it a waste of time to take a nap during the day, and believe me you will make a profitable wife and home pleasant. You say you don't wish to be beat by any one. Pray don't try to keep pace with those poor drudges, that have the work to do for eight or ten and the milk to see to from six or eight cows, unless you expect to leave the benefits of all of this drudgery to a second wife in the course of a few years. Don't think because you are a farmer's wife you must have your sleeves pinned up and a washdish apron on from morning until night. I know some narrow-minded persons measure a woman's smartness by the amount of drudgery she does. This is a wrong idea. A HOUSEKEEPER.

CURE FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.—It is stated that cauterization by hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. Put a small piece of tallow in a spoon, and heat it over a lamp until it becomes very hot, and drop two or three drops between nail and granulations. The effect is almost magical. Pain and tenderness are at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations all go, leaving the diseased parts dry, and destitute of all feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed, so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated.

TO REMOVE A MOTE FROM THE EYE:—Take a horse hair and double it, leaving a loop. If the mote can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as far as possible, and place the loop as far in as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, then draw out the hair; the substance which causes so much pain will be sure to come with it. This method is practiced by ax-makers and other workers in steel.

TO MAKE COMPOUND GLUE.—Take very fine flour, mix it with white of eggs, isinglass, and a little yeast; mingle the materials; beat them well together; spread them, the batter being made thin with gum-water, on even tin plates, and dry them in a stove, then cut them out for use. To color them, tinge the paste with Brazil or vermillion for red; indigo or verditer, etc., for blue; saffron, tumeric or gamboge for yellow.

TO PRESERVE IRONS FROM RUST.—Melt fresh mutton suet, smear over the irons with it while hot, then dust it well with unslaked lime, powdered and tied up in muslin. When not used, wrap the irons in baize, and keep them in a dry place. Use no oil on them at any time except salad oil.

STAMPING IMPLEMENTS.—M. B., Ulricksville, O., wants to know where to obtain tools for stamping muslin for braiding or embroidery. There are none for sale in this city—parties supplying themselves from itinerant venders of the articles.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Photographed from a cluster of the fruit showing just two-sevenths its full size.

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY!

Warranted to stand the most severe winters without protection. After nearly twenty years experience in the culture of small fruit, we most emphatically pronounce this *superior to any* black raspberry *ever yet introduced.* CHARLES DOWNING, after seeing it in fruit on our grounds this season, says of it:—"It is *very much the largest and most productive* of any black cap that I have ever seen, and coming in as it does after the other black caps are done it is a valuable addition to that class of raspberries." ANDREW S. FULLER says:—"It is the largest black raspberry I have ever seen, and I have some twenty-five varieties on my grounds." D. D. T. MOORE says:—"It is the largest and best black raspberry I ever saw." WILCOX says:—"I never saw anything equal to it." The RURAL NEW-YORKER of August 8th says:—"The canes are of a stockier and more erect growth than those of the Doolittle and Miami, and the color of the leaf a shade darker. The fruit stalks are long, and the fruit is chiefly borne on the ends in magnificent heavy clusters. The berry is larger and therefore juicier and more acceptable to the taste than the Doolittle. These qualities, and its prolific habit and late period of ripening, render it a valuable acquisition." The Palmyra Courier says:—"It could not have been more appropriately named, for the fruit was of monstrous size, and hung in large clusters all over the bush. We certainly never saw such a mass of fruit on bushes before." ANDERSON & Co., Commission Merchants, 263 Washington St., New York, write us:—"The *Mammoth Cluster* you have consigned to us are the largest and best flavored—in fact the most perfect raspberry we have ever seen. No such variety is raised in the vicinity of New York. We think they will take the lead as a market berry." For full sized cut, description, &c., send for our LIST OF NEW SORTS. Price of plants, $3 per doz.; $15 per 100.

GOLDEN CAP.

We claim to have the *largest and most productive* yellow raspberry grown. CHARLES DOWNING, PERRY, REYNOLDS, TURNER, WILCOX and others so pronounce it. $1 per doz.; $5 per 100.

SENECA BLACK CAP.

Entirely distinct, flavor unsurpassed. Its rich, sprightly tart makes it very agreeable to the taste, and one of the best for canning purposes. Extremely late, and very prolific. $2 per doz.; $10 per 100.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS.

Proved with us *all* that has been claimed for it. The *earliest* of all, and fully equal to the Doolittle in size and productiveness. $2 per doz.; $10 per 100.

LUM'S FALL BEARING.

Highly recommended by Dr. WARDER and the Ohio Horticultural Society, for its fall bearing qualities. 50 cts. each; $5 per doz.

CATAWISSA.

Another very prolific fall bearer. $1.50 per doz.

OHIO EVERBEARING,

FRANCONIA, KIRTLAND, BRINKLE'S ORANGE, PURPLE CANE, DOOLITTLE and MIAMI, $1 per doz.; $4 per 100.

PHILADELPHIA.

$2 per doz.; $10 per 100. ELLISDALE and CLARK, $3 per doz.

STRAWBERRIES.

COLFAX.

First introduced into South Bend, Ind., by the Hon. SCHUYLER COLFAX. We offer it as a *reliable* family and *near* market berry, and *challenge the world* to produce its *equal* in *productiveness*, or for *size, hardness and strength of plant.* Berry medium to large, perfectly symmetrical, color dark crimson, with a peculiar, spicy, sub-acid flavor. Season medium to late, *appearance beautiful*, not sufficiently firm for distant markets, but just the berry for family use, near market and canning purposes. See our CIRCULAR of *New Sorts* for beautiful and natural cluster of this variety, further description, &c. $2 per doz.; $10 per 100.

PEAK'S EMPEROR.

Originated by E. PEAK of South Bend, Ind. Very large size—single specimens often measuring over 6⅝ inches in circumference. Plant quite similar to the Agriculturist, but perfectly hardy, and does not sunburn. Fruit equal in flavor to it, but far superior in productiveness. Fruited four years, and is recommended by the most intelligent amateurs and best judges of fruit of our acquaintance as excelling in *uniformity, great size, flavor*, fertilizing properties and market qualifications, all other varieties. We offer it both for family use and market. SEE CIRCULAR OF NEW SORTS for magnificent and *natural* cut of this truly superb variety. $3 per doz.; $15 per 100.

ROMEYN'S SEEDLING.

Our plants originally obtained from JOSEPH FOSTER of Kingston, N. Y. A seedling of Triomphe de Gand, but more prolific, of higher flavor and extremely hardy. $1 per doz.; 5 per 100.

NAPOLEON III.

Originally obtained from EDWARD EVANS & Co. $3 per doz.

CHARLES DOWNING.

Originally from DOWNER of Ky. Highly recommended and praised by all who have seen it in fruit. $1 per doz.; $5 per 100.

DR. NICAISE.

Fruit *enormously* large. $1.50 per doz.; $10 per 100.

NICANOR.

Wonderfully productive, and keeps in fruiting a long time. $1 per doz.; $5 per 100. PERPETUAL PINE, (Gloede) $1 per doz.; $5 per 100.

BARNES' MAMMOTH.

Very large, solid and productive, surface very firm—sufficiently so to carry to the most distant market without bruising or marring its glossy surface. We notice New York papers quote this variety higher than any other sort. 50 cts. per doz.; $3 per 100.

☞ Following at 30 cts. per doz.; $2 per 100:—Jucunda, Durand, Philadelphia, Ripowam, Lenning's White, Golden Queen and Perry's Seedling.

☞ Following at 20 cts. per doz.; $1 per 100:—Jenny Lind, French, Early Scarlet, Crimson Cone, Fillmore, Shaker, Early Washington, Metcalf, Ida, Downer, N. J. Scarlet, Russell, Buffalo, Green Prolific, Agriculturist, Triomphe de Gand and Wilson's Albany.

BLACKBERRIES.

LAWTON and DORCHESTER, $1 per doz.; $4 per 100. KITTATINNY and CRYSTAL WHITE, $2 per doz.; $10 per 100. EARLY WILSON and MISSOURI MAMMOTH, $3 per doz.; $20 per 100.

HOUGHTON'S SEEDLING GOOSEBERRY.

$1 per doz.; $5 per 100.

CURRANTS.

RED DUTCH, $1 per doz. CHERRY WHITE GRAPE and LA VERSAILLES, $2 per doz.

GRAPES.

CLINTON, ISABELLA, CATAWBA and CONCORD, 15 cts. each; $1.50 per doz. HARTFORD PROLIFIC, CREVELING, DIANA, DELAWARE, IONA, ISRAELLA, ADIRONDAC, IVES' SEEDLING and NORTON'S VIRGINIA, 30 cts. each; $3 per doz.

ASPARAGUS ROOTS.

GIANT, $1 per 100; $4 per 1,000.

SMALL FRUIT MANUAL gives full instructions for planting, growing, &c., and how to get sure and large crops every year. Price, 10 cts.

WHOLESALE LIST and LIST OF NEW SORTS sent to all applicants. ALSO, TERMS TO AGENTS.

We know our plants to be perfectly pure and genuine, and will challenge any person to go through our beds and find ONE SINGLE SPURIOUS PLANT. All orders will be filled at the proper time and in rotation as received.

☞ Please preserve this price list, and remember if any party offers any of the above for less in this paper we will sell for the same. Address

PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y.
PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Ind.

N. B.—Plants set in the fall will make double the growth next season of those set next spring, and consequently double the increase of plant can be obtained.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

FORGOTTEN.

BY MAY WHITNEY.

HAST thou forgotten me, sweet?
Have I passed like the clouds from a blue summer sky,
Or the shadows of birds that o'er silver lakes fly,—
Or remembrance of stars when the sun is on high?
Canst thou have forgotten me, sweet?

Well, I remember a day
Far adown the long aisles of the cathedral Time,
'Neath its Heaven yearning dome and its arches sublime,
Where an altar was raised to a love half divine;
Ah! well I remember the day.

Beautiful September day!
How its shimmering, glimmering, passionate light
Leaps athwart the thick darkness of silence's long night,
Of the night whose dim curtains thy hand dropp'd despite
That beautiful September day.

I think of those hours of bliss,
As with lip to lip—heart to heart—lying entranced
Where the cool shadows fell and the bright waters danced,
And the russet leaves sighed as the south wind advanced,
Our love filled the hours with bliss!

Think of the love which I gave,
As the birds scatter songs, or the summer clouds showers,
Pure as GOD'S blessed light, sweet as earth's dewy flowers,
As the air, free and freshening, encircling the hours
O! think of the love which I gave,—

* * * * * * *

You have forgotten me, sweet!
On the altar we hallowed the dust settles slow;
Down the aisles,—chanting sadly,—my dreary days go
To a pale marble shaft,—and my heart lies below
Since you have forgotten me, sweet.

Sorrowful September day!
With the rain drifting onward before the cold blast
And the yellow leaves sinking down softly. At last
Comes the death-shadow. Thou'rt soon over-past,
O sorrowful September day!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

I HEARD somebody, perhaps it was a prude, say the other day that fashionably accomplished young ladies consider it a disgrace to enter a kitchen or know how to make a loaf of bread. Now I know there are some sensible girls who do not consider themselves disgraced if they be found helping their mothers, and moreover I know that what the above-mentioned prude said is true in many instances.

Society at the present day demands that girls shall be what it calls accomplished; and to fulfill this demand the mothers of Christendom teach their daughters that a knowledge of all that belongs to life's duties at home, is not one of the requirements,—that manual labor cannot be consonant with drawing-room cultivation. And so their lily hands slip idly over piano keys; they waltz in the most approved style; simper a little French or German; quote poetry,—and society says they are *accomplished*. Doubtless they are, and by-and-by, as all modern fashionables do, they win a husband.

Now is there one of their boasted accomplishments that will help to make or bless a home? I know that music is pleasant, and home *is not home* where there are no songs or sweet harmonies; but a knowledge of the piano will not do much toward helping a woman to discharge her wifely duties, and a smattering of French, or the ability to waltz gracefully, will do but little toward preparing a palatable dinner for a husband when he comes home hungry.

Modern girls have not less ability than our grandmothers had; the evil all lies in the principles imbibed in early years. If mothers will teach them, by word and deed, that idleness is an accomplishment, then what may we expect? Where shall we look for the true women, the blessed homes in the years to come? The woman who would fill life's station nobly and well, cannot learn too much. If she fails in her home she will fail in all; for there rests the basis of her ultimate success.

By far too many of our young ladies marry without the remotest idea of the duties and obligations that must be discharged by a wife; and what is the result? Neglect, estrangement and ruin. The true wife will not leave her household affairs wholly to the careless oversight of servants, nor will the true, loving mother leave her children to the care of hirelings. And I may as well state here, that I do not think any woman has a right to marry until she feels herself qualified to take her place as mistress of household economy—queen regnant of all that can make home pleasant and bright, whether in parlor or kitchen, even as she should be queen regnant in the heart of the man she marries.

Perhaps, kind reader, you will call me prudish, but if young ladies were educated for the *duties* of life, instead of its frivolities, there would be far less unhappiness in the world,—they would not be censured as the majority now are, for marrying for selfish interests—for wealth, ambition, anything but *love*. Wives would not seek for their dearest happiness in scenes of fashionable gayety, but would find it in brightening and hallowing their homes; husbands would not frequent the "club room" and "billiard parlor," as so many do now, nor complain of extravagant expenditure; and the public press would not condemn fashionable American women as it does to-day. GRACE G. SLOUGH.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWO PHASES OF MARRIED LIFE.

MANY years ago I had a friend living in London. Industrious, sober, honest and economical, he had saved quite a nice sum of money. Entertaining the idea that it was not good to live alone, he married. This was the turning point in his good fortune. He was unequally yoked. His wife proved to be a termagant that banished every enjoyment—a vampire that sucked out every sweet. Home became as no home. It was a place hateful to think about. CHARLIE took to the pot-house. He became wretched, a social incubus, a horrid drunkard. In a fit of excruciating misery he committed suicide. According to CHARLIE'S experience, it did not pay to marry.

I had another friend, living in one of the towns of England. He always bore an excellent character for industry and probity, but he would "taste the barley bree." Free hearted, and the very soul of honor, Monday morning seldom found him richer for the past week's work. "A short life and a merry one," was his motto; and his frequent presence at the resorts of pleasure proved how faithfully he lived up to his idea of life.

Somehow,—I never could tell how,—WILLIAM found himself within the enchanted grounds of love. He was fascinated, dazzled, enraptured, and so completely charmed that even the "flowing bowl" and "hale companions" had lost their influence. He married. It proved to be the right step, the turning point that led to fortune. WILLIAM had good wages; otherwise he had nothing. In the common parlance of the world, his wife had nothing. How they came to marry they never could explain. They had got into a drift current that bore them on to Hymen's altar. WILLIAM always contended that marriage was made in heaven and had to be.

Thirty years of married life had passed away in sweetness and delight, when the wife suggested the purchase of two houses and lots that were for sale. WILLIAM, who never thought his wages more than sufficient to support his family, hardly knew how to consider the question. When his wife presented the amount sufficient to purchase the property, he felt more puzzled than ever. The fact is, his thrifty wife had always put by—unknown to him—so much of his wages every week, and more when she could. These weekly mites increased wonderfully, so that in 1500 weeks there was enough to buy a home and secure means to support it when the strength of the arm failed. WILLIAM thought of his wild days, of his happy home, of the "best woman in the world," of his charming family, of his property, and he could not help exclaiming, "Truly, woman is the glory of man." WILLIAM was always of the opinion that it paid to marry.

GEO. F. A. SPILLER.

Somerville, Tenn., 1868.

NYDIA, THE BLIND FLOWER-GIRL.

THERE are few stories so beautifully and touchingly told by writers of fiction as that of NYDIA, the blind flower-girl, in BULWER'S "Last Days of Pompeii." Her unsuspected, unselfish love is portrayed with rare grace. That portion of the narrative which depicts her as gathering flowers in the garden of GLAUCUS, has been happily illustrated in marble, by Mr. C. F. FULLER, a sculptor of Florence, and the statue is faithfully represented above. The groping, apprehensive, keenly-listening habit so sadly characteristic of blindness, is well expressed in the young girl's elevated chin, as she stoops feeling for the flowers, more than ever sweet-scented for her. "Nydia" has been on exhibition the present season across the water, in the Royal Academy.

LADIES' HANDS.

I LIKE best to see a hand slender and delicate, though not to offend a critical taste, but also not afraid of freedom and impulse,—a kind hand, a willing hand, a capable hand, as well as a soft and white hand. But it is the softness and whiteness that are just now the chief object of attainment, and various are the means diligently and perseveringly tried by fashionable belles to achieve this most desired result. Now, it is not an easy matter for a healthy girl to obtain a uniformly white hand. If the blood flows actively and in swift currents it will sometimes rush to the cheeks and sometimes to the hands, and generally it does this just when it is not wanted. Why girls should be mortified at a flush which simply shows youth and health it is hard to say, but they are so, and it may be because fashion has decreed appearance and manner as the most desirable of virtues, and voted even the natural circulation of the blood common and vulgar. It is a medical fact that the delicacy of appearance common to most American girls is owing to their sedentary habits, the want of activity in the circulation of the blood, and the incipient liver complaint, which afterward change them into premature old women. When their youth has departed they know that they could very well have afforded a little of the health which produces permanent beauty at the expense of their sickly delicacy. But who can make them believe it now?—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

JENNY LIND'S RIVAL.

CHRISTINA NILSSON, the young Swedish cantatrice, who will visit the United States next fall, and whom many excellent music critics have pronounced equal to Jenny Lind, is of very humble descent, and was born in a poor hut in the province of Smaland. Her father, a sharp, clear-headed peasant, knew well that his daughter possessed extraordinary musical talents, and sent her from home in her childhood, accompanied by a gentleman who had promised to make a great artist of her, and had already won her young heart by the great kindness with which he treated her. Her protector took her to a boarding school in Gothenburg, where she was so industrious and made so much progress that, a year afterward, she was sent to Stockholm, where she studied music, and where all professors and musicians who heard her sing said that at length a worthy successor of Jenny Lind had been found. Upon her first appearance in a public concert, where she sang a few simple national songs, she drew forth the most rapturous applause. Finally, when her professors in Stockholm could no longer teach her anything new, she went to Paris, where Professor Wartel completed her musical education, and where she soon after achieved such marvelous triumphs.

HE cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of a woman to accompany him in every department of life.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RAVELINGS—NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. VIII.—THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

WE have come up among the mountains—Aunt JERUSHA and I. Our watering place experience, you will remember, was not satisfactory. We returned home with the conviction that there are a few aims in life higher than fashionable recreation. It struck my good Aunt that drinking three score glasses of mineral fluid per day, to re-create, was diluting the material altogether too much. And it struck me ditto.

Aunt JERUSHA made no objection to coming here. A laudable desire to institute comparisons, may have influenced her somewhat. We snuffed the mountain breeze afar off, and scented the pure air while yet the tall peaks were dim in the distance. We came nearer. From a quiet farm-house we have taken daily strolls along the slopes. Sitting on the little porch, of sunny afternoons, we have watched the shadows creeping across the hill-sides,—shadows almost as palpable as the clouds above that cast them. We have even climbed to the summits of some of "the everlasting hills," and thence looked out over the world below, trying to fancy it a veritable Promised Land, flowing with milk and honey, which we should some day inhabit.

—The everlasting hills! There is a wonderful fitness about that "everlasting!" Other things do not last. They come, and they make us glad, perhaps, and then they pass away. We that knew them for a little time, know them no more. The hopes that were sweetest are flown; faces that wore the dearest smiles now smile but in memory; lights that were brightest are flitting—flitting—and are gone. Only the everlasting hills are firm, and stand on, unchanged, through the years. How long the storm-clouds may have hovered around their brows we cannot calculate; how many cycles may repeat themselves before the end cometh we cannot conjecture. We who look upon them now,—who climb their rugged steeps,—who seem overwhelmed by a sense of their vastness and our own littleness, as we stand far up among the clouds,—shall go our little way and be forgotten, but they—they will remain. The Creator willed their existence, and there they are—*everlasting*.

And I have a fancy that their existence is almost as sublime as our being.

To be is grand! The mountain summits rise
To pierce the blue of the low bending skies.
Their towering might my inmost nature thrills—
I think of this:—"The strength of all the hills
Is His also;" and then there comes to me
The truth so prescient—*it is grand to be!*
To simply claim existence at His hand—
To have been fashioned at Supreme command—
To have no will, but be a monument
To the Creator's will, and be content!

There is a sublimity in existence, when existence conquers time and all its ravages, and keeps pace with the ages, which fully equals that of life itself. For life fails, sooner or later. Life implies death, and a passing away. Existence knows nothing of either.

I like to believe that mountains have been hallowed, in a certain sense, ever since our SAVIOUR preached that remarkable sermon upon one. On their peaks we breathe a new atmosphere. Up where all is pure,—far above the dross of earth and its wickedness,—we can hope to become pure in heart and receive the blessing. Far above the battling storm-clouds, where all is calm serenity and peace, we can understand more clearly why our SAVIOUR said "Blessed are the peacemakers."

If only we could live on the mountains always! If there were never any low valleys where life is a dim twilight in which we grope blindly for better things! If the clouds were ever below us, and the warm sunlight ever above! If—and if—and if—

But if the mountain-tops are grandly magnificent, the valleys are charmingly beautiful. Little alpine flowers are sometimes found amid the wild majesty of the everlasting hills, it is true. But far below them the valleys are covered with violets, and buttercups and daisies. And so are not the lowlands of our lives beautified by sweet flowers, and watered by rippling brooks, and made cheery by the songs of birds?

In the cold magnificence of dizzy heights there are no enchanting melodies. The sweetest songsters fly lowest. On the window-sills of humblest homes they perch; for the lowliest workers they trill all the day long. And days cannot be long, nor work wearying, where music floats ever on the air, and lingers ever in the heart.

A geologist, writing of these adamantine piles, would discourse very differently. He would treat of stratas, and formations, and drifts, and only a geological dictionary knows what other things. But I shouldn't like to probe the subject in this matter-of-fact way, if I could.

You cannot wonder that I write as I do. The whole lesson of the mountains is one of sublime repose. They are the indexes of the Almighty, pointing forever upward. They are continually calling to us to climb higher. They stimulate our ambition, but they also sanctify it. Vision grows weak by limitation. It is not well to look always along the level of the narrow plain. We should glance up, out of close confines, away into the wide fields where are splendid possibilities. A broader outlook is a revelation,—a revealing of the Beyond. And that is a glorious country. It is the Canaan that is before us when we climb the uplands of Hope. We shall dwell therein—sometime.

THROUGH THE YEARS.

As we go forward and meet the years, each is a messenger that tells us a pleasant story of the land to which we have taken up our pilgrimage, and though we may not lay hands on them and detain them, yet they imbue us with happy thoughts and pleasant memories, that clothe each coming messenger in halo-like garments of smiles and beauty. The journey of life is but short, but it is not long enough to teach us the idleness and littleness of things earthly, and that our earthly tabernacle is far too narrow to behold that invisible fire of immortality that pulses through our being, or even to permit it to shine forth in that brilliancy that it so much longs for.

Life is beautiful as a panorama that moves on to the great and final climax, when the curtains of eternity are drawn, and the marvelous beauty of the universe opens with endless vistas of glory upon our enlarged sight, and the dreams of the past are paled from view in the blaze of the never-ending present. The toy, the sword and the toy make up the sum of our existence, for the old and young are nearest heaven. Prattling childhood and old age walk hand in hand, and laugh at gamboling lambs and make pretty speeches to the bright birds and butterflies, for the veil of time is but a mist to the right and left of them, and love and innocence stand like cherubs by the cradle and the grave.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

MANY a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pocket, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs and a pretty good head piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land. It is better than landed estate to have had the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies, or to develop good ones, but it is a good thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. That man is rich who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get along with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a desponding and complaining fellow, a timid, care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. Their feet may not limp, but their thoughts do. A man of fortune, on the brink of the grave, would gladly part with every dollar, to obtain a longer lease of life.

TO THE UNHAPPY.

CEASE thy complaining—couldst thou know
The purpose of these hiddden ways,
How many flowers about thee grow,
Thy heart would sing more thankful lays.
For human hearts must break or bow,
Since sorrows to us all belong:
The blossoms that are falling now,
In youth, from life's o'er-cluster'd bough,
Will make the after-fruit more strong.
And great the lesson thou hast learn'd,
When from the world thy heart is turn'd,
By losing that for which it yearn'd.

SANDWICHES.

HE is a good shoemaker who is faithful to the last.

A MINOR chord—A short load of wood.

A REAL teetotal curiosity—A pair of water-tight boots.

THE man who waxes strong every day—The shoemaker.

HUMOR of the situation—The sport of circumstances.

TABLES that are always being turned over—Time-tables.

SOMETHING you're always coming to blows with—Your nose.

PLEASANT bell (e) ringing—Putting your arm around her.

SUGAR, like a sweet temper, makes much insipidity agreeable.

HE who tells all he knows will also tell what he does not know.

ECHOES of the clubs—The nocturnal sounds of policemen's maces.

IT is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

WHEN is a woman wedded to silence? When she bridals her tongue.

CAST no dirt into the well that has given you water when you were thirsty.

IT is a good thing to be above board, but generally a bad thing to be overboard.

"I AM laying for you," as the old hen said to the chap who was hunting for her nest.

LOVE, the toothache, a cough and tight boots are things which cannot be long kept secret.

IF you wish to fatten a thin baby, throw it out of the window and it will come down plump.

WHY are base ball matches like the backs of cheap chairs? Because they are fixed to come off.

WHEN a man's services are entirely dispensed with, his furlough may be considered a furlong.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

WHAT is the cross that I must bear?
Which is the straight and narrow way
My feet must tread that I may share
The great reward for which I pray?

Is this my cross,—to speak in praise
Of Him I claim to love so well?
My voice in public prayer to raise,
And loudly sacred anthems swell?

Is this my cross,—to wend my way
Each Sabbath to the house of prayer?
To search my Bible day by day,
For promises and precepts there?

Are these the struggles I must share?
Is this the conflict, this the strife?
Are these the crosses I must bear
That I may win eternal life?

Nay, nay weak heart, if this were all,
How easy would thy burdens be!
Without the wormwood and the gall,
No draught were bitterness to thee.

To crucify my own desire
That I may give another joy,
This is the soul's refining fire
By which it loses its alloy;

To humbly turn the other cheek
When smitten with a cruel blow,
To answer patiently and meek
When words of anger tempt us so;

To overcome with good the wrong;
Our neighbor as ourself to love;
These to the Christian's cross belong;
And these his love to GOD will prove.

Oh Father! show us each our cross;
Make every path of duty plain!
And give us grace to count as loss,
Whatever falls of Heavenly gain.

COURTING SIN.

WE cannot avoid being tempted. In some form or other the spirit of evil comes to us every hour of our lives, with his magnificent promises. If we listen to them, half smilingly, are we not really courting sin? To go voluntarily to baleful influences, and put ourselves in their power, is little worse than to give ourselves over to those influences, without effort to the contrary, when they come to us. There is no excuse for half the defeats we meet with while endeavoring to walk uprightly. We surrender to temptation with never an arm upraised in defense. With not even a whispered "Get thee behind me, Satan," do we meet the tempter.

And yet we bemoan our sinfulness; we shed bitter tears over evil thoughts and deeds; we make weak resolves to stand up more manfully in the future. All this is well. Repentance is very essential. But unless we cease tacitly courting sin by receiving it kindly when it visits us, of what avail are all our bemoanings, our tears, and our resolutions? Our visitors measure their stay by the character of their reception, and sin is no less sharp-sighted than they.

Then it is wiser to put sin behind us, always, rather than let it stand before us as an equal. The language our SAVIOUR used, when tempted, has a deeper significance than we are wont to give it. He said "Get thee *behind* me." And why *behind?* Was it not to be wholly out of sight? Sin is hardly ever without a glamour over it, concealing its deformity, oftentimes rendering it absolutely beautiful. Satan may have a cloven foot, and the *et ceteras* commonly credited to him, but he is frequently exceeding fair to look upon. And the heart receives its impressions too often through the eyes. On that account it is dangerous, in the extreme, to long look evil in the face. Unless we voluntarily bid it get behind us, away from our seeing, it may become as an angel of light, blinding our vision completely.

And alas! how often our thought plays truant, and goes off kite-flying, like the veriest idler, in beautiful fields where all beauty hides a secret sting! Into those lovely reaches we follow, no longer waiting for sin to come to us that we may be won, but going out after it, though we scarcely realize this, and wooing it in its own chosen haunts. And we go, and go again, until the way becomes worn and familiar, and the beauties throw off their outward seeming and pierce us with their sharp, biting realities. Then, wounded and sick at heart, we feel that it is not enough to pray "Lead us not into temptation," but that we must continually and in all earnestness declare "Get thee *behind* me, Satan!"

RESTING PLACE OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE are good, cool watering places for tired spirit as well as tired body. The Twenty-Third Psalm is such a place. It is a beautiful picture of repose, of peace and quiet joy. Such a scene is very refreshing in the dust and heat of life's battle. The Spirit of Holiness drew this golden landscape. How quiet the Good Shepherd has made the ofttimes troubled monarch. He is reclining on the soft bank of a gently flowing stream. It sweeps off in meandering courses through the green pasture grounds. It is very, very still. Just the place to muse. Just as you have done, perhaps, some summer day. Very likely the flowing waters bear his thoughts outward and onward to the sea. This suggests the onward flow of life, outward into the Great Sea—of the shadows of death. It is an hour of delightful contemplation. The royal man and royal poet rests sweetly in the quietness and assurance of faith. Its stillness brings with it the peace of God. "I shall not want," is the one great thought of the hour. It is the perpetual refrain of this most refreshing song, and flows out over the "still waters" in sweet agreement with their peaceful melody.—*H. W. Carpenter, in Advance.*

WHEN you are come to the other side of the water, and have set your feet on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters and to your wearisome journey, and shall see in that clear glass of endless glory nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, you shall then be forced to say, "If God had done otherwise with me than he has done, I had never come to the enjoyment of this crown of glory.—*Rutherford.*

DR. CHALMERS was wont to say:—"A *house-going* minister makes a *church-going* people; as the people are sure to acknowledge the courtesy of returning the minister's week-day visits by their Sabbath-day attendance.

WHEN searching words come home to your heart, do not seek to turn them aside. Let the truth work effectually.

Literature and Art.

MISS HOSMER IN HER STUDIO.

CORRESPONDENTS tell us that Miss HOSMER's studio is the prettiest in all Rome. There is a little entrance court with flowers and singing birds; and in the center of the first room a beautiful fountain gives a sense of refreshing coolness. In the fountain's basin "three charming little fellows are bestriding dolphins, lying on the broad leaves of the aquatic plants. They are fascinated by the music, and one has his dimpled hand at his ear, listening intently, when the water spouts from the shells above." A copy of "Puck," and a head of "Medusa," wonderfully beautiful, also ornament this room. One full length and several bust copies of the queenly "Zenobia," which won so much admiration while exhibited in this country a few years ago, are in a neighboring room.

In the apartment where Miss HOSMER works is seen "The Waking Fawn," a sequel to "The Sleeping Fawn," exhibited at Paris. It is yet in clay only, still undergoing the molding of the sculptor's hand. Said Miss HOSMER to a correspondent of the Chicagoan:—"I should be ashamed to tell you how long I have been on that statue; but, no, I shouldn't. Mr. GIBSON used to say, when I was in his studio, and working so long on that 'Medusa,' 'Nobody asks you how long you have been on a thing but fools, and you don't care what they think.'"

Speaking of the sculptor, personally, the same writer says:—"Miss HOSMER has a very vivacious manner, a little abrupt and very decided; and when she speaks, in clear, ringing tones, in moments when you or she have just said something that pleases her, her expression and manner are exceedingly charming, and her laugh, which came often while we were there, is one of the most musical I have even heard. She wore a little velvet cap, which reminded me of RAPHAEL's."

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

TICKNOR & FIELDS are preparing, for the holidays, a beautiful edition of Locksley Hall, with illustrations, by W. J. HENNESSY; a new edition of "The Poetry and Compliments of Courtship," with ten illustrations on steel; the "Red-line Whittier," the first complete illustrated edition of that poet's works; the popular illustrated edition of LONGFELLOW's poems, complete; the "Christmas Carol," illustrated by EYTINGE; Mrs. STOWE's new novel, "Old Town Folks;" HAWTHORNE'S "American Journal," two volumes; a collection of Rev. E. E. HALE'S stories; "Plain Thoughts on the Art of Living," by Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, reprinted from the Springfield Republican; and "On the Wing, a Book for Young Sportsmen," by JOHN BUMSTEAD.

SOME thirty years ago Mr. SEBA SMITH, recently deceased, was quite a literary celebrity. His "Jack Downing Letters" were produced in the palmy days of JACKSON'S presidential term, and were then decidedly popular. Indeed they are about the only efforts of his now remembered, though he published a romance in metre entitled "Powhattan," and one or two other works of a different character. He was the husband of Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, herself a writer of much ability; and Capt. OAKES SMITH, whose name acquired some notoriety a few years since, was his son.

MOZIER, the American sculptor, whose work is highly praised by the Athenæum, has finished his statue of Rizpah, the Hebrew mother, which is soon coming to this country. She sits by the dead, holding a staff in one hand and a torch in the other, typical of her watch by day and night. The royal widow of Saul, seated in sackcloth by the rock, watching over the dead bodies of her two sons, from the beginning of harvest until the coming of the October rains, is a figure to seize and hold the imagination with a singular force, and Mr. MOZIER, it is said, has brought out his conception in his own "solid and archaic" style.

DURING the past year 120 volumes of poems were issued from the press of this country. This fact forcibly proves the penchant of young writers, particularly, for rhyming. Many of the volumes were by persons all unknown to fame, and have doubtless found their way back to the papermakers, greatly to the discouragement of their authors.

IN Lippincott's Magazine, for August, it is stated that, for the first hundred years of the Gentleman's Magazine, there appeared on its title page a wood cut representing a hand holding a nosegay with the motto—afterwards adopted by the United States—"*E Pluribus Unum.*" This motto was taken from an obscure poem of Virgil.

IN a poetical welcome to Mr. LONGFELLOW, given in the London Fun, the following verse tells very beautifully how our poet is appreciated in England:

"It's cold in the clear blue ether,
That the king of the eagles achieves:
But the swallows have endless summer,
And build close under our eaves."

THE twenty-second Annual Convention of Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity will be held at Amherst, Mass., on the 7th and 8th of October next. The oration will be delivered by Gen. FRANCIS A. WALKER of the Amherst Chapter, and the poem by Mr. WM. S. LEE of the Rochester Chapter.

TRINITY COLLEGE has awarded the TUTTLE prize of thirty dollars to EDWARD R. BREVOORT of Lenox, Massachusetts, for the best essay on "The System of Protection and Free Trade—which is best adapted to promote the prosperity of the United States."

A FRENCH author, being desirous to write a biography of CHAS. DICKINS, wrote to that gentleman for materials, but received none, Mr. DICKENS replying that he had "long ago formed the intention of writing an autobiography."

THE Rev. B. F. DE COSTA, an accomplished scholar in all that concerns Scandinavia and its literature, says the Round Table, will edit for Mr. MUNSELL "The Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen."

THE elder DUMAS has cleared $700,000 by forty-five years of literary labor, and hasn't a dollar to show for it.

WALT WHITMAN has a volume of prose in press. It is distinguishable from his poetry by typographical marks.

JOHN B. GOUGH has received more than eight hundred applications for his services as a lecturer the coming season.

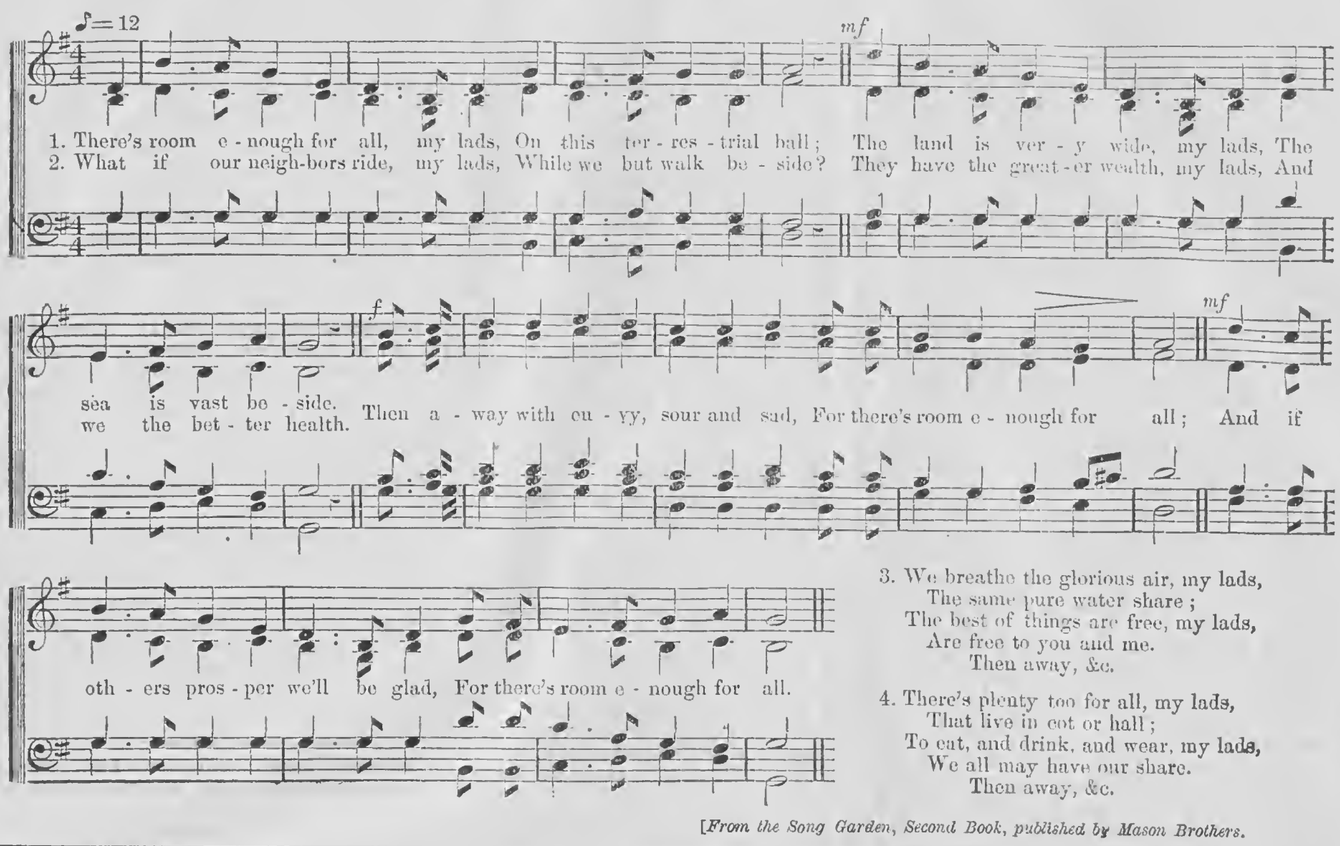
ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, is contributing to a London magazine "Fireside Lessons in Forty Languages."

GOUGH realizes $33,000 per annum from his lectures.

THE Ohio State Library has twenty-six thousand volumes.

LIBRARIES have been called the mad-houses of the human mind and the tombs of books.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.



3. We breathe the glorious air, my lads,
The same pure water share;
The best of things are free, my lads,
Are free to you and me.
Then away, &c.

4. There's plenty too for all, my lads,
That live in cot or hall;
To eat, and drink, and wear, my lads,
We all may have our share.
Then away, &c.

[*From the Song Garden, Second Book, published by Mason Brothers.*

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ATTRACTION OF GRAVITATION.

MATERIAL changes are constantly taking place around us; vegetation flourishes a brief period and decays; robust manhood follows youth, and it is quickly exchanged for the gray hairs of old age. But truth is unchangeable and eternal. The same laws control the action of matter that controlled it six thousand years ago. We perceive that certain causes produce certain effects. Sometimes the finite mind of man, by repeated observations and investigations, is enabled to discover a rule of action and determine a law of matter. Philosophy is enriched by the development, and history records the glorious achievement. Prominent among the discoverers in Science will ever stand the name of NEWTON, and her votaries will ever honor him for his demonstration of the law of gravitation.

We apply certain terms to the operations of matter: we say such results are caused by attraction; an unsupported body falls to the ground; but whence is this secret power, this mysterious something, exerting such a powerful influence upon all material things, however minute or etherial? A knowledge of its effects is among the rudiments of childhood education. The infant realizes the pressure of its parent's hand upon its brow; it endeavors to raise a favorite toy by the strength of its puny arm, and finds an irresistible power drawing it downward and binding it to the floor. Weight is the measure of this power. We estimate the value of an article by the grasp the earth has upon it. We buy our potatoes and beef, wheat and corn, butter and cheese, spices and fruits, the material for our boots and shoes, our cotton and wool, gold and silver, by the measure of their attraction.

Gravity is as incapable of annihilation as matter itself. We change the form and nature of a body, but its weight remains the same. The smoke and ashes are as heavy as the material previous to combustion; the water in the kettle weighs no more than the vapor into which it is transformed by boiling. Gravity causes the rain and the due to descend, and the vapors to rise; it binds our rivers and seas to earth, revolving more than a thousand miles an hour. The pendulum, the motive power of which is gravity, daily vibrates to the memory of Galileo. We have no longer any KEPLERS, believing that the earth is a prodigious animal, the tides his breathing, and men but insects sporting on the back of the monster. Such theories have fled before the light of science; the laws of attraction have made plain the mysteries of the tides.

Held by the same power, the moon goes on her circuit around the earth, and earth in her pathway around the sun, almost a hundred millions of miles away. With comparative ease we calculate the extent, rapidity of motion and period of revolution of a distant planet. Unknown planets are sought in the distant regions of space, their size and position determined by the influence they exert upon some other mass of matter at an inconceivable distance. Think of a law so perfect as to operate equally well on a particle of matter invisible to the naked eye of man, and upon a mass so large that only Divinity can fully comprehend it. What wonder that the mind of NEWTON was overcome by the magnitude of his conceptions!

Should not each new discovery in Science increase the happiness of man by extending the boundaries of human wisdom? Although it may show us more clearly the vast unexplored regions beyond, it brings us more exalted ideas of Infinity and GOD. L. D. B.

THE FINGERS FOR CALCULATIONS.

THE reference of Prof. De Morgan to the employment of the fingers for purposes of notation, induces me to speak of the very ingenious application, in China, of this living abacus to arithmetical calculations, of the faculty it gives for the settlement of accounts, and the easy solution of all sums, whether of addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, from one up to one hundred thousand. Every finger on the left hand represents nine figures, the little finger the units, the ring finger the tens, the middle finger the hundreds, the forefinger the thousands, the thumb the tens of thousands. The three inner joints represent from 1 to 3, the three outer 4 to 6, the right side 7 to 9. The forefinger on the right hand is employed for pointing to the finger to be called into use; thus 1,234 would at once be denoted by just touching the inside of the upper joint of the forefinger, representing 1,000; then the inside of the second, or middle joint of the middle finger representing 200; thirdly, the inside of the lower joint of the ring-finger, representing 30; and lastly; the upper joint of the little finger touched on the outside, representing 4. Or, again, 99,999 is represented by touching the right side of the lower joint of the thumb (90,000) and the lower side of the joint of the fore, middle, ring, and the little fingers, representing respectively 9,000, 900, 90, and 9. The universal correctness of the accountancy of China, when there is no purpose of fraud, and the rapidity with which all trading and commercial accounts are calculated, are facts of notoriety to all who have any acquaintance with purchases or sales made in that country.—*London Athenæum.*

POISONOUS HAIR DYES.

THERE is a class of hair dyes of an objectionable character which is being extensively used in all parts of the country. The dye is prepared from acetate of lead, lac sulphur, rose water, and glycerine. The lead salt constitutes the objectionable feature of the compound, and several cases of lead poisoning have been reported from its employment. A serious case has recently come to our knowledge, in which a lady has become perfectly prostrated from its effects. All the violent and distressing symptoms of lead poisoning are apparent, and they are directly traceable to the use of this dye. There are thirty or more different makers of the article throughout the country, and as many different names given to it. It may be known by the heavy sediment which is usually present in the bottles, and which requires to be shaken up with the liquid portion before using. A large number of people are so extremely sensitive to the action of lead upon the system that they suffer whenever it is brought in contact with the person.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HINTS FOR INVALIDS.

A RECENT letter from a valued friend who is an invalid prompts a few suggestions for the benefit of this class of readers. When the atmosphere is cool and bracing business men are apt to undertake enterprises that require more labor, physical or mental, than they can well or easily perform. Young America is peculiarly liable to overtask his brain and muscles, and needs rest when his many engagements, and perhaps large interests, demand extraordinary exertion. He uses and consumes his powers, which are necessarily limited, in a way that inflicts permanent injury on his general health and constitution, and diminishes in all his after life his ability to act or think efficiently. Health is not only wealth, but something far better. It is wiser to undertake too little and execute that little most thoroughly, than too much and fail to do full justice to one's skill or talent.

One of the first duties or lessons to be learned, with a view to secure good health and success in any laudable pursuit, is fully to understand this fact,—every effect has a cause; and no one should expect his body or mind to do more for him than belongs to either. Man is condensed air, and his powers vary with the ever varying atmosphere that pervades and surrounds him. The air we breathe varies in temperature, humidity and aridity, in the numerous gases it receives from decaying vegetable and animal matter, and decompounding mineral substances in the earth. Some of these are healthful, some poisonous, and all such elements and conditions have much to do as causes in making man what he is. In districts much above the ocean he becomes more etherial and spiritual in his thoughts and actions. It was on a mountain that MOSES received the ten commandments which civilized, Christian nations have respected and venerated for many centuries; while "the cities of the plain," whose unmentionable wickedness was punished by a "rain of fire and brimstone from heaven," felt the ceaseless pressure of a mephitic atmosphere as weighty as thirteen hundred feet of air below the level of the Mediterranean could make it. The inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were, from generation to generation, subjected to physical forces affecting injuriously alike the physiological, moral and mental parts of humanity in a way and to a degree that have no parallels on the globe. The low, sunken places on our planet are altogether unfavorable to either physical, moral or intellectual health. From New England to Alabama and Middle Tennessee, the Alleghanies offer to invalids advantages, as a summer residence, which are far from being duly appreciated. Pure water, pure air, all the elements of perfect digestion and respiration, sound sleep, with uncommon vigor of muscle, nerve and brain, make life something to be enjoyed, and especially, in this wild and fruitful region, enjoyed almost without money and without price.

Ideas that run in thick and muddy currents to the sea of money making and the sin of money worshiping come to us mainly from tide water cities. Place these cities thirteen hundred feet lower than they now are, and thereby on a level with the Dead Sea, and they will all become Sodoms; for Tartarian abodes and influences make veritable devils or evil spirits, as naturally as the great Okefenoke swamp of Georgia breeds huge alligators. Money making, as an art or trade, is only a type of that low idolatry which worships calves when made of gold. If your Bible gives greater prominence to any one idea than all others, it is to the command *not* to lay up treasures in this world for moth to corrupt, and to tempt thieves to steal. The creation of so much wealth develops, unavoidably, those temptations to perpetrate crime and sin, from which all persons should pray earnestly to be delivered. What mockery to pray—"*Lead us not into temptation,*" and then labor to surround ourselves, wives, children and neighbors with all the temptations of modern folly and vice!

Invalid, activity is desirable; but misdirected activity leads to disease, suffering and death. It produces incurable discord, civil war, and the wholesale butchery of Christian brothers whose bodies are sometimes eaten by hungry swine, as was seen in this county near Knoxville during the siege. Every effect has a cause; and why not carefully study the causes that really control our happiness, "our being's end and aim," instead of being so trifling and superficial in every thing?

Invalid, come up to the mountains and bathe in the cool, limpid streams that gush from shaded rocks in lovely coves; commune in spirit with your Maker, who is all spirit and all goodness; and you shall return, if need be, to sea-level cares and duties a sounder and better man. Whatever else you may leave behind, be sure to bring your Bible, for you will meet with scores of pious men, women and children who are all their lives deprived of the inestimable advantage and consolation of reading in their solitude the Words of Inspiration. Their faith, and especially their deep gratitude to you for reading to them from the Book of Eternal Life, will give you at least a new and remarkable sensation. Did the Highlands of Scotland develop the Gelic language? and the Mountains of Wales a language quite different? The Mountains of West North Carolina, East Tennessee and North Alabama are doing now precisely the same thing. If the fish in our mountain streams are not the same as those in the same streams near the ocean, neither are the people of the mountains the same as those of tide water and the plains. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

COST OF PARISIAN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE reconstruction and embellishment of Paris, which M. Haussmann has been carrying on, have already cost the city two hundred millions of dollars; while the annexation of the suburbs, the construction in old Paris of public buildings, markets, churches, &c., have cost two hundred millions more—in all, four hundred millions of dollars. Some opposition is manifested to the further prosecution of his schemes, and the financial condition of the city is getting to be a cause of alarm. M. Haussman, however, is said to be more absolute in the city of Paris than the Emperor throughout France, and, notwithstanding opposition, he seems to have the energy and power to prosecute the work. He will leave Paris incomparably the most beautiful city on the planet.—*New York Observer.*

INJUDICIOUS BATHING.—"Sanitas," writing to the Medical Press and Circular, refers to the folly of persons plunging into a bath after a full meal, thus risking sudden death from congestion or some other fatal mischief. Numbers who escape such a calamity are sufferers for their imprudent mode of immersion, shiverings, headaches, and other symptoms often succeeding, but their true cause rarely suspected. The writer therefore suggests that notices should be put up in appropriate places requesting that no person will bathe within two hours of a meal, and suggesting the desirableness of all persons consulting their medical adviser before taking a sea bath as to the need or benefit of doing so.

ANOTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—We hear from Paris of a new musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time of extremely simple construction. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which somewhat resemble those of the harmonium, are exceedingly pure and penetrating. They are very persistent, yet instantly arrested by the use of the dampers. The invention has elicited great admiration.—*Musical Standard.*

THE highest mountain in the world is the Ivy Gamin, 20,459 feet high. The highest peak in the world is Mount Everest, 20,002 feet. The highest permanently inhabited place in the world is Ladak, 15,117 feet. The greatest mountain height in the world visited by man is beyond Gamin, 22,359 feet. The highest point to which a man can ascend, without seriously affecting his health, is 16,500 feet. The highest balloon ascent yet made is 40,000 feet.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HELPING MAMMA.

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

BY SUSIE V. STORMS.

MARY sat on her little stool by the fire, watching mamma sew. She had been reading, and her book lay on the carpet by her side open at the story of "Helpful Mattie." Have you ever read that story?

"I wonder if I could do like MATTIE?" MARY thought. MATTIE helped her mother a great deal, although a very little girl. "I wish I could," MARY said, aloud, for she was thinking so busily that she forgot any one would hear her.

"What does my little girl wish she could do?" Mrs. GORDON asked, smiling into MARY'S face.

"I wish I could do something to help you, mamma," MARY said, coming to her mother's side, "can I?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. GORDON; "what would you like to do?"

"Oh," and MARY, thought for a moment without concluding what kind of work she had rather do. "I don't know. Anything to help you."

"Well," said her mother, after thinking what there was that her little girl could do easily, "I will tell you. You may help me put away the dishes after they are washed, and I will let you dust the chairs and keep the books and papers in their place."

"Every day?" asked MARY, delighted to know that there was something she could do.

"Yes, every day," answered her mother. And when you get larger there will be other things to be done."

"But will putting away the dishes and dusting the things and keeping the books put up help you much?" asked MARY.

"A great deal," answered her mother. "Doing those little things takes away an hour of my time every day. If you do them I shall be able to do a great deal other work, perhaps, that otherwise I could not."

MARY took hold of her easy duties with a will. Every day she was prompt to do her tasks, and the fact that she was helping mamma made them very light and pleasant. There were many other little things which she could do; and she worked as busily as her mother when there was anything on hand for her to perform. She soon had it completed in a neat, tidy manner, and was always ready for anything else that might come along. And her father and mother called her their "little housekeeper."

One afternoon three of her little friends came to make her a visit. They sat down after they had played very merrily for an hour, and took up one of MARY'S picture-books to look at the pictures.

One of the pictures was about a frog that meant to be a man when he was grown up. The picture showed him trying to walk on his hind-feet as persons do; judging from the face he made up, the trial was a hard one for Mr. Frog.

"I mean to teach school when I get to be a woman," said LUCY.

"And I'll write a book," said ELLEN, and the girls all had to laugh, she looked so very dignified.

"I won't work at all," said MATILDA; "I'll marry some rich man, and I'll wear silk dresses, and have lots of servants, and a big, nice house, and go to parties every night."

MARY thought a long time before she concluded what she would do. Then she said as she was the only child mamma had, she'd "always stay at home to help mother," she guessed.

After the visitors were gone home, Mrs. GORDON told MARY she would write her a little story that night; she often did so, and MARY liked her mother's stories, because they were always about something she could understand, and generally were made out of some incident at home, and that made them very interesting.

In the morning, after MARY'S work was out of the way, her mother told her to sit down and she would read her the story she had written. It was as follows:

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

Four little, happy, smiling girls I chanced one day to see;
They talked of coming years, and told what they would like to be.
Fair LUCY, with the curling hair, would like to teach a school,
And learn the children how to read and mind their teacher's rule.

Miss ELLEN, only eight years old, put on a woman's look,
And said, that when a woman grown, she'd like to write a book;
And then the others had to laugh till tears were in their eyes,
To think about her writing books, and see her look *so* wise.

MATILDA with the stately head, would be a rich man's wife,
And dress in silks and satins fine, and lead a merry life;
She'd ride in costly carriages to party, church and ball,
And servants should her bidding do, and come at every call.

The last to speak was MARY, who had listened to the rest,
And wondered what *she'd* better do, and what would suit her best.
But she at last concluded that, as mamma had no other,
She'd better always stay *at home* and be a help to mother.

"Oh! ain't that nice!" cried MARY, "and it's all true, too. I'll learn it all by heart, so that I can say it to the girls when I see them next time."

THE THERMOMETER.

THERMOMETER is a Greek word, and means *heat-measure.* Perhaps all the young folks do not know the meaning of zero, that frosty word which they hear spoken so often. Let us try to explain it to them.

Mr. Fahrenheit, who invented the kind of thermometer which is used in this country and in England, lived in a warmer climate than ours. He never breathed the keen air of a zero-cold morning. But he knew what the boys and girls who make ice cream know so well—that a mixture of snow and salt, or pounded ice and salt, is much colder than ice or snow alone. Indeed, he thought that such a mixture was so cold that there could not possibly be any heat in it at all. So he concluded that the temperature of this mixture would be a good starting point from which to mark off the scale of his thermometer. Putting the bulb into the snow and salt, he marked the point to which the mercury which fills the tube fell, 0 (cypher) zero, nothing; because, as before said, he thought the amount of heat was nothing. But had he lived in our cold New England, instead of Germany, he would have found, perhaps to his sorrow, that our wintry air is often colder than his ice and salt. Then, if the air is even colder than this mixture, it follows that there must be some heat in the ice and salt to make it warmer than the air. So Mr. Fahrenheit was mistaken about his zero's expressing, as he intended it should, no heat. Indeed, chemists tell us that, by an experiment which they know how to perform, they can produce a degree of cold compared with which Fahrenheit's zero is quite hot.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

SEVENTEEN of the diseased cattle which were lately intercepted at Milleston, found their way to New York city. Five of them were traced to a slaughter house in Stanton street, but the inspector was too late. Four of them had been cut up and retailed among some of the residents of the thirteenth ward. The remaining one died in the pen adjoining the slaughter house. The dead carcass was sent to the offal grounds where it was discovered by the inspector. Dr. Benjamin Howard, Pathologist to the Sanitary Committee of the Board of Health, was officially sent last week to witness the slaughtering of cattle at Bulls Head and make scientific observations.

The drovers report that by direction of Gov. Fenton, the examinations of cattle at Albany are very thorough, and all which appear to be suffering, even from being over fatigued, are detained for observation and rest before being allowed to proceed. Large quantities of disinfectants have been ordered from the manufacturers and are now being forwarded to various depots for sanitary purposes.

A man named Wm. Valentine was killed on the Erie Railroad at Port Jervis, last week, by a passing train.

Two convicts escaped from Auburn Prison on Wednesday morning of last week, by breaking the lock of the inner jail, where they had been confined for misconduct. One of them had been confined in the jail some two weeks and the other several days. Two hundred dollars reward is offered by Col. Salisbury, Agent and Warden of the prison, for the apprehension and delivery of the fugitives, or one hundred dollars for either of them.

Patrick Morrisey recently seriously stabbed his mother while in Yorkville police court where she had just entered complaint against him for mortally stabbing his sister. He was arrested. His sister will die.

The directors of the Lake Ontario Shore railroad are now arranging with the farmers of Orleans county for the right of way.

Col. Andrew Harrison, an old ex-army officer, was tarred and feathered at his residence in Greenport, L. I., a few evenings since, for political reasons, by a party of five or six persons.

The Brooklyn City Railroad Co., within three days, lost ten horses out of thirty-three, which were kept in one of their stables. The animals, when seized with the epidemic, become partially paralyzed, and as they do not kick or roll about are supposed not to suffer pain.

Since the 1st of October, 1862, when the Internal Revenue law went into operation, New York has contributed $133,000,000 to the support of the government through the seven districts of the city, notwithstanding the immense frauds on the revenue. In 1867 the revenue amounted to $31,550,532.31, and in the year just closed to $21,297,163.74. This decrease is accounted for by the various changes in the law, and by reduction or abrogation of specific taxes.

It is reported that Com. Vanderbilt has bought off the corporation of the Railway on the West bank of the Hudson, and the work is now suspended. Owners of real estate who would not sell at the recent high prices are now disgusted at the great decline consequent upon the abandonment of the road.

A claim amounting to $334,000 has been presented to the Board of Audit of New York county, by the executors of the late Daniel E. Devlin, based on a statute which allows the County Treasurer one per cent. on all monies received and paid out by him. Mr. Devlin held the office of City Chamberlain from 1861 to 1865, during which time he was *ex-officio* County Treasurer, and paid out over three million dollars for the county.

A fire in the village of Bethel, Ontario Co. on the 26th ult., destroyed property to the value of $50,000 comprising a grist mill, drug store, hotel, post-office, two dry goods stores, one dwelling and a large quantity of wool.

The Forty-seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., of Brooklyn, visited Albany on the 27th ult., and was presented with a stand of colors by Lieut. Gov. Woodford, on behalf of the State.

The funeral services of the artist Elliott were held in the Academy of Design, New York city, on Friday last, and were very impressive. Many distinguished artists were present. The remains were interred in Greenwood.

The third annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of this State will be held at Auburn Tuesday, the 8th of September next. No limit is placed to the number of delegates, but it is desired that at least three or four be sent from each association. Young men from cities and towns where no such organizations exist are cordially invited to be present and take part in the deliberations.

A State Convention of Universalists was held in Utica last week.

James McMahon was found dead in west Twenty-seventh street, New York City, on Sunday, and his wife has been arrested for his murder.

The United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs, destroyed by fire in 1865, is to be rebuilt immediately by a stock company at an expense of from $800,000 to $1,000,000.

The third grand annual picnic of the Free Masons of Western New York, will take place at Portage Falls, on Thursday, Sept. 10th.

A sad accident occurred on the Central Railroad on Friday last, between Utica and Whitesboro. A special train bearing Vice-President Torrance and several railroad men, collided with a construction train. One laborer was killed outright, and the engineers and firemen were more or less injured.

From Washington.

THE President and Cabinet have decided that the treaty of 1828 between the United States and Prussia covers all of the States of the North German Union lately annexed, so far as it applies to the arrest of deserters in United States ports from merchantmen and war vessels sailing from ports in the North German Union. This reverses the opinion of the United States Commissioners in New York who decided that twelve deserters from the ship Niobe could not be arrested under that treaty because the vessel sailed from a port in the German Union.

The business of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, so far as the appointment of Supervisors is concerned, has come to a dead lock, as Secretary McCulloch has absolutely declined to appoint any of the persons recommended by Mr. Rollins, unless he could dictate the names of an equal number.

Commissioner of Patents Foote, contemplates making a thorough examination of the qualifications of the examiners in his office, to weed out all inefficient officials. There are about forty persons to whom the higher duty of examining into the merits of inventions is intrusted, and all who are found deficient in qualifications are to be discharged.

A. F. Randall, Special Agent of the Treasury, is going within a few days under instructions from the Department to visit the different ports of the northern frontiers, extending from Pennsylvania to Vermont, with a view to the re-organization and reduction of the forces employed in the custom houses at those ports.

Senator Sumner is out in a card denying that he is connected with a ring who have preferred charges against Commissioner Rollins. He says he does not know that any one contemplates preferring such charges. It is still asserted in political circles that Mr. Rollins will be suspended.

The appropriations voted by Congress at the recent session are about ten millions of dollars less than they were last year.

It is rumored that Secretary Seward has entered into negotiations with Mr. Thornton, the English Minister, for a new reciprocity treaty with Canada, and that it is expected the treaty will be effected in time for ratification by the Senate at the December session of Congress.

Henry M. Watts, the new Minister to Austria, is a Philadelphian. He has resided much in Germany, and is well qualified for the position.

From the South.

IT is asserted that the mission of General Rosecrans at White Sulphur Springs, Va., is purely a private one, and his efforts to call out political expressions from prominent Southern men are induced solely by private motives. A letter addressed by him to Gen. Lee received a prompt and frank response from that gentleman expressing his reverence for the Constitution of the United States, and his ardent desire for a complete union of the States, as of old, and also his unqualified belief that this reverence and desire were shared by a large majority of the reflecting people of the South. He deplored, however, attempts to commit the political destinies of these States to the colored people at this time, before they are prepared for such a mighty responsibility; attempts which, he considers, are fraught with incalculable misfortune and calamities to the whole country, north and south, and with destruction to the colored people themselves.

Most of the white U. S. troops are being removed from North Carolina, and one or more regiments of colored troops are being concentrated there.

The new Legislature of North Carolina has succeeded in negotiating a loan of one hundred thousand dollars at 6 per cent. interest. Five times that amount was offered on the same terms. This is the first loan obtained by any of the reconstructed Southern States at ordinary rates of interest.

Michael Doyle, residing near Towsontown, in Baltimore county, Md., was shot and instantly killed on the 22d ult., by John Carroll, a neighbor.

At the written request of the bar of Atlanta, Ga., Hon. Hiram Warner, late Chief Justice of Georgia, has accepted the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, to which he was recently appointed by Gov. Bullock.

Affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau in Louisiana have been relinquished to General Hatch by General Buchanan.

It is said that twenty-five thousand whites, with their families, will be deprived of support through the winding-up of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Major-General Meade, commanding the Department of the South, recently issued a general order dissolving the military commission which convened in Atlanta, Ga., June 29, 1868, for the trial of the alleged murderers of George W. Ashburn.

Kimberly Brothers of Baltimore, have withdrawn the suit against General Butler in their name. It was instituted by two lawyers, without their knowledge.

J. C. Derby, the publisher, has a farm at Aiken, S. C., where he has 30,000 Catawba grape vines in full bearing, and from which he is now supplying the New York market. He employs black labor largely, and finds it cheap and excellent.

Virginia, Mississippi and Texas are the only States not reconstructed under the various acts of Congress. The question has been raised whether the provisions of section third of the fourteenth Constitutional Amendment relating to civil officers apply to Virginia as well as to the States which have ratified the Amendment as part of the Constitution. Judge Underwood and others hold the affirmative of the proposition, but Gen. Stoneman inclines to the opposite opinion. A decision from the Attorney-General may be required.

The estimate of the Southern cotton crop varies from 2,750,000 bales to 2,500,000. The latter figure is, however, more commonly accepted by well informed parties. In Florida the crop promise is scarcely favorable; but in other sections, and especially in Texas, the accounts are every way hopeful.

The petition of R. E. Lester, claiming the seat in the Georgia Senate made vacant by the resignation of Bradley of the First District, has been granted by a vote of 18 yeas to 11 nays, and Mr. Lester has been sworn in and taken his seat.

The Georgia Senate has confirmed the appointment of A. P. Farrow, as Attorney-General of the State. There has been further discussion in the House on the resolution to unseat colored members. The Chair decided that each colored member should have a hearing by himself or attorney.

A masquerade ball was given at White Sulphur Springs, Va., on the evening of the 27th ult., in honor of the distinguished guests. Nearly 1,000 persons were present.

From the West.

AN order has been issued by Gen. Sherman instituting a system of Military Government over the Indians. By it the Sioux are given a reservation north of Nebraska and west of the Missouri river, and are placed under command of Gen. Harney. The Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kiowas, and Camanches, are given a reservation lying between Kansas, Texas, Arkansas, and the 100th meridian, and are assigned to the command of Gen. Hazen. Gen. Getty takes charge of the Navajoes, Major Lamotte of the Crows, Gen. Auger of the Shoshones and Snakes. The duties of these officers will consist chiefly in aiding the Indians to reach their reservations and to obtain payment of their annuities.

A large band of Arrapahoes are committing depredations in Southern Colorado. Governor Hall is moving against them and asking aid from General Sheridan. Generals Sherman and Auger are at Fort Sanders.

The wholesale drug house of Brown, Weber & Graham, St. Louis, was almost totally destroyed by fire on the 26th ult. Loss about $100,000.

An obstruction was maliciously placed across the railroad track about four miles west of Freeport, Ill., a few nights since, and resulted in a serious accident to the eastern bound freight train loaded with grain and stock. The train was thrown from the track and the engineer badly injured. Nine cars were completely wrecked, killing a great many hogs and scattering the grain in abundance.

The Missouri Colored State Convention at St. Louis has passed resolutions that the services and responsibilities of colored citizens being the same essentially as those of the whites, the term "white" should be struck out of the constitution and both colors be made equal before the law. It also recommends the formation of auxiliary suffrage clubs of colored citizens throughout the State.

Gov. Haight has received from France the silver medal awarded to California at the Paris World Exposition for the display of cereals.

The Texas cattle plague is largely on the increase in Illinois and Indiana. Measures are being taken to stop the landing of boats destined to various ports that are loaded with cattle from the South.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE National Regatta at the Isle of Wight, participated in by the American yacht Sappho, and four selected yachts of the British squadron, took place on the 25th ult. The race was won by the Cambria. The Sappho came in last, having met with several accidents to her rigging. She was in no condition for sailing.

Notwithstanding the sharp opposition of a large portion of the British press, the appointment of the Earl of Mayo, the present Secretary of State for Ireland, to be Governor General of India, has been determined on by the Government. Lord Mayo will leave for India in October, to assume the duties of his new office.

The charred remains of thirty-two victims of the terrible railroad accident near Abergele, Wales, have been recovered and buried.

Advices have been received in London to the effect that Shere Ali had been proclamed Emir of Affghanistan.

The [Paris Pays, in an editorial on the European situation, says that France will accept the possibility of war if Prussia refuses to disarm.

Letters from Paris state that the Queen of Spain had requested the Emperor Napoleon to meet her at Biarritz, and that the Emperor had declined the interview.

Reverdy Johnson, American Minister to the Court of St. James, had an audience with Disraeli on the 26th ult.

The Imperial troops in Japan have gained a great victory. The army of rebels, which for several months menaced Tien-Tsin, the port of Pekin, while retiring towards the south, were overtaken by the Imperial forces. The latter were assisted by European officers and engineers. A great battle took place, at the end of which the rebels were totally defeated and routed. There were great rejoicings in Pekin over the result.

The official journals at Berlin say that the Prussian government has accepted the proposals made by the government of the United States for the establishment of effective regulations for the protection and welfare of emigrants, and that an agent has been appointed to negotiate with the American authorities on the subject.

Admiral Farragut gave a grand banquet on the 26th ult., on board of his flagship, the Franklin, to the members of the Turkish Ministry and the Ambassadors of the foreign powers at Constantinople.

The Danish government has decided against the adoption of the decimal system of coinage in the national mints.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—The latest special from Hayti says that Salnave had been again defeated and was acting solely on the defensive. He had forced a loan of $200,000, and two wealthy merchants had been sent to Europe to negotiate for more. The rebel war ship Liberte was blockading Gonaives. Salnave had purchased the Albert Emerson, which is to be altered into a war vessel. The Ministry had been re-organized, and a reconciliation between Salnave and the British Minister had taken place.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., has just had its principal streets lighted with gas for the first time. Every sign of thrift is seen in the town. It has four hundred fishing vessels, employing nearly five thousand men. In 1843 it had only one hundred and fifty vessels. In 1843 the product of the fisheries was $500,000, and in 1868 nearly $3,000,000. Its population in 1843 was six thousand, and is now from twelve to fifteen thousand.

A MONUMENT erected to the memory of the Vermont soldiers who were killed in the recent civil war was unveiled at St. Johnsbury last week. The monument, which stands in a little square in front of the court house, is surmounted by a marble statue of America, which forms the crowning beauty of the whole. This is the work of the young Vermont sculptor Larkin G. Meade, of Brattleboro. The statue is of Italian marble and of colossal proportions, standing eight feet in height.

A CELEBRATED bald eagle recently died at Germantown, Pa., which had been one of the celebrities of the place for twenty-eight years. He became the property of a man named Wistar in 1840, in which year he traveled all over the State on the roof of a Harrison log cabin, and became quite a distinguished character. He lived in trees in front of the mansion winter and summer, and though he occasionally sailed away a few miles, would invariably return. His head and tail, originally black, became white as snow as he grew older.

A YOUNG lady in Snyder county, Pennsylvania, was in the garden picking berries. A piercing scream from her alarmed the rest of the family, who were at the tea-table. Hastening to the spot, they found her lying on the ground, insensible. She was carried into the house, and, sad to relate, examination proved that she was dead. Her friends, on proceeding to prepare the body for interment, were horror stricken to find an immense black snake coiled tightly around her person, underneath her clothing. There being no evidence of the snake having bitten her, the inference was that the young lady died from fright.

ON the night of the 30th of April last, a messenger of the Merchants' Union Express Co., named Putnam W. Brown, was gagged in the express car, on the Hudson River Railroad, between Poughkeepsie and New York, and his safe robbed of some $150,000 in United States and railroad bonds. After long continued endeavors to ferret out the perpetrators of the robbery, the detectives have arrested at Toronto, Dennis Thompson and wife, formerly of Buffalo, Ike Marsh, alias Morton, and wife, Langdon W. Moore, alias Charley Adams, and wife, Charles Bullard, alias C. G. Thompson, and James Williams Grillin, all of whom are now lodged in jail at Toronto. Bonds, money, jewels, &c., to the value of $50,000 were found on their persons.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—Mr. Romero, formerly Minister to the United States from Mexico, writes from the Capital of that country that he finds it more certain than it ever was before that public peace is permanently restored in Mexico, and that there is but little danger of any serious disturbance in the future. There is only one insignificant rebellion in the mountains of Puebla, he says, which will soon be subdued and which gives no cause for alarm. The financial situation is also satisfactory. Mr. Romero has again taken charge of the Department of the Treasury of Mexico, which position he held before his mission to this country. His representations are gratifying. Meantime there come reports of the usual number of robberies, murders, &c., from that tranquil country.

SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.—The Fifth National Convention of Spiritualists assembled in Rochester on Tuesday, the 26th ult., and continued in session four days. Daras M. Fox of Lyons, Mich., was elected President; Henry S. Child of Philadelphia, Secretary, and M. D. Dyott of Philadelphia, Treasurer. Various Committees were appointed, and resolutions discussed and adopted. The attendance throughout was quite large.

SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION.—The National Academy of Science began its August meeting at Northampton, Mass., on the 25th ult. Among the distinguished men in attendance are Professors Pierce and Gibbs of Harvard College; Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale; Prof. Henry of the Smithsonian Institute; Dr. S. G. Holbrook of Charleston, S. C., and Commodore John Rogers of the United States Navy.

ANOTHER PLANET DISCOVERED.—Prof. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, has discovered a new planet of the group of asteroids, and has verified its position and motion.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 1, 1868.

MONEY continues easy at all the great commercial points. In New York money is reported in excessive abundance, rates varying from 3 to 5 per cent.—the average being 4 per cent. Business men report that collections in the country are slow. As soon as the crops begin to move more rapidly, the funds now locked up in bank will mainly be thrown into circulation. Eastern banks continue to send large supplies of currency to the West. There is considerable discussion in regard to the future of the market—but there are no good reasons for believing there is to be any immediate stringency.

United States Stocks are more active than for two or three weeks past, and prices are higher. The late issues of 5-20s are growing in favor. The '62s have been favorably affected by reports of exchanges abroad of these bonds for those of later dates. The following table shows the amount and dates of maturity of the later issues of 5-20s:

1864,	Interest May and November,	1869—1884.....	$125,561,300
1865,	" " " "	1870—1885.....	197,777,250
1866,	" January and July,	1870—1885.....	334,952,050
1867,	" " " "	1872—1887.....	361,123,900
1868,	" " " "	1873—1888.....	45,899,100
Total.....			$1,068,334,500

In general merchandise the Eastern markets show very little activity. A large number of merchants from the West and from the interior have recently visited New York, Boston and Philadelphia, but it is reported that sales are light. The commercial stimulant of abundant crops has aroused a general expectation that there is to be a good fall trade, but it is late in commencing. September may produce a radical change.

WOOL.—The New York market last week was rather active. Speculators, however, were larger buyers than manufacturers. The market was less active in Boston than for two or three weeks previous. Sales of domestic last week foot up only about 800,000 lbs., at a range of 42@60c. for fleece, and 37½@50c. for the various grades of pulled. The Bulletin says:—"This falling off in trade, however, is not the result of any diminution of confidence on the part of buyers, who readily pay the late advance of 2@3c. per lb. on desirable grades. But the trouble is, that holders, encouraged by the light current receipts and relatively high prices at the West, have still further advanced their pretensions, and this has had the effect to temporarily check business."

LOCAL MARKET.—The local market is steady and dull generally. No change in Breadstuffs to note. Barley still tends upward, with a lively demand at quotations. Hops are lower, with a declining tendency.

PROVISIONS—Are without much change. Butter is a shade better, and so are Eggs and Hams, but the advance is very slight. Beef tends downward, probably on account of the cattle disease flurry. Pork still holds up, and probably will till the fall butchering commences. In Wool there is nothing doing—none offering in the market. It remains nominal at quotations.

ROCHESTER, SEPT. 1—Flour, wheat, $11,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,10@2,25; Do. white, $2,40@2,60; Rye, $1,60@1,65; Oats, 65@68c; Barley, $1,62@1,65; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders, 15@16cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 23@25c; Butter, 35@38c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 22@22c; Wool 35@50cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $10@20. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,50@1,00; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 10@25c; Clover seed, $7,50@9; Timothy, $3.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 29—Ashes, pots, $9,25@9,37½; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 30@30½c; Flour, $6,90@12,25; Rye Flour, $7,52@9,90; Wheat, $2,50@2,70; Rye, $1,10@1,75; Barley, 1,14@1,44; Corn, $1,16@1,25; Oats, 80@82c; Pork, mess, $28,75@28,85; Lard, 18@19¼c; Butter, 31@41c; Cheese, 14@18c.

ALBANY, AUG. 29—Flour, $7,00@14,00; Rye flour, $9,50; Corn meal, $2,40@2,50 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,40@2,75; Rye, $1,58; Corn, $1,20@1,22; Barley, $1,88; Oats, 79@80c; Pork, mess, $29,50@30; clear, $32@33; boneless, $34,00; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 16c; Smoked beef, 20c; Lard, 20@20½c; Butter, 38@40c. Cheese, 10@17c; Beans, $5,50@6; Dried apples, 8@10c.

BUFFALO, AUG. 29,—Flour, $9,75@12,75; Rye flour, $9,25; Wheat, $2,11@2,30; Corn, $1,12@1,13; Oats, 64@66c; Rye, $1,50; Barley, $1,80@1,85; Peas, $1,50@1,50; Beans, $5,00@5,00; Pork mess, $29,00@30,00; Lard, 18@19c; Shoulders, 14@14c; Hams, 21@21c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 26@38c; Cheese, 13@10½c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 29—Flour, $7,37@9,30; Wheat, $1,64@1,77; Corn, 86@90½c; Oats, 52¾@53c; Rye, $1,23@1,27; Barley, $1,56@1,57; Pork, mess, $29,50; Lard, 18¼@18½c.

TORONTO, AUG. 28—Flour, $6,75@7,25; Wheat, fall, $1,48@1,50; Spring, $1,50@1,60; Oats, 50@55c; Barley, $1,05@1,07; Pork, mess, $28@28,50; prime, $17; Bacon, 10½@13½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Eggs, 10@12c; Butter, 16@20c; Cheese, 10@10½c; Hops, 10@30c; Hay, $12@15; Straw, $8@12; Wool, 25@26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 26—Beeves—Receipts 5,220 head; quotations 10@16½c. Milch Cows—Receipts 115 head; $30@115; Veal calves—Receipts 2,054 head; quotations, 4@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 40,532 head; quotations, Sheep, 3@8c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 6@8c. Swine—Receipts 18,513 head; quotations, 10@13c.

ALBANY, AUG. 27.—Beeves, $5,00@9,50. Milch Cows, $20@60. Veal Calves, 8@8½c. Sheep and Lambs—State 3½@7c.; Western 6@7½c.; Lambs, 5½@7½c; Hogs, 8½@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, AUG. 27—Beeves range from 9@14 cts. Working Oxen, $200@300 ℔ pair; Steers, $125@200. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and Farrow, $35@50; Yearlings, $20@30; two-year-olds, $30@45; three-year-olds, 45@60. Sheep and Lambs, per head, in lots, $2,00@4,50; Fat hogs, ℔ lb., 11@11½c; young pigs, 10@14c; Hides, 9½@10½c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 8½@9c.; Pelts, 25@65c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 29.—Beef Cattle, sales range at 4½@5c; Sheep range at $2,00@5,00; Hogs, $9,65@10,55.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 28—Beeves, $3,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@4,00; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $7,75@11,00 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, AUG. 27.—Cattle steady; sales at 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@75; Sheep, 4½@5½c. Hogs, 14½@15c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 28—Beef Cattle, 4@8½c; Milch Cows, $40@80; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 4@5c; Hogs, 13½@14½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 29.—Wool firm and active; sales 770,000 lbs., at 42@52c. for domestic fleece, 30@33c for unwashed; 39@65½c for pulled, 51@52c for tubbed, 28@32c for Texas, 25c for Mexican, and 30@38c. for California.

BOSTON, AUG. 28.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 42@55c for common to choice Western; Combing fleece 50@55c; Canada, 68@68c.

CINCINNATI, AUG. 27—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c.; Tub Washed, 38@40c.; Unwashed, 25@27c.; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, AUG. 28.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 37@40c; Medium, 33@38c; Coarse, 33@37c; Heavy Unwashed, 24@27c.

BALTIMORE, AUG. 28—Unwashed wool, 27@29c; bury, 19@25c; tub-washed, 37@40c; Fleece, 39@40c; Pulled, 23@33c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

GRAND RIVER NURSERIES.—100,000 Fine yearling Peach trees for sale. Send for our new descriptive catalogue. Address
N. P. HUSTED, Lowell, Kent Co., Mich.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUsand, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 972-4t

JAPAN LILIES and HYBRID GLADIOLUS FOR THE MILLION—Prices GREATLY REDUCED. Also, LILIUM AURATUM. Nurserymen and Dealers supplied much below cost of importation. Prices on application to J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John St., New York.

100,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS OF leading and new varieties for sale at low rates per dozen, 100, 1,000, or 10,000. Also, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants, Currant and Gooseberry Bushes, Grape Vines and Seed Potatoes, at the Apalachin Small Fruit Nursery. Send for price list. JOHN S. GILES,
Apalachin, Tioga Co., N. Y.

HUNTING and TRAPPING ILLUSTRATED. With recipes for scent and bait and instructions in hunting wild bees, wild turkies, deer, and all wild animals, by one of thirty years' experience in the woods. For circular and price, address S. B. EMERY, at Trivoli, Illinois.
☞ Agents Wanted.

GRAPE BOX,
(DOOLITTLE'S PATENT.)
The neatest and most economical packing box in use for Grapes—shipped in flats. Any child that can drive tacks can put them together. Circulars sent free.
972-4t AMERICAN BASKET CO., New Britain, Conn.

$1.00 SALE.—WANTED, AGENTS, LADIES AND GENTS, everywhere, for our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE, the best in the world. A chance to get your Dry Goods cheap. Send 25 cents for two checks and get our circulars giving full particulars. Circulars sent free.
ARLINGTON, DROWNE & CO.,
972-4t 374 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

℞ THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The hot months break down many systems that have been comparatively vigorous during the Winter and Spring. Stimulants, so often resorted to, react and increase the evil. Regulate the disordered functions of the stomach and liver, and purify the animal fluids with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, and strength, animation, energy, will soon return. They restore the appetite, invigorate the digestion, and are an absolute specific for lassitude and debility. Sold by all Druggists.

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER—In our land can have a new silk dress from the money she can save by making her own SOAP with
GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH.
It will only cost two cents a pound.
One can makes fifteen pounds of best White Hard Soap. The process is easier than making bread.
☞ Ask your storekeeper to get it at No. 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York.

THE "DEXTER CIRCULAR," AFTER six months' trial, is pronounced the most wonderfully quick method ever discovered to make any untrained horse or colt trot fast without the use of a track. One boy made $900 on two common colts; $1,200 on another. Price, $1. Address GEO. A. ATKINS, 2 Dey St., N. Y.
P. S.—"We recommend every farmers' immediate attention to this Circular."—J. W. Forman, Troy Mills, Iowa; O. J. Brazee, Egremont, Mass; Chas. Palmer, Hillsdale, N. Y.; John Gildersleeve, Austerlitz, N. Y.; Russel Tremain, Postmaster, Green River, N. Y., and a hundred others. 972-2t

ROCHESTER AND CHARLOTTE NURSERIES,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
JOHN DEMPSEY, SUPT.,
Offers for sale, this fall, a fine assortment of first quality Fruit Trees, of every description, especially Standard and Dwarf Pears, Standard and Dwarf Cherry, which are of unusually strong growth. Apple, Standard and Dwarf, strong and thrifty. Ornamental and Evergreen Trees of all kinds, Shrubs, Grape Vines, and Small Fruits. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock. Nurserymen, Dealers and Amateurs would do well to call and see us before purchasing elsewhere. Send for Catalogues.
H. L. FAIRCHILD, Proprietor.

DOOLITTLE'S PRICE LIST OF RASPBERRY PLANTS—Especially adapted to Fall Planting—*Why?* I layer the tips of the large leading canes and get a few early fully ripe plants—others, during the summer, keep pinching off these tips that I layer and thus make the canes throw out numberless small side branches. These necessarily make later—and—and—and cheaper plants. I will send good plants of the Doolittle Raspberry, 20 by mail, prepaid, for $1, or 100 for $4; by Express, charges unpaid, $2,50 per 100; $15 ℔ 1,000. DAVIDSON'S THORNLESS, THE GARDEN RASPBERRY, and THE SENECA BLACK CAP, by mail, pre-paid, $2 ℔ doz., or $10 ℔ 100. "MAMMOTH CLUSTER," $3 ℔ doz., or $15 ℔ 100, charges pre-paid; 2 of each kind named above, sent for $2; 10 of each kind sent for $5. Send for descriptive circular. Address, with cash, H. H. DOOLITTLE,
Oaks' Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y.
N. B.—Register your letter, or get a P. O. Money Order on Geneva, N. Y., or Draft on New York. 972-2teo

RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS. FOR STATE FAIR.

Arrangements have been made with the following named roads for the benefit of Exhibitors and Visitors to the STATE FAIR, to be held at

TOLEDO,

Commencing Monday, Sept. 21st and Closing Friday, Sept. 25th, 1868.

I. The C. H. & D. and D. & M. roads making the complete route from Cincinnati to Toledo, will convey passengers from all points on the road to Toledo and return for one full fare for the round trip, articles for exhibition FREE of charge.

II. The C. P. & A. and C. & T. roads, making the complete route from Ashtabula via Cleveland to Toledo, will convey passengers from all points between Ashtabula and Toledo, to Toledo and return for one full fare for the trip; freights FREE.

III. The C. C. & C. and Bellefontaine & Indiana roads will convey passengers from all points on the road between Columbus and Cleveland and all points on the road between Union City and Galion, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as these may connect with, for one full fare the round trip; freights over these same roads and distances FREE.

IV. The L. M. & C. & X. Railroad will convey passengers from all points between Cincinnati and Columbus, and all points between Xenia and Richmond, Indiana, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as these may connect with, for one full fare for the round trip. Freights FREE over these roads and distances as specified for passengers.

V. The C. C. & I. C. Railroad Company will carry passengers from all points between Chicago and Columbus, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as it may connect with for one full fare the round trip, and freights FREE.

VI. The Baltimore & Ohio road will convey freights and passengers same as No. V. to and from all points between Columbus and Bellaire.

VII. S. D. & C. road will convey passengers from all points between Dayton and Sandusky, same as No. V., but the freights full rates both ways.

VIII. The S. M. & N. road will carry passengers from all points between Sandusky and Newark, same as No. V.; the freights will be full rates both ways.

IX. The Toledo, Wabash & Western road will convey passengers from all points on the road to Toledo and return for one full fare; and will run a special excursion train during the Fair from Fort Wayne to Toledo; freights FREE.

X. Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana roads, including the branch to Detroit, will convey passengers to and from Toledo from all points between Chicago and Toledo, and Detroit and Toledo, on any of their trunk or branch lines for one fare the round trip, and freights FREE.

Parties passing over, or shipping articles by the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago road, Atlantic & Great Western road, Cleveland & Pittsburg road, will be charged full rates both going and returning. No arrangements could be made with these roads.

All the roads that have consented to convey stock and other articles to and from the Fair free of charge, will require the payment of the full rates of freight at the time and place of shipment; then, if the articles thus shipped are returned to that point without change of ownership, and a certificate presented from the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture stating that the articles were at the Fair then the amount paid will be refunded—otherwise it will be retained.

972-2t JOHN H. KLIPPART, COR. SEC.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mammoth Cluster Raspberry—Purdy & Johnston.
Norway Oats—Jones & Clark.
Railroad Arrangements for State Fair—John H Klippart.
The only Rapid Selling Book—Richardson & Co.
Grape Boxes—C S Brace.
Choice Broom Handles—L C Bradish.
A Valuable Farm at Auction—J W Hollowell.
Hunting and Trapping—S B Emery.
Japan Lilies, &c—J M Thorburn & Co.
Strawberry Plants—John S Giles.
Rochester and Charlotte Nurseries—H L Fairchild.
Doolittle's Raspberry Plants—H H Doolittle.
Osage Orange Plants—W H Mann & Bro.
$1 sale—Wanted, Agents—Arlington, Browne & Co.
Grand River Nurseries—N P Husted.
Grape Boxes Doolittle Patent—American Basket Co.
Holloway's Pills.
Every Housekeeper—Geo F. Gantz & Co.
The "Dexter Circular"—Geo A Atkins.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Good Reading Very Cheap—D D T Moore.

The News Condenser.

— New and rich mines have been discovered in Idaho.
— The French people make loud demands for peace.
— The deaths in New York last week number 656.
— Desicated coddsh, canned, is now an article of sale.
— The weather prophets predict a hot September.
— Heenan won $20,000 at the late Saratoga races.
— Potatoes are selling at a dollar a bushel in Maine.
— They are about beginning to make iron in Utah.
— It is said the olive is doing well in Australia.
— Russia boasts of more than 16,000 princes.
— Napoleon wears a one hundred dollar Panama hat.
— There are 5,600,000 sheep in the State of Ohio.
— Square parasols are making their appearance.
— The Pope anticipates another great war soon.
— Prince Napoleon has six of the best cooks in Paris.
— Queen Victoria has thirty traveling companions.
— Prince Alfred is going round the world.
— Harrison, the English tenor, is a helpless invalid.
— Spanish forests have been greatly injured by fire.
— Ripe cotton has come to market in North Carolina.
— There was a frost at Windsor, Mass., Sunday night week.
— The weather in New York Saturday was extremely warm.
— Italy is hunting for Turkish pirates in the Gulf of Tarento.
— The discount on American invoices at Quebec is 30 per cent.
— Elliott the celebrated portrait painter died in Albany last week.
— Victor Hugo is afraid to trust his letters to French postmasters.
— A water spout is Arizona recently destroyed two freight trains.
— A man was kicked to death by three ruffians in Philadelphia lately.
— A Chicago seducer was very nicely tarred and feathered last week.
— Meade, the Vermont sculptor, has taken to himself an Italian wife.
— James McMahon was murdered by his wife in New York last week.
— Roman citizens are suspected of plotting against the government.
— An ancient Indian mill has been found in one of the mounds of Utah.
— Brigands about Rome are more lively and successful than ever before.
— Southern planters are much pleased with the results of raimie planting.
— The Union Pacific Railroad at Sherman is 8,000 feet above the sea level.
— The friends of Dr. Mudd are making strenuous efforts to obtain his pardon.
— A Cincinnati physician, 75 years of age, now dandles his twenty-first baby.
— Itinerant musicians are getting to be a nuisance on the Hudson River boats.
— The cotton crop in Northwestern India has been damaged by heavy rains.
— A picked eleven of English cricketers is expected to arrive in this country soon.
— The gunboat Tullahoma was sold Saturday for $25,000, and the Don for $18,000.
— There is a dry goods firm in Paris that spends 500,000 francs a year for advertising.
— Eight thousand buildings, to cost $12,000,000, are in course of erection at Chicago.
— A son of Eli Runnels of Acton, Me., was killed recently by falling from a swing.
— An oak tree on the border of Lee, N. H., stands in two counties and three towns.
— Several mill operatives at Lewiston, Me., are building houses in their spare hours.
— A public plunge bath has been built and thrown open at Liverpool at a cost of $25,000.
— Minnesota has more wild fruit this year than some of the old states have of cultivated.
— The cattle trade between San Antonio, Texas, and Mexico amounts to $8,000,000 yearly.
— Encke's comet can be seen in the east from about 3 o'clock in the morning until sunrise.
— Two Vienna editors have lost respectively an eye and a leg in a duel about a young actress.
— There are 75 marriage brokers in Paris, two of whom pay an income tax on 200,000f per year.
— It is said Flora Stewart, a colored woman who died at Derry, N. H., lately, was 118 years old.
— Six thousand trees are required to build one of the old style seventy-four gun ships of the line.
— Wild foxes are mysteriously dying by thousands in Stafford county, and other parts of Virginia.
— Detroit thinks public baths are humbugs and an expensive luxury altogether beyond its means.
— The New Haven people are very sad over the cutting down of the splendid elms on College Green.
— Much of the jewelry worn at the sea-side looks as if it might have been purchased at a dollar store.
— A band of Choctaw Indians encamped near St. Louis are reported to be in a very destitute condition.
— As a general thing the tea and coffee at the watering places is the most miserable stuff one can drink.
— A base ball player at Hoboken had his right eye entirely destroyed lately by a ball struck from a bat.
— A basket containing roses of three thousand different varieties was recently sent to the French Empress.
— It takes 100,000 ounces of silver daily to supply the demand for that metal in manufactures and the arts.
— A generous woman has offered the Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary $10,000 worth of books to start a library.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GOOD READING VERY CHEAP.

We have a few extra copies of Volume XII. of the Rural New-Yorker, (1861,) stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at $1 per copy at office or by express. (We cannot send by mail.) A few bound copies of same volume for sale at $3. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes issued since 1855, at $3 each. Bound volumes of 1865, 1866 and 1867, $4 each.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
Weeks & Potter, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN AGRICULTURAL WONDER!

NORWAY OATS.

In the spring of 1861, Mr. D. W. Ramsdell, one of the most extensive and enterprising farmers of Vermont, had a single oat handed him which had been found in a package of peas, sent from the Agricultural Bureau at Washington. Its remarkably large and plump appearance so attracted the attention of Mr. Ramsdell, that he planted it in his garden for experiment. Its germination of numerous stalks, their surprising growth and size, their ability to ripen as soon as the common oats, and above all their truly wonderful yield *of two thousand seven hundred and eighty-five* grains, being from four to six times that of the old kind, and being far superior in quality and weight, induced him to carefully preserve them for further experiment. After disposing of a portion of these oats to the Agricultural Bureau and to some of his friends, in the spring of 1865 Mr. Ramsdell sowed 2,040 grains, on land of fair quality, and was again rewarded by the still more wonderful and almost incredible yield of *three bushels and one quart*, while their tremendous growth was the surprise and admiration of all who saw them. By this time the fame of this wonderful oat began to spread; newspapers and those interested in agriculture were turning their attention to it, and letters were received from all parts of the country, many offering almost any price for a small quantity. It was discussed at the meetings of the Agricultural Societies, and such was the interest manifested, that Mr. Ramsdell was invited to visit many of the State and County Fairs of the New England and Middle States, to exhibit specimens and relate their remarkable history. And wherever so exhibited, the Norway Oats always received the highest prize, if consistent with the rules of the Society; if not, honorable mention and hearty endorsement.

The season of 1867, Mr. Ramsdell sowed fourteen acres, and the result of this test on a large scale has confirmed all previous evidences of their great superiority over all other known oats. During the same season trials were made by farmers in different sections of the country, covering a great variety of climate and soil, and the reports from all parts were enthusiastic in their commendations and praise. The product of the fourth year with the Norway Oats furnished sufficient seed to enable Mr. Ramsdell to offer several hundred bushels for sale. He therefore announced this fact by a short advertisement in three of the leading newspapers of his own State, which resulted in more orders than he could fill. He immediately discontinued filling orders for more than *one pint* to any one person, returning all money sent for larger quantities, and was even offered as high as *fifty dollars* for a single bushel, but his limited supply of seed and flood of small orders would not permit him to accept the offer.

The Norway Oats will grow from 100 to 150 bushels to the acre, of grain that will weigh from 40 to 45 lbs. to the bushel. The grain is very large and plump, of a very dark color, has a remarkably thin hull, and for oat meal is highly recommended. They will, it is confidently asserted, take the place of all others in a very few years.

Read what your Brother Farmers say about the Norway Oats.

From Lieut.-Gov. S. Thomas of Vermont:—"I consider the Norway Oats far superior to any in the country for their great yield and superior quality."

R. H. Hyde, President Orange Co. Ag'l Society, Vt., says: "Farmers can raise 100 bushels to the acre, of good grain, weighing 40 lbs. or more to the bushel, with the Norway Oats."

H. C. Pease of Hartford, Vt., says:—"I paid at the rate of $48 the bushel for my seed, and am not sorry I did."

Col. A. R. Lansing, Janesville, Wis., says:—"I got 27½ lbs. from the 100 seeds I had. I believe they will yield 200 bushels to the acre on our Western soil."

The New England Farmer says:—"They are a wonderful grain, and no humbug."

The New York Tribune says:—"They are being raised with great success by many farmers."

The Boston Traveler says:—"They are truly wonderful, and will not lodge."

The Farmer, Brattleboro, Vt., says:—"We know that many of the testimonials are from first class men."

Over one thousand of the best farmers in the country have voluntarily testified to the superior quality and wonderful yield of the Norway Oats. They grow from five to seven feet high, and yield fully three times that of the common oats.

CAUTION.

The acknowledged superiority of the Norway Oats has induced speculators to advertise that they have them for sale. All our grain sold last year in quantities of more than 1 pint, was under contract to furnish us with the product. Those who advertise White Norway Oats or Black Norway Oats, have not the genuine seed. We will send a full printed history of our grain to all who will send for it, showing the frauds that are being practiced on the farming community.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

This is to certify that I have appointed Messrs. Jones & Clark of New York my sole agents for the sale of the Norway Oats, for the season of 1868 and 1869.

The necessity for a more central depot, as well as the extensive correspondence attending the business, my own attention being devoted to the conducting of my farms, rendered this step necessary. Farmers desiring to procure the genuine Norway Oats, raised by me, should send their orders direct to them, as no other agents will be appointed.
D. W. RAMSDELL, Proprietor.

ORDER AT ONCE.

Farmers are reminded that although we have comparatively a large quantity of these oats for sale, it will not be possible for us to supply all. Last year we were compelled to return several thousand dollars, for want of seed, and were offered as high as fifty dollars for a single bushel. We have a large number of orders which were put on our books as early as June last, from parties who were determined to be in season this year. *It will not do to wait*; if you wish to make sure, order at once, for the stock will all be sold long before spring. We shall fill all orders in the order of their receipt, on the plan of "first come first served."

HOW TO OBTAIN THE NORWAY OATS.

Having accepted the agency of the Norway Oats, we shall furnish them on the following terms:

One quart, prepaid, by post	$1 25
Two quarts, " "	2 00
One peck, per express, freight payable on delivery	4 00
One half-bushel, " " " "	6 00
One bushel, " " " "	10 00
Two and one-half bushel bags	25 00

When one bushel or more is ordered, they will be shipped by freight line when desired. Remittances should be in checks, drafts, post-office orders, or if in money by express or registered letters. In ordering, give your P. O. address, also state nearest express office if to be sent by express. If required, we will send C. O. D., but we prefer that all orders should be accompanied with the money. As to our responsibility, we refer to the following well known parties:
Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.
" C. A. Stevens & Co., "
Washington Hadley, Esq., Cooper Institute, New York.
Messrs. G. Collamore & Co., 731 Broadway, "
☞ Write our address plainly on the envelope, and always put our box number on as well as our place of business, as follows:
JONES & CLARK,
P. O. Box 5,689. 20 Liberty St., New York.

THE ONLY RAPID SELLING BOOK IS **SEYMOUR and BLAIR**, By D. G. CROLY, of the New York World.

One agent just reports 20 orders the first half day; another 54 in one day and a half; and *every* agent is doing finely. It is a handsome volume, with two splendid steel portraits—retail price only $1.50—*retired by the candidates themselves*, and the

Only Authorized Democratic Campaign Book.

It sells by hundreds in every town, for there is nothing to compete with it. Send for full particulars; or save time by sending us $1.00 at once for a copy of the book, and the canvassing outfit, naming the towns you desire, and you can begin without delay. RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers, No. 4 Bond Street, New York.

A VALUABLE FARM AT AUCTION—CONtaining 131 acres, situated in the St. Josephs Valley 3½ miles northeast of Three Rivers, St. Josephs Co., Michigan. Sale, October 8th, 1868. Send for descriptive circular.
972-1t J. W. HOLLOWELL, Three Rivers, Mich.

GRAPE BOXES—1, 2, 3 AND 5 LB. ROUND Boxes, made of wood. Price list sent on application. Address C. S. BRACE, North Ridge, Niagara Co., N. Y.

25,000 CHOICE BROOM HANDLES FOR Sale. Inquire of L. C. BRADISH, North Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y. 972 2t

SEND FOR KEECH'S CATALOGUE OF NEW Seedling Strawberry and Small Fruits generally. J. KEECH, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

WANTED.—Salesmen Everywhere, Farmers and others, to sell an article in great demand. $400 made by one agent his first month. Address immediately
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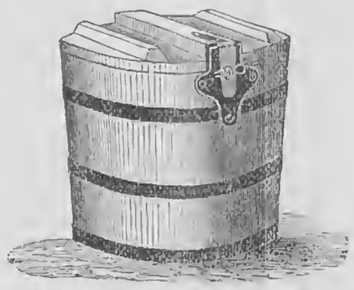

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☞ Be SURE and send Money by REGISTERED LETTER, when possible. In some instances Country Postmasters have refused to forward letters to us, supposing that our business came under the law against Lotteries, Gift Enterprises, &c., although it has been over and over declared lawful by the legal authorities. This action is instigated by the jealousy of Country Merchants. In case any Postmaster should again decline to forward letters, SEND BY EXPRESS.

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At the Paris Exposition, and has taken Fifteen other Grand Prizes during the last year.
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☞ For sale by our Agents throughout the Country.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

County Officers—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

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The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price from $16 to $23.

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Respectfully invite attention to their improved Clover Machines, and especially to their Combined Thresher, Huller and Cleaner, which has given excellent satisfaction, and we believe is not surpassed, if equaled, by any. The following extract from a letter in regard to the operation of a machine sold to Adam Russ of Dewitt, N. Y., is in substance same as received from others who have purchased and used these machines:

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With this Filter the most impure water is made free from all foreign matter, clear as crystal, without taste, color or smell. J. E. CHENEY & CO.,
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THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases, made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price, $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $5. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay all the express charges.

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C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
Nos. 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs.)
☞ To Clubs.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS. 967-tf

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WHITE PINE COMPOUND!
Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints.
This medicine is FREE FROM ANYTHING DELETERIOUS, pleasant to the taste, safe, yet sure and effective in its action.

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DR. J. W. POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR,
A Positive Remedy for all kinds of Humors,—Scrofula, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Nettle Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; Dyspepsia, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.:—Bilious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. 967-10t

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CHICAGO DITCHING MACHINE.—IT will be seen by reference to *Special Notice* in this paper August 8th, that there is to be a trial of Ditching Machines in Rochester, Sept. 8th. We desire parties interested in such matters to be present, and if any thing of the kind is needed, which we know to be the case, we shall offer for sale the rights to use or manufacture by States, Counties or Towns—the larger the territory the less the price in proportion. Capitalists, farmers or others, are desired to witness the exhibition. Under favorable circumstances we can, with one of these Machines, dig one rod per minute, two and one-half feet deep.

We have numerous certificates from such as the State Agricultural Society of Illinois, and sundry individuals whose standing is high in community

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

Wavy and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart content—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray;
No hum of insect nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the bright sun-glow;
Till one blest morn
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Harkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and champions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

CHAPTER I.

I BROUGHT a letter from the post-office to LINA. She sat with her sewing, on the front porch: the cool breezes of five o'clock in the evening played round her; she wore a white muslin with delicate pink blossoms; two or three moss pinks, still moist and fresh, were in her hair, which was combed back and confined in close braids; the work in her hands was of light fabric; and, altogether, she looked delightfully cool in that warm June evening; while I, who had been toiling up the long, winding path leading to our "homestead on the hillside"—a little Paradise, when you got to it, reader; but, like other Paradises, and Houses Beautiful, situated on the top of a Hill Difficulty—I was hot, out of breath, and decidedly uncomfortable.

LINA, before she read her letter, took my hat and parasol, and brought out a basin of cold water, a towel, and hair brush.

"Thank you," I said, "I feel very much like being cross, but I cannot at you."

"What wonder," she replied; "it's very, very warm, and all your mass of curls, too. Wait a moment, and I will make you more comfortable. She ran up stairs and brought down the silk net.

"There, brush your hair and put it all back in that; bathe your face and neck, and you will feel like a new creature. Then we'll have tea, for father has been here some ten or fifteen minutes."

"Meantime," said I, "you read your letter."

"O, it will keep till after tea," laughed LINA; "it's from Cousin DORA, you know."

"Yes," I said, joining in her laugh, "I could tell it all to you beforehand:—'Dear Cousin CAROLINE, I received your letter'—at such a time—naming the precise day—'and was happy to hear that you were all well, as we are at this present writing, except poor'—ma, or ARTHUR, or LIBBY—'who has'—some dainty little disease, or other. 'The heat has almost prostrated me, I am always so delicate, you know, in the summer time, but—'"

"But here is father," interrurrupted LINA. She never joined me in mimicking others; neither did she ever reprove me. She seemed to think it might, in some way, be wrong for her, but all right for me; that Conscience—like her and father—esteemed me a petted and privileged favorite.

I turned towards father, as he came round the orchard, ran down the three steps of the porch, and gave him a kiss.

"Did you come home in the steam car, father?"

"Yes, dear; I hadn't time to spend an hour in the horse car."

"No, I suppose not; but I was in no hurry, you know; so I came in it. It is so much cooler; and then you don't have to walk over to Allegheny first."

"That's true, but when I have been shut up in the store all day, a walk does me good,—especially the bridge part of it: there was quite a breeze from the river this evening."

"On the whole, then," said LINA, smiling, "I should advise father to ride by steam, and RUTH by horse power. But now, will both the travelers come to tea with me?"

"Most willingly," said father; and we followed her across the porch, through the hall, to the long, back porch, on the east side of the house, cool in its shade, and made cooler still by the waving branches of a huge Balm-of-Gilead tree. The tea-table, with its bouquet of roses and pinks, its glass dishes of strawberries and cream, its iced butter and cool custards, was most inviting. LINA sat opposite father, and poured out the tea.

We lived very much out of doors these June days,—LINA and I, especially: read, sewed and sung in the orchard; went to sleep under a tree; made our toilette on the front porch, as the reader has seen, ate on the back porch and *walked* all over the little fifteen-acre farm at our own sweet will."

LINA and I and ANN,—big, homely, honest ANN,—as sweet-tempered as she was strong-limbed—as nimble-fingered as she was clumsy-footed; just a few months over from "swate Ireland," with its brogue on her tongue, and its brogans on her feet; a "treasure" in a large "earthen vessel" she assuredly was,—we three did the work. LARRY,—a nondescript animal—a Vermonter, I believe, but he had lived in so many places, he seemed to have forgotten where he came from originally,—LARRY worked the farm,—all orchard, meadow or kitchen-garden; father helped LARRY, and kept a wholesale store in town. "JOHN BRAYTON, Grocer," was the reading on a sign-board over a certain store door—Liberty St., Pittsburg—the same one for ten years. As I came from Allegheny, I always instinctively turned the corner to go to it, with no errand, only to go to father's store, and to see him in the little dingy office which never, by any chance, possessed a clean pane of glass in its one window. The last thing father always did, before I left the store, was to weigh me, the scale being temptingly near the door, and irresistibly inviting, as I never weighed the same for two consecutive weeks, but varied, gradually, all the year round—the figures ranging from about one hundred and six pounds in May to a hundred and twenty-five in October.

A bewildered admirer once compared me to a russet apple,—a fair, delicate, white and pink blossom in spring; slowly developing into a round, plump, russet-brown in autumn. But, alas for truthful comparisons, or compliments! one is as rare as the other, and both as difficult of obtaining, now-a-days, as silver dollars. The white and pink were all in the apple-blossoms; none of either in my face. I was a brunette, and, as a young lady friend said once, (the girls see each other's faces distinctly; there is no *glamour* over their eyes,)—"When RUTH BRAYTON has been walking, or is excited,—anything to give her red cheeks, and bring out the clear *brunette* color on her face, she is very pretty. Her features are regular enough, and those curls of hers are perfectly splendid; but when she is sitting quiet, in church, for instance, she looks so sallow it quite spoils her." "Yes," assented the girls generally, "that's so;" and, of course, "so" it was. I looked like my father, and he was by no means a blonde. I was tall like him, too, and my curls were jet black. Such a contrast as LINA and I presented would be odd enough in any country but America, where, among three sisters, one will have black hair, another, fair, the third, red; and as marked a difference will run through features and forms, tempers and talents.

LINA was like our dead mother, save that she had darker hair. That pretty, fair mother: I may as well describe her, for I describe LINA at the same time. That young mother,—who died when I was three years old, and whom I remember as one recalls a pleasing, impressive dream! Was it reality, or imagination?—those little sun-sketches of my babyhood—of lying on her breast; being cradled in her arms; sitting on her knee, while she twined my curls round her white fingers; of pinching her cheeks to make them red, while she laughed and kissed me with such fondness? Was it she, or LINA? Was it mother or sister? Which was which? For they were so wonderfully alike, so strangely intermingled. I could not tell. Love, the fondest and dearest, had ever surrounded me; been the very atmosphere I breathed. As the mother's love ebbed and the mighty ocean drew it into its bosom, the sister's love rose, higher and higher, in circling, caressing waves, and I, playing on the shining sands, never noted the turn of the tide.

Our mother was a little woman,—only four feet high. LINA, eleven years old at her death, was then nearly as tall as she. Both had the same pearly white skin, which the sun never seemed to have any effect upon; the same faint tinge of color in the cheeks, deepening, under excitement, into the hue of a blush rose; the same blue eyes, low, broad forehead, and dimpled mouth. A printed portrait of mother, perfectly sketched and most exquisitely finished, was, feature by feature, LINA'S likeness.

I was now eighteen, LINA twenty-six. Her blue eyes had, for the last eight years, been covered, but not at all concealed, by spectacles: her eyes had become so weak she was obliged to wear them. Ah, my darling sister, so beloved, now, when I know your true value, so honored, almost revered,—shall I tell what dimmed the light of those dear eyes? For myself I can only plead,—that, in as far as *I* wronged you, I did it innocently, unconsciously. A few years before this, we had been much poorer than we were now. It was a hard struggle for father to keep any foothold in the midst of terrible commercial disasters both before, and during, the *crash* of 1857 and 1858; it was a hand-to-hand battle—a daily fight with bankruptcy and poverty. No one could give him help or hope. The firms of yesterday, and those of a quarter of a century, were upheaved by the same earthquake and fell into one abyss. On the very edge of that fearful chasm was father's house. It was then that LINA, without his knowledge, during several years, took in needle-work,—common sewing, stitching, embroidery—whatever she could get to do,—and sat bent over it day after day, day after day, till the light in her beautiful eyes was prematurely dimmed. And all for love of me!—that my every wish should be gratified: that not a pretty dress, a new book, or even a coveted plaything, should be denied me; that I should never know, or dream, what poverty meant.

As LINA'S eyes clouded, father's prospects brightened, till now he was a rich man. I knew something then, reader, of what those spectacles signified, but not much. LINA had sewed too much, because father was poor and I was small: very well. It was noble in her: LINA was always self-denying and good. Still, in my youthful egotism, I thought that if I had been in the same position I should have done the same. I wouldn't like to wear glasses—but then I should have sewed all the same; I knew I should. And, after all, glasses were not unbecoming to LINA. She looked dignified and pretty in them.

I was not an especially selfish girl. With every wish gratified, and being the pet and darling of the household—possessing enough beauty to attract admiration, and a spicy, ready wit, which, when I chose to use it, always called a laughing circle round me, I had much temptation to be proud. And I *was* proud, but not vain or conceited. I had too much sense for that; and LINA'S influence here was also very powerful. If there was one pert bird for which she always kept an arrow of quiet sarcasm, it was self-conceit or affectation.

LINA—my sister and mother—in making the path so very smooth to my feet, in leading me through such shady, lovely vistas that I scarcely knew there were hot, dusty highways in life,—in treading every thorn down with her tender feet, no matter how torn and lacerated they were, lest mine should be hurt,—did she not do me a wrong? Unwittingly, unconsciously,—I know that; but a wrong, nevertheless? Loving mothers, so unselfish in your affection, do you clearly "see the end from the beginning," when you rear your darlings in too close and warm a conservatory? Sooner or later, they must be transplanted into the open garden,—perhaps into the public park, or the vulgar field, and left to live with common, every-day buttercups and clover. What then will become of that too delicate life? How will those feeble lungs assimilate the free, bracing atmosphere? Very beautiful are the frail blossoms,—I thought, once, there were no other flowers in the world worth noticing; and if one could live a short, dreamy, lovely life, all color and perfume, in a green-house of youth,—if we *were* flowers, in short,—why, then, a flower's life would be ours: to breathe sweetness, look beauty, and die.

But, just here, a malevolent imp starts up, and sneers, "No *flower* lives long: anything that passes its blossoming youth is expected to bring forth *fruit*, else it is a weed or a thistle."

What would you think of an apple blossom determining to remain an apple blossom, and its gardener shielding it on all sides from the four winds, the rain, and the June sunshine, resolved to keep it a beautiful blossom to the end? What would become of the undeveloped fruit? A girl becomes a woman; the "airy, fairy" beauty of girlhood dies away from her; the pretty pink and white petals disappear; and unless the *soul* of the blossom remains, drawing all the flower's young sweetness into itself, imbibing, from rains, and winds, and sunny, balmy airs,—from Earth and Heaven,—nourishment for growth, till the ripened fruit is perfected,—what is it in the golden Autumn? A withered stalk, useless and contemptible. What are fruits to us, in general? A blessing; man's first earthly food: a coveted dainty to the sick; a luxury to all. So, also, is love: the sweet, luscious fruit of an unselfish heart.

I didn't know this yet. LINA had learned it,—as many women learn many things,—by intuition. Her life was love; not because she planned and purposed to have it so, but because, like a soaring sky-lark full of song, her heart must have an outlet.

CHAPTER II.

LINA came into our room, that evening, about half-past nine, and found me quietly reposing in an easy chair. A book was in my hand, and a light on the table beside me; but, overcome by the heat, I had lapsed into gentle slumber.

"RUTH, are you asleep?" she said. "Wake up: I have news for you."

"Yes," said I; "is it time to get up?"

"It's almost time to go to bed;" she rejoined, laughing. "But listen: I have been reading Cousin DORA'S letter to father. She is coming to see us."

"Indeed?" I exclaimed, quite wide awake now; "I thought she never would come so far out of the world as this."

"Yes; but, poor child! she wishes she could get still a little further out of the world. The young man she was engaged to is dead."

LINA looked grave, and pitying; and I have no doubt, reader, that you will think me most heartless and unsympathizing, when I tell you that I put my two hands to my face, and laughed one of the merriest peals that ever was heard; but I could no more have helped it than I could have resisted sneezing under the influence of a sensational pinch of snuff. LINA shook her head at me, but she, too, smiled; it was impossible not to. If only you had read, reader, as we had been reading for the last four years, the prim little epistles, always inscribed on gilt-edged, satin paper, in *blue* ink, of this, our New York cousin,—especially those of the last nine months, in the first of which, precisely according to rule and order, she had told us of her engagement to a young man, "a most estimable young man, who loves me very dearly, and whom I love very dearly, and who is studying for the ministry,"—you might, now, at this emergency, have bitten your lips, drawn down your face, and endeavored to look grave and proper. But it would have been useless: the whimsical phase of the affair would have upset you.

For I have not told you all yet, nor even described our cousin. In other letters following the first, there was a most minute delineation of LYSANDER,—his features, his hair, his whiskers; his height, general appearance and style of dress; his peculiar tastes; his intellect, manners and morals; above all, his "*refined gentility*,"—these two words always underlined. The whimsical gist of this was, that neither LINA nor I, from all this elaborate etching, could form any consistent conception of this "brave wooer;" and Fancy, thus left to her own devices, sketched away at her leisure. Of course, we always expected that, some time or other, we should see him in the flesh; indeed, Cousin DORA had an old and oft-repeated invitation to make her wedding tour terminate at Pittsburg. But now,—poor DORA! poor, luck-a-daisical, sentimental DORA! love and marriage were dead and gone for her. "At least, for the present;" said I to LINA, as we read the letter.

"LINA, now, seriously speaking, and without making the least fun of her, don't you *know* that she's so shallow no deep feelings can have possession of her very long: they'll vanish like moonlight on the water."

"But, RUTH, however that may be, she is, just now at least, in bitter suffering. We must pity her as long as it does last."

We both smiled.

"How long will that be, LINA? Do you really think she can safely transport it all the way here?"

"I am afraid," said LINA, "that coming here among strangers, and where everything will be so new to her, will deepen—would deepen any sorrow. You know what homesickness and loneliness we felt in New York." We had been East once,—father and we,—about four years before.

"Yes," I assented, "we did feel rather forlorn; and no dead lover lying at our hearts, either."

"RUTH, dear," said LINA, "I am afraid, sometimes, we wrong poor DORA. Think of it:—the one she loved best in all this world is *dead!*"

"It *is* too bad, and I am ashamed of myself," I replied; "only, LINA, I cannot realize her being in real grief. Don't we know, by her letters, all that her love amounted to? What was it? When she came to the proper age of eighteen, she had a proper lover in a proper way; she wrote respectable letters about him to her respectable cousins; and I have no doubt her little thimbleful of affection *was* all given to him."

"Ah, there it is, RUTH:—if she gave him all her heart,—be it shallow, as you say, or deep as the ocean,—it is stirred to its depths now. And as it's all the heart she has," continued LINA, smiling, she cannot know any happiness while it is filled with sorrow. Who was it said that half our griefs are imaginary? but they are no less griefs—to *us*."

"You are *partly* right, at least;" I said, laughing; "and I *have* heard of a tempest in a teapot. I do hope the poor porcelain vessel won't be cracked or broken. But I will be very tender with her, LINA. I see what you want: you are afraid of my tongue—that 'unruly member.'"

"Not much," said LINA, bending to kiss me for good-night; "I only feared we might, unthinkingly, wound a troubled heart. But, RUTH, she will be here some time next week, and we must have her room arranged in beautiful order. We will have father get the new French bedstead and washstand we have been talking about so long, and some pretty gilt vases; we will put this engraving of RAPHAEL (it was a large MADONNA DI SAN SISTO) in there,—it's the most beautiful picture in the house; and let 'MAUD MULLER' pay us a visit: she's been in that room long enough."

"Yes," I assented; "and let us get a new stand-cover—black and green. You finish that pretty tidy; and O, LINA! buy that lovely little willow rocking-chair we saw in Allegheny, Saturday: it will be so appropriate, don't you see? instead of sitting under the willow, she can sit *in* it,—a much more comfortable seat, with no danger of getting cold in one's head."

"We will buy it," said LINA, "and then that room will need no more furniture for several years." LINA, by the way, was quite economical: a more thrifty little housewife there was not in the two cities.

"We will go to town to-morrow, then," she added, "to see about various things, and will dine with Mrs. QUINCY. She has asked us so often, since her marriage, and we have never accepted yet."

"Very well," said I; "we'll be sure of a splendid dinner, at least. I say, LINA, if MARY REYNOLDS did sell herself, she got a big price."

"Yes," assented LINA, "she did; but I am sometimes sadly afraid she would give it all, and a thousand times as much, to be simple MARY REYNOLDS again."

"I have no doubt she would," I rejoined. "Of course she would, since HARRY ANDREWS' letter came."

"Unless"—continued LINA, in a sad, absent tone of voice—"unless she loves fortune and position more than affection and truth, and I hardly think that of MARY yet."

"Did you notice," said I, "last Sunday, that, the minute she saw you at the car window, she slunk behind the old man, and seemed ashamed to be seen at his side?"

"I thought she did," said LINA. She still spoke in an absent way, as she loosened her hair.

A half-hour afterwards, I spoke suddenly, from under the bed-clothes,—my voice muffled up,—"I say, LINA, did TOM ANDREWS go on to Idaho with HARRY?"

"Yes."

"And is coming home with him?"

"I think he is."

I said no more, but sunk to slumber.—[To be continued.

Wit and Humor.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

HAMLET CHASE. "HORATIO, I am dead; report me and my cause aright to the unsatisfied."

[*Hamlet; last Act.*

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 29 letters.
My 11, 13, 28, 29, 15, 3 is a girl's name.
My 1, 2, 15, 17, 10 is a fish.
My 22, 1, 14 is a species of bird.
My 8, 9, 20, 20, 21, 5 is a metal.
My 16, 27, 23 is in every tree.
My 20, 18, 27, 4, 27, 7, 18 was the name of an ancient king.
My 26, 10, 11 is what young folks like.
My 23, 22, 17, 27, 17, 22, 13, 12 is what the Irish like.
My whole is a Proverb of Solomon.

Garbutsville, N. Y. LIBBIE & MARY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

RIDDLE.

FAR in the East an ancient fabric stood,
Hard by the banks of a majestic flood.
There dwelt a preacher as we understand,
Tho' good, not great, yet by the Lord's command
He preached repentance to the guilty soul
Till tears of anguish down his cheeks did roll.
His clothing rare, no kind of cloth composed,
No skins of beasts did e'er his frame enclose.
Although he never did one sin commit,
Yet in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.
When the last trumpet thro' the earth shall sound,
He still shall sleep within the burning ground.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

NA Anasturi myar ylulfwa drraaey,
Dlobyl yb trebaytr sidbeege Brdlegae,
Kcoacss msdrocanme nnnnaicdgoa meco,
Gdnelai nrisdettuco, nvidasatteo, modo.

East Varick, N. Y. B. E.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

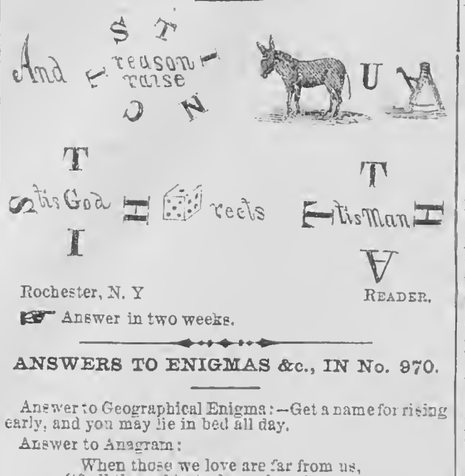
THE three sides of a triangular field are 75, 87 and 108 rods. What are the diameters of the three circles, so drawn that each circle shall be tangent to the other two circles and to two sides of the field?

Lockport, N. Y. ASHER B. EVANS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 970.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Get a name for rising early, and you may lie in bed all day.

Answer to Anagram:

When those we love are far from us,
Of all the saddest of our thoughts
There's scarce a sadder one than this:
That death may come between our hearts
And chill the lips we long to kiss.

Answer to Riddle:—Loon—moon.

Answer to Illustrated Enigma:—"Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes."

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'PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

DR. DANIEL LEE, Southern Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE HOP HARVEST.

IN hop growing regions the picking season resembles, in many of its features, that of the vintage in the vine growing ones. It commences the last week in August or the first of September, and continues ten or fifteen days, according to the extent of the yards and the supply of labor available for picking. This work is mostly done by young women who look forward to it with a species of pleasure, as affording a change in the routine of their toil, while supplying an opportunity for a season of social greetings which their ordinary avocations do not afford. Hop picking is not play, by any means, but is made a substitute for it by not a few participants in it.

It takes two pretty active men to cut the vines and place the poles on the boxes for three parties or twelve pickers—four at a box. Each of these has four compartments, and when filled the hops are put in sacks for conveyance to the drying house. The tenders have to bring the poles to the pickers and remove the vines from them when the hops are off, and place them in stacks, where they are to remain till wanted for use the ensuing season.

It is important, in picking, to have the hop cones freed from leaves and vines, as these interfere with the process of drying and also detract from the value of the hops in the market. When a box is filled by the pickers, the contents are put into a sack for removal to the drying house. This is done at the close of the day, or earlier, because if left many hours in a mass, heating takes place, which deteriorates the value of the commodity, if it does not destroy it altogether. The drying house has an elevated floor, upon which the sacks are emptied and spread evenly over it with a rake, several inches deep, and stirred occasionally during the process. To facilitate the evaporation of the moisture and improve the appearance of the hops, brimstone is burned in the drying house for a time, when the fumes are suffered to escape through the ventilator. The influence of the brimstone is said to be especially good on hops which have been heated somewhat in bulk, or tinged by the action of frost.

After the hops are sufficiently dried for preservation they are removed to the store room, where they remain three or four weeks, being occasionally stirred, if not wanted sooner for market. Through a portion of the floor of the storing room a hole is cut and a sack hung in it with both ends out. Under this is placed the press, on the bottom of which is spread a piece of sacking equal to one-half of a whole sack. The hops are sent down through the pendant bag, falling upon the sacking on the bottom of the press. When it is full, a piece of sacking corresponding to that in the bottom is placed on the top, and the pressure applied till the two portions of sacking meet, when they are sewn together and the bale is ready for market.

It may not be out of place to note here the fact that in certain quarters where hop raising is a predominant feature, a disposition is evinced to dig up the hop root and devote the land to some other more promising product. The comparatively low ruling of hops in the market is the cause of this despondence among the growers,—but we question the policy of such abrupt changes in farming operations. It costs considerable to prepare a hop yard, and good policy would seem to counsel delay in making a change based on the adverse results of a single year.

RYE AND SANDY SOILS.

RYE seems to be the only grain which improves in quality by being grown on sandy soil. If grown on strong soil the product, per acre, will be much greater than on a thin sandy one, but the quality for bread-making purposes, will be much inferior to the other. We have seen bread made of flour from rye, grown on sandy soils in New England, which would compare favorably, in appearance, with that made from the flour of good wheat. Such bread is not bad to take, while it is reputed to be more healthful than the wheaten article. There are many acres of sandy land in all the States given over to mullens and sorrel, which, if sown to rye, would return from seven to ten bushels to the acre with very little cost. Rye will grow where nothing edible but the running blackberry will, and, though the yield be small the quality is good, and the cost of production comparatively light.

OX HARNESS vs. OX YOKES.

THE question is frequently asked whether a harness, similar to that in which horses are worked, would not be better for oxen than the ordinary yoke. A yoke properly made,—that is, made to suit the labor to be performed, is fully as good as the best style of ox harness. It is as easy for the cattle, while having a great advantage in the increased facility with which a team may be prepared for work. If oxen are to travel long distances, as in the case of moving the family effects, and the route is crossed by hills, breeching straps, connected with the yoke, may be found convenient in descending them, taking the pressure from the horns, where the wheels of the vehicles are not furnished with a locking apparatus. If this is provided, the ox harness may be regarded as superfluous.

Cattle making a long journey before a wagon, or engaged in plowing, require a longer yoke than when logging or moving timber. In the first case they are presumed to have a comparatively free course before them and no more of a load than can be drawn easily on level ground. For this purpose the yoke should be longer than would be suitable in removing logs among stumps and standing trees. Here the muscular exertion is of an intermitting character, but very severe, oftentimes, while it lasts; hence, by placing the cattle close together, by means of a comparatively short yoke, they brace each other and move forward with much more celerity and steadiness than when coupled more asunder. It is a good plan to have two yokes for each team, where the work is diversified, as traveling on the road, plowing, "hauling" hay and grain, logging, or moving timber. The increased expense, which is not great, will be more than made good by the additional labor performed and the diminished strain upon the animals.

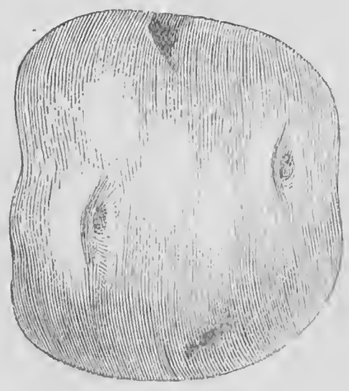
Yokes are sometimes most awkwardly made, because the manufacturers are not familiar with their use. For logging and timber hauling, a crooked yoke, with a good saddle for the neck, is desirable. The bows should fit neatly to the neck, allowing the strain to fall well back towards the shoulders. The saddle of the yoke should be smooth, as should also the bows, and be kept well oiled, especially in rainy weather. It is a good plan, too, to grease the necks of working cattle, preventing the skin, when chafed off by the wet weather and constant friction, from cracking and becoming tender to the touch. All wood choppers know the pain and discomfort caused by chapped or cracked hands when commencing the labors of the day. Oxen with sore necks give evidence of equal susceptibility, and as they cannot apply an emollient to the affected parts, it is the duty of those using them to aid them by the construction of good yokes and by paying suitable attention to the parts likely to be affected by their use. With proper care in these respects, a yoke is as good as, if not better than, a harness, while possessing the added advantages of greater facility in use and less cost.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Spreading Straw on Wheat.

"A CONSTANT READER" asks:—"Can I spread straw on newly sown winter wheat with good results? If so, when and how?"

We ask our readers who have tried this operation to report to us the results. It is an interesting question with very many farmers. We have no doubt that the protection which a slight coating of straw would afford wheat, together with the known good effect of mulching the plant and covering the soil, would make a profitable return, in many cases, for the investment of the straw and labor. If it were spread thus immediately after sowing, unless wet, the wind would often blow it away; but it would doubtless be a favorable time for the good of the crop. But, all things considered, perhaps it would be as well to apply the straw just preceding winter, even after the ground was frozen sufficiently hard to bear up a team.



Davis Seedling Potato.

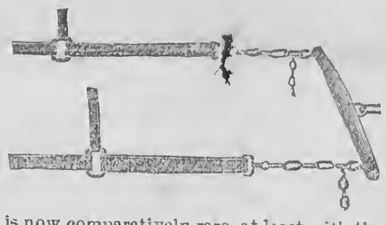
WHILE new varieties of potatoes are attracting much attention, and calling for a great deal of money from the farmers' pockets, it should not be forgotten that some of our old kinds have qualities not to be despised. We illustrate one, the Davis Seedling, which some years since attained considerable celebrity in the Eastern States, where it originated, and which is indeed a very excellent potato. Why it has not become more popular may be explained by the fact that its form and color are against it. The buyers at the East have generally preferred a long, white, smooth potato, though if it has a little color like the Mercer so much the better. The Davis is round, and of a bright red or purplish tinge, which is a little more than "skin deep," as the color remains when the outside cuticle is rubbed off. It is an excellent potato, being good when half grown, better during the winter, and best, compared with most other varieties, at the very last end of the season. It is prolific, and the tubers grow compactly in the hills, rendering the digging easy. The habit of the vine is strong and vigorous.

HOLSTEIN, OR DUTCH COW "LADY MIDWAULD."

IMPORTED and owned by WINFIELD W. CHENERY, Highland Stock Farm, Belmont, Middlesex county, Mass. Lady Midwauld won the first premium at the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society in 1866, and Sweepstakes in 1867. Her present weight is 1,570 pounds.

Trace for Farm Harness.

IT is not always wise to quit old fashioned ways and things. For instance the trace for a farm work harness herewith shown was once very common,



but is now comparatively rare, at least with the exception of some localities. But it is a very sensible trace; the lower end, on which comes a great deal of wear and dirt, is an iron chain, which also serves the purpose of taking up or letting out the trace. The upper end is securely and immovably fastened, and the wear of the buckle tongue, and the useless length of tug forward of the buckle, are avoided. Farm harness should be made of broader leather than is generally used, and more in view of durability and ease to the animal than any fancied style. The most correct style is that best adapted to the purpose to be served.

Management of Meadows.

THE Farmers' Club of Herkimer Co. held its first post-harvest meeting at the Court House in Herkimer village recently, for the purpose of considering the question, "How to procure the best and most economical fall feed for milch cows." The attendance of members was large and the participants in the discussion quite numerous. There was a general coincidence of opinion adverse to feeding down the aftermath of meadows by dairy stock, the tendency being to diminish the hay crop. Partial feeding might be permissible, but the propriety of even this, in most cases, was questionable, though the character of a particular season might modify the rule for that time. There was a general concurrence in opinion that pasture was the best for cows, but they usually got short about the close of the hay harvest, which necessitated an early cropping of the aftermath unless a substitute was supplied especially for the purpose. This is most easily and readily furnished by sowing corn at intervals during the season, to be fed out to the stock with hay, in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter. The decision of the meeting was summed up in a resolution offered by Judge EARLL:—"That it is unwise to rely entirely upon the after-feed of meadows for the farm stock in the latter part of summer and early autumn."

Yield of the Early Rose Potato.

A. C. CLARK, Seneca Co., N. Y., writes:—"I purchased one peck of the Early Rose potato last spring, and cut them, leaving but one eye to a set, and planted three feet apart, one set to a hill. The soil was of moderate fertility. I did not use any manure on them of any kind. The drouth affected them some, it being very dry about the time they were setting. I dug them yesterday, August 20th, and they produced just seventeen and a half bushels, good measure, from the one peck."

Distilling Oil of Tansy.

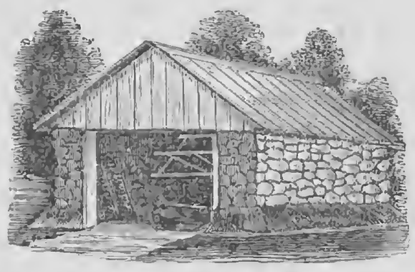
J. B. T., Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., writes: "Some one inquired through the RURAL concerning the mode of obtaining tansy oil. Said they raised peppermint thereabouts, but could not get the oil of tansy as they did that of peppermint. He has either made a mistake, or does not understand the business; as the process with us is precisely the same in both cases. It is obtained either by boiling or steaming. Tansy oil may be a little the heaviest. If so, it is quite probable that the oil was driven to the bottom of the receiver and ran off with the water."

Salt for Grass.

A CORRESPONDENT writes the American Institute Farmers' Club on this subject, as follows:—"When I was in Australia I noticed that the tracks made by the drags loaded with salt hides were always green, even in the severest times of the long 'buckfielders,' or hot winds, charged with dust, that destroy everything they pass over. This led one to think that here was a solution of the question as to the best dressing for grass lands, and it was here I found it. For twelve seasons I have seen it tried upon a variety of land and grasses, and always with the same results. In the spring, the refuse salt and sweepings from the ships and wharves, where wet-salted hides have been stowed, is spread over the sward, the young spring grass is strong, and grows quickly. The cattle are fond of it, and eat it *evenly*, and the fields so dressed keep green when all around is parched and dry. From the absorbent qualities of the salt, moisture is attracted and retained."

Wanted—An Improved Hay Knife.

G. M., White's Corners, N. Y., writes:—"There should be something better than what is now in use for the purpose of cutting loose hay in mow or stack. It can now only be done by the very hardest of labor; it is a dread at all times with every farmer to cut the little he requires from day to day for feeding purposes, and when it comes to cutting down a stack to get off a ton, there is really more labor in the use of the hay knife than there would be in pitching by hand fork (which is hard work) two or three tons. I have noticed from time to time, within the last two years, in the columns of the Scientific American, that of patents quite a number have been issued for improvements in the hay knife. Where are they, or has no improvement been made?



A Farm Tool House.

ONE of the most useful and money-saving buildings that a farmer can place on his premises is a spacious and convenient tool house. It is generally the case that there is room enough in the various outbuildings to house the farm implements if it is economized; but it is a corner here and a few feet of barn or shed floor there; sometimes in a cellar and sometimes in a loft, possibly easy of access but probably difficult, and in all such instances it is space originally intended and really needed for some other purpose. The main reason why so many farmers neglect protecting their implements from the weather when not in use, is the lack of convenient and roomy storage. We lay great stress on its being spacious and handy; for if it is thus, JOHN will always drive the lumber wagon inside to take the hay rack off, and he will draw in the stone boat with the plow and harrow and cultivators on it, and they will escape the next rain or dew and the consequent coat of rust. A farmer needs a tool house as much as a horse barn or a wood house.

Our illustration is suggestive. It is adapted to a locality abounding with stone. The walls of the building are made of that material, laid without mortar. The foundation is placed below frost, and the earth is banked on the outside to further protect them and to throw off water. The top of the wall is leveled with mortar, and a two-inch plank laid on to which the rafters are spiked. The latter are braced on the inside by nailing on cross strips. The roof may be made of the cheapest material, which varies with localities. There is one window in the end opposite the door. The doorway should be twelve feet wide to admit a reaper, and if the location is not too much exposed there is little need of doors. The ground is the floor. The walls are but six feet high, and the structure should be twenty wide by thirty or forty long. Such a building will cost but little where stone are in the way. The farmer can build it, and it will save many dollars in twenty years, and many steps each year otherwise taken after mislaid implements.

Lead Encased Block Tin vs. Lead Pipe.

THE subject which our correspondent, S. M. VICKERY, Darien, N. Y., discusses is of such general public importance that we feel bound to give his remarks. We believe that practical and scientific men will differ in regard to the deleterious effect of the block tin pipe. If properly made it is safer than lead, and we can see no good reason for making defective work. Mr. V. says:—"In the RURAL of July 18th I noticed a short article headed 'The Lead Encased Block Tin Pipe,' in which you say it 'fills the bill,' 'and possesses great value and utility,' &c. Not doubting the integrity of purpose in sanctioning a means which must prove an injury instead of a blessing to thousands of the human family, I present the following for your consideration. Chemistry reveals the fact that metals differing in crystaline structure, when placed together in liquid acids, or even in common water, are by galvanic action rapidly oxodized, disintegrated or destroyed. If lead and tin are placed in juxtaposition with access of water, one or both of the metals will suffer from corrosion. The least defect in soldering, or crack from bending, overstraining, defective manufacture, or corrosive action, whereby the water comes in contact with the lead, would cause electrical currents to commence to flow between the metals, disintegration would be the result with the metals, and lead poisoning to those using the water. The simple lead pipe, though dangerous, is safer than those lined with tin, for the above reasons."

GRASS CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER THREE.

REMARKS ON THE TIME AND WAY TO SOW SEED.

MANY letters of inquiry as to the best time in the year to sow grass seed and clover have come to the writer, only a few planters having any experience in the matter. I have sown clover and grass seed every month in the year, and been successful; while seed sown at the most favorable times and seasons sometimes fails to strike its roots deep enough into the soil before dry weather and a hot sun kill the young plants. When the weather is cool and somewhat wet, in the fall, winter and early spring is the best time to sow seed in this climate. Probably the beginning of the rainy season in November, (sometimes earlier and sometimes later,) is the surest time to sow all seeds of culmiferous grasses like timothy and the fescues. Young clover is sometimes injured by the heaving of winter freezing, and February and early March are the best times to sow the seed of this plant; but I have had excellent results follow seeding in June among standing corn, in Georgia.

A deep, permeable, rich soil, like most river bottoms, is the best for grass; but limestone hills, ridges and mountains, where springs of living water abound, furnish, when seeded, a plenty of nutritious herbage. Rocks that lie above limestone strata, as in the southern tier of counties of New York, generally furnish soils adapted to grass, though the yield is less in quantity, and perhaps the grass a little inferior in quality. I feel confident that time will reveal facts to satisfy all that abortion in cows in certain districts in New York, and diseased bones in some parts of New England, among cattle, are results of defects in the soil. Like milk sickness in this region and Southern Illinois, where I have treated the malady, abortion in cows has a local cause.

Freestone water to make tea and coffee, and limestone water to make grass rich in the elements of bones to meet the wants of young and growing farm stock, are deductions from large experience in the Northern, Western and Southern States. Farmers pay too little attention to the earthy salts contained in the water daily consumed by their families and live stock. Not only does water dissolve many minerals, poisonous and otherwise, but the analyses of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, Dr. SPRENGEL and others, show that wheat straw and grass culms sometimes contain 16 per cent. of ash, and sometimes only 3 per cent.—a difference of five fold. Plants differ as much in phosphoric acid, gluten, sugar and starch, when grown on different soils. Hence plants grown for hay, although of the same name, have not always anything like the same value per ton or pound as food for stock, and especially for producing milk.

The reader will please bear in mind that all stratified rocks, and of great original thickness, have been broken up in East Tennessee by volcanic action, and left in a vertical position, their edges forming the very uneven surface of the ground. Sandstones and shales, or slates, are softer than blue, mountain limestone, and wash into plains and valleys, so that springs of water often come out of limestone hills and ridges, so as to irrigate thin, sandy soils on a lower level. When these plains and valleys are to be set in grass, the reader will understand the value of any assistance man may give nature in watering grass with limestone water, on sandy soils or clay land poor in lime. Monroe, Orleans and Niagara counties, in Western New York, possess facilities for similar irrigation on Medina sandstone soils, though, perhaps, in a less degree. How much land can the water of Lake Erie irrigate by gravitation alone, between Niagara river and

Montezuma? Will "F." of Orleans Co., N. Y., tell the readers of the RURAL?

It is as important to prepare a good seed bed by deep and thorough tillage, for grass and clover, as for any seed whatever. Bushes and briars should be cut and the roots extracted by grubbing in July and August; and broom sedge must be killed by plowing both ways around stumps at the same time. Bear in mind that one weed left to produce seed by the thousand, will do you great harm; therefore, destroy all before sowing grass seed. Pure grass seed and clover seed will sell high among those that know your thorough system; and, with fresh land to operate on, one may build up a capital seed business any where in the South. It has hundreds of thousands of old plantations which ought to be seeded, and made into sheep walks and stock farms, including the large production of milk to be condensed and exported, as well as butter and cheese. Here is a noble enterprise, open alike to all, without a particle of humbug about it. The country is remarkably healthy, and has many advantages over a new region, where industry, art and science have done nothing. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Knox Co., Tenn.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

N. W. SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.

AT a business meeting of the Northwestern Sheep Breeders' Association, May 7th, the President, D. W. GATES, Esq. of Belvidere, Ill., and J. H. FITCH, Esq., Secretary, of the same place, were chosen delegates to the National Wool Growers' Association, and ordered to notify the President thereof of the same.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD RAM?

THE above question is asked by a gentleman in New York, who proposes to embark in Merino sheep breeding and wool growing in Missouri.

We have given in Chapter VII of the Practical Shepherd, rather fully, and in other portions of the same work, incidentally, what we regard to be the proper points of Merino sheep. Certain desirable characteristics of the ram are specially alluded to in Chapter XI. Our correspondent will find our views much more fully given than we have space to give them here, and for all details we refer him to that work. In some particulars breeders' fashions have fluctuated a little since it was written, especially among what may be termed "sensational" breeders—the class who seek notoriety by getting up astonishing novelties and extremes and "running them into the ground" as deep as possible. Thus we have had "grease" and "wrinkle" manias which out-Heroded HEROD, &c., &c. But first-class breeders have not given way to these injurious innovations, and though sheep exhibiting such extremes have appeared in their flocks, it will be noticed that they are not extensively kept by such men as breeding sheep. They are good animals to sell to speculators and excited green horns, but not good ones to keep as the basis of the flock. On the whole, we are quite content to stand by our discription of the good points of Merinos in the work alluded to. "What is writ is writ."

To answer the question of our correspondent as briefly and comprehensively as he puts it, we answer that what makes a good ram is *the getting of good stock*. This of course implies purity of blood, as "good stock" must not only be individually good, but it must possess the fullest power of transmitting its good qualities to descendants. Second, it usually implies individual excellence in the ram, and descent from ancestors possessing individual excellence—for in such, good points or qualities are best "established," and consequently should be best transmitted. Yet all these things do not necessarily make a good ram. Such rams not unfrequently make comparative failures—and for that matter so do bulls, stallions and perhaps all other male animals of the same superior pretensions.

There is one final test to which all sire animals must be submitted before they can be confidently pronounced first-class stock getters. The proof of the pudding is in eating it. The proof of the qualities of a stock ram is in using him and noting the qualities of his progeny. Buying an untried ram, under the expectation of obtaining a *first-class* one, is to some extent like buying a lottery ticket. If bought from a very superior flock, it is true few will prove absolute blanks, but even then some quite small prizes will be drawn. The art of man cannot determine in advance whether an untried ram, whatever his pedigree or apparent excellence, will prove a first prize;—or which of two or more of about equal pretensions will prove best. We have a marked example of these facts in view. A distinguished breeder had four ram lambs got by the same ram, which in his own judgment and in that of other persons were decidedly superior to the rest of his drop of that year. Two of these were superior to the other two, and were from the most noted dams. The breeder sold the choice of the four, and retained the next and used him as a breeding ram. Of the remaining two one was sold and the other retained*. The first two (the first and second choices of the lot,) proved good, fair stock rams, and that was all; the third gave full satisfaction to his purchasers, (who bought him at a very high figure,) but we have never seen his stock; the fourth became, by common consent, one of the best Merino stock rams the world ever saw. We could cite an innumerable number of such cases.

These facts suggest something both to the breeder and buyer—to the former that he test his most promising rams before using them extensively:—to the buyer that he purchase, if practicable, rams which have been tried and found to get *such stock as he wants*.

This is especially important in regard to what are termed "fancy" points. These are not transmitted from sire to progeny with anything like as much certainty as the more substantial qualities, such as good form, thick fleece, long fleece, &c. A very yolky or wrinkly ram often gets comparatively dry wooled or smooth skinned progeny, and vice versa. This may be because these fancy points, being comparatively new, are not as well "established;" or it may be due to physiological causes not yet ascertained. Breeders differ as to the *cause*, but the *fact* is not disputed among those who have had extended opportunities for observation.

Buyers, and especially new beginners, who pay a good price for rams, are usually anxious to get them quite young, because in the natural course of things they will live longer, and thus accomplish more for the owner. Others are influenced by the consideration that by buying tegs they can come nearer getting the choice of a particular flock—or of the drop of that flock for one year—for by the time the rams have reached the second or third year the best ones have been picked out. But he who can buy a tried ram—whose stock has been seen by him and which satisfies him—can better afford to pay twice the price for even a four or five year old ram (which has not been over fed or over worked,) than to take an untried teg of equal pedigree and appearance. To a *breeder* fifty lambs which suit—which are a very decided improvement on the previous flock—are of more actual value than one hundred and fifty lambs which only keep things about in the "old notch."

These views are more particularly addressed to breeders, i. e. to persons who aim to grow choice and highly improved sheep in order to sell them at extra prices for breeding purposes. To the wool grower, whose primary object is to produce and sell wool,—who does not aim to be a "ram seller,"—they are far less important. But even he will find it to his advantage to use no ram extensively, whether he buys him or raises him, which has not been previously proved as a stock getter.

* The breeder retained his choice of these two—but the purchasers also had their choice, for they got the one of the two which they preferred.

USING RAM TEGS.

A CALIFORNIA correspondent asks:—"Will it do to put ram lambs to ewes, and if so how far may they safely be used? Is their stock as good as that of older rams?"

We have always considered it very objectionable to rely on ram tegs for serving a flock. Running at large with the ewes, they soon become incompetent to keep up with the demands on them and do not impregnate with much certainty; and this premature work is highly injurious to the young rams themselves. It checks their growth, exhausts their strength, and permanently impairs their constitutional vigor. They frequently die the succeeding winter, even though well fed and cared for. When they do survive and ultimately attain their natural growth, they are less apt to be "sure" getters, and we believe they cannot be relied on to get as perfect offspring as they would have done without such early drain on their strength and powers of procreation.

Some of the best breeders put their *reserved* ram tegs, when large and strong, to a few ewes each (single service) to test their qualities in advance as stock rams; and for that object, the practice is a good one. We have known them thus put to as many as fifteen ewes each, without apparent injury, where the after treatment was judicious; but we would prefer to limit the services of a *valuable* teg to half a dozen ewes. Any amount of service has a tendency to render them unquiet and, so far as it does so, it detracts from their growth and condition. We have seen them become exceedingly restless, crawling through or scaling inclosures, neglecting their feed, &c.

In relation to the quality of the stock of ram tegs, theoretical considerations would seem to indicate that it should be less perfect in some respects—less large and strong, for example—than that of mature rams. We have bred so little in that way, that we cannot speak on this point from an extensive personal experience; but so far as we have observed in other flocks in which individual pedigrees are preserved carefully, we are constrained to admit that the progeny of tegs, whose services are limited to a *very few* ewes, are as large and strong, and are as liable to inherit the valuable characteristics of the sire, as the progeny of full grown rams. By turning to the pedigrees on page 121 of the Practical Shepherd, it will be seen that three of the most distinguished rams there named—Gold Drop, Sweepstakes and Old Greasy—and the highly celebrated ewes, Old Queen and the Lawrence ewe, were got by *tegs*. We could cite numerous other examples of the same kind.

CROSSING MERINO AND ENGLISH SHEEP.

A BUYER in Philadelphia sends us a sample of wool from the get of a Cotswold ram and Merino ewe, which he assures us has been pronounced "just such wool as the market now needs;" and he expatiates with unction on the utility of such a cross.

Such are the crude views of a person who knows nothing experimentally of sheep breeding, and who has not even taken the pains to inform himself theoretically on the subject. The wool is dry and light, and therefore in the present overturned condition of the wool markets may be in good demand—may sell for as much and possibly more than heavy Merino wool. It will do very well for worsted braids and some other fabrics: but for general purposes, it is inferior as a combing wool to Cotswold, or as a clothing wool to Merino. It is neither properly one thing nor the other; and were the country as heavily stocked with it as Merino wool, it would find no remunerative market at all.

This crossing of distinct and the most widely different races of sheep in order to combine the excellencies of each, and in the expectation of improving each, is about as practicable and sensible as would be an attempt to get up a machine which, on land, would be a locomotive and train of cars, and at sea a steam vessel, each in its place "just what is needed!" A division in production is as necessary as a division in labor. Mongrelizing races is sometimes expedient where the object is to breed out, or get rid as far as possible of one of them: but experience has invariably shown that a middle line between the two cannot be maintained in breeding; and that the peculiar excellencies of wholly different staples—long wool and short wool, fine and coarse, highly felting and comparatively non-felting wool, for example—cannot possibly be preserved on the same animal. The nonsense of such an attempt as between Merino and Cotswolds ought to be apparent to every person who never saw but one sheep of each breed.

Dairy Department.

LEWIS COUNTY DAIRY BARN.

THE Utica Herald gives a description of a large dairy barn owned by LYMAN R. LYON, Lewis Co., N. Y. It is 220 feet long, 48 wide, and 70 high. The frame portion, rests upon a substantial stone foundation or basement, whose walls are twenty-five feet high. It has a hip roof. The drive-way is elevated 50 feet above the stables, and on each side of which are the hay bays reaching 20 feet below it, with a capacity, at this height, of 600 tons. Along the center of the bays, at suitable distances, are 11 tubs or wells for delivering hay to the stock in the stables below. These will hold 200 head of cattle which are confined by stanchions of an improved pattern. The stables, are so arranged that the forward feet of the cattle rest upon the ground which prevents their slipping and enables them to rise with greater ease. The cows stand head to head, each has a feed box separated from the others. The hay is rolled from the wagons into the bay, hence there is no pitching up to do till after 600 tons or more are stored away. Loose floors are laid over the driveway and bays, for the storage of grain in the sheaf. A mill and feed-cutter is to be attached to the barn, rendering it complete in all particulars.

MILK—SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

"A SUBSCRIBER" asks:—"Will you please inform me, through the columns of the RURAL, what kind of milk ought to be expected of milkmen who pretend to deliver 'pure milk?' (*a.*) Should it be just as obtained from the cow, or may the strippings be retained, or any of the cream taken therefrom? (*b.*) How do those manage, who say theirs is 'pure milk,' and offer cream for sale?" (*c.*)

(*a.*) We suppose that most people, who purchase milk, expect to get cheated some, and are disappointed if they don't.

(*b.*) This is a tough question. People, who sell milk, usually consume some in the family at home, and we suppose it would be natural—that is human nature—to prefer the richer portion. They want some butter also, and this suggests saving cream.

(*c.*) The answer to this question will be found in that of the preceding one.

Finally—the milk question is a delicate one and the more it is stirred up the more chalk will be likely to come to the surface.

A SPRING OR DAIRY HOUSE.

A WRITER in the New Hampshire Farmer says he constructed a dairy or spring house, several years ago, which has given entire satisfaction. The building is circular and may be of such diameter as the necessities of the farm may require. The floor is cemented on the earth and the walls made of brick or stone, and should be high enough to give the ceiling an elevation of from ten to twelve feet.

The building, if to be supplied with water from a spring, should be placed so far below the head as to allow the water a free flow into the sink in which the milk pans are placed. It enters at one end and is discharged at the other. This sink is in the shape of a horse shoe, the opening at the heel, fronting the door. It is made of iron eighteen inches wide at the top, and thirteen inches at the bottom, and of a length corresponding to the size of the building. It should be from two and a half to three feet above the floor. Another sink can be placed above this if desirable—the water entering the upper one from the discharging pipe and flowing around and down to the lower one, discharging at the end of the double circuit. This plan would seem to promise a very convenient house for a farm and butter dairy.

A MILK VENDER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

THE Markham Economist, Canada, gives an account of what happened to one of the patrons of a cheese factory there. A farmer, anxious to make all he could out of his dairy stock, thought a little cheating would help along, if not detected. He skimmed a portion of his milk and mixed it with the fresh, and sent it along. Nothing being said he thought he might venture a little further and added water also, reducing the milk sometimes fifty per cent. below the standard for that article. The manager, of the factory, detected the fraud at first and subjected all subsequent contributions to the test of the lactometer and noted daily the deficiency in the milk register. After some days his milk was declined as the cheating was regularly carried on and the reason communicated to him, as also the means of his detection. He had the face, after his exposure, to demand full pay, but was told that he could only get it when accorded by a judicial award, if he chose to make an appeal to the courts. Not liking this formal exposure he finally concluded to give a receipt in full and take his pay with fifty per cent off. Every farmer ought to be above such acts of knavery as this, even though certain of escaping an exposure.

DAIRY ITEMS.

To Keep Dust From Cream.—Take rattans and make hoops a little larger than the pans—stretch thin muslin across, thin enough to admit some air, but not flies and mites. Cover the milk with these *as soon as it is cool*, and they will prove of great value.

Exports of Butter and Cheese.—The exports of cheese to Great Britain from the United States for ten years ending May 1, 1868, amounted to 355,181,000 pounds. The butter exported for the same period was 119,732,664 pounds.

Butter Factory.—The Warsaw New-Yorker states that the butter factory at Lyonsburg is doing a thriving business. It turns out about 200 pounds daily, and, packed in Orange county pails, sells readily at the factory at 45 cents per pound—some 12 cents more than common farm dairy butter. They make cheese from the milk, which sells for from 13 to 15 cents per pound.

Novel Cheese Hoop.—A new cheese hoop has been introduced among the dairymen in the Eastern section of the State. It is made of metal and has a malleable iron clasp or lock which, when opened with a key, lets the hoop free from cheese and follower at once. These hoops greatly facilitate the labor of handling cheese, a point of considerable consequence in a large dairy.

Corn for Soiling.—Those farmers having dairy stock will find corn sown late for fodder a great aid to them during the prevalence of the dry weather in August. If any have failed to provide themselves with this resource the present year they should be admonished by the drouth now prevailing to make suitable provision for future years. They may find a temporary resource in the aftermath of their meadows, but it will be at the expense of the next year's hay crop.

Purslane for Cows.—"Agricola" writes the Journal of Agriculture that, running short of proper food for his dairy stock, he pulled a fine growth of purslane from between the rows of currant bushes, raspberry and grape vines and fed it daily to the cows. It was eaten with avidity by them, affording an increased flow of very rich milk. This plant is not bad for men to take in the shape of greens. Boiled and vinegared it is first rate eating and healthful withal.

Bilious Fever in Cattle.—An experienced farmer of Virginia, F. G. RUFFIN, writes the Southern Planter concerning red water or bilious fever in cattle, proposing, as a remedy, sugar or molasses—the sugar as a bolus, and the molasses as a drench—a pint of the former and a gallon of the latter as a dose, to be repeated till death occurs or relief is obtained. When relieved a teaspoonful of calomel may be given. A case is mentioned where a cure was affected by the use of a gallon of sorghum. A preventive is also given—the most important of all—consisting of salt, one gallon, half a pint of the flour of sulphur; the same of saltpeter; copperas one gill. Pulverize thoroughly and place it where the cows can partake of it daily. Mr. R. says that after preparing this for his cows he had no more trouble from red water.

The Cheese Market.—The Utica Herald states that the cheese market at Little Falls Aug. 31st showed no improvement in prices from those of the previous week. The deliveries aggregate about 800 boxes, mostly from dairies. 14½@15c. for good to fair. and 16c. for extra. No factories were sold. Advices from Liverpool to August 15th, note the imports for the week at 31,349 boxes, which were speedily cleared off after landing at 54s. to 58s. for medium to good grades, and 62s. for extra lots. It is predicted that short pasturage in England will tend to advance the price of cheese materially the present fall.

Jersey Cows.—The N. Y. Evening Post, in response to an inquiry about the price of a good Jersey or Alderney cow for dairy use, says a fair animal, of this kind, may be bought for from $200 to $250. If the pedigree is undoubted and the dairy quality known to be of an extraordinary character, $50 more may be added to the price. This would give three York shillings per pound, live weight, assuming the animal to weigh 800 pounds on foot, which is a liberal estimate for a cow of this character. Fifty years ago such prices, for dairy stock, were not among the imaginings of the then future—though sheep had then commenced to bring prices well up among the hundreds.

Cows and Ergot.—The Journal and Courier of Little Falls publishes a letter from Col. P. AUSTIN in reference to abortion in cows. His investigations have been made in connection with the State Commission having the matter in charge, and his letter probably foreshadows the character of the Report which is to follow. He imputes abortion in cows to ergot which they eat while feeding on the grasses to which this pertains as well as to grains. It was found in the pastures, examined by him, but had been entirely overlooked by the owners, who generally seemed ignorant of its pernicious character. This is not a new solution of the question but simply an endorsement of an old one. Its correctness is seriously questioned by Mr. WILLARD, in the Utica Herald, who has given the subject a large share of attention for several years.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Muck as a Manure.

THE Maine Farmer, discoursing on muck as a manure, thinks a great mistake is generally made in applying it to the soil in an immature state. It is recommended to cut it out in blocks suitable for handling, and cord it up in rows, where it should remain at least two years before being composted in the barnyard or spread upon the soil in its natural state. Age improves it greatly, and where it is found in accessible places and in quantities to make it an object as a fertilizer, it is a paying business to dig and cord it up so that a supply may be always on hand of the suitable ripeness to give vigor to the soil to which it is applied without the process of composting. Early autumn is a good time to remove it from the beds, as it is more readily handled than when saturated with fall rains.

Pastures and Bushes.

MANY years since we commenced cutting bushes in a pasture lot the latter part of August as that was supposed to be the best time to secure the death of many of them. While thus engaged, a neighbor came along and said cutting bushes, on pastures, was a useless labor, in fact a detriment to the stock fed upon them. One of his reasons for letting them alone was that they furnished a means for the cattle to brush the flies from themselves, by passing through the bush clusters, and another was that they shaded the ground and prevented it from drying up in the warm summer days. Finally, that more grass grew, on the whole, in consequence of the influence exerted by the bushes. Fortified by these reasons, bushes were a favorite in this man's pasture, and continued so till they got control of nearly the whole surface, while what grass spots remained were both yellow and sour. This apologist for bushes finally conceded that one might have too much of even a good thing, and proceeded to cut his bushes after which the ground was broken up, cultivated and re-seeded to pasture.

A New Species of Coffee.

THE McMinville (Tenn.) Enterprise, notes a new species of coffee growing in a garden in that town, which promises to be quite an acquisition. The seed came from Australia, and on being tested, was found nearly equal to the Rio, and hardly distinguished from it, when served for the table. The Enterprise adds:—"It is planted about the first of May, and is cultivated like corn, and is said to produce in any latitude where that crop does. The growth is somewhat peculiar in its appearance, and remains green to the coming of frost, ripening and bearing for several weeks previous thereto. It grows in small pods, containing each one or two grains, which when scalded for the purpose of removing a skin-like covering, separate into halves, like coffee grains. When green the taste is very much like that of a pea; but when parched and ground it has the smell and taste of coffee. Whether it will prove to be a substitute for Rio and other coffees, remains to be seen upon a thorough trial. But we incline to the opinion, having drank a cup of it, that it will justify the experiment. The plant is now in pod, and in the months of August and September it will show to advantage."

Setting Fence Posts.

THE editor of the Journal of Agriculture, St. Louis, Mo., recently paid a visit to the northwestern section of that State, and made note of certain things witnessed along the route. Among these is mentioned fence making in the prairie or cleared region, and the manner of setting the fence posts. The common method of digging holes for posts with a spade is falling into disrepute there, and is superseded by the pile driver used about our public works. The construction and operation of these drivers are familiar to most farmers, and need not be particularly described. The frame is erected on runners, like those of a sled, for the convenience of moving from one post to another. The frame is of wood, and so is the driver—a block of solid, seasoned oak, of ample weight to send down the fence post to the proper depth. It is operated by a crank or by horses, and costs for construction about $25. Two men and a team will drive about three-fourths of a mile of posts in a day. The posts are sharpened or pointed, and usually sent to the proper depth by two applications of the wooden driver or monkey. One of these drivers in a neighborhood would often be of great service to the farming community.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—The drouth in Western N. Y. is ended. During the night of the 6th, and on the following day, the rain fell steadily and in sufficient quantity to saturate the soil and afford moisture enough for the wants of crops. Grass for fall feed will derive new vigor therefrom, and late varieties of potatoes, which have yet green tops, will have a chance of making a fair crop. The soil is put in better condition for working, and in a better state for seeding with winter grain. Some showers fell during the previous week,—but they were generally insufficient. The last storm, however, has given moisture enough. There is full an average breadth being prepared for wheat. Corn is very forward, considerable being cut in August. Such, however, ripened prematurely and cannot yield well. Fall feed is short, but stock is not over abundant. The straw stacks are large, and grain bins tolerably well filled.

TRANSPORTATION TO THE N. Y. STATE FAIR.—Stock and articles for the exhibition of the New York State Agricultural Society, to be held at Rochester September 29, 30, and October 1 and 2, 1868, will be transported free on the following railroads:—New York Central, New York and Erie, Hudson River, Syracuse and Oswego, Syracuse and Binghamton, Albany and Susquehanna, Troy and Whitehall, Troy and Boston, Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburgh, Ogdensburgh and Lake Champlain, Utica and Black River, Corry and Pittsburg Railroads; also, People's Line Steamboat Company and New York and Troy Steamboat Company.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.—The Fifth Annual New England Fair was held at New Haven last week, commencing on Tuesday, September 1st, and closing on Friday. It is reported to have been the most imposing and successful of the series. Though the opening day was attended by unpropitious weather, the clouds soon moved off and were succeeded by a genial sun, which drew to the grounds a large concourse of people. On Thursday there were over 30,000 visitors in attendance. The show of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, vegetables, farm implements and manufactures of various kinds, was uncommonly full, and gave a lively aspect to the exhibition. We have not space for a detailed account of the Fair, but, from reports of it which have been received, it is safe to assume that it fully met the expectations of the Society under whose auspices it was held. The pecuniary results are not yet made public, but judging from the press of people to the grounds we infer they cannot fail of proving highly satisfactory.

CROPS IN TEXAS.—In a communication from Millican, Texas, August 20th, "Brazos" says:—"In this part of Texas our corn crop suffered from a protracted drouth, which damaged the forward corn, but the late has done well, and, altogether, we have a fine crop of corn and a fair average of cotton, which is to-day being ravaged by the worm, and it is now quite uncertain if cotton will repay the labor of cultivation. Sweet potatoes are fine and abundant. Our farming in this department is confined to the crops enumerated. The peaches were fine, but have passed away. When a boy I remember to have heard of peaches in October. Is there a variety that matures in October? If so we should know and introduce it, as those *cultivated* here mature in July and August."

A FEW MORE FAIRS.—We add the following to the list of Fairs previously published—notices of them should have been received earlier—and with them we close the list for this season. The occurrence of the Ohio State Fair was set down for Oct. It is correctly given below:

Ohio State Fair, Toledo	Sept. 21—25
NEW YORK—COUNTY.	
Niagara, Lockport	Sept. 24—26
Orleans, Albion	Sept. 17—19
Putnam, Carmel	Sept. 16—18
Steuben, Bath	Oct. 6—8
PENNSYLVANIA—COUNTY.	
Franklin, Chambersburg	Oct. 6—9

THE TEXAS CATTLE DISEASE.—JOHN J. KELLER, V. S., St. Louis, Mo., publishes in Colman's Rural World his opinion concerning the cattle disease which has assumed marked prominence in many sections of the United States. He has come to the conclusion that the present disease "is produced by putrid exhalations of microscopical animals dropped in the excrement of passing herds, or carried from their reeking and tainted bodies by winds, and deposited in the neighboring pastures." He recommends the use of *carbolic acid* as the most certain preventive and disinfectant, and *Chlorate of Potassa* as the best internal remedy.

WIND MILLS WANTED.—A firm in New York writes us as follows:—"Learning that you can furnish us with information about wind mill machines, we take the liberty of addressing you on the subject, and will be obliged for any information, in the shape of circulars or otherwise, you can give us about them. Parties South wish to purchase to drain their swamp lands with." Manufacturers will please note that we can distribute several scores of thousands of circulars, if properly placed in our advertising columns.

CRADLING WHEAT.—The Omemee (Ont.) Standard states that ISAAC REA of Ops Township cut with a cradle eighteen acres of wheat in three days, commencing at 7 o'clock each day. This is good work, especially in these days of reaping machines when the cradle is passing out of use. This feat is not often excelled, but has been sometimes.

ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.—This Commercial School is conducted by Mr. L. L. WILLIAMS, a gentleman well qualified to impart a business education. His advertisement appears in another column.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

To prevent Lima beans from rotting when planted early, the Germantown Telegraph recommends greasing the seed before planting. Do this thoroughly and no rot will occur.

IT is a fact worthy of remembrance that thirty or forty years ago farmers generally planted whole potatoes and received double or treble the quantity per acre now produced.

THE Prairie Farmer notices a new method of making open ditches, by which they can be made one foot deep and two wide for five cents per rod. One man cut forty rods in one day.

IT is said that tan-bark placed around peach trees free from worms, will prove a protection against them for many succeeding years. All fruit trees may be benefitted by a like application.

THE California Farmer is looking ahead. Three years hence a steam plow is to run there, plowing and seeding sixty acres of wheat per day, while a steam harvester is to gather and sack an equal number of acres in the same time.

A GARDENER out West makes toads useful. He puts boards, with strips of wood under them, between the rows of vines as a shelter for toads in the day time. At night they sally forth and gobble up all the bugs about the premises.

C. N. BEMENT made an experiment with grain for his fowls. He boiled a quantity of buckwheat, and the volume was tripled,—but the fowls eat it in the same ratio with no perceptible benefit from the boiling. He thinks corn is improved by the process.

IN some parts of France, milk intended for distant points is put in cans with screw tops or covers. These are turned down close on the liquid, which prevents agitation or churning when in transit. Wet cloths around the cans keep their contents cool.

SEVERAL agricultural papers in the west have been discussing the question whether the mole was or was not a vegetarian. Unanimity has finally been reached, and the mole convicted on the testimony of grain found in the stomach of one.

IT is estimated that the rain fall in the Northern States yearly is 40 inches, the Southern States 50, Minnesota, Western California and Colorado 30, Nebraska and Utah 20, Kansas and Westarn Arizona 15 inches. This is a general average for a series of years.

NOTWITHSTANDING a scarcity of water which rendered it impossible to work up the whole crop of beets at the Chatsworth factory, last fall, the Prairie Farmer says that 65,000 pounds of sugar, of fine quality, were produced, and have been sold at good prices.

HORTICULTURAL.

EXCRESCENCES ON GRAPE LEAVES.

EDS. RURAL:—The grape leaf from Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y., which you send me, shows on its underside numerous small globular excrescences the size of musket shot, and some of them no larger than the head of a pin. They are of a dull brownish yellow color, their surface cracked and uneven, whereby they have a resemblance to warts growing upon the leaf. I count one hundred and twenty-six of these excrescences upon this leaf, which is only two inches and a fourth broad. Each excrescence has a hollow cavity inside, with an opening thereto passing through the leaf and coming out upon its upper side, the mouth of the orifice being studded around with a dense growth of minute gray hairs, which appear to the eye like little white rings marked upon the surface of the leaf—these hairs keeping any wet from entering the cavity through this opening.

I have never before seen this kind of excrescences, except in the year 1864, when they occurred upon the grape leaves quite extensively over our country. Specimens were sent to me that year from Yates and Seneca Counties in our own State, and from R. O. THOMPSON, the well-known nurseryman and florist of Nebraska, who also informed me that leaves thus diseased were numerous in his vicinity, and that they turned yellow and dropped from the vines prematurely. The first specimens which came under my examination were received soon after the middle of July, in a box from WM. H. OLIN of Penn Yan, at which early date the excrescences were of a green color, and more soft, juicy and succulent than they are at a later period. And in these specimens there were, crawling out from the wooly orifices and wandering slowly around upon the upper sides of the leaves, several minute pale yellow plant lice (aphides) of an oval form, with short legs and antennæ. And on dissecting the excrescences, the cavity inside was found to contain a mass of minute, shining, oval, pale yellow eggs, intermixed with some of the lice newly hatched therefrom, which were the same as those seen upon the outside of the leaf. It is only when these insects are grown to maturity and the males have acquired wings that we can determine with certainty the genus to which they pertain. The excrescences, however, are so analogous to those produced in some other kinds of vegetation by aphides pertaining to the genus *Pemphigus*, that it is quite probable this grape insect will be found to belong to this genus.

All those excrescences in vegetation which are caused by the punctures and stings of insects are technically termed "galls." And one of the most interesting inquiries relating to these galls, is, the manner in which the insect causes their growth. RENNIE, in his Insect Architecture, describes the mode these galls of the aphides are formed, as follows:—The female selects a particular point upon the leaf where she remains stationary, nourishing herself by puncturing the leaf and sucking its juices at different points around her. And the sap which thereupon exudes from these punctures, evaporating and thickening by contact with the air, surrounds her with a thick fleshy wall of living vegetable substance, of a texture usually intermediate between that of the leaf and the wood, being harder than the former and softer than the latter. And continuing to puncture the upper edge of this wall, the flow of sap continues, and the excrescence thus grows until finally her body becomes entirely inclosed. In this snug little chamber she is secure from molestation from the lady bugs and numerous other enemies which prey upon this group of insects, while she deposits therein her large stock of eggs or of young lice.

Of all insects the aphides are the most evanescent—one species and another suddenly multiplying, often so excessively as to threaten the total destruction of the particular plant on which it subsists, and in a short time afterwards they are all vanished, the numerous enemies which prey upon them having gathered around and exterminated them. It therefore is not probable that these galls on the grape leaves will be a permanent malady. All the facts relating to them which we at present possess, indicate that a season will occasionally arrive when leaves affected in this manner will be common, and they will then disappear and none of them will be noticed again for several years.

Three other kinds of excrescences upon grape leaves have fallen under my observation, which merit to be adverted to in this connection.

In the fore part of June may sometimes be noticed growing to the edge of the grape leaf a little ball the size of a pea, of a red or yellow color, having a cavity inside without any opening to it, and containing a single plant louse of a hemispherical form and a pale yellow color, with short blackish antennæ. I described this insect in the Transactions of our State Agricultural Society for the year 1856, page 397, naming it the Grape Leaf Louse, (*Pemphigus Vitifolia.*)

About the middle of August I once met with several leaves of the wild grape, having numerous galls the size of musket shot, large and small, each one bulging with equal prominence upon the upper as on the under side of the leaf, and without any orifice. They were green, succulent and immature at the time I observed them, and no insect had then become developed in them, the small cavity inside being empty.

Finally, the most singular of all these grape galls occurred the latter part of July the present year, upon a Hamburg grape in the neighborhood of Albany, an account of which I have recently communicated to the Cultivator & Country Gentleman. In this instance the whole underside of particular leaves was overgrown with thorn-like excrescences, of a regular conical form, three times as long as thick, and about three-eights of an inch in length—

"Standing on end,
Like quills upon the fretted porcupice."

These galls, doubtless, were at first green and juicy, but when observed they had become pale straw-colored, dry and of a firm texture, and inside was a cylindrical cavity reaching their whole length, and containing a small yellow footless worm or maggot, closely resembling the larva of the wheat midge, whence it is pretty certain that the insect which produces these galls is a small two-winged fly pertaining to the genus *Cecidomyia.* ASA FITCH.

Salem, N. Y., Aug., 1868.

PLOW TOWARDS FRUIT TREES.—In cultivating orchards for peaches, apples and other standard fruits the last time for the season, the earth should be thrown to the stems of the trees. It is well to add six or eight inches to the depth of soil over the roots, as this will check late fall growth, mature the wood and protect the roots from frost and water. At the first plowing next season the order should be reversed so as to keep the surface nearly level.

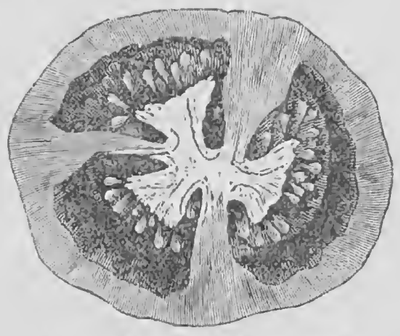
SIMS' MAMMOTH CHERRY.—FULL SIZE.

GOSSIP ABOUT TOMATOES.

THE tomato is now more highly prized and more generally cultivated in this country than any other garden vegetable. Long before they ripen in the Northern and Middle States our markets are supplied from the South, while forcing in houses is carried on to some extent, but I believe has not generally proved profitable. No fruit is canned so extensively for winter use. The great object with growers in this section is to obtain large and hardy plants, ready to put out as soon as danger from frost is over—the latter part of May. Two varieties are generally selected, one for an early crop, to get into the market as early as possible, when the price is high, and the other for a second crop. In the first instance earliness is the great point, quality and even size being quite secondary matters; but for the latter crop the fruit must be large and smooth, or they are worthless. The early crop is put out on a warm soil, and in a sheltered position if possible, and the ripening is hastened by pruning off all the side branches as fast as they appear. The side shoots will not usually perfect their fruit, or so late as to be comparatively worthless, while they retard the ripening and lessen the size of the really valuable portion of the crop. Tomato seed for plants are usually sown in March, in boxes, in houses or hot-beds, and transplanted once at least. The more pains taken in securing *old* yet healthy growing plants the earlier the crop.

Although we have had scores of new varieties of tomatoes during the past ten years, every year adding to the list two or three varieties advertised as possessing *wonderfully* desirable qualities, if I could grow but one tomato it should be the old *Early Smooth Red*, or *Early Apple*, as it is sometimes called. It is almost or quite as early as any, of medium size, and as smooth as an apple.

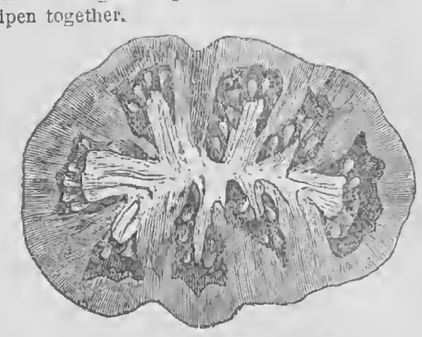
Having in cultivation about thirty varieties, many of which are unworthy of notice, I will give descriptions of a few of the most prominent:



Early Smooth Red—Section cut, Half-size.

Early Smooth Red—Almost as early as the earliest. I have occasionally ripened other sorts a few days earlier, but could not recommend any one as certainly three days earlier than this old sort. As I have grown from my own seed selected specimens, the past fifteen years, it has improved very much. Medium size; very smooth and productive.

Keyes' Early Prolific—As early as Early Smooth Red, possibly a day or two earlier, rather small, uneven. The greater portion of the crop seems to ripen together.



Alger—Section cut, Half-size.

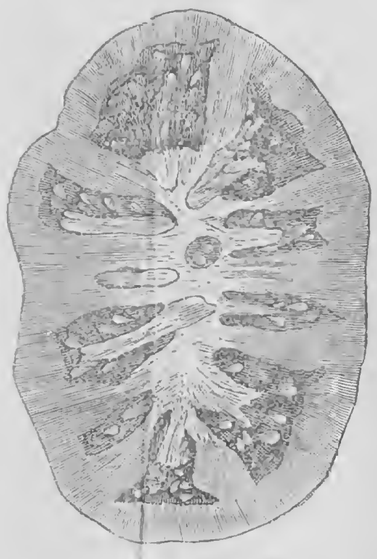
Alger—The seed of this variety we obtained from F. R. ELLIOTT, Esq. Its leaves are like Keyes' in form, but a very dark green. Of a stronger and more vigorous growth than Keyes', ripe nearly as early, fruit much larger, and not so uneven. This will prove, I think, a most desirable tomato.

Tilden—Large and smooth; abounds in water. Quite showy and marketable. It appears to ripen very slowly around the stem, and must not be used too soon. Ripens with Eureka.

Sims' Mammoth Cherry.—The engraving shows a cluster of this fruit of natural size. In January, 1867, I ordered from one of the best seed-growers of London, England, several packages of a new tomato that was attracting a good deal of attention, called *Dwarf Orangefield.* At fruiting it proved to be the earliest to ripen of any I had—some three days or so before Early Smooth Red,—the fruit small, but in very large clusters, exceedingly sweet and of a pleasant flavor, so that the men employed upon my grounds who never before had eaten a raw tomato, would eat it like ripe plums. This fact first called my attention to its quality, and during the remainder of the season we never had any other tomato on the table served uncooked, though the women would complain of its small size. As it did not answer the description of the Orangefield I supposed there was some mistake, and wrote to London for the true name, but could get no light on the subject. Thinking it well worthy of culture, I advertised it in my Catalogue for 1868, under the name of *Orangefield*, but stating the facts, charging only about the price of good sorts. In January, 1868, a new tomato, *Sims' Mammoth Cherry*, was advertised in London, and from the description I judged it to be the one I had obtained a year before, and so it has proved. Those who obtained Orangefield from me last spring will please remember this, and not consider themselves cheated, for they obtained their seed at one-third the price other dealers were selling the same under its true name.

Leverett—Section cut, Half-size.

Leverett Tomato.—While I was endeavoring to ascertain in various ways the name of the tomato above mentioned, Mr. H. LYMAN of Leverett, Mass., wrote me that he had a variety, which he thought answered the description of mine, and which had been in his possession several years, brought originally from London by an English gardener. I asked for a few specimens, and they were kindly forwarded. They were larger and different from those I had, and seemed so promising that I obtained a quantity of seed. They prove immensely productive, grow large clusters like Sims' Mammoth Cherry, but twice the size, but not so sweet and fruit-like in flavor. The color is a beautiful pinkish-red, like Lester's Perfected. As this tomato seems to have no name in this country, at least, we have it labeled in our grounds and entered in our books as the Leverett. Ripe a week after Early Smooth Red.



Maupay's Superior—Section cut, Half-size.

Maupay's Superior—Is a large, smooth tomato, well suited for market. Ripe a few days after Eureka and Tilden, but a much better fruit than the latter.

Lester's Perfected—Is a very solid, large, smooth tomato, of a fine pinkish-red color, excellent flavor and few seeds. It is far superior to any other large tomato for serving uncooked or canning. It is quite late in ripening, or it would be the most popular large tomato grown.

Striped Tomato.—I have a very singularly striped tomato—yellow and red. The seed was sent me by some friend, but my foreman has mislaid the letter. It is very large and handsome, and of fair quality, and if tomatoes were served whole on the table would be quite ornamental.

Eureka—Section cut, Half-size.

Eureka—A very good tomato, nearly smooth, and very productive. It is no doubt a hybrid between some of our common sorts and the French Tree Tomato, as it has a strong tree-like stem and bears its fruit up from the ground until it becomes nearly full grown. Ripe about twelve days after Early Smooth Red. Fruit medium size. Productive.

Dwarf Orangefield—A dwarf growing plant, said to be better adapted for forcing than the stronger growing sorts. Its branches hug the ground, and the leaves curl. It may be classed among the earliest sorts, and seems quite productive. Fruit small and uneven.

Some of the old sorts, such as *Large Smooth Red*, the Yellow, and the more ornamental kinds, as the pear and plum-shaped, are too well known to need description. JAMES VICK.

LOSS BY INSECT DEPREDATIONS.

THE American Entomologist, a monthly publication just commenced at St. Louis, asserts that one year with another the United States suffer a loss, from the depredations of the insect tribes, to the amount of $300,000,000 annually. This seems an enormous amount, but when we consider the number of enemies which vegetation has in the bug or insect family and the rapidity with which each saps the life of a plant or the fruit which it produces, the sum, large as it is, will not be deemed an extravagant one. Alluding to these insect depredators the Entomologist says:—"Turn them which way they will, the agriculturists and horticulturists of the Northern States are met by plant lice, bark lice, May bugs, rose bugs, weevils, cut worms, caterpillars, palmer worms, canker worms, slug worms and leaf rollers; and at periodic intervals the army worm marches over their fields like a destroying pestilence; while in Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, and the more westerly parts of Missouri and Iowa, the hateful grasshopper, in particular seasons, swoops down with the western breeze in devouring swarms from the Rocky Mountains, and, like its close ally, the locust of Scripture and of modern Europe, devours every green thing from off the face of the earth."

The Southern States, though exempt from the ravages of many insects peculiar to the Eastern, Central and Western States, are subjected to great losses from the cotton worm—a scourge which often sweeps off one-third or more of the entire crop.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

HALE'S EARLY PEACH.—At a late meeting of the Alton (Ill.) Hort. Soc'y, Hale's Early Peach was voted unsuited to that locality, and the advice was given, by resolution, not to plant it either for market or family use.

WILL THE CURCULIO FLY?—A fruit grower in Illinois caught sixty of the insects, painted them and transferred them to a neighbor's grounds at some distance. Afterwards he caught many of them on his own grounds.

CABBAGE LICE.—A. H. H., Stanley Corners, Ontario county, says his cabbages are covered by millions of small lice, which threaten destruction to the entire crop. He wants to know what will kill them. Perhaps he will find a sprinkling of snuff or finely pulverized tobacco beneficial. On grape vines infested with insects, the tobacco operates admirably.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT NASHVILLE.—The Tennessee Horticultural Society have decided to hold their annual exhibition of Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables at Nashville on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of September. The premium list embraces a great variety of fruits, flowers and vegetables, for which flattering premiums are offered.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE FAIR.—Entries of articles for Exhibition may be made at any time previous to the 7th of October, by letter, addressing M. DWIGHT MUNGER, Esq., Canandaigua, N. Y. The entry fee, one dollar, may be remitted with the letter, or paid at the opening of the Fair.

In our list of Fairs, the notice of the above was inadvertently placed among those of Counties. However, it is a State Fair.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

INDIANA HORT. SOC'Y TRANSACTIONS.—We are indebted to J. S. DUNLOP, Esq., for a copy of the above for 1868. It contains over one hundred pages of matter interesting and important to Horticulturists.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of Fruits Cultivated and for Sale at the Mount Hope Nurseries. Illustrated. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

CATALOGUE OF DUTCH BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS. M. O'KEEFE, SON & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

AUTUMN LIST OF BULBS AND OTHER FLOWERING ROOTS. HENRY FERRE, Springfield, Mass.

HINTS ON HOUSE PAINTING; or Paints and Colors, and How to Use Them. By J. W. MASURY, New York.

Domestic Economy.

AN ECHO FROM THE ALLEGHANIES.

EDS. RURAL:—I am a plain farmer's wife, living far away among the wild mountains of Potter, but, notwithstanding my rusticity, I can boast of that which but few of my neighbors can—a weekly visitor from your city in the form of the RURAL. A right hearty welcome does it receive. Though I attend to all of my own housework and have the care of two children, I always find time to read it, and much more beside, without neglecting a single household duty. I manage it in this way:—After all my work for the night is done, and the "wee ones" are nicely "tucked up" in their beds, I take my book or paper and sit down to my table, lay my paper or book thereon, and while I weave my yarn into a stocking, I unravel the mysteries of the pages before me. In this way I spend an hour or two delightfully, making myself acquainted with much of the best literature of the day, besides furnishing my family with plenty of nice warm stockings for winter wear. "Where there is a will, there is a way." I am one who does not believe in farmers' wives never getting any time to read. They *must* read, if they would be companionable to their husbands, the right kind of mothers, practical housewives and good members of society.

Now, Mr. RURAL, if your wandering footsteps should ever lead you into the wilds of Potter, please call on "Alleghany," who will be most happy to treat you to a *fry* of nice brook trout, (if you should come in the right season,) to say nothing of fresh honey, and cream biscuits and sweet golden butter of her own making. ALLEGHANY.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

GRAHAM BREAD.—AN EXCELLENT RECIPE.—Seeing an article in your valuable paper on "Graham Bread," I take the liberty of sending for "Young Housekeeper" and others, a very excellent recipe for making same, which the test of many years has proven *extra.* It is as follows:—Three qts. Graham flour; 1 qt. water; 1 teacup molasses; 1 do. domestic yeast; 2 teaspoons soda or saleratus. Put the ingredients into the water, and if the mixture is not moist enough add a little more water. It should be thoroughly mixed, and put to rise in the pans in which it is to be baked. It must be a good stiff batter.—MRS. W. T. C., *Hamburg, N. J.*

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Rub well with sweet oil, and let the oil remain upon them for forty-eight hours. Then rub with leather sprinkled with unslaked lime, finely powdered, until all the rust disappears.

LEMON DROPS.—E. S. B., Utica, N. Y., asks: "Will some one of the readers of the RURAL give a recipe for making lemon drops?"

TOMATO VINEGAR.—F. V., Bridgeton, Cumberland Co., N. J., wants to know the process of making tomato vinegar.

A CHEAP WAY OF PICKLING TOMATOES BY THE QUANTITY.—Select ripe tomatoes with unbroken skins. Smooth ones are preferable. Put them into a weak brine, and let them remain in it for 36 or 48 hours. Then put them into a pickle composed of one part of vinegar and two parts of soft water. These proportions are for good, strong vinegar. Keep them pressed under the liquor. A bad smelling scum frequently collects on the surface, but it will not hurt or taint the fruit.

To prepare for use.—Wash, skin and sweeten to taste. This has been tried for years, and has been found reliable and satisfactory. The testimony of all who eat of the fruit so prepared is, "They taste so much like fresh tomatoes."

MINCED PICKLES.—One large white cabbage, beans, green tomatoes, gherkins, and green peppers (the veins to be cut out) without regard to quantity; chop them up finely, and place in separate vessels; salt them, and let them stand twenty-four hours; squeeze them through a sieve; mix all together, and flavor with mustard seed, spice, cloves, black pepper and horseradish; pour on scalding vinegar; cut up two large onions, and throw in, and let them stand twenty-four hours; then pour off the vinegar, and fill up with cold.

A NICE DISH FOR BREAKFAST.—Take one egg and beat it up, and a teaspoonful of salt; pour in about two-thirds of a pint of water, then slice some bread, dip it in and fry in a little butter; serve warm.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

12,000 PEACH TREES FOR SALE—1st Class, $50 ₩ 1,000; 2d Class, $30 ₩ 1,000.
973-2t P. BOWEN, East Aurora, N. Y.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER.—"Worth One Dollar a week in any family."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
☞ See advertisement on last page.

300,000 PEAR SEEDLINGS—Very Fine and free from Blight. 20,000 Apple Seedlings. Also, a few thousand Peach and grafted Apple Trees for the fall trade. WM. J. DEVOE, Homer, N. Y.

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY.—Pronounced by Charles Downing, Andrew S. Fuller, and many other experienced horticulturists, who have seen it in bearing, the largest, best, and most productive Black-Cap grown. I have the certificate of Purdy & Johnston that I have the genuine Mammoth, propagated from plants, obtained of them. Also, Davidson's Thornless, Doolittle, and other desirable Raspberries—Jucunda, Peak's Emperor, Golden Queen, Green Prolific and Triomph Strawberries. Send for Catalogue. P. C. REYNOLDS, Rochester, N. Y.

T. C. MAXWELL & BROTHERS,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer to all purchasers of Nursery Stock their large and complete assortment of all the leading items of the trade. We invite
NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS
to call and examine our stock, or write for particulars, with stamps for Catalogues. No. 1—Descriptive Fruit Catalogue. No. 2—Descriptive Ornamental Catalogue. No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of New Plants. No. 4—Wholesale Trade List.
973-4t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

CHEAPEST METHOD FOR Preserving Fruits, Tomatoes, &c.
The American Preserving Powders will preserve all kinds of Fruits, Tomatoes, Cider, Milk, &c., without air-tighting the jars or cans, with or without sugar—admits keeping fruits, &c., in large earthen or stone jars, and using them as wanted from time to time without fermentation being occasioned by the exposure—50 ₩ cent. cheaper than any other method. $1 worth will preserve 64 lbs. fruit. Full directions with each box. These Powders possess all the virtue of Spear's Preserving Solution," with new antiseptics added and all objections to the solution overcome. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. L. P. WORRALL, *Gen'l Agent,*
973-4t 165 Chambers St., New York.

GRAPE BOX,
(DOOLITTLE'S PATENT.)
The neatest and most economical packing box in use for Grapes—shipped in flats. Any child that can drive tacks can put them together. Circulars sent free.
972-4t AMERICAN BASKET CO., New Britain, Conn.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR FALL OF 1868.
We have the pleasure of announcing that we are prepared for the Fall Trade with an unusually large and well grown stock, embracing
Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees.
Grape Vines, new and old sorts, strong open ground plants.
Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, and all the Small Fruits.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
Roses and Flowering Plants of every description.
Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, purchasing largely, will be dealt with liberally and all orders, however small, will receive prompt and careful attention. Parties interested will do well to consult the following Catalogues, which are just issued, and will be sent pre-paid on the receipt of 10 cts. each, for Nos. 1 and 2, and 5c for No. 3.
☞ No. 1, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Fruits. No. 2, Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, &c. No. 3, Descriptive Green House Plants. No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue *free.*
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING.
HENRY FERRE, (OLD STAND OF B. K. BLISS,)
231 Main St., Springfield, Mass.
Our Autumn Catalogue, containing a complete list of *Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, Narcissus, Crocus, &c.,* is now ready, and will be forwarded to all applicants. Address
971 3t HENRY FERRE, 231 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERIES.—17th YEAR—400 ACRES—10 GREENHOUSES.—Large, choice stock of best shipping sizes—Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Osage Orange Hedge, Small Fruits, Kittatinny and Wilson's Early Blackberry, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, &c., very low for cash.
☞ Send 2 red stamps, for two Fall Catalogues.
970-6t F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

Ladies' Department.

THE SONG OF THE SKIRT.

BY WOMAN HOOD.

With fingers scalded and worn,
With wash-board placed aslope,
A woman stood by the steaming tub,
Plying her cake of soap—
Wash! wash! wash!
While the soap suds spatter and spirt,
And still, with a voice of frenzied pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Skirt."

"Wash! wash! wash!
While I sweat from every pore!
And wash—wash—wash—
Till I fairly flood the floor!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a skirt to wash,
If this is decent work.

"Oh, men with sweet-hearts dear!
Oh, men with women of kin!
It isn't the linen they're *wearing out*,
But the linen they're *bringing in!*
Wash—wash—wash—
While the soap-suds spatter and spirt,
Cleaning at once with a single wash,
A crossing as well as a Skirt.

"Oh! but to smell the breath
Of the perfume bottle so sweet—
With the chandelier over my head,
And the 'Brussels' beneath my feet.
For only one short hour
To feel as my lady feels,
Gaily tripping along Broadway
With a yard or more at her heels!"

With fingers scalded and worn,
With wash-board placed aslope,
A woman stood by the steaming tub,
Plying her cake of soap—
Wash! wash! wash!
While the soap suds spatter and spirt,
And still, with a voice that you wouldn't applaud
(Oh that its tones could reach Miss Maud!)
She sang this "Song of the Skirt."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATRIMONIAL AMBITIONS.

An article in a late number of the RURAL entitled "Literary Ambitions," has set me to thinking, and it is not without an effort on my part that I have been able to dismiss the subject from my mind so as to attend properly to other duties. I have read and re-read your remarks, and the result is this letter of thanks for the kind and pleasing manner in which you have treated the subject, and for the delicacy and consideration you have always exhibited for your girl-friends. You see I am already acting upon your advice in sending an article to my "favorite journal." How did you know that we were aching for your opinion upon this selfsame subject, not daring to ask lest you might think it presumption? But it is one of your accustomed freaks to anticipate our wishes and come in upon us unexpectedly with some delightful surprise. Verily, RURAL, you are a household treasure. We (girls) are not unappreciative of your almost invariably excellent advice, and we acknowledge that your cautions were timely and not wholly unnecessary, though they have somewhat cooled our youthful ardor and checked some wild aspirations.

But we are sorry that you advocate matrimony so strongly, for it involves us in great perplexity. We have been advised differently, and that too by women who were faithful, affectionate wives and mothers. It may be that they spoke upon the impulse of the moment, when weighed down by cares and anxieties, but we have certainly heard them say, "Girls, if you know when you are well off you will remain single." And then, too, we have had our eyes open. We have been observing (don't laugh, please, we confess that we *do* think of these things occasionally, although, when accused of it, we blush most convincingly, and earnestly protest that nothing is further from our thoughts,) the married people around us, and among them all so few are happily paired that we dare not mention the number. We have seen, too, that two-thirds of the blame rests, or should rest, upon the husbands. Pray don't start back in amazement and indignation at this assertion, and reiterate the charge of woman's extravagance, her frivolity and empty pride; don't wheel into line all the slatternly housekeepers and all the buttonless shirts that ever existed since shirts were invented.

We have heard all this from our earliest infancy, and have taken it all into consideration. We know that wives are faulty enough,—that not one is perfect; but the wife who is really untrue to her husband,—who is guilty of infidelity to the marriage vows,—is a rare exception to the common rule, which is more than can be said of the opposite party. Letting this alone, there are other vices, not at all uncommon, which distress and harass a wife more than words can express. How dare they who drink, chew, smoke, drive fast horses, and so on to the end of the catalogue,—who will not surrender one vicious propensity which interferes with another's happiness,—preach about a wife's duties, her privileges, immunities, &c., when her whole life is a sacrifice to her husband and children?

Do you remember how Mrs. STOWE makes the young and lovely Madame DE FRONTIGNAC, writing under her first great sorrow, to say, "I am not so happy as I used to be when I cared for nothing but to sing and smooth my feathers like the birds? That is the best kind of life for us women; *if we love anything better than our clothes, it is sure to bring us sorrow.*" There is more truth in that than one would at first suppose, and we fancy that the sentiment has re-echoed in the heart of more than one lady-reader.

Marriage does not interfere with a man's occupation or vocation; he is still free to do what he likes and to spend his time and money as his inclination shall dictate. It *does* interfere with a woman's occupation; it monopolizes her time, which would otherwise be money, and thus makes her a dependent on her husband's bounty (not often large;) or if she have individual property by inheritance, her husband thinks it an unpardonable breach of confidence and utter lack of devotion if it is not unhesitatingly placed in his hands. If she have literary preferences they must be ignored; if she have musical talent it must be hidden; and if she possess genuine artistic taste her time is much too valuable to waste in drawing, painting, or modeling. How *can* you, good RURAL, urge this relation upon us as the only true and noble ambition in life? Is it just and right that all the sacrifice should be on our part? Is it not rather for our happiness and well being, since in choosing a husband we run such a fearful risk, to cultivate the talents GOD has given us, deriving from them solace and content, living rich and beautiful lives and, although single, doing that good to others which it is the privilege of every human being, in whatever sphere, to do? VIXEN.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOT DEGENERATE.

It *has* been the boast of America that nowhere in all the world was woman so much respected and esteemed for her refinement and virtue as in this country; but, judging from the spirit of the press at the present time, one would be led to suppose that the whole sex had been revolutionized entirely within the last few years. Let us inquire if this is, really, the case.

There is now, as there ever has been, the giddy throng, sacrificing to their idols,—wealth, fashion and display, and neglecting those things which constitute *true* happiness. But we would not judge all women by the vain, idle ones with whom we frequently meet; for we know that many are striving to make their record on life's page beautiful and pure, so that GOD and His holy angels may approve it. In far-away heathen lands we have many sisters, toiling day by day, who have sacrificed the dearest ties of friendship and love to labor for the good of others. And the low mounds which mark the last resting place of many who have thus labored in the past, might often tell of braver deeds and nobler sacrifices than often are honored by stately pillars and costly monuments.

There are those in our own land who devote their time and energies to literary pursuits, imparting nobler ideas of life and its duties, and giving our national literature a tone of refinement and purity which it could not otherwise have. Mothers and teachers are constantly doing their work,—molding and fashioning young minds, and preparing them to learn the great lessons which, sooner or later, GOD, Himself, will teach us all. Young ladies in our public schools and universities are studiously preparing themselves, with the noblest ends in view, for future usefulness in life. And many others, both rich and poor, are casting their mite, whether it be of money, of influence, of kind words, or of prayers, into the treasury of the LORD.

When we consider these things we cannot feel that woman is degenerating, but we think that she is *advancing*, both in usefulness and in refinement; and that, as new fields of labor are constantly opening for her, she will enter them and receive the rewards of usefulness more abundantly.

MARY CLARK.

SENTIMENTAL SWIMMING.

I DON'T wonder women are not enamored of bathing, for the costumes worn are rarely becoming to female beauty. Out of the window I catch a glimpse of a blue-eyed girl I tried to teach to swim this morning, though I presume I took more of a lesson than I gave. She is in that charmingly uncertain condition between girlhood and womanhood, and in her blue trowsers and tunic, her little white feet treading symmetry into the sand, and her arch and smiling face looking out from beneath a straw hat, she certainly looked more bewitching than she does at this moment. I carried her to where I was obliged to hold her up, and then supporting her gently, I told her to strike out. She did so womanfully. She seemed so pretty, playing the part of the boy, that I yielded to the temptation to let her slip from my hand, knowing she would be frightened and cling to me like ivy. I was right. She sank under the swell of the sea, and I caught her in my arms as if I had done a heroic instead of a merely sentimental thing. The little creature was terribly alarmed, and I had to hold her tightly for the remainder of the bath. She afterwards told several persons I had saved her life, and as I had no desire to receive credit I did not deserve, I informed her privately of my strategy. She pouted, and looked prettier than ever, and assured me she would never go into the water with me again. Perhaps she won't. But being a man of incorrigible vanity, and a grandfather besides, I believe she will. What girl of sixteen is afraid of a man of seventy, more or less? We old fellows sometimes forget our age.—*Letter from Long Branch.*

OUR SPICE BOX.

POPULAR hose company—The society of woman.

WHEN is coffee real estate? When it's ground.

A LOVE that is never reciprocated—Neuralgic affection.

WHEN do ladies carry fire? When they have taper fingers.

A HARD lock to unfasten (except in Chicago)—Wedlock.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

WHEN a man makes eyes at you can he be charged with egotism?

NATURAL accompaniments of a train of sentiment—Heart-brakes.

WOMAN shows her fondness for unity by always wanting to be won.

CAN young women who use fire-arms be called shooting gal-leries?

FAVORITE airs of mammas with marriageable daughters—Millionaires.

THE last case of mysterious disappearance—The man that was lost in thought.

WHEN does a farmer act with rudeness towards his corn? When he pulls its ears.

How to make a rich jam—Crowd twenty fashionably dressed ladies into one omnibus.

WHEN a child is trained up in the way he should go, isn't there danger he will be way-ward?

OUR musical young ladies have abandoned pianos and taken to brass bands. They carry them on their heads.

EXPENSIVE plates—Fashion plates. They are rather more apt to break those who wear them than to be broken.

A MAN of our acquaintance has had his library fitted up with snuff-colored hangings, so that he can be in a brown study.

"MY notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold "is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

BEAUTIES often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser before the market is closed.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—"That man has grown up among kind and loving sisters," I once heard a lady remark. "And why do you think so?" said I. "Because of the rich development of all the tender feelings of the heart, which are so apparent in every word." A sister's influence is felt even in manhood's later years, and the heart of him who has grown cold with its contact with the world, will warm and thrill with pure enjoyment as some incident awakes within the soft tones and glad melodies of his sister's voice. And he will turn from purposes which a warped and false philosophy has reasoned into expediency, and weep for the gentler influence which moved him in his earlier years.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FRIENDS OF THE PAST.

FRIENDS of my heart! Friends of the past!
My tears are falling thick and fast,
But all unwiped they stain my cheek,
And all unheard my grief I speak;
For time and absence, change and death,
Have swept these from me at a breath.

Though always dear, I never knew
How kind, how tender, and how true,
Till through the lapse of space and time
I hear the sad, sweet memories chime—
And tender glances, gentle words,
Float through my heart like bright-winged birds.

I mourn not for the days of youth,
Those hours of guileless joy and truth;
The absent,—time can heal the pain;
The dead,—our loss is but their gain;
But friends estranged—this is a grief
For which time gives no glad relief.

When earthly friends no comfort lend,
Where shall our sorrow find a friend?
Is there no spell to soothe our pain,
And bid our hopes revive again?
Yes, there's a land where doubt and tears
Shall vanish with our vanished fears;
Where truth undimmed shall ever reign,
And friendship shine without a stain.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETRY.

THERE'S a voice in poetry which wakes the sleeping music within me—a voice that stirs *almost* to melody the imperfect rhythm of my soul. This spirit of song comes to me in my changeful moods—sometimes making my thoughts surge tumultuously back and forth against their prison walls,—again its echoes come thronging with such intense joy that they diffuse through all my being happiness and delight.

When the tumult of care makes me weary, poetry brings the luxury of peace and makes me content to be soothed. When my heart is sad, and the pain of disappointment pierces it keenly,—when hope, long deferred, maketh it sick,—when it tries to smother and repress every sigh of feeling,—poetry will penetrate and gently, lovingly touch the fountain of tears, and the burthen rolls off. When my eager eyes have looked anxiously,

"For brighter skies and kinder fate,"—

when my Father's chastening hand presses heavily upon me and I shrink from its repeated discipline, one touching line of *real* poetry makes me bow in willing submissiveness; and so sweet an assurance comes to me that I wonder if 'twere not a ministering spirit that breathed to fainting mortals like me, a sweet hope in poetic trust,—

"For you to-morrow's sun may rise
In the unending summer's skies,
And out of sorrow's pleased surprise
Well up a joyous song!"

The poet's faith strengthens mine, and a new hope makes me know that

"Our lives shall be as one long smile,
Undimmed by any thought of guile,
Or aught of bitter tears."

How often I follow in imagination this sweet spirit of song to the "endless summer land," while it breathes of its joys in language strangely beautiful, ranges unbounded, unconfined over the celestial plains, chants with the angels, bows at the feet of JESUS, or flies through the unclouded glory of balmy skies that know no gloom, no sorrow, no tears, "no dark December's night," naught but the bliss of "June's eternal day!"

Ye who *are* poets, sing on. Let the golden chains of thought link themselves to the hearts they were made to reach—hearts, may be, to whom angels minister through you. Let your free and happy songs bring back the memories of youth to aged hearts, while the young and gay catch glimpses of the glory the Great Father reveals to you, as He teaches you to send melody through this wide world of care.

And will you not lead my thoughts to the "summer land" of eternal life, where hearts are perpetually young, eyes forever unclouded by tears, and where brows never grow cold from the touch of pain, or the anguish of dying? When the Angel of Death with his lowering wing shall fan my pallid cheek, will you not sing some holy, touching lay until I pass beyond the thraldom of the flesh, to that country where there shall be no more night, and where I may breathe forth the music of my soul at the feet of the Lamb who is the light of the Eternal City? MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

Canandaigua, Aug. 25, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SERMON IN THE BROOK.

I KNOW a brook that runs along, day and night, ceaselessly. It has its source in an obscure nook, but what of that? Does it go any the less swiftly? Ah no! merrily enough it ripples by, singing a low, musical song of joy, paying no heed to the kisses of the flowers or the green, coaxing plants that bend down receiving life and strength from its crystal-clear waters, but never prevailing on it to stay or even to go more slow to its higher work.

Trees that have grown tall, and can see something of the world, stand on each bank and throw a chilling shade on the limpid stream, but it patiently looks upward, and seeing the blue sky peeping through the wealth of foliage, reflects the azure and never pauses. With an untiring vigor it leaps along from rock to rock, and no discouragement can stop it. The light creeps skyward, sending a last faint golden arrow down, then vanishes and darkness comes. But the infant river sees a star, and, cheered by its ray, labors on, ever tending to deepen, and broaden, and do more good in its onward journey.

The summer sun pours down its scorching beams and seems striving to dry up the cool rivulet, but other, though smaller streams, have by this time added their contents, and in helping them on their course to the ocean it has strengthened itself. Its banks are fringed with grasses that its own life-giving fluid has given growth to. It turns a mill here, and waters the land there. All along are paths leading down to its side that have been made by the feet of the cattle who know it well. And now it is an unfailing, beautiful river. Boats ride on its broad bosom. By its toiling it has grown strong, and at last it reaches the sea.

A simple sketch I have written you, after all; but can you *read* the sermon? If not, go down by the brook and *hear* it, and tell me if it does not say to you, as it did to me,—"Though your strength is small, improve it; 'tis the still water that faileth;" "'tis the coward heart that falters. If the beginning is lowly, do not make the whole life useless. Though the darkness of night envelop you, keep the star of hope in view. Do your work bravely; only have patience and the ocean of prosperity will be reached at last." ANNIE BELL.

A SIBERIAN PICTURE.

As the day slowly dawned the howling of our wolfish dogs roused us from that deep sleep which only tired men know, and we groped our way out of the dark subterranean hut into the fresh, crisp air of the most charming winter morning which ever dawned on earth. The scene which met our eyes was decidedly Siberian in every particular: the wonderfully clear, transparent atmosphere, the dense gray mist hanging motionless over the open water of the Gulf, the vast snowy steppe stretching away from the fringe of timber to the white spectral mountains in the distance, and the dogs and sledges grouped carelessly here and there among the trees in the foreground, all composed a picture which has no counterpart outside of Northeastern Asia. As a glittering segment of the sun appeared between the distant cloud-like peaks of Kamenoi, the scene was one of enchanting beauty. The horizontal rays of light, colored by some subtle influence of atmosphere, seemed not merely to throw an external flush upon the objects which they touched, but to fairly transfuse and imbue them with a deep glow to their very center, as though the rosy light were internal, and shone out through a translucent medium. The birches around the yourt, covered heavily with frost by the vapors from the open water of the Gulf, were lit up with a glory indescribable. Not only did every branch and delicate twig flash and sparkle like a string of jewels, but they seemed imbued by the red light of sunrise with color like rose-quartz. The birch which overhung the yourt was one intricate network of rosy lines, relieved by dazzling rainbow flashes of light as the gentle morning air stirred the branches. It was the very apotheosis of a tree.

I thought of the Parsees and their fire-worshiping creed, and wondered no longer that they deified the luminary which produced such wondrous effects. As I stood in silent admiration by the door of the hut, a voice at my side exclaimed, "See the mirage!" and turning toward the western horizon, I beheld a tangible realization of the gorgeous dreams of the opium-eater. The wand of the Northern Enchanter had touched the far away mountains, and out of a blue lake in the distance rose the walls and dome of "a city not builded with hands"—a vast Oriental city, whose uncertain outlines shimmered tremulously, as if seen through currents of heated air. Around the borders of the lake masses of dark foliage seemed to overhang the water and to be reflected from its depths, while the white walls above just caught the first flush of the rising sun. Never was the illusion of Summer in Winter, of Life in Death, more palpable or more perfect. One almost instinctively glanced around to assure himself, by the sight of familiar objects, that it was not a dream; but as his eye turned again to the westward across the dim blue lake, the vast outlines of the mirage still confronted him in their unearthly beauty, and the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" seemed by their mysterious solemnity to rebuke the doubt which would ascribe them to a dream. And yet, what could it be called but an Oriental dream, tantalizing us with visions which could not be realized, and mocking us in the desolation of our Northern steppes with the unattainable glories of the tropics. The bright apparition faded—glowed, and faded again into indistinctness, and from its ruins rose two colossal pillars, sculptured from rose-quartz, which gradually and almost imperceptibly united their capitals and formed a Titanic arch like the grand portal of Heaven, through which one almost expected to see, passing and repassing, the bright inhabitants of another world. These in turn melted into an extensive fortress, flanking towers and deep embrasures, and salient and reëntering angles, whose shadows and perspective were as natural as reality itself. Imagine this magnificent mirage suffused with a soft rose color by the rays of the rising sun, and the reader will be able, perhaps, to form a faint idea of one of the most beautiful of Northern phenomena. None of the many strange optical deceptions dependent upon refraction, which are so prevalent in the far North, can compare with this in beauty and striking effect.—*Putnam for September.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GOUNOD, the composer of "Faust" and "Romeo and Juliet," lives in a very handsome house in the Rue de la Rochefoucauld in Paris. He is a very polished and cultivated gentleman, has a fine, intelligent, open face, and what with his graceful manners and easy politeness makes a most winning impression with all those who come in contact with him.

LISZT, the composer, is of medium height, slender and erect. His face is fresh and unwrinkled; his large gray eyes have a reposeful calmness, except when playing impassioned music; then the whole face changes, the eyes sparkle and flash, the thick steel-gray hair trembles and shakes, and the head is thrown into a *pose* of striking grandeur—the whole reminding one of the imposing image of an inspired Numidian lion.

JOHN RUSKIN, the critic, and half insane philanthropist, lives on the commanding eminence of Denmark Hill, in a southern suburb of London, in an elegant mansion, with handsome gardens and lawns. His collection of pictures and drawings, with the wonderful Turners packed away in the bottom of his writing table, is only equaled by his beautiful collection of crystals. But there is no curiosity so great as Ruskin. The fact that he expends the income of a fortune, said to be equal to $3,000,000, in works of philanthropy, is not much known, even in England. It is stated, however, that the time of a confidential secretary is entirely occupied in answering calls upon his benevolence.

THE UNDERLYING PURPOSE.—It is not the simple digging that makes a man honorable, but when he has underlying his digging an earnest and noble purpose. Not the simple muscular action, driving the plane or wielding the ax, but the design and purpose that prompts this activity. Not simply the great drops of sweat dripping down from the brow, and the soil and grime upon the hands and face, that we so much admire; but these taken as the legitimate result of putting into execution those good plans that have been worked out beneath that tired brow; these considerations make such a man a nobleman.—*A. J. Barrett's Address.*

SOME one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way occasionally himself.

"I HAVE the best wife in the world," said a long suffering husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"BABY."

BY MAY WHITNEY.

HE came to us from out the dim unknown,
He gilded both our lives for many a day;
GOD gave a glimpse of Heaven, then took His own,
"Thy will, not mine," he teaches us to say.

We sob the words out, tearfully and slow;
We writhe and struggle with the fearful pain;
We feel our hearts must break beneath the blow,
CHRIST whispers—"Peace! in Heaven he lives again."

In Heaven he rests, secure from want and woe,
While angels guard and guide the tender life;
O suffer him to come from depths below
To hights of love above earth's sinful strife.

THE DECOY SHEEP.

READING in an English magazine lately, we met with an account of a curious device of the London butchers. It is a difficult task, as might be supposed, to drive a flock of sheep through the streets of a large city, where the resemblance is so small to green pastures and country roads. They are liable to be scattered in all directions by the crowd of vehicles, and to turn every few rods down the cross streets, in a manner sorely trying to patience. Hence, when the butcher has purchased a number of sheep at the general market, it is no small matter, even with the help of a dog, to get them to his private yard for slaughter. Can any expedient lessen the trouble? A knowledge of the animal's instincts points out a method of relief. A sheep is taken and petted till it becomes wonted to the place, and attached to its owner. It is then used as a decoy, being led to the market place, where the purchase is made of the little flock for the slaughter, and there placed at their head. The butcher then starts for home, the decoy sheep accompanies him, the others instinctively follow, according to sheep-nature, and refuse to be separated, threading their way through streets and lanes, carts and carriages, pleased with following their leader, till they reach the place of death!

We said, just now, that this was according to sheep-nature. Is there nothing like it in human nature? Alas! we see the same device in use on every hand by the great enemy of souls. How few he would entrap without a decoy! Fish do not bite the bare hook. Birds will not enter an empty trap-cage. Even sheep do not go willingly to the slaughter, but must be enticed there. Sinners love sin, but not death, and do not crowd the broad road with any idea that it leads to destruction. Satan has made a study of nature ever since he found our first parents in Paradise, and he understands it well. He knows that men, like sheep, are gregarious, and prone to go in troops after leaders. He shapes his policy accordingly. He wastes little time or work on the common mass, but he takes great pains to train the leaders. One good decoy sheep will conduct a thousand flocks to the slaughter.—*Advance.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.

WE greatly fear that our Lord's new commandment has not that place in the hearts of His people in these times which it ought to have. There is indeed much to be thankful for. The Gospel is widely preached; religious knowledge is being rapidly increased; and many persons are devoting themselves to works of true philanthropy; but notwithstanding this, there is room for a large increase of brotherly love. There are divisions amongst us which cannot be justified; there is a disposition to disregard each other's feelings, and to ignore each other's efforts in the cause of religion, which is inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. There are religious men who are too obviously lovers of their own selves, when a very slight attention to the precepts of Christianity would teach them that in lowliness of mind each should esteem others better than themselves. Hence, men give an undue prominence to their own views and plans, which is unbecoming in itself, and certainly does not fulfill the law of Christ.—*Plain Sermons for Perilous Times.*

SIMPLY BELIEVE.

LET me entreat you to look to the word of God's testimony, and think not that anything else than a simple reception of these words, "that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," is necessary for the purpose of your being cleansed from your sin. It is the idea that something more is necessary, which obstructs this reception. It is the imagination of a great personal work to which you must set yourself, and in which you have hitherto sat down in listlessness and despair, that keeps you at a distance from God. He approaches you with overtures; and what you have to do is to close with them. He approaches you with tidings; and what you have to do is to give credit to them. This is doing the work of God, that you believe on Him whom He hath sent; and could this transition be accomplished, then would you be translated into a habit of cheerful and progressive obedience, which in a way of legalism, or in the attempt to establish a righteousness of your own, you never can attain. —*Dr. Chalmers.*

TALMUDIC PROVERBS.

EVEN when the gates of prayer are shut in heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous dies, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

Descend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

If there is anything bad about you, say it yourself.

One eats; another says grace.

He who is ashamed will not easily commit sin. It is a good sign in man to be capable of being ashamed.

PATRICK HENRY left in his will the following important passage:—"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given all the world, they would be poor."

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TEACHER'S OPINIONS.—No. II.

CORPOREAL PUNISHMENT.

PROBABLY no question has created so great a variance of opinion between teachers and scholars, as that which the title of this number expresses. And none surely harrows up a disunion so quickly and irrevocably. There is nothing, likewise, that so engenders bitterness between the parents and teacher.

Teachers who possess large authoritative power use the rod but little, and in this respect are unqualifiedly the best tutors. Yet we never saw a teacher with so much mental power that he never had *occasion* for the rod. We are aware that some teachers pride themselves on the non-use of the rod, and it is to these teachers that SOLOMON'S advice is very applicable,—"Spare the rod and spoil the child,"—because when a thing is necessary, nothing should stand in the way of its application.

But one teacher says, "It is not necessary." Very well, my friend, how do you get along with the disagreeable subject? "Why, I hang a rawhide up in the room, and when I fear an outbreak I point up to it." Very numerous are the teachers who have tried this force of fear to quell an anticipated riot. But cannot any one perceive that this is teaching under false pretenses?

Again, I have heard teachers, in making their salutations, remark:—"I do not intend to use the whip." The children go home and tell their parents of this, and they respond that the teacher is a "sweet-hearted creature." But, so surely as any teacher makes this remark, so certainly will he break his promise. Let any teacher attempt to govern by moral suasion only, and make his attempt known to his pupils, and you may rest assured he will fail. Better let him keep his plans wholly to himself, and break them there alone, if need be.

Again, other teachers consider corporeal punishment one of the fine arts,—*the* desideratum in a competent instructor. Let trustees shun such, and prosecute the commissioner who so unworthily dispenses his services as to recommend him. I believe I speak the opinion of a majority of instructors, when I assert that an infliction of physical censure is the most disagreeable part of the profession. Nearly all teachers would rather be the whipped, than the whipper! Parents act a very unwise part when they condemn the teacher before their children, because of an application of birch for some departure from school rule. Observation teaches that these very parents will enter upon a chastisement for a less offense,—a chastisement doubly severe! But we will admit it is easier to inflict a censure, when we are the party wronged, than to witness the infliction from a disinterested standpoint.

I appeal from the opinion that I am encouraging corporeal punishment;—I would appeal to the good sense of all, in behalf of afflicted teachers. No one will rejoice more than myself when that children's millenium shall arrive,—when it will *not be necessary* to use the rod. But the considerate teacher finds he has an animal, with unwaked *human* sensibilities; and in dealing with this animal, as an animal should be dealt with, often arouses the human from its Morpheus state.

Some have stated that being whipped in school brought upon them an irrecoverable disgrace. If they should let their sensibilities rest more on their offense, and upon its just retribution less, they would sooner recover. I am of opinion that those school authorities who *appear* so humane as to abolish *all* corporeal punishment from their circuits, are really doing a great injustice to the teachers under their supervision, and a very great wrong to many of the pupils who are led, in consequence, to grow up in unrestraint, and fit subjects for penitentiaries and State prisons! When sufficient moral suasion is possessed by American teachers to abolish physical severity, by all means let it be done; but in the absence of this force, rather than let the child become the master, and be governed only by self, by all means let teachers have a considerate and merciful recourse to our American forests.

None know better than the teacher the proper length of charity's arm,—none wish to know it more,—and when "forbearance ceases to be a virtue," the teacher is the very one to assert authority in the school-room. While teachers submit, with very good grace, to general instructions from trustees, the children *should* understand, for their benefit, that there is no appeal from the decision of a teacher, whom the good judgment of the trustees have chosen to mould their minds and manners. And none should be elected trustees excepting they possess good judgment. SAMOL.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXCITING AN INTEREST.

THE first thing to be done in teaching is to get up interest. Without interest there will be little attention; and without attention there can be but slow progress. To make a machine of a child will not do, though there is much of the mechanical in learning the rudiments. But all the more is it necessary to awaken interest. To interest a child, is to enlighten his mind, to make it active, in other words, impressible. Then truths will be more easily retained, and may be made indelible. Otherwise they are fleeting, soon forgotten.

A child is interested at play; learns therefore to do it well, and readily; and needs not much teaching: it teaches itself, because there is interest. But books and confinement in school-rooms are distasteful. There is therefore no effort expended save an unwilling and nerveless one. All is darkness, as the mind has light from another source,—and will make its sallies thence at the expense of the work in hand.

But what are the means to be employed—what will interest a child? This is not so easy to determine. Different means are required by different children according to their natures, their inclinations and temperaments. In the first place, our school books are defective. There is not that charm which, in newspaper or story, wins their attention. The ancients used to teach by fable and parable. If these are objectionable (which we cannot admit,) the simple recital, as in "Robinson Crusoe," may replace it. But this must have fervor and sprightliness; the author must comprehend the wants of the child, understand its capacity. PETER PARLEY was a successful maker of school books. His style was interesting; he entered into the midst of the work, and put himself on the plane of the youthful understanding,—became a child with the children, an elder brother knowing more than they. He took the children in his confidence and told them what they *wanted* to know; he told it like a true story-teller as he was.

School books should be live books, not only for children but for adults. So with history; so with science especially,—which, however, is difficult to attain. But history has no excuse. The difficulty usually is with mathematics, grammar and the languages. How to get up interest here is not so easy. Yet it is done. *Success* may be made a means here. Get the child to see into the matter, to comprehend the "trick" of the thing, and if there is any ambition, it will tell—there will be encouragement; he will be stimulated to excel. This once secured, a great advantage is gained. Success will produce success. This ambition is excellent.

Another thing is, emulation. It is closely allied to ambition. It is a desire to be as good as your fellow—to excel him. This is laudable, and we find it to some extent in school. We are not of those who approve of remunerating merit, offering rewards, using flattery and reproaches. There may be use for these means, but they should be sparingly indulged.

Get up an honorable ambition, if possible. This is worth all the rest, which at most are but expedients. Begin on a good foundation, and build as the material requires. Here the discernment of the teacher comes in: he must know his child. He must measure its capacity; remark its weak points, and its salient,—and get on the right side of the child. A teacher beloved is half the battle won; hated or feared, there is little progress. A soft word turneth away wrath, but grevious words stir up anger, even in a child, and fear, which is worse than anger. Love does wonders with a child. It is what the mother has; and the teacher but takes the place of the mother. His moral quality therefore is of account as well as his intellectual attainments. If he has no government over himself, how can he be expected to govern others. We therefore expect to see a man of good morals; well disciplined; having a good knowledge of child-nature, and of the necessities of youth; to possess patience, tact, a ready delivery; impressive and winning in his speech if possible; willing to sacrifice; in love with his calling, interested himself in it; and in love with children; patient, happy and hopeful.

F. G.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—No. I.

AT GORHAM.

ON the eastern edge of "the old Granite State," in the narrow valley of the Androscoggin River and hemmed in on nearly all sides by lofty mountain ranges, is the dreamy little village of Gorham. You go there to reach the White Mountains,—because you have been tarrying in Montreal, and the Grand Trunk Railway affords a direct route therefrom, and because you want to ascend Mount Washington in the easiest and most satisfactory manner, via the celebrated Carriage Road.

Gorham is a delightful place to lose summer days in. You will surely desire to go back next year and hunt them up. Beautiful scenery can be found all about the place. At Berlin Falls six miles up the Valley, the noisy Androscoggin trips laughingly over the rocks, forming a charming cascade, which is a continual temptation to such as enjoy a fine drive. Back of the village, directly to the north, rises Mount Hayes, a rough, jagged peak, from which you can have a splendid view of all the White Hills, if so be you feel sufficient faith in the rude suspension bridge that spans the river to cross over upon it, and thereafter your locomotive powers fail not in two or three hours of climbing. On the south, standing out in bold relief against the sky, is Mount Carter, a noble elevation of almost 5,000 feet, and the most prominent in the range reaching away southward. Moriah, to the left of this, shoots upward a good 4,000 feet, and is the main spur of a lesser range bounding the Androscoggin Valley on the south, and creeping off into Maine.

And as one of the many attractions,—pardon me, good RURAL, for thus particularizing,—I must mention the Alpine House, where the traveler looks out of high, airy rooms, on scenery truly Alpine, feasts on all good things, and is waited upon by a corps of pleasant-faced girls, who, under the direction of the good matron, get up the best meals that ever satisfied hungry ramblers, and then grace the dining-room with their presence when the meals are served. Give us woman's fingers, after all, for preparing food! They are more at home in the domestics, than man's.

All the peaks and ranges surrounding Gorham are offshoots of the White Mountains. The latter, properly speaking, however, extend in a continuous range about thirty miles from southwest to northeast, with Gorham at the northeastern termination, only about four miles from Mount Madison, the last of the range. The peak of Madison is visible from the Alpine House; the remainder of the great central group can be seen by going back of the village as far as the river, the top of the proudest and most distant—Washington—being sixteen miles away.

ON THE GLEN ROAD.

In a strong carriage, drawn by four or six horses, you leave the Alpine, cross the railroad, wind around a projecting spur of the mountains, and find yourself in the Peabody Valley, between the Carter range and the White Hills. It is still narrower than the Valley you have just left, from which it strikes off at a right angle, and bears the name of the little river that meanders through it, and that is just a babbling brook, singing to itself and you throughout the eight miles that you keep beside it. Dense woodland shuts you in, much of the way, and mellows the summer noon to a soft twilight, yet frequent openings occur where the grandeur of the mountains lowering on either side bursts upon you with surprising effect.

In one of these open intervals you photograph "the patriot group," as they loom up just on your right. They are the "crowned heads" of the mountain family royal. In the bright sunlight the crown of each glistens like a diadem; the green robes that clothe their lower portions are of royal richness; they sit there, regal as kings, with memories running back to Creation. They are New England's pride, aye, and the whole country's.

Madison, whose tip you saw before leaving the Alpine, you now see in its completeness. It is the first in the group, in position, and as yet seems the first in height, on account of your nearness. Rich verdure covers its sides half way upward; then it grows dreary in appearance until you see only bald, gray masses of rock.

Adams, a little beyond and higher by four hundred feet, is second only to Washington. Its peak is sharp-pointed; it looks the sky-piercer. In contrast with it is the rounded summit of Jefferson, the peer of Adams; and next comes Clay, a spur of Jefferson, and hidden by it, for a time. Beyond is the grandest of all—WASHINGTON.

A finer base view of the mountains cannot be found, than this of the Glen Road. In the occasional glimpses you obtain, their sublimity grows upon you. As you pass along by Madison, Adams and Jefferson, Washington looms up in increased majesty. Far up its rocky side you see, dimly, as though it were a spider's thread, a winding line, with something, looking no larger than the spider, creeping up it; and you wonder at last, as you dash up to the Glen House, at the foot of the adamantine pile, if you will ever reach its top. Who would not wonder? Before you are eight miles of steady climbing, which is probably as much as

"A youth who bore mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device
'Excelsior'"

ever indulged in; and up hill business so extensive is of some moment.

These mountain houses have grown, of late. The Glen House has come to be an immense affair, and can accommodate only the clerks know how many. In your eagerness to go higher, you will not care to test its hospitality, but will turn up the Mount Washington carriage road, pass over the little river before mentioned, and be hidden in the dense foliage as you slowly mount skyward. A. DRIFT.

CART OF A HUSBANDMAN, KHOSROVAH, IN PERSIA.

KHOSROVAH is a town of twelve hundred inhabitants, situated in the center of a beautiful plain near the lake of Ommyah, within three days' journey of Tabriz, the Capital of Azbaldjan, one of the ten provinces of Persia. Agriculture thereabouts, as, in fact, throughout the entire country, has not greatly advanced these many hundred years. The system of husbandry pursued is old and stereotyped; but "Progress and Improvement" is not the motto of Persia. The people cling to "the good old ways" of generations long gone by, and will not easily give them up. In the labors of the field bullocks or buffaloes are employed, and the conveyances are very rude and primitive in style. Our engraving spiritedly illustrates a peasant's cart, drawn by buffaloes, as sketched at Khosrovah by a traveler. Strength rather than beauty, is the chief characteristic, as will be readily seen.

Various Topics.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES XII.

"A SOFT answer turneth away wrath." How strikingly was this scripture exemplified in an incident that just now occurs to our mind, related in the life of Charles XII. of Sweden. Every reader is aware of the straits to which the Swedish armies were reduced during some of those desperate enterprises which that monarch undertook for the conquest of his enemies. On one occasion the commissariat was so low that the soldiers were for several weeks compelled to subsist on bread made of straw mixed with a small portion of damaged barley. The poor fellows became so reduced that they were scarcely able to crawl, and a mutinous feeling was becoming quite general. One morning, when the order was given to advance, there was a pause observed along the whole line. After a few moments a corporal stepped forth from the ranks and approached the spot where Charles was mounted on his charger, impatient to lead on his hosts to the proposed conflict.

"What does the man want?" hastily inquired the king.

"He craves to speak a word to your majesty," was the reply.

"Let him come forward," returned the monarch.

The poor soldier, after making his accustomed obeisance, held up the piece of bread with which he had been endeavoring to appease his hunger, and presenting it to Charles asked him whether that was food fitting for a human being.

The officers expected no other than that the man's fate was sealed, and that he would be immediately ordered for execution. But Charles was master of himself and the occasion. Taking the black and repulsive morsel from the hand of the corporal, he deliberately proceeded to eat it in the presence of the whole army. Having made a finish of the "nauseous dole," he wiped his mouth with the heel of his hand, rustic fashion, and looking somewhat complacently at the soldier, "It is not *good*," said he, "but you see, my friend, it can be eaten." A murmur of applause ran through the ranks, and the order to advance was obeyed with the utmost alacrity.—*Zion's Herald.*

ORIGIN OF NAMES.

A BOOK of curious learning has been prepared by Dr. Charnock, devoted to tracing the changes which have taken place in names through bad spelling and pronunciation. Bean, he says, is short Scotch for Benjamin; Dark is only D'Arques, or from Arques; Hell is German; *hell* meaning *bright, clear*, not "outer darkness;" Diamond, or Dymond, is Du Mont, "of the mountain;" Gumboil is *gund-bold*, Saxon for "bold in war;" Buggin is bacon; Simper is St. Pierre; Monkey is Maniken; Vulgar is *ulf-ger*, "very helping;" Ugly is from Ugley, a parish in Kent, England; Snooks is from Sevenoaks; and Smith has been corrupted, not only into Smyth, Smythe, Smithe, etc., but into Smoot, Smout and Smut.

At the Liverpool police court, in April, there appeared on one day three men named Death, Debt, and Daggers. But Death is D'Ath, from Ath, a town in Belgium. So Shirt is a corruption from Sherard; Sheet, of Sheeth; Onion, of Unwyn; Grumble, of Grinbald; Gaby, of Gabriel; Pill, of Peel; while Physic comes from Lefisick in Cornwall; Pert, from Pert in Forfar; Inkpen, from Inkpen in Berks; and Hog, Goose, and similar names, from quite inoffensive foreign adjectives.—*Home Journal.*

FIFTEEN and a quarter millions of dollars, given by individuals alone, in the last five years, to Protestant colleges and universities and theological seminaries in the United States, indicates a love of education which no other nation under heaven has begun to emulate.

A SINGING MOUSE.

I HAVE now been observing for the last week a singing mouse in a cage in my room. It is merely an ordinary house mouse. Its singing has nothing in common with a mouse's ordinary voice, but it is to be compared partly to the high shakes of the lark, partly to the sustained flute-like notes of the nightingale, and partly to the deep shake (water shake) of the canary bird, being distinguished by its beautiful cadence and by a compass of two octaves. Its vocal capability arises solely from the fact that its windpipe is partly closed by a band or membrane, so that the little animal whistles both when drawing in and when emitting breath.

It sings, therefore, the more beautifully, and its song is the more varied, the more excited it is; in an agony of fear (when a cat, for instance, is behind it,) it sings more loudly than at any other time. It sings when it feeds, when it cleans itself, etc. When it is at rest, only a snuffling breathing is heard. After observing it for some days, however, I came to the conclusion that its singing, especially the more twittering notes, are not purely involuntary, but voluntarily modulated and modified. The mouse must sing, but when it feels at its ease, it can slightly modify its song according to its tastes. When the little creature dies I will investigate the phenomenon with the knife. At present, however, there is exceedingly small prospect of its coming to a speedy end, for it is healthy and lively, though it has been in captivity three months.—*Prof. K. Ph. Liebe, in "Zootogische Garten."*

POISONOUS CANDIES.

In no class of articles intended for consumption is the use of poisons so free as in candies and confections. Arseniate of copper, copperas, white lead and litharge (or red lead,) and the aniline colors, red, green or blue, and other poisons, mineral and vegetable, are frequently employed in the manufacture of candies. There are confectioners who do not use such dangerous drugs, or who use them so sparingly that they work no immediate appreciable harm to the consumers; but others are neither so scrupulous nor so well informed about the real nature of the poisons which impart the desired vividness of color or fineness of flavor to their products. Bright, highly colored, handsome candies always sell better than dull, plain varieties. The beautiful tints can be had most cheaply and satisfactorily by the use of the virulent mineral poisons—chiefly arseniates and preparations of copper and lead. Ice creams may be colored as freely as any other confections. The brilliant red tint of strawberry cream may be attained by litharge or rosaniline; the splendid green tint of pistachio cream (so called) may be derived from arseniate of copper more economically than from the pistachio nut. It does not follow that the confectioners who make these colored creams know that they are using poisonous ingredients for producing tints or flavors. They may obtain the articles from other persons who manufacture and sell them.—*Journal Commerce.*

SMOKING IN NEW YORK.—The number of cigars sold per day on Broadway, New York, is estimated at 20,000. Of these one-twentieth cost 30 cents apiece, one-tenth 25 cents, one-fifth 20 cents, two-fifths 15 cents, and one-fourth 10 cents. Thus Broadway spends upon its cigars $6,300 per day, or $2,050,850 per year. It is estimated that in the city of New York 75,000,000 cigars are consumed yearly, the total cost of which is $9,750,000. Add to this the amount annually expended for pipes and tobacco, and we have an aggregate of ten and a half millions as New York's yearly account with retailers of the weed. The 75,000,000 cigars, if laid end to end, would extend one and a half times across the Atlantic, or if laid side by side would build a wall two cigars high from New York to Albany.

AREA OF PARIS.—Paris covers a superficial surface of 19,315 acres, of which Paris proper contains 8,447 acres, and the suburbs 10,868. The network of public streets measures lineally 528 miles, spreading over a surface of 3,038 acres. The thoroughfares opened within the last fifteen years extend to a length of 684 miles. A great number of streets are still without footpaths, because the total length of the sidewalks in Paris is only 676 miles. If all were provided with them, there would be an extent of 1,056 miles of walking-paths, taking in both sides of the street. A length of 81 miles is planted and shaded by 95,577 trees, forming the alignment.

DON'T EAT AT NIGHT.—A touch of the dyspepsia, growing out of a pig's foot swallowed at midnight, has changed a man's whole life, and an irregularity of the bile has made many an angel almost a fiend. If the gastric juice is all right, and the blood in swimming order, the world is a nice, bright, pleasant place, and from which nobody is in a hurry to move; but if in that queer, mysterious fluid there is any alloy, the sky of life is all cloud, the winds howl, and everything is dark and dismal. If you want to feel happy, look after your digestive and circulating systems.

Reading for the Young.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

A SAGACIOUS dog at Holyoke went every morning to market for his master. On his way home a crowd of hungry dogs would come snuffing about him, intent upon getting a taste of his delicious steaks and marrowy joints, and snarl and bite at him because he would not yield to their demands. He could not fight them all, thus encumbered, and would not put down his meat lest it should be stolen.

After being thus harrassed for many days, he made up his mind to put a stop to such annoyances, for, to the great amusement of a crowd of men and boys, he sat down his basket in a safe place, and punished his tormentors so effectually that not a dog in town dared to molest him again.

Another dog in the same town seems to have had less regard for his master's rights. He used to ride out with him, sitting bolt upright upon the seat by his side, and when desired would hold the horse as well as his master.

One day Mr. Lucas dropped his whip by accident, and upon discovering his loss, put the reins, as usual, into Ponto's teeth, and ran back to recover it. Just as he stooped to pick it up, Ponto, in a spirit of mischief, started the horse into a run. Mr. Lucas called out "whoa! whoa!" and ran with all speed to overtake them; but Ponto cheered on his steed by barking "go ahead," and soon left his master far behind to walk home at his leisure. It amused Mr. Lucas, in the hight of his vexation, to see how perfectly delighted the dog was with the success of the trick he was playing upon him.

"Our Watch," said Miss Selden, "was so shrewd, that when my brother or the hired man got up early of a cold winter's morning, he would crawl into their warm bed, and after smoothing the clothes up nicely around his ears, enjoy a good nap. More than once I found him there, stretched out and covered up in a way to look as much like the right occupant as possible, and had not the heart to disturb his repose, in order to air the beds.

"One morning it struck me that his snoring did not sound quite genuine, so I went out, shut the door as usual, and then peeped in again; there I saw the deceitful Watch, head up, peeping back at me, as much delighted at the success of his *ruse* as any dog could be."

THE BOY WITH A STRAW HAT.

A CRIPPLED beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and placed them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up!"

A lady, leaning from an upper window, said, earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow! God will bless you for that!" As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the old lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and better than all, he could almost hear his Heavenly Father whispering "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the little "*boy with a straw hat.*"—*Echo.*

DEVOTION OF CHILDREN.

THE love of children for each other is sometimes very forcibly shown. A sad story is told in an English paper of a little girl who lost her life because of her devotion to others, and who now sleeps under the green sward in a country churchyard near Newcastle.

Several children were playing on the track of the Great Northern Railway, when an engine and tender came rapidly up the road, and the elder ones started to run out of the way. One of these, a small girl, had two smaller children in charge. These she left, in her first spasm of self-preservation, but when she had gone a step or two was impressed with a sense of her duty, went back for them, and had just time to bring them to a space between the track and platform, and to save their lives; but she herself was—well, she never knew she was hurt, I suppose, but when she came to herself it was not the black country and the railroad she saw, and the inky Tyne, but sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, and the rivers of the water of life, and the angels.

SAYING "NO" EASY.

"How is is that you never go with any bad boy, or get into bad scrapes?" asked one little fellow of his playmate.

"Oh," said the other, "that's 'cause I don't say 'no' *easy*."

We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a great deal more than a bag of money. We have no doubt saying "no" *easy* has ruined many a child and man, and woman too—saying "no" as if you did not quite mean it.

When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do doubtful things, say "no" as if you meant "no" and nothing but "no."

When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong say "no," and no mistake. When Satan asks you to serve him, and makes as great promises as he did to the Lord Jesus in the wilderness, do not say "no" *easy*, but answer him as Jesus did:—"Get thee behind me, Satan." That is a "no" he can understand.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

LOVE should be your motto,
Duty be your aim;
Ever overcoming,
Till a crown you claim;
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might;
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right!

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.—A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply; "as you once spurned me, called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertain the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, SEPT. 12, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Democratic State Convention assembled in Tweddle Hall, Albany, last week. H. O. Chesebro, of Ontario, was made temporary Chairman, and a resolution passed to the effect that no excise laws should be enacted except such as are uniform in their operation throughout the whole State. But two candidates for Governor were brought forward, —Henry C. Murphy and John T. Hoffman. Robert Earll was elected President, and addressed the Convention on political issues. When the Convention was ready to nominate, a letter from Henry C. Murphy was read, in which he refused to allow his name to be farther used in the canvass, and thus John T. Hoffman was nominated by acclamation. There was a sharp contest for Lieutenant Governor, resulting in the nomination of Allen C. Beach, of Jefferson. The resolutions adopted repeat and endorse the platform of the National Convention and its nominations; declare that registration and excise laws should be uniform throughout the State: that excise laws should be executed and fees collected under them through local authorities in the several counties; demand economy in expenditures of public money and protection against monopolies; and assert that the canals should remain in the hands of the people, the tolls be reduced, and the management provided for in the bill passed by the Democratic Assembly and rejected by the Radical Senate adopted.

The work of extending the Utica, Chenango and Susequehanna Valley Railroad below Sherburne is already entered upon by the people to be benefited by the extension.

The disease among horses which broke out in the Powers street stable of the Brooklyn City railroad company, recently, appears to be confined to the animals which have been kept in that stable. Thus far fourteen out of thirty have died.

A fire which broke out in the Exchange Hotel stables, at Saratoga, on the night of the 31st ult., destroyed the hotel, three dwellings, and several barns. Total loss $50,000.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Republican National Executive Committee, General Barnum, Chairman, met at the Astor House New York city on the 1st inst. A monster mass meeting, to be held at Philadelphia on the 1st and 2d of October, was fixed upon.

Part of the wall of a building in process of demolition, in Albany, fell a few days ago, burying several persons beneath it. Two women and a boy were killed.

Among several acts just signed by the Governor and transmitted to the office of the Secretary of State, is one entitled "an act to amend the charter of the city of New York," which provides for the election of aldermen and assistant aldermen, and abolishes the Board of Councilmen.

John Allen, whom the press have brought into notoriety as "the wickedest man in New York," has closed his dance house on Water St., New York city, with the intention never to enter the business again. Prayer meetings are now held where late was only the vilest debauchery.

A large portion of the village of Gorham, Ontario Co., was recently destroyed by fire. It originated in a grist mill, and spread thence to a dwelling and barns attached, thence to several stores and storehouses, the hotel &c., all of which were in a little time a heap of smouldering ruins. Very little was saved.

The Hon. Francis Granger formerly a leader in political circles, died at his residence in Canandagua on the 28th ult., aged eighty-one years. His son Gideon Granger survived him but a few days.

The Le Roy Gazette says that fires are raging in the fields of two farms near that village. One was started by the firing of a hornets' nest by some thoughtless boys.

Dr. W. D. Wilson, Vice President of Hobart College, has accepted a professorship in Cornell University, and is about to leave Geneva and take up his residence in Ithaca.

Three prisoners, Hugh Kinyon, John Conner and Charles Levi, escaped from the jail in Morrisville, Madison Co., recently, by sawing off one of the bars to the window of their cell.

About 1,500 colored people participated in an emancipation celebration in Hudson on the 3d inst. Large delegations were in attendance from Albany, Coxsackie, Kinderhook, and other places. The exercises consisted of a procession, which paraded the principal streets, and speeches in Washington Square.

A fire occurred in New York city on Sunday, in a lamp establishment, which destroyed stock to the amount of $150,000.

Counterfeit $10 bills on the Mutual National Bank of Troy are in circulation.

From Washington.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has ordered a patent chronometer watch, in a heavy gold case, to be presented to Capt. A. G. Ragusin of the Austrian Navy, for his humanity in rescuing the officers and crew of the American ship Java, which was lost at sea some months ago. The watch is similar to one presented to the Tycoon of Japan, and is a fine piece of workmanship. The case of fine gold is handsomely chased and engraved, bearing the words:—"The President of the United States to Capt. A. G. Ragusin, for his humanity in rescuing the crew of the American ship Java, July, 1868."

The Secretary of the Treasury has in contemplation a project for saving the Government a large amount yearly by cutting off a number of surplus "sinecure" offices throughout the country. He has begun with the New York Custom House by issuing an order yesterday, reducing the force employed at that place to a considerable extent and making other retrenchments, which will save the Government in the neighborhood of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

A treaty of the Government with Nicaragua has been duly proclaimed. It provides for a reciprocal freedom of commerce except in carrying on the coasting trade; the right of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through Nicaragua; the protection by the United States of such right of transit; the establishment of a free port at each end of each route; and the transportation of troops over the routes by the United States.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued a new series of regulations to govern the transportation of merchandise coastwise between the Atlantic and Pacific ports of the United States by either of the Isthmus routes. The regulations are quite lengthy.

From the West.

A SCOUT from Fort Dodge reports that a Mexican train was attacked on the 28th of August at Pawnee Fork, on the old Santa Fe route, 37 miles southwest from Fort Dodge, by a party of Arrapahoe and Cheyenne Indians. They killed fifteen Mexicans, scalping them and burning their bodies with the wagons. Another train a few miles beyond was successfully resisting the efforts of the Indians to capture them. Another train, loaded with 75,000 pounds of wool, was attacked at Cameron Crossing, 25 miles from Fort Dodge, on the same road. The men fought until their ammunition gave out, and then abandoned their train, saving what stock they could.

A farmer named Smithbeck, living at Christiana, Wis., was lately robbed of $4,000 by two young men who beat his wife inhumanly and shot him with a pistol.

A Mr. Wheeler, State Senator in Arkansas, was waylaid not long since, and a persistent attack made on his life. He escaped. Attempts have been made of like character on other Union men in that State.

Messrs. Westheimer & Eppeteim, wholesale grocers of St. Joseph, Mo., have failed. Their liabilities are $90,000.

A section of the tunnel in process of construction under the Chicago river, at Washington street, caved in lately from the effects of heavy rain. An immense derrick and the engines attached went down in the ruins. The loss is estimated by the contractors at $25,000.

Chicago grows very fast. At a recent meeting of the Common Council orders were passed for the erection of more than two hundred additional street lamps, rendered necessary by the extension of the city.

Mr. Charles Peck, one of the wealthiest merchants in Waukegan, Wis., has been held in $25,000 bonds for an attempt to murder his wife by poison.

Robert Allen and Matthew Riley, while engaged in tearing down Boal street Terrace, in Cincinnati, recently, were instantly killed by the building falling upon them.

Two freight trains on the Rock Island and Peoria Road collided Tuesday night near Nemoka station, disabling the engines and several cars. The debris took fire and several cars were consumed.

From the South.

SERIOUS resistance to the execution of the laws of the United States by the Marshal of Kentucky is reported as having been made in the counties of Lorne, Nelson and Marion. In attempting to execute processes of the U. S. Courts in certain revenue cases, the Marshal and his deputy were set upon by six armed men and taken to a mill, where were 25 other armed robbers, who took their papers from them, and threatened them with death, promising the same fate to any person who should attempt to execute U. S. processes in that neighborhood. The officers were then dispatched under guard to the nearest railroad depot.

Accounts from all portions of Texas concur in representing that this season's crop of cotton will far exceed that of last year, and a general impression prevails that 175,000 bales will be received at Galveston.

The question of negro eligibility, which has been some time under discussion in the lower House of the Georgia Legislature, has been settled, at last, by a vote of 80 to 23 declaring negroes ineligible. By this action twenty-five negroes are unseated in the House, and four remain who claim to be whites. Their case is to be investigated.

It is said that the negroes in and around Savannah are thoroughly organized, drilled and armed. Robberies and assaults on the whites are of hourly occurrence. Much excitement was lately wrought up by the disappearance of a white boy, whose body was at length found near the city. It is thought he was murdered by the blacks.

From New England.

THE Chinese Embassy visited the watch making establishment at Waltham on the 1st instant, and appeared much interested. They declared the works the most astonishing they had yet seen in our country.

A larger number of people were present last week at the New England Agricultural Fair, at New Haven, than were ever before at any New England Fair. The number of entries was very large.

The Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts assembled at Faneuil Hall last week, eleven hundred delegates being present. The following nominations for State officers were made:—Governor, John Quincy Adams; Lieut.-Governor, Reuben Noble; Secretary of State, Charles Brimblecomb; Treasurer, Henry Arnold; Auditor, A. F. Devereux; Attorney-General, Wm. C. Endicott.

Two Japanese officers of high rank, who have for two years past attended the Monson Academy, at Springfield, Mass., have been ordered home on account of the civil war there. Three others remain in the Academy.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

HOSTILITIES are being pushed with great vigor in Japan. The Mikado's adherents, after capturing Jeddo, burned nearly a third of it. Three large armies opposing them were in the field; one at Osaca, another at Kioto, and the third daily expected at Jeddo.

A rowing match took place between a crew of the United States steamer Oneida and a crew of the British steamer Zebra, off Hioga, in which the Americans won the race of two miles by 100 yards, winning also a trophy in the shape of a champion chicken cock. The race was repeated afterwards with the same result.

We have reports from China that complaints are being made of irregularity in the trips of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers. Gold and silver mines have been discovered in the neighborhood of the open port of Chefoo. Three Americans had been appointed in the civil service. The British steamship Algerine lately engaged ten junks, supposed to be manned by pirates, and after a severe raking they were run into shoal water and beached. It was ultimately proven that they were not pirates, but legitimate merchant vessels.

Letters from Greece say that the Cretan insurrection is so flourishing that the Turks are nearly worn out and discouraged, and that it will be with great difficulty that they can continue the contest; while the Christians are flushed with success and infuriated by the recent massacres to desperate deeds and enterprises. Through the intervention of General Ignatiff, the Porte has been obliged to dismiss Perter Pasha, commanding in Candia, and other officials there.

Three distinguished persons of title recently sat down to a private dinner in one of the principal hotels of Ostende, Belgium, and on the waiter entering the room to serve the dessert he was astonished to find the three corpses lying on the floor. Prussic acid was found in each champagne glass, which partly explained the tragedy.

The Viceroy of Egypt has selected the plans of a palace to be built at Cairo, the estimate for which amounts to two and a half millions of dollars in gold.

The carriage road and railroad over Mont Cenis, Italy, have recently been partially destroyed by a fearful storm. Communication was suspended for several days.

Queen Victoria is traveling through Europe under the name of the Countess of Kent.

The storm which prevailed on the southwest coast of England August 22d, proved very destructive to shipping. The beach at some points was literally strewn with wrecks of every description. Twenty-three lives were lost by the sinking of the ship Tara. Another large vessel, name unknown, went down near a light house with all on board. Many disasters to British shipping are reported from Welsh and Irish ports. Steam communication with Ireland and the continent was generally suspended by the gale.

CANADIAN ITEMS.—An important witness against the assassin Whalen disappeared a few days since. He crossed the river at Ogdensburgh, but was captured by spies, who inveigled him into drinking freely and then persuaded him to re-cross to the Canadian shore. Terrific fires have again broken out in the neighborhood of Bell Ewart and Sunnydale, on the Northern railway. On the 29th ult. the station at Sunnydale caught fire, and in a short time the entire village, embracing twenty-five or thirty houses, was in ashes. The inhabitants of Sunnydale were taken to New Lowell, and are well cared for. The railway track was destroyed for nearly a mile, but has been repaired. Other villages are in danger of destruction. The North American Hotel at Goderich, and a large wooden block adjoining, containing six stores, were destroyed by fire on the 30th ultimo.

A SANGERFEST IN PITTSBURG.—A Sangerfest was held in Pittsburg, Pa., last week. Delegations were present from Western New York, Northern Virginia, Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and Michigan. Mayor Blockmore delivered an address of welcome, and a speech was made by Gov. Geary in English and Rev. Mr. Schilling in German.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.—The annual election in Vermont last week resulted in the success of the Republican State ticket by a largely increased majority over last year, the election of three Congressmen by heavy majorities, the choice of a State Senate unanimously Republican and a House nearly so.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE average amount spent by the members of the present English House of Commons in getting their elections, was $6,440, and the aggregate amount expended was about $8,700,000, in gold.

To show its contempt for all projects for its capture, the lightning went into the gable of the house of a lightning rod seller at Cleveland and tore it to splinters, despite the nineteen rods which were intended to protect the building.

THE Egyptian lotus, which grows luxuriantly in the shallow water bordering Lake Erie, near the mouth of the river Raisin, is now in full bloom. There are large fields of this plant in that vicinity, and the blossoms are very large and fragrant. Detroit papers speak of a blossom which measures 12½ inches in diameter, while the leaf of the plant is 35 inches in diameter.

ONE of the chief peculiarities of the Mississippi bottom is said to be the great growth of sunflowers. For miles and miles they extend in unbroken and profuse luxuriance and utter uselessness. They, it is said, were first brought there by the Mormons, when they were emigrating westward from Nauvoo, and have since spread until they have extended for a thousand miles along the river.

AT the exhibition of a menagerie in Madison, Ind., a lioness attacked Herr Lingel, a lion-tamer, springing furiously upon him and tearing the flesh in shreds from his arms and legs. The unfortunate man's bones snapped under the terrible violence, and the spectators were stricken with fear, expecting to see him killed outright. He was rescued, however, by the other employes, with lances and spears.

THE Cuyahoga river, in Cleveland, took fire lately by the falling of a spark from a steam tug, which ignited the refuse oil floating on the surface. Great excitement was created among property owners, as millions of dollars' worth of lumber, shipping, wharves, and store-houses were endangered. Fortunately the line of oil was broken above and below the fire, and the engines prevented the flames from setting fire to anything on shore. So hemmed in, the fire gradually extinguished for want of fuel.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 8, 1868.

FINANCIAL affairs in this locality continue much as heretofore. There is increased activity in the Western money market, in consequence of the larger call for funds to move the crops. Legal Tenders are going from the East to the West at the rate of nearly $5,000,000 per week. It is anticipated that the call from the West for money will be still larger.

In New York and Boston, while rates of money continue low, particularly on Government collaterals, there are manifest signs of a closer market. The banks are said to show greater caution in respect to collaterals, under the idea that the money market is likely soon to assume a closeness that will test the value of securities. There is greater caution in granting discounts, and miscellaneous paper goes to the street. Grain paper is increasing, as the movement of wheat progresses.

There is some speculative movement in Government Securities, but the shipment of our bonds to Europe just now is very light, except for Five-twenties of 1867.

Henry Clews & Co., No. 32 Wall street, report the following quotations for U. S. Securities:

U. S. 6s, 1881, coupon	114 @114¼
U. S. 5-20s, 1862, coupon	113½@113¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1864, coupon	109½@109¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1865, coupon	111¼@111½
U. S. 5-20s, 1866, coupon	108½@108¾
U. S. 5-20s, 1867, coupon	108½@108¾
U. S. 5-20s, July, 1868, coupon	108½@109
U. S. 10-40s, ex. coupon	104½@105¼

Foreign Exchange is steady. The quotations for 60-day bills on London for some days have ranged at 109¾@109⅞.

Thompson's last Bank Note Reporter notices the following new counterfeits:

5s on the First National Bank of Louisville, Ky. Imitation. Columbus at the left end of the note has no left hand. The note is darker than the genuine, and it is not well engraved.

5s raised to 50s on the Tioga National Bank, Owego, N. Y. The alterations are well done.

10s on the First National Bank of Elmira, N. Y. A close imitation of the genuine.

100s on the Central National Bank New York city. A well executed and dangerous imitation.

20s on the First National Bank of Indianapolis, Ind. This is a close imitation of the genuine, and is likely to deceive.

10s on the National Exchange Bank of Lockport, N. Y. Imitation. Well done, and likely to deceive.

2s, imitation, on the Union National Bank of the city of New York. Well done.

10s, imitation, on the Marine National Bank, New York city. Well calculated to deceive.

The price of gold has varied but little during the past week. The price was rather tending down until near the close of last week, when the news of the political disturbances in Georgia had the effect to check the decline. The price yesterday was 144¾.

The question of the supply of gold is a good deal discussed in financial circles. By the August debt statement it appeared the Government held $61,000,000 in gold. It is estimated the Customs receipt from date to January 1st, will amount to $62,000,000, which will give a supply of $123,000,000. Deducting the disbursements to be made between now and January, the balance in the Treasury will be about $73,000,000, provided the Secretary does not sell any coin.

We have now a paper circulation of $685,000,000, exclusive of the outstanding 3 per cent. compound interest notes and the old State bills. The latter currency is not large now, and is every day growing less.

WHEAT AND FLOUR in the eastern markets are unsettled, with a general tendency to lower rates. The decline in flour last week in the Boston market was from 50 to 75c. per bbl. In the present condition of the market dealers purchase sparingly.

WOOL.—The sales in Boston last week were a little short of 1,000,000 lbs. The price for fleece was 42@55c., and 40@55c. for pulled. Prices of the low and medium grades have advanced from 1 to 5c. and extra grades 5@6c. from the lowest point. The market for Woolen Goods is buoyant, with increased demand.

PORK is very firm, and stocks light upon the seaboard.

BUTTER is very firm in the Eastern markets, and a little higher than last week.

DRY GOODS.—Trade is dull, and the early fall sales less than anticipated. Western merchants are said to have very small supplies.

COTTON is firm, and the new crop appears to be coming to market quite early.

LOCAL MARKET.—The local market shows but few changes since last week. Flour is unchanged. Wheat shows a decline on red of about one shilling per bushel. White is unchanged. Rye is a little lower. Corn, Oats and Barley are unchanged. Beans are in the market again, at pretty high figures for the season. Pork is still on the advance, but Leaf and Cut Meats are without change. Butter is dearer, and the tendency still upward. Lard has also advanced a shade. Cheese steady at quotations. Wool is a shade better. We note a sale last week of 50,000 lbs. at 41c. Buyers do not generally care to operate at over 40c. Combing Wools are selling at about 45c.

ROCHESTER, SEPT. 8—Flour, wheat, $11,50@15,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $1,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,10@2,12; Do. white, $2,40@2,60; Rye, $1,50@1,55; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,62@1,65; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $0,00@0,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 40@43c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 20@21c; Tallow, 9½@10c; Eggs, 22@22c; Wool 35@36cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $10@20. Maple Sugar, 20@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,80@1,00; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 10@25c: Clover seed, $7,50@9; Timothy, $3.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 5.—Ashes, pots, $9,50@9,56½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 29@29½c. Flour, $7,00@14,00. Wheat, $2,05@2,75. Rye, $1,49@1,53. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,16@1,22. Oats, 63@63½c. Hops, 30@40c. Pork, mess, $28,75@28,75; new mess, $28,50@28,95; prime, $23,50@24,25; prime mess, $25,50@26,00. Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $30,00@31,00. Shoulders, 13½@14c. Hams, 19@19½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 15@15c.; long-ribbed, 14½; short-clear, 16cts. Lard, 19@20½cts. Butter, 31@42c. Cheese, 16@17½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 5.—Flour, $7,00@14,00. Rye Flour, $9,25@9,22. Corn Meal, $2,50@2,60 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,75. Rye, $1,55@1,58. Barley, $1,70. Corn, $1,33@1,24. Oats, 76@80c. Pork mess, $29@30,00; clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $31,00. Smoked hams 20@21c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 41@43c. Cheese, 5@16c. Wool, 40@48c.

BUFFALO, SEPT. 5.—Flour, $9,00@12,50; Rye flour, $9,25@9,25; Wheat, $1,75@2,75; Corn, $1,12@1,13; Oats, 64@64½c; Rye, $1,40; Barley, $1,20; Peas, $0,00; Beans, $0,00@0,00; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $3,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,75@2,75; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $29,50@30; Lard, 19@19½c; Hams, 21c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 42@43c; Cheese, 15@16½c; Eggs, 23@23c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 5.—Flour, $6,75@9,50; Wheat, $1,60@1,68; Corn, 97@97½c; Oats 52@52½c; Rye, $1,23@1,23½; Barley, $1,66½@1,67; Pork, mess, $28,75@29,50; Lard, 18½@19c. Butter, 20@40c; Cheese, 12@16c; Eggs, 15@15½c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3,50@6,50.

TORONTO, SEPT. 2—Flour, $6,00@7,25; Wheat, spring, $1,25@1,30; fall, $1,40@1,45; Oats, 50c; Barley, $0,90@95; Peas, 95@95c. Pork, mess, $23@23,50; prime, $17@17; Bacon, 10½@13½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 15@20c; Cheese, 10@11½c; Hay, $10@11; Straw, $12@13. Wool, 25@40c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 1—Beeves—Receipts 3,220 head; quotations at 10@17½c. Cows—Receipts 155 head; quotations at $30@115. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,743 head; quotations 4@11c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 31,683 head; quotations 2@8c. Swine—Receipts 15,333 head; quotations 9½@11¾c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 3.—Beef Cattle sell at 4@10 cts; Milch Cows, $50@95; Veal Calves, 6@8½c; Sheep, 2½@5c; Lambs, 6@8c; Hogs, 9½@11c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, SEPT 3.—Beeves range from 6@13¾c; Working Oxen, $225@335 ℔ pair; Handy Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@200; Milch cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@50; Sheep and Lambs, $1,62@4,50 ℔ head; Fat Hogs—11@11c; Young Pigs, 10@15c; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7½@9c; Calf skins, 18@20c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 25@62c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 2—Beef Cattle, $3,50@7,50; Sheep, 2½@4½c; Lambs, $1,37@2,50; Hogs, 8½@11c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 5.—Beef cattle range at from $3,00@6,75. Sheep, 2½@4½c. Hogs, live, $9,60@10,50.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 1.—Beef Cattle, 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@55; Sheep, 4@5c. gross; Hogs, 14@15c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 2.—Beef cattle range at 3½@8½c.; Milch Cows, $35@80; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 3@5c; Lambs 2@4c; Hogs, 12½@14½c.

TORONTO, SEPT. 2.—Beeves range at $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 5.—Market is firm. Sales are 960,000 lbs. at 42½@65c. for Domestic Fleece, 39@45c for pulled, 52@55c for rubbed, 43@45½c for Noils, 33c. for Texas, 25c for Mexican, 34@35½c for California, 31c for Mestiza, 31½c Cape.

BOSTON, SEPT. 2—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 42@50c; pulled, 45@55cts; medium and extra Western, 45@50cts; new combing fleece, 50@53c, and Canada do, 62½@62c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 2.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 40@42c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 2.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 40@43c; medium and coarse, 35@40c; unwashed, 26@28c.

MARRIED.

AT the residence of the bride's father, in Cleveland, N. Y., Sept. 2d, 1868, by Rev. E. S. CHEESEMAN, Mr. WILLIS G. CHAFFEE of Oswego City, and Miss MATTIE F. DICKINSON of Cleveland, N. Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

CHOICE DIEHL SEED WHEAT FOR SALE. WM. HAMILTON, Caledonia, N. Y.

J. W. MOUNT'S CIDER SCREWS.—Wood Sawing Machines, Apple Grinder, horse power, &c. Send for circular. J. W. MOUNT, Medina, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—For the Great One Dollar Sale.—H. A. GERRISH & CO., 57 Cornhill and 75 Court st., Boston, Mass. Best inducements yet offered to agents. Send for our circular. 963-deowtt

CIDER MILL SCREWS—Operated by Horse, Water or Steam Power, by the use of Buell's lever attachment. Also Cider Mill Machinery furnished. For illustrated circular address BUELL & BROTHER, Manlius, N. Y.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS TELLS HOW to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent, post-paid, for 25 cts., by 963-eo-tf O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's new double gear, which cannot crowd together so as to bind. Also, the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from ever playing out of gear. ☞ Sold everywhere.
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
No. 32 Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

MARCELLUS POTATO DIGGERS FOR SALE—I have a number of those superior machines at Shortsville, Ontario Co., N. Y. Those wishing to purchase can find them on addressing me at the above place. At the N. Y. State Fair I invite all other machines to practically test their machines with mine. All orders promptly filled when accompanied with prompt pay. See plate in RURAL April 27, 1867.
R. SHAFFER, Agent.

IMPORTANT TO CIDER MAKERS.
BEST CIDER MILL.
THE JERSEY
POWER APPLE GRINDER,
(BUTTERWORTH'S PATENT,)
For grinding Apples, Peaches, Sugar Beets, and other kinds of Fruit and Vegetables. This greatly superior machine is rapidly growing in favor among the cider makers and farmers of our country, and is destined soon to supersede all other mills used in the manufacture of cider. With an ordinary two-horse power it will grind fine and uniform one hundred bushels and upwards of Apples per hour; is so constructed that it cannot be injured by the stones; needs very little, if any, repairs, and by the superior manner in which it does its work one month's use will pay for the mill. For Illustrated Pamphlet giving full description, and containing also testimonials from many of the most extensive cider makers in the country, with much other valuable information, address KORT, BUTTERWORTH, Trenton, N. J., Patentee and Sole Manufacturer. JAS. B. MURRAY & SONS, Canandaigua, N. Y.; J. R. DECATUR & Co., 197 Water Street, New York, Agents. 971

800 MILES OF THE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD
Are now finished and in operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect, before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

FOUR MILLION DOLLARS,

which, after paying all expenses was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their Bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in Rochester by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and RAYMOND & HUNTINGTON, No. 13 Exchange street, Rochester,

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,
AND BY
John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 39 Wall St.,
And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
Sept. 1st, 1868.

WANTED!—Active, energetic Agents to introduce the CHICOPEE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Warranted to be the Best Built, Most Reliable, and only fully Licensed Low Price Machine in the Market. Will do every variety of sewing for family wear equally well on all kinds of fabrics. Responsible parties, everywhere, who will take exclusive right of territory, can secure a call from the travelling agent, and examine the machine, by addressing at once CHICOPEE SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

SENT by Mail with ink and brush, Stencil Plates cut in Roman for 50c; italic, 65c; writing, 75c; Old English, $1; extra small Roman, 75c. Agents wanted. H. OSBORN, Peabody, Mass. FREE.

FOR SALE.—THE OWNER WISHING TO RETURN to Europe, offers for sale a valuable Farm with stock, furnitures, etc., at Mullins Depot, South Carolina, situated on the Wilmington & Manchester R. R., 27 miles distant from Wilmington, N. C. The farm contains about 520 acres, 60 acres under cultivation, 35 acres in Grape Vines of leading varieties, over 40,000 vines planted, part of them bearing. An orchard of 5 acres, also partly bearing. Comfortable dwelling (Villa style,) with ornamental yard and all necessary outhouses. The locality is a healthy one. Address
DR. R. VAMPILL, Mullins Depot, S. C.

POTATOES! POTATOES! POTATOES! The subscriber takes this early opportunity to inform his numerous customers that he will be prepared this fall to supply a large amount of orders for the best sorts of Goodrich Seedlings and other choice and new sorts of Potatoes. Also, some new sorts from imported seed. Early Rose delivered in September as follows:—1 pound, postage pre-paid, $1; 3 lbs. do, $2; 1 peck, 15 lbs., by express, $5; ¼ bush. 30 lbs. do, $8; 1 bush. 60 lbs. do, $15.
To WHOLESALE POTATO DEALERS—I have a few hundred barrels of Harison, Early Goodrich, Gleason, Calico, Improved Garnet Chili, and other sorts of Goodrich Seedlings to ship in October, ten barrels and upwards, to one address, at lowest market prices. CHAS. H. SPRATT,
Market Gardener, Utica, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Kathrina;" or "MY MEDITATION OF THEE SHALL BE SWEET."—Our Agents are taking fifteen and twenty orders a piece per day for this popular work, and it is selling better than all other subscription Engravings combined. Experienced Book Agents, and all wishing to sell the best work published, can have a large salary or commission, as they may prefer. For particulars, apply to or address F. S. FULLER & CO.,
973-2teo Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

$5. EMPLOYMENT. $10.
HUNDREDS OF AGENTS make from $5 to $10 per day, in selling our PATENT EXTENSION REEL AND SWIFTS, Combined. Used in every family for winding Yarn, Silks, Worsted, &c. Winds full sized skein, and weighs less than one pound. AGENTS WANTED. For terms, &c., address H. L. STORKE & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

$200 Per Month sure and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* "Every household should have this article."—*N. Y. Tribune.* Address AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 973-2teo

AGENTS WANTED—TO SELL MEDALLION Portrait of Rev. JOHN WESLEY (size 24x32 inches,) endorsed by the Clergy of M. E. Church. Exclusive territory guaranteed. Address CHEROGRAPHIC PUBLISHING CO., 705 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—"Hints ON HOUSE PAINTING OR PAINTS AND COLORS and how to use them." Cloth. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of 10 cents. MASURY & WHITON,
973-2teo No. 111 Fulton Street, New York,
Proprietors of Globe White Lead and Color Works.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED.—For the cheapest, fastest, easiest operated, most simple and durable self-feeding hay, straw and stalk cutter. Sample machine can be returned if not satisfactory. Send for Circular. J. R. DECATUR & CO.,
197 Water Street, New York.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING.—THE Hunters Guide and Trappers Companion. A book for Farmers, Hunters, Trappers and Boys. Tells how to hunt and trap *all kinds* of game from the mink to the bear and deer. How to cure skins, make boats, traps, &c., &c. A NEW book, just out, the only *cheap* and reliable work ever printed. Price only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Sent post free by
HUNTER & CO., Publisher, Hinsdale, N. H.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Union Pacific Railroad—John J Cisco.
American Waltham Watches—Robbins & Appleton.
The Bryant, Stratton & Williams Rochester Business University—L L Williams.
A Complete Revolution in Trade—Parker & Co.
Doty's Washing Machine—R C Browning.
Waltham Watches—M E Chapman & Co.
Important to Cider Makers—Robt Butterworth.
Agents Wanted—I B Ford.
A Money Making Book—Richardson & Co.
Potatoes, Potatoes—Chas H Spratt.
Preserving Fruits, Tomatoes, &c—L P Worrall.
Nursery Stock—T C Maxwell & Bros.
Holloway's Ointment and Pills.
Money Saved is Money Easy Earned—G F Gantz & Co.
Commission Merchants—W H Lilliston & Co.
Asbestos Roofing—H W Johns.
Wanted, Agents—J N Boylan.
12,000 Peach Trees—P Bowen.
Local Agents Wanted—J B Decatur & Co.
Hunting and Trapping—Hunter & Co.
Mammoth Cluster Raspberry—P C Reynolds.
Wanted—Active, Energetic Agents—Chicopee Sewing Machine Co.
The Book of Wonders—O A Roorbach.
Sent by Mail—H Osborn.
Doty's Clothes Washer.
The Universal Clothes Wringer—R C Browning.
Valuable Farm for Sale—Dr R Vampill.
300,000 Pear Seedlings—Wm J Devoe.
Choice Dish Seed Wheat—Wm Hamilton.
500 Splendid Photographs—B Fox.
The Trapper's Manual—W G Wilson.
A Book for Everybody—Masury & Whiton.
Agents Wanted—Chirographic Publishing Co.
Employment—H L Storke.
$200 per Month—American Wire Co.
Cider Mill Screws—Buell & Bro.
Agents Wanted—F S Fuller & Co.
Marcellus Potato Digger—R Shaffer.
Cider Screws, &c—J W Mount.
Agents Wanted—H A Gerrish & Co.

The News Condenser.

— The cotton factories in Mexico have ceased running.
— There were 19 suicides in New York in two days.
— The King of the Sandwich Islands lives on $45,000.
— Commodore Armstrong died on Tuesday week.
— French grape growers have an eye on Kansas.
— The Boston retail trade is brisk.
— Sandusky wants a penitentiary.
— Lee County, Iowa, has 13,154 children.
— The hop crop at Portage, Wis., is very large.
— Locusts are ravaging Fremont County, Iowa.
— A black worm is destroying Mississippi crops.
— Adrian, Mich., is going to have a public library.
— There are 724 Quakers in Guthrie County, Iowa.
— Grain dealers of Muscatine, Iowa, are in want of cars.
— Manassas Junction has become a thriving village.
— There were 599 deaths in New York last week.
— The Cincinnati Opera House is to be sold at auction.
— A large Baptist Church is being built in Clinton, Ia.
— Wilkie Collins expects $10,000 from his last novel.
— Kate Field is taking photographs in Saratoga.
— Hon. Ezra Cornell is 60 years old and a hard worker.
— Absinthe is made in Switzerland.
— Prussia can count 144 millionaires.
— Switzerland has a newspaper 200 years old.
— Halfpenny postage is talked of in England.
— There are a lot of artists now at Newport.
— Chicago is to have a shot tower, among other things.
— Bismarck is an opium eater by medical advice.
— Street musicians have deserted Philadelphia.
— Prairie chickens are very scarce in Minnesota.
— It is proposed to mount Paris police on velocipedes.
— Texas is raising excellent "sea-island" cotton.
— Negro footmen, in purple stockings are the mode in Paris.
— New York City consumes 25,000,000 gallons of milk yearly.
— In Boston street peanut venders are indicted as nuisances.
— Much sickness prevails among the Russian children at Sitka.
— The Canadian discount on American invoices is 30 per cent.
— Tin mines have been discovered in Summit County, Colorado.
— The grasshoppers bid fair to consume everything in Nebraska.
— St. Louis has twelve Baptist churches, six of which are closed.
— The Chinese Ambassadors have a great capacity for champagne.
— Mexican troops are shooting rebel prisoners as fast as captured.
— Dr. Elliotson, just dead, was the inventor of the stethoscope.
— The American lecture system is beginning to prevail in Germany.
— The Viceroy of Egypt spent $12,000,000 in a ten weeks' tour.
— The total daily product of oil at Pleasanton, Pa., is 2,028 barrels.
— There are sixty-nine Presbyterian clergymen on the Pacific Coast.
— Almost every country town in the West is suffering from burglars.
— France has formally decided not to have new elections this year.
— The new army law of Bavaria has been put into practical operation.
— Five thousand cattle have died of the prevailing disease in Illinois.
— Dr. Shunts, superintendent of the Minnesota Insane Asylum, is dead.
— Patti's brother, Carlos, is fiddling in a New Orleans ice cream saloon.
— Brigham Young won't let profane young men visit the Misses Young.
— The Lake Traverse Indians, in Minnesota, are in a starving condition.
— Peat in large quantities has been discovered in De-Witt County, Iowa.
— It is reported that the French troops will soon be recalled from Rome.
— Prussia closes its post offices Sundays and marches the clerks to church.
— There are only 600 men engaged at the Philadelphia Navy Yard at present.
— There are ten Congregational churches in York Co., Maine, without pastors.
— A lad of 16 robbed a New York store of $1,000 worth of kid gloves last week.
— Alaska Indians recently boarded a trading sloop and stole everything of value.
— Ebenezer, a brother of Washington Irving, has just died at Sunnyside, aged 93.
— The Prince of Wales' youngest was christened Victoria Alexandra Olga Mary.
— Two Paris sports on velocipedes ran down a party of burglars and captured them.
— Religious services are held on Boston Common, and are attended by large audiences.
— The first theatrical performance ever given in Chicago was in the summer of 1837.
— The crews of nearly all the American vessels at Cienfuegos are down with black vomit.
— Thomas Collum, a New York letter-carrier, is held for trial on a charge of stealing letters.
— A mail coach was recently stopped and robbed between Sheridan and Denver, Colorado.
— One of the descendants of Martin Luther is manager of a provincial theater in Wurtemburg.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED, AGENTS—(Male or Female.)—Goods furnished to be paid for when sold, *and samples sent free.* For full particulars address, with stamp,
973-4t J. N. BOYLAN, Detroit, Michigan.

W. H. LILLISTON & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in all kinds of Fruits and Produce, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Game, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Beans, Onions, Peaches, Strawberries, Dried Fruits, Plums, Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Pears, Can Fruits, Maple Sugar,
71 Barclay St., Cor. Greenwich St., New York.

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HON. HORACE GREELEY will address the students, alumni and friends of the institution on the evening of Oct. 1st, prox. Subject:—"Self-Made Men." For terms and other particulars address
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RAILROAD ARRANGEMENTS. FOR
STATE FAIR.
Arrangements have been made with the following named roads for the benefit of Exhibitors and Visitors to the STATE FAIR, to be held at
TOLEDO,
Commencing Monday, Sept. 21st and Closing Friday, Sept. 25th, 1868.
I. The C. H. & D. and D. & M. roads making the complete route from Cincinnati to Toledo, will convey passengers from all points on the road to Toledo and return for one full fare for the round trip; articles for exhibition FREE of charge.
II. The C. P. & A. and C. & T. roads, making the complete route from Ashtabula via Cleveland to Toledo, will convey passengers from all points between Ashtabula and Toledo, to Toledo and return for one full fare for the trip; freights FREE.
III. The C. C. & C. and Bellefontaine & Indiana roads will convey passengers from all points on the road between Columbus and Cleveland and all points on the road between Union City and Galion, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as these may connect with, for one full fare the round trip; freights over these same roads and distances FREE.
IV. The L. M. & C. & X. Railroad will convey passengers from all points between Cincinnati and Columbus, and all points between Xenia and Richmond, Indiana, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as these may connect with, for one full fare for the round trip. Freights FREE over these roads and distances as specified for passengers.
V. The C. C. & I. C. Railroad Company will carry passengers from all points between Chicago and Columbus, to such points on other roads leading to Toledo as it may connect with for one full fare the round trip, and freights FREE.
VI. The Baltimore & Ohio road will convey freights and passengers same as No. V. to and from all points between Columbus and Bellaire.
VII. S. D. & C. road will convey passengers from all points between Dayton and Sandusky, same as No. V., but the freights full rates both ways.
VIII. The S. M. & N. road will carry passengers from all points between Sandusky and Newark, same as No. V.; the freights will be full rates both ways.
IX. The Toledo, Wabash & Western road will convey passengers from all points on the road to Toledo and return for one full fare; and will run a special excursion train during the Fair from Fort Wayne to Toledo; freights FREE.
X. Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana roads, including the branch to Detroit, will convey passengers to and from Toledo from all points between Chicago and Toledo, and Detroit and Toledo, on any of their trunk or branch lines for one fare the round trip, and freights FREE.
Parties passing over, or shipping articles by the Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago road, Atlantic & Great Western road, Cleveland & Pittsburg road, will be charged full rates both going and returning. No arrangements could be made with these roads.
All the roads that have consented to convey stock and other articles to and from the Fair free of charge, will require the payment of the full rates of freight at the time and place of shipment; then, if the articles thus shipped are returned to that point without change of ownership, and a certificate presented from the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture stating that the articles were at the Fair then the amount paid will be refunded—otherwise it will be retained.
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ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. }
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.
To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.
COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-13t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

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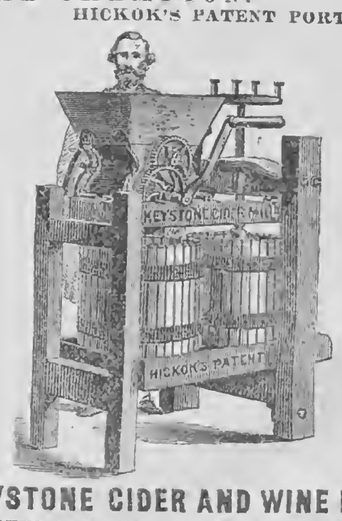

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OVER 16,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.
This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1868, is made in the most perfect manner with either one or two tubs, and is well worthy the attention of all persons wanting such a machine. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind grapes.
FOR SALE BY ALL RESPECTABLE DEALERS.
I also make two sizes of superior
PR

THE BLUE OF THE BLEST.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

THE Blue of the Blest, that the stars wander o'er,
Is filled, like a scroll, with a mystical lore
Too deep for our learning. Each glimmering light
That gleams from the azure adown thro' the night,
Gleams out from a country far over the seas
Of ethereal blue, and the immensities
Of space reaching out from this puny earth-land,
Unknown and untracked, are forever unspanned,
While every bright isle anchored off in the Blue
Is wrapped in a veil that we cannot pierce thro',
And ever a country unknown it must be,
For never a ship saileth over that sea!

No voyagers touch on its beautiful shore,
Unless it be those who are sailing no more
Their barques with our own down the river of Time,—
Who wandered away on a voyage sublime
To ports that to mariners all are unknown,
And never are reached but by sailing alone!

Perchance the dear souls that were with us erewhile—
Whose vestments we miss, and whose beautiful smile—
Who left us when we could not see, for the tears—
Are wandering now in the light of those spheres;
Are roaming through valleys more verdant than ours,
Where ever are blooming perennial flowers;
Are climbing to mountain-heights grander than these
Which here upon earth woo the balmiest breeze;
And free, evermore, from their earth-prison bars,
Are learning the mystical lore of the stars!

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 292, last No.]

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, as LINA and I stepped on the iron suspension bridge between Allegheny and Pittsburg,—the quarter of a mile and quarter-of-a-million iron suspension bridge, of which we Pittsburgers are very proud,—we saw across the bridge from us a young man paying his two cents at one of the four little toll-houses, which, by some fantastical association, always make me think of a sailor's tarpaulin hat. The young man was tall, broad-shouldered. He wore a soldier's cap, under which one could see that his hair was dark; and carried several books under his arm. Altogether, save his blue cap, he had the appearance of a student. A slight glimpse of his side face showed a mustache, evidently petted—no whiskers. Nothing more could be descried in a half profile view, lasting but a moment, but I thought I recognized an acquaintance.

"LINA, isn't that Mr. HILLS?"

"I don't know, dear; I haven't my glasses on, you know."

"Oh, no;" she never wore them in the street. "I think that it's him."

We passed on without stopping,—the gallant little sailors never hold out their tarpaulins to ladies,—passed over into Pittsburg, turning the corner at Liberty street, and going on to father's store. No one was there but the owner and proprietor. The peculiar charm of a wholesale store is the many half-hours in which it is left to itself and its master,—quiet and refreshing lulls in the rush and roar of traffic. There is a *cool* atmosphere in a wholesale house not to be found in a retail trader's; as if its giant lungs drew long, easy inspirations. One can have an occasional social chat with that species of merchant; one can sit down and read the newspaper, always damp and ready on the desk of his cozy little office; one can be weighed, when one chooses. "I speak that I do know," for, as I stood this day on the little platform, father was bending down over the scales, trying with careful accuracy to determine my precise weight. Just then a tall form darkened the doorway, caused father to stand up, and me to step down very nimbly from my pedestal, bowing as gracefully as possible under the circumstances.

"Good morning, Mr. HILLS," I said; "would you like to be weighed? Father has had so much practice he is quite a proficient."

"I should, thank you," he replied, laughingly, taking off the blue cap, laying down it and his books, and taking the place I had just vacated. The beam flew up, and the weights scattered in every direction.

"LINA came to the door of the office,—inside which she had been bringing order out of chaos,—and laughingly saluted him.

"That shows, Mr. HILLS," she said, "how much more *weight* you have in the world than RUTH."

"Yes," he assented, "and also my future success in life. Don't you see," pointing to the weights, "how I send everything flying before me? I will take it for a good omen."

He picked them up, father adjusted the beam, LINA went back to her dusting, and I stood in the office doorway looking on. Now that one had a full front view of him,—this tall young man, with the dark hair and mustache,—it was no unpleasing physiognomy. Not handsome, perhaps, but most attractive, and pre-eminently intellectual looking. His forehead was broad and full,—not very high; his eyes large and dark as a Spaniard's, with the Spanish richness in them, possessing also that sad, earnest look which one sees often in Italian eyes; under gayety, gladness or wit, there it always is, as though whatever the trill on the lips may be, the rhythm of the music is a requiem. Ah! how easy for those beautiful eyes to draw one's heart; first to pity, and then—to what is pity akin?

Strikingly in contrast with his Southern features and hair was Mr. HILLS' light complexion. Fair as a blonde beauty,—even Pittsburg had not begrimed him; at least as yet, and he had been here nearly a year. He, his father, mother and little brother had come from New York the previous summer. He was the Professor of Natural Sciences in one of our High Schools. Of the branches of science he taught the one which most particularly interested him was anatomy. To its "dry bones" he devoted nearly all his leisure; and he intended to pay it special attention during the long summer vacation, and become in course of time a physician, in especial, a surgeon. As his old parents and his little brother were almost entirely dependent on him, this being a doctor was a golden land of Beulah some distance ahead of him; he could only, on *very* bright mornings, see the tops of its mountains. I did not know all this then, but I did afterwards.

Meanwhile, father has discovered that Mr. HILLS weighs 175 pounds, and has retired into his office. Mr. HILLS has come down from his stage, is putting on his cap and talking to me.

"Miss RUTH, will you be in town at two o'clock this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir, in Allegheny."

"Will you be too much fatigued to come back this side again? There is to be an exhibition of the School of Design, in Fifth street, this afternoon. I should very much like to take you to see it."

"Thank you, I should be pleased to go."

"We can come over in the horse-car, you know," he added. "Where shall I meet you?"

"LINA and I are going to Mr. QUINCY's to dinner. Do you know where he lives?"

"Oh, yes, very well. I will call for you at two o'clock, remember. Good morning; I have only five minutes to reach my school." Taking up his books he went.

When I joined him that afternoon on Mr. QUINCY's front door-step, I left LINA seated in one of the luxuriously deep easy chairs in Mr. QUINCY's drawing room, tete-a-tete with the lady of the house, seated in another. What they conversed about I will tell you, reader, when LINA tells me. At present I am leaving her in social siesta in the most splendid drawing room in Allegheny, with Mrs. QUINCY, who, as MARY REYNOLDS, was the belle of the two cities, and is now the wife of their richest man, worth a cool million and a half in coal and coal oil alone. He is a generous man, too, at home and abroad. He observes a princely expenditure, and carries a royally open hand to the needy or the embarrassed. What matter, then, that he is a trifle coarse and vulgar, a trifle illiterate? that his hair is white as swan's down, his skin wrinkled and bloodless, and that his father tossed him up in his arms, a blooming infant, before starting out to fight the redskins and British in PENN's wild woods?

We had dined sumptuously. I had come to Mr. QUINCY's with a dread upon me that I should not be able to conceal the mingled contempt and horror which I felt at this sordid marriage, though at the same time I liked both parties. Mr. QUINCY's manners, half brusque, half vulgar,—the drawing-room etiquette of half a century ago,—became his age well enough; his overflowing geniality smoothed away all roughnesses. MARY REYNOLDS, a year or two younger than LINA, had been her intimate friend for ten or a dozen years. The first ripple in the clear water of their friendship had been caused by MARY's marriage. MARY asked LINA to be her bridesmaid; LINA gently declined, and with such a sad, wondering look upon her face that the haughty expression which MARY's had assumed melted into tears and burning blushes. She turned away her face, while LINA quietly left the room. They did not meet again till, as a bride, MARY appeared at church. As we all came out she greeted us cordially. Thereafter, to all appearance, they were the same as before. They alone knew and felt the difference, fine as a gossamer thread, which divided them,—which cut the old, sweet girl-friendship forever in twain.

But ere this Mr. HILLS and I have reached the suspension bridge once more, and he stops to pay his toll.

"Miss RUTH," he says, "didn't you and your sister pass over here about half-past eight this morning?"

"Yes, sir, about that time. LINA always likes to come to town early."

"I thought I saw you," he said, "but you were lost in the crowd before I could cross over and join you. Did you see me?"

"Perhaps we did and didn't know it was you," I replied with the most innocent air in the world. How deceitful girls are in general! Is it a natural or acquired gift?

"Only notice, Mr. HILLS, the effect of the sunlight on that bit of floating oil in the river. All the colors of the rainbow are there, and changing and shifting so, as the waters move under it."

"Then it isn't suggestive to you of dirty oil casks and boatmen's carelessness?"

"No; I hadn't an idea how it came there; it might have dropped out of the sky for all I knew."

"A piece of the last rainbow, oiled and soiled in Pittsburg," he said. "It's very much like the old city itself; begrimed and greasy, but turning up its face to the sun and hanging out bright, true colors."

"You have really got the spirit of our city," I rejoined, "and I am so glad of it,—so few eastern people, especially New-Yorkers, do."

"What do they think of you, in general?"

"Oh, that we are a coaly, sooty race of beings, always digging and delving, and taking no good of it. New-Yorkers look scornfully at us, and say the coal dust is so ground into our faces we have to use soap to wash it out."

"And we do, Miss RUTH; I do, at least. Don't you?"

"Yes," I assented, laughing; "but do you not use it East?"

"Well, no, not for our faces."

"Don't you, really? What about the coal dust?"

"There is none, you know; we burn the anthracite coal, or wood. A little water cleans our faces perfectly, just as a little rain does our houses; they don't need painting more than once in a dozen years, yet always look clean and fresh, as if—DICKENS complained, you know, when he came to see us—as if they were just made yesterday."

"Then it must be easier living there, at least for the women."

"It is, my mother thinks, and says so every hour of the day. The particular iron that enters *her* soul is the fact that if a room is left undusted for a day every article you touch will soil your fingers."

"It certainly will," said I, "as I know by experience."

"And yet," he continued, "father and mother—we all like Pittsburg. We like the genius of the Western people; it suits our turn. By the way the majority are of the Scotch-Irish race, are they not?"

"I guess so," I replied. "Witness the old Scotch Presbyterian churches."

"There are certainly enough churches of all kinds to witness," he said. We neared the end of the bridge, and he cast a glance over the two cities. "Did anybody ever count those steeples?—they rise like the masts of shipping in New York harbor."

"I believe there are about a hundred in the two cities," I said, "including Methodist chapels and Jews' synagogues, as old Mrs. TEFT said once."

"What was she?"

"Oh, a stiff Presbyterian, and one of those old ladies who are always bewailing young people and modern times. She believes so strongly in foreordination and election, that I wonder she can't see that we young folks and our times are foreordained among other things."

"You must introduce me to her," he said. I love dearly to talk to a real old-fashioned old lady. We don't often meet one now-a-days."

"Pittsburg's full of them," said I. "They used to amuse me, but they've become rather tiresome, they're so monotonous. Now, Mrs. TEFT believes in election so strongly; but I am sure if I were one of the electors I shouldn't choose her."

"Mr. HILLS laughed,—a little, quick, clear laugh,—and gave me a sharp look.

"Ah, if we could always be young!" he said. "But, then, in that case we would have no dear old fathers and mothers. I'll take that back. I guess it's better as it is. This old Mrs. TEFT—is she anybody's mother?"

"Yes, she has three sons in the army, and I don't know how many sons and daughters out West."

"Oh, well, then, we'll forgive her all her sins of carping, on the plea that she has brightened the world with so much youth and strength. Besides, the dear old lady may be bilious."

"There spoke the *doctor*," I replied, laughing, but wincing a little at the quiet reproof conveyed so delicately in his gay words. He turned instantly at the slight change in my voice, and saw the flush in my face.

"Miss RUTH," he said, in a low voice, "I ask your pardon; but I am so much older than you that I occasionally lapse into moralizing—you will forgive me, will you not?"

"I have nothing to forgive," I said; and he took my hand to lead me over a crossing. "But I must ask—how many centuries old are you?"

He smiled.

"You won't let me come the grandfather over you, then. But I am, Miss RUTH,"—turning and looking me full in the face—a grave, sad look,—"a score of years older, it seems to me, in experience. You know, Miss RUTH, what I was just saying,—that I liked the genius of your Western people here. Now the principal spirit of that genius is their being so honest and true. If I give you fatherly advice, now and then, will you please take it for what it's worth, or throw it away, as you please; and I will do the same by you. Do you agree? May we be friends?"

"A queer friendship!" I thought, as I looked at him; and I started the next moment at the echo of my thought.

"An odd basis of friendship;—is that it?" he inquired, smiling. "But if you and I agree what does it matter?"

"Nothing at all," I rejoined; "I believe I should like it;" and I wondered to hear myself speak. What power had this strange young man acquired over me? Not more than five years older than myself, how dare he talk to me so, assuming such superior airs? And, more wonderful still, why did I listen and succumb to him thus? What right had he, and why did I not assert my independence? No other young man in the two cities would have dreamed, for an instant, of thus addressing me; or, if he had, he would have been so sharply awakened he would never have relapsed into that trance again. Why was not my spirit up, and the words on my tongue, tart and stinging, none the less so because they were hidden in sugar of honeyed words? I cannot answer the "why" in these questions any more than you can, reader. I only know that this Eastern stranger—I had known him only half a year—had gained a quiet influence, nay, authority, over me, which I yielded to, half pleased, half indifferent, with precisely the same feeling one has on submitting to be mesmerized for the first time, "to see what it will do," without much faith that it will do anything.

One other little anomaly there was. I had always been one of the first to join in the laugh at New Yorkers; their affected manners, white hands and pale faces, and to say that one healthy, red-cheeked Pittsburger was worth a dozen such mushrooms. Mr. HILLS was pale and his hands were undeniably white.

I had thought all this elaborately out as we crossed Fifth street and climbed up a long staircase to the rooms of the School of Design. And I smiled to myself. One thing was very certain,—I was not in love with Mr. HILLS. I liked to be with him; liked to hear him talk. He was original; he was a thinker. I wasn't original nor a very deep thinker myself, but I admired that class of people. He was handsome, and I knew the other girls envied me his attentions. That was nothing new, however; I was accustomed to have my pick of the beaux.

CHAPTER IV.

The exhibition was quite fine, in its way. There were delicate etchings, very fair pencil-sketches, and exquisite leaves and flowers in water colors. But what claimed my longest notice and admiration were some plaster casts and marble busts. They were of life size; and I stood looking at them in silent wonder, they were so perfect. A bust of MINERVA, and one of VENUS, in especial, I shall never forget. They were on one large pedestal, side by side; but Oh! the great ocean rolled between them,—the woman of intellect—the woman of passion! MINERVA was beautiful. Every feature was classically perfect: the forehead rose sublimely, broad and full; you knew the eyes under that brow *must* be clear and pure; the mouth was delicately cut; the chin firm and prominent. Glorious in your majesty, MINERVA, goddess of war and wisdom, you claim and hold man's reverence. Have you his *love?* A mooted question.

But VENUS! Ah, CLEOPATRA! Lady HAMILTON! MAGDALENA!—why are you not pure and good? you are so transcendently lovely you would woo an angel from Heaven. Talk of JULIUS CÆSAR, Lord NELSON, some holy man here, fallen! Isn't the song of sirens as old as the world? I stood, in a sort of bewildered intoxication, fascinated by her luxuriant beauty—the waves of her hair, the fair, low brow, the dreamy eyes, delicate nostril, full lip and dimpled chin. If the cold marble was this, what must be the living flesh and blood?—that eye, and cheek, and lip tinted? The small, faultless head was delicately poised on the slender neck,—a little one side, as though the magnificent tresses were too heavy for it. The nude shoulders were faultless in their symmetry.

At length, with a little sigh, I turned my eyes from VENUS to look at Mr. HILLS. He started as though suddenly awakened from sleep.

"No wonder those old Greeks thought they were acquainted with the gods," he said, "when they could fashion *such* things out of their brains! Well, that face—pointing to VENUS—"is an ideal of beauty; but I sincerely hope it is not an ideal of womanhood, with that low brow—the fair savage!"

"Will MINERVA do, then?"

"No, not quite;" he replied, smiling; "I am hard to please, am I not? but I think if MINERVA's brains were a little smaller, more blood could be spared to her heart, which would be an improvement."

"What," said I, "if the heart-power were increased instead of the brains being contracted?"

"Ah, then, she would be neither a goddess nor a woman. Miss RUTH," turning upon me suddenly, "I wish you would go East for one six months."

"More patronizing advice," I thought, but smiled and asked him "why?"

He, however, answered the *smile* before the question, by the queer, shy look on his own face, which set us both laughing.

"I see," he said, "nothing will do, between us two, but simple downrightness."

"I thought we agreed upon that before," I rejoined.

"Yes, to be sure. Well, I wish you could go East for a time, for the same reason that I am glad I have come West,—I think a mingling of the two people would be highly beneficial to both. They are essentially different from each other. I seem to breathe another atmosphere here. You know a change of air often does one great good, though the home atmosphere may be the purest in the world. If a colony of Pittsburgers could go to New York, and as many New-Yorkers come here, in their place, it would be a grand thing for both communities. The Scotch-Irish—I see few others here—are practical, sensible people, extremely warm-hearted and open-handed; the New-Yorkers are more conventional in their manners, and luxurious in their habits, but are, also, more liberally educated, and have broader views and ideas of things. Now——"

"Now, the question is," I interrupted,—we still stood near the busts,—"shall we fix MINERVA's heart or VENUS' head?"

"Ah, that beautiful head!" he said; "I wouldn't like to try my clumsy fingers upon it."

"And I shouldn't *dare* to meddle with MINERVA," I said, stepping back in feigned affright, and here we laughed again. He gave me his arm, we bade MINERVA and VENUS good-by and went down stairs.—[To be continued.

"TAKING them one with another," said Sidney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts and the rich all the feasts."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 46 letters.
My 22, 46, 30, 37, 15, 26, 4, 23, 18 was a wise King of Italy.
My 24, 35, 12, 36, 8, 25, 39 an Island that was annihilated by the action of the oceanic waters.
My 13, 31, 23, 21, 28 was a celebrated Irishman.
My 43, 18, 10, 34, 19, 5, 25 was transformed into a river in the infernal regions.
My 38, 44, 42, 3, 41, 7, 20, 18 was a German Emperor who perished by drowning.
My 9, 2, 45, 1, 24, 25 a huge serpent.
My 13, 21, 44, 16, 25, 6, 17 are a great convenience by the wayside.
My 25, 14, 15, 20, 35, 17, 29, 32, 1 was a Persian King.
My 40, 11, 3, 7, 32 is a water serpent.
My 33, 11, 35, 41 was an ancient city.
My whole is a principle in Physical Geography.
Elkton, Ohio. ARM.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

IN the twilight shines the fire
Redly on the sanded floor;
Mother knitting, father smoking
On the bench beside the door;
And where the house its shadow flings,
This, *my first*, with featherless wings.

People standing, hushed, expectant,
Gazing at the fated boy—
When *my second* hits the apple,
Loudly ring their shouts of joy;
But shouts to murmurs quickly turn
When they the tyrants order learn.

In the valley *my whole* wages
Fiercely 'neath the midday sun;
Cannon roaring, sabres flashing—
Night comes down ere it is won.
The dead lie still, the wounded groan
In anguish deep where they lie alone. DENIO.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Ew rae libuding tiltel smcho no het sands,
We era mingka teltll moors revy yag,
Ew rea suby tiwh nor stareh dan uro shand,
We ear rosry hatt eht mite tills yawa.
O hyw rae the tesnuim ni hnce tesah?
O why now't heyt veale su ot uor layp?
Uor scisons nad our sleam are hnes taswe!
Ew nae nide revy lewl heranto yad.
Wells, Pa. ALICE.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

THERE is a lot 20 rods square. Suppose a fox starts from each corner, and a hound from the center, simultaneously; each fox running two rods and the hound three rods in a second. First—Required the least number of rods the hound will have to run to catch all the foxes, the course of the foxes to be confined to the diagonals of the square produced. Secondly—Suppose the foxes run *toward* the center, instead of away from it. Required the number of rods the hound will have to run to catch them all, and the distance the last fox will be from the center when caught. FIGURER.
Naples Academy, N. Y.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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The same Watch in 3oz Silver Case	20 00
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☞ Circulars with description and prices furnished on application to A. N. WOOD & CO., Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y.

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350,000 of these Watches are now speaking for themselves in the pockets of the people—a proof and a guarantee of their superiority, and furnishing the best reason for their great popularity and justifying the preference uniformly shown them by the public.

AN EXPERIENCE of nearly fifteen years has furnished the AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY the opportunity of THOROUGHLY TESTING all really valuable inventions in Watchmaking; and it being the sole aim of the Company to produce watches which as time-keepers would bear comparison with the very best made anywhere, they now confidently assert that the WALTHAM WATCHES have every improvement which time and experience have proved valuable.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CO. desire specially to remark that having had the refusal of all the contrivances designed to prevent damage to the train by the breakage of mainsprings,

FOGG'S PATENT CENTER-PINION

was adopted for that purpose as the best and faultless.

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THE DIFFERENT GRADES of WALTHAM WATCHES have frequently been submitted to the severest tests to determine their time-keeping qualities, and have invariably been found thoroughly reliable and accurate, receiving the strongest indorsements from railway engineers, conductors, and expressmen, the most exacting class of watch-wearers—and that a USAGE OF FIFTEEN YEARS HAS FURNISHED CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF THEIR DURABILITY.

AND, FINALLY, that by reason of their large resources, and having by far THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KIND IN THE WORLD, AND EMPLOYING A BODY OF ARTISANS WHICH, FOR SKILL, INTELLIGENCE, TRAINING, AND EXPERTNESS, ARE UNEQUALED IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY, with every facility in the art at their command, the Company confidently claim that their Watches are better than the imported article of even much higher cost, and are AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. CHEAPER IN THEIR SEVERAL GRADES THAN ANY WATCHES WHATEVER OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

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Send the retail price, Washer, $14, extra Wringer, $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial according to directions.

Canvassers with exclusive right of sale make money fast selling them.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 38.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 974

PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

SOWING WHEAT AFTER CORN.

As the corn crop is generally forward, so that the cutting and shocking may be done early, the breadth of winter wheat and rye can be considerably increased by sowing some of the corn fields. Where the corn was planted on sod ground well manured previous to plowing, it is not a bad chance for wheat. If the cultivation has been such as to keep the soil decently free from weeds and grass, and ensure the rotting of the sod, the preparation is about equal to fallowing.

Many farmers object to sowing wheat after a present corn crop on the score of lateness in getting the seed into the ground. We should not consider it a good plan to sow any but rich and well cultivated fields, and on such winter wheat will do quite well throughout the Middle States if it is got in by the 25th of September; only be sure and do the work well. Let the soil be finely pulverized with the harrow. Get it in good condition and the seed will grow quick and usually make sufficiently large plants to pass through the winter as well as earlier sown wheat. Every farmer knows by experience and observation, that it is not always the wheat of largest growth in autumn that winters best or yields most. Nor is it the straw that stands thickest on the ground which is most prolific of grain. After the corn is cleared from the ground it is quite expeditious work to prepare the land for sowing. The soil is soft and wet enough to work easy; if the corn is cut low as it ought to be, there is nothing in the way of the plow and other implements.

It is usually considered a heavy job to clear the corn from a field at the time of cutting. So it is, and if the farmer thinks of hauling it off in its green state twenty, thirty or forty rods, he may well be daunted as he surveys the task. A sleigh is often used for this work, or stone boat, but a wagon mounted on low truck wheels is more convenient. Then the corn is often badly handled and shocked, and considerable damage is sustained from rain getting to the fodder. But it is not best to remove the corn from the field at the time of cutting. A method involving less labor is to put fifteen or twenty rows of corn into one of shocks. Say twenty rows are to be put in one of shocks; place the shocks on the first row and carry the other nineteen to it all from one side. In order to have sufficient room the shocks will have to be placed on every other hill in the row. Two rows across the strip, or forty hills, will go in each shock. Then cut a similar strip from the other side and set the shocks next the first. By this plan you will have two rows of shocks, occupying the space of about four rows of corn, and the strips between the rows of shocks, for plowing and sowing, will be thirty-eight rows wide. At husking time the stalks and corn may be set on the wheat and the wagon driven where they previously stood. These strips may be sown to spring grain.

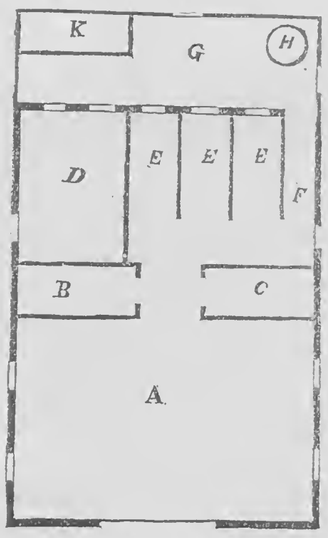
We know a large and successful farmer in the State of Michigan who followed, for some years, a much simpler and less laborious system than those we have mentioned. He cut his corn as early as its ripeness would admit of, shocking it in the usual way. Some care was taken not to make the shocks too large—twenty-five hills on the average, being enough for each. They were firmly tied. As soon as the corn was cut his teams were set to work at plowing, harrowing and drilling. They went round the entire field. As the plow approached a row of shocks two men went along and thrusting a stout pole through the middle of each one, under the band, lifted it on to the plowed ground. Thus the plowing, harrowing and sowing went on uninterruptedly until the entire field was finished and the corn shocks rested in about the order they were first placed. The corn was then husked and the field cleared as if no crop had been sown; the wheat covered the whole ground, and usually no detriment to the crop could be traced to the passage of loaded wagons over the field.

KEEPING FARM TEAMS.

THE expense of keeping the necessary teams to accomplish farm work is a serious one, though many farmers hardly seem to realize it. But let a farmer estimate the number of acres required to furnish summer and winter food for his horses, and add to the use of the land the cost of labor required to grow the hay and grain, and he will be astonished by the amount. But teams are indispensable, and the best we can do is to adopt a system of keeping them which will reduce the expense to a minimum.

The introduction of machinery which requires horse labor, and the greater variety of farm crops, as compared with those of earlier times, which farmers now cultivate, afford constant employment for the teams throughout the year, with the exception of a few winter months. When engaged in steady labor, horses require uniform treatment in regard to food and hours of rest, and this can be given to the best advantage if the animals are fed and rested in properly constructed stables. There are a few weeks in the early part of summer—after the spring crops are sown, and when grass is fresh and juicy, and before flies become a serious annoyance,—when it is advisable to let the teams run to pasture. This outdoor range and the fresh grass invigorate the system and promote health. But at all other times the best place for a steadily worked farm horse, to eat and rest, in view of health, fitness for performing labor and expense of keeping, is in the stable. Of course the stable should be neither a dark, close den, nor an open shed, but such an one as a humane person of good judgment and kind heart would build for the most honest, patient and intelligent animal domesticated by man. In such the horse is safe against accidents which are liable to happen in the pasture; he is protected from the effect of storms and sudden changes of temperature; his food, if of the proper kind, is consumed in less time, consequently he has more time in which to recuperate; he may be at any moment under his master's eye; he is ready, on call, to put forth his best efforts in labor, and the cost of his keeping in the stable may be made less than in the pasture.

The truth of the latter assertion some farmers will question, but it is simply a test of soiling, whether it is cheaper than pasturing. Stabling horses does not imply feeding them exclusively with hay and grain. Their diet may be varied, and fresh grass, green oats, and rye and sowed corn may form a considerable part. Undoubtedly such food would be both cheaper and healthier than a diet of hay and grain exclusively. Some roots for winter would likewise be advisable. Grain should be ground or bruised, and dry fodder cut fine. During the summer, bran or "middlings" fed with sufficient fine cut hay or bright straw, to make proper bulk, the whole being wet, could be given in conjunction with green oats, rye or grass. Corn and oatmeal ought to be given when the labor and weather should demand stimulating and nutritious food.



GROUND PLAN OF HORSE BARN.

A, Carriage Room, 20 by 30. B, Harness Room, 5 by 12. C, Room for Horse Power for driving feed cutter, 5 by 12. D, Box Stall, 10 by 16. E, E, E, Stalls, 5 by 9. F, Passage 4 feet wide. G, Feed Room, 8 by 30. H, Well. K, Feed Box.

Some horsemen are prejudiced against any material but wood for horse stables,—but such judgment is founded in ignorance. A stable of brick or stone, unskillfully built or badly located, is, perhaps, more deleterious to the horse's welfare than one of wood in similar circumstances. A stable should be roomy, equable in temperature, well lighted, dry, and well ventilated. These conditions can be secured as readily with brick, stone, or concrete, as with wood—some of them more readily—and, in addition, there is the greater durability. A complete horse barn will have a carriage room attached, a well of water inside, a roomy loft for storage of fodder, a hay cutter driven by horse power, grain bins, and a harness and robe room. The harness and robes should be protected from the influence of the stable. A stationary one or two horse power for driving the hay cutter would be both convenient and profitable. We give the ground plan of a horse barn above, which is simple, cheap, and well adapted to the farm.

THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 4, 1868.

THE Fifth Annual Fair of the N. E. Ag. Society—which has literally been "running" for the past three days, the trotting and racing being the great feature—closed to-day, not in a halo of glory, so far as weather is concerned, but amid most copious showers. The heavy rain, which commenced last evening, precluded any trotting or other exhibitions of "style and speed" on the track, and the attendance was very meager—probably not over a thousand at any time. But as I did not come here to witness equine performances, the lack in that line was no loss. Of some other departments I had a glimpse of what was remaining on the last day of the Fair, and will note a few items.

As this is my first visit to a New England Agricultural Fair, and as I was a day too late to see the

THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. IV.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S BULL IN TRAINING FOR THE FAIR.

exhibition proper—many animals and articles having been removed from the grounds before my arrival—I will not attempt to particularize. Hamilton Park, where the Fair is held, covers some 60 acres, is beautifully situated about one and a half miles from the center of the city, and easily reached by street cars and other conveyances. West Rock almost shades the grounds on one side, West River winds around another, while a fine grove fringes the rear of the Park. Near the center is a half mile course, nearly surrounded by buildings, tents, etc.,—not a few of which are occupied by saloons, side shows, and other things which are never permitted inside the inclosure at our New York State Fairs. You may be assured that the groggeries, and "snaik" and other shows—in addition to the racing, trotting, etc.,—somewhat staggered my ideas concerning the descendants of the Puritans, the staid, orthodox, highly civilized New England people so often quoted as examples to us of New York and the West. Certainly my first impressions were not such as would enhance the exalted opinion long entertained in regard to New England, its people and institutions. One would imagine the show in Kentucky or Tennessee, rather than Connecticut, "the land of steady habits," judging from a view of the course and its adjuncts. But enough, perhaps too much, of this—yet I could not refrain from expressing some surprise and disappointment at my first hour's examination, (which was made incog and very quietly, instead of "dead-heading" in as a member of the Press, by reporting to headquarters, etc.)

"But tell us what you saw at the Fair?" The truth is we did not see much for the reasons above given. The best show left in the stock line were the fine cattle, horses and sheep exhibited by W. W. CHENERY of "Highland Stock Farm," Belmont, Mass., though there were a few very superior Jerseys and some fine Devons left. The show of Dutch or Holstein cattle by Mr. CHENERY was a prominent feature, and justly attracted much attention. Mr. C. also exhibited several thorough-bred horses, including Belmont Eclipse, Ledo, and other superior animals. The Texel and broad-tailed sheep, and Angora goats (also shown by Mr. C.) were very interesting. The show of Cattle is said to have been superior in most classes—Devons, Short-Horns, Alderneys, Ayrshires, &c.,—and I regret being too late to see and compare specimens of the various herds represented. Of Alderneys, JOHN BROOKS of Princeton, Mass., had 30 head, all excellent, and J. A. CONVERSE of West Cambridge, Mass., 12 head. A. M. WINSLOW & SONS of Putney, Vt., made a fine show of Short-Horns, and D. S. PRATT of Brattleboro, Vt., had nearly twenty grade Short-Horns. S. M. & D. WELLS of Wethersfield, Ct., and WM. BIRNIE of Springfield, Mass., showed fine Ayrshires. THOS. FITCH of New London, Ct., a prominent dealer in Ayrshires, Alderneys, &c., exhibited over 40 head, making a large and fine display. There were a number of superior Devons shown, representing the herds of P. M. AUGUR of Middlefield, Ct., and others. The celebrated fat ox, "Gen. GRANT," which weighs 5,100 lbs., and is a "mountain of flesh," owned by CARLOS PIERCE, was the cynosure of many eyes. Mr. C.'s imported thorough-bred stallion "Canwell" (by the celebrated Stockwell out of Maybell,) was also on exhibition, and justly admired by good judges.

There was a good show of Sheep. E. P. STOWELL, VICTOR WRIGHT, and others from Vermont, made fine displays of Merinoes. BURDETT LOOMIS of Windsor Locks, Ct., and S. HARTWELL of Washington, Ct., made large and good displays of Cotswolds. C. N. FLOWERS of Bethlehem, Ct., and J. D. WHEAT of Putney, Vt., each had quite a number of superior South Downs. Many other flocks were represented by fine animals, but we cannot particularize.

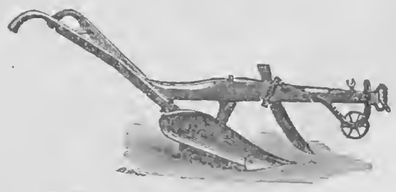
The display of Fruit was comparatively meager—not so large or good as we have seen at a County Fair in Rochester. It was fair, however—perhaps good for the locality, but not such an one as we expected to see at a Fair of the New England States. J. MOORE of Elmwood, Providence, R. I., had the largest display, including 95 varieties of apples, 75 of Pears, 8 of Peaches, &c. A. E. ROCKWOOD of Holliston, Mass., R. F. VAN VLIET of Shelburne, Vt., E. S. ELMER of Hartford, Ct., and others, also made very creditable displays.

Agricultural and other Implements were shown in abundance, and really this to us the the most interesting department of the Fair. Mowers, tedders, hay rakes, plows, straw cutters, corn and other seed planters, were numerous and apparently as near perfection as possible—this being the focus of the "Universal Yankee Nation." The Ames Plow Co. had a grand display—making 64 entries and showing a much larger number of articles. Their leading items are Perry's Mower, the American Hay Tedder, iron and wooden-toothed Hay Rakes, Gang Plows for California, &c. The implements of this Company are very perfect—well made and neatly finished. The American Hay Tedder is a very complete implement, and justly becoming popular. We can safely say all and more than was said in its commendation in the RURAL when it was illustrated and described some months ago. But we must close or this screed will be too late for the mail.

Our acknowledgments are due and tendered to Dr. GEO. B. LORING, the worthy and popular President, and to Col. NEEDHAM, the efficient and gentlemanly Secretary, for attentions and courtesies which rendered our brief visit pleasant. Though we do not admire some of its features, we are glad to learn that the Fair has been a decided success pecuniarily, and in some other respects. It was largely attended on Wednesday and Thursday—from 20,000 to 25,000 each day. May the future exhibitions of the Society prove still more useful and successful.

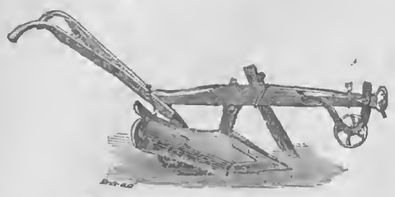
M.

HOLBROOK'S NATIONAL PRIZE PLOWS.



HOLBROOK'S PATENT STUBBLE PLOW.

OUR first engraving illustrates a stubble plow, of which the manufacturers say:—"These Plows won Four Gold Medals at the National Trial of Plows, at Utica, A. D. 1867, in the following classes:—Class I.—A Sod Plow for stiff soils. *Gold Medal.* Class II.—A Stubble Plow for stiff soils. *Gold Medal.* Class IV.—A Plow for Stubble Land, working 12 inches deep, with 3 horses abreast, and raising the lowest soil to the surface. *Large Gold Medal.* Class V.—A Michigan Sod and Trench Plow. *Gold Medal.* The Mould-Boards of these Plows, by their convex form, give lightness of draft, thoroughly disintegrate and pulverize the soil, and produce a quality of work superior to Spade labor. They clear equal to the best Steel Plows, pulverize better, and prove of lighter draft. Six sizes are made. Four of the large sizes are arranged for two mould boards—one for sod and one for stubble plowing. A skim or forward plow can also be attached to either of these large sizes for 'Michigan' or sod and subsoil plowing."



HOLBROOK'S PATENT SWIVEL PLOW.

The second illustration represents a swivel plow designed for both level land and side hill plowing. These plows turn a deep flat furrow on level land, leave no dead furrows nor ridges, pulverize the soil very thoroughly, will not clog, and they lay fields down level for mowing. The off ox or horse travels in the furrow, and in returning the near one walks in the furrow, both being relieved by the change, and save nearly a mile in travel plowing an acre, over the common plow. There are eight sizes, from a light one-horse to a heavy four-cattle plow, furnished with either wood or iron beams, and manufactured by F. F. HOLBROOK & SMALL, 10 South Market Street, Boston, Mass.

The manufacturers are usually large exhibitors of various agricultural implements at the prominent fairs. They will have a fine assortment of plows at the N. Y. State Fair, which will be worthy the special notice of farmers.

CROPS AND CULTURE IN CENTRAL N. Y.

THE present season is an excellent one in Central New York for corn, notwithstanding the drouth. Not in all cases—as in poor tillage—but where the proper means have been taken. It shows that true management may defy, more or less, the uncertainties of the season, especially the common occurrence of drouth, which is becoming more and more common.

The crop was planted late as a whole, and some of it replanted. That planted the first of June seemed to do as well as any. Take an instance:

HIRAM SUITS (of Stark, Herkimer Co.,) turned down a sod in the spring, of four years' standing; plowed it nine inches deep—that on the knolls deeper. Put hog manure in the hill, a handful, with little soil on top; planted, and in seven weeks had stalks seven feet long,—the variety the "small eight-rowed yellow." In five weeks more his corn was ripe, fully fit to cut, and not exceeded in growth or yield. The soil is a yellow drift loam, not remarkable for fertility. But the ground was manured a year before, instead of the fall previous as is usually recommended. A very heavy crop of grass was taken from it the last year. This has encouraged the owner to prepare a lot of manure for similar future use.

Here all the points were made to bear—manure, sod, spring-plowing, manuring in the hill, and planting late enough to get the warm weather, and yet early enough to ripen the crop. The soil was mellow. It was manured below and above. Manure and mellow soil, and *deep* mellow, aided the moisture (by retaining it) and defied the drouth. No such crop, nor anything approaching it, was ever grown on the land before. The rest of the lot was not remarkable in its yield of the various other crops, nor the fields adjoining. This corn ground alone was the green spot of the neighborhood that commanded attention. It was a first lesson in true farming, and will be heeded.

The drouth, or the "heated term," was a benefit here. With occasional showers, there would probably have been a still better yield, and with much rain (with the same heat, or nearly the same,) there would have been but little change from the present. There is drainage to carry off the water. Corn thus may be made, comparatively, a sure crop. May we not say "sure" without the qualification? A soil thus treated cannot help but grow a *good* crop any season. This is encouraging to those who think they cannot afford to run risks.

Wheat also in this section is beginning to be, comparatively, a safe crop. The straw is heavy and the berry plump. It pays to raise wheat again, even with hops and corn doing well. The system of dairying has prepared the soil for wheat and for corn, and we may say for all the grains, for all of them are more or less successful. The exceptions are where dairying is not practiced.

Oats are a fair crop. The average, or I may say a little above the usual yield is fifteen bushels to the one of sowing. This in the valley of the Otsquaga, joining the Mohawk at Fort Plain. On the hills there is a less yield. There is some rust in the late sowing. I notice that a few early sowings are afflicted in the same way; these on land inclining to the South, and on sod. But the early growing generally escaped.

Seeding is good where plenty of seed was sown (three pecks to the acre,) and put with barley. Oats also were somewhat favorable as being less choking than usual.

Potatoes are a partial failure; late plantings especially. Those who waited for full moon in June find they have "planted in the moon instead of the ground." The early planting on good soil, that is, *mellow* clay, shows a fair crop. In such case the Chilis turn out well; the Early Goodrich also; the rest not so well so far as we have learned. Early planted potatoes and early sown grain have made a hit this season; but not early planted corn. Early made gardens are in the advance; but the later outdo them in growth, in freshness, and, we may say, in promise—a promise which is nearly fulfilled. I am satisfied our gardens are made too early in the main. The major part of the product—which is not wanted early—will do better if put out so as to grow at once and without interruption. The drouth had little effect upon late made gardens, hard as it was upon late sown grain and late planted potatoes. The soil (of gardens) is deep, and rich and mellow; that accounts for it. That grows the corn, and the hop, and the root crops, which are but an enlargement of the garden.

Tomatoes never were so fine in our remembrance. The vines grow rank and the fruit is bright and healthy, and plenty of it. Much is being put up; so with the plum, of which there was never a greater crop. Sharp's Imperial rots some; otherwise is in its finest, what is naturally a very fine fruit. It bears heavily; sometimes (unthinned) too

heavily, causing the fruit to be small, elongated and less excellent in quality. The tree this year has been the chief ornament of the orchard, with its fine, broad leaves and highly colored and picturesque fruit. The curculio thinned some of the fruit, and improved its size and quality. Grapes are a good growth throughout; no complaint whatever thus far. The apple crop will lack somewhat in quantity, and also in size of fruit, though there are exceptions.

The hop never was finer. The crop is somewhat light, but the quality is prime. This is so without exceptions in the sixteen yards of this immediate vicinity, and the same accounts come from the hills and surrounding country. They are (Sept. 7th) mostly picked. A few small lots are reported sold at 20 cents. But the main growers will not listen to this price; nor to five cents more. Thirty may arrest them. Their hops are so excellent that they can afford to be somewhat independent.

Clover is a hit, that is, clover for seed. Drouth is favorable for "filling," and the present year has met the requisition exactly. There has been no blast from the sun, nor frost, but a uniform, maturing growth. All heads, early and late, are "loaded," and the seed is perfect. Farmers have commenced cutting the crop. The large kind matured its crop in ten weeks, an unprecedented thing with this kind of clover. Clover has been a successful crop, both for seed and for hay, in this section. The farmer is indebted to this plant for much of his success the past twenty years,—and it does equally well now as at any other time.

I notice that drained land has stood the drouth better than any other; low, undrained, clay soil the least of any, not excepting the high drift composed principally of sand and gravel, with yet clay enough to give a footing to vegetation. On the whole, the year has been a favorable one to our farmers. The dairy has done the least well, but yet has its benefit in the improved soil and the manure. F. G.

Starkville, N. Y.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. RANDALL's address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

DANGER TO THE GROWERS OF LONG OR COMBING WOOLS.

A RESOLUTION was adopted during the last session of Congress which authorized the Secretary of State to open negotiations for a new Commercial Treaty with the New Dominion, or Canadas. It is understood those negotiations are now in progress at Washington between Mr. SEWARD, the English Minister Mr. THORNTON, and Mr. ROSE, the Financial Minister of the New Dominion,—and that they are apparently proceeding to a harmonious conclusion.

We do not of course know the basis of the proposed treaty, or the terms which the British negotiators ask or which the Secretary of State is disposed to concede, in regard to wool. But the prevailing belief is that something akin to the Reciprocity Treaty, abrogated nearly three years ago, will be agreed on and submitted to the ratification of the Senate at the next session of Congress. If the duties on Canadian products are removed, or reduced to merely nominal rates, by a new Treaty, in order to obtain concessions favorable to our shipping, fishing, &c., interests (particularly those of New England,)—if our flour, beef, barley, potatoes, eggs and other farm products are to be exposed to equal competition in our markets with the same Canadian products—no one can expect, or does expect, that wool will be made an exception.

What would be the result, so far as wool is concerned? It would have no appreciable effect on our fine wools, for no important amount of them is grown in the British American Provinces. But the production of Combing wools, so healthily invigorated by the present tariff—now suddenly starting into a great interest in all the Northern States—would be CUT UP BY THE ROOTS.

Our agricultural industry is bearing up as best it may under its enormous load of taxation. Every article which constitutes directly or indirectly an element of production is directly or indirectly heavily taxed. Shall the foreigner have the benefit of our markets without paying as much for it as do our own citizens? What was the conduct of Canada towards us throughout the whole of that terrible struggle *which brought our present taxes on us?* Was it conduct which entitles her people to a preference over our people? Or are the interests of the farmers of the whole United States to be sacrificed mostly for the benefit of certain domestic special and comparatively small interests, whether located in New England or elsewhere?

We enter into no elaborate statements or arguments on this question. The facts and the results are self-evident. The feeblest comprehension must at once grasp the conclusion that he who pays say a tax of five per cent. on his whole property and production, cannot compete with him who pays substantially no tax. The result of the re-establishment of the old Reciprocity Treaty, in the present situation of things, would be to give the Canadian producer of meat, grain, wool, &c., an advantage over the United States producer equivalent to the whole taxation paid by the latter.

What is the duty of the agricultural interest of our country, menaced with such a measure? In our judgment, letters, remonstrances and protests against it should at once be poured in upon the Secretary of State. Mr. SEWARD will be influenced by the public sentiment, if fully apprised what that sentiment is. It is better and safer to strangle the project now, if it can be done, than to wait to fight the battle in the Senate on the question of ratification.

We have said the matter does not seriously affect the fine or Merino wool growers of the country, as such. But none the less are we called upon by every consideration of consistency and right to STAND BY OUR BRETHREN. We are, by our own action, pledged to the principle of equal wool protection. So far as outside and popular effort was concerned, we, not they, fought their battle when the present wool tariff was enacted. Their number was comparatively small—they were scattered—they controlled no popular organizations of wool growers—and they, for these or other reasons, took no active part in the struggle. The fine wool growers of their own free accord laid down the broad platform of entire equality with them. The National Tariff Committee of Growers, consisting exclusively of fine wool growers, were offered all they demanded for their own kind of wool, in the Joint Committee, provided they would consent to a lower scale of duties on Combing wool. They refused union with the manufacturers on such terms. They adjourned, as was supposed at the time, finally, without uniting on a tariff bill, because those terms were insisted on; and refused even to meet in joint committee again except under a distinct understanding that equal duties on all classes of domestic wool were to be conceded. The result of this action was ratified and approved of by all the wool growers' organizations of the country, consisting probably in every instance of ninety per cent. of fine wool growers. We are then, we repeat it, pledged by every consideration of consistency, and we will add, of *honor*, to sustain and carry out this doctrine of equality.

And our interests demand it. If we suffer one branch of the wool interest to be cloven down, *our own turn will come next.* Our strength lies in our union—or rather in the spirit of justice and fraternity in which that union originated. The free traders are strong. They will make a determined onset on the wool tariff just as its good effects are beginning to be felt. We shall need the compact and united strength of every branch of wool industry to uphold and perpetuate that law.

We know the sentiments of the members of the National Wool Growers' Association on this subject well enough to feel perfectly certain that were they now assembled, they would unanimously protest against depriving Combing wool of the protection, or any of the protection, it receives from the tariff, through a commercial treaty with Canada. We earnestly hope that every State, county and town wool growers' organization which meets, before the subject is finally disposed of, will take such action. Unfortunately, few of these associations meet in the fall. Let, then, remonstrances be circulated for individual signature. And the growers of *other* agricultural products, if they understand their own interests, will unite in this effort to prevent free trade with Canada.

We have a word to add to wool *manufacturers*—or to that great body of them represented in the National Association of Wool Manufacturers. Gentlemen: you united with the representatives of the wool growers in agreeing on the terms and procuring the passage of the present wool and woolen tariff. You are bound by the letter and spirit of the compact. You are not honorably at liberty to aid or favor, either openly or secretly, any measure which changes the status of that tariff, without first meeting us in joint association and obtaining our consent, or formally renouncing our further alliance. You need not be told that the wool growers of the country *confidently expect good faith in you.*

CONSUMPTION OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WOOL IN THE UNITED STATES.

IN an article on "Wool and Mutton Production in the South," signed "Georgian," published in this Department September 5th, the writer put the following question:—"Am I correct in supposing that not a tenth or twentieth part so much of it (*Combing* wool) is used in the United States as of *Clothing* wools?"

Regarding the comparative consumption of Clothing and Combing wool as a fact of importance to wool growers, we determined, before answering the above question, to attempt to obtain some specific data on the subject. For this purpose we applied to GEORGE W. BOND, Esq., of Boston, a gentleman who has a high reputation as a statistician in regard to the wool and woolen industries of the country; and who, notwithstanding his free-trade proclivities, is believed to be incapable of intentionally misstating the actual facts.

Our letter found Mr. BOND spending a few weeks among the mountains of New Hampshire, and, of course, absent from his papers; so that his present reply (a more full one is promised hereafter) is made from memory. He selects for his estimate of consumption the year 1865, when the woolen mills were pressed clear up to and even beyond their fair average of running power, while they have for the last year fallen, in his opinion, twenty per cent. short of it. He presents the following:

APPROXIMATE ESTIMATE OF WOOL SUPPLY AND OF GOODS MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1865.

Lbs.		*Lbs. Goods.*
130,000,000	American fleece and pulled for....	65,000,000
50,000,000	Fine Foreign..... "	14,000,000
20,000,000	Coarse Foreign (carpet)..... "	12,000,000
35,000,000	Cotton, shoddy and other substitutes	24,000,000
3,000,000	English blood combing.....	2,000,000
238,000,000		117,000,000

This would make the amount of Clothing wool consumed, that year, 180,000,000 lbs.,—and of Combing 3,000,000 lbs., or but one-sixtieth of the amount of Clothing wool.

If industry throughout our whole country was now enjoying an average degree of prosperity, and business and trade were in their normal condition, so that the per capita consumption of wool averaged as much as in former years, the present consumption of Clothing wool would materially exceed that of 1865—somewhat by increase of population, but vastly more by the diminution effected by the tariff in the 35,000,000 lbs. of "substitute" employed in the place of Clothing wool that year.

But increase of consumption in Combing wool would have been, and indeed has been, far more rapid. Mr. BOND says:—"As to the quantity of Combing wool used, it now looks as though, for some time, that would depend chiefly on the supply. Machinery would be readily started to consume 20,000,000 lbs. if it were sure to be obtainable. The want of reliable supply alone prevents the increase of manufacture."

In corroboration of this view or estimate, we find the following statement in a letter dated May 27th, 1868, (published in the N. Y. Economist, Sept. 5th,) written by JOSEPH WALWORTH, who we understand to be the buyer of Combing and Delaine wools for the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., and a gentleman of reliable character. He says:—"The worsted business is comparatively a new business in the United States. In 1861 there were only three principal firms that used Combing and Delaine wools, and altogether they did not use over 3,000,000 lbs. per year, while there are now twenty-five firms in the States, and altogether they use 12,000,000 lbs. per year. Besides this large increase in the business in this country, we import very heavily every year of worsted goods."

We wish Mr. WALWORTH had stated the consumption of Combing and Delaine wools separately, but the increase of manufacturing firms proves a remarkable increase in the consumption of the wools designated as Combing wools in the tariff—of which English Leicester, Cotswold, Lincoln, &c., wools, are the type—and goes to show that Mr. BOND's estimate of what would be the consumption, were there a reliable supply of the raw material, may not be exaggerated.

Under the effect of this increased demand, and the protection of the tariff, the growing of English sheep has become highly profitable in the United States and promises long to remain so, to fill the margin between three and twenty millions pounds of their wool required for consumption. That is to say, this is promised if the duties on Combing wools stand, and are not abrogated by Congressional legislation, or by some new "Reciprocity treaty," which will snatch the prize from our burdened people to give it to *our dear friends*, the Canadians, who exhibited such a marvellous spirit of *reciprocity* towards us in the recent gigantic struggle for the Nation's life.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

IMPORTATION OF COTSWOLDS.—The Cotswold sheep which we mentioned a few weeks since as having been purchased in England for JOHN D. WING, Esq., of Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y., have recently arrived, and give much satisfaction to their owner and others. There is an especially choice ram among the number. Mr. WING's sales have been so unexpectedly rapid that he has already been compelled, to keep up his flock, to order more, and another lot will soon leave England.

SHEPHERD DOGS.—O. M. B. of St. Louis is referred to the advertisement of W. G. ROBERTS, in this paper.

TEGS DYING IN TEXAS.—We learn from a correspondent at Boerne, Kendall Co., Texas, that many tegs are dying in that region from "worms in the stomach."

PURCHASES OF MERINO SHEEP.—M. P. TONE of Lewis Center, Delaware Co., Ohio, has just purchased, at a large price, twenty-five ewe tegs, the choice of the entire drop this year of WM. R. SANFORD of Orwell, Vt. Mr. TONE purchased sheep of Mr. ATWOOD of Conn. in 1862, of WM. R. REMELEE and HENRY W. HAMMOND of Middlebury, Vt., in 1864. He has therefore a flock of the highest blood and quality.

The Stable, &c.

EDUCATING THE HORSE.

THERE is a good deal of what may be termed human nature about the horse that is, a susceptibility to improve by education. All domestic animals possess this, in a certain degree, but the horse is more than commonly endowed in this respect. If left to himself, however, or but indifferently taught when young, the horse, like the neglected boy, will grow up with an uncouth carriage, and though a serviceable drudge, will fail to give pleasure to those who may have the management of him. A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph suggests a plan of treatment for colts which seems to everybody the essentials of a suitable education for this important portion of farm stock. He says: "The outline of my plan may be thus given:—As soon as the colt is weaned, he should have good feed, and be handled every day if possible; he should be coaxed rather than made by force to do anything. Never use a switch or the end of a halter strap. Be firm, but not overbearing; it will be found better to overlook the fault, than to attempt and fail to correct it. Never lose your temper; for the moment you do so, you at the same time lose the advantage which you should always have over him.

"During the winter, the colt should stand haltered the greater portion of the time, either in his stable or out in the open air—the latter for at least a portion of every day; use the currycomb and brush freely. Remember you are forming the future horse, and care now taken either in his appearance or character is by no means lost. By the time he is a year old, he should allow you to place light articles on his back without any resistance, and should be taught not to be afraid of straps hanging loose either about the body or heels. This education should be repeated during the second winter, and by the time he is two years old, he will quietly permit himself to be harnessed up alongside of a quiet horse (his mother if possible) and driven about. During the operation of halter 'breaking,' great care should be taken to always make him walk fast—fast walking should be made a part of his education, and he will never forget it during his after life. I know of no colt which may not be made a good walker if properly trained when young; but this is a fast time, and walking is too slow to keep up with it."

BALKY HORSES.

IF you have balky horses it is your own fault and not the horses', for if they do not pull true there is some cause for it, and if you remove the cause the effect will cease. When your horse balks he is excited, and does not know what to do. When he gets a little excited, stop him for five or ten minutes; let him become calm, and as soon as he is over his excitement he will, in nine cases out of ten, pull at the word. Whipping and slashing and swearing only make the matter worse. After you have gentled him awhile, and his excitement has cooled, take him by the bits; turn him each way a few minutes, as far as you can; pull out the tongue; gentle him a little; unrein him, then step before the balky horse, and let the other start first; then you can take them anywhere you wish. A balky horse is always high-spirited and starts quick; half the pull is out before the other starts; by standing before him the other starts first. By close application to this rule you can make any horse pull. If a horse has been badly spoiled, you should first hitch him to an empty wagon, and let him draw it around for a while on level ground; then put on a little load and increase it gradually, caressing as before, and in a short time you can have a good work horse.—*P., in Penn. Farm Journal.*

CLIPPING HORSES.

THE Turf, Field and Farm, remarking on the practice of clipping the hair from the bodies of horses—in other words, shearing them as in the case of sheep—concedes it has considerable antiquity in its favor, but doubts the propriety of it. The horse, if in decent condition, sheds his coat at the commencement of the warm season, and acquires a new and a brighter looking one by the time the autumnal winds render it necessary to his health and comfort. But when this covering is shortened by clipping, to give the animal a fresher look, especially late in the season, and blanketing is neglected, as it too often is by the careless or uninterested, injury is pretty certain to ensue. Especially is this so when the horse has been severely exercised and then left without covering to throw off the moisture which covers him. If a horse is sheared, be sure that, after being exercised, he has something thrown over his body to compensate for that supplied by nature, but removed by artificial means to gratify the taste of the owner, or to enhance the present commercial value of the animal.

WORKING horses should be stabled during storms and cool, frosty nights. Horses are often lamed by running in the pasture to keep warm, and frost bitten grass is not very prolific in strength and endurance.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Fecundity of Weeds.

A WRITER in the Journal of Agriculture says that for the purpose of determining the propagating power of a plant of purslane, he counted the number of seed pods upon it. There were 4,613. Fourteen of these—seven small, four medium and three of the largest—were selected, and the seeds counted. They gave an average of ninety seeds to the pod, or 415,170 seeds to a single plant.

Horse Feed.

THE Essex Banner asserts that small quantities of sunflower seed mixed with the food of a horse will impart a fine gloss to his hair, while it is also a certain cure for founder if given immediately after the ailment is discovered. In the latter case, about a pint of the seed should be mingled with the oats or chopped feed, when a cure will be effected. The prescription is not a costly one, and can hardly prove harmful to the animal, should it fail to effect a cure.

Corn Stalk Molasses.

THE Cincinnati Times notices a sample of molasses manufactured by S. W. BLOOM, Brownsville, Ind., from the stalks of the common white flint corn. It was superior in flavor to that manufactured from sorghum, though slightly characterized by the flavor pertaining to that commodity. The yield per acre from the stalks is nearly equal to that of sorghum, but they should be cut when the corn is in the milk to get the greatest yield from them. Sweet corn might be substituted and the ears marketed and the stalks devoted to molasses purposes.

Difference in Eggs.

THE Journal of the Farm revives the subject of buying and selling eggs by weight instead of by count. The editor was examining three several lots of eggs from as many wagons, and was surprised at the difference in size observable among them. A purchase of a dozen of each lot was made and separately weighed, with the following result:—No 1, 1 pound 10¼ ounces; No. 2, 1 pound 7¼ ounces; No. 3, 1 pound 3¼ ounces. Here was a difference of nearly half a pound between Nos. 1 and 3,—yet the price of each was the same. There is a great deal of cheating in eggs, the large ones being assigned to favorite customers and the small ones to the poor and transient ones. Buying and selling by weight is the only way to place all upon an equality.

Justice to the Hog.

SOME of the agricultural papers of the West seem disposed to take the part of the maligned hog, by giving him a prominent position as a farm aid. POPE, in his Essay on Man, uses the hog by way of illustration, and does him less than justice in saying:

"The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call"—

when in fact he does plow, and well, too, in many instances. Turn the hog into a field or orchard—minus the "villainous ring" in his nose—where poke roots, thistles, burdocks and grubs abound, and he will show a specimen of plowing worthy of the highest praise. While doing this he is almost self-supporting also, which is an additional reason for giving him "his due." It is true the hog is not a handsome animal; does not exhale a very pleasant aroma; is naturally aggressively thievish; but confine him to limits where there is something worth working for, and he will "plow" in a manner highly satisfactory to both hog and man.

Potato Balls.

S. LOMBARD, Dongola, Illinois, asks the Iowa Homestead what has become of the potato balls, and adds that when residing in Maine, years ago, they could be gathered by the bushel in the potato fields, but scarcely any are to be seen of late years there or elsewhere. This was the case in Massachusetts, in times gone by, the balls pertaining to the tops as commonly as the tubers to the bottoms and in corresponding numbers. The old merino, or long red variety, was the most affluent in balls, as it was also in the production of tubers. It is a fact that the decrease in the yield of potatoes has been followed by a corresponding diminution of balls, though the vines appear as vigorous as in old times. Among the reasons assigned for the change is a gradual degeneration of the potato plant as regards its productive power. Mr. L. incidentally remarks that potato balls were used in Maine for making preserves of a very appetizing quality—a use to which we have never seen them applied.

Farms in the West.

THE Prairie Farmer notices some of the larger farms now being cultivated in the West. Broadlands, in Champaign county, consists of 23,000 acres and is used for stock and corn growing. It carries, at present, about 4,000 head of cattle and 5,000 acres of corn for their subsistence. Hickory Grove is the name of a farm in Benton county, Indiana, owned by Messrs. Fowler & Earl, embracing 26,000 acres, entirely prairie, with the exception of a small grove of hickory, 13,000 acres of which are inclosed by a substantial board fence equal to a continuous line of 42 miles. They have also 70 miles of osage hedge. There are herded here 4,000 head of cattle. Sumner's farm, adjoining this, contains 13,000 acres, and the Boswell one, in the same neighborhood, 8,000. In the Wabash Valley are many farms ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 acres. The former proprietor of the Broadlands farm mentioned above, has one in Ford county of 40,000 acres, upon which improvements are being pushed forward with great vigor. Such farming dwarfs that of the eastern and central States to very small dimensions.

Land Drainage.

AN article in Colman's Rural World, signed "R. H. A.," hits the nail on the head when it says that thorough drainage of land is the only security the farmer has against loss by "too much rain, or a want of it." Some deem it an absurdity to assert that draining the water from the soil can be beneficial to crops, during a protracted drouth, yet such is the fact, as every one knows who has tested the matter on soils where the texture was such as to hold the water a foot or more below the surface. Such land, before draining, becomes baked and hard; no fertilizing influences come up to invigorate the roots and develop plant growth; but draw this water off, and a speedy change for the better will be seen in the character of the soil and in the plants whose seeds were committed to it. As the country is more and more divested of its forest coverings, the drier will be the fructifying season, and the greater the necessity of drainage to counteract the influence of drouth. But the benefit of drainage does not stop here, for, in the event of a wet spring, seeding can be forwarded two or three weeks as a consequence of it, while vegetation will be aided during the entire season, whatever its character may be.

Rural Notes and Items.

TRIAL OF DITCHING MACHINES.—Readers of our advertising columns have become somewhat familiar with the pretensions and performances of three different ditching machines, namely, the Chicago Ditcher, Heath's and La Tourrette's. On the 8th of September a trial of these took place on the farm of JAMES LYON, Esq., a few miles northeast of Rochester, which was witnessed by several reporters for the press, and numerous farmers and other spectators. We deem it unfortunate, in a trial of such novel and important implements, that no judges were appointed or methodical tests made, whereby the relative merits of the machines might be judged. In this case each machine "went in on its own hook," dug where, how and when it pleased, attracted as much attention as it could from the spectators, and we suppose each one claims a decided victory. We shall not decide or even intimate a preference. The rival machines will be on exhibition at our own and doubtless at other State Fairs, and the public can witness their performances, and if there is another competitive trial we hope it will be under the supervision of scientific and impartial judges.

The Chicago Ditcher (which we favorably noticed and described in the RURAL of June 27th,) first opened a ditch about forty rods long. It was drawn by two span of horses, one walking on each side of the ditch. The frame work of this machine, simple and strong, supports a revolving wheel of spades, which rolls along the ditch, lifts the dirt and discharges it on one side. The machine is drawn back and forth until the requisite depth is attained, the pace being an ordinary walk. It is essentially a revolving spader, and throws out dirt rapidly. In order to work it to the best advantage the soil should be in good spading condition, neither too hard and dry nor too sticky—as nearly pure clay may become when very wet. And we think this latter remark true, also, of the other ditchers. The soil in this instance was a sandy loam.

The Heath machine (which was figured and described in the RURAL of March 9th, 1867,) has recently been greatly modified and improved. The whole apparatus is anchored to a stake, by means of a chain or rope, placed twenty or thirty rods in advance of its place of working. Two, three or four horses, as may be necessary, are attached to a sweep power ahead of the digger, and as they are driven around, the entire machine, power and digger, moves to the stake, leaving a handsome and completed ditch for tile behind. The excavator is a steel spade, about ten inches wide, placed on the end of a beam, and cuts the dirt from the bottom of the ditch, throwing it upward to the surface. It is then moved to one side by a scraper. Guides along the sides of the ditcher render the bottom of the ditch uniform with the *general* slope, without following small depressions in the surface.

The La Tourrette machine was worked by one horse on a sweep. It is anchored by a cable to a stake in advance, and moves itself forward. In principle it is like an excavator, the earth being carried up in buckets somewhat similar in shape to those of an elevator, and the dirt is emptied on an inclined apron, which discharges it to one side of the ditch. The digger is mounted on four wheels, and the horse crosses the ditch over a bridge. It is simple and strong, and worked with less horse power than its competitors. The invention is in its infancy, this being the second machine completed. The two latter machines dug five or six rods each while we were on the ground.

ENGLAND IMPORTING HAY.—The Irish Farmers' Gazette devotes an article to the anomalous circumstance that one of the best grazing countries in the world should be compelled to import hay to preserve farm stock there from starvation. From this circumstance that paper infers that the English farmers are about to encounter keen competition in another of their most prominent farm products besides wheat, which has been imported for some time. Among the recent imports of hay into England, the Gazette notes those from Belgium and the United States. The samples of the former it pronounces equal to the best English product, but the latter are denominated "extremely coarse,—more like dried rushes than the produce of a meadow. One specimen is very inferior, and is certainly not equal in feeding value to good oaten straw." This is probably a hasty judgment, as it is hardly supposable that people would send hay three thousand miles unless it was of fair quality, as such is certainly grown in this country, and would be more likely to be exported than the poorer grades.

FATTENING HOGS.—Since the outbreak of the cattle disease along the lines of transportation the hog is acquiring increased favor with the consumers of meat. A year or two ago the hog went under a cloud in consequence of trichinæ, but this wore away by degrees, and now the bovines are shadowed a little and the hog emerges to sunlight once more. Pork is enormously high, and those farmers who have a good stock of store hogs on hand would confer a favor on the public by commencing to fatten some of them early, and perhaps put money in their pockets by the operation. It costs less to fatten hogs in the early fall months than it does when the colder season arrives, and this suggests a saving which should receive due consideration.

GETTING AHEAD OF THE BUG.—A writer in the Ohio Farmer says he planted one acre of Early Goodrich potatoes last spring, which matured before the advent of the bug. Two acres of a later variety were stripped by the pests, cutting down the yield more than one-half. Early varieties and early planting are recommended for the ensuing year. This, we believe, is the common conclusion of farmers who have adopted the early kinds and early planting. As there are several varieties which mature early the range of selection is ample for the experiment.

COTTON MILLS IN MISSISSIPPI.—The Bassier Banner, Bellevue, La., notices the erection of a large cotton factory at Carrolton, Miss., which is intended to hold eighteen thousand spindles and five hundred looms. It is now running eighteen hundred spindles, twenty-eight looms, two sets of woolen cards. The building is to be filled with machinery the coming winter. The capital stock of the company can be extended to $500,000 if desirable. The amount which the company is now operating upon is $158,000.

ILLINOIS AG'L SOC'Y TRANSACTIONS.—The sixth volume of the Transactions of the Illinois State Agricultural Society is now being issued. An edition of 10,000 volumes was ordered by the Legislature for distribution,—50 to each county society, 15 to each member of the Legislature of 1867, 200 to the State Library, 200 to the Horticultural Society, 200 to the libraries, educational and public institutions of the State, the balance remaining in the hands of the Society for general distribution.

A CRAB PASTURE.—A man residing in Annapolis, Md., has fenced off a portion of the Severn River for the propagation of crabs. He has stocked it with four thousand, and feeds with fish and refuse meat. The crab sheds his shell once a year, and if taken as soon as it is off is worth in market ten cents per pound, but with the shell on only one cent. The object of the breeder is to have them in hand, so that they can be taken as soon as the shell drops, and thus secure the higher price.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.—Dr. LORING, in his address at the recent Fair in New Haven, stated that the value of the farms in New England alone is estimated at $474,305,853; farm implements, $16,466,614; live stock, $68,695,015; making a total of capital employed in agriculture of $559,470,482.

"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."—The Akron (Ohio) Beacon states that JACOB HART of Northampton showed specimens of rye straw eight feet and eleven inches in length, and G. M. CODDING of Akron other samples nine feet and three inches. This is overdoing the rye business.

A CHANCE FOR HOP GROWERS.—Accounts from England indicate a great diminution of the hop crop in that country in consequence of the drouth. Large importations are anticipated, but whether from the continent or from this country is not yet determined.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE LAKE SHORE VINEYARDS.

THE Summer Meeting of the Lake Shore Grape Growers' Association, on the 25th and 26th of August, was a very pleasant and instructive one. The attendance was quite large, the weather delightful, and the vineyards were in the finest condition of health and fruitfulness.

The first day was spent at Collamer and its vicinity, a few miles east of Cleveland, where there are some 200 acres of vineyards, most of which are located on what is known as Collamer Ridge, an elevated slope of clay soil, regarded as too poor for profitable farm purposes, but now counted the very best for vineyards. That of Dr. DUNHAM, the President of the Association, and one or two others, have borne fine crops of the Catawba variety for seven or eight years past without a single failure. A majority of the vineyards are young, just commencing to bear fruit, and nearly all Catawba, though several are composed partly of other varieties, as Delaware, Concord, Ives, Norton's Virginia, Iona, Israella, &c. All the varieties seemed alike doing well, so that there was but little chance for comparison, and judgment has to be deferred till the fruit ripens. (There will be a fine display of the new as well as old varieties, at the annual exhibition in Painesville, Oct. 14th and 15th, when the subject of varieties will be discussed.)

After inspecting many of the vineyards at Collamer, the company assembled at the grove of the Academy, where a band of music was playing, and the ladies of the village had provided a bountiful repast for the multitude. When all were satisfied, speeches were indulged in and reports were given of the condition and prospects of the grape crop in different sections of the country. Very favorable reports were made from all parts of the Lake Shore district, embracing Chautauqua Co., N. Y., and Erie Co., Pa., and the northern tier of counties of Ohio; but the extreme western end, including the vicinity of Sandusky and the Islands, was not so favorable; the Catawba fruit there having been much of it cut off by an attack of mildew the latter part of June, different from anything of the kind before experienced, causing the speedy decay of the greater part of the berries while quite small; but suddenly ceasing, and leaving a portion of the berries on most bunches uninjured, which are now sound and good. Other varieties, as Delaware, Concord, Ives, &c., escaped the disease, but are not extensively grown on the Islands. From Western New York and Pennsylvania, and the interior of Ohio, the reports were also quite favorable; also from Indiana, Illinois and several other Western States.

Discussion was had on the subject of pruning and trimming, from which it was evident that the growing sentiment among our vineyardists is in favor of longer pruning and less summer trimming than is recommended in the books or practiced by the old class of vine growers. Some successful young cultivators condemn all summer trimming, but they will doubtless modify their opinions after a few more years' experience.

The second day was occupied with an excursion by railroad and teams sixteen miles along the Lake Shore, west from Cleveland, to Dover Bay and Avon Point. At Dover Bay are about 100 acres in vineyards, mostly bearing the first and second crop. Sixty-five acres belong to a company of Cleveland gentlemen, who have shown very good judgment and liberality in their expenditure of capital and labor. The soil here and at Avon Point is a hard, flat clay, too poor for any profitable use till thoroughly drained and subsoiled, then it is found the very best of grape land, and the vines now present a remarkably healthy appearance. They are chiefly of the Catawba variety, which ripened a beautiful crop the past year, and is doing finely this, while some rows of Concord, Delaware, Ives, &c., are as near perfection in health and fruitage as can well be imagined.

At Avon Point are over 200 acres of similar vineyards, on the same formation of level clay land, all thoroughly underdrained and subsoiled, at a cost of one hundred dollars per acre, and now promising rich returns for the capital invested. Most of these vineyards are owned and managed by business men of Elyria, but not in any corporate capacity. They are nearly all of the Catawba variety, about half of them bearing their first or second crop, the rest only one or two years planted. The few vines of newer varieties, as Delaware, Iona, Israella, &c., in the vicinity, are showing remarkable thrift, and some of them fine specimens of fruit—especially the Iona.

Among the most pleasurable features of this day was a bountiful repast in a grove, furnished by the ladies of Elyria. After the hundreds of people present had satisfied their bodily wants, a number of brief and sprightly speeches were given, and Dr. WARDER gave, by request, a very instructive lecture on the terminology of the grape vine, with some hints on pruning and trimming.

The next day a party of fifteen went on an excursion to Sandusky and the Islands, stopping half a day at Kelley's and rather more at Put-in-Bay Island. We found the Catawba crop, as had been represented, quite meager, but the fruit promising to ripen well for wine. There are very few of any other varieties grown on Kelley's Island, but those few—Delaware, Concord, &c., looked well. At Put-in-Bay the Catawbas were much the same, or perhaps a little better, and the Delaware, Ives, Concord, Iona, &c., very fine; so that there is a disposition to plant these hereafter in preference to the Catawba in all this region. Still the owners of Catawba vineyards are by no means discouraged; the vines are quite healthy, and the damage to the crop this season was of an unusual kind, and may not occur again in a life-time. They know that in all countries the grape crop is occasionally liable to fail, as well as others; in fact it is well known that for a period of ten years there have been more poor crops in the grape districts of Europe than in this country.

M. B. BATEHAM.

Painesville, Ohio, Sept. 7.

FRUIT GROWING IN LOUISIANA.

EDS. RURAL:—While on my trip West, a few days since, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of A. W. ROUNTREE of New Orleans. I found him an enthusiastic and practical horticulturist, and thoroughly posted in the business of fruit growing in that extreme southern locality. He gave me very interesting sketches of southern life, incidents, politics, &c.—the most interesting to me being in relation to fruit growing. Knowing the great desire of many to learn facts relative to fruit growing South, and more especially in this almost tropical region, I took a few notes of statements he made.

His plantation is situated seven miles up the river—opposite Carrolton. Soil along the river mostly of a sandy, alluvial nature, interspersed with "bluff" lands composed of a heavy clay. All plants and trees there make a wonderful quick, spontaneous growth. *Cuttings* of the Concord grape make a growth the *first* season of fifteen to twenty feet; and, by the way, he informed me this proved to be one of the most valuable varieties with them. Strawberries set, for instance, this fall in November or December, start to growing immediately, form fine hills or matted rows by last of January, and commence to bear in February—keeping up a continued crop until July. His main variety was the Wilson's Albany; next to it he preferred as they are named—Longworth Prolific, McAvoy's Superior, Russell and Lennig's White. He did not think they ever made so large pickings as at the North, and did not get the large crops that he had seen reported here. Their plants ripened more in succession, and consequently such picking was lighter than ours. While we gather our crop in three to five weeks, they would be four to five months gathering theirs. A year ago his prices averaged in the New Orleans market $1.50 per quart; this year 75 cents. His sales of strawberries for past two seasons amounted to about sixteen thousand dollars.

Strawberries run well the first season they are set, after which they send out no runners to speak of, but form "stools" and yield for a number of years. But now comes the worst pinch for a lazy man, or "castle builder." He says they have a weed called *coco grass*, which, if hoed off, will sprout up an inch above the ground in twenty-four hours. It seems to be impossible to eradicate it, consequently a person to be successful with strawberries, garden truck, &c., must keep constantly at work. This constant working, however, is the means of keeping the ground mellow and pulverized, and making a great growth of plant and a sure crop of fruit. He estimates the amount of labor required there to keep a plantation in the same order as here six to eight times as much. The entire crop no larger, if as large, but prices six to eight times as high,—showing that the profits are about the same.

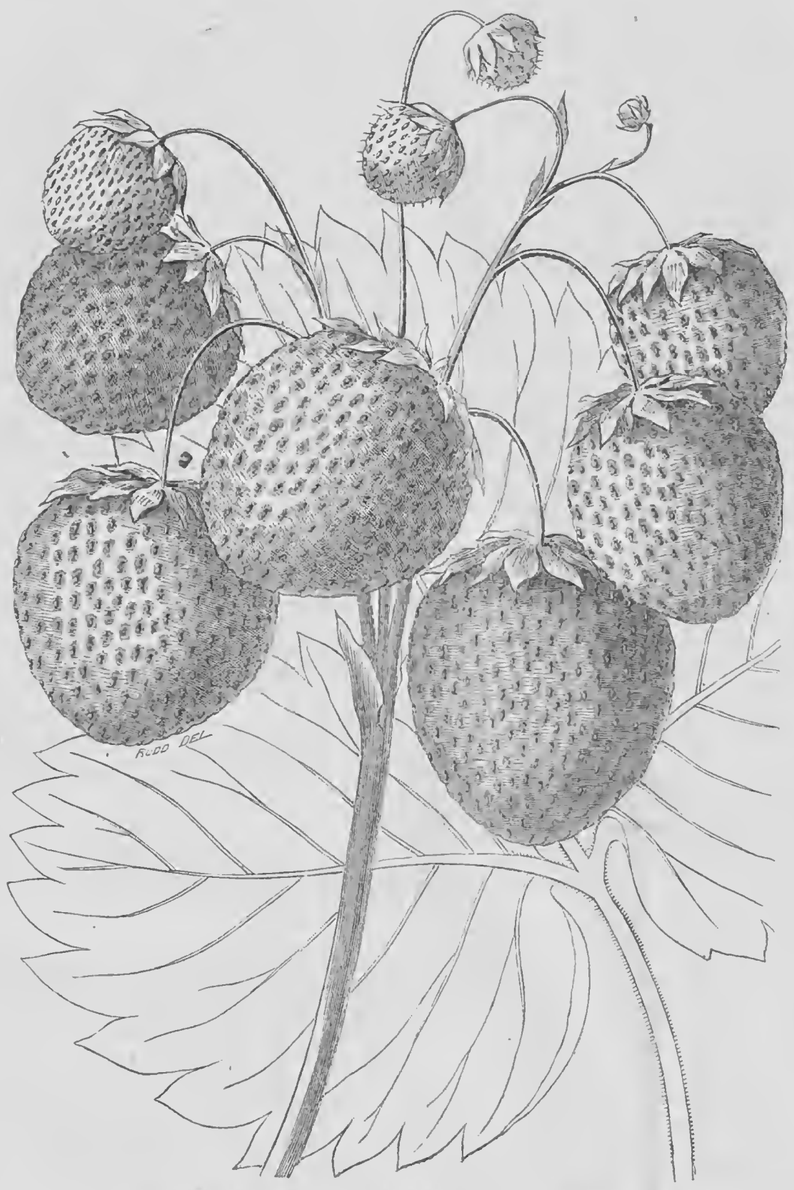
Mr. R. says money can be made rapidly by energetic men who understand the business, by raising fruits and vegetables to ship north to St. Louis and Chicago. Tomatoes grow and yield with but little trouble, and largely. Cabbages, corn, &c., ditto. Raspberries do not succeed well. Blackberries do, yielding immense crops of the largest size fruit. Peaches, pears and plums are a certain crop with them. Many of their best peaches are cling stones, which reproduce the same or nearly so from the pit. Pears, dwarfs, grow wonderfully there, and bear largely. The Seckel and Bartlett proving two of the best—the first growing to double the size it does North. They take no pains in heading back dwarf pears, as they yield full crops without it.

Oranges succeed well with them. We, he says, do not know what a true, ripe, natural flavored orange is—the same of figs. They are gathered before becoming fully ripe, and packed in close boxes to be shipped. Apples do not succeed there. They get a few early summer apples to bear—merely enough, sometimes, for a taste. I said to him: "We then have one standby and luxury that you do not enjoy." "Yes," he says, "not only in the apple, but also the cherry." They cannot grow the cherry.

The "great freeze" they had there in January last was something never known before, and did a great amount of damage. Ice froze in tubs so as to hold up a person. First strawberry blossoms and fruit cut off, but on account of their fruiting in succession for so long a time, but a small proportion of the entire crop was damaged. He says "energetic Northern men, who come there to *live and do business*," will be received and treated in the most friendly manner, and can reap a fortune from their labors. Those wishing to visit their section should do so in November or December.

My advice to those wishing to go so far South is, "Be *sure* you are right—then go ahead."

Palmyra, N. Y. A. M. PURDY.



THE PRESIDENT WILDER STRAWBERRY.

THIS variety was produced in 1861 by the Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER from artificial impregnation of Hovey's Seedling by the La Constante; the first is well known, and the latter is one of the most successful and excellent of foreign varieties brought to this country. Col. WILDER has had large experience in raising seedling fruits, and the fact that he has permitted his name to attach to this should vouch for promised excellence. It is described thus:

"The plant is hardy, robust, vigorous and very productive. The foliage is handsome and well developed; leaf dark-green, roundish, obovate, deeply serrated, of great substance, with stiff, short footstalks, and stands the extremes of heat and cold without injury. The flower-stalk is stiff and erect, the flowers perfect. The fruit is large, some specimens attaining to more than five inches in circumference; and many berries this year weighed more than an ounce avoirdupois each. Their color is brilliant crimson scarlet; form obtusely conical; the flesh rosy white, very juicy, but sufficiently firm for market; flavor rich and sprightly, inclining to sweet, with a distinct aroma of the Alpine or wood strawberry; seed small; season late."

The proprietors of the American Journal of Horticulture have bought the entire stock.

SPARROWS.—ORCHARDS AND GROVES.

THE New York World recommends the general introduction of European sparrows for the purpose of killing off the insect enemies of fruit and ornamental trees. With this object in view, the authorities of New York city, some three or four years ago, imported two hundred sparrows, and provided them with nest boxes as places for breeding and resort during the cold nights of winter. The increase from this importation has been so great as to supply Brooklyn, Jersey City and adjoining country towns with colonies of sparrows. The result has been that the worms have disappeared from the foliage of fruit and shade trees, leaving them fresh and green till the season of frost. The World recommends these birds to farmers as the only sure remedy against the ravages of insects in fruit orchards. The sparrow is quite domestic in its habits, and, if furnished with a shelter from the storms of winter, will remain where first supplied with a home. The sparrow multiplies rapidly—a single family raising from three to four broods, of six or seven each, during the season. According to this representation, were a couple of hundreds imported and housed in Rochester, their progeny would pervade the whole country in four or five years, protecting the extensive fruit growing interests embraced within its limits. Unless the influence of these birds is greatly overrated by the World, their introduction here would be a vast local benefit, to say nothing of its effect on adjoining counties.

THE CATAWBA GRAPE IN VIRGINIA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having noticed an inquiry, some time since, which was made at the Farmers' Club N. Y., and having pretty extensively examined Virginia, on the subject of that inquiry, it occurred to me that some of your readers, might be interested in my investigations. The inquiry was,—"Can the Catawba grape be successfully grown in Virginia?"

I have seen that vine in my travels there, in all its stages of growth, and several times, during its fruiting season. I have never noticed any mildew, and hardly any rot. There are vines on the place, on which I am now staying, in fruit, the clusters, perfect as any I ever saw, the leaf fresh as in June.

The wine from this grape, was highly esteemed during the war, and one large vineyard made a great deal of money. I think I can say, in truth, that the Catawba grape, as well as all of our new varieties, may be successfully grown in this neighborhood, which is about 20 miles from Washington and near the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which is a healthy country abounding in springs of soft water. Good grape lands sell from $10 to $12 per acre. The people are friendly, and desire northern emigration. The valley lands, grow grass, wheat, corn, &c.

Centerville, Fairfax Co., Va., 1868. STEUBEN.

ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.—An exchange says: "Orange culture in Florida is even greater and more important than is expressed in the report of the Agricultural Bureau. From 75,000 to 100,000 orange trees were set out last year, of which 30,000 were planted out on Flint river alone; and, in 1865 and 1866, at least 50,000 were transplanted and budded in east and middle Florida. The price, instead of being $15 to $20 per thousand on the trees, as stated, should have been $25 to $30, and some choice lots sold as high as $35. The orange grows wild all over Florida, and good trees, when transplanted and budded, bear 500 to 2,500 sweet oranges each."

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

A PLETHORA OF FRUIT.—The Dixie Farmer, Tennessee, states that fruit in that section has been produced in the greatest abundance the present year. "Thousands upon thousands of bushels of peaches have rotted, and are rotting, for the want of some use to put them to. Much has been sold, and not a little money brought into the country. Still there is a vast quantity of fruit wasting throughout the country." It is a source of regret to us that this surplus of peaches is not within easy reach of Western New York, as it would afford an opportunity for many lovers of this fruit to enjoy a feast which the high prices here deny to them. In old times, when peaches were so plentiful that they would not pay for gathering for market, farmers used to turn their hogs into the orchards to consume them. We do not know that the hogs derived much benefit from the fruit, except from the meat in the pits, which they cracked with evident relish; but they seemed to enjoy the privilege of a free run amazingly, and labored with an assiduity pleasurable to behold.

CATAWISSA RASPBERRY.—CHAS. D. COPELAND of Lima, N. Y., speaking of this fruit, says:—"It is a dark red or purple color, and in form and size is a medium between the English Red Antwerp and the Doolittle or American Black Cap. In flavor it is very sprightly and agreeable. The bush is a strong grower, and what is called a perpetual bearer, although it has two distinct crops,—the first coming in July and continuing a long time, the second from the first of September until the severe frosts and snows of approaching winter interfere. I have fruited this raspberry for five seasons past, and find the bushes to increase, both in strength and productiveness, with each succeeding year. I value it highly, because it supplies a luxury when other small fruits are gone; and because the bush is obviously much longer lived than other raspberries. After five years it shows no signs of running out, and is not troublesome because of thorns on the bushes or suckers springing from the roots."

GRAPES IN NEW YORK CITY.—C. W. IDELL, Esq., furnishes us the following information respecting the grape market in New York city. He writes under date of Sept. 11th:—"I am aware that a large number of your readers who are grape growers feel very anxious about the market. We are full of Western Virginia and Northern Ohio Concords, that are poor and will only bring about cost of transportation. Concords are selling from 16 cts. down to 5 cts.; Hartfords, 15 cts. to 8 cts.; Delaware and Iona, 25 cts. Our markets are extremely dull, and the weather very hot."

GRAPES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A company has purchased seventeen hundred acres of land near Wilmington, N. C., for thirty thousand dollars. Seven hundred acres are improved, and are to be immediately stocked with grape vines, and the balance as soon as the land can be prepared for the purpose. The aggregate capital for carrying on this project is about $100,000.

PROFITABLE FRUIT TREES.—The Southern Ruralist states that a gentleman near Terry, Miss., sold seven bushel boxes of peaches from a single tree at $9 per box, $54 for one crop. In the same region a pear tree yielded $126, and another—the first crop—$48. These are indications of what the South can do in fruit growing.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 12th inst.:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are in fair demand, with a good supply on the market. Onions are more plenty, and lower.

Buckeyes, ₩ bbl	$ 2 25	@	2 50
Peach Blows, ₩ bbl	2 75	@	3 25
Mercers, ₩ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Delaware, sweet, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, Jerseys, ₩ bbl	4 25	@	5 00
Onions, ₩ 100 bunches	7 00	@	8 00
Tomatoes, ₩ basket	35	@	40
Cucumbers, ₩ 100	50	@	75
Marrow Squash, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Cabbages, ₩ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Beets, ₩ 100 bunches	3 00	@	4 00
Green Corn, ₩ 100	1 00	@	1 25

FRUITS.—Apples are more plenty, and lower. Peaches of better quality are offered. Grapes are in better supply, and sell at fair prices, according to quality. Pears are not plenty. A few barrels of choice, in good order, have sold at high figures.

Pears, Dutchess, ₩ crate	$ 5 00	@	7 00
Pears, Common, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	7 00
Pears, Good, ₩ bbl	10 00	@	12 00
Pears, Bartlett, ₩ bbl	15 00	@	17 00
Peaches, Delaware, ₩ crate	5 00	@	7 00
Peaches, New Jersey, ₩ crate	5 00	@	7 00
Peaches, Ohio, ₩ crate	5 00	@	7 00
Peaches, common, ₩ crate	1 00	@	3 00
Apples, common, ₩ bbl	1 50	@	2 50
Apples, prime, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	5 00
Watermelons, ₩ 100	12 00	@	35 00
Nutmeg Melons, ₩ bbl	1 75	@	2 50
Grapes, Hartford, ₩ ℔	15	@	18
Grapes, Charleston, ₩ ℔	10	@	14
Green Gages, ₩ bushel	3 00	@	4 00
Blue Gages, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Apples are quiet but steadily held. Berries are unchanged. Peaches are in fair supply at full prices.

New Apples, State, ₩ ℔	$ 11	@	12
New Apples, Western, ₩ ℔	10	@	11
New Apples, Southern, ₩ ℔	11	@	12
Peaches, Southern, new, peeled, ₩ ℔	27	@	28
Peaches, Southern, old, ₩ ℔	18	@	20
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₩ ℔	14	@	15
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₩ ℔	9	@	11
Blackberries, ₩ ℔	20	@	23
Raspberries, ₩ ℔	42	@	45

Domestic Economy.

PICKLED BLACKBERRIES.—For 16 quarts of fruit take four pounds of sugar, 3 pints of vinegar, cinnamon and cloves to suit the taste. Dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, and cook the berries in the sirup until done; skim them out, and boil down the juice to the desired quantity; pour over the fruit, cover tightly and keep in a cool place.

LEOPARD CAKE.—Two cups white sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup butter, half cup sweet milk, half teaspoonful of soda. Stir sufficiently; then take nearly half the mixture into another dish and add half cup molasses, 3 tablespoonfuls milk, half cup flour, 1 cup raisins or English currants; allspice, cinnamon and cloves to suit the taste. Butter a deep tin, and put in a spoonful of the dark and then the light alternately. Bake in a moderately hot oven.—MRS. CHAS. DICKINSON, *Grand Haven, Mich.*

INDIAN BANNOCK.—Take one pint of Indian meal, and stir into it a pint of milk—fresh buttermilk is better—half a teaspoonful of salt, a spoonful of molasses, and a spoonful of melted butter. Beat two eggs and add, and then stir in a pint of wheat flour; then thin it with milk to the consistency of drop cakes, and when ready to bake, add two heaping teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in hot water. Pour in square buttered pans an inch thick, and bake fifteen minutes. This quantity makes two pans.

RICE PUDDING.—Pick over the rice and wash it well, then boil one teacup of rice in water until soft, or until the water is all evaporated; put it into a two-quart basin, fill or nearly fill the basin, having room for the addition of three-fourths cup of sugar, two well beaten eggs, flavor with spice; one teacup of raisins, if they can be afforded, is quite an addition; one-fourth of a teaspoon of salt must be added.

PORK CAKE.—One teacup of fat salt pork chopped to a perfect mass; add one cup of boiling water, one cup of sugar, one of molasses, four and one-half of flour, one teaspoon of soda, half pound of seeded raisins, and one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon.

DRYING CITRON.—Mrs. A. G. S., Lake Forest, Illinois, asks for a recipe for drying citron.

SOMETHING NICE.—Take the seeds out of green tomatoes and cut the tomatoes in fine strips with scissors, until you have six pounds of them. Add four or five good-sized bell peppers, green, after taking out the seeds and cutting fine. Add, also, two and a half pounds of white sugar and one quart of cider vinegar, a half ounce of cloves in a bag, or a few drops of the oil of cloves, and a small quantity of mace. Cook all about an hour, and you will have nice spiced tomatoes. We like them very much.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NO. 1 APPLE SEEDLINGS FOR SALE—$4 per 1,000. Address BIRD & CO., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

STRAWBERRIES!—ALL THE BEST SORTS cheap. Send for a Price List. Address
974 3t MARK D. WILLSON, Rochester, N. Y.

SEND THREE CENT STAMP for CIRCULAR on Cranberry Culture. ORRIN C. COOK,
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CATAWISSA RASPBERRY BEARS TWO abundant crops. Flower Seeds gratis. Send stamp for circular, and learn all about it. Address
CHAS. D. COPELAND, Lima, N. Y.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER.—"Worth One Dollar a week in any family."—*N. Y. Tribune.* ☞ Sold everywhere. R. C. BROWNING, General Agent, No. 32 Courtlandt St., N. Y. 974-26

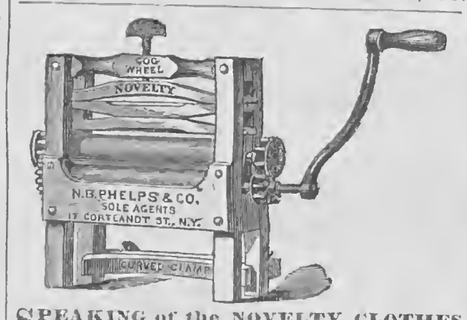
PURE CIDER AND APPLE SEEDS.—The Subscribers are ready to contract with responsible men, their cider and (apple seeds) manufactured this fall, which we will warrant pure. SEYMOUR & DICKINSON,
Pulaski, Oswego Co., N. Y.

30,000 PEACH TREES FOR SALE—leading varieties, first-class, $60 ₩ 1,000; second class, $35 ₩ 1,000. Also, 2 year old Apple stocks, No. 1, $6 ₩ 1,000; 1 year old 4 ₩ 1,000.
WANE & CONLY, Springbrook, Erie Co., N. Y.

100,000 GRAPE VINES.—CONCORD, Ives', Delaware, Iona and other popular varieties. Mostly two years old, and well grown. Prices very low for the quality. For sale on commission by
M. B. BATEHAM,
Sec'y Lake Shore Grape Growers' Ass'n, Painesville, Ohio.

BRONSON, GRAVES, SELOVER & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET NURSERIES,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer for the present Fall a large and well-grown stock of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, EVERGREENS, SHRUBS, ROSES, SMALL FRUITS, &c. Also, NATIVE and FOREIGN GRAPE VINES, very healthy and strong.
HEDGE PLANTS, CHERRY SEEDLINGS, and a full supply of
GENERAL NURSERY ARTICLES.
We invite correspondence or a personal examination of stock. PRICE LISTS sent on application. 974-tf

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE
SETS UP ITS OWN WORK, KNITS ALL sizes—widens and narrows, knits the heel into the stocking and narrows off the toe complete and, as improved within the last thirty days, is the most perfect knitter in the world. *Warranted* to be and do all we claim for it in *every instance*, or money refunded. For particulars, also circular and sample stocking, address, inclosing stamp,
974-tf J. D. ORNE & CO., 156 State St., Rochester, N. Y.



SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City.
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12,000 PEACH TREES FOR SALE—1st Class, $50 ₩ 1,000; 2d Class, $30 ₩ 1,000.
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Offer to all purchasers of Nursery Stock their large and complete assortment of all the leading items of the trade. We invite
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to call and examine our stock, or write for particulars, with stamps for Catalogues. No. 1—Descriptive Fruit Catalogue. No. 2—Descriptive Ornamental Catalogue. No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of New Plants. No. 4—Wholesale Trade List.
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The neatest and most economical packing box in use for Grapes—shipped in flats. Any child that can drive tacks can put them together. Circulars sent free.
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Our Autumn Catalogue, containing a complete list of *Hyacinths, Tulips, Lilies, Narcissus, Crocus, &c.*, is now ready, and will be forwarded to all applicants. Address
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BLOOMINGTON NURSERIES.—17th YEAR—400 ACRES—10 GREENHOUSES.—Large, choice stock of best shipping sizes—Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Osage Orange Hedge, Small Fruits, Kittatinny and Wilson's Early Blackberry, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, &c., very low for cash. ☞ Send 2 red stamps, for two Fall Catalogues.
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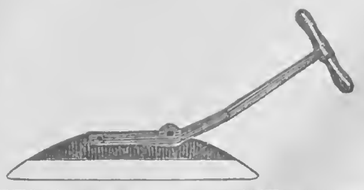
DOOLITTLE'S PRICE LIST OF RASPBERRY PLANTS—Especially adapted to Fall Planting—*Why?* I layer the tips of the large leading canes and get a few early fully ripe plants—others, during the summer, keep pinching off these tips that I layer and thus make the canes throw out numberless small side branches. These necessarily make later—and—and—and cheaper plants. I will send good plants of the Doolittle Raspberry, 20 by mail, prepaid, for $1, or 100 for $4; by Express, charges unpaid, $2.50 per 100; $15 ₩ 1,000. DAVIDSON'S THORNLESS, THE GARDEN RASPBERRY, and THE SENECA BLACK CAP, by mail, pre-paid, $2 ₩ doz., or $10 ₩ 100. "MAMMOTH CLUSTER," $3 ₩ doz., or $15 ₩ 100, charges pre-paid; 2 of each kind named above, sent for $2; 10 of each kind sent for $5. Send for descriptive circular. Address, with cash, H. H. DOOLITTLE,
Oaks' Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y.
N. B.—Register your letter, or get a P. O. Money Order on Geneva, N. Y., or Draft on New York. 972-2teo



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The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of dealers in agricultural implements and farmers to the advantage this knife presents over all others. Its cutting principle is so simple that no person can fail to see the advantages gained over the old style as soon as they look at the drawing. It feeds itself up to its work naturally, and has no inclination to fall off from a direct downward pressure. The lower point acts as a feeder, but the hay or straw will yield from the back of it sufficient to give to the edge a slight oblique motion, causing it to cut very easy and fast. The blade may be taken off the shank and reversed when occasion requires. The advantages gained over the old style lie in its new cutting principle and self-feeding action, so governed and arranged as to make very easy work of what with the old style is very hard work. Very many testimonials and favorable opinions of the Press from the Pacific Coast, where it was gotten up, are at hand, and some of them may be seen in our circulars. Soper's Self-Feeding Hay Knife drew the first premium and diploma at the California State Fair in 1867, and is pronounced perfect in its working by all who have tried it. Every farmer will approve of it at once on trial. No effort will be made to compete in price with the old style, which are in most cases little better than pot metal, as none but the very best material and workmanship will be employed. Retail price $3.50. Address or apply to
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Ladies' Department.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

Oh, I know the world is a weary place
Of suffering, and care, and woe.
And that every heart has the deadly trace
Of the sin that makes it so;
Yet I see the promise of Heaven gleam
On this sorrowful earth of ours,
That God's sea will whiten life's darkened stream,
God's sun will open life's flowers.

'Mid the western forest I sit me down,
Where the church bells never ring;
My hands they are rough, and my brow is brown,
And a woodman's song I sing;
But yet, when the work of my day is done,
And I rest on the mossy sod,
Then my heart grows soft with the thought of one
Who has been ten years with God.

Just a little lass, who was fair to me,
—I may not be over-wise—
But what can the beauty they talk of be
If not God's light in the eyes?
When I hear of maidens whom good men love,
They are just like her, I know;
When I think how the angels sing above,
I think how she spoke below!

She lived in a quiet country place,
With womanly duties round;
Where even God's dumb things loved her face,
And came at her footsteps' sound.
No earthly pride save her mother's praise,
The blessing the farmer gave:
Then at last, a break in the happy days,
A name on the household grave!

And I dared not ask them—for what was I?—
For sight of the holy dead:
I looked on her bier as they bore it by,
And I hid the tears I shed.
'Twas long since I'd joined in a godly work,
Or gone where God's people meet,
But next Sabbath morning I went to kirk,
And gazed on her empty seat.

For I could not carry her in my heart
To haunts of ungodly men;
But when in God's service I took my part,
Her soul seemed nearer me then.
And she's near me now, as I sit alone
In the western forest dim;
And she soothes my heart like a mother's tone
Singing the evening hymn.

So in many a quiet place, I trow,
God's servants may dwell unseen,
Like the little streamlets that hidden flow,
Except that their grass grows green;
For we see the evil, we hear the cry,
Of this sorrowful earth of ours,
But in loving patience God sits on high,
Because He can see its flowers.

[*Sunday Magazine.*

WEDDING RINGS.

There is no ornament made by the goldsmith that has so interesting a history as the ring. From the remotest antiquity it has been in use. Signet rings were used in Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek and Roman times. Their devices preceded, and to some extent did the work of the more modern heraldic distinctions. Rings were used as symbols of honor, or types of reconciliation, as in the affecting narrative of the prodigal son:—"Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his finger."

That rings should very early have become a token of affection, and in time an established emblem of the nuptial tie, is only a reasonable result of the poetry involved in the shape of the ring. For it is the emblem of eternity. Its circlet has no beginning and no end. True love triumphs over time. In pursuance of this idea came the custom of the wedding ring at the marriage ceremony. Our ancestors, though, had what is no longer the custom—mottoes engraved on or inside the ring. These were often very impressive and appropriate, as see the following:

"In thee, my love,
All joy I prove."

"Beyond this life
We'll love, dear wife."

"Divinely knit by grace are we
Two made *one*; the pledge here see."

Admonitory mottoes were not unusual, as—

"Silence ends strife
'Twixt man and wife."

"Pray to love,
Love to pray."

"This ring should bind
Body and mind."

We could add a large number of ancient mottoes, but these will suffice.

At the present time it is customary to let the engagement and wedding rings bear only the initials of the plighted twain, with perhaps a date. Now and then, however, something more is added. An engagement ring given to a young lady in Brooklyn, last summer, bore within it a more beautiful sentiment than graced many of the ancient circlets. To the names of the giver and wearer was appended,—

"Each for the other, and both for God."

While many articles of jewelry serve but to trick out beauty, or supply the place of it, the finger ring, and especially the wedding ring, serves a nobler purpose. It is a little circlet of joy, and memory, and pleasant thoughts, calling up tender recollections and sweet and solemn incidents. Its material of pure plain gold suggests both the purity and durability of wedded love. Just as gold does not corrode, and lasts longer than any other metal, so should conjugal affection resist the corroding of angry passions, and the fret of daily anxieties. It should grow brighter with age and use.

And then the circular form tells of endless deeds of kindness, running in the daily round of life without flaw; smooth and strong should be the bond that unites two hearts, so that it may not be a fetter to galL nor a film to break. Look at your wedding ring, young wife, and let it be your monitor to suggest all this. And even though it is no longer the fashion to inscribe it with quaint device or loving words, it will be eloquent to you: and none the less that your tears have sometimes fallen on it. They have not marred the gold or broken the circle. Sometimes they have made both dearer.

And you, O mourning widow, weeping a good man's loss, your wedding ring, whether it is now enameled with black, or kept in its pristine brightness, what a doubly precious memorial to you has that little round of plain gold become! It links your thoughts now with heaven. It is the pledge of a spiritual bond here, to be renewed hereafter. It tells, according to a favorite couplet of our ancestors, that

"Death never parts
True loving hearts."

However much, then, we may condemn tawdry ornaments in general, let us consider the wedding ring as possessing a significance deep and even solemn. Its value is in what it typifies. Brilliant gems of rarest setting cannot make more precious the golden link of love.

SPANISH BEAUTY.

I had heard very much of the beauty of Spanish women, but indeed the half of the truth was not and cannot be told. Sometimes, heretofore, when standing half entranced before Murillo's pictures, I have wondered whence came his ideal or inspiration; but his Madonnas and Magdalens only walk the streets of Madrid and other cities of Spain. He had but to paint the portraits of his friends. Often have I stopped in utter astonishment at such ravishing beauty. The features, the form, the movement, the expression, are Roman dignity combined with Moorish grace; the stateliness of Zenobia with the voluptuousness of Cleopatra. Can it be that such summer evening twilight of repose can ever give place to the dark, stormy night of demoniac passion? That vice, treachery, falsehood, lurk under that angelic exterior?

The statue of the Venus de Milo in the Louvre, at Paris, and the statue of the Venus de Medici in the Tribune, at Florence, have divided the admiration of the world. They represent two types of womanhood, differing as night and day; the former strong, sensuous, affectional, devotional, and faithful friend, the constant wife, the devoted mother; the latter, light, volatile, spiritual, brilliant, impulsive. The first typifies the English woman, the last the French. A combination of the two constitutes the perfection of womanhood, as found in the Spanish Senora. She is evidently the result of many generations of the finest culture. The climate, the scenery, the romance, the chivalry, the grand and stirring scenes of Spanish history, have perfectly matured and developed the Roman and Moorish blood that flows in her veins, into being finer than poet or painter ever conceived. Those brilliant, dark eyes and raven hair, coral lips, pearly teeth, the delicate complexion, the shading and pencilling of her eyelash and brow, the shapely features, the expression of affection and warmth, the repose and dignity blended in her expression, the grace of manner, are indescribable. Her flowing black dress, mantilla, veil, and the fan, set off her beauties of person, and her ease of movement seems without effort and more like gliding than walking. She is not seemingly offended or affected by the extravagant flattery or compliment paid her, but accepts it in apparent innocent unconsciousness of its being anything improper any more than if it had been addressed to the lily, the rose, a picture, or any work of art. If she be artful, she possesses the higher art of concealing it.—*Cor. Church Union.*

THE DOLL OF FASHION.

There were no ladies' journals of fashion in those days, and at each change of costume two dolls were dressed up at the Hotel Rambouillet; called aptly and wittily enough, the one, "la grande Pandore," in "grande tenue;" the other, "la petite Pandore," in morning deshabille. The custom of dressing up a doll as a model of fashion originated at Venice, where at the annual fair in the Plazza of St. Mark a doll was exposed in a conspicuous place to set the style of dress for the ensuing year. Later, Henry IV. sent Marie de Medicis, before their marriage, some such dolls, to show her the French fashions; and Mercier, in his "Tableau de Paris," celebrates with emphasis the "poupée de la rue Saint Honoré." "C'est de Paris que les profondes inventions en modes donnent les loix a l'univers. La fameuse poupée, le mannequin précieux affublé des modes les plus nouvelles, passe de Paris à Londres tous les mois et va de là répandre ses graces dans toute l'Europe. Il va au Nord et au Midi, il pénètre à Constantinople et à Pétersbourg, et le pli qu'a donné une main francaise se repète du goût de la rue Saint Honoré."—*Quarterly Review.*

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

An old gentleman by the name of Gould had married a girl scarcely nineteen years of age. After the wedding the *juvenile* bridegroom addressed to his friend Dr. G. the following couplet, to inform him of the happy event:

So you see, my dear sir, though eighty years old,
A girl of nineteen falls in love with old *Gould*.

To which the Dr. replied:

A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true.
But, believe me, dear sir, it is *gold* without U.

Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."

A professor was explaining in a young ladies' school in France the theory according to which the body is entirely renewed every six years:—"Thus, Mademoiselle F.," said he, addressing a pretty blonde with a wide-awake face, "in six years you will be no longer Mademoiselle F." "I hope so," replied the unsophisticated, casting down her eyes.

"Are a man and his wife both one?" asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a stupefaction as she was holding his aching head in both her hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher, recently, in which she had spelled the words very poorly. She apologized by adding a postscript, as follows:—"You must exkews this letter, as I pla bi noat, but spel bi ear."

A devotee of fashion predicts that another season of short ball dresses, tight boots, and an agonized expression on the faces of the wearers, will be the fashion.

Sweet words fly from the lips of a lovely woman like honey bees from the flower, penetrate the heart as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.

Jennie June thinks that so far as women's clothing is concerned, the art of not making anything they want, in the way that they want it, has been brought to perfection.

In Paris the most distinguished fashion writer is said to be an old woman who lives in an attic, smokes a short pipe, wears a yellow bandana around her head, and signs herself "Countess."

The Girls.—Can we not bring up our girls more usefully, less showily, less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labor is a higher thing than merely to enjoy; that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it is earned? Can we not put it into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, hopefulness, hatred of waste, and these being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called?—*Miss Muloch.*

Choice Miscellany.

ALWAYS LOVE.

WILLIAM WINTER.

Because Love's sigh is but a sigh,
Doth it the less Love's heart disclose?
Because the rose must fade and die,
Is it the less the lovely rose?
Because black night must shroud the day,
Shall the brave sun no more be gay?

Because chill autumn frights the birds,
Shall we distrust that spring will come?
Because sweet words are only words,
Shall love forevermore be dumb?
Because our bliss is fleeting bliss,
Shall we who love forbear to kiss?

Because those eyes of gentle mirth
Must sometime cease my heart to thrill,
Because the sweetest voice on earth
Sooner or later must be still,
Because its idol is unsure,
Shall my strong love the less endure?

Ah, no! let lovers breathe their sighs,
And roses bloom, and music sound,
And passion burn on lips and eyes,
And pleasure's merry world go round;
Let golden sunshine flood the sky—
And let me love or let me die!

SALVATION OF THE INTEMPERATE.

We have been asked to state, through the Rural, whether we know of any remedy for habitual intoxication. The one who makes this request writes: "I have a dear friend whom I wish to save, active, intelligent and social,—worth saving. I pray you aid me if you can."

Very gladly would we render assistance, not only in this case, but in thousands of others where noble and worthy men are wrecking themselves. But we fear it is beyond our power. We do not know of anything which will act as a substitute, while destroying the appetite for intoxicating drink. Such nostrums have been advertised, if we remember rightly, though when and where we cannot now recall. They cannot have proved of much utility, else would they be well known and eagerly sought for.

When the system has become habituated to stimulus, of any kind, the demands it makes therefor are importunate in the extreme. And they will not long be satisfied with other than that specially craved. Strong coffee has stood in lieu of alcohol momentarily, but hardly longer. Physicians have prescribed a variety of drugs to those who would cease the use of opium, but almost invariably without any effect. As the appetite for strong drink is an unnatural one, so are its manifestations unnatural. A man hungry for food, merely, will be appeased equally whether you give him one kind or another; a man hungry for strong drink is not so easily dealt with.

We have just read, with deep and painful interest, a new book on "The Opium Habit," noticed under the appropriate head. The author's account of his own successful attempt to forswear opium is very suggestive. It shows that the great essential to a change of any habit, however strong, is a resolute Will. Not all men possess this,—would that they did! The salvation of those intemperate ones whose wills are strong, should never be despaired of. But it may be asserted that such never come to need saving. We think they do. Imperceptibly to themselves their appetites gain the mastery. Then kindly words and the help of kindly hands may arouse dormant energies. Pride may be awakened, ambitions may be revived, the man may come to himself again.

For poor, weak, vacillating souls it does sometimes seem that there is no hope. They rise only to fall again. Such we believe need to be taken away from themselves. Placed where their unstable resolutions can be subjected to no damaging influences, they may grow strong. Herein is their salvation,—in strength. An Opium-Cure is planned in the book before mentioned, which is doubtless much needed. Inebriate Asylums already exist, and have wrought a good work. Men have come out of them to ornament society, who were once society's curse. Some have gone back to their old ways, it is true, after a time, but only under sore temptation and in the belief that they could yield a little and not all. One such died near us, very recently, a victim to this fatal delusion. He was uncommonly gifted. Time and again had his resolutions to refrain from intoxicating drinks been broken. Finally a sojourn of some months in the Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton effected an apparent reformation. For a year he was a new man. Then he yielded to the solicitations of false friends to take "just a glass," and was ruined. One Sabbath his fingers were laid upon organ keys with a touch almost angelic; the next he was filling a drunkard's grave.

Concerning the treatment of patients in Inebriate Asylums we are not fully informed. Opium-eaters, as set forth in the plan alluded to, are to be cured by degrees,—decreasing the amount of opium taken each day or week. That this is the proper way to treat opium patients has been well attested. Habitual drunkards may require similar treatment. Sudden withdrawals of that which the system has come to feed upon often result in delirium tremens and death. But whatever the treatment, the end aimed at is total abstinence. Nothing short of this will save. There can be no tampering, no half-way work. In thousands of saddening instances it has been found that the appetite for alcoholic liquor, once formed, is never entirely eradicated. It exists within the man, and if even slightly gratified may rend him worse than could any seven devils.

Total abstinence, then, is the only salvation for the intemperate, and in it lies the only real safety for the temperate. No man ever yet set out with the deliberate intention of making a drunkard of himself. Men are not generally fools; they are simply weak. Yet weak ones, who take an occasional glass of sparkling beverage and fall, may be strong enough to take none at all, and go through life honored and doing good. Which is wiser,—the man who runs much risk and gains nothing, or the one who runs no risk and gains much?

Poetry.—All poetry is but the reaching out of the soul,—all painting, whether in words or colors,—for something better, brighter, fairer than it has yet seen, but which imagination prophesies is yet to come. It sees brighter tints, more indestructible loveliness than this world contains, but which even its disappointments and defeats foreshadow; and which will certainly come, or hope, and faith, and love would not be.

There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is, they never find time to carry out their meaning.

THOUGHT IN MUSIC.

The difficult question how far instrumental music will avail in the representation of thoughts and situations has received an interesting elucidation from a no less eminent authority than Schumann.

"It is absurd," says he, "to suppose that a composer takes up his pen with the miserable intention of expressing or depicting this or that actual fact. But, for all that, no one should underrate the force of external influences and impressions. An idea will often act unconsciously on the musical imagination; the eye will often influence the ear; and the eye, being the most active of our organs, keeps constantly intruding the outlines of objects among the melodies and harmonies, which, as the music advances, become shaped and moulded into definite forms.

The more the musical element associates such external thoughts and images with itself, the more poetical and picturesque will be the composition; and the more imaginative and strict is the conception of the composer, the more will he arouse and rivet his hearers.

What is to prevent Beethoven, in the midst of his conceptions, being suddenly possessed by the idea of immortality? Why should his imagination not be kindled by the image of a mighty hero in ruins? Or why is some other composer not to be inspired by the recollection of happy times gone by? Are we to be ungrateful to Shakspeare because he has evoked from a young musician a work worthy of himself—or, in a word, shall we be unmindful of Nature, and deny how much we owe to her beauty and her majesty? Can music tell us nothing of Italy, of the Alps, of the ocean, of a spring morning? It is even possible for music to derive a charm from images so minute as to make it surprising that they can be expressed. I was told by a composer that, while writing a certain little piece, he was continually haunted by the image of a butterfly swimming down a stream on a leaf, and this gave his music a delicacy and *naivete*, which nothing could infuse but an actual image of the kind. In such exquisite *genre* painting, Schubert was a master; and I cannot resist recalling how a friend of mine, with whom I was playing one of Schubert's four-hand marches, on my asking if he had not definite figures before his mind, answered by saying, 'Certainly; I am at Seville, a century ago, among the dons and donnas, promenading in trains, pointed shoes, rapiers, and all the rest.' And the remarkable thing is, that I was myself seeing the same vision."

THE BANDS OF ORION.

"Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?"—*Job.*

The three bright stars which constitute the girdle or band of Orion never change their form; they preserve the same relative position to each other, and to the rest of the constellation, from year to year, and from age to age. They present precisely the same appearance to us which they did to Job. No sooner does the constellation rise above the horizon, however long may have been the interval since we last beheld it, than these three stars appear in the old familiar position. They afford us one of the highest types of immutability in the midst of ceaseless changes. When heart-sick and weary of the continual alterations we observe in this world, on whose most enduring objects and affections is written the melancholy doom, "Passing away," it is comforting to look up to that bright beacon in the heavens, that remains unmoved amid all the surges of time's great ocean. And yet in the profound rest of these stars there is a ceaseless motion; in their apparent stability and everlasting endurance, there is a constant change. In vast courses, with inconceivable velocity, they are whirling around invisible centers, and even passing into new collocations. They appear to us motionless and changeless, because of our great distance from them, just as the foaming torrent that rushes down the hillside with the speed of an arrow, and in the wildest and most vagrant courses, filling the air with its ceaseless shouts, appears from an opposite hill, frozen by the distance into silence and rest, a mere motionless, changeless glacier on the mountain side.

SANDWICHES.

Dress parade—A fashionable woman's toilette.

The best circulating medium—The blood.

The sun-dial counts only the bright hours.

All flowers of speech spring from tu-lips.

Sporting intelligence—A stable mind.

Ice-olated society—The Arctic circle.

A man in the *write* place—An editor.

The language of flowers—Their blowing.

Fashionable dears—The bucks of the forest.

Manual exercise—Living from hand to mouth.

By-standers—Men who purchase at counters.

The ancient bitterness of Europe—Old Gaul.

Natural humbugs—Bees.

Light duty—Making fires.

An intellectual relative—A connection of ideas.

Well "posted"—The telegraph.

Utter not as true that which you cannot as truth vouch for.

Lawyers' gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients.

Piety, prudence, wit and civility are the elements of true nobility.

Good men are masters of their pleasures; the bad are their slaves.

Self-educated persons—Those who school themselves to anything.

Why are authors like cattle? Because they are accustomed to pens.

Any man would like to turn apothecary when money becomes a drug.

What makes old age sad is not that our joys, but our hopes, then cease.

The "alarming feature" has been discovered to be the mouth of a cannon.

The joy, the happiness of home is won by love, and is gained by kind words.

Melancholy is the twilight that precedes the night of unavoidable sorrow.

It is not strange that when a man is very fond of his glass he becomes a tumbler.

Time marks the title page of our lives, death the finis, and the grave becomes the binding.

"Genius will work its way through," as the poet said, when he saw a hole in the elbow of his coat.

No wonder railway conductors are fast. They're obliged to have a good time and always to be on a train.

Why would a man rather lose his hand than his foot? Because in losing his foot he loses something to boot.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IS GOD'S LOVE IN YOUR HEARTS?

BY MAUDE CHESTER.

'Twas a question our Pastor would ask us,
Each Sabbath when service was o'er,
As he came down the aisle from the pulpit,
And stopped by the open pew door.
Our heads, they were bowed down the lower,
And the tears to our young eyes would start,
As he asked in tones loving, "Dear children,
Is God's love shed abroad in your hearts?"

His forehead was knotty and wrinkled,
And whiter than snow was his hair,
But the blue eyes e'er beamed on us kindly,
For the light of affection was there.
And as slow grew his footsteps, and feeble,
Though 'twas hard from the old man to part,
We knew he was going to leave us
With God's love shed abroad in his heart.

No flashes of rhetoric brilliant,
No biting sarcasm or wit,
Ever fell from his lips on the hearers
Who under his preaching did sit;
But he loved the blest Word of the Father,
And its thrilling truths sought to impart,
And would pray that the poor fainting Christian
Might have God's dear love in his heart.

Years have flown since together we gathered
A joyous and lighthearted band,
The living far distant are scattered,
The dead walk the bright summer land;
And we thank God that each who has left us,
When feeling Death's cold stinging dart,
Could answer the Pastor's old question,
"Yes, God's love abounds in my heart."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.—Jas. iv, 8.

"Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer my God, to thee."—*Sarah F. Adams.*

There is a beautiful compensation principle that pervades both the universe of matter and of mind. If a person would have anything, he must labor for it. If he would know anything, he must study for it. If he would be loved, he must love. If he would be godly, he must exercise himself to godliness. If he has aspirations and ardent desires for attainments in a higher life, he must seek. He who seeks shall find. Is his soul necessitous? He must ask. The promise is:—"Ask, and ye shall receive." Does he desire happiness? Joy may flow along his path in a perpetual and an abundant stream; and uninterrupted happiness may bloom around him like a never-fading rose, if he will train himself to think, to act, and to live in harmony with the unchangeable laws of nature and of grace. The nearer one will draw to God the more happy he will be.

The Creator is the very embodiment of happiness. One cannot buy love for paltry gold; neither can happiness be purchased, as if it were a pleasant beverage. You cannot put it on and lay it off, as if it were a garment of brocade, decked with glittering gewgaws and costly jewels. You cannot take it on your plate at the banquet table and eat it. Midnight revelry and dissipation say, "Happiness does not dwell with me." Neither is it found in excitement, exhilaration and in worldly frivolity. Everything has its price. Wealth comes only by toil. But people are miserably unhappy, because gold dollars will not roll into their coffers without their earning the gold. The vile and unworthy pant for the respect of the virtuous when they do not deserve it. The indolent invalid wants health without strict temperance in all things. What a happy world this might be if every one were willing to pay a *quid pro quo*—a fair equivalent—for every good thing received. People *do* have all they pay for. For this reason nothing but bitter complaints and murmurings bubble up from unhappy hearts. People pay the price of *un*happiness. And they receive a full equivalent.

The philosophy of happiness consists in living in perfect harmony with the Creator's works and ways. Happiness is an element that may dwell in every human breast. If he wants it he has but to rectify his own thoughts, his own desires, his own affections, his own actions; and the rich reward will return into his own bosom. Happiness is man's normal state. When a proper use is made of all the facilities of the body and mind, we are living right; and happiness is the certain result. Happiness is holiness. Whoso wants it can have all he is willing to pay for, in honest effort and rigid self-denial. The universe is full of happiness, and replete with glowing thoughts; and the world is liberally supplied with gold. Take your choice.

Sereno Edwards Todd.

September, 1868.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF PROVIDENCE.

A little error of the eye, a misguidance of the hand, a slip of the foot, a starting of a horse, a sudden mist, or a great shower, or a word undesignedly cast forth in an army has turned the tide of victory from one side to another, and thereby disposed of empires and whole nations. No prince ever returns safe out of a battle but may well remember how many blows and bullets have gone by that might easily have gone through him; and what little, odd, unforeseen chances of death he has seen turned aside, which seemed in a full, ready and direct career to have been posting to him. All which passages, if we do not acknowledge to have been guided to their respective ends and effects by the conduct of a superior and Divine hand, we do, by the same assertion, cashier all Providence, strip the Almighty of His noblest prerogative, and make God not the governor, but the mere spectator of the world.—*Dr. South.*

HOW MEN MAKE EPOCHS.

Life is short and art is long. In the secular sphere it is conceded that the powerful minds are those who rigorously confine themselves to one department of thought. Newton cultivated science and neglected literature. Kant wrought in the quicksilver mines of metaphysics for fifty years, and was happy and mighty in his one work. These men made epochs, because they did not career over the whole encyclopædia. And the same is true in the sphere of religion. The giants in theology have dared to let many books go unread, that they might be profoundly versed in Revelation. And the mighty men in practical religion, the reformers, the missionaries, the preachers, have found in the distinctively evangelical elements of Christianity, and their application to the individual soul, enough, and more than enough, to employ all their powers and enthusiasm.—*Dr. Shedd's Homiletics.*

LINA AND I.—A TALE OF LOVE.

[Continued from page 308, this number.]

These caged birds, with their useless, clipped wings, dainty appetite and delicate tastes,—their utter ignorance of the world outside their cage,—its vastness, beauty or grandeur, and their total unfitness for it, with their one unchanging tune of song, are winsome and attractive, no doubt, but rather monotonous. A lively, *living* woodland bird rather despises them, I should think.

Cousin DORA was to spend three weeks with us, and before the first was a quarter through I remember vaguely wondering what we were to do with her through all the coming wearisome days. My sole resource (poor LINA had none) was ridicule; and in that the target was so minute I could use but few arrows with any hope of making a hit.

A sentimental vein that ran through our cousin's composition was her only redeeming trait, that vein being the only one that carried any life-blood to and from her poor little heart. Muddy canal though it was, it formed a passage through which light-freighted vessels could go and return. The wind being in my favor, I pushed one up the night after her arrival. She stood by the mirror in her room, putting her hair up in curl-papers. It was soft and dark hair, but very thin; and, in the day time, hung in slim, lack-a-daisical ringlets, remarkably suited to the *drooping* style of face and figure. Her features were regular; her complexion clear and dark; her eyes black, the eye-brows finely arched; and she might have made herself a bright, handsome girl, or rather, not *she*, but another girl, possessing a soul and an intellect, might have taken those features and made a brilliant thing of them. For her to do it was simply impossible; she did the utmost she could when she infused into them an expression of beautiful, resigned despondency to irresistible fate; a style *a la drooping willow* in features and carriage. Her very ringlets had a damp sadness upon them, and, with her head, hung drooping to one side. Do not suppose that this was all the result of recent rains; it was the nature of the plant. She had scarcely altered a particle since I had seen her, three years before, in New York.

"Cousin DORA," I said, "you must be very tired; let me put your hair in the papers."

"O, no, dear; thank you; no one has put it up but myself since I was fifteen years old."

"That isn't so very long ago," I rejoined, smiling. "By the way, which of us is the older? Are you eighteen yet?"

"Yes, last winter."

"And I, in March; we are nearly of an age."

"Yes." (All these affirmatives in a minor key.) "Yes; but how much taller you are than I! I was *always* such a little creature; *he* was so tall! O, cousin, if you could have seen him!"

"I wish I had. What was his height?"

"Five feet ten inches. He had me—(with a little blush and simper)—he had me measure him one day. I just came to his shoulder."

"Was he dark or fair complexioned?"

"O, fair, with *such* blue eyes! and such a handsome nose and mouth! and he had such a pretty dimple in his chin! I coaxed him (the blush and simper repeated here,) I coaxed him never to wear whiskers over it, so he only wore side whiskers and a mustache."

"I wish I had seen him," I repeated; "but you have his picture?"

"No. O, Cousin RUTH," laying her hand upon her heart, "you did not intend it, I know; but you have unwittingly touched on a tender chord."

"I am very sorry," I said. "What was it? I only wished to see your lover's likeness. It was very natural, you know, as we were talking of him."

"Yes, I know," sitting down, with her hand still at her heart; "you were not to blame."

"Will you have some water, cousin?" I poured out a glass.

"Thank you;" she took a sip or two; "I feel much relieved."

"Now, let me finish your curls," I said. "It's a very good plan to be your own maid, but one cannot, at all times."

"No. Well, Cousin RUTH, please be careful; my head is very tender, of late."

"I will. I know all about curls; my own give me enough bother."

"Yes; *he* admired my hair very much."

"It *is* very soft and fine," I said, with a little twitch of my mouth. I stood behind her now, and couldn't keep that rebellious feature entirely still.

"Do you see," she continued, turning up some of her side hair, "how much has been cut out?"

"Yes. Why? were you sick?"

"O, no, Cousin RUTH, (a pale little smile on her lips.) "Can you not guess? it was cut out for keepsakes."

"You must have given away quite a quantity."

"Yes, dear; but not to a crowd of heartless friends, who might admire the color and texture, but instantly forget the giver. No; except one little lock set in a pin for my dear ma, all was given into one person's keeping; you can surmise whose, cousin."

"*His?*" I said, with an innocent smile. I was rolling up a *front* curl now.

"Yes." (A deep falling inflection.)

I inwardly wondered what he did with such a substantial quantity of her love, and whether, at his death, a little haystack of hair was not found somewhere in his room, and spoken of in his will; but Cousin DORA's next words informed me that he had combined the useful with the beautiful to some extent.

"Let me see," she said: "I made a watch guard for him, half a yard long; I had some inclosed in a locket, and presented it to him; he had just given me a locket with his picture in it; and you know when it was the fashion, awhile ago, to make hair flowers, I made the loveliest little wreath. I begged some of his hair for that—"

"*Borrowed* it," suggested I, smiling.

"Yes, to be sure. It was about so big around," joining the tips of her thumbs and of her slender middle fingers. "It had a little light framework and glazing around it, and was exceedingly pretty."

At this moment a whip-poor-will in the orchard uttered its sweet, mournful cry, repeating it several times. Through the still night air, and the open window, it came to us very distinctly.

"That is the first whip-poor-will I have heard this season," I said; and as I had finished Cousin DORA's curls, I went to the window. "I wish one could see that sorrowful bird: I wonder if anybody ever did."

I received no reply, but heard Cousin DORA rise, and then a sound of falling drops into the wash bowl. I thought she was washing her hands, and did not turn round, for a time; but the gentle cataract continuing, and its fall being too soft and regular to descend from a hand washing, I finally looked round, and, to my great surprise, saw that Cousin DORA's head was the "waters" and her eyes "a fountain of tears." It looked as though, in a few moments, she must certainly overflow the wash bowl. —[To be continued.

The Reviewer.

THE OPIUM HABIT, with Suggestions as to the Remedy. [12mo.—pp. 335.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

IT is estimated that there are from eighty to one hundred thousand confirmed opium-eaters in the United States. For them this volume has been chiefly compiled. The unknown author says that for fifteen years he used opium uninterruptedly, his daily allowance being eighty grains. Many times he attempted to give it up, but failed. His final and successful attempt is portrayed at length, and very vividly. Of itself, this portrayal ought to convince any slave to the drug that he can break away from his bondage, while it also offers a fearful warning to others not to allow themselves to be bound. But beside this we are given DEQUINCEY's brilliant "Confessions of an Opium Eater," which first drew popular attention to the evils of a habit that has wrecked some of the finest minds the world ever saw; "Opium Reminiscences of COLERIDGE," who suffered indescribably for many years; the narrative of one WILLIAM BLAIR, a gentleman of literary culture, whose history is indeed a pitiful comment on the effects of the dread narcotic; "Opium and Alcohol Compared," another narrative by one who used both; briefer accounts of other unfortunates; and "What shall they do to be saved?" an article contributed to Harpers' Magazine some months since by FITZ HUGH LUDLOW on this subject. Mr. LUDLOW also gives the outlines of a proposed Opium-Cure. We commend the book to all partakers of morphine. Sold by DEWEY.

A FOURTEEN WEEKS' COURSE IN DESCRIPTIVE ASTRONOMY. By J. DORMAN STEELE, A. M., Principal of Elmira Free Academy, Author of "A Fourteen Weeks' Course in Chemistry." [12mo.—pp. 318.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

ASTRONOMY, the most ancient of all the sciences, is becoming every year more clear, more easy of comprehension. And for whom does star gazing not possess singular attractions? Whoever is in the least reflective cannot look up into the heavens, of a clear night, without some inquirings. These may lead to study,—indeed they ought to. Astronomical facts are then sought for; and where shall they be obtained? We know of no other small and readily mastered volume, containing so many important ones, distinctly stated, as this. It gives, in concise form, a very interesting exposition of the Solar and Sidereal Systems, and the laws which govern the Universe. "The work is not written," says the Author, "for the information of scientific men, but for the inspiration of youth." They will be profited by its perusal. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

PAUL CLIFFORD. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Complete in one Volume. [12mo.—pp. 707.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THIS novel was written to draw attention to two errors in English penal institutions, viz., a bad prison-discipline and a sanguinary criminal code,—the habit of corrupting the boy by the very punishment that ought to redeem him, and then hanging the man at the first occasion, as an easy way of making an end of the matter. The hero is a highwayman, of the ideal type. When not on the road he frequents good society, and proves accomplished and gentlemanly. His disregard of law finally brings him sentence of death, but he proves to be the son of the Judge who sentences him, and being recommended to mercy is only transported for life. The point of the story,—if it may be said to have any, in a country where there is no such thing as hanging for minor offences, as was formerly the case in England,—is contained in the concluding paragraph, and is this:—"The very worst use to which you can put a man is to hang him." Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

FIRST PRINCIPALS OF POPULAR EDUCATION AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. By S. S. RANDALL, Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of New York. [12mo.—pp. 256.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

ONE who has had nearly thirty years experience in the practical administration of systems of Instruction, here presents the conclusions he derives from such experience. They form fifteen chapters, or essays, upon as many topics bearing upon the one central theme—Education. Philosophy of Education, The Family, Public Instruction, Intellectual Culture, Moral and Religious Instruction, Female Education, The Teacher, Supervision and Inspection, are some of the subjects treated of. They are worthy the most careful attention of Parents and Instructors. Mr. RANDALL writes earnestly, and sets forth many ideas, theoretical and practical, that are calculated to do good. We hope they will be pondered by all who are interested in the public welfare, which is most promoted by proper educational means. For sale by DEWEY.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS. By EDWARD BULWER, Lord LYTTON. In Two Volumes. [12mo.—pp. 425 and 368.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

WHILE the novels of BULWER are issued in elegant style from a Philadelphia publishing house, the HARPERS give us that author's essays and miscellaneous writings, in plainer garb. The first of these two volumes is made up of criticisms originally contributed to the principal Reviews, and is, to our mind, more valuable than romances from the same pen. OLIVER GOLDSMITH, CHARLES LAMB, THOMAS GRAY, Sir THOMAS BROWNE, PITT, FOX, PYM, FALKLAND and SCHILLER, are analyzed in a keen, masterly manner. The contents of the second volume were first published in 1832, under the general title of "The Student." They are essays of a lighter order, and number twenty-four. Some are speculative, some sentimental, and all pleasing. Sold by DEWEY.

THE LINDEN-TREE COTTAGE AND THE ACCEPTED SACRIFICE. By Mrs. ANGELICA BISHOP BARRETT. [8vo.—pp. 68.] New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THIS is a thin volume, and very tastily printed and bound. We should like to add higher praise. Though we do not know the authoress, personally or by reputation, we should be glad to speak highly of her production, because we like to commend woman's efforts always. But we cannot conscientiously say that this story in verse is poetically told, or that it proves the authoress to possess very great poetic talent. On the other hand we cannot find heart to severely criticise what has in it so little pretension. We might particularize faults in rhyme and rhythm, and in general expression, but forbear.

HAPPY HOURS: A Collection of Songs for Schools, Academies and the Home Circle, by HOWARD KINGSBURY, assisted by Rev. ALFRED A. GRALEY. New York: Tainton Brothers.

FROM the rather cursory examination we have been able to give this new gathering of melodies, we are led to consider it a very desirable one. It has an abundance of new songs, many of which are exceedingly beautiful, and is judiciously eked out here and there with old favorites. Quite a number of sacred pieces are included, which will be found acceptable. The Elements of Music are presented,—very briefly, but as fully as is necessary with a good teacher. The book will be welcomed by schools.

DONAT CLARE, THE MANUSCRIPT MAN. From the Sunday at Home, London. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

EVEN older readers will delight to linger over the 333 page of this handsome volume for the young. It is a story of Papal persecution, located in Ireland, the principal character being a man fond of the native Irish language, who becomes possessed of an Irish translation of the Bible, and learns to love its heart-satisfying truths more than he fears the curses of the Church.

THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS, and Other Stories. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

OF the many books published for the young, comparatively few are really good ones. This is one of the few. The story of "The Fisherman's Daughters" occupies 150 of the 195 pages comprising the volume. It is a touching narrative, by the youngest of the two daughters, and the child-like simplicity which characterizes it is rarely beautiful.

AFRICAN WATER FOWL.

ORNITHOLOGY is one of the most interesting branches in the whole range of Natural Science. Wherever we go it can be studied, for feathered tribes abound the world over. We have from time to time portrayed ornithological specimens in the RURAL, for the edification of a large class of readers whom we know are interested in such, and now present another and very curious one.

The African water fowl, [*Balaniceps Rex.*] was discovered on the western coast of Africa by Mr. GOULD, an English naturalist. It inhabits marshy districts, and feeds upon the small fish and reptiles there abundant. Its striking peculiarity is its beak, which is formed like a spoon, terminating in a hook, and is very large. The color is yellow in the male, and red-brown in the female. The middle of the lower jaw is membraneous; the skin surrounding the eyes of a yellow color, and quite free from hair; the eyes of a clear grayish brown; and the feet long and covered with fine scales, which distinguish the bird from other water fowls, whose feet are generally covered with large, coarse scales. The bird's general color is gray, lighter upon the back and feet than at other parts of the body, and the feathers on the back of the head are long and of peculiar form. Altogether, it is an interesting specimen.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PARYSATIS.

A MAN so depraved as to find pleasure in acts of cruelty, is loathsome to the sight. To woman we are accustomed to turn for consolation in grief and sympathy in misfortune, and to look to her for all that is good, and pure, and noble, and when we find her without mercy, and delighting in the sufferings of human beings, we instinctively turn away with horror.

PARYSATIS, half-sister and wife of DARIUS NOTHUS, who reigned in Persia, twenty-two and three-fourths centuries ago, was the very personification of cruelty. ARTAXERXES, the eldest son of DARIUS, married STATIRA, daughter of HIDARNES, a distinguished Persian nobleman; and TERITEUCHMES, son of HIDARNES, married a daughter of PARYSATIS. TERITEUCHMES planned to assassinate his wife in order that he might wed ROXANA, his sister, whose exceeding beauty had excited a criminal passion for her. The plot was discovered; TERITEUCHMES was assassinated, and the family of HIDARNES fell into the hands of PARYSATIS, who caused ROXANA to be sawed in two, and the rest, excepting STATIRA, to be tortured to death.

On the death of DARIUS, ARTAXERXES ascended the throne, notwithstanding the efforts of PARYSATIS to have her younger and favorite son CYRUS declared successor. The ambitious CYRUS conspired to assassinate his brother on the day of the coronation, but his conspiracy was detected, and he was condemned to death. The mother, frantic at the peril of her favorite, made such demonstrations as to induce the king to spare his life and return him to his provinces in Western Asia. The ungrateful CYRUS at once raised an army and turned them towards the capital of Persia. At Cunoxa CYRUS fell. PARYSATIS swore to revenge his death. A Carian soldier claimed to have killed the usurper. For ten days PARYSATIS caused him to be cruelly tortured, and then his eyes were torn out, and melted brass poured in his ears until he died.

MITHRIDATES, a nobleman, in a state of intoxication, boasted of giving CYRUS his mortal wound, and was condemned to the troughs, where he lingered seventeen days.

MESABATES, a eunuch of the king, had by the king's orders cut off the head and hand of CYRUS. PARYSATIS made use of the king's fondness for dice to gain possession of MESABATES. She allowed him to win from her a large amount of money, and then proposed to play for a eunuch. The queen of DARIUS won, and thus secured, another victim for torture. She caused MESABATES to be flayed alive and placed on cross-bars, and caused his skin to be stretched on stakes before his eyes.

PARYSATIS had ever viewed Queen STATIRA with a jealous eye, and had never forgiven her for being the daughter of HIDARNES. She concealed her enmity under friendship's guise, and pretended to be reconciled, that she might cowardly and treacherously destroy her. PARYSATIS invited STATIRA to partake with her of a rare and delicious bird. The unsuspecting queen, believing their former differences satisfactorily settled, accepted the fatal invitation that resulted in her death. The maid GYGIS confessed that one side of the knife that carved the bird had been poisoned. GYGIS met the fate of poisoners. Her head was crushed between two stones, and ARTAXERXES confined PARYSATIS at Babylon.

L. D. B.

PEARLS.

PEARLS are the third great product of the ocean for which regular fisheries have been established, the most important being those in the Bay of Bengal, Ceylon, and other parts of the Indian Ocean. Here the pearl oyster is procured by divers, who sink to the bottom with the aid of large stones, and remain there for about thirty seconds gathering all the shells within reach. The work is exceedingly severe, and the men are frequently devoured by sharks. The search for pearls always ends at noon, when a gun is fired, and all the boats return to the shore, in order that the load may be examined and cared for by daylight. The shell fish are piled together, and the heap is left for about ten days, by which time the remains become entirely decomposed. The shells are then easily opened, the round pearls, which are found in the body of the oyster, are collected, and the valves of the oyster, which furnish nacre or mother-of-pearl, are cleansed and sold by the cask.

The pearls are sifted to separate the different sizes; the smaller ones are sold by weight and the others singly, according to their value. The nacre and the pearl are formed of essentially the same material, but the nacre is deposited over the whole shell in layers, while the pearl is the result of an effort on the part of the oyster to free itself from the irritation of some foreign substance which has penetrated within its valves. As the animal is incapable of ejecting any intruder, such as an unwelcome grain of sand, it renders it less obnoxious by depositing around it the smooth and lustrous substance which is so eagerly sought for by man. The Chinese are so well acquainted with this fact, that they force the oyster to form pearls, by thrusting small figures of tin between the valves, and then returning the creature to the water, whence it is fished up in the course of a few years, and a pearl is extracted retaining the shape of the tin. There is but one kind of oyster which produces pearls to any considerable extent, although they can occasionally be found in other species of oysters, and even in muscles.—*The Ocean World.*

SIGNIFICANT NAMES.

THE "magnet" has its name from Magnesia. The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "worsted" that it was first spun at a village of the same name in the vicinity of Norwich; "cambrics" that they reached us from Cambrao; "damask" from Damascus; the "Damson" also the "Damascene" or Damascus plum; "dimity" from Damietta; "cordwain" or "cordova" from Cordova; "currants," Corinth; "indigo" (indicum) from India; "agates" from a Sicillian river, Achates; "julap" from Japan, a town in Mexico; "parchment" from Pergamum; the "guinea" that it was originally coined (in the year 1663) of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet" that it was woven in part, of camels' hair. The fashion of the cravat was borrowed from the Croats, or "Crobats," as they used, in the sixteenth century, to be called. Such has been the manufacturing process of England, that English calicoes and muslins are now sent to India and the East; yet the words give standing witness that England once imported them thence, for "calico" is from Calicut, and "muslin" from Moussul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

COLOR-BLINDNESS.—It is by no means uncommon to find persons unable to distinguish the red fruit on an apple tree from the green of its leaves. Three brothers are mentioned by Dr. Wilson, who mistook red for green, orange for grass-green, yellow for light-green. In the third degree, cases of which are rare, all colors are recognized only as giving certain degrees of light and shade. Instances are related of tailors who matched black cloth with red thread, and scarlet livery with green strings; of a physician who never found a case of scarlet fever; of a gentleman who condoled with a lady, supposing her in weeds, when she was dressed in a vivid green; of a Quaker who purchased a bottle-green coat for himself, and a scarlet merino gown for his wife; and of a school-girl who attempted to arrange the colors in her drawing by the sense of taste.—*Masury on House Painting.*

THE CHARMS OF THE MIND.—Personal attraction may for a time fascinate, dazzle the eye. Beauty may please, but beauty alone never captivates. The lily droops, the rose withers, and beauty sooner or later must decay; but the charms of the mind are imperishable—they bud and bloom in youth, and continue to flourish as long as life remains. These, and these alone, are the charms that must and will forever enchant.

GOLDSMITH says:—"True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style—the sublimity lies only in the thing; and when that is not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting."

Reading for the Young.

GOING TO SLEEP.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

COME hither, my baby, my darling,
My lily, my wonderful rose!
The white-bosomed flowers in the garden
Begin their soft petals to close;
The bees have gone home from the clover,
The swallows are under the eaves,
And down in the orchard the robin
Broods over her nest in the leaves.

Come baby—my beauty, my darling!
Your eyes they are heavy with sleep;
Your little red mouth has grown silent,
And scarcely its laughter can keep;
Lay off the white robe from your shoulders,
Unclasp the small shoes from your feet—
O, daintiest blossom of Eden,
I kiss you, my lily, my sweet.

Do you feel the cool wind coming softly,
And see the young moon in the sky?
The clouds sailing over the sunset,
The bats flitting silently by?
Do you hear how the cattle are lowing
Along the green lane by the hill?
And the brook running over the pebbles,
With music that never is still?

Now hush while I sing to you, baby,
A song of the angels above,
That come on invisible pinions
To watch o'er the children they love.
So all through your beautiful dreaming,
The voice of your mother shall creep,
Lest hearing the harpings celestial,
Your soul should fly homeward in sleep!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.—NO. II.

BY COLY.

"THERE is always room enough up higher," said WEBSTER, and so there is. It's better to be a first-rate cobbler than a third class lawyer. There is more pleasure in it, and more money. It is not the "good trade" that makes men rich, but the good understanding of the trade. Some would be poor all their lives and yet work at the best trade in the world; they don't understand it, and more, they never will. They toil on, hoping for success, when the work is in direct antagonism with their whole being.

I do not believe in giving up the ship until we know it must go down; but, if we commence a work and find ourselves wholly unfitted for it, and, after a thorough trial, can see no shadow of success in it, we had better try some other. All men were not born with power to perform the same work. And yet, it is not necessary that we spend a lifetime in a fruitless endeavor to find our place. If we know ourselves we shall know our mission: if we do not, poor success is inevitably ours. I care not how much a man may study and experiment, if mechanism is not in his head it cannot come out. I tell you, boys, it's slow business growing pumpkins on squash vines.

Again: we cannot well be first in more than one occupation or profession. When a man tells me he has a dozen trades, I know very well he is master of none. I know man was created but a little lower than the angels, but, up to the evening of the writing of this, he has not become so omnipotent or omniscient as to do, profitably, more than one thing at a time. (However, at the express rate of progress of the American people, I expect he is "almost there.")

Then, boys, study yourselves, choose your work, and if it satisfies you move on. Bid defiance to all obstacles. Don't surrender to phantoms,—they will ever challenge you; fight it out on some line "if it takes all summer," and all the next summer. Independence is the fruit of never-despairing perseverance. Our boats are headed up the river, and just so sure as we drop the oars so sure we will float down. Keep rowing, boys, keep rowing! I know it's a mighty current for some to stem, and the boat moves slow, but sometimes still waters are reached where they can rest.

I know of no better rule for a young man, an old man or a woman, to follow, for success, for happiness, and for friendship, than the old imperative adage—"Mind your own business." Keep your own secrets, and in the end you will have more and warmer friends. Everywhere you will meet villains wearing the livery of man. There is no better place for the study of human nature than on the railroad. There you meet everything,—the wise, the foolish, the good and the bad. I have met men there who, at first sight, seemed to be all civility, all honesty, and all wisdom; but, on a closer study of words and acts, they proved to be two parts humbug, and one part the conglomerate of idiot, patent-right peddler and nuisance.

But, boys, this is becoming a wonderful world. Everything is done by steam, or at steam pressure. When the great Atlantic Cable was being lowered, it was on all tongues as the greatest project the world had ever known, and he who was the possessor of an inch piece of the twisted wire was rich in relics! Now we have almost forgotten that there is such a thing. The Pacific Railroad is the one center of attraction, now, but in a few years that, too, will move in the shadow of some mightier scheme. Yankees are born with invention on the brain.

The next Talk shall be of the West—in part.

THE WAY TO OVERCOME EVIL.

A LITTLE girl by the name of Sarah Dean was taught the precepts of the Bible by her mother. One day she came to her mother very much delighted to show her some plums that a friend had given her. The mother said to her, "Your friend was very kind, and has given you a great many."

"Yes," replied Sarah, "she was, and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away."

"To whom did you give them?"

"I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path and makes faces at me."

"Why did you give them to her?"

"Because I thought that would make her know that I wished to be kind to her, and perhaps she will not be unkind and rude to me again."

This was true. The rude girl was afterward very good to Sarah, and felt very sorry that she had treated her unkindly. How truly did the little one obey the command, "Overcome evil with good."

A FRIEND writes to us about two brave little boys. A wicked boy tried to make them steal some apples from an orchard. He called them cowards because they would not do it. But they were too *brave and manly* to do wrong for fear of being called cowards. We like to hear of such courageous ones. They will make noble men.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Great Pacific Railroad—Fisk & Hatch.
Improved Aluminum Bronze—Jules D Heuguenin Vuellemin.
Patent Office—Munn & Co.
Novelty Clothes Wringer—N B Phelps & Co.
Patent Lead-Encased Block-Tin Pipe—Colwells, Shaw & Willard.
Waltham Watches—Howard & Co.
Norway Oats—Jones & Clark.
Soper's Improved Reversible Self-Feeding Hay Knife—Soper & Merriam.
Lamb Knitting Machine—J H Orne & Co.
Wanted—Young Ladies and Young Men—Abernethy & Sherman.
Books and Gifts—Jas O'Kane & Co.
Mrs Paige's New Method for the Piano—Mrs J B Paige.
Agents Wanted—J B Burr & Co.
We will Sell for $1—Labonte & Babbitt.
Soap and Civilization—G F Gantz & Co.
For Oiling Harness—Frank Miller.
The Only Perfect Cure for Piles—H D Fowle.
Gale's Copper Strip Feed Cutter—Peekskill Plow Works.
Residence for Sale—S K Williams.
Washington Street Nurseries—Bronson, Graves & Selover.
Send for Circular—E A Baker & Co.
Potter's 3-Horse Clevis—Edgar M Potter.
Book Agents Wanted—J B Burr & Co.
Holloway's Pills.
Asbestos Roof Coating—H W Johns.
The Court and Camp of David—J P Dabney.
Pure Cider and Apple Seeds—Seymour & Dickinson.
$250 per Month—Girard Wire Mills.
Send Three Cent Stamp—Orrin C Cook.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
$10 a Day for All—A J Fulham.
100,000 Grape Vines—M B Batcham.
One Dollar Sale—Meserve & Co.
Employment—W B Dimon.
Full-Blooded Shepherd Dogs—W G Roberts.
Universal Clothes Wringer—R C Browning.
Doty's Clothes Washer—R C Browning.
Strawberries—Mark D Wilson.
No. 1 Apple Seedlings—Bird & Co.
30,000 Peach Trees for Sale—Wane & Conly.
State Fair—J W Mount.
Catawissa Raspberry—Chas D Copeland.
Winchester Repeating Rifles—Winchester Repeating Arms Company.
Wanted—A S Hale & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Chicago Ditching and Spading Machine—G H Beardsley.
Novelty and Champion Clothes Wringers.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE third annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, was held at Auburn last week. Richard B. Steele of that city was elected President. Reports of the success of Associations throughout the State were very encouraging. The daily sessions of the Convention were largely attended.

Abijah Mann, jr., a well known democrat of the New York school in the last generation, recently died at Auburn. He formerly resided in Herkimer County, and represented that district in the legislature and in Congress during the administration of General Jackson.

The various Trades' Unions of Albany held a large mass meeting on the evening of the 8th inst. Resolutions were passed recognizing the struggle of the Bricklayers' Union of New York, as a battle fought for the rights of the laborer on this continent, and pledging the workingmen of Albany to sustain them until they triumph.

The Board of Supervisors of New York city has confirmed the city and county tax levies for the current year. The total amount to be raised by taxation is $10,873,046.56. The total amount of taxable property is $907,815,529.

The National Telegraphic Union held its sixth annual Convention at the Delavan House, Albany, on the 9th inst. The Convention next year will be held at Portland.

The report of the Midnight Mission Society of New York city states that since May last, when the Mission was first opened for the reception of fallen women, who chose to abandon their fearful calling, seventy-seven have been admitted.

Maria Felinge, a lady's maid stole $1,500 worth of diamonds recently from her employer, Mrs. Duncan, of the New York Hotel, New York city, and was sentenced to State Prison for three years.

The Convention of Episcopal clergy in the Northern section of the Diocese of New York, was held in Schenectady last week. About 40 clergymen and many distinguished laymen were present. One of the objects of the meeting was to prepare for organization of the new Diocese which goes into operation this fall.

The Troy walking tournament closed at 4 o'clock on the 9th inst. The prize was won by Haydock, an English pedestrian, who walked 100 miles in 22 hours, 59 minutes and 55 seconds. Haydock's walk is the greatest pedestrian feat on record. Other performances in this tournament were quite extraordinary.

A colored man named Watson was run over by a freight train on the Erie road in Elmira, on the 9th inst., and instantly killed. His body was literally torn in pieces.

A new railroad depot is soon to be built at Binghamton at a cost of $40,000.

Colonel Uriah Terry, a soldier of the war of 1812, died at his residence at Aurora, Thursday morning, at the age of a little over seventy-four years.

George French, a colored man, aged 106 years, died at Poughkeepsie, on Sept. 4.

Gov. Seymour delivered the annual address before the Saratoga County Fair last week. A very large crowd, estimated at 8,000 persons, were present. In the evening there was a discussion, when Governor Seymour was present and spoke on agricultural subjects.

Col. George S. Hastings having been appointed to a position in the Health Commissioners Department at New York has resigned as Private Secretary to Governor Fenton, and Charles E. Smith, editor of the Albany Express has been appointed Secretary in his place.

From Washington.

THE Attorney General and the Secretary of War are in correspondence regarding the late troubles in several counties of Kentucky. The disturbances there are likely to prove even more serious than at first apprehended, the outlaws being determined to resist all execution of the law at every hazard.

Claims to the amount of about $30,000,000 for property taken and destroyed in the South during the war are now on file in the office of the Secretary of War. They are mostly from parties claiming to be Unionists, and the Secretary of War is constantly pressed for settlement. It is thought none of them will be allowed.

There is no change in the status of the Internal Revenue imbroglio, and no prospect of an agreement between the Secretary and the Commissioner. They have daily interviews without any practical result.

The Tennessee Legislative Committee to request the President to send United States troops to that State have arrived in Washington. They represent affairs there as in a terrible condition; outrages are of frequent occurrence, and loyal men are in constant terror. The Ku-Klux Klan are fearfully malignant. Senator Wyatt was recently dragged from his bed and beaten by men in masks.

As the time approaches for the session of Congress, pressure from the South in favor of it increases. Gov. Reed of Florida and other prominent Southerners are now here urging the matter. Gen. Banks is in favor of Congress meeting on the 21st and taking a recess until about Nov. 15, so as to make a continuous session. It is not known whether Senator Morgan and Gen. Schenck, to whom the matter was committed, will agree upon a session.

The status of President Johnson and Cabinet in regard to the political issue is now tolerably well settled. The President favors Seymour and Blair, and with him are Secretaries Welles, McCulloch, Browning and Randall. Gen. Schofield is outspoken for Grant and Colfax, and Secretary Seward and Attorney General Evarts will probably come out for the same candidates.

The official dispatches received at Washington from Gen. Sheridan regarding the recent attack by Indians on Fort Dodge, state that after the assault on the fort, in which the Indians were repulsed, several bands made their way into the fort with flags of truce and surrendered themselves to that officer. They stated that they had not taken any part in the recent outrages on the plains, and professed a desire to remain at peace. Gen. Sheridan has asked for authority to transport them to some locality where they will not be disturbed by hostile tribes.

Baron Lederer, who has lately been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria to the United States, has been officially received by the President.

From the West.

ON the night of the 31st ult., the dwelling house of Robert Ravill, in the township of Pierson, Montcalm county, Mich., was burned to the ground, with its contents and five children, aged from four to fourteen years. The fire occurred about midnight, and was occasioned by putting ashes in the woodbox. At the time of the fire Mr. Ravill was absent from home. The house was occupied by his wife, a man and his wife, and the seven children of Mr. R. The mother barely escaped with the infant, and the oldest boy jumped from the chamber window. The charred remains of the children were taken from the smoking embers the following morning and interred. The mother has lost her reason in consequence of the sad event. The remains were so burned that they could not be recognized except by size.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, states that the Indians are committing terrible ravages all around Denver, even as near as twenty miles from the city.

The bridge on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railroad, two miles from Iowa City, was washed away on Monday night of last week. When the train going west reached that point at 2 o'clock next morning the engine was precipitated to the bottom of the ravine, dragging after it three crowded cattle cars and one wheat car, piling them on top of each other in a confused heap. The cars raised a heap so high that it prevented the passenger cars from following. The engineer was killed instantly and the fireman was so badly injured that he died shortly after.

A portion of the track of the Bellefontaine and Indianapolis Railroad, about 250 feet long, and the ground around with it sank over sixteen feet, recently. All the trains have been obliged to stop, and the track has been raised by "cribbing." Fish from twelve to eighteen inches long appear where the water has risen out of the crack. It is supposed that a subterranean lake exists beneath the track.

The Hippocampus, a propeller plying between St. Joseph and Chicago, left St. Joseph on the 7th inst., with about thirty passengers and a full crew, and foundered during the storm on Monday night. Fifteen survivors were picked up by a sailing vessel, and taken to Saugatuck. They were in the water thirty-four hours.

The National Lincoln Monument Association at Springfield Ill., has adopted the design of the American sculptor Larkin G. Mead, jr., for the proposed monument.

In a quarrel which occurred on Friday between two men at work in a nail mill at Cincinnati, one of them snatched a red hot iron rod and ran it through the other's body killing him instantly.

From the South.

A TRAIN of cars on the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad met with a terrible accident last week, six miles below Pollard, while crossing the Escambia river trestle. The trestle gave way and the three front cars fell through. Mr. J. T. Warren, express messenger, was instantly killed, and several persons were badly injured.

The Governor of Georgia has sent a message to the Legislature inclosing the report of the committee in the case of persons applying for the seats vacated by the expelled negroes and giving the names of the persons receiving the next highest vote. A lengthy protest accompanied the report against the action of the house in expelling the negroes, reviewing the constitutional question and stating that the constitution clearly gave the negroes the right to hold office. Motions made to table this as a direct insult to the House were not carried, but it was voted to return the protest of His Excellency with a resolution declaring the members of each House proper judges of qualifications.

Gen. Reynolds has declined to approve a resolution passed by the Texas Constitutional Convention, appropriating $25,000 to defray its expenses.

Nineteen Republicans have been assassinated in Columbia county, Arkansas, within ten days. One man was shot with eleven bullets for shouting for Grant. It is said a reign of terror exists in the few counties where there are large rebel majorities, but all is quiet in counties where there are Republican majorities.

Terrible Earthquake in South America.

BY last advices from South America we are informed that one of the most fearful earthquakes on record occurred along the cost of Peru and Ecuador, on the 13th of August, whereby fifty thousand lives were lost, and property valued at three hundred millions of dollars destroyed. The shocks lasted but five minutes, and extended from Bolivia to the southern part of Chili, on the coast, and one hundred miles inland. A tidal wave forty feet in height succeeded the first shock, which swept everything before it on the coast. At Valparaiso over six hundred people were drowned. Three-quarters of Iquique were destroyed. At Arequipa, a city of over 35,000 inhabitants, there was not a thing left standing except one church tower, and over four hundred lives were lost. No one dares to go where the city was, the survivors living in tents on the river banks. The entire population of the towns of Ibarra, San Paplo, Imanta, and Cotocachi perished, numbering nearly thirty thousand. All the churches, public buildings and private dwellings of Quito were laid in ruins, and three towns adjoining have almost entirely disappeared, with their inhabitants. Many other towns were laid in ruins, and so numerous were the dead in some localities that the survivors were compelled to flee to escape pestilence. The U. S. war steamer Wateree and the U. S. storeship Fredonia which were at anchor in the harbor of Arica, were both destroyed by the tidal wave, the first being carried fully a half mile inland and left high and dry there, with only one man drowned, and the other being dashed in pieces on a reef, with the loss of all on board. The scene there, as elsewhere, is represented as sickening beyond all description.

Mexican Tranquility.

THE latest advices from Mexico state that in the defeat of the insurgents at Puebla, Lucas and Borilla, who surrendered at discretion, were condemned to death. The rebels at Istala and San Miguel had also been defeated. Negrete Prieto and Dominguez had escaped. The President had ordered the arrest and trial of Gen. Canto for the assassination of Patori. Ortega had issued a manifesto renouncing all claims to the Presidency. It was believed his life was threatened by Canto. The conspirators against Juarez have been banished. Provisions were scarce in several of the States, and a famine was threatened. In the State of Guerraro beans were nine cents a pound, and corn two dollars a bushel. Gen. Almonte had protested against the confiscation of all his property, a part of it being owned by his wife and children in their own right. The matter was to be investigated. A man named Augel Miramon, suspected of being a brother to the Gen. Miramon, who was executed at Queretaro, had been arrested at Humatia, he having arrived from Havana without a passport. The stages were regularly robbed on the principal high roads. The only department in which travelers were secure from robbers being that of Tepic, Gen. Losada having lately issued a decree which had effectually driven the banditti therefrom.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE annual feast of the cutlers at Sheffield, England, occurred on Thursday, Sept. 3d. Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the American minister, who was present as a guest, made his first address in England in response to a toast of "the health of the American minister." He was listened to throughout with the most marked attention, and his assurances of peaceful and friendly relations between Europe and America were loudly applauded.

King William has issued an order for the reduction of the Prussian army by one hundred and twenty thousand men. It is said the King, by this act, wishes to give a new proof of moderation, and to show his confidence in the prospect of peace, and adds that he thinks nothing menaces.

Dispatches have been received at Vienna stating that the Bulgarian insurgents have formed a provisional government in the Balkan mountains.

AN ASSASSIN ON TRIAL.—The trial of Whalen, the assassin of McGee, was begun on the 8th inst., at Ottawa. He appeared pale and nervous, but answered boldly to his name. Mr. O'Reilly opened the case, stating that the Crown expected to prove murder planned by a band of conspirators in Montreal, and the prisoner was the instrument chosen to carry the crime into effect. The defense made no opening speech. A large number of witnesses were examined for the Crown. The most important evidence given is that of Lacroix, who swore he saw Whalen shoot McGee.

STILL ANOTHER ASTEROID.—Prof. Watson of the Detroit Observatory, announces the discovery of another minor planet, which shines like a star of the tenth magnitude, at three in the morning. It was situated in right ascension 5 degrees 18 minutes, declination 3 degrees 40 minutes south, daily motion 45 seconds, time retrograde.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

REV. MR. DAVIS, a Baptist clergyman, preached recently to a large congregation in Yankee Robinson's circus tent, in Lansing, Mich.

IT is stated that Europeans have been the best patrons of Niagara Falls this year. That cataract seems to be regarded across the water as the great wonder of America.

A MINNESOTA gentleman has just purchased the Sioux Reservation in that State, consisting of seventeen thousand acres, and proposes to make it one immense wheat field.

SMOKING by ladies in Boston is on the increase. An extensive cigar dealer in the city says he sells an average of three hundred per day for ladies' use, and thinks a thousand per day at least are puffed by the fair ones.

CHICAGO has now forty public school buildings, which, with the ground on which they stand, are valued at $1,528,204. The average number of enrolled pupils during the year ending July 3d, was 29,464; number of teachers, 401.

A PROPELLER for canals has been tried at Wilmington, Delaware, and found to work well. It made five miles an hour with very slight disturbance of the water. The wheel is inclosed in a case and drives the water towards the bottom.

BEARS are very numerous in Stearns county, Minnesota. At Elk Grove they killed 18 sheep from one flock, belonging to John Anderson, and six belonging to Peter Knudson, at Crow Lake. They devour hogs, and chase and frighten children.

THE Young Men's Christian Association at Worcester, Mass., is holding open air meetings on the common, Sabbath afternoons and Tuesday evenings. Its membership is now about 700, and it sustains three Sunday schools, besides holding religious services in ten different parts of the city.

AN engine lately ran away down the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountain. The brake chain had snapped. The engineer and fireman jumped off and were only slightly injured, but the engine ran down the hill, and four miles beyond, and overtook a freight train which it badly smashed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 15, 1868.

MONEY matters in this locality continue much the same as for two months past. The banks are easy, and have a full supply of currency for all legitimate business. There is some apprehension in regard to the future, but not sufficient to affect ordinary transactions.

Recent rains have raised the water in the streams in this section, so that flouring mills that have been idle for some time, or unable to do but little, can now work to their full capacity. Our city mills are all doing something, but at present prices of wheat are not disposed to do a large business. There is therefore but a moderate call for money by the millers.

Money continues easy and abundant in New York, though rates of interest are a little higher than two weeks ago.

There is a little uneasiness among bankers in regard to an apprehended decision in regard to the Legal Tender Act. Thompson's last Bank Note Reporter says:—"Last week we stated that some well informed parties pretend to know that the U. S. Supreme Court has already decided that the Legal Tender Act is unconstitutional, and that the decision will be promulgated some time during the coming winter. As a general thing, this report is disbelieved. We must say, however, that our information is very much of a convincing character." The Reporter thinks it possible the effect may be good in the end.

Government Securities are less active, but firm. The German demand for American bonds is good, and recently seems to be increasing.

The total amount subscribed for the late French loan was equal to $4,300,000,000 of greenbacks, or double the whole amount of our public debt. Germany could with ease take the whole amount of our national debt if so inclined. She has already absorbed a good share of our bonds, and is very much the richer for the investment.

There is no Government interest maturing on the first of October. The next heavy gold interest payment is that of November 1st, when over twenty-five millions of 5-20 coupons mature. There are now about $60,000,000 of available coin in the Treasury.

Gold has been quite steady during the past week. Sales were made in New York yesterday at 148¾. Operators try to affect the market by their talk of political matters, the report of an extra session of Congress, and the troubles between the President and Mr. Rollins.

The currency balance in the Sub-Treasury has somewhat increased recently.

WOOL.—Wool dealers, it is said, have not made much money this year, but those who have sold have, it is believed, made no such losses as were experienced last year. Last week there was a sale in this locality of 100,000 lbs., on private terms. There was undoubtedly a saving to the seller. The sales in Boston last week were large, and foot up 1,000,000 lbs., at a range of 38@52½c. for fleece, and 20@52c. for the various grades of pulled. There is now a good consumptive and somewhat of a speculative demand for domestic wool.

The market for Woolen Goods is quite active.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—There is little change in either the Eastern or Western markets. Prices, however, rather tend downward.

DRY GOODS.—Dealers in New York and Boston are doing a much larger business than heretofore. Prices are low and orders are large.

COTTON.—The receipts of cotton at Southern ports are increasing, and are expected to be quite large in the coming six weeks.

PROVISIONS are very firm. Pork and Lard have advanced.

ROCHESTER, SEPT. 14—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,75; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,10@2,12; Do. white, $2,40@2,60; Rye, $1,50@1,55; Oats, 65@68c; Barley, $1,55@1,62; Beans, $2,50@3,00; Pork, mess, $31,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 23@25c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 20@21c; Tallow, 8½@10c; Eggs, 24@24c; Wool 38@38c18; Honey, box, ℔ ℔., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton,—$10@20. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,75@0,88; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 10@20c: Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 45@50c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 12,—Ashes, pots, $9,50@9,50¼; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 26@26½c. Flour, $7,00@11,00. Wheat, $2,02@2,60. Rye, $1,18@1,18. Barley, $0,00. Corn, $1,17@1,22. Oats, 68@73½c. Hops, 20@80c. Pork, mess, $29,25@29,35; new mess, $29,25@29,35; prime, $24,00@24,50; prime mess, $26,00@26,62. Beef, new plain mess, $14,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $35,00@31,00. Shoulders, 12½@13c. Hams, 15@19½c. Bacon, Cumberland-cut, 15@15c.; long-ribbed, 14½; short-clear, 16cts. Lard, 19½@20½c. Butter, 31@44c. Cheese, 13@17½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 12—Flour, $7,00@14,00. Rye Flour, $8,75@8,75. Corn Meal, $2,50@2,60 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,45. Rye, $1,55@1,55. Barley, $1 82. Corn, $1,22@1,23. Oats, 74@78c. Pork mess, $29,50@30,00; clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $34,00. Smoked hams 20@21c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 41@48c. Cheese, 5@16c. Wool, 40@55c.

BUFFALO, SEPT. 12—Flour, $9,00@12,50; Rye flour, $9,25@9,25; Wheat, $1,68@2,00; Corn, $1,02@1,09; Oats, 68@68½c; Rye, $1,35; Barley, $1,75; Peas, $0,00; Beans, $0 00@0,00; Clover seed, medium, $6,50@6,50; Pea-vine do. $3,50@00,00; Timothy, $2,75@2,75; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $29,50@31; Lard, 19@20½c; Hams, 21c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 42@43c; Cheese, 14@16½c; Eggs, 23@33c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 12.—Flour, $6,75@13; Wheat, $1,54@1,61; Corn, 94@96½c; Oats 50@51½c; Rye, $1,21@1,21½; Barley, $1,63@1,63½; Pork, mess, $24,00@29,50; Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 26@31c; Cheese, 12@19c; Eggs, 15@15½c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3,50@6,50.

TORONTO, SEPT. 10—Flour, $6,00@7,25; Wheat, spring, $1,25@1,30; fall, $1,40@1,45; Oats, 50c; Barley, $0,90@95; Peas, 95@95c. Pork, mess, $26@23,50; prime, $17@17; Bacon, 10½@13½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 13½@14c; Butter, 15@20c; Cheese, 10@11½c; Hay, $10@14; Straw, $12@13. Wool, 25@26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 8—Beeves—Receipts 6,745 head; quotations at 10@17c. Cows—Receipts 205 head; quotations at $30@115. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,711 head; quotations 7@11c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 38,076 head; quotations 5@8c. Swine—Receipts 16,805 head; quotations 9@10c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 11,—Beef Cattle sell at 1@10 cts; Milch Cows, $50@85; Veal Calves, 8@8½c; Sheep, 2½@5c; Lambs, 6@8c; Hogs, 9¾@11c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, SEPT 11—Beeves range from 6@18½c; Working Oxen, $225@335 ℔ pair; Handy Steers and Slim Oxen, $125@200; Milch cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@50; Sheep and Lambs, $1,62@4,50 ℔ head; Fat Hogs—11@11c; Young Pigs, 10@13c; Hides, 9@10c. ℔ ℔.; Tallow, 7½@9c. Calf skins, 18@20c. ℔ ℔.; Pelts, 25@62c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 8—Beef Cattle, $3,50@7,50; Sheep, 2½@4½c; Lambs, $1,50@4,50; Hogs, 8½@11c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 12—Beef cattle range at from $2,00@6,75. Sheep, 2½@4½c. Hogs, live, $9,00@10,50.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 9.—Beef Cattle, 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@55; Sheep, 4@5c. gross; Hogs, 14@15c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 9.—Beef cattle range at 3¾@8¼c.; Milch Cows, $85@80; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 2@5c; Lambs 3@4c; Hogs, 12½@14½c.

TORONTO, SEPT. 9.—Beeves range at $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 12—Market is firm. Sales are 880,000 lbs. at 44½@55c. for Domestic Fleece, 40@45c for pulled, 51@55c for tubbed, 43@45½c for Nolls, 33c. for Texas, 25c for Mexican, 34@35½c for California, 31c for Mestiza, 31½c Cape.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 9.—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 33@35c; Tub Washed, 40@42c; Unwashed, 25@27c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 9.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 40@43c; medium and coarse, 38@40c; unwashed, 26@28c.

BOSTON, SEPT. 9—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 42@50c; pulled, 45@55cts; medium and extra Western, 45@50cts; new combing fleece, 50@53c, and Canada do, 62@63c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

STATE FAIR—J. W. MOUNT WILL EXHIBIT his Wood-Sawing Machine, Cider Screws, &c., &c. Don't fail to call on him and get circulars and see Machines. 974-2t J. W. MOUNT, Medina, N. Y.

FULL BLOODED SHEPHERD DOGS FOR SALE.—Several full blooded Pups for sale. Useful for Sheep and Cattle, and the best Watch Dogs in the world, if well trained. Price, $10. W. G. ROBERTS, Racine, Wis.

ONE DOLLAR SALE.—Send 10 cts. to Meserve & Co., 35 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass., and get sample Pen Fountain, descriptive list of articles, and circular. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female. 974-2teo

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogues sent for 30 cents, twice as many, 50 cents. MANSON LANG, 974-2teo 94 Columbia St., New York City.

EMPLOYMENT.—We will Engage a Trusty, live Man in every County, on liberal Commission or Salary, to supply an article in great demand by Shoemakers. Sample with particulars for 25 cts., or inclose stamp to W. B. DIMON, Box 344, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GALE'S COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER.—Do you want the Agency (or for your own use,) of the fastest, easiest-working, cheapest and most durable Self-Feeding Hay, Straw and Stalk Cutter? (Not to be paid for till tried.) PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS, 974-13t Peekskill, N. Y., or Cleveland, Ohio.

WE WILL SELL FOR ONE DOLLAR, Gold and Silver Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk Dress Patterns, Carpetings, Domestic Goods, &c.
CIRCULARS SENT FREE,
giving full particulars, or ten checks sent for One Dollar, describing ten different articles which we will sell for
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
☞ Splendid inducements offered to Agents sending us Clubs. Address LABONTE & BABBITT, 974-2teo No. 83 Sudbury Street., Boston, Mass.

FOR OILING HARNESS, CARRIAGE Tops, &c., there is nothing in use equal to FRANK MILLER'S PREPARED HARNESS OIL BLACKING.
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THE ONLY PERFECT CURE for PILES OF ALL KINDS, also LEPROSY, SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM, and all DISEASES OF THE SKIN AND BLOOD, is
FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE.
Internal and external use. Entirely vegetable. Used in the Hospitals of the Old and New World. In case of failure, I authorize all dealers to refund the money and charge it back to me. No failures for over ten years. Prepared by H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.
$1 a bottle. Sold everywhere. *Send for circulars free.*

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SITUATIONS GUARANTEED TO GRADUATES!—We have authority from responsible parties to make such pledges to our Students, and no school can *out-rip* offer such a guarantee without it. A regular Commercial Line connected with this Institution worked exclusively by Students. For further particulars send for circular to
ABERNETHY & SHERMAN, Proprietors.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale his residence in the village of Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., containing about an acre of ground, house in excellent condition, has the following rooms:—Parlor, library, hall, bathing-room, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, six bed-rooms; also, there is on the premises a cold grapery, ice-house, barn, with cellar under it, good cisterns, both at the barn and the house, fine cellars, a furnace heats the house in the winter. The premises contain fine varieties of fruit, a well laid out flower garden. S. K. WILLIAMS.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR "PEOPLE'S BOOK of Biography," or Lives of eminent persons in every age and country, women as well as men, written by
PARTON,
the greatest living biographer, embellished with beautiful steel engravings. *Outsells every other work.* Exclusive territory—largest commissions. For descriptive circular address the publishers, A. S. HALE & CO., 974-13t Hartford, Conn.

SOAP AND CIVILIZATION GO TOgether. The most civilized people use the most soap, not because they are the most dirty, but they keep themselves the most clean. It is easy to keep clean with Soap at two cents a pound. One pound of
G. F. Gantz & Co.'s Pure White Rock Potash
makes near fifteen pounds best Hard Soap, at about two cents a pound. Ask your storekeeper to get it for you at No. 136 & 138 Cedar St., New York.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR IN
E. A. BAKER & CO.'S
GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE
Of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, &c., &c., where they present as commission to any person sending them a club,—
WEB OF SHEETING, SILK DRESS PATTERN, CARPETING, SEWING MACHINE, &c., &c.
FREE OF COST.
Ten descriptive checks of articles sold for One Dollar each, sent for $1; 20 for $2, &c. Commissions not exceeded by any other concern. Circulars sent free. Address
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AGENTS WANTED—FOR MATTHEW HALE SMITH'S New Book, "SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK." If you wish to know how Fortunes are made and lost in a day; How "Countrymen" are swindled by Sharpers; How Gambling Houses and Lotteries are Conducted, and everything of interest relating to Prominent Men and important places of New York, read
"SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN NEW YORK."
A large Octavo Vol. over 700 pages, finely Illustrated. We want Agents, Male or Female, in every City or Town to Canvass for it. Everybody wants to know all about New York. No Book ever published that sells so rapidly. We employ no General Agents and offer the *largest commission.* Send for our 32-page Circular. Full particulars and terms to Agents sent free on application. J. B. BURR & CO., 974-4t Publishers, Hartford, Conn.

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FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND,
AS A REPEATER,
AND
TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE
AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.
These powerful, accurate and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible Gun Dealers throughout the country. For full information send for circulars and pamphlets to the WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

MRS. PAIGE'S NEW METHOD
For the Piano-Forte, Organ and Voice.
By this Method the art and science of Music are rendered so simple and comprehensive that by one quarter's instruction parties can become independent performers upon the Piano-Forte or Organ; and after one month of close application can commence teaching, and continue their course by correspondence.
Having obtained the assistance of able and experienced teachers, we are prepared to give our patrons all needed attention. Pupils admitted for private lessons at any time. Adult and juvenile classes will be formed at our rooms, for the Piano, Organ and Vocal Music, by the quarter or by the year.
Agents are wanted in all parts of the country to form classes in Mrs. Paige's New System of Instruction in Music. Liberal Terms offered.
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THE IMMENSE SUCCESS
Attending our past business has induced us to make great preparations for the fall and winter trade.
Our checks and exchange lists contain nearly every article desired for family use, such as Dry and Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c.
☞ Presents worth from $3 to $100 sent free to Agents.
☞ Make your orders as large as possible, and send your money by postal order or registered letter.
We are agents for over one hundred foreign and domestic manufactories.
Our goods are new, and sold at Manufacturers' prices at $1 for each article. Descriptive checks $10 per hundred, or ten for $1. Agents wanted in every town. Circulars sent free. CUSHMAN & CO., 10 Arch St., Boston.

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who have prosecuted claims before the Patent Office for over Twenty Years.
Their AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PATENT AGENCY is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A Pamphlet containing full instructions to Inventors, is sent gratis.
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WATCHES.—THE IMPROVED ALUMINIUM BRONZE is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. Its qualities and resemblance to Gold are such that even Judges have been deceived. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition.
The movements are well finished, perfectly regulated, and as all these goods are manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to warrant them as excellent time-keepers. Price from $16 to $22.
Further details will be found in my pamphlet, which will be sent, post-paid, on demand.
A full assortment of chains. Also, Aluminium Bronze Cases for Waltham Watches. Goods sent by express C. O. D., with charges. Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN, No. 41 Nassau St., New York, P. O. Box 5353. 974-eo

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY.—Pronounced by Charles Downing, Andrew S. Fuller, and many other experienced horticulturists, who have seen it in bearing, the largest, best, and most productive Black-Cap grown. I have the certificate of Purdy & Johnston that I have the genuine Mammoth, propagated from plants, obtained of them. Also, Davidson's Thornless, Doolitte, and other desirable Raspberries—Jucunda, Peak's Emperor, Golden Queen, Green Prolific and Triomph Strawberries. Send for Catalogue. P. C. REYNOLDS, Rochester, N. Y.

The News Condenser.

— The Vermont Spiritualists have had a big convention.
— Thirty-two sea-going vessels were lost in August.
— Two horse thieves were lately lynched in Wisconsin.
— The Tombs in New York are to be reconstructed.
— The Georgia cotton crop reports are gloomy.
— Baltimore is building 7,500 new houses.
— Ole Bull is coming back next month
— The German wine crop is said to be splendid.
— Rains have destroyed the Japan rice crop.
— Berlin announces an International Exhibition in 1872.
— The great Chicago telescope is unused and rusty.
— The Grand Trunk Railroad is burning much peat.
— Philadelphia is to have a second silk factory.
— Catlin, the portrait painter, is in poverty at Brussels.
— Philadelphia wants Dyer to do up its wickedest man.
— The Pope has created a diocese of Sahara.
— A new Episcopal paper is to be issued at Gambier, O.
— California boasts of 238 newspapers
— Italians are emigrating by thousands to So. America.
— Apples sell for fifty cents a bushel in Ohio.
— Virginia gets its peaches from North Carolina.
— Mr. Peabody is visiting in Ireland.
— Bismarck rides on horseback seven hours a day.
— Fruit of all kinds is plenty in Maryland.
— There is a great yield of wild grapes in Virginia.
— Napoleon has decorated seven of his faithful editors.
— Every French college is to have a gymnasium.
— Ice is said to be scarce in some of the southern cities.
— Deer are very destructive in Canadian grain fields.
— A San Francisco girl has made a bedquilt of 2,601 pieces.
— Prussia uses 33,000,000 pounds beets yearly in sugar making.
— The Spanish cattle fever is raging in Monroe Co., Indiana.
— The Dominion of Canada has 102 Congregational churches.
— An Episcopal Church has lately been consecrated at Cheyenne.
— Many Indians are employed in gathering the western hop crop.
— The sweet potato crop at the South will be a very large one.
— Bears are numerous and destructive to sheep in Minnesota.
— The British Treasury was short of revenue last year $18,000,000.
— Maryland horses are dying in great numbers from the epidemic.
— Arkansas reports Ku-Klux murderers as its most plentiful crop.
— A submarine cable is projected from Portugal to the United States.
— Chicago will put up $1,000,000 worth of churches the present season.
— Grain and grapes are more plentiful in California than ever before.
— Silver and golden anklets for ladies are about to become fashionable.
— Chicago lumber statistics show a large increase over last year's receipts.
— At Salt Lake young men of 19 must marry or pay Brigham Young $200.
— An autograph letter of Washington's lately sold in London for nearly $50.
— The cattle disease has appeared in Cuyahoga and Portage counties Ohio.
— Toronto has thieves who steal the cattle pastured in the streets of that city.
— Several hundred bales of California blankets have been ordered in New York.
— One of the finest plantations on the Arkansas recently sold for five cents per acre.
— A French farmer lately sold his horse for $40 and threw his wife into the bargain.
— Nevada reports the discovery of a cinnibar mine of marvelous extent and richness.
— A movement to start a National Labor Reform Party has been initiated in New York.
— Timber, impregnated with silicates, is much used for fire-proof floors in Germany.
— St. Louis makes citizens of foreigners at the rate of nearly a hundred and fifty a day.
— Three men were badly injured by a torpedo explosion at a new oil well near Titusville, Pa.
— The newest sensation in London is preaching on Sunday morning in the bars of public houses.
— It is proposed to buy lands at the South for the settlement of an Armenian Protestant colony.
— The Paraguayan women are discharging the duties of civil magistrates, the men being all gone to war.
— There are 1,200,000 protestants in France. The annual allowance to their churches from the Government is equivalent to $336,000.
— Dr. Bhau Daji of Bombay cures leprosy. He has a hospital with 70 patients, and says the worst cases can be cured in 12 months.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE CHICAGO DITCHING AND SPADING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, Sept. 15th, 1868.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We were in hopes that at the trial of Tile Ditching Machines, near your city Sept. 8th, that we should meet with a reasonable competition, as it had been extensively advertised and the odds large, viz., twenty rods to one. As it was we had two competitors, Mr. A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., with his "NEW THING," which, with one man to clean the ditch after him and one to *poke off the dirt by hand* as it came up, he made a very favorable exhibition, and in the course of six hours succeeded in digging *four or five rods*. Where his ditch was not cleaned by hand there was about ten inches of loose earth left. We trust that the people of OHIO will have a sufficient consideration for those of this community not to order the NEW THING until after the State Fair, when we again hope to meet him. The Heath Machine from Livingston Co. did much better work and more rapidly. With three horses on a horse power it dug five or six rods in the same time.

The breaking of the gearing of LA TOURRETTE'S Machine near evening was unfortunate, though it occurred.

One of our Machines went into the ground long after the others were in position and at work. One ditch, a little over FORTY RODS LONG, *was dug in fifty minutes*, and another twenty rods long in corresponding time.

We prefer ground that is a little moist, the present time being unfavorable.

I can be seen at the Brackett House, Rochester, until after the State Fair. G. H. BEARDSLEY,
905 Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

☞ **The Rollers** in the NOVELTY AND CHAMPION CLOTHES WRINGERS can be separated at BOTH ENDS. BUY no others.

GOOD READING VERY CHEAP.

WE have a few extra copies of Volume XII. of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1861,) stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at $1 per copy at office or by express. (We cannot send by mail.) A few bound copies of same volume for sale at $3. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes issued since 1855, at $3 each. Bound volumes of 1865, 1866 and 1867, $4 each.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's new double gear, which cannot crowd together so as to bind. Also, the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from ever playing out of gear. ☞ Sold everywhere.
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
971-2t No. 32 Courtlandt Street, N. Y.

THE GREAT

PACIFIC RAILROAD,

—receiving the aid and supervision of the Government, and carried forward by the extraordinary resources and energy of the powerful Corporations to whom it was entrusted—is rapidly approaching completion, and it is safe to say that **New York and San Francisco will be connected by rail by the**

FOURTH OF JULY NEXT.

More than two thirds of the Through Line and Branches between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean are constructed, at a cost of nearly

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS,

And the remainder is being pushed forward with unparalleled vigor. The

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.,

to whom belongs the Western and Principal Portion of the Main-Stem Line, receive from the United States Government.

I. The right of way through the Territories, with the use of timber and materials along the route.

II. An absolute grant of twenty sections per mile (12,800 *acres*) *of the* **public lands** *on the line, the minimum value of which is now fixed at $2.50 per acre.*

III. A special issue of U. S. Six per-cent. Bonds, at the average rate of $35,000 per mile, delivered as the work progresses: which the Company are allowed to repay within thirty years, mainly by transportation services.

IV. Authority to issue their own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount, having the preferred lien—superior to that of the Government.

V. It receives, in addition, donations and subsidies from the State and Cities of California, amounting to more than $3,000,000 in gold:

Or an aggregate of Cash Resources for construction of **more than sixty millions upon 725 miles,** independent of the ten millions of acres of public lands, and further subscriptions to the Capital Stock. The early completion of the enterprise is therefore beyond all doubt.

This Company have already carried their road successfully across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and are rapidly extending the track across the Salt Lake Plains, and have already a valuable way-traffic thereon. Besides a mileage upon all through business, this road, having the best lands for settlement, the most productive mines, the nearest markets, and being exempt from competition, will always command large revenues. The net earnings upon the completed portion are more than double the total annual interest liabilities to be assumed thereupon.

The undersigned offer for sale, and recommend to investors, the

FIRST MORTGAGE 30-Year GOLD BONDS

OF THE

Central Pacific Railroad Co.,

bearing six per cent. per annum interest, both principal and interest payable in **"United States gold coin."** These Bonds are the first lien upon one of the most productive and valuable railroad lines in the world—a line which will be finished within twelve months, and which is already earning, after paying operating expenses, more than twice the annual charge of its Bonded debt. They are already widely known and esteemed in this country and Europe, and it is believed the remainder of the Loan will speedily be taken.

A limited amount will be disposed of at

103 PER CENT. AND ACCRUED INTEREST, IN CURRENCY.

The Bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January.

☞ The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time*; but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. At this time they pay more than 8 per cent. upon the investment, and have, from NATIONAL AND STATE LAWS, GUARANTEES SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER CORPORATE SECURITIES NOW OFFERED.

We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from **5 to 10 per cent. profit** and keep the principal of their investments equally secure.

Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and Prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

☞ **Subscriptions received by Banks and Bankers, Agents for Loan, and by**

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.
GREEN BROTHERS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

☞ All **Descriptions of Government Securities Bought, Sold, or Exchanged,** at our office and by Mail and Telegraph, **at MARKET RATES.**

☞ **ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS** and others received, and favorable arrangements made for desirable accounts.

FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
AND
Financial Agents of the Central Pacific Railroad Co.,
NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

H. W. JOHNS'
PATENT
Asbestos Roof Coating

A fibrous coating prepared ready for use, for
METALS, WOOD, CANVASS AND FELT.
☞ Descriptive Circulars, Prices, &c., by mail.
78 William Street, New York.

BOOKS AND GIFTS—ONE OF THE most popular institutions of Western New York is the great Gift Bookstore of JAMES O'KANE & CO., 26 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y. Here may be found a complete assortment of Standard and Miscellaneous Books, together with a great variety of Useful and Valuable Gifts,—every Book is sold at the lowest price, and a Gift worth from 50 cts. to $100, accompanies each purchase. This is no lottery humbug, but a permanently established legitimate business. A great many of the patrons of the establishment have received choice presents of Silver Plated Ware, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Orders by mail are attended to with the same promptness and fidelity as though the purchaser were present. Catalogues mailed to any address on application.

$250 Per Month Guaranteed. Sure Pay.—Salaries paid weekly. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelp'a, Pa.

THE COURT AND CAMP OF DAVID, A new and splendid 16mo. Gift Book, by P. C. Headley, containing 268 pages and 16 elegant Engravings, superbly bound. This beautiful and interesting work will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, $3.50. Agents wanted to canvass. All orders should be addressed to J. P. DABNEY, 83 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
☞ See notice of this book in Rural New-Yorker, Aug. 29.

800 MILES OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect, before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

FOUR MILLION DOLLARS,

which, after paying all expenses was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is **102**, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their Bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in Rochester by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and RAYMOND & HUNTINGTON, No. 13 Exchange street, Rochester.

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,
AND BY
John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall St.,
And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
Sept. 1st, 1868.

NORWAY OATS.—NO IMprovement in the interest of agriculture has ever received the hearty endorsement from the public and press, which is accorded to the Norway Oats. For full particulars see advertisement in Moore's Rural New Yorker of Sept. 5th.

The New York Independent of Sept. 3d says:—"There is sufficient reason to accept and welcome the Norway Oats as a new and valuable addition to the grain resources of the country." The New York Tribune of Aug. 25th says:—"They are being raised with great success." The New England Farmer says:—"They are no humbug." *Beware of bogus Norway Oats.* *PRICE LIST.*

One quart, prepaid, by post	$1 25
Two quarts, " "	2 00
One peck, per express, freight payable on delivery	1 00
One half-bushel, " " " "	6 00
One bushel, " " " "	10 00
Two and one-half bushel bags	25 00

When one bushel or more is ordered, they will be shipped by freight line when desired. Remittances should be in checks, drafts, post-office orders, or if in money by express or registered letters. In ordering, give your P. O. address, also state nearest express office if to be sent by express.

☞ Write our address plainly on the envelope, and always put our box number on as well as our place of business, as follows:

JONES & CLARK,
P. O. Box 5,689. 20 Liberty St., New York.

POTTER'S 3 HORSE Clevis.

A PERFECT EQUALIZER. Light & Durable.
PRICE.—$5 Each; $12 per Dozen. Cash with order. Send for Circulars.
Address.—EDGAR M. POTTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—To Solicit orders for DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE. THE ONLY EDITION PUBLISHED IN AMERICA, CONDENSED BY DR. SMITH'S OWN HAND. In one large octavo volume, illustrated with over 125 steel and wood engravings. A book that is needed in every family. Over 30,000 copies sold within three months.

Agents and subscribers, see that you get the *genuine edition by Dr. Smith.*

The Springfield Republican (the leading secular newspaper of New England,) says, "this edition published by Messrs. Burr & Co., is the genuine thing."

The Congregationalist, (the leading religious journal of New England,) says, "whoever wishes to get, in the cheapest form, the best Dictionary of the Bible should buy *this.*"

Agents are meeting with unparalleled success. We employ no GENERAL AGENTS, and offer extra inducements to Canvassers. Agents will see the advantage of dealing directly with the PUBLISHERS. For descriptive circulars, with full particulars and terms, address the Publishers,
974-2teo J. B. BURR & CO., Hartford, Conn.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—More than two-thirds of the sickness which occurs in the summer proceeds from a disordered condition of the liver. Persons of a bilious habit suffer most in warm weather. They are languid, low-spirited, troubled with pain in the side, head-ache, and a constant feeling of weariness. The immediate and certain remedy for these symptoms, and all others proceeding from biliousness, is HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Of all anti-bilious medicines they are safest, surest, and best. Sold by all druggists.

WANTED!—Active, energetic Agents to introduce the CHICOPEE FAMIL. SEWING MACHINE. Warranted to be the Best Built, Most Reliable, and only fully Licensed Low Price Machine in the Market. Will do every variety of sewing for family wear equally well on all kinds of fabrics. Responsible parties, everywhere, who will take exclusive right of territory, can secure a call from the traveling agent, and examine the machine, by addressing at once CHICOPEE SEWING MACHINE CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

MARCELLUS POTATO DIGGERS FOR SALE—I have a number of those superior machines at Shortsville, Ontario Co., N. Y. Those wishing to purchase can find them on addressing me at the above place. At the N. Y. State Fair I invite all other machines to practically test their machines with mine. All orders promptly filled when accompanied with prompt pay. See piste in RURAL April 27, 1867.
R. SHAFFER, Agent.

$1.00 SALE.—WANTED, AGENTS, LADIES AND GENTS, everywhere, for our GREAT ONE DOLLAR SALE, the best in the world. A chance to get your Dry Goods cheap. Send 25 cents for two checks and get our circulars giving full particulars. Circulars sent free.
ARLINGTON, DROWNE & CO.,
972-4t 374 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

A VALUABLE FARM AT AUCTION—Containing 181 acres, situated in the St. Josephs Valley 3½ miles northeast of Three Rivers, St. Josephs Co., Michigan. Sale, October 8th, 1868. Send for descriptive circular.
972-4t J. W. HOLLOWELL, Three Rivers, Mich.

WANTED.—Salesmen Everywhere, Farmers and others, to sell an article in great demand. $400 made by one agent his first month. Address immediately
971-4t BLISS & McBATHRON, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED, AGENTS—(Male or Female.)—Goods furnished to be paid for when sold, *and samples sent free.* For full particulars address, with stamp,
973-4t J. N. BOYLAN, Detroit, Michigan.

CHOICE DIEHL SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.
WM. HAMILTON, Caledonia, N. Y.

THE SUCCESS
OF OUR ONE DOLLAR SALE HAS CAUSED SUCH
A COMPLETE
REVOLUTION
IN TRADE,

That in order to supply the demand occasioned by our constantly increasing patronage, **we have recently made importations for the Fall Trade, direct from European Manufacturers,**

AMOUNTING TO NEARLY $500,000,

So that we are prepared to sell every description of

Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Plated Ware, Cutlery, Watches, Albums, Jewelry, &c.,

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For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars—1 black or colored Alpacca Dress Pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. All Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver Plated 5 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 beautiful Writing Desk. 1 solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3½ yds. very fine Cassimere, for Pants and Vest. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives with silver plated Forks. 1 elegant Satin Parasol, heavily beaded and lined with silk. 1 pr. Gents' Calf Boots. 20 yds. good Print. 20 yds. good brown or bleached Sheeting, yard wide, or 10 yds. ¾ yd. wide, good quality. 1 Ladies' elegant Morocco Traveling Bag. 1 square Wool Shawl. 1 plain Norwich Poplin Dress Pattern. 1¾ yds. doz. width cloth for ladies' cloak. Elegant engraved Silver plated Tea Pot. 3 yds. double width water proof cloth for cloaking.

For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress Pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair Gents' French Calf Boots. 1 heavy, silver plated engraved Ice Pitcher. Very fine all wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web very best quality brown or bleached Sheeting. 7½ yds. fine Cassimere for suit. 1 elegant Poplin Dress pattern. 1 elegant English Berege Dress pattern. 1 beautiful English Berege Shawl. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives and Forks. 1 Ladies or Gents' Silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 25 yds. good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilts. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 elegant Fur Muff and Cape. 1 single barrel Shot Gun. 1 Silver plated, engraved, 6 bottled Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 set Ivory balanced Knives and Forks.

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ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Dawson. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry R. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

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AS A ROOFING MATERIA

'TWAS BUT A MORNING GLORY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
On dusty window-sill;
And yet its simple story
Some loving heart may thrill.
From damp and mouldy pavement
Uplifting tendrils sweet,
It clung, in soft enslavement,
Above the squalid street;
And crept, with sweet embracement,
When rosy morning smiled,
To bless the widow's casement—
To glad the widow's child.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
To kiss their hearts by stealth,
And smile its silent story
Of far-off garden wealth;
And bring them gentle fancies
Of woods and fragrant spots—
Of daisies and of pansies,
And blue forget-me-nots;
Above the wide, wide city,
So dark with sin and strife,
To bless, with tender pity,
The widow's toiling life.

'Twas but a Morning Glory,
Grown up from soil obscure,
To smile its radiant story
Of mem'ries fresh and pure;
And tell how natures holy
May rise o'er dust and grime,
And up, from by-ways lowly,
To light and sweetness climb.
'Tis but a simple story
Its patient bloom imparts—
But, Oh! this Morning Glory
May whisper to our hearts.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 300, last No.]

CHAPTER V.

As I went up Mr. QUINCY's steps at about 5 o'clock that afternoon, to my surprise LINA came out ready to go home.

"MARY's lying down," she said; "she's not at all well this afternoon, and as it's quite late, I thought I would be all ready when you came."

"LINA," I said, in a low voice," what's the matter? You've been crying."

"Never mind, dear," she replied, drawing a veil down to conceal her face; "it was not for myself. I will tell you all about it when we get home. Is there a horse-car coming!"

"Yes," I said; and waiting till it came up, we both got in and settled ourselves for our hour's ride home. As we left the town the green fields gradually opened on each side of the road, and the air became cooler and sweeter.

"LINA," I said, "I had a very pleasant afternoon."

"I am glad of it, dear. I am glad, too, that you left us. Poor MARY will be happier,—more contented, at least,—after our talk."

"Then she is not happy?"

"No, dear."

"She looked at least gay and beautiful at the dinner table to-day."

"Yes, I know it; but that gayety is all on the outside."

I said nothing more, nor did LINA, till we had left the horse-car, climbed the hill, and were in our room, dressing for tea. Then she told the pitiful story she had heard that afternoon:

I had scarcely left the room when MARY, rising from the easy chair she was in, sat down on an ottoman at LINA's feet.

"LINA," she said, suddenly, "my poor heart is breaking."

She made no moan nor outcry. She said these words in a low, clear voice; but LINA said the white face of agony she turned up to her was most awful to look upon: every feature was quivering with torture. "If she had only cried," said the pitying LINA, crying herself, as she told me, "but, poor dear, she could not; yet her breath came and went in such spasms that I feared she was telling the simple truth,—that her heart was literally breaking." Much alarmed, LINA wished to get her some water.

"No, no," she said, "don't leave me: I shall be better in a moment. I know these attacks; they come on me very frequently of late. I only hope," she said, with a cold despair in her voice—"I pray only—that every one may be the last."

LINA, horrified, asked her if it was a disease? if she had no counsel?

"Counsel?" she retorted, "what counsel for a breaking heart, but to finish its work and go?" She softened a little, and the white, awful look left her face. "O, LINA," she said, "pity me."

"I do, MARY, GOD knows."

"Do you know," she went on, quickly, "that I got a letter, last week, from HARRY?"

"I heard so, MARY."

"And do you know,"—the white, terrible look coming and going in her face,—"that he had never heard of my marriage, but wrote me a hopeful lover's letter, telling me he had succeeded at last; he and TOM, too? Did you know TOM was coming, LINA?"

"Yes," said LINA. "Never mind, my poor, darling MARY, I know all you can tell me. You have sinned and you have suffered, and GOD forgive me if I judged you harshly."

"But we thought they were dead, you know," said MARY, with a laugh, that sounded frightful, when one looked at her face and her bloodless lips. "During three years, you know, we had not heard from them; and I thought, if I couldn't be a happy wife I would at least be the richest woman in Allegheny. Don't detest me utterly, LINA: I thought it all coldly out,—that this old man couldn't live many years longer, and if HARRY ever did return I should be a rich widow—for him. I actually thought so!" There was a wild light in her eyes which frightened LINA. She endeavored to calm her with soothing words: with the old girlish endearments, she persuaded her to lie down on one of the velvet couches; then went into her dressing-room, procured iced-water, a sponge and hair-brush; bathed her face and hands, and let down her long, glossy hair,—pained to the heart to see the white threads here and there through it,—and sat down to softly brush it, hoping it would make her sleepy.

"LINA," MARY said, with the dark, hopeless look in her beautiful eyes, "TOM is coming home; you have been faithful to him, and you will be happy. I will try not to envy you, but it will be a dreary task."

"MARY," LINA replied, "the future of both of us is known only to GOD. Try to trust in Him. You cannot tell what good things He has in store for you."

"But I took my future out of His hands," said MARY; "I set up another god—Gold—and fell down before it."

"But you owned, yourself, MARY, that you did it partly for HARRY; you hoped it might yet be for him."

"I don't know what I thought," she said; "I was in a delirium, I think. O, LINA! the words of his letter eat into my heart!—so hopeful and happy with such trust in me, as though it were impossible I could be false! Think of it, LINA: he says he and TOM have each made a nice little fortune; that they will be home by the next steamer; that we will have a double wedding, and such happiness!" LINA said she seemed to take just such a terrible pleasure in telling this, as a convict might in hugging his chain, or continually lifting it up and weighing it in his hand to see how heavy it was.

"Poor, wretched MARY!" said LINA; "I see no way for her out of her misery, but, as I told her, perhaps GOD does."

LINA seldom said as much as this of sacred things: I made no reply. She washed the marks of tears from her face; said father must have come up the hill, as the steam-cars passed some time before, and we must hurry down to tea.

"One thing, LINA," I said, "I don't understand. Why hasn't HARRY or TOM written to their friends, all these years?"

They did, HARRY's letter says, over and over again; but it is doubtful whether their letters ever left California. They might not, you know; for they were away out at the gold diggings, and their letters were entrusted to any chance carrier, and might never have reached San Francisco. They were in Oregon, too, part of the time; and a whole year in Idaho. Oddly enough, one of the two or three letters that did come, was sent from Idaho, and came the overland route, a letter to their mother: that was in 1861; do you remember, RUTH?"

"Yes, very well: Mrs. ANDREWS sent it to you and MARY to read: there were messages in it for both of you."

"Yes," said LINA, with a deep sigh; "and I remember, so well, I wished HARRY could have seen MARY, as she read his to her. I thought she never looked so beautiful before: she wore a Merino dress of the loveliest color,—a shade between lilac and purple,—and she is so fair, you know, and her little hands so white, the dress was most becoming to her. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes shining clear and beautiful. I just sat and silently enjoyed looking at her."

"What a precious, unselfish dear you are, LINA! To see you stand there,—like Disinterestedness personified,—never thinking of yourself, and your own past and future, but all of others! Did you think I was too young to know that you, too, had a lover who went seeking his fortune?"

"No," she replied; and as I saw her in the glass, her pale cheeks became red; "I thought, RUTH, you knew, or suspected it. I didn't much care if you did."

"No, probably not; I was sure to know, sooner or later. And you, LINA, are not married to a horrible, wrinkled old man, with money bags tied round him."

"What a figure of poor Mr. QUINCY," she said, laughing, in spite of herself, which was what I wanted."

TOM ANDREWS is coming home, as well as his brother," I continued, "and I needn't look in the teacups to-night, to divine something else coming, a little ways ahead."

"Don't be foolish, RUTH."

I released her, and as we went down stairs, a little glimpse of a desolate future rose up before me."

"LINA," I said, "are you going to leave me?"

She gave me a flower for my hair, and with it a kiss.

"No, my love, never."

CHAPTER VI.

On the next Sunday as I came out of the Penn street Methodist Church, Mr. HILLS joined me. I was alone; LINA had gone that morning to St. Andrew's Church, of which she is a member, though not always a strict attendant. We walked slowly along Penn street talking.

"It's a nice warm day," I said; "I could scarcely keep awake in church."

"Did you keep awake?" he asked, smiling. "It's more than I did."

"I don't know," I said, cautiously. "I thought I did."

"Your face betrays you," he rejoined; "there is a peculiar tinge in the cheeks, and a brightness in the eyes, which only sleep gives; its different from all other colors and sparkles.

"And it's in my face?"

"Yes," said he, laughing. "Pardon me, but the tokens are there; I should say you hadn't been awake more than ten minutes."

"Well, you know what BEECHER says; that it's the preacher's fault if his hearers go to sleep."

"Oh, yes, and I entirely agree with him. By the way, did you know I was a member of BEECHER's church when at home?"

"Indeed! Then I presume some of the sermons I have read you have heard him preach."

"No doubt. Is he a favorite of yours?"

"Yes," I said, with more emphasis than I generally used; "I think he is the most thoroughly *alive* man on the continent."

"I am very glad," his dark eyes lighting up with something better than the "sparkle" of sleep. "If I could begin to tell you," he went on, "anything of BEECHER's daily life,—the good he does in his genial, happy way, and the blessing he is to all who come in contact with him. I might talk all day and not have done."

"I believe you," said I. "I think if there were a few thousand such men in the world we should soon see the sunrise of the millenium. How I honored him for refusing to be made a D. D. That alone should make him immortal in this age of conventionalities."

"You are right; I agree with you heartily," said Mr. HILLS. Someway, this peaceful Sabbath, when even the smoke of Pittsburg seemed "resting from its labors," we got on harmoniously together. He continued:

"Such preaching as Mr. BEECHER's hastens the 'good day' along by rapid strides. There is the very essence and spirit of the Gospel in it, in a body of practical, nervous life. I defy any of *his* hearers to go to sleep. He could safely launch that stone at sleepy preachers,—his house was not glass."

"I do think," said I, "that Mr. WHITE was sleepy to-day; he sat up too late last night, or the weather was too much for him: anyway, he had a soporific influence upon me."

"And upon me; but the drug took effect upon us at different times. I was overcome about the middle of the discourse; you, near the close."

"I guess, then, said I, "I can make good your loss to you. You were a wise economist of doctrine and time, though, to go to sleep just then. There was nothing that you could have digested. It was babe's milk; or, rather, mush and milk, which always makes me sick."

"What could it have been?" exclaimed Mr. HILLS. "You rouse my curiosity; I'm afraid I lost *something* by my slumber."

"You kept your temper, at least," said I, "which was more than I did; and I thought, too, I was pretty patient, under all pulpit manifestations. But, Mr. HILLS, think of a man, in the nineteenth century, and in the fourth or fifth city—which is Pittsburg?—of the United States, really standing up and talking such cant as a Mayflower preacher would have thought it silly to utter,—that all amusements were sinful; or all adult amusements, I believe he would allow the children to play ball."

"The *boys*, you mean," said Mr. HILLS, with such a cheerful laugh as drove away my ill humor.

"Ah, yes; what we poor females are to do for a bit of relaxation, I do not know. Nothing but talk, as I could see; he absolutely tied us up to gossip, and to the worst kind, too,—tete-a-tete gossip; for he objected to all party-going, as having a demoralizing tendency. He denounced the opera, and all *singing women*,—speaking the title in a horrified, canting voice, that made me know he had never heard one in his life."

"He surely wouldn't have objected to good JENNY LIND," interpolated Mr. HILLS.

"Why not? he knows as little of her as of the rest. But you should have heard his valorous attacks upon novels, all chance games of play, and even our old, respectable stand-by, chess. He assured us they all led on to the gaming table, and from there rapidly down the broad road."

There was a round, ripe smile on Mr. HILLS' mouth. "That explains," he said, "a curious dream I had. I thought I was playing a game of chess and my opponent stole my queen, and threw her under the table. Singular,—was it not? I must have heard the word *chess* in my sleep. Did he speak it loud?"

"Thundered it forth."

"In holy zeal, no doubt." The smile passed away; he looked grave. "Do you know," he continued, "that though such talk from the pulpit amuses me, it also gives me great pain?"

"Why?" I asked in surprise. "You have far superior knowledge to any such men; why notice them."

"That is not it. Such false prophets do not alarm or hurt me, personally; but think, for a moment, of the immense mischief they do. You were saying what a blessing a few thousand such men as BEECHER would be to the world. There *are* a few thousand of these unfortunately constituted preachers, who, having outlived their youth, and laid up none of its honey, ascribe to religion all the gloom and barrenness of their own desert life. I sometimes feel,"—he spoke with the most intense earnestness—"I often do, personally aggrieved about these things. Imagine,—I say it with the utmost reverence,—imagine JESUS CHRIST addressing a multitude, and speaking the arrant nonsense that man did this morning. Could anything be more uncongenial to His liberal, loving nature?"

"But," said I, "pardon me for interrupting you, "why not laugh at him, as you commenced by doing? Why are you so earnest about it? He made *me* angry,—but that was only to be expected."

"You felt a mingled contempt and anger at him?" he said.

"Yes, exactly; only, before he got through, the anger outran the contempt."

"Well, Miss RUTH, don't you suppose every sensible person in the church had about the same feeling?"

"I hope so. He evidently did harm in thus rousing our 'angry passions;' but any other wrong I do not see that he did us."

"My dear Miss RUTH, will you care to go to that church again?"

"As long as that preacher is there? No; he's too gloomy and tiresome."

"There it is; and scarcely a young person in the two cities but would say the same. Does not this repel them from religion?"

"Yes, it certainly does."

"Whereas," he said earnestly, "if Christians—preachers, especially—were only CHRIST-like, there would not be room in our churches for the 'great multitudes' who would follow them, as they did *Him*. Is this like PAUL's being 'all things to all men, that he might win some?' Mark, it is *win*,—not drive, or compel."

"I never thought of it before," I said, "but certainly, if Christianity were more genial, open, *happy*,—some way or other,—there would be more Christians."

"Miss RUTH, believe me,"—he was so much in earnest that he almost stopped in his walk,—*Christianity* is all that you say. It is only the half-formed Christians that are not genial, open, and happy. What better terms could you have found to describe it and its Author? I have met in my life, too, a few such genuine Christians; have not you?"

"Ah, yes," I said, as LINA's loving face rose up before me, "I certainly have."

"Well, then," he said, with an expression of quiet happiness, "there are some; each of us can be one more, till it will be said of the church, as it once was, 'See how these Christians love one another.'"

"*Then* I will join them," said I, smiling.

"Ah," he rejoined," "but why not be one of the leaders in the reform? You know—you describe forcibly—how things should be. Now, be one of the workers to make them so."

"Don't lean on me," I answered, laughing; "you will find me a reed."

"Which, I hope, will not, like Egypt's, go into my hand and pierce me," he said, turning, with a quick smile, upon me.

"I wouldn't risk it," I said, laughing, and provoked at myself to know that I was blushing also.

We had now arrived at the depot on the Allegheny side of the river. The large gate was closed and locked on Sundays. I told him LINA and I made that gate our trysting-place, when we went to different churches; whichever of us arrived there first waited for the other. He asked to be allowed to wait with me.

"You are very warm and tired," he said, "I wish I could get you a seat and a glass of water, at least."

"Never mind, sir," I replied; "it will not be long till LINA comes, and then we will ride home. Sunday afternoons are delightful at home, Mr. HILLS. It's the only day of the week father is there, and everything in the country seems so cool and restful. As the little boy said, the very birds seem to know it's Sunday. There is LINA coming up the street now."

"Yes, it is her. I would like, Miss RUTH, to go into the country with you, one of these sultry Sabbaths."

"Do," I said. "The *idea* of staying in this dirty town, when there *are* clean places in the world! You must come soon, too, before the roses are all gone. We have a perfect wilderness of them now."

"I will," he said," with a pleased look; "I *will* accompany you home next Sunday, if you will allow me."

As LINA came up he greeted her, then stopped a horse-car for us, and bade us "good afternoon."

As I sat on the shaded front porch, that afternoon, with a book in my hand, I thought and dreamed much more than I read; but then the very air seemed asleep, and the breezes dreaming.

CHAPTER VII.

The week that this Sunday ushered in was an eventful one, at least to some of us. On Monday arrived our expected guest,—our New York cousin. Everything was prepared for her: her room had its new articles of furniture; all was in spotless neatness; the open windows let in the cool hill breezes; two vases on the mantle, and a glass on the bureau, were full of June flowers. Also, the MADONNA had been removed to her new lodgings, and, from the opposite wall, could see herself in the mirror, in an excellent light.

As father brought his niece up from the cars we went down the hill to meet her. If it had been a *western* friend, come so far to see us, there would have been a rush into one another's arms, an affectionate embracing, an interchanging of most loving kisses, and, in a little rainbow cloud of questioning chit-chat, we would have ascended the hill, the rainbow deepening in its tints all the while, and promising the sunniest weather for some weeks ahead. But now, as this *eastern* cousin came toward us, leaning on father's arm, why did LINA go forward first, give her a kiss and a hand-shake, with a quiet "I am glad to see you, Cousin DORA?" and why did I, as coolly, follow suit, instead of both rushing down upon her together, tumultuously seizing her from father, and in a small whirlwind of embraces and kisses, bearing her away to our eyrie on the hill-top? Ah, this bird's prim little feathers must not be so rudely ruffled. She was bred in a cage of formality; her wings would fall lifeless in an attempt to breast a freer atmosphere. If you desire any intercourse with her, you must stand just outside the bars of her cage. So we did.—[Continued on page 305, this number.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. READER.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 50 letters.
My 6, 13, 23, 48, 19, 39 is a boy's name.
My 55, 42, 17, 25, 31, 46, 14, 51 was a General in the army of the Potomac.
My 36, 9, 7, 41, 27, 38, 34, 8 is a game.
My 16, 28, 45, 32, 20, 28, 49 is a bird.
My 19, 37, 10, 22, 38, 40, 33, 56, 12, 54, 44, 21, 38, 5 is what I delight in.
My 11, 43, 57, 46, 29, 2, 18, 50, 30, 9, 54, 40 is an institution for the young.
My 4, 35, 18, 52, 47, 14 is a plant.
My 1, 52, 31, 3, 19 is a Russian measure.
My 24, 41, 50, 35, 14, 15 is a fish hawk.
My 26, 16, 53 is a girls name.
My whole is an old Proverb.

Shantyville, N. Y. J. G. CROUCH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

IF the base of a right-angle triangle be 8 feet, the perpendicular 6—required the length of a line drawn from the right-angle of the triangle, meeting the hypothenuse 4 feet from the upper point of the perpendicular?

Orleans Co., N. Y. NOMAD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

RIDDLE.

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
I'm most in use when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And none would always like to keep.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 972.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Where no counsel is the people fall.

Answer to Riddle:—The cock that crowed after Peter's denial of his lord.

Answer to Anagram:

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction, devastation, doom.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—The diameters are 25.63, 31.96 and 34.33 rods.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.—*Pope.*

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PATENT LEAD-ENCASED BLOCK-TIN PIPE IS SAFE, STRONG AND DURABLE.

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From the American Agriculturist.

NEW YORK, November, 1867.

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AN EXPERIENCE of nearly fifteen years has furnished the AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY the opportunity of THOROUGHLY TESTING all really valuable inventions in Watchmaking; and it being the sole aim of the Company to produce watches which as time-keepers would bear comparison with the very best made anywhere, they now confidently assert that the WALTHAM WATCHES have every improvement which time and experience have proved valuable.

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was adopted for that purpose as the best and faultless.

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We send them by express to any address. Allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the Watch before paying, and if afterwards it does not prove satisfactory, it can be exchanged or the money will be *cheerfully* refunded.

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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 39.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 975.

PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

DISCUSSIONS AT THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

AMONG the more interesting features of the recent N. E. Fair were the evening stock discussions, which were participated in by some of the most experienced stock growers of the country. The discussion was opened by Col. NEEDHAM, who made the point that the old style of farming—making the farm a kind of country store—will not pay now, especially in the New England States. Native stock will not pay—lands too expensive to permit it—this is settled; hence the question arises, which of the improved breeds should be used for farm purposes. He intimated that Short-Horns were not profitably bred in Vermont, but implied that Devons, Ayreshires, Dutch and Jerseys might be. It may take time to decide which of these varieties is the best, being each so good, but there was no doubt of their marked superiority over the native breeds.

Dr. LORING said no man can tell which breed of cattle is the best without taking into the account the climate, soil and vegetation at the place where the stock is to be reared. In his county, where feed was short, it was useless to attempt to breed Short-Horns. In the Connecticut River Valley the case was different, as it was also in the Valley of the Kennebeck. In such districts the Short-horns were profitable stock, as they were in most, if not all, of the Central and Western States. It is the character of the locality which must decide what breed of cattle to raise. The original Short-Horns were not such animals as we have to-day; the original Ayrshires were not such animals as we have to-day; the Devons in old times were nothing like the Devons which the farmers breed and send up to the markets in London. It has been done by careful observation and study of those rules which will produce the best animals from certain modes of breeding those animals, and that is to be learned not entirely by rule, by scientific laws, but by skill, and the cultivation of the eye of the farmer. It is generally conceded that New England cannot compete with the West in the production of sheep and cattle for market, but it can excel in rearing stock of a superior character to keep up the flocks and herds in the teeming West, where, from the system of management and the character of the climate, the tendency is to deteriorate. As the selection of good stock is one of the conditions of success in rearing it, so is proper feeding another one. Animals should be so fed as not to fall back, but make constant progress towards the point aimed at. For this purpose, produce good hay and plenty of roots. These are the proper food for store stock and the cheapest also.

Mr. EVERETTE said that while it might be true that New England cannot fatten stock as cheaply as at the West, yet it can be done well and at a profit. He had fattened fifty tons this summer, and profitably, too. Others had been equally successful.

Col. NEEDHAM said that from his own experience and what he had heard from others, he had about arrived at the conclusion that we don't know any more to-day about breeding cattle than JACOB did three thousand years ago. That ancient stock raiser could raise such kinds of cattle as pleased him—excelling all his contemporaries in the business,—but the art seemed to have been lost for a long succession of generations, but is gradually being recovered, but he thought we had not quite got up to JACOB yet.

Mr. BLAKESLEE said he had been a breeder of stock of different breeds for nearly sixty years, and had come to the conclusion that if proper attention is paid in selecting breeding animals, any desirable type can be produced. Said he was the only man in the New England States that ever had any of the Merino sheep directly from Spain. His was the mother flock, and there was not a sheep among them, when first imported and for some time after, which would shear more than five pounds to a fleece. Now they have got them up to nearly thirty pounds in Vermont. This is the result of improvement in breeding.

Alluding to cattle, Mr. B. said:—"The Valley of the Connecticut is calculated for the Short-Horn. The rugged part of New England, I think, is well calculated for the Devons, and other places for the Ayrshires; and men must themselves select these breeds of cattle, and then they must study into the art of breeding, and breed them as perfectly as they can. As I said, I have been a breeder of these cattle for a number of years. I have had no difficulty in breeding these cattle into just the shape and just the qualities I wished. When they were first introduced into the country they were short milkers, hard hide, and not so good for the slaughter. We have got them as fine milkers as there is of any breed, and their slaughtering qualities can't be beat, and they will live on a shorter herbage than almost any other."

Mr. GOODMAN would not concede the correctness of the assumption that there was any portion of New England in which Short-Horns or any other variety of cattle may not be raised to advantage. A trial among the hills of Berkshire has led to an increased demand for this and other improved breeds of cattle in that section, rough and mountainous as it is. He was in favor of these cattle and of the cultivation of root crops as a portion of their supply of food. The practice of letting grass stand in the meadows till dead ripe was reprobated as a great waste of an important element in the production of good stock.

Mr. WHEELER of Maine, said they had a high grade of Hereford cattle in there, which were highly approved. There were also grade Durhams, Ayrshires, grade Dutch and Jerseys. The last give the best milk, but are lacking in other respects. The milking properties of his Dutch stock were also highly commended.

Mr. FOWLER was well pleased with the Jersey stock for dairy purposes, and thought New England best adapted to that kind of farming. Did not believe they could compete successfully with the West in the production of beef. In reference to the question of food for stock he said:—"For five years I have fed some six or eight cows an average of half a bushel of turnips a day per head. I have never succeeded with the culture that I could afford, although it might have paid to have given more attention to it, in raising over six hundred bushels of turnips to the acre. That was sowing them in drills, two feet apart, and cultivating them with a cultivator, and thinning them out in the rows—once. My estimate was, that with the high price of labor, thirty dollars a month, I could grow turnips, six hundred bushels to the acre, for six cents a bushels; and I believe they are the cheapest fodder that can be grown, and that has been the experience of the English farmers, with whom it has become a proverb, that the failure of the turnip crop would be worse than the failure of the Bank of England:"

Mr. ALLEN of East Windsor, questioned the propriety of feeding steadily on cooked food. It would destroy the animal's constitution. It will answer as a change, and result favorably. Alluding to breeds of cattle, Mr. ALLEN said:—"Dr. LORING spoke of Mr. COLLINS as the originator of Short-Horns. They were not originated by him. The COLLINSES took the cattle as they found them. There were thirty other breeders at the time. They were the Yankees of England; and they found a good breed of cattle, and they took a heifer and fattened her, and sent her through the island and showed her, and thus brought the Short-Horn into notice. Now, the Short-Horns are a *race*, not a *breed*. The Anglo-Saxons are a race, and the Mexicans are a breed. The race of Short-Horns and Devons have been undoubtedly improved, but they were a race to begin with. I think the Doctor cannot go back far enough in the history of cattle to reach the time when the Devon did not exist. Keep the races pure, and don't mix them. Cultivate them in their purity."

Mr. WELLS of Pittsfield, alluded to the statement that steamed food was injurious to stock, affecting their teeth, and said a neighbor of his had followed the practice of steaming food for a series of years with excellent results.

The stock discussions were followed by a consideration of the question of farming as a means of profit, compared with other occupations. The subject was amplified by several speakers, by whom the dignity and remunerativeness of farming were set forth and the aid which science has given to agricultural pursuits properly acknowledged. The discussions seem to have been interesting and generally satisfactory to those who participated in and listened to them.

NOTES FROM THE FARM.

KILLING QUACK GRASS.

"A NICE summer fallow that; a large growth of clover turned under, and the after tillage good. It is splendid soil, too, heavy sandy loam with clay subsoil. Forty acres in the field I should judge, and I never saw a poor crop on it yet."

Somewhat after this fashion I cogitated as I rode by on that dusty afternoon just before the severe drouth came to an end. A few days later, after the rains, and I passed that way again. A greenish hue had crept over the field, and the blades of quack grass had sprung up thick as sown wheat. But for that pest the owner might have put the drill at work sowing, for the soil was sufficiently worked and in good condition, but now the forty acres must first be gang-plowed.

"A troublesome tenant is that quack," I remarked to the owner who had recently bought the farm. "Why don't you turn him out?"

"I will the next time I fallow this field," he replied.

"Aha! but it's a big job. Forty acres of thick set quack will make a tough fight, and some farmers say it can't be killed any way."

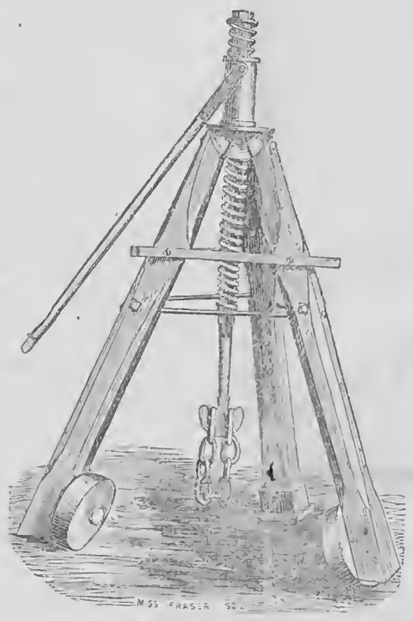
"I know it can," he replied. "I know a man who rented a farm, and one of the terms of the lease bound him to exterminate the quack grass in a field of several acres—all thick set. He plowed it very early and very well; then with a strong toothed horse rake he gathered all the roots within six inches of the surface, dried and burned them. He cultivated so often that not a green blade appeared in all summer, and after sowing time he plowed again and raked out what roots he could. Winter set in and no quack had been suffered to grow for more than six months. Next spring it was plowed and again raked, and a crop of turnips sown in June. He did utterly kill the quack in that field, and I think I can in this."

If he does, dear RURAL, I will report it.

CLOVER SEED.

So far as I have observed there is a small crop this year as compared with last. Besides there will be a foreign demand, as the drouth injured the crop, or forced the farmers to feed it, in the British Islands and many portions of the continent. The price is advancing now. Every farmer who can harvest enough for his own use, and thus save buying, will find it to his advantage to do so. If machines are not handy to dress and clean it, sow in the chaff on early, damp snows next spring. It will do just as well, only it is a little more work.

CHIEL.



A STUMP MACHINE.

OUR illustration represents CHAMBERLAIN'S Patent Vibrating Screw Stump Machine. The parts are so few, and the construction so simple,—which should be the case with all powerful machinery—that minute description is unnecessary. A team will exert tremenduous lifting power with this machine; the adjustable lever and vibrating movement of the screw compensate for inequalities of surface, and swaying of the stump. It is easily moved by means of wheels at the bottom of the standards. See advertisement in this paper.

GRASS CULTURE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

NUMBER FOUR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR IMMIGRANTS AND NEW BEGINNERS.

IN 1826, when the Erie Canal was first open for transportation with facilities for business, between tide-water and Lake Erie, many a New-Yorker emigrated West, and placed himself too far from market, when he might have bought land for farming purposes very cheap, within a few miles of the City Hall of New York. The wonderful growth of this emporium of trade and commerce, would now make a farm, well selected forty-two years ago near the city, worth a fortune.

From that time to the present, farmers and others have been repeating the error of running away from the best markets to purchase cheaper land. In place of buying grass land at ten cents an acre on mountains twenty miles from Knoxville, I am now purchasing at $25 an acre within three miles of its City Hall. The timber on the last named will pay for the land, and all expenses of putting it in the market; and the land (150 acres) is good for two tons of hay per acre, which is worth on an average, $20 a ton. The difference of hauling hay, grain, potatoes and apples, three miles or twelve to market, amounts to a large interest per acre on cultivated land. One gives away milk in the country, that might be sold at ten cents a quart on a farm near the city. There, wood is worth two dollars a cord standing; fifteen miles from the city one may have to pay $12 per acre for clearing land of all forest trees. It is, perhaps, not necessary to extend remarks of this purport; still men buying land for a permanent residence are very apt to misjudge in the matter of location. My advice is to buy well watered land, where the timber is a sure crop ready to harvest, that will sell for as much as the land and timber cost. Then seed the ground well in grass, and purchase colts old enough to wean to stock your farm.

Speaking from my own experience, young mules, and colts with no ass blood in them, are the best stock for this region; but a beginner with rather limited means, can purchase yearling heifers at five or six dollars a head, which will soon become mothers and give him as many calves as he will care to raise.

There is no difficulty in stocking a grass farm; nor in seeding it to grass. All the doubt lies in making the best choice of land adapted to one's purpose. Having felt this rather unpleasant doubt for years in the South, some pains will be taken to lessen it in the minds of others. Timber land, adapted alike to grass, wheat and corn, that will cost about two dollars an acre, where the timber will pay for cleaning and seeding, would satisfy me very well, if a young man. Lumber goes down stream from here to the Ohio river, and the prairies of Southern Illinois, very cheaply. I have refused to allow men to cut railway ties at a price that will pay more than the cost of the land. A young man should never be afraid of timber; for so many children are born barefoot that the demand for tan bark alone to make leather to shoe them will keep up the price of good oak forests. I have sold timber standing at $40 per acre that cost, with the land, only $4 per acre. It is such experience that prompts a few words in favor of the valuable forests of East Tennessee.

A grass and stock farm without good running water the year round, would never answer my purposes. A large share of the Southern States is not only well timbered, but well watered with living springs. This is especially true of East Tennessee. On many farms a spring of water in every field is the rule, or a "branch." Hence, it is the immigrant's fault if he fails to get a farm that is well watered.

As for health, I have never seen a case of chills and fever in the State, and rarely fever or inflammation of any kind. All doctors farm or trade for a living in aid of country practice. There is an abundance of water power for building up manufacturing villages and cities; and these will grow up in time. We raise wool, flax and cotton on the same farm. White clover is indigenous; and blue grass and red clover is almost the same. I have seen fields cultivated three years in corn that still retained clover seed (red) enough in the ground to give a fair stand. To fill the soil with the best grass seeds and clover seeds is a point of some importance in grass culture. This is easily done. It is the way to make a farmer rich and independent with a moderate area of land.

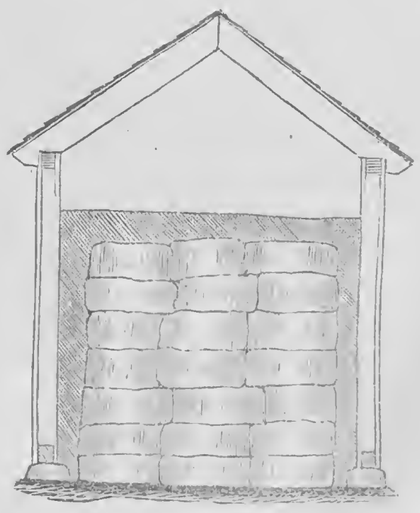
D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

A CHAPTER ON ICE HOUSES.

WE have received many inquiries respecting the manner of building ice houses; these come from widely separated localities, and some ask for cheap plans and others for something pretentious and substantial, with preservatories for meats and fruits attached. To answer these we have prepared some plans suggested by correspondents and others. As a very cheap way of preserving ice we give a description extracted from correspondence of the Western Rural. The writer says:—"Last January I drew one large load of saw dust and spread on the ground on the north side of my horse barn, then drew the ice (sawed in square cakes) and built up a square pile some eight by ten feet and seven or eight feet high, filling up the spaces between the cakes with pounded ice. I then set up scantling and built a board house around it, two feet larger each way than the ice; then filled in saw dust around, and two to three feet on top and covered with boards and slabs. We have used freely through the season, sold to picnic parties, given away to sick neighbors and have plenty of ice yet."

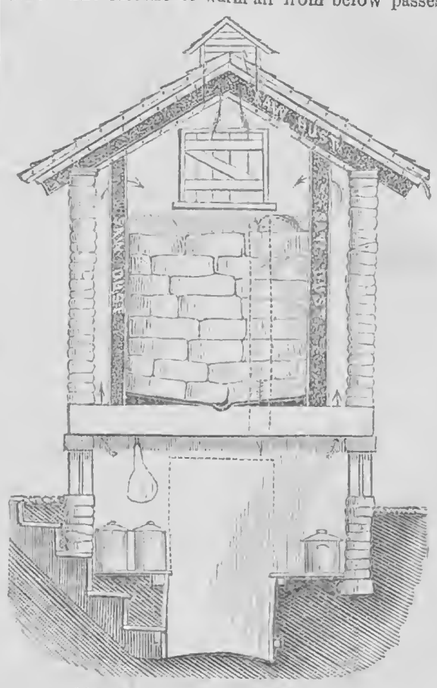
Something similar to the above is the following plan and description sent us by "Lomas." He writes:



CHEAP ICE HOUSE.

"PERCEIVING the 'RURAL' waked up to ice-house questions, we would challenge a better house for preserving ice than the following, which, with us, now holds ice three years old:—Our house is above ground—double-boarded on the sides, with only a board roof. The ice is packed in pieces two feet square, leaving about six inches space between the ice and siding. We then cover sides and top of the ice with *saw dust*. If anything can beat this for keeping ice, let us know, and very large doubts remove. No need of making the top air-tight; ours is open to the atmosphere."

A more costly, perfect and convenient plan of ice house with preservatory, is furnished us by our artist, GEO. FRAUENBERGER. He says:—"The novel feature of this plan is the placing of the preservatory *under* the mass of ice, from which it is separated by the floor made of plates and galvanized iron. It is thus always filled with cold air of about the temperature of 34° or 36°. The temperature is communicated to the preservatory by the ice acting through the thin floor of iron plates. Fresh air may be introduced from the sides, when desirable, and ventilation is secured in the direction indicated by the arrows, between the outer and inner walls. The iron floor slopes to the center, where the drainage is completed by a pipe. The outer wall is made of stone or brick, next comes an air space eight inches wide, then a wall of boards filled in with saw-dust or fine shavings. The ice is covered with saw-dust. The current of warm air from below passes



ICE HOUSE WITH PRESERVATORY.

up the air space, through holes into the chamber above the ice and out at the roof. The rafters are double-boarded and saw-dust packed between them, and one inch air space left between them and the roof; this secures brisk circulation of air. If the ice house is to be connected with the dwelling, the preservatory may be entered from the cellar by breaking a doorway through the wall; if apart from the house, unless a side hill be available, some steps downward will be necessary. The ice house should be wholly above ground, but the preservatory partly or entirely under."

CONCRETE WALL FOR ICE HOUSE.

Our Special Correspondent "E. W. S.," sends us the following article in reply to an inquiry, and as a sequel to his previously published articles on concrete walls:

W. E. G. of Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn., says: "I am a young farmer in years and experience,—am trying to improve my place and finish my buildings. I want to build an ice house and preservatory and smoke house. I notice the articles of E. W. S. on "Concrete Wall" in the RURAL, and would like, very much, if he would give me some more specific instructions how to construct these buildings of concrete."

The instructions given in the RURAL cannot be much more specific in reference to the manner of building the concrete wall, but we may make some suggestions as to the style and situation of an ice house and preservatory. This question of preserving ice for summer use is too little understood and appreciated by farmers. Not one in a hundred possesses this important element of health, comfort and profit. With a well constructed ice house a farmer may keep his meat, fish and poultry killed in hot weather, fresh till consumed. His butter may be kept solid in dog days, and his health made better during the haying and harvesting season with this cool invigorating drink. We have found it during the warmest and hardest working season, truly an element of health and comfort for all in our employ. During the very heated term just past, our men have been able to go through the severest labor without suffering, while some of our acquaintances have been left almost without help from the inability of men to stand the heat. Iced water braces the stomach and gives tone and vigor to the whole system. A little satisfies thirst, and there is no necessity for overloading the stomach with water. Besides water cannot be carried to a distant field from a cold well without becoming warm. Every farmer should supply himself with this necessary building. If intended simply for an ice house, it may be built very cheaply.

SIZE AND MODE OF BUILDING.

It is now considered as well to build an ice house above ground. A double wall with an air space is

CONCRETE WALL ICE HOUSE.

found to be a better preserver of ice than the earth. It should be sunk in the earth only so far as to protect the wall from frost. An ice house eight feet

square and eight feet high inside, is large enough for any single family; and six feet square by eight feet high will store 2¼ cords of ice, which, well preserved, will serve an ordinary family. But it is more difficult to preserve a small cube of ice, and therefore the building must be more perfect when this is attempted. The first size requires an eight-inch outside wall, twelve feet long and nine feet high, and a six-inch inside wall, with ten-inch air space between them, containing 506 cubic feet of wall including gable ends and tie walls, and this would require about seventeen barrels of water lime, costing, say $1.75 per barrel or $29.75. The sand, gravel and small stone the farmer can haul and make the mortar and lay it up, himself. The smaller size requires an outside wall of same thickness, 10 feet long and nine feet high with the same side space, and six-inch inside wall, would contain 422 cubic feet, requiring fourteen barrels of water lime, costing $24 50. This would be all the expense out except the roof, which should be made with rafters 1½ inches thick by 10 inches wide and project 18 inches at the eaves—must be boarded on the under side first—then a few boards put on to the upper side, at the eaves, and filled between with saw dust or cut straw, rammed in. This filling should be done as fast as the upper boards are put on. The roof should then be shingled or well thatched with straw. There should be double doors well fitted, and placed in the north gable end, above the level of the ice.

The manner of making the bottom is important. Perfect drainage should be secured, so that the water from the ice will run off at once. If there is sufficient slope or fall, the earth may be excavated inside two and a half or three feet, or so deep as the wall is required to go to be below the frost, and then sloped all round, from the outside to the center, that the water may all run to this point. Here should be sunk a hole (walled around with brick) to communicate with the drain below, and in the drain must be a water trap or inverted siphon, to prevent the admission of air. If the drain is constructed of brick this water trap is easily made by a depression below the level of the drain, and this will always be filled with water and prevent the passage of air; or a piece of lead pipe properly bent may be used. Over the entrance to the drain will be placed an iron or wooden grate. Some soils are sufficiently porous to drain off the water. Where the land is so level as not to allow any excavation the water may be conducted off near the surface.

FILLING AN ICE HOUSE.

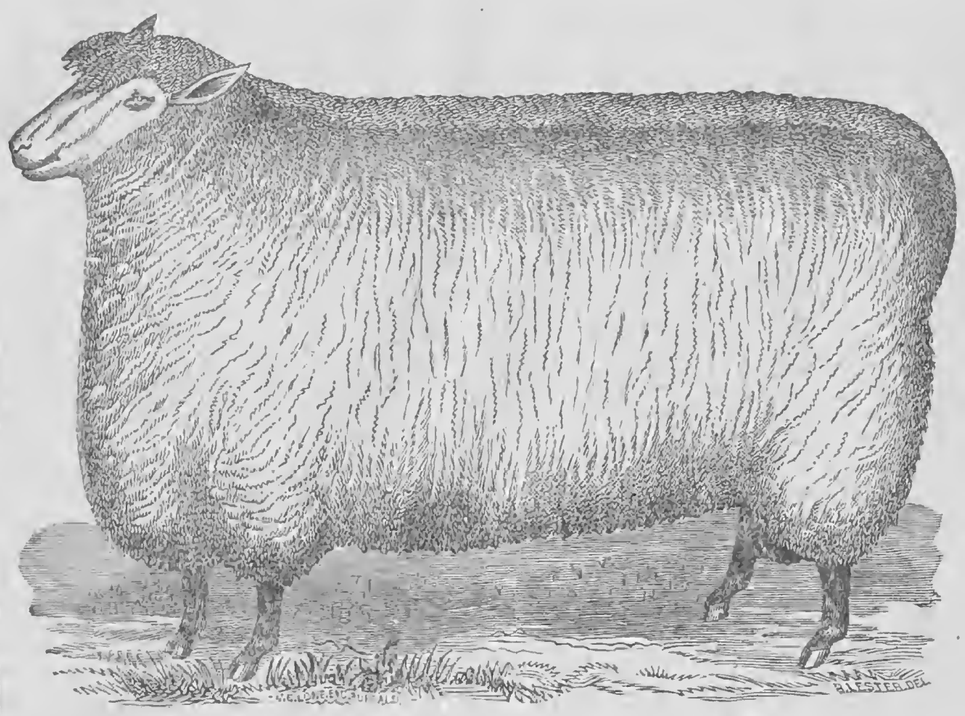
Before filling with ice the bottom should be covered with six to ten inches of straw or fine brush. Where the ground is not excavated as directed some scantling or rails should be put down first with plank laid on and the straw on the plank. The ice should be cut in square blocks and as large as is convenient to handle. These must be laid compactly together and may be placed close to the wall, if built in the manner proposed, and when the building is filled, cover the top of the ice with saw dust six inches or straw a foot thick. The ice should be solid when cut, and if convenient, packed in freezing weather, but this is not so important as that the ice should be solid. Porous ice will not keep well however cold when packed.

PRESERVATORY.

If a preservatory is to be built in connection with the ice house, (as it should when the expense can be afforded,) then it would be most convenient if placed on the side of a ravine, so that the ice house could be in the lower story, with perfect drainage, and the preservatory above, with its floor on a level with the top of the bank. This would be most convenient. But when there is no such side hill to place it on, the lower story, for ice house, may be sunk in the earth, with a well in the center three feet deep, into which the water sinks, having a lead pipe extending from this well to the surface of the ground outside, attached to a pump by which the water may be pumped out. If the earth happens to be sand or gravel it can be used in building the walls. There are some large houses now building in Buffalo, that the entire materials for the walls except the lime, are obtained from the earth taken out of the cellar. This method of building the preservatory over the ice house, would have the advantage of requiring a smaller building, and would keep the ice better, because less exposed to air, the ice being filled in through a trap door in the floor of the preservatory. The preservatory would require, to be convenient, a building sixteen by twenty-two feet, leaving a room inside twelve by eighteen for the preservatory. This might be divided into two rooms, (8 by 12 feet), one for butter, milk, meat, &c., and the other for fruit. A double partition, about two feet apart, must be put through the center crosswise, to divide the two rooms, and into this space, between the partitions, will be placed the ice to cool the rooms, as often as required, with holes at the top of the partitions to pass off the heated air, and at the bottom to let in the cold air. The heated air passes down through the ice, and being cooled comes into the room at the bottom, thus giving a constant circulation and keeping the rooms of uniform temperature. But if the ice room is not placed under, then the building must be large enough for an ice house on one side and a preservatory on the other.

In building an ice house it is better to use all water lime, the mortar mixed according to our recommendations in previous articles, one of lime to six of sand, gravel and small stone. The inside standard may be a scantling two by seven inches, so that the plank for the box, being 1½ inches thick would make the space between the walls ten inches. And if two stories are built, the joists for the floor of the second story should reach on the outside wall and perfectly tie the two together. The door in the preservatory should be double, fitting very tight, and there may be one double window placed on the north side shielded from all sunshine by trees. E. W. S.

HIGH WAGES.—The Rural World says as high as four dollars a day—working ten hours—was paid in Illinois, during the late harvest, for binding wheat. Within our recollection, a man who got one dollar a day, for the same kind of work, was deemed to be coining money. We have known good harvest hands work for half a dollar a day. Superior mowers and cradlers would get from six to eight shillings. But these low wages had compensating circumstances connected with them in the cheapness of provisions, while fuel cost nothing but the trouble of cutting and hauling it. Wheat was from three to four shillings a bushel, corn fifteen cents, potatoes from ten to fifteen cents, and pork four cents per pound. A good cow could be had for ten or twenty dollars, and a yoke of working oxen for forty-five or fifty.



COTSWOLD RAM "WILLIAM TELL,"
THE PROPERTY OF L. E. SHATTUCK, JR., OF CHERRY CREEK, CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

COTSWOLD RAM "WILLIAM TELL."

MR. SHATTOCK writes:—"William Tell was bred by Hon. N. L. CHAPEE, Jefferson, Ashtabula Co., Ohio. He was got by his imported Dandy out of one of his imported ewes. Both sire and dam were illustrated in the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, 1865. Tell was yeaned in 1865. His last fleece of one year and four days' growth weighed 17½ lbs., and sold for seven dollars. His present weight is about 350 lbs. He has won a first prize at five different county fairs. As a stock ram I have never seen his equal."

MISSOURI AS A WOOL GROWING STATE.

WE have repeatedly, in answer to inquiries in regard to the best wool growing regions of our country, expressed a highly favorable opinion of Missouri. This has brought upon us a multitude of more specific interrogatories concerning its climate, soil, face of the country, productions, price of land, water, healthfulness, &c., &c.,—and concerning the best locations in the State for wool growing on a larger or limited scale.

We must apprise our readers, at the outset, that we have never personally visited that State. The knowledge we possess concerning it has been collected chiefly from emigrants, travelers and western flock-masters, who have driven their sheep into Missouri for cheaper keeping. Among our informants are various gentlemen of observation and candor, and of intimate experience in sheep husbandry; and we regard their information as reliable as any which can now be obtained—far more reliable than can be obtained from such inhabitants of the country itself as are not specially acquainted with sheep husbandry.

The climate of Missouri occupies a happy medium between extreme heat and cold. Its northern half corresponds in latitude with Southern Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Northern Virginia; its southern half, with Kentucky and Southern Virginia.

For the present purpose, we shall divide the State into three regions:—1. The northern, lying north of a line extending west from St. Louis to Jefferson City, thence due west to the western boundary of the State. 2. The southeastern, bounded on the north by the above line, and extending from the Mississippi to a north and south line from Jefferson City to the southern boundary; and 3. The southwestern, occupying the remainder of the State. In briefly characterizing these three regions, we do not, of course, expect to give a description of either which will apply to all the lands embraced in it. There must be a multitude of local and even extensive exceptions to any general characterization.

The northern region possesses a fertile, often an exuberantly fertile, soil; and is an admirable stock growing country. But we need go into no details concerning it, for our present object, because it does not, according to our best information, afford superior advantages for wool growing to Southwestern Missouri, apart from the question of climate; and the latter has a material advantage in climate, inasmuch as its winter and foddering season is shorter.

Southeastern Missouri is rough, and often mountainous; and much of it is covered with natural forests, which must be cleared away before it will supply pasturage.

Southwestern Missouri is generally a prairie country, though the Ozark mountains or hills cover from one to two tiers of counties on its southern extremity. Possibly a tier of counties on the east of the territory we are describing may be more or less mountainous; we have not particular information on that head. But the remainder of it, embracing a tract of about one hundred miles square, is chiefly rolling prairie of the finest description. The "Spring River Country," as it is termed,—in the southwestern portion of this hundred mile square—including the counties of Newton, Jasper, Lawrence, Barton, Dade, &c., is described to us by an eminent Illinois farmer and wool grower, who has examined it, as a superb farming and grazing region—as a land possessing about as many natural advantages as any the sun shines on. The rolls or waves of the prairie generally rise from twenty to fifty feet—giving a good drainage. The soil is loam and is occasionally sandy. It is as fertile as the choicest lands of Illinois—which is surely saying enough for it. The prairie grass is unusually thick and fine, and often yields two tons of cured hay to the acre. Spring River, the main western branch of the Nesho, (a tributary of the Arkansas,) is a clear, swift, rocky stream; and a number of its affluents have the same character. There are some springs, and occasionally fine ones. Altogether the country is well watered for a prairie country. The streams are skirted with sufficient timber for building, fuel, and fencing the necessary amount of grain land—in other words, this region is about as well timbered as Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, &c. The Osage orange flourishes, so that any amount of fence is attainable. There is plenty of building stone. Wells are from sixteen to thirty feet deep. The water is good.

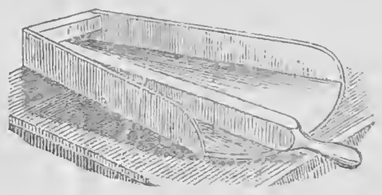
Polk county, lying immediately east and a little north of the preceding group of counties, is the center of a region where many sheep have already been introduced from Illinois—driven from the latter to obtain more abundant and cheaper pasturage. We recently conversed on the subject with an eminent wool grower of Illinois, who has a thousand sheep in keeping in the above named county, and who is intending to send many more there. Last year his thousand sheep subsisted entirely on prairie grass from the 12th of March to the 15th of November. Two or three heavy frosts, usually occurring at about this period, kill down the wild prairie grasses, so that foddering commences considerably before winter sets in. This four months foddering would be abridged from six weeks to two months, if "tame grasses," capable of resisting the frosts, were introduced. Southwestern Missouri lies in the exact latitude of the famous Kentucky blue grass, and no doubt is entertained by those best acquainted with the subject, that this grass will flourish in unbounded profusion throughout the whole of it. As it now is, sheep are wintered on prairie hay and corn—the former to be had for the cutting—the latter, when bought, costing from 25 cts. to 40 cts. per bushel in currency. Sheep are foddered abundantly with corn, and in four months consume about two bushels per head. Sheep are not sheltered in winter in any part of Southwestern Missouri, nor indeed are any other domestic animals, except work horses.

The preceding descriptions, with some exceptions, apply to the great portion of Southwestern Missouri. It is a land of fertility, abundance and utilitarian beauty. Choice unimproved lands fetch from three to eight dollars an acre; improved ones from five to fifteen dollars. The "improvements" usually consist of a good log or small framed house, stables, and some inclosed fields which have been broken up for grain. The most common price for improved farms is six, eight or ten dollars an acre, and the very highest price of those which are for sale at all, is about twenty. The owner of a farm can ordinarily pasture a large amount of uninhabited wild land about him—and this condition of things will continue many years. The country is well adapted to wheat, corn, oats, &c.,—quite as well as Illinois. Among our informants we have found none who describe it as unhealthy, or particularly subject to any fatal disease.

Dairy Department.

A BUTTER WORKER.

IN response to a request of a subscriber in Ypsilanti, Michigan, we present to the readers of the Dairy Department engravings, showing two forms of a very useful and labor-saving machine, namely; a butter worker. In small dairies and farmers' families, where the working of butter is generally performed with the old-fashioned bowl and ladle, the adoption of this machine would effect a great saving in time and labor. Any housewife can testify to the severe work of handling large masses of hard, firm butter by the common method, and we now advise them, during the leisure time of winter, to give the "lords of creation" no rest until they furnish a working model of one of these machines.



One kind of butter worker is somewhat simple, and less expensive than the other. It can be made entirely of wood, and light to handle and move about. The engraving is sufficiently clear to explain it.

The other is more showy, and in some respects better. It is placed on a table, in the drawers of which salt may be kept; and if desired other dairy implements. The table and worker should be made of hard wood. The roller is linked to a standard on the table, so as to turn easily in both directions, and readily unfastens to be removed when not in use.

STAGNANT or foul water is well known to be very injurious to all animals, and it may be this is sometimes the cause of abortion in cows. By it the blood is often poisoned, and febrile complaints engendered.

A LONG CHURNING—NO BUTTER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As I have received many valuable hints and bits of advice from your paper, and having, at this time, a great deal of perplexity and bad fortune in the butter-making line, I appeal to you, to know what to do next, and for the sake of ascertaining if any of your numerous readers ever had a similar experience.

A year ago, about this time, I was making butter from eleven cows. I put the churn going one morning as usual, the cream at the proper temperature, and kept it going without stopping for *seven* hours, and at the end of that time, there was no more appearance of butter than when I began. Then I took the cream out, let it stand over night, and, the next day put it back and gave it another seven hours churning, and still the next day had it churned again with no better result, and gave it up. We lost three or four churnings in this same way. Some said it was because the milk-room was in the cellar; we at once brought the milk into the kitchen buttery, but the result was the same, until we had lost a dozen or more churnings,—and, just now, with four cows, I am having the same bad fortune. I have tried all the remedies my neighbors have suggested, ice and hot water, salt, soda and tartaric acid, when an old lady told me to heat the cream to a boiling point, then cool and churn, and she would warrant it would make *shortening* if it did not butter! I tried that and had my trouble for my pains. My bad fortune has made me careful about skimming the milk or letting it set too long and my husband knows the cows are well salted.

Will you please inquire, through the columns of your valuable paper, if any of your readers ever had a similar experience, and how they proceeded,—or tell me the cause of the trouble and the probable remedy, and greatly oblige

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

Killawog, Broome Co., N. Y., Sept., 1868.

BUTTER IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

IN a letter from Olympia, Washington Territory, published in the Rockford Register, occurs this passage on butter-making:—"Here such a thing as a butter firkin or stone jars to pack butter in is unknown; but all butter is packed in muslin sacks, made in such form that the package, when complete, is a cylinder three to four inches in diameter, and from half a foot to a foot and a half in length. The butter goes from the churn, as soon as worked over, into the cylindrical bags made of fine bleached muslin. The packages are then thrown into large casks containing strong brine with a slight admixture of saltpetre, and by means of weights kept always below the surface. The cloth integument always protects the butter from any impurities that chance to come in contact with the package, and being always buried in brine, that protects it from the action of the air; and it has been ascertained by trial that butter put up in this way will keep sweet longer than in any other way. Besides, it is found easier and cheaper for the manufacturer than to pack either in firkins or jars."

These butter sacks are ranged upon the counters of the dealers as readily as bars of soap, and when any portion of one is wanted the end of the sack is stripped down and the necessary quantity detached, when the sack is replaced, leaving the remaining portion as secure as before any part was removed. This plan might not be feasible in our climate without the aid of ice in the summer, but the immersion in brine is, and is worthy of consideration on the part of dairymen and butter dealers.

The Poultry-Yard.

HENS ON A LARGE SCALE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the California Farmer details the operations of a gentleman, A. M. DE SARA, residing a few miles from Paris, in the poultry line. Having discovered that hens eat chopped horseflesh with great avidity, and that it increased their laying capacity, he decided to test the poultry business on an extended scale. He commenced with three hundred hens and a proper complement of cocks, feeding them principally on horseflesh minced fine by a machine armed with revolving knives. These hens averaged, for the year, three hundred eggs apiece, which was so satisfactory that twenty acres of ground were devoted to suitable buildings, coops, &c., for dividing up his stock into small flocks, which were separated from each other by latticed fences. "The hatching rooms are warmed by steam, great care being taken to preserve in them a uniform temperature, corresponding with the animal heat which the hen would develop in the season of hatching. A row of drawers, one above the other, form the nests, and woolen cloths are spread over the eggs to shut out the light. The chickens, as they come out, are taken every morning into a room appointed for this purpose, and fresh eggs are put in the place of empty shells. In this way a continuous succession of young hens is kept up, and their feathers are kept free from vermin." The stock of hens now numbers one hundred thousand, with a proportionate supply of male birds. The hens are never allowed to incubate, and when four years old are fattened and sent to Paris.

The horseflesh, chopped to a jelly, is loosely packed with salt and ground pepper and placed in store rooms with a temperature at about zero, which keeps it from souring. It is eaten by the fowls with avidity. They have free access to pure water, gravel and sand. The annual income from the establishment is $175,000 clear of all expense.

FATTENING FOWLS.

A NORFOLK (Eng.) paper states that a man named BUGSHAW, residing in that region, does a large business in the line of poultry. From sixty to seventy thousand, principally ducks, are disposed of annually. About the last week in October he commences buying up ducks and geese for Christmas sales—drawing a large portion of his stock from Holland. The fattening commences about the middle of November, the number being about twelve thousand for one batch. Ground barley and brewers' grains constitute the principal food. During Christmas last year he sent to market by railroad eighty tons of geese and ducks. During the operation of dressing about [illegible] hundred men are employed. Mr. B. has a large farm which is fully manured from the droppings of his fowls.

DUCKS AND HENS.—A member of the Paris Academy of Science tested the laying capacities of ducks and hens—three each for the term of one year. The three hens produced 247 eggs, and the ducks 517. As ducklings are more easily raised than chickens, and when grown produce more eggs than the latter, and are as valuable when killed for market, the advantage would seem to be decidedly in favor of the ducks for profit.

Rural Notes and Items.

NEW QUARTER—A TRIAL TRIP.—All friends of the RURAL are referred to announcement of "Our Fall Campaign," at head of News Department, for indication of what we propose to *do* during ensuing Quarter, and next year, toward furnishing the Best Journal of its class obtainable. From what we there say readers will understand that we are in earnest, as usual, and "mean business." Please read the notice carefully, and do what you consistently may or can to second our efforts. Any and every aid rendered by Agents, Friends and others will be gratefully appreciated, and enable us to make the RURAL still more acceptable to the Producing and other Industrial Classes.

WEATHER, CROPS, &C.—The first half of this month was marked by the breaking of the severe drouth by copious rains and a week of very hot weather for the season. Grass grew rapidly and fall feed is tolerably abundant. Some fears were entertained on the score of rot in the potato crop, but as yet we have not heard of the appearance of disease. The crop has been doing very well, especially the late varieties, although it is not probable that a full yield will be harvested. Corn is mostly in the shock, and is a fair crop. Wheat sowing was delayed, first by drouth, then by wet weather; probably a larger breadth was seeded after the middle of the month than before, but the fine condition of the soil ensures quick germination of the seed and rapid growth of the plant. The "cold snap" following the rains and hot term, extended over the entire country, causing cutting frosts in Canada and New England. The corn regions of the Western and Middle States, however, generally escaped damage.

VERMONT STATE FAIR.—This Fair, which was held at Burlington, closed on the 11th inst. The show of farm stock was pretty full, and as a general thing of noticeable quality. The leading cattle composed Short-Horns, Ayrshires, Jerseys and Dutch varieties,—all good of their class. The horse department was less full, but still made a creditable appearance, both on the ground and on the track, where coursing was enjoyed by many. The stock of sheep was small but of good character. The fruit and miscellaneous departments were commendably full, especially that embracing farm implements. Evening discussions were kept up during the continuance of the Fair, and several valuable papers read. Financially and otherwise, the exhibition of 1868 compared favorably with the most successful of the series.

FOWLS AT FAIRS.—An exchange recommends, when fowls are to be exhibited at Fairs, a cock and two hens for each show box. This should be high enough to allow the fowls free standing room. Before placing them in the box, scrutinize them for defects rather than excellencies, as the former will be looked after while the latter will manifest themselves without trouble. The fowls should be cooped a portion of the time for several days, for the purpose of becoming used to each other, as they will appear to better advantage than when strangers.

DEATH OF DR. GEO. H. DADD.—The Baltimore papers recently announced the death in that city of Dr. GEO. H. DADD, a prominent member of the corps of veterinary surgeons in the United States. He practiced in Boston, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago and Baltimore, in which latter city he died from the effects of exposure during the late flood there. He was the author of several works on the diseases of stock, which secured a large share of public favor. His remains were taken to Chicago for interment.

BEETLES IN UTAH.—The Austin (Nevada) Reveille states that a new plague in the shape of a beetle has appeared in Utah in countless numbers. They destroy every green thing in their course, and sting the smaller animals, causing their death. This done, they pounce upon the bodies and devour them in short order. An entire carcass of a sheep was eaten clean in two minutes and a half! It is not stated who timed the beetles in this feat.

CHAUTAUQUA CO. FAIR.—The Chautauqua Co. Fair commenced on the 8th and closed on the 11th inst. The proceedings were much marred by the rain, but the exhibition was quite successful despite this drawback. The entries numbered over 1,400. The annual address was delivered by X. A. WILLARD, Esq., of the Utica Herald, much of it relating specially to dairying.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.—This Fair, held at Manchester, closed on the 18th inst., and is reported to have been the most successful one ever held in the State. On the third day over twenty thousand people visited the grounds. The pecuniary results have been of the most gratifying character.

DISEASED CATTLE AT CHICAGO.—The committee on diseased cattle at Chicago report that during a week they examined 1,720 head of cattle, and that only three of the number were condemned to the rendering tank. The most successful remedy for the disease yet found is flax seed tea—two pailfulls daily to each animal.

CATTLE SHOW IN SCOTLAND.—The Highland Agricultural Society, chartered in 1787, held their annual Fair at Aberdeen the first week in August. The aggregate of animals on exhibition was 1,681. The gate receipts were about $8,000.

POTTER'S THREE HORSE CLEVIS, illustrated and described in RURAL of March 14th, will be exhibited at our State Fair.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

HAY is being exported from Montreal to the English market—a notable occurrence.

THE total number of cattle in the various European states is not less, it is said, than 94,700,000.

FARMING rarely secures large fortunes, but it does better by producing a vast number of medium ones.

A RECENT freshet in Vermont did much damage to crops in several towns, but more to roads and bridges.

THE first term of the Cornell University at Ithaca commences on Wednesday, Oct. 7th, with the inauguration of the President and the Professors.

A FRENCHMAN has invented a milking machine, consisting of a silver tube, which is inserted in the orifice of the teat, which depletes it of milk very rapidly.

As the season of cold fall rains is at hand, comfortable shelter for stock, especially for colts and that of the dairy should be provided. It pays well in both cases.

THE farmers of Clayton Co., Ga., have been indulging in the luxury of an agricultural picnic. The Rural Southerner says the entire day was a feast of pleasure.

THE English farmer boasts of an advantage over his American brother in the superior character of the roads in that country. He is right, and will be for an age to come.

GOATS are pronounced profitable to farmers if for no other purpose than clearing the land of noxious weeds, which they will devour with avidity in all stages of their growth.

MILCH cows in the vicinity of Newport are going blind in large numbers in consequence of the reflection of the sun from the water in which they stood during the warm weather.

AN apple tree in the village of Edmondville, says the Seaforth Expositor, is out in full bloom for the second time this season. The fruit from the first blossoms is nearly ripe.

SWINE are frequently troubled with a disease denominated by veterinarians the "kidney worm." Corn soaked in very strong lye made of wood ashes is said to be an infallible remedy.

ROBERT MCCLURE, V. S., Philadelphia, thinks that "on the whole there is more smoke than fire in the talk about the cattle disease," which, like the worm matter, will return in its season.

THE Georgia Sentinel and Chronicle says that the cotton crop in many sections of the State has been greatly injured by the caterpillar. Some fields look as though fire had run through them.

"HORTICOLA," Chester Co., Pa., is growing impatient in view of the multiplicity of potatoes claiming to be the best grown, and doubts whether there is one of the new claimants "equal in quality to that king of tubers, the Mercer or Neshannock."

HORTICULTURAL.

THE TETOFSKY AND FOURTH OF JULY APPLES.

In a recent number of the RURAL a drawing and description of the Tetofsky apple was given, and the synonym of *Fourth of July* placed to it. In five years' comparison of the fruit I could see no difference therein, and hence my reason for the synonym. But the past winter a careful examination of the young wood of Tetofsky and the variety known in Columbus, Ohio, as the Fourth of July, convinced me they were two distinct fruits in reality, however much the fruit itself might assimilate. I have therefore this season visited bearing trees of the Fourth of July, and am now fully satisfied they are not identical with Tetofsky. The difference, however, is not in the fruit, unless it be in the formation of the calyx—which in the Fourth of July is closed and erect almost to a point—but the material difference is in the habit and growth of the trees, and in the foliage, outlines of which differ. Both are upright and vigorous while young in the nursery rows, but while the Tetofsky becomes an open, spreading, erect tree, and produces its fruit in clusters like the Duchess of Oldenburg, and is at the same time *very* productive, the Fourth of July is erect, compact as a bearing tree, and produces its fruit more like Red Astrachan, i. e., scattered over the whole tree, but so far as I have been able to observe not as abundantly.

The comparative value of the two varieties is of course yet to be tested by trial in the Northwest, where hardihood is one of the great points of value. As an early, profitable market fruit, in such portions of the country where any of our cultivated varieties are hardy, there can be no doubt of the superiority of the Tetofsky, because in size and quality the fruits are the same, and the Tetofsky is much the most abundant bearer. What the true name of the variety now designated as Fourth of July is, I am unable to say. Let us hope the labors of E. H. SKINNER of Illinois, who has this year received some hundreds of varieties from Germany, may ere long determine.—F. R. E.

HOW TO RAISE LARGE CROPS OF STRAWBERRIES.

I PROMISED, in an article published in the RURAL of Sept. 5th, to point out the way to raise large crops of strawberries. I am aware that we have had volumes upon the subject of strawberry culture,—yet I know, by published statistics, that the average yield is not one-fourth what it should be.

The first great mistake of the beginner is to attempt too much. Theoretical knowledge is very good, but it requires that practical knowledge, which can be gained only by experience, to enable a man to cultivate a large plantation successfully.

Soil.—I have found, after trying a great variety of soils, that strawberries succeed best on clay loam, with an intermixture of *muck*. Such a soil is retentive of moisture, very important to the growth both of plant and fruit. But with good culture, large crops may be produced on strong sandy loam, or even on light sandy loam, provided the proper varieties are selected. I have grown large crops of Wilson on quite a light sandy loam.

Preparation.—A great deal of labor will be saved in the culture of strawberries if the preparation of the soil is commenced the year before planting. Work in all the manure practicable, and raise some hoed crop that will admit of clean culture; or commence in September, plow under all the barn-yard manure you can, and in course of the fall give the ground two or three thorough plowings and harrowings. If the subsoil be stiff, break it up with a subsoil plow. I have received good results from using raw bone superphosphate, but we are so liable to be cheated in buying commercial manures, that it will not do to rely upon them.

Distance of Plants.—To obtain the greatest yield of fruit from a piece of land, we must set the plants as close together as it is possible for them to grow without robbing one another. A full grown hill of strawberries will, upon the average, occupy a space of one foot to 15 inches in diameter. If the plants are set 15 inches apart in the row, it will admit of passing the hoe between them as long as hoeing is advisable, after which the vines and roots will about fill the row. The rows should be far enough apart to admit the hoe, and the feet of the laborer in cultivating the plants and gathering the fruit, say two feet. Therefore, to obtain the greatest yield of strawberries, they should be planted in rows two feet apart and 15 inches apart in the row. But where labor is scarce and high, the greatest *net* results would probably be obtained by making the rows far enough apart to allow free passage of the horse cultivator—from two and a-half to three feet.

Transplanting.—As our seasons average in this latitude, the month of April is the best time for transplanting, although we are sometimes successful in transplanting in August and September, and also in November, where the subsoil is porous—not liable to heave. It is very important that transplanting be well done. The rows should be straight to facilitate cultivation. They may be made so, either by drawing, by hand, a sled, with three or four plank runners, or stretching a line and walking upon it to make a mark. Use a *flat* dibber about two inches wide; reject all weak plants, make a hole not deeper than the roots are long, spread out the roots flat and insert them, then thrust in the dibber about two inches from the plant, pointed towards the points of the roots, so as to be sure that you compress the dirt around them; press the top towards the plant, then fill the last hole made by the dibber, and your plant is set. I am thus particular in describing the method of planting, because, unless care is used here, it is impossible to obtain a good, even stand of plants.

Cultivation.—The greatest cost of raising strawberries consists in keeping down grass and weeds. This is quite easily done, if they are met in time, but if once allowed to get started it becomes a herculean task. In keeping the cultivator and hoe going to destroy the weeds, we stir the soil and counteract the effects of drouth and keep the plants growing rapidly. If from inability to meet them at the threshold the weeds get a foothold, the best way is to cut them up, rake them in piles, and remove them from the plantation.

Remove all Runners.—It is an axiom in vegetable physiology that a plant cannot do its best in forming wood and fruit the same season; therefore, to grow the largest crop of strawberries, remove all runners.

Winter Protection.—When the ground is frozen up, strew a light covering of coarse litter over the plants, to prevent that thawing in winter and early spring which heaves out the roots. In the spring give one good cleaning to the plantation, and await the reward of your labors. If you have closely followed these directions, in nine cases out of ten it will be abundant. After taking one full crop from a plantation, plow under your vines. You cannot get another as large; the berries will diminish in size, if not in numbers, and I would as soon set out a new bed as to clean out an old one.

Rochester, N. Y. P. C. REYNOLDS.

THE MRS. WOOD RASPBERRY.

In the few remarks I made upon fruits in Northern Ohio published in RURAL for August 1st, I said I would send you some drawings and special notes on varieties, and in fulfillment of that promise I herewith send you drawing and description of the Mrs. Wood—a variety of raspberry as yet but little known, but which my limited knowledge, observation and comparison, with other varieties, induces me to regard as one promising more value as a *people's* raspberry than any other, and destined to take a position among raspberries, as the Wilson has among strawberries, or the Bartlett among pears.

In the growth of the cane it is very vigorous—canes often reach seven feet high and strong in proportion. It is apparently a hybrid between the Black Caps and Antwerps—perfectly hardy, and immensely productive. On fruiting canes in my grounds I have counted from ten to thirteen branches from the main stems or canes, and on each of the branches as many more fruiting stems, each producing clusters of fifteen to eighteen berries. My plants stand side by side with Philadelphia and produce more than double the quantity of fruit. The fruit is of a dark-brown, purplish-red color, with a bloom; firm, rich, sprightly, sub-acid sweet. It *commences* ripening just as Black Caps are in full blast, and matures the most of its crop after all other varieties are gone. It needs only to be known to be appreciated. F. R. E.

SEQUEL TO "GOSSIP ABOUT TOMATOES."

THE easy, rattling, intelligible gossip of Mr. JAS. VICK in RURAL of 12th September comes with the true infection of its nature, and induces, as all gossip should, a further additional item. With not a word contradictory or in any way adverse to the views of Senor VICK, I beg to add a remark or two of some varieties that he has not mentioned.

Pine Apple.—This is of a light-pale, creamy yellow, smooth, of good size—some of them round and regular, others irregular in form as per outline section, but very solid meated, rich, much less acid than any variety, selecting from among more than twenty, growing in my grounds. It is not specially early or desirable for market purposes, but its quality recommends it to the table of all lovers of tomatoes.

Roseborough.—This is a variety of a peculiar *rose* color, unlike any other sort—a moderately strong grower, and producer of fruit of medium size, very handsome to the eye and delicately rich in quality. It is another sort for amateurs.

Powell.—Next to and rivaling the Alger, spoken of by Mr VICK, comes this variety. A strong, vigorous grower, setting its fruit quite early and continuing it all the season in great abundance. In sectional outline, it is almost identical with *Early Smooth Red*, but for the color would be mistaken for that variety. It fruits generally in clusters of three to four, is mild in flavor, meaty, and by me preferred to Early Smooth Red, from seed of which it probably sprung.

In this gossip let me add that undertaking to grow tomato seed true to its variety when planted within fifty feet of another sort, is useless. Pure and true seed of any one kind must be grown widely distant from other sorts, and if saved from the first mature fruit, it will add to the early maturing of future crops. ADDI.

THE WINE BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA.

FROM a work on "The Natural Resources of California," by TITUS FEY CRONISE, recently published by H. H. BANCROFT & CO. of San Francisco, and already noticed in our columns, we gather the following interesting facts relating to the culture of the grape and the manufacture of wine in that country. Mr. CRONISE says:—"If there be any one vegetable growth which more than any other finds a congenial home over hill and dale and high mountain ranges in California, and which every one plants, it is the grape vine. So general is the distribution that it is not easy to number the vines now growing. But there cannot be less than twenty-five millions of vines; and men of good judgment say at least thirty millions. Two-thirds of these are the native Los Angelos grape. It is a good bearer and never fails. Its berry is the size of a large musket ball. From this hardy grape are made, by varied processes, white wine of the hock kind, claret, port, sherry, madeira, champagne, Angelica, and some others.

"Many wine culturists are cultivating foreign grapes of all kinds, aiming to make finer varieties of wines, that will pay them better. The most prominent are Black Hamburg, a fine claret maker; Reisling, for hock wine; Chasselas, for light sauterne; Isabella, Catawba, Muscat, Tokay and Tinto. The Zechfeuthal is a new variety coming into great favor. Every grape is capable of being made into several varieties of wine. Catawba is chiefly esteemed to impart boquet to other wines; alone it is rather rank. Thirty to fifty other varieties, now on trial, might be enumerated.

"Fully one-half of our vines are in low lands, as it was supposed they would there stand drouth best. This is found to be an error. Everywhere on the steep hills of the interior the vine grows and thrives without irrigation. Many have watered, but every year the practice is being abandoned, as not only unnecessary but harmful to the vigor of the vine and to the flavor of its wine. Once fairly rooted, the vine stands the summer's long drouth better than any other plant; but if taught to depend on artificial watering it is divested of its natural instinct, which directs it to send down its pump-root to the line of perpetual moisture. The superior flavor of the mountain wines is tending unmistakably to transfer the culture to the cheap and ample ranges in which our gold mines are situated.

"The average number of vines to the acre is about nine hundred, which make generally eight hundred gallons of wine, and twenty of brandy from the residue. In France three hundred gallons of wine and four to five gallons of brandy are made per acre. The predominance in Europe is acid; in California, saccharine matter. In one hundred pounds of California must we have twenty-five to forty pounds of sugar; in Europe, fifteen to twenty pounds. In California no doctoring is done, no flavoring, no coloring, no sweetening; but some brandy is added from the same grape to some of the sweet wines. Nothing can be procured for adulteration that will not cost more than the pure juice of the grape. So that all dealers and consumers abroad may be quite sure that wine leaves California in perfect purity."

Mr. CRONISE puts the product of California wine in 1866 at 2,500,000 gallons, and of brandy at 150,000 gallons; while the yield for 1867 is estimated at 4,000,000 gallons of wine, and 400,000 of brandy.

Grapes are usually bought by the wine maker and delivered at his press clean for seventy-five cents per hundred pounds. The dealer pays the producer twenty-five to forty cents a gallon for new made wine, without packages. New brandy is taken by dealers here at $1.50 to $2 a gallon—excise tax paid. There has been no failure of the grape crop in any year of their experience. The vines are not troubled with mildew, and the vine diseases of Europe are unknown there. The only enemy to the vine which has appeared is a microscopic grasshopper, which feeds on the leaves, injuring the vines; but it has not yet become sufficiently numerous to arouse invention to seek for remedies. Stakes are used but a short time; soon the vine acquires great size of stem, and stakes are dispensed with. In appearance the vine and fruit is like an umbrella opened out. Wine matures there much faster than in Europe; in three years it has the age of eight years in Europe. Dealers usually hold till the third year before tapping it for sale. The planting of vines has run far ahead of wine making facilities.

The white wine or hock of Los Angelos and Sonoma have much the largest sale cast.—Next comes Port, and the third in demand is Angelica. This last wine is not confectioned, a small quantity of brandy from the same grape merely being added. The fourth in order is sherry. Considerable sparkling or champagne wine is also made. Mr. CRONISE thinks it would probably be better for new comers to buy vineyards already growing, and go into farming as an adjunct at present.

We may again take occasion to draw upon Mr. CRONISE'S work for other interesting and valuable matter pertaining to the natural resources of the Golden State. A quite careful examination of it has impressed us with its impartiality and reliability.

THE PERSIMMON.

THE following paper was read at the Fruit Growers' Club, Aug. 13, by D. H. JAQUES of Boston:

The persimmon belongs to the date-plum family, a genus of plants consisting of deciduous trees, bearing a globular berry singularly austere and astringent when green, but very sweet and generally pleasant to the taste when fully ripe. The botanical name of the family is *Diospyros*, and the American date plum or persimmon is known to botanists as *Diospyros Virginiana*.

The persimmon tree grows to the height of from thirty to sixty feet, and when standing in an open ground assumes a very graceful and symmetrical shape, making, especially when loaded with fruit, a very handsome appearance. Its leaves are ovate oblong, glossy and shining, and its flowers small, and of a pale greenish yellow. They are, I think, in the language of the botanist, *diœcio polygamous*. At any rate the larger proportion of the trees bear sterile flowers. Out of a dozen or more trees forming several fine groups on my grounds in Florida, only one is fertile.

I have found the persimmon growing wild from New Jersey to Middle Florida. How much wider than this broad zone its geographical range may be, I do not know. It seems, however, to flourish most luxuriantly, or at least to be most prolific, in the central portion of this range—in Kentucky and Tennessee, for instance. I have seen, I think, as much as five or six bushels of fruit on a single tree in Kentucky, while in South Carolina or Georgia, one, or at most, two bushels, would be considered a heavy crop for a large tree. No soil seems to come amiss to the persimmon. It is found on the moist borders of swamps and on the highest and dryest hill-tops; on the richest bottom lands and on the poorest sandy plains. The tree grows largest and produces most fruit on rich and rather moist soil; but the quality of the fruit is best on drier and poorer land. Were I to cultivate the fruit for the purpose of bringing out its highest qualities, I would choose a dry, sandy, moderately fertile soil.

In size, shape and quality the persimmon varies almost as much as the apple. On some trees it grows no larger than a cherry, while on others it equals in size the largest plum. Its typical shape is globular, but it departs from this in both directions, the fruit of some trees being an oblong oval, while that of others is very much flattened. I am not sure what the shape of the fruit indicates in respect to quality, but am inclined to think, from the observations I have made, that the oblong fruit is driest and firmest in texture, and contains proportionally most sugar; that the flattened is softest and contains least sugar, while the round is intermediate in these particulars.

It would be interesting to inquire—and the inquiry might lead to important practical results—what their different shapes indicate in fruits generally. In men and animals configuration and quality are found, in all cases, to bear a strict relation to each other. No doubt the same law holds good in the vegetable kingdom, though that relation may not have been discovered. One oblong apple may be sour and another sweet, and yet all oblong apples may have *some* quality in common. But this is a digression. We will come back to our persimmons.

How many distinct varieties of this fruit might be enumerated I cannot tell, but scarcely two trees can be found with fruit exactly alike. That of some trees is entirely unfit to be eaten. Even frost will not fully remove its astringency. People who don't like persimmons have probably been unfortunate enough to fall in with this sort. Some specimens, too, are rather insipid, having little of the peculiar persimmon flavor, while others have it strongly developed, but the most striking difference between different varieties is in the degree of sweetness. The fruit of some trees is so soft when fully ripe that its weight in falling from the tree crushes it into a shapeless mass. In other cases it is as firm almost as a cherry. Varieties differ as much in their time of ripening, where the season is long enough to give room for this difference, as in any other particular. In Georgia and Florida some trees ripen their fruit from the first to the middle of August—perhaps earlier in Florida—while in others it remains unripe till the frosts of November or December have touched it.

The fruit is generally easily shaken from the tree when fully ripe, but in some cases it adheres with great tenacity and dries on the branch. It can be picked before it is quite ripe, like the tomato, and will ripen in the house. It is marketed to a small extent in the Southern cities. The firmer sorts may be readily dried in the sun, especially if first split open, and make a sweetmeat not unlike the date, and quite as sugary. Persimmons are very nutritious. The birds and quadrupeds which feed on them soon get plump and fat. The negroes make a very palatable beer from persimmons, and the planter sometimes causes large quantities of them to be gathered and mashed, when they are mixed with wheat bran, baked very brown, and put away for Winter use in beer-making. Vinegar, and even brandy have, I believe, also been made from them.

I am not aware of any attempts to improve the persimmon by cultivation, though I have no doubt it has profited somewhat by the chance culture it has received in the corn and cotton fields of the South. That it is susceptible of bing improved by the same means which have made the peach and the plum what they are, no one can reasonably doubt. In fact we have, for our encouragement, in the same family of trees, several examples of improved varieties produced by selection and cultivation. The European date plum (*Diospyros Lotus*) originated from a tree growing wild in Asia, and bearing a fruit inferior to our persimmon. It is now cultivated extensively in the South of Europe, and would probably prove hardy in the latitude of New Jersey. The Mabola (*Diospyros Mabola*,) cultivated in the Isle of France, is another example. The fruit of this species is as large as a peach, and very fine flavored. I shall try to introduce that tree into Florida. Still one more member of the persimmon family which has been found worthy of cultivation is the *kaki* of Japan, (*Diospyros Kaki*,) sometimes called keg-fig, and out of the imported fruit of which the French make the sweetmeat called *figues cliques*. The fruit resembles the plum, and is sometimes imported as a dried sweetmeat.

Tastes differ. Those who like the persimmon as well as I do, and think as favorably as I do of the tree as an ornamental one, will, I hope, take hold of the matter and help to make still better what is already so good.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

GRAPE GROWERS' FAIRS.—The fourth annual exhibition of the Lake Shore Grape Growers' Association will be held at Painesville, Ohio, Oct. 14th and 15th. There will be discussions on grape topics, and an opportunity for traffic in grape boxes, grape roots, &c. Packages may be sent by express, care of the Secretary, M. B. BATEHAM, of whom also premium lists may be obtained.

The ninth annual Fair of the Pleasant Valley Grape Growers' Association will be held this week, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, at Hammondsport. This exhibition has become very popular, and it always attracts a crowd of jolly people.

The Naples grape show will be held Oct. 13th and 14th. It is a good time to visit a good locality. The vine at Naples is worth studying. Some varieties succeed there wonderfully well.

Oct. 7th and 8th all the grape growing localities of New York State, and the prominent ones east of the Rocky Mountains, will exhibit their best products at Canandaigua, N. Y.

INCREASE OF INSECTS.—At a late meeting of the Alton Horticultural Society, Dr. HULL said that each year was proving it true that "as we increase the products the insects increase." He added that he had traveled extensively during the season, and found the peaches, apples, pears and plums generally destroyed. The curculios are sweeping everything before them, yet nine-tenths of the horticulturists lack the energy to give them battle. If they are not fought till vanquished, all efforts at raising fruit might as well be abandoned, for they would prove useless in the end. Some consolation was sought to be derived from the discovery of an insect enemy of the potato bug as preluding one of the curculio also. The former was described as a grayish, flat beetle, with a bill one and a half inches long, with which they tap the bugs and then suck them dry. They will clean a field of Colorados in a short time. If they would only serve the curculios in the same way there would be hope for fruit growers in the future; as it is there is little or none.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST.—This is the title of a new monthly published at St. Louis, Mo., by R. P. STUDLEY & Co., and edited by BENJ. D. WALSH and CHAS. V. RILEY. It is neatly printed and filled with matter of especial interest to all who have to do with the insect pests so destructive to the vegetation of the country. Each number will be properly illustrated. The well known talent of its conductors gives assurance that it will be among the live journals of its class. It is furnished to subscribers at $1 per annum, in advance.

IONA AND ISRAELLA GRAPES.—We are indebted to WM. GRIFFITH, Esq., North East, Pa., for fine samples of the above named varieties. Ionas picked on the last day of August were well colored and very eatable; Israellas more matured.

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

IOWA HORT. SOCIETY REPORT.—This little work of 120 pages is valuable to every fruit grower of the Northwest. It discusses culture, varieties and enemies of fruit. We suppose it can be obtained of the Secretary of the Society, W. W. BEEBEE, Dubuque.

CATALOGUE of Hardy Bulbs. WM. H. LYMAN, Leverett, Mass.

WHOLESALE Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs, &c., sold at the Genesee Valley Nurseries. FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CARTHAGE Small Fruit Nursery; Wholesale and Retail Price List. P. C. REYNOLDS, Rochester, N. Y.

PRICE LIST of Seneca Black Cap and Davison's Thornless Raspberries. WARREN WIGHT, Waterloo, N. Y.

CATALOGUE of New Fruits for sale at the Palmyra Fruit Nurseries. PURDY & JOHNSON, Palmyra, N. Y.

PRICE LIST of the Kramer Seedling Strawberry. W. W. BEEBEE, Dubuque, Iowa.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 19th inst.:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, Onions, &c.

Buckeyes, ₩ bbl	$ 2 75	@	3 00
Peach Blows, ₩ bbl	4 25	@	4 50
Mercers, ₩ bbl	4 25	@	4 50
Delaware, sweet, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Norfolk, sweet, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, Red, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Onions, White, ₩ bbl	6 50	@	7 50
Tomatoes, ₩ basket	62	@	75
Pickles, ₩ 1,000	2 50	@	3 00
Marrow Squash, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Cabbages, ₩ bbl	10 00	@	14 00
Turnips, ₩ bbl	2 25	@	2 50
Beets, ₩ 100 bunches	3 50	@	4 00
Green Corn, ₩ 100	1 00	@	1 25

FRUITS.—Grapes are coming forward freely, and the yield promises large. Trade is good, and as other fruits are scarce, an active market is looked for. Plums are in fair supply, but Peaches and Pears are scarce.

Pears, Dutchess, ₩ bbl	$17 00	@	18 00
Pears, Common, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	10 00
Pears, Flemish Beauty, ₩ bbl	12 00	@	16 00
Pears, Bartlett, ₩ bbl	20 00	@	30 00
Peaches, New Jersey, ₩ crate	7 00	@	8 00
Peaches, Ohio, ₩ crate	3 00	@	6 00
Peaches, common, ₩ crate	1 00	@	3 00
Apples, common, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	4 00
Apples, prime, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Watermelons, ₩ 100	12 00	@	35 00
Nutmeg Melons, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	4 00
Grapes, Hartford, ₩ ℔	20	@	21
Grapes, Charleston, ₩ ℔	10	@	14
Green Gages, ₩ bushel	7 00	@	8 00
Blue Gages, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are in better supply, and prices are weaker. Peaches are quiet.

New Apples, State, ₩ ℔	$ 11	@	12
New Apples, Western, ₩ ℔	10	@	11
New Apples, Southern, ₩ ℔	10	@	12
Peaches, Southern, new, peeled, ₩ ℔	24	@	25
Peaches, Southern, old, ₩ ℔	18	@	20
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₩ ℔	14	@	15
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₩ ℔	12	@	13
Blackberries, ₩ ℔	20	@	23
Raspberries, ₩ ℔	42	@	45

Domestic Economy.

TO PRESERVE CUCUMBERS AND MELONS.—Take large cucumbers, green, and free from seed; put them in a large jar of salt and water, with vine leaves on the top; set them by the fireside till they are yellow; then wash and set them over a slow fire in alum and water, covered with vine leaves; let them boil until they become green; take them off, and let them stand in liquor till cold; then quarter them, and take out the seed and pulp; put them in cold spring water, changing it twice a day for three days. Have ready a sirup made thus: to one pound of loaf sugar, half an ounce of ginger, bruised, with as much water as will wet it; when it is quite free from scum, put in, when boiling, the rind of a lemon and juice; when quite cold, pour the sirup on the lemons. If the sirup is too thin, after standing two or three days, boil it again, and add a little more sugar. A spoonful of rum gives it the West Indian flavor. One ounce of alum, when pounded, is sufficient for a dozen melons of a middling size.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

HOW TO PEEL PEACHES.—As the time for putting up peaches is at hand, we have procured, from a lady friend, the following recipe for peeling peaches, which we confidently recommend to our lady readers:—Take a kettle of very strong lye, and heat to boiling; take a wire cage—similar to a corn popper—fill it with peaches, and dip into the lye for a moment; then into cold water. With a coarse towel wipe each peach, and the rind will peel off smoothly; then drop into fresh cold water, and the operation is complete. You need have no fear of injuring the flavor of the peach.—*Ex.*

TOMATO WINE.—W. T. GRIGSBY communicates to the Southern Farmer a recipe for making tomato wine as follows:—Take any quantity of fully ripe tomatoes, wash and express from them the juice, strain, and to every gallon add four pounds (avoirdupois) crushed sugar; let stand until it is done fermenting, keeping the cask filled with fresh juice and sugar, as above. When done fermenting, draw off without agitation, and bottle. Will be prime in six to twelve months. The yellow tomato makes a white wine with yellow tinge; the red a darker-colored wine, of course.

COLGATE & CO.'S fancy soap is a beautiful and prime article.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STRAWBERRIES!—ALL THE BEST SORTS cheap. Send for a Price List. Address
974 3t MARK D. WILLSON, Rochester, N. Y.

DOTY'S CLOTHES WASHER.—"Worth One Dollar a week in any family."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
☞ Sold everywhere. R. C. BROWNING, General Agent, No. 32 Courtlandt St., N. Y. 974-2t

100,000 GRAPE VINES.—CONCORD, Ives', Delaware, Iona and other popular varieties. Mostly two years old, and well grown. Prices very low for the quality. For sale on commission by
M. B. BATEHAM,
Sec'y Lake Shore Grape Growers' Ass'n, Painesville, Ohio

BRONSON, GRAVES, SELOVER & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET NURSERIES,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer for the present Fall a large and well-grown stock of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, EVERGREENS, SHRUBS, ROSES, SMALL FRUITS, &c. Also, NATIVE and FOREIGN GRAPE VINES, very healthy and strong.
HEDGE PLANTS, CHERRY SEEDLINGS, and a full supply of
GENERAL NURSERY ARTICLES.
We invite correspondence or a personal examination of stock. PRICE LISTS sent on application. 974-4t

T. C. MAXWELL & BROTHERS,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer to all purchasers of Nursery Stock their large and complete assortment of all the leading items of the trade. We invite
NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS
to call and examine our stock, or write for particulars, with stamps for Catalogues. No. 1—Descriptive Fruit Catalogue. No. 2—Descriptive Ornamental Catalogue. No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of New Plants. No. 4—Wholesale Trade List.
974-4t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

GRAPE BOX,
(DOOLITTLE'S PATENT.)
The neatest and most economical packing box in use for Grapes—shipped in flats. Any child that can drive tacks can put them together. Circulars sent free.
974-4t AMERICAN BASKET CO., New Britain, Conn.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERIES.—17th YEAR—400 ACRES—10 GREENHOUSES.—Large, choice stock of best shipping sizes—Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Osage Orange Hedge, Small Fruits, Kittatinny and Wilson's Early Blackberry, Roses, Shrubs, Bulbs, &c., very low for cash.
☞ Send 2 red stamps, for two Fall Catalogues.
970-6t F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington, McLean Co., Ill.

Ladies' Department.

ONLY TWO.

Two buds plucked from the tree,
Two birdies flown from the nest,
Two little darlings snatched
From a fond mother's breast,
Two little snow-white lambs
Gone from the sheltering fold,
Two little narrow graves
Down in the graveyard cold.

Two little drooping flowers
Growing in purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
In the Gardener's care,
Two little tender birds,
Flown far from fear and harm,
Two little snow-white lambs
In the Good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more
Singing with voices sweet,
Flinging their crowns of gold
Down at the Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly care,
Pure from all earthly stain,
O who could wish them back
In this drear world again?

[*Chambers' Journal.*

A MATTER OF DRESS.

We are not disposed to carp at the ladies continually about their duties, their errors, the need of improvements, etc. It is our private opinion, now publicly expressed, that the dear souls are carped at, and preached to, and scolded about, more than they really deserve. Of course they claim our first attention, at all times, but they have no business to quite monopolize our admonitions and suggestions. The gentlemen are entitled to some consideration in this respect.

But there is one little matter that we specially desire to allude to—only just allude to—right here, and now. It is a matter of dress. It is therefore an interesting matter.

Let us frankly admit that woman has wrongs which should be redressed. Then let us just as frankly ask if, in view of the disclosures made during the present season at fashionable resorts, she should not be redressed herself? The prevalence of low neck dresses never before excited so much and so severe comment as it has this summer, wherever the votaries of fashion have assembled. It has been the theme of letter writers at the spas, on the seashore, and among the mountains. The remarks called forth by it ought to make the cheeks of all womanhood blush with shame. Rev. T. L. Cuyler, writing to the Independent, said:

"The theory on which the fashionable dresses are constructed is to expose the upper portion of a lady's form, and to conceal the carpet for several feet, or even yards, behind her. The silk or the satin garment extends for two or three inches above the waist, and the rest is enveloped in a sort of gossamer, 'illusion,' or delusion, or whatever else it may be called.

"Rumor has it that a father was permitted the exquisite satisfaction of seeing his daughter hissed when she entered a hotel drawing-room! The story may be false; but it is certainly true that many a parent (and husband too) has richly deserved to be more than hissed for permitting a fair, beautiful girl to become the indecent gazing-stock of a crowd of strangers, and the butt for ribald jokes of rakes and *roues*. This is too serious a matter for jests. In these times, there is no little discussion about 'woman's rights'—her duties, dangers, &c. But let us tell our countrywoman plainly that one of her chief dangers comes from the extreme in fashions. Even now the indolent, indelicate, extravagant devotee of fashion in Paris may say to her Yankee sister in New York or Saratoga, 'How art thou become like one of us.'"

We feel thankful that the disgusting fashion alluded to has not extended very widely into the country. It is to aid a little in preventing its extension that we now speak. Let the city fashionables harbor it, if they will, but give it a cold reception outside, where the atmosphere breathes only of purity. Shortening dresses so much, at one end, and lengthening them so much at the other, may keep up the average, and may serve a purpose in cities, where street sweeping is a necessity; but clothing looks better on the person than off it, and street sweeping cannot be done economically with silks and satins.

A VICKSBURG INCIDENT.

The night scenes were sometimes grand, indeed; shells discharged from the land batteries traced their beautiful, fiery paths high into the air above the beleaguered city, and meeting there the missiles ascending on like errand from Commodore Porter's fleet, crossed them in brilliant curves, making the beholder almost forgetful of the mission on which the monsters were sent. On one of these brilliant nights, I came upon a regimental prayer-meeting under a bluff, within short range of the enemy's works. Whenever there was a discharge from our batteries, the rebel sharpshooters along their lines would reply by a shower of minie balls, which cut the leaves over our heads, and occasionally glanced down to the ground at our feet. By order of the brigade commander, to prevent drawing the attention, and perhaps the fire of the enemy, the hymns were sung in a low, muffled voice, but loud enough to "make melody in our hearts." The meeting was led by one of the captains of the regiment. There was something genuine and manly in the piety of the leader, which seemed to win the affection and attention of the soldiers. I was so much struck with it that I could not forbear seeking his acquaintance; and, on invitation, meeting him the next day, we walked over to the Colonel's tent.

As the custom was, we were courteously offered a drink from the ubiquitous bottle. As the single glass passed round the circle, nearing me every moment, I questioned in my own mind what terms I should use in declining; but I was yet more interested to see what course my Christian Captain would take. When the Colonel called upon him, he declined; was invited again, and again declined, and the third time did it so decidedly and yet respectfully, as not to give offense, nor to be further importuned. I said to him afterward—

"Captain, do you always do that?"

"Yes," said he.

"Do you mean you have never taken any intoxicating liquor?"

"Yes, just that."

"What, not even to 'correct' this Yazoo water?"

"Never."

"You must have belonged to the cold water army in your boyhood?"

"Yes; but I learned something better than that. My mother taught me this one thing—'what is right, is right,' and coming to Mississippi don't make any difference. It would not be right for me to accept an invitation to drink at home; I don't believe it's right here—therefore I don't drink."

A few weeks afterwards, passing up the Mississippi river, I addressed a Sabbath evening congregation. After the service, a lady came to inquire about her boy—"foolishly" she said, for it was not likely that in an army of 40,000 men I had seen her boy; but still she wanted to ask me if I had met him. She told me of her anxiety for his welfare—how she feared that the bad influences of the camp would lead him astray.

"He promised that he would do well," said she, "and I've no reason to think he doesn't do well; but if I could only see somebody who could tell me from actual knowledge how he is doing, it would be such a relief."

She told me his name and regiment. I assured her that there was hardly ground for all the fear mothers were exercising for their absent boys; that very many soldiers were actually becoming better men, growing strong under trial. And then, to illustrate, I told her, without mentioning names, of my Captain, of the prayer meeting, and of the scene in the Colonel's tent.

"Oh," said she, "that's beautiful,—that's beautiful. His mother must be proud of him."

"Yes," said I, "that she ought,—and you are the mother!"

I never shall forget the joy that leaped into her face, and how she sprang across the carpet, and catching my hand in both hers, wet it with grateful tears.

"Is that my boy,—is that Will? It's just like him; I knew he would do so. He always was a good boy; he told me he always would be,—and I knew he would."—*Selected.*

THE THIMBLE.

The name of this little instrument is said to have been derived from "thumb" and "bell," being at first thumble, and afterwards thimble. It is of Dutch invention, and was brought to England about the year 1695 by John Lofting, who commenced its manufacture at Islington, near London, and pursued it with great profit and success. Formerly, iron and brass were used, but latterly steel, silver and gold have taken their place. In the ordinary manufacture thin plates of metal are introduced into a die, and then punched into shape.

In Paris gold thimbles are manufactured to a large extent. Thin sheets of sheet-iron are cut into discs of about two inches diameter. These, being heated red-hot, are struck with a punch in a number of holes, gradually increasing in depth to give them the proper shape. The thimble is then trimmed, polished, and indented around its outer surface with a number of little holes, by means of a small wheel. It is then converted into steel by the cementation process, tempered, scoured, and brought to a blue color. A thin sheet of gold is then introduced into the interior, and fastened to the steel by means of a polished steel mandril. Gold leaf is then applied to the outside, and attached to it by pressure, the edges being fastened in a small groove made to receive them. The thimble is then ready for use. Those made in this manner do not wear out, as so many ordinary gold thimbles do, but will last for years. The gold coating, if cut away by the needles, may be easily replaced; but the steel is of an excellent quality and very durable.

UNINTENTIONAL AUTHORSHIP.

I have always had a great fancy for unsuspected authors. We meet them in society, we enjoy their wit, we display our own in their presence, but without the remotest suspicion that we are associating with a writer, a man or woman of letters—none of our acquaintances, in fact, having less of that air. But there comes a time—a summer in the country—a season of ennui, when, life's brilliant years being over, the individual, generally the woman, in question, takes up the pen. For her own behoof solely, and at first without definite aim, she composes a romance, or arranges her reminiscences, or even merely writes to her absent friends letters which are a trifle long, and none too formal. But 50 years hence, when the rest of us are all dead, when the professional *litterateur* who was the rage in his day no longer finds readers, and his 30 heavy old-fashioned volumes lie buried in funeral catalogues, the modest, intelligent woman will be studied and enjoyed almost as much as by her contemporaries. Her pure and vivacious utterances will be known and loved, and she will have become one of the gracious and enduring ornaments of that literature wherewith she seemed to concern herself as little as we did when at her side.—*Saint Beuve's Celebrated Women.*

OUR SPICE BOX.

Wounded vanity bleeds inwardly, and never heals.

Aesthetic coin—The sense of the beautiful.

Are people who attend hops naturally fond of ale?

A fiery steed—Horse radish.

Court of Chancery—Most men's wooing.

Figurative furniture—A bureau of statistics.

A figure of speech—The mouth.

The end of all love—The letter e.

Skillful shots always have aim in life.

Over head and ears in debt—Wearing an unpaid for hat.

Nautical neatness—Sweeping the horizon with a glass.

A short drive with many men—Being driven to their wit's end.

However sudden the heat, the weather grows warm by degrees.

Many women waist time by improper arrangements of the stays.

Conjugating a woman's mood—Marrying her through her wounded self-love.

Capital diversion—For a woman to have her head turned by a "charming fellow."

When a woman wears her husband's trousers, is she panting for his rights or her own?

Is a pretty woman called a toast because she is exposed to the fire of so many glances?

When a man is very apt to learn the condition of a woman's heart he is apt to get the sighs of it.

Saratoga was amused to see a row of young ladies all eating corn as they would perform upon a flute.

If you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

Punch says that women who make up their faces deceive themselves if they think by so doing they are more likely to tempt men to make up their minds.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE FRENCH.—BY L. D. B.

Broken from thy stalk,
Faded leaf, and dry,
Whither is thy walk?
Tell me.

Know not I.
For support I clung
To the lofty oak,
But a storm blast wrung
Me, till my frail stem broke.
Whither seemeth best,
Since that fatal day,
North wind and the west,
Lead me on the way.

From the forest land,
To the distant plain;
From the mountains grand,
To the vales again;
Whither winds shall blow,
Changing there and here,
Thither I shall go,
No complaint or fear,—
Going whither goes
Everything below,—
Laurel leaf and rose,
With me onward go.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.—NO. I.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

"I saw a vision of a woman, where
Night and new morning strive for domination."

I looked, and lo, a woman who sat singing in the gray, chill dawn of morning. Her face was dim with perplexity, but

"Her eyes were like some fire-enshrining gem,"

and in their depths, now tragic and solemn from deep thoughts of all the mysteries of mortal sorrow, were wondrous possibilities of joy. Her robe was like the pale, sad mist that brooded above the landscape; her voice was mournful past expression. Ere I came anear to fully catch the words, it filled my eyes with tears. There she sat, and sang in the deep shadows, at the foot of black-browed rocks, heaving confusedly at the head of a broad and ghostly valley, soon stretching away into wide, gloomy plains of human life, whereon strange shapes moved half-seen in the early twilight.

Yet had the woman a crown like a glory, for she was golden-haired; not even the heavy dimness sufficed to hide the shimmering of her rippling locks. The songs she sang were both sad and strange. At first, as I have said, I but vaguely heard,—but caught a fairly understood sentence here and there. Yet the *seeming* was so sweet that I drew dear. I gave my mind to comprehend. Then I perceived that many of her songs were double; I also saw that her words were often of those human heights and depths, which, though a few may ken more clearly than the many, none can ever reach or sound,—ever understand, much less, speak. The spirit of the singer inly strove to gaze where not all care to look. Life! bliss! death! eternity! sin! Who shall speak of these?—not of the outward husk, but of their inward rime? It was this which wrought double in her thoughts and tones. Oh, the long, pained silences between, when her voice fell low, and then died away, while the ear ached for echoes from some far-off, wiser land, and none came! She had dimly discerned those meanings which float towards us in pauses of the heart; and half-voiced our wordless needs, and joys, and pains. But none shall, ever whilst they walk on earthly ground, behold them otherwise than very dimly; nor shall their utmost labor even suffice for any distinct utterance of that they so obscurely descry.

Afterward the woman arose, for the morning broke. She climbed, still singing, up the brightening upland slopes, and her voice was clear and blithesome; she left off to measure what all poets shall find (as all have found) measureless. Through the full-born amber hours she walked upon the sunny hills; there she trilled of love, and of other golden-haired maidens, like yet unlike herself. She murmured musical words of birds, and of beasts; of tiny insects; of lowly violets; of mystic lilies, with snowy leaves, and hearts of chrysalite; of mossy dells wherein she had rested at the noontides; of

"—purple and rich golden flags,"

growing fast by reedy brooks, wherein Beauty, whether of mortal or immortal mould, might have gazed, and as in ancient time, been long and sweetly entranced. But alway, in the gray, chill ghastliness of morning twilight, when the earth is the most like the regions of Death, she sits beneath the shadows of the rocks, and sings words of wailing; of solemn allegory; of struggling for the unattainable. This woman, with her double imagery, and sad, bright, "inward eyes," burning

"—like some fire-enshrining gem,"

golden-haired, and many-thoughted, is Christina Rossetti.

Only in some such visioned manner can I describe this new poetess. Her genius is peculiar,—it eludes handling. Also in a dozen or more of her poems there is a two-fold life; beneath the easy outflow of words lurks a monotone. It is like the strong undertow in our lakes. Such compositions shape themselves into *studies*; and in these days of childish explanatoriness many will be pleased with an author who treats the intellect of the reader with respect, and refrains from doing *all* his thinking. The volume of Miss Rossetti's writings republished in this country contains two long poems,—"Goblin Market" and the "Prince's Progress,"—and many shorter ones, consisting of songs, sonnets, occasional and storied verses, and a number of beautiful and deeply reverent "Devotional Pieces."

Her sonnets are rarest samples of skill in wording, and of originality in similitude; especially "The World," and one entitled "Rest," beginning,

"O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes."

Among the occasional poems are many too striking to pass without pause. "The Dream-Land" words a dim and mournful picture, impainted from a spot,

"Where sunless rivers weep,
Their waves into the deep,"

and over which must have eternally looked—

"—twilight cold and lorn."

"Maiden Song" tells us of three lovely peasant sisters, dwelling "upon a distant hill," who sang each a lover to her feet; one, "a herdsman from the vale;" one, "a shepherd from the height," and one—

"—a golden-bearded king."

"The Royal Princess" is a wail from the Isolated in the High Places of the earth:

"Two and two my guards behind, two and two before,
Two and two on either hand, they guard me evermore;
Me, poor dove, that must not coo,—eagle, that must not soar.
All my walks are lost in mirrors, whereupon I trace,
Self to right hand, self to left hand, self in every place,
Self-same solitary figure, self-same seeking face.

* * * * * * *

Alone by day, alone by night, alone days without end;
My father and my mother give me treasures, search and spend—
O my father, O my mother, *have you ne'er a friend?*"

"Maude Clare," "Under the Rose," "A Peal of Bells," "Noble Sisters," "From House to Home," are a few of the many thoughtful and graphic creations of Miss Rossetti's volume. It is also "fair to the eye," as books should be which are in-writ with charmed words. "The author's edition" is published at Boston by Roberts Bros. It has creamy paper, clear type, gilt top, and beautiful covers, twinkling with gold.

HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Amid the many suggestions to wives and mothers which we give from time to time, we take pleasure in sandwiching the following very judicious hints to husbands, which we find in an exchange, credited to the Auburn News:

Avoid unnecessarily contradicting your wife. When we smell at a rose it is to imbibe the sweetness of its odor; we likewise look for anything that is amiable in man. Whoever is often contradicted feels an insensible aversion for the person who contradicts.

Never take upon yourself to be a censor upon your wife's morals, nor read lectures to her, except affectionately. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make her in love with it.

Command her attention by being always attentive to her; never exact anything from her that you would not be willing that she should require from you; appear always flattered by the little she does for you, which will excite her to kind offices.

When a woman gives wrong counsel, never make her feel that she has done so, but lead her on by degrees to what seems rational, with mildness and gentleness; when she is convinced, leave her all the merit of having found out what was just and reasonable.

Choose well your male friends; have but few, and be cautious of following their advice in all matters, particularly if inimical to the foregoing instructions.

Never be curious unnecessarily to pry into your wife's concerns, but obtain her confidence by that which, at all times, you repose in her. Always preserve order and economy; avoid being out of temper, and be careful never to scold. By this means she will find her own house more pleasant than any other.

Seem always to obtain information from her, especially before company, though you may pass yourself for a simpleton. Never forget that a husband owes his importance to that of his wife; if he degrades her he injures himself. Leave her entirely mistress of her action, to go and come whenever she thinks fit. A husband ought to make his company so amiable to his wife that she will not be inclined to seek any other; then she will not look for pleasure abroad, if he does not partake it with her.

SOCIABILITY.

Hawthorne, in his diary, makes record of a day wherein he resolved to speak to no human soul. He went to the village, got his mail at the post-office, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man. Is it any wonder that, with all his genius, Hawthorne was a melancholy and essentially an unhappy man? How much wiser and better the opposite course. Think of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul! Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow feelings and good-will? Silence and a stiff, unbending reserve are especially selfish and essentially vulgar. The generous and polite man has a pleasant recognition and cheerful word for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial and the world delightful to those who else would find them cold, selfish and forlorn. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be sociable, then, wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

A Right Motive.—You have seen a stagnant pool covered with green slime, and the home of noisome things. Suppose you set up on one side of it a reel of the finest silk and carefully conduct the silk through the water, and then, standing opposite the reel, you draw the fine thread to you. You will thus make a current very slight indeed, but sufficient, if you continue it, to bring, little by little, every part of that pool into line with your thread, and by such motions make the water more beautiful. Sometimes our life is stagnant. It is always so in the absence of some controlling motive. If you can get that motive, if you can put a purpose fine as silk through your life, you give it what shall make it better.

Home Cheerfulness.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases they are apt to seek it; if it displeases they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

Little Trials.—The little trials of an ordinary career, the trials which involve nothing loftier or more sublime than the collisions of every-day life—the trials, in short, which range themselves under the heads of tongue and temper—make a large demand upon our patience, and are perhaps a greater drain upon our fortitude and endurance than even those in which God makes our flesh quiver with the tearing of the pincers of affliction. "Wolves and bears," says an ancient writer, when giving a comparative estimate of great and small trials, "are without doubt more dangerous than flies; yet do they not vex and importune so much, nor exercise our patience so often."

Refrain not to speak when by speaking you may do good.

Sabbath Reading.

THE NEW SONG.

Beyond the hills where suns go down
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of Time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome: and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay;
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it come away!

O song of light, and dawn and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies;

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for Creation's second birth,
And glory to Creation's King.

COMMON THINGS.

Illustrations of the Father's goodness and care we should recognize about us in nature's world. They are legitimate themes of study. They are vivid texts for sermons. Be not hesitant to talk of them, and profit by them, and enjoy them, merely because some conservative Christian may, in his blindness, pronounce them sensational subjects. All the works of God are worthy of our attention. To investigate the common things of creation that crowd around us will lead us to better thoughts of God and greater reliance upon His protection. In these studies we may learn to read many special Providences; and from the lessons of Nature and Providence, we are persuaded that in the moral world, God is equally the source of all good influences—that His Word is the avenue through which His mercies flow free, and pure and plenteous to all mankind. "For as the rain cometh down from Heaven, * * * so shall my word be," saith the Lord by the lips of the prophet, "it shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

The truth proclaimed by the prophet concerning Messiah's advent is above and beyond the methods, monarchies and monopolies of men—as are the preparation and distribution of the rain. This truth comes from a fountain so vast and deep that the whole ocean, in comparison, is but a drop, an iota of invisible mist. The grand facts of a Christ—His birth, His life, His suffering, His death, His resurrection, His ascension, His intercession, and the consequent universal extension of His kingdom, and the dissemination of all the essential doctrines of salvation,—are all associated with the word that cometh down from Heaven. These are the central truths which permeate the whole system of revelation, binding together all history, all literature, all science, and all art in beautiful proportions. The Gospel of Jesus Christ comes to earth as glad tidings of great joy to all people. It comes with a purpose and a power, as the rain comes. It comes to cheer, and nurture and bless, as the rain comes. It comes to swell the buds, to open the flowers, to brighten the foliage, to ripen the harvests, and to sweeten the fruits in humanity's great garden, as the rain comes. And like the rain, with the resistless law of gravitation behind it, so the word of truth comes with the Omnipotent "shall accomplish" behind it, when it reaches the ears and hearts of the people.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by Alex. Clark.*

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

But what a beautiful thought is the spiritual life of a child as Christ develops it, when He sets this little one forth and says:—Humble yourself like that! And how it incites us to nurture the spiritual nature of our children—the foundation of our churches, the foundation of society, the foundation of our institutions, the foundation of all social as well as of all individual greatness!

Oh, man, chafing with pride, tremulous with passion, too haughty to repent, too ignorant of your real welfare to stoop for a moment and bow down in penitent prayer; oh, man, running a wild career of passion, and shame and wrong, would that thou wouldst consent to be a little child, come back in lowly penitence, and lie in the arms of the Almighty! Oh, in this trust, in this confidence, are the springs of our true relations with God, the relations that He is endeavoring to establish!

There is no humility without that love and confidence. Humility! Is the subjection given to the tyrant humility? There is no peace, there is no comfort, without confidence in God's love; there is no religion without it. There is say-so religion; there is a lip-service; there is cant and pretence; there are heavy burdens; but there is no spontaneous, radical religion. The holiest saint that prays to God must be like the infant in the mother's arms. We must all come at last into the child-like condition.

Oh, it is a great thing to be children, even when we are old, to be children when our hair is gray, to be children when our faces are wrinkled, to be children when our hearts are scarred with the troubles and mysteries of the world; it is a great thing to come in penitence, in trust, in confidence to God. That is the essence of all real humility; that is great indeed, the greatness of the kingdom of Heaven.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin, in Liberal Christian.*

NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE.

We are, many of us, too busy; our time is too absorbingly occupied. Many a good deed for the Lord goes undone because we have no time to do it. A dear child who had been deeply afflicted, very sick, when she took her first walk out saw her teacher coming. She expected to receive a kindly greeting, but the teacher was too busy. She feared she should be detained, and so, with but a single glance, and a simple good morning, she hastily passed on, and the child walked disconsolate. That teacher had forgotten what the Lord had said about offending one of those little ones; she should not have allowed her work to so crowd her that she could not have a minute to spare when the Lord asked for it.

The Death of the Righteous.—As a man takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful, full-blown flower, crops it and puts it into his bosom, so does the Lord also walk in His gardens, the churches, and gather His "lilies," souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight take them to Himself.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

THERE is one phase common to our American life, witnessed in no other land. It is at the season of the gathering of fruits and grains, the ingathering also of Teachers. In England, the same old dame or feeble man occupies the same chair, year after year, and from it dispenses the elements of knowledge; the form of the teacher is identified to each pupil with all it has yet known of life. Here how different! At seed-time thousands of our young, fresh from their own winter's study, go out from their homes to dwell with strangers, to eat bread seasoned with homesickness, and to come up at this harvest time bringing their sheaves with them.

To those who went forth with full belief in the beauty and nobility of their work, it has been a season fraught with lessons. Human nature is a science with no title page and no "Finis," and its most honest exhibition is in a child. Fix your line and rule and be just ready to proceed, and your whole effort will be overthrown by the discovery of something entirely new in the character of the next. A true teacher must have but one heart, but a hundred faces. That heart must be one in earnestness, in love for its work, in love for the right, but ever varying in its expression of these to suit the need of the pupil.

The first thing, then, to be accomplished is to become an adept in reading character. It is a mystery to many that the finest scholars are so often unsuccessful as teachers. But the surest way to a child's head is through its heart, and if that is not gained and understood, what can be expected of the other? Then, if you are in earnest yourself, if you love study for its own sake, let your pupils know it in every possible way. When the bell signals the close of duties for the day, if you find an eye lingering wistfully over an unsolved problem, lay your weariness aside, find your place by the side of that toiler, and ten to one that a group equally anxious will gather about you, hat or cap in hand, the question will be argued with far more enthusiasm than in school hours, a half hour of added work will be your rest, and fit the class for better study on the morrow.

Do you invite your pupils to labor by holding up an end? "How long have you studied arithmetic?" said a stranger teacher on assuming the charge of a school room. "Ever since I can remember," was the reply. "And how much longer will you continue it?" "Why, always I suppose," was the discouraged rejoinder. How his face brightened and with what new enthusiasm he took up his well thummed book and was told to begin at Interest and not at Addition, as usual, and that one term of study would complete arithmetic and fit for a higher mathematical study. No one likes to work forever with no goal in view, least of all a child.

Wherever you are teaching, for however short a time, let your first day be devoted to fitting a system for your room, and grading your classes to it. Let each know how much you expect, and the school gains a hundred per cent. in enthusiasm and interest. Groups will gather at every intermission to compare notes and report progress. Give them, then, a kindly word of interest, and never fear but that you may lay claim, and justly, to being a successful teacher. The old system of "reviewing" every term makes the pupil dread the advent of a new teacher, and the beginning of the school a play-time. If you do your work thoroughly there is no need of your successors doing it over again.

This is only one hint, but so long as ambition is what it is, it must be the most important; for it teaches the mainspring of character and moves the whole. If you love your work,—the noblest and highest in all GOD'S world,—nothing will be to you so great a crown of joy as to see the young faces lighted by success, as to feel that each day has brought your pupils a step higher, that you and they have wrought nobly and conscientiously for the Eternities.

If the summer's work is done, and by rest or study you are fitting for future duty, let your memory of errors or success alike prepare for better work and more abundant harvests by-and-by.—H. B.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

BY a wise provision of its charter, Cornell University is so associated with our general system of public instruction that each Assembly District in the State will be legally entitled to one free scholarship therein. The advantages accruing from this generous arrangement can hardly be estimated. With a Faculty composed of the most learned professors in the country, and equipped as thoroughly as long established colleges, this new University will open on Wednesday, the 7th proximo, and an opportunity is thus given for many to enjoy its wide course of instruction who otherwise could not.

School Commissioners in the rural districts and Boards of Education in cities are authorized to make selections from the candidates for scholarships. We are informed that the requirements prescribed by the University, governing admission, will not necessitate material departure from the course of instruction commonly pursued in our public schools. A complete understanding of the elementary branches of study is an indispensable condition; and we trust this splendid opportunity may incite pupils throughout the State to increased zeal in prosecuting those branches. They underlie all sound education. Their paramount importance is becoming more and more felt and acknowledged everywhere. In the shop, the store, the counting-room, it is daily seen that elementaries are the great essentials. We trust that Cornell University will continue to make a thorough elemental knowledge its indispensable requisite with candidates for admission. Then, if the youth at large fully appreciate the opportunities offered in these free scholarships, their ambition to attain them will operate very happily indeed.

VISITING SCHOOLS.—Now that "the new teacher" has taken his place in the school-room, it is the duty of parents to manifest some further interest in his work than merely to send their children thither. He wants their co-operation. If they talk with him freely about his scholars, at their homes, it is well; if they visit the school-room occasionally, and seem interested with him in making a pleasant thing of learning, it is much better. The presence of father or mother at the child's recitation, once a week, or once a month, will have a salutary influence on both teacher and child. Even the parent will be benefited. His or her attention will be awakened to questions which might otherwise go unthought of for years, and which have practical bearings on the mind.

Literature and Art.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, who stands in the first rank of American poets, is said by a writer in the London Broadway to be verging on fifty years of age, yet looking not over thirty-five. He is below middle height, straight and well built. His hair is of a rich, glossy, curling auburn, long, parted over the center of the forehead, and without perceptible gray. The features have the regularity of an Apollo Belvidere; the forehead beautiful—high, white, broad, and gently receding; the nose straight, thin, sensitive; the mouth, covered by a thick auburn mustache a shade lighter than the hair, full, and amiable in expression; and the chin round and full, wherefrom extends a long beard. He has a true poet's eye, large, dark-blue, gentle, and full of sentiment. He is one of the most social and genial of men; easy of access, always bland and courteous, quite devoid of any stiffness, fond of talking, and always talking charmingly, he entertains a stranger as handsomely as if he were an old acquaintance.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York mail, writing from Saratoga, recently, said of JOHN G. SAXE:—"SAXE dresses carelessly, and has altogether the ugliest and the oldest straw hat in Saratoga. He is a poet, however." Which is very true,—the first part, at any rate. And if disregard of personal appearance makes a man a poet, then would SAXE be one, had he never written a line of verse. He is getting on in years now,—must be pressing the fifties very close. Physically, he is a splendid specimen of manhood, full six feet high, broad-shouldered and muscular. His conversation overflows with genial wit. For each of the many good things he has uttered in print, he has said a score in private quite as good, often better. He is a politician, as well as a poet, and was for several years, during his residence in Vermont, the candidate of his party (the Democratic) for Governor of that State.

WILLIAM MORRIS, author of "Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise,"—two poems which have been received with unusual favor in this country as well as in England, and which bear the stamp of true poetic genius,—is a man of middle age, living in a house over his shop in Queen Square, London, and actually engaged in the business of the firm of "Morris & Co.," of which he is the senior partner. His firm was established several years ago by himself, ROSSETTI, MADDOX BROWN, and other artists and lovers of art, for the purpose of putting upon the English market better work in the articles of stained glass, wall papers, furniture, etc. The best stained glass ever made in England was exhibited by them at the World's fair in 1862.

AUTHORS' HABITS.

VICTOR HUGO writes all his manuscripts with a very soft lead pencil, which he often forgets to sharpen, so that the letters assume a gigantic size, and eight or ten lines cover nearly a whole sheet of paper. Perhaps no other eminent contemporary author complies so conscientiously with the sensible advice which HORACE gives to poets and authors. VICTOR HUGO corrects his manuscripts again and again, until the work often undergoes a complete change. Some of his most celebrated poems he rewrote so often that his son, CHARLES, intends to publish, after his father's death, an edition of the poems of VICTOR HUGO, with the stanzas which his father rejected. These stanzas, it is said, would form a volume of great beauty and value. Sometimes VICTOR HUGO works very rapidly; thus, for instance, he completed the last part of "Les Miserables" in a week. The "Toilers of the Sea" was written on the spur of the moment.

ALEXANDER DUMAS still adheres to the mode of life he has led for forty years past. He goes to bed at four in the morning, and rises at noon. He breakfasts at one, lunches at five, eats a sumptuous dinner at eight, and takes supper at midnight. He drinks very little wine, generally two or three glasses of Burgundy at dinner, and adds two or three spoonsful of cognac to his tea. He works nine hours a day, and generally furnishes the printer, daily, ten large sheets written in a beautiful flowing hand, and almost entirely free from corrections and alteration.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

RUMOR has it that SPURGEON is coming to America, under an engagement to lecture.

THE English Government has conferred a pension of £100 upon Mrs. OLIPHANT, the authoress of many clever domestic novels.

OF seventy-nine new serial publications which have appeared in London since the beginning of the year, only seven are now in existence.

THOMAS HOOD died composing, and that, too, a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished to *urn a lively Hood.*

VICTORIEN SARDON, now famous, says he wrote eighty articles, plays, poems, &c., before he could get a publisher, and during the first two years did not get a sou for literary work.

GEORGE CATLIN, who was famous thirty years ago as a painter of Indian portraits, and whose Gallery of portraitures then attracted attention both at home and abroad, is now residing at Brussels, and passing his old age in proverty.

ANNA DICKINSON, who has succeeded so well as a lecturer, (or should we make it as feminine as we can, and call it lecturess?) has been trying her hand at a novel. It is entitled "What Answer," and will be published soon by TICKNOR & FIELDS.

MONTREAL succeeds in accomplishing what has universally been considered impossible; the publishing of a successful religious daily newspaper. It is the Daily Witness, is sold for a penny, and has several editions, is managed with tact and ability, and claims to have a circulation nearly equal to that of all the other English papers in that city combined.

J. B. BURR & Co., Hartford, Conn., have in press and will soon issue a new work by MATTHEW HALE SMITH, entitled "Sunshine and Shadow in New York." From the table of contents, and advance sheets, we judge that it will possess uncommon interest. As New York is the great Metropolis of this Continent, a vivid narration of its high life and low life, its mysteries and miseries, together with a history of its remarkable men and institutions, must amply repay perusal. Mr. SMITH has an established reputation as a writer. He knows New York throughly, and in his portrayals thereof his descriptive talent is peculiarly shown. The work will contain over 700 royal octavo pages, handsomely illustrated. It will be sold only by subscription.

IT is said that HENRY WARD BEECHER is so busy upon his forthcoming "Life of CHRIST" that he will not lecture much during the winter. He began his literary career when residing in Indiana, by editing a Farmers' Column in the Indianapolis State Journal, thereby eking out his slender salary as a preacher. His efforts in that line were so successful that the publishers started an agricultural paper and made him its editor.

HIRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

HIRAM POWERS, the most eminent of American sculptors, was born in Woodstock, Vt., July 29, 1805. In his youth, which was passed upon his father's farm, he acquired the rudiments of a district school education, and also some knowledge of drawing, for which he manifested much taste. Having migrated with his family to Ohio, he procured employment in Cincinnati, in various situations. Becoming acquainted, finally, with a German sculptor, he learned the art of modeling in plaster, and succeeded in producing plaster busts of considerable merit. His taste for art thus fostered, he connected himself with a museum, at Cincinnati, and was for seven years mainly engaged in molding wax figures.

But he aspired to higher things, and in 1835 he repaired to Washington, where he modeled the busts of many distinguished men. In 1837 he was enabled to carry out a long cherished desire to visit Italy. There he established himself in Florence, where, with the exception of occasional visits to Rome and elsewhere, he has since continued to reside. His first work of a superior character was an ideal statue of EVE, which THORWALSDEN said any sculptor might be proud to claim as his masterpiece. This was produced in 1838. A year later he finished the model of the celebrated "Greek Slave," his most popular work, of which many copies in marble are now extant, beside innumerable numbers in plaster. Mr. POWERS is the inventor of a process of modeling which obviates the necessity of taking a clay model of the subject, and greatly expedites the sculptor's labors. He has also invented many labor-saving implements, which have quite revolutionized the old processes of sculpture. He is a warm friend of all artists, and his studio is much visited by the young and ambitious ones, for whom he always has a kind word of encouragement, and whose efforts he materially aids. His hospitality and nobleness of nature are enthusiastically spoken of by all American visitors at Florence.

Various Topics.

NORTH ATLANTIC COD FISHERIES.

A WRITER in a London journal gives some interesting facts in regard to cod fisheries, and calls attention to the connection, now apparently first noted, between the fisheries of Norway and those of Newfoundland. Lovers of the cod may be glad to know what are the habits of that finny specimen, which the school-boy supposed made the ocean so salt.

The great center of the fishery in Europe is in the vicinity of the Lofoden Islands, a group situated off the northern extremity of Norway, within the Arctic circle. Here the codfish gather early in January, coming from the Southwest to deposit their spawn. In the quiet and shallow waters of the Arctic seas, they find all the conditions necessary for the hatching of their young; and as all other fish disappear from the grounds on the approach of the cod, there is no destruction of the ova or new-born fry.

It is during the sojourn of the fish on the Lofoden banks that the great fishery takes place. During January but little is done; but with the first week of February, and the arrival of professional fishermen from considerable distances, the work begins in earnest. As many as twenty-five thousand men are thus assembled, and the number of fish being inexhaustible, as well as incalculable, it is the state of the weather alone that affects the result. The fish are caught with lines and nets—the former being baited with herring, which have to be brought from a distance, since, as already stated, all other fish disappear with the arrival of the cod. The capelin—a kind of herring—is the best bait; but its use is prohibited by Norwegian law, since those so fortunate as to have it would enjoy an undue advantage over their less favored neighbors.

The fishing ceases on the 14th of April, by which time the fish become lean and emaciated and in poor condition, although very fat and strong on their first arrival. The old fish then leave the coast; and it is now suggested by the writer in question that they proceed to the banks of Newfoundland, there to fatten and be caught during the summer months. He calls attention to the fact that codfish disappear from the Lofoden banks in April and May, and that codfish arrive on the Newfoundland banks in June, hungry and lean, in fierce pursuit of the capelin, herring and other marine animals so abundant there. There they soon fatten up and disappear again in October. Should the fish of the two regions be the same swarms, as they are of the same species, they will move back and forwards at intervals of about six months in the Gulf Stream, which connects the two localities. Iceland lies about midway, and the appearance of the cod at this island is intermediate in time between that at Lofoden and Newfoundland. Hence the inference that the same schools of fish, after fattening during the summer on the Newfoundland banks, proceed during autumn to the Lofodens to spawn, returning when this is accomplished. If the codfish of the North Atlantic, therefore, have so migratory a habit, it is possible that those of the North Pacific may share it; and as the new fisheries about the Shoumagin Islands of Alaska are in the summer season, there yet remains to be discovered the locality still farther north, probably north of Behring's Straits, where they deposit their eggs, and where the true analogue to the Norwegian fisheries is to be developed. The total annual catch of codfish in the North Atlantic on both shores is estimated at fifty-four millions. This seems a prodigious number, and one that would soon threaten exhaustion of the species; but when we remember that nine million of eggs have been found in the roe of one female, there seems less danger of extinction than might at first be supposed.

THE BOARD OF BROKERS.

THIS controlling institution in New York is *entered* from Wall Street and Broad. It is a marble building, of great elegance. The Gold Room, where the daily sales take place, is one of the most brilliant rooms in the city. The vaults are models of security. They have in them two hundred and fifty safes, each secured by independent locks, which have in them a million combinations. No two locks are alike. Each member of the Board of Brokers has a safe assigned to him. In these vaults repose the treasures of the millionaires of New York. The board was organized in 1794. At one time the entrance fee was fifty dollars. It is now three thousand dollars. A candidate is put on probation for ten days. His financial honor must be without a stain. Application must be made through some well-known member, and the fact is made public. If no objection is made, a ballot is had. Fourteen black balls defeat an election. The initiation fee is put high, that none but men of capital and honor may be admitted. The rules are extremely stringent. A violation is followed by summary ejection. Every contract is made on honor, and must be kept to the letter, or the party is expelled, whoever he may be. For instance, a hundred shares of Erie are sold at the board by one broker to another. The seller delivers the stock, and takes in payment the check of the buyer. The check is known to be worthless. The buyer cannot pay till he has delivered the stock to the customer who ordered it. But the check will be made good before three o'clock. Millions of stock pass daily from one hand to another in this way. During all the years of the existence of the board but one member has been found guilty of fraud. Some of the sharp, bold operators, who bull and bear the market, cannot get into the board at any price. They would give ten thousand dollars to become members. Their financial reputation is bad, and they cannot enter. These men operate through members of the board.—*Sunshine and Shadow.*

DECLINE OF ROYALTY.—Royalty, so far as the young generation is concerned, seems to be everywhere on the decline. The Prince of Wales is no worse than the other Crown Princes. The Crown Prince of Holland, as was recently proved in a French court, where Jules Favre said he should be called not His Highness, but his baseness, is a downright scamp; the Crown Prince of Russia is an ill-natured, scrofulous youth, who is disliked by nearly every member of his own family; Prince Humbert of Italy, is the Italian Wales, perhaps a little worse; the Crown Prince of Saxony is a bigoted tool of the priests; the Crown Prince of Denmark was last year Wales' boon companion in Paris and at the German watering places; the Crown Prince of Prussia is a good man, but rather dull, and a henpecked husband.

WHEN a man fails to have even fortune, does he have odd luck?

Reading for the Young.

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

DEAR little bare feet,
  Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
  Wrapped for the night,
Come let me count all
  Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
  Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
  That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
  And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
  With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
  Asleep on her nest. [*Little Corporal.*

NUMBER ONE.

"I ALWAYS take care of "Number One," said one of a troop of boys at the end of a bridge, some wanting to go one way and some another.

"That's *you*, out and out," cried one of his companions. "You don't think or care about any one but yourself; you ought to be called Number One."

"If I did not take care of Number One, who *would*, I should like to know?" cried he.

True, Number One was right. He ought to take care of himself—good care.

"But does not that smack a little of selfishness?" the boys ask. "Number One thinks of nobody but himself."

Nobody *but* himself! that certainly is selfish, and therefore wrong. Yet Number One *is* committed to our own care. What sort of care is the all-important question.

Take care of his habits. Make Number One industrious, persevering, self-denying, and frugal. Give him plenty of good, healthy work to do, teach him how best to do it, and keep him frmo lounging and all idle company.

Take care of the lips of Number One. Let truth dwell on them. Put a bridle in his mouth that no angry, backbiting tale shall come from it. Let no profane or impure word escape. Let the law of kindness rule his tongue, and all his conversation be such as becomes a child of God.

Take care of the affections and feelings of Number One. Teach him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself; to care for others, and share with others; to be lowly in mind, forgiving, gentle, sympathizing, willing to bear and forbear, easily entreated, doing good to all as he has opportunity.

This is the care to take of Number One, and a rich blessing will he prove to his home, and neighborhood, and himself! Boys! you all have Number One to take care of; and a responsible charge it is. —*Stirling Tracts.*

THE BABY'S JOURNAL.

I'M a year old, and I've got a name. I'm Jo; and Uncle Jo gave me a silver cup this morning, but they won't let me have it to bang on the table. Ganma would give it to me in a minute, and I think some day, when I catch her alone, I'll get it yet.

Cousin Lizzie is staying here. She is a nice girl, only she won't let me pull her hair. I think she might—such long, soft, yellow curls. She won't let Uncle Jo touch a curl either. He just lifted one up the other day, and she drew it away and bent over her head and kissed me ever so much, and Uncle Jo walked away. Oh! I've got the prettiest mamma; her eyes shine so bright, I declare I am proud of her. I've had lots of toothache, and I've raised a few teeth; they don't come out as Ganma's do, though. My pretty mamma tells me to show my toofies, and then I have to grin for everybody. I bit Bob's finger yesterday, but he did't seem to mind it.

I've got short clothes, and Cousin Lizzie is teaching me to dance. Uncle Jo helps her too. When I am through my lesson, she catches me up and kisses me, and then Uncle Jo kisses me too, right on the same spot. Isn't that queer? Cousin Lizzie is going home soon; I'm sorry; so's Uncle Jo. I heard him tell her so, and then she stooped to tie my sleeve ribbon, and grew very red in the face about it. That's funny, too.

I've got a little sister. She looks pretty well for a girl. I remember when I did not look any better.

Cousin Lizzie has a new bright ring on her finger; I guess Uncle Jo gave it to her. She don't scold any more when he pulls her curls now.

Oh! ain't I glad I've got a Ganma? for Cousin Lizzie forgets me now sometimes. But Ganma don't forget—not she; and she isn't so taken up with this girl baby that she can't remember a fellow who used to be No. 1. She says my nose is out of joint, but it don't feel broken.

A TRUE STORY.

"ONCE upon a time," as stories were generally begun in my childhood days, there lived two sisters in the town of T——t. They loved each other dearly, as sisters and brothers should *always* do. As they were playing one evening on the pavement before their father's door, the little one, whom we will call "Brown-eyes," threw a pebble, which, unfortunately, hit the elder sister, whom we will call "Blue-eyes." Several gentlemen standing near, seeing the accident, expected to hear a loud scream and angry voice saying, "You ugly thing; I'll just tell mother! You did it a-purpose—I know you did—you mean, ugly thing," and so on, as angry children will talk.

But these gentlemen heard nothing of the kind. For a moment little Blue-eyes stood, ready to cry,—for to be hit by a pebble hurts. As I said, Blue-eyes stood for a moment looking at poor, dismayed Brown-eyes, then she ran to her, threw her arms round her, and said, "Don't cry, little sister; I *know* you didn't mean to hit *me.* Kiss me, dear," and the sisters kissed and embraced each other fondly. The gentlemen who saw the little ones told their father of it, adding, "We never saw anything like that before." Alas! and is sisterly and brotherly love and forbearance so rare a thing that the loving sister's conduct should call forth a remark like that? Dear children, *do* be kind and loving to all, but especially to your sisters and brothers, whom God has given you to love. Try to be like Jesus, who not only loves those who love Him, but He loves His *enemies.* He *died* that His enemies might *live.*

THERE is nothing which so surely takes all the heart and strength and nobleness of character out of a man as the habit of doing from morning till night, and from day to day, just what he likes, and only because he likes it. The young can glean a useful lesson from this.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN!

A TRIAL TRIP,

Pleasant and Profitable for all Passengers!

A NEW QUARTER, AND NEXT VOLUME!

READ,—RENEW,—SUBSCRIBE!

THIS is a Great Country, just now, according to the Politicians, or Political Partisans,—but Election will be over soon, and then People will calmly realize that, whoever is President, whatever Party predominates in State or Nation, the *Productive Power of Producers* is the great Reliance of the Republic. FAMILIES must be informed and educated, CORN grown, STOCK improved, and many daily duties discharged in any event. Hence we announce that—

THE CLOSING QUARTER

Of Vol. XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence Oct. 3, under most favorable auspices. We propose to make the Thirteen Numbers of the Quarter (offered on Trial for Fifty Cents,) more interesting and valuable than any preceding quarter's issues.

THE RURAL'S AIM

Is to continuously excel in all the essentials of a Progressive, Timely, Entertaining and Useful RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY and BUSINESS NEWSPAPER,—and the issues of the ensuing Quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of Vol. XX, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement.*"

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

As indications of what the RURAL will be in the early future—the next Quarter, and following Volume—we refer with confidence to its past Numbers and Volumes. The lamp of over a quarter of a century's experience in Rural Journalism will be our guide, and with greatly increased means and facilities ought to enable us to improve as we advance. Drawing upon this ample fund, we propose to furnish during the coming Three Months the BEST RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY EVER PUBLISHED, to be followed, in 1869, by a Volume far superior to any similar one obtainable,—in fact,

THE BEST WEEKLY IN AMERICA!

This is strong language, certainly, but most seriously uttered, and with a determination to "fill the bill." *We mean all we say*, and the myriads who have noted our *promises* and *performances* during the past twenty-five years,—while conducting the *Michigan Farmer*, (1843—1845,) *Genesee Farmer*, (1846 to 1849, inclusive.) and the RURAL NEW-YORKER since its commencement in Jan., 1850,—know that OUR PLEDGES ARE ALWAYS FULLY REDEEMED. *How* we propose to surpass all former efforts will be announced so soon as arrangements now being made are perfected. Meantime those devoted, active, working, influential friends of the RURAL and its Objects who have generously sustained it from ten to nearly twenty years,—nobly seconding all our efforts to augment its value, circulation and consequent usefulness in Country, Hamlet and Town,—need not be assured that (D. V.) neither labor nor expense will be spared to render it eminently worthy the continued and increasing support of all whose interests it advocates.

"TIME UP"—SUBSCRIBE NOW!

ALL whose subscriptions terminate this week will find the number (975) after name on address label, and of course understand that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted visits of the RURAL. We trust that every one interested will not only renew at once but induce some one or more to join him or her in ordering the paper for a quarter or year.

OUR TRIAL TRIP, from Oct. to Jan.,—13 numbers,—will be forwarded at ONLY FIFTY CENTS, so that all who wish to see what the RURAL is can do so for a trifle. *Now is the time to renew or try the Trial Trip.* Will not our Agents and Subscribers aid us by introducing the paper to the notice and support of friends and acquaintances?

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State.

A LOCOMOTIVE belonging to the Erie Railroad exploded at the Genesee Valley depot, in Rochester, on the evening of the 14th inst., resulting in the death of the engineer, a brakeman, two little girls, and a young lady. The fireman was blown out of the cab, but escaped injury, and the rear of a dwelling near the track was blown entirely off. The inquest developed no reason for the explosion.

Another explosion took place in Buffalo on Friday. The locomotive was entirely wrecked, and several persons injured, but none fatally.

A disastrous fire occurred in Elmira on Thursday night of last week, in a hardware establishment. Loss $150,000.

In Penfield, Monroe Co., on the 18th inst., a little son of Oliver Ross obtained some matches and went into the barnyard. Shortly afterwards a straw stack was discoverd to be on fire, and then followed a grain barn and a shed containing large quantities of grain and hay. Four fat hogs and several wagons and buggies were also consumed. The residence was saved by the greatest efforts. Loss $3,000.

Five men were found drowned a few days ago on the five-mile level of the Champlain Canal. They lost their lives during the terrible storm and freshet of Saturday previous. Their names are unknown, but they are supposed to be boatmen.

The following Professors of the Cornell University were elected at Ithaca last week Wednesday:—Rhetoric and Oratory, Homer B. Sprague, Principal State Normal School, Connecticut; General and Agricultural Geology, Prof. C. Frederick Hartt of Vassar College; Botany and Horticulture, Prof. A. N. Prentiss of Michigan Agricultural College; Director of Shops, John L. Moreys of Ovid.

Rear Admiral William Mervine, U. S. N., died in Utica, N. Y., Tuesday night of last week, at the advanced age of 78 years. He entered the navy when a lad, and finally rose to the grade of Rear Admiral. He was in active service during the first years of the rebellion, but his advanced age compelled his early retirement.

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Machinist's and Blacksmith's International Union of North America, was held in Buffalo last week. President O. B. Dailey made an address, in which he recommended the establishment of an intelligence office for the accommodation of employers.

At Huntington, L. I., on the 13th inst., a thunder storm occurred, during which five blood horses, the property of Henry G. Scudder, were killed by a single stroke of lightning. They were valued at $2,500.

Ground is to be broken for the new State Capitol at Albany on the first of October.

The old jail at Havana, Schuyler county, has been torn down.

A freight train and a coal train collided on the Erie Railroad, near Schobok, Saturday evening last. Both engines and a number of cars were shattered, and one of the conductors injured.

The Republicans of Albany held a monster mass meeting in the Capitol Park on the evening of the 17th inst. There were 20,000 people present, and speaking from six stands.

The Governor has appointed Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, a Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments of New York city, in place of Amor J. Williamson deceased.

From Washington.

QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL MEIGS has just issued roll of honor No. 15, containing the names of soldiers who died in defense of the American Union and are interred in the National Cemeteries at Antietam, Maryland, Arlington, additional Culpepper Court House, Cold Harbor, Winchester, and various scattered localities in Virginia, which contains the records of about 18,300 deceased soldiers, and is published by authority of the Secretary of War for the information of their surviving comrades and friends.

In addition to one thousand four hundred and seventy-five bodies re-interred at Antietam Cemetery from the battle-field of Antietam, the remains of all the U. S. soldiers scattered throughout the counties of Frederick, Washington and Alleghany, Maryland, including those from the battle-fields of Monocacy Junction, South Mountain, etc., and from the hospital at Clairsville near Cumberland, Md., have been removed to the Antietam Cemetery, where the bodies from Harper's Ferry and vicinity are.

The President directs that Gen. Rousseau, commanding the department of Louisiana, be assigned to duty according to his brevet rank of Major-General. The late order assigning R. C. Buchanan of the First Infantry, to do duty according to his brevet rank of Major-General is revoked, and General Buchanan is assigned according to the brevet rank of Brigadier-General in order that he may command the District of Louisiana.

A session of Congress this week has been decided upon by Senator Morgan and Representative Schenck, who were empowered to act in the matter. The understanding is, that no general legislative business will be transacted. Nothing will be done, it is thought, except to make provision for another recess.

General Sanios Acosta, the Columbian Minister, and the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Enquire Cortes, have been formally presented to the President.

From the West.

THE Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States convened in St. Louis last week. On Tuesday they paraded the streets, making a fine display. Over thirty commanderies were in the procession, representing nearly twenty states. A banquet was given them by the Commandery of the Knights Templar of Missouri, which was a brilliant affair. Not less than 3,000 persons, including ladies, were present.

An expedition against the Indians is pushing forward. A Fort Dodge letter to the Leavenworth Conservative says:—Gen. Schully with the 7th cavalry crossed the Arkansas river on the 7th. He took no baggage with him and intends to push on night and day till he arrives at the villages of the hostile Indians. A train of wagons with supplies for the month will follow guarded by a hundred men.

The receipts of the Machanics' Institute Industrial Fair in San Francisco amounted to $55,000 in gold.

Further reports of rich gold discoveries in Arizona have been received.

Bears are becoming very plenty in some portions of Wisconsin. They make themselves quite at home.

The Oregon Legislature convened at Salem last week. There is a Democratic majority of four in the Senate, and of eleven in the House. Notice was given that a bill would be introduced to repeal the resolution by which the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States was adopted.

The steamer Idaho, with a cargo of sugar, has been seized at San Francisco, for defrauding the revenue.

A terrible conflagration has been raging in Oregon for several days past. The fire covers an estimated area of 200 square miles on both sides of the Columbia river between the mouth of Corolitz river and the junction of the Willamet river with the Columbia. It is feared that the towns of St. Helene and Astoria will be destroyed. The destruction of timber and other property is immense.

Capt. Graham and fifty men of the Tenth Colorado Cavalry, who were out scouting, while going into camp on the Big Sandy, twenty miles west of Chivington's old battlefield, were attacked by 100 Indians. They kept up a fight until dark, at which time the Indians had been driven twelve miles, losing eleven killed and a number of prisoners, which were captured. Capt. Graham lost nine horses, but there were no casualties among his men.

From the South.

GOV. BROWNLOW has issued a proclamation, which declares that there are armed bands of secret conspirators against the State of Tennessee, who have committed and who continue to commit outrages on inoffensive citizens. It recites the act of the Legislature giving him the power to call out the militia, and says:—"In pursuance of this act, I call upon the loyal and patriotic white and colored people of every county in the State to proceed without delay and raise companies of loyal able-bodied men and report the same to me at Nashville." Whether any of the companies, white or colored, so organized will be actually called into the field, will depend entirely upon the conduct of the people themselves in the several counties.

Alarming reports of ravages by caterpillars are received from all parts of the cotton regions. They appeared some weeks ago in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi, and now they are devouring the growing plant in Alabama, Florida, South Carolina and Georgia. The pest is also destroying the cotton crop on the sea islands. A total failure of the cotton crop is predicted. The cotton on the plantations on the line of the Montgomery and Mobile Railroad is almost utterly destroyed.

A fire at City Point last week destroyed the railroad, four warehouses, six wharves, and the James River Hotel. The loss is $30,000.

The investigation of the Military Committee of the Tennessee Legislature have developed the facts that between July 1, 1867, and July 1, 1868, 179 murders were committed in the State, that only eleven of the murderers were tried, that only two were held for trial, and that not one was convicted.

The negro members expelled from the Georgia Legislature, have formed themselves into an association called the Civil and Political Rights Association, and have issued a call for a State Convention of colored citizens to be held in Macon, on the first Tuesday in October. The document is temperate in tone.

The Louisiana Senate has passed the negro equality bill, which prohibits distinctions being made in any place of public resort, or in any public conveyance on account of race or color under penalty of fine and imprisonment.

It is said that a majority of the State Board of Registration in Louisiana have decided that under no circumstances whatever shall a Democrat be placed on any board of supervisors.

Further outrages against U. S. authorites attempting to execute legal processes, are reported in Kentucky. An organization to prevent the execution of all such processes is thought to exist in several counties.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE registration of voters for the Parliamentary election, which will commence about the 13th of November next, is being prosecuted with great diligence throughout the British Isles. At many places women have formally demanded that their names be placed upon the lists of voters, on the ground that they possess the property qualifications prescribed by the Reform bill, and the legal aspects of the question as well as the extent of the movement have excited much public interest on the subject. Over six thousand claimed the right to be registered in Manchester alone, and their demands were urged in an able speech before the registered officials by Miss Lydia Beecher. After argument on both sides their claim was disallowed. The judges at Westminster have finally overruled the application on the ground that an amendment to the Reform bill proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Mill, substituting the word person for man, was rejected, and that by this action the House clearly indicated the intent and purpose of the bill in this respect.

Reverdy Johnson had his first interview with the Queen of England at Windsor Castle, the day after her return from the continent. Mr. Johnson was introduced by Lord Stanley and presented his credentials. The Queen and Court left on the 14th for Scotland.

The International Congress of Workingmen at Brussels brought their session to a close on the 14th. They advise workingmen to oppose war, and in case of war, to abstain from following their trades. They also advise them to discountenance assassination and to use every effort to promote the education of the poor.

War is expected by the best informed at the capitals in Europe, and is expected to commence suddenly before the close of the present year. King William has made a speech at Kiel, in which he says he sees no cause of war in Europe, but that if the Germans are compelled to fight, they will do it effectually.

The Emperor Napoleon, the Empress and the Prince Imperial have made a visit to Queen Isabella of Spain at St. Sebastian.

A terrible explosion took place at a cartridge factory in Metz on the 18th inst. Thirty persons were killed outright and eighty-two were badly injured. The building in which the explosion occurred was torn to pieces.

A battle has been fought near Phillippopel between the Turkish troops and Bulgarian insurgents, in which the latter were defeated. The Turkish loss was heavy.

The Japanese war is still in progress. A great panic has broken out in the southern provinces, and the Mikado has been requested to resign. Sendai has captured and burned the strong fortress of Sirakawa, and Tosa has left the southern coalition. The uncle of the present Mikado has been appointed Mikado by the northern princes, and has entered upon the duties of the office and issued a proclamation. Numerous engagements have taken place betwen the northen and southern troops, in which the northerners were completely victorious.

Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, and Prince Hohenlohe, the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Bavaria, have formally exchanged the ratification of the treaty relative to citizenship.

John Wilson Patten, member of Parliament for North Lancashire, has been appointed Secretary of State for Ireland, vice Earl Mayo, appointed Governor-General of India.

The Hungarian Diet proposes to establish universal religious toleration throughout the kingdom.

Paris journals report that a general movement against the Queen has commenced in Spain, and that it is headed by Gen. Prim and by the Generals who were recently exiled. Some accounts say that the rebels are moving upon Madrid in force. Several members of the Spanish Cabinet have resigned. Martial law has been proclaimed at Madrid.

WHALEN CONVICTED.—The trial of Whalen closed at Ottawa, on the 15th inst., the jury rendering a verdict of guilty. The accused solemnly asserted his innocence, claiming that the evidence had been deliberately concocted to convict him. He was proceeding to accuse the government of the illiberal and cruel treatment of Irishmen, when the Judge interrupted him, and said that in Canada all persons are treated alike before the law. He was sentenced to be executed Thursday, December 10th.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.—The election for State officers and members of Congress in Maine took place last week, after a canvass of unusual vigor by both parties. The Republicans supported Governor Chamberlain for re-election, and the Democrats their candidate of last year, Hon. F. Pillsbury. The result was in favor of the former, by a majority of about 20,000. The Republicans elected all their Congressmen, and gained three Senators in the Legislature.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—Last advices state that an amnesty had been proclaimed in favor of all but the leaders in the late rebellion in Hayti. A priest had made the offer to surrender Miragonee to Salnave's force. The Cacolas were concentrating their forces to arrest the new movement in favor of Salnave. It is probable that the whole south will return to Salnave should Ganaives and Cape Haytien fall, but fears are entertained that the north will secede and form an independent government.

UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION.—The general convention of the Universalists of the United States met in Providence R. I., last week. Delegates were present from all parts of the country. Officers were elected as follows:—President, Rev. J. G. Bartholomew, of New York; Vice President, Rev. J. Marvin, of Minnesota; Secretary, Rev. J. G. Adams, of Massachusetts; Assistant Secretaries, Rev. J. B. Dodge, of Connecticut, and Rev. Mark Powers, of Vermont.

PRINT WORKS BURNED.—The print works attached to the Washington Manufacturing Company's Mills at Gloucester, N. J., were destroyed by fire last week. Total loss a quarter of a million of dollars.

THE iron Mountain at Cobden, Illinois, is about five miles long, two hundred feet high, and full of ore of unusual purity. A part of the mountain is owned by the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

EIGHT HUNDRED MILES COMPLETED.

ANOTHER hundred-mile post has been reached on the Union Pacific Railroad; not many times more can we repeat this report, which has come to us eight times within two years past, before the whole line to the Pacific ocean will be complete, and the longest railroad in the world will be in successful operation. Less than one year ago the achievement of five hundred miles was made the occasion for national congratulation that half a thousand miles of the national railroad had been built; now three hundred miles have been added, and the Indian-summer days will see the track-layers at or beyond the point which marks nine hundred miles. Such rapidity of construction, unparalleled in the history of railroading, has not been attained at the expense of safety or permanence, as is testified by the government commissioners appointed to examine and report upon the road, and by a multitude of intelligent eye-witnesses of the condition and working of the road. The Union Pacific Railroad has been frequently referred to as a national work. The extent of this nationality has just been made strikingly manifest by a report upon army transportation on the Plains, recently made by the United States Quartermaster-General. From this report, it appears that the price paid the railroad for transportation of army freight is only about one-fourth that paid for similar service by wagons. The amount paid the railroad in 1867, for such transportation, was about $700,000, and the same amount of transportation by wagons at the contract price for that year, would have cost $2,625,536 00. In other words, the saving to the government by the railroad, in one year, with an average of 386 miles in operation, was almost two million dollars. General Sherman well said that government could better afford to build the road entirely at its own expense than to have it remain unbuilt.

The Treasurer's report shows the net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1868, to have been over four million dollars. This, of course, was on way business alone, and gives only a hint of what the total traffic will be when the road shall be complete.

So rapidly is the road being built, that there now remains no doubt that the whole line to the Pacific will be finished next year. Further information concerning the road and its popular securities, will be found in another column.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the *best book for everybody* that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era.*

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 22, 1868.

THE eastern markets are quiet. The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser of Saturday evening says:—"The week closes on a very easy money market, the supply being unusually large and the rate of interest low. The drain of currency to the West seems to have almost ceased, while there is but little demand as yet from the South. The market closed in good supply to call borrowers at 3@5 per cent.—chiefly at 4 per cent. The bank statement, though showing a gain in legal tenders, cannot be regarded as satisfactory, the loss of gold causing a reduction of over half a million in the surplus over the legal tenders."

Western papers represent general trade to be rather dull. The Prairie Farmer, Chicago, of the 16th inst., says:—"The country demand for currency continues larger, principally on grain account, which is still coming forward liberally. The local demand is active, but generally readily met by the banks at ordinary rates for all No. 1 paper. Eastern exchange is easy; sales between banks at 50 cts. off $1,000. Counter rates steady at par selling, $1.50 per $1,000 discount buying. Government securities are all firm."

The Chicago Republican is down on the flour dealers for reporting sales on "p. t.," adding that it is impossible to give a correct report of the condition and tone of the market when the price is withheld. It is thought that dealers would better promote their own interests by discontinuing this mode of reporting sales altogether.

The Western wool market is quite active, and sales are made at improved rates.

LOCAL MARKET.—The market this week shows a few changes. Flour is steady at quotations. White wheat unchanged. Red a shade lower. Corn is scarce and higher. Rye steady. Oats and barley have advanced and are in good demand at quotations.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is still high. Cut meats a shade better. Other articles generally without quotable change. A few dressed hogs are offering at quotations. Eggs advancing.

WOOL.—We note a sale last week of 40,000 pounds domestic at 42c. Domestic Combing wool is scarce here, and prices range from 50 to 55c. Canadian is better.

HAY—Is in active demand at an advance of about $3 per ton for best quality.

ROCHESTER, SEPT. 21—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,75; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,00@2,10; Do. white, $2,00@2,00; Rye, $1,50@1,55; Oats, 68@72c; Barley, $1,60@1,65; Beans, $2,50@3,00; Pork, mess, $30,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,50; Dressed hogs, cwt., $00,00@00,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 22@25c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@17c; Lard, 20@22c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 21@27c; Wool 38@42cts; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@23. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,75@0,88; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 20@30c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 19.—Ashes, pots, $9,50@9,56½; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 20@25½c. Flour, $6,70@14,00. Wheat, $1,70@2,60. Rye, $1,50@1,52. Barley, $1,80@1,90. Corn $1,17@1,22. Oats 67@73½c. Hops, 15@25c. Pork, mess, $29,00@29,25; new mess, $28,90@29,25; prime, $24,00@24,50; prime mess, $25,50@26,00. Beef, new plain mess, $15,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $25,00@30,00. Shoulders, 12@13c. Hams, 18½@19c. Bacon, 14@14½c. for Cumberland-cut; 15@15½c for long-ribbed; 15½c short-clear. Lard, 19½@20½c. Butter, 31@41c. Cheese, 13@17½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 19—Flour, $7,00@14,00. Rye Flour, $8,75@8,75. Corn Meal, $2,50@2,60 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,70. Rye $1,55@1,65. Barley, $1,75. Corn, $1,20@1,20. Oats, 71@71c. Pork mess, $29@30,00; Clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $34,00. Smoked hams 20@21c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 19@19½c. Butter, 41@43c. Cheese, 5@16c. Wool, 40@55c.

BUFFALO, SEPT. 19—Flour, $8,75@13,00; Rye flour, $7,00@7,25; Wheat, $1,65@2,10; Corn, $1,07@1,08; Oats, 62½@63c; Rye, $1,35; Barley, $1,75; Peas, $1,65; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Clover seed, medium, $8,75@9,00; Pea vine do. $0,00@00,00; Timothy, $2,80@3,00; Flax, $2,30. Provisions—Pork, mess, $30,00@31; Lard, 20@21c; Hams, 21½c; Shoulders, 14c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 42@43c; Cheese, 14@17; Eggs, 23@25c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 19.—Flour, $6,50@14; Wheat, $1,51@1,58; Corn, 93½@97c; Oats 50@51½c; Rye, $1,15½@1,16; Barley, $1,69½@1,70; Pork, mess, $29,25@29,50; Lard, 19@19cts. Butter, 20@38c; Cheese, 12@19c; Eggs, 15@17½c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3,00@5,50.

TORONTO, SEPT. 18—Flour, $5,65@6,50; Wheat, spring, $1,20@1,25; fall, $1,20@1,30; Oats, 50c; Barley, $1,02@1,03; Peas, 95c@97c. Pork, mess, $24@34,00; prime, $17@17; Bacon, 10½@12½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 17½@18c; Butter, 17@22c; Cheese, 10½@12c; Hay, $10@14; Straw, $12@13. Wool, 25@26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT 14—Beeves—Receipts 5,660 head; quotations at 10@17c. Cows—Receipts 212 head; quotations at $60@120. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,781 head; quotations 6@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 34,400 head; quotations 4@9c. Swine—Receipts 20,452 head; quotations 7@13½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, SEPT. 16—Beeves range from 6@14c. Working Oxen, $155@250 ℔ pair; handy steers and slim oxen, $100@300. Milch Cows, $45@100; Heifers and farrow, $32@50; Yearlings, $19@30; two-year-olds, $32@45; three-year-olds, $45@60. Sheep and Lambs, per head, in lots, $2,00@4,50; Fat hogs, ℔ lb., 10½@11c; young pigs, 10@11½c; Hides, 9½@10½c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 20@22c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7@9c.; Pelts, 75c; Live Poultry, 18@23c ℔ lb.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 16.—Beef Cattle, $3,00@6,75; Sheep, 2@3½c; Lambs, $1,50@2,75; Hogs, 8½@11½c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 19—Beef cattle range at from $2,50@7,25. Sheep, 2½@4c. Hogs, live, $6.50@10,50.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 18.—Beef Cattle, 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 4@5c. gross; Hogs, 15@15½c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 18.—Beef cattle range at 10@16½c.; Milch Cows, $35@80; Veal Calves, 6@9c; Sheep, 5@7c; Lambs 7@10c; Hogs, 9@11c.

TORONTO, SEPT. 18.—Beeves range at $5,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 19—Market is firm. Sales are 650,000 lbs. at 47@52c. for Domestic Fleece, 56@58c for combing, 42@50c for pulled, 54@60c for tubbed, 28@35c. for Texas, 25c for Mexican, 31½@35c for California, spring clip, 42½c for Mestiza, and 30c in gold for Cape.

BOSTON, SEPT. 17—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 42@50c; pulled, 45@55cts; medium and extra Western, 40@55cts; new combing fleece, 53@55c, and Canada do. 62@62c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 16—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 35@37c; Tub Washed, 43@46c; Unwashed, 27@29c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 18—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@48c; fine wool, 38@42c; medium and coarse, 29@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 18—Unwashed wool, 30@33c; bury, 22@25c; tub-washed, 44@46c; Fleece, 42@45c; Pulled, 39@33c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

SEEDLINGS ON SALE—100,000 Pear, 100,000 2 year, and 50,000 1 year-old Apple, 50,000 Cherry, 40,000 Plum Seedlings, on sale. S. P. WILLIAMS & CO., 975-4t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PATENT SCREW STUMP Machine for the farmer's use. Simple, safe, economical, cheap, and decidedly the *best* in use. Will pull the largest stump with ease. For particulars send for circular to 975-4t GEO. CHAMBERLAIN & SON, Olean, N. Y.

WANTED!—BOOK AGENTS, TO SELL THE "LIFE OF NAPOLEON III," by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. First class canvassers, wishing a new and very attractive work, with no competition, should secure territory at once. 975-2teo B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

SEED POTATOES.—ON RECEIPT OF $5 THE subscriber will deliver at the RR. freight house, in Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y., one barrel of fine Early Goodrich Potatoes. Yield over 200 bushels per acre, for the field. WM. M. NEWMAN, Fairport, N. Y.

S. B. EMERY'S PATENT TURKEY CALL—An entirely new invention; may be carried in your vest pocket, and used successfully by any one *without practice*; imitating *perfectly* any sound that a Turkey can make, old or young, (gobbling excepted.) Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1. Address S. B. EMERY, Trivoli, Peoria Co., Ill.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS AND A 50 Ct. stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female Agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business. Full particulars free, together with the 50 ct. stamp, by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cts. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., N. Y. City.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING.—THE Hunters' Guide and Trappers' Companion. A book for Farmers, Hunters, Trappers and Boys. Tells how to hunt and trap *all kinds* of game, from the mink to the bear and deer. How to cure skins, make boats, traps, &c., &c. A NEW book, just out, the only *cheap* and reliable work ever printed. Price only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Sent post free by HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H.

℞ WE SHOULD NOT SUFFER from a cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

SURPRISE OATS—A GREAT SUCCESS.—The Mammoth Prolific Surprise Oats are earlier to harvest, yield from 100 to 150 bushels (in favorable seasons) to the acre, and weigh 40 to 48 lbs. to the bushel; are admired by all who see them, and receive prizes over all others at the Fairs wherever exhibited. I offer them for sale this fall at the following low prices:—1 lb. by mail, postage paid, 40 cts.; 4 lbs. $1; 1 bushel, by railroad or express, $5; 2 bushels, in bags, $10. Cash to accompany orders. Address 975-1t J. W. KNAPP, Davenport, Iowa.

GOOD NEWS FOR HARD TIMES.—BUY no more Soap, but make it yourself. It is as easy as mending a hole in a stocking, and will only cost two cents a pound. ONE POUND OF

GEO. F. GANTZ & CO.'S PURE WHITE ROCK POTASH

will make fifteen pounds of best Hard Soap.
☞ Ask your storekeeper to get it for you at No. 136 & 138 Cedar Street, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—THE REopening of old wounds is a source of great suffering to thousands. Some wounds, on the other hand, are never perfectly closed. In either case, whether the wound has degenerated into a slow sore, or, after having been apparently healed, has violently broken out afresh, Holloway's Ointment, applied as a dressing, will eventually remove every particle of inflammation, fill the orifice with sound flesh, and permanently prevent any further pain or trouble from the part. Sold by all druggists.

AZURENE
CONCENTRATED INDIGO
For the Laundry.—Free from Oxalic Acid.—See Chemist's Certificate.
A Patent Pocket Pincushon or Emery Bag IN EACH TWENTY CENT BOX.
For Sale by all respectable Grocers and Druggists.

MENEELYS' BELLS.
ESTD OCT. 9, 1850 & JULY 28, 1868
Bells for Churches, Academies, Factories, etc., of which more have been made at this establishment than at all the other foundaries in the country combined. All Bells warranted.
☞ An Illustrated Catalogue sent free upon application to
E. A. & G. R. MENEELY,
975-13t West Troy, N. Y.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT
Asbestos Cement
For repairing leaks of all kinds on roofs, and
FOR USE OF BUILDERS AND TINNERS.
78 William Street, New York.

GET THE BEST!
WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.
10,000 *Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.*

Viewed as a whole, we are confident that no other living language has a dictionary which so fully and faithfully sets forth its present condition as this last edition of Webster does that of our written and spoken English tongue.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The work is a marvelous specimen of learning, taste, and thorough labor. We praise it heartily, because we believe it deserves the heartiest praise.—*N. Y. Albion.*

These three books are the sum total of great libraries; the Bible, Shakspeare, and Webster's Royal Quarto.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

THE NEW WEBSTER is glorious—it is perfect—it distances and defies competition—it leaves nothing to be desired.—*J. H. Raymond, LL. D., Pres't Vassar College.*

The most useful and remarkable compendium of human knowledge in our language.—*W. S. Clark, President Mass. Agricultural College.*

WEBSTER'S NATIONAL PICTORAL DICTIONARY.

The work is really a *gem of a Dictionary*, just the thing for the million.—*American Educational Monthly.*

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.
Sold by all Booksellers.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE METROPOLITAN GIFT CO.—*Cash Gifts to the amount of $250,000.—Every Ticket Draws a Prize.*

5 Cash Gifts, each	$10,000	40 Cash Gifts, each	$500
10 " " "	5,000	200 " " "	100
20 " " "	1,000	300 " " "	50

50 Elegant Rosewood Pianos.....Each $300 to $750
75 " Melodeons..... " 75 to 150
550 Sewing Machines..... " 50 to 175
500 Fine Gold Watches..... " 75 to 300
Cash Prizes, Silver Ware, &c., all valued at $1,000,000.

A chance to draw any of the above Prizes for 25c. Tickets describing Prizes are *sealed* in Envelopes and well mixed. On receipt of 25c. a *Sealed Ticket* is drawn without choice and sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of *One Dollar.* Prizes are immediately sent to any address by express or return mail.

You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. *Any Prize exchanged for another of same value.* No Blanks. Our patrons can depend on fair dealing.

REFERENCES:—We select the following from many who have lately drawn Valuable Prizes and kindly permitted us to publish them:—S. T. Wilkins, Buffalo, $5,000; Miss Annie Monroe, Chicago, Piano, $650; John D. Moore, Louisville, $1,000; Miss Emma Walworth, Milwaukee, Piano, $500; Rev. E. A. Day, New Orleans, $500. We publish no names without permission.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—"The firm is reliable, and deserve their success."—*Weekly Tribune, Aug. 8.* "We know them to be a fair dealing firm."—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 28.* "A friend of ours drew a $500 prize, which was promptly received."—*Daily News, Sept. 3.*

Send for circular. Liberal inducements to Agents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every package of Sealed Envelopes contain *one cash gift.* Six Tickets for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 110 for $15. All letters should be addressed to
HARPER, WILSON & CO.,
173 Broadway, New York.

SEND THREE CENT STAMP for CIRCULAR on Cranberry Culture. ORRIN C. COOK, 974-4t South Milford, Mass.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The National Life Insurance Co.—Jas W Reed.
Rochester Business University—L L Williams.
Great Distribution—Harper, Wilson & Co.
Get the Best—G & C Merriam.
Holloway's Ointment.
Good News for Hard Times—Geo F Gantz & Co.
Meneely's Bells—E A & G B Meneely.
Azarene—Concentrated Fluid go.
Choice Spanish Merino Sheep—Sheldon & Son.
Seedlings to Sell—S P Williams & Co.
Wanted Book Agents—B B Russell.
Seed Potatoes—Wm M Newman.
S B Emery's Patent Turkey Call—S B Emery.
Chamberlain's Screw Stump Machine—Geo Chamberlain & Son.
Asbestos Cement—H W Johns.
For Sale—W H Pillow.
Seneca Black Cap—Warren Wight.
Surprise Oats—J W Knapp.
$100 a Month—C L Van Allen.
Wanted Agents—Secomb & Co.
100 Farmers—Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Novelty and Champion Clothes Wringers.
The Union Apple Pearer—D H Whittemore.

The News Condenser.

— Capt. Travers is to open a pistol gallery in Chicago.
— A banquet of horse meat is to be given in New York.
— The velocipede mania shows no relapse in France.
— Paris has started a steam omnibus.
— Cincinnati has a blacksmith 110 years old.
— Philadelphia has 1,000 tenant houses under way.
— The "Wickedest Man" meditates a lecturing tour.
— A niece of Sontag is to sing in London.
— Napoleon's fete day cost Paris $100,000.
— The Virginia tobacco crop is the best since 1860.
— Long Branch proposes to have a theater.
— It is said Ole Bull has invented a new piano.
— London cabmen are again on a strike.
— There are 20,000 Americans now in Paris.
— The Persian throne has lost its heir by cholera.
— Peaches are 50 to 75 cents a bushel in Southern Texas.
— Vesuvius threatens to belch forth again.
— Butter is seventy cents a pound in Philadelphia.
— Evansville, Indiana, has a $97,000 opera house.
— St. Louis is organizing a Buffalo hunt—tickets $20.
— There are nine thousand Jews in Chicago.
— The apple crop of Long Island is a failure.
— Grasshoppers are sucking grapes in Ohio.
— Utah is paying twenty-five cents apiece for apples.
— Panthers are on the rampage in Louisiana.
— Boston is setting up 20 fountain hydrants.
— The Emir of Bokhara is dead.
— A Havana firm has failed for $6,000,000.
— New York has another case of yellow fever.
— Montana will have a bountiful harvest this year.
— Paris has 12,512 cafes and 20,000 billiard tables.
— It is said all the lakes in Utah have sea-serpents.
— Elliott, the portrait painter, left a fortune of $80,000.
— The Pacific whale fishery is a failure this year.
— A monastery was lately dedicated in Baltimore.
— Dartmouth College has graduated 3,550 students.
— Russia is to hold a great horse show at Moscow next year.
— The Siamese twins have left for Paris to seek a separation.
— St. Paul has raised $1,200 to relieve the Red River farmers.
— Italy has realized $32,000,000 from the sale of church property.
— Dr. Nelaton, the Paris surgeon, is going to quit practice soon.
— Wild honey is being gathered in large quantities in Arkansas.
— A postal service for the Isthmus of Suez is being organized.
— Missouri claims to have plumbago enough to supply the world.
— A case of sunstroke occurred in New York on Saturday week.
— The Viceroy of Egypt is building a palace to cost $2,500,000.
— The Baptists have 191 churches and 71,478 members in Sweden.
— Two per cent. a month is the common California rate of interest.
— Southern Kentucky promises twice as much tobacco as last year.
— An escaped bear has been roaming in the streets of New Haven.
— Jacob Young and wife were murdered near Indianapolis lately.
— Taxable property in Brooklyn increased eleven millions last year.
— The Hahnemann College building in Philadelphia is now completed.
— The Chief of the Oncida Indians preached in New York last week.
— The Mayor of Savannah estimates the population of that city at $400.
— The White Mountains have had seven thousand visitors this season.
— The Pennsylvania oil wells turned out 12,225 barrels a day last month.
— English papers say Dickens carried home $260,000 of Yankee money.
— American hay from Nebraska has been selling in Liverpool for $25 a ton.
— The Springfield, Ill., postmaster is about $12,000 short in his account.
— Gen. Sherman is to have another cavalry regiment for the Indian service.
— Mail agents on the Union Pacific Railroad are armed with Spencer carbines.
— A quarry of real French burr millstone has been found in Southern Illinois.
— Two-thirds of all the gloves sold in New York are said to be made of rat skin.
— The largest corn crop ever grown in Minnesota is nearly ready for harvesting.
— By announcement of the second adventists in Wisconsin the world ends Oct. 1.
— St. Petersburg has five daily papers—four published in Russian and one in French.
— The game season for quails and prairie chickens has opened in Illinois and Indiana.
— New York letter carriers in the upper districts are to be mounted on velocipedes.
— Cornelius Vanderbilt can draw his check for $6,000,000 any time, and get it cashed.
— The Baltimore and Annapolis oystermen have commenced operations for the season.
— France and England have copies of each other's official publications for several hundred years.
— The largest Roman Catholic church in the United States is to be completed in Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Union Apple Parer—(The knife pares going both ways)—and Apple Paring, Coring and Slicing Machines, (all done at once.) Manufactured by D. H. WHITTEMORE, WORCESTER, MASS.

No Clothes Wringer can do its work evenly and easily with one end of the Rollers pinned together. The NOVELTY AND CHAMPION WRINGERS have NOT this objection. Examine before you buy.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure the Itch.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT will cure Salt Rheum.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures Old Sores.
WHEATON'S OINTMENT cures all Diseases of the Skin.
Price 50 cents;—by mail 60 cents. All Druggists sell it
WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Proprietors. 922

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHOICE SPANISH MERINO SHEEP FOR sale, low to the trade.—100 Ewes and forty Rams, from one to three years old, bred by us. JOHN SHELDON & SON, Moscow, Livingston, Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—ABOUT 18 ACRES OF LAND ON the east bank of the Genesee River, within the city of Rochester, now under high and successful cultivation as a market vegetable and fruit garden. For particulars address the subscriber, or call on the premises between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Also a large lot of Franconia Raspberry plants (the best red raspberry for market) for sale at $25 per 1,000. W. H. PILLAW, 230 N. St. Paul st., Rochester, N. Y.

SENECA BLACK CAP.

$10 per 100, $2 per dozen. All plants grown from the tips, and are well assorted. All winning plants of this great Raspberry will do well to send stamp and get my prices, &c., &c. Also Davison's Thornless, Potatoes—Shaker's, Harrison's, Early Rose. All stock number one. Address WARREN WIGHT, 975-1t Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

THE NATIONAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, APPROVED JULY 25, 1868.

CASH CAPITAL ..... $1,000,000.

BRANCH OFFICE PHILADELPHIA,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,

Where the general business of the Company is transacted, and to which all general correspondence should be addressed.

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This Company, National in its character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium and New Tables, the most desirable means of insuring life yet presented to the public.

The rates of premium, being largely reduced, are made as favorable to the insurers as those of the best Mutual Companies, and avoid all the complications and uncertainties of Notes, Dividends and the misunderstandings which the latter are so apt to cause the Policy-Holders.

Several new and attractive tables are now presented which need only to be understood to prove acceptable to the public, such as the INCOME-PRODUCING POLICY and RETURN PREMIUM POLICY. In the former, the policy-holder not only secures a life insurance, payable at death, but will received if living, after a period of a few years, *an annual income equal to 10 per cent.* (10 *per cent.*) *of the par of his policy.* In the latter, the Company agrees *to return to the assured the total amount of money he has paid in, in addition to the amount of his policy.*

The attention of persons contemplating insuring their lives or increasing the amount of insurance they already have, is called to the special advantages offered by the National Life Insurance Company.

Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on application to the Branch Office of the Company in Philadelphia, or to its General Agents.

LOCAL AGENTS ARE WANTED in every City and Town; and applications from competent parties for such agencies, with suitable endorsement, should be addressed TO THE COMPANY'S GENERAL AGENTS ONLY, in their respective districts.

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RESIDENCE FOR SALE.—The Subscriber offers for sale his residence in the village of Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., containing about an acre of ground, house in excellent condition has the following rooms:—Parlor, library, hall, bathing-room, sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, six bed-rooms; also, there is on the premises a cold grapery, ice-house, barn, with cellar under it, good cisterns, both at the barn and the house, fine cellars, a furnace heats the house in the winter. The premises contain fine varieties of fruit, a well laid out flower garden. S. K. WILLIAMS.

FOR OILING HARNESS, CARRIAGE Tops, &c., there is nothing in use equal to FRANK MILLER'S PREPARED HARNESS OIL BLACKING.

For Boots and Shoes, FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE AND WATER PROOF OIL BLACKING stands unrivaled. It has been in extensive use for more than thirty years, and the demand is continually increasing.

For sale at most of the retail and jobbing houses through the country. 974-1t

WANTED—AGENTS FOR "PEOPLE'S BOOK of Biography," or Lives of eminent persons in every age and country, women as well as men, written by

PARTON,

the greatest living biographer, embellished with beautiful steel engravings. *Outsells every other work.* Exclusive territory—largest commissions. For descriptive circular address the publishers, A. S. HALE & CO., 974-13t Hartford, Conn.

STATE FAIR—J. W. MOUNT WILL EXHIBIT his Wood-Sawing Machine, Cider Screws, &c., &c. Don't fail to call on him and get circular and see Machines. 974-2t J. W. MOUNT, Medina, N. Y.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

SETS UP ITS OWN WORK, KNITS ALL sizes—widens and narrows, knits the heel into the stocking and narrows off the toe complete and, as improved within the last thirty days, is the most perfect knitter in the world. *Warranted* to be and do all we claim for it in *every instance*, or money refunded. For particulars, also circular and sample stocking, address, inclosing stamp, 974-tf J. D. ORNE & CO., 176 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS., No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City. SOLD EVERYWHERE. 974-tf

A BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—"Hints ON HOUSE PAINTING OR PAINTS AND COLORS and how to use them." Cloth. Copies sent free by mail on receipt of 40 cents. MASURY & WHITON, 973-2teo No. 111 Fulton Street, New York, Proprietors of Globe White Lead and Color Works.

PEEKSKILL PLOWS AND PLOW CASTINGS.—Send for List. PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

THE Bryant, Stratton and Williams

ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.

The most liberally patronized, and most eminently successful Business Institution in the Union.

It has been the ambition of the Proprietor to place this Institution on a permanently higher plane than has yet been attained, and with what success his efforts have been crowned may be readily seen by the success of the graduates, and its *immense* and *increasing* patronage. Young Men are crowding its Departments from every State and Province on the Continent, and hundreds of its graduates owe and *attribute* their success in obtaining lucrative and honorable positions in business to the thorough and practical education received in the ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.

HON. HORACE GREELEY will deliver the anniversary address before the students, alumni, and friends of the Institution, on the evening of Oct. 1st, prox. Subject:—"SELF-MADE MEN."

To induce a larger proportion of our patrons to enter earlier in the season than they otherwise would, thus obviating the inconvenience occasioned by the great influx of students which usually occurs later in the season, enabling us to classify with greater facility, we have decided to allow all who enter on or before Oct. 1, prox., a *discount of ten per cent. on Tuition.* There has never been a time since the establishment of this Institution when situations for our graduates could be so readily obtained. In fact the supply has been *inadequate to the demand.* No employment agencies have been found necessary—business men *come or send to us* for Young Men.

For further particulars address for beautifully illustrated, eight page "COLLEGE ADVOCATE," containing a faithful expose of our facilities,

L. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor, Rochester, N. Y.

800 MILES OF THE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect, before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It is now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its Way or Local Business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

FOUR MILLION DOLLARS,

which, after paying all expenses was much more than sufficient to pay the interest upon its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

ARE ENTIRELY SECURE.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's office in the City of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 23 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their Bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved. Subscriptions will be received in Rochester by the FIRST NATIONAL BANK, and RAYMOND & HUNTINGTON, No. 13 Exchange street, Rochester,

At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,
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John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall St.,
And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

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A PAMPHLET AND MAP FOR 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the Progress of the Work, the Resources of the Country traversed by the Road, the Means for Construction, and the Value of the Bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.
Sept. 1st, 1868.

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ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

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STORY OF A LIFE.

A LITTLE crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathering round;
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil;
A little rest from harvest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair;
A little night of faith-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

The Story Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 300, last No.]

"COUSIN DORA," I cried, "what is the matter?" adding, in a gentle tone—"I am afraid you are homesick and lonely. Let us both go to bed: you will feel better in the morning. The wilderness here is a 'garden of spices' every morning."

"No, no,"—and making the soft water to fall in a torrent,—"I am not homesick, nor more lonely than usual; but, O Cousin RUTH! think of it!—do you wonder it overcomes me?—the only other time I ever heard that bird was one evening at *his* mother's." Reader, I didn't know *his* name yet: she had never told me, and I now feared to ask. I might incautiously open some other jet in the fountain. However, I was somewhat accustomed to that form of speech. Pennsylvanian good wives always speak of their good men *in pronouns*,—"he," "him."

"It was," continued Cousin DORA, "just such a still summer night as this. We were all out on the back stoop: they live in the country. I had never heard a whip-poor-will before, and it was so distinct and clear I fairly started. He sat beside me; and he laughed and put his arm round me, asking me if I was afraid of a bird,—not a condor, either, but only a *whip-poor-will*. I whispered that I was afraid of nothing, in his protection; he drew me closer to him, and pretty soon manœuvred to have the rest of the family go in-doors. We two were left alone in the moonlight; the whip-poor-will came back again and again: and we talked and talked, till, at eleven o'clock, the moon went down. O, Cousin RUTH, do you wonder I weep at hearing those notes again?"

"No," I replied, "I do not wonder; but now, dear, do go to bed, for I am seriously afraid you will be sick. Think of the fatigue you have had to-day. I want you to sleep till very late in the morning, too. I promise you *I* shall not disturb you. Good night."

I made a motion to kiss her, but she only placed her languid little hand in mine, bade me "good night," and I went out.

In one of the "wee sma' hours" of that night, LINA woke me up.

"RUTH," she said, "in the name of everything wonderful, what's the matter with you?—you have been laughing aloud for the last fifteen minutes. Are you awake?"

"I wasn't awake; why, no," I replied. "Was I laughing? I didn't know it."

"You woke me up," said LINA.

"Did I? well—what wonder? O, LINA, I have been dreaming such dreams!"

"Till, like BUNYAN'S MERCY, you had to laugh in your sleep?"

"Ah, yes; but very unlike MERCY'S dream, were mine; not heavenly, but exceedingly terrestrial. I have been going over again, in vision, some of our fair cousin's love adventures. It's as good as a play to listen to her; I fear, though, the scenes will all be too tiresomely alike."

"I suppose," said LINA, "sickness and trouble are apt to make the sufferers tiresome to others; their talk will, naturally, be too monotonous, you know."

"Well, LINA, if visions of my head upon my bed disturb my gravity, and your slumbers, again, just gently admonish me that only *roosters* should crow at midnight."

"RUTH!" said LINA, shaking me, "what has come over you to-night?"

"I don't know; I feel as though I had been eating opium or hasheesh. I say, LINA, you must take the dose to-morrow night, by accompanying Cousin DORA to her room and receiving her confidence. I can't lose my sleep two nights running."

"I think I have lost as much as you," said LINA.

"Yes, but think of my delicate constitution, sister: it's very weakening to laugh so heartily."

"Is it?—then I advise you to go to sleep, and let me do the same."

I obeyed her, and was not again roused, till the breakfast bell startled me.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next day I learned the mystery of Cousin DORA'S lover's picture,—the reason why I could never hope to see it. She told him one day,—one of the few days during his short illness, when he could converse a little,—that if he died she should be broken-hearted, and that the torture of her grief would be renewed every time she looked upon his picture, or *any* keepsake he had ever given to her. Then he had kindly told her that she must *not* look at them; that he believed she loved him, and could continue to love his memory without enduring any needless suffering; and advised her to put all the little mementos of their love out of her sight,—to keep no picture of him but that in her heart.

"He was very sensible," I said. "There was no use in your suffering unnecessarily." And, by the way, this, with many other things she related of him, gave me the impression that her lover had been a plain, good-hearted fellow,—much too good for her. "A happy release for the poor young man, if he only knew it," I *thought*, but *said*—"Cousin DORA, do you know, you never yet told me his name?"

"Didn't I?" she asked in surprise.

"No," I replied, smiling, "not once."

"That is odd; and he had the prettiest of all names, too,—CHARLIE. His name was CHARLES HILLS."

"HILLS!" I exclaimed, with wide-open eyes; I could not conceal my astonishment. "I know a Mr. HILLS, and he came from New York, too."

"When?" she inquired, with interest. "About a year ago?"

"Yes,—nearly that."

"O, I know. Isn't his first name CLIFFORD?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be him. There wouldn't be two CLIFFORD HILLS; it's an odd name. He's a distant connection—third or fourth cousin—of CHARLES'. I used to be quite well acquainted with him."

"Well, we can soon find out whether this is he or not. It would be an odd coincidence if you found another Mr. HILLS here, and a friend of the first, too, perhaps another lover, Cousin DORA. Queerer things have happened."

She smiled and colored a little, then cast down her eyes.

"O, RUTH, don't speak of such things to me."

"I beg your pardon," I said; "it was a very rude joke. Are you well acquainted with this Mr. HILLS?"

"I used to be, two years ago; but I have scarcely seen him since. CHARLIE always thought CLIFFORD was very smart; at all schools, and at college he was the head one. I wonder if these Pennsylvania people appreciate him?"

"I don't know," I replied; "it's doubtful. Did he and Mr. CHARLES look anything alike?"

"A little; not much. CHARLIE was much fairer-looking. Ah, Cousin RUTH, if I could only have showed you his picture! but you see that expressed wish of his—his dying wish—was sacred with me, so the day after his funeral I put his pictures, all the other keepsakes he had given me, and all his letters into an old iron safe of father's, locked it, and had them remove it into the garret; then I took the key, went to the cemetery, and buried it deep down in the ground, at the foot of his grave. No one but myself can ever find it, or open that safe,—the little grave of all my hopes and love."

"What do you think, then, cousin," I inquired, "*is* it 'better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all?'"

"I don't know; either is gall and bitterness."

We were sitting on the front porch all this time, each of us reclining, in very agreeable, indolent fashion, in the depths of a huge easy chair. LINA now joined us, with a broad-brimmed straw hat on her head.

"Girls," she said, "wouldn't you like to take a walk through the orchard up to the top of the hill? the air is deliciously cool and sweet this morning."

We ran in for our hats and joined her. Passing round the corner of the house, between the fruit trees, up through the grassy orchard to the hill-top, we sat down to rest on a rustic bench, under a most miraculous pear tree, which bore on the one side Seckel, on the other sugar pears. They were nearly ripe, and mounting the bench and grasping the lowest limb, I swung myself up into the tree and shook down a green and golden shower of them. "They are so nearly ripe," I said, "I think they will not hurt us. Hold up your hands or your dress, Cousin DORA; here are two splendid ones."

But when I looked down I encountered such a horrified expression on our cousin's face that the shock nearly caused me to fall out of the tree. A merry laugh from LINA restored my equilibrium.

"RUTH," she said, "Cousin DORA is afraid you never will come down alive."

"I really am," she assented. "I didn't know that young ladies ever climbed trees; they don't in New York."

"I don't know that they make a practice of it here," said LINA, still laughing; "but RUTH spends about half of her time up in the air somewhere."

"If only you could see the prospect I can see," said I. "There is no observatory like a tree on the top of a hill. Only give me your hand, Cousin DORA, and let me help you up here."

"Me!" she cried. "I never could climb so high; and if I did I certainly never could get down again."

"Then you would have to stay up here, like that monk,—what was his name?—who lived on the top of a pillar; and we would arrange to send up your victuals to you. But a tree in an orchard is much better than a pillar in the desert; you would have fruit to eat all fruit time, and—"

"O, *do* be careful," she exclaimed; "you will fall."

"Why, I couldn't, Cousin DORA, if I tried. Don't you see how strong these branches are?"

"Yes, I see; but I tremble to look at you."

"Well, you shall not tremble for me; I will come down directly. Let me tell you what I see."

"How foolish, RUTH!" said LINA. "Can't we see the prospect for ourselves?"

"Why, no, my dear. I am sure at this elevation I can see several miles farther, in every direction."

"I can't believe that," returned LINA, "for the hills, to the north and east at least, shut in all outlook beyond them."

"Well, you can't see those men—Dutchmen, I guess—on that hill over there, among the grape vines. It's a daily mystery to me how a Dutchman can walk deliberately and easily up a hill-side, about as much inclined as the side of a house, never stopping to take breath either."

"RUTH!" repeated LINA.

"Yes, I *will* come down. Here, take these pears for Cousin DORA."

LINA held her apron for them, and they and I descended. "You can see the rest of the landscape for yourselves," I said. "The sooty village down there, the House of Refuge, the Ohio river beyond it, and the oil refinery over to the right, are its principal features. But, dear me, LINA! I see the prospect of another man—*two* more—coming up the hill in the lower orchard; they are almost to the rose bushes. Is it a pleasant prospect?"

"I don't know," replied LINA, musingly. "Who can they be? We didn't expect anybody to-day."

"No; they must want to see father; they would not come so early to call on us."

"Let us go down to meet them, anyway," said LINA. "Come, Cousin DORA. We will give them some pears." She went a little in advance, with her apron full, when, as we neared the house and could see the two men quite distinctly, though some lilac bushes prevented their seeing us, LINA turned to us,—the flush of the morning air gone entirely from her face,—pale even to her lips,—"O, RUTH," she said, "it's TOM and HARRY ANDREWS!"

I rushed forward, and in a moment was shaking hands with and kissing, most energetically, two great bronzed, whiskered fellows, who looked as if they might just have come from the steppes of Russia. I forgot entirely that both hands and face were somewhat grimy and sooty, (it's rather dangerous to unsullied purity to climb trees in the vicinity of Pittsburg,) and had them fairly up on the porch, seated in the easy chairs, before I knew which was which. Then I knew that TOM had blue eyes and brown hair, and was not as tall as HARRY; and as a blue-eyed countenance just then looked up at me with a merry "sparkle" which I recollected well, in the eyes, and a rich humor in the voice, familiar as though I had heard it last yesterday, instead of five years ago, I recognized TOM.

"Miss RUTH," the voice said, "you are a young lady, forsooth! I left you a little girl. Let me see, I bought you some candies for a parting gift, when I went away,—didn't I? or was it a rattle-box?"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I resemble a rattle-box?" I inquired; "but never mind,—I can't be angry with you just now; I am too glad to see you. Now, please excuse me a moment, and I will summon the rest of the household,"—for all the time, reader, LINA and DORA stood behind the lilac bushes, like two shrinking cowards, as they were. "I suppose," said I, this time addressing Mr. HARRY, "you saw father in town?"

"Yes," he replied; "he directed us how to come here. What a lovely place this is! I never was here before."

"Ah, but you haven't seen half its beauties yet," said I, laughing. "If you will excuse me a moment I will summon one of them to appear." I ran down the steps and round behind the lilac bushes. "LINA," I whispered, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, dear, I am; but I *couldn't* go forward then. We will go round the back way, and then I will go through the hall."

"In proper style," I said; "very well." I plucked a rose from a neighboring bush, and put in her hair. "Now you look *sweet*—rose and all. Go in."

We went round into the kitchen. "Will you come with me, Cousin DORA?" said LINA.

"O, no, please excuse me; they are strangers." So LINA went alone, and Cousin DORA did not see our guests till she met them at the dinner table. She and I were down in the lower orchard nearly all the rest of the morning, leaving LINA to entertain our visitors. I knew she needed no assistant at that, with all the "dear old times" of bright years gone, and intervening ones of absence to talk over.

KATE and I "got up" the dinner. What one didn't know the other contrived to remember or surmise, and between us we set out a very tempting repast. Father came home; Cousin DORA came down from her room, looking very pretty indeed in a new organdy muslin; LINA and her visitors came in, and we gathered round the table. To eat? To be sure we ate: that was the ostensible business. Likewise we *talked*. Not for an instant did our busy tongues flag. How *very* much we had to tell and hear! What a little eternity is five years, when passed in exile from all one loves! How easily, too, in five *hours* of home-talk and reunion, can the chasm be bridged over!

Of the faces round the table that day, *two* at least looked to the full, happy and *content*,—as though, after long buffeting with adverse winds and rough seas, their ship had entered a deep blue gulf stream, with sunny skies overhead. They could not but be happy. Whatever the Future might bring to them, the Present stood with her hands full of blessings; and as TOM was a hopeful, happy-hearted fellow, inclined to look behind the clouds in the darkest kind of a day, and LINA was patient and trusting, very thankful for the sunshine when it did condescend to come, they put out their hands and took them. TOM (we never by any chance or accident called him THOMAS, or Mr. ANDREWS,) was quite a handsome fellow, or would be when he should get some of the Californian and ocean tan off his face, and mow down his too rank whiskers. He had the broad, full face, clear blue eyes, brown hair, and frank, open expression, so often seen in the Scotch-Irishman as to serve for a type of that class,—very unlike in appearance to a real Scotchman, with his sandy hair and grave, plodding countenance, and as totally dissimilar to a real Irishman, with his rollicking, jovial, devil-may-care manner and glib tongue. He is the two united; but, like many other chemical mixtures, the third substance bears no resemblance to its two elements. They are a small, unique race—the Scotch-Irish—inhabiting the northeast corner of Ireland, the city of Pittsburg, and a little New York village called Argyle. They have their mingled bright and dark tints of disposition like the rest of us, one of the latter being a love of drawling DAVID'S psalms through their noses; or rather a weak, washy translation of the shepherd-poet's songs, which would, I presume, astonish no one more than DAVID himself, were he to chance to hear them. Another dark ingredient of their "make" is the possession of too stiff wills,—that's the Scotch of it, you see,—wills and temper altogether too *unbendable*. Still another is their too strong prejudices. They love and they hate with a vengeance; but often without much reason, something as a partial mother pets her favorite, neglecting the rest.

The brightest *light* in the picture is their warm-heartedness and generous kindness. Even a bitter prejudice cannot hold its own a moment before this feeling. If their direst foe should come to them in want or distress, with face overflowing with pity they would relieve him and comfort him. Akin to this is their overflowing hospitality. One can have some idea of the kind of devoted, martyr-mothers such women would make. I heard one of them wonder once at the cold and lifeless love of American women for their children, elicited, I think, by the presence of a wet nurse in a neighboring American nursery. Another outgrowth is a strong dislike of all forms and ceremonies. Dandies and fashionable ladies cannot live in the heat of their scathing scorn.

The Scotch-Irish are invariably found on the radical side of any controversy. In CROMWELL'S time they were Covenanters instead of High Churchmen. A century later they were Orangemen instead of Roman Catholics. On this side the water they are Republicans instead of Democrats. Perhaps no other city in the Union was so stanchly loyal through the war as Pittsburg; and of all the mourners when the bells tolled a requiem from Boston to San Francisco, as our murdered President was "going home," no people wore the mourning *on their hearts* more sincerely than the people there.

A writer in the Independent, speaking of the late Dr. DUFFIELD, says:—"He came of that wonderful North-Irish stock, which has contributed so much to the history and biography of America." HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, in her "Men of Our Times," says:—"No race has stronger characteristics, bodily or mentally, than that powerful, obstinate, fiery, pious, humorous, honest, industrious, hard-headed, intelligent, thoughtful and reasoning people, the Scotch-Irish." In America, "they were pioneers, Indian-fighters, politicians, theologians, and they were as polemic in everything else as in theology. JACKSON and CALHOUN were of this blood. * * * HORACE GREELEY is of this Scotch-Irish race." So are GEORGE H. STUART of Philadelphia, and ALEXANDER T. STEWART of New York; so was ADAM CLARKE.

CHAPTER IX.

TOM and LINA were not married five years before, because it was then only the dawn of father's prosperity. She could not think of deserting him and leaving me, a girl of thirteen, uncared for. TOM was poor, and she would not speak or hint of our living together. TOM, however, urged it seriously.

"I have a good trade," he said; "my income is increasing every year. I can before long buy a share in some business and turn in merchant, which I always had a hankering for. Only, LINA, don't have me wait, till we are both old and gray, for some fancied good fortune that may never come."

But LINA shook her head,—very sadly, but very firmly. "If our RUTH were only a few years older,—three years older, even,—I could leave her to keep house—keep a home—for father; but as it is,—poor father, now in his distress and trouble,—TOM, how could I desert him?"

"But, LINA," urged TOM, "I don't want you to desert him. I do not wish to take away his daughter, but to give him a son."

"Ah, that's it," rejoined LINA, with a loving look, which a mist of tears and her glasses both together did not conceal; "it's very generous and noble in you to wish to work for all of us; but it would make me wretched. No, sir, you shall only work for *me*. If we were rich, TOM, if father's fortune would only take a turn for the better, and we could buy that lovely hillside place down at Wood's Run, (we lived in Allegheny, in a small, two-story house in Laycock street,) you know, TOM," with a truthful, earnest look at him, "*who* would be the most welcome guest there. But, ah, it's a castle *in the air* in more senses than one."

"LINA," said TOM, suddenly, "if I was rich, and had abundance for all of us, would you marry me now and let me come and live with you?"

"Let me see," said LINA, "another such fairy castle! But, TOM, wouldn't that put father and RUTH on the footing of *poor relations?*"

"Father and RUTH! always father and RUTH!" growled TOM, with a frown on his handsome face. "Lina, what ill fate is against us? I love you; you love me; yet four or five dismal years must pass before you will be mine, and you will spend them delving, digging and working,—a slave!" TOM fairly ground his teeth. I believe in his heart he execrated *me* at that moment; he knew where the shoe pinched exactly.

"Oh, TOM," laughed LINA, "don't make it worse than it is. I don't work very hard. Why, all I do you would call child's play."

"Children don't often sew the eyes out of their heads," retorted TOM. But he never could keep angry very long. I believe he felt forgiving towards *me* in the course of the next five minutes. "If I could only keep your hands at rest awhile," he said, with a desperate clenching of his own; "it seems such a shame that I cannot, with these stout muscled ones of mine. But you won't let me do what I can. Why, LINA," putting his strong arm around her, and giving her such a look as a man could give only to the woman he both loved and pitied, "this endless, detestable work has already stolen half the light of your beautiful eyes."

"What of that?" she returned; "you have often said glasses were becoming to me."

"And so they are, my love; only they were bought too dearly, with years of toil and care, making a grandmother of you before you are a mother."

"TOM," said LINA softly, "don't, please. It seems as though you were blaming somebody. Nobody's to blame for our being poor. As to the work, I have done no more than the majority of girls. See my white hands, will you, sir; do they look as if they had been through much?"

"They're incapable of being made any other color," rejoined TOM, taking them between his own. "LINA, I will tell you one thing."

"TOM," she interrupted, "I will tell *you* one thing. You are quite unlike your usual self to-night; you are so terribly in earnest. *You* taking a gloomy view of life, and of *me!* It's a dismal looking evening to be sure," she added, glancing from the little parlor window. Laycock street, under a gray sky, *did* look a little gloomier, sootier, dirtier, than usual.

"But, LINA," persisted TOM, with a face as gloomily gray as the night outside, "whenever those naturally cheerful and hopeful are attacked by the blues, they are more woefully tortured by those little demons than those who are accustomed to their attacks. "LINA, gold may be but dross,—bank notes paper rags and all that, but just at this moment I think a few thousands would make us both very happy."

"I don't know, TOM," she replied, softly. "Are you so very miserable?"

"Yes," he replied, desperately, "I am. I love you; I want you to be my wife. The idea of waiting five or six years, till we are both old and gray and cold-hearted—"

"Oh, TOM, abominable!" and LINA'S laugh was like a merry peal of bells,—so clear and sweet, that he was fain to join her. "To think that we are going to grow old and gray and cold-hearted in three or four years,—before you are thirty or I twenty-five,—that is awful! But speak for yourself, sir. I intend to be fifty at least before I will own to being *old*, and as to cold-heartedness,—" TOM stopped all further speech from her with a kiss; the blue-black cloud parted in twain and vanished. TOM was "himself again," as he told LINA a plan he had thought of,—of going to California. His brother HARRY was more than half resolved to go; he himself would never listen to it before, but now he thought it might be for the best. "He *might* succeed; if he failed he would be no worse off than he was now. He would still have his trade at all emergencies."—[To be continued.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 4, 10, 5 is an abbreviation of a christian name.
My 2, 6, 13 is a four-footed animal.
My 1, 4 is a preposition.
My 15, 16, 2, 11 is a muscular action.
My 3, 2, 4 is a deed.
My 8, 9, 17, 18 is an adjective.
My 7, 14, 11 is a species of ox.
My 10, 12, 13 is a kind of grain.
My whole is a well-known proverb.

Elk Ridge, Howard Co., Md. E. J. SHRIVER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first to woman is given,
My last more chiefly to man;
My whole is the State that I live in;
Now tell me its name if you can.

September, 1868. TOMMY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

RIDDLE.

WHAT does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor men have, the rich require;
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

VIGE em teh nam sowhe shand veah sosted
Eth rone-dees ot het wollem lois,
Showe teef the torfes pedths veah rocsdes,
Eshow towb si blyno rownc'd thwi lito.

Rochester, Minn. ELLA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 973.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Hydrography is a description of the waters of the earth.

Answer to Charade:—Battle.

Answer to Anagram:

We are building little homes on the sands,
We are making little rooms very gay,
We are busy with our hearts and our hands,
We are sorry that the time flies away.
O why are the minutes in such haste?
O why won't they leave us to our play?
Our lessons and our meals are such waste!
We can dine very well another day.

Answer to Problem:—First—2258.91339+ rods the hound will have to run. Second—The hound travels 20.85792+ rods, and catches the last fox before he has reached the center, and .28684+ rods from it.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

OCTOBER is a season of harvest scarcely less bountiful to the provident farmer than the one of midsummer. The corn crop, with its store of grain and fodder, is to be secured, potatoes dug, and fruit gathered. The farmer should employ plenty of help, so as to secure all crops in season and in good order.

Animals.—All fatting stock should have some extra food this month, even if the pasture be flush. Grain fed on grass, in the cool autumn weather, will produce very satisfactory results. Remember it is easier to put fat on stock now than in mid-winter. Hogs should be pushed ahead as fast as possible. Cooked food is economical, and no extensive feeder can afford to do without it. It will pay to stable cows nights, and give them food in the manger. Cabbages, roots, and corn fodder are excellent, and a little meal or oil cake is indispensable. Work horses should be in the stable when not in the harness, and all stock ought to have the shelter of a straw stack, or a shed, accessible on frosty nights and rainy days.

Corn.—The bent, twisted or fallen shocks ought to be first husked to save the fodder and grain. It pays to secure the stalks in good order; if they are set up in compact, round bunches, and bound tightly at the top, they will stand a great deal of rain uninjured. But it is a good plan to draw the stalks when dry, especially if they are to be housed. It is a good plan to fill a shed or barn floor with corn, to be husked in rainy weather.

Grass Seed.—Many farmers sow timothy seed when they do wheat,—but it is apt to grow so large next summer as to injure the grain. This may be prevented by sowing the grass seed in October, and it will also be surer to catch than if sown in the spring.

Manure.—By keeping the hog pens and stables well littered with straw, leaves, or dry muck, a great deal of manure can be made and the comfort of the animals promoted.

Painting.—It is a good season of the year to paint buildings, as the paint will harden slowly and not dry so quick as to powder.

Poultry.—The farmer should fatten his poultry for market, by placing a dozen fowls in a coop and finishing them off. Do not sell lean poultry; the least profits are the greatest.

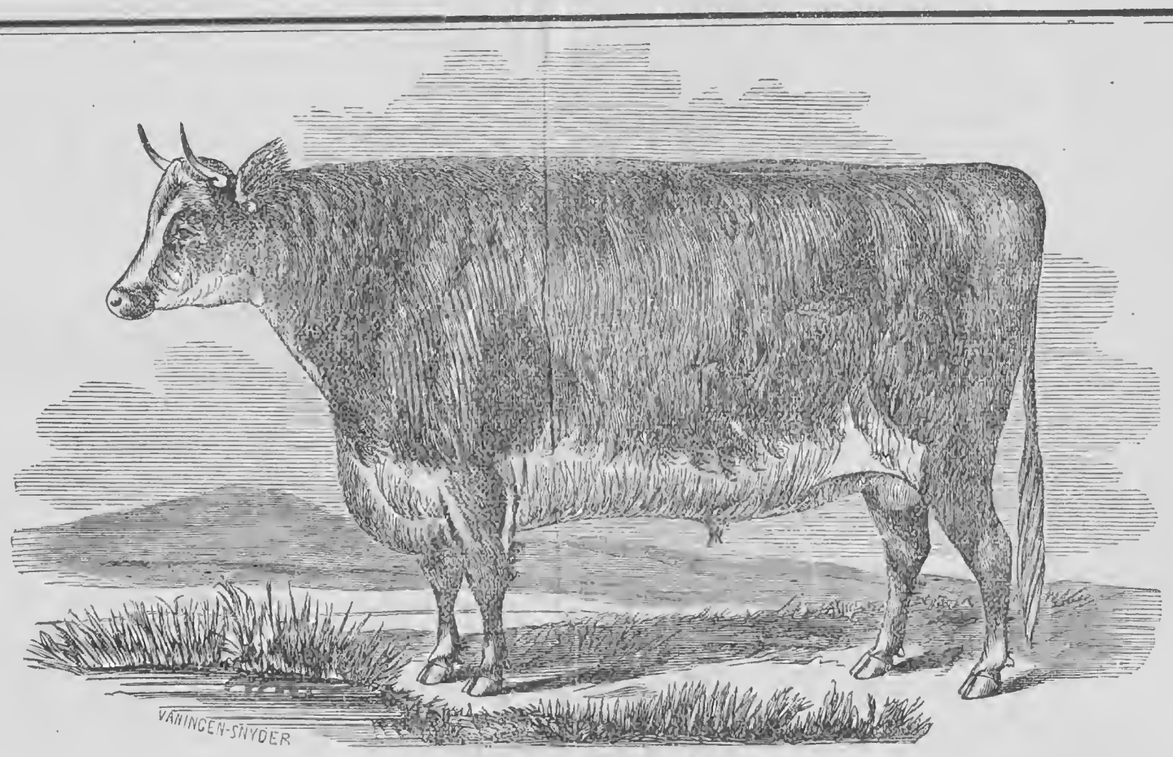
Potatoes.—Where this crop is grown for market, it is the main work of the month to harvest it. As yet farmers derive but little aid from horse power applied to potato digging. The potato hook, with round, steel tines, is the best hand implement. In many cases it pays to run a cultivator along the rows, to level the earth and draw some from the hills. The crop is first stored in piles on the surface of the ground and covered with straw and a light coat of dirt, or under the cover of a roof, where it remains until the potatoes sweat and the skin becomes tight. They are then ready for handling, and may be barreled or taken to market in bulk.

Stone—Should be picked from the fields which the mower and reaper will pass over next year. Autumn is a better time than spring for this work.

Roots grow well through this month, and the harvesting of them should be delayed as long as it is safe to do so.

Fall Plowing.—There is not enough of this done. We believe in plowing barley and oat ground invariably in the autumn. If it could be subsoiled at the same time it would become dry earlier in the spring and admit of more seasonable sowing. On thoroughly underdrained land subsoil plowing in autumn would be the best possible preparation for spring grain.

The Garden should be put in order this month, its remaining crops gathered, the soil manured, and, on heavy land, thrown into ridges for the winter. Farmers are too apt to neglect this, deeming the garden of comparatively small importance. A farm never should lack in this particular, for garden products are essentials in all homes, and should be duly provided.



SHORT-HORN OX.

BRED BY THOMAS BATES, HATTON CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

Slaughtered at six years of age; girth, 9 feet 2½ inches; weight of two fore-quarters, 727 pounds; hind-quarters, 632; tallow, 206 pounds; hide, 96 pounds.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Top Dressing Wheat with Straw.

IN a late number of the RURAL "A Constant Reader" asked if straw can be spread on newly winter sown wheat with good results. We called for practical information, and have received several responses, the majority of which tell against the practice. However, we should like to hear more from farmers on this subject. We give some of the letters. L. E. WALTMAN, this State, writes:—"The fall of 1866 I plowed an eight acre lot for wheat, thinking I had barn-yard manure sufficient to top dress the whole field. But it fell short about one-third, and as I could not obtain any of my neighbors, I drilled in the wheat and immediately drew out what dry straw I had on hand and spread it thin and nice over half of the remaining third. The wheat came up alike,—think the color of the strawed portion a little pale, but it all looked well when winter set in. Spring came, and in looking over the field I saw at once that the top dressed promised a good crop; where it had no dressing at all a fair yield, and where it was strawed the wheat stood thin and looked sickly. At harvest time the strawed portion was hardly worth the trouble of reaping, whilst the balance of the field gave a fine crop, that portion manured yielding the greatest number of bushels per acre. Soil, gravelly loam, in good condition for cropping; wheat sowed the first week in September."

F. SEMANS, Naples, N. Y., writes:—"I had a field of five acres, covered a portion of it with straw, and could see no material difference in the crop, excepting about one-tenth of the part covered was chess, the part uncovered being free from it."

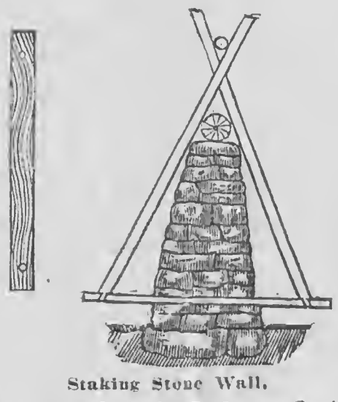
S. YOUNG, Essex Co., N. Y., writes to the contrary, thus:—"I have put straw on wheat many times; the best time is when first sown. To prevent the straw from blowing away, roll down. I once spoiled part of a field by putting straw on at the commencement of winter, in the hollows and around fences where the snow lay on late in the spring; it killed the wheat. It was too warm. I have sometimes put straw on in mid-winter,—intend to do it this winter. I feed oat straw to my sheep, and don't make them eat it up very clean. Take the orts from the racks daily, pile them up, and when I get a load I draw them out. I choose a day for this when the wind blows, the harder the better; have one man drive slow, and one man to throw the straw up in the air. Throw with the wind. Drive back and forth across the field. When the wind ceases I go with a fork and make the straw even as I can; the first snow or rain will keep it there. I have seen good results by putting straw on portions of the field in winter, where the snow blew off; it preserves the wheat in spring when thawing days and freezing nights come. That is the time when wheat kills out."

Letter from Alabama.

F. A. DULANY writes from Camden, Wilcox Co., Ala., as follows:—"In the middle of my farm are four ponds or small lakes. The largest is about 150 yards long by 40 yards wide, and it has been known to dry up in summer but once in eight years. The others dry up every summer, but there is always moisture in the surface. The land is rich and very productive, and I intend to make them available in the production of some valuable crop,—Indian corn, if nothing else,—as the land round about them is failing. I want to know your opinion of the culture of cranberries in this latitude? Would it do to plant where the roots are covered in water all winter and more or less dry in summer?

"We plant nothing of consequence here except corn and cotton. Small grain is so liable to rust as to be unprofitable. Our people here—farmers—are far behind the age in agricultural pursuits. There is vast room for 'progress and improvement.' If you could see the poor implements we use—the plows, &c., you would be surprised. We use no machinery, no improved implements of culture; as in the days of slavery, we do our work by main strength, as our unlettered daddies taught us; and our prejudices against the Yankees and book-farming are strong and promise to be everlasting. Some of us have thought of trying to effect some improvements in the introduction of improved agricultural implements, stock &c. But the Alabama River is monopolized by the 'Mobile Trade Company,' who own all the steamboats now plying the River, and freights are so high that we cannot purchase the implements,—they would more than double, in some instances, the original cost. Without cheap and certain transportation no community, however rich in soil and natural resources, can prosper. Mobile is our emporium, and there we have any amount of business men, such as commission merchants, &c., to divide with us the little our produce may bring; but there is no house in Mobile where a farmer can obtain, at a reasonable price, any of the innumerable improvements of the day in agricultural implements."

It is hardly a safe operation for you to attempt cranberry culture. Are they indigenous to your soil? Will they succeed in your climate? Have you a good market and plenty of labor? The ponds would require draining, leveling, and perhaps clay carted on then. It would not do to let stagnant water remain on the plants at all. Better get the improved farm tools and cultivate standard crops. Raise grass and stock, mules, cattle, horses, and sheep and wool.



Staking Stone Wall.

OUR correspondent, L. D. SNOOK, Barrington, N. Y., sends us the following:—"On examining the method of staking an old stone wall, I was so well pleased with it that a description is herewith given the readers of the RURAL. By the engraving it will be seen that near the bottom of the wall is placed, crosswise, a piece of wood; this piece is four inches wide, and from one and a-half to two inches thick. It projects from the wall one foot on each side. Two inches from either end is bored a one and a-half inch hole for the reception of the stake, as shown. By this plan shorter stakes can be used, which are not liable to decay, and are not heaved out by the action of the frost. The cost may be a trifle more than the common plan, but this is more than counterbalanced by the durability of the stakes."

Lead Encased Block Tin Pipe.

IN a recent issue of the RURAL we published an adverse opinion from a correspondent regarding the safety of the above named pipe. We give in reply the subjoined communication from the COLWELLS, SHAW & WILLARD M'F'G CO., and we add that we have no reason for changing the favorable opinion of the merits of the pipe which we formerly expressed in the RURAL, and that it is also held by many of the most eminent chemists of the country. The manufacturers write:

"In your issue of 12th Sept. you publish a communication from S. M. VICKERY, Darien, N. Y., under caption, 'Lead Encased Block Tin vs. Lead Pipe,' who asserts that 'galvanic action between the two metals by access of water will cause their disintegration and occasion lead poisoning,' and that 'simple lead pipe is less dangerous for the above reasons.' As this statement is totally unwarranted, in fact, calculated to mislead the public, and to do us great injury, we request the use of your columns in reply.

A glance at the scale of metals arranged in their electrical order will show that lead and tin approach very nearly to each other in their electrical conditions. Careful experiments with the galvanometer have proved that the currents excited when lead and tin are placed in juxtaposition with access of water are so feeble as to be practically unworthy of consideration. Further, a careful analysis of the water so exposed will show that the simple presence of tin has prevented corrosion of the lead, and effectually prevented lead poisoning of the water. It is well known that the salts of tin are harmless, while those of lead are exceedingly dangerous; and with regard to the alloy formed by the union of the two metals it is an undoubted fact that the addition of a small quantity of tin to lead considerably diminishes the corrosion and solution of the lead by pure soft waters. Are not lead and tin in juxtaposition with access of water in every soldered joint of simple lead pipe?—and in every soldered seam of leaden tanks? Does any galvanic action reveal itself there? Is it not well known to plumbers, and other experts in water pipes, that the vicinity of joints in lead pipes and cisterns are the last parts to corrode instead of the first, as would be the case were your correspondent correct in his theory? Again, every house plumbed in the ordinary manner has not only 'lead and tin in juxtaposition with access of water,' but also lead and iron, lead and brass, and other metals much more likely to induce galvanic action at every faucet, and at the connections with mains, water backs, boilers, &c.

"In conclusion we claim that our Lead Encased Block Tin Pipe completely and effectually isolates the lead from the water, and prevents the possibility of lead poisoning. The union of the two metals is perfect; they can only be separated by fusion; the alloy formed in the process of manufacture upon their surfaces imparts strength and additional security against any galvanic action taking place; in fine, it forms a homogenous pipe, unequalled in strength and for general efficiency."

Harvesting Buckwheat.

BUCKWHEAT is the most peculiar of the grain family in the manner of its ripening—a considerable portion being in the milk state when another will be fully matured. The point is to cut it in that stage which will save the most, and this is when about half of the grain has turned brown. If the straw were less sensitive to cold than it is, harvesting might be delayed longer, but when stricken by frost the growth is entirely arrested and the straw disposed to an early decay, preventing any further maturing of the grain. But, cut when a portion is in the milk and set up in bunches in the field, the juice of the straw, in which it is peculiarly rich, will cause the immature portions to ripen and little will be lost by over ripeness or a lack of it. The common grain cradle will be found the best implement for harvesting this grain as it leaves the straw in a condition to be easily gathered in bunches for setting up for drying.

Keep a Recipe Book.

ADDI sends us the following sensible advice: "In almost every paper one reads, there is some recipe for cure of summer complaint, or a felon, or some other of the ills belonging to humanity, as well as recipes for the making of and ministering to the bodily wants in the way of cooking, &c. These we all read and often say, 'Well, I'll try that,' but before we do so the paper is lost and the recipe forgotten. It not unfrequently occurs that some disease attacks us personally, or the stock which we care for, and which we have remembrance of reading a prescription for its cure, we have forgotten just what, and therefore have to send for the Doctor. To obviate this, I have been in practice of cutting out each recipe prescription for disease, cookery, etc., that I find in the papers, and at once paste them in a scrap book, arranging them under their proper heads,—as for instance all about bread making under the head of Bread, all about cuts and bruises under such head, and so on, separating diseases under their appropriate names. The result is that now when any direction for cookery or remedy for disease, etc., is wanted I have it at immediate command."

MANURES.—No. III.

ASHES.

COAL ashes are becoming so abundant in cities that it is important to know whether they possess any manurial value. The early statements were very unfavorable to their use; but more careful experiment has proved them to be of considerable value as an application to many crops. The following analysis of coal ashes, by Prof. NORTON does not show a very large amount of soluble substances, and, if a fair representation of their average quality, would not lead us to place a very high estimate upon them:

	White Ash.	*Red Ash.*
Matter insoluble in acids	88.68	85.65
Soluble silica (sand)	.09	1.24
Alumina	3.36	4.24
Iron	4.03	5.53
Lime	2.11	.16
Magnesia	.19	2.01
Soda	.22	.16
Potash	.16	.21
Phosphoric acid	.21	.27
Sulphuric acid	.86	.43
Chlorine	.09	.05
	100.00	100.00

Here appears to be only about eleven per cent. of soluble matter, and we are not informed of what the insoluble portion consists, but, no doubt, much of it may gradually become soluble and food for plants by the action of water, air and frost. Nearly all geologists agree that coal is a vegetable production, and therefore, as its elements become soluble, must enter into and reproduce vegetables.

An analysis by M. CLASSROTH makes coal ashes to consist largely of sulphate of lime (gypsum) and lime with considerable soluble silica; and the effect of their application appears to agree with this analysis. They have been found in England an excellent top dressing for clover and other grasses, and are often sold for seven shillings per ton. Mr. I. G. BERGEN stated in the Farmers' Club that his father used coal ashes in spring upon wheat and oats and found the yield much increased, but he had used them and could see no benefit. Mr. L. W. O. BEAM of Croxton, Ohio, found his experience very favorable to the use of these ashes. He says:—"In the spring of '62 I plowed up an old meadow, somewhat of a clay soil, afterwards spread on a part of it coal ashes, planted it with corn, and found where I used coal ashes I had at least double the amount of corn; in '63 had the same result in wheat; in '64 I cut a crop of clover from it in June and still it doubled, but in the fall of '64 which (in the beginning) was very wet the difference was most marked. On this second crop I had five-fold, as it was lodged on that part, while on the other, not five feet distant, there was scarcely anything, it being dry after the first crop was cut."—*Am. Institute*, 65.

The testimony is somewhat contradictory, but the great majority of careful experiments are decidedly favorable to the use of coal ashes. They certainly are an excellent application to a clay soil, mechanically destroying its cohesion. They are so easily obtained by farmers living near cities that they should be scrupulously saved and applied at the rate of two or three loads per acre as a top dressing for grass and grain.

WOOD ASHES.

The virtues of wood ashes have been often extolled, but the farmer is still too careless of selling or wasting them. They are sometimes compared with lime or plaster (gypsum) as if their virtues were parallel, but this comparison is made in ignorance of the composition of ashes. The ashes of our forest trees contain all the inorganic elements that make up vegetable and animal bodies, including of course the elements of lime and gypsum. Ashes are, therefore, a fertilizer for all our crops. They contain from ten to twenty-five per cent. of phosphate of lime, besides, potash, soda, magnesia, sulphuric and carbonic acids, lime and silica. The sulphate of lime in ashes is not, probably, as valuable per weight as that from bones, because the animal is advanced beyond the vegetable, and all its constituents have a greater power or a greater energy in entering anew into vegetation,—that is, are more easily assimilated by the plant.

The use of ashes as a manure is very ancient, CATO recommends the ashes from branches and twigs of trees to be spread over the land. PALLADIUS says that an application of ashes will render other manure unnecessary for five years. The Jews burn their stubbles, and the ancient Britons, says PLINY, burned their wheat straw and scattered the ashes over the field. There have been various estimates put upon ashes as a manure. But when we consider the fact that the ash of all our cereal grains contain from fifteen to fifty per cent. of potash, and that a soil long cropped is likely to be deficient in this element, as well as others that ashes contain, we see that they must possess great value. The obvious reason why ashes often succeed where lime

and gypsum fail is that the soil may not need sulphur or lime, but is deficient in potash, soda, phosphorus or magnesia, which the ashes supply. Ashes are an epitome of the mineral constituents of all our crops.

P. T. QUINN, who works a red clay soil near Newark, N. J., says unleached ashes are worth forty to fifty cents per bushel for general crops on clay land and for fruit trees, and he would apply a small dressing every year instead of a large quantity occasionally. Dr. WARD says he would apply thirty bushels per acre, and that they are worth fifty cents per bushel. SOLON ROBINSON says leached ashes are worth twenty-five cents per bushel on land around New York city.

We have been in the habit, from considerable experiments in the use of ashes, to estimate them worth per bushel, the first year of application, as much as oats. From accurate tests we have found that ten bushels of ashes drilled in with the seed will give an increase of ten bushels of oats. Upon wheat, ashes were found as valuable, producing one-half bushel of wheat extra to the bushel of ashes.

LEACHED ASHES.

This refuse in many places is very plenty, and sometimes remains unused for years. Age does not injure but improve it, absorbing ammonia from the air. Leached ashes still contain some potash, most of the phosphates, much lime, silica, &c. These ashes are good on any dry soil needing these elements. But operating as an absorbent of ammonia, they are an excellent application to a sandy soil, which does not possess the power of holding volatile manures. There is no doubt but on a light soil these ashes are worth even five dollars per ton or load. Two loads of leached ashes with three loads of barn-yard manure upon an acre of sandy soil will produce more effect upon crops than ten loads of manure without the ashes. Our next will be devoted to salt, lime, &c.—E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

BLACK TOPPED SOGGY MERINO WOOL.

MR. JOSEPH WALWORTH, buyer of Combing and Delaine wools for the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass., in a letter published in the New York Economist, Sept. 15th, says:

"Let the farmers learn that it is not profitable, neither for them nor the manufacturers, for them to grow black-topped, heavy, soggy Spanish wool. But rather let them grow good stapled, bulky fleeces, that are wool, and not fifty per cent. of worthless grease." * * *

Mr. WALWORTH asserts that the production of this black-topped, soggy wool has been "largely brought about by the introduction of the black Spanish bucks of Vermont."

A large secretion of yolk or "grease" has been a characteristic of the Merino in all times and in all countries. To say nothing about its promoting the growth of wool—a fact generally recognized by ancient and modern writers on the subject,—it has mechanical uses which are indispensable in wool as densely set on the skin and possessing as high felting properties as that of the Merino. Without it, those delicate, invisible, tooth-like processes which give wool its felting property, would be rubbed off by the masses of fibers which adhere together, sliding on each other at every movement of the animal. And wool so firmly pressed together, and so prone to felt, would felt on the bodies of the sheep, under circumstances that are constantly occurring, if it were not lubricated by the yolk.

On coarse sheep there is no occasion for an equal amount of lubricating substance. The wool is not dense enough to produce the same degree of friction. The tooth-like processes are fewer, coarser, and far less delicate; so that they are not as easily rubbed off—and if rubbed off, it is a matter of no consequence, as such wools are used for combing, one of the objects of which is to *remove* these processes, for the purposes and objects of worsted manufacture. Yet even coarse wool sometimes felts on the sheep, when the comparatively small amount of yolk it requires is removed by too continuous exposure to rains, &c.

As Merino wool requires much yolk to protect it, and as that substance (nearer to the character of soap than grease) is soluble in rain water, it follows that there must be a constant and plentiful deposition of it, to supply the waste, occasioned by a constant exposure of the sheep to the weather. There may be, and sometimes is, an unnecessary amount of it deposited. It has been specially sought for by a class of Merino breeders, in order to produce "brag fleeces," i. e., fleeces of extraordinary weight "in the grease," and in order to produce an extraordinary dark color—the black-top complained of by Mr. WALWORTH. To cross with dry-fleeced grade or coarse sheep, one of these extra yolky rams may be desirable; but such should not be the standard aimed at in a good flock. The *extra* yolk is useless. Sheep possessing it do not as well withstand extremely cold weather. And they are not usually as easy keepers, or as robust in constitution. The brag-fleece and black-top manias are among those senseless ones which rise and rage in periods of speculation and excitement.

But Mr. WALWORTH is mistaken in some important particulars. He speaks as if black-top, soggy wool was a peculiar characteristic of the Merinos of Vermont. All the Spanish Merinos originally introduced into the United States, with the possible exception of the Escurials, had an amount of yolk which rendered their wool "soggy" before it was washed. They also had a crust on the surface which became dark in winter. Had they been housed from rain and snow throughout the year, as are the breeding flocks of Vermont, their wool, in the same localities, would have been as soggy and black-topped as the wool of the *standard* flocks of the present day. The standard Merinos of Vermont are not, under the same circumstances, either yolkier or darker colored than the full-bloods of New York or Ohio. Locality *does*, however, have some effect on the color. Whether this is due to the difference in the soil, water, herbage, or other circumstances, we are unable to say; but the fact is indisputable. But in all regions, summer and winter housed full-blood American Merinos assume that very dark color, which Mr. WALWORTH, using a Western term, calls black-top. And the only reason why the Vermont sheep exhibit it most (independently of the local difference mentioned, which is not very material,) is because they are more generally summer and winter housed.

Black-top is a wool buyer's bugbear. In some few instances it is intentionally *bred* on the sheep in the form of a mass of black "gum," which the rain, or even ordinary washing, will not remove. It is then less soluble in some of the liquors employed in cleansing wool,—but *is* removable by proper scouring liquors. Eight-tenths of the Merino wool of the United States, washed as the best German and Australian wools are washed, will present neither a trace of black-top nor of sogginess. The apparent increase of these characteristics in full blood American Merino wool is mainly due to the fact that formerly the sheep were not summer housed and they were washed before shearing; while now, in a great many breeding flocks, all the yolk is preserved in the wool by housing, and the wool is not so generally washed before it is marketed. Under this management any Merino wool, now or ever grown in the country, would be soggy and the fleece present a dark external surface. The same is true of Silesian wool; and we have often *seen* the same conditions in the choicest Saxon wool.

Mr. WALWORTH seems to carry the idea by implication, in his letter, that the grease and black-top which he objects to, are inconsistent with "good staple." If this is his meaning, it is sheer nonsense. Yolk in or on the outer ends of the wool does not *injure* it, when cleansed, for manufacturing purposes. No candid manufacturer ever made such a pretense. It is notorious that wool is softer and more pliable (and as we have already shown, more perfect,) when every fiber is kept sheathed with yolk; and consequently a mere excess of yolk cannot unfavorably affect its quality. Even a *gummy* external coating produces no injury to the fleece. On the contrary, all the effect it has is beneficial to the wool. It protects it from the weather, from dust, &c. The shepherds in the north of England and Scotland smear their mountain sheep with an artificial coating of "raddle," to make the wool under it grow better and softer. In portions of Spain, Merinos were formerly smeared with an unctious earth for the same purpose.

If Mr. WALWORTH means that the production of a "good staple" is naturally inconsistent with either the production or presence of a large amount of yolk, he is already answered by the undeniable fact that the sheep which bear the choicest qualities of fine wool do produce it; and that if the whole secretion of a year is kept together in the wool by housing, it will exhibit an apparently unnecessary amount and render their fleeces soggy. And every practical breeder of Merinos knows that, as a rule, his best stapled sheep produce quite as much yolk as those which produce inferior staples.

Instead of denouncing our present American Merino sheep on the above grounds, Mr. WALWORTH should, to attain his object, have denounced a particular mode of treating them. If he wants their wool cleaner—as clean as it used to be marketed—let him offer remunerative prices, and he will get it in that condition. He declares it is not profitable for farmers to grow black-topped, soggy wool—which only means that they should not market it in that condition. This is a point which the farmers will decide for themselves—and we suspect they are as capable of deciding it correctly as Mr. WALWORTH. During the recent extreme depression in the woolen trade, when the manufacturers have been compelled to buy very close to sustain themselves, they *have* made a much greater discrimination in prices in respect to condition, than at previous periods. We hail the reform. We hope it will continue. But we *fear* that when the strain is over and the woolen market becomes buoyant again, the old system of buying—gobbling up the wools of a neighborhood at about the same price, with little regard to condition—will come back. We shall see.

But whether it comes back or not, a portion of our farmers have made up their minds to sell their fine wool *unwashed*, and consequently in soggy condition. In a great many instances they have good reasons for preferring to do so—reasons which we have repeatedly assigned in these columns and elsewhere, and which no manufacturer or buyer has ever attempted publicly to answer. This brings no injury to the buyer or manufacturer. The former has merely to transport, and the latter to scour out, a greater quantity of dirt; and it is the *grower*, not themselves, who pays for so doing. If the grower finds this a preferable alternative to washing, who has a right to complain?

We have noticed Mr. WALWORTH'S remarks at considerable length, because he is a very worthy man, understands *his* business, and strikes the keynote of the wool buyers in the above matters. These gentlemen seem determined that United States wools shall be marketed, *washed* and in *clean* condition, without any regard to the interests of the grower. They buy the unwashed wools of South America and other foreign countries without objection. But at home—reason or no reason—they insist that their mere arbitrary fiat shall be obeyed. They have resorted to denunciation, shrinkage rules, &c., to compel obedience. Their shrinkage rules are "played out." They attempted to draw the string too tight, and it snapped. Less unwashed wool has been sold this year under the one-third rule, than in any previous year since that rule was adopted by buyers' State Conventions. In cases where it constituted a just rate of shrinkage, it has doubtless been acted on—in other cases, it has been generally, if not universally, "smashed."

But the embers of the fight appear to be unextinguished. Denunciation continues. Mr. JOSEPH WALWORTH, a wool buyer of skill and reputation, writes a letter for publication, denouncing greasy, black-topped wool and the sheep which produce it—and the New York organ of the buyers publishes it in pamphlet form, at three cents a copy, for general distribution! The letter contains several good suggestions, but on the subject above discussed, it is weak, erroneous, and, we feel bound to say, presuming.

The wool buyers once persuaded the farmers of the country to abandon the rugged, hard, heavy fleeced Spanish Merino for the light fleeced Saxon. "Consul" JARVIS' experience in this matter was the experience of all. "If," said he, "I had thrown my pocket-book, with the price of the Saxons, into the Connecticut River as I was crossing, for the purchase of them, I should be better off."* Our wool growers will not again be either coaxed or driven to commit a similar or analagous blunder. The country needs a supply of very fine wool—finer than that yielded by the great bulk of American Merinos—and sheep should be bred to furnish that supply. The same is true of several other styles of wool. But none of them need to be *light* wooled, as that term was formerly understood. American Merino wool coming from the very sheep denounced by Mr. WALWORTH, and from their grades, has been pronounced in an official report of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, (Feb. 9, 1866,) of very superior quality for the fabrics to which it is adapted; and in respect to Delaine wools—the want of which Mr. WALWORTH specially complains—the Report says: "Our Delaines, owing again, in a great measure, *to the excellence of our Merino Combing wool*, surpass the fabrics of Bradford at the same price."

Merino and grade Merino wools are chiefly used in all the manufactures of the United States except carpets, coarse blankets and worsted goods. The idea advanced by Mr. WALWORTH that there is an over-supply of any variety of them to meet the *normal* demand—i. e., the demand when the woolen market is in a healthy condition—is wholly unfounded. When our entire population have consumed the per capita amount of wool, usually consumed in periods of general prosperity, the domestic supply has never even approximately met the demand. And the same thing will occur again on the return of that general prosperity. Relieved as far as the present tariff will relieve us, when its legitimate effects are fully experienced, from destructive foreign competition, there will be a broad margin to fill in every description of clothing and combing wool production—a margin which it will take years to supply.

* See letter of his son to us, in Fine Wool Husbandry, 1862, p. 72, of BENTHUYSEN'S edition.

Agricultural Fairs.

THE SEASON OF FAIRS.

FAIRS, State, County and District, are the order of the day now, and will be for a few weeks to come. A glance at such as fall under our notice may not be out of place.

Belleville, Jeff. Co. Show was characterized by a fine display of thorough-bred Ayrshire stock from the herds of Mr. CONVERSE, Woodville, and Mr. BRODIE of Rural Hill. Both of these men pay special attention to Ayrshires and have been eminently successful. The horse and other departments were creditably represented, and the attendance respectable throughout, but very full on the closing day.

Lewis County.—This Fair was held at Turin, where there were very convenient grounds for the exhibition. There was a limited show of neat cattle, but some of the number were very good grade stock. The show of horses was superior to that of cattle. Domestic manufactures made a creditable exhibition. Fine samples of dairy products were shown as also of vegetables.

Oswego Co.—This Fair was held at Mexico under rather unfavorable auspices—the weather being cold and stormy. The exhibition of farm products was an average one, and the attendance fine—about six thousand persons being on the ground during the last day.

Cayuga County.—The North Cayugas held a Fair at Port Byron. They do not seem inclined to go to Auburn at Fair time, and propose to organize a Fair for the northern towns to be located either at Conquest or Victory.

Vermont.—The Vermont State Fair has already been briefly alluded to, but it may not be amiss to add that the entries were one-third more numerous than at any preceding Fair, aggregating 943. Of these the horses counted 875 and cattle 161. The show of sheep was very small. There was received for tickets sold and rent of ground to the Menagerie, $6,500. The Premiums and general expenses absorbed $4,500, leaving a surplus to the Society of about $2,000.

Michigan.—The Michigan State Fair closed on the 20th ult., at Detroit, and showed a small advance in the number of entries over last year. The whole number was 2,116. There were Cattle, 118; Horses, 226; Sheep, Swine and Poultry, 173; Farm Implements, 426; Field and Garden Products, 146; Dairy and Household Manufactures; 101; Domestic Manufactures, 227; Fine Arts, &c., 217; Flowers and Fruits, 242; Miscellaneous, 257. These aggregates presented many fine specimens under each head, especially in the stock department. A trial of plows, of a very satisfactory character, took place, A. CHANEY of Detroit securing the first premium. The coursing ground was well patronized. On the third day of the Fair over 20,000 persons visited the grounds. The exhibition was successful pecuniarily and otherwise.

Kentucky.—The State Fair of Kentucky was held about six miles from Louisville. The grounds were well arranged for the show, but the weather was unpropitious; still, the display of stock and other farm commodities was very full and satisfactory. The fair is said to have been very successful in a pecuniary way.

Canada East.—The Fair of this Province was held at Montreal and gave noticeable signs that the Society is a live and improving one. The show of farm stock was good and varied in character, consisting of Percheron and other horses; Ayrshire, Devon, Galloway and Short-Horn cattle; nearly all the leading breeds of sheep had representatives on the ground. The Horticultural Society had an exhibition at the same time and made quite a respectable display.

Muskingum Co., Ohio.—This fair was held at Zanesville, continuing three days, and was very successful. The show of horses, cattle, sheep and swine was better than for several years past—especially in the cattle line. The sheep, Merinos, Leicesters and South Downs, were very fine. Along side of these was a pen of one hundred and sixty Cashmere goats, which elicited marked attention.

Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.—The weather, during the Cuyahoga Co. Fair, was unpropitious, still it was quite successful. The Ohio Farmer says that the material was ample and excellent. The list of domestic products was unusually fine. The horse held considerable prominence, but only fairly divided the honors with other competitors.

Sturgeon District Fair.—The counties of Boone, Callaway, Randolph, Audrain, Monroe and Howard, Missouri, united in a Fair this year at Sturgeon. In the numbers and character of the stock, farm products and implements shown, this fair is said to have much excelled any preceding ones of the Society. There was a lack of building accommodation which detracted considerably from the pleasure of the exhibition. This lack it is proposed to supply before the next fair.

Scott Co., Iowa.—This fair was held at Davenport, and, the Society being the most prosperous one in the State, the exhibition was very full and the daily atendance large—ranging from fifteen to twenty thousand per day for the last two days. The receipts for tickets at two shillings each were over $4,000 per day, showing the fair to have been a success financially, as it was in the character and scope of the products displayed.

McLean Co., Ill.—This fair came off at Bloomington, and is characterized as the most successful yet held. On the last day the attendance was fully sixteen thousand. The show of farm stock was particularly full and good, embracing all the improved varieties in the various modern classifications. The display of machinery was superior to any ever before seen there.

Winnebago Co.—The Rockford Register, (Illinois,) states that the Fourteenth Annual Fair of that county was financially more successful than any preceding one. The receipts were something over $5,100. The stock show was good generally, but hardly up to some of the previous ones. In manufactures the exhibition was ahead of anything before attempted.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

A BATTLE AMONG THE BEES.

A WRITER in the Cultivator and Country Gentleman lately witnessed a battle between a marauding bumble bee and the occupants of a hive which the former attempted to rob of their stores. The relation runs thus:

"There are some very pretty stories told about the domestic bee waylaying the honest bumble bee, and robbing him of his hard earned gains. Such tales are evidently the product of a warm imagination. I find that several bumble bees have forced themselves into my hives this season, doubtless for the purpose of plundering. Several were killed, and, after a time, nothing was found but the bumble bee, whose hairy covering was in general entirely removed, either during his fight with the bees, or by subsequent attempts on the part of the bees to remove him. On one occasion I saw a bumble bee enter a glass hive, and, being curious to know how he would be received, I uncovered the glass, and had a pretty good view of the fight. He was attacked by dozens, perhaps hundreds, of bees who attempted to bite and sting, but apparently with very little effect. The bumble bee, on the other hand, by means of his powerful mandibles, succeeded in killing or mutilating nearly a teacup of bees before he succumbed. I, of course, felt very strongly inclined to move to the rescue; but my desire to see what the result would be overcome my interest in the bees. After a time the bumble bee lay exhausted on the bottom of the hive, which was completely strewed with the legs and wings of occupants of the hive. I then covered the glass, and left the hive till next morning. By that time the bees had carried out all their dead, so that if I had not witnessed the fight, I should not have known that any damage had been done. Remedy—never use large holes or wide slits as entrances to your hives. A long slit which just gives space enough for a drone to squeeze through, will keep out the bumble bees, as well as mice and other large depredators."

BEES ROBBING EACH OTHER.

As the honey season approaches a close it is well for the apiarian to have an eye to his stocks, as they occasionally resort to plunder to augment their stores—the strong despoiling the weak with remorseless perseverance. The bee has many amiable traits, but has some defects, and among them a propensity to steal. When the thieves have selected a point of attack and opened the assault a great commotion will be observed about the entrance to the hive,—the assailants pressing to get in, and the defendants to keep them out. If the attack is successfully repelled quiet will be gradually restored—the sentinels appearing occasionally on a tour of observation, but if the reverse is the case—if the position has been carried, bees heavily laden will emerge from the hive and depart for their own domicils to deposit their plunder.

This is the time to interfere and restore the balance of power, or rather to prevent an unlawful exercise of it. The shortest way to restore order is said to be to close all the hives, giving adequate ventilation to prevent smothering, if the robbers belong to the same apiary with their victims, but if the robbers are a foreign colony, shut up the assailed one, for a day or two, when the thieves will generally desist from their depredations. They may renew the raid and, if they do, repeat the imprisoning operation as long as necessary.

A BEE ENEMY IN MISSOURI.

A CORRESPONDENT of Colman's Rural World notices a large two-winged fly in Northern Missouri, which prevents bees from swarming, by destroying them in large numbers. Dr. FITCH denominates this fly *Trupanea Apivora*. Its operations are thus described:

"It captures the bee on the wing—making lightning-like dashes at its prey, winding its legs about its victim; then alighting upon some weed or plant, sucks out the inside of the bee, in less time than I can describe it. On one of these perches, I have watched, and in one day, found he had destroyed 141 honey bees. They left about ten days ago, and so suddenly that I have had no opportunity to observe *where* they go to, or what change may be taking place."

Rural Notes and Items.

TO CONSTANT AND OCCASIONAL READERS.

THIS QUARTER, NEXT VOLUME, &c.—The closing Quarter of Volume XIX commences under most favorable auspices,—with such encouraging prospects that we are induced to considerably increase our efforts and expenditures to improve the RURAL. But while we do this we trust all friendly readers will second our efforts in another direction—to enlarge and widen its sphere. As already announced, we offer the thirteen numbers of this Quarter at the low rate of 50 cents. Our object is to extend the circulation of the paper—to place it in the hands and homes of thousands who, we believe, will find it so acceptable and valuable as to continue its acquaintance, thus materially and permanently augmenting its field of usefulness. And we frankly ask all who consistently can—not only Agents and Subscribers, but readers who are neither, and even borrowers—to kindly aid in adding Ten Thousand to our list during the Fall Campaign of the RURAL. Anticipating the generous action of its earnest and influential friends—and of the thousands who we hope will become such—we shall publish a large extra edition of the quarter's issues, so that the "Trial Trip" can be taken up at any time, even after Election, (when hosts of people will need sensible, entertaining and useful periodical reading,) though NOW is the best time to secure passage. If each friend of the RURAL will do us the favor to state the above fact to his or her friends and neighbors, not forgetting to especially remember borrowers—receiving and forwarding subscriptions whenever convenient—our expectations will be more than realized, while the future prosperity and usefulness of the paper will be greatly enhanced.—As the most appropriate return that can be made for the favor thus asked, we promise all a better paper—to improve as we advance, so that every present subscriber will be benefited by the increase of circulation. For some intimation of our plans and purposes, please read announcement headed "Our Fall Campaign" on page 324 of this paper.

CHERRY LEAVES POISONOUS.—Last season one or two instances were mentioned where cattle had been poisoned and died in consequence of eating the foliage of the cherry tree. Another is added by the Horse Cove, (Ky.) Intelligencer. A man was plowing, when finding the lower limbs of a cherry tree in the way, he cut an armful from it and threw them into an adjoining lot. They lay there and wilted, when a couple of cows came along and eat the leaves. Both died before they had got twenty rods from the point where the leaves were eaten. It is said that cherry tree leaves, eaten green, produce no ill effect, while in a wilted state they generally prove fatal.

DEPARTMENTAL CROP REPORTS.—*Wheat.*—The report of the Agricultural Department for August and September embraces estimates from a great many points in regard to the yield of the late wheat harvest. They are said to be quite contradictory in many cases, making a calculation of the general result a matter of considerable difficulty. A majority of the reports concur in giving a considerable increase in acreage over last year, more than sufficient to make up for the deficiencies in yield. The report adds:—"It may be stated that the average yield per acre of the whole country is scarcely equal to that of 1867 but the increased area sown will secure an aggregate somewhat larger than the product of that year." The report covers returns from thirty-two States, and from as many points, one in each."

Corn.—This crop is generally reported in fine condition, and in most sections is so matured as to be in little danger from frost. In some portions of the West the drouth and grasshoppers have materially injured the crop, but from the increased area planted—three millions of acres—the aggregate yield must be very great.

Cotton.—The reports of the condition of cotton are favorable in a majority of cases. The acreage planted is reported less than in 1867, but the culture has generally been better and the yield more promising. Some localities have been injured by adverse weather and the ravages of the worm, but in a majority of cases the accounts are favorable. Picking commenced along the Gulf some time since, and is now general throughout the cotton region.

Hay.—In a majority of the States the hay crop shows a considerable increase over last year. Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas and the Southern States alone show a decrease.

Oats.—Taking all the States together, this crop shows about an average yield instead of a largely increased one, as was anticipated early in the season.

Potatoes.—The drouth generally at the time the tubers were forming, and the ravages of the bug in the West, have reduced the yield considerably below early estimates, but the increased acreage planted will probably bring the aggregate yield up to that of last year.

Hops.—Reports from the several States where hops are cultivated show an aggregate increased average over last year of two hundred and twenty-five per cent. The picking season was generally favorable.

Wool.—A decrease in the wool clip is reported of from three to five per cent. as compared with last year.

Stock Hogs.—A considerable decrease in the number of fattening hogs is reported,—Louisiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas and Minnesota alone showing an increase.

OUR NEW YORK OFFICE.—We have the pleasure of announcing that the New York Office of the RURAL, at No. 41 Park Row, Times' Building, is now open for the transaction of business. The Conducting Editor proposes making this his headquarters during the fall and winter, and will be pleased to meet friends visiting New York, Contributors and Agent Friends, as well as Subscribers and Advertisers, will govern themselves accordingly—with the assurance that all who call will receive a cordial greeting.

—We ought, in this connection, to acknowledge the cordiality and courtesy with which several leading New York papers have noticed the advent of the RURAL in Gotham. As a specimen of these kindly greetings, we quote the Tribune's notice, as follows:

"THE RURAL NEW-YORKER—one of the very best of our Agricultural weeklies—has opened an office in this city (No. 41 Park Row,) and will henceforth be published simultaneously here and at Rochester. Its editor, Mr. D. D. T. MOORE, late Mayor of Rochester, has been nearly twenty years at its head, and has surrounded himself by a very able corps of assistants and contributors. He has done a noble work for Agriculture in the West, and is now rapidly enlarging the field of his usefulness."

THE STATE FAIR.—The prospects for the success of our State Fair, on the day preceding its opening, are brilliant. The officers of the Society are on the grounds, and things are rapidly assuming orderly shape. The streets of our city and public places show that the influx of visitors has begun. The various departments of the Fair will be crowded with articles for exhibition, and many that in former years have been scantily filled, promise now to overflow with fullness. The entries already number over two thousand. The stock departments will excel in the display of choice and valuable breeds and single animals, and the machinery will probably want for room, rather than otherwise, even on these ample grounds. Floral Hall, under the management of JAMES VICK, will make a display unrivaled in the history of our Fairs. The sky, at present, is overcast with clouds, and the weather prospects, so vital to the success of a Fair, are somewhat gloomy. But it is hardly probable that another stormy week will follow the one already past, and the pleasant days may come just in the "nick of time."

HOPS AND HOP MARKET.—The hop harvest is now over, and the natural inquiries are, what has been the yield and what is the prospect about prices. In some sections in the West the yield has been light. Some yards have been abandoned without the formality of a picking, but these failures are the exceptions and not the rule. In most of the Western country, as well as in the State of New York, the hop yield has been at least an average one, hence the prospect of high prices is not very brilliant. Some of the New York papers quote hops at 35 cents, but these figures are said by EMMET WELLS in his Hop Circular to be much too high. The latest current rates in New York for good to prime were 15@18c.; fancy brands, 22@25c. These were about the rates for Eastern hops also, except yearlings of all grades, which ranged from 5 to 20c. Foreign, 15@20c.

EARLY ROSE POTATO.—We are in receipt of many letters, too numerous to mention, giving accounts of yield, &c., of the Early Rose potato. From all quarters we hear favorable statements of this new variety; it is free from disease, productive, of good form, and excellent quality. It proves itself to be the earliest when cultivated with other sorts. Farmers and others wishing to procure seed should watch our advertising columns, and order early. The autumn is preferable to the spring, as one is then sure of the seed, and ready to plant as soon as the weather permits.

KENTUCKY WOOL GROWERS.—There was a meeting recently in Louisville, Ky., of the stock raisers, including the officers of the State Agricultural Society, the object of which was to examine wool and discuss the propriety of establishing in that city a manufactory of combing wool, and also that of goats' wool or hair. It was resolved that a manufactory of this character ought to be established in Louisville, and capitalists were urged to supply the means to erect one and set it in operation.

THE CATTLE DISEASE IN IRELAND.—The Irish Farmer's Gazette calls upon the Government of Great Britain to take such orders in Council as shall prohibit the introduction into that country from the United States of hay or undressed cattle hides, lest they carry with them the Texas cattle disease. From present appearances here the alarm over the water is uncalled for and the proposed exclusion unnecessary.

COTTON IN THE SOUTH.—The total receipts for cotton in all the Southern ports from the 1st of September last up to August 7th was 2,182,355 bales—an excess over those of the preceding year of 327,179 bales. Allowing the present crop to equal that of last year and to bring the price, 42½ cents, indicated by the initial bale recently shipped from Montgomery, Alabama, the aggregate would be $463,856, 687.50.

CHEESE FACTORIES IN JEFFERSON CO.—The Watertown Reformer has been doing up the cheese factories in Jefferson Co. These number sixty-five, and manufacture about two hundred cheese daily, whose average weight is sixty-two pounds.

THE DIXIE FARMER.—R. W. WILLIAMS, one of the proprietors of the Dixie Farmer, has severed his connection with that paper, by which it passes under the sole control of its editor, HUNTER NICHOLSON.

HORTICULTURAL.

AUTUMN PRUNING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I want information as to fall or autumn pruning. Which is the best month to prune for fruit in the West. Our fruit trees have such a rapid growth that we get no fruit; the growth is all to wood. Please give me what information you can on the subject, and oblige—R. SEDGWICK, *Campaign, Ill.*

The months of July and early in August are doubtless the best months for pruning apple and pear trees for the purpose of bringing them into fruiting condition. In the southern sections, as where our querist dates from, early in July will be found best, while in Northern Illinois and Iowa the work may often be deferred until mid-August. Pruning at this season, i. e., July or early August, destroys with each limb or branch cut away, just so much of roots, which if the whole tree, roots and all, were taken up and dissected, would be found to have direct connection therewith. If in pruning at this season, distinct branches alone are cut away, no immediate result of tendency to early bearing will be seen; but if, in addition to thinning out and cutting away of whole branches the ends of twigs or branches are also shortened two, three, five or more buds or leaves, the result is to throw the sap of the connecting roots of such shortened branch into a more full development of the remaining buds and so hasten maturity. It sometimes happens that in rich soil and under high cultivation this summer pruning has to be performed two or more seasons ere a realizable result is reached. If additional growth is wanted, or renewed vigor to be given, autumn, winter or spring pruning is advisable, and the locality must govern the time of the operation.

If, in our medium clime, or in our Southern States, autumn pruning is, without doubt, most advisable, yet in other locations where the thermometer is liable to sink 25° to 30° below zero in the winter, spring pruning will be found best, as the severity of winter's cold will often crack the wood and destroy the last bud near to the cut and and render a second amputation necessary in May or June following. The whole of this is a common-sense view of vegetable physiology, in which it is understood the root is the supply of the leaf, and that without the leaf the root would soon cease to act, the one depending on the other; as soon as one is destroyed during the season of active life, the other must also die,—but if a part be taken from the end of one, its counterpart supplies all its material of support to the remaining branch; and whether it be root or branch, it is strengthened, but not elongated,—is increased in mature vitality without perceptible increase of length or size.

If this reduction of one part from the other is made during a period of rest, as in winter, and the branch is taken, it follows that the food of the root will follow its regular channels to a certain point and then either develop in sucker roots, i. e., forced branches, or flow into a connection with the main channels and increase the growth and vitality of their branches. On the other hand, if in winter much of the root is taken away and the top left entire, as soon as it has exhausted the supply of food laid up in its cells, by reason of the sun's rays warming it into action before the roots become naturally warmed and stimulated, the top will cease to exhibit vitality, and, instead of extending its area, will confine itself to support and development of the buds and wood already made. Hence the philosophy of root pruning to induce early fruiting, and it is not improbable our inquirer will find root pruning the most profitable as well as economical practice, if his object is to bring his trees into early bearing. Thus if in November he goes around his trees, and, with a spade, digs down and cuts away all roots that extend more than two-thirds of the diameter of the top, the tree will, the coming season, make but little elongated growth, and the following year will produce fruit.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Plums.—The Prairie Farmer says that John Straight of Elkhorn, succeeds in raising plums despite of the curculio. He has one hundred and seventy bearing plum trees, five and six years old, from which he this year raised over twenty bushels of fine plums. His crop will be greatly increased every year. He also has five hundred plum trees three years old. They are all grafted on wild plum stocks, and are thus rendered hardy. He has five hundred pear trees grafted on mountain ash stock, six years old, which are doing finely.

An Extensive Orchard.—A. R. Whitney, residing near Franklin Grove Station, Ill., has one hundred and thirty-five acres of an apple orchard, containing between fifteen and sixteen thousand fruitful trees. There were over ten thousand bushels of apples marketed from this farm last year—on the line of the Pacific railroad. All the more popular varieties are grown in this orchard. In the vicinity of this orchard are others, some of which contain as many as five hundred apple trees, backed up by pears and vineyard products.

A Big Squash Story.—The Boston Cultivator is responsible for this squash:—"A squash, grown by Wm. L. Pierce of East Bridgewater, Mass., on Bradley's superphosphate, with no other manure, weighed 112 lbs., just thirty days from the blossom. It is 8 feet in circumference, and is a beauty. It sold for $10. Who can beat this?"

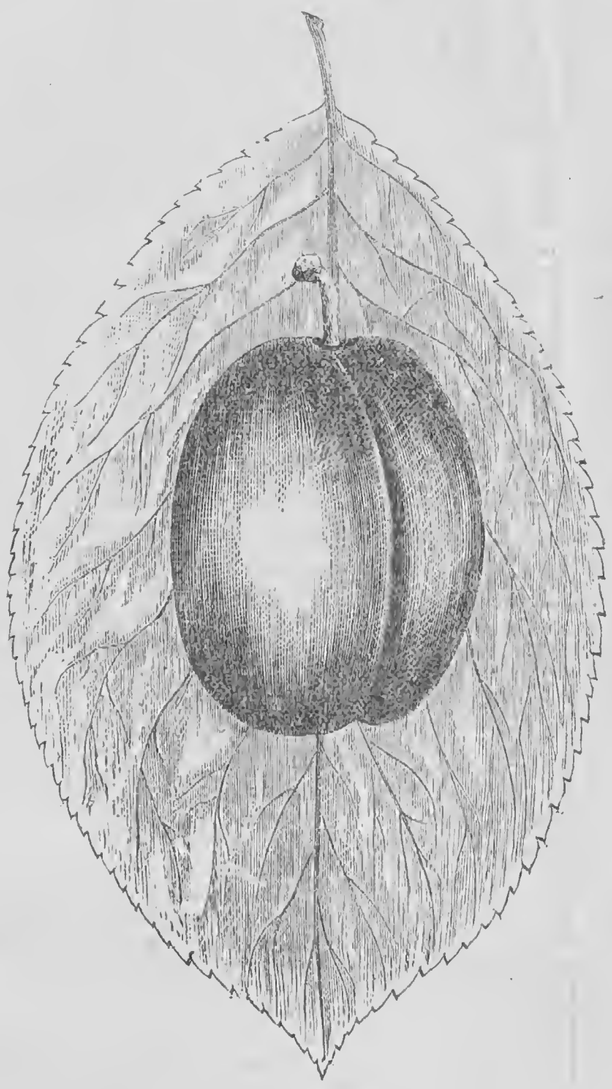
New System of Rose Culture.—A new system of rose culture is now being practiced in Europe, the principal points of which are to prune out all the old wood, to shorten the new wood a little, and peg it down flat to the earth. The rose is thus allowed to bloom only on the wood of last year's growth. The effect is very fine.

The Ellisdale Raspberry.—The Ellisdale Raspberry, a new variety found growing wild in Iowa, is one of the most vigorous growing raspberries of the family. The canes sometimes grow ten feet or more in a season. It is very hardy and productive. The ends of the canes bend to the ground and take root.

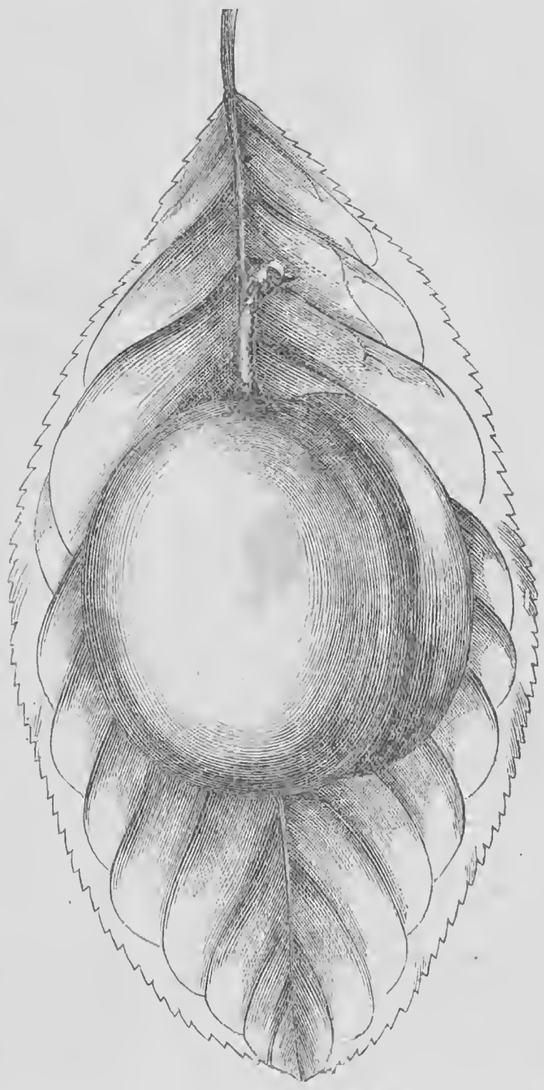
A Prodigy in Fruit Growing.—M. A. McMasters of Darien, Walworth county, Wis., raised this year sixteen beautiful apples of Paradise, a species of large Siberian crab apples, on a tree only *six inches high!* This remarkable fact is vouched for by responsible parties.

Large Musk Melon.—The Carthage (Mo.) Banner office has been presented with a musk melon which weighed 29 pounds. It was grown by a Mr. Richardson, on sod ground, "without rain or work."

Saving Girdled Trees.—At a meeting of the Northern Ill. Hort. Society, D. B. WEIR of Lacon, said he had saved over a hundred trees, completely girdled by mice, by banking the snow around them, and, when the soil had thawed, banking that a foot high about the trunks. If the wounds are too high to reach by banking, clay may be bound on.



VICTORIA.

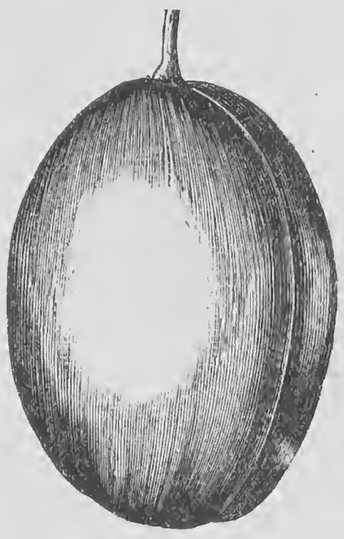


HULINGS SUPERB.

ABOUT PLUMS.

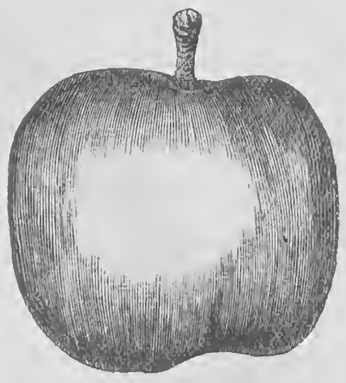
IN the region about Rochester there has been gathered this season a plentiful crop of plums, which is an occurrence of late years quite unusual. Cherries and peaches were pretty near failures, but the plum trees set well with fruit, which, from some special cause, mostly escaped the ravages of the curculio. Old, knotty and neglected trees that for years had yielded no fruit, and were suffered to burden the ground only through sheer negligence of their owners, bent under loads of fair fruit. That the plum trees should set well with fruit is not singular, but how it should escape its fatal enemy, the curculio, is not satisfactorily explained. It may be that the very unusual drouth of last year so hardened the soil that the larva could not penetrate it far enough to withstand the frost. However this may be it is not likely that the crop will soon again be as generally exempt from the attacks of the "little Turk," and cultivators must resort to vigorous measures to save the fruit from its dread enemy. We have frequently explained in the RURAL the best methods in vogue to accomplish this result; and our readers should be familiar with them. There is no fruit crop more profitable than plums when a good yield is obtained. Perhaps the best way to make sure of the good yield is to cultivate enough trees to make it an object to attend to them faithfully. Scattering trees rarely bear full crops, but large orchards as seldom fail of paying for the investment.

We present illustrations of some varieties, chosen from the very fine specimen orchard of Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY. The *Victoria* is a beautiful plum from England. The fruit is quite large, and roundish oval. Skin, where exposed, a bright red, but paler in the shade, with a delicate bloom. Flesh deep yellow, and of a pleasant, rich flavor. The tree is a vigorous grower, and fairly productive, the branches strong and the foliage large and rich looking. The illustration represents a leaf of about medium size.



YELLOW MAGNUM BONUM.

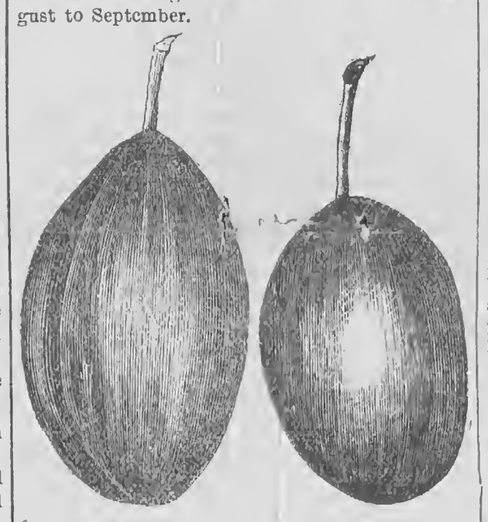
Yellow Magnum Bonum or Egg plum, is a popular variety and quite common. It is valued chiefly for its large size and splendid appearance, and contains acidity enough to fit it admirably for making showy preserves and sweetmeats. It lacks the fine, rich flavor of a good dessert plum. It is of the largest size, frequently measuring six inches in its longest circumference. Skin yellow, and covered with thin, white bloom. Flesh yellow, adhering closely to the stone. It is a pretty good bearer. Season, middle of August to September.



IMPERIAL GREEN GAGE.

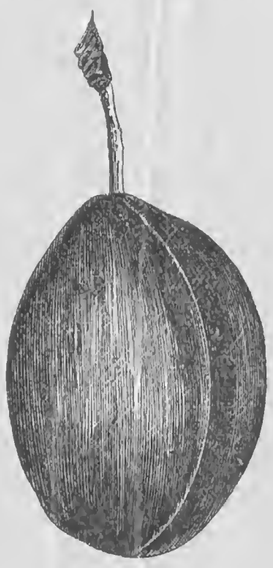
Imperial Green Gage—A variety of the Green Gage family, and one of the most excellent and productive. Profitable for market. Tree is a free grower. Fruit above medium size. Skin pale-green, until fully ripe, when it assumes a yellow hue. Flesh green, juicy, melting and rich, with an agreeable flavor. Is generally a free stone. Season, first to middle of September.

Huling's Superb.—This variety originated in Pennsylvania. Tree vigorous, upright grower, with large foliage, as shown in the engraving, downy branches, large shouldered buds and blunt shoots. It is a moderate bearer. Fruit large, roundish, oval. Skin greenish-yellow, with pale bloom. Flesh of like color, rather coarse, but with a brisk, sprightly flavor. Is a cling stone. Season, middle of August to September.



HUNGARIAN PRUNE. GERMAN PRUNE.

Prunes.—We give drawings of three varieties, the *German, Italian* and *Hungarian.* Many plums are cultivated under these names, and some sub-varieties approach them so closely that it is difficult to detect the difference. The prune is probably the most valuable fruit tree in Germany and Central Europe. The preserved fruit is largely used as an article of food, and dried prunes are a commercial article familiar in every household in our own land.



ITALIAN PRUNE.

The trees are hardy, moderate growers and very productive. The fruit generally comes true or nearly true from seed, is of rather poor quality for the table, but most valuable when dried or preserved. Skin purple, with thick, blue bloom. Flesh firm, green, and, when fully ripe, sweet and pleasant. Separates from the stone. Ripens late from the middle of September to October, and hangs well on the tree. It is worthy of extensive cultivation in this country.

FRUIT YIELDS.

THE report from the Department of Agriculture for August and September gives the following summary of fruit prospects:

Apples.—Apples will prove a full crop in few States; in a majority not half a crop, and in several States almost an entire failure.

Peaches.—Peaches have been quite abundant in the South and in parts of the West, but in the Middle States, to which, with Maryland, the great cities look for their supply of this fruit, the yield has been very small; New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware reporting very general failure of the crop.

Grapes.—Grapes in Vermont, New York, Alabama, Texas, West Virginia, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois and Indiana promise a good yield, while in few of the States is the crop set down at less than nine-tenths.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are indebted to the Canandaigua Grape Co., Vine Valley, on the eastern shore of Canandaigua Lake, and about ten miles above the outlet, for a box of Isabella grapes. Part of them were picked on Sept. 4th and part Sept. 18th. They were very fine specimens of that variety, and of a degree of ripeness that is full of promise for the grape prospects of that locality. We know that the shores of Canandaigua Lake, and the valley in which Naples is situated, are adapted to grape culture, and the hills and slopes are being rapidly covered with the vine.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass., has made us the recipients of a package of fine Early Rose potatoes. The more we see and hear of this variety the better we like it.

H. A. BEASTON, Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., laid upon our table a box of the fruit of the Ohio Ever Bearing Raspberry. It lacks in flavor and sweetness, but the novelty at this season compensates and makes it desirable. A cluster of branches showed flowers and fruit in all stages of growth. The variety seems to be prolific, promising something more than a mere taste,—enough, in fact, to make a "square meal."

KENTUCKY AND GRAPES.—A writer in the Louisville Courier having stated that the climate of Kentucky is not suited to grape culture, E. A. THOMPSON questions the correctness of the conclusion. He says that that State, with all its sins, is a good one for grapes, having the best vineyard soil in the whole country. Its warm hillsides, with their light, clay, loam soils, underlaid with a substratum of limestone, are the places for vineyards. The grapes ripen two weeks earlier than in Ohio, and yield very large crops. He adds:—"I commenced picking Hartfords this season the 12th of August, ripe for market, and three-year old vines averaged a peck to a vine.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF A TREE.—There is a species of tree found in Australia remarkable for the rapidity of its growth. It is named the Encalyptus, one seed of which was planted near Algiers four years ago and is now a tree three feet in circumference at the base. Its leaves are said to exhale an aromatic odor something like camphor, and is reputed to be highly promotive of health. It makes good timber, while its bark, being rich in tannin, imparts to it additional value. Would not this tree prove an acquisition on the Prairies of the West?

A STRAWBERRY grower in Pennsylvania has came to the conclusion that the ground usually devoted to this fruit is made too rich for a profitable production of it.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 26th inst.:

VEGETABLES.—Monitor Potatoes are badly diseased, and sell very low. Other varieties are in good supply, and also lower. Onions are scarce. Tomatoes are higher.

Monitor, ℔ bbl	$ 75	@	1 25
Buckeyes, ℔ bbl	$ 2 00	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ℔ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Mercers, ℔ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Delaware, sweet, ℔ bbl	5 00	@	5 50
Norfolk, sweet, ℔ bbl	4 50	@	5 00
Onions, Red, ℔ bbl	7 00	@	7 50
Onions, White, ℔ bbl	6 50	@	7 50
Tomatoes, ℔ basket	1 25	@	1 75
Pickles, ℔ 1,000	3 00	@	3 75
Marrow Squash, ℔ bbl	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbages, ℔ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ℔ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Beets, ℔ 100 bunches	4 00	@	6 00
Green Corn, ℔ 100	1 00	@	1 25
Pumpkins, ℔ 100	8 00	@	12 00

FRUITS.—Apples are more plenty and the market is easier. Peaches are about done, the few remaining ones coming from Ohio. Pears are not plenty, and high prices are ruling for fine. Grapes are very plenty, and in fair request at quotations for lots in good order, while lots not up to the standard sell at a wide range.

Pears, Dutchess, ℔ bbl	$15 00	@	18 00
Pears, Louise Bonne, ℔ bbl	14 00	@	18 00
Pears, Seckel, ℔ bbl	14 00	@	18 00
Pears, Common, ℔ bbl	8 00	@	10 00
Pears, Flemish Beauty, ℔ bbl	15 00	@	18 00
Pears, Bartlett, ℔ bbl	20 00	@	35 00
Peaches, New Jersey, ℔ crate	5 00	@	8 00
Peaches, Ohio, ℔ crate	4 00	@	7 00
Peaches, common, ℔ crate	3 00	@	4 00
Apples, common, ℔ bbl	2 50	@	3 50
Apples, prime, ℔ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Nutmeg Melons, ℔ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Grapes, Isabellas, ℔ ℔	10	@	12
Grapes, Concord, ℔ ℔	10	@	11
Grapes, Delaware, ℔ ℔	15	@	17
Grapes, Catawba, ℔ ℔	15	@	17
Blue Gages, ℔ bbl	9 00	@	10 00
Quinces, ℔ 100	1 00	@	3 00
Citron, ℔ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Cranberries, ℔ bbl	11 00	@	12 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Fruits are arriving in unlooked for quantities, and the market is therefore easier, with more disposition to sell on the part of holders. Trade is quiet and prices unsteady. We quote:

New Apples, State, ℔ ℔	$ 10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ℔ ℔	10	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ℔ ℔	9	@	10
Peaches, Southern, new, peeled, ℔ ℔	24	@	25
Peaches, Southern, old, ℔ ℔	18	@	20
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ℔ ℔	14	@	15
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ℔ ℔	12	@	12½
Blackberries, ℔ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ℔ ℔	42	@	44

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

TO PRESERVE PEACHES.—The clear-stone yellow peaches, white at the stone, are the best. Weigh the fruit after it is pared. To each pound of fruit allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Put a layer of sugar at the bottom of the preserving-kettle, and then a layer of fruit, and so on until the fruit is all in. Stand it over hot ashes until the sugar is entirely dissolved; then boil them until they are clear; take them out piece by piece, and spread them on a dish free from sirup. Boil the sirup in the pan until it jellies; when the peaches are cold, fill the jars half full with them, and fill up with the boiling sirup. Let them stand a short time covered with a thin cloth, then put on brandy paper, and cover them close with corks, skin, or paper. From twenty to thirty minutes will generally be sufficient to preserve them.

TO KEEP TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out almost as good and fresh as when first picked by preserving in *pure cider vinegar*, diluted with water. One gill of vinegar and two gills of water. Pick when ripe but not very soft, leave the stems on and do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something upon them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vines. It will not fail you if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. —*Mass. Ploughman.*

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick sirup; boil them for a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them until they look clear; if the sirup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CAKE.—One quart of sweet milk, one and a quarter pints of fine sifted Indian meal, two eggs and a little salt; bake forty minutes in a quick oven, bring to the table while hot and serve with butter.

PIECES IN A BED QUILT.—MRS. DAN'L B. PATTEN, Sweden Center, writes:—"The last RURAL stated that a California girl pieced a bed quilt with 2,601 pieces in it. I pieced one with 2,633 pieces. I never thought it worth putting in the paper; if you think it is you may do so. I do not like the idea of having New York beaten by California."

VINEGAR FROM SORGHUM.—J. C. W., Montclair, N. J., wants to know if vinegar can be made from sour sorghum molasses. If so, what is the process of conversion.

DRYING FRUIT.—A. R. W., Fleming, N. Y., asks for a cheap practical plan for drying fruit.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating.—(See advertisement.)

THE "EARLY ROSE" POTATO.

THE EARLIEST AND THE BEST

ORIGINAL STOCK.

This celebrated Potato has proved in every respect a decided success, and although but a short time has elapsed since its introduction, it already ranks as the very best early potato known to cultivators. The good qualities which recommend it are:

1st. It is from ten days to two weeks earlier than any other potato.

2d. It is of larger average size than any other early potato.

3d. It is in table quality and delicacy of flavor without an equal.

4th. It is in productiveness the most astonishing variety ever offered to the public, and the reports of the yield from single pounds the present season are marvelous.

We give below a few reports from parties who purchased seed of us during the spring, which show in what estimation this popular variety is held:

From Thomas C. Andrews, Moorestown, New Jersey.

"I had Early Rose weighing half a pound in seven weeks from planting. One of my friends planted five pounds and dug eight bushels." At the rate of 96 pounds from one.

From William M. Warner, Waterloo Center, N. Y.

"I have just dug my Early Rose Potatoes, raised from one pound obtained from you last spring, and have 107 pounds. We have had a very unfavorable season, it having been unusually dry. I am confident I can raise 200 pounds from one of seed."

From Sam'l S. Hersh, York, Pennsylvania.

"Last spring I purchased from you five pounds of 'Early Rose' Potatoes, and have just dug the crop raised from them. I have nine bushels and one peck, many of the tubers weighing over one pound. Can you beat this?" This is at the rate of 111 pounds from one of seed.

From I. W. Briggs, Postmaster, West Macedon, N. Y.

"The 'Early Rose' Potatoes I bought of you last spring prove to be earlier than any other variety I have in cultivation, and the yield from it is wonderful. The 6¾ pounds averaged 167 pounds from each pound of seed."

From A. S. Rollins, Waterloo, N. Y.

"I planted five pounds of Early Rose Potatoes received from you last spring, and my crop is 19½ bushels—at the rate of 234 pounds from one. I expect to plant all I have, and more, if I can buy them."

From G. & S. Boalt, Norwalk, Ohio.

"We bought of you last spring one pound of Early Rose Potatoes, and have just dug the crop from one-half of them, and we have (by measure) 4½ bushels. We don't think the other half will do quite as well, but are confident we shall get three bushels from it, making 7½ bushels, or 40 pounds, from one pound of seed."

We might easily fill several numbers of this paper with similar reports, but deem the above sufficient to convince the public that

The Early Rose is the King of Potatoes.

We would urge upon the Farmers the advantage and importance of purchasing their seed potatoes in the fall, as in most localities they will wish to plant before we can ship without danger of freezing, and the prices will be advanced in the spring.

The following prices have been fixed upon for full sales. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. Greenbacks, Post Office Orders, or New York Drafts may be sent.

1 pound, postage prepaid	$ 1 00
3 " " "	2 00
1 peck (15 pounds)	5 00
½ bushel (30 pounds)	8 00
1 bushel (60 pounds)	15 00
1 barrel, 2¾ bush. (165 pounds)	40 00

All orders packed and delivered at Express office, free, when our responsibility ceases.

No order accepted unless accompanied by the cash.

Orders will be booked and filled in rotation as received.

Purchasers will please give full shipping directions.

Unless otherwise ordered, all but mail packages will be sent by Express.

☞ A full descriptive and illustrated Circular sent free.

Address GEO. W. BEST,
13 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PHANTASY.

Did I only dream, that I saw thee move
From out the depths of the midnight solemn?
Was it only a dream, that I saw thy form,
Lean softly against that old gray column?

Was it thy dark hair, with its ringlets fair,
Or only the ravens wing that fluttered?
Did the pine trees sigh thro' the misty air,
Or was it thy voice that low words uttered.

Alas, I know that thy voice is mute
Like a wind harp's note on the still air dying;
And I know that the curls of thy raven hair
'Mid the noisome damp of the grave are lying.

I know that the light of thy starry eyes
Is quenched in a sleep that knows no waking,
Where the roses white, neath the autumn skies,
Their tender hearts o'er thy tomb are breaking.

I know that the happy past is fled—
That the one bright star from my sky has vanished,
And I sadly weep, as I bow my head,
For the joyous hopes that for aye are banished.

Porter, N. Y., 1868. A. E. H.

OUR IDEALS.

Although this is a very practical world, and the tendencies of the men and women in it lean mainly toward the practical side, sentiment is not a rare thing, and ideals are as numerous as reals. They are beautiful creatures of our fancy, with whom we hold silent communion in the calmest hours—whose companionship is often our purest joy. In them we are never disappointed. They are always true; they always fulfill our dearest hopes.

Idealistic people may be laughed at, and their ideals jeered as worthless dreams; but, for all this, ideals are not useless. In a certain sense, an ideal is an aspiration. It is not merely an idle dream. It may be somewhat indefinite; but it shapes, more or less clearly, a distinct, defined object,—something to be sought for. And as there can hardly be an ideal of bad, it must naturally have an elevating influence.

Partaking as they do, then, of the character of aspiration, and possessing the true spirit of good, ideals cannot be otherwise than helpful. They beckon us forward to better things. With the common-place attainments of the present they render us dissatisfied. Their sweet allurings are ever with us; to us they are continually breathing of nobler successes that shall some day be ours.

Those who laugh at idealistic people, and rate ideals only with a very low order of sentimentalism, are certainly not considerate. Even themselves will plan for future work, and meditate accomplishments that must reach far into the years. And they call this earnest working and planning, practical. But is it properly so? The future is not a reality; its accomplishments are not more real than itself; and all plans and purposes are only ideals until realized. So the sternly practical individuals, who pride themselves upon their matter-of-factness, so to speak, are little less idealistic than the veriest dreamers.

But dreaming, idealizing, may be perverted into evil, as may every other good. We may shape out an ideal clear, sharp, as a verity, and persuade ourselves that it is so far above and beyond us we can never attain to it. Through a mistaken opinion of our own abilities, or a lazy, inactive disposition, we may content ourselves with looking at the beautiful thing we have defined from afar off, never striving to approach nearer. This is the danger. Dreams and ideal visions are very beneficial in their way; yet must they not come to swallow up all earnest effort, all zealous doing. The marvelous statue was an ideal, hid away in the imprisoning marble, until the sculptor's chisel, plied with careful will, set it free, in realization. The poet's master-piece was but a floating dream, vague and evanescent, until with patient art he brought it forth, a singing triumph, echoing his genius in every heart. Dreaming comes before labor, but labor alone makes it worthy. Ideals are exalting, but only when they call out approximating reals. And reals are alone ennobling when they lift us to a higher plane of life and make us bless the dreams in which they had their inception.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOME ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Dear Rural:—In a copy of your paper dated Sept. 5th I was glad to find an article entitled "Accomplishments." I like such sentiment, and I like, too, a spirit that dares speak out for the right in this over-accomplished age. The writer of that article truly says:—"A woman who fails in her home fails in all." I believe it. Home is woman's realm, given into her hands to regulate, govern and beautify. If she fails here she may look in vain for another kingdom; for she has failed in the only spot where she could have ultimately succeeded. She has laid down the jewels which God gave her to brighten and polish, and in their place finds nothing but dust and ashes, or, as the writer has it, "Neglect, estrangement and ruin."

I think it is a conceded fact that there is no evil without a remedy, and it becomes us to inquire, Where is the evil?—What is the cure?

A young girl loves devotedly. She takes the sacred name of wife, thoughtless of the responsibilities which her position involves. She marries with an honest desire to make her home a happy one, but not being clad in the armor of a well-drilled housekeeper, she fails. Her accomplishments lose their power; day by day she feels her utter unfitness for her station; until at last she despairs of ever making a cheerful home for her husband.

Is the young wife to blame? I think the fault is further back. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," but the twig cannot bend itself. If it inclines in the wrong direction the fault must be in the hand which bends it.

Oh, fond mother, seed for true wisdom. Kneel in your closet, and ask God to direct you in the training of the child committed to your trust; then, following the dictates of your conscience, teach her exactly as you would like to have her taught who is to be your son's wife, and her future home will be a blessing. Give her, if you can, a knowledge of music, and other accomplishments within your reach, but with them give a practical knowledge of housekeeping. Let her own hands knead the bread, make the butter, wash, iron and mend, make beds and sweep, dress the children, prepare breakfast, dinner and supper; and then you need not be ashamed to give her to the very best in the land. She is fitted for life; she will succeed; and if the future should find you alone in the world her husband will gladly welcome you to a home which you taught your daughter to make for him "The dearest spot on earth."

Brooks' Grove, September, 1868.

A SWEET SINGER.

Some one has written thus of one of our most gifted poetesses:

Miss Alice Carey is a dignified, lady-like woman, of medium height, neither stout nor slender, though inclining to the former rather than the latter. Her expression is pleasing, though somewhat sad, and the face is one that a stranger would return to again and again, finding at each look an added charm, so that what was at first a pleasing but rather plain face, produces at length the effect of positive beauty.

Miss Carey is an habitual invalid and great sufferer. She has a colorless complexion, soft, dark hair, showing here and there a thread of silver, and dark, expressive eyes. She is no longer young as the world reckons age, but essential youth beams in her not too unfrequent smile, and from the tranquil depth of her earnest eyes. She has gathered wisdom from the experiences of nearly fifty years,—years brightened not only by the warmth and beauty of summer, but some of them rendered memorable by long, dreary winters of loneliness and sorrow. She is a native of Ohio, with the blood of the Huguenots, the Puritans, and the heroes of the Revolution flowing in her veins.

In the quietude described in her "Clovernook Papers," all the early years of her life went by. The shadow of bereavement fell early upon the quiet, thoughtful girl. First, the mother was taken, then an older sister, who had in some measure filled her place, and later, a young sister, the idol of her love. Speaking of the older sister, Alice says: "She was more cheerful than I; more self-reliant. I used to recite to her my rude verses, which she praised; and she in turn told me stories of her own composing, which I at the time thought evinced wonderful ability; and I still think that sister was unusually gifted. Just as I came into womanhood, death separated us, and that event turned my disposition, naturally melancholy, into almost morbid gloom."

THE HUSBAND OF THE FUTURE.

Much has been written, of late, about the ideal woman,—the model wife. Somebody has thus written of the husband of the future, as he is to be—perhaps:

The model husband walks out with his wife on a week day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the cab is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to the Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen. He is innocent of a latchkey. He lets the family go out of town once every year, while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary regularly.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Girls, be on your guard. A kisometer has been invented; and the number of kisses which the young folks indulge in, in the parlor, of evenings, can now be accurately determined. By driving gas under pressure through a long but fine burner, a very slender flame some two feet high is obtained. This, from some cause yet unexplained, is sensitive to the slightest sharp or sibilant sound, even at long distances. Conversation has no effect upon it until you sound the letter S, when down the flame goes, half its length. Of kisses it seems to be especially afraid.

A Saratoga correspondent, writing of the fashions, says that "some women dress to please each other; some to please men, or rather one man, for as a general thing they despise men's opinions on millinery. But the most dressy women don't dress to please anybody; they dress to worry other women."

When a lady is walking with a gentleman, she should always be at his right arm, whether it be towards the inside or the outside of the walk; then the lady will not be shoved against the passers. Those who giggle at persons who follow this rule, are themselves the greenies.

The Princess Louise, Queen Victoria's fifth daughter, is a beautiful girl, fair, tall, and like a lily, with well-cut features, a pensive cast of countenance, and blue German eyes. Her walk is singularly *distingue*. Her youngest sister Beatrice, is ugly, pert, and self-conscious.

The foot of the Venus de Medici, the beautiful statue generally acknowledged to be a perfect model in proportion, is in length one-seventh the height of the whole figure, and in width a little more than one-eighteenth.

A watering place correspondent has discovered that New York women are the most stylish, Boston women the most intellectual, Philadelphia women the most winning, and Baltimore women the most coquettish.

A lady advertises for sale one baboon, three tabby cats and a parrot. She states that, being now married, she has no further use for them, for the reason that their amiable qualities are all combined in her husband.

M'lle Hisson, the new Parisian prima donna, it is thought, will, by-and-by, eclipse both Nilssen and Patti. She is a very good-looking girl, and plays better than those two great queens of the operatic stage.

A girl left the White Mountains, recently, with thirteen trunks, two band-boxes and a poodle. She looks after her baggage herself, and is worth $500,000 besides her trunks.

A sweet sixteen, just back from Saratoga, says there is nothing mean about her lover. The other day he gave her a ring worth $8,000.

A young lady in New York received a horse and carriage as a philopene present from a rich old bachelor a few days ago.

"Too many cooks spoil the broth." Alas! far too many do so, and the whole dinner besides, says a sufferer.

Silver and golden anklets for ladies are about to become fashionable. They will be worn outside the stocking.

An unromantic fellow says that Caux loves Patti for her franc-ness, and that Patti loves Caux so.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GIFT OF SLEEP.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

"He giveth His beloved sleep." And this—
There is no earthly gift bestowed, beside,
That so enwraps complete content and bliss.
It is the door that opes to regions wide
Where sunny skies are cloudless evermore,
Where silver waters kiss the verdant shore.

Sweet mystery! meet recompense for toil!
From every care it bears us far away,—
From out the fret, the weary din and moil
That round the close of each succeeding day;
That make us welcome evening's holy hour
Which brings to weary ones its priceless dower.

Sweet mystery! that bringeth glad relief
To hearts bowed down with heavy weight of pain;
That bindeth up the smarting wounds of grief,
And proves surcease for every bitter bane;
That stops the flow of onward moving life,
And yieldeth peace amid the angry strife!

To live, and not to live! To wander out
From paths shut in, their borders all along,
By brambles grown of broken faith and doubt,
And thorns upspringing from the seeds of wrong,—
To wander out and press with willing feet
The paths that lead to rest the most complete;—

To merge our being in the tranquil sea
Unmeasured yet, of sweet forgetfulness,—
To lose all sense,—to be, and not to be,—
To yield up thought and will, and still possess
The wondrous powers that resurrection give,
That bring us back to will, and bid us live;—

This is a mystery divine, indeed,
And ever with the rarest blessings fraught;
Of nature's want it fills the greatest need;
It was the Giver's latest, sweetest thought!
Your boon, ye fainting souls who wait and weep,
Is this:—"He giveth His beloved sleep!"

He giveth sleep, and so He giveth rest!
Rest for the weary feet, the aching brow,
The hands that tire, the wildly throbbing breast
Nigh bursting with its passion-pressure now;
Rest—for the present; for the future—strength,
When morning and awaking come, at length!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RAVELINGS — NEW SERIES.

BY T. RAVELER.

NO. IX.—EFFECTS OF THE FALL.

I make no doubt that Eve was a good sort of woman. She had a little too much influence over her husband; that's all. And she furnished a forcible illustration of the bad results that may accrue from undue female influence. Poor thing!—the very worst curse that could have been imposed on her memory is the naming everything especially bad, after her—Ev-il. Some masculine brain concocted the word; rest assured of that. As a stroke of revenge for the biting misfortune into which Father Adam was inveigled, it is a success.

I've sat here over an hour, speculating on this matter. (Am inclined to think I shall lose by the transaction.) You see, I didn't set out to treat of my subject precisely in this way. The effects I designed to mention are those of a fall quite different from that alluded to,—the Fall of the year. Of course it's proper to term Autumn "the Fall," which we do. And of course it would be just as proper to term Spring "the Rise," which we don't. Why?

There are divers and sundry effects of the Fall, that I have noted, of late. Effects curious, amusing, beautiful, touching. Of these I was meditating. Then that other fall suggested itself, and was productive of speculation. It has been productive of a great many other things. It has borne a large variety of fruit. It bids fair to bear a great deal more. If such an event never had taken place, what would be the present status of things? This "if" is what I've been cogitating about.

—If! The word is full of contingencies. "But—and—if"—makes up our being. There's a veil of vague, dim uncertainty over almost everything. Beside, it's pleasant to turn back along the day-book of life which we are keeping, and mark every entry with an "if." We know what was; who can tell what might have been, if ——

But if Eve hadn't over-persuaded Adam, in the manner she did, what a different world we should have of it. Ah, that glorious might have been! We shouldn't hear any clamor for woman's rights, any complaint about man's wrongs. Men wouldn't kill each other, for pay or pastime. Sectarianism would be unknown; there would be no sects but insects. There wouldn't be any "Wickedest Man"—or woman either. And we shouldn't have The Girl of the Period, or The Young Man of the Age. Which latter we are abundantly blessed with,—both of them. But the girls of the period are either the most numerous, or receive the most attention. I read of them in every journal I take up. I've been perusing some essays about them, and conclude they (the essays or the girls, I'm not quite clear which,) must be the direct effects of the fall. O, Mother Eve! if you could read what a nondescript your semblance has at last become, verily, you would come out of the shades of these many thousand years, and repent in sack cloth (silk velvet) and ashes (dust of diamonds.)

The girls of the period, even more than the rest of man and womankind, have felt the effects of the Fall. (Put it with a capital F, this time. The other fall was not a capital one.) It has driven them from the springs, the mountains and the seaside. It has brought to an untimely end their season of flirting and husband-hunting. When the cool September days came, with a touch of frost in the air, they packed their hundred and one cast-off dresses (worn once) in their portable houses, turned languishing eyes upon the scene of their successes or failures, and started for the city, there to languish and simper and drawl out their worthless lives through another season of opera and party going.

It's very astonishing, indeed, to see how quickly fashionable invalids recover their health when the evenings take on a chill, and how capable they feel of returning to town. The Fall days are a powerful tonic for them. But the tonic is better if taken by their glowing grates or hot registers, in easy reach of "the dear five hundred" that make up "our set."

I saw The Young Man of the Age as he was shaking the dust of the springs off his patent leathers. He looked as though he saw a couple of hundred thousand just vanishing into thin air. I suspect The Girl of the Period had eluded him. His countenance said as plainly as his affected tongue could, "Aw, the game's up." "Ol'll have to hunt up some other girl who'll consent to give me spending money for the privilege of being called Mrs. Fitzpoodle. Aw, but it's a dem'd bother!"

The Young Man of the Age is typical, of course, and not so temperate but he is sometimes typical with an *s* in it. At home he abuses the servants; thinks "the old man" a convenience, as a banker; talks loud to "the old woman;" carries a night key and comes in very late from champagne suppers; gets up very late next morning; and has only one aim,—to find a couple of hundred thousand, (with an appendage of the feminine gender,) which will enable him to live quite respectably. This young worthy should have a series of essays devoted wholly to him. If no one else offers to take the job I will persuade Aunt Jerusha to attempt it. I've no doubt she'd do it justice.

But to come back to the effects of the Fall. Watering places are deserted. Brass bands and contrabands have disappeared from parlors and grand saloons. Landlords have figured up their profits, and put them out at interest. Paterfamilias has sighed regretfully over his depleted pocket-book. Materfamilias has wondered why Euphemia did not succeed in hooking that splendid gudgeon, Senor Ezpedezca. Euphemia has wondered if Senor Ezpedezca will follow her home, as he protested he should. Little white feet that played in the sands at Newport are encased in dainty slippers, and will dance the German in Upper Tendom's parlors through the winter nights. The idlers have gone to be idle elsewhere. The workers have returned to their work, from their week of play, with the vitality of ocean air and mountain breezes to help them in doing it.

So the play of life goes on. Some make comedy of it,—some tragedy. Not a few make nothing at all, but let it shape itself. Which may be best, after all.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HUMILITY.

As birds sing oftener on lowly roofs than palace domes, and roses love best to climb o'er lowly window-sills and cottage eaves, so to the poor God's blessings come, freighted with dearest wealth, and to the humble heart His love is sweetest.

They who have oftenest been bowed to earth with deep afflictions are nearest heaven; and as the rose never gives forth all its sweetness until it is crushed, so human hearts need the Good Father's hand to press the blossoms of purity, and love, and faith, that He may not have imparted to them their heavenly fragrance in vain. Grace G. Slough.

IMPROVE THE EVENINGS.

With the return of the lengthened and pleasant and cool evenings, comes the query to all, how shall we best improve them? There are a thousand pleasant ways of spending a fall or winter evening within the reach of those who have command of their own time: and prominent among these is indulgence in literary pursuits. How few, comparatively, of the young people of the present day, appreciate as they should the inestimable privileges they enjoy? Surrounded, as are the young of large cities, with all the opportunities necessary for the cultivation of a literary taste, not one in a thousand appears to improve these golden chances. Occasionally, it is true, we meet with a young man or a young woman who firmly grasps the idea that "knowledge is power," but these unfortunately, are the exceptions, not the rule.

Thousands of young men, who have comfortable homes—whose parents are willing to supply them with books and papers—instead of availing themselves of these advantages, spend their long fall and winter evenings either in idle lounging around corners, or in company with frivolous associates, male or female. Thus, winter after winter passes away, each one bringing them nearer to the age of manhood, but not fitting them for the proper discharge of the duties that a full manhood requires. They enter upon the busy stage of life with none of those safeguards which a cultivated intellect throws around its possessor. They start out laboring under a thousand disadvantages and confronted by innumerable obstacles, which disappear like shadows before a well informed mind. The fact that they do not contemplate adopting a professional career does not in any degree relieve them from the charge of being untrue to themselves, their friends and their country, while thus fritting away the most precious hours of their lives in idle indifference, and too frequently in the company of those association whom with is contamination. How many of them will resolve to "turn over a new leaf" and improve the long evenings of the fall and winter?

SANDWICHES.

He who blackens others, does not whiten himself.

Revenge converts a little right into a great wrong.

Speak little, speak truth; spend little, pay cash.

It is easier to blame than to do better.

Our neighbors's children are always the worst.

Forgive thyself nothing and others much.

What comes from the heart goes to the heart.

The best head-quarters—Brains.

The case for the crown—A skull cap.

Men of winning ways—Faro bankers.

"Going to work with a will"—Altering one.

The back door belle—A pretty kitchen maid.

The sequel to "After Dark"—After mischief.

How to manage bachelors—Miss-manage them.

An exchange writes Planchette "plaincheat."

Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be.

High houses are mostly empty in the upper story.

More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

The fewer the words the better the prayer.

It is not enough to aim, you must hit.

Poverty is the sixth sense.

There is no good in preaching to the hungry.

Can a physician be called a remover of disabilities?

The best part of many persons' poetry—The refrain.

A shade of difference—The ghost of one's former self.

Charity gives itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

A New York paper has a new motto for a stage driver, which is classically apt:—*Jam forte in omnibus.*"

The Parental Example.—There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young lad, who for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. In a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water."

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

BY A. H. LINTON.

I never here may know content,
Or feel a full, a perfect bliss;
May never climb the long ascent
And find the joy that here I miss;
But somewhere, in the years to be,
Beyond the portals opening wide
Across the lowly vale, for me,
At length I shall be satisfied!

Be satisfied! O, faith so sweet
That helps me onward day by day!
That guides my weak and blinded feet
Along the upward tending way!
It is the star that bright and clear
Shines downward thro' my clouded night,
That has a tender, holy cheer
Within its steady burning light.

Be satisfied! Fly quickly, years,
And bring that day of days the best,
When all the sickening doubts and fears,
Shall vanish from my anxious breast!
And waiting moments, whisper low,
As far away these days recede,
Of purer pleasures I shall know,—
Supplies that fill my every need.

Have patience, O my throbbing heart!
The moments will not slowly creep;
And life is only here a part
Of one long, fitful, troubled sleep.
I shall awake sometime, Ah, yes!
This slumber shall be put aside,
And in my Lord's fair comeliness
I shall be fully satisfied!

BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits," the Saviour said in his wonderful Sermon on the Mount. And henceforth this was to be the test of Christianity everywhere. Is it not a just one? Can there be any more reasonable judgment of aught that was intended to be useful, than that which is here implied?

"Every good tree bringeth forth good fruit;" but O, the evil trees, how thickly they are scattered about! Out in our gardens we have trees that look well,—are thrifty, luxuriant even, in their growth. Every spring they open a wealth of blossoms, and every summer or fall they are barren of all fruit. We, ourselves, are not unlike them. We show a wealth of blossoms in good intentions, purposes and promises, but these seldom mature into the rich, ripe fruit of fulfillments and performances.

A tree that blossoms and bears no fruit, is as worthless as one that does neither. Just so with our lives; they may bloom very beautiful with promises, and yet be as valueless as though never a bud of a promise had beautified them. Blossoms are sweet, in themselves, but far sweeter for that which is hidden within. They are glad prophecies of the golden harvest. Good intentions, resolutions, purposes, and the like, are very pleasant things, but pleasant only because they contain a promise. If the promise fail, then are they as chaff before the wind.

Let us be frank with ourselves, and ask how many of our blossoms become fruit. It will not do to trust that they may ripen in a season far ahead. There will be a harvest time, by-and-by, so much is certain. It may come sooner than we think. It may find us with never a promise realized. And then? "Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Is the answer sufficiently plain?

The season of the ingathering of grain and other products should be an impressive sermon to us. It breathes of fulfillments, on every passing breeze. Through it the voice of the year is sweetly saying,—"In the seed-time I gave you my promises; behold how they are redeemed." Let us listen to the earnest lesson. Let us nurture the blossoms of good with tender care, that the harvest of fruit may prove a bountiful one.

GOD GLORIFIED IN THE HEART.

Lovelier to look upon than any garden of flowers is the heart which God has beautified with salvation. More beautiful than any material things are the adornings of Christian character. These flowers of grace, exotics from the heavenly paradise, made by the Holy Spirit's influences to bloom here below, do much to make an Eden wherever our sin-polluted atmosphere is perfumed by their sweetness, or our waste wilderness gladdened by their beauty. Wherever a spot of earth smiles with flowers, especially wherever the desert blossoms with the rose, there we look with untiring pleasure. And wherever in the world the beauty of Christ is seen in sinners saved—wherever among Satan's thorns one of the Saviour's lilies grow—wherever is shed the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon—wherever a man like Enoch walks with God—wherever a home is cheered by Christian joyousness—wherever a community of believers adorn the doctrines of the Gospel—there God's eye rests with delight. M'Cheyne beautifully remarks that Bethany was called in heaven "the town of Mary and her sister Martha."

God is glorified in His people more than in all His works of nature. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." But nature's praise is either silent or inarticulate; while the new heart sings forth its gladness not only audibly and distinctly, but thankfully, and the loveliness of grace manifests itself in God-glorifying actions.—*S. S. Times.*

The Fullness in Christ.—How difficult it would be to name a noble figure, a sweet smile, a tender or attractive relationship, in which Jesus is not set forth to woo a reluctant sinner and cheer a desponding saint. Am I wounded? He is balm. Am I naked? He is clothing. Am I sick? He is medicine. Am I poor? He is wealth. Am I hungry? He is bread. Am I thirsty? He is water. Am I in debt? He is a surety. Am I in darkness? He is a sun. Have I a house to build? He is a rock. Must I face that black and gathering storm? He is an anchor sure and steadfast. Am I to be tried? He is an advocate. Is sentence passed, and I am to be condemned? He is pardon.—*Selected.*

Bible promises are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

Actions are immortal; and our deeds now and their deservings hereafter must be the twin companions that shall walk in eternity hand in hand.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—No. II.

ASCENDING MOUNT WASHINGTON.

ONLY a few years ago the ascent of Washington was not made without considerable sacrifice of bodily comfort. Sometimes it was attended with real danger. If the stern old mountain could speak to us in language simpler and plainer than its majestic utterances, we might hear many sad stories of poor, lost wanderers who toiled upward, bewildered and chilled, and never came down,—for whom friendly rocks became the only shelter,—who perished, at last, in the fierce, pitiless storm. The foot-paths were not always readily traced, and many ambitious climbers strayed away from them, never reaching a mountain summit, or if they did, not Washington's, but one of

"—the Beautiful Hills,
Where the weary shall toil no more."

It is far different now. The bridle path and mule did away, mainly, with the danger and discomfort; but even they are superseded. Yankee engineering skill and perseverance wrought out a better way. A Carriage Road was projected, and, in the face of obstacles such as none who have never passed over it can appreciate, completed. On the 8th of Aug., 1861, Mr. GEORGE W. LANE drove the first coach up to the very summit of the mountain. Sixteen passengers rode up with him, and in acknowledgment of his services as JEHU presented him with a substantial whip, suitably inscribed. GEORGE drives up the Carriage Road yet, and still flourishes the same whip-stock,—the lash, I dare say, has been replaced. He is a sturdy New Hampshire boy, on whom the ups and downs of life (which he sees literally every day) seem to have little effect.

The road is a splendid specimen of engineering. Moreover, it is a splendid road,—broad enough anywhere to allow the passage of teams, and smoothly macadamized. It zig-zags up the mountain, with the guard wall, which serves as a protection on the lower side, being now on the left hand, and now on the right, starting with it on the left. It was built by the Mount Washington Carriage Road Company, at a cost of nearly $100,000, and will prove a good investment unless the railroad, now in process of construction on the opposite side, decreases its patronage. Possibly this may be the case, though if ever the railroad is completed half the beauty of the ascent will be lost to those who go up by it.

Throughout the first four miles the grade is moderate, and your six-horse team averages two miles an hour. A luxuriant forest growth extends along both sides of the way, composed mostly of spruce, prettily sprinkled with wild cherry and other trees of such lighter green foliage. As you go upward there is a marked change in vegetation. What was luxuriant becomes sparse and stunted; the birch and maple disappear entirely, and in their stead are seen but dwarfed firs and spruces. At the Half Way House,—a small, rough affair, where the workmen lodge who are employed upon the road,—even these latter are seldom found.

The Silver Forest marks the close of nearly all vegetation. It covers the descent on the right, near the Half Way, and is felicitously named. Here the dwarf firs are scattered about like ghosts of trees long since departed, every one bare of bark, bleached to a strange whiteness in the storms of centuries, and reaching out its arms as though it were indeed a specter. The rocks which dispute the right of possession with these spectral trees are almost as strangely white as they. Perhaps a fire swept over this part of the mountain years agone; perhaps the severe cold has produced the very peculiar effect here so apparent. There are traditions of a fire, I believe, but the chronicles do not fully substantiate them.

HALF WAY UP.

Before leaving the Half Way House you will put on an extra overcoat, or shawl. Just above this point the ascent is more rugged, and the road winds around the Ledge, a sharp spur of rock rising high up at the left. Ah, how the keen wind cuts your face like a knife, and pierces to your very vitals! You draw your shawl closer around you, and pass on. Another turn, and the silver forest shines below you on the left, and off on the right is the abrupt and fearful gorge known as the Great Gulf, down which you can tumble a rock full two thousand feet, its dull thuds echoing back as it bounds far out of sight. The base of Clay forms the opposite side of this gorge, and the view of that and of Jefferson and Adams, from this point, is grand and sublime. Better than elsewhere, the eye here takes in their awful immenseness, for they are seen from the foot to the topmost crag. Looking backward from here, too, the prospect is exceedingly fine, including nearly all the winding way traversed from the Glen House, which seems only a white speck away beneath, and the pretty little Peabody valley.

Half a mile further on another prospect opens, more extensive, and magnificently beautiful. Far to the southward reaches the fertile Valley of the Saco, flowing through one corner of Maine into the sea; eastward winds the rapid Androscoggin, like a thread of fretted silver; and here and there a mountain peak looks up to the blue heaven, with the shifting shadows chasing each other over it. But it is growing colder, and the afternoon is waning. With a chill that sets your teeth chattering you draw your wrappings still more closely round you,—GEORGE cracks his whip,—you turn your back on all this beauty of distance,—the guard wall is once more on the right,—the scene is shifted. And thus it shifts again and again. The panorama before you is an ever-changing one, growing more comprehensive and sublime at every turn.

Huge boulders lie thickly strewn about; there is little sign of soil anywhere. Moss, lichens, and an occasional fir shrub, scarcely more than a foot high, are the only remnants of vegetable life. The road has a grade of one foot in eight, and you begin to realize what an accomplishment the building of it truly was. An angry cloud rolls down upon you; it envelops you in its dampness; it pierces you through and through. Another shawl is a necessity. You wrap it about you, covering your head as well; and GEORGE shouts only to the horses, while you say not a word.

It is a very "upish" way. Yet you go on—on—and up—up.

Through the wild howling of the blasts which threaten to carry you all down the mountain side, at last you hear the driver shouting a word of encouragement.

"We're almost there!"

You feel a thrill of joy as you ask—

"How much further?"

"Only a mile!"

"Almost!" And your spirits suddenly sink below zero as you think of that dreary mile. But when half of it is passed over you come to a level reach. Crack! crack! goes the whip again, and the horses dash along at a speed that is re-assuring. The cloud has kindly lifted or floated downward, and before you are aware of it you have made another ascent, and are having a sunset view on the famed summit itself!

I cannot describe it. It is a baptism of glory. It is poetry beyond all words,—grandeur more grand than pen or pencil can tell,—sublimity more sublime than can be expressed. The heavens above you are as far away as ever, but the Gates of the West are only just over on the other mountain top, yonder,—let us go through them and dwell with the blest forever!

A. DRIFT.

THE SPARROW-HAWK.

OUR engraving illustrates one of the handsomest of the species of rapacious birds. The Sparrow-Hawk is the smallest of the hawk family, being generally about ten inches long, and twenty in expanse of wing. Its head is of a bluish ash color, bordered with white, in which are black spots; crown of the head reddish; back also reddish, barred with black; under side of the body yellowish-white, streaked with brown; quill feathers black, mottled with white; tail feathers quite variegated. The bird builds its nest in a hollow tree, choosing a hole pretty high up. It inhabits almost every part of the United States, but is hardly as common now as formerly.

The habits of the Sparrow-Hawk are quite interesting. It flies very irregularly, now suspending itself motionless in the air, now shooting wildly off at an angle, now plunging at random, as it seems, into a thicket. But as a hunter it is indefatigable, and its movements are so quick that it seldom fails to secure the coveted game. Mice, lizards, snakes, young chickens, all kinds of small birds, and even birds nearly as large as itself, it despatches unmercifully. The blue jay and king-bird are its special enemies, and appear to find a peculiar pleasure in tormenting it. Whole flocks of the former may sometimes be seen attacking one.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALL ABOUT THE OYSTER.—NO. I.

WHAT IT IS—WHERE FOUND.

THE oyster is a marine, (and in the language of the naturalists) acephalous (headless) mollusk, of the lamellibrancate (plated gills) order, and of the genus *ostrea*. It presents about the simplest form of life in the animal kingdom. As an article of food it may be ranked among the luxuries, and yet, as such, it finds its way into more families and upon more tables in this country than any other one coming under such designation. More words, therefore, to identify the oyster may be deemed unnecessary.

It is found in all oceans in the temperate and torrid zones, and, as is implied, in all salt waters. It produces itself in and is indigenous to both zones named. It is found as far north as the St. Lawrence.

SPECIES.

We are told by naturalists that there are to be found fossil remains of 200 different species of oysters. These scientific gentlemen inform us that there are now some 60 species of oysters known, and at the same time they state that "it would be difficult to describe them, even if it were necessary," and that "it is almost impossible strictly to define the limits of the species." In general cultivation, however, these same authorities reduce the species to two in number, and in general terms these two are described as follows:—One has a long, narrow shell, growing, in some instances, to be 12 to 15 inches long, with a width of only about three inches. The other grows, in its greatest perfection, to be about 12 inches long and about six inches wide. There are an abundance of names given to oysters, and there are, perhaps, a greater variety of these in vogue at New York than at any other oyster locality. For example, on that market may be seen these oyster names:—Lynn Havens, East Rivers, Sounds, Rockaways, York Rivers, Rappahannocks, Delawares, Key Ports, Cherry Stones, Mill Ponds, Blue Points, City Islands, Strawberries, White Falls, Prime Bass, Seasides, &c., the list embracing sundry others not readily brought to mind. It will be perceived,—if not, it is a fact,—that the oysters take the name, usually, of the locality whence they are taken from the water. There are the famous Saddle Rocks; but the reader should understand that this name is not given to any oyster from any particular locality, but to the largest selected oysters, come whence they may.

But if we are to credit the observation and judgment of oystermen, the matter of a variety of species disappears at once. They controvert the idea and the statement flatly, and deny that there are a multiplicity of species among oysters, especially in the same latitude. The writer, let it be understood, does not undertake to decide this question of many species between the naturalists and the oystermen and growers. He expresses no opinion, but only undertakes to give the opinions of each party and let them stand on their respective merits. Old and experienced, observing and intelligent oyster growers declare that they can take oysters in embryo from a given location and plant them in any other locality, and produce an oyster crop having all the apparent or real peculiarities which mark the species and define it in that locality. They assert, with all confidence, that it is circumstances which give the oyster, at any locality, the discoverable differences which mark it from the oysters of any other localities, and that upon the whole North American coast there is but one oyster. This is their claim, and by it they array themselves against the statements of scientific men, based, as the latter admit, on the difficulty "to describe the species" and "define the limits of the species."

SEX.

In regard to sex, the doctors themselves disagree. A part of them maintain that this mollusk is hermaphrodite, and that from this fact each oyster is capable of producing itself. To this opinion LEEWENHOCK and POLI hold. Others declare that the oyster has a distinct sex, and that, like most all orders of creation, it is either male or female, and that fecundation is effected through the medium of the water. To this class of naturalists belongs SIEBOLD.

FECUNDITY.

No one questions the fact that the oyster has the capacity of reproducing itself to a wonderful extent. With the astonishing quantities eaten annually by the human family, it will be seen that without almost unlimited power of fecundation the supply would soon be exhausted, and even become extinct. A single adult oyster will produce 1,200,000 eggs. With but few exceptions naturalists assume that it is ovoviparous (hatching its eggs within the shell and its mantle.) The young are termed, interchangeably, spawn, spats, and flatsuns, and are so small at birth that it is estimated that 1,000,000 can be packed in a cubic inch.

L. S. A.

VENETIAN GLASS.

As the art of glass-making was introduced into modern Europe by the Venetians, Mr. Herries, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy and Legation at Florence, in his report just issued, has furnished some statistics relating to the production of Venetian glass. He states that, besides discovering the art of rendering glass colorless by means of manganese, the Venetians enjoyed the monopoly of mirrors, the silvering of which was a secret long kept from other countries. These mirrors, however, have now lost their reputation, as foreign competitors produce larger plates. Glass beads are still made in considerable quantities for exportation. Venetian enamels have always been famous, and among the peculiar productions of Venice may be reckoned the beautiful composition called aventurine, the secret of which is said to be in the possession of a single manufacturer. The great glass works are at Murano, one of the islands of the lagoon. The number of persons employed in glass-making at Murano and Venice is 5,000, of whom one-third are men, and two-thirds women and children. The annual cost of the substances employed in the manufacture is estimated at about 7,000,000f. In the East there is a constant demand for beads and other articles known as "*conterie*." There are six glass-works in Turin, three in Genoa, five in Milan, thirteen in Florence, eleven in Naples, and twenty in Venice. These fifty-eight works produce articles of the annual value of 10,276,725 francs.

THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

THIS world of ours is filled with wonders. The microscope reveals them not less than the telescope, each at either extreme of creation. In the insect creation particularly, there is much to know that has never been dreamed of—wheels within wheels, without computation or number. Let us take a rapid glance at the proofs of this statement.

The polypus, it is said, like the fabled hydres, receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg as large as itself. There are four thousand and forty-one muscles in the caterpillar. Hooke discovered fourteen thousand mirrors in the eye of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, thirteen thousand three hundred arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web, so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united. Leuwhenock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than the grain of sand, and which spun threads so fine that it took four thousand of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

And thus we might go on until the mind would almost weary of the details of the wonders of nature.

SETTLE WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG.—Think of this, my good friend, and as you have kind affections to make some good girl happy, settle yourself in life while you are young, and lay up, by so doing, a stock of domestic happiness, against age or bodily decay. There are many good things in life, whatever satirists and misanthropes may say to the contrary; but probably the best of all, next to a conscience void of offence (but without which, by the by, they can hardly exist,) are the quiet exercise and enjoyment of the social feelings, in which we are at once happy in ourselves, and the cause of happiness to those who are dearest to us.—*Scott.*

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.—Machinery has been put in operation in St. Louis, by which white artificial marble is being manufactured, which is said to be equal in durability and texture to what would be called an excellent article of quarried marble. The process requires only a few hours to complete it, and the material can be furnished, molded in a desirable form, and much cheaper than it can be cut from the quarry, even in the plainest finished style.

ADDISON says:—"Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; and then to be a man of business; then to take up an estate; to attain to honors; and then finally to retire."

Reading for the Young.

"WHEN I AM A MAN."

Rosy little dreamer!
To your childish eyes
All the wondrous future
Shines in rainbow dyes;
And the golden distance
Fairy arches span,
While the red lips murmur,
"*When I am a man.*"

How your dark eyes kindle
With a hidden fire,
While your busy fancy
Builds the castle higher;
Never knight was braver,
Noble deeds to plan,
Waiting for their doing
"*Till I am a man.*"

Rosy, little dreamer,
Build upon the rock!
Though your castles crumble,
That will bear the shock;
In your simple childhood
Serving as you can;
Grander work awaits you
"*When you are a man.*"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUSIE'S PRAYER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

IT was a half holiday. The children were gathered on the green and a right merry time they were having. I think children always do enjoy themselves on such occasions.

"Come, girls and boys," called out NED GRAHAM, "let's play hunt the squirrel."

All assented eagerly, and a large circle was formed with NED GRAHAM for leader because he was the largest.

"Come, SUSIE," said one of the boys, to a little girl who stood on one side, and seemed to shrink from joining them.

"Oh, never mind *her!*" said NED, with a little toss of his head, "she's nobody, anyhow. Her father drinks."

A quick flush crept over the child's pale face as she heard the cruel, thoughtless words. She was very sensitive, and the arrow had touched her heart in its tenderest place. Her father *was* a drunkard, she knew, but to be taunted with it before so many was more than she could bear; and with great sobs heaving her bosom, and hot tears filling her eyes, she turned and ran away from the play-ground.

Her mother was sitting by the window when she reached home and the tearful face of the little girl told that something had happened to disturb her.

"What is the matter, SUSIE?" she asked, kindly.

"Oh, mother," SUSIE said, with the tears dropping down her cheeks, as she hid her face in her mother's lap, "NED GRAHAM said such a cruel thing about me," and here the sobs choked her voice so that she could hardly speak; "he said I wasn't anybody, and that father drinks."

"My poor little girl," Mrs. ELLET said, very sadly. There were tears in her eyes, too. Such taunts as this were nothing new.

"Oh, mother," SUSIE said, as she lifted her face, wet with tears, from her mother's lap, "I can't bear to have them say so, and act just as if *I* had done something wicked. I wish father wouldn't drink! Do you suppose he'll ever leave it off?"

"I hope so," Mrs. ELLET answered, as she kissed SUSIE's face where the tears clung like drops of dew on a rose. "I pray that he may break off the habit, and I can do nothing but pray, and leave the rest to GOD."

That night Mr. ELLET came home to supper, as usual. He was a hard-working man, and a good neighbor. So everybody said, but he had the habit of intemperance so firmly fixed upon him that everybody thought he would end his days in the drunkard's grave. SUSIE kissed him when he came through the gate, as she always did, but there was something in her face that went to his heart. A look so sad, and full of touching sorrow for one so young as she!

"What ails my little girl?" he asked, as he patted her curly head.

"I can't tell you, father," she answered, slowly.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because it would make you feel bad," SUSIE replied.

"I guess not," he said, as they walked up to the door together. "What is it, SUSIE?"

"Oh, father," and SUSIE burst into tears again as the memory of NED GRAHAM'S words came up freshly in her mind, "I wish you wouldn't drink any more for the boys and girls don't like to play with me, 'cause you do."

Mr. ELLET made no reply. But something stirred in his heart that made him ashamed of himself; ashamed that he was the cause of so much sorrow and misery.

After supper he took his hat, and Mrs. ELLET knew only too well where he was going. At first he had resolved to stay at home that evening, but the force of habit was so strong that he could not resist, and he yielded, promising himself, that he would not drink more than once or twice.

SUSIE had left the table before he finished his supper, and as he passed the great clump of lilacs, by the path, on his way to the gate, he heard her voice and stopped to listen to what she was saying.

"Oh, good JESUS, please don't let father drink any more. Make him just as he used to be when I was a baby, and then the boys and girls can't call me a drunkard's child, or say such bad things about me. Please, dear JESUS, for mother's sake and mine."

SUSIE's father listened to her simple prayer with a great lump swelling in his throat. And when it was ended he went up to her, and knelt down by her side, and put his arm around her, oh, so lovingly!

"GOD in Heaven," he said, very solemnly, "I promise to-night, never to touch another drop of liquor as long as I live. Give me strength to keep my pledge, and help me to be a better man."

"Oh, father," SUSIE cried, her arms about his neck, and her head upon his breast, "I'm *so* glad! I shan't care about anything they say to me now, for I know you won't be a drunkard any more."

"GOD helping me, I will be a *man!*" he answered, as, with SUSIE in his arms, he went back into the house where his wife was sitting with the old patient look of sorrow on her face,—the look that had become so habitual.

I cannot tell you of the joy and thanksgiving that went up from that hearthstone that night. I wish I could, but it was too deep a joy which filled the hearts of SUSIE and her mother to be described.

Was not SUSIE's prayer answered?

WITH patience and time the plain mulberry leaf becomes a beautiful silk gown.

The Rural New-Yorker

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK: SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Midland Railroad Company is steadily progressing with its important work. The whole line from Oswego to Middletown, on the Erie Railroad near the New Jersey State line, will soon be under contract, except about twenty miles in Delaware co., and the Company expect to have the road from Oswego to Sidney Plains, the junction with the Albany and Susquehanna road, in running order next fall, and the whole line from Oswego to New York completed within two years.

A sad accident occurred near Painted Post, on the Erie Railway, on the 22d ult. The funeral procession of a Mrs. Carr was crossing the track, when an express train came along. Mr. Carr's horse baulked just on the track, his child and a sister of the deceased were thrown out and killed. Mr. Carr escaped uninjured.

Three convicts at the Sing Sing State prison, seized a powder boat, after overpowering the guard, and, locking them in the hold, started across the river with the vessel, and landed at the foot of Rockland Mountain and escaped.

A fireman on the locomotive "Arctic," at Poughkeepsie, got drunk recently, and in the absence of the engineer, mounted the engine, opened the throttle and sped away with the locomotive, causing the greatest consternation among the witnesses of the scene. Orders were telegraphed to tear up the track in advance of the engine, lest the lives of hundreds of passengers should be endangered, but before this could be accomplished the engine was stopped by the overflow of water from the boiler upon the fires, extinguishing them. It appears the pumps were both at work filling the boiler, and the drunken fireman was unaware of the fact until the engine stopped for want of motive power. His mad race continued twelve miles, but happily the apprehensions of disaster were not fulfilled.

The deaths in New York city last week numbered 454.

The National Labor Congress in session in New York city adjourned on Saturday. A platform of some length was adopted, and also resolutions relative to emigration.

Several casualties occurred in Troy on Saturday last. A man named McDonald was found dead on the sidewalk, in the morning, supposed to have fallen out of a window; a deaf old gentleman was run over by the cars, and killed; and a tailor named Cook, in trying to get upon a train at the Union Depot was also run over and killed.

Surveys for the proposed Suspension Bridge across the Hudson at the Highlands have been completed; plans have been prepared with detailed maps of everything necessary to form an opinion of the best place to locate the bridge; and a board of engineers has been convened to decide upon the location. It is understood that arrangements have been made with capitalists under which the work is to be commenced at once.

A raid was made on policy dealers in New York city on Monday, and fifteen persons arrested. They were arraigned on charge of carrying on the lottery business without paying tax, and held.

From Washington.

THE session of Congress last week was merely a nominal one. No legislative business was transacted. Both Houses agreed to adjourn until the regular session in December, unless it should be deemed best to convene at certain specified times in the interim.

A defalcation to the extent of $47,000 has been discovered in the Post Office Department. One Olmstead, disbursing officer of the Department, is the defaulter. He has absconded. Col. Wm. Bell, late a special agent of the Treasury Department, has been appointed to succeed him.

Surratt has finally been discharged from custody. After much time spent by the Court in quibbling over various legal technicalities, Judge Wylie last week discharged the prisoner on the ground that the present indictment against him was not found until more than two years after the alleged offence had been committed. According to the statute he could not be prosecuted upon the indictment after that time. This decision was appealed from by the District Attorney.

Dispatches say that the alleged frauds in the Internal Revenue are to be thoroughly sifted. The truth is to be eliminated, no matter how exalted the public officer may be who shall be implicated. Judge Fullerton, it is said, has in his possession an extensive budget of documentary evidence, as well as the clues to a large number of interesting witnesses.

Robert H. Lincoln, son of the late President, was married on the 24th ult. to Nellie Harlan, only daughter of Senator Harlan, at the residence of Mr. Harlan, by Bishop Simpson.

The total receipts of customs from Sept. 14th to 19th, inclusive, were $3,611,002.

The Internal Revenue receipts for last week amounted to $8,136,766.

The Twenty-ninth regiment of United States Infantry, numbering over 800 men, has left here for Nashville direct, via Knoxville and Chattanooga. On reaching Nashville they will be distributed to other points in Tennessee in view of the approaching election.

It is now ascertained that the trial of Jeff. Davis will surely be begun at the next term of the United States Court in Richmond. Attorney General Evarts is about to move in the matter. He is the chief counsel for the prosecution, and in his present official position will be able to push things. His friends say that having acquitted one President, he is very ambitious to convict one; and, for that reason, will hurry the trial.

The Postmaster General has ordered that from the first day of January next the registration fee on all letters registered in and addressed to any part of the United States shall be 15 instead of 25 cents, the same to be in all cases fully prepaid in postage stamps affixed to the letter and cancelled. The present rate will continue until New Year's day.

The Hon. Caleb Cushing having resigned his appointment as Commissioner to codify the laws of the United States, Mr. Simon E. Johnson has been selected by the President in his stead.

The question of the appointment of the remaining twenty-four Supervisors of Internal Revenue, seems to be no nearer solution than it was two months ago. The Secretary of the Treasury and Commissioner Rollins have held almost daily consultations, and yet the subject is still in uncertainty.

From the West.

COL. FORSYTH'S command of fifty men, which had been scouring the country towards the head waters of the Republican river, were surrounded by 700 Indians, on the 17th ult., while in camp on the Dry Fork Republican, about ninety miles from Fort Wallace, who opened a steady fire upon them. Throughout much of the day the beleaguered force was subjected to a galling fire, when the Indians made a desperate charge on the camp, but were repulsed. They, however, kept up the fight until 11 o'clock, at which time the scouts left for Fort Wallace to obtain assistance. They were obliged to crawl two miles on their hands and knees through the Indians to get out. Col. Forsyth was badly wounded, Lieut. Beecher shot in several places, Dr. Moore shot in the head, two men killed and twenty wounded. All the stock of the command was killed, and their only subsistence was horse and mule meat, when the scouts left. A party of 100 men was sent to their relief from the Fort.

Barkerville, British Columbia, was destroyed by fire on the 16th of September. The losses are estimated at a million of dollars. The safes of the banks of British North America and British Columbia were saved.

Yuma county, Arizona, has been flooded by a water spout. It destroyed two freight trains, and swept away a mail carrier and his mails.

A collision occurred on the Ohio, just above Paducah, recently, between the towboat Sam Brown and the Abeona. The latter was badly injured, and three of its passengers were drowned.

A fire broke out in the Peoria (Illinois) Pottery Works on Wednesday morning of last week. The whole building was burned to the ground. It was the largest establishment of the kind in the State. Loss $125,000; insured for $40,000 or $50,000.

Honolulu advices to September 5th have been received at San Francisco. The reported sinking of the south-eastern coast of Hawaii is confirmed. The same occurrence was observed at Port Hilo. The subsidence of Hawaii in some places was from three to four, and in others six to seven feet, while at Hilo the greatest subsidence noticed was eight inches. In Hilo, Suna and Kaufrool, from one to five earthquakes occurred daily.

Peace treaties have been concluded with the Shoshonee, Bannock and Sheepeater Indians in Idaho and Montana.

It is understood that Lieut.-General Sherman has determined to issue arms and ammunition to the citizens along the Indian frontier, for their protection against further depredations from the savages.

From the South.

A DELEGATION of colored men going to attend a political meeting at Camilla, Ga., on the 19th ult., were attacked by the whites because, as it is alleged, they were armed, and ten or more were killed. Probably fifty were killed and wounded. Wm. P. Pearce, the white candidate for Congress from the second district, was shot in the leg; John Murphy and F. F. Butney, white speakers, were wounded. As far as known only two of the attacking parties were injured.

An affray occurred on Friday, in the French market in New Orleans, in which one white man was attacked by three negroes, who were all armed with pistols. One negro was killed instantly.

Three negroes confined in jail at Tuscumbia, Ala., charged with burning a female seminary ten days since, were last week taken out by a body of Ku Klux, estimated at from 150 to 300, and carried a short distance from the jail and hung to a bridge. Strong resistance was made by the authorities, and a skirmish ensued, but the officials were overpowered and locked up in the room.

An official dispatch from Gen. Reynolds, from Austin, Texas, says that a detachment of the Ninth Cavalry from Fort Davis overtook 200 Apaches, under Chief Arsarte, killed 35, wounded an equal number, and recaptured two captives and 200 head of animals. The troops also destroyed their camp and winter supplies.

The Louisiana Senate has installed another negro as Senator from Caddo parish, in place of Reuben White, who was elected but declared ineligible.

A riot occurred in New Orleans one night last week, between the negroes and whites. Quite a number were wounded, and one negro killed.

The municipal election in Nashville passed off quietly on the 26th ult. Mr. Alden, the present incumbent, was re-elected Mayor.

At a fire in Colberton's foundry, Wheeling, West Virginia, on Saturday, four persons were killed, and six or eight severely injured by falling walls.

Lookout Mountain in Tennessee is crumbling to pieces, and the surrounding inhabitants, fearful of harm, are flocking to Chattanooga for safety. A piece weighing five hundred tons was detached recently from the top of the mountain.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

NEWS from Spain is important. The resignations of Gonzales, Bravo and the members of the cabinet have been accepted. A body of rebels 14,000 strong have gathered near Valladolid to intercept the Queen and prevent her from returning to Madrid. The whole of Andalusia is in the hands of the revolutionists, for whom the people of the Provinces of Corduna, Lugo, Pontevedra, Murcia, Albacete, Huesca, Saragoza and Toruel, have pronounced. The insurgents have issued a proclamation which says that when they are victorious their future course relative to the government of the country will be decided by universal suffrage. They are reported to have attacked Madrid, which is defended by barricades, but no particulars have been received. Their forces are estimated as numbering fourteen thousand soldiers with five thousand sailors, serving in eleven ships of war, and the revolt makes progress at all points. The Government at Madrid has declared all Spain in a state of siege, and has formed the army into three great military divisions, comprising the Districts of Catalonia, Castile and Andalusia, placed under the command of Generals Pezeula, Manuel Concha, and Novalischez. Queen Isabella has signified her willingness to abdicate if the revolutionists will accept the young Prince of Asturias as their King, she to act as regent until he attains his majority. The revolutionists however, have refused any compromise, and demand the expulsion of the Bourbons and the establishment of a constituent assembly and a provisional government.

Telegrams to the journals in Paris confirm the news of the rising in the south of Italy. The *Temps* fears that the Italians desire the overthrow of the monarchy under Victor Emanuel. The *Gaulois* asserts that Francis II, the ex-King of Sicily, is the prime instigator of the movement, and that the rebels are merely acting under the pretence of republican principles.

On the 10th of August 158 native Christians were put on board a steamer at Nagaskai, Japan, taken out to sea and drowned. At last accounts fifty more, chiefly women, were awaiting the same fate.

PRESS BANQUET.—A complimentary Banquet to the Press of Rochester was given on Saturday evening, at the Globe Hotel, corner of Lake Avenue and the Ridge Road. This is a model suburban house, neatly fitted up, cleanly kept, and presided over by Mr. D. H. HANCHETT, one of those genial, wholesouled gentlemen who seem especially adapted to hotel keeping. He made all his guests completely at home on this occasion, and served up an elegant repast, to which we, together with our fellow scribblers, did all the justice possible, considering our limited "space." As editors are proverbially modest it is probable that the many good things said when a complete "proof" of the whole bill of fare had been "taken" and the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" commenced, will never be reported to the public.

CANADIAN ITEMS.—A delegation on behalf of the Dominion government is going to England to procure a final settlement of the northwest territory to Canada. Hon. Mr. McDougal, who has given much attention to the subject, will be one of the delegates. It is expected that the question will be settled and submitted to Parliament at its next meeting. A memorial to the Dominion and Ontario government to grant 10,000,000 acres of land in aid of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal is being largely and influentially signed.

MEXICAN NEWS.—A dispatch from Mazatlan says that Canto has quietly delivered up his command to Guerro, and is now under arrest for the murder of Gen. Patoni. The authorities have determined to punish the murderers with death. Active operations are to be commenced against Lozado, the independent chief of Jalisco. The latter is preparing for resistance. Toledo and Granados, the Sinaloa revolutionists, were condemned to death and shot at San Luis Potosi. Marquese is reported on his way to join Lozado.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A BED of oysters has been discovered on Long Island Sound nearly four miles long and one and a half miles wide, between Stratford and Bridgeport.

A MAN in Lynn, Mass., a few days ago made fifteen pairs of ladies' gaiters in less than ten hours, earning $7.50. This is said to be the greatest feat known to be accomplished by any shoemaker.

SENATOR EDWIN D. MORGAN, of New York, has given $10,000 toward an endowment fund of $100,000 for the Young Ladies' Seminary, which Henry Wells, the express man, has lately built at Aurora.

AT EASTPORT, Me., a fish was recently caught which was thirty-three feet long, and ten feet from the tail had two powerful legs about three feet long, and like an elephant's. It was called the shark dogfish.

AT a recent blast from a granite quarry in Northbridge, Mass., a mass of granite one hundred and twenty-five feet long, nine feet high and twelve feet thick, was thrown out with less than half a keg of powder. It is estimated to weigh one thousand and eighty tons.

THE brig Sunny South, loaded with 2,000 barrels of benzine, was burned last week on the Delaware river. The vapor from the cargo took fire from a lamp and instantly the whole vessel was enveloped in flames. The pilot was killed, and several of the crew injured.

A DANDY at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., had a wardrobe, carried in seven Saratoga trunks, containing 65 full suits of clothing, 12 dozen shirts, 25 gold and diamond shirt sleeve buttons, 13 breast pins, and enough rings to keep two of his fingers as closely hooped all the time as a wine cask.

THE dam of a large reservoir two miles above Healdsville, Mass., gave way on the 25th ult., and the flood washed away several dams, five or six mills, shops, &c., and five highway bridges. The roads in the vicinity were badly damaged and rendered impassable. The total loss is nearly $100,000.

GYMNASTICS are all the rage just now with the young men of Cincinnati. They have one association which numbers over a thousand members, and includes the best young men in the city. There is one member who a few years ago was quite sickly, but who now with apparent ease lifts a thousand pounds.

IN Nevada, a Mr. Hoag has a cocoonery 50 feet square and 18 feet high. His nursery and hatching room, containing one thousand feet of shelves, are sufficient for making 2,000,000 cocoons. His nursery is heated artificially. He is now feeding nearly 1,000,000 silk worms, and he hopes soon to feed 3,000,000.

ON Tuesday of last week as a train from New York was passing between Newark and Waverly, an unknown man who was walking along the side of the track, suddenly jumped in front of the engine, and was instantly killed. The deceased was apparently a middle-aged German, well dressed. On his person was found a wallet containing about $10, but nothing whatever by which he might be identified.

LEGRAND LOCKWOOD of New York is building a million dollar residence at Norwalk, Conn. Among its attractions will be a picture gallery adorned by such paintings as Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite" and Bradford's "Crushed by Icebergs." Larkin G. Mead, the renowned Vermont sculptor, designed the statuary that will ornament the grounds. The house-warming will be some time in the coming year.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 29, 1868.

IN local money matters there has been no special change in some weeks. The banks have been easy and have afforded their customers such accommodation as they desired.

In New York there is a good supply of money, and rates of interest are low. The Post says:—"There is less disposition to loan under five per cent., which is the established rate at the banks and trust companies. The flow of currency to the West during the last week has been but little in excess of the receipts. The quarterly statement of the banks being near at hand, the line of discounts is much restricted."

Government bonds are steady, though the market for some days has not been active. There is an advance in the foreign markets.

Gold has been excited and quite feverish during the week. The break was from 144 to about 141 at the close of last week. A New York paper of Saturday says:—"The sales of gold by the Treasury Department are especially assigned as a reason for the decline, but these have been too small in amount to have exerted any perceptible influence on the price. We have the best authority for stating that they will not be continued in the present depressed state of the market." Gold sold at 141¾ in New York yesterday.

WOOL.—The sales in Boston last week were 1,400,000 lbs., at a range of 41@57½c for fleece, and 42@52c for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Bulletin of the 26th says: "The wool market continues very buoyant, with an active demand from consumers, who are generally stocking ahead of their present wants, in anticipation of higher prices. These, it is thought, must continue to advance till the point is reached at which fine foreign wool may be imported and sold in competition with the domestic article. At the present rate of consumption this is likely to happen, especially as the supply of domestic staple has mostly passed out of the hands of growers, and is now controlled by strong holders, who are bent on realizing a handsome profit."

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The receipts of wheat and flour at the east during the past week have been large, and prices have declined. There is an active demand for the low grades for shipment.

The Pork market is quiet. Holders at the east are rather anxious to realize, as the prospect of the next hog crop is good.

COTTON declined fully one cent the last week. The reports from the South are unfavorable in regard to the crop.—but receipts at Southern ports are increasing.

LOCAL MARKET.—The local trade last week presented no new or marked features. In flour there is no quotable change. Red wheat, Rye and Oats receded a little, while Barley and Corn showed an advance. The tendency of the former seems strongly upward. Beans have also advanced a shade.

DRESSED HOGS are in small supply, and consequently rule comparatively high. Lard still tends upward. Cheese shows a slight decline.

FRUITS, green and dried, are coming in quite freely, and are selling readily at quotations.

WOOL.—The wool clip has been pretty well cleaned up. Sales are confined to occasional small lots, which are firmly held at quotations.

ROCHESTER SEPT. 28—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,75; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $2,00@2,05; Do. white, $2,40@2,60; Rye, $1,45@1,45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,70@1,75; Beans, $2,50@3,25; Pork, mess, $30,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $12,00@31,00; Hams, 20@22cts. Shoulders, @15cts; Chickens, 18@20c; Turkeys, 23@25c; Butter, 37@40c; Cheese, 14@17½c; Lard, 21½@22½c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 28@30c. Wool 38@40c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@23c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8¾@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,75@0,88; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 20@25c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $2@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c. Apples, ℔ bbl, $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples ℔ lb., @10c; do Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, @20c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 26.—Ashes, pots, $9,50@9,50; pearls, nominal. Cotton, 25@25½c. Flour, $6,60@14,00. Wheat, $1,70@2,35. Rye, $1,50@1,52. Barley, $1,50@1,90. Corn $1,14@1,18. Oats 73@82cts. Hops, 15@25c. Pork, mess, $28,12@28,87; new mess, $28,00@28,25; prime, $23,50@24,25; prime mess, $26,00@26,50. Beef, new plain mess, $13,00@20,50; new extra mess, $20,50@24,75. Beef Hams, $20,00@28,00. Shoulders, 12@12¼c. Hams, 18½@19c. Bacon, 14@14¾c. for Cumberland-cut; 15@15½c for long-ribbed; 15¾c is short-clear. Lard, 19@20cts. Butter, 31@48c. Cheese, 13@17½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 26—Flour, $7,00@14,00. Rye Flour, $8,00@8,25. Corn Meal, $2,45@2,55 ℔ 100 lbs. Wheat, $2,20@2,80. Rye, $1,35@1,55. Barley, $1,40. Corn, $1,17@1,18. Oats, 75@76c. Pork mess, $30,50@30,59; clear, $32,00@33; shear clear, $31,00. Smoked hams 20@21c, and shoulders 15@16c. Smoked beef, 22c. Lard, 20½@21c. Butter, 30@46c. Cheese, 10@16½c. Wool, 40@55c. New Beans, $4.

BUFFALO, SEPT. 26—Flour, $8,25@12,00; Rye flour, $7,25@7,50; Wheat, $1,61@2,00; Corn, $1,05@1,07; Oats, 62½@63c; Rye, $1,35; Barley, $1,95; Peas, $1,05; Beans, $0,00@5,00; Clover seed, medium, $8,50@9,00; Pea-vine do. $0,00@00,00; Timothy, $3,25@3,50; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $29,50@31,50; Lard, 19@19½c; Hams, 21½c; Shoulders, 14½c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 32@40c; Cheese, 15@17; Eggs, 25@25c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 26.—Flour, $6,00@12; Wheat, $1,41@1,52; Corn, 88@88½c; Oats 51@51½c; Rye, $1,12½@1,15; Barley, $1,67½@1,70; Pork, mess, $28,00@29,00; Lard, 18@18½c. Butter, 28@38c; Cheese, 12@19c; Eggs, 17@21½c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $2,50@3,50.

TORONTO, SEPT. 25—Flour, $5,65@6,80; Wheat, spring, $1,20@1,25; fall, $1,30@1,30; Oats, 50c; Barley, $1,02@1,03; Peas, 97c@9c. Pork, mess, $24@24,00; prime, $17@17; Bacon, 10½@12½c; Hams, 12@13½c; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 17½@18c; Butter, 17@22c; Cheese, 10½@12c; Hay, $10@14; Straw, $12@13. Wool, 25@26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT 23—Beeves—Receipts 7,220 head; quotations at 9@16½c. Cows—Receipts 223 head; quotations at $60@110. Veal Calves—Receipts 1,743 head; quotations 6@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 37,577 head; quotations 4@9c. Swine—Receipts 17,825 head; quotations 7@11c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 23.—Beef Cattle sell at 4@9¾cts; Milch Cows, $40@100; Veal Calves, 8¾@9c; Sheep, 3@5c; Lambs, 6¾@7c; Hogs, 9¾@11c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, SEPT. 22—Beeves range from 7@14c. Working Oxen, $150@280 ℔ pair; handy steers and slim oxen, $100@150. Milch Cows, $40@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@50; Yearlings, $17@27; two-year-olds, $27@45; three-year-olds, $40@65. Sheep and Lambs, per head, in lots, $2,00@4,50; Fat hogs, ℔ lb., 10¾@11c; young pigs, 10¾@11c; Hides, 9½@10½c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 20@22c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7@9c.; Pelts, 75c; Live Poultry, 18@23c ℔ lb.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 23.—Beef Cattle, $3,00@6,75; Sheep, 2@3¾c; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, 7@10¾c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 26—Beef cattle range at from $3,00@6,12 Sheep, 2½@4½c. Hogs, live, $6,50@10,25.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 25.—Beef Cattle, 4½@9c: Cows and Calves, $45@85; Sheep, 3@3c. gross; Hogs, 14½@15½c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 25.—Beef cattle range at 4½@8¾c.; Milch Cows, $40@50; Veal Calves, 5@7c; Sheep, 5@7c; Lambs 7@10c; Hogs, 9@11c.

TORONTO, SEPT. 25.—Beeves range at $5,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@4,50; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 26—Market is quiet, with fair demand. Sales are 400,000 lbs. at 49@51c. for Domestic Fleece, 44@47½c for pulled, 30@34½c for Texas, 28@36c for California, spring clip, and 26@26½c in gold for Cape.

BOSTON, SEPT. 24—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece, 43@50c; pulled, 45@55cts; medium and extra Western, 40@55cts; new combing fleece, 55@57c, and Canada do, 62@63c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 23—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 35@37c; Tub Washed, 43@46c; Unwashed, 27@29c; Fleece, 35@42c.

CHICAGO, SEPT. 25—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

BALTIMORE, SEPT. 24—Unwashed wool, 30@33c; bnry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; Fleece, 42@45c; Pulled, 30@33c.

DIED.

IN Copenhagen, Aug. 14th, LEANDER M., only son of MARTIN and THERESA AUSTIN, aged 14 years and 11 months.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

APPLE SEED.—A FEW BUSHELS PRIME seed of the growth of 1868 for sale by JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

PEAR AND PLUM SEEDLINGS.—Delaware and other vines, two years old, strong growth and cheap. For price list, address A. & J. HAMMOND, Geneva, N. Y.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES ENOUGH, OF RASPBERRIES and BLACKBERRIES, the fruit of which brought $1 per quart in market. Send stamp for Catalogues 976-8teo WM. PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

FLOWERS FOR THE MILLION.—SEND TO WM. WEBSTER, 149 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., for his fall Catalogue of Bulbs and Roses, mailed free to all applicants. 976 4t

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUSAND, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 972-4t

POTATOES.—I OFFER A LARGE STOCK OF Harrison and Early Goodrich potatoes, at $6 ℔ bbl. for Harrison and $4.50 for Goodrich, delivered this fall at my farm, or at the N. Y. C. R. R. Address,
976-2t C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

TO TREE AGENTS AND PLANTERS.—MY stock of plants this fall is large, well grown and pure; embracing all the new and standard sorts of Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries and Grapes. My prices *will satisfy buyers*. Correspondence invited. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, N. Y.

"WILLARD" AND "EARLY ROSE." Mr. C. W. Gleason of Massachusetts, one of the three gentlemen to whom the late Mr. Goodrich was accustomed to send out his seedling potatoes for testing before introducing them to the public, and in honor of whom he named his Gleason potato, has for years probably been more largely engaged in raising new seedling potatoes than any man in New England. Last Spring I purchased of him the entire stock of his "Willard" (a seedling from the Early Goodrich,) which he considers the best of all the hundreds of seedlings he has thus far raised. The "Willard" proves to be enormously productive, and is a potato of great promise. I now offer to send one potato of this new seedling gratis with every peck of Early Rose; five with each bushel, and sixteen with each barrel. My stock of Early Rose was procured directly from the original growers at $5 per bushel, and is *warranted true*. My rates this fall are:—1 lb. (post paid) $1; 3 lbs., $2; 1 peck, (15 lbs.) $5; 1 bushel (60 lbs.) $15; 1 bbl. (168 lbs.) $40. Early Goodrich per bbl., $5; Early Sebec per bbl., $5; Harrison per bbl., $7; Gleason per bbl., $5.
976-4t JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

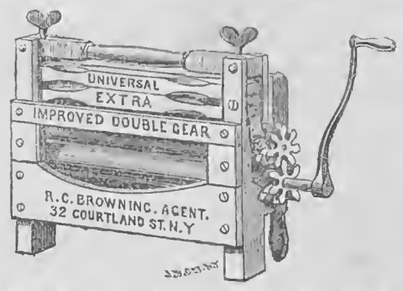
STRAWBERRIES!—ALL THE BEST SORTS cheap. Send for a Price List. Address
974 3t MARK D. WILLSON, Rochester, N. Y.

TREES, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, ETC., ETC., IN LARGE QUANTITIES.
FROST & CO.,
Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.,
Offer for the FALL OF 1868, an unusually fine lot of *Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees, Crab Apples, Standard and Dwarf Pears, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Grape Vines, Small Fruits of all kinds, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Evergreens, &c.*
☞ Send for the following Catalogues, which will be mailed to all applicants as follows:
No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, 10c. each.
No. 2, Do. do. Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Evergreens, &c., 10c. each.
No. 3, Do. do. Green-House and Bedding Plants, 3c. each.
No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and those wishing to plant in large quantities, mailed on application. Address FROST & CO.,
976-3t Genesee Valley Nursery, Rochester, N. Y.

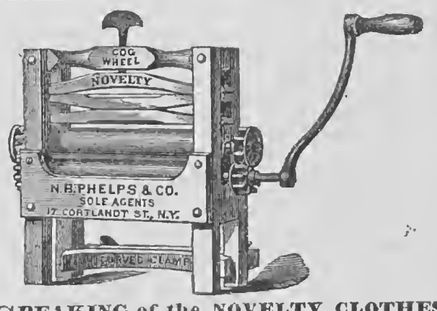
HAND WRITING OF GOD
AGENTS WANTED FOR THIS
WONDERFUL BOOK,
Endorsed by 100,000 Persons. Sells at sight to all classes. Terms to Agents and Subscribers unprecedented.
A copy given to any person who will procure a good agent. Address, stating territory desired,
J. W. GOODSPEED & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York,
976-2teow 148 Lake St., Chicago.

FIFTIETH THOUSAND!
THE NEW BOOK FOR
SINGING SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.
The TEMPLE CHOIR: a new collection of Sacred and Secular Music, for Choirs and Singing Schools: By THEO. F. SEWARD, assisted by Dr. LOWELL MASON and WILLIAM B BRADBURY.
This was the last book in this department upon which Mr. BRADBURY was engaged. Its extraordinary sale, and the abundant testimony of singers warrant its publishers in claiming that it is the most popular book of sacred music published in this country for many years. Though published but a few months, it has already reached its FIFTIETH THOUSAND. It is the only book in which Dr. MASON and Mr. BRADBURY were ever associated as authors. It is very complete in all its departments, embracing the greatest variety for Singing Schools, Choirs and Societies. It is larger than any other recent book, containing a much greater number of tunes and pieces, as will be seen by comparison. Price $1,50 each, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, post-paid.
The publishers ask attention to the new patent binding which they have this season adopted for their music books. There has been just complaint of the weakness of the binding of this class of books. It is believed that this improvement (patented) doubles the strength and durability of the binding. MASON BROTHERS, 756 Broadway, New York;
976-3t 151 Tremont Street, Boston.

THE ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE, ESTABLISHED IN 1863.—Our Stock, consisting of every variety of DRY and FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, GLASS WARE, WOOLEN and HEMP CARPETINGS, STRAW MATTINGS, and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, is of our own importation, or purchased directly from the manufacturers, in large quantities.
☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE. Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.
☞ OUR BUSINESS HAS BEEN DECIDED BY THE COURTS OF THIS STATE, AND BY THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES, NOT TO BE A LOTTERY, OR A GIFT ENTERPRISE, BUT A REGULAR LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.
TERMS OF SALE FOR CLUB OF $5, a selection of one of the following articles:—20 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Poplin or Alpaca Dress pattern. Wool Square Shawl, 2¾ yards Doeskin. An 8 day Clock, Seth Thomas' make. 1 pr. gent's Calf Boots. White Marsellics Quilt. Silver-plated Chased Castor with 6 bottles. A Morocco Photograph Album, 100 pictures. 3 yards 6-4 Wool Cloth. Silver plated Cake Basket, 36 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality. Also, printed notices of 60 articles, for sale at $1 for each article, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail at prices from $1,50 to $5 for each article.
FOR A CLUB OF $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Dress pattern, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Brocha Long Shawl. 2 yards Black German Broadcloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $18, (these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.) Gents' or Ladies Silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 3 yards Beaver Cloth. 6¾ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, dou. width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 72 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 120 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1,50 to $10 for each article
☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letter to ANDREWS & CO., 106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass. 976-4t



THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH ROWELL'S IMPROVED DOUBLE GEAR cannot be surpassed or equalled by any other Wringer for durability, till the expiration of the patent for the "STOP GEAR," or fastening above the cogs, which prevents them from entirely separating.
Any sensible person can understand that a cog-wheel wringer having cogs, *whether at one or both ends* of the roll, which can play apart and fly out of gear when a large article is passing through, is COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS, as the Cogs are then of no aid *when most needed*.
The **Universal Wringer** was awarded the Gold Medal at the Great New England Fair, took the First Premium at the National Fair at Washington also at the State Fairs of **every Northern State**, and is the only Wringer which **ever took a First Premium** at the Fair of the American Institute.
Its sale (now over 350,000 Wringers,) is greater than of all the other Wringers combined. It is very durable and **every Universal Wringer is warranted.**
A supply of **Wringers**, also of the **CELEBRATED DOTY WASHING MACHINE** always kept ready for shipment at Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans. Sold by dealers generally.
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
32 Cortlandt Street, New York.



SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City.
☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. 974-tf

100,000 GRAPE VINES.—CONCORD, Ives', Delaware, Iona and other popular varieties. Mostly two years old, and well grown. Prices very low for the quality. For sale on commission by
M. B. BATELLAM,
Sec'y Lake Shore Grape Growers' Ass'n, Painesville, Ohio

BRONSON, GRAVES, SELOVER & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET NURSERIES,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer for the present Fall a large and well-grown stock of FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, EVERGREENS, SHRUBS, ROSES, SMALL FRUITS, &c. Also, NATIVE and FOREIGN GRAPE VINES, very healthy and strong.
HEDGE PLANTS, CHERRY SEEDLINGS, and a full supply of
GENERAL NURSERY ARTICLES.
We invite correspondence or a personal examination of stock. PRICE LISTS sent on application. 974-4t

T. C. MAXWELL & BROTHERS,
GENEVA, N. Y.,
Offer to all purchasers of Nursery Stock their large and complete assortment of all the leading items of the trade. We invite
NURSERYMEN, DEALERS AND PLANTERS
to call and examine our stock, or write for particulars, with stamps for Catalogues. No. 1—Descriptive Fruit Catalogue. No. 2—Descriptive Ornamental Catalogue. No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of New Plants. No. 4—Wholesale Trade List.
973-4t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

SEND THREE CENT STAMP for CIRCULAR on Cranberry

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The "Early Rose" Potato—Geo W Best.
The Universal Clothes Wringer—R C Browning.
Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Vines, &c.—Frost & Co.
The Original One Dollar Broker Store—Andrews & Co.
New Singing Book for Schools and Choirs—Mason & Bros.
Agents Wanted—J W Goodspeed & Co.
Holloway's Pills.
"Willard" and "Early Rose"—Jas J H Gregory.
Silver Poland Fowls—Wm M Lewis.
Gold! Gold!—E H Colvin
Soper's Self-Feeding Hay Knife—Soper & Merriam.
Stock for Sale—I Carter Brown, 2d.
Flowers for the Million—Wm Webster.
To Tree Agents and Planters—C L Van Dusen.
Potatoes—C L Van Dusen.
Apple Seeds—Jas A Root.
Osage Orange Plants—W H Mann & Co.
Universal Clothes Wringer.
Pear and Pinus Seedlings—A & J Hammond.
Piedmont Land Agency—H B McKay.
Raspberries and Blackberries—Wm Parry.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
The Novelty Clothes Wringer.
The "Universal" Clothes Wringer.

The News Condenser.

— Paris absorbs 2,000 000 pounds of grapes annually.
— Denmark refuses to adopt a decimal currency.
— There are only 250 Jewish inhabitants in Troy, N. Y.
— There are 10,053 Odd Fellows in California.
— Savannah boasts the healthiest city in the country.
— Clothes line thieves infest Boston.
— Belgium proposes to tax the bachelors.
— Oregon has been devastated by forest fires.
— New York is expecting a brilliant concert season.
— New rice is coming into the market.
— Smugglers are occasionally caught in Detroit.
— Peaches are ten cents a dozen in Montreal.
— It is said cattle stealing is common in Connecticut.
— Pigeon shooting is now good in Minnesota.
— Kentucky promises much corn and whisky this year.
— The farmers of Minnesota are harvesting their corn.
— Boston has a free school for seamen and their children.
— Missouri has gained 350,000 inhabitants since the war.
— School teachers are everywhere scarce this year.
— Leroi, Eugenie's hairdresser, receives $6,000 salary.
— English Quakers are abandoning their uniform.
— Napoleon's horses and carriages cost $180,000 last year.
— Pittsburg sends three ton of grapes to Philadelphia daily.
— The police in New York have taken to arresting each other.
— Rain-water was six cents a bucket in Holland last month.
— Prussia teaches seven languages in her primary schools.
— Chestnuts and hickory nuts will be very abundant this fall.
— The Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., is to cost $200,000.
— Trichina has been discovered in rats by a French anatomist.
— There is $160,000 worth of window glass in Stewart's new store.
— Paper boats have won eleven out of fourteen races this season.
— Three new hotels are going up in the upper part of New York.
— Prof. Blot is to teach more New York ladies how to cook this fall.
— Extensive fires are raging in the woods in Oregon and California.
— Long Island is gathering the largest potato crop it ever produced.
— Jeff. Davis was at last accounts the guest of the Earl of Shrewsbury.
— The house in Bonn in which Beethoven was born, is about to be sold.
— "Red men" who speak German are the latest novelties in California.
— A Vermont man has his second crop of strawberries for this year in market.
— Isaac Kelly was arrested in Jersey City last week for kicking a man to death.
— Half a bushel of potatoes is the price of admission to the Salt Lake theater.
— The length of England, from Berwick to Land's End, is estimated at 426 miles.
— It is said that Mrs. John Wood, the actress, has married a London journalist.
— A Kentuckian calculates that he has chewed 1,825 lbs. of tobacco in forty years.
— The wife of Prince Napoleon is in the last stages of pulmonary consumption.
— Chinese are flocking by millions to the newly discovered gold mines at Chefoo.
— Mr. Chandler of Alstead, N. H., harvested a crop of corn 66 days after planting.
— A New York milliner has built a bonnet which is a marvel of cheapness at $125.
— The corn crops in the lowlands of Kentucky have been ruined by an inundation.
— Competition has lowered the steamboat fares on the upper Mississippi very much.
— Brooklyn's valuation is $161,317,560, an increase of eleven millions since last year.
— A four acre crop of peaches in Painesville, O., has been sold on the trees for $2,700.
— Nearly every sign of the war which devastated the valley of Virginia has disappeared.
— An Albanian has invented a self-heating sleigh, the bottom being warmed by oil lamps.
— The London Times has been published every day except Sundays, since January 1, 1788.
— Bridgeport, Ct., has raked up over 1,000,000 bushels of seed oysters since September 1st.
— The Canadians have been making an effort to reduce the salary of the Governor-General.
— It is said that more than three million skulls adorn the walls of the catacombs of Paris.
— There is less legislation and less crime in Vermont than in any other State in the Union.
— A Swiss manufacturing colony has made arrangements to settle in Grundy Co., Tennessee.
— It is estimated there are about 225,000 threshing machines in operation in the United States.
— A woman named Jane Alford was found murdered in the street of Toronto Wednesday night week.
— The Indianapolis pension agency has 12,000 names, and the annual payments amount to $1,800,000.
— The eastern shore of Lake Michigan furnished Chicago with 50,000 bushels of peaches this season.
— 22 miles of fence inclose a farm of 13,000 acres in Illinois, which is subdivided by 70 miles of hedge.
— The needle-gun has been introduced into the armies of Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and the Roman States.
— A Charleston paper estimates the rice crop of the Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana at 70,000 to 80,000 tierces.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Novelty Clothes Wringer HAS cog-wheels on BOTH ends of the Rollers, which gives it great strength and durability, besides obviating the necessity of pinning down one end of the upper Roller to keep the cog-wheels in gear, which must be done where COMMON cog-wheels are used ONLY on ONE end.

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PIEDMONT LAND AGENCY.—500 Virginia Farms, of all sizes and prices, for sale. For particulars address, H. B. McKAY, 115 Wall Street, New York.

GOLD! GOLD!—MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in twenty-one days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent, by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents. Address E. H. COLVIN, Hadley's Station, Ill.

SEEDLINGS ON SALE—100,000 Pear, 100,000 2 year, and 50,000 1 year-old Apple, 50,000 Cherry, 40,000 Pinus Seedlings, on sale. S. P. WILLIAMS & CO., 975-4t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—THOROUGH-BRED and GRADE ALDERNEY STOCK, from Chappaquaset's Farm. Also, several very fine COTSWOLD EWES AND RAM LAMBS. Apply to J. CARTER BROWN, 2d, Box 286, Providence, R. I.

SILVER POLAND TOP-KNOT FOWLS.—I have a few pairs of these splendid fowls for sale, warranted pure breed. The hens are last year's chickens, the cocks are this spring's chickens. Price, $8 per pair, or $9 the trio. Address WM. M. LEWIS, Rochester, N. Y.

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By this Method the art and science of Music are rendered so simple and comprehensive that by one quarter's instruction parties can become independent performers upon the Piano-Forte or Organ; and after one month of close application can commence teaching, and continue their course by correspondence.
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ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OF-FICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.
Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE. }
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.
To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.
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969-12t H. A. NELSON, Secretary of State.

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And the remainder is being pushed forward with unparalleled vigor. The
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OF THE
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These Machines are made of suitable sizes for our "STAR" Railway Power and also for our "STAR" Lever Power.
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Of Better Quality than any other Concern in the Country, for the uniform price of
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For a Club of 30 and Three Dollars—1 doz. good linen Shirt Fronts. 1 set Solid Gold Studs. All Wool Cassimere for Pants. Fine white Counterpane, large size. 1 elegant Balmoral Skirt. 20 yards brown or bleached Sheeting, good quality, yard wide. 1 elegant 100 Picture Morocco-bound Photo. Album. 1 double lens Stereoscope and 12 Foreign Views. 1 silver plated engraved 5 bottle Castor. 1 elegant Silk Fan, with Ivory or Sandal Wood Frame, feathered edge and spangled. 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork, very best quality, ivory balanced handle. 1 handsome beaded and lined Parasol. 20 yds. good Print. 1 very fine Damask Table Cover. 1 pr. best quality Ladies' Serge Congress Boots. 1 doz. fine Linen Towels. ½ doz. Rogers' best Silver Dessert Forks. 1 Ladies' large real Morocco Traveling Bag. 1 fancy Dress Pattern. ½ doz. elegant Silver Plated engraved Napkin Rings. 1 doz. Ladies' fine Merino or Cotton Stockings. Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring. 1 pr. Ladies' high cut Balmoral Boots. 1 elegant Delaine Dress Pattern. 1 Violin and Bow, in box complete. 1 set Jewelry—pin, ear drops and sleeve buttons.
For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars—1 black or colored Alpacca Dress Pattern. 1 set Lace Curtains. 1 pr. All Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver Plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 beautiful Writing Desk. 1 solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3½ yds. very fine Cassimere, for Pants and Vest. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives with silver plated Forks. 1 elegant Satin Parasol, heavily beaded and lined with silk. 1 pr. Gents' Calf Boots. 20 yds. good Print. 30 yds. good brown or bleached Sheeting, yard wide, or 40 yds. ¾ yd. wide, good quality. 1 Ladies' elegant Morocco Traveling Bag. 1 square Wool Shawl. 1 plain Norwich Poplin Dress Pattern. 1¾ yds. don. width cloth for ladies' cloak. Elegant engraved Silver plated Tea Pot. 8 yds. double width water proof cloth for cloaking.
For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress Pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair Gents' French Calf Boots. 1 heavy, silver plated engraved Ice Pitcher. [illegible] wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web very best quality brown or bleached Sheeting. 7½ yds. fine Cassimere for suit. 1 elegant Poplin Dress pattern. 1 elegant English Berage Dress pattern. 1 beautiful English Berage Shawl. 1 set Ivory balanced handle Knives and Forks. 1 Ladies or Gents' Silver Hunting-case Watch. 1 Bartlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, steel engravings, with record and photograph pages. 25 yds. good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilts. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 elegant Fur Muff and Cape. 1 single barrel Shot Gun. 1 Silver plated, engraved, 6 bottled Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 set Ivory

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

O, AUTUMN STARS.

BY HOWARD THURSTON.

BRIGHT autumn stars! ye gleam to-night
As sweetly, beautifully clear
As when ye shed your silver light
Upon me, in a vanished year.
And life should be as glad a thing
As then it was, and love should glow
As bright, and hope as sweetly sing
As in the days of long ago;
But love has waned, O autumn stars!
And life, imprisoned, beats its bars!

Ye mock me with your smiling beams,
O autumn stars! Do ye not miss
The tenderness of summer dreams,
The joy of June's enrapturing kiss?
Have ye no echoes sweet of words
The breezes bore so softly by,
Or thrilling melodies of birds
That on the air can never die?
Why, autumn stars, so brightly shine,
When all this gladness once was mine?

Yet, autumn stars, I will not chide;
Ye move me to a gentler spell;
My heart's deep-flowing, surging tide
Your holy benedictions quell;
Again the song of hope I hear;
Love's embers warm to brighter glow;
The June will come another year;
Its gladness I again shall know;—
O autumn stars, since faith is mine
Ye cannot now too brightly shine!

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"WILLOUGHBY Hall welcomes its mistress!"

There was a rare earnestness in the speaker's manner, and a ring of pride and pleasure in his tones. He had led his young bride up the pleasantly shaded walk, up the low steps at the mansion's entrance, and ushered her into the ample drawing room. And there he repeated the words which set the fair form beside him all a-tremble with a sensation new and strange.

For ELEANOR WILLOUGHBY held no light estimate of her wifeship. She had married the man of her choice, believing the vows breathed more than mere forms. She had lost herself in him, wishing to perfect the one life they were thenceforth to live in every womanly way. As the mistress of his home she was to be its Priestess,—reigning over love, and happiness, and faith. All its joys and hopes were to be colored by her; all its possibilities were in her keeping. The truth and the trust of the days to come were committed to her care, and the harvest of her guardianship might be a harvest of weal or a harvest of woe, as she willed it. What wonder, then, that she wore a serious look, as she heard the welcome spoken? What wonder that the fond husband felt her tremble as she leaned upon his arm?

His was a discerning nature, and the cause of her emotion he readily divined. He had not thought of it before, but now it seemed to him that she would have appeared lacking in deep sensibility had she come into the old house with only a gay word and a merry laugh; and in his heart he deemed her more than ever worthy of his worship.

In silence he drew her through the drawing room and into the quaintly-furnished parlors, thence to the twilight of the dining room and out upon the broad veranda fronting on the lawn. There, as the shadows of the distant trees came lengthening towards them with the sun's declining, he said again,

"Willoughby Hall welcomes its mistress!" And he added, with a more tender earnestness, "We will brighten the old place with our love, ELEANOR, and gladden it with new pleasures. May a kind Providence make our one-life the better for the generations that have here grown into and out of their being! Some benefiting influences must be left where others have loved, and sorrowed, and prayed; and I would fain believe we may enrich our experiences thereby."

She gave in answer a smile that had hope and love in it, and that spoke more beautifully than mere words could speak.

They were silent for an interval, while the shadows crept nearer and nearer to them until the lawn was spanned by the ghostly outlines. His thoughts were of those to whom he had alluded, and whose silent influence he fancied must still cling around the home they had left to him. She was thinking, maybe, of the girlhood so lately given up, of the sweet enjoyments that should be blended with the new responsibilities, and dreaming out a happy future for them both. The reveries of each were natural enough. He was standing where his father and his father's father and grandfather had stood before him, under the same circumstances. They had, like him, looked forward to years of joyful content,—had indulged in dreams of a life rich with happiness. Were the dreams all realized? Would his own be realized as fully? And she?—She was of a meditative disposition, apt to look at things on the side of their deepest import. If there was any meaning in aught about her, she felt it in all its intensity.

He broke the silence first, called back to the duty of the present by the slight fatigue apparent in his companion's manner.

"But come, ELEANOR. This is a poor welcome that leaves you so long unrefreshed. Let us prepare for dinner. Dame ALLGOOD will be getting impatient."

A half hour later they re-entered the dining room.

"Mrs. ALLGOOD will act as mistress in your stead until the morrow," he said, as he seated her at the table, "for you are tired, I know." And the good dame who had been housekeeper in Willoughby Hall a score of years did the honors for the bride, though a bit nervous before her.

A collection of dinner table pictures would be a rare gallery, indeed. What studies they would present. What groupings of character they would display. Here a bachelor, solitary and selfish, his dinner an unsocial one, and therefore hard to be digested; there a well-filled board, with an ample circle about it, of parents and children and friends, and all with glad faces; in a shady alcove, with the light half shut away from it, the dinner of poverty—two or three pinched faces bent longingly over the meager supply; close by, an elderly couple, who have eaten together so long that a meal alone for either would be only half an one, and who cherish memories of dinners more cheerful far for the young voices that were sweeter to them than the dessert; diners with smiling faces and diners with knit brows; epicurean diners, matter-of-fact diners, careless diners; dainty diners, hungry diners; diners at home, diners at the clubs, and the well known visages of the habitual diners out! Why do not some of our great artists work up a few illustrations of this subject? They could not immortalize the dinner,—the cooks have done that; but mayhap they might immortalize themselves.

The scene at Willoughby Hall that evening was pleasant to look upon. A soft, mellow light illumined the room, only half revealing the few pictures that hung on the walls, but plainly showing the little dinner party of three. Plainly,—though not glaringly, as with too much light, but in a subdued, quiet tone. Master and mistress, and housekeeper—youth over against age. Life before the one, with all its sweet fullness of possibility; life behind the other, in the main,—a realization: now satisfying, could only be guessed at.

LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY was, to all appearance, at least, a fortunate man. He seemed to feel himself so, on this particular evening, as he helped his companion to the delicacies prepared for them. His lips wore a perpetual smile. His whole air was that of one satisfied with the world, and entirely persuaded that the fates were dealing very kindly with him. A close observer might have detected traces of care and pain in the vaguely defined lines about his mouth, but they spoke only of some pain and care put away in the past, and hardly living as a memory. Faint as they were, the lines added character to the rather delicate mouth, and stamped the face with a stronger manliness. He came of a manly stock; but he had been carefully nurtured,—too carefully, perhaps,—and showed more of the maternal than the paternal characteristics, physically, and, in a degree, mentally. Leaving out of view some points in his nature not generally seen in such combination, he would have been called weak. And weak he was, in certain regards. Not weak as to principles of right—voluntarily he could not have been prevailed on to commit a wrong,—but if, by any curious linking of circumstances, he had been made a party to misdeeds, lacking in moral strength to expose others or to endeavor to exculpate himself. Aside from this peculiarity, he was fair-minded, and generally actuated by the noblest impulses.

LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY had been educated a physician, like his father before him. The paternal WILLOUGHBY practiced physics for the love of it, and in generosity towards the poor in the vicinity of Willoughby Hall,—not because he was obliged to. His patrimony was more than ample to maintain the family and family equipage. As the same, with accumulations, was to descend to LAMBERT, his need of a profession was not apparent, but the old doctor had some sensible notions of his own touching this point, and would have them followed out. And luckily the boy inherited his father's tastes, and took to medicine and the scalpel with genuine zest. He studied with his father, received his diploma from a medical college of good repute, and would have made his mark in the medical world had but necessity compelled him to put forth his talents.

The young wife, ELEANOR, had a face that was, and was not, beautiful. From a passing glance you would have called it handsome. Scanning it closely you saw that the features were too irregular for that. Yet the general contour was good, and the expression at first pleasing, then fascinating. The eyes were full, deep, and intense, and seemed to throw a radiance over the whole countenance. Rather thin lips, a trifle compressed as they closed above a chin too square to be beautiful, spoke of strength of character, and a will that might be still latent, but that would certainly develop itself should occasion demand. She who was now mistress of a time-honored house, had been an orphan, and poor. A year before, Dr. WILLOUGHBY had found her by a sick bed in a distant city, where his services were accidently demanded, and had been deeply impressed by her impressive face. He sought her out, found her worthy, won her love, and had brought her to share his quietly pleasureful life. It was fortunate that he had no family friends to question the propriety of his proceedings, and that in gratifying his love he did not run counter to any stubborn prejudices in his own heart.

MRS. ALLGOOD, wedded at twenty-three, widowed a year or two later, was now at forty-five a smiling matron, with such a sunny-hearted manner that you could not help wondering why she had so long worn the weeds.

Master, and mistress, and housekeeper,—they will be much to each other in the years to come, will they not?

CHAPTER SECOND.

Willoughby Hall was one of those really English homes common enough over the water, but rather exceptional here. It was built by a WILLOUGHBY exported from England in the Colonial days, and the family patronymic had clung to it ever since, through all its changes and remodelings, for the estate had gone down in the good old way from father to son. LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY the first, if we may call him so, (there had been several LAMBERTS under the GEORGES,) had two sons, but one of them did good service for the Colonies after that little affair at Lexington, and finally was killed by a stray shot at Yorktown, as reward for his disloyalty to the King, so there was but one heir to Willoughby Hall. He succeeded to it in due course of time, and was blest with only one son, when his wife died. He never married again, and LAMBERT third came into possession at the old man's death. Two daughters and one son were granted to him, but the daughters died in their teens, and the son,—father of the present LAMBERT,—saw but one boy grow up. Five years before this young man's marriage, LAMBERT the fourth gave up the ghost, leaving his only living issue, now twenty years of age, and the youth's mother, a woman of better head than heart, greatly given to scheming, who controlled the boy often against his inclination and judgment by her wiles and smooth words.

LAMBERT the fourth died in midsummer, and two months later his widow left Willoughby Hall with her son, to spend the winter in Cuba. Her own health was not good, she argued, and the young man's studies had made him delicate. So the Hall was left in charge of the housekeeper, and mother and son sought balmier climes. Word came to the Hall from them occasionally; first, that Mrs. WILLOUGHBY was better; next, that she was not as well; and in April a message from LAMBERT—his mother was dead. Her body was borne home, and laid within the family tomb.

Throughout the ensuing summer LAMBERT tarried at the Hall, listless and at times morose, as though something more than grief over his parent's loss weighed upon his mind. When the autumn came he departed once more for the South, and the next summer when heard from was in Europe. The far-between messages that Mrs. ALLGOOD received from him during the next two years were dated at various points over-sea. At the end of the second year he returned to the Hall, improved in appearance, and more cheerful in mind. There he remained almost exclusively until his introduction to the reader.

The grounds about the Hall, and the old manse itself, had been put in excellent trim to receive the bride. As far as possible the quaint English style was preserved. High, turreted towers, with the ivy clinging to them, rose at either corner of the antique structure; a beautiful, velvety lawn stretched away on one side; and all sides save this were encircled by a handsome park, wherein winding paths lost themselves in the dim twilight that never warmed into perfect day. Within the mansion relics of past generations seemed contesting the tastes of the present. Furniture and ornamentals were a curious blending of the good old yesterday and the more artistic to-day. Life among all these was a continual suggestion of the had been, and tended to thoughtfulness.

Throughout the first year ELEANOR was mistress of Willoughby Hall, she was happier than once she had deemed it possible ever to be. Her trust in her husband was complete, and fully reciprocated. The days flew by only too fleetly, each filled to the brim with utter, sweet content. To the little neighborhood around the Hall master and mistress were as ministering angels; he with his medical prescriptions, she with her kindly words and smiles, and tender care. Not a fine lady, with a fine lady's ways, she was a noble woman, ever manifesting a noble woman's heart.

It was in the blossoming days of June when LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY first brought his bride to the old Hall. The anniversary came, and was celebrated in a quietly glad manner, the hearts of each at once joyous and thankful. The great gift of GOD to each, they felt, had been the other. And when, after the luxurious dinner, they walked where the moonlight threw slant shadows even as the sun had flung them one year agone, it was a genuine, heartfelt prayer that LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY breathed, albeit he was not commonly a prayerful man,—

"GOD grant we may find many more years as happy as this has been!"

And in her heart the wife responded, Amen!

Just a week later Dr. WILLOUGHBY was called to Philadelphia to consult with a medical brother on a difficult case. He must journey rapidly, and deemed it best that ELEANOR should remain at home. Husband and wife parted as loving ones part, and twenty-four hours subsequent he was with the physician who desired his aid. The case was a complicated one, and repeated councils were held, detaining him a full week. He returned to Willoughby Hall, at length, with a sense of relief, yet with a vague, undefined fear at his heart.

ELEANOR did not meet him at the entrance, as her wont even after the briefest absences, and he proceeded directly to their chamber, the presentiment of trouble pressing still more heavily upon him. Instead of wifely greetings he found only a little missive, addressed to himself, whose contents stunned and sickened him as he read:

"Man may wrong, but woman must love. Because I love I cannot reproach. I am to pay for a year of joy by a lifetime of wretchedness, and you,—I shall pray for you always. You will know why I go,—why I give up the warmth of your smiles and your love for coldness and dreariness. Your love!—That will be my only comfort—to believe you do love me. But even your love cannot bid me stay. GOD and the angels may smile upon me if I go away; they could not were I to remain. Do not look for me; I shall be beyond your finding; but though I may no more be yours before the world, I shall ever feel in my own heart that I am Your ELEANOR."

[To be continued.]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 316, last No.]

LINA listened, sadly and tearfully at first, more hopefully afterwards. She did not dare to discourage him,—it might be for the best. HARRY was going with him, too,—quiet, steady HARRY, whom no will-o'-the-wisp ever drew into the swamp. Clear-headed, truthful HARRY,—just the companion for warm-hearted, impulsive TOM!

HARRY was a carpenter. His ideal day-dream—he had one, of course, like all the rest of us—was sometime to become a master-builder and architect. The two brothers were very unlike, though strangers sometimes mistook one for the other. Their hair, eyes and complexion were of the same color; but there all sort of resemblance ceased. HARRY was the taller of the two; his hair, which was straight,—not a wave or curl in it,—he always wore cut close, as though he hadn't time to bestow further attention upon it. TOM's was curly; he had only to run his fingers through it to throw it back over his head in perfect ringlets. I used to think he was secretly a little vain of it, though vanity found but little lodging-room with him.

HARRY was a far deeper thinker than his brother. TOM was "handy" with tools, but HARRY had more of constructive talent and executive ability. He had a longer head, broader, fuller forehead, and *deeper* eyes, than TOM. His brain was cooler, his hand steadier, both his will and temper firmer. Sometimes these men of firm determination and undaunted perseverance are also men of very cold affections; when those qualities are the result of a persistent *stiffening* of the will and temper, gradually, as under the influence of a rasping, raw, east wind, every lovely green thing becomes rigid and harsh. HARRY's disposition, to those unacquainted with him, often seemed of this type; he was so quiet and cool, and his grayish blue eyes had such a keen, observant look. "What a cold man," said a gay beauty once in my hearing. "I wonder if he ever loved anybody." I only smiled and didn't take the pains to inform her. Through personal acquaintance,—by hearing TOM and LINA talk about him,—from what every friend he took into his confidence said of him,—I believe I knew HARRY ANDREWS well; and I knew that he possessed as affectionate and unselfish a heart as ever beat in human bosom. He was sensitive and reserved to a fault. As I now look back, and see things in a clearer light than I could in those young days, I understand him better than I did then, though I never thought him cold-hearted. On account of the social friendship which had always existed between our two families,—deepened, of course, when TOM became LINA's acknowledged lover,—both HARRY and TOM had always treated me as a petted younger sister, willful and spoiled perhaps, but then they had helped to spoil me.

It was not an unpliable stiffness of muscle, then, that made HARRY's strokes so unerringly true to the mark; but a far finer, rarer gift,—as rare as poetical genius, and, like it, having too many counterfeits. Patience, an invincible patience, clothed every nerve with its soft sheath.

I used to think HARRY would have made a good father, or a good guardian of youth in any relation, for this wonderful gift of forbearingness. It gave a fatherly look to his face; one felt at rest and peace in his care or under his guidance. His manner, even toward TOM, only two years his junior, had a touch of the paternal in it. TOM in his secret soul loved and admired HARRY; the affection existing between the brothers was very beautiful to see.

And it was this true, pure heart that MARY REYNOLDS had bartered away for gold. But, like MIDAS, everything she touched seemed metalized and molten; her very life-blood was tinctured, and became a sickly yellow. If she had only waited,—GOD pity her, and him,—if she had only waited a few months more! He was on the ocean, sailing back to her, with enough of the untarnished "ore" in his trunk and golden love in his heart to adorn his EVE like HAWTHORNE'S,—folding her in silks, and fastening them with diamonds. Alas! the serpent had entered his paradise before him; or, as ADAM CLARKE thinks EVE's tempter was an *ourang outang*, so poor MARY's might have been; he sufficiently resembled one.

CHAPTER X.

The next Sunday morning LINA, Cousin DORA and I attended St. Andrew's Church. After service, as we passed into Penn street, Mr. HILLS met us, and turned back with us; and as we walked slowly over the bridge, TOM ANDREWS overtook us. We picked up father in Allegheny; and, entering a horse-car, we all proceeded *countryward*. On our way thither a passing cloud accommodatingly got between us and the fervid sun, sent down some cool winds, and then a summer shower, which laid the dust and aroused the breeze, which, laden with balm, came floating into the car, like Ariels from spice islands.

As we passed out of town, it was a luxury to breathe; therefore we did little else, except that Mr. HILLS and Cousin DORA kept up an animated conversation; they had instantly recognized each other as old acquaintances. DORA was not so softly sentimental as usual; she did very well,—only sighing and letting her eyes droop occasionally. Through all the afternoon, too, as we sat at dinner, or out on the porch, or rambled through the orchard, (the sun had drank up every rain-drop before we reached home) I noticed that Cousin DORA seemed to have more life and animation than I had ever seen her manifest before. There was quite a flush in her cheeks, and even the dejected ringlets seemed to pick themselves up a little.

I was greatly pleased that Mr. HILLS admired our Wood's Run so much. As he and I walked slowly down to the brink of the hill below the house,—looking down abruptly, what was almost a precipice of slate rock, to what had been a slate quarry below,—he spoke in most admiring terms of its seclusion, verdure and loveliness. I sat down on a huge boulder to arrange a handful of roses I had plucked coming down the hill; he stood looking down at the quarry, at the little village below, at the Ohio winding its way westward, at the green meadows and woods beyond. Refreshed by the recent shower, everything luxuriated in loveliness. Mr. HILLS, as he stood there, seemed to drink it in like draughts of wine. His dark, Spanish eyes, with their wistful, dreamy beauty, lit up and shone; the outline of his features settled into a quiet calm; he lifted his hat as some cool breezes came sweeping up the hill, and I said to myself—"If Mr. HILLS had a sister she might, at this moment, be proud of a very handsome brother."

He spoke, at last; first to thank me as I offered him my bouquet of roses; then to say that he would keep them as long as possible.

"O, no," I replied; "not those. I will gather some fresh for you before you go home, if you care for them."

"I do," he replied; "thank you sincerely,—but, indeed, I should prize anything that reminded me of this beautiful place. Miss RUTH, if every one inclined to evil could be brought to live in some such lovely spot, would they not be restrained?"

"I don't know; the boys come here often to steal fruit. Nothing seems to have any restraining influence upon them."

"But they are city boys,—are they not?"

"Yes, some of them. But our next door neighbor has a boy who is the ringleader in all kinds of wrong-doing. He has just escaped the House of Refuge several times."

"But won't he illustrate my theory, still? Has he been long in the country?"

"Since he was two years old."

"I must give him up, then. It may be, too, because I have always lived in the city that I have a sort of reverence for country purity and innocence."—[To be continued.

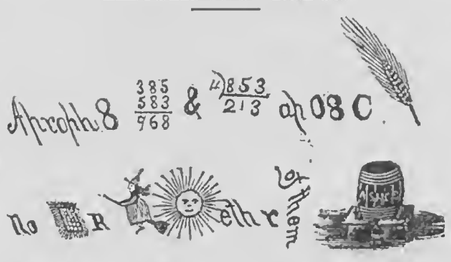
THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. V.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S BULL AT THE FAIR.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y. READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 10, 1, 3, 16, 9 is a river of Asia.
My 7, 2, 1, 19 was an ancient city.
My 20, 3, 8, 15, 12 is a city of France.
My 10, 17, 10, 11 is a sea of Asia.
My 6, 2, 12, 16, 4, 10 is a city of California.
My 17, 5, 13 is a lake in Ireland.
My 15, 3, 9, 18 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My whole is what every farmer should subscribe for.

Deanesville, N. Y. NETTIE DICKINSON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

WHILE the morning mists yet rise,
Ere the sparkling dew-drop dries,
Forth the farmers speed;
Bow the golden heads of wheat
As the scythe's sharp edge they greet—
My first some call the deed.

Fierce the rays of noontide sun,
Still the busy strife goes on;
By them breezes steal;
Down drop sheaves and scythes and rakes,
Hat from brow each worker takes,
My second cool to feel.

Thus each moment is employed—
Save when with breakage they're annoyed
And forced my whole to do.
In garnering the ripened grain
From coming storms of wind or rain,
Till harvest work is through. DENIO.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

I SOLD sheep—a lamb sold for ⅚ as much as a sheep—if I had received 75 cents more I would have had just twice as many dollars as I sold animals; a sheep and lamb cost $3.25. Required the number of each and price per head.

Granger, N. Y. C. L. CUDBEC.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 974.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

Answer to Problem:—4,816 plus feet.

Answer to Riddle:—A bed.

Answer to Illustrated Enigma:

And art with her contending, doth aspire
To excel the natural, with made delights.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN!

A TRIAL TRIP,
Pleasant and Profitable for all Passengers!

A NEW QUARTER, AND NEXT VOLUME!

READ,—RENEW,—SUBSCRIBE!

THIS is a Great Country, just now, according to the Politicians, or Political Partisans,—but Election will be over soon, and then People will calmly realize that, whoever is President, whatever Party predominates in State or Nation, the Productive Power of Producers is the great Reliance of the Republic. FAMILIES must be informed and educated. CORN grown, STOCK improved, and many daily duties discharged in any event. Hence we announce that—

THE CLOSING QUARTER

Of Vol. XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commences Oct. 3, under most favorable auspices. We propose to make the Thirteen Numbers of the Quarter (offered on Trial for Only Fifty Cents,) more interesting and valuable than any preceding quarter's issues.

THE RURAL'S AIM

Is to continuously excel in all the essentials of a Progressive, Timely, Entertaining and Useful RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY and BUSINESS NEWSPAPER,—and the issues of the present Quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of Vol. XX, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement.*"

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

As indications of what the RURAL will be in the early future—the present Quarter, and following Volume—we refer with confidence to its past Numbers and Volumes. The lamp of over a quarter of a century's experience in Rural Journalism will be our guide, and with greatly increased means and facilities ought to enable us to improve as we advance. Drawing upon this ample fund, we propose to furnish during the coming Three Months the BEST RURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY WEEKLY EVER PUBLISHED, to be followed, in 1869, by a Volume far superior to any similar one obtainable,—in fact,

THE BEST WEEKLY IN AMERICA!

This is strong language, certainly, but most seriously uttered, and with a determination to "fill the bill." *We mean all we say*, and the myriads who have noted our *promises* and *performances* during the past twenty-five years,—while conducting the *Michigan Farmer*, (1843—1845,) *Genesee Farmer*, (1846 to 1849, inclusive,) and the RURAL NEW-YORKER since its commencement in Jan., 1850,—know that OUR PLEDGES ARE ALWAYS FULLY REDEEMED. *How* we propose to surpass all former efforts will be announced so soon as arrangements now being made are perfected. Meantime those devoted, active, working, influential friends of the RURAL and its Objects who have generously sustained it from ten to nearly twenty years,—nobly seconding all our efforts to augment its value, circulation and consequent usefulness in Country, Hamlet and Town,—need not be assured that (D. V.) neither labor nor expense will be spared to render it eminently worthy the continued and increasing support of all whose interests it advocates.

OUR TRIAL TRIP, from Oct. to Jan.,—13 numbers,—will be forwarded at ONLY FIFTY CENTS, so that all who wish to see what the RURAL is can do so for a trifle. *Now is the time to renew, or try the Trial Trip.* Will not our Agents and Subscribers aid us by introducing the paper to the notice and support of friends and acquaintances?

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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(PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR,)

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

DR. DANIEL LEE, Southern Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE State Fair at Rochester last week was one of the most successful and satisfactory exhibitions ever held under the auspices of the Society. The grounds are very favorable, comprising some twenty-six acres, and sloping gradually from one end to the other, so that a fine view of the whole can be had from the region of the main entrance and the business offices. The Fair was conducted in accordance with its legitimate purpose and object; it was an exhibition of agricultural and mechanical products, and monkey shows and horse racing were entirely excluded. There was a large array of horses, and a very fine track, and each day the animals took an airing by circling it a few times, but anything like competitive speed was prohibited. And the Fair [illegible] expenses, showing that the people will endorse such management. The weather was cool; there was high wind and some rain on the first two days, and the last two were cloudy but free from storm. An immense crowd entered the gates Wednesday and Thursday; every object of interest was encircled with a throng, and every one seemed to be in the full tide of good nature and enjoyment.

CATTLE AND SHEEP.

One of the principal exhibitors of thorough-bred cattle was M. H. COCHRANE, Esq., Compton, Province Quebec, Canada. His herd of splendid Short-Horns attracted their full share of attention. He also showed half a dozen Herefords that were very prime. The Short-Horn herds of EZRA CORNELL, Ithaca, and Hon. A. B. CONGER, Walberg, attracted, as usual, crowds of spectators. CRAIG W. WADSWORTH, Geneseo, exhibited a dozen head of Durhams, among which were a couple of fine calves, and a three-year-old fat steer weighing two thousand pounds. WALCOTT & CAMPBELL, New York Mills were also competitors in this class. Alderneys and Ayrshires were represented from the herds of JOHN D. WING, S. CAMPBELL, W. W. GIBSON, W. B. DINSMORE, C. HOWLAND and P. J. CAVANAUGH. WALTER COLE, Batavia, was the chief exhibitor of Devons. L. P. GILLETT, Niagara county, had on exhibition seven head of Galloway cattle. Their black and shaggy coats, and hornless heads rendered them novel enough to attract much attention. The show of cattle was not large, but there were many very choice animals.

The display of Fine Wool Sheep was remarkable, chiefly for what was lacking. Most of the pens were empty. WM. CHAMBERLIN, Red Hook, exhibited his Silesian flock, some of which he imported this season and were, perhaps, the finest Silesians ever seen at our State Fairs. The other principal exhibitors of Merino sheep were, ZERAH RYDER, WM. STEWART, P. & G. F. MARTIN, PIERCE & FELLOWS, BRONSON & MARRINER, and L. P. WRIGHT & Co. The show of Long Wools was better; the finest were from Canada. M. H. COCHRANE, Compton, Canada, showed Leicesters, Cotswolds, and Oxford Downs. F. W. STONE, Guelph, Canada, exhibited Cotswolds and South Downs, and JOHN SNELL, Ontario, Canada, Leicesters and South Downs. Long wool sheep were also shown by WALCOTT & CAMPBELL, JURIAN WINNIE, JAMES BRODIE, THOS. GRAY, and EDWARD MARSHALL, and some Hampshire Downs were exhibited by C. PARSONS.

HORSES.

The display of horses on the ground, during the first and second days of the fair, was among its noticeable features. There is no question but that the increased attention paid to the horse, during the last fifteen or twenty years, has resulted in the general improvement of this class of stock. The horse is, therefore, a prominent feature in agricultural exhibitions. We have not space to note, in detail, all the fine animals exhibited and shall therefore notice but a few of the more prominent of the class. ISAAC WELLS of Monroe Co., was awarded the first premium for the best three year old stallion of the Morgan and Hambletonian breed. The second premium was awarded to Mr. THOMAS of Rose Valley, for a fine bay of the JOHN J. CRITTENDEN stock. Among the two year old stallion colts was one owned by Mr. MORRIS of Fordham—a fine gray of the Hambletonian stock—which took the first premium. The second fell to a Crittenden colt owned by C. A. GARDINER of Rochester. The dam was a fine thorough-bred animal. The third prize, in this class, was awarded to Mr. Newell of Parma, for a fine black of volatile disposition. In the yearling class the first premium was accorded to GEO. D. WILLIAMS of Rochester, for a colt of the "Volunteer" stock. M. F. REYNOLDS, Rochester, was honored with the first premium for a carriage team, a splendid match. There was a good show from Canada—Mr. T. F. ELLIS of Drummondville, presenting three stallions, Granthon-Chief, Whirlwind and Yorkshire, Jr. The first got a first premium as a general purpose animal. Some fine fillies were exhibited, but the display of breeding mares was not of a very noticable character.

SWINE.

The show of swine was of a rather limited character, both as to numbers and variety, but the quality was very good. CLARK & MCLEAN of Henderson, Jefferson county, made a fine show of improved Cheshires, comprising twenty-two in all, old and young. JAS. BRODIE, Ellisburgh, N. Y., showed four of improved Yorkshire stock. ROBERT BELL exhibited a sow of the Chester variety, with a litter of ten pigs. JOSEPH HARRIS presented four very good samples of Berkshires. S. P. HUFFSTATER exhibited eight Suffolks of various ages. The show was uniformly good, but opinions varied as to which is the preferable variety for commercial purposes or home consumption.

In juxtaposition with the hogs were five Cashmere goats exhibited by W. B. DINSMORE. They attracted considerable attention.

POULTRY.

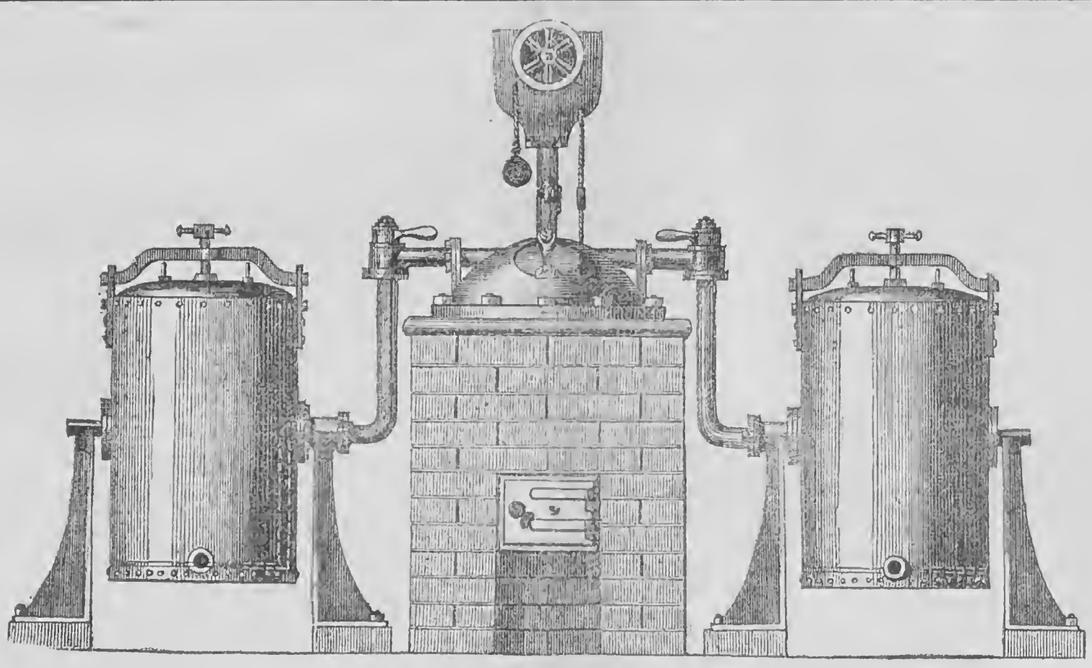
The show of poultry was more than ordinarily full and fine. It was the musical department of the Fair, with notes as variant as those issuing from a frog pond during a mild April evening. Most of the fowls were fine specimens of their several classes. Among the more prominent exhibitors may be mentioned G. H. WARNER, who presented White Dorkins, Gray do., Leghorns and Brahma Pootras. J. Y. BICKNELL, White Dorkins, Gray do, Black Spanish and White Georgian Game. N. BARNES, White and Gray Dorkins, Black Spanish, Red Game, Brahmas, Hamburghs and Bolton Grays; Geese, Peacocks, Aylesbury and Rouen Ducks and a group of Pigeons. THOMAS GOULD, Gray Dorkins. TIMOTHY HERRICK, White-faced Black Spanish, Brahmas and Crevecouers. ROBERT BELL, Red Game, Pile Game, Brahmas and Bolton Grays. A. E. WENDALL, Black Spanish. JOHN SAULSBURY, White Leghorn. H. C. BREWSTER, Red Game. J. G. BICKNELL, African Bantams, Le Flecke, Houdons, Black Spanish and Aylesbury Ducks. H. G. WARNER, Guelders, Wood Muscovy Ducks and Pheasants. JOHN SAULSBURY, Jr., Crevecouer chickens. H. & W. HICKOK, Brahmas and Guinea fowls. HENRY H. MARTIN, Top Knot Ducks. G. A. WIDNER, Turtle Doves. C. W. YAKEY, group of Pigeons. There were probably others, but these comprise all we recollect, or that our minutes contain. The poultry department may be regarded as a fair success.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

The show of these articles, quantity considered, was quite limited for a State display—barely passable for a district or county one. The exhibitors were M. E. MEYERS, ROBERT LOTHRIDGE, F. A. DEWEY, ISAAC POWERS, O. HOWLAND, HENRY B. CLARK, B. DIVER and A. J. LOOMIS. Connected with these articles was a Butter Worker by CORBIN & ADAMS, and another by WM. E. SKINNER, and a double metallic Cheese Hoop by E. B. SIMS.

HONEY AND HONEY BOXES.

The Apiarian Department had but few representatives. Honey and boxes were shown by PETER MILLER, P. J. IVERSON, and perhaps one or two others.



APPARATUS FOR COOKING FODDER.

OUR illustration represents a machine of foreign construction, intended for cooking food for animals by the use of steam. The boiler is placed in brick work and the steam conducted from it through pipes to the reservoirs on each side, in which the fodder is cooked. The most noteworthy feature of this plan is the supporting of the reservoirs on trunnions, which permit them to be turned down to be filled or emptied. Except where the cooking or steaming is to be done on a very large scale, or where different kinds of food are to be separately cooked at the same time, one reservoir is sufficient. This may be made of wood, but boiler iron is better, and the food should be cooked under considerable pressure of steam. It may be filled from an upper floor through a trap or spout, and when the cooking is completed a vat may be run underneath on a railway, the reservoirs tilted and the food conveyed along the alley to the stock. The engraving represents the steam passing down the inside of the reservoir underneath a false bottom, but if the cooking can be done under considerable pressure it is as well or better to conduct the steam in the pipe to the center of the reservoir and there discharge it.

THE GRAIN MARTS OF THE WEST.

FOR several years Chicago and Milwaukee have been the principal entrepôts for the grain and other agricultural surplus products of the so-called "Great West." They still retain this distinction, but recent occurrences seem to indicate a powerful rival in St. Louis—an ambitious and rapidly populating city. Its position is favorable for trade, and as the country west of it—much of it the most productive in the Union—becomes subdued by the action of the plow, the city must become the focus of a vast trade. During the season of navigation its advantages over its competitors further north are not very great, except when the lakes are closed by ice.

St. Louis, with but brief intervals, has an open waterway to the marts of commerce on the Atlantic. This is no small advantage, as it is probable the future will demonstrate. It is true that its more northern rivals have a net-work of railroads connecting with the Atlantic cities, open all the year round,—but for the heavier agricultural commodities these are scarcely available, as the cost of transportation would be so great as to leave no margin for the producer when thrown upon the market. It is in consequence of this fact that St. Louis is assuming increased importance yearly, and upon which its citizens base their predictions of its future eminence as a commercial city. The receipts of wheat at that point during the last month were a fraction short of one million of bushels, or over forty per cent. in excess of those for the same period last year.

Heavy shipments in bulk for New York via New Orleans are chronicled, and the impression prevails that this trade is destined to a rapid and permanent increase in the future. The same is probably true of the prominent commercial points north of St. Louis, especially of Chicago,—a city whose growth, for the last twenty years, has been without a parallel either in the old or new worlds. Chicago has its railroads, and vast chain of lakes, and a rich country in its rear. St. Louis has the first, with a long reach of river navigation stretching away to the north and west and southerly to the Gulf of Mexico. With these advantages of ingress and egress, and backed by the industry of the teeming millions destined to occupy the country between the Mississippi and the mountains, these rival cities, in the course of the next quarter or half a century, will be likely to vie in wealth and population with the most prominent of those in the Atlantic States.

WINTERING STOCK—BARNS AND SHEDS.

WE extract the following remarks on winter feeding from LEWIS F. ALLEN'S work on American Cattle. The author says:—"Living in the latitude of 43° north, we believe in barns and sheds for all kinds of farm stock alike; and so we would if in the latitude of 37°,—anywhere, in fact, where the snow lies on the ground for three days at a time, and the Fahrenheit thermometer holds, for any length of time, as low as 20° above zero. Sudden alternations of heat and cold affect cattle, as they do men,—not to the same extent as they do the latter, but measurably so. Cattle eat much more in a low temperature than a high one, and are subject to take cold with sudden changes of the weather. Fat cattle are less affected by sudden changes of weather than lean ones,—but these changes do affect them more than we are usually aware. In view of these facts, we consider it sound economy for every cattle breeder, grazier, and stall feeder, to provide good barns, stables and sheds for winter keeping and feeding of his stock. The arrangement of these is a branch rather foreign to our general subject, and may better belong to farm architecture than this; embracing also the management of manures and various other matters belonging to the department of farm husbandry,—yet, we may safely give a few hints concerning them.

"We believe that in any part of the country where *prepared* winter forage is required for farm stock, it will pay the farmer for building barns, stables and sheds for his store cattle during the winter. For dairy cows, tight barns and stables are indispensable everywhere, and we are happy to say that the latter are almost everywhere found in well managed dairies. We believe it sound economy to provide such shelters. In the barns, aside from storing the fodder and grain, the stables may be cheaply arranged, with sufficient mangers for feeding. Two cattle may stand in a stall, six to seven feet wide, according to their size, and each animal tied to his own side of it, with space for the feeder to go between; or standards, without partitions, may be used if preferred. The food may be thrown into the manger in front, and the corn stalks, as drawn in from the field, cut off *just above the ear*. (The stalk below the ear is worthless for fodder.) This cutting may be rapidly done by a knife, something like a butcher's cleaver, though lighter, by laying the stalks on a block, or better, in a cutting machine. The beasts may be bedded with straw, and quantities of the best manure made. Thus the cattle are kept snug and warm, while in good weather they can range in the yards through a part of the day, and take their water at pleasure.

"Sheds may be built eight, ten or twelve feet high, with good mangers in their rear, for their hay or corn fodder, and open in front to go out and in at pleasure. So with calves, only their accommodations should be closer and warmer. We are aware that long practice, cheap lands, and low prices for grain, have led the mass of our western farmers to think all this preparation useless; but they will come to it at last, and wonder they had not known it before. Thrift in their stock, and a saving in the expenditure of their forage, will soon solve the question of its superior economy, as also in the lightened labor of taking care of them, and the retention of stores of manure, which is everywhere valuable, though not now appreciated. If, to the housing of their cattle, sufficient roofing to protect their stores of hay and grain, is added, an equal advantage will be found in it.

THE HOP CROP IN CANADA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In hopes to interest some of your readers at least, I submit a few items in relation to hop matters in this Dominion. This is by no means a new business here, having been carried on for more than twenty years to some considerable extent. The high prices prevailing for the past few years have so stimulated hop planting that I think it safe to put the acreage at double what it was three years since. In addition to this we have this year suffered comparatively little from grubs, lice and mould, and the consequence is a better supply and a superior article.

Nova Scotia, as yet, produces none, and New Brunswick has one small yard. In the Province of Quebec the hop growing is confined principally to the eastern townships, of which the county of Stanstead, bordering on Vermont, undoubtedly produces the most. In this section, for some years past, they have been comparatively free from vermin, and as the yards are mostly small, and the picking done principally by the grower and his family, they have succeeded in sending to market the choicest samples offered.

At Prescott, in the Province of Ontario, and in the townships adjoining, on the Ottawa R. R., are several large yards, some of which have suffered badly with disease and drouth the present year, and except for some new yards this section would produce less this year than last. In the counties of Lenox, Hastings, Prince Edward and Northumberland, for many years extensive hop growing sections, but where, for three or four years, the crop has been almost a failure, I believe the yield will average ten hundred to the acre. The quality is very fair, with the exception of some of the late pickings, which show plainly the effects of storms and the ravages of lice.

Reports from the more western hop districts in the neighborhood of Toronto, Georgetown, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Brantford, Preston, Waterloo, London and Windsor, show finer average samples than for many years, but a smaller yield per acre on account of drouth. I should say that 500 pounds per acre would be a high estimate.

I regret that I cannot now furnish figures as to the number of acres in cultivation and the number of bales produced this year. Just now I have no statistics at my command, and can only rely upon my own observations, upon conversation and correspondence. From these sources of information I arrive at the conclusion that we have more hops in Canada this year than ever before, and that on the whole they are of much better quality than for many years.

One other conclusion seems well founded, viz., that, with not to exceed two-thirds of a fair yield per acre, we have a supply far in excess of the demand for home consumption. Speculators are thus far nowhere, and hop growers and brewers are remarkably shy of each other. Result, "hops *very* quiet."

Respectfully yours, CLINTON.

Ontario, Sept. 28, 1868.

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES.

THE importance of some plant that will be reliable for live fence will be a sufficient excuse, if any is necessary, of referring to this subject. An extended observation of hedges throughout Western New York and many portions of Northern Ohio, furnishes a basis for some general observations upon Osage Orange Hedges.

It is apparent that, though this hedge has, in some places, suffered from the severity of the winters, there are enough growing in the coldest and most exposed localities to warrant the statement that Osage hedges can be successfully grown upon any well prepared ground in the territory indicated. It is equally certain, that where there has been anything like a failure, it is clearly attributable to want of care and thoroughness either in the preparation of the ground, the selection and setting of plants or the subsequent culture and pruning, or in too many instances to most of the above named causes combined. In many instances the hedge row has been set with plants of different size and age, in stiff clay soil, with very little preparation of the ground; and not a day's work of after culture; only left to grow and struggle in the grass with little or no pruning, and no replacing of defective or dead plants until it presents a line of part small trees, and part blank spaces, distinguished only for its unsightly appearance and want of answering the end for which it was planted. Other hedges have been set and suffered to grow for a few years unmolested, when the planter, having another attack of *hedge fever*, has thoroughly pruned it, making a fair hedge at top, but with no filling up below. The satisfactory success of others under similar circumstances and in the same vicinity, furnishes the necessary proof that with proper attention the many cases of partial and total failure to secure a good hedge row, might, and should, have been avoided.

That the Osage Orange is hardy enough to endure the most severe cold of Western New York, is shown by its thrifty growth along the bleak shore of Lake Erie from Buffalo to Cleveland. In no instance have we seen a hedge on this route that received proper cultivation and pruning, that has not been a fair success, and many are models of beauty and excellence. What too many need, and have long needed, is cultivation, the ground plowed and stirred while young on each side of the row, or in place of cultivation, heavy mulching to keep the soil free from grass and render it loose. Recently, we observe, a remedy has been applied to some of the hedges that have grown for years neglected, by cutting the whole down to within a few inches of the ground, when they throw up many vigorous shoots, which, if properly pruned must soon make a thick hedge answering every expectation. The same course might be profitably pursued with such partial hedges as have been allowed to grow so open at the base as not to effect the desired result. Having strong roots, with cultivation the growth would be rapid, and make a fence much sooner than small re-set plants, though care should be taken to fill all vacancies with vigorous plants, well headed back to grow up with the old stock.

Having at an early day recommended the Osage Orange, it has been our aim to ascertain the extent and cause of failure as far as possible, to judge of the propriety of still urging its use by farmers as a reliable substitute for other fences. Our confidence in its value has very much increased, believing that when correctly done, any farmer may, in five years, at a very moderate expense, ensure a fence sufficient for all farm purposes, and which can be kept in order and rendered permanent for a less expense annually than will be required to relay and repair ordinary fences. As the subject has not been treated to any extent, recently, in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, the

subjoined suggestions for planting and subsequent care will be reasonable.

Every person desiring to grow a hedge, can readily raise their own plants by procuring fresh seed in the fall and freezing, the same as apple seeds are frosted, or in the spring, and pouring boiling water on them and leaving a few days until signs of sprouting appear. As all seeds will not sprout, nor all plants be worth setting, a liberal calculation should be made. Plant the seed in a warm, well tilled garden bed in rows and keep well wed, stirring the soil frequently during the season.

Prepare the ground where the hedge is to be set, by deep plowing and cultivation, having special reference to thorough drainage of the whole bed, as the Osage *does not thrive in wet soils unless well drained.* The hedge should be set in a single line, plants six inches apart, and be allowed to grow one year, hoeing them as carefully as you would a crop of corn. Should the growth be very thrifty they may be cut back about the first of September, a part of the year's growth, to ensure a better ripening of the wood. It is also advisable to mulch the plants after setting and hoeing to ensure their growth through the heat and drouth of summer.

In the spring succeeding, the whole plant should be cut down to within not less than three inches of the ground, and lower if the growth has been spindling so as to ensure the growth of laterals and branches to make a broad face for the future hedge. Any plants that have died out should be replaced from the seed bed, choosing the best and cutting back to correspond with the main hedge.

Continue the cultivation, keeping the soil loose and free from standing water. Summer pruning may again be practiced upon the most vigorous shoots, and while so doing form and shape should, as far as possible, be given to the future hedge. Care should be taken by judicious cutting to form a thick, broad base. The end to be attained should not now be lost by allowing the hedge to run up three to five feet, with the idea that it is a pity to cut off so much good growth. This is the one fatal mistake of hedge growing,—haste to make it high enough for fence to the neglect of that thorough and systematic pruning which alone can ensure success. If this severe pruning is often and again brought to your notice and insisted upon, it is because without it you can never have such a hedge as you need. Hedge growing must be entered upon with a determination to accept none but the best model, and then work surely, though it be slowly until you carve out success. As the hedge grows and is cut into shape it will be desirable to plow upon each side a few furrows, turning them toward the hedge, not cutting deep enough to disturb the roots. The outside furrows may be deeper, and cleared out for drains.

With care in cutting back each year until the hedge is of sufficient height for the desired fence, such form can be given the whole as to make it highly ornamental and answer the reasonable expectation of the grower. Eternal vigilance is said to be the price of liberty. So careful, systematic and severe pruning are the requisites of success in hedge growing. H. C. W.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RECIPROCITY.

It will be remembered that in our issue of September 19th, we called attention to the negotiations going on at Washington between the Secretary of State and the English and Canadian Ministers (Messrs. Thornton & Rose) for the purpose of establishing a new commercial treaty between the United States and the Canadas. We stated that it was generally understood that the British Diplomatists would seek to obtain the restoration of the provisions of the abrogated Reciprocity Treaty, or something nearly like them; and that it was strongly *feared* that they would succeed, so far as the action of our Executive is concerned, unless the farming interest of the country enters a vigorous protest against the measure. We stated the fatal effects which would inure to the producers of *Combing* wools in the United States, if Canadian Combing wools are again admitted free; and we invoked every branch of wool growers to stand by their brethren in this emergency.

We learn from a reliable source that the Boston Board of Trade has appointed a Committee to consider and *advocate* the proposed Reciprocity. We have no direct information of the facts, but there is very little doubt that other Boards of Trade, and free trade organizations of every description throughout the country, are quietly but vigorously acting in the same direction. Are they stealing the march on us? Or, are the friends of just and reasonable protection also moving to defend their interests and their rights? Are our Western grain, beef and other produce growers—the Agricultural producers of the whole country—remonstrating against a measure which will give to foreigners the privileges of our markets without paying anything to our Government for them, while they (our own producers) pay heavy, almost grinding taxes, to obtain the same privileges?

As yet we do not discover those indications of interest and action on the part of our people, in respect to this very important question, which the occasion so imperatively demands. Our commercial free trade opponents are like a regular standing army, always equipped, disciplined and ready to march at a moment's warning to secure an advantage. *They* never lose sight of the almighty dollar! We (the producers) are like an unorganized militia, ten times as numerous as the preceding, capable of doing a good deal of execution when once assembled and fairly fired up—but frequently neglecting to assemble until all is lost. Even when we secure the victory we go to sleep on it, and often allow it to be wrenched away from us in a short period. These are painful words. But are they not borne out by the whole history of our tariff legislation? The people have in a few instances been well roused and made themselves felt in respect to these issues. The wool growers were thus roused and made themselves thus felt in the passage of the present wool and woolen tariff. But now, just as its beneficial effects are beginning to be felt, an insidious attack is being made on it—and what do we witness? Do we hear the sharp fire of the sentries on our outposts? Are the drums beating to arms? Are our squadrons mustering? Oh, no! We partly awaken at a solitary cry of danger—rub our eyes—*see* not the foe advancing under cover of darkness, and settle back to sleep again!

We certainly do not know exactly what view Secretary Seward will take of Reciprocity. But it is *believed* in well informed circles that he is inclined to favor it. He *has* a great fondness for treaty making! He will be strongly pressed in that direction by the fishing, shipping and mercantile interests—interests which combine great wealth, talent influence and *efficient industry* where their own gains are concerned. Can Mr. Seward be expected to feel as keenly for other interests which show no feeling for themselves? Can he be severely blamed if he assumes that Canadian Reciprocity is not regarded as so very objectionable by the body of our Agricultural producers, when we will not even take pains to express our objections?

Whatever may be Mr. Seward's views and intentions, so long as they are unknown—so long as our wily, able and energetic opponents are making every practicable effort to influence his action against us—we do not exercise common judgment, or common prudence, or a decent regard for our own interests, to remain silent and idle spectators of the diplomatic negotiations now going on. If with such supineness on our part, Mr. Seward shall show enough forecaste, statesmanship and firmness to resist the pressure brought to bear on him and reject Reciprocity, great will be the obligations of all American farmers to him; if he accepts Reciprocity, he will be deeply to blame, but not so much to blame as we are ourselves.

In our article on this subject Sept. 9th, we said to the wool manufacturers who compose the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, that they were "not honorably at liberty to aid or favor, either openly or secretly, any measure which changes the status of the (wool and woolen) tariff, without first meeting us (the growers) in joint association and obtaining our consent, or formally renouncing our further alliance:" and we further told them, "that the wool growers of the country confidently expect good faith in them." Since then we have received a letter from an important officer of that Association which contains the following assurance: "We shall preserve strict faith upon that question." Another officer writes:—"I feel perfectly sure of the loyalty to your Association of the Woolen Manufacturers." We learn from an authorized source that Mr. Bigelow, President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, resolved not to take a position, tendered to him, upon the Committee already mentioned of the Boston Board of Trade. We trust that at the Annual Meeting of that Association which will convene before this paper goes to press (Oct. 7th) some affirmative expression will be made on the subject of Canadian Reciprocity.

The Illinois resolutions, published below, substantially condemn Reciprocity by demanding a further and fuller trial of the present wool tariff; and we have no doubt they would have distinctly condemned it by name, had not the meeting been held before the members of the Association became apprized of the negotiations going on at Washington.

ILLINOIS STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASS'N.

At an annual meeting of the Illinois State Wool Growers Association, held at Quincy, September 23d, 1868, the meeting was called to order by the President, A. M. Garland, Esq. Graham Lee was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion, J. S. McConnell, J. L. Mills and John Turnbull were appointed a committee to present resolutions for the consideration of the meeting.

The Association then proceeded to election of officers for the ensuing year, with the following result:

President—A. M. Garland. *Secretary*—Sam. P. Boardman. *Treasurer*—J. L. Mills. *Vice-Presidents*—F. Fassett, State at large; W. W. Corbett, 1st Dist.; J. S. Fitch, 2d, W. G. Hitchcock, 3d; Isaac Bliss, 4th; A. Oliver, 5th; E. E. Gorham, 6th; P. S. Spencer, 7th; Jas. S. McConnell, 8th; John Lasbury, 9th; Matthew Carvey, 10th; M. B. Royes, 11th; S. B. Chandler, 12th; Jas. Calvery, 13th.

The following resolutions were presented by the Committee and adopted:

Resolved, That we recognize in the existing tariff upon the importation of raw and manufactured wools an equitable protection to the growers and manufacturers of wools in the United States, and that we demand for it such a trial as will put to the fullest test the wisdom of its provisions.

Resolved, That we not only deem it of vital importance to our interests, but demand as a right, that all wools be bought and sold strictly on their merits; that we will oppose all arbitrary rules, and discountenance the men who attempt to establish or enforce them.

Resolved, That we indorse the action of our honorable President and Secretary in attending the late Exposition of the Manufacturers' Ass'n of the Northwest, at Chicago.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a joint Exhibition of Wools and Woolens in the West, in 1869, and will, as wool growers, heartily join the woolen manufacturers in such an exhibition, upon a basis that shall be mutually advantageous and satisfactory.

S. P. Boardman and J. H. Pickrell were chosen delegates to National Association.

Report of Treasurer received and placed on file.

On motion, adjourned.

Graham Lee, *Sec'y pro tem.*

Agricultural Fairs.

THE SEASON OF FAIRS.

New Hampshire State Fair.—This fair was held at Manchester, and was the best of the series. The show in the stock department is said to have much excelled the last two exhibitions—the herds of the best breeders in the State being represented. All the breeds of cattle, horses, sheep, swine, common to the State, were represented—none below the average medium of the respective classes. There were 200 horses, 417 neat cattle, 200 sheep and half as many swine, on the ground. The domestic department was well represented. The attendance ranged from fifteen to twenty thousand during the last two days of the fair.

The Ohio State Fair.—The Ohio Farmer, noticing the State Fair, says: "The material was, in the main, abundant and excellent; the weather both good and bad; and the result was a moderately satisfactory exhibition, with serious drawbacks." The stock exhibition was not up to expectation as to numbers, but there were good samples, in each class. Farm implements and machinery formed the most notable feature of the fair. The whole number of entries was 3,519—an excess over last year of 617. The attendance some days was fully 25,000.

Illinois State Fair.—This fair was held at Quincy under unfavorable circumstances as to weather, still the display of articles was very full, and the attendance respectable, though not as large as was anticipated. The stock show was very large—equal to any preceding one ever held in the State. In farm implements the exhibition was remarkably full and satisfactory. Among the novelties of the exhibition were 40 cases, containing 10,000 species of insects, mostly named and classified.

California State Fair.—This fair was held at Sacramento, and was the most successful of any yet held in the Golden State. All the departments were full, and that of stock eminently satisfactory.

Oregon State Fair.—Reports from Salem characterize the Oregon fair as a great success—especially rich in the department of farm stock.

Whiteside Co., Ill.—This fair was held at Sterling, and closed on the 18th ult. It was continued four days with a good attendance throughout. The last day the visitors numbered eight thousand. The show of stock, farm implements and products, was very good, and the fair, as a whole, quite as successful as any of its predecessors.

Geauga Co., Ohio.—This fair was held at Clarendon, and was dashed with rain both days, but is reported to have been among the best of the Society's exhibitions. The show of neat stock was good, but the horse department was meager. Fruit good, especially grapes. Dairy, fair.

Schenectady Co.—This fair was held at Schenectady, N. Y., closing on the 18th of September. It was well attended, and the results generally satisfactory. The cash awards amounted to $516.

PREMIUMS AWARDED

At N. Y. State Fair, Rochester, Sept. 29-30, Oct. 1-2, 1868.

CATTLE.

Short-Horns—*Bulls.*—Best bull, 3 years old and upwards, Charles K Ward, Le Roy, "Monarch," $20; 2d, Walcott & Campbell, New York Mills, "Wechawken," $15; best 2 years old, J E Brown, Churchville, $5; best 1 year old, M H Cochrane, Compton, Quebec, "Baron Booth," $15; best bull calf, C K Ward, "Baron of Geneva," $10.

Short Horns—*Cows.*—Best cow, 3 years old and upward, M H Cochrane, "Rosedale," $20; 2d, same, "Maid of Athol," $15; 3d, same, "Sanspariel," $5; best heifer, 2 years old, same, "Maggie," $20; 2d, Ezra Cornell, Ithaca, "Lucia," $15; 3d, Walcott & Campbell, "Hope," $5; best heifer, 1 year old, Ezra Cornell, "Lucy Curd," $15; 2d, M H Cochrane, "Wharfdale Rose," $10; 3d, same, $5; best heifer calf, Ezra Cornell, "Fidgett," $10; 2d, Walcott & Campbell, "Indian Queen," $5; 3d, C W Wadsworth, Geneseo, "Maggie."

Herd Prize.—M H Cochrane, "Baron Booth," bull; "Rosedale," "Maid of Athol," "Sanspariel," "Maggie," "Wharfdale Rose," heifer; large gold medal.

Devons—*Bulls.*—Best bull, 3 years old and upwards, Joseph Hilton, New Scotland, "Prince of Wales," $20; 3d best, 2 years old, Walter Cole, Batavia, "Helena's Huron," $5; 2d best, 1 year old, same, "Helena's Huron," $10; best calf, same, "Cole's Hiawatha," $10.

Devons—*Cows.*—Best 3 years old and upward, Walter Cole, "Nemophilla," $20; 2d, same, "Helena," $15; 3d, same, "Lovely," $5; best heifer, 2 years old, Jos Hilton, New Scotland, "Alban Primrose," $20; 2d, Walter Cole, "Norwiga," $15; 3d, Joseph Hilton, "Edith," $5; best heifer, 1 year old, Walter Cole, "Wand 2d," $15; 2d, Jos Hilton, "Wild Rose," $10; 3d, Walter Cole, "Cole's Helena," $5; best heifer calf, Jos Hilton, "Belle 3d," $10; 2d, Walter Cole, "Cole's Helena 2d," $5; 3d, Jos Hilton, "Nonpareil 5th."

Herefords.—Best bull, 2 years old, M H Cochrane, $20; best cow, 3 years old and upwards, same, "Hebla 2d," 20; best heifer, 2 years old, same, "Necklace 2d," 20; best heifer, 1 year old, same, "Necklace 4th," 15.

Herd Prize.—M H Cochrane.

Ayrshires.—Best bull, 3 years old and upwards, C H Holton, Rochester, $20; best 1 year old, Walcott & Campbell, "Ivanhoe," 15; 2d, same, "Kyle," 15; best bull calf, same, "Robbie," 10; 2d, same, "Sir Archie," 5; best cow, 3 years old and upwards, same, "Nannie," 20; 2d, same, "Handsome Nell," 15; best heifer, 2 years old, same, "Jessie," 20; 2d, same, "Peerless," 15; best heifer, 1 year old, same, "Afton," 15; 2d, same, "Treasure," 10; best heifer calf, same, "Peggy," 10.

Herd Prize.—Walcott & Campbell, golden medal.

Alderneys or Jerseys.—Best bull, 3 years old and upwards, Samuel Campbell, New York Mills, "Champion," $20; 2d, J D Wing, Washington, N. Y., "Saratoga," 15; 3d, W B Dinsmore, Staatsberg, "Jersey," 5; best bull calf, W B Dinsmore, "Drummer," 10; 2d, Thos Gould, Aurora, "Admiral Fourth," 5; best cow, 3 years old and upwards, J D Wing, "Fancy," 20; 2d, W B Dinsmore, "Bettie," 15; 3d, same, "Biddie 2d," 5; best heifer, 2 years old, J D Wing, "Flora 3d," 20; 2d, W B Dinsmore, "Paddy," 15; 3d, Samuel Campbell, "Rose," 5; best heifer, 1 year old, W B Dinsmore, "Diana 3d," 15; 2d, same, "Delia 2d," 10; 3d, same, "Laura," 5; best heifer calf, same, "Frankie," 10; 2d, same, "Hattie," 5.

Herd Prize.—W B Dinsmore, golden medal.

Milch Cows and Grades.—Best milch cow, of any breed, John Lynch, West Brighton, $20; best grade Short-Horn cow or heifer, H Howland, Auburn, 15; 2d, J Emery Brown, Churchville, 10; 3d, same, 5; best grade Devon cow or heifer, Joseph Kurtz, Perinton, 15; 3d, John H Bell, West Brighton, 5.

Oxen, Steers and Fat Cattle.—Best yoke of working oxen, over 3 years old, BOver, West Brighton, $15; 2d, John Robertson, West Henrietta, 10; 3d, G W Wilcox, Spencerport, 5; best [illegible] of steers, 3 years old, same, 15; best yoke of steers, 2 years old, N Davis, Chili, 10; best fat steer, 3 years old or under, C W Wadsworth, Geneseo, 15; 2d, Benj Fellows, Chili, 10; 3d, G W Wilcox, 5; best fat heifer, 3 years old or under, John H Bell, West Brighton, 5.

Premiums for Boys under 16.—For best trained yoke of steers, O P Brigham, Ogden, 10; best fat ox, over 4 years old, Wm Jackson, Fosterville, 15; 2d, Calvin Diver, West Brighton, 10; 3d, Wm Jackson, 5.

HORSES.

Breeding and Growing Stock.—Special premium offered by a member of the Society. A special premium for the best stallion for general purposes, over 4 years old, and not less than fifteen hands three inches high, Rufus P White, Adams, Jefferson Co., $200. Best stallion for general purposes, 4 years old or over, Thomas S Ellis, St Catharines, Ontario, 50; 2d, D B Haight, Dover Plains, Dutchess Co., 30; 3d, M R Ballentine, Chili, Monroe Co., 15; best draught stallion, 4 years old or over, Reuben Rowley, Fillmore, N. Y., 20; 2d, E D Vaughn, Rochester, 15; 3d, Garrett Teafee, Macedon, Wayne Co., 5; best stallion for getting roadsters, E W Taylor, Emlota, 20; 2d, Ira H Cole, Sheldrake, 15; 3d, A H Van Ness, Bushnell's Basin, 5; best stallion, 3 years old, Isaac C Wells, Egypt, 15; 2d, E W Thomas, Rose, 10; 2d, James Read, Lockport, 5; best stallion, 2 years old, S G Morris, Mt. Fordham, 10; 2d, P Ranney, Gates, 10; 3d, D P Newell, Parma Center, 5; best stallion, 1 year old, S G Morris, 10; 2d, G D Williams & Bro., Rochester, 8; 3d, John H Carpenter, Rochester, 4; best brood mare, with foal at her foot, James Kilham, Turin, 20; 2d, Henry Speaker, Henrietta, 15; best filly, 3 years old, Geo Hammil, Rome, 15; 2d, Robert Bell, West Brighton, 10; 3d, James Read, 5; best filly, 2 years old, S G Morris, 15; 2d, same, 10; 3d, Robert Bell, 5.

Harness and Saddle Horses.—Best pair of carriage horses, over 15 and under 16 hands, M F Reynolds, Rochester, $15; 2d, L W Treat, Auburn, 10; best pair of driving or road horses, not under 14½ hands, G J Wheeler, Rome, 15; 2d, Robert Bell, 10; 3d, L J Goodrich, Lockport, 5; best pair of draught or farm horses, Levi S Fulton, Rochester, 15; 2d, Dodge & Stephenson Man'fg Co., Auburn, 10; best single harness horse, A H Van Ness, Bushnell's Basin, 10; 2d, James Read, Lockport, 8; 3d, H A Ellis, West Brighton, 4; best single driving horse, G Hosington, Ellisburg, 10; 2d, D B Hoyt, Rochester, 8; 3d, F Leyden, Rochester, 4; best saddle horse, C Johnston, Rochester, 8.

Jacks and Mules.—Best jack, L F Wilson, Gorham, Ontario Co., $15.

SHEEP.

Fat Sheep and Grade or Cross-bred Ewes and Lambs, Bred Chiefly for Mutton.—Best fat sheep, long-wooled, over 2 years, Ezra Cornell, $5.

Long-Wooled Sheep—*Leicesters.*—Best ram under 2 years, M H Cochrane, $10; 2d, Jurian Winne, Bethlehem, 8; 3d, same, 4; best pen five ewes, over 2 years, M H Cochrane, 10; 2d, Walcott & Campbell, 8; best under 2 years, M H Cochrane, 10.

Long-Wooled Sheep—*Cotswolds.*—Best ram, over 2 years, M H Cochrane, $10; best under 2 years, same, 10; best pen five lambs, ewes, under 2 years, same, 10.

Long-Wooled Sheep—*Lincolns.*—Best ram, over 2 years, Walcott & Campbell, $10; 2d, M H Cochrane, 8; best pen five ewes, over 2 years, Walcott & Campbell, 10; best under 2 years, same, 10.

Middle-Wooled Sheep.—Second best South Down ram, over 2 years, John Lynch, West Brighton, $8; 2d best pen three South Down ram lambs, 5; best pen five do., ewes, over 2 years, Ezra Cornell, 10; 2d, John Lynch, 8; 2d best Hampshire Down ram, 2 years old, Cornelius Parsons, Riga, 5; best pen five Hampshire ewes, 10.

Fine-Wooled Sheep.—*Sheep of Merino breed, bred for fineness of wool.*—Best ram, over 2 years old, Wm Chamberlin, Red Hook, $10; 2d, same, 8; best under 2 years, Carl Heyne, Red Hook, 10; best pen three ram lambs, Wm Chamberlin, 5; best pen five ewes, 2 years old, same, 10; 2d, same, 8; best 1 year old, same, 10; best pen three ewe lambs, same, 5.

Fine-Wooled Sheep.—*Sheep of Merino breed, bred for weight of fleece.*—Best ram, over 2 years old, L J Wright & Co., Milo, $10; 2d, Bronson & Marriner, East Bloomfield, 8; best under 2 years, Wm Chamberlin, 10; best pen three ram lambs, S B Lusk, Batavia, 5; 2d, Pierce & Fellows, Spencerport, 3; best pen five ewes, 2 years old, Bronson & Marriner, 10; 2d, Wm Chamberlin, 8; best pen three ewe lambs Bronson & Marriner, 5; 2d, S B Lusk, 3.

Grade Merinos.—*Sheep of mixed breed, bred chiefly for wool.*—Best pen five ewes, 2 years old, Wm Chamberlin, $8; 2d, Robert Bell, 4; best 1 year old, same, 8; 2d, same, 4; best pen three ewe lambs, Wm Chamberlin, 5; 2d, R Bell, 3.

SWINE.

Large Breed—*Which, when full grown and fattened, will weigh over 450 pounds dressed.*—Best boar, 2 years old or over, S P Hufstater, Watertown, $10; best boar, 1 year old, same, 10; 2d, Clark & McLean, Henderson, 8; 3d, T T Cavanaugh, Watertown, 4; best boar, 6 months, and less than 1 year, Wm H Cobb, Rochester, 8; best breeding sow, 2 years old, Clark & McLean, 10; best sow, 1 year old, same, 10; best sow pig, over 6 months, S P Hufstater, 8; 2d, James Brodie & Son, Rural Hill, 5; 3d, same, 3; best lot of five pigs, under 10 months, Clark & McLean, 8; 2d, T T Cavanaugh, 5; 3d, S P Hufstater 3.

Small Breed—*Which, when full grown and fattened, will not weigh over 450 pounds dressed.*—Best boar, 2 years old or over, Joseph Harris, Waterlown, $10; best breeding sow, 2 years old, Robert Bell, 10; 2d, Joseph Harris, 8.

POULTRY.

Best trio Gray Dorkings, N Barnes, New Hartford, $5; 2d, G H Warner, New York Mills, 3; best trio White Dorkings, G H Warner, 5; 2d, N Barnes, 3; best trio Black Spanish, Timothy Herrick, Staatsburg, 5; 2d, N Barnes, 3; best trio White Polands, N Barnes, 5; best trio Silver Polands, E A Wendell, Albany, 5; best trio Bolton Grays, N Barnes, 5; best trio Red Game, same, 5; 2d, same, 3; best trio Leghorns, John Salisbury, Nyack, 5; 2d, G H Warner, 3; best trio African Bantams, N Barnes, 5; 2d, same, 3; best trio Gold Laced Bantams, E A Wendell, 5; 2d, same, 3; best trio Silver Laced Bantams, N Barnes, 5; 2d, G H Warner, 3; best trio Cochins, N Barnes, 5; best trio Brahmas, (light) G H Warner, 5; 2d, E A Wendell, 3; best trio Brahmas, (dark) N Barnes, 5; best trio Hamburghs, T Gould, Hamburgh, 5; 2d, N Barnes, 3; best trio Houdans, G H Warner, 5; 2d, same, 3; best trio Crevecours, same, 5; 2d, J Y Bicknell, Westmoreland, 3; best trio La Fleche, G H Warner, 5; 2d, J Y Bicknell, 3; best pair Bronze Turkeys, N Barnes, 5; 2d, Robert Bell, 3; best pair White Turkeys, Thomas Gould, Aurora, 5; 2d, E A Wendell, 3; best pair Muscovy Ducks, N Barnes, 5; 2d, Ezra Cornell, 3; best pair Aylesbury Ducks, N Barnes, 5; 2d, G H Warner, 3; best pair Rouen Ducks, same, 5; 2d same, 3; best pair Cayuga Ducks, N Barnes, 5; 2d, J Y Bicknell, 3; best pair Bremen Geese, N Barnes, 5; 2d, E A Wendell, 3; best pair White China Geese, N Barnes, 5; best pair African Geese, same, 5; 2d, same, 3; best pair Guinea Fowls, same, 5; 2d, Robert Bell, 3; best pair Pea Fowls, E A Wendell, 5; 2d, N Barnes, 3; best and greatest variety of Pigeons, G H Warner, 5; 2d, N Barnes, 3; best pair common Rabbits, same, 3; best buck, self-colored, T Gould, 4; 2d, same, 3; best buck, broken color, same, 4; 2d, same, 3; best doe, broken color, same, 3; 2d, same, 3.

FLOWERS, PLANTS, DESIGNS, AND FRUITS — PROFESSIONAL LIST.

Cut Flowers.—For the best display, James Vick, Rochester, $10; 2d, Frost & Co., S. S. Medal.

Dahlias.—Best Collection, James Vick, Rochester, $6; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, $3; best 24 dissimilar blooms (with names,) James Vick, $5; best 12 dissimilar blooms (with names,) Frost & Co., $3.

Roses.—For the greatest number of the newest and best varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $6; 2d, Frost & Co., $3; for the newest and best 12 varieties (with names,) Ellwanger & Barry, $3; 2d, Frost & Co., $1.

Phloxes.—For the greatest number of the newest and best varieties, Jas. Vick, $5; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, $3.

Verbenas.—For the greatest number of the newest and best varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $5; newest and best 12 varieties (with names,) Ellwanger & Barry, $3; best collection three varieties American seedling, not before exhibited, Ellwanger & Barry, $1.

German Asters.—Best collection, James Vick, $3.

Pansies.—Best collection, James Vick, $3.

Ten Week Stocks.—Best collection, Frost & Co., $3.

AMATEUR LIST.

Cut Flowers.—For the best display, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, Tomhannock, N. Y., $10; 2d, Mrs. D. Lyday, Henrietta, N. Y., $5.

Dahlias.—Greatest number of the newest and best varieties, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $6; best 12 dissimilar blooms (with names,) C. W. Crossman, Rochester, $3; 2d, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $1; best 6 dissimilar blooms, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $2.

Roses.—For the greatest number of newest and best varieties, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $6; best 12 varieties (with names,) Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $3; best 6 varieties, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $2.

Verbenas.—Greatest number of newest and best varieties, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $5; best 12 distinct varieties (with names,) Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $3; best 6 varieties (with names,) Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $2.

Phloxes.—Best annual, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $2; best 6 varieties (with names,) perennial phloxes, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $2.

German Asters.—Best collection, C. W. Crossman, $3; 2d, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $1.

Pansies.—Best collection, 26 varieties, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $3.

Ten Week Stocks.—Best display, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $3.

Everlasting Flowers.—Best display, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $3.

GENERAL LIST.

Pot Plants.—Best collection of house plants in pots, to consist of 20 different specimens,—the variety of plants and the manner in which they are grown to be taken into account, Ellwanger & Barry, $10; 2d, as above, Frost & Co., $5.

Floral Design or Ornament.—Best, Frost & Co., $5; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, $3.

Bouquets.—Best pair hand, Ellwanger & Barry, $5; 2d, Frost & Co., $3; best pair parlor, Frost & Co., $5; 2d, Ellwanger & Barry, $3; best basket bouquet, Mrs. D. Lyday, Henrietta, $5; 2d, C. W. Crossman, $3; best display of newly introduced flowers, not contained in the foregoing list, either in pots or cut flowers, Jas. Vick, $5.

FRUITS—PROFESSIONAL LIST.

Apples.—Best 40 varieties and best specimens, Ellwanger & Barry, $15; 2d, Dr. E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, $10; for the best 20 varieties, Dr. E. W. Sylvester, $5.

Pears.—Best 20 varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $15; 2d, Wm. S. Little, $10; best 15 varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $10; 2d, Wm. S. Little, $5; best 6 varieties, Frost & Co., $5.

Plums.—Best 12 varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, $5.

Quinces.—Best dozen apple or orange, Ellwanger & Barry, $3; 2d, Frost & Co., $2.

Grapes.—Greatest number and best varieties of native grapes, Ellwanger & Barry, $5; 2d, Frost & Co., $3.

Watermelons.—Best collection, A. S. Johnson, Chili, $5; 2d, Henry Stevenson, Pittsford, $2; best single watermelon, S. B. Payne, Pittsford, $1; 2d, N. Culver, Arcadia, vol. Trans.

FRUITS—AMATEUR LIST.

Apples.—Best 20 varieties, A. Wilder, Greece, $12; 2d, R. H. Brown, Greece, $8; best 15 varieties, A. Wilder, $10; 2d, R. H. Brown, $5; best 10 varieties, Edwin Nichols, Brighton, $5; 2d, A. Wilder, $3.

Pears.—Best 15 varieties, John A. Bell, Brighton, $12; 2d, James S. Clarke, Greece, $8; best 10 varieties, J. S. Clarke, $10; 2d, James Sprott, Rochester, $5; best 6 varieties, John H. Bell, $5; 2d, J. S. Clarke, $1.

Peaches.—Best 1 variety, J. S. Clarke, $2.

Quinces.—Best dozen apple or orange, S. L. Eaton, Rochester, $3; 2d, E. S. Daywood, $2.

Grapes.—For greatest number of varieties and best specimens, James M. Edmonds, Brighton, $5; 2d, J. S. Clarke, $3; best 1 variety, James M. Edmonds, $2; best collection foreign grapes grown under glass, Thomas Paul, Rochester, $6; best 1 variety, Thomas Paul, $2.

Watermelons.—Best collection, Israel P. Barker, Brighton, $3; best single melon, C. Clary, Pittsford.

FARM PRODUCE.

Butter.—Best 50 lbs. made in June, A. S. Holbert, Chemung Co., $20; 2d, A. B. Benham & McLean, 50; best 50 lbs. made at any time, Isaac Bower, N. Chili, 20; 2d, S. A. Dowey, Walworth, 15; 3d, Robert Lothridge, Rochester, 10; best sample 5 lbs, in rolls, Mrs. E. Frazier, West Henrietta, 10; 2d, R. Lothridge, 5.

Cheese.—Best over 1 year old, from factory, not less than 40 lbs., M. E. Myers, Saratoga, $20; best factory cheese less than 1 year old, New Hudson Cheese Co., Rochester, 20; 2d, Horatio Graves, Wethersfield, 15; best 5 factory cheeses, Horatio Graves, 20; 2d, M. E. Myers, 15; best 3 factory cheeses, Peter Miller, Jr., Fredonia, 15; 2d, A. J. Loomis, Cicero, N. Y., 10; best 3 dairy cheeses, O. C. Crocker, Binghamton, 15; best cheddar cheese, T. W. Collins, Rochester, 10; best prepared rennets, T. W. Collins, 10.

Bread, &c.—Best wheat Bread, Mrs. E. Frazier, $5; 2d, Isaac Bower, 3; best Indian or rye and Indian bread, Mrs. Emma Brooks, Penfield, 5; 2d, to the same, 3.

Sugar.—Best sample maple sugar, Horatio Graves, $5; best maple syrup, R. Lothridge, 3; 2d, Isaac Bower, 2.

Honey.—Best sample honey, Severson & Livingston, Knowersville, $5; 2d, Peter Miller, Jr., 3.

Dried Fruit.—Best dried apples, Mrs. Emma Brooks, $5; 2d, Charles Murray, West Brighton, 3; best dried peaches, Mrs. E. Diver, West Brighton.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

Best pair woolen blankets, Mrs. Wm. H. Graves, Blossvale, $5; 2d, Mrs. John Johnson, Alden, 3; best 10 yards woolen cloth, Mrs. John Johnson, 5; 2d, Mrs. Amos Clark, Marcellus, 3; best 10 yards woolen flannel, Mrs. John Johnson, 5; 2d, Mrs. J. Van Namee, 3; best 10 yards cotton and wool kersey, Mrs. John Johnson, 5; best 10 yards rag carpet, Mrs. Charles Murray, 5; 2d, Mrs. William H. Cook, Pittsford, 3; hearth rug, Mrs. Elizabeth Hyatt, Henrietta, 3; best double carpet coverlet, Mrs. W. H. Graves, 5; 2d, Mrs. Abel Dryer, W. Brighton, 3; best knit bed spread, Mrs. Albert D. Burleigh, Rochester, 5; 2d, Mrs. J. E. Lovecraft, Rochester, 2; best white worked or quilted bed spread, Mrs. H. Campbell, Rochester, 3; 2d, Mrs. William Hickman, Brighton, 2; best woven do., Mrs. J. T. Van Namee was honorably mentioned; best balmoral petticoat, Mrs. C. L. Dayton, Alden, N. Y., 3; 2d, Mrs. John Johnson, 2; best woolen knit stockings, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 3; 2d, Mrs. W. H. Graves, 2; best woolen knit mittens, Mrs. John Johnson, 3; 2d, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, 2; best woolen fringe mittens, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 3; 2d, Mrs. W. H. Graves, 2; best woolen socks by girl under 12 years of age, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 3; 2d, Mrs. John Johnson, 2; best 10 yards of linen cloth, Mrs. W. H. Graves, 5; 2d, Mrs. C. L. Dayton, 3; best 10 yards linen diaper, Mrs. C. L. Dayton, 5; 2d, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, 3; best 10 yards linen kersey, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 5; 2d, Mrs. C. L. Dayton, 3; best 10 yards linen bagging, Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, 5; 2d, Mrs. W. H. Graves, 3; best cotton or knit stockings, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 3; 2d, same, 2; best pound linen sewing thread, Mrs. Amos Clarke, 3.

Rural Notes and Items.

The Crops, Weather, &c.—The weather since the first week of September has been unusually cold,—the thermometer having a low average range. The skies continue cloudy, although in Western New York there is not a large rain fall,—not enough, in fact, to raise springs and streams to their proper fullness. Frost has held off well, many localities not yet having felt the effects of a cutting one. One result of this cool, cloudy weather, so different from what preceded it, is the holding back of the grape crop. Early varieties are all right, but Isabellas and Catawbas are yet backward except in the most forward places. Corn matured early and is entirely out of the way of harm, and we believe the country is favored with a good crop of this important grain. Wheat was sown quite late, and much of it is only just springing in sight. It grows very slow, but there is time enough yet for it to attain sufficient top. This slow growth is a healthy and hardy one, and we believe is fuller of promise for the harvest than if it were rank and rapid.

Potato or Tomato Worms.—We have recently noticed several accounts of poisoning from the sting or bite of large worms found in tomato or potato vines. A specimen was lately exhibited in our office by a gentleman who had grown nervous enough over the subject to tear up his tomato vines on which the worm was found. Turning to the October number of the American Entomologist we found the worm, in all its stages, illustrated and its habits described. We make a short extract from the article to re-assure any of our readers who are alarmed:—"This well known insect is usually called the potato worm, but it is far commoner on the closely allied tomato, the foliage of which it often clears off very completely in particular spots in a single night. Many persons are afraid to handle this worm, from an absurd idea that it has the power of stinging with the horn on its tail. We have handled hundreds of them with perfect impunity, and for the small sum of one cent will undertake to insure the whole population of the United States against being stung by this insect, either with the conspicuous horn on its tail or with any hidden weapon that it may have concealed about its person. In fact, this dreadful looking horn is not peculiar to the potato worm, but is met with in almost all the larvæ of the large and beautiful group to which it belongs (*Sphinx* family.) It seems to have no special use, but, like the bunch of hair on the breast of the turkey cock, to be a mere ornamental appendage."

Grasshoppers in Nebraska.—Mr. A. Thompson, West Point, Nebraska, notices a statement in the Rural to the effect that the grasshoppers were badly devastating that State, and comments thus:—"This is a very erroneous statement, and prejudiced to the vital interests of our young State. The harvest last season has been very large. The average yield of the wheat crop in Northern Nebraska will exceed twenty-eight bushels per acre, and in some cases thirty-seven have been threshed. The oat crop will yield seventy-five bushels per acre. This is the way we like to be 'cons

HORTICULTURAL.

HORTICULTURE AT THE STATE FAIR.

FLORAL HALL was under the supervision of JAMES VICK; and to his fine taste and liberal personal expenditure displayed in fitting up the tent is chiefly due the success and brilliance of a show worthy of the Floral and Horticultural fame of the Empire State. The outer circle of the tent was devoted to fruits, and an inner one to plants and flowers. The arrangement was convenient and tasteful, forming an attractive feature of the Fair. The center pole of the tent was circled about with a raised bed of ornamental leaf plants and flowers bordered with the showy New French Marigold. On the Floral stand JAMES VICK had a large general collection of pot and cut flowers, comprising Phlox Drummondii, Gladiolas, Dahlias, &c., &c. ELLWANGER & BARRY, a fine display of pot plants, mostly of ornamental foliage, and a fine show of roses for the season. FROST & Co. presented a good collection of pot plants and New Geraniums. C. W. CROSSMAN made a good display of Dahlias. Mrs. VAN NAMEE exhibited a general collection of cut flowers.

The display of apples, pears and grapes was pretty full and fair. Among the professional exhibitors of fruits were ELLWANGER & BARRY, who exhibited 40 varieties of apples, 201 of pears, 46 of grapes, 14 of plums and 12 of quinces. FROST & Co. exhibited 15 varieties of pears and 44 plates of grapes. E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons Nurseries, 60 varieties of apples, 45 of pears and one of plums. W. S. LITTLE, Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, 35 varieties of pears and two of grapes C. W. SEELYE, 21 varieties of grapes. C. L. HOAG, Lockport, 25 of grapes. J. W. CLARK, Naples, three of apples. F. M. PERRINE, Dansville, seedling grapes. C. W. GRANT, Emelan Seedlings. Pleasant Valley Wine Co., 16 varieties of grapes; also, a sample of the Scuppernong from North Carolina. FERRIS & CAYWOOD, Walter grapes. ALEXANDER PALMER, Concords. G. ZIMMERMAN, eight varieties of grapes. THOMAS PAUL, greatest number of native varieties of grapes, and also six of pears. JOHN FISCHER, pears and grapes. E. S. HAYWOOD, quinces and pears, and 10 varieties of apples. T. L. SPAFFORD, foreign grapes. WILLIAM HODGES, quinces. J. S. CLARK, peaches and pears. C. M. BOWEN, pears. JOHN H. BELL, six varieties of pears. JAMES SPRATT, 10 do. J. P. CLARK, 10 do. J. S. CLARK, 15 do. EDWIN NICHOLS, 16 of apples. O. W. ELLIS, 15 do. R. H. BROWN, 35 do. A. WILDER, 35 do. ORRIN C. COOK, Cranberries.

VEGETABLES.

The vegetable stands were pretty well filled with potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, pumpkins, squashes, turnips, cabbages, cucumbers, mangels, melons, tomatoes, beans, lettuce, yams, &c. Among the exhibitors we noticed the names of GEO. BAHRINGER, N. CULVER, H. N. JENNINGS, JAMES VICK, B. BIRDSALL, DAVID STOOVER, GEO. COOPER, C. W. CROSSMAN, Mrs. J. VAN NAMEE, S. B. PAINE, D. S. HEFFRON, LESTER A. PAYNE, T. G. YEOMANS, A. S. JOHNSON, HENRY STEPHENSON, J. VAN NORMAN, CHARLES CALDWELL, P. GOLDEN, ISAAC MILLER, REISING & HEXMAR, J. S. WOODWARD, ABEL DYER, J. S. HALBERT, H. M. JENNINGS and O. HOWLAND.

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY.

OUR illustration represents full size clusters and berries of the above named fruit. Our first thought on viewing the cut accused the artist of having somewhat over stepped the bounds of Nature, and represented the fruit a little too large. But when we called to mind more distinctly the really mammoth clusters and berries we saw growing on the bushes, we could but admit that the finest might furnish such a picture. And the variety is remarkable for uniformity of size of fruit even at the end of the season. The peculiarity of this variety suggested its name, (given, we believe, by Mr. CHARLES DOWNING.) Messrs. PURDY & JOHNSTON, on whose grounds it is extensively grown, say that it is fully equal in productiveness to the Philadelphia, grown with the same treatment side by side. It bears carriage well, having been sent over three hundred miles to New York in good order. They state also that its season is late, as it begins to ripen about the time the Doolittle fails. The canes are hardy, vigorous growers, stand erect and strong, and produce new plants from the slips.

THE WHORTLEBERRY.—No. I.

I AM aware that few people in this country are interested in the result of the crop of this berry, but those who live among them, and depend upon them as a means of support, are keenly alive to the prospect of a good crop, which is hailed with joy, while a failure produces much sorrow and want. If this was a cultivated fruit, the papers would teem with the advertisements of the small fruit nurserymen, informing the public where all the old and new varieties can be procured, as they have their varieties as well as other berries; but GOD has given this fruit in such abundance in some parts of this country that it is free for all, without money or price, except the labor of picking.

Many a time, when a boy, have I entered the pines with a party of youth of both sexes to enjoy a "huckleberry frolic," taking our lunch with us, spending the day picking berries, and returning home at the close of it with our pails and baskets filled with the delicious fruit. To us this was a day of keen enjoyment. With a suit of old clothes on, we entered the "swamps," leaving some one at the wagon to blow the horn to guide us on our return; we boldly pushed on through the bushes, sometimes elevated on old roots or stumps, and then up to our waists, and even to our armpits, in water, clinging to any friendly bush that held out a helping hand to keep us from going under, and screaming to our comrades to release us; then off with our clothes, wring them out, put them on again, and on we go with our baskets slung over our necks by a broad strap, as we need the use of both our hands to part the bushes and pick the fruit.

I well remember creeping on my hands and knees through a thick defense of bushes, when I came upon an opening, about thirty feet in diameter, completely surrounded by a thick hedge of whortleberry bushes about eight feet high. On these bushes the fruit hung like ropes of onions all over them; in fact, they were black with the largest and finest "swamp" berries I had ever seen. I should think there were at least five bushels exposed to view. The center of this circle was indeed beautiful. A very thick, bright green moss completely covered the whole surface, and well do I remember the pleasure the scene gave me; for a moment the berries were lost sight of, but my basket was soon filled; then down on my knees again, pushing the basket before me, until I had reached the outside of the thicket, where I joined my companions and spoke of my success. On examining this spot I found it was a hollow, which was in wet weather filled with water, but just at this time the water had disappeared, leaving the moss alone to beautify the bed.

THE SECTION.

It may not be uninteresting to speak of the section of New Jersey in which this fruit grows most plentifully and yields the largest quantity. Although it grows in several of the lower counties, yet Ocean Co. furnishes us with much the greater amount. This county is similar to other counties in that portion of the State, having a level surface, and the soil being very light and sandy. The lower part, or swamps, were considered worthless until quite recently, when the experiment of raising cranberries was tried, which has proved a success. On account of the level surface of the soil some of the swamps are very extensive, extending for miles, and it is here where the best berries grow. This whole section was originally covered with a growth of pine and oak; in some places the pine predominating, and in others the oak; where one was cut down the other would immediately succeed. This wood was used principally for coaling purposes, and some of the owners possessed several thousand acres of this land. In some parts of this section the timber never grew large enough for any useful purposes, and these districts were called "barrens." These barrens were a novel sight to those who were not accustomed to them; thousands of acres could be overlooked by obtaining any slight eminence. Sometimes these coalers were careless about their their fire, when it would leave the coal-pits and burn with great fury everything inflammable that came in its way. About three years since one of these fires extended over ten thousand acres. This burning process, however, has the good effect of destroying all the old bushes and permitting young bushes to sprout, which produces a greater abundance of choice fruit. This country is similar to the celebrated paradise of fruit growers that is so widely published throughout the country.

VALUE OF LAND.

The early settlers of this county paid from $1 to $5 per acre for the land, in proportion to its timber value, and it is singular that these persons never discovered its great value for fruit growing until they saw it published in the papers. All over this land this berry grows wild, and in great abundance in seasons of plenty.

MONEY MADE.

During a conversation with Mr. ROGERS, who is an old and well known carter, he informed me that he knew of one family of seven persons whose joint efforts in picking frequently resulted in the sum of $25 per day for two weeks in succession, and he also knew of one young girl who made $5 per day during the picking season. Many families make this their main dependence for their winter's support, and where the children are large enough to work they succeed remarkably well.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF CROPS.

I will venture one opinion in regard to the value of this crop, and it is this, that the amount received for it is greater than the strawberry crop. I know this will appear strange to many who know but little about the amount of whortleberries sent to market, or their value, and at the same time know all about the strawberry crop. Nevertheless, I think I am correct, for be it remembered that the strawberry crop is all over in three weeks, while the whortleberry is frequently in market for three months, and during the height of the season of a good crop two thousand bushels are received per day. I think the average price of berries this season has been about $7 per bushel, although we have not had a full crop.

New York, 1868. NOW AND THEN.

SUMMER GRAPE PRUNING.

I NOTICE in the account by M. B. BATEHAM of Lake Shore Vineyards that "some successful young cultivators condemn all summer trimming." I think they have good reason to do so when they look at the condition of the vines in the various vineyards on the Lake Shore. Last year the Dover Bay Company's vines were held up as a model for grape growers; this year the evidence of close summer pruning following out the old dogmas of Cincinnati teachers, is so apparent in reduced foilage and unhealthy character of vine that even the greatest novice in grape growing could but remark it. The rubbing out of all laterals and dressing and tying up of vines, in order to make them look regular, smooth in line, and systematic, is all very pretty on paper, but when you practice it on nature and violate all her laws thereby you must expect rebuffs. It has taken some time to convince vineyardists of the error of old practices, but this past season one of the leading members of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society has repeated what I wrote some years since, viz: that "severe and systematic summer pruning was at the bottom of all their grape diseases." There is no doubt a healthy medicine to be found in grape pruning, but I would sooner trust the practice of "successful young cultivators" than that of any old stereotypist, or the teachings of one who, stifling the "growing sentiment in favor of less summer trimming," tries to trim his remarks to meet that growing sentiment.

ADDI.

WHEN ARE GRAPES RIPE?

I HAVE often been amused at hearing grape growers speak of their product ripening at such and such a time—often out of all known seasons of real maturity; and lately, in company with one who boasted of a certain sort being ripe in his grounds when in my own and several other vineyards where I had been examining, it was far from being ripe, I canvassed the subject so fairly with him that he acknowledged no grape could be counted as even approaching perfect ripeness when the stem did not exhibit a deadened and shriveled, blackened character at least three-fourths of an inch from its connection with the branch on which it grew. Every bunch examined, with just a little spot browned, had in comparison with those of stem shriveled three-fourths to an inch long, a harsh and unripe character, appreciable by any one who will carefully look into the subject.

A.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

ABOUT RASPBERRIES.—E. T. asks if "the varieties which root from the tips of the canes will fruit sooner if planted in the autumn; also, when the old canes should be cut out and the young ones tied up, and if the fall or spring is the best time to plant."

You will get fruit no quicker from plants set in the fall than from those set in the spring. You must grow wood the first year—fruit the next. If the plants are not in an exposed location, cut out the old wood and tie up the new in the autumn; if otherwise it may be better to let the new canes droop on the ground through the winter, but cut away the old ones in the autumn. Raspberries may be set with good and almost certain success in the fall, yet if other work is not pressing we should prefer the early spring.

GRAPE VINE INSECT.—R. R. P., Pavilion, N. Y., writes us that he has a large Clinton grape vine on the south end of a barn which has been much injured by an insect working in the new wood. It was hurt last year, and nearly ruined this. The insect begins its work about the middle of July. Our correspondent sends us some of the small wood of this year's growth, which is bored out and splintered, but says he is unable to find the insect. Of course we can tell nothing about it from this information, but it gives us occasion to remind our readers that they should forward bugs or insects in boxes that will keep them from injury, together with samples of their food.

LIME WITH FRUIT TREES.—Is lime beneficial if mixed with soil when setting out fruit trees? No. As a rule put nothing in contact with the roots of trees when planting but good earth. Leaf mold or decayed sod approach so near to good earth that they are exceptions to the rule. But put the lime, ashes and manure into or on the soil some time before planting the trees, or when their roots have become well established.

"SKELETON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS."—We are asked frequently to give directions for making these ornaments, but to make the matter plain to our readers it would require a great deal of engraving and description. Those who are anxious to learn the art had better purchase a book for sale at this office for $1.50, bearing the above title.

PRICE OF VINEYARD LANDS.—Dr. F. C. BRUNCK, ruralizing in the grape regions of the Rhine, writes the Buffalo Courier that vineyard lands are held there as high as $1,000 in gold per acre of 116 square perches. In common situations the price is $280.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 3d inst.:

VEGETABLES.—The Potato trade is not active, although a fair business has been done during the past week. Monitors are arriving in better condition, and bring better prices. Tomatoes and Onions are in better supply, and lower.

Monitor, ₱ bbl	$1 50	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ₱ bbl	2 25	@	2 50
Peach Blows, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Mercers, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Jackson Whites, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 50	@	4 75
Norfolk, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 25	@	4 50
Onions, Red, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Onions, White, ₱ bbl	6 50	@	7 50
Tomatoes, ₱ basket	80	@	1 00
Pickles, ₱ 1,000	3 00	@	3 75
Marrow Squash, ₱ bbl	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbages, ₱ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₱ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Beets, ₱ 100 bunches	4 00	@	6 00
Green Corn, ₱ 100	1 00	@	1 25
Pumpkins, ₱ 100	5 00	@	8 00

FRUITS.—Apples are lower, with a market well stocked. Pears are scarce. Peaches are about over. Grapes are doing well.

Pears, Louise Bonne, ₱ bbl	$14 00	@	18 00
Pears, Seckel, ₱ bbl	14 00	@	18 00
Pears, Dutchess, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Common, ₱ bbl	5 00	@	10 00
Pears, Flemish Beauty, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	18 00
Pears, Bartlett, ₱ bbl	20 00	@	35 00
Apples, common, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	3 00
Apples, prime, ₱ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ₱ ℔	10	@	12
Grapes, Concord, ₱ ℔	10	@	12
Grapes, Delaware, ₱ ℔	12	@	18
Grapes, Catawba, ₱ ℔	15	@	18
Blue Gages, ₱ bbl	9 00	@	10 00
Quinces, ₱ bbl	8 00	@	10 00
Citron, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Cranberries, ₱ bbl	11 00	@	12 00

DRIED FRUITS.—The market for Dried Fruits is dull. Receipts are large, especialy Peaches.

New Apples, State, ₱ ℔	$ 10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ₱ ℔	10	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ₱ ℔	9	@	10
Peaches, Southern, new, peeled, ₱ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, Southern, old, ₱ ℔	18	@	20
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₱ ℔	14	@	15
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₱ ℔	12	@	12½
Blackberries, ₱ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₱ ℔	42	@	44
Cherries, pitted, ₱ ℔	45	@	48

Domestic Economy.

STATE FAIR—DOMESTIC HALL.

THIS Department was, as it ever is, the scene of one continual *jam*. As jams are purely domestic, who could complain? People who went into the ample building, throughout Wednesday and Thursday, went through it, "up stairs and down stairs," (it was all a "lady's chamber") with no volition of their own. Once within the entrance, the resistless current of humanity bore them on. They were fortunate who could gather more than a confused idea of manifold useful and beautiful things, as they passed along. The place was a veritable Babel, as to noises. Sweet concords from nearly or quite a score of pianos and organs were striving to drown the harsher sounds proceeding from sundry sewing machines, looms, etc.; while the innumerable exclamations of feminine tongues,—"Elegant!"—"Charming!"—"Perfectly splendid!"—"Isn't that lovely!—"What a sweet thing!" and so on,—were blended frequently with the policemen's unfeeling cry of "Pass on!" and their needed caution, "Beware of Pickpockets!" Our editorial pocket was not picked, for which we feel duly thankful, and our own editorial pickings were not very extensive, for which our readers may or may not feel thankful, just as they choose.

IN THE LINE OF HARDWARE,

there were some fine specimens of saws by R. HOE & Co., New York city, and J. FLINT & Co., Rochester. One circular saw, in the former's collection, with patent inserted tooth, was especially noticeable. D. R. BARTON & Co., known the world over as the makers of the best of edge tools, exhibited a very large collection of their ware; and J. S. IRWIN and STOTT BROTHERS, Rochester, showed hand cut files in great numbers. But these are not quite so domestic.

SEWING MACHINES

are more so, and naturally attracted much attention from the ladies. The HOWE machine, in all varieties, occupied a goodly space on the right hand side, first floor, and fair fingers were constantly taking up the beautiful specimens of its work, for inspection. The DAVIS machine, and the BARTRAM & FANTON machine,—new and low-priced applicants for public favor,—were also represented. Sandwiched between the Sewing machines, and, we are happy to add, receiving nearly as much attention, was

A. O. VERY'S HAND LOOM.

Its music was only a part of the general din, but it was good, for a change. No one needs to be told that weaving is a scarcely a fashionable accomplishment. The Loom is no longer part of the household goods; and no wonder, considering the old-fashioned, unwieldy affairs that our grandmothers wove "sheeps-gray" on. But this small, tidy machine,—it ought to win the girls to weaving again, surely. We have heretofore commended it, and the samples of its work which we saw here strengthened our favorable impressions. It weaves excellent cloth and rag carpet, and can turn out a good article of seamless bags. Fifteen or twenty yards are only a fair day's work for it. Made by VERY & Co., Andover, N. Y.

HARNESS, TRUNKS AND SADDLERY,

of elegant make, were abundant. A. V. SMITH of Rochester showed some harness work and fancy sets, that were very fine. One KRAFT of Hamilton, Ontario, had a superb set, which took the first Prize at the late Provincial Exhibition; and a double set by W. H. DUVAL, Utica, mounted with vulcanized rubber, gold lined, was a splendid piece of workmanship. It has been sold for $800. Trunks, those necessities, were there, so richly gotten up as to appear like luxuries. The distinguishing feature of these was on one shown by A. R. & T. H. PRITCHARD, Rochester, consisting of rubber guards on the corners. The guards are an excellent protector against baggage-smashers.

CLEANLINESS PROMOTED.

While many of the exhibitors were doubtless soft-soaping the gullible public with smooth descriptions, B. T. BABBITT was dealing out his fine Washing Soap most generously. BABBITT knows how to advertise, and—he makes good soap.

We wanted to take a nap on one of STRONG & HOYT'S

ELASTIC SPONGE BEDS

before going up stairs, they are so very comfortable and cleanly, but the crowd was inexorable, and hurried us upward.

On the second floor were many beautiful things, a few of which we can only allude to under the head of

MISCELLANEOUS.

There were Pianos from GIBBONS & STONE, Rochester,—perfect in finish, pure and rich in tone, none better, KNABE & Co., Baltimore, WM. MCCAMMON & Co., Albany; Photographs, lifelike in appearance and artistic in finish, from ROBERTS, and FOX & GATES, Rochester; a fine display of Worsted Work,—Afghans, scarfs, &c.,—from Miss MARY HAINES, Rochester; Flower Wreaths, very neatly designed; Worsted Wreaths, by EMMA L. GRAVES, a young girl of only 13 years; and—but our space is full and we cannot enumerate further.

APPLE MELANGE.

THE following preparations, in which apples are the principal ingredients, make excellent dessert. I therefore send them to you for the benefit of your readers:

APPLE-SNOW.—Put twelve good tart apples in cold water, and set them over the fire; when soft, drain the water, strip the skins off the apples, core them, and lay them in a deep dish. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth; put half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar to the apples; beat them to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs. Beat the whole to a stiff snow; then turn it into a dessert-dish, and ornament it with myrtle or box.

A DELICIOUS DISH OF APPLES.—Take two pounds of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan; add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it with thick custard or cream.

APPLE-PUDDING.—Pare and stew three pints of apples; mash them, and add four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, sugar and nutmeg, or grated lemon. Bake it on short crust.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

LEMON CHEESECAKES.—One pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs, but the whites of four only, the juice of three large lemons, but first, before cutting them, rub the sugar on the rinds to extract the flavor. Beat the eggs well; add them to the juice of the lemons; then strain them into a bright tin saucepan; add a quarter of a pound of *fresh* butter and all the other ingredients. Let it simmer slowly over a slow fire till the whole is the consistence of honey; stir the mixture till cool, when, after having lined the patty-pans with puff paste, bake them, then put on the lemon mixture, and return them to the oven a few minutes just to very slightly brown over.

CORNS AND BUNIONS.—To cure corns, take a lemon, cut a piece off, then nick it so as to let in the toe with the corn. Tie this on at night so that it cannot move, and you will find the next morning that, with a blunt knife, the corn will come away to a great extent. Two or three applications will effect a thorough cure. Bunions are usually difficult to cure; but the following has proved a remedy in some cases:—Make an ointment of half an ounce of spermaceti and twelve grains of iodine, and apply twice or thrice a day.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY. CAUTION.

We have been informed that parties who have the MIAMA BLACK-CAP described in "Fuller's Fruit Culturist," as follows:—"Very large, dark brown, almost black; sweet, juicy and good. A little later than the American Improved, and the spines not so numerous. Hardy, productive and valuable. From the Miama Valley, Ohio," are offering and selling it as the *Mammoth Cluster*. It will be seen by Mr. Fuller's testimonial in our Circular, that he admits *our Mammoth Cluster* to be *superior in size to any* black sort he has ever grown. We would therefore caution parties against buying of any one who do not have their *Mammoth Cluster direct from us this fall.*

☞ It will be seen *we offer the Miama* at $1 ₱ doz., $4 ₱ 100 and *very low* in our wholesale list by the 1,000.

Don't fail to send for our "LIST OF NEW SORTS," sent *free* to all applicants. It contains a splendid and natural cut of the COLFAX and FRAR'S EMPEROR STRAWBERRY and MAMMOTH CLUSTER RASPBERRY with full description and testimonials of the same. Address PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y., PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Indiana.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating. (See advertisement.)

THE "EARLY ROSE" POTATO.

THE EARLIEST AND THE BEST

ORIGINAL STOCK.

This celebrated Potato has proved in every respect a decided success, and although but a short time has elapsed since its introduction, it already ranks as the very best early potato known to cultivators. The good qualities which recommend it are:

1st. It is from ten days to two weeks earlier than any other potato.

2d. It is of larger average size than any other early potato.

3d. It is in table quality and delicacy of flavor without an equal.

4th. It is in productiveness the most astonishing variety ever offered to the public, and the reports of the yield from single pounds the present season are marvelous.

We give below a few reports from parties who purchased seed of us during the spring, which show in what estimation this popular variety is held:

From Thomas C. Andrews, Moorestown, New Jersey.

"I had Early Rose weighing half a pound in seven weeks from planting. One of my friends planted five pounds and dug eight bushels." At the rate of 96 pounds from one.

From William M. Warner, Watervliet Center, N. Y.

"I have just dug my Early Rose Potatoes, raised from one pound obtained from you last spring, and have 167 pounds. We have had a very unfavorable season, it having been unusually dry. I am confident I can raise 200 pounds from one of seed."

From Sam'l S. Hersh, York, Pennsylvania.

"Last spring I purchased from you five pounds of 'Early Rose' Potatoes, and have just dug the crop raised from them. I have nine bushels and one peck, many of the tubers weighing over one pound. Can you beat this?" This is at the rate of 111 pounds from one of seed.

From I. W. Briggs, Postmaster, West Macedon, N. Y.

"The 'Early Rose' Potatoes I bought of you last spring prove to be earlier than any other variety I have in cultivation, and the yield from it is wonderful. The 6¾ pounds averaged 167 pounds from each pound of seed."

From A. S. Rollins, Waterloo, N. Y.

"I planted five pounds of Early Rose Potatoes received from you last spring, and my crop is 19½ bushels—at the rate of 291 pounds from one. I expect to plant all I have, and more, if I can buy them."

From G. & S. Boalt, Norwalk, Ohio.

"We bought of you last spring one pound of Early Rose Potatoes, and have just dug the crop from one-half of them, and we have (by measure) 4½ bushels. We don't think the other half will do quite as well, but are confident we shall get three bushels from it, making 7½ bushels, or 440 pounds, from one pound of seed."

We might easily fill several numbers of this paper with similar reports, but deem the above sufficient to convince the public that

The Early Rose is the King of Potatoes.

We would urge upon the Farmers the advantage and importance of purchasing their seed potatoes in the fall, as in most localities they will wish to plant before w can ship without danger of freezing, and the prices will be vanced in the spring.

The following prices have been fixed upon for fa sales. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. Greenbacks, Post Office Orders, or New York Drafts may be sent.

1 pound, postage prepaid	$ 1	00
3 " " "	2	00
1 peck (15 pounds)	5	00
½ bushel (30 pounds)	8	00
1 bushel (60 pounds)	15	00
1 barrel, 2¾ bush. (165 pounds)	40	00

All orders packed and delivered at Express office, free, when our responsibility ceases.

No order accepted unless accompanied by the cash.

Orders will be booked and filled in rotation as received.

Purchasers will please give full shipping directions.

Unless otherwise ordered, all but mail packages will be sent by Express.

☞ A full descriptive and illustrated Circular sent free. Address GEO. W. BEST.

13 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HEAVENLY VOICES.

BY HELEN L. SMITH.

AROUND me the night winds are sighing,
I list to their low mournful cry;
On the hearth the last embers are dying,
And darkness thick shrouds earth and sky.

On my window the raindrops are falling;
On my heart is a burden of tears;
And I list, for sweet voices are calling
My name through the dim mist of years.

O, those voices with melody filling
This dull aching void in my heart,
My soul with their tenderness thrilling
And robbing my grief of its smart!

In the "summer land" over the river
My loved ones I know are at rest,
Where the tempest of sorrow shall never
Disturb the repose of the blest;

And yet, as I sit here and ponder,
Alone in the darkness of night,
My thoughts in their loneliness wander
To scenes that were joyous and bright.

I remember loved ones who were near me,
The light of whose smiles made me glad,
And low whispered words that to cheer me
Were spoken, when lonely and sad.

To me never more shall be given
The joy of their presence again,
Till I rest with the ransomed in heaven,
O, then I shall meet them, yes, then!

But now while in darkness and sorrow
The straight narrow pathway I tread,
They speak to my soul of the morrow,
And silence my doubting and dread.

Then come to me, heavenly voices,
I long for your music to-night;
While you whisper my lone heart rejoices
And throbs with a blissful delight.

Wheaton Ill., Sept., 1868.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PROBABLY every person, whether of the masculine or feminine gender, likes to hear or read some pleasant gossip about another person. This is what gives books of biography such popularity. "The proper study of mankind is man," (the common one is woman,) and we all like best to study him in little sketchy chapters, furnished by himself or some one else. Of course a living man or woman makes a more gratifying study than a dead one. Therefore contemporaneous biography is preferred to that of subjects long since passed away.

We have had many histories of eminent men and women; and we are to have another volume, wherein the "Eminent Women of the Age" are to furnish bright examples of womanhood. FANNY FERN is one of those engaged in compiling it. It seems she thought GAIL HAMILTON one of the "eminent," and so wrote to her requesting facts for a sketch of herself. GAIL replied in a manner quite characteristic. She began by saying:

MY DEAR MRS. FERN:—The coolness of New Yorkers is astonishing. You are about to burn me at the stake, and will I have the goodness to send on shavings and dry wood by the next mail?

Thank you, ma'am, I will.

Then she gives the "Life and Sufferings of GAIL HAMILTON. Written by Itself. And with Former Translations Diligently Compared and Revised." It runneth in part as follows:

To the best of my knowledge and belief, I was born in the New York Independent, some time during the latter half of the present century, and before the Independent had been annexed to the domains of Theodore, King of Abyssinia, against whom the great powers have just advanced an expedition. Simultaneously, or thereabouts, I was also born in the National Era. So I must be twins. On that ground it has never been satisfactorily settled whether I am myself or Mrs. Simpson of Washington. If I am Mrs. Simpson, I am the wife of an officer, who, to his infinite regret, was not killed in the late unpleasantness, and am a lineal descendant of that Simple Simon, who once went a fishing for to catch a whale, though all the water that he had was in his mother's pail. If I am not Launcelot, nor another, but only my own self, I am, like Melchisedeck, without father, without mother, without descent, and my enemies fear, also, I have no end of life. On one point commentators are agreed, that I am not an "Eminent Woman" of my time, and therefore have no part nor lot in your book. In fact I am

Neither man nor woman,
I am neither brute nor human,
I am a ghoul!

To this very lucid account of herself GAIL adds somewhat further, chiefly this:

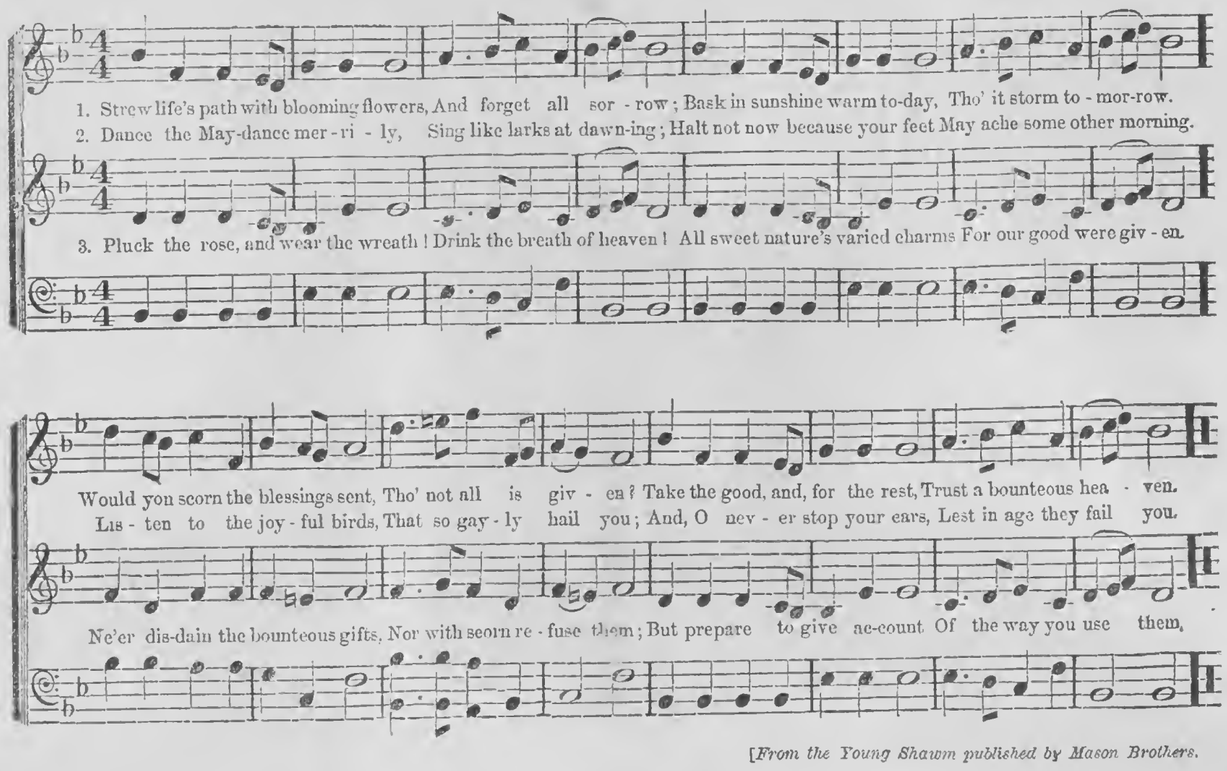
And all I ask is to be let alone. From the Independent I graduated into the Congregationalist, of blessed memory: and from the Era I paddled over into the Atlantic. I flourish in immortal vigor on the cover of Our Young Folks, and at sundry times and in divers other manners and places have, I fear, contributed to the deterioration of our youth.

Having once signed herself "very respectfully," &c., she qualifies the signature by a postscript, thereby conclusively proving that she *is* a woman, her statement to the contrary notwithstanding. For do not the fair ones always add a postscript? But the addenda shows her to be properly sensitive. "So much of the woman as appears in an author's writings is public property by her own free will, all the rest belongs to her reserved rights," she says. And she says rightly. However curious we may be, then, touching GAIL HAMILTON's identity, we must question no further. She has drawn the veil over herself, and we may learn nothing more unless FANNY FERN ruthlessly tears the veil away.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS.—The Empress Eugenie is a beauty of a peculiar type. The rich blonde hair with its tinge of auburn, the bright, transparent complexion, and the somewhat lengthy oval of the face, manifest her Scotch descent, while her walk and carriage, the liveliness of her gestures, the fire of her glance, the pretty foot, and the sensuous power of her presence indicate the southern woman. This peculiar mixture of races in the Empress surprises while it attracts; it arouses attention and wins admiration. The happy woman who attends to the adornment of her person, i. e., makes her dresses, is Madame Moga. She clears 200,000 francs annually by her business, since no one in fashion would wear a dress that had not been manufactured in her shop.

BOUDOIR.—This word is used to denote a lady's private apartment, in which she receives only her most intimate friends; and it carries with it ideas of refinement and luxury. If, however, we trace the word to its origin, we find that the root, or first syllable, *boub*, is the same as our English word *pout;* and that the term signifies, literally, a place to which a woman retires to sulk—a *poutery*, as we might call it. Like many other words, however, it has lost the tinge of reproach and vulgarity it once bore, and has acquired an air of elegance which conceals all trace of its low birth.

STREW LIFE'S PATH WITH BLOOMING FLOWERS.



[*From the Young Shawm published by Mason Brothers.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHILD-FACES.

NOT such faces as we meet in life's great counting house, all furrowed with lines of care, lines of remorse, of passion, money lines, shrewd, grasping lines,—oh, no, not such as these, but the glad, happy faces of little children. It hardly seems possible, as we look at the innocent brows, that they can ever be like ours, or that those pure, trusting hearts, so folded and sheltered by a mother's love, can ever be steeped in sin.

The mother of BENEDICT ARNOLD little thought, when she left her warm kisses on his child-lips at eventide, blessing again and again her boy, that he would ever become the guilty traitor he was. O, the world is so full of sin, and childhood's heart is so yielding to each impression! Each day some new line of beauty or deformity is added to the sweet young face; each day some new thought of sin or of purity is born in the tender heart, and that thought lives forever.

There are outgrowths in human character whose germ was planted there by a father's blessing, a mother's kiss—by lessons taught in drops of dew, in beautiful flowers, and songs of birds—by thoughts of GOD awakened in the tender child-heart—by the gentle, firm clasp of dear hands—by loving words—and watered there with prayers all love, all earnestness. Do you ever think of this, mothers, when you teach your little ones to say "Our Father" at morn and even? You are *making* your child's life; you are writing on that beautiful face, and the words will live through eternity.

GRACE G. SLOUGH.

GIRL FRIENDSHIPS.

IN one of the Saturday Review articles on Woman, the one entitled Buttercups, we find the following:

In after-life men have lovers. The home and the husband and the child absorb the whole tenderness of a woman where they only temper and moderate the old external affections of her spouse. But the girl-friendship is a much more vivid and far more universal thing than friendship among boys. The one means, in nine cases out of ten, an accident of neighborhood in school that fades with the next remove, or a partnership in some venture, or a common attachment in some particular game. But the school friendship of a girl is a passionate idolatry and devotion of friend for friend. Their desks are full of little gifts to each other. They have pet names that no strange ear may know, and hidden photographs that no strange eye may see. They share all the innocent secrets of their hearts, they are fondly interested in one another's brothers, they plan subtle devices to wear the same ribbons and to dress their hair in the same fashion.

No amount of affection ever made a boy like the business of writing his friend a letter in the holidays, but half the charm of holidays to girls lies in the letters they get and the letters they send. Nothing save friendship itself is more sacred to girlhood than a friend's letter; nothing more exquisite than the pleasure of stealing from the breakfast table to kiss it and read it, and then tie it up with the rest that lie in the nook that nobody knows but the one pet brother. The pet brother is as necessary an element in buttercup life as the friend. He is generally the dullest, the most awkward, the most silent of the family group. He takes all this sisterly devotion as a matter of boredom. He is fond of informing his adorer that he hates girls, that they are always kissing and crying, and that they can't play cricket. The buttercup rushes away to pour out her woes to her little nest in the woods, and hurries back to worship as before. Girlhood, indeed, is the one stage of feminine existence in which woman has brothers.

OUR SPICE BOX.

MARINE view—The eye of the wind.

THE flowers of time—Four o'clocks.

CAN two weak members make one firm?

THE fruit of life—The current of our being.

THE shadow of Fortune—The ghost of a chance.

PROFITABLE gardening—Raising one's own celery.

DRESS parade—A fashionable woman's toilette.

THE way of the world—A great many millions of tons.

A STRIKING sensation—Being struck with paralysis.

AN electric shock—Painful intelligence by telegraph.

THE reason we admire pretty feet—Because all's well that ends well.

THE reason that tea binds women together is because, to them, it is T wine.

THE bent of a fashionable woman's mind, and body, too, just at present, is the Grecian bend.

A SURPRISE wedding is when a man marries a woman he doesn't know, and wishes he had never known.

WHEN waiters take your order at fashionable hotels now-a-days they leave their photograph, that you may identify them when they return.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.—No. II.

BY ELIZA WOODWORTH.

ONE of Miss ROSSETTI's fortes is Suggestiveness. In perusing her poems, a constant sense of more than is expressed is borne to the soul of the reader, and forms his most delicious pleasure. They are full of the melody of

"—the beautiful songs unsung;"

songs without words, because beyond the reach of speech, and too subtle to be "clothed upon" by any mortal's warp or weft. This luxurious impalpability, which is like the aroma breathed from spice-words and flowers, is recognized in "The Prince's Progress," from the first dilatory step of the journey to its conclusion. Indeed, the poem holds a dimly limned Allegory of Time's Thief, but the outer story is vivid as a picture in fresh mosaic, while the words forming it are as carefully fitted. A queenly bride awaits a Prince, dwelling in a far land, to whom she is betrothed. Already he has long delayed. His journey is the subject of the poem, which opens with a reference to the anxious watcher, who is growing weary and sad.

"Till all sweet gums and juices flow,
Till the blossom of blossoms blow,
The long hours go, and come, and go;
The bride she sleepeth, waketh, sleepeth,
Waiting for one whose coming is slow:—
Hark! the bride weepeth.

"How long shall I wait, come heat, come rime?"
'Till the strong Prince comes, who must come in time,'
Her women say. 'There's a mountain to climb,
A river to ford.'"

But he for whom she waits has not yet set forth.

"In his world-end palace the strong Prince sat,
Taking his ease on cushion and mat;
Close at hand lay his staff and his hat.
'When wilt thou start? the bride waits, O youth.'
'Now the moon's at full—I tarried for that—
Now I start in truth.'

* * * * * *

"Strong of limb, if of purpose weak,
Forth he set in the breezy morn,
Crossing green fields of nodding corn,
As goodly a Prince as ever was born;
Caroling with the caroling lark;
Sure his bride will be won and worn
Ere fall of the dark."

Yet he pauses at sight of

"A wave-haired milkmaid, rosy and white,"

to quaff a draught of that she carried, and would then have pursued his way, but—

"Was it milk now, or was it cream?
Was she a maid, or an evil dream?
Her eyes began to glitter and gleam;
He would have gone, but he staid instead,
* * —and talked to the maid,
Who twisted her hair in a cunning braid,
And writhed it shining in serpent-coils,
And held him fast
* * in her subtle toils."

Tarried until—

"At the death of night, and the birth of day,
* * * * * *
Woke the song of mavis and merle,
And heaven put off its hodden gray
For mother-o'-pearl."

Then the loiterer arose, and "girt his slackness," and lo! he entered upon a new region, inexpressibly dismal.

"—The grass grew rare,
A blight lurked in the darkening air,
The very moss grew hueless and spare,—
The last daisy stood all astunt;
Behind his back the soil lay bare,
But barer in front.

"A land of chasm and rent; a land
Of rugged blackness on either hand.
If water trickled, its track was tanned
With an edge of rust to the chink;
If one stamped on stone or on sand,
It returned a clink.

"A lifeless land, a loveless land,
Without lair or nest on either hand;
Only scorpions jerked in the sand,
Black as black iron, or dusty pale;
From point to point sheer rock was manned
By scorpions in mail.

"A land of neither life nor death,
Where no man buildeth or fashioneth,—
Where none draws living or dying breath;
No man cometh or goeth there,
No man doeth, seeketh, saith,
In the stagnant air."

On, through this dire country, "wrenched and ribbed" by "volcanic upset," the Prince traveled, until one night he saw a light which—

"—flashed from a yawn-mouthed cave,
Like a red-hot eye from a grave."

Here dwelt a man, self-buried an hundred years from the light of day, bent over his quenchless fire, and fain cooking the Elixir of Life, which now lacked but one ingredient. The Prince lingered; the old atomy died, just as the broth turned rosy red; so filling a phial, the royal laggard went forth. Hark! to the sobbing voices from far.

"When there blows a sweet garden rose,
Let it bloom and wither if no man knows;
But if one knows when the sweet thing blows,
Knows, and lets it open and drop,
If but a nettle his garden grows,
He hath earned the crop."

The bleak path wound to a flowery land; through all lonely loveliness the lover sauntered on, until a strong river crossed his way, from whose depths he was scarcely saved by fair deliverers. Long he stayed with them; at length, the chiding "bodiless cries" again reached his ear. Alas for the waiting bride; for

"—the lamp burns low— * * the coming is slow;
* * —she languisheth
As a lily drooping to death,
As a drought-worn bird with failing breath."

Now fully roused, the Prince climbed in hot haste a huge mountain, whose "foot of rock" was planted in his road. Up, up, he went, until before him stretched the beautiful valley—the kingdom of her he sought, where upon the ground

"—jewels twinkled, and gold lay red,"

and where stood her fair palace,

"Built all of changing opal stone."

How long he hath lingered! But now he has come indeed, and stands at the golden portal. Ah,

"What is this that comes through the door,
The face covered, the feet before?
This that coming takes his breath;
This bride not seen, to be seen no more,
Save of Bridegroom Death!"

Thus we near the close of one of the most artistic of modern poems. We gaze a few moments more upon the sad scene, lighted by the glare of funeral torches, and listen to the chanting of the burial-song, burdened with that fearful refrain,—"Too late! too late!" Then the lights die out, and the words cease.

Montview Cottage, Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1868.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

To make your home happy, see that you make your wife feel that your affection and tenderness for her are in no degree diminished from the day when you first sought her. Do not let her have, when you can help it, to sit alone and go out alone. You would not have done so "once upon a time." Do not reserve all your blandness and fragrance for strangers or casual acquaintances. There are some men, judging from whose out-of-door manners it would seem that nothing was left to be desired, who are, nevertheless, of the urso-major tribe at home; men who keep their pleasant ways, and genial smiles, and cheerful words for company, and who can only be silent, or peevish and exacting with their wives. Have such men any just reason to complain that their homes are not happy?

There is a good deal of undeserved censure passed on women on account of their not making home more attractive. Much of this blame is fairly chargeable on men. With what heart can a woman strive to make the fireside cheerful when she knows, from bitter experience, that the companion of her life will come home to criticise her cookery, to disregard her personal appearance, and to let off upon her wounded but patient ear fretful language on account of everything that has gone wrong out-of-doors! See to it that you do your part to make home happy by cheerful encouragement to your wife.

A ROMAN KITCHEN.—Fancy the kitchen of a Roman patrician! Its walls are covered with pictures in fresco, its floor is of marble, its utensils are of finest bronze, lined with silver and with gold, and are all designed to represent something in air, earth or sea. It might be a pleasant pastime to broil on a grindstone whose silver bars represented the ribs of skeleton fish, or to fry in a silver tortoise or in a huge terrible spider. To boil water in an elephant's head, and to pour it through the trunk for a spout, might be rather entertaining. There were fancy and poetry in the kitchen of those days. The Romans added to their model kitchens an apiary and a fish pond; and it is but an old story to tell how fish sporting in the water were often shown to guests, and then cooked and served, that there might be assurance of their freshness.

THE TRUTH-TELLER.—Wherever the seat of the soul is, I am confident it lies much nearer to the eye than to the tongue. This organ, as Talleyrand wittily but perversely said (though he was not the first who said it,) was given man to conceal his thoughts; but that cannot be said of the eye. How the soul looks out from it! Even when the tongue is honest, it cannot utter truth and feeling half so well as the eye; it is a poor, imperfect, faltering, blundering organ, in comparison. But in the eye, the soul beams and kindles and lightens, and flashes the truth in that light which is truth's most glorious emblem.—*Greyson Letters.*

HAPPY PERSONS.—There are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect, namely, those who, from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings the superior feelings predominate much over those common to men and animals.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE AND DEATH.

WHAT is life? Tis a dream; tis a vision of night,
Now cheerless and dark, now happy and bright;
But never uncertain, like shadows at play,
Like the flower of the morning 'tis fled in a day.

What is death? 'Tis a slumber so peaceful and deep
No memories of waking shall cause us to weep;
It is rest for the weary, where sorrow nor pain
Shall pierce the sad spirit nor wound it again.

Porter, N. Y. A. E. H.

THE TRUE TRIBUTE.

IN demanding the heart God lays his claim on all the faculties, on hand and eyes, on tongue and pen, on the intellect and the will.

This demand is the standard of duty. It is the only proper measure of tribute due by every subject to the King of kings. Let it be met, and the whole life is shaped to a holy service. Every employment becomes a stewardship, every gain a holy trust. Even through the dry deserts of worldly traffic and toil, we discern the King's highway, by which the pilgrim may press on to the royal presence. Life, even in its humblest and homeliest phases, comes to wear a new aspect. The very treadmill of daily tasks becomes like the holy ground by the burning bush, for God is there, and consecrated aims hallow at once the purpose and the struggle. Wealth, whether it is gathered in larger or smaller measure, is like the two mites of the poor widow, sanctified to the Lord's use, and the sordid stamp or figure on the gold is transfigured till we see in its place only the image and superscription of the King of kings.

Doubtless, when tried by the standards of the world, or even of a fashionable Christianity, altogether too prevalent, all this may appear merely sentimental or even romantic. How many there are who adjust their measure of duty to their great Sovereign, by a standard borrowed from their estimate of political obligations—and even this dwarfed in the borrowing. They render to God the merest pittance of their time, their thoughts, their affections, or their wealth. The chief subject that engages their attention is their own ease or their own emolument. They must build themselves stately mansions. They must provide themselves sumptuous tables. They must study their own ease and luxury. The cause of the Master receives at best but the crumbs that they can afford to spare or throw away. They are forgetful of their solemn stewardship.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

EXAMPLE.

THE fragrance of the myrtle is not in blossoms that open, glow for a little season, and then fade away; but in the evergreen leaves. It is fragrant all the year, yielding its sweet odors through winter's rough blasts, as well as through the showers and sunshine of summer time. And the more the leaves are tossed, the more richly do they exhale their delicious aroma; and when bruised, they are most fragrant of all, diffusing as they are crushed, the same delightful odors as long as a fragment of leaf remains.

So the Christian's example is unconscious and perpetual. His temper is even, his patience unbroken, his enjoyments unfailing, his grace like a river, sparkling and singing evermore. His is not the mere influence of word, of promise, of sunny summer time. There is no set time for show, or glitter, or display. There is no rehearsal of piety for great occasions. There are no programmed scenes to be unrolled according to chronometer and audience in the panorama of his life, and accompanied by phrasely word and tinkling music set to the exhibition.

The believer's influence is like the fragrance of the myrtle tree—an inseparable sweetness of life, gracious as it is undying: and it breathes through storms of adversity and bereavement as freely as in mornings of dewy joy. And when most severely tried, troubled and persecuted, then is his example the most Christly in forbearance and love. Like the myrtle leaf, bruised and torn, the saint of God, in the time of his sorest affliction, exhales the most heavenly spirit all abroad, as if the airs and blooms of Paradise should yet make Eden of this wilderness.—*Clark's Gospel in the Trees.*

A SERMON BY A CHILD.

A GENTLEMAN near London went to visit a woman who was sick. As he was going into the room he saw a girl kneeling by the side of the poor woman's bed. The little girl rose from her knees as soon as she saw the gentleman, and went out of the room. "Who is that child?" the gentleman asked. "O, sir," said the sick woman, "that is a little angel who often comes to read her Bible to me, to my great comfort; and she has just now given me sixpence."

The gentleman was so pleased with the little girl's conduct that he wished to know how she had learned the word of God, and to be so kind to poor people. Finding that she was one of the scholars of a neighboring Sunday School, he went to the school and asked for the little girl, who was afraid when she was called to the gentleman; but he was very kind to her, and asked her if she was the little girl that had been to read the Bible to the sick woman. She said she was. The gentleman said, "My dear, what made you think of doing so?" She answered, "Because, sir, I find it is said in the Bible that 'pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction.'" "Well," said he, "and did you give her any money?" "Yes, sir." "And where did you get it?" "Sir, it was given me as a reward."

PROCRASTINATION.—Virtue is not a mushroom that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep or regard it not; but a delicate plant that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it. Neither is vice a spirit that will be conjured away with a charm, slain by a single blow, or dispatched by one stab. Who, then, will be so foolish as to leave the eradicating of vice, and the planting in of virtue into its place for a few years or weeks? Yet he who procastinates his repentance and amendment grossly does so; with his eyes open, he abridges the time allotted for the longest and most important work he has to perform; he is a fool.—*Dr. Barrow.*

IF thou bearest slight provocations with patience, it shall be imputed unto thee for wisdom; and if thou wipest them from thy remembrance, thy heart shall feel rest—thy mind shall not reproach thee.

LINA AND I.—A TALE OF LOVE.

[Continued from page 332, this number.]

"It was, truly, good for me," assented Tom; though it *was* a *girl's* yoke, and I often chafed under it. But I tell you, I found the value of mother's teachings out in the California and Idaho diggings: we would have gone supperless many a time, but for them. I've laughed so heartily at Harry's astonishment at seeing me 'toss up' a supper,—quite a dainty one, too,—out of some poor little bird we had brought down, a squirrel we had treed, or a solitary fish we had caught. Then we always had our hard tack to fall back upon."

"I never realized," continued Tom, "till I got out in that *clean* country, by the side of those *clear* streams, what an amount of labor we have here in Pittsburg to keep clean."

"Yes," assented Mr. Hills; "and the double amount of hard work the women have to do!—such slavish work!—the soot clings to everything.

"Cousin Dora was astonished," said Lina, laughing, "when we told her she *must* use soap in washing her face."

"That was one of mother's vexations," said Mr. Hills, "but she had to come to it, or her features would soon have been sketched in black crayons."

"I saw a picture of Pittsburg once," said Tom," in which the artist seemed to have laid out all his strength on the heavy streams of black smoke coming out of the chimneys; but, in fact, they are the most noticeable objects in town."

"Is there no way," inquired Mr. Hills, "of making Pittsburg a cleaner town?"

"Yes," said father; "by introducing the new-fashioned chimneys they have lately brought into England. They consume nearly all this black smoke; turning it into fuel again. When I see a great, tall chimney in town vomiting out its black steam, I think its pride will have a fall one of these days. By the year 1880 we shall be purified. Let me see; how old shall I be then?"

"Not so very old, father," said Lina, with a little loving look sent across the table to him. "How nice it will be, to be sure, if it only is accomplished!"

"Well," said Tom, "we can live on hope till the bright time comes. I am used to that diet," he added, in a lower voice. Lina, who sat beside him, laughed a little, blushed a little, but spoke to Mr. Hills, instead of looking at Tom.

"How did you like our fire-places, last winter, Mr. Hills?—were they not something new to you?"

"Yes; and to tell the truth, Miss Brayton, I didn't like them very much. Our parlor, however, is a large, old, rambling room: perhaps the fire-place hadn't a fair opportunity; but I would have given a good deal for a Yankee air-tight stove."

"With a wood fire, of course?" said Lina.

"O, yes,—a crackling, clean wood fire, such as they have on the Yankee farms at home. The only wood fires I see here are in the bake ovens."

"How does your mother like them?"

"Very much; she says the Dutch in Manhattan used to have them. They are a never-ending wonder to little Brother Willie: 'the idea,' he says, 'of having a little brick house a purpose to bake bread in!'"

"I should think," said Lina, "a little fellow from the East would be highly entertained here, at first."

"O, yes; what puzzled him more than anything else was the *money*: I never shall forget his wide open eyes when they told him something he wanted to buy was *three levies and a fip*."

"What *does* that mean?" said Cousin Dora, "for *I* don't know."

"Three and six-pence," replied Mr. Hills, laughing: "they call shillings *levies*, here, and six-pences *fips*."

"What names!" she said; "where did they come from?"

"I think," said father, "*levy* came from the old eleven-penny silver pieces; they used to call those levies. When they went out of date, the twelve-and-a-half cent pieces took up the name."

"And fip," said Tom, "used to be short for *five pence*, I suppose."

"Very likely," assented father; and as we had all finished supper, Lina here gave a gentle signal to rise. I sat in my usual place, beside father at the table, and as the rest passed through the hall to the front porch, he said, "Why, what is going to happen, when Ruth is so quiet! Did you speak a word all supper time?"

"I believe not, father; I was interested in what you were all saying, and I was thinking, too."

"Another wonder!" he said, giving me a kiss—"that Ruth is thinking. A very deep train of thought, of course? What might it be about, if one might inquire?"

"Now, father,"—I gave him a little hug,—"one mustn't inquire."

Our visitors staid till after sunset, and then saying that "beggars never were satisfied," besought us to accompany them down the hill, which we all did, father and all, in a "gay companie."

"Cousin Dora," said careful Lina, "you had better put on gums over your slippers: the grass will be all heavy with dew, in a few minutes."

"Gums!" repeated Dora, "what are they?"

"Why, gum shoes, you know,—overshoes."

"I have India rubbers; won't they do?"

"Certainly," laughed Lina, "that is what I mean," and with another laugh at our differing vocabularies, Cousin Dora slipped on her India rubbers, and set out with our guests.

I remember two incidents of that walk. We all stood waiting for the horse-car to come up the track, when Mr. Hills, who stood near me, turned suddenly, and said in a low voice—

"Miss Ruth, when you have any spare time, you might, if you please, be laying out a plan for our country house on Coal Hill. And we will have the new-fashioned chimneys, shall we not?"

"*We*"—"*our*"—those two words, disconnecting themselves from all the others, rushed through my brain in a second of time, making me dizzy. What unheard of impertinence was this? I looked up at him, haughtily and scornfully. But I could not keep my anger, for he was pale as death, and his deep, wonderful eyes were upon me, *fascinating* me. I said not a word; and as the car that moment arrived, not a word said he but "good night."

Cousin Dora chattered to me all the way up the hill; but as one who has been looking at the sun is blinded for a time, to all other objects, so nothing did I see but a pair of dark, magnetic eyes, with the sad, entreating look in them. "He is handsome," I thought. "I really believe I could like him, if he wasn't so presuming" Just as I arrived at this conclusion, Cousin Dora made a little speech which gave me a queer shock at the time, and a more powerful one, afterwards.

"Cousin Ruth," she said, "I think Mr. Hills is *such* a fine looking young man. Do you know he reminds me greatly of his Cousin Charles? I actually start, sometimes, when he speaks, his voice is so like *his*.

"Indeed?" said I.—[To be continued.

The Reviewer.

Independent Fourth Reader: Containing a Simple, Practical, Comprehensive Treatise on Elocution, Illustrated with Diagrams; Select and Classified Readings and Recitations; with Copious Notes, and a Complete Supplementary Index. By J. Madison Watson, Author of the National Readers, Spellers and Primer; The Hand-Book of Gymnastics; The Manual of Calisthenics, etc. [12mo.—pp. 240.]

If reading books are a necessity in schools,—which we greatly doubt,—then give us such as this, with selections fully in sympathy with youthful tastes and feelings. The old, staid, didactic chapters that have been repeated time and time again will not awaken a lively interest in the pupil. The Treatise on Elocution given in the present volume includes instructions on articulation, phonetic analysis and readings, sections on syllabication and accent, and the most important elements of expression. Blackboard diagrams are used to illustrate the important divisions. Part Second contains a great variety of reading lessons, systematically graded, and divided into sections in each of which only one subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. Ample foot notes are given, as aids to the understanding of the text, and to proper pronunciation of the more difficult words. Sold by S. A. Ellis & Co.

History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," "A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," etc., etc. In Three Volumes. Vol. II. [8vo.—pp. 614.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

The first volume of Prof. Draper's History was mainly made up of theories concerning the causes of the War. The volume before us properly begins the historical narration. Commencing with the inauguration of President Lincoln, March 4th, 1861, it embraces events down to the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation, January 1st, 1863, which are treated of in seven distinct sections. It does not claim to be an elaborate record of battles and naval engagements. The details of these it does not often give; but the general results, with their bearings on the final consummation, are well and fully stated. In style the narrative is vigorous, frequently nervous and graphic. Ample side notes are given, and are a commendable feature. The letter-press is handsomely executed,—large, open type, on thick, clear paper; while the binding is unexceptionable. The work should be in all libraries. Sold by Dewey.

The Scientific Basis of Education. Demonstrated by an Analysis of the Temperaments and of Phrenological Facts, in Connection with Mental Phenomena and the Office of the Holy Spirit in the Processes of the mind; In a Series of Letters to the Department of Public Instruction in the City of New York. Second Edition. By John Hecker. [8vo.—pp. 227.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

While there is some curious theorizing in these letters to which we cannot subscribe, there is also much that is worthy careful consideration. Phrenology is taken as the true basis of education; but Mr. Hecker's idea of Phrenology differs, we think, from that most generally entertained. It assumes a new character of practicality. It recognizes more fully the *spiritual* in man, and assigns it a very high place in education, as well as in religion. Classification by temperaments is the specialty which Mr. H. urges, and every educator of youth may glean useful hints from the arguments presented. We are not converted to Phrenology by perusal of this book, but do think more kindly of the so-called science than we did before. Sold by Darrow.

What Answer? By Anna E. Dickinson. [12mo.—pp. 301.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

When we learned that Anna Dickinson was writing a book, we knew the effort, like all other efforts of hers, would have an earnest underlying purpose. We have read her book with deep interest,—have found what that underlying purpose is. It is to plead for the black man, that he be no longer ostracized. And her plea is in many respects a powerful one. Few who peruse it carefully will deny this. Miss Dickinson believes that color should not ban any man from society; she pleads eloquently that it shall not; and of the world at large who may listen to her she asks—"What Answer?" There will always be two opinions on this question. It is probable that the majority will still cling to the old and popular one. But they will grant to this book much strength, much touching pathos. It has in it much of the sad music of its fair author's own voice, and enchains attention throughout. Sold by Dewey.

Lessons on Political Economy: Designed as a Basis for Instruction in that Science in Schools and Colleges. By J. T. Champlin, President of Colby University. [12mo.—pp. 219.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

That the study of Political Economy will ever become part of the established courses of popular instruction is by no means certain. That it ought so to become is by no means doubtful. The familiar treatise here given may help to popularize the subject. The author defines Political Economy to be "state economy as opposed to family economy or individual economy," and treats it in all its general bearings upon the individual and collective life of mankind. Man's relations to nature and his fellows are clearly set forth. Questions upon the text are appended to facilitate instruction. Sold by Darrow.

Comer's Navigation Simplified. A Manual of Instruction in Navigation as Practiced at Sea. Adapted to the Wants of the Sailor, Containing all the Tables, Explanations and Illustrations Necessary for the Easy Understanding and Use of the Practical Branches of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy; With Numerous Examples, worked out by the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac for Several Years Ahead. Compiled at (and expressly for the Navigation Students of) Comer's Commercial College, Boston. [8vo.—pp. 112.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

We judge this work to be a very useful compilation in its peculiar field of science. Besides the instructive text proper, there are 52 pages of tables which must be of very great value to navigators and students of navigation. For sale by Dewey.

The Golden Fruit. By Mrs. J. McNair Wright, Author of "Golden Heart," "Golden Life," "Golden Work," etc. [16mo. pp. 362.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Parents may put this story into the hands of their children without hesitation. They may even read it themselves with profit. It teaches a lesson that is slow in coming home to the hearts of mankind, that needs to be enforced and illustrated and dwelt upon again and again: money is not the supreme good; afflictions are for a wise purpose. Indeed, the book is quite as well adapted to grown up people as to youth. The narrative is very interesting. It is gotten up neatly, as are all of Mr. Hoyt's publications.

The Works of Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank, John Leech and H. K. Browne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here we have Volume the Sixth, and last, of the "Library Edition" of Dickens. It contains "David Copperfield," of which the author has in prefatory confidence said—"Of all my books, I like this the best;" "Christmas Stories," five in number; "A Tale of Two Cities," and "The Uncommercial Traveler," aggregating 773 pages, in small but clear cut type, and inclosed in the very gayest of binding, handsomely gilt. To commend such a volume is superfluous. Sold by Scranton & Wetmore.

The Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Complete Edition. [16mo.—paper, pp. 241.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In this volume we have the complete works of a favorite author reduced to so small a compass as to be readily carried in the pocket, yet so clearly printed as to be easily read. For a cheap edition it is very desirable. Sold by Dewey.

The Abbott. A Romance. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. [16mo.—pp. 184.]

Another of the Scotch-plaid Edition of the Waverley Novels is here given. It is not as well known as some other romances from the same pen, but, it is hardly necessary to say, is full of intense interest. Sold by Scranton & Wetmore.

ANSON BURLINGAME, EMBASSADOR FROM CHINA.

Perhaps the greatest compliment ever paid to an American was that extended to Hon. Anson Burlingame, whose portrait we give above, by the Chinese Government, in constituting him Minister Plenipotentiary from China to all the Treaty Powers. It was a surprise to the recipient; it has not ceased to be a surprise to all the civilized world. That the oldest nation should select its first representative abroad from the youngest, was an astonishing fact, for a time hardly credited. It was a recognition of which the United States may be justly proud.

Mr. Burlingame was born at New Berlin, New York, November 14, 1822. A few years later his parents removed to Ohio, and not long afterward, to Michigan. In the latter State young Burlingame gained his education, taking a collegiate course at the branch University of Michigan, established in Detroit. Subsequently he studied law at Harvard Law School, and opened an office in Boston. He was soon elected to the Massachusetts Senate, was made a member of the State Constitutional Convention, and when but thirty-one years old was chosen to represent in Congress the district comprising Boston and Cambridge, in which capacity he served six years. During the political campaigns of 1856 and 1860 he canvassed nearly the whole country, winning much popularity as a public speaker. In 1861 he was appointed Minister to China. His diplomatic course there is well known. He interested himself in the development of the resources of the Chinese Empire, in furthering the cause of education, and also in aiding mission efforts among the "Celestials;" and is now repaid by seeing the doors of the long pent-up nation thrown broadly open, and himself clothed with authority to invite the world to enter.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALL ABOUT THE OYSTER.—No. II.

LOCOMOTION.

Upon this subject, also, the doctors disagree. All admit that when the young, minute oyster is sent adrift by the parent, it moves,—but as to means of movement they do not agree. One class of naturalists maintain that the moving is accomplished by the action of the water,—that it floats away, and that it does not move by any inherent power of locomotion in the spat. Others assert that the flat-sums have a swimming apparatus, which drops off as soon as a lodgment is made. Dr. F. Buckland assumes that the swimming instrumentalities become the lung of the oyster, as soon as they have served their first purpose. When once fastened to any substance the oyster has no power of detaching itself, and it has no need of any means of locomotion, therefore, after that. It is asserted, however, without contradiction, that when by any means the oyster has been released from its rock or other substantial attachment, and its position is changed to an unnatural one, as in planting, it is endowed with power "to right itself up." But, truly, the questions as to whether the oyster has the power of moving about, and when, by what means, and where it ceases, remain for settlement at a future day by more persistent and careful investigations into its nature, habits and capacities, limited as the latter are.

TIME OF PLANTING.

Planting time, usually, in most localities, is regulated by law. However this may be, it is done ordinarily, it may be said always, during the mild months of the year, after the oyster season is ended, or before it is begun. Much is done in May and June, and in August and September. They are taken from the natural beds in the sounding sea. The oysters found in water of five or six fathoms deep are brought up by large iron drags, or rakes, or shears attached to ropes, which are fastened to the smacks under sail, and as often as the implement is loaded it is drawn on board by means of a windlass. Five or six bushels of oysters are sometimes brought up at a time. When the vessel is loaded, the cargo is taken to the planting locality, and cast overboard. Thus the business goes on from day to day, until the bed is properly planted. Usually stakes are placed so as to show where oysters have been deposited. The artificial beds are located in coves, bays and inlets about the mouths of streams, and up the streams as far as the water is sufficiently salt to permit the bivalve to flourish. Where the temperature is low enough to freeze, as it does in New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia shore-oyster fisheries, care must be taken to plant deep enough so that with the tidal fluctuations the oysters are never sufficiently exposed to be frozen. Frost will kill them.

QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

The quality of an oyster depends upon its condition, solely. A large, plump oyster has excellent quality; if it has flavor, which is a circumstance contingent on the peculiar conditions and properties of the locality where it has been fed, it is also excellent in that particular. A distinct difference is discernible between the seaside oysters, or those taken from the ocean, and those taken from the coves about the mouths of rivers and from the rivers themselves, where the water is freshened by the river water proper. The seasides are salt,—too salt for some palates,—while the cove and river oysters often need a little seasoning. If there are any other peculiarities in the feeding locality, the oysters will show them. For example: the green oysters, so much appraised by the Parisian epicures from their color and flavor, receive both wholly from that locality where they are fed and fattened. This is at Marennes. The white or common oysters are taken to this locality, and deposited in inclosures about one hundred feet square, made of water tight walls of earth. At very high tides, only, are these inclosures allowed to be flooded. Then the green scum of the foreshore, produced by the lashing of the sea, is admitted, and as the oysters are fattened on it for two years, they are both colored and flavored by this green sea foam. L. S. A.

A GOLD CARRIER.

In the last number of Harper's Magazine we find the following description of a Wall street character and a Wall street load:

All the bullion and coin of Wall street is carried about the streets in common, open carts, precisely such as are used in carrying ordinary merchandise. For twenty-two years past one carman, John C. Barkley, best known in the street as "Honest John," whose three carts stand at the busy corner of Wall and Broad streets, has done the carting for the bullion dealers and bankers of the city, any of whom would trust him in their vaults with treasure uncounted. Tall, robust and ruddy, Honest John has in his countenance precisely the expression which we should expect to see in the face of one who for so many years has borne so honorable a name. He began in the street twenty-seven years ago, and, after his fifth year, he became the established carman of the coin and bullion men. It is his carts that go to the California steamers and convey their kegs of gold to the vaults to which they are consigned. His carts assist to restore the financial balance between the two continents by conveying gold to and from the Cunard steamers in Jersey City. He has occasionally carried for short distances, down hill, a million dollars in gold, which weighs two tons: but his opinion is that seven hundred thousand dollars is about as much as a humane man will ever permit his horse to draw over these rough pavements for any considerable distance. On a busy day he will have as many as twenty loads of precious metals. A load of gold, when it goes across the town, is usually accompanied by a clerk of the house to which it belongs; but it often happens that Honest John is quite alone when he has as much gold on his cart as a horse can draw. For such service he gets higher compensation than when he carries an office-desk or a load of printing paper; and, indeed, he has the air of a man who could show a little gold and silver of his own if there were occasion.

Meteoric Showers.—Meteoric stones have fallen in unusual quantities during the past six months. Birmingham, in England has recently been visited by a shower of those celestial missiles, which fell in the streets of that city in great quantities during a very heavy rain storm. They were about the eighth of an inch in length, and greatly resembled the meteoric particles that fell in similar abundance on the 12th of June, 1853. Prof. Loomis says 8,000,000 stars shoot through the earth's atmosphere every twenty-four hours, some of them very small, weighing 480 to the ounce.

Guard Against Contagion.—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cool your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious disease with an empty stomach, nor sit between the sick and the fire; because the heat attracts the vapor. Preventives are preferable to pills or powders.

What is becoming is honest, and whatever is honest must always be becoming.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RAT AND THE CAT.

A very sleek and comely rat
Once fell in a distiller's vat,
And thus addressed a passing cat:

"Assist me out of this, I pray,
O gentle puss, nor turn away!"
Her feline nature bade her stay.

"Yes, I will help you out," said she,
"If first, my friend, you'll promise me
My willing dinner then to be."

The rat was sinking. Quick as thought
He gave the promise, and was caught,
And safely from the vat was brought.

But fumes from out the fuming vat
Went up the nose of Tabby cat,
Who sneezed, and sneezed again. At that

The rat took heart and legs and fled,
And reached a point safe overhead.
Then 'twees her sneezes Tabby said,—

"For shame! (cachew!) you said (cachew!)
You'd be my din (cachew!) ner. You
Have lied to me." (Cachew! and mew!)

"True," said the rat, "'tis even so,
But I've excuse sufficient, though,—
I was in liquor, then, you know!"

The lesson make your own, I pray:
Those rats or men in liquor—they
Cannot be trusted anyway.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STARS.

ADDRESSED TO MY NIECE, A. M.

You have seen many things; but they are mostly grass-blades and stars. You have done well, however, in these. You know the constellations, with all their beautiful names and grotesque forms. They are as familiar to you as they were to the ancients, who named them. They still live, therefore, in your thoughts, though the forms that loved them are as though they had not been.

And so will you depart, yet others will see and *feel* what you do now. The same swan will be there, spreading her wings, and pointing her neck to the south, as though the north were too uncomfortable for her. She is attended by her prince, Vega, with the most beautiful cluster in the heavens,—so say *you*. But are they not all beautiful? Even the least so have attractions of infinite importance.

What, then, shall we say of Orion, and Taurus with his unparalleled clusters (Hyades and Pleiades,) and Sirius, the king of all the stars, the terror of the ancients, and the admiration of the present. That is a brilliant part of the heavens, bringing you, as it were, nearer home, the home—nucleus—of our universe, so full, so lively, so benignant is the light. We say *our* Sirius, *our* Orion, *our* Twins. Capella belongs to these; but he is a more northerly star, and mates best with Perseus, Casseopein, and the Great Bear. Beautiful Perseus! brilliant with diamonds, and marching in a path sown with them. It is fitting that he should have the contrast of Medusa with its wonderful star.

And there they go, ever go, these northern constellations; when we see them, and when we do not, ever in presence. And to-night I am reminded of Arcturus, who now holds the realm. Of all the stars, this is the most significant, the most beloved, esteemed by the ancients, by the oldest antiquity, mentioned and admired as we admire it now, a star of the first magnitude, second only to Sirius, and more chastened, yet equally pure in its light—the *golden* star of the universe, shining when few noted stars are seen. Alone above shines this sentinel, guarding night's crown—beautiful circlet!—and her Virgin. Lovely is Spica below, the most lovely of all the stars—modest as a virgin should be.

The Scorpion is now conspicuous and attracts all eyes to the South, where Saturn also holds his reign, eclipsing Antares, the Indian of stars, mate to Aldebaran in hue, but not so brilliant, not so beautiful. Aldebaran vies with all the stars, holding his "letter" and his daughters, and rich with the trophies of the East, the great leader of the hosts in the days of the sages. But this is not now.

On these beautiful evenings there is a peculiar softness in the heavens,—not that clear, crackling brightness when winter shows his hosts. Now all is as tender as the flowers that look up to greet their sister lights. And it is well that the lesser lights should now be seen; that a few princes alone should rule the night from their solitary eminences. But Leo has hid his last star; the Sickle will be gone for a long time, yet will appear again at its meridian (at noon of night) when the maple gives forth its sweets, and the woodman goes forth to his accustomed night labor. F. G.

LEARN SOMETHING USEFUL.

"I won't have to go and learn a trade, and become a common mechanic, will I, ma?" said Geroge A. to his mother the other day.

"No, my boy; you can keep at school, and go to college and become a learned man," was the mother's reply. Then she began to tell him of some one whom she knew having been made an LL.D. by one of the colleges.

Ah George! you will have to look out lest some of those boys who are learning trades, and whom you despise, become educated, honorable men before you, with all your high notions. I read of an LL. D. very unlike the kind that George A. and many other boys like him hope to become. He never went to college, but worked hard most of his life at the trade of leather-dressing, yet found time at nights to read and improve his mind, so that he was called LL. D. or the *Learned Leather-Dresser*. And well he might, for he not only was a skillful tradesman, whose leather commanded the best price, but was a truly educated, refined gentleman. When he died, this LL. D. left a library to the Historical Society of Massachusetts worth $50,000. What was better than all, he did not buy his books for display or to pretend to a literary taste, but read them himself; and to compensate for his lack of college training, he owned and read translations of all the Greek and Latin authors.

Let those boys who have to learn trades and cannot go to college remember there is more than one kind of LL. D.—*The Banner.*

A Royal Spelling Match.—A test familiar to our Yankee school children was recently tried by the children in the French Imperial family, of seeing who could spell the most correctly. The most difficult words were selected, and much amusement was the result. None were perfectly accurate,—Prince Metternich having six faults, Baron Corvisart eight, the Emperor nine, the Prince Imperial eleven, and the librarian, to the great merriment of all, fourteen.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1868.

New York State.

A HEAVY fire occurred in Buffalo on the evening of the 28th ult., occasioned by the bursting of a gas pipe in the basement of the Commercial Advertiser newspaper office. The Advertiser establishment was completely destroyed. Matthews & Warren lost their entire stock of type, presses, paper, etc., valued at $100,000, on which they have an insurance of $68,000. They had eleven steam presses in constant use, and when the news of the fire reached Mr. Matthews he was packing his valise to proceed to New York to purchase several additional presses. The loss to other parties was nearly $50,000.

An old man supposed to be about fifty years of age, was drowned in the canal at Palmyra, a week ago. Nobody knew his name, but it was said that he was from Rochester.

The United States bonded warehouse in Brooklyn was totally destroyed by fire last week. The loss will amount to $500,000, the greater portion of which falls on insurance companies.

The Cornell University at Ithaca, has bought the private mineralogical collection of Prof. Benjamin Silliman of Yale College, which he has been gathering for the last twenty years. It is perhaps the most varied and valuable private collection of mineralogical specimens in this country.

Gen. Geo. B. McClellan arrived in New York city from Europe last week Tuesday, and was received by his personal friends.

The Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Deocese of New York assembled at St. Paul's Chapel in New York city last week. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Wm. F. Morgan. Bishop Potter presided. A plan for the formation of a federated council, to consist of the bishops of the several dioceses in this State, together with eight clerical and eight lay delegates from each diocese, was presented by the committee appointed last year for that purpose.

The bricklayers of New York city are organizing an association under the title of the "Co-operative Building Company of the city of New York," with a capital stock of $100,000, divided into 5,000 shares of $20 each.

Ten prisoners escaped from Kingston jail on Tuesday night of last week, including Dan Casey, the notorious burglar who robbed the American Express office at the above place.

Chas. Mason, the Niagara county murderer, whose sentence was commuted from death by hanging to life in the State Prison, has been delivered into the custody of the Auburn Prison authorities.

Great progress has been made this season on the improvement of the harbors of Buffalo and Dunkirk, under the management of Cols. Franklin Howard and Walter Griswold of the U. S. Engineers. The works at the entrance of Buffalo Harbor will be completed next month. As soon as sufficient ice has formed the work on the harbor of refuge will be commenced.

The barns, stables and barracks of the Livingston county Poor House farm were burned on the evening of the 1st inst. Loss about $7,000.

A portion of the Monroe County Penitentiary, at Rochester was burned on the evening of the 1st inst., involving a loss of $15,000.

The horse disease that has been prevailing on the western end of Long Island, has made its appearance in Suffolk county, and killed some of the most valuable horses in that neighborhood. Near Setaugues some six or eight fine animals have died within the past week, and it is feared many others will follow.

Attorney General Evarts and Representatives Van Wyck, Halsey, Benton and Randall, of the sub-Committee on Retrenchment, met at the Astor House in New York city last week to investigate the alleged frauds in the Revenue Department. It is understood that the testimony of the witnesses examined was not of special interest.

A contract for the construction of the underground railroad in New York city has been concluded with the English engineers who built the underground railroad in London, and they expect to enter upon the work at an early day.

The Schenectady and Athens branch of the Central Railroad is to be operated again. Both passenger and freight trains will be run on it.

From Washington.

THE complete organization of the Territory of Wyoming is urged by Mr. Harlan and others. Secretary Seward has been earnestly requested to hasten the appointment of Territorial officers. It is believed the danger from the present Indian troubles can be more fully guarded against with a fully organized government.

Surratt's counsel having assured the District Attorney that he would appear to answer any indictment which the jury may find against him, it is decided not to issue another warrant for his arrest, but to wait the action of the Grand Jury at the next term of the court.

Secretary Seward and the Russian Minister have satisfactorily settled the question of the rights of American whalers in the waters near the Aleutian Islands; also with regard to trade marks.

Robert Brown, one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of Washington, died last week at the age of 84. He superintended the construction of the Capitol proper, the President's house, and the dry docks at Gosport Navy Yard. He was also contractor for the building now occupied by the General Post Office.

Several companies of the 29th U. S. Infantry have been ordered to the Department of the Cumberland.

The partial estimates for pay of commissioned and warrant officers of the Navy Department for the next year, will show a reduction of $1,000,000 from the amount expended for that purpose this year. In addition to this a large number of ships have been put out of commission, and all the volunteer officers are being discharged as rapidly as the necessities of the service will permit.

Gen. Howard has issued a circular allowing to all officers of the Freedmen's Bureau mustered out of the military service, and retained by the Bureau under civil appointment as agents of the Bureau, the full pay which they received while officers of the army.

An arrangement has been concluded between the postal Departments of the United States and Great Britain to take effect on the first day of January 1869 for the registration of letters conveyed between the United States and British West Indies, Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and Chili, in the British Mail. Registration fee eight cents.

Ex-Gov. Wm. F. Marny has arrived from New Mexico, to procure the ratification of treaties which he has made with the Utah and Apache Indians. He has with him extraordinary specimens of gold, silver and copper ore, discovered in the San Juan, Santa Fe and Ute Creek regions, and says that the country is filled with the richest ores in the world, but that they cannot be developed, so long as the Indian tribes are permitted to ravage the territories as they are now doing.

From the West.

GEN. SHERIDAN has had full reports from Col. Bankhead, who went out from Fort Wallace to succor the force under Col. Forsyth. Nineteen of Forsyth's men were killed. The party were encamped on an island, almost entirely exposed to the attacks of the savages, their only defences being breastworks of sand. The Indians were Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and were armed with Spencer Carbines and Henry rifles. They made few demonstrations after the first day, but besieged the island for several days, leaving, however, before Col. Bankhead's force arrived. Seven companies of the Fifth Cavalry are now in the vicinity ready to wage a war of extermination against the savages.

A train of ten cars on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad was destroyed by fire near Urbana on the 29th ult. The fire was caused by an explosion in the forward car, which is supposed to have contained nitro glycerine. The engine was completely demolished and the engineer seriously and the fireman slightly hurt. The cars were loaded with flour and pork. A house a quarter of a mile from the wreck was demolished by the concussion.

A Chicago doctor, named Bartholdy was tarred and feathered in St. Charles, Indiana, recently for attempted bigamy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bassett, residing twenty-five miles from Salina, Kansas, were lately carried away from their home by a party of Indians, supposed to be Pawnees. Mrs. Bassett had her baby with her, two weeks old, and was not able to travel. She was left on the prairie with her child, entirely stripped of her clothing.

Late Arizona advices say that owing to the withdrawal of a portion of the military force, the time of the men having expired, the Indians were daily becoming more bold and successful in their outrages. Within a few months past, thirty persons have been killed and $50,000 worth of property destroyed in Pine county alone. Gov. McCormick has issued his proclamation calling out a company of militia, to be held several months unless sooner discharged.

A shooting affair, attended with very fatal results, took place at Martinsburg, Missouri, one day last week. A returned rebel soldier named Fletcher ordered a Union man named Reed to leave the town in fifteen minutes, whereat the Board of Registration ordered the former arrested. He resisted the constable, and, attempting to shoot one of the Board named Galloway, was shot dead by him. A brother of Fletcher then interfered, and drew a revolver on Galloway, but when just in the act of firing, Galloway shot him dead. A man named Marshall then shot Galloway and wounded him, but received a ball in his head in return. The registering officers and the constable and his posse surrendered themselves, and gave bonds to appear at the next term of the court.

The corner stone of the new Illinois State House has arrived in Springfield. It weighs fourteen tons, is nine feet long, four feet wide, and three feet thick.

Owing to a dense fog a freight train on the Kansas Pacific Railroad ran into the rear of another freight train last week west of Pike. The engine and three or four cars were wrecked and the engineer was killed.

From the South.

IN the Georgia Legislature a bill to prevent persons of color from being elected to office has been lost, as also the bill to compel common carriers to provide accommodations for whites and blacks. The act to prescribe an oath to be administered to voters for the election of President and Vice President of the United States, Governor and other officers of the State, has been passed.

The committee appointed by the Louisiana Senate to investigate the action of the Board of Registration in that State has made a report, which says that the Board of Registration has given instructions to the various Boards of Supervisors throughout the State that are wholly unwarranted in theory and entirely beyond the law; that their action in refusing to recognize the naturalization papers from the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th District Courts was wrong, the Board having no power to pass upon the validity of a judicial act; and these instructions deprive persons of the benefit of article 99 of the Constitution, which deprivation is unjust and clearly against the Constitution. The report has been adopted.

Both Houses of the Georgia Legislature have passed a bill to make uniform all the tickets used at elections, in order to prevent frauds. Both Houses have also passed the bill giving about three million dollars to aid the railroads in the State.

A large portion of New Orleans was flooded last week, in consequence of heavy rains.

The Catholic Synod has promulgated the decree of the Plenary Council at Baltimore, urging the immediate establishment of schools for colored children in the Southern States; also, the establishment of orphanages, as there is strong reason to apprehend an increase of orphan colored children.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE leaders of the so-called Fenian party in Ireland are everywhere forming political coalitions with the Tories. They even oppose such candidates for Parliament as O'Donoghue in Tralee, John Francis McGuire in Cork, and other equally strong advocates of Irish rights. The journals in Ireland which have shown most sympathy with the late Fenian agitation have comments strongly in support of these coalitions.

The revolution in Spain is thus far highly successful. Queen Isabella has abdicated in favor of her son the young Prince of the Asturias, and has fled into France. At Biarritz she had an interview with the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. She will take up her residence at the Imperial Castle at Pau. The revolution is the result of the union of the Constitutional, Moderate and Liberal parties in an attempt to overthrow the reigning dynasty. The fleet has joined the movement because the sailors are unpaid, and a greater part of the army has revolted because they are indignant at the exile of their favorite General. The Church, which is bound by every tie to the Queen, resists and holds the masses in check. Insurgent forces are in arms in nearly every part of the country, and desertions from the royal army are daily occurring. The royalists, under command of Gen. Pavia, had a battle with the revolutionists, in which Gen. Pavia was badly wounded.

The very latest dispatches from Madrid announce that Marshal Serrano, accompanied by seven generals of the revolutionary army, had entered the city in triumph. The streets and buildings, public and private, were superbly decorated, and a large civic and military procession escorted the party through the city. The rebels were received with great enthusiasm. Serrano made a patriotic address to the immense multitude of citizens and soldiers, in the course of which he announced that he had united with Gen. Prim in calling Gen. Espartero, the Duke of Vittoria, to the head of the State. Proclamations will soon be issued for elections to be held throughout the kingdom to choose members of a definite junta and delegates to a constitutional assembly to meet at an early day in Madrid. The leaders of the revolution are acting together in perfect accord.

From her retreat in France Queen Isabella has issued a proclamation against the revolution. She urges that her rights to the throne of Spain are not impaired by a rebellious force, and that the acts of a junta established by violence are not binding upon the people.

Mr. Henry M. Watts has had an audience with the Emperor of Austria, at which he presented his credentials, and was received as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Court of Vienna.

The frigate Alexander Navski, on which the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Russian Czar, was making a naval tour, was lately wrecked off the coast of Denmark. The Prince was saved, but many of the crew were lost.

It is reported that a military and commercial treaty has been ratified between France and Holland, and that Belgium is expected to join in its terms.

Disraeli has issued an address to his constituents of Buckinghamshire, in which he says the disestablishment of the Irish Church, which the Whigs desire, would unsettle property and make confiscation contagious, and worse than all, would give England over to Popery, and practically to the rule of a foreign power.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—Advices from Paraguay state that a mine had exploded at Humaita, almost annihilating the allied troops who had just taken possession. A truce between the contending parties had been partially arranged by the Chilian and Bolivian Ministers. It is probable that the Argentine Republic would agree to the terms proposed. Brazil flushed with her late victories, would probably refuse any conditional peace. Additional intelligence from the scene of the late earthquake is received. In Ecuador alone, it is now stated, the list of killed amounts to 40,000. In Peru the dead are yet hidden under the ruins of houses, in many instances, and a stench infests the air which it is thought will produce a pestilence. In Quito the stench arising from the unburied bodies is horrible. Some people are still being dug out of the ruins alive, one poor fellow among them having been entombed for six days alongside his wife's corpse.

HAYTIEN NEWS.—Salnave has issued a lengthy proclamation to the citizens and soldiers of Hayti, offering amnesty to all the disaffected who return to their allegiance, and congratulating his army on their late victories. The President has issued two decrees, one announcing that the only ports open to foreign commerce are Port Au Prince, Cape Haytien, Gonavies and Port Depir, and another prescribing penalties for blockade running. The siege of Gonavies was still going on, at last advices, but the cause of the rebellion was in a desperate state, and it was thought it would soon succumb.

MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—The Soldiers' and Sailors' Mass Meeting in Philadelphia last week was largely attended. Delegations were present from all parts of the country. The city was gaily decorated. Mayor McMichael welcomed the Soldiers and Sailors, and Gen. H. A. Barnum of the National Committee, responded in their behalf. A grand procession five miles in length was one of the features of the demonstration.

CANADIAN ITEMS.—Quebec papers are loud in denouncing the closing of the Grand Trunk Railroad east of Richmond, Canada. It is reported that C. J. Brydges will be superseded as Manager of the Grand Trunk Railroad, on his appointment to the Commissionership on the inter-colonial railroad Sir Geo. E. Carter and the Hon. Mr. McDougall have been formally appointed delegates to England on the subject of the Northwest Territory.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

COM. NUTT and Minnie Warren, despairing of ever growing up, are about to be married. The pair together have a fortune of $250,000.

BURGLARS broke open a safe in San Francisco the other night, only to find a piece of cold meat. The safe was used as a refrigerator. It was meet that they should find it.

THE distaff used by Marie Antoinette in spinning during her imprisonment, and which figured at the Exhibition last summer, is now in possession of a lady in Vienna.

THE schooner Persian, bound from Chicago to Oswego with wheat, collided with the schooner E. B. Allen, some fifteen days ago, on Lake Huron, and as nothing has been heard of the former vessel since, it is feared that she is lost with all on board.

A HIGHWAYMAN named Roberts attacked four young men on a road near St. Louis on Monday night, and, being armed, made three of them deliver up. While engaged with the fourth the other three grappled the desperado and brought him to the city.

MR. HENRY KEEP of New York city, having become President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, several bankers have united in presenting him a testimonial. The articles presented are a Masonic pitcher, with goblets and server, all of beaten gold, valued at $7,000.

A MAN in Otsego, Minnesota, turned a horse and a couple of cows into an oat stubble field, and in a short time thereafter found all three of them dead. The grass in the stubble field was literally covered with potatoe bugs, and it is thought that the cattle were poisoned by eating them.

A CROWD of two thousand men from the fishing fleet invaded Portsmouth, on the 2d inst., and took possession of the town. Gardens and orchards were robbed, pistols fired, and a general riot indulged in. The police, after a hard-fought battle, arrested thirteen of the rioters, and lodged them safely in jail.

A SPECULATOR in Meriden, Ct., fearing a crisis some years ago, turned his property over to his wife, and she refused to give it up. Even now, after her death, by the provisions of her will, he can only have the income of the property, and that only so long as he remains a widower, the property, in the case of his marriage, going to one of the churches of that place.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is one of the most popular and valuable agricultural journals now before the country, and commences a new volume on the 3d of October next, under the most favorable auspices. It has a prestige of nearly twenty years success, and has an immense circulation wherever its merits are known. It is published at Rochester, N. Y., and 41 Park Row, New York City, at $3 per annum, and is a large and beautiful sheet, and edited with marked ability. The editor, in order to add to its value, proposes to make the thirteen numbers of the quarter excel in all the essentials of a progressive, timely, entertaining and useful rural, literary, family and business newspaper, and the issues of the ensuing quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of volume twenty, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its motto, "Excelsior," and objects, "Progress and Improvement." A Trial Trip, from October to January, thirteen numbers, will be forwarded at only fifty cents, so that all who wish to see what the RURAL is can do so for a trifle. Now is the time to renew or try the Trial Trip. Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.—[*Waterbury (Ct.) American.*

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 5, 1868.

DURING the last week there has been a great change in the Eastern money market. The week opened with the same ease in New York that has characterized the market for several weeks past, money being readily obtained at 3@4 per cent. About the middle of the week there was a sudden stringency, and rates of interest advanced to 7 per cent. on call loans, and in some instances a higher rate was obtained. There does not seem to have been any contingency of trade, or call for money in legitimate business, to create the pressure. It was caused by a combination among speculators to lock up greenbacks in order to affect gold and stocks, and the near approach of the day for making quarterly returns was favorable to those who sought to make a close market. The New York World notices the condition of things on Friday, as follows:—"The extreme point of stringency in the money market was reached to-day. The minimum rate for call loans was 7 per cent. in currency, and they ranged as high as ⅛ and ½ per cent. per day, and 7 per cent. in gold. The Broadway brokers' firm and the Erie brokers and officials in Broad street had borrowed a short time ago a large quantity of stocks which they returned to-day, thereby aggravating the demand for money. A number of the banks called in their loans from strong firms to the extent of at least $5,000,000. The clique engaged in the disreputable business of locking up greenbacks seems to have played its last card in returning the borrowed stocks to-day, and, as the stock market was not affected thereby, it is reasonable to assume that the money market and prices are likely to improve. It is reported that Mr. McCulloch has written Mr. Van Dyck on the matter of selling gold, with instructions to stop unless pressed by the banks to redeem unusual amounts of 3 per cent. certificates."

On Saturday afternoon money was easy at 4 per cent. in New York, and was offered at low rates of interest yesterday. So the excitement is over without having any material effect in the interior. There will hereafter for the remainder of the year be a larger call for funds to move crops West and South, and the plethora of money that has characterized the last two months is not likely to continue.

Gold has been declining during the past week. The New York Sub-Treasury sold largely last week—the sales being about $1,500,000. The price in New York yesterday was 140.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The tendency of prices is downward, but the decline is not rapid. Wheat is not moving East very rapidly. Dealers think it too high for safe investment, and millers in many localities are buying quite moderately.

CORN.—There was great excitement in the Corn market at Chicago for two or three days last week. Dealers got up one of those "corners" which operate so disastrously to those in the regular trade. A combination of large operators controlled the market for a short time, and on Thursday last sales were made of No. 1 at 112. In the afternoon of the next day, after the "corner" broke, the same quality was sold at 86½. A fall of about 25c. per bushel in twenty-four hours must prove disastrous to somebody.

BARLEY continues to advance, and is in active demand at the West.

PORK is quiet. It is thought the Western hog crop will be late in market. Corn has been so high farmers will not feed early.

WOOL.—The demand in the Eastern market for domestic wool active. Some manufacturers are said to be stocking largely ahead, believing that prices will advance considerably before next spring. Sales in Boston last week foot up 1,600,000 lbs., at a range of 41½@52c. for fleece, and 39@85c. for the various grades of pulled.

The market for Woolen Goods is now buoyant and active.

COTTON has advanced 1½c. during the past week. The crop reports from the South are a little more favorable.

LOCAL MARKETS.—There is little change since our last, either in flour or wheat. A slight decline, on the higher grades of the former and the lower of the latter, has taken place. Corn and oats unchanged. Barley firm with a slight advance. Pork steady and poultry a shade lower. Wool is firm with an upward tendency. There were several sales of State last week from second hands, at 42@43c. Combing wools firm; sales of domestic at 50@55c, and of Canadian at 65@75c. Fruit and vegetables steady at previous rates.

ROCHESTER, OCT. 6—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,30@1,35; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $1,80@2,00; Do. white, $2,40@2,50; Rye, $1,45@1,55; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,70@1,80; Beans, $2,50@3,25; Pork, mess, $30,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $12,00@13,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders 15@15cts; Chickens, 14@16c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 14@17½c; Lard, 21½@22½c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 24@25c; Wool 38@55c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,75@0,88; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 30@35c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $2@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c. Apples, ℔ bbl, $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples ℔ lb, 8@10c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 3.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,75; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 26@27½c; Flour, $6,30@13,50; Rye Flour, $6,00@8,00; Wheat, $1,66@2,25; Rye, $1,47@1,48; Barley, 1,14@1,44; Corn, $1,11@1,14; Oats, 71½@72½c; Pork, mess, $28,50@28,75; prime, $23,75@24,50; prime mess, $26,25@26,75; Beef, plain mess, $19,00@20,50; extra mess, $20,50@21,75; Beef hams, $29,00@29,00; Shoulders, 11½@12½c; Hams, 12½@18½c; Lard, 18½@19½c; Butter, 30@48c; Cheese, 13@17c.

ALBANY, OCT. 3.—Flour, $6,50@13,00; Rye flour, $8,00; Corn meal, $2,25@2,25 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,20@2,75; Rye, $1,53; Corn, $1,15; Barley $1,36@2,00; Oats, 71@71c; Pork, mess, $29-50@30; clear, $30@33; boneless, $34,00; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 16c; Smoked beef 20c; Lard, 20½@21c; Butter, 40@45c. Cheese, 15@17c; Beans, $3,50@4; Dried apples, 8@10c; Hops, old, 5@10c; new, 18@22c; Wool, ranges from 40@55c.

BUFFALO, OCT. 3.—Flour, $8,00@11,00. Rye flour, $7,25; Wheat, $1,30@1,60; Corn, $1,00@1,00; Oats, 61@62c; Rye, $1,32; Barley, $1,85@2,00; Peas, $1,50@1,65; Beans, $3,00@3,50; Pork mess, $29,50@30,50, Lard, 18@19c; Shoulders, 14@14c; Hams, 21@21c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 40@45c; Cheese, 13@17c.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 3.—Flour, $5,00@11,00; Wheat, $1,60@2,25; Corn, $1,02@1,05; Oats, 55@65c; Rye, $1,33@1,37; Barley, $2,05@2,60; Mess pork, $28@20,00; Lard, 20½@21c; Bacon, 14½@16½c; Hams, 25½@29c; Shoulders, 12½@12½c; Butter, 28@48c; Cheese, 16@35c.

TORONTO, OCT. 2—Flour, $5,50@7,00; Wheat, fall, $1,35@1,36; Spring, $1,15@1,18; Oats, 51@52c; Barley, $1,17@1,18; Pork, mess, $20@25,00; prime, $17; Bacon, 10½@13cts; Hams, 14@16cts; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 18c; Lard, 13½@15c; Eggs, 12@15c; Butter, 21@22c; Cheese, 12@13cts; Hops, 10@25c; Hay, $12@15; Straw, $7@10; Wool, 26@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 30—Beeves—Receipts 6,571 head; quotations 11@17c. Milch Cows—Receipts 57 head; $40@120; Veal calves—Receipts 1,207 head; quotations, 9@11c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 33,792 head; quotations, Sheep, 4@6½c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 6@8c. Swine—Receipts 16,803 head; quotations, 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, SEPT. 29.—Beeves, $3,00@9,50. Milch Cows, $60@125. Sheep and Lambs—State 4½@4½c.; Western 4½@5c.; Lambs, 5½@7½c; Hogs, 9@10½c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, SEPT 29—Beeves range from 6@14½c; Working Oxen, $180@250 ℔ pair; Handy Steers and Stim Oxen, $100@200; Milch cows, $40@100; Heifers and farrow, $35@50; Sheep and Lambs, $1,50@4,50 ℔ head; Fat Hogs—10½@11½c; Shotes, 10@13c; Hides, 10@11½c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7½@9½c; Calf skins, 20@22c. ℔ lb.; Pelts, 6@87c.

CHICAGO, OCT. 3.—Beef Cattle, sales range at 3½@7½c; Sheep range at $1,25@4,50; Hogs, $9,00@10,00.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 30—Beeves, $3,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,75; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $7,00@9,50 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 3.—Cattle steady; sales at 5@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@75; Sheep, 2½@3c. Hogs, 14½@15½c.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 3—Beef Cattle, 4@8½c; Milch Cows, $40@50; Veal Calves, 5@7½c; Sheep, 4@5c; Hogs, 12@15c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 3.—Wool market is firm; sales 75,000 lbs., at 45@51c. for domestic fleece, 55@62c for tubbed, 39@47c for pulled, 35@37c for Texas, and 30@36c. for California.

BOSTON, OCT. 1.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 41@55c for common to choice Western; XX Ohio and Pennsylvania, 55@57c: Combing fleece 55@57½c; Canada, 68@72½c.

CINCINNATI, SEPT. 30—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 35@37c.; Tub Washed, 45@48c.; Unwashed, 28@30c.: Fleece, 32@45c.

CHICAGO, OCT. 2.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 31@41c; Medium, 39@43c; Coarse, 40@42c; Heavy Unwashed, 27@30c.

DIED.

AT West Brighton, N. Y., on Sunday morning, Oct. 4, 1868, Mrs. LUCINDA MARTIN, aged 82 years, relict of the late JARVIS MARTIN.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, $1.50 per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

NEW ENGLANDERS, *especially VERMONTERS*, send for Catalogue (free) of 800 STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of Vermont, New Hampshire, Adirondack and Florida Scenery, to A. F. STYLES, Burlington, Vt.

AGENTS WANTED—For the New and Splendidly illustrated edition of D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*. 20 fine steel engravings. For circular and terms, address DAVIS & BRO., 722 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS RASPBERRY PLANTS—For sale by the piece, dozen, hundred, or thousand. For particulars, address JOHN GAGE & SON, Vineland, N. J.

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUTIFUL Arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free. Agents Wanted. Address 977-2t WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. J.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS BLACK-CAP RASPBERRY A SPECIALITY.—Get your plants of the first disseminator who propagates only from selected stock. For origin, prices, *how to cultivate, &c.*, send stamp for Circular to JOSEPH SINTON, Argola, Erie Co., N. Y. 977-2teo

CORRESPONDENT AND BUSINESS AGENT wanted in every County. Liberal pay given to active men. Business light and easy. Enclose 10 cts. for instructions, plans and sample, with references to W. B. DIMON, P. O. Box 341, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAMPSHIRE DOWN RAM LAMBS FOR sale at reduced prices—all bred from imported Sheep and have just taken First Premiums at the Queens County Agricultural Society. ROBERT MORRELL, 977-4t Plandome Farm, Manhasset, L. I.

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS—I HAVE RECIPES for catching Foxes, Minks, Muskrats and all Fur Animals, obtained of an old trapper from the Rocky Mountains, with methods for setting traps, warranted to give satisfaction. Price 50 cents. Address 977-2t P. CURTIS, Box 1085, Rochester, N. Y.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES, SENT POSTpaid, for 50 cts. ℔ lb, or $15 ℔ bu., $10 ℔ bbl. by Express. Harison, $4,50 ℔ bbl; Early Goodrich, $4 ℔ bbl. Asparagus Roots, $4 ℔ 1,000, and all the varieties of Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants for sale as low as is offered by responsible growers. Send for price list. 977-2t THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.—I HAVE discovered a positive cure for Consumption, and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1,000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed, so great is my faith, I will send a sample *Free* to any fellow sufferer who will address Yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT, 977-2teo S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton St., New York.

VINEGAR.—BEING ABOUT TO RETIRE from the business I will send any farmer full printed directions to make pure cider vinegar from cider in ten hours, without acid or drugs of any kind at a cost not to exceed 50 cts. per barrel. Price $1; same information cost me $500. Address F. J. SAGE, Practical Vinegar Manufacturer, Cromwell, Conn. 977

$100 MONTH TO AGENTS.—A 50 Ct. STAMP REDEEMABLE AT MY OFFICE GIVEN every applicant. Male and female Agents wanted in a new permanent business. Full particulars free, together with a 50 cent stamp, by return mail. A sample retailing at $2.25 sent for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New Street, New York.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Rheumatism.—It not is necessary to hobble through life on crutches because an attack of rheumatism, improperly treated, has resulted in the stiffening of a joint. Apply HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT to the joint affected; rub it in with a will, and persist in this course until the tense sinews begin to yield to its softening properties. The worst cases of contraction may be relieved by this process. Sold by all Druggists.

℞ YE PIMPLED, BLOTCHED and Ulcerated Victims of Scrofulous Diseases, who drag your unclean persons into the company of better men, take AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and purge out the foul corruption from your blood. Restore your health, and you will not only enjoy life better, but make your company more tolerable to those who keep it.

MUSIC VALE SEMINARY AND NORMAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Salem, Conn. Founded 1835. Location pleasant and healthy. Buildings new, airy, grand and spacious, with all the modern conveniences and improvements. Ladies wishing to become sensible theoretical as well as practical musicians and teachers upon the Piano, Harp, Guitar or Organ, in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, and wishing further information, will please address PROF. ORAMEL WHITTLESEY, 977-2teo Music Vale Box, New London, Conn.

IT IS CONCEDED THAT THE GREAT ZINGARI BITTERS has mastered more diseases, both acute and chronic, than any bitter tonic in the known world. It has cured Cholera, the worst forms of Fevers, Pneumonia, Liver and Heart Disease, Chronic Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, and will cure any disease arising from a disordered state of the blood. It is recommended by Governors of States, Members of Congress, distinguished divines and physicians, and the proprietor can show more sworn certificates of cures than any other Bitters manufacturers in America. Send for a circular, and read them. Sold by druggists and dealers generally. BERRY, BRICKETT & CO., Wholesale Liquor Dealers, Sole Agents for Western States, Chicago, Ill. F. BAUTER & CO., Sole Proprietors, 6 North Front St., Philadelphia. 977-2teo

$500,000 REWARD IN BEAUTIfful Presents have been paid our Agents in all parts of the Union, and we would SAY TO THE LADIES that for ONE DOLLAR we are selling Silks, Shawls, Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Ware, Furniture, Diamond Watches, Pianos, Cabinet Organs, &c., &c. Presents worth $2 to $500 sent free of charge to Agents sending Clubs of ten and upwards.
☞ Circulars sent free to any address.
N. B.—Shun all houses in this line with flaming advertisements, as they deceive you with long schedules and promises, which they have not the power or will to fulfill.
Yours, very truly, WYETH & CO.,
977-26t P. O. Box 2021, 42 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES.
FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND,
AS A REPEATER,
AND
TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE
AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.
These powerful, accurate and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible Gun Dealers throughout the country. For full information send for circulars and pamphlets to the WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., 974-13t New Haven, Conn.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.—THE subscriber offers the following varieties of Potatoes for sale, and delivery in October, 1868:
THE EARLY GOODRICH at $4 ℔ barrel. This is, in every respect, a first class early family variety, and has yielded this season at the rate of over 20 barrels from one barrel planted. The quality is excellent.
THE HARISON at $6 per barrel. This is a later variety than the Goodrich, and is considered the most prolific potato grown. The yield this year is enormous. The seed from which these potatoes were grown cost me, last spring, $14 per barrel, and will probably bring nearly that price next spring. The Goodrich and Harison have yielded so largely this season, that I have no suitable place to store them through the winter. Consequently I offer a portion of my stock at above quoted prices, for delivery this fall. No charges for packing. W. H. STILES, Mamaroneck, 977-2t Westchester Co., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS ARE MEETING WITH rare success in selling SIR S. W. BAKER'S EXPLORATIONS and ADVENTURES among the NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA, to which is now added an account of the CAPTIVITY and RELEASE OF ENGLISH SUBJECTS, and the career of the late EMPEROR THEODORE. No book is received among all classes of People with such unbounded favor, or so fully combines thrilling interest with solid instruction. Agents, male and female sell it rapidly.
"An admirable record of scientific exploration, geographical discovery, and personal adventure."—*N. Y. Tribune.*
"It is issued in a very attractive form, and is as entertaining as a romance."—*Boston Journal.*
☞ Full particulars sent on application to O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn. 977-4t

YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO is everywhere pronounced, by competent judges, to be superior to others for the following reasons:
It is made of the finest stock grown.
It has a mild and agreeable aroma.
It is anti-nervous in its effects, as
It is free from *drugs*, the *Nicotine*
Having also been extracted.
It leaves no acrid, disagreeable aftertaste.
Does not sting or burn the tongue.
Leaves no offensive odor in the room.
Orders for elegant *Meerschaum* Pipes
Are daily packed in various bags.
It is of a bright golden color.
Being very light, one pound will last
Two to three times as long as others.
Buy it, try it, and convince yourself. If
Your dealer does not keep it ask him to get it.

EUREKA SMOKING TOBACCO
Is also a very good article, and makes an excellent smoke. It is much lower in price and of heavier body than the former, and its sale, wherever introduced, is not only permanent, but constantly on the increase. Orders for elegant Meerschaum Pipes are also placed in the various bags of this brand daily.

Be Sure you Get Lorillard's.
We are still packing $100 daily in *Century* Chewing Tobacco, and have lately improved its quality very much.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Great Distribution—Harper, Wilson & Co.
Asbestos Cement—H W Johns.
Excelsior Dash Churn—B E J Moore.
Seed Potatoes for Sale—W H Stiles.
Book Agents Meeting with Success—O D Case & Co.
$500,000 Reward—Wyeth & Co.
A Superior Farm for Sale—D W Cole.
The Grecian Bend—Grecian Bend Publishing Co.
Winchester Repeating Rifles—Winchester Repeating Arms Company.
The Great English Bitters—F Rahter & Co.
Yacht Club Smoking Tobacco, &c.
Music Vale Seminary—Prof Oramel Whittlesey.
New Englanders—A F Styles.
Agents Wanted—Davis & Bro.
Consumption Curable—James Wyatt.
$100 a Month to Agents—C L Van Allen.
Grape Vines Cheap—S J Allis.
Davison's Thornless Raspberry—John Gage & Son.
Correspondent and Business Agent Wanted—W B Dimon.
Hampshire Down Ram Lambs for Sale—Rob't Morrell.
Early Rose Potatoes—Thos C Andrews.
Hunters and Trappers—F Curtis.
Vinegar—F J Sage.
Tool Chests and Lathes—Geo Parr.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
Holloway's Ointment.
520 Valuable Receipts—Wood & Co.
Davison's Thornless Black Cap Raspberry—Joseph Sinton
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Willis' Celebrated Stump Extractor—W W Willis.

The News Condenser.

— Ohio has one hundred and seventy-two woolen mills.
— "Dried oysters" are sold in California.
— The wickedest man's house has been repainted.
— Sweet potatoes are plenty in New York.
— Boston is abandoning the check-rein on horses.
— Bonner pays $10 apiece for poems—if accepted.
— Bachelors are threatened with a tax in Belgium.
— Boston has a wooden building erected in 1709.
— Prince Alfred has been writing up his travels.
— Minnesota votes on negro suffrage November 3d.
— A 450 pound bear was lately killed in New Hampshire.
— England is ending the star system in theatricals.
— Des Moines has a blind local reporter.
— Snow fell at St. Paul, Minn., Wednesday last.
— Boiled hair is a new chignonic invention.
— French ladies are taking to the velocipede.
— The French army eats more than 100,000 oxen a year.
— Land is plenty in Arkansas at 3 to 5 cents an acre.
— The Appletons have thirty-six new books in press.
— Six newspapers are now published at Honolulu.
— Coal is worth $10.50 a ton at Bangor, Maine.
— Frost has not yet damaged the Kentucky crops.
— The potato crop of New York is 25,000,000 bushels.
— A bushel of bogus nickels has been found in St. Louis.
— A new club for English reformers is about to be started.
— A historical and archæological congress is to be held at Bonn.
— In Milwaukee they call a harness maker a "horse milliner."
— Vienna has a female orchestra which concertizes successfully.
— They have a female Grant club out west. Motto "Match us."
— A woman in New York shines with $300,000 worth of diamonds.
— The carpet-baggers are building a hotel at Jacksonville, Florida.
— Nashville has a population of 23,304—19,939 whites, and 3,365 blacks.
— The military works at Point Levi, Canada, have suspended operations.
— Rice will soon be cultivated by coolie labor in the Cape Fear region.
— The "Champion Female Walker of the World" is astonishing London.
— The French Fishery off Newfoundland has been a bad failure this year.
— Milwaukee is to have a $467,000 court house, built of Lake Superior stone.
— Apples are selling at 25 cents a bushel at the cider mills in Connecticut.
— Christian county, Ill., has grown a sweet potato that weighs seven pounds.
— Twelve thousand cans of sweet corn are daily sealed at one factory in Maine.
— Rice birds have left the crops and are attacking the cotton worm at the South.
— Julia Gale, a pretty concert saloon ballet-girl, is to marry a rich Cincinnatian.
— John Willie, a Frenchman, cut his throat in the New York State prison recently.
— A Jersey City German has tried four times to run away with his wife's sister.
— Two-story cars to accommodate one hundred persons are being tried in Germany.
— A Worcester Yankee has raised four hundred pounds of squashes from four seeds.
— The telegraph is more freely used in Belgium than in any other European country.
— Yale College has rejected 131 applicants for admission this year, some conditionally.
— The Oil Creek and Alleghany oil wells turned out 12,235 barrels a day last month.
— Oliver Dyer, the Wickedest Man's advertising agent, has been lecturing in New York.
— An establishment at Keyport, N. J., cans 500,000 bushels of tomatoes in a season.
— The annual yield of wine in the Ohio Valley alone, now averages over 700,000 gallons.
— The Quebec Legislature will meet for the dispatch of business the last part of October.
— Cape May, the place where Philadelphians drown themselves, is to have a new hotel.
— The Western Union Telegraph Co. will stretch 6,000 miles of new wire before December.
— The total pay from the British treasury to the royal family amounts to $2,500,000 in gold.
— The Porphyry macadamized streets in St. Louis, so much talked of have proved a failure.
— A Dorsett man of 70 horse-whipped a neighbor of the same age recently for some trifling cause.
— The New York Fulton street daily prayer meeting has just celebrated its eleventh anniversary.
— Large associations of wine growers from Southern France are coming to America to grow grapes.
— Over 200,000 foreigners have sought a home in the United States since the termination of the war.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Willis' Celebrated Stump Extractor, which excited so many remarks at the late State Fair, held in Rochester, will be on exhibition at the Steuben Co. Fair, to be held at Bath this week. His Machines are manufactured in Rochester. Price $350.
Address for circular, W. W. WILLIS,
No. 29 Oak St., Rochester, N. Y.

WILLIS hereby challenges any two of Chamberlain's Screw Machines to do the work of his Machine, or forfeit $100.

WILLIS' STUMP MACHINE.—This superior stump machine is on the Fair Grounds hitched to a post ready for examination. It beat the three competing machines at Wayland, pulling three stumps in eight minutes; Springwater, fifteen stumps in twenty-nine minutes; pulled a double stump at Campbell, Steuben Co., last week, that three competing machines broke down on.—*Roch. Union.*

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAPE VINES CHEAP!—I OFFER THIS fall one of the largest and best grown assortments of Grape Vines, Blackberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Plants ever offered to the public. Vines one, two and three years old. Circular gratis. S. J. ALLIS, North East, Pa.

A SUPERIOR FARM FOR SALE.—This Farm of 95 acres is near the village of Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., 10 acres of wood, watered by a never-failing stream, has 2 dwellings, 3 barns, about 16 acres Apple Orchard, 8 acres of Standard Pears, 3 acres Grapes, (6 varieties,) 30 Quince Trees, together with Peaches, Cherries and Plums. The present year there was cultivated 10 acres of wheat, 9 corn, 8½ oats, 1 potatoes, 1 Carrots, 3 Beans, 3 Corn Fodder, 4 Buckwheat, 1 Turnips, 1 Peas, 13 Meadow, 14 Pasture. This is strictly a *FIRST CLASS FARM* and it will be sold at a bargain as the owner resides in New York city. Address D. W. COLE, Esq., Medina, N. Y.

THE GRECIAN BEND.
WHAT IT IS, how it grew into a national calamity. IT IS NOT A NEW THING. Symptoms and treatment. A small volume profusely illustrated. Sent by mail on receipt of 20 cents. Address GRECIAN BEND PUBLISHING CO., P. O. Box 672, N. Y. Trade supplied by AMERICAN NEWS CO., No. 117 Nassau Street, New York.

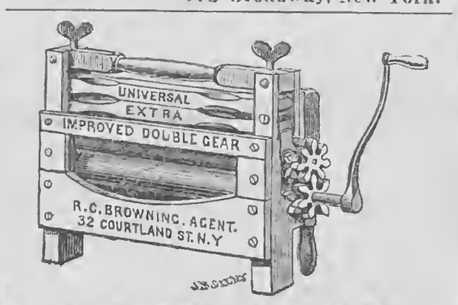
H. W. JOHNS' PATENT
Asbestos Cement
ASBESTOS ROOF-COATING,
For Tin, Shingle, Canvas and Felt Roofs.
ASBESTOS CEMENT
For repairing LEAKS of all kinds on roofs, and
GENERAL ROOFING MATERIALS.
Descriptive Circulars, Prices, &c., by mail.
78 William Street, New York.

EXCELSIOR DASH CHURN OR FARMERS FRIEND.—The apparatus represented above is designed for dispatch and ease in churning. The lever gives a full stroke. A child of 10 years can churn. You can sit, read and churn at the same time with one hand. Mode of operating, bear down the end of the lever, then raise your hand, the handle will raise with you the dash, plunge to the bottom of the churn, relieving you of half the work. An iron slide balance regulates your stroke. The lower lever is for your foot, by attaching a stirrup and strap. A large dairy farmer tried 7 kinds of crank churns, is now using the Farmers Friend; wants no better churn. Churns made all sizes. Price from $8 to $20; churns in 15 minutes in cold weather, in warm, a little longer. Butter should not come too quick. If you want a good quality, and obtain the highest market price, take more time. By removing connecting pins you detach churn from apparatus in a moment.
B. E. J. MOORE, Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.
N. B. State and County Rights for sale on favorable terms. The Farmers Friend is all it claims to be. Patented April 7th, 1868, and Sept. 24, 1868, with improvement.

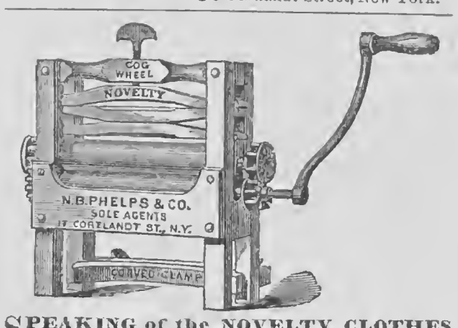
GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE METROPOLITAN GIFT CO.—*Cash Gifts to the amount of $250,000.—Every Ticket Draws a Prize.*

5 Cash Gifts, each	$10,000	40 Cash Gifts, each	$500
10 " " "	5,000	200 " " "	100
20 " " "	1,000	300 " " "	50
50 Elegant Rosewood Pianos	Each $300 to $750		
75 " " Melodeons	" 75 to 150		
350 Sewing Machines	" 60 to 175		
500 Fine Gold Watches	" 75 to 200		

Cash Prizes, Silver Ware, &c., all valued at $1,000,000.
A chance to draw any of the above Prizes for 25c. Tickets describing Prizes are *sealed* in Envelopes and well mixed. On receipt of 25c. a *Sealed Ticket* is drawn without choice and sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of *One Dollar.* Prizes are immediately sent to any address by express or return mail.
You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. *Any Prize exchanged for another of same value.* No Blanks. Our patrons can depend on fair dealing.
REFERENCES:—We select the following from many who have lately drawn Valuable Prizes and kindly permitted us to publish them:—S. T. Wilkins, Buffalo, $5,000; Miss Annie Monroe, Chicago, Piano, $650; John D. Moore, Louisville, $1,000; Miss Emma Walworth, Milwaukee, Piano, $500; Rev. E. A. Day, New Orleans, $500. We publish no names without permission.
OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—"The firm is reliable, and deserve their success."—*Weekly Tribune, Aug. 8.* "We know them to be a fair dealing firm."—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 23.* "A friend of ours drew a $500 prize, which was promptly received."—*Daily News, Sept. 3.*
Send for circular. Liberal inducements to Agents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every package of Sealed Envelopes contain *one cash gift.* Six Tickets for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 110 for $15. All letters should be addressed to
HARPER, WILSON & CO.,
977-tf 173 Broadway, New York.



THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH ROWELL'S IMPROVED DOUBLE GEAR cannot be surpassed or equalled by any other Wringer for durability, till the expiration of the patent for the "STOP GEAR," or fastening above the cogs, which prevents them from entirely separating.
Any sensible person can understand that a cog-wheel wringer having cogs, *whether at one or both ends* of the roll, which can play apart and fly out of gear when a large article is passing through, is COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS, as the Cogs are then of no aid *when most needed.*
The **Universal Wringer** was awarded the Gold Medal at the Great New England Fair, took the First Premium at the National Fair at Washington also at the State Fairs of **every Northern State,** and is the only Wringer which **ever took a First Premium** at the Fair of the American Institute.
Its sale (now over 356,000 Wringers,) is greater than of all the other Wringers combined. It is very durable and **every Universal Wringer is warranted.**
A supply of **Wringers,** also of the **CELEBRATED DOTY WASHING MACHINE** always kept ready for shipment at Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans. Sold by dealers generally.
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
32 Cortlandt Street, New York.



SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City
☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. 974-t

FLOWERS FOR THE MILLION.—SEND TO WM. WEBSTER, 149 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., for his fall Catalogue of Bulbs and Roses, mailed free to all applicants. 976 4t

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUsand, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 972-4t

"WILLARD" AND "EARLY ROSE." Mr. C. W. Gleason of Massachusetts, one of the three gentlemen to whom the late Mr. Goodrich was accustomed to send out his seedling potatoes for testing before introducing them to the public, and in honor of whom he named his Gleason potato, has for years probably been more largely engaged in raising new seedling potatoes than any man in New England. Last Spring I purchased of him the entire stock of his "Willard" (a seedling from the Early Goodrich,) which he considers the best of all the hundreds of seedlings he has thus far raised. The "Willard" proves to be enormously productive, and is a potato of great promise. I now offer to send one potato of this new seedling gratis with every peck of Early Rose; five with each bushel, and sixteen with each barrel. My stock of Early Rose was procured directly from the original growers at $25 per bushel, and is *warranted true.* My rates this fall are:—1 lb. (post paid) $1; 3 lbs., $2; 1 peck, (15 lbs.) $5; 1 bushel (60 lbs.) $15; 1 bbl. (165 lbs.) $40. Early Goodrich per bbl., $5; Early Sebec per bbl., $5; Harrison per bbl., $7; Gleason per bbl., $5.
976-4t JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

STRAWBERRIES!—ALL THE BEST SORTS cheap. Send for a Price List. Address
974 3t MARK D. WILLSON, Rochester, N. Y.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PATENT SCREW STUMP Machine for the farmer's use. Simple, safe, economical, cheap, and decidedly the *best* in use. Will pull the largest stump with ease. For particulars send for circular to
975-4t GEO. CHAMBERLAIN & SON, Olean, N. Y.

TREES, Shrubs, Roses, Vines,
ETC., ETC., IN LARGE QUANTITIES.
FROST & CO.,
Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.,
Offer for the FALL OF 1868, an unusually fine lot of
Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees, Crab Apples, Standard and Dwarf Pears, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Grape Vines, Small Fruits of all kinds, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Evergreens, &c.
☞ Send for the following Catalogues, which will be mailed to all applicants as follows:
No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, 10c. each.
No. 2, Do. do. Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Evergreens, &c., 10c. each.
No. 3, Do. do. Green-House and Bedding Plants, 3c. each.
No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and those wishing to plant in large quantities, mailed on application. Address FROST & CO.,
976-3t Genesee Valley Nursery, Rochester, N. Y.

THE ORIGINAL ONE DOLLAR BROKER STORE, ESTABLISHED IN 1863.—Our Stock, consisting of every variety of DRY and FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, SILVER-PLATED WARE, GLASS WARE, WOOLEN and HEMP CARPETINGS, STRAW MATTINGS, and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, is of our own importation, or purchased directly from the manufacturers, in large quantities.
☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE. Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.
☞ OUR BUSINESS HAS BEEN DECIDED BY THE COURTS OF THIS STATE, AND BY THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES, NOT TO BE A LOTTERY, OR A GIFT ENTERPRISE, BUT A REGULAR LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.
TERMS OF SALE FOR CLUB OF $5, a selection of one of the following articles:—20 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Poplin or Alpaca Dress pattern. Wool Square Shawl. 2¾ yards Doeskin. An 8 day Clock, Seth Thomas' make. 1 pr. gent's Calf Boots. White Marseilles Quilt. Silver-plated Chased Castor with 6 bottles. A Morocco Photograph Album, 100 pictures. 3 yards 6-4 Wool Cloth. Silver plated Cake Basket. 36 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality. Also, printed notices of 60 articles, for sale at $1 for each article, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail at prices from $1 50 to $3 for each article.
FOR A CLUB OF $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Dress pattern, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Brocha Long Shawl. 2 yards Black German Broadcloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $20, (these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.) Gents' or Ladies Silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 2 yards Beaver Cloth. 6¾ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, don. width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 72 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 120 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1.50 to $10 for each article.
☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, or REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letter to **ANDREWS & CO., 106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.** 976-4t

AZURENE
CONCENTRATED INDIGO
For the Laundry.—Free from Oxalic Acid.—See Chemist's Certificate.
A Patent Pocket Pincushon or Emery Bag
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Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.
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The New York

AN AUTUMN SONG.

What have rustling leaves to say,
Fit to make us sad or glad?
Ere the wind blew us away,
Much delight in life we had.

Now we both of us are sad,
Both of us would death defer—
You, because you are not glad,
We, because we always were.

This is what the brown leaves say,
With a sadness less than mine,
Dear, if I should die to-day,
Give me something to resign.

[*Robert Weeks in Galaxy.*

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;

OR,

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 324, last number.]

CHAPTER THIRD.

The paper dropped from Lambert Willoughby's nerveless grasp, and, his form all a-tremble, he sank into a chair beside him. His face was colorless, and suddenly shrunken as with age; his eyes were fixed and vacant, seeming to stare beyond present surroundings; while a close setting of the lips gave indication of some passion hidden within, that threatened to obtain the mastery.

When a positive expression came back to the man's face, it was one of absolute terror. His eyes glanced down at the penciled note by his feet, and his whole aspect was that of abject fear. He even looked about the richly furnished apartment with strange suspiciousness, as though half expecting a secret foe's appearance. Weaker and more cowardly than a woman, you would have called him, seeing him at the moment. And afraid of what? Had some ghost of the past come back to visit him in vengeance? Did he see accusing spirits leering at him from out the ill-omened message,—spirits he had thought exorcised long since?

He stooped to pick up the note, at length, but drew back as if it contained some repellent power. Again he looked around the room, this time with a sad, pitiful light in his eyes,—for he was coming back to the thoughts of a few minutes previous. His wife, loving and beloved, was gone,—gone beyond his care,—gone,—and that hastily written page was her only leave-taking. Here was her escretoire, where, doubtless, the misery-telling lines were traced; all about him were the evidences of herself. It could not be. He was the victim of some wild and terrible phantasm. His fancy was playing unpleasant tricks. He would break away, and be himself.

And half re-assured he rose, took up the paper, and, with a meaningless smile curving his lips, began its re-perusal. But the echo of each word as he read was terribly loud and clear—"Gone." Surely the conviction came back with redoubled force—this *was* her leave-taking. The smile passed away from his lips; the hope died out of his face. Gone—how?—and when?—and where? God and the angels might know; how should he? Once more the note slipped from his fingers, and the bitter, longing cry of "Eleanor!" rang out through the hall as he fell heavily to the floor.

The cry went ringing through the silent apartments until it reached Mrs. Allgood, in her own little snuggery just off the dining room. Its strangeness startled her greatly, though she was hardly a nervous woman, and the dull echo of the fall, immediately following, convinced her that help was needed. She stepped out and rang the bell for the coachman, who answered it promptly, and the two proceeded at once to their master's room. With her mind prepared for something dreadful, the good housekeeper was nevertheless shocked to see the young doctor lying senseless before her, all signs of life fled. But ordering John to place him on the bed, she next despatched him for a physician, while she set about restoring animation to the limp form.

When Dr. Pillsby came he found his patient revived, but delirious, and said there was great danger of brain fever. He left such medicines as he deemed proper, and enjoined Mrs. Allgood to see that her master was kept perfectly quiet. And the good woman observed his instructions to the letter, yet apparently without avail.

Lambert Willoughby grew worse through the night, and by morning brain fever had fairly set in. He was wildly delirious, at times, and would call for his Eleanor with a sad, moaning cry that drew tears from Mrs. Allgood's eyes, and made her well-nigh angry with her mistress for going away. Wholly angry the kind-hearted housekeeper could not be, however,—for Eleanor had won her love and confidence, and the note which Mrs. Allgood found on the floor showed her that the husband was not thus deserted for trivial reasons, but that some real or fancied wrong was at the bottom of it all.

Real or fancied,—which? Mrs. Allgood asked herself the question many times every day, during the next fortnight. At the first she believed the sick man could not be guilty of a real wrong; and she longed to see him once more "clothed and in his right mind," that the fearful matter might be explained away. But when in his wildest delirium he besought Eleanor to forgive him, and whispered other names than hers, the kind-hearted woman shook her head, and doubted.

As she had nursed his father during his final illness, so did she nurse him, and even more tenderly. Night and day she was his almost constant attendant. "If he has done no wrong, and should die," she reasoned with herself, "the poor mistress Eleanor would unconsciously be responsible for his death." Therefore she watched over him as she would have watched over her son, had she been blessed with one. Therefore she noted his symptoms with a keenness that quite surprised Dr. Pillsby.

And to her solicitude, without doubt, Lambert Willoughby owed his life. For after three weeks of uncertainty he became himself again,—himself, mentally; only the shadow of himself, physically,—and spoke to Mrs. Allgood in a perfectly rational manner. He was not clear, at first, concerning what had taken place, but his attendant forbade him to talk, and indeed he was too weak to attempt it much, so he could only lie still and wonder over it.

He thought it all out, after a little,—his coming home, the message he found, and the unconsciousness that followed. How long he had been sick he could not tell. Not in a week longer did Mrs. Allgood allow him to question her. At the end of that time he was strong enough to sit oolstered up in bed, and could bear to talk as well as think of the sad event that had wrought such a change.

"Do you know where my wife is, dame Allgood?" was the question he had repeatedly tried to ask, and which now first found utterance.

"Would to God I did, master Lambert," she responded; "but I do not."

"You can tell me when she went away?"

"Three days before you came home, sir. The afternoon previous she did not come down to dinner, and I rapped at her door to see if it might not be she was sick. She answered my rap, sir, by saying she did not wish any dinner and should not come down. I wanted to send something up to her, and so I said, sir; but she wouldn't let me; and I thought mebbe the poor thing was grievin' that you did not come back. Next morning she did not appear at breakfast, and I came up to her room again. She opened the door to me then, sir, and told me to order up the carriage, she was going out for a ride. She looked pale and sorrowful, sir, as though she had rested poorly, and was all of a tremble when I went with her to the carriage. She was weak, she said, but she couldn't eat anything. A ride might do her good. John says that after going a little ways she ordered him to drive to the station at L——, and that they reached there just as the train was to go out for B——. And he says, sir, that she stepped out upon the platform, told him to drive home, and went inside the station house. He thought it was a little queer, sir, but he obeyed orders. And that's all I can tell you about it."

All! As though that were not enough for a convalescent,—his home and his life darkened, his wife gone and no trace to tell whither she had fled! He buried his face in the bed covering, with a moan of anguish, and the housekeeper spoke no words of comfort, for she knew of none to speak.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

As soon as he was able, the master of Willoughby Hall instituted a quiet search for its vanished mistress. While he was yet weak, and hardly fit to be off the bed, he was driven over to the station at L——. The station master knew Mrs. Willoughby, and recollected seeing her get on the train for B——, some weeks previous,—he could not give the precise time,—but was unable to say whether she purchased a through ticket or not. But one point was apparently established—the direction in which she had gone.

Then followed weary days of perplexity and painful running up and down, the man's face now lighted with a ray of hope, and now dark with the shadow of dull despair. He traced her finally to a little station midway between L—— and B——, and there all clue was for a time entirely lost. She might have proceeded further by rail, or taken some conveyance going back into the country. The latter was most probable, but diligent inquiry failed to substantiate the supposition.

Could the stricken husband have brought himself to make his case broadly public, he might possibly have elicited the information desired. But this he could not do. Even the publicity absolutely necessary to carry on any search whatever, was most abhorrent to him. Eleanor's name was too sacred to be bandied about from lip to lip; the honor of the Willoughby family was too cherished a thing to allow one blot to be cast upon it. Some time the missing one would return,—all would be forgiven,—and all forgotten, if haply the circumstances did not come to the knowledge of too many of the gossiping crowd.

So as quietly as might be, the search went on, prosecuted mainly by Dr. Willoughby's legal friend and adviser, Mr. Alden. It became clear, at length, that Mrs. Willoughby did not leave the little station hitherto referred to by carriage, and it was therefore pretty certain that she departed again by rail. Did she go on to B——? or did she retrace the way to L——, and proceed thence in a direction opposite to the one in which they were looking? The latter course was slow in presenting itself to their minds, but it seemed the one a tolerably shrewd person would be most apt to choose.

As it would be next to impossible to obtain any clue, if she had indeed gone to B——, Mr. Alden decided to abandon the search thereaway, and begin anew in the other direction. Which he therefore did. By this time Dr. Willoughby had regained his usual strength, and the two gentlemen proceeded together, to follow out what both felt to be the last hope.

Leaving D——, they stopped at every station by the way, and the keen lawyer conducted his inquiries in a manner to excite as little attention as possible. "Better slow than fast," Mr. Alden contended, therefore they moved leisurely, spending sufficient time at each place visited to thoroughly satisfy themselves. In this manner, day after day went by, without any particular developments. Both gentlemen began to believe their labor a profitless one, and were compelled to acknowledge that there was little prospect of a successful termination of it. So much time had elapsed since the fugitive started that only the merest chance could develop any hint of her whereabouts.

And the merest chance, at last, had a promise in it. At the little village of Belmont they paused, uncertain whether to go further, or return. Belmont was then the terminus of the railroad, and they could only go by stage. To remain here awhile might avail something, and this was decided best. Mr. Alden found it necessary to attend to some affairs at home, however, and left the wife-seeking husband to look up the case alone for a while. Doctor Willoughby wandered about the town three days, very listlessly indeed. He had ceased to make many inquiries. If any one had seen a sad-faced woman traveling that way unattended, some six or eight weeks before, would any one remember the fact? Or, remembering, would any one observe closely enough to distinguish between his wife and perhaps a dozen other unattended lady travelers, however carefully he might describe the former? His main reliance, therefore, was on accidentally gleaning information.

On the morning of the fourth day he saw a stage which was just about to start out for Marstown, some fifteen miles away, on the Little Forks River, and was seized by a sudden impulse to take passage therein. He acted upon this impulse, and directly found himself on the airy outside with the driver.

To a person with mind less pre-occupied than was Dr. Willoughby's, the ride would have been a genuine delight. The scenery about Belmont was in the highest degree beautiful and picturesque, and could hardly fail to excite admiration, Belmont being in one portion of mountainous New England, and the face of the country all about it presenting an appearance extremely diversified. Then it was a September morning, and the summer's bright beauties were just mellowing into the tender tints of autumn. Hints of forest glories here and there flushed out in the tree-tops; the air breathed of ripened fruits, and sweetnesses that were departing. But Dr. Willoughby had little heart for all this. What mattered it that the whole earth was burning a sacrifice of joy,—that from the altars of the everlasting hills was rising incense to heaven? Somewhere beyond and away from him, perhaps friendless and unprotected, was the one he had vowed to protect and cherish. Could there be any more beauty or peace or gladness for him until she should be found?

And then?

What might come then he cared little to think. So he clasped her to him once more, all *must* be well.

They had crossed the noisy stream skirting the village—had wound round the base of the hill to the north—had trended over the uneven road a half dozen miles—before the driver found voice for any other than his horses. A social outsider would have set the fellow talking of local history and tradition ere they had proceeded half a mile, but Willoughby was just now far from social. For days he had thrown the burden of conversation with those they met on Mr. Alden; he could not so soon take it up himself. When the driver spoke, he rather startled his companion with his abruptness.

"See that peak yonder, stranger?"

Doctor Willoughby looked in the direction indicated by the driver's whip, and nodded an affirmative. The peak was very much loftier than any other in the vicinity, and rose up boldly against the blue sky but a few miles distant, somewhat to the right of the course they were pursuing. It was a noble old pile, green with verdure about three-fourths of the way up its sides, then barren, and capped with a rocky crown that glistened brightly in the sun.

"Wall, that's Moose Mountain. It's a good 'eal of a hill, *it* is! 'N' I tell you, stranger, I never come round that point back there, 'n' come 'n sight of that hill, but that I feel just like takin' off my hat!"

"May be you haven't lived hereabouts long enough to become familiar with its majesty?"

"Wall now I have, stranger. I've lived in this valley all my life. But you can't get to be familiar with greatness like that there in the way you mean, I tell you. It keeps a growin' on you. That is," he added, as a kind of rough qualification, "if yon've got any soul."

The honest fellow drove on in silence, perhaps questioning if the man by his side did not lack a little in the last named particular, until two or three miles further were traversed. Then making an effort to meet his sociability midway, Dr. Willoughby questioned,—

"You have climbed the mountain often, I suppose?"

"Wall, no, I haint. Fact is, stranger, folks that's looked it in the face all their lives don't seem to care to do that thing so much. Lots of 'em come a good ways to go up there; 'n' I 'spose they gits paid, for you can see most everywhere from the peak. But we can see up till'aye, and so we don't of'en go. 'N' then I never find any time," he added, as though some excuse were needed, after all.

"Have you driven here long?"

"Wall, yes; I've drove a good while in this section, but only on this route since they got the railroad through to Belmont, goin' on two years now."

"Do you ever have any accidents? I see the road is not very good."

"'Tis pretty rough, some o' the way, that's a fact; but we get along all right gen'ally. I haint had but one streak o' bad luck this summer: 'n' that was two mile further on. I'll show you the place when we get there. That off leader there got a little scar't, and tore round some,—he was new on the road, then, you see, 'n' hadn't got broke in."

There was no more talk by either until they turned a bluffy point, and came to a brook which tumbled over the rocks above in a series of pretty cascades, ran across the highway, and went winding along the narrow valley to join the Little Forks River. A plain looking farm house set back some rods from the road, and a water trough projected through the rude fence in front, supplied from the stream above. The driver reined up to water his horses.

"This is the place, stranger. That off brute didn't fancy comin' up to the drink yon see, so she danced round till she managed to run me off the narrow bridge there and upset the coach."

He was unchecking "that off brute" as Willoughby inquired,—

"Were any persons hurt?"

"Only one,—a woman. I hadn't but two passengers inside then, 'n' both o' them was women. One was oldish, 'n' she didn't git hurt a bit. T'other was young 'n' han'some. When I got things righted I found her moaning to herself, like as though she was consid'able hurt, which she said she guessed she was, 'n' so I [illegible] young chap who was with me outside to help [illegible] her up to the old house yonder, 'n' there we [illegible] her."

"How long ago was that, driver?" There was a sudden interest in the speaker's tones.

"'Bout two months, I guess.

"Did you stop afterward to see whether she was much injured?"

"Yes; stopped on my next trip. The young woman sat in an easy chair, lookin' mighty pale and pretty, when I went in. She said she was only hurt a little, 'n' she was rather glad of it, for she had found some old friends, 'n' was goin' to stay awhile with 'em; she wouldn't trouble me any more. I've wanted to see them eyes o' hers since, but I hain't stopped agin."

He looked up and saw his passenger's face flushed, and his eyes all aglow with excitement. The next question was put nervously, and in a voice hardly steady.

"Did she have dark hair and large, beautiful black eyes?"

"She did that."

The questioner sprang to the ground.

"I think I know the lady, driver. I think she must be—one of my friends. At any rate I'll go up to the house and see. I will not detain you long."

And Dr. Willoughby walked up the path to the farm house door with hasty steps, more hopeful of finding his lost one than he had been before in many days.—[To be continued.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 324, last No.]

"Yes," I rejoined, energetically. "I think I know country people pretty well, and human nature is just human nature everywhere; I don't see much difference in city or country. There are mean, narrow-minded people here, and vain, shallow people; and so there are in town. Some of the most noble men and women I ever knew, live just over there in the city of Allegheny; and a few, true and good as the day is long, have homes on these hills."

"You may be entirely right,—no doubt you are," he said. "It stands to reason. What I was thinking of was the probable effect of these sweet influences around me."

"But, Mr. Hills, you have just come from town; and such a town of smoke and grime as Pittsburg. Country people get used to these surroundings, and indifferent to them. A great many of them say they 'would much rather live in town, and see what's going on, than in this lonely place.'"

"Ah, you have the best of it," he returned, smiling. "You are acquainted with both sides of the question; I with only the city side. I must acknowledge, my visions of country life were somewhat Utopian. What, then, about a mingling of the two,—spending summers in the country, and winters in town?"

"I would like it, only that it seems like having two homes and neither of them a real one."

"Ah, yes; you Pittsburg people think so much of possessing a home. We in New York, who move every first of May, scarcely think of it. We are like roving Arabs, only we do not carry our tents about with us."

"I remember," said I, "father's saying once that of all conditions of American life, he disliked that of living in rented houses the most. He felt like the Wandering Jew."

"Then there was a time when you lived in a rented house?"

"O, yes, sir. We lived in different houses in Allegheny, till about three years ago. I never shall forget the pleasure with which father told us, one evening in early spring, that he had bought a house and lot at Wood's Run, and we were to be country people henceforth. Lina had been drooping and sickly all that winter, but this news revived her.

"No wonder. Miss Ruth, you have struck out a new path of ambition for me. I intend, sometime, you know, (smiling) to become a famous physician—skilled in surgery. I had built a great many *chateaux de Spain* on that foundation; but you have added a new one. I will lay aside a certain portion of my income (smiling again) to erect in some suburb the most beautiful, tasteful ideal of a home that ever was conceived, with such grounds around it as should entice a Peri to think it her lost Paradise. I may be forty-five, or thereabouts, before it is completed,—but what of that?"

"Nothing at all," I replied, laughing. "Now, out Oakland way, there are superb little villas,—but the people are some of the American aristocracy,—'shoddy,' you know. I am afraid you wouldn't like them."

"No, we must look in some other direction."

"There's the Germantown road," I continued, "with the most charming scenery; but there's a pretty strong flavor of Dutchmen and Dutch cheese all along the way. Beyond Germantown, though, there are the most picturesque hills. Lina has some intimate friends who live on top of one of them,—an English family."

"That isn't so bad, then," he said. "We'll think of Germantown further, at our leisure."

"*We!*" I thought to myself. "I should like to know, sir, what you pretend to mean." But as some interloping sunbeams came round where we were, just then, he offered me his arm to return up the hill, and I hadn't time to think further of it, as he continued talking, using, however, the pronoun in the first person singular.

"But, Miss Ruth, where could I find a site at once surrounded by lovely scenery itself, and commanding the most extensive prospect?"

"O," I rejoined, "I can direct you to the very spot,—*Coal Hill.* Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"You are smiling at its unpoetical name. It is, I believe, composed mainly of coal, all the way up; but, do you know, I think there is a peculiar loveliness of verdure and richness of blossoming, above all the coal strata, to be found nowhere else. Coal Hill, for instance, is beautiful as an Arcadia in May and June, especially, it's an Elysium."

"Will you take me to see it, Miss Ruth, some holiday,—some Saturday, for instance?"

"With great pleasure," I replied. "It's south of Pittsburg, beyond Birmingham. *Such* a hill to climb!—ours here is nothing to it; but you will be well repaid."

"And the prospect, Miss Ruth,—it's on a grand scale, is it?"

"O, magnificent!—without any exaggeration: the whole of the two cities; the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers into the Ohio; away up these two rivers; the suburbs; and then to the northwest, away beyond the town, you can see the green hills rise, one above the other, like waves in a storm,"—the tea bell just here interrupted my eloquence, and Mr. Hills had only time to say—"Next Saturday, then, shall we go?" when Lina came out to find us and to conduct us to the back porch, where, in the shade of the Balm-of-Gilead, the tea table was set.

"Kate," said Lina, "if you will bring a bucket of fresh water from the spring, this is rather warm."

"Yes, mim," said Kate, obeying.

Cousin Dora laughed. "That sounded so funny to me at first," she said. A *bucket* of water! We always say *pail* in New York."

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Hills, with a smile; "it took me some time to learn the vernacular here."

"And me, in California," said Tom. "I had to learn a new vocabulary there."

"I notice," said Lina, "you call a bucket a *pail*."

"Oh, yes; I lived among Eastern people there,—Down-East Yankees, I believe."

"Of course *they* would be there," rejoined Mr. Hills, laughing. "Wasn't the very first man you saw, on landing, a Yankee? and didn't he want you to buy a Connecticut clock?"

"I don't remember about the clock," replied Tom; "but it actually was a Yankee, talking through his nose, who first accosted me. I recollect that very well. He wanted to know 'what State I hailed from?' and when I told him Pennsylvania, he asked me 'if I was a Dutchman, and if I would tell him how to make Dutch cheese, for he could make a fortune on it there!' I disowned both the Dutchman and his cheese, but told him I believed I could manufacture *smearkase*, which was the next thing to it; and he had me up to his boarding place that very night to tell him all about it. I gave him all necessary directions."

"And what success?" inquired father.

"I am sorry to say," laughed Tom, "I don't know. Harry and I left San Francisco the next morning, and I never saw my friend again."

"You must have been quite a cook in your youth, Tom," remarked father.

"O, yes; you know sister Sarah got married when I was only ten years old; and as mother had no daughter of a serviceable age, she put my neck into the yoke."

"It's good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," said father, quoting Scripture rather irreverently, for a deacon.—[Continued on page 329.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COMPOUND ENIGMA.

A word is composed of twelve letters.
The first two constitute a common noun of the feminine gender.
The first three, a verb denoting spoliation.
The first four, the name of a heathen god of the masculine gender.
The first five, a name applied to many tracts of land.
The fourth to the eighth, inclusive, an auxiliary verb used in both the indicative and potential mood.
The fifth to the eighth, the name of a room found in many houses.
The sixth to the eighth, an adjective which can have no higher degrees of comparison.
The fourth to the ninth, the solemn form of the auxiliary verb mentioned above.
The ninth and tenth, a preposition generally used after verbs of motion.
The ninth to the eleventh, the name of a textile fabric.
The ninth to the twelfth, a common name applied to a small political division of a country.
The tenth to the twelfth, a verb denoting possession.
The word is the name of a town in Iowa.

THORNTON OSMOND.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL PROBLEM.

A herring, a hen, and a ham,
Were set on the table before us;
A bottle, a bowl, and a dram,
Two shillings a piece half a score of us;
The fish was one-nith of the fowl,
The fowl was one-fifth of the ham,
The bottle one-fifth of the whole,
And so was the bowl and the dram.

What is the amount of the whole, and the price of each?

Craigilee. A. McF.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

I wone a nufyn tiltel nam,
Sa tique as a sumoe,
How soeds het chiefism hatt is node
Ni erveydoby's shoe.
Sheret' on noe veer seee shi cafe,
Dan tye ew lal ragee,
Hatt veery latep ew krobe saw kedcrac
Yb Mr. Noobyd. JOHN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A, B and C are to saw off a log 36 inches in diameter, and each one is expected to saw one-third of it. Required the depth that each one must saw.

Hanover, Mich. JOHN THOMPSON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 975.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A cat may look at a king.
Answer to Charade:—Maryland.
Answer to Riddle:—Nothing.
Answer to Anagram:

Give me the man whose hands have tossed
The corn-seeds to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crowned with toil.

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Of Vol. XIX of the Rural New-Yorker commenced Oct. 3, under most favorable auspices. We propose to make the Thirteen Numbers of the Quarter (offered on Trial for Only Fifty Cents,) more interesting and valuable than any preceding quarter's issues.

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Is to continuously excel in all the essentials of a Progressive, Timely, Entertaining and Useful Rural, Literary, Family and Business Newspaper,—and the issues of the present Quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of Vol. XX, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement.*"

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

As indications of what the Rural will be in the early future—the present Quarter, and following Volume—we refer with confidence to its past Numbers and Volumes. The lamp of over a quarter of a century's experience in Rural Journalism will be our guide, and with greatly increased means and facilities ought to enable us to improve as we advance. Drawing upon this ample fund, we propose to furnish during the coming Three Months the Best Rural, Literary and Family Weekly ever published, to be followed, in 1869, by a Volume far superior to any similar one obtainable,—in fact,

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Ralph Evans agt

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AGRICULTURAL.

DISCUSSIONS AT THE STATE FAIR.

WHEAT CULTURE.

Two evenings, during the recent State Fair, were devoted to discussions, and a third attempted, with but an indifferent result owing to a political demonstration outside. The first evening was taken up with the subject of wheat, embracing the best mode of culture and the comparative value of the different varieties.

The proceedings were opened by the reading of a paper on the subject, the main points of which were:—That to grow wheat successfully regard must be had to the character of the soil. Starvation of land is as detrimental to the growth of wheat as to animals. The seed may be of the most approved variety and of the best quality, but, if the soil lacks fertilizing power and suitable preparation, remunerative harvests will be looked for in vain. A lavish expenditure for commercial fertilizers will not pay in growing wheat. There are others, less expensive and better for the purpose. A rotation of crops pays well by keeping up the vigor of the soil. Successive cropping of the same cereal is not deemed a paying process. It is true that wheat may be grown successively for many years, but it will be difficult to keep the yield up to a paying point even with costly manuring, and without it no profit will be realized. Under circumstances, this successive cropping may pay, an instance of which was mentioned where wheat had been sown twenty-six successive years on the same ground, the last yield being fifteen bushels to the acre. But this was an exceptional case and should not be regarded as a rule. A better plan is not to sow wheat, on the same ground, oftener than once in three years—four is better still. If the soil is properly prepared, good seed used, and a suitable rotation followed, a yield of forty bushels to the acre, is attainable.

After the reading of the paper, a summary of whose points is given above, the discussion became general, but as we did not succeed in catching all the names of the speakers we are compelled to omit the whole, lest partiality should be inferred from such omissions as would be necessary.

One gentleman said that instances were not uncommon where high manuring had decreased the crop of wheat by giving increased vitality to weeds. His method was to manure well and plant corn, following with barley, and then wheat. In this way he had raised 80 bushels of corn to the acre; 50 of barley and 40 of wheat. Another rotation worked well—sowing barley, seeding to clover, pasturing a season and then breaking up and sowing to wheat. Did not think early sowing essential to early maturity. All the time needed was for the plant to root well. Thought that where the seed was drilled in, spring cultivation augmented the yield. Implements for this purpose were yet imperfect, but yearly improvement of them was being made and would succeed in making spring cultivation easy and remunerative.

The succeeding speaker said he had experimented considerably with wheat in the valley of the Susquehannah, with fair success. The preparation of the ground is an important point. Low, wet land, must be drained. Without this, a good yield, or indeed any one at all, was out of the question. His method was generally corn, and then wheat. His section is more particularly a dairy one. Practiced turning under clover and planting corn without manure. This was followed with oats. As soon as harvested, the stubble is turned under. The scattered oats soon come up and cover the ground like a mat. Pass the cultivator over the ground; apply barn-yard manure liberally, and sow wheat in September. Had succeeded in this way, in raising 25 bushels of wheat to the acre—despite of Canada thistles, which were uncomfortably plentiful. Had succeeded with wheat after potatoes, the ground having been liberally manured. Tried, as an experiment, mixing a portion of his seed wheat with unslaked lime pulverized, plaster and ashes; drilled in with the wheat. The yield was somewhat better than where these were not used. Had experimented some with guano, 400 pounds to the acre, with good results. The straw did not rust. Thought October sowing preferable to an earlier one. Late sowing requires some more seed.

The next gentleman thought there was a difference in favor of drilling in wheat, of fully a half a bushel of seed to the acre. The drill sows more evenly and covers deeper, hence the plants will abide the winter and the spring freezing better than when sown broadcast. The increased yield from drilling is from five to eight bushels to the acre. It also tends to prevent the snow from blowing off better than broadcast sowing.

A question was here propounded as to whether broadcast sowing did not give the plants a better chance to grow, as the sun reached them more evenly. The response was in the negative, provided the drills run north and south, as in this position, the sun would invigorate the plants better than in any other way. A gentleman here queried whether broadcast did not give more plants to the acre—to which we believe no response was made.

Referring to drilling in wheat, a gentleman remarked that if the water was allowed to stand in the drills for any considerable time, it was worse, for the wheat, than if the ground were left in level condition. Aside from this, drilling was the preferable mode of seeding.

Another member said he had farmed for twenty-five years, and had practiced drilling in wheat a considerable portion of that time. If the work is well done, drilling pays munificently, but the water must be kept off or the reverse will be the case. On well prepared ground, drilling saves one-fourth of the seed and returns a better crop than broadcast sowing.

As to the quantity of seed to the acre, a gentleman gave it as his opinion, that one and a half bushels to the acre was better than two.

Another responded that three pecks to the acre of well cleaned seed was better than six in the condition in which it is too often sown. Wheat, for seed, should have all the defective portions removed from it before being sown.

It was suggested by the next speaker, that the wheat crop was often much injured by a lack of winter protection, especially in localities destitute of forest clusters. He had found great benefit, under such circumstances, from mulching with straw. It shields the plants while operating at the same time as a fertilizer. Thought well of the Wicks variety. It is in general request in Tioga and Broome counties. Is a hardy white wheat; stands the winter well and produces several bushels more to the acre than any other in that region. Ripens early.

Another member said it was the favorite in Cayuga county, producing five bushels more to the acre than the Mediterranean and superior to the Treadwell or Diehl.

A Brighton farmer thought well of rolling wheat in the spring. It disturbs the wire-worm and diminishes its ravages. If the ground is wet rolling is not advisable. Had a yield this season of thirty-seven bushels to the acre.

The succeeding speaker said he had tried harrowing a portion of his wheat early in May, with very good results. The section thus operated upon was much better than that which was not harrowed—rolling after harrowing.

Another gentleman said he had been highly entertained by the interview of the evening, and, as a small recompense for the pleasure received, would contribute his mite to the general stock of farm experience. His crop rotation was corn, then oats followed by wheat, applying a coating of manure for the last crop. Practiced both drilling and broadcast sowing with about equal results in both cases. His last yield was 35 bushels to the acre. Thought harrowing and rolling in the spring beneficial under certain conditions or limitations.

The closing speech had special reference to the different varieties of wheat. The gentleman said he had grown several kinds in his experience, and thought well of the Soules, Hungarian and French white chaff. Uses barn-yard manure and lime. Sows both ways—drill and broadcast, and gets about 30 bushels to the acre.

The Chairman here announced the subject for the next evening's discussion, and the meeting adjourned

SPANISH OR TEXAN CATTLE.

OUR engraving represents a group of steers of Texan breed—the one brought so prominently before the public as the introducer of the dreaded "cattle disease." The portraits were taken from a herd of bullocks as they stood in a cattle yard on arrival at market; the age of the animals was from five to seven years, and their average live weight 1,008 pounds. They were tall, lank and bony; coarse-headed with enormous horns; legs long and coarse; they had much dewlap and little brisket; were flat sided, swayed in the back, high in the flank, with narrow hips and quarters, great offal in proportion to their consumable flesh, and coarse all over. Their meat must be stringy, tough and of coarse quality.

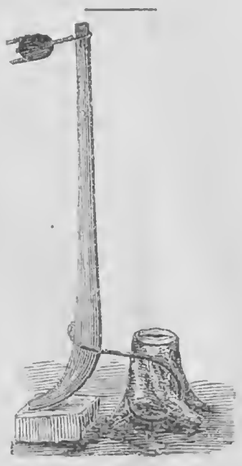
Great numbers of these cattle are driven from Northern Texas and New Mexico, up through the Indian Territory into Kansas and Missouri, and so on eastward. They stop little to graze on their journeys, as they gain but a small increase of flesh in a land of civilization; and the sooner they arrive at the shambles the better. They are worth little to the butcher or consumer, and, but that they cost little to their breeders, would, as a commercial article, be comparatively worthless. Their colors are red, dun, yellow, black, brindle and blue roan, all mixed more or less with patches and stripes of white. They are probably the descendants of the early Spanish stock introduced into Mexico in the sixteenth century. Doubtless they have somewhat degenerated from the original stock, and become a semi-wild race in America, the mild climate of the tropics with its abundant perennial herbage affording them all the food their natures require. There they range, propagate and grow with little care, congregating in large herds, and known to their owners only by the brands they put upon them. They are annually gathered for identification, and those fit to sell selected and driven to market. They are of little value to a civilized farmer; the cows give no more milk than will raise a calf till it is old enough to graze, and the bullocks, though active, are too light for heavy work.

For the above cut and article we are indebted to ALLEN'S excellent work on American Cattle.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Sick Cattle.

E. A. H. writes us from Croton, Conn.:—"We have in this county very fine herds of Alderneys, Ayrshires and grades. A disease has appeared amongst them, causing considerable anxiety. It chiefly attacks young animals, as sucking calves, and those from six to twelve months old. The symptoms are, first, a cough which is quite severe and makes them appear as if choked. Start them to running, and it brings on a paroxysm. The breath is fetid. Glands about the throat slightly swollen. Breathing quite hurried and difficult, pulse rapid and urine scanty. The appetite is lost and general prostration is apparent. No one here seems to understand the disease; can some one give us light through the RURAL?"



A Powerful Lever.

THE illustration represents a very handy implement for many farmers. A team drawing on the rope around the pully block will start a fast stump or heavy stone from their bed in a short time. The lower end of the lever should be shod and strengthened with iron, and a chain may be substituted, if desirable, in place of the hook.

Raising New Varieties of Potatoes.

I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, N. Y., writes:—"As new varieties of potatoes are among the popular institutions of the day, my little boy thought to try his hand at raising them from seed. He succeeded in getting a solitary plant to grow and mature. The seed ball was from the "Early Goodrich." The product was 64 potatoes of all sizes, from a pea to a good size for the table, the largest one weighing 4¼ ounces. Growers of seedling potatoes will know whether this is an unusual size for the first product from the seed; *I* do not. The vine was green and apparently growing till arrested by the frost on the night of the 3d inst. Is *that* an indication of its being a late variety? And is a large number of tubers in the first product an indication of its being a prolific variety when grown from tubers?"

Truss Frames for Barns.

"YOUNG FARMER," Wayne Co., N. Y., asks:—"Has anybody ever built a barn after the 'Sweet' or First Premium plan, as first published in the RURAL in 1859?—the '*Truss Frame*,' as shown in 'Transverse Section?' Has anybody built 'Truss Frame' bents? How do they like them? Are they strong? any better than the ordinary way of framing? Some of our best workmen say, 'I would not trust so great a weight on an iron rod.' Several large barns are about to be erected in this vicinity. I for one want to build on that plan which is best adapted for the end sought. Will every person having truss frame bents in use, in large barns, please write the RURAL, and the RURAL please publish?"

Mowing too Close.

L. D. SNOOKS, Yates Co., writes:—"The main question on this point is, does the farmer gain thereby? I answer in the negative, and herewith give a few reasons to substantiate this decision. First, the cutting of grass before maturity, produces a radical change in the remaining portions, by throwing all the sap that was sufficient to keep the stems and branches of the plant in a healthy, growing condition, in a space many times smaller. Second, by mowing close, the moisture near the surface of the ground is soon evaporated, not only rendering the surface of the ground hard and warm, but often shriveling up the plant, and if the necessary moisture is not soon supplied by occasional showers or heavy dews, the plant withers and dies, or its vitality is so exceedingly reduced that many weeks elapse before even a small blade of grass is pushed forth. I believe that *only* meadows naturally supplied with the necessary moisture should be mown close."

Ravages of White Grubs.

S. EDSON, Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio, asks:—"Can any of your readers furnish me information whereby these large white grubs can be '*prevailed*' upon to cease their alarming ravages in this vicinity? We have read all the season about the destructiveness of the curculio, the potato bug, the cucumber bug, the caterpillar, the apple worm, &c., but not a word have we seen written about one of the greatest pests that ever visited our crops—the white grub—which has done more damage to the farming community here than all the vermin and insects combined. Not a field of potatoes in Geauga county but what is more or less affected by them. My neighbor, Mr. J. BEALL, planted about ten acres of potatoes, looked finely until attacked by the grub, but now are scarcely worth digging. Meadows that cut heavy grass are now nearly destitute of anything green. The sward is loose and can be easily raked into heaps. On a dry knoll I removed the dead turf from a spot about as large as the bottom of a half bushel and found twenty-two of these white visitors. I wish some one would tell how we are to get rid of them."

Cutting and Cooking Fodder for Cattle.

B. S. B., Portage Co., Ohio, writes:—"I have used a horse-power to cut food for several years, have cut the larger part of my corn stalks, but not of straw or hay, and think it has paid me well. Have also mixed up feed with hot water and let it stand from one feeding to another with satisfactory results. This experience, together with the articles in your paper and some in others, have decided me to try steaming feed this winter. I want to prepare to cook food for a stock equal to thirty or forty head of cattle. Now, I would like to ask questions of some one who has experience. There is no such person near here that I know of, and can think of no better place than in the RURAL Farmers' Club.

First. Is it best to cook for two days at one heating up? If so, how much should my steam box hold? Is it just as well to be deep and narrow, or should it be broad and low?

Second. If I can buy a second hand steam engine of four-horse power for from $300 to $400, will that be the cheapest boiler? Should use the engine some, but think it is not much more than good exercise for the farm team to do the cutting. I have seen a farmer's boiler advertised, which is simply a large kettle set on a stove so that the fire passes round it. Different sizes hold from forty to ninety gallons. Would that be sufficient, if so, which size? Would sixty gallons be large enough? If some one would answer the question, I should be much obliged. I think this is the time of year to discuss this subject."

We presume our Special Contributor E. W. S. will reply.

NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

THE N. J. State Ag. Society held its tenth Annual Exhibition at Waverly (near Newark) last week. On Thursday we took a birds-eye view of the grounds and contents. The grounds are ample, diversified and picturesque—including rolling land and a fine grove on one side, and near the center an apparently excellent half-mile track. The weather was cloudy, raw and uncomfortable, yet the Fair was well attended, and the exhibition pronounced superior for New Jersey—though we confess that our expectations were far from being realized. Our first visit was to the large tents,—one comprising Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, Grain, &c., another Domestic and Fancy Manufactures and Articles, and another Carriages, Harnesses, &c., of Newark manufacture.

The show of Fruits and Flowers, was meager—inferior in both quantity and quality for a State Fair; not so good as the average at a Monroe *County* (N. Y.) Fair. A poor fruit season may account for the inferior quality, but certainly the fruit growers of New Jersey ought to display a greater variety and abundance. We saw but a few well grown Jersey pears or apples, and but two varieties of peaches worthy of notice—one Crawford's Late and the other a seedling white peach, large, late and fine-flavored, which is very promising. The largest and best exhibition of pears was made by ELLWANGER & BARRY of the Mt. Hope Nurseries—and we were proud to find Western New York so creditably represented. The display of Preserved Fruits, Native Wines, &c., was an attractive feature, but, not being on the "tasting committee" (except for a moment with Mr. E. WILLIAMS of Kittatinny fame, whom we met among the good things,) we cannot vouch for the quality.

The display of Vegetables was very good, and we noticed some fine samples of Grain—especially of wheat. Among the vegetables we found the largest and best show of Potatoes we ever saw (by one party) at any Fair. It was made by REISIG & HEXAMER of New Castle, N. Y., and comprised *over one hundred varieties*, (104 we believe,) including all the most popular kinds and new seedlings yet introduced. We did not meet either of the exhibitors, but if we had, should have thanked them personally for making such a fine display of the great domestic tuber—an indispensable staff in every family.

The tent comprising Domestic Manufactures, Fine Arts, &c.—including many fancy as well as useful articles, such as photographs, paintings, sewing machines, musical instruments, hats, caps, furs, etc., etc.,—was so attractive that we were literally "left out in the cold." We therefore conclude the display commendable.

The building devoted to Machinery in operation was also so crowded that we could see but little, yet that little proved that inventors and manufacturers were "around," minding their own business and incidentally attending to the interests of the public. A steam press was rapidly printing the "Daily State Fair Record," a large and handsome quarto, and many other machines were operating very satisfactorily to both owners and spectators.

The exhibition of Implements and Machinery was very good, consisting of the usual assortment of leading articles found at all Fairs, and a few novelties. As we had not time to examine, or witness in operation, any of the new things, will not even enumerate them at present. The Ames Plow Company was well represented—their exhibition including the Perry Mower, American Hay-Tedder, Self-Adjusting Horse Rake, &c. While among the machines we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. L. BUCKINGHAM of Baltimore, the Southern Agent of BICKFORD & HUFFMANS' Grain Drill, a Western New York "institution" which has justly become

very popular, the sales having largely increased, especially in the South, the past season.

Of the show of Stock we can say little as our time was limited and precluded an examination. There were, however, some fine Short-Horns, Devons, Ayrshire, Alderney and Native Cattle. Among the exhibitors are Gen. HALSTEAD, President of the Society, N. M. OLMSTEAD of Morristown, J. A. MILLER of Newark, C. H. SLUNN of Haddonfield, HENRY FENNER of Orange, W. S. JOHNSON of Waverly. There was a fine display of Poultry—B. HAINES, Jr. of Elizabeth, showing eleven varieties. The Horses, Sheep and Swine we had not even time to photograph—except the specimens of the equine *race* which we could not avoid seeing on the track below, (the tents, implements, &c., being on a hill overlooking the track,) and we must confess the sight did not strike us as either creditable or appropriate. Tastes differ, however.

The Fair was well attended and has probably proved successful pecuniarily and in some other respects. We were pleased with much that we saw, though disappointed in some particulars. We are assured that the exhibition is better than former ones, and we know it is far superior, in most departments, to a Fair of the same Society which we attended at Newark some years ago. May the Society go on prospering and to prosper.

Newark, a live, wide-awake manufacturing city of 120,000 inhabitants, was very creditably represented at the Fair. Her manufacturers and other business men exhibited much energy and enterprise in displaying their wares, and will no doubt be rewarded for their efforts. The city is a fine one, and contains considerable wealth. As a resident friend says, "she stands proudly among the marshes, with her smoke-stacks pointing to the skies, and *coining lots of money*!" M.

OHIO STATE FAIR.

THE Nineteenth Annual Exhibition of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, held at Toledo, Sept. 21–25, was every way creditable to the Buckeye State. Forty acres of grove and cleared land were inclosed, and supplied with stalls and buildings of a very substantial character. The location of the Fair at the same point for *two* successive years, enabled the city of Toledo to expend a large sum in preparation,—a practice that would commend itself to the New York State Ag'l Society. For the first time the Board adopted the rule of *no charge for entries*; relying solely upon admission tickets for funds. It has resulted satisfactorily. Over 3,500 entries were made, the receipts from tickets amounting to over $15,000, which with rents reach to $24,000. The exhibition of stock was not as large as on some former occasions, though creditable, embracing many very choice blooded animals. The Norman draught horses of the Marion Importing Co., Ohio, and others from different parts of the State and Canada attracted unusual attention. Thoroughbreds, roadsters and matched teams gave evidence that much care in breeding and training is a feature with Ohio horsemen. Jacks and mules form an essential feature of the Ohio Show, much attention being devoted to rearing mules for farm and road teams.

Blooded stock was confined to "Short-Horns," the principal exhibitors being D. MCMILLAN, Xenia; J. MONTGOMERY, Granville; D. SELSOR, London, O., and A. C. SHROPSHIRE, Paris, Ky. The herds were large, embracing some very choice imported stock and their progeny. Fear of the plague kept away a large share of the breeders of Ohio and other States. Dairy stock received very little attention, being confined to a few fair animals from the vicinity of Toledo.

The exhibition of sheep was not large. The animals shown were creditable of their class, though not what we had expected of the Buckeye State. Merinos were presented by C. ROSS, and DANIELS, and YUGEL, Springfield; R. C. THOMPSON and F. E. WARREN, Sylvania; R. J. CRITCHFIELD, Mt. Vernon; J. R. BRANT, Steubenville, O.; M. D. BENTON, Middlebury, Vt.; J. & G. WOOD, Saline, Mich. In numbers Leicesters and Cotswolds predominated, the larger portion being shown by S. TOMS, Oshawa, Ontario. The flock of T. ASHTON, Elyria, O., contained some choice animals.

The number of swine was very limited, and, with the exception of a sprinkling of Suffolk and Chester White, they were not noteworthy.

Poultry in all its phases, was numerous, and forcibly reminded us of the days long past when the throng of Asiatic and more common herd of gallinacæ had hosts of loud and enthusiastic admirers.

Floral Hall was not only a spacious, octagonal building, but well arranged and ornamented with rock-work, green-house plants, and hanging baskets and flowers. The walls were hung with oil, crayon and water-color paintings, specimens of penmanship, photographs, &c., presenting a beautiful appearance. We observed a large and select exhibition of cut flowers, embracing fifty varieties,—Gladiolas, Dahlias, Asters, Phloxes, Zinias, Petunias, Pansays, Japan and China Pinks, Snap Dragons, Coxcombs, &c., and second only to the large collection of Mr. VICK was the amateur collection of Mrs. A. CHURCH, Painesville, O.

Domestic, Vegetable and Stove Halls, each presented the usual appearance of their class, and were all creditable to the State.

Agricultural implements and machinery made the distinguishing feature of the Fair at Toledo. Reapers and mowers, seed drills, horse rakes, plows, hay cutters, horse-powers, threshers, wood sawing machines, etc., etc., covered some acres of ground, and attracted continuous crowds of interested farmers and mechanics. Nowhere have we seen the extent of this display equaled, and any attempt to particularize would be beyond our limits. Reapers and mowers were a very attractive feature, embracing all the leading machines. Of the New York reapers we noticed those of HUNTLEY, JOHNSTON & Co., SEYMOUR, MORGAN & ALLEN, KIREY'S, WOOD'S Reaper and Self-Raker, to which two premiums were awarded. Also, some mowers. B. B. SNOW, Auburn, exhibited Brinkerhoff's Corn Sheller and received premium. SHAW & WELLS, Buffalo, presented Blake's patent changeable endless plank Horse Power, which elicited much attention and won a silver medal over all competitors as best adapted to farm and manufacturing purposes. The peculiar merits claimed for this machine are that the team walks upon a smooth hard floor in place of corrugated lags, that it has only four friction rollers, with no links and chains to break or get out of order, and can be run at a less elevation than is usual with tread powers.

The Peekskill Plow Works exhibited Hutchinson's Family Cider Mill and Gale's Copper-strip Straw and Stalk Cutters, which received first premium. H. H. WILEY, Fredonia, N. Y., horse power sweep, also first premium. Of heavy machinery from New York the most noticeable was an automatic two-block shingle machine, exhibited by PIERCE & Co., of Buffalo. It is self-acting, the receding block being lifted from the saw while the other is being cut, and works with a precision and accuracy that cuts 50,000 to 60,000 shingles in a day's work of ten hours, second to no shingles in market. It was awarded the compliment of a silver medal, though only a five dollar premium was offered in the list. This brief list is evidence that the manufacturers of New York are alive to increasing wants of the great West, and it might be hinted to them that all over that broad field their goods could be appropriately brought to the notice of thousands of intelligent readers through the advertising columns of the RURAL.

We noticed an unusual interest in drain tile and ditching machines. A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., of Waterloo, had one of each upon the ground in operation. Another ingenious, though simple ditch digger was exhibited by SAWYER & BARNER, Perrysburg, O., which promises well. Also, a tile machine from Willoughby, O., which worked satisfactorily. The superabundance of clay in the soil of Northwestern Ohio render tile draining a matter of the first importance, and we are pleased to observe these signs of an awakening upon the subject.

These notes might be very much extended, and possibly with profit to the RURAL family in Ohio, but we prefer to reserve noteworthy items for other pencilings. H. C. W.

IMPLEMENTS AT THE N. Y. STATE FAIR.

THE display of implements and farm machinery was a leading feature. Farmers derive more real benefit from this department than from any other. We have no room to enumerate the multitude of articles, great and small, which found place on the grounds; few, indeed, had even time to view them thoroughly.

The Portable Steam Engine, manufactured by A. N. WOOD & Co., Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., was the center of attraction for numerous spectators. It was mounted on strong iron trucks, made entirely without wood, and designed for moving about readily to drive any kind of farm or other machinery requiring power. It threshes, shells corn, grinds, saws, cuts fodder and furnishes steam for cooking it. As it is always on wheels it can be moved from one place to another as readily as a lumber wagon. It is completely furnished with all attachments of use on a steam engine. These engines are used quite extensively for threshing instead of horse-power, and they are so well adapted for the work—doing it cheaper and better—that they will eventually supersede the use of horses. It costs less to run one a day than to feed the ten horses which it equals; half a cord of good wood or four hundred pounds of coal and ten or twelve barrels of water, supply its iron sinews with unflagging strength for ten hours. Some spectators suggested there was danger from fire when threshing grain, but the smoke pipe is safely guarded as was proved on the Fair Grounds by placing a bundle of straw within a few inches from the point of escape for the smoke, where it remained and was blackened but not burnt.

Reapers and Mowers were out in great force. A line of tents marked "headquarters" of various machines, were ranged along with them. In all there were thirty or forty grain and grass cutting machines on the grounds. The majority were combined machines, and prominent in the ranks were the well known Dodge & Stevenson, Kirby, Wood, Buckeye, Cayuga Chief, and many others well and favorably known to the farmers of our country. A very large proportion of our farmers entertain the idea that it is better to have reapers for reaping and mowers for mowing, instead of endeavoring to adapt one machine to both kinds of work. It is a sensible idea and will probably gain ground rapidly in the future. In the line of machines for reaping exclusively none seemed to meet with more favor than JOHNSTON'S Self-Raking Reaper, made at Brockport, N. Y. The famous JOHNSTON Self Rake is fitted perfectly to this machine, and it is specially adapted to cutting and picking up lodged grain. Several important improvements have been added to this machine during the past season. There was one machine on the grounds built for binding as well as cutting the grain. It looked heavy and somewhat complicated. We believe it has not been thoroughly tested.

In the line of Potato Diggers we saw nothing new; there were several machines on the ground; but farmers, in general, are not enthusiastic over their performances. SHERWOOD'S Potato Planter is a new thing, and looks well. HILDRETH & DEYO'S Corn and Bean Planter looks very perfect, and we learn gives good satisfaction to the bean growers in Western New York.

The display of machinery for stirring the soil was very good. F. F. HOLBROOK & SMALL of Boston, had a fine collection on the ground, including their famous National Prize Plows, horse hoes and seed sowers. REMINGTON & Co., Ilion, had a fine show of steel plows; and on one of the Mohawk Clippers we noticed KRAKE'S subsoil attachment. The inventor of this claims that an ordinary three-horse team will stir the soil to the depth of fifteen inches. The thing surely has a promising look, and farmers who are ambitious to have more land to work should make a note of it. Of harrows, there were many—revolving, rotating and riding. STEELE & MCDONALD'S combined planter, harrow and cultivator from New Jersey was a complicated machine and might work well in a free sand, but would hardly do in our clays and gravels. Simpler than this, and a very pretty implement, is the STARR harrow, made at Homer, N. Y. BAKER & HOYT'S sulky harrow our readers are familiar with from illustrations; it won good opinions from the crowd of spectators. We learned that a perfect seed sower is now attached, thus making it a very complete machine. ALDEN & Co., Auburn, had a good collection of implements, including the thill horse hoe, horse rakes, plows, etc.

The machinery displayed by HORACE L. EMERY & SON, Albany N. Y., was very creditable. The list of their manufactures is very large, including a variety of horse powers, threshing machines, feed mills, corn shellers, saw mills, cider mills, hay and cotton presses, cotton gins, feed cutters, cultivators, harrows, seed planters and sowers, and many other valuable implements. The Rochester Agricultural Works were also creditably represented by a good variety, including the different sizes of the Empire feed cutter—a machine which has not its superior in the country. The Ames Plow Co., of Boston had on the grounds the famous American Hay Tedder, together with mowers, reapers, horse rakes and other farming tools. Grain drills and broad cast seed sowers were numerous; of the former BINGHAM & HUFFMAN'S, made at Macedon, N. Y., is a favorite, and is disseminated very extensively in wheat growing States. There were several stump pullers on the grounds, and two or three ditching machines. A trial of the latter was had, under the direction of a committee, outside the Fair grounds. We did not attend but understand that the committee of which JOHN STANTON GOULD was chairman, decided that the work performed by the Heath machine was the most satisfactory. KENYON'S corn husker attracted a great deal of attention, and it seems to be a practical machine and adapted to rapid and perfect husking of corn. Farmers have long felt the need of such a machine, and many have been offered for public favor. The stalks as they come from the shock, are fed to this machine in like manner as to a feed cutter, the buts first, and the ears are broken from the stalks, and the husks and silk cleanly stripped off. The stalks are mashed in the process, by pushing between rollers and deposited in one pile, the husks in another and the corn in a third. With a power equaling two horses it is estimated that from forty to fifty bushels per hour can be husked. Among the multitude of minor things we noticed BISNOP'S patent animal poke for restraining both horses and cattle from jumping their enclosures. It is so constructed as not to be troublesome or dangerous to the animal wearing it and at the same time effectually checks its inclination to jump.

The implements and machinery on the grounds, taught plainly one truth, that, as compared with former days, farming is made easy. Invention has nobly aided labor in its effort to subdue the soil, and force from it the generous harvest. Labor is not only lightened and expedited but multiplied many times in power and efficiency, and when the Coming Farmer shall drive his plow with the breath of steam and the sinews of iron, the one great stride which man has yet to make towards a perfect culture of the earth will be taken.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE GROWTH OF WOOL.

THE following article, from the London Agricultural Gazette, presents some rather interesting views on the subject, on which it treats, though we cannot subscribe to several of them. We do not, for example, believe that the fineness of wool is to any essential extent, regulated by the size of the pores in the "upper skin." This theory is not sustained by any practical facts which have yet been made to appear—at least, so far as we know; and the objections to it are numerous, and, in our opinion, unanswerable. We have not time, however, to present them here. We attribute the fineness of wool to blood—or "influence of parentage," as the writer in the Gazette terms it—modified chiefly by the course of breeding to which the sheep is subjected. We will not assert that the influence of climate in keeping the pores—if the openings in the skin filled by wool or hair can properly be termed pores—either open or contracted, exerts no influence whatever; but we think this influence is very inconsiderable, and scarcely of any practical consequence compared with the others which we have named.

This pore theory was once so prevalent that the impression prevailed that extremely fine wool could not be grown in warm climates—that it would inevitably grow considerably coarser in them. Modern experience has proved the fallacy of this view. Exquisitely fine wool is grown at latitude 30° in Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and South America; and this corresponds with the latitude of Texas and the extreme southern limits of our Gulf States. Far finer Merino wool is grown on the scorched plains of Australia, than in our Northern States, more than ten degrees more remote from the equator, and vastly colder in climate. The finest Merino wools of the United States, "Washington county wools," as they have been designated in commerce, are grown in Southwestern Pennsylvania, Southeastern Ohio, and the Virginia "panhandle" between them; while most of the Merino wools of Vermont and New York, where the average temperature is essentially lower, do not rise above medium Merino.

This appears to be the fact the world over—or wherever the Merino sheep flourishes—that the wool of the breed is fine in proportion as fineness is sought, i. e., *bred* for. It is not, as a general thing, extremely fine in Vermont, New York and our other most Northerly States, because the growers in those States prefer to grow it coarser; while in the hot foreign countries we have named—which, according to the pore theory should produce an essentially coarser staple—a materially finer article is produced. There is not a Merino growing country in the world where the fineness does not depend essentially on the course of breeding pursued, almost totally irrespective of climate. Nor is there such a country in the world where, if the coarsest and finest sheep of the same flock were separated into two flocks and each kind bred by themselves—the coarsest rams with the coarsest ewes, and the finest rams with the finest ewes—and this system of breeding and selection kept up for a few generations, in which the two flocks would not exhibit so great a difference in fineness that their wool would not be applicable to the manufacture of the same fabrics. Blood lies at the foundation of all qualities: but breeding is the great agent which controls their modifications.

Climate, however, is claimed sensibly to affect another valuable quality of wool, namely, its softness and pliancy. And here the warm climate is supposed to possess the advantage over the cold. We are inclined to credit this theory—but how far this supposed influence is exerted, we are not prepared to say. Exaggerations in regard to matters to which it is so difficult to apply practical tests, are amazingly common, even among practical men!

One of the ideas advanced in the article below, will, we think, call forth a smile from all experienced and well informed sheep breeders. The writer says: "The influence of climate is very forcibly shown in the necessity, which is so well recognized, of going back to the original district of any special breed for fresh stock to maintain their distinctive character." Think of Germany, Australia and the United States, going back to Spain, the "original district" of the Merino for "fresh stock" to maintain the character of their flocks! A cross with the best Merinos now in Spain, would deteriorate the medium quality of Merinos in any of those countries. This is not a mere unsupported assertion, like so many of the declarations of the writer in the London Agricultural Gazette. We have proved it on a former occasion by abundant and reliable testimony.

Natural history is full of traditionary theories, speculations, "whim-whams"—originally started by writers of some supposed authority, and popularly adopted in default of better ones, or because investigation had not then pointed out the true facts in the premises. And these theories are repeated and re-repeated by succeeding writers, until the most absurd ones come to be regarded as axioms. How preposterous the idea that the Creator has so constituted the world that varieties of animals, of the greatest value to man, can only be raised in their perfection, in their limited "original district"—owing chiefly to the "influence of climate." Climate, soil and other natural circumstances, and accompanying artificial treatment, do unquestionably do very much to mould the characteristics of breeds or varieties, but would it have consisted with benevolent Omnipotent design to limit the capacities of this world to produce any of the most perfect objects of utility to any one exclusive "district?" And what is the *general* evidence of facts on this question? Can Cotswold, South Down, or Lincoln sheep, or Devon, Hereford or Short-Horn cattle, be grown nowhere else in England or in no other country, in perfection, except on those little patches of English soil where these varieties originated? The same kind of question is applicable to all brute animals, and even to man. According to the theory we are combating, all varieties of brutes and men, not indigenous to or originally formed (as varieties) in the United States, must deteriorate or run into new varieties. The Abbe Maury, a French writer of standing, did contend that European men degenerate physically in our country! These vagaries are not worth notice, except in so far as they affect practical action—and we suppose there is very little danger of this, in respect to our sheep. But in this hasty and superficial review of the article under consideration, we could not resist the temptation of giving one kick at this relic of "old fogyism." And now for the article itself:

"In the growth of wool, which is a natural protection of sheep from the inclemency of the weather, we may reasonably calculate upon the influence of climate being somewhat important, and such is generally the case. The laws which regulate its growth appear to act so that the circumstances which render certain modifications in the wool desirable also favor their production.

The first and most evident influence of climate upon wool is in its control of the fineness of the staple. This is of course regulated by the size of the individual fibers of the wool, and we shall have occasion to show that climatic influences have a very important part to play in determining their size and general formation. Springing as the wool does from a little sac or vesicle placed beneath the upper skin, through which it has to penetrate, it is clear that the aperture through which it passes acts as a sort of gauge, and determines the size of the fiber. If this gauge remained constantly of the same size we should have a wool produced consisting of fibers of equal diameters, and therefore of equal degrees of fineness. These gauges, however, are not constant in their size, and various circumstances influence the result, to which we shall briefly advert.

The influence of parentage clearly precedes all other agencies, and decides the preliminary conditions of the growth of wool. It is true that these preliminary conditions are subject to modification by other agencies, but they still constitute the foundation upon which they act. We cannot, therefore, safely neglect them, nor deem them unimportant simply because other circumstances re-act upon them. We should rather secure the preliminary conditions as fully and as favorably as possible, and then protect them from prejudicial influences with jealous care.

The circumstances which most powerfully affect the size of these apertures in the upper skin, through which the wool has to pass, are variations of temperature and the condition of health. The influence of climate is generally operative through the former of these, but in many instances, when the change of temperature has been extreme, it affects the conditions of health, and both come into play. The warmth of the skin is well known to regulate the size of the pores of the skin. These become more open in warm weather than in cold, and in like manner the apertures through which the wool passes become of larger diameter with increase of temperature. As a consequence of this we find the fiber of wool is always produced of a larger size when the temperature increases, and of a smaller size when it lowers. To a great extent this is controlled by the growth of wool already existing upon the sheep, which protects the skin from any sudden variations of temperature to which it would otherwise be liable.

This protection, however, whilst it modifies the influence of these changes of temperature, does not set them aside. They are still very powerful in their influence upon the growth of wool; and when the sample of one district, possessing a higher average temperature, is compared with a fine sample of another district in a colder climate, it becomes very evident. It is perfectly true that much may be done by good management to keep down the temperature in the summer months, and to protect from the cold in the winter, and thereby secure a greater uniformity of warmth throughout the year, which must be accompanied by a growth of wool of more uniform size. We shall, however, find that, whilst we cannot act independently of these influences, we can, by judicious management, prevent any injury to the wool. The fineness of the sample, must, of necessity, be much under the control of the climate, but we can still prevent violent changes of temperature acting upon the skin, and thereby we can avoid those sudden variations in the size of the fiber which give it such irregular strength. Thus, while certain districts will retain a general character for the class of wool produced under good management, that wool will be grown with such regularity in the size of fiber that its strength shall be fully preserved. It is the weakest link in the chain which indicates its strength, so also is it the weakest point in the fiber which determines its liability to fracture when in the hands of the manufacturer; and it is to avoid these weak points that it becomes incumbent upon the flockmaster to decrease any variations in the temperature of the skin, as much as he possibly can.

The quantity of rain falling in any district is another powerful agency in its influence upon the quality of the wool. This is, of course, much less injurious where the soil happens to be dry and porous, and on the other hand its influence is most prejudicial when the soil is of a retentive character. The value of a dry lair for sheep is invariably acknowledged, for when once they get wet, and are kept under its chilling influences for any lengthened period, the foundation is laid for a derangement of the health of the animal, and this is utterly inconsistent with the successful growth of wool. We notice, however, that the wool grown in wet districts is better adapted for carrying off the large quantity of rain thus falling upon them. It is a natural provision for assisting in the protection of the sheep of our rainy districts; and so far it is very valuable and important, but it seriously affects the quality of the wool, especially in respect to its felting character.

The influence of climate is very forcibly shown in the necessity, which is so well recognized, of going back to the original district of any special breed for fresh stock to maintain their distinctive character. However great the care shown in their management, the original type is modified by the influence of local circumstances, and in no particular is this more evident than in the character of the wool. It is one of the earliest indications of a loss of the essential characteristics of any breed of sheep, and the necessity for correcting it arises as much from the importance of maintaining other features of character which would soon disappear, as for the sake of keeping the growth of wool up to the accepted standard of quality. We cannot, as yet, give any satisfactory explanation of the causes which render this necessary, but of the fact there is no doubt; and very much of the influence thus acknowledged may clearly be attributed to the special action of the climatic agencies which are exerting a constant influence upon the sheep of the district. We must not look upon the living animal simply in relation to any one product, however desirable that may be; but we must consider it in relation to all the functions of life. Thus a certain type of animal being produced under certain given conditions of climate and soil, and subsequently removed therefrom to a different climate, does offer many difficulties for maintaining the original typical form in all its perfection, because of these powerful variations in climate. Practically, however, we cannot materially modify these variations in climate, but we may meet them by introducing stock from the original district which possess in full force the distinctive features of the breed.

To judge fully of the influence of climate upon the growth of wool, we must take a wider range than that afforded by our own country, for although we shall find the same laws holding good in different districts of England, we shall not find the variations produced so marked in their character. Thus we find sheep, which before exportation carried heavy coverings of good wool, yielding after a few years a sample of a totally different character—the staple gradually becoming thicker, harsher and coarser, and steadily degenerating into hair. This change may not be fully attained in the fleece of the same sheep, but the succeeding generations will each become more and more distinguished in this respect. In our own country we have forcible examples of the influence of climate in the tendency of wool to become kimpy when sheep are taken from lowland farms into more hilly districts, illustrating the same predisposition for wool to assume a hairy character under the influence of climate."

Rural Notes and Items.

OUR TRIAL TRIP, or Quarter, is being taken by thousands of non-subscribers from all parts of the Union and Canada. Scores of passengers secure passage daily, and yet there are berths for more—for we are printing full Ten Thousand extra copies to supply the demand. Therefore, do not forget to remember that we can furnish *all the numbers of the Quarter* to as many as apply in season, though *now* is the best time to secure them. Will not our Agent-Friends, Subscribers, and others, do us, and their immediate friends and neighbors, the favor to advertise this fact?

DR. RANDALL DECLINES A CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION.—The Cortland Gazette announces that the Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., was recently nominated for Congress by the Democratic Convention of the XXIIId District (Cortland and Onondaga,) in a very unanimous and flattering manner, but declined in consequence of private and public engagements. We note both facts—the nomination and declination—with pleasure; the former because it is highly complimentary to Dr. R., and the latter for the cogent reason that he cannot be paroled from duties connected with important public matters long enough to engage in a political canvass, whatever its result,—and moreover the positions he now occupies are certainly as honorable and useful as the one proposed.

—By the way, several of our Associate Editors and Contributors (both Republicans and Democrats,) are prominent and influential members of their respective parties, and have held, or now hold, honorable and responsible official positions, but we hope any of them who may be tempted in like manner as above related, will act as sensibly as has Dr. RANDALL.

WEATHER AND CROPS IN VERMONT.—I. W. SANBORN writes us from Lyndon, Vt., under date of Sept. 6th, as follows:—"The summer was exceedingly hot and dry, and the fall bids fair to be as wet as the summer was dry. The hay crop in Vermont, as I stated in my last note, was very good and well secured; consequently young farm stock is in demand, and large numbers are being imported from Canada and driven in from the Northern border towns in Vermont to supply the demand further south. The oat crop was unusually light—at least three-tenths below an average. Wheat was good and yielded well. India wheat did not fill—grain light. Indian corn suffered in some localities from the drouth; on an average I think there will be a fair yield. The potato crop is generally light. Early varieties scarcely a half crop; later kinds better, but below an average. Fruit rather scarce, and not of the best quality. The rains of the past month, and the accompanying warm, growing weather, made grass shoot forth rapidly, so that pastures and fields, until quite recently, exhibited a fine, spring-like appearance. Several quite hard frosts during the last two weeks. Farm crops mostly secured."

WHITE DORKINGS—AYLESBURY DUCKS.—We are indebted to J. Y. BICKNELL, Westmoreland, N. Y., for a pair of each of the above varieties of fowls. Mr. B. is an extensive breeder of poultry, and exhibited some at our State Fair that was very choice. His advertisement in this paper tells the kinds he has for sale and his prices.

The Aylesbury duck is one of the most desirable; some writers say it is the best. Some of the points denoting that it is well bred are a pale, flesh-colored bill, dark, prominent eyes, orange colored legs and a stately carriage. The weight of a full grown pair should reach twelve pounds. They are prolific layers; they mature early and are quiet. The White Dorking fowls when well bred are of a pure, brilliant white color, with a rose comb, square in front and straight on the head without a hollow in the middle, and having a point or peak behind; fifth toe distinct and turned up; legs white, and body deep, compact and plump. We were pleased to note the proofs of careful and thorough breeding in the poultry Mr. B. exhibited on the Fair Grounds.

MORE RURAL JOURNALS PROPOSED.—Since the opening of our New York Office, or the announcement thereof, we have heard not a little of the starting of new Rural Journals in New York, and the removal of others to the city. Though our opinion is not asked, we frankly say, Come on Gentlemen—"the more the merrier," provided all work earnestly for the good cause. There is "ample room and verge enough" in New York and elsewhere, if each will strive to excel in efforts to promote Rural Industrial, Moral and Mental, "Progress and Improvement,"—but let the selfish money-seekers and Ishmaels beware! It requires Tact, Talent, Time, Industry, Perseverance and *much money* to succeed in journalism. With all these requisites there is a chance to win, but those who do not possess them should wisely look before they leap—investigate before investing.

WHO TAKES THE MONEY?—By reference to the advertisement of GEO. W. BEST, in this number, it will be seen that he offers some very liberal inducements for growing the Early Rose potato. Five hundred dollars are offered by him in four separate premiums to parties who will raise the largest quantity of the above variety next season from one peck of seed. Among the conditions, which our readers can see in full in the advertisement, is one obligating parties competing for the premiums to procure the seed of Mr. BEST this fall. In a note to us, Mr. B. adverts to the large reports of the yield of the Early Rose, and expresses his belief that with the "best" cultivation it can be made to produce 800 to 1,000 bushels per acre, and he designs to have the experiment well tried.

THE HARISON POTATO.—This variety is one of the best of the Goodrich Seedlings; they are not early, but promise well for general market purposes. They may be described as medium between the long and round varieties, white skin, flesh solid, and eyes rather deep. We are indebted to E. R. TABER, Medina, N. Y., for a box of fine ones of this variety. He informs us that they yield with him about 200 bushels per acre this season, although it has not been very favorable on account of the dry, hot summer.

CALEDONIA CO. (VT.) FAIR.—The twenty-third Annual Exhibition of this Agricultural Society was held at St. Johnsbury Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1. The weather was favorable during the time, and the Fair was judged one of the best ever held since the organization of the Society. Over one thousand entries were registered on the Secretary's books, and the articles of exhibition meritorious. In all respects it was a decided success.—I. W. S.

CHESTER WHITE PIGS.—Dr. EDWARDS of Alleghany Co., N. Y., reports the gain of 226 pounds in 88 days by a pair of Chester county white pigs, upon 315 pounds of meal and a pailful daily of whey or sour milk. The meal was boiled with a little salt. Their weight, July 10, 1867, the time of purchase, was respectively 65 and 55 pounds. For a portion of the time they also had the run of a clover field.

HOW WEEDS SPREAD.—A writer in the Journal of Agriculture says that for the purpose of determining the propagating power of a plant of purslane, he counted the number of seed pods upon it. There were 4,613. Fourteen of these—seven small, four medium and three of the largest—were selected, and the seeds counted. They gave an average of ninety seeds to the pod, or 415,170 seeds to a single plant.

HORTICULTURAL.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWERS' FAIR.

THE first Annual Exhibition of the N. Y. State Grape Growers' Association, held, as previously announced, at Canandaigua on the 7th and 8th of October, was pronounced by distinguished horticulturists of this and other States the finest show of grapes ever witnessed in this country. We have never before made as large a collection of varieties, and kinds that heretofore have only scantily appeared on exhibition tables were here in profusion. Eighty-one exhibitors spread their collections on the ample tables, and, including seedlings and a few kinds of hot house grapes, the varieties numbered something more than one hundred. Judged by this Exhibition New York would be placed in the front rank of grape growing States, a position she justly merits not only by reason of the extent of vine culture within her borders, but for the uniform health and high productiveness of the grape in the same limits. Also in the manufacture of those important products of the grape, wine and brandy, high excellence has been attained. Both sparkling and still wines and brandies, made in New York cellars from New York grapes, challenge with unvarying success those from any other part of our country. And grape culture in this State, as elsewhere in the Union, has but begun. And varieties that are hardy, early and excellent, render it possible to grow grapes in localities heretofore deemed unsuitable. The culture will rapidly widen. One of the most cheerful features of grape culture, made prominent by this Exhibition, is the exemption of the vine and its fruit from serious disease in this State. There is some mildew, but no rot. Frost is the most dangerous enemy.

Among the numerous distinguished horticulturists present we noticed Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER of Boston; E. S. ROGERS, Salem, Mass.; Dr. JOHN A. WARDER, Ohio; PATRICK BARRY, CHAS. DOWNING, Dr. GRANT and A. S. FULLER, New York.

The display of the newer varieties and Seedlings was very interesting. Mr. ARNOLD, Paris, Canada, sent five or six numbers of his series of hybrids. They are claimed to be a cross between the Clinton and Black Hamburgh, and the vines are said to be hardy and the fruit was sprightly and agreeable. The Lorain grape was shown by BARNEY & CARLIN of Sandusky, Ohio. This is a white or amber grape, sweet to the taste and handsome to the eye and a supposed cross between the Isabella and Catawba. Dr. UNDERHILL of Croton Point, N. Y., exhibited three new seedlings, hybrids, one a cross between the Concord and Black Hamburgh; another between the Concord and Black St. Peters, and the third between the Delaware and a foreign variety. These bore off the first and second premiums for seedlings. Nothing in this line attracted more attention than the "Eumelan," Dr. GRANT'S newest grape, which he is pushing into notice. It is a black, early variety, and said to be of better quality than the Israella. The "Walter," shown by FERRIS & CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is pretty well known to the public by description. The Salem, one of ROGERS' Hybrids, was shown by F. L. HARRIS of Salem-on-Erie. It is certainly delicious, and Mr. H. has great faith in it, having already planted with it a very large vineyard. Rogers' No. 43, which is a fine, showy grape, was shown by Mr. WILDER of Boston. With him it is the favorite among the Rogers' Seedlings. Dr. PERRINE of Dansville, exhibited a seedling sprung from the Delaware and Diana or Catawba. The "Seneca" Seedling was shown by Mr. ROSE of Penn Yan. It is large and black and said to be a good keeper. There were also some seedlings shown by the Pleasant Valley Wine Association. It astonishes one to look back but ten years, and see what strides grape culture has made in our land, and in all pomological history there is nothing like this quick creation, as it were, of so many excellent varieties of American grapes.

That thought was suggested as our eye rested on the collection exhibited by ELLWANGER & BARRY. It contained fifty varieties, the most of any one on the tables. Fifteen of these were Rogers' Hybrids, and they were splendid looking grapes. Near by C. L. HOAG & Co. of Lockport, had a collection nearly as numerous. Their fruit was very fine, particularly Ionas, which variety is a great favorite with them, and does remarkably well in their locality. We noticed among their novelties the "Montgomery," which is white. It is of delicious flavor, but only half hardy. However, amateurs will cultivate it. These were, perhaps, the largest single collections of varieties, but the wine growing localities of the State were choicely represented. From Naples we saw J. W. CLARK, who, in addition to the usual collection, showed twenty feet of vine loaded with Isabella clusters. Hon. E. B. POTTLE had a large collection of Isabellas and Catawbas, and five other varieties. C. S. LINCOLN eight varieties; W. B. REED five; GEO. REESE ten; HARLAN HINCKLEY premium Isabellas; S. L. DEYO eight varieties, and A. J. BYINGTON five. There were numerous other exhibitors from that locality. Coming down the shores of Canandaigua Lake we find among the exhibitors Messrs. MORSE & WELLS, Seneca Point; R. D COOK, M. D. MUNGER, R. P. SHAW and others. Vine Valley, on the east side of the Lake, was represented by A. C. YOUNGLOVE, NICHOLS, SEELEY & Co., AYERS & COFF, and H. GREEN, whose Catawbas took the first premium after close competition with the favored grapes of Pleasant Valley. The Pleasant Valley Wine Co. of Hammondsport had on exhibition some twenty-eight varieties. E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons, showed ten varieties; Dr. PARKER, Ithaca, five Rogers' Hybrids; JOS. KEECH, Waterloo, twelve varieties; J. W. BAILEY, Plattsburg, the Adirondac grape; WM. GRIFFITH, North East, Pa., Ionas and Israellas, and RYCKMAN & Co., Brocton, Erie, a fine collection. H. H. FARLEY, Union Springs, bore off some premiums. But we cannot particularize further. We give below a full list of exhibitors and their entries. Next week we will publish a synopsis of the discussions and other proceedings.

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

The second day of the Grape Fair closed with an award of the premiums, which will be found below. The receipts were less than was expected and than they would have been but for the unfavorable character of the weather. About $250 was taken at the gate, while the avails of the refreshment saloon—some $200—went to aid the Ontario Orphan Asylum. The awards were as follows:

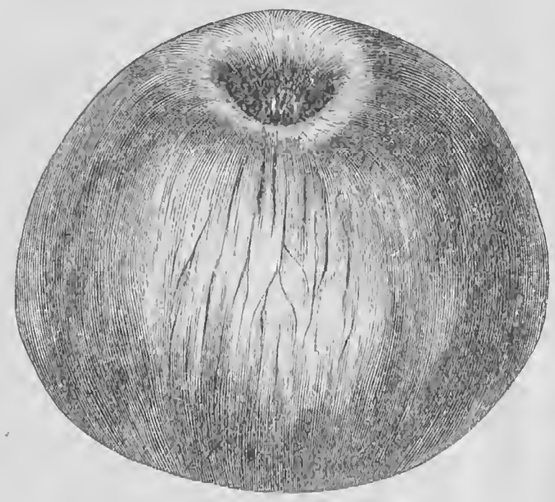
Catawba.—1st Premium, Hezekiah Green, Vine Valley, Yates Co.; 2d, Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport; 3d, R. F. Stewart, Pultney.

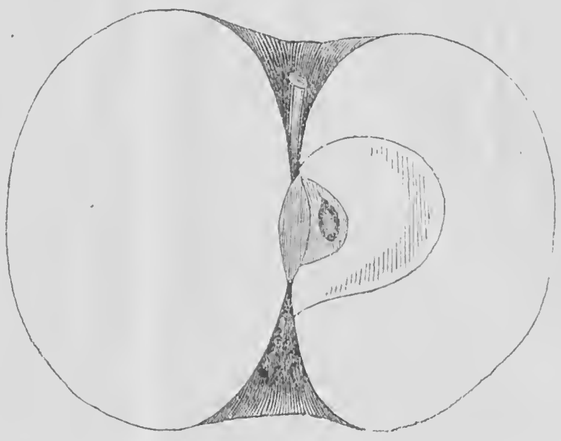
Clinton.—1st, Ryckman, Day & Co., Brocton, Chautauqua Co.; 2d, S. W. Kimber, Naples, N. Y.; 3d, J. Ringueberg, Lockport, N. Y.

Isabella.—1st, Harlow Hinckley, Naples, N. Y.; 2d, L. A. Larrowe, Hammondsport; 3d, Ayers & Cobb, Vine Valley, Yates Co.

Crevelling.—1st, P. V. Wine Company; 2d, G. Zimmerman, Buffalo; 3d, C. L. Hoag & Co., Lockport.

Delaware.—1st, H. H. Farley, Union Springs; 2d, D. W. Birge, Peach Orchard, Schuyler Co.; 3d, A. Rose, Penn Yan.





THE TYRE BEAUTY APPLE, WITH SECTION.

THIS is a new seedling apple which originated upon the farm of JASON SMITH, Tyre, Seneca Co., N. Y. The tree, according to the writing of C. L. SMITH, Esq., son of the originator, is "a good grower, very productive of fruit, of uniform size, almost universally fair, and especially a market apple. It has been forwarded to, and examined by, P. BARRY, Esq., one of our best and most competent Pomologists, who ranks it best in quality and suggests the name," by which we here describe it. The fruit is of medium size, roundish oblate, light pale-yellow ground, with broken lines and splashes of deep crimson, shaded and marbled intermediate. Surface covered with a mouldy bloom, that before being rubbed shows prominently fair gray dots, but when rubbed down these gray dots mostly disappear. Stem very short, set in a broad, open, deep cavity. Calyx with segments almost erect, and a very deep, open, round, regular basin. Flesh white, crisp, tender, breaking, slightly acid, pleasant, but not rich or peculiarly sprightly. Core small, and broad pointed. Season, early September.

We give the above figure and description of this new apple for public favor; at the same time we candidly say *we* do not consider it equal in quality to Benoni, or Summer Rose, or several others we could name that ripen at the same time; but there may be something in the tree which will cause it to prove of great value. It is an unpleasant task to say a discouraging word to the promulgator of a new fruit, but, it is our duty, and while we figure and describe this fruit, we do not commend it, only to amateurs for trial.

Diana.—1st, H. H. Farley; 2d, P. V. Wine Company; 3d, C. L. Hoag & Co.

Iona.—1st, D. S. Wagener, Pultney; 2d, H. H. Farley; 3d, A. C. Younglove, Vine Valley, Yates Co

Israella.—1st, H. H. Farley; 2d, D. S. Wagener; 3d, Frederick Ingersoll, Phelps, N. Y.

Adirondac.—1st, J. S. Gillett, Penn Yan; 2d, H. H. Farley; 3d, C. L. Hoag & Co.

Concord.—1st, J. J. Mead, Benton, Yates Co.; 2d, J. W. Clark, Naples; 3d, Ryckman, Day & Co.

Hartford Prolific.—1st, J. W. Clark; 2d, C. L. Hoag & Co.; 3d, no award.

Hybrids.—The Walter was accorded the 1st premium as one of promise among the new ones, and among the old the 1st premium was given to Rogers' No. 4, C. L. Hoag & Co.; 2d, Salem, T. L. Harris, Salem-on-Erie; 3d, Rogers' No. 28, J. W. Clark.

New Seedling.—1st, Stephen Underhill, Croton Point, N. Y.; 2d, same.

Grapes Grown Under Glass.—1st, E. H. Lapham, Canandaigua; 2d, Edward Huntington, Rome, N. Y.

Unenumerated Grapes.—1st, Alvey, R. B. Shaw, Canandaigua; 2d, Rebecca, H. H. Farley; 3d, Montgomery, C. L. Hoag & Co.

Grape Boxes.—1st, Fairchild Bros., Hammondsport; 2d, Rochester Grape and Berry Box Company.

Grape Mill.—1st, Mitchell & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

NATIVE WINE.

Still Catawba.—1st, Ryckman, Day & Co.; 2d, Urbana Wine Company; 3d, P. V. Wine Company.

Isabella Wine Red, Dry.—1st, P. V. Wine Company; 2d, Ryckman, Day & Co.

Isabella, White, Sweet.—1st, Ryckman, Day & Co; 2d, J. Ringueberg; 3d, H. O. Chesebro, Canandaigua.

Clinton Wine, Red.—1st, Ryckman, Day & Co.

SPARKLING WINE.

Paris Exposition and Sparkling Delaware, Diana and Catawba.—P. V. Wine Company.

Imperial.—Urbana Wine Company.

Diamond Wedding.—Ryckman, Day & Co.

Brandy.—1st, Perkins, Sterns & Co, San Francisco and New York; 2d, P. V. Wine Company.

Stephen Underhill of Croton Point, N. Y., exhibited a simple but effective vine lock, designed to dispense with the use of strings or straps in fastening vines to the trellis, which was awarded a special premium.

New Seedlings—Committee Report.—The Committee on New Seedlings named the following, with their characteristics and promise:

Ryckman, Day & Co, seedling similar to Catawba, but not quite its equal in flavor.

Pleasant Valley Wine Co, seedling of the Concord, but inferior to it.

Dr. Perrine, Dansville, seedling of the Delaware, and very similar to it, but not its equal, judging by the specimens exhibited.

Stephen Underhill, a hybrid from the Delaware and the Chasselas Fontainbleau, a white grape. Ripens with the Hartford Prolific. Tender, juicy and sweet. Quality very good. Also one called the Senaequa, a hybrid from the Concord and Black Prince,—not fully ripe, but a promising grape. Also an unnamed seedling, not fully ripe,—a large, fine, white grape, and large bunch—a promising variety.

EXHIBITORS AND ENTRIES.

L. J. Sutherland, Canandaigua—Israella, Catawba, Diana.
Alexander Palmer, Modena, Ulster Co.—Concords.
E. G. Lapham, Canandaigua—Grapes from under glass.
H. H. Farley, Union Springs—Catawba, Clinton, Israella, Diana, Delaware, Adirondac, Iona, Isabella, Rogers' Hybrid, Cuyahoga, Louisa, Rebecca.
Ferris & Caywood, Poughkeepsie—Walter.
Elihu Morse, Canandaigua Lake—Diana, Delaware, Purple Sweet, Walter.
J. S. Gillett, Penn Yan—Catawba, Iona, Israella, Adirondac.
Perkins, Sterns & Co., San Francisco, Cal.—Assortment of California Wines and Brandies.
Harder, Mitchell & Co., Springfield, Ohio—Portable Wine and Cider Mill.
D. W. Birge—Delaware, Diana, Iona.
A. C. Younglove, Little Valley, Canandaigua Lake—Iona, Isabella, Norton's Virginia, Diana, Catawba.
Hezekiah Green, Vine Valley, for Vine Valley Grape Co.—Catawbas.
A. Sleeper & Son, Fish Point, Yates Co., Seneca Lake—Dundee, Delaware, Catawba, Isabella.
G. E. Adriance—Catawba, Iona, Delaware, Concord, Chasselas, Allen's Hybrid, Rebecca.
H. M. Stuart, Penn Yan—Delaware, Iona.
A. Bassett, Vine Valley—Isabella, Clinton.
O. C. Chapin & Co., East Bloomfield—Isabella and Grape Boxes.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.—Assortment Wines and Brandies.
G. C. Mather, Canandaigua Lake—Catawba, Isabella, Delaware.
J. J. Mead, Benton, Yates Co.—Concord, Diana, Iona.
Joseph Purdy, Penn Yan—Catawbas.
W. C. Dutcher, Naples—Catawba, Isabella, Le Noir, Clinton, Concord, Iona.
John Ramela—Sweet and Sour Isabella Wine.
John W. Bailey, Plattsburg—Adirondac.
W. C. Buell, Troy—White Riessling.
Seely & Nichols, Vine Valley, Canandaigua Lake—Isabella, Catawba, Delaware, Iona, Rogers' No. 15.
Frederick Ingersoll, Phelps—Israella, Delaware, Diana.
Wm. Griffith, North East, Pa.—Iona, Israella.
F. M. Perrine, Dansville—Seedling, unnamed.
D. S. Wagener, Pultney—Iona, Israella, Catawba, Diana, and Dutchess Pears.
M. Eichberger, Naples—Isabella, Catawba, Concord, Delaware, Diana.
Ryckman, Day & Co., Lake Shore Vineyards, Brocton—Iona, Delaware, Catawba, Isabella, Concord, Diana, Clinton, Seedling unknown, and assortment of Wines and Brandies.
Marshall P. Wilder, Dorchester, Mass.—Rogers' No. 43.
Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester—Assortment of Grapes, 50 varieties.
A. Rose, Penn Yan—Diana, Iona, Keuka, Rogers' Hybrid—19 and 15, Delaware, Seneca, Allen's Hybrid, Concord.
A. P. Kendall, Penn Yan—Assortment Grapes, 24 varieties.
Eleazer Cosler, Canandaigua Lake—Catawbas.
R. D. Cook, Canandaigua Lake—Catawbas.
W. H. Sherland, Penn Yan—Catawba, Rebecca, Isabella, Delaware, Diana, Sweet Water, a Wire Stretcher and Post Stamper.
G. Zimmerman, Buffalo—Delaware, Diana, Clinton, Crevelling, Concord.
Ayres & Cobb, Vine Valley, Canandalgua Lake—Isabella, Catawba.
S. W. Kimber, Naples—Rebeccas, Diana, Clinton.
N. D. Reed, Naples—Isabella, Catawba, Delaware, Diana, Iona, Rebecca.
Geo. Reese, Naples—Isabella, Catawba, Concord, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca, Iona, Crevelling.
J. Keech, Waterloo—Iona, Israella, Delaware, Rebecca, Allen's Hybrid, Rogers' Nos. 15 and 19, Lydia, Salem, Union Village, Diana.
Morse & Wells, Canandaigua Lake—Delaware, Iona, Rebecca, Rulander, Northern Muscadine, Taylor's Bullitt, Isabella, Diana.
M. D. Munger, Canandaigua Lake—Diana, Isabella, Catawba.
E. B. Pottle, Naples—Adirondac, Rebecca, Catawba, Crevelling, Diana, Concord, Isabella.
Harlan Hinckley, Naples—Isabellas, Catawbas.
Wm. M. Ochiman, Naples—Isabella, Catawba.
Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Hammondsport—Catawbas, Dianas, Delawares, Iona, Isabellas, Concords, Hartford Prolific, Oporto, Clintons, Alvey, Cape, Concord Seedling, Rebeccas, Taylor, To Kalon, Israella, Fillebwire, Leveraux, Crevelling, Charter Oak, Crystal, Northern Muscadine, Maxatawney, White Scuppernong, Black Scuppernong, Mottled Catawba, Norton's Virginia, Seedling.
T. W. Seaman, Naples—Ionas, Dianas, Catawbas.
C. S. Lincoln, Naples—Isabellas, Catawbas, Dianas, Delawares, Clintons, Oporto, To Kalon, Iona.
Edward T. Underhill, New York city—Vine Lock, substitute for tying.
Fairchild & Bros., Hammondsport—Grape Boxes.
J. Ringueberg, Lockport—Diana, Clinton, Isabella Wine.
Mrs. T. G. Hulett, Niagara Falls—1 bottle White Niagara Wine.
H. N. Peck, Rochester—Grape Boxes.
Parsons & Co., Plattsburg—Wines.
D. Backman, West Dresden, Yates Co., Catawba.
E. Ware Sylvester, Lyons—Adirondac, Hartford Prolific, Diana, Delaware, Iona, Perkins, Union Village, Elmsburg, Oporto, To Kalon.
R. B. Shaw, Canandaigua—Alvey, Allen's Hybrid, Anna, Adirondac, Concord, Catawba, Cuyahoga, Crevelling, Delaware, Diana, Dracut Amber, Garrignese, Golden Clinton, Hartford Prolific, Isabella, Iona, Israella, Louisa, Logan, Maxatawney, Perkins, Rogers' 1, 4, 5, 9, 15, 19, 33, 44, Rebecca, To Kalon, Union Village, Lydia, Northern Muscadine.
J. W. Woolverton, Canandaigua—Rebecca, Diana.
R. G. Stuart, Pultney—Catawba, Diana, Isabella.
Jacob Moore, Rochester—Diana, Hamburg Hybrid.
C. L. Hoag & Co., Lockport—Iona, Isabella, Diana, Allen's Hybrid, Perkins, Crevelling, Rogers' Nos. 1, 4, 15, 19, 30, Rebecca, Montgomery, Cassady, Hartford Prolific.
L. P. Snydam, Naples—Isabellas, Catawbas.
T. L. Harris, Salem, Chautauqua Co.—Salems.
David Jackson, Hammondsport—Isabella, Catawba.
J. Larrowe, Hammondsport—Isabella, Catawba.
Crooked Lake Wine Co., South Pultney, entered by J. Gibson—Assortment of Wines and Brandies.
John Bell, Pultney—Catawbas.
Urbana Wine Co., Hammondsport—Assortment of Wines and Brandies: Catawba, Isabella, Delaware, Diana, Concord.
S. L. Deyo, Naples—Catawba, Isabella, Delaware, Concord, Diana.
A. J. Byington, Naples—Catawba, Isabella, Iona, Delaware.
John Craine, Lockport—Rogers' Hybrids, Nos. 4, 2, 13, Delaware, Iona, Diana, Concord.
A. Dunlop, Starkey—Dunlop Grape.
Stephen Underhill, Croton Point—Croton Hybrid, Senasqua, hybrid, unnamed hybrid.
S. Parker, Ithaca—Rogers' Hybrid, Salem.
Charles Arnold, Paris, Ontario—Arnold's Hybrids, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 8, 16.
H. O. Chesebro, Canandaigua—Isabella Wine.

FRUIT AT THE OHIO STATE FAIR.

THE fruit crop of Ohio for 1868 is very meager, a very severe frost over a large extent of country in April having destroyed a large portion of the crop. Under these circumstances the exhibition at Toledo may be set down as very creditable though by no means very flattering if we except grapes. Apples were not fair and bright, but marred by rust and irregular in growth. The number and varieties were well kept up. Most of the exhibitors were residents in the immediate vicinity or along the shore of Lake Erie. The exhibition of pears evidenced the adaptation of the heavy soil of this region for pear growing, and we mistake the signs if in future this branch of culture is not largely increased. We noticed excellent plates of Bartletts, Seckels, Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Onondaga, Duchess d'Angouleme and Beurre Clarigeau. The prominent exhibitors were G. POWERS & SON, professional, and JAMES DUNIPACE, amateur, Perrysburg; WILLARD, of Cleveland; A. FAHNSTOCK, Toledo; PHILLIPS & SON, Berlin Heights, and LENK & & Co., Toledo.

The show of grapes was very large and fine, principally from the lake shore region, from Painesville to Toledo. The number of varieties was very large, embracing all the known and popular kinds, as well as many all unknown to fame. We found the Iona in great perfection, as well as many varieties of Roger's Hybrid, Rebecca, Cuyahoga, &c. Delaware, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Ives, Diana, Catawba, Israella, Adirondac and Norton's Seedling, from their profusion appeared favorites. The latter has reputation as a wine grape. Some new varieties need a more practiced pomologist than the writer to bring them into notice, and we therefore omit detail. W.

THE WHORTLEBERRY.—No. II.

GATHERING.

THE process of gathering and marketing this fruit is done by "carters," who provide their own boxes, which generally contain eight or sixteen quarts. The eight quart boxes are packed in skeleton cases, and the sixteen quart boxes are sent singly, without tops, except a single slat nailed across the top to prevent them from settling in each other. These carters drive all through the pines and purchase the fruit, and then send it to market to be sold for them. On account of the number of carters, the pickers always obtain a fair market price, in proportion to its value in the city.

VARIETIES.

This fruit has its varieties as well as all other kinds of fruit, a few of which I will mention. The earliest variety is called the Upland or Sugar berry; these grow on low bushes on the higher grounds. They are a small, blue berry, hard and very sweet. The Swamp variety, so called from the fact of their growing on the low, swampy grounds, are a large, blue berry, very soft, and possessing a fine flavor. This is the favorite of all its kind, but on account of its tenderness it does not bear transportation well, unless it is sent in small packages. The "Cracker," which is so called on account of their containing a large number of very hard seeds, which produce a crackling sound when eaten, is a small, hard, black, shining berry, possessing a tart flavor. This is a favorite with the shippers, as it carries well. The Bilberry is a large, blue berry, quite tart, yet firm, and is a favorite among the dealers on account of its good appearance. There is an Upland berry which comes in market very late, similar to the early variery in color and taste I presume it is a second growth of fruit of the same variety.

WHERE GROWN.

In addition to Ocean Co., we receive this fruit from other sections. The earliest we receive are from Maryland and Delaware. This fruit is usually sent to market in the quart berry boxes. Some of the eastern States send us some later in the season. The choicest article in this line which we receive grows on the Catskill Mountains. The fruit is similar to the New Jersey swamp berry in color, size and taste, yet much more firm. The mode of collecting and marketing is similar to New Jersey.

RISE AND FALL OF SALES.

This fruit has not sold as high in twenty years as it has this season; although the crop was light, the demand was unprecedented, and only occasionally was there a glut in the market. There is one peculiar feature in the sale of this berry that is never known in any other, and that is the great deviation in the price. It is a very common and general thing for it to vary fifty cents per bushel, and I have known it to vary $3 per bushel in a single day. To the dealers this does not appear strange, for it is so common that they are accustomed to it; in fact, dealers frequently vary $1 or $2 per bushel in their sales on the same day, as there is no regular price with it,—each one asking all they think they can get.

ARRIVALS AND SALES.

The first arrivals from New Jersey came in the first week in July, and sold at $10 per bushel very rapidly. For several days they remained at that price, when they fell to $9, then again to $8, at which price they remained firm for a week, when they again advanced to $9. On the morning of July 22d, at four o'clock, they sold lively at $10 per bushel; at eight o'clock A. M. for $7 per bushel. The next morning at $6, then $4 for the best, and the poor, soft stock to the wagoners at $3 per bushel. Berries soon recovered, and the figures ran up to $5; then $6 and $7, where they remained for several days. Again, on August 10th another panic started; berries selling early at $6, soon ran down to $4 for hard fruit, the soft selling at very low figures. This has been the general character of the trade throughout the whole season. When the stock was poor and abundant, the prices ran down to low figures, and as soon as it was worked off high prices again prevailed.

New York, 1868. NOW AND THEN.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

A PROMISING SEEDLING GRAPE.—Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY of Rochester, N. Y., have made displays of grapes at several prominent exhibitions this year, which were unrivalled in number of varieties and excellent in quality and appearance. Their collection in bearing comprises more than fifty kinds of out-door grapes, and they have some forty acres devoted to vineyard purposes. They also have a large number of seedling grapes, among which are many of promise, and one, yet unnamed, which may become a favorite. It shows a fine shouldered cluster, large, of a dark Catawba color, and fine flavor. It is a strong grower, with large, strong and healthy foliage. We shall watch its development with interest. It has already been on trial some years, but will not be sent out until the firm are fully convinced that it is worthy of public favor.

LONGWORTH WINE HOUSE PREMIUMS.—At the late Horticultural Fair held in Cincinnati, the Longworth Wine House premium, silver plate valued at $150, was awarded to the Ives Seedling grape as the best wine grape for the whole country. The silver cup, valued at $100, was awarded to the Concord as the best wine grape for Ohio. This is simply nonsense, to say the least, and the award deserves to be characterized by a worse term. It is time that influential Horticultural Societies and respectable dealers should cease fostering the idea, which they know is false, that we have any one variety of fruit which may be termed *best* for the whole country, or even for an entire State.

BEAT IT WHO CAN!—We often hear and read of large yields of strawberries. These are generally estimated from the product of a few feet, or at most a few square rods of ground. This past season one-half acre of Wilson's Albany strawberries, grown on the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY of Rochester, yielded 6,400 quarts. They were measured in the ordinary quart market boxes. The patch is located on rich loam, with a southern exposure, and was thoroughly cultivated, being mulched for winter protection, kept in hills and hoed by hand.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 10th inst.:

VEGETABLES—Potatoes are lower, with a large stock on the market, and a light demand prevailing. Sweets are also plenty and lower.

Monitor, ₱ bbl	$1 25	@	1 50
Buckeyes, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Peach Blows, ₱ bbl	2 50	@	3 50
Mercers, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Jackson Whites, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Delaware, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Norfolk, sweet, ₱ bbl	3 75	@	4 25
Onions, Red, ₱ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	7 00
Tomatoes, ₱ basket	1 00	@	1 50
Marrow Squash, ₱ bbl	75	@	1 00
Cabbages, ₱ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 50
Pumpkins, ₱ 100	5 00	@	8 00

FRUITS.—Apples are dull. Pears are high, the average price for fancy is $20 per barrel. Peaches are about done, the few remaining selling at about $2 to $5 per crate. Grapes are in fair demand.

Pears, Louise Bonne, ₱ bbl	$12 00	@	20 00
Pears, Seckel, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Dutchess, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Common, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	10 00
Pears, Flemish Beauty, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Bartlett, ₱ bbl	20 00	@	25 00
Apples, common, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	3 00
Apples, prime, ₱ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ₱ ℔	10	@	14
Grapes, Concord, ₱ ℔	14	@	17
Grapes, Delaware, ₱ ℔	16	@	20
Grapes, Catawba, ₱ ℔	14	@	16
Quinces, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	4 00
Citron, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Cranberries, ₱ bbl	10 00	@	15 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are arriving very freely and the market appears to tend downward, although holders are not inclined to force sales. Unpeeled Peaches are in larger supply, and the market is weaker. Peeled, of good quality, hold their own, but inferior are dull and lower. Berries are firm, with light sales.

New Apples, State, ₱ ℔	$ 9½	@	10
New Apples, Western, ₱ ℔	9½	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ₱ ℔	9	@	10
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₱ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₱ ℔	20	@	25
Peaches, common, unpeeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₱ ℔	11	@	15
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₱ ℔	10	@	12
Blackberries, ₱ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₱ ℔	42	@	44
Cherries, pitted, ₱ ℔	15	@	18

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES.

I MUST contribute a few recipes for the Domestic Economy, which have been tested and proved good.

CREAM PUFFS.—One pint water, three-quarters of a pound of flour, one-quarter of a pound of butter. Let the butter and water heat; when boiling stir in the dry flour, scalding all of it. Let it cool, and stir in ten eggs, one at a time. Beat well. Drop in small rounds on a baking tin, and bake about fifteen minutes in a hot oven. When cool fill with the following custard or cream:—One quart milk, one-quarter of a pound of flour. Wet the flour with part of the milk, and stir into the remainder when boiling. Boil hard one minute, then add four eggs, one-half pound sugar, salt and flavor.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING.—One pint bread crumbs rubbed fine before measuring, one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, and one whole one, one cup of sugar, a little salt. Bake and spread with strawberry jam, then cover with a meringue of the whites of the eggs well beaten with six spoons of sugar. Set back in the oven for a moment.

DOVER CAKE.—One pound sugar, one of flour, half pound of butter, six eggs, one glass wine, one-half pint sour cream, one teaspoon saleratus. This makes a nice fruit cake by adding fruit and spices. C.

TO KEEP CIDER.—Take new cider and put over the fire and just let it scald up, then put in good stone jugs and seal while hot. Will keep any length of time, and is only richer by standing.

TO PICKLE GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice any quantity desired, and put them in a weak brine over a slow fire, let them scald up, take off, skim out and let them drain thoroughly, then put them in stone jars and pour over them hot spiced vinegar,—(cider vinegar, of course.)

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one of sweet milk, the whites of six eggs, two cups flour and one of corn starch, two teaspoons cream tartar, one of soda; flavor with lemon.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Grate the peel of three oranges into a pint of milk with three ounces of sugar, and two large slices of bread crummed into it; the yolks of four eggs. Let it just boil, with the vessel in water; add the juice of four oranges and bake half an hour.—DELE, *Adrian, Mich.*

MRS. A. G. S., Lake Forest, Ill., asks for a recipe to dry citron. Cut the citron in slices as for preserving. Boil the same in sirup made of white sugar flavored with lemon and ginger, until the citron becomes clear, then dry on plates in an oven very slow.

LAMP cylinders can be prevented from cracking, when exposed to the burning flame, by first placing them in a vessel of cold water and bringing this to a boil over the fire, then removing the vessel and allowing it to cool before taking out the cylinder

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating—(See advertisement.)

THE "EARLY ROSE" POTATO.

THE EARLIEST AND THE BEST
ORIGINAL STOCK.

$500 IN PREMIUMS!

This celebrated Potato has proved in every respect a decided success, and although but a short time has elapsed since its introduction, it already rank as the very best early potato known to cultivators. The good qualities which recommend it are:

1st. It is from ten days to two weeks earlier than any other potato.

2d. It is of larger average size than any other early potato.

3d. It is in table quality and delicacy of flavor without an equal.

4th. It is in productiveness the most astonishing variety ever offered to the public, and the reports of the yield from single pounds the present season are marvelous.

WM. M. WARNER, Watervliet Center, N. Y., raised 107 pounds of "Early Rose" the present season from one pound of seed.

SAMUEL S. HEESH, York, Pa., 9 bushels and 1 peck from 5 pounds.

I. W. BRIGGS, Postmaster, West Macedon, N. Y., planted 6¾ pounds of "Early Rose," and the average yield was 167 pounds from each pound of seed.

H. D. MILLS of Ridgeville, Ohio, raised 200 pounds from one of seed.

G. & S. BOALT, Norwalk, Ohio, raised from 2½ pounds of "Early Rose" 19 bushels and 28 pounds.

A. S. ROLLINS, Waterloo, N. Y., reports 19½ bushels from 5 pounds of "Early Rose."

☞ Send for Descriptive and Illustrated Circular for further testimonials. We send it free to all.

$500. PREMIUMS. $500.

In view of the wonderful productiveness of this popular variety even the past unfavorable season, and believing that it will yield still larger crops than those already spoken of, I am induced to offer $500 in Four Premiums to parties who raise the largest quantity of "Early Rose" Potatoes next season from one peck of seed.

$200 for the	1st or Largest Yield.		
150 "	2d "	Next Largest.	
100 "	3d "	"	"
50 "	4th "	"	"

CONDITIONS.

1st. The seed to be purchased of me this fall.

2d. Each account to be well authenticated, and accompanied with a full report as to the character of the soil, manner of cutting the seed and planting, cultivation, and the kind of manure used (if any,) the quantity used, and the manner of applying it.

3d. The crop must be dug at least ten days before weighing, and report sent to me by Oct. 1, 1869, with a statement of the exact number of bushels raised (60 lbs. to the bushel.)

4th. Potatoes to be grown in open air, and without artificial heat.

☞ Parties purchasing larger quantities may of course compete for these premiums by planting 1 peck separately.

☞ A printed statement of the result of these experiments will be mailed to each competitor who complies with these terms, and a New York draft to those entitled, for the amount of their respective premiums.

☞ This offer is open to all Farmers in the United States and Canada, and we wish to have each State largely represented.

☞ Send in your orders immediately if you wish to compete for the premiums.

We would urge upon the Farmers the advantage and importance of purchasing their seed potatoes in the fall, as in most localities they will wish to plant before we can ship without danger of freezing, and the prices will be advanced in the spring.

The following prices have been fixed upon for fall sales. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. Greenbacks, Post Office Orders, or New York Drafts may be sent.

1 pound, postage prepaid	$ 1 00
3 " " "	2 00
1 peck (15 pounds)	5 00
½ bushel (30 pounds)	8 00
1 bushel (60 pounds)	15 00
1 barrel, 2½ bush. (165 pounds)	40 00

All orders packed and delivered at Express office, free, when our responsibility ceases.

No order accepted unless accompanied by the cash.
Orders will be booked and filled in rotation as received.
Purchasers will please give full shipping directions.
Unless otherwise ordered, all but mail packages will be sent by Express.

Address GEO. W. BEST,
13 Broad St., Utica, N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill top to hill top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings,
To take all its wanderers home,
Or, afar in the regions of fancy
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander;
And thus I am never alone,

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sung the sweet songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of Autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all.

[*Chambers' Journal.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IS WOMAN MENTALLY INFERIOR?

An article in the Rural of Aug. 1st, entitled "The Mental Outreach of Woman," set me to querying if woman, by devoting herself to the necessary round of home duties, does actually limit the capacity of her mind, or does unfit herself to be the intellectual companion of her wiser, better informed, and smarter-generally better-half. To solve this query I am assiduously sifting all the people of my acquaintance, and trying to find out, by actual observation, if, as regards intelligence, women are chaff and men are wheat. Thus far I have found nothing which leads me to believe that such is the case. Taken as an example, any score of men in ordinary middle station are not so intent on storing their minds with all sorts of useful knowledge, or on soaring with ambitious eagle wings far above the highest flight of their poor little pigeons at home, as they are in observing the haps and mishaps of their fellows, and, above all, in striving to obtain a goodly store of dollars, which, albeit they are goodly things and convenient to have, cannot supply every need. Moreover, the striving after dollars is not a vocation, taken in itself, that is likely to broaden the mind or quicken the intellect.

It is often said "Matches are made in Heaven." If the saying be true, why do people get so awfully mismated on this otherwise well regulated planet? Why do we so often see a man with fine tastes and high aspirations joined irrevocably to one who has no ambition outside of her domestic duties,—whose life is centered in her good house-wifery, her children and their clothing, and her capacity to please, with her culinary skill, the gastronomic tastes of her family and guests, — who makes these little things the end and aim of existence, — who never stops to think that there are other needs than the mere physical wants of the body; the need of the soul for companionship, its inborn longing for kindred, its hopes, aspirations and sympathies? And, on the other hand, we often see a woman—or a lady, if you please—who has delicate tastes and feelings, — who loves the refined and beautiful in nature,—who can appreciate a good book, poem or picture, or any work of art,—whose soul rejoices in all the good and lovely things our Creator has given us, but whose hands must always be busy with arduous and urgent duties,—whose mind would soar if it could, but who must look on a coveted volume as forbidden fruit,—with a better half wholly insensible to the sacrifice she makes, because, having no sympathy with her tastes and pursuits, he cannot perceive it. She must choke back her tears at the vague sense of the uncongeniality of their hearts, for her practical companion sees no beauty in anything less substantial than the realities of life, and his and her own wearing duties in the sphere in which they are placed. We are not speaking now of those in the highest station, nor yet of those who are compelled to labor with head and hand for daily bread; but of those whom Providence has placed in the happy middle station, — who have enough for their wants and something for luxuries.

After all, leaving individual cases, and supposing woman mentally inferior, how is she to become intellectual? Her education is rather superficial as conducted by modern seminaries. She is taught to consider showy accomplishments as more to be desired than profound learning of 'ologies and mathematics. She learns by intuition that as a general thing literary ladies are not attractive to the other sex; and she desires, of course, to please them, as is perfectly natural, so she only cultivates those branches that shall make her pleasing in the eyes of father, brother or future husband. After marriage, and the round of domestic duties is entered upon, and children come to claim her time and open new channels of affection, how is she to bend her energies to some new and unexplored field, in order to keep pace with her husband?

But the question is, will a woman be a better wife and mother in proportion as her intellect is developed and kept active? No doubt she will be; but how is she to reach that point, under her present system of education, with father, brother and others discouraging her by the slighting way in which they treat an intellectual lady, and the profound deference they pay to a weak little doll with a pretty face, who has no higher motive in life than to copy the latest fashion plate in her dress? And allowing her to have a well developed mind, how is she to be kept up to that point as the mother and manager of a household? For the mind, if not constantly fed with the right food, will finally narrow down to just the demands made upon it. It is a fact that many of us American women are truly troubled Marthas. The many duties devolving upon us compel us to be so. It is impossible for us to "step out of the groove in which we are running," and to which, oftentimes, our fathers and husbands themselves condemn us by their money-making and money-saving habits; and how are we to "rise above these circumstances that would and do enslave us?"

Alas! if we dare step out of the narrow track in which our foremothers have walked for generations, we are dubbed "strong-minded," which, spoken by masculine lips, means everything that is indelicate and unwomanly, and which, applied to us, is a strong term of reproach. Will some philanthropist who has the welfare of mankind close to his or her heart tell us, that we may teach our daughters, how we are to acquire and retain that blending of industry and intellectuality, of physical and mental perfection, which constitute the

"—perfect woman nobly planned,"

and which alone can hold in flowery chains our lovers and husbands?—and also how best to appreciate their kind condescension in noticing us at all? And then, when we have had our dormant faculties aroused, and our aspirations have become more elevated, with our natural aptness to learn and quickness to adapt, shall we not outstrip our self-sufficient lords, and compel them to look upward, with envious yet admiring eyes, to our far distant comprehensive minds? And will they not wish us to descend again to terrestrial things, and be the same little, plain, unpretending, know-nothing women of "lang syne?" For, indeed, the other sex must know, by the many examples of smart and talented women we have in our days, that woman can become both capable and intellectual if she chooses; and if women, as a class, leave the fields of nobler gleaning to the opposite sex, it is because their gentleness and affection find a more congenial field in the exercise of domestic duties as affectionate sisters, wives and mothers, and as ministering angels to the sick and unfortunate. Berry Briar.

WARM CLOTHES.

In choosing a warm dress get it as light as you can. Think how light animals, which have to endure great cold, are clothed. What is lighter than feathers and fur? A bear can thus teach us a lesson of civilized science, and a goose can impart wisdom. The principle of the advice given by the wise man, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," might well be extended to the example of the way in which the Creator clothes the dumb animals he has made. They are not heavily laden, unless, indeed, it is necessary to protect them with armor, but even then the material used is remarkable for its combination of lightness with strength. The tortoise is shielded more by the arched shape of its shell than by its thickness.

There are some animals which float in water which are covered heavily, but the weight of their clothes facilitates their movements in the elements in which they are intended to live, inasmuch as it enables them to sink to the depth necessary for them to subsist in. But for the warmth, weight is needless, and for equable warmth, weight is a positive hindrance, since a heavy dress adds the heat of pressure to that of protection to those more prominent parts of the figure upon which it rests. If you want to be warm, choose a material that is not only thick but light, and when you wish to be protected from wind as well as still cold, wear under or over a woolen or furry fabric, the thinnest impervious texture you can get. Then you have an arrangement similar to that with which the animals of cold climates are provided—namely, thin skin and thick feathers or hairs.—*Leisure Hours.*

CONTACT WITH THE WORLD.

It is by coming in contact with people that we improve; we must see life as it really is. We cannot concur in the opinion that young children ought to see only that which is pure and good. They must meet the world as it is, and meet it when young. They must have the opportunity to compare. Comparison is a great power in the formation of character.

A young lady that has seen nothing of real life, and only knows what she has heard and read, is greatly astonished when she meets the distinguished men and women of any country. They are not equal to her standard. Young people may be made better by contact with that which is not so good. Instead of falling themselves, they should try to make the bad good. To be thrown in early life among all classes and conditions of people ought to be esteemed an advantage rather than a misfortune. The people from whom we can obtain the most sensible, the truest and wisest views of life, are found among those who struggle for an existence. No one can truly understand life unless he has suffered. A truly wise mother might justly be distressed if her child never knew grief.—*Mrs. Banks.*

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

Jean Paul says, "Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away."

Mr. Short says the only thing he can pay these times is his addresses to the ladies; and these he never allows to get overdue.

They are having marriages on horseback out West. They are called bridle ceremonies, but the husband must give the wife the rein.

The girls in England have taken to cricket. This is a better game than the lazy croquet, but then there is no chance to flirt in it.

An old bachelor thinks that the trains of ladies' dresses are infernal machines, from the fact that a blowing up took place directly after he put his foot on one.

Flesh-colored gaiters, with the toes stiched with black, to look as if the foot was bare, are reported to be the newest mode. They are said to have a shockingly natural effect.

"I have never felt willing," said Dr. Dewey in one of his lectures, "in performing the marriage ceremony to use the word *obey* in reference to the wife—wedlock being a state of entire reciprocity."

When little Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss,
I'll bet a shilling I see through it;
The damsel fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should,
She'd rather suffer wrong than do it!

Several gentlemen, having praised the Queen of Prussia as an excellent connoisseur of works of art, Madame Ratazzi said:—"Bah, gentlemen, France eclipses Prussia even in this respect. If the Queen of Prussia is an excellent connoisseur of works of art, the Empress of the French is herself a work of art."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TWO MOODS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

"MEMORY'S BITTER-SWEET."

Oh, for the Summer, long, long dead,
With beauty of varied bloom!
The days slide down to the silent Past,
And the flowrets to their tomb.

Oh, for the blue of Summer skies,
And breath of Summer air;
But, most of all, for the bonny one
Who made the Summer fair!

Bring her again in her robes so soft,
With her wealth of golden hair,
And let her kneel at my footstool here
Repeating her tender prayer.

Can it be that my darling no longer needs
Love and a fond caress?
Must my trembling lips no longer glow
Her upturned brow to bless?

She comes not when the heavy night
Gathers the shadows here;
The night grows long while the shadows fall,
And the silence grows *so* drear!

There is no out-look of hope or rest,
No miracle for me,—
The gray clouds drift o'er the summer sky,
On, on o'er the summer sea.

II.

"AS A LITTLE CHILD."

Come into the garden bowers! I am content!
With this bunch of starry flowers,
With the golden, sunny hours,
With my quiet, soft gray towers
Where the birds sing to the flowers.
I am content!

With the violet's tender blue! I am content!
Never was there rarer hue,
Never blue that seemed so true;
Many flowers bloom for you,
But for me, a very few.
I am content!

All my eager hands can hold! I am content!
Sunlight fades, but leaves the gold
For the hearts, alert and bold,
Ivy covers up the mold
That seemed once so dark and cold.
I am content!

All the good Lord seeth best! I am content!
With strong confidence in Him
That no grief can ever dim;
With a sense of utter loss
Save through His beloved cross!
I am content!

Philadelphia, Autumn, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STRATA OF CHARACTER.

As one by one the layers of organic and inorganic matter are piled up to form our world, so in the structure of character we lay up our strata to form the grand whole of human existence. Like the older unstratified rocks, the impressions of our early days are a heterogenous mass of the good and evil, and have but few if any traces of order or apparent design; but as succeeding years advance the symmetry of the structure becomes more and more apparent. Every achievement and every failure is constantly making depressions and elevations that stretch out and extend even to the boundary of our lives. As the days go by, the winds and waves of fortune are leaving many ripple marks; and broad, deep streams of influence are washing away useless material and leaving wide channels for better deposit.

In this wondrous structure are resources of hidden worth more valuable by far to man than the wealth of Golconda's mine or India's golden sands. Nor do we fail to notice the strange configuration of the outline of the completed whole. There are many, the towering heights of whose genius are but barren waste places, adown whose rugged sides the bleak winds sweep, bearing desolation and heart-ache, and breathing melancholy dirges for lost lives. Yet there are others whose noble natures are towering forests to which all may resort for shelter and refreshment, and toward these noble oaks the clinging tendrils of our hearts ever creep. To the great and good we go for strength and protection, and by the influence of their good works strive to elevate the tone of our own aspirations.

Experience is a good teacher, we are told. Many of us may have proved it to our cost, when we have learned that contact with trifling objects has made a lifelong impression, like scratches left upon the enduring granite by glaciers in their frozen track.

Not only in the world's grand laboratory are changes constantly being effected, but in the heart transformations as important are constantly going on. Many of the rough points of our natures are being blown to atoms, like the rocks, by the explosion of unseen forces; and pearly streams of purity, having strayed far from the fountain, are losing themselves in the weeds and ferns that flourish in the wilderness of the heart. As we know that, many times, even the *alluvium stratum* of earth has demanded deep drainage and costly fertilization, and we see that many times our country must be deluged in the heart's blood of its best friends to insure future prosperity, so often we find the soil of the heart needs the plowshare of affliction to break up the hardened surface, and to be watered with tears ere it bring forth fruit meet for the Master's use. If we notice the order of creation, we can but observe how each succeeding act of Divine Power seemed to rise in the scale of greatness. So let us hope that each successive accretion to character shall be more noble than the last, and in the end the perfected whole may be a thing so good and true and holy that angel choirs shall chant new praises and bear the glad tidings to the listening hosts beyond. Selene.

HOW TO LIVE.

Put out thy talents to their use—
Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
And innocence thy trust,
Rise to thy proper place in life—
Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
Till earth returns to earth—
So live that men shall mark the time
Gave such a mortal birth.

The most knowing are the most desirous of knowledge; the most virtuous are the most desirous of improvement in virtue. On the contrary, the ignorant imagine themselves wise enough; the vicious are, in their own opinion, good enough.

PATIENCE.

If any essential is lacking in the American character it is patience. Patience is not indifference, or indolence, or want of ambition, or trusting everything to Providence. It is simply giving, in every plot, plan or expectation, its proper place to the element of time. A man may drive business to the utmost, and yet be a model of patience. If he recognizes the fact that certain events cannot occur until after certain other events, that certain processes require so much time and certain others so much; if while wasting nothing in unnecessary delays, he never tries to bring about a result before its proper turn on the programme, which must be determined by natural and unalterable conditions, as well as his own will, he is practically patient.

And the exercise of patience is the sublimest of all arts. It is impatience which has given us so many shabby railroads, leaky canals, wild-cat business concerns, break-neck roads, and houses unfit to live in. It is impatience which so often reverses the programme of household economy, and puts the spending before the earning. It is impatience which makes bad mechanics and superficial students. It is impatience which has needlessly created the most serious issue of the present political campaign—the disposition of the public debt. It is impatience which induces so many young men and boys to enter callings in which they get immediate pay, and which they are compelled to remain in all their lives with little or no increase of remuneration. It is impatience which makes so many farms large and half cultivated, instead of small and thrifty.

What we all want is more patience—the recognition of the fact that time is an element in every problem, which cannot be overlooked without vitiating the solution. Great results never spring from momentary efforts. The brilliant invention, the living book, the military triumph, are merely the suddenly announced consequences of long continued processes. The inventor may have been all his life turning his one idea over and over, and shaping his bits of metal so that it will work harmoniously with the laws of mechanics. The author has spent years in learning to write a correct paragraph, to say nothing of the time required for the collection and arrangement of facts and the transformation of plot and circumstances. The commander has been slowly drilled into the mastery of the principles whose judicious application makes his day of victory. The study of natural sciences suggests constantly this suggestive lesson; and in the latter developments of geology the mind is lost in wonder at the stupendous example, beneath our feet, of the divine art of patience.

WRITING.

Many a man's destiny has been made or marred for time and for eternity, by the influence which a single sentiment has made on his mind, by its forming his character for life, making it terribly true that moments sometimes fix the coloring of our whole subsequent existence. Hence those who write for the public should do so under a deep sense of responsibility, and endeavor to do it in that healthful and equable state of mind and body which favors a clear, unexaggerated and logical expression of ideas. If men wrote nothing for print until after forty, the world would be happier and better, for age and a more extensive and accurate observation cause many a change of sentiment in later life.

No one should write when very hungry, or immediately after eating, nor under the influence of any unnatural stimulant, nor while in a passion; else, in the latter case, he will most certainly make a fool of himself. Those who write under a depression of spirits will always write nonsense or untrue things. Those who write a great deal late at night will lose their health or die prematurely. The best time for writing with freshness, vigor and logical truthfulness is in the morning, when the brain has been recuperated and renovated by the natural stimulus of healthful sleep, before its force has been expended or divided on the common affairs of life. No man ought to write over four hours in twenty-four, and not over one hour at a sitting; even oftener, it would be better to walk a few minutes, indoor or out, to rest the brain; but always write when the mind takes hold of the subject, when the spirit is on you, be it day or night.—*Hall.*

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

Some do first, think afterwards, and repent forever.

Wise men make more opportunity than they find.

Boast of your treasures of grace, and you are soon robbed.

It requires greater virtue to support good than bad fortune.

Beauty unaccompanied by virtue is a flower without perfume.

Levity of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

The duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; prayers hinder no work.

We are not worthy of loving truth when we can love anything more than that.

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

Good breeding shows itself most when, to an ordinary eye, it appears the least.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—while the one ascends the other descends.

Love is of the nature of the burning glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doeth nothing.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the farther you can hear them.

Carefully avoid those vices which most resemble virtue; they are a thousand times the most ensnaring of all vices.

Your own discontent is that which arms your troubles with a sting; you make your burden heavy by struggling under it.

"Our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, and often the balance by which it is weighed.

Engage not hastily, as a party, in a difference between others, but reserve thyself impartial and unengaged, that thou mayest moderate between them.

To be free from desire is *money;* to be free from the rage of perpetually buying something new is a certain revenue; to be content with what we possess constitutes the greatest and most certain of riches.

Sabbath Reading.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious life asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

REVELATION.

Christians spend far too little time in the study of the book of the "Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave to him to show unto his servants things that must shortly come to pass." "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things that are written therein—for the time is at hand." There is a general impression that this book is so dark that it is impossible to comprehend any of it; and that whoever becomes deeply interested in the study of it soon gets astray in his ideas, and makes wild and crazy calculations. This is all wrong. If the book is a revelation, there is something revealed. If it is given to Christians to comfort them and instruct them, and strengthen their faith, they ought to use and not fear and shun it. Said a gifted preacher, speaking of this portion of the Lord's word:—"The prophecies are like the Aurora Borealis—they are not meant to be understood until fulfilled. They are lights in the heavens before us, saying, have courage and hope and press forward. God is this way. You are marching towards his glorious kingdom. The lights will be all steady by-and-by. Now they are but glancing, glittering intimations of what is before."

Though much of this sure word of prophecy must long remain hidden from us, we may certainly understand quite enough of it to encourage us during all the triumphs of infidelity, superstition and wickedness. We may learn how much of the riddle of revelation has already been read, and by that may stand the firmer on our faith that all is to be accomplished according to the will of our Lord. Think of what the Bible says of the Africans, the Arabians, Turks, Jews, Papists, of Tyre, Babylon and Nineveh; also of the seven churches of Asia, of Jerusalem and Rome, and of how *every word* of many of these prophecies has already been accomplished, and how fast some of the others are now hurrying towards fulfillment, and then be staggered by the arguments of infidel, or by the whispers of Satan, *if you can.*—*Advance.*

LIFE FROM GOD ALONE.

In the course of his address at the opening of the Belfast Methodist College, the Rev. W. Arthur, President, said:—No man knew the sublime teaching, but the man who felt faith in the active intervention of God for the regeneration of human beings. Every visitor to Rome had stood before that wonderful horse on the Capitoline Hill, and almost fancied that he saw Michael Angelo standing before it, and staring at it till it had impressed itself upon his soul, and then saying—"Animal! march, march." This was not the utterance of hope, but of despair. It was his aspiration striking against the cage that held in his ambition. With what faith would that man have gone to work if there was a possibility that at some point of his progress, on the touch of the chisel, a fire from the unseen world would enter, and his work would begin to live! Now, that was the position of the Christian teacher. He was working upon an immortal being, working upon the image of God with an instrument pointed by God, and moment by moment expecting that God himself would appear in the midst of the work, and send through it the unseen fire that would light up within that soul the principles of eternal life.

Incarnation.—Humanity was never so honored as when Christ allied his divinity to it, when the divine "word became flesh and dwelt among us." Think of a human form on the earth, filled with all the splendor of the Shekinah, a tabernacle of clay, with all the fullness of the Godhead! Is it strange when dust has been thus honored by being knit to divinity, that it shall be honored again; that as our Lord's earthly body was like man's present body, man's resurrection body shall be "fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," be as immortal, as incorruptible, as glorious? Every feature beauty, every motion grace, every thought praise, and every movement ecstacy!

Believing.—It is related of Napoleon, that when Marshal Duroc, an avowed infidel, was once telling a very improbable story, giving his opinion that it was true, the Emperor quietly remarked:—"There are some men who are capable of believing everything but the Bible." This remark finds abundant illustrations in every age. There are men all about us, at the present day, who tell us they cannot believe the Bible; but their capacities for believing everything which opposes the Bible are enormous. The greediness with which they devour the most far fetched stories—the flimsiest arguments—if they only appear to militate against the word of God—is astonishing.

Truth.—Some one has beautifully said:—"Truth is immortal; the sword cannot pierce it, fire cannot consume it, prisons cannot incarcerate it, famine cannot starve it."

Said a member of a church to another member: "I can give five dollars for this object and not feel it." "Then," said his companion, "give ten and *feel* it. Did not the Saviour feel what he did for you?"

LINA AND I.—A TALE OF LOVE.

[Continued from page 340, this number.]

"*Very* good," he said, emphatically. "I can say nothing more now. We talked of your showing me the prospect from Coal Hill on Saturday. Can you go?"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well. I will in return show you a view I saw to-day for the first time." He took my hand in his a second, bade me "good-night," and went away with TOM.

I went up stairs into Cousin DORA's room.

"Cousin," I said, as she stood by the glass taking off collar, ribbons, &c., "it seems to me the mountain air here is doing you good. There are quite red roses in your cheeks."

"Do you think so?" She looked at herself in the mirror with a pleased expression of countenance. "Yes, I believe there are; I am very glad."

"Yes, so am I. It was wrong to pine away your youth and health in the manner you were doing."

"I think so too, Cousin RUTH. Poor CHARLIE is dead and gone; I cannot call him back if I would. But tell me, Cousin, have we not spent a very pleasant evening?"

"Quite so," I assented. "We are very industrious, praiseworthy girls, these days,—sewing all day and visiting all the evening. And you, Cousin DORA, are one of the busiest of us. LINA said she would keep that fine embroidery you worked for her a great many years, for it was as fine as some of the lace-work." This was very true. Cousin DORA's talent was a nimble, elf-like skill with her needle. "I don't see," I continued, "how you have the patience for it."

"That is what CHARLIE used to say," she rejoined. "By the way, Cousin RUTH, don't you think Mr. HILLS has a great resemblance to CHARLIE?"

"How do *I* know," I said, smiling. "You know I never saw—"

"Oh, no; how forgetful I am! But he is like him,—very like him. Every time I see Mr. HILLS I find some new point of resemblance."

Mightily amazed, I resolved to lead her on, and see how far she *would* go.

"But I thought, Cousin, you said that Mr. CHARLES HILLS was fair and had blue eyes. Our Mr. HILLS here has dark hair and eyes."

"But he has such a fair complexion! Did you notice, Cousin, when he came up the hill this evening how the air had made his cheeks look like a pretty girl's?". She glanced in the glass at her own.

"Do you think, then, he is feminine looking?"

"Oh, no, Cousin; do you? I was only speaking of his complexion. I havn't seen such handsome whiskers as his since I left home; but, then, to be sure, he's not long from New York."

"No," I assented, "and then, too, this Mr. HILLS is a distant relative, I believe you said, of—"

"Of CHARLIE's," she interrupted, speaking quickly; "yes, that is what first drew me to him. And now, Cousin RUTH, I may as well own to you—I love Mr. HILLS. He is daily becoming more and more dear to me. Every look of his eyes—so like CHARLIE's—makes me tremble; every sound of his voice makes my heart quiver, for it seems as though the dead spoke to me."

"I wonder," thought I, "if she ever read that in a *Ledger* novel." A few tears would have been very appropriate just then, but she felt most too cheerful and light-hearted to manufacture them.

"Cousin," she continued, "I think he loves me; but either is not yet aware of it himself, or is diffident about addressing me."

"There has been such a short acquaintance," I suggested. "Give him time."

"Yes, to be sure." She felt so hopeful that her eyelids, curls and countenance seemed elevated several degrees. "It stands to reason he should love me, sooner or later. I am the same girl CHARLIE loved; he's very like CHARLIE; why should he not love the same person?"

"I see no flaw in your reasoning," I replied.

"No," she said; "if I come out here grieving for my lost love, and his cousin and friend—closely resembling himself—sees me and loves me, isn't that a romance of real life?"

She began to roll her ringlets up on her fingers. As she looked in the glass she saw herself blush, but that did not prevent her saying what she did:

"Cousin RUTH, seriously, now, tell me;—if you loved a man, and you was very certain he loved you, but you saw he was diffident in approaching you,—perhaps thought you were superior to him in rank or station, though you felt you were not,—for what is money compared to intellect? Cousin RUTH, (she looked in the glass at a face dyed crimson,) if he didn't dare to declare his affection for you, would you think it unmaidenly, indelicate, to show,—perhaps, finally, to tell,—your love for him?"

"It would simply be an impossibility for me," I replied. "I *couldn't* do it."

"But, Cousin," she rejoined, "you could, you would do many things before you would suffer twice over what I have suffered."

"Perhaps so. You would be sorry for it afterwards, though, Cousin DORA,—sorry and ashamed."

"Not if he took me for his own,—I would be too happy."

"But if he *refused* you?—what then?—think of that, Cousin."

"Ah, but he wouldn't. A *New York* gentleman never would so wound a lady; they are not so blunt and plain as the Pittsburgers."

"Maybe not so *honest*," I added.

"Oh, yes, Cousin, a real New-Yorker is the soul of chivalry and honor. Mr. HILLS, for instance,—do you think he would slight a poor, lonely girl's love, and double her sorrow?"

"But," I urged, "he doesn't know what you have undergone."

"He knows I was engaged to CHARLIE, and that he is dead. I can tell him something of what I have endured, Cousin RUTH,"—she looked at me with a firm, settled purpose in her face, and spoke with a slow emphasis,—"if that young man does not love and marry me, *I must die* of an overcharged heart!"

"Well, good night," I said. "I hope, Cousin, you will come safely through all your troubles; you have a great many for one so young."

"Ah, have I not?" she rejoined. "Good night."

I didn't go to my room just then. LINA might not yet be asleep, and I *must* be alone somewhere a few moments to give vent to various suppressed emotions, mirth being the predominant one. The reader knows I was, in honor, bound to secrecy as to the cause; so I slipped off my shoes, slipped softly down stairs, along the hall, and into the dining-room, and finding it, as well as the kitchen, deserted,—everybody gone to bed,—there sat down exhausted, and laughed till my head and sides ached. "Well," I said to myself, "this caps the climax! And she doesn't know that he has waited upon me for over six months, and would ask me to marry him any moment if I would let him,—will probably ask me on the top of Coal Hill Saturday if I am not very watchful. And she doesn't see,—but Love is blind, to be sure,—a hundred little things she *might* see. Well, 'the plot thickens;' we are in the midst of a drama. Am I to be the heroine, or is she? Will it be a comedy or a tragedy? If she should ask him! What would he say? What *could* he say?"

Reader, just here a little shiver ran over me. A little gulf opened at my feet; but, looking into it, I began seriously to fear that it might be large enough to swallow me up. "What if my silly, sentimental cousin *should* really ask Mr. HILLS to marry her?" I mentally interrogated. "He might come, in time, to admire and like this pretty, lack-a-daisical lady. He might, in his strong manhood, pity this poor, frail, little girl, who had thrown herself upon his compassion. Then, 'pity is akin to love.' Moreover, wouldn't his gallantry, chivalry,—all his loyal manhood,—be appealed to? Could he honorably retreat? Well—again—what of all this?—what is it to me? Absolutely nothing. He has been very attentive,—almost a lover, indeed; that is all. So have others as good as he. I *shall* be sorry, though, for him, poor fellow! If I find her almost insufferable for a month or two, what would a life-time be?"

I quietly returned to the bed-room, as quietly disrobed myself, and was soon dreaming.—[To be continued.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXCITING AN INTEREST.

I HAVE just read an article in the RURAL with the above title, by "F. G." He very truly says:—"The first thing to be done in teaching, is to get up an interest." He also says:—To interest the child, is to enlighten his mind." Now, the reverse of this proposition is also true. To enlighten the mind of the child is to interest him; and here we have, in a few words, the sum of the whole matter.

Our physical nature requires sustenance, and the satisfying of this want is attended with extreme enjoyment. So the mind requires food, which is knowledge. Our Creator has implanted in the mind an intense desire to do, to know, to search out hidden things; an insatiable curiosity; and the satisfaction of these desires is also attended with extreme delight. This principle is extremely active in the child. This is the reason why he ransacks the cupboards; scatters the contents of the basket and drawer in dire confusion upon the floor, much to the annoyance of the tidy mother. It is this that impels him to tear into pieces the toy dog to find what makes it bark; the watch, to find what makes it tick. It is this that impels him to ask ten thousand questions, many of which it puzzles us to answer, and which make us wonder what could have put such thoughts into his mind.

If the teacher understands how to arouse this faculty, and then to satisfy the desires which are awakened, he will succeed in exciting such an interest among his pupils that he will find it necessary to restrain, rather than to urge them forward. This he can do just so far as he makes his methods of teaching conform to natural laws. The mechanical, stuffing process produces the opposite result.

I am aware that this faculty is not always apparent, owing to causes which should never exist. Raw potatoes and leather chips would not make very palatable food, and if we were compelled to swallow it day by day, we should soon become confirmed dyspeptics, and should loathe even wholesome food. So when crude and indigestible food is stuffed into the minds of the young, year after year, they become mental dyspeptics, hating school, and everything connected with it.

I take the ground that there is no branch of study that is not, in itself, sufficiently interesting to incite the pupil to vigorous action, if properly presented to his mind by the teacher. True, we often hear him say, "I hate Arithmetic," or "I don't like Grammar;" but it is a certain indication that he has been taught by methods which do not accord with the laws of his mind. He explains the matter when he says, "I don't like it because I don't see into it." Now let a teacher who understands how to make his educational processes conform to the laws of mind, take him in hand, and he will soon be heard to say, "I like Grammar," or "I like Arithmetic;" and in the same breath will give the reason—"because I can see into it now." And he will be interested just so far as he can "see into it," and no further.

When the child is hungry and suitably prepared food is placed before him, he is sufficiently interested in the matter to eat without urging; so if the teacher would have his pupils take intellectual food without urging, he must first sharpen their appetites, then place before them suitably prepared food, and they will devour it greedily, and gladly come again for more.

"F. G." says:—"There is much of the mechanical in learning the rudiments." I know that this is too much so in school-room practice; but is it necessarily so? I think not. There is not an exercise from A to the end that may not be made to call the mind into vigorous action; and when this is done, the process is rather intellectual than mechanical. I have known young children, reading from their letters, to become so highly interested that they were almost beside themselves. I have also known others to become so much interested in learning the rudiments of arithmetic and grammar that their lessons were not out of their minds day or night, and the teacher was obliged to check them, much against their inclinations.

Now these children were interested because they were taught in such a manner that ideas were clearly impressed at every step, and by this means such an appetite was created that it was impossible to satisfy it. And this would always be the case, if the methods pursued in our schools were adapted to the nature and laws of mind. Then I would say, to create an interest in school, first, excite in the mind of the pupil a strong desire to know, then satisfy that desire by impressing upon it the idea clearly, at the same time leading him, as far as possible, to discover the idea for himself,—and it is done.

Bonny Hill, N. Y., Sept., 1868. C. S. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TEACHER'S OPINIONS.—No. III.

EVERY teacher has his preferences among text books. So great are these preferences, and so peculiar, that what some abominate others consider *the* desideratum. Those who do not make teaching a profession,—but a place in which to "wait for something to turn up" more agreeable and lucrative,—are very careless concerning text books, and disgrace the profession.

Nearly every text book has some peculiar, leading idea, that is its cause for demanding popular attention; and some of them are worthy of special regard. But it is a fact, that every new text book is not necessarily an improvement on its predecessors; often an attempted improvement is a positive disregard of pleasure and profit. Thus we find in a very worthy series of arithmetics the system of Metric introduced. However desirable on certain grounds the Metric system may be, the terms used therein, together with its abrogation of other systems so fully, now in use and considered good, will put far off the day when its use will be general, and therefore arithmetics urging a recognizance of credit on this account will prove a failure. Just so with grammars. Simplicity in grammars should be aimed at before all else. Oral teaching of grammar is the far more successful method, but few teachers are willing to exert themselves sufficiently to teach grammar orally; therefore, text books should imitate the conversational system to meet successfully public approbation.

I have examined pretty thoroughly many arithmetics, and find much to admire in depth, but not an improvement (with one exception) in simplicity of style over the Ruger of our "auld lang syne." The exception is now issued by the HARPERS. I have no prejudices; I desire no particular credit to be attached to this or that text book because of my opinion. I only wish there were fewer text books, while the good properties of many were combined in one, which had no feature in it exceptional to fair, disinterested minds. SAMOL.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALL ABOUT THE OYSTER.—No. III.

PROPAGATION.

With the known fecundity of the oyster, it will be seen that if the floating spats can be protected against the accidents which are incident to the period immediately succeeding their expulsion from the parent's mantle, their propagation may be carried to any extent. Scientific investigations have demonstrated the fact that these young oysters must find a lodgment on some permanent substance, such as rocks or wood, within forty-eight hours after they have left the parent, or they will die. To lodge upon the mud or sand is death. Clear waters and a rocky bottom are necessary to life and thrift in their earliest stage of existence; muddy waters are necessary to successful feeding and fattening; hence, artificial aid is indispensable to the extensive propagation, and their after-growth and preparation for market.

To preserve the young oyster many devices have been invented and adopted. A very simple and cheap one, adopted in the vicinity of New York, is to take the emptied oyster shells and scatter them in suitable aquatic localities, and in one year afterwards oysters of a moderate market size may be obtained therefrom. But the French are decidedly in advance of us in the invention of methods to secure and preserve the spats in these latter times. They obtained the suggestion for operation in this wise:—Their Government, years ago, sent off M. COSTA on a rambling permit south, even as far as the shores of Italy, to inquire into this very science, of not only the oyster, but of the fish culture. In prosecuting his inquiries he found that the Romans, centuries ago, understood and practiced the true method of propagating and growing oysters. They exemplified their knowledge and skill in the matter on an extensive scale, and he found that not only the evidences of their operations were still to be seen, but that the operations were still continued in these days, in the establishment at Lake Fusaro, (Lake Avernus,) the little lake thus named in the crater of an extinct volcano, and used as an oyster farm. But whilst he was at this lake, prying into the oyster cultivating skill of the old Romans, there descended to the present time, it is proper to remark, that a simple stone mason at the Isle of Re, in the Bay of Biscay, reasoned the plan out to himself, and laid down a wall of stone, inclosing a small area of the foreshore, and cleaned out the mud so that the spats might be secured. While the mason was pursuing his work it was ridiculed by his neighbors as a childish vagary. His idea, however, proved a success, and was adopted by the people of the island. The first farm on the foreshore was laid down in 1858, and now the whole foreshore of that island is occupied by them. The same principle is observed in the cultivation of oysters now, on the coast of France, generally, but there fascines are attached to poles over the beds to catch the flatsums, and they do it most effectually and protect them against the assaults of the angry ocean.

GROWTH.

This is said to be slow, and that at the end of six months from its leaving the parent, the oyster is no larger than a half dollar, and only twice that size at the end of the year. In favorable locations, as has been seen elsewhere, however, they are fit for the market at the end of the year. They obtain full size in from five to seven years.

THE OYSTER SEASON.

THIS embraces the cool portion of the year, say from November to March inclusive, when the oysters can be handled and transported long distances to market, with ordinary care, without spoiling. In the country at large it can scarcely be said to commence before the first of November and ends about the first of April. It is varied somewhat by the season: if that is cool it may begin earlier or continue a little later. During the busy season in the oyster trade, the docks in all of the seaboard cities where the oyster shallops or smacks haul up, are points of interest to the information seeker, but especially so to the inquiring countryman. These craft are small sloops or schooners, that carry from 300 to 500 bushels of oysters in the shell. They come up from the beds and other oyster raking localities, and lie at the docks until the cargo is sold out, and then return again for another cargo. Hotel keepers, saloon keepers, citizens generally, anybody and everybody buy who desire to do so. The trade, so far as purchasing is concerned, at least, is open to all.

The number of these little vessels engaged in this trade, it will be readily seen, depends on the importance of the market. In New York it is very large. It is less in Philadelphia. In Baltimore, the great depot of supplies for the general country trade, the number employed is very large. At Washington, during the lively portion of the season, the number lying at the docks ranges from six to a dozen. There the oystermen, with the shuckers about the dock, the buyers, bystanders and visitors, present quite a lively scene. L. S. A.

MAKING HAND ORGANS.

THE only establishment in this hemisphere where these music machines are made is situated in this city, at the corner of Chatham street and New Bowery. Up three pairs of stairs, through a hospitably open door, and we enter a large room piled with hand organs, in youth, wearied middle age, or second childhood, where several men are busily at work. Here is manufactured, except the iron work, made to order at Westmoreland, N. Y., every part of the hand organ, which is well defined by its name. It is merely an organ arranged to play automatically from a rotary motion—if you like that better. Its parts are the pipes, arranged vertically in the front, the barrel, placed at the top and back, the keys, vertical between the two, the bellows under the barrel, and the grinding and shifting gear at the side—a most excellent example of economy of space.

The *maximo pars* is the barrel, which is the length of the hand organ, and of about four or five inches diameter. This is wound with little brass points or staples—according to the length of the note—which, when the barrel revolves, enter the keys and open the pipe valves. They project about the eighth of an inch above the cylinder, and for each tune are allowed one-sixteenth of an inch, along the length of the barrel to every key, the latter being placed at a distance apart corresponding to the number of tunes. One revolution invariably plays the whole tune, and longer tunes have to be cut down to this, except for regular operatic organs, where an automatic shifting apparatus is used. Otherwise the barrel is shifted by gear at the side under control of the grinder, which makes a difference of one-sixteenth one way or the other along the barrel. The pipes are made from hard wood, as boxwood, or from reeds. The blast for them is furnished by the bellows, which are worked by gear from the crank, like the barrel. The keys resemble those ordinarily used in musical instruments. These five parts are packed neatly and compactly together in the case, connected properly, the gearing is arranged, and the result is a hand organ ready to delight or torment people, as the case may be.—*New York Mail.*

ACCIDENTS OF SPEECH.

PAT has long labored under the imputation of making more accidents with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals; but it can be very easily shown that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows:—"My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, Calion. P. S.—Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read:—"You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

It is said of the same character that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs, and, after getting down, brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark, as at first.

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

At a prayer meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

And it was an American lecturer of note who solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

ROADMAKING IN ENGLAND.

THE roads in St. James Park, London, are now being formed by the aid of a powerful steam roller. The ground is first picked up, then covered with broken granite and top-dressing of sand. The whole is then thoroughly wetted, and an immense roller propelled by steam is driven slowly over the road, giving a pressure of nearly thirty tons, until it becomes a smooth, compact mass. This makes a real macadamized road. And no road that is not thoroughly rolled while wet deserves the name of Mac Adam. How unlike this is the process of making streets and roads in this vicinity. A street is picked up a little, a few loads of broken stone are dumped and leveled off, and the work is done. So far as the roadmakers are concerned the remainder is done by the passing carriages and teams, which in time, after much swearing and cursing by the drivers, grind the street into ridges and holes which every day's travel makes larger, until the time comes round for picking up and stoning down and grinding up the street again. And so it goes on forever—forever spending money and never getting a good roadway for all the expenditures.

Reading for the Young.

UGLY MUG AND HER MAGICAL GLASS.

I.

GRANDMOTHER GRIGG was a jolly old dame,
As merry as ever a grig of her name;
Her little eyes sparkled from under her cap,
And she bit off the ends of her words with a snap.
Her nose was on intimate terms with her chin,
And the things she loved most were to chatter and spin.
When she gathered her grandchildren close by her knees,
Her wheel and her tongue both were busy as bees;
The flax she used up was a sight to behold,
But more wonderful still were the stories she told.

II.

One night—'twas the night before Christmas—there came
A clamorous crowd to this jolly old dame,
Who begged her—before they were packed off to bed—
To tell them a story "all out of her head:"
Not one of the tales from her regular store,
But a story they said they had ne'er heard before.
"Ho! ho! something new, eh?" quoth Grandmother Grigg,
"Very well, chits! sit down, till my spindle I rig,
And I'll tell you the queer things that once came to pass
Between Miss Ugly Mug, and her wonderful glass."

III.

"Ugly Mug! What a name!" all the little ones cried.
"'Twas a nickname, my dears!" the old grandame replied.
"This miss, when asleep, was quite pretty to see,
But awake, she was ugly as ugly could be;
And this just because miss was subject to fits
Of the sullens, and pouts, and wry faces, my chits.
These so altered her pleasant expression, that folk
Called her Miss Ugly Mug, just by way of a joke;
And, I think, had you seen her in one of her 'queers,'
You'd have found it a very apt nickname, my dears.

IV.

"Now it happened one day—'twas the last of the year—
A strange-looking peddler the window drew near,
And saw through the pane such a face that, good lack!
He jumped, and came very near dropping his pack;
But the very next moment, he tapped at the door,
And asked madam's leave to exhibit his store.
He spread out his wares on the door of the hall,
And said he was sure he could pleasure them all.
He could fit both the maids and the mistress, he knew,
And something would suit little Pretty Face, too.

V.

"Ugly Mug, at this flattery, smirked with delight,
And her eyes grew as large as an owl's in the night,
Till the peddler with motion provokingly slow,
Brought forth a small glass, worth a sixpence or so,
And holding it up:—'Now, my sweet little friend,
If you mind my directions, you'll find in the end
'Tis a magical mirror, and dog-cheap if sold—'
Quoth this queer-looking chap—'for its weight in pure gold;
And, when, in a twelvemonth from this, I come back,
You won't trade your mirror for all in my pack.'

VI.

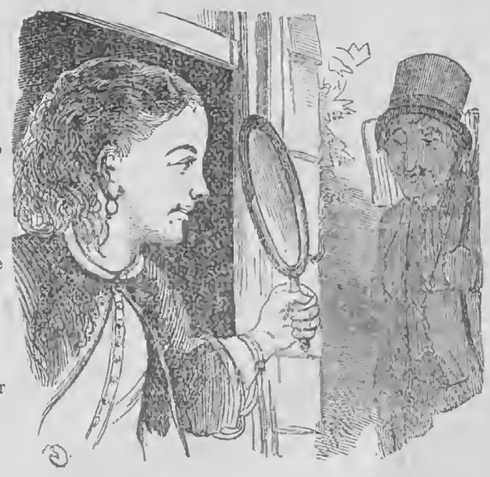
"'You'll not think me rude now, my sweet little miss,
When I tell you your image, reflected in this,
Will grow, day by day, still more charming and clear,
If you gaze on it faithfully all the new year
In the way I direct, thus:—Whene'er it appears
You have cause to inflame those soft eyelids with tears;
Whene'er by a frown you shall wrinkle that brow,
Or pout those red lips, as you're doing just now;
Whene'er to be sullen or sad you incline,
Just take a long look in this mirror of mine,
And I'll forfeit my pack, at the end of the year,
If your image don't prove you a beauty, my dear!'

VII.

"Then the peddler, he shouldered his pack and went out,
And Ugly Mug looked in the glass, with a pout,
Till the image she saw seemed so funny and strange
That she laughed—and behold! what a magical change!
The cross-looking face in an instant was gone,
And a gay little visage smiled into her own—
The visage of such a bright-eyed little elf,
That Ugly Mug felt quite ashamed of herself.
So she vowed she would do as the peddler had said,
And she carried the glass, quite delighted, to bed.

VIII.

"Well," said Grandmother Grigg, "when the twelvemonth went by,
And the time was at hand for the old year to die,
The odd-looking peddler came trudging again
By Ugly Mug's window, and glanced at the pane;
But no Ugly Mug did the peddler behold,
But a very sweet face set in ringlets of gold;
And up flew the sash, and a silvery voice
Cried, 'Come in, sir peddler, and show me the choice
Of all in your pack, for the glass that you sold
Is cheap at its weight in the purest of gold.'



IX.

"So the peddler came in, and 'I knew it!' cried he,
'You're as pretty, my dear, now, as pretty can be!
And the face that I saw, when I called here before,
Will never be seen in this glass any more!'
Then he sold her a doll with magnificent curls,
And a dress of rich silk, and a necklace of pearls,
And he said he had hoped she this doll would prefer,
And so he had kept it on purpose for her.
But the glass, as no longer of use, he took back,
'It was handy,' he said, 'for to have in his pack.'

FINAL.

"Now," said Grandmother Grigg, "it is bed-time, you know,
And I've only one word to say ere you go.
There's a magical glass that can always be had,
To show little folks how they look when they're bad;
And when any of you, dears, feel willing to try,
Of Grandmother Grigg such a glass you may buy;
All the payment she asks, is a kiss and a hug,
And the promise to use it like Miss Ugly Mug!"

C. D. GARDETTE.

["Our Schoolday Visitor," from which we copy the above amusing and instructive poem, is a very excellent and popular magazine for the young. Judging from the pleasure our pair-of-stairs of little folks derive from its pages, we are confident it will prove a treasure in every family comprising juveniles. We therefore commend the Visitor to all parents and teachers, referring to advertisement on our last page for terms, etc.—ED. R. N. Y.]

WILLIE'S HOME.

WE have rarely seen a simple child story that more touched us than the following which we find in an exchange:

"This is my home!" cried a little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy he came from school at the close of a short winter's afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his father, "how is it? Suppose you go out on the sidewalk, and try at the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have here, and go to the parlor, would not that be your home?"

"No indeed," said Willie, "it would not be."

"But tell me, why not?"

Willie had never thought of this. He paused a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother quietly sat sewing, he replied, with an earnest gesture, "*She* lives here."

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1868.

New York State Items.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, at Ithaca, was formally opened and dedicated on the 7th inst. A large concourse of people witnessed the ceremonies. The Hon. Ezra Cornell delivered the opening address. The duty of delivering the charter, keys and seals of the new Institution to the President elect was to have been performed by Gov. Fenton, but he was unexpectedly called away and Lieut. Gov. Woodford took his place and made an eloquent speech. Hon. Andrew D. White, President of the University, in his Inaugural Address presented the real objects of the University, his own plans and hopes in regard to it, and urged the necessity for a more practical education. A chime of bells was presented by Miss Jennie McGraw, Francis M. Finch, Esq., making the address, followed by an address of acceptance, by Hon. Geo. H. Andrews, on behalf of the University; an address by Hon. A. B. Weaver, Superintendent of Public Instruction; and addresses by Prof. Louis Agassiz and George Wm. Curtis. The University opens with great promise. Four hundred students have entered. No more can be admitted to the Freshman class except the State students. In the Agricultural, Mechanical and Engineering Departments and the higher classes, they will be received until further notice. We shall ere long have somewhat further to say of the Institution, its scope, faculty, buildings, surroundings and prospects. Meantime the Cornell University, its noble Founder and able President, have our best wishes and cordial co-operation in furtherance of the great objects sought to be ultimately achieved.

The Board of Engineers and the Board of Directors of the Hudson Highland Suspension Bridge Company have had a meeting at Cozzens' Landing, and explored the river on both sides in that vicinity for the purpose of selecting an eligible site for the Bridge. Several suitable sites were found.

The Board of New York State Commissioners of Public Charities convened in Utica, on Friday the 2d inst, and continued in session until Saturday afternoon. There were present the President of the Board, Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn of Albany, Dr. Anderson of Rochester, Prof. Dwight of Clinton, Hon. Mr. Foster of New York and Dr. Hoyt of Yates county, Secretary of the Board. In addition to the general business of the commission the members visited the various private charities of the city and on Saturday went to the State Lunatic Asylum.

The State Convention of Colored Men assembled in Utica on the 6th inst., and was in session two days. Fifty-four delegates took seats. J. W. Logunen was appointed permanent President, with a number of Vice Presidents and Secretaries. A communication from Susan B. Anthony on the rights of colored women was received, read and tabled.

The extensive grain elevator of T. A. Moore & Sons, in Troy, was burned on the 7th inst., with about two hundred thousand bushels of grain. Loss upwards of $212,000. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

A man registered at the Exchange Hotel, Albany, as O. B Davis, Ohio, was found dead in bed on Wednesday morning of last week. He had taken poison and then shot himself through the head.

The grading on the Binghamton end of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad is nearly finished, and the work of arching the tunnel well advanced. The road is to be finished about the first of December.

A double track of steel rails is being rapidly laid along the Delaware division Erie railway, which includes the vicinity of Carr's Rock, thus bringing the road to a condition of safety. The track is already in a splendid condition.

The 20th annual convention of the Free Will Baptists met at Buffalo, on the 6th inst. Rev. Dr. Colby, of Hamburg, preached the opening sermon. Between 300 and 400 delegates were present.

The sixth annual convention of the Western New York Dental Association met at Buffalo, on the 6th. Mr. J. L. Waters, of Lockport, is President.

Mr. George Hill of Addison, Steuben county, had his left hand chopped off by inches clear to the wrist, a few days since, in a planing machine.

Two boys named Page and McCue escaped from the House of Refuge, at Rochester, Thursday evening of last week, about 8 o'clock.

The Workingmen's Protective Union of New York city has made a highly creditable semi-annual report. Employment has been found by the Union men within the past six months for 1,862 females from 10 years of age to seventy-eight and over; $5,000 have been collected and expended for their support and the support of others while unemployed.

George Kenyon of Greece, Monroe Co., accidentally shot himself on Saturday last, while hunting at Braddock's Bay. The load entered his right side, causing death in a few hours.

The Rev. Dr. Sprague preached to his own people at Albany, a few Sabbaths ago, a sermon preached by him just fifty years before,—his first one.

From the West.

GEN. Sherman and Gen. Sheridan, in their dispatches from the frontier, are both of the opinion that there will be a serious war with the Indians from this time until winter sets in. The latest intelligence shows that the Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas and Camanches are all out loose, and ready for robbery and murder. The Kiowas and Camanches have already swept across the country from Fort Scorah to Fort Dodge. The total force of these tribes is about 4,500 warriors. Fortunately, we have a larger force to meet them than last year, though still not large enough to punish them as they deserve. General Sheridan will take the field in person, and lively work may be expected in that quarter soon. Gen. Sherman has written to the authorities for more troops to aid him in subduing the Indian warriors. He is said to complain bitterly of the tedious delay in sending reinforcements.

The Senators elect from Colorado territory, Hons. John Evans and J. B. Chaffee, have resigned their positions. This course, they say in a card, "is taken to enable the people to consider the State question free from personal considerations."

The schooner Farfair was sunk off Muskegan, on Lake Michigan, on the 8th inst, and four persons, whose names are unknown, were drowned.

Cheyenne was visited by a destructive fire on the 7th inst.

By a collision between two trains on the Missouri Pacific railroad one day last week, both engines, the baggage and express cars were wrecked, and several passengers were injured.

Lieutenant Cusack of the 9th Cavalry, who was sent from Fort Davis with a detachment of sixty men and a volunteer party of Mexicans, to recapture the stock recently stolen by the Indians from a train near Fort Stockton, overtook the Indians (Apaches) some two hundred strong, about eighty miles east of Fort Davis, attacked them and killed in a running fight, extending over five miles, between twenty and thirty of them, and wounded at least as many more, and took from them all their stock, besides some few cattle; destroyed the entire camp, including their winter store of meats, berries, &c., and recaptured two Mexican boys who had been in captivity some four or five years. The loss to Lieut. Cusack's command was two soldiers severely though not dangerously wounded.

From the South.

A COLD blooded massacre of negroes was committed at Opelousas, La., last week, brought about, it is said, by an attempt to chastise a Mr. Bentley, editor of the St. Landry Progress and teacher of a school in the district, in the presence of his school. Mr. B. applied for a warrant for his assailants, which was granted, but before the officer could execute it an armed force took possession of the town, and began the work of slaughter, firing upon and killing every known Republican. More than one hundred blacks were killed, and fifty wounded. The maddened mob, after rioting in the streets, entered the office of the Progress and threw its types and presses into the street. They then drove its French editor, Mr. Durand, into the woods and lynched him.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on the night of the 28th of September to burn the town of Lexington, Miss. Fortunately the fire was discovered in time to prevent a serious conflagration.

The General Assembly of Georgia adjourned *sine die* on the 6th inst., after declaring one Beard possessed of more than one eighth negro blood and therefore ineligible to a seat as member of that body.

About 4,000 stands of arms arrived at Memphis, recently, on a steamer from St. Louis, consigned to Little Rock. It is alleged that they are for arming the negroes in Arkansas, and the boats refuse to take them any further.

As forty negro penitentiary convicts, hired out to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, were going on the Central Railroad from Richmond to Covington, they overpowered the guard, twenty miles beyond Gordonsville, and twenty-four of them leaped off while the train was going at full speed. Two were killed and three others badly wounded. The others who leaped off escaped.

Both Houses of the Alabama Legislature adjourned on the 10th inst., to re-assemble on the 2d proximo.

A man named John Perkins of Wakefield, N. H., was hung at Portsmouth, Va., the 9th inst., for rape

Gov. Bullock of Georgia, has issued a proclamation saying that many lawless acts have been committed in the State, the right of free speech impaired, lives of citizens so threatened as to oblige them to abandon their homes, and charging sheriffs and other civil officers to use their best endeavors to keep the peace in communities, and protect all persons in the full exercise of their rights.

In view of the pending elections, Gen. Meade has issued an order distributing the forces under his command to points where he deems it necessary to enforce the laws and preserve order; impressing upon the military commanders that they are to act in aid and in co operation of, and in subordination to, the civil authorities, in efforts to preserve the peace; that they must in all cases, when they can, apply for instructions to superior authority, but they must at all hazards preserve the peace and not be restrained by technical points when in their conscientious judgment, under the rules set forth, it is their duty to act.

The severest storm of the season occurred off Fortress Monroe recently. An immense amount of damage was done to shipping, and it is feared many lives were lost.

Gov. Holden and Gen. Miles have information that several hundred Spencer rifles and accoutrements have been imported into North Carolina and distributed to organizations styling themselves Seymour and Blair clubs. The fact has been reported to Gen. Meade.

From Washington.

GENERAL SIBLEY'S report of the Camilla riot has been received. It covers the report of Captain Mills, sent there to investigate it. Sibley says no action has been taken by the civil authorities, that no inquest has been held, and it is not possible to bring the guilty parties to justice, as the civil authorities justify the proceedings.

It is rumored that Mr. Reverdy Johnson has signed a naturalization treaty between the United States and Great Britain. However, this fact may be, there is every reason to believe that it is a measure upon which the two Governments are now diligently engaged.

A National Convention of the advocates of the political rights of women, is called to meet in Washington next December. The call is issued by the Universal Franchise Committee, and is intended to be a stirring one.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Provisional Government of Spain has been organized. Serrano and Prim have been made Honorary Presidents, and Aguirre, Acting President. Ribero and Vigo Armego have been appointed Vice-Presidents, and Figuerala has been made Minister of Finance. The Junta has requested Marshal Serrano to take charge of affairs till the meeting of the Cortes, and he has consented so to act, with Gens. Prim and Olosago as his colleagues. The formation of the new cabinet has not yet been completed. Gen. Escalanta, a democrat, has been placed in command of the national guard. It is daily becoming more and more evident that the great majority of the people are in favor of a Republican Government for Spain. The Duke of Vittoria and the Count of Cheste, have declared that they will support the existing Provisional Junta.

The Junta has issued a programme guaranteeing reforms. Among them are administrative decentralization, universal suffrage, religious liberty, freedome of press, right of public assemblage, radical change in the system of education, right of trial by jury, and equality of all men before the law. Judges of courts are to be appointed for life. A circular has also been issued by the Junta invoking all the Spanish officials and citizens to join in preserving order, and thus prove that the revolution just accomplished was not anarchy but justice. The elections for the Cortes have been fixed for the fifteenth of November.

An explosion occurred a few days since at Barnesly, in a building used for the manufacture of fire works, by which the building was utterly destroyed, five persons being killed, and several others badly injured.

The Chinese Embassy are making progress in their preliminary arrangements for negotiation with the British Government. It is reported that Mr. Burlingame finds that Lord Stanley is not unfriendly to the policy proposed by China, and that he is ready to trust the question on the broad grounds of civilization. It is understood that the Embassadors will be received by Queen Victoria on the 20th of the present month. After their reception by the Queen the Embassy will make a visit to Paris.

The Italian Government has officially recognized the Juarez Government in Mexico.

STEAMER BURNED ON LAKE ONTARIO.—Another apalling steamboat disaster is recorded. The propeller "Perseverance," Capt. John Fitzgibbons, of the Overland Railway line, took fire about two o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst., some fifteen miles off Pultneyville, and burned to the water's edge. The fire was first discovered by the engineer, who showed it to the first mate, he being then on watch, and almost before they could realize the awful fact the propeller was completely enveloped in flames. Two of her boats were on fire before they could be reached, but the third was launched and put off with the two waiters, two men, and a boy. These were finally picked up by the propeller "Enterprise," which was about fifteen miles astern. There were nineteen persons aboard the ill-fated vessel, fourteen of whom, including the Captain, perished in the flames.

FROM MEXICO.—Mexican advices to Sept. 23d, say Juarez congratulates the State on its quiet, and on the failure of rebellion. He hopes that Congress will pass laws to favor commerce, and thereby improve the revenues. He presents the picture of Mexico at present as brilliant and cheerful. Several railroad bills are before Congress. The press scorn the efforts of Santa Anna to get up a rebellion, and Congress seems to regard them in the same light. The recent treaties with the United States will soon be under discussion in Congress. Ministers Mariscal and Iglesias are reported to have opposed them. It is however, expected that Congress will ratify them

HAYTIEN NEWS.—Advices from Port au Prince to October 2d say that the Haytien man-of-war Galatea had arrived at Peit Grove, from New York, with a large cargo of arms and ammunition. She had a full complement of men, mostly Haytien negroes, some English and French officers, and a complete naval outfit. As she arrived she attacked the rebel cruisers Sylvan and Liberte. The former was sunk and the latter burnt by the crew to prevent her from falling into President Salnave's power. The latter had left on board the Galatea to bombard Miragoane.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—Advices from South America to Sept. 10th., state that earthquakes continued on the Southern coast of Peru, but caused no further damage. 6,000 houses were destroyed by the previous shocks in Arequipa, which would cost $40,000,000 to rebuild. Cozeo suffered little damage. Provisions have been received all along the coast from Valpairaso to Peru, and sufferers abundantly supplied.

DEATH OF HOWELL COBB.—Howell Cobb, of Georgia, formerly Secretary of the Treasury under Buchanan, fell dead on the morning of the 9th inst., in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York city. Apoplexy was the cause.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

QUEEN ISABELLA had the wisdom, when she found her kingdom had no further use for her services, to look out for herself. She took with her in her flight all the crown jewels and royal regalia and about $2,500,000 in gold.

THE little village of Ceres is situated in four towns—Ceres, Eldred, Portville and Genesee; three counties—McKean, Cattaraugus and Allegany; and two States—New York and Pennsylvania. A more singular location has not come to our knowledge.

AT Poultney, Vt., on Wednesday of last week, a deer of the largest size was seen coming down the valley from the north at the height of his speed, his antlers thrown back and his tongue thrust out. There was nobody in the village smart enough to catch him.

A MAIDEN lady of New York has made a will, in which she bequeaths all her property to a religious corporation to build a church. She furthermore directs her executors, in due poecss of time, to use her dust and entire remains to make mortar with which to lay the corner-stone. Her name is for the present withheld.

THE unemployed poor of London hold weekly meetings, at which the aristocracy are remorselessly handled by the speakers. They lately declared that the next reform Parliament should legislatively limit the incomes of individuals. They think $25,000 a year ought to satisfy any man. It would, no doubt, satisfy the majority.

A BOY living in Rome, Ohio, recently picked up a small bright stone from the grade in the town, which proved to be valuable. A Cincinnati firm offered him $450 for it. He took it to another establishment, however, who said it was either ruby or a diamond, and very valuable, probably worth $7,000. He sent it to New York to be disposed of.

BUSINESS of all kinds is said to be overdone in San Francisco. Hundreds of skilled mechanics are seeking in vain, unless at very low wages, for employment. No employment is offered, except on the railroads and farms, and the crops are now nearly gathered. Thousands must be supported by charity, starve or go to work on the Pacific or other railroads the coming winter.

THE dedication of a memorial statue to Major-General Sedgwick takes place at West Point on the 21st inst. The officers and soldiers of the sixth corps, under Sedgwick, are particularly invited to attend. The statue is designed by Launt Thompson, and is cast from captured cannon contributed by the nation, and erected through the contributions of the officers and soldiers of the sixth corps. Geo. W. Curtis will deliver the dedicatory oration.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions held its annual meeting in Norwich, Ct., last week. Rev. Mark Hopkins D.D., LL. D., was elected President. The Treasurer's report shows that the entire income of the year was as follows:—From gifts, $453,200.77; from legacies, $73,903 44; from other sources $8,674 74; total, $535,838.95; the largest sum ever reported to any annual meeting of the Board. The expenditures were $530,835 65. The year opened with $4,432.44 against the treasury, and closed with a surplus of $570.86 in favor.

BEARS are the sensation in New Hampshire and Vermont. White Mountain tourists come upon them in the stage roads now and then, and at Troy, Vt., one weighing 275 pounds, was recently killed. Bruin had been eating corn, and incautiously presented himself to the farmer and his son, the other night. They chased him through the woods with a lantern, pitchfork and gun until the light went out, when the bear chased them both up a tree. He at last left them, when they both went home, returning in the morning to bag the game.

GEN. GARIBALDI has written a letter to his constituents stating the reasons which have led him to resign his seat as Italian Deputy. Physical infirmities, and the consciousness of his inability to help "a generous and abandoned people," have kept him he says, from taking part in the proceedings of Parliament. He will, however, always be ready to lay down his life for the country, should the opportunity occur.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 13, 1868.

THERE is an active call for money in this locality. The millers are grinding large quantities of wheat, and consequently are using a good deal of currency. There is more paper offering at the banks than they can discount. It is nothing unusual at this season of the year, when so much money is required in the wheat and flour trade, for the call for currency to be greater than our banks can supply. The present activity will doubtless continue until the close of canal navigation.

The crisis in the New York money market came and passed the first week in October. It produced no very great effect upon stocks or government securities. Rates of interest are not so low as before the brief panic. The market is reported fairly supplied with funds at 6@7 per cent., with a tendency to greater ease. The New York Daily Bulletin of Saturday evening says:—"The demand for money has been freely supplied at the ruling rates of the week, and late in the afternoon call loans were made to government houses at a concession. The drain of currency to the South and West has been moderate, and further shipments in large amounts are anticipated the coming week. There is no indication of a stringent money market."

The general tone of the gold market has been heavy for some days. The New York Evening Post says:—"If gold could be steadied at a lower premium it would give general satisfaction, but the extremes—whether high or low—to which the price is forced by speculation can but be injurious to the mercantile community; they are invariably followed by sharp reactions, and the general result is that values are unsettled and business deranged."

The high rates of gold in New York have drawn large sums from Canada. One Canadian bank is said to have loaned $3,000,000 recently in New York.

The market for Government bonds is quiet. Leading dealers have apparently been holding off until after the State elections this week, to see what effect they have upon the market.

COTTON.—The following from the Financial Chronicle of Saturday is the latest intelligence in regard to the cotton movement:—"By special telegrams received by us to-night from each of the Southern ports we are in possession of the returns showing the receipts, exports, &c., of cotton for the week ending this evening, Oct. 9. From the figures thus obtained it appears that the total receipts for the last seven days have reached 41,576 bales (against 34,607 bales last week, 29,381 bales the previous week, and 19,336 bales three weeks since,) making the aggregate receipts since September 1, 1868, up to this date, 142,703 bales, against 73,712 bales for the same period of 1867, being an excess this season over last season of 68,790 bales."

WOOL.—The Eastern market is hardly as active as two weeks since. There is no particular change in prices.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The market is somewhat unsettled, but prices are about the same as last week.

ROCHESTER, OCT. 13—Flour, wheat, $11,50@14,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@25. Wheat, red, $1,80@2,00; Do. white, $2,40@2,55 Rye, $1,45@1,45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,90@2,00. Beans, $2,50@3,10; Pork, mess, $30,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00 Dressed hogs, cwt., $12,00@13,00; Hams, 20@22cts. Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 14@16c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 14@17½c; Lard, 21½@22½c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 26@26c; Wool 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c Potatoes, $0,70@0,75; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 20@25c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $2@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c Apples, ℔ bbl, $1,75@2,50; Dried Apples ℔ lb, 7@8c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $3,00@3,75.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 10.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,75; pearls nominal; Cotton, middlings, 26@26½c; Flour, $6,75@14,00; Rye Flour, $6,00@8,50, Wheat, $1,60@2,60; Rye, $1,35@1,38; Barley, 1,14@1,44; Corn, $1,19@1,20½; Oats, 74@76cts; Pork, mess $25,75@29,00, prime, $24,50@25,00; prime mess, $28,00@28,00; Beef, plain mess, $11,50@12,00, extra mess, $19,50@23,75. Beef hams, $25,00@28,00; Shoulders, 11½@12½cts; Hams, 14@18½c; Lard, 18@20cts; Butter, 31@48c; Cheese, 13@17½c.

ALBANY, OCT. 10.—Flour, $6,50@12,75; Rye flour, $8,50; Corn meal, $2,37@2,45 ℔ 100 lbs; Wheat, $2,20@2,75; Rye, $1,65@1,70; Corn, $1,16@1,20; Barley, $2,10@2,20; Oats, 75@75cts; Pork, mess, $30@31; clear, $33@34; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 11@15c; Smoked beef, 16@18c; Lard, 20@21c; Butter, 35@45c. Cheese, 15@17c; Beans, $3,50@4; Dried apples, 8@10c; Hops, old, 5@10c; new, 18@25c; Wool, ranges from 40@65c.

BUFFALO, OCT. 10.—Flour, $8,00@10,00; Rye flour, $7,25@7,50; Wheat, $2,52@2,20; Corn, $1,04@1,08; Oats, 62½@64c; Rye, $1,45; Barley, $2,18@2,25; Peas, $1,65; Beans, $8,00; Clover seed, medium, $8,50@9,00; Peavine do. $0,00@00,00; Timothy, $3,25@3,31; Flax, $2,50. Provisions—Pork, mess, $29,50@30,50; Lard, 19@20½c; Hams, 21½c; Shoulders, 14½c; Dried beef, 20½c; Butter, 38@45c; Cheese, 15@17; Eggs, 25@30c.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 7.—Flour, $5,00@11,00; Wheat, $1,10@2,20; Corn, $1,00@1,05; Oats, 55@63c; Rye, $1,30@1,30; Barley, $2,00@2,60. Mess pork, $29½@30,50; Lard, 19½@21c; Bacon, 14½@16½c; Hams, 15@19c; Shoulders, 12½@12½c; Butter, 28@48c.; Cheese, 14@25c.

CHICAGO, OCT. 10.—Flour, $6,52@11,00; Wheat, $1,35@1,42. Corn, 95@95½c; Oats 52@55½c; Rye, $1,30@1,32; Barley, $1,88@1,89; Pork, mess, $29,25@29,50; Lard, 18@18½c. Butter, 21@41c; Cheese, 12@19c; Eggs, 26@24cts; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3,00@6,25.

TORONTO, OCT. 9—Flour, $5,00@7,00; Wheat, fall, $1,35@1,35; Spring, $1,12@1,15; Oats, 48@50c; Barley, $1,38@1,40; Pork, mess, $26@25,00; prime, $17; Bacon, 10½@13cts, Hams, 14@14cts; Shoulders, 10@10½c; Beef hams, 13c; Lard, 13½@15c; Eggs, 14@15c; Butter, 19@23c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Hops, 5@20c, Hay, $10@14; Straw, $7@10; Wool, 25@27c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 7—Beeves—Receipts 6,867 head; quotations 8@17cts. Milch Cows—Receipts 116 head; $40@120; Veal calves—Receipts 1,682 head; quotations, 8@12c. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 46,571 head; quotations, Sheep, 4@6½c; by lot, $1,50@4 ℔ head. Lambs, 7@8c. Swine—Receipts 18,962 head; quotations, 8½@9¾c.

CAMBRIDGE AND BRIGHTON, OCT. 8.—Beeves range from 6@14c. Working Oxen, $150@275 ℔ pair; handy steers and thin oxen, $100@200. Milch Cows, $40@100; Heifers and furrow, $35@50; Yearlings, $10@30; two-year-olds, $20@45; three-year-olds, $40@65. Sheep and Lambs, per head, in lots, $1,50@5,00; Fat hogs, ℔ lb., 10½@11c; Shotes, 10½@11½c; Hides, 9½@10½c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 20@22c. ℔ lb.; Tallow, 7@9½c.; Pelts, 75c; Live Poultry, 18@23c ℔ lb.

ALBANY, OCT. 6.—Beeves, $3,00@9,25. Milch Cows, $35@110. Sheep and Lambs—State 4½@5c.; Western 3½@5c.; Lambs, 5½@7½c; Hogs, 9@10½c.

CHICAGO, OCT. 10.—Beef Cattle, sales range at 2¾@7½c; Sheep range at $1,25@4,25; Hogs, $5,50@9,25.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 7.—Beeves, $3,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,25; Lambs, $1,25@3,25; Hogs, $7,00@9,00 gross.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 10.—Cattle steady; sales at 7@9½c; Cows and Calves, $45@75; Sheep, 4½@5c. Hogs, 14½@15½c.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 10—Beef Cattle, 4@8½c; Milch Cows, $40@50; Veal Calves, 5½@7½c; Sheep, 4@5c; Hogs, 12@15c.

TORONTO, OCT. 9.—Beeves range at $3,50@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Calves, $5,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, OCT. 10—Wool market is firm; sales 600,000 lbs., at 45@53c. for domestic fleece, 57@60c for tubbed, 41@50c for pulled, 35@37c for Texas, and 30@36c. for California.

BOSTON, OCT. 8.—The following are the quotations taken from the Boston Journal:—Fleece 42@56c for common to choice Western; XX Ohio and Pennsylvania, 55@57c; Combing fleece 55@65c; Canada, 40@45c.

CINCINNATI, OCT. 7—The following are the Gazette's quotations:—Pulled, 35@37c.; Tub Washed, 45@48c.; Unwashed, 28@30c.; Fleece, 35@45c.

CHICAGO, OCT. 9.—The following are the quotations:—Fleece, 31@41c; Medium, 35@43c; Coarse, 40@42c; Heavy Unwashed, 27@30c.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 9.—Unwashed wool, 30@33c; bury, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; Fleece, 42@45c; Pulled, 30@38c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—After the first of January, 1868, the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be as follows, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
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For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

PEACHSEED CROP OF 1868.—ONE HUNDRED bushels, from Southern Seedling peaches, delivered in New York or Cincinnati, Cash on delivery.
W. H. CLARK, Atlanta, Ga.

AUCTION SALE OF LIVE STOCK.—I WILL sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, on THURSDAY, OCT. 29th, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the HIGHLAND STOCK FARM, Belmont, Middlesex County, Mass., a portion of my stock of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and *Angora Goats*. Catalogues forwarded on application, after Oct. 20th. WINTHROP W. CHENERY.

EARLY ROSE AND HARISON POTATOES for sale this fall at the following rates:
ROSE, post paid, 50 cts per lb, $15 per bushel, $35 per bbl.
HARISON $5 per bbl., $1 for 15 lbs.
Seed warranted pure. G. C. DORSEY,
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$2,000 A YEAR, AND EXPENSES TO AGENTS to introduce the WILSON SEWING MACHINE. *Stitch Alike on Both Sides.* Samples on two weeks' trial. Extra inducements to Experienced Agents. Address A. B. McCUFFIE & CO.,
General Agents, 535 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

25 CENTS.—NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBscribe to "MAPLE LEAVES," the best, the most popular, and the cheapest Monthly published. Each number contains matter of interest and importance to everybody. 25 cents will pay for it from now to the end of 1869. Sample copies sent on receipt of stamp to pay postage. Address O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS.—TO SELL THE AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE.
Price $25. The simplest, cheapest and best Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Liberal Inducements to Agents Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass. 978-4t

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HOLIDAY JOURNAL.—New No,—Free.—For the Holidays of 1868-9, containing a Christmas Story, Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Odd Tricks, Queer Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, &c. 16 large pages, illustrated, SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO.,
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No fowls sent C. O. D. Address, with stamp,
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WONDERFUL CURE OF CANCER.—Drs. BABCOCK & SON, of No. 700 Broadway, N. Y., have recently succeeded in performing one of the most remarkable cures in the annals of medicine or surgery. Mrs. Hill, of Warwick, R. I., had been suffering for years from a cancer in the breast, which was rapidly gaining in virulence, and measured, when she applied to these eminent physicians, in August, 1867, five inches in diameter. Under the skillful treatment of these gentlemen she has been entirely cured, without the use of the knife, caustic burning, or the loss of blood. This cure is, as we have said, one of the most wonderful we have ever known or heard of.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH,"—Franklin. Why will people pay $50 or $100 for a *Sewing Machine*, when $25 will buy a better one for all *practical* purposes? Regardless of reports to the contrary, the subscribers wish to inform their army of friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "DIAMOND" Machines can be had in any quantity. This is a first class Standard Machine, of established reputation, double thread, *complete with Table*, and not in the catalogue of cheap single-thread hand machines. It is constructed upon entirely new and improved principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. Warranted for ten years, and is emphatically the poor woman's friend. More than 50,000 patrons will testify that these machines excel ALL others. We defy every competition as to merit or price.
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ETC., ETC., IN LARGE QUANTITIES.
FROST & CO.,
Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.,
Offer for the FALL OF 1868, an unusually fine lot of *Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees, Crab Apples, Standard and Dwarf Pears, Cherries, Plums, Peaches, Grape Vines, Small Fruits of all kinds, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Evergreens, &c.*
☞ Send for the following Catalogues, which will be mailed to all applicants as follows:
No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, 10c. each.
No. 2, Do. do. Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubs, Evergreens, &c., 10c. each.
No. 3, Do. do. Green-House and Bedding Plants, 3c. each.
No. 4, Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and those wishing to plant in large quantities, mailed on application. Address FROST & CO.,
976-3t Genesee Valley Nursery, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—For the Great One Dollar Sale.—H. A. GERRISH & CO., 37 Cornhill and 75 Court st., Boston, Mass. Best inducements yet offered to agents. Send for our circular. 973-6eow6t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gold Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company—Fisk & Hatch.
The "Early Rose" Potato—Geo W Best.
We Challenge Investigation—Eastman & Kendall.
Patent Office—Munn & Co.
Our School dy Visitor—Daughaday & Becker.
The Great De Merature—Lead Encased Block Tin Pipe.
Ruptures Cured—Dr J A Sherman.
Upham's Depilatory Powder—S C Upham.
100 Farmers—Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.
Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime—A B Wilbor.
Potatoes—Thos C Andrews.
Auction Sale of Live Stock—W W Chenery.
Holloway's Pills.
Commission Merchants—W H Lillliston & Co.
Potatoes for Sale—S C Harris.
Choice Cotswold Rams—W N Perry.
Cancers Cured—Drs Babcock & Son.
Ladies and Gentlemen Employed—Manson Lang.
$10 a Day for All—A J Fullam.
Improved Aluminum Bronze Hunting Cased Watches—Jules D'Hugueain Vuillemin.
Wanted, Agents—American Knitting Machine.
Holiday Journal—Adams & Co.
Ballou's Monthly Magazine—Elliott, Thomes & Talbot.
Economy is Wealth—J M Otis & Co.
Palats for Farmers and Others—M F Reynolds & Co.
Business Men who wish to Advertise—John T Hearn.
25 Cents—Now is the Time to Subscribe—O A Roorbach.
Fancy Poultry for Sale—J Y Bicknell.
Peach Seed Crop of 1868—W H Clark.
Early Rose and Harison Potato—G L Dorsey.
$2,000 a Year—A B McGuffie & Co.

The News Condenser.

— A "short dress picnic" is to be held in Newburg, O.
— Boston is infested with swindling employment agents.
— Laura Keene is to build a theater in Philadelphia.
— Maury has undertaken a survey of Virginia.
— The hat is routing the bonnet in Paris.
— New York has a monster skating rink.
— Gen. Sickles has a lecture in preparation.
— A daughter of Thackeray is traveling in this country.
— Lady Franklin has returned from India.
— Heber Kimball is studying grape culture in France.
— The Black Swan sang in Toronto last week.
— Ladies boat clubs are being formed in Detroit.
— Mrs. Stanton is conspiring to introduce Bloomerism.
— It costs $30 in Nassau to call Bismarck a rascal.
— Anna Cora Mowatt is writing another story.
— Snow fell in Portland, Me., Monday week.
— The California gold mines are doing unusually well.
— A Nashville woman hanged herself the other day.
— New Orleans boasts of a daring female burglar.
— Hungary has at last got a coinage of her own.
— Elliott, the portrait painter, was born in a saw-mill.
— The Germans are building a new theater in Philad'a.
— The military asylum at Gardiner, Me., has 150 inmates.
— A mountain of magnetic iron has been found in Lapland.
— Ozone is now manufactured in France by the aid of electricity.
— The Pope is the only European sovereign who does not smoke.
— It is said the statue to Mendelsshon in Leipsic will cost $26,500.
— It is said Patti received $10,000 for singing ten nights at Hamburg.
— An Englishman proposes to slaughter cattle by means of electricity.
— The widow of Dr. Kane is giving spiritual scances in New York.
— The British museum contains twenty-five miles of book shelves.
— A French college has given a girl the degree of Bachelor of Science.
— A man made $30,000 gathering mustard seed in California last year.
— Insurance companies lost $595,000 in New York city fires last month.
— The cotton crop of North Carolina will be equal to that of last year.
— Constant Meyer's new picture is a pretty teacher in a Sunday School.
— More than fifty operators in Wall street made over $1,000,000 last year.
— An "All England Croquet Club" is coming over to this country to play.
— The latest Paris velocipede carries two persons and a footman to propel.
— Eight carmen were fined lately in New York for cruelty to their horses.
— Prince Pomatowski has written an opera, and Strakosch has bought it.
— Bishop Whitehouse of Illinois claims $18,000 back pay from his diocese.
— Kate Reignolds is making much fame and money in the English provinces.
— Photographs are to supersede monograms on note paper used by the ladies.
— Wooden railways are commended for wild hilly regions of thin population.
— Mayne Reid is to start an illustrated magazine in New York called Onward.
— Nearly all of the bank note paper used in this country is made in Philadelphia.
— Rev. Charles F. Robertson has accepted the Protestant Episcopate of Missouri.
— The cost of a general election in New York city is eighty-one thousand dollars.
— A comb factory, said to be the finest in the West, has just been started at Alton, Ill.
— Immense beds of chromium have been discovered in Maryland and Pennsylvania.
— The Prince of Wales laid the coner stone of a new university in Glasgow last week.
— A Massachusetts company has bought a Norway lake, and propose to sell ice in London.
— A panther in Madison County, Louisiana, made his breakfast from a laboring man there.
— Sardines are so plenty this year along the coast of Spain that they are used as fertilizers.
— North Germany has established a money order system between Germany and the United States.
— France has given two iron-clads to Turkey, and lent an officer to teach the orientals how to use them.
— A Mormon elder was recently presented with nine boys and five girls the same morning. A *numerous* parent.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

LETTERS FROM "RURAL" PEOPLE.

MORRISTOWN, Tenn., 1868.

MR. D. D. T. MOORE:—*Dear Sir:* The handsomely bound volume of the RURAL so generously awarded and promptly sent (per Express) as premium for club, came safely to hand. *Many thanks*, Mr. Editor, for the really valuable and highly entertaining present. You should witness the air of triumph with which I exhibit the treasure to those of my friends who smiled incredulously when informed of my expected premium.

By every member of the club, I think I may safely say, the weekly visits of the RURAL are hailed with delight. Some, to whom the paper was, until recently, a comparative stranger, are now most enthusiastic in its praise. Indeed, a journal so eminently meritorious as is the RURAL can never fail to receive the liberal patronage and justly-deserved appreciation of an intelligent people. Long may its well and appropriately filled columns be the delight of the reading public; and when, at last, age with its attendant infirmities shall have incapacitated its presentable corps of Editors for the arduous duties incident to public journalism—when the regular weekly visits of the RURAL no longer gladden the hearts of its numerous friends,—may elegantly bound volumes like that which, through your generosity, now adorns my table, for many long succeeding years perpetuate the happy memory of the *best paper on the Continent!*

With sentiments of lasting gratitude, I am, very respectfully, A. E. PORTRUM.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

50 BUSHELS PRIME APPLE SEED of the crop of 1868, at moderate rates. JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FOUR CHOICE COTSWOLD RAMS, one two year $50, three one year $30 to $40 each. Address W. N. PERRY, Rushville, Yates Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—EARLY GOODRICH AND HARRISON POTATOES, in 3 bushel bbls., former $4, latter $5 ₱ bbl. delivered at Railroad Station, Geneva, N. Y.
978-4t S. C. HARRIS, Agent, Oaks Corners, N. Y.

CANCERS CURED WITHOUT PAIN OR THE use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free by addressing Drs. BABCOCK & SON, 973-1t No. 700 Broadway, New York.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.—Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 20 cents. Twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG.
973-2teo 91 Columbia St., New York City.

POTATOES.

	lb.	bu.	bbl.
Early Rose	50 cts.	$15,00	$10,00
Harison	20 "	1,75	4,50
Early Goodrich	25 "	1,50	4,00

Other varieties at low rates. Send for Catalogue of Small Fruits, &c. THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

RUPTURES CURED

DR. J. A. SHERMAN,

ARTISTIC SURGEON,

Respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his

OFFICE, 697 BROADWAY, CORNER FOURTH STREET.

The great experience of Dr. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this Disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances: and with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3-cent stamps.

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Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent are advised to counsel with

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who have prosecuted claims before the Patent Office for over Twenty Years.

Their AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PATENT AGENCY is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A Pamphlet containing full instructions to inventors, is sent gratis.

☞ A handsome Bound Volume, containing 150 Mechanical engravings, and the United States Census by Counties, with Hints and Receipts for Mechanics, mailed on receipt of 25 cents. The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the best and cheapest Weekly Illustrated Newspaper, devoted to Science, Art, and Mechanics, published in the world. Three dollars a year. Specimens gratis. Address MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

"**WE CHALLENGE INVESTIGATION** *from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business.*"

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S ONE-PRICE SALE,

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER SO NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.

which are actually selling at an average price of ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1,000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

CLUB OF 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
CLUB OF 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
CLUB OF 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

Send for Circular and Exchange List.

Our club system of selling is as follows:—For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a DOLLAR each; 30 for $3 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. SEND MONEY IN REGISTERED LETTERS. Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS—I HAVE RECipes for catching Foxes, Minks, Muskrats and all Fur Animals, obtained of an old trapper from the Rocky Mountains, with methods for setting traps, warranted to give satisfaction. Price 50 cents. Address
977-2t P. CURTIS, Box 1035, Rochester, N. Y.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES. SENT POSTpaid, for 50 cts ₱ ℔, or $15 ₱ bu., $40 ₱ bbl, by Express. Harison, $4,50 ₱ bbl; Early Goodrich, $4 ₱ bbl. Asparagus Roots, $4 ₱ 1,000, and all the varieties of Strawberry, Raspberry and Blackberry Plants for sale as low as is offered by responsible growers. Send for price list.
977-2t THOS. C. ANDREWS, Moorestown, N. J.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.—THE subscriber offers the following varieties of Potatoes for sale, and delivery in October, 1868:

THE EARLY GOODRICH at $4 ₱ barrel. This is, in every respect, a first class early family variety, and has yielded this season at the rate of over 20 barrels from one barrel planted. The quality is excellent.

THE HARISON at $6 per barrel. This is a later variety than the Goodrich, and is considered the most prolific potato grown. The yield this year is enormous. The seed from which these potatoes were grown cost me, last spring, $14 per barrel, and will probably bring nearly that price next spring. The Goodrich and Harison have yielded so largely this season, that I have no suitable place to store them through the winter. Consequently I offer a portion of my stock at above quoted prices, for delivery this fall. No charges for packing. W. H. STILES, Mamaroneck,
977-2t Westchester Co., N. Y.

250 VALUABLE RECEIPTS, BEAUTIFUL Arts, ways to make money, new discoveries, choice secrets, &c., sent free. Agents Wanted. Address
977-2t WOOD & Co., Vernon, N. J.

DAVISON'S THORNLESS RASPBERRY PLANTS—For sale by the piece, dozen, hundred, or thousand. For particulars, address JOHN GAGE & SON, Vineland, N. J.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES ENOUGH, OF Raspberries and Blackberries, the fruit of which brought $1 per quart in market. Send stamp for Catalogues
976-3teo WM. PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

TO TREE AGENTS AND PLANTERS.—MY stock of plants this fall is large, well grown and pure; embracing all the new and standard sorts of Strawberries, Raspberries, Blackberries and Grapes. My prices *will satisfy buyers.* Correspondence invited. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES CHEAP!—I OFFER THIS fall one of the largest and best grown assortments of Grape Vines, Blackberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Plants ever offered to the public. Vines one, two and three years old. Circular gratis. S. J. ALLIS, North East, Pa.

FLOWERS FOR THE MILLION.—SEND TO WM. WEBSTER, 110 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., for his fall Catalogue of Bulbs and Roses, mailed free to all applicants. 976-4t

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOUsand, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N. B.—Osage Seed in its season. 972-4t

GOLD BONDS
OF THE
Central Pacific Railroad Co.

A limited quantity of the THIRTY-YEAR SIX PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the Central Pacific Railroad Company are offered to investors, for the present, at

103 and Accrued Interest, in Currency.

These Bonds are secured by a Trust Deed upon the most important link of the great Inter-Oceanic Railroad, two-thirds of which is already built, at a cost of nearly

ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS,

And which enjoys already a self-sustaining way traffic. The whole line of continuous rail between

New York and San Francisco

will be completed by July next, when an immense through business will undoubtedly follow. More than 1,200 miles of the distance between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean are already traversed by the locomotive; and it is probable that 300 miles additional will be completed during the current year. The future of this Line, therefore, is unusually promising. The

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.,

receive from the United States Government about ten millions of acres of the

PUBLIC LANDS,

situated along the line of their Road; also a Subsidy Loan of **U. S. Six Per Cent. Bonds**, averaging $35,000 per mile, as fast as the sections of twenty miles are completed. They have received, in addition, important **Grants** from the State and cities of California, worth more than **$3,000,000 in Gold.** The proceeds of these Lands, Bonds, Capital Stock, Subscriptions, Subventions, and Net Earnings are invested in the enterprise, to which is added the amount realized from First Mortgage Bonds. THESE LATTER HAVE THE FIRST LIEN UPON THE WHOLE PROPERTY, and are issued to the same amount only as the Government advances, or to the extent of about one-third the cost value of the Road, equipment, etc.

The Cash Resources are abundant for the completion of the work, and the NET EARNINGS, FROM THE WAY TRAFFIC UPON **325** MILES NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS, ARE MORE THAN DOUBLE THE CURRENT INTEREST LIABILITIES.

☞ Besides a mileage upon all through business, this Road, having the best lands for settlement, the most productive mines, the nearest markets, and being exempt from competition, will always command LARGE REVENUES, WHICH ARE WHOLLY IN COIN.

Two-thirds of the entire Loan is already marketed, and, judging by past experience, the Loan will soon be closed. Investors who desire an unusually safe, reliable, and profitable security would do well to purchase before the Bonds are all taken.

☞ The Company reserve the right to advance the price *at any time;* but all orders actually *in transitu* at the time of any such advance will be filled at present price. At this time they pay more than 8 per cent. upon the investment, and have, from NATIONAL AND STATE LAWS, GUARANTEES SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER CORPORATE SECURITIES NOW OFFERED.

The First Mortgage Bonds are of $1,000 each, with semi-annual gold coupons attached, payable in July and January. Both INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL ARE MADE EXPRESSLY PAYABLE IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN. The bank interest from July 1st is charged only at the currency rates.

We receive all classes of Government Bonds, at their full market rates, in exchange for the Central Pacific Railroad Bonds, thus enabling the holders to realize from **5 to 10 per cent. profit** and keep the principal of their investments equally secure, and receive the same rate of interest for a longer period.

Orders and inquiries will receive prompt attention. Information, Descriptive Pamphlets, etc., giving a full account of the Organization, Progress, Business and Prospects of the Enterprise furnished on application. Bonds sent by return Express at our cost.

☞ **Subscriptions received by Banks and Bankers, Agents for the Loan, and by**

FARMERS' & MECHANICS' NATIONAL BANK,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Rochester, N. Y.
GREEN BROTHERS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

☞ **All Descriptions of Government Securities Bought, Sold, or Exchanged,** at our office and by Mail and Telegraph, **at MARKET RATES.**

☞ **ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS** and others received, and favorable arrangements made for desirable accounts.

FISK & HATCH,

BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,

AND

Financial Agents of the Central Pacific Railroad Co.,

NO. 5 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK.

$500,000 REWARD IN BEAUTIful Presents have been paid our Agents in all parts of the Union, and we would SAY TO THE LADIES that for ONE DOLLAR we are selling Silks, Shawls, Dry and Fancy Goods, Silver Ware, Furniture, Diamond Watches, Pianos, Cabinet Organs, &c., &c. Presents worth $2 to $500 sent free of charge to Agents sending Clubs of ten and upwards.

☞ Circulars sent free to any address.

N. B.—Shun all houses in this line with flaming advertisements, as they deceive you with long schedules and promises, which they have not the power or will to fulfill.

Yours, very truly, WYETH & CO.,
977-26t P. O. Box 2031, 42 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

WINCHESTER REPEATING RIFLES.

FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND,
AS A REPEATER,
AND
TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE
AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.

These powerful, accurate and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible Gun Dealers throughout the country. For full information send for circulars and pamphlets to the WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
974-13t New Haven, Conn.

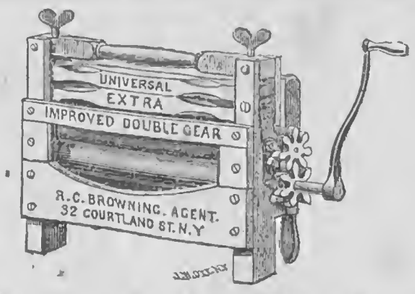
BOOK AGENTS ARE MEETING WITH rare success in selling SIR S. W. BAKER'S EXPLORATIONS and ADVENTURES among the NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA, to which is now added an account of the CAPTIVITY and RELEASE OF ENGLISH SUBJECTS, and the career of the late EMPEROR THEODORE. No book is received among all classes of People with such unbounded favor, or so fully combines thrilling interest with solid instruction. Agents, male and female sell it rapidly.

"An admirable record of scientific exploration, geographical discovery, and personal adventure."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is issued in a very attractive form, and is as entertaining as a romance,"—*Boston Journal.*

☞ Full particulars sent on application to O. D. CASE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Conn. 977-4t

HAMPSHIRE DOWN RAM LAMBS FOR sale at reduced prices—all bred from imported Sheep and have just taken First Premiums at the Queens County Agricultural Society. ROBERT MORRELL,
977-4t Plandome Farm, Manhasset, L. I.



THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH ROWELL'S IMPROVED DOUBLE GEAR cannot be surpassed or equalled by any other Wringer for durability, till the expiration of the patent for the "STOP GEAR," or fastening above the cogs, which prevents them from entirely separating.

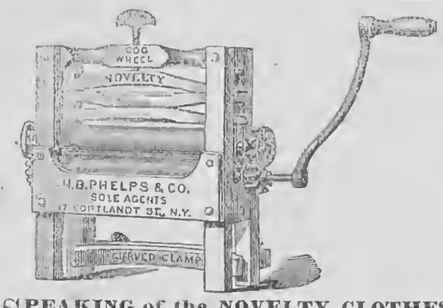
Any sensible person can understand that a cog-wheel wringer having cogs, *whether at one or both ends* of the roll, which can play apart and fly out of gear when a large article is passing through, is COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS, as the Cogs are then of no aid *when most needed.*

The **Universal Wringer** was awarded the Gold Medal at the Great New England Fair, took the First Premium at the National Fair at Washington also at the State Fairs of **every Northern State,** and is the only Wringer which **ever took a First Premium** at the Fair of the American Institute.

Its sale (now over 350,000 Wringers,) is greater than of all the other Wringers combined. It is very durable and **every Universal Wringer is warranted.**

A supply of **Wringers,** also of the **CELEBRATED DOTY WASHING MACHINE** always kept ready for shipment at Cortland, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans. Sold by dealers generally.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
32 Cortlandt Street, New York.



SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LITERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the Jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, wherever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City
☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. 971-t

"WILLARD" AND "EARLY ROSE." Mr. C. W. Gleason of Massachusetts, one of the three gentlemen to whom the late Mr. Goodrich was accustomed to send out his seedling potatoes for testing before introducing them to the public, and in honor of whom he named his Gleason potato, has for years probably been more largely engaged in raising new seedling potatoes than any man in New England. Last Spring I purchased of him the entire stock of his "Willard" (a seedling from the Early Goodrich,) which he considers the best of all the hundreds of seedlings he has thus far raised. The "Willard" proves to be enormously productive, and is a potato of great promise. I now offer to send one potato of this new seedling gratis with every peck of Early Rose; five with each bushel, and sixteen with each barrel. My stock of Early Rose was procured directly from the original growers at $25 per bushel, and is *warranted true.* My rates this fall are:—1 lb. (post paid) $1; 3 lbs., $2; 1 peck, (15 lbs.) $5; 1 bushel (60 lbs.) $15; 1 bbl. (165 lbs.) $40. Early Goodrich per bbl., $5; Early Sebec per bbl., $5; Harrison per bbl., $7; Gleason per bbl., $5.
976-tt JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

CHAMBERLAIN'S PATENT SCREW STUMP Machine for the farmer's use. Simple, safe, economical, cheap, and decidedly the *best* in use. Will pull the largest stump with ease. For particulars send for circular to
975-tt GEO. CHAMBERLAIN & SON, Olean, N. Y.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE METROPOLITAN GIFT CO.—*Cash Gifts to the amount of $250,000.—Every Ticket Draws a Prize.*

5 Cash Gifts, each	$10,000	40 Cash Gifts, each	$500
10 " " "	5,000	200 " " "	100
20 " " "	1,000	300 " " "	50

50 Elegant Rosewood Pianos.....Each $800 to $750
75 " " Melodeons..... " 75 to 150
350 Sewing Machines..... " 60 to 175
500 Fine Gold Watches..... " 75 to 300
Cash Prizes, Silver Ware, &c., all valued at $1,000,000.

A chance to draw any of the above Prizes for 25c. Tickets describing Prizes are *sealed* in Envelopes and well mixed. On receipt of 25c. a *Sealed Ticket* is drawn without choice and sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of *One Dollar.* Prizes are immediately sent to any address by express or return mail.

You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. *Any Prize exchanged for another of same value.* No Blanks. Our patrons can depend on fair dealing.

REFERENCES:—We select the following from many who have lately drawn Valuable Prizes and kindly permitted us to publish them:—S. T. Wilkins, Buffalo, $5,000; Miss Annie Monroe, Chicago, Piano, $600; John D. Moore, Louisville, $1,000; Miss Emma Walworth, Milwaukee, Piano, $300; Rev. E. A. Day, New Orleans, $500. We publish no names without permission.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—"The firm is reliable, and deserve their success."—*Weekly Tribune, Aug. 8.* "We know them to be a fair dealing firm."—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 28.* "A friend of ours drew a $500 prize, which was promptly received."—*Daily News, Sept. 3.*

Send for circular. Liberal inducements to Agents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every package of Sealed Envelopes contain *one cash gift.* Six Tickets for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 110 for $15. All letters should be addressed to
HARRIER, WILSON & CO.,
173 Broadway, New York.
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ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—*Notice is hereby given*—Pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November, (3d) 1868. At which Election the Officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

Dated, Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y., August, 5th, 1868.
CALEB MOORE, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
ALBANY, August 1st, 1868.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:—Sir: Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following Officers are to be elected, to wit: A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton. A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Stewart L. Woodford. A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Robert C. Dorn. An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Henry A. Barnum. A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Patrick Henry Jones. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Thirty-three Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A Representative in the Forty-first Congress of the United States, for the 28th Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS—Also to be elected for said County: Three Members of Assembly. A District Attorney, in the place of Christopher C. Davison. Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Henry E. Richmond and James Sherry. Two Coroners, in the place of Ellery S. Treat and Thomas V. B. Durand. All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Respectfully yours, &c.,
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PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known—
But often in human nature shown,
Alike in castle and cottage—
That pride, like pigs of a certain brood,
Will manage to live and thrive on food
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things of earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten piers—
A thing for laughter, flings and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station.
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That all proud flesh—wherever it goes—
Is subject to irritation.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 332, last number.]

CHAPTER FIFTH.

His quick, nervous rap was answered by a woman, who looked first at him, then beyond him, at the stage-coach, then back again into his face. She was past fifty, in years, and the care-worn features showed clearly that she was a long ways past fifty in experience. Her face was a contradictory one, wherein craft and frankness seemed continually striving for the mastery. Such a face, though you know it never so well, always perplexes, and often deceives. When the frankness is genuine, or when simulated by craft, cannot unerringly be told.

The woman's face took on an honest look—whether craftily honest who could tell?—as she stepped back from the door and invited him to enter. He accepted the seat she proffered him, and then began to realize the awkwardness of his position, and to bethink him of some form of speech introductory. To make his identity known at the outset was not desirable, so he passed by self, and without prelude opened the colloquy directly on the only theme in which he felt an immediate interest.

"I am informed that a few weeks since a lady who was injured in the stage, out here, was left with you. The lady is a friend of mine, and I would like to see her."

He spoke as calmly as he could, and with much assurance, yet was he far from calm, and his hope was scarcely strong enough to render him over-certain. The woman bent a searching look upon him before replying. Then her tones quivered with real pain.

"Poor mistress WILLOUGHBY! You're her husband, I imagine." He nodded assent. "You may well want to see her, for she was one in ten thousand, and the like o' her aint to be found often; but see her you can't; it is too late."

"Too *late*, madam? Why is it too late? Has my wife gone from here, then?"

He started up suddenly, a new fear taking hold on him. She might have eluded him, after all, and be now as far from finding as he deemed her one hour ago.

"She — *has* — gone." The woman hesitated, either wholly at a loss what to say, or how best to say something unpleasant that must be said. "She — is —— I may as well tell you at once, sir," she continued, all hesitation now put away, "that she is dead."

"*Dead?* my wife dead?" He sank down again in his seat, nerveless, fairly gasping for breath.

"Yes, sir. She died a month ago, from childbirth. She died very unexpectedly, sir; we thought she was doing very well, indeed, but the fever set in and carried her right off."

"But why was I not notified?"

"Because she never told us where you were, sir."

"Dead! dead! O, my ELEANOR! dead, and I not forgiven! Can this be so?" and the man's grief swayed him as the slender reed is swayed in the fierce storm. Every atom of his being seemed given up to it, for a moment; its intensity was indeed dangerous, and frightened the looker-on. She attempted once or twice to pacify him, but desisted, seeing her words were of no avail.

At length he calmed himself, as with an overpowering will, and asked—

"Where is the child?"

Without remark the woman left the room, and returned bearing an infant which she laid in his arms.

"There she is, sir,—just as chirp a little thing as ever breathed! She has her mother's own eyes, sir, and they were as handsome as a saint's."

The babe looked up into his face and smiled in baby way, while the father momentarily forgot his grief at loss of the mother, in joy over his child. The strange thrill of the parent heart gladdened him, only to be followed by the deep, sharp pain that like a Nemesis was to haunt him thenceforward.

He kissed the wee face tenderly, yet passionately, thinking the while that this could not be all that was left him of love and happiness,—that by-and-by he should awaken to gladder things, as from a terrible dream.

Resigning the babe into the woman's care, he paced up and down the poorly furnished room, striving to keep down the swelling tide of feeling within his breast. Turning, by the window, a glance outward revealed the waiting coach, with its driver impatiently cracking his whip.

"Can you provide lodgings for me until to-morrow, madam?" he suddenly asked, recalling his promise to the driver.

"Yes, sir. Such as they be, you are welcome to."

He walked back to the road.

"You may go on without me, driver. I shall remain here a day or two. Stop on your way back, to-morrow; perhaps I may desire to return with you."

The driver responded, "All right, sir," flourished his whip lash over the leaders' heads, and Dr. WILLOUGHBY was left at the old farm house, where the loneliness seemed to him typical of what his life must thereafter be.

When again in the quaint, time-worn house, he learned somewhat of its occupants. The elderly woman was mistress, though she had never been married. A brother several years younger managed the farm, or acted as the medium through which she managed it. ANDREW WRAITHE and his sister HANNAH came to the place some eight years previous from New York. Neither cared much for social intercouse, and in this retired locality they had lived, rarely visited by any one. In their former home HANNAH WRAITHE had known and befriended a young girl, whose parents died when she was a mere child. When the injured lady was brought in from the coach she was at once recognized as the same person.

"I hadn't seen her in a good while, sir," the woman said, in speaking of this, "and didn't know she was married until she told me."

"Did she tell you why she left her home?"

He did not ask the question without effort, and in spite of attempts to appear bold, now, he shrank from her clear, searching look.

"She did not, sir. I supposed she had good reason for traveling alone. When she found she had fallen upon an old friend, sir, she decided to stay here till — till the little one was born, which was a month later. We buried her in the orchard, sir, it was so far to any burying ground," she continued. "If you like, you can go up there — this way," and she pointed out a rear door.

On a little eminence in the scraggy, unkept orchard, he stopped beside a new-made grave. A few simple flowers were blooming in the fresh earth, and a myrtle vine, not long transplanted, had begun to creep over the mound.

"ELEANOR, Oh, my ELEANOR! Is it here I find you?" he sobbed, as he knelt in the down-trodden grass. "Here, where we are parted forever—where you cannot listen to my voice — where you cannot speak to me! If you could only hear me for a moment you would come to my arms again, I know. Father in heaven, give her back to me, I pray!"

Vain, vain grief, vainer, still vainer prayer. The green door of the sod which our loved ones go through, never opens to their return. We clasp their hands and touch their lips, and they are ours no longer save in dreams.

The lonely hours wore slowly away, and evening came at length. Through gateways of sapphire and gold the sun went out of the west. Beautiful, rarely beautiful, was the sky picture beyond the hills, and to the troubled heart so wrung with pain it was as the still, small voice of GOD, whispering "Peace." Dr. WILLOUGHBY felt its influence, in some degree; its mysterious subtleness operated upon his grief like a narcotic. He supped with his hostess and host, and saw that the latter was a reserved, shy man, who would make no conversation.

After supper he questioned the woman further in regard to the sickness and death of his wife and was informed that she had no other medical care than that of HANNAH WRAITHE herself, who affirmed that she had large experience as nurse, and knew more about medicine than half the doctors. Which might be true, but did not satisfy him that the aid of a good physician would have availed nothing.

The next morning Dr. WILLOUGHBY visited the new-made grave again, and lingered beside it until the stage coach appeared in sight, remorse and pain gnawing keenly at his heart.

"I shall have the remains removed as soon as possible," he said to the mistress of the place, as he prepared to depart. "Meanwhile, will you continue to care for the child, until I can make suitable provisions for it?"

"I should feel sorry to lose it, sir, indeed I should. The little thing is so chirp it has just won my heart; but of course you will do as you think best with it. I should feel kind o' sad to see the mother taken away, too, sir, but I 'spose you wont want to leave her here."

"No, she must lie with my family."

The driver greeted him heartily, as he went down to the stage, and with a rough solicitude inquired,—

"How's the little woman gittin' along, stranger?"

"She is dead," he responded curtly, yet sadly. And to escape further observations he took an inside seat, while the driver mounted his box wondering curiously if she died because of the accident, and what relations existed between her and the man inside. At Belmont the kindly hearted fellow ventured to ask a question or two more, to which he received more satisfactory replies.

"The lady was my wife, my good friend," the answers ran. "She died of fever, induced by natural causes; do not think the accident in any way hastened her death."

WILLOUGHBY returned at once to the Hall, and there made arrangements for the removal of his wife's remains, and the reception and care of the motherless babe. Mrs. ALLGOOD, sorrowing sincerely over the sad news her master brought, readily offered to take charge of the little one.

Properly accompanied, Dr. WILLOUGHBY returned to the old farm-house, a few days later, for the living and the dead. HANNAH WRAITHE manifested real affection for the child when she gave it up to Mrs. ALLGOOD, who had come to receive it.

"It's such a chirp little thing, ma'm, and I thought so much of its mother!" she said. "But I'm glad it'll be better cared for than ever it could be here, though I don't know as I should have tried to find any other home for it, I'd got to like it so well."

There was little ceremony, when the party returned to the Hall. As quietly as possible the remains they bore were again committed to the tomb. Where reposed four generations of WILLOUGHBYS another casket was lain, and over it was placed a tablet with the simple inscription—"ELEANOR." Then LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY took up his lonely life,—sick at heart,—often desponding,—always wearing a sad, pained face,—missing the lost, daily, wherever he went. And Mrs. ALLGOOD became almost a mother to the child, giving it every attention, hoping, meanwhile, that it would grow to fill the vacant place in the unhappy man's heart, and be the joy of the now darkened home.—[To be continued.

TURKISH TEMPERANCE.—Sir Charles Fellowes, in his book on Travels has this note on the temperate habits of the Turks:—"To the abstinence of this people from wine, the peculiar law of Mohammed, is perhaps to be attributed very much of their moral as well as physical health. The stream of intemperance, which would undermine the pure principles of conduct above adverted to, is thus totally arrested. The physical results of this law is strikingly manifest in the absence of cripples, and the general exemption of the Turks from illness; toothache being the only ill to which they are often subject.

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest, so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity can subdue.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 329, last No.]

CHAPTER XI.

As June was losing its parting breath, and dying with its roses, Mrs. QUINCY was fading and drooping day by day. As the year grew more brown and swarthy, she grew thinner and paler, wasting like snow in the sun. More and more often now she would press her hand to her fluttering heart,—poor woman's heart, like a caged bird beating its wings against cruel bars till it falls exhausted!—faster and faster would it palpitate; faster and faster would the blood rush through the poor, weak sluice-way, till, in one fearful torrent, it would make its way to the brain, and such agony would be depicted in those beautiful eyes as was awful to look upon.

Was it heart disease? or only some sympathetic disorder? The doctors could neither agree about it among themselves, nor help her in the least; but MARY herself, had she chosen to, could have told them. They might call it heart disease if they would; how *could* a *broken* heart perform its functions?

LINA was with her one afternoon, about ten days after HARRY and TOM's return. It was a close, sultry day. MARY was now too weak to sit up more than a few moments at a time. She rose, however, every morning; let her maid dress her; joined her husband at the breakfast table; and then spent the rest of the day on a couch, or in an easy chair. She became more pallid and exhausted through all the languishing hours of the day, till under the influence of the evening coolness, she would rally a little, and eat a few mouthfuls of the dainty delicacies provided for her. She saw no one but a few of her most intimate friends; and among these, she clung to LINA with the trusting affection of a sickly child for its mother. LINA at last spent hours of every day with her. On this afternoon she sat fanning her; the day was oppressively warm,—there seemed to be not a breath of air in all the pent-up, dusty city. About three o'clock the sun went under a dark cloud. The cloud grew larger, denser and blacker; the leaves of the forlorn city trees, clad in a linsey-woolsey of soot and dust, hung motionless.

MARY raised herself to a sitting posture, panting for breath; then her hand went to her heart with the fluttering, distressed motion, now so sadly familiar to her friends. Pale as ashes, she sank back in one of her terrible paroxysms. LINA could do nothing for her, nor could any one else; she could only stand and look on in pitying distress, till the disease had spent its fury for the time, and left her panting and exhausted. She was lying thus,—LINA again fanning her, and silently weeping,—when suddenly the black cloud burst in a stream of lightning. There were resounding peals of thunder, which jarred the house, and the rain poured down in torrents. It was a mad hurricane, tearing its way through the city like a spirit of evil; but leaving all pure and sweet behind it, like an angel of good. Its cool breath, coming in through the open window, was a healing balm to the invalid; under its influence she roused herself and resumed her half-sitting posture on the couch.

At this moment a knock was heard at the door. MARY started nervously. "Who can that be? Deny me to all visitors."

"Yes, dear; it's probably one of the servants." She went to the door, but in a moment returned.

"MARY," she said, with pale, parted lips, "it's HARRY; he wishes to see you."

"Let him come in," said MARY, quietly,—so quietly that LINA looked at her in amazement. "I have been expecting him for a great many days. He has been home two weeks, has he not?"

"Yes," whispered LINA.

"I thought he would come and see me before I died. HARRY,"—she looked up quickly, for ne had entered the room,—"HARRY, forgive me, if you can. I am dying for my falsehood; I am dying." She held out her hand to him. He grasped it convulsively,—the little, bonny hand he had so often held in his own. His features worked convulsively, but he restrained himself. "May GOD forgive us both, MARY! It was my fault; how could you know but that I was dead in all these dreary years?"

That well remembered voice!—her *lover's* voice!—how it vibrated through every nerve of her trembling frame! She paled and flushed, and covered her eyes with her hand as she spoke.

"But say you forgive me, HARRY."

"As I hope to be forgiven myself, I do, MARY."

"Then I shall die happy." She looked up at him again. "HARRY, some demon tempted me to marry for money; I yielded. But GOD and you have forgiven me. I shall love you in Heaven, HARRY, next to Him. I didn't deserve this, but *He* is gracious and good."

So quiet and so calm was she all through the interview! LINA feared each moment that she would have a returning paroxysm, but no; she was more like her old girlish self than she had been for months or years. The thunder-storm, now passing away in sunlight and a rainbow, looked into the room with a parting benediction of its sweet breath, and left the tints of some forest roses it had passed over that day, in her cheeks. Though so thin and ethereal looking, LINA had never seen her look so lovely,—so like a beautified vision of herself.

None of the three spoke for several minutes. MARY closed her eyes in weakness; HARRY stood looking at her, in a dreamy, rapt manner, like a man under the influence of a spell. Then suddenly, with a desperate cry, he threw himself on his knees by her side, and caught her to his heart in a passionate embrace.

"MARY, *my* MARY!" he exclaimed, "you are almost in Heaven—you are almost mine! I am resigned; it's best so. I am glad, for your own sake, that you are dying; but the dying may give one kiss to a friend,—an old friend; why, we were children together, MARY."

"Yes, HARRY," she put her little hand over his neck, drew his face down to hers, and kissed him; then her beautiful eyes wandered over his face with the look of a gratified child. "Farewell, HARRY."

"Farewell, MARY." A sob choked him, but he laid her gently down and quietly went out. MARY sank to sleep and slept the afternoon through.

From that time, though her life was ebbing day by day, the tide-water was smooth and unruffled. No more billows or surges; no more paroxysms of disease; quietly out to sea ebbed the ripples of her life.

That evening as we sat at tea father said:—"You will scarcely believe what TOM ANDREWS told me just before I left town. [HARRY has enlisted! He joins his regiment to-morrow.] [Poor TOM is nearly broken-hearted about it." "No wonder," I said; "they have been so one and inseperable all their lives." I cast a side glance at LINA. She said nothing, but the tears were in her eyes as she poured father a cup of tea.

CHAPTER XII.

It was now all arranged and settled. LINA's wedding was to be on the 10th of August. She was to have a party,—a wedding supper,—and afterward a collation.

"It will be moonlight then," said LINA; "our friends can go home in the last horse-car, or stay all night."

Of course she, Cousin DORA, a sewing-girl from town, and I were all *sewing for* our dear lives,—with a *wedding* so near at hand. We had a great deal of company, too, about this time,—mostly city friends, come to catch a breath of country air. Scarcely a day passed without one or more visitors, besides TOM, who, of course, came every day. He had nothing particular to do just now. Father had offered to take him into his store as junior partner, to which TOM had gladly assented. He was to embark twenty thousand dollars in the business. The papers, however, were not yet made out, and TOM was at leisure. He was to live with us after his marriage; the old dream of his and LINA's youth was to be realized. Bright visions of youth, more often than we imagine, become brighter realities. The trouble is, that "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and that sickness carries a sort of gangrene with it, which eats into every lovely thing, despoiling it. TOM's one sorrow of heart now was HARRY's enlisting. He had gone, and TOM had sorrowful presentiments that he would never return. "It was like cutting off his right hand," he said, "to lose HARRY," which, indeed, was very true. LINA, too, had her own quiet sorrow, in sympathy with him and pity for MARY; so those busy summer days were not all bloom and brightness.

Among other frequent visitors just now was an old boy-lover of mine. He had been away—at school and college—since he was eighteen. Now he returned a college graduate, and came to see us. We resumed our former intimacy,—he being my devoted admirer, I laughing at him, half-ashamed of his attentions, yet encouraging them for the fun of the thing. He was a well enough looking youth; smarter than the general run; witty and original, too, in his way; and, as H. TRUSTA said of one of her heroes, "A better *hearted* fellow never breathed." What was the matter then? Only this;—he had a *soft* spot in his head or heart, I never could rightly make out which; he was perfectly crazy,—a monomaniac,—on the subject of girls. Any girl possessing the least bit of fact—beauty or wit was wholly unnecessary—could make a "spooney" of him in five minutes. Now, of all shades and descriptions of the *genus malus*, this kind is the most universally derided and despised among young girls. It's no honor to wear *such* a heart at their girdle, because so many have worn it before them. Each and every time he was desperately—over head and ears—in love, and how he managed to escape from the waves was known only to himself. Perhaps he thought—with the "honorable and esteemed" Mr. RIDERHOOD—"that the man as has come through drowning can never be drowned."

For all that, ALLEN CHASE was a hearty, whole-souled fellow; and, when he could keep out of the traps of his fair foes, a gayer, more lively companion couldn't be found. He was one of the friends invited to LINA's wedding.

But before I come to that important event, I must repeat a conversation which passed between Cousin DORA and myself one Thursday evening. TOM and Mr. HILLS had spent the Sunday afternoon previous with us, having again come down with father in the six o'clock train. TOM and LINA were having a quiet talk in the parlor by themselves, while Mr. HILLS, Cousin DORA and I spent a gay, merry evening in talk, in the long, back porch, in the rays of a bright, full moon. I don't remember anything very witty or original spoken by either of the three of us that evening; but if we chose to consider our nonsense wit, to laugh over it as genuine, and to be very light-hearted and happy, what was to prevent us? The gentlemen went away about nine o'clock, and we retired shortly after. As TOM was saying good night, Mr. HILLS took me a little one side.

"Miss RUTH," he said, "I have a piece of news to tell you. When can I see you alone a few moments?"

"Any time, sir. Is it good news?"—[Continued on page 337, this number.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 42 letters.
My 22, 4, 12, 31 is a species of grain.
My 20, 37, 3, 19, 8 is a household article.
My 8, 38, 6, 27, 10, 9 is a girl's name.
My 20, 13, 11, 42 is a kind of fish.
My 14, 10, 2, 26, 33 is an animal.
My 25, 5, 30, 8 is a man's name.
My 20, 21, 33, 17, 38, 16, 6 is a county in Michigan.
My 20, 34, 41, 36 is a vegetable.
My 15, 41, 27 is a fowl.
My 23, 1, 17, 9 is a fleet footed animal.
My 39, 24, 7, 18 is an article of dress.
My 40, 13, 25, 29 is an article of food.
My 32, 27, 35, 28 is an insect.
My whole is a saying of Solomon.

Marshall, Mich. EVA CROSSMAN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A DUG a square well which was 5 feet by 5 feet and 32 feet deep. He walled it up with stone which he bought of B, agreeing to pay 75 cents per perch, (the perch to consist of 25 cubic feet,) leaving a circular hole down the center 2½ feet in diameter. How much must A pay B for the stone? J. B.

Kinsman, Ohio.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

THE sum of four figures in value will be
About seven thousand nine hundred and three,
But when they are halved you'll find very fair,
The sum will be nothing, in truth I declare.

Peoria, N. Y. C. W. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS &c., IN No. 976.

ANSWER to Geographical Enigma:—Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Answer to Charade:—Repair. (Reap-air.)

Answer to Problem:—19 sheep, 1 lamb—$2 for sheep, $1.25 for lamb.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:

A prophet some, and some a poet cry;
No matter which, so neither of them lie.

THE GREAT DESIDERATUM.—LEAD-INCASED BLOCK-TIN PIPE.—It is a safe Pipe for Drinking Water. It is cheaper by the foot and stronger than Lead Pipe. It is flexible, durable, and easily soldered. The use of this Pipe is recommended by Physicians, Chemists, and Water Commissioners. To give the cost per foot we should know the head or pressure of water, and bore of Pipe. Circulars sent free.

PURE WATER.

THE COLWELLS, SHAW & WILLARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Factory, foot West 27th St., N. Y. Down-town Office, No. 105 Beekman St., corner of Pearl.

From Moore's Rural New-Yorker, July 18th, 1868.

THE "LEAD INCASED BLOCK TIN PIPE," advertised in this paper, is rightly denominated a great desideratum, for it evidently "fills the bill" of what has long been vainly sought by thousands who regard health and longevity as worthy of consideration. Having examined this pipe we are satisfied that it possesses great value and utility, and therefore voluntarily commend it to all who use water conveyed through pipes or faucets. Those who desire pure water for drinking and other purposes should give the matter attention.

A POPULAR PICTURE,
AND A FIRST-CLASS MAGAZINE.

Messrs. DAUGHADAY & BECKER, the enterprising publishers of OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR, Philadelphia, have just published a large, original, finely executed steel plate engraving, entitled—

GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAMILY,

from the hand of the celebrated Sartain, which is destined to become one of the most popular pictures of the day. Six persons, three equestrian figures. Every member of the family is as faithfully likenessed as the photographs, which were given to the artist from the hands of the General himself, have power to express. This work has cost months of skilled labor, and more than ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash, and readily sells for $2.50, its regular price.

This magnificent picture and a copy of

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR,

one of the oldest, handsomest and cheapest Young Folks Magazines in this country, which alone is worth $1.25 a year, will both be sent to every subscriber for 1869, for $1.50. Where clubs are formed, a still greater reduction.

The VISITOR is a live, high-toned monthly for the Young of *to-day*. Neither sectarian nor sectional, yet scorning neutrality, is independent in all things. Its aim, the instruction, amusement and elevation of our young people every where. Please send 10 cents AT ONCE for sample number of the Visitor, and Circular giving the origin and complete description of this large and elegant engraving, and full list of Premiums for clubs.

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UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE
Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN
Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful BLACK or BROWN. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cents by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 SOUTH 7TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. Circulars sent Free. Sold by all Druggists. 1973-13tos.

WANTED, AGENTS—$75 TO $200 PER month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.

PRICE only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made.

Address, SECOMB & CO.,
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CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. 975-12t08

$2,000 A YEAR and EXPENSES to Agents to introduce the *Wilson Sewing Machine.—Stitch alike on both sides. Samples on 2 weeks trial. Extra* inducements to experienced agents. For further particulars, address the WILSON SEWING MACHINE Co., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 971-13t08

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES—FOR FARM, MINING or MECHANICAL purposes. These machines require no brick work:—mounted on legs they are especially adapted for use in MILLS, SHOPS, FOUNDERIES or PRINTING ROOMS,—or mounted on wheels they are adapted for out-door work, THRESHING, WOOD SAWING, &c. See Rural New-Yorker of August 15th, 1868, first page.

☞ Circulars with description and prices furnished on application to A. N. WOOD & CO., Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN!

A TRIAL TRIP,
Pleasant and Profitable for all Passengers!

A NEW QUARTER, AND NEXT VOLUME!

READ,—RENEW,—SUBSCRIBE!

THIS is a Great Country, just now, according to the Politicians, or Political Partisans.—but Election will be over soon, and then People will calmly realize that, whoever is President, whatever Party predominates in State or Nation, the Productive Power of Producers is the great Reliance of the Republic. FAMILIES must be informed and educated, CORN grown, STOCK improved, and many daily duties discharged in any event. Hence we announce that—

THE CLOSING QUARTER

Of Vol. XIX of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced Oct. 3, under most favorable auspices. We propose to make the Thirteen Numbers of the Quarter (offered on Trial for Only Fifty Cents,) more interesting and valuable than any preceding quarter's issues.

THE RURAL'S AIM

Is to continuously excel in all the essentials of a Progressive, Timely, Entertaining and Useful RURAL, LITERARY, FAMILY and BUSINESS NEWSPAPER,—and the issues of the present Quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of Vol. XX, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement.*"

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

As indications of what the RURAL will be in the early future—the present Quarter, and following Volume—we refer with confidence to its past Numbers and Volumes. The lamp of over a quarter of a century's experience in Rural Journalism will be our guide, and with greatly increased means and facilities ought to enable us to improve as we advance. Drawing upon this ample fund, we propose to furnish during the coming Three Months the BEST RURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY WEEKLY EVER PUBLISHED, to be followed, in 1869, by a Volume far superior to any similar one obtainable,—in fact,

THE BEST WEEKLY IN AMERICA!

This is strong language, certainly, but most seriously uttered, and with a determination to "fill the bill." *We mean all we say*, and the myriads who have noted our *promises* and *performances* during the past twenty-five years,—while conducting the *Michigan Farmer*, (1843—1845.) *Genesee Farmer*, (1846 to 1849, inclusive,) and the RURAL NEW-YORKER since its commencement in Jan., 1850,—know that OUR PLEDGES ARE ALWAYS FULLY REDEEMED. *How* we propose to surpass all former efforts will be announced so soon as arrangements now being made are perfected. Meantime those devoted, active, working, influential friends of the RURAL and its Objects who have generously sustained it from ten to nearly twenty years,—nobly seconding all our efforts to augment its value, circulation and consequent usefulness in Country, Hamlet and Town,—need not be assured that (D. V.) neither labor nor expense will be spared to render it eminently worthy the continued and increasing support of all whose interests it advocates.

OUR TRIAL TRIP, from Oct. to JAN.,—13 numbers,—will be forwarded at ONLY FIFTY CENTS, so that all who wish to see what the RURAL is can do so for a trifle. *Now is the time to renew, or try the Trial Trip.* Will not our Agents and Subscribers aid us by introducing the paper to the notice and support of friends and acquaintances?

WALTHAM WATCHES. C. O. D.

A GREAT SUCCESS!

In consequence of the great success attending our system of selling genuine Waltham Watches to persons in remote parts of the country at less than New York City prices, we invite the buyer's careful attention to our list of prices:

Hunting Case Watch in 2 oz. Silver Case $18 00
The same Watch in 3oz. Silver Case..... 20 00
The same Watch in 4oz. Silver Case..... 22 50
The same, Extra Jeweled, $2 additional.
The same, Extra Jeweled, with Chronometer Balance, $4 additional.

The Silver Cases are warranted equal to coin.

The Watches to be sent by Express, ACCOMPANIED WITH AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY'S CERTIFICATE OF GENUINENESS.

THE BUYER TO HAVE PRIVILEGE OF EXAMINATION IN POSSESSION OF EXPRESS COMPANY.

Purchasers are requested to compare our prices with that asked for spurious, metal imitation Watches, of no value, and which find a market solely because the buyers are entirely ignorant of their quality.

Address must be plainly written, and purchaser must pay express charges. M. E. CHAPMAN & CO.,
973-tf-os No. 47 Liberty Street, New York.

WALTHAM WATCHES.—FOR A FEW months past we have advertised the above Watches at *extremely low prices*, and the result has been most satisfactory. Our plan has been to sell the genuine WALTHAM WATCH, in Solid Gold or Silver Cases only, and at a very small profit; giving the purchaser every opportunity of examination and comparison, and with the understanding that if the Watch does not prove satisfactory, it can be exchanged or the money refunded.

These Watches are, without exception, the most perfect specimens of fine mechanism ever produced in any country. Each and every part is made by machinery of the most delicate and elaborate construction.

Compared with foreign watches, they possess many advantages, excelling not only in principle and finish, but still more in their reliability as time-keepers. As an indication of the prices we submit the following:

Silver Hunting Watches $18.00
Gold Hunting Watches, 18 carat case,..... 80.00
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We often receive orders direct from our advertisement, but prefer that every one should send first for our descriptive price list, which explains all the different kinds, tells the weight and quality of the cases, and gives prices of each. This we will forward to any one on application, and it will be found very useful in making a selection.

Every Watch is warranted by special certificate from the American Watch Company.

We send them by express to any address. Allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the Watch before paying, and if afterwards it does not prove satisfactory, it can be exchanged or the money will be *cheerfully* refunded.

Please state that you saw this in the Rural New-Yorker.

Address, in full, HOWARD & CO.,
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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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CLUB ORDERS PROMPTLY SUPPLIED.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

OOLONG (Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ ℔.
MIXED (Green and Black,) 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ⅌ ℔.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (Black,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1.20 ⅌ ℔.
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YOUNG HYSON (Green,) 80c., 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ ℔.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1,10, best $1,25 ⅌ ℔.
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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economise in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.
ROASTED (Unground,) 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb.
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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

DISCUSSIONS AT THE STATE FAIR.

CLOVER AS A RENOVATING CROP.

THE second evening's discussion, at the Fair, was devoted to clover as a renovator—Hon. A. B. CONGER in the Chair. Members were invited to give their views. The first speaker opened the discussion by saying that he supposed the value of clover, as a renovator, was generally understood and conceded. He considered clover as one of the most valuable fertilizers known, and the cheapest for the farmer. Exhausted lands might require barn-yard manure to start with; after that, clover is a safe reliance to keep up fertility. His plan was to seed to clover, turn it under and sow wheat. This might be followed with corn and some other crops, and then come back to clover for a new start.

In reply to this it was suggested that the location of the land, where the clover is grown, must be taken into the account as to its value as a manurial agent. In the neighborhood of large towns and cities clover hay sells for twenty dollars per ton. When this is the case it is cheaper to rely on commercial manures—the phosphates, &c., and sell the hay. If it was desirable to keep stock, clover was worth more to feed out than to plow under, as a good deal of manure would result from this practice, which could be returned to the land.

The third speaker said the question was not whether clover was a good manurial agent, when turned under preparatory to a grain crop, for all conceded its great fertilizing power, but as to its comparative value thus used, or fed to stock on the arm. Farmers, conversant with the subject, are known to hold conflicting views in reference to it, but which side had the preponderance was a point of difficult adjustment.

As a proof of the great fertilizing power of clover a member stated that he gathered a bushel of clover roots from six feet square of ground. From this a calculation was made by the President as to the quantity an acre would yield at this rate, and the result was one thousand, two hundred and ten bushels. These roots contained a great amount of fertilizing power in addition to that derived from the math which sprung from them.

In confirmation of this a gentleman remarked that he had used clover, as a fertilizer, for a long time and found it to possess a magical influence not readily explained. He had found it wonderfully efficient in restoring exhausted soils.

A farmer here remarked that he commenced using clover several years since. Raises it for hay and manure, too. Makes a liberal use of plaster upon it, and, by the aid of the two, succeeds in raising good crops. His soil is a kind of clay loam. Had grown upon it forty bushels of wheat, eighty of corn and one hundred bushels of oats to the acre. On being questioned as to his practice in plowing, the response was that the usual depth was eight inches; occasionally somewhat deeper than this. Knew of no cheaper renovator of land than clover.

Reference was made to a farmer who grew tobacco somewhat extensively, who plowed under clover preparatory to a crop with excellent results. It seemed as congenial to the tobacco as to wheat.

The succeeding speaker said he worked what is denominated a dairy farm, and had had considerable experience in fertilizers, and considered clover essential to success in his department of farming. Thought clover, turned under, more effective and cheaper than barn-yard manure. Had had an experience of twenty-five years in dairy farming.

A member here suggested that the meeting was taking hold of the question at the wrong end. Exhausted land will not produce clover, consequently cannot act upon it as a renovator. We should remember that we must put on the land more than we take off till vitality is given to it, and, as clover will not grow at first, the better way is to sow rye and turn it under. This will grow some on the poorest land, and, if plowed under, will aid in bringing the land up to a point where clover may be introduced with advantage, and may be regarded as the readiest and cheapest of fertilizers.

It was objected here that, in the customary way of growing and turning under clover, we lose a whole season, and it might be a question whether this did not materially affect the profits resulting from such use. One great advantage derived from growing clover, is found in the protection it affords to the soil against the action of the elements. It attracts and retains moisture, as can be readily seen by examining the clover leaves at mid-day. They make large and constant drafts upon the atmosphere and convey the moisture to the soil and thus invigorate it. In this respect it is a most valuable crop to grow, aside from its value as food for stock.

Another gentleman remarked that his experience with clover as a renovator of the soil, had been most satisfactory, and believed it paid well to turn it under preparatory to other crops. He regarded the practice of selling hay from the farm as a poor one. It is more profitable to purchase stock to consume it, and thus get the advantage of the manure which it supplies.

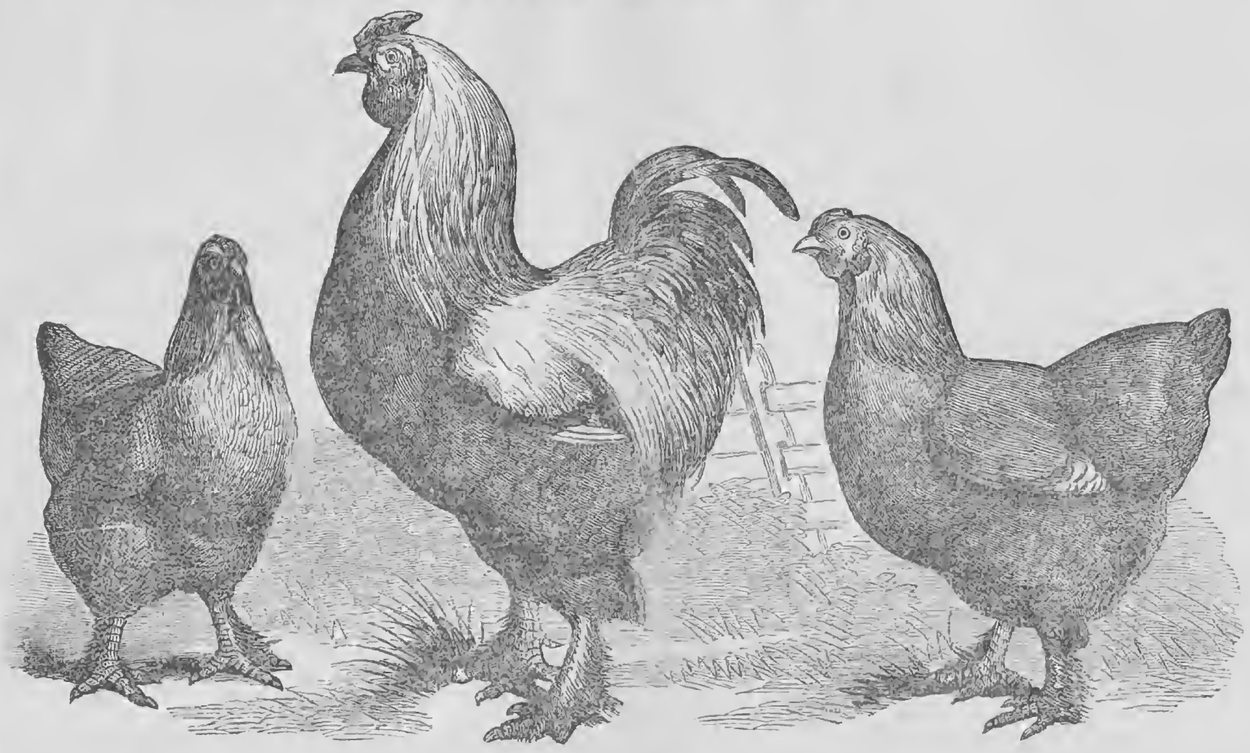
The succeeding speaker gave his experience in farming. Bought a poor and worn out farm and brought it into a productive condition by the aid of clover. He fed it to stock and used the resulting manure on his land. His practice was to commence with a hoed crop, following with barley, then wheat and back to clover again.

A Broome county farmer said the question, to him, was one of deep interest. Commenced on a new farm. Planted corn, then potatoes, following with oats and seeding to timothy. Got about half a crop of hay. He then put on both manure and plaster, and the result was a good yield of clover without seeding for it. Regarded clover as a capital renovator.

Washington county was next heard from. Clover draws largely from the atmosphere and conveys the nutriment to the soil. A distance back in the country clover is not worth $20 per ton, hence not as expensive as a fertilizer as one gentleman had represented it to be. At points where it will bring that price, it is, perhaps, more economical to sell and use other fertilizers. Cities must have hay, but they give back much manure if pains are taken to save and use it. The speaker's practice was to leave the aftermath of meadows to invigorate them for the succeeding crop. They may be mown in this way for years without any diminution of the yield.

An explanation was next made about the effect of plaster in bringing in clover into a lot not sown with that seed. The plaster simply brings into action the seed, dormant in the soil, which needed such an invigorator to start it into life. Clover draws largely of ammonia from the atmosphere and holds it for sustenance to the plant. The speaker regarded the manure produced from a ton of clover of more value to the soil than it would be if plowed under.

The discussion was continued by several other gentlemen. It was closed with a very neat and compact resume of the whole discussion by the Chairman. He went over the whole ground in a very lucid manner, showing that there was a general concurrence of opinion as to the value of clover as stock food, and also as a fertilizer of rare excellence. Under certain circumstances of location and condition of soil it might be the most profitable to feed the clover to stock in the barn or yard, while others might render it advisable to apply the clover directly to the soil by plowing it under as it came into bloom. As to its great value as a fertilizer however used, there would scarcely be two opinions among farmers who have tested it in their farming operations. The address seemed to give satisfaction to all shades of opinion, and the meeting closed in clover.



DARK BRAHMA FOWLS.

OUR illustration represents a group of Dark Brahma Fowls, imported by D. W. HERSTINE of Philadelphia, last spring. They are a new breed to most poultry fanciers, only two or three importations having previously been made. We credit our engraving to the Practical Farmer. This breed combines size, weight, perfection of form, and an attractive color. They are good table fowls, and the chickens are easily reared. The cocks often attain the weight of fifteen pounds, and pullets at five months weigh seven. TEGETMEIER, who is perhaps the best authority we have on poultry matters, says of these fowls:

"The Dark or Pencilled Brahmas are very distinct in color from the light variety. We will take the description of the cock in the first instance. The upper part of the body, including the neck hackle, back and saddle, is silvery white striped with black; the breast, under part of body, and thighs black, slightly mottled with white. The feathers that cover the bases of the quill feathers of the wings are of a metallic green black, and form a broad, well-marked bar across the wings. The quill feathers of the wings, or flight feathers, are white on the outer and black on the inner webs. The secondary quills, those visible when the wing is closed, have a broad, dark-green black spot at the end of each feather. The tail is black, the coverts on either side being of a beautiful lustrous green-black, the lesser feathers being edged with white. The shanks should be of a yellow color, which sometimes partakes of a dusky shade, and they should be well clothed with dark feathers slightly mottled with white.

"The color of the hens may be briefly described. The head is gray, the neck hackle silvery white, striped with black. The remainder of the plumage, says Mr. TEEBAY, should be dull white, minutely and distinctly pencilled throughout with dark pencilling, so closely as almost to cover the ground color; the pencilling reaching well up the front of the breast.

"The dark or pencilled birds have steadily progressed in public favor since the date of their first introduction; their gigantic size, great weight, hardihood, and prolificacy, and the ease with which they can be kept in confined ranges, all tend to render them esteemed by the public at large; whilst the nobleness of their appearance and the truthfulness to which they breed to feather, cause them to be highly valued as the favorites of a vast number of the most enthusiastic of our poultry fanciers."

WHEAT 25 YEARS IN SUCCESSION.

IN a late number of the Irish Farmers' Gazette an inquiry was addressed to J. B. LAWES, asking whether it was true, as reported, that he had grown wheat twenty-five years consecutively on the same land without the aid of any fertilizer, and, if so, the character of the yield at the last cropping. The response was an affirmative one, to the effect that he commenced cropping, as an experiment, in 1844, following wheat with wheat without applying any manure. As soon as the harvest was over, the field was plowed to the ordinary depth of four or five inches, and left undisturbed till the last week in October or the first one in November, when the ground was harrowed and two bushels of seed to the acre drilled in. Care was taken not to turn up the subsoil, leaving the ground to its natural yield from year to year without manurial aid. The crop in 1844 was fifteen bushels to the acre, and the twenty-fifth one sixteen bushels. Care was always taken to keep down grass and weeds in the wheat field—hoeing twice and even three times where necessary.

In connection with the above it may not be amiss to state that we saw in Western Pennsylvania, some years since, a fair crop of wheat growing on ground which had been used for the same purpose twenty-one consecutive years. It was what is denominated "wind-fall" land—that is, land over which a hurricane swept in the seventeenth century, leveling the timber with the ground. A new growth succeeded, comprising beech, rock maple, soft maple, hickory, basswood in thick clusters, red elm, poplar, ironwood, cherry, butternut, cucumber, and possibly some other kinds. This timber was slashed down by an "actual settler," to the amount of ten acres, and left to rot on the ground—the party flitting to some other point. Passing to the possessions of others, the debris was cleared off, the soil broken up and sown to wheat for the time specified, remaining in good heart all the while. The soil was a gravelly loam of great depth, such as is occasionally found upon and adjacent to creek bottoms, and its fertilizing power probably inexhaustible. The field was surrounded by the forest, and being somewhat remote from the homestead, the crop was annually removed to the latter for the purpose of being housed. The yield varied somewhat with different years, its average being about eighteen bushels per acre, and the results showed no such depreciation of productiveness as a theorist would infer.

SETTING OSAGE HEDGES—WESTERN METHOD.

SINCE penning the brief article upon Osage hedges in Western New York, we have met and conversed with some well-informed, practical hedge growers in different parts of the West, where the subject receives much attention, and desire to give the readers of the RURAL the benefit of their experience as well as practice. Their directions, which are brief and to the point, are as follows:

Cultivate the ground during the summer, and in the fall plow a strip eight feet wide, leaving the dead furrow where the hedge is to be planted (plowing the ground as deep as possible,) leaving the furrow open and exposed to the frost through the winter. In the spring, back-furrow the ground to the line where the hedge is to set, raising the low places high above standing water. Harrow down smoothly. Stake the ground and stretch a line, by which make a plain mark, take a spade, place it across the mark, at right angles with the same, press it down the length of the blade, a little slantingly, and let a boy push the plant under the spade on the mark, at a depth of one inch below what it stood in the nursery, and at a distance of eight inches apart. When planting is done tramp the ground thoroughly around the plants, then mulch with anything that will keep the ground from baking and drying up. Cultivate until the middle of July. Before freezing, cover with two back furrows and coarse manure or straw. In the spring uncover and cultivate as before. Be sure to replace all the missing with strong plants.

In the fall mulch heavily with straw or coarse manure. Do not trim the hedge until it is three years old, when it should be plashed, which is done by cutting half or two-thirds off close to the ground and laying it down at an angle of thirty degrees. For ornamental purposes, leave one standing every twenty feet. Trim once a year, in July, never letting the hedge get to be more than twenty inches broad to preserve vitality.

Make two sizes of the plants, planting each size separately, which gives uniformity of growth.

As it is desirable to plant early, many prefer to obtain plants in the fall, and the following directions are furnished for their safe treatment through the winter:

As soon as plants are received, select a dry piece of ground and proceed as follows:—Cut a trench at an angle of 45 degrees, laying the bundles close together; then cover with the dirt taken from the next trench six inches in front, and so on until all the plants are trenched. Cover the plants two inches deep, pressing the earth closely around them, leaving no spaces. Let them remain until the ground is frozen two inches deep, then cover the whole bed with straw eighteen inches deep in the center, and extending about one foot beyond the plants; then cover the whole with dirt one foot thick, leaving a ditch encircling the whole bed, so that no water will penetrate to the plants. They can also be kept in a cellar, well covered in layers with sand. As soon as hard freezing is over in the spring, remove the covering from the plants, and as soon as the ground is in condition proceed to set the hedge. Be careful and not let the plants be exposed to sun and dry wind.

In answer to our objection to plashing as unsightly, and possibly unnecessary, the answer was that cutting the plant nearly off at the ground, and still leaving enough to ensure the circulation of the sap, secured a more vigorous and uniform growth than could be obtained by removing the top entirely, and the portion cut and turned down soon died off, and left the hedge, with proper after care, in a very desirable form. H. C. W.

MANURES.—No. IV.

SALT.

ONE hundred parts of common salt consist of 60.44 of chlorine and 39.56 of sodium. The specific gravity of chlorine is 2.5, while sodium is only 0.9. The opinions of farmers as to the value of salt as a manure have been very contradictory. Some have given it the preference over every other fertilizer, while others have regarded it as a useless application. These various opinions arise from the various circumstances under which it is used. It is not a general, but a specific fertilizer. It enters to a limited extent into the circulation of all plants, but its most important office is, no doubt, to combine with, dissolve and distribute other substances in the soil and render them assimilable food for plants. It must, therefore, be most beneficial on soils containing a large proportion of vegetable matter, or phosphoric acid, silicic acid, potash, &c., which, sometimes, require the aid of common salt to become assimilable. In England it proved most beneficial at considerable distance from the sea shore, the damp sea breeze furnishing a liberal supply of salt near the sea. The English experiments have been very favorable. Mr. SINCLAIR increased the yield of wheat from 11 to 21 bushels by applying 6½ bushels after a bean crop; and from 12 to 28 bushels by the use of 5½ bushels of salt after a turnip crop. Mr. CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON increased the wheat crop, on a light gravelly soil, from 13 to 26 bushels with 5 bushels of salt; and Mr. FLEMING, with 160 pounds of salt, on a heavy loam, increased the yield of wheat from 25 to 32 bushels. Mr. RANSOM increased the barley crop from 30 to 51 bushels with 16 bushels of salt. The hay crop was increased, on a thin, light soil, clay subsoil, from 2 tons, 10 cwt. to 3 tons, 12 cwt., with five bushels of salt; and in another case on a light soil, gravel subsoil, from 2 tons to 2 tons, 12 cwt., and on a clay soil, from 2 tons, 1 cwt. to 2 tons, 8 cwt. (Quoted by Prof. JOHNSTON.) Experiments of the Royal Ag'l Society of England were made on wheat, and the crop was increased from 29 to 38¾ bushels, by the use of 336 pounds of salt.

The Committee of Agriculture of Bavaria instituted experiments in 1857–8, at Bogenhausen, on barley and wheat. The barley crop on four different plats of ground was increased from 40 to 130 per cent. by the use of 205 pounds of salt per acre on loam and the straw in a much less proportion; and the wheat crop was increased from 25 to 60 per cent. (LIEBIG.) These German experiments were with the salts of ammonia alone, and then in combination with common salt.

Many experiments have been tried in this country with salt, and they have generally been favorable to its use, though, in most instances, the details have been loosely given. The Germantown Telegraph published, some years since, experiments with salt and guano, superphosphate of lime, &c., and the salt proved the best; but this could only occur where the soil was more deficient in chlorine and soda than in the other elements, or where the salt was needed to distribute the other elements in the soil. The RURAL of 1856 refers to S. M. BROWN of Onondaga Co., who is stated to have applied from three to five bushels of salt per acre to one-third of a thirty acre fallow for wheat in 1855, four days before seeding, on which part he harvested 26 bushels per acre, while the average product of the other twenty was but 16 bushels per acre, the whole crop being somewhat injured by the fly and winter-killing. He also applied to two acres of sod, three weeks before planting to corn, a barrel of salt per acre, and the other portion of the same field, after planting, he top-dressed with ashes, with plaster alone, and with ashes, plaster and salt together, but the part sown with salt alone was quite superior to the rest of the field. He also claimed that salt prevented rust on wheat. Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON has top-dressed wheat with a barrel of salt per acre, and found the wheat heavier and the straw brighter and stiffer, besides ripening some days earlier, and thus escaping the weevil. He thinks salt very valuable for stiffening the straw on rich land, giving a heavier grain. Mr. JOHNSTON is said to use, sometimes, 75 barrels of salt per annum on his wheat.

Experiments were tried with salt on the Michigan Ag'l College farm, a few years since, which gave some very remarkable results in its favor, but the details are not now before us. The general results of the application of salt seem to indicate five or six bushels as the proper quantity to use per acre, broadcast. The various experiments appear to establish the following points in favor of its use:

1st. That in small quantity, it promotes decomposition and dissolution of vegetable and animal remains in cultivated soils, and distributes and renders assimilable the mineral elements of plants.

2d. That it destroys insects and weeds and thus fertilizes the soil, and is excellent, therefore, to

apply to the manure heap, destroying grubs, caterpillars, slugs, &c., one of which killed will prevent a host of its kind the coming season. It has been recommended also to apply salt to wheat, when storing, at the rate of one-half pound to the bushel, preventing, it is said, the ravages of weevil, which are sometimes very destructive. From twenty to forty bushels per acre will kill all vegetation, and thus it is often used to kill all noxious weeds.

3d. That it attracts moisture from the atmosphere and thus protects against drouth. This point has been illustrated, with us, the present extremely dry season, upon plum trees, to each of which six quarts of salt were applied in April, spread evenly over a radius six feet from the tree. These trees showed a lively green and vigorous appearance in the most trying part of the season, bearing abundantly, while pear and other trees in the same orchard, not salted, were seriously affected and dropped much of their fruit half grown. The American Farmer gave an experiment, some years since, where two bushels of salt sown broadcast on corn, after planting, in a very dry season, caused the corn to remain green and healthy till ripe, while that unsalted dried up and yielded much less.

4th. It is a direct constituent of the food of most plants, and when applied to the soil the vegetables grown afterwards contain a larger proportion of salt; besides cattle show a decided preference for grass or hay grown on salted land, eating it more greedily.

5th. Salt acts on vegetables as a stimulant, as has been shown by placing sprigs of mint and other vegetables in pure water and in water containing a small proportion of salt, (one two-hundredth part,) the plants living much longer in the salt solution; and a solution of chlorine and water will make seeds vegetate which would otherwise rot in the earth. (PRIESTLY.)

6th. It has been found to preserve vegetables from sudden changes in temperature, that is, salted soils do not freeze so easily as those not salted. Many instances have been given where turnips, cabbages and other vegetables have been preserved from injury by frost on salted land, while those unsalted portions of the field were much damaged.

7th. It has been found an absorbent and preserver of nitrogen. M. BARRAL tried experiments of mixing guano with half its weight of salt to prevent the escape of ammonia. He found that pure guano exposed fifteen days to the open air lost 11.6 per cent. of its nitrogen, while that mixed with salt lost only 5 per cent. The chlorine unites with the ammonia and forms muriate of ammonia. This is another reason for adding small quantities of salt to the manure heap. Refuse salt from our meat packing establishments may be had for half the price of new salt, and is, probably, quite as valuable for agricultural purposes. E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE WOOL MANUFACTURERS ON THE TARIFF AND RECIPROCITY.

BELOW will be found the Resolutions on the Tariff and on the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, *unanimously* passed by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, at its annual meeting in the city of New York, Oct. 7th. The Secretary of the Association writes us that the meeting was "large and enthusiastic," and "that the Reciprocity resolution was heartily endorsed by the several leading worsted manufacturers who were present."

Though we have publicly, as our readers know, and still more earnestly privately, urged the officers of the above Association to take open and decided ground against the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, at this critical moment when that renewal is under negotiation at Washington and is pressed by powerful foreign and domestic interests, still it is but just that we should say that we have done so rather as a matter of official duty—rather from a feeling that it is always better to err on the side of over-precaution where important interests are at stake—than from any actual expectation or fear that the Manufacturers were inclined to prove false to their engagements with the wool growers of the country.

We hesitate not to declare,—and we think the present a very proper occasion to declare the fact,—that since the projet of the present wool and woolen tariff was finally agreed on between the joint committees of the Wool Growers and Manufacturers' National Associations, we have never been able to discover the least thing in which the latter has not been true to the letter and spirit of the compact originally entered into with us at Syracuse. It has had a very small number of its original members slough off and fall back into the old traditionary theory of hostility to the protection of raw materials; nor does it of course assume to control the *private* views and expressions of all its members. But as an Association, its official action and influence—representing the opinions of the great body of its members and a great majority of the most eminent wool manufacturers of the country—has, we repeat it, always been true to us. And now it is officially first in the field in denouncing a measure which superficial observers, at least, would judge most favorable to the interests of an important and rapidly increasing body of its own members.

True, the Association bases its opposition to the renewal of Reciprocity on the ground of *interest* as well as good faith. And we have no doubt that the real interests of the combing wool manufacturers will be ultimately, and indeed speedily, promoted by the present duties imposed on their imported raw staple, and for the very good reason assigned in the resolution. But this reason embraces a new and higher theory of industrial economy than was "dreamed of in the philosophy" of wool manufacturers, before the advent of their present National Association. The wise and liberal men who founded that organization, shook off old traditions—old prejudices—old theories of a protection confined to manufactured articles, and adopted the sound maxim that in a country possessing proper facilities for the production of the raw materials, the manufacturer of those materials should seek by all means and even at some temporary sacrifice to encourage their development *at home*, instead of relying on the foreign producer. It was the avowal of these just and liberal views—the concession that a strict mutuality of interests naturally existed and ought to be scrupulously maintained between the grower and manufacturer—which led to the friendly alliance and hitherto uninterrupted coöperation, which have been maintained between their National organizations. And now, when some suspicious persons doubted the action of the manufacturers—inasmuch as they had obtained *their* desired protection, and would make some immediate gains by an abolition of the duties on Canada wools—they have neither wavered nor kept silent, but have manfully clung to the principles avowed when they sought our alliance. And the *worsted manufacturers* heartily endorse the action of their brethren! It is said men deserve no special credit for performing their duty. We think they do, sometimes. We think the worsted manufacturers do, in the present case.

A delay has been made in bringing the subject before the National Wool Growers' Association for its action, in order to await the action of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers—it being felt that something might transpire at the meeting of the latter which would devolve other duties on the former than a mere expression in regard to the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. But that expression will now be obtained as soon as practicable.

Resolutions unanimously adopted at the Fourth Annual Meeting of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, held at the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the city of New York, on the 7th of October, 1868:

Whereas, The beneficial effects of the recent Tariff on wool and woolens were postponed by three obvious causes: 1. The increase of card wool machinery during the war to supply the wants of the Government; 2. The great quantity of surplus goods thrown by the Government upon the market at rates far below the cost of production; 3. By the stocks, both of wool and woolens, imported in anticipation of the passage of a tariff bill, and held at merely nominal charges under the warehousing laws; and whereas the effects of this tariff have been fully displayed only within the last few months.—it is therefore

Resolved, 1. That the existing Tariff on wool and woolens is well adapted to promote the development and prosperity of the woolen industry; that its good effects are manifest in the recent revival of the business, in the exclusion of foreign shoddy goods, in the supply for general consumption of sounder and better fabrics than have before been made in the country, in the production of new varieties of card wool fabrics, in the development of the worsted manufacture, hitherto the least advanced branch of our woolen industry, and in the successful, profitable and rapidly increasing culture of combing wools, whereby the material for a deficient industry is supplied, and the public obtains an invaluable accession to the supply of animal food.

Resolved, 2. That any advantage which might accrue to the worsted manufacture from the free introduction of combing wools, under the proposed Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, would be more than counterbalanced by checking the impulse which has already been given to the growth of combing wools here, while the advocacy of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, for the purpose of obtaining Canada wools free, would be a violation of the spirit of the agreement with the wool growers, upon which the present Tariff on wool and woolens was founded.

WISCONSIN STATE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Wool Growers' Association was held in the State Ag'l rooms, in the city of Madison, on Wednesday evening, Sept. 30, 1868. President STILSON in the chair.

On motion, the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—ELI STILSON, Oshkosh. *Vice-Presidents*—I. S. Hazeltine, Richland Center; E. M. Rice, Whitewater. *Secretary*—Thomas H. Goodhue, Whitewater. *Treasurer*—C. R. Stewart, Danville. *Executive Committee*—W. B. Kingsbury, Ripon; R. Richards, Racine; J. Y. Potter, Beloit; R. T. Graves, Cambria; E. S. Hammond, Fond du Lac.

USING RAM TEGS.—J. D. JACOBUS, Penn Yan, N. Y., writes us:—"Having noticed an occasional inquiry in 'Sheep Department' of RURAL in reference to the utility of using ram tegs for breeding purposes—whether their produce would be as strong in constitution and equal in quality to the get of older rams, &c., allow me to cite a case in point that came under my own observation. I sold about a year ago to WILLIS LONGWELL, a near neighbor of mine, two ram tegs. He raised seventy-five lambs, the get of those tegs, seventy-four of which are now living, and show good constitution, size and vigor, as well as good quality. The tegs were shorn the tenth day of June, and sheared respectively 13½ and 17½ lbs. of wool. They were bred by myself, and sired by the celebrated Harlow ram, 'Young Grimes,' out of two choice ewes, one of them bred by JOHN T. and VIRTULAN RICH of Vt., and one by ALEXANDER ARNOLD of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y. They had good care and liberal but not excessive feed, and were not housed only from some very hard storms. It seems to me that in this instance, at least, this experiment proves that ram tegs may often be profitably used for breeding purposes, and without any loss in the offspring in quality, constitution and vigor."

Dairy Department.

BUTTER-MAKING.

"How about the butter?".

I did promise to say something about butter-making in the regions round about Philadelphia, especially in Pennsylvania.

Those who were familiar with the discussions of the Agricultural Society, at its Fairs and annual meetings, many years ago, will remember with what unction delegates, and others who had attended Fairs or other gatherings at Philadelphia, "smacked their chops" when speaking of the good treat which they enjoyed at the social board in eating of the butter which had been made in that particular locality. One would almost think it was solidified nectar, so enthusiastic would they grow over the fine flavor of Philadelphia bread and butter.

Although I had eaten of the finest, and most famous butter of Holland, and England, and Ireland, yet I must confess that my mouth was made up to expect a new sensation when the committee, under the charge of a gentleman—the President of a Railroad out of Philadelphia and down into the hilly region of Delaware county—took the cars for Dr. SMITH'S, out some ten or fifteen miles from the city.

I must confess that my notion of the topography of the country was very crude. I had supposed the city stood in the midst of a level plain, and that it was capable of unlimited extension, as long as it kept in Pennsylvania. I had only seen it from the cars. The foot hills of the Blue Ridge range of mountains come down in close proximity to the city on the northwestern side, and you strike into the formations peculiar to that range almost before you get beyond the city limits.

The Philadelphians are alive to the prosperity of their city, and place great reliance upon railroads as a means to conserve it. Wherever the engineer pronounces a railroad feasible, no matter at what expense, so it brings a populous and productive region in communication with the city, it is built with the economy and painstaking persistence which seems still to linger in the Quaker element that is common to the inhabitants. There is not the same dash and glare in Philadelphia as in New York, but the people get a great deal more comfort for their money.

We found the doctor and his son waiting for us with carriages at the station, at Kellysville. A ride of some three or four miles in a gently hilly country, among large and substantial *Pennsylvania* barns and comfortable country houses, brought us to an old "ancestral" home. Many of the large proprietors of land, have it divided into farms, which are usually let to tenants for dairy farms, so that one sees comparatively little of arable land. It being of a gravelly or alkaline soil, the water is soft and the grass usually sweet and nutritious.

We visited several milk or dairy farms during the afternoon. Of course we had dinner, and a very nice one. There were some elaborate spring houses and quite complete in their detail and arrangements. But I saw none which I thought began to compare with our old friend's, Col. PRATT'S, at Prattsville, up in Greene county, N. Y., either in completeness or in the admirable adaptation of means to ends.

The butter, which we tasted, is good generally. Firm and sweet, not as much salted as New York and Northern consumers usually like it, but still as compared with the mass of wretched stuff usually sold as butter, is most excellently good. And then the condition, wherein it goes into market, has much to do with its deserved reputation. The utmost pains are taken to have it get to the consumers in its most "toothsome" form. It is usually put up in pound rolls and stamped with some tasty device, to designate the maker's brand, which the venders take great care shall become the synonym of the choicest kind of butter to be found in the market. The butter makers become very jealous of the integrity of their brand.

There is very excellent butter made in the dairy regions of Pennsylvania, but none any better than I have eaten in the dairy regions of New York and New England. Indeed, when up in Illinois this spring, I ate butter at a table in Marengo, some 60 miles north of Chicago, that would compare favorably with that made in the most favored dairy regions. After all, good butter depends upon the intelligence, and care, and neatness of the person who makes it.

I had intended to make a few words about spring houses, but I see my space is nearly up. T. C. P.

CARE OF DAIRY STOCK.

THE first fall of snow, October 16th, should admonish the owners of dairy stock that winter is rapidly approaching; that grass is frosty much of the time and less nutritious now than in the early part of September; and that, for this reason, if for no other, cows should have shelter during storms, and extra and more concentrated food than was required during the warm season. If these are not seasonably supplied the yield of milk will fall off; the cows "fall away" to poorly covered frames by the time the trying season of spring comes around. It is poor policy to neglect stock of any kind, but it is especially so with respect to that portion devoted to dairying purposes, because it tends to shorten the period of productiveness and diminish the yield of milk when the cows come in the succeeding season. It is cheaper, more effective and humane to lift cows in the spring by means of good autumnal and winter feeding than by their caudal extremetics, but unfortunately some forget this, or, knowing the fact, neglect to avail themselves of the teachings it supplies. The custom of "progging," as it was called in New England in days gone by, was a paying one and not to be neglected because of its antiquity. It is some trouble to fix up a mess for cows daily in addition to the customary feeding of grass or hay, but trouble, so called, is the concomitant of all business, and that will be found to pay best where the expenditure in this way has been the most persistent and liberal. Give the cows shelter from falling weather, extra food, and the yield of milk will be increased, the season of its flow prolonged, while the animals, when the coming-in season arrives, will be found equal to the increased demands which it will make upon them.

A MILK DAIRY.—The Rockford Register gives an account of the milk dairy of SAMUEL W. TAYLOR in Oswego, five miles from that city. The dairy stock comprises 21 cows which supply 300 quarts of milk per day. It is all contracted to one man, and, instead of being canned as soon as drawn from the cows, the milk is run into a vat with double walls between which flows cold spring water. It remains here till the animal heat is extracted, when it is canned for serving out to the customers of the purchased. This cooling process serves to keep the milk sweet much longer than when canned directly from the cow, which is a decided advantage in warm weather.

REFRACTORY CREAM—HOW TO MANAGE IT.—In a late number of the RURAL a correspondent gave her experience in churning, beating a portion of cream the better part of two days without producing butter, and asked for a remedy in such cases. This is supplied by E. L. BRAGDON of Port Ontario, who says:—"We have had the same experience, but found a remedy. Salt your cream as you skim it and stir it well. Dissolve two ounces of alum to two pails of cream, and put it in just before churning, and you will have no further trouble. Do not fear the alum; it will improve your butter." This is a cheap remedy, of easy application, and its effectiveness readily tested by those whose cream refuses to "come to time."

A DASHERLESS CHURN.—The Southern Farmer claims that B. P. ANDERSON of Memphis, has invented a churn which operates without a dasher. It is simply a square box, in which the cream is inclosed, and made to revolve by means of a crank. It is said to perform admirably. If we are not greatly mistaken this kind of churn was tried, in this region, several years since, but with what success we do not remember to have seen stated. The inference is that its success was not very marked, as nothing is said about it among dairymen about here now.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Paying for a Farm.

THE Kansas Farmer, as an evidence of the adaptability of the soil of that State to the production of wheat, mentions the purchase of a quarter section in Donephan county for $3,500, which was sown to wheat last fall, the yield of which this year paid the purchase money and left a cash surplus of four hundred dollars.

Wheat Clubs.

THE Dixie Farmer states that "in many localities in the South farmers are forming what they style 'Wheat Clubs,' in which each member pays a certain amount of money to be appropriated as a premium for the best acre of wheat to be harvested in 1869, and each member pledges himself to compete for the premium. The idea is a capital one, and we hope to see it extensively adopted."

Silk in California.

EACH successive number of the California Farmer has something encouraging concerning the silk interest in that State. It seems to be a settled conviction there that the production and manufacture of silk on a large scale are to be among the prominent industries of the State. A Los Angelos correspondent writes he is feeding the fourth crop this season of 100,000 worms of the new Japanese variety. They are reported healthy,—each worm making a cocoon.

Farming Results South.

THE Rural Southerner for October, Atlanta, Ga., remarking on the harvest, says:—"We now feel no hesitancy in announcing that at no time since the war has there been so ample supplies for man and beast as the present harvest will furnish." As an evidence that the farmers in that region are awake to their business the same paper states that since the first of August between 300 and 400 turning plows have been sold in that city.

Gas Lime as a Manure.

THE Wisconsin Farmer devotes a chapter to the consideration of gas lime as a manure and the proper time for its application. The lime, when taken fresh from the gas works, contains sulphur in the form of a sulphite or hyposulphite of lime, and, in this condition, is a deadly poison. Being soluble in water, it is carried down to the roots of plants by the rain and kills them—if the supply be large. If left in a heap, for several months, or spread upon the ground in the fall, the elements will make such changes in it as to render it conducive to the growth rather than to the death of plants.

Making Cider.

SOME farmers are of the opinion that anything, in the shape of an apple, is good enough to make cider, as that will work itself clear in the end. It is true that cider can be made of wormy, rotten and dirty apples, but these conditions can hardly fail to affect its quality. If apples were selected with proper care and ground in a clean state there is no doubt but the cider would be much better than it generally is. Some people grind the apples and immediately put the pomace to press. This is wrong—at least the cider will not be as finely flavored as it would be were the pomace left in the vat half a day or more before being put up in the cheese and subjected to pressure.

Natural Characteristics of Animals.

A YOUNG student of Natural History conveys to the N. H. Farmer some of his observations in the stock yard. He noticed that a horse, in rising from a recumbent position, employs his fore legs as a fulcrum to raise his body, but that, with the bovine tribe, the system is reversed. It was noticed, too, that fowls, in flying from one place to another, unless frightened or hardly pressed, light upon the top of the fence or wall and take a brief survey of the new field before dropping into it.

There is another characteristic of the hen family not readily explained, and that is a propensity to steal away to some blind place when an egg is to be deposited, but making a terrible cackling when leaving, thus betraying what she seemed so anxious to conceal. A dog in seeking a place of repose is very apt to circle around two or three times before dropping down, even though no bedding is there requiring this preparation. A bird in seeking rest upon a limb of a tree almost invariably drops below the point selected and rises to it by a gentle upward curve.

Agricultural Colleges—Congressional Aid.

SOME years since Congress voted a quantity of the public lands to each State to aid in establishing therein an Agricultural College. In several, these institutions are already in operation, in others buildings are in progress of erection, but in some disputes about locations and other matters have prevented decisive action up to the present time. A summary of Congressional donations, for College purposes, follows:

	Land Scrip.
Yale College Scientific School	$160,000
Amherst College	360,000
Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.	990,000
Center Co., Pa., College	720,000
College, Lansing, Mich.	240,000
" Maryland	210,000
" Hanover, N. H.	150,000
" Burlington, Vt.	150,000
" Madison, Wis.	286,000
" Morgantown, Va.	150,000
" New Brunswick, N. J.	210,000
" Lexington, Ky.	330,000
" Oakland, Cal.	150,000
" Providence, R. I.	120,000
" Manhattan, Kansas	90,000
University, Illinois	480,000
Total scrip	$4,796,000

Here are sixteen institutions which have received, from the reserve fund of the people, nearly five millions of dollars for the diffusion of agricultural information. This donation ought to do a great amount of practical good, instead of being frittered away on the visionary projects of favorites, as is too often the case with the benefactions of private individuals. In some instances, already brought to the notice of the public, the promise of a wise application of the funds is far from flattering; in others a proper use has been made of the means supplied, and if the resultant good is not equal to expectation, the failure must be attributed to other causes than a wanton waste or misapplication of the means accorded by Congress for educational purposes.

Rural Notes and Items.

OCTOBER SNOW STORMS.—The advent of snow the present season was earlier than usual. Generally snow flurries hold off till November, but we are reminded of several striking exceptions to this. In 1815 or '16 there was a heavy fall of snow in New England and the Central States as early as the 13th of October. In the western part of Massachusetts it fell to the depth of eighteen inches, putting a check to the apple, potato and corn harvest for a time. But the snow soon disappeared, and was succeeded by two or three weeks of Indian Summer weather. Last week the Eastern, Central and Western States were visited with a storm of snow, covering the ground to the depth of two or three inches. In the Northwest,—especially in Minnesota.—the storm commenced on the 7th of October and continued during an entire day. At the present writing (Oct. 19th) the snow has disappeared, but the promise of more soon is only too good. There is a considerable portion of fall crops yet to be harvested,—especially of corn and potatoes,—the securing of which this premature fall of snow has delayed.

CROPS IN OHIO.—The Ohio Statistician, E. D. MANSFIELD, has furnished the Cincinnati Gazette a summary of the crop reports in that State for the present year. This is made up from county reports, and is supposed to approximate very nearly the actual yield of the various products mentioned. The number of sheep is set down at 7,580,000, showing that in eight years the number has more than doubled in that State. The cattle returned aggregate 1,481,214—a small advance on the preceding report. Of hogs there are 2,100,000—an increase in three years of about 700,000. The wheat, corn and oat crops aggregate 141,000,000 bushels—the largest since 1860, and less than that by 12,000,000 bushels, and greater than that of 1866 by 23,000,000 bushels. Mr. M.'s estimate of these crops for the entire country the present year is one thousand millions of bushels.

SPECIAL WHEAT PREMIUMS.—The special premiums offered by ORANGE JUDD, New York, were awarded as follows:—Best two barrels of white winter wheat, O. HOWLAND, Auburn, $100; red winter wheat, do., $100; white spring wheat, R. KING, Kendall Corners, $100.

HOW CROPS GROW.—This is the general title of a series of volumes prepared and preparing by Prof. SAMUEL W. JOHNSON of Yale College, and published by ORANGE JUDD & Co. of New York. The initial volume consists of three general divisions, embracing in their order—"The Chemical Composition of the Plant;" "The Structure of the Plant and Offices of its Organs;" "Life of the Plant as Witnessed in the Process of Germination." This volume is liberally illustrated, and the text comparatively free from the dry technicality so troublesome to the general reader. The volumes, to complete the series contemplated, will explain "The Chemistry of the Air and Soil," and "The Science of Agriculture in its Practical Relations to Animal Products." The author, from his long study of these themes, brings to their elucidation an amount of information which cannot fail of rendering his observations of great value to the agricultural community, for whose benefit they are more especially designed.

CELLARS.—These are too often a neglected portion of the dwelling. At this time of the year they should be thoroughly cleaned and put in order for the reception of winter stores. The walls ought to be whitewashed, and the ceiling also; it renders them not only sweet but lighter. Then farmers all understand what they neglect to practice, viz., that vegetables, as potatoes, beets, turnips, &c., retain their flavor better if packed in earth and kept from the light. For this purpose bins should be constructed around the cellar next to the walls. Then there should be a closet for canned fruits, &c., to keep them clean, dry and dark; and hanging shelves to hold various articles and keep them from mice, for these vermin will occasionally infest the best cellars. Go down into your cellar, honest farmer, and look around; think for what it is intended, how much it contributes to the comfort of your family, and how much their health may depend on its condition, and you will resolve that it is as worthy of care and attention as the parlor.

DISEASE OF STOCK IN LOUISIANA.—A contributor to the last Monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture from Tensas Parish, La., says:—"The disease called 'charbon' has commenced its ravages in our immediate neighborhood. It attacks mules, cattle and horses in the order stated. There is a prospect now of its making a clean sweep of all the mules in the county. It is spreading from one place to another rapidly, and as yet no one has succeeded in curing any cases. The animal first shows signs of being sick by drooping and lagging. On close examination there will be found a lump somewhere about the neck or shoulders, or perhaps in the flank. This swelling grows rapidly. The animal has a high fever, and generally eats and drinks to the last. Some die within twelve hours after the disease manifests itself, and some live five or six days. Generally they die in 36 to 48 hours. The cause of this fatal disease is yet wrapped in mystery."

AMONG THE HOP PICKERS.—The editor of the Rural Messenger, Chicago, made a visit last month to the hop pickers in Dundee, Kane Co. There were engaged in the work women, girls and boys, but it seems the middle class had the greater attractive power, and here the party named tried his hand at the picking business. According to his account, he acquitted himself with credit for half an hour, and then subsided on the laurels he had won. As the report from the other side has not been given, we are compelled to award the credit claimed, though we confess to some doubts whether justice would not require a little abatement. The brevity of the trial looks suspicious,—insinuates a back out or back down,—a rare thing in the editorial line.

NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.—At the time of our State Fair an association was organized under the above title. It is designed to hold an exhibition some time next winter. Persons wishing to become members should address the President or Secretary. The officers are:—*President*—G. H. WARNER, New York Mills, Oneida Co., N. Y.; *Vice-President*—Robert Ellis, Schenectady; *Secretary*—Thomas Gould, Aurora, Cayuga Lake; *Treasurer*—John Salisbury, Jr., Nyack, Rockland Co., N. Y.

TUBE WELLS.—The London Spectator says that Sir ROBERT NAPIER, in his Abyssinian expedition, compelled "a lofty African desert to yield water by an American device not twelve months old." "A half a dozen mules," it says, "are drawn up loaded with thin, steel tubes. Tap, tap, tap, goes a hammer, rigged up in five minutes, and in ten the curse of Africa has been conquered as if a new Moses had smitten the rock, and pure water for an army is spouting among the stones."

THE LANDED PROPERTY in Germany, advertised in this paper, is worthy the attention of Germans intending to resume residence in their "Fatherland," or, of Americans contemplating a prolonged sojourn in that salubrious climate. We are assured that the property offered is very valuable and desirable.

CISTERNS should be cleaned and put in order to be filled for winter. It is well also to look after the arrangements for supplying the farm stock with water during the winter. If there is not a supply in the barn-yard, perhaps a few dollars expended rightly will bring down an unfailing stream from a spring.

THE FIRES OF THE DROUTH.—The burning of the Canadian woods and swamps during the latter part of July and in August destroyed several millions of dollars worth of timber, and filled the air with smoke all over the Northern and Middle States from the Atlantic to Minnesota and Iowa.

A WORD FROM ILLINOIS.—"A Subscriber," Wyoming, Stark Co., Ill., Oct. 5th, writes:—"Our crops are tolerably good. Potatoes came the nearest a failure, owing to bugs. Few people in this locality will have enough to do them. Corn was about one-half caught by the frost, which came September 17th. Wheat will average from 12 to 14 bushels per acre."

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

COAL or gas tar applied about a corn crib will keep the grain from devastation by rats.

A DROVE of four thousand sheep recently crossed the Mississippi for Southwestern Missouri.

AMERICAN hay is selling in England for about $25 per ton. It is gaining in reputation in that country.

IT is said that the wheat yield per acre in a large portion of Wisconsin will not exceed twelve bushels.

THE Vineland (N. J.) Agricultural Society offers prizes for the best roads made and kept up by individuals.

LEANDER WETHERELL of the Boston Cultivator is announced to lecture in Amherst College the present term.

POULTRY to fatten rapidly must be, like hogs, restricted to a limited space. Freedom and fat are incompatible.

SOME of the Western papers predict that the pork crop there this season will be larger than ever known before.

IF you would not have your horse acquire the habit of hanging in the halter, do not strike at him in front when young.

THE cranberry yield in and around Manchester and Louis River is estimated at 15,000 bushels, and valued at $100,000.

THE best food for fattening fowls is said to be ground oats mixed to a dough with water or milk. The latter is the best.

THE roller when judiciously used is beneficial. The character and condition of the soil should determine as to its use.

PROF. SPOONER objects to sawing off or shortening the horns of cattle. It gives pain to the animal and impairs its strength.

GARDEN and field roots should generally be all housed by the close of October. A later period may do, but it is not good to risk it.

CATTLE in the region of Monticello, Ill., are reported to be afflicted with what is called swelled head. This is a novelty among *cattle*.

THE flour and grain shipped East from Chicago last year was equal to 52,798,161 bushels. Only about one-seventh of this went by rail.

THE Norfolk Chronicle condemns the use of check reins on horses. They spoil their mouths, impair their tempers, and render them generally uneasy.

STANCHIONS with open mangers for cattle are objected to, because the strong steal from the weak. A partition board three feet high would obviate the difficulty.

HORTICULTURAL.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWERS' FAIR.

DISCUSSIONS AND REPORTS.

THE meeting was called to order by Hon. E. B. POTTLE, Naples, who occupied the Chair. He called on grape growers for information as to grape prospects in their several localities.

MARSHALL P. WILDER of Massachusetts, said he had taken a deep interest in the cultivation of the soil and in the production of fruit. Was gratified with the display of grapes made on the present occasion—the most imposing one ever made on this continent. The complete success of the organization was assured. There need be no fears of failure for the future. A large portion of his active life had been spent in horticultural pursuits, and his faith was strong that this country is destined to be one of the greatest grape growing ones in the world. With respect to New England the grape, the past season, as is the case occasionally in all countries, was pretty much a failure. Excessive rain was mainly the cause of this. In and around Boston, the month of September gave them 13½ inches of rain, while the average, for the same month, during the preceding fifteen years, was but 3½ inches. The excessive humidity had prevented the grape from ripening. But they were not disheartened by this. A change will take place. New England will have good grape seasons yet, and Western New York may catch the drenching as the former has done. The grape wants high ground and a sunny exposure. In Germany they are not afraid of climbing hills to plant grape vines. The present exhibition was full of encouragement to grape growers, though the present year there was a pretty general failure eastward, with occasional exceptions of Israella, Hartford Prolific and Iona, which had reached maturity.

JOHN A. WARDER, Cincinnati—Regretted to respond to a call where he had so little encouraging to say. In past years the grape growers of his region had had eminent success with the vine. The Catawba was then the favorite, but lately her ladyship has had a set back—a malady so to speak, and the consequence has been most wretched crops—not one-fourth of one this season. On five acres of formerly good producing vines, the yield this year will not be five bushels. Mr. LONGWORTH introduced the Delaware, but it has proved worse than the Catawba. Of 1,000 well grown roots in good soil in 1865, there were not 40 alive the succeeding year and two only of these bore fruit. Thought the Ives has all the qualifications of a perfect plant; bears well and makes delicious white (?) wine.

Mr. WILDER—Would like to hear more about the Ives grape, whether it was the best or not, for wine.

Mr. WARDER—There is *no best grape* for wine, all the States considered. One grape does well in one locality and poorly in another. Must consult the soil and climate and grow the variety best suited to each. Alluded to the premium awarded the Ives at Cincinnati. This was done because it best filled the bill at the time, and has proved successful. Is regarded as the wine grape for Ohio, except along the lake shore. The Concord was regarded as a superior table grape.

A. S. FULLER, N. J.—Came to listen to others and not to talk. Does not reside in a strictly grape growing district. Can grow the Concord, Hartford Prolific and Delaware for the table. Vineyards, in New Jersey, do not give much promise of success. There may be sections of land there adapted to grape culture, but the fact has not been satisfactorily demonstrated as yet. Some large vineyards of Delawares and Ionas are being dug up. The Ives *may* do better and will try it. Said the people in Western New York had every inducement to plant largely, as the present exhibition afforded ample assurance of success.

Mr. GRIFFITH, North East, Pa.—Had had the present season a fair measure of success along the lake shore region as far as Cleveland. All varieties have ripened well. The Iona, Delaware, Catawba and Concord were especially good. The Catawba was especially promising. They had not come to the Ives yet.

Mr. HARRIS, Brocton—There have been no diseases in our section the present year, with the exception of Rogers' Hybrid, No. 1. Our position is excellent for the grape, having water in front and airy hills in the rear, causing the grape to approach near perfection. The Catawba is fully up to the average.

Mr. LARROWE, Hammondsport—Raises grapes by the acre, and has done so for the last fifteen years. The Catawba is the principal variety. Ripens well. Promised finely the present season till late in it, when the thrip commenced operations on the vines. Intends next year to apply lime and sulphur, and believes they will prove successful in heading off the pest. The compound should consist of one pound of sulphur and 24 pounds of lime. This will make about 90 gallons of wash, which should be applied to the under side of the leaf. Has tried it successfully. The thrip injury is considerable this year on old vines. Young ones better. Don't mean to give up the Catawba for the Ives or any others.

Mr. WILDER—Recommended and used lime and sulphur twenty-five years ago as a remedy for mildew, applied as a wash, or sprinkling in the dry state. Had used it to good purpose for that and other things.

Mr. ROBERTS, Murfreesborough, N. C.—This gentleman, formerly of Rochester, is now a resident in North Carolina, and commenced grape growing about three years since. Planted a vineyard of 75 acres, embracing Concords, Hartfords, Catawbas, Ionas and Israellas. His experience was too limited as yet to be particularly valuable. Said a company had been organized in Wilmington and 60 acres of Concords planted. Would like some information about training the vine. His Delaware vines cast their leaves. The Concord in his region is very sweet. The Southern people have a great affection for the Scuppernong; call it a wine grape. It is a remarkably vigorous grower and produces munificently. Will thrive anywhere. Is clear from disease, but was not a particular favorite with him.

Mr. GRIFFITH, North East—What do they put with the must to make wine?

Mr. ROBERTS—They use liberally of sugar and sometimes of whisky, also.

Mr. WILDER—Felt kindly toward the Scuppernong. It was a fair champagne grape. Cannot gainsay this fact. This caused some merriment.

Dr. WARDER—It will not grow well at the North and West.

Dr. VAN KUREN—Samples of them sent from North Carolina showed by the saccharometer less than 55. They were the Black Skup variety. Mr. LONGWORTH had stated that it took three pounds of sugar to make a gallon of wine. Some of them on the ground—were neither sweet nor sour.

Mr. GRIFFITH—Was glad to get the facts in reference to this grape, as the public wanted to know its worth if it had any, which he did not believe.

Mr. POTTLE—Grapes are often deceptive because they are sweet. The Isabella has been tested and stands it well. Is particularly rich in sugar.

Mr. VAN KUREN—Intended no reflection on the Isabella. Had been reported as high as 84 under some circumstances. Thought it safe to give it from 75 to 79.

Mr. HOAG of Lockport—Said the grape had been a success in his locality the present year. The Iona and Israella have been all that Dr. GRANT claimed for them; but this year was an exception. There had been no grape disease.

Dr. PERRINE of Dansville—Said the grape had done well in his region the present season, and the vintage promise was good. Plants on a clay soil with a southern exposure. His favorites are the Catawba, Isabella and Concord.

Mr. KEECH, Waterloo—His locality grew the grape well with the exception of the Delaware. Has marketed of the latter only 1½ tons from 12 acres. Cut Ionas September 10th. The Israellas have done well, but the Delaware and Rogers' Hybrid No. 19, suffered considerably from the thrip, and in the spring were ravaged by a species of beetle. Has Ionas on land nearly all sand and doing well. Has all sorts of soil in grapes.

Mr. YOUNGLOVE, Vine Valley—Has been but two years in the business. Has planted all the common varieties which have ripened well. Picked Ionas on the first of September. Isabellas and Catawbas did well. Delawares ripened well, too. Follows no partienlar line of treatment. Has all the varieties.—[To be continued.

PEAR BLIGHT.

THE practice of allowing pear trees to stand in grass has been strongly commended. The experience of a correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture is a fact worth thinking about:

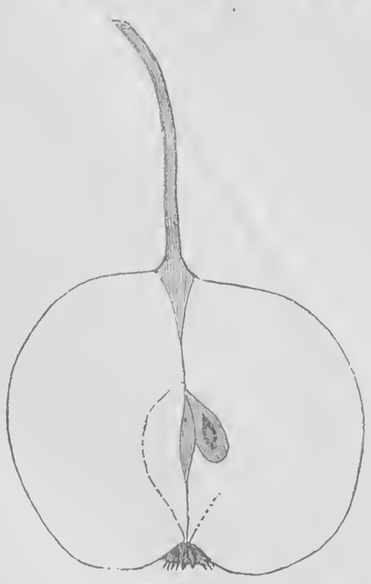
MR. MEEHAN, in his excellent paper on this subject before the Pomological Convention, in your city, advised allowing the sod to grow round pear trees in preference to clean cultivation, and you, Mr. Editor, endorse his position as far as standard trees go, on pear bottoms. I can go further than you, and cordially endorse it in treating dwarf trees on the quince. Quite a number of years ago, in inquiring of one of the best pear growers I ever knew, the secret of his success, he said it consisted in a very few words,—let the grass grow all around your trees. I afterwards found in some horticultural paper, the advice given by one of the Newark, N. J., cultivators, in addition to this, always to add a wheelbarrow load of manure round every tree, every autumn. Anxious to do anything to avert the terrible slaughter of my trees from blight, this advice was carefully followed, and whether it was efficacious or not, I have never lost a tree since, although several years have elapsed. If I dared say that anything would cure pear blight, I should certainly say that this would, for it has given me more complete satisfaction than anything of the sort I have ever found in a book or paper, or tried before or since this trial.

To those who are suffering from pear blight, and they are certainly a legion, I would say, never cultivate the ground at all, particularly for dwarf trees, add a wheelbarrow load of manure every fall, and keep the grass cut close all summer. My success with this has more than satisfied me, and I intend filling up my vacant spaces next spring, and go into pear raising again. I prefer the dwarf sorts. They take up less room, bear earlier, and don't hurt your feelings quite so much when they succumb to their invisible but resistless enemy as so many thousands have done, as when a large tree perishes.

A good deal has been said about growing evergreens among pears to cure blight. I have given it a full trial, and though it stands to reason that they would greatly ameliorate the rigor of the climate, success has not been very encouraging—not by any means equal to the other treatment as above recommended. In twenty years' experience of growing pears, I have found but one variety that has outlived that space of time and is yet green and vigorous.

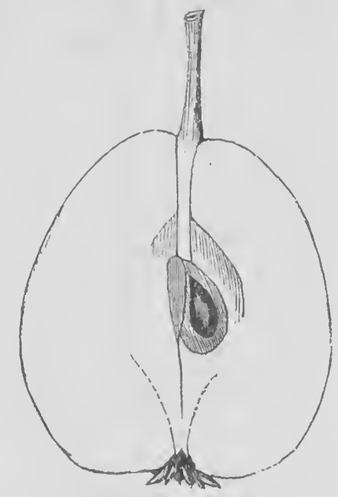
SEEDLING PEARS.

WE are indebted to THOMAS H. GENIN, Esq., of St. Clairsville, Ohio, for samples of many of his seedling pears. Mr. GENIN writes that all were grown from seed of the Seckel, but the characters of the fruits are so varied that we cannot a moment doubt the association of either the Windsor or Summer Bonchretien, in fertility of the blossoms that produced the Seckel pears, from which seed was taken to grow these. Mr. GENIN has a large number of seedlings, and from them, if he gains one really superior sort, he should feel satisfied. At present we figure and describe some of them, more with a view to call attention of amateurs, (always crazy for *new* things,) to their existence, than a disposition to recommend them for cultivation. The trees we know nothing of, and there may be something connected with their great hardihood, etc., to warrant the perpetuation of the varieties, and especially may they be adapted to certain localities. From our knowledge of the fruits numbers 6 and 22 are worth trial in other localities and may prove quite valuable, as the former—number 6—Mr. GENIN writes, has a hardy, thorny native habit, and is a very rapid grower. This pear, although we have only kept it until November, Mr. GENIN writes has been with him in eating during December and January. Our descriptions and figures are made from the medium specimens that we have received, and if anything, are below rather than above their standard.



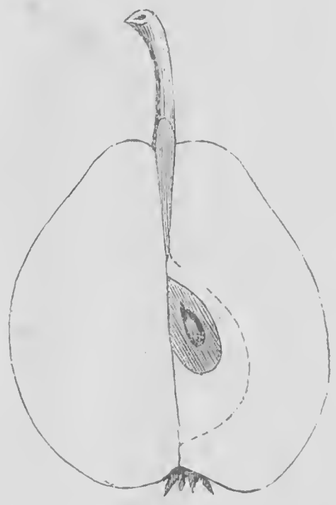
NUMBER SIX.

No. 6—Fruit small to fair medium, round flattened or Bergamot shape; skin rough; color dingy russety yellow; stem long and slender, slightly curved. In some specimens the stem is planted without depression, in others it has an acute basin; calyx, large for size of fruit, broad, open, with short segments, basin medium depth, round, regular; flesh yellow, coarse granulated, sweet and melting, rich, juicy, very good; core small, seeds long, pointed, almost or quite black; season, November.



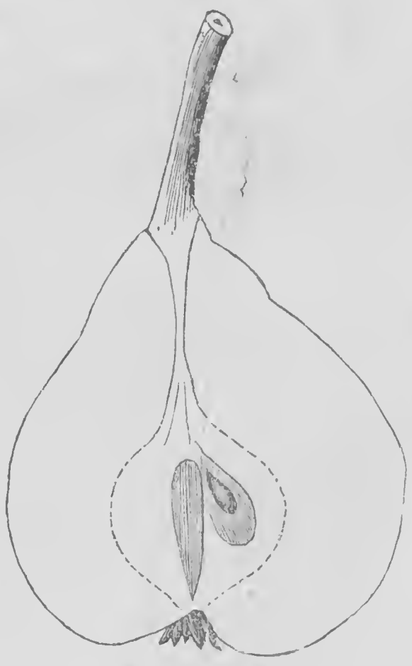
NUMBER ELEVEN.

No. 11—Fruit small, yellow, mostly overspread with cinnamon russet; form from oblong pyriform to ovate pyriform; stem long, set without depression; calyx very large, round, open, but with strong connected segments, basin very shallow; flesh yellowish, granulated, juicy, moderately sweet, but not particularly rich, not quite "very good;" core medium; seeds long, broad, ovate pointed; October and November.



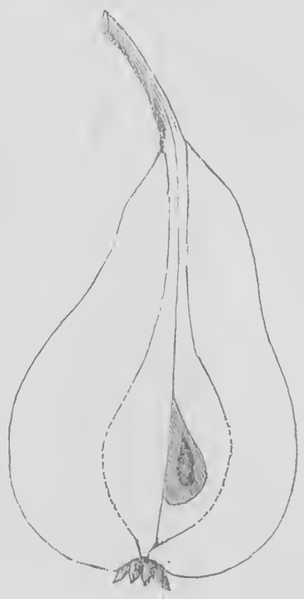
NUMBER THIRTEEN.

No. 13—Fruit, small, globular, obtuse, pyriform, pale russet bronze on yellow-green ground; stalk, three-fourths inch long set in a shallow broad cavity; calyx with short, erect segments, open; basin, very shallow, sometimes indistinct; flesh, white, juicy, half melting, sweet, good, not rich flavor; season, early October.



NUMBER SIXTEEN.

No. 16—Fruit, medium size, ovate, pyriform, pale greenish-yellow, with a russet bronzed shade in the sun; stalk, stout, wrinkled, fleshy, set without depression; calyx with short, erect segments, set in a shallow open basin; flesh white, rather dry and void of any special good flavor; middle of September.



NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

No. 22—Fruit small to medium, form oblong pyriform; color cinnamon russet; stem medium; calyx connected, round prominent; basin a mere shade; flesh yellow, granulated, juicy, moderately sweet, but not specially rich, almost very good; core large, seeds imperfect; season Nov. ADDI.

[NOTE.—We have several other cuts, with descriptions, of these seedlings, which space compels us to omit in this number.—EDS.]

OUR CORRESPONDENT, "Now and Then," makes a comparative statement of the value of small fruit crops in his valuable article on the whortleberry. It should be understood that this estimate has reference to the State of New Jersey alone.

HOW TO LAY OUT AND BEAUTIFY OUR CITIES AND TOWNS.

THAT Paris is already becoming the brightest and most beautiful of all the cities in Europe but few who have had the opportunity of making the contrast will doubt, and I think that it will be pretty generally conceded; also, that it is principally indebted for these distinguished characteristics to the good taste and judgment displayed by its engineers and horticulturists in ornamenting the streets and boulevards so profusely with beautiful trees. That trees, as an element of beauty, do enter largely into the composition of Paris is well known. Within the last fifteen years eighty-five miles of streets have been constructed there, and the work of improvement is still progressing. No sooner is a street or boulevard made, than the trees which are to adorn it are planted, and these, when set, are as carefully protected and tended as any in the finest and best kept gardens. The kinds of trees which are principally used for this purpose are Elm-Chestnut, Ailanthus, Plane, Locust and Paulownia. Great use is also made of the Irish Ivy for bordering the walks of many of the public promenades.

On this side of the Atlantic we have cities and towns also made bright and beautiful by the planting of ornamental trees. How well I remember the impression that was made on my mind when first visiting New Haven, by the noble elms which adorned the streets, forming over some of them perfect arches of green, the branches springing from the trunks like the groined arches from the columns of an old cathedral,—an impression which more than thirty years has failed to efface. The city from where I write has also no mean reputation for the beauty of the immense number of trees which line the streets,—but I think we can scarcely expect to attain such superb results in the laying out and ornamenting our cities and towns as the Parisians have in remodeling their city, until we adopt some better organized plan of operations. Here, every man builds to suit his own taste and convenience, and if he plants trees on the street he uses only such kinds as he likes best. If variety is aimed at, the purpose is accomplished,—but there are other things to be considered in the laying out of cities and towns. There are such features as Unity, Harmony, Breadth and Magnitude. In cities and towns, stright lines should predominate; but in the country, curved ones. Contrast, for instance, some of the old Dutch towns on the Hudson River where the lines of streets have not been altered, with towns of the same size of recent construction. In the former the streets conform to the tracks made by the cows going to and from pasture in former times, and, consequently, present a succession of curves and angles, and however much these streets, with their quaint buildings and intricate windings may be pleasing to some, they hardly come up to the requirements of modern ideas.

Let us suppose an avenue to be constructed from two to three miles in length perfectly straight, and there are two or more plans to choose from; one provides for the street being spacious, not less than one hundred feet wide, the houses in each block to be in unison so as to form a complete front similar to those of Michigan Terrace at Chicago; the carrige way sixty or more feet wide, and side-walks not less than twenty feet, with a row of American Elms on the sides nearest the carriage ways thirty feet apart, properly protected with guards. Another plan is to make the avenue of the ordinary width of streets, say sixty-six feet, the houses in each block to be as diverse as the builders choose to make them, and the trees to be planted on the sides of the avenue of such kinds as the owner's taste may dictate. What would be the result by adopting either of the aforementioned plans?

If the first were decided on the appearance would be satisfactory in the highest degree, as it would present that perfect Unity, Harmony, Breadth and Grandeur so desirable in all public thoroughfares of any magnitude. If the second plan were adopted the result would be the reverse of satisfactory, because it would look more like a confused mass than a harmonious whole.

Many of our New England villages are characterized by long lines of beautiful trees; and the same may be said of plenty of western towns,—but in many cases there is a great want of Unity and Harmony in the trees selected. Mr. A., for instance, has built a nice house, and he plants on the sidewalk opposite one kind of tree. Mr. C. has also built a good house, but he is determined to have something different from A., lest his neighbors should think he copied after him. Others follow with the same ideas, and then, by-and-by, somebody makes the discovery that there is a lack of Unity,—for the whole appearance is entirely unsatisfactory.

Now there is a way to remedy this, and I think that even much greater results may be attained with us, in the way of planting, than even with the planters of Paris, if a more perfect system is adopted. No grander tree in the world can be found for this purpose than the American Elm. The Horse Chestnut does remarkably well with us and is a very good tree for avenues; then for the Ailanthus we can substitute the Maple, either hard or soft. The Locust is entirely unsuited to our wants; and the Plane, although growing to a large size, is subject to disease. Although we have a large number of varieties of forest trees, there are none which will give more general satisfaction for planting avenues than the Elm, the Horse Chestnut, Maple, Tulip Tree and Linden, particularly in the Middle, Eastern and Northern States.

Having already occupied so much of your valuable space, I cannot now enter into the details of laying out and planting country towns and villages. That must form the subject of another communication.

Rochester, N. Y. WILLIAM WEBSTER.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

THE SCUPPERNONG GRAPE.—A sample of this grape, embracing the dark and the light colored varieties, was on exhibition at the New York State Fair, and also at the New York State Grape Growers' Exhibition. They were in a box, and as free from stems as a lot of plums. In fact this grape is not capable of being shown with stems, as the clusters only contain from three to six berries, and it is harvested usually by whipping the fruit from the vine with poles. Its characteristics were a very thick skin, tough pulp, plenty of seeds, and such an outrageous strong "catty" smell that a Northern grape grower could hardly be persuaded to come within testing distance. Judged by our standards, it is not worthy of cultivation; it is not eatable, and gives no promise of making a good and popular wine. We believe it is generally the practice, in making wine from it, to add two or three pounds of sugar per gallon, and the product must be a heavy, dark, cordial wine. If some of our Southern friends will forward us a sample, with description of manufacture, &c., we will submit it to competent judges and report. There is at present a strong influence at work in the South, favoring the extensive cultivation of the Scuppernong grape for wine purposes. We would encourage grape growing there as much as possible, and believe it will eventually become one of the most profitable branches of soil culture, but it seems to us a great waste of time and money to lead with this variety of grape. Samples sent from North Carolina to Hammondsport, and there tested by the saccharometer, marked less than 55° on the scale. No grape marking less than 80° is fit for wine; by the addition of sugar and whisky a dark colored cordial may be produced, but we should advise grape growers to aim higher.

GRAPE VINE CUTTINGS—A HINT.—A friend who was looking around among the vineyards of Switzerland last spring observed an experienced vine dresser preparing his cuttings. A wood rasp was drawn three or four times with a downward movement across the lower ends of the cuttings, which had the effect of removing most of the outside bark for three or four inches from the end. He stated that since adopting this practice a much larger per cent. of the cuttings struck root than before.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 17th inst.:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are in full supply, with a dull market.

Monitor, ₱ bbl	$1 25	@	1 75
Buckeyes, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Peach Blows, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 75
Mercers, ₱ bbl	2 50	@	2 75
Prince Alberts, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Jackson Whites, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Norfolk, sweet, ₱ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Onions, Red, ₱ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	7 00
Tomatoes, ₱ basket	75	@	87
Marrow Squash, ₱ bbl	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbages, ₱ 100	8 00	@	10 00
Turnips, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Pumpkins, ₱ 100	8 00	@	10 00

FRUITS.—Apples are more plenty, especially river fruit, which sells at $1.50@$3 per bbl. Pears show little variation; the prices hold firm. Grapes are abundant, and a heavy trade has been done during the week.

Pears, Louise Bonne, ₱ bbl	$15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Seckel, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	25 00
Pears, Dutchess, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Common, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	10 00
Pears, Flemish Beauty, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Pears, Virgalieu, ₱ bbl	15 00	@	20 00
Apples, Greening, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Apples, Baldwins, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ₱ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Apples, common, ₱ bbl	1 50	@	2 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ₱ ℔	8	@	10
Grapes, Delaware, ₱ ℔	18	@	20
Grapes, Catawba, ₱ ℔	14	@	15
Quinces, ₱ 100	2 00	@	4 00
Citron, ₱ bbl	1 25	@	1 50
Cranberries, ₱ bbl	12 00	@	15 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are dull, and the stock on the market is large; quotations are unchanged, but, to make sales, lower rates would be accepted. Peeled Peaches are in fair demand, and, as the supply is not large, prices are firm. Unpeeled (principally quarters) are in very heavy stock, and lower.

New Apples, State, ₱ ℔	$ 9½	@	10
New Apples, Western, ₱ ℔	9½	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ₱ ℔	9	@	10
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₱ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₱ ℔	20	@	22
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₱ ℔	13	@	14
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₱ ℔	10	@	11
Blackberries, ₱ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₱ ℔	45	@	50
Cherries, pitted, ₱ ℔	44	@	46

Domestic Economy.

TO PRESERVE AND DRY CITRON.

EDS. RURAL:—Recently I saw in your columns a request for a recipe to preserve and dry citron. The accompanying one will be found very good:

Cut ripe citrons in halves; peel and scrape out the core and pick out every seed; for every five pounds of citron thus prepared allow one ounce of ginger root, bruised but not ground; put them in sufficient water to cover the citron, and boil until they can be pierced with a fork. For five pounds of citron allow three pounds of good sugar and two fresh lemons. With a sharp knife cut off the yellow peel of the lemons into the sugar, being careful not to cut the white of the rind. Then squeeze the juice of the lemons into the sugar. When the citron is boiled sufficiently, take it out to drain from the water, and be sure and pick off every particle of the ginger root. When drained, lay it in the sugar until the next day, keeping it covered closely; then stew it, covered tightly, until the sugar has thoroughly penetrated the citron; then drain from the sirup, and dry as quickly as convenient. This will be found as good as that bought at the grocers. The sirup left can be used in making citron preserves, or if sealed up while hot can be kept for flavoring mince pies.

Brier Hill Farm, Mo. MRS. H.

BEDQUILTS—SHARP COMPETITION.

SOME weeks since mention was made in the RURAL of a bedquilt pieced by a girl in California, giving the number of squares in it. This has brought forward several competitors for the post of honor—so many, indeed, that we are compelled, for the purpose of economizing space, to reduce them to a tabular form, thus:

	Pieces.
California Girl	2,601
Mrs. D. Patten, Sweden Center, N. Y.	3,623
—— —— Kenosha, Wis.	3,331
Mrs. R. B. Ralston, Burlingame, Kansas	3,388
Mrs. N. J. Austin, Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y.	3,913
Mrs. Stanton, Tekonsha, Mich.	3,963
Miss S. A. Howard, Le Roy, Ill.	4,080
Mrs. Leete, Victor, N. Y.	4,104
Mrs. D. F. Beebe, North Stonington, Ct.	4,234
Mrs. E. T. Lee, Little Valley, N. Y.	4,352
Mrs. H. Frayer, Three Rivers, Mich.	4,550
Mrs. L. A. W., Denmark, Lewis Co., N. Y.	4,811

It will be seen that the race is pretty close among several competitors, but so far the honors seem to remain with New York.

PRESERVING CIDER.—The Maryland Farmer says that cider may be kept from getting hard in the casks by pouring into the barrel, when first tapped, about half a pint of clear sperm or sweet oil. It will float on the liquor, exclude the air and prevent acidity.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's Improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating—(See advertisement.)

WONDERFUL CURE OF CANCER.—Drs. BABCOCK & SON, of No. 700 Broadway, N. Y., have recently succeeded in performing one of the most remarkable cures in the annals of medicine or surgery. Mrs. Hill, of Warwick, R. I., had been suffering for years from a cancer in the breast, which was rapidly gaining in virulence, and measured, when she applied to these eminent physicians, in August, 1867, five inches in diameter. Under the skillful treatment of these gentlemen she has been entirely cured, without the use of the knife, caustic burning, or the loss of blood. This cure is, as we have said, one of the most wonderful we have ever known or heard of.

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Ladies' Department.

LOVE'S QUEEN.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

He loves not well whose love is bold;
I would not have thee come too nigh;
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky.
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state: do you keep thine—
And shine upon me from afar:
So shall I bask in light divine
That falls from love's own guiding star.
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life shall reach its hands
Of lofty longing towards thy face,
And be as one who speechless stands
In rapture at some perfect grace.
My love, my hope, my all shall be
To look to heaven and look to thee.

Thine eyes shall be the heavenly lights,
Thy voice shall be the summer breeze,
What time it sways on moonlit nights
The murmuring tops of leafy trees,
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shall not come down
From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown—
Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a subject at thy feet.

GRANDMA'S DREAMS.

I WONDER what grandma is thinking about,
As she sits in the corner there,
With the firelight shining into her eyes,
And over her silver hair?
She has laid her knitting across her knee,
And folded her hands so thin,
And I know that her thoughts are far away,
In spite of the children's din.

I'm sure it is something strange and sweet,
That brightens her eyes so dim;
Perhaps she is seeing the golden gates,
And hearing the angels' hymn!
And she smiles to think that she soon will cross
Where the wonderful river rolls,
And gather the roses of youth again,
In the beautiful garden of souls!

A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

MAY not even an editor be a little sentimental at times? It is a very practical world that we live in, to be sure, and the toilers in it seldom have much opportunity for seeing other than its most practical side. Cooking victuals, washing dishes, mending clothes, washing, ironing, etc., &c., are sternly practical; so are writing "leaders," editing communications, correcting, condensing, arranging, and reading the proof of all the "matter" that week after week goes to make up the RURAL. If any doubt the latter, we advise them not to turn editor, that they may continue in the enjoyment of that agreeable doubt!

But for all this practicality, acknowledged or doubted, we ask again,—may not even an editor be sometimes a little sentimental? Into every prosy work of life a touch of poetry may come, we think. Through every dull routine of duty a gleam of fancy may shine. If we were obliged to harness our thought down to legitimate hard labor, all the day long, we should drop the pen and scissors and forsake our vocation. There would be no lightening up of toil, no mental rest. Not so. The mind plays truant nearly every hour,—only just a moment or two, perhaps, yet enough to get a fresh breath of air and to feel stronger, more active.

Many suggestive things come before us, in our labors. He would be lacking in imagination, curiosity, and mayhap a half-dozen other qualities, who could peruse daily the numerous communications of varied character which find their way to the RURAL sanctum, without sometimes sentimentally ruminating. Here and there a favor comes from a friend personally known, with whose habits of thought we are familiar, and we wonder what circumstances prompted the writing. With it are a score of articles in prose and verse, each of which has its little history, no doubt,—and what may that history be?

Here are a few verses from "BERTHA," very creditable as to rhythm and rhyme, with a genuine poetic thought or two done up in the versified prose, and neatly written,—so neatly and beautifully transcribed, in fact, that we query if "BERTHA" isn't a trim, delicate body, always careful, doing her "prettiest" whatever she has to do, and just the kind of body a good wife should be, although she *is* given to scribbling!

"KATIE" writes very charmingly about "Our Old Home,"—very charmingly, almost poetically. It is a subject that interests her; aye, and it interests us. We had an "old home" once; and before we are aware our thought has drifted far backward until we stand again at its door, and hear the brook and the birds sing down in the orchard, and the voices that must be echoing always there as they now echo in our heart, and see the faces that are only brighter and more lovable than they used to be because they have been translated. "KATIE'S" home may be like that,—who knows? And "KATIE" herself may be another such a glad, merry, warm-hearted sister as ought to make every home "the dearest spot on earth" for the big brothers. "Our Old Home" has awakened pleasant recollections, and it deserves a better fate than consignment to the waste basket. It shall make a "leader" for "Miscellany,"—but no; the "old home" has been written of times without number, and must now give way to newer subjects. "KATIE" will be sorry, maybe; we are sorry now. The good old things that we cherish most should not be thus carelessly put aside for the new and the untried. But the present is practical, recollections are only sentimental, and the purity of yesterday is a reproof to the viciousness of to-day.

This story by "ABIGAIL WRENN" is not well written, yet it attracts our attention. The bold, masculine chirography in which it is transcribed, is its suggestive feature. Is "ABIGAIL" of the strong-minded type? Are her characteristics rather masculine than feminine? We read on. The heroine is a hoydenish creature, with a loud voice and manners hardly refined. Would she be thus drawn if the writer's taste did not incline in that direction? Perhaps, and perhaps not. We cannot reason in regard to it; we can only speculate. Our speculation ends at length, in questioning why "ABIGAIL" did not sketch a fairer picture, and in mentally saying "It won't do, 'ABIGAIL.' That class of womankind may be abundant in real life: but we won't have any more of them than is necessary in fiction."

Thus one after another of the suggestive manuscripts does a kindly thing for us. Delicate little pages of "note," larger ones of "letter," and great unwieldy ones of "foolscap," which vex the typos, all serve to eke out an occasional bit of sentimentalism. The largest and the daintiest are alike welcome. Prosy or poetic, we can clasp their author's hands in imaginative way, and make our thanks.

A DETHRONED QUEEN.

ONE of the ruling ladies of the earth has come to grief. Queen ISABELLA of Spain, has been compelled to flee her country and to take refuge under a foreign power. At one point in her flight she is said to have declared to an official attendant,—"If I could wear pantaloons I would go back to my Capital!"

It is a sad sight, indeed,—a woman long used to royal power, fleeing in tearful haste from before the people who refuse longer to brook her reign. Reverses of any kind are not pleasing to witness, and a dethroned monarch,—late served by a kingdom, now so poor as to receive honor from none,—is peculiarly a painful object. And when that monarch bears the proud title of Queen, although the dethronement is in the interest of justice, popular sympathy is naturally called forth.

ISABELLA has no characteristics that entitle her to national regard as an individual. She is represented as coarse, violent, un-queenly. While the world feels something of sympathy for her, therefore, it cannot wish her re-instated in Madrid. It will be content to see her remain in the Castle of Pau, which the Emperor of France has assigned to her in her exile. This retreat is situated in the town of that name in the shadow of the Pyrenees. It was the birth place of the first of the Bourbons, and has undergone as many changes as the fortunes of that disenchanted family. It is near the frontier, and when the Queen is on the Spanish side of the chateau she can hear the shouts of the revolutionists and the blows of the image-breakers, who are putting an end to the statues and emblems of royalty, as well as to royalty itself.

CORSETS AND TIGHT-LACING.

WE suppose that women will wear corsets as long as the world lasts. The wearing of corsets does not, however, necessarily involve tight-lacing, so that a good deal of the well-meaning censure which is applied to corsets in the abstract may be spared. To denounce excessive tight-lacing is one thing; to anathemize the wearing of corsets at all is quite another.

We find the corsets mentioned in "Homer," or at least an article which answered the same purpose. The Circassian women, from time immemorial, have used a corset made of morocco, and furnished with two plates of wood placed on the chest—a much more clumsy article, as well as a cruel one, than that used by fashionable ladies of modern days. In the old Roman times, a broad bandage, or swath, was used, which answered the purpose of stays. After the fall of the empire, through the invasion of the Goths, the art of making these corsets was lost; but soon after, indeed as early as the ninth century, the French women began to wear another style of corset, which is described as being exceedingly stiff. From that period down to the present time, a corset, in some shape or other, has been worn among all civilized people.

At constantly occurring epochs, during this interval, tight lacing has also prevailed. Neither the censures of religion, nor the penalties of the law, nor common sense, have been able to prevent this absurd and dangerous practice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, not only the ladies, but gentlemen also, laced tightly. It seems curious to know that Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and others of that stamp, heroes and men of genius, laced; yet such is the fact. In our day, the only men who lace are the second-rate dandies of Paris.

The corset was abandoned for a time in France. Among the other classical revivals of the French revolutionary period, was an attempt to copy the costume of ancient Greece, whose main features were loose bodies, long trains, and short waists, unlaced. This did not last long, however, and in 1810 the practice of lacing was resumed with all its former rigor. "The span" was re-established as the standard of fashionable measurement, and female chests again had to suffer the evil consequences.—*Home Journal.*

MODESTY AND PRUDERY.—Women that are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor, which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality than criminality itself, and is resorted to to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armor, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.—That singular character, GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, is an ardent admirer of the ladies, and prides himself on being Woman's especial champion. Referring to the talk about the weakness of women, he says:—"They always conquer the strong. Who was wiser than SOLOMON?—a woman. More patient than JOB?—a woman. Stronger than SAMPSON?—our young friend DELILAH." TRAIN has a pithy way of putting things.

POLICY.—Nothing annoys a man more than to be eagerly questioned when he comes home tired. Give him a neatly served dinner, or a pair of easy slippers and a cup of tea and let him eat and drink in peace, and in time he will tell you of his own proper notion all you wish to know. But if you begin at the tack too soon, the chances are that you will be rewarded by curtly spoken monosyllables. Put down that piece of wisdom in your note book, girls; it will serve you well some day.

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Hair is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with a lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may almost say:—"I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE following sentiment is attributed to NAPOLEON BONAPARTE:—"A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other is a treasure."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

THERE comes a sleep that is not all a sleep—
In mystery its sister born, and twin;
When life and all its essence outward creep,
And come not back their tenement within;—
A sleep that leaves the after-morn content,
Because no waking with the morn is sent!

O mystery of death! It crowns, always,
The mystery of life. To all it comes
With unknown paths,—a dark mysterious maze
Whose only portals are the narrow tombs!
It comes with steady march along the years,
And muffled footfalls mortal never hears.

It wraps its veil around all earthly things,
And so they fade away. The bird that flies
So gladly heavenward, on airy wings,
Sinks gasping down, ere long, and feebly tries
To speed again its flight, and skyward soar,—
Its flights are done, its songs are heard no more.

The roses blooming on the garden wall
Exhale their sweetness on the summer air,
Then droop and wither; and their fragments fall
Neglected to the earth, and moulder there,
And leave behind them but a memory
Of rarest fragrance that has ceased to be!

The leaves that drink the juices of the trees,
Expanding in the balmy breath of June,
That murmur gentlest music when the breeze
Among them plays, are blasted all too soon,
And with a mournful rustling float away
Upon the winds of an autumnal day.

Within all life the seeds of death are sown,
And these will bud therein, or soon, or late—
Will bud and grow; and when they shall have grown
To that completeness which they now await,
The life will float away, as floats a prayer
From lips of faith, upon the willing air!

Out through the door of being softly steals
That undefined, mysterious something—whence?
The veil between all life and death conceals
Our vision, and we may not follow thence;
But this we know: death is not absolute;
The tree but dies to yield some other fruit.

Life goeth out, but lingers somewhere, yet;
Some other form develops it anew;
Within some other casing it is set;
Some strange unknown disguise it looketh thro'.
We may not know it in its later dress,—
It is the life that vanished, not the less.

So death is marvelous; 'tis wondrous strange!
It is the mystery that blinds us most.
And yet what is it but an outward change—
Something translated, nothing wholly lost?
But such translation all a marvel seems
As comes thro' sleep that never brings its dreams!

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE Rural Messenger, Chicago, devotes a portion of an October chapter to the beauties and glories of "Indian Summer." Fifty years ago this "summer," in the West, was worthy of special mention; but year by year, as the forests have disappeared before the devastating ax and devouring fire, its glories have faded till now it presents but a faint reflection of what it then was. Then it was safe to count on six weeks of this after-summer, when the atmosphere was dimmed with smoke, giving the sun a subdued and golden hue peculiar to that season. The warring elements seemed hushed to repose, and the axman, as he proceeded to his daily work, or the huntsman, as he plunged into the solitude of the forest, felt a degree of elasticity and vigor which no other portion of the year could supply.

It was, too, the harvest time of the bee hunter, who, armed with the trusty rifle and the other implements of his calling, traversed the forest with elastic step, elate with the hope of good "lines," rich deposits of bee stores, and the not less welcome accessory of a good fat buck to garnish the chimney of the log cabin he called his home. Selecting some point suitable for the purpose, the double hunter would watch, in dreamy listlessness, his comb and honey pot. Anon the hum of a bee is heard, as he circles around the tempting bait. He settles, at last, and commences filling his sack. The hunter watches, with a complacent smile, the moment when he shall depart with his booty.

But what is that approaching stealthily among the clustering trees? It is a buck—a fat one, too! Bees are forgotten! The rifle is cautiously trained on the advancing deer. He stops and sniffs, as though all was not right; beats the ground with his fore feet, and gives manifest indications of a purpose to retreat, when crack goes the rifle, and the poor beast springs into the air and falls quiveringly and convulsively to the ground!

During all this time no thought is taken of the bees or of their line of flight, but when the buck is properly disposed of upon a branch of a tree, they come back to remembrance. The decoy honey box is approached, and what a change has taken place! Instead of a single bee there are scores at work. Now one rises with his load and bears away north. That is the line. But hold! Here is another going south, and a third off westward! There are three bee trees in striking distance, probably. Now the buck is forgotten in his turn, and the bees claim all attention. It is lively work to trace them home, but perseverance will do it, and, as the shades of night settle down over the forest, the whole are found and the trees spotted.

This was a portion of the Indian Summer work, in the West, when this season was in its prime; when it meant more and was more than modern seasons supply. It was the carnival time, so to speak, of the wood chopper, as well as the bee hunter. The former was off to the woods by the peep of day, with elastic step, ready to strip for the work before him. How fast the trees went down before his stalwart blows, making the surrounding forest vocal with the crash of falling timber! This was Indian Summer, as it was known fifty years ago. But now its reign is diminished as the forest has disappeared, and its glories are departing with accumulating years and the aggressions of the ax. *Vale* Indian Summer!

WORDS AND WORK.—A great many men would be real forces of goodness in the world, if they did not let all their principle and enthusiasm escape in words. They are like locomotives which let off so much steam through the escape valves that, though they fill the air with noise, they have not power enough left to move the train. If you have got any principle, any faith, any enthusiasm, any fire in your soul, keep the tongue-valve close, and let the spiritual forces move your hands to noble deeds, and make your feet run on errands of mercy.

LOVE is of the nature of the burning-glass, which, kept still in one place, fireth; changed often, it doeth nothing.—*Sir John Suckling.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OBSOLETE WORDS.

BY referring to our dictionaries we find many words marked as obsolete. This is well enough, we suppose, for in this progressive age language is being constantly improved, and there are words which no doubt more than supply the places of those superseded. But there are *some* words which are fast becoming obsolescent without apparent reason,—certainly not because they are not comprehensive enough, nor yet because their places can be supplied with better ones. For instance, the sacred appellations of father and mother are by many rejected, and in their stead we hear the "empty nothings"—"pa" and "ma." It may be the names father and mother are not *fashionable* enough to suit the present generation, yet we are led to the conclusion that the young lady or gentleman who makes use of these *odious perversions* does not fully realize the beauty or dignity of the original appellations.

There is another word fast going out of use,—Sabbath. That this should be called "Sunday" we are charitable enough to believe is the result of thoughtlessness; for surely in this day of gospel light *no one* is presumptuous enough to give the heathen name of a day on which they assembled to worship the sun, to the "Day of days,"—that day on which the LORD rested from His work of the creation, and which He himself blesses and calls the Sabbath. There can be no advantage gained by the use of the word "Sunday;" it is not more easily pronounced, it has no more pleasant sound; and even granting that to some it might possess either of these properties, the use of the word is wrong. The tendency is to beget a careless habit of speaking of sacred things. This is not surprising, for it would be rather difficult to attach such solemnity to a heathen day of worship. But who is he, be he ever so hardened, that can speak jestingly of the Sabbath?

Then consider this matter. Ask yourself if those who make use of these perversions are not disregarding the promise which is to them who honor their *father* and *mother*, and are not in danger of forgetting the command—"Remember the *Sabbath* day." If the picture I have drawn be a true one, are we not right in denouncing those *impious innovations* which are making almost obsolete some of the best words in our language? LENIE.

GRAVES OF HUMBOLDT AND NEANDER.

EIGHT miles from Berlin is Tegel, a quiet place in the forest, with only a modern castle and its appendages. From the castle by a winding foot-path, at first through an over-arching jungle of lilacs, and then through native woodlands, one is led a long distance, till he is unexpectedly brought to a little dell with an inclosure of graves covered with ivy. One of the sleepers in this place of quiet beauty is Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt, who was born in 1769, and died at the age of ninety years. At the head of the inclosure is a neat monument of red granite, surmounted by a beautiful figure of "Hope" in white marble. Long arms of oak, reaching out horizontally toward the sleeper, some of them more than fifty feet long and ever green with the moss of many years, give to the secluded spot a venerable surrounding. The April breeze, whispering through the boughs of spruce and cedar, told the visitor to speak low and walk softly, and my feelings were in a mood readily to hear and heed the gentle monitor.

In one of the church cemeteries not half a mile from my lodgings in Berlin, in a retired corner, are the remains of Augustus Neander, the eminent Church historian. A plain headstone has sculptured on it a side view of his attractive face. Under the work of the sculptor is this inscription:—"A sister to an unforgotten brother." Professor Tholuck, speaking to me yesterday of his lovely traits and great excellence, said—"If it were the custom now to have saints, Neander would surely be canonized." I love often to step in and take a fresh look at the serene face of Neander. Not old, but ripe; he died at sixty-one; and evidently worthy of the laurel in his department of life's work.—*The Advance.*

SANDWICHES.

"COMMON sense," says Dr. Emmons, "is the most uncommon kind of sense."

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by discipline.

THE difference between perseverance and obstinacy:—One is a strong will—the other a strong won't.

CONCEIT is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but it impairs what it would improve.

ALWAYS be particular in observing where the wind drops; you may be called upon to raise it at a moment's notice.

THE aim of an honest man's life is not the happiness which serves only himself, but the virtue which is useful to others.

THERE is only the difference of a toss between some vegetables. Throw up a pumpkin, and it will come down a squash.

IT is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him.

GREAT souls are not those which have less passion and more virtue than common souls, but only those which have greater designs.

"IDEAS," says Voltaire, "are like beards. Men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any." What a wretch!

LORD Sydmouth said one day:—"My brains are gone to the dogs this morning." Sir H. Nicholas at once ejaculated, "Poor dogs!"

THE most common things are the most useful; which shows both the wisdom and goodness of the great Father of the family of the world.

ADVERSITY has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly being free from flatterers.

IT is a curious fact that almost all flowers sleep during the night. Go out into the garden at twilight, and you will observe many blossoms just shutting themselves up. There are, however, some exceptions. The Night flowering Cereus begins to expand its sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, and is in full bloom at midnight, and closes forever at the dawn of day.

GEO WILLIAM CURTIS says:—"The summer is over, the harvest ending. The earth, like a decorated temple, stands heaped with the treasures of the field; and now, like a Roman conqueror returning with the spoils of victory to the capital, comes the farmer to his festival with all the fruits of his triumphal year."

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

"Out of the depths have I called to Thee
And Thou hast heard my voice;"
Because my trust is firm in Thee,
So shall my soul rejoice.

Up through the mist I stretched my hands,
Thy pitying ones replied,
And drew me gently to the light,
My SAVIOUR and my Guide.

No more let gloom and doubting hide
The SAVIOUR of my choice,
"Out of the depths have I called to Thee
And Thou hast heard my voice."

Porter, N. Y., 1869. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

FADING, dying! The smile of the sunlight fails to bring back the life-bloom, and the sighing wind calls in vain,—it cannot waken them. All summer long the breeze whispered sweet tales of love to the dancing leaves, and they clasped hands above young golden hair, and looks all silvered o'er with age. But now they are falling,—they who in the spring-time thrilled with delight,—who in the summer whispered "rest" to the weary, and of late have robed the grand old trees in glorious apparel. They have put off their royal robes; the light, graceful trembler has lost its fullness, the life-current flows no longer in the veins and arteries; rudely the chill wind tears it from the clinging arms of the parent tree, it falls, and the angel of the snow will come and shroud it in white.

We are fading too,—dying, hourly. The form may be erect, the cheek blooming with health, but ah, hidden forces are at work. Slowly but surely the blows are aimed at the citadel of life, and at last it crumbles away into gray ruins. Happy childhood fades into hopeful youth, youth into thoughtful manhood, and manhood as surely into old age, and amidst the white waves of the winter's snow, old age withers away into the tomb. Verily we do fade as the leaf. The seeds of death are within, and as they spring up one by one, the form loses its roundness, the roses fade from the cheek where they nestled in beauty, the luster of the sunlit eye goes back to GOD.

Dying leaves! how they whisper to us of the waning hours,—it is the voice of GOD. Fading, fading; and yet who would not have it so? Wherefore the bridal-robe when the bride has gone! We gather not roses when the summer has passed away. Then let the angel wrap the folds of the white shroud about them. "Though a man die, shall he not live again?" The spring-time will come, and gently lifting the pure white robe from the sleeping leaves, will call, and they shall awaken. Thus will the SAVIOUR awaken all who sleep, and they shall arise in immortality. Youth and vigor will dwell in that glorious body, fairer roses than earth's will kiss the cheek, and they will never fade; the old-time light will come back to the eye, but with a holy luster that eternal ages cannot dim. Yet not *all* shall arise in the likeness of the Beloved; not all will wear white robes. *Who* will be left out? The hours are waning away,—life and earth are fading,—are they fading out to blossom again in heaven's own sweet eternal spring?

GRACE G. SLOCUM.

GOD IS GOOD.

A MINISTER was placing in the grave the body of a beloved child. After the coffin was let down, and the boards were laid over it, another minister who was attending the funeral turned to the minister and asked him if he had anything to say to the people. "Yes," said he, and turning toward them he addressed them in the following words:—"In my prosperity and your adversity I often told you that God was good. Now my darling boy is taken from me, and as it is the best opportunity I shall ever have, I wish to tell you again that God is good." Thus was uttered a precious testimony to the value of the Christian religion, as was shown by the fact that when those words were spoken there was not a dry eye in the whole assemblage. Such testimony is given by God's people every day. In the midst of the sorest afflictions the Christian says God is good. He is enabled to say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," and so is he happy, happy in God, even when his dearest earthly treasures are taken away from him. To the Christian in bereavement those are sweet words of the Prophet Nahum, "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him."

THE LORD A SHEPHERD.

How beautiful and how touching are the words of the twenty-third Psalm;—"The Lord is my Shepherd." How often has the fainting, trembling soul been blessed and strengthened by the sweet assurance, "The Lord is my Shepherd!" How precious to realize in your own heart of hearts, that though all earthly prospects may fade, though friends may pass away from our sight, and all the fond ties of affection be severed, yet if we can look up and putting our hand into the hand of our Father, can say, "The Lord is my Shepherd," we are indeed blessed. For does not the Good Shepherd gently lead his flock into "green pastures and beside the still waters?" Does He not gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom? Oh, let us remember in our day of trial and sorrow, that our God is a "very present help in time of need;" and looking with confidence and faith to that source whence all our blessings flow, take to our hearts these comforting words, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

TAMPERING WITH THE BIBLE.—If you once begin to tamper with the authority of the Bible, you have no ground to stand upon. Your feet are already gone. Your treadings have already slipped. To give up miracles and prophecy, and all that is supernatural in Christianity, and attempt, notwithstanding, to retain what is natural, is impracticable and preposterous. The natural portion falls at once to the ground if the supernatural be removed.

FORGIVENESS.—"I can forgive," say some, "but I cannot forget." Woe to us should God make the same distinction. But forgiving and a disposition to forget, are the same. If the memory of an injury is cherished, it is not forgiven.—*Rev. Dr. Hale.*

A HOUSE built on sand is, in fair weather, just as good as if builded on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightest cable when there is no strain on it. It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—No. III.

ON THE SUMMIT.

THE summit of Mount Washington is about an acre in extent. A more wild, desolate place it would be difficult to imagine. No green thing grows there, save moss and a few Alpine flowers. All is bleak barrenness. Heavy granite bouldders are piled promiscuously upon each other, as though thrown there from surrounding peaks by some old Titans, in Titanic sport. They are of a greenish-gray color, dotted with white by the mica they contain, and will repay a search among them for "specimens." Tolerable garnets have been found in detached portions.

The clouds seem to take peculiar delight in kissing Washington's rocky crown. The number of clear days seen upon it, in a summer, is surprisingly small. It is nearly all the time encircled by light, fleecy clouds, such as you see often drifting against the blue far above you, and admire, but which you do not admire at all when enveloped by them. Hundreds who make the ascent expecting a perfectly clear outlook, and instead are shut in completely by this chilling, disagreeable mist, feel like saying, as did DANIEL WEBSTER once, "Mount Washington, I have come a long distance, have toiled hard to arrive at your summit, and now you seem to give me a cold reception."

But you have been highly favored. Such a sunset as is seen only once or twice in a season has glorified all the mountain tops, and flooded the valleys with golden sheen, and is now fading away into dim twilight before your enraptured vision. A recent rain storm has purified the atmosphere, and on every hand the prospect stretches away and away, undimmed except by distance. Any view from the summit is worth a deal of toil and discomfort; this is ample return for a thousand miles of journeying. It will come up before you in after summers, when life seems narrow and circumscribed, in all its grandeur of comprehension, and thought and feeling will grow broader and broader, reaching out to the sea of the Infinite even as now your sight reaches out to the wide ocean, distant an hundred miles.

The day is half an hour longer here than in the valley below, yet it is all too short. Oh, for some JOSHUA to stop the down-going sun, while this magnificence of near and clear distance is still bathed in its splendor! Fainter grow the wondrous tints over the mountain peaks, and deeper the shadows far beneath. The long, narrow cloud-line spanning the West has been suffused with all shades of richest crimson and purple, but is now only of a dull-gray color, edged a-top with rare, delicate amethystine light. Evening is stealing on, through a matchless twilight. One by one the stars come out, and look down upon Washington as benignantly as during long ages gone by. And you stand there, with eyes uplifted reverently towards them, knowing not whether stars or mountains be old or young,—whether their "Has Been" be much or little compared with their "Shall Be,"—only saying from out the earnest fullness of your heart,—"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting Thou art GOD!"

You are to spend the night on the summit, and you look about for shelter. There are two structures for the accommodation of visitors, known as

THE "TIP TOP" AND "SUMMIT" HOUSES.

The Tip Top House stands within a score of feet of the highest crag, and is 6,285 feet above the sea. It is eighty-five feet long by twenty-eight feet broad. Its walls, which are built of rock—material very plenty here, are eight feet high by four feet thick, laid in cement. Heavy bolts bind the sharp gothic roof to the side walls, and five strong iron cables gird it down, anchored firmly in the solid rock. The one story proper of this odd-looking edifice contains a large sitting-room, dining-room, and culinary department; the roomy attic is divided in two sections by a narrow hall running the entire length, and these are subdivided into lodging-rooms, very small, of course, but neatly kept, and each provided with a large, excellent bed.

The Summit House, four or five rods removed, is a little smaller, but similar in appearance. It is fitted up mainly for lodgings. About one hundred and twenty persons can be accommodated in both houses. Commissary supplies for guests are drawn up three times a week, by a six-horse team; and the good matron of the Alpine makes the ascent twice each week to supervise domestic affairs. The amount of labor involved in constructing these houses, and maintaining them and visitors, can hardly be imagined. Every stick of timber must be brought up the long and steep ascent of eight miles bound on the back of a horse or mule. Through two-thirds of the year, the houses are left uncared for, at the mercy of storms the like of which dwellers in the valleys never know. Then when opened in the spring they are in a sorry plight, indeed, and putting them to rights is by no means easy. And when they are ready to receive guests, and the guests come, the caring for them is not more easy. Water, one great essential, is procured readily, there being a pure spring only some sixty rods from the Tip Top; but wood, another essential, has to be brought up from the Silver Forest, four miles below.

And wood, almost always an essential in culinary proceedings, is alike here a necessity as regards mere bodily comfort throughout the warmest weather. You soon find this to be the case, as you gather with a little party in the sitting-room. Albeit the floor is double, with a middle lining of oil cloth, and the walls are so very thick, the chill, damp air seems to permeate both completely. So you draw closely around the roaring fire, and while the cables overhead creak and the chimney's stay chains rattle like a ship's rigging in a storm, you listen to mountain legends, and sadder stories that are not legendary, with a shudder that is not wholly of the cold. Possibly you are a trifle sea-sick, as many are when first here; but if so you do not mention it, only seek one of the snug little rooms early, and go to sleep to the lullaby of the winds.

In the morning you are up betimes to see the sun rise. You are disappointed. The mountain spirit is in one of its most unpleasant moods. Looking out of your one little window in the roof you see but thick, dark mist, with never a bright ray illuminating it. The wind that last night was the only desirable feature, and that seemed so powerful, was but a mild zephyr as compared with the fearful blasts that now sweep over the summit. You go out of doors, and cannot stand up before them, and return. Anon the mist thickens to fiercely driving rain,—the tempest howls wilder and more tempestuous,—you are on Mount Washington in a storm!

Literature and Art.

GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, Dean of St. Paul's, died recently in London, aged seventy-seven years. He was a man of varied literary tastes and acquirements, and for many years had been known as one of the most accomplished of English authors. Having graduated from Oxford, he took orders in 1817, and a few years later was elected Professor of Poetry in his Alma Mater. Later, he became Dean, and for twenty years had officiated at St. Paul's. He wrote plays, as well as poetry in his younger days, some of which we believe still retain a place upon the stage. As an historical writer he is most favorably known. His best works are a "History of the Jews," a "History of Christianity," and a "History of Latin Christianity." He was an interesting preacher, yet without imposing personal appearance.

MRS. H. B. STOWE is described by some one as "small and slight in figure, with delicate features, full of intellectual refinement, and a quiet grace of manner which, though perfectly unobtrusive, bespeaks the lady at all times, and would always make her recognized as a person of high culture." Those who are familiar with her published likenesses will feel a trifle in doubt as to the "delicate features." She is usually represented rather the reverse.

DR HORATIUS BONAR, author of "Hymns of Faith and Hope," is a gentleman of medium height and round figure; has a high, massive forehead, bushy locks of silver gray hair at the sides of his head, a skin white as a woman's yet detracting nothing from the strong, masculine tone of his face; lips firm, full, and handsome, and eyes large, dark, and peculiar. He looks the very man to write those sweet hymns which carry truest consolation to many hearts.

JEAN INGELOW,—that sweet singer with a musical name,—is a native of Boston, England. Her father is a country banker, her mother a Scotch woman, as her Christian name shows. She is one of eleven children, of a shy and retiring nature. Her first poems were published in 1863, and one hundred thousand copies of her works have been published in America alone, and nearly as many in England.

MR. A. BRONSON ALCOTT, whose last book, entitled "Tablets," we have just received, but have not found time to read, lives at Concord, Mass., in a quaint, picturesque house such as they used to build a century ago, with many gables and porches, and a huge stack of chimneys rising in the middle.

ANNA DICKINSON'S home is a small, simple three-story house in Locust street, Philadelphia, neatly kept, and plainly, though tastefully furnished, where by her genius, she supports her mother, sister, and younger brother.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

"KATHRINA," or "My meditation of Thee shall be Sweet," is the subject of an engraving just published by F. S. FULLER & Co., Springfield, Mass. It is an oval plate, on a sheet 21 by 27 inches, and forms a picture of unusual beauty. The artist has blended a study from Dr HOLLAND'S popular poem and the book of Psalms. A young girl, with face not strictly beautiful yet beautifully expressive, stands at an open window while before her is a Bible, open at the Psalms. Her upturned eye, and trustful, tender expression, are the very embodiment of that thought—"My meditation of Thee shall be Sweet." A sea view forms the back-ground. The design is a suggestive one, and is well wrought out. It was painted by J. G. TAGGART and engraved by H. B. HALL, Jr. The engraving is in line and stipple, and is finely executed.

AN engraved lithograph, life size, entitled "Retrospection," is just published by D. E. FISK & Co., Springfield, Mass., for sale by subscription. It is from a drawing by GEORGE W. PETTIT of Philadelphia, and has more merit than lithographs commonly possess. As usual, the artist has chosen a woman's face in which to embody his idea, and the face is a beautiful one. The backward-looking eyes are suggestive of half-pleasant, half-regretful recollections, and call vividly to mind those lines by PERCIVAL:

"There are moments in life that are never forgot,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away;
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And shine in the gloom of the loneliest day."

TICKNOR & FIELDS' announcement of books to be published by them in November includes DICKENS' "Christmas Carol" with upwards of thirty illustrations, uniform with "Snow-Bound;" "The Poetry of Compliment and Courtship," illustrated and illuminated; "The Red Line Whittier," only complete edition of WHITTIER ever published with illustrations; LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion," a large illustrated quarto,—limited edition, price only $25; "Old Town Folks," a new novel by MRS. STOWE; a new volume of poems by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL; "Saul," a dramatic poem by CHARLES HEAVYSEGE and a new narrative poem by ROBERT BROWNING.

A NEW paper called "The Sorosis" has been started in Chicago. It is devoted wholly to the interests of women, comprising art, fashion, literature, housekeeping, and all other topics of advantage to womanhood; and is to be free from political partizanship and sectarianism. MRS. MARY L. WALKER, and MRS. CYNTHIA H. LEONARD are the Editors and Proprietors, and MRS. M. L. RAYNE is City Editor.

IN illustration of the common feeling entertained by the best authors, regarding their productions we cite a remark made by JOHN G. WHITTIER:—"Nothing that I have done has satisfied me; and I am painfully sensible of my defect as a writer; but I suppose no one comes up to his ever-eluding ideal."

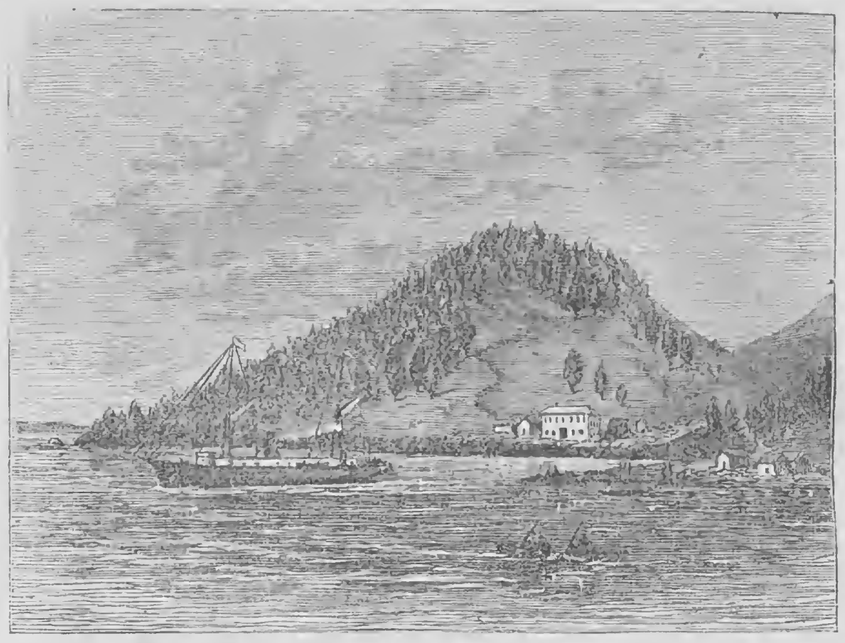
Messrs. J. B. FORD & Co., of New York have begun to issue week by week special reports of Rev. H. W. BEECHER'S sermons as they are delivered, under the title of "Plymouth Pulpit." They are to be published in such form as to be sold at six cents each.

THE Illustrated London News, the best illustrated newspaper in the world, is owned by a lady, MRS. INGRAHAM. No one can be paid without the signature of "ANN INGRAHAM." The Illustrated London Times is also owned by the same lady.

SEYMOUR J. GUY, is painting an ideal composition, picturing a little child going to Heaven. The artist is said to have rendered his evening effects eloquently, and his picture to express a simple story with directness and truth.

To a Congress connected with history and archæology, to be held at Bonn, is to be annexed an exhibition of ancient works of art, comprising very fine productions of German art in the Middle Ages.

A PARIS paper recently spoke of the late N. P. WILLIS as a young American who had made his *debut* in the literary world as a poet. There are some stupid individuals, over the water.



ST. NICHOLAS, COOK'S INLET, ALASKA.

ALL RURAL readers have doubtless read somewhat of the territory newly acquired by the United States Government in the far Northwest, and we feel assured that the accompanying view of scenery in that distant region, together with the portrait of a native inhabitant, will prove not without interest. The jokes that have been perpetrated by press and people in regard to the purchase of Alaska have been all very well, in their way; but the territory is little more to be laughed at, after all, than much of Canada. It resembles Northern Canada, in many particulars, quite closely. It is as well timbered, is not less fertile, and the climate is not more rigorous. And there are strong indications of great mineral wealth, which need only Yankee enterprise to put them to the test.

Excellent harbors abound on the coast of the Alaskan islands. Cook's Inlet forms one of the best of these. Fort St. Nicholas, situated upon the east side, upon a peninsula inclosed by the Inlet and Prince William Sound, has long been an important Russian trading post, and may, at some future day, be the metropolis of Alaska. It is in the midst of the most fertile portion of the territory, where the land is moderately rolling, for the most part, and the climate a fair counterpart of that in Vermont, both summer and winter. This section is probably the only one in which agriculture will ever be remunerative. Elsewhere the fur trade, lumbering, mining, and similar pursuits, will offer the only inducements. That they will attract many settlers is a supposition approximating to a certainty.

TROLOSK INDIAN, ALASKA.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALL ABOUT THE OYSTER.—No. IV.

PRICE.

This, as in every other trade, varies according to circumstances. Before the war, which upturned prices in every thing,—when, for example, "a dozen raw," of larger, fatter and certainly fresher oysters than ever find their way to the central portions of the Union, or the wide spreading prairies of the Great West, could be purchased for a "bit,"—the price ranged from 25 cents to 50 cents per bushel in the shell. Now during the season they run down sometimes to 25 cents, but these are of a rather poor quality. Ordinarily they sell two qualities, at 62 cents for the small size, and $1.25 for the largest size, per bushel.

THE MYSTICAL "R."

You have heard it said, reader, that the oyster is not eatable in any month that does not contain in its name the letter R, but I tell you that there is no month in the year when, on the seaboard, oysters relishable, healthful and harmless cannot be found. There is no mysterious circumstance connected with the absence of that letter from the names of certain months, but there is a rational and a natural one. In all in which it is not found, the weather is too mild or too warm to admit of oyster traffic to any extent; and so far as the country at large is concerned, the oyster might just as well be absolutely unwholesome as to have its transportation interdicted by the weather. May, June, July and August have no Rs in their spelling; September and October have, and yet traffic in oysters with the country is about as fully interdicted from the same cause as it is in the other four. An experience of several years in eating them on the seaboard, demonstrates to the writer that a good, fresh, fat oyster in July is as agreeable and wholesome as it is in January.

GENERAL PRODUCT.

This is to be arrived at from various facts, none of which demonstrate the exact amount, so that the aggregate proceeds are to be guessed at, or approximated. Certainly an *idea* of the magnitude of the oyster trade may be formed, at least, from the following statements:—In 1860 the annual oyster trade of Baltimore, exclusive of the city consumption, was estimated at $3,500,000. That of the whole Chesapeake Bay, which so greatly supplies the country at large, two years earlier, was estimated at $20,000,000. At a later date the trade of New York was computed at $7,500,000, and more than that of all Europe. The Jersey shore trade is a very large one, as will be seen from the fact that near 500 vessels are employed in it. In 1867 the aggregate capital invested in the oyster trade at Fair Haven, Conn., was $1,000,000, and there were employed 1,500 people. 1,000,000 kegs and 500,000 cans were used in the year. Twenty-six vessels made six voyages each to the shores of Maryland and Virginia, and brought in the aggregate 500,000 bushels to plant, and these, when opened, produced 2,640,000 quarts.

These estimates do not include the transactions in the local trade. In December, 1867, a calculation was made on the average trade for the four years preceding, at Baltimore, and it was found that 3,860,000 bushels in the shell were disposed of, of which 2,895,000 bushels were taken from Maryland waters, and 965,000 bushels from the Virginia waters. From these Maryland waters there were taken in all 4,880,000 bushels, and 2,065,000 from the Virginia waters, making an aggregate from both of 6,945,000 bushels. Of these 1,050,000 bushels went to New York, 700,000 to Fair Haven, 400,000 to Philadelphia and 350,000 to Boston. To dredge and get these oysters ready for shipment to the various cities supplied, were employed 1,000 vessels, averaging 50 tons burden. The average amount of oysters dredged by each vessel was 4,746 bushels during the six months of the season, which, at 45 cents per bushel, amounts to $2,128.70. In addition to these vessels there were about 1,500 canoes tonging oysters in the Chesapeake and its tributaries. At the time these calculations were made, there were 30 packing houses in Baltimore, in which were engaged 1,500 openers, and employing in the whole business in the city over 10,000 people.

From these imperfect computations, it will be seen that the oyster trade in this country is one of great importance. It should be observed that these compilations do not include many other points concerned in the trade, and that therefore they are too small.

Great, then, is the oyster, independent of the theories and inferences of certain crazy, modern anthropologists and ethnologists, which have brought them to the deduction, substantially, that it, the oyster, is the great primeval progenitor of man.

L. S. A.

PRESENTLY.

NEVER say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others, wisely and well, who dealt much in presentlies. Look at nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been pre-determined by the absolute will of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastination in the operations of nature on this earth, might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so, too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by indolence upon the future are pretty sure to be dishonored. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is too late.

GRAVEYARD SCENE IN MUNICH.—The day before leaving Munich we visited the city cemetery, and beheld a strange sight there. The law requires that all deceased persons shall be brought immediately after death to a room at the cemetery, and there laid out for a certain length of time, each one within reach of a bell-cord. The object is to prevent too early burials and to provide for any giving a signal, who may come to life after they have been supposed to be dead. I saw persons of all ages, from a few days old to eighty or ninety years, thus laid out, and most of them embedded in flowers. It was hard to look at them, and almost as hard to keep from looking at them. The children were laid out as if they were bolstered up in bed, and dressed as richly as the means of their parents permitted, and almost buried in the most beautiful flowers.—*Letter from Germany.*

USE OF BARKS.—Elm bark is very generally used in Norway for making leather, and it is said the fine Norway gloves are prepared from the elm bark, and that the softness and beauty are attributable to this bark. The white willow is used in Denmark for the leather used in the manufacture of gloves. Russia also uses this bark in the manufacture of fancy leather, the finished leather being impregnated with the oil of birch bark, which gives it a peculiar agreeable smell. It is a noteworthy fact that the Norway tanners use birch and willow instead of oak bark.

A WAG says that once on a journey, he was put into a sleigh with a dozen or more passengers, not one of whom he knew, but on turning a short corner the sleigh upset, and then, said he, "I found them all out."

Reading for the Young.

BABY SONG.

COME, white angels, to baby and me;
Touch his blue eyes with the image of sleep,
In his surprise he will cease to weep;
Hush, child, the angels are coming to thee!

Come, white doves, to baby and me;
Softly whirr in the silent air,
Flutter about in his golden hair;
Hark, child, the doves are coming to thee!

Come white lilies, to baby and me;
Drowsily nod before his eyes
So full of wonder, so round, so wise;
Hist, child, the lily-bells tinkle for thee!

Come, white moon, to baby and me;
Gently glide o'er the ocean of sleep,
Silver the waves of its shadowy deep;
Sleep, child, the whitest of dreams to thee!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.—NO. III.

BY COLY.

TRAVELERS have told you they have seen a land away off in the West where gold lies just under the sod, and the sod is not tough. They have written of its blooming prairies and cool, shady valleys; of its fresh, unclouded mornings, and golden, glorious sunsets; of its eternal Springs, and its never ending harvests. They have painted winning pictures of ease and plenty and happiness in quiet homes on the ever-green banks of its smooth, running rivers. They have said, "Come and reap!"

Boys, be not wild with excitement and high-hopings over such talk. Come *and sow* and reap! When you leave the old homesteads in the East to search out in this land that spot seen in your dreams, where you are to build a name and a home, you little reckon how many dark days you will live, how many hopes will be born only to die, and how many years of unrecompensed toil are yours before your goal is reached. Yes, you will know trials, but you must bear and dare. Better risk and sometimes lose than never have anything to lose. No man ever has made or ever will make a fortune without risking something.

Thousands of young men,—good, steady boys,—have left their Eastern homes and come West fully expecting to pick up a fortune for the bending. Foolish boys, how many have never found that land! How many have gone back, like the prodigal son, and, like him, been welcomed home again. And many, in their wild recklessness, have been drawn down and down by stranger friends, until they drained the last cup of crime and shame, and were dragged from the cities' alleys dead. They were buried in the common yard, under the common turf, and the common world went on. But somewhere each morning and evening is heard the all-meaning prayer of an anxious mother, and *somebody* dreams of somebody's coming. Others have wandered and wandered—are wandering yet.

But, boys, I would not discourage you. Than the West there is no better land under the shining sun for workers, and none so poor for idlers. Fortunes and names and homes are waiting for you, but you must earn them. The plow, guided by steady, earnest young men, must and will soon make the Valley of the Mississippi not only the Eden of America but of the world. Already the wealth and products of it and its people have been the admiration of our transatlantic brothers, and they, too, from proud old England, snowy Sweeden and brick walled Holland are coming to find it. Germany, I reckon, must be all here now.

Yes, boys, come; but when you come don't rush to the cities,—there is no chance for you there. Go into the country. There are thousands of beautiful valleys for happy homes yet unknown. Farming is the safest, the surest, the healthiest, the best. I may as well finish this talk with a few words on farming and farmers.

The time has now come in which the wealthy and the educated are looking at farming as it should be. It is fast changing from the dirty occupation it has been to a studied profession. Once the farmer was reckoned as one who didn't know enough about anything to do anything else. Now he walks from the plow to the Governor's chair and the halls of Congress. His rough hands are writing a new history for the world. His children are students with the lawyer's and the "gentleman's." And I'm glad farmers' boys are being educated *for farmers.* But there are many yet,—old fogy farmers,—who believe the poorer the cow the richer the milk, and grain fed is grain wasted,—who hold that if a boy intends becoming a tiller of the ground, the less "book knowledge" he possesses the better. I tell you, boys, a good education of things taught in books will not unfit you for any work. And enjoyment, which after all is the great aim for which we live, whether we should or not, is much more perfect to the educated man than to the ignorant. Things in which the last can see nothing worthy of notice, the former finds rich in beauty and pleasure.

But it's well if you intend to become farmers to study such books as will aid you in your work. A good paper, like the RURAL, carefully read, is worth more to you much than Latin or Greek. But with such sweet music floating around me I cannot write. It takes me out of my head, or my head out of me.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THERE once was a man who fled from his master and hid in a cave. He had not been there long ere a large lion came in. Seeing the man, he went moaning up to him. The lion had hurt his foot. The man bathed it and bound it up. For two long years the man and the lion lived together, the lion getting the game, and the man cooking a part for himself, and giving the remainder to the lion.

At the end of two years the man left the cave, and upon going to a certain city, was captured by the Consul's soldiers. The slave was tried and condemned to fight in the amphitheater with the wild beasts. The day came, and the man was put in the arena. The great door was opened. In leaped a large lion, and ran toward the man. The lion stopped, and, with signs of affection, caressed the astonished slave. It was the lion, once wounded, in the cave. He would not touch him; and the king, hearing of the circumstance, ordered that the man should have his liberty, and the lion be given to the man, while the vast multitude approved with shouts of applause.

Learn from this to be kind to animals.

IMPURE thoughts are the seeds of sin. If dropped into the soil of the mind and heart, they should be cast out immediately; otherwise they will germinate, spring up, and bear the fruit of sinful words and acts.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

AT the late annual election for Directors of the Erie Railway the Gould and Fisk party were victorious, electing their ticket by a large majority, polling a vote of over $30,000,000. Afterwards, at a meeting of the Directors, Jay Gould was chosen President, and James Fisk, Jr., Controller of Corporation.

The Old School Presbyterian Synod of Albany held their annual session at Saratoga on the 15th inst. About eighty ministers and elders were present. Rev. Dr. Strong of Syracuse, was chosen Moderator. A resolution in favor of the New School was adopted unanimously.

The ladies of Sherman, Chautauqua county, are raising a fund for a fire engine. The have already over $500.

John Roberts, a well-known resident of Canastota, was found drowned in the canal, at Canastota, Thursday morning of last week.

A great fire broke out in Warsaw, Wyoming Co., on the night of the 15th inst. Three brick stores were burned to the ground.

The hemlock trees in Tioga county are dying. A miller, or winged bug, makes its appearance in swarms, and deposits its eggs by millions. The result is millions of borers are produced, which so destroy the vitality of the trees that the bark begins to adhere so closely that it cannot be stripped off.

Recent heavy winds made bad work with the new break-water in Dunkirk harbor. Half the structure from the beacon landward was moved out of its proper place some thirty feet, and the timbers were considerably broken.

Warren Leland's farm in Westchester county, town of Rye, produces six thousand dollars' worth of milk per annum.

A squirrel hunt at Canaan, lately, resulted in the destruction of 4,650 of these little animals.

The number of emigrants that arrived at New York city up to the 14th inst., was 179,165, against 209,319 to same date last year. The commutation of passengers amounted to $469,215.58, and the disbursements $410,113.31.

An unknown man was found dead in the woods about two miles from Candor, Tioga county, on the 11th inst. He had hanged himself with his suspenders, and they, having rotted off, let him to the ground. It was calculated by the Coroner who held the inquest that the body had lain about eight weeks. The age of the suicide appeared to be about eighty years.

A destructive fire occurred in the village of Port Byron on Friday night of last week, destroying the finest store in the place. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss about $15,000.

The mills of the Penfield Paper Company at Penfield, Monroe Co., were totally destroyed by fire on Saturday evening last, together with all the machinery and stock. The loss is estimated at $75,000,—about $15,000 more than is covered by the insurance. The mill had been in operation less than a year.

The new suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, commenced one year ago last June, will doubtless be completed and ready for use in about a month, when it will be opened to the public. The bridge extends from a point just below the American Fall to a point on the Canadian side near the Clifton House. The span, or distance between the towers, is twelve hundred and sixty-four feet and twelve inches. The cables, two in number, are nineteen hundred feet long. In each of these cables there are seven wire ropes, each two and one-half inches in diameter. This is the longest span of any bridge in the world. It will have a carriage way for ordinary vehicles and street railway cars, along side of which there is to be a foot walk for pedestrians.

John Allen's dance house in New York city having been once more put to its vilest uses by its backslidden proprietor, has drawn upon it a police descent, and Allen himself has had to give bail.

The quarterly report of the National Banks of New York on the first Monday in October, shows the resources to be $432,516,000, including among other items, specie, $8,371,000; three per cent. certificates, $34,795,000; compound interest notes, $904,000.

The aggregate amount of exports, exclusive of specie, from the port of New York to foreign ports for the week ending Oct. 13, 1868, was $2,753,889.

From Washington.

ONE of the "ad interim" meetings of Congress was held on the 16th inst. Both Houses were called to order by their respective presiding officers, and after the reading of the concurrent resolutions providing for the meeting adjourned till the 10th of November. Only three members were present in the Senate, and ten in the House of Representatives.

Brevet Major-General Hooker, having, at his own request, been ordered before the Board of Examination, and having been found incapacitated for active service by injuries received while in command of the Army of the Potomac in 1863, and from sickness, partially resulting therefrom, while commanding the Department of the East in 1866, the President directs his name to be placed on the retired list. General Hooker is retired with full Major-General's rank.

The President has issued general orders to Military Commanders in the South in reference to the holding of elections in the unreconstructed States. He claims that they have no right to interfere with such elections. The order is intended as a rebuke to General Reynolds, who has issued an order forbidding the citizens of Texas from holding an election for Presidential electors. It will be recollected that that State and the States of Virginia and Mississippi have not yet been recognized by Congress in the admission of their Senators and Representatives, and that Congress in July last passed an act in effect precluding the counting of their electoral votes.

The third Supervisor of Internal Revenue yet appointed is in the person of Thomas R. Laird, for the district composed of Virginia and West Virginia.

Consular appointments by the Turkish Government, at San Francisco, New Orleans and Baltimore, have been recognized by the President.

General Sibley has forwarded several additional affidavits confirmatory of the first report of Major Howard, of the Camilla disturbances. The affidavits are those of freed people, excepting one from an ex-volunteer of the U. S. army.

The Post Office Department and Mr. John Hitz, the Swiss Consul General, are now engaged in perfecting arrangements for the establishment of the International money order system with Switzerland. The intention is to make the experiment with that country first, and, if successful, to extend it to other countries.

Gov. Clayton of Arkansas has telegraphed to Gen. Schofield the fact of the piratical seizure of arms belonging to that State, and adds:—"From facts in my possession, I am satisfied that armed resistance to the laws is contemplated, in which event the United States forces here would be entirely inadequate to preserve order." What action will be taken in regard to the matter remains to be seen.

From the South.

THE Commercial Convention, held at Norfolk last week, was largely attended. The city was enthusiastic over it, and held a fine illumination, a torchlight procession, &c., in honor of the delegates. General Mahone presided. The Business Committee submitted a report relative to direct ocean communication between Europe, Norfolk, and the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. It stated that the recommendation of a former Convention, to raise $300,000 by subscription to incorporate an International Commercial Company, had been considered and adopted. The report was adopted, and $105,000 subscribed. The Convention adjourned subject to the call of the Board of Trade.

A body of armed men, mounted, are committing depredations in Bollitt county, Kentucky. They have burned a colored school-house, and are said to have destroyed a negro church. A volley was fired into the train on the Nashville road lately, which is supposed to have been done by the same party.

Three colored men were hung in the yard of the city guard house, Macon, Ga., on the 9th inst., for the murder of Jonathan Sheffield, near Vineville, on the 25th of August last. Each of the men asserted his innocence to the last moment.

A fire at Wheeling, West Virginia, on the morning of the 10th inst., destroyed over $100,000 worth of property, the main part of which was one of the largest buildings in the city, the Atheneum.

Governor Smith, of Alabama, has issued a proclamation for an election in that State, for President, on the 3d of November. The proclamation is issued in accordance with the election law passed by the Legislature.

George Tinsley, alias Wash Stewart of Walker county, Texas, has confessed that he murdered, on the night of the 3d ult., at Calhoun's Ferry, Charles Hall, ferryman, his wife, a stranger named Murry, and a little girl, sister of Hall's wife. The murders were accomplished with blows on the head from a heavy stick.

Murders are of common occurrence at the South. The sheriff and parish judge of St. Mary's parish were assassinated at Franklin, La., on the night of the 17th inst. The sheriff was killed in his hotel, and the body of the parish judge was found on the street by a patrol which was organized immediately on the discovery of the sheriff's assassination. A deputy sheriff of Krews county, Ark., while out serving subpœnas on the same night, was tied to a negro by the Ku Klux, and both shot dead. And B. F. Randolph, a negro preacher and member of the South Carolina State Senate, who had been on an electioneering tour, was murdered in open day on the 16th inst., at Abbeville, S. C., while standing on the platform of a railroad car, by three men who rode up and shot him in three places, then rode away unrecognized.

A party of between fifty and sixty men, who had pressed a steam tug into service, boarded the steamer Hesper on the 16th inst., twenty-five miles below Memphis, fired upon the captain and two others as they escaped to shore, placed the crew under guard, and then deliberately threw overboard 3,340 muskets consigned to Gov. Clayton of Arkansas for the use of the State militia. After destroying the arms the party left the boat in charge of the engineer, returned to a point near Memphis in the tug, and thence took to the woods.

Hon. John Quincy Adams visited Charleston last week, and made an address on the political issues of the day. He said he was opposed to universal suffrage, but was satisfied that the people of the South were ready to concede impartial suffrage to white and black, as is the case in the Radical State of Massachusetts.

From the West.

COLORADO saw queer weather one day, recently. The morning was clear, warm and balmy, with no sign of storm. As the day wore on a strong breeze sprang up, and the air was filled with dust. In the afternoon the sky became suddenly overcast, the breeze grew to a perfect hurricane, darkening the air with dirt and litter, so that the buildings across the street were invisible; the temperature fell twenty to thirty degrees in an hour, and soon after dark it began to snow, easing only after depositing four or five inches.

Wells, Fargo & Co., will not carry the mails on the Pacific railroad any longer, and temporary arrangements have been made with other parties to do it. Several bids have been made for the job, among them one from Brigham Young.

A Fort Hayes letter states that five columns of troops will soon move against the Indians, in different directions, covering in their operations the territory between the Smoky Hill and Republican Forts on the north, and the Cimarron and Canadian rivers on the south.

The Wisconsin papers report that the cranberry crop has suffered severely by the frost. In the entire state the yield, it is said, will be under a third of an average crop.

Political News.

THE elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Nebraska, last week, attracted universal attention throughout the country. Their results can now be given with tolerable certainty. Pennsylvania was carried by the Republicans by a majority of 10,000. A United States Senator in place of Charles R. Buckalew, will be gained by the Republicans. The Democrats gain one or two Congressmen, elect a Mayor in Philadelphia, and some other city officers.

In Ohio the Republican majority is about 18,000, but the victorious party loses four Congressmen and gains one. The contest was very close in Indiana, and both sides claimed the victory for several days. A majority of 1,500 is now conceded to the Republicans. As they carry the Legislature a Republican United States Senator is assured in place of Mr. Hendricks. Charges of frauds in the frontier counties, by the Democrats, are made by the winning party. In Nebraska the Republican ticket was elected throughout, by a majority of between two and three thousand.

Among the notable nominations for Congress, in this State, are Horace Greeley, Republican, in the Fifth District; Hon. E. P. Ross, Democratic, in the Twenty-fourth District; Hon. Joseph H. Ramsey, Republican, President of Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, in the Fourteenth District; Hon. D. S. Bennett, Republican, and Judge Isaac A. Verplanck, Democrat, in the Buffalo District; Judge Noah Davis, Republican, in the Twenty-eighth District.

Among the prominent names before the people in other States, as candidates for Congressional honors, are B. F. Butler, N. P. Banks and Gov. Boutwell of Massachusetts; C. C. Washburne of Wisconsin, and T. A. Jenckes of Rhode Island.

A large Democratic meeting was held at Albany on the night of the 14th inst. A torch-light procession, containing from 8,000 to 10,000 people, was a feature of the evening. Hon. Jno. T. Hoffman was the principal speaker.

An immense Republican Demonstration took place in Buffalo on Thursday of last week. The Procession, consisting of cavalry, infantry, music, wagons, &c., was about four miles in length. There was a grand torch-light display in the evening.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

LORD STANLEY and Minister Johnson are now engaged in a consideration of the Alabama claims question, which, it is pretty certain, will be arranged soon, subject also to the ratification of the Legislative bodies and approval of the Government of the two countries. The basis which will probably be agreed upon will be a mixed convention which shall hold its session in London and pass upon all claims preferred by English and Americans.

The Parliamentary canvass throughout Great Britain is becoming very lively. Several Tory members of the last House of Commons have withdrawn their names as candidates, and retired discouraged. The Liberals are confident that they will have a majority of thirty-five or more on a full vote in the next house.

The report of the coronation of Gobazze as Emperor of Abyssinia is confirmed. He is supported by Prince Kassai, but opposed by the oldest son of the late King Theodorus.

Dispatches to hand, from Naples, represent that the volcanic movement of Mount Vesuvius has become more intense and violent, an eruption sending forth copious streams of lava having occurred.

A great fire recently occurred in the petroleum warehouse of Venbo's & Co., in Antwerp. The building, two thousand barrels of petroleum, and many millions of gallons of naptha were destroyed. The loss is very heavy.

Affairs in Spain are still in a feverish, unsettled condition. A letter is published from Gen. Prim, which earnestly favors the calling together of the Cortes and the formation of a kingdom at once. It is said that Prim himself aspires to be king. Espartero disapproves of his influence, and will thwart his designs. Cuba, which is deeply interested in the movement of the new Government, is promised equal liberties with Spain. Abolition is commenced by a decree issued by the Provisional Junta, declaring that all children born of slaves after the 17th inst., shall be free. It is thought that the Junta will be soon recognized by the European powers as the *de facto* government of the country. It has already been so recognized by the United States, through Minister Hale, and salutations have been exchanged.

The coinage of Spain is to be radically changed, so as to conform to that of France.

The magazine of a Turkish troop-ship recently exploded at Smyrna. Seven men were instantly killed, and seventy more injured, many of them fatally.

Dr. Livingstone is said to be within two weeks' march of Zanzibar.

Mr. Gladstone has issued an address to the electors of South Lancashire, England, which is much praised by the Liberal organs, who contrast its frank and positive tone with the vague utterances of Disraeli.

Rumors of a large reduction in the French army, confidence in the maintenance of peace and expectations of a declaration of liberal reforms by the Emperor animate Paris, and have a cheerful influence upon public affairs in England.

The Provincial correspondence of Berlin, says: The Prussian Government will not interfere in Spain, but awaits the development of affairs there and respects the decision of the Spanish people. There is no fear that the Spanish revolution will disturb the peace of Europe.

Admiral Mendez Nunez has been appointed by the Spanish Provisional Government, Captain-General of the fleet. His former flag officer, Capt. Lapo, has been appointed to the command of the Spanish squadron in the Pacific. The scarcity and consequent high prices of food and wine in Spain are abating.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—Refugees from Hayti report that the war is becoming bloodier daily,—that Salnave is too weak to quell the revolution, and that the revolutionists are unable to triumph over Salnave, owing to the want of unity among the different commanders. Salnave's permission to the country people to sack and burn any place under the control of the insurrectionists has added to the bitterness and ferocity of the struggle. The revolutionists are very bitter against the United States, believing that open assistance is rendered to Salnave by our Government. They are becoming much divided, and Generals Domingues, Saget and Rebrecca have each been proclaimed President by their respective troops.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS. — Latest advices from South America state that the Paraguayan position at the mouth of the Tebicuary river had been taken by the allies. President Lopez of Paraguay had gone to Villa Rica, a town in the interior, unattended, abandoning the capital to the allies. Two foreign corvettes were about to ascend the river to Ascuncion. Fears were entertained at Valparaiso that another disastrous earthquake was about to visit Chili, as the same circumstances that preceded the terrible calamity of August last had been observable. The people of Valparaiso had, in consequence of this apprehension, voted according to custom, for a patron saint, and had elected the Saviour.

THE U. S. Consul at Cape Town, Africa, reports to the authorities at Washington the discovery of rich gold fields in the interior, about 100 miles northeast of Cape Town. Specimens exhibited are very rich, and the colony is in a great state of excitement. The British and Dutch have taken possession, although a German mineralogist, who first penetrated the colony in 1804, made the discovery.

GALE ON LAKE HURON.—The storm on Lake Huron last Friday night was the worst known in many years. Several vessels were dismasted and otherwise injured, and two women, a man and a child were drowned from the bark Paragon, which was towed to Sarnia, water-logged.

THE Astor House pays $22,000 per year for butter, $8,000 for flour, $150,000 for meat, $12,000 for eggs, $14,000 for milk and cream, and $500 for friction matches, $14,000 for gas, $14,000 for coal.

Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 10, 1868.

WE have no session of Congress now, and are consequently very quiet. It is the transactions of Government that give activity and business to this city. There is no business here that is paying, independent of support by the Government or its employés. Hence, should the great West load upon the cars the granite and marble blocks now in the walls of the magnificent public buildings here, with all the Government paraphernalia, some lovely morning, and start them in hot pursuit of the Star of Empire, as its Representatives have half threatened to do, in two or three votes during the last and the present Congress, the city would die of inanition and hunger the next day.

But do not be startled, reader. I said if this should be done. There has not been a stone moved yet. The Treasury, Patent Office and Capitol are not completed, and the sound of the stone mason's hammer may be heard every day upon them, completing their unfinished work. May the city within sixteen miles of the home and tomb of WASHINGTON, and that bears his name, never cease to be the capital of the nation which he and his noble compatriots carried out with their swords from the British dominions. Up to June 30th, 1868, the capitol, —meaning the public buildings, together with the expenses of repairs, lighting streets, &c., which the Government has paid,—aggregated about $41,500,000. Who would be able and willing to pay even first cost?

The once able, but eccentric preacher, LORENZO DOW, was buried in a neglected place, planted with cedars, yclept Holmead Cemetery, in the suburbs of this city. A stone, which rests upon a sort of brick curbing, two feet high, covers the grave, and bears the following inscription:—"The Repository of LORENZO DOW, who was born in Coventry, Connecticut, Oct. 18th, 1777. Died February 2d, 1834," with a poetic sentiment or two. Occasionally some stranger visiting the city makes this humble grave of Dow his Mecca. But there are none to

"Weep for the voiceless who has known
The cross without the crown of glory,"

in this world.

Conscience money is a name given to money which the Government has been defrauded out of, and which has been returned to the Treasury, privily, by the relenting scoundrels. The sums usually are small. A proper entry is made of every cent so returned. The amount received since November, 1863, to June 30th, 1868, is $96,692.60.

Our autumn, thus far, has been an unusually unpleasant one. Still, we have had no frost, and the foliage of the trees and the flowers bloom almost with summer's freshness yet. The leaves seldom, any of them, change their hues here, to purple, brown, scarlet, crimson and maroon, as they do at the North further, which inspired the poet to pen,

"The world is brighter than before,
Why should our hearts be duller?"

They wither in summer green and fall to the earth, whilst the soft airs and the mellow sunlight of autumn are oftentimes so long drawn out as to give us

"December as pleasant as May."

The Annual of the Department of Agriculture, I understand, has been printed. It will be ready for distribution when Congress meets in regular session in December. It is prepared for the printer under the immediate supervision of Mr. J. R. DODGE, a gentleman with cranium crammed with facts and figures so well as to be eminently fit for the task.

SPES.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

HENRY W. GRINNELL, a son of Henry Grinnell of New York, and a late lieutenant in the American navy, has been appointed inspector-general of the Japanese navy, with a salary of $15,000 per annum.

NOT satisfied with the rate of speed attained by the velocipedes, the French have invented a locomotive with four wheels, which is said to be safer, swifter, and less fatiguing to the rider than any road vehicle known.

THERE is a sect of Second Adventists in Rockingham county, Va., known as Thurmonites, who recently sat up a whole night waiting for the long deferred second glorious advent of the Lord from Heaven to set up his throne among men.

CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga, used from June 15th to Sept. 15th, 39,000 chickens, 59,000 pounds of beef, 25,000 pounds of lamb, 15,000 pounds of mutton, 9,000 pounds of veal, 1,500 turkeys and 5,000 other fowls, and an average of 4,000 eggs per day.

SANTA ANNA has been ordered to leave the Island of Cuba in consequence of his Mexican complications, a Juarez spy having unraveled all his plots. He was given thirty days to leave, and is so poor that his friends will have to pay his passage.

THE Chicago Tribune states that a remarkable petrification was recently discovered at Sheridan, at the end of the Kansas Pacific railroad. It seems to have been the remains of a crocodile, and measures 126 feet from the head to the end of the tail.

Two brothers, Christian and Edward Byrnes, were shot dead, and Charles Specht and J. Folan were wounded in Philadelphia Tuesday night, the 13th inst., in a political row. Eleven other persons were shot in various disturbances during the day.

THE Milwaukee, one of the large passenger and freight steamers plying on Lake Michigan, between Milwaukee and Grand Haven, was lost by running aground off the latter port, on the 9th inst., and is believed to be a total loss. Fortunately all her passengers were saved.

A PHYSICIAN in Concord, N. H., has a wonderful cane. It is so arranged as to combine a walking stick, a thirty-inch telescope, and a nice opera glass, and all perfectly secure from dust. It is easily and readily adjusted for either purpose, and was patented on the 28th of last July.

PROF. WATSON of the Michigan University, announces the discovery by himself of a new minor planet, in the constellation of Cetus. He says it resembles a star of the 10th magnitude, and was situated in right ascension 15 degrees and 20 minutes, and in declination zero degrees and 32 minutes north.

THE seventy-ninth anniversary of the birth of Father Matthew, the illustrious apostle of temperance, was celebrated on the 10th inst., by a number of the New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City temperance societies, in Brooklyn, which marched in procession, accompanied by bands, and carrying banners, with the insignia of their respective orders.

A SILVER bell, weighing twenty-eight ounces, supposed to be one of the lost chimes of St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, Ireland, has been accidentally discovered by a diver in one of the deepest pools of the Abbey river in that city. The bells were flung into the river in the old days of persecution to save them, and it is expected that the rest of the chime will now be recovered.

NEW POSTAGE STAMPS.—The contract for furnishing the Government with postage stamps for the next four years, has been awarded to the National Bank Note Company of New York. New designs have been adopted for all stamps, as follows:—The two cent stamp represents a post boy on a horse running at full speed, illustrating the fact that this stamp is mostly used for dispatch letters. On the three cent stamp there is a finely engraved locomotive. This is surrounded by lines of lightning, indicating the speed with which letters are carried on which this stamp is used. The five cent stamp has an excellent portrait of Washington. The ten cent stamp has an excellent microscopic copy of the painting of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, hanging in the Rotunda at Washington. The twelve cent stamp, mostly used for foreign postage, has a picture of a steamer at sea. The thirty cent stamp has a copy of a painting of the surrender of Burgoyne, hanging in the Rotunda of the National Capitol. The ink to be used will prevent washing and using the stamp a second time. The fiber is the center of the stamp is broken completely, and they adhere better, while the ink of cancelation sinks into the paper.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 20, 1868.

THE call for money in this city and in all the commercial towns in the interior and at the West is quite active. The paper offering at the city banks is much larger than usual, and beyond the ability of the banks to take. The wheat and flour dealers are using a good deal of money, not in a speculative way, but in the ordinary course of business. The advancing rates of barley, with the idea that the stock is light, have induced some investments, though the quantity held by dealers in this immediate locality is not supposed to be large.

In New York money is easier than last week, and there is disposition to accept of lower rates of interest. The New York Bulletin of Monday says:—"The money market is abundantly supplied, and rates range from 5 to 6 per cent., with exceptional transactions at 7 per cent. The banks, finding they could not employ their balances at the high rates, have very generally conceded one per cent. Discounts are fairly active at 7 per cent."

The Boston money market is active. The offerings at bank are large, but are generally taken at 7 per cent.

There has been quite a change in regard to the demand for Government bonds in the last two weeks. For the last six days the market at the East has been excited. The investment demand has been enormous, and large sums of money are flowing into Government channels. There has recently been an advance of about 1 per cent. on the whole list. Telegraph advices from Germany on Saturday show that the foreign demand for American securities is increasing, and there has been a material advance in rates. State bonds have improved. North Carolina and Tennessee bonds have advanced in the last few days. Tennessees sold on Saturday for 73.

Railroad shares have been very active for some days, and at decidedly higher prices.

Gold sold yesterday at 137⅛. Government now advertises gold for sale, instead of throwing it upon the market at uncertain times. On Wednesday of last week it advertised in New York a sale of $200,000, gold, daily for ten days from the 14th. The advertisement called for proposals in writing, to be left at the office of the Assistant Treasurer, and promised to award the coin to the highest bidder. The method promises to be a success.

WOOL.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin of Saturday says: "The wool market is less active than last reported; but prices remain firm, and some desirable grades are higher. The falling off in trade is partly due to the poor assortment offering, and the absolute deficiency of some styles of wool most wanted for immediate consumption. But it is more particularly the result of the fact that wool prices have advanced to a range at which manufacturers do not deem it prudent to operate, and which they say is not warranted by any corresponding advance in products."

The sales last week were to a fair amount, footing up 900,000 lbs., at a range of 37@39c for fleece, and 45@53c. for the various grades of pulled. Combing wools are scarce, and native sells at 58@60c.; Canada at 70@75c. The Eastern market is nearly bare of the latter description.

A Boston paper notices the woolen goods market as follows:—"The market for woolen goods continues active and firm for a few choice and seasonable articles, which just now tax the full capacity of manufacturers, and in some cases are sold ahead of production. But aside from these specialties, the volume of general trade from first hands is only moderate for the season. An immense amount of woolen machinery has been employed in the production of fall goods, and the market is well stocked with most descriptions of heavy domestic fabrics. Hence manufacturers are beginning to slack up, and, and preparing to change their machinery to the production of light spring goods."

COTTON has advanced one cent the past week.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—At the close of the week the Eastern market was dull, and prices dropped down a little.

In general merchandise the transactions have been small the past week.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 19—Flour, wheat, $11,50@12,25; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $25@35. Wheat, red, $1,30@2,00; do. white, $1,40@2,50; Rye, $1,45@1,55; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,90@2,00; Beans, $2,50@3,10; Pork, mess, $30,00@32,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $12,00@13,00; Hams, 20@22cts; Shoulders, 15@15cts; Chickens, 14@16c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter 28@32c; Cheese, 14@15½c; Lard, 20½@21c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 28@30c; Wool 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 18@20c. Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22. Maple Sugar, 16@22cts. Hides, green, 8½@9½c.—Calfskins, 15@16c. Potatoes, $0,70@0,75; Onions, $1,50@2,00; Hops nominal at 20@25c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c. Apples, ℔ bbl, $1,75@2,50; Dried Apples ℔ lb, 7@8c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2; Cranberries, ℔ qt., $3,00@3,75.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Ashes, pots, $8,50@8,75, pearls, $10,50; Cotton, 25½@25¾c; Flour, $6,10@11,00; Wheat, $1,50@2,60; Rye, $1,01@1,08; Barley, 2,32½@2,35; Corn, $1,11@1,17; Oats, 74@75c; Pork, mess, $28,37@28,50; old mess, $28,75@29,00; $24,50@25,00 prime; prime mess, $26@28,50; Beef, plain mess, $11@19,00; extra, $19@23,55; Beef hams, $32@33,00; Hams, 14@19c; Shoulders, 12½@13½c; Lard, 17@19½c; Butter, 31@47c; Cheese, 13@17½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 17.—Flour, $6,50@13; Rye flour, $8@8,50; Corn meal, $2,40@2,50; Wheat, $2,50@2,60; Corn, $1,15@1,20; Barley, $2,30@2,37½; Rye, $1,40; Oats, 76c; Pork, mess, $31; clear, $31; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 14c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $14@16; Lard, 20½@21c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 17.—Flour, $7,50@12,00; Rye flour, $7,50; Wheat, $1,50@2,52; Corn, $1,01½@1,05; Oats, 63@63½c; Rye, $1,13; Barley, $2,20@2,25; Peas, $1,65; Beans, $3@3,50; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 40@45c; Cheese, 15@16c; Eggs, 32c; Pork, mess, $30@31,50; Lard, 20c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Flour, $6@7,87½; Wheat, $1,37@1,47; Corn, 90@91½c; Oats, 46@48c; Rye, 1,24@1,29; Barley, 1,96@1,97; Pork, mess, $30; Lard, 18½@18¾c.

TORONTO, Oct. 16.—Flour, $5,15@6; Wheat, $1,10@1,35; Oats, 46@50c; Barley, $1,40@1,55; Peas, 92@93c; Pork, $25@25,50; Bacon, 11@12c; Hams, 16@18c; Butter, 18@30c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 13@15c; Potatoes, 50@60c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—Beef Cattle range at from 10@17c; Milch Cows, $30@80; Veal Calves, 10@13c; Sheep, 3@6½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 8@9½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 15.—Beeves range at from $3@9,25; Milch Cows, $45@100; Veal Calves, 9@9½c.; Sheep, 5½@5c; Lambs, 5½@6c; Hogs, 8@10½c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 15.—Beef Cattle, 6@11c; Working oxen, $15 @275; Steers, $87@200; Milch cows, $40@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $16@30; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@75; Sheep and Lambs, 3@5½c; by the head, $3@4,50; Shoats, 9@12c; Fat hogs, 10½@10¾c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Beef Cattle, $3,75@4,25; Hogs, $7,90@9.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 14.—Beeves, sell at $3,50@6; Sheep, $2@3,50; Lambs, $1,25; Hogs, $6,75@9,50.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—Beef Cattle, $7@9½c; Sheep, 4½@5c; Hogs, 15½@15¾c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 16.—Beef Cattle, 4½@8c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Veal Calves, 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3@4½; Hogs, 12@15c.

TORONTO, Oct. 16.—Beef Cattle, $3,50@6,50; Sheep, $2@4; Lambs, $1,50@2,25; Hogs, $5,75.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Wool market is quiet and steady; sales are 350,000 lbs., at 47@51½c for domestic fleece, 33@38c for Texas, 51@56c for tubbed, 28@37c for California, 12½@13c for Cape, 30@36c for unwashed, and 58c for combing.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—Wool, fleece, 38@40c; pieklock, 60@65c; fine, 55@60c; coarse, 50@52c; pulled, 37½@55c; tub-washed, 55@62½c; combing fleece, 56@70c; Canada do, 70@72c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 38@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 14.—Wool, pulled, 37@50c; tub-washed, 48@52c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 40@45c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 16—Wool, unwashed, 30@33c; burry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; fleece, 42@45c; pulled, 30@33c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

3,000 Sold in 30 days—Hunter & Co.
Send your Name and Address—O A Roorbach.
Landed Estates in Germany—Dr Wetzel
Epilepsy or Fits—Dr O Phelps Brown.
Holloway's Pills.
You Want Martha—Geo W Campbell.
A New Article—Lane & Paine.
Raspberries per 100—C L Van Duysen.
Lamb Knitting Machine—S D Orne.
Agricultural Implements—R H Allen.
Great Inducements to Subscribers—Deacon & Peterson.
French Stones for Sale—A E Bartlett.
Wanted—Book Agents—B B Russell.
Italian Bees and Queens—M Quinby.
150,000 Apple Seedlings—Wm D Osburn.
Grape Wood—Stbley & Honer.

The News Condenser.

— Beef cattle are selling at fifty cents a head in Texas.

— Florida is making wine from tomatoes.

— The Boston "big organ" is being enlarged.

— Yale College has graduated 150 Smiths.

— Kennedy is singing the songs of Scotland in Montreal.

— New York city has 600 lottery shops.

— Kangaroo sausages are a new export from Australia.

— Paris has teachers of velocipedestrianism.

— Montreal is going to build a $120,000 public hall.

— Silver currency in France is no longer legal tender.

— Paris theaters are most crowded on rainy nights.

— Zante currants will be scarce and high this year.

— Russia has the finest hot houses in the world.

— Abyssinia is to send gymnasts to New York.

— Steam is to be introduced on the Schuylkill Canal.

— Sir John Bowring is translating a Chinese novel.

— The Atlantic cable of 1866 is again in working order.

— Counterfeit money is plentiful in Hayti.

— London has killed 10,000 superfluous dogs this year.

— August Belmont has $500,000 worth of pictures.

— Japan is importing a great many guns.

— St. Louis has naturalized a Chinese.

— The St. Louis bridge will cost $4,500,000.

— The name of the new Emperor of Abyssinia is Gabazzi.

— The Nova Scotia geological survey is going ahead rapidly.

— Nealton is the first M. D. ever made a Senator in France.

— Richmond has been excited over a duel with broadswords.

— San Antonio, Texas, is to have a cathedral to cost $169,000.

— Fitz Green Halleck's library is to be sold at public auction.

— A great many new buildings are going up in New Orleans.

— In the Russian schools there are 255 vacation days annually.

— A Nashville mule disposed of a $75 chignon a few days ago.

— Comfortable quarters are being put up for the troops in Alaska.

— The number of voters registered last week at Detroit was 12,915.

— London has sent another champion funny man to New York.

— A son of R. B. Sheridan is before the London courts for swindling.

— There are 3,636 homeopathic practitioners in the United States.

— The mother of the Hutchinson Family died lately at Milford, N. H.

— Internal revenue receipts now average a quarter of a million per day.

— A man is on trial in Cincinnati for counterfeiting horse car tickets.

— The ages of eight persons in Tyringham, Mass., aggregate 640 years.

— Maine sent 1,171 of her Smith family into the army during the late war.

— A new green pigment, not poisonous, has been discovered in England.

— King Theodore's son is to be trained for the East Indian civil service.

— Several persons were burned to death in a hotel at San Francisco lately.

— Lorinda Wheeler attempted to fire the jail in Peoria, Ill., lately, but failed.

— Baltimore is getting to be an important port for the arrival of emigrants.

— Programmes of the music are distributed in some of the London churches.

— Chicago omnibuses are hereafter to be built to contain forty passengers.

— Several letters by Martin Luther have lately been discovered at Hamburg.

— Trains are running 325 miles east of Sacramento on the Central Pacific Road.

— King John of Saxony is tired of the nonsense of royalty and wants to resign.

— Boys who are willing to work on farms are wanted in California at good wages.

— One county in Ohio raised a quarter of a million bushels of peaches this year.

— Kansas has discovered a petrified crocodile one hundred and twenty-six feet long.

— Grace Church and parsonage on Broadway will soon be sold for business purposes.

— The Czar of Russia has forbidden the practice of homeopathy in his dominions.

— Seventy-five thousand orange trees were planted on Flint River, Florida, last year.

— It is said Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, has invested largely in American securities.

— Over eighteen hundred persons died last year at Madras from bites of serpents.

— California has already sent $10,000 to the South American earthquake sufferers.

— The brigands of Southern Italy have a prisoner whose life they value at $31,000.

— The Chicago Fire Department cost $123,166.92 for the six months ending October 1.

— Mrs. Stowell, an aged lady, was burned to death in Huntington, Mass., Sunday week.

— The failure of the fruit crop in the Middle States has largely reduced the demand for sugar.

— Susan B. Anthony comes out in a card denying that she has adopted the "Grecian Bend."

— A Yankee drives an omnibus over the new macadamized road from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

— There is not a Jewish beggar in New York City. The Hebrews support their own poor.

— A man in Memphis recently beat his wife so cruelly with a boot-jack that she died soon after.

— The young French Prince Imperial, aged twelve, has gone to housekeeping on his own account.

— More accidents have occurred on Lake Michigan this year than in any previous similar period.

— Over three hundred persons are attending the free singing school at the Cooper Institute this term.

— The English Eleven beat the twenty-two United States cricketers at Philadelphia Saturday week.

— A citizen of Clark Co., Wis., has taken a contract to furnish 5,500,000 feet of logs for a firm on the Mississippi.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "

For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

PEACH STONES!—200 BUSHELS for SALE. $1.25 per bushel. Send orders at once to A. E. BARTLETT, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

ITALIAN BEES AND QUEENS.—New Non-patented Hive, Glass Honey Boxes, "Bee-Keeping Explained." Send stamp for Circular. Address 979-3t M. QUINBY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

$150,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS. NO. 1. 4,000 Pear Seedlings, very fine. 50,000 Doolittle Raspberry, from tips, and strong, for sale at low rates, quality considered. WM. D. OSBURN, Port Byron, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

WANTED!—BOOK AGENTS, TO SELL THE "LIFE OF NAPOLEON III," by John S. C. Abbott. First class canvassers, wishing a new and very attractive work, with no competition, should secure territory at once. 979 2teo B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

A NEW ARTICLE.—IMPORTANT TO every reader of this paper! TOBACCO SOAP is the only practicable specific ever discovered, for the total destruction of insects on vegetation, vermin or animals, and at the same time an invigorator and preserver of vegetable life. Kills Ticks, Cures Scab on Sheep, and for bruises on animals is invaluable. TOBACCO SOAP CO., Clifton, Staten Island. ☞ For sale by LANE & PAINE, Rochester, N. Y. [979

RASPBERRIES, Per 100, Philadelphia, $8; Thornless, $6; Seneca, $5; Mammoth Cluster, $12; Doolittle, $1, all much less by the 1,000. BLACKBERRIES, per 100, Kittatinny, $6. Wilson Early, $20; Missouri Mammoth, $25; Lawton, $2, much less by the 1,000. STRAWBERRIES, per 100, Charles Downing, $3; Durand, $2, Romeyn Seedling, $3; Jucunda, $1,50, much less by the 1,000. All common sorts very low. Agents wanted. Send for price lists. Address C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, N. Y.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Colds and Sore THROAT.—The foundation of a cold or affection of the throat that lists the winter through is often laid in autumn. If you are threatened with disease of any of the respiratory organs, rub the external surface night and morning with HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and keep the bowels regular with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. A cold, cough or sore throat promptly treated in this way is speedily cured, and all danger of consumption or bronchitis avoided. Sold by all Druggists.

YOU WANT MARTHA!—THE MOST valuable hardy WHITE GRAPE yet known. A seedling from the Concord, and as perfectly hardy, healthy and vigorous as that variety, and ripens 10 days earlier. Quality best, both for table and wine. A splendid Grape in all respects. Send stamps for Illustrated Catalogues of over 50 varieties Grapes and Small Fruits. to 979-4t GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

LANDED ESTATES IN GERMANY FOR SALE—1. The CHATEAU OF ROHRBACH, one mile from Heidelberg, formerly a summer residence of the Palatine Princes, with a noble old Park of 30 acres. Price $50,000. (Land in the vicinity sells for $2,500 the acre.)
2.—A farm of **80** Acres, near Heidelberg.
3.—A Farm of 800 Acres, near Frankfort, with Distillery, etc.
For particulars address or apply to
979-4t DR. WETZEL, 208 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS. Let those want a first class Lady's Magazine and a first-class Weekly Paper, send at once for a sample copy of **THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,** and see the unequalled inducements offered. Sample copies of both are sent gratis. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 979-4t No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEND FOR Circular and sample stocking, enclosing stamp. J. D. ORNE & CO., 156 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

EPILEPSY, OR FITS.—A SURE CURE for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any Druggist. Sent free to all on receipt of their name and address, by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

FARMERS DESIRING ANY OF THE ABOVE for their FALL or WINTER use, should send for circulars to R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 376, New York. [979-2t

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3,000 SOLD IN 30 DAYS! HUNTERS! TRAPPERS!! BOYS!!!
THE HUNTER'S GUIDE AND TRAPPER'S COMPANION.

A book for every Hunter, Trapper, Farmer, and Boys in particular. Nothing of the kind ever before published at less than $1,50. This is now complete, just what's wanted, and costs only 25 cents. Sent post free. Partial contents:—Season for Trapping, Art of Trapping, Poisoning, Shooting, The Dead Fall, Steel Traps, The Sliding Pole, Baiting Animals, Capturing Animals, The Mink, Muskrat, Marten, Sable, Fisher, Fox, Otter, Beaver, Raccoon, Wolf, Bear, Badger, Wild Cat, Lynx, Panther, Wolverine, Skunk, Opossum, Woodchuck, Deer and Moose, tells how to hunt, trap, and capture all of above and other animals; Curing Skins, Stretching Skins, The Bow Stretcher, Board Stretcher, Muskrat Stretcher, &c., &c., Hunter's and Trapper's Vade Mecum, Birch Canoes, How they are made, Fishing in Winter through Ice, Trapping Adventures, Deer Shooting, &c., &c. In fact, it is the best work ever issued at the price, beautifully printed, well bound, and costing only a "quarter." It sells by the thousand weekly. Every boy and every farmer, hunter and trapper, will have it. Fifth edition now ready. Send in your orders and procure a supply. Single copies 25 cents; 5 for $1; 15 for $2; $10 per 100, by mail post free. All dealers keep it, or will get it. Published and mailed at above prices by HUNTER & CO., 979 Hinsdale, N. H.

PEACHSEED CROP OF 1868.—ONE HUN-dred bushels, from Southern Seedling peaches, delivered in New York or Cincinnati, Cash on delivery. W. H. CLARK, Atlanta, Ga.

AUCTION SALE OF LIVE STOCK.—I WILL sell at PUBLIC AUCTION, on THURSDAY, Oct. 29th, 1868, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the HIGHLAND STOCK FARM, Belmont, Middlesex County, Mass., a portion of my stock of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and *Angora Goats*. Catalogues forwarded on application, after Oct. 20th. WINTHROP W. CHENERY.

EARLY ROSE AND HARISON POTA-toes for sale this fall at the following rates:
ROSE, post paid, 50 cts per lb, $15 per bushel, $45 per bbl.
HARISON $5 per bbl., $1 for 15 lbs.
Seed warranted pure. G. C. DORSEY,
978-2t. Geneva, N. Y.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin. Why will people pay $50 or $100 for a *Sewing Machine*, when $25 will buy a better one for all *practical* purposes? Regardless of reports to the contrary, the subscribers wish to inform their army of friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "DIAMOND" Machines can be had in any quantity. This is a first class Standard Machine, of established reputation, double thread, *complete with Tables*, and not in the catalogue of cheap single-thread hand machines. It is constructed upon entirely new and improved principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. Warranted for ten years, and is emphatically the poor woman's friend. More than 50,000 patrons will testify that these machines excel ALL others. We defy every competition as to merit or price.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving.
For Circulars, Testimonials, and reduced prices, Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Machine Brokers,
978-12t. Care Box 397 Boston, Mass.

PAINTS FOR FARMERS AND OTHERS.—The Grafton Mineral Paint Co., are now manufacturing the Best, Cheapest and most Durable Paint in use; two coats well put on, mixed with pure Linseed Oil, will last 10 or 15 years; it is of a light brown or beautiful chocolate color, and can be changed to green, lead, stone, drab, olive or cream, to suit the taste of the consumer. It is valuable for Houses, Barns, Fences, Carriage and Car makers, Pails and Woodenware, Agricultural Implements, Canal Boats, Vessels and Ships' bottoms, Canvas, Metal and Shingle Roofs, (it being Fire and Water proof,) Floor Oil Cloths, (one Manufacturer having used 3,000 bbls. the past year,) and as a paint for any purpose is unsurpassed for body, durability, elasticity, and adhesiveness. Price $4 per bbl. of 300 lbs., which will supply a farmer for years to come. Warranted in all cases as above. Send for a circular which gives full particulars. None genuine unless branded in a trade mark, Grafton Mineral Paint. Persons can order the paint and remit the money on receipt of goods. Address M. F. REYNOLDS & CO.,
978-4t. Nos. 5 and 7 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.— Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED.— Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 20 cents. Twice as many, 30 cents. MANSON LANG,
978-2teo 91 Columbia St., New York City.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES ENOUGH, OF RASPBERRIES and BLACKBERRIES, the fruit of which brought $1 per quart in market. Send stamp for Catalogues
976-3teo WM. PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

HOLIDAY JOURNAL.—New No.—Free.— For the Holidays of 1868-9, containing a Christmas Story, Parlor Plays, Magic Sports, Odd Tricks, Queer Experiments, Problems, Puzzles, &c. 16 large pages, illustrated. SENT FREE. Address ADAMS & CO.,
978-2teo Publishers, 25 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

"WE CHALLENGE INVESTIGATION *from any and all quarters as to the legitimate and straightforward character of our business."*

EASTMAN & KENDALL'S ONE-PRICE SALE,

ESTABLISHED 1864.

It is now a well established fact that no other method brings the MANUFACTURER and CONSUMER SO NEAR EACH OTHER as our unrivalled and popular club system of selling all kinds of

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, SILKS, COTTONS, BOOTS AND SHOES, WATCHES, SEWING MACHINES, CUTLERY, DRESS GOODS, DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.

which are actually selling at an average price of ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH ARTICLE.

THE LADIES

are specially invited to give us a trial.

To parties sending in clubs of from 10 to 1,000, we offer better inducements and larger commissions than any other house. Parties now acting as agents for other houses will observe that we offer as commission for a

CLUB OF 30—Twenty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
CLUB OF 60—Forty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting.
CLUB OF 100—Sixty yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and an equal amount of commission when paid in other goods.

Send for Circular and Exchange List.

Our club system of selling is as follows:—For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a DOLLAR each; 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Larger commission to getter up of club than is allowed by any other firm. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Male and female agents wanted. SEND MONEY IN REGISTERED LETTERS. Send us a trial club and you will acknowledge that you cannot afford to buy goods of any other house thereafter.

N. B.—Our sale should not be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
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$2,000 A YEAR, AND EXPENSES TO Agents to introduce the WILSON SEWING MACHINE. *Stitch Alike on Both Sides.* Samples on two weeks' trial. Extra inducements to Experienced Agents. Address A. B. MCGUFFIE & CO., General Agents, 515 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Commission Merchants,
And Dealers in all kinds of Fruits and Produce, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Eggs, Game, Poultry, Apples, Potatoes, Beans, Onions, Peaches, Strawberries, Dried Fruits, Plums, Grapes, Oranges, Lemons, Pears, Nut Fruits, Maple Sugar,
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FOR SALE—EARLY GOODRICH AND HAR-rison POTATOES, in 5 bushel bbls., former $4, latter $5 ⅌ bbl. delivered at Railroad Station, Geneva, N. Y.
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	lb.	bu.	bbl.
Early Rose,	50 cts.	$15,00	$40,00
Harison,	20 "	1,75	1,50
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☞ We were the first to commence the sale of goods on the popular plan of ONE DOLLAR for EACH ARTICLE. Our sales, for the last twelve months, have been about one million dollars.

☞ OUR BUSINESS HAS BEEN DECIDED BY THE COURTS OF THE STATE, AND BY THE UNITED STATES AUTHORITIES, NOT TO BE A LOTTERY, OR A GIFT ENTERPRISE, BUT A REGULAR LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.

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FOR A CLUB OF $10, a selection of one of the following articles:—40 yards Brown or Bleached Sheeting, superior quality. Dress pattern, price $10. Wool Long Shawl. Brocha Long Shawl. 2 yards Black German Broadcloth. Common Sense Sewing Machine, price $18, (these machines will hem, stitch, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner.) Gents' or Ladies Silver Hunting Case Watch, new. 25 yards Hemp Carpeting. 3 yards Beaver Cloth. 6¾ yards good Doeskin. Silver plated Ice Pitcher. 6 yds. Wool Cloth, double width. 1 pair superior Blankets. 72 yds. Brown or Bleached Sheeting, common quality, and 520 printed notices of articles for sale at $1 each, comprising a variety of articles usually sold at retail from $1,50 to $10 for each article.

☞ FOR ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR. SEND A DRAFT, POSTAL MONEY ORDER, OR REGISTERED LETTER. Be sure and direct your letter to **ANDREWS & CO., 106 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.** 976-1t

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N. B.—Shun all houses in this line with flaming advertisements, as they deceive you with long schedules and promises, which they have not the power or will to fulfill.

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FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND,
AS A REPEATER,
AND
TWENTY SHOTS A MINUTE
AS A SINGLE BREECH-LOADER.

These powerful, accurate and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible Gun Dealers throughout the country. For full information send for circulars and pamphlets to the WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
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BOOK AGENTS ARE MEETING WITH rare success in selling SIR S. W. BAKER'S EXPLORATIONS and ADVENTURES among the NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA, to which is now added an account of the CAPTIVITY and RELEASE OF ENGLISH SUBJECTS, and the career of the late EMPEROR THEODORE. No book is received among all classes of People with such unbounded favor, or so fully combines thrilling interest with solid instruction. Agents, male and female sell it rapidly.

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GRAPE VINES CHEAP!—I OFFER THIS fall one of the largest and best grown assortments of Grape Vines, Blackberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Plants ever offered to the public. Vines one, two and three years old. Circular gratis. S. J. ALLIS, North East, Pa.

FLOWERS FOR THE MILLION.—SEND TO WM. WEBSTER, 149 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., for his fall Catalogue of Bulbs and Roses, mailed free to all applicants. 976 4t

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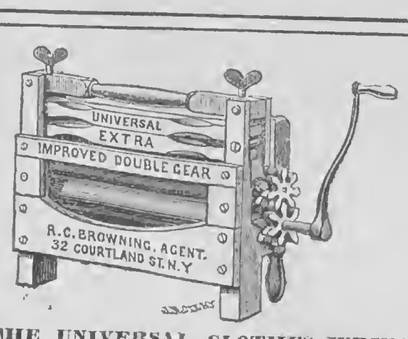
OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS—BY THE THOU-sand, hundred thousand, or million. Also, a fine lot of one and two year apple trees. W. H. MANN & BRO., Gilman, Iroquois Co., Illinois.
N.—Osage Seed in its season. 972-4t



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Any sensible person can understand that a cog-wheel wringer having cogs, *whether at one or both ends* of the roll, which can play apart and fly out of gear when a large article is passing through, is COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS, as the Cogs are then of no aid *when most needed.*

The **Universal Wringer** was awarded the Gold Medal at the Great New England Fair, took the First Premium at the National Fair at Washington also at the State Fairs of **every Northern State**, and is the only Wringer which **ever took a First Premium** at the Fair of the American Institute.

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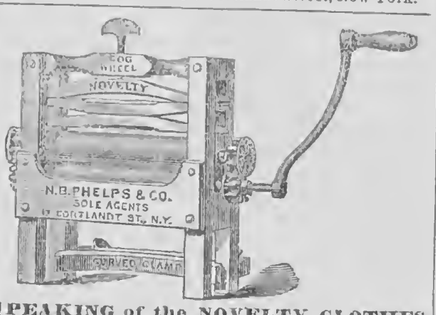

SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER, exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the Jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
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POTTER'S 3 HORSE Clevis.

A PERFECT EQUALIZER.
Light & Durable.

PRICE.—$5 Each; $42 per Dozen.
Cash with order. Send for Circulars.
Address.—EDGAR M. POTTER, Kalamazoo, Mich.

"WILLARD" AND "EARLY ROSE." Mr. C. W. Gleason of Massachusetts, one of the three gentlemen to whom the late Mr. Goodrich was accustomed to send out his seedling potatoes for testing before introducing them to the public, and in honor of whom he named his Gleason potato, has for years probably been more largely engaged in raising new seedling potatoes than any man in New England. Last Spring I purchased of him the entire stock of his "Willard" (a seedling from the Early Goodrich,) which he considers the best of all the hundreds of seedlings he has thus far raised. The "Willard" proves to be enormously productive, and is a potato of great promise. I now offer to send one potato of this new seedling grape with every peck of Early Rose; five with each bushel, and sixteen with each barrel. My stock of Early Rose was procured directly from the original growers at $15 per bushel, and is *warranted true.* My rates this fall are:—1 lb. (post paid) $1; 3 lbs., $2; 1 peck, (15 lbs.) $5; 1 bushel (60 lbs.) $15; 1 bbl. (165 lbs.) $40. Early Goodrich per bbl., $5; Early Sebec per bbl., $5; Harrison per bbl., $7; Gleason per bbl., $5.
976-5t JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

GREAT DISTRIBUTION BY THE ME-TROPOLITAN GIFT CO.—*Cash Gifts to the amount of $250,000.—Every Ticket Draws a Prize.*

5 Cash Gifts, each	$10,000	40 Cash Gifts, each	$500
10 " " "	5,000	200 " " "	100
20 " " "	1,000	300 " " "	50
50 Elegant Rosewood Pianos		Each $300 to	$750
75 " " Melodeons		" 75 to	150
350 Sewing Machines		" 60 to	175
500 Fine Gold Watches		" 75 to	300

Cash Prizes, Silver Ware, &c., all valued at $1,000,000.

A chance to draw any of the above Prizes for 25c. Tickets describing Prizes are *sealed* in Envelopes and well mixed. On receipt of 25c. a *Sealed Ticket* is drawn without choice and sent by mail to any address. The prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket-holder on payment of *One Dollar.* Prizes are immediately sent to any address by express or return mail.

You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. *Any Prize exchanged for another of same value.* No Blanks. Our patrons can depend on fair dealing.

REFERENCES:—We select the following from many who have lately drawn Valuable Prizes and kindly permitted us to publish them:—S. T. Wilkins, Buffalo, $5,000; Miss Annie Monroe, Chicago, Piano, $650; John D. Moore, Louisville, $1,000; Miss Emma Walworth, Milwaukee, Piano, $500; Rev. E. A. Day, New Orleans, $500. We publish no names without permission.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:—"The firm is reliable, and deserve their success."—*Weekly Tribune, Aug. 3.* "We know them to be a fair dealing firm."—*N. Y. Herald, Aug. 28.* "A friend of ours drew a $500 prize, which was promptly received."—*Daily News, Sept. 3.*

Send for circular. Liberal inducements to Agents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every package of Sealed Envelopes contain *one cash gift.* Six Tickets for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 110 for $15. All letters should be addressed to

HARPER, WILSON & CO.,
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YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO is everywhere pronounced, by competent judges, to be superior to others for the following reasons:
It is made of the finest stock grown.
It has a mild and agreeable aroma.
It is anti-nervous in its effects, as
It is free from *drugs*, the *Nicotine*
Having also been extracted.
It leaves no acrid, disagreeable aftertaste.
Does not sting or burn the tongue.
Leaves no offensive odor in the room.
Orders for elegant *Meerschaum* Pipes
Are daily packed in various bags.
It is of a bright golden color.
Being very light, one pound will last
Two to three times as long as others.
Buy it, try it, and convince yourself. If
Your dealer does not keep it ask him to get it.

EUREKA SMOKING TOBACCO

Is also a very good article, and makes an excellent smoke. It is much lower in price and of heavier body than the former, and its sale, wherever introduced, is not only permanent, but constantly on the increase. Orders for elegant Meerschaum Pipes are also placed in the various bags of this brand daily.

Be Sure you Get Lorillard's.

We are still packing $100 daily in *Century* Chewing Tobacco, and have lately improved its quality very much.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.—I HAVE discovered a positive cure for Consumption, and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1,000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed, so great is my faith, I will send a sample *Free* to any fellow sufferer who will address Yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT,
977-2teo S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton St., New York.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints—remedies the ill effects of bad dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful *black* or *brown.* Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers and properly applied at Batchelor's Wig Factory No 16 Bond street, New York. 942-1y

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BEFORE BUYING TURBINE WATER WHEELS—Send for Circulars of PEEKSKILL MANUFACTURING CO., Peekskill, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS AND OTHERS.

THE following works on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the **RURAL NEW-YORKER.** We can also furnish other Books on RURAL AFFAIRS, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices—and shall add new works as published.

Allen's Am. Farm Book	$1,50
Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals	1,00
American Bird Fancier	30
American Pomology (296 Illustrations)	3,00
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American Rose Culturist	30
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Black Raspberry Culture	20
Browne's Field Book of Manures	1,50
Breck's Book of Flowers (new)	1,75
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Copeland's Country Life, 926 pp. 250 engravings	5,00
Cultivation of Native Grapes and Manufacture of Am. Wine	1,50
Dana's Muck Manual	1,25
Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor	1,50
Do. American Cattle Doctor	1,50
Domestic Poultry Book, with over 100 Illustrations	50
Downing's Cottage Residences	2,50

AGAIN.

O, sweet and fair! O, rich and rare!
  That day so long ago,
The Autumn sunshine everywhere,
  The heather all aglow.
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
  The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
  For ever, ever more.

O, fit and few! O, tried and true!
  The friends who met that day.
Each one the other's spirit knew;
  And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
  The twilight kissed the shore;
We said:—"Such days shall come again
  For ever, ever more."

One day again, no cloud of pain
  A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
  To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike the sun that shone,
  The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
  Like—unlike—ever more.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
  And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
  And marred the harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said,
  "The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same are not the same,
  O, never, never more!" [*Frazer's Mag.*

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 340, last number.]

CHAPTER SIXTH.

The years tell many stories. Not to all do they breathe the same. The burden of some is childhood, of others youth, and still others age. Some have love in them,—some have gladness,—some have beautiful promises,—some have glorious realizations. Over one we laugh; over another we weep. One we would forget if we could; others—God grant they be not few!—we delight to recall again and again, till memory will no longer do our bidding.

Decades are wonder workers. They make the cooing babe a merry child, the child a youth, the youth a thoughtful parent. They pencil wrinkles on brows fair and smooth as that of Venus; they spell out names we love the best on cold marble tablets. They bear us along on a journey we cannot retrace if we would,—may we feel that we would not if we could!

A decade and seven years more altered Willoughby Hall very little; but they made deeper impress on those within it. The good housekeeper grew a trifle older, and donned a cap and spectacles. She kept her sunny-hearted manner, and presided at the Hall and looked after the master's comfort in a way quite grandmotherly, considering that she had never taken the first maternal degree except as a substitute. But an excellent substitute she made, as the care she took of fair-haired Mabel Willoughby fully attested. The master changed more. From young, though hardly vigorous manhood, he passed into the prime of middle age, showing a decade more than he could prove any claim to in his worn face and fast silvering hair. He looked fifty, at least, and walked with a perceptible stoop, as if he had been always carrying a weary burden. And had he not?

His life was a wearing pain to him, for the most part, yet it was a genuine blessing to others. For the first year or two after losing his wife, he gave way almost entirely to gloom and despondency. He saw no cheer in the sunlight,—indeed he felt that there was no sunlight, only dark night, without any stars. Then the child became large enough to attract more attention, and aroused anew his interest in affairs about him. The conviction that he was wrecking his life through indifference to all nobler impulses took hold upon him. He made an effort to throw off the dead weight of unavailing sorrow that seemed crushing him down, and partially succeeded. Again he went out and employed his mind in healing the sick and ministering to the distressed. By these efforts the tone of his mental system was greatly improved. Of other afflicted ones he learned somewhat of the lesson of submissiveness, and came to murmur less against the Providence that had smitten him so sorely. Toward the young girl whose lisping syllables grew at length into loving words, and gentle, timid caresses, his affections went out more and more; and the new, living love kindled in his heart soothed, if it did not wholly allay, the pain so long seated there.

And the girl herself?—She was called Mabel, rather than Eleanor, because the father shrank from pronouncing the name of his wife so frequently, or hearing it from others. She was naturally shy, and when strangers came to the Hall seldom allowed herself to be seen. In a silent, almost stealthy manner she glided about the old place, hiding for hours at a time underneath the wide-spreading trees, amusing herself in little odd ways that best pleased her and quite puzzled Mrs. Allgood. Even in her pinafores she was not like other children. She studied over her playthings, rather than played with them, and astonished the housekeeper with curious questions that sometimes she was unable to answer.

"The child don't look a bit like her mother," dame Allgood time and again declared. And save her fairness there was no particular resemblance to the father. In features they were only just near enough alike to be English, and to look unmistakably of that extraction. Her complexion was light as though nurtured under the balmiest skies, and would have passed readily as native to the meads of Devon. There was never bright sunshine sufficient glimmering through the trees about the Hall to change it, while from chilling winds and the like she was vigilantly guarded. Growing up with no childish companions, it was hardly strange that she was so little like a child,—that she was so thoughtful and studious in manner.

So far as seventeen quiet years, the last ten assisted by a good governess, could make her womanly, Mabel Willoughby was now a woman. She returned the affection of her father with warm intensity,—literally loved him with her whole heart, for as yet the deeper springs of her nature were untouched by a more rapturous thrill. She had fully realized dame Allgood's hope, and become the joy of his darkened home. No hands were so ready as hers to do him service,—none others served him so acceptably. Toward him her natural shyness never manifested itself; alone with him she was truthful and frank, and spoke her thoughts unreservedly. For she was like her mother in this respect. Where she loved she trusted. Like that mother, too, she was gravely thoughtful. Latterly she had read much, under her father's guidance, and upon questions rarely brought to a young girl's attention she often meditated.

Dr. Willoughby came home one afternoon, from a visit to several sick people in the vicinity. It was in the early spring-time, and the freshness of young leaves and bursting buds was on the May air. He found Mabel out in the park, wandering through the cleanly swept paths, and there joined her.

"Have you had a pleasant ride, father?"

"Yes and no, pet. It is never pleasant to see persons suffering, and I found John Brainard's rheumatism torturing him severely, and Grandma Blake in more pain than usual. But I met Ralph Enderby, on my way home, which was a real pleasure. He is an old friend of ours, who owns a place several miles away, but has been traveling a long time. I did not know of his return until we met."

"I remember him, father. He came here when I was a little girl."

"So he did; so he did. I had forgotten it. He has lately come from New Orleans, and proposes to spend the summer at Glendale."

"Oh, is that his place?" she asked, eagerly. "I rode by there only last week. It is a beautiful retreat."

"Very beautiful, indeed, pet. Though Enderby has been away so long, he has not allowed Glendale to run down any. And it is more cheerful and tasty than this, because it isn't so old."

"But we wouldn't exchange with him, father?" She looked up at the Hall as she spoke, then down the winding paths.

"Never!" he responded earnestly, yet somewhat sadly. "The old place is too dear for that."

"Ralph will dine with us to-morrow," he continued, after they had walked a little way in silence. "You will not dislike to meet him?" he asked, knowing her disposition.

"As he is an old friend, of course I shall not."

And they went into the Hall.

Mabel was with her father the next day, in the drawing-room, when Ralph Enderby was expected, ready to receive their guest. Instead of one, came two. The unexpected was a young gentleman,—little more than a mere youth,—with black hair, blacker eyes,—very evidently of Southern birth. Mabel noted this as the two gentlemen were ushered in, and shrank back timidly from the introduction Mr. Enderby gave.

"This is a young friend of mine from the South, Willoughby,—Alfred Henderson. He arrived at Glendale only last night, in response to my invitation to spend some weeks with me, and as I didn't wish to leave him alone I took the liberty to bring him here."

"You did perfectly right,—perfectly right," Dr. Willoughby responded. "We are happy to entertain your friend, and can assure him he is heartily welcome."

The young man acknowledged the reception gracefully, as he did the subsequent presentation to "my pet, Mabel," over whose white little hand he bowed as deferently as though it were a queen's.

"So this is the little girl whom I couldn't coax into friendship, a half dozen years ago, is it?" was Enderby's salutation to her. "I trust I shall succeed better now."

"My father's friends are mine," she replied, shyly.

"We shall get on capitally, then."

The announcement of dinner was here made, and he gallantly offered his arm to Mabel, while the host followed, with young Henderson, into the dining-room.—[To be continued.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 337, last No.]

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day when father came to dinner he brought me a little note, containing only these words:

Dear Miss Ruth:—I am suddenly called away on urgent business to New York, and shall probably be gone several weeks; therefore our anticipated excursion to Coal Hill must be postponed. I am very sorry, but it cannot be helped. I leave in the morning train.
Truly yours, Clifford Hills.

We were all in the dining-room as I read it. "It's a note from Mr. Hills, Lina," I said. "He must go to New York on urgent business, he says, to be gone several weeks. He had better be back in time for the 10th of August evening."

"Yes," said Lina, smiling, "don't let him fail to be present then, if he values my friendship."

I cast a hasty glance at Cousin Dora. Alas! hair, countenance and form were all "fallen, fallen!" and so they remained all dinner-time, and the afternoon hours that followed. Industry, however, is a grand panacea for all heart-aches, and as we were all excessively industrious those days, she gradually brightened, though the pensive, *stricken* look never entirely left her face.

To be openly honest,—I had my own secret little fox, hidden away under my cloak, gnawing at my heart,—I may as well own it. A rumor began floating about in the air that Mr. Hills had been appointed to a splendid situation in a New York university, and would soon return to his old home. How much of this was truth nobody knew; they could only tell what they had heard. Cousin Dora's wounds,—which were visible, for she wore no cloak,—began to heal as she inhaled this subtle medicine floating in the atmosphere.

At last, the very day before the wedding, Mr. Hills returned, and came down with Tom that evening. Very light-hearted he appeared,—very hopeful and happy,—as he told us he had, most unexpectedly, received from an old college friend an offer of a most lucrative situation, as Assistant Principal in his Seminary; therefore he should return East the 1st of September. "I am sorry for only one thing," he said; "that is leaving Pittsburg. I like it,—the city and the people,—and having thought I was to spend the rest of my life here, it is rather hard to leave."

So he *was* going,—"for good and all." He might be somewhat sorry; but he was going. Several other friends were down from the city that evening; among the rest I remember Allen Chase. They all expressed their sorrow that Mr. Hills was going away, and wished him success,—sincere sorrow and sincere congratulations, as one could easily see, for he was universally liked. As they gathered round him, eagerly talking, I saw there would be no opportunity for a quiet word with him, so I escaped, unnoticed, out of the warm parlor for a little run in the orchard. Then the tea-bell rang; and after tea I was surrounded by young lady friends and coaxed to accompany them to the top of the hill,—"it was such a fair, cool evening:" so I put on my hat and went,—the gayest, merriest one among them.

Allen Chase and another young gentleman went with us; Allen utterly at his wits' end to know what to do with *four* pretty girls, besides Miss Ruth and her cousin, to divide his heart among. Merrily we went up the hill, and as the sun set and the twilight rose, merrily we came down the hill, and nearly all our guests took their departure.

"I would go down the hill with you, girls," I said, laughing, "but I am *so* tired, and there would be the weary walk up alone."

"And I would go down the hill with you, girls," said Tom, "but I wish to have a little talk with this young lady," pointing to Lina. "She is to be married to-morrow, you know, and then single gentlemen can pay her no further attentions."

"And *I* would go down with you," said Lina, "but I must attend to my remaining guests," looking towards Tom and Mr. Hills.

"And *I* would go down with you," said the last named gentleman, "but,—really, I have *no* excuse. I will go down and see you safely in the car."

"But are you not going to town to-night?" inquired several voices, male and female.

"Yes, with Mr. Andrews."

So the group started down the hill.

"Why, where in the world is Allen Chase?" said a laughing girl.

"I think he went ahead of us," a young man replied.

They went on, down, out of sight. Tom and Lina joined father in the dining-room, to complete some arrangements for the morrow. Cousin Dora and I were alone on the porch. Then she came up to me and spoke with that *intensity* I had known in her voice before.

"Cousin Ruth, I am going to do it; I am going to ask him this very night. It will be my last opportunity; I may never see him after he goes to that school; and think—imagine—the bliss of going back to New York—*home—his bride.*"

The fox made a sudden spring at my cloak, and nearly tore it open. "Cousin Dora," I said, bitterly, "would you let a man marry you from pity instead of love?" I had never spoken to her in such a tone before, and she looked up at me in surprise, and half shrank from me. The ridiculous, soft, little creature!—how foolish to harbor any bitterness against her? As well be angry at a rabbit, with its meek eyes and silky, soft fur!

"Cousin Ruth," she said, "I am going down to meet him; he will be alone, you know; the moon is not yet risen, but it's light enough."

"Well," said I.

"And I will tell you on my return," she continued, "whether I am to die of a broken heart or be a happy bride."

"I shall be up in my room; you can come to me."

"Yes." She went down the steps and passed through the shrubbery, looking like a sprite in her white dress. I went up stairs into my room and locked the door. More than an hour passed, and no one came. Several times I thought I heard steps on the grass or on the porch; several times fancied I saw some one come up the hill; once or twice was positive I could distinguish Mr. Hills' voice, but listening intently I couldn't hear Dora's; she didn't come up stairs, and I thought I must be mistaken. At last, when reclining by the table,—my head resting on my hands,—I had actually sank into a doze, I heard a knock at the door. I started up and unlocked it; Cousin Dora came in.

"Well," I said, cheerfully, "how is it? Are you soon to be made the happiest of women?"

She sank, quivering and trembling, into the nearest chair; but I could see in the moonlight that her eyes shone like stars.

"Cousin," she gasped, "give me your hand;—there—do you feel my heart palpitate?"

"Never mind now; be cool," I said. "Here,—let me give you some water; this was iced not long ago."

"Thank you,"—taking a mouthful of it. "But, Cousin Ruth, let me hold your hand; let me cling to some one cooler and calmer than myself, or I shall go mad with joy. Cousin," laughing hysterically, "will you go to New York with me, to be my bridesmaid? I am to be married the first week after my return!"

"The first week!" I cried; "in New York?" and the fox's keen eyes shone out for an instant. "It's all settled then, Cousin Dora? Where did you meet him?"

"Just down where the path turns up the hill. I heard his step, and stole behind a tree till he came up. It was so very shady there he didn't notice even my white dress till I spoke. I could scarcely get breath to speak; to ask him, first of all, to please speak very low, for we might be overheard. Then I told him all; how he was so like my dead lover, in every word and motion, that he seemed like his risen spirit; (I suppose she meant embodied, reader, but am not sure;) that I loved him, so dearly, so tenderly,—both for his own sake and Charlie's—that I had resolved to overcome all maidenly bashfulness, and offer him my poor, maimed, bleeding heart, trusting that he wouldn't cast it in the dust beneath his feet. What do you think he replied, Cousin Ruth?"

"Took you for better or for worse; I knew that the moment I saw your bright eyes 'by the light of the moon.' But, by the way, let me strike another light."

"Oh, no," she said, "not yet; let me tell you all first. He *did* take me; he took me in his arms; he folded me to his heart; he kissed my lips and cheeks and eyes; he told me that he had loved me from the first moment he had seen me; that my sad, wistful expression of face first drew his heart out to me; that he would cherish me as his love and his life; and he said,—only think, Cousin,—he said he had been trying, at different times, for many days to speak to me,—to tell me what was in his heart, but either opportunity or courage failed him. He said he was just then coming up the hill determined to be a man and know his fate before he went back to town, when some good angel put it into my heart to come down to him. Then we heard a step,—Laury's, I suppose, coming up from the village,—so we walked along through the orchard. My feet were all wet with dew, but I didn't think of it *then*. We went to the brow of the hill,—where that great big stone is, you know, Cousin,—and there he stood beside me, talking still, in a low, musical voice. Ah, that voice! how it woke the echoes in my heart." She sighed softly.

"Will he go to New York with you?" I inquired.

"No, not just with me. I will go about a week ahead of him, and have everything arranged for our wedding, that it may take place immediately on his arrival. You will go home with me, Cousin; now, will you not? How appropriate that you, at whose house we met and all this happened, should be my bridesmaid!"

"I am afraid I cannot," I replied, "but we'll see. But now, Cousin,—not to turn you out of my room,—I must say you ought to go to bed. After an evening of such excitement, you will certainly be ill if you are not careful."

"Yes," she assented; "you are really more thoughtful for me than I am for myself; but what wonder, *to-night?*"

"To be sure," I replied, smiling; "no wonder. Did Mr. Hills come up with you? Is he in the house now?"

"Oh, no; he only came to the grape vines. I asked him to come up, but he thought he would rather not to-night."

"But Tom will think it odd; he was to go home with him."

"Yes, I know it; but I suppose he didn't wish to talk with any one after—" she laughed, and blushed.

"After talking with his bride elect," I said. "It would be rather stale; and Tom in the same condition, they wouldn't find each other 'mutually entertaining.'"

"No, I think not. Good night, Cousin."

"Good night." She kissed me and went out. I quietly undressed and got into bed. The fox went to sleep for a while as I lay thinking. "I believe I understand one thing," I said to myself; "the description she has given of him to-night is no more like Mr. Hills than day is like darkness. It must be, then, that he understands her character completely; that, as he saw no way out of it, he has given himself up to her, and did and said just what he knew would please her; it was manly—it was most noble in him. *He* wouldn't wish *me* to be her bridesmaid, nor would I for a thousand worlds. But, dear me! the poor, entrapped fellow! What a weary desert life is before him!" My heart filled with pity; I never was so sorry for any one in my life. "To think of taking that vapid, insipid creature for one's life; to listen to her senseless chatter, day in and day out, through long, weary years! Poor fellow! poor fellow!"

I was not yet asleep when Lina came up stairs. "Ruth, dear," she said, "are you in bed so early? It's only half-past nine."

"Yes, I was tired. Is Tom gone?"

"Yes; but, Ruth, why didn't either you or Cousin Dora come down stairs all the evening? It was hardly fair, dear, to leave me with two gentlemen to entertain."

"*Two?*" I repeated. "Who besides Tom?"

"Why, Mr. Hills; didn't you know he was here?"

"No, indeed. Cousin Dora said he didn't come up again; that he went to town."

"It was odd she should think that," said Lina. "So that was the reason neither of you came down?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I was only afraid," said Lina, "that he would feel hurt about it, and think you staid away intentionally."

"Oh, I guess not," I said; but I *was* puzzled. "It must be," I thought, "he just pretended he was going,—to get rid of her,—and then, as she came up the front way, he went round by the long porch; but it's very queer."—[To be continued.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

"Did you ever know such a mechanical genius as my son?" said an old lady. "He has made a fiddle out of his own head, and he has wood enough for another."

"Nehemiah, compare the adjective 'cold,'" said a schoolmistress to her head boy. "Positive cold, comparitive cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

An incorrigible loafer, being taken to task for his laziness, replied—"I'll tell you, gentlemen, you are mistaken, I have not a lazy bone in my body; but the fact is, *I was born tired!*"

"What's that," asked a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. "It's daddy's name." "No, you blockhead, it's X." "'Taint X neither, it's daddy's name, for I seed him write it many a time."

A dissipated and unmannerly nobleman, presuming upon his "nobility," once asked Sir Walter Scott, who sat opposite to him at a dinner, what the difference was between Scott and not? "Just the breadth of the table," retorted Sir Walter.

"So here I am, between two tailors," said a fop at a public table, where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.

"True," was the reply, "we are new beginners, and can only afford to keep one goose between us."

A chap went to a pork house to buy pork on credit. First he bargained for a lot of hogs' ears; next, the clerk seeming willing to trust, he bought a hog's head; then growing bold, he said—"I believe I will take that ham." "No you won't," replied the clerk, "you are head and ears in debt now."

Unsophisticated boy—"Mamma, papa is getting very rich, isn't he?" Mamma—"I don't know; why, child?" Boy—"'Cause he gives me so much money. Almost every morning, after breakfast, when Sally is sweeping the parlor, he gives me a sixpence to go out and play." Sally received a short notice to quit.

Affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaimed:—"Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible." Mother, lowering her spectacles and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says:—"Kill it! kill it! It is the very thing that has been eating the leaves and book marks."

A gentleman riding, came to the edge of a morass which he considered not safe. Seeing a peasant lad, he asked whether the bog was hard at bottom. "O, yes, quite hard," replied the youth. The gentleman rode on, but his horse began to sink. "You rascal," shouted he, "did you not say it was hard at bottom?" "So it is," rejoined the rogue, "but you're not half way to it yet."

HOW WE LOVE THEM.

A woman with a mighty skirt,
  (A dry-good's merchant's card.)
We must regard her as a flirt
  And love her by the yard.
But when we see a pretty maid
  Wear gaiters very neat,
Our gaze descends, we're much afraid—
  We love her by two feet.
  Adoring ladies by the measure
  Affords a most ecstatic pleasure.

The Pittsburg Chronicle says:—"We saw the man last night who don't believe lager beer will intoxicate. He stopped us on Vine street to say,—'Mos' harm'ss bev'ege in er 'orld. Man can drink lil'y glasses 'n never feel it more 'n (hic) I am this min't. A man drinks whisky, 'an he shows it. Drinks lage' beer 'n don't sh-sh-show 't 'an al'ys did! Look at 't noble Germ' pop-pop-lash'n. Never see 'm tos-tos-cated, don't ye so 'n I! Lager beer has no more 'fect on me 'n so much wa'er. Can walk (hic) hole through la'er, or see crack in er sid'alk well 's an' ov'er man. Bet ye two dol'hr 'n half dean. My house 'n find his way home with (hic) 'hole keg beer outsi' 'im. Y' say beer 'stroys mem'ry. 'Sile. 'Member better today than I ever did to-mor'r. 'Rah for—who's that ge'm-'n we nom'na'd at—where was our Conve'tion held? What am I—who are you, an' how? Please tell me 'f seven street runs down stree' ra'road can get a (hic) hack 'n go my way. If don't who has?'

"We left him, satisfied that he was right; lager beer is not intoxicating. Oh no."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 52 letters.
My 30, 48, 6, 51 is a musical instrument.
My 52, 23, 38, 36 is what often falls.
My 46, 42, 23, 16, 39, 15, 26, 35, 23 is a girl's name.
Mr 50, 23, 7, 9 is worn by ladies.
My 5, 43, 22, 4 is a wild animal.
My 11, 8, 3, 50, 27 is an article of furniture.
My 47, 21, 1, 40, 15 is what some do in winter.
My 36, 22, 2, 8 is a boy's nickname.
My 1, 12, 25, 33, 43 is a kind of fruit.
My 21, 22, 52, 32, 28, 43, 16, 27 is used for light.
My 10, 45, 41, 36, 31 is not old.
My 24, 20, 1, 16, 32 is a musical instrument.
My 19, 23, 14, 22 is a body of water.
My 18, 29, 41, 4 is not sweet.
My 13, 2, 26 is a bird.
My 17, 34, 1 is a girl's name.
My 37, 15, 36, 39, 20, 49 is an article much used.
My 44, 40, 42, 45, 16, 31 is what Dr. Winship is.
My whole is a proverb.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My dawn of life was fair to view,
  Joys came with each succeeding morrow,
Until, alas! I met with you;
  You turned my every joy to sorrow.

Enchanter fell, behold thy deeds;
  My lily-roseate face is clouded;
The flowers I wore are now but weeds,
  In blackness all my beauty shrouded.

Depart, depart—for losing you,
  A brighter day will chase my sadness;
Say thy farewell—and soon adieu (*a dew*)
  Will change my tears to drops of gladness.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Pulestors fo file rea ew sa wo dants
  Thwi rno soins devarcun rebofe su,
  Tingwai eht huro wenh, at God's mandmoc,
  Oru file-meard sapres re'o su.

Ypsilanti, Mich. Jennie.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

At what time after five o'clock will the minute hand form with the hour hand an angle of twenty-five degrees; and in how long after will the same hands form an obtuse angle, which shall be in proportion to a right angle as sixteen to fifteen?

Albion, N. Y. J. W. M.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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0000.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

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Of Vol. XIX of the Rural New-Yorker commenced Oct. 3, under most favorable auspices. We propose to make the Thirteen Numbers of the Quarter (offered on Trial for Only Fifty Cents,) more interesting and valuable than any preceding quarter's issues.

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Is to continuously excel in all the essentials of a Progressive, Timely, Entertaining and Useful Rural, Literary, Family and Business Newspaper,—and the issues of the present Quarter, (Oct. to Jan'y,) as well as those of Vol. XX, for 1869, will more than ever before manifest the spirit of its Motto, "*Excelsior*," and Objects, "*Progress and Improvement.*"

PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE.

As indications of what the Rural will be in the early future—the present Quarter, and following Volume—we refer with confidence to its past Numbers and Volumes. The lamp of over a quarter of a century's experience in Rural Journalism will be our guide, and with greatly increased means and facilities ought to enable us to improve as we advance. Drawing upon this ample fund, we propose to furnish during the coming Three Months the Best Rural, Literary and Family Weekly ever published, to be followed, in 1869, by a Volume far superior to any similar one obtainable,—in fact,

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Our Trial Trip, from Oct. to Jan.,—13 numbers,—will be forwarded at Only Fifty Cents, so that all who wish to see what the Rural is can do so for a trifle. *Now is the time to renew, or try the Trial Trip.* Will not our Agents and Subscribers aid us by introducing the paper to the notice and support of friends and acquaintances?

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

HOP GROWING AND HOP PROSPECTS.

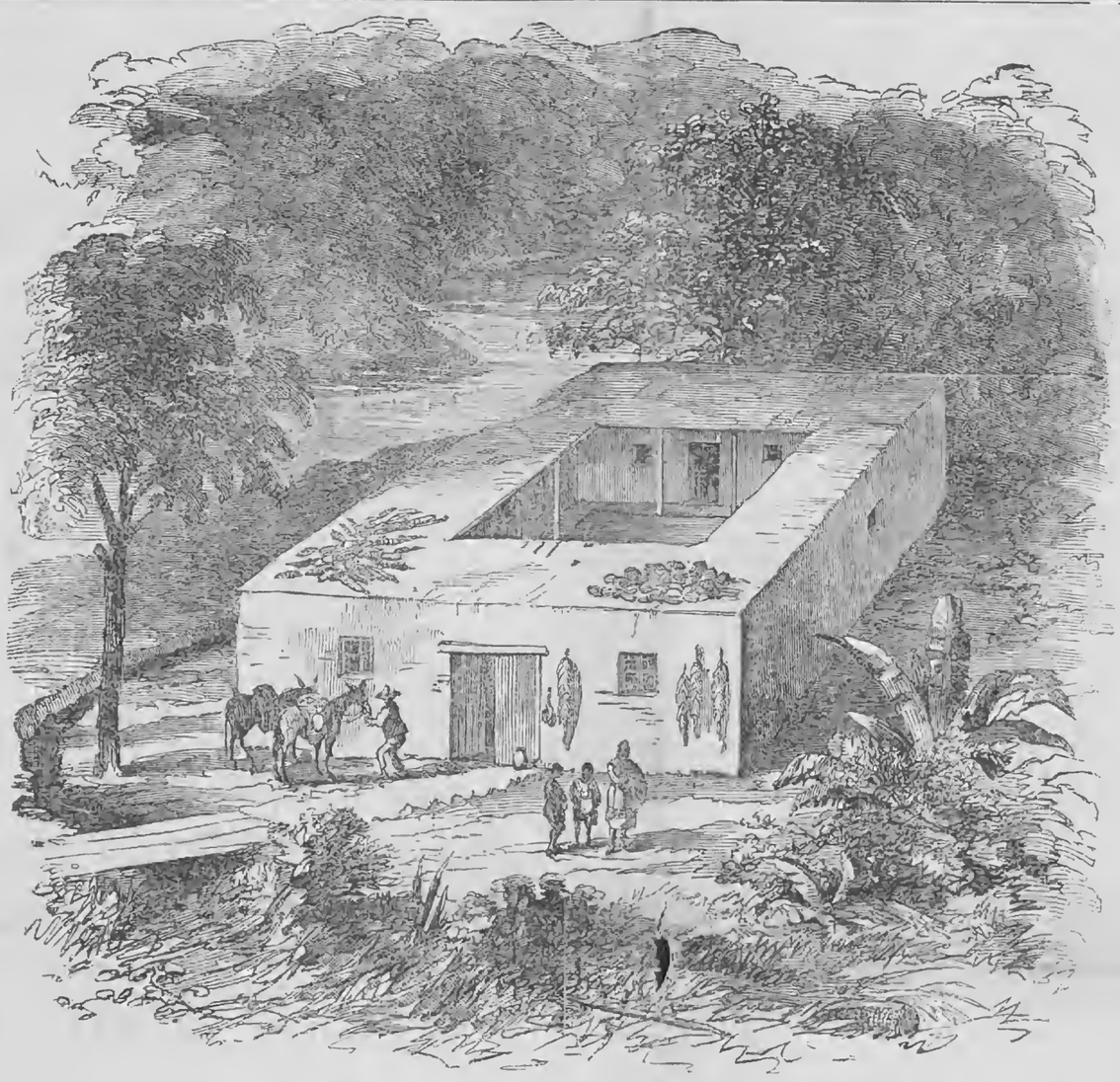
ON several occasions, during the past year, allusion has been made to the great expansion of hop culture—especially in some of the Western States—and the probability suggested that the business was being so overdone as to bring certain loss to hop growers. This point seems to have been speedily reached, for, though a large portion of the crop appears to have been rendered worthless by the attacks of the hop louse, especially in Wisconsin, the prevailing report is low prices and tardy sales. When hops sold at about sixty cents a pound, multitudes were severely attacked with what is denominated the "hop fever," causing them to desert wheat, corn, oats, and the root crops measurably, for hop roots and poles. Now hops range in the market at from five to twenty cents per pound, and sales at these rates are slowly made. It would naturally be inferred that if the hop louse had done any considerable injury, the prospect of a diminished crop would raise the price and impart firmness to the market, and such would have been the result but for one circumstance, and that is this:—With the increase of the hop mania came over-production to such an extent as to divest insect ravages of their customary influence on the market.

As pertinent to this subject, and of possible advantage to farmers who may have had an eye to a hop yard, in the immediate future, we give a summary of a communication of J. C. CHANDLER in the Wisconsin Farmer of recent date. He claims to have survived three severe attacks of the hop fever, embracing the types of the disease as furnished by the Eastern and Western States. At present, within the scope of his own observation, there are many who forsook grain for hops who were severely pressed to raise money enough to pay for picking the crop, owing to a sluggish and plethoric market and the low ruling of the article in it. In addition to this, statistics are furnished showing that, in two Western States alone, hops enough have been grown, after making deductions for insect depredations, to supply the home demand—great and increasing as this is conceded to be—leaving as a surplus the product of all the other States. This is not a comforting aspect of the case to those who have expended largely in hop cultivation, but it seems to be a true one and, if so, ignoring or denying it can serve no useful purpose, either to producer or consumer.

It is assumed, by the party referred to, that the consumption of the whole country the ensuing year will be twenty millions of pounds. A partial return of the hop bearing acreage of Sauk Co., Wisconsin, alone, was 5,588, while seven other counties, which have grown hops heavily, are credited with 7,000 acres more—making a total in round numbers in these counties alone of thirteen thousand acres. It is assumed, as a fair average, that an acre will yield 1,500 pounds which, multiplied by the acreage, gives but a trifle short of the twenty millions of pounds required for domestic consumption—leaving the entire product of other sections as surplusage or over-production. Even should this estimate be diminished one-half, there would still be a supply equal to the prospective demand for the ensuing year. The teaching implied in this, however disagreeable it may be, is that hop planting cannot, for a series of years at least, be profitably extended, and that some other industry more remunerative should be preferred to it. One thing is clear—that hop raising investments, at present prices, cannot give promise of remunerative results. The better plan would seem to be to let those who are in for hops hold the ground alone, till a remunerative point is reached, rather than, by added competition, to increase their embarrassments without any resulting advantages to the new competitors.

WHEAT RAISING IN MAINE.

AT the recent State Fair in Maine—the first held there since 1860—the farmers held evening meetings for the discussion of themes connected with their calling—particular attention being paid to the subject of wheat growing. The Hon. SETH SCAMMON, President of the State Society, adverted to the growing of wheat there in former times and why it was discontinued for a series of years. The prevalence of the midge prevented the growth of wheat till within a few years, when the business was resumed with flattering success under an impulse furnished by legislative aid to the town and county societies. This stimulated competition, over the State, and the result has been a better yield of wheat in Maine the past year than in the wheat growing States of the West. Recent experiments there have demonstrated that the midge has measurably disappeared, rendering it safe to again include wheat growing in the circle of farm operations. It was considered that the midge had been starved out, in consequence of the discontinuance of wheat growing for so long a time, and that it will take an equally protracted one to bring them back, if in fact they come at all, in sufficient force to render wheat growing non-remunerating.



A MEXICAN ADOBE HOUSE.

THE use for building purposes of unburned brick, or blocks of clay dried hard in the sun, is old as history, and in sunny climes and with proper material, it may be both practical and economical. The circumstances attending the early settlement of our country, dictated to us the selection of building materials. But who constructs log houses now? And who doubts that, in the course of time, the use of wood, as a prominent building material, will be entirely renounced? Possibly then we may fall back, to some extent at least, to the employment of the simple materials of the earliest ages. Combinations of clay, lime and gravel, and various kinds of artificial stone, have already met with favor. Many farm buildings may be constructed of cheaper materials than brick or cut stone, and of more durability than wood. The Mexican adobe, which answers a good purpose in that climate, is a large block made of good stiff clay, sometimes having an admixture of straw, and dried hard in the sun. These blocks are cemented together with clay mortar, and the outside of the building thickly whitewashed. Low walls constructed thus are durable and strong, and the cost is low.

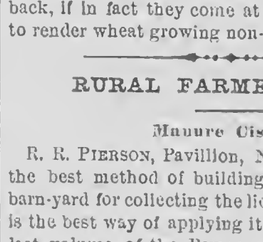
RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

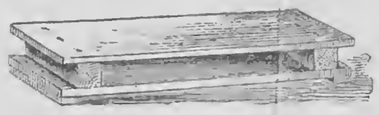
Manure Cistern.

R. R. PIERSON, Pavillion, N. Y., asks—"What is the best method of building a vat or cistern in a barn-yard for collecting the liquid manure, and what is the best way of applying it to the soil?" In the last volume of the RURAL we illustrated and described a plan of a yard for piling manure with vat attached to collect the liquid. It is simply to lay a water-tight floor with stone and cement, or clay, with slightly raised edges, and sloping to the center of one side. Underneath this lowest point build a cistern, with suitable conduits. The liquid will find its way to it, and may be pumped thence, from time to time, on the heap. Perhaps as economical and effectual a way of applying it is in conjunction with the fine, rotted manure,—but a tank may be rigged on wheels which will distribute it to the crops.

Fanning Mill Anchor—Wagon Seat.

L. D. SNOOK, Barrington, N. Y., sends us the following sketches of convenient little things for farmers. He writes:—"Fanning mills, when in use, are continually changing their position, by reason of the vibratory motion of the shoe, and the unequal applying of the power to the crank shaft. This is not only annoying, but consumes valuable time, besides causing a mixed condition of grain after the process of cleaning. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see fanning mills with their lower portion filled with nails, driven in for the purpose of keeping the mill in a desired position on the floor when in use. The accompanying engraving represents a cheap and simple device, attached to one of the standards of a fanning mill, by the use of which the mill is held firmly in place. It is so simple as to scarcely need a description. Two small staples are driven in the standard, through which is passed an iron slide five inches in length and of the form shown. There should be one at each side of the mill. It will be found equally as valuable when attached to cider and wine mills, small hand presses, and in fact any portable machine that requires to be stationary while in use.





"In the routine of farm operations the lumber wagon occupies a most prominent position, and not the least unimportant of the parts of this vehicle is a good seat. The one shown in connection with this article is cheap, convenient, strong, and durable. It is intended for the occupancy of but one person."

Food of Man.

"ELLIOTT" writes:—"It is amusing to hear a man speak of such and such food as being unsuitable or unhealthy, etc., and that if people would only eat thus and so their lives would be prolonged, no sickness would come, or any of the ills of life common to the animal system. We say such remarks are to us amusing, and only exhibit a want of good common-sense thought as to the demands of the system and the consequent varied occupations and labors of man,—one man whose labors are at physical strain from six to six often requiring double the food of another whose occupation is mainly with his pen. Again, exposure to air, whether cold or hot, requires a necessary and accordant supply of food to meet the daily wants of the system. We could write a long homily on this, but have said enough when we have said that any attempt at directing a certain class or style of food for universal use exhibits in the promulgator a want of common knowledge of his fellow men."

Ravages of White Grubs.

D. STEPHENSON of Pittsburg, Pa., writes in answer to a recently published inquiry about these pests, advising farmers to turn the hogs into the field and leave them till near winter, and then plow the field as late as possible before winter sets in, letting the soil lie up to the frost until spring. Then sow with oats and seed to clover and timothy, and the meadow will be as good as ever and will not be bothered with grubs.

Tanning Small Skins.

WE have two or three inquiries regarding the tanning of small skins with the hair or fur on. The Boston Cultivator gives the following recipe:—Any one can succeed in doing so by taking two parts saltpeter, and one of alum, pulverizing them well together, spread the skin carefully fur side down, before it has got dried, apply the mixture evenly, being careful to touch every part, in sufficient quantity to thoroughly wet the surface after it dissolves; double the flesh side in and roll it up closely, put it in a cool place out of the way of the frost, and let it remain three or four days, perhaps more, according to the thickness; then unroll, and when it gets nearly dry, with a dull knife remove the fat that may adhere in spots, and a little rubbing may make it pliable and fit for use.

Pumpkins for Stock.

P. F. HAINES, Wayland, Mich., writes:—"I am boiling pumpkins for my hogs, and some of my neighbors say they are nearly worthless unless the seeds are taken out. What do you think?" That they are not "nearly worthless" if well cooked, as that process diminishes or nearly removes the bad effect of the seed. It is common experience that pumpkins fed liberally to stock, in a raw state, cause animals to urinate freely, but also fattens them.

Thickening the Base of Osage Hedges.

W. H. MANN, Gilman, Ill., writes:—"If it is desirable to make a hog-proof hedge, it is not advisable to cut the young hedge off at all, but when it attains sufficient age it should be plashed."

MANGLING THE FOREST.

THE Ohio Farmer calls attention to the necessity of exercising more care in the preservation of forest timber. It says: "Wagons are thundered over the roots without mercy; marks of the ax may be seen on the most thrifty trees, and when felling, one, two or three others are mangled and torn from lack of care." This is all true, and results, in most instances, from employing men in the forest who have no experience with the ax, and, from lack of instruction and practice, no correct idea of the way to fell a tree without bruising, and destroying the branches of contiguous ones. Many persons, not deficient in judgment and calculation in other rural matters, placed in the forest are as destructive as a bovine in a China shop. A tree is designated to be felled, and at it they go without a thought of anything but prostrating it upon the ground. No attention is paid to surrounding and neighboring trees; to the inclination of the top and body of the one to be felled, or, to the chance of throwing the tree down without overturning or marring others. Practice alone can give certainty to the chopper, in felling trees in the precise position wanted, but due observation and care, at the start, will do much towards preventing damage to trees in the vicinity of those devoted to the ax. Some ax men, green in the business, chop round the tree, as in the process of girdling, especially if the boll is of considerable diameter. In doing this the chopper loses all control over it; whereas, if the work is properly done, the ax, acting as a wedge or lever when the tree is about to fall, exerts a powerful influence in sending it in the right direction and avoiding others in the vicinity of the line of its declination. A half a century ago, when the object was to destroy the forest as fast as possible, the case was different. Then, slashing and cutting, in any direction, was deemed legitimate; but times are changed now, and forest timber is becoming an object of special care, not for timber and fuel only, but as a shield from the careering winds and storms of winter. Cut out the decaying portions, as they are discovered and wanted for use; but, in doing this, avoid damaging such as are not required for present consumption. Care, in this respect, is highly remunerative.

CARBOLIC ACID.

THIS recent product of coal tar has been frequently mentioned in connection with the cattle plague, but we have seen no systematic discussion of its qualities and effects in the agricultural journals. And as it is most important to the farmer, as well as the arts and medicine, we will endeavor to make the subject easy of comprehension to the general reader.

This substance was first distilled from the light oils of tar, composed of carbon and hydrogen, treating them with a concentrated solution of potash, by LAURENT; but his method was too expensive to render it an article of commerce. About 1850 it was used to preserve animal bodies from putrefaction. In 1859, Dr. F. C. CALVERT of Manchester, England, discovered a process of manufacturing it from impure benzine or naptha with a weak alkaline solution, and thus greatly cheapened its production, and from this time it began to be extensively used instead of analine in making those beautiful colors.

Up to this time it had not been produced commercially in a pure state, and had not been used much in medicine; but, in 1863, CALVERT produced in large quantities a pure phenic alcohol or carbolic acid. Yet it still possessed a sulphuretted odor, which rendered it unpopular with the medical profession; but it is stated that he has since produced it freed from all disagreeable odor or tarry flavor.

The most important office of carbolic acid is as a disinfectant and antiseptic. A *deodorizer* removes noxious gases and odors from organic matter, in a state of decay or putrefaction, but does not arrest the decomposition. A *disinfectant* arrests and destroys infection, which exists in organic matter, but does not prevent future infection, whilst an antiseptic destroys every source of decay and decomposition—destroys the germs of putrefaction and fermentation, so that putrefaction cannot afterwards take place.

M. PASTEUR has discovered and proved that all fermentation is due to the presence of microscopical vegetables or animals, which affect the decomposition of organic substances: and carbolic acid is supposed to destroy these microscopic and primitive sources of life, and thus acts as an antiseptic and disinfectant. Carbolic acid is also volatile, and LEMAIRE says it meets with and destroys the germs or sporules which float in the atmosphere and vitiate it.

Mr. W. CROOKES of London, proved by a series of experiments that the gases exhaled from the lungs of diseased cattle, contained the germs or sporules of microscopic animals, which have also been discovered in the blood of such cattle. Mr. CROOKES condensed the germs found in these gases from the lungs of diseased cattle upon cotton wood, and then inoculated the blood of healthy animals with them, and they were, at once, attacked with the disease. He says:—"I have not met with a single instance in which the cattle plague has spread on a farm where the acid had been freely used."

It has also been found equally effective in preventing the spread of cholera. Prof. CHANDELON of Liege, says, that out of 135 nurses who were employed to attend upon the cholera patients, only one nurse died, but the nurses were washed and their clothing sprinkled with carbolic acid. Dwellings used for cholera patients, and in which many had died, after being washed and cleansed with carbolic acid, were filled again with families, and in no case was any person attacked with the disease who went into such purified house.

The antiseptic properties of carbolic acid, are found to be so powerful that 1-1,000 or even 1-5,000 part, will prevent the fermentation, decomposition or putrefaction for months, of urine, blood, solution of glue, flour paste, fæces, &c., and its vapor alone is sufficient to preserve meat in a close room, for weeks, and also in the open air for several days and prevent its being fly-blown. Dr. LETHEBY says, that 1-10,000 part has been found sufficient to keep the filthy contents of sewers sweet. This quantity was found to nearly deodorize the sewers of London during the existence of cholera last year.

It appears likely that the use of this agent will revolutionize medical practice in contagious and pestilential diseases, and with fœted and purulent sores, ulcers, gangrene, &c. In small pox the use of carbolic acid will entirely prevent the spread of the disease. In hospitals it prevents all offensive and repulsive odors.

The following extract from a paper in the London Lancet of September 25, 1867, by J. LESTER, will show the importance of its use in hospitals:

"The first class of cases to which I applied it, (carbolic acid,) was that of compound fractures, in which the effects of decomposition in the injured part were especially striking and pernicious. The results have been such as to establish conclusively the great principle that all local inflammatory mischief and general febrile disturbance which fol-

low severe injuries are due to the irritating and poisoning influence of decomposing blood or sloughs. These evils are entirely avoided by the antiseptic treatment, so that limbs, which would otherwise be unhesitatingly condemned to amputation, may be retained with confidence of cure. Since the antiseptic treatment has been brought into full operation and wounds and abscesses no longer poison the atmosphere with putrid exhalations, my wards have completely changed their character; so that during the last nine months not a single instance of pyœmia, hospital grangrene or erysipelas has occurred."

APPLICATION TO AGRICULTURE.

The application of carbolic acid to the purposes of Agriculture, will readily be seen. Its uses are so varied and numerous that they cannot all be mentioned in one short article. In the treatment of wounds and sores upon all our animals it will be invaluable. How often it occurs that a wound in hot weather cannot be cured because it becomes putrid and fly-blown, when gangrene supervenes and the animal is lost. Carbolic acid will correct all this; will keep the wound in a healthy state and enable nature to heal it. And where putridity has commenced, this acid will, at once, destroy the odors, and the germs of decomposition, and will purify ulcers. It has been applied in England with eminent success to scab and foot-rot in sheep. It is a much safer application than that generally used. The scab is cured by dipping the sheep, for a minute or less, in water containing one-fiftieth or sixtieth part of carbolic acid. This is done after the sheep is shorn. The pure acid is not used for this purpose, but a cheaper preparation. The foot-rot is treated with a mixture of acid and a greasy substance capable of forming a plaster, which is made to adhere to the animal's foot for two or three days, preventing the contact of air, and allowing time for the application to have its effect. But for a large flock a more expeditious method must be used, by placing the fluid mixture in a trough and the sheep be made to pass through it slowly. This is much better than the blue vitriol application, as it destroys the germs of disease. It would, probably, be a good remedy also for catarrh or snuffles in sheep.

When cattle and horses are washed with a very weak solution of carbolic acid, they cease to be annoyed by flies. An excellent salve may be made by adding ten per cent. of this acid to butter or other fatty matters for such purpose. The use of it seems to have become extensive in Europe, and we think it must soon be introduced into general use in this country. It is much safer than such antiseptics as arsenious acid and corrosive sublimate, as carbolic acid can only be used for a good purpose, while the others are dangerous and may be used criminally. The farmer will see how important it may be in connection with large dairies, where 100 cows are confined in a single stable, and also to the sheep feeder where large flocks breed pestilence among them. It will soon be manufactured so cheap that it may be freely used by every farmer. E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

PROGRESS OF THE RECIPROCITY NEGOTIATIONS.

INQUIRIES in regard to the progress and prospects of the Reciprocity negotiations have reached us from several quarters. We cannot personally vouch for the accuracy of all the following statements, but we give them as we have received them from what we suppose to be entirely trustworthy sources.

Mr. THORNTON, the British Minister at Washington, addressed Mr. SEWARD an official note, in July, asking him to enter into negotiations in regard to a commercial treaty with Canada, which would cover the fishery disputes, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the mutual admission of products, &c. The British Minister of course favors a free exchange of agricultural products, as the British provinces, having no extensive domestic markets of their own, and a large surplus produce, have everything to gain and nothing to lose by such an arrangement.

Mr. SEWARD referred Mr. THORNTON'S proposition to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. MCCULLOCH expressed the opinion that a definite treaty regulating trade with Canada would be advantageous to the United States, but inasmuch as the Reciprocity Treaty had been abrogated by Congress, that it would be inexpedient to renew negotiations for the same object until the Legislative branch of the Government should indicate a wish in that direction.

Mr. SEWARD communicated this correspondence to the Committee of Ways and Means in the House, prior to the adjournment in July; and in answer to members of the Committee, stated that he was ready to enter upon negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty, whenever the subject should be referred to him by Congress. Six members of the Committee—Messrs. LOGAN, HOOPER, BROOKS, ALLISON, NIBLACK and MAYNARD—agreed to report in favor of such a reference; and the Chairman of the Committee, General SCHENCK, consented that such report be made. Congress adjourned, however, before there was a chance to bring the report before the House.

The subject was also referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations in the Senate. We have heard of no expression of the views of the Committee except in the case of its Chairman, Mr. SUMNER, who is decidedly in favor of re-opening negotiations—though he reported in favor of abrogating the former Reciprocity Treaty!

The Committee of Ways and Means will undoubtedly report in favor of referring the negotiations to Mr. SEWARD, at the first opportunity after the re-assembling of Congress; and there is, judging from present indications, every prospect that the reference will be "rushed" through Congress, a Reciprocity Treaty made and ratified by the Senate before the close of the next session—unless the producers of the country will consent to rouse up and make themselves heard and felt in opposition to it.

That the project of the new Reciprocity Treaty, agreed on by the negotiators, will conform to the old one in admitting Canada agricultural products duty free, we *now* have no manner of doubt. We think, indeed, the fishery and navigation privileges coveted by our people who are engaged in those pursuits, will be conceded, to the extent desired, on no other ground. The latter interests are strong in New England, and are represented by great wealth. We look to see the New England representation in Congress, with the exception of that of Vermont, pretty generally arrayed in favor both of reference and ratification. They will receive the aid of all free traders, and of many of the half-way men—unless the constituents of the latter convince them that such a course would be dangerous *to themselves*. The New England Senators do not represent a tithe of the population represented by an equal number of Senators from the great Agricultural States, and consequently the proportionable strength of New England is much less in the House than in the Senate. For this and other reasons—some of them quite obvious—we esteem it far safer for the opponents of Reciprocity to make the issue against it on the question of reference, in the House, than to wait to do so on the question of ratification in the Senate. Many highly obnoxious tariff laws have passed Congress from ignorance, on the part of the representatives of the rural constituencies, of the actual wishes of the people. Let no member of Congress have this excuse to plead, on the present occasion, if by his vote he aids in surrendering up the interests of nine-tenths of the people to give extra aid and benefit to the other tenth.

The re-assembling of Congress is but a few weeks off. The report in favor of reference is already agreed on. And there is every probability that the project of the Treaty will be ready at a very early day thereafter, if the reference is made. If the Treaty is to be opposed by the farmers of the United States, and met, as it should be, at the threshold, no time can be safely lost in bringing public opinion to bear on members of Congress, by every proper mode through which it can be accomplished—by personal interviews, by letters, &c., at once, and by the speedy preparation of petitions, memorials, or remonstrances to pour in upon Congress as soon as it shall assemble. We first recommended that papers of this kind should be directed to the Secretary of State; but on learning more fully how the facts stand, we are clear in the conviction that the preliminary effort should be made on members of Congress—individually now, and collectively, as soon as the next session opens.

LETTER FROM HON. T. C. JONES.

THE following letter from Judge JONES of Ohio—long eminent as a gentleman of ability and sagacity—as a most vigorous and sensible agricultural writer—and as a successful breeder of long wooled sheep, was not intended for publication. But as there is nothing of a private character in its contents, and as it contains an amusing problem to be solved by those extremely philanthropic commercial gentlemen who so strenuously decry the tariff—not by any means on account of its effect on *their own* interests, but purely on account of their disinterested affection for the wool growers and manufacturers—we will venture to place the letter before our readers:

FAIRHOLME, near Delaware, Ohio,
October 16th, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just received your circular letter of the 14th inst., for which I am much obliged. I think your action wise and necessary. Of course the growers of long wool would not be satisfied with such a discrimination against them as would result from the re-establishment of the Reciprocity Treaty. My personal interest in the matter is very small indeed; but I have for a long time insisted that the people of the United States ought to grow all the wool they use; that the general welfare would be promoted thereby; that on lands worth $50 to $100 per acre, large flocks of sheep for the production of wool merely, cannot be profitably kept, while smaller flocks of good mutton sheep can be managed to good advantage; that in all the Middle States, where mixed husbandry prevails, these sheep can be profitably kept to an extent sufficient to supply the demand of our long wool manufacturers; and that the wool can be produced as cheaply as in any other civilized country, when we shall have passed our present derangements and have returned to a specie currency.

At our State Fair at Toledo I met Mr. ——— of Boston, with whom you are doubtless well acquainted. He insisted that the present tariff would prove a failure so far as it was expected to advance the price of wool; that the effect had been so to reduce the prices of the fine wools of South America, that English and other European manufacturers could afford in consequence to lay down woolen goods in New York now, at as low rates as they could before the increase of the duties.

I inquired whether this was, and was likely to continue to be, the true state of the case? He replied that there could be no mistake about it whatever. Then said I—"You may rest assured this tariff can never be repealed, for the fact you assume demonstrates that all the revenue received by the Government from this Tariff on wool and woolens, *costs the people nothing at all*—is no tax on the consumer; and if it does not benefit the wool grower by increasing the price of his product, it does him in this respect no injury, and benefits him in common with other tax payers, by compelling the foreign wool grower to pay us an important part of the expense of supporting our Government! Once convince 'all the people' of the truth of this statement, and the Tariff will become the most popular law on the statute book." Mr. ——— really looked a little taken down by this turn in the discussion.

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,
T. C. JONES.

The Stable, &c.

LONGEVITY OF HORSES.

JOHN J. TALLMAN writes:—"In the RURAL of July 4th, I saw a notice of the 'oldest horse' being thirty-three years old! Truly, that is a great age for a horse, especially these days when 'Young America,' holds the ribbons; but I have a stock horse, which could boast, if he had the gift of speech, of an ancestry of greater longevity. My horse's grand dam, by the old Imported Messenger, was thirty-five or thirty-six years old, (I am not positive which,) when I last saw her, and she was sound, without a blemish, and spry and active. My horse's dam was thirty-six years old last spring, and when last heard from (last fall) was sound, fat and nimble, and worked every day. She was by 'Mount Holly,' a son of a son of 'Imported Messenger.' 'Mount Holly' was very old, but at what age he died I am not advised.

"'Imported Messenger' is said to have lived to the age of forty-two; but for that I cannot vouch, not having personally known his age; but I have no reason to discredit the statement. I am under no mistake with regard to the ages of my horse's grand dam and dam, for I obtained the former when two years old past, and the latter I raised. Whether the sire of my horse (Mambrino Messenger) is yet alive, I cannot say. He was taken to Tennessee at the age of seventeen, was heard from two years after; but I have had no news of him since. I hope that if any of your readers has, or knows of an older horse than those above mentioned, he will have the goodness to forward to the RURAL a description of the same with a history and pedigree."

THE FOOT OF THE HORSE.

THE Auburn News, of recent date, contained a communication from R. C. FARGASON, on the mechanism of the foot of the horse. He says:—"The external covering of the foot is divided into four parts, namely:—the wall, bars, sole and frog. The external or wall serves to defend the sensitive tissues within the wall or hoof, and is composed of small filaments or hollow tubes, consolidated in such a manner as to preserve their canals distinct. These canals constitute the excrementitious outlets of the hoof, from which morbid materials find an outlet and in these are found vessels by which horn is secreted or produced. The bars are a continuation of the external wall just described; they form an angle at the heels, which terminates toward the toe; they thus serve to give strength and durability to the hoof, and also to prevent contraction at the heels.

When these bars are cut away or demolished by means of the buttress, then the foot often goes to rack and ruin. The sole is much more elastic than the crust, and is a medium of the sensitive faculty, through which, together with its powers of elasticity, the percussion of the foot against the ground is regulated. The frog is much more elastic than either of the parts just described, and any unnecessary paring thereof is a monstrous evil. On the internal posterior of the aboved named parts we find a beautiful set of leaves, resembling those found in the under surface of a mushroom. Their number is five hundred. These articulate with a like number given off from the sensitive tissues of the foot proper, each leaf having two sides and an edge, and form a series of articulations numbering three thousand. The whole surface of these articulations measures four square feet, hence the horse having four feet, his body rests on sixteen square feet of surface, all contained within his hoofs."

BOTS AGAIN.

A RECENT communication in the N. E. Farmer, asserting that bots do kill horses, has brought the question afresh before the public. The testimony of YOUATT, SPOONER, STEWART and DADD—professional men, is against the death theory from bots. It is asserted by these that bots do not feed upon the stomach, but upon the chyme or pulp formed of the food eaten, and never turn upon the former till it is so diseased as to indicate the immediate death of the horse. It is then the bot seeks to secure an avenue of escape, by fastening upon and perforating the walls of his natural prison—the stomach. If this be the true theory, as it would seem to be from the preponderance of professional authority in its favor, the practice of drugging horses for bots, ought to cease, especially as the bot is not killed by the operation, and but rarely dislodged by it. As an indication of the tenacity with which the bot clings to life, MAYHEW cites an instance in which a portion of the stomach, covered with bots, was corked up in spirits of wine for two years, without killing them.

Bee-Keeper's Department.

WINTERING BEES.

THE honey season may be said to be over, and the question arises as to the best method of carrying the bees through the winter. Some colonies, strong in numbers and flush of stores, will probably take care of themselves without external aid, unless their location is greatly exposed to the sweeping winds of winter. Generally, however, it is regarded as essential in the Northern States to transfer stocks to the cellar, to pits in the ground, or to mask the hives in straw snoods on the summer stands. The last method seems the favorite with many, as involving less trouble on the whole, and being equally safe, especially if a board break-wind screens the hive stand from the driving winds and storms from the north and west. These snoods or caps for the hives should come down flush to the stand plank, enveloping them entirely with the exception of the entrance apertures, which should be left open and free, to give the bees a chance to air themselves on the occurrence of fine weather, or when their necessities compel them to sally forth for a short time.

Now is the time to examine the colonies, for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of them are too weak and destitute of stores to survive the winter alone or without aid. If any such are found, let them be united with a vigorous colony, or put two week ones together with their stores, as they will consume relatively less in their aggregated state than in the single one. Some persons, for the purpose of saving stores where the supply is ascertained to be short, take out the bee frames and shake them, singly, over a tub of water, causing the old and inactive bees to fall into the water, while the young ones, by their superior strength, retain their hold and are saved. This depletion of numbers is no loss, for the old bees, if successful in withstanding the winter, will either die early in the ensuing season, or prove of little use should they chance to survive it. Such swarms should be carefully housed lest, being few in numbers and unable to generate much heat, they should perish from an outside exposure.

It sometimes happens that with the best of care, and after depopulation even, the stores run short, and feeding becomes necessary before the honey season opens. In such cases aid may be readily supplied by the mixture of white sugar and water, made of such consistency as to be readily appropriated. This costs something, but it is less expensive than losing the stocks. If, from any cause, it becomes necessary to close the regular entrance to the hive for any considerable time, or for a day or two even, openings should be made elsewhere for the purpose of ventilation till the obstruction at the entrance is removed. During the occasional warm days of winter free egress should be allowed, for, though some bees may be lost in consequence, the general health of the colony will be so much improved as to more than counterbalance the loss from the freedom accorded.

WINGS OF BEES.

HERE is something relative to the formation of the wings of the honey bee, which seems to have passed unnoticed by the bee experts of the country, probably I might say the world in general,—at least I never saw it spoken of in any work on bees. The propelling power of the honey bee consists of four wings, two on a side, and the peculiar construction of the wings are such that they can form two (one on a side) out of the four. Examine a cluster of bees, some could be seen with two broad wings, like those of a fly, while others would have the four. To solve the mystery, I placed a wing under a powerful microscope, which unfolded the mechanical means whereby the four wings were made two. The peculiar feature consists of twenty minute hooks upon each back wing, hooking upward, and a sort of ledge upon the under side of the front or large wing, which the hooks match into, forming one wing of two. Upon examination I found that queens, workers and drones, all have the same number, and in the same relative position. The question is, do they avoid using the back wings, except in case of heavy loads, to preserve them from wear, (the wings of old bees become so worn and ragged that it is difficult for them to fly) or can they fly faster while empty with only the two forward wings? Be it as it may I leave the question for conjecture.

SMART BEES.—One of my neighbors had an old hive of bees that last season threw off three swarms, two large swarms and one small one. The last swarm, after working two or three months, and making considerable comb, but not much honey, swarmed out one pleasant day in the fall, well knowing that they did not have sufficient honey to winter on, and returned again to the parent hive. Who can beat that?—*Cor. in Country Gentleman.*

We do not know about beating this, but most people, having a long acquaintance with bees, will have noticed occasional instances like it. The "two or three months" is putting it rather strong, and may make an exceptional case of it. Would not one or two months have approximated more nearly to the facts?

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Killing Sorrel.

IT is said that a liberal application of lime to land infested with sorrel will kill out this cold and intrusive pest.

Gas House Lime.

THOMAS W. HAMMOND, a farmer, gives his testimony in favor of gas lime as a manurial agent through the columns of the Maryland Farmer. He gives his experience with it and adds:—"So fully am I convinced as to its value on my land, I have continued to use it with entire satisfaction, and will this fall use about two thousand bushels." It is sown broadcast upon the land in the fall and plowed under in the spring.

White and Yellow Corn.

IN the October number of the Maryland Farmer JOHN F. WALFINGER, Pa., writes concerning the great value of the corn crop of the United States, denominating it the "king of grains," "the great stand-by of farmers." This is especially true of the Southern States, where it constitutes the great bread staple, and at the West, where it is more generally devoted to the production of pork and beef. At the South the white variety is the favorite because of the whiteness and sweetness of the flour or meal, while at the North the yellow is preferred for its superior richness. The white is the richer in albumen and starch; the yellow in oil and gluten, and is consequently possessed of superior keeping properties and will bear transportation better without injury.

More Beer than Grain.

THE Journal of Agriculture at St. Louis, furnishes a running summary of the principal articles shown at the Fair recently held in that city. It is not satisfied with the paucity of the grain show, remarking, with an implied sarcasm, that there were but nine specimens of wheat—one less than the number of entries of lager beer—two of barley, one of oats and one of buckwheat, and seven or eight of corn. This is regarded, though the samples shown were very fine, as far from complimentary to the great grain growing valley of the continent. What was true of the Fair, in question, we believe is so generally over the country. A large pumpkin, an over-grown beet or potato, will attract more attention from a crowd, than the largest, best and most varied display of cereals can do. The latter are an aggregate of small things; the former samples of large ones which go to demonstrate the truth of the axiom that "size is power."

Turnips and Salt.

THESE go well together on the dinner table, and are said to be associated, with equal advantage, in the turnip field. The Glasgow Herald publishes some experiments in turnip growing, in which this assumption seems fully justified. Parcels of ground, sown to turnips without an application of salt, made but poor returns in quantity and quality, while others, to which a free application by broadcast sowing was made, were efficient in yield and of superior quality. It is assumed that the salt attracts moisture from the atmosphere and feeds the plants with it, imparting vigor of growth, and added richness at the same time. Farmers who deny salt to their stock, under an impression that it injures them, may not object to experiment with it on their turnip fields, where its influence is said to be remarkably remunerative.

Agriculture in Germany.

FROM the special German correspondent of the Iowa Homestead, we clip the following picture of farming in some parts of Germany:—"The fields of grain will compare well as regards size, with an ordinary city lot. Indeed, many of them, are much smaller. Perhaps two by eight rods would be their average size. This, of course, refers to the fertile plains, where the entire surface is under cultivation, and not to the highlands that are appropriated to raising timber, or to pasturage. Little corner stones mark the boundaries of these small farms and lots. I think that the object of thus dividing into such small lots is to secure a better opportunity for a regular and systematic rotation of crops. Side by side, with only a deep furrow between, one sees there little patches of wheat, oats, barley, peas, potatoes, etc. When one can look over a large tract of country, the different tints given by the various little fields, give the landscape the appearance of a huge chess board."

The Cattle Plague.—Convention.

IT is proposed to hold a delegate convention of as many States and the Provinces of Canada, as choose to take part in the movement, at Springfield, Illinois, on Tuesday, the first day of December ensuing. The design of the gathering is to consider the character and history of the cattle plague and other diseases, infectious and contagious, to which cattle are subject, and to consult as to the best means of preventing disease from spreading; of treating it where it exists; the sanitary regulations necessary when cattle are in transitu, and such other matters connected with the general subject as are of special and immediate interest to the grazing community. A draft of a law applicable to the subject for each of the States participating in the convention, is among the objects designed to be accomplished by it. It is doubtless intended to have the law identical in each State; but it may be found a difficult matter to secure the uniformity desired where so many different bodies have to be consulted in the matter.

Rural Notes and Items.

TO ALL OUR READERS!

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1869.—As we are daily receiving inquiries about the RURAL for 1869—its club rates, size, etc.,—we will briefly state, for the information of Agent-Friends, Subscribers, and others interested, that, if we perfect plans now under consideration, this Journal will, on and after January next, be *by far the Largest, Best and Cheapest Newspaper of its Class in the World.* In case the paper is *not* materially enlarged and improved, its subscription price will be greatly reduced, so that (considering size, cost and quality of contents, illustrations, paper, etc.,) it will still be the cheapest Rural, Literary, Family and Business Journal published. The proposed enlargement will be *much greater* than that of January last, while the improvements will correspond,—yet *the Subscription Rates will remain unchanged!* Our plan of Improvement and Enlargement, if decided upon—and the only question at this writing is whether we can procure certain machinery in season—will be announced next week, or as soon after Election as possible. And as soon as we do decide, our Prospectus for Volume XX will be issued and sent, without request, to all regular Agents,—and others who apply at either of our Publication Offices (by letter or personally,) will be promptly supplied by mail or otherwise. Meantime, those who see statements that other Rural Weeklies are *to be* "as large as the RURAL NEW-YORKER," are assured that, though possible, such things *are not among the probabilities.*

—Agents and other friends so disposed can (and are respectfully requested to) commence clubs for 1869 AT ONCE, *at our present rates*, and in case we do not enlarge as proposed, they can collect and remit less. Why not take a specimen of the RURAL along when you go to the polls next Tuesday, and, after you and your townsmen have voted, start a club? It's a good time to open the Fall and Winter Campaign of the National Rural and Family Weekly, and we hope thousands will kindly act upon the suggestion. And, in doing so, please "do not forget to remember" that the RURAL NEW-YORKER proposes to manifest the genuine spirit of its inspiring motto, "*Excelsior*," by furnishing a *much larger and better paper than ever before*, without any increase of its Subscription Rates!

AMERICAN DAIRYMEN IN SWITZERLAND.—American enterprise appears to be looking to other continents for new spheres of activity. A company of Americans has located a milk-condensing establishment at Charn, by the lake of Zug, in Switzerland, intended to contribute to English consumption particularly. GEO. H. PAGE of Dixon, Ill., is superintendent of the "Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company." Milk from the Alpine region is celebrated for its richness and flavor. About 400 gallons daily are received from the peasants of the neighborhood, and manufactured so carefully that a specimen kept twelve months, as reported by Baron LIEBIG, has been churned into excellent butter.

HOW DOES THE FROST IMPROVE THE SOIL?—Chiefly, we think, by a purely mechanical action. It pulverizes it, forces the particles asunder and admits air and water which bring with them fertilizing materials. All heavy soils may be made highly productive by thorough pulverization to admit the free action of air and water on the particles and aid the roots in appropriating the food locked up in the earth. If potato and corn fields could be fall plowed and subsoiled *twice*, after the crops are removed, and previous to the setting in of winter, it would go far to ensure good yields of spring grain sown on the fields next year.

UNDERDRAINING WATER MEADOWS.—An English farmer broke up thirty acres of water meadow which produced nothing except coarse sedge grass and rushes. After it was thoroughly drained and laid down to grass, he was able to cut four crops of green fodder annually of the very best quality. The same thing could be done in thousands of instances in this country. Land reclaimed by drainage is almost, without exception, the most productive of any of grass and corn; and its fertility is inexhaustible.

SNOW IN CANADA.—According to the Omemee Standard, that portion of Canada went ahead of us, on this side of the Lake, in the way of snow during the late storm. It fell there over six inches deep, not counting in that which thawed as it came. Some of the wide-awake denizens of that section indulged in the luxury of a sleigh ride.

IOWA FAIR—STOCK SALES.—One of the features of the Iowa State Fair was the sale of choice farm stock. Ten bull calves, Short-Horns, were sold for $200 each, one for $300, and another for $375. Cotswold ewes sold at $44, and two bucks at $65 per head. Berkshire sow pigs went for $25, and a boar pig nine months old for $50.

CORN DRYING.—Some of the grain houses in Western towns have a drying attachment in operation night and day preparing corn for shipment. Thus prepared, there is no danger from heating in bulk when on its way to the Atlantic markets.

AUCTION SALE OF THOROUGHBRED STOCK.—The advertisement of W. H. CHENERY, Esq., in another column, announces the postponement of the auction sale at the "Highland Stock Farm," Belmont, Mass, until the 12th of November.

CROPS SOUTH.—The N. O. Picayune of last week says the prospects of both cane and cotton in that section are good—far better than at any time since the beginning of the late war.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE receipts of the recent Agricultural Fair at St. Louis footed up the handsome sum of $55,000.

A VIRGINIA farmer says that, with sheep and clover, he can make any land productive, unless it has the barrenness of the sands of Sahara.

SOME farmers commence business in the morning in such a hurry that night overtakes them before they have determined what to do first.

THE impression somewhat prevalent that soft corn is better for fattening stock than the matured portion has nothing in nature to support it.

IF you want an errand done speedily go yourself; but if indifferent about it, commission a neighbor, or send a boy with a ball and bat in hand.

WORKING horses when in the stable are better without a blanket than with it. When driven hard and left standing out the blanket should be used.

SWINGING a hat or screaming at a runaway horse is about as sensible as would be the application of dry straw to the flames of a burning building.

THE story of apples growing on grape vines in the South has come to grief. The apples were simply woody excrescences growing upon the vines.

SOMEBODY has denominated Indian corn the great farm lever. It is certainly a useful product, but not quite so good for bread as wheat, to a Northern palate.

H. W. HERBERT, Wisconsin, has come to the conclusion that feeding salt to cows decreases the flow of milk ten per cent. He has stopped the salt supply.

AMONG the exhibitors at the recent Agricultural Fair in Hampden, Mass., was DANIEL PRINCE of Agawam, aged 84 years. A twin brother resides in Chesterfield.

IT is contended by some that following corn with oats or barley, and then with wheat, is not in any proper sense a rotation, as all these belong to one family.

IN making the acquaintance of a horse it is safer to commence with the manipulation of the head than the heels. One can dodge a bite more readily than a kick.

WHEN you see cattle shivering in the corners of the fence during autumnal storms it should be a hint that shelter is needed, being both humane and profitable.

HORTICULTURAL.

N. Y. STATE GRAPE GROWERS' FAIR.

DISCUSSIONS AND REPORTS.

[Concluded from page 343, last number.]

THE subject of pruning was here taken up, embracing the season in which it should be done and the manner of doing it.

Mr. LARROWE, Hammondsport. This is an important subject. The vine requires to be taught, and pruning is one branch of the business. Without this too much wood will be made. The Catawba needs careful and close pruning, which should be done as soon as the vine casts its leaves in the fall. Does not prune much in the summer, except to cut back such vines as grow over the trellis. Does not let the Catawba bear heavily.

Mr. POTTLE, Naples. Vines should be pruned according to their habits. Had given an Isabella free course and it spread forty-five feet and produced eighty pounds of grapes. Did not believe in planting vines as close as six feet. If strong growers, give the vines plenty of space. From ten to twelve feet apart is about right for the vine. Prune when needful, and not because it is the fashion to do it. Was averse to severe summer pruning. Must leave wood enough to give nourishment to the fruit. If the vines run over the trellis train them along the top if desirable.

Mr. GRIFFITH believed in cutting close, in some cases, and in others not. Suit the grape to the soil. Cutting and slashing the vine hap-hazard is a species of madness. The vine must have leaves to mature its fruit. Plant six feet apart each way and fruit the third year. Rub off buds if necessary, but do not slash and mangle the vines.

On the subject of "Soils and their preparation for Grape Planting,"

Mr. FULLER said he did not believe any man in the assemblage capable of explaining the matter so as to give a general rule applicable under all circumstances. Much depends on the character of the climate, the kind of land to be planted. Has looked in vain for any general rule governing the subject.

Mr. CAYWOOD, Poughkeepsie. Friend FULLER always talks negatively,—objects but does not bring anything better forward. Did not believe there was so much difference in localities as many supposed. Thought underdraining beneficial in many cases—indeed essential to success on some lands. Thought well of turning under sward and letting it rot as a good preparation for grape planting.

Mr. VAN KUREN said the meeting was not gaining much by the change of subject. The reports were the live questions and much more practical and interesting than any other connected with the subject.

Mr. GRIFFITH believed it was better to go even in a wrong way than to leap about confusedly, as the meeting seemed disposed to do. In his opinion the matter of soil was among the points to be considered. Most land, but that composed of pure sand, will grow grapes. It is true that absolute clay gives nothing, but a mixture of it with other soils gives a general consistency and strength favorable to the grape. The atmosphere plays a prominent part in the business, and this should be considered in locating a vineyard. Adverted to deep plowing as recommended by some, adding that he was not in favor of it. Thought from eight to ten inches the proper depth. The soil, if not such as to filtrate easily, should be underdrained. If the soil is very tenacious the plow should go deeper than in that of a more pliable character. Deep plowing is favorable to the growth of cane wood, but not essential to the production of fruit.

Mr. HOLTON wanted to know or hear more about the manner of preparing the ground for planting.

Mr. WELLS. Let us go back to the reports.

Mr. UNDERHILL did not want to be tied down by parliamentary restrictions. Had raised grapes in Brocton for the last fifteen years. It is a prevalent impression that gravel is essential to a good grape development. With him a sandy loam was productive of the best results. His lands are five hundred feet above the Lake. Has known the vine to do very well on soil which only produced mullens. The oldest vineyard about him was put out without manuring the land. As a general rule plows about ten inches deep. There was a locality known as Avon Point which was regarded as worthless, but it is found to be good for the grape.

Mr. LARROWE did not believe in pruning all vines alike. The root and foliage should preserve a fair balance, and overbearing should be guarded against. Was not in favor of letting grape vines run over and about trees, especially the Catawba. Harvested two tons of Catawbas from trellises of half an acre, which sold for $800. Planted Catawbas on the light soils and Delawares on the richer ones.

Mr. VAN KUREN called for reports again, which were ordered.

Mr. HOAG was happy to say that the grape had done well with him the past season. The Iona and Isabella have been all that Dr. GRANT claimed for them, with the exception of the present year. No disease has been manifested. Generally there has been a fair measure of success.

THE ADDRESS AND CLOSING DISCUSSION.

An address on the ground at the close of the Fair was expected, but the weather was unpropitious and the health of Dr. GRANT such as to render it inexpedient to carry out this part of the programme. An address prepared by him was read in the evening by the Secretary of the Association, and will doubtless be published with the proceedings. It alluded to his long experience in grape culture and the production of wine; to the wild grapes both North and South,—the former were hard and of better flavor, while the Scuppernongs of the South lacked the properties of a good wine producing grape. The improved varieties, the Isabella, the Catawba and the Delaware were noticed in their order. The latter was a great step in the direction of a good wine grape, and the Iona still an improvement on that. The true character of a grape as to its adaptation to wine making must be found by tasting. The saccharometer would determine the amount of sugar, and the acidometer that of its opposite,—but these alone were not sufficient to decide its adaptability for making a good wine. The many other varieties were noticed and their peculiarities pointed out.

A copy of the address was solicited for publication, and the thanks of the Association tendered the author.

The varieties of the grape was the next theme, and somewhat conflicting views were expressed as to their relative merits for wine purposes.

Dr. WARDER gave a classification of grapes, in his humorous, genial way, of pulpy, fleshy and juicy, the last two being European and the first American.

Mr. UNDERHILL, New York. The distinction between table grapes and wine ones should not be overlooked. The Iona was good for all purposes, but was chiefly valuable for wine, and for this not excelled by any other. As a mere table grape, however, it was not equal to the Rogers Hybrid.

Dr. VAN KUREN remarked on the grapes grown in the region of Crooked Lake, where the Iona was decidedly the favorite.

The meeting then adjourned without designating the next place of exhibition, but with many private expressions in favor of Rochester.

ARNOLD'S NUMBER ONE RASPBERRY.

CHARLES ARNOLD of Paris, Ontario, (Canada,) has, as many of the RURAL readers know, been for years diligently engaged in growing hybridized seedlings with a view to benefit his fellow man and give to the grower fruits of various sorts worthy of his care and attention, and superior to any yet known. In grapes, Mr. ARNOLD has promise of two or more, destined to be extensively grown, while of his many seedling raspberries, one only, according to *our* judgment, is worthy general propagation; but that one, known to us as ARNOLD'S No. 1, is the very best *hardy* yellow raspberry at present grown. The canes are strong, the color a light, whitish, greenish yellow, with numerous short spines; foliage, light yellow, green, with long, narrow, projecting, prominent side buds. The fruit is roundish, oblong, conical in form, with large, roundish grains, firm, yet juicy, rich, sweet, pleasant always agreeable. F. R. E.

THE CINCINNATI HORTICURAL SOCIETY —ANNUAL AUTUMNAL EXHIBITION.

THE Cincinnati Horticultural Society was organized, I think, in 1842, and is the oldest society of its kind in the West. September 21st to 25th it held its Annual Exhibition of Fruits and Flowers, and as great expectations were had of an immense show of grapes on account of the award of the Wine Company's premium plate, it attracted many visitors from abroad, the writer included. These expectations of visitors were, however, doomed to partial disappointment, for while the show was a good one, and while splendid bunches of Delawares, Ives, Concord and Norton's Virginia were on the tables, the number of varieties was not large, nor did it embrace many of the new ones that are highly lauded by their disseminators. Neither the Challenge nor the Conqueror, nor yet the Walter, whose good qualities are extolled in numerous certificates of men who have had the pleasure of looking at a bunch of it, presented themselves as competitors, but permitted the Ives to walk off with the first premium of silver, valued at three hundred and fifty dollars, as being the best grape for all purposes over all these United States. I believe, however, from what outside talk I heard, that the committee were not united in such award, and that one, at least, among them made a minority report in favor of the Concord. Whether this award will make the Ives any more valuable over the whole country than the one hundred dollar premium awarded some years since to McAvoy's superior strawberry did that variety, remains to be seen.

Among the new grapes that were shown, the Martha, as a light green or white variety, was present in better bunches than I had before seen it, while the Salem, as shown, was not as good as I have seen. This grape, of which so much has been expected because of the honest character of its originator, it is very much to be feared will not sustain its Eastern reputation, or really prove much better, if as good, as Nos. 3, 5 or 9.

Mr. J. KNOX of Pittsburg exhibited one bunch of a new seedling, its first year of bearing, that promises to be "good," and may be "very good." The bunch was about four inches long, compact, not shouldered, berry round, below medium size, amber color with a pearly bloom, sweet, very little pulp, pleasant, but without any special character. Skin moderately thick, not harsh. Seeds, two.

F. B. RUST, Kenton Co., Ky, had a plate of grapes marked "Seedling," and attached a written account of it, but I failed to discover any difference in it from the Isabella. There was also on the table an unripe grape marked "Dr. Brincle" that I also think is Isabella. The Reutz grape was there in its best shape, but I confess I fail to see in it anything to commend its cultivation. I believe it is not claimed to make a better wine than Ives, and certainly it is not as good for table use.

The Scuppernong was also there, black and white, and for the information of those who do not know it, I will invite an imagination of round balls about three-fourths inch in diameter, single or in pairs, (there are no regular bunches), black or greenish white, as the variety may be, with a thick leathery skin, covering a meaty, sweet pulp.

Geo. W. CAMPBELL, Esq., called the grape man of Ohio, had on exhibition some of his hybrid seedlings, produced by crossing the Delaware with Zinfindal, Black Hamburg and Frontignan. These samples were exceedingly instructive as showing plainly the influence conveyed to the Delaware, as the mother parent, by the pollen of the foreign varieties. Mr. CAMPBELL has long been laboring in the interest of the grape growing world, and hopes to be able, some day, to offer them a fruit perfect in all the good qualities, and void of the bad. Should he ever offer one, I think we shall not hesitate to take it on his commendation, for he has already thrown aside many seedlings that in the hands of some men would have been named and distributed. One of his present seedlings, crossed with the Black Hamburg, is full of promise, but as he is abundantly able to present its good qualities, should he choose to do so, I shall leave it in his hands with only this notice of it.

Of the other fruits at this exhibition, on the long rows of tables covered with apples, pears and peaches, most of them were well known good varieties, and like all such exhibitions, some showing evidence of good cultivation, and others the reverse. Among the pears were a number of seedlings shown by Mr. WITTERSTAETTER of Delhi, but to me their outward appearance did not indicate any superior quality, though several of them are doubtless too good to destroy when one has a large bearing tree.

Great credit should be given by reporters to the active members of the Society for the tasteful manner in which they arranged the hall, as well as the liberal supply of rare and valuable plants, well grown and shapely, with which the eye of visitors was regaled. Especially should they notice the collections of evergreens in pots, as this class of trees is yearly becoming more and more of acknowledged importance in the way of climatic amelioration, and influential in promoting the comfort and health of animal as well as the hardihood and vitality of vegetable life. ADDI.

GRAPES AT THE ALTON HORT. SOCIETY.

AT the September meeting of this society President STAAR read an essay on the varieties of grapes, giving his opinion of the several ones noticed by him. He prefaced his remarks with a reference to the general grape yield in that region the past and present seasons, both of which were denominated good. No disease of any account had appeared and insect attacks had been confined mainly to occasional ones by the Leaf Hopper. Several varieties of the grape were mentioned, commencing with the Hartford, which was ranked among the poorest of the series. The Concord, for ability to resist cold, for luxuriance in growth and productiveness had no peer. The Catawba is liable to disease, but its bearing qualities and the high character of its fruit, both for table and for wine purposes, will compel its cultivation to a limited extent. Considered no vineyard complete without it. The Delaware is not a general favorite, but will make more wine for the same weight of fruit than other varieties. The Norton has some defects, but it makes a wine of the first quality, and will pay to cultivate to a limited extent. Herbemont, tender in wood, but if protected the fruit is desirable at least for wine purposes. The Creveling, a good table and wine grape, but of rather uncertain growth. The loose habit of the bunch impairs its sale in market, but amateurs will find it to their advantage to grow it. The Mead is nearly allied to the Catawba, and should be classed with it. Mary Ann—a Missouri—does not bear well, and is worthless when got. The Diana, in general growth, resembles the Catawba, but does not bear as well, and is more subject to visitation from the Leaf Hopper. Is unlike other grapes in flavor; is rich and makes a good wine. The Rebecca bears moderate crops of white bunch grapes; is desirable in gardens on account of its color. The Isabella must do better elsewhere than there to justify its cultivation. The Iona and Israella proved feeble growers and gave little encouragement for their propagation. Ten varieties of Rogers' Hybrids had been tested and the preference given to No. 3. Further experience is necessary to assign these varities to their proper position in the list of grapes.

PICKING AND RIPENING PEARS.

THOUGH not entirely seasonable, we desire to put upon record a few suggestions upon picking and ripening pears. It ought to be fully understood that pears should not be allowed to remain upon the trees longer than to perfect their growth, and those who let them hang to get ripe and good to eat, commit a fatal mistake, as our observation fully confirms. The proper time to pick the different varieties may be easily ascertained by an examination. By taking the pear in hand and elevating it to a level of the limb upon which it grows, if sufficiently mature for picking it will easily come off, even though it has the appearance of being green. The whole should then be carefully hand picked and placed in shallow boxes or drawers, and covered with flannel blankets if possible, excluding light and air. If the fruit is desired in the shortest time the room should not have too low a temperature, and ripening may be hastened by an increase of temperature. This process of maturing or ripening renders the fruit tender, rich and juicy, making even ordinary fruit very palatable, and materially increasing or developing the better qualities of choice fruit. When desirable to retard the ripening keep the fruit at a low temperature until the change is attained. Winter pears may be placed in a cool fruit room or cellar until the desired season arrives, when they may be ripened and rendered delicious by the treatment above indicated. If the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER who are not professional or amateur fruit growers, will take the trouble to preserve these hints and practice them, many pears now considered of little value will be found really good, and the best pears materially enhanced in value. W.

HARDY APPLES FOR IOWA.—Red Astrachan, Sops of Wine, Duchess of Oldenburg, Saxton, St. Lawrence, Fameuse, Plumb's Cider, Perry Russet, Blue Pearmain. For sweet, add Sweet June and Talman Sweet. Here are eleven varieties that come under the head of Iron Clads. Utter's Large Red and Ben Davis promise well, but need a few more years' trial. The above are all red, or striped, bright colored, good sized, productive, salable fruit, of good to best quality, except Blue Pearmain is sometimes a shy bearer, and the sweets are yellow in color.—D. W. ADAMS in *Iowa Homestead*.

APPLES IN MISSOURI.

THE genial climate of Missouri has generally been regarded as favorable to the growth of fruit,—especially the apple; but the present season has demonstrated that failures occur there as well as in sections situated in a more rigorous latitude. The Rural World says the apple crop of Missouri, the present season, is the poorest ever known in the State. Not one tenth of an average crop will be realized. It was not the spring frosts that caused the failure; for, in many instances, where the apple wholly failed, or nearly so, peaches are quite plentiful. It is estimated that the farmers of Missouri alone are the worse, for the apple failure, by a half a million of dollars. Those suffering have the consolation—if it be true that misery loves company—of knowing that the people generally, of the other States, have been equal sufferers with themselves. The apple is the Adam of fruits, and when it fails there is nothing can make good the deficiency.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

The Original Scuppernong.—J. Van Buren writes to the Southern Cultivator that "the original vine of the Scuppernong grape is growing on Roanoke Island, and was first discovered by the colony landing with Sir Walter Raleigh in 1654 or 1655, and is probably the oldest vine known at the present day."

The Wachuset Blackberry.—This is a new thornless variety, found growing wild on Monadnock Mountain, New England, about five years since. It is described as being entirely free from thorns, prolific, and having medium sized berries. It appears to do equally well on light and heavy soils.

The Pines of California.—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Dr. Bolander said there were but fifteen species indigenous to the State. Of firs there were but four. He said Mr Murray had a fifth, which he called *Picea magnifica*, which was but *P. amabilis*. He thought the European botanists multiplied species in the interest of seedsmen, as there was such a demand in Europe for seeds of *new* things.

The Mandarin Orange.—The "Mandarin Orange" is said by writers to be the best known variety—sweet and thin-skinned, and possesses the quality of keeping a longer time without decay than any other kind. There is another variety of orange, smaller than the orange of Los Angelos, known as the "Pisco" variety. It has blood-red flesh, of a deep, orange-colored skin, very thin, and more highly prized than any other in South America. It is found at Pisco, a seaport town about one hundred and twenty miles south of Callao. Steps are being taken to procure some young trees for our orchards.

Digging Nursery Trees in the Fall.—In the discussion on apples at the late meeting of the Iowa Horticultural Society, a majority of the speakers concurred in advising planters to dig their apple trees in the autumn and heel them in preparatory to spring planting. The importance of careful heeling in to protect the roots from dead air and mold was urged, and some recommended burying the tops to protect them from rabbits, and one speaker would rather winter trees in a cellar than out of doors. The prospects of apple growers in Iowa are quite flattering.

Culture of Pears under Glass.—THOMAS RIVERS makes some estimates, in the Florist & Pomologist, of the profits of growing pears for market in orchard houses. He says that two thousand dwarf pear trees in eleven inch pots, will find room in a cheap house one hundred feet long, twenty-four wide, and of suitable height. The exemption this protection secures from frosts, storms, &c., renders their fruiting certain, and when from seven to ten years old, he estimates the crop at thirty-five hundred dozens. Five cents each would bring the handsome sum of two thousand one hundred dollars, and this would be a very moderate price for well grown pears in our markets. Owing to the early blossoming of trees under glass, the fruit would have more time to grow in, and would attain larger size and better flavor.

The Oldest Trees in the World.—The Cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy, is perhaps the oldest tree on record. It was known to be in existence in the time of Julius Cæsar, forty-two years before Christ, and is, therefore, more than 1,900 years old. It is one hundred and six feet in height, and twenty feet in circumference at one foot from the ground. Napoleon, when laying down the plan for his great road over the Simplon, a pass on one of the Alps, diverged from a straight line to avoid injuring this tree. The honor of superior antiquity, however, is claimed by some in behalf of the immense and venerable tree in Calaveras county, California, which is supposed, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, and also from various other reasons, to be more than 2,565 years old.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 24th inst:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are quiet and unchanged. Sweets are in fair demand, and higher.

Monitor, ₩ bbl	$1 25	@	1 50
Buckeyes, ₩ bbl	1 50	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Mercers, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	2 75
Prince Alberts, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Jackson Whites, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	5 50
Norfolk, sweet, ₩ bbl	4 25	@	4 75
Onions, Red, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Onions, White, ₩ bbl	6 50	@	7 00
Tomatoes, ₩ basket	1 00	@	1 25
Marrow Squash, ₩ bbl	1 00	@	2 00
Cabbages, ₩ 100	6 00	@	10 00
Turnips, ₩ bbl	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, ₩ 100	10 00	@	14 00

FRUITS.—Apples are doing better at higher prices. Pears are scarce and higher, with a good demand for the finer sorts. Grapes are in large supply, with a fair demand only. Cranberries are in light stock, with higher prices ruling.

Pears, Louise Bonne, ₩ bbl	$20 00	@	28 00
Pears, Dutchess, ₩ bbl	20 00	@	25 00
Pears, Common, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	10 00
Pears, Seckel, ₩ bbl	25 00	@	30 00
Apples, Greening, ₩ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Baldwins, ₩ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ₩ bbl	3 50	@	4 50
Apples, common, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Grapes, Isabellas, ₩ ℔	8	@	11
Grapes, Delaware, ₩ ℔	15	@	20
Grapes, Catawba, ₩ ℔	11	@	18
Quinces, ₩ bbl	12 00	@	15 00
Citron, ₩ bbl	1 75	@	2 00
Cranberries, ₩ bbl	15 00	@	18 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Southern Apples are plenty, with limited sales; new State and Western are not plenty. Peaches of the poorer qualities are in heavy stock and of slow sale; choice lots are not plenty, and are held firm.

New Apples, State, ₩ ℔	$ 10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ₩ ℔	9½	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ₩ ℔	8	@	9½
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₩ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₩ ℔	20	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₩ ℔	13	@	14
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₩ ℔	9½	@	10½
Blackberries, ₩ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₩ ℔	45	@	50
Cherries, pitted, ₩ ℔	41	@	46

A QUESTION FOR A. S. FULLER.—"ADDI" writes: "I would like to ask A. S. FULLER—well known a competent in all knowledge of small fruits, to tell me, if he can, what is the character of the Downing Raspberry, which he names in his article in Horticulturist, August, 1867, its origin, &c."

Domestic Economy.

HOUSEKEEPING.

EDS. RURAL:—As the subject of housekeeping is being freely discussed in your paper, I would like to say a few words in answer to one who signed her name "A Housekeeper" in your paper of Sept. 5th. I would like to have had her explained more clearly her system of doing her work so as to get everything done in the morning by nine or ten o'clock. Her system must be to do just as little as possible and keep body and soul together.

How can one woman do her kitchen work, skim the milk, churn, work butter, make beds, sweep, dust, bake bread, pies and cake, prepare meat, pudding and vegetables for dinner, and be ready to sit down by nine o'clock? to say nothing of the weekly washing and ironing, the scrubbing and scouring that falls to the lot of all housekeepers. Then there is the canning, pickling, preserving fruit, all to be attended to in their season. Then I should think myself a very unprofitable wife should I not have a nice crock of butter each week to take to market, to help get the necessaries for the family.

Talk about "being a drudge!" Is it any worse for a woman to drudge a little than for a man? I think if a woman does what she can to help support the family, and a man does his part, they will get along nicely. I know *that* to be so. I am a farmer's wife; I have four small children, and I take delight in doing all I can to help defray our family expenses; and I try to have some system about it, too.

My friend "A Housekeeper" may call me a drudge or not. There is one thing, I never trouble myself about the "second wife" stepping into my place, or that she would be any better appreciated than I am if she does. I believe some husbands *do* appreciate a second wife, and have good reason to, too.

Ripley, Ohio. A FARMER'S WIFE.

HOME-MADE MATS.

A LADY correspondent of the Vermont Farmer, gives the following directions for making mats from the smallest bits of cloth left after cutting out clothes, or preparing the materials for rag carpets:—"Pieces over an inch square are too large, so it can easily be seen that this way of making rags will use up the pieces otherwise of no account except for the rag-bag. These little bits must be strung on a cord, the edges being raveled out so as to present a soft, furry appearance, and wound and sewed like the braids in a braided mat; it will be difficult to distinguish it from chenile work. In regard to colors, you must consult your own taste. The style called "hit or miss," in which you use all colors indiscriminately, as they are most convenient, has often a good effect, if plenty of bright colors are used; in any other case it is too apt to have a dingy look. Decided contrasts or shades of the same color are better in mats of this description.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

APPLE SNOW BALLS.—This elegant and wholesome dessert may be made as follows:—Pare and core several large apples, filling the holes with orange or quince marmalade, or with lumps of sugar flavored with a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Boil the apples in hot paste, (potato paste made without shortening is the best,) and make the crust of an equal thickness. Bake them in tins in a moderate oven; and ice them with a sugar frosting one-quarter of an inch thick: harden them at a distance from the fire, that they may not be browned.

LEMON DROPS—May be made by stirring the essence or extract of lemon into refined sugar in a clean pan. Having filled a pan, with a lip, two-thirds full with paste, stir it over the fire with a bone or ivory handle until liquid. Then take it off, and continue to stir it; thickening it, if it runs too freely, by means of powdered sugar. Take off the drops from the lip by a wire, and let them fall on a bright tin plate. Remove them two hours afterwards with a knife. A drop or two of nitric acid, dissolved in a little water, intensifies the acidity of the paste when being prepared. G. H.

WORKING BUTTER.—In working butter, whether in salting or working out the buttermilk, the butter should be squeezed with the ladle and not moulded as some do. It breaks the grain of the butter and makes it salvy.

NICE JOHNNY CAKE.—One pint each of buttermilk and sour milk, one teacup of cream, one of molasses, half skimmer of wheat flour, one rounding teaspoon of soda, some salt. Stir up thin and bake slowly. If made too thick at first the meal will swell while baking and make it dry.

JELLY CAKE.—Half cup butter, half cup cream, half cup buttermilk, half cup sweet milk, one and a half cups sugar; half teaspoon soda. Bake thin, and this quantity makes five stories. Spread the jelly on while the cake is warm. AUNT RACHEL.

To clean cider barrels, the Scientific American says, put lime water and a common trace chain into the barrel through the bung hole, first tying a strong twine to the chain to draw it out with. Shake the barrel about until the chain wears off the mould or pomace, then rinse well with water.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY IS THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER THE BEST?—Because it has Rowell's improved Double Gear, and the PATENT STOP, which prevents the cogs from entirely separating—(See advertisement.)

PEACH STONES!—200 BUSHELS for SALE. $1.25 per bushel. Send orders at once to A. E. BARTLETT, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

BLACK CAP RASPBERRIES—NOV. THE *best* time to set plants. DAYTSON'S THORNLESS and MAMMOTH CHESTER the *best* two sorts for field or garden. Will send to any address, pre paid, choice plants at the following rates:—3 of each for $2; 6 of each for $3; 12 of each for $5; in larger quantities at reasonable prices. Other varieties very cheap. Address REV. MR. HOYT, Gaines, N. Y.

RASPBERRIES. Per 100, Philadelphia, $8; Thornless, $6; Seneca, $6; Mammoth Cluster, $12; Doolittle, $1, all much less by the 1,000. BLACKBERRIES, per 100, Kittatinny, $6; Wilson Early, $20, Missouri Mammoth, $25; Lawton, $2, much less by the 1,000. STRAWBERRIES, per 100, Charles Downing, $3; Durand, $2; Romeyn Seedling, $3; Jucunda, $1.50, much less by the 1,000. All common sorts very low. Agents wanted. Send for price lists. Address C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, N. Y.

YOU WANT MARTHA!—THE MOST valuable hardy WHITE GRAPE yet known. A seedling from the Concord, and as perfectly hardy, healthy and vigorous as that variety, and ripens 10 days earlier. Quality best, both for table and wine. A splendid Grape in all respects. Send stamps for Illustrated Catalogues of over 50 varieties Grapes and Small Fruits, to

979-4t GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

150,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS, NO. 1. 4,000 Pear Seedlings, very fine. 50,000 Doolittle Raspberry, from tips, and strong, for sale at low rates, quality considered. WM. D OSBURN, Port Byron, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

GRAPE VINES CHEAP!—I OFFER THIS fall one of the largest and best grown assortments of Grape Vines, Blackberry, Raspberry and Strawberry Plants ever offered to the public. Vines one, two and three years old. Circular gratis S. J. ALLIS, No. th East, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

THE AUTUMN OF THE HEART.

The corn bows its head to the sickle,
The nightingale's murmur is hushed,
Rain tears from the arbutus trickle,
Beech fruits in the forest lie crushed.
We have fought, but the battle is ending;
We are wounded and sick from the fight;
Blue shadows around us descending
Breathe kisses of night.

We have journeyed, not heeding our danger,
Cried in wild supplication above;
We have loved till our eyes lost their anger,
And hearts become sleepy with love.
Red roses are dying which wreathed us—
We are stamped with the iron that sears;
Dead love in compassion bequeathed us
Its relic of tears.

Ah, me! but the summer was pleasant!
Shall we die and lie dreaming again?
Would we yield the dull days of the present
For an hour of the past and its pain?
Do we hunger for kisses that stung us?
Or long for the lips that have lied?
Must they stoop for the gauntlet they've flung us?
Weep? Creep to their side?

We cringe to these sowers of sorrow;
We cry for a blighted caress;
We dream for a night; on the morrow
We gather the tears of distress.
We bow to our grief and privation;
We pay for the pleasures that cloy;
Our work is to build the foundation
They love to destroy.

Oh, women with hearts brimming over
With passions we never can feel,
The world is too weak to discover
The mystical love you conceal.
Our sorrow, not ours the reproving;
Your triumph, and ours the defeat;
Our lives are made bitter from loving.
Why, you are so sweet!

[*St. James Magazine.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MR. ATRO'S FAMILY.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

Mr. Atro left the house immediately after breakfast, and a few moments later his wife saw him drive from the yard very rapidly. She proceeded to the front window to get one more glimpse of his erect form, and looking after him exclaimed—"I wonder where Mr. Atro has gone!" The walls didn't answer,—no more would Mr. Atro had he heard the question. Mrs. A. had the day before her in which to work and think. This was nothing new, surely; but had her husband told her he was going to see some fine graperies, and asked for her company, it would have been wonderful indeed.

Mrs. Atro was a systematic housekeeper. She was fond of reading, too; but in all the years of her married life she could recall only now and then a day which brought leisure for much reading. Her family numbered five. Formerly it had consisted of seven or eight,—two hired men and through the summer season a servant girl. Now Mr. Atro had a tenant, who boarded his help; and his wife had hoped for more leisure.

But Mrs. Atro was listless to-day. Her thoughts wer'n't at home as she skimmed milk, washed dishes, made beds, swept chambers, sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, cleaned lamps, dusted and wiped the specks from the windows, baked two fresh pies and a loaf of cake, cleaned her floor and oil cloths, prepared dinner for five, washed dishes again, churned, worked the butter, &c. Three o'clock found her neatly dressed and her hair arranged with care, sitting down to do her mending. Her work dropped occasionally from her hands, and her eyes wandered beyond the roses and geraniums in the window beside her, to the hazy hill-tops, tinted with a million touches of grace and beauty, and a look of intense longing sprang into them as she turned again towards her mending. A book lay on the table near her, which she took up three or four times and glanced over marked passages.

As she finished her mending and began to get tea one thought from the "Talmud," (among the marked passages of the "Altautic,") was not forgotten. "Little or much, if only your heart is fixed on heaven." I think Mrs. Atro was learning more than many of her fair sister's who thoroughly scorn the idea of work, and would not so degrade themselves as to wash dishes or churn, for the world. Two weekly papers constituted the most part of Mrs. A.'s reading, for in the twelve years she had been a wife Mr. Atro had bought but three or four new books. *Her* mental outreach was circumscribed not because she chose it; but because her husband willed it. He, like hundreds of husbands, thought his wife's business entirely at home, and that while there, her work should entertain her. To take two papers was a credit to him; to have taken four, with his wealth, would have been greater. But Mr. Atro didn't feel the need of reading half as much as his wife. He was abroad a large part of the time. He traveled considerably, and observation made him well informed, while his wife, whom he seldom thought of having go with him, was only acquainted with the outer world by reading.

About seven o'clock Mr. Atro returned. His wife had his tea ready, which he enjoyed in silence except to reply in monosyllables to some question. O, how Mrs. Atro yearned to know something of the life beyond, which engaged so much of her husband's attention. Not of its toil, or care, or perplexity—these she shared too largely at home; but the air, the sunshine, the scenery, the change, the rest she might find beyond the monotonous precincts of home. Who can tell what one day's *freedom* would have done for this tired mother? Would she not have been more companionable, more social and entertaining for an occasional peep into the busy world? The monotony of housework is often more fatiguing than anything else, and a short ride in the open air changes entirely the aspect of care. I have heard husbands say,—"Why, if you want fresh air and sunshine, go out and take a *walk*." How exhilarating that would be after standing on one's feet two-thirds of the day, we can easily imagine. We might just as aptly tell the farmer who has plowed all day to go out and walk for exercise, when he complains of weariness, as he to tell his wife thus.

Mrs. Atro had decided more than once to keep entirely quiet and never ask so much as one question again. To-night, however, as formerly, her curiosity (generally so called by the gentlemen,) led her into the common error. I think if her husband had pleasantly answered her questions, the bitterness would have gone out of her heart. As it was, his short and unsatisfactory replies irritated her. roved, he pleaded fatigue. "Was he not tired enough without answering a hundred questions? If she had been riding all day she might feel the need of rest." If Mrs. Atro, after repeated repulses like this, had been patient and forbearing, her heart must surely have been "fixed on heaven." But she persevered, grasping every thing within her reach, struggling towards the light, dim though it was, else she might have grown almost insensible to improvement.

The first years of Mr Atro's married life had been full of anxiety to secure a competence. When this was gained, he lost none of his selfish abandonment to business, or his seclusive enjoyment of ease. Selfish it was, because his own pleasure was consulted, his own taste gratified, without once inquiring what his wife and children needed. Did he fancy a pleasure trip would do him good he left the care to his wife and started at once. Mrs. Atro believed God made the mind to be taken care of, as well as the body, and had her husband intimated to her a desire for her company on some of his frequent excursions, most thankfully would she have put aside every hindrance and with the same old freedom of girlhood, enjoyed recreation. Her longing eyes often watched him out of sight, while a yearning, hungry look was reflected where only happy images should have dwelt.

But better days were dawning. Mr. Atro took the Rural. A friend urged him to subscribe for it last April, and now every week it gladdened his home. He read the article entitled—"Mental Outreach of Woman." It set Mr. A. to thinking and wondering if really *he* was growing away from his wife, mentally. He remembered the hopes and ambitions of early manhood, and the promise made then to the fair bride who was to share life's toils with him. Had he not said that if prospered he would have a good library, first of all, beside the pleasure and profit an occasional journey afforded? He looked about for the library and found some half-dozen books, not one of which were especially purchased for his wife. He was delighted to remember his weekly papers—surely he had not deprived his family of these. As for traveling, he had been East and West, North and South, and felt that each tour had added beyond computation to his mental outreach.

But his wife—what of her? His reflections wer'n't pleasant. They convinced him of many errors, many thoughtless delinquencies on his part which he felt could never be made up. Was she then so far below him in mental advancement? He knew that as far as observation went this was true, and the blame rested wholly with him. When his wife had sought to make herself acquainted with the outer world, he had thought her meddlesome and curious, and had grown at last harsh and overbearing.

Mrs. Atro was suddenly surprised to see a change in her husband, and more than this, when he told her he had rented his farm and wished her to get ready for a journey. There were tears in her wondering eyes,—glad tears that found their way over cheeks unused to such. She did not angrily tell him she'd stay at home because he'd never invited her before, and make a dozen apologies before consenting to go. No, indeed! She thankfully accepted this rare chance, knowing that her mental outreach had long enough been limited for the want of freedom and change. And even now Mr. Atro and his wife are journeying through the Southern States,—that vast field for observation,—while both are thoroughly enjoying the tour together. To know how fast Mrs. Atro is learning, and how highly she values this chance for mental outreach, one should read her letters.

FASHION ITEMS.

Ladies who revel in showy textures and bright, gorgeous colors, will find themselves well suited this season in the beauty and gaycty of the new fall and winter fabrics.

Bonnets being so small, high, striking colors are admissible, and many are made of the brightest scarlet, marigold or crimson velvet, subdued with black trimmings, lace, jet and feathers.

The trimmings now constitute the most important, and often the most expensive part of the dress; but there is, certainly, less need of them upon the thick and serviceable winter materials than upon the light textures or flimsy silks, which borrow all their beauty from the contrast of color and taste displayed in their decoration.

Knotted silk fringe has taken the place of lace, to a great extent, in the trimming of rich silk, satin and poplin dresses, and is very effective though less rich, and not so permanently valuable. It is principally used upon the waist and sleeves, the train and sash giving sufficient style to the skirt, especially if the material be costly.

Double dresses or "Pompadours" are very much worn, bunched up at the sides so as to produce a *panier*, and these are always trimmed with fringe to match the waist, and with straps which divide the fullness; and four longitudinal puffs. Pompadours are worn over long and short dresses, and are made very useful in black silk, for wear in the street, or with trained skirts of different colors.

There is quite a change in the fashion of furs. The old round broad collar has disappeared and narrow collars with long tips, approximating to the old boas, are taking their place. The furs in requisition are sable, mink, squirrel and ermine. The latter is very popular for evening toilet and for children's sets. Sable and mink are the most in demand where style is considered. The astrakan is very much worn for capes and cloaks, and answers for both cloak and furs. It comes in black and gray.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

If hearts are ever broken, the pieces are generally worth mending, and the cement of second love often makes the whole as strong as ever.

To do the thing properly in New York at a wedding, the bride must have eight bridesmaids, and a hundred dollar poodle besides the one she marries.

A merchant's advice for selecting a wife is "to get hold of a piece of calico that will wash." And, he should have added, one who can iron—so as to get along smoothly, you know.

Jules Janin says that Mlle. Castri or Mlle. Nillson are either of them far superior, both as singers and actresses, to Adelina Patti, and that they will both be in high favor when Patti is forgotten.

The Russian Princess, who is to be made Queen of Bavaria next year, is a beautiful, slender young girl, with sweet and regular face, long, dark brown ringlets, and she and her husband will be the handsomest royal couple on the continent.

One of the Spanish Infantas is married to a young poet of very indifferent ability, and said to be the son of a peddler in Havana. She made the acquaintance of the young man through one of her maids, fell in love with him, and ran away with him. There was no help for it, and the Queen, though very much incensed at the two young lovers, consented to their union. They are said to live very happily with one another, and the Infanta, for a wonder, is a pattern of conjugal fidelity.

Choice Miscellany.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

To-day a wandering breeze
Over empurpled seas
Comes from the spicy Islands of the Blest;
Strange golden radiance falls
On moss-robed forest halls
In gorgeous robing of the rainbow drest.

The wizard, Autumn, waves
A wand that openeth graves,
And Summer, with her rosy nymphs, once more
Looks on the wide domain
That owned her queenly reign
When earth the livery of Elysium wore.

Through soft transparent haze
Gleam tenderest solar rays
Like orbs of beauty through a bridal veil;
Majestic woods breathe balm,
And holy is the calm
That settles on the hillside and the dale.

Red window of the Dawn!
Coarse is the fairest lawn
Contrasted with thy gauzy curtain-folds!
The sun, in his decline,
More deeply stained than wine,
A ruby glow gives to the woods and wolds.

"Field of the Cloth of Gold!"
Of which high bards have told,
When royalty bedight met kings and queens,
Could less of splendor boast
Than our Hesperian coast
In the flushed pomp of its autumnal scenes.

While birds delay their flight
Look on the landscape bright,
And bliss inhale from Heaven's delicious air;
The fairy land of dreams
Where, veined with amber streams,
Fields blush with bloom undying, are less fair.

Beneath the kindly sky
To breathe, what luxury,
Tho' flowers are gone and garnered golden sheaves!
Ripe chestnuts, glossy brown,
Come softly pattering down
Where the south wind is waltzing with the leaves.

Rich recompense for pain,
Labor of hand and brain,
Worn out in weary strife with want and woe,
Enchanted shores would be,
When crossed Time's stormy sea,
Where Indian Summer should no ending know.

[*Home Journal.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY LYDIA JILLSON CRANDELL.

I sat with my head bowed, and a few summer beams, flung from the hand of the dying day, fell upon and around it, like a visible benediction. All day long the slow hours had kept pace to the music of sad thoughts. Busy though my hands had been, in fashioning the fabric before me into shape and comeliness, my mind had been more nimble than they, in weaving the shadows and sunbeams into the texture of its life. I had impaled many a bitter fancy on my needle's point, and stitched it in and out with my thread, so that if the burning thoughts had seared as they fell, the beauty of my garment would have been quite destroyed. All along the seams I had hemmed in thoughts of life, and of the weary miles of burning sand which stretch between the oases where we may rest and drink; of Trusts, torn rudely down from the heights to which they had clambered, and left where the bleeding tendrils could reach no other support; of Love, which is so prone to stumble in the way, and sooner or later to fall prostrate under the burden of our hopes; and of Death, the answer to all riddles, whose coming makes these earthly trusts and hopes so small a matter to us after all.

And now the night was here, and my thoughts hugged the shadow still. The scene beyond the pane was in perfect unison with my mood. Nature was robed in mourning livery for her dead pets, and the fast falling shadows had transformed every tree and shrub into a gloomy specter. There were a thousand voices abroad, all babbling the discovered secret of the wily winter,—some in loud notes of warning, of his stealthy creeping under hedges and over meadows and garden beds; and others, full of pity, for the fate of the beautiful things which would perish in his track. When the harsher voices were for a moment lulled, I could hear the rustle of the autumn leaves, as they huddled together in a little sheltered nook under the window, to escape the rude handling of the wind. They whispered of the dead flowers, the truant birds, of the cruel frosts and the chilly rains. Dreams of summer were they, fading before the winter's breath,—children of the zephyrs and the sunbeams, left to perish amid snows and tempests.

I thought of their birth under blue skies nursed by the fostering sunlight, dancing in the arms of the mother bough, and rocked in the cradle of the south wind; how the cooling rain drops had pattered upon them,—a welcome bath after the dust and heat of the long summer's day; how many of them had hung like a verdant thatch over the homes of the birds, concealing them from covetous eyes and daring fingers; how they had all flocked to the autumn ball, in gorgeous jackets of crimson and yellow, to bid adieu to the birds and flowers; and how, when black clouds and keen airs heralded the coming of the storm king, they had, one by one, fluttered from the arms of the protecting bough, and left it lonely and defenceless to the spiteful peltings of hail and rain. Not the only summer friends, moralized my heart, which a rude blast of fortune has sent fluttering out of encircling arms.

And now, brown and withered, they scud in frightened crowds before the blast, or, cowering in dells and hollows, await their wintry burial. They are lying on graves to-night, which were not heaped when the spring flowers bloomed. Many dear eyes watched their unfolding, which to-night gaze upon the fadeless leaves of the tree of life. They rustle around homes where happiness, long past its budding, has come like them to its autumn days. Many an ear listens to their mournful voices, which amid the snows of years, hearkens in vain for the hushed voices of the spring-time.

I have had many hopes, whose buds burst in promise, to bloom, I believed, in the full glory of fruition; to-night they are worthless and dead as any of these leaves. I have pressed them between the pages of the book of Memory, remembering them with fondness even now, for it is something to have loved and trusted, in this world of shadows and illusions.

I cannot forget that every leaf which rustles in the night wind, has lived just the life for which the Creative hand fashioned it, and not one but dropped from the bough with its whole duty done, and well done. Every unit in the mass of shade with which summer embowered the earth, whether dancing in the sunlight or casting its tiny shadow to shield the head of a fainting traveler, has fulfilled its mission. And what of this life of mine,—this drop in the great ocean of existence,—this unit among the swarming myriads unto each of whom has been entrusted a mission more grand than that of sun, or stars or universe?

But beyond these cold days, past all these storms and tempests, another spring is waiting with hands filled with buds and blossoms. She will breathe upon these dead leaves, but there will be no magic in her breath to bid them live and bloom again; they are dead beyond hope of resurrection. But other leaves will people the same branches, and do their work just as well. So of these hopes of mine. They will never lay aside their shrouds, and become part of my life again; but I trust their places will some day be filled with brighter hopes and more perfect loves, which the breath of God shall kindle in my soul.

SLURS ON WOMAN.

At a recent meeting in this city, at which no ladies were present, a man, in responding to the toast on "Woman," dwelt almost solely on the frality of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech a gentleman present rose to his feet and said:

"I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours."

The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming—the maligner of woman was covered with confusion and shame.

This incident serves an excellent purpose in prefacing a few words which we have for a long time had it in our mind to say. Of all the evils prevailing among young men we know of none more blighting in its moral effects than the tendency to speak slightingly of the virtue of women. Nor is there anything in which young men are so thoroughly mistaken as the low estimate they form of the integrity of women—not of their own mothers and sisters, thank God, but of others, who, they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters.

As a rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit is safe to be trusted with any enterprise requiring integrity of character. Plain words should be spoken on this point, for the evil is a general one and deep rooted. If young men are sometimes thrown into the society of the thoughtless, they have no more right to measure other women by what they see of these than they would have to estimate the character of honest and respectable citizens by the developments of crime in our police courts.

Let young men remember that their chief happiness in life depends upon their utter faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosphy, no generalization, can cover or weaken this fundamental truth. It stands like the record of God himself—for it is nothing less than this—and should put a seal upon lips that are wont to speak slightingly of women.—*Packard's Monthly.*

THE SEXES AND AMUSEMENTS.

An eminent divine says:—It may be laid down as a general rule that amusements which separate the sexes are dangerous. I would not press the truth too narrowly and literally; but undoubtedly it is a general truth that where women seek their amusements in one way by themselves, and the men seek theirs in another way by themselves, there is in both ways a tendency to degeneration and temptation. God meant that men and women should live, work, and in all the functions of life—civil, social, religious, artistic and intellectual—co-operate with each other; and their mutual relations are harmonizing and balancing, and nowhere else more than in the seeking and prosecution of amusements.

I believe that boys and girls should go to school together. As they sit together in the household, so I think they should sit together in our temples of learning. Colleges should not be for all men or women, but the same building and the same professors should be provided for both in common. And as it is in everything else, so it should be in amusements. There is much greater liability to temptation and immorality where amusement is sought in the isolation or separation of sexes.

Therefore all exhibitions of pictures, statues, all provisions for public recreations, all institutions for public amusements, should be such as to enable the people to go in groups and families. I do not think amusements can be good generally, in a community in which a man is ashamed to take his whole family to them. If there is anything you would not like your wife and children to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is wrong, and if there is anything you would like them to participate in with you, the presumption is that it is right. And this might be made a rule of judgment far more widely than it is now.

SANDWICHES.

It is much better to sing airs than to borrow them.

A spinner's motto—"Life is *reel*."

A popular work of art—Drawing one's pay.

Would you be strong, conquer yourself.

The opposite of the seeds of discontent—Caraway seed.

What nation produces most marriages? Fascination.

It is only for innocence that solitude can have charms.

Innocence and mysteriousness never dwell together.

Counter revolution—A strike among the dry goods clerks.

Don't take care—leave it. It is always cumbersome luggage.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick up a great many stones.

The ebbing tide of dissipation generally leaves a man high and dry.

A fit place for persons who insist upon *encores* at the opera—Sing Sing.

Much of most men's fame is undesirable, being founded on their unhappiness.

An old Arabian proverb says:—"It is the second blow which begins the quarrel."

Why do so many people in China travel on foot? Because there is only one Cochin China.

What is that which lives in the winter, dies in the summer, and grows with its roots upwards? An icicle.

"I feel it my duty to dilate," said a tedious orator. "Better die late than never!" shouted a voice in the crowd.

Sabbath Reading.

IN THY GOOD TIME.

BY C. E. R PARKER.

In thy good time, dear Lord, in thy good time,
I shall find rest.
Far from the strife and tumult of the world,
In regions blest.

After the heat and turmoil of the day,
The quiet night,
With fragrant breeze; while silver stars look down
With softened light.

After the heat and burden of life's day,
The quiet grave;
Rest for the wearied frame and aching head,
Where sweet flowers wave.

After the storm upon the billowy deep,
The gentle calm—
Fierce winds are hushed, and soothing gales steal down
Like healing balm.

After the storms upon life's billows deep
I shall find peace—
That blessed peace, in realms of holy joy,
Where sorrows cease.

In patience, Lord, I wait for thy good time,
When thou wilt come
To take me to thy everlasting rest,
My heavenly home.

[*American Messenger.*

TRUE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, or reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul or John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches nor sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of torrent, noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudencies, little foibles, little indulgencies of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little works, and looks, and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day,—these are the active developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great, but that which is built up of great things, will find little in the Bible characters to admire or copy.—*Dr. Bonar.*

CLEAVING TO CHRIST.

I have seen a heavy piece of iron hanging on another—not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot, and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine too, if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with the mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground, like any other unsupported weight.

A stream of life from the Lord, brought into contact with a human spirit, keeps the spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power on earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows, through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely, but if the circle be broken the dependent spirit instantly drops off.—*Arnot.*

Spasmodic Piety.—A quaint writer compares a certain class of professors of religion to "sheet-iron stoves heated by shavings." When there is a little reviving in the church, they all at once flame up and become exceedingly warm and zealous. They are ready to chide the pastor and elders for their coldness and want of activity. But alas! the shavings are soon burned out, and then the heat goes down as it went up. They are never seen in the prayer room, or more spiritual meetings of the church again, until there is another excitement. If such people had not souls of their own to be saved, they would not be worth taking into the Church. They encumber it, though they may themselves receive benefit from a connection with it.

It is pleasant to say to all the brotherhood and sisterhood of ugliness and lameness, that there is every reason to believe there is no such thing in Heaven as a one legged or club-footed soul—no such thing as an ugly or misshapen soul—no such thing as a blind or deaf soul—no such thing as a soul with tainted blood in its veins; and that out of these imperfect bodies will spring spirits of consummate perfection and angelic beauty—a beauty chastened and enriched by the humiliations that were visited upon their earthly habitations.

First Step in Prayer.—He that makes but one step up a stair, though he is not much nearer to the top of the house, yet has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So in the first step of prayer; "God be merciful to me a sinner." Though a man be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from the world and the miserable comforts thereof. —*Dr. Donne.*

Make no more vain resolutions, but proceed at once to duty. Know your weakness, trust and pray. God will help you through, and give you patience.

The Reviewer.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: Its Origin, and An Account of Its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Volume II. [12mo.—pp. 632.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS minute narrative should have come before the stirring events of the last six years, in order to receive general attention. When two of the most potent powers of Europe were allied against a third, not less powerful, the eyes of all the rest of the world were directed towards the scene of conflict. Popular interest in the Crimea was then intense. And the story of that earnest struggle in the old world had its own peculiar fascination, until struggles in the new world more earnest, and ten-fold more momentous, drove all such narratives almost out of mind. From the shock of these we have not yet sufficiently recovered to peruse the present volume with feelings we might once have entertained. Yet its merits as an historical work are neither few nor small. (It is very elaborate, very lucid. Though the style is sometimes a trifle heavy it is seldom, if ever, dull. Numerous plans and illustrations of different contested points add much to its value. For sale by DEWEY.

THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC FOR 1869. Edited by DONALD G. MITCHELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

VERILY, we have got a long distance away from "the good old Colony days," if this superb Almanac is any criterion, as compared with the meager little affair of "Poor Richard." And is it not? Can we not see, in its elegantly tinted cover, its numerous illustrations, both plain and colored, and its beautiful typography in general, what a stride the world has made? For with the progress of the art preservative all civilization must and does keep pace. Let us lay a "Poor Richard" and an "Atlantic" together, then, as way-marks in our onward march. The entire contents of this Annual,—literary and artistic, happily blended,—are original, and by the best authors. Four articles are contributed by the Editor, quite in the humor of our old friend IK. MARVEL; and besides these are a goodly number from other graceful pens. While thus commending the work, we must say that we do not consider the four colored allegorical pictures of the seasons a very great addition to it. Sold by DEWEY.

A TREATISE ON STEEL: Comprising its Theory, Metallurgy, Properties, Practical Working and Use. By M. H. C. LANDRIN, Jr., Civil Engineer. Translated from the French, with Notes, by A. A. FESQUET, Chemist and Engineer. With an Appendix on the Bessemer and the Martin Processes for Manufacturing Steel, from the Report of ABRAM S. HEWITT, United States Commissioner to the Universal Exposition, Paris, 1867. [12mo.—pp. 352.] Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

SUCH a treatise as this, upon a metal which has come to be of almost universal use, cannot fail to interest the general reader, as well as to be of service to artisans in the metal considered. It is exhaustive, scientific, practical. Beginning with a history of steel, which necessarily includes much of the history of iron, it examines the various fuels employed in metallurgy, the substances which in the ore and the fuel are capable of influencing the qualities of iron and steel, the different ores in use; presents the theory of the formation of steel, with citations from a work by REAUMUR, published in 1722; and finally describes some of the uses to which steel is applied.

TABLETS. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. [16mo.—pp. 208.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THERE is little of methodical arrangement in these essays, so very tastefully presented. They range all through the practical, the sentimental, and the theological, the subject-matter being divided into two Books—Practical and Speculative—and including dissertations on the Garden, Recreation, Fellowship, Friendship, Culture, Books, Counsels, Instrumentalities, Mind, Genesis and Metamorphoses. Some good ideas are to be found in nearly all the essays, and also, in some of them, ideas that we deem questionable. When the author drops prose and attempts poetry, as he occasionally does, he loses greatly. His rhythm is awfully lame and crude, and his conceptions, as rendered, far from poetical. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

SMOKING AND DRINKING. By JAMES PARTON. [12mo.—paper, pp. 151.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THIS volume is especially adapted to thoughtful men, who are addicted to either or both of the great vices of which it treats. It is comprised of three essays originally contributed to the Atlantic Monthly by Mr. PARTON, entitled "Does it Pay to Smoke?" "Will the Coming Man drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One." They are plain and practical in style, dealing not with theories, but stern, unyielding facts. The true influence of tobacco and alcohol upon the system is forcibly shown; and the inevitable result of that influence as forcibly depicted. The essays must do good. We sincerely hope they will be circulated broadcast over the land. For sale by DEWEY.

LITTLE WOMEN; Or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrated by MAY ALCOTT. [16mo.—pp. 341.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

WE believe in little women. When we first picked up this book, attracted by its leading title, we supposed it to consist of essays or sketches about them. We soon learned our mistake, and discovered "Little Women" to be an exquisitely told story of quiet home-life, wherein four young sisters are the principal characters. Its pictures are more English than American, in their coziness and cheerful coloring, though they treat entirely of American incidents. Our girl-friends can hardly fail to be interested in them, and will be sorry when the curtain falls, at the end of the last chapter. Sold by ELLIS & Co.

JACOB FAITHFUL; Or, The Adventures of a Waterman. By Captain MARRYATT. Author of "Peter Simple," "Naval Officer," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," etc., etc. [12mo.—paper, pp. 430.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE APPLETONS are issuing a large number of cheap editions of standard authors' works. A People's Edition of the Sea Tales of Captain MARRYATT,—of which this volume is number three,—is their latest contribution to low-priced, readable literature. It is printed in large type, and is a creditable specimen of its kind. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE CONFECTIONER'S HAND-BOOK. New York: O. A. Roorbach.

THE PAINTER'S HAND-BOOK. New York: O. A. Roorbach.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES; Or, Harlequin in the Shades. How to Get Them Up, and How to Act Them. By TONY DENIER. With numerous Illustrations. New York: O. A. Roorbach.

ALL three of these pamphlets are very good, in their way. The first two are very practical; and the last is an excellent aid to a species of harmless amusement which will furnish jollity for old and young.

THE LITTLE SPANIARD; Or, Old Jose's Grandson. By MAY MANNERING. [16mo.—pp. 221.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THIS bright-colored little volume is number four of "The Helping Hand Series" for the young. It is a very interesting story,—and quite instructive, withal, as, the scene being laid in Spain, the manners, customs and traditions of the Spaniards are blended with it in an entertaining style. For sale by ERASTUS DARROW.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is one of the series of cheap reprints of the Waverley Novels, and not the least interesting among them. It combines a mixture of Scotch and English high and low life, presented in the entertaining style which gained for the author such widespread popularity thirty years ago. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE PIRATE. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 191.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS,—No. 13 of the Waverley Novels,—has long had the reputation of being one of SCOTT's best sea-stories. It won wide popularity years ago. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

IN the whole range of optical wonders there is not another which compares with the Kaleidoscope, the invention of Sir DAVID BREWSTER, and many years since introduced to the American public. As then produced it was an instrument costly in construction,—but thanks to the ingenuity of some Yankee, it may now be in the possession of many thousands of our land. In fact, all who have in their possession a piano, melodeon, or organ with a highly polished top, can, by heeding the following directions, produce at will Kaleidoscopic beauties not excelled by those of the Magic Lantern:

The cover of a piano (or its equivalent) is turned back, so as to make an angle of 40° with the remaining undisturbed cover of the instrument, placing books at one end to sustain it, the height of the books being about six inches. This arranged, the upper portion of the piano is covered with black cloth (a dark colored shawl will answer) except the ends of the cover. A good light is then placed at the end sustained, and at the side of the books, in such a position that it will illumine both polished surfaces of the angle for a distance of a few inches at its smallest point. But the one light should be left in the room. If this is in the correct position, an object held midway between the books and the smaller point of the angle, and a few inches from the same, can be seen by a person looking in at the opposite end of the piano in connection with fifteen mirrored images of the same all in a circle. A slight change in the object produces an equally instantaneous change in the mirrored images.

One object thus exhibited can be made to produce a myriad of beautiful and pleasing changes. Those articles that produce the most pleasing transformations are worsteds, crotchet work, laces, ribbons, gilded china ware, bead work, flowers, toys, &c. A few trials will enable a person of common ingenuity to become an expert in the location of the light and arrangement of the objects. As a parlor entertainment it is unequaled. Space forbids an explanation of its philosophical principles.

Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y. L. D. S.

THOUGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

"As quick as thought," we say, when we would imply a maximum of celerity. But is thought so rapid? According to the recent experiments of the famous German physicist, Helmholtz, the process of thinking and willing is a comparatively slow one. An impression made upon the body takes a perceptible time to reach the brain; and when the brain wills to put in action a corporeal member, it takes time to communicate its orders thereto. The interval required by a shock given, say to the foot, to announce itself to the brain has been measured—impracticable as this may seem thus:

An electric current has been applied to a muscle or a nerve, and the instant of its contact has been automatically registered on a chronograph. The moment the patient has felt the shock he has touched a key, which has made a second mark upon the register; and this last mark has been found to be separated from the first by several tenths of a second of time. The interval was the time accupied by the sensation in travelling to the brain; by perception and reflection in the brain; and by the passage of the will from the brain to the digit touching the key. A few tenths of seconds may not appear much but we must remember that a direct electric current would have traversed the distance instantaneously. It is evident, therefore, that the nervous current, or, if you please, the speed of thought, is much slower than that of electricity.

M. Radua estimates that the latter is twenty million times more rapid than the former. The rate of thinking and acting upon thought varies materially in different people. Astronomers know this to their cost, as they are obliged to introduce troublesome corrections to their observation for personal equation, as they term it. Two experienced and highly accurate observers, will differ by half a second in their records of an instantaneous phenomenon; and this difference between them is a constant quantity, remaining unchanged for years; he who observes thus much before his fellow to-day will do so to-morrow, and next month, and years hence. This peculiarity appears to have no connection with mental acuteness or ability; sharp, quick-witted men may observe much later than such as are slow and heavy headed; it is purely a question of the conductive powers of the nerves and rapidity of the perceptive and reflective action of the brain.—"*Table Talk*," *in Once a Week.*

THE TEAR AND ITS HOME.

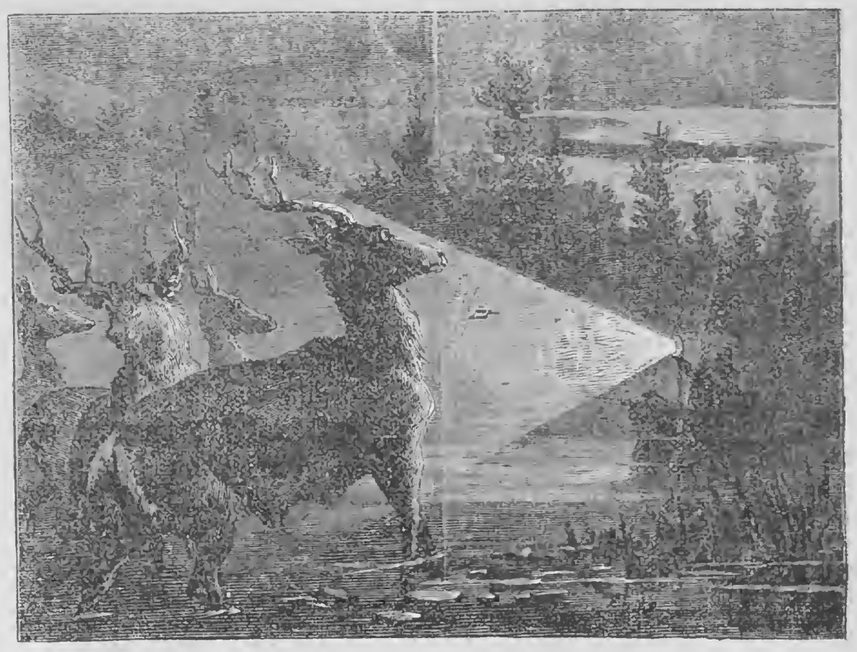
CHAMBERS' Journal recently analyzed the tear, and talked of its home, in the following rather practical than poetical manner:

The principal element of a tear is water; the water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours; "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eyes. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night—although less abundantly during sleep—they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health.

It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelid that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose.

THE tendency of all science and art is to a higher, more ennobling civilization.



DEER HUNT AT NIGHT.

THERE is nothing more pleasurable to the sportsman than the deer hunt at night. It has a zest, an excitement, peculiar to itself. One method of deer stalking, formerly much in vogue, is graphically depicted in our engraving. The hunters lie in wait for their game, in a boat, provided with a dark lantern having a strong reflector. When deer are heard the slide is suddenly drawn back, and the glare so dazzles and mystifies them that they are readily shot.

The especial incident portrayed above is described in "Recollections of a Life of Adventure." On this occasion four deer had been surprised. "We could see them staring at us," the author says, "in a most bewildered manner. They evidently could not make out what it all meant, and the boldest of them, a young buck of an inquisitive turn of mind, advanced a step or two to investigate matters. Halting an instant, he gave a snort of defiance, and with eyes glittering like balls of fire, advanced another fatal step, his last, for the sharp, clear crack of the rifle rang through the forest, and the poor buck fell, dyeing the waters of the stream with his life blood."

Various Topics.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE science of physiognomy is not a new thing. ARISTOTLE anticipated it to quite an extent. Some of his observations in regard to it, which are curious, if not especially valuable, may be thus summarized. A thick neck indicates a strong character; a thin one, a weak character. A well-sized neck, not too thick, shows high-mindedness; a long slender neck, cowardice; a very short one, cunning. The animal types these follow are respectively the lion, the stag and the wolf. Thin lips, loose at the ends, and the upper over-lapping, also show high-mindedness; and this, too, belongs to the leonine type, and to that of high-spirited dogs. Thick lips, the upper projecting, show folly, and belong to the type of the ass and the monkey. People with projecting upper lips and prominent gums are apt to be abusive. A nose with thick extremity shows indolence—the bovine type. An aquiline nose, well cleared from the forehead, shows high-mindedness. The same indication is afforded by a round nose, flattened at the end. A nose turning up rapidly from the forehead shows impudence. Nostrils wide open show a passionate character.

Fleshy faces show indolence and cowardice; lean faces, diligence; little faces, small-mindedness; large faces, slowness and stupidity. The middle size is the best. If there are baggy formations about the eyes, the subject is fond of drink. Little eyes are a sign of a little mind; great or prominent eyes, of stupidity; concave eyes of a mischievous disposition. As to their color, very black eyes show cowardice, as also gray and pale-colored eyes; those of the blond type, and bright, gleaming eyes, indicate courage; glittering eyes, a sensual character. The forehead, if little, shows inaptitude to learning; if very large, stupidity; if round, insensibility; if square and symmetrical, high-mindedness; if heavy and projecting, self-will.

A large head shows insensibility; a little head, lively perception; a peaked head, impudence. Little ears belong to the monkey tribe, and great ears to the donkey. Even the best kinds of dogs have moderate-sized ears. As to complexion, very dark persons are cowardly. The blonde complexion shows courage; the red, cunning; the sanguine, a passionate character; the color resembling that of honey, coldness of disposition. Eyebrows drawn down toward the nose, and up toward the forehead, indicate silliness; hair rising straight from the head, cowardice, (arguing from the effect of extreme fear in causing the hair to bristle,) so, too, does very crisp hair. Prominence of the forehead, near the head, generosity, (the leonine type;) hair growing on the forehead, near the nose, shows meanness.

ANAGRAMS.

THOUGH anagrams are not the grandest productions of human genius yet the intellectual ingenuity that is sometimes displayed in dissolving a word into its elements, and from these elements compounding some new word characteristic of the person or thing designated by the original—is quite surprising. For example, what can be more curious than the coincidence between Telegraphs and its anagram, viz:—*Great Helps!* So of Astronomers—*Moon-starers;* Penitentiary—*Nay, I repent it;* Radical Reform—*Rare mad frolic.* Hardly less felicitous are the following:—Presbyterian—*Best in prayer;* Gallantries—*All great sin;* Old England—*Golden land.*

Few persons will yield to the logic of political anagrams, but it is impossible not to be struck by the famous *Frantic Disturbers*, made from Francis Burdett; and in an ignorant age doubtless not a few persons were confirmed in their dogged adherence to the Pretender to the British throne, while his enemies were startled and confounded, by the coincidence of Charles James Stuart with its anagram, *He asserts a true claim.* The two finest anagrams ever made are, *Honor est a Nilo* (Honor is from the Nile) from Horatio Nelson; and the reply evolved from Pilate's question, "*Quid est Veritas?* What is truth?" "*Vir est quid adest*—It is the man who stands before you." The following, written by Oldys, the bibliographer, and found by his executors among his manuscripts, will be regarded by many as "quaintly good," to use an expression of Isaak Walton's:

In word and WILL I AM a friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

[*Chicago Standard.*

OVERWORK.—Overwork is undoubtedly one of the great evils of the day. The overworked man goes home from his toil unhappy and irritable; he can't help it—his vitality is too much exhausted to admit of spiritual exuberance—he is mentally prostrated if not physically used up.

HOW LONG WE MIGHT LIVE.

PROF. FARADAY adopted Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of a man is one hundred years. The duration of the life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphysis are united the body grows no more, and at twenty years this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight; in the horse at five; in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man, being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years, that is to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives everywhere from eighty to one hundred years. Providence has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain to it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise. He does not die; he kills himself.

The learned Professor also divided life into equal halves, growth and decline, and halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year; youth to the fiftieth, because it is during this period the tissues become firm; virility from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete, and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

THE RED SEA.

THE Red Sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about sixty miles on that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red Sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red Sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs; and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light-houses in the sea, which must be kept by salamander-like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July and approaches ninety in early spring.

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.—The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, who fed silk worms before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai, which are called the Garden of China, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow land raised but a few feet above the river—lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication; the land under the highest tilth; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that, wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body. The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures of the world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect state of existence.

FARMERS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—George William Curtis, in a late agricultural address, remarked:—"I said the story of the farmer, the actual farm laborer, is a hard, sad tale. England is a garden, English agriculture is a fine art. But nine hundred years ago in England, the farm laborer was a slave, and to-day he is the most ignorant and wretched man upon that island." The contrast in this country was then given:—"We pass through a nation of small proprietors, cultivating their own land; managing their own town, country, State and national affairs; the happiest and most prosperous farming population in the world, who are free themselves, and the great bulwark of freedom upon this continent."

Reading for the Young.

LIGHTLY.

LIGHTLY soars the thistle down,
Lightly doth it float:
So the seeds of ill are sown,
Little though we note.

Lightly floats the thistle down;
Far and wide it flies,
By the faintest zephyr blown,
Freely through the skies.

Ye may let the thistles grow,
In your idle folly;
But when all your paths they sow,
Then comes melancholy.

[*Sunday-School World.*

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.

"JOHNNY," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey; so off he started, without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled and broke her leg.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself:—"Now what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter—the same tempter who puts wicked thoughts into all our hearts—"tell him you found the bars half down and the creature lying there."

"No, I can't say that," said Johnny; "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows that big boy of Farmer Brown threw stones and hurried that cow so that she fell."

"No, no," said Johnny, "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell my father the truth. It was all my fault. I was in a hurry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

So having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he were afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do?

He laid his hand on Johnny's head and said,

"My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than that my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.—*S. S Visitor.*

ABOUT BLOOD.

OBSERVE your mother when she is packing a trunk, and you will see that whatever she is most afraid of being spoiled, she is most careful to put in the middle, that it may be least exposed to accidents. And this is what a kind Providence has done with the arteries, which have the utmost cause to dread accidents, while the veins, which are much better able to bear rough usage, are allowed to wander freely just under the skin. But when the bones happen to take up a great deal of room, and come near the skin themselves, as is the case in the wrist, the artery is forced, whether he likes it or not, to venture to the surface, and then we are able to put our fingers upon him. And there are also others in the same sort of situation; the artery of the foot, for instance.

You feel quite sure the blood is red, do you not? Well, it is no more red than the water of a stream would be if you were to fill it with little red fishes. Suppose the fishes to be very, very small—as small as a grain of sand—and closely crowded together through the whole depth of the stream, the water would look quite red, would it not? And this is the way in which blood looks red; only observe one thing:—a grain of sand is a mountain in comparison with the little red fishes in the blood. If I were to tell you they measured about the three thousand two hundredth part of an inch in diameter you would not be much wiser, so I prefer saying (by way of giving you a more perfect idea of their minuteness) that there would be about a million in such a drop of blood as would hang on the point of a needle. I say so on the authority of a scientific Frenchman—M. Bouillet. Not that he ever counted them, as you may suppose, any more than I have done; but this is as near an approach as can be made by calculation to the size of those fabulous blood fishes, which are the three thousand two hundredth part of an inch in diameter.—*Jean Mace.*

A MISTAKEN IDEA.

"MOTHER," said Jane Wiley, "is Robert Wickes a Christian?"

"I hope he is. He is very young to join the church; but his pastor and friends thought he gave good evidence of being a Christian. Why do you ask the question?"

"Because he plays with the other boys every day when school is out."

"Does he play like a Christian or a wicked boy?"

"I don't know, mother; I only know that he plays with the other boys."

Jane thought a Christian must always be very sober, if not sad. Her idea was a mistaken one. God wishes us to be happy. He is as willing that children should play as their parents are. He requires them to play as Christians, that is, to avoid all wickedness in playing.

JESUS WILL CARRY ME.—In a Christian family near Amoy, China, a little boy, the youngest of three children, on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young; that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was a little boy. To this he made the touching reply:—"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me." This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear one was, ere long, baptized. The whole family, of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother and three sons—are all members of the Mission church at Amoy.—*Miss. Inst.*

SUBTRACTION.—"Peter, what are you doing to that boy?" said a schoolmaster. "He wanted to know if you take ten from seventeen how many will remain, so I took ten of his apples to show him, and now he wants me to give them back." "Well, why don't you do it then?" "Coz, sir, he would then forget how many are left."

The Publisher's Desk.

The Rural for 1869.

Agents and others interested in increasing the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL NEW-YORKER are referred to article headed "To All Our Readers" at head of Rural Notes column on second page.

Posters, Prospectuses, &c., for Vol. XX, 1869, of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be ready in a few days, and sent, post paid, to all applicants. Address or apply to either of our Offices—82 Buffalo st., Rochester, N. Y., or 41 Park Row, New York City.

Our Trial Trip.—Please remember that we send THIRTEEN Numbers of this Quarter (Oct. to Jan.) *On Trial*, for Only FIFTY CENTS! We can still furnish back numbers from Oct. 3. Try the Trial Trip, or send it to your friends at a distance.

Specimens, &c., Free.—We will send from two to six or more specimens of the RURAL (also Prospectus, &c.,) free to any person disposed to aid in extending its circulation. Address or apply to either of our Offices.

Open the Campaign!—Now is the Time to open the Fall and Winter Campaign. Read the article entitled "To All Our Readers," on second page, and, then, being sure you're right, go ahead.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE Bessemer Steel Works, in Troy, owned by John A. Griswold and Erastus Corning, were partially destroyed by fire one night last week. The principal building, and machinery in it, were damaged to the extent of about $50,000.

Three police officers arrested one John Masterson, on Atlantic street, Brooklyn, on Sunday, for disorderly conduct, and while conveying him to the station house, were assaulted by a mob of some two hundred men and women, with bricks, stones and other missiles. Two of the officers were severely injured; but held on to their prisoner, and a discharge of one of their revolvers caused the crowd to scatter, leaving one of the ringleaders, in the hands of the police.

Rochester is erecting an elegant new building for the Theological Seminary. Its dimensions are one hundred and six by forty-eight feet.

The dedication of the monument to General Sedgwick, at West Point, took place Wednesday week, according to the programme previously announced.

The propeller Northampton and the steamer Continental collided on the Sound on Friday morning. The former was cut nearly in twain, and sank in ten minutes. The passengers were all saved, but some injuries are reported.

The barns of Cornelius Blauvelt, at Spring Valley, Rockland county, were burned on the 17th inst., together with the celebrated stallion "Patriot."

The work of removing buildings to make way for the new Capitol, is progressing rapidly at Albany. A large number of men and teams are employed.

Eleven bishops and about 400 clergymen of the Episcopal Church enjoyed a reunion at Ferrero's rooms in New York city, one day last week.

Ground has been broken the entire length of the town of Moravia, Cayuga county, for the Southern Central railroad, and much of the grading completed.

Great quantities of grapes, mostly Catawbas, are reported ruined by the late freeze, in the neighborhood of the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, in the valley above Hammondsport.

A train was thrown off the track on the Hudson River Railroad, very early Saturday morning, about three miles below Greenbush, the smoking car and two passenger cars smashed to atoms, one lady killed outright and about forty other persons more or less injured.

The track upon the Albany and Susquehanna railroad is laid in good order as far as Port Dickinson.

Nearly $1,500,000 worth of dry goods were imported to New York city last week. The total foreign importations were about $5,000,000.

The number of deaths in New York city last week was 369.

A large gridstone in the Schenectady locomotive works burst on Friday. One of the pieces went through the roof of the building, breaking asunder the large beams overhead, and landed about a hundred feet from where it started and in a room full of workmen. Luckily no one was hurt.

From Washington.

THE President has issued a Proclamation recommending that Thursday, the 26th day of November next, be set apart and observed by all the people of the United States as a day for public praise, thanksgiving and prayer.

The volunteer force of the United States Navy is being gradually disbanded, and the rolls of the department now show very few volunteer officers. Nearly all of them have been honorably discharged within the past three years. Quite a number have received appointments into the regular service.

A special newspaper dispatch says that a very determined effort is being made to induce the President to suspend Commissioner Rollins from office, on the strength of the evidence now in possession of Fullerton and Binckley, charging fraud upon the officers of the Internal Revenue Department, and it is understood that the President has directed a brief, of the strongest evidence against Mr. Rollins, to be prepared and submitted to him.

The Secretary of War has been informed that there are at least from fifteen to twenty murders of loyal men each day in the western portion of South Carolina alone.

Commodore C. H. Poor, U. S. N., has been promoted to be Rear-Admiral, vice Rear-Admiral H. K. Hoff retired.

On the 1st of November about $23,000,000 in coin will be taken from the vaults of the treasury department to pay the semi-annual interest on the five-twenty bonds which falls due on that date. There is about $100,000,000 in coin held by the government, $20 000,000 of which is in gold certificates.

The defaulting post-office clerk, Olmsted, has been released on bail.

The open sales of gold are discontinued. It is found that the government does not realize so high a price for that now sold in proportion to the market value as when sales were made secretly.

A report in regard to his recent attempts to investigate alleged revenue frauds has been made by Mr. Blackley, in which he says his object, according to the assignment made by the President, was to investigate evidence against any officer of the Revenue service, without reference to Commissioner Rollins. He met with numerous difficulties from curious and inquisitive persons, and unwilling officials, and possibly owes his failure to the refusal of the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish him with full authority in the premises. He closes his report by announcing that his resignation is in the Secretary's hands.

The Queen of Madagascar has presented to the Government some beautifully wrought and variously colored fabrics of heavy silk and other material, probably intended for table or bed spread. She also sent a silver plated coffee urn, but this is of inferior workmanship.

From the West.

FIVE companies of the 10th cavalry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. H. Carpenter, had a sharp fight with 500 Indians lately, about 115 miles northeast of Fort Wallace, Kansas. Nine Indians were killed and a large number wounded. Three white men were wounded.

Lynch law prevails in Cooper county, Mo. On the 14th inst., an old man named Mapes, living near Otterville, was dragged from his bed and murdered. On the following day Mrs. Mapes, her brother named McIntosh, Charles Good and a boy named Bennett, were arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder, and placed in charge of a constable and a guard of ten men, to be conveyed to Booneville. While *en route* to the place the guard was overpowered by a party of men, and McIntosh and Good were hung. Mrs. Mapes and the boy were taken to jail.

H. D. Christian, a Government detective, was murdered in St. Louis on Friday night, and robbed.

Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt in San Francisco on the morning of the 21st inst. The motion was east and west. Five persons were killed and twenty-five others injured. The walls of the City Hall were badly wrecked and the arches ruined, one hundred buildings in the city more or less damaged, including the leading hotels, the Bank of California, the Court House, the Custom House and the Merchants' Exchange.

Captain Mitchell, commander of the U. S. steamer Saginaw, was murdered on Wednesday night of last week at San Francisco, in the very heart of the city. The body was robbed.

A man has been arrested in St. Paul on a charge of having and offering for sale a large quantity of counterfeit land scrip, representing that given by Massachusetts and Tennessee.

A large number of parties have been held to bail in St. Louis on charges of defrauding Government in the matter of revenue.

A. R. Scott, a Judge of Elections at Harlem, Clay Co., Mo., who had given considerable information to the Registrars, was shot to death recently by some unknown person.

From the South.

THE office of the Rapides Tribune, at Alexandria, La., was destroyed last week by a mob.

A large meeting of ex-soldiers in Louisiana have passed resolutions calling upon the United States and General Rousseau to protect ex-soldiers and loyal citizens.

A meeting was held at Charleston, S. C., on the 19th inst., to express indignation at the recent murders in that State. Mayor Clark presided, and speeches were made by Senator Sawyer, Collector Mackey and others. Governor Scott has issued proclamations offering rewards for the apprehensions of the murderers, and expressing a determination to maintain the public order at all hazard.

Gov. Bullock has issued a proclamation suspending the collection of all poll taxes in Georgia until the next regular session of the General Assembly of the State. This action is taken to prevent the exclusion of many citizens from franchise by an attempt to collect certain onerous taxes provided in the Constitution of 1865, and an application of statutory provisions which would ensue on the failure of the citizens to pay such taxes.

A U. S. military officer on duty in Texas writes that rebels are organizing in five counties in regiments, pretending that it is by authority of General Reynolds and other officers. The organization is ostensibly to protect themselves against Indians, but really to drive out all United States troops and Union men in the State. Among the men named as leaders in this movement is ex-Gov. Throckmorton.

A riot took place lately at Gretna, La., in which three negroes were killed and several wounded. The rest fled to Algiers and the swamps. General Rousseau sent a company of infantry to assist the 100 policemen there in preserving the peace.

Another riot occurred in New Orleans on the night of the 24th inst., in which several lives were lost. It was the result of a meeting between a club of black and a club of white men.

Political News.

WEST VIRGINIA held its election for State officers and Congressmen last week. The result was in favor of the Republicans, who elected their ticket by some four hundred majority.

Gov. Seymour has taken the field in person. His opening speech of the campaign was made at Buffalo on the night of the 22d inst. to an immense crowd. A brilliant torchlight procession numbering several thousands gave eclat to the occasion.

The Republicans of Central New York made a grand and enthusiastic demonstration at Syracuse on the 22d inst. Major General Kilpatrick and other distinguished speakers addressed the gathered thousands.

A Republican jubilee was held in Albany on the 23d inst. Gov. Fenton presided at the meeting in Tweddle Hall, where speeches were made by Hon. John A. Griswold, Gen. Garfield and others. The headquarters flagstaff used by Gen. Grant at City Point was raised at the Capitol by the Boys in Blue with appropriate ceremonies. Gen. Kilpatrick and others made speeches, and Col. Duganne read a stirring poem. An evening demonstration was very extensive.

Gen. H. W. Slocum has been nominated by the Democracy of the Third District of New York for Congress. His opponent is ex-Mayor Booth of Brooklyn.

It is stated that Judge Edwards Pierrepont and A. T. Stewart of New York have each contributed $20,000 in aid of the election of Grant and Colfax, and, *per contra*, it is stated that Dr. H. T. Helmbold, the famous patent medicine man, has given $40,000 to advance the interests of the Democratic nominees for the Presidency.

Several parties who were detected in double voting at the recent election in Augusta, Me., have been indicted by the Grand Jury and arrested.

Six seats in the Forty-first Congress will certainly be contested; those of Moffatt, Reading and Foster in Pennsylvania, Strader and Hoag in Ohio, and Voorhees in Indiana, all Democrats.

Legal proceedings have been commenced in the Court of Common Pleas to contest the late election in Philadelphia.

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATES.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

THOUGH by no means political partisans, we are not unmindful of the fact that a great national contest is very shortly to be decided, by the People, at the polls. And knowing that the RURAL goes into many a retired hamlet, and is conned over by many a family wherein political journals awaken comparatively little interest, we give herewith portraits of the candidates for President and Vice-President. They are the only features of the campaign, — distinctive and of a purely party character, — that we can present; and even these may not be new to a large number of readers. For biographical notices of the four gentlemen we cannot make room; if such are desired, we would respectfully refer to any one of the many "Lives" which have been kindly furnished by admiring biographers.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

MINISTER REVERDY JOHNSON is being dined and wined very liberally in England. The latest public dinner tendered him was at Liverpool, and a peculiar and perhaps significant feature of the occasion, under the existing complications relative to the Alabama claims, was the presence of Mr. Laird, one of the builders of the Alabama, to whom Mr. Johnson was personally introduced. It is said that several distinguished friends of the United States absented themselves from the dinner because it was known that Mr. Laird would be present. In the speeches that were made the subject of the Alabama differences was treated as of no special importance, and one to be readily disposed of.

The re-organization of Spain as a nation is proceeding rapidly. Governors, civil and military, have been appointed in all the provinces. The Democrats have assembled in different parts of the country and have declared that all males who have reached the age of twenty years should be allowed to vote. The moderate and clerical parties are forming a coalition, and will vote for the same candidates in the election for Constitutional Cortes.

Dispatches received at London state that the authorities of Sydney have positive proof that the shooting of Prince Alfred was the result of a deeply laid plot.

A Paris journal says that Ferdinand has declined the offer of the crown of Spain. It is considered certain that the duke of Montpensier would accept it.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Rio Janeiro dates to Sept. 23d are received. The Brazilian army entered the Tebicuary on the 1st inst., the Paraguayans having abandoned the works, leaving one cannon and considerable ammunition and food. The battery on Paraguayan River had been dismounted, the cannon having been thrown into the river. Lopez is said to have gone to Cerro Leone, a strongly fortified place below Assuncion, destroying the railroad. The Allies were *en route* from Tebicuary for Viletta, gunboats accompanying them on the river. Lopez is said to have about 20,000 men, and being in the interior, the Allies' operations will be at a disadvantage, they having lost some 900 oxen in transporting supplies to the Tebicuary. The Brazilian squadron had gone to Assuncion, and two monitors had gone to Motto Grasso, the latter place being abandoned by the Paraguayans.

MEXICAN NEWS.—Latest advices state that Gen. Uraga had been expatriated. The reason is supposed to be for complicity in the late fiasco of Santa Anna. Minister Romero, in his report on the state of Mexican finances, expresses the hope that the Treasury will be able to pay the interest on the national debt punctually when peace has been restored and the army disbanded. Gov. Hernandez of the State of Vera Cruz, proposes to resign his position, because Col. Dominguez, the head of the late rebellion in his State, has been pardoned by the Federal Government.

AFFAIRS ON THE ISTHMUS.—At last advices Central American affairs were not very satisfactory. The Assembly of Panama had convened and organized, delegating executive power to acting President Carreusa. Chiriqui had declined offers of peace, and Carreusa had proclaimed war against that State in a fulsome proclamation. Chiriqui had declared itself independent of Panama and organized a new Government, with Senor Agnew as President. The Government troops had been badly defeated under late Secretary of State Urna, who was killed.

REV. D. GILLETTE read the Report of the Freedmen's Commission before the Episcopal Board of Missions, Oct. 9th. During three years this Commission has expended $90,000, besides large amounts of books and clothing. During the past year it has employed 65 teachers for 5,000 pupils. There are yet too many clashing interests and vexed political questions to allow the Commission its full scope for work. To meet obligations the treasurer has advanced $5,000.

THE body of an unknown man, supposed to be a passenger by one of the lake steamers, was found at Buffalo a few mornings since near the Niagara elevator. The man had been evidently murdered. There were three gashes made by a hatchet in his forehead and one on the back of the head. The arms were pinioned and the joints turned inside out. The deceased was apparently twenty-five years of age. He had black curly hair, mustache and goatee trimmed close.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS, publisher of the "Public Ledger," of Philadelphia, has presented the Typographical Society of that city a large lot in Woodland Cemetery, for the interment of deceased printers. It was dedicated recently with impressive ceremonies.

A YOUNG man, about twenty-two years old, by the name of W. Kidd, committed suicide one day last week by taking strychnine, while on the eastward-bound train, a short distance west of Boone, Iowa. He was under arrest for the murder of Miss Kate Jordan, of Glen Haven, Wis., in June last.

J. W. JONES of Westbrook, Me., has packed not less than 1,600,000 cans of green corn this year. He has employed not less than 700 hands, not to mention huskers, and has had 1,500 acres of sweet corn under cultivation. This business, now so large, was quite unknown a few years ago.

A TERRIBLE avalanche of rocks recently occurred near the Notch House on Mt. Mansfield, Vermont. One of them, weighing more than one hundred tons, fell, bounding and crushing its way over the forest, a thousand feet or more, cutting the trees off like pipe stems, till it finally lodged within ten rods of the house.

A NUMBER of female compositors, who were excluded from employment in the printing offices of San Francisco, by the Typographical Union of that city, have raised the necessary capital to fit out a printing office, have rented a place, procured presses, type, &c., and are about to commence a woman's co-operative job printing establishment.

A SAD affair occurred in Owasso, Mich., a few days since. Two Saginaw ladies went thither to meet their aged parents, whom they had not seen for years. As the cars from the East containing the old people approached the depot, the mother caught sight of her daughters, and in her eagerness to embrace them stumbled and fell. The cars ran over her, severing her head completely from her body.

THE canal boat Somerset, when about six miles from Buffalo, was boarded on the night of the 20th inst., when passing under a bridge, by five men armed with revolvers, who put the steersman under guard, went into the cabin, robbed the captain of about $90, and one of the hands of $20, besides taking three overcoats, a pair of pants and a vest. They then departed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, OCTOBER 27, 1868.

THE call for money continues active in our local market. There is more paper offering at the banks than they can take. There is no prospect that the demand will be much diminished before the close of navigation.

The New York market has been quite stringent the past week. The tightness from natural causes was much increased by another combination of capitalists to lock up greenbacks. Most of the banks, however, have been able to accommodate their regular customers.

Gold sold yesterday at 134¾. The Government gold sold last week averaged about 135¼. The market seems to have lost some elements of its strength, and there is a general tendency to lower rates. The payment of the November interest will throw about $30,000,000 of gold upon the market. From present prospects it will not be profitable to ship it abroad.

Speculators in the last six or eight days have been operating to bring down the price of Governments, but with little effect. In the face of the bear movement on this side our securities have advanced abroad. Letters from Europe say that the holders of our bonds now feel satisfied of the entire ability and determination of our people to pay the debt in coin. The desire to invest is increasing, both at home and abroad.

The stock market in New York has for some days been somewhat excited, particularly for railroad securities. Erie has been particularly depressed, in consequence of a rumor that new stock has recently been issued to the amount of from eight to twenty millions.

In the general trade of the country there is little change to notice. The volume of trade is moderate.

BREADSTUFFS.—The grain and breadstuffs market is unsettled, wheat and flour rather declining. The movement of the crops from the West is slow. There are large accumulations of grain at Western ports, but it is held too high for the shipping demand. If there is no more active demand than at present, or greater inducements for shipping, the amount that will be kept over in the lake ports will be very large. To carry the accumulations over until spring will require a large amount of money.

The Chicago Republican of Saturday notices the Chicago wheat market as follows:—"Wheat was again lower, with a decided weakness on the part of holders, who have apparently come to the conclusion that the sooner they 'sell out' the better it will be for all parties concerned, as there is no telling just where and when the bottom will be touched and 'hard-pan' reached. The receipts continue on a liberal scale."

WOOL.—The sales in Boston last week were 900,000 lbs., at a range of 44@52c. for fleece, and 43@53c. for the various grades of pulled. Manufacturers are not purchasing largely, many of them having quite a large stock on hand; they are also beginning to change their machinery for the production of spring goods. The stock of winter cloths on hand is large, and sales now are not active.

PORK.—The Eastern and Western markets for pork are steady. Some packers in Cincinnati and Chicago have commenced operations. The hogs thus far received are light and poorly fatted. The Chicago Republican of the 24th says:—"Hogs were dull and 15@20c. per 100 lbs. lower—closing with a strong downward tendency. The receipts were 7,501 head, and the sales 3,233 head, at from $6.50@8.25 for fair to extra—chiefly at $6.75@7.50.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 26.—Flour, wheat, $11.50@14.25; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4.50@5.50; Corn, per bushel, $1.20@1.25; Mill feed, $21@35; Wheat, red, $1.80@2.00; do. white, $2.40@2.50; Rye, $1.45@1.45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1.80@2.00; Beans, $2.00@3.00; Pork, mess, $31.00@32.00; Beef, cwt., $8.00@10.00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $14.00@14.00; Hams, 19@20c; Shoulders, 12@13c; Chickens, 16@18c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 14@17½cts; Lard, 19@20c; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 26@30c; Wool, 40@43c; Honey, box, ℔ ℔, 20@22c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0.50@0.75; Onions, $1.50@1.75; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3.25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2.00@3.00; Dried Apples, ℔ ℔, 7@8c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2.50@3.00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $3.00@3.75; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Ashes, pots, $8.50@8.75, pearls, $10.50; Cotton, 25½@25½c; Flour, $6.20@14.00; Wheat, $1.55@2.00; Rye, $1.51@1.52; Barley, 2.12½@2.15; Corn, $1.14@1.17; Oats, 74@75c; Pork, old mess, $27.50@27.62; mess, $27.25@27.50; $24.00@25.00 prime; prime mess, $27@27.75; Beef, plain mess, $11@19.00; extra, $19@23.55; Beef hams, $28@33.00; Hams, 13@18c; Shoulders, 12@13½cts; Lard, 16@18½c; Butter, 30@48c; Cheese, 18@17¾c.

ALBANY, Oct. 24.—Flour, $6.50@13; Rye flour, $8@8.50; Corn meal, $2.40@2.50; Wheat, $2.00@2.25; Corn, $1.17@1.18; Barley, $2.20@2.30; Rye, $0.60; Oats, 46cts; Pork, mess, $31; clear, $34; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 11c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $14@16; Lard, 20½@21c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 24.—Flour, $7.50@12.00; Rye flour, $7.25; Wheat, $1.18@2.15; Corn, $1.02½@1.04; Oats, 61½@62c; Rye, $1.35; Barley, $2.20@2.30; Peas, $1.35; Beans, $3@3.50; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 15@17c; Eggs, 32c; Pork, mess, $30@31.50; Lard, 20½c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Flour, $7.25@7.50; Wheat, $1.32@1.32; Corn, 84@86cts; Oats, 45@46c; Rye, 1.16@1.16; Barley, 1.71@1.73; Pork, mess, $29@29.50; Lard, 17@18c.

TORONTO, Oct. 22.—Flour, $5@6.50; Wheat, $1.12@1.35; Oats, 50@52c; Barley, $1.40@1.42; Peas, 90@92c; Pork, $21@25.50; Bacon, 11@11c; Hams, 14@15c; Butter, 18@28c; Cheese, 10@11½c; Eggs, 13@16c; Potatoes, 50@60c; Lard, 11@10c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—Beef Cattle range at from 9@16½c; Milch Cows, $30@110; Veal Calves, 10@13c; Sheep, 3@6½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 11@12½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 22.—Beeves range at from $3@9.25; Milch Cows, $45@100; Veal Calves, 9@9½c; Sheep, 3½@5c; Lambs, 5½@7c; Hogs, 8@10½c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 22.—Beef Cattle, 6@14c; Working oxen, $15@275; Steers, $87@200; Milch cows, $40@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $16@30; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3@5½c; by the head, $2@4.50; Shotes, 9@13c; Fat hogs, 10½@10½c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—Beef Cattle, $3.70@5.70; Hogs, $7@7.50.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—Beeves, sell at $3.50@6; Sheep, $2@3.50; Lambs, $1.25; Hogs, $6.75@9.50.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 22.—Beef Cattle, $7@9½c; Sheep, 4½@5c; Hogs, 13½@15½c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23.—Beef Cattle, 4½@8c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Veal Calves, 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3@4½; Hogs, 12@13c.

TORONTO, Oct. 23.—Beef Cattle, $3.50@6.50; Sheep, $2@4; Lambs, $1.50@2.25; Hogs, $5.75.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Wool market is quiet and firm; sales are 380,000 lbs., at 45@72½c for domestic fleece, 31@38c for Texas, 34@60c for tubbed, 35@38c for California, 42½@43c for Cape, 32@33c for unwashed, and 58c for combing.

BOSTON, Oct. 23.—Wool, fleece, 48@50c; picklock, 60@65c; fine, 55@60c; coarse, 50@52c; pulled, 37½@55c; tub-washed, 55@62½c; combing fleece, 57@60c; Canada do, 72@75c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—Wool, pulled, 37@50c; tub-washed, 48@52c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 40@45c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 23—Wool, unwashed, 30@33c; burry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; fleece, 42@45c; pulled, 30@33c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

A GOOD DELAWARE FARM OF 150 Acres for sale cheap. For full particulars address J. W. SNYDER, Lewes, Delaware.

PEACH SEED—20 BUSHELS PRIME SEED of the Growth of 1868, for sale by JOHN W. BLAIR, Jr., Crawfordsville, Indiana.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE CHEAP.—Early Goodrich, Gleason, and Goodrich Calico, per barrel, $3; Harison, $4 per barrel. J. LANSING CADY, Watertown, Jeff. Co., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED Bible History, over 400 Engravings. Photographic Bibles as low as $8.00. Sends stamps for terms, &c. 980-4t GREENE & CO., 415 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.

FOR SALE 100 BARRELS HARISON POTATOES raised on sandy land, from 5 bushels of Seed, $5 per barrel, delivered at Rk. Station, Geneva, 1 lb., Early Rose Potato packed in each barrel. JAMES P. SIMPSON, Geneva, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER—Agents wanted, to sell new inventions, to whom we will pay $20 per week and expenses. Send 20 cts. for sample, or red stamp for circulars to the UNION MANUFACTURING CO., Marshall, Michigan.

HUNTERS Secrets.—By an Old Trapper of the West, teaches how to trap all Fur Bearing Animals with success, and a recipe for Gold and Silver Plating, with small cost. Sent any address for 50c. Address, for 3 months, ROBT. FITCHET, Box 76, Chardon, Ohio.

FOR SALE—MY ENTIRE FLOCK OF COTSWOLD SHEEP, consisting of 70 Ewes and 12 Rams, bred from the flocks of Jno. D. Wing and S. T. Deuel. "Frederick William," who heads the flock has few equals, if any in America. HENRY T. COFFIN, Hillside Lodge, Washington, Dutchess Co., N. Y. 980-4t.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING.—THE Hunters' Guide and Trappers' Companion. A book for Farmers, Hunters, Trappers and Boys. Tells how to hunt and trap *all kinds* of game, from the mink to the bear and deer. How to cure skins, make boats, traps, &c., &c. Fifth EDITION just out, the only *cheap* and reliable work ever printed. Price only 25 cents; 6 for $1. Sent post free by HUNTER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. ☞ Sold by all booksellers. 9-0-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Horrors of Dyspepsia.—"Try all things" is a bad motto for the sick. It is better to try that which the world's experience has proved to be super-excellent. For fifty years HOLLOWAY'S PILLS have been curing Dyspepsia. Not a failure is on record; while the successes have been countless. Is not this a sufficient guaranty? Is it not madness for any one writhing under the terrible pange of dyspepsia to decline or neglect to take a medicine fortified with such credentials? Sold by all Druggists.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.
EARLY ROSE, SEBEC AND GOODRICH SEEDLINGS!
BY POUND, BUSHEL, AND BARREL.
Address RICHARD YOUNG, Morton, P. O., Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
☞ CIRCULAR SENT FREE! 980-13t

REVERSIBLE ROOT CUTTERS!
HAY, STRAW AND STALK CUTTERS!
EAGLE CORN SHELLERS!
VEGETABLE BOILERS AND STEAMERS!
ICE TOOLS!
Farmers desiring any of the above will receive special circulars or small catalogues upon application to R. H. ALLEN & CO., P. O. Box 356, 980-o3t-n7-21, d5-19 New York City.

SOPER'S Self-Feeding Hay Knife—Premium taken at the Cal. State Fair in 1867, N. Y. State Fair, '68, and Niagara Co., N. Y., '68. You don't have to hold it to one side. Every Farmer will approve of it on trial. Ask your dealer for it. ☞ Send for circulars. Address

SOPER & MERRIAM, Sole Proprietors for the Atlantic States, Rochester, N. Y., or D. R. BARTON & CO., Manufacturers and Agents for Patentee.

THE FARMERS' BOOK.—140 BEAUTIFUL and useful illustrations. 730 octavo pages. Showing just what every farmer wants to know:
HOW TO MAKE THE FARM PAY.
Send for circular giving full description.
FARMERS! FARMERS' SONS!
Experienced book agents and others, wanted to take this book to every Farmer in every community. Business permanent. Pays from $150 to $200 per month according to experience and ability. Address ZEIGLER, McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 980-4t

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Persons Wishing Ten Cent or Dime Books—George Munro.
The Prairie Farmer—Prairie Farmer Co.
Soper's Self-Feeding Hay Knife—Soper & Merriam.
Seed Potatoes Cheap—J Lansing Cady.
100 Barrels Harison Potatoes—Jas P Simpson.
Holloway's Pills.
Wanted an Agent in each Town—J R Bradstreet & Co.
Hunters' Secrets—Robt Fitchet.
A Good Delaware Farm for Sale—J W Snyder.
Peach Seed—John W Blair, Jr.
Employment for the Winter—Union Manufacturing Co.
Important Auction Notice—Winthrop W Chenery.
Hunting and Trapping—Hunter & Co.
Reversible Root Cutters—R H Allen & Co.
Seed Potatoes for sale—Richard Young.
Cotswold Sheep for Sale—Henry T Collin.
Agents Wanted—Green & Co.
Black Cap Raspberries—Rev Mr Hoyt.
The Farmer's Book—Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Read article headed "To All Our Readers," page 350.
— Baise, Switzerland, has a newspaper 200 years old.
— They have a "champion" rat-catcher in Montreal.
— Japan is arming itself from American workshops.
— Juan Prim is one of the richest men in Spain.
— Kentucky has raised a twenty-five pound beet.
— Durant, Wisconsin, is called the onion city.
— Valparaiso has been choosing a patron saint.
— Gold and silver only are current at Bastrop, Texas.
— Texas is again plagued with grasshoppers.
— Velvet coats are coming into fashion.
— Prentice is writing love songs to be set to music.
— Holland will soon abolish capital punishment.
— Spain endured Isabella exactly 35 years.
— New York had 26 fashionable weddings last week.
— Rochefort has had a duel and got his arm pricked.
— The Italian army is to be cut down 17,000 men.
— There is an "Astor House" at Shanghai, China.
— The wife of Kossuth is visiting friends in New York.
— Princess Metternich's bonnets cost $20,000 a year.
— Some weather-wise people predict a hard winter.
— John Brougham, the actor, has just naturalized himself.
— Kansas has discovered a petrified crocodile 126 feet long.
— See items about the RURAL for 1869 at head of News page.
— A Swedish Professor makes brandy out of reindeer moss.
— Ten Broeck has been largely importing more racing stock.
— Eight New York Theaters made $125,844 during last August.
— Her Madagascarian Majesty has suppressed idol worship.
— Victor Hugo is very melancholy since the death of his wife.
— Gran has introduced the English half-price system at New York.
— Chicago is boasting of the great success of its evening schools.
— There are likely to be ten Quakers in the reformed Parliament.
— Minnesota wants another $90,000 bridge across the Mississippi.
— Paris supports 300 female printers and 30 female proof readers.
— The campaign artillery of the French army consists of 1,200 canon.
— A snake's skeleton with 982 joints, has been dug up in Tennessee.
— Persecution of the Jews is again reported from Galatz, Moldavia.
— French protestants number 1,200,000, exclusive of those in Algiers.
— Alderman James Laurence is the newly-elected Lord Mayor of London.
— An Associated Press is being formed by the English provincial papers.
— Bulwer enjoys the reputation of being the homeliest man in Parliament.
— The latest Paris velocipede carries two persons and a footman to propel.
— Houston, Texas, expects to be the great railroad center of the South.
— It is said velocipedes have cut down the receipts of the Paris omnibuses.
— New York is boasting of two Russian noblemen resident there *incog.*
— Texas offers corn at ten cents per bushel, and there are no buyers at that.
— The English cricketers have been beaten again at base ball at Morrisania.
— In 1866 there were 1,890 deaths from snake bite in the Madras Presidency.
— Three men from the wrecked steamer J. C. Dearing have arrived at Quebec.
— Trains are running 325 miles east of Sacramento on the Central Pacific Road.
— The Treasury Conscience Fund for the past five years amounts to $96,692.
— A late Quarterly Review estimates the population of the world at 1,350,200,000.
— There are three hundred and sixty religions newspapers in the United States.
— The New York Union League Club has bought Jerome's private theater.
— Napoleon wants a new National Hymn, but France won't sing a hymn to him.
— It is reported that Senor Oleozaga will be appointed Spanish minister to France.
— Fayette county, Ky., boasts a calf with two perfectly formed feet on the same leg.
— Thos. Nast, the artist, began his career with Frank Leslie, at five dollars a week.
— The Chicago Post says the "Wickedest Man" in that city is a newspaper man.
— Two weekly papers wholly conducted by ladies were started at Chicago last week.
— A young lady recently flogged a man who insulted her in a New York street car.
— The tailors of New York have received an advance of ten per cent, on their wages.
— Fifty negro and mulatto families are among the wealthy "first circles" of Paris.
— An old bachelor suggests that births be published under the head of "new music."
— A Schenectady merchant smashed a $200 mirror in trying to hit *that* man in his room.
— A Woman's Suffrage Convention is to be held at Boston about the middle of November.
— A Boston house lately received a dispatch from Calcutta in less than twenty-four hours.
— Three horse thieves, two white and one black, were lately hung in Grayson county, Texas.
— In Russia the man of next importance to the Emperor is the editor of the Moscow Gazette.
— A cattle butchering match for the championship is impending among the butchers of New York.
— Nine young gentlemen recently made the trip from Lyons to Paris on velocipedes in eleven hours.
— The average life of New England ministers, who preach twice on Sabbath, is shown to be 60 years.
— During her recent visit to Paris, Queen Victoria gave $1,000 to the servants at the British Legation.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT AUCTION NOTICE!—SALE POSTPONED!—The sale of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, *Angora Goats*, &c., advertised by the subscriber, for sale at AUCTION, Oct. 29th, at the HIGHLAND STOCK FARM, Belmont, Middlesex Co., Mass., has been postponed until THURSDAY, Nov. 12th, at 11½ o'clock, A. M. Catalogues forwarded on application. WINTHROP W. CHENERY.

WANTED—An Agent in each town to take the agency for the sale of BRADSTREET'S RUBBER MOULDING AND WEATHER STRIPS, applied to the sides, bottom, top, and center of doors, and windows. The sale is beyond anything ever offered to an agent, from $10 to $25 per day can be made. Send for agent's circular. The first who apply secure a bargain. 980-8t
J. R. BRADSTREET & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER.

$2,00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Oldest,
Largest,
Cheapest,
Handsomest and Most
Widely Circulated,

AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL and FAMILY JOURNAL in the WEST.

Published WEEKLY in large quarto form, *Enlarged and Improved for* 1869. FREE UNTIL JANUARY NEXT.

All *new* subscribers for 1869 sending in their names before New Years, will receive the remaining numbers of the paper for 1868 free.

The papers will be sent to any address desired. This will afford an excellent opportunity for the friends of the Farmer to introduce it among their neighbors.

Liberal inducements to club agents who will canvass their neighborhoods.

Be particular to give name and post-office address, plainly written. For further particulars, &c., address
PRAIRIE FARMER COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

PERSONS WISHING TEN CENT OR DIME BOOKS will please order Munro's, and see that "MUNRO'S" is on the cover.

MUNRO'S TEN CENT NOVELS have attained a popularity never before reached by any publication whatever. They richly deserve it. They are the best reading matter ever published for the young. The following are their names:

1. The Hunters.
2. The Trapper's Retreat.
3. The Patriot Highwayman.
4. The Fugitives of the Mountains.
5. The Track of Fire.
6. The Man-Eaters.
7. Charlotte Temple.
8. The Death Face.
9. The Indian Slayer.
10. The Turtle Catcher.
11. The Hunter's Triumph.
12. The Ocean Rovers.
13. The Tory Outwitted.
14. Zeke Sternum.
15. The Scourge of the Seas.
16. The Captive Maiden.
17. Long Legged Joe.
18. The Wild Scout of the Mountains.
19. The Forest Lodge.
20. The Rollicking Rangers.
21. Rattlesnake Dick.
22. Rickety Tom the Rover.
23. The Imps of the Prairie.
24. The Robbers' Terror.
25. Joe, the "Sarpint."
26. Lightfoot, the Scout.
27. Giant Spy of Bunker Hill.
28. Scar Cheek, the Wild Half-Breed.
29. Squint-Eyed Bob.
30. Snaky Snodgrass.
31. Rolling Thunder, or the Rival War Chiefs.
32. Heavy Hatchet, the Bold Scout.
33. Sly Sam, the Quaker Spy.
34. Three Daring Trappers.
35. The Fatal Marksman.
36. Eagle-Eyed Zeke.
37. Big-Rifle Nick.
38. The Bold Scalp Hunter.
39. The Troy Spy.
40. Prairie Jake.
41. Wealth and Beauty.
42. The Rover of the Forest.
43. The Giant of the Woods.
44. The Crazy Trapper.
45. The Lion Hearted Hunter.
46. Old Jim of the Woods.
47. Mad Mike.
48. White Headed Hunter.
49. Big Hearted Joe.
50. The Scout of Long Island.
51. Silver Heels, the Delaware.
52. Black Bill, the Trapper.
53. Red Men of the Woods.
54. Gibby Dick, the One-Eyed Robber.
55. Indian Queen's Revenge.
56. Old Scout of the Cave.
57. Big Snake, the Huron.
58. Mexican Joe, the Snake Charmer.
59. Steady Hand, the Sharp Shooting Hunter.
60. Gipsy Jack.
61. The Scarlet Warrior.
62. The Scout of Tippecanoe.
63. Schoolerhannes.
64. The Bride of Wolf Glen.
65. Buffalo Jack, Trapper.
66. Scout of the Rio Grande.
67. Daring Backwoodsman.
68. Clumsy Foot.
69. The Stranger's Grave.
70. Mad Nancy, the Fenian Fortune Teller.
71. Long-Rifle, Hunter.
72. The Wooden Legged Spy.
73. Long Legs, the Squatter.
74. The Black Prophet.
75. Old Norte, the Hunter.
76. Tiger Eye.
77. Revolutionary Joe.
78. Jack, Buffalo Catcher.
79. Tom Turbin, Trapper.
80. Scout of the St. Lawrence.
81. Leather Legs.
82. Bloody Brook.
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BY A. A. HOPKINS.

A LITTLE of love is all I want,
And a brim-full measure of hope,
While, counting the days as the year goes by,
I am climbing life's upward slope;
For riches take wings and fly away,
And pleasures are not less fleet,
And only the love and the hope will stay,
And the love and the hope are sweet.

Some day, when the gold is turned to brown
On the hilltops everywhere,
And I hear the songs of departing birds
Ontborne on the autumn air,
I can look at the empty nests and say
In undertone of my heart,
"Tis well: for the love and the hope will stay,
Though the glory and song depart."

'Tis spring while the love and hope are mine,
With the warmth of the summer's sun—
A spring with its promises full and rich,
And the summer but just begun;
And out of the depths of my heart I pray
That autumn may come not near,
That spring, with its hope and its love may stay
Till the close of my life's short year.

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WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 348, last number.]

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

DURING dinner MABEL had opportunity to observe their guests more closely. The elder was apparently thirty-five years of age. In manner he was courtly, yet not constrained. He was a ready talker, rarely at a loss for a word, and an equally good listener. His face indicated no care, and MABEL mentally concluded her observations by the opinion that he had thus far led an easy life, unvexed and happy.

The countenance of the younger, when in repose, was grave almost to sadness. When he spoke, however, it lighted up beautifully, and his full eyes gleamed as though reflecting an inward fire. He took little part in conversation at first, seeming content to listen.

ENDERBY and the host revived old reminiscences and associations, and the former detailed some of his more recent experiences at the South. He had traveled for the love of it. Wherever in his wanderings anything novel or peculiar was to be found, there he had lingered. As a consequence, he could tell many curious stories of men and things. Incidents humorous and others pathetic were at his tongue's end, and these he narrated in a spirited, lively style which quite charmed MABEL out of her diffidence.

When they arose and went into the quaintly-furnished parlors, MABEL felt well acquainted with her father's friend. In the delightful evening which followed she also conversed more freely with young HENDERSON than she was accustomed to, with strangers. She liked to hear him talk. His voice was full of sweet, even sad music, as if the inner being were all harmony. And he was poetical, she found. There was not only music in his voice, but music in his heart and thoughts.

They took a long stroll through the shaded paths, while her father and ENDERBY were enjoying their after-dinner smoke. He was enthusiastic over the quaint beauties of the place.

"I love it dearly," MABEL said. "Other places may be more artistically fitted up, but there is so much here to set one dreaming. Besides, it's home, you know."

"Yes," he responded, unmindful of the last sentence. "Everything here seems to have a suggestion in it of yesterdays long flown. The place has been in your family a long time, Mr. ENDERBY tells me."

"O, a long, long time, indeed. The Hall was built by a WILLOUGHBY, before the great tea-making in Boston harbor. It isn't a model of architecture, but I love it all the more for that, I think."

"And well you may. The English never sacrificed comfort for an architectural idea, and I see the Hall had its pattern somewhere in England. This place and Mr. ENDERBY's are alike a surprise to me. I had no idea that anything so Southern in appearance as is Glendale, or so foreign as is this, was to be found in the North. Mr. ENDERBY showed me all about Glendale this morning. I felt almost at home, at once, the air of everything seemed so familiar."

"Mr. ENDERBY has been much at the South has he not?" she asked.

"I believe he has. I met him first only last winter, though, at Savannah, at the home of a mutual friend. We met again in New Orleans a few weeks since, and I promised to come North and tarry awhile with him. But I did not anticipate so many pleasures as have been granted me," he added, warmly.

They returned to the parlors once more, where Mr. ENDERBY and the host were chatting.

"That piano is very suggestive," remarked the former. "Miss MABEL, you play, do you not?"

"A little, sir," was the reply.

"Then you will favor us, I am sure. My young friend ALFRED is passionately fond of music, and I am hardly less so."

"Let me lead you to the instrument Miss WILLOUGHBY, as my plea," the young man urged, and she timidly complied.

She was not a brilliant performer, but she played in excellent taste, and infused a depth of feeling into the simplest compositions that rendered them beautiful. HENDERSON looked on and listened in a half-dreamy way, as though the melodies were possessed of a spell. She ceased playing, and dropped her hands idly upon the key-board.

"Please give us a song," he pleaded, still in an absent way.

She sang a touching ballad, the slight tremor in her voice heightening its effect. She had a round, rich voice, not of great compass, or much culture, but very tender and pleasing. He thanked her, when she had finished.

"You must be a player, I think, Mr. HENDERSON?" she interrogated him.

"Not upon the piano," he answered. "The flute is the only instrument I ever attempt to finger."

"I used to play the flute a trifle myself," Dr. WILLOUGHBY said. "Pet, can't you get mine? I should really like to hear its tones. It's a long time since I've touched it."

MABEL stepped to a music-rack close by the piano, and produced a richly wrought case, from which her father drew the parts of an elegantly mounted flute which he speedily adjusted and handed to the young man.

"The very twin of mine!" he exclaimed, while his face fairly shone with pleasure.

"It has been called a good one," said the doctor; I am scarcely a judge of the article myself."

He placed it to his lips, and deftly ran his fingers over the keys. The answering tones were almost human in their rare sweetness.

"It is a treasure, sir!" he enthusiastically declared. "It is even better than my own, and that I thought was a marvel."

He toyed with the silver keys a moment or two longer, and then began a low, soft melody, delicate as the whisperings of a zephyr. It rose in gentle swells, like the murmur of far-off waterfalls borne on a fitful breeze, then died away to the faintest echo, as if playing hide-and-seek with listening ears. As the echo was lost in silence there began a song of joy, a glad gush of melody that came bubbling forth from under the player's fingers like long pent-up laughter. It was joy without regrets—a present pleasure, full and free, with no thought of any past pain. It seemed the very exuberance of happiness. But it gave way to a sadder strain. A low sorrowful *minore* told of anguish instead of joy. Every note was sad as though a tear were in it. Then the subdued grief grew into deep, passionate wailing, and the player paced rapidly up and down the apartment, unheeding those who listened, his face almost as full of pain as the sounds he breathed. The wailing hushed itself to faint sobs as the player halted again by the piano, that grew fainter and fainter, until another song began, clear and entrancingly sweet. It was a second song of joy, but joy softened and made more holy by sorrow and tears. Once more the player paced to and fro, sending out fuller and richer waves of melody at every turn, until the room seemed flooded, while his face was illumined by a light as of some miraculous transfiguration.

He ceased, and the moment of silence that ensued recalled him to himself. MABEL had listened, nearly breathless, with a new and strange delight, it was so unlike anything she had ever before heard.

"Isn't it glorious!" she half whispered, almost afraid to break the charm.

"You play wonderfully well, Mr. HENDERSON, wonderfully well!" was Dr. WILLOUGHBY's comment.

The young man's face flushed a little as he replied,—

"I never weary of the instrument, sir. It has been my greatest pleasure since early boyhood."

"You will play again?" MABEL asked, more with her eyes than with her voice.

"Certainly, if it gives you pleasure," and he proceeded to comply.

When he finally laid the instrument down, MABEL breathed out a little sigh of regret. Her father heard it.

"You have had a rare treat, haven't you, Pet?" he said. "And you would gladly listen all night I've no doubt, but do not press our friend too hard the first time; he will favor us with his presence and melodies often, I trust."

"I shall be only too happy, sir," was the youth's reply.

He and Mr. ENDERBY took their departure soon after.

"You and your daughter must dine with us soon, WILLOUGHBY," the latter said, as they were leaving. "Glendale is not often honored by the presence of ladies," he added, to MABEL, "but I trust you will not be loth to come."

"I shall be delighted," she responded, with unusual frankness, then shrinking back a little at her freedom.

"Let us say Wednesday, then, shall we not?"

"That will be very agreeable to us," was Dr. WILLOUGHBY's response, and the two guests took their leave.

In her dreams that night MABEL heard the tenderest melodies. There were singers almost without number singing on every side of her, but the faces of all were the same, and all wore the rapt, transfigured expression that she should never forget.—[To be continued.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Continued from page 348, last number.]

CHAPTER XIV.

THE morrow came, rising like an English lark with dew on its wings; but developing ere midday into a tropical bird, with wings of flame and eyes of fire. Another had eyes of fire as well as the day; and as she wore a rich pink muslin, and her cheeks were like scarlet poppies just opened out, she was exceedingly like an Asiatic bird of Paradise,—a most restless one, too; never alight for more than a moment, but flitting in and out of the rooms, up and down stairs, through the orchard and shrubbery, "as though," I whispered to her once, "she were really a bird,—in search of its mate."

"Oh, no," she said, the poppy petals expanding, "I found him last night. But, Cousin, I cannot keep still unless, indeed, you will give me some work to do."

"But the work is all done; our thoughtful LINA has left nothing till the last minute. We can all rest to-day. Is there nothing *you* want done? You must look charming to-night as well as the bride."

"Oh," she said, "simplicity will be my role to-night; but I will be *married* in white satin. Cousin,—I never thought of it until this moment,—what will *ma* say?"

"No doubt she will be pleased," I replied.

"Oh, yes, no doubt: the romance of the thing will delight her. I coming out here to try and find a little ease from the heart-ache; finding *his* relative and friend here, whom I had known years before; he looking like CHARLIE, loving me in secret; I loving him in secret,—"

"The climax and the wedding," I interrupted, laughing. "If either of us, Cousin, were of a literary turn of mind, we might get up a three-volume novel. As it is, I don't know but I will try my hand at it."

She laughed merrily.

"Cousin," I said, "always wear pink—red—purple—some deep, rich color; it becomes you."

"I know it," she said; "but I hadn't the heart before to put on a bright dress."

"Now," said I, "let us go and make LINA give us *something* to do; I can't sit still any longer."

We found LINA with a broad-brimmed hat on her head and an immense, long, narrow basket on her arm. On hearing our request she accepted our services at once; first, to fill the basket with flowers,—wild and cultivated,—then to make an indefinite number of bouquets for the vases, and to fill an odd, moss-covered concern, something like a miniature wash-tub, which was placed on a round stand in one corner of the parlor, and which was to be made to resemble a mound of moss and flowers.

This kept us busy all the morning. Nearly all our work was in the east parlor, where the ceremony was to be; the parlor across the hall, or the "green room," as we always called it,—the carpet and wall-paper being that color,—LINA said only needed a couple of vases on the mantle-piece; but we must cut a new fancy screen of green paper for the fire-place. Which we did, and all was in order.

We rested and slept all the afternoon, till it was time to dress for tea. On the six o'clock train, with father, came down a young lady, one of LINA's bridesmaids, who was *au fait* in all bridal matters. Father and she between them contrived to convey safely a box containing the precious, indispensable orange blossoms; their delicate petals looking like wax-work as they lay in wet moss.

But it was tea-time, and first of all,—even before the bride was arrayed,—we must attend to the prosaic business of supper,—"the last supper," I said "that *Miss* LINA BRAYTON will ever eat." I said it gaily, and the rest of them laughed; but my heart was full and my eyes filled. I was hardly in the mood for wedding festivities. It seemed to me that of the little bit of love in the world I could lay claim to for my own, I was going to lose the greater part to-night. LINA was going to be married,—to change her very name,—to be one of *our* family no longer. Would she,—could she,—be the same devoted, loving LINA *to us?* Very selfish questions; but I was down-hearted and unhappy, and that isn't a purely unselfish mood to be in.

After tea, we girls went to LINA's room to see her dressed. Our visitor's skillful fingers did the work. In about an hour and a half LINA emerged from her hands—*magnificent:* and Miss FANNY, like any other artist, held her head,—now on this side, now on that,—and surveyed her work from all points of view before pronouncing the favorable verdict,—"You'll do, my dear." LINA was dressed in satin of a pale violet shade, and in its shining, lustrous folds, beneath the crown of orange blossoms, she looked a very queen. We all kissed her, and then took her down stairs.

Cousin DORA and I, dressed in white muslin, with curls elaborately arranged, received the guests as they came in twos, and threes, and fours, till the twilight waned, the lamps shone out, the moon rose outside, and the parlor and green room were comfortably full. Cousin DORA, of course, was on the look-out for one particular arrival: the flush on her cheek came and went so constantly that she seemed the prey of an intermittent fever. As I watched her becoming more and more nervous, I began to wonder if he really were not coming,—if he had thought it a better thing to do to plunge himself in the Ohio below, where there were no sentimental young ladies. The time appointed for the wedding ceremony was now close at hand, and if he were coming at all he should be here.

Musing thus, I had seated myself on an ottoman behind the half-open door of the green room; and as the piano quite filled up that corner of the room, and nobody at present was performing on it, I had an opportunity for a little unobserved rest. As I sat there could hear very distinctly what two young men standing in the door-way said to one another. They say listeners never hear any good of themselves. Listen with me, reader, and judge for yourself:

"I say, NED, this is quite a handsome place,—isn't it?"

"Yes, decidedly so. One can draw a free breath here, too."

"I shouldn't object," continued the first, "to settle down here myself. That TOM ANDREWS is a lucky dog; but then he always was. Toss him up as high as you please,—he always came down on his feet. The bride looks charming,—doesn't she?"

"Very," replied NED; "but there's another and a younger daughter. The hill-top you admire so much will probably be hers some day."

"Tut! she wouldn't condescend to turn her pretty head towards me. Don't you know our young New-Yorker has kept her close under the shelter of his wing for the last nine months."

"What of that?" returned NED, coolly; "she's heart-whole yet, I'll wager you what you please; a remarkably self-possessed girl,—not troubled by love or romance. By the way," he added in a lower voice, "here comes HILLS now; where is his fair lady I wonder?"

"I don't know."

They moved out of the door-way and went away,—perhaps to find me; while I looked through the crack of the door to see Mr. HILLS, who came into the other parlor. Looking round from my hiding place for Cousin DORA, I espied her standing in a pensive attitude by one of the windows, almost concealed in the folds of white curtains. She was not looking towards the porch, and evidently hadn't noticed Mr. HILLS' entrance. I was about rising to tell her, when ALLEN CHASE entered the room and made directly for her window. The very sight of that whimsical genius would have raised the spirit of mischief and fun in me even at a funeral, and throwing off the incubus that had been upon me all day, I felt more like my natural self.

I forgot everything else in watching the two over there by the window. Cousin DORA emerged from the curtain as she saw Mr. CHASE approaching, and was ready to greet him. "How I wish ALLEN would fall in love with DORA," I thought to myself, "and she with him; how splendid that would be! But what makes them look so serious and talk so earnestly? What weighty subject can they be discussing? How pale she has turned, and how frightened she looks!—is she going to faint! What can he be saying to her?—the silly fellow! I must go to her; she is certainly going to faint."

However she rallied; the color came into her face again; she spoke to him; he gave her his arm, and they went out of the room.

"She was probably exhausted with the heat and fatigue," I thought, "and did come near fainting; and then, too, she doesn't know yet that Mr. HILLS has come." Directly after a leaf of the folding door which led into the dining-room was softly pushed back. I looked round quickly and saw DORA's pale face.

"RUTH," she whispered. I rose and went to her; she pulled me through into the dining-room and closed the door. The room was cool and empty as yet; the window open; the lamps turned down to a soft shade of light; the snowy tables like an epicure's dream.

"Cousin RUTH," said DORA, grasping my hand, "what shall I do—what shall I do!"

"Why, what has happened now?"

"Oh, torture and agony!" she cried; "but still I don't know. The noble young man! I *could* love him for his modest, bashful ways,—so unlike the generality of young men."

"Who are you talking of?" I said; "I am all in a fog; not surely of ALLEN CHASE?"

"Of him, and no other," she replied.

"And has he made you an offer of marriage?"

"Oh, Cousin," she cried, covering her face with her hands, "how my soul is tortured and racked! Pity me! It was not Mr. HILLS I saw last night!"

"Who then?" said I, starting quickly.

"Mr. CHASE!"

I sank into a chair, wholly overcome—mentally and physically—with varying and discordant emotions. I felt like screaming with laughter; like melting into tears; like rushing into the parlor and adjuring the clergyman, in a ringing voice, to be sure that he married the right LINA to the right TOM,—in short, I was in a fair condition for a model fit of hysterics.

"Cousin," said DORA, "no wonder you laugh at me; I feel hopelessly ashamed and humbled."

"Why should you be?" I cried. "I think it's splendid!—it's only *so* funny. Oh, DORA, to be engaged to the wrong man! Wait till the moon rises next time. What if it had been LARRY?"

"It was so dark down there in the orchard," she pleaded.

"But didn't you recognize his voice?"

"No; I had never heard Mr. HILLS whisper, or even speak very low."

She said this so humbly, and looked so weak and shame-faced withal, that I went to her and kissed her. "Forgive me, Cousin," I said, "I do pity you, you poor little pearl in deep waters; but the right diver will find you at last. Perhaps," I added, looking at her quizzically, "he *has* found you, down in our orchard. Its not a sea of pearls, generally speaking, but—"

"I think," she said, blushing, "I believe the right one did come. I was half insane; I couldn't see or think clearly about Mr. HILLS, but Mr. CHASE is *so* gentle and nice."

"And he has infected you," I rejoined; "you are so unusually 'gentle and nice' to-night, I never liked you so well before. Where is that 'gentle, nice' youth?"

"Out in the kitchen," she said, laughing; "I sent him out there till I should tell you."

"What shabby treatment! But does he know your mistake?"

"Oh, no; you noticed perhaps how nearly overcome I was in the parlor?"

"Yes; I peeked from behind the door and saw you."

"And I saw you."

"You had presence of mind, then," I said, "to pretend it was all right,—just as it should be?"

"Yes; I was ashamed to do anything else."

"So much the better. It's all just right; bring him in here immediately;" which she did. And I shook hands with him, congratulated them, and told them, as I put her hand in his, that as there was no older person present to give them a paternal blessing, I would give them mine. So, in the lightest possible spirits,—I believe the three happiest persons at the wedding,—we proceeded to the parlor—in time to a second. And it was all over, finished, in a few seconds more.

How surprisingly short the most important ceremonies of life all are! Weeks and months of preparation,—the curtain rises on an expectant audience,—a comedy or tragedy of five minutes' duration,—the curtain falls.

That evening the heroine of the play stood, a VICTORIA of hearts, in her violet satin, and Prince ALBERT by her side bent to kiss her. An electric smile ran from lip to lip, and one and all, gentlemen and ladies, hastened to follow his example. I got one of the first, fresh kisses,—a double one, too, as TOM begged to know if he "hadn't a right to kiss his youngest sister."

"LINA," I whispered, "it seems as though I had lost you."

"But you know, dear love, you havn't;" the sweet mother-voice was even more reassuring than the words.

"I believe you, LINA; I never again will be troubled about that."

"You never need, my love."

As the crowd passed out to supper, a voice addressed me,—low and clear it was, and grave withal. "Miss RUTH, may I have the pleasure?"—he offered me his arm. He seemed prepared for a refusal, but, in the sunny, lovable mood in which I just then was, I felt very much inclined to accept it, and did so, and we proceeded to the dining-room. The wary, sly, old dining-room,—like a wary, sly, old human creature,—had brightened up, and looked as innocent of all love scenes and secrets as if there were no such things in the world.

I sent a telegraphic glance down the table, now and then, to where ALLEN and Cousin DORA sat; and dispatch after dispatch reached me from them,—in glances and smiles from him; in looks and blushes from her.

"Miss RUTH," said Mr. HILLS, "I have scarcely had an opportunity to speak to you since my return from the East."

"No, sir." I knew he couldn't help thinking I had purposely avoided him; and my pride being too ragged to cover myself with, I had to tell him how it was; *he* looked so hurt and wounded too! Was *I* getting sentimental? I neither knew nor cared. "I didn't know, Mr. HILLS that you came back up here last night; (*all the way*, was my mental reservation!) I thought you went on to town. So, being very weary, Cousin DORA and I retired early." His countenance brightened wonderfully. "It would have been most unladylike," I continued, "to treat a guest in such a manner. But, Mr. HILLS, I havn't heard your piece of good news yet."

"You know nearly all of it from report, I guess," he replied,—"that I have obtained a situation in New York, and am going back there."

"It's a good situation, is it?"

"Yes, very good."

"I am glad for your sake then," I said; "but we shall miss you here."

"Will you?" he said earnestly; "it's pleasant to hear you say so, but I fear not; I shall be dropped,—a wandering star,—out of the circle, but it will go revolving on all the same."

"You are far more likely to drop us out of remembrance in the whirl and bustle of New York," I said.

"Oh, no," he replied; "there is no danger of that. I always feel more alone, and think more of absent friends, in that great tide of life than anywhere else. But I will tell you," he continued, "what we might both do to keep our memory green; let each give the other a parting keepsake,—a memento as well, of our respective cities; you give me a Pittsburg gift, I you one from New York."

"Very well," I laughed, "what shall they be?"

"You can choose yours," he said, smiling; "but I have set my heart on one particular gift I would like to possess, if *you* will give it to me. But it's of great value, Miss RUTH; I am greatly afraid you will think me an importunate beggar."

"Oh, no," I said; "you know I can balance it by asking one as valuable from you."

"To be sure," he assented, with a queer little smile. "You promise, then, to give me this memento of yourself and Pittsburg?"

"Yes, certainly," I said, "if in my power; yes, I promise you anyway; for if I cannot father can."

He laughed. "That is very true. Then, Miss RUTH," speaking in very low, but very distinct tones, "I want *you, yourself*, to have and to hold till death doth us part."—[To be continued.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 5, 2, 18, 16, 4 is a useful animal.
My 12, 9, 1, 13 is given by doctors.
My 11, 7, 2, 3, 4 is an article of furniture.
My 14, 3, 9, 13 is not good.
My 11, 9, 18, 10, 19, 20 is a relative.
My 12, 2, 7, 15, 7, 20 is vegetable.
My 6, 8 is an interjection.
My whole is an old saying. M. J. B.
Deansville, N. Y.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A MAN's desk was robbed three nights in succession—the first night half the number of dollars were taken and half a dollar more: the second night half the remainder was taken and half a dollar more; the third night half of what was then left and half a dollar more, when he found he had $50 left. How much had he at first?
Burnt Hills, N. Y. D. A. W.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Eht areshtv emn grin mrsume tou,
With anthukfl nosg nad yousjo houst;
Dan hwnc vemnobre meoes yeth laih
Teh mnuuta tiwh eth ppainlfg lfhai. HUTTON.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

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Answer to Compound Enigma:—Marshalltown.

Answer to Poetical Problem:—Bottle, bowl and dram, $1.50. Ham, 0.80.6451612903225. Hen, 0.16.1290322580645. Herring, 0.03.2258064516129.

Answer to Anagram:

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house.
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree,
That every plate we broke, was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—A saws 13.238 inches from the top of the log; B saws 9.424 inches in the middle section; C saws 13.238 inches in the lower section.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER closes the farmers' harvest for the year. Were it possible all farm crops should have been secured last month so that the present one could be devoted to forwarding next spring's work and to repairs and improvements on the farm. The work of November should be mostly of that kind which will advance that of the following spring. Perhaps the most critical period of the year with American farmers is the spring. That season is stormy and disagreeable over a large area of our country, and it is difficult for the farmer to get his seed sown early and in good conditioned soil. And the welfare of the crops depends a great deal on this. The best guarantee of a bountiful harvest of spring grain is to have the seed sown *early* and in *well prepared* soil. The farmer may do very much in November towards accomplishing this. He can plow and subsoil and make ditches so that the seed bed will dry quick after the frost leaves the ground, and be ready to sow as soon as dry.

But *Ungathered Fall Crops* must first be secured. Labor, which crowds into and overflows our villages and cities, is scarce and high on the farm, and the work often lags in spite of the farmer's best efforts. In potato growing districts many tubers are yet undug. These demand the first attention. They are not safe for a day undug after the first of this month north of 42°. Varieties which grow compact in the hill and near the surface, as Prince Alberts, Mercers, &c., should be dug first, as they will not stand unscathed a freeze that would not harm the deeper growing Peachblow. Potato growers are yet anxiously looking for the machine which will harvest this important crop, as the reaper harvests grain. *Corn* may be housed when it is very dry, and the husking done after winter sets in. The fallen stalks should be righted or husked to save the fodder from injury by wet. Unless very dry it is better to stack corn stalks than to house them. The butts are difficult to dry enough to safely house them, but if stored in small stacks so that the tops of the bundles may all be placed towards the center there is little danger from moisture. The day is not far distant when the mode of harvesting corn will be changed. The crop will be bound in bundles convenient to handle, drawn to the barn or stack, and husked by horse or steam power in as many days as it now takes weeks. *Roots* should be gathered and stored. Parsnips will winter best in the ground, but enough for the table during the winter should be dug and buried in sand in the cellar.

Stock.—No kind should be allowed to grow poor at this season. Cows should be stabled and fed to keep up a plentiful and rich flow of milk. Corn fodder, roots and meal are good for this purpose. Fatting stock should be pushed, especially hogs; they may be made to gain very rapidly this month and afford a profit which could not be made in cold winter weather.

Buildings.—Many little repairs can be neglected no longer; there are a few boards to nail on, a little shingling to be done, eave troughs put up, stable floors renovated, windows and doors repaired. The genuine farmer can see more to do than he has force to perform. It is a good time for painting, as the air is generally free from dust, there are no flies to speck the work, and the weather will prevent it drying so rapidly as to crack.

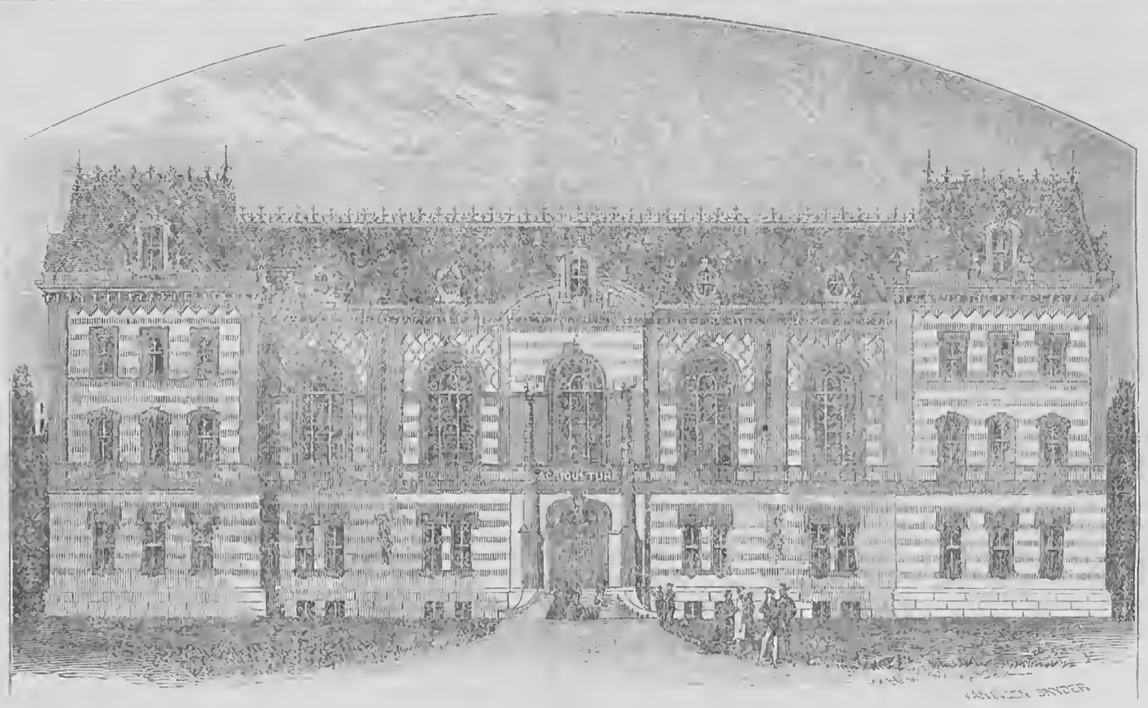
Roads.—Farm roads should be put in good repair, and the ditches and sluiceways of the public highways attended to. Roads that drift badly in winter may often be greatly helped in this respect by laying down the fences. This is less labor for the district than to shovel out the roads when piled full of snow.

Manure.—We should prefer carting manure on to planting ground and spreading it, if it is not liable to be swept away by floods, to letting it remain in the yard all winter. Muck, leaves and sod may be gathered and stored to increase the bulk of manure.

Winter Grain.—See that the surface water furrows are open and sufficient. Water is the great enemy of winter wheat. Spots where the wheat is most liable to be killed by freezing and thawing may be greatly protected by mulching lightly with coarse, strawy manure. Knolls exposed to the sweep of winds should be thus treated.

Pick Stone from next year's meadows.

Build an Ice House.—Every farmer needs one as a conservatory for meats, vegetables, &c., in hot weather. The RURAL has illustrated several plans this fall.



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE building of the Department of Agriculture is now occupied by the Commissioner and his clerical force, although not yet completed. As far as it is completed and used, it is elegantly finished and furnished. It is located on what has been known as the Government Farm, of about 35 acres of ground. It looks right up 13th street. Its foundation is of brown stone, its walls are of brick, it is covered with the French roof, and it will cost, perhaps, $150,000.

FREAKS OF CATTLE-FEEDING.

IT is an old adage that "a change of pasture makes fat calves," and it is presumable that it is equally true of stock of a more advanced age. Those who have paid attention to the movements of cattle, when turned into a new pasture, will have observed them to take a few nips, with great greediness, from the first grass they came to. Anon they are off to another place to repeat the operation, and so on till the whole inclosure has been prospected, bringing them back to the point of beginning. This movement is natural, we suppose, and common alike to quadruped and biped, as both have a propensity to rove from a really good thing in search of something better. This change may serve to sharpen the appetite and assist digestion, but the real nutriment derived from it is probably very little increased.

Frequently cattle will desert the richer grasses for the sour ones in low grounds, if an avenue is opened to them, or they can stealthily break through the barrier interposed between the good and poor feeding grounds. They will, on such occasions, devour with avidity the coarsest specimens of foul meadow, which they would pass by with indifference in their regular feeding fields. But as soon as the novelty passes away, and they are not ejected as thieves, they will return to their old ground and to the richer and more nutritious herbage abandoned in such haste for a new, but greatly inferior article. It is hard to account for many of the freaks of farm stock, with respect to their food, but, as a general thing, we believe it pays well to gratify this love of change whenever circumstances will permit it to be done. Giving them their head, in exploring new feeding grounds adjacent to their regular inclosure, satisfies their curiosity and induces that state of quietness which is essential to their proper development and productiveness.

WHY CUT FEED IS BEST.

SOME discussion was had recently at the American Institute Farmers' Club on the value of cut feed. J. W. CALBURY, Springfield, Vt., wrote that he had fed his horses, kept for general work, on cut hay for ten years. The hay was sprinkled with meal, and he believes hay thus cut and fed will go twice as far as if fed whole, and that the team will do full as much work. Bright oat straw may be substituted by adding more meal. N. C. MEEKER observed that nothing can be gained by cutting what was not good feed before that operation. Some seem to think that by cutting wheat straw and the butts of corn stalks, and adding meal to induce animals to eat the mixture, they gain, but the idea is a delusion, for something cannot come out of nothing. Dr. TRIMBLE said it was absurd to think one can save feed by putting it in another shape without adding more nutriment. If a horse needs twenty pounds of nourishment in uncut hay he could not see how ten pounds of cut hay would answer. Mr. QUINN remarked that the Superintendent of a horse railroad had told him they were obliged to give their horses cut hay three times a day to enable them to perform the required work and keep in good order. Mr. STONE said all the scientific men and doctors in creation could not convince him that cut and steamed food is not the best. Mr. CAYWOOD observed that his father kept fifty or sixty cows, and he always thought the pastures best when the animals could fill themselves in the shortest time. Whenever digestion can be helped a great point is gained.

What is the truth in this question which causes the doctors to disagree so widely? Simply this: Cutting fodder does not add more nutriment to it, but changes its mechanical condition, and enables stock to consume it in less time and thus have more for rest and digestion. This is a valuable consideration for hard worked horses, but not as great an one for animals that chew their cud. Again, cut hay or straw slightly moistened and sprinkled with ground grain is much more palatable, and stock prefer it to unmixed and whole food, and maintain more vigorous appetites than if confined to the unprepared food. A baked potato, with salt, pepper and butter, is a dish that a hungry king wouldn't turn from; but a beggar would despise the meal if obliged to devour the potato first, then the salt, and the pepper and butter. It's the faculty of mixing food right that tickles the palate. Every observing farmer who has tried the experiment *knows* that his stock *prefer* cut feed and ground grain mixed and moistened to the same articles fed whole. Though there is no more nutriment in food thus prepared, yet the animal system gets more out of it, and less is passed off in the excrements. The question of economy in the matter must be decided by the value of labor as compared with the value of food in each locality where stock is fed.

CUTTING AND COOKING FOOD.

IT is a hopeful sign of the times that farmers are beginning earnestly to inquire the most economical method of feeding their animals. The old way of turning cattle to hay and straw stacks in the fall, hoping they will come out all right in the spring, has to a great extent given place to the warm stable and cleanly care of the farmer, with the best results. But when even this is done the thoughtful farmer finds much of his hay wasted, his corn stalks left after eating the leaves and tops; and thus he advances another step and finds it necessary to cut his stalks, hay and straw into small pieces, so as to assist his animals in masticating and digesting their dry food. He finds it cheaper to do this by machinery than by the teeth of his animals. But when all this is accomplished, he finds still a considerable fraction of the fodder passes the animals without being digested, and thence concludes that the heat of the animal stomach is not sufficient to break down and dissolve the structure of the dry, hard, woody fiber, so as to liberate its nutritious matter. And then follows the next and last step,—cooking fodder, to render it as near as possible like the natural food of animals—grass.

We are led to speak of this subject by the inquiries of "B. S. B." in the RURAL FARMERS' CLUB of Oct. 17, concerning the best arrangements for cooking fodder for forty head of cattle. And as there are no doubt hundreds of others who are inquiring on this subject, we will try to hit them all at once. As to the second-hand steam engine, this is a most uncertain article for a farmer to buy, as he is generally unacquainted with its mechanism and cannot determine its condition. Then if he does not want to use the engine as a power, it is much more expensive as a mere steamer to cook food than many other arrangements. Where much work is to be done and a large stock kept, a six horse engine, to do the threshing and grinding of grain, cutting and steaming the fodder, and sawing the wood, will no doubt pay; but for a small stock and small work it will be a doubtful investment.

For forty head of cattle perhaps the most economical and efficient apparatus for steaming is a hollow wrought iron cylinder, one-eighth inch thick, thirty inches in diameter and four feet long, with one-fourth inch heads, having a hand hole in front to clean it out, with iron stopper and rubber packing; also a stop cock to draw hot water when wanted, a short pipe on top with stop cock through which to fill it. This, set in a brick arch, will make a complete and efficient steamer for even sixty head of cattle, and a boiler six feet long for one hundred head. There should be a three-sixteenth inch wrought iron front to receive the front end of this boiler, extending from the bottom of the ash-pit to the top of the boiler, in which are hung the doors for fuel and ash-pit. The ash-pit should be eight inches deep, sixteen inches wide and three feet long. The door for fuel should be fourteen by sixteen inches. This front will be three feet wide, and made up as follows:—one inch below the ash-pit, two inches for end of grate, sixteen inches from grate to bottom of boiler, thirty inches to top of boiler and one inch above, making fifty-eight inches as length of front.

HOW TO SET THE BOILER.

The manner of setting this boiler is important. Let the earth be excavated five feet wide by seven feet long, three feet deep or below frost, where it is to stand. Fill this hole with cobble or rough stone to the surface of the ground, when a flat stone, sixteen inches wide and three feet long, should be bedded in mortar for the bottom of the ash-pit, but if a stone is not at hand use brick. Build up the sides of the ash-pit eight inches, then place a one-half by one and one-half inch bar of iron across at each end to lay the grate bars on, which are better to be three feet long. When the sides are raised to the top of the grate, set off three inches on each side, making the fire bed twenty-two inches wide. Carry up these side walls till they reach the sides of the boiler, which should pitch slightly to the front; then make a flue two and one-half inches by seven on each side of the boiler, from the back end to within two inches of the front end, and then return flues above these to the rear end, where they enter the chimney, which should be about sixteen feet high.

It will be seen by this that the fire covers about thirty-two inches of the bottom surface of the boiler, and the flues most of the sides and top, and that the fire traversing so long a circuit through the flues before it reaches the chimney, a spark could not live to reach the open air, and thus rendering it safe to set the boiler near the barn or in the barn, provided you guard against fire at the mouth of the arch. The floor of your boiler room should be earth, stone or brick. The steam pipe should be one inch diameter, reaching from the top of the boiler over the side and down to the bottom of the arch, where it enters the steam box on the side near the bottom, and is conducted to the center, where the steam is discharged in the middle of the food to be cooked. If necessary to place the steam box some distance from the boiler, the steam may be conducted in an iron pipe inclosed in wood, under ground, to the steam box, say fifty to eighty feet; but this involves a loss of steam, and should be avoided unless the convenience will more than compensate for the loss.

This boiler and front can be made at any boiler shop for twelve cents per pound, and will weigh about 550 pounds. The grate and steam pipe will cost about $18, and the setting of the boiler about $25, making about $110 as the cost of this steamer ready for work. The boiler should be filled only half full of water.

STEAM BOX.

The best form of a wooden steam box is a round tub made of staves and hooped with strong band iron. The bottom and top of this tub should be made of two inch and the staves of one and one-half inch plank. For a stock of forty head of cattle, it should be seven feet across the bottom and six feet eight inches across the top, and three and one-half feet deep. This will hold one hundred bushels. To make it the nearest steam tight, have the head put in the same as the bottom, then saw out a hole three feet square, put a frame around this, rabbeted for a cover, bolt it to the head; have a hook six inches from each corner, through which to run a bar over the cover to keep it down tight. Under the edge of the cover may be put a strip of rubber or listing cloth to make a tight joint.

For feeding a large stock, or where it is steamed two or three days ahead, Mr. WM. BIRNIE of Mass. built the steam box of brick, eight feet square and eight feet high, from basement stable floor to the floor above, from which he filled it. He had a trap door outside near the bottom, from which to draw out the feed after steaming. This would answer very well to steam without any pressure. We trust this description of apparatus is so minute that no one will fail to comprehend it.

HOW TO PREPARE FOOD FOR STEAMING.

The cut hay, straw or corn fodder must be well moistened before steaming. It cannot be steamed dry. Three gallons of water should be sprinkled upon five bushels of cut feed. If meal, bran or roots are fed, let them be mixed in before steaming. It will steam better for treading well into the box. For a small stock the portable steam caldrons may be used with profit, but for large stocks they work too slow. Those who wish to go more fully into this subject are referred to a series of articles published in the RURAL last December, and to an essay of the writer in the Report of the Dept. of Agriculture for 1865. This is a question of the highest importance to all stock feeders. The economy of cooking the food of our animals is so great that the whole apparatus will be paid for in three months by the saving in food.—E. W. S.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER AND HIS STOCK.—No. VII.

THE OLD FOGY FARMER'S "FAITHFUL SERVANT."

LUMBER BUSINESS IN EAST TENNESSEE

THOSE familiar with the pineries on the head waters of the Susquehanna and Alleghany rivers, know that good sawing timber is getting scarce in all that region. Such is not the fact to anything like the same degree on the numerous affluents of the Tennessee River, above Chattanooga; so that Southern Illinois, and all the valley of the Mississippi below, can probably obtain lumber cheaper from the mountains of Tennessee, Southwestern Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, than from any other part of the United States. To secure a debt, the writer has become interested in the lumber business, and believes, from a good deal of observation, that timber land may be bought on the Little Tennessee River, some thirty or forty miles above its mouth, to as good advantage as in any other part of the State. The River last named rises in North Carolina, and west of the Little River and the French Broad, both of which drain finely timbered country. The Hiwassee rises in Georgia, the Holston and Clinch in Virginia, and all the spurs of the Alleghanies above Muscle Shoals

abound in yellow or white pine. In some of the more northern and elevated regions, hemlock is large and plenty. Cherry, maple, walnut, poplar and various species of oak pay handsomely for cutting and sending down stream to distant markets. This letter is written in Roane Co., above the mouth of Clinch river, and below that of the Little Tennessee, where the Tennessee proper is something broader and deeper than the Hudson at Albany; and as it is nearly 800 miles to its junction with the Ohio, above Cairo, its healthy, rich and magnificent valley is destined to be, at no distant day, the happy home of several millions of people.

If young America has any elements of character more prominent than those of *construction* and *destruction*, I have failed to discover them. To construct houses, barns, ships, railways, and everything else made of wood and iron, and destroy standing timber, is, apparently, his mission on this continent. Within a few yards of where I am writing the American idea is expressed in a two story barn, 165 feet long and 60 wide, with a carriage way in the upper story long enough and wide enough for sixteen wagons loaded with wheat or hay to unload at once. Less than a moiety of the crops on the farm will fill the barn; and other but smaller barns are needed. When the Tennessee rises to its maximum height, it innundates a vast amount of land, and by its rich deposits makes the soil alike fertile and enduring. Hence, where farmers indulge in the luxury of barns, corn cribs and framed houses, the consumption of lumber is on an unusual scale. Such luxuries are becoming rather common, and the demand for lumber for home use grows accordingly. Knoxville will grow more this year than in the last decade.

Water power, either on or near navigable streams, where logs may easily be floated down to saw mills and the lumber floated or rafted away, is abundant and cheap. As logs are rafted cheaper than boards or plank, I prefer a mill on steamboat water, i. e., low down in a rich farming country—bringing timber from cheap mountain land adapted to grass and stock. Whether one cuts timber and raises stock in the mountains or constructs frame houses at mills below for export to Illinois or other low country States, the business will pay handsomely. With navigable water at one's door that will float vessels of several hundred tons burthen for 2,000 miles, one may manufacture wagons and all farm implements, as well as all wooden buildings, to advantage, where timber costs little or nothing. I remember the time when new settlers burnt good black walnut logs in clearing land in the lake counties of Western New York; and worse things are done in Tennessee. Cheap living is an important element of manufacturing success. In this county thousands of bushels of apples and peaches have lately rotted on the ground; and corn will soon be in excess of hogs to consume it. Able-bodied young white men have lately offered to hire to me for $12 a month the year round and board themselves. Farmers pay such wages and appear to get rich. D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Tenn.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

PRICES OF FINE WOOL SHEEP.

A MICHIGAN correspondent writes to us:

"In a recent trip through Ohio and this State, I heard several persons declare that fall blood Merinos were selling in both of them and in Illinois at the prices of common sheep, and that there was a regular stampede among farmers generally to get rid of them. Mr. —— declared in my hearing that the immediate descendants of rams that had cost $500 a head in Vermont could now be bought for $5, and he said that the best sheep of that State and of New York could be bought for a mere song. I have always been in the habit of buying into a business not when prices are extremely high, but when they are the lowest. I could not go the thousand dollar a head figures, but now I would like to purchase two thousand full blood and first class Merinos in the East, if I can get better ones there, to take on to my new farms in Missouri. Will you be kind enough to inform me, either in RURAL or by letter, at what prices and where I can best obtain them. I want none but the *genuine*, and if you will give me the names of a few reliable sellers, you will do me a favor which I shall be glad to reciprocate if opportunity offers."

That fine wool sheep—grade Merinos of various qualities—have been sold at very low prices in several of the Western States, both last year and this, we are well aware. We have known cases where they have sold quite as low as common sheep. There *has* been a "stampede" from sheep husbandry by a class, and not a small class, of American farmers.

The reasons for this have too often been given in these columns, and in the columns of other agricultural journals, to require repetition at this time. The tariff saved us from as complete and total an overthrow as that which has overtaken the fine wool growers of South America. Indeed, the calamity had to fall on them or on us—and the tariff threw it on them. Fine Buenos Ayres wools are now glutting the markets of *Europe* at half the prices ours are fetching at New York and Boston. What if they were admitted duty free, or at a mere nominal duty, at those ports? In that case, what could have saved us in the past, or would offer a ray of hope for the future?

It is not to be denied that while the tariff has obviously exercised these benign effects, it has thus far failed to restore a full measure of prosperity to the fine-wool growing interest. The reasons for this have again and again been spread before the public. The deliberate official expression of the principal wool manufacturers of the United States, on this subject, was published by us week before last. A similar expression, on the part of the representatives of the wool growers, appears in our columns to-day. Both exhibit unanimous conclusions on the part of men whose interests are as deeply concerned in getting at the truth, and who certainly have studied the subject as carefully as any in the country. And neither set of resolutions presents any new view of the subject. The facts were as well understood last year as now. What intelligent man has denied or even doubted them? What counter-theory of explanation has been put forward plausible enough to entitle it to serious notice?

We never had a tariff, in the most undisturbed times, whose natural and legitimate effects were at once felt on the prices of wool. Let him who questions this fact study those tables of wool prices, under all the different tariffs, which we have given in Fine Wool Husbandry and in the Practical Shepherd. Two or even three years have often been requisite to arrive at and demonstrate these habitual or average results. And now with the derangements produced in demand and supply by civil war, the subsequent fruits of civil war, short crops and a multitude of other disturbing causes, can it rationally be expected that those results will be sooner established and ascertained?

Panics in industrial pursuits are no new things. They have appeared in every branch of production and manufacture. We have seen something like half a dozen of them in fine wool husbandry—and have *lived through* them all. We could name individuals who on each of those occasions abandoned sheep husbandry "forever," yet who were among the first to resume it when the tide turned in its favor. But we never knew one of these "rolling stones" to gather much "moss" in the business, or to keep up a very valuable flock of sheep.

The last panic followed a great inflation and it has been correspondingly severe. We have known very good grade flocks sold in Illinois for less than *one dollar* a head—less than half the value of one year's fleeces at the then current prices! We could name a farmer of property and standing in Sangamon county who thus sacrificed a flock of several hundred healthy sheep, which he had been for some years improving. If he had wanted the use of his lands for other stock, he could (as some of his neighbors did) send his sheep to be kept in Southwestern Missouri, and without more risk than attends other farming operations, have realized more than twice as much annual *net profit* per head as the sum the sheep sold for, estimating wool at its present prices! What reason could a sane man render for such action? The reason he did render was, that "he was sick of sheep, and was determined to get rid of them anyhow." A sensible man! This is by no means a solitary case even among persons of considerable experience in sheep husbandry—and among the raw recruits who plunged into the business during the war, the "stampede" has been almost universal.

We now hear terrible stories of the number of good sheep that are to be "pelted" (killed for their pelts) the present fall in the west. So far as *good* sheep are concerned, we imagine there is much exaggeration in these statements. But just so far as they are true, they will exhibit what would be a ludicrous were it not so melancholy a specimen of absolute folly. The wool markets are obviously mending. The improvement is of a healthy and permanent character. There may be and probably will be minor and brief fluctuations, but the main course of things in both wool and woolen matters is upward. The very moderateness of the movement gives the better promise of its ultimate completeness and stability. For the grower who has "abode in the ship" thus long, now to jump overboard when she is visibly approaching her haven, is weak, cowardly and suicidal.

But there is nothing so blind, deaf and unreasoning as panic. The soldiers who fled from the dangers of Bull Run, continued flying long after the danger was over—when nobody pursued them. If the people of the United States continue to wear coats on their backs and breeches on their lower extremities, there is no prospect of their resorting to flax, hemp, cotton, silk or the skins of animals, as substitutes for wool—and in the palmiest period of our wool production we never for a single year grew enough of it to meet the domestic demand. The tariff has already conclusively shown that it shuts out competition, below the point of remuneration to our growers. The old stocks of foreign woolens in our markets have mostly melted away. Our government ready-made clothing shop is, we believe, exhausted. Neither famine nor short crops are pressing on large sections of our country. Industry has measurably revived in the South, and we believe will revive still further after the Presidential election, whatever candidates succeed. The Western man who "pelts" good sheep with such prospects dawning, will perhaps live to deplore his folly when the "cattle disease" is ravaging the herds, or cholera sweeping away the hogs, or bad seasons year after year spoiling the wheat crops, for which he exchanged them. His folly, however, will benefit somebody. The greater the number of sheep killed, the better will be the market and prices for the growers who hold on.

This infatuation has not by any means been general in the West. We know of multitudes of growers there who have kept their flocks, disposed of no sheep at a sacrifice, and who have quietly waited for "the good time coming." And we know not a few who, sharp as our correspondent, think it a good time to invest in a business when its stock is lowest; and who consequently have recently bought huge numbers of sheep in Illinois, Ohio, &c., to increase their present flocks, or found new sheep establishments in regions further west. With good practical management, many of these men will make the fortunes which others have thrown away.

Now to our correspondent's inquiry about the prices of "full blood and first class Merinos in the East." We have heard of a considerable number of such sheep being sold the present season at from one to six hundred dollars a head—none coming strictly under the description of "full blood and first class," selling below the smallest sum named. And the highest sum named would by no means command the pick of the most celebrated flocks. Among the Eastern breeders of "genuine" full bloods, more ram lambs of inferior quality have been castrated, and the crones and culls of the flock have not been as firmly held for *high* prices as formerly: but we have known no instances of selling really prime stock "for a song." Grade Merinos, or those called full blood but having no traceable pedigree, are much lower than three years since, but nothing like as low as in the West. We have heard of no "pelting" flocks of healthy merchantable sheep in the Eastern States.

In regard to furnishing a list of sellers, there can be no use in our doing so, as long as we are not prepared to specify the prices asked by each. Having neither asked nor secured any definite information on that point, we can furnish none to our correspondent. But we believe it will be in vain for him to apply to any breeders of even moderate reputation, in the expectation of getting prime sheep "for a song."

DELAINE WOOLS.

WE commented, a few weeks since, on a published letter on wool by Mr. WALWORTH of the Pacific Mills, Mass. Having addressed a note to that gentleman, asking him to define the kinds of Delaine wool the dearth of which he complained of, he makes the following reply:

NEW YORK, 24th Oct., 1868.

HENRY S. RANDALL, ESQ—*Dear Sir:* Your favor of the 25th ult. came duly, and contents noted. I proposed to answer you carefully and fully, but I have not had time, and I have not time now to do so, I am so pressed with business, but will say I was glad to hear from you, and should have liked to give you a full answer, but at present can only say, that for Delaines we want a staple three to five inches in length, sound, and evenly grown; we do not want necessarily a fine wool. Some fine Delaines are made from three-fourths blood wools, but not many. The wools mostly wanted is one-fourth and one-half blood, and the tendency of the worsted business is to call still more strongly for one-fourth blood wools—both of the Combing and Delaine classes. A common coarse native sheep in the hills of Pennsylvania and New York crossed with a Leicester buck, would very soon produce a good common wool that would do for Combing and Delaine. It would not be a fancy wool, but we could use it and mix it with Canada wool, and we could at very little expense and at no risk to the farmer, soon get a large quantity of these wools from the sheep already in the country.

I want the farmer to run no risk by doing as I suggest. He lays out but a little extra on a Leicester buck, and at once improves his coarse sheep and produces more of the wools so absolutely required. I shall be happy at another time to write you fully and carefully on this subject. I beg to inclose a private letter from a wool dealer in London, England. You may keep it. I remain yours, &c.,

JOSEPH WALWORTH, Lawrence, Mass.

NATIONAL WOOL GROWERS' ASS'N.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE WOOL TARIFF AND RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THE Resolutions below (submitted Oct. 14th, 1868,) have been passed by the Executive Committee of the National Wool Growers' Association by a nearly unanimous vote—by an entirely unanimous one, so far as the members have been heard from:

Resolved, That the present wool and woolen tariff was framed with a sincere purpose to benefit equally the permanent interests of the producer, the manufacturer and the consumer; and that nothing has yet occurred to shake our faith that it is as well adapted as any legislation which can now be devised to secure these results, after its operations shall cease to be disturbed by temporary and exceptional causes.

Resolved, That prominent among these disturbing causes was the over supply of woolens in our markets on the passage of said tariff, occasioned in part by the extraordinary stimulus given to domestic manufactures by the war, and still more by enormous and disproportioned importations of foreign goods made in anticipation of an increase of duties, while the subject was pending in Congress. That this oversupply has been slowly reduced by consumption, owing to the necessity of the American manufacturer constantly to make additions to it, or stop his mills and throw his laborers out of employ; owing to the great quantity of surplus army goods thrown on the market by the Government at prices far below the cost of production; owing to short crops in the West and famine crops in the South in 1866, and the comparative failure of the cotton crop in 1867, which vastly diminished the usual means of purchase, and consequently the amount of consumption in those portions of the Union; owing to other obvious circumstances which have severely depressed and are continuing to depress trade in some of the States; and owing to high taxation and the general condition of monetary affairs, which have enjoined on the prudent portion of the rural population of our whole country the necessity of reducing their expenses in this and all other practicable directions.

Resolved, That an abrogation of the present wool and woolen tariff or any part thereof, or a change in its scale of duties, when its beneficial effects are just beginning to be felt, is not called for by any of the great interests which it most seriously affects; that it has been earnestly and unanimously deprecated by the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' organizations which represent the interests which are claimed by the opponents of the law to have chiefly suffered under its operation; that it would injuriously and unjustly disturb business arrangements made in consequence of its provisions, and tend unnecessarily to create distrust in the future prospects of wool production and manufacture; and, finally, that it would afford a new and striking example of that fickleness in our tariff regulations which has repeatedly inflicted the most serious injury on the business interests of the country, and which is always more damaging to those interests than a reasonable degree of stability even in an imperfect tariff.

Resolved, That it admits of demonstration that the previous wool tariff did not impose duties on foreign wools equivalent to the internal taxation imposed on the wool growers of the United States—thus in effect discriminating in favor of the foreign grower; that this was markedly the case in respect to Canadian wools admitted free under the now happily abrogated Reciprocity Treaty; that we do not hesitate to avow that it was an object of the friends of the present wool tariff to compel foreign producers to pay as much for enjoying the benefits of our markets as do our own citizens.

Resolved, That a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, in the article of wool, would produce most disastrous effects upon the large capital and liberal enterprise embarked in the production of combing wool since the enactment of the present tariff; that it would place the growers of such wool entirely at a disadvantage as compared with the growers of our other wools; that it is not called for or favored by the manufacturers of worsted fabrics themselves, but on the contrary they have recently declared in resolutions unanimously passed by the National Association of Wool Manufacturers—"That any advantage which might accrue to the worsted manufacture from the free introduction of combing wools under the proposed Reciprocity Treaty with Canada, would be more than counterbalanced by checking the impulse which has already been given to the growth of combing wools here." That in view of the above facts we respectfully but earnestly urge that under present circumstances no change be made, either by treaty or legislation, in the existing wool and woolen tariff.

Dairy Department.

CREAM—HOT AND COOL WEATHER.

C. L. SMITH, Clymer, Chautauqua county, writes:—"I have often heard the question asked, and asked it myself, why cream does not rise as well in hot weather as in cool. There must be the same virtue in a pail of milk in a warm morning as in a cool one, and, as the cream is the lightest, why not rise and be of the same color? The idea has occurred to me that, perhaps, by the milk standing in a heated condition many of the butter globules explode and the oily matter or butter mingles with the milk, as does alcohol with water, the casein covering, as curd, floating to the surface, and hence the cream is lighter colored and less of it. It is known that pans of milk, which sit on the top rack, do not produce as much cream nor as yellow as those lower down. What say you to this? Please lead us to the light."

Has not our correspondent reached the "light" sought, without being led to it by others? The fact stated, in regard to the relative cream productiveness of the pans, on the lower and higher racks, would seem to solve the question why milk precipitates more cream in a cool morning than in a warm one. In a milk room, as in any other, the heavier or less rarified air occupies the base of the column, while the warmer portion rises as the density or weight, in a given space, decreases. Warm milk, from the cow, has all its ingredients, butter, buttermilk and whey, in solution, but, when submitted to the action of the atmosphere a disintegration, so to speak, commences and continues as the temperature of the mass recedes from that at which it was drawn from the udder. As the upper portion of a milk room has a more rarified atmosphere than the lower, more of the component parts of the milk will be held in solution in pans in the first than in the last, and, by consequence, less cream will float to the surface in the upper than the lower ones—the disintegration, of the constituents of the milk, being less minute or perfect in the former than in the latter.

The color of the cream is supposed to be affected or varied according to the character and condition of the food supplied. This agrees with our experience with dairy stock. At the time of flush pasturage it was observable that, as the flow of milk increased, it wore a more bleached appearance than when the cows were fed on hay, made from the same kind of grass which afforded them pasturage in the warm season. It was remarked too, that in the winter time, when the cows were daily treated to a small allowance of Indian meal, in a raw or cooked condition, the golden tint of the butter, produced from their milk deepened, and the credit of the change was accorded to the extra food furnished. Whether this was the cause of the change or not is a question we submit, with the remarks of our correspondent, to those whose experience in dairy matters is such as to give their opinions weight with the farming public.

BEANS AND GARGET.—A dairyman writes the New England Farmer that beans, fed to cows troubled with garget, or caked bag, in small quantities, once or twice a day, will speedily effect a cure. They are effective whether fed in the pods, green, or when dry and shelled. Mr. WILLARD adds that pea meal mixed with the oat, is good for the promotion of the flow of milk, and may act beneficially in the case of garget. These remedies are readily furnished, of easy application, and can do no harm in case of a failure to cure. It would seem to be advisable to have a small quantity of bean and pea meal on hand for use, as occasion may require.

THE CHEESE MARKET.—The Utica Herald has reports from the Little Falls cheese market up to Oct. 26th. Sales were mostly from farm dairies, ranging from 16c. to 17c. Factories were held at 18c., but no sales reported. The week previous considerable sales of these were made, ranging from 16½c. to 17½c—the bulk at the former figures. Foreign advices show an active market with a considerable advance—50s to 61s for American factories.

Rural Notes and Items.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

ENLARGEMENT AND IMPROVEMENT.—After mature deliberation, counting the cost, and ascertaining that the necessary printing machinery can be procured in season, we have determined to vastly Enlarge and Improve the RURAL NEW-YORKER on the commencement of its Twentieth Year and Volume. Having resolved to adopt the plan alluded to last week, we can safely announce that, (D. V.) on and after the first of January ensuing, the RURAL will be *by far the Largest, Best and Cheapest Newspaper of its Class in the World!* Our design is to so enlarge the paper as to give nearly twice the present quantity of reading matter—the plan being to DOUBLE THE NUMBER OF PAGES, making sixteen (instead of eight) of five columns each. This involves a great expenditure of Mind and Means—brains, labor and capital—but having overcome the first and greatest difficulty (that of insuring the printing of so large a sheet with "style and speed,") we believe the object can be successfully accomplished. The size and style of page are suitable for binding, and popular with reading, thinking people—being neither too small to be rendered attractive, nor too large for convenience. But in making the paper so large, we do not intend that its *size* shall be its first or best recommendation—for our plan includes a corresponding improvement in CONTENTS and APPEARANCE. We believe the vast interests of the Producing Population should be advocated, sustained and defended by a Journal as large and able as any devoted to the promotion of any other interest whatever, and so believing we issue and confidently refer to the announcement of Volume XX, on News page. We furthermore believe that our efforts to furnish such a Journal will be nobly seconded by tens of thousands of intelligent Ruralists throughout the land—Men and Women who can and will aid our important enterprise by kindly exercising influence in its behalf. Reader, are we too sanguine? If not, and You propose to lend us the assistance of Voice and Pen, allow us to suggest that *Now is the Time for Action.*

HAY IN CALIFORNIA.—In a letter from a Californian, in the N. O. Picayune, occurs the following:—"The very best kind of wild oats grows all over the hills and valleys where not plowed up, often six feet high, yielding four tons of superior hay to the acre, and this year after year without any cost but that of gathering."

TO ADVERTISERS.—Our Advertising Friends are notified that the great Enlargement and Improvement of the RURAL (announced elsewhere in this paper) will enable us to classify their favors and give them in more conspicuous positions than heretofore. Instead of giving them mainly on one page, they will be published on several, adjoining reading matter, and hence not as likely to be overlooked as they would be if given in a solid page of advertising. Our design is to make an *appropriate* classification, for the benefit of both readers and advertisers. For example, we intend to give advertisements of Trees, Plants, Vines, &c., on one of the pages devoted to Horticulture, Landscape Gardening, &c.,—of Books, Magazines, &c., on the same page with Reviews or Notices of New Publications,—and other announcements in like appropriate positions, so far as consistent. The advantages of this arrangement must be apparent to all interested. Though we shall commence Vol. XX with an edition of *at least One Hundred Thousand Copies*, (and probably print full 150,000 of the first number,) our advertising rates will not be increased until announced—especially to our regular advertisers. Our aim is to give first class advertisements only, and we do not wish to contract to insert any advertisement more than four times. Those wishing their announcements to appear in the first number of the enlarged RURAL should apply early, as our space will be limited, and "first come first served."

FARM MADE MANURE.—A correspondent from Richmond, Va., states that he has tried repeatedly to keep up the fertility of his farm by the application of artificial manures, with such poor results as to determine him to keep clear of the artificial ring. For the future his reliance is to be on the fertilizers made on the farm, composting what is made in the barn yard with muck from low grounds, which experience has proved efficient in producing crops, and more cheaply supplied than artificial aids. This is the concurring testimony of many farmers, outside of Virginia, though some good ones are found of a different opinion. There is one thing in favor of home made manure, and that is the farmer knows what he has got, and can give a good guess as to the results likely to accrue from the application of it to his soil. Fall is a good time to dig muck for the barn yard, provided the labor be done before the low grounds are saturated with water. This will make a good foundation for manure for spring application; less costly than those of a commercial character, and probably quite as effective.

JERSEY CATTLE—HERD BOOK.—At present the popular tide seems to be setting strongly in favor of Jersey cattle as the future leading dairy stock of the United States. This may not long continue, but appearances indicate now a general spread of the Jersey fever. In consequence of this, a number of gentlemen have organized an association for the purpose of establishing a herd book, in which shall be entered, so far as possible, all animals of undoubted pedigree, in order that the impositions of unscrupulous dealers may be guarded against. No pedigree will be admitted except with the approval of the Executive Committee, which is composed of the following persons:—*President*—SAMUEL J. SHARPLESS, Philadelphia; *Treasurer*—Thomas J. Hand, Sing Sing, N. Y.; *Secretary*—George E. Waring, Jr., Newport, R. I. Additional members:—Thomas Motley, Boston; S. W. Robbins, Wethersfield, Conn.; John Glenn, Baltimore.

KEEP THE CANADA THISTLES FROM SPREADING.—It is said that Missouri is almost entirely exempt from Canada thistles—an occasional patch along the lines of rail roads comprising the whole stock at present. To guard against their spread, it is proposed to petition the Legislature to enact a law fining every man fifty dollars, recoverable before any Justice of the Peace, who shall suffer a Canada thistle to grow and blossom on his premises—ten dollars to be given to the party making the complaint and furnishing the necessary proof to insure conviction. Most States have laws with reference to such pests, but the amount of good accomplished by them is extremely limited. The thistle question is a serious one to the farmer on the rich soils of the West, yet many let them grow pretty much at will, except perhaps a spasmodic mowing once in a year or two. Timely action in the way of exclusion would pay.

CORK OAKS IN CALIFORNIA.—It is stated that acorns of the cork oak, planted in California in 1858, have grown to trees fifteen to twenty feet high and from eight to ten inches in diameter. If the climate of that State should prove favorable to the growth of this tree, as this experiment would seem to indicate, cork oak orchards might be profitable investments for the future. The present supply of cork is drawn chiefly from Southern European countries, and is quite limited and growing scarce. The tree is not necessarily destroyed by partially stripping it of the bark, and with care a forest might be made to yield several crops.

COLOR AHEAD OF POINTS.—It is said that judges of cattle at Fairs in Kentucky base their awards quite as much or more on the color of the stock submitted for inspection as on the prominent points of the animals. Some years back the white or cream color was the favorite, but the taste has changed and now the red, or an intermixture of white and red—a kind of brindle—secures the honors, even against superior points. By the way, while in New York we say "stock growers" or "cattle breeders," in Kentucky the same class get the appellation of "bull men."

A PRAIRIE ICE HOUSE.—The Kankakee (Ill.) Gazette tells how to make an ice house on the prairies. Make a platform of rails by the side of a straw stack, and cover it a foot deep with straw. Put crotches in the ground, and lay rails or poles in them, and across the frame work place more rails, and cover with straw thick enough to protect the interior from rain. Pack in the ice in circular form to the height of eight feet, and surround it thickly and closely with straw, and cover the top in the same way.

GLANDERS.—"A Farmer" wants to know the speediest cure for a glandered horse, and the probable cost of the operation. It is a terrible disease to deal with, and the safest way is to slaughter the animal afflicted with it. As the disease is readily communicable from one animal to another, in various ways, that Farmer is remiss in his duty to himself and the public who permits a glandered horse to occupy a stall in his stables or to roam over his premises. The disease yields to no remedy which lacks the force of a knock down.

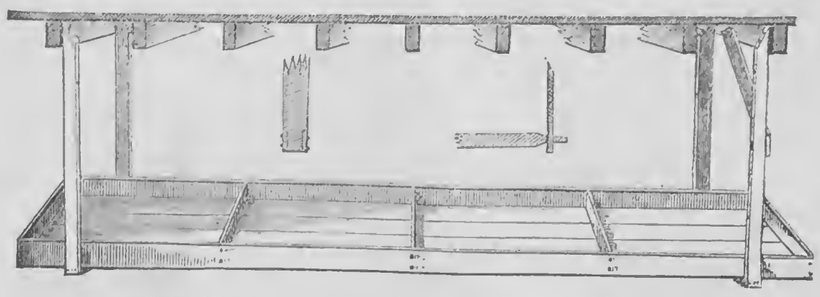
FRANKLIN COUNTY FAIR.—We are informed by W. G. RICHEY, Secretary of the Franklin Co. (N. Y.) Agricultural Society, that the Fair held at Malone the present autumn was a decided success. The attendance was unusually large, the entries 840, and the total receipts $3,000,—several hundred dollars in excess of any previous Fair of the Society. The annual address was delivered by President ANGEL of the Vermont University.

THE OLD MOON AHEAD!—S. J. MANN, Delaware Co., O., informs the editor of the Gazette that from a peck of a new variety of potatoes, weighing fifteen pounds, he produced sixteen bushels. He planted three eyes in a hill, part during the old of the moon and the others in the new. The former produced smooth and nice potatoes; the latter rough and scrawny ones.

PRESERVING FENCE POSTS.—If fence posts on being set were braced in their places by filling the opening about them with a compact mass of clay, water would be excluded and the durability of the post be greatly increased. Where suitable clay is readily found the operation would prove remunerative.

HATCHING EGGS ARTIFICIALLY.—(J. G. R.) BEMENT'S work on poultry contains a chapter on artificial incubation. It illustrates and describes several plans, and is as complete on this subject as any American work.

THE MASTODON AT A FAIR.—The Cayuga Sentinel, Province of Ontario, states that the great center of attraction for the sight seers at the Agricultural Fair was the bones of the mastodon lately found at Dunville.



FRUIT AND MILK STAND.

L. D. SNOOK, Barrington, N. Y., sends us the following sketch and description of a convenient piece of cellar furniture:—"The accompanying sketch represents a Fruit and Milk Shelf, around which there is always a circulation of pure air, so necessary for the preservation and proper keeping of these articles. When this shelf is substituted for the common open bin or barrel, his ratship will find himself cheated out of his winter's feast! The sketch represents a perspective view of the shelf. It is supported by four strips of boards which are nailed or otherwise firmly secured to the joist as shown. Braces when attached, as shown, will greatly add to the strength and rigidity of the structure. The sections represent different methods of securing the cross-pieces on which the shelf rests. The shelf itself is shown divided in four separate bins for the reception of as many kinds of fruit, and will hold from five to eight bushels each. Other division boards may be added as circumstances require. The sides, ends and division boards are removed in the spring, when it is used for a milk shelf. As a combined or separate fruit or milk shelf it has no equal, and as such I recommend it to RURAL readers, and am certain no person will begrudge the money expended in its construction."

HORTICULTURAL.

APPLES IN WISCONSIN.

We have a severe and variable climate, subject to extremes of temperature. In the summer the thermometer often runs between ninety and one hundred degrees, while in winter it may sink to from twenty to forty degrees below zero. It takes a hardy tree to endure these extremes. Canada and Russia have proved that such trees exist. The rigors of our climate are certainly not greater than those of the two mentioned countries. They succeed, and why should not we? We can and will. But first let us inquire the causes of our past failures. I enumerate them as follows:

Not Selecting Hardy Varieties.—The first settlers selected such fruits as they were accustomed to, in the various localities from which they emigrated; many of them among the tenderest varieties. Such trees could not well help dying, when we had an extra hard winter. Some made no selection, but took any worthless cheap trees that might be offered to them. Their want of success is not to be wondered at.

Condition of Trees and Grounds.—The importance of careful digging, and preserving the trees from drying and freezing, have not been realized. I have often seen the trees dug without any care. The roots chopped off with spade or ax within three or four inches of the body. All the fibrous roots destroyed. I have seen the trees carried for miles in the winds and hot sun, without any protection; carried to the field, scattered where they were to be planted, and left exposed for hours—sometimes for days. I have seen them set upon low, wet grounds without any provision for drainage. I have seen them set in a tough grass sod, in the smallest possible hole to crowd and stamp the roots into. Set destitute, almost, of roots, with a large bushy top, that can only be supported by an abundance of roots. Fortunate, indeed, is he who lives in a climate where trees will survive such treatment.

Trees with High Heads.—Trees have been selected with high heads. If branched low when purchased, must be trimmed up. The consequence was a long bean pole lever to wrench and tear the roots when swayed by the wind. The naked trunk, exposed to alternate freezing and thawing in the winter, and the consequent loosening of the bark, on the southwest side. Thousands of trees have been ruined by "sun scald," because the tops were not allowed to shade the bodies.

Rabbits.—The rabbit has been the pest of the Western fruit grower. Whole orchards girdled and ruined in a winter. Some allowed suckers to grow, to keep off the rabbits. The suckers sapped the life of the tree.

The Sowing of Small Grain Crops, or the Seeding Down to Grass.—The grass and grain robbing the trees of moisture and fertility, and stopping their growth.

Injury to Trees by Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Barking with the Plow and Whiffletrees.—Young orchards are often ruined by the rubbing, hooking, gnawing and carelessness of the plowman.

Bark Lice.—I have been into orchards nearly ruined by this pest, when the owner had not suspected their presence.

Worms.—The foliage of the trees denuded. The bodies pierced by the borer. The destruction allowed to go on, while the life of the trees was sapped.

Drouth and Want of Shelter.—Lands have been plowed so shallow that the roots did not run to a sufficient depth to gather moisture, in an excessively dry season, and injury, perhaps death supervenes. The winds have played the mischief, where orchards were not sheltered, either by belts of timber, or close planting.

If we look carefully over these causes of failure, we will be led to find the means of success. It is simply to avoid the errors of the past. We must plant only the toughest and hardiest of trees—such as the Dutchesse of Oldenburgh, Red Astracan, Talman Sweet, Perry and Golden Russets, Winesap, Carolina Red June, Famense, Sweet Pear, Northern Spy and some others. Dig the trees carefully, preserving the fibrous roots. Do not expose to sun or winds, but keep carefully covered until re-set. Young trees are most likely to live, having their roots less injured by digging, than large trees. The ground should be plowed deep, and in good tilth. Select low branched trees, with bodies not over two or three feet below the limbs. Protect from rabbits by strips of lath tied together with uncoiled wire, so that they will wrap round and inclose the body of the tree. Allow no suckers to grow.

Cultivate your orchard and keep free from weeds. Grow corn, or some hoed crop, but *let nothing trench upon the space devoted to trees.* Let the ground be clear around the tree to such distance as the branches radiate. Do not cultivate late in the season, as that induces a late fall growth that does not ripen to withstand the cold of winter. Never allow stock of any kind in a young orchard. Never allow any but a careful hand to cultivate it, and with a well broke, steady team. Eschew long whiffletrees and doubletrees. Wash the trees with strong, soft soap suds in early May, and again at midsummer. Keep your trees well growing by good cultivation and care, together with careful soap-sudsing twice or more during the growing season, and bark lice will not harm them. Make it a business to go through your orchard once a month in the summer season, and destroy every worm, nest or cocoon you find.

Surround your orchard with a belt of rapid growing evergreen or other trees. If you do not, let them be planted near enough together to protect one another. Every other row can be removed when they get large enough to crowd each other. Orchards will not grow spontaneously, but when people learn to treat the matter of fruit growing here with good common sense, the land will blossom with fine healthy orchards. The good time is coming! It has already begun to dawn!

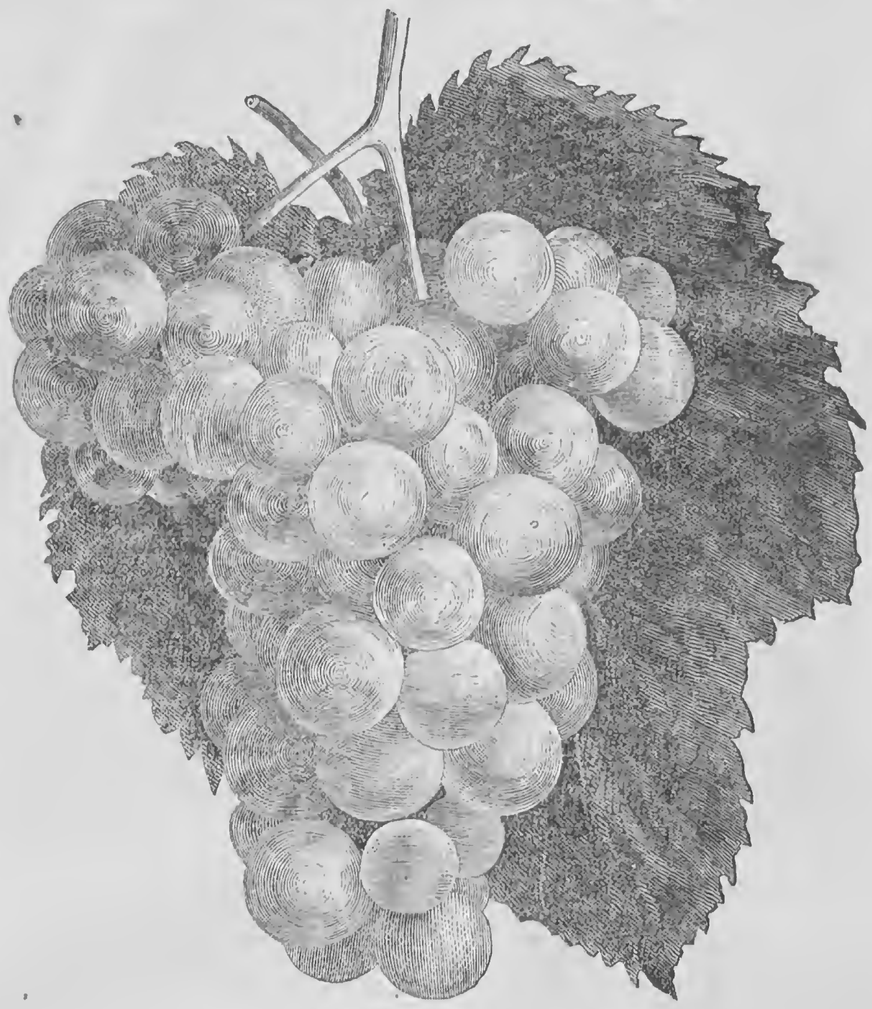
Rolling Prairie, Wis. L. L. FAIRCHILD.

REJUVENATING OLD GRAPE VINES.

There is no doubt that the balance of the grape vine must be kept up to insure its health and vigorous growth as well as its yield. If there is an old vine, the roots must be clipped as well as the branches. The length of the branches should also correspond with the age and vigor of the vine. On rich soil, with the habit of great growth, extension is necessary. Also the fruit should correspond with the capacity for production. Fruit, branches, roots, extent, soil, all must be considered, and all kept in harmony. This is getting to be understood more and more.

Where a vine is cut down, and a shoot starts up, it is known that this shoot will not do as well as was usual with the vine. There is a lack of harmony; the vine was thrown out of balance. The root was too strong for the growth, and made it unnatural, a coarse, false growth. But clip the roots at the same time, and there is a difference; there is better success.

A gradual reduction of the old wood can be made without much harm resulting, even with the root power unmolested. It is best however in strong soils to keep up an equilibrium. Even then a gradual change is recommended. In this way, a vine, however old and strong and extended may be reduced and changed into a new vine, new wood, and new roots; the whole, with a trifling exception, may be rejuvenated. It requires usually three to four years to do this. Thus a favorite vine may be made a still greater favorite, and with perfect safety. Avoid rashness; that is the main thing. We have experimented this thing with the most flattering success. F. G.



THE MARTHA GRAPE.

This new candidate for public favor is a white grape, grown from Concord seed, by SAMUEL MILLER, Esq., formerly of Lebanon, Pa. It has been for the past six or eight years grown in several localities, everywhere proving satisfactory. The vine is a strong grower, healthy, hardy and vigorous with abundant and heavy foliage, resisting alike the heat of summer and the attacks of mildew and thrips. In habit of growth and general appearance it is almost identical with the Concord, differing mainly in the color of the foliage, which is of a lighter green; and the wood being a darker brown. It also seems to adapt itself to all soils and situations with the same facility as its parent, and has shown no indications of rot or mildew even in unfavorable seasons. On young vines, bunches and berries have been rather small, but have increased steadily as the vines acquired age and strength. The illustration gives a fair representation of bunches grown the present season upon a vine in its third bearing year, having clusters four and a half inches long, and berries three-fourths of an inch in diameter. In character and flavor it is of the Concord type, but much more refined and delicate. It blooms some days later in spring, but ripens from a week to ten days earlier than the Concord. In color it is a pale, greenish yellow, with amber tints when exposed to the sun, and covered with thin, white bloom. Skin quite thin, but very tenacious and does not crack in wet seasons; has but little pulp, which is soft and tender, with no unpleasant acidity next the seeds; flavor very sweet, with a pleasant mingling of vinous acid. Seeds few and small. It has a little of what President WILDER calls the "native aroma," which is, however, less palpable to the taste than smell. Taking it altogether, the Martha seems to combine more good qualities for general and universal cultivation than any white grape yet introduced, and will doubtless become very popular as its merits are more fully known and recognized.

G. W. CAMPBELL.

HOW TO LAY OUT AND BEAUTIFY OUR CITIES AND TOWNS.

I am very glad to see this subject taken up, and by one who makes the study of public advancement by means of tree and plant his line of profession. It is a subject on which I have written somewhat from time to time, and yearly I see streets opened, graded and planted, with just no thought whatever relative to the future. It is a point of great moment in my mind, and should be carefully canvassed. The breadth of road way, and corresponding breadth of side walk; the distance the shade trees should stand from the curb stone; the distance from tree to tree, and the position of the road, whether sunken below that of the side walk, or made level with it, depending on a sharp gutter-way for drainage, etc., are all points that ought to be carefully studied ere a record be made of a new street on any city or township books.

I have not time now to write more, but will help up, if I can, the good work of Mr. WEBSTER at a future time. Just now I would call his attention to his advice in his article to plant American elms, at distances of thirty feet. Would that not be too near to enable the tree to develop its ultimate beauty and grandeur?

By the by, I owe Mr. W. an apology for not replying to his article some time since, wherein he gave me plan of grounds to work up. I laid the paper aside for a convenient time, but have been so fully occupied that the convenient time has never appeared. I will take it up by-and-by and give him a chance to criticise me for the public's good.

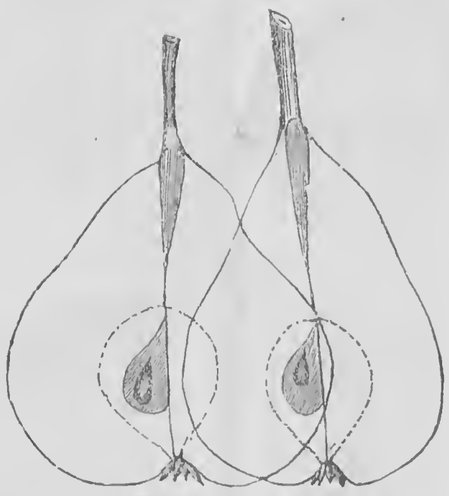
ADDI.

SEEDLING PEARS.

We illustrated, in RURAL dated October 24th, several new seedling pears, but omitted part of the article. The remainder is herewith given. Our readers are referred to that number for general description.

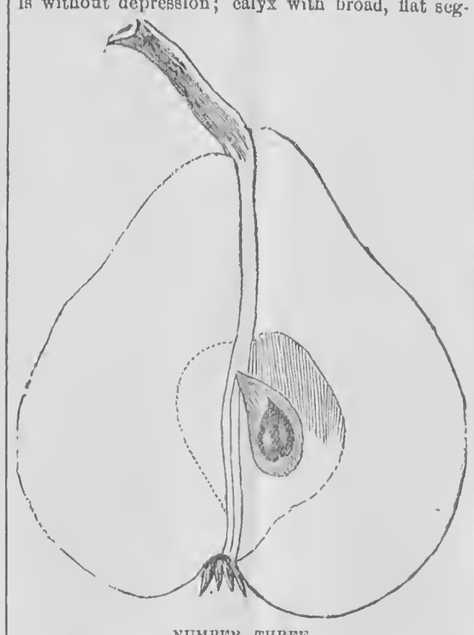
No. 4—Fruit, medium size, obovate, acute pyriform, pale greenish-yellow, faint blush in sun; stalk, stout, wrinkled, set with a tip; calyx, with sharp-pointed segments; basin, open, regular, of medium depth; flesh, yellowish-white, granulated, melting, juicy, sweet, of good, not high aroma or flavor; season, middle of September.

No 5.—Fruit small, form varying from oblong, pyriform to globular acute pyriform; color light, russet yellow, with a brownish blush, red cheek in sun; stem short; calyx round, open, with long flat segments; basin narrow, even and smooth; flesh yellowish, granulated, crisp breaking, and sweet; core small, seeds partially imperfect; season, November and December. Too small for value, in connection with its quality.



NUMBER FOUR. NUMBER FIVE.

No. 3—Fruit, medium size; globular, acute, pyriform, pale-yellow ground, with a dull bronzed cheek in the sun; stalk, stout, wrinkled at insertion, which is without depression; calyx with broad, flat segments; basin of medium depth broad and open; flesh, greatly deficient in flavor, sweet and juicy, not quite second rate, and can only be valued by reason of some excellence in the tree to me unknown; season, early September. ADDI.



NUMBER THREE.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Planting Young Trees after Old.—A committee of the Alton, Illinois, Horticultural Society says:—"In passing through the extensive orchards of Mr. Flagg we were shown several hundred young apple trees that had been planted in the same holes from which he had grubbed up old trees that were dying of age. The young trees for vigor of growth and healthfulness of foliage, were equal to any grown upon new land, a fact worthy of note as disproving the theory advanced by all horticultural writers that young fruit trees will not thrive upon the site of an old orchard. All the preparation the land had, was to burn the old bush in the holes. Mr. Flagg has a theory that his success can be attributed as much to heat as to the ashes left. He thinks the fire burned out all disease that was left in the ground."

New Grapes.—A Committee of the Alton Horticultural Society reported thus:—"The Mottled, from Cleveland, by Dr. Hull, Dr. Spaulding and Mr. Kingsbury. We find this grape to have a close bunch of good size, a berry of medium size with thick skin and hard pulp. Not so good in quality as the Catawba.

"A grape for name, from G. W. Menier of Menier, Tazewell county. This grape was pronounced to be the Creveling, at our last meeting, but from this opinion we dissent. It has the red appearance at the end of the pedicel of the Hartford and Creveling. The leaves sent are too much wilted to determine its class with certainty, but we incline to place it among the grapes of the cordifolia species. We regard it as very good and worthy of trial. The bunch is rather close, of medium size, the berry black and round, or nearly so, and about the size of a large Clinton."

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

ELLIOTT'S LAWN AND SHADE TREES.—This is the title of a work describing a large list of deciduous and evergreen trees and shrubs suitable for planting in parks, gardens, cemeteries, &c. The author treats of the leading habits of trees, the soils in which they succeed best, the heights to which they attain, and suggests places and positions where they may be properly employed. It is a popular treatise of the subject, written by a skillful and experienced landscape gardener, and designed to meet a very general want of the public, and enable every tree planter for ornamental purposes to determine what and how to plant. Instructions on these subjects are greatly needed, for although the practice of planting ornamental trees and shrubs is wide spread as the homesteads of our country, yet a correct taste to guide the work is far from being as general. The tree planter should look into the future and view his young sapling in the full proportions of mature age, ere he is competent to select either variety or position for ornamental purposes. We are glad to see this important subject so plainly and properly treated, and can heartily commend this book to our readers. The author, Mr. F. R. ELLIOTT, is widely and favorably known as a pomologist and landscape gardener. The book is profusely illustrated, and gotten up in the neat and appropriate style which is characteristic of the work of its publisher, F. W. WOODWARD, New York.

LAKE SHORE GRAPE GROWERS' EXHIBITION.—The fall show of the Lake Shore Grape Growers took place recently at Cleveland. The Ohio Farmer says there was a good attendance of members of the Association, and the display of grapes was very large and fine, especially considering the very cool and unfavorable weather of the past six weeks. The grape entries were 120, comprising 400 plates of fruit. Generally the quality of the fruit was good. There were twenty-three entries of wines as competitors for premiums. A committee was appointed to confer with Mr. ROGERS in reference to assigning names to the more prominent and promising of his hybrids in lieu of the numbers attaching to them. Similar action was recommended to other associations, and requesting a report of their action at the next annual meeting of the Ohio Association, on the third Wednesday of February next.

EVERGREENS AMONG PEAR TREES.—"ADDI" writes: "I would like to know where that man's orchard is who writes that he has 'given the practice of growing evergreens among his pear orchard a full trial, and without any encouraging success as results.' If he will give his name, and can show me an orchard, of one acre even, in which evergreens and pear trees have been intermingled and grown for any number of years, I will go a long way to look at it.

FRUIT FROM CALIFORNIA.—Referring to a statement in an Eastern paper concerning the scarcity of fruit in the New York market, the California Farmer says that when the Pacific Railroad is completed California can send all the fruit the Atlantic States will want. The ability to send may be conceded, but that of reception is another matter. It strikes us that the cost of transit, and the time occupied in it, will interpose a strong barrier to a profitable prosecution of this kind of traffic.

HORTICULTURE AND POMOLOGY IN VIRGINIA.—The Virginia Horticultural and Pomological Society held its second annual Exhibition in Richmond recently. As compared with the first one it is said to have been meager both as regards the number and diversity of articles exhibited, with the exception of the Floral Department. As the financial condition of the Society seems to be satisfactory, improvement in the exhibitions in the future may be reasonably anticipated.

POTATO OR TOMATO WORM.—JOSEPH H. GILLETT, Corning, N. Y., is informed that the worm, inclosed in his letter to this office, came to hand "as flat as a pancake," but sufficiently distinct in outline to determine its class. It is the pupa of the potato or tomato worm, and the jug-handled appendage at one extremity is a case in which is a long, pliable tongue used for lapping up the nectar of flowers in their season.

MISSOURI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural Society will be held at Columbia, Boone Co., Nov. 24th, instead of in January as has formerly been the custom. Those favorable to the objects of the Society should bear in mind the change of time, and use their best endeavors to make the meeting a profitable and successful one.

TOMATOES.—L. A. O., Northville, Mich., writes:—"Last spring we gave the Keyes and Early Smooth Red an even start. They were sown together, transplanted together, set into the open ground together, and they ripened together to a day. The Keyes evidently forgot that they were due 'a month earlier.'"

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 30th ult:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are higher, and an active demand springing up causes a temporary scarceness. Sweets are more plenty, and the market is again lower.

Monitor, ₩ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ₩ bbl	1 75	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 25
Mercers, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 25
Prince Alberts, ₩ bbl	2 25	@	2 75
Jackson Whites, ₩ bbl	2 25	@	2 75
Delaware, Swirl, ₩ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Norfolk, sweet, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	3 25
Onions, Red, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Onions, White, ₩ bbl	6 50	@	7 00
Tomatoes, ₩ basket	1 00	@	1 25
Marrow Squash, ₩ bbl	1 50	@	1 75
Cabbages, ₩ 100	6 00	@	10 00
Turnips, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 50
Pumpkins, ₩ 100	10 00	@	14 00

FRUITS.—Apples are not doing as well as last week, and prices are not as firm. Pears are about over, the few arriving selling at high figures. Grapes are dull, with a large stock on the market, most of which is in poor condition and difficult to sell at any price.

Pears, Louise Bonne, ₩ bbl	$20 00	@	25 00
Pears, Duchess, ₩ bbl	20 00	@	35 00
Pears, Common, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	12 00
Pears, Seckel, ₩ bbl	18 00	@	30 00
Apples, Greening, ₩ bbl	4 00	@	4 25
Apples, Baldwins, ₩ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Apples, Mixed lots, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	4 00
Apples, common, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	3 25
Grapes, Isabellas, ₩ ℔	6	@	9
Grapes, common, ₩ ℔	3	@	5
Grapes, Catawba, ₩ ℔	10	@	13
Quinces, ₩ bbl	12 00	@	15 00
Citron, ₩ bbl	1 25	@	1 50
Cranberries, ₩ bbl	13 00	@	15 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are dull, the only demand being for a small local trade. Unpeeled Peaches are also dull, with a very heavy stock on the market. Berries are scarce and wanted.

New Apples, State, ₩ ℔	$ 9	@	10
New Apples, Western, ₩ ℔	9	@	9½
New Apples, Southern, ₩ ℔	8	@	9
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₩ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₩ ℔	20	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₩ ℔	13	@	14
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₩ ℔	9	@	9½
Blackberries, ₩ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₩ ℔	45	@	50
Cherries, pitted, ₩ ℔	41	@	46

CATALOGUES, PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.

THE EUMELAN GRAPE.—This new variety is claimed by Dr. GRANT to be the best black American grape. For descriptive circular address C. W. GRANT, Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y.

MONTCLAIR Small Fruit Nursery, Catalogue of Plants, &c. E. WILLIAMS, Montclair, N. J.

FRUIT HILL, Farm and Nurseries, Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of Small Fruits. D. C. BENTON, Quincy, Ill.

WHOLESALE Price List of Washington St. Nurseries. BRONSON, GRAVES & SELOVER, Geneva, N. Y.

GRAND River Nurseries, Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. N. P. HUSTED, Lowell, Mich.

SEED Manual, with Calendar, Illustrative and Descriptive. MAUPAY, HACKER & Co., Philadelphia.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

RICH BUNS.—Mix 1½ lbs. dried flour with half lb. sugar, melt 1 lb. of butter in a little warm water, add 6 spoons rose water, and knead the above into a light dough, with half a pint of yeast, then mix 5 ozs. caraway comfits and put some on them.

PAN CAKES.—Rub fine 4 ozs. butter into 8 ozs. flour; mix 8 ozs. currants and 6 of fine sugar, 2 yolks and 1 white of eggs, and a spoon of wine. Roll the paste to the thickness of Oliva's biscuit, and cut with wine glass. Beat the extra white and wash them over and sprinkle over sugar.

IMPERIAL CAKE.—Mix a pound of dried flour, the same of sifted sugar and of clean currants. Wash a pound of butter in rose water, beat it well, then mix with 8 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, then put in the dry ingredients slowly: beat the whole an hour, butter little tins, cups, &c., and fill only half, and sift over them a little sugar.

A NICE SAUCE.—Pare and quarter nicely half a bushel of sweet apples; also 1 dozen quinces, (or less as you choose,) steam them until you can pierce them with a straw, then take 8 pounds of loaf sugar, and add to it the water over which your apples and quinces are steamed, let it scald up, then add the fruit and let it remain in until it looks transparent. Skim out and put in jars and cans, then boil the sirup until only enough remains to fill up your cans, pour it over them hot, let them stand and settle, fill up again, then seal. Try it; they are not preserves, but much nicer.

HOW TO WHITEWASH AND NOT SOIL A BORDER.—This is to those not much experienced in whitewashing. Tack strips of paper tightly over the border close up to the ceiling. MARY.

Hudson, Mich., 1867.

GINGER COOKIES.—Excellent for breakfast with coffee. 2 cups molasses, 1 of shortening, 1 of water, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon of soda, 1 of ginger. Roll pretty thick.

BOILED APPLES.—Wash and trim medium sized sweet apples, put into a dish with water enough to nearly cover, add a handful of brown sugar, and boil till tender. A delicious sauce when cold.

TO REMOVE GREASESPOTS.—Make a batter of wheat flour and cold water, and apply to the wrong side of the cloth; dry slowly by the fire, and when perfectly dry rub off the flour, and the grease will be found missing. Very thick woolen goods may sometimes require a second application.—L. A. O., *Northville, Mich.*, 1868.

SIMPLE COUGH REMEDY.—Take four tablespoons of clean flaxseed, and put into a coffee cup; fill it up nearly full with cold water; add two tablespoons of loaf sugar and a few slices of lemon; let it stand over night. Dose, three or four teaspoons of the seed and liquor. When used up, prepare more. A larger quantity is apt to sour.—YANKEE, *at Rural Office.*

MAKING SAUERKRAUT.

As several ladies, within the past two weeks, have desired us to republish our recipe for making this much esteemed dish by many persons, we hereby comply with their request, in order that it may be in time for this year's crop of cabbages. It is this:

In the first place, let your "stand," holding from half a barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well scalded. Take off the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve the head, remove the heart, and proceed with the cutting.

Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of the cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on the top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on, remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be cut tolerably coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

COUNTRY PUDDING.—Put a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of your pudding dish, then a layer of tart apples, sliced thin. Sprinkle a little sugar over the apples, add another layer of bread crumbs, and another of apples, until your dish is full; crumbs should form the top layer. Pour a custard (made same as for pies) over it, and bake one hour. Eat with sweetened cream.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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973-4t GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COMPANIONSHIP.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Two little brooks, that pleasantly had sung
  Adown two dim defiles,
And in and out the meadow vales among
  Had flashed their silver smiles,
Their waters blended where a wooded hill
  Came down for each to kiss,
And wooed them on along its banks until
  They met in liquid bliss.

Together then they bade the hill adieu,
  And cheerily did wind
Along the valley, where the lilies grew
  And with the myrtle twined.
The song they sang was softer, more subdued,
  Than when each sang alone;
But it was sweeter, as though each renewed
  All sweetness it had known.

So with our lives; we sing some songs apart.
  In solitary ways,
That give some pleasant echoes from the heart
  To make more glad the days:
But they are sweeter, and the days more bright,
  And life a gladder thing,
If one or two sweet-singing souls unite
  These songs with us to sing!

Who walks alone a weary distance goes,
  With none to comfort him;
No shining sun his shadowed being knows,
  But only twilight dim.
The onward road is not so broad that we
  Should walk it separate:
With close-clasped hands the miles will shorter be,
  The burdens not so great!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOVEMBER.

THE somber figure and limpsy gray robes of November,—the mouth of sighing and tears,—visits earth again; and the thought of her presence sends a chill over many of us. For with her advent we know the close of another year is not far distant. Of all the thirty days, but one is hailed with anything like gladness,—our national Thanksgiving, when the great family gatherings are held, when grandparents, with bowed forms and dim eyes, call home their children, many of them showing by the silver lines in their dark, *uncolored* hair that they too are reaching up among the years of forty and fifty, and the grandchildren, who are always so glad to go to Grandma's and partake of the "goodies" made with those dear, old, brown, wrinkled hands, and listen to Grandpa's stories of "bears" and "Indians," of which they never tire, though possibly they may hear the same ones every holiday. The turkey that has been strutting about through all the long summer days, displaying the bright crimson tassel at his throat, arranging and re-arranging his wealth of glossy feathers with as much grace as a modern belle shakes out the folds of a stiff brocade—this same turkey with all his pride and arrogance must be sacrificed, with untold chickens who have had their little day of happiness not unmixed with trials, to add to the luxury of the grand dinner.

It is well that this great national day should have been allotted to this particular month. It is the one bright spot, the oasis, in barren, desolate November; seemingly her only joy. Long, long days she has reclined on the far-off purple hills, enveloped in a soft gray mist, watching the gambols of her fairy sisters, as they wandered mid bright flowers or floated in the dance, keeping time with bird-music; and the softly murmuring stream kissed their tiny feet, and showed them the delicate garlands so beautifully woven along its velvet margin. Though she could plainly discern their lovely habitation from her throne in the distance, she could never clasp hands with them in their joyousness,—never feel their soft kisses upon her pale cheek, nor listen to their whispered consultations; even the privilege of breathing the richly perfumed air is denied her; nothing of childhood, youth or beauty does she know.

No wonder she ever comes to us with tear-dimmed eyes and a saddened heart; nor that we can only discover the faintest outlines of the crimson and gold broideries upon her garments, and that her brow is furrowed with deep lines of sorrow. Who is able to live utterly alone, without love's caresses and heart sympathy, without cheerful communings and the harmonious sounds of music and laughter, and still wear a sunshiny face and tasteful adornments?

Ah, November! As our precious Thanksgiving day is the one bright joy in thy short life, which is filled almost to the brim with clouds and darkness, so may we remember that *there is no life, however sorrowful, but has its one great joy.* And as the years never fail to bring this anniversary day, replete with happiness to thousands, so may the life that finds no earthly joy seek pleasure and consolation in looking to the GOD of the Pilgrim Fathers as its firm, everlasting friend, its continued ray of sunlight which will lift the soul out of deep darkness and despair. MAY MAPLE.

Michigan, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANOTHER SIDE.

HAVING watched with some interest the replies called out by the account of that remarkable Saturday forenoon which contained a whole hour for sewing, I would like to present still another side of the picture. "System" is no doubt a great help when it is attainable, but many a woman who does all her own work, is in every sense a *help meet* for her husband, and a neat and prudent housekeeper,—not "smart," however,—will recognize this as no unusual experience:

Get up in the morning with a dull, heavy headache; attempt to get breakfast in the usual time, but find mind and body under poor control, and the meal half an hour behind time; after breakfast attempt to make up lost time by doing several things at once; forget one thing while doing another, and lose in material and time more than is gained; follow this up till dinner, and try it over again in the afternoon, securing barely time to put on a clean dress before tea,—and reach bed time exhausted and discouraged, and vainly wishing to know the secret of good "management." Or, if preferred, rest to-day and do double work to-morrow, only to find the result equally unsatisfactory.

Ah, if women were only seven-day clocks, that needed only to be wound up and set going! Then we might always wash Monday morning before breakfast; then we might do everything at once and get through in the middle of the forenoon, with plenty of leisure to reward our efficiency! Blessed is she whose plans are never disturbed by sickness, company, or unforeseen circumstances of any kind, and who finds it both possible and easy to be faithful BRIDGET and the accomplished mistress, the skillful housekeeper and the intelligent and well-informed woman. For all these things society demands, and women are killing themselves in trying to meet the requirement; and yet—our feeble American women! L. A. O.

Northville, Mich., 1868.

A SECRET OF YOUTH.

THERE are women who cannot grow old; women who, without any special effort, remain always young and always attractive. Their number is smaller than it should be, but there is sufficient number to mark the wide difference between this class and the other. The secret of this perpetual youth lies not in the beauty, for some women possess it who are not at all handsome; nor in dress, for they are frequently careless in that respect, so far as the mere arbitrary dictates of fashion are concerned; nor in having nothing to do, for those ever-young women are always as busy as bees, and it is very well known that idleness will fret people into old age and ugliness faster than overwork. The charm, we imagine, lies in the sunny temper—neither more nor less—the blessed gift of always looking on the bright side of life, and of stretching the mantle of charity over everybody's faults and feelings. It is not much of a secret, but it is all that we have seen, and we have watched such with great interest, and a determination to report truthfully for the benefit of the sex. It is very provoking that it is something which can not be corked up and sold for fifty cents a bottle. But this is impossible, and is why the most of us will have to keep on growing old and ugly and disagreeable as usual.

A LADY POLITICIAN.

AT a local election "Out West," crinoline had a good deal to do with the business. The contest turned wholly upon personal popularity, and the successful candidate brought his wife to help him. "His wife," says the country paper, "would have made the fortune of any candidate. A fine, dazzling woman, she rode about with him in a carriage upon the canvassing tours, and when, one day, he stopped in a public house to see a committee, while she sat without in the barouche waiting his return, the 'frieze coats' gathered round the vehicle, and giving 'three cheers for her honor,' called on her for a speech. Prompt as lightning, she responded, 'I will sing you a song, which an Irishman with music in his soul would any day prefer to a speech;' and sang, in a clear, sweet voice, one of Moore's melodies. The 'frieze coats' listened entranced. From that moment until the election took place, the beautiful politician could never appear in public without being implored for a song." That is the kind of wife needed just now.

A WOMAN'S MASK.—What a mask the unhappy wife is forced, from prudence and self-respect, to wear over that poor, tear-dewed face of hers! If she does not wear it, and if she lets the tears down in the sight of all, burning plowshares will not be too hot for her feet to walk on, and she must carry live coals from the world's altar, though they scorch her trembling fingers to the bone. Full of sympathy as the world is for her sorrows, if only delicately indicated—lifting a mere corner of the veil daintily—it has neither sympathy nor respect if broadly shown and rung into its ears through a six-foot speaking-trumpet. But the mask of the ill-mated spouse, male or female, must be of peculiar manufacture and careful manipulation; the kind more usually adopted, because most generally approved of, one embodying a gentle patience, a plaintive manner.

CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—Every little girl should be provided with a water proof cloak, with a round hood, which she can draw up over her head. They are more necessary than for grown people, as children more frequently catch the rain in going to school, or in being sent upon errands. Colored "Tartan" stockings for every-day wear, and high balmoral boots are the proper winter dress for the feet.

THE lady who took a fancy, concluded on second thought to return it, and did.

THE WOOING OF HIAWATHA.

THE above representation of a statuette by Miss EDMONIA LEWIS, needs no words of comment or description. The poem which inspired the sculptor's chisel is familiar to all. Miss LEWIS has begun to attract attention by her skill in an art extremely difficult. She is of African descent,—a native of this State, we believe,—and is now in Rome, devoting herself assiduously to study.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FARMERS' HOMES.

THIS subject, although at first thought it may appear a hackneyed one, is so important that it can never become uninteresting to the farmer. The man who is simply a money-maker,—who regards his fields, his horses, his cattle, his children and his wife as so many machines by means of which he is to grind out the greatest possible number of dollars every year—is not a farmer in the true sense of the term; even as a mere pettifogger is not a lawyer, though he may much desire to be so called. As members of the medical and legal professions disown and expel from their ranks the ignorant pretenders, or unprincipled quacks, who else would bring disgrace upon their calling, so we read out of the great party of plowholders, (a party we hold to be far more powerful and important than that of the bondholders) all who make money-getting alone the object of their exertions and the acme of their ambition.

Man was created for something nobler than the mere pursuit of gain. Our social faculties were given us to enjoy and to improve, and a withering blight rests upon him who refuses thus to employ them. Look at that dried up specimen of humanity who has worked two or three wives to death, and has doomed his children to a life of intellectual degradation, if not of physical pain, in order that his bank account may be ever increasing; that he may add acre to acre; that he may pull down his barns and build larger. How little of the light of humanity beams from his eye; how withered his heart; how bloated his sensibilities! He has chosen his path and he must pursue it. The end of every year finds him possessing less and less of the spiritual—the soul-elevating part of man's nature—and becoming more and more earthly, sensual, brute-like in his instincts and associations. "A harsh picture," you exclaim, but we have all seen such men, and pitied while we despised them.

Not to the mere money-getter, then, should we talk of farmers' homes, but to those who wish to improve the faculties given them by their Creator for that purpose; those who would make home a place of happiness, and the fireside the abode of love. To such we say, do not be afraid of doing too much to render home pleasant. Let beautiful pictures hang upon its walls; let good books, plentifully supplied, invite the attention of the young; and, if possible, let the charm of music fling its magic spell over all, that the tempted youth, when the gilded allurements of folly would attract his gaze, may ever turn to home as the brightest and cheeriest place on earth.

Do not, we beg of you, make the mistake of removing to that *best room*, opened only to call forth the admiration or minister to the enjoyment of the unusual visitor, the books, the pictures, and the music. If they are not worth enjoying, they are not worth having. If a book is bought only for its binding and gilding, then let it ever remain under a glass case, safe from the pollution of smoke, or dust, or children's fingers. If pictures are to be enjoyed only when we wear our Sunday clothes, then banish them to the parlors. If music is cheering and soothing only when the babbling of strangers interrupts its strains, let the piano cover only be raised when visitors are present, and we and our houses are on exhibition.

But if, on the contrary, these beauties of sight and sound are able every day to exert an elevating and ennobling influence, then let us have them brought from the best room to our ordinary apartments where we can enjoy them, or else throw open the long-closed shutters, remove the canvas covers from the parlor furniture, and make our children our most honored guests. L. HALSEY.

Trumansburgh, N. Y., 1868.

HOPE.

THE night is mother of the day,
  The winter, of the spring;
And ever upon old decay
  The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
  Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
  Hath left us Hope with all.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

How much is involved in that little word *dare.* The love of praise is an innate principle of human nature, and it requires much strength of purpose to boldly oppose wrong, particularly when society and the world court and advocate it. We must expect opposition if we dare to defend the right in spite of all usages of society. There are many kind, noble hearts, by far too lenient in this matter. Strong on all other points, yet in this they fail,—their trembling feet dare not overstep the limits which society has prescribed for Christian courtesy and charity.

If brothers or sisters err, the world says "*Shun* them; thus you will *show* that you disapprove of the act, making an example of them." Alas! how many *examples* we have of this mode of teaching crowding the haunts of infamy to-day. Once bright young lives, over whose pure lips and innocent brows mothers watched in all tenderness; but the trembling feet took one false step, and so we thrust them out of our hearts, out of our churches, and would even thrust them out of heaven. Is it right, is it just, is it CHRIST-like?

A young girl errs once, and the doors of human kindness and love are closed against her. But we reach the betrayer our hands, and bid him welcome; we court and flatter him, and sacrifice our darling daughters to his greed—for is it not a sacrifice of love, purity, and everything worthy to wed such an one? Does GOD ever smile upon such a union? If either be shunned, why not the betrayer of youth and innocence, rather than the one who has been wronged so grievously? I know that lips will curl with scorn, and society will sneer, if we reach our hands to the outcast; but GOD and the angels will be glad, and if a soul is saved, what matters it?

I know that thousands of noble young men and women have pledged each other in wine, because society said it was fashionable; and where are they now? I know, too, that professors of the religion of CHRIST, have mingled in social amusements, have sat at the card table and frequented the ball-room, because the world would laugh and call them "eccentric" if they refused. Is it a crime, then, to be eccentric?—is it a crime to love the right and cling to it, regardless of all opposition, for humanity's sake and for GOD's? Why, I have seen little children who wouldn't yield to wrong, let it come in whatever way it would; and shall the hearts of manhood and womanhood be *so puny* that they dare not advocate the right by example, wherever they may see *it?*

Shall we not cultivate decision of character, and pray that our hearts and hands may be strong and earnest to crush out these evils that society is bringing into our homes,—that every day of our lives, whether at home or in social gatherings, in the work-shop or the counting-room, we may *dare* to defend the right? GRACE G. SLOUGH.

THE POWER OF A MUSICAL VOICE.

IT is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddle, the latter will sound much the louder of the two; but the sweet, brilliant tones of the Amati will be heard at a distance to which the other cannot reach.

Dr. Young, on the authority of Derham, states that at Gibraltar, the human voice was heard at a distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact that the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods or in an open plain wishes to call her husband who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice at a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of musical sound in the human voice," says Young, "is strikingly shown in the cathedrals abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, which become audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same services had been read, the sound would not have traveled beyond the precincts of the choir."

MEMORY.—None of us remember when we did not remember, when memory was naught, and ourselves were unborn. Memory is the premise of our sensations, it dates our immortality. Nestling ever in the twilight of our earliest recollections, it cradles our nativity, canopies our hopes, and bears us babes out of our bodies as into them; opening vistas alike into our past and coming existence. The thread of our experiences, it cannot be severed by any accidents of our mortality; time and space, earliest found and last to leave us, fading and falling away as we pass into recollections which these can neither date nor confine,—the smiles that welcomed, the tears that dismiss us, being of no age, nor place nor time.—*Alcott's "Tablets."*

SANDWICHES.

THE fruit of the Tree of Knowledge—The first pair.

Is a "so-so" sort of farmer a good grain raiser?

SOUL—Housekeeper for the body.

LIFE—The forerunner of death.

NOSE—The snubbing post of the body.

OLD maids—Embers from which the sparks have fled.

PRIDE—Folly strutting in the cast off clothing of common sense.

ARTIFICE—Hiding behind a lamp-post, showing more than we conceal.

EQUIVOCATION—Dancing on a tight rope between two lies, in presence of truth.

FASHIONABLE ladies are like aristocratic houses—They both have high stoops.

How to get at the real complexion of some ladies—Take a little soap and water.

MONEY—The "root of all evil," to those who spend their lives rooting for it.

IF "brevity is the soul of wit," what a funny thing a fashionable coat is, isn't it?

ADVERSITY—A simple rule in human mathematics to find the solid contents of a man.

THE music of cotton-mills is supposed to be made by the hands that run the machinery.

IF nature abhors a vacuum, why does she permit so many empty-headed people to live?

LOVE, the toothache, a cough, and tight boots, are things which cannot be long kept secret.

Sabbath Reading.

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

NOT lightly did the Persian sage
  Conceive two warring spirits—
The Good and Ill that every age
  Of mortal life inherits.
Each human soul discerns in these
  His curse and his evangel—
Ahrimanes—Orozmades—
  The Demon and the Angel.

Not only is our life two-fold
  In waking and in sleeping,
But two-fold is the soul we hold
  Within the body's keeping.
Not only two-fold is our sense
  Of doing and of dreaming,
But Good and Ill, with power intense,
  Divide our nature's seeming.

We love, yet hurt the hearts we love;
  We feel, yet mock at feeling;
We ask our Father's help above,
  Yet spurn our brother's kneeling.
We chase the brightest form, to find
  'Tis but a cloud we follow;
We pluck the fruit of fairest rind,
  To prove it sere and hollow.

Possession palls, and Promise cheats,
  Hope fails and Trust is shattered;
Our marriage blooms, our cradle sweets,
  In lowly graves lie scattered.
What matters, then, to trust or hope?
  What use in human caring?
Since Evil still with Good may cope,
  And love must die despairing?

Not so, my soul! Love never dies,
  And Good can never perish;
The fruit will bloom beyond the skies,
  Whose blossoms here we cherish.
The Evil rules but earthly things,
  While at the grave's low portal
The Good awaits with angel wings,
  To rule our life immortal.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AT THE EVENING TIME.

WHEN the twilight of life gathered its mist-like shadows about the great Scotch schoolmaster of the last century,—the teacher of Sir WALTER SCOTT,—the last words that, for him, linked eternity with time, were:—"It grows dark, boys; you may go." He was in that calmer, holier twilight of which it is written:—"It shall come to pass in that day that the light shall not be clear nor dark. But it shall be one day which shall be known to the LORD, not day nor night, but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light."

Is it strange, then, with such hallowed memories clinging to it,—with such a glorious hope for the infinite to come,—that we love the sacred quiet of this hour?—that it is to us like the "Holy of Holies," where we are shielded as under the shadow of His wing who grants us this sweet mystery? The pale, wan shadows of twilight are not a fit setting for a jest, or words uttered in lightness; but serious yet most welcome thoughts abide in the pavilion of growing darkness.

Of the beautiful Scriptural evening time, the long twilight of Scotland is a noble type. It is said that at eleven o'clock the light still lingers so that one can see to read by it. There is a dawn before the day when it seems doubtful whether light or shadow shall be the victor, and this corresponds to the period of youth when doubt and earnest belief go hand in hand. Light has invaded the domain of darkness, but has not yet won the victory. There is still a strong castle of doubt upon the borders. But the day grows apace, till the noon comes, and then fades away till the evening time, when old age gathers its silver threads one by one. The crown of the old secures them favor when the darkness wraps its gloomy mantle about them, and men jostle each other rudely on the thoroughfares of life. "Sometimes at the close of the checkered and sober day, the Better Sun has broken through the clouds and made the flaming west all purple and gold. The purer light always comes, if not in this world, then in a better. Bowing his head to pass under the dark portal, the Christian lifts it on the other side in the presence and in the light of GOD."

You may have stood in the chamber of the dying man and seen the summer sun in glory going down; and when the evening came to you and not to him, when the shadows fell upon you and not upon him, that glorious promise met its perfect fulfillment,—"At evening time it shall be light."

ALICE M. BEALE.

Northville, Mich.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRUSTING GOD FOR THE FUTURE.

WHAT should we think of the child, whose parents were surrounding him with every needed comfort, yet who was constantly fearing that after awhile they would cease to love and provide for him? And is it not more surprising that Christians should distrust their Heavenly Father, and fear that they shall be left to know want and destitution, with none to love and care for them in old age?

Yet how many do this. How many a professed child of GOD virtually says to the world, "We have no sure refuge, no assurance that we shall be cared for in the future." Yet GOD assures His people that He will never leave nor forsake them. "Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you." What more is needed than this? Why, then, do they not believe Him?

Sherburne, N. Y., 1868. LINA LEE.

THE BELIEVER'S HELPER.—The believer is called to wayfaring and to wayfaring struggles. He has to bear a daily cross, and to fight a daily fight. But in every hour of need a sure support is near. Behold Moses; the ground which he must tread is very slippery; the hill of his difficulties is very steep; a foe opposes every step. But a staff and a sword are provided for him in the name of his guiding and protecting LORD. "I am that I am." On this he can lean the whole burden of his cares, and fears, and pains. By this he can scatter kings as dust. This stay is still the same—ever mighty, ever near. The feeblest pilgrim may grasp it by the hand of faith. And whosoever grasps it is "as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abides for ever."—*Dean Law.*

BEES find the flowers, not because they are symmetrical and beautiful, but because they have honey in them. If sinners are ever attracted to the churches, it will not be by the observance of stated and stately forms, or by the display of gaudy paraphernalia, but because there is honey in them.—*Clark's Gospel in the Trees.*

Educational.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

POPULAR sentiment is growing, day by day, more and more in favor of a broader system of culture, which shall be open to all men and all women. Within the past few months there have been several significant indications of this growth. One was seen in a resolution reported to the University Convocation in Albany, last August, concerning a suitable course of study for females, and which, after some discussion and amendment, was duly adopted. As amended it read:

Resolved, That this Convocation recommend to the Regents of the University, that, whenever any Academy or Institute, educating women, shall have adopted and carried out such a course of study as shall render it proper, they so amend the charter of such Academy or Institute as to enable it to confer upon those of its pupils who shall have completed such a course of study, such degrees as the Regents may deem appropriate.

The practical effects of this resolution may not be very great, for a time, at least, but it marks an advance in public opinion, and must have a good influence. If but two or three Academies or Institutes shall adopt proper courses of study—we opine that the recommendation to the Regents will not pass unheeded.

Another indication of the growth alluded to, was clearly shown in the addresses delivered at the recent dedication and opening of Cornell University. The founder, Mr. CORNELL, and President WHITE, each gave hints that within the walls of the new Institution the spirit of education was to be most catholic. Not alone to the favored of fortune was to be granted its superior advantages. "I trust that we have made the beginning of an institution which will prove highly beneficial to the poor young men of our country," said Mr. CORNELL; and for this beginning should that class be deeply grateful. In these words, and in many others that were spoken, there were promises of a broader, more generous culture than has been known heretofore.

And in the last sentence of Mr. CORNELL'S address may we not take him at his word, and believe that he foreshadowed an educational system more comprehensive and truer than any yet announced,—from which no consideration of sex should exclude seekers after knowledge? "Finally," said he, "I trust that we have laid the foundation of a University where every person can find instruction in any study." Every *person*; not every young man; it is better than that. The speaker may not have bethought him of the word's full meaning, yet we hope he did. We hope he used it understandingly. We hope Cornell University is to bestow its rare advantages upon all who deserve them. Education is not something to which man alone has claim. There are no good reasons for debarring woman from participation in its best and most elevating facilities. She is entitled to share them wherever they abound.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TEACHER'S OPINIONS.—No. IV.

How the least money may be expended, in matters relating to the furnishing of schools, is a question that often looms up before a certain class of district residents—a class too numerous for any district's good. And strange as it may appear to us in our reflective moods, it is a truth that cannot be refuted, that the question of paying the teacher brings with it a larger amount of hesitation than any other of a school nature. If any competent (?) trustee should be asked, "Do you want a good teacher?" his reply would, no doubt, be, "Most certainly;" but as a rejoinder to this, ask him, "Are you willing to give a good teacher proper compensation?" and almost invariably his idea of "proper compensation" is either thought or expressed to be, barely sufficient to decently *board and clothe* the recipient!

How is this action understood, in what method is it expressed? We see the trustee, who has any regard for his reputation, seeking out a good, qualified instructor it may be; but in conjunction, he seeks where he can get the best work done, at the very smallest cost. Now, it is generally known, that female teachers are employed at greatly reduced prices from those obtained by males; while at the same time they frequently are the more excellent tutors. Custom has brought up too many of our district trustees. They know that, particularly in the primary departments of education, our female teachers are very much superior to their "bigger oppositions." Our infantile experiences are certainly forgotten, if we cannot recollect the maternal solicitude felt for us by her who was called to "teach our young ideas how to shoot," *just when we needed such a teacher*. For doing her *work* doubly as well, shall she be compensated only two-thirds as liberally?

The mere matter of demand and supply has nothing to do with the facts in our question. Suppose that a female's board and clothing—the merest necessities—*are* a little less than a man's, must she be necessitated to be made an equal drudge with him on that account, and fare not nearly as well? Let us be rational. Would we, as men, exchanging for the time the question of necessities, be willing to teach as long and as well as our feminine coadjutors, and at the same time be content to receive so little compensation? Not so.

Let us, while asking greater care, more thought, and very much more affection of female teachers, *be willing* at least to compensate them fully; and then think how void all willingness is of goodness, if not accompanied by action. The truth is, we have a large corps of very inefficient instructors in our State; and my opinion is, that paucity of compensation deters those who would be good teachers from thus engaging, and draws them to more lucrative occupations. SAMOL.

SOME suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. The man is educated who knows himself, and takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring the use of that which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

THERE are few people who have not been occasionally puzzled whether to write *ei* or *ie* in the words that so represent the sound of long *e*. A very simple rule, says a schoolmaster, removes all difficulty. When the diphthong follows *c*, it is always *ei*—*ceiling*, *conceive*, &c.; when it follows any other letter it is always *ie*—*grief*, *friend*, *niece*, &c.

THE schools profess to teach the mental branches, but they are oftener the ornamental.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN OCTOBER LOUNGING.

BY OLOFFE THE DREAMER.

A MIGHTIER power than ever trod the old Roman roads, and marching to the Golden Milestone of a grander unity, is the traveler on the iron ways that make network over the world. The long train today, stretching past city and village and hut,—through the blazing torches of the procession at Syracuse, and the twinkling quiet of pleasant Utica, as it carries afternoon into night, and yesterday towards an ever-promised to-morrow,—through an Enchanted Ground of oblivion and sleep, bears me at last into the Great City on the Bay.

A little business—a little pleasure—a few lookings on old faces, interchanges of greetings, and the day goes—the week—into the far-stretching past.

It was a solemn, quiet, autumn Sabbath yesterday,—a little cloudy and chilly,—and from Nineteenth Street, among the avenues away into Brooklyn, where the one BEECHER, so honest and earnest-hearted, sways the great congregation at Plymouth, and back again into nightfall and rest, I carried myself in thought and person. And to-day I am over South Ferry again, and loitering in the autumn shadows of Greenwood, with one or two or so, looking through dust to spirit, yet hardly, perhaps, with the wondrous vision of Him who over a single grave sealed a gorgeous In Memoriam with the morning and the evening star.

It is a splendid achievement of delicate skill, the mausoleum to CHARLOTTE CANDA, with the subtle traceries of marvelous handiwork through the pure Italian marble, flowers and wreaths of white everlastingness, a niche wherein stands the imaged self of the dear girl, whose silent voice speaks the solemn warning, "Be ye also ready."

We are growing tired,—we have looked on and admired so many of the beauties and the splendors among the tombs,—and at last, with a heart-sympathy, we stand in the gathering dusk before a square marble stone, on the top of which is figured an angel with a babe in his arms. At the side of the stone, upon a white cushion, kneels the chiseled perfectness of a woman, "life without its motion,"—so natural, even to the studs on the cuffs, and the ear-drops beneath the heavy masses of hair, that as we trace the figures on the lace veil, we almost hear the rustle of the satin robe,—and wait in reverence for the *miserere* and the prayer to be ended, and the petitioner to rise up and depart. There is no word on the monument that we can discover,—only, wrought into the iron gate that locks the inclosure, are the squarely angular letters which read "JAMES GORDON BENNETT."

Amid the white mansions of the city of the dead, where life blooms on forever over the graves, I catch myself thinking of many things. I was today on Water Street, at the noon-day prayer-meeting, just below the place of the sensationally called "Wickedest Man,"—a little way from the dingy sign which proclaims "Sporting Man's Hall, By KIT BURNS." It is a good work which is going on there, perhaps sometimes with a little wrong-headedness,—but I was glad to have been there,—to have seen the people that filled the low, smoke-grimed room,—to have heard "I am a gambler—a pickpocket—a thief—I want you to pray for me,"—to have listened to the earnest prayer which I knew GOD heard,—and I remembered who was sent unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel,—felt that some day more than one of these self-denying workers would "shine as the brightness of the firmament—as the stars for ever and ever."

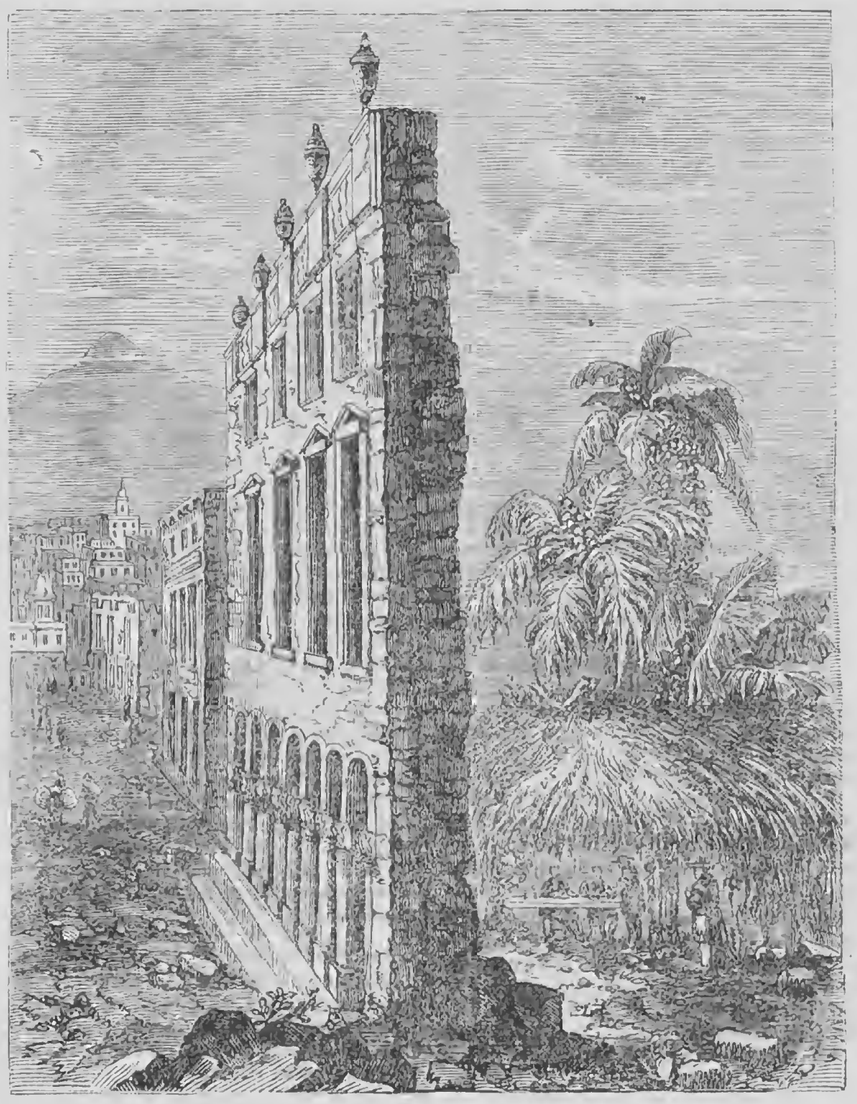
—From the grave to the gay is only a step,—and I am at the Olympic pantomime to-night, with a dear old friend, the pleasant companion of more than one of pleasant hours that are gone, and to whom herewith best of love and best of greeting. I am terribly fatigued, but forget it all as the fun and the frolic of the stage grow more and more furious, and it must be that we are adding pounds to our weight, as well as pleasantness to our thought, that will not thence speedily depart.

I testify soberly to the "niceness" of New England girls, if those at Springfield are a fair sample. When the train stopped, and I alighted, to stretch myself and be otherwise refreshed, the depot abounded with them. Whether a political demonstration, which seemed filling the streets with stranger military companies, bands, etc., was the cause of the assembly or no, I could only conjecture; but the pleasant facts were before me, and I thought perhaps a wedding party had enlisted the glances and the good-bys which had been given,—some popular favorites having set out on the journey of life and honeymoon together,—or maybe there was to be an excursion to that wonderful freak of art, the Hoosick Tunnel,—or possibly some seminary, broken loose for the summer solstice, was drawing together again for the winter work.

At the next station beyond, the brakesman calls "Palmer,"—forgetting to add "Six hours for the next train," but the time actually spins itself to that length, and in the pleasant room of the station I recline in two chairs, patient as circumstances permit. Just opposite, near the table, are two young girls, crocheting, their tongues making busy accompaniment to the green and scarlet of their worsted trappings. They, too, are waiting for a late train,—and yet it wouldn't do for me to accost them—the look with which they might wither my presumption would send me into oblivion. They are quite pretty, and by-and-by some friends drop in, and there are kisses and hand-shakings and inquiries after everything in a breath, with the unconsciousness of all save themselves and each other. But at last I am off and away, and the morning finds me snoozing in a pleasant room, in a sober village, which is shut up among the hills and in Sabbath quiet, seeming to need only the witch's stir to turn it into the caldron of seething life and bustle.

It is not long, since a friend's piano, touched by delicate fingers, wailed for me GOTTSCHALK'S "Dying Poet." It haunted me for days, even as now, under these tall trees of New England, the heavens too misty to show their clearness, the same sad strain, keyed with the season's sympathy, fills me with melancholy sadness. I loiter along dismally wet paths, and over hills whose trees drop cooling moisture in abundance, or, more pleasantly, loll in the little parlor, looking through its windows into the haze and the future, until the evening shadows gather, and the wondrous symphonies of the Mendelssohn Quintette sound like an echo of passion which has printed burning kisses on cheeks long clay cold,

"—to the very core
Striking our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long-faded land, the realm of
Nevermore."



ARCHITECTURAL DECEPTIONS IN BRAZIL.

SHAMS and deceits are common. Fine exteriors will not always bear close inspection; veneer is a universal commodity, universally used. But while we are all given to "putting a good front on it," the Brazilians, if stories and sketches of travelers are to be believed, greatly excel in this particular. Deception in architecture they have really carried to a fine art. Our engraving illustrates this fact. Prominent in the foreground is a Brazilian Treasury Office,—an imposing structure as regarded from a certain stand point, but from our point of view chiefly suggestive of economy, as perhaps a Treasury Office should be, in any country.

Some of the churches in Brazil are characterized by a similar mild hypocrisy, presenting pretentious fronts while in reality the meanest huts that were ever dignified by worship. One traveler says he caught a glimpse of the church in Santa Cruz, and was struck by its imposingness; then he went into a bit of wood, and looked in vain for the building when he emerged. It had vanished. Instead of the handsome facade, painted white, that he had seen, there was only a tall, dead wall, without side walls, or rear or roof, which his guide pointed out when he inquired for the church. But this was indeed the church,—not by any means imposing, as seen in its true character, but a veritable imposition and cheat.

—An old picture, whose outlines I can just distinguish, is facing me in the dusk and the stillness of my own room:—for my two or three days of leisure are over, and to-morrow come care and thought again. It is a representation of a man of middle age, idly leaning over the rocks on a shore, and gazing far out on an illimitable sea. And sometimes, even as now, in this autumn twilight, I imagine myself to be the figure of the picture, looking out over the ocean of life, and dreaming of Stories that Might Be True.

"And I smile to think GOD'S greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COMPARATIVE HISTORY.

EDWARD the Third was the first to plunge into the ford at Blanchetaque, calling out, "Let him who *loves me* follow." The whole army instantly following, EDWARD gained the battle of Cressy.—[*Markham's History of England*, p. 136.

PIZARRO'S robbers being worn out with fatigue and disease, wished to give up the Peruvian enterprise. PIZARRO drew a line from east to west and then addressed them:—"Comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storms, battle and death; on this side are ease and safety. But on that side lies Peru with its wealth; on this is Panama with its poverty. Choose, each man, what best *becomes a brave Castilian*. For my part, I go to the South.—[*Quackenbos' History of the United States*, p. 64.

"Let all who *are not cowards* follow me! I'll show 'em where the Indians are," exclaimed Major H. MCGARY.—[*Life of Daniel Boone*.

"Choose you this day, whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell: *but as for me and my house*, we will serve the LORD.—[*Joshua 24th chapter, 15th verse*.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the LORD be GOD, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.—[*Kings, 18th chapter, 21st verse*.

These passages of History demonstrate the power of words fitly chosen and appropriate to the circumstances. In fact, this is true natural eloquence. The utterer always finds a hearty response in the heart of the hearer. EDWARD appealed to their affectionate loyalty, PIZARRO to their national pride, Major MCGARY to their unwavering bravery before a foe, JOSHUA to their judgment and the force of his example, and ELIJAH to their discriminating faculties.

But this only proves that man has weaknesses, that, under peculiar impulses, can be wrought up to mania. The Englishmen did not feel interested in the crown of France. The Castilians hesitated to go South. The Kentuckians thought the most prudent course was to await reinforcements from Lexington. The Israelites were in favor of the old path of their fathers. The Jews were fascinated by the gorgeous pretensions of Baal. But when the key-word was given, the masses became harmonious as a matter of course. The "bloody cross" was erected and borne from mind to mind, and as it went on, all fell into its wake, without asking the reason why. Thus souls were fired up with enthusiasm, which spurns logical deductions. The soldiery rushed to "gory beds" or liberty, and the devotee made haste to return to the covenant of the true GOD.

Somerville, Tenn. GEO. F. A. SPILLER.

WHEN a dog insists upon lying on the mat, would you consider him dog-matically inclined?

CONCERNING NIGHT WORK.

TOM MOORE spoke truly when he said

"The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night."

Only we must steal for a good purpose, not for pleasure or dissipation, else we are losers instead of gainers by the theft. Moderate night work does no hurt to bodily or mental health, but rather the contrary, I fancy, and I speak from experience. Note how well, and to what old age, nocturnal toilers and watchers retain their strength and faculties. Look at astronomers whom, in our mind's eye, are always regarded as snowy-locked, yet vigorous-minded, strong-framed men. And are they not, as a rule? Remember Galileo, living to 78, Hevetius, watching till he was 76, and Copernicus till he reached 70. Take the English astronomers, too. There was Flamstead, who in despite of a disordered body, toiled by night and by day, harder, he said, than a corn-thresher, and yet he reached 73; Bradley, who did as much night-watching, ran out the allotted period of three score and ten years; and his successor, Maskelyne, told four score all but one year.

Then call to mind grand old Herschel, whose daily labors and night-watchings lasted so long, and were performed so well, that he may be said to have done the work of three lives, and he reached the good age of 84. And have we not his son, a giant in science, who stole hour after hour from the starry nights of his youth, and gives us now sparkling essays and sound lessons fraught with the experience which 26 years have now gathered to his garner? Lastly, learn that Maedler, who is now 74, went to the British Association a few weeks back, and told the savans something that proved his eye, after an operation for cataract, and his intellect to be as good as they were when 30 years ago he made his noble map of the moon, a work that must have involved night-watching enough to send an ordinary eight-hour sleeper into an everlasting doze. Who so wishes to rob the night to the best advantage, let him sleep for two or three hours, then get up and work for two hours, and then sleep out the balance of the night. Doing this he will not feel the loss of the sleep he has surrendered.

BEECHER'S BOYHOOD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER tells, in the Ledger, that when he was a youngster of nine winters, he had a long checked apron put on him, and was set to do the housework—"to set the table, to wait on during meals, to clear off the things, shake and fold the tablecloth, wash the dishes, scour the knives and forks, sweep up the carpet, dust the chairs and furniture," etc. "To these tasks," says he, "I soon added the hemming of towels and napkins, and of coarse fabrications—bags, ticks and such like. During this period I also continued my stable work." Mr. BEECHER avers that the knowledge obtained in this way has been of incalculable value to him all his life; and he thinks that men should be made acquainted with such things in these days, when women are emerging from the household and learning trades, professions and arts. Would it not be well for mothers generally to train up their boys much as Mr. BEECHER'S mother trained hers?

FAILURES.—The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures, these but inciting them to renewed exertions.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANGRY WORDS.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"LET'S play visiting," said Jennie. "You be Uncle JOHN and I'll be mother, and I'll come and make you a visit."

"Pshaw!" said DICK, scornfully; "That's girls' play, and it's silly. Let's play soldier, that's ever so much better!"

"'Tain't a bit more silly than soldier is, and not half as hard work. I won't play it, anyway," and JENNIE sat down on the steps very determinedly.

"You're real mean!" cried DICK, impetuously, "and I know you're lazy or you wouldn't say playing soldier was hard work. I'd like to play it all day. Come now, won't you?"

"Oh, DICK, I can't," said JENNIE, pushing her hair out of her eyes; "it's so warm, and I'm so tired."

"Tired! pooh! Lazy, you mean!" DICK said, with a contemptuous sneer.

"I ain't lazy," protested JENNIE; "not a bit more than you are."

"Then come play," said DICK.

"I'll play visiting," said JENNIE, "but I won't play soldier."

DICK'S temper was up.

"You ugly, good-for-nothing girl! I'll never play with you again! I hate you! there now! And I wish you'd never speak to me again so long as you live!"

DICK did not stop to think what he was saying. His anger was so fierce and deep that he could not check it, and it poured itself out in a torrent of bitter words. Did I say he *could not* check it? Perhaps he might have done so, but he did not try.

"I don't care what you say," answered JENNIE, very coolly. "I won't play soldier anyway," she added, with a laugh at DICK'S red face and angry gestures.

DICK did not answer back, for he was too mad to speak, and JENNIE got up and went into the house, leaving him alone. Shortly after Mrs. GREY called DICK, and bade him go to the village on an errand.

It was nearly dark before he got back, and his mother informed him that JENNIE had gone to bed not feeling very well. So DICK did not see her again that day. The next morning he was told that she was very sick. She had been taken ill suddenly, and the doctor had been sent for in the night. He came and pronounced it a very bad case of fever.

Poor DICK! The very first thought that entered his mind was—what if JENNIE should die? And then the memory of his cruel, wicked words came up before him, and he felt ashamed of himself; and somehow he could not get the thought out of his mind that if she should die he should feel guilty all his life. How much he would have given to unsay those words But there was no way in which he could get them out of his mind. They haunted him continually.

Day by day JENNIE grew worse. DICK pleaded to be allowed to see her for just one moment, but the doctor would not allow it. Strict quiet was ordered, and none but her parents were admitted into the sick room. It seemed to DICK that he could not possibly get along a great while without asking her forgiveness. He could think of nothing but his unkindness. It seemed so strange that he had ever used such words to her, his only sister!

At last the doctor said there was no hope for JENNIE. She would die in spite of all he could do for her. When DICK heard that he made up his mind that he *must* see her again. He did not see how he could stand it if she were to die and not tell him that she forgave him for being so unkind, and saying such bad, cruel things. He remembered how she had complained of feeling tired, and he knew she must have felt the approach of the disease that now had her in its clasp. And he had called her "lazy" when she was sick!

How still the room was where JENNIE lay. He had not been refused when he asked to see her *once more*. There was no need of his being kept away any longer, for the disease had gone too far to admit of hope, Dr. THORNE said.

DICK stood by the bed and looked down into the poor, pale face of his little sister. Great tears swelled up into his eyes, and dropped over his cheek like rain, when he saw the change a week had wrought.

"Oh, JENNIE, say you forgive me before you die! Please do, JENNIE, for I can't bear it any longer so," DICK cried, and knelt down by the bedside with his face close to hers.

"I love you, DICK," she replied in a faint, weak voice, and held up her lips for a kiss. DICK kissed her with such a great pang at his heart! How he should miss her when she was gone!

JENNIE closed her eyes wearily. They thought she was dying, and the doctor lifted DICK up gently from the bed. But it was not death; after a little she opened her eyes again, and then with a sweet, touching smile said she was going to sleep. And she did sleep, not the last, long sleep of death, as they imagined it to be, but slumber quiet and refreshing. When she woke from it, the doctor said she would recover if nothing happened to prevent it more than he could foresee. Her disease had turned, and JENNIE had a chance for her life after all.

And she did get well. DICK was her most faithful nurse. The lesson he had learned was never forgotten, and he never afterward let his anger get the control of his better judgment.

COUNT ZINZENDORF AND THE DOVE.

COUNT ZINZENDORF was, as I dare say you know, a great German noble, and lived to do a great deal of good in the world. One day, when a boy, he was playing with his hoop near the banks of a deep river which flowed outside the walls of a castle where he lived, and espied a dove struggling in the water. By some means the poor little creature had fallen into the river, and was unable to escape.

The little Count immediately rolled a large washing-tub, which had been left near, to the water's edge, jumped into it, and though generally very timid on the water, by the aid of a stick he managed to steer himself across the river to the place where the little dove lay floating and struggling. With the bird in his arms, he guided the tub back, and got safely to land. After warming his little captive tenderly in his bosom, the boy ran with it into the wood and set it free. His mother, who had watched the whole transaction, in trembling anxiety for his safety, from her bed-room window, now came out.

"But were you not afraid?" she asked.

"Yes, I was rather," answered the little boy; "but I could not bear that it should die so; you know, mother, its little ones might have been watching for it to come home!"

The Publisher's Desk.

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Posters, Prospectuses, &c., for Vol. XX, 1869, of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be ready in a few days, and sent, post paid, to all applicants. Address or apply to either of our Offices—82 Buffalo st., Rochester, N. Y., or 41 Park Row, New York City.

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The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

GOV. FENTON has issued a Proclamation appointing Thursday the 26th inst., a day of thanksgiving and praise, and recommending that the people assemble in their respective places of worship, on that day, thus to recognize the bountiful goodness of God.

Four prisoners escaped from the jail in Utica, on the night of the 27th ult.

Three storehouses were destroyed by fire in Binghamton on the 29th ult. They were filled with grain, merchandise and wool, and over one of them, also, was the armory of the 44th Regt. N. G. S. N. Y. Loss to the State, in arms and accoutrements $10,000. Total loss $75,000.

The Spanish or Texas cattle fever is prevailing at Hamptonburgh, Orange county, said to be brought from Painesville, Ohio. Ten deaths have already occurred among the cattle of that vicinity from this disease.

Another death from injuries received in coupling cars, occurred in Rochester last week.

George Williamson effected a theft of $7,000 worth of silks, ribbons, &c., in New York last week, by hiring the basement under which the goods were kept, and boring up through the ceiling.

A passenger train on the Hudson river railroad, Wednesday evening of last week, ran into a freight train at Rhinebeck. Several cars and a locomotive were badly smashed, but no one was injured.

A fire at Dresden, Yates county, a few days ago, destroyed the grist-mill of Birkett & Co., and the distillery of E. H. Mundense & Co. The entire loss was nearly $20,000.

The Greek Government has ordered of E. Remington & Sons, of Ilion, 15,000 breach-loading guns, and the Danish Government 10,000 in addition to another recent order.

Miss Eliza A. Matteson of Hannibal, Oswego county, aged thirty-one years, drowned herself on the 28th ult., while laboring under a fit of insanity.

One man was killed, and one or two others severely injured, at Charlotte, last week, by the falling in of an arch in the new blast furnace there.

Peekskill has been selected as the most advantageous locality for the proposed new bridge over the Hudson.

A disastrous conflagration took place at Hunter's Point, L. I., on the night of the 25th ult., resulting in great loss of property, and the loss of several lives. An explosion of kerosene on a brig lying at the dock enveloped the vessel in flames, which spread rapidly to the dock and the oil works there. The crew of the brig, except the captain, all perished. Loss probably $1,000,000.

Madame Moor, the female pedestrian, succeeded in walking fifty miles in nine hours and fifty minutes, recently, at the rink in Syracuse.

A tin box containing $100,000 in United States bonds and other securities, was lately stolen from C. W. Woolsey, in New York, who placed it on a desk in a broker's office, and engaged in conversation.

A large black bear was shot a short time since by E. Comstock, one mile north of Saulsbury, Herkimer Co. The animal dragged a trap six miles before he was overtaken and dispatched. He weighed 350 pounds, 292 when dressed.

The glass staining factory of Henry E. Sharp, in East 22d street New York, was destroyed by fire last week. Loss $25,000.

Property to the value of nearly $40,000 was destroyed by fire in Yonkers, last week.

A series of frauds for a long time carried on by the New York carmen have just been discovered. Three men have been arrested, one of whom confessed to being engaged in robberies to the amount of $10,000.

The female type-setters and sewing machine operators in New York have formed a joint association, with Miss Susan B. Anthony as President.

The managers of the Hudson River Railroad are making good progress on the grading of the third track, which has now become a necessity, in order to move the immense number of trains over the road.

A large flouring mill at Waterford was burned Wednesday night of last week. Loss $50,000.

Sixty pupils of Bisbee's military school at Poughkeepsie were taken sick with cramps and diarrhœa on Saturday afternoon, and a panic prevailed for some time. Prompt measures were taken, however, and most of them are now well. It is thought something was wrong with a dish of head cheese that was heartily patronized by the boys at dinner, and it is to undergo a minute analysis.

On the 27th ult., three deputy collectors, while searching for illicit distilleries in Brooklyn, were set upon by a crowd, and one of them badly beaten. One of the collectors, named Fred. B. Lawrence, fired into the crowd with a revolver, and severely wounded Maria Kelly, who was just coming out of her house, 42 John street.

From Washington.

SECRETARY BROWNING has addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, calling attention to the destitute condition of the friendly Osage Indians, now on their reservation in the Indian territory, and asking if some means cannot be devised for their relief. The limited appropriations at the disposal of the Interior Agent are utterly inadequate to support these tribes, and they are in a starving condition.

Both the Auditor of the Post Office Department and the Post Master General deny the report of a deficiency of receipts over expenditures in the Department amounting to over six million dollars. It will be less than one million dollars.

The President has proclaimed a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes of the Mississippi, by which they cede to the United States all their lands, in return for which ample compensation is made and a tract of land set aside in the Indian country, south of Kansas, for their future homes.

Certain Cubans have been in negotiation with our government for the purchase of ironclads, contradictions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Commissioner Rollins decides that hotel and restaurant keepers, whose sales of liquors amount to $25,000 a year, are wholesale dealers, and requires them to exhibit the sign of such dealers.

The President has pardoned Jonas Atkinson, who served fifteen months of his term of fifteen years imprisonment, for counterfeiting, on account of old age and infirmities.

In accordance with the act of February 3d, 1868, all cotton imported from foreign countries from and after the first proximo, will be exempt from import duty.

The Postmaster General's answer to statements recently made is, that he expended all the money at his command to extend the benefits of the Department as widely as possible, and his only regret is that the supply is too limited to meet the National demand.

The Treasury Department has issued a circular dated October 29th, directing that a duty of two dollars and fifty cents per pound, and twenty-five per cent ad valorem, shall be assessed for all cigars, cigarettes and cheroots under the 83d and 87th sections of the Internal Revenue act approved July 20th, 1868.

From the West.

A DISPATCH from Santa Fe, New Mexico, says: An important Indian expedition is now being organized in this Territory, which will soon start from Fort Bascomb, on the Canadian River, to operate against the Indians who have been committing depredations in Kansas and Colorado during the past few months. The command consists of six companies of the third cavalry, one or two companies of the second infantry, together with between 200 and 300 Utes and Apache Indians, under the command of Col. Evans, of the Third cavalry.

The Governors of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Missouri, unite in a call for a convention at Prairie du Chien, November 10, to take measures to induce Congress to vote money for the improvement of the navigation of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers.

A Fire in Fon du Lac, Wis., on the 29th ult., destroyed the skating rink, two wagon shops, and four dwellings. Loss $20,000.

In compliance with a resolution adopted by Congress last July, Gen. Sherman has instructed Gen. Getty to reclaim from peonage and slavery the women and children of the Navajoe Indians held in bondage in New Mexico and Colorado.

The Republican members of the Oregon Assembly have all resigned, leaving the Assembly without a quorum, while no appropriation bill has been passed. There is great excitement in Salem in regard to it.

Gen. Carr, with seven companies of the Fifth cavalry, and Forsyth's scouts, under Lieut. Pepson, struck the Indians on Shortness Creek, south of Beaver, on the 25th ult., and killed ten Indians and five ponies, and captured three ponies. The next day he followed the Indians who disputed his advance to protect their lodges and stock, and forced them to abandon their robes and camp and lodge equipage, capturing and killing seventy-two ponies. Gen. Carr is still pursuing them.

Five men attempted to rob the First National Bank at Allen, Ill., early on Sunday morning, but were interfered with in their operations by a private watchman. They attacked him, however, and killed him, then made their escape, leaving all their tools behind them.

A freight locomotive, working in a gravel pit on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad eighteen miles from Cincinnati, exploded on the 30th ult., killing the conductor, fireman, and three boys standing near, and wounding the engineer and brakeman.

The Propeller Congress, from Buffalo for Chicago, was lost off Thunder Bay on the 27th ult.

A fire last week in Ottumwa, Ohio, destroyed seven buildings and damaged several others. The loss is not less than half a million dollars. The loss to the insurance companies is estimated at a quarter of a million of dollars. The origin of the fire is unknown.

From the South.

AFFAIRS in some of the Southern States are far from encouraging. In Louisiana, especially, they are alarming. The number of murders in St. Landry parish alone during the recent troubles, amounts to one hundred. In New Orleans, last week, mob law was in the ascendancy. Many persons were killed in the city and in St. Bernard. On Wednesday night armed bands of Democrats, a special dispatch says, patrolled the streets, sacking the Republican club rooms and some private residences, and shooting down negroes. The newspapers next morning demanded the immediate resignation of State officers, the departure of carpet-baggers, and the ignoring of all obnoxious laws. At the instigation of General Rousseau the Police Board removed Superintendent Williamson, and appointed General Steadman in his place, who proceeded to re-organize the police. Owing to objections to recognize the police law, on the part of some, General S. resigned, and the Mayor appointed Thomas Adams, who demanded possession of the office, but was refused. The General then withdrew his resignation and took charge of the force. Intense excitement prevailed.

Gov. Scott, of South Carolina, has issued a proclamation congratulating the citizens upon the beneficent results that have ensued from the issue of his late proclamation calling upon all good and true men, without respect of party, to unite and discountenance and denounce lawlessness and violence. He speaks in a complimentary manner of the conciliatory address of Wade Hampton and the executive committee of the Democratic party, and their denunciations of the crimes which have recently been committed in some portions of the State, and he earnestly invokes the co-operation of every member of the Republican party in reciprocating to its fullest extent the peace policy so admirably inculcated by the Democratic leaders.

The receipts for cotton at Savannah, Ga., for the week ending the 23d ult., were 10,587 bales of uplands and 330 bales of Sea Island. The exports coastwise were 6,799 bales. The total stock is 18,272 bales of uplands and 975 bales of Sea Island.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE central provisional Junta of Spain has held its last session. Resolutions were adopted urging the abolition of capital punishment, the removal of convict prisons from Spain to Africa and the Philippine Islands, and the formation of volunteer rifle associations throughout the country. After advising all the local provisional Juntas to follow their example, the central Junta was dissolved. The elections for members of the Constituent Cortes will take place on the 29th of November. Senor Agala, Colonial Minister, has issued a circular announcing that the Colonies will be placed on the same electoral basis as the rest of Spain. Senor Escolante has resigned his office under the provisional government. Gen. Dulce has finally accepted the appointment of captain general of Cuba, and will soon sail for Havana.

The health of the Queen of Portugal gives cause of uneasiness to her physicians. She is said to be afflicted with the incurable brain disease that proved fatal to her mother.

The only French silver money of two francs and downwards that has now legal circulation is that which bears the date of 1864 or of some subsequent year.

Serious riots took place in Rotterdam on the 31st ult. The troops were called out and were obliged to fire upon the rioters. It is reported that several persons were killed and many wounded. A large number of arrests have been made.

A special from Constantinople says that the Grand Turk has issued a circular in direct refusal of the wishes of the American Congress, for the opening of the strait of Dardanelles to all foreign vessels. Foreign residents think the opportunity is presented for the American Government to insist upon the opening of the strait.

It is fully confirmed that Prussia, Italy, Portugal, France and Great Britain have renewed their relations with the new government of Spain. The Papal Nuncio at Madrid has also put himself in communication with the Spanish Foreign Minister.

The Austrian Diet has passed a bill giving authority to the Government to recruit forty thousand additional soldiers, Baron Beust having given a formal assurance that the men to be enlisted will merely fill up the deficiency in the standing army and not swell it above the number fixed by law.

The great Marine Exposition at Havre closed on the 27th, and the day was observed as a holiday in that city.

Light shocks of an earthquake were experienced in Cork county, Ireland, on the 26th. Minister Johnson was entertained at another banquet in Liverpool on the night of the 26th. John Bright opened the Parliamentary canvass at Birmingham the same evening by addressing an immense meeting. Mr. Johnson is invited to visit Birmingham, and to accept the hospitality of the Chamber of Commerce.

Political News.

THE series of Democratic meetings held in Albany, during the campaign, culminated on the night of the 30th ult., in a great gathering at Tweddle Hall, at which Hon. J. Q. Adams of Massachusetts made a lengthy address. Much enthusiasm was manifest.

Gov. Clayton, of Arkansas, has issued a proclamation in which he declares the registration invalid in eleven counties of that State.

Western Virginia gives a larger Republican majority than was expected. It is thought that it will reach about 5,000.

The total registry in New York city is 168,872; in Brooklyn, 64,307.

Major Luther Caldwell of the Advertiser, gave a complimentary dinner to the Grant Invincibles of Elmira on Tuesday evening last. Among the guests and speakers were Gen. Cochrane, Gen. Hall of Maine, Gen. Lee of Connecticut, Gen. Bruce, and others equally well known.

Registration closed in New Orleans on Saturday. Forty-three thousand names were registered. The largest vote ever polled in that city was 29,000.

E. Fenn Dickinson, Probate Judge of Sandusky, Ohio, and Democratic member of Congress elect from the Northern District, has been arrested charged with issuing fraudulent naturalization papers.

Gov. Geary, of Pennsylvania, has made requisition upon Gov. Fenton for several parties in New York charged with violating the Election laws of Pennsylvania, in October.

The Democrats and Republicans in San Francisco made extensive demonstrations on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of last week respectively.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

KATKOFF, the editor of the Moscow Gazette, receives a salary of 10,000 silver rubles, and, next to the Emperor himself, is considered the most influential man in Russia.

COUNT ADELSVAERD, one of the wealthiest noblemen of Sweden, is said to have refused an offer of seventy million dollars, made to him by an English company, for his copper mine of Atrudaberg.

Two men went into a jewelry store in Cincinnati the other day, and, after asking to see some rings, one of them called off the clerk and the other seized $1,200 worth of the rings and both ran off, undetected.

THE North American steamship company has been merged into the Pacific Mail, and the vessels of the former, which have been running between New York and Panama and San Francisco, will be drawn off.

THREE children of Byron Foodell, at Peabody, Mass., all under six years, were burned to death on Tuesday of last week. They were playing in a small out-building stored with hay and probably fired it with matches.

A FIRE at Boston on Friday last destroyed a carhouse, two drawing-room cars, one mail, one baggage and several passenger cars, belonging to the Albany & Boston Railroad Company, inflicting a loss of $100,000.

THE steamer Grecian, of the Royal Mail line, struck a rock in ascending the Galop Rapids in the river St. Lawrence on Friday last. She was run into the bay, where she sunk in twenty feet of water. No lives were lost.

THE number of children attending schools in the United States, according to the estimate adopted by the Boston correspondent of the American Publisher, is 5,000,000. For these there are each year manufactured 20,000,000 text books; cost $18,650,000.

A. M. WHEELER of Halifax, Vt., has cut a hemlock tree from which was made twelve thousand shingles, all clear, first rate shingles, leaving timber enough for five or six hundred feet of boards, and lots of good wood for fires, beside three-fourths of a cord of bark.

MADAME Traidon, who was bitten by a mad dog, which she immediately clasped and held until he was killed, thus preventing his biting others in the crowd which surrounded her, was cured of the bite, and has been presented with a gold medal by the French Government.

THE Supreme King of Siam is a good astronomer, edits an almanac, and takes personal supervision of the astronomical observations made in the Kingdom. He went down to Wai-wan, in the Gulf of Siam, to take charge of the observations of the August total eclipse of the sun.

THE American Missionary Association held its Annual Meeting last week, in Springfield, Mass. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer show that a year's work had been done among the freedmen by more than five hundred teachers, at an expense of about $350,000.

THE Scandinavian, from Chicago to Oswego, with 12,000 bushels of wheat, went ashore off Port Rowan on Saturday and sunk in 12 feet of water. The crew and the wife of the captain took refuge in the rigging and remained until the next day, when they were rescued in an exhausted condition.

THE annual report of the agent of the Auburn State prison for the year ending on the last day of September, 1868, gives the average number of convicts confined in the institution at nine hundred and fifty-two for the year—the largest average ever known before. The number received during the year is three hundred and ten, with about the same number of discharges.

THE proposed Hudson River suspension bridge is to be 1,665 feet long between the towers, with a total length, including approaches, of 2,490 feet; height above high water, 155 feet; height of towers above the water, 280 feet. There will be 70,302 miles of steel wire in it, the number of cables being twenty, each 14 inches in diameter. It will be the longest bridge on the continent.

AT Christiana, about midway between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, a train was lately thrown from the track by running upon a misplaced switch. The engine and tender and the baggage car were badly wrecked. The engineer, and another man were instantly killed, and the baggage master so seriously injured that he died shortly after the accident. The switch had evidently been wilfully misplaced by some wretch.

NEVER before has Europe contained so many discarded or disinherited sovereigns. To say nothing of mere heirs to royalty, such as the Comte de Chambord, the Comte de Paris, the Count de Montenolin, and the father of the Emperor of Austria, there are the two ex-Queens of Spain, the ex-Kings of Holland, of Naples, of Greece, and till recently of Bavaria also, the ex-King of Hanover, the banished Grand Duke of Tuscany, besides a host of minor dukes and electors, once regnant in Italy and Germany. In fact, the whole continent is filled with living warnings to unworthy royalty, and roaming memorials of the instability of human greatness.

DOMINION MATTERS.—Charbonneau's planing and sawmill, at Montreal, was burned on the 27th ult. Loss $50,000. A watchman perished in the flames. Whalen confidently expects a new trial. Extensive Post Office robberies have been discovered. Three packages of registered letters, sent from Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway, are missing. No compromise has been effected between the Express Companies and the robbers, as reported.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.—It is intimated by parties who profess to know that the insurrectionary movement in Cuba will assume a startling magnitude before long, and that the Captain-General will find it necessary to withdraw in haste. The object of the insurgents is an independent government for the island, and there are many prominent parties outside of Cuba deeply interested in the success of the movement.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—Valparaiso dates to October 3d, state that great damage has been done throughout Chili by heavy rains. Forty persons had been drowned in the swollen rivers, and the crops in the southern provinces are seriously damaged, entailing much suffering. Senor A. B. Medina, the Secretary of Legation of Peru, acknowledges the receipts of $20,938.30 in aid of the sufferers by the earthquakes in Peru and Ecuador.

LECTURES.—Prof. A. A. HOPKINS of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, has prepared a prose lecture for delivery to Lyceums and other associations during the ensuing winter. He has made his mark in the literary world as a poet, and writes vigorously and felicitously in prose. He has delighted audiences in Western New York heretofore, and we advise those making up lists of lectures in this part of the State to include him among those to be invited.—*Rochester Daily Express.*

FROM PARAGUAY.—The latest advices from Paraguay state that Gen. Lopez held Viletta with all his forces. The allied army was near at hand, and news of a battle was daily expected. The Portuguese Consul had been forcibly taken from the American legation at Ascunion, and shot. United States war steamers had gone up the Paraguay river, and a peremptory demand would be made by the American commander for redress.

INAUGURATION AT PRINCETON.—The inauguration of Dr. McCOSH, as President of the Princeton College, took place at Princeton, N. J., on the 27th ult., and was attended by a large concourse of alumni and friends. Gov. WARD presided. Many distinguished visitors were present, and the occasion was very greatly enjoyed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 3, 1868.

THERE is still an active call for money in this locality, but the requirements of borrowers are hardly as great as a week or ten days since. The barley purchased by dealers in this section is mostly sold, and the decline in wheat rather restricts operations in that direction.

Money is still in very active demand in New York and Boston, and the market is feverish.

Government bonds are steady. The speculative operations have been of considerable magnitude the past week, though a little cramped by the tightness of money. The demand for bonds from interior investors is visibly upon the increase. The low prices are bringing out a new supply of buyers, many of whom are taking hold of these securities for the first time. It can still be said of U. S. bonds, notwithstanding the depression of gold, that they pay remarkably well as an investment.

The general New York stock market is in a very excited condition. A great deal of interest has centered in the New York Central, which has sold as low as 122. The panic regarding the Erie has not subsided. The financial condition of the road is a most exciting topic in Wall street. The immense debt of the Company and the recent new issue of stock lead some to argue that the concern is worthless. Reckless speculation is certainly ruining this great Company. The President of the Erie himself reports that the common stock of his road has been increased $27,925,700 since the annual report of 1867.

WOOL.—The Eastern wool market is very quiet. Sales moderate, and at former quotations.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 2.—Flour, wheat, $10,00@14,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $4,00@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $24@25; Wheat, red, $1,50@1,80; do. white, $2,40@2,50; Rye, $1,40@1,45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@31,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,50@11,50; Hams, 12@20c; Shoulders, 12@14c; Chickens, 16@18c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 15@18cts; Lard, 12@12 cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@32c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@30c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 10@12c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0,70@0,75; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@75c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $3,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb., 7@7c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $4,00@5,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Ashes, pots, $8,00@8,25, pearls, $10,50; Cotton, 25½@25½c; Flour, $5,90@13,00; Wheat, $1,40@2,30; Rye, $1,42@1,43; Barley, 2,05½@2,11; Corn, $1,09@1,13; Oats, 71@72c; Pork, old mess, $27,00@27,25; mess, $26,95@27,00; $23,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $25,50@26; Beef, plain mess, $14@19,00; extra, $19@23,25; Beef hams, $25@38,00; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 11@11½cts; Lard, 15@17½c; Butter, 25@50c; Cheese, 12@17½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 31.—Flour, $6,50@15; Rye flour, $8@8,25; Corn meal, $2,35@2,45; Wheat, $2,10@2,40; Corn, $1,13@1,12; Barley, $1,80@2,00; Rye, $0,00; Oats, 72cts; Pork, mess, $30; clear, $31; Hams, 20@21c; Shoulders, 14c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $14@16; Lard, 20½@21c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 31.—Flour, $7,50@12,00; Rye flour, $7,25; Wheat, $1,30@1,50; Corn, 97@97c; Oats, 57@57c; Rye, $1,24@1,25; Barley, $2,00@2,00; Peas, $1,25; Beans, $2@2,50; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 15@18c; Eggs, 32c; Pork, mess, $29@30; Lard, 19½c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—Flour, $6,25@6,50; Wheat, $1,13@1,23; Corn, 67@70; Oats, 44@44½c; Rye, 1,06@1,16; Barley, 1,71@1,73; Pork, mess, $28,50@29; Lard, 15½@16c.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 23.—Beeves, sell at $3,50@6; Sheep, $2@3,50; Lambs, $1,25; Hogs, $6,75@9,50.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 29.—Beef Cattle, $7@9½c; Sheep, 4½@5c; Hogs, 13½@15½c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 30.—Beef Cattle, 4½@8c; Milch Cows, $30@100; Veal Calves, 5½@7½c; Sheep, 3@4½; Hogs, 12@15c.

TORONTO, Oct. 23.—Beef Cattle, $3,50@6,50; Sheep, $2@4; Lambs, $1,50@2,25; Hogs, $5,75.

TORONTO, Oct. 30.—Flour, $5@6,00; Wheat, $1,10@1,35; Oats, 51@52c; Barley, $1,35@1,37; Peas, 90@90c; Pork, $24,50@25; Bacon, 12@14c; Ham, 14@15c; Butter, 19@28c; Cheese, 10@11½c; Eggs, 13@15c; Potatoes, 75@80c; Lard, 14@16c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Beef Cattle range at from 8@16½c; Milch Cows, $30@110; Veal Calves, 10@16c; Sheep, 3@6½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 10@11½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 27.—Beeves range at from $8@9,25; Milch Cows, $15@100; Veal Calves, 9@9½c.; Sheep, 5@6½c; Lambs, 5@6½c; Hogs, 8¼@10c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 23.—Beef Cattle, 6@14c; Working oxen, $15@275; Steers, $87@200; Milch cows, $40@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $10@30; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3@5½c; by the head, $2@4,50; Shoats, 9@12c; Fat hogs, 10¼@10¾c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—Beef Cattle, $2,75@6,25; Hogs, $9@7,50.

TORONTO, Oct. 23.—Beeves range from $4,50@6,50; Sheep, $2@3; Lambs, $3@5; Hogs, $5,12½@5,50.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—Wool market is without change; sales are 300,000 lbs., at 45@52½c for domestic fleece, 31@38c for Texas, 54@60c for tubbed, 35@38c for California, 42½@43c for Cape, 32@36c for unwashed, and 58c for combing.

BOSTON, Oct. 30.—Wool, fleece, 42@55c; picklock, 60@65c; fine, 55@60c; coarse, 50@52c; pulled, 37½@55c; tub-washed, 52@62½c; combing fleece, 57@60c; Canada do, 72@75c.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 38@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 28.—Wool, pulled, 37@50c; tub-washed, 48@52c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 40@45c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 30—Wool, unwashed, 30@33c; burry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; fleece, 42@45c; pulled, 30@33c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To the Working Class—Eastman & Kendall.
The American Entomologist—B P Studley & Co.
$8 Sewing Machine—The Standard Sewing Machine Co.
Mammoth Cluster Raspberry—P C Reynolds.
Agents Wanted—E B Treat & Co.
Holloway's Ointment.
No more Accidents—Thos B McConanghey.
Watch Maker—J G Conklin.
Andre Leroy's Nurseries—Bruguiere & Thebaud.
Stock for Sale—J Carter Brown, 2d.
Virginia Farms for Sale—H B McKay.
Poultry and Vines—W H Todd.
Black-Cap Raspberries—Rev Mr Hoyt.
Wanted, Agents—J N Boylan.
Grape Wood—Sibley & Homer.
Wanted—Wm Law.
Cutting Box—Blymyer, Day & Co.
$325 a Month—H B Shaw.
Plum, Apple and Cherry Seedlings—S P Williams & Co.
$1,000 per Year—White Wire Co.
Wanted, Agents—Watson Gill.
Vinegar—F J Sage.
C. O. D—M E Chapman & Co.
Maple Leaves—O A Roorbach.
$12,50 per Day—J S Hayes.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Deafness, Catarrh, Scrofula—Mrs M C L.

The News Condenser.

— Groomsmen are discarded at New York weddings.
— There are 210 miles of paved streets in N. Y. city.
— Silver is at a discount of 3¾ per cent. at Toronto.
— Birmingham has raised a statue to Watt.
— Gen. Meagher's body has never been recovered.
— Jenny Lind wishes to revisit this country.
— Brooklyn is to have a riding school.
— Guizot has completed his eighty-second year.
— Tostoe is paid $1,800 a month in gold.
— The mackerel catch is light this year.
— Prim is one of the richest men in Spain.
— Isabella cost Spain $4,500,000 a year.
— Jackson Haynes, the skater, is at Vienna.
— Holland proposes to abolish the death penalty.
— The latest thing in fans is horse-shoe shaped.
— The Superior Road goes northward a mile a day.
— Australia has four thousand Odd Fellows.
— A change of site for Yale College is talked of.
— The 100th regiment leaves Canada soon for England.
— St. Paul is shipping potatoes to St. Louis.
— Provincial theaters in France are languishing.
— Madame Moore is walking against time at Syracuse.
— Albany is to have a new market house.
— Boston pays annually $50,000 for church music.
— Texas has a larger cotton crop than it expected.
— The owner of Bashaw, Jr., has refused $25,000 for him.
— Great Britain raises 120,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.
— Brougham has written a new drama for Barney Williams.
— A man in New York has been stabbed with an umbrella.
— A pair of Maine towns have been named Grant and Colfax.
— New York averages one thousand violent deaths per annum.
— Ninety locomotives are now running on the Union Pacific.
— The name of Jeddo, Japan, has been changed to Tookie.
— Coal has been discovered near the railroad track in Nevada.
— Thirty-two bushels to the acre is the English wheat average.
— The business men of Dunkirk are organizing a Board of Trade.
— London spends $500,000 annually to lay the dust in its streets.
— One thousand men are employed in the Charleston Navy Yard.
— The Fifth Avenue Hotel talks of adopting the European plan.
— The women of this country wear 350,000,000 yards of calico a year.
— Bucyrus, Ohio, ships nearly two thousand bushels of apples a day.
— There are 1,382 convicts at Sing Sing—1,247 male, and 135 female.
— Half the territory of the United States is drained by the Mississippi.
— There is one missionary in China to every four millions of people.
— English soldiers are still branded for using insubordinate language.
— Beard sold Chicago $6,000 worth of pictures and Cleveland $4,000.
— A Swiss has invented a watch which is wound by raising the cover.
— A converted burglar is preaching sensational sermons in England.
— Six thousand dollars is the price of a seat in the New York stock board.
— Canadian weatherists, still unterrified, predict an Indian summer yet.
— New Orleans has received the first consignment of this year's molasses.
— Rev. Dr. Breckenridge is shortly to marry a blooming Kentucky matron.
— Four eclipses next year—two lunar and two solar, one of the latter total.
— A moose recently captured at St. Mary's Nova Scotia, weighed 800 pounds.
— The British gun boats on the Lakes are all going to Bermuda for the winter.
— The designs for the ceiling of the new Park Bank, New York, cost $75,000.
— The parents of Bayard Taylor celebrated their golden wedding on the 15th ult.
— An average of ten persons apply for every mercantile vacancy in New Orleans.
— The Massachusetts Homeopathic Society pronounces against the use of butter.
— An anti-tobacco club, numbering 33 members, has been formed in New York.
— New York Insurance Companies are having a fight with the insurance brokers.
— The inventor of Planchette is said to have cleared $50,000 already out of the toy.
— In Paris hoops are no longer worn, and skirts are either very long or very short.
— Rosecrantz of Dresden turned out his seven thousandth piano a short time since.
— A $3,000,000 Catholic Cathedral is being built in Canton, China, and another in Pekin.
— Chicago has paid for amusements during the last nine months the sum of $326,358.55.
— The Cliff copper mine on Lake Superior is now 1,600 feet deep—below the bottom of the lake.
— A New York lady has an order for fifty Sunday School hymns from a Cincinnati house.
— About one million postage stamps, of various denominations are daily used in the United States.
— Mr. Charles Brooke has succeeded to the government of his uncle, the late Rajah of Sarawak.
— Dorolan, the famous oyster man in Fulton Market, New York, has made $500,000 in that business.
— While dancing a galop, in a Belgian town, a few days since, a young lady died in her partner's arms.
— Geo. Hungerford of Knox, Chantauqua Co., was killed by a kick from a horse a few days since.
— The latest wonder in the way of Yankee inventions is printing which can be read in total darkness.
— A citizen of Pittsburg has given $50,000 to build a home for shoeblacks and newsboys in that city.
— Detroit is compelled by a Supreme Court decision to devote all Police Court fines to a public library.
— A Rochester dog stripped an unwelcome intruder upon his master's premises almost naked the other day.

RURAL BRIEF MENTIONINGS.

H. C. HASKELL, Deerfield, Mass., raised 404 bushels Harison potatoes from two barrels of seed.

THE Ohio Farmer says the indiscriminate use of the roller, without regard to the character and condition of the soil, is very poor policy. A sensible conclusion.

THE corn crop of the West, though covering a large area, is said to be less in sound grain than that of 1860. Much of the crop this year was injured by the early frost.

FARMERS will do well to have in mind, as winter approaches, that poorly fed stock does not pay. Good shelter and ample food are the great requisites in wintering stock.

SOME people, in giving their horses the word "go," invariably accompany it with a cut of the whip. Would it not be quite as humane to omit the last till the first is proved unavailing?

SCATTER your coal ashes about the ground under your fruit trees during the fall and early winter. They will hold frost late in the spring, and keep trees and vines from a too early blossoming.

THE Telegraph, Washington, Texas, says:—If ever there was foolery among sensible men, it is with those who expend all their means and energy to make corn and cotton and buy everything else.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Canada Farmer has been prospecting over the Queen's estate of Balmoral in Scotland. It contains twenty thousand acres, only five hundred acres of which are tillable.

THE Maine Farmer sees a tendency among farmers to laud the practical at the expense of theoretical knowledge. Like husband and wife, these should be one or work together for a common purpose.

THE Albany Cultivator is warm in praise of the corn husking machine exhibited at the recent State Fair. It is to make cold fingers in husking a thing of the past. Good for the husker and the fingers too.

THE London butchers raise pet or cossit sheep, and when going to purchase a lot of strange ones for the shambles, place the pet sheep at the head of the flock, when they are led home without trouble.

A FRENCH paper says the most important thing in feeding a calf is to supply it the first milk from its mother. It possesses purgative properties necessary to clear the intestines and give the calf a start.

MR. WILLARD of the Utica Herald has been prospecting in the Western States. He saw much to admire in farming there; also some things not quite up to Herkimer Co. farming—especially in the dairy line.

THE Wankegan (Ill.) Gazette says Mrs. WM. SOULE of Grass Lake is the owner of a turkey which, in one season, laid seventy-four eggs. From these eggs, after hatching, Mrs. S. realized $49 for turkeys sold.

AGRICULTURE is denominated an art; man the artist; the soil his laboratory; manure his raw material; animal strength and machinery his power; air, heat and moisture his agents; grains, roots, fruits and forage his products.

A SOUTHERN farmer thinks there is more profit in sorghum, at twenty cents a gallon, than in cotton at the same price. Inference:—Everybody should go in for sorghum to the exclusion of cotton. Sorghum shirts are just the thing!

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.

A LADY who had suffered for years from Deafness, Catarrh and Scrofula, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the receipt free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. L., care Major Martin Hunt, Hoboken, N. J.

No Clothes Wringer can be durable with the double friction of *cogs at both ends*, which can *play out of gear* and not touch together when most needed. The **"Universal"** has not these fatal objections, and is **warranted durable.**

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:
Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

500 VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE—BY Piedmont Land Agency, all sizes and prices. For particulars, address,
H. B. McKAY, 115 Wall Street, New York.

WANTED, AGENTS—(Male or Female.)—Goods furnished to be paid for when sold, *and samples sent free.* For full particulars address, with stamp,
981-4t J. N. BOYLAN, Detroit, Michigan.

CUTTING BOX.—IF YOU MASH THE FEED before cutting, and apply hand or horse power, send for the "EUREKA," manufactured by BLYMYER, DAY & CO., Send for Circular, Mansfield, Ohio.

$325 A MONTH, AND EXPENSES PAID; 28 new, useful and curious articles for agents. ☞ Particulars FREE. Address
981-13t H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

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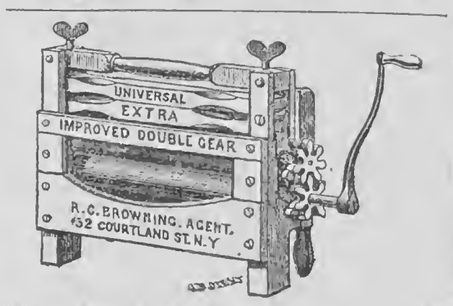

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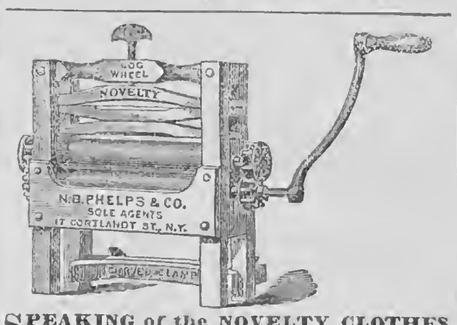

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LAMENT.

BY LINA LEE.

If we only had known one year ago
That some we loved would be gone to-day;
How much more gentle had been our words,
How should we have striven to cheer their way.

But now all too late fond memory grieves
For the cherished ones that have gone before:
For we did not know how dear they were,
Until they were gone to return no more.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1868.

AUTUMN.

No sound but the beech-nuts falling
Through the green and yellow leaves,
And the rainy west wind calling
The swallows from the caves.
No fading trees are shedding
Their golden splendor yet;
But a sunset gleam is spreading,
That seems like a regret.

And the crimson-breasted birdie
Sings his sweet funereal hymn
On the oak leaves grim and sturdy,
In the twilight gathering dim.
Death comes to pomp and glory;
They fade—the sunny hours;
And races old in story
Pass like the summer flowers.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 356, last number.]

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

The next Wednesday afternoon Dr. Willoughby and Mabel rode over to Glendale. The place was half a dozen miles distant, and about as far removed from the station at L—, one way, as was Willoughby Hall the other. It bore somewhat of a Southern aspect, as young Henderson had intimated, which was especially noticeable in chill New England. In the shrubbery about the grounds there was quite a sprinkling of those varieties more common at the South, and the luxuriance of growth and appearance was almost a miracle away from Southern air. The house itself was of Grecian architecture, lighter and more elegant in design than New England mansions generally, with all the beauties of detail wrought out richly, almost sensuously.

Enderby and his friend met their visitors at the mansion's entrance. Mabel had experienced a shrinking feeling, as they rode up the carriage-way; for the warmth of social intercourse had partially gone, and her natural diffidence again influenced her. But the host's cordial greeting set her more at ease, and young Henderson's echo of it somewhat conquered her shyness. She was received in the drawing-room by the housekeeper's daughter, an intelligent looking girl, who showed her directly to a dressing-room.

Dinner was served half an hour later. The housekeeper,—a kind-mannered woman,—acted as hostess. By this time Mabel had become quite at home, and took part in the general conversation which enlivened the occasion. Henderson, too, proved himself an agreeable talker; and there was no dullness over the rich viands spread before them.

They all enjoyed a ramble through the beautiful grounds, after dinner. Mabel was in ecstacies. Everything seemed in such perfect accord,—walks, and trees, and shrubs,—the gardener's work evinced such rare and complete harmony. The host engaged Dr. Willoughby's attention in regard to a projected improvement at one point, and Henderson led Mabel on through winding paths fragrant with just opening buds and a few early blossoms.

They stopped, at length, before an immense cactus, a rare specimen in northern climes.

"I am almost beguiled into believing myself at home, when I look at this," said the young man. One very like it, but perhaps a trifle larger, stands in my mother's grounds at New Orleans."

"What a growth it has attained," was Mabel's exclamation.

"Very remarkable, I think," he rejoined. "I had no idea it ever grew so splendidly except at the South. Have you ever been South, Miss Willoughby?" he added.

"I have not," she replied.

"You should go there, then, by all means," he said, "It is the birth-place of song and flowers."

"But it seems to me one can always sing where home is," was her thoughtful comment, "and the love in the home atmosphere should win almost any flower into blooming."

He looked first pleased, then pained.

"Ah! you have a pleasant home, Miss Willoughby," he answered. "It would be easy to sing always, there; and flowers could surely not refuse to blossom for you."

She was unused to compliments, and her thought dwelt only on the first sentence.

"You would imply that there are some who have not pleasant homes, I suppose?"

He was breaking a sprig from an arbor-vitæ shrub just at hand. His handsome face wore a sad, troubled expression that touched her.

"Did I imply that?" he asked. And not pausing for an answer he continued, "Well, the implication is true, at any rate, more's the pity. But there go your father and Mr. Enderby into the house. Shall we not join them?"

Mabel assented. As they walked up toward the entrance both were silent. It would not have been easy to guess his thoughts. The sad, troubled look was only partially gone from his face. Added to what remained was an absent expression, as though some suggestive word had led his mind away to unpleasant scenes elsewhere. Was there anything in this young man's life to make it other than glad? Could his home be one of those covertly alluded to in his implication?

Mabel was asking herself these questions, as they passed up the steps. She asked them over again when they were all seated in the magnificent parlor, and in the rather dim light she could observe him unnoticed.

They were answered, in part, but not then.

"Are we to have no music to-night?" Mr. Enderby suddenly asked.

Mabel was recalled from her questioning; and wherever Alfred Henderson's mind had been, it came speedily back to present surroundings.

"You will not deny us a song, Miss Willoughby," he urged, as he gracefully offered to escort her to the piano. "Something tender and sweet."

She sang a little song of hope and trust—just such an one as the heart ever responds to quickest. A deep faith in the good to come breathed out, all through it; the melody touchingly pathetic, was still more effective for the trill of nervousness in her voice. She gave the last verse, however, with an earnest fervor that seemed to make it fairly her own:

I shall cling to my trust, though the days are dark
That follow each dawning morrow;
And my heart it will sing like the singing lark,
In the midst of all doubt and sorrow.
As the lark mounts upward above the clouds,
And sees the glad sunlight shining,
So my heart, from above all the gloom that enshrouds,
Will look down on the silver lining!

"This would be a poor world, indeed, were there no faith in it," Dr. Willoughby remarked, when she had ceased. "It is one of the blessings of our natures that we can weave a web of sunshine into the dreariest days, if we only will."

"And another," said Alfred Henderson, "that the heart can sing its sweetest songs when saddest, and so need never go without music."

Mabel rose to leave the instrument, but he interceded.

"Pardon me, Miss Willoughby, but I cannot help echoing little Oliver's cry of 'more.'"

She sang again and again.

"Get your flute, Alfred," Mr. Enderby said, when at length she moved to a seat by her father's side.

The young man did as requested, and for an hour charmed his listeners by most wondrous skill. He played without effort,—it seemed almost without volition. The melodies appeared to shape themselves under his fingers, and to come forth of their own desire. It was plain that in him music was intuitive,—that he not only possessed it, as an art, but that it possessed him, as a living, sentient soul.

Mabel's finely wrought nature responded to all the exquisite melodies he evoked. Then, and afterwards, they thrilled her heart with a thrill sweet and tender, that was only a prelude to one more intense, more holy, which should move her whole being.

Then, and afterwards. For when Mabel and her father took their departure it was agreed that their friends should dine again with them in a couple of days; and this interchange of visits was kept up several weeks. It was mutually pleasant. Each of the quartette possessed some points of character that attracted the others. So they came to mingle freely, as long-time acquaintances. They took long drives together, exploring the by-ways of the country round about; had impromptu little picnics in quiet nooks; and returned to spend the evenings at the Hall or Glendale.

A new life was opened up for Mabel. Of society she had seen literally nothing, and her companionship had hitherto been limited to that of her father, her governess, and the housekeeper. Outside this narrow limit the wide range of human character was an unread book. To her, then, Alfred Henderson was a revelation. His warm, poetic nature was the first of its kind with which hers had ever come in contact. That the two assimilated, was not strange. That the full meaning of this assimilation did not at once make itself felt was not more strange. Both were yet young; she, at any rate, had not thought of questioning her own heart.

Nor did she so question until all this happy intercourse was suddenly broken off. The May buds had all blossomed into June roses,—long, balmy days were tenderly bearing the summer on toward the russet and crimson gates through which it disappears,—when there came a hasty message for young Henderson, from New Orleans. It announced the serious illness of his mother, and urged his immediate return home.

CHAPTER NINTH.

The youth prepared to comply. They were to dine at the Hall that afternoon, and at the first he thought to defer starting homeward for a day; but filial duty triumphed over inclination, and he commissioned Mr. Enderby to make his regrets and adieux to their friends, and rode over to L——.

As the train bore him away his heart reached out more toward the fair girl over in the quaint old mansion, than toward the mother far distant, to whom he was hastening. He said thus much to himself, as he recalled the many pleasures experienced during his brief sojourn at Glendale. Ardent, impulsive, he would have said thus much to Mabel, could he then have been placed in her company,—would have told her how little of real enjoyment there was for him in the home whose mistress waited his coming. Now, however, he could only think how sweet and glad the hours of this early Northern summer had been, and hope that sometime they might repeat themselves.

He journeyed as rapidly as possible. By night and day, by rail and steamer, he hurried Southward. At Baltimore, having to tarry a few hours in order to make proper connection, he penciled a few lines to Mr. Enderby, and was quite inclined to give them *compagnons du voyage* in the shape of others, addressed to Mabel, but concluded to wait.

It was past twelve o'clock of a stormy night, when the steamboat on which the latter part of his journey had been made drew up along side the levee at the Crescent City. There was not the usual bustle about the wharf. Either the lateness of the hour, or the disagreeable, drizzling rain, had produced a quieting effect. No loungers hang about on the cotton bales, curiously eyeing new comers. Only a few drays, with their sable drivers, were hauled up in line to receive freight. And but a small number of hacks awaited patronage, while the drivers of these were less noisy and importunate than common.

The plank was thrown out, and slowly, sleepily, the passengers went ashore. Few seemed to be in much haste. Least of all, Alfred Henderson. This was the city of his home, and scarcely a mile away that home stood, yet he manifested no eagerness to reach there. Such conduct you would have thought strange, ordinarily. Knowing the young man's history you would not have wondered at it. A father he had never known. Little sympathy had ever existed between his mother and himself. Just now he was impressed with the idea that even this little sympathy was to be sundered.

He was almost the last one who passed off the plank. Getting into almost the last carriage that remained, he was driven through the deserted streets. Such a lonely midnight ride, with only the rain pattering on the carriage-roof as company to your thoughts, has an influence singularly depressing. You cannot throw it off; you can but sit under its chilling weight and long for the dawn.

Through street after street, dimly lighted and silent, the carriage passed. It stopped, at length, before a mansion set back some distance further than those adjoining, having its ample grounds in front ornamented with a profusion of tropical trees and shrubs, fountains and statuettes. Wealth and refined tastes were shadowed forth in these and in the mansion itself. Shadowed forth,—only that, now; for trees, shrubs and statuettes, and the half-Moorish and wholly oriental architecture, were but faintly outlined,—palpable shadows, as it were,—in the darkness. From two or three upper windows slant rays of light gleamed out, illumining a few objects in their narrow tracks, but rendering still more shadow-like all that was beyond.

Alfred knew the windows to be those of his mother's private room, and accepted the presence of light there as proof that she still lived. He found his way along the winding path, to the entrance, where two graceful bronze figures held out their hands as if in welcome, and was admitted by an aged negress who ejaculated with unction,—

"Bless de Lord, Massa Alfred, dat you is come at last! I'se tink de Missus be goin' 'fo' you git heah, suah."

"How is my mother, Dinah?" he inquired.

"De Missus' bery near her end, Massa Alfred, bery. I'se tink she git dar drefful soon—mebbe 'fo' mornin'. She's been callin' for ye ebber since dey sent de telegraff man a'ter ye."

"Show me to her, then," he said, as he finished laying off his damp wrappers.

Dinah went before him up the long, broad staircase, crossed a hall richly hung with pictures, and, opening a door, ushered him into the sick woman's presence. She lay with her face turned toward the wall, while several colored attendants stood by, with fans and restoratives.—[To be continued.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINA AND I.

A TALE OF LOVE.

BY ISABELLA BECK.

[Concluded from page 356, last number.]

Reader, was I very dull, not to have discovered sooner what he was drifting at? I did not till this instant, when it broke upon me like a flash of lightning, and shivered to atoms every fine retort I *might* have made. My eyes fell before his, and my face burned to my very temples.

"Forgive me," he said. "I know I have taken an unfair advantage of you; but, like a losing general, I thought I would make one desperate attack, and 'conquer or die!'" He smiled. "The wily enemy was so well entrenched. I could not get her out into open field; I had to try strategy. Will she surrender?"

"Have you left her any outlet of escape?" I said.

"I hope not," he replied; "and 'Discretion is the better part of valor.' I will be a generous victor. Of the spoils of my conquest you shall have what you will. And what shall that New York keepsake be? *You* have not chosen yet."

"I believe," I said, "*a man*."

"Very well; very well," he rejoined, with such a look of love and life in all his handsome face, as I had never seen in it before. "When shall I make the deed of gift?"

"When you will," I said, meekly,—as meekly as Cousin Dora might have spoken.

He sat looking intently at a bit of wedding cake on his plate, and seemed to be addressing it.—"Miss Ruth, would I be too bold a beggar?—the time and opportunity seem so propitious, suppose, now this very evening, we drawn up the deed, and have a double wedding."

The wedding cake made no reply, and in an absent-minded manner he took it up and ate it. Neither did I, for just then the bride made the motion to rise from the table, which we accordingly did. Mr. Hills took me through the hall, out to the front porch. No one was there, and we began a quiet promenade up and down it.

"Miss Ruth," he began, "have I displeased you?"

"Not very seriously."

"Have I gone too far—been too bold?"

"I really don't know." I replied, "and I am in such an easy, happy mood of mind, I don't care to make the exertion to think. The sin be on your head, if you have."

"I do feel guilty," he rejoined. "If you will be my priestess, and absolve me—"

"Then what would you do?"

"Ah"—shaking his head—"like most penitents, I fear, turn round and sin again. Ruth,"—turning to me suddenly, and taking my hand,—"do not think me utterly selfish. I know what I am asking of you: to leave your father and a loving sister, home, and all the associations of your childhood,—all this, to go to that wilderness of a Gotham; nothing in the world there for you but my love, Ruth,"—he spoke low and passionately,—"think well of it. Believe me, I speak the simple truth. You are my first and only love; you are dearer to me—infinitely dearer—than my own life; but I feel, and know, that I can give you up now, at once, and forever, rather than that there should be one pang of vain regret, when it will be too late. Ruth, do you love me *thus*, and *so?* God knows how earnestly I wish that *I* could make the sacrifice instead of you."

"It is written," I began, laughingly, "that 'a man shall leave his father and his mother, and cleave to his wife;' but in this case—"

"The woman," he interrupted, "must leave her father and her sister, ('And her new brother, Tom,' I interpolated.) and Tom," he added, "and cling to her husband. It's Heaven's law; we can but obey."

We were on that end of the porch by the green room windows, and as we heard distant footsteps approaching, he took me hastily in his arms, and kissed me. "Now may I ask your father if he can give away two daughters in one evening?—then ask Mr. and Mrs. Andrews if they will go with us on a bridal tour to New York?"

"A fairy vision," I exclaimed, "if it could be realized!"

"Why not?" he rejoined in a gay tone. "But there is your father now, coming into the parlor, and quite a number with him. A lady is going to the piano. Now, under cover of the music, I will speak to him."

"Well," I said, a sudden trembling coming over me. He perceived it. "Am I too hasty? Shall we wait?"

"No," I replied softly, "I am only nervous: that's a young lady's prerogative, on such an occasion as this." He hesitated still, but finally went; and through the open window, I saw him enter the green room; then I turned round and sat down—utterly exhausted. Only remember, reader, the strain upon my nerves and sensibilities, during the last forty-eight hours: two courtships; one heart broken and healed again; a wedding; and—the topstone of all—perhaps another wedding—my own and *his*—just at hand!

Five—ten—fifteen minutes passed; then Lina came out,—father,—Tom,—Mr. Hills. They took possession of me, and conveyed me into the parlor:—the large parlor:—all the company were in the green room or the dining-room.

"Ruth," began Lina, half-laughing, half-crying, "what's this? Are you going to desert us?"

"O, no, Lina: he said you should go with us.

"And leave me here, all alone," said poor father.

"O, no, dearest father:" I ran into his arms, and had a hearty fit of crying, which relieved me greatly; father wiped my eyes, kissed, petted and comforted me, as he had done when I was two years old. "Father," I said, I will not take Lina and Tom away from you; poor, dear father! how selfish in me to wish it!"

"I tell you, my dear," he said, "we will all go. How will that do?"

"O, father,"—delightedly,—"do you mean it?"

"I believe so," he said, laughing, "I can't let you wander away off there in the East, alone with this strange young man. And supposing I make you a bridal present of a cottage with a honeysuckle porch, and all that?"

"Ruth," said Tom, with a solemn countenance, "is it because I have come here, you want to go?"

"Tom," said I, "if you dare to insinuate such a thing!"

"Well, now," said father, "we are all right, aren't we? or give us a kiss, all round, Ruth, and we will be."

I obeyed, commencing with him. Then he left the room, and to this hour I cannot tell how the next fifteen minutes of my life passed. Somebody,—I think it was Lina, but then it might have been her friend, Miss Fanny; I don't know,—somebody brought a bride's veil and orange wreath, which I dimly recognized as Lina's, and fastened them on my head; I saw, as in a dream, a crowd gather into the room; I heard talking and laughing; I felt Mr. Hills take my hand, and lead me out into the middle of the room; and the ceremony, itself, was more of a dim confusion than all the rest. The crowd began to close up round me with congratulations and kisses,—irrepressible teasings, jokes and laughter; and I heard, and saw them, as a somnolent—fast asleep, but with his eyes open—must see and hear what is going on around him. The remainder of the evening was passed in cloud-land: among other figures there, I saw, and spoke with two—very like Allen Chase and Cousin Dora.

CHAPTER XV.

The next morning, Lina and I sat out on the front door-steps,—we two, for a wonder, alone,—enjoying ourselves in our own old-fashioned way. How many years had it been since we had had a quiet talk together thus? It seemed a quarter of a century, at least: it was impossible to think it only last June,—so few weeks ago.

"And of all wonderful things," said Lina, "that you are to live in New York, and Cousin Dora in Pittsburg!"

"Yes," I said, "Allen has concluded to go to New York with us, and be married immediately. Lina, of all the whimsical things that ever happened in this whimsical world, doesn't that cap the climax?—that Cousin Dora should marry Allen Chase! I'll believe in foreordination, after this."

"Ruth," said Lina, "remember you are an old, married woman now, and should be sober."

"Not so old as I will be," said I. "As to being married, I can't realize it, can you? To think: yesterday, father had two daughters; now, they're Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Hills! Oh! it makes me kind o' shiver, and wish I was free again. But *I am married*, and *to a New-Yorker*. In those two facts, I glory."

"Ruth, are you entirely crazy?"

"Moon-struck," I said, "and so should you be: isn't this the honey-*moon*? Some kinds of *honey*, too, I read, send people out of their wits."

"Do you know," inquired Lina, "where Cousin Dora is going to live after her marriage?"

"O, yes: very near you: here in Manchester. Allen has got a clerkship in a bank in Allegheny."

"He will be a kind husband to her," said Lina.

"As kind and good as the day is long," I assented. "Allen could be nothing else. O, Cupid himself attended, personally, to this love affair." (Lina, reader, you know, knew nothing of the *orchard* part of it.)

Our chat was here interrupted. A messenger—a young man, Mr. Quincy's coachman, we could see, as he came nearer—came, at a quick pace, up the hill, and told Lina that he was sent for her, to go into town, if possible: Mrs. Quincy was very ill, and urgently wished to see her; the carriage was at the foot of the hill. Lina hastened up stairs, and came back, in two minutes, ready to go with him.

She didn't return till the two o'clock train came down. Then I met her down at the gate.

"Well, Lina?

"She is dead, Ruth."

"Poor Mary!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, poor Mary! Ruth, say nothing of what I am going to tell you to any one, but I think—I am not very superstitious, but I *know*—that Harry is dead too."

"Lina!"

"Let me tell you, Ruth, what Mary told me. She was as cool and calm as when in her perfect health; she hasn't had one of those nervous attacks since Harry called on her. She told me she lay in bed this morning,—it was about six o'clock, and she had been awake more than an hour,—when, suddenly, in an instant, she felt an arm—a man's strong arm—put under her neck. It raised her up, and she felt a kiss on her lips. She thought, of course, it was Mr Quincy, who had left the room a short time before, but when she looked up,—on the instant,—there was nobody there!—no one in the room! The sun was shining in brightly, but everything was still as death. Then, as she looked through the room, she heard a *pistol shot* distinctly, and a *rush*, as of a host of armed men, going past her. She said she didn't feel in the least frightened, but said quickly to herself.—"There is a battle, this morning: Harry is in the fight, and is shot. He will go before me into the other world, then. God is better to me than all my fears." "Ruth," said Lina, crying heartily, "I never saw such a radiant, happy countenance as Mary's, while she told me this. I am crying now, but I could not then."

"When did she die?" I said softly.

"A few minutes before noon. She asked me to sing to her, and I sang till she fell asleep. Mr. Quincy, and two or three ladies, came in, at different times, but she slept on, till sleep changed into death: she never awoke."

We walked silently on up the hill, and said nothing more. About four o'clock, Tom came down from town. He was pale and haggard as a ghost.

"Lina," he said, "did you know Mary Reynolds was dead?"

"Yes, Tom, I was there nearly all the morning.

"And did you know," cried Tom, turning ghastly white, "that Harry was shot this morning by a rebel scout?"

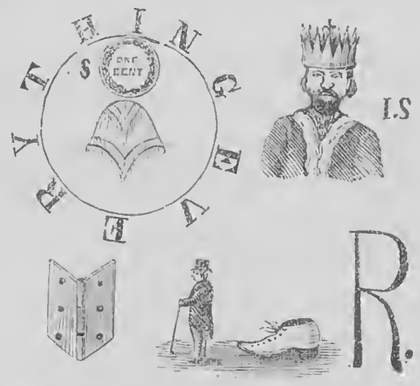
"Yes, Tom," said Lina, in a low voice, "I knew that too: let me tell you all about it;" and she led him away.

Harry's captain, an old acquaintance of the family, had telegraphed to them the news of his death. He was shot at *six o'clock* that morning!

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y. Reader.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 12, 23, 8, 3, 20, 17 is a state in Germany.
My 5, 25, 26 is a river in Europe.
My 15, 7, 14, 22, 24 is a county in Great Britain.
My 21, 1, 14, 6, 4, 26 are mountains in the United States.
My 18, 16, 20, 5, 17 is a desert in Asia.
My 26, 11, 14, 22 is a river in Africa.
My 10, 13, 9, 20, 22 is one of the United States.
My 2, 19, 14, 1 is a river in Arizona.
My whole is a true saying. Fida.

Canisteo, N. Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is stationed at the door,
My next is used for food and drink,
My last supplies our needs, and more,
And of my whole do many think.

Hemlock Lake, N. Y. Addie.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

RIDDLE.

My number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 979.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Answer to Charade:

Fairest is the *morning* dawn,
Fair will be its morrow;
Interpose not fatal U,
Making mourning sorrow.
U enchantress—roseate tints—
Can you never spare them?
Bidding bridal flowers be weeds,
Weeping widows wear them.
U depart,—how sweet a dew
Paints the dawn's adorning;
Saddening weeds are bridal flowers,
Mourning is bright morning.

Answer to Anagram:

Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.

Answer to Problem:—1st, 22, 29-33 minutes; 2d, 21, 28-33 minutes.

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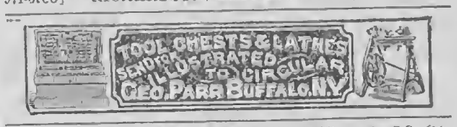

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Editor of the Department of Sheep Husbandry.

DR. DANIEL LEE, Southern Corresponding Editor.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR MANURE.

AFTER making and saving all the manure that the present general system of farming in this country renders practicable, there is sufficient to adequately fertilize but a small portion of our cultivated land. Farmers cultivate the larger part of their crops without any manure, and those to which the article is applied, rarely receive sufficient to restore what they withdraw from the soil. Successful farming here is based, at present, on the natural fertility of the soil, the use of clover, and the laying of land down to grass to let it recuperate. This is a natural course of events until a country becomes densely populated, when the demand for varied productions of the soil springs up and causes a rotation in the cropping; food is consumed near its place of origin, and the manure it makes returned to the soil that grew it. When the manufacturing and commercial classes consume the surplus products of the farm near to it, there is opportunity for restoring to the soil by manure all that is abstracted from it by the crops.

But, in the meantime, what shall take the place of manure on the prairies of the West, the fields of the South and farms of the Middle States? We answer, thorough culture of the soil. Every farmer has heard of the theory of TULL, that the soil contained inexhaustible fertility, and the only thing needed to render it available was minute division of the particles to admit air, water and the feeding roots of plants. He claimed that if the culture was thorough enough crops might be grown continuously on soil without exhausting it. Science has rejected this theory, and logically shown that soil thus treated will, at length, become utterly exhausted and barren. But facts are hard things, and often smash finely constructed scientific theories, and there is no recorded instance of naturally good soil becoming barren under such treatment. On the contrary experiments seem to indicate that with thorough culture and continuous cropping, the yield at first increases, then falls to a certain standard below which it is not apt to range. There seems to be an end to this downhill road before it reaches the desert, or even passes the region of moderate average crops.

By thorough culture we mean any and all mechanical operations which tend to aid the roots of plants in procuring food from the soil. It includes underdraining, subsoiling, plowing, harrowing and rolling, every means, in short, whereby the area of soil in which plants grow, may be pulverized, deepened, drained of stagnant water and rendered porous and lively. On heavy soils, thorough culture will produce greater results than on light, for there the earth is richer, but, under ordinary management, more impervious to the roots of plants. Let the farmer who cannot make manure enough to insure large crops, resort to thorough culture, and put his soil in such mechanical condition that plants may avail themselves of all the food it contains. Not only would the increased production tend to furnish a greater supply of manure, but the improved condition of the soil would give more force to the fertilizers that might be applied.

FATTENING HOGS.

THE best lot of fattened hogs we ever saw had the range of a large orchard till the trees began to shed matured fruit, when they were transferred to a more restricted space for a short time, and then to a clean, warm pen, properly bedded as the cold season approached. Their food consisted of meal made by grinding corn and cob together—the "nubbin" portion, so-called, of the corn harvest. Two large tubs were placed under shelter, near the hogpen, one of which was partially filled with the corn and cob meal, hot water applied, and the whole well stirred up. When partially fermented cold water was added, filling the tub, when it was ready for use. Another was then prepared in the same way, and when the first was exhausted the second was resorted to, and so on alternately till the hogs went to the shambles. As the owner had considerable dairy stock, the hogs had advantage also of the sour milk resulting from butter making, by way of dessert. These hogs increased in weight with great rapidity, and at killing time were scarcely able to reach the trough containing their customary supplies of food. It may not be amiss to add that an occasional infusion of cooked hog or Merino potatoes, as they were called, and pumpkins, was mingled with the regular contents of the tub, and with good effect.

RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Fresh vs. Stagnant Water for Stock.

D. C. SCHOFIELD, Elgin, Ill., writes:—"In my yard where a herd of 16 cows is kept nights, during summer, is a well from which the water is pumped by a windmill into a reservoir kept full, or nearly so, and holding 8 or 10 barrels of water, and to which my cows were driven from the pasture 40 rods three times a day.

To test the value of a self-acting stock pump, for stock purposes, I turned those 16 cows from this field without water, into a field where they watered themselves at will fresh from the fountain, by this pump. In three days they gained more than a quart of milk each; and, without change of feed, we shut them from the pump three days, and drove them to water the same distance as before. They fell off in the amount of milk in that time, the same they had gained. The water is alike in the wells, they are 40 rods apart and each 30 feet deep.

My stock, including my horses, when refusing to drink from this reservoir, on being turned into the field where they could pump the water fresh from the fountain, would repair immediately and drink freely.

The reason is obvious. Water exposed 24 hours to a hot sun becomes filled with imperceptible animalculæ, and of course impure, and animals are quite as quick as man to detect this impurity, also as ready to make choice of water where a choice can be made.

Many farmers are very careful to provide a sufficient quantity of good food for their stock, but are very negligent in furnishing a supply of good water, which is as essential to keep the stock in good thriving condition as good food.

Growing Broom Corn.

JAMES R. GILLISPIE, New Store, Buckingham, Va., propounds several questions in relation to growing and marketing broom corn, some of which we have not the data at hand for answering. The usual method of cultivation is to plow the land in the spring, harrow it until it is pulverized and mellow, then roll it down smooth. The seed is sown with a drill as early as the season will permit in rows, at distance of three feet and from six to eight inches apart in the rows. As soon as the corn is above ground, a narrow space of land on each side of the row is scraped by the hoe, to prevent the weeds from hindering its growth, the remaining space being left for the cultivator, which is frequently used to keep the weeds down.

The brush is cut while green, and as often as any portion is sufficiently matured to answer for broom making. As it grows from 8 to 12 feet high, the tops are first bent or lopped on one side and cut with eight or ten inches of stalk left on. Each stalk composes a brush and should be bent over, if very heavily loaded, some days before being cut. An acre will yield from eight hundred to a thousand pounds of brush and some sixty bushels of seed. It may be grown on the same land for years if it is properly manured. It is usually hoed from three to four times during the season, but this will depend much on the tendency of the land to produce weeds. When it is cut and dried, the seed is scraped off and the brush packed in boxes for transportation if not manufactured into brooms on the premises. The seed may be had at seed stores, and is worth about as much as Indian corn. We have seen it stated that from $85 to $90 net has been produced from a single acre of broom corn.

The Hydraulic Ram.

L. D. SNOOK, Barrington, N. Y., sends us the following:—"In very many localities this apparatus is used for the purpose of raising water for the use of stock, culinary and other purposes. Where a great amount of water is used, and a proper working location can be had, the hydraulic ram will be found the cheapest apparatus that can be obtained for this purpose. The cost of one is not great, and when rightly constructed and arranged will save a vast amount of hard labor. In most cases the fountain head of the drive-pipe is located in a small stream, overflowing at every considerable fall of rain, and consequently filling the pipe with sand and grass.

"In the above sketch I have endeavored to show an apparatus that is not open to the foregoing objections. The end of the drive-pipe is supposed to be placed in a stream of running water. The water and sand tank is constructed from inch-boards with a hinged top for the removal of accumulated sand. At the right is attached the drive-pipe; at, or near the upper left-hand side is placed a strainer, also one at entrance to drive-pipe. At some distance from the box is placed sill B, to which is firmly secured a number of inch strips, P, projecting over the box as shown. At low water the grass will accumulate on said strips, as it rises the grass will loosen and float to the surface, and so continue until they are wholly immersed when all rubbish will float off. Care should be taken to have the upper end of strips above high-water mark. If sand should enter the box it will accumulate at the bottom (from whence it is easily removed) and not pass through the pipe to wear the valves and apparatus attached thereto.

THE HARISON POTATO.

THIS variety has been deemed one of the most promising of the Goodrich seedlings. It is a white skinned potato, with eyes of medium depth, and in shape it inclines to length rather than roundness. It is rather late, and is a good keeper and valuable for winter use. It has the reputation of being prolific. To what extent it, or any of the new sorts, will be introduced as leading market varieties, is yet a question. The new kinds must be better than the old ones or they will not supersede them for market purposes. The Early Goodrich, for instance, will hardly sell at any price in the leading markets, on account of its very poor quality this year. It is prolific, hardy, &c., but, this season, almost worthless for the table. As a consequence there is a large demand East for the Dyckman for seed, and that variety has sold much higher in Western New York this fall than any other. The Harison has many good qualities, but it yet requires the test of general trial in the leading potato growing localities, and introduction to the market, to determine its real value and position.

What Kind of Tile is Best?

C. H. M., Blacksburg, Va., writes:—"What kind of tile is best? Some say fill the ditch partly with stone and cover with straw before the dirt is put in and it will keep open."

Straight, smooth pipe tile, for ordinary firm soil we consider best. Our tile makers do not produce as good work yet as the English. One great fault is that they warp in burning, and being curved cannot be laid as close jointed as desirable. Sole tile are not objectionable if straight, but they are never so and to lay them well the sole often has to be put uppermost. Therefore round, or pipe tile are better. In laying it may be well enough to put an inverted sod over each joint to keep loose dirt out while filling the ditch, but if the tile can be turned in the solid, clean earth, without displacement it is better than to cover them partly with stone and straw. If stone are put in the ditch over and around the tile the water will not follow the tile, but flow around and under them, softening the earth, and washing it, so that in time, the tile will settle out of line and the drain will be spoiled.

Wasps Devouring Moths.

A CORRESPONDENT tells the following story:—"We had some apples drying on a board in the door-yard, and as I was passing by I saw a black wasp on the apples. Whether it was the mud wasp or another kind I know not, but pretty soon a common sized brown miller came and commenced eating, and as quick as thought the wasp sprang and caught the miller by the end of one wing. The miller strove to get away, but in vain; the wasp held fast and drew him nearer until he got hold of his body and commenced biting. I passed along, and in a minute or two returned and found the miller all eaten up, except the head and wings and a little of the tail."

Curing Poll-Evil.

JAMES SEAFIELD, Fairfield, Md., writes:—"I had a horse that was pronounced incurable of the poll-evil, as the horse doctor had given her up to die, I thought I would try an experiment, I laid open the swelling with a knife and forced it to run; after it had run twenty-four hours I washed out the incision with soap and water and sprinkled quick lime into the cavity. This process of washing out and liming I repeated every twenty-four hours for about two weeks, at the end of which time the swelling had gone down, and the sore healed over. This I did two years ago this present November, and there is no sign of the return of the poll-evil. I would advise a trial."

Bean Culture.

A "SUBSCRIBER" asks some of the readers of the "Rural Farmers' Club" to inform him regarding the culture of winter beans for market, which are the most profitable dwarf or running varieties? What kinds are the most productive, sell best in market, and are best suited to latitude 39°?

The Chess Question.

R. S. COLLINS, Port Republic, writes that his neighbor and himself disagree about the chess question. This is quite natural for we don't think a half dozen farmers can be collected by chance, who will think alike about it. A liberal reward was offered, some years ago, for satisfactory proof that wheat will change to chess. Several persons claimed it, but their statements and proofs would not bear the ordeal of a scientific investigation. Almost any farmer who *believes* that wheat does turn to chess can find plenty of quite plausible evidence to support such belief. But such transmutation is not yet established as a fact.

Wheat after Wheat.

C. CRANE, Bridport, Vt., writes:—"Last spring I sowed two and one-fourth acres of wheat which yielded thirty bushels per acre. Is it advisable to sow wheat on the same ground next year?"—The yield indicated a rich soil. If it has previously been in grass for some time, or been heavily manured, another crop of wheat might be safely ventured. But if the soil is only ordinarily fertile, and the yield was owing a good deal to a favorable season, it would be much wiser to plant potatoes, sow barley, or oats and seed.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.*

Description of Eastern Texas, what Crops may be Grown—Northern Texas, Products, Scenery and Minerals—Western Texas, Cattle and Sheep Raising—Southern Texas, Superior Advantages, Products, Yield and Climate—Columbus, Openings for Factories, Water Power, &c.—Railroads—Prices of Lands and Products—Fruits—How Northern Immigrants are Received.

I HAVE read your graphic description of our State in the "Texas Almanac," and believing you are disposed to call the attention of the world to this, the "destined Empire State of the Union," I have presumed to write to you. First I will give you a description of Texas, its climate, soil, vegetable productions and magnificent field for labor, enterprise and capital. I suppose you are already well acquainted with our country in all of its characteristics, but there are many in the Northern States who are not, (and as this is written for publication,) it will not be amiss to notice as many of the particulars as possible.

"Eastern Texas" (extending from the Sabine to the Trinity river,) is generally a well watered, well timbered country. The lands on the rivers and streams are remarkably fertile, and are adapted to the growth of corn, cotton, wheat, rye, oats, barley, and many other crops which heretofore have attracted little attention. This section has long been producing fine yield of cotton and all of the cereals. For a further idea of this section I will say it resembles the States of Georgia and Alabama very much in aspect and general appearance, the vegetable growth being nearly the same as of those states. "Northern Texas" (extending westwardly across the State and north to the boundary of the United States,) is a fine stock and agricultural region. The lands are generally a black "hogwallow" prairie, and are very fertile, producing fabulous yields of all the cereals, and are also adapted to the growth of cotton, but the inconvenience to markets renders its cultivation limited for the present. From 40 to 100 bushels of corn, from 25 to 50 bushels of wheat, or a bale of cotton, are raised per acre. The prairies are covered with the finest of grass, on which stock of all kinds keep fat without any other provender through all the year. The scenery of this region is uniquely picturesque. Hills, mountains, valleys, plains, prairies, woodlands, streams and brooks are in some places tumbled together in confused disorder, or laid out, as it were, by a careful hand. From the bases of these mountains gush forth some of the finest springs in the world, many of which are famous for the medicinal properties, and which will become (in course of time) places of resort to pleasure seekers and invalids second to none in the Union.

Here the Bois D'Arc, valued for hedging, the manufacture of wagons, buggies, &c., and the black walnut, valued for all kinds of furniture, grow to perfection. This region is also famous for its minerals. Coal, iron, copper, silver and gold are frequently found. On account of their rich lands, early seasons and favorable climate, the farmers of this region are enabled to throw their wheat upon the market sixty days earlier than Northern or Western wheat. The lands of this region are suitable for all the improved methods of agriculture in the way of reapers, cultivators, steam and gang-plows. It is fast settling with an energetic, industrious population. Villages, towns and cities are now standing where a few years ago the mustang and wild Buffalo, and the wilder still and more terrible "Camanche" roamed at leisure. Schools and churches (where "the young ideas are taught to shoot," and "all are taught the way of salvation,") are plentiful in the land.

"Western Texas" (embracing the area between the Guadalupe and Rio Grande rivers,) is the finest stock region of the State. The whole country is covered with the finest of mesquite and other grasses. Here is the home of the herdsman; here he can tend his flocks, they requiring no other care except marking and branding spring and fall. He has nothing to do except look after his horses, cattle or sheep, and shear and drive to market, for they are never fed or salted. Flocks from 2,000 to 5,000 head of sheep are frequently seen on the prairies, closely followed by the shepherd and his dog. Texas wool commands very ready sale in Galveston at from 20 cents to 25 cents per pound (specie) in the dirt. The wool crop of Texas, in its infancy yet, is already a considerable item of commerce. Investments in sheep have been known to pay 100 per cent. the first year on the investment. Sheep do remarkably well, and are only troubled with "scab," but one dip in cresilic acid effects a speedy cure. The streams of this region are all rapid, affording never-failing water power for all kinds of machinery. Farming (on the rivers principally) is carried on profitably, but is generally considered unsafe in this section on account of the frequent long drouths. The lands on the rivers are very fertile, and produce, with good seasons and proper culture, nearly as well as any lands in the State. There are a great many Germans in this section, engaged in the different pursuits of life, and are a thrifty, energetic class, and good citizens. A great portion of this section is still unsettled, save now and then a solitary Mexican has established a stock "ranche." This portion is liable to Indian depredations, and stock are troubled to some extent by wolves and other carnivorous animals. It will be a long while before it will be thickly settled as far as the Rio Grande, owing to the uncertainty of life and property on the border of the Indian country; and the drouths of this section will never permit of its being settled by an agricultural class. There are several important cities and towns in the eastern and southern part of this section, and the inhabitants seem to be doing as well as in any portion of the State. They have a railroad from Port Lavaca on the Gulf, extending towards San Antonio, which, when completed, will open up their country and give them an outlet for all their produce, beeves, hides, wool, &c.

"Southern Texas" (lying south of and between the sections described,) I consider the finest portion of our State: for it combines the advantages of a stock and agricultural region more completely than any other; lands richer and adapted to more different productions; always rain sufficient for agricultural purposes; people more moral, intelligent and refined; schools and churches more plentiful and convenient; rivers more navigable, and are all rapid, affording the finest water power in the State for all kinds of machinery; nearer and more accessible to market by reason of its railroads; and more wealth and enterprise among its inhabitants. Here is my home; here I write from, and here I expect to spend the remainder of my life; and here I invite all emigrants to come. Our lands are the richest in the State, and unsurpassed by any in other States. We raise ordinarily of corn from 40 to 100 bushels; of cotton, from a bale to a bale and a half; of sugar, one hogshead per acre. I have heard it asserted by reliable farmers that they had raised and gathered two bales of cotton, weighing 500 pounds each, on the Brazos and Colorado bottom lands. This section is adapted to the growth of cotton, corn, sugar, rye, oats, barley, millet, broom corn, sorghum, Hungarian grass, blue grass, timothy, fescue grass, California clover, flax, hemp, indigo, peas, potatoes of all kinds, melons of all kinds, vegetables of all kinds, and of some varieties two crops per year.

A new era has dawned upon our people upon a trial of crops other than corn and cotton. The ramie plant has this year proved a success by experiment in this section, yielding from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds per acre, worth in market 62½ cents per pound. The castor bean is yielding beyond the most sanguine expectations from 50 to 75 bushels per acre, worth in market $2.50 per bushel. Broom corn is yielding from one to two tons per acre. We have a broom factory in successful operation near Columbus which is turning out a considerable quanty of brooms, which owners of said crops say are paying better this year than previous cotton crops have done. We have a high rolling prairie country

* This communication was addressed to Dr. RANDALL, but appears more appropriate in this department. The writer views the subject on one side only—the rose tinted one—and without questioning the correctness of his statements, we do not forget that the reverse has some repelling shades.

covered with the finest of grass, on which stock of all kinds keep fat during the whole year without the expense of feeding. Stock are no trouble except marking and branding spring and fall. Our winters are so mild that we have plenty of green grass for all stock all winter. We have no lakes, ponds, marshes, or any local causes of sickness. Our whole country is swept by constant breezes from the Gulf, which render the day pleasant for labor, and night luxurious for sleep. The umbrella is never used except to keep off rain, and a single case of sunstroke has never yet occurred. The highest range of thermometer during the past summer was 93°. A windmill and pump would furnish water all the time for garden and orchard purposes. No kind of stock are fed except while at work. Sheep raising is very profitable here, paying from 30 to 100 per cent. the first year on the investment. Beef packeries are being established all along the coast and line of railroads, and yield enormous profits on the investment the first season.

The city of Columbus, situated in a big bend of the Colorado River, is the prettiest site in the world for any kind of factory or machinery. A channel cut 900 yards gives seventeen feet fall. A tannery, broom factory, soap factory, rolling-mill and foundery, cotton and wool factory, coopering works, rope factory, can all be supplied with material for operation here in our country. Buttons, combs, glue, and a bone mill can find inexhaustible material, which is here thrown away or suffered to rot on the prairies. A paper mill will also pay, as there are only one or two in the State. A distillery can also be made to pay, on account of the cheapness of grain. Our country also abounds in abundance of suitable clay for the manufacture of jugs, jars and earthen ware. The great "International Pacific Railway" from Cairo, Illinois, to San Blas, Mexico, will pass through the city of Columbus, which already has railroad communication with Galveston. Our people are extremely anxious for emigration, and Northern men with families who will settle among us will be welcomed.

Land, stock and provisions are cheap. Improved lands rate from $3.00 to $10.00 per acre; unimproved lands from 25 cents to $1.00 per acre. Corn 40 cents per bushel. Pork from 5 to 7 cents per pound. Horses and mules on an average of $40.00 per head. Beeves weighing from 800 to 1,000 pounds, from $8.00 to $10.00 per head. Milch cows average $5.00 per head. Stock cattle from $2.00 to $3.00 per head. Sheep and goats $1.00 per head.

I have lately made the acquaintance of Dr. M. C. KEITH, (late of Massachusetts,) who edits a newspaper in the city of Austin. He is perfectly delighted with our country, and says "a man with any sense and energy can't go amiss here for a fortune." He is seeking to invest all his funds in lands in this State.

Fruits of all kinds succeed well here, and even tropical fruits, such as oranges, bananas and pineapples are in some places cultivated successfully. Grapes of all varieties, both native and foreign, do well. The wild "Mustang grape" literally festoons our forests, surpassing in yield and luxuriance any thing ever seen. A single vine has this year yielded a barrel of wine, worth in New York $125. After this year it will be a regular article of export. Soon silk and olive oil will, as we already have the mulberry for the silkworm, and climate for the olive. This is my first year in Texas. I have had fine health, and will make some cash. There are few negroes in this section; in many places none. Capital is running after labor, and there is not enough by half a million to supply the demand. All are furnishing teams, tools, provisions and land, and giving the laborer one-half of the crops. Our rich lands, cheap lands, fine pasturage, cheap stock, cheap provisions, pleasant climate and early seasons give us a great and decided advantage over any country I have ever seen. We plant corn the first of February, lay it by in April, eat green corn in May, and can grind it for meal in July. We plant cotton the first of March, lay it by in June, and pick cotton in July. We are connected by rail with Galveston and Houston, both growing cities, and good cotton, wool, grocery and dry goods markets.

Mr. RANDALL, I might say a great deal more, but I fear I shall already weary all who may read this letter by its length. I can only add "the half has not yet been told you." W. D. REEVES.

Columbus, Texas.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

EARLIEST IMPORTATION OF MERINOS.

THE following statements received from a prominent citizen of Ontario Co., N. Y., would seem to render it strongly probable that Merinos were imported into the United States at an earlier period than has been hitherto supposed. It is remarkable, however, that no account of such sheep, in the possession of so celebrated a man as ROBERT MORRIS, the great financier of the Revolution, found its way into agricultural publications, particularly those of Pennsylvania, where Mr. MORRIS resided, during those careful investigations into the history of the introduction of Merinos, which at an early day grew out of the rival claims of LIVINGSTON, HUMPHREYS, and others to priority in that particular. It is true that Mr. MORRIS, at the period named as the one of receiving the sheep, was engaged in vast commercial transactions, and continued so engaged up to the period when his enormous land speculations and palace building consigned him to jail for debt, where he passed the latter years of his life. Such a man, it may be thought, had too much to engage his attention to bestow much notice on two sheep, and like FOSTER'S importation, they may have been killed for mutton, or met with some other equally ignominious fate. But this hypothesis is not, after all, quite consistent with ROBERT MORRIS' attention to and profound knowledge of everything pertaining to the industrial wants of our infant Republic, on a subject too which was occupying so much attention in France, with which MORRIS' business relations were extensive, and his knowledge of affairs intimate; and LE COUTEULX'S alleged gift of such sheep to him took place but three years after the establishment of the Royal Rambouillet flock—deemed of so much national importance that the King of Spain had applied to the King of France for permission to export the sheep. The question possesses no practical importance, as we have no flocks for which a descent from the above sheep is claimed; and without a further knowledge of facts, we are not prepared to pronounce any definite conclusions in regard to it.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Nov. 2d, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL:—*Dear Sir:* In pursuance of my promise I send you a curious bit of history concerning the introduction of Merino sheep into this country by M. LE COUTEULX. If the date (1789) is correct, his importation was four years prior to that of WILLIAM FOSTER, who has heretofore been credited as the pioneer.

The extract I send you is from "Turner's History of the Holland Purchase," as quoted by WILLIAM KETCHUM in his "History of Buffalo and the Senecas," published in 1865. From all I can learn of Mr. KETCHUM, he is a reliable authority, a pains-taking man, who is careful and industrious in regard to his facts.

Yours truly, E. M. MORSE.

"LOUIS STEPHEN LE COUTEULX DE CAUMONT was born at Rouen, in France, on the 24th of August, 1756. He was the only son of ANTHONY LE COUTEULX, a counselor at law, and a delegate to the Parliament at Normandy.

"His family, which originated in Normandy, was ennobled in 1505, on account of some service rendered the government, with the privilege (usually denied the nobility) of engaging in commerce. It always enjoyed high distinction, and formed many alliances with distinguished families in France, particularly with that of LA FAYETTE.

"He entered the commercial house of his relations who had establishments in France and many other parts of Europe. He was sent to London and Cadiz, where he passed several years.

"Immediately after his marriage, M. DE COUTEULX was sent to the United States to negotiate a settlement of accounts with the house of ROBERT MORRIS.

"He was among the first who introduced Merino sheep into the United States, having imported a pair from Spain in 1789, which he presented to ROBERT MORRIS. They were sent from Cadiz by the house of DE COUTEULX—not without great difficulty and risk, as the Spanish government had forbidden their exportation under severe penalties.

"M. DE COUTEULX came to reside in Buffalo in the year 1804. He was soon after employed by the Holland Company as an agent for the sale of their lands in Buffalo and its vicinity, and was appointed first clerk of Niagara County the 26th of March, 1808, which office he continued to hold until the war of 1812. He then removed to Albany.

"He was elected Sergeant-at-Arms by the Constitutional Convention of 1821, and also by the New York Senate.

"He soon after returned to Buffalo, where he resided until his death, Oct. 16th, 1839."

NATIONAL EXPOSITION OF WOOL AND WOOLENS.

THE subjoined correspondence sufficiently explains itself; and we publish it prior to any action on the part of the Executive Committee of the National Wool Grower's Association on the questions involved, to give the wool growers of the country generally an opportunity to express their views on those questions before final action is taken. The Executive Committee, we feel entirely authorized to say, will, in any action they may take, be only desirous to reflect the wishes of the great body of those they represent; and consequently will be gratified to receive communications from all persons engaged in, or in any way connected with, the wool interest; first, expressing their views on the expediency of uniting with the manufacturers in the joint National Exposition proposed below, provided satisfactory arrangements therefor can be made; and, secondly, stating what arrangements in leading particulars they would regard as satisfactory. The latter embrace many points of special importance which will readily occur to all persons in the habit of attending Fairs; and the utmost freedom of expression concerning them is invited.

Among those who must always have a vital interest in the success of sheep husbandry, are the agricultural editors of the country. They are generally men of ability and experience, thoroughly versed in the machinery of agricultural exhibitions, and in selecting and managing those elements which best contribute to their success. We therefore specially invoke their opinions and advice on this occasion, expressed through their columns, or by letter, as each may prefer.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOOL MANUFACTURERS,
Office, 75 Summer Street,
BOSTON, Mass., 31st Oct., 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, President of the "National Wool Growers' Association," Cortland Village, N. Y.:

My Dear Sir: I am happy to be able to give you further information in relation to a matter of common interest, as to which you have already had some intimations. You have been informed, by a communication of the Secretary of this Association, that at the time of its recent annual meeting in New York, conferences and correspondence were held between the officers of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers," and the officers of the American Institute of the city of New York, in relation to an Exposition in that city of the products of the wool industry of the United States, under the auspices of the Institute. The communication of our Secretary also informed you that our Association was obliged to take preliminary steps in this matter, in order to secure the co-operation of the "Woolen Manufacturers' Association of the Northwest," which had contemplated an Exposition elsewhere, before time was allowed for consultation with the "National Wool Growers' Association;" but that the conferences with the officers of the American Institute distinctly contemplated the co-operation of the "National Wool Growers' Association." I take pleasure now in inclosing to you a copy of the correspondence with the American Institute; and also a copy of a vote passed at a full meeting of the Executive Committe of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers," held on the 27th of October, inst., with a view to secure the co-operation of the "National Wool Growers' Association" in the proposed Exposition.

In communicating this resolve, I beg to express the sentiment of our Executive Committee, that joint contributions to an Exposition which shall represent all the products of the wool industry of the country, both raw material and manufactures, are essential to the continued success of the common cause in which the two Associations of Wool Growers and Wool Manufacturers have hitherto labored together with so much harmony.

If the preliminary arrangements above referred to should be satisfactory to our associates in the wool industry, it will be desirable to have a joint conference of representatives of the two Associations and the American Institute, at an early day, to arrange a programme for the Exposition.

Hoping for a favorable reply, I am, very truly and respectfully, your obedient servant, E. B. BIGELOW,
President of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers."

(Copy.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOOL MANUFACTURERS,
Office, 75 Summer Street,
BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 8th, 1868.

HON. HORACE GREELEY, President of the American Institute, New York city:

Dear Sir: I have the honor to inform you that your suggestion that the Exposition of the woolen industry proposed by the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers'" might be held under the auspices of the American Institute, has been communicated to the Executive Committee of that Association, and has been favorably entertained. I am directed by that Committee to express to you the desire of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers" to have a full Exposition of the products of the woolen industry of the United States, in conjunction with the American Institute, the time and place to be the subjects of a future conference.

I should be happy to be informed if this arrangement would be satisfactory to the American Institute. Upon the receipt of such assurance, measures will be taken to ascertain from manufacturers the quantities of goods which will be exhibited by them, and the Institute will be informed of the space required for their exhibition.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) E. B. BIGELOW,
President of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers."

AMERICAN INSTITUTE,
NEW YORK, Oct. 12th, 1868.

Dear Sir: I have yours of the 8th inst., and am happy in being able to reply that the American Institute will hold its next Exhibition of the more admirable products of American industry in this city next autumn, opening in September, and that it will most gladly award space, and marked consideration therein, to a full Exposition of the products of our country's woolen industry, as proposed by you. It is quite possible that no building will even then be found in our city so capacious as the scope of our enterprise absolutely requires, so we will thank you to furnish us, at as early a day as possible, with an approximate estimate of the space that will be required for your Exposition. Grateful for your proffered co-operation, and earnestly hoping that our conjoint Exposition may prove advantageous to the progress of our country's woolen industry, we remain.

Yours, HORACE GREELEY, *President.*

E. B. BIGELOW, Esq., President of "National Association of Wool Manufacturers."

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the "National Association of Wool Manufacturers," at Boston, on the 27th of October, the following vote was passed unanimously:

"*Voted*, That whereas, certain preliminary arrangements have been made by the officers of this Association with the American Institute of the city of New York, for a joint Exposition of the products of the wool industry of the United States, under the auspices of the Institute; and whereas, to give a national character to this Exhibition, it is of the highest importance that the wool growing interest of the country should be represented in the proposed Exposition,

"*Voted*, That the 'National Wool Growers' Association' be invited to take part with the 'National Association of Wool Manufacturers,' in a joint Exposition of the wool industry of the United States, under the auspices of the American Institute, to be held at the city of New York, in the fall of 1869."

A true copy. Attest: JOHN L. HAYES, *Secretary.*

CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y., Nov. 2d, 1868.

Hon. E. B. BIGELOW, President of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, Boston, Mass.:

My Dear Sir: I had the honor to receive yours of 31st ult., inclosing your correspondence with the President of the American Institute of the city of New York, in relation to an Exposition of the products of the wool industry of the United States, under the auspices of said Institute, in the fall of 1869; and also the vote of the Executive Committee of your Association, October 27th, inviting the National Wool Growers' Association to take part in a joint Exposition of our respective industries on such occasion.

The Secretary of your Association, as you mention, promptly apprised me of the negotiations on the above subject between the officers of your Association and those of the American Institute, at the time of their occurrence; and he gave in still greater detail the special and entirely satisfactory reasons which rendered it expedient for you at once to adopt or reject the proposal of the Institute, without waiting to ask our co-operation in advance. You were restrained by no considerations of good faith from acting for yourselves, without consulting us; and your having taken the steps you did in contemplation of, and to prepare the way for our participation in, the Exposition, will, I have no doubt be regarded by our Association as an additional proof of your desire to co-operate with us in all measures intended to promote the interests of our respective industries.

I have, however, delayed to bring the subject officially before our Executive Committee, under the expectation of receiving from the American Institute an invitation to our Association to join in the Exposition, accompanied by a sufficient outline of the proposed plan of proceedings to enable our Committee to act intelligently on the question of acceptance. Your invitation, connected with a proposition for a joint conference of representatives of our respective Associations and the American Institute, to arrange by mutual agreement a programme for the Wool and Woolen Exposition, presents the subject in a new aspect; and I will at an early day lay it before the Executive Committee of the National Wool Growers' Association for their official action.

I am, my dear sir, with great respect, your obedient servant, HENRY S. RANDALL,
President of National Wool Growers' Association.

EFFECTS OF THE TARIFF.—An extensive and very experienced wool broker in New York—one of the large hearted and liberal men in that business—thus writes us: "Sheep Husbandry was never on as good a base as it is now. In Europe fine wool was never as cheap—fair Mestiza being at five to five and a half pence, and Cape at six to seven pence. Where would our wool growers be if not protected? The stock of fine clothing wool in Europe is terrific."

Bee-Keeper's Department.

EXPERIENCE WITH BEES.

I HAVE been an apiarian, on a small scale, for twenty-five years, and have managed bees without the aid of books, and have practiced some part of my operations different from most others. I have had several kinds of patent hives, and have laid them aside; have now a few movable comb hives not yet fully tested. I have invented a hive which I consider the best protection against the bee moth of any I have seen. It is twenty-one inches high, one foot square inside, fourteen inches high, lower part, and holds one bushel. The upper part is for the caps. A sash 8 by 10 in the lower part and a door to cover over the glass so that I can at any time open the door and see all their operations. There are no loose joints for the moth to harbor in; those who wish can make the hives and welcome. There never was a hive invented that was a proof against moths, KIDDER'S patent moth catcher not excepted. As there are many swarms of bees passing to the woods every swarming time, I wish to say to the owners there is no need of losing a single swarm. I will give you my mode of hiving. In the first place, I have a bench or table three and a half feet long, sixteen inches wide. I then prepare my hives and see that they are sweet and clean. Old hives will do if tight jointed and smell sweet. I then make a box of half-inch boards one foot wide and fourteen inches long and six inches deep; put them in the shade to keep them cool. I have a pole ten feet long, and cut three or four limbs from same tree two feet long and tie on to the pole; put that in the shade. I watch the bees, and as soon as they begin to issue from the hive I take some lemon balm (bee balm) and rub the inside of the hive, and bruise some of the balm and put it on the pole and hold it up in the midst of the swarm, and for the most part they will alight on it. I then take them to the nearest shade, have my bench and hive and box ready, hold the bees over the box, shake them in and put the hive over a little corner-wise to give them air. If the air is hot I take a pail of cold water, and with a broom throw some up in the air and it comes down like rain and cools it. If the bees do not go up readily take a rod about a foot and a half long, and run into the box and stir them up carefully a few times, and they will go up very soon. If the air is hot apply the cold water every half hour till it is cooler. If they alight on a limb that will injure the tree to cut it off, hold the box under the bees and shake them off and put them on the bench as before. In this way I save all my bees. Most farmers put a cloth on a table or on the ground and cut off the limb and put it on the cloth, set the hive over and leave it in the hot sun, when in a little while they feel like a meeting house full of people with the windows down; consequently, they come out and alight and are hived again as before, and after a while they start for the woods; but you must practice before you will be expert in the art.

I have no doubt that some of my bees have had a place picked out to go to before they issue from the hive, but no matter for that; I can prevent their leaving. Some apiarians say they will go direct from the hive to the woods; but for these twenty-five years that I have kept bees, I have never known an instance like this. Bees come out and alight, and if not seen for a while, they start for the woods and are discovered at the second start, and it is concluded that they came direct from the hives. I fully believe I could hive a hundred swarms in a season and not lose one. When my hives are made I sometimes put a piece of comb in the place where I want them to commence building. Dip one edge of the comb in melted beeswax, and it will hold fast. One peculiarity of the bees I have noticed for years past in the working season is, that some of the bees come into their hives loaded with pollen, some with a deep yellow, some with a pale yellow, others with a brownish color, &c.; but no bee has two colors. How it is disposed of in the hive I know not, but suppose it is put in different cells, for a change of food with the different kinds of honey. We know that the human race as well as all kinds of beasts, are fond of a change of food; and if it is not so with bees, why should they bring it home in separate parcels? There is no improvement in bees; for the Creator, in his wisdom, no doubt created the first swarm as perfect as any at the present day; for bees are not made capable of improvement.

I examine my hives every few days in summer to exterminate millers if any are found; and if any of the bees at the entrance are airing the hive by making their wings go, I take two pieces of lath and tip the hive back and put one under each corner, and after a while put two more under the back corners, and in September take them out. This gives many of the bees the opportunity of gathering honey that would otherwise be fanning their hive. There are many men of many minds, and if any one has a better way of managing, I shall be glad to improve by it, and if any are benefited by the above they are welcome. A. WILSON.

Marcellus, N. Y.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Great Yield of Potatoes.

THE Rutland (Vt.) Herald states that JOHN W. CRAMTON of that place planted, on the 10th of June, six and one-half square rods of ground with the Harison potato. The crop was dug on the 28th of September, and the yield was 21 bushels, or at the rate of 516 bushels to the acre.

Five Pounds a Day.

THE market reporter of the N. E. Farmer mentions seeing a Chester hog at Medford which weighed 855 pounds, having gained 531 pounds from the 10th of June till sent to market, being a little short of five pounds per day. It was raised in Burke, Vt., by J. HUNTER.

Peanuts and Potatoes.

A FORMER resident of this State writes the Fredonia Censor concerning his labors as a farmer in Florida. He has done considerable in the peanut line, raising about 120 bushels very fine ones to the acre, which sold in Jacksonville for $2.50 per bushel, which would indicate a good return. There is a drawback, however, in the gathering, which is represented to be both slow and fatiguing—a hand not gathering generally more than two bushels a day. Sweet potatoes grow finely and sell in the field at about 50 cents per bushel.

Social Insects.

A LATE number of the London Medical Times & Gazette had a chapter on the class "insecta," by Prof. HUXLEY, concerning which he remarks as follows:—"These insects are distinguished not only by their combining together in great numbers, but also by the species presenting itself under three or four distinct forms. In the bee we have the worker or imperfect female, the drone or true male, and the fertile female or queen. Sometimes in the ant there are four distinct forms; for the working ants are divided into two sets—the ordinary workers, and other workers exclusively concerned in defense—these are the soldier ants, and have large heads and strong mandibles."

A World's Fair—San Francisco.

THE California Farmer is getting ambitious, and proposes San Francisco as a suitable point for a World's Fair in 1870, or as soon thereafter as may be. By that time the Pacific Railroad will have been completed, rendering that city readily accessible from the Atlantic States, while the communication by steam, with China and Japan, will enable those countries to participate largely in the exhibition. It is questionable whether fairs of this kind are destined to any considerable longevity, but should they survive and become a permanent institution, San Francisco may come in for the honor, provided the earthquakes do not follow too closely upon each other along the Pacific slope.

Blanketing Horses.

THE Canada Farmer says:—The blanket should not be used upon a horse at all in winter, unless it is used faithfully. The trouble arises in this way: When a team has been driven a few miles to market, or the same distance for pleasure, blankets or robes are put on, but when drawing logs to the saw-mill or doing other heavy work, they are made to haul large loads a mile or two and return at a brisk trot and then stand uncovered till another load is put on." In this way the horses are suddenly cooled off, and the succeeding day finds them sick and unable to labor for sometime, if not ruined entirely. Blanketing at one time and omitting it at another is worse than affording no protection at all.

Premiums at Fairs.

THE N. E. Farmer, commenting on the customary awards at Agricultural Fairs, says:—"It has occurred to us that the premium lists of our Societies require a complete revision, and that premiums should not continue to be given from habit, merely because they have been given in years past. With regard to many articles, circumstances have entirely changed. For example, our plowing matches have become little more than opportunities for advertising the plows of different manufacturers, and the manufacturers can well afford to pay the awards to successful competitors. There should be much greater discrimination in the objects for which premiums are offered. Those especially should be selected that will lead to careful experiments, and bring out such practical information as the farmer needs, and they should be changed from year to year, as circumstances require."

The Sulky Plow.

THE Nutting sulky plow was brought before the New York Farmers' Club for examination some time since when a Committee was appointed to test its claims to public favor in competition with the most approved of the ordinary kind. The trial took place near Rahway—a half an acre being assigned to each plow. The wheel or sulky turned over a half an acre—the furrows being seven inches deep and ten wide in three and a half hours, while the other was quite an hour longer in turning the same quantity of land. In the first instance the plowman rode on his plow while the competitor had to walk behind the other. The sulky plow has an axle with a wheel at each end, of unequal diameters—one wheel running in the furrow—and is raised and depressed at pleasure by means of a lever which regulates the depth at the pleasure of the operator. It is claimed that the whole implement operates with much less friction in its contact with the soil than the ordinary one, and in land freed from obstructions, is much superior in efficiency.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE IMPROVED RURAL—ITS FORM, SIZE OF PAGE, &c.—An esteemed friend writes us concerning the proposed enlargement and improvement of the RURAL, suggesting that, "instead of making the page larger," we "double the sheet again, giving sixteen small pages," (of three columns each, we suppose he means.) Our friend has not read the announcement aright. We do *not* intend to *enlarge the page*, but to reduce it somewhat—making it the same size as it was last year. The *enlargement* will consist in giving *sixteen pages*, each of last year's size, instead of eight of the present dimensions—thus, as stated in our prospectus, "making the RURAL *about double its* FORMER *size*." This will be a better form for binding than the present, and enable us to make the paper far more attractive, by giving larger Engravings, &c., than we could on a three column page. Indeed, were we to make a three column page, it would be necessary to give at least thirty-two pages in order to furnish the *quantity* of reading that can be given in sixteen of five columns each—and in the former case much more paper (a larger sheet) would be required on account of the additional number of blank spaces for margin. On reflection, and figuring, our friend will find we are right. Before deciding we carefully examined the page-size, style, etc., of the most popular newspapers—both American and European—and also considered the tastes and wants of the people; and we have no doubt the large sixteen-page form will soon be imitated, as was the original RURAL, by many, though not often successfully—for of the dozen or more rural and family weeklies started, in this State alone, in imitation of this journal, scarcely one is now in existence.

—The above cited objection (founded on a misapprehension) is the *only one* we have received,—but, on the other hand, friends of the RURAL in all parts of the country are daily sending us words of cheer and most substantial tokens of approval and increased support. Indeed, we verily believe, what we have before confidently asserted, that no journal in the land has so many ardent, generous and influential *working friends* as the RURAL NEW-YORKER,—and surely if these kindly second our efforts, as we anticipate, THEIR PAPER (for every subscriber is a stockholder) will during the ensuing year achieve a success, in both Circulation and Usefulness, unequaled by that of any in the sphere of Rural and Literary Journalism.

REPORTS ON THE RINDERPEST.—We have received from the Secretary of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society a copy of the Report of the Special Committee on the statistics, pathology and treatment of the epizootic disease known as rinderpest. It is comprised in a volume of some two hundred pages, giving a history of the "pest" and its ravages down to the present time. It embraces also numerous engravings representing the internal changes in cattle, caused by rinderpest, as disclosed by post mortem examinations made as far back as 1711, with full directions as to the most approved methods of treating diseased stock. The opinion is expressed that the "pest," like the cholera, is losing much of its virulence, and that, with timely and proper care, nine-tenths of diseased stock may be saved. Much of the interest attaching to the "pest" has been lost in this country by the introduction of the Texas fever; still it may be renewed and this Report prove valuable as an aid in mitigating the ravages of the disease, should it infect the cattle here as it has those of several portions of Europe. It may not be amiss to state here that, in the list of preventive and remedial agencies, salt holds a conspicuous place. Those farmers who exclude that article from the food of their stock should bear this in mind, should the "pest" make its appearance in their neighborhoods.

MATTERS IN MINNESOTA.—A correspondent writes us from Minnesota that "farmers have been favored with good crops this season, but are disappointed in the prices received for them. Wheat is selling at $1.07 for No. 1 and No. 2 at 97 cents. This is the principal crop. Barley sold for $1.15, and but little raised. Owing to a plentiful supply of potato bugs the potato yield is short—selling, awhile back, for $1.50 per bushel, but receded in price to $1 after a time. On the 7th of October there was quite a severe snow storm, continuing nearly an entire day, giving the country a midwinter appearance."

WISCONSIN STATE FAIR ADDRESS.—We have received a pamphlet copy of an address delivered before the Wisconsin State Agricultual Society at Madison, Oct. 1, 1868, by E. B. WARD of Detroit. It treats at length the subject of the decreasing yield of wheat in the Western States, and attributes it to the constant exportation of the grain crop to the Atlantic markets. As a remedy for this the address urges the necessity of establishing a general system of manufacturing, and the consequent consumption of the larger portions of the wheat and corn crops in the sections where they are produced.

CONDITION OF THE CROPS—OCTOBER.—The Departmental Report of the crops for October may be summed up as follows:—A total increase of wheat of about three per cent. over last year; corn, an increase of from 10 to 15 per cent.; rye and oats, about an average crop; buckwheat, a small deficiency; barley, something less than last year; cotton, about equal to the crop of last season; sorghum, an increase; sugar from cane, about 20 per cent. increase; potatoes, a deficiency of about 10 per cent.; beef cattle, about up to the supply of last year.

CARTS FOR FARMS.—The Prairie Farmer speaks a good word for the old-fashioned cart as a useful vehicle on the farm. Especially where cattle are employed the cart would seem to be a necessary attachment. It is just the thing for hauling out manure, taking apples to the mill, potatoes to the cellar, and many other farm operations. The time gained in dumping loads amounts to a considerable item in the course of a year.

"A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF INSECTS."—The third number in the series of these publications, edited by A. S. PACKARD, Jr., M. D., from the Salem (Mass.) Press, is out. It is a model of illustrative and typographical neatness, and as valuable as it is neat in appearance. It is furnished at fifty cents per number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Several columns of advertisements in type are unavoidably crowded out of this number. In justice to our subscribers we cannot allow our reading departments to be seriously encroached on,—but we trust the enlarged RURAL will accommodate all our patrons in a satisfactory manner.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

IF your wood-shed leaks repair it. Wet wood makes the cook out of sorts.

PILE up the accumulations of the barn-yard before the frost comes. It is a saving operation.

IF you would keep your cows in heart and secure a good flow of rich milk *prog* them daily. It pays well.

NOW is a good time to put your sleighs and sleds in order, especially if one would use the first fall of snow.

DON'T forget the comb and card in your horse stables. A good cleaning of a horse daily is equal to a feed of oats.

IF any plows, harrows or cultivators are left in the fields it will pay well to gather them under shelter at once.

WHERE wheat fields are not underdrained, see to it that the surface drains are not clogged up, submerging the grain plants.

NOW is the time to gather for fuel the fallen timber in your wood lots before covered with snow. Every day's exposure deteriorates it.

WHEN a fowl is fattened sufficiently to kill fasting for half a day or more will be found beneficial. It improves the appearance of the flesh.

GIVE the fattening hogs dry sleeping beds and crowd them with food. Now is the time to finish them off. Good food and repose make good pork.

FARMERS will do well to bear in mind, as winter approaches, that poorly fed stock does not pay. Good shelter and ample food are the great requisites in wintering stock.

FOWLS, especially such as are being prepared for market, should have a change of food often. Prepared grain, roots and flesh should be fed alternately during the feeding season.

HORTICULTURAL.

PEAR BLIGHT.

I NOTICE in the RURAL for Oct. 24, the paragraph copied from the Journal of Agriculture relative to Mr. MEEHAN'S advice to grow pear trees in sod, as a prevention of blight. The old saying that "one swallow does not make a summer" is applicable, I think, to many horticultural theories and impressions, and the best cultivators and thinkers, "aft gang aglee."

To support my belief that there is no foundation in fact for the theory that growing turf in a pear orchard is a prevention of blight, I can take any curious inquirer on the subject to the site of a pear orchard, originally of some four hundred trees planted alternately with apples, that for years was kept cultivated, and for years the trees made regular, healthy growth, not rampant shoots, but growths of from one to two feet, and produced fine, clean, handsome fruit in abundance. About six years since the orchard was laid down to grass, the owner supposing the trees sufficiently large and well rooted to permit such course without injury—but now, while the apple trees are all right, the pears can only be found in our memory or indicated by an occasional half dead shrub. All are gone by the disease called blight.

Conversing with the owner a day or two since on the subject he remarked that "not only did the pear tree blight equally as bad in sod ground, but he thought it a little more liable there than when cultivated; but if once the blight struck an orchard in sod there was no hope for it, while in cultivated ground a ready and severe cutting would sometimes save the tree." The same man has now an orchard of pears vigorous and healthy, which he cultivates cleanly and carefully, with plow, hoe, cultivator, pruning knife and thumb and finger. His own, with those of many other trees, that are grown in sod in his neighborhood, that have succumbed to blight, convince him of its fallacy as a preventive, and teach him that good cultivation is as requisite to the health and increased vitality of a pear tree, to enable it to resist attacks of disease as it is to enable one to grow a good crop of corn or potatoes. ADDI.

THE MICHIGAN STRAWBERRY.

A STRAWBERRY under the above name has this autumn been disseminated by its originator, B. HATHAWAY of Michigan, who claims it to have been produced "by a long continued, careful selection and crossing of our native varieties." He does not, however, tell us whether this crossing was chance or the result of artifice, but says it "is the most hardy, vigorous, productive and long keeping variety yet originated, and that from fifty hills or plants he has gathered an average of *four* quarts to *three* hills, and that in consequence of its firmness and long keeping, it is not requisite to gather any of the fruit until all the Wilson's are gone—that although it is not as large as the largest berries of Wilson, yet the average is better and the whole picking has appearance of assorted berries."

The above are the statements of a good, careful, and, we believe, honest fruit grower, who loves more his profession than the dollars it brings, nevertheless they are strong statements, and should be swallowed at least moderately, until we have the record of the variety grown in other hands. CHAS. DOWNING, however, gives the variety a good "boost," and as we all want to continue our strawberry season as late as possible, even into the middle of July or August, let us try a few of the plants if we can get them and report results next year.

STRAWBERRIES IN BURLINGTON COUNTY, N. J.

EDS. RURAL:—Perhaps the readers of your valuable weekly might be interested in knowing how the fruit growers of this, one of the greatest fruit growing spots in the United States, did not fill their pockets the past season.

There are more people engaged in cultivating strawberries than any other of the small fruits, every farmer or market gardener having usually from one-fourth of an acre to twenty. The spring of 1868 was late and wet, and in May, when the fruit was in full bloom, we had a severe northeast storm which blasted a large portion of the bloom. For the first time during my experience, I did not pick any ripe berries for market in May. In 1865 I begun picking on the 19th, in 1866 on the 29th, and in 1867 on the 30th, but this year not until June 10th, thus being nearly two weeks later commencing than usual. The extremely hot weather hurried into the market all at once, the picking being entirely over in less than three weeks.

There being about three times the amount of acreage to pick, the prices did not rate high, but, on the contrary, low. With a less than half crop, less than half prices and the cost of picking, marketing, &c., (except commission for selling,) being the same as other years, the result was but little realized. Many were in debt, and those who gathered their crop this year for the first, became discouraged and ended with one year's trial. And I will here state that the prospects for 1869 are much more flattering than one year ago, as many have plowed their plants under, others taking no care, letting grass and weeds take possession. In every business there are the dark days as well as sunshine, and I candidly believe that for a period of ten years no business will pay the tiller of the soil like small fruit where he is handy to market and can get facilities for transportation. Now the question arises, which are the best kinds to plant, first for the market gardener, second for the amateur.

A few years ago the Wilson Albany was generally discarded on account of slow growth and the fruit being so acid,—but, after trying nearly a hundred varieties, none are now willing to be without it.

Downer's Prolific has proven one of the best; a strong grower, early, fruit good size and wonderfully prolific.

Philadelphia Early has, for the three years it has been in cultivation, proven very profitable on account of its extreme earliness and the whole crop ripening in a much shorter time than usual.

Stinger's Seedling.—The largest berry that does well in this vicinity, proving hardier, firmer, and much more abundant bearer than large varieties generally.

While there are many which do well, I have only mentioned a few which do best. Among the new varieties disseminated last spring the *Charles Downing* and *Nicanor* give great promise, both being strong growers, hardy, and although not thoroughly tested here, are said to be very prolific.

Flora.—A new variety, disseminated this fall for the first, believed by many of the best growers here to be the very best introduced. A little later than the Wilson Albany, (pistillate) larger, sweeter, and quite as firm, yielding the past season more quarts to the acre, and selling for double price per quart in the market.

Among the berries for the amateur may be classed the *Jucunda*, (Knox's 700) a berry of extremely large size, excellent flavor, but requires good culture and strong soil.

French's Seedling.—In every respect a first-class variety, with the exception of not being quite as firm as desirable.

Lennig's White.—Grown more for a curiosity rather than its real merits. While *Cloud's Perpetual Pine* is recommended highly, its foliage burns in hot weather.

Napoleon Third every amateur should have, as it is the best flavored berry I ever ate; good grower, hardy and tolerably prolific.

Dr. Nicaise promises well.

Moorestown, Oct. 5, 1868. THOS. C. ANDREWS.

SUCCESS OF GRAPE CULTURE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

EDS. RURAL:—In your report of the proceedings of the State Grape Growers' Association, I am reported as saying that grape growing with us had been a success the past season, *but this year was an exception*, which gave exactly the opposite meaning of what I did say, which was that grapes had done well with us the past season, as they always did.

During the past fifteen years since the introduction of the earlier sorts, we have not had a single failure of the grape crop in Niagara county. Varieties adapted to this section, not including the Catawba and Isabella, which are too late for this latitude, and are giving place to earlier and more reliable sorts, never fail to ripen before early frosts. Such are the only ones to grow, if grape growing is to be made profitable and assume the position to which it is justly entitled, as the most successful of all fruits, where grapes succeed as well as they do in many parts of the State of New York.

Lockport, N. Y. C. L. HOAG.

MATURING CABBAGE IN WINTER.

C. H. SWEET informs us that two years ago he had in the fall some cabbages which failed to mature, when it occurred to him that they might be made to grow during the winter with very little trouble. Acting on this conviction he dug a trench in the garden, and set the immature plants in it a couple of inches deeper than they grew before. On each side of the row a board was placed on edge, and on top of these two other boards, coming together at the top and forming a roof. These are fastened in position, leaving the plants ample room to expand. The ends of the cabbage rows should be closed with the exception of small vent holes for the circulation of air. Over this board cover, place about one foot of earth, and leave the cabbages to expand at will. In the spring they will come out crisp and much matured, furnishing a desirable relish for the table at a season when most things of a vegetable nature have become stale and insipid.

THE ISLAND GRAPE CROPS.—A communication in a late number of the Sandusky Register states that the grape crop on Kelley's Island is much short of what was expected during the growing season. Some of the vineyards will barely pay the expense of picking, leaving no remuneration for the land and cost of cultivation. The killing frost of the 17th of October is mainly chargeable with the diminished yield.

THE EUMELAN GRAPE.

THE history of this new variety is somewhat singular. Near thirty years ago the parent vine—a chance seedling—sprang up in the yard of Mr. THORNE at the end of the long dock at Fishkill Landing on the Hudson River. For years it bore abundant crops of fruit remarkable for good quality and early maturity. Eighteen years ago the original vine was killed by removal to another locality, but the variety was preserved by a few cuttings planted at the time of the change. The qualities of the vines and fruit, as compared with some other leading sorts growing near them, attracted attention, and induced the belief with good judges that the variety would prove a very superior addition to our list of black grapes. Both for table use and for making red wine the highest position among American black grapes is claimed for the Eumelan.

The clusters are large, usually shouldered, sometimes doubly, and sufficiently compact; berries, medium, with fine bloom, round, and adhere well to the stem; flesh, melting, meaty and uniform in texture from outside to center; flavor, rich, vinous and sugary. Its period of ripening is placed earlier than that of the Hartford Prolific, but further and extensive trial must accurately determine this, as well as habits of growth, hardiness and productiveness. But, at present, it can be safely said of it that it is very promising. We believe this is the first time it has been figured in a Horticultural journal, which, with the interest always attaching to a prominent new variety, will excuse us with our readers for letting one grape illustration tread on the heels of another.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

A PRODUCTIVE GRAPE VINE.—JOSEPH N. SANBORN, Concord, N. H., has a grape vine, named the Sanbornton, which produced 1,200 pounds of grapes. It is now twenty-three years old, and has a spread of marvelous dimensions.

APPLES IN OHIO.—The Oberlin News says the apple crop in that section is much more abundant than was expected, leaving a large amount for shipment after supplying the home demand. The price per bushel ranges from forty to sixty cents.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.—Here is a speculation in the growing of oranges and lemons on a Florida plantation by a Northern man under Southern tuition. The party has purchased 1,200 sweet orange and Sicily lemon trees, which are to fruit the fourth year. These trees are to average 100 oranges or lemons to a tree the first bearing season, and to double the yield yearly up to eight or ten years, and to average at least one cent apiece. This is to give $1,000 the first bearing, $2,000 the next, and for the eighth $128,000! This is certainly a flattering show of tropical fruits on paper, whatever the actual results may prove to be.

GROWING FIGS IN OHIO.—The Sciota Gazette furnishes a communication from Gen. WORTHINGTON on the subject of fig growing, from which the following is extracted: "The fig tree is hardy, healthy, a quick grower, suits our summer climate admirably, and is easily protected without removal through our severest winters; is a sure bearer and very prolific It grows from a slip, like a currant bush, bearing fruit in three or four years from the slip, and I have had trees three or four years old bear a fair crop the year after they were transplanted. After the trees are four or five years old, they produce from the same area, with less labor, a larger and more certain crop in Southern Ohio, than either potatoes or tomatoes. The large yellow fig begins to ripen about the same time as the earliest summer apples—this year (1868) on the 14th of July. The smaller purple fig begins to ripen about a month later, and has a succession of crops until October."

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 7th inst:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are in fair demand, and prices are steady; out without the firmness noticed last week.

Monitor, ⅌ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ⅌ bbl	1 75	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ⅌ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Mercers, ⅌ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Prince Alberts, ⅌ bbl	2 25	@	2 75
Jackson Whites, ⅌ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ⅌ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Norfolk, sweet, ⅌ bbl	3 25	@	3 75
Onions, Red, ⅌ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ⅌ bbl	12 00	@	15 00
Onions, Yellow, ⅌ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Tomatoes, ⅌ basket	1 75	@	2 00
Marrow Squash, ⅌ bbl	1 50	@	1 75
Cabbages, ⅌ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ⅌ bbl	2 25	@	2 75
Pumpkins, ⅌ 100	10 00	@	12 00

FRUITS.—Apples are arriving freely, and as the stock to come forward appears large, the market is weak and lower. Grapes are in heavy stock and the market is dull.

Apples, Greenings, ⅌ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Apples, Baldwins, ⅌ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Apples, Mixed lots, ⅌ bbl	3 00	@	4 00
Apples, common, ⅌ bbl	2 50	@	3 50
Apples, Spitzenbergs, ⅌ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ⅌ lb	6	@	8
Grapes, common, ⅌ lb	3	@	4
Grapes, Catawba, ⅌ lb	12	@	15
Quinces, ⅌ bbl	12 00	@	14 00
Citron, ⅌ bbl	1 50	@	1 75
Cranberries, ⅌ bbl	16 00	@	20 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are quiet, and prices are entirely nominal. Peeled Peaches are held steadily, but the inquiry is light. Unpeeled are inactive. Berries continue scarce and wanted.

New Apples, State, ⅌ lb	$ 10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ⅌ lb	9½	@	10
New Apples, Southern, ⅌ lb	8	@	9
Peaches, prime, peeled, ⅌ lb	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ⅌ lb	20	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	13	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ⅌ lb	12	@	13
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ⅌ lb	8½	@	9
Blackberries, ⅌ lb	20	@	22
Raspberries, ⅌ lb	44	@	46
Cherries, pitted, ⅌ lb	44	@	46

HOT AIR INSTEAD OF HOT BEDS.—The experiment has been tried in the West of heating hill-sides by the use of tile flues laid in the soil, as for draining, and heated with fire heat. It is said to be successful, and artificially heated hill-sides will dispense with manure heat and glass in the growing of early fruits and vegetables.

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

OYSTER PATTIES IN BATTER.—Make a batter with the yolk of one egg, (or more, according to the quantities of oysters you intend to prepare,) a little nutmeg, some beaten mace, a little flour, and a little salt; dip in the oysters, and fry them in lard to a nice light brown. If preferred, a little parsley may be shred very fine, and mixed with the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mould, the oyster being dropped in and covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

PREPARING CHOCOLATE.—Have a pound of chocolate pulverized, and put in a jar, with the same quantity of rice flour, and an ounce of arrow root. Put on coals a quart of milk; when it boils, stir in a heaped tablespoonful of the above preparation, (dissolve in a teacup of water;) keep stirring it until it boils again, when pour it out; drink with sugar and cream to your taste. This is called by some Rae-a-haut chocolate, and is very nice for delicate persons, as well as those in health.

PRESERVED PEARS FOR THE TABLE.—Peel three pounds of pears and place them in a stewpan; cover them with water and let them stew for two hours. Take them out and put them in a brown jar with three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar and two tablespoonfuls of the water they were stewed in to each pound. Add a little candied lemon, cut in small pieces, or a few cloves, if preferred. Place the cover on the jar and stew them in an oven for two hours. Golden sirup sufficient to cover them may be substituted for sugar and water.

APPLE ROLL, OR APPLE PUDDING.—Make a paste with one-fourth of a pound of butter to one of flour mixed with water, not very stiff. Peel and slice rather thick tart apples, roll the paste very thin, or as thin as the bottom crust of a pie, spread the apples on the crust, so as to cover it, dredge on a little flour and roll it as tight as possible. Cut the ends even and put it in the steamer, or wrap it in thick cloth and boil it. It will take one hour steady cooking. Serve with butter and sugar. Cut it in thin slices from the end when serving.

CUSTARD PUDDING.—1 quart of milk, 6 spoonsful of flour, 6 eggs, 1 nutmeg, sugar and butter. Boil the milk, and while scalding stir in the flour. Set to cool half an hour before it is wanted. Beat up the eggs nicely, and put to the milk with sufficient salt. Bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. Rich nutmeg with sugar and butter for sauce.

PORK PUDDING.—1 coffee cup full of finely chopped salt pork, 2 cups of water, add enough flour to mould it, roll thin, cut it so as to make two rolls, steam 1½ hours, eat with sauce same as for apple dumplings. If you wish, spread with fruit before rolling up.

GRAPE VINEGAR.—A "Friend," Palmyra, writes: "If any of your readers can furnish a good recipe for making vinegar out of grapes, they will confer a lasting favor on an old subscriber."

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.—Steam or boil some mealy potatoes; mash them together with some butter or cream, season them, and place a layer at the bottom of the pie-dish; upon this place a layer of finely-chopped cold meat or fish of any kind, well seasoned; then add another layer of potatoes, and continue alternating these with more chopped meat until the dish be filled. Smooth down the top, strew bread crumbs upon it, and bake until it is well browned. A very small quantity of meat serves in this manner to make a nice, presentable little dish. A sprinkling of chopped pickles may be added if handy, and when fish is employed, it eats better if first beaten up with raw egg.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them, cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put them in a preserving pan, and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp. Then put them in jelly jars and keep them in a cool place.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

I WANT TO PURCHASE A QUANTITY OF EVERGREENS, 1 to 24 inches high.
ISAAC MOTT, Battle Creek, Michigan.

JOHN S. COLLINS, MOORESTOWN, N. J., has 175 acres planted in berries. Raises his own plants, and fills orders to satisfaction of buyers at short notice, with plants true to name. Send for Catalogue. 983-2t

FOR SALE—PREMIUM POULTRY.—BRAHMA FOWLS and AYLESBURY DUCKS, at $5 per pair, $7 per trio. BRONZE TURKEYS, weigh at maturity 50 lbs., $8 per pair. JOHN L. CLARK, M. D., Waterloo, N. Y.

APPLE SEEDLINGS—UNSURPASSED—1 & 2 years. PEAR, MAHALEB and MAZZARD, 1 year. APPLE ROOT GRAFTS, of best quality, cheap. EUROPEAN LARCH, transplanted. Price List free.
E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Ind.

SEED POTATOES FROM ORIGINAL STOCK. 1,000 barrels Harison, at $4 per barrel; 500 barrels Early Goodrich, at $3 per bbl; Early Rose at 50 cents per pound. *Please cut this out and preserve it until you are ready to give order.* T. BUCHANAN, JR., Utica, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES CHEAP.—Extra 1 Year Old Concord $4, and Rogers' Hybrids, best No.'s $20 ⅌ 100; also wood from bearing vines; Iona and Ives $3, and Rogers No.'s 3 & 15 ⅌ 1,000 eyes; Delaware $5, and Concord and Diana $6 ⅌ M, for 6 to 8 eye cuttings. All warranted genuine and first class. Address R. TODD, Vermillion, Erie Co., Ohio.

PLUM, APPLE AND CHERRY SEEDLINGS. Plum, $6; Cherry, 2-years, fine, $3; Apple, No. 2, 2-years, $3 per 1,000. S. P. WILLIAMS & CO.,
981-2t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

SEED POTATOES FOR SALE.
EARLY ROSE, SEBEC AND GOODRICH SEEDLINGS!
BY POUND, BUSHEL, AND BARREL.
Address RICHARD YOUNG, Morton, P. O., Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.
☞ CIRCULAR SENT FREE! 980-13t

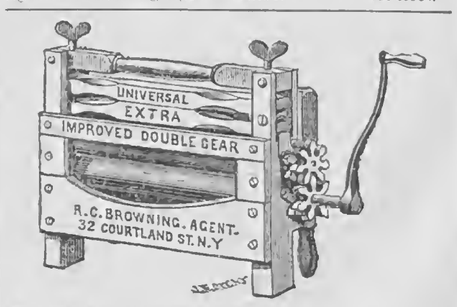
RASPBERRIES, Per 100, Philadelphia, $8; Thornless, $6; Seneca, $6; Mammoth Cluster, $12; Doolittle, $1, all much less by the 1,000. BLACKBERRIES, per 100, Kittatinny, $6; Wilson Early, $20; Missouri Mammoth, $25; Lawton, $2, much less by the 1,000. STRAWBERRIES, per 100, Charles Downing, $3; Durand, $3; Romeyn Seedling, $3; Jucunda, $1,50, much less by the 1,000. All common sorts very low. Agents wanted. Send for price lists. Address C. L. VAN DUSEN, Macedon, N. Y.

PEAR AND PLUM SEEDLINGS.—Delaware and other vines, two years old, strong growth and cheap. For price list, address A. & J. HAMMOND, Geneva, N. Y.

$10 a Day for all.—Stencil Tool Samples free.—Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt.

H ANDERSEN AND THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Greatest Living Story Teller, will send new articles direct to the RIVERSIDE. The new volume begins Jan., 1869, and will be brighter and fresher than ever.
SPLENDID PREMIUM.
We will give to every subscriber for 1869 who sends $2.50 (the regular price) directly to us, a copy of the elegant Chromo, **The Quack Doctor**, By HENRY L. STEPHENS, reproduced in rich colors, for our subscribers only. Size 16x20 inches, and well worth $5. Copies will be sent by mail, pre-paid, in the order of subscription. HURD & HOUGHTON, Publishers, 459 Broome Street, New York. Samples of Magazine sent for 25 cts. Prospectus free. 982-2teow

"THE NATIONAL AND COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE."
PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE FOR 1869.
The JANUARY and following Nos. of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE (commencing a New Volume) will have contributions by Wm. Cullen Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, (an unpublished paper,) Edw. Everett Hale, author of "A Man without a Country," Bayard Taylor, and some of the most brilliant writers of the time. Also the commencement of the New Romance by Richard B. Kimball, Esq., author of St. Leger, Undercurrents, etc., entitled TO-DAY—A Tale of Both Hemispheres. Contributions are also expected from "Mark Twain," and other "tragic" writers. MR. BAYARD TAYLOR will be a regular contributor, beginning with the January number. The World's Chronicle of Literature, Science, and Art, a comprehensive Sketch of the Æsthetic Progress of the Nations, will be given in every number. Terms—25 cents per No., $4 per annum. Liberal terms for Clubs and for Agents. Canvassing Agents wanted. 982-2teow



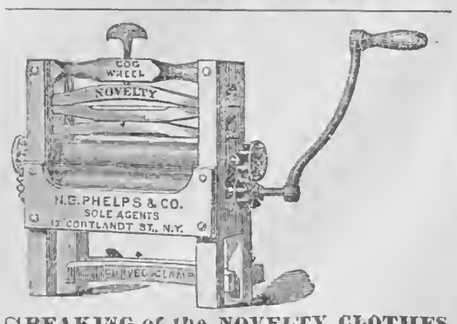
THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER, WITH ROWELL'S IMPROVED DOUBLE GEAR cannot be surpassed or equalled by any other Wringer for durability, till the expiration of the patent for the "STOP GEAR," or fastening above the cogs, which prevents them from entirely separating.

Any sensible person can understand that a cog-wheel wringer having cogs, *whether at one or both ends* of the roll, which can play apart and fly out of gear when a large article is passing through, is COMPARATIVELY WORTHLESS, as the Cogs are then of no aid *when most needed*.

The **Universal Wringer** was awarded the Gold Medal at the Great New England Fair, took the First Premium at the National Fair at Washington also at the State Fairs of **every Northern State**, and is the only Wringer which **ever took a First Premium** at the Fair of the American Institute.

Its sale (now over 350,000 Wringers,) is greater than of all the other Wringers combined. It is very durable and **every Universal Wringer is warranted.**

A supply of **Wringers**, also of the **CELEBRATED DOTY WASHING MACHINE** always kept ready for shipment at Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans. Sold by dealers generally.
R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
32 Cortlandt Street, New York.



SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, whenever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS.,
No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City
☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. 974-t

YOU WANT MARTHA!—THE MOST valuable hardy WHITE GRAPE yet known. A seedling from the Concord, and as perfectly hardy, healthy and vigorous as that variety, and ripens 10 days earlier. Quality best, both for table and wine. A splendid Grape in all respects. Send stamps for Illustrated Catalogues of over 50 varieties Grapes and Small Fruits, to
979-4t GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

I DIDN'T KNOW.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed, the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said,
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad! Oh, yes, yet the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went,
And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid but he coaxed and coaxed,
And he got me on at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
To my home his course he bent,
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
But I didn't know what it meant.

Ten years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullabys;
And——now I know what it meant!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW MARJORY WENT TO WASHINGTON; OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

CHAPTER I.

Dear Madge:—Here is a problem for you: you remember mine is not a mathematical head. If fifty yards of rag carpet took you to Washington, how many will it require for me to "see Naples—and die?"

Having read thus far, it occurred to me that the little note might have been accidentally placed among the "photos," and was not intended for the public. However, my womanly curiosity was aroused, and with note in hand I went in quest of "Madge," my fair young hostess.

Madge was an authoress, a young wife and mother; but the holy duties of motherhood for the present had usurped all literary labors. Strangers failed to recognize the "blue stocking," and spoke of her as a model housekeeper. One of her prominent characteristics was love for women, hence to her girl-friends Marjory's home was the practical demonstration of their ideal. Life, to Marjory, was intense, real, happy and satisfactory. She lived in the present, thus escaping the Scylla of brooding memories, and the Charybdis of castle building. Every day was rendered complete by duties performed, a good thought read and treasured, a merry song sung. Her home was beautiful. You would not discover "Brussels" on the floors, mirrors upon the walls or damask at the windows, but you would discover and rest your eyes upon the few choice engravings, the hanging baskets, evergreen wreaths and vine-covered windows, and pronounce the little home "complete." *And yet*—Marjory was literary, and did believe in suffrage for women.

Come into this pleasant library, where the twilight shadows are autographing memories of the past. The crickets chirp of peace and contentment, and the sweet voice of my friend warbles out from an upper window as she lullaby's her baby. Nestle down amid the cushions and let me tell you of her girlhood, and how she went to Washington.

"Mother, do you *really* believe that a strong will accomplishes everything. When there is a will, *is* there always a way?"

Mrs. May scrutinized Marjory's face, as she replied,—

"You know, Madge, there are exceptions to all rules; but as a general thing a strong will accomplishes much more than a weak one. But what idea have you in your crazy little head now?"

"A winter in Washington,—there, you have my secret. I have not said anything about it before, but I have been doing a great deal of thinking. You remember Judge Brown said I could go with his wife and daughter."

"The law me!—if ever!—just listen to her! It's a pity you wasn't born a queen, or suthin' or other. For a girl with as sensible a mother as your'n, you do beat all. I reckon after you've been to the 'White House,' you'll be starting to call on Queen Vic." Having thus essayed, housekeeper Jane subsided, yielding the floor to Marjory's fourteen-year-old brother.

"Hurrah! I tell you what, Sis, I will go half a dollar on the trip. Good-by, in case I don't see you again, and be sure to tell General Grant that I think he is a spunky fellow."

Marjory had faced this kind of opposition too frequently to deign to notice it, and so quietly inquired of her mother what she thought of her suggestion.

"Nothing would afford me greater pleasure, my dear child, than to be able to give you all the advantages of travel that you would have enjoyed if your father had lived; but as it is, I fear your winter at the capital must be numbered among the improbabilities. Your outfit would cost a large sum, and I must save all that I can for your brother. Boys require the means for travel, but a girl is about as well off at home."

Madge could scarcely refrain from saying her little say in regard to the injustice to girls, but she did, and in a moment remarked quietly,—

"If I earn the money, can I go?"

"Well, I think I am perfectly safe in saying yes. But remember you must not take in sewing again; your brother does not like to see you do that; he says it makes him feel a little unpleasantly to see you carrying bundles."

"Ah, yes; I understand where that sudden unpleasantness originated. Little Helen Holden told him he ought to be ashamed to be strutting around with cigars in his mouth, while his sister was taking in sewing. Mother, if I had not received sufficient encouragement to warrant me in writing, I would not attempt this trip; but I am determined to *write*, and I must travel and improve every opportunity for studying human nature. I am conscious of the fact that many of my friends deem me selfishly ambitious, but I also know that my ambition and *determination* to be useful in the world has its source amid higher and purer motives. I will not argue the question, however, now that you have consented to let me go provided I can earn the means. Of course I can do that, because I have the will, essential to the way."

"Madge, do you remember the time you fell down stairs, and it made you crazy for a day or two? Well, I think you give strong indications of a relapse. You don't really suppose that you will gain a peep at the 'White House' this winter, do you? My opinion is, if you wait until you earn the 'cheeks,' you will be too old to travel so far. But what do you propose to do?"

"Well, really, Master George, I have not decided. However, I shall see the 'White House.' You may laugh as you please, but as for me, give me Washington or give me——that basket of apples, if you please, and I will take them down to old Auntie Grimes this very minute."

"Well, there is one comfort, Madge. You cannot find it in your heart to leave us so long as there are any old women to take care of."

"Perhaps not; but I am determined not to quarrel with you, because you will feel so badly after I am gone. And then *boys never believe in girls until they are compelled to.*"

After this assertion Marjory donned her "sundown," took her basket of apples, and started for Aunty Grimes'—(a distant relative of the old gentleman with the blue coat.) Nature, in dreamy repose, was basking in sunshine,—nothing but "blue" above, and naught but green beneath. A few pioneer autumnal artists had touched some of the leaves; but they were resting to-day, for over all nature there hovered the spirit of repose. On such a day one seems powerless. Marjory could but yield to the brooding quiet, and so nestling amid the moss and leaves she looked far up to the blue, far away through the leafy corridors, until at last thought followed vision and became lost in intangible space.

Marjory was castle building. Her castle was the Capitol, through whose bewildering windings a fairy was guiding her. Now the fairy seemed to be a good old man that she had once cared for after a fearful railroad accident; then, by some sudden transformation it became a rich young girl she knew, who might so easily have given to Madge the mystical golden keys that ever unlock the doors of art and beauty. A squirrel dropped a nut; it pattered down on a curly head, and Madge came back from dream-land and exclaimed,—"If I ever see the 'Dome' or stand in the 'Rotunda,' I must traverse a more practical route;" and so hastened towards the Grimes cottage.

"Good afternoon, Auntie. Really, you are improving; sitting up, aint you? What, and sewing too?"

"Not much sewin', bless your purty eyes; I always call this next to nothin'; but then I aint used to holdin' my hands. It goes agin my natur."

"What are you making? I believe I could do that."

"To be sure you could. A six-year-old child could make a rag carpet,—all but the weavin'. You see I sew the rags, and giv'em wove, and it don't cost me but twenty cents a yard; and they give a dollar for it at any of the stores, and glad to git it."

"The *very* thing! Let me see: fifty yards at a profit of eighty cents; forty dollars. So sure as my name is Marjory May I will inaugurate a new method of traveling, and go to Washington on a rag carpet!"

"Just hear the child! How you do talk! What do all those big words mean?"

Madge attempted to explain to the old lady, but as she was a little deaf and Madge greatly excited, I fear she remained in the dark, while Marjory hastened home to inspect her stock of old clothes packed away in the garret, meanwhile soliloquizing,—"It is a capital idea! Red, blue, black, white, well in fact every color and all kinds of material just torn into strips and sewed together again. Who would have imagined that I could go on a rag carpet? Yes, and I will see as much, enjoy as much, learn as much, as those who have walked right royally upon velvet all their lives!"

After all, it does not matter what is under our feet, if we keep our eyes fixed on the beauties above. At least it makes little difference if it be velvet or rag, so be it that we walk in the path of duty.—[To be continued.

ORIGIN OF SURPRISE PARTIES.

What are now called surprise parties became quite fashionable in England about the year 1800, when they were called "picnic suppers." The bill of fare was prepared, each dish being numbered, and the subscribers to the entertainment drew lots, and each was required to furnish the dish marked against the number he drew. This may be useful as a hint to persons getting up surprise parties, which, by the way, are the most sensible species of entertainment now in vogue, because the entertainer is required to furnish only the parlors, and is put to no trouble to prepare for the guests, while the visitors furnish their own supper and music, and thus equalize expenses. In that case people who live in a pleasant house but who cannot afford to prepare an entertainment entirely at their own cost, may still receive their friends occasionally, and enjoy a social and festal evening.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

A young lady's motto—"The lip that touches liquor shall never touch mine."

When the clergyman makes man and woman one, the dispute generally arises as to which is the one. The question is not always difficult to settle.

The pulse of young ladies generally beats stronger in the palm of the hand than at the wrist. This fact in physiology has been observed by young men of an investigating turn of mind.

The expense of a modern fashionable wedding averages from one to five thousand dollars. The groom pays all the expenses of the church, marriage fee, organist, sexton, gas, awning and cards.

A Paris letter writer who saw Victoria in that city says she is a little, dumpy, red-faced old lady, dressed in black, and having in her eye a dull sort of gleam, which makes one think of a lunatic asylum.

A substitute for the old-fashioned finger bowl has been introduced, called a "table fountain." A small fountain of exquisite perfume springs from the center of a graceful base of glass mounted in silver.

Black-eyed ladies are most apt to be passionate and jealous. Blue-eyed, soulful, truthful, affectionate and confiding. Gray-eyed, philosophical, literary, resolute, cold-hearted. Hazel-eyed, quick-tempered and fickle.

Some of the German papers report that Mrs. Lincoln is going to take up her residence at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where her income will enable her to live in better style than in the United States. She will be received in a very flattering manner in Germany, where Abraham Lincoln's memory is revered no less than in America.

A French journalist, writing shortly before the last Spanish revolution, sketches Queen Isabella's portrait frankly, without fear or favor. She is thirty-eight, but looks older; has Bourbon obesity, and premature wrinkles; round face, turned nose, small blue eyes, highly colored complexion, "short, swollen, and slightly scaly" hands, masculine manners and voice, and dresses richly, but "looks like a Queen in Sunday finery."

Choice Miscellany.

UNDER THE ARCH.

BY COL. A. J. H. DUGANNE.

There is a gateway, damp and cold,
There is an archway, gray and old;
Many the path, and many the track
Leading to them, but none leads back:
Silent the step, and swift the march,
Down to the gate, and under the arch—
Into the gate, and beyond the arch!

Brave are the banners on yonder plain,
Steady the tramp of a soldier train;
Loud are the trumpets, cheering the fray,
Bold are the captains, leading the way—
Down to this archway, gray and low;
Under it even the Chief must go:
Under it Valor and Fame must go!

Softly the viols and hautboys sound;
Gayly and lightly the dance goes round;
Whispers of lovers, vows of brides,
Ripples of joy on the rhythmic tides;
Down to the archway all must flow:
Under it even the Bride must go;
Under it Beauty and Love must go!

Lofty and large is the Ruler's seat—
Many the steps beneath his feet;
Whether of marble, or whether of brass,
Down them all the king must pass;
Doffing his crown at the archway low,
Under it even the King must go—
Under it Rank and Power must go!

Rare are the treasures of mart and mine,
Garments that rustle, jewels that shine;
Broad is the realm that Wealth may hold,
Proud are its mansions of silver and gold;
Out of their portals, moving slow,
Under the arch the Rich must go:
Under it Fortune and Pride must go!

Bright is the beam, and dark the cloud;
Weary the head that is always bowed;
Barren the life that counts but loss,
Drooping the back, and heavy the cross;
Only, at last, from want and woe,
Under the arch the Poor Men go;
Under it Jesus our Lord did go!

Over my harp in love I bend;
Up to the stars my song I send;
Sweet are the flowers beneath my way;
Low are the echoes that greet my lay;
Evermore sweet and evermore low;
Under the arch my Harp must go;
Under it Glory and Song must go!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MONDAY MORNING.

Much has been written of Saturday night,—that time so welcome to the laboring man, since in it he lays aside the weekly cares and toils in anticipation of a day of rest; but who of us has ever written of Monday morning, the time in which we "gird on our armor" for the week, and enter upon its duties with new zest, and a freshness of body and mind? And yet, is there not an importance attached to Monday morning which there is not to Saturday night? An importance of beginning the week in such a manner that Saturday night may bring to us no regretted, misspent hours, no illy completed labors? If, on Monday morning, one sits down with folded hands, dreading the tasks before him, how easily the time glides away, until, ere he is scarcely aware, the week is passing and nothing accomplished! "Six days shalt thou labor," is quite apt to be overlooked, though it is no less a part of the fourth commandment than the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Then, if one suffers the beginning of these "six days" to pass in idleness, he fulfills not all the command.

May not life be compared to a single week? Childhood may be represented by the first day. As in it we rest, thereby gaining new strength for the duties of the week, so during this period the child is acquiring needed strength for his life-work. But as this period passes, the Monday morning of life dawns upon him. If then he sits idly down, dreaming of some golden future awaiting only the touch of some magic, fairy wand to reveal to him its bounteous good, or if he wastes in idle pleasures this starting-point of life, how seldom, in after years, he proves himself more than half a man! At the beginning of each new period of his life, he is less fitted to enter upon the work of Monday morning, and most likely when he reaches the Saturday night of a wasted lifetime, it will bring him naught but sad regrets, and bitter repinings over a wrecked life which goes down beneath the waves of time, with no hope of a glorious resurrection.

It is pleasant, we know, to muse on Saturday night—on the peaceful closing of a life brightened by "hope beyond,"—but while our weeks come and go it is of far more profit to us that we think on Monday morning; that we think on life's beginning and its week of labor; on the good we may do here, and on our preparation for a future unmeasured by earthly weeks, leaving our Saturday nights,—the closing of our earthly labors,—with Him who metes out to us these weeks. Then shall we find the Saturday night of life sweet to our wearied souls, but sweeter for the dawning of the long Sabbath of Eternity. Edith Melbourne.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHANCE CHIPS.

Good thoughts are companions; often our best.

If we have no relish for our work, we have our labor for our pains.

Daylight.—The plain broad daylight, with a face like a friend! And a friend it is to you; its face is everywhere; it looks to your steps that you fall not—points to danger in the way. And it will come every day to do this. At night it bids you rest. And when it closes its eye upon you at last, you will rest forever.

Blow your own trumpet and you will go unheard. Let the virtue within you speak and you will receive attention at once.

There is good in everything—great good often in the commonest of things, had we but eyes to see it. We overlook it because it is common.

We never *write* poety; it will not permit itself to be thus treated. It comes, and we give it expression; rather, it expresses itself.

A full stomach makes a full head, but not full of thought.

We are apt too to be governed by our moods.

We are but to see goodness in her true light to fall in love with her at once; and the hideousness of evil to forever forsake it—the one an angel, the other a monster. But we are blinded to both, and see only by glimpses.

Improve the man, and his style will take care of itself.

Nature expresses herself spontaneously; we have not yet learned to imitate her successfully. Have we come to that that it requires an *effort* to be natural? Have we indeed not always been there? Custom compels this. F. G.

NOVELETTE WRITING.

A good short story teller is as rare as a good writer of sonnets, and even the few who in a long serial would shadow forth a faint Miltonic power (so to speak), are not successful, as Dr. Johnson would say, in carving heads out of cherry-stones. Think, for instance, of all the qualities that are necessary in a short story which, like some stories of a larger growth, is worthy to be re-read from time to time, and then calculate the possibility of these qualities being combined in a story restricted to one or two or even three columns of a newspaper, say like The Press. Neither "Vathek" nor "Rasselas," which are ten or twelve times the length that most newspaper stories are restricted to, would stand much chance if cut down to one-half their present size. And if the genius of a Beckford or a Johnson could achieve little under those conditions, the talent of the average story-writer could achieve infinitely less.

The novelette, to be worth remembering, requires many of the characteristics of the novel. The characters must be cut with clean, bold, sharp, courageous strokes. The language must be fervid, with a phosphorescent heat of thought that never loses its brightness. The interest, culminating from the first word to the last, must be capped in a climax brought about in the easiest, simplest, and most unsuspecting manner. The conversations must be the idiomatic ones of real life, and not full of the grammar and rhetoric which even your elegant and educated people of real life don't always remember. In fact, the short story worthy of remembrance must be such as the envious competition among the small writers of newspaper stories will not easily let live.

Consider that all these qualities are to be clearly set forth within one or two columns of the average size—say like those I am filling at present—and then compare with such requirements the breadth and depth of brain of most of the writers of short newspaper or magazine stories of the present day. Remember that what is called success in this line of literature is only attained by the incessant composition of stories—say from four to six a week—and then calculate how many writers can write in a year two hundred short stories that are worthy of a second reading. In the commencement of their career these insect authors may have had some honorable ambition, and have striven after force and originality in everything that left their pens. Happy it is for them if, before the first year be passed, they do not settle down upon translations from the French, or adapted stories from English magazines.—*Correspondent Philadelphia Press.*

GOOD BOOKS.

Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen; the more select the more enjoyable. Like living friends they too have their voice and physiognomies, and their company is prized as old acquaintances. A good book justifies our theory of personal supremacy, keeping this fresh in the memory and perennial. What were days without such fellowship? We were alone in the world without it. Our favorites are few; since only what rises from the heart reaches it, being caught and carried on the tongues of men wheresoever love and letters journey.

Nor need we wonder at their scarcity or the value we set upon them; life, the essence of good letters as of friendship, being its own best biographer, the artist that portrays the persons and thoughts we are and are becoming. And the most that even he can do, is but a chance stroke or two at this fine essence housed in the handsome dust, but too fugitive and coy to be caught and held fast for longer than the passing glance; the master touching ever and retouching the picture he leaves unfinished.

My life has been the poem I would have writ,
But I could not both live and utter it.

A good book is fruitful of other books; it perpetuates its frame from age to age, and makes eras in the lives of its readers.—*Alcott's "Tablets."*

RECIPE FOR CHEERFULNESS.

If I were asked a recipe for cheerfulness, I would say, humbly enjoy the good gifts of God, love those around you tenderly, realize that amiability is a binding virtue, and that we are bound to diffuse joy around us in our homes. But there is just one more item in my prescription; we must be willing to unbend, even to stoop to a little harmless folly. A love for animals will encourage this; the very presence of these true but unassuming friends will do our hearts good. We may talk nonsense to them; they introduce an element of intellectual repose. Dogs, cats, horses, poultry, are so many contributors to the gaiety and simplicity of our daily life. We cannot enjoy them without loving them. I am not going to enter into the ranks of those who contend that they have souls; still I hope my reader holds in equal abhorrence with myself the systems of Descartes and Malebranche, which would make them out to be mere machines. We have but to contemplate the dog that follows us, watches our movements, shares our fatigues and perils voluntarily, either to sink at our side, or perhaps follow us to the grave and die there—to reply to the theory of mere mechanism. Animals are, in some sort, members of the family. They are the friends of young and old, and old and young alike enjoy and benefit by their gleeful, irrational society.—*Count de Gasparin.*

Provoke Not Your Children.—The divine wisdom forbids ignorant and passionate attempts at such an impossibility. "Fathers, provoke not your children, lest they be discouraged." On this prohibitory precept Mr. Barnes aptly says:—"He who always finds fault with a child, who is never satisfied with what he does, who scolds, and frets, and complains, let him do as he will, breaks his spirits, and soon destroys, in the delicate texture of his soul, all desire of doing well. The child, in despair, soon gives over every effort to please. He becomes morose, sullen, stupid and indifferent as to what he does, since all that he does meets with the same reception from the parent."

Mr. Micawber's Advice.—"My other piece of advice, Copperfield, you know. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen, eleven and six; result—happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six; result—misery. The blossom is blasted; the leaf is withered; the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene; and—in short, you are forever floored."

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY BERRY BRIAR.

The white flakes fall upon her little grave.
O what a change! but one short year ago
She stood with sisters three beside the pane,
And watched with childish glee the falling snow;
And merry shouts rang out when winter's breeze
Shook down a fleecy cloud from off the trees.

Blue hood and crimson mittens laid aside.—
No thrill of pleasure stirs her quiet breast;
Blue eyes and crimson cheeks hid from our sight,—
The snow wreaths deck her lowly bed of rest;
One more sweet pilgrim called unto her home,
Whence little weary feet may never roam.

Call we those lost, our darlings who have flown?
We know their tender Saviour keeps them now,
Where sin, and shame, and sorrow cannot come;
O, rather, saved from all this earthly woe.
We feel that they are safe, and new ties given
To bind our own sad hearts the nearer Heaven.

We thank thee, Father, that thou calledst her home,
Ere yet the world had left a blot or stain
On her unsullied spirit. By Thy grace
And tender love we hope to meet again,
When earthly sufferings forever cease,
In you bright world, where all is bliss and peace.

SCRIPTURE SILENCE.

Concerning many things of which we should all like to know more minutely, the Scriptures are silent. Our curiosity, merely, is seldom or never gratified in their pages. What is of vital importance to us, as bearing upon our spiritual life,—what we need to learn, to fit us for heaven and the joys of the redeemed,—it teaches fully and clearly. Touching these it leaves no room for doubt. The light it sheds upon them is bright enough to all whose eyes are not blinded by unbelief.

But of numerous minor points the details of which would interest even if they did not benefit us, it utters not a word. "Take, for instance, the recorded life of Jesus Christ," says the Baptist Quarterly, in treating of this subject, "and the progressive development of Christian doctrine in the writings of the Apostles. Only in the foreground of his infancy do we find any of the outer incidents of his life detailed. There are the manger, the star, the shepherds, the magi—a little group of facts that lend color and vividness to the whole picture. Twelve years away there stands out, isolated from all its surroundings, one suggestive scene. Here a revealing ray, as a rift in the overhanging cloud, lights the picture a little. Then, eighteen years away in the distance, rise up in all their majesty and glory, but enveloped in cloud all about their bases, the mighty facts of his life and death. And still on, partly in the mist and partly in the sunlight, the domes of Christian doctrine raise their sunlit crests high up toward God. Thus mingled, the light of revelation and the shade of concealment make up a picture more vivid, and grand, and real, than could have been secured by a flood of light that should, in the attempt to reveal all, have obscured all by its dazzle. God's revelations are adjusted to human eyes."

The comparison here made to a painting is apt and suggestive. As in a master-piece we see details simply in the immediate foreground, while in the far-reaching vista there are only towering peaks rising one beyond another, dim and undefined, so in our Saviour's life the prominent features only are shown. And yet, as in looking at the master-piece we sometimes feel a desire to know what lies in the hidden valleys between those successive mountain ranges, so we should like to learn of the hidden things in the mortal life of Jesus Christ,—of his boyhood, of his youth from the time when he reasoned with the doctors, and of his young manhood. But touching these things, and many others, the silence of Scripture is complete.

Yet is not this Scripture silence best? Did the Bible treat more minutely of minor matters, we might be less impressed with its great and momentous teachings. Concerning the solemn questions of duty there is no silence. The injunction is plain: "repent," "believe," "go, work." May not even the silence of God's oracles be a merited rebuke to human questionings and speculations? Is it not really the "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther" of Divinity itself, relative to mysteries which we are not warranted in attempting to unfold?

GRIEFS.

Let no one flatter him or herself that life can be without griefs. Whoever saw a piece—a tissue that had not some dark threads? The only white robes we shall ever wear will be the white robes of heaven when we shall be transfigured in the presence of the Lamb. I know not why it is so. I do not pretend to know. I do not think others know any better than I why sorrows come, and great griefs weigh down the soul, or seize it and rend it like a pack-thread, or cast us upon a bed or a rack of torment. These pungencies that pierce us so sometimes—what strange stuff they are made of! Out of what unexpected materials they are wrought! Our best and noblest deeds, our divinest thoughts and actions, our purest and most hallowed affections, our most beautiful and blessed things—out of these shall come threads of darkness and webs of shadows to be woven into the woof of life! Out of these shall come drops to poison life's sweetest cups, distilled by slander's tongue! Out of these shall spring teeth to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder, when the wicked persecute, and malice has a work of death to do.

WISDOM IN BRIEF.

The voice of God may be heard in every judgment of his hand.

If you would not fall into sin, do not sit by the door of temptation.

There is no salvation of the soul, no hope of everlasting life, but in the Cross.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do good throughout eternity.

Many who have wept upon the mountains of Zion have sung aloud in the valley of the shadow of death.

How can we expect to live with God in heaven, if we love not to live with him on earth?—*Rev. J. Mason.*

Christianity is the special academy of patience, wherein we are informed, inured, and trained up to bear all things.

Familiar thoughts shape the way to death; but if we think not of the subject, the event will be a sudden precipice.

The Reviewer.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by Several Hundred Engravings by LOSSING & BARRITT. [8vo.—pp. 778.] Hartford: T. Belknap.

NONE will deny that a history of our great Republic is a desideratum in every household. The young need to learn how their country was colonized, through what struggles it passed to the rank of an avowed nation, and what has been its experience since; the old desire often to refresh their memories on dates, events, etc., and to have some convenient record to which they may refer. Histories generally are too voluminous. The present is an exception. In this handsome royal octavo volume we have narrated every important event in the History of the United States, from the Aborignial period down to the close of President JOHNSON'S Impeachment Trial. The history, then, is more comprehensive than any other, while it is much less bulky than most of those before the public. It is concise, perspicuous, and also attractive. Its arrangement into Periods is new and excellent. The first Period gives a general view of the Aborigines; the second records all discoveries and preparations for settlement; the third sketches the progress of all settlements until the formation of Colonial Governments; the fourth recites the story of the Colonies; the fifth is a panorama of the War for Independence; and the sixth brings the history down to the present time. Numerous foot-notes are given, together with a running concordance showing the relation of important events to each other. These form a very valuable feature. Twelve full page steel engravings and about four hundred wood cuts beautify the work. We consider it a very desirable acquisition to our National historical literature, and far better adapted to the wants of the common reader than any heretofore produced. Sold only by subscription. W. GILL, Syracuse, General Agent for New York State.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR; Or, Mrs. Barry and her Bourbon. [16mo.—pp. 384.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

INTO every home that alcoholic spirits enter, as a common medical prescription or otherwise, this book ought to go. It is the most effective temperance story that we have seen in many years. The picture it portrays of a lovely, accomplished, noble woman absolutely wrecked through that baleful remedy so often prescribed by physicians,—a little Bourbon, as a tonic,—is the most powerful argument against such prescriptions that could possibly be set forth. And the picture impresses us as not merely a fancy one. It is drawn with too much vividness, is too sharply limned throughout, to be only a work of the imagination. Was the original a solitary exception that may never be duplicated? Let us hope so. Let us hope that never again upon such a household as is here represented the bitter, blighting curse of Bourbon treatment may fall. Doubtless there are conscientious physicians who prescribe the fatal liquid, not thinking to what it may lead; there are others so unscrupulous as to care nothing for the possible consequences, so the immediate result upon the patient is apparently curative. Both classes should read this volume. It can but induce reflection, and work beneficially. That it may be thoughtfully perused by the profession at large, and by all who oppose total abstinence, is our sincere desire.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR THE PERFUMER: Being a New Treatise on Perfumery the most favorable to Beauty without being Injurious to the Health; Comprising a Description of the Substances used in Perfumery, and the Formulæ of more than One Thousand Preparations, such as Cosmetics, Perfumed Oils, Tooth Powders, Waters, Extracts, Tinctures, Infusions, Spirits, Vinegars, Essential Oils, Pastils, Creams, Soaps, and Many New Hygienic Products not Hitherto Described. Edited from Notes and Documents of Messrs. DEBAY, LUNEL, etc. With Additions by Professor DUSSAUCE, Chemist. [12mo.—pp. 376.] Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

ALL interested in perfumeries, cosmetics, dentrifices, hair dyes, soaps, flavoring extracts, etc., will find this volume of great value. It contains an immense deal of useful and not a little of curious information. The receipes it furnishes must be worth many times its cost. For sale by E. DARROW.

TOO TRUE. A Story of To-Day. [16mo.—pp. 295.] New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

IT is evident that this story is from a young pen, yet is it hardly crude either in the arrangement of plot or carrying out of details. It is a sad tale of misplaced trust and affection, and consequent unhappiness. A refugee from Germany,—exiled ostensibly for political complications, but really for crime,—is the hero; and there are in fact two heroines,—daughters of a New York lawyer living just without the great city. There are some improbabilities in the narrative, and the hero is pictured as rather more of an angel of light than one so bad at heart could habitually appear. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

GODOLPHIN. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Complete in One Volume. [12mo.—pp. 476.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE clear cut type, delicately-tinted paper, and tasty binding of this Globe Edition of BULWER'S works cannot be awarded too much praise. We wish we could speak as favorably of the works themselves. But there is much in nearly all of them to condemn. The present volume is of the lighter class of the author's romances, dealing largely with fashionable society and its follies. It has not as deep an undercurrent of skeptical mysticism as have some others from the same pen, yet it is not wholly pure in tone. For sale by STEELE & AVERY.

THEATRICAL MANAGEMENT IN THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST FOR THIRTY YEARS. Interspersed with Anecdotical Sketches. Autobiographically given by SOL SMITH, retired Actor. With Fifteen Illustrations and a Portrait of the Author. [8vo.—pp. 275.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

OF the literary character of this work we can speak with little commendation. It is a heterogenous mass of personal experiences, stage incidents, and amusing sketches, thrown together without regard to system or order, in a disconnected manner, which makes them as easy reading as the contents of a comic almanac. Indeed the book is very much of that order of literature. Sold by DEWEY.

AMERICAN HOUSES. A Variety of Original Designs for Rural Buildings. Illustrated by Twenty-six Colored Engravings, with Descriptive References. By SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect, Author of the "Model Architect," "City and Suburban Architecture," etc. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.

PERSONS intending to erect residences can gather useful hints from these designs, if they may not find just the precise model they desire. The variety is ample, including every style of dwelling from a wayside cottage to the most elegant villa. The author has done much to aid on rural architectural improvement, in former volumes, and is not a stranger to the public. Sold by DARROW.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC FOR 1869. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE Atlantic Almanac has a rival, and not a mean one. This by the APPLETONS is in every respect elegant, and very desirable. Its illustrations, to our mind, excel those of any other similar compilation we have seen. The series representing game birds and their haunts, one of which is given on each calendar page, is, in connection with the descriptive text, quite instructive. Much other useful and entertaining matter is also presented. Sold by DEWEY.

THE BRAMLEIGHS OF BISHOP'S FOLLY. A Novel. [8vo.—pp. 183.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS,—No. 319 of the Library of Select Novels,—may possibly be as good as the poorer of the series. We confess that we have not been able to find sufficient interest in it to induce us to peruse more than the opening chapters. Sold by DEWEY.

JOHN LENNARD; Or, Darkness to Light. [16mo.—pp. 131.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

A VERY fitly named little story,—sorrowful and saddening at the beginning, but growing more bright toward the close. It illustrates the evils of intemperance, and the blessings of an opposite course of life.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

AN ELECTRIC CLOCK.

MR. S. A. KENNEDY, of New York city, has invented and perfected a clock which is moved solely by electricity. It has been exhibited to a number of journalists and scientific men, who agree in pronouncing it an astonishing time-keeper. The New York Sun says of it:

So simple a clock never was invented before. Its mechanism consists solely of a pendulum, holding two magnets, and one wheel moving the hands on the dial face. Springs, weights, and winding up are dispensed with altogether. The pendulum is kept in movement by two wires connected with the earth. One is furnished with a piece of zinc where it reaches the ground; the other passes through a piece of carbon. One of these wires supplies a current of positive, the other of negative electricity. Each is connected with a coil opposite to the magnets fixed on the pendulum on each side. The electricity of these magnets is of the same character as that supplied from the earth and concentrated in the coil on its side of the pendulum. Accordingly when it swings up to that coil it is repelled, and made to swing back toward the other side, where it is similarly repelled. An ingenious little arrangement cuts off the electricity from each coil as soon as it has performed its office of repulsion, and lets it on again as soon as the repulsive force is once more needed.

The movement of the pendulum is regulated by screws, according to the intensity of the electric currents from the earth. The same pair of wires may be employed to move a number of clocks at great distances apart, making them keep time with absolute equality. For railroad purposes this will be of immense utility. The clock can also be kept going by a stationary battery, if from any circumstance it should be become difficult to connect the wires with the earth.

Altogether, it seems to us that Mr. Kennedy's invention is one of extraordinary value. The cheapness with which his clocks can be made, and the long time that they will last, will not be among the least of their recommendations for common use.

THE LIFE OF IRON.

A SCIENTIFIC paper has the following on a subject daily growing of greater importance, as suspension bridges, and others constructed of iron, are more and more coming into use:

It sounds a little oddly to hear of the life of an inanimate thing. But it seems to be pretty well settled, that things inanimate, as well as animate, have life periods, varying according to circumstances. Thus, iron itself, when wrought into various useful things, has a period beyond which it cannot be said to have life sufficient for the purpose for which it was wrought. It is not simply liable to be used up by wear and tear, but also to lose its tenacity and elasticity, and to be disintegrated and weakened—in short, to lose its life and become useless long before it is worn out, and even when not worn at all. For example, a wrought iron girder bridge can bear only a certain amount of daily use without rapid depreciation of strength. It must have seasons of rest from strain, just as an animal requires rest, and its life depends on these. If subjected to a heavy strain, often repeated, with little intervening rest, its life will be proportionately less than it would be under other circumstances.

The Engineer has gone into certain calculations to show how long a bridge of wrought iron may be expected to live, under given circumstances, and comes to the conclusion that such a bridge, subject at intervals to a dynamical load not exceeding a fourth part of its powers of ultimate resistance—that is to say, not subject to this strain more than one hundred times in twenty-four hours—may be safe to travel for about 328 years. But, as many of the hardest-worked iron railroad bridges are subject to twice, or even thrice, this number of daily strains, the conclusion reached is, that a girder bridge cannot be safely counted on for more than about one hundred years. These calculations, if reliable, (and we see not why they may not be,) are very important for all uses of iron subject to heavy strains. They tend to show that a thing may be as strong as the best iron can make it, and yet be subject to loss of strength and life even without wear.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

THERE are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the windpipe, and running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jaw bone about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one-half of the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood from the left artery, and the right nostril from the right artery. Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the fore-finger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under the finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place between your finger and the jaw bone; the result will be that not a drop of blood goes into the side of your face while the pressure continues, hence the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

NUTMEGS.—Nutmegs are the fruit of a beautiful tree which grows in the Molucca Islands, and in other parts of the east. All the parts of the tree are aromatic, but only those portions of the fruit called mace and nutmegs are marketable. The entire fruit is of an oval form about the size of a peach. The nutmeg is the innermost kernel. It is surrounded by a skin, which peeled off, constitutes the mace of commerce. The tree yields annually three crops. The first one, which is gathered in April, is the best. The others are gathered in August and December. Good nutmegs should be dense and heavy and free from worm-holes. An attempt has been made to cultivate nutmegs in the West Indies, but without success.

GOOD BUT NOT FOR EATING.—A wealthy bishop congratulated a poor priest on the good air which he breathed in his parish, to which the latter replied, "Yes, my lord, the air would be good enough if I could only live on it."

NATIVE OUNALASKAN AND SEAL DOG.

ABOVE is portrayed a native of Ounalaska, which Island forms part of the Alaskan Territory recently acquired by the United States. The Ounalaskans are of medium size, brown complexion, and fine physical development, much exercise in rowing giving them broad chests and sturdy arms. They are ingenious mechanics, showing great skill in carving wood, bone and ivory, and in manufacturing various implements, making boats, etc. Their "baidarkas," or skin-covered canoes, are remarkable specimens of aboriginal workmanship. They are very symmetrical; generally from sixteen to eighteen feet long, and weigh but about forty pounds. Both sexes are proficient in their use. The women are rather pretty,—a rare thing among native races; and some of them have very expressive faces. Seal fishing is the chief employment of Ounalaskans, and in prosecuting it they manifest considerable tact, using a dart with a false point well barbed, to which is fastened a string connected with the wooden shaft. When the animal dives this false point separates from the dart and remains in its body, while the dart itself acts as a float to direct the pursuer's attention, and the prey is easily secured.

Various Topics.

NAMES ON THE HUDSON.

IN the Appendix to a work entitled "Legends and Poetry of the Hudson," published by P. S. WYNKOOP & SON, New York, we find the derivation and signification of some of the most important names on the Hudson River. A few of them are as follows:

Brooklyn—*breukelen*, Broken land, from the unevenness of the surrounding country.

Newburg, settled by the Palatines, signifying *New Town*.

Yonkers, *Yonk-herr*, named after the young lord or *young sir* of the Phillipsie manor.

Sing Sing, called from the Chinese city *Tsing Tsing*, a name given to the place by a merchant who traded with China.

Poughkeepsie, Indian name *Apookeepsing*, signifying "Safe Harbor."

Hyde Park, named in honor of Lady Ann Hyde, afterwards Queen of England.

Rhinebeck, some say, a combination of two words, Beekman and Rhine, a family from the Rhine who first settled there. Perhaps the better derivation is the resemblance of the cliffs to those on the Rhine, *beek*, in Dutch, signifying cliff.

Kinderhook, signifying "Children's corner."

Po-can-ti-ko was the Indian name for Tarrytown.

Coxsackie and Nyack are both of Indian origin; the latter meaning falling, leaping or flowing waters.

Greenbush, *Het Greene-Bosch*, the Dutch name for "The Pine Woods."

Albany, once called Bever-wyck and Williamstadt. A fort was erected in 1623, and the place was sometimes called Fort Auranta. Its present name was given in honor of the Duke of Albany, in 1664, on the surrender of the fort to the English. The Indians called it Shaunaugh-ta-da, or "Pine Plains."

Troy in 1786 was called Ferryhook. In 1787 called Rensselaerwyck. In the fall of 1787 the settlers began to use the name of Vanderhyden, who once owned a great part of the ground where the city now stands. January 9th, 1789, the freeholders of the town met and gave it the name of Troy.

The river was called, for the first few years after its discovery, by some of the settlers, the "Manhattes," after a tribe of Indians living at its mouth, by others the "Mauritius" and "de grotte" River (the great river); afterwards called the North River, not so much from its course as to distinguish it from the Delaware, which they called the "South" River. The Indians called it the "Shatemuc." The English gave it the name of the Hudson River, by way of continual claim, as Hendrick Hudson was of English birth. The Spaniards called it the "River of the Mountains."

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

THERE is a little German legend which suggests a useful moral. It is the simple story of two peasants who started to travel round the world. One made great preparations for his journey, resolving to have things in readiness for any emergency. He carried thick clothing, for it might be cold, and light clothing, for it might be warm. He provided himself with various stores of medicine in case of illness; and then remembering that there might be robbers in the way, had a suit of armor made, not daring to trust to his good sword alone, for he had resolved to convert his little hut and garden plat into gold, that he might take that also with him.

The other gave a poor neighbor the use of his cottage and garden, and all the milk from two fat kine, while he should be away. He had no gold to carry, so he needed neither sword nor armor. He dressed himself comfortably, leaving the control of the elements to Providence, in whom he trusted also for the same good health which had been heretofore vouchsafed him.

They set out together, but the first soon fell behind. His armor chafed and fretted him, his clothing and stores weighed him down, and he was in constant fear lest robbers should come upon him unawares and take all his possessions. The other, light of heart and light of limb, strode fearlessly on his journey, thoroughly enjoying everything he saw each day, happy in the brightness and the sunshine, without ever stopping to wonder if it would be cold or dark on the morrow, or he should be ill, or the plague should destroy his kine, or the flames devour his cottage. And so he journeyed round the world, keeping his face always to the light, and dwelling in perpetual sunshine.

Arrived at home he made inquiries for his fellow traveler. No one had heard aught of him, and so he started on in pursuit of him. But he had not far to go. Scarce ten leagues away he found him overcome with fatigue, his clothing heavy and soiled with the dirt through which he had been compelled to drag it—for he could not carry so much weight on his shoulders; his sword broken at the hilt, from having been caught in the wall, where he had hidden to be secure from robbers, and his gold, and his armor, and his medicine weighing him down, so that he had no heart for enjoying any of the beautiful sights; indeed, it took him all the time to look out for his burdens; and he had no time to look up to see if the sun was shining, because of his many cares, that kept his eyes always on the earth.

TO JERUSALEM IN AN OMNIBUS.

THE Yankee is irrepressible. The London Times says that a macadamised road has been made from Jaffa to Jerusalem. Jaffa is the Joppa of the New Testament, and is the only convenient landing on the entire seaboard of Palestine. The road having been completed, the honor of starting the first public conveyance has been appropriated by an American resident in Jaffa, who drives a small omnibus daily between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

We have known English travelers, entirely unaccustomed to horse exercise, and portly withal, as many well-to-do ladies and gentlemen are, having undertaken the journey through Palestine in ignorance of what was before them, to have undergone little short of martyrdom before their trip was half over. The stony tracks along which you have to travel, the Syrian saddles, not made for dainty riders, and the horses with backbones in a long sharp ridge, are not suited for a majority of English townspeople. But when you can avoid all this, and go comfortably—that is, comparatively so—in an omnibus not worse than the diligences on the mountain roads of the south of France, leaving horsemanship for a short and optional side excursion here and there, the number of visitors to Palestine will soon increase enormously. Greatly to the astonishment of the Arab and Turkish population, a steam-mill is now in course of erection at Jerusalem, and this will soon be followed, no doubt, by various other inventions of the West. The traditional immobility of the East is gone forever. Not Palestine only, but the entire Turkish Empire, must before long yield to the resistless march of Christian civilization.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

THE ESCURIAL.—The Escurial is the palace of the Kings of Spain, one of the largest and most magnificent in the world. It was commenced by Philip II, in the year 1562, and the first cost of its erection was 6,000,000 of ducats. It forms a vast square of polished stone, paved with marble. It may give some notion of the surprising grandeur of this palace to observe that according to the computation of Francisco de los Santes, it would take more than four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned thirty-three Spanish leagues, which is above one hundred and twenty English miles. There are fourteen thousand doors and eleven thousand windows belonging to the edifice.

Reading for the Young.

CHILDREN, BEWARE!

CHILDREN and youth, beware, beware,
The wine-cup's withering smiles,
Lest round your feet be spread the snare
Of Satan's choicest wiles.

Then, step by step, a willing slave,
By guilty pleasure led,
You'll early find a drunkard's grave,
With terrors round your head.

Oh! shun the demon's hateful power,
Which spreads destruction wide;
And hasten to the beauteous bower
Where Temperance doth preside.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME years ago two boys, while playing upon a cliff near the sea, found a young sea-bird which a dog was worrying. It would have been killed but for them. They drove away the dog and carried the bird, nearly as large as a goose, safely home. There it was shut up in a coop, like the hens and chickens, fed and kindly cared for. It soon became quite tame, and manifested constant affection for its little masters, who felt quite proud of the result of their care.

And thus weeks and months rolled on. In the fall of the year the bird being very tame, the coop was occasionally opened and the prisoner permitted to go to the coast, near which the boys lived. But it came regularly home at night, receiving its supper along with the rest of the biddies, and crept to its nest to repose. So the cold winter passed away, and spring came. One night the bird which had been cared for so well was missed. It did not come home. The next day and the next went by, and still the coop was empty.

The fact was, the boys' bird had been coaxed away—I cannot really say into bad company. But it had joined a flock on its way north, and flown with the rest. Presently the boys began to comprehend the difficulty, and as a matter of course they had to have a good cry about it. They had really learned to love their bird, and to part with it, for them, was a severe trial. That is all very natural, for kindness, no matter upon what creature bestowed, ever begets kindness, and to part with an object that we love is ever painful.

Some of my readers will, no doubt, anticipate the end of my story, for many similar events are recorded. One cold, autumn day, as the boys were at play in their yard, they saw a flock of sea-birds coming towards them. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, to their infinite surprise, the whole flock settled upon the ground close at hand, and the largest waddled along toward them, quacking most curiously as she came. It was the bird which had flown away in the spring, now returned with her young ones to claim hospitality for the winter! You may imagine, if you can, the delight of the boys, and indeed that of their parents, at this instance of affection. Words cannot describe it. You may make up your mind that the flock was not turned adrift, though for a long time the young ones were pretty wild, and did not take as kindly to the boys as the mother did. Ah, well; they did not know them as intimately.—*Casket and Playmate.*

THE EXACT TRUTH.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them, in placing a brick, discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than on the other.

His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," said he.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You're too particular."

"My mother," replied his companion, "taught me that 'truth is truth,' and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"O," said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of doing so."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie; and I have somewhere read that a lie in one's work, like a lie in his character, will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in that case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks, and carrying the wall up higher, till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when behold, the lie had wrought out the result of all lies! The wall getting a little slant from the untrue brick, had become more and more untrue as it got higher, and at last in the night had toppled over, obliging the masons to do all their work over again.

Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character—it grows more and more untrue if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin.

"EVERY BIT OF IT."

ONE evening, at prayer meeting, many newly converted persons, both old and young, arose to tell what God had done for their souls, and their determination to love and serve him. Among the rest, a little girl about seven years old jumped up, her face beaming with happiness, and straining her childish voice to speak as loud as she could, she said:

"I have given *my* heart to Jesus, *every bit of it.*"

Was not that a beautiful little speech? I wonder if all the elder people who had risen before could say what she did:—"I have given my heart to Jesus, every bit of it."

And is not this what Jesus wants? "My son, give me thine heart," is the command of the Bible. And will he be satisfied with having only a part of it? No, indeed; he must have *every bit of it.*

IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.—James Parton writes in Packard's Monthly:—If you would look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier or nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived purely in the days of their youth. In early life the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree, that a brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is not preaching, boys—it is simply the truth of science.

PRIZE YOUR MOTHER.—"I have discovered (said Gray, the poet, in a letter to a young friend) a thing very little known, which is, that in one's life one can never have more than one mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you may call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was, at the same age, very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this—with full evidence and conviction, I mean—till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and it seems to me but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart!"

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, NOV. 14, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

HON. GERRIT SMITH recently expressed his kind regard for the Alfred academy, in Allegany county, by placing, unsolicited, a check for $50,000 in the hands of its authorities. This is the third time that Mr. Smith has done the same.

It is said that the People's College, at Havana, gives much better evidence of success at present than at any other time since its organization. So many new scholars have been added during the last few weeks, that more teachers have been employed.

An unknown man fell into a hopper of the Tifft elevator in Buffalo recently, a distance of thirty feet, and was so seriously injured that he is not expected to live.

The residence and barns of John G. Burritt, between Elmira and Horseheads, were destroyed by fire a few days since, involving a loss of something over $5,000.

George Weston, of Buffalo, while hunting, had one of his hands blown off by the discharge of a gun which he was raising from the ground, preparatory to shooting at some ducks.

Josiah Dawney, aged 22 years, a resident of Rockland county, and mate of the brig Clara, was instantly killed by a grindstone falling upon him at pier No. 3, North River, on Wednesday morning of last week.

The south wing of the new Normal School building at Brockport is completed, and the work is in progress on the north wing.

The Catholics of Buffalo gave an imposing reception to the new Bishop of that Diocese, Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, on Friday evening last. A large procession was out in regalia and bearing banners and torches. Fifty thousand people witnessed the display. The ceremonies at the Cathedral were impressive.

A "letter" from Japan was received at the Auburn post office Thursday, on which the postage amounted to $10.

A Troy milkman, blind drunk, drove a blind horse into the canal; and the question now agitating the Troy debating society is, whether he was trying to water his milk or whisky.

William McGary, a young man against whom two indictments have been found for incendiarism, escaped from Deputy Sheriff O'Neil at Seneca Falls last week, and has not been heard from since.

Seneca Lake has been during the past month exceedingly turbulent and difficult of navigation. No less than four loaded boats have been sunk in gales within a few weeks.

A female impostor who has made the rounds of Albany, Troy and other cities under various names, has made her appearance in Syracuse. She asks for a small sum to enable her to buy a stove.

The young farmers of Montezuma, Cayuga Co., propose to organize a farmers' club, for experiment, instruction and amusement. Five dollars for membership to gentlemen; half that price for ladies.

Henry Steffield, a boy fourteen years old, living in Buffalo, stole his father's bank book recently, drew $200 and went on a spree with several other lads. A policeman arrested him and locked him up

The New York and Erie Railway Company has inaugurated active measures for the building of a new railway between Buffalo and Niagara Falls upon a line much shorter than that of the New York Central, and which will give them new connections with the West independent of their present modes of transportation. In connection with this improvement a third rail is to be laid between Buffalo and New York, making a new narrow-guage route to that metropolis. The rail, it is understood, has been purchased, and the work is to be immediately commenced.

From Washington.

CONCERNING whisky frauds there is yet a deal of talk, and opinions generally in regard to them are greatly muddled. The latest phase, it is said, is in the shape of a letter to Judge Fullerton, intimating to him that he cannot be paid out of any appropriation or fund in the Treasury for any legal services he may render in the prosecution of the cases which Binckley has heretofore been investigating. This letter is said to have been written by Secretary McCulloch, for the purpose of intimidating Judge Fullerton, although no signature is attached. The President has a large lot of documentary evidence before him, and it is said intends to spare no official implicated, however high his office.

The expenditure for the Freedmen's Bureau for the past year is shown to have been $3,997,000. General Howard sees no necessity for continuing the bureau beyond January 1st. The school expenditures during the past year were $2,000,000, of which the freedmen paid $360,000, Northern benevolent societies $700,000, and the Bureau $94,000.

The warrants issued by the Treasury Department during October, to meet the requirements of the Government, amount in round numbers to the following sums:—Civil, miscellaneous and foreign intercourse, $4,176,000; interest on the public debt, $1,381,000; war, $8,720,000; navy, $4,025,000; interior, pension and Indians, $3,062,000. Total, $21,364,000. The warrants issued for the redemption of the public debt are not included in the above.

The receipts from customs from October 26th to the 31st inclusive, were—Boston, $402,970; New York, $1,993,982; Philadelphia, $182,684; Baltimore, $76,394. Total, $2,656,030.

The President has proclaimed the Extradition Treaty with the King of Italy, except crimes of a political character.

From the South.

Two thousand stands of arms, in transit by railroad from Jackson to Tallahasse, Fla., were seized by a party of unknown persons on the night of the 5th inst., near Madison, the cases broken open and destroyed, and contents distributed along the track for several miles. A quantity of ammunition was also destroyed. A special train, with a detachment of soldiers was sent from Tallahasse to the scene of the outrage next day, but no results are announced.

A brick church, about eleven miles from Nashville, Tenn., was caught in a whirlwind on Sunday week, and literally torn to pieces. The upper part of the building was carried along nearly half a mile and dropped into the bed of a small stream of water.

Gen. Reynolds is to be relieved from command in Texas. Gen. Canby will succeed him. In answer to a telegram announcing his anticipated withdrawal, Gen. R. replied, "Thank the Lord!"

General Steadman has resigned the office of Superintendent of Police of New Orleans.

The election in Augusta, Ga., went forward quietly up to three o'clock in the afternoon, when a row commenced between a white man and a negro, which resulted in the death of Albert Ruffin, County Sheriff, and one negro. The excitement was intense, but through the influence of leading citizens and the co-operation of the military, both parties dispersed quietly and order was restored.

In Savannah the negroes took possession of the polls early on election day, and drove the whites off. Finally, a fight commenced and the negroes were driven back by the whites, who then commenced to vote. In a few minutes the negroes rallied and attacked the whites. A negro deliberately drew a pistol and shot a policeman in the stomach, mortally wounding him. The firing became general in the crowd. The police came to preserve order and the negroes fought them desperately; finally the police used pistols, when the negroes broke and run. Five negroes were killed and several wounded; four policemen were wounded, one mortally. A young lady residing in a house opposite the Court House was shot by a ball through a window, but not dangerously hurt.

Major-General Wertemberg of the Austrian army, visited Fortress Monroe recently, and was received with military honors.

Troops were distributed at different points in the South, last week, to preserve order on Election day.

From the West.

GOV. CRAWFORD of Kansas, has resigned and been commissioned as Colonel of the new regiment of cavalry raised by the State, for service against the Indians. The Lieutenant Governor will act as Governor during the remainder of the term.

It is reported that during the past three months the newly discovered silver mines in Eastern Nevada have yielded $100,000 per month.

Slight earthquakes have been of almost daily occurrence since October 21 in San Francisco. There was a sharp shock on the night of the 5th inst., lasting 12 seconds, and creating considerable alarm among the people. No damage was done to property. The quake was heavy at San Jose.

Louis Hilgenberg was murdered near Ironton, Ohio, a few days since, by Charles Speer and Andrew Price, who killed him for his money. They got eighteen cents, and confess the crime.

Frank Reno and Charles Anderson, the notorious express robbers have been delivered to the Indiana authorities, and are now confined in the New Albany jail to await trial.

Political News.

THE excitement of the great political campaign culminated on Tuesday of last week, in the election of the Republican nominees for President and Vice-President. About two-thirds of all the States chose electors who will vote for Grant and Colfax when the Electoral College assembles. We give these States, with the popular majorities as nearly as can be ascertained:—Maine, 27,000; New Hampshire, 8,000; Vermont, 30,000; Connecticut, 3,500; Massachusetts, 80,000; Rhode Island, 6,000; Pennsylvania, 18,000; West Virginia, 8,000; Ohio, 45,000; Illinois, 55,000; Indiana, 10,000; Iowa, 55,000; Nebraska, 4,500; Kansas, 10,000; Michigan, 26,000; Wisconsin, 20,000; Missouri, 20,000; California, 1,500; Nevada, 1,000; Minnesota, 12,000; North Carolina, 20,000; South Carolina, 15,000; Arkansas, 5,000; Alabama, 10,000; Tennessee, 40,000; Oregon, 1,000.

The States which are known to have chosen Democratic electors, and their majorities, are as follows:—New York, 10,000; Louisiana, 30,000; Kentucky, 70,000; Georgia, 2,500; Delaware, 2,000; Maryland, 25,000; New Jersey, 1,000.

John T. Hoffman, Democrat, is elected Governor of this State by a majority of nearly 30,000. The Republicans have carried a majority of the Assemblymen, however, so that on joint ballot in the Legislature they will elect a U. S. Senator for the next six years. The Democratic majority in New York city was 69,000. The defeated party charge that this was accomplished by much illegal voting, and the Union League have discussed the subject of contesting the result.

Two States, Iowa and Minnesota, voted upon the question of striking out the word "white" from clauses in their Constitution relating to suffrage. Negro suffrage was carried in both.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

KING WILLIAM opened the Prussian Diet on the 4th inst., with a speech from the throne. He said new sources of revenue were needed to provide for the increased expenditures of the kingdom. The relations of Prussia with foreign powers were satisfactory and friendly. He hoped that Spain would succeed in settling her affairs on a basis which will secure the future welfare of her people.

The Japanese authorities have intimated their desire to the foreign ministers to have the treaty of 1866 revised, with a view to the readjustment of duties on teas and silks.

The steamship Hermanon, entering Castries bay in August last, burst a boiler, killing three Chinamen and severely scalding twelve other persons, of whom two were Americans, who afterward died.

The Spanish army is to be reorganized and a National Guard formed. The provincial Juntas have been replaced by municipal councils elected by universal suffrage. The Protestants have obtained permission to build a chapel in Madrid.

A dreadful railway collision occurred near Newham, Wales, on the 5th inst., whereby several passengers were killed and many wounded.

A naval and military expedition, consisting of four heavily-armed frigates and a fleet of transports with troops, is fitting out at Cadiz, Spain, destined for Cuba. The troops, it is said, are to replace those sent from that island to Porto Rico.

A dreadful calamity occurred in Switzerland last September. It was occasioned by an avalanche which came down from the Alps and swept away whole villages and fields along the banks of the Rhine. The estimated loss amounted to 1,000,000 francs. Great distress has been occasioned by the disaster, and the several cantons which were unscathed have contributed to the extent of their ability to aid the sufferers, but more help is wanted, and a call is made upon the charities of the people of the United States.

A large fire occurred at Hong Kong on the 13th of August, destroying a vast amount of property and the lives of two women and seventeen children.

The action of the Commander of the British gunboat Bustard, in bombarding the town of Choeti, China, by which several persons were killed, has caused much excitement.

Two scientific expeditions to the north pole are now fitting out, one at Bremen under Petermann, and the other at Havre under Lambert.

EIGHTEEN inches of snow now covers the summit of Mount Washington. A number of the workmen near the terminus of the mountain railroad had their ears frost-bitten a few days ago.

MEXICAN NEWS.—Gen. Canto has arrived at the city of Mexico. A grand jury has found a true bill against him as *particeps criminis* in the assassination of Gen. Patoni. There are fears of another insurrection in Yucatan. Robberies and assassinations were of frequent occurrence, and travel was becoming still more insecure. Several arrests for political causes are reported to have been made in the Capital. The confessor of Maximilian has arrived in Mexico, bringing diamond crosses and other presents from the Emperor of Austria to the Mexican lawyers who defended the late Emperor at the trial before the court martial which condemned him to death. The bill granting the right to all persons to carry arms for self-protection has been passed. Gen. Escobedo has entered upon the campaign against the rebels in the State of Tamaulipas. The Secretary of State of Vera Cruz has been arrested and sent to the Capital under guard, by the order of President Juarez. Most of the Spaniards in the country are excited over the Spanish revolution, but as a general thing they are in favor of it.

THE HAYTIEN REVOLUTION.—The Haytien war vessels Petlan and Salnave have bombarded the port of Jeremie for three days. President Salnave commanded in person. The American, English and French Consuls demanded that time be allowed for the removal of the women and children, but their request was denied and the bombardment was commenced without further notice. Many women and children were killed. All the houses of the city, including the Consular offices, were destroyed or badly injured. An attack was made on the town by the land forces of Salnave during the bombardment, but it failed. A British man-of-war is on the way to Jeremie to watch the proceedings of the Haytien fleet, and prevent violation of the rights of foreign residents, for which the Haytiens show little respect. The excitement and indignation in Hayti against Americans is increasing. This hostility is caused in part by the fact that the Haytien Government was furnished with its war vessels by American ship owners, and that these vessels are manned by Americans who do not refuse to execute the cruel orders of Salnave.

CUBAN AFFAIRS.—On the 29th ult., the Captain-General received instructions from the Provisional Government to inaugurate in Cuba such reforms as had been adopted in Spain. Up to the 31st, he had kept the dispatches as secret as possible. Numerous arrests are being made, the prisoners in most cases being supporters of the revolutionists in Spain. Accounts of the recent encounters by the troops with the revolutionists are favorable to the Government. Several engagements have been reported officially, in all of which the troops were successful. The revolutionists are arriving at the military headquarters and submitting to the Government. Colonel Quiros reports that the engagement with the insurrectionists near the town of Baire lasted an hour and three-quarters, during which time the revolutionists defended themselves obstinately, attacking the troops with machettes.

CENTRAL AMERICAN TROUBLES.—At last accounts the speck of war on the Isthmus was increasing. The town of Panama was still under martial law, and the sentries had orders to challenge all passengers, and fire upon them if the answer be not satisfactory. A battle had taken place between the forces of Gen. Correoso, President of the State of Panama, 300 strong, and 100 conservatives under Velarde. The latter were routed with the loss of nine killed and two wounded. Correoso had proceeded to Chiriqui to put down the rising there. Capt. Little of the Columbian war steamer Bolivar, refused the request of Correoso to aid him.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

DR. FRANCIS of Newport, R. I., has invented and patented a new apparatus to answer the double purpose of heating railroad cars in winter and ventilating them in summer.

AN association of gentlemen is engaged in the city of London for the purpose of establishing a daily newspaper, to be the size of the Times, and to be in all respects quite equal to that journal.

A WESTERN correspondent says the Hiawathas and Minnehahas of the present day go sneaking through the streets of St. Paul and Minneapolis, stealing the first pair of boots they can lay hands on, or begging "tenny cents."

BRIGHAM YOUNG having been married the other day to five additional wives, an Indian chief, who witnessed the ceremony, shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, and muttered, "Too much squaw—too much marry."

IT is said that Louis Napoleon is poor, his wife impoverished, his son consequently without very brilliant pecuniary prospects. In case of his overthrow, therefore, Louis Napoleon and his family would have to go out to work.

A WOMAN was lately by mistake shut in the vaults of a small village church in Sweden, where she remained eleven days. When found she merely asked for some water, and, being treated with great care, perfectly recovered in a few days.

S. M. WEBSTER, of Fairlee, Vermont, while at work with a threshing machine, a week ago, caught his hand in the cylinder, which tore it off at the wrist, pulling out the cords of his arm. He lingered in great agony a few days and died of lockjaw.

THE French vintage of 1868 is said to exceed anything enjoyed since the grape disease made its appearance in that country, some fifteen years ago, and the quality of the grapes is said to be quite as unexceptionable as the quantity; and all France is in the best of cheer in consequence.

THE catch of herring in Massachusetts bay this season has never been equaled. One boat, with a crew of two men and five nets, caught in one night 50,000 herring, and were obliged to call other boats to their assistance to get them ashore. The catch of halibut is also very large all along the coast.

THERE is a real idol temple erected and formally established in the United States, at Portland, Oregon. The building is completed, and the Chinamen are actively engaged in furnishing it. The vestibule contains two large oil globes, inside of which lamps are burning, so as to show to advantage the heathenish figures painted on the outside. One of the transparencies represents celestial warriors or saints, some on foot and some on horseback, who go round and round, propelled in some manner by a current of heated air.

MINNESOTA has just been having its customary Indian summer storm. A St. Paul paper says that for thirty hours it rained, thundered, lightened and blew, without the slightest intermission, and then, as a slight variation, it snowed, "blowed," "lightened," and rained, with occasionally a growling report from the upper regions. Land slides occurred upon some of the railroads, and some of the trains were considerably delayed.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 10, 1868.

THE past week has been one of great financial excitement in New York. Stock operators took advantage of a general stringency in the money market, to lock up funds and otherwise manipulate affairs until they created a very great panic. On Thursday and Friday the greatest excitement existed. From Saturday, the 31st of October, to Friday, the 6th of November, a period of six days, New York Central declined from 126¾ to 118¾; Northwestern from 92 to 78; Milwaukee and St. Paul from 102½ to 65¾. There was also a considerable decline in Government securities, which were necessarily thrown upon the market in large amounts to raise money. There was an improved feeling in the market Saturday afternoon, and stocks advanced somewhat and money was more easily obtained. The improvement continued yesterday, and it is hoped the worst is over. The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday evening, says:

"The panicky feeling in Wall street shows a partial abatement. The Secretary of the Treasury advises the Assistant Treasurer that he considers he has power to re-issue uncanceled greenbacks retired during the late process of contraction, and that in the event of the monetary pressure continuing, he shall avail himself of the authority. The Secretary authorizes the Assistant Treasurer to state that he does not propose to make any sales of bonds or gold during the present stringent condition of the money market."

The money market is close in Boston, and at other commercial points at the East. There is considerable stringency at Cincinnati and Chicago, though the New York panic thus far has had no special effect at the West or in the interior other than to induce greater caution on the part of lenders and cause them to require greater margins.

GOLD.—Gold during the monetary excitement has continued to show a declining tendency. The demand for duties and for shipment is very light. The heavy amount thrown upon the market by the payment of the November interest helps to keep the price down. Our securities abroad are firm and in demand, which is favorable to the continued low price of gold. Sales were made in New York yesterday at 131¾.

WOOL.—The sales in Boston last week were small, amounting to only 600,000 lbs. The range was 44@65c. for fleece, and 48@54c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Bulletin of Saturday, says:—"Wool prices are by no means firm, in the present torpid condition of the market, and nearly all grades may be obtained at a little concession. Ordinary lots of fine and extra fleece are very hard to move except at a reduction of 2@3. The low grades of both fleece and pulled are sold very close up, and sustain about previous rates. Extra pulled is in large stock and accumulating. Choice double extra fleece is in moderate supply, and though there is not much demand for it as yet, there is a strong probability of a scarcity and higher prices before the close of the season."

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The tendency is still to lower rates. The following from the Chicago Republican of Saturday, gives about the tone of the Western market for the last week: "Our breadstuff markets to-day, generally speaking, were demoralized. Advices from Eastern and foreign markets were unfavorable, and this, together with other causes, had a depressing influence, and as a result a decided decline established on all cereals, the markets almost without exception, closing dull and drooping."

ROCHESTER, Nov. 9.—Flour, wheat, $10,00@14,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5,00@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $2 @35; Wheat, red, $1,70@1,80; do. white, $1,[illegible]; Rye, $1,30@1 45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,00; Pork, mess, $25,00@26,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,50@11,50; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@14c; Chickens, 16@18c; Turkeys, 18@20c; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 15@18cts; Lard, 18@19cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@35c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0,70@0,75; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@30c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb, 7@7c; do. Plums, 20@25c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $6,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—Ashes, pots, $7,75@8.00, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 25@25½cts; Flour, $5,70@13,00; Wheat, $1,10@1,90; Rye, $1,40@1,50; Barley, $2,12½@2,15; Corn, $1,12@1,17; Oats, 78@79c; Pork, old mess, $27,00@27,62; new, $26,50@27,00; $23,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $29,50@30; Beef, plain mess, $10@18,50; extra, $18,50@23; Beef hams, $28@31,00; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 10@11½cts; Lard, 15¾@17c; Butter, 45@50c; Cheese, 13@18c.

ALBANY, Nov. 7.—Flour, $6@12,25; Rye flour, $8@8,25; Corn meal, $2,35@2,45; Wheat, $2,00@2,41; Corn, $1,12@1,15; Barley, $1,80@2,30; Rye, $1,40; Oats, 78cts; Pork, mess, $30; clear, $34; Hams, 20@20c; Shoulders, 15c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 18@18½c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 9.—Flour, $7,50@10,75; Rye flour, $7,00; Wheat, $1,29@1,32; Corn, 93@95c; Oats, 59@60c; Rye, $1,40@$1,24; Barley, $2,00@2,10; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $3@3,50; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 30@35c; Cheese, 15@18c; Eggs, 32c; Pork, mess, $25,50@27; Lard, 17½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Flour, $4,50@6,50; Wheat, $1,12@1,20; Corn, 45@79c; Oats, 46@46½c; Rye, 2,01@2,04; Barley, 1,20@1,50; Pork, mess, $24,50; Lard, 15@15c.

TORONTO, Nov. 6.—Flour, $5@6,25; Wheat, $1,08@1,20; Oats, 59@51c; Barley, $1,20@1,25; Pears, 85@90c; Pork, $21,50@25; Bacon, 11@14c; Hams, 14@15c; Butter, 19@24c; Cheese, 10@11½c; Eggs, 18@22c; Potatoes, 75@80c; Lard, 14@16c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—Beef Cattle range at from 8@16½c; Milch Cows, $30@110; Veal Calves, 10@16c; Sheep, 5@6½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 9@10½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 4.—Beeves range at from $2@3,75; Milch Cows, $65@90; Sheep, 3@5½c; Lambs, 5@6½c; Hogs, 7½@8c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 4.—Beef Cattle, 6@13½c; Working oxen, $175@275; Stears, $37@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $16@28; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3@5½c; by the head, $3@4,50; Shoice, 9½@12c; Fat hogs, 8½@9¼c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—Beef Cattle, $4,55@6; Hogs, $7,85@8.—Sheep, $1,25@4.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 4.—Beeves, sell at $3@5,25; Sheep, $2-25@3,25; Lambs, $1,25; Hogs, $6,75@8,00.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—Beef Cattle, 3½@8c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Veal Calves, 5@8c; Sheep, 2½@4½c; Hogs, 10@12c.

TORONTO, Nov. 6.—Beef Cattle, $1,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,50@5; Lambs, $1,50@3; Hogs, $3,75@5,25; Venison, $4@8.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—Wool market is quiet, with fair inquiry; sales are 350,000 lbs., at 40@55c for domestic fleece, 42@50c for pulled, 37½c for tubbed, 37½@37½c for California.

BOSTON, Nov. 4.—Wool, fleece, 42@55c; picklock, 60@65c; fine, 55@60c; coarse, 40@47c; pulled, 37½@55c; tub-washed, 55@62½c; combing fleece, 55@60c; Canada do, 70@75c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—The following are the quotations—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 3.—Wool, pulled, 37@50c; tub-washed, 48@52c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 40@45c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6—Wool, unwashed 30@33c; burry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; fleece, 42@45c; pulled, 30@33c.

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Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each Insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
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For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS—CONSTIPATION. Violent cathartics aggravate this disease. When their action ceases, the vitiated and weakened bowels are less capable than ever of fulfilling their functions properly. In HALLOWAY'S PILLS, sufferers from costiveness have a mild, genial purgative exactly suited to the exigencies of the case. Instead of weakening the intestines, the pills brace and invigorate, as well as cleanse and regulate them. In the worst chronic phases of the complaint, they soon produce a permanent change of habit. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MAGIC COMB WILL COLOR THE HAIR or BEARD a permanent Black or Brown. It contains no poison. There is no slop or stain arising from its use.
☞ If you buy one you will forever discard all other hair dyes or preparations. One Comb will be forwarded to any person on receipt of $1.25. Price list furnished to dealers only, on application. Address
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Especially devoted to the interests of the American housewife. Containing practical hints and suggestions for the Veranda, the Drawing Room, the Dressing Room, the Dining Room, the Library, the Conservatory, the Nursery, the Dispensary, the Kitchen and the Parlor. Only $1 per year. Nov. and Dec. Nos. FREE to new subscribers. Specimen copies FREE. Agents wanted.
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PRAISE OFFERING
The New Church Music Book.—By the distinguished composer, V. C. TAYLOR on his *Patent Index Staff*. Price $1,50. Liberal discount to the trade and to classes. Get the best. MILLS & CO., Des Moines, Iowa; A. S. BARNES & CO., WM. HALL & SON, New York. 983-2teo

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1869. VOLUME XXIV. 1869.
ADVANCE TERMS.....Weekly, $2.50; Monthly, $1.50.
Liberal premiums for new subscribers. Send stamp for circular and specimen.
R. P. EATON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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The New England Carpet Company,
of Boston, Mass., established nearly a quarter of a century ago, in their present location, in Halls over 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85 and 87 Hanover street, have probably furnished more houses with carpets than any other house in the country. In order to afford those at a distance the advantages of their low prices, propose to send, on the receipt of the price, 30 yards or upwards of their beautiful Cottage Carpeting, at 50 cents a yard, with samples of ten sorts, varying in price from 25 cents to $3 per yard, suitable for furnishing every part of any house.

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The magnitude of our business has enabled us to make the
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FOR OUR
ONE DOLLAR SALE,
especially in the line of COTTON GOODS.
LARGER THAN EVER!
Send for circulars, with NEW PREMIUM RATES, before sending your clubs elsewhere.
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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE
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An Octavo volume of 630 pages, containing 47 newly written sketches, by Messrs. Parton, Greeley, Higginson, Tilton, Winter, Abbott, Prof. Hoppin, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Fanny Fern, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. L. G. Calhoun, etc. Illustrated with 11 beautiful steel Engravings. Agents are everywhere meeting with great success in canvassing for this book.
One Agent in New York took 125 orders in one week.
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THE GREATEST DISCOVERY
OF THE AGE.
Farmers, families and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment for dysentery, colic, croup, chronic rheumatism, sore throats, toothache, seasickness, cuts, burns, swellings, bruises, old sores, headache, mosquito bites, pains in limbs, chest, back, etc. If it does not give relief the money will be refunded. All that is asked is a trial, and use it according to the directions.
DR. TOBIAS—*Dear Sir:* I have used your Venetian Liniment in my family for a number of years, and believe it to be the best article for what it is recommended that I have ever used. For sudden attack of croup it is invaluable. I have no hesitation in recommending it for all the uses it professes to cure. I have sold it for many years, and it gives entire satisfaction. CHAS. H. TRIMNER.
Quakertown, N. J., May 8, 1868.
Sold by the druggists. Price 50 cts. and $1. Depot 10 Park Place. 982-2teow

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BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPERS
published in the United States, and as having the LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY IN THE WEST.
It finds its
ADMIRERS AMONG ALL PARTIES,
and its
Patrons in All Sections.
It contains but a limited number of advertisements, is filled with an immense amount of choice reading matter.

A Present to Every Subscriber!
The Union Hand Book and Family Diary for 1869.
This New Feature, recently introduced, and which gave such universal satisfaction to our Sixty-five Thousand Subscribers last year, will be continued this.
As complete and interesting as our patrons pronounced the Hand Book for 1868 to be, the one for 1869 will be greatly superior. In addition to its being BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED, we propose to make several additions to it, which will render it still more complete and valuable. It will contain over One Hundred articles on different subjects; the Statistical Tables have been prepared with the greatest care, and the different departments will prove to be of great interest to the Farmer, the Merchant and the Mechanic.

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Many Thousand Testimonials have been given in favor of the Union Hand Book, a few of which only we have room for: wherever an opinion has been expressed as to its merits, it has been emphatic and decided, that no premium equal to it in value has ever yet been issued:
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Our fine colored engraving of the "GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA" will be sent to those who prefer it to the Hand Book.
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The News Condenser.

— London has a Mormon church with 1,000 members.
— Louisiana sugar this year is of excellent quality.
— Cincinnati police have a system of rocket signals.
— A Mexican is the latest inventor of perpetual motion.
— General Beauregard's niece is just married.
— St. Louis is troubled with pewter nickels.
— Illinois sport is now in hunting wolves.
— Pennsylvania is expecting a hard winter.
— Pecan nuts are very abundant this year in Texas.
— The last shirt collars out are made of wood.
— Waxahachie, Texas, is vexed by a Mexican lion.
— Mica is being mined in North Carolina.
— Sligo, Ireland, has lately had a potato riot.
— It is said horse fever prevails in Indianola, Iowa.
— Canada wants a new order of knighthood.
— Many a salad in Paris is dressed with horse oil.
— Oysters were never before so plenty as now.
— Italy has been badly wet down of late by floods.
— Grace Greenwood is recovering from her long illness.
— Major Pauline Cushman is in New York.
— Kentucky has a female Kuklux Klan.
— Man milliners are the favorites in Paris just now.
— Brigham Young is starting co-operative stores.
— Emerson's growing deafness impairs his delivery.
— The Jersey City police have target excursions.
— Painswick, England, has dug out an ancient Roman villa.
— Michigan University proposes to admit female students.
— Queen Victoria is accused of being at work on a novel.
— Blue is the favorite color in Madrid since the revolution.
— The Central Pacific road snow sheds are nearly completed.
— Alcohol is said to be a certain cure for mushroom poison.
— The Chinese have built an idol temple at Portland, Oregon.
— The Utica police are spoiling the sport of Sunday gunners.
— The Pacific Railroad is employing an army of fence builders.
— A Vermonter lately shaved off three feet six inches of beard.
— The last brides of summer are lingering almost alone at Niagara.
— The hair of a copper worker in Buffalo has turned sea green.
— An excellent cotton crop is ready for shipment from Queensland.
— Buchanan's farm at Wheatland has been sold for $133 per acre.
— Switzerland proposes to adopt the postal money order system.
— Gold has been discovered in the vicinity of Manchester, Vermont.
— Four thousand miners have gone to the new Queensland diggings.
— The Albany day boats to New York are withdrawn for the season.
— King William of Prussia has given a chatean to the Zouave Jacob.
— The improvement of the Saginaw River., Mich., has been completed.
— A volume of the unpublished jokes of Artemas Ward is in preparation.
— Wisconsin has decided that the tax on drummers is unconstitutional.
— Guizot gets $300 apiece for his articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
— A flock of ants ten miles wide lately passed through Shasta, California.
— Mush and milk are the toothsome viands furnished at evening parties.
— Kangaroos have become very numerous and injurious in South Australia.
— Indiana farmers are selling their corn in the field at fifty cents a bushel.
— The largest iron works in the country are soon to be put up in St. Louis.
— Hayti is trying the experiment of getting along with only four Presidents.
— The Baltimore oyster police has an iron steamer in which to do its duty.
— An English firm offers Spain a loan of 500,000,000 francs at five per cent.
— Prairie fires are again beginning to disturb the equanimity of Westerners.
— Nice sirloin steaks retail for twelve and a half cents a pound in Indianapolis.
— A "beautiful forever" woman has hung out her sign in Broadway, New York.
— English and American journals circulate in France in nearly equal numbers.
— One green tarleton dress pattern contains arsenic enough to kill three men.
— The Boston newspapers say gold and silver anklets are fashionable in that city.
— It is said a decree is posted on the gates of Yokohama forbidding Christianity.
— A patent bait for fish hooks is the article most extensively advertised in France.
— Nineteen leading ministers of France have an average annual salary of $31,500.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHEN CHILDHOOD DIES.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Oh not when the seal of death is set
On childhood's laughing eye,
And the sunny head is laid to rest,
Does the heart of childhood die;
For the smiling eyes shall beam again,
Beneath skies forever bright,
And the golden hair be wreathed about,
With a crown of heavenly light.

Nor even in manhood's graver years,
When life is fleeting fast,
Is the heart of childhood always dead
And all its feeling past;
For though Time his signet grave has set
On manhood's earnest brow,
The heart may feel as light a throb
As childhood's pulses know.

But when that heart has learned how much
Of suffering it can bear,
And learned the worst that life can bring
Unshrinkingly to dare,
'Tis then that ripened feelings come,
And gleeful childhood dies;—
And Oh! how many hearts are graves
Where buried childhood lies!

Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 364, last number.]

CHAPTER TENTH.

"Massa Alfred's come, Missus," Dinah said, half under her breath.

The woman turned her head with a quick, convulsive start. The resemblance between her and the young man was very striking, although she was much emaciated, and her features bore the evidences of disease. She had the same heavy, black hair; the same large, intense eyes, except that they had a wild, excited light in them not visible in his; and the same clear yet dark-hued skin.

She tried to speak, but her breath came in short gasps, and did not avail her to utter a word. Dinah pressed some cordial to her thin lips, and after a little she regained speech.

"You've come just in time to see me die, then, have you?"

There was a querulous complaint in her tones not simply that of an invalid. The woman's whole character spoke through it. It told of having much and wanting more, always; of a dissatisfied, discontented spirit; of a chronic disposition for fault-finding that would neither let its possessor be happy, nor those about her.

"I started as soon as I was informed of your illness, mother," the young man responded.

"I dare say you did, but you'd no business to go away. You knew how delicate I was, and how much I depended on you. What did you suppose I could do here, alone with the servants, in case I got sick?"

Her voice was growing more shrill, and the light in her eyes more wild. He took her hand and tried to soothe her.

"I did not suppose you would get sick, mother. You were no worse than common when I went away; and you had Dinah, here, and all the rest, who would care for you faithfully, I knew."

"But what are servants at such a time? Could they attend to my business matters, or grant me absolution?"

"No, neither could I mother," in tones sweet enough to calm almost any perturbed soul. "But our good friend, Mr. Brief, could attend to the one, as he has these many years, and Father Duprez has as much power to grant absolution as he ever has had."

She seemed mollified at first; but at the last few words she glared upon him more wildly than before. She flung the words back at him, spitefully.

"'As he ever has had!' There 'tis again,—a taunt at my religion, at your mother's faith. Have not I told you a thousand times that you are a weak, ungrateful wretch to discard belief in the priesthood? Haven't they befriended us both for long years? Haven't they been my only comforters since you were born?"

Her breath was coming quick and short again, and she trembled as though swayed by the most intense passion. He essayed once more to quiet her.

"There, there, mother; never mind my ungrateful heresy. You are not able to think of or talk about it now. Tell me how you feel and what you wish done." But she went on as though his words passed by her unheard.

"Didn't I beg of you not to become a heretic? Didn't Father Duprez himself do all in his power to show you how greatly you would sin beyond all reach of the confessional? Didn't I threaten to disown you; and didn't your handsome face influence my weak mother-heart against its duty? How do you repay it? By leaving me to die here alone in the hands of my servants. By—turning—away from—me, and——"

The words found utterance now only in mere gasps, and a fearful paroxysm of pain cut short the sentence. Another and another recurred, in close succession, ending in complete insensibility. The servants applied restoratives, and labored assiduously to revive animation. It seemed, for a time, as if their efforts were futile,—as if she had passed beyond the pale of human aid. Greatly alarmed, Alfred despatched a messenger for the family physician.

Before the medical gentleman could arrive, however, she showed signs of returning consciousness. The servants redoubled their exertions, Dinah fervently soliloquising, "She be n't quite gone yet, suah;" and in a few moments more the sick woman opened her eyes. Glancing from one to another of those about her, with a look half of madness and half of terror, she fixed her eyes at last steadily upon her son, and attempted to speak again. But she was utterly exhausted, and her tongue would not do its bidding. Another draught of the cordial revived her somewhat, but the power of speech seemed to have spent itself. She could merely close and open her eyelids with a weary, languid motion, and a low moaning as of grief or pain.

Thinking his voice might excite her further, Alfred kept silence. The messenger came back and reported Dr. Vineaux out, but said she left word for him to come at once to Madame Henderson on his return. Slowly, very slowly, the midnight hours dragged by. The elegant little French clock on the mantel chimed the quarters and halves upon its silver bells with a sadder music than ever, itself and the low moanings alone breaking the stillness. Faithful Dinah and her coadjutors kept their places at the bedside, patiently fanning the sufferer, and watching if any change might come. And Alfred drew back to the luxurious couch, by the window, and there waited, and wondered, and wept.

Wept—silently, his face hidden from the sympathetic servants; wept, not so much because the mother who bore him was apparently very near her end, but because that mother, always maligning his good intentions to herself, had kept an unnatural, unhappy barrier between his heart and hers, and was keeping it there until the very last.

Wondered—if he had really been in anywise ungrateful towards her; if the fault were his that his love for her and enjoyment in her society had not been greater; if she had ever been a sweet-tempered, lovable young girl like one he knew; if the years held an acid for every life, one that must be drank and that would embitter it past enjoying; if in another world his mother's dissatisfied, troubled spirit would find rest, where neither confessional nor priestly offering would be desired.

Waited—for the physician's coming; for some positive knowledge as to his mother's condition; for some word from her, some expressed wish, or message, or trust; for gladness in this home where was everything to make glad, and for love where there had been little loving.

As the silver bells on the mantel chimed for half-past three, Dr. Vineaux came. Alfred put away all traces of weakness, if tears be such, and rose to meet him. A grasp of the hand, and "You are welcome, I feared you would be too late," were his only greeting; then he passed to the side of his patient. She did not heed his presence, but lay as she had done, at intervals wearily opening and closing his eyes, and faintly moaning. The doctor gave a few directions to Dinah, and drew Alfred outside, into the hall. He had known the young man from boyhood, and was kindly solicitous, as an old friend, while also professionally frank.

"Your mother can live but a few hours more, Alfred, I am very sorry to say. She may remain as she is now, in a state of semi-unconsciousness, until she stops breathing, or she may revive again. Her suffering is almost over."

"Has she suffered so much, then, doctor?"

"Yes, very much, of late. Her illness began soon after you went North, and was not serious at the outset. But it was a complication of nervous and other disorders that completely baffled my skill. She grew worse, and suffered more, day by day. I had counsel on her case, and the counsel agreed that she could not be helped. Then I telegraphed you, knowing that she could not survive many weeks, at most. Bear up as well as you can, my boy, and remember you always have a friend in me." The kind-hearted man wrung the youth's hand, and hastily departed.

Alfred returned to the couch in the sick chamber, still to wait and wonder, but no more to weep. One certainty had come to him, just as it comes to all of us sooner or later,—that of seeing a friend go out beyond our reach—somewhere, where we may not follow. And should he lament over this certainty? It was a near thing, of course; death is always near. Yet it touched him not so nearly as it touches many another, when it rends two closely-knit hearts asunder. It pained him less than the miserable barrier between them had all along pained him; he fancied, for the moment, that it might almost prove a relief. Could Father Duprez truly absolve her from sin,—or better, could she believe on that Son of the Virgin Mary she had so long worshiped,—all might be well.

The night wore away. The lights in the sick chamber began to pale before the new light dawning on the world,—a new light; never old because oft repeated, but new and bright and glorious, because it announces a new day, wherein are new possibilities and new treasures. And with the new light without, there came a new light within. It shone out of the sick woman's eyes as she opened them once more; it was as though she had left her old self in the dim unconsciousness of the last few hours, and had awakened to one new and better. Dinah saw the change, and said quietly,

"Massa Alfred, de Missus wants you."

He stepped quickly to her side. He, too, saw the change, and it gladdened while it saddened him.

"Send for Father Duprez, Alfred, and then, Dinah, leave us alone."

He gave the necessary order, and the servants withdrew.

"You will not have a mother much longer, Alfred, even such an one as I have been." The querulousness was nearly gone out of her voice, which was even tender now. It seemed as if the barrier would fall away at the last moment, and mother and child would come close together for a final farewell. "I should like to live the past over again,—for your sake, and my own. I see so much more clearly now than I ever have done before. I have been too exacting, too selfish, too unthinking. Can you forgive all this, my poor boy?"

For answer he took one of her thin, shrunken hands and pressed it lovingly between his own. She continued:

"I was wild and unfeeling just now," speaking as though but a few moments had intervened since he came. "Do not remember it against me, will you? It will be all made right sometime. Your religion cannot be as good as that of our Sacred Church, but the Holy Mother will watch over you, I know, and we shall meet again."

"I hope so, mother." He was about to say more but she signaled him to silence.

"I cannot talk much, and the priest will soon be here; let me finish. It is very hard to die now, when I am only just ready to enjoy living, but the saints know best. I want to say a word about your future. Mr. Brief has arranged all the business matters, and will be your guardian until you are of age. He has papers that will then be given to you,—some that are important, besides those simply legal. You will come back to the Church in time, I think, and will let the good Fathers advise you, and grant you absolution."

She ceased speaking, her strength failing her. At that moment Father Duprez came in, and she added,—

"Kiss me now, and leave me to my last confession. There can be no more sin for me after this hour."

He bent and pressed a kiss,—well nigh the first since boyhood,—upon her thin lips; and went silently out.

A half hour later he received a hasty summons from the priest, and repaired once more to his mother's bedside. It was too late to hear her speak again. She had seen more clearly because so near the brighter day, and was gone to one long confessional, or to join in one long and glad *Te Deum* where there can be no confessions because no sin. Painfully wondering which, he ordered Dinah to see her dead mistress properly cared for, and sought his own apartment.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Maid.—"Did you ring, ma'am?"
Child.—"I rang, Mary. Ma is naughty. Please take ma away and put her to bed."

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

The funeral was over. Repugnant as priestly services had become to Alfred Henderson, he had nevertheless suffered Father Duprez to conduct the obsequies after the manner of his mother's faith, and solemn mass and wailing *miserere* had been said and sung. Only good Dr. Vineaux and Alfred's newly-appointed guardian, Mr. Brief, had been with him as family friends and mourners. Of relatives Madame Henderson had none in the city,—none anywhere, so far as Alfred knew; and for two or three years her seclusion had been such that all society-friends had ceased to think of her. There had been little show of mourning, then. The principal demonstrations of sorrow had been on the part of Dinah and her coadjutors; for, though exacting, the deceased had been on the whole an indulgent mistress, and they regretted her death.

A week had gone by. Alfred sat in his library, meditating upon many things,—dreamy, listless, uncertain. His past was not what it should have been, a pleasant, beautiful memory; the rather was it dull, disagreeable, cheerless. All but those late weeks at Glendale, and they seemed the brighter by contrast. As far back as his recollections ran this home had been his, and the woman they had so recently carried out therefrom, its mistress. And all this while she had been the same unhappy-minded, fretful, dissatisfied mother, loving him, it is true, with a strange, worshipful passion, but often rudely wounding the tendrils of love upspringing in his heart by unkind words and unloving manner, and making his childhood and youth to go hungry for affection and trust. Provided with every luxury that wealth could buy,—having everything, apparently, that could be desired, he yet lacked all that his nature most craved. A nature more phlegmatic and animal would have been content and happy: he was too refined to receive full satisfaction from what ministered simply to his animal life.

This strange love of his mother's, that had so little in it to render him happy, had still kept him ever near her. This, and the fact that without him she would be utterly alone. Save exceptional absences of short duration, he had remained with her constantly. The best private tutors had constituted his school, academy and college: while his passion for music had been allowed to develop itself, with occasional aids.

Perhaps the lack of sympathy between his mother and himself was at the foundation of his aversion to priestcraft; or it may have been that his finer sensibilities naturally turned away from a faith that contained so much of the human element, and desired something purer, simpler and more elevating; or his frequent association with his mother's lawyer, a frank man, who hated all error and superstition with a hearty hatred, and measured men and creeds by a deeper measure than superfice, may possibly have biased his mind.

He sat in his library now, listless, aimless, as he had sat there every day since his mother's death. Touching him less nearly, in a certain sense, than it would have touched some, that death had yet touched him very nearly indeed. It appeared to have deadened each earnest thought and desire,—to have cut him off from the living world, and left him uncared for and uncaring. It was thus that Mr. Brief found him, as he came to formally take charge of his ward.

Harry Brief was a frank, hearty man, singularly lacking in deceit and blandishments, for one of his profession. He hated all shams and pretense. He believed all petty meanness and quibblings without excuse. As a practitioner at the bar he never could have acquired great success, but as a sagacious counselor, and a safe, trustworthy business agent, he had won an enviable reputation. The first tones of his clear-ringing, honest voice cut through Alfred's dreamy mood like a strong ray of sunlight through mist.

"Well, Alfred, my boy, I'm your legal parent now, you know, and have come around to see if you would willingly recognize your father. It's rather late in the day for me to receive parental honors, seeing that I'm getting along in the forties and the woman that should have been Mrs. Brief has never yet put in an appearance; but I accept my legal responsibility cheerfully; and so shake hands with me now, and know me as 'yours to command'—very mildly though, if I am to do the commanding."

He was not unfeeling, thus to remind Alfred of his loss; but he saw that the young man needed something sharp and decided to arouse him. They shook hands, Alfred smiling rather faintly, meanwhile; and Brief proceeded, in his bluff way, to bring up some defined object for his consideration.

"What shall I command you to do, anyway? You don't want to sit here always, as you're doing now. You'll die of inaction or a bad liver. Won't turn lawyer, I suppose? No, I thought not, your talent don't run that way. But you must do something. The question is, what?"

"Can't I stay here, as I have done, Mr. Brief?"

"*Stay* here! Why, yes, to be sure. But you want to do more than *stay*. You want vigorous, healthy life. Your poetry, romance and music are not enough. You'll have the consumption if you remain here and blow that flute of yours all the rest of the summer."

"What shall I do then?" he asked languidly.

Mr. Brief walked up and down the room two or three times, before replying. Then he queried,—

"Would you like to go North again?"

The idea was invigorating.

"I should."

"I want some recreation myself, and the Northern air will do us both good. Suppose we go Northward together for a couple of months rambling. Will that please you?"

"It will."

This was on Saturday. The next Monday they started, going up the river by steamer to St. Louis, thence to strike across the middle country to the Lakes, and thereafter to make their way seaward. —[To be continued.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 15, 54, 8, 35 is an ancient city.
My 36, 5, 34, 39, 7, 41 few know how to prize.
My 20, 30, 46, 46, 8, 43 is a color.
My 15, 16, 17, 40, 48 is that on which we live.
My 33, 37, 35, 11 women do not like to do.
My 4, 28, 3, 22, 49 is my brother's name.
My 55, 56, 53 is to join with needle and thread.
My 29, 54, 13, 14 we should all be.
My 25 24, 23, 26 means Father.
My 18, 19, 47, 21, 10, 17 is what I am looking for.
My 31, 1, 32 is a body of water.
My 2, 11, 12 is a girl's name.
My 9, 44, 45, 27 is used in building.
My 27, 8, 35, 30, 49 is the ruin of many.
My 33, 34, 6 is the name of a month.
My 42 is one of the letters of the alphabet.
My 53, 50, 51 means pale.
My whole is a worthy saying.

Bainbridge, N. Y. L. E. Freeborn.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

Tubealufi tomcus saw hatt fo dol,
Wenh het brewseh throngh, twih a yoj duntol,
Teh realiset sear of hte penriing roen,
Dan dail meht nowd by the tarsal' orhn;
Newh eth dooperisth vewad meth rebofe eht Lord,
Hilew the viger fo vesthars lal earths doread;
Thaw figts rome dustie locnd nam raptim
Ot sexpers teh wolf fo ehi fulgarte thear?

Wells, Pa. Alice.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A man bought a farm for $6,000; he paid $3,000 down, and is to pay the remaining $3,000 in seven equal payments. The money is to draw compound interest at six per cent., and each payment is to cancel a certain part of the debt, with the interest on that part up to that time. How much must he pay annually in order to cancel the debt in seven years? R. P. W.

Kinsman, Ohio.

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Answer to Anagram:

The harvest men ring summer out,
With thankful song and joyous shout;
And when November comes they hail
The autumn with the flapping flail.

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THE GREAT NATIONAL
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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURAL.

TEAMS FOR THE FARM.

THE question is occasionally raised as to whether horses or oxen are the most valuable, for farm labor, but, like the one about "BILLY PATTERSON," it remains an open one for the very good reason that it admits of no exact solution. For some kinds of work on the farm, horses may be the best; for others, oxen. In either case much will depend on the fact whether or not the animals are properly trained or broken to the work required. As a general thing a span of horses will plow over more ground in a day than a yoke of oxen because they walk faster, yet occasional exceptions to this occur. We remember to have aided in turning over a fallow of twenty-five acres in which a span of horses and a yoke of oxen were employed. It was decided to test their relative capacity for the work—both teams being allowed their natural gait. Equal sections of land were assigned to both teams, and the oxen came out invariably a little ahead—gaining time at each turning of the corners. They were then tried on the same lands for a day, with no marked advantage on either side. These oxen were broke to the work; held their heads well up and marched along with a steady, stately step. In this particular instance the oxen were better for plowing than the horses, for the simple reason that, performing equal work, they cost less for keeping, and were more readily prepared for labor.

Where the field of operations is at any considerable distance from the barn or pasture, the horse would have the advantage in the celerity of his movements in reaching it. As a general thing, the summer season through, horses can do more work than oxen for this reason, if no other, they can stand the heat better. Both are important on a considerable farm, and if the ox is found to be worth the most when age suspends labor, the horse will have made up the difference by the celerity of his movements, and the more diversified uses for which his labor has been made available. Both are good in their places, and no extensive farmer is properly equipped for business who is destitute of either.

HOP CULTURE.

IN speaking of the hop in Sussex, England, where from 10,000 to 12,000 acres are annually devoted to this crop, Mr. CAIRD, in his "English Agriculture," thus remarks upon the uncertain return from that kind of farming:

"This plant requires the richest soil of the farm, and receives nearly all the manure produced, robbing the corn and root crops of the share which rightfully belongs to them. The farmer's attention is concentrated on his hop garden, and the rest of his farm receives very little of his regard, and hardly any of his capital. The operation of the duty gives the business a gambling character. A favorable season, with a large yield of hops, is disastrous to the farmer, as the market value of the article falls while the duty swells in proportion to the lucky character of the crop. When the crop is a short one the farmer prospers as the price of the hop rises and the total amount of the duty falls. There is thus a constant succession of chances, extraordinary prices being sometimes realized, which tempt men to further adventure and withdraw them from that steady, persevering industry, without which agriculture cannot be profitably carried on. The uncertainty of prices and crops, and the peculiar bearing of the duty, are such that very few of the hop farmers are enriched by it, many are ruined, and still more are kept on the verge of bankruptcy. It is very probable, therefore, that if the cultivation of hops were to cease, it would in the end be no loss to the Sussex farmer, as his richest land would then be released for the growth of crops of a less hazardous kind, and the rest of his farm receive a fair share of manure and cultivation."

A thorough examination of the hop farms of this State, has fully satisfied me of the truthfulness of the remarks of Mr. CAIRD, as applied to the hop gardens or farms of Oneida, Madison, Herkimer, and other counties, where hop growing is made the leading feature in their system of farming. In but a very few instances has the hop grower been as successful as the dairy farmer. And I am satisfied that in all those counties the farmers to-day would be less in debt and more independent if they had never engaged in hop growing except as a subordinate branch of business. Some of the soundest financial business men of Otsego, as well as some of the oldest and wisest farmers, assured me that, in their opinion, in the long run no money had been made, but on the contrary the abandonment of hop culture, in that county at least, would add largely to the prosperity of the majority of farmers engaged in it.

It is one of the truest axioms in agriculture, and applies as well to the individual as to a community, that to make the business of farming a permanently paying one, it must be the study and practice of the farmer to so arrange his farm and its products in relation to each other that the annual products from vegetable will not exclude animal products. Or, in other words, the vegetable and animal products should be nearly or quite upon an equality in amount, which cannot be the case if the farmer cultivate such a non-manure producing crop as hops.

My advice to the farmers in Wisconsin, and anywhere else, who contemplate going into hop growing, is to let the business severely alone. Other branches of farming may not promise such fine results, but in the end will be found much the most profitable.—T. C. P.

MANURES.—No. V.

THE good old German adage had it, "No cattle, no manure; no manure, no crops." The farmer's first necessity was manure, and he knew no other way to obtain it save by feeding cattle. This was a safe plan; and when followed as economically as the German did by soiling his animals, and thus keeping two where we Americans do one, the amount of fertilizing matter returned to the soil is very abundant.

We are just beginning to study this question of manures in earnest; and keeping so few animals to our acres that a hundred acre farm will scarcely furnish enough to enrich more than five acres per year, we are obliged to turn to other plans of relief, which will enable us to fertilize our fields oftener than once in twenty years. One of the most available means of increasing the manure pile, is the use of

THE SALT AND LIME MIXTURE.

This mixture is made by dissolving one bushel of salt in the least water possible, and then slaking with this three bushels of lime hot from the kiln. This is all the salt that can be used by this method to slake the lime. The most valuable lime for agricultural purposes is shell lime or that made from burning oyster and clam shells. Another method recommended by C. W. JOHNSON is, to mix one bushel of salt with two of lime dry, under cover, and allow it gradually to decompose and unite the chlorine of the salt with the lime. It may be turned occasionally for two or three months, by which time it will be well united together. And whatever way is taken to form the mixture it should not be used immediately, but should remain incorporated, at least, six weeks that the chemical union may be well formed. The chemical changes that take place are—the chlorine of the salt unites with the lime and forms a coarse chloride of lime—the soda of the salt is mostly set free and probably slowly attracts carbonic acid from the air and forms carbonate of soda. This mixture has a remarkable decomposing power, and if you mix three or four bushels of it with a cord of swamp muck, leaves or any vegetable matter, it will soon be reduced to a powder. It is most excellent to mix with coarse manure for the purpose of decomposing it and rendering it fine. After the sour muck from wet places is decomposed by the salt and lime, it is then in ripe condition to be composted with barn-yard manure, and compost becomes as valuable as the barn-yard manure alone. Almost every farm has a supply of muck which might be turned into valuable manure. Hog manure has been greatly benefited by mixing with the salt and lime, correcting its rank character and fitting it for garden use; but it is, probably, better that the salt and lime should first be composted with muck and then applied to the hog manure. We stated in our first article on manures, that salt and lime composted with barn-yard manure, would preserve the ammonia. This has been considered by most, who have used it, as practically correct; but, theoretically, that small portion of this mixture which becomes carbonate of soda, would be supposed to dissipate the ammonia, unless the chlorine was sufficient to absorb it all, which is, no doubt, generally the case.

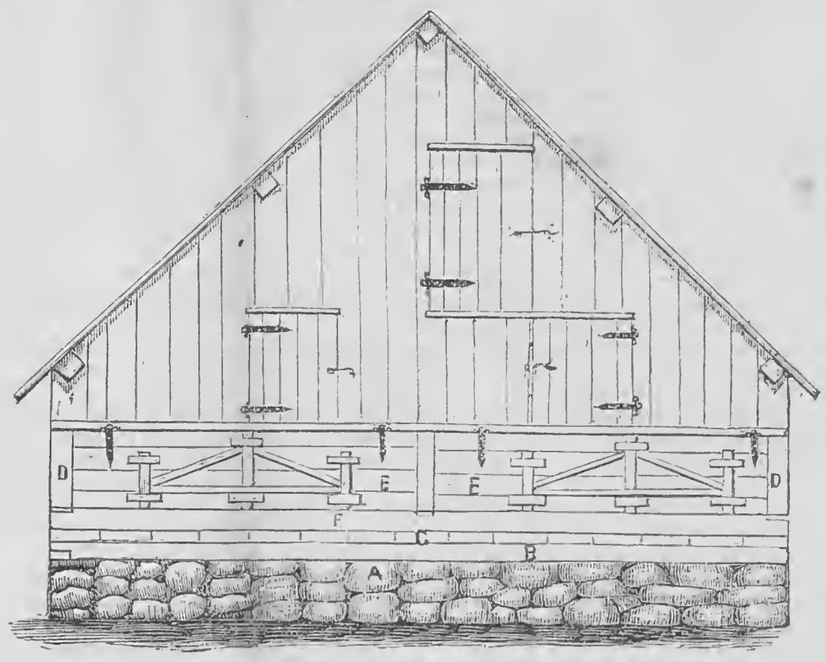
This salt and lime mixture alone makes an excellent top dressing for most crops, at the rate of twenty to thirty bushels per acre. The character of the lime is so much changed by the union of the salt, that there is no danger of injury from an excessive quantity, and where land has been over-limed a top dressing of salt will correct it at once. The decomposing effect of this mixture upon vegetable matter in the soil is very great. Fifty bushels applied to a turnip field has produced as large a crop as twenty loads of the barn-yard manure, which could only be accounted for on the supposition of its decomposing vegetable matter in the soil and rendering it fit for plant food. It is, also, very destructive of insects, grubs, &c., in the soil. Like salt, this mixture has the power of attracting moisture from the air, and has often been observed to prevent the effects of drouth.

LIME.

Lime is a direct constituent of all our crops. Prof. I. F. W. JOHNSTON states the weight of lime carried off in 25 bushels of wheat, 9 lbs.; 50 bushels of oats, 9 lbs., 38 bushels of barley, 15 lbs.; two tons of rye grass, 33 lbs.; two tons of clover, 136 lbs.; 25 tons of turnips, 140 lbs.; nine tons of potatoes, 270 lbs.; and other analyses give two tons of wheat straw, 14 lbs.; two tons of white clover 86 lbs.; two tons of oat straw, 43 lbs.; two tons pea straw, 51 lbs.; two tons of bean straw, 92 lbs. This includes lime in all its forms, and from this it will be seen that lime is a necessary constituent of the soil. Some soils contain an abundance of lime to supply this ingredient of crops for a thousand years. But lime performs other offices than that of furnishing this constituent of plants. It decomposes organic matter in the soil and renders it suitable food for plants. It also combines chemically with organic matter, and thus renders it soluble and capable of entering into and supporting vegetable life. Soils sometimes contain sulphate of iron, (green vitriol,) and lime decomposes this sulphate and forms sulphate of lime, (plaster,) which is a direct stimulant to the growth of vegetation. It unites with phosphoric acid in the soil and forms phosphate of lime, (bone earth.) Lime applied to a heavy clay soil renders it more friable, less adhesive, less liable to bake in the sun, permits the air to circulate more freely, renders it warmer and the harvest a week earlier. For this purpose it should be applied fresh from the kiln, in a caustic state, and well mixed with the soil. Where the soil is deficient in vegetable or organic matter, lime is least valuable; and most valuable where the soil abounds in organic matter, or is of a cold, peaty nature.

The purest lime is the best for agricultural purposes; and this may be told by its whiteness. The dark colored or gray limes make excellent mortar, but contain sometimes considerable clay and approximate too near to water lime, which will become hard in the soil. As to the quantity to be applied to the acre—small applications, made often, are considered better than large quantities at long intervals. Lime dissolves slowly and sinks in the soil, and therefore it is found better to apply it on the surface. It is better to apply ten bushels per year than fifty bushels every five years.

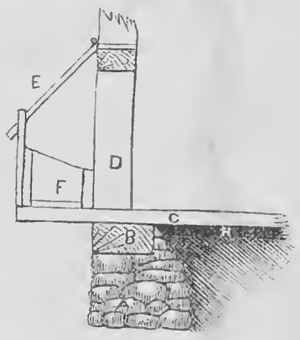
Shell lime should be used in preference to stone lime, as the former has entered into animal life, and is more soluble and capable of being assimilated as plant food. Besides, shell lime contains a small per centage of phosphate of lime which is still more valuable. We have found a better effect from ten bushels of shell than twenty bushels of stone lime. The oyster and clam shells should all be carefully saved and burned for application to the soil. These are very easily burned, by digging a trench, putting in the bottom a few stones on which to lay the wood a foot deep, then on the wood place a layer of shells one to two feet thick, cover these lightly with earth, clay is best, leave a small vent at the opposite end for smoke, fire the wood and your shells will be burned to lime and the clay will retain much of the organic matter and be also a good manure. E. W. S.



A CHEAP HOG-PEN.—ELEVATION.

JUST at this season a great many feeders are wishing they had more comfortable quarters for their hogs, where they might have warm, dry beds and clean feeding places. It is both wasteful and vexatious to make pork in the mire, and under no covering but the sky, but many farmers practice this year after year because they do not feel able to build what they consider a suitable hog-pen. A hint given as to the building of a cheap and convenient hog-pen, may be remembered and acted upon by those who now daily suffer from want of one. Mr. F. EWEE, Monroe Co., N. Y., supplies us with the plans of one herewith given. "For two seasons," he writes, "it has given satisfaction, and it cannot be objected to on the score of expense. It is twenty-four feet long and sixteen wide, covered with rough boards and battened. As it is not intended for the storage of much corn the height at the eaves is only five feet, but at the ridge it is fourteen. There is space for the storage of some corn or other feed for immediate use, under the ridge."

In the section cut and elevation or end view, the letter A marks the foundation wall which extends under all the sills. The space inclosed is filled with earth within an inch of the top of the wall; on this a coat of water lime is spread into which the plank for the floors are bedded. The floor is thus made durable, and rat, water and air proof. B is the end sill over which the ends of the floor plank C project sufficient to support on the outside of the building the trough F. Covering the trough are the swing doors E, E,—fastened by compound latches to support their length. They are shoved back to shut the hogs away from the trough when filling, and brought forward to cover it at other times. The interior is divided into two main pens with sleeping quarters attached to each. This arrangement, however, may be varied.



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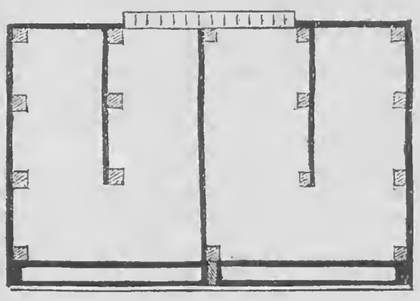


GROUND PLAN.

AGRICULTURAL ADVANTAGES OF EAST TENNESSEE.

So many readers of the RURAL have sent letters to the undersigned asking information in reference to the condition of society, health of the country, markets, soil, climate, railways, prices of land, farm stock, &c., &c., in East Tennessee, and the South, that I cannot answer them privately, but shall try to meet the wishes of the writers through the press.

The Presidential Election being over, it is to be hoped that politics will no longer disturb our social relations. All admit that such agitations cannot last long, and when they cease, the inhabitants of this State will be alike happy and prosperous, for those of no other have superior natural advantages. Sheep, cattle, horses and mules are remarkably healthy, and are easier raised here, in our milder winters, on land worth from one to ten dollars per acre, than in Kentucky on land worth from five to ten times the sums named. There, however, stock raising and grass culture are better developed than in Tennessee, and the result is great improvement in the value of land and all its products. The seeds of *poa pratensis* and other English grasses, became so abundant in the limestone soils of Kentucky, many years ago, that so close an observer as the distinguished farmer of Ashland thought them indigenous, and so informed the writer. But experience proves that we can make any grass which is well adapted to our climate and soil as indigenous to the country as white clover or any weed, in the course of time. All plants doubtless, have a beginning, and may be more or less extended by man, who is unquestionably a part of Nature. Bermuda grass, though yielding few or no seeds, and of foreign origin, will never be extirpated from the Cotton States. For sheep pastures and grazing other stock, it has inestimable value. In Mississippi, Mr. THOMAS AFFLECK has grown six tons of good hay per acre of this Southern grass at three cuttings in a year: and I have cultivated it very successfully in Georgia.

The English *fescues* are well suited to our soil and climate, and should be far more cultivated in the States north of this. The facility with which grass and clover are raised, and the greater abundance of cold springs for dairy houses, render this whole region better adapted to the cheap production of superior butter and cheese than almost any other on the Continent. Our elevation above the sea level gives us a pure, cool and bracing atmosphere, even in the summer months. The mean temperature of the earth in deep cellars and numerous caves, adapts them to the long keeping of fruit, wine, cider, meats, sweet and Irish potatoes, and all vegetables. I see nothing to prevent any man from making a fortune by raising apples, and making cider of any surplus. I have never known American cities overstocked with really good cider in bottles or barrels. Pears, peaches, grapes, plums, cherries, quinces and all small fruits, reward cultivation here as liberally as in any section east of the Mississippi.

Population is generally too sparse for the present support of good roads, schools and churches; and all parties, sects and interests desire the increase of citizens, and will extend a cordial welcome to new comers whether from the Northern States or Europe. An earnest effort is making to improve our roads, schools, churches, manufactures, agriculture and other industrial arts. Such as wish to grow up with a growing community can here find a desirable home or make one. D. LEE.

Knox Co., Tenn., 1868.

CONCERNING SOUTH JERSEY.

IF you take the map of New Jersey and draw a line from Trenton to Point Pleasant, at the head of Barnegat Bay, you divide the State into two parts which are about equal in area. Now that portion lying on the Southern side of the line is quite level, none of it rising more than sixty feet above the sea. It fronts on the Atlantic Ocean, and bears unmistakable evidence of having been long ago submerged. For generations it lay here unoccupied save by a few squatters who subsisted on game, and by occasional coal burners or glass makers. It was covered with a feeble forest growth, and was owned in large tracts by a few old families who lived far off, and who were in no haste to sell, or who, more likely, sharing the popular impression of its worthlessness for purposes of Agriculture, were of opinion that it would be useless to offer it in the market. Besides it was inaccessible, there being no railway communication, and the infrequent wood roads were indeed hard roads to travel. With the exception of a narrow strip of land lying along the Delaware River, this state of things continued up to 1855. About that date there was an advance movement. A colony was started in Atlantic county. A heroic man, laboring under every conceivable disadvantage, was laying iron rails through the wilderness. His friends thought it extra hazardous; outsiders called him insane. He persevered, however, and at last the steam whistle was heard. Still comparatively little was accomplished till CHARLES K. LANDIS came into the field. He went down to Cumberland county in the spring of 1861. He happened to be owner of thirty thousand acres, more or less, of this scented section. There were only two or three huts and perhaps a dozen inhabitants on the whole tract. He was firm in the faith that the land might be made productive and populous. He began to open up avenues and grade streets. All at once newspapers near and far contained a special announcement "to all wanting farms," and Vineland began to be talked of and many farmers came and remained. Soon they were counted by hundreds, and then by thousands. This success found followers, and Bricksburg, Manchester, Hammonton, Jackson and numerous other new settlements were founded and grew quite rapidly. Still there are thousands of acres in South Jersey which have not yet been disturbed by the echoes of the woodman's ax, and where, as has been said, one might wander for days together and hear no human voice. Ten years hence the incoming tide of emigration will have changed all this.

Since, therefore, so large a share of public attention is turned South Jerseyward, a few facts touching the locality may be of interest to RURAL readers. At the outset there are some noteworthy considerations which carry weight,—the proximity of excellent markets, and the nearness of home friends and familiar associations. Many persons would wish to follow HORACE GREELEY's advice and "get land," but they hesitate to go so far away as Illinois or Minnesota. They shrink, too, from contact with the crude conditions which usually prevail, for a time at least, in the colonies that spring up along the margin of the great tide of Westward emigration. In the new settlements of South Jersey the absence of these crudities is marked. Most of the people who go thither are from the Eastern States, and they fall readily into the old customs, and thus build up places which have, from the beginning, something of the better characteristics that distinguish the long settled communities. And this result is materially assisted by the wise rules which have been adopted, preventing the sale of intoxicating drinks, and looking particularly to the industrial, social and religious advancement of the population. Another important item is the salubriousness of the climate. The writer is acquainted with several persons, and he has heard of many others, who went to South Jersey quite broken down in health, but who have been entirely restored by a continued residence there.

Of course the soil is the prime consideration. If it were as fertile as that of the alluvial valley of the Mohawk, or the Susquehanna, or the Genesee, the

locality would possess more than its share of attractions, and, if we may believe the Latin maxim, the gods do not give all good gifts to any of us; therefore, considering the advantages already enumerated which South Jersey may justly lay claim to, it seems only fair that the soil should be comparatively poor. The soil is comparatively poor. It has not the innate fertility that abounds in the great prairies of the far West. It will not, like them, produce good crops for thirty years without manure. It must be manured at once, and liberally. Then it smiles with a harvest, and a harvest which finds a ready market just at hand, and not a thousand or more miles away. Besides, there is a special fertilizer in the remarkable marl deposits which so largely abound, and which seem so peculiarly fitted to make up the deficiency complained of, and the application of which has in many cases brought about results quite marvelous. The soil is a light gravelly or sandy loam, there are no stones, and it is very easily cultivated. It seems to lack potash and needs lime.

The writer traveled somewhat in South Jersey during the past season, and from notes of what he saw there may be gathered a just idea of the present situation, and of the possibilities of the future.

The cereals, or some of them at least, do well. At Vineland a field of corn was pointed out which grew on a clover sod, and which promised a yield of sixty bushels shelled to the acre. The previous year a hay crop of two and a half tons to the acre was taken from the same field, and the latter was produced by an application of thirty bushels of lime. But the small fruit and "truck" receive the greater share of attention, and probably pay best on account of the proximity of the New York and Philadelphia markets. Peaches prosper, and at Vineland an orchard of less than two hundred trees was shown, from which the owner realized over $1,000 for this year's crop. Grapes also do well. Another Vinelander took from eighty-eight Concord vines nearly 1,100 pounds of clusters, and the crop from a vineyard of twelve hundred vines was sold for $1,200. On the farm of Mr. E. R. SPAULDING, near Forked River, in Ocean County, the writer also saw in September an abundant yield of Concords. Mr. SPAULDING's vineyard is about six acres in extent, but less than one-third of it is yet in bearing. From this he expected a yield of at least two tons. He also had some fine melons raised with a compost of hen manure; and a field of corn, promising a yield of sixty-five bushels, was grown by putting a moss-bunker in each hill at planting. These fish are caught in abundance along shore, and make an excellent fertilizer. At the thriving settlement of Bricksburg, forty-four miles from New York, Mr. V. S. HOLT showed some common and sweet potatoes which looked handsome and produced largely, and his corn harvest was also noteworthy. At Manchester much attention is given to cranberry culture. In the immediate vicinity of that village there are about a hundred acres now in partial or full bearing. It is a good deal of expense to put in a cranberry meadow, but it is very remunerative in the long run. Gen. JOHN S. SCHULTZE showed a field of eight acres which he is now preparing at a cost of about $2,000, but it often costs much more than that. Mr. JOHN TORREY, Jr., has a meadow now in its fourth year, and from which he expected this fall a crop worth $2,600.

The random facts and figures above given indicate that the lands of South Jersey can be made productive. Of course there are shadows to the picture, but there is no reason why these exceptional cases, if they are exceptional cases, may not come to be the rule. *Careless cultivation does not* pay anywhere, and least of all on land naturally poor.

There are thousands of persons who have settled in South Jersey during the past ten years, and who, by so doing, have bettered their condition. In going there a family should have at least a thousand dollars to begin with, though there are those who have succeeded with something less. Ten acres may be enough, half that quantity satisfies some, others want twenty. The price ranges from twenty-five to thirty dollars per acre. It is stated that a crop of tomatoes or sweet potatoes may be produced without manure, but it is safer to start with the expectation of spending money for marl and lime. Then, with thrift and industry, one may reasonably hope, as good old THOMAS FULLER says, to see GOD's blessing bursting from the soil and covering the autumn fields with golden harvest.

A. B. CRANDELL.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

SHEEP IN BUENOS AYRES.

WE have received from Mr. JOHN HANNAH, an experienced breeder and wool grower of Buenos Ayres, two pamphlets on the Merino sheep of that country. Being intelligently and apparently candidly written, it is unfortunate for our readers that they are not couched in a more directly descriptive form—for we are sure that a clear and accurate account of the varieties of fine wool sheep in Buenos Ayres would be read with great interest by the wool growers of the United States. And at the same time we should have been glad to obtain a distinct and minute account of their treatment under the different systems which prevail, if different systems do prevail, in that country. Hitherto all that we have seen published on the subject is general—mere birds-eye views caught by travelers or casual observers who had no special knowledge of or interest in sheep husbandry, and whose observations consequently were superficial and vague.

Buenos Ayres, as few of our readers need to be informed, is a Republic, lying on the Atlantic slope of South America, between South latitudes 33° and 41°—corresponding with the latitudes of Southern Virginia, Kentucky, Southern Missouri, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the northern portions of Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. Its average length from the ocean to the Andes is about 750 miles, and it extends North and South about 450 miles—thus embracing an area of 337,500 square miles, about as large as that of all the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin; while its population is not estimated to exceed 400,000—not half that of Massachusetts. A sufficient portion of this immense region is adapted to the keeping of sheep—*without artificial winter feed*—to supply the United States with all the fine wool it requires; and doubtless to supply many other countries besides. The sheep run on vast plains, like our western prairies, covered with natural grasses. The chief cost of production is labor, and the cost of labor is a mere trifle compared with that in our Northern States. One man with his dogs can take care of 1,000 or 1,500 sheep. Subsistence is equally cheap. The best beef sells in the city of Buenos Ayres for two or three cents a pound. The habitations of the shepherds are usually mud hovels, with other appointments to match. Wool can be profitably grown at ten cents per pound.

We will now turn to the sheep of that country. In a small work entitled "Sheep Farming in Buenos Ayres," WILFRED LATHAM, Esq., a sheep breeder resident there, states that the Merino flocks of those estancieros (farmers) who have been the pioneers of sheep farming in Buenos Ayres produce an average of only 2½ lbs. of unwashed wool to the fleece—that the one point which has been aimed at and attained is fineness, without length, elasticity or softness—that the low estimation of their wools is due to their quality in point of length and soundness of staple—that the characteristics of the Merino rams used for "refining their flocks," are small carcase, fine but not very long wool, and open in the fleece—that what is required is large rams of heavy fleece—and Mr. LATHAM recommends a cross with French Merinos as the most appropriate one.

Mr. HANNAH considering his own flock included in these censures, states that his sheep averaged last clip 5 lbs. each—notwithstanding that they had been entirely grazed on the plains and exposed to all the storms and vicissitudes of the season, as well as to some loss of wool by scab. His Negretti ewes, under the same circumstances, produced 7 lbs. of wool per head. (We speak only of *unwashed* fleeces in this article.) Mr. HANNAH also states that he has imported a number of French Merinos from the Royal Rambouillet flock, and from the flocks of Mr. GILBERT and Mr. CUGNOT—the most celebrated in France. He gives the weight of fleeces of these in different years, and they average quite as high as those of the prime French sheep imported into the United States a few years since. Their progeny constantly deteriorated in fleece on common keep, and Mr. HANNAH quotes quite fully, and as if with his entire concurrence, our condemnations of this variety, in "Fine Wool Husbandry," for wool growing purposes, on ordinary keep.

It is interesting to note, in passing, that Mr. HANNAH also experimented with the "Manchamp Merinos"—that new variety claimed to have been established in France, producing long, straight, silky wool, which has been several times adverted to in this department. He imported some of these "expressly for the purpose of giving greater length of staple to the Mestiza ewes." He says:—"Unfortunately the Manchamp had not yet attained to much fixity of type. The result was that all the lambs from the Manchamp rams resembled the mothers, but were quite unlike the fathers."

In answer to Mr. Latham's reasons for the low estimation in market of Buenos Ayres' wools, Mr. HANNAH attributes it to different causes, viz., to burr in the fleece; to its being badly shorn, by "getting many double cuts;" to its being torn and very dusty; to the prevalence of scab which causes a break in the staple and impregnates portions of the fleece with its matter, &c.

We have only seen Mestiza wool in our own markets, but we have seen much of it, and consider ourselves pretty familiar with its general character. We differ somewhat from either Mr. LATHAMS' or Mr. HANNAH's characterization of it. The elasticity and softness which the former claims that it lacks, we have not generally found to be wanting in the higher grades of blood. On the other hand, the lack of soundness which he attributes to it, and which is not admitted by Mr. HANNAH (except when a break in the staple is caused by scab) is, beyond all question, eminently characteristic of Buenos Ayrean, or Mestiza wool. As a general thing, it does not compare in strength with the Merino wool of the United States. It usually breaks too easily to be used conveniently in fine cassimere warps, without some mixture of sounder wool;—and it is frequently drawn apart in the fingers so readily as to suggest the idea that it is to some extent artificially decomposed or rotten. This defect causes it to waste greatly in the process of burring, and in all the processes of manufacture. Nor will it, alone, make anything like as strong cloth as United States Merino wool.

Our wool growing readers will be glad to learn the origin of the Mestiza sheep, of which they have heard so much. Mr. LATHAM says:

"The original stock from which, with few exceptions, our flocks have proceeded was the Creole sheep, a leggy small-carcassed animal, with an open fleece, coarse without elasticity; possessing, in fact, no qualification to recommend it as a basis to breed from. The exception is that of the Pampa sheep, which is an animal much superior in all points for the breeder's purpose. So small, however, is the proportion of Pampa blood in our flocks, that it is not of importance to consider it." (He means that the Mestiza flocks were formed by crossing the above sheep with Merinos and breeding towards the latter.)

Mr. HANNAH does not admit the superiority claimed for the Pampa over the Creole sheep, though his own Mestiza stock sprang principally from the former. He states that the Mestizas of the Sheridan estancia, were formed first by breeding Pampa ewes to English South Down rams and then breeding the produce steadily to Merino rams imported from Germany. He declares: "In due time the best or highest crosses became fully equal to the original stock of pure Merino sheep," "not only in wool but in size."

We find, on looking on further, how long continued crossing Mr. HANNAH considers necessary to effect the above object. He says of his own flock: "I believe that after 40 years crossing they have attained to perfect purity of blood; but I never attempt to disguise their origin in the Pampa ewes, and allow other people to judge for themselves." Forty years of judicious crossing ought to make sheep not easily distinguished from full bloods, but it is a contradiction in terms to declare that 40, 80 or any number of years of crossing will cause mongrels to attain "*perfect purity* of blood." And *we* prefer perfect purity of blood to anything short of it!

Having only Mr. HANNAH's side of the controversy between him and Mr. LATHAM, we are not prepared to form a general opinion on its merits; nor are our readers interested in beyond a few points in it. It would seem to us that so far as a description of the sheep is concerned, the difference is mostly nominal—one describing the common Mestiza sheep of the country, the other the most improved flocks. Both concur in the fact that the real want now is longer staple and heavier fleeces with heavier carcasses. It is astonishing that with these views, and after so repeated failures in other directions, the estancieros of Buenos Ayres have not turned to the American Merinos to supply these desiderata. Our sheep when unpampered are, as we know from repeated trials, as capable after a very brief acclimation of supporting themselves entirely on natural, and consequently on occasional short or poor herbage, and among all the other vicissitudes of the system of management which prevails in Buenos Ayres, Texas, and Australia, as any other sheep. Without being overgrown like the French Merino, and thus forming a violent cross in respect to size with the existing sheep, and a more than doubtful one in respect to hardiness, the American Merino will give all the size that would be profitable on such sheep, and the highest degree of hardiness. And in respect to length of wool and weight of fleece in proportion to size, no cross in the world could promise better, for we believe no other fine wool family in the world equals the American in these particulars.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER ON RECIPROCITY.

THE Prairie Farmer, bold and outspoken for the interests of the wool growers, has the following on the subject of renewing the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada:

"Various mercantile, shipping and fishing interests are laboring with the powers at Washington for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. There is at least one branch of farm industry that stands fundamentally opposed to this Treaty. This is the wool branch. Since the passage of the present tariff granting protection to the producers of combing wools, an immense amount of capital has been invested in the long wooled breeds of sheep, such as are universally bred in the Dominion of Canada. This business and capital would suffer immensely if Canadian wools were brought into the States free of duty. It therefore becomes the duty of wool growers, through their Associations, to act in opposition to the effort to include wools in the Reciprocity Treaty. The manufacturers who joined hands with the wool growers in securing the present tariff on wools and woolens, at the meeting of their Association on the 7th of October, gave evidence of their good faith by passing resolutions opposing the movement on the ground 'that the advocacy of renewal of the Treaty for the purpose of obtaining Canadian wools free, would be a violation of the spirit of the agreement with the wool growers, upon which the present tariff on wools and woolens was founded,' and they say, 'that any advantage which might accrue to the worsted manufacture from free introduction of combing wools under the proposed Treaty, would be more than counterbalanced by checking the impulse which has already been given to the growth of combing wools here.' If the manufacturers oppose the Treaty, how much more should wool growers?"

The Prairie Farmer says of the resolutions on the subject of the Tariff and Reciprocity, which recently passed the National Wool Growers' Association: "The action is timely and should have great weight at Washington, endorsed as it is by the Manufacturers' Association."

TAKING SHEEP TO TENNESSEE.

DR. RANDALL—*Dear Sir:* Private letters of inquiry in the matter of taking sheep from Chautauqua, N. Y., Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan to East Tennessee for wool growing purposes, have come to me, which it is not convenient to answer otherwise than through the press; and as the writers of these letters are sheep men and readers of your department of the RURAL, you will, I doubt not, permit me to reach them through the columns devoted to Sheep Husbandry.

I cannot advise any one to bring any considerable flock of sheep here before he visits the country, and selects the place on which they are to be grazed. The natural herbage of the country answers for the subsistence of small flocks, summer and winter, but will fail to meet the requirements of a large flock. Blue grass has not spread as generally and thickly over the limestone districts of this State as it has over the calcareous soils of Kentucky; yet, wherever, in the late war, either army scattered blue grass seed in hay fed to horses, (the distribution is very wide, often reaching the tops of mountains,) this fine pasture grass is growing and spreading as though indigenous to our soil and climate. Every known species and variety of clover is equally adapted to this region; but man should sow the seed. Northern men should select land adapted to grass and clover, scatter seed where it will grow, and thus form extensive sheep walks. Such land will cost from twenty-five cents to two dollars per acre, and may easily be improved till worth ten times the sums named.

I am near the junction of the French Broad and Holston Rivers, and some 300 miles south of the Ohio River at Cincinnati. The best route is through Cumberland Gap, which is 60 miles north of Knoxville. Our native sheep have been so much neglected that they yield little wool, although clipped twice a year. One might sell good American Merinos or South Downs very well to farmers to improve their breeds; and many would go from here into North and South Carolina, Alabama, West Tennessee and Mississippi. There is a great deal of open land, i. e., not fenced, between the valley of the Tennessee and that of the Ohio above Louisville, which favors the cheap driving of sheep. Those that would like good sheep pastures by the mile, summer and winter, should fetch with them the seeds of tall and meadow oat grass, sheep fescue, hard and meadow fescue, orchard grass, redtop and June grass. Sheep husbandry in the South is destined to be a grand agricultural interest at no distant day. It should be started at the base and on the sides of Southern mountains, where frequent rains, many springs and brooks, and a grass soil and climate give health, vigor and a rapid multiplication to flocks. Here their offspring and their wool will escape alike the heat of New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio summers, and the cold of their winters. In this elevated region, so near the Atlantic and the Gulf, our pastures, flocks and herds are not subject to the periodical drouths of a part of Texas, of New Mexico and California. Fine wool sheep never did better in Spain than when moved to elevated grazing lands in summer, and back to lower and warmer districts for their winter pasturage and quarters. Something like this system is entirely practicable in the South. Bermuda grass, Lespedeza and white clover will give excellent summer grazing quite down to the Gulf; and I have named above the grasses that yield green herbage all winter.

Who will aid in starting this enterprise in a plain, common-sense way? D. LEE.

Gap Creek, Tenn.

Dairy Department.

BUTTER MAKING.

WHEN receiving forty-five or fifty cents per pound, farmers have no right to put up and send to market the poor stuff named butter, which sometimes—too often, in fact,—finds its way there. It occasionally looks as though streaked with badly rendered lard,—is sticky and perambulated with rivulets of stale buttermilk, giving the mass the appearance of enjoying a good cry! It contains more or less hair, and is frouzy and repulsive to the taste, possessing no single quality rightly attaching to a good article of butter. This is all wrong, the cause of which is less often attributable to a lack of judgment than to a disregard of the plainest principles of right. Suitable food for cows, cleanliness in the stable, yard, and the milk room, are the prime requisites in turning out such butter as the necessities of consumers require. It should not be so liberally salted as to render it bitter to the taste, nor so scantily as to putrify while waiting sale. Have clean cream, a churn free from all foul odors; work the milk nicely out from the mass of butter, and work in a small quantity of Ashton salt to the pound; color with carrots, if desirable; pack closely in the tub or crock, and cover liberally with finely pulverized salt. Butter thus made will keep sweet a long time, and when brought upon the table will not cause nausea by the offensiveness of the odors exhaling from it.

HARD MILKING COWS.

IN almost all herds of cows will be found some animals whose milk is drawn with a great and painful expenditure of muscle when no disposition to hold up is manifest. The cause is generally found in a defective formation of the teats, the milk ducts being obstructed or contracted. A correspondent of the New England Homestead states that he had a valuable young cow that milked so hard from hind teats as to make the operation slow and very fatiguing to the milker. He adds:—"By the aid of a probe I ascertained that the obstruction was at the lower end of the teat; I therefore thought a little surgical skill might remove the evil. I took a very narrow-bladed knife, gave it a keen edge, took the teat in my left hand, inserted the point very gently into the milk passage, and then, without fear or trembling, gave a sudden thrust of the knife in the right direction, and the cure was effected. The cow started a little and then stood still. A few drops of blood followed the cut only. I then operated on the other teat with the same result. Another young cow that came of the above-mentioned had lost one-quarter of her bag, and milked so hard from one teat that the stream of milk was no larger than a small knitting-needle. With the same success I operated upon that. They milked afterwards as easily as any one could desire, and no leaking of the milk followed."

THE CHEESE MARKET.

ON Monday, November 9th, the weather was rainy and the roads bad, but there was considerable cheese on delivery at the Little Falls market. The range for farm dairies during the forenoon was 16c., 16½c. and 16⅝c. We heard of some lots selling as high as 17c., but these, of course, were "gilt edged," and probably nothing went higher during the day for farm dairies. A few factory men were in market, but up to 1 P. M. we heard of but one or two sales. The price of factories seems to be from 17½c. to 18c. There is very little factory cheese comparatively now back. The impression prevails that prices will be maintained firmly, and that an advance will be made before all the fall cheese is shipped. The country probably has not been so bare of cheese at this season in years.

We have advices from abroad down to October 20th. Our London correspondent says that there have been considerable sales of American cheese, extra fine, realizing the quotations below, which it will be seen is 2s. better than quotations the week previous.

The London market is given as follows:—English Cheddar, 70s. to 86s.; Wiltshire double, 60s. to 74s.; Cheshire, 52s. to 76s.; Scotch, 62s. to 72s.

American extra fine, 68s. to 70s.; fine, 62s. to 66s.; Dutch cheese, Edams, 50s. to 60s.; Goudas, 48s. to 56s.; Derby shape, 50s. to 56s.

The Vermont Transcript of November 6th, reports the St. Albans butter market as follows:—Tuesday, November 3d, the prices of butter ranged from 40 to 48 cents, with a few choice lots at 50 cents per pound. The total shipment of butter was 744 tubs. In cheese but few transactions of farm dairy at from 14 to 15 cents per pound—factory made cheese, none.—*Utica Herald.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Splitting Rails.

THE Ohio Farmer gives some directions about splitting rails which are very good. Some use a beetle with rings, but a maul is much more readily handled and more effective in execution while it lasts. It is a good plan to make several of these at a time, out of ironwood or hickory, and let them season several months before being used. When a large tree is cut into logs the top one may be rolled out and split up when the others can be managed without moving, except as the rails are piled away.

How to Use an Ax.

THE Canada Farmer quotes from Mark Tapley's "Home in the Wilderness" sundry directions about the use of an ax in chopping which will make an old chopper smile, if not laugh outright. In chopping down a tree, he says, a man must whirl the ax at arm's length around his head and bring it down against the point of severance. This is all nonsense, as no such whirling takes place among choppers who know their business. It is further said than an ax for ordinary purposes ought to weigh about eight pounds. This is too heavy by at least three pounds, as any man knows who has followed chopping for any considerable time and knows how to use an ax to advantage.

Grasshoppers—Buffalo Grass.

M. C. NICHERSON, Little Sioux, Iowa, writes the American Entomologist concerning the depredations of grasshoppers in Western Iowa the past and present seasons. They were quite serious this year, causing great loss in the section visited, but as a partial recompense are said to have seeded thickly the whole region over which they passed with Buffalo grass—a variety more highly prized by stock than any of the native grasses grown there. It is described as being of quick growth, consisting of little tufts or bunches, stooling thickly, and heavily seeded. It has taken possession of all barren spots, and in many places already covers the ground quite thickly. According to the estimate placed on this grass the grasshoppers have a credit account with Iowa of no inconsiderable proportions.

Colts Need Care in Winter.

CARE is essential for the proper wintering of any kind of stock, but especially requisite in the case of colts. Some allow colts to struggle on among cattle and sheep and store hogs, deeming them competent to fight their own way through, no matter how rough their treatment may be, nor how much they may be robbed at the stated periods of feeding. They, hesure, when thus treated, manage to worry through, but it is at the expense of that development which the season should bring to them. The aim should be, when colts are weaned, to keep them from falling away in flesh, but this cannot be accomplished by hap-hazard management. They require shelter during storms, and suitable food and plenty of it, till the return of the season of verdure shall enable them to range in search of that congenial to them and promotive of their development. Colts, like their dams, find an occasional application of the card agreeable, and it is certainly healthful.

Rural Notes and Items.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—The autumn has been disagreeable over a large extent of country. Storms of snow and rain and hard frosts have been frequent since the middle of September. As a consequence seasonable farm work is yet undone and a great deal of farm produce yet ungathered. Within the past few days the weather has brightened "from Maine to Minnesota," and there is a mild promise of Indian summer. This is needed for the gathering of the corn crop. In this State the potato crop is not yet wholly secured, and the most of it out of the ground is yet stored in warehouses or in transit by canal, river and railroad to market. The shippers remember the "pickle" they were plunged in last season by the sudden approach of winter, sticking their boats loaded with potatoes fast in the Erie Canal until spring, and they are careful to avoid its recurrence. Western farmers complain of "ruinous low prices," but in Western New York, with potatoes bringing $2@3 per barrel, barley $2 per bushel, white wheat $2.40 per bushel, apples $3 per barrel, butter 40 cents per pound, and other farm products in proportion, the farmers appear to be prospering if not exactly satisfied. Diversity of products lies at the foundation of prosperous farming.

COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SURVEYS.—Among the premiums offered by the Executive Board of the Illinois State Agricultural Society for 1868, was a gold medal to the County Agricultural Society, which, prior to the first day of January, 1869, shall present the best survey of its agricultural condition. As yet but two county societies in the State have reported for the premium. The points to be reported on are:—Location, boundaries and superficial extent; topography and geology, with particular reference to mining and quarry products; climatology and meteorology, with a catalogue of indigenous plants and trees; culture, or the number of acres under cultivation and the kinds and quantity of different crops; live stock, embracing the varieties of animals and the assessed value of each class; what breeds of horses, cattle and sheep, and hogs are deemed the most valuable, and the most approved method of rearing them; the acreage of orchards and vineyards for commercial purposes, and the most approved classes cultivated, and what soil and exposure have produced the best results, and the per cent. of annual increase and the loss by insect depredations; products grown for special manufacture, such as hemp, flax, beets, &c.; the supply of labor and its average rate of remuneration; the prominent points where the surplus crops are marketed, and what proportion of products are sent off; the value of farm commodities; the number of farms and their size; fences and farm buildings and the material used for fencing, the number of miles and the cost per rod; organizations for the promotion of agriculture and its kindred industries; the population of the county and the relative proportion of males and females, and of adults and minors, with such remarks as may throw light on the industrial condition of the county.

These inquiries are of a comprehensive character, and to answer them intelligibly will require much time and patient examination,—more, probably, than many counties in the State will be disposed to devote to them. That but two have, as yet, completed the survey is, therefore, in no way surprising.

"THOSE RUINOUS PRICES."—L. B. T., Fayette Co., Iowa, writes:—"Crops are good here this year, and prices have been also till lately; if they go much lower it will be ruinous to those who are in debt. We have had a very cold fall, consequently farm work is behind. But now the weather is fine. This is a fine country; good soil and plenty of timber. Land cheap enough, though it is fast appreciating in value."

Low prices for a few farm products ought not to be ruinous to farmers in a region such as our correspondent describes. What is the matter? Probably there is too little diversity in their products. Reliance is placed on one or, at most, two staples, and if these fail there is no resource left. The hop growers have learned this lesson to their cost. Make the farm self supporting and diversify its products and low prices wont ruin the farmer.

FARMING IN ALABAMA.—"Our Mountain Home," Talladega, Alabama, discovers cheering indications of future prosperity for the South in the movements making there for agricultural improvement. An abrupt change in the system of labor demoralized both employer and employe, but order is emerging from confusion, while hopefulness is taking the place of inertion and despondence. Farmers' and mechanics' clubs are being organized for the promotion of diversified production, instead of relying, as formerly, on one or two articles. This is a sensible view of things, and, if generally acted upon by the people, a speedy recovery from the effects of a devastating civil strife will be the result.

A MINNESOTA FARMER.—The editor of the Prairie Farmer paid a visit awhile since to the farm of OLIVER DALRYMPLE, in Washington Co., Minnesota. It comprises 1,700 acres of rich prairie land. Operations were commenced in wheat raising in 1866, on a capital of $25,000. The whole farm was sown to wheat, and produced 37,500 bushels, which sold for $55,335. The past season the average yield was 25 bushels to the acre, or over 40,000 bushels in all. During harvest, which lasted twelve days, there were employed sixty horses, one hundred men and nine reapers. The ground is plowed deeply in the fall, harrowed in the spring, and the seed sown broad cast. No fertilizers have yet been used.

LARGE EARS OF CORN.—The corn growers of the West are having a little game of brag through the medium of the Prairie Farmer. J. H. WARNER, Whiteside Co., Ill., picked an ear of white corn this season having 28 rows and 1,280 kernels; FRANK HAYWOOD, Peoria, 20 rows and 1,284 kernels; A. A. P., Knox Co., 22 rows and 1,320 kernels; and "A Subscriber," Logan Co., 18 rows and 1,350 kernels. Logan is a little ahead yet.

A WHEAT GROWERS' CONVENTION.—The Prairie Farmer, in view of the fact that the yield of wheat in the States formerly the most noted for its production is annually decreasing, infers that "the whole matter of wheat culture needs writing up and talking up." In order that this may be done, that paper suggests the propriety of holding a Wheat Growers' Convention, and names Alton as a suitable place for the meeting. As we have conventions of wool growers, grape growers and poultry raisers, wheat may as well have a place in the ring, not forgetting corn in the list.

A DRIVE AT POULTRY SOCIETIES.—The editor of the Ohio Farmer, who claims to be the only surviving member of the National Poultry Association of Brattleboro, Vt., which never had a meeting, enters a protest against "the *hatching* out of any more such except on the reasonable guaranty that they will survive their first *moulting*, and be able to pay for inserting their *bills* in the papers."

OHIO FARM STOCK.—The Farmers' Chronical contains a communication from J. H. KLIPPART giving an account of the live stock on the farms in Ohio. This is a summary of the whole:—Horses, 698,909, worth $75,000,000; mules, 25,272, worth $2,500,000; cattle, 1,504,553, worth $60,000,000; sheep, 7,622,495, worth $14,750,000; swine, 1,807,594, worth $20,000,000. Total value, $162,250,000.

POULTRY EXHIBITION.—The Cook Co. Poultry Exhibition at Chicago—the initial one of the Society of that county—proved quite successful. An admission fee of twenty-five cents produced ample means for defraying expenses, which were quite large. The officers all evinced their interest in it by the exhibition of stock of their own raising.

THE CAROLINA FARMER is the title of a monthly agricultural journal, of thirty-two pages, published at Wilmington, N. C., by WILLIAM H. BERNARD, editor and proprietor, at $2 per annum, in advance. It is well printed, and its contents diversified and interesting.

HORTICULTURAL.

LATE AUTUMN WORK.

THE vegetable garden should be put in perfect order for next spring's operations. Clear away the rubbish, throw the soil, if heavy and rich, into ridges, secure thorough drainage, and make a large compost heap for the future. There is no better fertilizer for the garden than sod piled and mixed with woods mold, barn-yard manure with a sprinkling of plaster, and permitted to decay until all seeds of weeds are destroyed. Light garden soil may be benefited by an admixture of clay, but heavy soils, which are of more frequent occurrence, may be greatly improved by the addition of pure sand or a light loam. Early vegetables are a great desideratum, and these may be grown on the south side of a tight board fence or stone wall. Whitewash should be applied to the fence and the soil at its base made rich, dry and porous. Cut off the sweep of chilling winds, and reflect the sun's rays to the soil, and the climate is thereby modified several degrees. Cover asparagus beds with litter to be raked off in the spring, and prepare the ground for the very earliest sown seeds, so that the rake will quickly put in order to receive them.

The strawberry bed should be cleaned and mulched. By all means protect the crowns of the plants through the winter, but do not forget to give them air early in the spring. Berry bushes should be cut back, the old wood removed, and the tender varieties carefully bent to the earth over a furrow or ridge thrown against one side, and then slightly covered. We are convinced that heavy crops of blackberries and raspberries might often be gathered in the place of light ones from bushes that appear to have wintered well, if protection were afforded during the cold weather. A plant is something like an animal; it will sometimes exist without shelter and appear quite hardy, but give it adequate winter protection and it becomes profitable. Dwarf trees and young standards should be guarded against the depredations of mice and rabbits. Timely care now may spare bitter regret next year. Clear away dead grass or litter, if any be there, from the collars of the trees, and surround them with some protection which the vermin cannot penetrate. Lath fastened together with wire, tarred pasteboard or thick paper will generally be convenient for the orchardist.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

WHAT constitutes a paying crop of strawberries? Can they be raised for 8 cents per quart? Have they ceased to be a profitable crop in Western New York? Is it required to raise 200 bushels per acre in order to make it a paying crop? These questions I ask from reading of different articles, discussions, &c. In answer to the first and last questions I claim that in most localities 75 to 100 bushels per acre at as low prices as 6 cents per quart is a paying crop. Yes, as profitable as the best crop of potatoes. But I propose to try and show wherein they can be made a very profitable crop, and I speak from an experience in strawberry culture of nearly twenty years. Before proceeding with this subject I would say "circumstances alter cases." Locality has *very much* to do with it. It makes a vast deal of difference whether we grow them on soil near Rochester that is worth 500 to 1,000 dollars per acre with other expenses in proportion, or whether we grow them on soil worth from 80 to 150 dollars per acre near the smaller villages, with expenses in proportion. We certainly should hardly expect to make corn or potatoes a *paying* crop in the first named locality, while they *do prove profitable* in the latter.

First. Be sure and set genuine plants. To illustrate the force and importance of this I would state that I purchased, a year ago last spring, 20,000 "Wilsons," not having brought down from our grounds west as many as I concluded to set, after looking over the ground. I found (after they commenced to grow) one-half to two-thirds of these plants purchased spurious—comprising Crimson Cone, Early Scarlet, McAvoys, and I don't know what all. Had they been pure Wilsons, judging from adjoining plantations, we should have harvested from them this year, over two hundred bushels to the acre, and obtained, on an *average*, 12 cents per quart. As it was, we got about 35 to 40 bushels to the acre; and, being so badly mixed, they had a very bad, unattractive and inferior appearance, so that we obtained for the same, on an average, 6 cents per quart. Any person can see at a glance what our loss was on this one plat by having such a lot of plants. While in New York city, when the first strawberries were coming in from South Jersey, last spring, I could but notice the difference in price between pure, unmixed strawberries of *any* sort, and those that were mixed up with small, inferior kinds. This was particularly noticeable in the Wilson. A large share of this sort were mixed badly, and were selling from retail stands for 20 to 25 cents, while the pure Wilsons were selling for 50 cents per quart. This was *early* in the season. Now, with such plain facts, any person must see the great importance of having their plantations *pure*. It costs no more to take the proper care of such, while double the price can be realized for the crop, and with many varieties double the crop obtained.

Second. Have the ground *well* manured, *well* plowed and plants *well* set. Set plants not over 9 to 10 inches apart in the row. This is a *very* important point. Many think it economy to set as few plants as possible on an acre and set their plants from 15 to 20 inches apart in the row. We would have every inch of ground count. To do this set them so closely that after they are through running in the fall, the rows (providing the "matted row" system is practiced) will be entirely filled up to a width of 18 inches to 2 feet, and not have long, vacant gaps in the row here and there: or, if grown in hills, by being thus closely set, they "stool out," so as to make almost a continuous "stool" the whole length of the row.

Third. Keep the plantation looking like a "*strawberry patch*," and not have it resemble a "goose pasture." Keep the cultivator going and "elbow grease running," and my word for it you will get two hundred bushels per acre, and average at least for the entire crop 10 cents per quart, or a round $600 per acre. You may deduct from this every possible expense, including cost of plants, (providing you have to buy,) and you will have a net profit of at least $400 per acre. I was told by a very intelligent and practical fruit grower and trucker, who is doing business near Rochester, on land worth at least $500 per acre, that his strawberry crop had proved very remunerative the past season, notwithstanding prices had been quite low. If this is the case why should they not prove very profitable on land out from the city that costs only *one quarter* as much?

Another very important thing to be considered is, that we do not always have such a universal large crop. Some seasons they will prove a small crop in one locality, and a large one in another, and *vice versa*. When this is the case those having a full crop reap a rich reward. As to varieties, what may prove profitable in one locality may not in another; or some sorts may yield good crops one year and others not. For instance, we have had the bulk of our Downer's Prolific, French and Jenny Lind, at South Bend, Indiana, nearly all marketed for the first high price, while a severe drouth that would set in early would badly damage the bulk of the Wilson crop. I remember distinctly one season of selling a large quantity of Jenny Lind and Downer's in the Chicago market for $6 to $9 per bushel, while the bulk of the Wilson crop became so small from the effect of the drouth that prices run down on them to $3 to $4 per bushel, and the crop very light.

Again, a variety that may do well on one soil may prove a failure on another. The Triomph de Gand may succeed well in the vicinity of Rochester and Pittsburg, and yet prove a perfect failure on the sandy soils of South Bend, Ind., or those of New Jersey, and the French and Downer's Prolific *vice versa*. We had no finer strawberries on our grounds this season here than the French, and yet in localities around Rochester, and in Massachusetts it is considered of no value. So much for *locality* or the judgment of *any* persons who merely judge from their knowledge of just the locality they are in.

The proper course for any persons, if they are intending to set out strawberries for market purposes, is to acquaint themselves with varieties that have proved well in their *locality* or on *their kind* of soil and go accordingly. In closing, I would say that so long as we can get 8 cents per quart for strawberries, we shall grow them and claim that we can realize more out of them than the *best* crop of potatoes we have ever raised, even at $1.50 per bushel.

Palmyra, N. Y. A. M. PURDY.

APPLES IN WISCONSIN.

EDS. RURAL:—I have just been reading L. L. FAIRCHILD'S letter upon "Apples in Wisconsin" in the RURAL NEW-YORKER of Nov. 7th. His list of "the toughest and hardiest of trees"—(apple trees) I think liable to lead one astray. He includes in said list the Northern Spy and Wine Sap. During a time when I regarded the Northern Spy suitable for this climate I probably delivered 10,000 of that variety alone in this State, and it is now a question in my mind, if 100 of that 10,000 ever grew into good healthy bearing condition. Were the Northern Spy, Wine Sap, and other varieties equally as hardy, suitable for general culture in Wisconsin, I probably should be engaged in the sale of fruit trees in this State to-day. But I do not so regard them; nor would I feel safe to warrant but one of the varieties by him therein named, and that one the Duchesse of Oldenburg. The most of the rest named in his list, I think, can be grown here with profit, but not with certainty. I have seen the best of them—excepting the first named—go by the board from injuries sustained during some of our severest winters.

Appleton, Wis. Z. F. FAIRBANKS.

ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.—No. I.

THE WILD ORANGE GROVES.

MILLIONS of acres of the best land in Florida are covered with groves of the wild orange. How these groves originated is a mooted question. Some suppose that the tree is indigenous on the peninsula; but as no mention is made of it by the narrators of the early Spanish exploring expeditions, and as it is a matter of history that the orange was introduced by the first colonists nearly three hundred years ago, it seems probable that it is of foreign origin, especially as the fruit is known to deteriorate very rapidly and to return readily to its natural wildness, seedlings of the best varieties generally proving worthless. Be their origin what it may, the present existence of these groves has an important bearing upon the prosperity of the State, as we shall see.

The wild orange of Florida is of two kinds—the sour and the bitter sweet. Neither of them is palatable. The tree is very beautiful—far more beautiful than the cultivated varieties—and exceedingly productive. A grove loaded with its golden fruit is a sight one may afford to travel hundreds of miles to see.

ORANGE CULTURE AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

The sweet orange has been cultivated in Florida almost from the first settlement of the country by the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, but has not till lately become a prominent interest. The earliest groves were at St. Augustine—our "Ancient City,"—and constituted for a long time almost the only source of income possessed by the inhabitants. In February, 1835, the "great frost," as it is called, killed every tree to the roots; and not only every orange-tree but every fruit-tree of all kinds in East Florida north of the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude.

Groves subsequently planted at St. Augustine and elsewhere were attacked by the scale insect (*Coccus Hesperidum*,) and most of them rendered worthless.

REVIVAL OF ORANGE CULTURE.

Within the last ten years there has been a revival of the interest in orange culture. The scale insect seemed to have ceased its ravages. The groves planted since 1858 have where any tolerable degree of attention in the way of cultivation has been given them, flourished finely. In fact, some of them are now bearing heavily under almost total neglect.

It is not true, as some have asserted, that the scale insect has disappeared. It is still present in many if not in all groves, but it seems no longer to be capable of its former destructiveness. At any rate, trees planted in suitable soil and properly cultivated do not now suffer in any appreciable degree from its presence, and some of the old groves formerly ravaged by it and rendered unproductive, are now again in bearing.

SOME BEARING GROVES.

Groves of any considerable extent, old enough to be in full bearing, are far from numerous. Three or four on the Gulf coast, and as many in East Florida, are all that I have any account of. That of Mr. Dummet, about thirty miles south of New Smyrna, is said to be the most flourishing and valuable one in the State. The largest one on the Gulf coast is at Fort Myers, and consists of between four and five hundred orange, lemon, and lime trees. It might be made very valuable, but is now in a neglected condition. At Sarasota Bay, a Dr. Snell has a grove consisting of three hundred orange and upward of a hundred fine lemon trees. A gentleman who visited it last winter says that the lemon trees were bent to the ground with their immense loads of fruit, and that the orange trees, though not so productive, had a good crop. *These trees have had no care for the last five years*, and my informant pronounces the grove "a standing monument of the occupant's laziness and stupidity." Dr. Snell does not reside on the place.

NEWLY PLANTED GROVES.

The young groves, planted since the war, are numerous, and some of them extensive. They are generally receiving some cultivation, and where they were properly planted, are flourishing finely. In many cases, however, the planters have manifested the most utter ignorance of the first principles of horticulture, and if they succeed in producing good crops, the result will not be due to any skill in the cultivators, but to the astonishing vitality and recuperative energy of the noble tree they are so shamefully abusing.

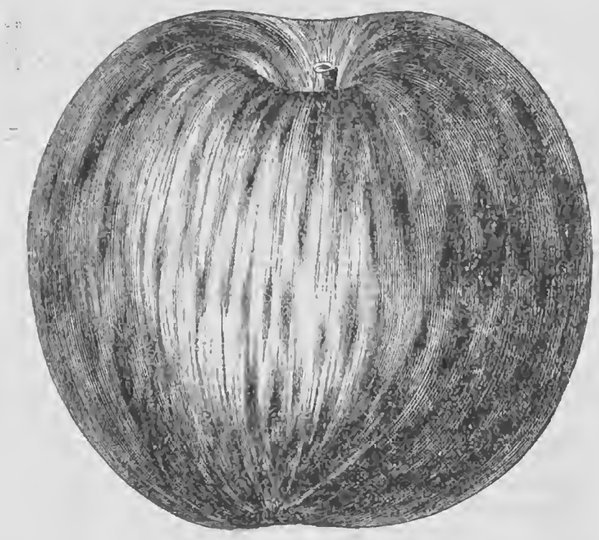
PROPAGATION AND CULTURE.

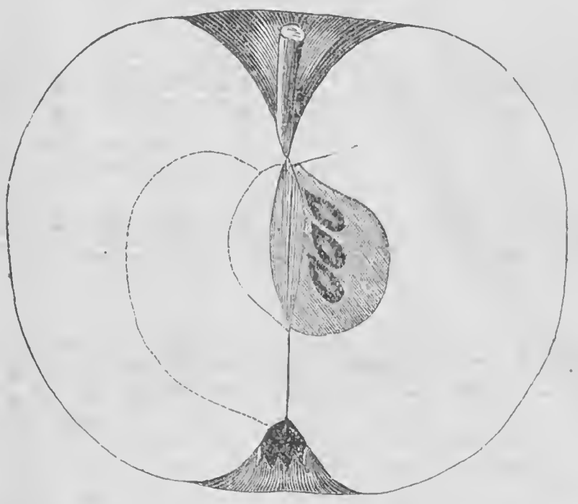
The cultivation of the orange is as simple and easy a thing as the cultivation of the peach, and both thrive in Florida with very slight attention, but would richly repay more care than they are now receiving.

The orange will succeed on any soil in Florida, but on the poorest some manure is required. Good high hammock land, however, is best for it. Such land requires no preparation, previous to planting, except clearing and digging the holes. The plowing may be done afterward, and any low-growing crop planted between the rows.

Several methods of establishing orange groves or orchards have been practiced. Some have procured young trees of the variety desired from a nursery. This is a very satisfactory way where but few trees are wanted, and the planter can afford to pay a very high price for them; but orange nuseries are scarce, and the trees far too high priced for extensive planting. Others have commenced by sowing the seeds of the wild fruit and budding the stocks thus procured with the sweet orange, becoming in this way their own nurserymen. This is a judicious course, as the nursing and budding of the wild stocks are very simple and easy operations; I am told that in some cases the seeds of the sweet orange have been sowed, and the trees thus procured transplanted without budding. Such trees will no doubt one of these days astonish as well as disappoint their owners by producing a crop of worthless fruit. The course now most commonly pursued in establishing an orange grove is to procure from some neighboring hammock, where they abound, a sufficient number of wild orange-trees of suitable size and transplant them into the ground prepared for the new orchard. These wild stocks may be from two to three inches in diameter. They should be carefully dug up (preserving as many roots uninjured as possible,) cut off to within two or three feet of the collar, and then planted in large but shallow holes previously prepared. Twenty feet apart each way, giving 108 trees to the acre, is about the right distance, though some are planting much closer. The wild stocks thus planted will soon put out shoots in abundance, all but two or three of which should be kept carefully rubbed off. Those left may be budded as soon as of sufficient size (which will be within three months) with the variety chosen for cultivation. Some of these budded trees will bear in eighteen months from the time of budding, and all, if properly cared for in the mean time, will be in bearing the third year. The transplanting of the wild stocks may be performed at any time, but the winter is generally chosen for the operation. Some, however, prefer August to any other month, and a gentleman who has had considerable experience informs me that he has transplanted orange-trees in that month when loaded with fruit, and that they have matured their crop in their new location and produced another the next year, as if nothing had happened to them.

But the plan by means of which a bearing grove of the sweet orange can be secured in the shortest possible time, is to purchase land with a good wild grove upon it, and selecting suitable trees at the right distance apart, dig up and remove all the others and graft those left where they stand. These trees will commence bearing the next year, and will soon be capable of producing a heavy crop of fruit.—*D. H. Jacques, in Horticulturist.*





THE CLARK APPLE.

OUR engravings figure a new seedling apple, specimens of which we received from J. W. CLARK, Esq., Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y. The variety was found in a number of seedling trees purchased by Mr. C. in the spring of 1857 to replace some mice-girdled ones in a young orchard. One of these seedlings, not being budded or grafted, produced the fruit to which the above name has been given.

The tree is a strong, vigorous grower, forming a broad, open, spreading top. Young wood dark red brown, quite downy or moldy. Leaf thick, broad, roundish, slightly oval, pointed, coarsely serrated. Fruit medium, or above, in size, globular, slightly oblate in some specimens. Color a rich pale yellow ground, mostly overspread, striped and splashed with two shades of rich, deep, clear red; the red deepest at the stem end. Scattering, irregular shaped light russet dots and traces, with an occasional raised russet patch. Stem medium in length and size. Cavity open, deep, acute, with five or more lines, giving almost appearance as if furrowed. Calyx small, closed with erect, reflexed, narrow pointed segments. Basin narrow, open, abrupt, slightly furrowed. Flesh yellowish white, coarse grained, breaking, partially crisp, moderately juicy, Flavor pleasant, mild sub acid. Core medium. Seeds light brown. Season October, November.

It is not equal to Ohio Nonpariel, either in size or quality, and not superior in beauty of appearance. Judging from the leaf and wood received is similar in habit of tree. It should have some superior claim, either as a bearer or for hardiness, to claim a high position.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Venerable Oaks.—H. W. Sargent describes among other old trees which he saw in England, one at the Duke of Portland's, at Welbeck, which is 100 feet high and 40 feet in circumference (13 feet in diameter) and another which had an opening or arch in it, through which a carriage might be driven, the height of the arch being 10 feet. It is supposed to be nearly 1,000 years old.

Healing Wounds on Fruit Trees.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends the following mode of treating the wounds made on fruit trees when large limbs are taken off. Cut off the limb early in spring smooth with the body—the new wood forms a ridge that year around the cut. The following spring lay the wood bare on this ridge, which makes the wood and bark push forward over the wound the second season. The process is repeated until the whole is covered.

Cultivating Orchards.—The Maine Farmer furnishes an example of the benefits resulting from cultivating apple orchards in that of W. Lombard of Augusta, who has some 170 trees, mostly old, well cultivated, the soil stirred about as far as the limbs extend, and the ground mulched with refuse straw, potato tops, corn stalks, &c. One Tallman Sweet tree yielded six barrels, which at $5 per barrel brought $30. The whole orchard in one year yielded $613 in fruit sold; and the present, not a bearing year, $200.

Labels for Trees.—At a meeting of the Institute of Technology, held in Boston, Hon. M. P. Wilder made a statement relative to a new method of labelling trees, accidentally discovered by him. In the use of zinc labels, which were the most durable in character, an indelible ink was used; but not having the ink at hand on one occasion, he wrote upon the zinc with a lead pencil. This writing, although it could not be rubbed off when first made, grew more distinct and durable with age, and, after several years, could not be erased except by scraping.

Dwarf Apple Trees.—A dwarf apple tree covered with a profusion of pink or rosy blossoms is as handsome a sight as can be, and in autumn when the fruit is ripe the tree is highly ornamental along with being useful. Dwarf apples may be placed six or seven feet apart each way, so that a considerable number of them will stand on a small piece of ground. If suitable varieties are selected a succession of fruit may be kept up throughout the apple season. The Early Harvest and Sweet Bough do well as dwarfs, and nothing can be more beautiful than a Red Astrachan apple on a Paradise Stock when it is laden with its scarlet and greenish-yellow fruit, which seems very large in proportion to the size of the tree.

Natural Cultivation.—He that cultivates well and keeps the soil stirred and loose in his orchard, has his ground nearer a state of nature than the slovenly man who pretends to take nature for his guide, and allows the weeds and the grass to grow in his orchard; allows the sun to bake and the rains to beat the soil as hard as a country road. In a natural state, trees and plants get natural cultivation so to speak; that is to say, they are close together and their leaves and branches shade the ground so the sun cannot bake it, the leaves and branches also break the force of the rain and prevent the ground from being beaten down; but, more than all, the yearly crops of leaves and decaying branches fall to the ground and remain there, forming a natural mulch, which keeps the ground loose and porous, and answers a better purpose than all the cultivation given orchards by nine-tenths of fruit-growers.

Hogs, Curculio and Peach Orchards.—The Messrs. Winters of Du Quoin have kept hogs in their peach orchards. They pick up all the fallen fruit. The second year after they adopted this idea but little comparatively of the fruit was stung, and for the past three years their loss from curculio has been of no consequence. The same plan has been adopted by A. Mitchell, Esq., with the most satisfactory results. Where it is not practicable to keep hogs in an orchard every particle of fallen fruit should be picked up and fed to hogs, or otherwise disposed of, so that the grub in it cannot live. The stung fruit should never be allowed to lie on the ground during the night, for the grub leaves the diseased fruit only at night, and burrows in the ground. If every fruit-grower would use these suggestions, and endeavor to eradicate this pest, its ravages would cease or soon become comparatively light.

Scotch Treatment of Currant Worms.—The currant caterpillar was doubtless introduced into this country from Great Britain, through the medium of imported nursery stock. In that country it has long been destructive to gooseberry and currant bushes, nevertheless fine and uniform crops of these fruits are grown there. In speaking of the pest during the past season the Scottish Farmer says:—"Hellebore powder, lime and soot have also been applied; but nothing so effectually destroys the vermin as soot, which is, independently, the cheapest cure and the most certain preventive. When dusted on the bushes after a slight shower has fallen, or after the leaves have been wetted, the vermin will soon drop off the leaves and perish. The application of a sprinkling of dry soot round the roots of bushes, when early digging operations are being proceeded with in spring, will act most successfully in preventing their appearance; and this, resorted to in successive seasons, will entirely extirpate the pests."

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 14th inst:

VEGETABLES.—Receipts of Potatoes are quite heavy. The sign of rot in some sections has forced a large stock on the market, and trade is dull and prices lower in consequence.

Monitor, ₩ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ₩ bbl	1 75	@	2 00
Peach Blows, ₩ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Mercers, ₩ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Prince Alberts, ₩ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Jackson Whites, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	5 50
Norfolk, sweet, ₩ bbl	3 00	@	3 25
Onions, Red, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ₩ bbl	6 00	@	8 00
Onions, Yellow, ₩ bbl	5 00	@	6 50
Tomatoes, ₩ basket	1 75	@	2 00
Marrow Squash, ₩ bbl	1 00	@	1 50
Cabbages, ₩ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Pumpkins, ₩ 100	6 00	@	8 00

FRUITS.—Apples are quiet, with an overstocked, and weak market. Grapes, if fine, do well; but poor stock, of which the bulk of receipts are composed, are unsalable except at low rates. Cranberries are in light supply, and firm.

Apples, Greenings, ₩ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Apples, Baldwins, ₩ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Apples, Mixed lots, ₩ bbl	2 00	@	3 75
Apples, common, ₩ bbl	2 50	@	3 50
Apples, Spitzenbergs, ₩ bbl	3 50	@	4 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ₩ ℔	6	@	8
Grapes, common, ₩ ℔	3	@	4
Grapes, Catawba, ₩ ℔	12	@	15
Quinces, ₩ bbl	8 00	@	14 00
Cranberries, ₩ bbl	16 00	@	20 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried Apples are in limited demand, the only inquiry being for city retail trade. Peaches are quiet and unchanged.

New Apples, State, ₩ ℔	10½	@	11½
New Apples, Western, ₩ ℔	9½	@	10½
New Apples, Southern, ₩ ℔	7	@	9
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₩ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₩ ℔	20	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₩ ℔	12	@	13
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₩ ℔	8½	@	9
Blackberries, ₩ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₩ ℔	44	@	46
Cherries, pitted, ₩ ℔	44	@	45
Plums, ₩ ℔	26	@	28

Domestic Economy.

MORE BEDQUILTS.—Competitors, in the bedquilt line, continue to claim a hearing. Since publishing the last summary, we have received the following:

	Pieces.
M. M. Dixon, Indianapolis, Iowa	3,660
R. M. Wilsie, Metomen, Wis	4,840
Hattie Bradner, Rupert, Vt	5,537
Ettie Smiley, Le Roy, Ill	5,863
Hannah L. B., N. Sunbridge, Vt	6,357
Jane B. Evans, Perryville, Ind	6,850
Fannie C. Tuthill, Brimfield, Ohio	6,864
Nannie A. Rose, Chenango Forks, N. Y	7,500
C. C. L., Wisconsin	10,743
Electa M. Miller, Low Hampton, N. Y	11,571

Mrs. EVANS, since she was 65 years old, (now 72,) has pieced three silk quilts, with an aggregate of 7,047 pieces. Mrs. WILSIE's little girl pieced blocks enough for a quilt before she was five years old.

GARGLE FOR SORE THROAT.—Strong sage tea, ½ pint; strained honey, common salt and strong vinegar, 1 tablespoon of each; Cayenne pepper, pulverized, 1 rounding teaspoon; steep the Cayenne with the sage; strain, mix and bottle for use. Gargle from four to a dozen times daily, according to the severity of the case.—MRS. H. E. BUNCE, *Marysville.*

TO WASH MERINO STOCKINGS.—The same method should be pursued as for flannels, and all woolen and cotton goods. Boil the soap to make a lather, wash them in this warm, and rinse in a second lather, (if white mix a little blue.) Never rinse in plain water, or use cold lather; and never rub the soap upon the merino or flannel; the one shrinks, the other thickens and spoils the wool.

MINCE PIES.—Boil fresh beef or a beef tongue tender. Let it cool, then chop it fine, with one pound of suet, one-half peck of apples, two pounds of currants, picked and washed very carefully; one pound of citron sliced, half an ounce each of powdered cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger; three pints of sweet cider, one pint of Madeira wine, half a pint of brandy, with enough sugar to sweeten to your taste. This will make a large jar full.

CURING HAMS.—Take the hams as soon as the hog is cold enough to cut up, rub them well with common salt and leave them for three days to drain; throw away the brine, and for two hams of 15 or 18 pounds each, mix two ounces of saltpetre, a pound of brown sugar and a pound of common salt. Rub the hams with these, lay them in a deep pickling dish with the rind downwards, and keep them for three days well corned with the salt and sugar, then pour over them a bottle of good vinegar and turn them in the brine and baste daily for a month. Then hang them up to dry, and after they are perfectly dry, smoke.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FRESH APPLE SEED, $8 PER BUSHEL.—Also a few thousand No 2 Pear Stocks at $4 ₩ M.
983-3t JOHN G. WILKENSON, Dansville, N. Y.

VINEYARDISTS and FRUIT GROWERS may find it much to their interest to examine RYDER & Co's Trade List of Foreign Trees and Shrubs, Seedlings, &c., &c. Norway Spruce, 3 years, at $10 ₩ M; the same, 2 years, transplanted, $12 ₩ 100; plants in fine condition. Address RYDER & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

PEAR SEED. PEAR SEED. New Crop of the present season now ready for mailing at $1 ₩ ℔.—Price in quantities to Nurserymen and Dealers on application. APPLE SEED 50c ₩ qt; $12 ₩ bushel. MAHALEB PITS 60c ₩ ℔.
J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John St., New York.

MAMMOTH Cluster Raspberry—Buy this sort of *no party* who claim to have received them of us *before this fall* unless they can show a testimonial from us to that effect, and remember, we offer to sell all kinds of Small Fruits, as low for the same quantity, as is offered in this paper. Address PURDY & JOHNSTON, Palmyra, N. Y., PURDY & HANCE, South Bend, Indiana.

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981-2t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TOO LATE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

BONNY MAGGIE, blue-eyed MAGGIE,
Dancing on the shore,
Do you think I love you madly,
Or that I can greet you gladly,
As in days of yore?

Bonny MAGGIE, blue-eyed MAGGIE,
With your golden hair
Falling o'er the snowy splendor
Of your neck so proud and slender,
O'er your brow so fair!

Bonny MAGGIE, blue-eyed MAGGIE,
Can you e'er forget
All the loving words, and tender,
That you made my soul surrender,
And—do you regret?

Bonny MAGGIE, blue-eyed MAGGIE,
Farewell once again,
Darker locks have swept my breast,
And your head can never rest
Where *her* head has lain.

Bonny MAGGIE, blue-eyed MAGGIE,
Your fair cheeks are wet;
True, it *may* be salt sea-spray
That has swept the rose away,
And I will forget

That I saw you, bonny MAGGIE,
Bend your little head
In a trance of hopeless sadness
That you could not share the gladness
Of my sainted dead!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW MARJORY WENT TO WASHINGTON; OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

[Continued from page 368, last number.]

CHAPTER II.

"WHAT in the world—where *have* you been—and—what do you propose to do?" questioned the astonished Mrs. MAY, as MARJORY presented herself at the sitting-room door, reminding one of an animated rag-bag, so covered was she with old clothes of every description.

Housekeeper JANE surveyed her coolly, took off her spectacles, wiped them and replaced them, and then fairly gasped out, "For the land's sake, MARJORY, what hev you been rumagin' for, when it was jest last week that I packed 'em away? What in airth are you going to do?"

"It's a relapse, mother—a relapse. See; don't she look crazy?" questioned the irrepressible GEORGE, making an interrogation point of himself by standing on his head.

"Good-by, I am bound for Washington," came in smothered tones from the midst of the clothes,—and *such* clothes! But we listen to MARJORY's description as she endeavors to unfold her plan to her mother. "Oh, dear! I have laughed until I am as weak as a kitten. Only look; here is the identical pair of breeches that GEORGE had made to order; do you remember the time he came home from school, crying because you did not make his clothes fashionable, assuring you that all the boys had a piece of *another color*—a *little square* piece—just over the knee? See here, GEORGE, look at the last remnants of your boyish vanity; they are to take me towards Washington."

"I suppose so; I have said all the time that if you made that trip you would have to depend on a pair of breeches."

MADGE thought "discretion the better part of valor" in this case, and so turned her attention to a quaint, faded pink dress. "Oh, dear! here is my first party dress. Only think of my startling appearance—a tall, awkward girl in a very short, very full dress, with a very deep bertha cape, and wide, flowing sleeves, my uncomfortable hands encased in long black mits; and then my hair,—only think of it,—combed straight back and tucked into a bead sack (called a net) that bounced over my poor shoulders whenever I danced or skipped. Who would have thought that this very same, wonderful dress would turn into a good fairy and assist me on towards Washington?"

"Come MADGE, now cease your nonsense and tell me what you mean."

"I mean just this, that I intend to make fifty yards of rag carpet, sell it, and with the proceeds take my long anticipated journey."

"And how do you propose to return?"

"*Write* myself back. I shall try to make arrangements with some editor for letters."

"My dear, you are starting on a very tedious and practical journey, and I fear you will never reach your destination. However, you have permission to try. But I will assure you the rag carpet process is a very slow one."

Nothing daunted by discouragements, MADGE enveloped herself in a blue apron, armed herself with a pair of sharp scissors and commenced cutting the strips. Soon a patriotic little assortment of red, white and blue stripes attested her rapid cutting; and as Mrs. MAY occasionally looked at the little eager face, and watched the capable hands darting in and out, and under and over the dusty clothes, she could but think in mother dialect, "Bless the dear girl, she deserves to go." And we thought of young girls we know, who are sitting at home, discontented and impatient, waiting for some one to do something for them, and really wished we could convince them that the true secret of happiness and *success* "is the doing with our might *whatever* our hands find to do."

The summer days glided swiftly by. The tender green of nature had been overcome by autumn's gorgeous coloring. The summer quiet was disturbed by the autumnal sounds of falling leaves and dropping nuts. We had been wandering all day amid a wealth of beauty, and came at eventide to rest at Mrs. MAY's pleasant home. MADGE reminded us of an intoxicated wood-bird, in her warmly shaded dress of brown, her little hands darting and flitting through and over the tangled colors at her feet; while at her side we discovered a basket almost overflowing with the gaily colored balls, and her beautiful face glowed with animation as she exclaimed,

"Congratulate me; I have just finished another ball. That will take me as far as Wheeling."

"I suppose you become very tired, and sometimes impatient, do you not, Miss MADGE?"

"Yes, sometimes; but you know enthusiasm begets enthusiasm, and I have secured a good deal of assistance. I knew mother would not be able to resist; but I did *not* think that JANE would relent. Yet she says she just helped so as to get the old rags out of sight. The cutting tires me most, but I have even enlisted Brother GEORGE into my service, and he has assisted me over several weary miles. I was not surprised, however; I knew he would come to the rescue when once convinced that I was in earnest. Gentlemen frequently attempt to dissuade ladies from new undertakings, but when they see them fairly at work their innate gallantry compels them to give their assistance."

"However, I imagine you will be glad when the final *winding up* is made."

"Really, I do not believe I will. Some of the pleasantest anticipations and day-dreams of my life are hidden away amid the windings of those very balls;" and MADGE looked so lovingly at the well rounded balls that we thought GUY GORDON would have enjoyed resolving himself into a bat and hitting them.

This same GUY GORDON had been envying the gaily colored strips wandering through the caressing fingers, and was now lost in thought, wondering if so determined a lassie would not make an energetic wife. MADGE seldom allowed any one to meditate much in her presence, and so thus interrupted:

"Come, GUY GORDON, you have been moping long enough. If you do not give me some assistance I will not select your chair in the 'House,' neither write you a line in regard to my journey. Let me see: I must select that seat on the 'Radical' side of the 'House,' and it must adjoin one occupied by some brave Woman's Rights man. He will speedily educate you up to his standard."

"That would effect nothing, friend MADGE; even though all of the prominent men of the nation were united on that subject, the women would not be. They will not ask for their so-called 'rights.'"

"Ah! my friend, if the tyranny of centuries has deprived them of all desire for womanly independence, the knowledge that good men desire them to preserve and assert their individuality will speedily restore them to their rightful sense. I am very sorry to admit it, but I fear that many of our girls are not *strictly honest* in regard to this question. In their hearts they desire it. They know, however, that it is not a popular doctrine with gentlemen, (especially young gentlemen,) and so, in order that they may be deemed very *viney* and womanly, disclaim all thoughts upon the subject. Blame them not, however; it has been the teachings of ages that girls must do nothing which will cause them to lose favor in the sight of gentlemen. If my object in life was the securing of a husband I would profess a profound ignorance upon all subjects but *the* important one of cookery. But my ball is growing slowly, and I must make another to-night."

"Why are you anxious to go to Washington, MADGE?"

There was so much earnestness and tenderness in GUY GORDON's voice, just then, that I moved away and commenced examining the last "Harper." MADGE has since supplied the rest of the conversation.

"Why is any one anxious to travel? Surely an American girl has greater cause than any other to love her country, and so loving my country is it strange that I desire to hear our ablest men plead her cause at the bar of the National Capitol? And beside, as I have told you, I wish to accustom myself to the beauties of the building in order that my attention may not be distracted when I hear your maiden speech."

"MADGE, if I ever do attain to any prominence it will be the result of your faithful encouragement. Your own perseverance and determination have ever been before me, rather, around me—'a pillar of cloud by day and one of fire by night.' When I came here orphaned, poor and almost a confirmed invalid, it seemed well nigh hopeless for me to attempt a life work; but surely if you, with all of your womanly sensitiveness, can walk royally towards success, nothing daunted by the stumbling blocks placed in the way by prejudiced hands, I can compete with poverty, orphanage and physical weakness. Success, however, will never be mine, dear MADGE, unless your hands weave the laurels."

MADGE was serious for a moment; and then looking into GUY's honest face she told him to work on and they would talk it over when she returned from Washington.—[To be continued.

OUR SPICE BOX.

WHAT is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter M.

WHOEVER saw the "pale of society" running over with the "milk of human kindness?" If so, where was the "cream of the joke?"

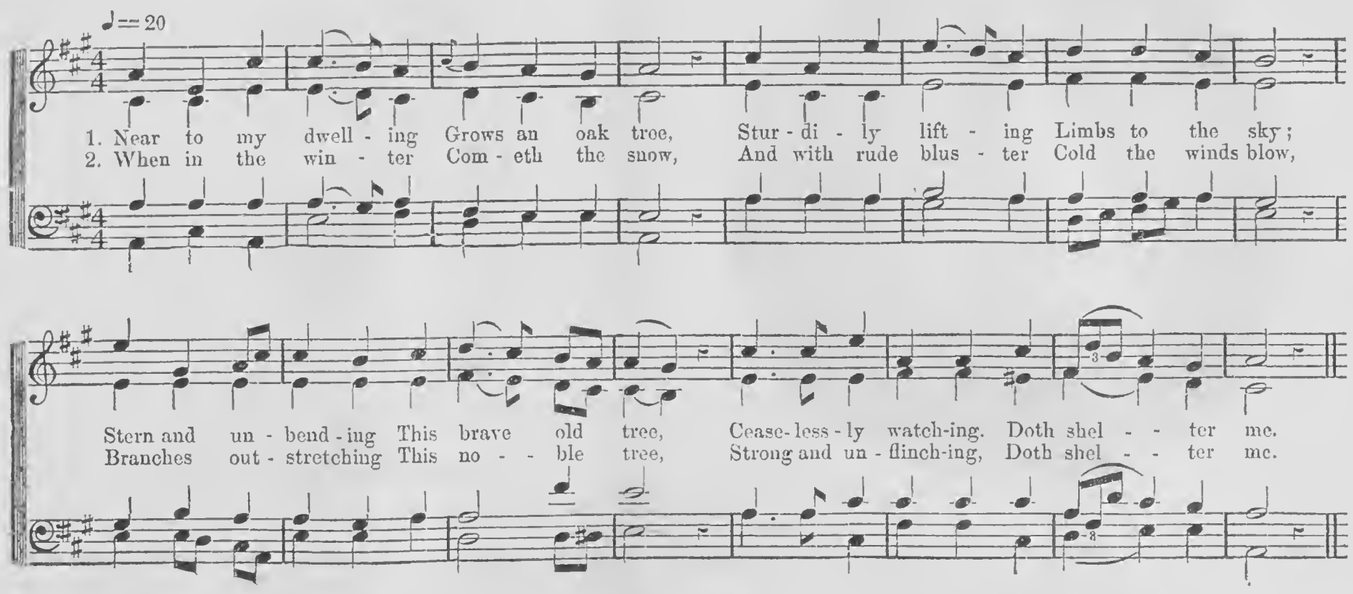
A MARRYING man in Brooklyn has now his fifth wife and five mothers-in-law in his house. His motto is "Let us have peace."

IT is said that as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Some of the young ladies will grow queerly if the Grecian style prevails very long.

THERE is a young lady in Brooklyn so refined in her language that she never uses the word "blackguard," but substitutes "African sentinel."

LAVISH not all your love on to-day; for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Spare, as one may say, fuel for the winter.

"NEAR TO MY DWELLING GROWS AN OAK TREE."



3. When in the summer
Fierce the sun's glare,
Not ev'n a zephyr
Cools the hot air,
Leaves widely spreading,
This mighty tree,
Pleasantly shading,
Doth comfort me.

4. In its great branches
Birds build their nests;
When the sun rises
Plume they their crests;
Warbling so sweetly
Their cheerful lay;
Hopping so lightly,
They gladden me.

5. Thus a great blessing
Is this oak tree,
Ever protecting,
Comforting me;
Long may it flourish,
And sturdy be!
Fondly I'll cherish
This old oak tree.

[*From the Song Garden, 2d Book, published by Mason Brothers.*

Choice Miscellany.

THE BROOK.

BY HERBERT F. ROBINSON.

A LITTLE brook winds slowly on its way,
Half hidden o'er by weeds and drooping fern;
Sometimes amid the grass it seems to stray;
Now its bright waters o'er the rough rocks turn.

And ever on the modest brooklet flows,
Through the hot summer and the cooler fall,
And in the long, cold winter; though the snows
Seem to enwrap it like a funeral pall.

Although unnoticed, let us, like the brook,
Still work content in our appointed way,
Trusting in Him whose kind and loving look
Will yet reward us at the last great day.

[*Watchman & Reflector.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AFTERTHOUGHT.

IN the late autumn, when the rose has abdicated the throne of the flower kingdom, another flower, brilliant and majestic, but not the imprudent rival of the rose, comes like a last token of summer loveliness, making the wearisome march of the November days grow quicker with its gleeful reminiscences like a pleasing fable of past time. To Father D'INCARVILLE, the Missionary, are Europe and America indebted for this beautiful various colored flower; he having first sent it to the "Jardin du Roi" at Paris, about 1730. At first there was but a single variety of a uniform color, but by cultivation were obtained the double and many colored varieties so well known. Its native loveliness is enhanced by its desolate surroundings, for it blossoms out from the heart of the ungracious winter like the sudden fulfillment of a summer dream.

Flora's interpreters have bestowed upon it the graceful name of *Afterthought*. When the wind-harp gives forth its musical clangor, growing harsher with the joy of wild and glorious freedom, the fair, brave beauty of this summer child steals in, and softens the tumult of the rejoicing wind and wave. As the great composer draws from his instrument harmony after harmony of exquisite perfection, and in the hush after the gayety of the musical revel there fall down into the silence a few silver tones, thrilling the very sanctuary of the heart like an echo from the praises of a multitude of angels, so this flower seems like a long brilliant note in the song of nature, in whose rich and prolonged melody the voices of the other flowers die away into a memory. Yet in the summer time, when the world is a world of flowers, it is scarcely noticed; just as the musician may have often passed his hand lightly over the same keys that held the wonderful harmony whose sad, dreamy beauty was fitly crowned by the golden aureole of silence.

If you have wrought earnestly in the field with the toilers and the gathering-in brings you only a few meager, pitiful sheaves, still the recompense awaits you, and your voice will be the sweeter for your labor, as you join in the grand Harvest Home; or, if you go as a gleaner, it may be that some of the heaviest wheat is lying on the ground where the loaded wain passed by. In knowledge we only glean where others reap, but the labor of one day gives us strength and skill for the next; and after the merry harvesters have left the field we may gather a few precious thoughts into our garner, which, though perchance less valuable than the banded sheaves that crown the reaping time, may yet make the evening silence vocal with praise.

Northville, Mich., 1868. ALICE M. BEALE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INTUITION vs. REASON.

IT has been said "A woman cannot reason," and I am more than half inclined to believe the assertion true. A woman knows a thing, just—because—she does; while a man can give the why and the wherefore. Man is undoubtedly more gifted with reasoning power, woman with more of intuition; but who shall say the latter is not as sure a foundation of knowledge, as the more elaborate, and often uncertain processes of the former? The decisions of reason are open to discussion, while those of intuition are ultimate. Reason demands proof that the sun shines,—that the wind blows,—that the clouds send down refreshing showers. Intuition accepts these facts without questioning.

It is hard to make a woman comprehend the truth and beauty of syllogisms. You may say to her "a monkey is an animal—a man is an animal; therefore a man is a monkey;" and though she would not for a moment dispute your conclusion, she cannot quite comprehend your logic. The difference between reason and intuition is perhaps more apparent in regard to moral questions than physical facts. Reason says, "Prove your position." Intuition accepts it at once, saying "That is true, something within tells me so."

It is owing to these different endowments of men and women that more of the latter class than the former accept the doctrines of Christianity. Woman is more content to "walk by faith, and not by sight." Apply finite reasoning to infinite subjects, and you are at once lost in a labyrinth of conjecture and doubt. The Incarnation—the Trinity—fundamental ideas in the Christian religion—are above human comprehension. Reason proudly says, "I will not believe what I cannot understand." Intuition says, "I believe there is within me the evidence of things not seen."

A word as to the cultivation of this intuitive faculty. The perceptions of the well disciplined mind are finer and truer than one whose cultivation has been neglected. Study well the objects of creation, and especially heed the injunction, "Know thyself." In this way thoughts will be suggested, the truth of which will be instantly verified by your own consciousness. Finally, let not a smile of derision mantle the lordly face when a woman says, "O, because." DIANA.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1868.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ERNEST CAPENDRE, one of the most popular novelists of France, died recently of softening of the brain. For the past two years he had been partially deranged. One of his fixed ideas was that his wife (a very young woman) should keep her bed all the time. The lady submitted cheerfully, and told her husband's physicians that if she thought it would please him, she would remain in bed for months. It is said that three of CAPENDRE's most successful novels were written after he had gone mad.

MRS. CROLY, ("Jennie June,") is described in the New York Mail as "a true blonde with a light and lightning blue eye, light hair, which is darkened somewhat of late years,) and complexion of the clearer North. In figure she is rather small, but good and well rounded. She is called pretty—a beauty, indeed, who has made many captives. She is the mother of several children. She is Vice-President of the Sorosis. She speaks quickly and much, and is active on committee business."

DUNAN MOUSSEUX, a French journalist, died recently in Paris, 42 years old. We are told that for several years past he did not do anything else but get up advertisements for Parisian dry goods dealers. He was a perfect genius in this line. The famous advertisement which began with the words, "Well, we have failed, we are bankrupt," and which proved a perfect gold mine for the Merchant Tailors' Company, was written by him. He received as much as 500 francs for a single advertisement.

THE artist bard, THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, has been at Dusseldorf a month or more, in order to finish a magnificent picture of "Sheridan's Ride,"—the study for which Admiral Farragut saw, last winter, in Rome, and liked so much. "I have never seen Sheridan," he said, "but that looks just as I thought he did."

PROOF READING.

THERE are a good many people who think proof-reading one of the easiest things in the world, and who get very impatient over mistakes in books and papers. A writer in the Galaxy gives some interesting incidents of typographical errors. He mentions one edition of the Bible which contained 6,000 mistakes. He gives the following example of the difficulty in the way of getting out a perfect book. Some professors of the University at Edinburgh resolved to publish a book which should be a model of typographical accuracy. Six proof readers were employed, and after it was thought to be perfect, the sheets were pasted up in the hall of the University, and a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars was offered for every mistake that should be discovered. When the book was printed, it was found that it contained several errors, one being in the title-page, another in the first line in the first chapter. The only books that are believed to be entirely free from errors are an Oxford edition of the Bible, a London and Leipsic Horace, and an American reprint of Dante.

ENCOURAGE THE YOUNG.

IF a young man deserves praise be sure and give it to him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road for want of encouragement, but deprive yourself of the happiest privilege you will ever have of rewarding his labor. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise. The old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above what you may think of them. You may urge them with acclamation, but they will doubt your pleasure and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet to their faces if you had cried but once, "Well done!" as they dashed up the first goal of their early ambition. But now their pleasure is memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, and you can never more be kind to them.

HE who blackens others does not whiten himself.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO PRAYERS.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

ONE rises in the morning,
With slow and languid tread,
And kneels him by the bedside,
To ask for daily bread;
Beside his scanty table
He sits with hungry eyes,
And thanks the LORD for blessings,
But asks for new supplies.

And through the day he seeketh
For manna all unearned.
And day by day believeth,
The will of GOD has learned;
And still beside his table,
He sits with hungry eyes,
Still thanking GOD for blessings,
And seeking new supplies.

Another from his slumbers
With firm and manly air,
Goes forth to earn the blessings
His heart desires to share,
And firm in faith believing
To reap whate'er he sows,
He scatters with a generous hand,
Rejoicing as he goes.

Around his ample table
His wife and children come,
And in his heart he blesses
The dear good LORD for home:
He feels that GOD has blessed him,
In basket and in store,
With health and strength and willing hand
And who could ask for more?

And thus through life they journey,
It may be, side by side;
One takes his prayer within his hands,
And thus is satisfied:
The other at his table,
Still thanks to GOD returns,
And still asks blessings from the LORD,
He will not *seek* to *earn*.

Lawrence, Nov. 9, 1868.

SECTARIANISM.

THERE are as many church registers as there are church houses. But there is only one Lamb's Book of Life for all the ransomed sinners of the world. That is the place for your name. It is not Methodism, nor Presbyterianism nor Lutheranism, nor any other *ism* of men; but it is the life and power of the Son of GOD, we preach. The different denominations are but symmetrical and convenient apartments in the one great sanctuary of the LORD. These distinct organizations are harmonious counterparts. Yet men separate themselves into sects, and magnify their consistent differences into conflicting doctrines. They build theological walls around themselves, the closer the safer, as they vainly imagine; and they begin, in their stifled atmosphere and necessary shade, to doubt the orthodoxy of their neighbors. They put colored glass in intervening windows, draw down the blinds, bolt the doors, and nestle together, as though all outside Christendom were turning infidel, and as if they, secluded company alone of all the earth, held fast the faith once delivered to the saints. Such a faith, so monkishly bound, needs a new deliverance!

Now, when you find yourself up in arms in defence of your creed, pause a moment, and consider whether, in all your life, you have been so brave in defending the Bible. You become excited when you hear your LUTHER, or your CALVIN, or your WESLEY, or your CAMPBELL, criticised; but you will stand silent and unmoved when the name of your JESUS is blasphemed! Unless you can recognize prosperity in other churches as heartily as in your own, and rejoice at the conversion of sinners under anybody's preaching and under any church's roof, you may write "sectarian" as a fit suffix to your name. You have been tempted through self and sect to enter a refuge of lies. 'Ist and 'ism are warp and woof of the enemy's tent covers, and you have been deceived. You are attracted by the sound of your church-name more than by all the cries of Calvary! Verily you have your warning, and must bear the awful consequences of trimming your Christianity to a Discipline, or Confession, or Catechism, and of wounding your LORD in the house of his friends.—*The Gospel in the Trees, by A. Clark.*

A WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

A CHRISTIAN woman gave her hand to the man on whom she had already placed her tenderest affection. He possessed almost every grace, but was destitute of the grace of God. By spending the early part of his life in a foreign land, and associating with those who had the reputation of gentlemen, he had imbibed the fashionable habit in that place of using GOD's name in vain in common conversation. His new and much-loved wife sought to reclaim him. She knew the only way to his heart. She took advantage of his love for her to win him to Christ, and she effectually succeeded.

One day as she was standing before him, in company with a few friends who were listening to his conversation, in order to give additional interest, as he supposed, to what he was relating, he added the name of CHRIST. He looked at his wife and saw her in tears. He was confused. She raised her hand and gently pressed his chin. "O!" she said, "if you knew how much I love that dear name you would never again pain my heart by trifling with it."

His heart was touched. He was unable to proceed. He asked her forgiveness and soon left the room. In this way he was saved from ruin, and is now an eminent example of piety.

TO SHARE WRONG IS TO DO WRONG.—Parties will do things which no honorable man in that party will ever do alone. Men will consent to do, or to have done, in party relations, that which, if they stood alone in the community, they would scorn ineffably. Men will still maintain their connection with parties and with men in them that do monstrous iniquities; and the sophistry is this: that it is done from public considerations; as if that changed the essential nature of right or wrong! as if that changed the responsibility of the individual actors in a party!—*Beecher.*

PUBLIC ORDINANCES.—I am fully satisfied that there is a peculiar presence of God in his public ordinances; that the devotion of good men does naturally inflame and kindle one another; that there is a holy awe and reverence which seizes the mind of good men when they draw near to God in public worship; finally, that if the offices of our liturgy do not affect our hearts, it is because they are very much indisposed and poorly qualified for the true and spiritual worship of God.—*Lucas.*

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR, AFTER MANY DAYS.

[Continued from page 380, this number.]

AT mid-afternoon he took leave of her upon the Montreal steamer. He and his guardian went down to see the little party of three off, themselves not having to start until evening. When they parted Judge GRAYSON gave a hope that they might meet again ere long.

"It is quite possible that we may go South to spend the winter," he said. "Should we conclude to go to New Orleans, we will let you know."

And with this little ray of promise, they parted.

Both ALFRED and HARRY BRIEF were glad to leave the walled city, when the evening train for Portland bore them away. The place that was enjoyable enough the day before, seemed strangely lonesome now. Yet they saw the sun go down in golden glory beyond the Plains of Abraham, somewhat regretfully, as the train wound slowly up the steep ascent past Chaudiere. The days had been very bright ones; would there be any more such?

Eighteen hours' journeying, a short tarry at the mountains, and they were domiciled at Glendale, made thrice welcome by their genial host. Then came days of quiet rest after travel, varied only by country drives with no object but to breathe the bracing air, and frequent visits to Willoughby Hall.

MABEL greeted ALFRED with a shy pleasure. ENDERBY had announced the young man's expected return, and day after day she had looked for his coming. She had not comprehended the full meaning of her sorrow over his going away, or the pleased expectancy of his return. She knew, of the one, that the new joy which had come to her had somehow gone by; of the other, that the joy was again to come within her reach.

Yet in their first meetings the joy was not as full and complete as it had been,—as she had fondly fancied it would be. There seemed some weight upon it. He did not tell her of the pleasureful days just passed. Instinctively he shrank from speaking of the one who had unconsciously been her rival. She spoke to him of his mother's death; but her shy sympathy for a time failed to lessen the invisible something between them.

Was it then the ghost of a joy come back to her? At the first it did appear so, and she grieved over it. Then, thinking the loss of his mother, or some other grief to her unknown, was the cause of her friend's changed manner, her warm woman nature became to him more tender than ever, and more powerful in its influence than she knew. He began to be more tender in return; to think less of the immediate past and more of the early summer's delights; and finally to regard his fancied affection for BERDENA RANGE as a momentary passion, that had speedily burned itself out. That wild, intense longing for possession, which he had once felt, seemed now an unnatural, unworthy desire, merely, and as naught beside this deep, fervent heart-possessing affection that at last removed the barrier between them, and brought them close together in the holy communion of unbreathed love.

Was he weak and fickle? Not more so than are hundreds of others like him. The heart warms many a passion-spark into a seeming flame, but they all die out, and their ashes vanish, while the steady burning, milder light of true love glows on unceasing and forever.

This life of idleness was a new thing to HARRY BRIEF, yet he enjoyed it. For a time he was contented to be the lazy loiterer. He and ENDERBY were alike, in some points of character, and differed just enough in others to give companionship a zest. And while they and Dr. WILLOUGHBY discussed politics, and smoked their cigars together, after dinners they had at Glendale and the Hall, MABEL and ALFRED lingered by the piano, or under the whispering trees, realizing love's young dream.

So the last summer days passed away. ALFRED'S guardian began to wonder if he had not erred a little in judgment, while with their St. Lawrence friends. Astute enough in legal affairs, he noted ALFRED'S increasing tenderness towards MABEL WILLOUGHBY and inly confessed that phases of the heart were more intricate and uncertain than those of law. Had he been an older man himself,—grown further away from his youth,—he would probably have taken the young man to task for apparent trifling, and have read him a stern lecture, appending sundry words of caution. But he knew his term of guardianship was almost at an end,—that his ward's minority was well nigh passed; and he was not prepared to accuse him of either fickleness or wrongdoing.

The leaves began to rustle coolly in the first September breezes; the season of recreation was nearing its finale. "It is time birds of passage were meditating flight," the lawyer said to himself, at the close of a delightful day. They had dined at the Hall; had just returned to Glendale; and BRIEF and ALFRED had retired to their own apartments. "Let me see," the former continued to soliloquize, "here we are, actually, into September. Bless me! why, to-day is the sixth!"

ALFRED looked in just then.

"See here, my boy," said BRIEF, "isn't it time for us to think of moving Southward? Do you realize that we have got a whole week away from summer?"

"I haven't realized it until this very moment," was the answer. "Now I do, because I am reminded that to-morrow will be my birth-day."

"Ah, will it, though?—I had forgotten the precise date."

"Yes, to-morrow your legal responsibility on my account will cease. Doubtless you will feel relieved."

"Perhaps. But you know I shall be responsible for you until I get you safely back in New Orleans, and in full possession of your property. By the way, I have with me certain papers that your mother said were to be delivered to you without fail on the day you should become of age. I brought them along thinking it possible we might remain until then. It is midnight; your birth-day has begun. Will you take them now, or wait until to-morrow?"

"Now, if you please."

Mr. BRIEF took from his valise a little packet, securely tied and sealed, and addressed, in a fine feminine hand, "ALFRED CORDEZCO HENDERSON," and marked upon one corner "Private."

"There they are," he said, as he handed them to their owner.

ALFRED took the packet, a peculiar thrill running over him as he did so. Of what nature could a posthumous communication from his mother be? Something of solemn import, he felt; and without a word he withdrew to his own room, there in the lone night hours to peruse a revelation which fairly paralyzed him with astonishment.—[To be continued.

IF the secret of all regenerate hearts could be laid open, we should doubtless view with a mixture of astonishment and gratitude the quantity of benefit which has been, and is affected in the world by the familiar converse, and even by the silent looks of truly good men.—*Bishop Judd.*

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM AND ABOUT GERMANY.

NUMBER ONE.*

Introductory — Towns and Villages — Giessen — Scenery — Old Castles, &c.,—Climate—Forests—Customs and Habits of the People, &c., &c.

IT is the custom of travelers through Europe to write about the things which they see. They seem to think it is their duty to write whether they *say anything or not.* This universal custom is not always justified by that which is written. A remembrance of this fact naturally deters one from attempting any description of those things even which have real interest. The true life of any country is to be found in its small towns and villages,—not in the large cities, such as Frankfort or New York, where existence is but commotion and confusion. Not only is this true, but further, one sees *the past* in the present throughout the smaller towns of Germany. This thought must be my excuse for slighting such points as are supposed to have the chief claim upon our attention, and for speaking of those every-day occurrences which are usually deemed unworthy of notice.

About fifty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and one hundred from the beautiful Rhine, a traveler may find the chief town of the province of Upper Hesse. This is a neat, comfortable village, containing some 12,000 inhabitants, and bearing the name of Giessen. Upon every hand the scenery is very beautiful. The village itself lies in a valley, and is divided by the Lahn, a small river that finds its source some twenty miles Southward at Marborough. Upon the right side of the Lahn, and about two miles from the village, stands the remains of an old castle called Gleiburg, built by a Count of that name, six or seven hundred years ago. From this castle you have a fine view of Giessen and the surrounding hills, and also of the little villages, or "Dorfs" as they are called, at the foot of every hill. About a mile beyond these ruins are those of another old castle called Felsburg, probably built 100 years before Gleiburg. This castle was first owned by the Count of Felsburg, and afterwards by a band of robbers, who held it against several kings for some years, continually robbing and plundering the surrounding villages. Both the castles are now in the possession of the King of Prussia.

Directly between these two castles, and some seven miles from Giessen, stands Dienstburgh, 2,000 feet above the sea, 1,500 above Giessen. This mountain is noted for a certain species of stone which is very abundant, and is found at only one other place in the world. On this side of the Lahn, and directly opposite these castles, and at about the same distance from Giessen, is an old convent, built over a thousand years ago, and called Shiffenburgh. This is a very interesting place to visit, both because it presents from its lofty eminence a picture of natural beauty that is seldom excelled, and because it contains on the floors of its church the tombs of former Princes and Knights.

Besides the surroundings of Giessen, it in itself contains many places of interest, among others the Botanical Gardens, which occupy about a square mile near the centre of the town, and embrace many rare plants, shrubs, &c. There is also here a Club and Library which contains many interesting and valuable works. Besides the places I have mentioned, there are several other castles, convents, &c., in sight from Giessen, but a little removed. In fact, a traveler through Germany will notice that on every hill or eminence stand the ruins either of an old castle or convent.

In the climate of Germany I cannot see much difference from that of New York State, but it may be a trifle milder. Although this country is much older in its civilization than ours, and though the land has been cultivated much longer, it is still very productive. The reason of this is that throughout the entire territory immense forests are planted and in charge of men appointed by the Government, and a heavy fine is imposed upon a person that cuts a single tree. This keeps the land rich and makes it very productive.

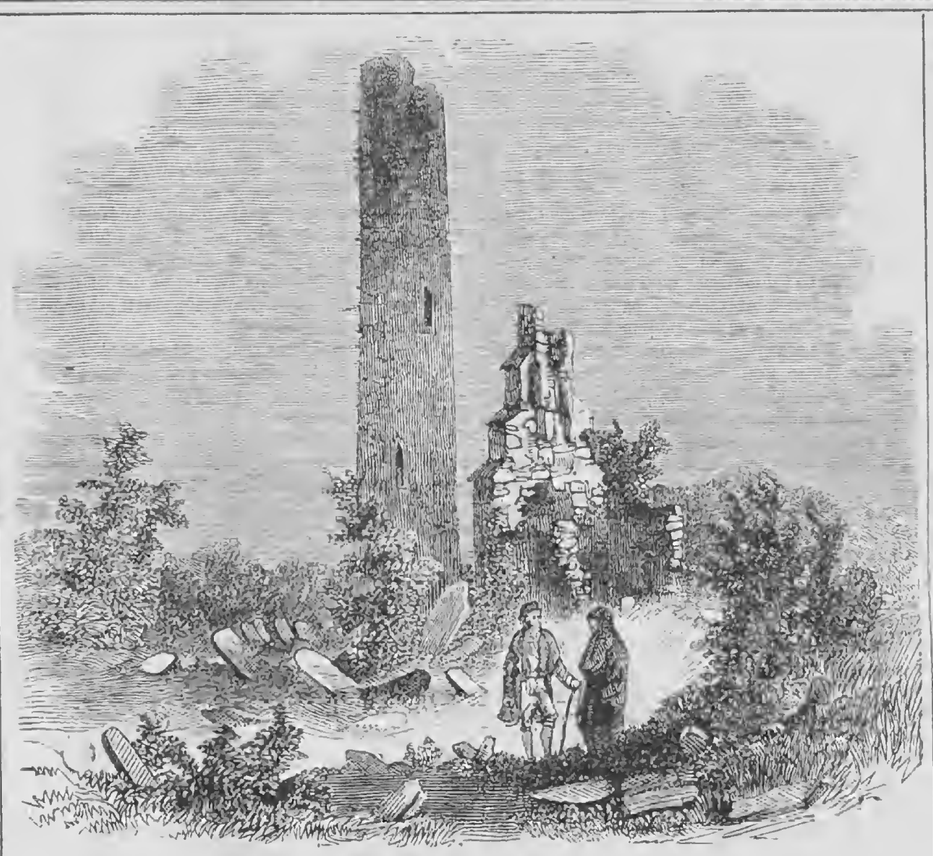
Permit a few remarks, before concluding, concerning the people, their customs, habits, general modes of life, &c. It is a reputed fact in our country that a German is much slower than an American, and many things seem to justify this reputation. The people live with an easy indifference which is surprising, if not charming. They go about the streets to business as though to a funeral. Much is said about the sociability of German life: the Germans themselves speak much of this, and claim that no where in the world can such genuine, hearty life be found. At first sight this might seem to be true. A beautiful day never arrives without showing hundreds of people, in small parties, traveling the country in all directions. The Germans have a lovely land, and they enjoy it. Their attachment to Fatherland is made doubly strong by rare natural beauty and by a history rich in noble deeds. Though this be true, still a closer view makes one affirm that the true, free enjoyment of social life is a thing entirely unknown to these gentlemen of the pipe and glass. Society is just as much divided into separate clans and governments as the country itself. When the Germans move, they invariably move in parties of three or four. Shake them up as much as you please, they will always turn out with the same regular associates. The running in and out which is so prominent a feature in America, is absolutely impossible among the Germans. Again, their households are guarded with a rigor which is complete safety, because complete seclusion. No young man can visit a young lady without first obtaining permission from her parents, and when this is at last secured he will always find papa and mamma in the room. If he still continues to come in the face of the obstacle, he will soon be told, "*Das geht nicht; Sie darf nicht weder kommen.*"

In dress the Germans do not begin to compare with our customs. The common dress of the working classes is, for the men, large, coarse boots and pants, and a loose, blue sack or bag, which buttons tight to the neck and hangs down over the hips. This is made from coarse "overhauling." This attire is not complete without a pipe, which is generally from four to six feet long. As to the women, they wear their hair "*done up*" on top of their heads, and two ribbons (generally of black) hanging from it over the shoulders—nothing more. For a dress they wear a coarse woolen fabric, generally of a drab color, reaching only to the knees, with coarse, woolen stockings and heavy kip shoes. Among the richer class of people the dress is better, and much similar to the American fashions, although far behind. In Frankfort and the large towns, however, there is much style, and a great deal of very tasty and rich dressing.

In their table the Germans differ somewhat from our customs. For breakfast they have nothing but coffee and eggs, which are always brought to their rooms as soon as they rise. Their dinner is much similar to ours, but consists of more mixtures of vegetables. For supper they generally have meat of some kind for the men, but the women seldom eat meat at all. As to religion I find that the Germans are far behind us. They very seldom, if ever, read the Bible, and think it is not necessary to go to church more than once a month at the most. Sunday is their day for pleasure, and if anything of especial interest is to occur, the Sabbath is the chosen day for its exhibition.

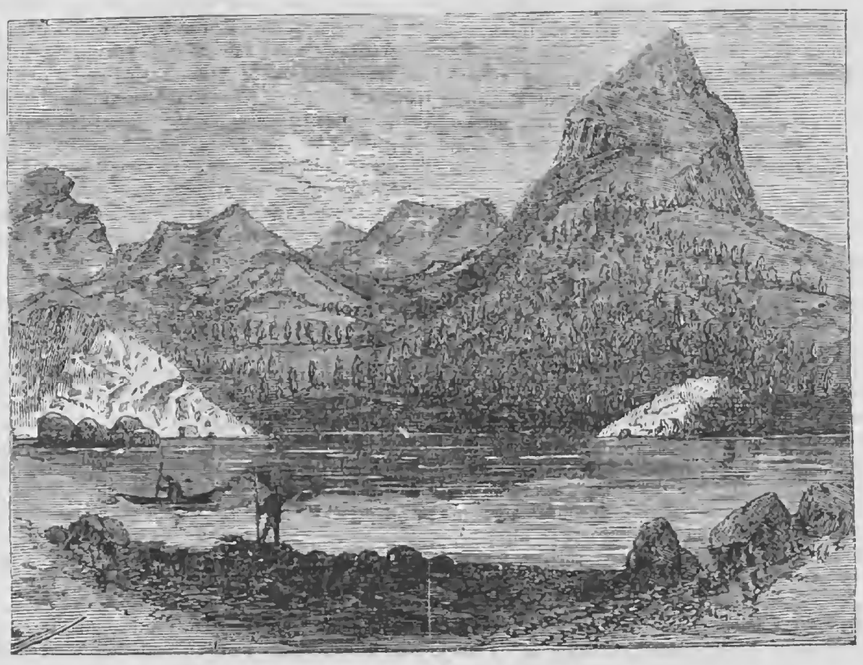
It is very seldom that you find a family occupying a whole house. Generally they live on one floor, which contains a kitchen, three to five bedrooms, and sometimes also a parlor—all small rooms and much lower than ours. Through all the German towns and cities that I have been I have especially noticed that all contain gardens, parks and promenades, which add very much to their beauty. A sojourner, however, in this land is like an ant that has climbed upon a shaggy nut. He may walk over the hills and dales; may tumble about among the harsh, jagged peaks, and finally fall off into France, having failed to attain any true conception of the rich meat which lies within. Let him remain long enough to find some crevice by which to enter, and he will enjoy a truth, character and fidelity to principle which is the dignity of humanity. H. D. T. M.

* This letter is from a son of the Editor of the RURAL, now studying in Giessen, Rhenish Prussia, Germany. We believe it is the first he has ever written for publication,—but as he is yet in his teens, there is time and room for improvement, which will no doubt be attempted should this epistle prove acceptable to our readers.



DONOGHMORE ABBEY, SLIGO, IRELAND.

MANY romantic memories of Irish history cluster around the old ruins shown above. It is said that about the year 427 ST. PATRICK built, or ordered to be built, a small church upon the precise spot these ruins now occupy; and upon the ruins of that, some eight centuries later, it is supposed, the abbey was erected, itself long since gone to decay. The round tower, so conspicuous and so well preserved, is one of many similar ones in Ireland, contiguous to churches or their ruins, which greatly puzzle antiquarians. The date of their erection, and their original purpose, have formed a subject for discussion among the savants of the country throughout several generations. The peasants style them "cloig-teach," or bell-house, and for what other use than as belfries they could have been constructed it is difficult to imagine. No other satisfactory solution of the puzzle has been given.



SCENERY OF THE STIKEEN RIVER, ALASKA.

THE Stikeen, the second largest river in the Alaskan Territory, winds its circuitous way to the Pacific through a deep gorge of the Cascade mountain range. It is bordered by scenery wild and picturesque, more nearly resembling that of the Saguenay, in Canada, than any other with which travelers in this part of the world are familiar. Near its source remunerative gold diggings have been discovered.

Various Topics.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

SOME time since the RURAL received a request to aid in saving a gifted, noble man from the destroying influence of intemperance. We knew of no cure for the intemperate except total abstinence, and so stated. While we remembered having somewhere seen a prescription to take the place of alcoholic drink, we had little faith that it was of any value, believing it to be simply a catch-penny nostrum, and, beside, knew not where to find it again.

More recently, however, we have seen the following given as a mixture which it is *said*, will absolutely remove the longing for intoxicating beverages:—Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirits of nutmeg, one drachm. This preparation taken twice a day, in quantities equal to an ordinary dram, acts as a tonic and stimulant, and so partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents the absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking off from the use of stimulating drinks.

As proof that such a preparation as this is efficacious, we have the narrative of JOHN VINE HALL, given by his son, the distinguished English divine, NEWMAN HALL, in a small pamphlet kindly sent to us by a friend. Mr. HALL in his early years was addicted to dissipation, and became at length a slave to liquor. His repeated efforts to reform were of no avail, and he despaired of being other than a drunkard. Finally, however, a physician gave the above prescription, with the sole addition of ten grains of magnesia, and after being faithfully used about seven months it worked a perfect cure. Over three hundred vials of the medicine were used, and it saved to manhood one who was eminently useful for many years after.

So simple a remedy is surely worth trying. If the poor victims of self-destroying appetite can but be prevailed upon to co-operate with loving friends in making the trial, many may be saved to themselves, their homes, society, and GOD, who will else wreck all,—home, happiness, hope,—and die, finally, as the brute dieth.

CUTTING THE HAIR.

THERE is a common but a false notion that frequent cutting of the hair is favorable to its growth. Mothers thus often despoil their infants of their first silken locks, with the idea that the second hair will be much more rich and abundant. "This is an error. The most beautiful and abounding heads of hair I ever saw," says Dr. Cazenave, "were those which the scissors had never touched. Mothers, not satisfied with trimming the hair of their children, often have it shaved or cut it close to the scalp, when they find it losing some of its brilliancy or falling out. Except in rare cases of disease, the total sacrifice of the hair is unnecessary, and the second growth is never equal to the first. Getting the hair trimmed from time to time may be allowed as a matter of convenience, but it does not produce the benefit generally attributed to it."

PRINCELY ENJOYMENT.—The most singular concerts now-a-days are probably those which take place twice a week at the palace of the King of Bavaria. The orchestra which plays at these concerts consists of seventy performers, among whom are frequently some of the most celebrated musicians; and frequently cantatrices of world-wide reputation sing opera airs on these occasions. The whole audience consists of the King and his aid-de-camp, who, like his sovereign, is a passionate lover of Wagner's music. Even the king's mother and the royal princes and princesses are not allowed to be present at these concerts, for the King says that he never enjoys them so well as when he is alone.

THE SHOSHONE FALLS.—These falls in Idaho are said to be four hundred yards wide. The rapids form a series of cascades ranging from twenty to sixty feet in height. The falls proper leap two hundred and ten feet in one unbroken mass. The contour of the falls is not unlike that of a regular horse-shoe. From this it will be seen that they almost equal Niagara Falls in sublimity and grandeur.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE MILLY.

BY SUSIE V. STORMS.

MILLY sat down under the old apple tree and watched the white, fleecy clouds go gliding slowly along the blue line of the horizon. Overhead there was nothing but the blue sky, full of a soft, warm sunshine that made it very lovely. The winds went and came lazily enough, and the birds sang softly and dreamily in the branches of the apple tree. MILLY wondered if they enjoyed the warm, quiet, beautiful day as much as she did just then.

MILLY was an orphan. Her father and mother died when she was only three years old. Since their death she had lived with her aunt. I am sorry to tell you that her life was not a happy one. I do not think her aunt meant to be unkind; but very often she used harsh words when kind ones would have been far better. MILLY was a delicate child, and the heavy tasks her aunt compelled her to perform were too much for her strength, so that sometimes she had to give up. Then her aunt scolded her, and called her a lazy girl, when the truth was she was tired out. How much she longed for words of kindness, and for the caresses she could just remember from her mother's tender hands! Often she laid awake to think of the fair, loving face that had bent over her little bed in the twilight, when her prayer was said, and kissed her good night. Now no one ever kissed her, or heard her say her simple prayer, and no tender hands smoothed the tangles out of her brown hair; no voice ever touched her heart with the sweet thrill her mother's had done, and no arms held her close in a tender, motherly way. It was very sad, and poor, motherless MILLY'S heart yearned for the love she had once known with a yearning never to be gratified on earth.

"MILLY! MILLY!" called the sharp voice of her aunt.

"Oh, dear!" MILLY got up slowly, in a tired sort of way, and went up toward the house.

"You lazy good-for-nothing!" cried her aunt. "Here I've been wanting you ever so long, and you was down there idling away your time! What do you think'll become of you if you waste the minutes in this way? I'm sure I've done enough for you to deserve your gratitude, and you're as ungrateful a girl as I ever saw."

"Oh, Aunt MARY, I didn't *know* you wanted me, and I was *so* tired," MILLY said, with her eyes full of tears, for the sharp, unkind words of her aunt went like a knife to her heart.

"Oh, no! Of course not," answered her aunt, in a sneering way; "and didn't want to either, though you *might* have known there was enough to do, if you'd only have taken the trouble to think about it. I'm sure I can't give you a home and support you in idleness."

"I'm willing to work," answered MILLY, in a choking voice; "I don't want to live without doing anything. What is there for me to do now?"

"Take the pail and bring up water from the brook, for I've got to wash to-morrow," replied her aunt, not thinking that a child so young and delicate was unfitted for such a task. "You can put the water in that barrel," and the thoughtless woman entered the house, while MILLY took the pail and started for the brook.

She carried the pail filled with water up from the brook and emptied it into the barrel. Then she went back again after another. A sharp pain kept shooting through her heart as she toiled up the steep ascent to the house, with the pail hanging like a leaden weight in her hand; and when it was emptied, she sat down very faint and dizzy, feeling too unwell to go again.

Her aunt came to the door and saw her sitting there with her hand clasped over her heart, and something in the poor, pale face touched her strangely,—it was so sad, so full of keenest pain!

"Are you not well, MILLY?" she asked, in a kinder tone than usual.

"No, I don't feel well, Aunt MARY," MILLY answered, her eyes filling with tears as the sound of kind words fell upon her ears.

"You may go up stairs and lay down till supper is ready," her aunt said, and the quick look of thanks that MILLY gave her made her resolve to be more like the child's own mother in future.

MILLY went up to her little room and laid down on her bed. All the while the pain kept shooting through her heart, and sometimes she had to cry out, it was so sharp. After a while it grew duller, and a heavy, throbbing ache took the place of the quick, keen thrills. Then this died away, and MILLY thought she would go to sleep. And when her eyes closed she thought she saw her mother coming toward her through the air. It seemed very real, and MILLY'S heart gave a great leap, and she cried out in a glad, touching sort of way, "Mamma, oh, mamma!" And she stretched out her hands with a mute yearning to the bright vision, for she longed to lay her head on mamma's breast again, and feel mamma's arm around her, and listen to the dearest of all voices as in the years gone by.

MILLY thought that the form came nearer and nearer, while the walls of the room seemed to expand, and all the air grow full of golden sunshine, and birds sang till the breezes that were full of clover-smells and scents of new-mown hay were all astir with a beautiful melody. And sweeter than any other sound was the voice that whispered, "Mother's darling;" and dearer than all other sights was the face so full of tender love-light; and MILLY thought that she never wanted to wake again, if that was dreaming, for mamma's arms held her close, and just as of old she felt mamma's kiss upon her brow. "Oh, mamma," MILLY cried, clinging to the neck of her angel mother, "don't leave me any more, for I'm so lonesome without you! Take me back to Heaven with you, for I don't want to live if you can't be with me, I miss you so much, and no one kisses or loves me as you do!" And MILLY thought her mother kissed her again, and said that she would never leave her darling any more.

"MILLY! MILLY!" called her aunt, when supper was ready. But MILLY did not come, or answer to the call. Another call, but all was still, and the woman went up to the room where MILLY slept. There was a cold, white form upon the bed with a look of deep, touching, quiet peace on the still face; but MILLY was not there. She had gone home with mother!

A TEACHER was explaining to a little girl the meaning of the word cuticle. "What is that all over my face and hands?" "It's freckles sir," answered the little cherub.

WE are not worthy of loving the truth, when we can love anything more than the truth.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, NOV. 21, 1868.

New York State Items.

THE second trial of Gen. Geo. W. Cole for the murder of Hon. L. H. Hiscock, began at Albany, in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, on the 12th, and will probably be a long and tedious affair. The counsel are, on the part of the people, District Attorney Smith and Lyman Tremain, and in behalf of the prisoner, William J. Hadley, Amasa J. Parker, William A. Beach, and James T. Brady.

A Base Ball Convention assembled at the Capitol in Albany, on the 11th inst. Over seventy clubs were represented, though only thirty-eight sent delegates. The proceedings will not affect the state of the nation.

The Sherman House, in Syracuse, was totally destroyed by fire on Friday of last week. Many boarders saved their lives only by jumping from the windows. Mrs. Burdick, the landlady, fractured a thigh in a fall from a window. The total loss is over $10,000.

A break in the Erie Canal occurred last week, seven miles west of Schenectady, which impeded navigation several days.

A fine display of meteors was observed at Poughkeepsie on Friday night. One magnificent one lasted several minutes. It represented a ball of fire nearly as large as a man's head, with a trail of great length and width.

A person in New York attempted a monstrous fraud by presenting a check for $109.50, altered to $95,000, to the Fourth National Bank. The change was instantly detected, and the perpetrator, after a vigorous resistance, arrested.

Miss Mary E. Magee, daughter of Capt. Magee of Troy, committed suicide last week by shooting herself through the heart with her father's revolver. Temporary insanity was the cause.

The Franklin, the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut, arrived in New York harbor on the 10th inst., and the gallant Admiral quietly went ashore and took up his quarters at a hotel. His arrival from European waters was a source of great surprise to all. A salute of seventeen guns was fired in his honor, from the United States receiving ship Vermont.

The Governor has appointed Geo. D. Lamont of Lockport, Justice of the Supreme Court for the 8th Judicial District in place of Noah Davis, resigned.

The dead body of a man named Barney McCaffrey was found in the canal at Rochester last week. His death is a mystery.

Miller's Brewery, on Lake Avenue, Rochester, was burned on the 11th inst. Loss about $7,000.

A man was drowned in a beer vat in Buffalo the other day, and on Wednesday the vat was tapped at the bottom and its contents let into a sewer. About 160 barrels of ale, valued at $900, was thus lost.

The Stuart House in New York was damaged to the extent of $40,000 by fire, a few nights ago.

Three robbers set upon John L. Schumaker, member of Congress elect from New York city, last Friday evening, and robbed him of his diamond shirt pin, worth $1,000. One carried it off, while the others were arrested.

Last Saturday, while the Fulton ferry boat Hamilton was entering the New York slip and the Union going out, a collision occurred between them, badly demaging both boats. Two men, one boy and one woman were killed, and five fatally, and at least seventeen badly injured.

According to a report just made, it appears that the earnings of the Susquehanna railroad for the past five years foot up to $1,878,839.89.

Hon. Gerrit Smith is determined that the building of the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad shall be put to contract about the first of June.

The Erie Railway Company have put down over 9,000 tons of steel rails within the last few months.

From Washington.

BOTH Houses of Congress met at noon, on the 10th inst., only a half dozen members of each being present. The ceremony of assembling was at once followed by a formal adjournment to Dec. 7th.

Gen. Grant returned to the city very unostentatiously last week. A public reception was tendered him, but declined, with thanks. Since his return he has been regularly attending to business at the army headquarters, where he has received a host of congratulatory callers. Already a great number of applications for official appointment have been inflicted upon him.

Speaker Colfax left for his home in South Bend directly after the adjournment of Congress,—to be married, it is publicly announced.

The Director of the Bureau of Statistics is preparing an elaborate report upon the statistics of taxation in the United States. It will exhibit the Federal, State, County, Township and Corporation taxes in detail throughout the country. The total sum of these various revenues now exceed seven hundred millions per annum. The various forms of taxation are discussed with minuteness.

Brevet Brigadier-General Horace Brooks has assumed command of this Department.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that he has power to re-issue any legal tender note that may have been redeemed but not canceled, provided the amount outstanding does not exceed $400,000,000. This will obviate the necessity of further sales of bonds or gold by the Treasury, and enable the Secretary to afford substantial relief to the money market.

The receipts from customs at the ports below named, from November 2d to the 7th, inclusive, are as follows: New York, $1,885,815; Boston, $330,396; Philadelphia, $125,979; Baltimore, $144,642.

The Secretary of the Navy contemplates a still further reduction of the expenses of his Department. He intends to replace some of our larger steamers in foreign waters with sailing vessels.

The revenue imbroglio is getting more jumbled every day. The latest phase has been a movement against District Attorney Courtney, who has been summoned hither from New York to answer certain charges. The general opinion is that this movement is the result of a conspiracy.

It is stated here that Admiral Farragut has acted wholly at his own pleasure during his cruise abroad; that his return was alike of his own volition; and that in acknowledgement of his signal services to the country he will be allowed to command his movements in future.

Col Tappan, a member of the Indian Peace Commission, has just returned and reports that all the Indians represented by those who have met the Commission in council during the present year, together with those with whom Commissioners Anger and Cullen treated, numbering in all about 70,000, are at peace, carrying out the plans of the Commission, all having either gone upon the reservation set apart for them or are on their way to them. He says that those now at war are such as the Government has failed to fulfill its contracts with; and gives it as his opinion that the Indians, properly treated, can be managed with perfect ease and safety.

From the West.

A CONVENTION of White Lead Manufacturers was held at St. Louis last week. The objects were to effect a concert of action in matters relating to the trade, and to promote the interests of the white lead manufacturers exclusively, by reducing the price of white lead, and thus ridding the market of white lead of adulterated material. Wm. Wood of the Eagle White Lead Works of Cincinnati, presided. Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cleveland and St. Louis companies were represented.

The Board of Regents have elected Gen. George B. McClellan President of the University of California.

Late Arizona advices state that numerous Indian outrages had been committed. Gov. McCormick disapproves of the recent massacre of Indians by the whites near La Paz, and has ordered the principal actors arrested. The Arizona Legislature will convene on the 2d of December.

Lincoln, Nebraska, must be a pleasant place for a State Legislature to meet. It is said that bands of Sioux and Otoe Indians have encamped near the city, and warn off all "traders and bummers generally."

Discoveries of rich deposits of coal and iron ore have been made in Monroe and Greene counties, Indiana. The coal is the genuine block coal, and smelts iron without coking. The iron ore is hematite.

Between $40,000 and $50,000 in premium notes and nearly all the books of the Live Stock Insurance Company, St. Louis, were stolen from their office on the 13th inst. Six persons have been arrested on the charge of being connected with the theft.

The Convention called by the Governors of Wisconsin, Iowa, Missouri and Minnesota, to adopt measures to secure aid from Congress to improve the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, met at Prairie Du Chien, Wis. The attendance was large, and demonstrated that very great interest is felt in opening a channel of water communication, by way of the surveys, between the lakes and the Mississippi river. Many prominent gentlemen from the States mentioned were present, including Gov. Fairchild of Wisconsin, Gov. Merrill of Iowa, and several members of Congress. Gov. Atwood of Madison, was temporary, and Gov. Merrill of Iowa, permanent President. The report of Gen. Warren, who has, under authority of Congress, made a survey of the Wisconsin river, is entirely favorable to the practicability of the improvement. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the immediate opening of such channel is demanded by the interests of the entire country, and that the work is one of national importance and a measure of defense in case of war.

A party of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians captured a freight train on the Union Pacific Railroad on the 30th ult., near Alkali Station, by cutting the ties in the center and spreading the rails. When the cars came along they were piled up together and wrecked. One of the firemen was jammed in between the locomotive and the tender, where he remained for three hours, suffering the most horrible torture, after beseeching the engineer to kill him, before death came to his relief. All the men on the train except the engineer fled the moment the disaster occurred, to escape from the Indians. Great complaints are made along the line of the road at the inefficiency of the protection afforded by the Government troops. They are mostly infantry, and are utterly unable to compete with the Indians, who, being well mounted, are enabled to commit their depredations and effect their escape before the infantry can reach the scene of trouble.

A large hardware warehouse and crockery warehouse were burned in St. Louis last week. Loss $120,000.

From the South.

THE political situation in Florida is somewhat befogged. The State government has resolved itself into two factions, one led by Gov. Reed, and the other by Lt. Gov. Gleason. An attempt has been made by the latter and his friends to impeach the Governor, and the impeachment question is now before the Supreme Court; while legal proceedings are in progress against Lt. Gov. Gleason and Secretary of State Alden for conspiracy against the State government.

In the Tennessee Legislature last week a storm was created by the introduction in the Senate of a resolution to expel D. W. C. Senter, Speaker of the Senate, for alleged incligibility, and declaring all acts signed by him illegal. Mr. Senter was a member of the Confederate Legislature. After an animated debate the resolution was indefinitely postponed.

The Tennessee Senate has passed a bill providing for the sale of the Nashville and Northwestern, Edgerfield and Kentucky, Clarksville and Louisville, and Manchester and Minnville railroads.

A twelve-inch Rodman rifle gun has been sent to Fortress Monroe to take the place of the one which exploded some time since. It weighs 52,225 pounds, and will be mounted for experimental firing.

Gov. Bullock of Georgia has issued a proclamation, offering a reward of $5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who caused the death of Albert C. Ruffin, Sheriff of Richmond county, who was killed in the election riot at Augusta.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

MINISTER JOHNSON'S course in regard to the Alabama claims against the English Government is severely commented upon. The numerous statements in regard to probable settlement of the matter cannot be relied upon. At a banquet given on the 10th inst. by the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Johnson and Disraeli both spoke in regard to the subject as being settled without loss of national honor on either side. The appointment of a Commission is generally looked for, and also an Arbitrator.

At a council of ministers held at the Tuilleries, proof was adduced of the existence of a conspiracy for the overthrow of the existing state of affairs in France, and a resolution was adopted providing for the use of the most vigorous measures for its suppression. The public journals will be exempted from interference if they refrain from inciting the people against the government.

Gen. Dulce, upon leaving Madrid for Cuba to assume the duties of Captain-General, will take with him a number of civil officers who are to replace the present administrative authority. Very extensive powers are granted him in view of the troubled condition of the island.

The party in Spain in favor of a republic is gaining ground. Gen. Pierrad has united with Don Escalante to push forward the Republican cause. The Democrats express some dissatisfaction at this coalition.

The International Military Commission called by the Emperor Alexander to draw up a convention for the mitigation of the horrors of war, has commenced its sessions in St. Petersburg under the presidency of the Prussian Minister of War.

A fearful railroad collision occurred near Harrovitz, Bohemia, on the 13th inst. Twenty-three persons are reported killed, and sixty-one injured.

Advices from Yokahama, Japan, to the 5th of October, report that a severe shock of earthquake had been experienced at Hiago.

The conscription for the Russian army will be made in January. Four persons out of every thousand are to be drawn to complete the effective force of the army and navy.

In Australia they have fenced in 10,000 acres where ostriches are kept, and it is found that the feathers of a full grown bird will sell for $100 a year.

Count Bismarck is not well enough to visit England. Since his fall from his horse he has been obliged to pass the greater part of the day in a recumbent position, and the irritability of his nerves is said to have brought on permanent pain in the muscles.

Gioacchino Rossini, the great Italian musical composer, died in Paris on the 14th inst., in his seventy-seventh year.

A British lighter went ashore off the Land's End in a storm not long ago, and sixteen lives were lost.

Marshal Serrano has nominated twenty-five Councillors of State. Justices of the Peace have been re-appointed in all the provinces of Spain.

Queen Isabella has retained apartments for herself and retinue at Brighton. Her visit is an object of great comment among the people and politicians of England.

Switzerland, Australia and Norway have recognized the Spanish Government, under the conviction that it will receive the sanction of the Cortez.

The idea of a union to Spain continues to be unpopular in Portugal. King Ferdinand has declared that he is not a candidate for the crown of Spain.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.—This uprising seems to be more formidable than at first declared. In the eastern districts of the island it carries everything pretty much its own way. The rebels control Puerto Principe, although many of the inhabitants have united in an address to Lersundi, regretting the revolution and proffering their services to quell it, and hold Santa Cruz and Bayamo, and expect other important places in the central and western department to soon join them. They are said to have formed a provisional government, and to number 5,000 men, including some Americans and liberated slaves. They defeated the government troops, recently, in an engagement at Baire, and have plundered quite extensively in various localities. Lersundi has received dispatches announcing the attempt to organize filibustering expeditions at New York and New Orleans against Cuba, and has taken necessary precautions to receive the invaders. Spanish war steamers are cruising about the coast.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR. — Latest advices from South America state that a battle took place on the 24th of September at Viletta, where Lopez was strongly entrenched with all his troops. The allied forces attacked his position, but were repulsed by means of ambuscades which had been laid in the woods. The loss of the Brazilians in killed and wounded was very heavy. After this defeat the allied army went into camp at Palmes. There they were constantly harrassed by the Paraguayan guerrillas, who frequently cut off their supplies and interrupted their communications. The Brazilian iron-clads had bombarded Angostura, but without effect. It was rumored that a revolt had broken out in the Argentine Confederation against President Sarmiento.

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The news comes via San Francisco that an insurrection had broken out in Hawaii. A sheriff attempted to arrest one Kaoni, who called himself a prophet, and predicted the end of the world. Kaoni's followers resisted and killed the sheriff, and cut off his head and stuck it on a pole; a deputy sheriff was badly wounded, and his life is despaired of. Several native policemen were killed in attempting to suppress the revolt. On October 15th a tidal wave fell on the Island of Hawaii, destroying a number of houses and causing much loss of property.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A WHEEL broke at the Pembroke Iron Works, Eastport, Me., last week, killing two workmen instantly, and completely overflowing the mill.

IN Jefferson's administration, sixty-six years ago, there were only 2,612 persons in the service of the United States, and their salaries were not above $1,073,000 a year.

AT a recent baptism in the Platte River, near Rochester, Missouri, a man named Stephens died suddenly as he was being carried up the bank. It is supposed that he had the heart disease, and was fatally chilled by the complete immersion.

MASSACHUSETTS has one mile of railway to every six square miles of territory, Connecticut one to seven, Rhode Island one to eleven, New Hampshire one to fourteen, Vermont one to seventeen, while Maine has one to every sixty-two square miles of territory.

A BOY, at Lisbon, Me., fired a hay mow, a few days ago, to "break up" a setting hen. He was amply successful, destroying not only hen's nest, but barn, outbuildings and house, leaving Deacon Jessie Tibbetts, an elderly man, who owned the place, nothing but his farm to commence life anew with.

A REMARKABLE cavern has been recently discovered in Salisbury, Conn., which promises, when fully explored, to take rank among the natural wonders of our country. It has been partially explored and found to contain many beautiful chambers, adorned with snowy stalactites and gypsum formations.

LIEBIG, the chemist, complains that stupid people are forever pestering him with letters asking questions of the most extraordinarily silly nature, such as they might answer for themselves by consulting any elementary text-book. They come at the rate of two or three hundred a day, and in eight or ten different languages.

IT is horribly hinted that two-thirds of the thirty thousand patients in French lunatic asylums are perfectly sane, but have been placed in them for various infamous reasons. It is exceedingly easy to get a person incarcerated, only the certificate of a police doctor being required; but it is proportionately difficult to procure release.

A HORSE fever has broken out near Indianapolis, Iowa. The first symptom is stupor; the eyes grow dull, ears lop over, the horses stand with fore-feet projecting, the extremities grow cold, and they gradually sink away and die. The appetite remains good to the last. Nearly all the horses feeding on a section of prairie two miles square have died.

A FIRST CLASS WEEKLY FOR YOUTH.—Our attention has recently been called to the Youth's Companion, published in Boston—a delightful paper for young people—which we are surprised has heretofore escaped our notice, for it has reached an immense circulation, and is really one of the most vigorously conducted periodicals published. It was started forty-two years ago, by Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, and is probably the oldest paper of its kind in the world. Thousands of young people take it to-day, whose parents were its readers in their youth. Some of the finest writers in the country contribute to its columns, and in the breadth, comprehensiveness and variety of its reading, it is certainly conducted with remarkable discrimination and ability.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 17, 1868.

THERE is very little change in the last two weeks in financial affairs in Western New York. The call for money at the banks is somewhat larger yet than they can meet, though there is a falling off in the amount of paper presented for discount.

The Western money market is close, particularly at Cincinnati. Chicago banks, for the last ten days, have been shipping considerable currency to New York to pay balances. The call all through the West for money to move the grain crops has been large, and the pork trade is now coming actively, and promises to be quite large. This trade will require a good deal of money, which will circulate among the people, and not find its way into bank again until about the beginning of the new year.

The New York market has been active and excited the past week. On Thursday and Friday rumors were current in the street that the combination of stock operators was at work again to lock up greenbacks, but on Saturday the appearances were that it had been abandoned, and money was much easier. Toward the close of last week railroad stocks were very much excited, particularly Erie and New York Central. Erie on Friday sold as low as 35, and New York Central was run down to 114. Rumors which affected these shares being contradicted on Saturday, there was a decided advance—Erie going up to 41 and Central to 118.

There is considerable call for funds South to move the cotton crop, and cotton is coming north quite freely.

It is unfortunate, at this season of the year, when large amounts of money are required in the legitimate business of the country, that such immense sums should be absorbed in stock speculations. Two months since trade was dull, and there was little call then for money to move cotton, wheat, corn and flour, and money in the eastern cities was abundant at 3@4 per cent. It being so cheap, and banks having much unemployed capital, it was procured easily by stock speculators, and prices of almost all kinds of securities rapidly advanced. When the pinch came, stocks fell more rapidly than they advanced, and swept away the profits the gamblers supposed they had made.

It is hoped and generally believed that the worst pressure is past, though an easy market under the circumstances can hardly be anticipated until after the first of January. There is money enough in the country to do the legitimate business, if not absorbed by stock gamblers and speculators.

The following from the Boston Commercial Bulletin of Saturday gives in brief the condition of the New England market:—"There is a slightly better feeling in grain and breadstuffs, with the close of inland navigation at hand, and a little improvement in the trans-Atlantic markets. Provisions are dull; beef, bacon and lard continue to shade. Agricultural produce is generally firm and in good demand: choice dairy products, eggs, beans, potatoes and garden vegetables are higher; fresh meats abundant and lower. Codfish and mackerel are in demand at very full prices. Groceries are quiet; sugar and molasses hardly so firm as last noted. Linseed and lard oils are easier and tending down. Domestic spirits and crude petroleum continue to shade. Cotton is steady and quiet. Wool is dull and weak, especially the extra grade. Manilla hemp is dull and nominally lower. Hides are scarce and very firm. Leather is in better demand and firmer. Metals are firm, except ingot copper; and pig tin, zinc and spelter are active at a further advance."

The New York Commercial Advertiser of Saturday evening says:—"Flour was dull and 5@10c. lower. Wheat dull and 1@2c. lower. Corn dull and about 1c. lower. Oats dull and heavy. Pork dull and irregular. Beef dull. Lard quiet and heavy. The cotton market closes a shade lower, with a fair business doing. Sales 2,200 bales at 24@24½c. for Middling Uplands, chiefly at 24c."

WOOL.—The sales of wool in Boston last week were small, amounting to only 525,000 lbs., at a range of 45@55c. for fleece, and 42@57½c. for the various grades of pulled. The Boston Bulletin says:—"If holders of fine wool, instead of pressing their stocks on the market, are able to carry them through the present money crisis, there can be little doubt that next winter, when the demand and consumption must run principally on this grade, they will hardly fail to realize their full relative value. But, in the present condition of the money market, there are some holders of extra fleece wools who would be glad to sell large lots, for strictly cash in hand, at a material concession."

ROCHESTER, Nov. 16.—Flour, wheat, $10,00@14,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5,00@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,20@1,25; Mill feed, $23@25; Wheat, red, $1,70@1,80; Do. white, $2,30@2,40; Rye, $1,30@1,45; Oats, 65@66c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,50; Pork, mess, $25,00@26,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,00@10,50; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@11c; Chickens, 14@16c; Turkeys, 16@18c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 15@18cts; Lard, 18@19cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@35c; Wool, 40@44c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calf skins, 15@16c; Potatoes, 50@60c; Onions, $1,25@1,50; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $6@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb., 7@7c; do. Plums, 22@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $5,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14—Ashes, pots, $7,75@8,00, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 24@24¼cts; Flour, $5,65@12,00; Wheat, $1,50@2,15; Rye, $1,40@1,40; Barley, 2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,11@1,14½; Oats, 71@72c; Pork, old mess, $26,00@26,00; mess, $27,75@28,75; $22,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $23,50@26; Beef, plain mess, $10@16,50; extra, $16,00@20; Beef hams, $28@30,50; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 11@11½cts; Lard, 16½@17c; Butter, 25@50c; Cheese, 13@18c.

ALBANY, Nov. 14.—Flour, $6@12,25; Rye flour, $7,75@8; Corn meal, $2,35@2,45; Wheat, $2,25@2,45; Corn, $1,14@1,15; Barley, $2,00@2,05; Rye, $1,40; Oats, 71@71½c; Pork, mess, $29,00@29,50; clear, $33@33; Hams, 20@20c; Shoulders, 15c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 16@18½c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 16.—Flour, $7,00@10,25; Rye flour, $6,75; Wheat, $1,12@1,28; Corn, 88c@$1; Oats, 60@60c; Rye, $1,24@$1,25; Barley, $1,95@1,95; Peas, $1,17; Beans, $3,25@4; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 30@45c; Cheese, 15@18c; Eggs, 30c; Pork, mess, $26,00@27; Lard, 17½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14—Flour, $5,25@6,75; Wheat, $1,05@1,17½; Corn, 60@79c; Oats, 47@47½c; Rye, 0,94@1,02; Barley, 1,30@1,39; Pork, mess, $24@24,50; Lard, 15½@16c.

TORONTO, Nov. 12.—Flour, $4,80@5; Wheat, $1,10@1,20; Oats, 50@51c; Barley, $1,30@1,35; Peas, 85@85c; Pork, $21,50@25; Bacon, 11@14c; Hams, 12@13c; Butter, 10@24c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 18@22c; Potatoes, 60@80c; Lard, 14@16c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Beef Cattle range at from 8@16½c; Milch Cows, $30@120; Veal Calves, 8@13cts; Sheep, 3@6½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 8@10½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 10.—Beeves range at from $2@9,50; Milch Cows, $10@100; Sheep, 3@5¾c; Lambs, 5@6½c; Hogs, 8@9c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 12.—Beef Cattle, 6@13cts; Working oxen, $160@275; Steers, $87@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $16@28; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3½@5c; by the head, $3@4,50; Shoats, 9½@12c; Fat hogs, 8¾@9¼c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 14.—Beef Cattle, $4,10@5,60; Hogs, $6,55@7,70. Sheep, $1,25@4.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 11.—Beeves, sell at $3,35@6; Sheep, $2,00@3,50; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $6,25@8,00.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 13—Beef Cattle, 3½@8c; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3½@4½c; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, 10@11½c.

TORONTO, Nov. 11—Beef Cattle, $4,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@5; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, $8@5,25; Venison, $4,50@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Wool market is quiet; sales are 350,000 lbs., at 49@55½c for domestic fleece, 70@73c for pickloeks, 46½c for combings, 36@47½c for pulled, 40@48c for Nolls, 30@37c for California, and 27½c for East India.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—Wool, fleece, 45@60c; pulled, 45@55c extra do., 44@53c; combing fleece, 52@60.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 12—Wool, pulled, 37@50c; tub-washed, 48@52c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 40@45c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 13—Wool, unwashed 30@33c; burry, 22@25c; tub-washed, 43@46c; fleece, 42@45c; pulled, 30@33c.

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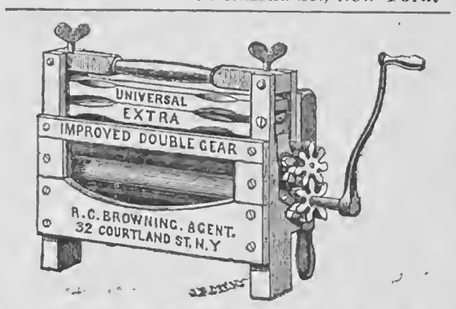

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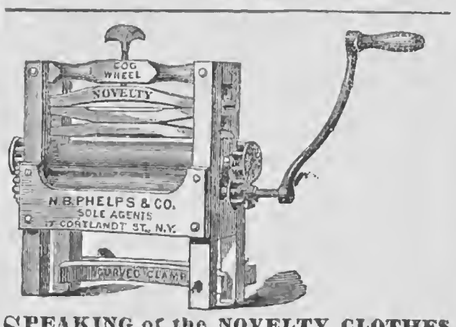

SPEAKING of the NOVELTY CLOTHES WRINGER exhibited at the late Fair in the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the NEW YORK LIBERAL CHRISTIAN says:—"The Novelty Wringer received the marked approbation of the jury, and was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM. * * * It is now admitted that it has no equal as a family wringer. * * * It has the PATENT FLANGE COG-WHEELS on both ends of the Rolls, as well as the most approved appliances for adjusting the pressure, so that a fine lace collar, or a heavy woollen blanket can be run through with equal facility and without injury. * * * Indeed, in all respects, its superiority is so apparent that the high testimonials it is constantly receiving can be readily accounted for. * * * In fact, wherever and wherever exhibited it invariably secures the highest honors." N. B. PHELPS & CO., GEN. AGTS., No. 17 Courtlandt Street, New York City
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PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE FOR 1869.

The JANUARY and following Nos. of PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE (commencing a New Volume) will have contributions by Wm. Cullen Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, (an unpublished paper,) Edw. Everett Hale, author of "A Man without a Country," Bayard Taylor, and some of the most brilliant writers of the time. Also the commencement of the New Romance by Richard B. Kimball, Esq., author of St. Ledger, Undercurrents, etc., entitled TO-DAY—A Tale of Both Hemispheres. Contributions are also expected from "Mark Twain," and other "tragic" writers. Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR will be a regular contributor, beginning with the January number. The World's Chronicle of Literature, Science, and Art, a comprehensive Sketch of the Æsthetic Progress of the Nations, will be given in every number. Terms—25 cents per No., $4 per annum. Liberal terms for Clubs and for Agents. Canvassing Agents wanted. 982-2teow

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The Youth's Companion—Perry Mason & Co.
List of Books—Thomas O'Kane & Co.
New Styles of Organs—Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.
$2 Wonder—Industry Sewing Machine Co.
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Doolittle's Anti-Sore Ointment—H H Doolittle.
Magazines and Newspapers—Union Club Co.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
The Purest and Sweetest Cod Liver Oil.

The News Condenser.

— The rich young Marquis of Bute has been Romanized.
— Chautauqua county jail has but one inmate.
— A five pound turnip flourishes in the village of Cato.
— Cora Pearl's furniture has been seized for debt.
— Madam Anna Bishop has married again in Australia.
— Fanny Fern is to be President of the Sorosis.
— Cidor in air tight cans may be kept sweet for years.
— San Francisco claims 153,000 population.
— Prince William of Austria is in New York.
— Gottschalk has retreated again to Montevideo.
— Garibaldi's sheep raising experiment is a failure.
— Hawthorne's eldest daughter is a promising artist.
— Charles XII is to have a statue at Stockholm.
— Eugenie has started the fashion of swinging a cane.
— Lawrence, Mass., employs 30,000 factory girls.
— Agassiz is lecturing at Cornell University.
— The old Bank of North Carolina is bankrupt.
— A funny paper is to be started in Montreal.
— Miss Rye has landed ninety more girls in Montreal.
— Wisconsin has tried peat for domestic fuel.
— Desertions from the Papal army are on the increase.
— Madame Audenard is lecturing in French in New York.
— Brigham Young has just led five more wives to the altar.
— Shelbyville, Ill., has prayer meetings in a whisky saloon.
— A commercial exchange quotes sausage as "chain goods."
— An Italian traveler gives Boston the palm of female beauty.
— Joseph Johnson is doing "Rip Van Winkle" in Buffalo.
— A $60,000 plantation in Mississippi was lately sold for $269.
— Lynn, Mass., sends two printers to the Legislature this year.
— Chautauqua county pays $34,893 less taxes this year than last.
— A man was arrested in Toronto the other day for sacrilege.
— Bonner gives $10,000 toward a gymnasium at Princeton College.
— Colored rosettes on shoes are becomming more and more frequent.
— The Marquis of Hastings died Tuesday week at the age of 26 years.
— The proprietors of the Chicago Tribune last year divided $148,000.
— Brigham Young is the third largest depositor in the Bank of England.
— 24,000 planchettes have been manufactured in Portland the past year.
— Fort Scott, Kansas, mines all the coal it needs by grading its streets.
— An Italian has written a sensation play in which John Milton figures.
— The Galesburg Baptists have just lifted a 2,200 lb. bell to their steeple.
— Isabella, late Queen of Spain, and her attendants have arrived in Paris.
— A National Christian Convention assembled in New York on the 17th inst.
— In Philadelphia 4,016 building permits have been issued this year so far.
— A severe shock of an earthquake has been experienced at Hioga, Japan.
— Foot pads are nightly prowling along the banks of the canal at Lockport.
— 25,000 apple trees have been planted this season in Androscoggin Co., Maine.
— A Board of Trade has been started at Lewiston, Me., under favorable prospects.
— London is to have a daily in which the anonymous system is to be abandoned.
— Lord Monck, the retiring Governor General of Canada, has sailed for England.
— An English clergyman robbed a graveyard for beautiful stones for his sidewalk.
— The French authorities are greatly alarmed about the reported conspiracy in Paris.
— Afternoon classes are being abolished in German schools with brilliant results.
— Burglaries are now averaging three and four per night in Rochester and vicinity.
— The failure of the Commercial Bank of New Brunswick, at St. Johns is announced.
— Frank Ray and Jonathan Young were recently killed in an affray at Cheyenne, Nebraska.
— Shooting buffaloes from car windows is a favorite sport on the Union Pacific Railroad.
— Victoria does not wish her darling son, Alfred, to risk himself on the throne of Spain.
— A champion drinker of lager beer in Cleveland has accomplished 106 glasses in one day.
— The mining season in Montana has been brought to a close at the approach of cold weather.
— A small girl named Smith of Buffalo was found smothered in her bed Saturday morning.
— The portraits of Nopoleon and Eugenie have been publicly destroyed in the streets of Madrid.
— Twenty-five million feet of lumber is stored in the lumber yards of Minneapolis and St. Anthony.
— D. D. Rundel, Esq., of Blockville raised a tomato this season which weighed a pound and a half.
— The average decline of standard wheat in the Chicago market for 30 days has been 1 ct. a day per bushel.
— The New York Sun boasts a carrier who has never missed a day on his route, and who has cleared $100,000.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Purest and Sweetest Cod Liver Oil in the world is Hazard and Caswell's, manufactured by them upon the sea shore from fresh and healthy livers; it is perfectly pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it can take no other. After years of experimenting, physicians have decided it better than any of the brown oils. Sold by all the druggists. 983-2teow

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A LADY who had suffered for years from Deafness, Catarrh and Scrofula, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the receipt free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. L., care Major Martin Hunt, Hoboken, N. J.

RURAL BRIEF MENTIONINGS.

LOOK to the colts. Cold storms of sleet and snow double them up badly. Give them shelter.

IF you would have your shoes last a good while never expose them to the heat till they swell. It destroys the vitality of the leather.

THE woolen mills of eight Western States are now equal to about thirty per cent. of the whole number in the United States in 1860.

THE N. E. Farmer mentions a hog weighing 885 pounds which gained nearly five pounds per day for over one hundred successive days.

IF harness is washed in warm water till it is pliable, never put it away or use it till it has been thoroughly oiled. Do not use varnish.

IF you prefer eggs to fresh beef in the winter, give the latter to the hens and eat the former yourself. Beef will make the hens "shell out."

THE Minneapolis (Iowa) Union, Nov. 7th, announces a steady decline in wheat, which was selling at date at from 75 to 80 cents per bushel.

NEARLY all the farmers who make mention of their potato crop the present season concur in saying that the Peach Blow has done admirably.

INDIA rubber overshoes should always be removed when one enters a house with a purpose of staying long. They rot leather and injure the feet.

IT is estimated that the wheat crop of the present year will afford seed and five bushels to each person in the States, and 40,000,000 bushels for export.

DEVON cattle are supposed by many to be the best feeders, grinders and digesters of food, and requiring the smallest amount of any other to keep them in condition.

THE Chester and Berkshire hogs eat and are satisfied; the long nosed are never satisfied even when eating. The one sleeps and fattens; the other grows poor from restlessness.

THE most successful breeders of good hogs concur in saying that continuing to breed from the same herd will destroy the stock. The change should be not of family but of tribe.

ACCORDING to the testimony of ex-Governor VANCE of North Carolina, the tendency of things in the South is to a subdivision of farms and the general introduction of white labor.

THE Germantown Telegraph scents the story that 80 bushels of Chili Club wheat have been grown upon an acre of land. The incredulity of that paper is fully justified we think.

SOME of our exchanges are discussing the character of purslane—denouncing it as a great nuisance. It makes good greens, colors a fine purple, and is easily hoed up when not wanted.

FARMERS sometimes complain of bad luck with their crops. This may occur from premature frosts, drouth or excessive rains, but poor management is often responsible for many failures.

IT is said that if the bodies of peach trees are well banked up with earth at the beginning of winter, and the earth removed in the spring, they will bear much better than they otherwise would.

A HUNDRED pounds of corn husks contain the materials for twenty pounds of paper, twenty-five of long fiber for spinning and weaving into cloth. In the rough state they are worth three cents a pound to the upholsterers.

THE Prairie Farmer says, truly, that though ground and cooked corn is best for fattening hogs, still it may not be the cheapest. It is not, where the mill is distant—a quarter of the grist going for toll, and fuel for heating the furnace scarce.

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VANITY.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down.
And day and night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all, when all is done?
Grains of somber or shining sand,
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze.
And what is it all, when all is done?
A tide with never, a shore in sight
Setting steadily on to the night.

The fisher droppeth his net in the stream
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
And the maiden dreameth her love-lit dream.
And what is it all, when all is done?
The net of the fisher the burden breaks,
And always the dreaming the dreamer wakes.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 372, last number.]

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

The steamer "Ontario," Capt. Estes, bore a goodly company of pleasure seekers over the waters of its namesake, that August day. They saw the sun go down off the little port of Genesee, and rise again off the curious old town of Kingston. Then throughout the long morning that followed they glided on, amid the Thousand Islands, fairly entranced by the loveliness that continually was visible on either hand.

At Ogdensburgh,—a lively, wide-awake place all the while laughing at its sleepy Canadian neighbor, Brockville, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence,—the "Ontario" transferred all her pleasure-seeking souls to the "Lord Elgin," Capt. DeWitt, and adown the magnificent river the goodly company continued to glide.

The Galop Rapids were passed,—just a pleasantly-exciting premonition of what was to come,—the Rapid Platte, a slightly exaggerated repetition of the same; and all the passengers were gathered on the forward deck, to witness the passage of the Long Sault, the longest, and one of the most important, of the whole series of Rapids. While yet the foam-crested line which marks the beginning of the Long Sault was a mile distant, two of the company met who had not clasped hands before in half a score of years.

"Why, Judge Grayson, can this indeed be you?"

"Harry Brief, upon my soul! Pray, where did you drop down from?"

"O, I've been drifting down the Lakes,—playing idler, you know, as I used to do so often when studying with you."

"And as you didn't do half often enough, and don't now, I'll warrant. Too much work is only slow suicide. You don't look as though you were shuffling off 'this mortal coil' however even slowly."

"No; these Northern breezes have given me new life. I was rather overworked when I left New Orleans; I shall go back recuperated."

"Are you traveling alone?"

"No, sir; my youngest is with me," he answered, quizzically,—my ward, Alfred Henderson," noting his friend's wondering look.

"Ah! I thought you never had made any woman happy, as your wife,—pity you hadn't."

"Perhaps. But wont you step this way and see my young companion?"

This was their greeting. Alfred was leaning against the guards at a little distance, and they pressed their way to him. Scarcely had they reached his side, and exchanged salutations, when a tremor of the vessel announced that she had entered the Rapids; and conversation gave way to excited exclamations of pleasure and admiration.

A trembling shiver of the boat, as if in dread of the hidden rocks beneath, then a quick plunge forward, and they went dancing down the enraged channel at a rate most exhilarating. The more timid of the passengers clung to each other nervously, and were only just becoming accustomed to the scene, so that they might enjoy its grandeur, as tranquil waters below appeared in view. It seemed but a moment since the first plunge was made,—a moment more and they had shot the Long Sault, and were floating quietly along towards Cornwall. Then Judge Grayson remarked,—

"That was magnificent sailing! Yet I suppose the grandest is still to come. But dinner will soon be served, and I desire to introduce you to my traveling companions. We shall find them over there near the bow. Will you go with me, gentlemen?"

They assented, and he led them across the deck to where were seated a middle-aged lady, and a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years, very evidently her daughter. They had opportunity simply to observe of the former that she was dressed in black, and wore a pained, anxious look, and of the latter that she possessed an unusually interesting face, before being introduced.

"Mrs. Range," said the Judge, "I have fallen upon friends, with whom let me make you acquainted. Mr. Brief, here, you must have heard me mention, as having studied with me years ago, and this is his ward, Mr. Henderson. This young lady, gentlemen," turning to her, "is Miss Berdena Range. And now let us sit down here and enjoy ourselves."

Which, after the informal introduction had been acknowledged, they proceeded to do. Many passengers had left the deck, only a few remaining, scattered about in little groups, discussing the beauties of the scenery or talking of the pleasure the Rapids had afforded them. Such a group these five persons now made, until dinner was announced.

When dinner was over they repaired to the aft deck. It was mid-afternoon, and the steamer had just entered that broad reach of the river known as Lake St. Francis, the singularly placid beauty of which no pen can fully describe. Scarcely a ripple ruffled the surface; the dainty islands here and there were like rare emeralds in a silver setting. On the gently sloping shore, three or four miles away, the old Indian village of St. Regis, with its antiquated church, held some hints of a century gone by, and seemed to cast a dreaminess upon all the atmosphere. Alfred felt the subtle influence in the air, as did the others in a measure, and was yielding himself to its spell when Berdena Range spoke. She had been carefully scrutinizing the country on both sides of the lake with her glass.

"That is a very odd looking church yonder, Uncle Grayson, and an odd-looking little village that it stands in. Look at it."

She passed the glass to him. Her voice was sweet beyond all comparison,—one in a thousand, to be remembered ever when once heard. Full, deep, with a melody all its own, it charmed young Henderson more than novel scenery or sunlit waters. He had been softly humming

"Over a summer sea."

but stopped, to catch the sweeter tones again, and to more closely study her face.

She was very beautiful, yet not with that beauty which attracts and dazzles on first sight. The rather was her face like some rare picture, wherein the finest effects are slow to be seen, and to which we turn and turn again, ever finding a new enchantment. A clear complexion, only too white to betoken perfect health; small mouth, with lips full, inviting, their ripe redness strongly contrasting with the clear whiteness around them and disclosed by them as they parted; dark, speaking eyes, in whose deep wells a wealth of tenderness was reflected; and hair black as the night, and hanging down upon her shoulders in a profusion of curls;—these were the chief characteristics of her picture, as she sat leaning against the tiller post.

"It is a curious place, sure enough," said Judge Grayson, lowering the glass from his eyes. "Not without interest, apart from its quaintness, however. It is the home of almost the last remnant of the Iroquois, once a large and powerful nation, occupying a great portion of this northern country. Now a few hundred of those that remain gain a miserable subsistence in this vicinity."

"They have more exalted ideas of worship than I supposed them to have," remarked Mrs. Range, "judging by that church. It is quite pretentious."

"Quite so," the Judge answered. "The Jesuit priests began their missionary work among these native tribes at a very early day, and have always possessed a strong influence over them. That church is but one of many evidences of the fact. One of the bells in its tower has a bit of individual history, tradition says. It was purchased in France, with furs sent out by the Indians. While being transported hither it was captured by an English cruiser, then taken to Salem, Mass., and afterward to Deerfield, for service in a church there. But the Indians learned of its whereabouts, through their priest, made an attack on the town, regained the bell, carried it into Vermont, and there buried it in the woods. The next spring it was safely conveyed to St. Regis."

The village was now fast receding behind them. Meanwhile other little villages came in sight, at frequent intervals, on the Canadian shore, each pointing its one church spire heavenward, and each church such a quaint little edifice as is found nowhere else upon the Continent. They talked of these, and of many more peculiar features of the scenery, as the steamer glided on. Traveling association is wonderfully conducive to acquaintanceship. Far removed from home companions, the most casual acquaintances meet as old friends, and are drawn nearer together by an hour of each other's society than they would otherwise be in a year. So was it in the present instance. All hesitating formality vanished; the group thus happily met chatted and laughed as familiarly as though the home-parlors had echoed their mingled chatting and laughing many a time before.

So in delightful intercourse, amid surroundings more than delightful, the moments sped by. Berdena Range evinced a lively flow of spirits quite in contrast with her mother's grave, quiet demeanor, yet so contagious that even the latter could not entirely escape it. It awakened a fund of pleasant humor in the genial Judge and his quondam pupil, and aroused Alfred from the state of indifferent apathy in which he had been, for the most part, since his mother's death. Which latter fact gave Harry Brief no little satisfaction.

The emerald islets grew more numerous, as they neared the lower extremity of the lake, and, if possible, more enchanting. And far away over the right hand shore the view opened up, mile upon mile, taking in at last, as a blue background, the famed Adirondacks of New York, stretching like a belt against the horizon. Then the river contracted to its ordinary width, and Alfred regretfully said,—

"All beautiful things are too fleeting. St. Francis has been a lovely midsummer dream; I hope it will never cease to be a bright midwinter memory,—or perhaps I should say a bright memory in a drear midwinter."

"Ah, there are the Rapids again!" Mr. Brief exclaimed, at this moment, and they rapidly sought the forward deck.

Down the rapid current of the Coteau the steamer plunged; and the exciting experience was repeated a few moments later as they went madly careering down one of the fearful channels of the Cedars. Mrs. Range shuddered as she saw into what a wild, angry mass of waters they were being hurried, and even the gentlemen held their breath an instant as the first shock came. But the young girl's face lighted up with a new and keen enjoyment, and as they shot quickly past the dangerous points on either side she clapped her hands in very exuberance of pleasure. The three miles were too soon passed.

"It was grand," she said, "but it was too short. Shall we have any more?"

"The grandest are yet to come, Miss," answered Capt. De Witt, who had heard the question. "We shall run the Lachine before long. This we have had is pretty smooth sailing beside that."

They found his statement true. Nearing the surging, boiling mass, many faces took on a sober, anxious look.

"It doesn't seem, really, as if any boat could live yonder," said Judge Grayson. "I can see no channel whatever between those rocks."

"But the old Indian at the wheel does, it appears," replied Harry Brief. "He has a face worthy of the painter's skill; see the cool intrepidity in it."

"Yes, he is a good study," Alfred answered.

"Ah, I should like to be in his place," said Berdena, simply. "He must have all the more intense enjoyment because of the danger, and the overcoming it!"

There was no more opportunity for conversation. Right into the midst of the roaring billows they dashed, and the tumult was awfully terrific. Down—down—the strong boat settled, now careening to this side and now to that, now trembling like a frightened thing when struck by some huge wave, now bearing recklessly forward towards an outjutting rock that threatened to shiver it to atoms, yet all the while obeying the will of the cool, intrepid hand at the helm, swerving not for an instant from the narrow path before it, until dangerous rocks and angry waters were left behind, and the thrilling, sublime Lachine had been run.

Then they all gave a little sigh,—half regret and half congratulation,—as they looked backward up the steep descent whence they had come, and forward where the wonderful Victoria Bridge spanned the River like a tight drawn wire.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

They made a pleasant party, during those days of lotos eating that followed. In compact, gray, monastic Montreal they loitered, driving round its one pet lion—Mount Royal, staring at the meekfaced nuns in its convents, climbing the great tower of its immense cathedral and looking over the fertile country outreaching along the Ottawa; in strange, sleepy Quebec, zigzagging up and down its narrow streets, laughing at the noisy jargon of its *caleche* drivers, viewing the rare old paintings in its Seminary Chapel, standing upon the dizzy battlements of its threatening citadel, dreaming over History on the Plains of Abraham where Wolfe found Immortality, bowling past the whitewashed cottages along the Beauport road, listening to the fascinating music of coquettish Montmorenci; and at silent, Sabbath-like Tadousac, bathing in the waters of its beautiful Bay, climbing over the tops of its rugged cliffs, or fishing in the shadows at their feet, and idly dreaming in its little box of a church.

Whether spent in these loiterings; in drifting down the broad St. Lawrence, watching the sly, white porpoises at their sports; in ascending the magnificent Saguenay, being awed by its towering piles of granite, experiencing its wierd, sublime silence, or in rambling about Ha! Ha!—where nothing wears even the semblance of a smile except the placid Bay; the days were a perpetual delight. At least to all but Alfred Henderson. And only at short intervals did he get back into his indifferent apathy. The moments were too golden, the intercourse with lively Berdena Range too happifying, to render that often possible.

She was vivacious, quick at repartee, and by nature a trifle coquettish. And her natural self shone out continually. Hers was not dissembling coquettishness; it was but the spontaneous outflow of a heart apt to be governed by the whim of the moment, and giving expression to its momentary feeling. She felt her laugh; she smiled from genuine pleasure; she dropped into dangerously tender moods because for the time her innate tenderness chose to manifest itself. She had a warm fancy, an enthusiastic admiration for the beautiful and sublime, and a delicate perception, which of themselves rendered her especially agreeable as a traveling companion. What wonder, therefore, that the young man was charmed out of his sorrow and careless indifference?—that he thought less of those late weeks at Glendale and the fair-haired girl at Willoughby Hall?—that when he finally wrote Mr. Enderby, saying himself and Harry Brief would visit Glendale, he did not, as else he would have done, send some word to Mabel announcing their coming?

Would the two thus thrown together become lovers then? Would he prove his recent fancied regard for another simply mere fancy? Would this young girl awaken from days of sweet association to that holy, all-absorbing passion which is girlhood's birthright and which makes her supremely a woman? It seemed not unlikely. Yet they did not talk of love. In all those drives and walks alone with each other, when the Judge and Brief entertained Mrs. Range with their legal anecdotes, or left her to quiet rest and sauntered off to amuse themselves as best they might, the young couple said not a word which could make them more than friends.

Harry Brief, looking on with his keen observation, divined how it would probably end.

"Not a bad looking couple, eh, Judge?" he remarked, as they sat upon Durham Terrace in Quebec, and Alfred and Berdena passed and repassed before them on the Promenade. They had returned the day previous from Tadousac, and were to separate on the following afternoon, Judge Grayson and the ladies to retrace their way up the St. Lawrence, Brief and his ward to proceed to Glendale, stopping by the way at the mountains.

The Judge answered his friend's thought with a quiet smile; Mrs. Range gave another, in which something of maternal solicitude was apparent.

"Suppose we join them? Or would you prefer to sit here, Mrs. Range?"

"I will remain here awhile longer, but you and Mr. Brief can go."

The gentlemen left her seated near one of the small cannon on the Terrace, and sauntered off.

"Not a bad looking couple, as you remark, Brief," said the Judge; "in fact they're a splendid match. But we have great fears that Dena will never become a wife. Some pulmonary affection threatens her very strongly, the doctors say, though she is so radiant and blooming. That's why we are journeying; it was thought that a change of air might arrest it. She does seem better, but the disease may be working insidiously. Her mother is very anxious, and so am I. Mrs. Range is my neice, and has been my housekeeper for a number of years, and Dena is like an own child to me. She partly takes the place of a dear girl I lost of about the same age."

She of whom they were speaking came up as he concluded, leaning upon the young man's arm, her face glowing with a glad, happy light. The one among many that the Destroyer would choose she at this moment appeared, for "Death loves a shining mark." She was in the merriest of spirits, and quickly imparted her merriment to those with her. They spent a half hour on the Promenade, laughing as though the sleepy old town were the gladdest, merriest place in the world—which it isn't; drinking in the clear beauty of the far-reaching landscape; peering idly down upon the odd old houses just at their feet, and the shipping in the river a little further on; and then, returning to Mrs. Range, went back to their hotel.

Next morning they rode down to the Montmorenci once more, and spent a few delightful hours there. The lovely waterfall held a powerful fascination for both Alfred and Berdena. They viewed it from every accessible point, seeing new beauties from each, and leaving each with regret. Strong as was Montmorenci's fascination over the young man, that of his enthusiastic companion was even stronger. He began to realize that very soon they were to part, and a sense of what he should miss came home to his heart with deep emphasis. A feeling that he could not thus lose sight of her took possession of him. A wild, passionate longing to clasp her in his arms, to tell her of his newly-discovered love, and to receive her sweet assurance of its return, struggled to satisfy itself.

Some subtle influence held him back. He could not have told what. Not regard for another, surely. For the time being there was to him none other in the wide world. Her rare loveliness measured all the womanly grace of which he had any realization. Of none else had he even a remembrance. Yet he let it go by him unclaimed. The wild longing of his heart he did not attempt to answer. He heard the mellow music of the falling water as one in a dream; he listened to that rarely sweet voice of hers,—more sweet than whispers of melody,—as though it echoed distant song; he walked beside her as though she were a queen in fairy land, and he had accidentally strayed into her realm.—[Continued on page 377.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 14, 31, 10, 29, 3 is a girl's name.
My 21, 31, 4 is a fowl.
My 6, 22, 8 is a tree.
My 23, 31, 16, 14, 15 are useful bones of the head.
My 24, 29, 10, 16, 4 is a girl's name.
My 1, 21, 3, 9, 12, 17, 25 is a kind of cloth.
My 20, 15, 24, 25, 2 is a kind of grain.
My 27, 8, 3, 28 is a color.
My 3, 30, 26, 14 is a relation.
My 16, 1, 2, 15, 24, 17 is my sister's name.
My 28, 3, 8, 10, 16, 13 is a kind of grain.
My 5, 3, 8, 7, 24, 26 is a city in Georgia.
My 19, 18, 17, 8, 11 is a city in New Hampshire.
My 1, 22, 1, 14, 24, 8 is a relation.
My whole is what all Americans should do.

Beloit, Wis. Ellen B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first had come that warm spring month
Of opening buds and growing grasses;
The air was filled with song of birds,
And shouts of merry lads and lasses.

Within a cottage, white and neat,
A fair, young mother worked and smiled;
My second, from the sunbeam broken,
Fell on her hair and forehead mild.

My whole before her clicked away
Beneath the touch of her busy feet
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For husband dear and children sweet.

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AGRICULTURAL.

PRIMITIVE DRAINAGE.

MANY years ago a Yankee from the Valley of the Connecticut, bought an improved farm, so-called, in a western State. Most of the cleared land had a gentle inclination to the east, and along its base meandered a brook, or, as it was called there, a "run." This land had a subsoil of pretty stiff clay. The new owner, being desirous of producing his own breadstuff, sowed several acres to winter wheat, which flourished in autumn finely and promised an exuberant yield at harvest time. In March the snow went off, the ground was wet, but despite of its dip the water did not flow off and sink through the clay subsoil,—it could not. The consequence was that between freezing, and thawing, and the lifting of anchor ice, the wheat was detached from the soil and fully nine-tenths of it killed.

On making this discovery, the owner said it was of no use to farm land where water would not run down hill, and proposed to pull up stakes and stick them in a section of country where water would obey the laws of gravitation. A neighbor advised him not to be too precipitate in making a change, but to try wheat once more on a few acres prepared with under drainage. This was done in a very primitive way. Deep furrows were run up and down the face of the hill once in about four rods, saplings about six inches in diameter placed in the trench on each side, and a third placed on top to keep them asunder. Hemlock boughs were thrown over these and the soil thrown back, making the surface as even as before. Three acres were prepared with this rude drainage, which cost but little, but its effect on the succeeding crop of wheat was most marked. There was no more throwing out by frost; the surface water worked its way out through the wooden drains, leaving the soil warm, dry and fructifying. The result was a crop of wheat so heavy as to make the grain cradle quiver as it was swung through it. In the changed condition of things, water did run down hill, though declining to do so while the land remained in its original condition. There is a vast amount of land in the country condemned to lasting sterility simply because its owners neglect to change its condition by removing from it the surplus moisture which the character of the soil prevents from finding an underground avenue of escape.

THE TEXAS CATTLE DISEASE.

WE have received a pamphlet copy of the Report of the Commission appointed to examine the Texas cattle disease. One conclusion arrived at is that the disease is like or identical with that known in the old world as "Black Water;" hence it is proposed to denominate this as "*Splenic Fever*, or Black Water of Texas."

The ordinary symptoms are high fever, pulse running from 60 to 120 per minute; breathing often labored, and generally frequent; loss of appetite; in cows the almost entire suspension of the milk secretions; head drooping, when standing, and, when lying, the nose thrust hard upon the ground,—sometimes turned back over the side, and pressed against it; the ears drooping, back arched, flank hollow, hind legs drawn up under the body; frequent knuckling over of the hind fetlocks; disposed to lie down and get up again, which is done with difficulty. When made to move, it is often with a staggering, unsteady gait. The coat becomes rough. At times, frequent twitching of the muscles appear about the shoulders and other parts of the body.

A post mortem examination of cattle, dying from this fever, shows almost uniformly a healthy condition of the first three stomachs, especially of the third; but the fourth one is intensely congested at its upper end, and in nearly all, erosions of the lining membrane.' Generally the intestines are congested and blood stained in the whole extent. The gall-bladder, and liver are more or less affected, the spleen greatly enlarged, of a dark color and structure broken up. The kidneys exhibit the same general aspect.

The Committee do not seem to have passed specially upon the cause of the disease or its manner of being imparted to native stock; but V. T. CHILTON of Smith City, Mo., who has had much experience in the matter, would seem to refer it to climatic change. If the cattle are sent North leisurely on foot it is rare for any disease to be developed, but when hurried forward by rail and steam it soon manifests itself with great virulence.

How it is that Texas cattle impart a fatal disease to other stock by merely passing through a country or roaming over pastures — themselves rarely suffering from it—is yet a problem to be solved. Of the fact itself there would seem to be no room for question. The rough and hurried manner of transporting these cattle and the cruelties incident to the transit are mentioned with suitable reprehension.

The vast grazing range supplied by Texas and the general mildness of its winters, naturally render it one of the best stock raising sections of the country, and it is to that region that the rapidly increasing population of the country must look for a large portion of stock to meet the public wants. It is equally clear, too, that a change in the system of forwarding cattle North is indispensable to a continuance of the trade so important to the growers of stock and the consumers of it.

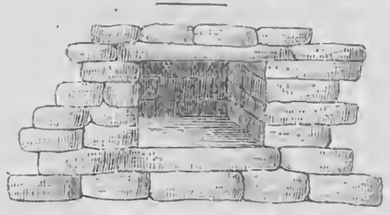
RURAL FARMERS' CLUB.

Bugging Potatoes.

THE process of "bugging" potato fields at the West, consists in going over the plantation from time to time, shaking off the bugs from the vines into a pail or pan and then destroying them. This was the plan adopted on the farm attached to the Madison University, Wisconsin, with complete success, at an expense of about $5 per acre. A Mr. REYNOLDS, Fond du Lac, recommends, as a bug exterminator, the application of Paris green, — one pound with four pounds of dry ashes, sifted and well mixed, and applied to the infected vines while the dew is on. This was found effective in the expulsion or destruction of the bugs, on being applied twice a week till the leaves became too tough for them to feed upon. The mixture produced no injury to the vines. As these bugs may progress eastward as far as this State the coming season, it may not be amiss to have some settled plan for dealing with them in advance of their arrival. That they will be here soon, considering the rate of progress already made in this direction within two years, may be regarded as a fixed fact.

Protecting Posts and Stakes from Decay.

A. P. P., Casawaga, N. Y., writes:—"What composition or paint can I apply to render posts and stakes durable and prevent decay?" There is no treatment known practicable for a farmer to adopt, which is exactly satisfactory for producing the result desired. Stakes and small posts might be heated or slightly charred, to season them thoroughly, then immersed in crude petroleum for a few hours, and afterwards dipped, or perhaps boiled, for a time in gas tar or pitch. There is a method of filling the pores of logs with a solution of sulphate of copper, which is used in Europe on ship-timber to some extent, and also applied to wood for vineyard stakes and other purposes where it comes in contact with the earth. It is hardly a practical method for a person to undertake on a small scale. To what extent a solution of sulphate of copper would preserve stakes, if they were first seasoned by fire heat and then immersed in it for a time, we cannot say from practical knowledge, but the experiment would be worthy of a trial.



Recess in Cellar Walls.

L. D. SNOOK, Yates Co., N. Y., writes:—"The keeping clean, cool, and out of the reach of vermin, butter, cake, bread, canned fruits, and other articles that are usually kept in a cellar, is an object much desired, yet obtained by but few. A cheap, clean and permanent receptacle for the preservation of the articles mentioned is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is simply a recess left in the cellar wall when building the same, or it may be constructed afterwards. It is about three feet from the cellar bottom, and of the following dimensions: Two feet in length, fourteen inches in depth, and one foot in height. The bottom should be constructed of stone or brick; the top, in absence of stone of the desired size, can be made of two-inch well seasoned oak plank. Often from three to six are built in one cellar wall. In constructing them, use judgment and get them in the most convenient places, saving much time in traveling to and fro."

Potato Growing in Minnesota.

H. W. CRANE, Freedom, Waseca Co., Minnesota, writes us under date of Nov. 11th as follows:—"I purchased, last spring, four pounds each of the Early Goodrich, Harison, Gleason, and Cuzcos. I cut them into single eyes and planted them in drills 3½ feet apart, putting one eye every 18 inches in the drill, with the following results: From the Early Goodrich I harvested 16½ bushels; from the Harison 22¼ bushels; from the Gleason 9¾ bushels; from the Cuzcos 27½ bushels, making 76 bushels from 16 pounds of seed. The Cuzcos had been chilled so only about one-half of them grew,—but those that did grow yielded equal to the Harison. From 19 eyes of the Harison I raised 2 bushels of potatoes, producing at the rate of 839 bushels to the acre. If any one can beat that, let us hear from him. Can farmers afford to raise the common varieties of potatoes?

"Minnesota is having real winter weather to-day; the snow is two inches deep, and the windows on the north side of the kitchen are white with frost."

A SUSSEX AND AUGERON SOW.

CROSSING breeds of swine has many times been attended with the best results, producing stock which, for generations, at least, combined the good qualities of both breeds, and was superior to either for general purposes. The most popular and profitable breeds of swine in this country are not thorough-bred, but crosses, originating in some locality, and, being carefully improved and disseminated, acquiring a wide reputation. And there is yet a great chance for improvement in this class of farm stock, and by reason of the ease and rapidity with which it may be made, it cannot fail of being profitable. Our illustration represents a sow in which the blood of the English Sussex and the French Augeron breeds is mingled. The original Angeron possessed large bone, fine flesh, and attained to great size, but came late to maturity. Its faults were corrected by the strain of Sussex blood. The animal figured above weighed eight hundred and forty pounds when fourteen months old. Its characteristics were white color, thick, short neck, medium-sized ears projecting forward; short legs, little hair, and thick, well-rounded body. The weight attained at the age of fourteen months, shows early maturity and capability for large growth, which are qualities very desirable in any breed.

Black Kidney Potato.

L. A. C., Clay, N. Y., writes:—"With this letter I send a small box of potatoes for a name. This is an excellent early potato, quite as early as the Early Goodrich, and I think several days earlier. It requires good, rich soil, when the potatoes grow long and large; the general habit is rather kidney-shaped, growing few in a hill and all in a cluster; are quite a blackish purple when first dug; meat white and of an excellent quality; good all times of year. The seed came from Pickaway Co., Ohio, to Fulton Co., Ohio, thence to this place, about 19 years ago."

We think we have correctly named it above. It may be known under different names in different localities. There are several hundred varieties in the country, including a great many seedlings without any name, and it would be well worth the while to describe and identify them, as is done with our fruits.

NOTES ON NEBRASKA.

"PRAY where is Nebraska?" exclaimed JOHN VAN BUREN, when some one accused him of conniving at the introduction of slavery into that territory. It is on the same parallel with Pennsylvania and Southern New York. The Missouri River takes the pains to come all the way from our northern borders along the British possessions, over three thousand miles, through much miserable country, and many hostile Indian tribes, to make an eastern boundary for Nebraska—with Kansas south, Dakotah north, Wyoming and Colorado territories west, it makes out to be thoroughly bounded.

Like some other people, Nebraska has too much land. Its west end is a damage to it—too high and dry for profitable agriculture; the State would do well to bargain for Wyoming and Colorado, that have n't much reputation to lose to take her poor land off her hands.

The soil of Central and Eastern Nebraska is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Clay, sand, vegetable mold, and all essential elements, are so harmoniously blended as to produce a soil light, friable, free from lumps and stones, dark colored, easily worked, and eminently productive. The finest garden mold in the State of New York is not a whit better than the average of Nebraska soil. I advise my friends, ELLWANGER & BARRY, of the Mt. Hope Nurseries, to import a car load of it to grow their most delicate plants in. Take no precautions—send your order to any postmaster, and tell him to dig the first dirt he comes to and send it along. I will guarantee the quality—probably any Congressman would frank it "Public Documents" if you will send his wife occasionally a bouquet of your fine flowers.

Some of the river bottoms have a sandy and porous subsoil, generally the subsoil is clay, but not too retentive of moisture. Hard rains do not subject Nebraska farmers to vexatious delays; they can soon go out without loading their boots with mud, and start their plows without the furrows filling with water, after the "hard pan" style. As in other portions of the West, they get several weeks the start of New-Yorkers in sowing their spring crops—a very material advantage where *life* and *the seasons* are short at the longest.

The chief product of Nebraska is *prairie grass*, uncut and uncared for! Millions of acres that yield from half a ton to three tons per acre, and that is about as good as New York meadows will do, are giving back to the winds and the soil the banquet that nobody will accept.

Near the Missouri River corn of the southern variety leads the cultivated crops, averaging forty to fifty bushels per acre, and growing eight or ten feet high. The first crop, planted on the sod, is frequently light. The first breaking is about three inches deep.

Wheat, the great prop of human life, the main substance that men are made of, *the only indispensable thing*, is just what Nebraska was fitted and fashioned for producing. Its climate, frequently too dry for other crops, brings *wheat* to great perfection. A miller of large experience assures me that the finer varieties deteriorate in many of the States, but in Nebraska preserve their peculiar excellence. By a judicious use of fertilizers and by plowing in grass or some green crop, I think Nebraska may maintain its present position as the head of all wheat growing sections. Its average yield is greater per acre than any other State of this Union.

Nebraska is scarce of *rain water*, a bad thing for grass, potatoes and corn, but as it allows a good crop of wheat, and excellent weather for farm work, the inconvenience is endurable.

Nebraska for two years has been afflicted with that pestiferous pest, the *grasshopper*. Overrunning and devastating the rich valleys of the Pacific slope, bidding defiance to BRIGHAM YOUNG and all his wives, these Egyptian locusts come on at the rate of fifteen miles a day, pell mell to Nebraska, obscuring the bright midday sun by reason of their multitude, taking whole fields of wheat or corn for a dinner, and then passing on with more than vandal cruelty to other and eastward conquests. Whether they will be a perpetual scourge to Nebraska—whether they will continue their journey eastward, are problems for the future: they are not fond of water; perhaps our moister soil and climate may be distasteful to them. The Scriptures do not convey the idea that the world was made for grasshoppers—so we will hope.

Excepting a border along her water courses, Nebraska is treeless; she needs timber. Good luck to her—she can grow it. Cuttings of cotton wood, seeds of soft maple planted in June, black walnuts covered three or four inches deep in the fall, grow with surprising rapidity. Very many farmers have planted small groves near their dwellings, but they don't begin to realize the vast importance of the timber question. *One-third of all Nebraska should forthwith be planted to forest trees.* There is some *mistake* in the making up of any country without trees—it needs mending; but I am not sure but it is easier to supply forests where you want them than to remove them from where you don't want them. I saw on JOHN J. PAYNTER'S farm, near Plattsmouth, fifty thousand black walnuts, a year old, growing finely; he expected to plant as many more this fall. I predict that Nebraska will grow timber, and manufacture lumber for the New York markets! No crop will pay her as well. By plowing two-thirds of her surface, and planting the other third to trees, she will grow more grain and grass than by cultivating the whole. Trees are earth's great regulators; breaking the force of austere winds, making the dry air salubrious, distilling gentle showers, keeping the rivulets alive throughout summer's heat, transforming the parched desert into fruitful fields.

Good water is generally obtained by digging a fair depth, and stock are watered without much difficulty at the streams and sloos.

Wild grapes, of fair quality, abound on the streams and timber borders, and I would most earnestly recommend a very large planting of hardy grapes. I do not believe that apples and peaches will flourish in any prairie country; the planting of forests may help them.

Fine quarries of building stone are scattered all over the State. Lime stone is abundant. Salt is manufactured at Lincoln from springs that furnish an abundant supply of brine, said to excel in strength even the famed saline waters of New York. Like all other parts of the world, Nebraska thinks she has any amount of *coal*—somewhere.

What most concerns my readers to know, *Nebraska has yet millions of acres of excellent land subject to entry under the "homestead act," or by pre-emption.* I doubt whether any other State or territory has as much good land that can be so cheaply obtained. I have never seen anywhere a population more orderly and intelligent. The State is settling very fast, and land is rising. Improved farms, in good locations, can be bought for from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars per acre.

Nebraska is a new State. Thrifty towns have sprung up on her Missouri border; Fremont and other places of large expectations are growing on the Pacific Railroad; Lincoln, her extempore capital, with its eight hundred inhabitants, is selling city lots on the wide prairie; Eastern Nebraska has many cultivated farms, and a few adventurous settlers are scattered through the interior; but in the main the State is one vast unmown meadow. It has very little waste land, no marshes too wet, and few hills too steep to plow. Bordering most of her streams are rugged bluffs, or banks, rising thirty, fifty, or one hundred feet high, and taking all the shapes matter is capable of assuming. From these, stretching away in the distance, are the grass-covered prairies, gently undulating like the swells of a mighty ocean, and presenting in their varied outlines landscapes of surpassing beauty and magnificence. This is Nebraska. H. T. B.

HOW TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.

EDS. RURAL:—A brother farmer in Wisconsin wishes you to tell him what will kill Canada thistles, and as he promises to become a life member of the RURAL Brigade, I thought perhaps I might aid him a little in carrying out his promise, by contributing my mite of experience with the prickly pest, though really when reading his inquiry I thought of the prophet's role.

Well, sir, sixty-five years ago, when I was a young man, living on the banks of the Tweed, thistles were all over the adjacent country. When I left, forty years ago, one might have gone from the head of the town to the foot, and never have found a thistle. This effect was produced wholly by sowing turnips, and bare fallow, every four years.

I had a field a number of years since, seeded from an old rocky pasture, and covered with a complete mat of thistles. I fallowed and plowed it four times over, and sowed in the spring with half a bushel of timothy and three pounds of clover to the acre, and for the seven years thereafter this field lay in meadow I frequently looked for thistles. In this whole period I found *just one*.

I hold bare fallowing to be fifty per cent. profit to any farmer, and I will tell you why I think so. A number of years ago we had a very dry season here—hay crop very light—and I had fallowed twelve acres, at say three or four acres at a time, and from that twelve acres I took thirty tons of hay. One rig in the same field had never been fallowed, and when, in haying, I came to that, the grass was both short and light, as was the entire hay crop of my neighbors. Now, sir, what has been done by man can be done by man again, so your Wisconsin member need not be compelled to sit at his window and see how beautifully his thistle crop is growing. He will find fallowing, diligently pursued, to be a panacea for his thistle ills.

I expect this will be the last I will ever send you, for I am a good way beyond "three score and ten," and my hand is getting most too unsteady to write plainly. DAVID HILL.

Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Oct., 1868.

COWS IN CITIES.

A correspondent, New York city, writes:—"I wish to keep a cow for family use, but have no pasture land. Could I keep her in a stable all the year round without affecting her health or milk?

Many cows are kept in the stable the year round—that is, they are not allowed pasturage, but should have a chance to sun themselves in the open air daily, if practicable. With suitable food, varying with the season, the health of the cow might be kept good, and this would assure the healthfulness of the milk. There is a considerable drawback to the advantage of keeping a cow in a compactly built city, even where barn room is not wanting—the constant faultfinding of neighbors, especially in the warm season. As to breeds, for milking purposes, there is not much to choose between the Durham, Ayrshire and Devon. The Alderney's, considering the cost of animals and their keeping, are probably as profitable as any.

THE Turf, Field & Farm closes an article about the Texas cattle disease by saying, with much pertinence, that "the theory that an animal can remain healthy, and infect others in sound health with a deadly malady, is not plausible, to say the least."

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

DEATH OF MR. BOARDMAN.

We find the following in the Prairie Farmer of Nov. 15th:

"Died, at Lincoln, Logan Co., Illinois, on the 2d of November, 1868, of apoplexy, Samuel P. Boardman, aged 39 years.

"Mr. Boardman was born at Granville, Licking Co., Ohio; was a graduate of Granville College. He came to Illinois with a brother in 1851.

"They bought a farm near Springfield and brought sheep from Ohio to stock it. After a few years they dissolved partnership, his brother Lucius retained the farm, and he bought a section of wild prairie, six miles east from Lincoln, put a flock of sheep on it, improved it in a good substantial manner, added another half section to it after a few years, and made for himself and family a pleasant and comfortable home.

"Here it was that he wrote the ever welcome articles that were published in the Prairie Farmer over the signature of 'Wool Grower.' They were always filled with practical, sound sense, and showed him to be master of his business.

"Through these papers the people of the Northwest became acquainted with Mr Boardman. His motive in writing them was to benefit others who might not have as good knowledge of the keeping of sheep as himself.

"He was elected Secretary of the Illinois Wool Growers' Association at its formation, and continued to act in that capacity, to the entire satisfaction of the society, until his death.

"Mr. Boardman was a man of superior ability, a great reader, a good, careful business man, and possessed of as good qualities of the heart as the head. There was a warm place in his heart for every one. He labored to benefit his neighborhood, and county, and country, and race. The death of such a man is a public loss.

"He was a good son, a good brother, a good husband and father, a good neighbor, a friend to the poor, and was emphatically the noblest work of God—an honest man. He did not selfishly hide his light under a bushel, but set it on a candlestick that others might see.

"Mr. Boardman leaves a wife and two children, an aged mother, a brother and sister and many friends to mourn his loss."

We were not acquainted with Mr. Boardman in all the relations mentioned by the above writer; but we knew him in some of them—and in these would bear testimony to the fidelity of the above sketch, as far as it goes. But the modesty of the friend, we think, rather undercharged the picture. As an agricultural writer, for example, we regard Mr. Boardman one of the ablest in the whole country. He penetrated to the bottom of his subject, saw all its relations, formed sound conclusions—and then he expressed his ideas with a clearness, force, and freedom from all surplusage, which are rarely equaled. There was a vigor, a raciness, a perfect aptness in his Saxon-like English which always told most effectually on every class of readers. But he followed no court style. Blair and Allison would have been shocked by those droll, witty, rough colloquialisms, with which he garnished his published articles. He wrote on farming matters, precisely as he would *talk* to a crowd of western farmers—all of them filled to the brim with common sense, but all of them keenly relishing wit and humor everywhere, unless in a funeral discourse. "Sam Boardman," as he wrote himself, always raised a laugh, but he always planted a conviction. He was a terrible infringer on dignity, but he always hit the nail square on the head.

We are prepared to believe him "emphatically an honest man" in private transactions, for with considerable opportunities to judge, we always found him so in public ones. In settling on the proper terms of a wool tariff, and in the great struggle to secure the passage of the present law, we had much correspondence with him, and his subsequent membership of the National Wool Growers' Association kept up that correspondence throughout his life. Ten days before his death—in full health and vigor, we suppose—he wrote us: "I vote very emphatically *for* the resolutions."* In this extended intercourse we found Mr. Boardman a respectful but bold, positive, independent man. He required to be convinced of its propriety before he would cooperate in or even assent to a line of action. And until convinced he was inclined to be intractable and suspicious of the motives of those with whom he had little or no personal acquaintance.

When the wool tariff was first placed before Congress, a full explanation of its provisions and effects intended for the eye of Mr. Boardman did not reach him, and he hastily adopted the conclusion that it was "a sell-out to the manufacturers." With him to think was to act; and he at once embarked in an embittered opposition to the bill. Finally, one of its framers addressed Mr. Boardman a very long communication explaining every feature of the proposed law. The reply was characteristic. Its purport (we quote from memory) was substantially as follows: "I wish you had written sooner. I entirely misunderstood things, and believed that even you had sold out. I have so written to a good many persons, members of Congress and others. I shall now without delay write to every one of them again and unsay what I have said." And thenceforth, Boardman toiled with habitual energy and industry for the passage of the law, and has since been one of its most unwavering defenders. He was always ready to follow his honest convictions, whether the path led forward or back. The same frankness and straightforwardness exhibited itself on every topic of his correspondence with us.

Mr. Boardman has been cut down in the morning of his usefulness, and well may the editor of the Prairie Farmer pronounce "the death of such a man a public loss." He had all the qualities for usefulness—talent, integrity, judgment, untiring industry, indomitable energy, and an active philanthropy which devoted all these good gifts to the public service. It is with a regret which we can find no words to express, that we record the fact that such a light is quenched forever.

*The resolutions of the National Wool Growers' Association on the tariff and reciprocity.

SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE.

We find in the journal of the New York State Agricultural Society, the following report signed by Henry Waterman, Chairman of Committee, concerning a sheep shearing machine exhibited at the New York State Fair, September, 1868:

"Among the objects of interest exhibited at the fair may be mentioned the machine exhibited by the American Sheep Shearing Machine Company, manufactured in Nashua, N. H. It will shear one hundred and twenty-five middle wool, or fifty of the wrinkled skinned Merinos in a day. Previously, machines having this object in view, have been constructed to operate shears similar to those commonly used in hand shearing, which hacked the wool and frequently wounded the sheep. The cutter in this machine is a rotary one, which cuts the wool against projecting fingers which are immediately above it, very much upon the principle of a mowing machine. We saw it cut the wool from a skin stretched upon a board, and it accomplished its work with great celerity, the cut being much evener and closer than it could have been done by hand. This, of course, is a less difficult operation than it would be upon the curved surface of a living sheep; but it seems to us that it would be impossible to wound the sheep with this cutter unless it was done intentionally. The motion is communicated from the crank to the cutter through six pairs of bevel wheels, while the double universal joint allows of as much flexibility of motion as is possessed by the human hand. We hope that it will be thoroughly tested by wool growers, and we have strong hopes that it will prove a real success."

The only actual test applied to the machine—under the supervision of the committee—cutting the wool from a skin *stretched on a board*—is obviously a wholly inadequate one. It requires but a modicum of that ingenuity now being exhibited in devising and improving machinery of nearly every description, to construct a machine capable of clipping wool from a flat surface. But if the Nashua machine will shear "one hundred and twenty-five middle wool, or fifty of the wrinkled skinned Merinos in a day," as asserted—and will do so closely and evenly without cutting the skin more than is done by good shearers, it is a wonderful triumph of mechanical skill. If additionally it is a strong machine, not very subject to get out of repair, easily repaired in case of accident, not requiring any special degree of skill for its management, and can be afforded at a reasonable price, it will supply a *great* desideratum of sheep farmers in this and other countries. On several of these points the Committee are silent. In stating how many sheep can be shorn in a day by it, they speak only on report; and they do not even on report state how well it will perform its work.

Modern inventions in machinery have prepared us to believe wonders: and perhaps mechanical problems as difficult as this have been solved. But we confess we have not expected to live long enough to see a sheep shearing machine fulfilling the conditions above named. We shall be extremely glad to find ourselves mistaken; and we shall be extremely glad to have proved to us that the particular machine under consideration even approximately meets those conditions. If so, the proprietors managed matters badly at the N. Y. State Fair. Why did they not have a few sheep of different kinds on hand to be shorn by their machine in the presence of the Viewing Committee and other spectators? Such a test would prove something of practical value, and give discerning men an opportunity to judge whether success was already attained or probably attainable. Without such practical test, the most favorable committee report amounts to nothing.

THE NATIONAL WOOL EXPOSITION.

To Henry S. Randall, Esq.—I see by the Rural New-Yorker of Nov. 14th that you desire an expression of the wool growers as to their inclination to join the manufacturers in an exhibition of their mutual industries next October at the American Institute held in New York. I can only answer for one, and that will be in the affirmative.

I think great good would grow out of it, provided the wool growers would contribute their quota in order to make the show respectable, and provided there would be sufficient room to exhibit at least the contributions of 1,000 wool growers, limited to three fleeces each, all unwashed. As they would require nearly three feet in length for each exhibitor, some space, I think, would be required beyond what the American Institute could furnish.* If the Wool Growers Association undertake any such enterprise, I should feel mortified to have it fail; and fail it would most assuredly unless you can get nearly 1,000 responses before committing the Association to an exhibition of the kind.

I hope the Executive Committee will not decide the question until after the winter meeting of the wool growers in December next. This question and the Reciprocity question ought to call together a large delegation of the farmers of our State, and such action taken as will be for the interest of all concerned. Respectfully thine,

A. G. Percey.

Newark, N. Y., Nov. 15th, 1868.

*The Institute contemplate erecting a temporary building of sufficient size for the Wool and Woolen Exposition.—[Ed.

THE N. E. FARMER ON RECIPROCITY.

Our sterling contemporary, the New England Farmer, after quoting the resolutions of the National Wool Grower's Association on the Tariff and Reciprocity, thus alludes to the action of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers on the same subject:

"The action of the National Association of Manufacturers, at their meeting on the 7th of October, alluded to in the last resolution, is as gratifying as it is liberal and manly. Under the reciprocity treaty, by which the combing wool of Canada was admitted duty free, the worsted manufacture in this country, quite small until 1860 or 1861, increased very rapidly, and in a few years it was estimated that not less than eight millions of dollars were invested in this manufacture, producing annually goods valued at ten millions of dollars, and consuming at least four million pounds of Canada wool. Under these circumstances the manufacturers naturally regarded the proposal to abrogate the reciprocity treaty as a fatal blow to their business. Some of them even said that 'the existence of this manufacture is wholly dependent upon the supply of Canada wool.' But on the assurance of American wool growers that with proper encouragement they could raise the long wools as well as the Canada farmers, these manufacturers waived their objections to the repeal of the reciprocity law, and entered into an association with the wool growers on the basis of a mutuality of interests, equal protection, and of the desirableness of a home production of the raw material. And now, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which they have been subjected by the abrogation of the old treaty, and the advantages which might accrue from a new one, they admit that all these 'would be more than counterbalanced by checking the impulse which has already been given to the growth of combing wools here.'

We thank them for their recognition of the impulse which has been given to the growth of combing wools in the United States, as we believe farmers have done more towards preparing themselves to supply our factories with this description of wool than is generally supposed. Compared with most other branches of industry, farming is, in more senses than one, a slow business. The manufacturer can change his style of goods, on short notice, to suit the demands of fashion or of the season; but, with the farmer, a change from fine to coarse wool is the work of years, not days or weeks. But very many farmers in nearly every State in the Union have commenced operations with a view to this change, and we must regard any proposition to admit Canada wool free, as unjust to those who have, at great expense, imported English sheep, or who have purchased choice stock animals of the combing wool breeds; especially as these individual wool growers have engaged in this business for the purpose of carrying out in good faith their part of the agreement made with the manufacturers.

It is perfectly right that our government should listen to the appeal of the British Minister to relieve 'the distressed condition of the people of Nova Scotia,' but is it just that it should forget the 'distressed condition' of our own farmers who are offering their flocks at one to two dollars per head? We have no doubt that a reciprocity treaty might greatly relieve the people of Nova Scotia, as all the British Provinces, we believe, prospered greatly under the old one. But we do not know what the people of these Provinces have done for us that should entitle them to the benefits of our markets on more favorable terms than are offered to our own citizens."

SALES OF SHEEP IN ENGLAND.

We take the following from the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture for October, 1868:

"At the ram sales at the Worcester fair, fifteen Shropshire Down rams sold at from £6 6s. to £23 2s. Another lot of seven pure-bred Shropshire rams brought from £5 15s. 6d. to 9gs. And of a lot of eight Shropshire shearling rams the highest price realized was 17gs.; lowest, 8½gs.; the average being a little over £13. Twelve shearling Leicester rams brought from £2 12s. 6d. to £3; twenty Leicester rams averaged £6 16s. 6d., and two other lots ranged from 33s. to 35s. Shearling Cotswold lambs sold at £5 15s. 6d.; fifteen Cotswolds brought 7gs. each; six gray-faced ditto brought 6gs.; thirty-five Cotswold rams averaged £6; twelve Oxford rams averaged £10 each, the highest bringing 16gs.; lowest, £6 16s. 6d.; twelve capital rams of the Oxford Down cross brought an average of £6 10s. 4d., and ten Oxford Down rams averaged £9 2s., the highest reaching 14½gs.; lowest, 7gs.; eight superior shearling Lincoln rams and two older rams ranged from £5 10s. to 13gs.; fifteen shearling Lincoln rams from £3 7s. 6d. to £8 5s.; and ten prime cross-bred Lincoln and Cotswold shearlings brought from £3 3s. 6d. to 5gs. each.

"At the Partney fair sales the Huttoft rams (forty) reached the highest average of any at the fair, £11 13s. One sold for £33, one for £29, and another for £27. The Langton Grange sheep, (forty) descended from some of the best sheep in the county, commanded great attention, and averaged £11 6s.—one bringing £28, two £25 each, and two £21 each. A lot of twenty-four sheep averaged £9 16s.; one of seventeen sheep, £8 13s.; another lot averaged £9 5s.; and still another, grass fed, about £5.

"At the Gordon Castle sale a remarkably fine lot of Leicester and South Downs were sold. The average price of one hundred ewes, sold in lots of five, was 33s. 10d., and the average of seventy-eight gimmers, also sold in lots, was 35s. 8d.; fifty-eight Leicester rams averaged nearly 82s.; ten South Down ewes, 33s. 6d.; four South Down rams, 65s., and ten South Down gimmers, 30s. 6d.

"About 37,000 sheep were offered at the Lewes sheep fair on the 21st, the large number being caused principally by the scarcity of food. Prices ranged from 20s. to 41s. for ewes, and from 14s. to 27s. 6d. for lambs, but it is probable that half were driven away unsold. The following figures will show the ruling of sheep and lambs, and the number offered at this fair, for the past eighteen years.

Year.	Number.	Ewes.	Lambs.
1850	28,000	22s. to 26s.	15s. to 20s.
1855	30,000	25s. to 34s.	15s. to 25s.
1860	30,000	30s. to 40s.	14s. to 30s.
1864	24,000	30s. to 42s.	17s. to 32s.
1865	16,000	34s. to 52s.	23s. to 40s.
1867	29,000	30s. to 48s.	20s. to 32s.
1868	37,000	20s. to 41s.	14s. to 27s. 6d."

Bee-Keeper's Department.

WINTERING BEES.

The advent of snow storms indicates that the honey season is over and suggests putting bees into winter quarters. It is true that if colonies are left on the stands, with freedom to roam at will, each warm day will witness the flight of workers in search of stores, but the chances are that but comparatively few will find their way back to the hive they left,—owing to the sudden changes of weather in autumn. Such as do return will add little, if anything, to the common winter hoard. In favored or well sheltered positions bees will survive our northern winters if left on their summer stands with the customary roofing over them, but, even these would be the better for removal to warmer and less exposed quarters, as they would eat less, fewer would perish, while the colony would be in a condition to give forth earlier swarms the ensuing season. We do not know how much freezing or chilling bees can endure and live, but the safer way would seem to be, not to test their endurance and recuperative powers in this way. We have noticed, in taking up bee trees in February, that some which seemed frozen to death, on being removed to the milder atmosphere of a room, would quicken into life, but by far the greater portion would give no sign of returning animation, having passed the limits of a possible resurrection.

It is the unanimous opinion of professional apiarians that, in the Northern States, bee colonies should be removed from their summer stands to the shelter of a warm cellar, or be buried during the winter months, as a matter of safety to the bees, and also of economy in their keeping. But, wherever kept, proper ventilation should not be forgotten, for without this the accumulation of dampness will prove nearly as detrimental as exposure to the rigors of the climate. If, on examination, but few bees are found in a colony, it is better to unite two or more of this character, than to winter them separately, as fewer will die, while they will eat relatively less combined, than single. In his recent work on bees, N. C. Winchell, Union, Ohio, gives his experience in wintering them, and couples it with the following recommendations:—"As soon as winter has set in, remove the surplus honey boxes from the hives, and fill up the empty space with corn cobs. They will absorb all the moisture as it rises from the bees, keeping the hive free of any moisture whatever, and we will hear no more of bees freezing when the hive is full of honey. I would say to all, use corn cobs, no matter where you winter your bees, indoors or out. Try the experiment, and you will never neglect it afterwards, as the bees will come out fine and healthy in the spring, and will cast swarms earlier and much stronger.

Every hive should be thoroughly overhauled before cold weather sets in, so as to ascertain their exact condition. If you are using movable comb hives, it is an easy matter to attend to it. Every hive should be opened up, every comb examined carefully. Look for moths, or the work of them. If any are found, cut them all out. See that they have honey enough to last them during the winter. Twenty-five pounds is enough in our latitude. If they have not, change a frame or two with a colony that have honey to spare. See that your hives are not full of honey. If they are, your bees could not live in such a hive, with a cold wall of honey on each side. You must give your bees empty comb to winter in, or else they will certainly freeze. Where you have a number of movable comb hives, equalize your colonies by exchanging frames, and by that means you benefit all."

BEE HIVES.—EXTRACTING HONEY.

It has been known to bee keepers, for a long time, that they were rewarded with surplus honey in proportion to the facilities they furnished their bees for storage. That the quantity stored in large boxes would be larger than where the surplus room was divided up into small receptacles; that a large body of bees could better eliminate the quantity of animal heat required for comb building. Low hives furnish more surplus than high ones, on account of the close proximity of the surplus receptacles to the heat from the breeding chamber, and the shorter distance to travel during the labor of depositing. With a low frame hive, like the Langstroth, if you make the surplus chamber a duplicate of the lower and breeding chamber, filling it with like frames, with a division only sufficient between the two to prevent the queen entering the upper chamber, you have the main requisites for a good storage hive. The bees can work in a body over the heat of the breeding chamber, and thus economize their forces.

The advantages enumerated are greatly increased by the invention of an apparatus for emptying the combs of honey. It consists of a tub in which there is a frame, made to hold two sheets of comb in the moveable comb frames from the hive. Before placing in the tub, the caps are cut off the face of the comb with a knife frequently dipped in hot water. The frame in the tub is then made to revolve rapidly on a central shaft. The centrifugal force throws the honey from the cells of the comb—the principle being the same as that of water flying from a rapidly turned grindstone. If any bee bread is present it remains in the combs—thus rendering the honey much purer than the old-fashioned way of washing and melting combs and bee bread altogether. But, one of the chief advantages is in the saving of the combs entire, to be refilled by the bees. It is estimated by different bee keepers that from ten to twenty pounds of honey are consumed by a hive of bees, in the eliminating of one pound of comb. Experiments have demonstrated that large quantities of honey are consumed in comb building. We can then readily see that a great saving may be made, in the time and honey that would be consumed in this operation. One enthusiastic bee keeper claims that his bees will store double the quantity of surplus honey, when furnished with combs ready to fill. Our experience leads us to believe he is not as far out of the way, as many might, at first thought, be led to suppose. The liquid honey may be placed in air-tight cans or jars, and can be kept for years. In this shape it may be transported around the world, in all its purity.

From the foregoing it would seem that another step in advance has been taken in science of Bee Culture. L. L. Fairchild.

Rolling Prairie, Wis.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Queen Victoria's Farm.

About a mile from Winsdor, Queen Victoria has a farm which, in agricultural phrase, carries sixty fine milch cows, while as many more are out grazing and preparing to come in. This dairy, which has all the richest appliances, supplies all the Royal family with milk, cream and butter of the richest kind, and a surplus for sale in exchange for ready money, which the owners like to handle as well as poorer folks.

Gossip about Cotton.

An intelligent cotton grower, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph, recently expressed the opinion that four bales of cotton could be grown upon an acre, instead of one and a half as now. His plan is to raise the plants in hot-beds, and have them ready to set as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and manure well in the setting bed. By this process the bolls would commence opening in June, and continue to develop new ones till November, and thus treble or quadruple the ordinary yield per acre.

A Sheep Panic.

The Ohio Farmer says that sheep flocks are being slaughtered at a terrible rate in some portions of that State. Four men are mentioned in three townships of Lorain, who are slaughtering fifteen thousand sheep at this time. They are bought up in flocks, good, bad and indifferent, at about sixty-five cents per head, and remorsely slain mainly for their pelts. Further west about the same state of things exists. The advice of the Farmer to those having flocks of good sheep is not to throw them away in the manner mentioned.

Brains and Farming.

A writer in the N. E. Farmer says the great trouble with too many farmers is that they rely on muscle alone for success; not that they lack brains, but decline to use them. In other words, they do not believe in "book farming," nor do they calculate as clearly as men who have carried on business as mechanics, manufacturers, and professional men generally. On this ground it is assumed that, when one of this class turns his attention to farming, he rarely or never makes a failure of it, because brains are made to do the planning, and muscle, self-possessed or hired, the execution.

Salt on Wheat Ground.

F. F. T., Hannibal, Mo., writes the Journal of Agriculture about applying salt to wheat ground. In 1858 he resided near Rochester, N. Y., and sowed that fall twelve acres to wheat. The ground was badly infested with wire worms, which destroyed previously, on the same ground, two crops of wheat and barley each. This time the ground was summer fallowed, the wheat put in with a drill, and six barrels of Syracuse salt sown broadcast on the twelve acres. The result was forty bushels of nice white flint wheat to the acre, and the extinction, for the time being, of the worm pest.

Swine—Breeds and Characteristics.

The Rural World notices, in their order, the Berkshire, Suffolk, Chester Whites, Yorkshire and Essex varieties of hogs, giving the general characteristics of each, and assigns the post of honor to the Chester Whites as the most desirable breed of the present day. They are thus characterized: Color white; frame large and rangy,—with aptness to fatten young, and yet attaining great size when kept to the age of eighteen months or two years. The breed has become well established, and retains its characteristics well. They are held at high prices; but, for breeding purposes, are well worth the money; and every one raising hogs to any extent, ought to have at least one pair of pure Chester Whites."

Whatever the breed preferred, it is thought to be good policy to have pigs come about the first of April, and another lot about harvest time, when they can range in the wheat field, and act as gleaners of the scattered grain, and thus save so much which would otherwise be lost to the farmer.

Rural Notes and Items.

To Agents and Other Friends.—For the information of the tens of thousands who feel an interest in the matter, we take pleasure in stating that the prospects of Volume XX of the Rural are most flattering. Never were we so cordially and substantially encouraged at this season of the year, in regard to a forthcoming volume, by both People and Press. The greetings we are daily receiving from all parts of the land stimulate us to renewed efforts, and we assure ALL ITS FRIENDS that the Rural for 1869 shall be worthy of the efforts and influence they are so kindly and generously using in behalf of its support. Those forming clubs, or disposed to aid us in that manner, are referred to Publisher's Notices at head of News page for particulars.

Comparative Cost and Value of Crops.—N. Cambron sends the Prairie Farmer the result of an experiment in raising wheat, corn and potatoes, with reference to their relative cost of production and value. This is done by giving the number of days' work which an acre of each requires to prepare the crop and gather it. Wheat is made debtor to three days, corn five, and potatoes thirteen. The yield of wheat is given at twenty bushels, worth $35; corn about $30, and potatoes $61.50, after deducting $13.55 for excess of labor over that expended on the acre of wheat. These results, though approximately correct, are rather curious than of practical value, because though potatoes give nearly twice as much to the acre as wheat, both are essential to the sustenance and comfort of man, and consequently must continue to be produced notwithstanding the disproportion in their market value. The farmer must continue to diversify his crops, whatever may be the comparative cost of producing them.

Massachusetts Agl. College.—Mr. Meeker of the N. Y. Tribune has been prospecting about this College, and has given his impression of matters pertaining to it through that paper. As yet the College and farm are in an inchoate state, but both are full of promise for the future. A plant house, botanic museum and dormitory buildings have already been erected, at an aggregate cost of $115,000. The latter accommodates forty-six students. A majority of these have elected to work a portion of the time on the College farm, which comprises some 350 acres of the rather light soil found in the vicinity of Amherst. The students this year cultivated sixty acres of corn, potatoes and root crops. Ten acres have been underdrained, and over 200 tons of hay secured in good order. They are allowed the current rates for the labor performed. It is thought from the experience already had that $100 each, in addition to the avails of their labor, will carry students through the collegiate year.

Items From Wisconsin.—L. L. F., Dodge Co., Wis., writes:—"It has been so dry this season in Wisconsin that tips of Black Cap raspberries have scarcely taken root. Runners of strawberries have not made sufficient growth to make good plants for another spring's planting. Transplanted trees had a sorry time of it. Cuttings of grapes and other plants nearly all failed to live. The water in some wells is eighteen feet below its usual depth in past seasons. We have not had sufficient rain this fall to affect the wells.

"Wheat is worth one dollar per bushel in the rural districts of Wisconsin.

"Brick houses are just now very popular in some sections of Wisconsin. A frame is built and sheathed with boards. Outside one tier of brick is laid on the projecting wall. They are kept in place by spikes driven into the wood and projecting into the mortar between the bricks."

Killing Grubs.—Here is an experiment in killing grubs made by Mr. Skinner, a Herkimer Co. farmer, as reported by the Utica Herald. He said:—"Last spring he plowed up an old sod where there was an immense quantity of grubs. He sowed upon three and three-fourths acres, soon after plowing, two barrels coarse salt. A day or two after the application there was rain, which dissolved most of the salt. The ground was then thoroughly harrowed and planted to corn. About half a pint of leached ashes was placed upon each hill of corn. The yield of corn was very large, and not a hill was injured by worms. He had no doubt, had there been no application of salt, that the grubs would have destroyed the corn."

Improvising a Potato Digger.—"Yorick," who has been rusticating on a farm the past season, says an excellent potato digger may be improvised from a common field cultivator. He uses five shovels, two on the sides and one in the middle, somewhat back of the rear side ones. Properly arranged these cultivator shovels throw out the potatoes as fast as a score of hands can gather them. We have seen a similar announcement from another section of the State—the working being highly satisfactory.

Leached Ashes Ahead.—Every year accumulates testimony in favor of the value of leached ashes as a fertilizing agent. At a recent meeting of the Mohawk Farmers' Club, Mr. Lewis stated that as an experiment he marked off equal strips of his flat lands, applying different manures to each. Horse manure on one, cow on another, the sweeping of the barn yard on the third, and leached ashes on the fourth. The last produced the most favorable and marked results.

Surplus Cotton for Export.—In a communication to the New York Times, a cotton manufacturer of Boston gives the estimated surplus of the cotton crop in the Southern States as fully equal to $125,000,000 in gold, or about $175,000,000 in greenbacks. Though there has been increased productions the past year in the Southern States, Brazil, Egypt and India, prices are expected to be pretty well maintained, as the stock on hand of the old crop was much less than during the preceding year.

A Horseman's Convention.—The Turf, Field and Farm asks for a national convention of horsemen to remove the "growing evils" of the sporting turf. The case is denominated a bad one, owing to trickery and frauds, and a convention is looked to as the only available means of working a cure. Possibly the system may possess so many inherent defects as to render even the styptic of a national convention unequal to the labor demanded of it.

Work and Politics.—The Dixie Farmer rejoices that the election is over, and hopes that every farmer will now work with redoubled energy. It says:—"Remember, whenever you think of politics, the truth which history has established, that material prosperity is indispensable to any considerable degree of political liberty."

The Harrow.—The harrow, as a farming implement, is fast losing favor. In a recent club discussion, Mr. Lewis of Herkimer said he considered the harrow as one of the poorest of farm implements. It was good for making a firm road and for nothing else. The cultivator was deemed much better for farming purposes.

Good Yield of Carrots.—Mr. Geo. Smeedes, Newstead, N. Y., raised this present season eighty-five bushels of carrots from sixteen rods of ground. This is at the rate of about eight hundred and fifty bushels per acre, which makes a profitable crop whether sold in the market or fed to stock at home.

Dark Brahma Fowls.—We have several inquiries for the above variety, but are not aware that any one has them for sale. We presume they will be advertised in due time.

The Iowa Agricultural College opened with about sixty students. They are divided into squads of ten each—the oldest pupil acting as captain.

HORTICULTURAL.

ABOUT PLANTING TREES.

EDS. RURAL:—I write for information concerning the planting of a grove or park mostly of forest trees. What varieties grow quickest and make the nicest looking trees, and the thickest foliage when grown? (1.) How large trees will it be safe to transplant? (2.) What season will be best to plant? (3.) How much top and root in proportion to the size shall I leave? (4.) Where can the double-flowering horse-chestnut be found? (5.) What other varieties of ornamental trees, beside that and Mountain Ash, would you recommend? (6.) What evergreen for a low hedge around a pool in the center of the park? (7.) I wish to plant as soon as possible, and as large trees as will possibly be safe. Yours truly, S. S.

Edinburg, Portage Co., Ohio.

Our correspondent has given us a number of questions, some of them in a measure difficult of direct answer, and should our replies to the inquiries appear incorrect to any of our readers, we trust they will at once come to the rescue.

And first we will say to "S. S.," if you are about to plant ornamental trees for the purpose of embellishing grounds designed for an extensive park, and your knowledge of trees is no greater than may be inferred from your questions, then the first and best investment you can make will be to employ some capable landscape gardener—not a man who can dress up a flower bed or foot path, and from having obtained a mechanical knowledge calls himself a gardener, but one who, having studied tree and foliage, light and shade, in connection with ornamentation for immediate as well as a permanent result, can go upon your ground and designate the kind of tree as well as the position it should occupy. Do not go hastily at your work, planting trees at distances and in positions which a growth of fifteen years or less will render necessary to be removed, or by their want of foliage and form in association, cause you to regret rather than feel a pride in your work. Having said so much by the way of caution to you, and through you to all our readers, we now proceed to your questions:

(1)—The Horse Chestnut, Linden, Mulberry and Tulip Tree, are all rapid growers and form compact thick shades, with broad foliage.

(2)—Just as large as you have the power of removal without injuring the crown of the tree, or barking the main body. Trees thirty or more feet in hight, with main trunks a foot in diameter, can be moved safely and with the same certainty as trees of ten to fifteen feet, but the cost is such when properly done, that it is not counted politic,—except occasionally where a tree is wanted to fill up an avenue, or to shade some portion of a new place. Most deciduous trees suited to the grounds of a public park may be said to be most profitably transplanted when from ten to fifteen feet high.

(3)—The month of October is the best season, but with your ground well prepared, and your tree at hand, planting may be successfully performed whenever the earth is free from frost, any time from October to May.

(4)—Trees taken from the nursery rows averaging ten feet high, if well dug, will usually require to have the growth of the past season only removed, but if the trees are to be taken from the forest, or if very large trees are carefully dug, then the heading away of the top should be in proportion to the evident destruction of roots, as, say, two of top to one of root.

(5)—Most leading nurserymen have it for sale.

(6)—The Norway and Sycamore Maples, our native red or scarlet maple, the silver leaved maple, the magnolia *acuminata*, or cucumber tree, the American, English and Scotch Elm, Persimmons, the various nut trees, and many more, are adapted to planting a park, and if the park is of any great extent, there is hardly a tree but would find an appropriate place under the direction of a capable landscapist.

(7)—The Kalmia or laurel, as commonly called, is one of the most beautiful of evergreen shrubs for position near water, but the soil should be such that while it remained moist, no stagnant water could remain in it—in other words, a good, light, sandy, vegetable loam is best, while a stiff retentive clay would destroy the plants. Next to the Kalmia is perhaps the Mahonia, and if another style of low evergreen more like cedar be desired, use the common Savin.

ONION GROWING IN ILLINOIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Iowa Homestead says the onion crop of "Lower Egypt" is one of the most important and remunerative crops in that portion of the State of Illinois. Probably no crop is more easily raised, and none meets a more ready demand in the market. Two dollars per bushel has been heretofore (since the war commenced, at least,) a common price for onions delivered at almost any railroad station in Southern Illinois; but at the present time they are worth only one dollar. Even at the low price which they command at the present time, the crop is remunerative. The "multipliers" are raised chiefly; and the sets, and not seed, are planted for the crop. They are set late in the Fall, after all other farm work is over—the later the better—and after all other crops are taken off the ground. They start early in the Spring, and sometimes in the latter part of Winter, before anything else thinks of it, and require but little labor to keep them clean until they mature, which is from the first to the middle of June, when they are gathered, and the ground is ready for another crop.

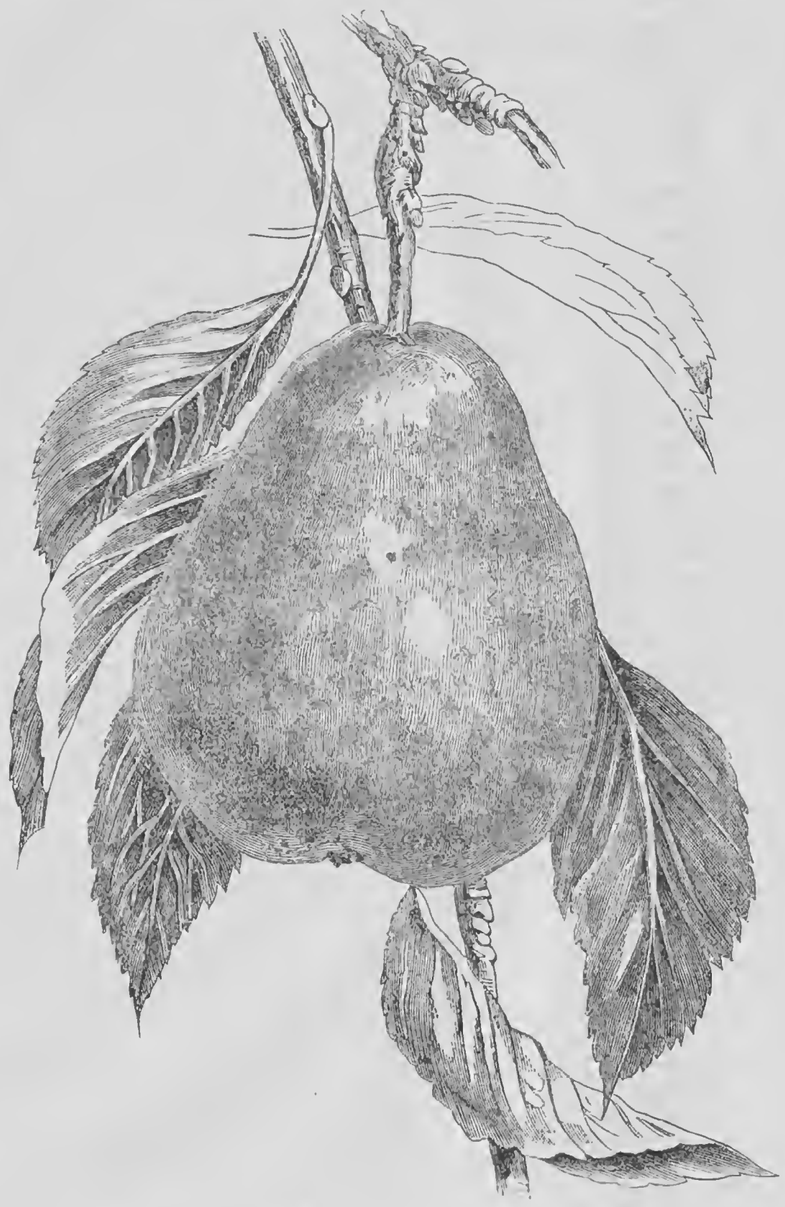
So that, in fact, they are not in the way of any other crop, during their whole season of growth; as the season least adapted to other crops suits them the best. The usual crop is about 300 bushels per acre. Sometimes it exceeds that amount, and frequently falls short, depending very much upon circumstances, like other crops. The setting and gathering are the principal items of labor connected with their production. The care, while growing, is but a trifle. When the crop is gathered and marketed, the small onions are selected for sets; and from each set comes several onions. The onions grow very large, and have rather more neck than onions from seed. They are rather more mild in taste. But observation will prove to any person, that onions, grown in a warm climate, are more mild in taste than those grown in a cold climate. A clay loam seems to suit them well.

RABBITS GIRDLING FRUIT TREES.

THESE little four-legged hoppers have sorely tried our patience and purse. We set out a small dwarf pear orchard of fifty trees, and half that number of dwarf apples. The first winter they nipped off the limbs of over two-thirds the number, down to the snow line. The next winter, we resolved to save our trees from their depredations. We kept "figure four" traps set, and ears of corn lying scattered over our orchard. But the snow would cover up our corn, and block our traps, and before the storms were over, and more corn placed on top of the snow, they would mutilate more or less trees. The third winter we had better success, by leaving corn standing on the hill, and watching and shooting. Last year we rested in fancied security, having washed the trees, on freezing up, with strong soft soap, mixed with sulphur. The first we knew, they had peeled several of our finest trees. So, out of seventy-five trees, we have less than a dozen, all the balance having been destroyed by the "peaky critters." This is not all; they have destroyed lots of other trees and shrubs, by which we set a great store. Our experience has been duplicated by nearly all our neighbors, who have made the attempt to raise trees and shrubbery. Even miles out on the open prairie they have not been free from their depredations.

We have at last found out a simple way to prevent their ravages. It is to encase the tree in lath, tied together with annealed wire. This device was described some months since in the RURAL. We have just finished putting "protectors" around our trees. Any one who has been troubled with rabbits ought to visit our orchard and see the trees with their winter jackets on. My boy, twelve years old, made the overcoats for my trees. He makes them rapidly, out of strip lath and wire, and they will last for years if properly stored away when not in use. They cost, in material and making, from one to five cents, according to size of trees. No patent. Any one can make and use "Fairchild's Tree Protector."

Rolling Prairie, Wis., Nov. 14. L. L. FAIRCHILD.



THE DOYENNE D'ALENCON.

THIS pear, which has several synonyms, is of foreign origin, a vigorous, erect grower, forming a fine head, and succeeding well on pear or quince stock. It is said to be very productive. It is strictly a winter variety, its season being from December to May. It belongs to a class not very popular for growing for market, on account of difficulty in properly ripening the fruit after picking, but it is desirable for the amateur who wishes to garnish his table with pears when the supply falls from ordinary sources.

The fruit is medium in size; ovate, pyriform, sometimes slightly angular in form; rough, yellow skin, shaded with dull crimson, thickly sprinkled with russet or brown dots. Stalk of moderate length, pretty stout, and set in shallow cavity. Flesh whitish, granular, melting, juicy and vinous.

ORANGE CULTURE IN FLORIDA.—No. II.

VARIETIES.

The variety most extensively planted in Florida, I think, is the China, believed to have been introduced into Europe and thence into Florida from the country from which it takes its name. It has a thin, smooth rind, and is very juicy. The St. Michael is a sub-variety of the China.

The Portugal or Lisbon orange is nearly round, and has a thick rind.

The Maltese or Blood orange is remarkable for the red color of its pulp. I have seen but few of this variety in Florida.

The Tangerine is a small flat fruit about half the size of the common orange, with a pleasant odor and a very fine flavor.

The Mandarin orange, recently introduced from China, has a fruit much broader than long, a thick rind loosely attached to the flesh, and much smaller leaves than other sorts. It is classed by some as a distinct species (*Citrus nobilis.*) It is one of the best kinds.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

The cost of planting an orange orchard must vary greatly in different localities, depending partly upon the original condition of the land and partly upon the expense of getting the trees from the wild grove. Formerly the wild trees were considered as free to everybody, and people wishing a few to plant dug wherever they pleased; but now they are beginning to have a market value. It is not in all cases convenient or possible for a person to buy land with wild groves on it. A certain sum, then, must be allowed for stocks.

One gentleman with whom I am acquainted, and who has already planted several acres, estimates the cost in his case as only $25 per acre. He does not, however, include the cost of clearing the land. I estimate as follows for ten acres of fresh hammock land with its natural forest growth upon it:

Cost of ten acres at $10 per acre	$100
Clearing and preparing	250
Inclosing with rail fence	200
1,000 trees at 25 cents each	250
Planting and budding	100
Incidental	100
	$1,000

The use of the ground for other crops will fully pay for all the cultivation the grove will require for the first three years, after which there will be an income from the grove itself.

With regard to the productiveness of the orange-tree, it is impossible at present to arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion. This is partly because there has been no systematic mode of culture pursued, and the real production has varied greatly in different groves; but mainly because people in Florida never weigh, measure, or count anything, and really have no idea how many oranges one of their trees produces. Some of the old trees at St. Augustine are said to have produced annually at least 8,000 oranges each. Mr. C. F. Reed of Mandarin, on the St. John's River, gathered 12,000 from three trees last year, one tree bearing 3,200, another 3,300, and the third 5,500. I have been told that thrifty trees sometimes bear as many as 1,000 oranges the third year from the bud, but such productiveness I think must be rare. The conclusion I have arrived at, from personal observation, is that a well-planted and properly cultivated grove at ten years of age will average 2,000 oranges per tree. Taking one half of this, however, as a basis of calculation, ten acres will produce 1,000,000, which, at $25 per thousand, the *lowest* price of the last season in Jacksonville, amounts to $25,000. The crop of the present season has in some cases been bargained for in advance for $25 per thousand at the grove.

Florida oranges are the best in the world, and will always command the highest price in all markets. Some of the best were sold in Jacksonville during the last winter as high as $50 per thousand.

It should be observed here, that north of the twenty-eighth parallel of latitude, crops are occasionally cut off by frost; but a total failure from this or any other cause is rare.—*D. H. Jacques, in Horticulturist.*

HOW THE BANANA GROWS.

A WRITER in the American Naturalist gives the following account of the banana:—"The banana is the best and most important of all tropical fruits found in the tropics of every continent, and universally cherished by the people whose meat it is. Every one would know a banana at sight, and yet the pictures of the plant, even in our best text books, are very faulty. One of the common geographies represents it as bearing two bunches of fruit; another, as having a distinct stem.

"When the cutting or shoot is planted (and it requires a deep, rich earth and much moisture to grow in perfection) it soon sends up two leaves, tightly rolled together, until the green roll has grown some two or three feet, when the blades unroll, and become most tempting food for cattle of all sorts. These leaves are followed by others until the stems of the leaves have formed a smooth trunk some eight or ten inches thick, and sheathed by the drying or dead remains of the earlier leaves. At the end of nine months a deep purple bud appears in the leaves, and its constantly lengthening stem pushes it out beyond the leafy envelopes, and it hangs down heavily like a huge heart. Now along the stem are seen little protuberances in rows, extending perhaps two-thirds of the way around the stem; and as the great purple envelopes of the bud fall off, these are seen to be little fruits, each with a waxen blossom and huge projecting stigma at the end. These are the female flowers farthest from the stem, while as successive purple leaves fall off (you may see the scars they leave on any bunch of bananas) the male flowers are seen in closer rows and of the same waxen yellow color. The flowers are full of a good honey. Three or four months are required to ripen the fruit, and in the meantime the bunch of male flowers has withered and dropped away, and the ovaries of the female blossom have swollen into bananas; it may be a foot long, and the huge bunch hangs down scarcely supported by the now withering stem. The fruit is ripe, and the banana has done its work, and, if left alone, soon dries up and dies. From its base spring up shoots which may be transplanted. If the stem is cut down to the ground as soon as the fruit is gathered, the round bulbous rootstock sends up new leaves, and a second plant matures much sooner than do the offshoots."

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

WOOD ASHES AND "BITTERNS" FOR FRUIT TREES.—A correspondent from Syracuse, N. Y., asks if it will pay to apply wood ashes, costing fifteen cents per bushel, to pear and apple trees; also if refuse salt, called "bitterns," is of any value to fruit trees. Wood ashes are one of the most valuable of all fertilizers to apply to fruit trees. On long cultivated soil they are especially valuable, because they are made of the ash or mineral elements of wood, and replace what may have been extracted to an undue extent by long continued cropping. For quince, pear and apple trees we consider them cheap fertilizers at any ordinary price. We should apply a bushel to a square rod, having for its center the stem of the tree, and the dressing would need repeating once in three or four years. The "bitterns" are of less value. On rich soil a dressing of salt occasionally is doubtless conducive to the health of trees, and it has some effect in destroying insects.

GRAPE VINES ON TREES.—It is an easy matter to lead grape vines on to single trees, and in this way considerable fruit may be grown at little expense. Low headed, spreading trees are best for this purpose, like the apple or butternut. The vine should be planted in good soil several feet distant from the trunk, and a single cane led up a pole to some strong limb, whence it will soon spread over the entire head of the tree. The stem of the vine should be protected against injury from stock. Vine covered trees would add to the picturesqueness of many landscapes, and repay the cost aside from the fruit, but we wouldn't advise any one to grow less vines in his garden or vineyard on account of covering a few unsightly trees with them.

OHIO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society will hold its annual meeting at Columbus, Ohio, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 9th and 10th. It is intended that the proceedings shall embrace the entire scope of horticulture, but prominence is expected to be given to orchard culture, and a paper on their deterioration will be read. Individuals and societies are invited to give their aid in extending the usefulness of this organization.

LIMA BEANS FOR MARKET.—C. W. IDELL, N. Y. City writes:—"I notice an inquiry in your paper about winter beans for market. Permit me to draw the attention of bean growers to the Lima bean. Eight dollars per bushel is a low price for them at any time, and frequently they sell for $10 and $12. They should ripen on the vines, and be thoroughly dry before sending to market."

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 21st inst:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are in moderate demand only; but prices have been steady during the week in face of the very liberal receipts. Onions are in better demand and higher.

Monitor, ℔ bbl	$1 75	@ 2 00
Buckeyes, ℔ bbl	1 75	@ 2 25
Peach Blows, ℔ bbl	3 75	@ 3 00
Mercers, ℔ bbl	2 75	@ 3 50
Prince Alberts, ℔ bbl	2 75	@ 3 25
Jackson Whites, ℔ bbl	2 00	@ 2 25
Delaware, sweet, ℔ bbl	5 50	@ 6 00
Norfolk, sweet, ℔ bbl	4 50	@ 0 00
Onions, Red, ℔ bbl	6 50	@ 7 00
Onions, White, ℔ bbl	12 00	@14 00
Onions, Yellow, ℔ bbl	6 50	@ 7 00
Marrow Squash, ℔ bbl	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbages, ℔ 100	8 00	@12 00
Turnips, ℔ bbl	2 00	@ 2 25
Pumpkins, ℔ 100	6 00	@ 8 00

FRUITS.—Apples are higher, as holders are storing for the winter, and not offering. Cranberries are scarce and firmer. Grapes are working off slowly at nominal prices.

Apples, Greenings, ℔ bbl	4 50	@ 5 00
Apples, Baldwins, ℔ bbl	5 00	@ 5 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ℔ bbl	3 00	@ 3 50
Apples, common, ℔ bbl	2 50	@ 3 00
Apples, Spitzenbergs, ℔ bbl	4 50	@ 5 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ℔ ℔	6	@ 8
Grapes, common, ℔ ℔	3	@ 4
Grapes, Catawba, ℔ ℔	12	@ 15
Quinces, ℔ bbl	8 00	@12 00
Cranberries, ℔ bbl	18 00	@21 00

DRIED FRUITS.—Dried apples are quiet, with a fair supply offering. Unpeeled peaches are more inquired for, with prices in favor of holders. Small fruits and berries are firmly held for higher rates.

New Apples, State, ℔ ℔	10	@ 11
New Apples, Western, ℔ ℔	10	@ 10½
New Apples, Southern, ℔ ℔	7	@ 9
Peaches, prime, peeled, ℔ ℔	25	@ 26
Peaches, good, ℔ ℔	18	@ 23
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@ 18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ℔ ℔	12	@ 13
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ℔ ℔	8½	@ 9½
Blackberries, ℔ ℔	20	@ 22
Raspberries, ℔ ℔	44	@ 46
Cherries, pitted, ℔ ℔	42	@ 45
Plums, ℔ ℔	28	@ 30

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

CURE FOR CROUP OR COLDS.—One tablespoon castor oil, one do. molasses, one teaspoon paregoric, one do. spirits camphor. Mix together; give a tablespoon at a time, as often as the case requires.

FOR THE GRAVEL.—To one quart of gin add one pound of raisins; put them over a slow fire, simmer down half. Dose, one tablespoon three times per day. When taken in season it has never been known to fail. Another cure for the same is: A teacupful of juice pressed from the red onion, to be taken within twenty hours.

FOR ERYSIPELAS.—One gallon best Holland gin, one quart molasses; mix well together. Take a wineglassful three times per day, a little before eating. Here is another medicine I came near forgetting. Take a small quantity of molasses, to which add a handful of tobacco; put them over the fire to boil. When the strength of the tobacco is extracted, strain the mixture; then boil it down thick enough to roll in a candy. A piece of this candy, about one inch long, given as an injection, has been known to give relief when all other remedies failed.—A. R. WILLIAN, *Owego, N. Y.*

SPANISH POTATOES.—Boil a dozen medium sized potatoes and pass them through a colander; add a piece of butter the size of an egg, half of a small onion, and a little green parsley chopped *very fine*, salt and pepper to taste, with milk enough to make it drop from the spoon; fry in balls in hot lard. A nice breakfast dish.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Four tablespoons of pumpkin, after it is stewed and sifted; 1 teacup of milk; 1 do. of sugar; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon of ginger, and 1 do. of cinnamon.

TO DYE BLACK.—Rusty nails, or any rusty iron boiled in vinegar, with a small bit of copperas, makes a good black.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO NURSERYMEN.—SOUTHERN NATURAL Peach Pits for planting, for sale by C. B. ROGERS, No. 133 Market St., Philadelphia.

FOR SALE.—A NICE FRUIT AND TRUCK FARM, with good buildings, near Dover, Kent Co., Delaware. Inquire of C. B. ROGERS, 133 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SALEM.
FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE
Lake Shore Grape Growers' Association,
FOR
"*The best six clusters of Fruit, quality to rule.*"

Having 30 acres of the SALEM in vineyard, we consider it, for hardiness, earliness, abundant promise in bearing, freedom from disease, beauty of cluster, and high foreign quality of fruit, the best and most profitable outdoor Grape in America.

We offer vigorous vines, grown from the original stock of Mr. E. S. Rogers, as follows:

	Each.	Per doz.	Per 100.	Per 1000.
2-year old	$1 50	$9	$50	$400
1-year old	1 00	6	35	250

T. L. HARRIS, Salem-on-Erie, (Brocton P. O.,) Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

HANS ANDERSEN AND THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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Ladies' Department.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But we had wilder woe
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty—for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, howe'er it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW MARJORY WENT TO WASHINGTON; OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

[Continued from page 376, last number.]

CHAPTER III.

The days glided rapidly by; the tangled mass of colored strips had met with a final winding up, and in the shape of brilliant balls had been sent to the weavers. I doubt if carpet of tapestry or velvet ever contained in its woof so many pleasant memories and bright anticipations. At any rate "the carpet" was finished, and Marjory busily engaged in putting her own modest wardrobe in order.

This bright morning discovers her among her treasures,—dainty ruffles and flutings, little patches of embroidery, with here and there a gleam of color; foamy drifts of lace with ribbons of sea-weed, reminding one of a shower of snow-flakes and autumn leaves. The choicest treasures were the gifts of friends, and Marjory was wondering why everybody was so kind to her, and determining to render herself worthy of such friends, as the door was opened by her mother. Something in Mrs. May's face hinted at possible disappointment, and instantly changed the current of Marjory's thoughts. However, she listened quietly as her mother said,—

"Marjory, I am very sorry that you have so set your heart upon this journey, especially as it appears that you may be disappointed. Dr. Holmes just called here to tell me that Sister Mary is very sick,—threatened with a fever he thinks. She must have careful nursing, and I know it is my duty to have her brought here. She may rally in a few days, or she may be ill for weeks. Try to be patient. It is hard, I know, but you are young yet, and there are yet other winters in store, I hope. Come now, and assist me in putting her room in readiness.

Poor Madge! She began to question if the *will* did insure the *way*. Slowly the little treasures were folded and laid aside. At first she thought, (as we are all apt to think when we encounter obstacles,) that the better way would be to give it up at once; but in a moment she was her own brave self again, and determined to continue her preparations and endeavor to patiently bide the result.

Leaving this pleasant cottage home, let us enter the "palatial residence" of the village. Look into the elegant parlor. Elegant carpets, gilded, staring mirrors, a few pictures veiled with tarleton, furniture shrouded with linen; not a flower, wreath or shell,—not an accessible piece of music,—not an open book. Everything inaccessible and under lock and key, (the music locked in the music-stand and the books in the library,) like the hearts of the inmates. Judge Holt, his only daughter, Hattie, Nellie Gwynne, a school-mate, and at present a guest of Miss Hattie's, and our young friend, Guy Gordon, completed the group. Guy chanced to have obtained special favor in Miss Hattie's sight, and was her guest to-night by special invitation; meanwhile, his heart was wandering towards a certain pleasant cottage.

Hattie Holt had been taught from babyhood that the life-work of woman was the preservation and cultivation of personal beauty. She had proved a faithful scholar, and was now able to reduce her lessons to practice. Truly, as we look at her now, she is very beautiful. Her filmy green dress, with its bands of foamy lace, affords a beautiful setting for her cameo face. She reminds us of a beautiful picture, perfect in form and coloring, but wanting the last, great touch in which the artist paints his soul. A bird without voice, a flower without perfume, a woman without heart,—such was Hattie Holt. Living, in this great, suffering, beautiful world, without thought or care but for her own little self, a life with everything that is most beautiful and lovely entirely "*crowded out*."

Her fair face seems unusually animated just now, because she remembers that she has an item of news.

"What do you think I heard to-day, Nell? Marjory May is going to Washington! I do think she attempts more than any poor girl I ever heard of. Won't she create a sensation! Only think of it,—the very best evening dress she has is a tucked, white Swiss. I asked her if she did not dislike to go with so plain a wardrobe, but she said something about going to see Washington, not to have Washington see her. But, oh! Nell, I wish you could see her bonnet."

"Why, is it old-fashioned? Well, when one has so many beautiful thoughts inside of their head it does not make so much difference about the outside. However, I guess Marjory will not go, after all. I met her, this evening, and she told me that her Aunt Mary was very sick at their house, and that, as they could not afford to hire a nurse, she would not leave her mother with so much care. I think it is too bad; only think of making a rag carpet in order to procure money to defray her expenses!"

"For pity's sake, Nell, she did not do that, did she? Wouldn't she be beautifully snubbed by some of those Washington belles if they knew it? I should think that indolent, good-for-nothing brother of hers could help her."

"Pardon me, young ladies, but I fear you are a little inconsistent. You blame a young man if he does not work, and censure a young lady if she does. Please explain, will you?"

"Oh! you know, Mr. Gordon, *girls* are not expected to work. You gentlemen teach us that, by always admiring weak, dependent women. Do you remember what one of our charming poets says:

"Oh, Nearea, you exquisite infant, whose duty
Is but to be fair, and whose soul is your beauty."

For the first time Guy Gordon discovered a promise of development in Nellie Gwynne, because the tones of her voice, as she repeated those lines, hinted of dissatisfaction with the sentiment. However, he was surprised from his answer, by the sudden appearance of a bachelor brother of Judge Holt's, who had heretofore been unobserved, and who thus essayed:

"The very fact that girls are not expected to work is the reason that they should receive greater credit for it, when they do. We seldom perform more than is expected of us. Did I understand you to say that Madge had made a rag carpet?. Good evening."

It was Hattie's turn now.

"Why in the world didn't you tell me that Uncle John was there? I did not want him to know a word about it. Marjory is a great favorite with him; mark my words, she will go to Washington."

Meanwhile Marjory was endeavoring to conquer her disappointment, sitting in the quiet room, watching the sleeping invalid—the lamp burning low and the ticking of the clock echoing her own brave heart-beats. How often in life we reach for the coveted, beautiful blessings, and receive instead only ashes and bitterness; and yet, we know, that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

Madge had attained to the security of happiness, inasmuch as in the presence of little disappointments, as of great trials, she could say, "Thy will be done."—[To be continued.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GIRLS.

In his last letter to the Springfield Republican, Dr. Holland draws the following comparison between English and American girls:

"I have said that the Englishwoman is larger than the American. I have the authority of a competent and candid Englishwoman for the statement that the American woman is the handsomer. There can be no question, I think, that the average American girl is more beautiful than her cousin across the water. She has greater delicacy of feature, and generally a finer make up. She matures earlier, and, it is quite likely, fades sooner, but the fact that she is prettier is not to be disputed. The girl here is, also, under the usages of English society, a suppressed creature, without the freedom that favors vivacity. The American girl is perfectly at home in society before the English girl sees society at all, or has ever been permitted to escape the eye of her governess or her mother. The American girl may be much too forward, but I am sure that the English girl suffers by too great bondage.

Female education in the two countries differs greatly, and, singular as it may seem, the education of the English girl is more showy than that of the American. As a general thing, the English girl knows little or nothing of mathematics and the natural sciences. These branches in America absorb a great deal of time, as you know; and you will find multitudes of American girls who are adepts in them. That, in the education of the English girl, which strikes an American, is their knowledge of language, of literature, of music and of drawing. Everything which contributes to show in society is acquired by the English girl. I cannot recall among my English traveling acquaintances a lady who could not speak French, and several of them have spoken French, Italian and German with entire facility. With these languages at command, with a wide acquaintance with history and *belles lettres*, and with the accomplishments of sketching and playing the piano, it must be acknowledged that the English girl shows for all that she is, and that for social purposes her acquisitions are greatly superior to those of the American girl.

FARMERS' WIVES.

I think of many and many a sad-eyed woman I have known in solitary country homes, who seemed never to have smiled, who struggled with hard hands through the melting heat and pinching cold, to hold back poverty and want that hovered like wolves about an ever increasing flock of children. How it was scour in the morning and scrub at night and scold all day long! How care blurred the window like a cloud, hiding the lovely landscape! How anxiety snarled at her heels, dogging her like a cur! How little she knew or cared that bobolinks, drunk with blind idleness, tumbled and sang in the meadows below, that the earth was telling the time of year with flowers in the wood above. As I think of these things, of the solitary, incessant drudgery, of the taciturn husband coming in heavy with sleep—too weary to read, to talk, to think, I do not wonder that the mad houses are so richly recruited from the farm houses, as the statistics show—that the farmer's daughter hangs enchanted over stories in the weekly paper of the handsome Edward Augustus, with white hands and black eyes—nor that the farmer's son hears the city bells that long ago rang to Whittington, "Turn again Whittington, lord mayor of London," ringing to him as he pauses in the furrow, "Turn again, ploughboy, millionaire and merchant!"

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

Innocence—The pet lamb that strayed away off, years ago, from the rest of the flock, and has'nt been heard from since.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then threshed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

The difference between Eugenie and the deposed Queen of Spain is that one is a belle on a throne and the other Isabelle off.

Whatever may be the end of man, there can be no doubt, when we see those trains gracefully sweeping the floors and streets, that the end of woman is—"Dust."

Olive Logan thinks that any woman who can protect herself in a horse car is qualified to vote, and exclaims, "Now girls, be men!" Rather a difficult command to obey.

Some employments may be better than others; but there is no employment so bad as the having none at all. The mind will contract a rust and an unfitness for everything, and a man must either fill up his time with good, or at least innocent business, or it will run to waste—to sin and vice.

Choice Miscellany.

SOMEBODY.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[The following verses were written several years ago, and published under a nom de plume. Since then they have been drifting about through the press, with sometimes a stanza or two left off, and have met the usual fate of such, typographically. We take pity on the estray, and send it forth in proper dress again, with our blessing.]

Somebody's eyes have grown dimmer,
Off in some quiet old home,
At morn, when the evening stars glimmer,
Watching for some one to come;
Watching while heart grows the sicker,
As day after day glides along,
Watching while tears fall the thicker,
Choking the lullaby song.

Somebody, wandering over
Lands far away from his own,
Scents as of old, the sweet clover
That grows by the old door stone;
Longs to go back and to mingle,
As in the dim days of yore,
With those round the old cottage ingle—
Those who, alas! are no more.

Somebody's prayers are ascending,
Ever for dear ones away,
Prayers that His blessing attending,
May keep them from going astray;
Prayers that float nearer and nearer
The throne of the Father above,
And, reaching the ear of the Hearer,
Are answered in Infinite Love.

Somebody's life-work is ended—
Patient they wait now to go;
Long have they faithfully wended
Toilsome paths here below;
Soon the reward they'll be reaping
That to the faithful is given—
"Well done,"—"Come up," and be keeping
Watch for somebody in Heaven!

Somebody ever is weeping,—
Rachel-like mourning her dead.
Shunning all comfort, and keeping
Vigils while stars are o'erhead.
O that to such hearts whose feeling
Shuts out the thought of "Thy will,"
Gilead's balm, with its healing,
Would come and the wild throbbings still!

Somebody's heart has grown weary.—
Weary of watching for aye
The time when the night now so dreary,
Shall end in an Infinite Day;
When life shall roll onward forever,
As peacefully solemn and grand
As rolls on Eternity's river
That washes Eternity's strand!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FEW THOUGHTS UPON POETRY.

A description of Nature, in itself, is tame and tiresome, however well done. Something more than mere talent is wanted. Sometimes, the better part of the man must go with it. This, however rendered, if pure, will have its effect. Hence Wordsworth. Not even Theocratus or Virgil can compare with the chief of the Lake School.

So we find more outside of the description, often, than it contains, as in the surroundings of Lamb, Cowper, Burns, the Brontes and others. In the far future, when these externals are forgotten, little will be remembered of the writers. It was the misfortune of these writers that they could not incorporate this in their poetry.

Nature is nothing; the man is all. Nature is but a medium; and sometimes in her humblest forms she has the greatest effect. Tam O'Shanter is as much Burns, as the style of the younger Bulwer is not his. Burns, when awakened, gave us this poem. Burns was great; hence the poem. But the strains of the best poets are embodied in the poems of Owen Meredith. We have Burns in the one case; we have not Bulwer in the other; only part of him,—his rendering of others, with sufficient sensibility to appreciate them.

So Wordsworth gives us in the Small Calendine what certainly the flower does not possess, though it seems to; it only suggests to the poet, and he invests it with *his* quality. When a more elevated subject was attempted, as in the Excursion, there was comparative failure. Nature did not speak through the man; or but faintly, disjointly, and not clearly. She was deprived of her province, which is to lead. A man can never share the honor with Nature. Much that Shakspeare wrote was thus written—Nature directing. She found but a medium in this matchless delineator, who was armed at all points, and needed but to be directed. If he was master, it was only through the guidance of the mistress. He wrote, not to please, not to a purpose, save as that purpose gave him gratification,—for who would not be gratified, amid such a world of fancies of life, to reproduce them, to show them? that is part of the gratification.

We write, then, for the pleasure we have in communicating, else there would be greater pleasure,—that of mere enjoyment of the materials, which the unexpressed poet indulges in. In this respect we are all poets: all enjoy our thoughts when in a state of animation. To express this condition is an art, and must be learned, and learned like all arts, familiarly, in order to be successful.

Elaboration, of any kind, in poetry, is so much harm done. Any interference with pure inspiration, will be felt, will mar. A life-long culture is required—*from infancy up*: the *mother* tongue must be the *poetic* tongue; and it must learn to express itself with the first teachings. Then there will be the natural expression of a natural feeling. This will make it direct. This will give us the man (and the child.) And it will give us the man in his best, when he is awakened. It will be successful if it is of a good quality, and is free from affectation, the great bane of our literature and poetry,—less so of painting and sculpture, and their kindred arts.

F. G.

BOOKLESS HOUSES.

We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owners perhaps never think. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, we find that he contents himself with cheap carpets and very plain furniture, in order that he may purchase books, he rises at once in our esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved sideboard.

Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture. Both, if you can; but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vice.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen—and, indeed, among all that are struggling in the race of life—is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history.

It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life.—*Episcopalian.*

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

There is little gained and much lost by losing one's temper. Anger unbalances us, and makes us the prey or the sport of the less irritable. We say and do things under the influence of anger which we afterwards regret. Anger lessens our power and lowers our dignity. When the sacred writer says, "He that governeth himself is fit to sit with the king," he means the government of temper. The power to quell our raising passion, to say to the provoked spirit, "Peace! be still!" this is a mighty and noble power. This brings man sovereignly to the judgment-seat of his highest reason and conscience.

The Proverbs have it, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath"—that "a contentious woman destroyeth the peace of a household." A Christian temper—peaceful, charitable, kindly, considerate and forgiving—what else can give so great a charm to character, or such luster to the soul? The atmosphere of such a temper is fruitful of blessedness. There all is sunshine and blossom of spirit. There are no social frosts, nor clouds, nor storms. Childhood is softened by its example, and old age under its influence reveals the freshness and mellowness of youth.

O, that the Angel of Peace might visit every home of man, and sweeten the contentious tempers that make so much daily life a wearying, withering curse.

CONCERNING LOVE.

True love—we mean now, true love in its bachelor state, not the Darby-and-Joan jog-trot—seldom survives in a man after thirty. The truest, faithfulest, hottest and most blissfully uncomfortable love of all is calf-love, which seldom lasts after seventeen. All subsequent passions are a mere imitation of this—not half so absorbing, not a third so blind, not a tenth so pure. The calf outlives its calfdom, gets the better of spooniness, laughs at it, and a few years later tries to produce it over again. But he never succeeds. The taurine passions are a mere stage play. He may persuade himself that he is desperately in love with the dear girl, that she is an angel, that if she jilted him he would do something desperate,—go mad, emigrate, blow out his brains, perhaps; but in his inner soul he knows that this is all a mere pretense; that his heart is not as a raging furnace, but tepid as mildest shaving-water; that his pulse would not hear her and beat had he lain for a century dead—indeed, it does not even quicken now when she enters the room. He sees her faults—none clearer: and he intends to correct them one day. There is nothing in his love like the wild adoring passion of the schoolboy; that comes but once in life, and the love which is bold enough to propose and callous enough to treat of settlements is a mere earthly imitation of it.—*London Leader.*

THE NECESSITY OF OCCUPATION.

Occupation of some kind is necessary to the health of mind and body in most persons. Yet we are so lazy by nature that, unless we are forced to work, we are apt to do nothing. For this reason it is that Coleridge would have every literary man exercise a profession. The body requires a certain amount of atmospheric pressure to the square inch. The mind must have the pressure of incumbent duties, or it will grow lax and spongy in texture for want of it. For want of such pressure, we see so many rich people always restless in search of rest, who cannot be easy in Fifth avenue or Beacon street for thinking of the Boulevards, and once there, are counting the days until they are home again. A life of mere gossip and amusement may do well enough in some Old World capitals, but it is desperate in American cities. A wicked Parisian would find it punishment enough to be sent to Philadelphia or New York, or even Boston, when he dies.—*Atlantic Almanac for* 1869.

SANDWICHES.

Heaven gives enough when it gives us opportunity.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

The opposite of the seeds of discontent—Caraway seeds.

Boast of your treasures of grace, and you are soon robbed.

A sanctified heart is much better than a silver tongue.

The best thing to lay up for a rainy day—An umbrella.

Benevolence is allied to few vices, selfishness to few virtues.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

The duty of the happy is to help the suffering to bear their woe.

A fan is a good thing; but to a gentleman a Fanny is better.

Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

When one link in the chain of love is broken, all its strength and security are lost.

The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbor's errors than expose them.

The man who showed his grit was in the sand-paper line. The man who was caught napping is supposed to have been a hatter.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a cow-ard.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THANKFUL FOR ALL.

BY A. H. LINTON.

To-day can our hearts be dumb?
Or our voices refuse to sing?
Can we measure of pleasure and pain the sum
And then never a tribute bring
To our bountiful Lord and King?

For the sweets do our thanks go up.—
For the sweets of the wine we sip.
But the sweet it is fleet, and the lees in the cup,
Like the tears from our lids that drip,
Are as Marah upon our lip.

And the tribute we bring is small;
Just an offering, slight, for bliss,
With no thought as we ought for the sorrows all,
And the sweet fulfillings we miss,—
Aye, an offering poor is this!

For our sorrows are tender things,
Like the pleasures we press so near;
And his trilling that's filling the air, who sings
To the undertone of a tear,
Is of melodies all, most dear!

And our sorrows are worth a hymn!
Would we meagerly thankful be?
No! to-day let us say, though our eyes are dim,
And we may not so clearly see,
"For our tears we alike praise Thee!"

For our pleasure not more than pain;
For the bitter not less than sweet.
We endeavor to sever the two in vain
When our heart would its thanks repeat;
Both only our life complete.

And 'tis this when the sum is said,—
This *life*, with its rounded whole,
With its measure of pleasure and pain outspread,
That should wake the *Te Deum* of soul
Which up to our King should roll!

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 26, 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WORTHY OF JESUS."

Miss Rankin, who has done and is doing so much for the cause of Christ and education in Mexico, addressed us recently at morning devotions on the subject of personal responsibility and duty. The subject, though not new, appeared to some in new light and with additional interest, as she referred to her own early experience, in a very frank, graceful manner, the substance of which was as follows:

"When I engaged to teach my first school, I resolved to begin each morning's exercises with reading the Scriptures and prayer; believing it only the part of duty for God's children to acknowledge Him in all their ways, and ask His assistance in all things. My pupils seemed to enjoy reading 'verse about' in the Testament, and as they were children from five to twelve years of age, I felt no hesitancy in praying before them. Everything passed on smoothly, and I felt satisfied in trying to do my duty to God, as well as to my school. After a few days there came a larger boy, fifteen years of age, and I felt that I could scarcely take up my cross before him; but not till I entered the school-room one morning and found a *young man* added to the number did I decide to omit prayers—*this once*, at least, *because I cannot pray before a man*, said my cowardly pride.

"The children not knowing my thoughts, took their Testaments as usual, and as it would not *look well* for *me* to tell them to put them away without reading, I thought we could read a chapter any way, and then I need not pray if it should not seem duty. Fortunately for my feelings, the chapter was long, and I was glad the little children read slowly, for I dreaded to come to the end and make my decision; thinking all the time, what would *he* say if I should not get the words of my prayer just right! When we came to the fifth verse from the end of the chapter, it was my turn to read, and was Matt. 10, 38: *And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* It was as a flash of lightning, shivering the strong walls of doubt and pride that would hold and hide my love and faith. And it was not the accusing sense of unworthiness, but mercifully, then, its opposite that affected me.

"Worthy of Jesus! I worthy of *Him*—so pure—so holy—so full of compassion and love? No, I am not, and never can be, *worthy*; but the gift of grace is free, and it is mine if I will only arise and take it. Am I too proud to accept of that for which I cannot pay? Am I so ungrateful and unwise as to disregard such love, and lose so great an inheritance, even heirship with Christ in the kingdom eternal? Why, I do accept daily, hourly, momentarily, things innumerable for which I do not, cannot pay anything,—life, light, happiness, friends; the free, pure air, the undisputed liberty of thought and choice. Would I, a child, accept a few favors from my parent, but dishonor Him and disgrace myself so much as to scorn the greatest and most costly gifts? And if I receive this and follow after Him, does He count me worthy of Him? Blessed Jesus, forgive my foolish, blind, proud heart! Need I tell you, young ladies, that the remaining verses seemed long, so anxious was I to kneel down and humble myself before that same Jesus?

"Now, whenever you are called upon at any reasonable time, or in any suitable place for prayer, if you feel hesitancy or doubt, just ask yourself whether it is real humility or worldly pride that stands in the way. True humility is not only conscious of ill deserts, but willing to confess and ask to be forgiven. This much you can do at least, and if you do not love Jesus more than you fear poor sinful people like yourselves, then indeed are you not worthy of Him." Gene Pratt.

LAZINESS IN BIBLE READING.

The following confession and prayer by Rev. Dr. Thomas Fuller, it is to be feared, covers the case of many others besides himself:

"Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul. For when I am to read a chapter in the Bible, before I begin it, I look where it endeth; and if it endeth not on the same side, I cannot keep my hand from turning over the leaf, to measure the length thereof on the other side; if it swell to many verses, I begin to grudge.

"Surely, my heart is not rightly affected. Were I truly hungry after heavenly food, I would not complain of meat. Scourge, Lord, this laziness of soul. Make the reading of Thy Word not a penance, but a pleasure upon me. Teach me that as among heaps of gold, all equally pure, that is best which is biggest, so I may esteem that chapter in Thy Word the best which is the longest."

Of a great many that seem to come to Christ, it may be said that they have not come to him, because they have not left themselves.—*Archbishop Leighton.*

Educational.

THE QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

It is the one great question that puzzles instructors everywhere. Without discipline all school organizations are failures; and how is the proper discipline best maintained?

It depends, of course, upon the class over which discipline is had. Very young children may require a mild despotism,—being subject to the absolute control, for the time, of the instructor, with his verbal commands the supreme law. Students of more mature years will rebel against such government, and must be ruled by some other process.

So far as actual right is concerned, few will deny that the teacher may justly demand perfect obedience from those taught. They are placed under his charge, and he is responsible for their behavior. But he has no right to make demands of them which are in any manner debasing, or degrading. He has no right whatever to exact obedience when in the yielding of it they feel they are yielding in any degree one manly or womanly title.

The young man is responsible to himself and to God for his manhood; and to make him feel this responsibility, in all its earnestness, is the truest and best discipline. It is the discipline that tells most for good upon his after life. Any little exactions that chafe him, and belittle him to himself, are a serious evil. If they do not work rebellion, and, mayhap, utter defiance, they may even do a greater injury. They may leave their marks upon his character more deeply than he knows, and be a lasting bane to him and others.

It would seem that there need be no such petty instances of authority on the part of instructors in any place,—much less that college discipline should call them forth. Yet a signal illustration that they do exist is found now in Williams College. That old and greatly respected Institution is at present in a state of virtual suspension, because the Faculty saw fit to make a law declaring that any student absent from recitation, *with or without* proper excuse, should pay the penalty of a delinquent. Against this sweeping and unreasonable requirement the whole body of students rebelled. President Hopkins was absent when the obnoxious law was passed by the Faculty, and it was thought his return would insure its repeal. He returned, and substantially admitted that the law was wrong by saying if he had been present it should not have been passed; but as it had been adopted he must uphold the Faculty. And so the students must sacrifice what they very properly deem a manly right, that the infallible Faculty may retain due dignity, or the suspension must continue.

We think Williams is setting a bad example, not only to sister colleges, but to institutions of less pretension. Discipline, to be rightly effective, must be democratic. It must leave much to manly and womanly sense of justice and well-doing, after the disciplined have attained years of discretion. An ultra and despotic jurisdiction is not a fit one, and it will not be beneficial in its effects.

EDUCATION IN NORWAY.

A writer in the People's Magazine thus speaks of education in Norway:

"It is as thoroughly organized, if not so highly developed, as that of the New England States, and the Training College, High Schools and Primary Schools of Christiana are among the most interesting and instructive sights to be met with in the north of Europe. Throughout the country every child, from the age of eight till confirmation, must attend the primary or higher schools. In these a good knowledge of reading, writing and ciphering, and also of English, drawing, sewing, etc., is imparted by teachers properly trained and commissioned. In remote and thinly populated districts the schoolmasters reside for a certain portion of the year, distributing their work among two or three localities, as circumstances may demand. Every household and every adult pays a small annual tax for maintenance of the district school, and the magistrate and clergyman see that it is properly managed. Thus, again, we have another dead level of intelligence, or information among the peasantry; but a 'little learning' has not been found in this case to produce any very dangerous results.

"One very remarkable effect and evidence of the diffusion of elementary education is in the number of Norwegian newspapers, every considerable village having its little journal, and in the large towns many papers are published daily. Speaking from my own limited experience, I found the people I met in Christiana very intelligent and well informed. Almost all were able to speak English with more or less fluency, with a high regard for English literature—our modern Homer, the great Sir Walter, being the universal favorite. In three Norwegian bookshops, which I entered, I was agreeably surprised to see one end of each counter completely covered with numbers of the six penny edition of the Waverly Novels, interspersed with copies of some of our more recent popular works.

ANALYZING STUDENTS' CHARACTERS.

No one will deny the following:—That the material upon which the teacher has to operate, is composite in its character; and that, if he would become master of his subject, he must study carefully the two component parts—the intellectual and the moral. There can be no justice done and no success if his attention is confined to one only. This is not all. He must be able to detect how far the intellectual is active or dormant, and how far the moral. No teacher that does not thus skillfully analyze this compound object confided to his care and submitted to his control can discharge his duty faithfully or efficiently. All teachers of any experience know this, and will promptly endorse that which, to them, has become an ever-recurring fact.

When this analysis has been obtained, due weight in instruction will be given to each of those two parts that compose, qualify and modify the whole: e. g., to a boy of limited capacity and amiable disposition, the very tone of the teacher's voice and his mode of expression will touch both heart and mind, and therefore enlighten the one and attract the other, *if* both have been adapted respectively to the ascertained distinguishing features of the pupil's moral and mental character. To a boy of this nature, a harsh and dictatorial manner and the most scholarly definition will gain access to neither heart nor head. No seed will have been sown in the intellectual soil to be watered from the heart-springs of the grateful recipient. The thunders of the teacher's eloquence may have sounded fearfully distinct, and the preceding lightning may have flashed *through* the mind of the abased and trembling scholar, but no assimilation of the mind and its food will have resulted, and therefore,—if not always positively, comparatively,—both negative and direct injury are effected.—[*Asheville News.*

Literature and Art.

PAY OF AUTHORS.

While hundreds of meritorious authors barely escape starvation, there are a goodly number whose labors are munificently compensated. At the head of these, probably, stands Victor Hugo. The sums which this great French novelist receives are pleasant for persons with literary ambitions to think of. For his new work, *Par ordre du Roi*, he is paid by M. Lacroix 300,000 francs. Alexander Dumas, Hugo's rival in literary good fortune and fecundity, has also received almost fabulous sums for some of his efforts. It is said that his best year produced him 125,000 francs. During the period of forty-five year, since he first appeared in Paris, the total amount of his income from his poetry, romances, dramas, comedies, comic operas, vaudevilles, etc., has amounted to the sum of 3,600,000 francs.

It is publicly stated that another Frenchman, Guizot, receives fifteen hundred francs for each of his articles in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*. Buloz, the publisher of that review, says that he receives, on an average, three articles a day, and that he keeps two editors constantly occupied reading manuscripts. The remuneration ordinarily, is 200 francs for sixteen pages, or about $2 50 per page in gold.

Remembering that Lamartine, in his palmy days, also commanded a fine income by his pen, we are led to believe France a good country in which to cultivate literature as a means of subsistence. In Denmark we see the dark side of the picture. There those who, as N. P. Willis used to phrase it, "coin their mind for daily bread," are not rewarded by such lavish returns. Hans Christian Andersen, the celebrated Danish poet and story teller, says that he has never had an income of more than six hundred dollars a year. So limited is the sale of books in Denmark that even the most successful works pay but little profit to their authors.

Here in our own country the writers of books are, in the main, meagerly remunerated. Authors of educational works perhaps fare the best. Some of those receive many times what their very poor wares are worth, because their good genius, in the shape of unbiased trustees and commissioners who are mayhap tickled with a fee, secures the introduction of said wares into the public schools, and a good sale is thereby guaranteed.

A LITERARY PARTNERSHIP.

Literary works produced jointly, smack somewhat of novelty. Only of late has united authorship in story telling been known. Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins joined pens a year ago, in the evolving of a Christmas tale; but readers suspected the union to be simply in name, for the production possessed very little of Dickens' individuality, and very much of the other man's.

There is a literary partnership in France, however, which seems to be genuine and complete. Novels and dramas by Erckmann-Chatrian have been widely popular with the French people for several years. We are to be made acquainted with the romances, by Messrs. Scribner & Co., who will soon issue two of them. In advance sheets of the preface to one of these, "Madame Therese," an account of the authors and their literary union is given. They have worked together since their college days, having been advised to this course, it is said, by one of their professors, who saw that one lacked in talent just what the other possessed.

Their method of coöperative labor is thus sketched:—"Every morning, before Chatrian goes to his desk in the Eastern Railway, they cut out the day's task while they are at breakfast. When they meet again in the evening at dinner, each communicates to the other the ideas he has collected. These are discussed, compared, winnowed; and they select the plot, invent the incidents and turn of the novel on which they are at work. In this way it is completed. When it is ended, each in turn reads the proof-sheets, modifies, comments on them, and communicates his suggestions to the other. This partial revision ended, they proceed to the great, general and last inspection, after which the book is published."

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

W. W. Story, the American sculptor, whose studio is in Rome, has finished a very fine bust of Elizabeth B. Browning, and of her husband, Robert Browning. Says a correspondent of the Chicago Art Journal, writing from Rome, "They were younger and better looking than I supposed. She was a regular English beauty, with luxuriant long curls, and a fine expressive face.

Gough says he has lectured, during his twenty-six years of public speaking, two hundred and fifty times in New York city, and three hundred and fifty times in Boston, and yet he never came before an audience without trembling at the knees and huskiness of voice. The dramatic people call this "stage fright," and they remark that the actor who does not feel it always, seldom reaches a high professional position.

The well known publishing firm of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Howard M. Ticknor retiring. The publishing business will be continued under the name of Fields, Osgood & Co., no change whatever taking place in the character or associations of the house.

The Riverside Press at Cambridge, Mass., has in hand, in the composition department, forty-eight different works, some of them of large size. In their printing department Houghton & Co., turn out daily from three thousand to four thousand volumes, containing, on an average, six hundred pages each.

The richest Chinese library in the world is now in St. Petersburg. It consists of 11,607 volumes, with a number of wood engravings and MSS. It has been collected by the Russian Consul-General in Pekin, who is now anxious to sell it to some institution.

Some one says that among our lecturers Emerson is the most intellectual, Phillips the most sarcastic, Gough the most attractive, Beecher the most popular, Curtis the most elegant, Chapin the most rhetorical, Greeley the most eccentric.

The Italian academy of belles lettres has conferred membership—for the first time upon a woman—upon Dora D'Istra, who is familiar with fifteen languages, and has written books in six of them.

Mary Godolphin has transmuted "Robinson Crusoe" into words of one syllable each without detracting from the interest of the story.

Bayard Taylor is announced as one of the editors of Putnam's Monthly, beginning his duties with the January number.

Hans Christian Andersen, the Danish novelist, is coming to the United States in February next.

The Spanish revolution set free a Madrid editor who was serving a term of 102 years in prison.

NEW MASONIC TEMPLE IN PHILADELPHIA.

This, when completed, will be one of the most extensive and beautiful structures of its kind in the world. Its corner-stone was laid on the 24th of June last, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of over 7,000 Masons. The dimensions are truly collossal, the frontage on Broad street being 150 feet, and on Filbert street 250 feet; height of the main tower 300 feet. The material is granite, relieved by massive buttresses. On the Broad street front the several steps in Masonry will be indicated, the first stage exhibiting the Egyptian porch, supporting the figure of "Silence." Both above and below this will be the "broken pediment," upon which the statue of "Obedience" will be placed. The third and last stage will be marked by the union of the several designs in one harmonious whole, with ornaments representing the emblems of the Craft, including the statues of Faith, Hope and Charity. The Grand Lodge Room will be 105 by 53 feet; and there will be a Banquet Room of like dimensions, besides Blue Lodge Rooms, lobbies, etc. The cost will be $750,000, its erection requiring several years.

Various Topics.

SENSATIONS IN A BALLOON.

The question,—"Are you not dizzy in looking down from a balloon?" was answered awhile since by the Boston Journal, as follows:

"Dizziness or giddiness is something entirely unknown in aeronautic traveling, and therein is one of the most surprising facts of ballooning. You look downward with the same steadiness and composure with which you look off from a mountain top. Another strange feature is that the balloon seems to stand perfectly still. Common sense teaches you that you are moving when the distance between you and certain objects is widening, but there is no other indication of the fact, nor is there in rising and falling in the atmosphere. Immersed in the air current, and traveling at the same or nearly the same velocity, the balloon seems relatively becalmed."

"This fact," the Journal goes on to say, "sufficiently explains the utter uselessness of sails and rudder. There is no wind to fill the one, nor fulcrum or resisting force for the other. The only power of the gas balloon is its buoyant force, and thus all inward efforts at propulsion or control, beyond the simple means of rising or falling through a depreciation of the buoyant material or the ballast weight, are manifestly fruitless. Until some other inward motive power than mere buoyancy is devised, no forward step can be made in aerostatics, and the union of any other with the gas balloon is entirely hopeless, since the craft is wholly at the mercy of the element which sustains it. The wind currents, too, are so variable that navigating the air between given points under their control would be quite as much out of the question.

"No difficulty in breathing is experienced at a less hight than two or three miles, by persons in health, nor is any other decided sensation felt under ordinary circumstances. There may be a slight ringing in or closing of the ears with some persons at a less altitude, but in the upper regions a deafness is experienced. At the hight of three and a half miles the atmosphere is known to have just half the density it has at the surface, and there is, of course, the corresponding decrease of atmospheric pressure. At the surface, a man of ordinary size is said to sustain an atmospheric pressure of 25,000 pounds, while at the hight named it is reduced one-half, the change bringing with it many discomforts. The reduction of atmospheric pressure is felt by the balloon through the expansion of the gas and the distension of its envelope, and thus to rise to great altitude necessitates a great expenditure of gas, as well as of ballast. To guard against a too sudden expansion of the balloon, the open neck at the bottom serves as a sort of safety valve, while it also becomes necessary to let out gas at times through the valve at the top."

CARELESSNESS IN CORRESPONDENCE.

The carelessness of people in business and other correspondence is shown in some facts regarding the dead letter office furnished by a writer in Hours at Home. Fifteen or twenty men are employed in that establishment opening and disposing of letters. During the past year 35,000 letters, inclosing $182,234, were received, and nearly 28,000 of them, containing $14,620, were restored to their owners. But besides these money letters there were 21,000 dead letters, containing bills of exchange and other valuable matter, appraised at over $5,000,000; over 49,000 containing photographs, jewelry, &c., and 79,000 containing stamps and articles of small value. In every case where proper date and signature were given, letters of value have been returned to their writers; so it will be seen that all that is necessary to secure the safety of such letters, if not called for at the place where sent, is to attend to these apparently minor particulars.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

The meteoric shower of Saturday morning, 14th inst, was one of the finest ever witnessed. From all parts of the world within reach of the telegraph come dispatches announcing the same brilliant and wonderful display. Its presence is reported from London to San Francisco, and from very many intermediate points in all sections of the United States. At many places astronomers and scientific men were carefully observing the trial, noting the flight and frequency of the meteors and sketching their paths on charts, which had been specially prepared in anticipation of the occasion; and when the reports of their labors are collected and compared, the results will be of great value and service to science.

Commodore B. F. Sands, Superintendent of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, has submitted a preliminary report, in which he says that during the five hours and twenty-five minutes in which observations were made—from 12:35 to 6 A. M.—5,078 meteors were counted, falling at their maximum frequency at the rate of about 2,500 an hour. During the entire display many meteors were seen in the west, and between four and five o'clock fully one-half were in that section of the heavens. The radiant point was fixed by careful computation at 149 degrees in right ascension and 22½ minutes in declination. The shower commenced several hours earlier than was expected, and last year predictions were abundant that it would be seen on the Pacific coast only.—*Syracuse Journal.*

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, an experiment has been tried in Europe and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination; in these cases only two were found who had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs—that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk, going too suddenly from a close room into the air, especially after speaking, and sudden, depressing news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an evidence of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable; hence, many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

MAGNITUDE OF LONDON.

Its houses number more than 350,000, and its streets, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York, and are lighted at night by 360,000 gas lamps, consuming in every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. Of the water supply, 44,383,328 gallons are used per day. The traveling public sustain 5,000 cabs and 1,500 omnibuses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles which human needs can require or human wit invent. Its hungry population devour in the course of every year 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 10,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts, and consume 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. As a consequence, 2,400 doctors find constant employment. London, finally, supports 852 churches, which are presided over by 930 divines of greater or less note.—*The Nation.*

Reading for the Young.

A DOG SAVING A SHIP.

A few years ago a sea captain from Massachusetts, who was in Havre, in France, obtained there a fine little rat terrier, which he called "Neptune," to be a companion on his voyage. Little "Neptune" soon learned to like the vessel, and he would run up ladders like a little sailor, though he could not come down without help. After the vessel had been at sea some weeks or months, when they began to approach land, before it could be seen by the men, Nep. would mount high up on the forward part of the ship, and snuff, and snuff, and bark, and show signs of joy. His keen scent enabled him to smell the land before it could be seen. He would also detect the approach of another ship when he could not see it, in the same way.

When Nep. had been to sea with his master about two years, the "Hortensia"—that was the vessel's name—had been to New Orleans for a load of cotton, and was on her way out of the Gulf of Mexico, into the Atlantic Ocean. For some days there had been "squally" weather, with light baffling winds, and the vessel had not sailed very rapidly, but she was in a dangerous neighborhood, and a constant watch was necessary; for along the coast of Florida are long, low reefs, and islands, and bars, which have caused the destruction of many vessels.

It had been the captain's watch in the early part of the night—that is, the captain, with a few men, remained upon the deck while the rest slep; tthen the others, at the sound of the bell, came upon deck, the mate took charge of the ship, the men who had been watching went below, and the captain, after telling the mate to call him before three o'clock, went below and "turned into" his berth to sleep. Nep. lay at his master's state-room door, for that was his sleeping-place. There lies in the Florida Straits a large and dangerous rock called the "Double-headed Shot Keys." A light house is built upon it, that vessels may be kept from running upon it in the night. "Be sure to call me by three o'clock," said the captain, "as by that time we shall be up with the Double-headed Shot Keys, and sooner, if there is a change of weather."

The night wore on, and all was still but the splashing of water; the mate went below to get something from his chest, sat down upon it a few minutes, and, before he knew it, was fast asleep; the men on deck receiving no orders, supposed all was right, and one by one they, too, fell asleep; no one was awake but a little Spanish boy, whose turn it was to be at the wheel—that is, the helm, where they steer the vessel.

Meantime the wind changed, a stiff breeze sprung up, the sails were filled, and the "Hortensia" plowed through the ocean briskly, straight toward the Double-headed Shot Keys. The little Spanish boy, half asleep at the helm, knew not of the danger, neither could he see ahead from where he stood, for the great sails concealed the view of the light-house; but Nep. the good sailor that he was, discovered that land was near—he smelt it, and he saw the light. He rushed down to his master's state-room, and barked, and jumped up to him as he lay in his berth. "Get down! be still, Nep!" said the sleepy captain. But Nep. would not be still—he only barked the louder. "Be still!" said the captain again, and he pushed the dog away. Again the faithful little fellow jumped up, pulled his master's sleeve, and took hold of his arm with his teeth. Then the captain, thoroughly roused, began to think something must be the matter. He sprang up, and Nep ran forward, barking, to the companion way; the captain's head no sooner came above the deck than he saw what was the matter. Right ahead was the fearful rock and the light house, and the ship plunging toward it at the rate of nine miles an hour! He seized the helm, the ship struggled, swung round, and when her course was shifted, she was so near the rock that in three minutes more she would have struck and been a wreck; the sleeping sailors were roused to their duty, and the astonished mate rose up from his nap on the chest, to learn that but for the faithful dog the waves might have already closed over them.

Do you wonder that the captain thinks his dog is worth his weight in gold? He has been offered large sums of money for him, but money cannot buy him. He does not go to sea now. Nep. went as long as his master did, and now he makes himself quietly useful at home by catching all the rats in the neighborhood. May he live to a good old age, the pet and admiration of all who know him!

ON SWEARING.

Cowper was an English poet. He wrote beautiful hymns. He wrote some lines also about swearing, which it would be worth while for every boy in the land to learn.

> It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
> Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
> Maintain your rank; vulgarity despise;
> To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise.

If you wish never to swear big oaths, the best plan is not to make use of *little* ones.

Some who would not swear by the name of God think nothing of swearing "by George," or "by jingo," or by something else; others often cry out, "good gracious," or "mercy on me," and the like. These are the *beginnings* of swearing. They are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak.

Our Savibur said when on earth, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." This means we should use plain, simple language. David had a short prayer on this point:—"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; and keep the door of my lips."

Let the children make it their prayer.—*Child's Paper.*

The Fly and the Bee.—A fly once said to a bee:—"Tell me, my friend, how it is that no one pursues and torments you as they do me? I have to protect my little life from every one, but you fly about in the air gathering honey unforbidden from the flowers. If I venture to put out my trunk to reach a crust of bread, or perchance to dip into some more dainty dish, death threatens me on the spot. I think if I could sting, and thus take vengeance on my foes as thou canst, that I should be left in peace." "You are mistaken," replied the bee. "A much surer protection to me is that by diligence I serve mankind."

Little Sunshine.—Who is Little Sunshine? The child who does not pout, or frown, or say cross words, but who goes about the house laughing, smiling, singing, *saying kind words*, and *doing kind deeds*—that child is Little Sunshine. Does anybody know Little Sunshine? Where does Little Sunshine live?

Humility is the low but broad and deep foundation of every virtue.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES, REQUESTS, ETC.

The Enlarged Rural.—Many Agents and others wish us to send samples of the RURAL for 1869, in its enlarged and improved style. This is impossible, as No. 1 of Vol. XX cannot be issued for some weeks yet—though we hope to have it ready some days in advance of date. Agents and others forming clubs can safely assert that the new volume will *be all we have promised*. It will contain Sixteen Pages of Five Columns each, and the sheet be about double the size of the paper in 1867. The paper will contain one column more to the page than Harper's Weekly, and will be proportionately longer. Instead of the price being $5 a year, as our friends say it ought, it will be but $3 per single copy, and only $2.50 in clubs of ten or more! Friends, make up your Clubs for Vol. XX

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the RURAL. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both,—stating the facts about enlargement and improvement. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure. Send for the list, which (together with show-bill, prospectus, &c.,) we send free. A little effort will secure a good club in almost any locality, and this is the best season to make the effort. Reader, will you please see that the matter is attended to in *your* neighborhood?

Send Early!—In order that we may get the names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as fast and early as possible, our friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—as soon as convenient. Those who are forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards. Many agents keep to work for six months, remitting from time to time; and some, after sending for one club, form another and get a second or larger premium.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the RURAL—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

The Rural is Not a Monthly.—In presenting the claims of the RURAL, do not "forget to remember" to state that it is not a *monthly* of only 12 issues a year, but a Large and Handsome WEEKLY of Fifty-Two Numbers! The difference in price is altogether in favor of the RURAL, compared with any monthly.

How to Remit.—The best way to remit for clubs, as we have often stated, is by Draft. If $20 or over, send by draft, as there is no risk. For smaller amounts it is best to send by Post-Office Money Order,—but if you cannot do that, send in Registered letters.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency,—but any person disposed to do so can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.

Show Bills, Specimen Numbers, &c., sent free to all applicants. If you want more of such documents, let us know and they will be forwarded.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, NOV. 28, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

IN the Cole-Hiscock trial at Albany it took six days to obtain a jury. When the jury was finally complete it was discovered that two of its members had strong opinions touching the case, and they were excluded from the panel. Others being substituted, after much delay, the trial was proceeded with. As the case was thoroughly investigated on the first trial, it is scarcely possible that any amount of new testimony will be introduced, though the defense intimate that startling revelations will be made.

The Bar of New York city gave a complimentary dinner to Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, Attorney-General of the United States, one evening of last week, at the Astor House. Mr. Charles O'Connor presided, and among the guests were Generals Grant, Banks and Schofield, Admiral Farragut, Gov. Clifford, A. T. Stewart, Judges Sutherland, Dalley, Davies, and a majority of the leading members of the New York bar. Gen. Grant responded briefly to a toast in his honor. The gathering was a very brilliant one.

A beautiful mirage was observed on Cayuga Lake, last week. An exact counterpart of the lake lay apparently some three or four miles away. Some four miles of the eastern shore, with its deep bay, and one or two miles more of the western shore extending opposite Ithaca, were visible, showing the trees along the shore, and all its indentations and curves. The spectacle lasted about an hour.

Gov. Fenton has appointed Hon. Hiram Gardner of Lockport, as county judge for Niagara county, in place of George D. Lamont, resigned.

Locomotive No. 287, on the Erie Railway, exploded its boiler in the yard at Port Jervis, last week, instantly killing the engineer, Fred. Hardenburgh, who was blown over the top of the trees near by, and was found one hundred and fifty feet from the engine, his body horribly mangled, and wedged in between two stumps. The dome of the engine went through the roof of a house 200 feet distant, passing through a bed-room fortunately unoccupied, landing in the kitchen below.

A paper mill, but recently put in operation, was burned at Hudson a few days ago. Loss $85,000.

The Erie Railway war has again been revived, in a suit brought by August Belmont and Ernest B. Lucke against the Erie Railway Company and a score of individuals, for the removal of the Directors and the appointment of a Receiver, and in the meantime to enjoin them from issuing alleged illegal stock, and performing other unlawful acts. The litigation promises to be more complicated and exciting than ever.

A brakeman on the Erie railway was knocked off the train by a low bridge near Waverly recently, and both of his legs run over. They were amputated, but he lived less than two hours after the operation.

Thomas Talbot, aged sixty-one years, was run over by the cars in Buffalo, a few days ago and killed. He was a farmer and lived at Fort Erie, and leaves a wife and six children.

Professor Goldwin Smith commenced his lectures in Cornell University on the 18th. He proposes to extend his course through the year.

Thomas L. Carson, for many years publisher of the State Leagne, and the instigator of the Carson League Temperance movement throughout the State, died in Syracuse last Saturday.

From Washington.

MOST of the annual reports of the different district and department military commanders have been received at the War Department. The Secretary of the Treasury has, since the publication of three of the reports of Chiefs of Bureaus, instructed the others not to make theirs public before being sent to Congress. Nearly all the reports have been prepared and sent to the Secretary. The report of the Comptroller of the Currency will be sent directly to Congress. The reports of the various division commanders are now being received at the War Department.

Adjutant-General Townsend has submitted his annual report to the Secretary of War. On the 31st of September the regiments in service embraced 43,741 men. There were in addition 4,340 men in the engineer, ordnance and other special branches of the service. It is expected that 4,500 soldiers will be discharged by the close of the year, their term of service having expired. The Adjutant-General again urges that men be enlisted for five instead of three years. He also recommends that the Superintendents of the National Cemeteries be placed on a footing with enlisted men. Two hundred volunteer officers have recently been mustered out of the volunteer service.

The annual report of Gen. A. A. Humphreys, Chief Engineer of the Army, for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June last, has been submitted to the Secretary of War. It is the most voluminous of all the Bureau reports. He submits estimates showing the amount required to complete the various improvements. Also the amount which can be profitably expended during the next year. Appropriations are asked for under the latter head amounting to $6,238,088. Gen. Humphreys reports the result of the survey for a ship canal around the falls of Niagara, the cost of which will be $12,000,000. He also submits voluminous reports of the surveys of different rivers and harbors.

Gen. Sherman's report of affairs in the military division of the Missouri has just been received at the War Department, together with the reports of Gens. Sheridan, Augur and Terry, commanding in the Department. Gen. Sherman says their reports show that while the country generally has been at peace, the people on the plains and the troops of his command have been constantly at war. He says he has studied to find some lasting remedy for this war, but thus far without success.

Orders have been issued from the Navy Department detaching Admiral Farragut from the command of the European squadron, and he is placed on waiting orders.

The report of Gen. George H. Thomas, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, presents an elaborate and startling description of the lawless state of society in Kentucky and Tennessee, and contains a detailed history of Ku-Klux from the time of its first discovery in Tennessee. The duties of the troops have been of the most active character for many months past, and the necessity for their presence has rather increased than diminished. The persistent attempts of the insurgents to keep alive opposition to the authorities are presented in strong colors. Union men, and especially colored men, cannot obtain justice in many of the courts, and in many sections lawlessness prevails, because the sentiment of nearly the entire community favors it.

From the West.

GEN. HALLECK approves of the plan suggested by Gen. Davis, commanding at Alaska, to establish military posts in the vicinity of the larger tribes or villages of Indians; thus a salutary influence will soon be obtained over them and readily extended to other larger tribes or villages. In this way the whole country will be gradually opened to our settlers and traders, without dangers of hostile collisions. If this policy is properly carried out there will be no necessity for sending additional troops to that territory to carry on a long and expensive Indian war. For the protection of trading vessels and to inspire the natives with due respect for our flag, it will be important to keep a vessel of war in these waters.

Major Demby has had a fight with one hundred Ku-Klux in Arkansas, in which nine of the enemy were killed, many wounded, twenty captured, 35 horses and mules captured, and the party thoroughly disorganized and dispersed.

The Frontier Index reports the hanging of three roughs at Bear City recently. They were taken from jail by the Vigilance Committee.

An expedition, composed of two companies of the First Cavalry and a company of the Thirty-eighth Infantry, with some artillery, left Fort Wallace, Kansas, on the 19th inst., under Lieut.-Col. T. H. Carpenter, for the Arkansas, for the purpose of acting in conjunction with the forces under Gens. Pennas, Carr and Custer. The entire force in the field against the Indians is Gov. Crawford's Kansas cavalry, 1,500 strong, seven companies of the Fifth Cavalry, eleven companies of the Seventh Cavalry, four companies of the Tenth Cavalry, one company of the Thirtieth Infantry (colored,) one company of the Third Infantry (Forsyth's scouts,)—amounting in all to about 3,000 men. The principal hostile tribes are the Arrapahoes, Apaches, Kiowas, Camanches and a mixed outlawed band called Dog soldiers. Among the latter are many white desperadoes.

Another extensive Indian expedition is proposed, to be commanded by Gen. Sheridan in person. The plan is to attack the Indians in their winter quarters, destroy their lodges and everything they have, take away their arms, and force all those that escape slaughter to live on the reservation and below the Arkansas. The destination of the expedition will probably be the sand plains south of the Arkansas, making that point a base of supplies. Gen. Sheridan has a large supply of extra harness and the best outfit that has ever taken the field on the plains.

Rich discoveries of silver deposit are daily made in the White Pine region of the State of Nevada. Notwithstanding the near approach of winter, there is a great rush of people to that region. The richness of the silver is incredible. Many San Francisco capitalists are investing large sums in the White Pine district.

From the South.

THE political complications in Florida are rapidly growing worse. In response to Gov. Reed's proclamation that the impeachment proceedings of the Senate are irregular, Lieut.-Gov. Gleason has issued another, holding that the proceedings are regular, that Reed is under arrest and disqualified from performing any duty of the Governor's office till acquitted by the Senate, and that the powers and duties of Governor devolve upon the Lieutenant-Governor. This document is signed by W. H. Gleason, Lieutenant-Governor and acting Governor, countersigned by George J. Alden, Secretary of State, and bears the impression of the seal of the State. Gov. Reed has also a State seal, which is said to be a duplicate of the original. With two Governors and two Secretaries of State, Florida may be a little too much governed.

The Augusta (Ga.) Republican contains a communication purporting to detail Ku-Klux outrages in Warren and the adjoining counties. It says the negroes were intimidated from voting the Republican ticket, and instances the killing and ill-treatment of the negroes by the Ku-Klux.

The Cuban Revolution.

ALTHOUGH it is very certain that the Government of Cuba would make the revolution to appear insignificant, and fast subsiding, it is neither the one nor the other. The insurgents hold all the country from Puerto Principe to Santiago de Cuba, except Neuritas, Jibara and Barosoa, as well as the railroad rolling stock. All communication from those parts is cut off. The government troops have met with severe reverses in the interior, and in consequence they keep in the town, and dare not rally out. At Puerto Principe they met with two scares, and are fast fortifying the town. The authorities have arrested many leading Cubans, and the insurgents took in retaliation several Spaniards. The result was a compromise, and both sets of prisoners have been freed.

It is said that the government of Puerto Principe is intrenched with the archives in a convent. The young students left the place and joined the insurgents. The latter now hold Manzanillo, as we are informed, and shoot all whom they catch pillaging. The insurgent force at Puerto Principe is reported as numbering 10,000 men. They include the wealthy classes, who freely risk their all for the cause. There was a force of 1,100 Spanish troops in the place, and they were barricading the streets and squares in expectation of an attack from the insurgents. The latter were only three miles distant from the town, and skirmishes were frequent. All the Cubans were suspected, and many of the wealthy citizens were arrested. The insurgent organization is complete in every respect. The rebels were within four miles of Santiago de Cuba on the 6th inst., and in full force. A hundred families went to Jamaica by the French mail steamer. Loud cries for American aid are heard in all circles. In all the cities of the coast the confusion is immense.

From South America.

THERE is pretty good authority for the statement that immediately on receiving Minister Washburn's report of wrongs committed by the Paraguayan Government on American citizens, the United States Government gave decided instructions to our new Minister, Gen. McMahon, and also to Rear Admiral Davis, to proceed with an adequate naval force to Asuncion to vindicate the national honor. Mc Mahon was to leave Rio Janeiro on the 27th of October, with the American fleet.

Gen. Webb has published a card exonerating Washburn from all blame in the course he took in Paraguay, and asserting that any other course would have cost him his life.

At last accounts it was stated that the allies were besieging Lopez at Villeta, that four iron-clads had passed the fortifications there, and that 7,000 Brazilian troops were marching along the west bank of the Paraguay River with the intention of crossing to Asuncion, thence descending some leagues to Villeta and taking Lopez in the rear. Lopez refuses to allow any of the foreign gunboats to pass up, but has sent invitations to the commanders to make a trip to his encampment, where, he assures them, they shall be well received.

The American street railway in Rio Janeiro was opened to traffic on the 9th of October in the presence of the Emperor and an immense concourse of citizens. The average daily receipts were twice the estimated amount.

Fifty-three million dollars were subscribed at Rio the first week in October as a loan to the Government, which only asked $15,000,000.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE Liberals have won a sweeping victory in the English Parliamentary Elections. According to the latest returns, 437 members of the House of Commons have been elected, of whom 287 are Liberals and 150 Conservatives. Among the most notable Liberal re-elections, are Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, from Greenwich; John Bright, from Manchester; John Laird from Birkenhead; George John Shaw Lefevre, from Reading; Sir Robert Peel from Tamworth; Lord Mayor of London, Lawrence, from Lambeth; and Alexander William Kinglake from Bridgewater. John Stuart Mill and Anthony Trollope, Liberals, are defeated.

The eruption of Mt. Vesuvius is increasing in violence and grandeur. The streams of lava ejected by the eruption, have filled and overflowed the Fosse Vetrano, and are still following the course of the eruption of 1855. The spectacle is magnificent, and many persons are going to Naples to witness it.

The Atlantic telegraph announces that Baron James Rothschild has just died in Paris, at the age of seventy-six. Thus has passed away the last survivor of the second generation of the great financial family of Rothschild. The firm now consists of the third and fourth generations of the family. The leading, active partner is Baron Nathan Lionel Rothschild, of London, a nephew of James, who has just died.

The Chinese Embassy was received by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, on Saturday last. Minister Burlingame addressed the Queen briefly, who made a cordial reply. A luncheon was then served, after which Lord Stanley spoke at some length, assuring the Embassy of the most kindly feelings on the part of the British Government, and paying a high compliment to Mr. Burlingame personally.

Violent riots took place at Drogheda, Ireland, during the election. The troops were called out and fired on the mob. One of the rioters was killed and several were wounded.

The Pacha of Egypt is building a theatre in the principal square in Cairo, on which seven thousand five hundred men are employed, day and night.

At a recent meeting of the working classes in the Corn Exchange, Edingburgh, John Bright made an eloquent speech in answer to addresses presented him by the reform and trade leagues of that city. He reviewed the previous progress and present condition of the reform movement in England, and spoke most cheeringly of its future prospects.

IT is stated that at least $50,000,000 are involved in the mining of copper in Michigan, and 30,000 to 40,000 people are dependent upon the mines in which this large capital is invested.

BRITISH INDIA is threatened with a famine as destructive as the late terrible famine in Orissa. The rice crop has been destroyed by deluge on the coast and by drouth in the interior.

ELEANOR A. CARROTHERS of Lawrence, twenty years old, fell dead from excitement on Sunday while going for a policeman to arrest her drunken father, who was threatening to kill her mother.

IN Colorado the cattle require no care and expense, save that of herding, the whole year round. During the summer months the grass is rich and abundant, and is converted into hay by the mere action of the elements, and remains good during the winter months. The very finest beef cattle that go into the Denver market are those which have been out grazing the whole year, and have never in their lives seen the inside of any shelter.

A BILL is to be introduced in the Italian Parliament prohibiting the exportation of boys as singers and organ grinders. They are exported by hundreds, and scattered all over the world, by speculating companies, who have systemized the business and are said to make it a source of enormous profits. The wretched boys are harshly treated, half starved, exposed to the rigors of our hard winters, and can, of course, only grow up to be thieves and vagabonds.

A WOMAN in Pittsburg, Pa., who had been supported in great measure by the charity of her neighbors, died a few days ago, and left a will bequeathing seven thousand dollars worth of property to her relatives.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 24, 1868.

THERE is much greater ease in the New York money market. Money is reported fairly easy at 5@7 per cent. on call. There is far from an easy market in Boston. The general condition of financial affairs in the interior and at the West has not changed much in the last week.

The Erie Railroad war still continues, and suits and counter suits are the order of the day. A large number of brokers and dealers in stocks have proposed not to deal in Erie, or loan money upon it until there is a more settled condition of things and the placing of its transfer books in some respectable institution for registry.

Gold is rather weak and sold yesterday at 134.

The shipment of specie on Saturday last from New York was only $7,500, and for the week $22,100. This is reported to be the smallest weekly shipment ever entered on the Custom House returns.

WOOL.—There is a rather better feeling in the eastern wool market than last week, and sales were made last week in Boston to the amount of 725,000 lbs. Prices ranged from 45@55c for fleece, and 45@52½c for the various grades of pulled

BREADSTUFFS.—The market for breadstuffs just now is without animation. There is no marked change in prices.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 24.—Flour, wheat, $9,50@14,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $3,50@3,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $2@23; Wheat, red, $1,68@1,75; do. white, $2,30@2,30; Rye, $1,30@1,45; Oats, 60@65c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,50; Pork, mess, $25,00@26,00; Beef, cwt., $8,00@10,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,00@11,00; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@14c; Chickens, 14@15c; Turkeys, 16@18c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@18cts; Lard, 18@19cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@35c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ ℔., 20@25c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, 70,50@0,75; Onions, $1,25@1,50; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $2@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ ℔, 7@7½c; do. Plums, 20@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $6,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21—Ashes, pots, $7,75@8,00, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 24@24½cts; Flour, $5,50@12,50; Wheat, $1,42@2,35; Rye, $1,36@1,43; Barley, 2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,07@1,14½; Oats, 70@71c; Pork, old mess, $28,00@29,00; mess, $26,50@26,50; $22,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $23,00@25; Beef, plain mess, $10@16,50; extra, $16,00@20; Beef hams, $28@29,50; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 12@12½cts; Lard, 15½@17c; Butter, 47@50c; Cheese, 14@18½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 21.—Flour, $5@12,25; Rye flour, $7,75@8; Corn meal, $2,25@2,45; Wheat, $1,19@2,50; Corn, $1,14@1,15; Barley, $2,00@2,20; Rye, $1,40; Oats, 75@76cts; Pork, mess, $24,00@24,50; clear, $23@24; Hams, 20@20c; Shoulders, 15c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 18@18½c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 21.—Flour, $6,75@10,25; Rye flour $6,75; Wheat, $1,30@1,50; Corn, 90c@$1; Oats, 60@60c; Rye, $1,24@$1,27; Barley, $2,00@2,05; Peas, $1,40; Beans, $3,25@4; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 50@35c; Cheese, 15@18c; Eggs, 30c; Pork, mess, $26,00@27; Lard, 17½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21—Flour, $5,75@7,00; Wheat, $1,14@1,33½; Corn, 53@90c; Oats, 47@47½c; Rye, 1,00@1,11; Barley, 1,66@1,67; Pork, mess, $23@23,50; Lard, 14@14½c.

TORONTO, Nov. 20.—Flour, $4,85@6; Wheat, $1,10@1,20; Oats, 50@51c; Barley, $1,25@1,25; Peas, 85@85c; Pork, $24,50@25; Bacon, 11@12c; Hams, 12@13c; Butter, 20@24c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 20@21c; Potatoes, 55@60c; Lard, 12@16c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Beef Cattle range at from 8@16½c; Milch Cows, $60@120; Veal Calves, 7@17cts; Sheep, 3@5½c; Lambs, 7@8c; Hogs, 8½@12½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 17.—Beeves range at from $3@9,50; Milch Cows, $20@100; Sheep, 3½@4c; Lambs, 3½@5½c; Hogs, 8@9c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 19.—Beef Cattle, 6@13cts; Working oxen, $160@275; Steers, $75@150; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $16@32; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $40@55; Sheep and Lambs, 5@6cts; by the head, $1@4,75; Shotes, 9@12c; Fat hogs, 9@9½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Beef Cattle, $3,00@5,50; Hogs, $6,50@7,50. Sheep, $1,50@4.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 16.—Beeves, sell at $3@5,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,25; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $6,25@7,50.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20—Beef Cattle, 3@8cts; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3@4½c; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, 11@12c.

TORONTO, Nov. 17—Beef Cattle, $4,00@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@5; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, $3@5,25; Venison, $4,50@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Wool market for low grade is dull and drooping; sales are 350,000 lbs., at 45@57c for domestic fleece, 45@47c for pulled, 30@33c for Texas, 57@61c for tubbed, 31c for California, and 42½c for Cape.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—Wool, fleece, 45@60c; pulled, 45@55c extra do., 44@45c; combing fleece, 60c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18—The following are the quotations—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI Nov. 18—Wool, pulled, 37@40c; tub-washed, 48@50c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 43@45c

BALTIMORE, Nov. 20—Wool, unwashed 34@36c; burry, 26@28c; tub-washed, 50@53c; fleece, 44@46c; pulled, 30@37c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

WOOD SAWING MACHINES. Address J. W. MOUNT, Medina, N. Y.

50 PAPERS.—CLUB PRICES. SEND STAMP. L. L. FAIRCHILD, Rolling Prairie, Wis.

30,000 APPLE STOCKS FOR SALE.—2 years old, No. 1, $6 per 1,000. P. BOWEN, East Aurora, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR A FARM—A DEsirable residence in Perry of 4 acres of land; an abundance of choice fruit; buildings No. 1. Address box 189, Perry, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

CHILBLAINS AND CORNS ARE CURED BY Doolittle's Anti-Sore Ointment, (made of beef's gall, bitter sweet, arnica and morphine.) Sent by mail, post-paid, for 30 cts., or four boxes for $1. By express, charges unpaid, $1.50 per doz., with posters and circulars if desired. Address H. H. DOOLITTLE, Oaks Corners, Ont. Co., N. Y. [984-eowtf

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SUBSCRIBERS! Let those who want a first-class LADY'S MAGAZINE and a first-class WEEKLY PAPER, send *at once* for a sample copy of

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ICE TOOLS in every variety.
☞ Circulars sent on application.
I. R. DECATUR & CO., 197 Water St., New York.

30 FINE FARMS FOR SALE IN MARYland and Virginia, near Washington, varying in size, from 100 to 500 acres, with good improvements. Prices cheap, terms easy. Address SHOTS & SMOOT, No. 517 7th Street, Washington, D. C.

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Incorporated July, 1868, in California—capital $650,000, in shares of $10 each—offer for subscription a part of their Unassessable Stock, at **$5 PER SHARE**, to complete the works of the Company.

☞ Parties seeking safe investment, paying from 50 to 100 per cent. in gain, will receive all necessary information by writing for the PROSPECTUS, containing important

"Facts about Gold and Silver Mines and Mining in California and Nevada,"

showing the *extraordinary profits* now realized from the BUSINESS OF MINING. (Mailed free.)
Address J. WINCHESTER, Pres't, No 36 John St., New York.

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LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Home Journal—Morris Phillips & Co.
Genuine Oroide Gold Watch Co—John Foggan.
Wild Horses—D F Brown.
Doty's Washing Machine—R C Browning.
To Capitalists—J Winchester.
Hans Anderson—Hurd & Houghton.
Mill Property for Sale—J May.
Great Inducements to Subscribers—Deacon & Peterson.
The Salem Grape—T L Harris.
30,000 Apple Stocks—P Bowen.
50 Papers—L L Fairchild.
For Sale—C B Rogers.
To Nurserymen—C B Rogers.
Wood Sawing Machines—J W Mount.
Holloway's Ointment and Pills.
The Trotting Horse of America—J B Ford & Co.
Stock Breeders and Dairymen—I R Decatur & Co.
Residence for Sale or Trade.
Chilblains and Corns—H H Doolittle.

The News Condenser.

— The London police are confiscating children's hoops.
— The poor law of England is a pronounced failure.
— Wild game is unusually abundant in the West.
— Clover four feet high is common near Rome, Ga.
— The Pope has a navy of thirteen vessels.
— St Paul enjoys flour at five dollars per barrel.
— Christmas and New Years day fall on Friday.
— The Queen of Portugal is another royal lunatic.
— Southern Virginia is attending to grape culture.
— Europe has 102,061 miles of completed railway.
— A homeopathic horse doctor has arisen in Baltimore.
— The "leg business" is declining in Paris theaters.
— England was supporting 913,084 paupers last July.
— Vermont had snow to the wagon hubs on election day.
— Marietta College hopes to raise $100,000 by subscription.
— England has 700 co-operative Societies, and Prussia 1,500.
— Gold brown is the momentarily favorite color in Paris.
— There are 1,200 varieties of postage stamps in the world.
— Civil marriages are now of frequent occurence in Spain.
— There is an immense catch of white fish in Detroit River.
— Maine exempts new manufacturing enterprises from taxation.
— Spain, in the flush of reform, talks of suppressing bull fights.
— The vote of Illinois has increased 100,000 in the last two years.
— A Staten Island factory turns out a ton of chewing gum daily.
— Two large velocipede factories are now running in New York.
— Chicago laid twenty miles of sidewalk in the last two months.
— The new British Parliament is to meet on the 10th of December.
— Tennyson bought a wheat field with the proceeds of Enoch Arden.
— Oxen are scarce in Oregon, and the average price is $1,000 a yoke.
— The Pope loses 32,000,000 francs a year by the Spanish revolution.
— Dr. Hayes wants to make another attempt to reach the Polar Sea.
— The small farm system is making good headway in South Carolina.
— Seth Green has discovered a new shad at the mouth of the Niagara.
— Auburn capitalists are going to colonize an 80,000 acre tract in Florida.
— A big church in Chicago has lately been carted three miles and a half.
— Toronto has voted $400,000 for the narrow gauge railroad project.
— A Frenchman recently drank eighty-four cups of coffee on a wager.
— The corn crop of Ohio this year is estimated at 141,000,000 bushels.
— The Mormons have invented a new alphabet for their school books.
— Two hundred French factory girls are about migrating to New Orleans.
— Rothschild squeezed $220,000 a year out of the Chateau Lafitte vineyard.
— The great cupola over the dome of the holy tomb at Jerusalem is complete.
— The death of Mrs. Linen Sheets, a widow, is announced in Philadelphia.
— A police sergeant's certificate will send a man to the lunatic asylum in France.
— Capt. Travis is teaching the young idea in Chicago how to shoot with pistols.
— There are 15,000 less pupils in the schools of Maine than there were ten years ago.
— Massilon, Ohio, has two large grindstone factories, but cannot supply the demand.
— Chantauqua Lake is said to be the highest navigable waters in the United States.
— A mother and son were ground up in a sugar cane mill in Kentucky the other day.
— A Protestant church is to be built in Madrid under the sanction of the government.
— The N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association are to erect a building costing $500,000.
— The Auburn News has a red pepper seven inches in length and ten in circumference.
— London University will be open to women in May, 1869. They must be 17 years old.
— The Indians are now gathering thousands of bushels of wild rice in upper Minnesota.
— A western farmer has imported and set out thirty-six hundred apple trees from Russia.
— Without counting Alaska the United States has still 1,500,000,000 acres of public lands.
— In Wisconsin peat is being used for fuel with considerable success and great economy.
— Twenty-three thousand dollars and a Canadian Grand Trunk contractor are both missing.
— Princess Koziosky, whose father lost her fortune, has opened a cigar store in Moscow.
— Some one, it is said, has invented a cigar-making machine that turns out 100,000 a day.
— Convicts in the Richmond, Virginia, Penitentiary drink each $132 worth of milk a year.
— Seven murderesses are jailed in Paris, among them four who irregularly widowed themselves.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, SCROFULA.

A LADY who had suffered for years from Deafness, Catarrh and Scrofula, was cured by a simple remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the receipt free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address Mrs. M. C. L., care Major Martin Hunt, Hoboken, N. J.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOME DAY.

BY ALIQUA.

WALK under the sky while it arches blue,
Revel to-day in the golden sun.
Smile back on the friends that smile on you,
Clasp your hands closely on treasures won;
For friendly hearts may grow strangely cold,
The clouds hang gloomy and gray,
And present treasures slip from your hold,
Some day.

Pluck the fair flowers of the summer days,—
Words of the earth's uplifted prayer,—
Spread them abroad for the children's plays,
Twine in gay wreaths for the bride's soft hair;
Gaze on their beauty and breathe their perfume,
For their autumn brings decay,
You shall sleep sweetly under their bloom
Some day.

Ah, parent love, calling your child your own,
Take all the good of the days that are;
Death may turn quickly the form to stone,
Or the restless feet go wandering far;
Ah, lover cling well to your faith and trust,
For joys pass quickly away,
The hand you hold will be ashes and dust,
Some day.

O, sad weary workers, whose paths seem long,
Ye who tread ever afflictions ways,
Who walk in darkness, be faithful and strong,
Beyond death's shadow lie golden days;
The clouds shall be riven, your losses prove gain,
The crown that fades not away
Be given for all life's crosses and pain,
Some day!

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 377, last number.]

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

ALONE in the midnight silence, ALFRED HENDERSON hesitated to break the seal his mother's hand had set. He could hardly proceed at once to the discovery of what was hidden within. The little packet was something to wonder over; possibly the wondering might prove more pleasant than the perusal. And yet—could it be anything, seriously disagreeable? Would it alter his present, or in any manner affect his future?

Toying, in curious mood, with what might mean to him much or little, he fell to musing of matters quite irrelevant. First, a thought of BERDENA RANGE came in, and of those wondrously bright days upon the Lower St. Lawrence, spent in her company. He might be unfaithful to her memory, yet the memory was full of a certain tenderness, and it would not wholly fade. Then came a thought of MABEL WILLOUGHBY,—of the sweetly pleasureful hours they had known together weeks before; then others,—of these later ones, in general, and those of the evening just passed, in particular. It had been a season of almost ecstatic pleasure. To him it had seemed as if their souls reached out toward one another,—as if they had but to come a little nearer to blend, and be separated no more forever.

And he had been strangely moved to open wide his arms and say "Come." In their music,—in their walk underneath the patriarchal trees—he had yearned to tell her of the strong love he bore her, to hear the shy words,—shy, but inexpressibly sweet,—which he felt she must speak in return. Yet, as in that other instance, not so long ago, some subtle influence had repressed his yearning desire, and they had parted as was their wont. Now he wished his love had found utterance. Now he resolved that at the earliest opportunity it should. He would go away again soon; how dark and lonesome that home of his would be! How cheerful she might make it! It was a beautiful place; it needed only a beautiful presence to render it another Paradise.

A beautiful presence,—ah, yes. The shadow would be dispelled then. But was it not partially gone already? The packet's seal caught his attention again, just here,—his mother's, long used and familiar. There might be a bit of the shadow left; he might hold it in his hand. His musing was arrested; his thought came back to the present moment. Whatever the packet should disclose, he would learn at once. He broke the seal with a quick, impatient motion, and saw that the papers constituted a single communication of some length, addressed to himself, and bearing date some two years previous. Nervously, wonderingly, he began to read

THE REVELATION.

MY DEAR BOY:—I have a presentment that I shall not live until you fully attain to man's estate, and there being several things which you ought to know after my death, I will now try to put them upon paper. I do not like to think of leaving you solitary in the world, with no knowledge of your history or antecedents, nor do I wish to inform you of these during my life. So long as I am with you, I prefer you should know me, as you have always known me, as your only living parent, a lonely woman having no ties of kindred anywhere. And the latter I am, and have been these many years. Once it was otherwise. Once I had fond, loving parents, better to me than ever I have been to you, I know. My home was more beautiful than is yours, and in it, as far back as I can remember, my lightest wish was law. Better for me had this not been the case, for I grew up imperious, self-willed, obstinate.

My parents were Spanish Creoles, of a quick, fiery nature, once well aroused, but too indolent of disposition to put forth much effort in endeavoring to restrain me. I grew up ungoverned until I became ungovernable. Society pronounced me a beauty, when I first entered it; and as I was the daughter of Senor HENRIQUE CORDEZCO, one of the most respected and wealthy citizens of Havana, I was petted and flattered until my young head was fairly turned. For two winters I held my sway as the reigning belle, and titles and fortunes almost without number were laid at my feet.

Then the cholera swept through Havana like the perfect pestilence it was. Among the first victims were my parents, and I was left, orphaned, and unprotected save by my old and faithful servants, to make of life whatever I might. What a happy thing I might have made it, I have many times seen since it has been too late. While I was yet in mourning, and therefore out of society, chance, or some good or evil fate, gave me an acquaintance with a young gentleman from the States, who with his mother was spending the winter in Havana. Up to this time I was heart whole, for of all the many suitors for my hand and fortune none had made any lasting impression on my heart. But this man's manner captivated me. We were not much together, but for all that my passion fixed itself upon him, and fed itself daily upon the hope that my handsome face would win me full return. A long time it seemed a vain hope. I used all my arts during the casual meetings with him to interest him in me, yet with ill show of success. Seeing that direct efforts availed little, I studied policy, and cultivated the acquaintance of his mother. She was an invalid, and I constituted myself her especial Sister of Charity. She was a weak woman, in some respects, yet she controlled her son at will, and upon this fact, and the effect of my devotion to her, I based my plans.

My passion for him,—a man by no means as brilliant as many others of my acquaintance, and only a plain private gentleman with rather stiff New England ways,—may seem strange to you; it seems strange to myself. Yet it was the one supreme thought throughout that winter in which the gay circles missed one of their gayest members. I did not let it pass unheeded by the invalid mother, and congratulated myself when I saw that it pleased her, and that she quietly abetted me. He became interested, at length. His cold-blooded temperament warmed from the fires in my hot veins; he was won.

A hasty marriage suited both his mother and me. She was an invalid and needed me; I was an orphan and needed a protector. We were married, as are others, in haste, to repent at leisure. Though I was a Catholic, I knew he would hesitate to employ a priest in solemnizing the nuptials, and so I said not a word about it. Indeed, I do not think he had learned what my real faith was. I had been careful to make no allusions to it at any time. I would have sacrificed heaven itself rather than lose him.

Well, we were married, as I have said,—married by a Protestant clergyman. For my non-adherence to the faith I was made the subject of priestly visitations, and these were what first came between my husband and myself. I was a Catholic at heart, and should ever be, and now that my endeavors had succeeded, and the object of my passion was secured beyond a peradventure, I would not forego the Sacred Church and the confessional. When my husband remonstrated I rebelled, and our quiet honeymoon was scarcely over before he learned what a volcanic nature my fair, calm exterior concealed. I loved him well enough to have checked my rebellious uprisings, could I have done so; but they had gone too long unchecked, and would not now be mastered.

We quarreled, finally, and while we were yet unreconciled his mother died. I was most to blame, I know, but my obstinate will would not yield, even when his mother lay dead and his tears were yet fresh. He took her remains home, alone; and I went into the mountains, as the summer came on, and remained at the country residence which my father had long owned. When the winter came again, my husband returned to Havana, and a reconciliation was effected between us. It did not last long, however. I had again become anxious for society, and, to my shame I confess it,—was more desirous of resuming my sway as a belle than of being regarded as a dutiful wife. I loved the man whose name I bore,—I love him yet,—but I loved adulation and social homage also.

This love worked a dreadful work, at length. I became dangerously imprudent, even reckless. By-and-by,—ah, how bitter the memory is!—my conduct was apparent to him whom I was wronging, and in its very worst aspect. He was led to think me criminally unfaithful, and brought forward accusations that maddened me. We had high words,—higher than ever before, for his slow Northern blood was up to fever heat, and my own seemed on fire at thought of his judging me so much worse than I really was. We had high words, and we parted, not to meet again. He sailed for Europe, I learned. As the affair became noised abroad, I sickened of life amid the old scenes; and so I converted all the great wealth that was mine into ready funds and came to New Orleans, henceforth to be known only as Madame HENDERSON.

Just about this time the cholera was making fearful ravages in Havana, and by some strange circumstance my name appeared in the record of deaths. It was doubtless some other person referred to, but I found that the statement was commonly supposed to be me, and as I wished to disappear entirely from the knowledge of all previous acquaintances, I let it pass uncorrected.

When you was two years old, I felt a strong and increasing desire to undo the past, and make amends, if possible, for my unwifely conduct. To that end I wrote your father, a full, frank, true acknowledgment of my unworthiness, and petitioned him to come to me once more; and I looked with the deepest anxiety for same reply. None ever came. Whether my husband be now living or dead I know not. Since the time mentioned I have shrunk from attempting to hold any communication with him. But when you read this I want you to learn if he still lives, and if he does to make yourself known to him through this. He is a man of noble heart; he cannot refuse to own you as his son because of your mother's failings. He was of an old family in Massachusetts, living not far from L——, if I remember rightly; and the name you are rightly entitled to bear, through him, is LAMBERT CORDEZCO WILLOUGHBY.

The young man had read thus far with mingled feelings. From the line which implied that his mother's history had been other than he had always supposed, he had felt an eager interest. That portion which developed such an unhappy state of things, filled him with pain. And now this announcement amazed and astonished him beyond expression. His father might be living now. He had lost one parent; he might find another. *Might* find? Had he not already found him? Was not his father named LAMBERT WILLOUGHBY, and was not that the name of MABEL WILLOUGHBY's father also? Were they not identical?

But,—and here his amazement blended with a strange, indefinable apprehension,—if this indeed be so was not MABEL herself his sister? What then of this love of his? Would it ever be satisfied by the mere tie of kinship? His heart gave a keen throb in answer, and he arose and paced up and down the apartment in a fever of excited impatience, hope and fear.

Calming himself, at length, he perused the remainder of his mother's revelation. Little more was given, except some further data which might guide him in searching for his paternal parent. This left no doubt that the genial master of Willoughby Hall was so related; and with the sudden and startling disclosure he retired, not, in truth, to sleep, but to wonder over this unlooked for complication, and impatiently wait for the dawn, when it might be definitely unraveled.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

The morning came, and as soon as possible ALFRED hastened to lay the important revelation before HARRY BRIEF. He wanted counsel, and the advice of a clearer, less excited head than his own, and BRIEF could be trusted.

"Why, this looks a heap as though you lost a legal parent yesterday only to find a natural one to-day," was the lawyer's first comment. "I take it that our friend, Dr. WILLOUGHBY, is the father of a boy he never has known anything about, and that you are to be congratulated in having found your father with so much less trouble than JAPHETH experienced."

"Well, what would you do? There may be some mistake about it, you know."

The young man said this, hoping there really was. Since yesterday the full strength of his love for MABEL had more clearly made itself known, and he would rather remain fatherless than give her up. And yet,—if she was his sister, his love would be a sin.

"I see no chance for doubt," said BRIEF, "and my advice is,—send this packet to Dr. WILLOUGHBY this morning, and follow it yourself this afternoon. Or wait; let me make a few inquiries of our host in regard to that gentleman's early life, before taking any step. I will be judicious." And he went out. An hour subsequent he re-entered the room and said:—"It's all right; send the packet along. ENDERBY tells me that Dr. WILLOUGHBY went to Cuba with his mother, as stated; and that settles the matter."

"But MABEL WILLOUGHBY must have had a mother," said the young man, flushing up, "and I don't quite see where she came in. Could my father have been so dishonorable as to marry again, knowing he had one wife already?"

"No; if I can read men aright WILLOUGHBY never would do that. And yet ENDERBY says he did have a wife here, and that she died when off somewhere on a visit. Plagued if I can understand it, somehow. There must have been some painful misunderstanding all round. But send the papers, and pretty soon you'll learn."

ALFRED acted upon this advice immediately, and dispatched the packet to Willoughby Hall, under cover, by a special messenger, together with a note saying he would call in a few hours. Those few intervening hours were tediously long. In his feverish haste he would have had them blotted out utterly, with all their possibilities.

When, after weary waiting, he galloped up to the Hall, his heart beat wildly, his brain seemed awhirl. MABEL greeted him with a shyer pleasure than ever, which wakened an answering thrill in every chord of his being. Was not his love mocking at all ideas of kinship? Was it not stronger than blood? How he longed now to put this thought of brotherhood and sisterhood far away from him, that he might claim her as his own in a nearer, holier relation forever!

He replied to her greeting even less warmly than usual. She observed his constraint, and with ready tact sought to shorten their interview.

"Father is in the library," she said, "and sent word that you were to be shown to him when you came. He has been shut up alone there all the morning; some important business must be demanding his attention. I think."

He smiled, at a loss what reply to make, and in silence followed her to the library door. There they separated,—he to go through and meet—what?—she to hide away in one of the dim alcoves and puzzle herself over this new manner in one who was rarely out of her thoughts.

When she sought the parlor again,—how long after she could not have told,—her father and ALFRED were there, and the former's greeting strangely bewildered her.

"Come here, pet: we were looking for you. Come and shake hands with your brother."

His tone of voice betokened some surprise, possibly a little pain, and she knew not what to make of it. She looked from one to the other, and in the face of each she read some unusual circumstance.

"What is it, father?" directly she queried. "Are you jesting?"

"No, I am not," he answered. "This young man is indeed your brother. Will you not welcome him as such?"

The young man came toward her, then, with outstretched hand.

"Why, certainly," she said, as their hands met, and he bent to place a brother's kiss upon her lips. Her cheeks flushed to deepest crimson; and though she returned his salutation, she drew back modestly, a puzzled look still on her face. "But I don't understand it, at all, father. Can't you explain? I'm very glad to have a brother, of course, but I don't see why I never knew of his existence before."

"Simply because I never did," her father answered. "I have often wanted to tell you," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "some facts in my life, but as often have decided it were better never to let you know them. Now, however, they must be told. The first and most prominent one is that of my marriage with ALFRED's mother, some time previous to my meeting with yours, (you see he's only your half brother, after all.) It was not a happy union," this with a shade of pain, "and resulted in a separation. I went to Europe, directly after that, and while there learned of my wife's death in Havana of cholera. I married your mother two years later, in good faith, though I have just had proof that my first wife was not dead; that my information was incorrect; that she lived and bore me a son, and that the son is now with us. I never dreamed there could be any mistake about her death; and as I had no desire to re-visit the scene of our unhappy marriage, knowledge of the real facts was never suggested. Perhaps it was all for the best: GOD knows. I suffered deeply; so I imagine did she. We will pass it all by, and, without regrets for the past endeavor to be happy together in the future."

He left them, and ALFRED filled up the details of his narrative with a recital of all he knew touching that union before unknown to her. He told her of his mother,—of the revelation she had left,—of her unpleasant, unhappy life in those years his recollection embraced,—of his own unhappiness meanwhile; and ere he concluded her sympathy was fully aroused, and in her impulsiveness and simplicity she put her arms about his neck, as though they had been brother and sister while yet children, and promised to be a loving sister to him always. He returned her caresses so passionately that she blushed rosy red again, and slid shyly away, thinking what a strangely pleasant thing a brother's affection really was, and wondering if she could have loved him just as well had the late developments not transpired.

He rode back to Glendale, toward nightfall. Dr. WILLOUGHBY said to him as he left them,—

"You will return here and remain with us after this, of course."

"I will come again to-morrow," he promised, "but may not remain long. We must return South soon, Mr. BRIEF thinks."

Mr. ENDERBY, being informed of the new relationship his young friend had discovered, congratulated him heartily; and BRIEF was eager to know all about the reception he had met, and the explanations the new found father had made. Having been advised on these points, he repeated a question he had asked of the young man, several weeks before,—

"Well, what are you going to do?"

The consequence was always BRIEF's first thought, when a situation was fairly comprehended. "What are you going to do?" was his first and most natural query, put in face of contingencies and with a view to meeting them.

"What *shall* I do? Stay here with my kindred?" He smiled almost lugubriously as he thus interrogated. BRIEF meditated a moment, after the manner of a careful counselor, before replying.

"No; it would not be best. 'Business before pleasure,' you know; and I want to finish up the legal matters between us in apple-pie order. When that is accomplished you can come North again, if you wish; or why not have your friends come to New Orleans and spend the winter with you?"

"You've hit exactly, as you always do. That last arrangement will be capital. It shall be carried into effect."

And when, a few days later, his friend BRIEF and himself took leave of those at the Hall, where they had spent the intervening time, and departed Southward, it was with a promise from Dr. WILLOUGHBY that this anticipation should be fulfilled.—[To be continued.

Wit and Humor.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

IRISH TOAST.—"And may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave."

A BUSINESS MAN.—Josh Billings defines a "thurrer bred biziness man" as "wun that knows enuff about steelin' so't there kant enny body steel from him, and enuff about law so that he kin do his steelin legally."

SMYTHE spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to this connundrum:—"Why is an egg undone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—because both are hardly done.

A FRENCH auditor of accounts in the seventeenth century was a great practical joker all his life, and even played a trick after he had lost the power of enjoying it, for he left four large candles to be carried at his funeral, which had not been burning fifteen minutes before they went off as fireworks.

WILL HAMILTON, the half-wit of Ayr, was hanging about the vicinity of a loch, which was partially frozen. Three young ladies were deliberating as to whether they should venture upon the lake's surface, and one of them suggested that Will should be asked to walk on it first. "Though I'm daft, I'm no illbred," quickly responded Will; "after you leddies."

VERY WELL TOLD.—The next morning the judge of the police court sent for me. I went down and he received me cordially; said he had heard of the wonderful things I had accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and was proud of me. I was a promising young man, and all that. Then he offered a toast—"Guilty or not guilty?" I responded, in a brief but eloquent speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city $10.

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.—An agent of an accident insurance corporation regales the public with the following authentic facts;—In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in this company, he will receive $15 a week until he recovers. Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck; he received his insurance $3,000, from the company, with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well. A boiler exploded in Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight; he will receive $15 a day until he comes down again.

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters.
My 29, 30, 8, 11, 12, 21, 4, 21 is a State of the Union.
My 9, 32, 28, 16, 29, 3 is a useful housekeeping utensil.
My 25, 21, 5, 15 is a vehicle.
My 11, 26, 1, 22 is a metal.
My 7, 5, 11, 23, 9, 13 are much need for building purposes.
My 23, 6, 22, 12, 10 is much to be desired.
My 9, 11, 18, 19, 29, 15 is a Scottish garment.
My 13, 17, 24, 26 is a malt liquor.
My 20, 21, 5, 2 is a musical instrument.
My 31, 27, 18, 13 is one of the parts of speech.
My whole is a Proverb of Solomon.
Clinton, N. Y. ETHEL AND CLAIRE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first hath teeth, yet 'tis no man;
And though no hands, yet work it can.
My next hath teeth for 'tis a man,
Or 'tis an herb dried on a pan.
My whole hath no teeth and 'tis no man;
Though eaten off by all his clan. DENIO.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

FROM the middle of each side of an equilateral triangular farm to a spring within are 20, 30 and 40 chains. Required the sides and area of the farm?
New London, N. Y. S. G. CAGWIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

THREE sl a pearer no thare lewl-nownk,
Showe seedds rae cedart no eht ribual-noste;
Eh racries a klesie romc deadyl nad neek
Nath e'er no the varhest-pell saw nees.
Minneapolis, Minn. EFFIE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 982.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Answer to Anagram:

Beautiful custom was that of old,
When the Hebrews brought, with a joy untold,
The earliest ears of the ripening corn,
And laid them down by the altar's horn;
When the priesthood waved them before the Lord,
While the Giver of harvests all hearts adored;
What gifts more suited could man impart
To express the flow of his grateful heart?

Answer to Problem:—$537.4058.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

FARM work has been delayed by bad weather, and in many localities by want of help, so that the farmer's affairs are not as snug in general, as is desirable on the approach of winter. Of course, the farmer's efforts towards securing his autumn harvest will be continued with vigor until the end is attained. But it is a wrong system that compels the very closing labors of the year to be those of the harvest. We have constantly aimed to inculcate the idea that the work of the last autumn month should be general improvement of the farm, and the forwarding of that of the succeeding year. Our climate fails the farmer in the spring, but it favors him gloriously in the harvest season. He can remedy this defect by good calculation. Look at the snug farmer of your neighborhood; he devoted November to plowing, draining, repairing, taking proper care of his stock; and the storms never made him a bit fretful, and the coming of winter that sheeted his pastures with snow and arrested the flow of the rill, found him with sheds and stables, fodder, and fuel ready to guard and comfort all that was trusted to his care. The progressive farmer will not let the lesson go unheeded.

Stock.—All classes of stock should be kept thriving. Often as much flesh is lost in November and December as can be gained thereafter, with liberal feed, in four months. No fatting animal should stand still, and no store stock fall away; all should be made comfortable by shelter, and racks provided in the yards to save fodder. Horses need grooming and exercise to avert ill effects of the change to idleness and the stall from hard labor and the pasture. A light feed of grain for sheep and cattle, beginning early in the season, is cheaper than neglect in this particular and stuffing them later, to stretch their hides and cover the angles of the frames. Plenty of water should be provided, and it should be convenient of access as possible. A dry, warm yard is always better than range in a muddy field or bare pasture; in the latter stock glean nothing of value to eat, and grow restless and lose flesh by roaming. Aim to let stock have plenty to eat and a good chance to sleep and rest. Let them enjoy the sunshine, but ward off the piercing wind.

Manure.—This is a very important topic for the farmer's consideration in winter time. Many do not think so in the prairie States. The time was when the Mohawk Valley farmers piled their manure so the spring floods would sweep it out of the way. Perhaps they had heard how HERCULES cleaned out the Augean stables. But the time came when the rich flats of the Mohawk needed manure. If muck, or forest leaves, and mold are at hand, it is well to put a layer of either in the yards and then cover with straw. The yards in which swine are kept ought, likewise, to be supplied with straw, muck, or leaves. The poultry should roost where their droppings can be saved. Plaster sprinkled freely once or twice a week over the manure saves some of its constituents, and renders the entire mass more valuable. Many farmers could feed and fat stock with profit if no gain were made but the manure; but with present prospects small farmers might find it otherwise profitable to put flocks of sheep, twenty-five and fifty in number, into good condition for the butcher next March. It would be none the less *profitable* if grain were purchased.

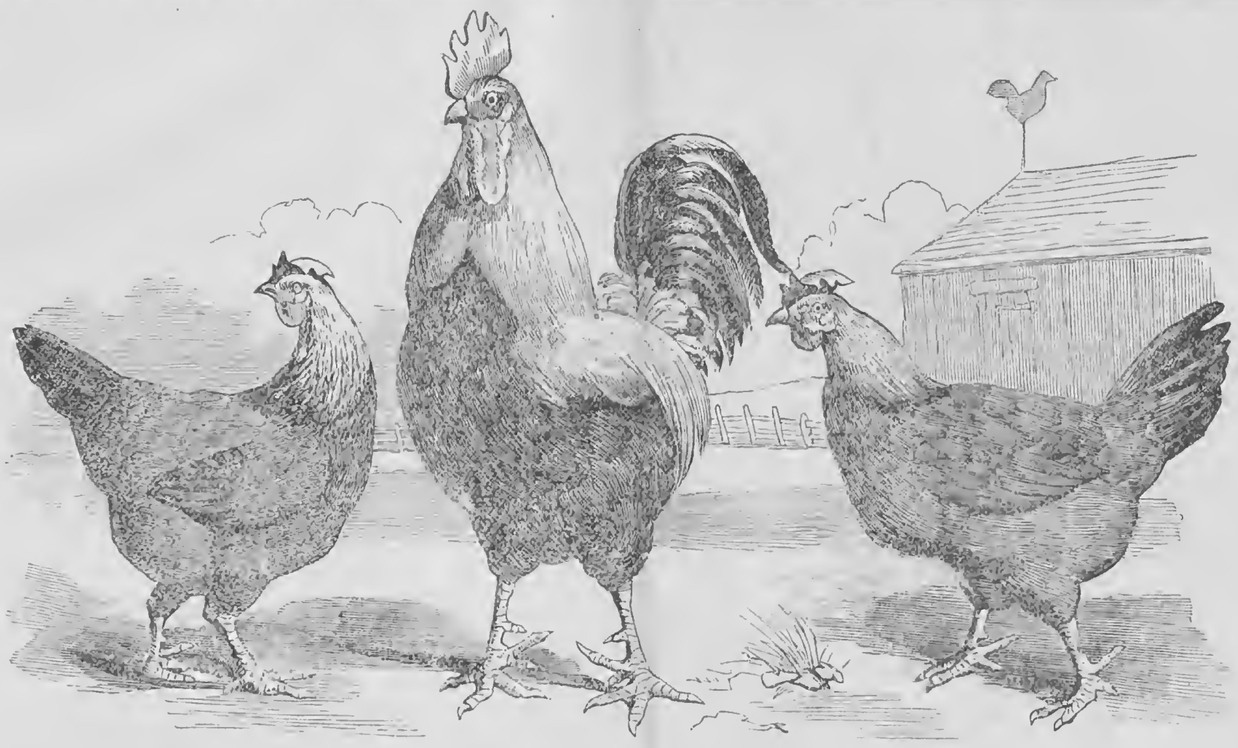
The Workshop.—Have you one and well stocked with needful tools? A great many pleasant and profitable winter hours may be passed in a farm workshop. The farm implements can be leisurely overhauled, repaired, painted and housed. Many new ones may be built cheaper than purchased. And if you have plenty of good implements, in good order, your work can be done at less expense and with greater rapidity. A farm workshop should possess facilities for working both wood and iron.

Fuel.—Comparatively, there are now but few localities where wood is cheaper than coal. The existing forests should be preserved, but much fuel may be gleaned without injury by selecting dead timber and worthless varieties, thus giving the valuable sorts a better chance. Farmers who have wood lots ample enough to supply their fuel had better, after gleaning them, begin on one side, and cut clean, leaving the young growth to take the place of the large trees. In this way a lot may be cut over once in twenty or thirty years to advantage. It might be advisable to plant black walnut, chestnut, locust, &c., where the existing timber is not so valuable, and with some care the next crop would be worth more.

Timber.—Every farmer should preserve a stock of useful kinds, store it where it will season and keep dry. That should be part of the stock of the workshop.

Accounts.—Balance your accounts this month, settle your bills, take an inventory of stock, and see to a dollar how profitable your year's work has been. Scan your system of farming to introduce improvements, and estimate how much you can afford for improvements, and determine what ones to make.

Farmers' Clubs and Papers.—Every school district should support a Farmers' Club. We are frequently asked to give suitable rules and regulations for them. We don't believe in constitutions and by-laws for Farmers' Clubs. They trammel and serve no good purpose. Go straight at your work. You want a Chairman to talk *at*, and restrict members to ten minutes' speech, a Secretary to take notes to be recorded for reference, and *plenty of earnest members*. At each meeting appoint a committee of three to choose subjects for discussion at the next. If you incur expenses meet them by voluntary subscription. Begin, go ahead, work earnestly, and all knowledge will come quick and easy. It seems almost superfluous to urge the true farmer to support that class of journals which so zealously advocate his interests, as does the agricultural press. Political parties, religious denominations and commercial interests have and maintain well their special organs. So should and so does the farmer. And if our earnest efforts to render the RURAL NEW-YORKER a pleasing and profitable weekly visitor to your family circle have been acceptable, let us not sever the relation, but mutually strive to extend it to your friends and neighbors. If the RURAL has pleased you in the past, its nearly doubled size, its various new departments in addition to the old, its multiplied contributors on literary and practical topics, its superior paper, printing and illustrations, cannot fail to delight you in the future.



PORTRAITS OF GRAY DORKINGS.

OUR illustration figures a group of Gray Dorking fowls, imported last spring by D. W. HERSTINE of Philadelphia. They were noticed and figured in the Practical Farmer for August. The main points denoting pure breed in the male bird are large, though not coarse head; broad, fine wattles neatly rounded on the lower side; long, stout neck profusely hackled with long feathers; broad, full breast; large, massive body; broad back with wings largely developed; straight, stout legs, free from feathers; tail large, well expanded and carried upright; toes long, well spread out, and five in number. They may be either single or rose combed.

In the hen the wattles should be fine, rounded neatly at the lower edge; head long and deep; neck stout and well set on the back; chest broad and body large, almost forming a square when viewed from the side; back broad and long; wings not so large in comparison with the body as in many other breeds; thighs well developed, legs short; feet five-toed, with the extra toe well developed and separated from the others. The Dorkings are a popular breed; there are several varieties, and they furnish one of the best for general purposes.

PEAS INSTEAD OF CORN.

IT has been my opinion for several years that we do not give peas a fair trial in our system of farming. I commenced a trial of their merits two years ago by sowing one-half acre of very thistly ground. I cut and fed thistles, straw and all to two hogs, during August and September, with such good results that this year I sowed nine bushels on two and one-half acres of very fair quality of soil, but very full of quack and foul from ten years cropping with raspberries.

The variety was Early Kent, supposed to be hybridized with some other early variety. Had green peas from June 10th. Sold for green peas, cost of picking and marketing deducted, thirteen dollars worth. The first of July commenced feeding two shoats and fed at the highest estimate twenty-five dollars worth. By Oct. 1st they were so fat that I killed and sold. The two weighed just six hundred pounds, at twelve and one-half cents, seventy-five dollars.

Sept. 15th bought five pigs for twelve dollars. Fed peas worth five dollars, with ten bushels of corn in ear. They are worth now from eight to ten dollars each,—forty-five dollars. Have left forty bushels of clean peas, for which I could take two dollars per bushel. The account foots up thus:

Sold green	$13 00
Fed to two hogs	50 00
Fed to five pigs	28 00
Forty bushels on hand	80 00
	$171 00
Deduct nine bushels seed	18 00
	$153 00

But the real profit of a crop of peas is only seen in the summing up of several particulars. They can be grown on soil too poor or too foul for a good return in corn. Any fall or early spring plowed land can be used. They need no careful hand planting, ashing or plastering, hunting grubs and wire worms, cultivating or hoeing, and are quickly harvested by a steel tooth or other horse rake, any time within a month after they are ripe. They leave the ground in the very best condition for wheat or rye. The straw, although not available for fodder, I believe to be worth enough more for manure to compensate for the fodder. The grain seems to be worth double that of corn for feeding, making pork very solid and sweet, and, mixed with other grain and ground, makes the best feed for horses that I ever used. For milch cows or sheep I have no experience.

By soaking the peas twenty-four hours, hogs eat them very greedily, and seem to use up the whole strength of the grain. In fact, with July, August, September and October to feed in, at leisure and without waste, instead of October, November and December, with loss from cold weather and crowding or over feeding, there is a gain that can be appreciated by those only who have tried it. By substituting peas for corn, not only will the manure of the barnyard be improved in quality, but it will be saved for wheat, and some can be had for orchard, and fruit, and vegetable garden, or a root crop.

Oaks Corners, N. Y. H. H. DOOLITTLE.

HOW QUACK GRASS WAS KILLED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Not long since you printed an article on killing quack grass, in which the writer rather doubted whether it could be done. I say it can, and that, too, by the way of tilling the soil, and to prove the same, I will give my observations as taken from a neighboring farm, which consists of some forty acres. It had some quack grass on it twelve or thirteen years ago, and the grass has been increasing ever since until two years ago, when it had about covered the entire farm so that the crops were considerably injured thereby. The owner of it two years ago last spring, planted a field of four acres of corn, which looked all summer as if it was growing in good meadow, and when the corn was taken off in the fall the ground was completely covered by a thick mat of pure quack grass. This owner sold the farm to the present one the next spring, or one year last spring, who plowed up the aforementioned field and planted potatoes on it. In about a week the field began to look green with grass, but the owner hitched up his horse and started the cultivator. He cultivated the field over some three times before the potatoes were up, and kept the cultivator and shovel-plow agoing until they were large enough to hill up, when he gave the potatoes a good hoeing, after which nothing was done to them until digging. At that time there was not much of the quack grass to be seen. He got as good a yield of potatoes as any of his neighbors. Last spring he planted the same field to corn, applying some manure, and again kept the horse and cultivator agoing pretty well, and this fall the ground is as free from the grass as any can be; no quack only what is in the fence corners.

The same farmer has another field of like size adjoining this one, which he treated in the same way, and with the same result, viz., killing of the so much dreaded quack grass. And all he did to effect this was to keep the horse and cultivator agoing until the grass was killed. Now this is actual results and not theory; therefore the conclusion is that good, thorough and continued tillage of soil will surely destroy any kind of vegetation, wild or otherwise, no matter how tenacious of life it may be, and only such will grow as is permitted by the tiller of the soil, and if he permits weeds, thistles, and grass to grow, then he must expect to reap the same and *vice versa*. The soil of the fields in question was a gravelly loam. QUILLDRIVER.

East Rush, N. Y., 1868.

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY.

PERHAPS no other branch of agricultural science is so deeply interesting to the student, or so instructive to the practical farmer, as that of geology. It carries us at once back to the origin and natural development of all soils, whether poor, rich or of a medium quality; whether very sandy, or slightly so, pure pipe clay, or clay with a large admixture of silicious sand, calcareous sand, or lime in some other form; whether iron abounds, or exists sparingly; whether the parent rocks were *primary*, *transition*, *secondary*, *tertiary*, or still more recent; whether they contained few or many fossils to yield fertilizing substances like coprolites, or fossil dung, fossil bones, and other remains of animals, or of plants that lived and died before man was created. Geology is the foundation stone of all sound agricultural knowledge; it is the Creator's engraving on adamant of the doings of Force, whether emanating from solar light and heat, or frost, acting on the surface of our planet; or of chemical affinities within its bosom, from which volcanoes and earthquakes are evolved; or giving birth to the infinitely diversified growth of plants and animals in obedience to the Divine Will. Its revelations are so plainly written that all may read them, and understand much of their meaning. Writers on tillage and husbandry who have neglected the study of geology are apt to believe that all soils abound in the elements of crops, either in a latent or active state; that if properly managed, they will yield "ten thousand harvests" from their own natural resources.

So far is this inference from being true, that the Cotton States have millions of acres that never contained plant food enough at one time, in an available condition, to form one good crop of corn, cotton or wheat. These naturally barren soils lie south of the drift formation of the Northern States. One sees nothing of the water-worn pebbles of granite and other rocks, nor of the clays, peculiar to these Northern glacier developments. At the icy North, the foundation rocks are generally well covered with the commingled debris of many, and widely different strata; as from Lake Ontario south, to the coal bearing rocks of Pennsylvania. The Medina sandstone, ground down to fine silicious matter, tempers the comminuted limestone shale, slate and other clay-yielding strata south of it; so that all soils in Western New York possess a very considerable degree of fruitfulness. The mineral constituents of grain and grass from all the parent rocks, were largely eliminated, and cast into a common mass of loose materials, and then spread out far and wide by moving ice whose deep-growing is visible from the Atlantic to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

Soils of this *diluvial* origin would be still more alike in their composition and general productiveness, had not more recent *alluvial* action greatly modified their character. Rain and snow water falling on the ground, and running down to the sea, or great lakes, carries fine particles of clay and mould much further than small pebbles and sand. Practically it sifts and segregates the debris of rocks, giving to some soils an excess of clay and to others an excess of sand, pebbles and smooth stones.

The absence of Northern frosts, ice and drift changes the origin and renewal of the soils in the sunny South very materially. Disintegration is less rapid, and diluvial forces are less marked and beneficial. Solar influences, however, are more efficient, and compensate partly, if not wholly, for the weakness of Southern frost and ice. But no intensity of sunshine nor of solar heat, will act like a glacier or iceberg to move the debris of hornblend, mica, felspar, or rotten limestone, to places where it may be most needed to form a wide body of good land. Hence, the resources of Southern old fields are overrated by nearly all writers who take a narrow and superficial view of the subject. D. LEE.

Knoxville Co., Tenn.

MANURES.—No. VI.

MARL.

THIS is another resource for farmers to draw upon in fertilizing their land. Marl is found quite extensively distributed over this country. It is a natural mixture of chalk, shells, or carbonate of lime in some form, with the different soils, clay, sand, &c. The farmer has used it as a fertilizer from very ancient times. The Romans used it, as also the ancient Britons.

That fascinating old Roman writer, COLUMELLA, says marl is the best stimulant for the vineyard, and produces most excellent grapes, but that dung will spoil the taste of the wine. This is no doubt true with rank, unfermented stable manure.

Marl has generally proved an excellent application to wheat and other grain crops. So important has marl been to English agriculture that a statute regulated the manner and place for opening and working the marl pits. There are several varieties, such as clay marl, sand marl, shell marl, and green sand marl. It has been customary to apply the clay marl to sandy marl, and the sand marl to clay land. The shell land is usually the richest in lime, and this of a more progressed character and more valuable than the lime from decomposed rock. There are often found extensive beds of this shell marl in the vicinity of our large lakes. It is composed of fragments of broken shells of ancient animals, mixed with sand or clay. A very rich specimen of this kind was sent to us from White Lake, in Muskegan Co., Mich.

HOW TO TEST MARL.

It is very easy to prove whether a soil contains much lime, or whether it is strong enough to be called marl. If strong vinegar or dilute muriatic acid be poured upon it, it effervesces more or less strongly, according to the amount of lime it contains. But the green sand marl of New Jersey contains very little lime, but abounds in potash and oxide of iron, with some magnesia, and will not effervesce much with acids. The lime marl contains from ten to sixty per cent. of carbonate of lime. The green sand contains ten to twelve per cent. of potash, with twenty per cent. of oxide of iron and fifty per cent. of silica, which no doubt furnishes silicate of potash, a direct food to our crops. But the principal effect of the marl is to act upon the vegetable matter in the soil. The potash of the green sand, no doubt, forms salts of potash, which become assimilable to plants.

As with caustic lime, marl has a much better effect when applied to land charged with vegetable matter than to poor soils. It produces a lasting effect, being very apparent for eight or ten years. From fifty to two hundred bushels are applied to the acre, on the surface and cultivated in. The green sand marl has transformed Monmouth Co., New Jersey, from a nearly barren territory to one of the most fruitful regions in the State. Its potash has a most remarkable effect upon the growth of potatoes. And this might have been anticipated, as the ash of the potato contains about fifty per cent. of potash. The calcareous marls are very extensively distributed; but in this country, where the soil is comparatively new, they are not yet fully appreciated, and remain an almost inexhaustible storehouse for the future generation of farmers to draw upon.

GYPSUM OR PLASTER.

The use of sulphate of lime has been so general that farmers are familiar with its application. When pure its composition is:

Sulphuric acid	43.
Lime	33.
Water	24.
	100.

But the gypsum sold to farmers usually contains a small portion of silica and carbonate of lime. We have no account in the ancient writers of the use of gypsum in agriculture. In fact it was not distinguished from carbonate of lime until the era of chemistry. The first who tried it with success was MEYER, a German clergyman of the eighteenth century. It was called plaster of Paris, because found abundantly near that city. Its mode of action has been explained in a great variety of ways,

showing that it is not yet fully understood. C. W. JOHNSON thinks the explanation is, that it acts as a direct food of some plants, such as lucern, sanfoin, red clover, rye grass and turnips, as these contain gypsum in sensible proportions. LIEBIG'S first opinion was that its office is to attract nitrogen or ammonia from the air and rain water, and fix it as a sulphate in the soil, and thus hold it for the use of plants. He said 100 pounds of gypsum would yield as much ammonia as 6,250 pounds of horse's urine, and that four pounds of plaster may increase the clover crop 100 pounds. Now both of these theories may be correct as far as they go. But since the first work of LIEBIG was published, he has been experimenting to determine the effect of plaster upon the soil or the soil upon plaster. He found that a solution of gypsum in contact with arable soils underwent decomposition; part of the lime separating from the sulphuric acid, and magnesia and potash taking its place. And this would seem to show that the action of gypsum on the soil is to dissolve and separate magnesia and potash from the earth and form sulphate of magnesia and potash.

Gypsum has a complex action. Its component parts may act as a direct food to some plants, and when applied to a sandy soil, which has very little power of absorbing and fixing ammonia from the air and rain water, it acts as an absorbent and fixer of ammonia, and thereby enriches the soil. It is very easy to test the power of plaster to absorb ammonia, by filling a tunnel with it and then pouring on manure water; let it filter through, when it will come out clear and colorless, freed entirely from offensive odor. And the plaster will also be free from odor. This proves that the ammonia of the manure water has formed a chemical union with the sulphuric acid of the plaster. To all sandy and gravelly soils gypsum is an excellent fertilizer, but to a strong clay soil its beneficial action is very doubtful, unless there is an excess of vegetable matter, which needs the action of gypsum to dissolve and distribute it in the ground.

Clay is a powerful absorbent of ammonia, and therefore in this respect has the same office as gypsum, and is not benefited by its application. But plaster is very valuable to all farmers to be used as an absorbent about the stable and to dust over the manure pile. From numerous experiments, 100 to 200 pounds, or one to two bushels per acre, has been found the most economical quantity to apply. Plaster brings in clover on soils adapted to it, by quickening the seed in the ground, which may have lain dormant for many years. It seems to be a special fertilizer for clover, and should be used every year,—one bushel to the acre for this crop. It is more beneficial when applied in moist weather or when the dew is on, so that it will adhere to the leaf of clover or other vegetation.—E. W. S.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

PEDIGREES.

"Is a ram worth any more for a written pedigree giving the names of his individual ancestors? Is there any special use of thus keeping pedigrees? If my flock are pure blood, is it not enough to certify that a sheep I sell is a pure blood animal of my flock or raising? What guarantee have I of the truthfulness of a pedigree put in my hands by a Vermont sheep peddler? This State is inundated with such certificates concerning sheep sold here well painted and fitted, but which never were worth five dollars a head. The other fifteen or twenty dollars paid for each was paid for a *pedigree!*"

Thus writes an indignant Michigan correspondent. To begin at the beginning. A pedigree giving the names of individual ancestors may or may not be worth more than a simple certificate of purity of blood, according to circumstances. If it is a mere string of names of unknown sheep—sheep which have no historic celebrity—it certainly amounts to very little. But if it proves that the animal is descended from progenitors especially famous for their individual good qualities and famous as good breeders, of course it does and should enhance the value of an *untried* animal. Let him *say* what he will about it, the most inveterate railer at individual pedigrees in selecting a ram from two from the same flock and of apparent equal quality in every particular would take one known to be descended for generations from the best sheep of the flock, in preference to one whose individual pedigree was wholly untraceable. The man who would not do this, would exhibit the most absolute ignorance of every sound principle of breeding. Nay, he would deserve, on this subject, to be set down as a fool—for the most casual observation of every-day nature should give him better information on the subject. This then is the special use of preserving the names of individual ancestors in a pedigree—to show what and how good or how ordinary strains of individual blood each animal possesses. It is as necessary to the breeder as the buyer. How is the former to know which of his rams gets the best stock, or unites best with the get of other particular rams, &c., &c., unless he keeps a proper record of the facts? And such a record must necessarily embrace the individual names or numbers of the animals it pertains to.

Individual pedigrees are useful in other respects. They betoken careful, considerate breeding, founded on some distinctive plan. And they serve as a barrier against frauds. If A. B. sells a sheep purporting to have been gotten "by an Atwood ram out of a Robinson ewe," how is the inaccuracy of the pedigree, if it is inaccurate, to be traced out? Atwood and Robinson sheep are scattered throughout the country, and in case of a supposed fraud it would be difficult or impossible to establish a negative. But if the pedigree enumerated specifically each ancestor and by whom bred, back to animals whose pedigrees are matters of publicity (herd-book animals so to speak,) it would render it comparatively easy to detect a fraud. Such pedigrees generally include the names of several breeders, and each breeder may have records or recollections which would disprove portions of them, if fictitious. And one unsound link in the chain destroys the whole.

The making up of fictitious individual pedigrees wholly from one flock, say the flock of the seller, would also be a very unsafe procedure. There are hired men, there are observing neighbors, there are many other avenues to detection. And certainly no one can place in pedigrees of sheep of his own breeding, the names of celebrated animals which he did not own or use. Such a claim would lead to prompt exposure. An attempt by big stories to vamp up a fictitious celebrity in one's own flock, *which neighbors and other breeders knew nothing of at the time*, always fails. He who has genuine celebrities ought, independently of moral considerations, to consider the giving of false pedigrees *inexpedient*. While we cannot aver that detailed individual pedigrees running back as before stated, are a sure protection against fraud, they are, when given by *responsible persons*, a considerable safeguard;—and knavish sellers usually avoid them. That is, they avoid those which are proper and explicit in their form. Unfortunately, a good many sheep growers considerably above the rank of greenhorns do not know what a proper pedigree is. We have seen hundreds if not thousands, taken by buyers of high priced sheep, which admitting their truthfulness, did not even establish purity of blood! Nay, we know honest sellers of full blood sheep, who cannot, for their lives, make out a regular pedigree.

"What guarantee have I of the truthfulness of a pedigree put in my hands by a Vermont sheep-peddler?" The same you have in the case of *any other seller*. In purchasing any article, a portion of the value of which depends upon facts which are not visible but which must be proven to exist by the seller, common sense marks out the proper course to pursue. Before taking anything unseen on trust you are bound to know the character of the seller, and his degree of pecuniary responsibility provided he cheats you: you are bound closely to sift his statements or documents to see what weight they are entitled to intrinsically or as legal warrantys: you are bound to collate and weigh *all* the reasonable probabilities of the case. If any man twenty-one years of age and supposed to be competent to do business, buys high priced sheep of an utter stranger, without any voucher of that stranger's character or pecuniary responsibility—taking a verbal story or a written statement of pedigree—he ought not complain if he is cheated! And he would be equally a fool, to go and buy under equivalent circumstances of an untraveling seller, or even breeder. We have known quite as sharp and quite as irresponsible rascals among sheep growers as among peddlars. We used to be very severe on "Vermont sheep peddlers." But they do not in the least differ from New York, Ohio, Michigan, etc., peddlers. All are "tarred with the same stick." And none of them are any worse than sellers of other stock, under equal circumstances. Suppose gudgeons in Michigan or elsewhere, would buy breeding horses, cattle, &c., of unknown persons, and pay ten times their intrinsic value for them on the strength of a pedigree signed or presented by such unknown persons, would not the country at once be overrun with horse and cattle peddlars? A correspondent two or three years since urged us to advocate laws making cheating in pedigrees a State-prison offence. We replied that we thought it would be about as well to make laws to send every person who paid high prices for pedigrees to persons whose good character and responsibility was not well known to them, to a lunatic asylum.

This promiscuous buying of pedigrees has led, not only in Michigan but elsewhere, to results which would be laughable, if they had not done so much injury to individuals, and to fine-wool husbandry. MARK TWAIN saw in Hartford, Conn., enough wood of the Charter Oak, made up into different articles, to construct some seventeen miles (we think it was) of plank road. A good many Merino breeding flocks have within the last few years *spread out* in equally astonishing proportions. A Michigan farmer who called on us the other day estimated the "full blood Hammond sheep" bought within his knowledge at some ten thousand—bought of course, with a very few exceptions, of other persons besides the Messrs. HAMMOND! So it is in other States and with the stocks of other celebrated breeders. We suppose if all the ewes of those stocks in first or other hands, had reared fifteen lambs apiece, during the great sale years, they might possibly have supplied a quarter of the number sold under their names. So much for buying irresponsible pedigrees.

NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF WOOLS AND WOOLENS.

THE Western Rural, one of the editors of which was one of the Board of Managers at the late Chicago Exposition, (in which capacity he labored most efficiently for the abolition of the one-third shrinkage rule, has the following in relation to the proposed Exposition at New York:

"We observe with pleasure that preliminary steps have been taken, looking to the holding of a National Exposition of Wools and Woolens in connection with the Exhibition by the American Institute at New York next autumn, commencing in September. Correspondence between Hon. Horace Greeley, President of the American Institute, Hon. E. H. Bigelow, President of the National Wool Manufacturers' Association, and Hon. Henry S. Randall, President of the National Wool Growers' Association, leads to the belief that satisfactory arrangements will be made. The American Institute invites such an Exposition, the Manufacturers' Association approves of it and invites the co-operation of the National Wool Growers' Association, which we trust will be given.

"As is well known, we believe such joint Exhibitions are productive of much good, and we hope the National Wool Growers' Association will heartily interest itself in the matter, and that it will take such steps as will best insure a really National Exposition of Wools.

"Such an Exposition need not interfere with the successful holding of the proposed Exposition in the Northwest."

CANADIAN VIEW OF THE WOOL TARIFF.

PARIS, Ontario, Nov. 17, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—I saw recently an article in your paper from Ohio, (by Mr. JONES, I think,) relating a conversation the writer had with a Boston wool merchant. The discussion upon the duties of wool and woolen goods elicited a point, the truth of which is so applicable to the wool growers of Canada that I add a word in confirmation of the principle or fact that the duty on wool does not enhance the price of woolen goods in the United States. It was stated soon after the imposition of the high tariff in the States on wool, that it produced a corresponding depression on the price of wool in South America. The statement of the Boston merchant that English manufacturers could import over a high tariff now, because they bought their wool lower, demonstrates fairly, I think, that the *producers* of imported wool *into* the States pay the duty, and *not* the consumers. In corroboration of this point, I state that is the fact with the Canadian producer. Such has been our position since the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty. When the treaty was in force we sold our wool less commission and transportation; now we sell it less commission, transportation and *duty*. If your Government will remove the duty on our wool, it would enhance the price of that product the amount of duty to the farmers of Canada; but the price would remain the same in the States, and the manufacturers there would buy it no less on account of the abolition of the present tariff. We should be well pleased to get our product in free of duty, at the same time the protective policy of the United States helps us indirectly. If there is any one policy which transcends all others in value and importance, it is the protective policy of the United States. We can *see it here*, but so long as we remain a British Province it is quite probable we shall legislate to please the manufacturers of the Mother Country, *and not* ourselves. Canada does not raise its own supply of wool or even approach it; yet we sell our wool and *buy* our woolens. You may say you get gold for your wool; true, I reply, but greenbacks control the price of our products. We are *selling* on *greenback* prices, and *paying* our debts in *gold*. Our entire export of wool in 1867 was 1,764,648 pounds; our imports of woolens was $8,332,765. We are exporting our produce to buy money to cancel our debt for goods we should manufacture *here*, and thereby increase the consumption of products at home. This sustaining manufactures abroad is like a farmer selling his straw, hay and stock in the fall; it might do for awhile, but his farm would *starve him in the end*. The true policy is to *import people* to manufacture, but *not manufactures*. M. W. B.

HOW TO MAKE SHEEP RACKS.

IF sheds are used to feed sheep in, it is always best to construct racks around next to the walls, so that the hay may be put in from the outside. They are easily made by driving stakes of scantling twenty inches from the sill, and six feet apart; nail on boards about one foot wide at the bottom, and others eight or ten inches above these. Cleats may be nailed up and down once in ten inches, if desired, so that each sheep may have a stall by himself, but we do not approve of this plan if there are any horned sheep in the flock.

Cut away the weather-boarding from the sill up eighteen or twenty inches; put a girt on the inside just above the opening to stay the siding; then a broad board, or two cleated together, should be hung by leather or strap hinges on the outside. This door may be raised and the hay put in without disturbing the flock.

It is a bad plan to enter a shed filled with sheep carrying a fork full of hay; the animals are frightened, and in their rush to get out the weaker ones are knocked down and trampled upon, and the less fearful get their fleeces filled with seed and chaff as the hay is passed over their backs.

To make racks for out-door feeding, take six pieces of two by three scantling, three feet long for uprights in the corners and centers of the sides; nail on boards the same as before specified, and make the rack about two and a half feet wide; hang boards in the spaces at the sides so that the sheep may be kept out until the feed is ready for them; this prevents the liability of their being injured by the pitchfork, or getting hay seed in the wool of their necks. Racks of this kind are portable, and may be drawn upon a sled to the fields where stacks are to be fed out.

There is always loss attending feeding hay upon the ground, so that sheep can run over it; racks should always be used, but never so constructed that the feed has to be pulled down.—*Ohio Farmer.*

SAMPLES.—A. W. BAKER, Van Wert, Van Wert Co., Ohio, sends us samples of the wool of his Merino ram, "Crimpy," and an average sample of wool of tegs got by him out of three-fourth blood ewes, asking our opinion of their quality, and to what kind of a ram, in respect to style, fineness, &c., these tegs should be bred to bring up their progeny to the standard of first class American Merinos. By the pedigree of the ram, as given by a previous owner, it appears he was got by Mr. GOREY'S Hannibal out of a "Hammond ewe."

"Crimpy's" wool is superior in style and quality, and the tegs' wool is very fair, considering blood. If the ram is as good in other respects as in the quality of his wool, no better one would be needed to grade up a mixed blood flock. But with quality of wool there must also be quantity, and with the proper fleece there must be a proper form. Of a pedigree we never attempt to form any opinion at all without knowing the maker of it.

The Stable, &c.

CARE OF HORSES—"OLD JACK."

IT is safe to assume that a large percentage of the horses in the United States go to the bone yard before half the service they are competent to perform has been rendered. This is not owing to defect in breed, but simply to carelessness in their management. The horse, with all his spirit, ambition and muscular power, is, in many particulars, among the most tender and easily injured of farm stock. A disregard of this fact, or a forgetfulness of it, often deprives men of the use of animals of the greatest promise before they have fairly entered the field of labor. The plodding and ruminative ox will bear up under a course of severe treatment and neglect which would destroy the usefulness, if not the life, of the horse. The former is slow and possessed of much power of endurance, while the latter is quick of movement and brimming over with ambition to occupy a front position in the line of competition. Yet, with this power is allied a tenderness and delicacy which cannot abide, unharmed, neglect or ill usage. These bring down the horse in the morning of his strength, rendering him but a shadow of what he was before hard service and poor care deprived him of power and usefulness.

The horse cannot labor and thrive on scant food; must be shielded from winter storms; be regularly groomed, especially when compelled to perform severe and exhausting labor. Many a valuable animal is ruined by being hardly driven and then left exposed for hours to the pelting of driving storms. Such exposure is unfeeling, and, we believe, rarely permitted by the real owners of the suffering beasts, but there are hundreds who obtain horses on hire whose debased feelings are dead to the calls of justice, whether made by man or beast. These creatures should never be allowed to control, even for a brief period, anything capable of feeling pain, or enduring suffering.

It is not the amount of labor performed that renders so many horses invalids while yet young, but the want of proper attention while performing their allotted tasks. The labor may be hard and the hours of it protracted, but the horse will go through it with unbroken spirit if kindness is exercised towards him in connection with his toil. As an example: Some few years since we paid a visit to an old friend, noted for the number and character of his horses, when casual mention was made of one quite remarkable for his speed on the road and endurance while working on the farm. The horse was supposed dead long before that time,—hence the surprise with which we heard the response of,—"Old Jack is in the pasture. Would you like to see him?" Of course the implied invitation was accepted, and there, under the shade of an apple tree, mused "Jack," plump as a partridge, and with a hide as sleek as that of an otter. Now, this horse was then fully twenty-five years old, and, though excused from ordinary farm labor, would spin a buggy to the village, a distance of ten miles, with all the airiness and ambition of his younger days. The secret of "Jack's" longevity and good condition may have depended some on breed or blood, but much more, probably, on the kind and considerate treatment received during the years of active service.

CURING POLL-EVIL.—James Scatield, Fairfield, Md., writes:—"I had a horse that was pronounced incurable of the poll-evil. As the horse doctor had given him up to die, I thought I would try an experiment. I laid open the swelling with a knife and forced it to run; after it had run twenty-four hours I washed out the incision with soap and water and sprinkled quick lime in the cavity. This process of washing out and liming I repeated every twenty-four hours for about two weeks, at the end of which time the swelling had gone down and the sore healed over. This I did two years ago this present November, and there is no sign of the return of the poll-evil. I would advise a trial."

HORSES CHAFING.—An exchange, remarking on the chafing of the breasts of horses, says:—"The common practice of using pads or sheepskin under the collar is objectionable, especially in warm weather, because it accumulates heat and makes the breast tender. A better way is to take a piece of thick and smooth leather, cut it out just the size of the collar, or a little wider, and let it lie flat on the neck and shoulders of the horse. This will lie smooth on the neck, while the collar itself moves about, and so it will prevent chafing. In addition to this, let the breast of working horses be washed off every night with clean water."

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—Old horsemen estimate carrots fed to horses in connection with oats, to be of equal value to the oats, bushel for bushel. The best proportion for their use when fed to working horses is one bushel of carrots to two bushels of oats. When fed in this way the three bushels of mixture produce better results than three bushels of oats fed alone.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Large Hogs

THE N. H. Mirror awards a credit mark to D. C. CHURCHILL of Lyme, in that State, for a lot of seven hogs of an aggregate weight of 3,644 pounds. One weighed over 600 pounds, and the average of the lot was 521 pounds.

Alabama State Fair.

THE first Alabama State Fair held since 1860 commenced at Montgomery on Wednesday, November 18th. It was numerously attended, many visitors from other States being present. The number of articles, &c., of stock exhibited, was far beyond expectation. The fair continued for three days, and was looked upon as a grand success.

Sowing Blue Grass.

A WRITER in the Prairie Farmer, who has paid attention to the habits and character of blue grass, says it should be sown in February or March, after a light fall of show if practicable, as this serves as a guide in the distribution of the seed. A bushel of the seed in the chaff, or even less, will do if other seed is mixed with it. Blue grass appears delicate at first, but acquires spread and vigor from being pastured. It does not do well as meadow, as the stronger grasses smother and kill it out. This grass is a great treat to neat stock—excellent for dairy and beef purposes.

Hogs in Iowa.

THE laws of Iowa devolve on the assessors of the several towns and cities the duty of returning the number of swine in their districts, over six months old, to the Auditor's office. This has been done for fifty counties, leaving seven yet to report. The result is 632,641 hogs against 776,412 in the same counties last year. This is a large falling off, and fails to justify the report that there is a large increase of hogs in the West over the crop of last year.

Deep or Shallow Plowing.

A COMMITTEE of the N. Y. Institute Club recently visited a number of farms on the light lands of New Jersey, where farmers plow from three to four inches deep only. Crops good, hence deep plowing not good. This conclusion was very sharply criticised by some members, who averred that the question of deep or shallow plowing depended upon the character of the subsoil, and we think they are right. There is no rule applicable to the case under all circumstances.

Tan-bark.—Preparation.

THE American Artisan states that as the tannin properties of bark mainly consist of the inner lining of the same, a great saving in transportation would be made by separating the inner from the outer coating before sending to market. "It also recommends that this liber be ground to a very fine powder, in order that its virtues may be the better extracted; and that it be transported in barrels, to protect it from moisture, and the better to prevent the oxygen of the air from acting on the tannin, and thus converting it into gallic acid."

Farmers' Convention.

THE various local Agricultural Societies of New Hampshire have arranged for holding a Farmer's Convention at Manchester in that State on the 29th and 30th days of December—opening on the morning of the first named day and ending in the evening of the second. The time will be occupied each day in addresses and essays and general discussions. The Convention will give prominence to the soils of New Hampshire, grass producing and curing, cattle breeding, forest trees, fish culture, sheep husbandry, fertilizers and horse raising. A meeting of the State Society will be held at the same time, and officers elected. There will also be a meeting of the officers of all the local Societies in the State.

Top-Dressing of Lands.

IT is a disputed point, among writers in the agricultural papers, whether surface manuring of wheat lands is good or otherwise. Some think the best results follow from manuring at the time of seeding; others would make the application after the seed is in the ground. A third class, and, perhaps the more numerous one, think the manure should be plowed under before seeding, as this will prevent the escape of ammonia into the air where it is supposed to be lost to the crop. The rural world favors the top-dressing of wheat lands, at the time of seeding, if the manure be fine and well rotted; if not, then after the seeding is done. This is recommended for the double purpose of supplying food to the young plants, and as a reputed preventive of the ravages of the chinchbug.

Rural Notes and Items.

VOLUME XX—IMPROVEMENTS, CONTENTS, &c.—Appreciating the interest and kindness manifested by many who have recently written us encouraging letters—congratulating us on the prospective enlargement of the RURAL, and offering valuable suggestions—we assure all interested that the aim is to render the *Improvement* of the paper as apparent as its *Enlargement*. While so retaining its style that the paper shall have a familiar appearance to long-time friends, we hope to greatly improve the *quality* of its CONTENTS. To accomplish this desirable object, we have not only re-engaged most of our present corps of Editorial and Special Contributors, but secured the assistance of many other able and experienced writers—persons who are recognized as authority on the various important subjects which they will discuss in the ample pages of the ensuing volume, as will be made manifest when their valuable contributions appear.

But while the Reading Matter of the new volume will be superior, we intend that its *Illustrations* shall exhibit a corresponding improvement. To secure this several first class artists are already engaged in preparing sketches and engravings for the enlarged RURAL. Our aim is not to give mere fancy sketches or pictures, but mainly to illustrate useful matters—such as will prove of interest and value to the great Industrial and Producing Population; and to accomplish this we have resolved to spend many thousand dollars during the ensuing year. But as we are neither admirers nor imitators of the "highfalutin" style of those who devote columns and pages to the laudation of their own wares and doings, we refer to the issues of the forthcoming volume for particulars.

—In this connection we desire to tender sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those who have, by contributing to its pages, materially aided us in achieving for this journal a most remarkable success. We thank each and all, not only for helping the RURAL, but for the benefit bestowed upon the People and Country through their contributions. And we trust all who can consistently do so will continue to lend the RURAL and its readers the benefit of their experience, observation and ability to communicate valuable information. We especially ask this of those who have anything new and useful to impart, which can be appropriately given in either department of this journal. It will afford us pleasure to receive and publish such matters as will benefit community—illustrating, at our own expense, whenever necessary. Will not our readers bear this request in mind during the leisure of winter, and "teach one another"—remembering that the RURAL will convey their facts and suggestions to hundreds of thousands of people throughout the whole country?

WHEAT GROWING IN THE WEST.—The Hon. J. B. GRINNELL writes the Iowa Homestead on the subject of wheat growing, and comes to the conclusion that it has been overdone in the West. It is supposed by him that many will suffer from the present low ruling of wheat in the market, and that it is the dictate of wisdom to diversify crops more than has been the custom there for some years past. This counsel is to allow those who are breaking up and sowing virgin soil to wheat, for the purpose of export, a clear field for their operations. The older farmers, whose farms have been closely cropped in grain, he thinks will find it to their advantage to turn a large portion of their wheat lands into grass and other crops but little cultivated in that region of late years. Stock and other products promise better than wheat while the present competition in growing it exists, hence a change in production is a matter of imperative necessity if the farmers would secure a decent remuneration for their labors. In the light of the present declining tendency in grain, and especially of wheat, the advice seems well timed and judicious. The rapid settlement of the West, and the vast reach of prairie which is being brought under cultivation, where grain is necessarily the leading crop, must keep the market flush even with an average yield. Stock is comparatively scarce in the same region, consequently the prospect to the raiser is better than that of exclusive wheat growing can promise for a series of years to come. Therefore let the older farmers diversify their operations, growing some of all the varied farm products, leaving wheat mainly to those who have virgin soils adapted to its habits, and rich enough to produce a remunerative return for the money and labor bestowed in their cultivation.

BARLEY IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED STATES.—The London Mark Lane Express of Nov. 9 states that extensive orders for barley for malting have been received in England from the United States, and that the exportation of that grain hitherward has been actually begun. The orders on hand from this country are said to be for 80,000 bushels. As their own crop of barley was deficient, this, it is stated, must still further enhance its price there, and it is already dearer than wheat, weight for weight. The usual proportion in former years has been about two-thirds the price of wheat as the value of barley, but more recently in one or two cases, as now, the latter has fully caught up with the former, or even exceeded it. This American demand will, it is thought, exert its influence on the prices of other kinds of grain, as well as of that in immediate request.

COWS POISONED.—Some time since a man residing in Warwick, Orange Co., N. Y., named DUSENBURY, turned his herd of eighteen cows into a field, from which corn had been harvested. During the day one of the cows was taken violently ill and died in a few hours. During the following three days five more died under the same circumstances as the first one. The animal attacked would throw her head about in a wild manner, then start on a run and soon drop dead. The disease is charged to the account of ergot or smut on the corn fodder which the cows are supposed to have eaten.

PENNSYLVANIA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—The President of this College, FREDERIC WATTS, has issued a circular stating that the Trustees of the Institution are about to reorganize it with a view of making it of practical value to the people of the State. As a preliminary to success they seek to secure the services of a Principal whose learning and executive ability are such as to render him "capable to preside over and govern the operations" of the farming department.

A NEW JOURNAL, to be called "The Manufacturer and Builder," will soon make its appearance, under very favorable auspices. For character, objects, etc., see prospectus.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

A GEORGIA planter has come to the conclusion that a good plow is far ahead of the "scooter" for the production of crops.

THE farmers along the seaboard, where salt meadows abound, have an excellent fertilizing mulch in the grass taken from them.

THE annual commencement exercises of the Michigan Agricultural College took place Nov. 11th. The graduating class numbered ten.

THEY have rust proof wheat and oats down South—the former at $4 per bushel, and the latter at $1.25. Of course no rust will strike wheat at this figure.

FERTILIZING cabbage ground with bone manure is said to be a sure preventive of club-foot, so common an accompaniment of this desirable vegetable.

SOUTHERN farmers sow a portion of cotton seed with wheat. When the latter is up they top dress with the same, which is said to be a quick manure.

THE Rural Southerner thinks that Egyptian wheat, grown in that region, produces more forage for stock to the acre than any other crop. It is similar in appearance to sorghum.

CARBOLIC acid is extracted from coal tar, a waste produced in the manufacture of gas from coal. It is also denominated carbolic alcohol, phenic acid, phenic alcohol. It is a prominent deodorizer.

AT a recent meeting of the N. Y. Fruit Growers' Society, the members strayed off to the moon and its influence on animal and vegetable life; also whether babies were best weaned in the old or the new moon!

THE Halifax Poultry Chronicle proposes fine shavings as beds for chickens troubled with lice. The turpentine in the shavings does the business for the vermin. Good hard wood ashes will best the shavings out of sight.

HORTICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF DWARF PEAR TREES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Your correspondent Addi seems a good deal excited over a short paragraph you published some weeks ago, in favor of allowing the sod to grow around dwarf pear trees, and never disturbing it with hoe or spade, only keeping the grass closely cut, and being careful to place, every autumn, a wheelbarrow load of good stable manure around each tree.

This is the formula, and all of it. That such trees, neglected and sod bound, would soon show evidences of suffering there is no doubt. That they do not, when treated as above, is equally undoubted, for I have thoroughly proved it for the past five years. Previous to that time these trees would perish of blight with the best of cultivation about as fast as they came into bearing, by dozens at a time. With such treatment we do not lose a tree a year. This sort of cultivation was first recommend by the Newark (N. J.) pear growers, and has been since cordially and strongly endorsed by that experienced pomologist, the editor of the Gardeners' Monthly, published in Philadelphia. That it succeeds in localities nearly a thousand miles apart certainly speaks well for its efficacy the country over.

In our rich prairie soils we are much troubled with pear blight. At first I supposed it was from over-feeding, as if a child's diet was made exclusively on champagne and oysters and turtle soup. But since examining the specimen orchards of Western New York, it would seem that they suffer about as much there as here, only the cultivators of your latitude do not make so much fuss about it as we do.

Addi is also incredulous about the "full trial" made of growing evergreens among pears. I will tell him how the trial was made. In 1856 I surrounded a block of ground 250 by 240 feet, containing 1.39-100 acres of ground, with red cedars and arborvitæs. In this place was set 200 dwarf pear trees, ten feet apart each way, and between them evergreens were closely set out in rows, intending to leave one at the intersection of every four pear trees, and to take up the rest as soon as the ground where they were to remain was ready for them. For a year or two the pear trees grew much faster than the evergreens, which were thinned out as we got ready to do so. Then the evergreens commenced growing and soon went ahead of the pears, which began to blight as usual, without the slightest apparent benefit from the vicinity of the evergreens, which were mostly removed from the ground after the failure of the experiment was evident. Dwarf pear trees will not grow well in the vicinity of evergreens. They will remain stunted and become moss and bark bound, or will shoot out in a direction from them, if it is possible.

These are facts which perhaps it is well enough to have generally known. Like St. Paul, I believe in proving all things and holding fast to that which is good. After a very patient trial of all the experiments recommended by horticultural and agricultural papers for the past eighteen years I am bound to acknowledge that very few of them have ever succeeded. That above described is a signal exception which deserves to be more generally known and applied. With mulching the ground around trees I have been very unfortunate.

While pear trees do not succeed in this latitude when grown among evergreens, this is not the case with their propagation on the quince, with which we meet with many difficulties. Frequently the quince bottoms perish outright in the ground, while the pear buds are uninjured, and when this is not the case the pear buds suffer. Large propagators are obliged to take them up every fall, and heel them in, covering with straw and leaves, and building a shed over all to keep them from the rigors of the climate. This is not only trouble and expense, but the bud does not grow so well the next season as if it had been undisturbed. By setting the quince stocks on the north side of a row of evergreens, the process has been uniformly successful, and they have grown remarkably well this year's buds being seven feet and more in height and more than an inch in diameter. This I have tested for several years with good success, and can recommend it, at least on a small scale, to those, like myself, fond of growing their own trees, and trying experiment.

Southern Iowa, November, 1868. Amateur.

IS VEGETABLE LIFE SENTIENT LIFE?

It is well known to every botanist, horticulturist and farmer that fruit trees set more fruit than they perfect or ripen. To illustrate our thought we will select a single spray of—say an apple tree—though it might be of any other fruit tree, just as well. The tree of which this spray is a part has set a profusion of fruit, and the whole crop has progressed to a certain size, with uniform health and vigor. But now the tree has become conscious, by some means, that by reason of drouth, injury, sickness, or other cause, it will not be able to ripen and perfect *all* the apples it has begun. Let us suppose that the spray we have selected has upon it five of these apples that are perfectly grown, all of which have thus far been equally healthy and vigorous. But it has now become evident to the tree that the whole crop upon it cannot be perfected, and that a part must be sacrificed as the only means of saving the remainder. And here two questions are to be determined: first, the number of the growing apples that are to be sacrificed; second, the selection and identification of the particular individuals that are to be thus disposed of.

These two questions—or one, if you prefer—are only to be settled by the tree itself. It alone first determines the necessity of *any* sacrifice, and then it, alone, fixes the number that must be lost, and ordains the particular individuals that are to constitute this number. Let us now return to our selected spray, with the five apples upon it; and we may suppose that two of these are of the number to be sacrificed. Mark, it is not simply two-fifths of these, but it is two specific individual apples of these five apples that are to be lost. And now for the process of destroying these particular apples, after they are appointed by the parent tree, to die. The tree which has condemned and sentenced these selected apples to destruction has yet to become their executioner. This it has the power to do in only one way, and that is to withhold nourishment from them. This is done, and as a consequence *they are literally starved to death!*

From the time the fate of these victims is determined the nourishment for their support is rigidly withheld from them, and so they inevitably wither and die. Again two certain ones of these five are of the condemned number. All the leaves of this spray and each of the selected apples that are to be perfected, being three in number, continue to receive their full and proper supply of nutriment, while the victims are wholly deprived of all sustinance, and so wither and die. The same is true of all other parts of the tree as of this part; and so of all other trees, and of all plants, no less than of the apple tree.

Now, in all this the tree, and the tree alone, *acts, decides and executes.* Such are the facts before us; and what is the philosophy they teach? They are facts that are repeated each year wherever vegetation is known; and, like all else in Nature, they are doubtless not without significance. D.

Buffalo, 1868.

REA'S SEEDLING QUINCE.

We illustrate a "full grown" specimen of a variety of fruit which is deserving of more attention than it receives from orchardists in general. The cultivation of quinces is quite wide-spread in this country, but it is mostly the accidental, careless sort, consisting of a few scrubby, uncared for bushes, originally designed to furnish merely a family supply. The good behavior of the bushes, even under the most careless cultivation, usually makes them a source of profit which is large in comparison with the outlay. On proper soil the quince is a fruit easily grown, with good treatment comes early into bearing; the bush is not particularly subject to disease; it is ornamental, occupies little space, and is long lived. We have often thought that, everything considered, a small plantation of quince bushes would be as promising an investment in fruit growing as any that could be made. It requires a deep, rich, strong soil, and it should be well cultivated until the bushes are well established in bearing. Then frequent top-dressings of manure should be applied. As a special dressing nothing excels ashes. With proper care the quince comes early into bearing, instances having been recorded of very paying crops being gathered from bushes only four years old. There are repeated records of one acre producing over eight hundred dollars worth per year when the bushes were mature, and we have in mind a case in which fourteen bushes, standing in sod with no care but occasional trimming and top-dressings of ashes, yielded for years an average of thirty-five dollars worth of fruit per annum. But it is well to bear in mind that the demand for quinces cannot be as large as for most other kinds of fruit, and the market might be easily broken down by over-production. Hence, while it would be very profitable to plant an acre or so, it would be risky to attempt the business on an equal scale with standard fruits.

The variety we illustrate was originated by Joseph Rea, Green Co., N. Y. It is a splendid fruit, averaging considerably larger than the apple or orange quince. The quality is good and the tree a strong grower with large, dark foliage. In planting for market we should choose this and the orange or apple-shaped variety.

THE WILSON AND OTHER STRAWBERRIES.

It may seem preposterous at this late day to attempt to say anything of interest about so well known a strawberry as the Wilson,—but I do not remember ever to have seen what I considered an accurate statement of the merits and defects of that berry.

Its merits are quickly summed up. It is large, early, firm, very productive, succeeding in a greater number of localities than any other strawberry under cultivation. Its firmness and acidity render it especially valuable for canning.

On the other hand it has serious defects. The plant is very tender,—more liable to burn up under the scorching summer sun, and to winter kill, than any other variety with which I am familiar. In consequence, numerous vacancies occur in plantations. As for the fruit, ask almost any one what its *greatest* defect is, and they will answer you it is acidity. Now, just here, I beg leave to demur to the popular verdict. I hold that the great demerit of the Wilson, as a market fruit, is not its quality, but its *color.* When fully ripe, it is an agreeable berry,—not so rich and sweet as the Triomph, nevertheless it is juicy, sprightly, vinous, and does not easily cloy the appetite. I have often known people, after eating to satiety of the Triomph, passing over a patch of dead ripe Wilsons, fall to and eat heartily of them.

But if left upon the vines until ripe and then picked and sent to market, it would not sell. It has, when ripe, such a dark, muddy color as to render it unsalable. People have an absurd habit of buying fruit for its color instead of its quality. A bright scarlet berry will always sell, however insipid it may be, while a ripe Wilson, or even a large, luscious Agriculturist, would be passed over. As a result, growers pick their Wilsons when half ripe, and then they *are* sour and disagreeable.

Even when picked half ripe, if kept long, they become dark and dirty looking. For this reason it is not a profitable berry to ship long distances. The Triomph, or Jucunda, may be shipped hundreds of miles, and kept several days and then look brighter than the Wilson a few hours after picking. It is quite important that a berry should bear keeping as well as shipping. Not all the berries shipped to our large cities are consumed there, but a large portion of them are distributed among surrounding villages and small cities two, three and four hundred miles distant, and so are kept several days from picking before being exposed on retailers' stands, and then if they have lost their attractive appearance they do not bring remunerative prices.

Rochester, N. Y. P. C. Reynolds.

ZINC LABELS FOR TREES.

We recently adverted to the discovery of Hon. M. P. Wilder that ordinary zinc labels, written on with a lead pencil, would be legible for a great length of time. The types made us say wrongly that the writing could not be rubbed off when first made; this is not so; it requires a little time (probably the action of moisture) to become fixed. We have since received a note from Mr. W. in which he says, "I inclose a label which has stood the weather for nine years. This you will perceive is very distinct and durable. For a little invention I think it is the most convenient and useful I have ever adopted."

This may be the cheapest and most durable form of label yet invented, and if so it will be a very convenient article, to say the least, for nurserymen and fruit growers. We have illustrated the label received, to show its appearance and the distinctness of the writing. Under a magnifying glass the lines of the writing appear sunken into the metal; no rubbing, which is not violent enough to abrade the surface will remove the lines. It is probable that chemical action is excited by contact of the plumbago of the pencil with the zinc, in connection with moisture.

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

Adulterated Seeds.—Some time since the English Royal Horticultural Society appointed a sub-committee to inquire into the important subject of the adulteration of seeds. The report on this rather laborious research has been published, from which we extract the following: The public suffers more or less from the neglect and malpractices of dealers in seeds in at least the following ways: Generally by seeds being kept too long and being sold after they have lost their vitality. This is the most injurious of all the causes of depreciation; for it applies equally to the honest and dishonest trader. In adulteration the evil must be done with intent to defraud. Here there may be no intention to defraud; but mere neglect or want of judgment may be as injurious to the purchaser as if there were. By the addition of bad seed to good, and mixing old and new. By the addition of seed whose vitality has been killed. This is done in the case of varieties of peculiar excellence, when the supply is insufficient to meet the demand. Killed seed of a cheap kind, similar in appearance to that of a dear kind, is added to increase the quantity without affecting the quality. In this kind of adulteration the purchaser is only deceived in the quantity. What comes up is at all times true, and the character of the dealer for supplying a true article is maintained. By manipulating and doctoring the seed so as to make bad seed look like good, as by dyeing bad clover seed, sulphur smoking bad grass seed, oil-dressing bad turnip seed, &c.

New Mode of Destroying Wasps.—Wasps are oftentimes very troublesome and even injurious to the Pomologist. A correspondent of a foreign journal describes an effectual plan of getting rid of them. It consists in saturating a piece of flint three or four inches square with a strong solution of cyanide of potassium and placing it at the outlet of the hole leading to the nest. The inhalation of the cyanide destroys the insects very rapidly, and a nest full is quickly put out of the way. Perhaps some of our finer fruits which are subject to the depredations of wasps, might be protected by this remedy in some form.

A Late Variety of Red Currant.—The English Journal of Horticulture mentions having received fruit of a red currant from the garden of J. B. Houston, Esq., Orangefield, Belfast, from bushes grown in open air, which ripens with the Raby Castle and others, but retains its fruit and foliage until late in the season,—in fact, until severe frost sets in. The foliage now (Oct. 17th) is quite green; while Raby Castle, growing beside it and under the same treatment, is ready for the winter pruning. Bunches, mostly short, resembling the Grape Currant, but very productive, bearing enormous crops. While in the young state the bushes grow very vigorously, and require lifting and replanting. Foliage thick and leathery, in shape something resembling the mallow leaf. During the autumn of 1867 nice fruit was gathered in the first and second weeks of December. The footstalks were as green and the berries as plump as if it had been August.

Birds vs. Fruit.—In Southern Illinois, much greater damage is done by some kinds of birds than in some other places. J. H. Tice of Alton said, at a late horticultural meeting at that place, that he thought "the raising of grapes would knock the sentiment out of any one on birds." They did him two hundred dollars damage in two days, on one and a half acres of grapes. He shot over two hundred, and saved a part; his neighbors, who did not shoot, lost all. The Secretary said he had one or two boys employed to shoot birds during the entire season from the time the grapes began to color till they were in market, and that "he never made so much money by so small an investment." He saved two-thirds of his crop. The woodpecker is the only bird mentioned, but it is not stated whether he did all the damage. It is as important to discriminate between the few birds which are destructive to fruit, and the many which are not, as between destructive and beneficial insects.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

New Raspberry Named.—The new raspberry figured and described in the Rural of Oct. 31st as Arnold's No. 1, has since been named by its originator, Mr. Arnold, Yellow Canada.

A String of Pumpkins.—A farmer in Dyer Co., Tenn., grew a pumpkin vine the past season from which he picked 103 well developed pumpkins, the least of which was as large as a water bucket.

Leached Ashes for Apple Trees.—M. B. Bateham says in the Ohio Farmer that leached ashes are the best manure that can be applied to old orchards on sandy land. Ashes should be gathered in the winter time, when the expense of hauling is not so great as at most other seasons.

Egyptian Cotton Seed.—It was recently stated at a meeting of cotton growers in Florida that ground planted with Egyptian cotton seed escaped the ravages of the cotton worm. When planted in alternate rows with the native variety, the former was not molested while the latter was badly cut by the worm.

Protect Young Grape Vines.—Grape vines planted last spring should have their roots protected by a furrow of earth plowed to them from each side. If too late to do this, use if possible stable manure that is well mixed with litter. The Iona and some other kinds are frequently damaged by winter killing of their roots, when the tops were apparently uninjured. Also provide for drainage of water from the vines.

Illinois State Horticultural Society.—The thirteenth annual meeting of this Association will be held at Lee's Hall, in Bunker Hill, beginning December 15th and holding four days. The published order of business embraces a wide range of horticultural topics. Numerous essays by experienced pomologists are promised, and there will be discussions and revisions of fruit lists. Circulars may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, W. C. Flagg, Alton, Ill.

Straw Mats for Hot Beds.—These may be rapidly and cheaply made of tarred twine and good wheat or rye straw. Make a frame somewhat larger than the desired size of the mat, and stretch five or six tarred cords lengthwise. These form the warp, to which the straw is tied by small strings. The straw should be divided into small handfuls, laid straight and snug against the warp, and tightly bound by taking a single turn around the cord and the straw with the small string.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

The following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 28th inst:

Vegetables.—The market is generally unchanged.

Monitor, ₱ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ₱ bbl	1 75	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Mercers, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Prince Alberts, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 25
Jackson Whites, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₱ bbl	5 50	@	6 00
Norfolk, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 50	@	0 00
Onions, Red, ₱ bbl	5 50	@	6 00
Onions, White, ₱ bbl	12 00	@	14 00
Onions, Yellow, ₱ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Marrow Squash, ₱ bbl	1 00	@	1 50
Cabbages, ₱ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Pumpkins, ₱ 100	6 00	@	8 00

Fruits.—Apples are in good supply, with a fair business doing. Grapes are slow at nominal prices. Cranberries are in light supply, and prices are very firm.

Apples, Greenings, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	5 50
Apples, Baldwins, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Apples, common, ₱ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Apples, Spitzenbergs, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Grapes, Isabellas, ₱ ℔	6	@	8
Grapes, common, ₱ ℔	3	@	4
Grapes, Catawbs, ₱ ℔	12	@	15
Quinces, ₱ bbl	8 00	@	12 00
Cranberries, ₱ bbl	18 00	@	22 00

Dried Fruits.—Dried apples are rather quiet, and prices generally easier. Peeled peaches are without inquiry. Unpeeled are in fair demand and firm. Blackberries are dull and held above market quotations.

New Apples, State, ₱ ℔	10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ₱ ℔	9	@	10½
New Apples, Southern, ₱ ℔	7	@	9
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₱ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₱ ℔	18	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	12	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₱ ℔	12	@	13
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₱ ℔	8½	@	9½
Blackberries, ₱ ℔	20	@	22
Raspberries, ₱ ℔	44	@	46
Cherries, pitted, ₱ ℔	42	@	45
Plums, ₱ ℔	28	@	30

Domestic Economy.

VARIOUS SELECTED RECIPES.

Chicken Terrapin.—"Martha" in the Germantown Telegraph gives directions for making chicken terrapin as follows:—"Parboil a chicken; cut it up into rather small pieces, say the size you would the meat of a large terrapin; reject the large bones; return to the pot and stew slowly, with very little water; season; add butter as may be desired; when done and removed from the fire add sufficient cream; send to table in a covered dish, just after adding about two glasses of Maderia wine. I wish no better dish. The legs and wings are as good as terrapin."

Curing Meat.—The Germantown Telegraph supplies the following receipe for curing meat:—1½ lbs. salt, ½ lb. sugar, ½ oz. saltpetre and ½ oz. potash to one gallon of water. Observing the same ratio, the quantity may be increased as desired. Boil these together and take off the scum, pour into a tub to cool, and when *cold* pour over the beef or pork, to remain four or five weeks. Some omit the boiling, but it is better with it. It is recommended to let the meat remain two days before pickling, sprinkling over it a little pounders saltpetre.

To Wash New Flannel.—Cut the soap small and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear; previously blue the water well, to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it out then, and, after drying it, smooth with a cool iron.

Churning—Saving Labor.—Miss M. E. Allen, Bear Lake, Michigan, adds, to a business note, the following:—"If one of your readers will give her cow a teaspoonful of pulverized saltpetre, with a tablespoonful of salt, once or twice a week, or whenever salt is fed, she will save herself much hard labor in the way of churning."

Calves' Feet Jelly.—Take two calves' feet, and add to them one gallon of water, and boil down to one quart; strain, and when cold remove all the fat; then add the whites of six or eight eggs, well beaten; half a pound of loaf sugar and the juice of four lemons, and mix well. Boil for a few minutes, constantly stirring; then strain through flannel.

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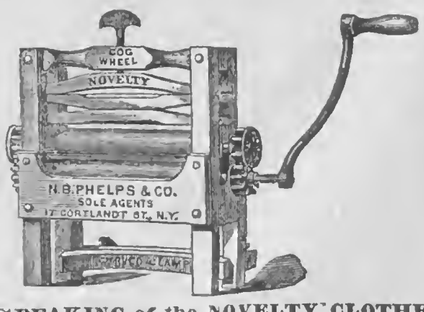

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AT THE LAST.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Oh, harvest moon! Again too soon
  You shed your mellow light!
The golden days have been in tune
Since we passed thro' the gates of June,
  That pleasant summer night.

Oh, autumn stars, too soon ye climb
  Within the welkin blue!
I had not dreamed that any time
Could rhyme with such a sober rhyme,
  Till lovers proved untrue!

But like the waves that beat the shore
  The summer days went by:
And now, the songs we sung of yore,
Those merry songs, we'll sound no more,
  Through all eternity.

No more! Ah, saddest of sad words
  That throng the human heart!
The scented breeze that softly stirred,
The rippling song of bonny bird,
  Can make the tear-drop start!

Each said to each, "*Oh, tried and true,*
  Our love can never fail;"
Yet—what must be, the angels knew,
And brought the breezes, faint and few,
  To fill the snowy sail!

Oh, harvest moon! Your tender light
  Falls sweetly on the shore;
And yet, that sail, just out of sight,
Bears from me all that made life bright,
  Ah, me, forevermore.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW MARJORY WENT TO WASHINGTON; OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

[Continued from page 384, last number.]

CHAPTER IV.

"GOD'S best gift, a perfect day,"—the sunbeams gilding with glory every created thing. The bird's song is a chorus of merriment; not a minor of sadness is to be heard.

The glad beauty of the morning so permeated everything that MARJORY was really singing, altho' she had decided to send a letter by that day's mail, telling her friends that she could not join them. And now, while she is bravely performing her morning labors, let us knock with "Uncle JOHN" at the little house inhabited by the widow O'FLARETY.

"Good morning," says "Uncle JOHN."

"The top o' the mornin' to ye," answers Mrs. BRIDGET; "an' will ye walk in and rest a bit!"

"No, I thank you; I thought I had better see if the house needed any repairs before the cold weather came on, and I think that plastering requires attention. Let me see; you lived with Mrs. MAY once, I think?"

"Sure an' I did, and a beautiful time it was for me; in her very kitchen it was that MIKE came to see me."

"Well, her sister is there, quite sick. I wish you could stay there a few weeks and help them while I have the house repaired."

Thus it was settled. Sing on, MARJORY: somebody has "crowded in" a kindness for you.

MARJORY'S song unconsciously wandered into a minor, as she carefully folded the dainty white Swiss that she had thought would go to somebody's reception, and then as she closed the lid of the trunk, all at once she seemed to realize just what she was giving up, and there would have been tears but for the sudden ringing of the door bell. Starting down stairs she met her mother, who said—"Never mind, BRIDGET will go."

"Who is BRIDGET?"

"BRIDGET O'FLARETY, who used to live with us. She came in a few moments since to ask me if she could not stay here a few weeks while her house is being repaired, and I was just coming to tell you that I think the fates are in your favor and that you had better write to your friends that you will join them."

"Faith, an' I think it's in here the fates is. Something rung the bell, and whin I wint nobody was there at all only this bundle."

With trembling fingers MADGE untied the string around the mysterious bundle, and discovered nor fates nor fairy, but a delicate silk "for the girl who would go to Washington on a rag carpet, from a gruff old bachelor."

Surely, MARJORY'S hands and heart were full, and the days seemed winged, until at last she said good-by and pocketed her check and tickets.

The days and nights are perfect. On they speed, through villages, farms and woodland, until at the close of the third day they approach the mountains. Now hovering on the brink of a precipice, now gliding into the darkened hush of a tunnel, now catching gleams of the Potomac tributaries, now thinking of fallen braves as some one points to distant Cheat Mountain. But on the platform of the back car, holding to the brake, almost intoxicated with the beauty of the scene, is MADGE, the enthusiast of all who traveled on the Baltimore and Ohio road that day, and no one dreaming that the first steps of that delightful journey had been taken on a homespun carpet of rags.

At last the journey was accomplished and added to MARJORY'S treasures, to be brought out on rainy days for the benefit of numberless cousins who will never travel by any other route than that of MARJORY'S imagination. MARJORY was in Washington. Day after day she visited the Capitol, and daily wondered why she had not been told of its many beauties. What though the seats in the "House" and "Senate Chamber" were uncomfortable, when one could listen to THADDEUS STEVENS, BINGHAM, or SUMNER and MORTON? The bronze doors (by ROGERS) were things of beauty, consequently "a joy forever;" and likewise that one spot before that great painting, "Westward," with the marble stairways, the bronze stair-cases, and the light beaming through the beautifully stained glass of the skylight.

And then when the "ayes and nays" were being called, or some prosy member had the floor, one could wander away into VINNIE REAM'S studio, where the flowers, vines, statuettes, and the wee, brown artist herself seemed to breathe a different atmosphere. What though afar beyond the bronzed doors and marble stairways "Members" and Senators were wrestling with the hydra Reconstruction, here was a resting place in this little shrine of poetry and art.

The "Rotunda" was ever a delightful study, although poor MADGE would snap her bonnet strings in endeavoring to read the "Allegory" in the Dome; and best of all, the "Libraries." But why attempt to describe that bewildering labyrinth of books? A lifetime would be required to do them justice. Here MARJORY loved to come and spend hours of quiet communing with the world's writers. The very atmosphere seemed dense with poetry and thought.

The "Capitol" with its varied attractions occupied her days, while the evenings were invaded by "receptions," concerts, &c., &c. We will listen as GUY GORDON reads part of one of her letters to Miss HATTIE HOLT:

A reception in imagination and a reception in reality are two vastly different affairs, friend GUY. In imagination our carriage rolls up to the door, from whence alighting, we glide to the dressing-room, where competent "domestiques" assist in smoothing the crushed tulle, fastening the delicate gloves, and rendering the toilette complete. But alas! "the folly of it, IAGO, the folly of it!" In *reality* we are moving slowly through a mile of tangled equipages: at last we are in front of the "mansion," (and Washington mansions are not always just what "our fancy painted them;") the gliding to the front door resolves itself into a thirty minutes' pushing and crowding, and when that is attained, alas! we discover that the crowd becomes more dense, and so we crowd our wee "sea foam" into our escort's pocket; he kindly takes our shawl upon his arm, and thus, without any finishing touches to the disarranged toilette, we make our *debut*. After we have been presented, the Mecca of our desire is a little niche where, all unobserved, we may watch the "lions." This is impossible; we discover to our surprise that the habitues of Washington consider strangers national guests, and so give them cordial welcome.

Can you imagine your girl-friend enjoying an unrestrained talk with the Hon. M. C., so long worshiped at a distance? Such was the fact, and I discovered to my surprise that "Foreign Ministers," United States Senators, M. C.'s and Major-Generals are very much like other folks. It did seem a little strange, however, when this prominent M. C. requested the pleasure of accompanying me to MURDOCH'S Reading to-morrow night. By the way, I do not consider a seat in Congress worthy of your ambition, therefore I selected one in the Senate. First of all, see to it that you attain complete, true manhood.

"Well," said HATTIE, "MADGE has a little more assurance than I thought she had: but then she is so ambitious that she does not care for appearances!"

We shall see.—[Concluded next week.

PARAGUAYAN COSTUMES.

JUST now, while popular attention is being attracted to Paraguay by reason of the war there in progress, an allusion to the characteristics of Paraguayans, and an illustration of their costumes, will prove of interest.

The Paraguayans are generally of mixed blood, the missions of the Jesuits having elevated the natives so that the Spanish soldiers and settlers readily married among them. The same Christian training, and the nature of the climate and soil, have tended to eliminate nearly every savage trace, and they are to-day mild and almost effeminate, with a clear, often brilliant white complexion, and subsist on the crops raised by agriculture. They are not a progressive people, but quiet, calm and easily governed. Their houses are one story high, often large and well built, with every care for proper ventilation. The bricks are large, being ten or twelve inches long, eight wide, and two thick. The better class of houses are covered with tiles, and have projecting roofs. Our illustration not only depicts the costumes of the country, but one of their customs, as well, the ladies being in the act of offering a guest some mate, or Paraguay tea, in a cup, while he holds in his hand the bombilla, or pipe, with which it is taken.

INTERESTING BREVITIES.

OPEN waists with chemisettes are very much worn.

"INITIALED portemonnaies" are among the latest things out.

OPAL rings are now superseding diamond engagement rings.

WINSEYS and serges make durable suits, and are fashionable.

TIGHT-FITTING velveteen and plush sacques are now in vogue.

WEDDING toilets this winter will be conspicuous for their elegant simplicity.

TRAINS are more moderate and graceful than the extreme styles worn of late.

THE latest caprice chronicled is the bird hat, made of the entire plumage of a fowl.

SHORT dresses are adopted for breakfast, for the promenade, for church, for dancing, and all occasions but those of great ceremony, such as bridal calls and wedding receptions.

SIGNOR MANGIOLA, an Italian journalist, who spent two years in America, has written a book on female beauty, in which he says that Boston can boast of the most beautiful women in the United States.

THE conference of German ladies, held at Stuttgart, has decided to organize a commission of painters, doctors, tailors and modistes for the purpose of suggesting new, artistic and appropriate toilets.

CRAVATS of colored silk, to match with the material or trimming of the dress, and ornamented with brocade flowers or other patterns, are now worn under morning collars, and are a pretty and stylish finish to a lady's toilet.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WORKERS.

WORKERS may be classified according to manner, into systematic workers and spasmodic workers. The former, at first observation, are not distinguishable for anything in particular. Indeed, it is frequently the case that they are the very ones whom you would suspect of doing nothing. Whether from necessity, from an inherent liking therefor, or from a law of their constitution which will not permit them to be idle, they have so habituated themselves to a prompt and orderly execution of whatever their hands find to do, that they seem to do it naturally and without effort. An individual of this class does not know what it is to be in a hurry. His work is always so systematized, he knows so well his own capacities for performing, and has learned to calculate so accurately for probable interruptions, that he is never found in the alarming condition of one having "everything to do and no time to do it in." This is the reliable class; it is upon such as these we may depend to do the world's work, and know it will be done well and in good season. In whatever department of labor such may be engaged—manual or mental—they may be relied upon with mathematical certainty to accomplish what they undertake, and in the time appointed.

The second class,—the spasmodic workers,—are such as work by starts and jerks—when they feel like it, or when they are obliged to. They seem to take a morbid delight in an "accumulation of work." They sit down in placid tranquility and look dreamily on while others toil, until the pressure of the accumulation forces them to action. Then, indeed, no one can outdo them in vigor of movement, in intensity of application, or in strength of purpose. Their zeal is unbounded; their speed tremendous. They tear down, they build up, they set to rights, they form new plans and abandon old ones; they clean house in a day, and write a book in the evening.

You may recognize these by the peculiar buzz which attends their movements, by the rigid and determined countenance, the knock-down air, and the solemn, awe-inspiring sense of responsibility which pervades every feature. Whether blacking a stove or calculating an eclipse, you would think the safety of the nation depended upon its being done, and that in the least possible time. Alas! that so lively a zeal should be so evanescent! Scarcely do the good results begin to flow from the exercise of such prodigious energy, before the agent tires of the effort, and the next you see of him he is dreaming in the rocking-chair,—the stove half blacked, and the eclipse indefinitely postponed.

There are yet others who belong to neither of these classes. They are blunderers; they do nothing at the right time or place. They do their work as they would read Hebrew,—backwards. They are industrious and persevering, and yet they accomplish nothing, because they do not know how to render their labor effective. They are unable to economize time or strength, and so they plod on, stumbling their way through life, wearing themselves out to no purpose.

The world needs workers—earnest, systematic, live men and women. There's enough to do; our churches, our schools, our country, our farms, our millinery shops, and our wood-piles, all present vast fields for human activity. There are none so humble but they are needed in some sphere. Who can doubt that when the great pay-day shall arrive, and the Master of the vineyard shall settle up his accounts with us, the one question asked of each laborer will be—"How has he worked?"

A SECRET has been admirably defined, as, "any thing made known to everybody in a whisper."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POVERTY.

VERY soon, now, we may listen to the wild gusts of winter winds, and day by day watch the great white drifts piling higher and higher around our door, while safe in the shelter of numberless cheerful homes, smiling faces will look forth, contented, happy and blest. Would that every place called home might be a safe shelter and protection from the coming storms of winter. But alas! there's many a creaking door and broken pane through which the cold blast will sweep, bringing tears and moans to the little ones, and woe to the hearts of the helpless, poverty-stricken parents.

Is there no help for such? Perhaps not; yet a little fuel and a few warm garments, just as well for being a little faded, or out of fashion—how much they would help in the great extremity! And should such find their way over the humble threshold, brought by those who by sweet deeds of mercy have found how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive," then the light of hope and happiness might once more be brought to those in the cheerless home, not alone by the bright blaze and warm garments, but by the consciousness that they have been remembered by their fellow beings.

And parents, as you fondly watch the little group gathering around the home fireside, so warmly clad, so tenderly cared for, think how your hearts would bleed to see your own darlings shivering with cold, and crying for food. And yet such trouble is all around you, and the children very likely are as dear to their parents as yours are to you. You might have seen little forlorn ragged creatures shivering on the street corners yesterday, with blue, pinched faces and hands, with little feet thrust into shoes but a shade better than none,—little feet that, instead of the bounding, elastic step of childhood, trudge slowly along, as if they were half weary already of the long struggling life-journey before them,—faces with already a settled look of sorrow and care taking the place of the smiling dimples and rosy flush of infancy.

Poverty is everywhere, and every person can, if they will, think of some worthy object on which to bestow charity. There's many an old chest in the attic, whose contents, brought forth, would help clothe comfortably some poor, needy family; garments but half worn, laid aside for those of later fashion; little jackets and dresses out-grown long ago. Then there are mittens, stockings and little shoes, too, all needed somewhere. Some loving, sorrowful mother would bless and pray for you night and day, seeing how comfortable your simple gifts had made her little flock. With the long, cold winter coming on, let us not be wholly unmindful of those sacred duties that should ever claim our earnest attention.

I beg to be forgiven if I am unjust, but I sometimes think there are people in this strange world who prefer foreign missions and public charities, when the names go with the gift, to the quiet, unostentatious acts of helping the poor at home. Such may be called benevolent people, and yet never feel the entire satisfaction which alone comes with the knowledge of having rendered assistance to a suffering fellow creature. Besides, we are assured of something still better than the approval of our own conscience in the words,—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the LORD shall deliver him in time of trouble."

MRS. G. H. C.

EXPRESSION IN THE EYEBROWS.

THE eyebrows are a part of the face comparatively but little noticed, though in disclosing the real sentiments of the mind scarcely any other features of the face can come into competition. In vain the most prudent female imposes silence on her tongue; in vain she tries to compose her face and eyes; a single movement of the eyebrows instantly discloses what is passing in her soul. Placed upon the skin, and attached to muscles which move them in every direction, the eyebrows are obedient, in consequence of their extreme mobility, to the slightest internal impulses. There majesty, pride, vanity, severity, kindness, the dull and gloomy passions, and the passions soft and gay, are alternately depicted. "The eyebrows alone," said Lavater, the prince of physiognomists, "often give the positive expressions of the character." "Part of the soul," says Pliny the elder, "resides in the eyebrows, which move at the command of the will." Le Brun, in his treatise on the passions, says "that the eyebrows are the least equivocal interpreters of the emotions of the heart and of the affections of the soul."

MONEY.—"Money," says the Nation, "is rapidly growing to be a solitary social test; at once the corner-stone and coping of that gorgeous edifice which is known as our best society. We do not at all inquire whether a man or woman is virtuous or cultivated in order to admit them to the sacred circles of our *elite*, but only if they are rich."

SANDWICHES.

PRETTY deep—Farewell.

POETICAL animals—Purr-verse cats.

A WRIT of error—A slip of the pen.

THE golden mean—Wealthy misers.

NATURAL politeness—The boughs of trees.

THINGS that come home to us—Butcher's bills.

SENTIMENTAL aquaties—Eyes swimming in tears.

A PRACTICAL artist—A man who can always draw his salary.

AN enraged man tears his hair; but an enraged woman tears her husband's.

A SWAN'S breast cannot be seen when he swims, it is so much down under water.

WHEN are skipping lambs like library volumes? When they are boundin' sheep.

THE individual whose choler subsided wore a paper one and was caught in a shower.

WHY is a pretty girl with *les beaux deux* like a happy thought? Because she's a bright eyed dear.

THE more a woman's waist is shaped like an hour glass the quicker will the sands of her life run out.

A MR. HEN has started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and his little chickens.

A POETASTER asked Nat Lee, "Is it not easy to write like a madman, as you do?" "No," answered Nat; "but it is easy to write like a fool as you do."

A DANDY, ordering a pair of pantaloons of his tailor said that he wanted them very tight, according to the latest fashion. "If I can get them on," said he, "I won't take them."

CHILDREN love powerful faces. A man with a strong and genial face is at once the favorite of children and dogs, only he can never act with the little jumping troop on the childish play-ground when grown spectators are in the boxes.

Sabbath Reading.

"FLEE AS A BIRD."

FLEE as a bird to your mountain,
  Thou who art weary of sin,
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
  Where you may wash and be clean.
  Fly, for the avenger is near thee,
  Call and the Saviour will hear thee,
  He, on His bosom will bear thee,
    Thou who art weary of sin,
    O, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee forever,
  Wipe every falling tear,
He will neglect thee, oh! never,
  Sheltered so tenderly there.
  Haste then! the hours are flying,
  Spend not the moments in sighing,
  Cease from your sorrow and crying,
    The Saviour will wipe every tear,
    The Saviour will wipe every tear.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PURIFIED.

BY MRS. H. M. LINCOLN.

THERE are hearts struggling for purity, to whom the Father's ways seem mysterious. Every pleading prayer such have uttered may have been for a spotless life and a fervent faith, sanctified by divine love. Such may have felt unsafe in their own strength; every effort of their own may have seemed sterile and useless, without the invigorating warmth of their Father's reconciled smile. That GOD recognises these as His children, and, like a faithful Father, chastens and corrects, and administers every needed discipline, is not strange.

How grateful and glad such hearts should be, that their earnest desire for an heavenly inheritance is not overlooked by a holy and just GOD. When weak and weary He gives them strength; when they cry for clean hearts and pure lives He withholds not the severe discipline needed to accomplish the great work. Often when the heart seems so contrite, and broken, and tender, and the struggling ones plead entire submission, severe and mysterious afflictions discover opposition, still, to their Father's government. GOD makes the way very dark, oftentimes, before the anxious servant is prepared to stand on the exalted heights of *liberty* in CHRIST.

"Well may we tremble to ask GOD to teach and sanctify us if we do *not* mean it. But we need not tremble at any possible discipline if we do." No, nor our hearts shrink with fear when again and again we feel the painful, piercing answers to our repeated petitions for purity of heart. If our Father's glory is dearer to us than all else, and to live right the first great object of our being, GOD will surely help us. If strength and encouragement will bring us nearer CHRIST, He will bestow these. If to be brought low in the valley of humility will answer our prayers, He will bring us *there*. If suffering and sorrow, anguish and pain, will better train our spirits for entire submission to His will, and make our lives spotless examples of piety, a wise Father will not allow us luxury, and ease, and pleasure.

Why need mortals question GOD'S ways? Do we not know all things shall work together for good to those that love Him? *All* things! If all this mortal life we walk in darkness,—if ere we escape one affliction we approach another,—if fear and trembling overtake us at every step, how glad should be our hearts, how content our spirits, how triumphant our faith, how perfect our trust in our unerring Guide. All things! Can we doubt this when we know and feel daily that our hearts are growing more humble, our lives more peaceful?

Will He who withholds no good thing from those who walk uprightly leave us destitute of the good our spirits need, even though our shrinking bodies tremble? When our weary feet shall be firmly planted on the Everlasting Rock, and our hearts made fit temples for the indwelling of GOD, our souls shall rest sweetly and nothing disturb our peace. And when, after a few fleeting days we sleep to awaken in a glorious mansion, made without hands, we shall know why, in trying to bear the cross we were fitted, through suffering, to carry it to the end, that we might wear the crown CHRIST purchased by his most precious blood.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1868.

"WATER! WATER!"

PERHAPS no cry is more striking after all than the short and simple cry of the water-carrier. "The gift of God!" he says, as he goes along with his water-skin on his shoulder. It is impossible to hear this cry without thinking of the Lord Jesus' words to the woman of Samaria:—"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee. Give me to drink," etc. It is very likely that water, so invaluable, and so often scarce in hot countries, was, in those days spoken of, as now, as "the gift of God," to denote its preciousness; if so, the expression would be forcible to the woman and full of meaning. The water-carrier's cry in Egypt must always rouse a thoughtful mind to a recollection of the deep necessities of the people, of the thirst which they yet know not of, and makes him wish and pray for the time when the sonorous cry of "Ya aatee Allah!" shall be a type of the cry of one bringing the living water of the Gospel and saying, "Behold the gift of God!"

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE; OR, "IT IS I."—A lady walking on some downs the morning after a terrific thunder storm, met a shepherd. She asked him what his sheep had done during the storm. "Ah!" he replied, "I folded them as usual in the evening; but when the storm came on I thought of the poor things, and went out to look after them. When I got a little distance from the fold, I found them jumping about in the greatest alarm; but the moment they heard my voice they were quite quiet." Just so, storm and tempest may break over the believer, but only let him hear the Chief Shepherd's voice saying, "It is I," and there is a great calm.

GOOD FOR EVIL.—Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied: "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

THOSE who have lost time have need to redeem it; and the longer we have loitered in that which is good, the more haste we should make.—*M. Henry.*

THE joy of the spirit is a delicate, sacred deposit, and must be kept in a pure casket, as an unholy breath will dim its luster and fade its freshness.

The Reviewer.

KATHRINA: HER LIFE AND MINE IN A POEM. By J. G. HOLLAND. Illustrated by W. J. HENNESSY and C. C. GRISWOLD. Engraved by W. J. LINTON. [Small 4to.—pp. 281.] New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

WHO would not be a poet, and have his rhythmic productions go forth in such magnificence of literary royalty as we see here? The very purple and fine linen of bookish apparel is here shown, in the more than rich, ornate binding, the lavishness of gilt, the cream-tinted, superb paper, the beautiful typography, and the numerous admirably penciled illustrations. Surely, the bookmaker's art cannot go beyond this. As a holiday volume it probably will not be surpassed. The drawings are from Nature, the artist having visited the *locale* of the poem expressly to obtain them, and are excellent sketches of New England scenery. Of the poem itself, and its poetic merits, we are not now prepared to speak. We have not found that leisure hour, since its receipt, which we desire to give to its undisturbed perusal. When we do mayhap we will allude to it again. Its immense popularity is strongly in its favor. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

RUBY'S HUSBAND. By MARION HARLAND, Author of "Alone," "Hidden Path," "Nemesis," "Miriam," etc. [12mo.—pp. 492.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

WE used to think MARION HARLAND's productions of the better class of second-rate novels, pleasing and not pernicious reading. This inclines us to a different opinion. It is the province of a good book to awaken happy thoughts, or enforce a useful lesson. Measured by this standard, "Ruby's Husband" is not a good book. It does not call forth a pleasant thought throughout; or at the most but few, and smothers these in a mass of miserable rubbish. There is only one character depicted which it is at all gratifying to contemplate. The story has interest, of course; so have the disgusting details of a murder trial, but they do not improve one's sensibilities. Mrs. TERHUNE's readers deserve better from her pen. Sold by DARROW.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER, PLYMOUTH CHURCH, BROOKLYN. Selected from Published and Unpublished Discourses, and Revised by their Author. In two Volumes. Vols. I and II. [8vo.—pp. 484 and 486.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE numerous admirers of Mr. BEECHER will welcome these two large and handsome volumes. They comprise the most ample collection of his published and unpublished discourses yet issued, there being eighteen sermons in the first volume, and twenty-two in the second. They have been carefully edited by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, and finally revised by the author himself, so that their version is authoritative. The range of subjects is broad indeed, and fitly reflects Mr. BEECHER's field of pulpit ministration, while containing something for all classes of thinkers. We trust these sermons may be widely read, that they may widely profit and bless. Sold by DEWEY.

THE POETICAL WRITINGS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK. With Extracts from those of JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE. Edited by JAMES GRANT WILSON. [12mo.—pp. 389.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HALLECK was not a great poet. With a few exceptions, which will ever keep his memory green, his effusions manifest little real power. They impress us as the work of one who was seldom roused to do the best he was able to. Very graceful in conception and finished in rhythm they generally are, but not often strong with that rare poetic strength shining out in "Marco Bozaris." Yet lovers of good poetry will be gratified to see Mr. HALLECK's complete works in so tasty and even elegant dress; and will only regret that he who was gifted to write so well did not more often keep up to the highest standard of excellence. For sale by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH, and H. K. BROWNE. Dombey & Son, Old Curiosity Shop, Hard Times. [12mo.—pp. 779.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

OF this edition of DICKENS we can only say what we think we have said before,—it is the best cheap edition published. Though the type is small, it is clear, and can be easily read, the impression being distinct throughout. The binding is good, and in it the great author's creations can long be preserved. One of the finest of them all is wrapt up in the present volume—"little NELL." Besides the three stories named in the title, several Christmas stories are given. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

CHANGING BASE; Or, What Edward Rice Learnt at School. By WILLIAM EVERETT, Author of "On the Cam." Illustrated. [16mo.—pp. 282.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

YOUTHFUL readers are being finely catered to, now-a-days. The best writers are employing their pens to amuse and instruct them, and publishers are clothing the productions of these writers in the handsomest garbs. This book is a beauty, in every respect, and as excellent as beautiful. The lesson it teaches to indolent school-boys is so interestingly presented that they will not refuse to receive it. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

MILDRED. A Novel. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. Author of "Leslie Tyrrill," "Faith Kenwin's Ordeal," &c., &c. [8vo.—pp. 121.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE DOWER HOUSE. A Story. By ANNIE THOMAS. (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP.) Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," etc., etc. [8 vo.—pp. 121.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

Two of the latest numbers of the HARPERS' Library of Select Novels are here given, each good in its way, and furnishing pleasant reading. Their style is clever, and their tone not objectionable. For sale by DEWEY.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. From Rollo to Edward II. By the Author of "The Heir of Radclyffe." [12 mo.—pp. 475.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HISTORY is here treated in a manner novel and attractive. Instead of a continuous narrative, the most notable incidents are seized upon, and presented in a style clear-cut as the cameo, and thus fitly named. Nearly every chapter is a complete picture by itself; and all are well done. As a book for school-room reading, for young people who have progressed just beyond elementary history, it is valuable. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE; Or, Trying the World. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," "Claudia," etc. [12mo.—pp. 355.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A QUIETLY interesting story, told in a simple, natural manner, quite in contrast with the stilted, sensational style now too much in vogue. Some crude school-girl ideas crop out, here and there, but the demerits are more than overbalanced by the good qualities. For sale by DARROW.

PLANCHETTE'S DIARY. Edited by KATE FIELD. [12mo.—paper, pp. 95.] New York: J. S. Redfield.

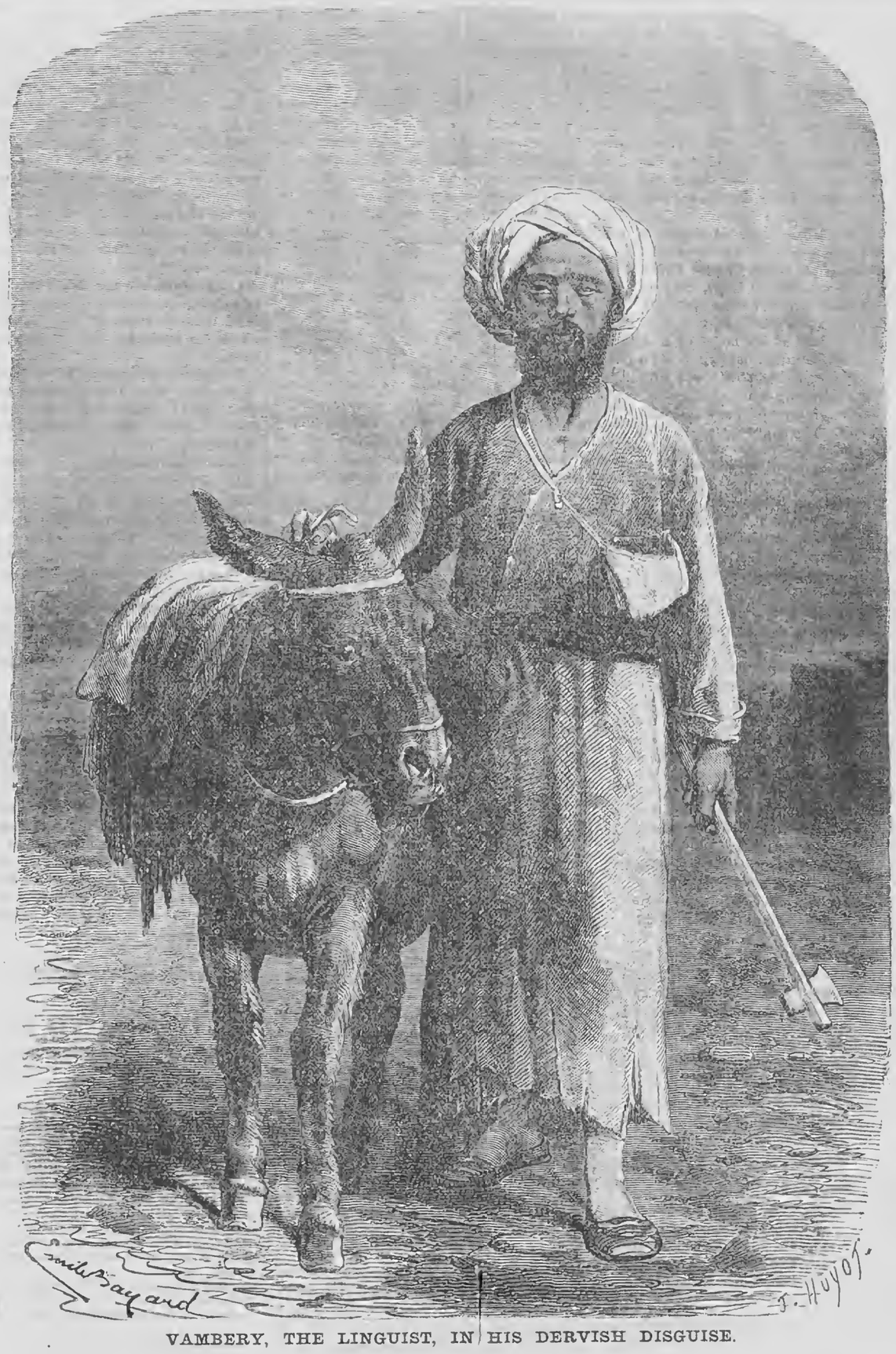
WE have been much inclined to think that Planchette should be written *plain cheat*. After perusing Miss FIELD's brochure touching it we still hold to the *cheat*, though it doesn't seem quite so *plain*. Persons with a penchant for the curious may be interested in the cheat's diary.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART. Complete Edition. [16mo.—pp. 487.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE "Diamond Edition of the Poets," of which this tasty little volume is the latest issue, was begun in 1866, and its popularity is still undimmished. All of SCOTT's poems are here given, in convenient form and well printed. Sold by DEWEY.

GLEANING AMONG THE SHEAVES. By Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. Second Edition. [16mo.—pp. 288.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

A PERFECT little gem this is, in every respect. The "gleanings" are from Mr. SPURGEON's sermons,—brief extracts on almost every topic relating to Christian faith and duty. They are all excellent. Sold by DARROW.



VAMBERY, THE LINGUIST, IN HIS DERVISH DISGUISE.

ARMINIUS VAMBERY, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of Pesth, was born in the year 1832, at Duan Szerdahely, a Danubian island, belonging to the province of Presburg, Hungary. His father, who died when VAMBERY was quite young, was a common Hungarian peasant; and his mother, a pious Protestant woman, early sent her son to the village school. When fifteen years of age he attended a school in the city of Presburg, where he studied industriously, though in great poverty, managing to support himself by teaching the Slavic cooks and servants the Hungarian language. His own wonderful talent for languages developed very early; and when seventeen he had acquired, without a teacher, the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, English, Servian and Croatian languages,—acquired them not only theoretically, but so as to speak them fluently and correctly.

Becoming interested in the endeavor to solve the intricate question of the original derivation of his race, (which has long been a subject of profound investigation on the part of European ethnologists,) and hoping, by a practical study of the living languages of the related grades between the Magyars and the Turkish-Tartar tribes of Middle Asia, to accomplish its solution, he went to Constantinople, where, in the brief space of four years, he mastered twenty Oriental languages perfectly. There he was made private secretary of Faud Pasha, and having access to the archives of the country brought forth many important historical documents.

In 1861 VAMBERY left Constantinople mysteriously, and joining a party of beggar monks, started on his long desired pilgrimage to Middle Asia. He proceeded first to Mecca; thence to Teheran, the chief city of Persia, where he passed as a pious Mohammedan; and then, disguised as a dervish, he joined a caravansary of holy dervishes and journeyed with them across the Turkomanian Desert to Khiva; from there to Bokhara, thence to Samarkand and Afghanistan maintaining his disguise until he reached Meschid, in Persian Chorassan, where it was safe for him to again appear as a European, and arriving in Constantinople in June, 1864.

His story of those four eventful years among the nomadic tribes which he visited, is as interesting as a romance. The style in which he traveled is well shown in the engraving. In his ragged old cloak were preserved the results of all his wanderings. He wrote with pencil, in the Mongolian language, and sewed his notes, together with plans and maps of cities and states through which he passed, into the lining of his cloak, which finally became so heavy that it was almost impossible to walk under it, and he was constantly afraid that it would betray him. The account of his journeyings appeared (in English) in London, in 1864.

Various Topics.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FINE WRITING AND TALKING.

REPUBLICAN simplicity ought to be a characteristic of the American people in all respects. In a country where the national laws and customs permit a citizen of the humblest birth to rise to the highest position, the show of gilt and tinsel ought to be less attractive than among a people ruled by kings and emperors, and where the laws of the land recognize and establish privileged classes. But the bombastic efforts of American writers and orators has often been subject to criticism, at home and abroad. Nevertheless, we continue to be supplied, daily, with little ideas clothed with big words, by these men who, grasping after the sublime, forget that according to the teachings of BLAIR all sublimity must be in the object or scene described.

"*Let there be light*," than which nothing can be more sublime, is rendered, "The Sovereign Arbiter of the universe, by the potent energy of a single word, commanded light into existence." "*It is pitch dark*," becomes, "The terrestrial regions are enveloped in bituminous obscurity." The somewhat vulgar but expressive Yankee phrase,—"*Root hog or die*," our high-flown friends have remodeled into, "Penetrate the subsoil, porcine friend, or expect an early obituary notice of your untimely demise." The concise sublimity of CÆSAR's, "*I came, I saw, I conquered*," and GRANT's laconic "*Push things*," are lost in the misty, long-worded sentences of this class of rhetoricians.

A little silver-top thimble is a thing known, and its use comprehended by every little girl in the land; but how few of those grown to mature years would recognize it, when scientifically defined as a "diminutive, argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations."

The object of writing should be to amuse or instruct. Beauty in style is desirable. A well written article, or lecture, or book, more readily accomplishes its purpose, and more easily commands our attention, than a poorly written one. It is pleasant to listen to the reading of an essay, in which every word used is the best word that could be employed for expressing the idea which it is intended to convey; but, when it is necessary to puzzle the brain with extraordinary words, to gain a weak thought, the pleasure becomes a painful task. It requires a very great many words to make a dictionary complete, but only a very small portion of them to express ordinary ideas.

The practice of spelling, orally, regardless of meaning, which prevails in very many of our common schools, is an exceedingly foolish one, and is productive of much harm. There is no utility in having a pupil learn to spell a word of which he knows not the meaning. The familiar sound of the word is constantly tempting him to use it, to the amusement of his associates, and to his own embarrassment.

A resting place for the dead is indispensable in every community, but the lady who was going to send her daughter to a *cemetery*, to learn the dead languages, would have found the circumstances unfavorable for great proficiency. A *refrigerator* is useful in its place, but the lady who boastfully said their house was warmed by one, did not suggest any new ideas of comfort. L. D. B.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE crust of the earth on which we live is only thirty miles thick. Below that depth the earth is incandescent, a mass of fire. The great volcanic chimneys of Popocatapetl in Mexico, and Cotopaxi in South America, are vents for this internal fire. The recent tremendous earthquake which overwhelmed entire cities and their inhabitants, and made funeral waste of the coast of Peru, Ecuador and Chili, shows that nature is still subject to terrific convulsions.

The old theological view of such heart-rending catastrophes was, that they were punishments for sin. But the very constitution of this globe renders such upheavals inevitable. Doubtless the volcanic region of South America would be subject to such visitations, if not a single human being dwelt on its borders. But even the scientific men must stand appalled and helpless in the presence of such a fearful phenomenon. When the firm earth itself ceases to be reliable, and is more treacherous than the ocean in a storm, then man is completely dismayed.

We seem to have entered upon an era of earthquakes. The destruction of property on the western coast of South America by the earthquake of August last is reckoned at $200,000,000, and thirty thousand human beings were crushed to death. No wonder that the people of the tropics are more superstitious, unthrifty and careless of the future than the people of temperate latitudes, when a few moments of subterranean convulsion will wipe out of existence the works and accumulated capital of generations.—*Boston Courier.*

AN ENGINE OF MARVELOUS POWER.

ONE of the curiosities of Printing House Square is the huge engine which runs The Mail press, as well as many others. This is owned by a firm in Spruce street, between William and Nassau, and occupies the basement of their building. There is a large 150-horse-power engine which runs during the day, and a 75-horse-power which relieves it at night. This engine prints all McLaughlin's toy books, runs the immense establishments of Bradstreet and J. W. Oliver, besides many other job printers, a hoop skirt manufactory and several binderies, and prints nearly fifty papers, besides magazines, and books innumerable, among them the Mail, the Independent, Dispatch, Leader, Star, Examiner and Chronicle, Observer, Courier, Clipper, Wilkes' Spirit, Turf, Field and Farm, Police Gazette, La Crosse Democrat, Ledger, New York Weekly, Literary Album, Sunday Times, New-Yorker, Demokrat, Commonwealth, Scottish American, Freeman's Journal, Tablet, Emerald, Irish American, Irish People, etc., etc. Truly a power in the world.—*New York Mail.*

GYPSIES.—These wandering people made their first appearance in Hungary in the year 1417, in the reign of Sigismund. In Northern Hungary, inhabited by Slavonians, they acquired domestic habits. In Southern Hungary, they remained nomadic. The color of these gypsies varies from white to red. In Hungary proper they number 30,000 to 40,000. There their trades are blacksmiths, musicians, and horse-dealers. Maria Teresa endeavored to interest them in agricultural pursuits, but unsuccessfully. It is told of a band of 1,000 of these gypsies, that they successfully defended a fortress against a more numerous force. Driving back their assailants, they boasted that their victory would have been more complete if they had not expended their powder. Hearing this, the enemy returned, captured the fort, and, to their disgrace, killed every gypsy.

ANCESTRY.—It is with antiquity as with ancestry, nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other; but if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.

Reading for the Young.

LITTLE NANNIE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

FAWN-FOOTED Nannie,
Where have you been?
"Chasing the sunbeams
Into the glen;
Plunging through silver lakes
After the moon;
Tracking o'er meadows
The footsteps of June."

Sunny-eyed Nannie,
What did you see?
"Saw the fays sewing
Green leaves on a tree;
Saw the waves counting
The eyes of the stars;
Saw cloud lambs sleeping
By sunset's red bars."

Listening Nannie,
What did you hear?
"Heard the rain asking
The rose to appear;
Heard the woods tell
When the wind whistled wrong;
Heard the stream flow
Where the bird drinks his song."

Nannie, dear Nannie,
O take me with you,
To run and to listen
And see as you do!
"Nay, nay! you must borrow
My ear and my eye,
Or the beauty will vanish—
The music will die!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN.—No. IV.

BY COLY.

ACCIDENTAL greatness dies young; and it knows no resurrection. It is excited, boasting, egotistical and tyrannical. All the littleness of its common childhood is lost in the shadow of its present brief loftiness. It assassinates poverty, courts Godliness under the sun and stabs it under the moon, flatters knowledge to keep secret its own ignorance.

Character never dies; *it is born to live.* It is never beyond improvement. Man makes his character, and his character preserves him. Little promises, little debts, little words and little acts are small in themselves, but they are the very weights we throw in the balance over against a man's reputation. One noble deed doesn't establish true nobility. No man can be trusted with the cares of a high station until he has proven himself capable and honest in lower ones. Better see him swim the brook before you bid him try the river.

And yet, some men begin to rise *only* when Fate seeks to pull them down. Difficulties awake them; and what to others seems certain defeat, is all that nerves them to win the battle. True bravery and true nobility are shy, unassuming. It is the traitor who boasts of his loyalty, and the villain who modifies his honesty! Honor "vaunteth not itself," looks every man in the face, fearing none; asketh no advertising and *cannot* be flattered.

Boys, remember these little things, and don't boast of your honesty. Boast not at all! And I think it poor philosophy to lend a man *four* dollars by way of enticing him to pay the *one* he already owes you. Weigh your promises well, and when you have made, keep them, no matter what it costs. Judge others by what they *have done*, not by what they are *going to do!*

Don't keep your eyes on the stars and stumble over nuggets.

Black your own boots and bid every man black his. Keep your own hands in your own pockets. Pay cash, take cash. Never marry "an accomplished lady." The latest meaning of that word, "accomplished," is *ruin*. The truest type, for you, of blessed womanhood, beneath the Home of Love, is a good, pure, educated, working, farmer's girl. The name of lady becomes her; calico brings from her no sneer, no scream! Calico,—what a host of jewels and treasures it covers! Starched or unstarched, it's my favorite. This girl will wear a hat *twice* without retrimming! Is she poor? So much the better, then commence together; work, make, keep, enjoy together. And when we may talk together as old men she will be with you.

DENY YOURSELF.

"ARTHUR," said Mrs. Campbell, one Saturday afternoon, to her son, a boy nine years old, "can you deny yourself a gratification in order to give another pleasure?"

"I don't know, mother, but at all events I can try. What is it you mean?" said Arthur, who was buttoning his boots.

"Why, you know little Susan Grey wished to go to Sunday school, Arthur, and you also know she cannot go in her old clothes, and that I am making her frock, and tippet, and bonnet in order that she may go. I shall have to work till late this evening to get them done, and your father has just sent in a long account to cast up before tea, which would take me at least an hour. What is to be done, Arthur? Is Susan to go without her clothes for another week?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, then ran up stairs to his own bed-room, and burst into tears. What should he do? He only came home from school on Saturdays and went back Mondays; if he gave up flying his kite this afternoon he would have to wait a whole week before he would be able to fly it; it was a new one, too, and such a beautiful breezy day for it, and so many of his school fellows were going on the downs with their kites, and he wanted to show his; and yet poor little Susan would be so disappointed, and she looked forward to going to the school to-morrow. And this last thought quite decided him. He put away his kite, and returning to his mother, told her that "rather than little Susan should be disappointed, he would stay at home and attend to the accounts." He felt he had done right when he met his mother's approving smile.

Next day at church, Arthur looked toward the Sunday school children, and there, in the second row, sat little Susan in her new clothes, looking as pleased and happy as could be. The sight quite rewarded him, and the knowledge, too, that he had done a kind action.

He thought he never spent such a happy day before, and when he was just going to sleep at night, his dear mother came and told him how pleased she was with his conduct, and added, "I am sure, my dear Arthur, you were rewarded to-day when you saw little Susan among the school children."

"O, yes, dear mother, that I was, fully."

"Kind actions bring their rewards, my dear boy, and may you go on as you have begun, and always be willing in future to deny yourself!"

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES, REQUESTS, ETC.

The Rural as a Present.—As the Holiday season is at hand, when the making of presents is in order, we would remind readers that the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1869 will prove a most valuable gift—one which will be appreciated during the year, the recipient being reminded of the giver every week, and as often regaled with a feast of good things. Probably no more acceptable present can be made to distant relatives and friends, as many of our readers can testify. *Subscribers* sending the RURAL as a present are only charged the lowest club rate—$2.50 per copy.

Send us Names!—Subscribers and others frequently apply for copies of the RURAL to send to distant friends as specimens. If those who wish their friends to see the paper, and thus aid in extending its circulation, will send us the names and post-office addresses of such friends, near and distant, we will mail each a specimen of the enlarged and improved volume as soon as No. 1 is issued. Give us the names and we will cheerfully respond. Please act upon the suggestion.

The Enlarged Rural.—Many Agents and others wish us to send samples of the RURAL for 1869, in its enlarged and improved style. This is impossible, as No. 1 of Vol. XX cannot be issued for some weeks yet—though we hope to have it ready some days in advance of date. Agents and others forming clubs can safely assert that the new volume will *be all we have promised*. It will contain Sixteen Pages of Five Columns each, and the sheet be about double the size of the paper in 1867. Instead of the price being $5 a year, as our friends say it ought, it will be but $3 per single copy, and only $2.50 in clubs of ten or more! Friends, make up your Clubs.

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the RURAL. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both,—stating the facts about enlargement and improvement. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure.

Send Early!—In order that we may get the names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as fast and early as possible, our friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—as soon as convenient. Those who are forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards.

The Rural is Not a Monthly.—In presenting the claims of the RURAL, do not "forget to remember" to state that it is not a *monthly* of only 12 issues a year, but a Large and Handsome WEEKLY of Fifty-Two Numbers! The difference in price is altogether in favor of the RURAL, compared with any monthly.

How to Remit.—The best way to remit for clubs, as we have often stated, is by Draft. If $20 or over, send by draft, as there is no risk. For smaller amounts it is best to send by Post-Office Money Order,—but if you cannot do that, send in Registered letters.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency,—but any person disposed to do so can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.

Show Bills, Specimen Numbers, &c., sent free to all applicants. If you want more of such documents, let us know and they will be forwarded.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, DEC. 5, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

THE State Canvassers closed the canvass of the electoral ticket at Albany on the 23d ult. The majority for Gen. Slocum, the first elector at large on the democratic ticket, is just 10,000 over Marshal O. Roberts the first elector at large on the republican ticket. The average democratic majority on the whole electoral ticket is 9,963. The total democratic vote was 429,857, and the total republican vote was 419,844. The total vote of the State was 849,701.

The residence of Elisha Fero, at West Davenport, Delaware county, on the line of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad, was the scene of a most brutal murder last week, Mrs. Fero being the victim. She was shot through the head with a pistol, and her husband claims the deed was done by burglars, who awakened him by entering their sleeping apartment. By unanimous verdict of the coroner's jury Mr. Fero has been arrested for the murder. Mrs. Fero was a useful, talented woman.

Petitions in bankruptcy are again pouring in rapidly to the clerk's office of the district court, New York, in view of the anticipated expiration on the first of January of the voluntary clause in the bankrupt law.

Judge Sutherland, of the supreme court, has granted an order in the suit of Belmont against the Erie railroad, appointing Judge Davies receiver. Marshall O. Roberts and J. F. D. Lavier went surety for Judge Davies in the sum of $1,000,000.

Five separate and independent tickets were contesting the New York municipal election. The Republican, Col. Frederick A. Conkling for Mayor, and Charles P. Shaw for Corporation Counsel; Tammany Democrat, A. Oakey Hall and Richard O'Gorman; Mozart Democrat, A. Oakey Hall and George Shea; Constitutional Union, Andrew H. Green and Richard O'Gorman, and Democratic Union, Smith Ely, jr., for Mayor.

The Trinity Building in New York city was burned last week, involving a loss of $350,000.

About $1,000 worth of silks and other goods were stolen from a store in Le Roy on Monday night of last week. No clue to the thieves.

The mystery of an atrocious murder in Ulster county last week, has been finally cleared up. The body found, supposed to be that of Amanda Broadhead, proves to be that of Sophia Smith, wife of Jeremiah Smith, of Sullivan county. Smith took his wife from her home on the 14th ult., saying he was going to take her to Olive City, and since that time she has not been heard of until her remains were identified by her friends.

Wolves and catamounts are unusually plenty in the southern towns of Franklin county, and are making havoc among the sheep of the backwoods farmers.

John Sullivan, a shoemaker, was run over by a locomotive in the Central depot at Rochester last week and instantly killed.

It is expected that trains will be running on the Utica, Clinton and Binghamton railroad, between Utica and Oriskany, by the 1st of January. The grading between Oriskany and Deansville is being finished as rapidly as possible.

Gen. Frank Townsend has accepted the position of Adjutant-General, tendered him by Gov. Hoffman, on his staff.

The anniversary of "Evacuation Day" was duly celebrated in New York on Wednesday of last week.

Six of eighteen cows belonging to Mr. Dusenberry, of Warwick, Orange county, were attacked, last week with the symptoms of a deadly disease, and between Thursday and Saturday, died. It is thought that they were poisoned with corn smut.

Messrs. Jay Gould and James Fisk still continue in possession of the offices of the Erie Railway, but there is great reticence as to whether they or the newly-appointed receiver, Judge Davies, are running the road.

The traffic over the Albany Railroad Bridge is immense. During the month of September last 16,269 freight cars crossed it, and in October 18,372. In going to and from the Hudson River, Harlem, Boston and Albany, and Troy and Greenbush Railways, 41 passenger trains pass over it daily.

A kerosene lamp exploded at the house of E. J. Leslie in Sing Sing on Saturday, burning to death Mrs. Leslie and two children, one a boy about three years and the other a baby nine months old.

A bear was killed in the town of Vernon, Oneida county, last Tuesday. When discovered he was crossing the fields on a bee-line for Clinton. He was pursued by two men, one of whom sent a ball through his pericranium, killing him. Old bruin weighed three hundred and five pounds.

A gentleman from Canada, on a visit to friends in Rochester, was drowned in Irondequoit Bay last week, while out gunning.

From Washington.

MUCH anxiety is felt in military circles here in regard to General Sheridan's expedition into the Indian country. Colonel Tappan, of the Indian Commisson, does not hesitate to say that he believes that General Sheridan, if he encounters the Indians, will lose all his horses and come back barefoot. He defies anybody to point to an instance within the past ten years where a party of hostile Indians have ever been whipped. He says they can hover around our troops, harass them at will, and escape with the greatest ease; and that a band of Indian warriors can travel a hundred miles in a day, when the toughest company of the United States troops which can be found cannot go above fifty. On the other hand, military men generally have the greatest confidence in the result of the present operations.

Our Government has been officially informed that Lord Stanley and Minister Johnson have settled the point that the Commission for the adjudication of the Alabama claims, &c., will sit in Washington. The negotiations as to the details are still in progress. There is nothing in the latest advices to cause doubt that the two governments will satisfactorily arrange the preliminaries for the adjustment of matters in dispute.

An order discontinuing the general work of the Freedmen's Bureau, from and after New Years, and providing for carrying on the education and bounty work until Congress further provides, has just been published.

A full history of the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims is expected to appear in the President's message.

It is stated that Secretary McCulloch has nearly completed his annual report, and has fixed upon his estimates of revenue to be raised for the next fiscal year at two hundred and fifty millions of dollars. This estimate is one hundred and thirty-one millions less than that made for the present fiscal year.

Judge Fullerton has made an appeal to the public through a card, in which he says that his indictment is the work of parties implicated in the whisky frauds, and is done in self-defense. He says he is employed by the President to expose these frauds, and the only hope of the parties involved is in crushing him by a civil conspiracy.

The Government will move for a continuance of the trial of Jeff. Davis, the opinion being that Chief Justice Chase ought to preside. This he cannot do at the present term of the court.

Gen. Grant has submitted his annual report to the Secretary of War. It is very brief, referring for details to the reports of division, district and department commanders accompanying. The General renews his recommendation of last year that the control of the Indians be transferred to the War Department, calls special attention to the recommendation of Gen. Sherman on this subject, of which he approves, and says that while the Indian war continues he does not deem any general legislation for the reduction of the army advisable, because the troops now on the plains are needed in the Southern States.

A statue of Alexander Hamilton, heroic size, executed in Italy by Horatio Stone of Washington, under an order of Congress, has been placed temporarily in the rotunda of the capitol.

The Secretary of the Treasury's report will show an expenditure on account of the public debt of about $848,500,000, which includes redemptions, conversions, interest on public debt, &c.

It is said that the President has not dismissed the subject of the whisky frauds in New York, and the suspension of District Attorney Courtney and other officers, but is waiting for further evidence, which is promised to be forthcoming.

The long promised opinion of Attorney General Evarts on the eight hour law of the last Congress has been delivered to the President. It is voluminous and will soon be given to the press.

From the West.

DETAILS of the burning of the Central Lunatic Asylum at Columbus, Ohio, on the night of the 18th ult., have been made public. It was a terrible affair. Six of the unfortunate inmates were suffocated before they could be rescued, and many others were saved only by the greatest exertions.

The General Assembly of Ohio is now in session. The Governor's message was read before it on the 23d ult. It declares the financial condition of the State satisfactory.

The great blast at Lime Point, near San Francisco, for which preparations had been going on for some months, has been exploded. The mine was 85 feet deep, with chambers 180 feet. Twelve tons of gunpowder were used, and 80,000 tons of rock were thrown down, 20,000 of which went into the bay. It was the most completely successful engineering feat ever attempted on the Pacific coast. It is estimated that it will take forty men six months to clear the *debris* and make ready for the fortifications.

The steam revenue cutter Wyandotte, Capt. J. W. White, has just returned to San Francisco from a summer's cruise to Alaska, besides visiting many points of interest and importance south of the Aleutian Islands, already comparatively well known.

A Stockton (Cal.) paper notices an apple tree near that place which has yielded three crops of fruit the present year, and is again in blossom.

A Salt Lake dispatch says that new and rich mines have been discovered on the White River. The ore taken out pays from $5,000 to $7,000 per ton, and assays have been made of ore yielding at the rate of $10,000 to $15,000 per ton. An ore crushing mill is already in operation, and large quantities of ore are being shipped daily to Austin for reduction.

At last accounts Gen. Sheridan and staff had arrived at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, from Fort Dodge, with a part of the 10th Cavalry and Kansas Volunteer Cavalry. The new fort is in progress of construction at this point, under Gen. Sulley, the District Commander. Gen. Custar, with the 7th Cavalry, was to leave there next day, on a chase of the Indians which may continue all winter. Snow was falling rapidly, but the Indians were still troublesome.

From the South.

H. RIVES POLLARD, editor of the Southern Opinion, was shot and instantly killed in Richmond on Tuesday of last week, while passing near his office. The fatal shot was fired from an upper window by one James Grant, it is supposed, the provocation being certain articles published in the Opinion reflecting on the character of Grant's sister. Grant was found locked up in the room whence the shot proceeded, armed with pistols, and near him a double-barreled shot gun, one barrel of which had just been discharged. He was arrested, but neither admitted nor denied the act. Public opinion was greatly in his favor.

Seven persons were publicly whipped at New Castle, Delaware, on the 21st ult., the pillory not having yet been abolished in that locality.

The Legislatures of Alabama and Arkansas are sitting. In the former, a bill for collecting debts is under discussion, the stay law having been declared unconstitutional by the Courts. In the latter, the Governor's message has been read, giving an account of the Ku-Klux murders, recommending the funding of the State debt, &c. The declaration of martial law is approved by the Legislature.

Extensive and barefaced revenue frauds in Louisiana have been exposed, implicating nearly all the government officials in the State. In eighteen months the government was swindled out of $11,000,000.

An official from New Orleans says that if Congress, having so many contested seat cases to determine, should repudiate the election in Louisiana and reject the entire Louisiana delegation, violence and bloodshed would follow in New Orleans.

Chief Justice Chase decided at Richmond, last week, that the ironclad oath should not be administered to the grand jurymen, as it rather hindered than furthered the ends of justice. A grand jury was then summoned under this decision, and will only take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States, &c.

A few days ago a body of two hundred men, claiming to be militia, entered the little town of Center Point, Levier county, Ark., arrested the inhabitants, sacked the place and retired. They soon returned, however, and a fight ensuing, they captured three of the oldest citizens, took them away and shot them.

The Alabama Legislature is discussing a bill making it an indictable offence for any person to appear in a mask, and if any person shoots one who is masked after dark, it is to be considered no crime. The time of imprisonment for being disguised is from one to two years. Several sections of the bill have been adopted.

In the Florida squabble thus far, Governor Reed seems to be ahead. The Supreme Court has delivered advisory opinions on questions submitted by him, which are unanimous, lengthy and well fortified by precedents and authorities, and sustain his position.

The contested municipal election case in Charleston, after a trial of two weeks, has been concluded, by the election being declared irregular and void by a vote of 12 ayes to 3 nays. This decision was rendered by the present city council, of which a large majority are Republicans. The effect will be to continue in power the present city government until a new election is ordered by the Legislature.

Steps are being taken to contest the right of the Seymour electors of Louisiana to vote in the Electoral College. The Republican organizations in the State, aided by leading members of the party, are collecting and preparing evidence showing the commission by the Democrats of the gravest frauds, and exposing the rebel threats and intimidations throughout the State, which prevented negroes and other loyal men from voting.

The Cuban Revolution.

COUNT VALMASEDA recently made a visit to Manzinalla. On his departure the insurrectionists attacked the town, but were repulsed with heavy loss by the troops, assisted by the guns of the ships of war lying in the harbor. Several prominent insurrectionists have presented themselves to Captain-General Lersundi, for the purpose of obtaining pardon. All the returns received from the insurrectionary districts continue favorable to the Government.

A combined force of 160 marine and landsmen left the town of Santa Cruz, and surprised a party of 400 revolutionists, who fired upon the troops and fled precipitately. The sailors then surrounded the building which had been occupied by the insurrectionists, and captured eighty horses, a quantity of ammunition and correspondence of a public and private character, including some taken from a government messenger several weeks ago.

The first battalion of volunteers, 800 strong, has left Havana for the seat of war. Another battalion is soon to march. Captain-General Lersundi professes to believe in the speedy termination of the war, and is taking active measures to secure that event. Gen. Cispedes, commander of the revolutionists, had three men executed who were guilty of robbery and incendiarism.

According to different authorities the insurgents are within two to six miles of Santiago de Cuba. They allow four days for the city to surrender. The Governor of the district has a large force at his command, and he proposes attacking the insurgents. A body of four hundred insurgents beset the place, and the Governor has determined to attack them. The insurgents have captured Guantama. They disown the so-called volunteers, and are gradually extending the rebel limits of the eastern department, so that they are now masters of Jiguani, Buamo and Baure.

Havana merchants are raising a subscription for the pay and equipment of three months' volunteers, so that they may enter immediately on active service against the rebels.

Rumors are rife that several cargoes of arms for the revolutionists have been landed, but the Cuban government has received no official information of the fact.

It is reported that a secret commission has left Cuba for New York, with the object of enlisting the favor of the American press and government for the rebellion in that island.

The rebels have issued a manifesto, saying that they will never lay down their arms until Spain recognizes their independence.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

LARGE public meetings have been held in Barcelona, Spain, by both the monarchist and republican parties. All the proceedings have been peaceable, and order is kept. The monarchists are largely in the ascendant, though the republicans seem to be gaining ground. There is every indication of a lively canvass in the forthcoming election. Late intelligence is to the effect that General Prim is charged with delaying the elections and reorganizing the army, with the design of a *coup d' etat* and the establishment of the empire. It is said that handbills are freely circulated urging his elevation to the throne, and that they emanate from his immediate friends.

Advices from Bombay, dated the 20th ult., state that a sanguinary battle had occurred in Northern India between Shere Ali and Abdoul Rahman, in which the latter was totally defeated and fled to Falkh.

The American college at Rome is represented to be greatly in want of funds, and an appeal has just been issued to the wealthy Roman catholics of the United States to contribute $300,000 for the support of the institution.

Count Von Bismarck, of the Prussian Ministry, makes no secret of his design to leave the feudal party, with which he has been for a long time connected, and join the liberal organization.

A large box of earth from Polish soil is kept in Paris, and whenever a member of the Polish colony in that city dies, a handful of this earth is thrown into his coffin.

Eight years ago the Spanish convents cost the government 12,000,000 reals annually, and their number constantly increased under Isabella's rule.

Switzerland has 60,000 watchmakers, and turns out over a million watches yearly.

Much indignation has been caused among British ship owners by the rumor that the Alabama treaty does not allow the claims of Government based on the decisions of American prize courts to be reopened before the commission. The Shipping Gazette says: "Each article is contrary to precedents established by the Americans themselves, and excludes claims undoubtedly well founded. If this report of it is true, the convention is a capitulation, and Parliament will never sanction it."

Three editors in Paris have been fined from 1,000 to 2,000 francs each for publishing articles encouraging the subscription for the monument of Baudin.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 1, 1868.

THE call for money in Western New York is hardly as active as two or three weeks since. There has been a general disposition to curtail business in consequence of the money stringency.

For a week past money has been fairly easy in New York, and rates of interest moderate for call loans on satisfactory security. Toward the close of last week the demand for money was a little more active,—yet there was no apprehension of a particularly stringent market. The Sub-Treasury has recently been increasing its currency balance, and has now nearly $13,000,000 on hand as against $8,500,000 three weeks since. This withdrawal of money into the Treasury, and the sending of funds to the South and West may create for a time a firmer market. The mercantile demand for discounts is supplied at about ordinary rates, and there is no unusual demand.

Money continues close in Boston. At the West there is little change to notice. The pork packers who commenced business late this season are now using considerable money. Farmers now manifest an anxiety to sell.

Government securities have been somewhat depressed, in consequence of various financial rumors. The demand for investment is, however, quite good.

Gold has been rather quiet for the week past. Sales were made in New York yesterday at 135¾. The following are recent quotations for other coin:

American silver	96	@ 97
Mexican dollars	104	@104¾
English silver	480	@485
Five francs	96	@ 97
English sovereigns	486	@490
Twenty francs	384	@388
Thalers	70½	@ 71½

The Erie Railroad war still continues, and it is uncertain what will be the final result. The matter is in the courts, and there are so many suits and "injunctions" it is hardly profitable for outsiders to attempt to keep track of them. The general market for stocks has improved in the last few days.

The papers are beginning again to discuss the matter of a return to specie payments, and the subject will doubtless attract the attention of Congress at the coming session.

The canals of the State close on the 7th inst. Canal business the past season, it is understood, has not been profitable.

The Bank of England has recently advanced its rate of interest from 2 to 2½ per cent. The Bank of England and the Bank of France have lately been paying out much more specie than they have received.

COTTON.—The cotton market is dull, and the receipts from the South are large.

WOOL.—The sales in Boston last week foot up about 600,000 lbs., at a range of 46½@57½c. for fleece, and 34@55c. for pulled. Choice wool is in moderate supply and firmly held. Low and medium grades of western are a shade easier.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—Wheat and flour have for a day or two been a little firmer both in the eastern and western markets, but there is no material change in prices.

PORK.—Pork in the eastern market is quiet. Porkers at the west are active.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 1.—Flour, wheat, $9.50@14.00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5.50@5.50; Corn, per bushel, $1.15@1.20; Mill feed, $25@35; Wheat, red, $1.65@1.75; Do. white, $2.2@2.30; Rye, $1.30@1.45; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1.75@1.90; Beans, $2.00@3.25; Pork, mess, $25.00@26.00; Beef, cwt., $8.00@10.00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $9.50@10.00; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@14c; Chickens, 14@15c; Turkeys, 16@18c; Butter, 35@40c; Cheese, 15@18cts; Lard, 18@19cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@35c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@22c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0.50@0.75; Onions, $1.25@1.50; Hops nominal at 10@30c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3.25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2.00@3.00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb, 7@7½c; do. Plums, 22@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bn., $2.50@3.00; Cranberries, ℔ bn., $6.00@8.00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30—Ashes, pots, $7.75@8.00, pearls, $9.50; Cotton, 25@25¾ cts; Flour, $5.55@8.00; Wheat, $1.50@2.25; Rye, $1.45@1.50; Barley, 2.12@2.15; Corn, $1.12@1.18½; Oats, 74@75c; Pork, old mess, $25.00@25.00; mess, $31.50@26.00; $22.00@24.00 prime; prime mess, $23.00@25; Beef, plain mess, $10@16.50; extra, $16.00@20; Beef hams, $28@29.50; Ham, 12@16c; Shoulders, 12@12½cts; Lard, 15@16½c; Butter, 27@50c; Cheese, 14@18½c.

ALBANY, Nov. 28.—Flour, $6@12.00; Rye flour, $7.00@7; Corn meal, $2.35@2.45; Wheat, $1.20@2.50; Corn, $1.17@1.17; Barley, $2.00@2.10; Rye, $1.50; Oats, 72@73cts; Pork, mess, $24.00@30.00; clear, $23@24; Hams, 20@2c; Shoulders, 15c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 15@15c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 30.—Flour, $7.00@10.50; Rye flour $7.00; Wheat, $1.20@1.47; Corn, 92c@$1; Oats, 63@66c; Rye, $1.45@$1.45; Barley, $2.00@2.10; Peas, $1.40; Beans, $3.75@4; Potatoes, 80c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 48@45c; Cheese, 17@18c; Eggs, 35c; Pork, mess, $25.00@25.50; Lard, 16½c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28—Flour, $5.25@6.25; Wheat, $1.24@1.27; Corn, 58@60c; Oats, 48@48½c; Rye, 1.12@1.14; Barley, 1.50@1.57; Pork, mess, $23@23; Lard, 14@14½c.

TORONTO, Nov. 25.—Flour, $4.75@5.35; Wheat, $1.03@1.05; Oats, 50@51c; Barley, $1.29@1.35; Peas, 85@85c; Pork, $14.00@20; Bacon, 10@10c; Hams, 11@11c; Butter, 19½@21c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 18@20c; Potatoes, 45@55c; Lard, 11@11c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Beef Cattle range at from 10@16½c; Milch Cows, $60@120; Veal Calves, 9@14c; Sheep, 4½@6½c; Lambs, 6@8c; Hogs, 8@8¾c.

ALBANY, Nov. 25.—Beeves range at from $3@9.50; Milch Cows, $35@100; Sheep, 3¾@4¾c; Lambs, 5½@6½c; Hogs, 8@8½c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25.—Beef Cattle, 6@13cts; Working oxen, $180@220; Steers, $75@150; Milch cows, $45@110; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $18@28; Two-year-olds, $20@45; Three-years-old, $45@60; Sheep and Lambs, 3@6cts; by the head, $1@4.50; Shotes, 9@12c; Fat hogs, 9@9¾c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28—Beef Cattle, $3.37½@7.00; Hogs, $5.50@7.25. Sheep, $1.50@4.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—Beeves, sell at $3.25@5.50; Sheep, $2.00@3.25; Lambs, $1.25@2.50; Hogs, $5.25@7.40.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25—Beef Cattle, 3¾@8cts; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3½@5c; Lambs, $1.50@2.50; Hogs, 11¼@12c.

TORONTO, Nov. 25—Beef Cattle, $4.00@7.00; Sheep, $2.50@4.50; Lambs, $1.50@3.00; Hogs, $6.50@7.00; Venison, $4.00@8.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The wool market is steady; sales are 575,000 lbs., at 49@50c for No. 1 Ohio, 50@52½c for Ohio, 50@52½c for Ohio, 54c for X Ohio, 54@58c for XX Ohio, 57@60c for XX Virginia, 44@50c for super pulled, 28@34c for Texas, 28@31c for fall clip California.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—Wool, fleece, 45@55c; pulled, 45@50c; extra do., 48@51c; combing fleece, 60c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25—Wool, pulled, 37@40c; tub-washed, 48@50c; unwashed, 25@30c; fleece, 42@45c.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25—Wool, unwashed 34@36c; burry, 26@28c; tub-washed, 50@52c; fleece, 14@46c; pulled, 30@37c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, Inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
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VINEGAR—PURE CIDER VINEGAR IN TEN hours, without using acid or drugs. For terms and other information address F. I. SAGE, Practical Vinegar Manufacturer, Cromwell, Conn.

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Do you want to clear $1,000 this winter without any risk? You can do it selling *Brown's Patent Double Cone Ventilating Damper*. Address O. B. BRIGGS & CO., cor. William and Liberty st., New York, or 125 Clark st., Chicago.

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A finely cut STENCIL PLATE, with ink and brush, sent by mail, for 50 cts. Fancy cut plates 75 cts. (Warranted.) Address P. WINNE & CO., Box 103, Rensselaerville, N. Y.

FANCY POULTRY FOR SALE.—BRAHMAS, Black Spanish, White Dorkings (single comb) at $5 per pair; Silver Spangled Leghorns, White Leghorns, Gray Dorkings, (single comb) White Dorkings, (rose comb) Black-breasted Red Game $5 per pair; Houdans, (without beard) very fine, $10 per trio; Aylesbury Ducks $6 to $8 per pair. Single cocks from above varieties from $2 to $3 each. Creve-coeur cocks, *very fine*, $7 each. J. Y. BICKNELL, 985-11 Westmoreland, Oneida Co., N. Y.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Stomach Complaints.—Not a square inch of the body can be in perfect health if the stomach is diseased. The first twinge in that region indicates a necessity for an alterative medicine, and of all alteratives HOLLOWAY'S PILLS have been proved, by the experience of half a century, to be the best. Take care of digestion, for upon digestion depends every vital function. Tone the stomach and keep the bowels free with this unrivaled invigorant aperient and corrective, and all will be well. Sold by all druggists.

THE NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.—The first Annual Meeting of this organization will be held at the rooms of the State Agricultural Society, in the city of Albany, on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, 1868. Breeders, Amateurs, and others who desire to become members, are requested to be present, or otherwise signify their intentions to the officers. The meeting will be called to order at two o'clock P. M. Initiation $2, annual dues $1 per annum. Life membership $20. G. H. WARNER, President.
THOMAS GOULD, Secretary.
DANIEL E. GAVIT, WM. SIMPSON, Jr., } Committee to call the meeting.
985-3t

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Renew, Renew—S R Wells.
Don't Read This—O B Briggs & Co.
Fancy Poultry for Sale—J Y Bicknell.
Farm for Sale—James Boughton.

The News Condenser.

— Good sleighing in Concord, N. H., last Wednesday.
— Roast swan is a revived dainty in Germany.
— The London police have been armed with cutlasses.
— Rio has an American street railway.
— St. John, New Brunswick, has a financial panic.
— Powers has sculptured the Chief Justice.
— Forty dollars a dozen is the price for cows in Texas.
— Dan Rice, the clown, has turned editor.
— Count Johannes is counsel for Pauline Cushman.
— Yale has more students than ever before.
— California has gained 40,000 by immigration this year.
— Sugar cane seed is made into flour in Texas.
— Mount Etna, in Sicily, is in a state of eruption.
— Gen. Prim was the son of a butcher.
— Wm. Sydney Mount, the artist, died last week.
— The hog crop of Iowa is 140,000 smaller than last year.
— Deer are plentiful in the western pineries.
— London churches are introducing full orchestras.
— A cargo of coolies has arrived at Galveston.
— Virginia has ripe strawberries grown in the open air.
— Oregon is building six railroads.
— We use about a million postage stamps a day.
— There are fifty private telegraphs in New York city.
— Lafayette, Wis., has found a fine bed of iron ore.
— The Czar is the best sovereign horseman in Europe.
— Victor Hugo's eldest son rivals his father in gray hairs.
— Copper mining in Michigan employs $50,000,000 of capital.
— The new census shows Chicago's population to be 252,054.
— Louisville is the great inland tobacco market of the country.
— Leland's Long Branch carivansery will have a 600 feet front.
— Money has been raised to build a cotton mill at Paducah, Ky.
— Madam Anna Bishop is coming from Australia to New York.
— New York is to have a $500 skating match on the first icy day.
— Eugenie is giving aid and comfort to high tortoise shell combs.
— A divorced and remarried westerner has eloped with his first wife.
— Blind Tom is beating his melodious tom-tom in Philadelphia.
— Anthony Trollope has been writing on British sports and pastimes.
— Lord Cecil has rented the Ottawa Theater for regular preaching.
— A New York Trinity choir boy has become a "nigger minstrel."
— The latest new comedy announced in England is "Tame Cats."
— Twelve per cent. of English criminals are under sweet sixteen.
— Gen. Prim is a native of Germany, and his original name was Pruss.
— The Chinese leprosy is feared to have started on a tour of the world.
— St. Louis street cars dispense with the rear platform and the conductor.
— Five girls under fifteen have been arrested in St. Louis for burglary.
— Marathon Co., Wis., will produce 150,000,000 feet of lumber this winter.
— An Indiana pumpkin vine and branches measured eleven hundred feet.
— Thad. Stephens and James Buchanan are buried in the same enclosure.
— Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is to edit a new monthly, the Mother at Home.
— Providence has instituted a daily medical examination of market meat.
— Barbara Freitchie is pronounced to be no myth, but a substantial reality.
— A St. Louis lady is circulating her petition for the post office in that city.
— The regency in Japan is ended, and the Mikado has been crowned Emperor.
— The Yale Sophomores have forbidden the Freshmen to wear the Alpine hats.
— Oyster sociables are among the evangelizing agencies of the Chicago churches.
— Only 26 hours' staging now between the Pacific Rail Road and Salt Lake City.
— Five hundred and four couples were married by New York clergymen last week.
— Verdi has bought his native village, Basseto, Italy, and built a free theater for it.
— Ex-Queen Isabella is expected to take up her residence in the Champs Elysees.
— Bogus detectives have been doing a heavy blackmailing business in New York.
— A new musical star,—a Miss Emma Burley,—has been discovered in New Haven.
— Paris workingmen, who live in the outskirts of the city, are investing in velocipedes.
— The London streets, stretched out in a line, would reach from Liverpool to New York.
— About 6,000 barrels of Irish moss are annually collected along the coast at Scituate, Mass.
— A colored dentist of Springfield, Mass., is going to open a tooth carpenter shop in Liberia.
— The first State Fair held in Alabama since 1860 was opened at Montgomery last Wednesday.
— A man in Scotland who had been ordered leeches for an injury, took them boiled with his gruel.
— Kennedy, the Scotch vocalist, has been presented with a $100 gold medal and a gold cup at Montreal.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
ABOUT THE NEW
National Life Insurance Co.

The other day a Stranger walked into the office of one of our large Bankers, when the following conversation ensued:

Stranger.—Are you the Agents for the new National Life Insurance Company of the United States of America, I see so much about in the papers as being chartered by Congress, and in which Jay Cooke & Co., and many others are interested?

Clerk.—Yes, we are the Agents for this State. What do you wish to know about the Company?

Stranger.—I want to know all about it, why you got your charter from Congress instead of taking a State charter as other Companies have done? I want to know why the banks feel so much interest in the Company; and I wish to understand your modes of insuring, some of which you say are new and different from other Companies. I want to know about that kind of policy that pays 10 per cent. interest.

Clerk.—Well, sir, it is easy enough to understand everything you ask about, and I will tell you what I know if you can wait and listen.

Stranger.—Yes, I can wait and listen; I came in to find out about the concern, and I want to know all about it.

Clerk.—Well, as to the charter being from Congress, I don't know that it is any better than one granted by one of our States would be. Mr. Cooke and the other gentlemen who organized the Company, wanted, I suppose, to make a large corporation, one that could do business all over our country, and be a national affair, so they asked Congress to give them the charter, as thus the Company would be better known than if they had secured one from a State only. The office of the Company is in Washington, and the business is done through its Branch Office, in Philadelphia, and by it through its General Agents, many of whom are Banks and Bankers.

Stranger.—What are your new modes of insuring?

Clerk.—Well, we have two new modes, which we especially recommend to our friends and the public generally. The first one is the Return Premium Policy, and the other is the Income Producing Policy.

Stranger.—What do you mean by the Return Premium Policy?

Clerk.—Why, I mean that the Company will insure your life for let me see,—how old are you?

Stranger.—I am twenty-nine years old.

Clerk.—Well, the Company will insure you for $1,000 for the sum of $24.80 per annum, and will agree and say in the policy that when you die, even should it be the day after you have taken out the policy, they will pay to your heirs the $1,000, and return to them all the money you have paid, so that if you should live ten years, you will have paid $248, and should you then die, your heirs will receive the amount of the insurance, $1,000, and the $248, in all, $1,248.

Stranger.—Why, that is curious. How can you do that? I don't believe you can afford to do it. Give me back all the money I have paid, and $1,000 in addition? What does the Company get to make them willing to give my heirs $1,000 when I die?

Clerk.—Yes, we can afford to do it. We will give you back all your money, and $1,000 in addition. The Company is able to lend all the money you pay in, or to invest it in Government bonds, State or City bonds, or mortgages, and to get compound interest on it; and this compound interest is all they have to repay them for insuring your life; but being able to use their money advantageously, they find, on careful and scientific investigation and calculation, that they can afford to make the insurance at the rates named. Experience shows how many persons will die annually, and knowing this, and the wonderful effect of compound interest, it is an easy matter to calculate how much must be charged to insure a life, $1,000, and to return all the money paid.

Stranger.—Now suppose I should pay my premiums for say five years, and then find I can't pay any more, what becomes of the amount I have already paid? Will I lose it all because I can't pay any more?

Clerk.—Not at all; every policy issued by the National Life Insurance Company is non-forfeitable. After you have paid the premiums for two or more years, and find you can't pay any more, the Company will give you a new policy, on which nothing more will have to be paid, for the full value of all you have paid, which policy will be payable to your heirs after your death.

Stranger.—Well, this is remarkable. I can pay into the Company $24.80 per annum, a sum I can easily spare; it is less than fifty cents per week, the same as I would deposit it in a Bank, and then when I die the Company will pay my family $1,000, and give them back all the money I have deposited with it. I think it is the best Savings Bank I ever heard of. Tell me now about that other kind of policy,—what is it? what do you call it?

Clerk.—Income Producing Policy.

Stranger.—Income Producing Policy; that has the right sound. What income will it pay?

Clerk.—It will pay you 10 per cent. on the amount of the policy you take out. That is if you want to insure your life for $1,000, you must pay the Company $51.60 per annum, for twenty years, should you live so long, and whenever you die, even if it should be the day after you get insured, the Company will pay to your heirs $1,000; but should you live out the twenty years, and the chances are that you will live much longer, being a healthy looking man, the Company will give to you $100 per annum on the first morning of each year, beginning at the end of the 20th year, or the first day of the 21st year, which is an amount equal to 10 per cent. of your policy; you would thus be in receipt of an income as long as you live, of $100 per annum, nearly twice the annual premium you paid the Insurance Company, and whenever you die your family will receive the amount of the policy of $1,000.

Stranger.—But I don't understand why you should charge me as much premium as you charge a man of fifty. It costs more to insure an old than a young man, does it not?

Clerk.—Yes, it costs more to insure the life of a man fifty than one only twenty-nine years old; but then it costs more to pay a man at your age, $100 per annum, than it does to pay the same amount to a man fifty years of age, beginning twenty years from now, in each case, because there is a chance of you living many more years than the old man; and when these two agreements are put together in one policy, the cost of them, both to the older man and the young man, is found to be the same. You are young, and the chances are all in favor of your living many years, and drawing from the Company the amount of $100 per annum, and the very fact of your having this fixed and certain income is sure to make you live longer. In England, where the Annual Income, or Annuity as it is called, is very popular, and taken freely by the public, it is a well known fact that those who do take them are a long-lived class. What do you think of this? Don't it impress you as a very good thing?

Stranger.—I like it. I get $100 annual income after twenty years, and my family will receive $1,000 when I die, so that I shall be paid twice by the Company; I am now young and can readily save $51.60 per annum (it is only $1 per week) for the next twenty years, and then, when I shall not be able to work as hard as I do now, I shall receive $100 per annum, as long as I live, which is nearly twice as much as I now pay, so that in ten years I shall get back all the money I paid, and then, when I die, my family will get $1,000—that is good, first-rate,—but then, let me see, how can this Company do this, don't the Company promise too much?

Clerk.—No, my friend, the Company don't promise too much, or more than they can fulfill; in this case as in the case of the Return Premium Policy, careful investigation and calculation show that they can realize enough from the compound interest on your payments to enable them to do all they say they will. Besides the Company has a large cash capital, paid in full, of $1,000,000, and it is managed by prudent business men, who know all about the use of money and where and how to invest it safely. If you have any desire to insure your life you can't do better than to take a policy on one of the plans I have explained to you, and in this case, as in that of the Return Premium Policy, should you stop paying after two years, you will have given to you a policy for the full value of all you have paid, on which you will have nothing more to pay.

Stranger.—I have been thinking about insuring my life, and I want to do it. I have a wife and a little boy who, should I die now, will be left entirely dependent upon the cold world, and I want to provide for them, when I can, and I also want to provide for myself when I am an old man and can't work any more, and this kind of policy answers both purposes; but I can't pay at once all the premium you name. $51.60 is more than I can spare now.

Clerk.—You can pay your premiums every three months if you prefer, in which case you would only have $13.12 to pay at any one time.

Stranger.—That suits me exactly, and I think I will take a policy for $1,000. I wish I could make it for $2,000. What must I do?

Clerk.—Why just step into the back room, the doctor will examine you. I will write your application, you can sign it, and we will send it to the Company and have the policy for you in a week, when you can call and get it and then pay your money.

Stranger.—Well, I will do it; but I don't like the idea of being examined by a doctor.

Clerk.—You are wrong there; you look like a strong, healthy man, and if the doctor examines you carefully and says you are a good risk, you will feel better by knowing you have no hidden disease to fear in the future. You will feel as if you had a new lease of life. Now tell me to whom you want the income payable?

Stranger.—Why to myself, of course.

Clerk.—I thought you would prefer having it payable to your wife.

Stranger.—Stop, that is a good idea. I will have the income payable to myself, and the amount of the policy payable to my wife.

And so the application was written; the stranger was passed by the medical man, and in due course the policy was received from the Company, and the last seen of the Stranger was when he left the Banker's office, with a bright smile on his face, having paid his first quarter's premium, evidently thinking he had done a wise thing—and so he had.

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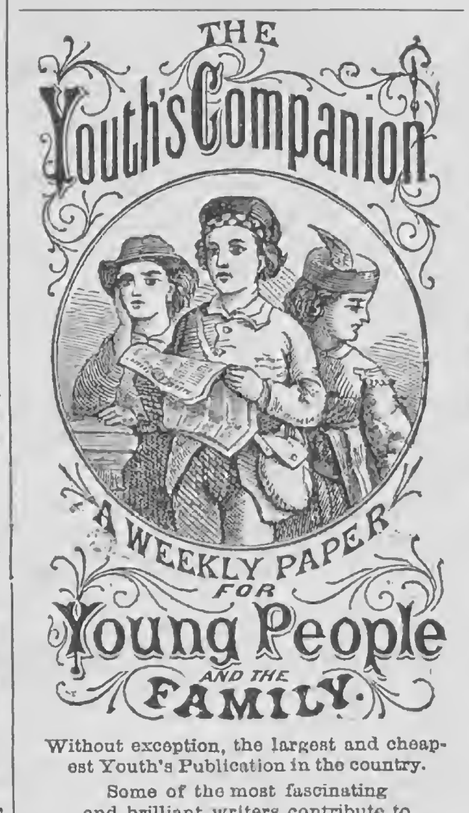

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BY J. G. WHITTIER.

This day, two hundred years ago,
The wild grapes by the river's side,
And tasteless ground-nut, trailing low,
The table of the woods supplied.

Unknown the apple's red and gold,
The blushing tint of peach and pear;
The mirror of the pow-wow told
No tale of orchards ripe and rare.

Wild as the fruits he scorned to till,
These vales the idle Indian trod;
Nor knew the glad, creative skill,
The joy of him who toils with God.

O, painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank Thee for Thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with Thine.

And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born,
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust Thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blessed;
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave as a bequest
An added beauty to the earth.

And, soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given;
The flowers shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at least in heaven.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Continued from page 388, last number.]

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

ALFRED WILLOUGHBY'S position was a peculiar one. To such as he,—a temperament glowing with the heat of poetic fire, ardent, impulsive, and deeply sensitive, withal,—the pleasant fancies of the heart come often, but the strong, intense passion comes but once. And that, when it does come, comes suddenly, like a full surprise, and oftenest manifests itself when the object is passing out of reach. So it had come to him. In those hours that unraveled to him a history, when the fair-haired MABEL seemed coming very near, as a sister, and going far away, after all,—so far he could never cross the distance between them,—his passion had wakened as from a long sleep.

It would not soon be lulled to slumber again. He acknowledged this to himself many times, in those days of passage to his Southern home. That sister kiss at parting thrilled him yet. The clasp of her little hand clung to his, and he could not shake it rudely off. He mentally queried, often, if he had acted wisely, after all, in arranging to have her near him so soon,—if it had not been better to allow absence some part in this work of taming down his regard. The work must be accomplished; he knew that. Not once did he think of foregoing it. And could he accomplish it in her immediate presence? Could he re-clothe the memories of those happy hours at the quaint old Hall in habiliments that would render them always proper guests in his heart?

His manner was a puzzle to HARRY BRIEF, all the way home. At times he appeared more preoccupied than usual; and from this extreme of abstraction he passed to that of a wild gaiety altogether unusual with him. If BRIEF divined the cause, he did not make it manifest. He did not speak often of the new relations the young man had found. Rightly judging that a subject which must possess some sensitive features, he chose to lead thought away from it whenever he could. In his bluff way he criticised the appearance and idiosyncrasies of people they met, laughed at comicalities which presented themselves, and pointed out the ludicrous and absurd wherever he detected their existence.

A week or two after their return to New Orleans, he entered ALFRED'S library, where we first saw him. Not this time on business; for though he still acted as the young man's legal and business agent, the estate had been formally transferred, and there was no occasion at present for consultation in regard to it.

"Well, ALFRED, I've received a letter from Judge GRAYSON," was his first announcement.

"Ah, indeed! How are they all?"

"Miss BERDENA, especially, why don't you say, boy?" was the rejoinder, with a light laugh, and a searching look into ALFRED'S face. He bore the scrutiny well, and in reply echoed,—

"Miss BERDENA, especially, then?"

BRIEF grew grave suddenly.

"She isn't as well," he answered. "She seemed quite improved for a short time after they returned to Ohio, the Judge writes, but begins to cough again, and the physicians advise a milder climate. They are coming to New Orleans in a week."

"Are they?" He asked the question with a languid indifference that surprised his companion. Such would not have been the case a month or two previous. It might have been otherwise even yesterday. To-day he was in one of his careless moods, when the passion he must quell had arisen in its strength and defied him, and nothing that came to him was a joy because of the battle he was waging with himself.

"Yes," again with a searching glance into his face, "and I am desired to engage rooms for them at the St. Charles. Will you go around with me now for that purpose?"

He assented, and they went out upon the street. Half way to the hotel ALFRED stopped. The outside air had exercised a beneficial influence upon his brain. A new train of thought had replaced his indifferent moodiness.

"It strikes me this is wholly unnecessary, Mr. BRIEF," he said, abruptly. "I want company in the old house; why not tender them my hospitality?"

"Just what I wanted to suggest, but hesitated to," said the lawyer. "You're making a recluse of yourself; and to entertain them will do you good. I do not think they will object,—in fact, will answer for it that they will be pleased with the arrangement."

"Let us go back, then."

And return they did, and DINAH had orders to prepare rooms for expected guests; and made the place busier with her orders to, and scoldings of, the lazy servants, than it had been since ALFRED'S recollection.

The friends came, and were duly installed in the hospitable quarters assigned them. They did demur to the arrangement, at first, pleased though they undoubtedly were by so generous an offer; but ALFRED'S repeated assurance that he should be the gainer, and not they, and BRIEF'S private assurances of like nature, induced them to concur in it. From the moment the idea suggested itself to the young man, he had earnestly desired its fulfillment. It would give him something to think of each day; as his friend had said, and in perhaps a deeper sense than that friend knew, it would do him good.

After they came, he did not regret it. To minister to their daily pleasure was for him a definite purpose, and a definite purpose was what he needed. Then the presence of the young girl allayed some memories that he knew should be forever put aside, by calling up others that were very pleasant indeed, and which he did no wrong to entertain. For awhile he was little more than hospitably polite and attentive; but days of almost constant intercourse brought back something of the well-nigh tender sympathy between them which had made the hours of lotos-eating so delightful, and they had their long twilight *tete-a-tetes*, and quiet walks and drives, and at times he fancied his self-struggle was nearly over,—that he was the victor.

The young girl was not less beautiful than when he first met her,—scarcely less vivacious. A little thinner, a trifle whiter skinned, a shade more ethereal in appearance, she surely was, and at intervals somewhat saddened in manner, as though a foreboding of her fate took hold upon her. Her cough was not bad, as yet, and as it grew no worse, apparently, and her physical forces were to all outward seeming still well preserved, they all cherished high hopes that the future would prove better to them than their fears.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

ALFRED did not soon inform his friends of the change in his known identity. To do this without wounding his pride was impossible, and he shrank from it. Sometimes he was inclined to keep his history an entire secret from the world at large, that there might be no curious questioning; and so he stated to Mr. BRIEF.

"No, no, boy," was that gentleman's protest: "that would not be wise. You need a father. The one you have found is not to be ashamed of,—nor the sister. Don't be over-sensitive. Those who care anything for you will be glad to learn that you are not friendless, and the idle gossip of a few strangers or passing acquaintances ought not to trouble you at all. Let your guests know your true identity, by all means."

He shook his head ruefully, when this advice was given, but thought better of it a few days after. BRIEF was right, as usual; and he was foolishly sensitive; and he would be so no longer. Such was his conclusion.

That afternoon he sat alone with BERDENA RANGE in the inviting bay window, while her mother was enjoying a siesta above. He told her the whole story, then,—told it with averted face, and did not see the look of loving sympathy and interest the young girl's countenance wore,—told it all, except the passion he had been compelled to smother because of finding a sister. Of that he said nothing. It was the uppermost thought throughout the latter part of his narrative, and as the image of MABEL came before his mind he momentarily felt the passion burn up again in all its fervid heat; but as he concluded, and looked to the lovely being at his side, his heart gave a quick pang, as of protest against this enforced silence, and regrets for the past faded away.

And when BERDENA shaped her girlish inquiries about the new-found sister, he answered them without embarrassment, putting no more than brotherly enthusiasm and regard into his descriptions of her beauty, her characteristics, and her tastes.

"What a darling sister she must be!" the fair girl exclaimed, when he finished. "And she is coming here, you say, and I shall know her?"

"Yes; and you will love each other very dearly, I am certain."

How could they help it?—he thought, feeling that for him to love them both was the easiest thing in the world.

That evening, when guests and host had separated for the night, BERDENA sat at her mother's feet and repeated the history imparted to her a few hours previous. Her face was hidden in her mother's lap, and she could not, therefore, see the changes that came over the sad looking countenance, at the unfolding of ALFRED'S story,—the hard, stony look, the death-like pallor, the close shutting of the mouth as though some powerful effort of the will was being exerted to overcome a weakness. She felt the hand within hers tremble, as she continued, but did not think as this indicated more than natural interest in the narration; nor did she wonder that through it all her mother never once interrupted her. Still less did her mother's minute inquiries when she had concluded, in regard to Dr. WILLOUGHBY'S explanatory statements on receiving his son, excite in her mind any surprise. It seemed not strange that a desire to learn all the details of the *denouement*, should be manifest; and she gave these as fully as she knew them, adding, finally, a word or two of comment.

"How much unhappiness Dr. WILLOUGHBY'S first marriage must have caused him, mother! He was hardly to be blamed for leaving one so wholly uncongenial."

"He had great provocation, to be sure," Mrs. RANGE responded. "It may be greater than we know. ALFRED would be excusable for withholding the worst part of his mother's revelation."

Her voice was sadder even than it was wont to be, yet the young girl failed to notice it.

"His second wife died very early, it seems," she continued. "How much trouble he must have had! ALFRED says it has made him look much older than he really is."

"Trouble ages one fast," the mother replied, wearily, while just a shade of pain crossed her face.

"It never could age you," was the answer, as the fair daughter rose and lovingly embraced her. "You are never to grow old."

Involuntarily Mrs. RANGE arose and stepped to the mirror. It was not an aged face truly, that she saw there. It could never have been one strictly handsome; but it had the rare beauty of wearing well. But for the expression of patient sadness which it habitually wore, and the few silver threads which flecked her hair, she would not have been deemed past the second season of youth.

"What a winning face you must have had when you were a girl!" the daughter said, fondly, as she twined her arm about her mother's form. "How father must have loved you!"

"I think he did."

The close-shut lips compressed still more firmly, as soon as the words were spoken, and a spasm of keen anguish paled the woman's cheeks.

"Forgive me, mother," the girl pleaded. "I forgot for the moment how painful any allusion to his loss always is to you. I will be more careful in the future. Kiss me good night, now, and I will retire."

Mrs. RANGE pressed her closely to her heart for a moment, and without further remark allowed her to pass to her own room. Then in a hesitating, questioning manner, the mother seated herself once more, and remained wrapt in thought hour after hour, seeming to make no note of time. Her face was a study, during that long vigil. At the first it was full of doubt, as though she was weighing some important question, and felt uncertain which way to decide; then the doubt gave place to a resolute determination that hardened every lineament, and lent an additional aspect of pain and sadness to all. And this was succeeded by another overrunning of uncertainty which lasted longer than the former, and was followed in turn by a fixed expression, softer and more pleasing than the first, which showed that a decision was made, and such an one as held the best hope of happiness within it.

Next day Mrs. RANGE had a long talk alone with Judge GRAYSON, with whom she desired a conference. She came forth from it with less of sadness in her countenance than he had seen there in many a year; and the Judge questioned meditatively to himself—"Does woman's patience always bring its reward, after many days?"

Throughout the autumn weeks that followed, ALFRED strove, with all his endeavors, to forget feelings and recollections he felt it was unwise and unholy to cherish. At intervals, for days together, they did not trouble his mind, and he would give himself up to the tender attraction of the young girl who was his guest, and feel his regard going out toward her with much the same power which had thrilled him before the one strong passion came. There were times, indeed, when the affection deceived him into believing it enough for a life-time, and when, had she not been his guest, he would have earnestly sought her heart and hand.

It was only two days before Christmas, and he had received word that his father and sister would arrive next day. They were all in the large parlor,—the Judge, HARRY BRIEF, Mrs. RANGE and BERDENA, and had been having music and mirth for hours. ALFRED having finished one of his dreamy improvisations upon his fascinating flute, drew the young girl aside into the bay window. He had made up his mind to infringe upon etiquette and ask her, then and there, to grant him that love which he sometimes hoped she bore him.

"You will pardon me, I trust," he began, as he took her hand in his.

She looked up wonderingly, then dropped her eyelids, and stood before him, her pale cheeks dyed to carnation. He had not heard the rumble of carriage wheels outside, and was about to proceed when a servant appeared and announced—

"Dr. and Miss WILLOUGHBY!"

He dropped BERDENA'S hand, and had scarcely opportunity to note, as he stepped without the alcove, that her mother had risen from her seat and stood back in the shadow of a curtain, trembling and expectant, and that Judge GRAYSON was regarding her anxiously, when his father and MABEL entered.—[Concluded next week.

DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.

"COLERIDGE," says De Quincy, "told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, while he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them:—"Hear me, men! Take notice of this; I am to be dipped——"

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for, having reached the word dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended aplomb upon the full word dipped, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence, and both exclaimed at once, "O, yes, we are quite aware of that," and down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he was tranquil; and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:—"Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?" "O, surely sir, by all means." "Then listen:—Once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di" and then with a burst of indignation, "dipped I tell you." "O, decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went for the second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt to explain. "Grant me pa—pa—tience; is it mum—um—murder you me—me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you, I'm to be di—di—di—dipped—" now speaking furiously with the voice of an injured man. "O, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understand it," and for the third time, down went Lamb into the sea.

"O, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it's now too late. I tell you that I am—no, that I was to be di—di—dipped only once."

THE man who knows how to keep a hotel—The man who is a host in himself.

HORRID.

HOW OLD STUBBS SHIELDED HIS CHOICE PLANTS FROM THE BROILING SUN, THOUGH HIS DAUGHTER HAD A PARLOR FULL OF CITY FRIENDS LOOKING ON.

Wit and Humor.

THE EDITOR HEARD FROM.

WE have heretofore published the following atrocious rhymes, perpetrated by some ungrateful wretch who was lodged in an editor's bed one night, during the absence of its rightful occupant:

I slept in an editor's bed last night,
And others may say what they please,
I say there's one editor in the world
That certainly takes his ease.

When I thought of my humble cot away,
I could not suppress a sigh;
But I thought, as I rolled in the feathery nest,
How easily editors *lie*.

When the editor returned he picked up his "stick" and charged back upon the irreverent fellow as follows:

The chap whose *form* has rested here,
And left his *copy* behind,
For a bad *impression* should be *locked up*,
As the *cut* is most unkind.

Behold a *proof* of *how he lies:*
In the morning he went away,
And like many that use an *editor's sheet*,
Has forgotten his bill to pay.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

"IT is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes." "Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

"AM I not a little pale?" inquired a lady who was short and corpulent, of a crusty old bachelor. "You look more like a big tub!" was the blunt reply.

AN Illinois editor, speaking of a rogue who lived in his vicinity, says:—"The rascal has broke every bank, jail and Sabbath we have had in this country for the last five years."

A GERMAN wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, in which he said:—"If mine wife had lived until next Friday, she would have been dead shust two weeks. As the tree falls so must it stand."

A LADY asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets which the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain. "Oh, no," he replied, "ladies that have brains don't wear them."

A LADY asked her little girl, on returning from church, if she remembered the text. "Oh, yes," said she, "it is this—'The ladies' sewing society will meet at Mrs. McCracken's house on Monday evening next.'"

A CLOCK having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed:—"Oh! what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!" answered the tender hearted mother.

BOOTH, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him;—"I like your acting, Mr. Booth, but to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose!" "No wonder, madam," replied the tragedian, "the bridge is gone!"

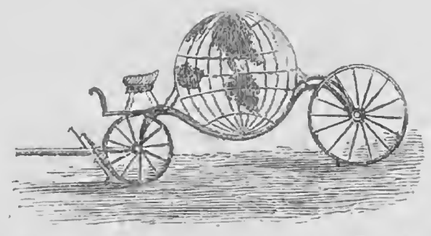
WHEN Sir William Hamilton announced to the Royal Irish Academy his discovery of the central sun—the star around which our orb of day and planetary attendants revolve—a waggish member exclaimed:—"What! our sun's sun? Why, that must be a grand sun."

A LAWYER NONPLUSSED.—"You say that you know a horse from a jackass when you see them?" asked a counsel of a rather dull-looking witness. "Oh, ye-as—just so," drawled out the intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, "I knows the difference, and I'd never take you for a horse."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SHAKSPERIAN REBUS.



Rochester, N. Y. READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 32 letters.
My 23, 21 is a preposition.
My 20, 26, 14 is a line of light.
My 9, 15, 16, 2 is an animal living in the water.
My 25, 32, 29, 26, 10 is an instrument used by physicians.
My 9, 27, 26, 6, 5, 20 is to give a pleasant taste.
My 26, 28, 10, 8, 12, 20 14 is a place for alms.
My 1, 13, 20, 20, 31, 17, 22, 20, 14 is a section of country.
My 17, 3, 7, 1, 11, 17, 26, 4, 19, 20 is an abstainer.
My 18, 24, 30, 7, 20 is suspension.
My whole is an old and very true saying.

Cambridge, N. Y. JENNIE ELDREDGE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

WHEN lovely maid with graceful air,
Trips forth with blushing face so fair,
Thus arm in arm with lover,
In chat to press her case to worst,
And fines in grief he is my first,
My last is placed above her.

And thus protected from the cold,
She turns in loneliness so bold,
To seek parental kindness.
While all good people form a band,
My whole to banish from the land,
With all its moral blindness.

Hemlock Lake, N. Y. CHARLIE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

GEIRN orem owod, ets not het lassgse,
Onij, ym ieudrfs, nor samtierhe eerhc;
Eomc adn theac dna siks het salsse—
Hritmacss nesco tnb ceno a ayer. FRANK A.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 983.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Stand firmly by the red, white and blue.

Answer to Charade:—Machine. [May-sheen.]

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JOSEPH MAYO, Warden of N. H. State Prison.
FROM THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ALLEGHANY VALLEY RAILROAD COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.—I have used the Antidote with great success. It is curing all my friends.
H. BLACKSTONE.
A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.—ONE BOX OF ANTIDOTE cured my brother and myself. IT NEVER FAILS.
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FROM THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, LYNN, MASS.—*I have gained thirty-five pounds of flesh in three months* by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, and *all desire* for tobacco is removed. WM. L. WAY, JR.
FROM THE SOUTHERN HOME JOURNAL, BALTIMORE, MD.—One box of Burton's Antidote *removed all desire* for the weed from me. I take pleasure in recommending it to all our readers. T. Y. SLATER, Editor.
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VOL. XIX. NO. 50.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 986.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

G. F. WILCOX AND A. A. HOPKINS, Associate Editors.

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☞ All Business Letters, Contributions, &c., should be addressed to Rochester until otherwise announced.

AGRICULTURAL.

GROOVE FARMERS.

There are fast and slow men in all trades and professions, and among farmers the classes are quite distinct. Among them may be found many whose constant cry is "progress," which, with them, simply means *change*. If such men hear of a very fine operation in cranberry raising, in they go for cranberry swamps, and ridicule or pity all who are not as excited as themselves, denominating them "groove farmers," or perhaps "old fogies." If all change were progress, and every novelty an improvement, these boisterous fellows would have some claim to consideration and respectful deference. It is owing to the mistaken notion that change is necessarily progress that so many rush into new fields of production, never pausing to consider whether prudence does not counsel a longer continuance in the *groove* which has been found pleasant in itself and remunerative in its results.

The "groove" farmers must be content to rest under a free application of sarcasm from the "progressionists;" but, even these, when the excitement subsides, as it is almost certain to do when carried to a high pitch, will be thankful that some drag or check was interposed to regulate an onward velocity likely to ultimate in a disastrous smash-up. Progress is a good watchword, as well in farming as in morals and religion, but it is not always safe to assume that, by jumping from an old track to a new one, we are certain to make it. Because one farmer made a good thing by going largely into raising a particular product, it is not true progress for the mass of farmers to leave the *groove*, in which they have glided smoothly, for a road that by over-travel is likely to end in mire.

There is ample opportunity for improvement, without making rash changes in products and modes of cultivation, and that farmer is likely in the end to have made the most real progress who so far adheres to a *groove* as to produce a good variety of commodities suited to the varied wants of those who are engaged in other callings.

If a new implement is presented, superior to the old, true progress would say take it, but do not cast the old away till the superiority of its competitor is fully tested. The same caution should be exercised in reference to stock and farm products, and when it is, the farmer may rest assured that though working in what is called a *groove*, he is making the only safe progress of which his calling is susceptible.

PROVIDING FUEL.

THOSE who live on farms embracing a good section of timbered land, and use wood instead of coal for fuel, should improve the season of frost and snow for filling their wood-sheds with fuel for a year's use. No portion of a farmer's buildings pays better or is more convenient than one for storing wood. It need not be built specially for the purpose, but with a little extra expense can be made capable of storing many things which are too often left in the field or elsewhere, and, when wanted, difficult to find. One end of the structure should be appropriated to wood, where it can be piled up in the winter and ready for use as the season advances. It is a good plan to commence filling early in the winter, letting green wood occupy the place of the dry, adding daily or weekly of green, as the dry is used up. When the wood lot is not too remote from the dwelling, it will be found a cheap, easy and expeditious way to chop down the trees, clear them of limbs and draw or snake them bodily alongside of the wood-house, and there chop and split them for use. When the ground is frozen and well oiled with snow, a yoke of oxen—two are better where the distance is considerable, will draw a tree making a cord of wood, more or less, with the greatest ease, especially after a path for the log or tree has been once broken and rendered solid by a night's frost. It is economical, when nothing else is pressing to be done, to draw three or four trees to the wood-house, leaving them somewhat apart from each other, turn out the team if the work is to be done by the teamster, and then chop, split and pile away in the shed what is on hand. This gives room for another installment, and so on till the wood-house is sufficiently stocked for the year. In this way the wood is handled but once, and the chips are at the door ready, when the snow leaves in the spring, to be gathered and placed under cover for summer use. We tried this mode of furnishing fuel during several winters, and found it a great saving of time and also of muscular effort. Of course it is not adapted to all circumstances, but, where practicable, will be found to work well and pay better.

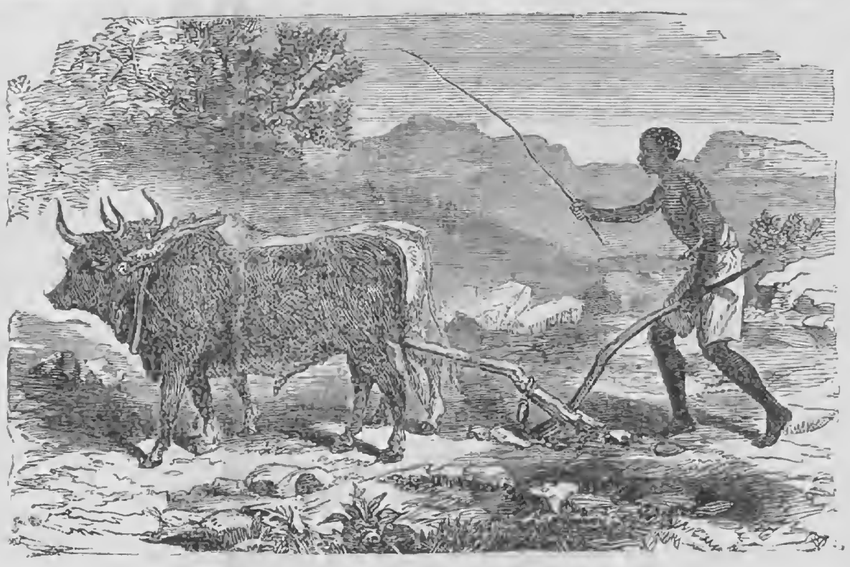
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.

THIS Club had a pleasant time the other day on the presentation of a splendid gavel to its worthy President, and in recounting its virtues, past and present. On looking into each other's faces, and recalling past trials and successes, they were compelled to mutual admiration. Exactly what the state of American agriculture would have been, had not some benevolent spirit put it into the hearts of its early members to found this club, they did not seek to penetrate, but it was evident they regarded it as a picture too gloomy to contemplate. The farmers of the whole country looked up to it as the fountain head of agricultural wisdom and experience. It had a small beginning and struggled on for many years with only a handful of persevering members, who, by a sort of intellectual breeding in-and-in, had destroyed the stamina of its original stock of ideas. But SOLON ROBINSON, who probably believed in crossing the breeds of animals, conceived the plan of crossing the ideas of this club of city gardeners with the more hardy stock of outside barbarians, and to this end invited, through the columns of the Tribune, an interchange of opinions by way of letters which should be read in the club. This, it was agreed, had infused new life and opened up to the club a new and enlarged career of usefulness. It had gone on increasing and spreading from this new infusing of common sense, till now its weekly reports were read by 2,000,000 of people, and this accomplishment is only the beginning of what it shall be. The future beholds it as the central sun of the agricultural system of the Western Continent, and, perhaps, of the world;—but awaking from this pleasant revery, the club turned to the discussion of the curculio and apple tree borer! So great is the versatility of the human intellect.

We have for many years read the discussions of this club and received many useful suggestions. It is the pioneer club, and has incited to the formation of many others. Its eulogy of ALDERMAN ELY, its President, was richly deserved. A more judicious chairman never presided over such a body. There have been many times when he appeared to be not only the presiding officer, but to possess the largest share of its common-sense. His opinions have seldom been at fault when compared with the most progressive ideas of modern agriculture; while ever and anon, many of its members have retrograded back to its most primitive era, doubting, disputing, ignoring all progress, making up in dogmatic assertions what they lacked in knowledge. Honorable mention was made of Prof. MAPES, as one of the early and steady supporters of the club. We heartily agree with all that was said in his praise. He was its master spirit and controlling genius while he lived. If any one doubts this, let him read its discussions before and since his death and compare them. While he mingled in its counsels, the club advocated the most advanced method of feeding animals, as well as progressive ideas in all branches of agriculture. It was orthodox to cut hay and coarse fodder to assist the animal in its mastication, and beyond this, it was a great saving and improvement to cook and soften the fiber to render it more nearly like green grass. All this had been established by the experiments of Prof. MAPES and scores of other intelligent farmers. But lately a learned doctor of the club has discovered that "there is neither economy, humanity or morality in cooking food for animals designed, in the constitution of things, for chewing the cud." And of the cow he says:—"Grass, fresh or *dried*, is her natural pabulum." What evidence that a cow in a state of nature (or wild) ever fed upon dry grass! This must have been when cows were highly civilized and had the wise forecast to lay up their food for future use! The wild cattle in our day have no such remarkable reasoning powers, and only know enough when the grass becomes tough in the North to migrate to the South where they find green food.

It is precisely because dry hay is not the natural food of cattle, that we would cook and soften it in imitation of nature. And then many members of this illuminated club have swung back still further into the past and ask, with a juvenile thirst for knowledge, "Who knows that cutting hay or coarse fodder is an economy and will pay?" We expect they will next ask, "Who knows that blood and breed has anything to do with the quality of animals?" "Who knows that a warm stable is more economical to winter cattle in than the pure atmosphere around a straw stack?" In fact, no one can prognosticate what curious problem this club will not start.

But as they ask for information we will gratify them by stating that we have fed ten head of cattle of about the same weight, five of them upon twenty-five pounds of long hay each per day, and five upon twenty pounds of cut hay per day, and we found at the end of one month that those fed upon cut hay had gained upon the others. On reversing this experiment and changing the animals fed upon cut and uncut hay, we found again, at the end of two months, that those fed upon cut hay had still gained upon those on uncut hay. Here was a saving of at least twenty per cent. in cutting, and we have found cutting and cooking combined a saving of one-third, or sixteen pounds of cut and cooked equal to twenty-four pounds of uncut hay. This experiment, and others of the same character, were so satisfactory that we have followed the cutting and cooking system for the last twelve years, and could not be induced to discontinue it even by the infallible assumptions of this club. But we are greatly in favor of Farmers' Clubs, and should be glad to see one or more established in every town, and surely would not undervalue the labors of this pioneer. It has certainly done much good by collecting and disseminating information broadcast over the country: besides, some of its learned members have laid the farmers of the whole country under obligations by their patient investigations and experiments in the various branches of agriculture and horticulture. And now as this club has commenced a new era, and appears ambitious to do great deeds instead of using childish words, let us hope, with Mr. LYMAN, that it, "with such facilities for spreading ideas, will be a metropolitan head-center for whatever is new, whatever is sound, whatever is helpful and of good report in the science of tillage and in rural economy." E. W. S.



A NATIVE PLOWING IN ABYSSINIA.

PERHAPS there is no implement which so exactly marks the state of civilization, and the material power of a nation, as the plow. The most barbarous, nomadic peoples have no plow; the patient, toiling millions of the half-civilized oriental lands know it only in its rudest form, while the powerful and enlightened European race have made it nearly perfect. The best plows of the present age are found in nations which possess the most knowledge, and have learned best how to apply it to advance their national power and material prosperity. Our illustration figures the use of one of the most ancient and rudest forms of the plow—the East Indian—which, strangely enough, from the very earliest ages to the present day, has been used by countless millions of people without the slightest improvement having been made on its primitive form. Two crooked sticks make the plow; one forms the handle, and the end, projecting through the other, is shod with iron to enter and tear up the earth. Truly, with such implements of agriculture the toilers must be many and patient, the climate genial, the soil fertile, and the laboring classes ignorant and poor.

A CRACK IN THE HOG TROUGH.

THE following from the Prairie Farmer is almost equal to Franklin's story of the whistle:

A few days ago a friend sent me word that, every day he gave twenty pails of buttermilk to a lot of "shoats," and they scarcely improved at all. Thinks I, this is a breed of hogs worth seeing—they must be of the sheet-iron kind. So I called on him, heard him repeat the mournful story, and then visited the sty, in order to get a better view of the miraculous swine. I went into the pen, and, on close examination, found a crack in the trough through which most of the contents ran away under the floor. Thinks I, here is the type of the failures of our agricultural brethren.

When I see a farmer omitting all improvements because of a little cost, selling all his farm stock, to buy bank or railroad or mortgage stock, robbing his land, while, in reality, he is also robbing himself and his heirs, thinks I, my friend, you have a crack in your hog trough.

When I see a farmer subscribing for half a dozen political and miscellaneous papers, and spending all his leisure time in reading them, while he don't read a single agricultural or horticultural journal, thinks I to myself, poor man, you have got a large and wide crack in your hog trough.

When I see a farmer attending all the political conventions, and coming down liberally with the "dust" on all caucus conventions, and knowing every man in town that votes his ticket, and yet, to save his neck, couldn't tell who is President of his County Agricultural Society, or where the fair was held last year, I "unanimously" come to the conclusion that the poor soul has got a crack in his hog trough.

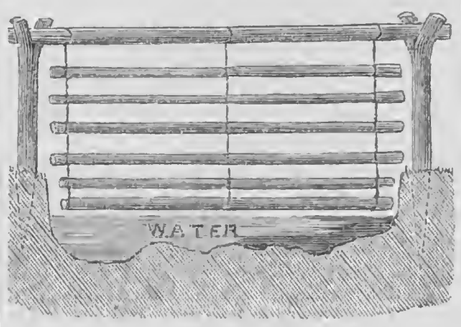
When I see a farmer buying guano, but wasting ashes and hen manure, trying all sorts of experiments except intelligent hard work and economy, getting the choicest of seeds regardless of cost, and then planting them regardless of cultivation, growing the variety of fruit called Sour Tart Seedling, and sweetening it with sugar, pound for pound, keeping the front fields rich while the back lots are growing up with thistles, briers and elders, contributing to the Choctaw Indian fund and never give a cent to any agricultural society:—such a man, I will give a written guarantee, has got a crack in his hog trough, and in his head also.

When I see a farmer allowing loose boards all over his yard, fences down, hinges off the gate, manure in the barn-yard, I come to the conclusion that he has got a large crack in his hog trough.

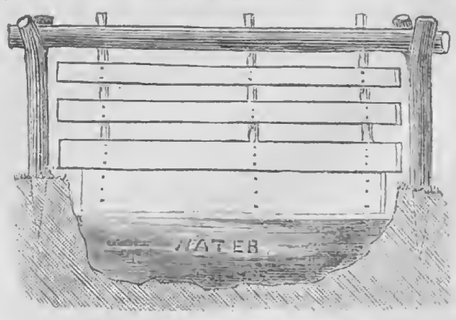
When I see a farmer spending his time traveling in a carriage, when he has to sell all his corn to pay the hired help, and his hogs are so lean that they have to lean against the fence to squeal, I rather lean to the conclusion that somebody that stays at home will have a lien on the farm, and that some day the bottom will come entirely out of his hog trough.

FLOOD GATES.

IT is often necessary to have a flood gate; that is, a gate that will rise and fall with the motion of the water in the stream. For this purpose there are but few styles of gates used, and all are constructed upon the same plan. The two shown in the accompanying engraving are well adapted to the purpose; the one at the top is made from poles of the desired length, woven together with strong wire, which, in turn, is secured to the overhanging pole. As the water rises the poles float upon its surface and do not in the least impede its onward progress. The one given below is more expensive in its construction; it consists in inserting through holes made in the overhanging axle three or more rods or pendants, of sufficient length to reach near the bed of the stream. To these are firmly nailed boards, as shown. The lower ones are close together, which precludes all possibility of its becoming filled or choked up with flood-wood or other rubbish that may have gathered in the current. This, like the one at the right, adapts itself to the surface of the stream. The advantage and superiority of these gates over a permanent structure across swift flowing streams, is obvious to all.



FLOOD GATE MADE OF POLES.



FLOOD GATE MADE OF BOARDS.

ASHES.—A writer in the Rural Gentleman says: Ashes operate as a manure upon the wheat, even in the limited quantity of eight bushels per acre. They push the wheat forward several days, and in time to escape the hot, sultry days which often prevail about the time of the "heading out" of the wheat; and they strengthen the stem, giving it substance and solidity.

THE UPPER MISSOURI.

First Annual Fair of Montana—Display of Farm Products—Female Equestrianism—Exhibition of Ores—Favorable Season for Farming—Irrigation, Its Necessity, How it is Done, Its Good Effects.

THE First Annual Agricultural, Stock and Mineral Fair of Montana has just closed. It was a signal success in all particulars, the most sanguine expectations of its projectors having been realized. The receipts exceeded the expenditures sufficiently to leave the Executive Committee in unencumbered possession of all the halls, stalls, etc., with ample funds on hand for a more extensive demonstration next year. The oats, barley, wheat and corn exhibited would have been creditable to any Agricultural Hall of the West; but as regards the last named cereal, it is proper to say that its cultivation required the choicest condition of soil and the most favored locality. Its culture will never be generally successful in Montana. The oats, wheat and barley were of the best quality—kernels clean and well filled. The vegetable display was varied and highly encouraging—potatoes weighing five and turnips twenty pounds, both solid and well flavored. The parsnips, carrots, melons, squashes, pumpkins, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, peas, onions, etc., had healthfully matured, and were of the best quality. Some blooded cattle and horses, recently imported from the East, were on exhibition.

This was a most gratifying feature. The mountains, foot-hills and valleys of Montana are clothed, nearly "the year round," with the most nutritious grasses of spontaneous growth on the face of the earth; she is destined to be one of the wealthiest stock countries of the new Northwest; and it is all important to begin her career in stock breeding with animals of unexceptional pedigree. The native stock exhibited, though never stalled a day until brought within the enclosure, were of good size, and "rolling in fat." Everything considered, such as scarcity of corn in all parts of the Territory, and the limited number of hogs as yet imported, the swine entered were by no means discreditable to their owners. Sheep having thus far been brought in only for the slaughter house market, none have yet reached us save the inferior "runts" of Lower California, and consequently none were put on exhibition. But with our broad expanses of grazing lands, on which, between the summits and the low valleys, wild and domestic herds thrive winter and summer, and the splendid facilities almost everywhere for running machinery by water, there is no reason to doubt that the day is near at hand when the production and manufacture of wool will rank high among Montana's industrial interests. The vast number of wolves, from the audacious little cayote to the huge "white buffalo wolf," which now infest all parts of the country, deter our stock men from investing extensively in sheep; but increased settlement will soon exterminate these ravenous marauders, when we may expect each down-going Upper Missouri steamer to carry to St. Louis and Chicago hundreds and thousands of snowy fleeces.

The exhibition lasted seven days, the fifth attracting the greatest number of visitors, from the fact that on it occurred the display of female equestrianism. There were seven competitors—a costly and elegant silver pitcher being the first prize, and a magnificent side-saddle the second. Contrasting the feverish love of excitement peculiar to a gold mining population with the more staid and conservative temperament of mechanical and agricultural communities, and then considering the interest usually manifested in this feature of a Fair in the East, will prepare the reader to believe me, when I say that the appearance on our mountain course of these fair *equestriennes* was marked by the wildest enthusiasm. The hundreds of admirers of each cheered vociferously as, one by one, they rode up to the judges' stand; and when their spirited steeds leaped forth together to make the circuit of the grounds, the thunderous applause of the combined multitude—six thousand at least—awoke the surrounding hills to such echoes as they had never heard from human lungs before.

The daring skill of a California lady captivated the popular eye. Exchanging her own horse for a wild and fiery three-year old colt, on which she ordered a gentleman's saddle, she mounted the fractious animal, and, flying with the wind, plied the whip until approaching exhaustion rendered the young horse as docile as a pet of the barnyard. But all her skill and intrepidity were insufficient to convince the judges, who, considering the distinction between boldness and grace—the correctness of their judgment I neither affirm nor deny—awarded both the premiums to other ladies. No sooner were their decisions generally known than scores of purses bloated with yellow dust were untied; and the sum of five hundred dollars, to undo the supposed wrong, was quickly contributed. The next day the fair Californian was presented, at the close of an appropriate speech, with a horse, saddle and bridle which cost twenty-eight ounces of pure gold. This is the way the Montana boys do business.

As regards the exhibition of ores, I consider the Executive Committee acted ridiculously absurd in offering premiums thereon. They should have been admitted with no other view than of increasing the general attractiveness—merely to gratify the eye of curiosity. For how could a committee of men, by merely glancing at collections of auriferous and argentiferous quartz, tell anything about the richness of the deposits from which they were taken, when it is a well attested fact in every quartz mining country under the sun that some of the richest specimens of ore are taken from the poorest veins,

and not infrequently are found as "floats," or in "slides," where no "true fissure vein" is known to exist. I believe Montana mines to be unrivalled; but their richness and extent can no more be proved by covering tables for public view with glowing and glittering ores of gold and silver, than the dimensions of a particular class of trees can be determined by viewing a bushel of nuts therefrom. The only reliable test is the bullion extracted from the ton of rock reduced. In the future, I may have more to say on this subject.

The success of this Fair is Montana's proudest achievement. It has practically demonstrated to her citizens, and to the world, that she is as capable of self-sustenance as Illinois or New York. But it is proper to say that the past has been the finest growing season known since the turning of the first furrow. Copious and warm showers fell with great regularity throughout the summer; irrigation was not necessary at all for grains, and was but seldom resorted to for other crops. The oldest Indians themselves say that the water-fall of this year, in frequency and total amount, has been unparalleled in their memory; and besides, grasshoppers, so overwhelmingly destructive in the three or four preceding years, gave our pioneers but little annoyance the present.

Usually, we have no rain to amount to anything between May and October—irrigation being indispensable. But moistening the soil artificially in these valleys is not so great an annoyance and tax on labor as our Eastern friends might suppose. Could they make a tour of observation through Utah, or the settled portions of Montana, and see the ease and expedition with which farms are irrigated, they would most likely admit that, if they had the same natural facilities at home, they would there spend all the time and labor necessary in constructing like ditches through their fields, merely as a precautionary measure against seasons of drouth. Nearly all our valleys and table-lands—which comprise all the cultivable tracts—are profusely studded with unfailing springs and coursed over by free-flowing brooks. Led from these, water, with very little preliminary effort, becomes the obedient servant of the husbandman. After his ditches are arranged, it is the work of but a few hours to irrigate a large farm. By intelligent observation, and conversation with his more experienced neighbors, he readily acquires a knowledge of all the minutæ of the system,—how much water to give the different crops, and how to make the distribution.

Upon the whole, I think that the country where irrigation can be practiced with the same facility as here, has a great advantage over sections where it is not, or cannot, be resorted to—as summer smiles over no lands settled by civilized man which are altogether exempt from drouths. The Montana farmer is easy during his planting and growing seasons, whether the skies blaze with aridity or open their gates in deluge—to drain or distribute, his ditches render him independent.

H. N. MAGUIRE.

Helena, Montana Territory, Oct., 1868.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RECIPROCITY AND THE TREATY.

BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1868.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—*My Dear Sir:* Thinking you may otherwise overlook it, I send you inclosed article which (and it is that which gives it its importance) I judge was written by our friend —, —. What do you think of his facts and logic?

Yours faithfully, —.

The following article, published in the New England Farmer, is the one above alluded to:

"Having read your remarks on the reciprocity treaty, and also those by *Dr.* Randall, and having had some experience in wool, I may, perhaps, be able to throw a little light on this subject; believing, as I do, that should the reciprocity treaty take effect to-morrow, and should wool from Canada be brought in free of duty, it would not affect the price of combing wools of this market.

"At the same time I do not recognize any duty on the part of the United States to legislate for the relief of the British Provinces, by giving them access to our markets. If they really desire the benefit of our markets, and if the British government desire that they should have these benefits, let them become annexed to the United States; and then, being one of us, they would have an equal right to all the benefits belonging to the several States of this Union. But so long as they remain a part of the British empire, I do not see what we have to do with their distresses, only so far as they may appeal to our individual benevolence.

"Establish the reciprocity treaty, and so far as wool is concerned, it would be equal to annexing the Canadas, inasmuch as both the States and Canadas do not produce an amount sufficient to supply the wants of our manufacturers. At the present time, Mr. Walworth, the wool buyer for the Pacific mills, and Mr. Moffit, buyer for the Atlantic Delaine Company of Providence, are in England making purchases. So long as England is the principal long-wool producing country in the world, and the only country, apart from Canada, that would compete with our farmers in its production, the price of combing wool in this country will be the price at which it is sold in England,—duties and expenses added; and so long as Canada is the only favored country allowed to have free access to our markets, in which to sell its wool, the Canadian farmer will be just as much protected by our tariff as our own farmers are.

"I am opposed to the renewal of the reciprocity treaty, not because I think the wool-growing interest of this country will suffer, or that the production of combing wools in this country will be retarded by it, but because the Canadian farmer pays the duty now, and should the treaty be renewed he would pocket it.

"In 1865 and 1866, under the reciprocity treaty, combing wool was not in any more demand than now, yet Canada wool was worth from ten to twenty cents per pound more than it is at the present time. This year, the Canadian farmer received from twenty-three to twenty-five cents per pound, gold, for his wool; then, he received from forty to forty-five cents, gold, and the value of gold then was but little higher than now. I am acquainted with a person who not a year ago bought 50,000 pounds of Canadian wool in New York, which had been brought in under the reciprocity treaty, and for which eighty-five cents had been offered and refused. It was purchased for sixty-seven and a half cents per pound last March.

"I hope I have succeeded in making myself understood on this point; that although the importer of the Canada wool ostensibly pays the duty, yet really the Canadian pays it, because he sells his wool for less. Our own farmers will receive no loss so long as the production of both Canada and the States keeps below the consumption.

"There is a lamb and mutton question involved in this matter, upon which subject I intend some day to say more." MENTOR.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1868.

REMARKS.—To the propositions contained in the second paragraph we subscribe fully. But the assumption contained in the next one, that "inasmuch as both the States and Canadas do not produce an amount (of long wool) sufficient to supply the wants of our manufacturers," *therefore* Canada wools if brought in free of duty would not affect the market prices of our own, is wholly untenable. Prices rise in proportion to the scarcity of a product. Every pound brought into the United States from Canada, lessens the scarcity in our market, and takes the place of so much domestic wool which our people could and would otherwise grow to supply the entire demand. The Canadas not having our taxes to pay can, even under our present rate of duties compete with us in our own markets on not very unfavorable terms. Take off the duty, and instead of being "just as much protected by our tariff as our own farmers are," the Canadian farmer will be in effect vastly better protected. The capital invested in sheep production in the United States annually pays to the Federal Government about four per cent. in direct or indirect taxes on its entire assessed value. How much additional does it pay in State and local taxes? These differ in different States and localities, and we have not the means now to estimate the average. Let us assume, conjecturally, that it equals three per cent. of the assessed value. Then we have the United States grower paying seven per cent. for what we may term the use of his own country's markets, while the Canadian grower, with reciprocity in wool, would pay *nothing* for their use! The Canadian grower paying neither our government taxes nor the duties levied on other foreigners, would be the most favored producer in the world in the U. S. markets—made so by U. S. legislation or treaties!

How long under such circumstances would England remain the "principal long-wool producing country in the world?" If any confidence was felt in Canada that those circumstances would be permanent—i. e. that the United States would maintain free-trade with Canada and the present duties on the wool of other foreign countries—"the Dominion" would soon become the leading long-wool producing country of the world: and it might even seriously compete with our *northern* regions in the production of fine wool. Under such a state of things, it would be decidedly advantageous, in a pecuniary point of view, for at least our long-wool growers to emigrate to Canada!

The attempt to show, inferentially, that our home prices on long wool have been depressed by the tariff, because those prices were higher under reciprocity than now, is supported by no pertinent fact or even argument—but simply by the coincidence of the two circumstances. Alone this coincidence proves nothing. The commercial, physical and political causes which have depressed the prices of wool since the tariff went into effect, are patent to all well informed men. They have been set forth in the resolutions of the National Wool Growers' and Manufacturers' Associations, by similar State associations, and by the agricultural press. They never have been denied, or so far as we have seen, questioned.

We have, in our anxiety to treat with courtesy an honored correspondent, been drawn—rather inconsiderately—into an answer to the positions of an anonymous writer in another journal. This is contrary to a rule of editorial action, the reasons for which will probably be obvious to all—and which we do not propose again to violate, under any ordinary circumstances.

NATIONAL WOOL AND WOOLEN EXPOSITION.

THE New England Farmer says:

"We hope that the arrangements for this Exposition will be satisfactory to all parties, and that there will be a grand exhibition not only of woolens but of wools. We believe such an exhibition would be more interesting and useful now than at any other period in the history of the woolen industry. Farmers are beginning to appreciate the importance of the products of their flocks in the great woolen cloth business of the country,—just learning that they are co-partners in the concern,—that they are interested in every yard of cloth made in the country,—that they grow while others grind the raw material. Such an exposition is needed to afford farmers an opportunity to compare different grades of wool, to learn their characteristics, and what kinds are required for the production of the various kinds of cloth made by the manufacturers of the country. It is needed also to cultivate a better acquaintance between men whose interests are so identical as those of the wool grower and the wool manufacturer. We believe in this identity of interest, and regret that it is not more generally recognized. As well encourage a feud between the farmer's sons who draw up the year's firewood and those who work it up into stove's length, as to insist on the antagonism of the American wool grower and wool manufacturer. 'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

The Prairie Farmer, on the same subject, says:

"President Randall, of the National Wool Growers' Association, has not yet brought the subject officially before the Executive Committee, but there is little doubt but the invitation will be accepted. Everything should be done that can be, to relieve the wool interest from its present depression. We know of no one thing that can do more towards this end than a large exhibition of the magnificent wools of all grades now being grown in this country, and the fine cloths of all qualities being manufactured therefrom. It is time that the American people were learning that American goods, made from American wool, can supply any demand of the consumer. An exhibition under the auspices of the American Institute, will teach this fact to thousands of people. By all means let us have a National Exposition at New York."

RECIPROCITY TREATY.

THE following resolutions were presented in the Vermont House of Representatives, Nov. 13th, by the Hon. Mr. PROCTOR of Rutland:

Whereas, Propositions have been made for the opening of the markets of the United States to productions of the British American Provinces, through a new Treaty of Reciprocity, so-called; and whereas this proposition has been connected with the project for a ship canal from the river St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain, and from the Lake to Hudson River; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Vermont, that these should be treated as independent propositions, each standing on its own merits; and while we heartily approve of all new facilities, by canals or railways, for transportation between all parts of our own country, we do nevertheless, as representatives of the people of Vermont, protest against the granting of any rights or privileges to the British Provinces not accorded to other foreign nations.

Resolved, That we do renewedly protest against admitting the productions of the British Provinces to the United States on any other terms except those accorded to other foreign nations, as being inconsistent with a just and true national policy, and injurious to the particular interests of all the States of the Union bordering on the British possessions.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be directed to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Condensed Correspondence, Items, &c.

SPLENITIS.—W. B. RANSOM, Clarence, N. Y., writes us: "I am in the habit of feeding my sheep salt once and often twice a week the year round. About two weeks ago I salted them at night. All appeared to be well and hearty. In the morning I found one of them dead. She was in a high state of mortification. No examination was made. On the 15th I salted in the morning and drove them to pasture at night. The sheep all appeared well. In the morning I found one dull and drooping. She lagged in going to pasture. I gave her one-half ounce Epsom salts and drove her back to stable. She passed bloody urine and appeared to be in great pain. I gave her another one-half ounce of salts. She died at noon. On examination we found the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys and womb healthy; the small intestines slightly inflamed; the spleen very much diseased, being about three times its natural size. Can you name the disease and *remedy?*"

A more particular account of the condition of the spleen would have been desirable—as whether by softness, a broken down texture, purulent matter, a darker color, &c., it exhibited the ravages of inflammation; for simple enlargement would not account for the deaths as described. But the general symptoms and appearances do not seem as strongly to indicate any other malady as *splenitis*—or acute inflammation of the spleen—and it is altogether probable this organ would have been found highly inflamed, had its condition been more minutely observed. The remedy employed was a proper one, but should have been administered in larger quantities. We would have given from an ounce to two ounces of Epsom salts at a dose, in proportion to the size and strength of the sheep. But the suddenness and the intensity of the disease were such that it is very doubtful whether any treatment would have been of any avail.

WOOL SALE.—The Geneva Gazette notes a recent sale in that village of a lot of wool aggregating 200,000 pounds—all from clips within thirty miles of that place.

Dairy Department.

ABORTION IN COWS—WINTER CARE.

THE Herkimer County Farmers' Club had these topics under consideration at their meeting, Nov. 27th, the proceedings of which we find reported in the Utica Herald. We condense from that report as follows:

Mr. HARRIS of Fairfield led off on the stock question by stating that some years ago he was much troubled with abortion among his cows, but latterly it had ceased with his herd. The aborting animals had been disposed of, and a change made in the feed and winter arrangement. Less salt was now given than formerly, in the fall and winter, under the impression, still entertained, that a liberal supply of the article tended to produce abortion. His practice now was to give cows a handful of salt once a week, during the summer, and in the fall once in three weeks, and in the winter none. Extra pains were taken to have stock enter the winter season in a strong condition. Grain and shorts are fed to cows daily, as soon as the grass commences to fail or get frosted. Cows should be dried off by the first of January, when they will require nothing but hay till about the time of coming in the following spring. Among the other changes was a more ready and free access to pure water during the summer season. If, from any cause, an animal died in or about his field or stock-yard, he had it immediately removed from the sight and smell of the other stock and covered up in a compost heap. An account of abortion, from its first appearance in his neighborhood till its disappearance from his herd, was given, and the opinion expressed that an influence which caused it was carried by affected animals to others, and thus spread from farm to farm. In confirmation of this an instance was cited of the sale of nine cows, from a diseased herd, to two dairymen residing miles apart, whose stock were healthy at the time, but were soon infected, while all others in the neighborhood remained healthy.

Mr. SHELL, an old dairyman and factory manager, had experimented with ships and middlings as a test of their relative milk-producing qualities, and concluded that ships were of little or no value for the purpose of milk production. The middlings were the best for making milk, and were the better if fed with whey. The mixture should be made at night, and fed out in the morning. Whey, alone, was regarded as of little or no value for milch cows, but by feeding the two together, he had produced as much milk from his herd of thirty cows as two of his neighbors, with a like number each, who did not adopt this mode of feeding. Whey, fed alone, will slightly increase the flow of milk, but it will be very inferior in quality. Thought the practice of feeding buckwheat to cows pernicious in its effects, causing restlessness to the cows, and possibly producing abortion. Thought cows should be dried off as early in December as possible, and the udders be examined daily for some time after, drawing away any milk which may accumulate in them.

Mr. LEWIS had abandoned the practice of feeding grain to his cows, giving nothing now but good early cut hay. Cows get along well with this, and at much less expense. Straw and stalks might be added when practicable. Stabled his cows during the winter—turning them out half an hour at a time, morning and evening. Fed with regularity, that they might not fret with hunger. Fed at half-past five in the morning and at half-past four in the evening. Large herds should have more than one watering place, that the weak and timid may have a double chance of slaking their thirst at the proper time. The best temperature for stock stables was thought to be from 60° to 65°, with pure air circulating through them.

SELECTING COWS.

A VERMONT stock raiser gives the following rules for selecting cows:—"First, I get a broadside view of the animal, at the distance of about two rods, as I have noticed for years that there was a great similarity in the general proportion of all first-class milkers, being very small in girth just back of their forward legs, as compared with their girth just forward of their hips. I have never known a first-rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned; so that if this form is wanting in an animal I have recommended to me, I do not care to look at her more, unless I want to breed for some other purpose than the dairy. For breeding oxen I should want a cow of reverse proportions, *i. e.*, larger girth forward. I next feel the size of the milk veins, and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the larger finger; if divided, or subdivided, as is sometimes the case, I judge of the size of each orifice, as I care less for the size of the vein itself than the orifice. Next, examine by sight or touch the udder or bag, which must be capacious in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed warts or sores of any kind. I then inquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than forty-six weeks out of every fifty-two; also, as to the quality of the milk; and, to close, I milk her with my own hands."

FOOD AND SHELTER FOR COWS.

SOME years ago a farmer, of our own acquaintance, found himself in possession, at the coming in of winter, of thirty-two cows, with only stable room enough for ten of the number. The balance were consigned to an open shed, with a rack running along the enclosed side, and fed with hay alone. Those in the stable, in addition to hay, had about a quart of Indian meal a day each, till the approach of spring, when they ceased to be milked. Besides this, they were thoroughly carded, each morning, before being turned into the yard for the day—an attention which those outside did not enjoy. Some said that feeding meal would stop the flow of milk, by giving too much flesh to the animals, but no such result followed. The cows continued in excellent health, supplied a fair quantity of rich milk and were altogether in better condition, in the spring, than those wintered in the open shed. The meal undoubtedly had something to do with the difference, but not more, perhaps, than was caused by the daily carding to which the stabled stock were subjected.

COLORING BUTTER.—When yellow tinted butter is desired in winter without the use of anatto, which is not a desirable commodity in butter, carrots may be substituted. Take two large-sized carrots, clean thoroughly, then with the knife scrape off the yellow exterior, leaving the white pith, soak the yellow part in boiling milk for ten or fifteen minutes. Strain boiling hot into the cream; this gives the cream the desired temperature, colors it nicely, and adds to the sweetness of the butter.

CATTLE COMMISSIONERS' CONVENTION.

THE telegraph has given us the result of the Cattle Commissioners' Convention which met at Springfield, Ill., December 1. General propositions were recommended to be embodied in legislative enactments by the different States in the Convention. We give them as follows, greatly condensed:

It is recommended that Commissioners be appointed in each State to hold office for five years, report annually to their respective Legislatures, watch over the welfare of animals in their respective States, prevent the spread of dangerous diseases among them, and protect the people from dangers resulting from diseased meat. These Commissioners to have the power to appoint assistants when necessary, administer oaths, make such rules and regulations as are necessary to accomplish the objects of the Commission, notify the public of the outbreak of dangerous disease among cattle, give directions for its treatment, with discretion to quarantine and kill diseased cattle, and in the latter case cause an appraisal of the same to be made and the County or State pay for the same.

It is further proposed that any Commissioner, or Assistant Commissioner, located on the frontier of any State shall have power to inspect all cattle entering that State, detain them long enough to make such inspection for the purpose of ascertaining their sanitary condition and exclude all animals deemed capable of diffusing disease, allowing an appeal in all such cases to a majority of the Commissioners. It is also proposed that no train be allowed to proceed unless the animals contained therein shall have been supplied with food, water and rest within twenty-four hours next preceding the time of such inspection, and that all animals shall have rest, food and water twenty-four hours after having traveled a similar period; to require railways to provide suitable yards for watering, feeding and resting animals traveling on their trains and for quarantine purposes, and each train to be supplied with a certificate of a Commissioner that the animals are in a healthy condition, which, with its endorsements, shall be exhibited to the proper authorities when required. Provisions for preventing bribery, and penalties for resisting officers charged with the execution of the law, are to be made.

A resolution was adopted recommending the enactment of stringent laws by the Western and Northwestern States, to prevent the transit through these States of Texas or Cherokee cattle from March 1 to November 1 of each year; and another recommending the enactment of laws making any person responsible for all damages that may result from the diffusion of any dangerous disease from animals in his ownership or possession.

This action of the Convention is very well in the main. The increase of our population, the rapidly changing habits of life, the demand for food and the importance of securing it in a healthy condition, require precaution against the diffusion of disease among cattle and the consumption of diseased animals. But we see grave objections to a law which requires animals to rest twenty-four hours after traveling an equal length of time. This is creating a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals with a vengeance—to owners. It does not accord with the spirit or mode of modern commercial transactions. Nor is it necessary. One might as well require a traveler to lay over twenty-four hours after traveling that length of time as a disease preventive.

It is, it seems to us, far better to provide against crowding animals in cars; with room to rise up and lie down at will; and for watering and feeding them in transit. We are quite sure that all this might be effected without affecting unfavorably the sanitary condition of animals, and with far less expense and risk to owners and much less cost to consumers. We are confident every drover of experience will condemn this measure. Profits often depend upon time made in transit. The necessities of animals must be supplied without delaying their transportation. And the genius which is perfecting our railroad systems will not long delay to supply this need to the live stock trade.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Compulsory Drainage.

THE Commissioners of Drainage, Genesee Co., Michigan, seem by their recent report to the Board of Supervisors to have been doing a pretty fair business in the matter of land drainage for the last five years. The total number of miles of ditching during this time is 196, at a cost of $54,323. In many instances the owners of land through which a ditch passes elect to do the work themselves, and uniformly at a considerable diminution of the cost per rod as compared with that let out by the job.

Food of Plants.

THERE is said to be carried off from the soil nine pounds of lime in twenty-five bushels of wheat, nine pounds in fifty bushels of oats, and fifteen pounds in thirty-eight bushels of barley. There are thirty-five pounds of lime in two tons of rye grass, one hundred and twenty-six pounds in two tons of clover, one hundred and forty pounds in twenty-five tons of turnips and two hundred and seventy-pounds in nine tons of potatoes. Some soils contain an abundance of lime for a thousand years, while other soils require an occasional application of lime as a fertilizer.

Irrigation in Winter.

THE popular idea that irrigation is good only for growing plants is erroneous. Water has a very important action upon any soil where there is good drainage, and makes the inert matter available for plant food. In the most successful case of irrigation that has come under our notice the water is kept running through the winter. The freezing in severe weather makes a complete covering of ice, which acts as a mulch. The grass starts early in the spring, and the crop is kept up to two tons to the acre without any other fertilizer than water. There is a mine of wealth in every brook that can be turned upon a dry soil, if the farmer will work it.

A Good Potato Yield.

F. D., St. Charles Co., Mo., writes Colman's Rural World concerning his experience in potato raising. It was the impression of his neighbors that he could not raise potatoes there to advantage, as they had uniformly failed in their efforts. He, however, procured some of the Harison variety and planted them. There was three-fourths of an acre planted in rows about three and a half feet apart, and from eight to twelve inches in the rows. The yield was 315 bushels of potatoes, or at the rate of 420 bushels to the acre. Peach-blows, alongside of the Harison, yielded only 205 bushels to the acre, under the same treatment.

Browsing Stock.

THOSE who reside in regions where timber is plentiful and of little or no commercial value, can carry cattle and sheep through the winter by supplying them with browse daily. The trees suitable for this purpose are sugar maple, beech, basswood and birch. Cattle and sheep will leave the best of hay to feed on the buds and tender twigs of these trees, and we have known them to come out in the spring in fine condition on this food, with an occasional feed of corn in the ear. Where land is being cleared up, this aid is readily supplied, as the chopping is usually done in the winter season, but where this is not the case, let trees be felled daily and the limbs chopped down, so that the stock can reach the twigs readily, and they will get along finely. The safer way is to fell the trees before the stock is let out of their enclosure, lest being on hand when the trees fall, they should be injured or killed in the operation.

Rural Notes and Items.

PROMINENT FEATURES OF OUR NEXT VOLUME.—The Enlarged and Improved RURAL will comprise several prominent features, old and new, worthy of notice in advance. The leading features or departments of the paper will be continued, but extended or enlarged—most of them containing more matter than heretofore, and including the contributions of a number of new and able contributors. For example, the Agricultural and Horticultural Departments will be enriched by articles from several practical and scientific writers, and authors of celebrity, who have never before contributed to the pages of the RURAL. And the same is true of the Literary Department. Of the new departments those of Entomology and Hygiene will be prominent, and each will be contributed to by the best authority in the country. The Dairy Department will be enlarged and contributed to (and probably conducted by) the best authority on the subject in America—an authority as paramount concerning Dairy Matters as is Dr. RANDALL relative to Sheep Husbandry. The Poultry Department will also be enlarged, made more prominent, and conducted by a gentleman in all respects eminently qualified for the position. The department devoted to Domestic Economy will also receive increased attention, and be under the immediate supervision of a lady of abundant experience and capacity. Other departments will receive increased and special attention; and did we not rely more upon the character of the matter to be given in the RURAL than upon the names of writers, we would announce a number of celebrated authors and writers in this connection. But our friends must await the appearance of No. 1, Vol. XX, for developments—when we are confident they will have a foretaste, or installment, of all that has been promised or intimated in regard to the RURAL for 1869.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.—The Board of Managers of this Institution held a meeting on the 18th of November, when the Treasurer submitted a report on its financial affairs. The receipts for the year were $32,143, and the expenditures $26,002.07. The sales of college or land scrip amount to $250,192.42. There remain unsold 75,000 acres of land, 50,000 of which were ordered to be put in market at not less than ninety-five cents per acre. Professors STEWART, SHATTUCK, BURRILL and SNYDER were given permanent engagements in the Institution. The committee on agriculture report that an appropriation of $122,000 by the Legislature will be necessary to carry out and perfect the improvements contemplated, and a committee was appointed to make the necessary application to that body. In the meantime an appropriation of $3,000 is made by the Board for continuing operations on the college farm. A proposition to admit females to the University, on the same conditions as males, led to a racy debate, resulting in a suspension of action upon it till the meeting of the Board in March next. Dr. WARDER was announced for a course of lectures on Horticulture, commencing on the 12th of January.

AMERICAN DAIRYMAN'S ASSOCIATION.—This body is to convene in the city of Utica on the second Wednesday in January next, on which occasion Prof. GAMGEE of London will deliver an address on the subject of diseases in cattle. He has written voluminously on these subjects, especially with regard to rinderpest and the Texas or Spanish fever, and is regarded as the highest authority on such matters. He may not be enabled to give anything new on them, but may call to mind and render useful what has been written and forgotten by many in reference to them. The President of the Association, Gov. SEYMOUR, will deliver the annual address, and, from the interest awakened in regard to the subjects likely to be discussed, it is safe to assume that the meeting will be largely attended by the dairymen of this and other States.

HOP GROWING.—It is estimated from reliable data that something over 15,000 acres of hops were poled in Wisconsin alone in the spring of 1868, and that 25,000 acres more were planted. Again, it is estimated that 15,000 acres, producing 1,600 pounds per acre, will supply all the hops needed in the United States for one year. If these calculations are correct, it is easy to see where the hop business has been driven, and what prospects of profit are before the hop grower. New York, Michigan and Ohio also produce largely, and when a wide margin is allowed for failure caused by lice, &c., over production must still ensue. No wonder the hop growers of the West are turning hop poles into fire wood and fence rails. American farmers should learn from this the danger of rushing headlong into the growing of special products.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.—The annual report of the Agricultural Department at Washington for 1867 is now passing through the press, and will be ready for delivery about Christmas. It would have been out sooner but for the sickness and death of the previous incumbent of the Commissioner's office. Commissioner CAPRON found matters in a backward state on assuming his duties, which will account for the delay in furnishing the report to the public. It will contain, in addition to the regular reports of the Commissioner and the several heads of Bureaus, twenty-five papers on different subjects from various sections of the Union, making a volume of 540 pages. Congress has ordered 225,000 copies of it.

MASSACHUSETTS BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—At the session of this Board, to be held at Amherst 8th, 9th and 10th of December, as we learn from the Record, among the distinguished men expected to take part in the exercises are Prof. AGASSIZ, President ROGERS of the Institute of Technology, President GAMGEE of the Royal Veterinary College, Hon. H. S. RANDALL of New York, J. F. C. HYDE, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Rev. WM. CLIFT and Col. M. C. WELD of the American Agriculturist, Hon. M. P. WILDER, Dr. GEORGE B. LORING and ALEXANDER HYDE, Esq.

IMPORTING LABORERS.—A large meeting, representing eleven of the eastern counties of North Carolina, was recently held at Goldsboro, for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for the importation of laborers from Europe. A committee was appointed to visit that country to contract for laborers and to pay their fare to this country—the expense to be deducted from the earnings of the laborers. The male laborers are to receive from $8 to $10 per month and board, and the boys and women from $4 to $6. Rather low wages, we think.

CROPS IN MISSOURI.—According to C. W. M. in Colman's Rural World, timely fall rains have imparted great vigor to winter wheat. It looks very fine in Missouri, especially where sown by the drill. The corn crop is one-third less in yield than the promise at midsummer, bringing it down to an ordinary one, notwithstanding the increased acreage planted. The price of produce is considerably lower than was anticipated, but the long continuance of high rates furnished the farmers with a good surplus to fall back upon if necessary.

NATIONAL POULTRY EXHIBITION.—By an announcement of the committee of arrangements, we learn that a national exhibition of poultry will take place at Agricultural Hall, corner of Broad and Locust streets, Philadelphia, commencing December 21st and ending December 26th. The rooms will be open for the reception of specimens on the 19th, and entries will be received for exhibition as well as competition.

PREMIUMS FOR LADIES.—The daughters, sisters, wives and mothers interested in the circulation and success of the RURAL—and especially such as are disposed to contribute thereto by individual effort—are referred to article at the head of Domestic Economy Department relative to premiums offered those forming clubs for Volume XX.

SUGAR IN LOUISIANA.—Reports from the sugar regions of this State and other portions of the South are of the most flattering character. The yield per acre is from 1,500 to 3,000 pounds—an average of about 2,000. It takes about four cords of wood to boil down the sirup for a hogshead of sugar.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE EVIL OF MIDDLE-MEN.

Eds. Rural:—Must we always submit to the extortions practiced by some fruit dealers or commission-men? Is there no other way to know before shipping fruit or other commodities to a commission dealer for sale, whether he is a swindler or not, only by the expensive school of experience?

The way the business is conducted affords only too many facilities for dishonest and unscrupulous men to bleed their victims to the very quick; perhaps of one-half or three-fourths of the value of the lot, if, indeed, they do not make a clean sweep of the whole of it. For the unscrupulous dealer it is very easy to report, "Your grapes arrived in very bad order, and consequently had to be sold at less than one-half price," when, possibly, the fruit had been sold for remunerative prices and the dishonest dealer thus pocketed his lion's share of the proceeds of the sale.

Do not understand me to claim that all fruit arrives in good order, and such reports and such sales have not, in multitudes of cases, the truth to base them on; but in the course of a considerable experience with different dealers, I have found that there was a difference of from twenty to fifty per cent. on the value of the whole crop, depending on the simple fact whether your employe is a straightforward, honest man to sell your fruit, or a swindler. Allow me to speak warmly and earnestly, Mr. Editor, of the meanness of this kind of swindling.

We can possibly entertain a certain kind of respect for the highwayman who meets you and demands your money or your life, because he may make the demand of a man who is as well armed as himself and able to contest the claim by physical force; but when a commission dealer claims my confidence, and I yield it by placing my wallet in his possession with uncounted money in it, or, what is equivalent to the same thing, ship him my fruit for sale, and he abuses that trust he is a swindler of the very darkest dye.

But you will inquire what remedy is there for this state of things? My reply is starve out the swindlers. And I know of only one way to do it; and that is for us all to report the swindlers in the newspapers, and also recommend the prompt and honest dealers, of which, I am happy to say, there are many. Some, whom I would be glad to recommend for their prompt and liberal dealing, believing the interests of fruit growers would be thereby promoted; also some it would be well to avoid. Shall we give the names and the facts? Who will suggest a better remedy? G. L. P.

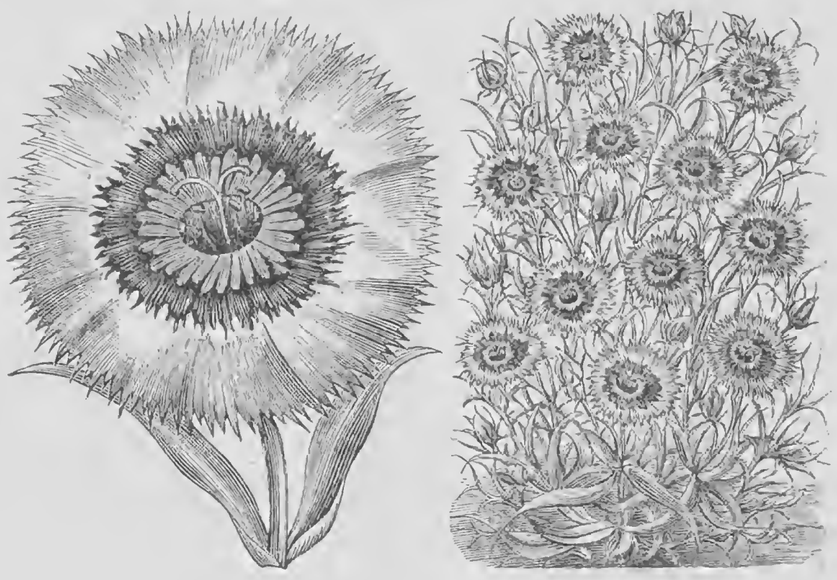
Orleans Co., N. Y., Dec., 1868.

Remarks.—For very obvious reasons the proposal of our correspondent to publish an expose of rascally commission men could not be accepted by any public journal. Neither would it be advisable to spread before the public the tricks and carelessness which some fruit growers are now and then guilty of in packing their wares for market. It would lead to a very unpleasant state of affairs for all parties concerned, and we fear the pool would only become the filthier from being stirred up. As a class, fruit growers are great losers from over-reliance on the honesty of human nature, and especially the honesty of commission men, and, as a class, they are quite liable to conduct the business of selling their fruit in an unbusiness-like manner, and thus invite the attention of the land sharks among the dealers. There are plenty of reliable commission men, and the fruit grower should make a point of knowing who are such in the markets to which he ships his wares *before* the time arrives for such shipment to begin. The most extensive fruit growers, who have thoroughly systematized their business, rarely complain of being cheated. *They know their men*, and when they find an honest dealer and a good market *they stick to them.* Of course, some protection might be afforded by a combination of the fruit growers, and the exchanging of notes which might easily be done, but the best reliance is business ability, which includes the tact to select an honest and capable commission man.—Eds.

GROWING THE POTATO FROM CUTTINGS.

Peter Henderson narrates in the American Agriculturist his experience in producing potatoes from cuttings in his green-house. The results are remarkable. The variety experimented with was the Early Rose, and the amount a single tuber, weighing four ounces. Mr. H. says:—"On the 6th of April I cut this four-ounce potato in two pieces, so that each surface would present the greatest number of eyes. I then placed them on the soil of one of our green-house benches, keeping them entirely dry until the cut part had healed over and the shoots began to start from the eyes, the temperature of the green-house averaging perhaps seventy degrees. As soon as the shoots got to be four or five inches in length, they were cut off about one-fourth of an inch from the surface of the potato, or far enough off so as not to injure the latent eyes that were yet to start. The cuttings were then placed in the propagating house, and shaded and watered until rooted in the usual way. They were then potted in two-inch pots, in rich soil, and started to grow in the same temperature in which the potato had been placed. As the season advanced, shoots in great numbers were thrown out by the potato, which, in turn, were submitted to the same process of rooting. As the first shoots grew to lengths of seven or eight inches, the tops were cut from these and used as cuttings, so that by the first of June this small potato of four ounces had given me nearly one hundred and fifty plants, every one of which was equal to a 'set' made from a tuber. These were planted out on the first week in June, in land very ill-suited for the growth of the potato, and the crop, when dug in September, weighed exactly four hundred and fifty pounds, or an increase of about sixteen hundred fold.

"It may be questioned if this process is of any practical value, or whether it will pay. It is not claimed that there is any use in the practice, if potatoes are being sold at ordinary rates, but when they are sold at the rates even yet paid for the Early Rose, there is no doubt whatever of its utility. For example:—One pound of potatoes so grown will easily produce five hundred plants, making five hundred hills, which, with ordinary culture, will give three pounds per hill, or fifteen hundred pounds. Now, the process of propagation is neither difficult nor costly, and can be done just as well in a common hot-bed as in our best appointed green-houses; the ordinary hot-bed sash, three feet by six, will hold five hundred plants, if placed in the soil of the hot-bed exactly as lettuce or cabbage plants are pricked out, and treated much in the same way by careful shading and watering until the cuttings have rooted. These in turn, as they grow, make other cuttings from the top, as before described. If the variety is very scarce, the crop may be still further increased by taking cuttings from the plants after they have made a growth in the field. Without resorting to the glass propagation at all, a potato crop may be doubled or trebled in quantity by 'slipping' the shoots and planting them out at once, if there is a continuance of rainy weather for two or three days at the time, it should be done in June. The thinning out of shoots from the regular planting will do no more injury to the plants than the thinning out of a hill of cucumbers or melons would. It is not claimed that the growing of potatoes from cuttings is new,—in fact, it may be doubted if there is much new in either horticulture or agriculture; processes that are suggested to us by circumstances to-day may have been practised by others a century ago, and if published to the world at all have long since been forgotten. But there is little doubt that this practice of growing potatoes from cuttings will be new to ten thousand of your readers, though the principles involved, and perhaps the practice followed, have been long known to many experienced horticulturists."

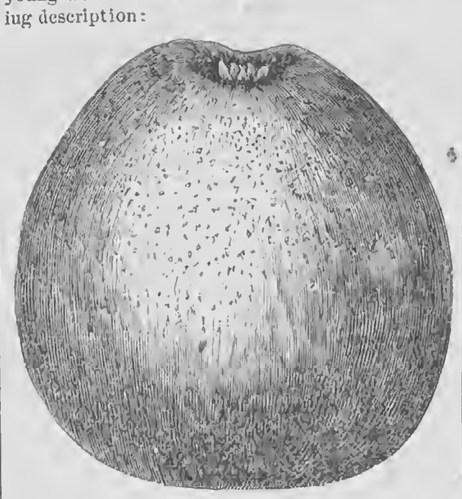


THE DIANTHUS HEDDEWIGII.

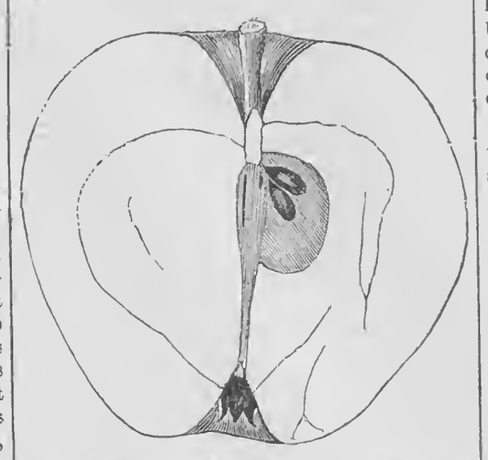
Our illustration figures a single blossom, full size, and an entire plant reduced, of this popular and beautiful flower. A few years since this very beautiful perennial, in common with numerous other floral treasures, was hardly known among the masses of amateur cultivators. But of late years beautiful varieties of flowers have been widely distributed, and as a people we are fast becoming familiar with the finest of the old and the new worlds. To the genus we illustrate belong the Sweet William, the Carnation and Picotee. These do not flower until the second season of growth, but the Dianthus blossoms the first summer and continues until the coming of frosts. A little judicious pinching in gives these plants better forms, and it is well not to allow them to bloom too free during the first summer, as the vigor of the plant might be sapped so it would not endure the succeeding winter. The illustration is from the forthcoming Catalogue of our Special Contributor, Mr. Vick.

SEEDLING WINTER APPLE.

We illustrate another seedling winter apple received from J. W. Clark, Esq., Naples, N. Y. Mr. C. writes that this year is the first of its fruiting. He describes the tree as "strong and healthy, with a top similar to the Northern Spy," and from leaves, young wood and fruit before us we make the following description:



Young wood of moderate size, dark, dull red, covered with a white bloom. Leaf long, oval, pointed, with rounded serratures. Fruit below medium—regular, conical, rich, clear, dark red, overspread with a bluish bloom and many whitish specks. Stem quite short and stout where it joins the tree. Cavity open, acute, deep. Calyx small, nearly closed. Basin rather deep and broad at base. Flesh white, light, open grain, rather dry, mild, sub-acid, pleasant, good. Season, November, December.



In regular uniformity and clear, handsome, red color, the fruit is attractive; but in quality it is hardly good, and for profit—judging from the specimens received—does not promise to surpass, if it equal, the Gilpin.

NUT GROWING.

It is somewhat surprising that with all our nation's love of gain, and the general appreciative admiration of beautiful trees for shade and ornament, we have so few instances where nut-bearing trees have been adopted for planting in the place of maple, elm, or linden. The chestnut, butternut, black walnut, and Madeira nut, where the climate will admit, are all beautiful as shade ornamental trees; can be transplanted while young without a loss of over ten per cent.; grow very rapidly, and come into bearing usually from the seventh to the tenth year from seed. The hickory or white walnut is more difficult of transplanting; but even that we have removed with success by digging deep and obtaining, and again replanting entire, the tap root. This tap root retaining is, in fact, a feature of importance with all the nut-bearing trees, its loss often resulting in death of the tree, while, if fully retained, a tree rarely dies. It is, however, more certain, and probably most economical, to plant the nuts where trees are designed to stand. This may be done and the ground yearly cropped to corn, potatoes, or small fruits, and at the end of five years or so it may be left in grass if desired. As a paying productive crop, as a permanent investment, attended with little or no labor in the cultivation or pruning, etc., we know of nothing more reliable than that of an orchard of nut-bearing trees. Our native forest trees are being rapidly destroyed, and without the attention of horticulturists to the subject of growing nut-bearing, as well as apple and pear trees, we shall soon find the products of our native land, in this particular, more rare than that of foreign shores. Already the chestnut commands a ready sale at from eight to twelve dollars a bushel, while the white walnut sells freely at from two to three dollars; and yearly, as time rolls on, these prices are enhanced rather than reduced, because of the increased demand and the lessened product by reason of cutting away the native forest trees. We write this having just come from an orchard of about sixty trees, now about twenty-five years old, and from which the owner last year gathered an average of over one and a half bushels to the tree, paying him a net return, exclusive of labor of gathering, of over six hundred dollars. These trees stand in pasture land, and when the owner was clearing up the forest, were young saplings and left to grow, with a hopeful looking forward to the present result. In our earlier days we spent many a day gathering the white walnut, and our recollection is of six to eight bushels of fruit to a tree, for which buyers then paid one dollar a bushel; and as the trees were in pasture land, the product was a clear net gain, extremely acceptable to the owner.—*Horticulturist.*

HORTICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

The Largest Rose Tree.—In a German work called "The History of the Rose," the writer mentions that the largest rose tree known to exist is in the marine garden at Toulon, France. It is of the species known as the Banks rose, bearing white flowers. The branches stretch over a length seventy-five feet high. The stem near to the root measures two feet eight inches in circumference, and the plant yields fifty thousand roses during the months of April and May.

Forcing the Soil.—"Hortus," in the North Western Farmer, mentions a market garden he saw, the past summer, near Boston, in which every foot of ground was forced to yield several crops. Before one was taken off, another was on the way between the rows. Ground, which was growing green corn for market, had already furnished lettuce, onions, radishes or spinnach, and was expected to supply a crop of turnips after the corn was removed, the seed being sown while the latter was maturing. Cabbages succeeded early potatoes and late ones followed on the pea ground. Cranberry beans grew luxuriously between the rows of early salads. A bed of strawberries, comprising ten square rods, constituted a portion of the garden, the produce of which sold in market for one hundred and sixty dollars.

Scraping Apple Trees.—A farmer residing in the western part of Massachusetts had, many years since, an old orchard, many of whose trees were encased in a very rough coating of bark. Their productive days seemed to be over, and the owner was counting upon a good supply of firewood from them the ensuing winter. It was suggested to him that if the bodies of the trees were well scraped an improvement in yield might result from the operation. Some twenty of them were subjected to a vigorous application of the hoe and the rough coating thoroughly removed. The ensuing season showed a marked improvement in their production, the credit of which, whether correctly or not, was assigned to the operation of the hoe. The experiment is easily made and the cost but trifling, even should it fail of rejuvinating the trees operated upon.

A Remarkable Orchard House.—The Gardeners' Chronicle states that in the garden of E. W. Harlock of Ely, Cambridgeshire, is an orchard house remarkable, not so much on account of its architecture, as for its contents. It is a simple span-roofed house 100 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 15 feet high, its sides of boards, with a ventilating shutter on hinges at each side, and no roof openings. It is the contents of this orchard house which make it so remarkable, for it is a perfect forest of peach and nectarine trees, the like of which cannot be found in Europe. The trees are all or nearly all pyramids, growing in large pots and tubs varying in size from 20 to 30 inches; they are from 8 to 10 or more feet in height, and not pinched in closely, as is so necessary in small houses, but the shoots are encouraged to make a vigorous growth, and are only occasionally pinched in, in summer to make the trees symmetrical or to suppress excessive vigor—for the trees are well fed in summer by surface dressings and liquid manure applied judiciously. The result of this sound culture is the utmost vigor and fruitfulness in the trees. Many of these grand trees have borne from two to three pecks of peaches each, and all the fruit is of the largest and finest quality. When it is brought to mind that a house of these dimensions will produce some thirty or forty bushels of peaches, it seems strange that market gardeners do not take this mode of obtaining an abundant supply of fruit.

Wines and Earthquakes.—The California Farmer has the following:—To show the effect the earthquake had on wines that were stored in the cellars in our city, and to show how severe the shake-up was below the surface of the earth, we give the following facts:

In the wine cellars of our city, nearly all the casks of wine that were ready for use for drawing off and bottling were more or less so riled up as to delay their use for several days, and in some cases it may take weeks, as the casks were as much disturbed as if they had been rolled over and over. It will be a matter of some interest to know the final result of this shaking, as it may prove the same as a "voyage round the Horn,"—a little time will show what the effect has been. We learn from our wine merchants that where the wine lay broadside to the shake it was but little disturbed, but all that was lengthwise the tipping of the casks made a complete muddle. In some instances, where the cellars and the foundations were solid, little or no effect was visible.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES.

Cayuga Lake Wine Company.—A company is being organized, under the above title, for the culture of the grape and the manufacture of native wines, with its headquarters at Aurora. The principal officers of the Company are: *President*—Dr. John Thompson of Aurora; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Tallmadge Delafield, Esq. The Company commence planting the ensuing spring.

Vine Growers' Meeting at Wheeling.—A meeting of the vine growers, orchardists and gardeners of Eastern Ohio and West Virginia is called at the McLare House, Wheeling, W. Va., at 10 o'clock Thursday, December 17th, for the comparison of experiences and the furtherance of their interests. We are glad to chronicle such a movement in that quarter. West Virginia ought to take a high rank because of its fruit productions—especially the grape.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

The following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 5th inst:

Vegetables.—Potatoes are slow of sale: receipts are large, but not more so than usual at this season of the year.

Monitor, ⅌ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ⅌ bbl	1 75	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ⅌ bbl	2 50	@	3 00
Mercers, ⅌ bbl	2 75	@	3 25
Prince Alberts, ⅌ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Jackson Whites, ⅌ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ⅌ bbl	4 50	@	5 50
Norfolk, sweet, ⅌ bbl	3 50	@	4 50
Onions, Red, ⅌ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ⅌ bbl	12 00	@	11 00
Onions, Yellow, ⅌ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Marrow Squash, ⅌ bbl	1 00	@	1 50
Cabbages, ⅌ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ⅌ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Pumpkins, ⅌ 100	6 00	@	8 00

Fruits.—Apples are coming in very freely, but as all sound lots are stored for winter use, and not offered for sale, the market is not affected thereby. Grapes go off very slowly. Cranberries are scarce and the market is very firm.

Apples, Greenings, ⅌ bbl	4 50	@	5 00
Apples, Baldwins, ⅌ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ⅌ bbl	4 00	@	5 00
Apples, common, ⅌ bbl	3 00	@	3 50
Apples, Spitzenbergs, ⅌ bbl	4 50	@	5 00
Grapes, Isabellas, ⅌ ℔	6	@	8
Grapes, common, ⅌ ℔	3	@	4
Grapes, Catawba, ⅌ ℔	12	@	15
Quinces, ⅌ bbl	8 00	@	12 00
Cranberries, ⅌ bbl	18 00	@	22 00

Dried Fruits.—Dried apples are coming forward more freely and of better quality. Peeled peaches are dull, the only inquiry being for small choice lots. Unpeeled are quiet but firmly held. Raspberries and cherries are scarce and wanted. Blackberries are dull and lower.

New Apples, State, ⅌ ℔	10½	@	11
New Apples, Western, ⅌ ℔	9½	@	10½
New Apples, Southern, ⅌ ℔	7½	@	10
Peaches, prime, peeled, ⅌ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ⅌ ℔	18	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled,	16	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ⅌ ℔	12	@	13½
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ⅌ ℔	9	@	10½
Blackberries, ⅌ ℔	18	@	20
Raspberries, ⅌ ℔	44	@	46
Cherries, pitted, ⅌ ℔	42	@	45
Plums, ⅌ ℔	28	@	30

Domestic Economy.

PREMIUMS FOR LADIES

WHO FORM CLUBS FOR THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Of late we are in receipt of letters inquiring if the Rural is to offer Sewing Machines, and other premiums suitable for housekeepers, for clubs. In reply we state that, though the Enlarged and Improved Rural, at $3 a year,) instead of $5 as it should be,) will hardly enable us to pay premiums, we have concluded to give very liberal ones, for a few months at least. Among the liberal premiums offered in our list, (which has just been issued and will be sent free to all applicants,) are the following:

For **50** Subscribers, (at least 30 of them *new*,) at club rate, ($2.50 each,) we will give either a **Wheeler & Wilson** or **Grover & Baker Sewing Machine**, as preferred, Cash Price **$55**;—*or*, the same Premium for only **30** Subscribers (20 of them *new*,) at $3 each.

For **55** Subscribers (35 *new*,) at club rate, we will give the **Weed Sewing Machine**, Cash Price **$60**;—*or*, the same for 35 Subscribers (25 *new*,) at $3 each.

For **60** Subscribers (40 of them *new*,) at club rate, we will give **Lamb's Family Knitting Machine**, Cash Price **$65**;—*or*, the same Premium for **40** Subscribers (30 of them *new*,) at $3 each.

We also offer Washing Machines, Wringers, &c., &c., similar to last year;—and a most Ornamental and Useful Premium for every household—viz., a Beautiful Eight-Day Cuckoo Clock! The best of these, price $40, will be given for 40 subscribers to Volume XX (at least 25 of the subscribers being *new*,) at club rate—another, beautiful in style and finish, price $30, for 30 subscribers (20 of them *new*,) at club rate; and other good clocks at less prices and for subscribers in proportion! The list comprises several other articles which our friends will find very desirable and useful.

But *in addition to the premiums* we propose to make our Agent-Friends a Beautiful Present, in the form of a magnificent Steel Plate Engraving entitled "Birth-Day Morning, *or the Gardener's Present.*" This is a Five Dollar Engraving, (from the original painting in the Academy of Fine Arts,) and will be given free, as a Presentation Plate, to all Agents of the Rural New-Yorker who remit for Twenty or more Yearly Subscribers, *in addition to any Premium offered!* This is a Charming Picture, engraved on steel in the highest style of the art in Mixed and Stipple, and printed on heavy plate paper—size, 24 by 32 inches. It is a splendid picture, most appropriate for beautifying the homes of Rural or Suburban Residents, and is richly worth $5, but having purchased it, at heavy expense, exclusively for presentation to the Rural's friends, copies are not for sale at any price.

Good Friends! will you not make an *extra effort* for the Enlarged and Improved Rural? While your exertions will be substantially recognized, we are confident every subscriber will be pleased with the paper.

APPLE BUTTER.

The best cider for making apple butter is made from sweet fruit, but as this is difficult to get, the common article will do. Take the cider as it runs from the press, before fermentation commences, and boil it down about one half in a copper or tin vessel. While this is doing remove the scum from the liquor, pare and core good tart apples and put them into it, filling the boiler nearly full. Keep up a steady fire, and be careful to stir the mass frequently to prevent burning at the sides. When settled down somewhat add more apples till the vessel is sufficiently full, and cook down to the required consistency—stirring often till the close of the operation. When properly cooked the mass may be placed in jars or oaken tubs and left to cool. It can be seasoned with spices, while cooking or afterwards, to taste, but must be thoroughly stirred. Cover and store in a cool place.

When cider is scarce, or not easily attainable, a substitute may be found in molasses. "Take one and a half bushels of quarters; after they are pared and cored put in a tin or copper kettle, and cover with water sufficient to cook them; then add one gallon of molasses and stir it continually to keep from burning until it is thick enough so the juice will not separate from the sauce. After taking it from the fire add ground cinnamon and cloves to suit the taste."

VARIOUS ORIGINAL RECIPES, &c.

Hop Yeast.—Two quarts water; twelve potatoes; a handful of hops. When the potatoes are done take out the bag of hops, press the water from it; add one teacup of white coffee sugar and a handful of salt. Boil a few minutes; strain through a colandar into a jar. When cool enough, add yeast to raise it. No soda is required in making bread with this yeast.

Olive Oil Soap.—Will some of your readers please give me a recipe, through your columns, for making olive oil soap, and oblige,

Dansville, N. Y. Mrs. S. L. Murdock.

Ginger Mead.—Four ounces bruised ginger root, one ounce cream of tartar, five pounds of white or light brown sugar, and the juice and rind of one lemon. Put these in a vessel which can be covered and pour on them five gallons of boiling water. Let it then stand for eight or ten hours in a cool place, and then add one pint of porter; stir thoroughly, strain clear, and bottle in strong bottles and tie the corks down immediately. Place in a moderately cool cellar, and in three or four days it will be fit for use.

Cleaning Grates.—It is said that brass grates can be kept bright by rubbing them with a woolen cloth dipped in coal oil and then in emery.

To Clean Decanters.—Cut some raw potatoes in pieces, put them in the bottle with a little cold water, rinse them, and they will look very clean.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

1869 MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, BAZAR 1869

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar. These three periodicals fully merit the high encomiums which they have received from the press, and the support which has been given them by the reading public. Whether one considers their beautiful and instructive illustrations, which leave untouched no subject of domestic or foreign importance—their literary merit, which has given them the highest place in the current literature—or their judicious editorial management—they must be emphatically pronounced the three best family periodicals in the world.—*The Advance, Chicago.*

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the world."

Harper's Magazine.

The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It is one of the wonders of journalism—the editorial management of Harper's.—*Nation.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructive variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

The model newspaper of our country—complete in all the departments of an American family paper—Harper's Weekly has earned for itself a right to its title, "A Journal of Civilization."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

This paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our future historians will enrich themselves out of Harper's Weekly long after writers and printers and publishers are turned to dust.—*New York Evangelist.*

The articles upon public questions which appear in Harper's Weekly from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statements, by good common-sense, by independence and breadth of view. They are the expression of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper writing of the time.—*North American Review.*

An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Harper's Bazar.

A Supplement containing numerous full-sized Patterns of useful articles accompanies the paper every fortnight, and occasionally an elegant Colored Fashion Plate.

Harper's Bazar contains 16 folio pages of the size of Harper's Weekly, printed on superfine calendered paper, and is published weekly.

Harper's Bazar contains, besides pictures, patterns, etc., a variety of matter of especial use and interest to the family; articles on health, dress, and housekeeping in all its branches; its editorial matter is specially adapted to the circle it is intended to interest and instruct; and it has, besides, good stories and literary matter of merit.—*New York Evening Post.*

It has the merit of being sensible, of conveying instruction, of giving excellent patterns in every department, and of being well stocked with good reading matter.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

To dress according to Harper's Bazar will be the aim and ambition of the women of America.—*Boston Transcript*

TERMS FOR 1869:

Harper's Magazine,	One Year	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10.00; or any two for $7.00.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will be supplied gratis for every Club of *Five Subscribers* at $4 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New-York.

Ladies' Department.

LOOKING OUT INTO THE NIGHT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

LOOKING out into the night,
I beheld in space afar
Yonder beaming blazing star;
And I marvel at the might
Of the Giver of the rays,
And I worship as I gaze,
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
I espy two lovers near,
And their happy words I hear,
While their solemn troth they plight;
And I bless the loving twain,
Half in pleasure, half in pain,
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
Lo! a woman passing by,
Glancing 'round with anxious eye,
Tearful—fearful of the light;
And I think what might have been
But for treachery and sin—
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
I behold a distant sail
Roughly beaten by the gale,
Till it vanishes from sight;
And I ponder on the strife
Of our fleeting human life—
Looking out into the night.

Looking out into the night,
I bethink me of the rest
And the rapture of the blest
In the land where all is light;
Sitting on the heavenly shore,
Weeping never—never more
"Looking out into the night!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW MARJORY WENT TO WASHINGTON; OR, THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY LIZZIE M. BOYNTON.

[Concluded from page 392, last number.]

CHAPTER V.

MARJORY was just bidding good-night to the hostess, when a look, rather than movement, of a gentleman who had been attempting to speak to her for some moments, detained her. With the ostensible purpose of giving her a bouquet, he approached and said in a low tone,—

"Will Miss MAY oblige me by giving a prompt answer to the note she will find awaiting her?"

Something in his tone and manner intimated what that note contained, and with a decided "Yes," she left the rooms, knowing that she had a battle to fight.

MARJORY MAY was ambitious. Even in childhood, when at play, she never "pretended" that she was a poor woman, with a sick husband and several hungry children,—but rather that she was Queen VICTORIA, with subjects willing and ready to obey her commands. Once, when only ten years of age, an old gipsey had told her that she would marry a poor, inefficient man. "Very well," answered MADGE, "then I must be rich and strong."

With a keen sense of the position and wealth it was his power to confer who asked her to be his wife, MADGE read the note containing this request. Conscious of her power to shine in gay society, and with an innate love of admiration, this was to her no slight temptation. Suddenly there came before her the prophecies of friends, that with her sentimental ideas of love in a cottage she would walk through the wood and at last pick up that inevitable crooked stick. However, she hushed these memories and calmly looked into her own heart; she looked, and realized that above all desire for position or wealth was the great, intense longing for a congenial, exalted love. Then she thought of him who asked her to be his wife; calmly she dispossessed him of his titles, fame and wealth, and then asked, if she should meet him on the farm or in the counting-room would she recognize her true prince? "No," answered her heart, and the battle was decided.

Principle had won the victory over ambition and pride. As the forces were retreating, pride whispered, "What if you never meet with your ideal?—think of the lost opportunity." Principle replied, "Better live life alone than to sacrifice self-respect and love to position and fame."

Strengthened by the victory, MADGE added a deeper shade to her writings, and thus, unassisted and alone, entered the other thorny path that ascends to the Temple of Fame.

The successful politician read her earnest, honest reply, and after his first *intense surprise*, rather congratulated himself, since he discovered by her note that she would be "no submissive wife."

That night a letter, containing these words, was addressed to GUY GORDON:

"Your letter, with its strong proofs of friendship, was a real, good gift to me. Be my best friend, since now, more than ever before, do I need sympathy and aid, lest in my attempts to walk alone I faint by the way-side. Conscious that life for me means work, I sometimes shrink from the thought that Providence intends I shall solve the problem alone."

Such, however, was not to be her destiny. Having gone to Washington by the use of her needle, she returned by the use of her pen. At home, she asked GOD for "patience," and so commenced her life-work, *i. e.*, "the doing with her might whatsoever her hand found to do."

Two years passed, and without fear or misgiving, before GOD and man, she promised to be a true, loving wife to her best friend and most congenial companion, GUY GORDON.

As you will remember, it was in her own beautiful home that I first heard this story. In conclusion she said:

"I have traveled much, since then, but never have I experienced the same intense enjoyment as during that first journey, whose first stages led through the prosy route of a rag carpet. GOD has given me much, very much to be thankful for; but never have I so realized His goodness as I did a year agone, when I read that the 'Honorable M. C.' had sacrificed all principle and betrayed the party who placed him in power. Better a thousand times live life with a pure, true ideal, than to be bound irrevocably to a reality that one may not respect."

Re-echoing her thought, we conclude our story. Girls, if you would be successful, be not deterred by slight obstacles, and never sacrifice principle or self-respect to wealth or position. Better, a thousand times, be the loved and loving wife in some cottage home in an obscure Western village, than an unloving wife in the White House, with a nation of admirers.

VELVET suits are fashionable and elegant, whether in entire suits or with an underskirt of some contrasting color.

A PRIMA DONNA AT HOME.

THE Paris correspondent of Harper's Bazar has paid a visit to Mlle. NILSSON, the charming Swedish cantatrice who is just now so very popular, and gossips thus pleasantly about her:

She lives at 176 Rue de Rivoli, in a very modest suite of apartments on the fourth floor, in a magnificent house, however, and her little balcony looks out on the palace of the Tuileries, where she receives a hearty welcome whenever she is announced. It is a veritable bird's-nest that holds the Swedish nightingale—modest, elegant and chaste. The little drawing-room has a single window; it is not papered, but is painted in wide panels with gilt frescoes. The white marble mantel is adorned with a nymph in gilt bronze, and two blue and gold Sevres vases. The window is hung with white muslin embroidered with clusters of stars. The furniture is of skyblue brocatelle. Over against the window stands a mahogany piano, the confidante and echo of that voice which is compared by its admirers to that of Malibran.

The bedroom is hung with pink chintz sprigged with gray; the bed is canopied with white curtains embroidered with clusters of stars; the bedstead is white threaded with pink; an armoire a glace to match is in front of the bed, beside which is a little fur rug with a white fox in the middle, a souvenir of some rural hunting excursion. The whole furniture seems the realization of a young girl's dreams. A few beautiful wreaths of fresh exotics hanging about the room, alone indicate the recent triumphs of the songstress.

Mlle. Nilsson, the worthy successor of her countrywoman, Jenny Lind, bears little resemblance to her Swedish sister; she is thinner, taller, and of a prouder bearing. She has a very beautiful face, and large, brilliant eyes, with a peculiar expression and of an undefinable shade. Her pale gold hair appears very abundant, and her mouth is grave and somewhat disdainful. Her complexion has not the brilliancy usual to brunettes, for which reason she looks far better at evening embellished by the artifices of the stage. The prevailing characteristic of her physiognomy is extreme purity, united to great will. If there be a secret in her artist soul, it is an honorable one, and will be religiously kept.

OLD MAIDS, AND WHY.

PLAINLY, neither wit, beauty, nor virtue is necessary to the woman who would marry. We frequently see married ladies who are ugly or shallow; and the light woman seldom fails to win a husband. Neither is it needful to have been sought. We have all known matches where the men have succumbed to a persistent courtship on the part of the women. Audacity does a great deal, particularly when accompanied by address. Many an old maid is the victim of her own delicacy, or of a too exclusive reading of the romances of chivalry. But, whatever the cause may be, here is an army of women who were made to give and receive love, to feel the arms of children about their necks, to see beings of their own flesh and blood growing up about them, waxing as they wane, yet who are doomed to perpetual loneliness and sterility, denied the crown of womanhood, fated to perish and be forgotten.

Pitiable it may be, but scarcely laughable. What shall they do with all the hoarded sweetness which was to have welcomed the husband and taught the babe?—what with the words of cheer and counsel which were to have strengthened and encouraged those loved ones? Where shall they employ all the little innocent feminine wiles with which they would have embellished home? Where exercise that gentle authority which is the prerogative of the matron? Whom can they be proud of? How shall they get breath when all these clinging tendrils, whose nature it is to grow outward, are turned back upon the heart? Of course the old maid perceives that many of her married friends do not lead enviable lives; but she regrets not what is, but what might be, what God meant should be. Moreover, reason and philosophize as she may, she cannot forget that the Mother of Sorrows was also the Mother of Love.—*The Round Table.*

A SEVILLE GLOVE SHOP.—The counter is adorned with a row of small cushions, the probable use of which gives rise to a variety of wild conjectures on the part of a stranger. These are intended for ladies' elbows to rest upon, while the shop assistants (always men) pull the gloves on for them. No lady would dream of fitting herself with gloves any more than with shoes. As sonoras rather pique themselves upon not wearing the same gloves more than once, the glove fitting operation has to be often repeated. Whenever a row of women are seen undergoing the operation, the picture is sure to be garnished with a fringe of admiring cavaliers.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

THE belle of Dresden is a Chicago girl who sings divinely.

A NEW style of panier is talked of. It is to be made balloon fashion, with a patent inflator.

IT is said that Adalina Patti, on the occasion of her first appearance in Russia, will have a fur mantle, costing 30,000 francs, thrown over her shoulders by the Emperor.

BY one decisive argument
Tom gained his lovely Kate's consent
To fix the wedding day.
"Why in such haste, dear Tom, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said,
"But then," says he, "I may."

A PRETTY WOMAN is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to bundle herself up under a green veil or any other similar abomination, than the sun has to put on spectacles.

THERE is nothing that adds so much to a woman's beauty as a neat and tasty hood. Many a bachelor has lost his heart when gazing at the sweet features of some passing lady, as they peep forth from the surrounding fur of a close-fitting hood. But there is a hood that disfigures the features of the most attractive face, and that is falsehood!

A PARIS fashion writer tells of a new kind of head-dress: a garland of flowers so contrived that as heat of the dancing room increases, the petals gradually open and fall into the hair, disclosing a diamond or ruby heart in each. Thus the crushed flowers after a dance will be replaced before the close of the ball by a second head dress.

A ROMANTIC pair in Pennsylvania are blessed with a number of daughters. The eldest was called Caro-line; the second, Made-line; the third, Eve-line; the fourth, Ange-line; when lo! the fifth made its appearance, and no name could be found with the desired termination. Determined, however, to "fight it out on that line, if it took all summer," the parents pounced upon a name very popular in their neighborhood, and forthwith the baby was called Crino-line!

Choice Miscellany.

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

BY LAURA C. REDDEN.

DRIFT over the slopes of the sunshine land,
O wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh, pure as the breast of a virgin saint!
Drift tenderly, soft, and slow,
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
Are tuning their memory bells:—

Into the forests of sighing pines,
And over those yellow slopes
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
Not shapen with loving care;
But the souls let out and the broken blades
May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves
O delicate-dropping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love,
On the warrior heads below;
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul,
As she waiteth and watcheth for one
Who never came back from the sunrise land
When the terrible war was done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
Drift, white as the bridal veil
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
Who sitteth afar, so pale;
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
That crimson the eastern sands.

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
O delicate snow! and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified,
Husband, and son, and lover.
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls,
And the mantles of righteousness.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTY.

NATURE is full of compensations. She keeps a debt and credit account with all her works. Nothing is quite perfect, faultless; and yet nothing is without its perfections. She contradicts herself, or rather, she always supplements her badness with an over-balancing goodness: to the thorn she adds the rose, and to the plainness of the mignonette, a ravishing fragrance. A plain face shows nothing of the noble, intellectual soul, that we find (as one discovers the trailing arbutus, by close scrutiny under brown, torn, autumn leaves) lying beneath; while the trifling, imbecile, often wicked heart, is frequently veiled by a countenance of "milk and roses."

Yet, beauty is the divine gift, as the ancients called it, and none but fools scoff at those who seek to obtain or preserve it. As individuals, and as a race, can we, by taking thought and trouble, become more beautiful? Undoubtedly; but never, while the sun shines, by aid only of cosmetics and washes. We are not like houses that may be scoured and re-painted, and thus made to look young and fresh; but rather like shrubs and flowers that must be properly nourished and watered. If we improve in beauty, it must be "by an inner and spiritual grace, not by an outward and visible sign."

The foundation-stone of the whole temple of physical beauty is health. It is wonderful to trace the ravages that a few days', and even hours' illness, will make in the most perfect face. Our beauties and belles should remember this, and guard themselves with "eternal vigilance" from colds and coughs, thin shoes, bare arms and late suppers; pass by rich pastries, gravies, preserves and pickles, as they would pass a dwelling signaled with the red flag of small pox.

If to these precautions they will superadd sweetness of temper, which prevents wrinkles and frowns and infiltrates every pore with the sort of radiance that sunshine adds to vegetable life,—a neatness learned from the rose-petals,—an unfailing supply of fresh air gathered by two or three hours' diligent search through glen, forest and park,—the same amount of intellectual stimulus taken by reading, writing and conversation,—with strict observance of the holy table of "Laws of Life" laid down by the Infallible Teacher,—we may hope that our race in the present and coming generations may draw near and nearer the Beautiful One, in whose image and likeness inanimate earth became a "living soul."

Jefferson City, Mo., 1868. AMELIE PETTIT.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MENTAL ALIMENT.

PHYSIOLOGY, like other sciences, is being more fully developed in these latter days. Man is beginning to inquire how he may best preserve and build up the body; what kinds of, in what proportion and at what intervals, food is to be taken to accomplish the greatest possible good.

The mind requires analogous training for its perfection. Food for the mind should be selected with the utmost discretion. Different mental constitutions require different kinds of nourishment. It should be the care of each to know his own peculiar wants, and minister to them wisely.

Intellectual *cramming* is no more conducive to mental growth than gluttony to the highest bodily welfare. Omnivorous reading is a serious fault. The world is literally crowded with books, and he who thinks he must read all is chargeable with no less folly than he who, sitting down to a sumptuous repast, thinks he must devour all that is before him. Select that which will easily assimilate and strengthen.

Exercise is an indispensable aid, as well for mental as physical digestion. The mind must not only be a receiver but a producer. It is well to learn what others have thought, but better to originate thought within ourselves; or rather to comprehend for ourselves the thought of GOD expressed in His works, and the true philosophy of His dealing with the children of men.

We should not be discouraged at the illimitable fields of knowledge yet before us. It will be the delightful employment of heaven to traverse these unknown regions. We should rejoice that the fountain head of all truth is inexhaustible; that through all the ages we need never thirst. In the meantime let us improve all our powers according to the best of our ability. Time is not long enough, and eternity too short, for wasted opportunities.

DIANA.

THE most important truth cannot be too early learned, nor the journey that leads heavenward too soon begun. The enemy is awake while we slumber, and if we neglect to cultivate the good seed, his tares will cover all the surface.

UNCONSCIOUS SELFISHNESS.

THERE is not a little unconscious selfishness in the matter of politeness. Although there is on the froth of what is called politeness a great deal that is foolish; yet politeness, in its true signification, is only another name for Christianity socially applied; and good sense and etiquette are, in point of fact, Christian equity and kindness. In the code of politeness there are many things forbidden, and many things enjoined, which men who do not consider themselves to be disciples of the school of politeness need to have told them. We that stand in favored positions of society, often judge those that have no position, as if they could act as we act. We do not consider that their circumstances make it hard, if not impossible, for them to do things that we can do easily. The position a man is in makes a difference in little things. A robust man that is healthy in every bone and muscle, must take care as to what he requires of those that are sick and weak. If a man's nerves are like whip-cords, what contempt he has for a nervous and hysterical person. And yet, I take it that persons who are hysterical and nervous are not so because they like it, but because they cannot help it. A blind man is not so well off as if he could see; but if he is blind, what are you going to do about it? It is a fact that a man who has no skin over his nerves, *has* no skin over his nerves, and that he suffers; and you that wear rhinoceros hides are not to despise him because he cannot bear as much as you can.

There is unconscious selfishness, likewise, in the use of language. The pain inflicted by the tongue is far greater, I think, than the pleasure imparted by it. Rudeness of every kind in language is liable to produce great and unnecessary pain. All the good there is in decisiveness, directness or brevity, is perfectly compatible with being essentially kind. But persons who do wrong from ignorance and inexperience are often censured. Many a word drops a seed from us and grows up a thorn-bush in the soul on which it falls.—*Henry Ward Beecher in Herald of Health.*

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED.

ZCHOKKE, in one of his tales, gives the following excellent advice:

In the first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him and give him a vow in return. Promise each other, sacredly, never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other—never to bandy words or to indulge in the least ill-humor. Never—I say, never! Wrangling in jest, and putting on an air of ill-humor merely to tease, becomes earnest by practice. Mark that! Next, promise each other sincerely and solemnly, never to keep a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, and whatever excuse it might be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it. And as you keep nothing from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, marriage state, and heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world. Every third or fourth one you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Remember the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, to each other, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a pair had, on their marriage day, known this secret, how many a marriage were happier than, alas, they are!

THE EYE.

THE eye—the study of which alone, old Sturmius tells us, is a cure for Atheism—is perhaps one of the most marvelous constructions in nature. Its movements, its expressions, its protection, its chambers, its lenses, and the great delicacy of all its component parts, have been the study of the anatomists of all times. How I wish I could show to the readers of this paper one single portion of the human eye—that part called the vitreous humor! It resembles half molten crystal in its purity and brilliancy. And, above all, could I show you the beautiful adaptation of every structure to the office it performs in the animal economy you would probably be lost in amazement. Imagine yourself for a single moment standing on a mountain eminence with an autumn landscape of twenty miles in extent before you. Every constituent which goes to make up the beauty and the harmony of the scene is fully appreciated by your sense of vision: the great variety of color, the fields, the hedges, the foliage, the cottages and the village spire in the distance, the river as it curves around the gentle slopes and the clouds that float overhead. That landscape of twenty miles you take in, and are able to see entire, through an aperture an eighth of an inch in diameter.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SANDWICHES.

THE "best illustrated paper out"—a banknote.

THE lay of the minstrel is getting to be a golden egg.

A FLOWER for Queen Isabella's bouquet—Prim rose.

TO GET out of debt, pay up—to keep out, pay down.

WHY is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll eat it.

LEVITY of behavior is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

DOES a dead language come under the head of dried tongue?

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

TO ADAM, Paradise was a home; to the good, among his descendants, home is a Paradise.

ONE swallow does n't make a summer; but young men should remember that too many *swallows* are certain to make a *full.*

A FRENCH officer, quarreling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's custom of fighting for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that which he wants most!"

EVERY hour, life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the incautious hand, the trifler goes to his doom. The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question:—What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

THE vices of Americans are brief:—1. An inordinate passion for riches. 2. Overwork of the mind and body in the pursuit of business. 3. Undue hurry and excitement in all the affairs of life. 4. Intemperance in eating, drinking and smoking. 5. Disregard of the true laws of life and health.

Sabbath Reading.

THE TIMES OF PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

COME to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shadow from the heat
When the sun smites the day.

At eve shut to the door;
Round the home altar pray;
And finding there "the house of God,"
At "heaven's gate" close the day.

When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

How very few are the persons who evince, by their daily walk and conversation, that this precept of the blessed Bible has not merely been read but practised in their every-day lives. Very many have imbibed the erroneous idea that religion is something very easy to obtain; that when they become wearied with the deceitful smiles and bitter-sweet pleasures of this world, and desire to disburden themselves of the gilded but oppressive shackles which the "god of this world" has thrown upon them, they have only to send up a formal petition to the GOD of Love, become a member of the church militant, and sail smoothly onward across the sea of life to the bright, shining shore of the Celestial City. But, our Father says, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of GOD." Whatever else may occupy our minds and engage our attention, let this be first,—religion the chief concern, holiness the acme of our aspirations.

The Christian has the greatest incentive to seek after heavenly things, for with the seeking is given an exceeding great promise,—"And all things shall be added unto you:"—all things needful in this life. And who can conceive the glorious treasures that await every follower of the Lamb, just beyond the river, in the Summer Land? O, mortal! "thine eye hath never yet beheld its splendors, nor thine ear heard its deep songs of joy!"

Few of those who profess to have come out from the ranks of sin and Satan, and enlisted under JESUS, the captain of our salvation, strive in all things to make religion the great work of life. How small the number who send up the holy music of prayer and praise from the family altar, and strictly obey the command,—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," by entering His courts with loving hearts, and returning to meditate and pray, thus becoming more meet for the Crown of Glory, which shall shine with ever-increasing splendor as eternal ages roll around.

O what has earth to give, in comparison with Heaven? What do the devotees at pleasure's shrine receive, compared with the lovers of JESUS? A few more suns shall rise and set, when the sound of the archangel's trump shall suddenly fall upon the living and the dead. Ye who worship at Mammon's shrine, what will it avail you then, that your pathway through life was strewn with roses, that you reveled in voluptuous pleasures? The remembrance of them will be cruel thorns of remorse in your bosom.

MARY E.

Pleasant Valley, Nov., 1868.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

"WELL, Molly," said the Judge, going up to the old apple woman's stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?"

"It's only a little while," said she.

"And the hot, dusty days?" said he.

"It's only a little while, sir," said Molly.

"And your sick, rheumatic days, Molly?" said the Judge.

"It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the Judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old woman, devoutly, "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the Judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?"

"How can I help being sure," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in Him? He is mine, and I am His. Now, I only feel Him all along the way. I shall see Him as He is in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Molly, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the Judge.

"Yes, sir, because I went to the Gospel."

"Well, Molly, I must look into these things," said the Judge, taking an apple and walking off.

"There's only a little while, sir," said she.—*American Tract Society.*

"LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAY."

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went to attend to some work in an upper room.

A half hour passed quietly, and then a timid voice at the foot of the stairs called out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right, then," and the child went back to its play.

By-and-by the question was repeated—

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes."

"All right, then;" and the little ones, re-assured of their mother's presence, again returned to their toys.

Thus we, God's little ones, in doubt and loneliness look up and ask,—"My Father, art thou there?" and when there comes in answer the assurance of His presence, our hearts are quieted.

MANY men pass fifty or sixty years in the world, and when they are just going out of it, they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgotten, viz:—The main business for which they came into the world, to repent of their sins and reform their lives and make their peace with GOD, and in time to prepare for eternity.—*Tillotson.*

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

SILK MANUFACTURE.

THE manufacture of silk is of comparatively recent date in this country, and has but lately begun to attract much attention from the public. Silkworms were introduced into Virginia at an early day, it is true, though without permanent success; and Louisiana and Georgia raised them not many years after, the first export of raw silk, amounting to eight pounds, being sent from the latter State in 1734. But while cocoons were produced at the South in considerable quantities, for some time following, and also in Connecticut, where a company was incorporated in 1788 for the manufacture of silk, little was accomplished in the way of manufacturing.

Now, however, we believe there are several silk factories in the United States. One of these, possibly the largest, is described at length in The Protectionist for November. It is that of the CHENEY Brothers, at South Manchester, Ct., and is a model establishment. A history of the origin and progress of silk manufacture preludes the description, from which we condense the following:

The discovery of the uses to which the cocoon of the silkworm might be applied, it is said, was made in China 2,700 years before the Christian era. Be that as it may, it is a well-known fact that when the existence of the silken fabric of China became known in other countries, its manufacture had attained a degree of excellence which showed a long practice of it among the Chinese. The silkworm itself was unknown except to the inhabitants of the celestial empire. Aristotle and Pliny had obtained tolerably accurate accounts of it. Pamphila, a native of Cos, one of the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago, was in the habit of unweaving imported silken fabrics, for the purpose of spinning and weaving them anew into lighter fabrics, such as gauzes. Her practice was afterwards adopted by the ladies of Rome, where silken materials were greatly prized.

In the reign of Augustus, the article was but little known; and in the reign of Tiberius, silk from the East was worn only by ladies of the highest rank, but the thinner manufactures of Cos were more general during the hot season. Men were forbidden to wear silk fabrics, but a mixed material of an inferior quality was worn by both sexes. The great cost, as well as difficulty of importing silk to Rome, caused Marcus Antonius, in the second century, to send ambassadors to China to establish commercial relations with that people; but the embassy met with scarcely any success. To show the costliness of the article, a silken garment is mentioned as one of the prodigalities of the Emperor Heliogabolus, while a dress of similar material was refused by Aurelian to his Empress, on the ground that it could only be obtained by its weight in gold.

About the middle of the sixth century the western world received a supply of silkworms' eggs, which were conveyed from China to Constantinople by two Persian monks. This occurred about the year 552, in the reign of Justinian, and the eggs were secretly conveyed from China in a hollow cane; these were hatched at the proper season, and the caterpillars fed with the leaves of the wild mulberry tree. From this small commencement sprang all the silkworms which have, up to the present time, continued to supply the constantly increasing demand throughout Europe and Western Asia. The worm was gradually introduced into Greece; and the Greek empire, for nearly six hundred years, became the great seat of the European silk manufacture. In 1147, Roger I., King of Sicily, sacked Corinth, Athens and Thebes, and carried off large numbers of the inhabitants to Palermo, who introduced the silk manufacture into Sicily, from whence it made into Italy and Venice; and Florence, Lucca and Milan became celebrated for the beauty of their manufactures.

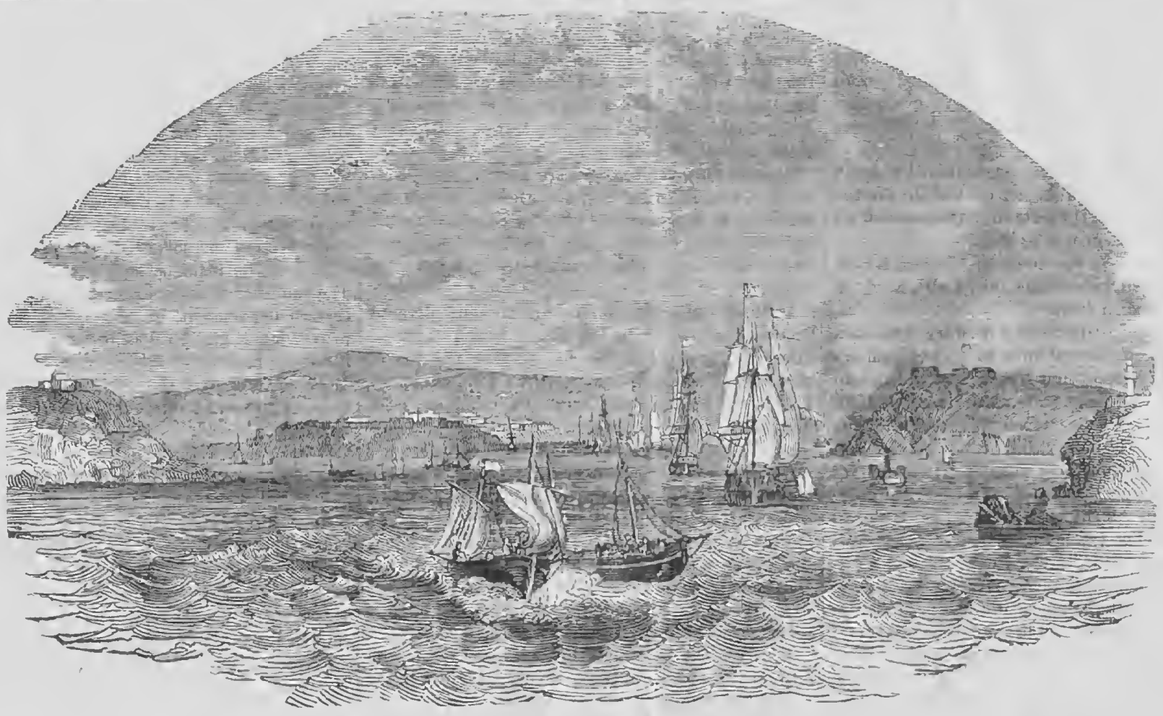
The introduction of silk into France is assigned to Louis XI., who, in 1480, obtained workmen from Italy and established the manufacture at Tours; but it did not prosper, and in the reign of Francis I., about the year 1521, a new importation of workmen was obtained from Milan, and established at Lyons, where, under the encouragement of the emperor, the manufacture obtained considerable success. The manufacture spread through parts of France, and England was largely supplied from thence, although there was much earlier use of silk in England as an occasional article of superb display. The more general use of silk in England, which followed from its successful manufacture in France, awakened a fear that home manufacture would suffer, and in the reign of Mary, in 1554, a sumptuary law was made "that whosoever shall wear silk in or upon his or her hat, bonnet, or girdle, scabbard, hose, shoes, or spur leather, shall be imprisoned during three months, and forfeit ten pounds." Persons of quality were exempt. In the first year of the reign of James I. this law was repealed.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, however, the silk machinery of England was still so defective that the supply of thrown silk had to be chiefly obtained from Italy. In 1715, John Lombe surreptitiously visited a silk mill in Piedmont, and obtained drawings of the machinery, but with considerable difficulty and at the risk of losing his life. He returned to England in 1717, and erected his famous silk mill on the Derwent, at Derby, which was five stories high and one-eighth of a mile in length. From this time the machinery in England, as well as the quality of the manufacture, continued to improve, so that now, silken textures manufactured in that country are unsurpassed in the world.

THE IMAGINATION OF ELEPHANTS.

A writer in the London Spectator asserts that the elephant is a highly imaginative animal, and proceeds to cite numerous facts to prove the assertion. He says:—The Ceylon engineers say that when they survey ways through the forests and plant wooden tracing-pegs to mark the levels during the day, their tracing-pegs are generally removed during the night by the elephants, who are uneasy till they understand these novel symptoms of human agency. It is clear, then, that the elephants are rendered uneasy, troubled in their imaginations, by these curious marks of special and unexplained human interest in their dwelling place, just as Morgiana, in the "Forty Thieves," was rendered uneasy by seeing the chalk mark on her master's door. Indeed, it is a recognized and very generally successful way to escape a vicious elephant to throw down anything complicated in his path, which, in his caution, he will examine so carefully before he proceeds as to give his chase time to escape. Col. Hardy, in 1820, saved himself from a vicious "rogue" elephant by throwing down his dressing case, which the creature in question waited to force open and examine minutely instrument by instrument.

How strong the conventional imagination of the elephant is, is seen, even without respect to man, in his intense respect for the organic unity of a single herd or family, which he shows both positively and negatively. One herd will never, even when united by a common danger, admit another herd, or even a single individual of another herd, into the limits of its own group. Even when more than one herd are captured in the same corral, they will never unite or join in the same charges against the barrier. Any attempt to join them on the part of a stray elephant is resisted pertinaciously, even by blows. Here is the same high value attached to conventions which induced some fashionable man to assign as a reason for not saving another from drowning—that he had never been introduced to him. We should explain it by saying that elephants attach a higher superstitious or imaginative value to the strict unities of elephantine states or nationalities than to the immediate result of life or death to any one such state or nationality. It is not a want of value for the power of organization. The wonderful description of the placing of a picket by the leader of a herd of elephants anxious to bathe near a human encampment, and the anxious generalship with which the leader examined his outposts, and himself surveyed the ground in advance, sufficiently proves this. Besides, whenever a herd of elephants is at bay it always follows one leader, and if the leader is slain, follows the next, and so on till the last is left in isolation.



THE COVE OF CORK, IRELAND.

THIS land-locked basin is regarded by many as the most capacious and most beautiful in the world. It is large and deep enough to float the world's navies, varying from one mile (at the entrance) to eight miles in breadth. It is formed by the estuary of the river Lee, upon which the city of Cork is situated, eleven miles above the entrance to the harbor, and which is navigable a mile or two above the city. It contains two islands, Spike and Hawbowline, the first of which is the most prominent, is surmounted by artillery and barracks, and is the place where criminals condemned to penal servitude are confined. The little town creeping up the hillside, in the foreground of the engraving, is Queenstown, which might be quite a lively place if much shipping entered the harbor. But the lovely basin, so safe and inviting, seldom presents a scene of much activity. Though the gateway to the second mercantile city of Ireland, it is not crowded with busy sails as it ought to be. The Irish claim that English tyranny is the chief cause of this inactivity of trade.

Various Topics.

CHEAP WINE AND DRUNKENNESS.

UNIVERSAL wine drinking as a preventive of drunkenness, has been urged repeatedly by a class of professedly temperance people. Its effect in different countries has been cited, in illustration; and the manufacture and use of light wines have been zealously recommended in lieu of prohibitory legislation. At times this side of the question has been presented in a very plausible light, and we doubt not has made many converts. BAYARD TAYLOR's extended observation has favored it; and his statement, in a letter from Germany, that the most temperate people he has ever found are the Greeks, every one of whom—man, woman and child—drinks wine, may have seemed to some minds conclusive.

But there are two sides to the matter. Dr. HOLLAND, writing from Switzerland to the Springfield Republican, shows the darker aspect. He says that a large amount of land in the canton of Vaud is surrendered to the cultivation of the grape, and all the wine made is drank within the canton. The vintage is the chief interest, and the people seek to throw a glamour of romance around it. "The casks go through the streets with gay bouquets of flowers in their bungholes; but from what I have seen of the effect of wine here, the show is all a sorry farce. There is no question that the people would be better, healthier, happier, and much more prosperous, if there were not a vineyard in the canton. We have all been told in America, and I fully believed it, that if the people could be supplied with a cheap wine, they would not get drunk,—that the natural desire for some sort of stimulant would be gratified in a way that would be not only harmless to morals, but conducive to health. I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap, white wine here to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafes here it would be hard to find in any American city, even where they enjoy the license of the Maine law."

This testimony is to the point, and bears the impress of honesty. It is rendered still more emphatic by what follows. After telling us that "the grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and a Swiss city is found in the fact that a man who has wine in him is good natured, and the man who is equally charged with whisky is a demon," the Doctor adds:—"I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out whisky, and that the advantages of the wine over the whisky are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland,—those who have the highest good of the people at heart,—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness."

Mr. ELLIS H. ROBERTS of the Utica Herald, spent the last season abroad, and his observations do not quite agree with those of Dr. HOLLAND. He replies to the Doctor's letter, taking issue with some of its statements, yet in the final summing up really indorses all the objections to cheap wines. We quote his closing paragraph:

"What then shall Americans be advised? Shall they be told to plant grapes and drink wine? Not at all. Let us agree that safety to the individual is best secured by total abstinence. Let the preacher and the reformer accept that as their end and aim for all. But men do drink, and they will drink until a radical change is wrought in many, indeed, in most of them. If whisky, the whole family of distilled alcohol, could be wholly crowded out, the curses and burdens of intemperance would be greatly mitigated. Were we to come up to the level of the grape growing districts of Europe in this regard, our case would be much improved. And yet that level would not and ought not to content us. Some of our rural districts and agricultural villages, in which no liquors or wines are sold, afford, doubtless, the best models for imitation in character and comfort of any communities existing among men."

HALF-TINTS IN PAINTING.

THE great difficulty in shading is the management of the half-tints. Any one can make an extreme shade of black; and if the right feeling for half-tints and semi-tones is not a natural one—something analogous to that of a good ear for music—it can be to a great extent acquired, though in some cases it will require a much greater amount of practical experience and observation than in others, before they begin to perceive the many varieties of tone which are spread upon the surface of an object, especially if it be an irregular one. But when we have to add color in connection with light and shade, we go further into a field of change and variety that is unbounded. And here is the test of the painter. It is the management of the minor tones which makes all the difference between a first-class artist and a common country sign-painter. The latter may paint a red cow sufficiently well to answer the purpose of giving a title to the village ale-house.

We will grant that he has the ability to make a tolerable representation of the animal in outline, when he attempts to paint it he will do nothing more than to fill up the outline with red, and darken the parts in shade with black, because he can see nothing further; but the eye of the true artist would sieze upon the innumerable tints spread all over the surface—the various degrees of color influenced by the position and strength of the light, some parts more brilliant, some more subdued, intermingled with grays of various hues in every portion—added to which are the reflections of color and light among the shadows, some warm, some cold; in short, to name all the changes and tones that would require his especial attention can only be done by him who is able to paint them. Here, then, is the secret why one painter is greater than another; and their comparative excellence is determined by their ability to perceive and represent few or many of the infinite varieties of tones scattered over every object in nature.

CULTIVATING DYSPEPSIA.

"IF I were called upon, said James I of England, "to provide a dinner for Satan, his bill of fare should consist of roast pig and a pipe of tobacco for digestion." From the manner in which two-thirds of our adult population treat their unfortunate stomachs, one might suppose that they were as willing to destroy their own health as King James would have been to sicken Satan. In most countries, people who indulge in alcoholic drinks take them at meal times or immediately after eating, when the membraneous lining of the stomach is in some degree protected from their inflammatory action by a poultice, so to speak, of masticated food. But the American imbiber prefers to swallow his liquid poison when there is nothing in the organ into which he decants it to qualify its fiery principle, or prevent it from taking immediate and full effect upon the viscera with which it comes in contact. The vicious wretch who throws vitriol in the face of his enemy scarcely misuses him more horribly than one of our "perpendicular drinkers" misuses his own stomach. Is it any wonder, then, considering the outrages which the people of this country commit upon the internal machinery, that dyspepsia is a "national disease?"

DECREASE OF CHILDREN.

THE Kennebec Journal cites the opinion of a prominent citizen of Maine, a close observer of events, in which it is claimed that the cause of the falling off in school returns the last two years, is not on account of carelessness or mistakes in the return of the number of children, but that the children are becoming less in number yearly, except in manufacturing towns, or where there is an influx of foreign population. Forty years ago ten children was quite a common number in a family. The average in many places was a fraction over seven in each family, of parents at the age of forty-five; now we seldom find more than ten, and the average is but four to each family. The diminution in the returns may be accounted for from the fact that the births in many towns do not at the present period exceed the deaths. Pride, fashion and folly are in a great measure responsible for this state of things, in what manner it is not necessary to state.

WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS?

THE truth that matter passes from the animal back to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal kingdom again, received a curious illustration, not long since.

For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter.

The rusting hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot, alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead. The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn, as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the back-bone to the hips.

Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but their occupants had disappeared; the bones even had vanished. There stood the thief—the guilty apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete.

The organic matter, the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams, had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmuted into woody fiber, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweetest perfume of spring; more than that—had been converted into luscious fruit, which, from year to year, had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, "Who ate Roger Williams?"—*Steel's Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry.*

ANTE-MORTEM OBITUARIES.

A WRITER, describing the internal economy of the New York Tribune, has this about the "Biographical Bureau" of that paper:

"In the bottom draws of this cabinet we find a series of carefully written obituaries of distinguished live men, all arranged alphabetically, and in charge of Dr. Wood. They are curiosities in their way. Here is a bulky one, as thick and long as your arm. It is marked 'Peter Cooper.' Here is a second, a Lilliputian roll, small enough to go into a needle case. We find this labeled 'The Life of Walt. Whitman.' These obituaries are found valuable when news of a celebrated person's death is received at an early hour in the morning. Thaddeus Stevens died at Washington, at midnight, yet a four column sketch of his life appeared in the Tribune of that morning. It had been put in type and was 'standing' when the news of his death was received. This was the case with Buchanan and Martin Van Buren, though the latter cheated the office so long that the type was distributed, and the old man, with singular perverseness, died within two days thereafter. This Biographical Bureau is, indeed, a rare feature."

A CHINESE ALMANAC.

A CHINESE almanac is a most extraordinary publication. The days for plowing, building, traveling and marrying are laid down in it with the greatest minuteness. The whole period of four seasons is divided into twenty-four solar terms, each possessing a characteristic name, and corresponding to the day on which the sun covers the first or fifteenth degree of one of the zodiacs. As the Chinese is a lunar calendar, the places of these solstices, equinoxes, etc., which regulate the three great festivals of the year, are changed every year. There is also the intercalculation of the arrears of the Chinese year of 354 days, which, in a period of thirty-two or thirty-three months, amount to a great month of thirty days, which is introduced every two or three years in such a way as to preserve the order of these twenty-four periods.

RAILROAD SLEEPERS.—The average life of a railroad sleeper is seven years. There are 2,112 in a mile. The average cost is fifty cents each. Thus our sleepers are costing us $150 a mile every year, for each of the 40,000 miles in the Union. The sleepers on the English roads last on an average fourteen years, and when properly treated with preserving substances, they last for a century.

IT is stated that there are 307 religious newspapers and other periodicals published in the United States. Of these 60 are set down as Baptists, 54 Methodist, 30 Presbyterian, 29 Lutheran, 26 Episcopal, 25 Catholic, 16 Congregational, 11 Universalist, and the remainder scattered among the small societies.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

JOHN and NELLIE GRANT were down by the brook at play, one afternoon. It was a warm, pleasant day, and the birds sang very lazily, and the great yellow butterflies floated about in the air slowly, as if they were half asleep.

"How warm it is," said JOHNNIE. "Let's go down in the woods and play. It's cooler there."

The woods to which JOHNNIE pointed were just a little way from where they were at play, and were part of a large forest that stretched away on the north side of the "opening" where their father had chosen his farm, for miles and miles. Now perhaps some of my readers may not know what "openings" mean. Out West there are large tracts of land where no large trees grow, only low, shrubby, stunted bushes. These pieces of land are called "openings," and persons choose them for farms because they can be cleared so easily.

"Oh, JOHNNIE!" cried NELLIE, all at once. "I heard father say that strawberries were getting ripe in the woods now, and let's get some for his supper. We can get enough, I know; and how glad he'll be when he comes home from work to see a big saucer full of them, with cream and sugar over them, setting by his plate!"

"Sure enough!" said JOHNNIE. "I don't see why we did n't think of it before. But what'll we do for a basket?"

"I don't know," said NELLIE, thoughtfully. "I'd go up to the house and get one, if I was n't afraid mother'd see me, and we don't want her to know anything about what we're going to do. Won't she laugh when she sees what we've got?" and NELLIE's eyes shone with anticipation of her mother's pleasure.

"Oh, I know," said JOHNNIE. "We can make some cups out of these great basswood leaves. I saw father make one to drink out of once. They'll hold ever so much."

So the children gathered several large leaves, and by twisting them around their hands and pinning them together with little twigs they formed some very nice little cups. When their new-fashioned baskets were completed, they started for the woods where their father had told them the strawberries were beginning to ripen. At first they saw no indications of fruit; the vines grew plentifully, but there were no berries to be found under the shining green leaves.

"I guess they grow in shady places," said JOHNNIE, "and we shall have to go where the trees are thicker."

"I wish we had old Snip with us," said NELLIE, who could not help feeling timid and almost afraid, the shadows were so deep and everything seemed so still and lonesome.

"We can get along without Snip well enough," said JOHNNIE bravely, though he could not help wishing that the old dog had accompanied them. "But see, NELLIE, here are some berries!" he cried, as he caught sight of a great red cluster half hidden in tufts of green leaves.

Sure enough! they had found berries at last; and they kept wandering on from one patch to another, till their baskets were filled with luscious fruit.

When they had heaped their leaf-baskets with the red berries till they could hold no more, they began to think of going home. They had been so busily engaged in their pleasant task that they had taken no notice of the flight of time, and now they were surprised to see that the woods kept growing gloomier and darker, and when they looked at the tops of the trees only the tallest ones were touched by the sunshine.

"It's almost sundown," said JOHNNIE, "and we must hurry, or it will be dark before we get home."

And taking NELLIE's hand, they set off in the direction of home, as they supposed, but in reality they were going in the opposite direction. They wandered on, expecting to come in sight of home every moment. But no glimpse of an opening in the trees greeted their eyes, and all the while it kept growing darker and darker.

"Oh, JOHNNIE, I guess we're lost!" said NELLIE, very pitifully.

"I do n't know but we are," answered JOHNNIE. "I'm sure we've come a good deal further than we had gone from home after the berries."

"What shall we do?" asked NELLIE, as she clung closer to JOHNNIE's arm, for it was quite dark now, and the shadows frightened her.

"I do n't know," answered JOHNNIE very slowly. "If we go any further we shall have more trouble to find home, I guess, than we shall if we stay here all night, and try to follow our tracks back in the morning."

So they agreed to stay where they were all night. An old tree had fallen close by, and they crawled into its branches, and made themselves a snug little bed of leaves. JOHNNIE drew NELLIE's head down on his lap and tried to quiet her, for she was crying very bitterly. She could not help thinking of her mother, who just then seemed very far away. She wondered if she should ever see her again. JOHNNIE told her that nothing would harm them, and it would be very easy, he *guessed*, to find their way home in the morning, but he was not quite sure.

It was very still and quiet for awhile; then an old owl began to hoot in a tree over head. His dismal croak made the night seem lonesomer than before. Then they heard steps like those of some animal, and NELLIE clung to JOHNNIE, in great terror, for she was thinking of wolves and bears. But, whatever it was, it passed by.

Then they were undisturbed for a long time. JOHNNIE told her that GOD was just as near them there as at home, and after a while she laid her head down on his arm, and tried to go to sleep. Just as she was getting drowsy, the pat, pat, pat, of some animal that was coming toward them aroused her and she clung to JOHNNIE, more frightened than before. The steps kept coming nearer, and at last they heard the branches rustle, as a large, heavy body, that looked shaggy like a bear, crowded in among the limbs toward them.

"Shoo-o-o!" cried NELLIE, greatly frightened.

"Bow, wow, wow!" answered a glad voice.

"It's Snip!" cried both of the children together, and if ever they scrambled, it was to get out of that tree-top. Snip had tracked them; and close behind him came their father.

Just as morning broke, they reached home, where their mother was anxiously waiting for some tidings of her children. I am sure they were glad enough when they felt her kiss, and knew that they were safe home.

WORK for some good be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor, true labor, is noble and holy

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES, REQUESTS, ETC.

The Rural as a Present.—As the Holiday season is at hand, when the making of presents is in order, we would remind readers that the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1869 will prove a most valuable gift—one which will be appreciated during the year, the recipient being reminded of the giver every week, and as often regaled with a feast of good things. Probably no more acceptable present can be made to distant relatives and friends, as many of our readers can testify. *Subscribers* sending the RURAL as a present are only charged the lowest club rate—$2.50 per copy.

Send us Names!—Subscribers and others frequently apply for copies of the RURAL to send to distant friends as specimens. If those who wish their friends to see the paper, and thus aid in extending its circulation, will send us the names and post-office addresses of such friends, near and distant, we will mail each a specimen of the enlarged and improved volume as soon as No. 1 is issued. Give us the names and we will cheerfully respond. Please act upon the suggestion.

The Enlarged Rural.—Many Agents and others wish us to send samples of the RURAL for 1869, in its enlarged and improved style. This is impossible, as No. 1 of Vol. XX cannot be issued for some weeks yet—though we hope to have it ready some days in advance of date. Agents and others forming clubs can safely assert that the new volume will *be all we have promised*. It will contain Sixteen Pages of Five Columns each, and the sheet be about double the size of the paper in 1867. Instead of the price being $5 a year, as our friends say it ought, it will be but $3 per single copy, and only $2.50 in clubs of ten or more! Friends, make up your Clubs.

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the RURAL. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both,—stating the facts about enlargement and improvement. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure.

Send Early!—In order that we may get the names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as fast and early as possible, our friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—as soon as convenient. Those who are forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards.

The Rural is Not a Monthly.—In presenting the claims of the RURAL, do not "forget to remember" to state that it is not a *monthly* of only 12 issues a year, but a Large and Handsome WEEKLY of Fifty-Two Numbers! The difference in price is altogether in favor of the RURAL, compared with any monthly.

How to Remit.—The best way to remit for clubs, as we have often stated, is by Draft. If $20 or over, send by draft, as there is no risk. For smaller amounts it is best to send by Post-Office Money Order,—but if you cannot do that, send in Registered letters.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency,—but any person disposed to do so can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.

Show Bills, Specimen Numbers, &c., sent free to all applicants. If you want more of such documents, let us know and they will be forwarded.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, DEC. 12, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

FORT Lafayette, in New York habor, was almost totally destroyed by fire last week. Little remains of it now but a ruined mass of brick and mortar. Soldiers are still on guard, and unexploded shells remain among the ruins and may go off any moment. The loss cannot be yet definitely known, as the records of ordnance in store there are on file in Washington, but it is presumed to be about $250,000. Of the armament there were destroyed twenty-two ten-inch Rodman guns, with their carriages, together with one dismounted gun, ten one hundred-pound Parrot guns and carriages, and twelve thirty-two-pounders, with wooden carriages.

Over one hundred repeaters were brought before Judge Ledwith, at the Jefferson Police Court, in New York city, last week, for illegal voting, and a majority of them were committed in default of bail for trial at the Court of General Sessions.

Peter Lamb was run over and killed at Knowersville, on the Susquehanna Railroad, a few days since.

Gov. Fenton has appointed Nathaniel Bishop, LL. D., of New York city, to be one of the State Commissioners of Public Charities.

A paymaster's clerk named R. D. Bogart, connected with one of the vessels of the Brooklyn navy yard, has decamped with the sum of $12,000, obtained on a check in blank by the paymaster for the daily expenses of the vessel.

A fire in Clyde last week destroyed about $25,000 worth of property.

On the farm of Mr. Randall of Oriskany Falls has lately been found the skeleton of what is called a "large species of ancient deer." The bones were discovered about four feet below the surface under a stratum of loam, clay, gravel and muck.

The Electoral College of the State met at Albany on the 1st inst., and after some preliminaries adjourned over one day. At their next meeting the College cast its thirty-three votes for Seymour and Blair, and appointed messengers to take the votes to Washington.

Considerable excitement has been awakened by the alleged discovery of rich gold fields near Rhinebeck, Dutchess county. The evidence of the presence of gold is considered indubitable, and experts who have made extended investigations pronounce a strong opinion of the result expected from the indications. It is claimed that the Dutchess county gold fields are portions of the Appalachian chain of auriferous deposits extending from Georgia to Nova Scotia. It is also claimed that these veins are more extensive than those of North Carolina. The beds examined are situated about four miles east of the village of Rhinebeck, and six miles from the river, and accessible by good roads.

Parties in Albany are agitating the removal of Union College from Schenectady to that city. A meeting of citizens has been held, and a committee appointed to confer with the College Faculty. Schenectady people are greatly exercised over the matter.

At the municipal election in New York city last week, the contest being finally narrowed down to two candidates for Mayor, Oakey Hall received 75,054 votes, and was elected by a majority over Col. Conkling of 54,094. Mr. O'Gorman, the Tammany candidate for corporation counsel, has a majority of 53,539.

By the explosion of a small quantity of a new agency called "Patent Compound Safety Powder," at the mines near Highland Falls, last week, three men were killed, and three more seriously injured. About seven pounds of the powder took fire from a lighted pipe carelessly held near. The effect was fearfully terrific.

Gov. Fenton has commuted the sentence of death imposed on Catharine Johnson of Buffalo for the murder of Bridget McDermott to imprisonment for life in the State prison at Sing Sing.

A lamp exploded in the house of William Newth of West Troy Wednesday night, and a girl, aged ten years, was burned to death.

Two employes in Greenway's brewery, Syracuse, in endeavoring to descend into an empty fermenting tub, were overpowered by the gas which still remained in it, and were suffocated. Both of their bodies were shortly after recovered, but all attempts at resuscitation were unavailing.

Our in-coming Governor, John T. Hoffman, has selected and announced his staff, as follows:—Franklin Townsend of Albany county, Adjutant General; James McQuade of Oneida county, Inspector-General; William H. Morris of Putnam county, Commissary-General of Ordnance; William H. Tweed, Jr., of New York, Engineer-in-Chief; James B. Craig of Kings county, Judge Advocate-General; Jacob S. Mosher of Albany county, Surgeon-General; C. Fitch Bissell of Genesee county, Quartermaster-General; George J. Magee of Schuyler county, Paymaster-General; William Zebach of New York, Commissary-General of Subsistence; Aids-de-Camp, Col. Robert Lennox Banks of Albany; Col. Walter H. Warren of Rensselaer; Col. J. Townsend Cornell of New York; Col. William F. Wallace of New York; Col. William Kidd of Monroe; Col. John D. Van Buren, Paymaster-General under Gov. Seymour, Private Secretary.

George A. Witt was robbed of $1,000 in Troy on the 29th ult.

A primary convention of the Episcopal church of the new diocese met December 2d at St. Peter's church, Albany. On balloting for a Bishop, the convention succeeded in electing Rev. William C. Doane on the ninth ballot.

The extensive paper and cardboard establishment of Botts, Johnson & Co., in Albany, was burglariously entered and robbed a few nights since. The burglars blowed open the safe and carried off deeds of property, notes, bonds, insurance policies and money, valued at over $100,000.

The dinner of the St. Andrew's Society, in New York, Monday evening, the 30th ult., at Delmonico's, was a brilliant affair, and was largely attended. Speeches were made by Judge Brady, Joseph Choate, Mayor Hoffman and many others.

The Cole murder trial at Albany came to a close on Friday of last week, and after an elaborate charge by Judge Hogeboom, the case was given to the jury. The sittings of the court throughout three previous days were occupied by the summing up of both sides and the arguments of opposing counsel. The jury rendered a verdict of acquittal on Monday.

From Washington.

THE Secretary of the Treasury's report is printed. He makes pretty much the same recommendations as in previous reports. The funding of the public debt, and the contraction of the paper circulation by the redemption of the United States notes, is treated elaborately, though the Secretary opposes a forced redemption, or the naming of any time by legislation for resuming specie payments. The Secretary estimates the expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1870, to be $250,000,000 in round numbers. The report will further show that between Nov. 1, 1867, and Nov. 1, 1868, the public debt less cash in the Treasury has been reduced $32,625,102.82. The report shows the interest on the public debt to be in round numbers $140,000,000 per annum, or $10,000,000 more than the estimate for the fiscal year.

Gen. Grant says that the entire system of furnishing supplies to the Indians is vicious, and needs reformation from the bottom. The Indians are ostensibly supplied with scores of things for which they have no use whatever, and are swindled in both quantity and quality even of these goods. Guns and ammunition are sold them in violation of law by agents or their associates, and it is impossible to punish them in the courts. If the Bureau were transferred, the Indian supplies would then be furnished just as army supplies are, and the whole could be done at one-quarter of the present cost.

Considerable comment is made on the appointment of John Savage of New York as Consul to Leeds. Mr. Savage, being an Irish exile and President of one wing of the Fenian Brotherhood, it is looked upon as a test appointment, and may possibly put a new phase on the question of the rights of naturalized citizens abroad.

Commissioner Rollins' report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1868, will show that the total expense of assessing the revenue for the year was $6,142,931. The total expense of collection for the same period was $2,406,469, exclusive of office expense. The total assessments were $270,089,891. The total collections were $254,409,614. In the State of New York, the collections were over $4,000,000 less than the assessments. Commissioner Rollins paid the revenue and special agents of the Bureau during the year, in salaries, $92,912; expenses, $60,501. The salaries of Internal Revenue Inspectors for the year were $238,438, and their expenses $81,911, making $371,349.

The resignation of Disraeli and the British ministry is regarded in diplomatic circles as a virtual postponement of the Alabama claims business for some time to come.

A new postal treaty has been definitely arranged with the United Kingdom, by our Government, and will go into effect on the first of January. By its provisions single-rate letters are to be charged twelve cents in the United States and six-pence in the United Kingdom, any deficiency in postage to be fined five cents in the one country and two-pence in the other. Newspapers will require two cents in the United States and one penny each in the United Kingdom. Book packages, including printing papers of all kinds, &c.; patterns or samples of merchandise, including seeds and grain, when not exceeding one ounce in weight, two cents in the United States, and one penny in the United Kingdom; every additional ounce requiring an additional rate.

From the West.

ON the 27th ult. Major-General Custer, with eleven companies of the Seventh Cavalry, surprised the camp of Black Kettle's band of Cheyenne Indians on the Waskita, and after a desperate fight, in which Black Kettle was assisted by the Arrapahoes under Little Raven, and the Kiowas under Santanta, captured the entire camp, including 53 women and children, 875 ponies, 123 buffalo robes and skins, 535 pounds of powder, 1,050 pounds of lead, 4,000 arrows, 100 pounds of tobacco, besides rifles, pistols, bows, lariats, and an immense quantity of meats and other provisions. Black Kettle was killed and 102 warriors, whose bodies were left on the field. Our loss was Major Elliott, Captain Hamilton and nineteen enlisted men killed; Brevet Lieut.-Col. J. W. Custer, Second Lieut. Y. March, and eleven enlisted men wounded.

General Sheridan's forces are moving from New Mexico, Fort Hays and four other points, in separate columns, to the southern country occupied by the Indians. It is expected that the movements will sweep the enemy from the field or bring them to terms.

A temporary bridge across the Missouri River at Omaha, constructed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, was completed on Tuesday evening of last week, and was swept away by ice on Thursday. This is the second temporary bridge that has been destroyed in a like manner. The railroad authorities will at once rebuild it.

On Friday last a man named Engleman, living at Carlinsville, Illinois, cut the throat of his divorced wife, nearly severing her head from the body. Engleman was arrested and lodged in jail, but on Monday a mob of country people took him from the jail and hung him.

The Hon. J. Y. Scammon proposes to build a monster hotel in Chicago, to cost $750,000.

A recent rain in Wisconsin set afloat seventy-five million feet of logs in Black River, much to the joy of the lumbermen.

A passenger train ran into a freight train last week, on the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, at the Townsend station, killing Barney Pelton, the head brakesman, and another person, a passenger, whose name is unknown. Several persons were injured.

A dwelling in East Cleveland was completely wrecked and then burned by an explosion of gas in the cellar on Saturday evening, and several of the inmates were seriously injured.

From the South.

THE United States Circuit Court in Richmond, Chief Justice Chase presiding, was engaged last week upon the Davis proceeding, argument being on the motion to quash the same on plea that the fourteenth amendment is a bar to further punishment. R. H. Dana opened for the Government, claiming the amendment to be not a penal statute, but merely a change in the political system adopted to secure trustworthiness in office and preserve purity in the administration of the Government. Mr. O'Connor followed for defendant; also Robert Ould, arguing that the fourteenth amendment punished him by disfranchisement, and this punishment was chosen by the voice of the American people as a merciful substitute for the penalties of death and confiscation contained in the Constitution. Chief Justice Chase dissolved the Court, finally, without agreement, he being in favor of quashing the indictment, and Judge Underwood opposed.

The report of Gen. Reynolds on the condition of Texas shows that things are almost as unsettled there as during the war, says the murders of negroes are so frequent as to excite little attention, thinks that years will be required to secure tranquility, and speaks of the need of troops in almost every county.

The donkey boiler of the steamer Dorrance exploded on the 4th inst., while she was lying at her wharf in Mobile. The United States Inspector was testing the boiler at the time the explosion occurred. Three negroes were killed and several injured. Several white persons were also injured.

The tobacco tax yielded $25,000,000 in nine months at Richmond.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

DISRAELI has resigned as Prime Minister of England, and has published an address announcing and defending his resignation. The action is quite a surprise to all, and is commented upon with much severity by part of the English press, which pronounces the ministry's course cowardly and unprecedented. The Post, Telegraph, News and Standard applaud the action of the Premier as calculated to save the Queen from embarrassment and his party from needless mortification. Mr. Gladstone, in an audience with the Queen, has been formally tendered and has accepted the position of chief of the new ministry.

Reverdy Johnson has been banqueted again, this time by the Chamber of Commerce of Birmingham. John Bright was present and made a speech. Mr. Johnson, in response to the usual toast, referred to the change in the ministry, and said he knew that those who were likely to succeed to the government were anxious to continue the present policy in the negotiations between England and the United States.

The mail diligence was lately attacked between Ketskemet and Izsek, in Hungary, by some malefactors, not yet discovered, and 2,840 florins, as well as the letters, were carried off and the vehicle burnt. An infantry soldier, the postilion, and a shoemaker's apprentice were killed.

It is now definitely ascertained that by the explosion of the Arley mine colliery near Wygon, Wales, fifty-seven persons lost their lives, forty-six others were seriously injured and many more slightly. The cause of the disaster is at present unknown.

Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli has declined the Peerage. His wife has been created Viscountess of Beaconfields. The press of London unite in commending Mr. Disraeli's refusal of the Peerage and its bestowal on his wife.

A great Republican demonstration was made in Madrid last week. The young men of the city held a meeting, and amid indescribable enthusiasm passed resolutions protesting against the rule excluding all persons under twenty-five years of age from the franchise. The people, to the number of 15,000, crowded the square where the meeting was held, and every allusion made by the speaker to the Republic was received with tremendous applause.

The apprehensions of bloodshed in Spain are increasing. It is thought that a collision between the monarchists and republicans will be the inevitable result of the excited political contest now in progress. Meanwhile, the patriotic fever of the nation is unabated.

A dispatch from Madrid states that the subscriptions by the people to the national loan now amount to 319,000,000 reals.

The Austrian Government has fitted out and dispatched from Trieste an expedition which will sail around the world. It is under the command of Karl Schurerer. The objects of the enterprise are to introduce the products of Austrian industry into distant markets, and to extend the commerce of the empire. The expedition is under special instructions to visit the principal ports of China and Japan and to proceed thence to California and cruise along the South American coast.

EXTENSIVE FIRE.—A fire broke out in a drug store in Philadelphia on the 3d inst., which developed into the most destructive conflagration known in many years. The total loss is reported to be fully half a million dollars.

The Cuban Revolution.

DISSENSIONS have broken out among rebel leaders. Perse objects to the appointment of Cespedes as commander-in-chief of the revolutionary force. The town of Manzanillo continues in possession of the government, but is besieged by the rebels. A brother of Gen. Cespedes was killed in the engagement at Cabre. Troops have left Ciego de Avilla and Puerto Principe to pursue and give battle to the insurrectionists. The steamer Villa Clara arrived at Havana on Thursday, with six of the chiefs and agents of the insurrectionists as prisoners of war. The suffering of the poorer classes and others in the eastern department, on account of the scarcity of provisions, is described as heartrending. The revolutionists report that the future of their cause looks brighter, and that they will not surrender,—that they expect reinforcements of Americans and Dominicans.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE St. Louis street railroad companies have taken the rear platform from their cars and dispensed with conductors. The passengers get on the front platform and pay the drivers.

MICHIGAN is becoming a rival of Maine in the lumber trade. It is reported that 5,000 laborers are employed in the pine forests of Michigan in preparing the logs to be hauled during the winter months.

THE slaughter of wild ducks on the Susquehannah and Chesapeake rivers commenced about two weeks ago. The first day that the law allowing gunning, over 4,000 ducks were killed on the Susquehannah alone.

COMMISSIONER WELLS gives the cost of the retail traffic in intoxicating liquors in Connecticut alone at $35,000,000 annually. This sum would support all the benevolent and philanthropic institutions in the country.

A TRAIN on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and one on the Great Western, in Canada, were recently thrown from the track, by obstructions placed thereon, and a man was killed in each case. Four men are under arrest.

MR. J. INGERSOLL and two other persons were drowned on Monday of last week, near Port Ontario. They were returning from a fishing expedition down the lake in a small schooner, and it is supposed the vessel capsized.

THE Ninevah Tunnel of the Albany and Binghamton Railroad, a few miles northeast of the city of Binghamton, is so far completed that a locomotive has been run through it. The track will soon be completed to Binghamton.

THE French papers state that serious apprehensions are entertained of a fresh outbreak of the Arab tribes in Algeria, in consequence of the severity of the military rule. The Emperor hitherto has been appealed to in vain to relax the stringency of the regulations enforced by his army.

THE Bay City (Mich.) Journal says that the largest log ever cut in the Saginaw Valley was sawed in that city recently. Three planks perfectly clear, were taken from the log, which scaled 1,120 feet; one plank was 28 inches wide and 10 inches thick; one 36 inches wide and 5 inches thick.

PATTI-CAUX is doing well, pecuniarily, since her marriage. Her engagements for the year commencing October 1, 1868, will bring her 521,000 francs in gold, not counting in what she may reasonably rely upon from private concerts and professional services at other than operatic entertainments.

THE Deseret News announces the arrival at Salt Lake City of 10,000 first and second readers for the schools of Utah, printed in the new Mormon alphabet. This is a device for shutting out the influence of Gentile books and newspapers, which will be Greek to those who are taught only the Mormon alphabet.

THE Emperor of Russia contemplates building a railroad from China across Asia to the Capital of Russia, his purpose being to prevent the United States, with its railroads and steamers, from monopolizing the whole China trade. Agents of the Russian Emperor are now in the United States engaged in studying our railway system.

JOHN B. GOUGH'S silver wedding was celebrated at his home near Worcester, Mass., on the night of the 24th ult., with a pleasant gathering of his friends. The attendance was large, and included many distinguished guests from abroad. There was a magnificent display of gifts, mostly of silver, valued at over $3,000, from northern and western cities.

ISAAC NORTHRUP, son of James Northrup of Rathbunville, Steuben county, N. Y., left his home on the evening of October 22d, and has not since been heard from. It is feared he is deranged, and his friends are anxious to gain some intelligence regarding him. He is eighteen years old, about five feet six inches in height, has black hair and eyes and dark complexion. Exchanges please copy.

SAMUEL CADY, near Webster, Keokuk county, Iowa, was bitten on the arm by a black spider a month ago, but was not conscious of injury until two weeks after, when the pain became excruciating and death resulted. His illness resembled hydrophobia, and persons attending him were in constant danger of being bitten. He imagined himself to be an immense spider, and was constantly raving about his web, for such he imagined his bed to be.

A LETTER from Madrid says: "Our Protestant fellow-countrymen are not likely to let the grass grow under their feet. Distributors of Bibles and tracts have already begun their operations in the great cities, and two bold Britons have been seen giving the sacred volume to people in that very 'Plaza Mayor' where not more than a century ago the population of that city sat down to enjoy what was then the favorite national holiday—the *auto-da-fe* of heretics and Hebrews."

DENNIS COLGAN, the switch and drawbridge tender at East Bridgeport, Ct., during the 13 years that he has held that position has never lost a day from any cause. He has never slept over two hours at a time, and has not averaged more than four hours a day during that period. No train has ever caught him asleep or been obliged to whistle for him; and no accident has ever occurred through carelessness on his part, but he has prevented several accidents by his vigilance and bravery.

ON the 28th ult., six negroes, two of them women, were attempting to cross the Savannah River, near Savannah, in a small boat, when the boat upset and three men and one of the women were drowned. Their frantic cries while struggling in the water brought to the shore two or three hundred persons of their own color from the neighboring plantations, who mingled their wild shouts with those of the drowning persons. One colored man swam out to the capsized boat, and with great risk seized two of the six and placed them on the boat, and after ascertaining that the other four had disappeared, swam with the boat and the rescued negroes to the shore.

QUEEN ISABELLA IN PARIS.—As you walk along the Rue de Rivoli, says a Paris correspondent, you observe at any hour of the day a crowd of people about the doorway of the hotel where the Queen of Spain and suite are lodged. A number of police are stationed to keep order. The Queen is organizing her Court, and observes all the etiquette of a reigning sovereign. Count Ezpeleta, master of ceremonies, formally announced her arrival to the Emperor and Empress at Compiegne, to which imperial residence some say she will be invited. The Princess Mathilde has called on the Spanish royal family, as well as some foreign diplomatists and the Pope's Nuncio. The Emperor and Empress show the fallen sovereign every attention. There is no kindly feeling in Paris toward the Spanish Bourbons, and jokes and severe remarks are very general in all classes of society.

THE HAYTIEN WAR.—Latest advices state that Salnave's forces attacked the town of Jacmel on the 19th ult., but were repulsed with a loss of three hundred men killed, including Gen. Gerenio. The remainder of the force retreated to the interior. Salnave had captured an English schooner laden with coffee, and refused to deliver her over. The English Consul had sent to Jamaica for every vessel. The French Consul had also sent for ships of war to demand satisfaction for the destruction of the consulate at Jeremie. Salnave had detained the British mail steamer Jamaica.

EXPRESS COMPANY CONSOLIDATION.—The American and Merchants' Union Express Companies have effected a consolidation of their interests. The Merchants' Union is taken two shares for one, making its portion of the capital $9,000,000. The consolidated company will have a total capital of $18,000,000, and will continue the co-operative arrangement with the old companies. Mr. Fargo is the President of the new company, which will bear the title of American Merchants' Union Express Company. The articles of association have been formally executed.

APPALLING DISASTER.—The steamer United States, the finest vessel on the Ohio River, was struck by the America on Friday night of last week, near Warsaw, Ky., and sank in two minutes. A quantity of petroleum on board of her took fire, and enveloped both boats in flames. Great excitement ensued, and about eighty lives are reported lost, including eighteen ladies.

MEETING OF ELECTORAL COLLEGES.—The Electoral Colleges of the various States met at the proper places on the 1st inst., as prescribed by the Constitution, and cast their ballots for President and Vice-President, each College naming its messenger or messengers to bear the votes to Washington. Thus the election is finally concluded.

☞ MR. BONNER, of the New York *Ledger*, has succeeded in making even a Prospectus that is readable. It is one of the most interesting of the new advertisements in our present number. From it we learn that Rev. Dr. Tyng is writing a long story for the *Ledger*.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 8, 1868.

THERE is no marked change in money matters in any part of the country since last week. Money has been temporarily easier in New York for a few days. Balances will soon begin to accumulate at that point, but probably not to any great extent until after the first of January.

Gold sold yesterday at 136.

The Erie Railroad difficulty is not settled. We have not space to give anything like a history of the contest in the Courts.

There is some activity in Government stocks, but prices of some descriptions are hardly as firm as heretofore.

WOOL.—The eastern wool market is dull and sales light. The sales in Boston for the week foot up only 450,000 lbs at a range of 43@55c for fleece, and 45@50c for pulled.

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—For a day or two there has been an improved feeling in the market for wheat and flour, both at the east and the west. It was expected there would be a little advance on the close of navigation.

PORK.—In this market there is scarcely anything doing in dressed hogs. In some localities in Western New York the market has been quite active, considering the state of the roads. The price is nominally $9@10. The Chicago Republican of Saturday notices the market thus:—"Dressed hogs were in active request by shippers and packers, and prices ruled higher, with sales at $8,75@9,25 dividing on 200 pounds, and $9.25 for heavy—closing firm."

ROCHESTER, Dec. 8.—Flour, wheat, $9.50@11,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35; Wheat, red, $1,65@1,75; Do. white, $2,00@2,30; Rye, $1,30@1,40; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,25; Pork, mess, $25,00@26,00; Beef, cwt. $7,00@11,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,00@10,50; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@14c; Chickens, 14@15c; Turkeys, 16@18c; Butter, 38@42c; Cheese, 16@18cts; Lard, 18@19cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 32@36c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 20@25c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@20c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0,50@0,75; Onions, $1,25@1,50; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb, 7@7½c; do. Plums, 22@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $6,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Ashes, pots. $7,75@8,00, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 24@24½ cts; Flour, $5,65@9,00; Wheat, $1,50@2,35; Rye, $1,35@1,50; Barley, 2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,12@1,18½; Oats, 77@78c; Pork, old mess, $25,50@26,00; mess, $25,75@26,00; $22,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $23,00@25; Beef, plain mess, $10@16,50; extra, $15,00@20; Beef hams, $28@29,50; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 12@12½cts; Lard, 14@15½c; Butter, 27@50c; Cheese, 14@18½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 5.—Flour, $6@12,00; Rye flour, $8,00@8,25; Corn meal, $2,35@2,45; Wheat, $1,95@2,15; Corn, $1,21@1,21; Barley, $2,00@2,10; Rye, $1,20; Oats, 75@76cts; Pork, mess, $29,00@30,00; clear, $28@31; Hams, 20@20c; Shoulders, 15c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 15@15c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 7.—Flour, $7,00@10,50; Rye flour, $7,00; Wheat, $1,00@2,15; Corn, $1@1,02; Oats, 65@65c; Rye, $1,47@1,47; Barley, $2,20@2,30; Peas, $1,40; Beans, $3,75@4; Potatoes, 85c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 43@45c; Cheese, 17@18c; Eggs, 35c; Pork, mess, $25,50@24,50; Lard, 16c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—Flour, $5,13@6,75; Wheat, $1,15@1,29; Corn, 51@75c; Oats, 48@48½c; Rye, 1,11@1,14; Barley, 1,50@1,59; Pork, mess, $22,25@23; Lard, 14@14½c.

TORONTO, Dec. 5.—Flour, $4,75@5,35; Wheat, $1,00@1,10; Oats, 50@51c; Barley, $1,29@1,30; Peas, 80@80c; Pork, $18,00@22; Bacon, 10@11c½; Hams, 11@12½c; Butter, 22@24c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 21@23c; Potatoes, 40@70c; Lard, 14@17c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—Beef Cattle range at from 10@16½c; Milch Cows, $40@125; Veal Calves, 9@12c; Sheep, 4@6½c; Lambs, 5@7c; Hogs, 7½@7½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 5.—Beeves range at from $8@9,25; Milch Cows, $30@100; Sheep, 3½@4½c; Lambs, 5½@6½c; Hogs, 7½@8½c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 5.—Beef Cattle, 6@13cts; Working oxen, $180@285; Steers, $75@150; Milch cows, $35@115; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $18@28; Two-year-olds, $28@45; Three-years-old, $45@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3@6cts; by the head, $2@4,50; Shotes, 10@11c; Fat hogs, 9@9½c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—Beef Cattle, $4,00@4,450; Hogs, $7,25@8,00. Sheep, $1,50@4.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 5.—Beeves, sell at $3,25@5,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,25; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $7,27@8,00.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 5.—Beef Cattle, 3@7½ cts; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3½@5c; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, 10½@11¾c.

TORONTO, Dec. 5.—Beef Cattle, $4,00@6,50; Sheep, $3,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Hogs, $5,00@7,50; Venison, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The wool market rules quiet; sales are 340,000 lbs at 33@38c for unwashed fleece, 45c for low Western, 48c for No. 1 Ohio, and 50@51c for Ohio.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—Wool, fleece, 40@57½c; pulled, 45@50c; extra do., 45@50c; combing fleece, 60c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 5.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 40@43c; fine wool, 33@38c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 24@28c.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 5.—Wool, pulled, 37@40c; tub-washed, 48@50c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 43@45c.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 5.—Wool, unwashed 34@36c; burry, 26@28c tub-washed, 50@53c fleece 44@46c pulled 30@37c.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Harper's Periodicals—Harper & Brothers.
Performing Animals—Jesse Haney & Co.
The New York Ledger—Robert Bonner.
The New York Weekly Tribune.
Agents wanted—Zeigler, McCurdy & Co.
Galvanic Action on the Brain.
The Automatic Clothes Washer and Boiler.
20,000 Sold—Walker Holt & Co.
Just Published—E W Hitchcock.
Specimen Copies sent Gratis—L K Lippincott.
A National Poultry Exhibition—Jos M Wade.
Alderney Bulls for Sale—W W Gibson.
Wanted, 30 Young Men—Aborne by & Shermao.
New and Novel Process—J Southmayd.
Agents Wanted—Marnus L Byrn.
500 Farmers Wanted—F M Canfield.
Feed Cutters—Peekskill Plow Works.
Important to those wishing to own a Good Farm—W H Watson.
Wanted, a Carpenter or Cabinet Maker—H F Brown.
Early Rose Potatoes—Dudley & Merrell.
Holloway's Pills.
Pianos, Melodeons and Organs Cheap—A M Williams.
$60 per Month—J C Tilton.
100 Photographs of Beautiful Women—C Seymour.

The News Condenser.

— Silver ore is used as a circulating medium in Nevada.
— A fire alarm telegraph is being built in Rochester.
— The Soltan of Turkey has only 900 wives now.
— Louisiana is going into rice culture.
— The Illinois State Agricultural University is a failure.
— Lamartine has sunk into utter dotage.
— There is a man in Whitby, Ont., 120 years of age.
— Davenport, Iowa, claims 25,000 people.
— Philadelphia statistics argue a population of 900,000.
— Boston is to start an illustrated weekly.
— Georgia's cotton crop is valued at $30,000,000.
— Paris has 700,824 cats by exact count.
— Brigham Young is raising silkworms.
— Carlotta Patti is to return to this country.
— The Sorosis has broken out in Cincinnati.
— California meditates a World's Fair in 1870.
— Suez Canal will be opened next October.
— Mrs. Bloomer is now blooming in Omaha.
— Kansas City has a population of 25,000.
— Small pox has broken out in Milwaukee.
— Perfumed toothpicks are a late novelty.
— Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Stevens, is in Boston.
— Ohio has a homeopathic college, dedicated last Monday.
— The peaks of the Otter Mountains in Virginia are on fire.
— Out of 150,000 teachers in this country, 112,500 are females.
— Four weeks ago Switzerland was completely buried in snow.
— The national revenue on Tuesday only reached $1,000,000.
— The Sun says there is not a Jewish beggar in New York city.
— A meteor was lately seen in Birmingham, England, at midday.
— The Chicago Republican calls Milwaukee a suburb of Chicago.
— Cyrus W. Field has bought a $50,000 estate in Westchester Co.
— An earthquake shock was felt at Staten Island on Sunday last.
— Five girls, all fifteen, are under arrest in St. Louis for burglary.
— Carrier pigeons are coming into use again in England and France.
— Antelope meat from the plains is plenty in the Chicago market.
— The manufacture of sugar from sorgho is engaged in in Louisville.
— Maine has been a haying to the extent of a million tons this year.
— Astronomers assert that there are land and water on the planet Mars.
— The first ice of the season at Augusta, Ga., formed on Thursday last.
— A lady in Cincinnati, "fat, fair and forty," has buried her fifth husband.
— A right to fish in Tannton Great River, Mass., has been sold for $718.
— Mrs. Caroline H. Dall has been lecturing on social science in Detroit.
— A submarine cable from San Francisco to Hong Kong is talked of.
— There has been good sleighing for a fortnight in the White Mountains.
— A Bremen ship has arrived in Charleston with 300 German emigrants.
— A man named Joseph Woodruff was killed at a fire in St. Louis Friday.
— The printing division furnished $412,000 in fractional currency last week.
— A six-foot thick bed of hematite iron ore has been found near Denver.
The Mont Cenis tunnel is to be finished by the commencement of 1871.
— Perfumed grapes are being largely imported from Paris for the holidays.
— One of the city fathers in Milwaukee has been fined for disorderly conduct.
— New York city consumes weekly 5,500 beeves, 21,000 hogs, and 22,000 sheep.
— A New Orleans infant in pantalettes has written a treatise on entomology.
— A Western paper speaks of two men who fell out of an "intoxicated buggy."
— Out of 3,429 Jesuits employed in missionary work, 759 are in the United States.
— A man named John McGowan committed suicide in a cemetery in New Orleans.
— A gentleman in Terre Haute has given $190,000 to establish a female seminary.
— The Missouri was bridged with ice last week at Omaha, and people crossed.
— A single orchard of 200,000 peach trees has been planted at Ridgeway, N. C.
— Nineteen negroes are suing for the estate of a former master in Columbus, Ga.
— Twenty million dollars have been taken from one gulch in Nevada in five years.
— Three hundred regular physicianesses are now in practice in the United States.
— Wisconsin has a larger proportion of foreign born citizens than any other State.
— Of 1,300 convicts in Sing Sing Prison, 828 were formerly Sunday School scholars.
— A company has been formed to export live cattle from Buenos Ayres to Europe.
— Legal proceedings have been instituted in California to recover the value of an egg.
— The oldest doctor in the world, Prof. Vergugo, has just died at Salamanca, aged 104.
— Miss Walters, the notorious "Skittles" of London and Paris fast life, died recently.
— The King of Sweden declares that he will allow no more executions in his kingdom.
— Dickens' oldest son has lost heavily in a paper mill enterprise and become bankrupt.
— Hiram Powers, who returns to this country soon, has been absent thirty-one years.
— President Timothy Dwight of Yale was the first man in America to cultivate strawberries.
— A Mr. Bancroft, living in Georgia, has gathered 5,000 pounds of cotton from one acre.
— Coffee without milk is used by the Turks as an antidote to the injurious effects of tobacco.
— Two hundred thousand dollars in mutilated fractional currency were redeemed and destroyed last week.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

POTASH forms an important office in vegetation. In many plants it constitutes more than half of their ash, and in most fully one-third.

THE advantages of a deep and fine pulverization of the soil are indicated by the depth to which carrots, beets and clover roots penetrate it.

A VETERINARY surgeon of Lexington, Ky., says that bleeding horses afflicted with the distemper is a most absurd practice and to be avoided accordingly.

THE Davidson Co. (Tenn.) Agricultural Society have purchased eighty-four and a half acres of land three miles from Nashville for a Fair Ground, at a cost of $33,800.

THE Illinois State Horticultural Society will hold its thirteenth annual meeting at Bunker Hill, Dec. 15—18. Horticulturists from other States are invited to attend.

THE sales of wool in Chicago during the months of October and November amounted to 1,885,711 pounds. The stock on hand on the 24th ult. was 900,000 pounds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Iowa Homestead asserts that "it is an easy matter to start a Farmers' Club," but forgets to add that it is often hard work to keep one going.

THE herds of cattle roaming over the prairies of Texas are said often to number thousands, and when making their way to the watering places are not to be trifled with.

IN Texas it is said that if cattle are not marked or branded before one year old, they become, by common usage, the property of any person who may capture them.

THE Rural Gentleman, Baltimore, Md., is of the opinion that the eastern shore of that State is shortly destined to rival New Jersey and Delaware in the production of small fruits.

THE American Stock Journal, in reference to steaming food for stock, says there is money in it, and those who reject it will be convinced after awhile that they cannot compete with those who practice it.

E. C. HASSMER, Lake Village, N. H., says worms in horses may be cured by keeping the external orifice thoroughly anointed with lard. It will cure any case of worms in one week.

THE Vicksburg Times mentions the appearance of an enormous worm in the cotton fields there. It is about eight inches long; has horns; is as big round as a man's finger, and very voracious.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, **75** cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
Special Notices, Nonpareil leaded, **$1.50** per line.
☞ No advertisement inserted for less than $3.

$60 PER MONTH AND LARGE COMMISSIONS paid to sell *Wonder of the World* and three other discoveries. Address J. C. TILTON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW AND NOVEL PROCESS OF SOLDERING Tinware, Kettles, &c. Implements, materials and directions 40 cts., by J. SOUTHMAYD, Cromwell, Ct. 936

500 FARMERS WANTED TO ENGAGE IN A light, pleasant and profitable business,—something new and salable. For terms, &c., address, enclosing stamp, F. M. CANFIELD, Gen. Agt., Orangeville, Ohio.

FEED CUTTERS.—GALE'S COPPER STRIP FEED CUTTER cuts faster and is more easily kept in order than any other. (*Not to be paid for till tried.*) Send for illustrated circulars. PEEKSKILL PLOW WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio. 936-tf

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE NEWEST, best and most reliable thing out: only thing of the kind in the world. $20 per week on $5 capital. Send for Circular. Address MARCUS L. BYRN, No. 60 Cedar Street, New York. (P. O. Box 4,609.) 986-2t

JUST PUBLISHED—NO. 1 OF HITCHCOCK'S Half Dime Series of Music for the Million. Words and music of "Captain Jinks" of the "Horse Marines." Price 5 cents. Sold by all news dealers. E. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 18 Spring St., New York, and 161 Vine St., Cincinnati.

ALDERNEY BULLS FOR SALE.—ONE 3 years old, raised by Thomas Olcott of Albany, N. Y., at the Sour Springs, Alabama, N. Y. One 10 months old, from C. G. Loring's stock, of Salem, Mass. Both blue, pure-blooded animals, in good condition, and will be sold low. Apply soon to W. W. GIBSON, Box 238, Medina, N. Y. 186-2t

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND ORGANS CHEAP. —As the lease of my store expires Jan. 1st, and I have a large assortment of instruments that must be sold, I am offering Pianos at from $50 to $100 lower than the same quality can be bought elsewhere. Melodeons, Organs, Violins, Guitars, &c., accordingly. Printed list sent on application. A. M. WILLIAMS, 25 Warren Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

20,000 SOLD.—THE MAGNETIC POCKET TIME KEEPER and COMPASS in a handsome case, with glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, ordinary watch size, sound and serviceable, warranted to decide correct time and keep in order two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent (post-paid) for $1, or 3 for $5. Agents wanted. Circulars free. WALTER HOLT & CO., 102 Nassau Street, New York City. 986-3t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The Blood Impoverished by the summer heats often at this season develops boils, ulcers and postulous eruptions. The cooling, healing, disinfecting properties of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT render it the best possible dressing for these external nuisances, and in order to bring the whole mass of the blood into a healthful condition it will be prudent to tone the internal organs and regulate the secretions with a few moderate doses of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Sold by all Druggists. 986-1t

EARLY ROSE POTATOES. LAST CALL AT LOW PRICES! For a short time, we offer a limited quantity of our own growth of "Early Roses," from the original stock, as follows: —1 lb., 50cts.; 5 lbs., $2.00; 10 lbs., $3.25; 1 peck, (15 lbs.) $4.00; 1 bushel, $12.00; 4 bbs. or under by mail, pre-paid. *Buy now, and avoid the inevitable high spring prices.* DUDLEY & MERRELL, Lewis Street Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y. 986-3t

WANTED—A COMPETENT CARPENTER OR CABINET MAKER, in each county, to take the agency of BROWN'S PATENT IMPROVED RUBBER MOLDING AND WEATHER STRIP, which is applied to the sides, bottom, top of doors and rattling windows. The sale is beyond anything offered to an agent. From $10 to $25 per day made by active, competent men. Send for Agents' Circular. The first who apply secure the exclusive business of the county. H. F. BROWN, General Agent Cincinnati Rubber Molding Co., No. 1 Apollo Building, Cincinnati, O. 986-1t

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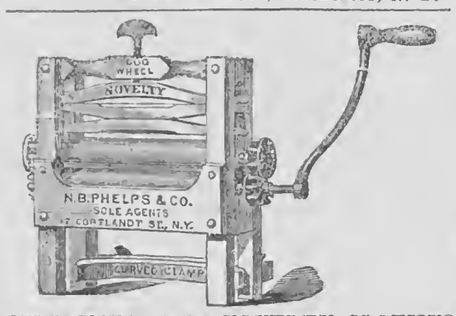

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Kemp' Landscape

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AFTER THE NIGHT, THE MORNING.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

UNDER the clouds I sit.—
Under the clouds and rain;
And it seems that never the stars
Will come to the sky again;—
Never the stars, or sun,
For 'tis night, and I watch alone,
And the rain's drip, drip,
Chills me to stone:
And the wild wind's desolate cry
Frights me, I know not why.

"Coward, my heart!" I cry;
"Never was night so long
That the morn came not again
With light, and life, and song!
Never was night so dark
But stars were beyond the gloom,
And the rain's drip, drip,
Makes the grass come!"
And so in the desolate night,
Reason I thus aright.

But still is the air so chill;
And my heart has little faith;
And I cower me down again,
Like an infidel meeting death;—
I cower me down in self,
Forgetting the heaven of light,
That lyeth beyond, beyond
My little night:
Forgetting that GOD is just above,
And always a GOD of love.

But the day streams up the east,
And the sunshine breaks the clouds,
And my soul-life breaks again
From the dampness of its shrouds;
I sing like the morning lark—
In the depths of blue I soar,
And the rain's drip, drip,
Chills me no more.
I sing, and forget in the glorious light,
I was but a coward last night.

The Story Teller.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

WILLOUGHBY HALL;
OR,
AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

[Concluded from page 396, last number.]

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

SURPRISED by their sudden and unexpected arrival, ALFRED went through with the form of a general introduction in the most hurried manner, after his own warm welcome, and then led the newcomers out to the dressing rooms, that they might properly refresh themselves after the fatigue of journeying.

Excusing the servant's inadvertence in admitting them directly to the parlor, he learned the reason of their coming a day sooner than expected. They had decided not to stop over at B—, as at first intended, and had therefore made the distance in less time than was anticipated. Not less welcome because unexpected, ALFRED truly assured them; yet he thought of the scene their announcement had broken up, with something of disappointment. It would have been all settled now, one way or another, but for the untoward interruption.

When he had ordered supper for his guests, and performed other little hospitable offices as host, he repaired to the parlor again. Mrs. RANGE excused herself not long after, on plea of a headache, and retired to her apartment; and BERDENA followed her soon, so the gentlemen were left alone. Dr. WILLOUGHBY joined them, by-and-by, but MABEL did not again make her appearance.

The succeeding morning,—the last before Christmas,—dawned bright and beautiful. Mrs. RANGE arose, her face bearing unmistakable evidences of a night of wakefulness, and having dressed herself with tremulous hands, sat down by a window and looked out upon the rich profusion of plants and shrubs in the grounds below. There was a hopeful light in her eyes, still; as though they saw love and happiness but a little way off,—so near she might put forth her hands at will and grasp them. Dr. WILLOUGHBY appeared in the central walk, as she sat there, strolled leisurely up and down amid the rare beauties so lavishly abundant, and finally ascended the steps and passed within. With the light in her large expressive eyes grown yet more hopeful and prophetic, she left the window, passed down the broad hall, and entered the library.

Dr. WILLOUGHBY was there, standing by the one large window and looking out, a shade of sadness resting upon his face. He may have been thinking of her whom he first called "wife," whose home this was so long; or of the one who was really his wife in heart, and whom only his heart owned as such, (though knowing the law would have pronounced differently;) or his thoughts may have been of both. In this place and at this time he could hardly remember the one without recalling the other; and the double memories could but sadden him.

He stood with his back to the door, as Mrs. RANGE entered. Her movement was so noiseless that it did not attract his attention, and she paused a moment, irresolute, her eyes gleaming with an unusual light, her form atremble with some strange excitement. The irresolution disappeared; she advanced to the center of the room, and in a voice singularly low and sweet, said—

"LAMBERT!"

Not in eighteen years had the name, thus spoken, reached his ears, save as a tantalizing echo of the past. It seemed an echo now, yet how distinct and heart-searching! He started suddenly, and turned his back to the window, scarce believing the sound had come from a visible, tangible presence. Was it indeed a tangible presence before him? Was it not rather a wraith, conjured up by his own heated imagination? She who wore that smile, away back in those glad days when he knew loving companionship, slept the long and wakeless sleep amid the ashes of his fathers. In his own mind there could be no gainsaying this. Her presence had been missed at his home a long and weary time, indeed; how could it appear to him again, here and now? Yet there it was looking out at him through the same deep, expressive eyes; smiling upon him in the same tender, loving manner as of old, only a little older grown, a little sadder, a little less trustful.

The man began to tremble in every limb. But a spectre of the woman he had loved and wronged this must be,—of the woman he had deeply and darkly wronged, though unconsciously. And here it had come to him,—here where had lived one who held rightful claim to the place the wronged woman filled for a season,—to upbraid him for his unconscious wrong-doing, his lack of confidence in her who fancied that confidence was perfect. Trembling so violently that to stand longer was impossible, he sank into a chair by the library table, and buried his face in his hands to shut out the rebuking vision from his sight. There was a moment of silence, and then a hand was laid lightly upon his shoulder, and he heard again the tender accents of that one word into which a wondrous wealth of love seemed crowded,—

"LAMBERT!"

Then his heart took sudden assurance that 'twas not a spectre speaking, and involuntarily rising, with outstretched arms, he clasped her in a close embrace, fearing to utter a word lest the dream should fade away into nothingness. Becoming dimly conscious, at length, that he held no illusion, but a living, breathing verity, he gently disengaged himself and looked at her in dumb amazement, still more than half inclined to think himself the victim of fancy. When, finally his astonishment found voice, it blended with hope, and fear, and doubt, in one word of questioning,—

"ELEANOR?"

All his doubt and questioning found answer then. The rare, sweet smile grew sweeter still; the mellow voice, tremulous with emotion, fell into a tenderer music as it syllabled the reply.

"Yes, ELEANOR,—*your* ELEANOR; come back to you once more."

"Come back from the dead; how *can* it be? Explain this mystery quickly. If it was not you whom we buried so long ago, who was it, and how came I to be so terribly deceived?" He made the inquiries in a nervous, excited manner, and eagerly awaited her response.

"First tell me how you found me, as you supposed, and where."

He complied, hastily, dwelling as briefly as possible upon those painful circumstances which had never ceased to be painful to him. She looked as puzzled even as did he, for a moment or two after he concluded, then her features lighted with a ready comprehension.

"Ah, I understand it all now," she explained. "Not long before I left HANNAH WRAITHE'S a niece of hers came, with a little babe, who was entirely broken down. She was a young widow. She sank very rapidly, and died within a few days. I know I nursed her babe, with my own, until I left; and when I went away, (which was while I was wholly unfit to, for fear you would find me,) I told HANNAH if you came she must on no account let you get track of me,—that I must be dead to you henceforth. She represented me as dead, in reality, it seems, doubtless thinking her neice's child would be provided for handsomely by so doing. HANNAH was always looking sharp for the main chance for herself and those about her."

"And it was HANNAH WRAITHE'S niece, and not my wife, that I buried, and it is not my own child that I have reared!" he said, strongly moved. "I wonder, now, that I did not make more certain of your death; but at that time not a shadow of doubt in regard to it crossed my mind. Well, there are some strangely mysterious providences, and my life has been full of them," he added, musingly.

They were silent a moment, and before speaking again he drew her to a sofa, and sat down beside her.

"And now why did you leave me?" he asked, somewhat of pain creeping into his voice. "That is yet to be told me, and where you have been ever since."

She looked up at him as she replied, smiling still, but sorrowfully, as though sad memories had been awakened.

"When I went away I supposed you must know the reason; it is only of late I have learned that you could not clearly have understood it." She hesitated a little, as if thinking how best to shape her words. "I will be frank: I thought myself wilfully deceived,—that you had married me knowing another justly claimed you as her husband. I was anxiously awaiting your return home when a letter came for you, and feeling that our confidence was perfect, I broke the seal. It was from ALFRED'S mother, and it disclosed the cruel fact that I held a place which of right belonged to her. It made me nearly wild, at first," she wiped large tears from her eyes as she proceeded; "and destroyed my faith in everything. When I read the letter more carefully I saw that your relations with her had not been happy ones, and my heart said that you did in truth love *me*. Yet I knew we must part, and so I left as I did. When I went from HANNAH WRAITHE'S I made my way directly to Ohio, remembering that a brother of my mother settled there years before, whom I had once thought of applying to previous to our marriage. I found him, told him my story, and he has been a kind father to me and my child ever since."

"Thank GOD that you have been restored to me after these many days!" Dr. WILLOUGHBY fervently ejaculated, when her narration ended. "You will believe me, I trust, when I say that I never wronged you knowingly. Yet when you left I felt conscience smitten. I never had trusted you fully, for I had never spoken of my previous marriage. It was something I did not like to remember, and I had banished it forever from my lips. But the only excuse I could frame for your leaving held some connection with that, and I have always blamed myself for withholding confidence in regard to it in the way I did."

"You are mine now, as in the past, ELEANOR?" he resumed, after a little.

For answer she placed both her hands in his, while that rarely sweet smile once more illumined her face.

"Let us celebrate this Christmas eve with another wedding, then," he said, almost gaily, yet with an undertone of solemn earnestness.

"As you will," was her response.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

BERDENA RANGE, searching for her mother, looked into the library and was greatly surprised to see her sitting in such close proximity to the gentleman whom she had but just caught a glimpse of on the previous evening. She would have withdrawn at once, but her mother beckoned her to enter. Wondering what this sudden intimacy meant, the young girl timidly obeyed.

"Come here, DENA," the mother said, "I have something to tell you."

In loving tenderness Mrs. RANGE told her story. The young girl's face took on a crimson hue, as she listened, and her eyes dilated with astonishment before her mother ceased. "You can understand now," the mother concluded by remarking, "why the subject of your father's loss was to me always so very painful. I did not feel that I could tell you just *how* he was lost to me."

BERDENA did not answer in words; but throwing herself in her mother's arms, she there sobbed forth her sorrow and her joy.

MABEL was the next to learn the strange story. Dr. WILLOUGHBY met her on the stairs as he was going to his room immediately after the interview with his long-lost wife and new-found daughter, and fearful of the effect such a narration might have upon her, yet conscious that it must be made, he led her into a quiet alcove and told her all. She heard him through in silence. Then she questioned, half in dismay,—

"And I am not your daughter, you say?"

He pressed her to him in a warm, paternal embrace as he answered,—

"Not my daughter *in fact*, it is true, but always my daughter, my pet, *in heart*. Will not that suffice?"

She kissed him, shyly, as a token of her satisfaction.

"It is too bad, though, to lose a father and a brother both without any warning; isn't it? How do you suppose ALFRED will like it to lose one sister and find another, as this will make him to do?"

She blushed a little, and cast her eyes away from his as she responded,—

"I don't know, I am sure. It is all very strange. Had you not better see him?"

He left her, at this suggestion, and went in search of the young man. Finding him, so much of the story as was not already familiar to them both was repeated once more, and was again the cause of much wonderment. ALFRED'S heart gave a quick, glad leap within him as he learned that MABEL was not his sister after all, but that BERDENA stood so related to him; and to his father's query if he was not sorry to lose a sister he rejoined, involuntarily:

"Love is stronger than kinship."

Dr. WILLOUGHBY looked puzzled an instant, then seeing his son's confused embarassment he readily divined its cause.

"I am glad it is so," he hastened to assure him. "I believe MABEL thinks much as you do about it, and that I shall not lose her as a daughter, circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding. Go and see what she says."

ALFRED complied, thinking meanwhile how nearly he came but the last evening to making love to his sister, notwithstanding his efforts to fight down a regard which he ought not to entertain, and feeling that an overruling Providence had shaped the tangled threads of being interwoven with each of their lives, and would bring them all into beauty and harmony at the last.

MABEL was in the little alcove still, where her father had left her. She saw ALFRED approaching, but did not arise, nor did she let her eyes meet his as he bent down by her side.

"We are not brother and sister, after all, it seems," he said. Her lips quivered a trifle, and the color mounted afresh to her cheek, yet she did not speak. He took her hand in his, unresisted, and continued:—"I am not sorry, MABEL. When I was first told that we were so related, I did feel regret. I have felt more or less regret since that time, for love is stronger than kinship."

She met his earnest gaze then, and he read her soul in her eyes. There was no further need of words. Closer than as brother and sister their hearts came together, in the fond embrace that followed. How far short of full fruition love's hope would have come, with any other for its object, he realized completely in the blissful hour ensuing, during which they talked of the recent surprising developments, as well as of their mutual affection, and plighted those vows which were to bind them to each other henceforward.

ALFRED'S meeting with BERDENA, awhile later, was a little embarassing to both. With woman's quick intuition she had divined what he would have said to her, scarce twelve hours previous; and she would not disguise to herself the fact that his words would have been very pleasant ones. Now, however, aware that what he might have said must ever remain unspoken, her inmost nature assured her that it was best so,—that her thought of him was scarcely more than sisterly,—that her supreme devotion was yet in the future. After the first awkwardness of their position wore away, therefore, their new relation seemed the proper and natural one, and was mutually gratifying.

That Christmas eve was a quietly happy one for all. DINAH had her orders to prepare a grand supper, and fairly outdid herself in fulfilling them, cuffing the ears of the youthful blacks with peculiar gusto by way of emphasizing her numerous commands, and making all the bustle which she deemed actually in her province to make. HARRY BRIEF, having been informed of the new turn in affairs, made himself generally useful, and contributed in no small degree to the pleasure of the occasion.

At an early hour a clergyman came, and the two who had pledged their faith to each other nearly a score of years gone by, renewed that pledge, each feeling its solemn import more deeply even than in the first instance, and both trustful that what GOD had joined together nothing would again put asunder. It was an impressive scene, as they stood up before the little group gathered in the large parlor,—these two so closely united in heart yet so long divided in life,—who had lost out of their living so much love and happiness and glad content,—who had gone hungry for that sweet companionship through long summers and winters which had been the beautiful promise of their early union. Strangely impressive it was, and not one of those present regarded it without deep emotion. Even HARRY BRIEF, confirmed bachelor that he avowed himself to be, as he stood apart from the others thought how much joy these two had missed, and felt his heart thrill as it had not done since boyhood while the last words of the ceremony were being pronounced.

ALFRED would have had a double wedding of it, but to this MABEL would not consent. It was so sudden, she argued; she wanted to realize it awhile first; *it* meaning this new relationship which had sprung up all around. And her strongest reason she did not give. The affection she cherished for the old Hall was intense, indeed holy; and it seemed to her rather peculiar nature that only within its walls could she take upon herself the vows which should blend her being with another's, and make her happiness supreme.

Only one thing served to detract from the general enjoyment throughout the winter days succeeding. BERDENA did not improve, as they had hoped she would. The slowly increasing pallor of her face, which was a shadow over the Christmas and New Year's festivities to at least two who observed her carefully, was sufficient cause for much anxiety. The Destroyer was working insidiously, yet none the less surely; and ere the first spring buds unfolded his advances became painfully evident to all. What medical skill could do to check them was done, but all to no purpose. The hectic flushes grew more vivid; the breath came quicker and more labored; the pallor changed to that deathlike hue which forebodes early decay. Still the victim, though made aware of her true situation, did not yield to despondency and gloom. When the first premonitions of her fate took hold upon her, she trembled and shrank back. She was so young, and life seemed so very dear! But she had learned from a pious mother, and her daily conned Bible, that GOD'S ways are right and just; and the hope which she held of eternal life beyond the grave was a better thing to cling to than the fleeting existence here. So she rarely murmured against the Divine Will. Much of her lively vivacity she retained until the very last, cheering those who loved her by her ready Christian submission, and inspiring them to a stronger faith in the power of sustaining grace.

And when the end came,—when they saw that wondrous something which we call life go out, smiling backward at them through her white and beautiful face,—they whispered to each other, not of her death, but her translation, and made of the low *miserere*, which their hearts were prone to wail forth, a pleasant song of hope, minor-keyed, it is true, as the sweetest songs always are, but with a burden ever like an angel chorus, tender and helpful, breathing of melody that but one voice could make, and then only in a land where no discords fret the air.

Her spirit blossomed into seraphic beauty as the buds bloomed into flowers; and they carried Northward what had been its home and deposited it in the long closed family tomb, by the side of that stranger Dr. WILLOUGHBY had so long mourned as his lost companion.

The doctor endeavored, afterward, to trace out the real history of the woman whose remains he had removed from HANNAH WRAITHE'S home, but did not succeed. HANNAH WRAITHE was dead, and her brother had gone no one knew whither. Satisfied, therefore, that none would appear with a nearer claim to MABEL than he held, he cared for nothing more.

When came

"Another June, with balmy breath and sweet
With summer thoughts in store,"

MABEL and ALFRED said words within the old Hall which made their lives a unit, linking them together in a bond that neither would ever wish to sever. HARRY BRIEF was there, with Judge GRAYSON and RALPH ENDERBY; and these, with Dr. WILLOUGHBY, the now happy-faced woman whom he had so heartily welcomed to Willoughby Hall as its mistress nineteen years agone, and matronly dame ALLGOOD, scarcely recovered from her surprise at that mistress' unexpected resurrection, composed the wedding party and the witnesses.

And when the ceremony was over, and ALFRED, looking upon his bride in the pure, unalloyed content of possession, felt, more deeply than when he first said it, that love is indeed stronger than kinship, the master of the old manse walked out under the hoary trees, with her who had come thither twice as a bride, and said, solemnly, as if to his Maker,—

"Though we lose a great joy, and search for it long and wearily without reward, while GOD smiles in the sunlight we should never despair. It will come back to us somehow, sometime."

To which she answered with a low-voiced emphasis born of hope and love renewed,—

"Yes; sometime. If not soon, after many days."

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 38 letters.
My 19, 23, 30, 38 is a denomination of money.
My 1, 4, 34, 13, 15 is the editor of a popular newspaper.
My 22, 26, 27, 29, 28, 31 is what all should be.
My 32, 13, 37, 2 is a city in New York.
My 17, 13, 35, 21, 33 should be spoken at all times.
My 37, 7 is a preposition.
My 3, 6, 14, 32, 24, 13 is a relative.
My 25, 26, 16, 36, 20, 25, 21, 18, 19, 35, 31 is one of the U. S.
My 10, 9, 11, 12 is a number.
My 30, 39, 13 is a conjunction.
My whole may be found in the book of proverbs.

Havana, Ohio. H. K. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

RIDDLE.

ALL languages I can command
In learning, yet don't know a line:
Without my aid none understand
A word, not e'en the best divine.

The lawyer must forget his pleading,
Without me, who can kill or save?
The scholar could not show his reading,
To whom I am an abject slave!

I grant some thousand pounds a year,
Which only hastens on my fate;
I make the beggar of a peer,
While thus my life I do relate.

My tongue is black, my mouth is furred,
I die unpitied and forgot;
Even now I scarce can force a word,
And by the wayside I must rot.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in mouse but not in rat,
My second 's in kitten but not in cat,
My third is in William but not in John,
My fourth is in father but not in son,
My fifth is in love but not in hate,
My sixth is in woman but not in mate.
My whole is an author.

Westboro, Vt. W. K.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 984.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—The sides are 99.12037+ch. each. Area, 425 A, 1 R, 30 P.

Answer to Charade:—Sausage (Saw-sage.)

Answer to Anagram:

There is a reaper on earth well-known,
Whose deeds are traced on the burial-stone;
He carries a sickle more deadly and keen
Than e'er on the harvest-field was seen.

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With a Corps of Able Associates and Contributors.

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DR. DANIEL LEE, Southern Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE CLOVER PLANT.

IN a communication to the Mark-Lane Express CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON gives a history of the Red Clover plant, as a farm product during the last two hundred years, and attempts to account for its failure, in many parts of Great Britain, for some years past. Its cultivation was commenced in England about the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. WORLIDGE, in a work on agriculture in 1669, recommends the cultivation of clover by saying:—"It has this property, that after the growing of the clover grass, for three or four years, it will so frame the earth that it will be very fit for corn again, which is a very great advantage, and then again for clover." By way of encouragement to farmers, of that day, he adds:—"It is much sown and used in Flanders and in Holland; precedents to the whole world for good husbandry."

WALTER BLYTH, in his "Survey of Husbandry," had previously recommended the cultivation of clover, but no reference is made by either to the impolicy of continuous cropping on the same soil. What is called the "clover sickness," is not mentioned by either, but in 1840 Mr. G. TURNER, Devonshire, alludes to it as a well known and troublesome visitant. After an observation and experience in growing clover for twenty years, and noting its failures, he came to the conclusion that "clover sickness" was the result of feeding the stubble bare, after harvest, which so weakened the plant as to prevent its standing the wet and cold of the succeeding winter. Repeated experiments, on various soils, confirmed this conclusion as, "in every instance, where autumn feeding was not allowed the succeeding crop was all that could be desired."

Other explanations of the difficulty of growing clover for a series of years, are suggested:—"(1.) That clover gradually deprives the soil of some essential constituent of the plant, which might be restored to it by artificial manures, just as Cheshire farmers add crushed bones to their exhausted pastures. (2.) That red clover deposits, in the soil, excretory matter prejudicial to plant growth. (3.) That possibly certain exceedingly minute fungi, in the course of time, establish themselves in the soil and which are fatal to the clover plant." The first supposition finds more favor with Mr. JOHNSON than the others, though he concedes that the third, assigning the failure of clover to living organisms on the roots or other portion of the plant, may exist and cause what is known as "clover sickness"—organisms too minute to be readily detected. On the contrary, Mr. THORP of Wormsley, thinks the ailment, seen in clover, results from a lack of solidity in the soil on which it is grown, rather than from any of the preceding causes. Several reports, from various committees appointed to examine into the question, were adverse to the excrementitious theory, while it was shown, by experiments, that the elements extracted from the soil, by clover, varied according as the soil was silicious or of a clay character.

Here is an example of the results of an experiment with 100 parts of two specimens of clover hay, grown on these soils:

	From a Silicious Sand.	From a Clay Soil.
Water,	13.97	12.20
Ash,	6.77	7.12

In 100 parts of the ash or mineral portion of these were found:

	In that grown on Sand.	Clay.
Silica,	4.03	2.66
Phosphoric Acid,	5.82	6.88
Sulphuric Acid,	3.91	4.46
Carbonic Acid,	12.92	20.91
Lime,	35.02	35.76
Magnesia,	11.92	10.53
Peroxide of Iron,	0 98	0 95
Potash,	18.44	11.32
Soda,	2.79	....
Common Salt,	4.13	0.58
Chloride of Potassium,	....	5.92
Total,	99.95	100 00

Professor VOELCKER made some careful experiments in Yorkshire in 1867, with a mixture of the salts of lime and potash as a top dressing for clover land, with good results. One experimental field, he states, was of a poor, sandy character, and divided so as to make the different sections as nearly alike as possible as to soil and grasses. The grass and clover seeds were sown the preceding year with a barley crop.

The following manures were applied on the 11th of April, and the first cutting was reaped on the 12th of June and the second on the 24th of August, each plat being carefully weighed on the same day as cut:

1. Nitrate of soda at the rate of 4 cwt. per acre.
2. Sulphate of ammonia " "
3. Mineral superphosphate " "
4. Common salt " "
5. No manure.
6. Muriate of potash " "
7. Sulphate of potash " "
8. Sulphate of lime " 1 ton per acre.
9. Mineral superphosphate and nitrate of soda at the rate of 4 cwt. per acre each.
10. Mineral superphosphate and muriate of potash at the rate of 4 cwt. per acre each.
11. No manure.

By the 23d of April, plats No. 1, dressed with nitrate of soda and No. 9, mineral superphosphate and nitrate of soda, were readily distinguishable from all the others by their darker green color and grosser growth, which continued till the crops were cut.

The nitrate of soda, however, caused a rank growth of ray-grass, so smothering the clover that in October scarcely a plant of it was to be seen. On plats Nos. 6 and 7, dressed with nitrate and sulphate of potash respectively, clover grew luxuriantly, and still better on plat No. 10, dressed with mineral superphosphate and muriate of potash,—yielding, on the whole, the best crop both as to quantity and quality. The undressed plat, No. 11, gave 5½ tons of green food the first cutting and nearly two tons the second per acre; No. 6, muriate of potash, applied as above, 6½ tons the first cutting and 3½ the second—both giving an increase of 2½ tons, while No. 10, mineral superphosphate and muriate of potash mixed, gave nine tons the first cutting and nearly five tons the second—an increase of 6½ tons, or about double the quantity grown on the unmanured plat, and decidedly the best in quality. It stood the season better also, the after-growth remaining fresh and vigorous, while the others showed signs of exhaustion and decay. Nitrate of soda, No. 1, gave 8½ tons the first cutting and only two tons the second.

"This result," says Mr. JOHNSON, "is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it shows that whilst this saline manure yielded a considerable increase in the first cutting, it left the land in a more exhausted condition than land which has not been dressed with this special manure; for the unmanured plat yielded 2¼ tons in the second cutting, and that dressed with nitrate of soda only two tons.

"Nitrate of soda thus appears to force an early growth of Italian ray-grass, for which it seems more suitable than for clover, and is more useful when an early cutting is required, and the farmer intends to grow a large bulk of green food for the use of cow-keepers, instead of a good quality of grass and clover for hay.

"On sandy soils in a poor condition, nitrate of soda produces very coarse grass, the Italian ray-grass in the instance before us being little better than good oat straw. On such soils nitrate of soda should not be used alone; for it has an unmistakable tendency to exhaust the land."

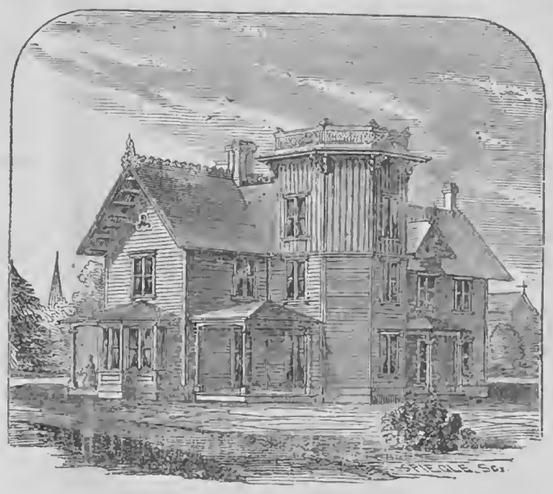
These experiments seem to demonstrate that mineral superphosphate, applied alone, gives little or no increase in the first or second cutting; that phosphate of lime may in some cases remain ineffective in consequence of the absence of another plant constituent, such as potash; that whilst potash salts, in conjunction with phosphates, are useful in the cure of poor, sandy soils, their special application to land in a good agricultural condition, or to soils containing an appreciable quantity of clay, does not appear to yield results commensurate with the cost involved in their application.

GOODRICH AND OTHER POTATOES.

ACCOMPANYING a cut of the Harison potato in No. 46 of the RURAL, I observe some remarks disparaging the quality of the Early Goodrich, which was to me an entirely new idea. I have grown them for three years on alluvial soil, or bottom land, with large yield and most satisfactory quality. The same remark applies to those grown upon sandy and also gravelly soil. The potatoes have been universally good, and that partiality for my favorite might not mislead me, I have just had some baked and all pronounced them all that could be desired.

I have grown the past season Peach Blows, Calico Gleason, Jackson White, Early Sebec, Buckeye and Buckley's Seedling. Of the different varieties the Gleason is least esteemed. The balance are all good and dry, whether boiled or baked. Could the Buckeye be grown and not be hollow when of good size, I should desire no better, and as before observed the Goodrich are equal to any of the list. Buckley's Seedling is to me a new potato, having grown them but two seasons. They are light red and a little rough in the skin, but either baked or boiled break up on the plate white and mealy, and are very high flavored. Had a peck of seed from Hornellsville, N. Y., where I believe they are grown to a large extent and are in my estimation superior to the Peach Blow, both in flavor and productiveness. Their color is the only objection, so far as I know, for a market variety, as a white-skinned potato finds a more ready market than dark colored ones.

I have met with another potato, similar in color, size and general appearance to the Buckley's Seedling, which has been disseminated as the Boston Seedling. Neither are a very early potato, but ripen much earlier than the Peach Blow, but not as early as my Jackson Whites. Do any of the readers of the RURAL know anything definite about the origin of the Buckley's Seedling potato? W.

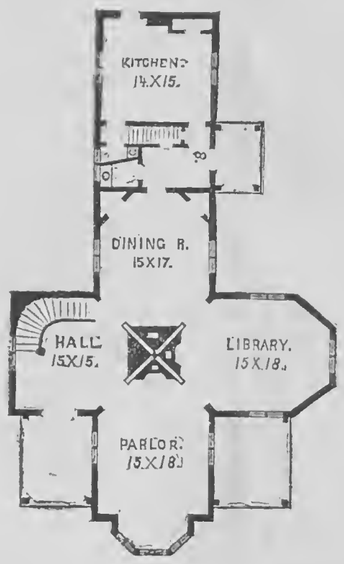


RURAL OR SUBURBAN RESIDENCE

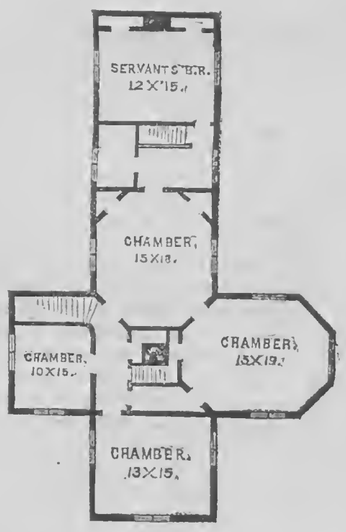
THE residence herewith illustrated was gotten up by Mr. WOODWARD of the Horticulturist, and is located about ten miles from Broadway and close to the first station out from New York city on the Erie Railroad. The design of this house was made for the purpose of giving each room a sunny southern exposure, and out of ten rooms nine have at least one lookout to the southeast, and one, the small room over the hall, has a southwest window. There is a fine cellar under the whole house, the rear of which can be finished for a laundry, and has an outside cellar door.

The principal floor is so managed that the spacious hall, with winding staircase, presents an attractive feature on entering. The chimney is in the center of the house, and sliding doors connect each of the principal rooms, so that when occasion requires, hall, parlor, library and dining-room may be thrown together, the octagon form of these rooms adding much to their beauty; back of the dining-room is a side hall, closets, side door, and back stairway; and back of these the kitchen, provided with sink and force pump, connecting with a thoroughly constructed cistern of 8,000 gallons' capacity, which receives all the water from a slate roof. Rain water from a slate roof is pure and clean, free from color, and used with ice in summer is better and healthier than well water. The kitchen is well ventilated, windows both sides, and doors so arranged as to secure all comfort; an independent chimney, etc. The second floor has large and well-ventilated bed-rooms, ceilings are square and of good height, abundant closet room, etc. Above this, in the tower, is a fine octagon room of fifteen feet radius, that can be used for a bedroom, smoking-room, or any other purpose.

The house is heated with a furnace. In the parlor and library are marble mantles, and each is fitted with polished steel grates for burning wood or coal. All the wood work about the house is of selected stuff, and handsomely stained and varnished—the best and most effective interior finish. The walls and cornices are hard finished in the best manner. The frame is substantial, and lined throughout with unworked lumber, and covered with narrow-lapped siding, making a stiff, warm house.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

NORTHERN GRASSES SUCCEEDING IN THE SOUTH.

IN a journey of some seven hundred miles, just completed, from Northern Alabama to Washington city, the writer has had the pleasure of witnessing, nearly all of the way, a little unexpected benefit to the South that accrues as one of the results of its invasion and long occupancy by Northern armies. These armies carried with them, or procured from more northern States, a vast quantity of hay, made of meadow grasses and clover, and often abounding in the seeds of these invaluable plants. A large share of this hay was fed out in open fields and in woods, where the wants of camp life demanded large fires and the felling of many trees for cabins as well as firewood. Grass seed, scattered on fresh land, and manured by thousands of horses and tens of thousands of soldiers, would naturally develop vigorous plants, and cause them to spread rapidly, with deep roots in the soil.

Hay formed in a good degree from Kentucky blue grass and Virginia evergreen, has yielded the best pasture grasses, and those most ready to spread their light seeds far and wide over the plains, hills and valleys of the sunny South. I saw many cattle, sheep and young horses feeding on these war-begotten, luxuriant pastures in the States of Virginia and Tennessee, between Chattanooga and the Potomac. One may trace SHERMAN'S line of march from the Tennessee river to Atlanta, and thence almost to Savannah, by the green herbage developed from the well seeded hay fed to the horses that belonged to the Union army.

Thus, with the extension of modern, European ideas over Southern plantations, *European grasses*, the true basis of the white man's civilization and social life, are planted on and near the impoverished old fields of an extirpated European institution, where they are most needed to rejuvinate the soil. BLODGET must correct the errors in his valuable work on American Climatology. FLINT must do the same in his work on the Grasses, and a score of authors, less known to agricultural readers, should do likewise, who have said in substance that Northern grasses cannot stand a cotton-growing climate. This is a most injurious mistake; for it dooms full three hundred million acres of our best grassing lands to rapid depopulation and hopeless sterility. Grass gives manure as a natural product on every farm; and manure gives grain for bread and meat, and cotton for clothing. Tillage with no seeding to grass or clover, gives denuded old fields, a sparse, uneducated and miserably poor population, with no hope of improvement.

Armies of working farmers should now emigrate South, and every man take a full sack of grass seed with him, with a view to raise cattle, sheep, horses and mules by the thousand. Many millions of acres once fenced and cultivated by four million slaves are now fast growing up into forests again. The owners of these once happy homes and flourishing plantations will give you and your flocks a cordial welcome.

District of Columbia, Dec., 1868. D. LEE.

IS SHELL OR STONE LIME BEST?

THE gallant editor of the Germantown Telegraph, now that the din of political strife is over for the present, by way of keeping up his muscle turns his attention to agriculture, and after quoting from one of my late articles this sentence:—"The most valuable lime for agricultural purposes is shell lime or that made from burning oyster or clam shells," makes the following amiable criticism:—"We fancy this will cause a smile among the farmers of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, where these shells do most abound, and where there is more common lime used as a fertilizer than elsewhere. Such a statement made by a voluminous writer, in the face of the fact patent to every farmer, is not calculated to win confidence in his other statements and recommendations."

Well, suppose the farmers of the shell region do use common lime, does this prove that shell lime is not best? Do farmers, everywhere and always, practice just the best thing? If so, then agriculture cannot be improved. Colonel! show us by parallel experiments of stone and shell lime, on a variety of soils, that my statement is incorrect, and then you will make a point.

Let us look at the reasons for applying lime. First. It is used as a direct food for plants. And for this purpose all must agree that the purest lime will be best. Many lime stones contain a large proportion of magnesia, which is injurious in large quantities; while shell lime contains but a mere trace, being much purer than stone lime. Besides shell lime contains from two to four per cent. of phosphate of lime (bone earth,) which must add something to its value as a fertilizer. But the most important reason for the use of shell lime is, that it has entered into organic life, which required it to have been in solution, and this renders it more soluble and assimilable as plant food. This is not theory. Natural phosphate of lime from rock has often been reduced to powder and applied to the soil as a fertilizer, but found to be inert and useless; while phosphate of lime from bones is one of the most valuable manures. England imported phosphatic rock from Estramadura, hoping it would take the place of bones, but found it nearly valueless. The French Academy of Sciences experimented upon the solubility of these natural phosphates, and found them insoluble in acetic acid and valueless when applied as a fertilizer. It is not disputed at this day, by any experimenter, that a fertilizer derived from organic vegetable or animal remains is superior to the same derived from its natural mineral. Then why should not lime derived from shells be superior as a food for plants to that obtained from lime rock?

Second. Lime is used to correct sourness in the soil, to decompose organic matter, to render heavy soils more friable and porous; for these purposes caustic lime from rock is as powerful as shell lime, and these are the important offices that stone lime usually performs. But in forming chemical combinations, and rendering vegetable matter in the soil assimilable as plant food, that lime is best which is itself most assimilable as plant food. I have experimented with both kinds of lime, finding the shell greatly superior, and the statement to which exception is taken was not carelessly made, and I trust that this magnanimous critic will allow his readers to see this reply.—E. W. S.

A POOR CORN CROP.

NEIGHBOR JONES had a poor crop of corn this year. So he had last year. In fact they have been getting poor for quite a number of years. This is how it came about:—The prairie abounded in fertility when JONES first broke up the land the Government sold him at ten shillings per acre. It gave thirty or forty bushels of wheat, and sixty or eighty bushels of corn, to the acre. JONES thought there was no end to its fertility. He burned his straw. He kept no stock, except a cow and his teams. No effort was made to make or save manure. What little was made was allowed to go to waste.

JONES believed in wheat. "Wheat was money," he said. It gave quick returns. "It was good to go to bed with. It was good to get up with. It was the staff of life, and a man could not have too much of it." So JONES directed his whole energies to raising wheat. He looked on his broad acres year after year with pride. After a few years his crops diminished. He knew not why, for according to his theory the soils of the prairies were inexhaustible. From thirty down to fifteen, twelve, ten, eight, and even six, the bushels descended. Mr. JONES did not think the seasons so favorable to the development of this cereal as formerly. Planted more corn in place of wheat. Corn a moderate crop. Less, year by year. "Seasons did not seem to suit corn as they used." JONES has been on his farm about twenty-five years. His wheat crop has tapered down from thirty or forty bushels to from five to ten bushels to the acre. His corn is down from sixty or eighty to twelve or fifteen, and "nubbins" at that. JONES says farming don't pay. Thinks he will sell out and try some other business. We think he'd better. But he will deserve to fail if he does not pursue it with better judgment than he has shown upon the farm. L. L. F.

Dodge Co., Wis.

DORKING FOWLS.

A RECENT number of the RURAL contains portraits of Dorking fowls, a breed I have kept for over twenty years; and while during the same time I have tried nearly every other breed, I have yet to find one their equal in all respects. They are hardy, good layers, kind mothers, acquire full size within eight months, and frequently I have had birds that at six months would weigh, dressed, over six pounds.

I have long wondered and continue to wonder at the stupidity of the great majority of those who keep fowls, when from year to year they continue to keep and breed only the common, small sized birds,—denominated barn-door fowls. Occasionally I find a cross of Shanghai, but it is to increase the ungainliness of the original Shanghai, without improving the common barnyard breed. If our poultry breeders could once be induced to stock their yards with the Speckled Dorkings I have no hesitation in asserting that it would add one-half to the value of the meat product, without increasing the cost of producing, and the meat would be more delicate and tender when obtained from birds of only six months old, in place of, as now, from birds one and two years old. FRANK AMON.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

RECIPROCITY TREATIES.

We publish, to the exclusion of much other matter, the following letters on Canadian reciprocity, addressed by one of the ablest men and best farmers of New York to a distinguished member of Congress. The pertinency of their facts and the sound logic of their conclusions will be appreciated by all intelligent readers:

FAIRMOUNT, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Nov. 26, 1868.

DEAR SIR:—In the accidental conversation that I had with you the other day in the city of New York, you remarked that you would read and carefully consider any letter I might write you on the subject of Reciprocity Treaties with the British Provinces.

I very much regret that I have not certain public documents to refer to, and that I must confine myself to a very general statement of my views. My excuse for not gathering and preserving the necessary public documents to enable me to give exact figures and official statements, is that the present Secretary of the Treasury fully committed himself in his annual report of 1866 (I think) against giving the British Provinces the benefit of our markets on any more favorable terms than were given to all nations. He fully took the ground that we must have the duties levied by our Tariff laws—and that we could not yield our markets to the untaxed productions of the Provinces. The old treaty was terminated by a common concurrence of all parties here, and I supposed the idea of Reciprocity was at least buried for all that future in which we should be paying off our debts. Resting under this impression, I have gathered no documents or figures with which to meet this question. But there really is no necessity for the production of the tables of imports and exports, &c. The merits of the case are on the surface, at least sufficiently so to show that we cannot make a treaty giving our markets to the Provinces without doing our producing interests great injury.

I do not suppose that argument is necessary to sustain the assertion that the price of labor here is very much increased by the heavy taxes, direct and indirect, that the laboring man pays. I estimate the increased cost of labor to us because of these taxes, to be not less than twenty-five per cent. in gold. Farmers here are paying men who board themselves from $1.50 to $2.50 per day in paper money. Ten years ago we paid the same men from $0.87½ to $1.25 per day in money that was good as gold. Agricultural productions cost much labor. The owner of a farm generally works hard himself, and all that he consumes and that his family consume, is taxed, or enhanced in cost by taxation, certainly not less than twenty-five per cent. in gold. In addition to indirect taxes, the State, County and Town, and School and Highway taxes, aggregate not less than from 1½ to 2 per cent. on the selling value of his farm. I say the selling value—the rate on the Assessors' valuation is not less than 3½ per cent. These heavy direct taxes will generally last an average of ten years before any material diminution can be looked for. The bounties paid for soldiers have left a debt on the State, the Counties, and, in many cases, the Towns, that must be paid, and most of it within ten years—thus comes the high rates that I have given. I certainly am not conscious of any desire to magnify the load of taxation that is upon us. I prefer rather to state it in the smallest figures that I think truth will justify. If I have erred either way, your better judgment must correct the error.

How is it possible for the producing classes to carry this load of taxation? Certainly nothing but prices for their productions that are in proportion to old prices, as the cost of production has been enhanced. The producers of wheat, barley, Indian corn, wool, beef, pork, mutton, &c., must be protected from outside competition as fully as the manufacturers of cloth, iron, &c. This proposition appears to me to be self-evident. The lumberman's case is not unlike that of the farmer. He wants protection on his lumber to enable him to bear his proportion of the public burden, and the nation wants and must have the duties on Canadian lumber to enable it to pay its debts. We may admit that the present price of lumber is partly due to the duties levied on Provincial lumber, without in any way lessening the force of the claim of the lumberman of Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States, to his right to be equally protected with all other classes of producers. If you take from him his protection, you must in justice give him free from duties all that he consumes of tea, coffee, sugar, cloth, iron, &c., &c., in producing and taking to market his commodity. Am I asking for the lumberman any thing more than is equal justice? I think not, and I am a consumer and not a producer of lumber. We must preserve the circle complete. We cannot break out a part of it without destruction to that part, and great resulting injury to all the rest.

There can be no such thing as a Reciprocity Treaty with British Provinces that will not work incalculable injury to our agricultural interests, while we continue to pay taxes as we do now, and that we must continue to pay for long years to come.

Let us suppose the case of two farmers, one shall live in St. Lawrence Co., his farm lying along the boundary line, the other shall live on the other side of the line and in Canada. The two farms have the St. Lawrence River flowing between them. The productions of the farm on our side must be taxed as I have set forth; the farm on the Canada side is free from all the burdens the late war has cast upon us, and subject only to the local taxes of a government that dares but to put its hand lightly on a people that for a generation has been almost ready to gravitate to us. Is it not plain that the Canada farmer can raise his crops at less cost than can the St. Lawrence farmer? Reciprocity would give the owner of that and all other Canadian farms free access to our markets, without duties. During the existence of the treaty lately abrogated, the Provinces prospered greatly in the enjoyment of our markets free of duties, and our producers suffered to an equal amount, and that was before we had got ourselves into debt. To make a new treaty would at least double the value of the Canadian farm in the supposed case, and the St. Lawrence farmer would look over the river only to see the subject of Great Britain making twenty-five or thirty per cent. on the productions of his farm, while on the Republican side, expenses were hardly equaled by receipts. The St. Lawrence man might, in such a case, be pardoned for asking which government had the wisest servants.

What is true of the case of the St. Lawrence farmer, is measurably true of all our farmers who produce to sell in the great markets of the country.

No Reciprocity Treaty can be made that does not sacrifice the producing interests of our side. If it did not do this the Provinces would not want it. They want our markets, for the productions of their farms and forests, mines, &c. For this market they will give us the right to catch fish in their waters, and the free navigation of the lower St. Lawrence River, which we have proved to be worth nothing to us, and which they have proved to be worth very little to them or anybody else.

It has been urged that to make a treaty admitting the productions of the Provinces free to our markets would so conciliate the Provinces that it would lead to their asking for admission to our country. It would do just the opposite thing. If we give them all the benefits of our markets without cost to them, why should they desire annexation which would necessarily subject them to the payment of a part of our national debt? Without expressing any opinion as to the policy of adding the Provinces to our nation, I will say that a Reciprocity Treaty is a sure way to prevent any such thing.

In the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury before referred to, it was forcibly said that a Treaty was a bargain that must be kept, and in the changing state of our affairs, it was unwise to bind ourselves in such manner that we should part with our power to change our policy from time to time as circumstances might require. He said that we could reach all that it was for our interests to reach by legislation, and that a treaty was unnecessary. Is not this so? If we wish to cheapen in our markets any of the productions of the Provinces, for our own objects, not for theirs, why not alter the Tariff laws, and lower the duties or abolish them on such articles? It would appear to be for our own interests to allow the Colonies every facility to import whatever they may desire from any country through and over our canals and railroads; and equal facilities to export their productions over our lines of conveyance. Every object of this character can be secured by wise legislation on our part, with the great advantage of holding this matter in our own hands, and leaving us free to alter and modify as experience shall dictate.

There is one more view of this matter that I feel desirous of presenting for your consideration before closing this already long letter.

On the 7th day of October the manufacturers of woolens at their meeting passed a resolution opposing a Reciprocity Treaty, saying "that any advantage that might accrue to the worsted manufacturers from the free introduction of combing wools under the proposed treaty, would be more than counterbalanced by checking the impulse which has already been given to the growth of combing wools here."

Formerly our combing wools were principally imported from Canada, and until the abrogation of the treaty and the passage of the law protecting our wool growers, there was no inducement for our farmers to produce combing wools; but those two events, viz: the cutting off free trade with the Provinces, and giving reasonable protection to our wool growers, at once was followed by the importation from England of some of the best Long-Wooled sheep that money would buy, and now flocks are being established of this kind of sheep as far south as Texas. Shall we nip this branch of our own industry in the bud? Even the manufacturers of this wool say no.

Yours, respectfully, GEO. GEDDES.

To the foregoing, in due time, I received a reply, of which the substance was a question that is answered in the following note:

FAIRMOUNT, Dec. 1st, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR:—Yours in reply to my letter was received to-day. You ask, "If everybody is protected in everything at the expense, &c., of everybody, what good is there in protection?"

It may be answered,—The national treasury receives the duties on everything imported into the country. These duties are very convenient just now, and it is supposed that the nation levies them under a necessity that is imperative to meet its expenses. The farmers were not the authors or promoters of protective tariffs, and they have never asked more than to be protected against "protection," and such burdens as internal taxes laid on their productions.

Whether it would be wise to adopt universal free trade I do not now assert or deny. I am only trying to show that while high tariffs are the policy of the government, that the agricultural interests are entitled to equal protection with other branches of industry. I think you agree with me in this, or you would not ask the question you do—for certainly if universal and equal protection to all classes has no good thing about it, unequal protection that builds up a part at the expense of the rest, is vicious. A Reciprocity Treaty would result in just this. I am, respectfully, yours,

GEO. GEDDES.

MISTAKES OF SHEEP FARMERS.

A LARGE class of sheep farmers have made two or three mistakes, and now threaten to make another. They had not firmness enough to go through a pinching time in the wool business without becoming discouraged, and to a greater or lesser degree *sacrificing* their flocks. Sheep that would have before long been in good demand, and brought a remunerating price to those disposed to sell, have been recklessly crowded off at less than the value of a single fleece, to be killed for their pelts with less than half a year's growth of wool on them. Secondly. Many that have retained flocks have abandoned improvements on them; bred them, the past fall, to rams of inferior quality, or made the most irrational crosses. Third. Not a few farmers, we are told, in certain portions of the country, are preparing to make another egregious mistake—namely, to give their sheep an excessively poor wintering, feeding them very scantily and compelling them in a great measure to shift for themselves.

The folly of this last procedure is fully equal to that of either of the others; and it is barbarous as well as foolish. If sheep are worth wintering, it is certainly more profitable to give them a full supply of food, and thus preserve their lives and obtain their full amount of wool and lambs next spring, than it is to go to half the same cost for keep and have half or more of the sheep perish in March—lose half the value of the wool and nearly the entire drop of lambs. We question the moral right of any man thus purposely and without actual necessity, to subject to slow starvation and long protracted suffering any animal, and especially any domestic animal. And what shall we say of its humanity? Whoever has seen a flock perishing in March, from starved wintering, can bear witness to the utter misery of the spectacle. Human beings *seem* to suffer no more. Does the prayer, "that mercy I to others show that mercy show to me," include nothing in its scope but men and women? Even civil law condemns gratuitous cruelty to domestic animals. The person who unmercifully beats his horse, for example, is liable to punishment. Many persons have been punished for that offense within the past year in the city of New York. Is beating worse than starving? Is slow starvation less heinous than rapid starvation? And if man's laws condemn such brutalities, what does the whole spirit of the Gospel teach us in such matters?

Think of a man well sheltered in his comfortable house—well fed—well clothed—his granaries and barns filled with ample supplies of provision for his stock—money in the bank, perhaps—coolly determining to turn out one kind of that stock to slow starvation amidst the storms of winter—determining this purely as a question of dollars and cents—starving because he foolishly judges it a little more *profitable:* and then think of this man prating about his humanity and religion!

The beasts of the earth are given to man for his use, but not for his abuse. He has a right to kill them when his actual interests require it. But he has no right to put them to any unnecessary tortures. These are not sentimental views. They are the teachings of every conscience which has not been hardened by habit, or smothered by brutality and avarice. The adage that the merciful man is merciful to his beast, is true. We trust to no man's mercy who is not merciful to all created innoxious animals. He who will trample out of life or inflict any unnecessary pain on a poor, gentle, harmless, utterly dependent, and wonderfully useful brute like a sheep, would require nothing but immunity and a very little practice, to become a tyrant and tiger towards *his own* kind.

Agricultural Topics.

WINTERING BEES.

AN Apicultural Society has been formed in Montreal, with the purpose of attracting attention to the subject of bee-keeping and management. A meeting for discussion was held on the evening of the 5th of November, when several gentlemen gave their views as to the best plan of wintering bees. There was a general concurrence of views as to the propriety of having a few strong stocks rather than a greater number of weak ones—the former enduring the severe weather with a relatively less consumption of honey. Mr. HIGGINS built a bee-house with double walls filled with charcoal, but the heat of the colonies was so great that they became restive about the first of March, necessitating an earlier removal to the stands than was desirable, though no damage resulted to the stocks.

Mr. VALIQUET gave his plan as follows:—He dug a ditch in dry ground, about two feet deep and three feet wide at the top, and as long as the number of hives required. Across this ditch he laid pieces of scantling, and on these he laid two ten-inch boards lengthwise, on which he placed his hives close to each other. Each hive projected a little over the board on each side, and he also opened the super holes for ventilation. He then covered them with boards, in the form of a roof, with chimneys every ten feet, and covered those boards with straw, banking the whole up with the earth taken out of the ditch. The bees had wintered as well, or he thought better, in this way than in a cellar, and he had not been troubled by rats or mice; but it was thought that in some places the depredations of these vermin would be a great objection to this method.

Mr. LAURER had wintered bees in a part of his cellar that was quite warm, on account of proximity to the furnace which heated his house, and they came out in spring in fine health. It was generally thought that ventilation was necessary to bees in winter; but in Germany they were shut up close, and here, he believed, they might be treated in the same way. The great thing to avoid in wintering bees was light. The least streak of light would set them in motion, and they would not only consume more honey, but some would escape, if they could, and all that escaped in winter would be lost. If bees were kept cold, they had to consume honey to generate heat, which was saved when they were kept comfortably warm. A hive might be safely wintered out-doors with a box or covering of straw over it; but it would require thirty pounds of honey, whereas, in a cellar that was not too cold, ten pounds would suffice. The door of the hive should be closed with wire gauze, and the bees should be disturbed as little as possible.

Mr. HIGGINS said when the confinement was prolonged there was great danger of the comb being destroyed by the excrements of the bees, and therefore the hives should be allowed to stand out in this climate until severe frost came in December, and be placed out again about the end of March.

THE N. Y. STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its first Annual Meeting in Albany on the 10th of December, President G. H. WARNER of New York Mills, in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary, J. Y. BICKNELL performed the duties *pro tempore*. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not as full as was anticipated, though quite a number of the principal poultry breeders were on hand.

The Committee appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws, DANIEL E. GAVIT and WILLIAM SIMPSON, Jr., made a report on the same, embracing six articles, which was adopted. The first relates to the title, which is "The New York State Poultry Society." The second defines its objects, which are, the increase of poultry breeding and other small animals, gathering information in regard to them, and holding fairs, awarding premiums and the publication of the transactions of the Society. The third relates to the conditions of membership, which are, approval of the Executive Committee, an initiation fee of two dollars per annum, and one dollar annual dues. Twenty dollars pays for a life membership and exempts from annual dues. The fourth prescribes the number of officers, their character and duties. These are a President, five Vice-Presidents, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, Treasurer and Executive Committee,—the latter consisting of the officers and eight lay members,—each holding office for one year or till successors are appointed. Vacancies filled by the Executive Board. The 5th defines the time of the regular meetings of the Society,—four in each year, viz., second Tuesday in December, March, June and September,—the first to be designated the Annual Meeting for the election of officers, receiving reports of Committees and the like. The sixth makes a two-thirds vote of all the members present at a regular meeting necessary to approve of the Constitution and By-Laws, or to repeal or amend the same, which can only be done by a like vote—due notice of the intended action being given at a previous meeting. After adopting the foregoing an election of officers for the ensuing year, took place, resulting as follows:

President—G. H. WARNER, N. Y. Mills, Oneida Co. *Vice-Presidents*—Robert Ellis, Schenectady; L. F. Allen, Black Rock, Erie Co.; Wm. L Ely, Binghamton, Broome Co.; Samuel T. Taber, Glen Cove, Queens Co.; T. B. Kingsland, New York city. *Recording Secretary*—Thos. Gould, Aurora, Cayuga Co. *Corresponding Secretary*—Daniel E. Gavit, New York city. *Treasurer*—Wm. Simpson, Jr., West Farms, Westchester Co. *Executive Committee*—E. A. Wendell, Albany; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, Oneida, Co.; John Salsbury, Jr., Nyack, Rockland Co.; G. H. Leavitt, Jamaica, L. I.; E. P. Howlett, Syracuse, Onondaga Co.; Dr. G. W. Little, Fort Edward, Washington Co.; D. P. Newell, Rochester, Monroe Co.; C. Batbgate, Morrisania, Westchester Co.

The President made an appropriate response to the compliment paid, in his re-election, and pledged his best efforts in behalf of the interests of the Society and predicting happy results from its labors. The Corresponding Secretary complimented WILLIAM B. TEGETMEIER as an acknowledged authority in relation to poultry of all kinds; also, the American Naturalist, SPENCER F. BAIRD of Washington, D. C., and moved that both be made honorary members of the Society, which was concurred in unanimously. A resolution was also adopted conferring the like honor on CALEB N. BEMENT of Poughkeepsie, Col. B. P. JOHNSON and LUTHER TUCKER of Albany, and D. D. T. MOORE of Rochester, ORANGE JUDD and Gen. S. B. BRUCE of New York city.

The Executive Committee resolved to hold the first annual exhibition in the Empire Skating Rink in New York city—the time to include the whole of the fourth week in March next. The show is open to all kinds of farm poultry as well as pigeons, canaries and other song and plumage birds, rabbits, etc. The premium list, now in preparation, contains offerings of over one hundred distinct varieties of poultry and about the same number of fancy birds. Premiums are offered for the best thesis on the production and management of fowls; also, for incubators, plans of poultry houses and farms, coops both for general and exhibition purposes, &c. An address on the subjects embraced in the scope of the operations of the Society, is being prepared for the annual exhibition. A charter will be applied for, at the coming session of the Legislature, but this is not intended to restrict its operation to this State as it is designed to be national in its scope. All letters asking for information should be addressed to the Secretary, DANIEL E. GAVIT, post-office box No. 150, New York city.

HEAVES IN HORSES.

IN the "Modern Horse Doctor," by DADD, the direct causes of heaves, or broken-wind, are imputed to over-exertion and indigestion. If the general health of the animal can be improved, a mitigation of the particular ailment will result, and, possibly, in some cases, a cure. The first point to be obtained is a restoration of the digestive functions, and for this purpose aromatic tonics are given, professionally denominated "tincture of aromatic sulphuric acid," one drachm, in a pint of water, night and morning. At the same time the horse is subjected to a course of alterative medicines, compounded of powdered ginger, gentian, sulphur, salt, cream of tartar, charcoal, licorice, elecampaine, caraway seeds and balm of Gilead buds, chopped fine—equal parts of each. Mix with the food one ounce of this compound every night. While under the influence of this preparation severe exercise or hard and protracted labor should be avoided; but this does not necessarily imply total inaction. As improvement in condition manifests itself, the aromatic tincture may be given more sparingly and soon be omitted entirely, and the alterative medicine be diminished half, restricting it to half an ounce, night and morning. Water from a bucket regularly three times each day, and if a gormandizer of food, muzzle the animal, except at regular feeding times. A slight infusion of garlic into the food, chopped fine, daily, is reputed to produce paying results. An entire cure of a fully pronounced case of heaves is not readily accomplished by any mode of treatment,—if, indeed, such a case be curable at all.

CORN AND HOGS.

THE Asheville, N. C., News administers a sharp rebuke to the farmers of North Carolina for their mismanagement in their farming operations. It charges them with going to Tennessee and Kentucky for their pork, and paying ten cents a pound gross for it, and footing the bill by selling corn at fifty cents a bushel—at least fifteen cents less than it costs to raise it. This is pronounced a suicidal policy, one which has prevailed so long that the country is becoming rapidly impoverished by it. These farmers are urged to turn over a new leaf—to discard the spike-nosed native breed of hogs, and to import Chester Whites, and thus inaugurate a new era in corn raising and making pork. By producing their own hogs and fattening them they will save the cost of importing their pork and exporting their corn in payment; produce a considerable quantity of valuable fertilizing material for the renovation of their exhausted lands, and gain nearly one hundred per cent. in selling their surplus pork, instead of corn, as they have been in the habit of doing for a series of years. The recommendations of the News are sound, timely, and must be adopted before the farmers, upon whom they are urged, can make their labors remunerative.

CARE OF CALVES IN WINTER.

A FEW days since we called on a friend who had just brought his stock to the barn-yard in consequence of a storm. There were cows, oxen, calves, sheep and colts, but the last two were soon given separate quarters, and, as was supposed, the quietude of the family assured. But this was not the case. The ox had a grudge against the calf, and would toss one up whenever an opportunity offered. Fleeing to the protection of the mother was no improvement, as she, too, showed horns instead of affection and protection—ignoring by her acts all relationship with her abused progeny. It was evident from this that calves in autumn and winter need a separate range, where they can be cared for and be safe from the assaults of grown up stock. This extra care will be amply repaid by the more rapid development resulting from it. The separation is a humane one, and should not be neglected by any stock grower who aims to make his business a paying one.

GALLS ON HORSES.—Owing to defects in collars and saddles, or a lack of seasonable attention in wet weather, the backs, breasts and shoulders of horses become badly galled. It is cruel to work them, in this condition, but in many cases it can hardly be avoided, especially on the canal. In such cases the wounds should be thoroughly spunged daily with strong soap suds followed by a solution of saltpetre and spirits of turpentine. Put one quarter of a pound of the former and a pint of the latter into a bottle and shake them well together and apply to the wounds with a feather two or three times each day, or oftener if circumstances will permit, till the healing process commences, when the application may be discontinued.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER, &c.—In Western New York winter began with unusual severity. The second week was marked by a heavy fall of snow, and high winds, which piled it in heaps, obstructing railroads and common highways. The weather was less severe both east and west. Freight accumulated at Buffalo and Rochester, and live stock suffered considerably by detention. Farmers are not fully prepared for winter, and considerable corn stands unhusked in the fields, and many odd jobs are not completed. Of all the months of the year December seems the shortest to the farmer; unless his work is systematized and well in hand, he can do little besides giving the necessary care to stock. But that should not be allowed to suffer through want of shelter or food. Often the question of profit with a farmer in wintering stock is decided by the amount of shelter he gives the animals. "Let us have shelter," ought to be the watchword of every Northern farmer.

TRIAL OF PLOWS—REPORT.—We have received from the Secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, B. P. JOHNSON, Esq., a copy of the report of the committee appointed by the State Society to superintend a trial of plows which took place at Utica, commencing on the 8th of September, 1867. This report is comprised in a volume of nearly three hundred pages, neatly printed and elaborately illustrated in the best style of modern art. These illustrations commence with the plow in its earliest inception, when the fork of a tree was made to perform the work of turning up the soil, following it down through all its mutations to its present perfected state. In giving the history of the plow in the United States, the committee say that one of the earliest laborers in the field of improvement was THOMAS JEFFERSON, who, in a communication to the French Institute, attempted to solve the mathematical problem of the true surface of the mould-board, and to lay down intelligible rules for its formation for the first time.

The report is very appropriately prefaced with a chapter on the value of the plow as a means of stirring and preparing the soil for the reception of seed, and its subsequent germination and growth.

Taking New York as a basis of calculation, the committee make the tillable land in the United States 80,000,000 of acres. Assuming that every plow turns over fifty acres annually, it will require 1,600,000 plows to accomplish the work; and if a plow lasts, on an average, eight years, it will take 187,500 new plows every year to supply the demands of our country, without counting the large number exported. The number of plow manufactories in the United States is 423, and the value of plows made annually about $2,000,000. It is estimated that the plowing of land requires the labor of one million of teams, of either oxen or horses, for eighty days in the year, and that, counting in the labor of the men required to manage the teams, the cost of both annually is fully $20,000,000. It is also assumed that if the plow having the least draft were brought into use, to the exclusion of all others, it would reduce the cost of plowing forty-two per cent., or $8,400,000 annually in the United States alone.

There are various matters embodied in this report of great interest, aside from those hinted at, which will be alluded to hereafter.

POTATO ITEMS.—The editor of the Northwestern Farmer has been prospecting about in New England, and jotting down his experiences during the trip. While on the route from Troy to Rutland, the potato question came up and the merits of the competing varieties canvassed. Among others, No. 4, the successor of the Early Rose, was mentioned, and praised as being the earliest potato known. It was asked how much earlier No. 4 was than the Rose, and the reply was, "Fully fifteen minutes!"

Potatoes Coming Up—There is to be an exhibition of potatoes at the State House, Augusta, Me., in January next, under the auspices of the Board of Agriculture, when an effort will be made to amend the nomenclature of this important farm crop. As the matter now stands, it is often impossible to tell the character of a potato from the name assigned it, as it may have one in Maine and a different one in the neighboring State. Success to the potato convention.

Potatoes Inside and Out.—The Maine Farmer notices as a curiosity in its way a potato of last year's growth, on the surface of which several small new potatoes appeared, the body of the old one remaining fresh and green. On cutting the potato in two, a number of perfectly formed tubers were found in the interior, apparently awaiting their turn to get out.

Another Potato.—The editor of the Hartford Times has been made the recipient of a sample of "The Worcester Seedling Potato," resembling somewhat the Dover in its prime—being quite as white and mealy when boiled. The originator thinks it superior to any other variety!

THE NEXT STATE FAIR.—The members of the New York State Agricultural Society, through their journal, call attention to the State Fair for 1869. Towns and cities possessing the means, or able and willing to furnish them, to accommodate visitors to the Fair, are invited to make application to the Society sufficiently early to be submitted to the Board at its annual meeting on the 10th of February. An inclosed space of at least thirty acres, with buildings, sheds and stalls suitable for feeding and sheltering stock; hotel accommodations for visitors and accessible by railroads; the ability to raise at least $1,200 for the payment of the services of clerks, Superintendent and police, will be regarded as essential to a favorable consideration of any proposition for locating the Fair. It is not designed to put the matter up at auction, but to get propositions from several points that such a selection may be made as will afford accommodation to the public and defray the expenses of the exhibition. The question is opened thus early for the purpose of avoiding the hurry and confusion attendant on a later determination of the question of location.

MISSOURI BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—This body held its annual meeting at St. Louis on the 2d inst. The members present were Messrs. MUDD, ESSEX, LEAR, SMITH, COLMAN, HARRIS and DYER. The report of the Treasurer was submitted, showing the receipts of the year to exceed the expenditures by about $1,200. More energetic action for the future, in reference to matters falling within the scope of official action, was urged by several members. It was also resolved to ask a continuance of the Legislative appropriation for the Entomological department,—under the charge of C. V. RILEY, Esq., whose labors for the past year were highly commended. Vacancies in the Board were filled, and the question of locating and initiating the Agricultural College informally discussed.

STOCK IN CANADA.—The Canada Farmer notes the sale of some fine stock by JOHN SNELL of Edmanton. Short-Horn bulls sold for $90 to $147; cows, best, $150; semi-yearlings, extreme, $159; Leicester ewes, $18; lambs, $8; Cotswold ewes, highest, $26; do lambs, $23 50; do rams, $20 to $60; South-Down ewes, only $5; rams, $8 to $24—gold prices. Amount of sales, $3,264.

RURAL BRIEF-MENTIONINGS.

THE Rural Southerner charges the decrease in the wheat yield in the old States to a lack of efforts to keep them up as wheat growing ones. The remedy for the decrease is found in a scientific rotation of crops.

THOS. J. CRAWDER, Springfield, Ill., proposes, through the Prairie Farmer, a swine breeders' convention on the first Tuesday of January ensuing, for the promotion of the interests of that department of agriculture.

W. W. CHENERY, Belmont, Mass., has inaugurated autumnal sales of choice stock, of which he is a noted breeder. A sale took place Nov. 12th, attended by four hundred persons. The prices obtained were not as liberal as was expected.

M. A. HOLT writes the Wisconsin Farmer that he sowed two quarts of white oats, sent him by the editor of the American Stock Journal, and got a yield equal to 100 bushels to the acre, and weighing at the rate of 45 pounds to the bushel.

THE N. E. Farmer notes the reception of a communication on bots in horses. They are part and parcel of the horse—"one of his natural organs," and designed to grind and prepard his food. Each horse and colt has 500 bots—no more and no less!

HORTICULTURAL.

CULTIVATION OF DWARF PEAR TREES.

INASMUCH as "AMATEUR" counts me excited over the subject of sod culture for dwarf pear trees, I will add one more motion of the scissors—and say I have no doubt of his statement. The country is full of isolated cases of success under any and all modes of culture. Dr. HULL root prunes every year or every other year. A writer in Kansas says he transplants every year, and both prune more or less of the top. Another grower never prunes, nor root nor top, neither does he transplant, but yearly plows and cultivates; and after twelve years he is prepared to say his is the best way. And yet another cultivates until midsummer, does not manure but prunes annually in the spring, and he has no doubt his practice is best.

It is all, therefore, right, each according to location and soil, and I have no doubt the addition of a good, large wheelbarrow load of manure, applied each autumn, as "AMATEUR" says he does, will supply the deficiency and loss of vitality the tree sustains by permitting the grass sod to grow around it. This addition, however, is a new stroke, and in some soils its application would require some counter check, like that of neglected sod growing, to keep back the over-growth which such a supply of manure would create. But I have now no objection to "AMATEUR'S" advocacy of sod culture for pears, because his very words and practise show that he does not neglect them, and while his practise may answer in some cases, there are other, and many others, where it would be almost certain death to the trees within five years. My objection to sod growing culture, without his qualification, is that it is advising neglect, and my experience in pear growing has been to call for all the skill and careful watching of their culture that I could read or buy.

And now a word on "AMATEUR'S" evergreen experiment, which I consider no experiment at all. He says he planted his pears ten feet apart, and then set evergreens between them in rows—how thick he does not say; but at the farthest no evergreen could have been over twelve feet from a pear tree, when they were thinned out, and if the evergreen was allowed to grow, as he says, without shortening in—if it was a Norway Spruce, or a Scotch pine, it would take but a few years, in good soil, to have it fully overshadow the pear, and, as a necessity, force the poor neglected pear to "shoot out in a direction from them." "Dwarf pear trees will not grow well in the vicinity of evergreens." So says "AMATEUR." And "ADDI" says that he is almost daily passing dwarf pears that are set next evergreens, and are now, and have been since 1854, healthy, vigorous and annually productive.

I am sorry to read "AMATEUR'S" statement that "quince bottoms perish outright in the ground." I know something of the soil of the new States of Iowa, Illinois, etc., and I know many quince bottoms to stand uninjured; but as the roots of the quince are mainly fibrous, unless they are thoroughly earthed up to in the fall, to protect heaving by frost and also from standing water, they become destroyed. I should like to ask "AMATEUR" if the quince roots of his knowledge that were injured had a requisite winter protection of soil and a freedom from surface water. ADDI.

MISSOURI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its tenth annual session in the University building, Columbia, commencing Nov. 25th. The attendance, owing to unfavorable weather, was not full, but a fine spirit seemed to pervade the assemblage. The annual address was delivered by CHARLES PEABODY, the President, and is warmly commended. Its theme was the "Higher Walks of Horticulture."

Reports were made from the various committees distributed over the State, relative to fruit production the past year, and the prospects of that interest in the immediate future. The concurrent testimony was that the wine crop, the past season, was unusually good, and that the vineyard was full of promise for the future. Considerable attention was paid to the varieties of grapes best adapted to that State, and a pretty unanimous verdict given in favor of the Concord and Catawba for wine, and the Hartford Prolific for table use. Other varieties are being planted quite freely, but not yet fairly tested. Grape growing is becoming a leading feature in the horticulture of Missouri, taking rank alongside of orchard products.

From all parts in the State complaints are made of ravages of insects, and appeals made to the scientific and practically informed for the best methods of destroying these foes, or of counteracting or preventing their depredations. The climate and soil of Missouri were regarded as admirably adapted to the cultivation of the various fruits, but their enemies were becoming so numerous as to seriously affect the quantity and quality of many of them. The grape was more favored than any other, and the opinion was expressed that Missouri is destined to become one of the most prominent wine countries in the world.

Entomology received considerable attention in the shape of a comprehensive report from CHARLES W. MURFELDT, and another, equally broad in its scope, from C. V. RILEY, both of which are valuable contributions to the horticulture of the country. The various topics embraced in these reports were discussed at considerable length, but we have not space to give the views expressed by the several speakers. An election of officers took place, when the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year:

President—CHARLES PEABODY. *Vice-Presidents*—J. M. Jordan, J. V. Aldhausen, Felix F. Fine, F. A. Ritchy, M. Dewey, H. M. Vories, O. H. P. Lear and A. E. Trabue. *Corresponding Secretary*—C. W. Murfeldt. *Recording Secretary*—Wm. Muir. *Treasurer*—John H. Tice.

LOW HEADS FOR APPLE TREES.

EDS. RURAL:—I have a row of Rhode Island Greening apple trees twenty years old, twenty-six rods long, with limbs extending evenly at right-angles from the row fourteen or fifteen feet each way, and trained so low that three-fourths of the crop can be picked from the ground. No sod—nothing but straggling grass—grows under the trees. The yield has been so good for several years that, as facts are worth more than guesses, I this year have recorded the yield. It stands thus:—Fifty-five barrels first quality apples sold at $3.00 per barrel—$165.00. Twenty-five bushels second quality at 50 cents per bushel—$12.50. One hundred and ten gallons of cider sold at the mill for ten cents per gallon—$11.00. Dried apples—$7.50. Total, $196.00. Row, twenty-six rods long by two wide.

Oaks Corners, N. Y. H. H. DOOLITTLE.

NOTES ON FLOWERING PLANTS.

PERENNIALS AND BIENNIALS.

HAVING had considerable experience in the cultivation of flowers for several years past, a few notes which I have made the past spring and summer on some of the most desirable and easily cultivated floral beauties, may be interesting and useful to some of your readers who love flowers, and especially to those who have just commenced their cultivation.

Of hardy perennials and biennials, the Iris in some of its varieties is one of the earliest and most beautiful, and some of the later large flowering varieties are truly magnificent; and being perfectly hardy, (I now write only of the German or tuberous rooted varieties, some of the bulbous varieties being tender,) it seems strange that they are not everywhere cultivated. The Sweet Purple Rocket is another early flowering plant which I have seen in but few gardens. It has spikes of beautiful flowers somewhat resembling the Perennial Phlox, and is delightfully fragrant. The Pansies bloomed almost as soon as the snow was gone, and made a splendid show, the weather being quite favorable. Some of the French were the largest I ever saw, but not as finely marked as the German and English varieties. The little Trailing Phlox is very desirable for small beds, and the low early flowering Perennial Phlox presents a mass of almost dazzling beauty. The Honeysuckle (*Aquilega*) is a very desirable and perfectly hardy perennial, and some of the new double varieties show many delicate and beautiful colors. All varieties are desirable, and the wild, (*Aquilega canadense*,) with its beautiful red flowers, blooming on the sunny side of rocks and ledges, should be in every collection. The Peony, called by the old folks "Piny," has long been an established favorite, and in its season eclipses nearly or all of its floral neighbors. Some of the Chinese varieties, under good culture, are very large and make a truly splendid show.

The China Pink (*Dianthus chinensis*) is a very desirable biennial, showing many rich and charming colors, and blooms profusely from early summer till after hard frosts in autumn. The new Japan varieties, Dianthus Lascinatus and D. Heddewigii, are larger and very desirable, but with me do not bloom as freely as the China Pink. The Sweet William (*Dianthus barbatus*) is a beautiful, fragrant biennial. The old varieties were desirable, but the newer ones, with their large clusters of brilliantly colored flowers, are in all respects more beautiful. The old fashioned pinks, commonly called Grass and Feather Pinks, are very beautiful flowers, and in short all the varieties of cultivated pinks are desirable, and by including the Mullein Pinks, (*Agrostemma*,) will make the garden beautiful the entire summer. Agrostemma Flas Jovis, related to the old Mullein Pink, but much more desirable, bloomed with me for the first time last summer, and I consider it a perfect gem. Its low growth and compact clusters of bright pink flowers make it very desirable for an early flowering bedding plant, and I advise all who have not already got this plant in their collection, to obtain a paper of seed next spring, and if it gives them half as much satisfaction as it did me they will be well repaid for their trouble.

The Achillea or Milfoil, especially the pink colored, is a remarkably free bloomer; mine were literally a mass of bloom from early spring till the middle of summer. The Canterberry Bell, in its varieties, is a very showy and beautiful perennial; this, and the Foxglove, with its nodding bells, I have seen in but few gardens; they have given place, I suppose, to newer and more fashionable flowers. The Double Daisy (*Bellis perennis*) and the Double Buttercup (*Ranunculus*) made a fine show last spring, keeping in bloom a long time. Diantra Spectabilis is a very beautiful plant, one of the most valuable of the newly introduced flowers. The Perennial Larkspur (*Delphinium*) is a very beautiful and showy flower, and is particularly desirable for bouquets. Lobelia cardinalis, Asclepias tuberosa, Trilliam, and Hepatica, though "wild flowers," are beautiful and should be in every good collection.

The Perennial Phlox, in all its varieties, is in all respects a very desirable flower. Its habit of growth is compact and elegant, and its dark green foliage contrasts finely with its clusters of brilliant flowers, and is about as easy to raise as a thistle.

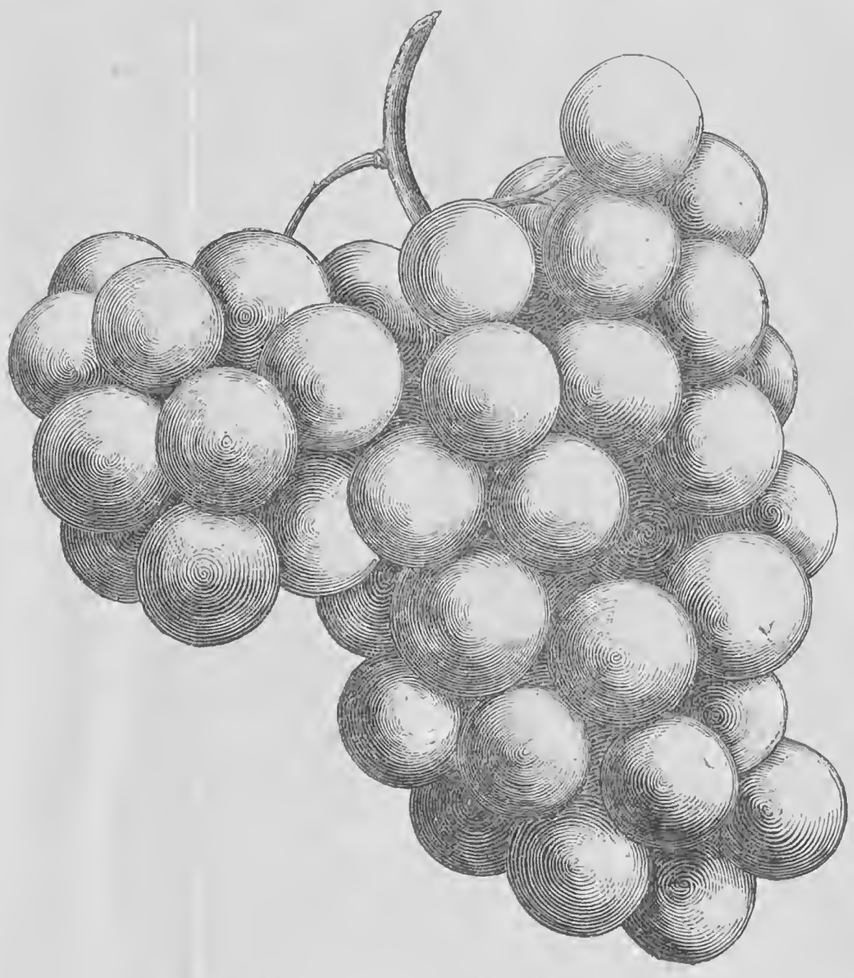
Of late blooming flowers, I consider the Perennial Chrysanthemum the most beautiful. It is not perfectly hardy, and must be planted in a warm, sheltered place in the garden, or in boxes and taken into the house before hard frosts, in order to bloom well; and the roots, after they are done blooming, should be kept in the cellar, or some other place out of reach of frost, until spring.

Among hardy perennials, the lily has justly long held a high place in the estimation of all lovers of flowers. The old varieties, including the common White Lily, (*Lilium candidum*,) and the brown spotted "Tiger," (*L. tigrinum*,) under good culture, are large and showy and should not be neglected for the new varieties from Japan, although the latter are very desirable. Lilium Longiflorum is a lovely flower, trumpet shaped and pure white; and L. lancifolium album, pure white, with raised white points; and L. L. rubrum, white, spotted and shaded with red, are worth going a journey to see. Lilies are generally considered to be perfectly hardy, but in this latitude, when planted in the autumn, I think the ground should be covered at least a foot deep with leaves, chip manure, straw, sods, or something of the kind, to protect them from sudden changes in the weather, especially the Japan varieties I have mentioned. After they get well established they will not need quite as much covering. Lily bulbs, when not convenient to plant in the autumn, may be preserved through the winter in dry sand or moss, and planted in the spring, but will not generally bloom well until the second year. Those who have neglected planting them the present autumn, should obtain and plant them as early as possible next spring, and not wait until next autumn. They should not be disturbed oftener than once in three years, as they bloom much more freely after getting well established.

Nearly all the flowers I have mentioned in this article are hardy and of easy culture, and may remain in the ground through the winter. Of course I have not mentioned all, nor even half, but a few of the most desirable, in the hope that some who have as yet paid little or no attention to the culture of flowers may commence the work of beautifying their homes when the light of another spring shall dawn upon us. Perhaps in a future article I will tell your readers of some of my successes and failures with bulbous flowers and annuals.

Sweden Center, N. Y. W. W. H PEARSON.

A ROCK maple was recently cut near West Concord, N. H., whose circumference, when chopped, was fourteen feet nine inches. It was at least one hundred feet high, and had been tapped for sugaring one hundred and six years.



ROGERS' HYBRID NO. 44.

THIS is one of many in that remarkable list of seedling grapes which possesses very excellent qualities. The bunch is large and shouldered; berry medium in size, black in color, and flesh sweet and tender. It is productive and early. It seems to us time that the valuable kinds in this series of grapes should be distinguished by names rather than numbers; and if this had been done long ago the public would now have a better acquaintance with them, and they would be in far more extensive cultivation. We hope, when we see them again on exhibition tables, to find the numbers designating the valuable sorts changed to appropriate names.

MELON GROWING.

O. L. BARBER, Upper Alton, Ill., does a large business in melon raising for the Chicago and other Western markets. He communicates to Colman's Rural World some of his experience in the business, which may be of interest to others the coming season. The soil for growing melons is not made extremely rich,—in fact is but scantily manured; but a deep preparation and pulverization of it are deemed requisite of success. If the ground is naturally wet it must be underdrained, as melons are averse to "wet feet," and will not grow under such circumstances. The practice of digging holes for the seed is not approved of,—surface planting being preferable. Planting is done in hills five by eight feet, leaving but two or, at most, three plants in a hill. One pound of seed is ample for an acre. The *pinching* process is deemed impracticable on a large scale of culture, but clean cultivation is an indispensable condition of success. The cultivator is run between the rows twice every week as long as it is practicable to use it among the vines. The ground is sometimes stirred in this way before the melons show above ground, as this facilitates vegetation and keeps down the weeds.

The varieties planted last year were Skillman's Fine Netted and Early White Japan, the latter good but too tender for shipment. The Persian melon,—a new variety,—promises well, though not grown but one season, hence not fully tested. The Minorca is pronounced a *whale* among melons, growing to an immense size, resembling wash-tubs in the field turned bottom side up! A melon combining more desirable qualities than any other is said to be a new variety, and Mr. B. has named it the *Alton Large Nutmeg*. One acre was planted with this seed in 1867, and four thousand melons sold from it for $400,—by far the most profitable of any variety grown. Shipments to Chicago were commenced June 30th, at $3 per dozen, but some weeks later they ran up to $5, while others were selling for $1. Five acres, embracing the varieties named, were planted last year by the party mentioned, and a good profit realized on the whole. The seed should not be planted till all danger from frost has passed. It will then germinate quickly, and with proper cultivation the plants will come as early forward as is desirable.

THE WHORTLEBERRY.

THE whortleberry, or huckleberry as commonly called, like the blackberry, is fast passing away from among us as a wild fruit; and unless some exertions are made toward its cultivation, not many years can pass ere the fruit will become a rarity in any section, and entirely unknown where perhaps now it is abundant. Although a native wild fruit, yet it has ever been confined to certain limits and sections of the country, and as soon as those sections are cleared up and cultivated, the whortleberry disappears; while it is yet to be had in some sections for the picking, its value in the New York and other city markets is such that we feel assured it would prove a more remunerative crop than strawberries; and once a plantation of it is made, it is permanent and will require but little care annually to continue it. The past season the fruit has sold as high as eleven dollars a bushel, and not below five dollars, to our knowledge. In productiveness it is surpassed by no plant or fruit producing shrub, we having often gathered a quart from a single bush, which, if allowed as a rule, and we consider an acre planted with bushes, at a distance of one by three feet, would give about three hundred and eighty bushels, that, counted at the lowest price—five dollars—would amount to nineteen hundred dollars. But we consider this a fancy estimate, and only produce it to show how the matter can be figured up. Let us take a more moderate view, and putting the crop at half a pint to a plant—certainly a safe estimate—and we have then ninety-five bushels to the acre, which, at five dollars, would give over four hundred dollars to the acre, an amount beyond the average of the berry crop generally.

Thus showing its value when produced, we have next to take the soil, cultivation, etc., required to produce it. In its wild condition it is found in almost all soils, from a poor, hard, thin clay, running through all the grades of sand and loam, to a deep, rich, but wet, swamp muck, so that we can have little doubt of success, plant it where we may. In its varieties, it is found wild in shade and in open bleak exposures, so that here again we have reason to look for success in almost any location; but whether it will bear cultivation of the soil, or require the surface to be kept in turf or mulched, as it is found wild, is a point yet to be proven by practice; but that it can be grown as a crop, and profitably, we have not a doubt, and trust the subject will be so brought before our nation by some energetic person as to induce general attention and soon extensive planting.—*Horticulturist.*

THE WILD GOOSE PLUM.

THIS is a variety of the American native plum growing in Tennessee. A sample with the following description was received by the Gardener's Monthly, and that journal says the fruit warrants all its correspondent says of it:—This plum is a variety of the common wild plum of this section, but so much superior as to be regarded almost distinct. Although not equal to a "Green Gage" or "Coe's Golden Drop," and some others, it will not fall far below some of the finer varieties no longer grown with certainty. You will see by these specimens that the "little Turk" has tried his skill, but failed to produce an impression. This plum will, if picked in nearly a green state, mature nearly, if not quite, as well as on the tree. Large quantities could be shipped several hundred miles, to the large cities, with more safety than peaches. Parties from Louisville have paid from four to six dollars per bushel here for all they could find. The tree attains the size of a large peach tree and is a certain and enormous bearer. We class them among such fruits as Concord Grape, Wilson's Albany Strawberry, Houghton Seedling Gooseberry, &c., which, though not the finest, are yet the "fruits for the million," and pay the best. We grow the tree altogether on the peach, to prevent a multitude of suckers which all plums of this class throw up, to the detriment of the tree itself, and to the great inconvenience of the cultivator. It proves to do exceedingly well on the peach—will go off on its own roots quickly if planted deep. These specimens are not more than two-thirds the usual size. A severe freeze, while in bloom, which killed almost everything else, seemed to check the growth of the fruit. We hope these specimens will reach you in good condition, and if so, you will be surprised that a fruit so good and free from disease or insects is not known better."

HOGS IN ORCHARDS.—A correspondent of the Missouri Republican adds his testimony to the good influence executed by hogs when pastured in the apple orchard. After trying all the reputed preventives of insect ravages he came to the conclusion to give up fruit growing, when he was advised to make a hog pasture of his orchard, which he did, and the result was the insect enemies rapidly disappeared and his fruit trees commenced to give their customary yield—the trees seeming to have new life imparted to them.

Fruit and Vegetable Markets.

THE following are the quotations of Fruits and Vegetables in the New York market for the week ending the 12th inst:

VEGETABLES.—Potatoes are quiet and unchanged in price.

Monitor, ₱ bbl	$1 75	@	2 00
Buckeyes, ₱ bbl	1 75	@	2 25
Peach Blows, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Mercers, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 50
Prince Alberts, ₱ bbl	2 75	@	3 00
Jackson Whites, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Delaware, sweet, ₱ bbl	4 50	@	5 50
Norfolk, sweet, ₱ bbl	3 50	@	4 50
Onions, Red, ₱ bbl	5 00	@	6 00
Onions, White, ₱ bbl	12 00	@	14 00
Onions, Yellow, ₱ bbl	6 00	@	6 50
Marrow Squash, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	3 50
Cabbages, ₱ 100	8 00	@	12 00
Turnips, ₱ bbl	2 00	@	2 25
Pumpkins, ₱ 100	8 00	@	13 00

FRUITS.—Apples are dull, with a market well supplied. Good lots in store selling at an average price of $4.50 ₱ bbl. Grapes are plenty, and do not improve. Cranberries still tend upward.

Apples, Greenings, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Baldwins, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, Mixed lots, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	4 50
Apples, common, ₱ bbl	3 00	@	3 49
Apples, Spitzenberge, ₱ bbl	4 00	@	5 50
Grapes, Isabellas, ₱ ℔	6	@	8
Grapes, common, ₱ ℔	3	@	4
Grapes, Catawba, ₱ ℔	12	@	15
Quinces, ₱ bbl	8 00	@	12 00
Cranberries, ₱ bbl	18 00	@	24 00

DRIED FRUITS.—The market is inactive for apples and peaches. Cherries and raspberries are in demand. Blackberries are dull.

New Apples, State, ₱ ℔	10	@	11
New Apples, Western, ₱ ℔	9½	@	10½
New Apples, Southern, ₱ ℔	7½	@	10
Peaches, prime, peeled, ₱ ℔	25	@	26
Peaches, good, ₱ ℔	18	@	23
Peaches, common, peeled	10	@	18
Peaches, unpeeled, halves, ₱ ℔	12½	@	13½
Peaches, unpeeled, quarters, ₱ ℔	9½	@	10
Blackberries, ₱ ℔	18	@	20
Raspberries ₱ ℔	44	@	46
Cherries, pitted, ₱ ℔	42	@	45
Plums, ₱ ℔	28	@	30

Domestic Economy.

LABORS OF THE AGED.

A SUBSCRIBER residing in Alganee, Branch Co., Mich., writes that his mother, ROXA GOODMAN, now in the 80th year of her age, has, since she was seventy years old, pieced four quilts with 525 pieces each; two with 560 each; five with 820, and three with 880 each—besides ten other quilts during the same time. In addition to this, she has spun 400 runs of woolen yarn, wove one rag carpet of 30 yards, and knits 30 pairs of stockings and mittens every year. The writer adds: "We, her children, grand-children and great-grand-children, intend, GOD willing, to meet her the coming month, to celebrate the 80th anniversary of her birth."

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Aunt Lucy," Three Rivers, Mich., writes: "I think industry is commendable anywhere; but I would say to the *bed quilt piecers* that I have lived forty-six years and brought up six children, and have never yet found time to buy calico and cut up into little pieces, half an inch square, for the purpose of sewing them together again, just to see how many I could make of it."

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—As this is the season for apple dumplings, allow me the liberty of saying that they can be made so that every one, even of delicate digestive powers, can eat them with impunity. Of course I am saying nothing but what every good housekeeper must know already, when I recommend that the *dough*, if it may be so called, should be made of about one part flour to six parts of potatoes, boiled and mashed thoroughly, and every lump removed. It makes a good paste, and the dumplings can be enjoyed by every one without the fear of after unpleasant results. Try it.—HANNAH, *in Germantown Telegraph.*

POTATO POULTICE.—Perhaps it is not generally known how much pleasanter and more agreeable, as well as more efficacious, is a poultice made of potatoes than one made of bread. It keeps heat longer, can be reheated several times, and does not wet the clothing.

Peel, boil and mash the potatoes; enclose in a muslin bag, and apply to the affected part. To boil them in hop water has a very soothing effect, and enhances their virtue. A poultice made of boiled beans is by some thought to be better than potatoes, but both are worthy of a trial.

COOKING A TOUGH TURKEY.—A lady tells the Western Rural how to cook an antiquated turkey: After dressing and stuffing the turkey, put in a boiler water to cover the bottom, and a basin to put the turkey on. Lay it on the back, not letting the water reach it. Cover the boiler, and steam two hours. Roast one hour. Boil liver, gizzard and heart in this water; then chop fine and put it in the gravy. Pour the water from the boiler into the roastpan to baste the turkey with.

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—One quart of buttermilk, a small teaspoon of salt, one of saleratus, a lump of butter as large as a walnut, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in buttered tins, in a quick oven.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Take apples pared, cored and slightly stewed, sufficient to cover the dish, six eggs, one quart of milk, spice to your taste. Bake it one-third of an hour.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY FLOWER.

The flowers in my garden were withered long ago,
And soon will come old winter's cold with glittering ice and snow;
But I've a fairer flower than the garden e'er could boast
With its roses, and its dahlias, and all its gorgeous host.

To what flower shall I liken her? so fragile and so fair;
The summer skies within her eyes, its sunlight in her hair;
Her form is like the willow as it sways with gentle grace,
And like a water-lily is her pure angelic face.

Sometimes she's like a daisy,—so timid and so meek,
And her voice like rippling water when in tender tones she speaks,
But we think of wreaths of snowdrops on brows so cold and white,
When the rosebud lips are silent in the watches of the night.

Sometimes she's like a pansy looking up with starry eyes,
As if she saw beyond the world and into paradise;
But to whatsoe'er ye liken her in earth, or sky, or air,
You would say could you but see her there was ne'er a flower so fair.

Porter, N. Y. A. E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GRECIAN BEND.

I suppose words have been almost exhausted on this great "new thing" of the Nineteenth Century,—this wonder-working accomplishment that has sprung into being, and flourished so vigorously among us since its coming. But an impartial survey, with the stamp of one individual mind upon it, may lead into some new path. I must confess to utter ignorance as to where the Grecian Bend was born and bred. I once imagined it must be in some intensely cold climate, where people were, spite of their will, drawn over and shriveled up by the piercing winds that blew upon them. Yet I find I am wrong there, as it rejoiced in its prime, last summer, when the heat in Gotham was sometimes fearful to think of. And as we hear so little from the Continent about it, I believe to our Empire City must be all the glory of bringing up such a wonder. There are many lonely and silent places in the great city where it might dwell, till the right moment came, to burst forth upon the astonished race of men. Still this is all matter of conjecture, and it were well to leave it so.

Now, why it ever should have been called "the Grecian Bend," or "Helenic Curve," as classical scholars prefer, I cannot divine. There can be no reason for it, gathered from the literature, arts, or general customs and manners of that far-famed land of ancient story; for beauty and grace have always distinguished Grecian art from the old time to the present. In all their sculpture, the curves and bends were marked by an indescribable air of gracefulness; and even their angles were softened down, so as to reveal nothing sharp or uncomely. While, to my eye, the Grecian Bend of to-day, in its perfection, bears a nearer resemblance to a right-angled triangle than to anything else in the civilized world; only, in "the bend," the base, instead of occupying its rightful place, is uppermost.

Why did so many deluded daughters of Eve adopt it? There is surely neither beauty nor comfort in its spell. The shoulders grow round, the tall, straight, lithe figure is cramped and bent, till as you pass along the street, you can scarcely tell sixteen from sixty. For the present mode of dress in the *beau monde* does not put any strong dividing line between the two.

There are various kinds of "the bend," with so delicate a shade of difference that the uninitiated cannot always tell them apart. First, there is the one, already mentioned, in which you might draw the hypothenuse from the feather on the tip of the "jockey" to the toe of the boot. This is also the bend *pronounced*, immovable, that looks fixedly before it, or rather *below* it, crawling slowly down the avenue, saying to all,—"I am the Grecian Bend; deny me my name who can."

Then, there is the half-way bend, that, having inclined, causes its possessor to wriggle, and twist, and toss the head, turning it from side to side with ceaseless motion, to watch if due attention is paid it. Last that I can now write of is the short, stiff bend, that *aims* for a place in the sisterhood, but barely deserves it. The owner of this walks as though clasped in a vice, with bitter envying in her heart, as she sees the more successful benders pass her by. She has reached the height of awkwardness and, poor victim, cherishes it as the stepping-stone to greater renown. The other infinitesimal varieties demand a more extended history than I can now give, and so must waive them entirely.

I have heard that the Grecian Bend has been ridiculed out of existence, save among the elite few; but I can never believe it, while I see our shop-windows exhibiting "the benders," and am painfully conscious they are not there for ornament alone. Those hoop, and wire, and steel adornments still foster the life of that hideous bend, that might else die a natural death; and as long as you, girls, will persist in wearing them, the bend will live, spite of all cutting sarcasm and earnest effort against it.

If one of our great-grandmothers could take a peep at the present stage of action, how would she be horrified at the change in her daughters! I think she would entreat, in sepulchral tones, that, for health, comfort and economy, our puffs and loops and flounces and Grecian Bends should be cast aside. Take warning in time, girls, for the "benders" have been known to break, and once a young girl was reported to have lost hers in the street. Faith Leslie.

THE CARE OF BABIES.

The only valuable work we ever saw on infancy was written by a man, Andrew Combe of Scotland, a close observer, a sound thinker, and a learned physiologist. We shall never forget how tempest-tossed we were when we first found ourself the happy possessor of a male child without the slightest knowledge of what to do for his comfort and protection. An ignorant nurse fidgeted round the room day and night, sang melancholy ditties, and rocked vehemently, while the child cried continually with a loud voice, and we wept, prayed and philosophized by turns. Reasoning on general principles, we at last came to the conclusion that inasmuch as the child was strong and vigorous, there must be some mistake on the part of the nurse that he was not quiet and comfortable, we fortified ourself in that opinion by a faithful reading of what Mr. Combe had to say on babies in general. The result of this consideration of his opinions was a prompt revolution in the whole nursery department, and a transfer of pain from the baby to the nurse, who stood humbled and chagrined as she saw her time-honored system summarily set aside,—the pins, paregoric, catnip and cradle driven out,—while pure air, sunlight, common-sense walked in. Oh! what sighs, what groans, what doubtful shakings of the head, what suppressed laughter and whisperings in the hall, we heard during the first few days after the inauguration of that dynasty of health, happiness and rest to that new-born soul.

When the three-hours' cry began that day, which ancient dames assured us was a custom that had been faithfully kept by all the sons of Adam from time immemorial, we ordered the little sufferer to be promptly stripped to the skin and put in a warm bath. That brought instant relief, after which he was dressed in a few light garments hung on the shoulders, with no swaddling bands, no pressure on the lungs or bowels, and laid down to sleep. He was fed (according to Combe) every two hours by day, and but once during the night. After that we had peace, though eternal vigilance on our part was its price. The custom of pinning babies up as tight as a drum is both cruel and absurd. We asked the antiquarian who tortured our first-born in that way—why she did it? "The bones of young babies are so soft, and their flesh so tender," said she, "that they are in constant danger of dissolution unless tightly pinioned together." We soothed her fears by pointing to the fact that colts and calves, puppies and kittens, all lived and flourished without bandages, and for the race we said we would make the experiment on one of the human family.

If babies are regularly fed, bathed and comfortably dressed, and in a pure atmosphere, they will be quiet and healthy.—*Mrs. E. C. Stanton.*

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Horace Vernet, a distinguished French painter, happened once to be traveling from Versailles to Paris in the same railway carriage with two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of uncertain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to each other their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was intensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on.

It was not long before the train had to pass through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbors, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression, which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other, each charging the other with having received from the mustached stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, all were alighting. Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow travelers out of the carriage, and then, with a graceful bow, took leave of them, saying, as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly correct English, "Adieu, ladies; I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favor I received in the tunnel."

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.

It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with the actual world, with the outer world, and its transpiring events. Urge her to read newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead—we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world; to know what it is and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral and religious improvements of our time. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center table be kept part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family—men, women and children—read newspapers.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A matter-of-fact yet spicy correspondent of the Revolution, who signs herself "Helen," is vehemently opposed to the practice indulged in by some women of allowing themselves to be called by diminutive instead of by their Christian names in full. She says:—"Elizabeth is a stately name; but Lizzie is suggestive of one who is weak and dependent, however lovely she may be. Catharine is beautiful and strong; but Katie or Kittie! what a burlesque on the original name. So with all pet or nick names. Who could imagine Miss Anthony doing so ridiculous a thing as to call herself Susie? Think of Hattie Stowe or Maggie Fuller! One Kansas paper had the hardihood to nick-name Mrs. Stanton, Liz, but it produced a tremendous recoil on the editor's head. One of the correspondents of the Revolution signs herself Lizzie Leavenworth, M. D. Now, I shall never take any of her medicines, not one single homœopathic pill of it till she calls herself Elizabeth."

The Lady of the White House.—In connection with the election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency, and only second to it in point of interest, is the promotion of Mrs. Grant to the post of "Lady of the White House." It is gratifying to think that the position is one which Mrs. Grant will fill with the true simplicity of an American woman. There will be no attempt to ape the grandeurs of a regal court, and no vulgar striving after mere sensation. Mrs. Grant is a lady who has maintained, through every event which has marked the vicissitudes of her husband's life, a marked propriety of demeanor. She has been helpmate in days of adversity, and has shared his honors without being dazzled by the position, or contaminated by the foolish adulations of those who worship at the shrine of success.—*Boston Journal.*

Worth Knowing.—In purchasing furs a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin; this can be readily determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibers open readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of the skin, the article may be accepted.

A fine and handsome material for ordinary wear has recently been imported under the name of the English water-proof. It is superior to all other kinds and in various colors; black or brown making the handsomest suits.

Choice Miscellany.

SNOWDRIFT.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

The snows are whirling thick and fast,
The drifts assail my doorway;
I doubt me if a wilder blast
Blows o'er the hills of Norway.
But sit thee down, my olden friend,
We two will mock the weather;
And while the fearful winds contend
We'll have a night together.

Oh, many a year and many a storm
We twain have mocked as lightly;
And though our hearts to-night are warm,
Our heads are powdered whitely.
And snows have drifted o'er our souls,
To fall on wintry heather,
And hide from us the grassy knolls
Where rest our loves together.

Stir up the fire! we'll talk of love—
Of love, old friend, and sorrow:
For life, like rainbow arched above,
Its light through tears must borrow.
We'll talk of lips that clung to ours,
Though ours are now like leather;
We'll talk of girls, we'll talk of flowers,
That now are dust together.

Fill up the cup, old friend of mine.
Though tears have wet our lashes,
For all our dead we quaff the wine,
And pledge—to dust and ashes.
We'll bind to-night our friend and foes
With memory's silken tether;
And underneath the drifting snows
We'll love and hate together.

Oh! wintry heart! 'tis throbbing low—
Oh! wintry storm! 'tis pelting;
What boots it that we warm our snow?—
It turns to tears in melting.
But better tears than life, old friend,
So tears we'll shed together;
And o'er our hearts a rainbow bend
To light the stormy weather

THE WHEREFORE.

The *Wherefore* is inborn in the human mind. Through it our humanity breathes out, continually. Of every fact, truth, principle or seeming, it questions.

"*Cui Bono?*" is the natural cry of the human. And it is repeated daily, hourly. Divinity understands all and questions nothing; humanity, understanding nothing, questions all. Wisely? Foolishly, at times, no doubt, yet wisely, in the main. All knowledge comes of questioning. All gain is the reward of some longing.

The deepest longing within us is not to have, but to know. To be sure, knowing, in one sense, is possessing. That which we know thoroughly we most completely possess. But not in the lower, more material idea of possession. This idea never satisfies. Alone considered, it is "of the earth, earthy." It embodies an actual, tangible holding. And what you hold in your hands, or lock away in your safe, or wear upon your person, is only half possessed. It is yours chiefly by sufferance.

An answer to our questioning, then, is what we long for most. The *Wherefore* is a confession, ever, of blind ignorance. Be it outspoken, or only secretly breathed, it is all the same. It is man's acknowledgment, before his inner self, if not to his fellows, of his weakness. Even so is it the promise of greater strength and wider acquisitions. Some answer comes, generally, to all queries. In a degree the answer helps a man onward,—broadens his outreach,—enables him in many ways. Comprehending any one thing assists in the comprehension of other things.

The *Wherefore* may imply a doubt, yet it does not spring from doubting. Because we question, we do not necessarily disbelieve. The very human cry alluded to previously is put forth for information. At least that is the spirit in which it ought to be uttered. In some instances, perhaps, it may appear as a protest against proposed action; but thus put forth it is not the language of the seeker after knowledge.

Inborn in the human mind, nourished by the human heart, the *Wherefore* wells up perpetually, and is never fully silenced because there ever remains something strange and unexplained. If under our feet there slept no marvels deep hidden,—if over our heads there twinkled no wonders greater still, and more inexplicable,—if the Universe were but simple mechanism, moved by some mechanical power within the grasp of our intellect,—there would be no questioning, and, mayhap, no progress. One of the best proofs that a Supreme Being does exist is the fact that man came into the world with something forever beyond his reach. And as he moves forward up the slope of being, from cycle to cycle looking out over a wider field, there still remains somewhat for him to reach after, to long for. Therein lies his truest blessing. Not in the grasping would he find it. Possession palls on the palate; longing is stimulative. With the *Wherefore* leading him on he may search out buried treasures, and find glorious reward.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SENSATIONAL LITERATURE.

When we look for a moment at the mass of fictitious reading that is flung out broadcast over the world, can we wonder that the young so early wander away into the paths of vice, or that the vile dens in our cities, that are seething in impurity, are peopled with wrecked manhood and fallen womanhood? We look in astonishment at the evidences of blighted intellects, lost virtue and ruined lives, and yet how many of these learned their first lesson in vice *at home*, over the pages of some impure novel! In how many of our homes does the Bible lay, all covered with dust from disuse, while dime novels are eagerly read by parents and children day after day! And I have seen professed Christian parents remain away from the house of God to read a weekly journal *burdened* with impure thoughts to feed the imagination and the heart.

Parents, you cannot keep your homes *too pure*. If the young heart is not educated to love purity, it will love sin and follow after it; and if you crowd your libraries with fiction, and pervert your own lives by its perusal, how can you expect to lead your children heavenward?

The young gain far more education from novels to-day, than from the sciences. They pore over the unchaste pages, and shed fountains of tears over some luckless heroine that never lived, and whose counterpart never will live; but they have no sympathy for the sorrows of a beggared widow or orphan, and their hearts are unmoved at the sight of actual human suffering.

Can it be that those to whom God has given ten talents, will waste them all in wrecking humanity? Shall they be willing, for dollars and cents, to send young souls, reeling beneath a burden of shame, into penitentiaries, dance-houses and groggeries? Will it *pay* at the bar of God? Grace G. Slough.

RELIGION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Dr. J. G. Holland, writing from Switzerland to the Springfield Republican, says:

"It seems to me that any New England man coming to Europe must feel everywhere around him an enormous letting down of the moral tension and tone to which he has been accustomed. He sees everywhere the Sabbath desecrated. Here, in Switzerland, the business day of the steamboats and railroads is Sunday; and I cannot help contrasting the unbroken stillness that hangs around the station at Springfield, during all the long Sabbath days of summer, with the hurry and bustle and rush of locomotives and of men, which prevail every Sunday at the station in Lausanne, within sight and hearing of my window. Meeting a distinguished divine here, one expects to see a man in some respects like those one meets at home holding like positions; but one is soon undeceived.

"Christianity does not seem to get hold of people here as it does at home. The lack of earnestness, genuine faith, absolute self-devotion, is painfully apparent. Christianity would seem to be adopted by these men as a beautiful system of philosophy and ethics; and, in the meanwhile, they manage to have a pretty good time. They drink their wine, visit their relations, go to the shows, and forget that there is a world to be converted. There may be something sad and severe in the type of New England religion, but it means something. There is a life-revolutionizing and life-commanding power in it. It is a power of such magnitude that a man needs to get four thousand miles away from it to measure its dimensions. Here I can see, as I never saw before, the intensity of religious feeling that prevails in America; and my respect for it grows with every renewal of the contemplation. It is a thing apparently unknown here, and altogether unappreciated as it exists among us."

STAGE-RIDING.

The pleasures of stage-riding are little known to the great majority of people living this side of the Rocky Mountains, railroads having generally superseded that mode of traveling. The "Colfax party" had a taste of them, however, in their passage from Cheyenne to Denver, and Mr. Bowles gives us a description, which will remind not a few of our readers of the experiences of former days:

"In stage-riding it is peculiarly true that it is the first night that costs. It is more intolerable than the combination of the succeeding half dozen, were the journey prolonged for a week; the breaking-in is fearful, the prolongation is bearable. The air gets cold; the road grows dusty and chokes, or rough and alarms you; the legs get stiff and numb; the temper edges; everybody is overcome with sleep, but can't stay asleep—the struggle of contending nature racks every nerve, fires every feeling; everybody flounders and knocks about against everybody else in helpless despair; perhaps the biggest man in the stage will really get asleep, which doing, he involuntarily and with irresistible momentum spreads himself, legs, boots, arms and head, over the whole inside of the coach; the girls screech; the profane swear; some lady wants a smelling-bottle out of her bag, and her bag is somewhere on the floor—nobody knows where—but found it must be; everybody's back hair comes down, and what is nature and what is art in costume and character is revealed—and then, hardest trial of all, morning breaks upon the scene and the feelings—everybody dirty, grim, faint, "all to pieces," cross—such a disenchanting exhibition! The girl that is lovely then, the man who is gallant and serene—let them be catalogued for posterity, and translated at once; heaven cannot spare such ornaments, and they are too aggravating for earth."

ACQUIRING WEALTH.

No young man should allow himself to be discouraged nor his ambition to be dampened by the common out-cry against wealth. The corrupting tendencies alleged are totally unfounded except in imagination or in the envy of discontented people. They are not any more incident to the possession of wealth than they are to abject poverty—perhaps not so much so. At all events, the opportunities which riches afford the possessor for doing good in this country are so numerous and ample that wealth, properly used, may be the means of making up the most admirable characters, while those who are inclined to depart from the path of rectitude would do so as quickly in one condition as in another.

To save money and amass a fortune, if it is done with a proper motive, is not only a laudable ambition but a duty. It is a duty to one's self, one's family and the community in which one lives. It is providing for old age, for calamity in business or sickness, for the means of helping the poor and relieving the oppressed. There can be no better instruction given a young man than that which impresses a true appreciation of the worth of money. Such an early impression would have saved many a man and many a family from serious misfortunes, discomforts, unhappiness and even crime. The making of money and saving of money—as distinguished from that miserly *love* of money which is said to be the root of all evil—should be the aim of all young men who start out in life for themselves. They include habits of industry that lead to contentment and often ward off dissipation, want and future misery.—*Chicago Courier.*

SANDWICHES.

Time never sits heavily upon us but when it is badly employed.

To teach early is to engrave on marble; to teach late is to write on sand.

The rose has its thorns; the diamond its specks, and the best man his failings.

A poor woman can see more sympathy in a sixpence than in streams of tears.

If you would not have affliction to visit you twice listen at once to what it teaches.

The best consolers of human hearts may bear broken hearts in their own bosoms.

What is said from the feeling of the moment, should excite but the feeling of the moment.

Young men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough.

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion and imposture, are preserved and reposed.

The joy of the spirit is a delicate, sacred deposit, and must be kept in a pure casket, as an unholy breath will dim its luster and fade its freshness.

Sabbath Reading.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY L. HALSEY.

Bright Luna beams, with golden gleams,
Upon the silver sea;
From fragrant bowers the breath of flowers
Is wafted o'er the lea.

The hour seems given to dream of Heaven,
Where peaceful pleasure flows.—
That happy home, where those who roam
May rest in sweet repose.

Where sun-lit lyres of angel choirs,
Too bright for eye of earth,
With choral strains of Heaven's refrains,
Still sing the Saviour's birth.

The tempest tossed, the all but lost
Upon the sea of life,
Whose weary forms are scarred by storms,
May here find rest from strife.

May we above, with those we love,
Around the golden throne,
Our pain all past, unite at last
Where sorrow ne'er is known!

Where beauteous bowers, more fragrant flowers
Than ere are seen on earth,
Eternal bloom, and breathe perfume,
Beyond the second birth.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE IN VIEW OF DEATH.

It is ever to be kept in mind that we must all pass down into the solemn shades of death and leave our poor bodies in the grave; aye, that each hour is whirling us onward to that fearful vortex which shall engulf us in the common doom of man. We have but a precarious title to our existence here, liable to be annulled at any moment; the messenger may have already left the Heavenly portal that is to summon us from our tenement of clay. Is it not wisdom, then, that while we abate none of our energy in life's worthy pursuits, and enjoy with moderation its pleasures and rewards, we also and even now begin to live for eternity, ere it overtake us unawares; that we estimate all things and all actions in the light of our coming dissolution, and that we permit none of our hopes of this life to come in antagonism with the brighter prospects of eternal life? Is it not prudent that with soberness and honesty and watchfulness we guard the purity of the soul against the encroachments of folly and passion?

And shall we not seek to mould all our future life after the highest principles, which shall stand like pillars of strength amid the ragings of the final storm? Shall we not call forth and crucify every crouching vice within that may prove a thorn in the hour of trial? Shall we shut our eyes against death, when it must come, and plunge into the unsatisfying pleasures of the world, or revel in indulgence, or mingle any more of the precious nectar of life with the cup of drunkenness? Shall we not rather spend the fleeting hours in quiet thoughtfulness and in doing good, and in earnest preparation for the most solemn event of our life?

Meditation will strengthen resignation, "while resignation gently slopes the way" so that the pathway of death becomes but a walk to glory. But to the unheedful it will come like the clapping of thunders and the piercing of lightnings. Above all, it is only in the sunshine of religion that the gloom of death vanishes away. To the Christian death is but the gate of Heaven. Ah, this religion, it is that alone that gives life to every virtue and hurls back the stormy temptations of the world. Without it the dying soul has no refuge in the storms of despair. Filled with "the dread of something after death," it falls back in horror at approaching consequences; for conscience, that ever faithful prophet of a Judgment day, points forward then, with all the unerring force of nature, to a day of retribution already dawning. But the Christian, after a life of constancy and faith, and conformity to the glorious precepts of the Gospel, approaches the grave beaming with hope and confident of victory. Frank.

Lindley, N. Y.

A LITTLE THREAD.

Payson once gave notice in Portland that he would be glad to see any person who did not intend to seek religion. About forty came. He spent a very pleasant interview with them, saying nothing about religion till, just as they were about to leave, he closed a few very plain remarks thus:—"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and gently attach itself to you. You knew, we will suppose, it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand and thrust it away?" He dwelt for a few moments on the idea, and then added:—"Now such a thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion. But by your coming here this afternoon God has fastened one little thread upon you all. It is very weak and frail, and you can easily brush it away. But you will not do so? No: welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself until it becomes a golden thread to bind you forever to a God of love!"—*Sunday School Times.*

Not in the Workmen.—God often appears in glory to me as one of his builders, and I will tell you in what respect. When I have been sitting to see inquirers, I have sometimes found that God has blessed to the conversion of souls, some of my worst sermons—those which I thought I could weep over, which seemed more than ordinarily weak, and lacking in all the elements likely to make them blessed, except that they were sincerely spoken. When I have seen that work was done, though the workman, naturally weak, was on that occasion more than usually depressed with infirmity, I have only been able to lift up my hands and say, "Now, Lord, thou appearest in thy glory, since thou dost build up Zion, and convert sinners by the most unlikely means, and the truth, when apparently the most feebly spoken, works the mightiest results; this is to make thy name glorious indeed.—*Spurgeon.*

Stability.—Firmness is given to man as the very granite of life. Without it there would be nothing accomplished; all human plans would be as unstable as water on an inclined plane. In every well sustained nature there must be a power of tenacity, a gift of perseverance, of will; and that man might not be without a foundation for so needful a property, the Creator has laid it in an animal faculty, which he possesses in common with the brutes.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

The Reviewer.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, AND OF HIS SON, ROBERT STEPHENSON; Comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Railway Locomotive. By SAMUEL SMILES. Illustrated. [8vo.—pp. 501.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is one of the most interesting books that has appeared on our table,—one that we have perused carefully and with profit. It is a book, indeed, to which one will turn the second and the third time, and which we would be glad to see in the hands of most of the young men of our country. It is an account of a magnificent mechanical triumph: the biography of a father and son who were two of the most eminent engineers that Great Britain has produced; it is the history of the railway and the locomotive engine from their first inception to a period when they had become the chief means for rapid conveyance of freight and passengers on land for the civilized world. To GEORGE STEPHENSON more than any other single man is the world indebted for the railway and locomotive engine, and this life, while it briefly describes the efforts and failures of other inventors, recounts his triumphs and the successive steps by which he rose from poverty and ignorance to wealth, influence and lasting fame. The numerous fine illustrations greatly add to the value and interest of the work. For sale by DEWEY.

THE CHILD WIFE: A Tale of the Two Worlds. By Capt. MAYNE REID, Author of "The Scalp Hunters." [12-mo.—pp. 402.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

WE have seen it stated that this is really the author's autobiography, but thinly veiled. MAYNE REID has been his own hero so many times, in imagination, that if his personality be indeed identical with that of the chief character here it is hardly a new thing. He has produced a good many strikingly drawn portraitures; and of this last we have only to say that it is drawn as a very conceited man, steeped in self-love, viewing his own person in the best lights, and possessed of a tolerably expert pencil, would be most apt to limn himself. The book is in bad taste, and is of that order of literature which it benefits no one to read. Sold by DARROW.

THE AMAZON. By FRANZ DINGELSTEDT, Translated from the German by J. M. HART. [12mo.—pp. 315.] New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

MESSRS PUTNAM & SON, having promised the reading public a series of the very best popular works of French and German authors, here present the first volume of the series. It is a most charming picture of German society. Until reading it we had not supposed a work emanating from *der Faderland* could be so refreshingly lively. DINGELSTEDT wields a graceful pen, and has apparently lost nothing in translation. The story, which turns on a game of cross marriages, sparkles throughout with vivacity and fanciful humor, and is artistically drawn. For sale by DEWEY.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 263.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

ST. RONAN'S WELL. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 177.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

QUENTIN DURWARD. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 196.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ABBOTT. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. [12mo.—pp. 184.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FOUR more of the cheap Scotch Plaid Edition of SCOTT'S novels are here given. We have heretofore commended the edition, and hardly need do so again. For sale by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DOMESTIC LIFE. By W. H. BYFORD, M. D., of Chicago, Ill. [16mo.—pp. 174.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THERE may be nothing especially original in this dissertation, but those truths which are presented are well methodized, and should attract general attention. The principles that ought to govern domestic relations are becoming too much mere dead letters, and we greet with a warm welcome any efforts to render them again popular and useful. Dr. BYFORD has evidently thought much upon the topics of which he treats, and writes earnestly and well. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE CORNER STALL. A New York Story. By J. MCNAIR WRIGHT, Author of "Golden Heart," "Golden Life," "Golden Work," "Golden Fruit," etc. [16mo.—pp. 257.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THOMAS TWIGG, who kept a corner stall in the great city, learned to read, read the Bible, became convinced that its beautiful truths were for him not less than others, and was made the humble instrument of accomplishing many excellent works. This volume tells how. Mr. HOYT must be doing much good in the issue of such profitable reading for old and young.

APPLETON'S JUVENILE MANUAL FOR 1869. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. With Numerous Illustrations. [12mo.—pp. 382.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN all the elegance of gilt and beautiful typography the young folks are here provided with entertaining and instructive reading. There are about seventy selections,—short stories, anecdotes, etc., embodying generally some facts in Natural History or Geography,—and nearly half as many excellent illustrations, many of them full-page. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

ELLSWORTH'S SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING AND BUSINESS MANUAL. For Schools, Academies, Business Colleges, or Private Instruction. By H. W. ELLSWORTH, Principal of the Ellsworth Business College, and Author of the Ellsworthian System of Popular Penmanship, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE like the general arrangement of this new candidate for favor among those pursuing business studies. It is concise, yet comprehensive and clear, so far as we are enabled to judge. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

THE PEARL SERIES. By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE. Boston: A. F. Graves.

SIX handsome little volumes for girls comprise this series, neatly done up in a paper box. The Pearls presented are Forgiveness, Contentment, Faith, Meekness, Peace and Diligence,—the most lovely ornaments any person can wear. A perusal of these stories may incite the young to win and wear them. Sold by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

HILLSBORO' FARMS. By SOPHIA DICKINSON COBB. [12-mo.—pp. 423.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

AN agreeable story, making no pretense to more. It does not claim any special moral or mission, but is made up of such groupings of life and nature as are quiet and little noticed, yet pure and healthful in tone. For recreative reading, in hours when one does not wish to put forth any mental effort, it is just the thing. Sold by DARROW.

THE LITTLE GYPSY. By ELIE SAUVAGE. Illustrated by LORENZO FROLICH. Translated from the French by L. M. LUYSTER. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A BEAUTIFUL story is here put forth in beautiful garb, and will prove not the least of the Christmas delights for many little folks, else we mistake the good judgment of those who select holiday gifts for the young. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & CO.

THE HUNTER AND TRAPPER. By HALSEY THRASHER, an Experienced Hunter. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

IN this little work of 91 pages are given practical suggestions in regard to hunting and trapping many of the animals found in our woods and waters. One chapter tells how to cure and dress various kinds of skins.

THE HERITAGE OF PEACE; Or, Christ Our Life. By T. S. CHILDS, D. D. [Small quarto.—pp. 165.] New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

OUR personal relations to the SAVIOUR are here set forth, in seven chapters, logically arranged. Side notes are given, making the book a useful little Biblical study. Sold by DEWEY.

Educational.

SPELLING SCHOOLS.

WE should like to see the old-fashioned spelling schools once more in vogue in every school district. Good spellers, now-a-days, are so rare that they are indeed exceptional. They are not abundant among collegiates,—more's the pity!—and in the intermediate grades of students they are but here and there seen. In nine-tenths of the letters received by any large publishing or other establishment having letter communication with a large number of the people, errors in orthography are remarkably frequent.

This is a sad comment on our study of the primaries. It calls for some new educational effort,—some system that shall awaken new interest in the particular branch alluded to. The best we know of is the old one whose revival we now advocate. Not that it teaches all in connection with orthography which the young ought to know, but that it adds a peculiar zest to the study. With the many helps which scholars of to-day possess over those of a generation ago, they should be far ahead in this branch, as in all others. That they are not, is due to the comparatively dry manner in which orthography is at present taught.

A dictionary is not, on the whole, a very fascinating work for continued perusal; no more is a speller and definer of smaller dimensions. Where one mind becomes deeply interested in the analysis of words and their meaning, and learns to render them with correctness, a score pronounce spelling and defining a bore, and are satisfied with the proper grouping of the letters in their own name. There must be some fresh attraction added to the learning to make them ready learners. A spelling school, of a winter evening, with the excitement of "choosing sides" and a final measurement of syllabic lances in "spelling down," or even an hour devoted to the same, of an occasional afternoon, when recitations flag and a lively impetus is wanted, will tell to capital advantage. Try it, you pedagogues in the rural districts, and having proved our words true, turn to your fellow teachers in the towns, who believe that to perpetuate such an ancient custom would savor of old-fogyism, and say to them with the emphasis of your experience,—"Go thou and do likewise!"

EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND.

"TIMOTHY TITCOMB," writing from Switzerland, says:

"The American idea of a woman's education is not entertained in Switzerland at all. Apparently women never touch mathematics, and only in the very highest schools do they learn anything of the natural sciences. If a woman is French, she learns English and Italian; if she is French-Swiss, she learns German and English; if German-Swiss, she learns French and English; if she is English, she learns French, German and Italian,—the latter language if she has time. Here, in Switzerland, men and women now take to learning English, for it is out of those who speak the English language,—British and Americans,—that they get their living. In all the hotels and stores English is spoken by somebody.

"Housekeepers and tradesmen send their sons and daughters to England that they may become competent to assist in the business at home. As a consequence of the multiplication of languages here, the Swiss are taking on a very speckled complexion, so far as the leading elements of civilization are concerned. The universal presence of the English has driven all costumes out of the land. None of the old picturesque dresses of the different cantons are now seen. So far, the effect has been toward unification; but German-Switzerland, obtaining its best literature from Germany, has been deeply impressed with German rationalism; and French-Switzerland, equally open to the influence of France, has become deeply tainted with French infidelity. The English and Americans are making their impression; and as the majority of these are pleasure-seekers, and have only a transient residence, you can imagine that they do not leave a very deep impression of the real earnestness of their character."

HOURS FOR STUDY.

AN important change in the system of educating children has been inaugurated in Germany. There school authorities have determined to have no afternoon classes. They have ascertained that three or four hours' clear-headed morning study, without any mental tasks in the afternoon, leads to better results than the old system. It would be well if the hours of study were shortened in our schools. Too much study not only dwarfs the intellect, but damages the physical health. Let the first half of the day be devoted to the acquiring of book-knowledge, and the last half to the gaining of bodily strength and vigor.

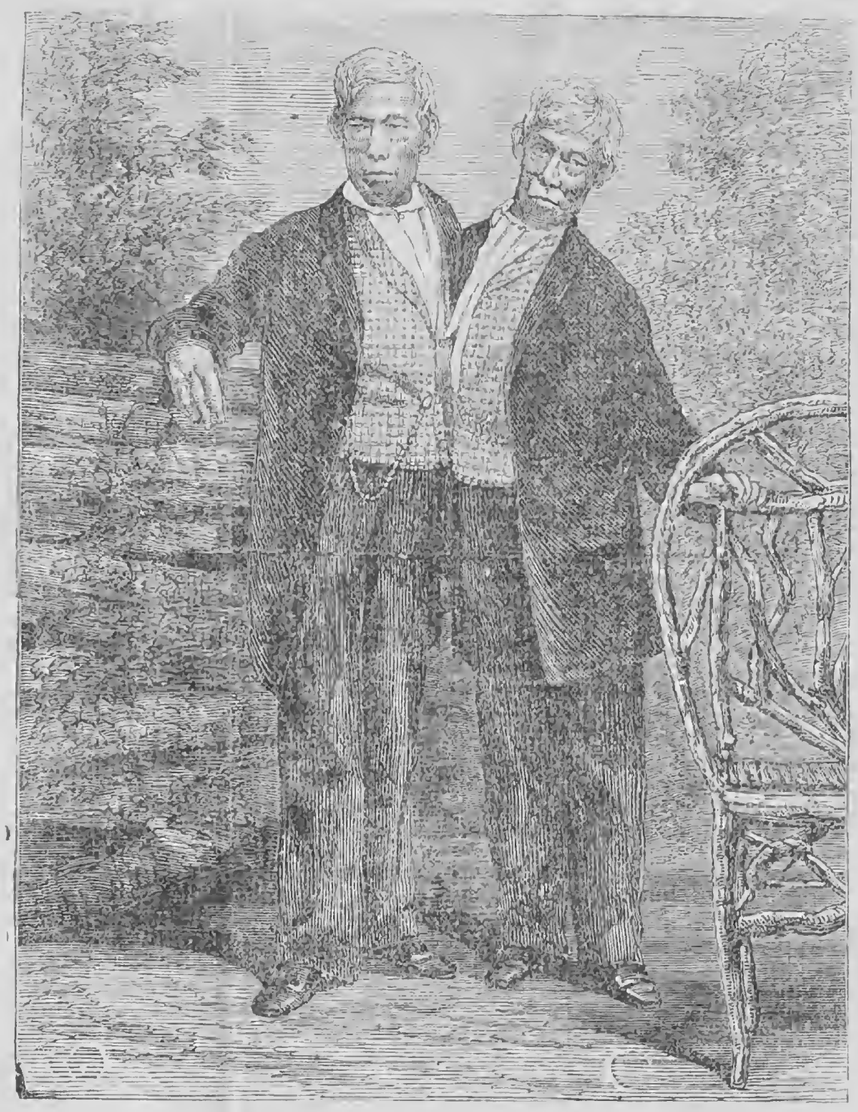
And, in order to do this, the lessons must not be so long and hard as to encroach upon the afternoon. An hour or so after supper ought to be sufficient to devote to study—leaving the rest of the evening for some pleasant game or conversation—and, in the case of young or weak children, for sleep. Sensible as these views are, it is almost impossible to make teachers conform to them.

One word more. If German children should thus not be overworked, much more is it true of American children. The stimulation of the brain and nervous energy in this country is something terrible. And we must encourage the physical in order to counteract this result of our social and political education, by every rational means in our power.

ABOUT MEMORIZING.

"WHICH is correct—learning by *heart*, or learning by *art?*" The former is the usual expression, but it is by no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who expresses words, or sentences, or aught else upon his brain by rote, as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of memory for the purpose. School-boys, actors, singers and their likes, have various artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is by *art;* the heart has nothing to do with it. If learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies the principle the very opposite of that it is used to designate,—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences, without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The tendency of the popular taste is more and more toward short articles, short sentences and short words in journalistic writing. This change is visible both at home and abroad. In Britain, France, Germany and Italy, this is as perceptible as it has lately become in the United States, where we have been falling into the brevity system for two or three years past, and nearly all the cheaper popular papers have adopted it.



CHANG AND ENG, THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Now that these rather remarkable individuals are again brought into public notice, by a statement that they are soon to be disunited, their portraits, with a brief allusion to their history, will not be inopportune. Their history is pretty generally known, although for a number of years past they have been living in retirement. About forty years ago they were brought from their native land by Captain Bunker, at present a resident of New York, and were exhibited to the public in Europe and America. They finally settled down in North Carolina, having purchased a valuable tract of land in that State, where they lived comfortably with their wives; for their peculiar physical condition did not prevent them from entering into a matrimonial alliance with two young ladies, who, being sisters, consented to make the brothers happy at the nuptial altar, and each of them is now the father of nine children.

The physical phenomenon associated with the twins' existence has long been of much interest to the scientific world. It will be remembered that they are united by a thoroughly normal and vitalized integument, some ten or twelve inches in circumference, situated near the vital organs, and in close proximity to the heart and lungs, and this connection is so intimate that the one seems to partake physically of the individuality of the other, constituting a dual physical existence of the most extraordinary character. Many years ago it was proposed to cut them asunder by a surgical operation, but though one of the brothers was disposed to submit to this apparently dangerous experiment, the other objected to any such interference with the singular but very positive arrangements of nature. They are now about sixty years old, and are both willing, it is said, to undergo the experiment of separation. It will be performed in Paris.

Various Topics.

THE PERIODICAL CICADA.

THE December number of the American Entomologist has an illustrated and exhaustive article on the *cicada*, or locust, concerning which some new facts have been developed the present year. The writer prefaces his remarks by saying:—"It is scarcely necessary to tell Americans that, as the name implies, this insect generally requires seventeen years to undergo its transformations; remaining, with the exception of about three months, the whole of this time under ground." This is thought to be without a parallel in the whole range of Natural History.

The writer adds:—"We have discovered that, besides the seventeen-year broods, the appearance of one of which was recorded as long ago as 1633, there are also thirteen-year broods; and that, though both sometimes occur in the same States, yet in general terms the seventeen-year broods may be said to belong to the Northern, and the thirteen-year broods to the Southern States. It so happened that one of the largest seventeen-year broods, together with one of the largest thirteen-year broods, appeared simultaneously in the summer of 1868. Such an event, so far as regards these two particular broods, has not taken place since the year 1647, nor will it take place again till the year 2089."

It is thought that there is no specific difference perceptible between the seventeen-year and thirteen-year broods, except as to the time or period of maturing; but, as a matter of convenience, the thirteen-year brood is named *cicada tredecem*, and the seventeen-year *cicada septemdecem*. "Two distinct forms occur in both broods—a large one and a small one—the former by far more numerous than the latter."

The season of their appearance varies somewhat, according to latitude—being a few days earlier in the Southern than in the Northern States; but they generally emerge from the ground the latter part of May, and remain till the early part of July, though some may occasionally be seen as late as the first of August. The males are said to precede the females several days, when emerging to view in the spring or early summer, and disappear in the same order.

VEGETABLE GLUE.

A WRITER in a German journal commends an article recently introduced into trade, under the name of "vegetable glue," as the best substance known for pasting together pasteboard, cloth and leather. Externally, it resembles common glue, but has the great advantage of readily softening and dissolving in cold water. If cold water be poured over this glue, and allowed to stand for ten or twelve hours, when the surplus water is removed a thick, white pulp is left, of extreme tenacity, which may be applied by means of a brush, and which may be kept a long time by the addition of a few drops of oil of lavender, kreosote or carbolic acid.

Mixed with glycerine (20 drops to the fluid ounce) it makes a capital table mucilage, having the very great advantage over gum Arabic or British gum, (the ordinary materials of mucilage bottles,) in not striking through unsized paper and making it translucent. If a few drops of nitric acid be added to the preparation, or should the paste be made with vinegar instead of water, it answers an excellent purpose for fastening wood to metal. Calcined gypsum mixed with this mucilage to a kneadable mass, takes from one to two hours to solidify into a very hard and tough mass: with a larger proportion of glue it replaces the well-known cement of gypsum and gum Arabic. To increase the tenacity of this glue still more, it may be mixed when thick with a solution of caoutchouc in sulphide of carbon, or with genuine bird lime. If to the glycerine preparation of the glue an alcoholic solution of gum ammoniac be added, and the result applied by means of a brush to linen cloth, it makes a sticking plaster, much superior to the ordinary kind.

EFFECTS OF SMOKING ON BOYS.

DR. DECAISNE, in the course of investigations on the influence of tobacco on the circulation, has been struck with the large number of boys, aged from 9 to 15, who smoke, and has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with impairment of the general health. He has observed 38 boys, aged from 9 to 15, who smoked more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in 27. In 22 there were various disorders of the circulation—*bruit de souffle* in the neck, palpitation, disorders of digestion, slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In three the pulse was intermittent.

In eight there was found on examination more or less marked diminution of the red corpuscles; in twelve there was rather frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep; and four had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. In children who were very well nourished, the disorder was, in general, less marked. As to the ages, eight of the boys were from nine to twelve years old; nineteen, from twelve to fifteen. The duration of the habit of smoking was, in eleven, from six months to a year, and in sixteen more than two years. The ordinary treatment of anæmia in general produced no effect as long as the smoking was continued; but, when this was desisted from, health was soon perfectly restored, if there was no organic disease.—*British Medical Journal.*

DRINK AND WORK.

"I DRINK to make me work," said one. To which an old man replied:—"That's true; drink, and it will make you work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink to make us work. Those two lads I have now laid in drunkards' graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and now she lies by her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark it, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

FOSSILS.—The minutest fossil horse yet discovered was lately found by Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale College in the tertiary deposits of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones prove, it is only about two feet high. This makes seventeen species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although until quite recently it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.

GOOD MEN'S FAULTS.—If the sun be eclipsed for an hour, it attracts more attention than by its clear shining the whole year.

Reading for the Young.

LULLABY.

BY TENNYSON.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest;
Father will come to thee soon.
Rest, rest on mother's breast;
Father will come to thee soon.
Father will come to his babe in the nest:
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW KITTY LOST HER BONNET.

KITTY was very fond of hearing stories, and when she was out West, visiting her Aunt BETHANIA, she asked her every day for a story. And this was one that was told her:

There was a little girl who lived in a pleasant farm-house, not many miles from where KITTY did, when she was at home. Her name was ROXY, and their nearest neighbor was a kind old lady whom she always called Aunt KATY, who took a great interest in ROXY and used to talk to her a great deal.

One day when ROXY was over to see her, she gave her a large piece of lawn to make her doll a new dress; but when ROXY took it home her mother said it was too nice for that, and so she took it and made ROXY a nice sun bonnet to wear to school.

ROXY was like other little girls, rather careless; and one day she climbed up on a stone wall to pick some black raspberries that grew on a high bush, and pushed her bonnet off her head to see better, and it fell to the ground. After picking the berries she ran along on the top of the wall, forgetting that her bonnet lay on the ground, and finally ran home across the lot.

Pretty soon Mr. SMITH'S old dog Towser came along and picked up her bonnet, and ran home with it in his mouth. ROXY missed her bonnet directly, but forgot where she had worn it last, and looked for it a long time. The next day MARY SMITH brought it home, but it had been completely ruined by old Towser. MARY said she saw him have it running around, but thought it was a big bone until he dropped it.

ROXY felt very bad because her bonnet was spoiled, and through her own carelessness, too; and she resolved to be a little more thoughtful in future, and not leave things around in such a disorderly way.

B. C. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENTOMOLOGY.

NEXT to the study of Botany, there is no branch of Natural History so fascinating as that which relates to insects; and a collection of specimens is quite as pleasing and instructive as a collection of dried flowers. We heartily recommend this pursuit to all young people who reside in the country, and therefore have ample opportunity for observing and studying the many curious habits and transformations of the "busy people" and "painted populace" of the fields and woods.

People generally know very little of this science, not being familiar even with the transformations flies, bees, beetles, &c., undergo; indeed, the butterfly is the only insect that is generally known and noticed.

In January or February is a good time for collecting the aurelias of various moths which, as caterpillars, have lived upon the foliage of trees and plants. With a trowel, digging around the tree trunks, you will be likely to bring up the mummy-like creatures, which should be put in a box of wood or pasteboard, partly filled with vegetable earth, and covered with moss; and these, once a fortnight, in winter, and oftener, in summer, should be thoroughly moistened with water.

AMELIE PETIT.

THE OLD MAN.

Bow low the head—do reverence to the old man, once like you. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart beat with aspiration, crushed by disappointment, as yours, perhaps, is destined to be. Once that form stalked promptly through the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal of grace; now the hand of time, that withers the flowers of yesterday, has bent that figure and destroyed that noble carriage. Once at your age, he possessed the thousand thoughts that pass through your brain, now wishing to accomplish deeds equal to a nook in fame; anon imagining life a dream that the sooner he awoke from the better. But he has lived the dream very near through; the time to awaken is very near at hand; his eye never kindles at old deeds of daring, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the staff. Bow low the head, boy, as you would in your old age be reverenced.

EMMA GRAY.—Emma Gray, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railing of a gentleman's front garden, trying to pick up a beautiful flower. "Oh, little boy," said Emma kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy. "Somebody sees you from the blue sky," answered Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave, and you will grieve Him if you do so." The little boy looked up into her face as she spoke. "Shall I?" said he; "then I won't." He drew back his hand and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong. A gentle word of reproof or persuasion would save many a one from sin.

THE SPOKEN WORD.—Boys and girls, what is it you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind? You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, or a profane word.

A YOUTH who starts out in life with an earnest determination to be honest, upright, faithful to all trusts, punctual, attentive, and, above all, God-fearing, has a promise of abundant success. Though he be without money, or wealthy friends, he will be sure to gain all that he most desires.

The Publisher's Desk.

SPECIAL NOTICES, REQUESTS, ETC.

The Rural as a Present.—As the Holiday season is at hand, when the making of presents is in order, we would remind readers that the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1869 will prove a most valuable gift—one which will be appreciated during the year, the recipient being reminded of the giver every week, and as often regaled with a feast of good things. Probably no more acceptable present can be made to distant relatives and friends, as many of our readers can testify. *Subscribers* sending the RURAL as a present are only charged the lowest club rate—$2.50 per copy.

Send us Names!—Subscribers and others frequently apply for copies of the RURAL to send to distant friends as specimens. If those who wish their friends to see the paper, and thus aid in extending its circulation, will send us the names and post-office addresses of such friends, near and distant, we will mail each a specimen of the enlarged and improved volume as soon as No. 1 is issued. Give us the names and we will cheerfully respond. Please act upon the suggestion.

The Enlarged Rural.—Many Agents and others wish us to send samples of the RURAL for 1869, in its enlarged and improved style. This is impossible, as No. 1 of Vol. XX cannot be issued for some weeks yet—though we hope to have it ready some days in advance of date. Agents and others forming clubs can safely assert that the new volume will *be all we have promised*. It will contain Sixteen Pages of Five Columns each, and the sheet be about double the size of the paper in 1867. Instead of the price being $5 a year, as our friends say it ought, it will be but $3 per single copy, and only $2.50 in clubs of ten or more! Friends, make up your Clubs.

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the RURAL. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both,—stating the facts about enlargement and improvement. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure.

Send Early!—In order that we may get the names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as fast and early as possible, our friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—as soon as convenient. Those who are forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards.

The Rural is Not a Monthly.—In presenting the claims of the RURAL, do not "forget to remember" to state that it is not a *monthly* of only 12 issues a year, but a Large and Handsome WEEKLY of Fifty-Two Numbers! The difference in price is altogether in favor of the RURAL, compared with any monthly.

How to Remit.—The best way to remit for clubs, as we have often stated, is by Draft. If $20 or over, send by draft, as there is no risk. For smaller amounts it is best to send by Post-Office Money Order,—but if you cannot do that, send in Registered letters.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the RURAL in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency,—but any person disposed to do so can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.

Show Bills, Specimen Numbers, &c., sent free to all applicants. If you want more of such documents, let us know and they will be forwarded.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

A GRAND reception was given to Gen. Grant on Wednesday evening of last week, at the residence of Marshall O. Roberts, in New York. About twenty-five hundred guests were present, among the most distinguished being Gov. Hoffman, William B. Astor, Gen. Burnside, Gen. Banks, Wm. C. Bryant, Geo. W. Curtis, Gen. Sickles, Gen. Robert Anderson, John C. Fremont.

Syracuse was visited with another disastrous fire last week. A portion of the Townsend block was consumed, the loss amounting to nearly $70,000.

There is a panther in Henderson, Jefferson county. During the past year he has been seen on several occasions. The animal is a terror to the children and many grown persons.

The new suspension bridge just below the Falls of Niagara is so far completed that foot passengers cross over from the New York to the Canada side. It is expected to be completed next season for carriages to cross.

The Directors of the Albany and Susquehannah Railroad Company, expect to run the trains through to Binghamton by Christmas day.

The sentence of death by hanging on the 8th of January, 1869, imposed on Christian Garlies of Buffalo, for the murder of Marcus Werdeen, has been commuted by Gov. Fenton to imprisonment for life in the State Prison at Auburn.

The stock for the new road from Cobleskill to Sharon Springs, 14 miles, then to Cherry Valley, six miles, is all subscribed, and the work will proceed at once, to be completed early in the summer to the Springs, and by August to Cherry Valley.

Property valued at $100,000 was destroyed by fire in Greenwich, Washington county, on the 11th inst. Six stores were burned, the Masonic hall, the law office of Ingalls, Sherman & Burke, and the Social Club rooms.

From Washington.

CONGRESS.—The second regular session of the Fortieth Congress began on Monday of last week. One hundred and sixty-four members answered to their names in the House. The States of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas were represented, and none of the Arkansas members answered the call. In the Senate, the status of Georgia was immediately raised, on the question of receiving the credentials of Hon. Joshua Hill, Senator elect from that State. Senator Drake of Missouri moved their reference to the Judiciary Committee. He deemed the action of the Georgia Legislature, in expelling the colored members, demanded rectification; but if the Senators are admitted, the power of Congress over the matter is ended.

In the House, various bills were introduced in regard to finance, reconstruction, suffrage, &c., and referred. The friends of Reverdy Johnson forced a test vote on a resolution offered by Mr. Morrill, censuring his conduct and requesting his recall. The question was on referring the resolution, and it was so referred by a vote of 94 to 41. A motion to reimburse President Johnson $50,000 for expenses in the Impeachment trial was tabled.

A bill to restore the Bureau of Indian Affairs to the Department of War from the 1st of January, 1869, reported by Mr. Garfield, from the Committee on Military Affairs, has passed the House by a vote of 116 to 33. It is thought there will be much opposition to it in the Senate.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—This was transmitted to Congress on Wednesday. It treats at length of the condition of the Southern States, arguing against reconstruction as being carried on; commends the report of Mr. McCulloch and approves the views there expressed relative to a return to specie payments through reduced taxation and a gradual contraction of paper circulation; states that our foreign relations are satisfactory, though the Alabama claims, so called, have not reached an end, certain portions of the proposed protocol of arbitration not having been approved by this Government, and having been returned to Minister Johnson,—that offers of arbitration between Paragnay and Brazil have been declined,—that Government has made new treaties for the protection of naturalized citizens abroad, and has recognized the new provisional Junta in Spain as a *de facto* Government, but has received no formally accredited minister from the same,—that arrangements for a mixed commission to settle the claims of Americans in Mexico are in progress,—that the Government has failed, so far, in its negotiation for the purchase of a naval station in the West Indies; says that official facts show enormous frauds on the revenue, which must be corrected or the revenue will fail and the nation be involved in ruin; calls for strong legislation, and urges the repeal of the civil tenure act, which he regards as a hindrance to the removal of corrupt officials; touches upon our Indian troubles, noting the views of the Peace Commission, and fears that the military establishment expenditures will be largely increased on the Plains; and favors the withdrawal of the troops from the Southern States and a reduction of the army. Our synopsis gives the general tenor of the paper, without regard to the order in which the topics are treated.

The message was considered by the House as being highly disrespectful to Congress, and was therefore denied the usual reference to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. A motion made by General Schenck that it be printed and laid on the table was carried by a strict party vote—138 to 38.

DEPARTMENT REPORTS.—The main features embodied in the reports of several of the cabinet and department officers we have heretofore published. Secretary Welles, in his report on the Navy, tells the story of Admiral Farragut's European cruise, and presents many interesting facts and figures, from which we condense the following:—Number of vessels in squadron service as cruisers, storeships and returning 42, carrying 411 guns, a reduction during the year of 14 vessels, carrying 96 guns; number of vessels of all descriptions in use as cruisers, storeships, receiving ships, tugs and the like, 81, carrying 693 guns, a reduction from last year of 32 vessels, carrying 205 guns; total number of vessels borne upon the navy list 206, carrying 1,743 guns, a reduction during the year of 32 vessels, carrying 126 guns.

The Postmaster-General's report shows the deficiency for 1868 to be $10,000,000. He takes high ground in justification of the increase of expenditures, and says the deficiency is far less now than at the close of the war, notwithstanding the service is very much greater than ever before. Excepting Iowa and Missouri, none of the States or Territories west of the Mississippi have ever paid their postal expenses. The Southern States never have, and will not for many years to come.

The Secretary of War reports the strength of the army on September 30th at 48,081, which, by January, will be reduced by the expiration of term of service alone to about 43,000. No recruiting is in operation, except for the cavalry service. All volunteer officers, except one, have been mustered out of service. One regiment of cavalry has been mustered in from Kansas for service against the Indians. The Secretary recommends further reduction, to be made gradually, by ordinary casualties, by discharge of incompetent officers, and by consolidation of regiments; also, that the four regiments of Veteran Reserve be discharged, officers not fit for service to be retired, and others to be transferred to active regiments. The disbursements of the pay department during the last fiscal year amount to $60,000,000; and for reconstruction $2,500,000. Bounty claims to the extent of $25,000,000 have been paid. The estimate for the next fiscal year is $65,682,388.85.

The Secretary of the Interior reports that 665,575,250 acres of public lands have been disposed of, thus leaving still in the hands of the Government 1,405,366,678 acres; that one Revolutionary soldier is still living; that during the last fiscal year there was paid to invalid military soldiers and dependent relatives the sum of $23,658,598, and to navy invalids the sum of $352,388; that the Pacific Railroad has cost a large sum of money already to the nation, but the result will be one of the triumphs of the age; and that United States Marshals have been paid $1,437,042, and to District Attorneys, Assistants, &c., and United States Commissioners the aggregate amount of $1,789,177. The Secretary dreads a deficit, unless the fines be increased.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the supervising inspectors of steamboats of the district in which the recent disaster on the Ohio River occurred to make a rigid examination of the causes of the same. It is also understood that Mr. McCulloch has recommended to the House Committee on Commerce the repeal of all laws authorizing the carriage, as freight, of petroleum on steamers carrying passengers.

Messrs. John Jay, LeGrand B. Cannon and Horace Greeley have been in the city as a sub-committee of the committee of the Union League Club of New York on election frauds, with a memorial setting forth the facts and petitioning Congress to take cognizance of the matter by appointing a committee to make an investigation.

From the West.

NEARLY forty of the victims of the late terrible disaster on the Ohio River have been recovered. Of eight bodies recovered from the steamer America, seven were so badly burned as to be unrecognizable. Various accounts of the catastrophe agree in representing it to have been one of the most fearful ever witnessed. The burning petroleum, which set both steamers on fire, spread upon the water on all sides, and through its flames those who were able swam to shore. Ole Bull, with his concert troupe, was on board the America. He was saved, with his two famous violins.

George Langston, Sheriff of Brown county, Wisconsin, shot and killed a professional burglar named M. Nehill, at Green Bay, recently, while he was attempting to escape from him.

An extensive dry goods establishment in Chicago was damaged by fire last week to the extent of $80,000.

The Indians at Humboldt, California, have been committing depredations upon the settlers for some time past. An expedition organized to pursue and punish them, surprised a camp of savages, and six Indians were killed during the fight. The settlers intend using vigorous measures, until it is beyond the power of the Indians to further molest them.

Green Clay Smith has tendered his resignation as Governor of Montana Territory. It has not yet been accepted by the President.

The citizens of Idaho Territory, through Gov. Ballard, have forwarded to Senator Williams of Oregon a silver brick weighing about sixty pounds and valued at over $1,000.

A Mrs. Morton of New Albany, Ind., satisfied herself for some unfavorable remarks on her character by S. S. Moore by shooting him dead on Tuesday.

Five prisoners escaped from the county jail at Independence, Kansas, on the 13th inst., by sawing a hole through the roof. Two were indicted for murder, two for larceny, and one for counterfeiting.

From the South.

THE Alabama Legislature is engaged principally in granting privileges to railroads. Most of the bills acted on are purely of a local character. The Ku-Klux bill is now under discussion in the House. There is but little probability of an early agreement on it. The Legislature has now been in session over three months altogether, since July.

A man by the name of Solomon Carver, living near Warsaw, Ky., was instantly killed by his wife on Sunday, who knocked him on the head with a billet of wood.

The steamship Crescent of the New Orleans and Galveston line, took fire at her wharf in New Orleans on the night of the 12th inst., and was entirely destroyed. The loss is estimated at $200,000. The fire at one time was partially subdued, when an explosion occurred in the hold, injuring ten firemen, one mortally and several severely. The wreck sank.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE new British Ministry, as formed by Mr. Gladstone, has been formally announced, as follows:—Lord High Chancellor, Sir William Page Wood; President of the Privy Council, Lord Kimberly; Lord of the Privy Seal, Earl Russell; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Robert Lowe; First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Childers; Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon; Home Secretary, Henry A. Bruce; Secretary of War, Duke of Argyle; Colonial Secretary, Earl Granville; Secretary for Ireland, Chichester Fortescue; President of the Poor Law Board, Mr. Goschen; President of the Board of Trade, John Bright; Postmaster-General, D. E. Gerry; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Charles P. Villiers; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Charles Spencer; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, ——.

Disquiet prevails in Spain. Republicans paraded the streets of Cadiz, recently, making threatening demonstrations, but were dispersed by the troops. Later, an insurrection developed, and, as proposals of capitulation made by the insurgents were rejected, open hostilities began. A desperate conflict took place, in which artillery was used by the troops and insurgents. The loss in killed and wounded was heavy on both sides. The result of the battle was indecisive. The insurgents still occupy the surrounding district. The rebels have detained, within the city hall, all the foreign Consuls they could seize, and hope that by this means they will be able to prevent the threatened bombardment of that portion of the city by the vessels of war lying in the harbor. Great political excitement prevails in Xeres, Malaga and Tarragona. Gen. Prim is now on his way to the southern provinces, and it is hoped that his presence there will restore tranquility.

A Constantinople dispatch says that the Sultan has sent his ultimatum to the Grecian Government at Athens, and requires an answer in five days. The Governments of France and England sustain the demand.

Mount Etna is once more in a state of eruption. At last accounts, the mountain was enveloped in smoke, and laboring with deafening detonations. Great crowds had gathered on the northern shore of Malta to witness the magnificent spectacle, which, though one hundred and twenty miles distant, was distinctly visible.

Hopes are entertained in Paris that a collision between Turkey and Greece may be avoided. The Turkish Government, however, is making every preparation for hostilities, and Turkish troops are being concentrated on the frontier of Thessaly. Dispatches from Athens assert that the Greek Government will yield nothing.

Mr. Peabody has given another £100,000 to the poor of London.

George Francis Train has been set at liberty, the plaintiffs in the case against him having withdrawn the case. Train has issued writs against the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for $100,000 damages for false imprisonment.

THE CUBAN REVOLUTION.—The Spanish troops at Manzanillo, reinforced by sailors from the men-of-war in the harbor, have had a sharp skirmish with the insurgents near the town. Ten of the latter were killed and many wounded. The troops captured a large number of horses, and some important correspondence fell into their hands. The Government loss is not reported. The *Diario* states that since the "battles at Ville Del Cabre and Quantanamo, 400 rebels have voluntarily given themselves up to the military authorities, and have received the pardon of the Government." The revolutionists flatly contradict these statements, and report that they are constantly receiving reinforcements of men, arms and ammunition. Spaniards in Havana continue to subscribe money and furnish recruits for the Government.

SOUTH AMERICAN NEWS.—At last advices great excitement prevailed in Chili over the impeachment of the Supreme Court Judges by Congress. The people had espoused the cause of the Court against the Government, and the situation was becoming critical. Slight shocks of earthquake were still felt in Arequipa, but they occasioned no damage. In Peru there were rumors of another revolution, headed by the President; but President Balta had taken active measures to prevent it. The steamer Wateree was sold for $3,200. Small-pox was raging in Lima and Callao, and yellow fever had broken out in Southern Peru. A commission of the Peruvian Government, to bring out two monitors purchased in the United States, had arrived at Panama.

LOSS OF AN OCEAN STEAMER.—The steamer Hibernia, which sailed from New York on the 14th of November for Glasgow, foundered on the 26th, seven hundred miles off the Irish coast. The breaking of the screw shaft caused a fearful leak, which, owing to a strong gale, it was found impossible to stop. The passengers and crew all took to the boats, five in number. Two of these boats have been picked up. One is known to have been capsized and thirty-three persons lost. The fate of the people on the remaining boats is, as yet, unknown.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Prince of Wales, his wife, three children and servants, have started on a pleasure trip on a British war ship, which was fitted for the purpose at an expense of $125,000.

GEO. W. COOK was, Saturday, sentenced in the United States District Court, to ten years' imprisonment in the Albany Penitentiary for robbing the mails in Richmond, Virginia.

A NEWLY married couple were suffocated in a hotel at Galesburg, Ill., a short time since, by the escape of gas. The wife died and the husband recovers, with one side completely paralyzed.

SOME patient little children at North Barnstead, N. H., have made a skein of apparently white silk from that most airy of fabrics, the spider's web. It is strong enough to sustain several pounds' weight.

THE ponies or horses peculiar to China are used only for riding, and by mandarins when upon official business. All agricultural work, plowing, irrigating, and the working of rice mills, is done by the buffalo

DEACON ANDREWS, on trial in Massachusetts for murder, has been found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to the State Prison of Massachusetts for twenty years. The jury remained out four hours before they brought in their verdict.

A PANTHER has been seen in the woods near Olean, Cattaraugus county. It is said to be a large one, and considerable apprehension is felt by the farmers in the neighborhood that it may pay their stock a visit during the still hours of the night.

A CHATTANOOGA paper states that a French gentleman, named Bryant, has purchased land on Missionary Ridge, with the intention of establishing there a colony of French wine-growers. The site is said to be admirably adapted to the purpose.

MRS. A. ST. JOHN of Rochester, says that during the past ten years she has made more than three thousand five hundred vests with her Wheeler & Wilson machine, besides doing her family sewing, and that she has made over twelve hundred vests with the needle now in use.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 15, 1868.

THERE is not so active a call for money in Western New York, nor in the interior generally as there was two weeks since. The condition of the banks is working easier. Rates of interest are a little higher in New York than last week, and there is more call for money. There is some money going South, and there is a large demand from the South to move the hog crop. Money is very close at the West. The decline in wheat induced farmers to stop selling earlier in the season than usual, and they have little money to pay demands against them, and are now relying upon sales of pork to liquidate their indebtedness. There is a good deal of money going West now from New York and other eastern cities, and the prospect is that it will not find its way back until later in the season than usual.

Gold sold yesterday at 135¼. The market has been inactive for some days. The exports of specie from New York last week were $483,321. On the first of January the Government will pay out for interest then due $32,000,000 in coin.

The stock market has been growing firmer for a few days. The Erie Company has leased the Atlantic and Great Western for a term of years.

WOOL.—The eastern wool market continues dull. The sales in Boston last week foot up only 625,000 lbs. Prices ranged from 45@55c for fleece, and 42@50c for pulled. The supply of low and medium grades is reported very light. The Boston Bulletin says:—"The wool trade in Boston is very dull, though the feeling is firm among holders, and manufacturers are generally running on full time. The stock on hand is small, with an exceedingly light amount in the country. The crop of Ohio wool fell short this year over 3,000,000 lbs., which, however, was made up by the increase in other States."

WHEAT AND FLOUR.—The decline in wheat and flour seems to be checked for the present, and there is greater firmness in the market, particularly at the East.

PORK TRADE AT THE WEST.—At all the packing points at the West, a large business is being done in the hog trade. At Cincinnati packers had purchased something over 200,000 hogs up to Friday last. The last Chicago Republican notices the market at that point thus:—"Dressed hogs were in improved supply, and the market was moderately active and nominally easier, though sales were generally at yesterday's prices. All offerings, however, were readily taken at $9.50@9.75 for lots dividing on 200 lbs., and $9.80@10 for extra lots."

There is a short supply of dressed hogs in this market this season,—scarcely enough to supply home consumption, and the consequence is an advance in price. This is probably only temporary, owing to the blocked state of the roads in portions of the surrounding country.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 15.—Flour, wheat, $9,50@14,00; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, ℔ @35; Wheat, red, $1,62@1,80; Do. white, $2,20@2,30; Rye, $1,20@1,30; Oats, 65@65c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,25; Pork, mess, $23,50@25,00; Beef, cwt. $7,00@11,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $10,50@11,50; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@11c; Chickens, 13@14c; Turkeys, 15@17c; Butter, 28@35c; Cheese, 18@20cts; Lard, 17@18cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 25@38c; Wool, 40@42c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 25@28c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@22; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0,60@0,85; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@20c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3.25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bu., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb., 7@7½c; do. Plums, 22@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 20@25c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $6,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Ashes, pots, $7,75@8,50, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 25@25¾ cts; Flour, $5,65@9,50; Wheat, $1,60@2,25; Rye, $1,45@1,50; Barley, 2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,13@1,18½; Oats, 77@78c; Pork, old mess, $25,50@26,00; mess, $25,50@25,75; $22,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $23,00@25; Beef, plain mess, $10@16,50; extra, $16,00@20; Beef hams, $28@29,50; Hams, 12@16c; Shoulders, 12@12½cts; Lard, 15@16½c; Butter, 27@50c; Cheese, 14@15½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 12.—Flour, $6,50@12; Rye flour, $8,00@8,25; Corn meal, $2,40@2,50; Wheat, $1,55@2,15; Corn, $1,18@1,18; Barley, $2,00@2,15; Rye, $1,00; Oats, 61@63cts; Pork, mess, $28,00@30,00; clear, $30@30; Hams, 13@15c; Shoulders, 11c; Beef, dried, 18c; mess, $12@14; Lard, 16½@17c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 14.—Flour, $7,00@11,50; Rye flour, $7,00; Wheat, $1,33@2,25; Corn, 85c@,02; Oats, 66@68c; Rye, $1,35@$1,45; Barley, $1,95@2,00; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $3,75@4; Potatoes, 85c; Apples, ℔ bbl. $3@4; Butter, 43@45c; Cheese, 17@18c; Eggs, 36c; Pork, mess, $24,50@25,50; Lard, 16c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—Flour, $5,00@5,63; Wheat, $1,17@1,27; Corn, 52@51c; Oats, 48@48½c; Rye, 1,15@1,16; Barley, 1,67@1,67; Pork, mess, $23,75@24; Lard, 14@15c

TORONTO, Dec. 12.—Flour, $4,75@5,25; Wheat, $1,00@1,10; Oats, 50@51c; Barley, $1,25@1,28; Peas, 80@80c; Pork, $17,00@22; Bacon, 10@11c½; Hams, 11@12½c; Butter, 22@24c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 21@23c; Potatoes, 40@70c; Lard, 14@17c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—Beef Cattle range at from 10@16½c; Milch Cows, $40@125; Veal Calves, 9@13c; Sheep, 4@6½c; Lambs, 5@7c; Hogs, 8½@9c.

ALBANY, Dec. 12.—Beeves range at from $3@9,25; Milch Cows, $30@125; Sheep, 2½@4½c; Lambs, 5½@6½c; Hogs, 8½@9c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.—Beef Cattle, 6@15cts; Working oxen, $180@285; Steers, $75@150; Milch cows, $35@115; Heifers, $33@50; Yearlings, $18@28; Two-year-olds, $28@45; Three-years-old, $45@65; Sheep and Lambs, 3@6cts; by the head, $2@4,50; Shoats, 10@11c; Fat hogs, 9@9½c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12—Beef Cattle, $3,50@4,50; Hogs, $7,25@8,12½. Sheep, $1,50@4.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 12—Beeves, sell at $3,50@6,50; Sheep, $2,00@3,25; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $7,27@8,25.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 12.—Beef Cattle, 3@8½ cts; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3½@5c; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, 10½@11½c.

TORONTO, Dec. 12.—Beef Cattle, $4,00@6,50; Sheep, $3,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Hogs, $5,00@7,50; Venison, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The wool market rules firm; sales are 475,000 lbs at 23@38c for unwashed fleece, 48@58c for medium State and Michigan; 50@50½c for X Ohio; 55@58c for XX Ohio.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—Wool, fleece, 45@55c; pulled, 42@50c; extra do., 45@50c; combing fleece, 60c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—The following are the quotations:—Common tub-washed, 45@48c; fine wool, 33@43c; medium and coarse, 39@41c; unwashed, 27@28c.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 12.—Wool, pulled, 37@40c; tub-washed, 45@50c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 43@45c

BALTIMORE, Dec. 12.—Wool, unwashed 34@36c; burry, 26@28c; tub-washed, 50@53c; fleece 44@46c; pulled, 30@35c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertising Rates.—The following are the Rates of Advertising in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for each insertion:

Advertisements, inside, 75 cents per line, Agate space.
" Outside, $1 " " "
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TO FLOCKMASTERS, DROVERS AND OTHers. Two blooded Stallions, one a two-year old colt, will be exchanged, at a low valuation, for common ewes, which must be perfectly healthy. EDWIN T. PHILLIPS, Box 55 Plainfield, N. J.

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LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Watchman and Reflector—John W. Olmstead & Co.
The Scientific American—Munn & Co.
Collections of Church Music—Mason Brothers.
Plows and Plowing—The Tribune.
Universal Clothes Wringer, &c.—R C Browning.
Which is the best Company in which to Insure your Life?
Under the Cross—Henry Hoyt.
52 Beecher's Sermons—Worthington, Flanders & Co.
Advertising and Commission Agents—Coe, Wetherell & Co.
The Nursery—John L Shorey.
Carpets—Boston and Maine Carpet Co.
Our Young Folks—Fields, Osgood & Co.
Whiskers and Mustaches—P Curtis.
The Patent Magic Comb—W Patton.
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Victor Tread Power—Blymyer, Day & Co.
We will Send any Article Offered—Russell & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Baron Rothschild died of inflammation of the liver.
— A company is constructing stock yards at St. Louis.
— Bulwer's divorced wife is in a lunatic asylum.
— New York and Brooklyn support 1,678 billiard rooms.
— Chang and Eng sailed for Europe Saturday week.
— The late Gov. Tod left an estate of over $500,000.
— Cork has elected a Fenian Mayor.
— Cholera has broken out in Bombay.
— A son-in-law of Ole Bull has committed suicide.
— Chillicothe, Ohio, is growing figs.
— The trichinæ has reappeared in Berlin.
— Seal skin jackets are the wear for ladies this winter.
— Stewart's new store employs 1,000 girls.
— The Sandwich Islands are sighing for opera.
— Minnesota is paying $10 for wolf scalps.
— Omaha has put up 1,000 buildings this year.
— Iowa has 1,680 miles of railroad.
— Rev. Henry Giles is still a helpless invalid.
— Milan projects a monument to Rossini.
— Chignons are hired out by the month in Paris.
— A velocipede school has started in New York.
— Kennedy is singing Scottish songs in New York.
— The French Prince Imperial is velocipeding.
— The late lamented king of Siam left 2,000 widows.
— Memphis has revived the Sons of Malta.
— Influenza is epidemic in New Orleans.
— Indiana has sown much wheat this fall.
— New Jersey is the most Methodist State in the Union.
— The King of Siam began life as a Buddhist monk.
— Louisville has three thousand unemployed laborers.
— One-fifth of the Jesuits are at work in this country.
— New York supports twelve hundred Cubans.
— Wolf scalps cost Minnesota $10,000 a year.
— Ten patents a day are taken out by Parisians.
— The Nebraska capital is removed to Lincoln to-day.
— The number of deaths in New York last week was 324.
— Great Britain had a population of 30,369,345 in June last.
— We imported $1,500,000 worth of English books last year.
— An American newspaper has been started in Florence.
— Fig and banana trees in Florida have been hurt by frost.
— The Cleveland post-office is "manned" by female clerks.
— The gas in Stewart's new store is lighted by electricity.
— Chicago is one of the greatest game markets in the country.
— California fears the introduction of leprosy by the Chinese.
— A new paper called Vanity Fair is to be started in London.
— Louisville is talking seriously of a railroad to Norfolk, Va.
— Brigham Young is becoming Brigham old and grows paralytic.
— Iowa cast more votes than Wisconsin in the recent election.
— The mother of all cats is at Winthrop, Me., fifty-two years old.
— A portion of Pennsylvania prays for a partition of the State.
— Starch heated with sulphuric acid becomes honey in Germany.
— An Australian expedition to explore Oriental Asia has sailed.
— The cattle plague is working great havoc in Western Wisconsin.
— Many flowing wells are being struck in the Caucasus oil regions.
— Stonewall Jackson's daughter is becoming the belle of the South.
— A fire at Savannah, Ga., recently, destroyed ten frame houses.
— There is a society in Paris for the propagation of useful insects.
— Indiana has had 861 bankrupts since the law went into operation.
— The stud of the late Marquis of Hastings is to be sold at auction.
— Russian restaurants flavor their dishes with female orchestral music.
— The London theatres are producing showers of rain with real wet water.
— A daughter of Gov. Orr of South Carolina has married a Philadelphian.
— St. Louis, Cincinnati and Chicago are hog-packing for the championship.
— Brazil is very anxious to turn the tide of emigration to this country thither.
— Dubuque has had to form a Vigilance Committee to look after horse thieves.
— Pawnbrokers are the only business men in Paris who now find business lively.
— Gen. Grant's Washington residence has been sold to Mayor Bowen for $40,000.
— Colorado has sent East a silver button weighing 165 pounds and worth $8,800.
— Ex-Gov. Cox of Ohio has been offered the Presidency of Kenyon College.
— Two men were drowned in Norfolk harbor recently by the upsetting of a yawl.
— About three-fourths of the members of Congress will spend the holidays at home.
— A fossil horse, fully grown and only two feet high, has been found in Nebraska.
— Reverdy Johnson carried a musket as a private soldier in the battle of Bladensburg.
— Ten thousand dollars is the cost of a trousseau that was recently married in New York.
— Green, the reformed gambler, who was arrested for embezzlement, has been discharged.
— In Spain there are 81 dukes, 746 marquises, 557 counts, 74 viscounts, and 76 barons.
— The Washington University Law School in St. Louis has admitted a young lady as a student.
— One man in Dalhousie township, Canada, has already killed thirty-three deer this season.
— The Academy of Music in New York seats 2,550 people; Crosby's Opera House in Chicago, 3,000.
— The Cuban revolutionary flag has blue and white stripes and a triangular field with a large white star.
— A duel was fought near Brussels between two Belgian journalists, and both were wounded in the back.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE

New-York Tribune

FOR 1869.

Within the last eight years our country has triumphantly passed through the gravest and most trying perils which have confronted her since her Independence was acknowledged. She has vindicated beyond appeal her right to be regarded as no mere confederacy or league of jealous, envious, discordant States, but as substantially and permanently a Nation, wherein the pretensions of no part can be admitted or upheld in opposition to the integrity, the paramount authority, of the One Republic.

The right of each man, by virtue of his birth or his naturalization as a citizen of the United States, to the full enjoyment of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," until he shall forfeit the right by crime, is also established on impregnable foundations. Our fathers proclaimed it in justifying their separation from Great Britain; it was left to us to establish as a fact what they merely affirmed as a principle. What the cannon of Saratoga and Yorktown proclaimed as an abstraction, the cannon of Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Five Forks established as a living, embodied, enacted truth. Widely as our flag now floats, still more widely as it may float hereafter, there is, there can henceforth be, no legal master, no fettered slave. Wrongs and abuses, servility and oppression, may still exist; but the Federal Constitution is no longer their shield, and the folds of our flag no longer emblazon nor seek to conceal a lie. The humblest American, so long as he violates no law, is master of his own limbs and the sole owner of all he can honestly earn.

Of these immense results, the importance and the beneficence will become more palpable with every added year. Distance is required to enable us to measure and appreciate the magnitude of the pyramid of Four Millions of shackles, stricken from the scarred limbs of our countrymen, which form the enduring monument of our struggle and our triumph. New arts, new industries, new developments of natural wealth, too long unheeded and unvalued, will year by year stand forth in attestation that none of us has yet adequately realized the magnitude and the benignity of our National victory.

No great good is ever achieved without effort or without cost. Four years of patriotic struggle and sacrifice, Half a Million of men slain in battle or dying of the privations and exposures of War, Millions of bereaved ones, Five Billions of property destroyed, and nearly Three Billions of Debt incurred, attest the magnitude of the contest and the unyielding valor of the combatants.

At length, the smoke rises from the hard-won field, showing that the last intrenchment has been carried. The election of GRANT and COLFAX gives assurance that the storm is over—that the Bow of Promise arches the sky. There are still obstacles to surmount, perils to avert, noble ends to be achieved; but the ship of State has ridden out the tempest and has her haven full in view. The seven States reconstructed under the recent acts of Congress will stand, and will be followed by the three that have hitherto stood aloof; the rights of the Freedman will be upheld and respected, and impartial Suffrage throughout the land will soon plant them on foundations that cannot be shaken.

THE TRIBUNE will contend, in the future as in the past, for Universal Amnesty as well as for Impartial Suffrage. It has no faith in vengeance, in proscription, in confiscation, nor in the shedding of blood otherwise than in actual and necessary war. "There is a time for War and a time for Peace;" and the latter follows swiftly on the heels of the former. Whenever those who fought against the Union shall have in good faith given up the contest, they are no longer our foes but our countrymen.

In the joyful trust that GRANT's election has given the death-blow to Ku Klux Klans, and all manner of outrages on Unionists and Freedmen as such, and that Impartial Suffrage will no longer be seriously resisted, we hope to see the next four years signalized by an unprecedented expansion of the National industry and a consequent increase of the National wealth. We hope to see new cabins dot the prairie, new clearings chequer the forest, new mills, factories, furnaces, erected, North, South, East and West, until our annual product shall be Hundreds of Millions greater than at present, while Mines of Iron and of Coal, of Gold, Silver, Copper, &c., shall be opened and worked, with an energy and to an extent that defies precedent. Believing that the systematic, efficient Protection of Home Industry is the corner-stone of a wise, benignant National Policy, and that it is essential to the rapid development of our latent resources, to the prosperity of our country, the maintenance of her Credit, and the honest payment of her Debt, we shall give it our most earnest and active support.

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The Editor of THE TRIBUNE purposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on Political Economy, wherein the policy of Protection to Home Industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of THE TRIBUNE, and will appear in all its editions—DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, and WEEKLY.

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Miss Beecher's Receipt Book	1,50
Modern Cookery, by Miss Acton and Mrs S J Hale	1,50
Monumental Designs, 159 plates and designs	10,00
Nature's Bee Book	25
Norton's Elements Scientific Agriculture	75
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Our Farm of Four Acres	30
Parsons on the Rose	1,25
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Scribner's Produce Tables	30
Do. Ready Reckoner and Log Book	30
Silver's new Poultry Book (70 Illustrations)	50
Stewart's (John) Stable Book	1,50
The American House Carpenter (Hatfield's)	3,50
The Barn Yard, a Manual	1,00
The Boston Machinist (Fitzgerald)	75
The Farm, with Illustrations	1,00
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Thomas' Am. Fruit Culturist (430 Illustrations)	3,00
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Todd's Young Farmers' Manual and Work Shop	1,50
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Wool Gr

MY ELMWOOD CHIMNEYS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE wind is roistering out of doors,
My windows shake and my chimney roars;
My Elmwood chimneys seem crooning to me,
As of old, in their moody, minor key,
And out of the past the hoarse wind blows,
As I sit in my arm-chair and toast my toes.

"Ho! ho! nine-and-forty," they seem to sing,
"We saw you a little toddling thing,
We knew you child and youth and man,
A wonderful fellow to dream and plan,
With a great thing always to come—who knows!
Well, well! 'tis some comfort to toast one's toes.

"How many times have you sat at gaze
Till the mouldering fire forgot to blaze,
Shaping among the whimsical coals
Fancies and figures and shining goals!
What matters the ashes that covers those?
While hickory lasts you can toast your toes.

"O dream-ship builder! where are they all,
Your grand three-deckers, deep-chested and tall,
That should crush the waves under canvas piles,
And anchor at last by the Fortunate Isles?
There's gray in your beard, the years turn foes,
While you muse in your arm-chair and toast your toes."

I sit and dream that I hear, as of yore,
My Elmwood chimney's deep-throated roar:
If much be gone, there is much remains;
By the embers of loss I count my gains,
You and yours with the best, till the old hope glows
In the fanciful flame, as I toast my toes.

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed ships,
To send a child's armada of chips!
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades here!
"Well, maybe more love with the less gift goes,"
I growl, as, half moody, I toast my toes.

The Story Teller.

THE MADONNA WITH THE RUINS.

Translated from the French for Moore's Rural New-Yorker
By EDITH MELBOURNE.

ON the 24th of July, 1794, at four o'clock in the morning, a cart slowly left the city of Arras, conducted by a cartman, and accompanied by four policemen. It contained five prisoners. The sad caravan set out from the City Hall, en route for Cambral, where a revolutionary Court was in session.

The prisoners had been firmly bound with large cords. One was a farmer of the Prince DE VANDERMONT, accused of having aided in the escape of an aristocrat, for the act of saving an innocent victim from the executioner was then considered a crime. Another was a venerable old man, with long, white hair, who had long been priest of a village in the vicinity of Arras; while teaching virtue and peace to his parishioners, he had been overtaken by the revolution. He had been reported and arrested for preaching rebellion. The three other prisoners were Sisters of Charity, accused of aristocracy, they who had taken upon them the vows of humility! The old priest repeated in a low voice the sad *Miserere*, and the Sisters responded to the verses.

The day began to dawn. Light clouds floating in the air grew purple with the first rays of sunlight, while in the west, still in darkness, the stars seemed to send forth their light to wrestle with the rising day; but gradually they grew pale, and seemed to sink away in the azure of Heaven. The birds, out of their nests, began their early lays, announcing the awakening of Nature. At that magnificent spectacle, perhaps the last they were to see, the prisoners were silent in admiration of the works of GOD, and tears flowed from their eyes.

"Perhaps GOD, the Creator of these marvels, casts upon us a compassionate look, said the old priest; "let us raise our hearts to Him," and with a grave and solemn voice he began to pray.

At that moment one of the policemen cried out to the cartman to quicken his speed, and, under the whip of their master, the horses took a more rapid gait. Four hours later they arrived at Cambrai, and directed their course toward the prison of the town.

Since morning, CAMBRIERE, the prosecuting attorney, had been in prison preparing a list of those who should that day be called before the revolutionary tribunal. At the instant the cart entered, two turnkeys took from it the old priest, who was called JACQUES BERANGER, and placed him in a corner of the prison-yard. They had already untied one of the sisters, when the jailor unexpectedly arrived, and said:

"But, citizen CAMBRIERE, I have no room to lodge these aristocrats!"

"Well, then, do not trouble yourself about it," replied the prosecuting attorney; "I will send them directly to the revolutionary tribunal; they will find me there." And, by a sign, the turnkeys abandoned the cart, which was conducted to the place where CAMBRIERE and LEBON held their courts. The old priest was forgotten in the yard.

"Here is one!" said one of the jailors; "the citizen CAMBRIERE will not have his number."

"Bah!" replied another, "he will, without doubt, be left until to-morrow; he has enough of them for to-day."

JACQUES BERANGER was shut up in the prison with twenty other prisoners, while the farmer and his *compagnes de voyage* were conducted to the tribunal, and an hour later the same cart conveyed them to the guillotine, on the military square.

The next day the citizens CAMBRIERE and LEBON were not to sit in the revolutionary court. The third day they were about to resume their terrible functions, when they received the news of the event of the 9th of Thermidor, (the eleventh month of the calendar of the first French Republic, from July 19 to August 17,) which smote ROBESPIERRE, annihilated the power of his adherents, and threatened them with the same scaffold on which they had caused so many victims to perish. The streets of Cambrai echoed with cries of joy. A part of the people proceeded to the military square and overturned the guillotine reddened with so much blood, while others hastened to the prisons, broke open the doors, rescued the prisoners, and bore them away in triumph. What joy to those unfortunate ones who believed death to be their destiny,—who now saw the gates of liberty open before them! Each among the crowd found a relative, a friend, a brother, a wife; there were smiling and tearful embraces. JACQUES BERANGER, the good priest, although he was one of the last to leave the prison of Cambrai, was in haste to return to Arras, where the two young ladies, his nieces, had remained. So with a hasty step he took the way to his humble dwelling. He was walking on, thanking GOD for His infinite kindness, when he saw a cart, the driver of which was watering his horse at a fountain near the road.

"Ah! is it you, Monsieur BERANGER? you here free?" said the cartman on perceiving him. "Well, I am very glad."

"Thanks, my friend, thanks to GOD, the scaffold is overthrown and the prisoners are free."

"Will you share my cart? It is the same which brought you away; but it is not necessary to hold a grudge against it, you see; it had no means of refusing one who conducted it. Let us see, Monsieur, mount by my side; the way is long, the sun is scorching, and the road dusty."

"I accept, my friend. Your cart carried me two days since to death; now it bears me near my family. I am in haste to arrive there."

It was night when they entered the city of Arras. The cartman would not accept any reward; the old man embraced him, and took his way toward the dwelling where his nieces had concealed themselves during the reign of terror. In a miserable attic two young ladies were seated, at work. An earthen lamp lighted the sad apartment, which contained no furniture except a worm-eaten bed, a table and two or three chairs. The two young ladies sewed in silence. JOAN, the elder, with lowered head, dropped tears upon her thin, white hands. MARGUERITE, the younger, watched her, unperceived, and seemed to make an effort to keep back her grief; at length, not being able to restrain it, she breathed a long sigh. JOAN having raised her eyes to her sister, regarding her with tenderness, said:

"MARGUERITE, you know the precept of our good uncle,—GOD is the Master; what He does is well done."

Then she was silent, and both continued to work.

"Poor uncle," resumed MARGUERITE, "where is he now?—perhaps he is dead."

"Oh, do not say that," replied JOAN, "that thought makes me afraid; and still in the distress in which we are, would it not be better that he should be in heaven? GOD will have been merciful to him."

"JOAN," returned MARGUERITE, "GOD has already pitied us since He has sent us work, when so many poor ones are without; at least, we shall have bread, and how many have none! Oh, GOD is good."

"Yes, GOD is good since He has left us together." At these words the two young ladies embraced each other, and resumed their work.

At that moment some one rapped at their door. The two frightened sisters trembled and crept close together; by looks they were questioning each other of what should be done, when a second rap still louder, increased their perplexity; but a voice outside cried—

"JOAN, MARGUERITE, it is I, open to me!" At that well-known voice, MARGUERITE hastened to open the door, and received in her arms her good uncle, the venerable JACQUES BERANGER. JOAN, unable to move, remained seated; she regarded with a frightened look the good old man whom she believed dead, or at least, in a cell.

"Well, what is the matter, my JOAN?" said he, taking her hands; "do you not know me? It is I; it is your uncle." At these words consciousness returned to the young lady, a long sob escaped her, and without the power to offer a word, she sprang forward upon the neck of the old man.

"Is it possible," said MARGUERITE, "that you have returned? for always, is it not? Oh, no more troubles are possible—you are here!"

Then the old man related to them what had happened, and how he had been restored to liberty. After that MARGUERITE and JOAN opened their uncle's miserable room, which they had kept closed during his short absence, and he re-entered it, blessing the Lord with all his heart, for He had never left him.

Two years glided away in assiduous labor. It seemed light to the young ladies, for their work maintained him who had received the orphans. Notwithstanding, their quiet was to be disturbed, for GOD sends painful trials to His faithful servants. The merchant for whom JOAN and MARGUERITE worked, failed and ran away, carrying with him a large sum which he owed them for work completed; and by his departure and work suddenly failing them, they found themselves without bread. It became necessary to sell their clothing, little by little, that the good JACQUES BERANGER might be ignorant of their painful situation, even to the last moment.

Christmas had come, in the fourth year of the French Republic. The landlord of the two rooms occupied by the uncle and nieces came to collect rent for the half year. Alas! they had nothing with which to pay it. He was a harsh man; he became angry, and JACQUES BERANGER learned for the first time the destitution of the little family. JOAN and MARGUERITE vainly entreated the landlord, revealing to him their poverty.

"What will you do?" returned he; "fine words will not pay me, the Government is not content with such coin for taxes; seek another shelter; your furniture will remain; that is scarcely sufficient to pay me."

"Oh! sir," said JOAN, "all here belongs to you; but I beg you to leave us that picture—it is an heirloom; my sister and myself have a particular affection for it."

"All here is mine, the picture with the rest, or you must find the money!"

JACQUES BERANGER remained mute with astonishment. He could scarcely articulate a word in favor of the request of his nieces.

The same evening an officer arrived who ordered them to pay in twenty-four hours. Poor children, they went to bed very sad. All night, through the thin partition which separated them from the old man, they heard him sigh and groan.

The next day the officer returned: in the name of the landlord he seized all the furniture, and some days after, a bill posted on the door, announced that a poor stock of furniture would be sold on the public square. At noon they carried away all; the two young ladies and the old man remained together. JOAN and MARGUERITE wept in silence. The good priest, dejected and cast down, leaned against the wall, for he had not even a chair in which to sit. The officer returned, made a minute search, and said in an agitated manner,

"Pardon me for adding still to your grief, but I exercise a rigorous duty: it is necessary that I should take the key of this room."

He was not bold enough to tell them to leave. JACQUES BERANGER understood, and, taking his nieces by the hand, and casting a last look about the dwelling which had sheltered him and his during the tempests of the revolution, he went out. A poor neighbor was on the step of her open door. Without uttering a word she pointed them to her room, which act signified—"There is all I have; let us share it." The two weeping sisters entered.

"You see, my children," said the good priest, GOD does not abandon us. Have courage!"

At the appointed place they were selling the furniture; the table, the chairs and the beds were already sold; only the picture remained. JACQUES BERANGER approached, and with moistened eyes looked at it for the last time.

"Let us see," said the crier, how much for the picture?"

"A half-crown," said a merchant.

"The picture for a half-crown!" vociferated the crier; "that is not dear."

JACQUES BERANGER was going away when a voice outside the crowd cried,

"One hundred francs!"

The priest stopped; with one hundred francs the landlord would be more than paid. He would gladly have embraced that unknown friend.

"Two hundred francs!" said another voice.

A murmur ran through the crowd. In revolutionary times, when the religion of CHRIST was prohibited, it was almost a crime to purchase a picture of a religious subject. Notwithstanding, a stranger penetrated the crowd, and, casting about him a disdainful look, cried,

"Five hundred francs!"

"Eight hundred!" said a broker.

"One thousand!" returned the stranger.

"What is all this, Monsieur?" two officers, who were passing, asked of JACQUES.

"They are selling my stock of furniture, Messieurs," humbly replied the old man. There is a picture which reaches already one thousand francs. I did not suspect such riches were mine."

"Oh! let us see that," said the elder of the two officers, after having regarded the old man with emotion.

"Ten thousand francs!" cried he, before entering the crowd. That cry caused an opening to be made, and he soon found himself in ecstacy before the canvas. The surprised stranger added in his turn—

"Fifteen thousand!"

But the officer offered anew—

"Sixty thousand!"

The murmur of the crowd increased, and with deafening shouts they addressed the bidder.

"Respect genius!" cried the officer. "It is the work of RAPHAEL, a very celebrated painter. I shall offer it as a rich conquest to the French Government."

That man was one of the bravest Generals of the Republic.

Judge of the joy of the poor family! JACQUES BERANGER secured his funds and hired a small house in the country, which himself and nieces might occupy; also, the good neighbor who had received them. To-day, the picture of "The Madonna with the Ruins," is found in the Museum of Louvre.

THE ANATOMIZED YANKEE.

PROF. S—— was a physiological lecturer who traveled from one end of the country to the other, displaying his posters to the best advantage in country towns. Among the attractions of his exhibition were a skeleton and a manikin, the latter very perfect of its kind, and capable of being taken apart, bit by bit, till nothing was left but a vast pile of muscles and other parts of the human structure. Prof. S—— was a big wag in his way, and did not confine his drollery to his audiences. In one of the rural places out West he chanced to have for a bedfellow a verdant farmer who was absolutely so green that he had never seen or even heard of artificial teeth. Before retiring for the night the conversation turned upon the facility with which a soldier stopping at the tavern used his artificial leg, and the Professor astonished the verdant farmer by telling him that some men were almost completely artificial, and predicted that the time would come when a man might be false throughout, having a stomach in which food might be placed, and with the addition of a spoonful of patent gastric juices, have the food quickly digested, adding slyly that he himself was greatly dependent on the manufacturer for his present existence. With these revelations the countryman dared hardly look at him.

On retiring for the night, the lecturer purposely attracted the verdant's attention by removing his wig. When, however, he opened his mouth and quietly removed his teeth, the verdant, terrified by such a performance, hurriedly jumped into bed, and burying his head beneath the sheets, tried to lose himself in sleep. This the lecturer prevented by inarticulate mutterings, stating that he would extinguish the light, as he was rather ashamed to be seen taking himself apart.

Opening the closet door, he carefully took his manikin apart, and bringing out his nicely cleaned scull, proceeded to arrange the lungs, heart, kidneys, intestines and other parts of the manikin in various conspicuous parts of the room. The washstand, table, bureau and chairs were partly littered with the apparatus. While busy at this work, he gave utterance to numerous painful howls and groans, fairly making the verdant's hair stand on end. He imitated the winding up of his lungs in readiness for the morning, and, after sundry other tricks, jumped into bed, carrying with him the cold wash-basin, which he purposely backed up against the warm body of his bedfellow, who nearly jumped out of the bed from the contact, and through the night clung to the extreme verge of the bed in fear.

The Professor had his eyes open early in the morning to witness the fun. Buried in the bed-clothes, with one little peep hole through which to watch the proceedings, he waited. The verdant soon slipped out of bed and started for his pants, when his eyes fell on the glistening skull. A morbid fascination led his eyes around the room, and taking in the whole horror of the display at once, he grabbed his clothes, and with one long howl of terror and despair, rushed headlong from the room. The lecturer instantly jumped out of bed, and quickly dressing, skipped down stairs, where he met the countryman, half out of his wits, trying to explain the necessity of leaving before breakfast. The appearance of the lecturer so quickly put together completed his fright, and with another howl, he flew from the tavern and from the village to his home, where he related the astounding character of a Yankee who could take himself apart as easily as one could butcher and cut up an ox.

ANCIENT GREATNESS.—Ninevah was 15 miles long, 8 wide and 40 round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 308. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 350,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

THE Jews have a proverb that he who brings not his son up to some employment makes him a thief. The Turks say, "An idle man is the Devil's playfellow."

Wit and Humor.

THE BEND SINISTER.

A TIMELY THING IN HERALDRY.

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton? One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

"COME, Bill, it's ten o'clock, and I think we had better be going—for it's time honest folks were at home." "Well, yes," was the answer; "I must be off, but you needn't hurry on that account."

"Heat expands—cold contracts," answered a school boy to a question of his pedagogue, and when asked to give an explanation he said:—"In summer the days are long, in winter the days are short."

"LIZZIE," said a little curly-headed boy of some five years, "isn't Sam Slade a *buster?*" "Why, Charlie?" "Because the grammar says positive buss, comparative buster, and I did see him give you such a positive buss."

A GOOD story is told of a bootblack whose energies were taxed by the huge shoes of a private just returning from the war. The little fellow, kneeling down, looked over his shoulder to a comrade, and exclaimed:—"Lend me a spit, Jim: I've got an army contract."

A THIRSTY quaker having stopped at a tavern to get a pot of beer, and observing that the measure was deficient, asked the landlord how many casks he drew in a month. "Ten," was the reply. "And wouldest thou not like to draw eleven, my friend?" "Yes." "Then I'll tell thee how; fill thy measures."

WILLIAM, thee knows I never call anybody names; but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, "Josiah, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in all Philadelphia," I would come straight to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder and say to thee, "William, the Mayor wants to see thee."

A GENTLEMAN in the west of Scotland, celebrated for his wit, was conversing with a lady, who at last quite overpowered by the brilliance and frequency of his bon mots, exclaimed:—"Stop, sir! there is really no end to your wit." "God forbid, madam," replied the humorist, "that I should ever be at my wit's end."

AT Lynn, Mass., a school teacher asked a little girl who the first man was. She answered that she did not know. The question was put to the next, an Irish child, who answered loudly, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "Law," said the first scholar, "you needn't feel so grand about it; he wasn't an Irishman."

SOMEBODY asked Baron Rothschild to take venison. "No," said the baron, "I never eat venison; I don't think it is so coot as mutton." "Oh," says the baron's friend, "I wonder at you saying so; if mutton is better than venison why does venison cost so much more?" "I vill tell you vy; in this world the people always prefer vat is *deer* to vat is *sheep*."

MR. TOOT, coming home late one night, was met at the door by his wife. "Pretty time of night, Mr. Toot, for you to come home—three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man, and father of a family!" "Tisn't three—it's only one." "My word, Mr. Toot, you're drunk. It's three in the morning." "I say, Mrs. Toot, I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, two or three times!"

The Youth's Puzzler.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

Rochester, N. Y. READER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters.
My 20, 12, 3, 8, 21, 3 presided over music.
My 12, 21, 13, 18, 3 inhabited the lower world.
My 27, 3, 10, 19, 24 was a celebrated Greek poet.
My 5, 2, 16, 17, 4, 7, 8, 11 was a country of Greece.
My 9, 12, 7, 14, 18, 20 was a city of Laconia.
My 4, 25, 10, 3, 15 was an island in the Ægean.
My 8, 6, 23, 2, 16 was a famous river in Elysium.
My whole is a well known passage from Shakspeare.

Brooklyn, N. Y. WALTER LEIGH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first we cannot live without;
It adds to Nature's scenery.
My last my first will whirl about;
My whole propels machinery.

Hemlock Lake, 1868. JOHNNY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAM.

IEFL si wnrado; ipzre ti
Ni ihensnus nda ni roims;
Ho! do ont siseped ti
Ni tsi lnuhbset romf.

East Randolph, N. Y. MONTIE AND MELVILLE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN has a garden in the form of an isosceles triangle, the base of which is 12 rods and each of its equal sides 20 rods. Now he wishes to lay out another garden in the form of an isosceles triangle, containing the same area and perimeter as the first. What is the length of the sides.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 985.

Answer to Shaksperian Rebus:—"All the world's a stage."

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The love of money is the root of all evil.

Answer to Charade:—Falsehood.

Answer to Anagram:

Bring more wood, set out the glasses;
Join, my friends, our Christmas cheer.
Come and catch and kiss the lasses,—
Christmas comes but once a year.

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VOL. XIX. NO. 52.} FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868. {WHOLE NO. 988.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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AGRICULTURAL.

CLOSE OF VOLUME XIX.

RETROSPECTIVE.

BEFORE adding "Finis" to its Nineteenth Year and Volume, we have somewhat to say in regard to the actual past and probable future of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. The occasion is an interesting and important one to us, and we may be permitted to become a trifle garrulous, if not egotistical, in speaking of a Journal which we projected and founded, and the conducting of which has constituted our chief and earnest life-work for nearly twenty years. Starting the RURAL under comparatively unfavorable auspices, when shrewd and sincere friends feared and predicted failure, we determined to risk our all in an attempt to establish a Rural, Literary and Family Weekly which should surpass, in several important essentials, any journal then published. Claiming no superior tact, talent or ability, we resolved to do our utmost to fill worthily an unoccupied niche in Journalism. With the vigor of early manhood, the hope of a sanguine temperament, and some experience as a journalist, we dedicated industry, energy and all the means and ability at command, to the accomplishment of our object; but long years elapsed before the RURAL NEW-YORKER, being the pioneer in its peculiar and important sphere, became profitable—though it is no egotism to say that, from its start, it proved beneficial to community, and especially to the Rural Population. And we must here acknowledge our indebtedness to the earnest and influential friends of "Progress and Improvement" who seconded our efforts in the early days and years of the RURAL, and who, with thousands of others, have since most kindly and substantially aided us in achieving a success as remarkable as it is gratifying. We are under special obligations to hosts of active and right-thinking people, all over the land, for the valuable assistance they have contributed to the enterprise, as correspondents, agents and advocates of the RURAL. May they and theirs prosper alway, and their numbers increase!

Many whom we address have been readers of this Journal from its commencement, and therefore know its character and objects—how well and faithfully, or the reverse, its promises have been redeemed. We can only aver that what seemed our duty has ever been conscientiously and fearlessly discharged, and hence whatever errors may have been committed (we trust they are few in number and small in magnitude,) are not attributable to a lack of right intentions. As we have before stated, "Our object from the commencement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER has not been to furnish either an Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Educational, Literary or News Journal,—but rather to *combine all these*, and thus present a paper unequaled in Value, Variety and Usefulness of Contents. Our earnest desire has been to make it an honest, independent, reliable and eminently useful RURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, Instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and entirely free from deception and quackery, even in its advertising department." If we have not adhered to this brief, explicit and comprehensive platform, we have come as near it as possible, and will only say of the past, "What is writ, is writ—would it were worthier."

PROSPECTIVE.

Our plans for the future have already been announced to some extent, but not fully developed. They are now so far matured that we can safely promise that Volume XX of the RURAL will far excel either of its predecessors in Size, Style and Contents. It will not only be nearly double the original size, but the *Improvements* will correspond with the great enlargement. Of this we are assured from arrangements already completed. At first some of our friends doubted the feasibility of the enterprise, but we KNOW there is room, and even a demand for such a journal as we shall issue—far more than there was for the RURAL when it was commenced—for the world moves, and its inhabitants (especially on this Continent) are intelligent and progressive. The great Industrial and Producing Classes are the foundation of the Nation, and should be the peers of any in intelligence, refinement and independence. Our aim will continuously be to aid them in their *avocations*, and instruct and entertain them in their *homes*. While practical and scientific topics will be thoroughly discussed, ornamental embellishment, and intellectual culture and entertainment, will by no means be neglected. Indeed we hope to render the RURAL, more than ever before, a most acceptable visitor to every fireside, whether urban, suburban or country.

The enlarged RURAL will be printed on a quadruple sheet, each number comprising sixteen pages of five columns each. The paper will be superior to that hitherto used, and the illustrations more numerous and expensive. Though considerably larger than any other illustrated paper published in this country, we believe our arrangements are such as will secure a neat and tasteful appearance.

In regard to the CONTENTS of the new volume—a matter of the first importance—we can speak with still greater confidence and certainty. Our aim is to EXCEL, and we believe the arrangements made will enable us to accomplish the object. The RURAL'S staff of Editorial and Special Contributors will be augmented by noteworthy accessions, and comprise the best talent and ability obtainable. The principal members of our present corps are re-engaged, and will increase the number of their instructive and pleasing contributions. The department of Sheep Husbandry will continue in charge of the Hon. H. S. RANDALL, LL. D., than whom there is no better authority on any branch of the subject. Mr. G. F. WILCOX, our principal associate in the Practical departments for some years, having charge in our absence, will continue his editorial contributions—writing from his home near Rochester, where he is known as an experienced and successful farmer and horticulturist. Prof. A. A. HOPKINS, our chief aid in the Literary and Miscellaneous departments, will continue in his present position. Dr. DANIEL LEE, our Southern Corresponding Editor, promises to increase his contributions, while Messrs. P. BARRY, H. T. BROOKS, F. R. ELLIOTT, T. C. PETERS, E. W. STEWART, JAMES VICK, "NOW AND THEN," (C. W. IDELL,) and other able and experienced contributors, have already furnished articles for the new volume, and assure us of their continued assistance.

Among the accessions to our Editorial Staff, with the new year, we have the pleasure of announcing CHAS. D. BRAGDON of Chicago, Ill., and X. A. WILLARD of Little Falls, N. Y., gentlemen widely and favorably known to the agricultural community. Mr. BRAGDON, who was formerly editor of the Prairie Farmer, and subsequently for some years connected with this Journal, (first as Western Corresponding and later as Associate Editor,) resigns a responsible position on the Chicago Republican to resume his connection with the RURAL as Associate Editor. Mr. B. is an able and practical man, and withal an experienced journalist, and we are confident this announcement will give pleasure to thousands of our readers. Mr. WILLARD is extensively known as Agricultural Editor of the Utica Herald and as an able writer and lecturer on Dairy Husbandry—being regarded as the best (if not only) American authority on the subject. He will conduct the Dairy Husbandry department of the RURAL, giving it his special and chief attention. Our readers will not only have the benefit of the results of his experience and observation in matters pertaining to the Dairy, but also of his reports of (and sagacious comments and prophesies concerning) the Cheese Markets, both home and foreign—the former from his own personal knowledge, and the latter from his private and trustworthy European correspondence. These reports will be made *exclusively for this Journal*, and comprise information not given in any other. We shall give prominence to Mr. W.'s department, and are confident he will render it invaluable to all interested in dairy products.

We have scarcely space to enumerate, in this connection, the new contributors which we have been so fortunate as to engage. Among them, however, are Hon. J. STANTON GOULD, Ex-President N. Y. State Ag. Society, of Hudson, N. Y., who will contribute a series on the Texan Cattle Disease, the Grasses, and other subjects,—Mr. J. WILKINSON, Architect and Landscape Gardener, of Baltimore,—C. V. RILEY, State Entomologist of Missouri,—Mrs. E. F. ELLET, MARY A. E. WAGER, MARY J. HOLMES, "MINNIE MINTWOOD," and several other able and brilliant writers.

—In conclusion, our own long experience and enlarged facilities, with the assistance of the best talent, earnest effort and liberal expenditure, will, we firmly hope and believe, enable us to render the RURAL NEW-YORKER unequaled in all the essentials of a combined RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

OILING AND BLACKING HARNESS.

AT this season the farmer should overhaul, repair, oil and black his harness, so they will be pliable in the cold weather, and be durable and safe. A correspondent of the Scientific American gives the following method:—"In the first place, I subject the harness to one or two coats (as the leather may need) of lamp-black and castor oil, warmed sufficient to make it penetrate the stock readily. Then I make about two quarts of warm soap suds, and with a sponge wash the harness. When dry, rub it over with a mixture of oil and tallow, equal parts, with sufficient lamp-black to give it color, or, what is better, prussian blue, which gives it a new and fresh look. This compound should be applied sparingly and well rubbed in, which can be quickly done, and will leave a smooth and clean surface.

"By saturating the stock in the first place with oil, the soap and water are prevented from penetrating it in the process of washing. When leather is permitted to absorb water or soap it has an ultimate tendency to harden it. When the harness is washed *first* (as is generally the case) the water repels the oil; consequently in the one case you have the oil inside of the stock, and in the other you have the soap and water. By oiling first it softens the dirt, so that it can be washed off in at least one-half the time required when washed before oiling, and also saves the 'scraping' process, which defaces the grain of the leather. It will remain soft much longer from the fact of its being penetrated with oil. The whole process can be accomplished without the delay of waiting for it to dry. Consequently the harness can be oiled and cleaned in much less time, will remain soft longer, wear longer, and look better than when cleaned by the old method. And I consider these reasons of sufficient importance for every one having a harness to give this method a fair trial."

The English patent harness blacking, which is commended for keeping leather soft, and giving it a good polish, is made by dissolving together over a slow fire three ounces of turpentine, two ounces of white wax; then add one ounce of ivory-black and one drachm of indigo, to be well pulverized and mixed together. When the wax and turpentine are dissolved add the ivory black and indigo, and stir till cold. Apply very thin, and brush afterwards.

EFFECT OF DROUTH ON WEIGHT OF HAY.

THE present season has been peculiar, being dry through the previous fall and winter, and in spring till the latter part of May, when we had three weeks with gentle showers, which coaxed the over-dried grass roots into a sudden growth. No rain fell from 12th June till after haying, and grass made nearly its entire growth in four weeks. Of course the bulk was not large, but many were surprised to find the weight so low in proportion to bulk. We had a mow 30 feet long, 13 feet wide and 18½ feet high, containing 8,325 cubic feet, which weighed only 11 tons 1,400 pounds, requiring nearly 800 cubic feet per ton. Yet this hay has a very fine appearance—a lively, bright green, which takes the eye of a city horse feeder. The only method of detecting the quality of such hay, without weighing, is to examine the texture of the stalk. The stalk will be found of a loose texture, easily flattened, not so round as when fully mature—hollow, although the stalks are small. Animals when fed on this hay will be found to consume one-third more in bulk than of well matured hay.

Many who suffered by the drouth expected the hay would weigh heavy for the bulk, because the grass contained less water, and, as they supposed, ripened into solid stalks. This is the case where the drouth comes on gradually after a moist, warm spring, giving the grass a long time to mature; but when the season is so dry early in spring that vegetation only gets a start after late rains, and then a sudden drouth commences in June, the grass does not fairly ripen at all, but partially dries up in an immature state, the saccharine juices only partially developing, and the hay weighs much less than in a very wet season. The drouth very seriously affected most crops on a narrow belt of land on the south shore of Lake Erie, extending from near Buffalo into Ohio; the average of hay being not more than 60 per cent. of the crop of 1867—and the continued dry weather after haying has very seriously affected the grass roots, and thereby probably reducing the next crop. The measurement of hay at 512 cubic feet per ton will result this year, in districts affected by drouth, much in favor of sellers. It requires well matured timothy grass to weigh a ton to 512 cubic feet, when cured and pressed in a mow at least 16 feet high and of the ordinary width. But the maturity of grass for hay which weighs the best does not require ripe seed. The ripening of the seed is at the expense of the nutriment, which should remain in the stalk; and hay is lighter from such ripened grass than when cut in the blossom. —E. W. S.

THE CULTURE OF TIMBER.

"The rich man's wealth is his strong city."—PROV. 18, 15.
The *nation's* wealth is its strong timber.

As the first of these maxims is an inspired truth, no less is the last a practical truth. In proportion to the strength and durability of its timber will be a nation's wealth and power. There is not found a native timber on this Continent the durability of which is counted by centuries. The red cedar, the most enduring of all American wood, decays; nor has it ever existed in sufficient quantity and size to become available to a great extent for building purposes, and its growth is so slow that he who would advocate the planting it in forests for the future supply of the country's want, would be regarded an idle dreamer. The oak that is found in our forests is most valuable for strength and durability of all American timber, both for land and naval purposes. Yet our navies, built of this timber, endure but a few years. Public defenses, bridges, railroad fixtures, &c., are all of short duration. The resources of this nation are mightily taxed to perpetuate its works. The masts of ships are mainly made of the pine as the only available American timber suitable for this purpose. But while these resources of timber are rapidly decreasing, the demand is in the same ratio increasing, and we need not call up any of the old prophets to tell us of the future want and destitution.

Paramount to all other questions relating to the practical interests of this country, is that of timber, or forest culture. We are floating on smoothly with the song of plenty on our lips, but as surely we are approaching terrible want. We can build great cities, create mighty fleets, and fill our country with farm houses in a single year, but we cannot build trees and forests in a year. Without timber a nation is helpless.

A remedy is at hand. Already action is being taken by some of the Agricultural organizations in the Western States to encourage a system of forest culture. The Legislature of the State of Kansas has offered large premiums for forest planting, Iowa has taken steps in her councils to secure the same end, and we trust the time is at hand when not only all the State governments will adopt similar measures, but that the General Government will lead off in this great enterprise.

Another question arises in connection with this subject,—What is the kind of timber to plant? I reply that which possesses the greatest strength and durability,—is of the most rapid growth and adapted to American soil. There is a variety of timber which has been known from high antiquity, existing a native in the interior of the Eastern Continent, and has been extensively planted within the last century in Western Europe,—which possesses extraordinary strength, exceedingly rapid in its growth, and regarded by all European writers as "imperishable," either in or out of water. It has withstood thus far the skill and ingenuity of man to cause it to decay. Nothing but the action of the elements and wear of time marks its duration. It was first introduced in Scotland by one of the nobility in 1743, since which time he has planted of the same extensive forests. In fifty-two years from planting, his trees measured more than one hundred feet in height and three feet in diameter.

It is asserted by a responsible gentleman who was on the Duke of Athol's grounds in 1863 that trees which were first planted in his grounds at Dunkeld in 1743 were five feet in diameter and one hundred and fifty feet in height. This timber is known as "European Larch," and flourishes equally well in America. D. C. S.

NOTES ON NEBRASKA.—No. II.

"WITHOUT counting Alaska, the United States has still 1,500,000,000 acres of public lands." Why not count Alaska? It cannot be more superlatively worthless than ninety-nine hundredths of this much heralded "billion and a half acres of public land." It is high time that our careless, credulous, spendthrift, sovereign people should know not merely the *extent* but the *quality* of their possessions.

Of all this vast public domain, not one acre in three hundred is worth one dime for farming purposes. Excepting a few fertile valleys on the Pacific slope, which generally have to be irrigated in order to produce crops, there is no land fit to farm on west of a line drawn through Texas, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. This line will leave at least one-third of those States "out in the cold"—or more definitely, out in the *dry*, for drouth comes in to spoil what sterility has spared. West of this line and east of the Continental divide, (the Rocky Mountains,) most of the surface is covered with wild grass, generally short and thin, but which gets a start the last of May, and for three or four months affords some pasturage, but early frosts render it nearly worthless. Its value as a grazing region has been greatly overrated. This year stock would fall away rapidly if left on prairie grass after the middle of September. These dry prairies will not bear close feeding. Cropped like New York pastures, they will run out, and there is little hope that they can be renewed with tame grasses.

Our cheap, fertile, arable lands are mostly all appropriated,—bought up by actual settlers or speculators,—and this fact should be speedily known to all who intend to go West with a little money to procure homes. Going West is one of our most inveterate national habits, but it will soon be over with. Americans start for the setting sun as naturally as a young goose starts for the water, but the setting sun cannot be their guide much longer.

Central Nebraska still holds out great inducements to men of small means, great courage and good habits. I don't intend by that remark to class "small means" among the cardinal virtues; it is pretty near a crime to be poor anywhere, or, if not a crime, it is "dreadful inconvenient." It is a Herculean labor to set up farming successfully in any country with small means. Few know what our first settlers have endured and achieved. American pioneers are the world's most illustrious heroes. But a Western pioneer on a good soil like Nebraska, all ready for the plow, and with railroad facilities such as will soon be enjoyed in every part of that State, and with land that can be had from nothing to $2.50 per acre, has a better prospect than most of our fathers had.

I was very glad to learn from Hon. A. F. HARVEY, the old editor of the Nebraska Statesman, that there are still several millions of acres of good land in that State subject to entry under the Homestead act. Large grants of excellent land have been made to railroads, which are offered within fifteen miles of the track at $2.50 per acre; and good government land may be purchased for $1.25 per acre. Such chances, I say again, cannot long continue. I therefore advise those who mean to go West to go soon.

My first visit to Nebraska was at the time of the State Fair, held at Nebraska City in October last. Nebraska City is one of the *old towns*, and is very venerable compared with Lincoln, Fremont and other upstart places. It consisted about twenty years ago of one *block-house*, where overland folks fitted up for California. It is picturesquely situated on the west bank of the Missouri, with about 12,000 inhabitants, and every evidence of prosperity. Chief Justice MASON, whose hospitality I enjoyed, lives on a fine, well cultivated farm a mile or two out of the city. He is a well developed specimen of a Western man. Farmer, judge, lawyer, politician—he can husk more corn, hold more courts, make better speeches, than a whole regiment of bashful men. He is giving much attention to the cultivation of fruit, forest trees and hedges, and to the improvement of stock.

One of the very best farms in Nebraska is owned and cultivated by Mr. GILMORE, whose fine fruit and fine Durham stock deserves the highest praise—at least I should have thought so if I had not been even better entertained *inside of the house* than outside. His neighbor, Mr. MORTON, is also a very prominent farmer, who was patriotically engaged in *saving the country* while I was there. One of the happy features of Western travel is the whole-soul hospitality extended to you, especially if you *belong to the State they came from*, which, in point of consanguinity, ranks with cousin in New England. Mr. and Mrs. WM. E. KENNICOTT, from New York, entertained me a day or two with a cordiality I shall not forget. O. HARMON, Esq., an enterprising farmer and able writer, I hope to introduce more fully hereafter.

The State Fair at Nebraska City was very creditable to the officers and to the contributors. I greatly regret that I have not room to notice it at length. Every department was represented by specimens that would do credit to any State of the Union. Set a New-Yorker down among the agricultural implements, and he would know without telling that they belonged to a go-ahead people; plows that would turn a furrow twenty inches wide, all cast steel and no cast iron; corn cultivators, drawn by two horses, that clean two rows at a time; two-horse drills for planting corn; reapers of truly formidable proportions, drawn by four stout steeds; machines with a wide sweep and moving in advance of the team, cutting off the heads of the wheat and putting it into wagons that convey it to the stacks, leaving most of the straw behind;—these were some of the Western peculiarities.

I was indebted to Mr. C. H. WALKER of Ashland, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, for many courtesies during the Fair. He was also my escort during a delightful ride of several days over different parts of Nebraska. With fine roads, and Judge MASON'S first premium trotters, if anybody went by us I have entirely forgotten it!

At the Fair I made the acquaintance of ROBERT W. FURNAS, Esq., President of the State Board of Agriculture, a very enterprising farmer and an intelligent gentleman. He is largely engaged in raising the Cashmere goat, several of which he exhibited. They are tender while young, but are cheaply kept and their wool is very valuable. From Nebraska City we went to Lincoln, the State capital, with many fine buildings, 800 inhabitants, and not two years old. A fine State House is nearly completed, built of stone, which is abundant, is very easily worked and very durable. At Lincoln we saw the "*coming*" *plow*, all idle and out of gear in consequence of some "little" discrepancies; but it had done some good plowing, which we saw, proving conclusively that you can plow by *steam* if you can only afford to foot the bill! It was made in England, and two others like it are in use in this country; one in Illinois, said to average ten acres per day, drawing five or six plows at a time across the field by an inch rope of steel wire, the engines being stationary. We were assured that the Viceroy of Egypt had 400 of them in use.

We went from Lincoln to Ashland, where I saw the fine farm of my friend WALKER, who is one of the pioneer wool growers of Nebraska. Here, in a most beautiful and fertile country, I found several old neighbors, satisfied, as well they might be, with their surroundings. One of them, Mr. HOVEY, had bought a farm for $13 per acre four months before, which he would not think of selling short of $25 per acre. "Tell JENKINS," said he, "that every foot of my land is as good as his best acre after he has put a hundred loads of manure on it." JENKINS' farm would bring $50 or $60 per acre; it is in Western New York.

We spent a night with Prof. I. S. MILLER of Plattsmouth, who owns, and is now improving, several of the finest farms in Nebraska. He says that wool growing is unprofitable in the West unless you have two thousand sheep, and then put a good shepherd with them and graze them on the prairie in summer and protect and feed them well in winter,—a less number will not pay. Sheep appear to be diminishing in Nebraska. L. A. WALKER, Esq., is an excellent farmer near Omaha, and an intelligent and public spirited man, who thinks Paradise must be located four or five degrees nearer the equator; but his wife said:—"Tell people *Nebraska* is the healthiest country in the world." A friend of mine found fever enough for his whole family on the Missouri bottom, north of the Platt.

Omaha is the place you heard about,—it is the beginning of the Pacific Railroad, which I was "*passed*" over, and which I will write about. Here GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN flourished and faded, leaving a dozen little plain houses and a fine hotel to remember him by. Here dwell the moving spirits of the Pacific Railroad. Here are merchants prepared to supply a Continent with goods, prominent among whom are Messrs. J. H. & J. S. COLLINS, who showed me many courtesies during my stay. Omaha is beautifully situated on the Missouri, and is to be the great town of a great and prosperous State —Nebraska.—H. T. B.

RICHARD KNIGHT, Esq., of Antrim county, Mich., cleared and fenced twenty acres of heavily timbered land. He sowed it to wheat, and from the product he has, beside the straw, two hundred dollars in cash, after deducting all expenses, according to his own statement.

MANAGING BEES.

I READ in the RURAL of Nov. 14 an article entitled "Experience with Bees," written by Mr. WILSON of Marcellus, N. Y. He says he has managed bees without the aid of books and practiced most of his operations different from most others, &c.

The science of managing bees is further behind than any other branch of rural economy to-day. And it is estimated by our ablest Apiarians that there are fewer bees kept in our Northern and Middle States than there were twenty years ago. Now why this decrease? The most plausible reason that I can give is, that there has been more money expended for patent or improved beehives and fixtures, without an improved system of management, than the most of bee keepers have been able to realize from their bees. Hence many have become disgusted, and abandoned the pursuit altogether as being unprofitable, &c.

I do not know the exact number of patent beehives in existence, but if any of my bee keeping friends will take the trouble to find out something near and make an estimate of the money that has been expended for them I think they will readily see why bee keeping has become so very unprofitable. There are in fact but two kinds of hives in existence; these are the common or box hive and the movable comb hive. Any hive that gives the control of the combs exclusively to the bees, I don't care how many patents there are upon it or how it is made or who made it, I put it down as a common hive. What more can you make of it? It is all "bosh" to talk about such patent hives. I would just as soon think of palming off hollow logs upon the public as patent beehives. Still the innocent bee keeper is deluded into the belief that patent hives are just what he wants, and is induced to expend large sums of money for them; what for?—simply to fill the pockets of unprincipled rascals and destroy his bees.

The movable comb hive is a hive that gives the use of the combs to the bees, but allows the bee keeper to control their various uses. A hive containing simple frames suspended upon rabbits, without wires, or pins, or hinges, allowing any comb to be moved or lifted out without materially destroying any of the rest, is a hive that I am not afraid to recommend.

SWARMING.—Mr. WILSON says he watches his bees. Now that watching business is the very worst part of bee keeping, and will, in my opinion, be universally dispensed with in time to come by adopting a system of artificial increase. If this watching could be confined to a day or a week, it would do. But this is not often the case; as you have to watch your bees during nearly the whole of the busiest part of the season when labor demands the highest price, it very often costs more to keep a few stocks of bees in swarming hives than they are worth.

Another serious objection to natural swarming is, that you are very liable to lose a part of your best swarms annually by swarming away. I have an instance of a swarm leaving for the woods on the fourth of July last direct from the hive. I think any sensible man who reads Mr. WILSON's advice of watching, throwing water and bee balm, and his method of hiving generally, will agree with me, that it often costs more to keep a few stocks of bees in swarming hives than they are worth. In the future I will give the best method of increasing bees that I am acquainted with. It can be practiced in any hive, but you lose some of the most important advantages by not using in part movable comb hives. It is a very easy operation to transfer bees and combs from the common to the movable comb hives; in April is the best time to do it. Mr. LANGSTROTH I believe is the original inventor of the movable comb hive, and I think every bee keeper can well afford to pay him a reasonable patent fee for the use of his hive, for he has undoubtedly done more to advance apiarian science and knowledge than any man in this country.

Mr. WILSON further says there is no improvement in bees, for the Creator in his wisdom created the first swarm as perfect as any at the present day. Now this depends a great deal upon circumstances. If the first swarm was nothing but the common black bees I think there has been a decided improvement, and if Mr. WILSON don't think so let him try a few swarms of the Italian bees. F. S. ROYS.

COWS—GROW CORN FODDER.

LYMAN CALL, East Durham P. O., writes the Canada Farmer that he keeps a dairy of twenty-six cows, the milk of which is disposed of at a cheese factory; that last June he sowed an acre of corn in drills, and commenced cutting and feeding to the cows daily the first of July. When the September rains came on he omitted the corn feeding four days, and the result was a diminution of fifty-two pounds of milk per day. The corn feeding was again resumed, and in four days the cows gave their customary quantity of milk. The increased flow of milk doubly paid the cost of the food given. This is an important fact, and should induce dairymen to provide this kind of nourishment for their stock at a season of the year when pasturage is short. In fact it would seem that the former may be profitably substituted for the latter under any and all circumstances, as the yield of green corn fodder per acre is very great, and the cost of producing it comparatively light.

DEFEND THE WEAK CATTLE.

SOME farmers are not as careful as their true interests require them to be in separating weak stock from the strong and aggressive when the season of storms and feeding comes round. In most herds embracing any considerable number, will be found some animals diminutive in size and timid in proportion to their physical weakness, which the more vigorous attack whenever a modest effort is made to share in the food supplied. They are hooked here and chased there by the strong, and should enlist the care and sympathy of their owner. It will pay well to provide a separate inclosure for such animals till sufficiently developed to hold their own, at feeding time, or, till they are rendered fit to be disposed of in some other way to advantage. If left to shirk for themselves they will be likely to go under before spring, or should they winter through they will be in a condition so exhausted as to render them next to valueless for that season.

WITHHOLDING MILK.—A correspondent of a Western paper says cows can be cured of this habit if they will drink sour milk. After drinking, and as soon as they begin to lick the pail, they will give down freely. He has tried it with cows that would give about two-thirds the proper quantity, retaining the other portion. Then he gives them the milk to drink, and waits until they begin to lick the pail, when he has no trouble in getting the remainder. He has tried meal, salt, and various things, but found nothing to produce such an effect as sour milk.

The Title-Page and Index, given herewith, compel us to omit several Departments, and abridge others. We regret to issue even *one* number of the RURAL without the usual amount and variety of literary matter; but the Index is indispensable to many thousands who preserve the paper for future reference, and readers who do not so preserve it will not complain, we think, that they have failed in the course of the year to obtain full return for their money. Though the Index has reference, chiefly, to practical matters, it indicates that Volume XIX contains a vast deal of valuable and entertaining reading. Such being the case, does not the great Enlargement promise a splendid feast of good things for the future?

Various Topics.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

THE concrete stone manufactured in England has for several years now—since 1861—been subjected to every test that ingenuity could devise—to heat and frost—to water, fresh, salt and impure, to wash and attrition, and to every atmospheric exposure, and it is found that very few natural stones are as durable or as uniform, and the best of them are costly, and, in many localities, inaccessible.

But the comparative cheapness and durability of the artificial stone are of no greater importance in engineering than to architecture as a fine art. The enormous expense of cutting rock into the exact and elaborate forms prevents the general adornment of structures. But when the beautiful form may not only be cast in a mould, but endlessly reproduced from the same mould, and when the most florid ornamentation may be more cheaply moulded than the plainest and most unrelieved outlines can be cut, there will be no further excuse for the monotonous and ugly buildings that characterize street architecture at present.

The general features of the process of making the artificial stone are described in London Engineering. Mr. Ransome's patent concrete stone consists of sand united, not by any mechanical sticking compound, but by chemicals which transform it into a new and homogeneous mass. It is particles of sand, in some cases mixed with a little limestone, united by silicate of lime. The manner of forming this silicate of lime in the mass is, in fact, the essence of the invention. The sand is mixed with a viscid solution of silicate of soda, which produces a pasty mass, readily moulded.

When the required forms are produced they are treated with a solution of chloride of calcium, when the silicic acid and the oxygen of the silicate of soda combine with the calcium of the chloride of calcium and form silicate of lime, while the chlorine of the chloride of calcium unites with the sodium, and forms chloride of sodium (common salt,) which is afterward washed out.—*Washington Star.*

SIFTING COAL ASHES.

THE Scientific American, in an article on burning coal, says:—"In sifting it is a good practice to drench the ashes in the sieve with water. Much that would otherwise be rejected will be found to be pure coal, the water washing off the coating of ashes, and exposing the 'black diamonds,' which are frequently in fine particles. These savings are valuable to be used when the requirements of cooking or if particularly sharp airs do not demand a brisk fire." This wetting ashes in the sieve is all wrong. They should be sifted in a perfectly dry state, and the large cinders thrown out. This done, empty the sifted portion into a basket, or perforated vessel, and pour on water liberally, which will carry off the adhering ashes, and expose the smaller cinders, which may also be thrown out. Wetting in the sieve prevents a separation of the ashes from the coal, and will soon destroy the sieve by corrosion. Dry sifting is altogether the easiest, best, and most economical.

THE ENTOMOLOGIST.

IN answer to the question as to the use of a State Entomologist, CHARLES W. MURTFELDT, Chairman of the Committee on Entomology, Mo., says: "He is to teach the farmer and the fruit grower how he may *prevent* the ravages of insects, or the destruction of his crops; how to distinguish between insect friend and insect foe; how to foster the one and destroy the other, *before* the latter has sufficiently developed to do damage. He is to show up any depredator of whose presence the casual observer can only judge by the damage he does; he is to make us familiar with the general appearance of insect foes or friends, in all their changes, and to inform us in what guise they do the most damage; for it is a well-known fact that, while some, perhaps most, insects do damage in the larva state, like the Codlin moth or the Potato beetle—others, like the grasshoppers or Chinch-bugs, do most damage as perfect insects."

AT WHAT AGE TO MARRY.

SOME who are in doubt upon this question may perhaps be guided by precedence. For their information we will state that Adam married at a very early age indeed,—so early it may be set down at 0. Shakspeare was 18 when he perpetrated the poetic feat; Ben Johnson 21; Franklin 24; Dante, Kelper, Fuller, Johnson, Burke, Scott, 26; Tycho, Brahe, Byron, Washington and Bonaparte, 27; Penn and Sterling, 28; Linnæus and Nelson, 29; Burns, 30; Chaucer, Hogarth and Peel, 32; Woodworth and Davy, 33; Sir William Jones and Wellington, 37; Wilberforce, 38; Luther, 42; Addison, 44; Wesley and Young, 47; Swift, 49; Buffon, 55; old Parr, last time, 120. The last was so much above par that 'twas no wonder he found a ready taker.

SNOW EYES.—Ellis, in speaking of the Esquimaux, says:—"Their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. These are little pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, formed to cover the eyes, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow. This invention preserves the eyes from snow-blindness, a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light reflected from the snow. The use of these eyes considerably strengthens the sight, and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them that when they have a mind to view distant objects they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses.

NAILS IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application generally does the work. Both man and horse have, in a few hours, when apparently on the point of having the lockjaw, been cured.

Ladies' Department.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY LONGFELLOW.

OUT of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her bosom shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft and slow,
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Sudden shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly, in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed,
To wood and field.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND PIE.

To wish to hear what other people say of us is so natural that it is simply human. It is not specially a weakness of woman nature,—if it be a weakness at all; we all have itching ears for whatever personal remarks our fellows may indulge in. Presuming, then, that the young lady readers of the RURAL are not an exception to the general rule, we append what an English traveler who recently visited this country says of American girls and pie,—two excellent articles, beyond all question:

The paleness in the American girls, though often beautiful, is too universal; an eye from the old country begins to long for a rosy cheek. Lowell said that color was a thing of climate, and that I should find plenty of rosy cheeks amongst the mountains of Maine, where there is moisture in the air. It may be so; I never got to the Maine mountains to see. But as far as my observation went, I never saw any on mountain or valley in any part of New England. My impression is, making all allowance for the influence of dry air, that the peculiar paleness of the New England girls connects itself with too much metaphysics, hot bread and pie.

I have strong convictions on this subject of pie. Not to speak of mere paleness, I don't see how the Americans can reconcile it with their notions of what is due to the laws of nature, to live to the age they do, considering the amount of pie they eat. I don't remember that I ever sat down to a dinner in America, even in a poor man's house, without finding pie of some kind—often of several kinds—on the table, and without finding that everybody partook of it, down to the microscopic lady or gentleman whom we shall call the baby. Pie is indispensable. Take anything away, but leave pie. Americans can stand the prohibition of all intoxicating drinks, but attempt to prohibit pies, and you would plunge America into revolution in a day.

Paleness and pie notwithstanding, the American girls are very delightful. And in one point they fairly surpass the majority of English girls—they are all educated and well informed. An American girl will talk with you about anything, and feel (or what has the same effect, seem to feel,) an interest in it. Their tendency is perhaps to talk too much, and to talk beyond their knowledge. With the clever (or, as they would say themselves, the "smarter,") of them, it seemed to me sometimes to make no perceptible difference whether they knew anything of the subject they talked about or not. But the American girls generally know a little of everything, and their general intelligence and vivacity make them very delightful companions.

CHOICE OF COLORS.

NOTHING contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colors. For example:—Females of light complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colors, such as rose, azure, light yellow, etc. Women of a dark complexion, who dress in such colors as we have often seen them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull and tanned. They ought, therefore, to avoid white robes, and rose color, and light blue ribbons. These, in particular, are best suited to them:—Green, violet, purple; and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will dispute and even bear away the fairest of the fair.

In a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct, by light colors, the paleness of their complexions; and darker women by stronger colors, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colors by light. Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose color, which loses its charms by candle-light; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no color whatever so completely strips it of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty, and tarnishes the luster of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.

CELIA AND DEAN SWIFT.

SAID Celia to a reverend Dean,
"What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That they have none in heaven?"

"They have," says he, "no women there."
She quick returns the jest:
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest!"

CHARITY BY RULE.—Bayard Taylor advises persons going to Rome to select a beggar and give him a stated weekly allowance. He will soon come to expect it only on the regular day; and, moreover, he will privately manage that you are not importuned by his brethren,—at least in his quarter of the city. In my case, this plan worked very satisfactorily. My beggar greeted me with a bow and smile for six days, held out his hat on the seventh, and allowed no one in the neighborhood to make a claim upon me.

USING MOULDY BREAD.—The use of bread containing mould ought to be rejected; indeed, several cases of poisoning have been observed by the use of mouldy bread. Johier has signalized the poisoning of three animals which had eaten mouldy bread. Westerhoff has made known the case of poisoning of two children who had taken rye bread containing the *mucor mucedo*, the most common species of mould.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY FLOE.

AWAKE hallelujahs, sing praises to GOD!
Let Zion rejoice, spread the tidings abroad!
A SAVIOUR for man in Judea is born;
A King for the throne has arisen this morn.

Let angels, in waiting, convey to the world
The news of redemption in glory unfurl'd;
Let songs of earth's millions unite in the strain,
Jehovah has triumphed, man rises again!

No warrior of earth does His cradle defend;
No regal clad sovereigns His slumbers attend!
Asleep in the cradle, the Son of GOD lies;
While angels are tuning their harps in the skies.

Adore Him, ye angels, the crucified Son!
By Him we are ransomed, the Kingdom is won.
The Godhead united, the standard is raised;
The Father has triumphed, the Son shall be praised!

And now, as our voices unite in the theme
Of praises to Him whom the world shall redeem,
We long for His coming in glory again—
The King in His beauty, triumphant to reign.

Port Byron, N. Y., 1868.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"I WILL" AND "I CANNOT."

"I WILL" and "I cannot"—which shall predominate? I have been halting between two subjects for months, having a strong inclination to follow my heart's desires in the way that was chosen long ago, making me cry out "I will," while the cares and responsibilities of a busy life fill up almost every hour and moment of my time, discouraging and disheartening me, and with a clouded brow and an unsatisfied mind, I say despairingly, "I cannot." But is there no strength of body or mind to rise out of this "slough of despond" and battle still harder for some of the privileges of a higher life? Or will I sink down completely with the bitter cry, "I cannot?"

Thinking of all this, I am made to wonder if there are not many fellow mortals who in some way are struggling for the higher, better purposes of their natures, with now and then an outburst of determination, "I will," and in another moment sinking down with some new disappointment or temptation, and in the agony of a lost hope despondingly murmuring, "I cannot." And is not this the case with the heart that is in rebellion towards GOD? As petition after petition is made, and the soul is stirred with new desires, does not the better nature often plead for a holier and happier life? With the grand and sublime views of the Redeemer, there is perchance a great willingness to come to Him, and we are just ready to say with heartfelt earnestness "I will," when the next moment, the world in its beauty and allurements, rises before us and through the Tempter's power we utter, "I cannot."

The spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh is weak. Oh for the strength, the fervor, the great earnestness to help us in all the better things to say, "*I will.*"

MRS. HULBURT.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SOCIETY OF BOOKS.

THE contemplative reader enjoys a society into which a large mass of mankind cannot intrude. He may retire from the care and bitterness of the gross world, into a region of pure delight, where the noblest spirits of earth, of all generations and every variety of excellence, come down to instruct, to soothe, to bless and to inspire the teachable mind, pouring their lofty natures into ours, moulding us after the grandest patterns of life, opening the stagnant faculties into rivers of action. There is no ostentation, no forbidding pride in their address, to make us stand back in awe; but they approach us in the language of brothers and the meekness of wisdom; so that for a season we are happy and forget the rude jostlings of the outside world.

Oh, what society is here! And what sweet influences are flung around the soul, buoying it upward into higher life! And shall not even our poor, cold natures become warmed and enlivened by the near breathings of genius, so that we shall go out into the world with a richer experience, quickened observation, more thorough self-knowledge, sublimer powers of thought, and the whole armor of life burnished and strengthened for higher conflicts and more glorious rewards? FRANK.

Lindley, N. Y., 1868.

JENNY LIND AND THE BIRD.

I REMEMBER of hearing a stage-driver's story of Jenny Lind when she was riding in the country. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as perfectly astonished her. The coach stopped, and, reaching out, she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side, and listened deferentially; then, as if determined to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstacy, and quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience in Castle Garden, delivered some Tyrolean mountain strains that sent the echoes flying, whereupon Little Birdie took it up and sang and trilled and sang till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly out-caroled the great Swedish Nightingale.

DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.—We counsel our friends, then, to seize every opportunity of contributing to the good of others. Sometimes a smile will do it. Oftener a kind word, a look of sympathy, or an acknowledgment of obligation. Sometimes a little help to a burdened shoulder, or a heavy wheel, will be in place. Sometimes a word or two of good counsel, a seasonable and gentle admonition, and at others, a suggestion of advantage to be gained and a little interest to secure it, will be received with lasting gratitude. And thus every instance of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, opens up a little wellspring of happiness in the doer's own breast, the flow of which may be made permanent by habit.

GRIEF.

The curtain of the dark
Is pierced by many a rent;
Out of the star-wells spark on spark
Trickles through night's torn tent.

Grief is a tattered tent
Where through God's light doth shine.
Who glances up, at every rent
Shall catch a ray divine. [*Lucy Larcom.*

Sabbath Reading.

NEARER HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer to my home to-day
Than I have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea:

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home,
Even to-day, than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

TURNING back the leaves of History's wondrous volume, we find the first Christmas celebration. That MESSIAH whose coming had been foretold by sage and prophet for ages past had come, and angels joined the swelling shout of "Glory to GOD in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Over Judea's hills and plains with the rays of the morning light burst forth the celestial anthem. Trembling and wavering on the breeze, it swept over earth like the breath of Divinity; but sinful man, with scoffings and blasphemy, beat back the song, thus rejecting the CHRIST so long foretold.

Ah! little thought the dense multitude surrounding that cruel cross, while in darkness and gloom the GOD-man ascended from the earth that scorned Him, that from that lonely mount should stream forth a light till time's latest hour, to earth's remotest bound, mingling in the celestial glory of that day when *time* shall be lost in *eternity.* Many Christmas mornings have dawned on earth since then, and year after year men have met in social compact on this day commemorative of GOD'S wondrous goodness.

The angel's song has only in part fulfilled its mission. Many dejected hearts have yet to wake to the thrilling music of that joyous strain. Some who walk with us here know it well, and their genial presence is air and sunshine to us. Others who gathered with us a year ago have learned it in truth and in spirit, and sing it now with angel choirs. Can we, too, echo the breathings of the celestial ones? Have our voices, though weak and trembling, tried to bear up the swells of song? Let us, ere we gather round the festal board on the coming anniversary, ask ourselves if we too have learned the grand anthem?—if part of our "Merry Christmas" is because of the gladness filling our hearts that CHRIST has come? Let us try to make these Christmas gatherings not only a feast to the body but to the soul, remembering that this is no ordinary occasion, but a day of many given for a holy purpose.

Oh! may the echo of the glorious anthem that burst from angel lips over Judea's hills and plains, as its vibrations spread onward, penetrate to the remotest parts of the earth—touch even our hardened hearts—find a responsive thrill in every bosom—till a perfect chorus of "hallelujahs" shall ascend from all GOD'S created—till all have learned the Angel's Song! SELENE.

NEARING THE OTHER SHORE.

WHEN after the weary voyage that I first made across the ocean, sick, loathsome, I arose one morning and went upon the deck, holding on, crawling, thinking I was but a worm, I smelt in the air some strange smell, and I said to the captain, "What is the odor?" "It is the land breeze from off Ireland." I smelt the turf, I smelt the grass, I smelt the leaves, and all my sickness departed from me; my eyes grew bright, my nausea was gone. The thought of the nearness of the land came to me and cured me better than medicine could cure me. And when afar off I saw the dim line of land, joy came and gave me health, and from that moment I had neither sickness nor trouble; I was coming near to the land.

O! is there not for you, old man, and for you, wearied mother, a land breeze blowing off from heaven, wafting to you some of its odors, some of its sweetness? Behold the garden of the Lord; it is not far away, I know from the air. Behold the joy of home. Do I not hear children shout? The air is full of music to our silent thought. O, how full of music when our journey is almost done, and we stand upon the bound and precinct of that blessed land! Hold on to your faith. Give not away to discouragement. Believe more firmly. Take hold by prayer and by faith. Away with troubles and buffetings. Be happy; you are saved. By faith, you are saved. In a few hours visions of God, and all the realities of the eternal world, shall be yours, and you shall be saved with an everlasting salvation.—*Henry W. Beecher.*

CENSURE.—It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping censure, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.—*Addison.*

IRRESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution,—to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it.

ANGER AND MALICE.—To indulge anger is to admit Satan as a guest; but to indulge malice is to close the door upon him as an inmate; in the one he finds a transient lodging; in the other a permanent home.

WE all have a direct personal relation towards God, and cannot avoid its responsibility.

The Reviewer.

WORDS OF HOPE. [16mo.—pp. 255.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

HAVING for its motto,—"That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope,"—this handsomely printed and bound volume goes forth to comfort the mourning ones and to bring them peace. But while especially designed for this class, it also contains truths which are dear to every Christian heart, full of tender solace and hope. It is a companion volume to "Golden Truths," published a year ago, and is compiled by the same hand. It has prose selections from thirty-two authors, and poetry from twenty-six,—comprising the best thoughts and the sweetest songs of many of our most sympathetic writers. The subjects are classified under the several heads:—GOD Chasteneth in Love, Trust in GOD, The Sympathizing Friend, The Fruit of Sorrow, Children in Heaven, Death, and The Eternal Home. For sale by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA. First Series: Life in the Planos of Venezuela. By DON RAMON PAEZ. [12mo.—pp. 325.] New New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

THE author of this volume is an exile from South America, having been implicated in some of the political difficulties there to such an extent that life in the land of his nativity is not granted him. So he tells of what he may no longer see,—tells it very well, too, considering the fact that he uses a language not his own. There are some very large "yarns" in the course of his narration; and much that is doubtless strictly true, in regard to the South American productions and peculiarities, would be pronounced the reverse did we not have a faint conception of the marvelous wealth of Nature in the tropics. Much of interest is found in this book. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

A STRANGE STORY, AND THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Complete in One Volume. [16mo.—pp. 390.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

BULWER believes "that without some gleams of the supernatural man is not man, nor nature nature." His "Strange Story" is founded on this belief, with exaggerations,—the "gleams" being rather profuse. The short sketch of "The Haunted and the Haunters" is really a preliminary outline of the leading one of the volume, and not less strange. BULWER'S metaphysics are very questionable; too much so, we think, to be worth embalming in the beauties of the Globe Edition. Sold by STEELE & AVERY.

THE UPWARD PATH. By CAROLINE E. KELLY DAVIS. [12mo.—pp. 330.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THIS pleasantly told story presents the trials and struggles of a young man who strove to lead a temperate, upright life. Not only the trials and struggles, but the rewards his earnest endeavors for good brought him. Incidentally the story of his widowed mother and fatherless sisters and brother is interwoven. It is an excellent book to put into the hands of youth. Young men taking their first lessons outside of the home atmosphere will be especially benefited by its perusal.

THE TRIUMPH: A collection of music containing an Introductory Course for Congregational Singing, Theory of Music and Teacher's Manual, Elementary Intermediate and Advanced Courses, for Singing Schools and Musical Conventions; and Tunes, Hymns and Anthems for Charts. Edited by GEO. F. ROOT, Chicago: Root & Cady.

OF the 400 pages of this new musical collection, 154 are devoted to instruction in the rudiments of vocal music, &c., four courses being given. We have not been able to give the volume a careful examination, but any work from Prof. ROOT's pen is sure to be good. Sold by DARROW.

RURAL POEMS. By WM. BARNES [Small quarto—pp 158.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

IN the very daintiest of holiday garb these simple little rhymes of a not very well known English poet are put forth. They deal wholly with rural scenes, but are not of the richest rural poetry. Simplicity may become so simple as to fall of any true poetical effect. Some of the poems here given illustrate this fact. In rhythm they are more than commonly smooth, and in rhyme quite prolific, intermediate rhymes being often thrown in with an effect very musical. Sold by S. A. ELLIS & Co.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, JOHN LEECH and H. K. BROWNE. Our Mutual Friend, Little Dorrit, Reprinted Pieces. [12mo.—pp. 805.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS is Vol. IV. of the Library Edition. It contains two of DICKENS' longest works, if not his best, and, in addition, thirty-one of his short sketches. Among the latter is "The Child's Story," one of the most beautiful little things which ever came from the celebrated author's pen. For sale by SCRANTOM & WETMORE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BARTON'S COMIC RECITATIONS AND HUMOROUS DIALOGUES. Containing a Variety of Comic Recitations in Prose and Poetry, Amusing Dialogues, Burlesque Scenes, Eccentric Orations and Stump Speeches, Humorous Interludes and Laughable Farces. Designed for School Commencements and Amateur Theatricals. Edited by JEROME BARTON. [12mo.—paper, pp. 180.] New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

WILSON'S BOOK OF RECITATIONS AND DIALOGUES. With Instructions in Elocution and Declamation. Containing a Choice Selection of Poetical and Prose Recitations and Original Colloquies. Designed as a Reading Book for Classes; and as an Assistant to Teachers and Students in Preparing Exhibitions. By FLOYD B. WILSON, Teacher of Elocution. [12mo.—pp. 188] New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

THE THOROUGH BASE SCHOOL. An Easy and Progessive Course for Acquiring a Practical Knowledge of Rudimental Harmony: Especially adapted to the wants of those desirous of learning to play or write Church Music, Accompaniments, Songs, Choruses, etc. Written for the Piano-forte or Organ. By W. LUDEN. Chicago: Root & Cady.

A COMPLETE GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE: With Exercises, Readings, Conversations, Paradigms and an Adequate Vocabulary. By JAMES H. WORMAN, A. M. [12mo.—pp. 576.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS AND FAIRY-TALE DRAMAS. A Collection of Original Plays, Expressly Designed for Drawing-Room Performance. By S. A. FROST. [12mo.—paper, pp. 180.] New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. By Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Waverley, Guy Mannering, Kenilworth, Ivanhoe. Illustrated with Steel and Wood Engravings. [12mo.—pp. 776.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A PRACTICAL INTRODUCTION TO LATIN COMPOSITION. For Schools and Academies. By ALBERT HARKNESS, Ph. D., Professor in Brown University. [12mo.—pp. 305.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY. Illustrated with Forty-seven Engravings. [12mo.—paper, pp. 65.] New York: Samuel R. Wells.

FRANK MILDMAY; Or, The Naval Officer. By Captain MARRYATT, Author of "Midshipman Easy," &c. [12mo.—pp. 403.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HOME STORIES. By Mrs. ALICE B. HAVEN, ("Cousin Alice.") [12mo.—pp, 372.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

RED GAUNTLET. A Romance. By Sir WALTER SCOTT Bart. 12mo.—pp. 188.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. By Captain MARRYATT. [12mo.—pp. 421.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG EYES. New York. By S. W. LANDER. [16mo.—pp. 203.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

HAPPY THOUGHTS. By F. C. BURNAND. [16mo.—pp. 303.] Boston: Roberts Brothers.

GLOVERSON AND HIS SILENT PARTNERS. By RALPH KEELER. [12mo.—pp. 372.] Boston: Lee & Shepard.

WILLY MAITLAND; Or, The Lord's Prayer Illustrated. [16mo.—pp. 152.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

THE KING'S OWN. By Captain MARRYATT. [12mo.—pp. 448.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PIOCIOLA. Par X. B. SANITINE. [12mo.—paper, pp. 248.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HAZEL DEAN. From the English Edition. [16mo.—pp. 123.] Boston: Henry Hoyt.

Rural Notes and Items.

RICHNESS IN STORE FOR RURALISTS.—The Contents of No. 1, Vol. XX., will be rich and varied. We already have in type or on file for that and early subsequent numbers, articles and sketches from F. R. ELLIOTT, author of "Western Fruit Book;" P. BARRY, author of "The Fruit Garden;" J. STANTON GOULD and T. C. PETERS, Ex-Presidents N. Y. State Ag. Society; Dr. DANIEL LEE; HUGH T. BROOKS; E. W. STEWART; J. WILKINSON, Architect and Landscape Gardener; JAS. VICK, Florist; C. V. RILEY; State Entomologist of Mo.; "Now and Then;" "A. W. COWLES; D. D., Pres't Elmira Female College; J. H. GRISCOM, M. D., author of "Animal Mechanism," etc.; GEO. W. BUNGAY; Mrs. E. F. ELLET, (a Story entitled "The Vincents; or, The Mystery at the Blue Springs;") MARY A. E. WAGER, and several other contributors—to say nothing of the good things our six regular editors and conductors of departments will furnish. Surely the new RURAL ought to "open rich like a honeycomb, having sweets in every cell."

GARDENING FOR THE SOUTH.—This is the title of a well executed volume published by ORANGE JUDD & Co. of New York. It was originally prepared and published by the late WM. N. WHITE, a prominent pomologist of Athens, Georgia. The changes and improvements made in gardening and fruit growing since the volume was first issued induced the author to attempt its revision, and while thus engaged he was prostrated by illness and died. While sick he obtained a promise from Mr. J. VAN BUREN of Clarksville, Ga., to complete the task already begun, which he did, with the aid of Dr. JAMES CAMAK, and the present volume is the result. It is prefaced with a portrait of the author, and contains numerous pomological and other illustrations especially designed to aid fruit growers in the South, but will be found interesting and valuable to those residing in more rigorous regions at the North. Many of the illustrations and much of the subject matter are identical with those contained in "Henderson's Gardening for Profit."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS—FRUITS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY of the Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., for specimens of fruits received at various times during the year, from which many illustrations for the present volume of the RURAL have been made. The list includes pears, plums, prunes, berries, grapes, quinces, &c., of which we have given, the present month, Rea's Seedling Quince and Rogers' No. 44 Grape, and we have on hand several drawings for cuts, to appear in the next volume.

A SHEEP VERDICT.—Some months since the Messrs HAMMOND of Middlebury, Vermont, lost a celebrated Merino ram, on which had been obtained a policy in the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company. It seems payment was denied, and the matter went before the Circuit Court in Rutland, where a verdict for the plaintiffs of $5,000 was obtained.

THE Toronto Globe sums up the results of the last two Provincial Fairs—Kingston and Hamilton. The entries at the former in 1867 were 4,842; at the latter in 1868 the number was 6,620. Prizes awarded at the former, $9,630; at the latter, $11,120.

PEACH BUDS IN ILLINOIS.—It is stated that recent cold weather has very seriously injured the peach buds in the vicinity of Alton, Ill. The warm fall weather had developed them prematurely.

The Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER AND NEW YORK:
SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1868.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

New York State Items.

A DISASTROUS fire occurred in Rochester last Saturday night. It originated in the Daily Democrat establishment, and thence spread around the corner of Buffalo and State streets to the Monroe County Savings Bank. The Democrat building was totally destroyed with all the type, presses and furniture of the job and newspaper offices. Files of the paper for thirty-six years were also lost. In its onward march the fire only damaged the rears of the buildings until reaching the Union Bank, on State St., leaving Powers' Bank intact. The Union and Flour City Banks were burned through from rear to front. Nearly thirty business offices were more or less damaged. Several firemen were injured by the breaking of a ladder.

The opening of the Albany, Susquehanna and Binghamton Railway, through to the latter city, will be celebrated at Binghamton in a few days.

Near Chautauqua Lake, is a barn from one side of the roof of which water flows to the Ohio River and the Mississippi, and the other side to the River St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean.

There is to be preaching in the theater at Rochester every evening during the winter.

The Bank of Candor, Tioga county, was broken open and robbed Thursday night of $34,000.

The excavation for the new Capitol at Albany is expected to be completed by the 1st of January, when the work of laying the foundation walls will be at once commenced.

A brakeman named Americus Murray, on the Binghamton Railroad, was instantly killed Thursday afternoon by falling between the cars of a coal train, which passed over his body, mangling it horribly.

The unconditional consents for the bonding of the town of Eaton, Madison county, for $150,000, in aid of the Midland Railroad, have been perfected.

Governor elect Hoffman has declined an escort by the seventy-first regiment to Albany on the occasion of his inauguration, on account of the fact that the trip will put the regiment to great expense.

Albion lost nearly $30,000 by a fire on Saturday last. The Orleans American office was destroyed, and other establishments.

From Washington.

A BILL has been introduced into the Senate to provide for the better administration of justice in the territories, which authorizes the appointment, by the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, of three persons, who shall constitute a commission for the settlement of such claims as may arise in the States lately in insurrection now represented in Congress, coming within the meaning and intent of the second and third sections of the act of July 4th, 1864.

The pension appropriation bill, as reported by Mr. Washburne, has been postponed till the 5th prox. It appropriates for invalid pensions, under various acts, $10,000,000, and for pensions of widows, children, &c., $13,000,000, making a total of $23,000,000.

Eulogies upon the late Thaddeus Stevens have been pronounced in both branches of Congress,—in the Senate by Messrs. Buckalew, Sumner, Morrill of Vermont, and others.

An investigation in regard to alleged corruption in the Alaska purchase has been in progress. Mr. Walker testified that he received $26,000 from Baron Stockel, the Russian Minister, to act as counsel in the matter, but beyond this no direct evidence of the use of money to effect a sale of the iceberg has been adduced.

The President has nominated Henry A. Smythe Minister to Russia; Alexander Cummings of Pennsylvania, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in place of Mr. Rollins, resigned; William J. Cullen, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Idaho and Montana; and Benjamin F. James, Chief Examiner for the Patent-Office.

The credentials of J. W. Menard, colored representative in Congress from the Second District of Louisiana, have been received by the House, and referred to the Committee on Elections.

Senator Morton has introduced a bill appropriating $125,000 for the purchase of a site for a new White House.

From the West.

SUMMARY justice seems to be prevalent in Indiana. The four express robbers, the three Reno brothers and Charles Anderson, lately confined in the jail at New Albany, Ind., were taken out by a vigilance committee from Seymour and hanged. This batch makes seven of the express robbers gone thus disposed of by this posse of vigilants. The committee, consisting of about one hundred men, went from Seymour, Ind., in a car by themselves, which was attached to the regular train, entered the jail during the night, and took the prisoners from their beds and hung them to a pillar.

The Re-Union of the late Western Armies took place in Chicago last week. It was largely attended. The Army of the Ohio organized by choosing Major-General Schofield as President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. The Society of the Army of Georgia organized with Major-General H. W. Slocum as President. Much enthusiasm was manifest in the city.

From the South.

A DECISION has been arrived at in the case of Reed vs. Gleason, concerning the Governorship of Florida. The Supreme Court has rendered a judgment of *ouster* against Lieut.-Gov. Gleason, forbidding the exercise of the duties of the office as Lieutenant-Governor. The probability is the case will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

Troubles in Arkansas continue. Many families have fled from Augusta to Memphis. Outrages by the militia are frequently reported, and freight and passenger steamers refuse to venture near Augusta, fearing seizure at the militia's hands.

At a fire in Columbia, S. C., last week, $60,000 worth of property was destroyed, two firemen killed, and several others injured.

Latest Foreign Intelligence.

THE insurrection at Cadiz, Spain, is at an end. The insurgents have given up their arms to the military officers, and the citizens generally are returning arms which they had secreted at their homes. Perfect quiet now prevails there.

The Progressionists of Carthagena have declared for Espartero for the throne of Spain. It is said that Marshal Serrano has resigned the Presidency of the Ministry. The Provincial Governors report to the Government that the public peace is not likely to be disturbed. The Government will remain neutral in the elections.

Several changes have taken place in the French Cabinet. Mr. Lavalette has been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, vice M. Moustier; M. Foscade, Minister of the Interior, vice M. Pinard; M. Gressier, Minister of Public Works vice M. Moustier has been made a Senator. A liberalization of the Government is anticipated from the change.

There are renewed troubles in the Orient. The Greeks and the Turks are half disposed to measure lances. The London Times holds that Greece is the aggressive party because she ordered her vessels to fire upon all Turkish men-of-war who might attempt to overhaul them. As a consequence of this order a Grecian man-of-war has had a sharp little fight with one or more of the Turkish navy.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE heirs to the Anneke Jans estate, or Trinity Church property, are again moving all along the line. They have recently had meetings in Philadelphia, Poughkeepsie and other places.

H. V. CLINTON, who robbed Hon. William Fargo of $200,000 in bonds in January last, and is suspected of robbing the American Express in August, has been arrested in Aspinwall and brought to Buffalo.

THE Empress of Russia, before leaving Italy, gave three thousand francs for the poor of Como, and two thousand francs to the small commune of Cernobbio, the village in which she had been residing.

HON. JOHN CORBY of St. Joseph, Mo., has given $50,000 in land and money to the lady superior of the Sisters of Charity of the State of Missouri, for the purpose of securing the erection in that city of buildings necessary for the foundation of a branch of this sacred order.

IT is estimated that during the last five years the railroad capital of the United States has been increased over $200,000,000 by the clique trickery of new issues and stock dividends to represent the identical property which existed before the "watering process" took place.

IOWA has 1,680 miles of railroad, which cost $75,500,000. In 1864 she had only 800 miles of railroad, which cost $26,000,000. Iowa has 481 miles more railroads than Missouri, 1,120 miles more than Minnesota, 480 miles more than Wisconsin, and 420 miles more than Michigan.

A MAN claiming to be a priest was arrested at Lancaster, Erie county, Friday, charged with having set fire to a building which was destroyed on the Wednesday previous. He claims miraculous power, boasting that he can cause or extinguish a fire by the mere exercise of his will.

THE Roof of the World is the name of a vast elevated region of table-land situated in Central Asia, from which rivers and mountain chains radiate to all points of the compass. This district lies to the northwest of British India, and touches on the Russian frontier posts in Turkestan.

A TELEGRAM has reached London announcing the arrival off Donegal, Ireland, of one of the missing boats from the lost steamer Hibernia. This boat contained the second officer of the Hibernia and two other persons. Twenty-eight embarked, but twenty-five were drowned by the capsizing of the boat.

THE most destructive fire that ever visited the little village of Lawrenceville, Penn., occurred on Tuesday of last week. Among the buildings burned were the Ford Hotel, six stores the post-office and Parkhurst's law office. An equally destructive fire occurred about a year ago, so that little is now left of this unfortunate village.

CLOSING ITEMS AND REMINDERS.

Close of Volume—"Time Up."—This No. closes Vol. XIX. of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and terminates our engagements with a great majority of its supporters—all whose subscriptions expire with the year. As our terms are strictly *in advance*,—the cash system being the best for both subscriber and publisher,—all interested will note that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the RURAL's visits. Those whose time is up may know it from the fact that either 988, or no figures at all, are given after name on address label. We trust all present subscribers will renew, and that many will induce their friends to take the Enlarged and Improved RURAL for 1869.

Bound Volumes.—Handsomely bound copies of this volume of the RURAL will be ready in a few days. Price $4. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes published during the past ten years. Price $4 per volume, for any later than 1860—(we have none of 1862 or 1864)—and $3 for 1860 or any preceding volume which we can furnish. ☞ We cannot furnish all the back volumes, except by purchasing.

Not a Two Dollar Paper.—Those who remit us $2 or $2.50 for a yearly copy of this journal—saying they can get this or that paper for the amount—are respectfully informed that $3 is our lowest price for a single copy, and that we don't publish one rate and accept another. Such as want a $2 paper must therefore send elsewhere, as we cannot afford the luxury of their "patronage." The price of the enlarged RURAL should be $5 instead of $2.

Commercial, Markets, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
ROCHESTER, DECEMBER 22, 1868.

THERE are no material changes in the money market to note since last week. The drain of specie to the South and Southwest has been very active and unprecedentedly heavy.

The stock market has been quite equable, with the exception of N. Y. Central, which has been somewhat excited under the reported arrangement with the Great Western road,—but with a contradiction of the story the market became more settled on Saturday, closing with a considerable advance on the quotations of the previous week.

WOOL.—There is little movement in wool in this market. The bulk of the clip has gone forward. Occasional sales of small parcels are made at quotations.

FLOUR AND WHEAT.—The flour market here sympathizes with that in New York and shows a tendency to decline, as will be seen by the quotations below. The change is not great, however, and less marked here than at points east and west. Wheat remains without material variation, and the same is true of rye, corn and oats.

PORK has an advancing tendency under the influence of a remarkably short supply. The hog crop, here and at the West, appears to be much short of what was anticipated. The receipts have not been so light for a series of years, and the result is higher figures than were anticipated late in the summer and in early autumn. The offerings sell at our quotations.

BEEF is firm with an upward tendency, though the change is not so marked as in the case of dressed hogs.

The provision market is without quotable change. Supply fair.

ROCHESTER, Dec. 22.—Flour, wheat, $9,00@13,50; Buckwheat, ℔ cwt., $5,50@5,50; Corn, per bushel, $1,15@1,20; Mill feed, $25@35; Wheat, red, $1,75@1,80; Do. white, $2,30@2,40; Rye, $1,25@1,30; Oats, 65@68c; Barley, $1,75@1,90; Beans, $2,00@3,25; Pork, mess, $25,00@25.00; Beef, cwt. $7,00@11,00; Dressed hogs, cwt., $11,50@11,50; Hams, 16@18c; Shoulders, 10@14c; Chickens, 12@12c; Turkeys, 14@18c; Butter, 40@40c; Cheese, 16@18cts; Lard, 17@18cts; Tallow, 10@10½c; Eggs, 35@38c; Wool, 60@62c; Honey, box, ℔ lb., 25@28c; Hay, ℔ ton, $16@24; Maple Sugar, 16@22c; Hides, green, 8½@9½c; Calfskins, 15@16c; Potatoes, $0,75@0,85; Onions, $1,50@1,75; Hops nominal at 10@30c; Clover seed, $9@10; Timothy, $3@3,25; Combing wool, 50@55c; Apples, ℔ bbl., $2,00@3,00; Dried Apples, ℔ lb, 7@7½c; do. Plums, 22@24c; do. Cherries, 30@35c; do. Peaches, 2@3c; Quinces, ℔ bu., $2,50@3,00; Cranberries, ℔ bu., $6,00@8,00; Sheep pelts, 50c@$1.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—Ashes, pots, $7,75@8,00, pearls, $9,50; Cotton, 24@25½ cts; Flour, $6,00@8 25; Wheat, $1,60@2,10; Rye, $1,35@1,55; Barley, 2,12@2,15; Corn, $1,13@1,15½; Oats, 77@78c; Pork, old mess, $27,50@27,62; mess, $26,25@26,50; $22,00@24,00 prime; prime mess, $23,00@25; Beef, plain mess, $10@16,50; extra, $16,00@20; Beef hams, $28@29,50; Hams, 14@18c; Shoulders, 12@12½cts; Lard, 16@17½c; Butter, 27@50c; Cheese, 14@18½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 19.—Flour, $6,50@12; Rye flour, $8,00@8,25; Corn meal, $2,40@2,50; Wheat, $1,95@2,50; Corn, $1,12@1,19; Barley, $2,20@2,20; Rye, $1,55; Oats, 78@80cts; Pork, mess, $28,00@28,00; clear, $30@30; Hams, 18@18c; Shoulders, 14c; Beef, dried, 20c; mess, $12@11; Lard, 16½@17c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 21.—Flour, $7,00@11,00; Rye flour, $7,25; Wheat, $1,50@2,15; Corn, 80c@1,00; Oats, 65@66c; Rye, $1,45@$1,45; Barley, $1,90@2,00; Peas, $1,50; Beans, $3,75@4; Potatoes, 85c; Apples, ℔ bbl, $3@4; Butter, 32@35c; Cheese, 16@18c; Eggs, 35c; Pork, mess, $26,00@27,00; Lard, 16@16½c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Flour, $5,62@6,75; Wheat, $1,10@1,18; Corn, 48@52c; Oats, 41@41½c; Rye, 1,10@1,12; Barley, 1,45@1,67; Pork, mess, $26,00@26,75; Lard, 16@17c.

TORONTO, Dec. 19.—Flour, $4,00@4,65; Wheat, $1,00@1,15; Oats, 52@53c; Barley, $1,25@1,27; Peas, 80@83c; Pork, $17,50@28; Bacon, 10@12c½; Hams, 12½@13c; Butter, 17@23c; Cheese, 11@11½c; Eggs, 18@21c; Potatoes, 40@70c; Lard, 14@15c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Beef Cattle range at from 10@16½c; Milch Cows, $40@125; Veal Calves, 9@13c; Sheep, 4@9½c; Lambs, 5@7c; Hogs, 8¾@11c.

ALBANY, Dec. 19.—Beeves range at from $3@9,25; Milch Cows, $20@125; Sheep, 2½@4½c; Lambs, 5½@6½c; Hogs, 8¾@9c.

BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 19.—Beef Cattle, 9@13cts; Working oxen, $140@290; Steers, $75@130; Milch cows, $35@100; Heifers, $35@50; Yearlings, $18@28; Two-year-olds, $30@42; Three-years-old, $45@60; Sheep and Lambs, 3@9cts; by the head, $2@4,50; Shotes, 10@11c; Fat hogs, 9@9½c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 19.—Beef Cattle, $3,50@6,00; Hogs, $10,00@10,00. Sheep, $1,50@4.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19—Beeves, sell at $3,25@6,75; Sheep, $2,00@5,00; Lambs, $1,25@2,50; Hogs, $7,75@8,50.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 19.—Beef Cattle, 8@8¾ cts; Milch Cows, $50@100; Sheep, 3½@5c; Lambs, $1,50@2,50; Hogs, 10¾@11¾c.

TORONTO, Dec. 19.—Beef Cattle, $3,00@10; Sheep, $3,00@4,00; Lambs, $1,50@3,00; Hogs, $5,50@5,50; Venison, $4,00@6.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Dec. 19.—Wool, fleece, 45@55c; pulled, 25@55c; extra do., 45@50c; combing fleece, 60c.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 19.—Wool, pulled, 37@40c; tub-washed, 48@50c; unwashed, 28@30c; fleece, 43@45c.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 19.—Wool, unwashed 34@36c; burry, 26@28c; tub-washed, 50@53c; fleece 44@46c; pulled, 30@37c.

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" Outside, **$1** " " "
For Extra Display and Cuts, a price and a half.
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Bement's Poulterer's Companion 150 Illustrations	2,00
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WHICH IS THE BEST COMPANY IN WHICH TO **INSURE YOUR LIFE.**

READ THE OPINION OF **HON. WM. BARNES,** SUPT. OF THE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF N

THE TYPO.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

The typo!—a singular creature is he,
A bit of a wizard I take him to be,
A paradox ever, I stoutly assert,
And know that the statement you won't controvert:
He "takes" a great deal, and he "proves" all he gets,
And he "sets" while he stands, and he stands while he "sets!"

A magical power there is in his hand,
As swiftly the types marshal in at command;
The art of a painter he has to portray
The incidents many that make up to-day.
A wedding he pictures;—"click, click," and 'tis there,—
The glad, merry party, the just-wedded pair;
You see the young wife in her garments of white,
(You have gone to the wedding without an "invite,")
And fancy you hear the good wishes of friends,
And—there the bright picture unwittingly ends,
For the typo paints all kinds of scenes in a breath,
He spelled you a marriage—the next is a death;
And low in the coffin you see a dear face
All silent and cold, that was full of rare grace;
A sorrowing circle that tenderly kiss
The lips whose sweet pressure they ever will miss;
And softly the teardrops creep down o'er your lashes,
As sadly you echo the "ashes to ashes."

"Click, click"—now he's spelling a railroad disaster,
And fast "click" the types, and still faster and faster,
And horror is seen on each one of their faces,
As quickly he ranges them into their places;
"A terrible slaughter," you shudder, then laugh
With hearty good will at the next paragraph—
A joke of three lines, or a dozen as brief
Done up—a rich bundle of fun—in a sheaf!

Then follow some "ad's,"—patent bitters and pills,
To cure every one of mortality's ills;
"Click, click,"—and just under his fingers they go forth—
"None genuine unless signed 'John Jones,'" and so forth!
Now 'tis an "Elixir," and now a "Hair Dye,"
(To color, of course, for it's spelled with a *y*.)
"Cough Sirup," perhaps, or a "Wafer," or "Lotion,"
(A humbug, condensed to a good "Yankee notion!")
A something, in short, for all human diseases—
"You pays in your money and takes what you pleases!"

Variety truly gives living its spice,
And types can present it to you in a trice.
From gravest to gay, every mood of the mind
Is by them each hour completely defined;
One moment they laugh, and another they weep—
I fancy their sorrow is not over-deep—
But be their expression whatever it may,
The will of the typo they only obey;
To all his commands they respond with a "click,"
He rules with a stout little "rule" and a "stick!"

The Story Teller.

THE DIAMOND PIN.

A STORY OF AFFECTION AND FIDELITY.

It was in June, when the roses were blushing in myriads together, and the air was laden with their perfume, that Richard Crindall, with a small bundle in his hand, crept from the house stealthily, and darted quickly away.

The sun was not up, and everything was quiet and still in the morning twilight. He stole along the little path in the orchard and soon stood in front of a large white house, surrounded by trees of almost every variety. No one was stirring within; all was silent as the tomb. He looked long and wistfully toward one of the windows of the house, and at last he called timidly to the sleeper within.

"Allie," he said, "Allie, look out of the window."

No answer was made, and he called again, this time with more boldness. The shutters were thrown open, and a bright head, with its wealth of golden curls, appeared at the window.

"Allie," whispered the boy, "I am going away, and I wanted you to come down before I go."

"I'll be down in a minute," was answered, in a pretty childish voice. And the golden curls disappeared.

In a few moments, which appeared like hours to the anxious boy, the door was opened cautiously, and Allie Drummond came stealing out. Her shoes were untied, and her pretty curls had seen neither comb nor brush that morning.

"Dick," said she, "are you running away?"

"Yes," said the lad, in a solemn tone, "and I'm going to stay till I'm a rich man. I can't bear to stay at home any longer and be treated like a dog; though if mother was alive I'd bear anything rather than leave her."

The sweet blue eyes of the little girl were filled with wonder and sympathy.

"Dick," said she, "I shan't take any more comfort after you are gone; but you will be much happier, and I'm glad you are going; and when you get to be a man, and are rich, then you can come back, and we will be married together, and never part any more."

"Yes," said Dick, "that is just what I am going to do, but it will be a good many years before I can come back, and you'll see a great many handsome men, and you may forget me."

"Forget you! Why, Dick, you know better," said the child, pouting. "If you never come back, I'll never get married in all the world. Are you going to the great city that Uncle Alden told us about?"

"I don't know, Allie," said the boy; "I have only five dollars, and that will not carry me far. I shall go to the city if I can."

They were silent a moment, then Allie said:

"Dick, I must give you a keepsake, so that you'll not forget to come back to me. Wait here a moment till I come."

Softly she stole into the house and up to her room.

"Now," said she to herself, "he has got only five dollars, and I'll give him the money papa gave me yesterday to buy that necklace I liked so much."

She drew it from her purse—a five dollar bill.

"That will make ten dollars," said she, "but what are ten dollars? Sister Jane pays ten dollars a week for her board."

She went to a trunk, and taking therefrom a little white box, she opened it, and there lay a beautiful diamond pin.

"Aunt Emma gave me this," said she, softly, "to wear when I am grown up; but they say it is worth a great deal of money, and I would much rather Dick would have it than wear it myself."

So she placed the five dollars beside it in the box, and tied the cover on snugly; and putting it in her pocket, she glided down the stairs again, and out to the great elm tree where Dick was waiting for her.

"Now, Dick," said she, "promise me that you will not open this box till to-morrow night."

"I promise," said Dick, "and I thank you for the gift, Allie, whatever it may be."

A stir was heard in the house, and the sun was coming up behind the hills.

"I must go now, Allie," said the boy, with tears in his eyes. "Kiss me, and don't forget me."

"I never will, Dick," said Allie, throwing her arms about his neck and pressing her pretty red lips to his cheeks.

Richard Crindall was sixteen years old, and Alice Drummond was twelve. They had always been friends ever since Allie was a wee baby; and when the brave little girl stole back to her couch, the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Richard was the son of a poor but honest man, who died when his boy was only two years old, leaving nothing for the support of his wife and child. Mrs. Crindall worked for years; and Levi Drew asked her to be his wife, and go to his house. She consented, thinking that by so doing her boy might be better provided for; but alas for her hopes! Richard, though worshiped by his mother, perhaps for that very thing was hated by his stepfather; and finally, when Squire Drummond asked him to come to his house and be his errand-boy, he went joyfully; and in the years he remained there sprang up the friendship between himself and the wealthy squire's daughter. Those days were happy ones to Richard; but when he had been there seven years his mother died, and her husband married again; and as Richard was a stout, capable lad, his stepfather commanded him to return and labor for him. The boy obeyed; but he was miserable there, and he spent hours planning for the future, and at last resolved to run away. Pretty Allie Drummond was the only being on earth he loved, and to her only he said good-bye.

Years passed by, and Allie had grown to be a beautiful woman, admired and flattered. Many sought her hand; but she refused them all, for she had not forgotten the promises she made to Richard Crindall, eight years before. The winter of her twentieth year she was invited by a friend to spend the season in the great city.

She went, and was the star in the brilliant circle to which she was introduced. She had been there but a few weeks, when, one afternoon, as she was descending the steps of her friend's house, a boy accosted her:

"Please, ma'am," said he, "look at this beautiful diamond pin."

She stopped instantly; for she remembered the one she had given to Richard, and she could not but hope that this was the same come back to her.

The boy opened the little white box, and there it lay, the same that her aunt had given her years before.

"Will you buy it, ma'am?" said the boy. "A sick gentleman wished me to sell it for him. He loved the pin, ma'am, and he kissed it before he gave it to me; but money must be had, ma'am, or he will die. Will you buy it?"

She held the pin in her hand, and was gazing at it eagerly.

"What is the gentleman's name?" said she, in tremulous accents.

"Richard Crindall," said the boy. "He is at my mother's house."

"I will go and see him," said she. "Show me where you live."

The boy started, and she followed, but they had walked only a short distance when the boy stopped at a small, neat looking house, in a pleasant street.

"This is the house," he said gaily.

And she followed him up the steps, her heart beating tumultuously, and her step quick but tremulous. The room that they entered was neat and comfortable; and lying on the sofa was a pale young man, with his eyes closed in sleep. It was a beautiful face, with the shiny black beard rippling away from the red, classic lips, and the silken hair brushed away from the fair, white brow. It was Richard Crindall. The eyes of love knew him instantly. Allie stepped lightly forward and knelt beside the sleeper. She pressed her lips to his forehead, and spoke his name softly. The eyes opened suddenly—those same eyes that used to look so tenderly upon her when a child—he sprang to his feet and clasped her to his breast.

"Allie, Allie!" he cried eagerly. "My little darling, you are the same, only taller and more womanly; but you did not forget me. You are mine, as you promised, my faithful child."

She answered him by clinging closer to his breast.

"I knew you would come," he said, "and I have waited patiently." She looked into his sparkling eyes.

"Dick," she said, playfully, "you have grown tall and handsome."

"Have I?" said he; "I never promised you that, but I promised to come back rich, and—" He stopped, and a shade of paleness passed over his face.

"Never mind," said Allie, gaily. "It was you I loved and not money. Besides, I have enough for us both."

"But what will your friends say," said he, "if you attempt to marry a poor man like me?"

"My father and mother are dead," said she, a moisture gathering in her eyes; "and I must act for myself."

The young man gathered her closer to his bosom and kissed her drooping eyelids.

"My darling," said he, "you shall never regret your faithfulness to me. I will be to you father, mother and husband." He sat down and drew her beside him.

"Were you so poor," said Allie, "that you must sell that diamond pin?"

"Allie," said he, "you will not be angry with me, will you, when I tell you the whole story?"

The timid eyes were raised lovingly to his face.

"No, I will not be angry," she said. "Tell me all."

"When I left you," Richard began, "I came immediately to this city. I arrived here in the evening, and never having been in the city before, I knew not where to go. I took my bundle and walked along the street, when suddenly I heard screams and the prancing of hoofs. I looked up and saw a span of gray horses dashing down the street at a rapid pace. The people were screaming 'whoa' from every direction, but the horses only ran faster and faster. As they came nearly opposite to where I stood, I threw my bundle on the ground and rushed toward them. You remember how much your father used to praise me for my management of horses. I caught the foaming animals by their bridles, standing directly in front of them, and spoke to them soothingly. They tossed their heads and I was lifted from my feet; but others then rushed to my assistance, and the horses were calmed.

"There was a lady and her child in the carriage, who proved to be the wife and daughter of Mr. Daggett, one of the wealthiest merchants in the city. The lady insisted on my riding home with her, and I was only too glad to do so; and taking a seat beside the coachman, we soon stopped at an elegant mansion. Mr. Daggett won my affection and esteem at once. He seemed much affected when his wife told him of the accident, and he took me by the hand and thanked me over and over, while he inquired into my history. After I had concluded the account of myself—

"'Well, my lad,' said he, 'what shall I do for you in part payment for the great favor you have done me and mine?'

"'Nothing,' said I, 'to pay for what I have done, for it was only my duty; but I am in a city alone, and if you will give me work it is all I ask.'

"'You are a brave lad, said the kind gentleman, 'and I have a place for you in my store.'

"It was just the place I wanted most, and tears of gratitude came into my eyes. The next night I opened the little box you gave me, Allie, and I wept like a child over it. With the five dollars it contained I purchased this golden circle on my finger, and the diamond pin I have fondly gazed upon ever since. I continued in the store, rising steadily and rapidly, until I was taken in as a junior partner."

"Why," said Allie, "I thought you were very poor."

"I have not finished yet," said Richard, smiling. "Last fall," continued he, "I found myself able to support a wife in elegant style; and with my heart beating fast with hope and fear, I went back to Oakville and called at your father's door. Madge answered my call, but she did not know me, and I asked her concerning the family. She told me of the death of your parents, and that you were in New York city to spend the winter. She gave me your direction, and added that she heard you had found a nice lover there, and were going to marry him. I hastened back to the city; my fears increased and my hopes diminished. I did not call at your friend's house, but planned a little ruse for proving your affection and nobleness of heart. Mrs. Green, who lives in this house, has been my laundress for years, and is a kind and honest woman. I told my plan to her, and engaged her little son, Ben, to assist me. You know the rest, Allie; but you do not know how anxiously I awaited the result, nor what a flood of happiness ran through my heart when I felt your lips upon my brow. Now, Allie, can you forgive me?"

There was a rosy blush on the cheeks of the young girl, and a prouder light came into her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I forgive you, Richard; but, had I known that you were a wealthy gentleman, I would have been less demonstrative."

"Then I have fresh reason to be glad that I played an untruth; but I forgot to tell you that I have been sick, and am fast recovering."

Richard walked home with Allie that night, and her young friend declared that Mr. Crindall was the finest looking and most genteel young man she had seen in the city. They were married in the merry month of June, and Allie wore the diamond pin upon her bosom, and forever after thanked God that she had waited for Richard Crindall.

Wit and Humor.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"ART THOU SPIRIT OF HEALTH, OR GOBLIN DAMNED?"

GLIMPSES OF GENIUS.

What is the most dangerous ship to embark in? Authorship.

Motto for a sheriff—Render unto seizer the things that are seizer's!

Never tell your secrets in a corn-field, for it has a thousand ears.

A pedant remarked to a farmer "I cannot bear a fool." "Your mother could," was the reply.

Why are young ladies' brains like a speckled trout? Because they love to sport under a waterfall.

"The greatest organ in the world," some wicked old bachelor says, "is the organ of speech in woman, because it is an organ without stops."

A negro being caught stealing from a hen-roost, excused himself by saying, "Dat he only came dar to see if de chickens sleep wid dar eyes open."

You have no business to have business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough for any business man.

One of the papers contains as an advertisement: "Lost, a large, black silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved ivory head."

A writer in an Irish newspaper, after mentioning the wreck of a vessel near Skerries, rejoiced that all the crew were saved except four hogsheads of molasses.

"What makes the bell ring, Isaac? Do you know? Nobody's dead or dying here, I hope." "If I might guess," drawled out Isaac, "it's as how somebody or other's pullin' on't."

A witty Frenchman says that "a French Major is a man who has three decorations. The third is given him because he had two, the second because he had one, and the first because he had none."

Ladies use violet-colored ink as a means of keeping the secrets contained in their letters in-violate. The use of crimson ink was found to make their statements too highly colored, while they naturally feared the consequences in making promises in plain black and white.

"Bobby," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why that mare cannot trot her mile in three minutes." They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion, and one inquired, "What is it?" "Why," he replied, "the distance is too great for so short a time."

"Mr. Timothy," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied the adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment, let me remind you that you occupy the upper story entirely."

The pastor of a popular church one Sabbath evening, at the Sabbath school concert, said:—"Boys, when I heard your beautiful songs to-night, I had to work to keep my feet still; what do you suppose is the trouble with them?" "Chilblains, sir," said a little six year old boy, which, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, set the whole audience in a roar.

Answering Precisely.—A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not talk about what he might think the questions meant, was interrogated as follows:—"You drive a wagon?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?" "No, sir." "What is your occupation, then?" "I drive a horse, sir."

The Youth's Puzzler.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 986.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Honesty is the elixir of all virtues.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.

Answer to Riddle:—The Pen.

Answer to Cross-Word Enigma:—Milton.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 987.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—The fool who scatters tares need not expect to reap a golden harvest.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Who steals my purse steals trash.

Answer to Charade:—Water-wheel.

Answer to Problem:—Base 21.73 each side is 15 135 rods.

Answer to Anagram:

Life is onward; prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humblest form.

The Publisher's Desk.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Agents and Other Friends.—For the information of the tens of thousands who feel an interest in the matter, we take pleasure in stating that the prospects of Volume XX of the Rural are most flattering. Never were we so cordially and substantially encouraged at this season of the year, in regard to a forthcoming volume, by both People and Press. The greetings we are daily receiving from all parts of the land stimulate us to renewed efforts, and we assure all its friends that the Rural for 1869 shall be worthy of the efforts and influence they are so kindly and generously using in behalf of its support. Those forming clubs, or disposed to aid us in that manner, are referred to the items below.

Address to No. 41 Park Row, New York.—Though the Rural is published in both New York City and Rochester, N. Y., the principal printing and mailing offices are in New York, and hence all agents are requested to address

D. D. T. MOORE,
No. 41 Park Row,
New York.

Our Rochester Business Office, at No. 82 Buffalo St., will continue under the efficient supervision of Mr. John G. Williams, who will no doubt be always happy to greet and serve his and the Rural's "hosts of friends." Copies of the Rural, bound volumes, Agricultural Books, &c., can be obtained there as usual, and Mr. W. will transact any business connected with the paper.

Send us Names!—Subscribers and others frequently apply for copies of the Rural to send to distant friends as specimens. If those who wish their friends to see the paper, and thus aid in extending its circulation, will send us the names and post-office addresses of such friends, near and distant, we will mail each a specimen of the enlarged and improved volume as soon as No. 1 is issued. Give us the names and we will cheerfully respond. Please act upon the suggestion.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, or any other number. Many agents, after sending one club, form others, and thus secure additional or larger premiums. A host of people are dropping other papers about these days—many have already changed to the Rural—and our Agent-Friends should improve every occasion to secure such as recruits for the "Rural Brigade."

How to Help the Rural.—There are numerous ways in which its friends can aid in circulating the Rural. First, show the paper, or talk to your friends about it, or both,—stating the facts about enlargement and improvement. Get up a club, or aid some friend to do so—or induce your P. M. to act as agent. Our premiums are liberal and sure.

Send Early!—In order that we may get the names of subscribers in type for mailing machine as fast and early as possible, our friends are requested to send their lists—or portions of them—as soon as convenient. Those who are forming large clubs can send what they have, and complete their lists afterwards.

The Rural is Not a Monthly.—In presenting the claims of the Rural, do not "forget to remember" to state that it is not a *monthly* of only 12 issues a year, but a Large and Handsome Weekly of Fifty-Two Numbers! The difference in price is altogether in favor of the Rural, compared with any monthly.

How to Remit.—The best way to remit for clubs, as we have often stated, is by Draft. If $20 or over, send by draft, as there is no risk. For smaller amounts it is best to send by Post-Office Money Order,—but if you cannot do that, send in Registered letters.

About Premiums, &c.—Agents and others who form clubs for our premiums will please be careful, in sending their lists, to note which are the *new* subscribers and which are the *renewals*. This is essential that we may keep the accounts correctly.

Local Club Agents.—We want a live, wide-awake agent for the Rural in every town where there is none. Reader, if you cannot act as such, please induce your P. M. or some influential friend to do so.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, and we give no certificates of agency,—but any person disposed to do so can act as Local Club Agent, on his or her own authority, and compete for premiums, etc.

Show Bills, Specimen Numbers, &c., sent free to all applicants. If you want more of such documents, let us know and they will be forwarded.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOOT ROT.—SOMETHING WORTH knowing about the foot rot in sheep can be learned by addressing Lock Box No. 81, Wooster, Ohio.

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Medina, N. Y., December 5th, 1868. 986-tf

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TESTIMONIALS.

From the U. S. Treasury, *Secretary's Office.*—Please send a supply of the Antidote. *The one received has done its work* surely. O. T. Edgar.

From New Hampshire State Prison.—Gentlemen of influence here having been cured of the appetite for tobacco by using Dr. Burton's Antidote, we desire a supply for the prisoners of this institution. Joseph Mayo, Warden of N. H. State Prison.

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